**LOPE DE VEGA  
*El Marido más Firme***

Personajes:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| *ARISTEO* |  |
| *CAMILO* |  |
| *EURÍDICE* |  |
| *FÍLIDA* |  |
| *ORFEO* |  |
| *FABIO* |  |
| *DANTEA* |  |
| *CELIO* |  |
| *TIRSI* |  |
| *RISELO* |  |
| *CLARIDANO* |  |
| *FRONDOSO* |  |
| *UN BARQUERO* |  |
| *PROSERPINA* |  |
| *RADAMANTO* |  |
| *UN CAPITÁN* |  |
| *ALBANTE* |  |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Acto I** | |
|  | |
| *Salen ARISTEO, Príncipe de Tracia, y CAMILO* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya reino en aquesta tierra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Luego ¿no, piensas volver? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Más hubiera menester |  | | volver en mí que a mi tierra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué locura te destierra | 5 | | de donde a ser Rey naciste? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No preguntes lo que viste, |  | | que no puede ser locura |  | | la que en tal alta hermosura |  | | celestialmente consiste. | 10 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No pensé que un cazador |  | | miraba más que a las fieras, |  | | y que, si amaras, pudieras |  | | cazando olvidar tu amor; |  | | ya de tu reino, señor, | 15 | | estás muy lejos; advierte |  | | que te pones de esta suerte |  | | a gran peligro. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya es tarde; |  | | que no hay desdicha que aguarde |  | | quien tiene en poco la muerte. | 20 | | Parte, Camilo, y aquí |  | | me deja, o sea loco o cuerdo; |  | | que si por amor me pierdo, |  | | no me he perdido por ti; |  | | a mis vasallos les di | 25 | | que de selva en selva errando |  | | me entretengo, y vuelve cuando |  | | te parezca, a ver si soy |  | | o vivo o muerto, pues voy |  | | o vida o muerte buscando. | 30 | | Hoy, cuando el alba salía |  | | coronada de azucenas, |  | | y de estos montes apenas |  | | las cabezas guarnecía, |  | | vi que cantando venía | 35 | | gran copia de labradores, |  | | cubiertos de varias flores; |  | | seguílos, y abrióse un templo, |  | | donde la imagen contemplo, |  | | de Venus, diosa de amores. | 40 | | Ya Febo, de luz vestido, |  | | columnas y frontispicios |  | | de sus altos edificios, |  | | bañaba de oro fingido, |  | | cuando, suspenso el rüido, | 45 | | advierto una ninfa hermosa, |  | | hecha de jazmín y rosa, |  | | a quien Venus concediera |  | | templo y altar si dijera: |  | | «¡Pastores, yo soy la diosa!». | 50 | | Eurídice se llamaba, |  | | que luego este nombre oí, |  | | y al niño de Venus vi |  | | rendirle flechas y aljaba; |  | | como vio que la miraba, | 55 | | con el velo se cubrió, |  | | y más hermosa quedó, |  | | como mirar puede ser |  | | el sol al amanecer, |  | | y cuando se enciende, no. | 60 | | Las ansias que me vinieron, |  | | los rayos que me causaron, |  | | los que en mis ojos entraron |  | | y de sus cielos salieron, |  | | Venus y Amor bien los vieron, | 65 | | y aun las ninfas y pastores, |  | | que, en mis trocadas colores, |  | | dijeron: «Este hombre ha sido |  | | de mortal veneno herido, |  | | o muere de mal de amores». | 70 | | Hablaba Eurídice hermosa |  | | con Venus sobre casarse, |  | | sin poder averiguarse |  | | cuál de las dos fue la diosa; |  | | pero de la selva umbrosa | 75 | | salió tan triste, que creo |  | | que teme un triste himeneo; |  | | o que si es este temor |  | | de amor, la madre de Amor |  | | no viene con su deseo. | 80 | | Yo, como pájaro amante |  | | suele de una en otra rama |  | | seguir la prenda que ama, |  | | hasta que el arco le espante |  | | y le fuerce a que no cante, | 85 | | del cazador engañoso, |  | | sigo su pie, donde airoso |  | | las arenas estampó, |  | | y cuando a su padre halló, |  | | cesó mi canto amoroso. | 90 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILO | |  | | --- | | ¡Perdido estás! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No lo niego. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿cómo la servirás, |  | | si aquí te quedas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú irás, |  | | Camilo, a mi reino luego, |  | | y sin decir mi amor ciego, | 95 | | entretén de día en día |  | | mis vasallos; que podría |  | | ser tan piadoso el amor |  | | que naciese de este error |  | | alguna ventura mía. | 100 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mucho sentirán no verte; |  | | y si aquestas cosas van |  | | a la larga, pensarán |  | | que yo te he dado la muerte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A Ulises, Camilo, advierte | 105 | | tantos años desterrado, |  | | y defendido su Estado |  | | de una valiente mujer: |  | | pues ¿que puedo yo perder |  | | en poco tiempo olvidado? | 110 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y en este tiempo podrás |  | | andar en aquesta selva? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando en su pastor me vuelva, |  | | podré conquistarla más. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu valor ofenderás. | 115 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No haré, pues con más valor |  | | hicieron por el rigor |  | | que este veneno reparte, |  | | Júpiter, Mercurio y Marte, |  | | transformaciones de amor. | 120 | | Parte y déjame; que quiero, |  | | sin ser fuego, cisne, toro, |  | | sátiro, ni lluvia de oro, |  | | ver la causa por quien muero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Perdido te considero! | 125 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo confieso que lo estoy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A disculparte me voy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Di que presto volveré. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y si tardas, ¿qué diré? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Di que de Eurídice soy. | 130 | | *(Vase CAMILO)* |  | | Pensaba la moral filosofía |  | | pintar de amor la fuerza, que el decoro |  | | pierde a los dioses, cuya flecha de oro |  | | los mayores planetas desafía, |  | | en la transformación y fantasía | 135 | | del argentado pez y el rubio toro, |  | | o lloviendo las nubes el tesoro |  | | que el sol engendra y que la tierra cría. |  | | Pero mejor su fuerza se entendiera |  | | si el alma, y no los cuerpos, transformara, | 140 | | pues que su calidad y esencia altera, |  | | que más encarecido amor quedara |  | | si el alma, desasida de su esfera, |  | | al cuerpo de quien ama se pasara. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale EURÍDICE, ninfa, vestido corto, velos de plata plumas, calzadillos antiguos con listones, y FÍLIDA, labradora)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esto Venus respondió. | 145 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | ¡Injusta tristeza! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira |  | | que engañar con la mentira |  | | no es de amigas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pienso yo |  | | que en las cosas no entendidas, |  | | asegurar la verdad | 150 | | con daño, no es amistad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando mi tristeza impidas, |  | | si después ha de llegar, |  | | verás que es entretener |  | | el mal, que viniendo a ser | 155 | | mayor, me puede matar: |  | | los sabios, que no se ciegan, |  | | dicen, y han de ser creídos, |  | | que los males prevenidos |  | | son menores cuando llegan. | 160 | | Pues si yo prevengo el mío, |  | | claro está que no será |  | | tan grande llegando ya. