**LOPE DE VEGA  
*El Inobediente***

Personajes:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| *EL REY DANFANISBO* |  |
| *MARÍA, dama* |  |
| *PETRONIA, infanta* |  |
| *LISBEO, capitán* |  |
| *FENICIA, dama* |  |
| *LIBERIO, galán, príncipe* |  |
| *EL DEMONIO* |  |
| *DELIO, soldado* |  |
| *LIRNO, galán* |  |
| *MARIO, galán* |  |
| *FRONIBO* |  |
| *ROSANIO, galán* |  |
| *MÚSICOS* |  |
| *SACERDOTISAS* |  |
| *TRES PRESOS* |  |
| *DIOS PADRE* |  |
| *CORIDÓN* |  |
| *BROFER* |  |
| *ILBERA* |  |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Jornada I** | |
|  | |
| *Salen LIRNO, DELIO y MARIO, soldados atados; FENICIA, ILBERA* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIRNO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Perezcan entre estos montes |  | | y vuelva el esquife al mar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  | | --- | | ¡Amigos! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quédense a dar |  | | leyes a estos horizontes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ILBERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es posible que queréis | 5 | | dejarnos de aquesta suerte |  | | en las manos de la muerte? |  | | Mario, Lirnio! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No os canséis, |  | | vaya el esquife a la mar, |  | | ¡boga, boga! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ah, gente ingrata! | 10 | | ¿Así vuestro Rey se trata? |  | | Aguardad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIRNO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es aguardar? |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo es posible, enemigos, |  | | que os mostréis sordos y mudos |  | | a las voces de los tristes? | 15 | | ¿No hay ley, no hay Dios en el mundo? |  | | ¿Por qué delitos, qué culpas, |  | | qué sinrazones, qué insultos, |  | | nos dejáis entre estas peñas, |  | | entre animales y brutos? | 20 | | ¡Plega a Dios que el mar se altere, |  | | que en su estómago profundo, |  | | entre montes de agua y viento |  | | os dé el postrero sepulcro! |  | | ¡Plega a Dios que este pavón | 25 | | que abriendo espumosos sulcos |  | | corre, escarbando las aguas, |  | | retoza en los golfos turbio, |  | | corsando entre pardas peñas |  | | pierda el norte, y en un punto, | 30 | | el que es un leño a sus ojos, |  | | parezca a los ojos muchos! |  | | ¡Justicia contra ti, reino perjuro, |  | | pues castigas los buenos y los justos! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que se va la loca nave! | 35 | | ¡Que nos deja, y que Neptuno, |  | | por sus turquesados campos, |  | | le da pasaje seguro! |  | | ¡Tenedle, cielos: mirad |  | | que si prosigue su curso, | 40 | | llegará a la patria amada, |  | | de donde sacarnos pudo! |  | | ¡Oh, quién en los pies tuviera |  | | las alas del dios Mercurio! |  | | ¡Y quién los suyos calzara | 45 | | con el plomo de Saturno! |  | | ¡Quién fuera otro Polifemo, |  | | que por la popa y los rumbos, |  | | con fuertes peñas la hiciera |  | | sumergir en los profundos! | 50 | | Aguarda, fiero inventor |  | | de traiciones y de insultos, |  | | monstruo preñado de agravios, |  | | Argos de honrados descuidos; |  | | justicia contra ti, reino perjuro, | 55 | | pues castigas los buenos y los justos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amada esposa, ¿qué haremos? |  | | que ya la nave a los ojos |  | | agua parece, y despojos |  | | ya de su rastro no vemos. | 60 | | Este peñasco es terrible, |  | | este monte inhabitable, |  | | este arenal intratable, |  | | y escapar es imposible. |  | | Subir allá no podremos | 65 | | si esta peña no nos salva, |  | | y es tan pelada y tan calva, |  | | que en qué estribar no tenemos. |  | | Humanos pies sus arenas |  | | han pisado, y tan airado | 70 | | las combate el mar salado, |  | | que de herirlas cesa apenas; |  | | ¿qué haremos? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amado esposo, |  | | morir, porque aquí me obligo, |  | | mi bien, a morir contigo, | 75 | | pues el morir es forzoso. |  | | Venga la muerte en tus brazos; |  | | que como en ellos esté, |  | | la muerte no sentiré |  | | disuadida en los abrazos. | 80 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién creyera esta traición? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya la virtud se castiga. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé, mi bien, cómo diga |  | | lo que siente el corazón. |  | | Y quiero, con tu licencia, | 85 | | mirar si este monte puedo |  | | subir; que es vencer el miedo, |  | | necesidad y prudencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo en este peñasco, en tanto, |  | | esposo, os aguardaré, | 90 | | y al mar agua le daré |  | | mientras tú a las peñas llanto. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | Mar desatado y loco, |  | | que estás entre ti mismo |  | | haciéndote pedazos, | 95 | | y a tu soberbia es poco; |  | | este profundo abismo |  | | en que extiendes tus brazos, |  | | pues has deshecho lazos, |  | | de mil amantes tiernos, | 100 | | y a mil fuertes caudillos, |  | | que te pusieron grillos, |  | | al parecer eternos, |  | | los quebraste y rompiste, |  | | ampara a aquesta triste, | 105 | | y a aquesta nave ingrata |  | | dala sepulcro entre coral y plata. |  | | Mas ¡ay de mí! un esquife |  | | cubierto de damasco |  | | y gallardetes bellos, | 110 | | aunque la mar se engrife |  | | en forma de peñasco, |  | | le peina los cabellos: |  | | ¡cielos, si son aquellos |  | | que tanto mal me hicieron; | 115 | | si se han arrepentido |  | | y a librarme han venido! |  | | ¡Amigos! Ya me vieron, |  | | y con espuelas de haya |  | | se acercan a la playa; | 120 | | ya en las arenas saltan |  | | y el limpio pie de blanca espuma esmaltan. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entren LISBEO y otros)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dos queden en la barquilla, |  | | y en esta dorada arena |  | | del mar, veré si es sirena | 125 | | la que parece en su orilla. |  | | Mas es tan hermosa y bella, |  | | que en esto agraviada ha sido, |  | | si del cielo se ha caído; |  | | amigos, aquesta estrella. | 130 | | Sobre las arenas de oro, |  | | donde con plata el mar topa, |  | | parecéis, señora Europa, |  | | llevada del blanco Toro. |  | | Y en verla dorada y rubia, | 135 | | Danae parecéis vos, |  | | y la arena el bello Dios |  | | trocado en dorada lluvia; |  | | y aun quiere amor que presuma, |  | | y que aquí llamaros pueda | 140 | | bellísima dama, Leda, |  | | y el blanco cisne esta espuma: |  | | como le da Danae estrella, |  | | no llegan, señora, a vos, |  | | que sois bella para Dios, | 145 | | y para mujer muy bella. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mujer soy en quien se encierra |  | | la desventura y pesar, |  | | y a quien no sufre la mar, |  | | y a quien persigue la tierra. | 150 | | Y es tanta mi desventura, |  | | que el mar que miras aquí, |  | | diciendo está mal de mí, |  | | y parece que murmura; |  | | pero pues Dios, caballero, | 155 | | y el mar sobre estas arenas |  | | os trae a sentir mis penas, |  | | saber de tus labios quiero |  | | dónde estoy, qué tierra miro; |  | | que este monte, al cielo atlante, | 160 | | es a la vista un diamante |  | | si al mar parece un zafiro. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quisiera poder, señora, |  | | lo que me pedís hacer, |  | | mas poderme detener | 165 | | imposible será ahora. |  | | Mas en mi esquife sabréis |  | | en la provincia que estáis, |  | | e imaginad que llegáis |  | | donde servida seréis | 170 | | en alta mar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo? Aguarda |  | | que venga mi esposo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Dónde |  | | le tienes? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, se esconde |  | | tras aquella peña parda. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué fue a buscar? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fue a buscar | 175 | | poblado, senda o camino, |  | | y pues tu clemencia vino |  | | a ampararnos... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vaya al mar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Sin mi esposo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin tu esposo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  | | --- | | ¡Señor! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Caminad con ella. | 180 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cielos! ¿Qué enemiga estrella, |  | | o qué clima riguroso, |  | | me persigue desta suerte? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | UNO | |  | | --- | | ¿A dónde iremos? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bogad, |  | | amigos, a la ciudad. | 185 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mejor diréis a mi muerte. |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y salgan PETRONIA, infanta, y ROSANIO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mil años ha que deseo |  | | esta dulce soledad |  | | en que contigo me veo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que gozo de tu beldad, | 190 | | no es posible, no lo creo; |  | | dame una mano, señora, |  | | aunque amanezca la aurora |  | | de envidia llorando el día |  | | la suerte y ventura mía. | 195 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La mano y el alma toma. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué, en efecto, ya me das |  | | del alma la posesión? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dueño del alma serás. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Macaria y Fronibo son | 200 | | los que vienen, pues, atrás; |  | | en parte oculta, escuchemos |  | | lo que dicen. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dices bien. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entren MACARIA y FRONIBO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues estas yedras que vemos |  | | se abrazan y quieren bien, | 205 | | envidia y celos las demos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya sabes, Fronibo mío, |  | | que te adoro, y que el secreto |  | | del alma apenas lo fío; |  | | y pues eres tan discreto, | 210 | | de tu prudencia confío |  | | más recato, no por mí, |  | | que estos árboles que al cielo |  | | quieren atreverse así, |  | | son mudos para el recelo | 215 | | que puedo tener aquí; |  | | pero por el Rey, que quiere |  | | coronarme en la ciudad, |  | | y desto su bien se infiere. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mal podrá guardar lealtad | 220 | | quien de envidia y celos muere; |  | | ¿quién podrá tener paciencia |  | | de la ejecución de amor? |  | | ¿Quién podrá tener prudencia |  | | en su rabioso furor? | 225 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fronibo, dame licencia |  | | y entre tanto aqueste abrazo |  | | te entretenga. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como dure |  | | un siglo, señora, el lazo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque tu bien se asegure, | 230 | | y que el tiempo acorte el plazo, |  | | procura darle la muerte |  | | a la Infanta, que yo al Rey |  | | se la daré airada y fuerte. |  | | Que amor, como es Dios, sin ley, | 235 | | todas las leyes pervierte; |  | | que aunque trescientas mujeres |  | | tiene el Rey, me adora a mí |  | | más que a todas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues si quieres |  | | que le dé la muerte aquí, | 240 | | morirá. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es razón que esperes |  | | ocasión. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dices muy bien. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pide al tiempo y al amor |  | | ocasión. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ellos la den. |  | | ¡Ay mi bien! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay mi señor! | 245 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vese en tus labios desdén. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  | | --- | | ¡Jamás! | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  | | --- | | ¡Júralo! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo juro |  | | a tus ojos y a tu amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Darte desdén no procuro. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Segura me voy, señor. | 250 | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo así quedo seguro. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tal infamia se consiente? |  | | ¿A la dama de tu hermano |  | | se atreve? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Rosanio, tente, |  | | que a mí me tomas la mano | 255 | | y esotro lo calla y siente: |  | | esto a venganza no obliga |  | | como esotro. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es cosa llana. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cada cual su estrella siga: |  | | quiere tú del Rey la hermana, | 260 | | y él quiera del Rey la amiga. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No es Rosanio el que la mano |  | | ase a Petrolia? ¡Sí, él es! |  | | ¿Hay tal maldad? Mas es llano |  | | que le habrán dado los pies, | 265 | | pues la toma este villano. |  | | ¡Vive Dios que ha de morir! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Al Rey decírselo quiero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Al Rey lo quiero decir. |  | | *(Vase FRONIBO)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque coronarte espero, | 270 | | mi Rosanio, has de advertir |  | | que importa que esta enemiga |  | | muera porque quiere el Rey; |  | | que a esta sinrazón se obliga |  | | que reine contra la ley | 275 | | de la razón. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A su amiga |  | | quiere coronar por Reinar? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, amigo, que en la ciudad |  | | solo la injusticia reina. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y que sufra esta maldad | 280 | | el que sus cabellos peina |  | | en zafiros y en diamantes? |  | | Morirá aquesta mujer, |  | | porque tus grandezas cantes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y así vendremos a ser | 285 | | ejemplo de los amantes. |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y salgan DANFANISBO, rey; músicos, criados, mujeres, y MAESTRESALA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Buena ha estado la comida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MAESTRE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A lo menos no se ha visto |  | | comida tan bien servida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No pensar donde yo asisto | 290 | | que está el descanso en la vida; |  | | ver desnudas cien mujeres |  | | sirviéndome, ha aumentado |  | | mis gustos y mis placeres; |  | | cantad, si tenéis templado. | 295 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué quieres, señor, que cante? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un tono alegre, y bailad |  | | vosotras. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | UNO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Haráse así. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todo es fiesta mi ciudad; |  | | a entrar Demócrito aquí, | 300 | | riera: también cantad. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Cantan)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gustos, bienes y alegrías |  | | se acaban con nuestras vidas, |  | | y hasta que venga la muerte, |  | | pasemos la vida alegre. | 305 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARCIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A tus pies, gran señor, vengo |  | | a demandarte justicia |  | | de un agravio a tu corona, |  | | mas que no a las canas mías. |  | | Un mozo inconsiderado | 310 | | hoy, citando partido el día, |  | | en medio del cielo el sol, |  | | y de oro el cielo matiza, |  | | entró en mi casa, y por fuerza, |  | | la honestidad de mi hija | 315 | | violó con mano aleve, |  | | sin temer leyes divinas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué hizo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARCIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Robó su honor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues adónde le tenía? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARCIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eu el alma que es el templo | 320 | | en que el honor se eterniza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues para qué le guardaba, |  | | o para qué le quería, |  | | viendo que todo se acaba? |  | | Oye, aquesta letra, y mira | 325 | | la verdad; que este es engaño, |  | | y es embeleco y mentira. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Cantan)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gustos, bienes y alegrías |  | | se acaban con nuestras vidas, |  | | y hasta que venga la muerte, | 330 | | pasemos la vida alegre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARCIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira que aquel mozo ingrato, |  | | señor, deshonró a mi hija |  | | en presencia de mis canas: |  | | hazme, gran señor, justicia. | 335 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | Tu hija, ¿qué dice? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARCIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llora. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vuelve, y dila que se ría, |  | | porque matan a los hombres |  | | llantos y melancolías; |  | | y tú ríete también, | 340 | | y el mozo premio reciba |  | | a su atrevimiento; canten; |  | | que me agrada la letrilla. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARCIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta es la ciudad sin Dios; |  | | pues en ella no hay justicia, | 345 | | venga de Dios el castigo. |  | |  |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase, y sale LISBEO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dame esas manos invictas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué hay, capitán? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya obedecen |  | | tu nombre varias provincias, |  | | y tus estandartes quedan | 350 | | en tus ciudades y villas. |  | | Degollé infinita gente, |  | | porque entre gustos vivían, |  | | y puse fuertes soldados, |  | | columnas de tu milicia. | 355 | | Todo de tu nombre augusto |  | | tiembla, y en láminas ricas |  | | de rubios bronces, eternas |  | | serán como tus cenizas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Hola! ¿Qué hacéis? ¿No cantáis? | 360 | | Que el tono a cantar obliga; |  | | ea, capitán, que es bueno |  | | el tono de esta letrilla. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Cantan “Gustos, bienes y alegrías”)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tarde he llegado a las fiestas. | 365 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hermosa señora mía, |  | | dame esos brazos y ocupa |  | | a mi lado aquesta silla. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No es Lisbeo, gran señor |  | | este que está de rodillas? | 370 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Viene triunfando, señora, |  | | de naciones enemigas; |  | | es valiente capitán |  | | y venturoso en conquistas |  | | premia, señora, sus hechos. | 375 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Deme memorial, y pida |  | | por tus servicios; que yo |  | | ya dellos tengo noticias; |  | | y ahora canten, señor; |  | | que ver el baile quería. | 380 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Cantan otra vez lo mismo)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Baila, capitán. ¿No bailas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que esto los cielos permitan! |  | | ¡Que esto se haga conmigo! |  | | ¿Quién quieres, Rey, que te sirva? |  | | Honra a los que te den honra, | 385 | | pues tan mal los premios miras. |  | | Cuando traigo en bronce al pecho |  | | hechos y hazañas escritas, |  | | que en si escriben los soldados |  | | a falta de coronista; | 390 | | ¡pides que premie mi espada |  | | una mujer, y tu amiga! |  | | ¡Vive Dios! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dadle la muerte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y buscarás quien te sirva. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De la ciudad desterrado | 395 | | salga, pena de la vida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  | | --- | | ¡Señor! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Caminad con él, |  | | y matadle si replica. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta es la ciudad sin Dios, |  | | pues a los buenos castiga. | 400 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vengo del jardín, señor, |  | | donde he estado entretenida |  | | muy bien un rato, mirando |  | | los alabastros y pilas; |  | | que después que me has mandado | 405 | | que en tus consejos presida, |  | | ando cansada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y qué leyes |  | | se guardan con mi justicia? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | He mandado desterrar |  | | del reino la medicina; | 410 | | que empeñaban los estados |  | | sus mulas y sus sortijas; |  | | que esos, gran señor, que ves |  | | con barba peinada y limpia, |  | | son hombres que los pagamos | 415 | | porque nos quiten la vida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y qué otra cosa has mandado? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que salgan dentro de un día |  | | del reino todas las viejas |  | | que de sus caras se olvidan. | 420 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | Pues ¿por qué? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque encarece |  | | el arrebol a las niñas; |  | | y ahora con tu licencia |  | | voy al Consejo, y quería |  | | dar nuevas leyes al reino, | 425 | | derogando las antiguas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Hola! Acompaña a Su Alteza, |  | | publicándole mis dichas. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Cantan)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gustos, bienes y alegrías |  | | se acaban en nuestras vidas, | 430 | | y hasta que venga la muerte |  | | pasemos vidas alegres. |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |
|  | |
| *(Vanse todos salvo el rey, y sale FRONIBO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues en tan buena ocasión |  | | solo a Vuestra Majestad |  | | hallo, quiero, que es razón | 435 | | descubrirle una maldad |  | | y decirle una traición. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Traición estando yo vivo? |  | | ¿Contra quién? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Contra tu honor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es lo que dices, Fronibo? | 440 | | ¿Contra mi honor? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, señor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De quién afrenta recibo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  | | --- | | De Rosanio. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues por qué? |  | | ¿Es traidor Rosanio? ¿Quiere |  | | darme muerte? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No lo sé. | 445 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | ¿Pues qué sabes? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que se muere... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | ¿Por quién? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo te lo diré; |  | | sabrás, señor, que profana |  | | el gran templo de tu honor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | No te entiendo. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta mañana | 450 | | le vi en el jardín, señor, |  | | abrazado con tu hermana. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | ¿Con mi hermana? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, sí; |  | | mira si es traición. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ve luego; |  | | llámale. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Él viene aquí; | 455 | | ¡hoy, fiera envidia, sosiego |  | | si deste me vengo así! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale ROSANIO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Rosanio, ya la verdad |  | | se sabe, y que de mi hermana |  | | eres galán. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tal maldad... | 460 | | quien lo dijo miente. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La muerte le dad |  | | si niega. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya sé, señor, |  | | quién lo ha dicho; y así, aquí |  | | quiero confesar mi error; | 465 | | verdad es. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hoy muero aquí, |  | | y así el Rey le hace favor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Rosanio, yo no sabía |  | | que eras hombre tan honrado; |  | | mas pues veo tu osadía, | 470 | | tu deseo y tu cuidado, |  | | que aspira a la sangre mía, |  | | a mi lado darte asiento |  | | quiero, y esto no te asombre; |  | | siéntate, amigo, contento, | 475 | | que estimo mucho que un hombre |  | | tenga tan buen pensamiento. |  | | Dice Fronibo que estás |  | | de mi hermana enamorado; |  | | y ahora que sé que das | 480 | | en intento tan honrado, |  | | te quiero y te estimo más |  | | que te quise, es cosa llana; |  | | y ahora tu pensamiento |  | | mi premio y mercedes gana, | 485 | | pues tienes atrevimiento |  | | de querer bien a mi hermana; |  | | que si yo hombre humilde fuera, |  | | a la reina me inclinara |  | | cuando bien me pareciera; | 490 | | que esto el ánimo declara |  | | y el buen gusto que tuviera. |  | | El gusto a mi hermana allana, |  | | pues te da fama y renombre, |  | | y si a tu ruego es tirana, | 495 | | ¡vive Dios! que yo, en tu nombre, |  | | le dé un recado a mi hermana! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estos pies me da a besar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ve, y prosigue en tus intentos, |  | | que yo te prometo honrar; | 500 | | que tan altos pensamientos |  | | son muy dignos de estimar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cielos, no sé qué me diga! |  | | Queriendo a su hermana bien, |  | | le honra y no le castiga; | 505 | | si es así, quiero también |  | | decir que quiero a su amiga. |  | | ¡Señor! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué estás turbado? |  | | ¿Es porque he premiado así |  | | a Rosanio, mi cuñado? | 510 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  | | --- | | ¿Tu cuñado, señor? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues un humilde soldado |  | | has de casar con tu hermana, |  | | cometiendo un crimen tal, |  | | que tu palacio profana? | 515 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Calla, que le quieres mal. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  | | --- | | ¿Mal le quiero? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es cosa llana; |  | | que si mal no le quisieras, |  | | el caso no me contaras |  | | y sus faltas encubrieras; | 520 | | y si tú a mi hermana amaras, |  | | también lo mismo quisieras. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues yo te pido perdón |  | | de otro delito. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y cuál es? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que sin respeto y razón | 525 | | quiero... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | ¿A quién? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  | | --- | | ¡Señor! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Di, pues. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  | | --- | | A Macaria. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta es traición, |  | | porque no puedo creer |  | | de hombre malicioso tal; |  | | que si supieras querer, | 530 | | no supieras hablar mal |  | | de la más baja mujer; |  | | porque es cosa cierta y llana |  | | que si a Macaria quisieras |  | | con ambición loca y vana, | 535 | | aquí no me descubrieras |  | | los amores de mi hermana. |  | | Y en esto he echado de ver |  | | tu envidia y firmeza poca, |  | | pues con tu mal proceder, | 540 | | has echado por tu boca |  | | la muerte que has de beber. |  | | ¡Hola! ¡A una torre llevad |  | | a este villano! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si yo... |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen ROSANIO y criados)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Por qué va preso? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Acabad, | 545 | | que va preso porque habló; |  | | y así, vosotros callad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por qué va preso, señor, |  | | Fronibo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para que calle, |  | | y ahorcarle fuera mejor. | 550 | | Rosanio: ya no sé en qué halle |  | | gusto y contento mejor; |  | | ya los saraos me han cansado, |  | | y ya me cansan las fiestas |  | | que a mi gusto han consagrado: | 555 | | las luchas y las apuestas |  | | que en los templos se han ganado: |  | | ya los banquetes costosos |  | | con que me sirven contino, |  | | donde en vasos olorosos | 560 | | brinda al apetito el vino |  | | tras los manjares sabrosos; |  | | y así, que busquéis quiero |  | | otros modos de placeres; |  | | que de tristeza me muero. | 565 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tristeza habiendo mujeres? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien a las mujeres quiero; |  | | pero quiero que me des |  | | otros géneros de vicios. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Juegos? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esos son después | 570 | | de hacer otros ejercicios. |  | | Ven acá; ¿qué gusto es |  | | el murmurar? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alabar |  | | le suelen todas las gentes; |  | | es vicio tan singular, | 575 | | que aun las plantas y las fuentes |  | | se alegran con murmurar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | ¿Y el mentir? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este ejercicio |  | | es causa de mil desastres; |  | | todos lo tienen por vicio, | 580 | | mas solamente los sastres |  | | lo aprenden como su oficio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y la vida picaresca, |  | | ¿es gustosa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es extremada; |  | | de verano es ancha y fresca, | 585 | | de invierno, en parte, templada; |  | | sigue la jábega, y pesca. |  | | El que aquesta vida vive. |  | | Come y duerme donde quiere, |  | | jamás responde ni escribe, | 590 | | jamás con veneno muere, |  | | ni sobresaltos recibe. |  | | No le desvela el agravio |  | | ni le ofende la privanza, |  | | no pende de ajeno labio: | 595 | | conténtale lo que alcanza, |  | | y así vive como sabio; |  | | no teme, cobra, ni debe. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Por Dios que esta vida es bella! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y la que a mí más me mueve. | 600 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hubiera vida como ella |  | | si estos bebieran con nieve. |  | | Ven acá; de ser ladrón |  | | tengo deseo; ¿no es gusto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, mas para en procesión. | 605 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta noche, aunque es injusto, |  | | pues la obscura confusión |  | | nos convida, salir quiero |  | | con algunos disfrazado, |  | | a robar, y entrar primero | 610 | | en mi palacio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es sagrado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues yo profanarle espero, |  | | que en la república son |  | | necesarios los ladrones, |  | | porque el temer de un ladrón, | 615 | | da cuidado en ocasiones. |  | | ¿Qué rumor y ronco son |  | | es aquel? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lisbeo fiero, |  | | gran señor, acompañado |  | | de grueso ejército entero, | 620 | | llega a tu palacio, armado |  | | de horror, espanto y acero; |  | | que porque mal le trataste, |  | | y después de haber vencido, |  | | vencedor le desterraste, | 625 | | este alboroto ha movido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues su soberbia contaste. |  | | Rosanio al momento voy: |  | | persíguele hasta matalle; |  | | que mi potestá te doy. | 630 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo voy a desbaratalle |  | | y a que conozca quien soy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué hay de mujeres? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, |  | | dos viudas y dos casadas, |  | | de calidad y de honor, | 635 | | han traído. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya me enfadas: |  | | ¿posible es que en el amor |  | | no hay novedad? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cosa es llana; |  | | ama a tu madre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es ya vieja. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ama, señor, a tu hermana. | 640 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien tu ingenio me aconseja; |  | | luego su gusto me allana. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No la quiso perdonar: |  | | yo voy a hablar a su Alteza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ve, que por el variar | 645 | | es bella naturaleza |  | | y el gusto suele aumentar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si es tu hermana, caso es justo |  | | señor, que os améis los dos. |  | | No hay Dios que se llame injusto. | 650 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué no hay Dios? ¿Qué cosa es Dios? |  | | En Nínive es Dios mi gusto; |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |
|  | |
| *(Sale IBERIO, de pieles vestido)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soberbias, altas y encumbradas peñas |  | | que lloráis mis desdichas; claras fuentes, |  | | que, murmurando, bajan vuestras breñas; | 655 | | cristales que cuajáis vuestras corrientes, |  | | y mi dolor mostráis sentir por señas; |  | | arenas no habitadas por las gentes; |  | | mar de espalda soberbia y espumosa, |  | | ¿quién me ha escondido mi querida esposa? | 660 | | Así no lleguen naves avarientas |  | | a los senos ocultos de tus conchas |  | | a robarte el tesoro que sustentas |  | | en tu blanco coral sangriento a ronchas; |  | | y así goces tus casas opulentas, | 665 | | hechas de los cristales que destronchas |  | | de los escollos de tu frente hermosa, |  | | que me des nuevas de mi amada esposa. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salgan LISBEO y FENICIA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si no puedes caminar, |  | | yo te llevaré en los hombros; | 670 | | que es el camino terrible |  | | y los peñascos fragosos. |  | | Todos mis amigos quedan |  | | desbaratados y rotos; |  | | que el escuadrón de Rosanio | 675 | | nos ha contrastado a todos. |  | | ¡Ah, ciudad sin Dios aleve! |  | | En lugar de blancos copos, |  | | rayos caigan que te abrasen |  | | los templos y capitolios; | 680 | | y tú, Rey bárbaro y fiero, |  | | en vida y costumbres monstruo, |  | | plega al cielo que no goces |  | | la púrpura y cetro de oro. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya suenan las voces cerca; | 685 | | hasta encontrar con mi esposo, |  | | quiero engañar a este ingrato. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si me alcanzan, a tus ojos |  | | me han de hacer dos mil pedazos, |  | | y no dejarte es forzoso. | 690 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, aquí está un salvaje |  | | de traje y de aspecto tosco, |  | | cuya espalda y pecho cubre |  | | con antiparras de lobo, |  | | y este nos dará pasaje | 695 | | por entre enebros y chopos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Escóndete: no te vea, |  | | que eres mujer y él es monstruo, |  | | hijos de estos montes altos, |  | | y semidiós, en quien pongo | 700 | | dos vidas que van huyendo |  | | del poder de un campo todo. |  | | Dinos, si acaso lo sabes, |  | | alguna senda al fragoso |  | | corazón de esta montaña, | 705 | | porque mis contrarios oigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por el cristal de esta fuente, |  | | grillo de los pies del olmo, |  | | hay una senda que baja |  | | a una playa donde pocos | 710 | | mortales jamás se han visto; |  | | y es tan áspero y fragoso |  | | el camino, que alcanzaros |  | | ha de ser dificultoso; |  | | si no siguiera mi suerte | 715 | | yo bajara con vosotros. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dame estos brazos, amigo, |  | | a quien ofrezco el retorno |  | | de esta amistad algún día. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo estas palabras te tomo. | 720 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues toma aquesta sortija |  | | para que sirva de abono |  | | a mi palabra; que el tiempo, |  | | aunque tiene pies de plomo, |  | | alas tiene en las espaldas, | 725 | | y camina como él propio. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No se pierde el hacer bien, |  | | id con Dios; que yo a mis ojos |  | | voy a humedecer con llanto, |  | | buscando el alma que adoro. | 730 | |  |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase, y entra ROSANIO y DELIO, y el REY)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desbaraté la gente de Liberio, |  | | y huyendo de mis manos con infamia, |  | | ¿qué selva quedará en el hemisferio, |  | | ni qué caverna que le esconda Idamia, |  | | una mujer que dicen que en la orilla | 735 | | del mar sola la halló, como a otra Lamia? |  | | Se escapó por las peñas, que seguilla |  | | apenas él podía, que sospecho |  | | que Atalanta a sus plantas se le humilla. |  | | Al fin, dejando su escuadrón deshecho, | 740 | | y él huido y sin gente, no ha querido |  | | seguirle más. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De tan heroico pecho |  | | no se esperaba menos, y has venido |  | | a famosa ocasión. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que quiere |  | | el Rey, que por Macaria está perdido, | 745 | | como del caso esta verdad se infiere, |  | | que le adoren por Dios. y en el palacio, |  | | aunque esta ley a la razón altere, |  | | en un altar, que nunca admite espacio, |  | | está para este efecto levantado, | 750 | | donde la cornerina y el topacio |  | | sirven de claros ojos al brocado |  | | que compone el dosel, ha de estar puesta, |  | | en cuyo asiento Júpiter ha estado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Miren qué Cintia o qué Diana honesta! | 755 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Solo es Dios hoy del reino el que el Rey nombra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya viene el Rey, sin duda a hacer la fiesta, |  | | pues la música suena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Al mundo asombra |  | | tal novedad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Callemos, que el Rey viene. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salgan todos con ramos en las manos, el REY y MÚSICOS)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu Real Majestad en esta alfombra | 760 | | le hará a la diosa el culto que conviene. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todos por tierra a la inmortal plegaria |  | | luego os postrad, y pues el cargo tiene, |  | | con pompa y ceremonia necesaria, |  | | las señas haga luego el sacerdote. | 765 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SACERDOTISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Diosa inmortal de Nínive es Macaria. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El palacio la música alborote, |  | | y vosotros, con himnos y canciones, |  | | haced que su deidad la gente note. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Cantan)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sacerdotisas hermosas, | 770 | | con compás y con concierto |  | | descubrid estas cortinas |  | | con el debido respeto. |  | | Y en tanto que se descubren, |  | | desatad los dulces ecos | 775 | | con el compás de la mano |  | | a los dulces instrumentos. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Suenan chirimías)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TODOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Viva la diosa Macaria! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y salgan de todo el reino |  | | los dioses a quien se han dado | 780 | | los holocaustos e inciensos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CURIÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vosotros a la gran diosa |  | | llegad, trepando y corriendo, |  | | y en presencia del altar |  | | luego os postrad por el suelo; | 785 | | luego con tres reverencias |  | | llegue el mismo Rey, haciendo |  | | reverencia a la gran diosa, |  | | y sígale todo el pueblo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Vasallos! Aqueste Dios | 790 | | es el que yo reverencio: |  | | reverenciadle vosotros, |  | | pena de eterno tormento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TODOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Viva la diosa Macaria! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gran señor, yo os agradezco | 795 | | el honor que me habéis dado, |  | | y confesarle os prometo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sacerdotisas sagradas, |  | | pues veis que yo gusto dello, |  | | entretened a la diosa | 800 | | con bailes, danzas y versos. |  | | A la diosa hermosa |  | | tejed una trenza |  | | con vueltas y lazos, |  | | con saltos y vueltas. | 805 | | Formadla gallarda |  | | con mil continencias |  | | y con cabriolas |  | | que el aire suspendan. |  | | ¡Oh! ¡Qué bien parecen | 810 | | las colores bellas |  | | en plumas mudanzas |  | | que por serlo alegran! |  | | Si está ya acabada, |  | | volved a hacerla, | 815 | | que es clavel la diosa |  | | y el baile de perlas. |  | | Así es nuestra vida, |  | | que no llega apenas |  | | a verse tejida, | 820 | | cuando está deshecha. |  | | Con vueltas y salvas |  | | haced reverencias, |  | | y decid al son de las castañetas: |  | | ¡Viva, viva la diosa bella! | 825 | | ¡Viva, viva y viva el Rey, |  | | que si santa es ella, |  | | poderoso es él! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gran señor, con tu licencia |  | | quiero hacer audiencia ahora. | 830 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tuyo es mi gusto, señora. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Hola! Haced que entre la audiencia. |  | | ¿Por qué estás tú? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIMERO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque dicen |  | | que hurté un ídolo de plata. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hurtástele? Verdad trata. | 835 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIMERO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Verdad es, que no desdicen |  | | mis labios lo que es verdad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Por qué lo robaste? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIMERO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hallé |  | | sola la estatua, que fue |  | | suplir mi necesidad, | 840 | | pues deshaciéndola, di |  | | a mis hijos y mujer |  | | de vestir y de comer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Luego eres casado? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIMERO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vaya libre, que un casado | 845 | | pobre y con hijos, disculpa |  | | tiene, y antes tiene culpa |  | | el que la estatua ha labrado. |  | | ¡Bueno es que tenga ocupada |  | | la plata desta manera! | 850 | | La estatua fue bien robada. |  | | ¿Por qué estás tú? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SEGUNDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque debo |  | | y no lo puedo pagar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si no puedes, ve a buscar |  | | cómo pagar, que no es nuevo | 855 | | el no tener: yo permito |  | | que salga de la prisión, |  | | porque es mucha sinrazón |  | | que hagan el deber delito. |  | | ¿Y aqueste? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque mató | 860 | | a su mujer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué tiempo ha estado casado? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TERCERO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Veinte años. Celos pidió. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ve libre, que así conviene; |  | | que quien pudo esclavo ser | 865 | | veinte años de una mujer |  | | celosa, disculpa tiene. |  | | Y éste, ¿por qué está? |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(ROSANIO esté presente)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo fui |  | | quien le ha mandado prender |  | | porque te quiso ofender. | 870 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cómo! Este ofenderme a mí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dijo, mi bien, que te amaba. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Amor es delito? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí es. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Préndete a ti mismo, pues |  | | que me amas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Sentencia es brava! | 875 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todo el pueblo, por mil modos, |  | | confiesa y dice, señor, |  | | que me quiere y tiene amor: |  | | bien puedes prender a todos |  | | los del pueblo si te infaman; | 880 | | que como me amas así, |  | | todos, por amarte a ti. |  | | todos a mí, señor, me aman. |  | | Y pues por ti me ama, es llano |  | | que tú le debes amar, | 885 | | y yo aquí le quiero amar |  | | dándole, señor, mi mano. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues merece tu favor, |  | | dásela y él la reciba. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TODOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡La diosa Macaria viva! | 890 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  | | --- | | ¡Y viva el Rey mi señor! | | | |
| **Jornada II** | |
|  | |
| *Voces de mar, y sale JONÁS, profeta, huyendo* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Vaya el engañador! ¡Matalde! ¡Muera! |  | | ¡Oh, bárbaros sin ley, samaritanos! |  | | ¿Quién vuestra voz contra mi vida altera? |  | | ¡Para un viejo sin manos tenéis manos! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TODOS | |  | | --- | | Si le alcanzáis, matadle. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Quién tuviera | 5 | | alas en los dos pies, o en estos llanos, |  | | aunque partiera en dos este horizonte! |  | | ¡Quién pudiera poner delante un monte! |  | | ¡Ah, Samaria cruel! ¡Ah, vil Samaria! |  | | Niegue Dios el rocío a tus sembrados | 10 | | y del cielo la hermosa luminaria |  | | vista jamás de verde a tus collados! |  | | ¡El agua de tus fuentes necesaria, |  | | se agote y seque, contra tus pecados |  | | fuego llueven las nubes a la tierra, | 15 | | y aunque busques la paz, vivas en guerra! |  | | Nocturnas aves con graznidos roncos |  | | te formen siempre cánticos acerbos; |  | | búhos te espanten con gemidos broncos |  | | perros te aullen y te bramen ciervos; | 20 | | sílbente las lechuzas, y en los troncos |  | | las grajas enfadosas, y los cuervos, |  | | cuajando el aire, en ofenderte tercos, |  | | noche vuelvan el día en negros cercos. |  | | Por mandado de Dios fui a predicarte, | 25 | | y en lugar de imprimirse en ti mi cuento, |  | | has querido, Samaria, amotinarte |  | | y dar tu voz contra mi vida al viento; |  | | en tus vicios, cruel, quiero dejarte, |  | | *(Aparece DIOS sobre un arco iris, de medio cuerpo)* |  | | aunque no haga de Dios el mandamiento. | 30 | | Quédate entre tus sierpes, Vehemut fiera, |  | | que a ti no he de volver. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VOZ | |  | | --- | | Jonás, espera. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién me llama? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VOZ | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soy que el mundo abarco |  | | con mis dos pies que calzan los coluros. | 35 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  | | --- | | ¿Dónde estáis que no os veo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VOZ | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sobre el arco, |  | | que los ojos del cielo deja oscuros. |  | | Éste mostró mi paz, cuando en el barco |  | | primero entre los vientos mal seguros, |  | | un Patriarca vio tras el diluvio | 40 | | recamados los montes del sol rubio. |  | | Aquel creyó, y creyendo, en agua pudo |  | | salvar el mundo; que la fe esto puede, |  | | y a ti dudando te faltó el escudo, |  | | donde no hay golpe que incapaz no quede. | 45 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, yo no he dudado, y si algo dudo, |  | | de aqueste reino mi dudar procede; |  | | que aunque en su oído vuestra voz se forme, |  | | ocupado lo tiene el vicio enorme. |  | | Prediquéle, Señor, y airado y fiero, | 50 | | en galardón me quiso dar la muerte, |  | | y tu ley en aquel cobrar no espero; |  | | su alma es con los vicios bronce fuerte: |  | | a veces león fui, y otras cordero; |  | | pero no pude de ninguna suerte | 55 | | en su pecho imprimir tu ley divina; |  | | que el deleite que es tierra a tierra inclina. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues tus voces, Jonás, no han sido parte |  | | a reducir esta ciudad perdida, |  | | vuelve tu rostro, y desde aquí te parte | 60 | | a Nínive, que en vicios divertida |  | | está también. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  | | --- | | ¡Señor! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay excusarte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  | | --- | | Quitaránme la vida. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De tu vida |  | | tengo cuidado yo, pues de mi mano |  | | pende la vida del menor gusano. | 65 | | Diles que dentro de cuarenta días |  | | hagan de sus errores penitencia, |  | | pena de verse entre las manos mías, |  | | en mi juicio, en la postrer sentencia; |  | | haré que caigan de las nubes frías | 70 | | guerra sobre ellos, sangre y pestilencia, |  | | y si lloran su culpa en los cuarenta, |  | | el premio y el perdón queda a mi cuenta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué crédito, Señor, darán a un hombre |  | | desnudo y pobre, como yo, esta gente? | 75 | | Un ángel enviad con que se asombre, |  | | y no enviéis un hombre que os afrente. |  | | ¿Qué calidad, qué fama, qué renombre |  | | tenéis, Jonás, para que un caso intente |  | | tan arduo? ¿Qué he de hacer? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué estás dudando? | 80 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  | | --- | | Señor, yo tengo de ir. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Haz lo que mando. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Cúbrese la apariencia: queda JONÁS solo)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si me escapé en Samaria de la muerte, |  | | a Nínive ¿a qué he de ir sino a otro tanto? |  | | Huir quiero a Sidón, y desta suerte, |  | | Nínive no podrá causarme espanto. | 85 | | Si es el brazo de Dios eterno y fuerte |  | | cada día le vence nuestro llanto; |  | | huirme quiero a la provincia Tiria, |  | | y envíe Dios sus ángeles a Siria. |  | | Cuatro caminos veo, ¿qué camino | 90 | | de los cuatro irá a Nínive? Dudando |  | | estoy; por este a huir me determino, |  | | que de la Siria más se va apartando. |  | | Mas ¿qué letras son estas, Dios divino, |  | | que en el arena están? Haz lo que mando, | 95 | | dicen las letras que borrar procuro; |  | | mas parece que están en bronce duro. |  | | No las puedo borrar, ¡válgame el cielo! |  | | Huiré por este, pues por el arena |  | | las mismas letras forma, haciendo el suelo | 100 | | blanco papel; mas esto Dios lo ordena. |  | | A Nínive quiero ir; pero recelo |  | | que han de matarme en Nínive. ¿Habrá pena |  | | que se iguale a la mía? No me entiendo; |  | | mas ¡ay! que si no voy, a Dios ofendo. | 105 | | Pero allí viene un hombre: él podrá darme |  | | lo que mi confusión ciega codicia, |  | | y hacia Tiro o Sidón podrá guiarme, |  | | si tiene de sus términos noticia; |  | | conmigo irá, si quiere acompañarme; | 110 | | en caballo de miedo o de codicia |  | | viene, sin duda, pues camina tanto. |  | | Dios os guarde. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Un caminante, que es DEMONIO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y a vos el cielo santo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cuál, amigo, es el camino |  | | de Sidón? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este que al mar | 115 | | está, señor, más vecino, |  | | y yo os podré acompañar, |  | | que a Sidón también camino. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De dónde bueno venís? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De Nínive llego agora. | 120 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De Nínive, ¿qué decís? |  | | ¿Y a qué Dios Nínive adora? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Ay de mí! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué os sentís? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Solo en oíros nombrar |  | | a Nínive, el corazón | 125 | | quiso del pecho saltar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues qué ha sido la ocasión |  | | de vuestro enojo y pesar? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nínive, señor, es tierra |  | | tan mala, que la malicia | 130 | | en sus murallas se encierra: |  | | ni hay Dios, ni hay Rey, ni hay justicia, |  | | ni hay virtud, que la destierra; |  | | ella es la ciudad sin Dios, |  | | y para buenos no es buena. | 135 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin duda sois bueno vos, |  | | pues desterraros ordena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí, para entre los dos, |  | | ¿sois de Nínive? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, amigo; |  | | solo sé que Dios le tiene | 140 | | prevenido un gran castigo, |  | | y que allá... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si no os conviene, |  | | no vais; porque soy testigo |  | | de las mayores crueldades |  | | que se han visto entre gentiles; | 145 | | no hicieron tantas maldades |  | | la ciudad de los pensiles |  | | ni otras bárbaras ciudades: |  | | y así, señor, si allá vais, |  | | sin duda os darán la muerte | 150 | | si en ser vicioso no dais; |  | | id a Tiro y a Sidón |  | | conmigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Digo, que vamos |  | | en buena conversación: |  | | ¿qué está escrito en estos ramos? | 155 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  | | --- | | Letras son. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hebreas son. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué dice? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Haz lo que mando; |  | | mi muerte en las letras veo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién es quien te está turbando? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es el Dios del pueblo hebreo, | 160 | | cuya ley voy predicando: |  | | manda que a Nínive vaya, |  | | y yo, la muerte temiendo, |  | | me escondo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En ella se ensaya |  | | la crueldad; que está corriendo | 165 | | sangre de justos su playa; |  | | mas si tienes gusto de ir, |  | | el camino que atrás dejas |  | | va allá. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No quiero morir; |  | | bien, amigo, me aconsejas, | 170 | | y yo te quiero seguir. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si estás de mi parecer, |  | | sígueme. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vamos los dos; |  | | que tu Orestes pienso ser; |  | | esta vez perdone Dios, | 175 | | que a Nínive no he de ver. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(SIQUER y LANFIRO desnudos, uno con un grillo, otro con un pedazo de espada)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIQUER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gracias a Dios que nos vemos |  | | libres de tal sujeción. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LANFIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quédate, infame prisión, |  | | que ya libertad tenemos; | 180 | | quédate, jaula de locos, |  | | inocentes pajarillos, |  | | donde solo cantan grillos, |  | | y si cantan, cantan pocos. |  | | Mar fiero, donde anegadas | 185 | | mil almas veo en tu espuma, |  | | y a donde un tajo de pluma |  | | corta más que mil espadas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIQUER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ahora en darle epítetos |  | | a la cárcel te detienes? | 190 | | Ven presto, que si no vienes, |  | | quizá en mayores aprietos |  | | nos veremos otra vez, |  | | porque nos viene siguiendo |  | | todo el mundo, a lo que entiendo; | 195 | | que dar la muerte a un jüez, |  | | no es delito que no pide |  | | digna venganza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LANFIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pasemos |  | | al monte, y en sus extremos, |  | | pues ninguno nos lo impide, | 200 | | no faltará alguna cueva, |  | | que nos dé mudo aposento, |  | | y compraremos sustento, |  | | del que seguro le lleva, |  | | a precio de miedo infame. | 205 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIQUER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y al primero que encontremos, |  | | los vestidos quitaremos, |  | | aunque su sangre derrame. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LANFIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues que supimos romper |  | | la prisión, no habrá imposible | 210 | | que no rompamos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIQUER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Terrible |  | | rumor suena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LANFIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Podrá ser |  | | la justicia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIQUER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues huyamos; |  | | aquí escondidos veremos |  | | si es la justicia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LANFIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Busquemos | 215 | | lo oculto de aquestos ramos. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Escóndense, y salen JONÁS y el caminante)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Después de haber caminado |  | | más de cuatro leguas largas, |  | | dices que de aquí al lugar |  | | ocho por andar nos faltan. | 220 | | Cansado estoy: ya los pies |  | | apenas pueden la carga |  | | sustentar; que es todo tierra, |  | | y así a su centro le baja. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A esotra parte del río | 225 | | está el lugar, que sus aguas |  | | a sus ricos edificios |  | | sirven de muros de plata. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay puente para pasalle? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, que se pasa con barca; | 230 | | aunque es de curso tan pobre, |  | | que por el vado le pasan. |  | | Quiero llegar, y ver quiero |  | | si a esta parte nos aguarda |  | | o en la otra: mas no veo | 235 | | barca ninguna amarrada. |  | | Sin duda se la ha llevado |  | | el río, que cuando asalta |  | | los límites de su arena, |  | | hasta las piedras arranca. | 240 | | La noche viene corriendo, |  | | y es forzosa mi jornada, |  | | y detenerme no puedo; |  | | que quiero ganar un alma. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  | | --- | | Alma, ¿cómo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si pasamos | 245 | | el río, verás ganalla; |  | | que está en pasar solamente |  | | su ventura o su desgracia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ventura y desgracia, ¿cómo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llevo, señor, una carta | 250 | | a gran prisa, y si no llego |  | | antes que amanezca el alba, |  | | ha de perderse. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por qué? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiero decirle la causa: |  | | yo soy criado de un rey, | 255 | | cuya majestad es tanta, |  | | que las tres partes del mundo |  | | casi en su nombre idolatran. |  | | Fue hermoso como el lucero |  | | que sale en conchas de nácar | 260 | | vertiendo en los campos risa |  | | cuando el sol su frente saca. |  | | Pero de una enfermedad, |  | | de una caída causada, |  | | perdió la hermosura toda, | 265 | | y está tan feo que espanta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  | | --- | | ¿De dónde cayó? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cayó |  | | de un monte, saliendo a caza; |  | | que era el caballo soberbio, |  | | y fue del caer la causa. | 270 | | Quiso sentarse en la cumbre |  | | del monte: el caballo agravia |  | | con los pies en los ijares, |  | | y el caballo se abalanza |  | | con su soberbia a subir, | 275 | | y las manos y pies alza, |  | | y perdiendo los estribos, |  | | cayó el rey, que dio de espaldas |  | | en lo profundo del valle, |  | | sin hermosura y sin habla. | 280 | | Diéronle unas calenturas, |  | | que un momento no le faltan, |  | | y desde aquel punto vive |  | | siempre en partes abrigadas. |  | | Este rey al fin pretende | 285 | | a una hermosísima dama, |  | | la cual, porque está tan feo, |  | | le aborrece y le difama. |  | | Él la ofrece sus trofeos, |  | | sus riquezas y sus galas, | 290 | | y su reino finalmente, |  | | para poder conquistalla. |  | | Y en esta carta que llevo, |  | | dice que si no lo alcanza, |  | | se ha de matar, aunque pierda | 295 | | el alma. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Extraña desgracia! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Al fin la carta, señor, |  | | es cierto que ha de ablandarla, |  | | a trueque que no se pierda |  | | el alma. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Mujer ingrata! | 300 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pasemos, por vida vuestra, |  | | por el vado, pues las blancas |  | | guijas se ven como dientes |  | | por donde las aguas hablan. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  | | --- | | Yo no me atrevo. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo iré | 305 | | delante y a mis espaldas |  | | os pasaré. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No me atrevo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues yo vadearé las aguas |  | | para que paséis sin miedo, |  | | o aguardad: mirad si bastan | 310 | | estas corrientes a hundir |  | | a un hombre: venid. |  | | *(Hace que entra en el río)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aguarda; |  | | mas unas letras de fuego |  | | veo en las aguas formadas, |  | | y aunque son de fuego todas, | 315 | | el agua no las apaga. |  | | Haz lo que mando me dicen: |  | | ¡vive Dios que he de borrarlas |  | | con esta piedra, enturbiando |  | | las corrientes ondas claras! | 320 | | Pero parece imposible |  | | borrarlas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amigo, pasa; |  | | que a la rodilla no llega |  | | el agua corriendo mansa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  | | --- | | Yo soy. | | | |
|  | |
| *(Dentro dan voces)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mas ¡ay! que me ahogo, | 325 | | no pases. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién me lo manda? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este anegarte quería. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y este por mi mal te guarda. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hundióse el hombre, y del cielo |  | | cayó un rayo, cuyas llamas, | 330 | | las aguas han confundido. |  | | ¡Desgracia y desdicha extraña! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Húndese el río y lo demás, y salen SICAR y CORFINO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SICAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues estamos satisfechos |  | | que no es justicia, las ramas |  | | dejemos, y estos nos dejen | 335 | | las espadas y las capas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORFINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quedo, que es un hombre solo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SICAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Un hombre solo y sin armas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CORFINO | |  | | --- | | ¿De qué nación? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soy hebreo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORFINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien lo dicen traje y barba. | 340 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SICAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ea, desnúdate, viejo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿En qué este viejo os agravia? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SICAR | |  | | --- | | Haz lo que mando. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señores... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORFINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Haga, pues, lo que le mandan; |  | | quítese el manto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En buen hora. | 345 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CORFINO | |  | | --- | | Y la túnica. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No basta |  | | el manto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORFINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Haz lo que te digo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SICAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Haga aquí lo que le mandan. |  | | ¿Tiene dineros? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No tengo, |  | | sino es en la barba, blanca. | 350 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORFINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues sin dineros caminas? |  | | ¡Vive Dios! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SICAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tente; que basta |  | | dejarle solo y desnudo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORFINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Dónde va por las montañas |  | | un viejo y a aquestas horas | 355 | | sin camino? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SICAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alguna causa |  | | debe de tener el viejo, |  | | pues del camino se aparta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Luego no voy por camino? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SICAR | |  | | --- | | ¿No lo veis? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo caminaba | 360 | | agora por un camino |  | | ancho y de hermosura extraña. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORFINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una industria se me ofrece, |  | | que nuestras vidas ampara: |  | | pongámosle a este estos grillos, | 365 | | y si por suerte le alcanza |  | | la justicia, imaginando, |  | | viéndole así, entre estas plantas, |  | | que es alguno de nosotros, |  | | entendiendo que nos hallan, | 370 | | a Jopé le volverá. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SICAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dices bien. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por qué a mis canas |  | | *(Pónenle los grillos)* |  | | no respetáis; que a los viejos, |  | | los brutos respeto guardan, |  | | señores? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SICAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Haz lo que mando. | 375 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Solo con estas palabras, |  | | cada vez que me las dices, |  | | me atormentas y me matas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORFINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya los grillos puestos tiene. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La muerte solo me falta. | 380 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SICAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entrémonos por el monte |  | | antes que la luna salga. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORFINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El viejo vuelva a Jopé, |  | | y haga allí lo que le mandan. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Buenas mis venturas andan! | 385 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salgan algunos hebreos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIMERO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Rodeando el monte así, |  | | no han de poder escaparse, |  | | y presos han de llevarse |  | | a Jopé. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Pobre de mí! |  | | Estos dos vienen buscando | 390 | | a los que de aquí se han ido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SEGUNDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por aquí nos ha traído |  | | sin duda Dios: blanqueando |  | | tras de aquel árbol está. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SEGUNDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Mátale! ¡Mátale! ¡Muera! | 395 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PRIMERO | |  | | --- | | ¡Ah traidor! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Detente! ¡Espera! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SEGUNDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para llevarte será |  | | a Jopé, donde te den |  | | mísera muerte y castigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIMERO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Dónde está el otro su amigo, | 400 | | que está culpado también? |  | | Que dos mil monedas de oro |  | | gana el que preso os lleve. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SEGUNDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo a mover no se atreve? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Guardad a viejo el decoro! | 405 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIMERO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, ladrón viejo! ¿Y rompías |  | | la prisión? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SEGUNDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y en la vejez |  | | le dabas muerte a un jüez? |  | | Dos mil muertes merecías. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIMERO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aún puestos los grillos tiene. | 410 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No soy yo a quien vais buscando. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SEGUNDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Camina, y haz lo que mando. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta voz misterio tiene. |  | | Señor, ¿en qué os he ofendido |  | | que tanto me perseguís? | 415 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIMERO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ahora favor pedís, |  | | viejo infame y mal nacido? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Dadme la muerte los dos! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SEGUNDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En Jopé te harán morir. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues a Nínive he de ir | 420 | | aunque me lo mande Dios? |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |
|  | |
| *(Llévanle, y salgan LISBEO, ABISÉN y el REY)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con tus palabras a vengar me incitas |  | | deste bárbaro pueblo y Rey tirano. |  | | Ya te digo que están los ninivitas |  | | sepultados en gusto y ocio vano; | 425 | | y como me consientas y permitas |  | | que enarbole, señor, en esta mano |  | | el águila imperial de tu estandarte, |  | | Cupido y Venus temblarán de Marte. |  | | Después de haber vencido y conquistado | 430 | | una provincia rebelada y fiera, |  | | y haber sobre sus muros levantado |  | | sus armas y mi nombre en su bandera, |  | | me mandó que saliese desterrado, |  | | sin premio, sin honor, de esta manera; | 435 | | alborotóse el pueblo en mi defensa, |  | | mas pudo más su multitud inmensa. |  | | Que como el vicio reina, y es el vicio |  | | el padre universal de todo el mundo, |  | | y a quien queman los hombres sacrificio, | 440 | | siguieron muchos su furor profundo; |  | | y como la privanza es artificio, |  | | y yo en servir y no en privar me fundo, |  | | me he escapado, señor, de aquesta suerte, |  | | y fue ventura no encontrar la muerte. | 445 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lisbeo, estos altivos galeones, |  | | fabricados en brea y blanca espuma, |  | | que parecen soberbios torreones, |  | | de mi venganza escribirán la suma. |  | | Esta dirán corriendo a los tritones, | 450 | | y sin pluma a los pájaros con pluma; |  | | y yo en ellos, armado de mi agravio, |  | | veré a su honor el turquesado labio. |  | | Vengaréme del Rey, cuya malicia |  | | ha sido tal, que mi deshonra topa, | 455 | | pues sin ser toro, me robó a Fenicia, |  | | imitando la fábula de Europa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  | | --- | | ¡Válgame Dios! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pondrále mi justicia |  | | temor y espanto, y clavaré en mi popa |  | | por farol su cabeza, y por sus ojos | 460 | | saldrá la luz, de mi furor despojos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que te robó a tu hermana es caso cierto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por orden suya entraron cinco naves |  | | como pavones, ocupando el puerto, |  | | dando envidia sus velas a las aves; | 465 | | y él, me dicen, Lisbeo, que encubierto |  | | con obras locas y palabras graves, |  | | mi hermana me robó, que a ver la pesca |  | | salió una tarde a la ribera fresca. |  | | Iban con ella cuatro damas solas, | 470 | | y dos viejos ancianos escuderos |  | | en un esquife, que en rizadas olas |  | | se recreaba con los pies ligeros, |  | | tendiendo luego sus hinchadas colas; |  | | aquellos monstruos y gigantes fieros | 475 | | de espuma y viento, vieron sus arenas, |  | | a pesar de tritones y sirenas. |  | | Y pues me dices que en el ocio infame |  | | vive el Rey y su gente, al viento demos |  | | mi gruesa armada, aunque oprimida brame, | 480 | | y en sus playas espanto sembraremos; |  | | a embarcar el metal incite y llame, |  | | y munición y gente convoquemos, |  | | y a ti te hago mi lugarteniente, |  | | para que mandes mi soberbia gente. | 485 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Beso tus pies por la merced suprema |  | | a que me has levantado, y te prometo |  | | de hacer, señor, que tu estandarte tema, |  | | poniendo sus murallas en aprieto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues el agravio no consiente flema, | 490 | | ordena la jornada, y en efeto |  | | pongamos mi venganza; zarpen luego, |  | | y cuaje el mar de tu venganza el fuego. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Atenta escuchando he estado |  | | tu plática, y te confieso | 495 | | que si no he perdido el seso, |  | | la vergüenza lo ha causado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dame tus manos, señora, |  | | que en tu casto proceder, |  | | muy bien has dado a entender | 500 | | lo que he colegido ahora. |  | | Ya me acuerdo que aquel día |  | | que en la ribera te hallé |  | | del mar; tu valor y fe |  | | venció mi descortesía; | 505 | | y me acuerdo que dijiste |  | | que eras esposa de un hombre |  | | de reputación y nombre, |  | | y pienso que no mentiste. |  | | Y me acuerdo que queriendo | 510 | | ser tirano y descortés, |  | | entre unas peñas después, |  | | tus bellos ojos, vertiendo |  | | perlas y aljófares bellos, |  | | por guardar tu honestidad | 515 | | en aquella soledad, |  | | esparciendo tus cabellos, |  | | me pediste y suplicaste |  | | que enfrenase mi apetito, |  | | y al pecho el fuego infinito, | 520 | | con tus lágrimas templaste, |  | | conociendo ser mujer |  | | ilustre y noble en efeto; |  | | y así te guardé el respeto |  | | que otros pudieran perder. | 525 | | Y pues fui tan atrevido, |  | | que a tu esposo y tu señor |  | | te quité, viva tu honor; |  | | que en mí tendrá tu marido |  | | un escudo, que la vida | 530 | | perderé por tu defensa; |  | | y esto que es muy cierto piensa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues la ocasión me convida, |  | | quiero que sepas, Lisbeo, |  | | mi feliz y triste suerte, | 535 | | y en mis desdichas advierte |  | | el gran poder de un deseo. |  | | Hermana soy de Abisén, |  | | Rey desta provincia bella, |  | | que la dividen de Arabia | 540 | | estas montañas soberbias. |  | | Pidióme para su esposa |  | | Ardinabel, Rey de Persia, |  | | afable y manso en las paces |  | | y prodigioso en las guerras. | 545 | | Pero temiendo mi hermano |  | | su valor y fortaleza, |  | | y que eran parte sus partes |  | | para usurparle sus tierras, |  | | no quiso, y él, ofendido | 550 | | de su bárbara respuesta, |  | | cubrió la tierra de espanto |  | | y los aires de banderas. |  | | Y tras de una clara noche, |  | | el alba, llorando perlas, | 555 | | amaneció, dando aviso |  | | del daño que verse espera. |  | | Al fin, al subir del sol, |  | | vimos los prados y vegas |  | | matizados de colores, | 560 | | bordando una primavera; |  | | y en medio de las escuadras, |  | | en una persiana yegua, |  | | monte de nieve de lejos |  | | y blanco cisne de cerca, | 565 | | con un bozal de oro fino, |  | | lleno de borlas de seda, |  | | cuya color hurtó al cielo |  | | para dar celosas muestras; |  | | con un bastón en la mano | 570 | | y una marlota de seda |  | | turquí, llena de alcachofas |  | | de plata cendrada y tersa, |  | | al son de las dulces trompas |  | | venía gallardo, y ella | 575 | | parecía que danzaba |  | | con saltos y con corvetas. |  | | Tocó la ciudad al arma, |  | | acudió el miedo a las puertas, |  | | a las murallas los hombres, | 580 | | las voces a las estrellas. |  | | Cercados nos tuvo un año, |  | | con tanta infamia y bajeza, |  | | que se atrevió el hambre a entrar |  | | al plato de nuestras mesas. | 585 | | Pero los vecinos, tristes, |  | | viendo que el daño se acerca, |  | | despechados, salen juntos |  | | una noche oscura y negra. |  | | Desbarataron sus campos, | 590 | | y él, con infamia y afrenta, |  | | con cien hombres salió huyendo, |  | | dejando sola su tienda. |  | | Salió mi hermano al alcance, |  | | y en más de veintiséis leguas | 595 | | la sangre de los persianos |  | | fue un mar a las gentes nuestras. |  | | Quedó libre la ciudad, |  | | y los que en muros y rejas |  | | se escondieron, ya en el campo, | 600 | | viéndose libres, se alejan. |  | | A esta sazón, por el puerto |  | | cinco naves extranjeras |  | | entraron, haciendo salva, |  | | de mil flámulas cubiertas. | 605 | | Piensa el pueblo que otra vez |  | | vuelve el contrario, y se apresta; |  | | mas ellos, desde las gavias, |  | | paz demandaron por señas. |  | | Dijeron que eran amigos; | 610 | | que el furor de una tormenta |  | | les arribó a aquellos puertos, |  | | faltos de sustento y fuerzas. |  | | Preguntaron qué nación, |  | | y nos respondieron que eran | 615 | | ninivitas, que pedían |  | | por hospedaje clemencia. |  | | Diles licencia que entraran: |  | | nunca licencia los diera, |  | | que desta licencia, amor | 620 | | se entró al alma sin licencia. |  | | Luego, de la capitana |  | | echan el esquife a tierra, |  | | donde el Príncipe venía |  | | cercado de su nobleza. | 625 | | Vile entrar desde unos vidrios |  | | de mi balcón, y fue fuerza |  | | beber en ellos mi amor, |  | | que se subió a la cabeza. |  | | Viendo al Príncipe salir | 630 | | de la mar por la ribera, |  | | me pareció ver al sol |  | | tras las confusas tinieblas. |  | | Entró a palacio a besarme |  | | las manos, y dile en ellas, | 635 | | Lisbeo, mi libertad, |  | | y en los ojos mil ternezas. |  | | Confrontáronse las almas |  | | y entendiéronse las lenguas, |  | | que hablan mucho siendo mudas | 640 | | cuando quieren y desean. |  | | Declaróme su pasión, |  | | y yo la mía en respuesta, |  | | y luego el respeto quiso |  | | atreverse a mi grandeza. | 645 | | Concertamos que una tarde |  | | saliese yo a ver la pesca |  | | con dos escuderos solos |  | | y solas cuatro doncellas, |  | | y que tendrían sus naves, | 650 | | puestas a punta las velas, |  | | porque hiriendo en popa el viento, |  | | se escapasen con la presa. |  | | Hícelo así, y él, a vista |  | | de la ciudad, que me espera | 655 | | por el muelle, y la marina |  | | con regocijos y fiestas, |  | | me roba y pone en su nave, |  | | que pareció, en ligereza, |  | | al águila del dios Jove, | 660 | | que a Ganimedes se lleva. |  | | Dio voces mi pueblo junto; |  | | pero el mar, alzando fieras |  | | de plata y de espuma cana, |  | | en agua las voces mezcla. | 665 | | Navegamos doce días |  | | por zafiros y turquesas, |  | | y al cabo dellos tocamos |  | | de Nínive las arenas. |  | | Y Danfanisbo, traidor, | 670 | | que en ella entre vicios reina, |  | | nos mandó sacar al punto |  | | de aquella playa desierta, |  | | porque le corrió fortuna, |  | | con virtud y sin prudencia; | 675 | | conmigo vivía, y él |  | | así las virtudes premia. |  | | Déjame el Príncipe sola |  | | por buscar camino o senda; |  | | tú en esta ocasión llegaste | 680 | | y me llevaste por fuerza. |  | | En Nínive me tuviste |  | | cuatro días encubierta, |  | | y contra tu voluntad |  | | mi honestidad se conserva. | 685 | | Y pues hasta aquí, Lisbeo, |  | | no has manchado mi limpieza, |  | | quiero que tus mismas manos |  | | su escudo y mi amparo sean. |  | | Y fío decirle a mi hermano: | 690 | | con esta armada me lleva, |  | | pues voy en aqueste traje |  | | tan segura y encubierta, |  | | que si a Nínive llegamos, |  | | podrá ser que el cielo quiera | 695 | | que con mi esposo encontremos, |  | | y fin mis desdichas tengan. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En mí, señora, tendréis |  | | una defensa y escudo, |  | | y en mis labios hallaréis | 700 | | los de un Jenofonte mudo, |  | | y un Pitágoras veréis. |  | | Con el debido respeto, |  | | con esta armada, en efeto, |  | | señora, te llevaré, | 705 | | y el respeto igualaré |  | | de mis labios al secreto. |  | | Y porque segura vayas, |  | | no en la nave de tu hermano |  | | verás las remotas playas | 710 | | sulcando por el mar cano, |  | | las puntas, líneas y rayas, |  | | sino en otra nave, adonde |  | | puedas ir más escondida, |  | | aunque nada el tiempo esconde. | 715 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Puesta en tus manos mi vida |  | | a quien eres corresponde. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya las trampas en el muelle. |  | | quieren que los hipogrifos |  | | blanca espuma los estrelle, | 720 | | y sus encrespados rizos |  | | quieren que la armada huelle. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues que tocan a embarcar, |  | | vamos. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Saliendo del mar, |  | | después que sé que es hermana | 725 | | de Abisén esta tirana, |  | | la he de matar o forzar; |  | | con este hecho concluyo |  | | con mi suerte y mi malicia, |  | | y al Rey su honor restituyo | 730 | | casándome con Fenicia |  | | y siendo cuñado suyo. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(ROSANIO y PETRONIA, dama)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Al fin dice que me adora |  | | y me pretende? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu hermano. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Mi hermano? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Calla, señora; | 735 | | que tu muerte y fin es llano |  | | con lo que dices ahora! |  | | Si mi dolor te provoca. |  | | ten la voz, la boca no abras, |  | | que al alma penetra y toca, | 740 | | y dan muerte tus palabras |  | | aunque salen por tu boca. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Siénteslo mucho? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El pesar |  | | es tan grande y tan cruel, |  | | que llegándole a explicar, | 745 | | la mínima parte dél |  | | pudiera el mundo abrasar. |  | | Y si su rigor te enseño |  | | con ejemplos tan profundos, |  | | mira si el pesar es dueño, | 750 | | señora, de tantos mundos, |  | | ¿qué harán a un mundo pequeño? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues cuando mi hermano fuera |  | | de todo el mundo señor, |  | | por tu amor le aborreciera, | 755 | | que como es gusto el amor, |  | | la calidad no pondera; |  | | y así pienso que será |  | | vuestro amor más infinito, |  | | si él gloria infinita da, | 760 | | y el yerro de su apetito |  | | el tiempo lo acabará. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiérome fingir |  | | su enamorada, y al tiempo |  | | que él pretenda conseguir | 765 | | su deleite y pasatiempo, |  | | le privaré del vivir; |  | | pues con cuchillo o veneno, |  | | estando a solas los dos, |  | | desde ahora le condeno. | 770 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  | | --- | | Buen engaño. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor, que es Dios, |  | | lo traza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En extremo es bueno, |  | | y para que el Rey esté |  | | engañado y satisfecho, |  | | finge luego. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo lo haré; | 775 | | que soy mujer, y del pecho |  | | mujeril el fingir fue. |  | | El sol tiene movimientos, |  | | la luna tiene mudanzas, |  | | rabia el mar, furia los vientos, | 780 | | el hombre tiene venganzas |  | | y la mujer fingimientos; |  | | dijo a Sócrates un día |  | | un hombre, en cuyo poder |  | | el engaño hallar podría; | 785 | | y él respondió: En la mujer |  | | de quien el hombre se fía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por eso dese tirano |  | | monstruo jamás se fió, |  | | Dionisio siracusano, | 790 | | y a sus mujeres mostró |  | | temor bárbaro y villano. |  | | Pues jamás durmió con ellas |  | | que no mirase primero |  | | los rincones, por temellas, | 795 | | y en parte andaba grosero; |  | | que eran por extremo bellas. |  | | La mujer es un tesoro, |  | | de quien los hombres son Midas; |  | | es un fingido decoro, | 800 | | y en nuestras humanas vidas, |  | | es veneno en vaso de oro; |  | | es una furia infernal, |  | | aunque tiene de ángel nombre; |  | | es un ingrato animal, | 805 | | que cuando no puede al hombre, |  | | a sí misma se hace mal; |  | | es un tirano poder |  | | que nuestras vidas condena, |  | | y al fin su imperfecto ser | 810 | | no tuviera cosa buena, |  | | si tú no fueras mujer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bravamente mal la quieres. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No tiene cosa mejor |  | | el mundo, que las mujeres, | 815 | | y tiene tanto valor, |  | | solo porque tú lo eres. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No dirá aquesto mi hermano |  | | si penetra mi traición. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Finges al fin? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es muy llano, | 820 | | que el engaño y la traición |  | | puso el tiempo en nuestra mano. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo figuras? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Así. |  | | Ufana de mi grandeza |  | | estoy desde que te vi, | 825 | | esclava soy de tu alteza: |  | | si tanto bien merecí. |  | | ¡Ay, m bien! ¡ay, mi señor! |  | | ¿Posible es que he merecido |  | | tantas grandezas de amor? | 830 | | Dame una mano, que pido |  | | por merced y por favor. |  | | ¡Ay Dios, qué dulces despojos! |  | | Pondréla, aunque tú no quieras, |  | | en la niñas de tus ojos. | 835 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo pienso que hablas de veras; |  | | que es la mujer toda antojos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Daréle de cuando en cuando, |  | | estando a solas los dos, |  | | un abrazo suspirando. | 840 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Basta, señora, por Dios, |  | | que me das celos burlando. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estos son celos injustos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes los puedo llamar, |  | | con justicia, celos justos; | 845 | | que a solas el abrazar, |  | | es la puerta de otros gustos, |  | | y más viendo que aunque estás |  | | conmigo, nunca un abrazo |  | | ni una ternura me das. | 850 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Toma, si con este lazo, |  | | bien mío, contento estás. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Abrázale. DANFANISBO entre, y DELIO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No llego a buena ocasión: |  | | que está mi hermana ocupada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tomando está posesión | 855 | | de la merced alcanzada, |  | | Rosanio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estos brazos son, |  | | luna hermosa, en quien se encierra |  | | tu sol, que en rayos benignos |  | | quiere ennoblecer mi tierra, | 860 | | y en ella los doce signos |  | | meten paz y me hacen guerra. |  | | Aries muestra la piedad |  | | destos dos labios que adoro; |  | | Tauro, firmeza y lealtad; | 865 | | Géminis, en niños de oro, |  | | amor y eterna amistad; |  | | Cáncer, el fuego en que veo |  | | que se arde mi corazón; |  | | y de mi dichoso empleo, | 870 | | la fortaleza el León; |  | | Virgo, tu casto deseo; |  | | Libra, la mucha igualdad |  | | de nuestro amor voluntario; |  | | Escorpión, la crueldad | 875 | | de mis celos; Sagitario, |  | | las flechas de tu beldad; |  | | Capricornio, los antojos |  | | del retrógrado en tu eterno |  | | amor por causarme enojos; | 880 | | Acuario, el confuso y tierno |  | | de la lluvia de tus ojos; |  | | Piscis muestra y representa |  | | un mar de gusto y pesar, |  | | en que el alma se sustenta; | 885 | | que en la inconstancia del mar |  | | hay bonanza y hay tormenta. |  | | Estos doce signos bellos, |  | | en la zona de tus brazos, |  | | están siendo tú el sol dellos: | 890 | | deja que viva en tus lazos |  | | aunque me abrase con ellos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya no los puedo escuchar: |  | | aplacar quiero esta guerra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llégalos, señor, a hablar. | 895 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estando el sol en la tierra; |  | | ¿quién se deja de abrasar? |  | | Si a Rosanio has abrasado, |  | | que es tierra que amar deseas, |  | | también tus rayos me han dado. | 900 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay sombra, maldita seas, |  | | que mi nombre has eclipsado! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Rosanio ponte a esta puerta |  | | mientras Petronia, mi hermana, |  | | mi amor y gustos concierta. | 905 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cielos, si ha de ser liviana |  | | mi mujer, mi muerte es cierta! |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Las novedades de amor, |  | | hermana, placen al gusto, |  | | que es para el alma mejor, | 910 | | y pues es caso tan justo, |  | | que me hagas algún favor, |  | | en esta ocasión te pido, |  | | que si otro te ha de gozar, |  | | yo, que tu hermano he nacido, | 915 | | merezca el primer lugar, |  | | pues en nacer le he tenido; |  | | que, ¿quién mejor que tu hermano? |  | | te puede a ti merecer? |  | | Dame una mano. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Señor! | 920 | | *(Pónese en medio de los dos)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué quieres? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que está Macaria |  | | a la puerta y quiere entrar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entre, entre, dejalá. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Haré que a la puerta espere. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ven, verás cómo me da | 925 | | mi hermana la mano. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  | | --- | | Tuya ha de ser. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Dichosa suerte! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  | | --- | | Macaria viene. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Concluya |  | | hoy su vida con su muerte, |  | | Rosanio, sin que se arguya | 930 | | de mí que quiero ni adoro |  | | desde hoy a mujer humana, |  | | sino a mi hermana: el decoro |  | | de Dios la den a mi hermana, |  | | y en altar estatuas de oro. | 935 | | Dame un abrazo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, |  | | el alma tu gusto aprueba. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, soberano señor! |  | | Rosanio esta noche lleva |  | | a mi hermana, sin rumor, | 940 | | a mi aposento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Primero |  | | has de dar muerte a Macaria. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  | | --- | | ¡Muera luego! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ah, suerte varia! |  | | ¡Ah, celos! ¡Tormento fiero! |  | | Para que Macaria muera, | 945 | | sálgase de aquí Su Alteza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo quiero salirme afuera. |  | | ¿Finjo bien? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mucha terneza |  | | muestra. ¡Morir no quisiera! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase PETRONIA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ven acá. ¿Con qué invención | 950 | | podremos darla la muerte |  | | a Macaria sin traición? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con una extremada; advierte |  | | y aprobarás mi intención: |  | | Desvelándome anoche, imaginando | 955 | | nuevos modos, señor, de darte gusto, |  | | vino a mi entendimiento un modo extraño |  | | de gusto y novedad que tú codicias. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  | | --- | | ¿De qué suerte? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, dar de repente |  | | la muerte a un hombre; es cosa de gran gusto, | 960 | | porque muere diciendo mil blasfemias |  | | y haciendo mil visajes y posturas, |  | | que provocan a risa y son de gusto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Extraña novedad, y me ha agradado |  | | por lo que es novedad. Si entra Macaria, | 965 | | dala luego, Rosanio; que ver quiero |  | | su muerte con donaire, que le tiene |  | | en todo cuanto intenta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Delio viene. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  | | --- | | En él empieza. | | | |
|  | |
| *(Dale ROSANIO con la daga, y sale DELIO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Gran señor! ¡Ah, fiero! |  | | ¡Oh, Rey, tirano! ¡Ay, Dios! | 970 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Por Dios que es gusto! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No viste los visajes que va haciendo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  | | --- | | Gusto me ha dado a fe. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Macaria sale. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Primero que ella salga, he de ver cómo |  | | mueres tú. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Yo, señor? | | | |
|  | |
| *(Dale el REY de puñaladas)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Rabiando muero! | 975 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pide a mi hermana que te dé la vida. |  | | pues ella te adoraba y la adorabas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSANIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Sus celos me dan muerte! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh qué bien mueres! |  | | Ninguno con tan buenos ademanes |  | | ha muerto; como tú culpa tuviste, | 980 | | mueres en la invención que me trajiste. |  | | | |
| **Jornada III** | |
|  | |