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bella Eurídice, confío |  | | en la piedad celestial | 165 | | que el bien has de conseguir; |  | | pero vuélveme a decir |  | | de dónde infieres tu mal. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fílida: Venus, la diosa |  | | de amor, a mi casamiento | 170 | | este oráculo responde, |  | | luego verás si le entiendo: |  | | «Breve, gustoso, perdido». |  | | Pues si breve ¿cómo es bueno? |  | | que el bien breve ya no es bien, | 175 | | pues le sigue el mal tan presto. |  | | Gustoso se sigue a breve: |  | | aquí, Fílida, confieso |  | | que puede ser con mi gusto, |  | | y por breve le condeno, | 180 | | después de breve y gustoso, |  | | dice perdido: no creo |  | | que perdido hay bien, pues ya |  | | resulta más sentimiento |  | | de perderle que fue gusto | 185 | | adquirirle. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo interpreto |  | | al contrario esas tres cosas, |  | | y que me escuches te ruego: |  | | breve casamiento, dice |  | | que te casarás muy presto. | 190 | | Gustoso, que lo ha de ser |  | | siendo gallardo tu dueño. |  | | Perdido, que lo estará |  | | de amor por ti; |  | | y si no es esto, | 195 | | que otra ha de perderle acaso |  | | si le ha tenido primero; |  | | o que, en fin, le has de perder, |  | | y esto es lo mejor que veo |  | | en tus bodas, Eurídice; | 200 | | porque si perdido es muerto, |  | | morir primero el marido |  | | no sé si es bien, pero pienso |  | | que de morir la mujer |  | | le viene menos provecho. | 205 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué arroyuelo en noche fría |  | | prendió descuidado el hielo, |  | | y detenido en el suelo |  | | calló su dulce armonía, |  | | como mirando quedaron | 210 | | tu hermosura, detenidos, |  | | Eurídice, mis sentidos, |  | | y su ejercicio olvidaron? |  | | Mas que me engaño recelo |  | | en la hermosura que vi; | 215 | | que el sol me detiene a mí, |  | | y a los arroyos el hielo: |  | | porque al sol que me procura |  | | en sus rayos confundir, |  | | puede el del cielo pedir | 220 | | prestada luz y hermosura; |  | | y que es enigma recelo, |  | | pues corren en su calor |  | | los arroyuelos mejor, |  | | y yo con el sol me hielo; | 225 | | llegaré, porque perder |  | | la ocasión no es discreción, |  | | siendo ley de la ocasión |  | | o tarde o nunca volver. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Fílida! ¿Qué es aquesto? | 230 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | ¡Huye! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso no: deteneos; |  | | que no son cuerpos deseos, |  | | para saberlos tan presto. |  | | Forastero y cazador, |  | | por estas selvas perdido, | 235 | | dice amor que me apellido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Huye, que trata de amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De amor de las fieras digo: |  | | si lo sois, no os dentengáis. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Finalmente, ¿qué buscáis? | 240 | | porque sabed que me obligo |  | | de cualquiera cortesía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A mí mismo voy buscando, |  | | que me perdí desde cuando |  | | os vi con tal gallardía. | 245 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dejad lo que en la ciudad |  | | debe de ser gentileza, |  | | o probaréis la aspereza |  | | si decís la voluntad. |  | | Si son fieras, todo el monte | 250 | | es fieras, roble y sabina, |  | | hasta donde le termina |  | | la raya del horizonte. |  | | Si es fuente, de aquellas peñas |  | | se despeñan cinco o seis, | 255 | | que entre pizarras diréis |  | | que a vuestra sed hacen señas. |  | | Si es poblado, en ese valle |  | | hay dos o tres caserías, |  | | que las mismas fuentes frías | 260 | | os llevarán a buscalle. |  | | Si es gusto, no le busquéis, |  | | porque tengo un gran disgusto, |  | | y donde no tienen gusto, |  | | no es posible que le halléis. | 265 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De fuentes, caza y poblado, |  | | el poblado buscaré; |  | | que el gusto ya no podré |  | | si el disgusto os le ha quitado. |  | | Voy, aunque con mil enojos, | 270 | | al poblado a descansar, |  | | si descanso puedo hallar |  | | ausente de vuestros ojos. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase ARISTEO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Buen talle de cortesano! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En irse lo fue no más. | 275 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué parecer estás? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De que me consuelo en vano |  | | si Venus ha respondido |  | | a mi honesto pensamiento, |  | | que sera mi casamiento | 280 | | breve, gustoso y perdido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquella sagrada selva |  | | dividen cristales vivos |  | | de un arroyo, que en invierno |  | | hace que le llamen río. | 285 | | Cubren su verde ribera |  | | verdes álamos y alisos, |  | | donde a coro le responden |  | | las aves desde sus nidos; |  | | donde habita el sabio Orfeo, | 290 | | aquel músico divino, |  | | que mueve a escuchar su canto |  | | los árboles y los riscos. |  | | Este, fuera de esas gracias, |  | | es excelente adivino | 295 | | de las cosas por venir; |  | | consúltale, te suplico, |  | | y sabrás de las palabras |  | | que la madre de Amor dijo, |  | | la sentencia verdadera. | 300 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu pensamiento confirmo; |  | | que de la ciencia de Orfeo, |  | | notables cosas me han dicho |  | | pastoras de aqueste valle. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | Pues sígueme. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya te sigo; | 305 | | que en una pena dudosa, |  | | en suspender el jüicio |  | | hasta saber si lo es, |  | | consiste el mayor peligro. |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y salen ORFEO y FABIO, uno galán y otro criado)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Toma, querido Fabio, el instrumento. | 310 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Suspéndele, por Dios; que en este prado |  | | los árboles te siguen, y en el viento |  | | las aves a escucharte se han parado; |  | | de aqueste río el líquido elemento |  | | cubrió las ondas de silencio helado, | 315 | | y te oyeron sus íntimos vecinos |  | | debajo de doseles cristalinos. |  | | Estaban los leones, y pintados |  | | tigres, como de pórfidos de fuentes, |  | | de tu divino canto transformados, | 320 | | y suspensos los ojos transparentes; |  | | hasta los elementos concertados |  | | dejaron los enojos diferentes, |  | | haciendo por tu dórica armonía, |  | | con detener el sol, mayor el día. | 325 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fabio, mi voz no fuera tanta parte |  | | como el cantar las alabanzas justas |  | | de Júpiter, Mercurio, Apolo y Marte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con