| *Ruido de mar, como se anega un bajel. Voces de dentro. Marineros y CAPITÁN* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINERO 1 | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cielos, que nos perdemos! |  | | Los vientos gimen y los mares braman, |  | | y desde sus extremos |  | | las aguas por el mundo se derraman! |  | | que en diluvio segundo | 5 | | pienso que quiere el cielo hundir el mundo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Mainaaquesa escota, |  | | que el timón se ha rompido! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TODOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Maina, maina! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mas el mar se alborota, |  | | y Orión el estoque desenvaina, | 10 | | y este monstruo marino, |  | | como ha perdido el norte, pierde el tino. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINERO 2 | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta tormenta fiera |  | | no es natural, que tiene algún misterio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Según el mar se altera, | 15 | | bañar quiere de espuma el hemisferio, |  | | que excediendo su playa, |  | | ya las cabezas de los montes raya. |  | | ¡Alija todo el cargo! |  | | ¡No se reserven cofres ni baúles! | 20 | | Que este piélago amargo |  | | se levanta en sus límites azules, |  | | y el agua sin sosiego |  | | mata en la cuarta esfera todo el fuego. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINERO 3 | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todo en el mar se ha echado, | 25 | | desde el bizcocho a la avarienta pipa; |  | | y el vino, alborotado, |  | | por negras bocas en las sirtes hipa; |  | | y los peces se quejan, |  | | que en tal estrago sus costumbres dejan. | 30 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Arrojad hasta el centro |  | | cuanto en la nave está; nada se quede; |  | | que este fiero elemento |  | | tragarnos con su furia a todos puede. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINERO 2 | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Sal fuera! Este dormía, | 35 | | que de cuna la nave le servía. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Saque a JONÁS)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es posible que ahora |  | | esté durmiendo? ¿Estaba descuidado |  | | cuando la gente llora |  | | y el viento de su cárcel desatado, | 40 | | con la nave en la espuma |  | | escribe nuestro mal como con pluma? |  | | Hombre, ¿por qué no pides |  | | a tu Dios, o a tus dioses si los tienes, |  | | clemencia? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINERO 1 | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No me olvides, | 45 | | Júpiter santo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINERO 2 | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque al mar enfrenes, |  | | para honrar tu decoro, |  | | juro ofrecerte una sirena de oro. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Pide a tu Dios clemencia, |  | | hombre inconsiderado! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No le tengo. | 50 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINERO 2º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin duda esta es sentencia |  | | por algunos delitos; yo prevengo |  | | el medio que conviene, |  | | que la necesidad siempre los tiene. |  | | Echemos suertes todos; | 55 | | y al que caiga la suerte, al mar echemos, |  | | templando destos modos |  | | los vientos que en el mar riñendo vemos; |  | | que las aguas, bramando, |  | | de alguno están justicia demandando. | 60 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muy bien me ha parecido. |  | | ¡Cómo ha de ser! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINERO 2 | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Así el temor no advierte: |  | | dadme un palo, y partido, |  | | al que tome el mayor caiga la suerte, |  | | y aquese al mar se arroje. | 65 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINERO 2 | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La nave se ha rompido y agua coge. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINERO 3 | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo los palillos traigo. |  | | Ser quiero yo el primero, Dios me guía: |  | | sin duda en el mar caigo; |  | | mas no saqué el mayor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINERO 2 | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fortuna mía... | 70 | | *(Saca)* |  | | Mas también es pequeño. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Dios, si este palo salvará este leño! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINERO 3 | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los dos solos quedamos; |  | | sacad, amigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  | | --- | | ¿Yo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINERO 3 | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sacad de presto, |  | | porque nos anegamos. | 75 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo el más largo saqué, ya es manifiesto, |  | | señores, mi pecado, |  | | que el viento y mar por mí se han desatado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  | | --- | | ¿Pues quién eres? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un hombre |  | | a su Dios y a su ley inobediente; | 80 | | y porque no os asombre |  | | el mar que al cielo toca con su frente, |  | | poned al llanto pausa, |  | | y desta tempestad sabed la causa. |  | | Jonás es mi propio nombre, | 85 | | y soy de nación hebreo, |  | | y fue Omelias mi padre, |  | | un varón justo y honesto. |  | | No adoro en Olimpo a Jove, |  | | ni a Apolo en Persia y en Delfos, | 90 | | sino al que le dio a Moisén |  | | en Sinaí, ley y preceptos. |  | | Al fin yo adoro en el Dios |  | | a quien los cuatro elementos, |  | | en la cárcel de sus rayas | 95 | | tiene temor y respeto. |  | | Con dos sílabas compuso |  | | la hermosura de los cielos, |  | | haciendo una hermosa octava |  | | de la luna al firmamento. | 100 | | Sobre este cuajó las aguas, |  | | y sobre las aguas luego |  | | las inteligencias puso |  | | que las mueven a concierto. |  | | Sobre el móvil de topacios | 105 | | que más imitan al fuego, |  | | labró su inmóvil alcázar, |  | | contra los tiempos eternos; |  | | deste Dios que estoy diciendo, |  | | que Jehová los nuestros llaman, | 110 | | nombre inefable e inmenso, |  | | desde mis primeros años |  | | me crié, siendo en su pueblo |  | | apóstol, por varias partes, |  | | de sus altos Sacramentos. | 115 | | Prediqué su luz divina, |  | | profeticé sus misterios, |  | | hice en su nombre milagros |  | | confirmación de sus hechos. |  | | Mas como la inobediencia | 120 | | es culpa con que nacemos, |  | | Y está abrazada a la carne, |  | | y nosotros somos cuerpo, |  | | pudo hacer que el Dios que digo, |  | | en cuyo altar está ardiendo | 125 | | la gran lámpara del sol |  | | que en su azul capilla vemos, |  | | perdiese el respeto y diese |  | | de un extremo en otro extremo, |  | | que la virtud, si va al vicio, | 130 | | del alma se arroja presto. |  | | Al fin, mandóme que fuese |  | | a Nínive, y yo, temiendo |  | | la muerte, desconfié; |  | | que el pecador siempre es necio. | 135 | | Y este fue enorme pecado |  | | contra su poder, sabiendo |  | | que al órgano de las vidas |  | | solo le tocan sus dedos. |  | | Y después de haber querido | 140 | | buscar los remotos reinos, |  | | me embarqué en aquesta nave, |  | | por apartarme más lejos. |  | | Pero Dios mandó romper |  | | los candados de los vientos, | 145 | | y desasirse las aguas |  | | de la cárcel de sus senos; |  | | cubriendo el cielo de nubes, |  | | entre bombardas de truenos, |  | | y ha querido castigar | 150 | | así mi poco respeto. |  | | Y si quieres que la nave |  | | toque de Tarsis el puerto, |  | | o estos desatados montes |  | | se recojan a su centro, | 155 | | arrojadme al mar, señores, |  | | que con los brazos abiertos |  | | me aguarda para esconderme |  | | en su vientre verdinegro. |  | | Y si al mar no me arrojáis, | 160 | | este templado instrumento |  | | dará sin trastes al traste |  | | en un peñasco soberbio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si es verdad lo que me dices, |  | | al mar luego te arrojemos; | 165 | | que en esto a tu Dios honramos, |  | | y servimos a los nuestros. |  | | Perdona nuestra invención, |  | | santo Dios de los hebreos; |  | | que es bien que así se castigue | 170 | | tu ofensa y tu menosprecio. |  | | Y si alguno de vosotros |  | | le ha ofendido, caiga luego |  | | un rayo sobre él, que abrase |  | | sus malditos pensamientos. | 175 | | Vaya, que nos anegamos; |  | | arrojadle. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Arrójanle al mar; salga la boca de la ballena, que le recibe)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINERO 2 | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya está hecho. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En vuestras manos, Señor, |  | | el espíritu encomiendo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Válgame Dios! Un pescado. | 180 | | entre sus labios sangrientos |  | | le recogió; que aun las aguas |  | | no quisieron recogerlo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINERO 1 | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El viento invisiblemente |  | | se ha sosegado, y el cielo | 185 | | sus ricos celajes de oro |  | | y de azul ha descubierto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINERO 2 | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Parece que se han quejado |  | | las aguas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y en sus espejos |  | | ya nos miramos los rostros, | 190 | | y casi su arena vemos. |  | | ¡Raro milagro! ¡Oh gran Dios |  | | de los hebreos! Supremo |  | | es vuestro poder. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINERO 2 | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De Tarsis |  | | ya descubrimos el puerto. | 195 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Haced salva y alegrías, |  | | y los grumetes subiendo |  | | a las gavias, las coronen |  | | de mil gallardetes bellos. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vuélvese la nave con mucha alegría y calma de mar. PETRONIA y MACARIA, damas)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mucho ha que deseaba | 200 | | verme, Macaria, contigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo en este cuidado estaba; |  | | y pues aquí estás conmigo, |  | | dime lo que quieres. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Brava |  | | vienes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiéranlo los cielos. | 205 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué traes? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ponzoña, muerte, |  | | desconfianzas, desvelos, |  | | y en venir de aquesta suerte, |  | | podrás ver que tengo celos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Celos de quién? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No lo sabes, | 210 | | siendo dellos la ocasión |  | | y el efecto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ten, no acabes; |  | | que esas palabras no son |  | | para personas tan graves |  | | como yo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues tú quién eres? | 215 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Loca, quién tengo de ser? |  | | Una mujer que hombres quieren. |  | | Mujer soy, mas soy mujer |  | | que enfreno locas mujeres. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A mí no me enfrenarás. | 220 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Necia, ¿no eres mi vasalla? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu reina decir podrás. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Mi reina? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  | | --- | | Tu reina. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Calla, |  | | bárbara, que en ti no estás! |  | | En ti la opinión se infama | 225 | | del Rey, pues siendo del Rey, |  | | eres de Danfisbo dama; |  | | y a los dos, sin Dios ni ley, |  | | les das mesa y les das cama. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y tú ¿no has hecho matar, | 230 | | como otra Erífile fiera, |  | | a Rosanio, por gozar |  | | a tu hermano? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si quisiera, |  | | loca, yo a mi hermano amar, |  | | ¿era menester dar muerte | 235 | | a Rosanio? ¿Fui con él |  | | atrevida yo por suerte? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Al fin que lloras por él? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soy mujer de bronce fuerte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Contiendas dejando aparte, | 240 | | ¿qué me quieres? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiero aquí... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Suplicarme? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Suplicarte? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo vengo a mandarte a ti. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soy la que he de mandarte; |  | | y así te mando que dejes | 245 | | luego el amor de mi hermano. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo a ti que no me aconsejes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues si es contigo tirano, |  | | mira que dél no te quejes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues si es tirano contigo, | 250 | | no te quejes tú tampoco. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El Rey loco está conmigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Conmigo el Rey está loco. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  | | --- | | Yo le obligo. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo le obligo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No ves que hay gran diferencia | 255 | | en las dos? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor, que es ciego, |  | | a lo amado da excelencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya la llama de este fuego |  | | asiste en nuestra presencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues mira para que veas | 260 | | cómo ansí amor corresponde; |  | | y el engaño en que le empleas, |  | | en este canal le esconde. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí haré para que lo creas, |  | | y luego te esconderás | 265 | | tú también, y lo que digo |  | | si es verdad conocerás. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De tu mal serás testigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú de mi bien lo serás. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Escóndese PETRONIA y sale DANFANISBO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El rato que estoy sin ti, | 270 | | bella Macaria, mi bien, |  | | loco estoy, estoy sin mí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  | | --- | | ¡Ah, ingrato! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tú con desdén |  | | conmigo, Macaria, así? |  | | ¿Qué te puede a ti enojar? | 275 | | Pídeme cuanto se encierra |  | | en las entrañas del mar, |  | | y el tesoro que la tierra |  | | sabe avarienta guardar; |  | | que yo lo pondré a tus pies, | 280 | | a trueque que estés contenta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí haré, como aquí me des |  | | un imposible. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues cuenta, |  | | como tú contenta estés, |  | | ¿el imposible en amor | 285 | | mayor, más fácil y llano, |  | | es darte el mundo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mayor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Poner el viento en tu mano? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  | | --- | | Mayor. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es poner temor |  | | a una mujer, si está | 290 | | resuelta, determinada? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  | | --- | | Mayor. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Mayor?¿Qué será? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dar muerte a tu hermana amada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  | | --- | | ¡Eso es imposible! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ya! |  | | Es el mayor imposible | 295 | | que se le pudo pedir. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya, Macaria, estás terrible; |  | | luego al punto ha de morir; |  | | que a mi amor todo es posible. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues adorándote así | 300 | | la quieres matar? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay cosa |  | | más odiosa para mí; |  | | ¡muera! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira que es hermosa. |  | | ¿Oyes lo que dice? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  | | --- | | *(Donde está escondida)* | | ¡Sí! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues hanme dicho que quieres | 305 | | hacerla contigo reina? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sobre todas las mujeres, |  | | Macaria en mí vive y reina. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Oyeslo? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  | | --- | | ¡Sí! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué más quieres? |  | | Yo me voy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Dónde te vas? | 310 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A llorar hasta que muera |  | | tu hermana. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pesada estás, |  | | mi vida; un momento espera, |  | | y aquí muerta la verás. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  | | --- | | No haré. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu cólera es mucha. | 315 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Veslo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No creyera tal; |  | | ¡en mi muerte y vida lucha! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De ordinario oye su mal |  | | el celoso y el que escucha. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sobre sus celos ha huido; | 320 | | que es huir sobre un caballo |  | | desbocado y atrevido, |  | | que jamás puede enfrenallo |  | | el más prudente sentido; |  | | que el entendimiento ofende, | 325 | | noche en los días de amor, |  | |  |  | | y son los celos un duende, |  | | que no se ve y da temor. |  | | Son mortal desasosiego, | 330 | | que ponen la vida en calma, |  | | humo de encubierto fuego; |  | | y al fin son pulgas del alma, |  | | que pican y saltan luego. |  | | Pero mi hermana es aquella: | 335 | | *(Salga PETRONIA)* |  | | hermana, señora mía, |  | | lumbre más hermosa y bella |  | | que la que hermosa el día |  | | y da luz a tanta estrella. |  | | ¿Vos triste, vos afligida? | 340 | | Es para afligirme a mí, |  | | si está en la vuestra mi vida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si me quisieras a mí |  | | con fe cierta, y no fingida, |  | | ya hubieras hecho, señor, | 345 | | lo que pido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué imposible |  | | por ti no acaba mi amor? |  | | Que como es incomprensible, |  | | es imposible mayor: |  | | pide. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que muerte le des | 350 | | a Macaria. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Luego al punto |  | | lo haré, porque alegre estés; |  | | y el bello cuerpo difunto |  | | será alfombra de tus pies; |  | | que no hay cosa para mí | 355 | | más cansada y enfadosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Oyes lo que dice? | | | |
|  | |
| *(MACARIA escondida)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Sí! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo a mujer tan hermosa |  | | quieres dar muerte? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por ti, |  | | no solo muerte daré | 360 | | a Macaria, que es mujer |  | | loca, inconstante y sin fe, |  | | sino a cuantas de su ser |  | | la tierra en sus brazos ve. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues hanme dicho que quieres | 365 | | hacella contigo reina. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sobre las demás mujeres, |  | | mi hermana en Nínive reina. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Oyeslo? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  | | --- | | ¡Sí! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué más quieres? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y cuando vendré a alcanzar | 370 | | de mi pretensión el fin? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  | | --- | | Mañana. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nombra el lugar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En el jardín; que el jardín |  | | con la yedra enseña a amar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  | | --- | | ¿Pues tiene firmeza? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y mucha, | 375 | | mas no es a la mía igual. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi vida y mi muerte lucha. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De ordinario oye su mal |  | | el celoso y el que escucha; |  | | voy al jardín a buscar | 380 | | lugar que nos vea y calle; |  | | a Rosanio he de vengar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mañana pienso matalle. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mañana le he de matar. |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |
|  | |
| *(Vanse las dos, y salen FRONIBO y otros, trayendo a IBERIO asido y vestido de pieles)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Salí contra el tropel de los Villanos | 385 | | con mil hombres no más, y huyeron todos |  | | dejando al capitán desamparado; |  | | seguimos al alcance de su huida, |  | | y degollaron infinitos dellos |  | | los nuestros; y prendiendo desta suerte | 390 | | al capitán, que entre estas pieles pardas |  | | encubría quién era, y conocimos |  | | que era, señor, el Príncipe tu hermano, |  | | y que por su ocasión aquellos rústicos |  | | se habían conjurado, y no he querido | 395 | | matarle hasta traerle a tu presencia; |  | | de tus labios escuche la sentencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  | | --- | | ¿Es posible que aún vives? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Rey tirano, |  | | fratricida, cruel, más que no el yerno |  | | de Pandión, ¿qué insultos, qué delitos, | 400 | | te movieron a hacer maldad tan grande? |  | | ¿Cómo hiciste conmigo y con Fenicia, |  | | hermana de Abisela y mujer mía? |  | | Si tú tuviste, infame, atrevimiento |  | | para engañarnos y para meternos | 405 | | en una nave, solo con intento |  | | de quitarnos la vida en unas sirtes; |  | | y si fuiste cruel que en otra playa, |  | | habitada de monstruos y de fieras, |  | | y de gentes humanas no habitada, | 410 | | nos dejasen sujetos a la muerte, |  | | donde mi esposa de animales fieros |  | | sustento ha sido a sus sangrientas bocas, |  | | cuya sangre coral volvió las rocas, |  | | ¿no quieres que los cielos me den vida | 415 | | y sustento los árboles silvestres, |  | | agua las peñas a mi llanto amargo, |  | | y su favor los hombres? Al fin vivo |  | | estoy; por más tormentos intentabas |  | | con aquellos pastores darme muerte; | 420 | | mas no quieren los dioses; que recelo |  | | que para un grande bien me guarda el cielo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ponedle en una torre donde muera, |  | | y no le den comida ni sustento; |  | | quiero ver los días que entretiene | 425 | | la vida sin comer un hombre. |  | | Sale un capitán. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Apresta |  | | tu ejército, señor; suenen las trompas, |  | | suene el rumor de guerra y cruja el parche, |  | | a cuyos ecos tu estandarte marche. | 430 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué dices? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que en tus riberas, |  | | sobre los corrientes vidrios, |  | | a la gran ciudad Viser |  | | ha puesto cien edificios. |  | | Ciudad hermosa parece | 435 | | la que forman los navíos |  | | que entre las aguas, danzando, |  | | parecen monstruos marinos. |  | | Con el Rey viene Lisbeo, |  | | por tu teniente, y le he visto | 440 | | saltar, a un esquife |  | | del vientre de un hipogrifo; |  | | el cual, de grandes cercado |  | | y de soldados servido, |  | | con una embajada viene | 445 | | a verse, señor, contigo; |  | | y sin duda que ha llegado, |  | | porque lo dice el ruido |  | | que en tu antecámara suena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  | | --- | | Díme, ¿es este que entra? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El mismo. | 450 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salga LISBEO, muy galán, acompañado)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dame esas manos y dame |  | | un asiento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es el camino |  | | corto, y no vendrás cansado; |  | | habla en pie, que en pie te admiro. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El alto rey Abisén | 455 | | te pide, rey Danfanisbo, |  | | a su hermana, y tu ciudad, |  | | de hermoso y de grande sitio, |  | | porque supuesto que sea |  | | tan grande como le han dicho, | 460 | | que de una punta a otra punta |  | | hay tres días de camino, |  | | él tiene tantos soldados |  | | y tan grandes artificios |  | | de combatir y vencer, | 465 | | que es forzoso el ser vencidos; |  | | y podría ser que paguéis |  | | de una vez tantos delitos |  | | contra Dios y contra el cielo, |  | | que os dé el cielo este castigo. | 470 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hables más; vuelve a tu Rey |  | | y dile que no me admiro |  | | de ver que, como otro Xerxes, |  | | ponga a los tritones grillos; |  | | y que a todo su poder, | 475 | | yo solo, si yo le embisto, |  | | le haré que la espalda vuelva |  | | de mis manos ofendido; |  | | pero que si por su hermana |  | | viene enojado conmigo, | 480 | | quien la robó fue mi hermano; |  | | y así al robador le envío, |  | | que le pida cuenta della; |  | | que yo a su hermana no he visto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién es su hermano? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soy. | 485 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es de príncipe el vestido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | He sido rey de animales, |  | | y de sus brocados ricos |  | | este vestido corté, |  | | que Adán se vistió del mismo. | 490 | | Yo robé a Fenicia, yo, |  | | más astuto que Abisino, |  | | fui recibido en sus playas |  | | con pompas y regocijos. |  | | Vamos, que quiero que el Rey | 495 | | me dé un bárbaro castigo, |  | | pues conmigo este tirano |  | | es un tirano Dionisio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y Fenicia, dónde está? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Robármela el cielo quiso | 500 | | por transformarla en estrella |  | | como a Urania y a Calixto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vamos, porque el Rey comience |  | | en ti, aunque tan grande ha sido |  | | la culpa, que es en un mar | 505 | | meter un pequeño río; |  | | y tú apercíbete, Rey. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dile que no me apercibo |  | | yo para cosas tan pocas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Eso dices? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esto digo; | 510 | | a ti la ciudad te encargo. |  | | Vela, defiende, Fronibo; |  | | que yo no quiero en sus cuellos |  | | manchar mis aceros limpios. |  | | Toma diez firmas en blanco, | 515 | | y con hombres infinitos |  | | guarda la ciudad, y queden |  | | solo mujeres conmigo. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse LISBEO y el PRÍNCIPE)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desta vez quedo señor |  | | de Nínive, y doy castigo | 520 | | a este tirano inventor |  | | de maldades y de vicios. |  | |  |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase, y salen CORIDÓN y GASENO, villanos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GASENO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Huye, amigo Coridón; |  | | que se acerca el animal |  | | a la orilla. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORIDÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay bestia igual? | 525 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GASENO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Si es este camaleón? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORIDÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, que el camaleón es |  | | comparado a los señores, |  | | que se viste de colores |  | | de la cabeza a los pies. | 530 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GASENO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Así tanto parecer |  | | tiene el hombre cada día. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORIDÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y quien en hombre confía, |  | | camaleón ha de ser. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GASENO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mas sin cama, león dirás, | 535 | | pues apenas cama tiene |  | | quien los cree. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORIDÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El monstruo viene. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GASENO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Coridón, no espero más. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORIDÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sobre este peñasco ponte; |  | | un monte tus pasos fragua. | 540 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GASENO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues di, necio, ¿sobre el agua |  | | había de andar un monte? |  | | Ya a la ribera ha llegado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORIDÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Hola! Ni chista ni paula. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GASENO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta es la carantamaula, | 545 | | que dijeron que es pescado, |  | | y se me encajó en la cholla. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORIDÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Calla, necio! ¿Hay cosa igual? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GASENO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si no es aqueste animal, |  | | será la paparrasolla, | 550 | | con que acallan los muchachos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORIDÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En la arena se entretiene. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GASENO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Macho es. ¡Qué barbas tiene! |  | | ¡Y peinados los mostachos! |  | | ¡Oh, qué boca! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORIDÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te asombres. | 555 | | De babas y ovas vestido, |  | | un hombre della ha escupido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GASENO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Animal que escupe hombres |  | | es este? No espero más; |  | | si hombres por la boca da, | 560 | | dime, Coridón, ¿qué hará |  | | si estornuda por detrás? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORIDÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oye, que se vuelve al mar. |  | | Debajo del mar profundo |  | | dicen que está el otro mundo; | 565 | | y de allá debe sacar |  | | a nuestro mundo esta gente. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salga la boca de la ballena, y arroje a JONÁS lleno de algas y ovas, y vuélvase a esconder)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GASENO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muerto está el hombre; miremos: |  | | y si es pescado, lleguemos. |  | | Vivo está, que está caliente. | 570 | | *(Llegan a JONÁS a tentarle)* |  | | Ah, ¡Buen hombre! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Dónde estoy? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORIDÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En Nínive, padre, estáis. |  | | ¿Qué tenéis, que os admiráis? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mil gracias, señor, os doy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORIDÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Decid; ¿qué animal, señor, | 575 | | es el que os echó en la arena? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquel, amigo: ballena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GASENO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Balleno, diréis mejor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué día es hoy? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORIDÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un día después |  | | del sábado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si esto es cierto, | 580 | | tres días he estado muerto; |  | | que del viernes a hoy son tres. |  | | En fin, ¿en Nínive estoy? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | GASENO | |  | | --- | | Sí, amigo. | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  | | --- | | ¿Es grande? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GASENO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es tan grande, |  | | que en tres días no hay quien la ande. | 585 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mil gracias, señor, os doy. |  | | ¿Cuánto está de aquí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORIDÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estará |  | | media legua. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De esta suerte, |  | | voy a ponerme a la muerte, |  | | que por Dios vida será. | 590 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CORIDÓN | |  | | --- | | ¿Sois deste mundo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí soy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORIDÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues cómo aquí os ha escupido |  | | un pescado? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hoy he nacido; |  | | mil gracias, señor, os doy. |  | | alabando vuestro nombre. | 595 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORIDÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Venid, veréis la ciudad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Contra vuestra voluntad, |  | | gran señor, no es nada el hombre. |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y sale DANFANISBO, y los MÚSICOS cantando)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, larga esperanza vana! |  | | ¡Cuántos días ha que voy | 600 | | engañando el día de hoy |  | | y esperando el de mañana! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Callad, que ya esta mañana |  | | llegó ya con mi esperanza; |  | | dejadme. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De buena gana. | 605 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse los MÚSICOS)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y cantadle al que no alcanza: |  | | ¡ay, larga esperanza vana! |  | | Ya a la mañana llegué |  | | que amor me está prometiendo, |  | | que siempre esperanza fue, | 610 | | y en ella alcanzar pretendo |  | | el galardón de mi fe. |  | | Y aun pienso que de mi hermana, |  | | en este largo mañana |  | | no he de conseguir su amor; | 615 | | que en parte donde hay honor, |  | | hay larga esperanza vana. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale PETRONIA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ya, día grave y pesado, |  | | para mi dichosa suerte |  | | a mis manos has llegado, | 620 | | a donde con otra muerte |  | | será Rosanio vengado. |  | | Ya con el cuchillo estoy, |  | | mi Rosanio, el día de hoy |  | | procurando tu venganza; | 625 | | podrá decir mi esperanza: |  | | ¡cuántos días ha que voy! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale FRONIBO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Las firmas han sido abono |  | | de mi traición; hoy sin ley |  | | en Nínive me corono, | 630 | | y hoy con mi industria soy Rey, |  | | bajando al Rey de su trono. |  | | General de reino soy; |  | | si muerte a la Infanta doy |  | | y engaño me da poder, | 635 | | diré que rey vengo a ser, |  | | engañando el día de hoy. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale MACARIA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No quiero más esperar; |  | | ¡el Rey muera! ¡Ah, cielos, cielos! |  | | Pues me da el tiempo lugar; | 640 | | que son cometa los celos |  | | y muerte han de señalar. |  | | ¡Muera el Rey, y esta tirana, |  | | pues a Fronibo se allana; |  | | que ya me canso y ofendo | 645 | | de ir el día de hoy muriendo |  | | y esperando el de mañana! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Petronia está en mi presencia? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Aquí está este ingrato? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Aquí |  | | la Infanta está? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor, paciencia; | 650 | | este es el Rey, muera así. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(JONÁS dentro)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Penitencia, penitencia! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué aguardo? A mi hermana voy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ea, muera Danfanisbo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Muera, Petronia, que estoy | 655 | | dudando conmigo mismo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Muera el Rey si noble soy! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, hermana! Dame licencia |  | | que le abrace. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Muera el fiero! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Muera esta vil sin prudencia! | 660 | | ¡Muera este ingrato! ¿que espero? |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale JONÁS como salió de la ballena)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Hombres, haced penitencia! |  | | Nínive, si más porfías |  | | en tus vicios y no das |  | | crédito a las voces mías, | 665 | | castigo eterno tendrás. |  | | Limpia en ellos tu conciencia, |  | | que a Dios tienes ofendido, |  | | y así yo, con su licencia |  | | a prevenirte he venido | 670 | | y a pronunciar la sentencia. |  | | Pasa por delante de ellos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién eres, monstruo espantoso, |  | | que atrevido y riguroso |  | | nuestra destrucción adviertes? | 675 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién predice vuestra muerte? |  | | Voz del Todopoderoso: |  | | cuarenta días tenéis, |  | | ninivitas, si queréis |  | | del torpe vicio apartaros; | 680 | | trompa soy para avisaros |  | | que a Dios, airado tenéis. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ángel, voz divina, espera, |  | | que hay Dios que premia y castiga! |  | | ¡Deleites del mundo, afuera; | 685 | | que me inspira Dios que siga |  | | la vida más verdadera! |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  | | --- | | ¡Qué temor! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué confusión! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muerto llevo el corazón. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PETRONIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A llorar voy mi pecado. | 690 | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONIBO | |  | | --- | | ¿Dios airado? | | *(Vase)* | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MACARIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Dios airado? |  | | Cierta es nuestra perdición; |  | | ¡Dios, entre arpías me veis, |  | | pues con las lágrimas mías |  | | conocer no me podréis | 695 | | dentro de cuarenta días! |  | |  |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase, y entren ABISÉN y el CAPITÁN)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Posible es que la ciudad |  | | no se defiende? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Las puertas |  | | tiene abiertas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues entrad |  | | triunfando si están abiertas. | 700 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  | | --- | | Lisbeo viene. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esperad. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(LISBEO trae al lado a IBERIO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A tu presencia, señor, |  | | traigo el homicida fiero |  | | de tu vida y de tu honor, |  | | porque afilando tu acero | 705 | | en él cortará mejor. |  | | Este es Iberio, el hermano |  | | de Danfanisbo, que es tal, |  | | que es de su sangre tirano; |  | | la culpa le hizo animal | 710 | | y no parece hombre humano. |  | | Este, señor, es aquel |  | | autor del infame robo, |  | | que para que sepan que él |  | | en la condición es lobo, | 715 | | quiso vestirse de piel. |  | | Su hermano así le destierra, |  | | que de su muerte se agrada, |  | | que el infierno en él se encierra, |  | | y responde a tu embajada | 720 | | con decir que quiere guerra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Di, ¿fuiste tú quien robó |  | | a mi hermana? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Señor, sí! |  | | Pero no sé della. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En un monte la perdí, | 725 | | donde mi hermano me echó; |  | | fui a buscar senda o camino, |  | | y entretanto, alguna fiera |  | | o fiero monstruo marino, |  | | en la espumosa ribera | 730 | | eclipsó mi sol divino. |  | | Por toda la soledad |  | | muchos días la busqué, |  | | moviendo el monte a piedad |  | | y con un lobo troqué | 735 | | mi pompa y mi majestad. |  | | Y pues yo de aquesta suerte |  | | te robé a tu hermana bella, |  | | dame con tu brazo fuerte |  | | la muerte, porque sin ella, | 740 | | señor, ya mi vida es muerte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Movido me ha el corazón |  | | mi hermana, y vengar deseo |  | | en Nínive esta traición; |  | | déle la muerte Lisbeo, | 745 | | y acérquese mi escuadrón. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase el REY y quedan LISBEO e IBERIO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Manda el Rey que te dé muerte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Venga; que no me acobarda. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  | | --- | | Matadle, pues. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Trance fuerte! |  | | ¡Ya voy, dulce esposa! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aguarda, | 750 | | porque quiero conocerte; |  | | ¿eres tú un hombre que un día |  | | a un hombre vida le diste, |  | | que a una mujer defendía? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo sospecho que tú fuiste | 755 | | el que de Rosanio huía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El mismo que dices fui. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo, señor, fui también |  | | el que el camino te di. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No se pierde el hacer bien; | 760 | | un anillo que te di, |  | | ¿dónde está? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desde aquel día |  | | me ha acompañado en el dedo |  | | ¿no es este? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La deuda es mía, |  | | y siendo así, ahora puedo | 765 | | pagarte la cortesía. |  | | Dame, señor, esa mano, |  | | que amparo y muro ha de serte; |  | | que no quiero ser villano; |  | | y aunque Abisén me dé muerte, | 770 | | te he de vengar de tu hermano. |  | | Perdone el rey Abisén |  | | si en darte vida me fundo, |  | | y Danfanisbo también; |  | | porque veas que en el mundo | 775 | | nunca dañó el hacer bien. |  | | Rey serás, y no te asombre, |  | | y en Nínive vencedor |  | | de tu hermano: ¡Hola! A este hombre |  | | dadle un vestido, el mejor | 780 | | de los míos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fama y nombre |  | | cobras con hazaña igual. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ve y múdate este vestido; |  | | que importa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, amigo leal! |  | | siempre hacer bien bueno ha sido, | 785 | | como es malo el hacer mal. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Llévenlo los soldados, y salga FENICIA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hanme dicho que envió |  | | a mi esposo Danfanisbo |  | | el Rey. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, y muerte le dio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Y quién se la dio? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo mismo. | 790 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para que no viva yo: |  | | ¡oh, mano fiera! Homicida |  | | del alma, que me mataste: |  | | mi muerte el cielo te pida, |  | | pues que de un golpe quitaste | 795 | | dos vidas en una vida; |  | | Mas ¿cómo, teniendo espada, |  | | ¡cielos! a mi bien no sigo? |  | | Aguárdame, alma adorada; |  | | que presto estaré contigo; | 800 | | si es tan breve la jornada. |  | | *(Quiere echarse sobre su espada desnuda)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  | | --- | | ¡Tente! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Déjame acabar |  | | de una vez, y que a Liberio |  | | el alma vaya a buscar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es sin falta de misterio | 805 | | no darte a morir lugar; |  | | antes, pues conmigo estás |  | | a solas, pienso gozarte: |  | | esto ha de ser. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Dónde vas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Vive Dios, que he de matarte | 810 | | si este gusto no me das! |  | | Apercíbete a morir |  | | o a darme gusto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FENICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A Fenicia |  | | liviandad se ha de pedir? |  | | ¿Tal te atreviste a pedir? | 815 | | No hay Dios, no hay ley, no hay justicia; |  | | morir quiero y no vivir; |  | | que vida muriendo gano: |  | | por mi honor: mátame injusto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues a matarte me allano; | 820 | | que si eres bronce a mi gusto, |  | | acero ha de ser mi mano. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale el REY ABISÉN con gente, y la espada desnuda todos, y el CAPITÁN)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Espantosa novedad! |  | | No veo en Nínive gente. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay gente en esta ciudad. | 825 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mas ¿no es hombre aquel? Detente. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Extraña temeridad! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya llega a nuestra presencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  | | --- | | ¡Hombre! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gran temor me ha puesto |  | | con su espantosa apariencia. | 830 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hombre, responde, ¿qué es esto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡De las culpas penitencia! |  | | ¡Oh, nombre de penitencia! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  | | --- | | ¿Fuese? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué extraños portentos! |  | | Atadas las bocas tienen | 835 | | los bueyes y los jumentos. |  | | ¿Qué es esto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Otros muchos vienen |  | | muy flacos y macilentos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es esto? ¿Quién ha trocado |  | | a esta ciudad? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Otros dos | 840 | | en el palacio han entrado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si está esa ciudad sin Dios, |  | | ¿quién puede haberla endiosado? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No defienden las haciendas |  | | que tus soldados saquean; | 845 | | abiertas están las tiendas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Solo salvarse desean. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  | | --- | | Mata a aqueste. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No le ofendan: |  | | ¿es este el palacio? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todo es penitencia en él; | 850 | | ¡loco estoy, no estoy en mí! |  | | Posible es; ¿qué hombre es aquel? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  | | --- | | Hombre es. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo viene así? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los caballos enfrenados, |  | | cortadas las cerdas locas | 855 | | y los copetes cortados; |  | | en los pesebres las bocas, |  | | de ceniza están sembrados. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este es el solio Rëal, |  | | sin duda, en que el Rey asiste; | 860 | | ¡descubrid! ¿portento igual? |  | | ¿De tosco sayal se viste |  | | un Rey? No creyera tal. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Descúbrese una cortina y está el REY, de jerga, en un trono de luto, con soga al cuello y ceniza. La corona y cetro a los pies)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Solo el mirar su presencia |  | | da temor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Así resisto | 865 | | de mi gente la inclemencia: |  | | ¿qué es esto que habemos visto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un Rey que hace penitencia. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salgan LISBEO e IBERIO, galanes)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin pelear me ha vencido |  | | el Rey y su gente. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién | 870 | | causa deste bien ha sido? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Perros y gatos también |  | | de penitencia han vestido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si de mirarme te agradas, |  | | ensangrienta en estas venas | 875 | | las puntas de tus espadas; |  | | que bien sé que Dios te envía, |  | | Rey, a castigarme a mí, |  | | que sin Dios ni ley vivía: |  | | del mundo idólatra fui | 880 | | y es loco el que en él confía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya en la ciudad están puestas |  | | tus águilas vencedoras. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Grandes victorias son estas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues cómo venciendo lloras, | 885 | | en vez, señor, de hacer fiestas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aunque vencer he podido |  | | a este pueblo descuidado; |  | | su Rey, que el caso ha sabido, |  | | de penitencia se ha armado | 890 | | y con ella me ha vencido. |  | | Quísele hacer resistencia, |  | | mas es su poder eterno |  | | y espántame su presencia; |  | | y no es mucho, si al infierno | 895 | | espanta la penitencia. |  | | La mayor fuerza del cielo |  | | es imitallo los dos; |  | | pues pudo su sabio celo, |  | | la que fue ciudad sin Dios, | 900 | | hacerla ciudad del cielo. |  | | Solo me pesa, Lisbeo, |  | | de la muerte de Iberio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como servirte deseo, |  | | vivo está. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sin misterio | 905 | | a tus pies libre me veo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, la vida le di, |  | | porque la vida le debo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | También te perdono a ti. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hermano, yo no me atrevo | 910 | | a hablarte ni verte aquí: |  | | mis sinrazones perdona |  | | y con Petronia, mi hermana, |  | | en el reino te corona. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi amor en servirte gana. | 915 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y el mío, hermano, te abona. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo de Petronia he de ser, |  | | si es su gusto, su marido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Será tu esclava y mujer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A haber mi bien parecido, | 920 | | fuera cumplido el placer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISBEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues para que todo esté |  | | cumplido, yo, mi señor, |  | | viva a Fenicia daré, |  | | que haciendo prueba en su amor, | 925 | | ejemplo de virtud fue. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | IBERIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los pies le quiero besar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y Macaria con Fronibo |  | | al punto se ha de casar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ABISÉN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues tanta gloria recibo, | 930 | | vuelva mi ejército al mar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANFANISBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues cesen las alegrías. |  | | Señor, con vuestra licencia; |  | | que en estos cuarenta días |  | | todo ha de ser penitencia, | 935 | | llorando las culpas mías. |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |
|  | |
| *(Vanse todos, y sale JONÁS)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya en Nínive, Señor, he predicado, |  | | y no se si a mi voz se han convertido, |  | | aunque un pueblo tan loco y obstinado, |  | | darle clemencia, cosa vuestra ha sido. | 940 | | Grande ha de ser el llanto si el pecado |  | | grande, Señor, y penicioso ha sido; |  | | mas vos os contentáis ¡oh entrañas pías! |  | | Con penitencia de cuarenta días. |  | | No quise en la ciudad quedar; que quise | 945 | | ser como Lot, cuando dejó a Sodoma, |  | | y a vuestro mandamiento satisfice |  | | haciendo que la gente duerma y coma; |  | | su risa es llanto que la inmortalice. |  | | Yo no sé, gran Señor, cómo la toma, | 950 | | que es bien que el vicio a enfermedad se iguale, |  | | que entra de presto, pero tarde sale. |  | | Confiado estoy al pie de aquesta yedra, |  | | pared a el sol, y el sueño vencer quiero, |  | | que si a la sombra deste tronco medra, | 955 | | aquí, a su sombra, yo medrar espero. |  | | La cabeza pondré sobre esta piedra |  | | hasta que el sol se esconda yel lucero |  | | abra los ojos a mirar la tierra: |  | | que el sueño y el cansancio me hacen guerra. | 960 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues tus esperanzas pones, |  | | Jonás, en la yedra loca, |  | | quiero, en tanto que tú duermes, |  | | secarte sus verdes hojas. |  | | Todo lo rige mi mano; | 965 | | que mi mano es poderosa |  | | solamente, y son caducas |  | | del mundo todas las cosas. |  | | No ha de quedar hoja en ella, |  | | y mientras se caen todas | 970 | | te quiero enseñar el sol, |  | | de quien tú has sido la sombra. |  | | Tú eres el Jonás primero; |  | | mas quiero enseñarte ahora |  | | el segundo, que ha de darte | 975 | | eterna fama y memoria. |  | | Que si tú, en el mar soberbio, |  | | arrojado entre las olas |  | | estuviste en un pescado |  | | de negras y fuertes conchas, | 980 | | tres días muerto, y al fin |  | | saliste con la victoria |  | | de la muerte y de los vicios |  | | en que Nínive reposa; |  | | este segundo que digo, | 985 | | desde la mar procelosa |  | | de su pasión, esta piedra |  | | que ves por sepulcro toma, |  | | que es la ballena segunda, |  | | más verdadera y más propia, | 990 | | echándola de la nave |  | | de la cruz, borrasca y ondas, |  | | donde al cabo de tres días, |  | | glorioso, de aquesta forma |  | | resucitará, triunfando | 995 | | de la Nínive espantosa, |  | | del infierno, cuya cárcel |  | | quedará deshecha y rota |  | | por este Jonás que has visto. |  | | Tú, Jonás, eras la sombra: | 1000 | | ¡recuerda, Jonás, recuerda! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Rómpese un sepulcro, y salga un niño de resurrección, y súbase al cielo)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Jonás divino, perdona |  | | si este primero Jonás |  | | con su vida te deshonra! |  | | Por fe te adoro y confieso, | 1005 | | que eres segunda persona |  | | del Padre, y Dios como el Padre |  | | en la esencia y no en la forma. |  | | Y aunque entre sueños te he visto, |  | | tiempo vendrá que conozca | 1010 | | que es verdad, cuando el infierno |  | | para rescatarnos rompas. |  | | Quiero volverme a la yedra; |  | | que el calor del sol me enoja. |  | | Pues la yedra se ha secado. | 1015 | | Señor, ¿por qué desta forma |  | | aquí, porque me amparaba, |  | | me habéis quitado la sombra? |  | | ¿Posible es que cobijéis |  | | con la vuestra esta alevosa | 1020 | | ciudad, que por ser tan mala, |  | | la ciudad sin Dios se nombra, |  | | y a mí, que os estoy sirviendo, |  | | me neguéis sus verdes hojas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si tú desta suerte sientes | 1025 | | que yo una yedra te esconda |  | | por la sombra solamente, |  | | siendo una cosa tan poca, |  | | ¿por qué quieres que le niegue |  | | a esa ciudad, que ya llora | 1030 | | sus culpas de aquesta suerte, |  | | Jonás, mis misericordias? |  | | Si pérdida tan pequeña |  | | tanto sientes, deja ahora |  | | que cobije la ciudad | 1035 | | yedra de misericordia. |  | | Y porque veas que está |  | | trocada su suerte toda, |  | | vuelve los ojos y mira |  | | su penitencia espantosa. | 1040 | | Mira en este hermoso lienzo |  | | las figuras prodigiosas |  | | que la penitencia pinta, |  | | que es soberana pintora. |  | | Que para vencerme a mí | 1045 | | no hay cosa tan poderosa |  | | como aquesta hermosa dama, |  | | que por fea al mundo asombra. |  | | Vuelve a la ciudad, Jonás, |  | | porque celebres las bodas | 1050 | | de los Reyes, y conoce |  | | que es mi mano poderosa. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Todo se desaparece y cubre)* |  |
|  | |
| *(Descúbrense en el tablado alto y bajo algunas cuevas: en ellas, puestos de penitencias diferentes, los más que puedan)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JONÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién, gran Señor, no engrandece |  | | vuestras obras milagrosas? |  | | ¡Oh, ciudad sin Dios un tiempo, | 1055 | | deja aqueste timbre, y torna |  | | la ciudad de Dios, y acabe |  | | tu penitencia y la historia! |  | | | |