la razón y la verdad te ajustas, |  | | pagas la deuda a Dios, honras el arte, | 330 | | cuando cantar sus alabanzas gustas; |  | | que a Dios se deben primitivos dones |  | | de los versos, la voz y las canciones. |  | | Mas dime, ¿cómo a Venus (bella diosa |  | | de amor y de hermosura) no has cantado | 335 | | algún himno, algún verso, alguna prosa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No la tengo por diosa en igual grado: |  | | del casto amor la madre generosa |  | | adoro, Fabio, y la de amor vendado |  | | tengo en desprecio ya, después que ha sido, | 340 | | no amor vendado, sino amor vendido. |  | | La que engendra celestes pensamientos |  | | y a su contemplación las almas guía, |  | | celebrarán mis dulces pensamientos |  | | desde que nace hasta que muere el día; | 345 | | pero no gastaré cuerdas ni acentos |  | | con la Venus de Chipre, que solía |  | | dar precio a las mujeres, porque precio |  | | la libertad que les entrega el necio. |  | | ¡Qué cosa es ver un amador perdido | 350 | | vivir fuera de sí y en cuerpo ajeno! |  | | Amor del matrimonio permitido |  | | conserva el mundo; lo demás condeno. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y fuera de él, ¿no sabes que ha nacido |  | | más de algún bueno? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No por eso es bueno | 355 | | aquel primero error. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué gente es ésta? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Las pastoras que a Venus hacen fiesta. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen los MÚSICOS, baile, pastoras y pastores)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Zagalas del valle, |  | | venid y veréis |  | | coronar a Orfeo | 360 | | de verde laurel. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANTEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pongo en tu cabeza, |  | | músico divino, |  | | este verde lauro, |  | | de tus sienes digno. | 365 | | Ninfas de este río, |  | | venid y veréis. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Coronar a Orfeo |  | | de verde laurel. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pastores y bellas ninfas | 370 | | de aquesta sagrada selva, |  | | muy obligado me siento |  | | a vuestro amor y nobleza. |  | | No tengo con qué pagaros |  | | las honras de aquesta fiesta, | 375 | | y aqueste verde laurel |  | | de que adornáis mi cabeza, |  | | sino es con la voluntad; |  | | porque para tantas deudas, |  | | ¿qué valor tendrán mis obras? | 380 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si puedes, llega, Dantea, |  | | y dile tu pretensión. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANTEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Venus, madre de Amor bella, |  | | todos los años nos da |  | | por este tiempo respuestas: | 385 | | Declárame tú la mía: |  | | así para dulces cuerdas |  | | jamás te falten los ríos |  | | de darte simples culebras. |  | | Mira, generoso Orfeo: | 390 | | yo dije a Venus (¡qué necia |  | | fue mi pregunta; mas vaya, |  | | que no nací más discreta!): |  | | «Venus, yo quiero un marido |  | | que aquestas tres cosas tenga: | 395 | | rico, sabio y amoroso». |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y ¿qué te dió por respuesta? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANTEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | «Las dichas y las desdichas |  | | nacieron con las estrellas». |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues en tanta claridad, | 400 | | ¿qué tienes por cosa incierta, |  | | si en las estrellas consiste |  | | tener dicha o no tenerla? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANTEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En fin, ¿no me dices nada? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo te lo diré, Dantea. | 405 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DANTEA | |  | | --- | | ¿Tú, Fabio? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿no soy yo |  | | pastor de alguna experiencia? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANTEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No quiero tus desatinos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si tú a la diosa le ruegas |  | | por marido rico y sabio | 410 | | (dos cosas raras y nuevas), |  | | y añades que sea amoroso, |  | | bien a tu pregunta necia |  | | responde, con que esa dicha |  | | con las estrellas se engendra; | 415 | | mira entre tantas cuál fue, |  | | y pregúntaselo a ella; |  | | que yo, con aconsejarte |  | | que sólo sabio le quieras, |  | | pienso que hallarás con él | 420 | | el amor y la riqueza; |  | | porque un hombre, cuando sabe, |  | | sabe mandar las estrellas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ahora bien, yo te pregunto... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | Celio, di. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | «Gran Citerea, | 425 | | le dije a Venus ansí, |  | | por más que el sol lo pretenda, |  | | jamás tu cojo marido |  | | los hurtos de Marte sepa, |  | | que me digas si me ha hecho | 430 | | mi hermosa mujer Filena |  | | algún hurto». |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y ¿qué responde? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Miróme, y dijo risueña: |  | | «Pregúntalo, Celio, al signo |  | | donde entra la primavera». | 435 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y ¿no sabes tú cuál es? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CELIO | |  | | --- | | No, ¡por Júpiter! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No creas |  | | en signos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por qué razón? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque no hay quien los entienda. |  | | ¿No ves que dicen sí y no? | 440 | | Y esto te da por respuesta |  | | el toro, porque en su signo |  | | la primavera comienza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CELIO | |  | | --- | | Guarda la cara. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIRSI | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pastores, |  | | dad lugar que Tirsi pueda | 445 | | preguntar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RISELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llega y pregunta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIRSI | |  |  | | --- | --- | | «Oráculo de estas selvas, |  | | dije a Venus, más famoso |  | | que las Délficas y Délias, |  | | yo quiero cierta casada, | 450 | | cuyo marido me cela, |  | | y de la que yo la doy |  | | jamás le ha pedido cuenta. |  | | ¿Mataráme?». |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y ¿qué le dijo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIRSI | |  |  | | --- | --- | | «Dentro asiste, y teme fuera». | 455 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiere decir que hay galanes |  | | a quien es justo que temas, |  | | y que mientras dentro asistes, |  | | no es posible que te ofendan. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien haya el marido al uso | 460 | | que finge celos, y deja |  | | que su mujer tome y dé |  | | para encarecer la venta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RISELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pregunté, gallardo Orfeo, |  | | a Venus, dulce sirena | 465 | | de amor: «¿Qué haré para ser |  | | famoso, que soy poeta?». |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | Y ¿respondió? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RISELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | «Escribe obscuro». |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿qué más clara respuesta? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es ansí, porque los versos, | 470 | | quien no los entiende, piensa |  | | que dirán que los entiende |  | | si por buenos los celebra. |  | | Hay tanta bachillería |  | | en el mundo, que desprecian | 475 | | lo que fácilmente alcanzan, |  | | por extremado que sea. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ahora bien, volveos, pastores, |  | | y tú, Fabio amigo, cuelga |  | | su verde laurel a Apolo | 480 | | por lisonja de su pena. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse cantando)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Zagalas del valle, |  | | venid y veréis |  | | coronar a Orfeo |  | | de verde laurel. | 485 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen FÍLIDA y EURÍDICE)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | Ya le dejan. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y ya |  | | confieso que voy contenta |  | | de ver tal hombre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu exenta |  | | condición segura está; |  | | pero no hay ninfa en la selva, | 490 | | en fuente o en árbol more, |  | | que no le quiera y le adore. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Déjale que el rostro vuelva. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué temes? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nunca pensé, |  | | Fílida, que yo temiera. | 495 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fabio, ya la primavera |  | | pone en nuestra selva el pie, |  | | o por ventura la aurora, |  | | celosa busca su esposo, |  | | o por este bosque umbroso | 500 | | la luna el pastor que adora. |  | | No os recatéis, ninfa bella; |  | | llegad, oíd, no temáis: |  | | ¿soy, por dicha, a quien buscáis? |  | | ¡Dichosa mi buena estrella! | 505 | | Y estimad este deseo; |  | | que en mi vida sucedió |  | | tal cosa por mí, pues yo |  | | de mí mismo no lo creo. |  | | ¿Qué enmudecéis?, ¿qué miráis? | 510 | | Nos enseñéis a hacer colores |  | | con la vergüenza a las flores |  | | que fugitiva pisáis. |  | | Que sois Venus he pensado, |  | | que a castigarme salís | 515 | | de aquel templo en que vivís |  | | por el desprecio pasado: |  | | Señora, no os conocía; |  | | mal hablé, dadme perdón. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Puede haber más confusión? | 520 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  | | --- | | Sí, Fílida. | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Cuál? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La mía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué tienes? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aún no he caído |  | | en el mal que tener puedo; |  | | pues tengo miedo del miedo |  | | de decir lo que he sentido. | 525 | | Pienso que debe de haber |  | | también basiliscos hombres. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llega a hablarle: no te asombres. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si mata con sólo ver, |  | | ¿qué espero de oírle hablar, | 530 | | o qué vidas tengo yo, |  | | pues una que Dios me dió, |  | | ya me la pudo quitar? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué cierto de los desdenes |  | | es dar en facilidades! | 535 | | Mas si va a decir verdades, |  | | disculpa, Eurídice, tienes; |  | | que a no haberte declarado, |  | | lo que dices te dijera; |  | | mas si estás de esta manera, | 540 | | retiraré mi cuidado; |  | | que, cual suele el jugador |  | | que vió la suerte primero |  | | retirar presto el dinero, |  | | quiero retirar mi amor. | 545 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | Hablando están. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y de ti, |  | | y la ninfa tan turbada, |  | | que quiere, y no quiere nada, |  | | y se va, y se queda aquí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hermosa ninfa, merezca | 550 | | un hombre que aborreció |  | | a cuantas mujeres vió, |  | | que a vuestros ojos ofrezca |  | | desdeñosa libertad, |  | | riguroso pensamiento, | 555 | | por la novedad que siento |  | | rindiendo la voluntad. |  | | No soy villano grosero: |  | | destas selvas soy señor, |  | | aunque ya esclavo de amor | 560 | | después que os adoro y quiero. |  | | Orfeo, ninfa, es mi nombre, |  | | aquel músico que un día |  | | la celestial armonía |  | | hizo que envidiase un hombre. | 565 | | No se atreve el mismo Apolo |  | | a competir con mi mano; |  | | a Júpiter soberano, |  | | ninfa, reconozco, sólo. |  | | Y sola vuestra hermosura | 570 | | es la que conozco ya, |  | | pues ninguna vida habrá |  | | de vuestros ojos segura. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soy, generoso Orfeo, |  | | Eurídice; ninfa he sido | 575 | | de Diana, que he tenido |  | | sólo el cazar por trofeo. |  | | De mi padre importunada, |  | | palabra anoche le di |  | | de casarme, aunque en el sí | 580 | | no hay persona interesada. |  | | Fui al templo, y a Venus bella |  | | consulté mi pretensión; |  | | respondióme una razón |  | | que hay tres enigmas en ella: | 585 | | «Breve, gustoso y perdido». |  | | ¿Qué sientes de todas tres? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo breve, ya en mí lo es |  | | si me quieres por marido; |  | | también, si a tu gusto soy, | 590 | | podrás hallar la segunda, |  | | y si en perdido se funda |  | | tu pena, de amor lo estoy. |  | | Conque ya queda entendido |  | | todo el oráculo ansí, | 595 | | pues hallas marido en mí, |  | | breve, gustoso y perdido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Conoces, dime, a Frondoso? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sé que es un gran mayoral. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  | | --- | | Ese es mi padre. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es igual | 600 | | tu ingenio a tu rostro hermoso; |  | | Pues con sólo preguntar |  | | si a tu padre conocía, |  | | ¿quieres, Eurídice mía, |  | | que también le vaya a hablar? | 605 | | Yo lo haré; que pues las hados |  | | nos conciertan de esta suerte, |  | | seré tuyo hasta la muerte. |  | | Montes, selvas, bosques, prados, |  | | que mi dulce voz y acento | 610 | | celebrastes, y el rigor |  | | con que me burlé de amor, |  | | venid a mi casamiento. |  | | Vosotras, fuentes perenes, |  | | de corriente siempre igual, | 615 | | que con risa de cristal |  | | murmurastes mis desdenes, |  | | cantad en vuestras arenas |  | | por prados de flores llenos, |  | | que aquellos ojos serenos | 620 | | fueron para mí sirenas. |  | | Vamos, Fabio, ven conmigo; |  | | ven conmigo, Fabio amado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Por Dios, que voy admirado! |  | | Y casi confuso, digo: | 625 | | Tú, para todas cruel, |  | | ¿aquí tan blando? No creo |  | | que nace de tu deseo; |  | | veneno te han dado en él; |  | | Venus airada, el Amor, | 630 | | su hijo, se han conjurado |  | | contra ti, que has despreciado |  | | su poder y su valor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fabio, si a Eurídice bella |  | | me dan, ¿qué llamas agravio? | 635 | | Ven conmigo; vamos, Fabio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vamos, y con buena estrella, |  | | que alguna pena he tenido |  | | de que dijese la diosa |  | | que será de esposo, esposa, | 640 | | breve, gustoso y perdido: |  | | lo breve, como hoy se acabe |  | | el concierto con los viejos; |  | | lo gustosa, no está lejos; |  | | lo perdido, Dios lo. sabe. | 645 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse ORFEO y FABIO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué sientes de mi ventura? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siento que estoy envidiosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  | | --- | | ¡Gran mudanza! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Rigurosa! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  | | --- | | ¡Breve dicha! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y mal segura. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Anda, que no; que la dicha | 650 | | busca al dueño. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Así se nombra; |  | | mas también tiene por sombra |  | | el breve bien la desdicha. |  | | Cuando yo algún hombre veo |  | | subir presto a gran fortuna, | 655 | | témole desdicha alguna |  | | y en la brevedad no creo. |  | | Y la causa de esto es, |  | | si yo no me engaño en esto, |  | | que ninguno subió presto | 660 | | que afirmase bien los pies. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fílida, yo tengo a Orfeo, |  | | y sobre tanta ventura, |  | | no tenga cosa segura |  | | como lo esté mi deseo; | 665 | | porque sobre tanto bien, |  | | ¿qué puede haber que sea mal? |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale CLARIDANO, pastor, viejo, y ARISTEO, galán, de labrador)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para todo liberal |  | | me hallaréis, padre, también; |  | | lo menos será el arado, | 670 | | ni cosa en el campo veis |  | | para que no me tendréis |  | | valiente y ejercitado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CLARIDANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Seguro estoy, sólo en ver |  | | vuestra persona, que a todo | 675 | | os tengo de hablar del modo |  | | que los buenos suelen ser; |  | | con esto os he recibido |  | | en mi casa tan contento, |  | | que por hijo igual os cuento | 680 | | a los hijos que he tenido; |  | | a quien tanto parecéis, |  | | que en parte me consoláis. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Padre, no os entristezcáis, |  | | pues que tal hija tenéis; | 685 | | que la gallarda y hermosa |  | | Fílida, que ayer la vi, |  | | en templo, en selva y en mí, |  | | es deidad, es ninfa, es diosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi padre y un labrador | 690 | | bajan del monte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues vamos, |  | | Fílida, por estos ramos |  | | a hablar de mi loco amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tan presto, Eurídice, tratan | 695 | | tus deseos de amor? Bueno. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, que el amor y el veneno |  | | no lo son si tarde matan. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse EURÍDICE y FÍLIDA, y salen CLARIDANO y ARISTEO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CLARIDANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con esto, ya concertados |  | | quedamos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mas quiero hacer | 700 | | por vos; que pienso poner |  | | en estos valles y prados |  | | un ejército famoso |  | | de abejas que labren miel. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CLARIDANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si en este valle, si en él | 705 | | asientas, pastor dichoso, |  | | ese ejército, por ti |  | | vendré a ser más estimado |  | | que el mismo Apolo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este prado |  | | me has de dejar todo a mí. | 710 | | De estos alcornoques rudos |  | | desnudaré las cortezas, |  | | que con soberbias cabezas |  | | no temen verse desnudos; |  | | donde pondré las primeras | 715 | | enjambres, que al alba hermosa, |  | | con susurro y voz gozosa |  | | irán marchando en hileras. |  | | Vistiéndose de sus flores, |  | | los prados despintarán, | 720 | | y al aire parecerán |  | | mariposas de colores. |  | | Formarán su arquitectura, |  | | y en sus vasos el licor |  | | que dió codicia al Amor | 725 | | para hurtar tanta dulzura; |  | | aunque le picó una abeja, |  | | y a su madre se quejó, |  | | que de escuchar se vengó |  | | su tierna, aunque injusta queja, | 730 | | diciéndole: «Tú también |  | | eres pequeñito, Amor, |  | | y das terrible dolor |  | | cuando tratas con desdén». |  | | Finalmente, Claridano, | 735 | | enriquecerte deseo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CLARIDANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mis brazos te doy; que creo |  | | que no me agradaste en vano |  | | desde el punto que te vi; |  | | con esto al monte me voy, | 740 | | porque satisfecho estoy |  | | que está mi cuidado en ti. |  | | *(Vase CLARIDANO)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y mi cuidado, ¿en quién? Pero no creo |  | | que estar pudiera en otro mi cuidado, |  | | y aunque sin esperanza mi deseo, | 745 | | en mi pecho más firme y abrasado: |  | | ¿quién dijera que el príncipe Aristeo |  | | pudiera a tal mudanza haber llegado? |  | | Pero ¿qué no podrá quien de los cielos |  | | derriba dioses y los mata a celos? | 750 | | En forma de pastor, bella Eurídice, |  | | sigo tu sombra, y tu hermosura adoro, |  | | y espero al alba que tu sol matice, |  | | bañando, en llanto lo que baña en oro. |  | | Tu rigor a tus ojos contradice, | 755 | | tu esquiva condición a tu decoro; |  | | prueba a querer; que el hielo, aunque más pueda, |  | | si no se llega al sol, hielo se queda. |  | | Determinado estoy a no partirme |  | | de aquesta selva hasta rendirte amando: | 760 | | ¿ves estas peñas? Pues yo soy más firme |  | | esperando, sufriendo y conquistando; |  | | no podrá de tus ojos dividirme, |  | | ni julio ardiendo, ni diciembre helando; |  | | ya soy pastor, ya guardo desvaríos | 765 | | en las riberas de los ojos míos. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale EURÍDICE)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor, a quien jamás guardé respeto, |  | | no parezcáis villano en la venganza, |  | | pues eres dios, y es perdonar efeto |  | | digno de quien tan alto nombre alcanza; | 770 | | castigar mis desdenes te prometo, |  | | y amar aunque me falte la esperanza; |  | | perdona, Amor, que, a tu poder rendida, |  | | te ofrezco el alma si me das la vida. |  | | No había visto yo mi amado Orfeo, | 775 | | rebelde a tu valor y a mi hermosura, |  | | ni su divina voz me dió deseo, |  | | que la montaña enterneció más dura; |  | | ya le vi, ya le oí; ya adoro y creo |  | | tu gran poder; ya el alma le procura, | 780 | | para dar de tus glorias testimonio, |  | | si le merezco, en justo matrimonio. |  | | Tratando están, ¡ay Dios!, de los conciertos |  | | mi padre y él. ¡Oh Júpiter piadoso! |  | | Alma, Venus, haced que salgan ciertos, | 785 | | pues él también pretende ser mi esposo; |  | | selvas, montañas, prados y desiertos, |  | | testigos de su canto sonoroso, |  | | pedid al cielo... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tente, y no le pidas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Eco, tú es posible que me impidas! | 790 | | Jamás goces en flores a Narciso, |  | | ni su memoria en esta clara fuente. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La fuente enturbio ya, las flores piso, |  | | con llanto y con buscarte diligente. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pastor, cualquier que seas, yo te aviso | 795 | | que soy ajena ya, si no me miente |  | | el bien; que hasta aquel punto que se alcanza, |  | | engaña con el gusto la esperanza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Sabes quién soy? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pareces extranjero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De mi patria y de ti, que por ti vivo, | 800 | | en esta selva; dije mal, pues muero; |  | | agora no, mientras tu luz recibo; |  | | no mires en el hábito grosero; |  | | de púrpura Rëal por ti me privo; |  | | Aristeo es mi nombre, Tracia el reino, | 805 | | donde, ausente de ti, dicen que reino. |  | | Matóme tu hermosura andando a caza |  | | de fieras, que vengaste con ser fiera; |  | | no tengo de volver a Tracia, traza, |  | | sino es que tu piedad me estime y quiera; | 810 | | en tu rigor la muerte me amenaza: |  | | ¡Ay, no permita tu piedad que muera! |  | | Mejor que con el hombre que decías, |  | | podrás conmigo... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tente: ¿qué porfías? |  | | Antes que deje yo de amar al dueño | 815 | | que ya tiene propuesta la esperanza, |  | | la codicia tendrá segura dueño, |  | | y discreta será la confianza; |  | | no pienses que por loca te desdeño, |  | | mas porque es imposible la mudanza. | 820 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Posible es que mujer ¡ay, Eurídice! |  | | que es imposible la mudanza dice? |  | | ¡Qué mal hice en vestirme, para verte, |  | | este rústico traje! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué importara? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quien quiere al basilisco dar la muerte, | 825 | | de espejos cubre brazos, pecho y cara; |  | | si viniera vestido de esta suerte, |  | | no me mataras tú, yo te matara; |  | | que viendo tu hermosura desde lejos, |  | | te mataras tú misma en mis espejos. | 830 | | Pero pues que mis ojos no han podido |  | | en sus niñas, señora, retratarte, |  | | dándome muerte el alma que has rendido, |  | | será el espejo en que podrás mirarte; |  | | allí verás que amor pintor ha sido, | 835 | | y basilisco tú para matarte; |  | | pues morirás mirando tu hermosura; |  | | que el alma es inmortal, e irá segura. |  | | *(Vase ARISTEO)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No me puedo persuadir |  | | que es este pastor quien dice; | 840 | | deidad es, deidad parece; |  | | temo; su poder me aflige; |  | | pero aunque, como otra Daphe, |  | | viese de Apolo seguirme, |  | | antes laurel que traidora, | 845 | | antes sin alma que libre. |  | | ¿Quién es la que tan ligera |  | | salta, sin que apenas pise, |  | | la margen de aquel arroyo? |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale FÍLIDA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya, venturosa Eurídice, | 850 | | eres esposa de Orfeo, |  | | que no hay hombre a quien no incline |  | | su persona y su elocuencia, |  | | que con los dioses compite. |  | | Frondoso, tu padre, quiere: | 855 | | sola mi envidia te impide; |  | | mas si tú gozas el bien, |  | | ¿qué se te da que te envidien? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fílida, ¿qué te daré |  | | de albricias? Mas quien recibe | 860 | | vida, ¿qué dará por ella? |  | | Estas cintas carmesíes |  | | tienen un retrato de oro |  | | donde están Apolo y Clicie; |  | | él en su carro de sol, | 865 | | y ella que, ya flor, le sigue. |  | | Sin esto, el alma y los brazos, |  | | y después haré que Tirsi |  | | te dé en casa diez corderos, |  | | que desde lejos son cisnes. | 870 | | ¿No respondes? ¿No te alegras? |  | | ¿Qué tienes? ¿De qué estás triste? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | De tu bien. | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  | | --- | | ¿De mi bien? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  | | --- | | ¿Sí dices? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | Sí. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Sí repites? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esto no te ofende a ti. | 875 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo que no? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya lo dije; |  | | que a un amor desesperado |  | | esto y más se le permite. |  | | Toma tu retrato y cintas; |  | | que no quiero persuadirme | 880 | | a que es bien tomar barato, |  | | pues con ninguno, se mide |  | | cuando pierdo el bien que pierdo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Basta; no quiero reñirte |  | | esas locuras en día | 885 | | que las albricias me pides |  | | del bien que temí dudoso, |  | | y tú me le das tan firme. |  | | *(Vase EURÍDICE)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Si yo tuviere gusto, airados cielos, |  | | descanso, paz, contento y alegría, | 890 | | en tanto que vistiere el alma mía |  | | estos cansados y mortales velos! |  | | ¡Que tenga más congojas y desvelos |  | | que arenas de oro este arroyuelo cría, |  | | y que mi desengaño y mi porfía | 895 | | sigan mi amor, donde me abrasen celos! |  | | Tristezas quiero ya, no quiero engaños, |  | | ni en las tormentas presumir bonanzas, |  | | si el cuidado, mayor vencen los años. |  | | Tiempo, apelo de amor a tus mudanzas; | 900 | | que más quiero morir con desengaños, |  | | que no vivir con falsas esperanzas. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale ARISTEO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cierto me dicen que es ya |  | | y que concertados quedan: |  | | ¿De qué sirve preguntarla | 905 | | después de cierta la pena? |  | | Pastora, que Apolo guarde, |  | | ¿sabes tú si es nueva cierta? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Dices casarse Eurídice, |  | | ninfa de esta verde selva? | 910 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Adivinas, o respondes? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si no es ésta la respuesta, |  | | es, por lo menos, pastor, |  | | lo que yo pienso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien piensas, |  | | que lo mismo voy pensando; | 915 | | y si de los dos se engendra |  | | un pensamiento tan triste, |  | | que será quiero que sepas |  | | víbora de mis entrañas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si que se case te pesa | 920 | | Eurídice, a mí su esposo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi mal el tuyo consuela. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya se están dando las manos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los pastores hacen fiesta. |  | | ¡Plega a los cielos, amén, | 925 | | que se vuelvan en tragedia! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale la boda: FRONDOSO y CLARIDANO, viejos; EURÍDICE y ORFEO de las manos, DANTEA y los MÚSICOS)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desposado dichoso, |  | | gozad la novia, |  | | porque nunca Venus |  | | fue tan hermosa. | 930 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale FABIO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Volved, mayoral Frondoso, |  | | el alegría en tristeza, |  | | porque Venus e Himeneo |  | | asisten, las hachas muertas, |  | | a las bodas de Eurídice. | 935 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Notable rüido suena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CLARIDANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La pared adonde estaba |  | | pintada Eurídice bella, |  | | dió en tierra. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Caiga por dos cordeles el retrato de la que hiciere la EURÍDICE, así, en pie, arrimado al vestuario)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Válgame el cielo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Venus, ¿qué venganza es ésta? | 940 | | Amor, ¿ya no estoy rendido? |  | | Pero ven, no tengas pena; |  | | que pues yo te llevo viva, |  | | la tabla será la muerta. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse todos, y queden allí ARISTEO y FÍLIDA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien sé lo que significa. | 945 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué imaginas? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que me deja |  | | Orfeo aquésta pintada, |  | | y que la viva me lleva. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hacerla quiero pedazos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo, si por alto vuela? | 950 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Tórnese el retrato a su lugar)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como a toro me ha dejado, |  | | pues pensando que pudiera |  | | dar en la sombra del hombre, |  | | doy con la frente en la tierra. |  | | | |
| **Acto II** | |
|  | |
| *Sale EURÍDICE* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor desconfiado, |  | | de ti dicen que nadie ha tenido, |  | | dichoso o desdichado, |  | | sin celos, porque apenas al sentido |  | | tocaron tus desvelos, | 5 | | cuando son de tu sol sobra los celos. |  | | Yo sola, de tus iras |  | | libre, amando salí libre me veo; |  | | sospechas ni mentiras |  | | no me han dado temor, ni apenas creo | 10 | | que hay celos más que el nombre, |  | | ni que los tiene la mujer del hombre. |  | | Diga quien celos tiene: |  | | ¿de qué manera son cuando atormentan? |  | | ¿Cuándo su pena viene? | 15 | | ¿De qué nacen y adónde se sustentan? |  | | Y siendo infierno celos, |  | | ¿por qué tienen el nombre de los cielos? |  | | Adórame mi esposo |  | | con tal pureza de alma y de sentido, | 20 | | que ni él está celoso, |  | | ni celos tengo de él, porque no han sido |  | | tales nuestros amores |  | | que puedan atreverse los temores. |  | | Cuando la noche fría | 25 | | el mundo baña en miedo, en hurto, en sombra, |  | | amada esposa mía, |  | | y otras veces también mujer, me nombra: |  | | ¡Quién tan larga la hiciera |  | | que dos siglos después amaneciera! | 30 | | Y cuando el alba hermosa |  | | las perlas que le hurtó liberal llueve, |  | | y la encarnada rosa |  | | en copas de coral aljófar bebe, |  | | dice que en mí las mira, | 35 | | y porque vió la luz del sol suspira: |  | | En vida tan contenta, |  | | ¿qué puede haber que el alma que le adora |  | | más tema, ni más sienta, |  | | que ser corta la vida, pues agora | 40 | | por gozarle quisiera |  | | que fuera cuerpo el alma, y siempre fuera? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si los jüeces fieros |  | | que en el infierno con rigor castigan |  | | crueles y severos, | 45 | | a quien jamás las lágrimas obligan, |  | | hicieron fuego eterno, |  | | celos, ¿cómo no estáis en el infierno? |  | | Quien dijere que pudo |  | | amar sin celos miente claramente, | 50 | | o es tan grosero y rudo |  | | que las ofensas del amor no siente; |  | | que quien sin celos ama, |  | | no tiene honor y el de ser hombre infama. |  | | El cisne no permite | 55 | | otro cisne en el agua donde nada, |  | | ni que le solicite |  | | otro amante su prenda: la sagrada |  | | paloma, a Venus bella, |  | | que como sabe amar, teme perdella. | 60 | | Yo muero de celosa, |  | | mas no puedo estorbar a quien me quita |  | | mi bien, por más dichosa, |  | | que no le goce, aunque a morir me incita; |  | | que el nombre de marido | 65 | | tiembla el furor que abrasa mi sentido. |  | | ¿Qué importa, amado Orfeo, |  | | que me consuma yo por gracias tantas |  | | cuantas ve mi deseo, |  | | cuando hablas, cuando escribes, cuando cantas, | 70 | | si Eurídice, tu esposa, |  | | mujer te quiere, como yo celosa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fílida, ¿tú estás aquí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Guárdente, ninfa, los cielos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé qué te oí de celos, | 75 | | ¿es verdad que hay celos? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué son celos? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un temor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  | | --- | | ¿De qué? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De perder quien ama |  | | el bien que tiene. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Eso llama |  | | celos la que tiene amor? | 80 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | Esto pienso. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y ¿a qué efeto |  | | teme quien ama perder |  | | el bien? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque puede ser, |  | | y así el temor es discreto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No puede mirar | 85 | | otra mujer lo que quieres? |  | | ¿No hay mil hermosas mujeres |  | | que le pueden agradar? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por qué, queriéndome a mí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque no todas las cosas | 90 | | de mil mujeres hermosas |  | | estarán juntas en ti. |  | | Si eres blanca, podrá ser |  | | que le agrade una morena: |  | | si eres compuesta y serena, | 95 | | tan bulliciosa mujer. |  | | Y aunque tú discreta seas, |  | | otra puede saber más, |  | | y hay gracias que no tendrás |  | | que se imaginan en feas; | 100 | | sin esto, lo que se tiene, |  | | suele no estimarse tanto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De lo que dices me espanto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues de esto que digo viene |  | | a estar la propia mujer | 105 | | celosa de su marido, |  | | porque es un bien adquirido |  | | qüe no se puede perder. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con no apartarme jamás |  | | del bien que el cielo me dió, | 110 | | no seré celosa yo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Más pienso que lo serás; |  | | que si le oprimes, es cierto |  | | cansarle, y el que se cansa, |  | | en otra parte descansa. | 115 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De no dejarle te advierto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué importa para ofenderte |  | | con el pensamiento, y dar |  | | tú en celos de imaginar |  | | que es posible no quererte, | 120 | | y querer a otra mujer? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Más claro verlo quisiera, |  | | aunque celosa me viera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues no es difícil de hacer. |  | | Tu esposo ayer, que salía | 125 | | de tu casa al prado, vió |  | | que de buenos aires yo |  | | por el arroyo venía; |  | | con las dos manos alcé |  | | el faldellín tan igual, | 130 | | que, al pasar, aun el cristal |  | | no dió señas de mi pie; |  | | pero diéronla sus ojos, |  | | pues me dijo: «Pies tan bellos, |  | | bien merecen que tras ellos | 135 | | se vaya el alma en despojos; |  | | menos ligeros quisiera |  | | que en el arena saltaran, |  | | para que estampa dejaran |  | | donde la boca pusiera. | 140 | | Y así con deseos vanos |  | | rogué al amor que después |  | | tropezaran vuestros pies |  | | para que os diera las manos». |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Eso te dijo mi Orfeo? | 145 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | Esto me dijo. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay de mí! |  | | ¡Muerta soy! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Siénteslo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Mucho? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que morir me veo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Tanto? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A la muerte me has puesto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Es gran pena? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es rigurosa. | 150 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues eso es estar celosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  | | --- | | ¿Esto es celos? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es más que esto. |  | |  |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase FÍLIDA, y salen ORFEO y FABIO)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Tan contento estás? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy |  | | tan contento, Fabio amigo, |  | | que es lo menos lo que digo | 155 | | de lo que dichoso soy. |  | | Si me acuesto, no querría |  | | que el alba se levantase, |  | | para que no me obligase |  | | al ejercicio del día, | 160 | | o pasase, ya que fue, |  | | con tanta velocidad |  | | que en la misma claridad |  | | pusiese la noche al pie. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué venturoso casado! | 165 | | Alguno conozco yo |  | | que en una noche pensó |  | | que ya era el mundo acabado. |  | | Tan larga le parecía, |  | | que, cuando el alba salió, | 170 | | a un espejo se miró |  | | por ver si canas tenía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sería la mujer fea. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sobre que era fea y fría, |  | | algo de necia tenía. | 175 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fabio, no hay cosa que sea |  | | más extraña para mí, |  | | que a un amigo le sufráis, |  | | cuando muy necio le halláis, |  | | un año y muchos ansí. | 180 | | Que una grande calentura |  | | o algún terrible dolor, |  | | una noche, que en rigor |  | | parece que un siglo dura. |  | | Y que no tenga paciencia | 185 | | para sufrir un casado |  | | la mujer que Dios le ha dado: |  | | o falta honor o prudencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué dolor o calentura, |  | | qué amigo necio se iguala | 190 | | a una mujer? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La más mala |  | | servir y agradar procura, |  | | y, en fin, es propia mujer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso es lo peor que tiene, |  | | porque todo el daño viene | 195 | | de no poderla perder. |  | | La calentura se quita |  | | curándola, y el dolor |  | | con medicinas, señor, |  | | que el médico solicita. | 200 | | Pero la propia mujer |  | | solamente con la muerte, |  | | porque es la cosa más fuerte |  | | que un hombre puede tener. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bienaventurado el hombre | 205 | | que halló mujer a su gusto, |  | | sin ocasión de disgusto |  | | y sin temor que le asombre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué llamas temor? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De ser |  | | celoso, un bien de los cielos | 210 | | grande, y que no tenga celos |  | | de su ofensa su mujer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No tendrá celos de ti |  | | Eurídice, pues desprecias, |  | | sean discretas o necias, | 215 | | cuantas se pierden por ti. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Apolo! ¿Cómo está |  | | triste Eurídice? Mi bien, |  | | ¿no me habéis? ¿Qué es esto? ¿Quién |  | | pena, mis ojos, os da | 220 | | y los vuestros entristece? |  | | O ¿hacéislo, señora mía, |  | | para que imagine el día |  | | que vuestra luz le anochece? |  | | ¿Qué accidente padecéis? | 225 | | ¡Triste de mí! ¡Yo soy muerto! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Allá, del pie descubierto |  | | de Fílida lo sabréis. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué pie? ¿Qué Fílida? ¿Cuándo |  | | a Fílida vi ni hablé? | 230 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando le vistes el pie |  | | el arroyuelo saltando. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Celos o engaños han sido |  | | si pensáis que yo la vi. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ella me lo ha dicho aquí. | 235 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ella lo habrá fingido |  | | para burlarse, mis ojos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dijístesle: «Pies tan bellos, |  | | bien merecen que tras ellos |  | | se vaya el alma en despojos; | 240 | | menos ligeros quisiera |  | | que en el arena saltaran, |  | | para que estampa dejaran |  | | donde la boca pusiera. |  | | Y así, con deseos vanos, | 245 | | rogué al amor que después |  | | tropezaran vuestros pies |  | | para que os diera las manos». |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Yo dije tal? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ves, señor, |  | | que no puede haber casado | 250 | | que no viva, si es amado, |  | | sujeto a tanto rigor? |  | | Mal haces, señora mía, |  | | en creer una envidiosa |  | | que, de tu gusto celosa, | 255 | | poneros en mal quería. |  | | Las galas y el buen marido |  | | envidia toda mujer; |  | | por esto debe de haber |  | | lo del arroyo fingido. | 260 | | Y pruébolo. Si le viera |  | | el pie tu marido, Orfeo, |  | | que no la alabara creo, |  | | porque ayer en la ribera |  | | de ese nuestro humilde río, | 265 | | una chinela dejó |  | | con la fuerza que saltó, |  | | que tiene pesado el brío: |  | | halléla, que aquel distrito |  | | suelo pescar muchas veces, | 270 | | con cuatro libras de peces |  | | como si fuera garlito: |  | | llevéla a darle matraca, |  | | y en albricias me dió el pie, |  | | donde aquel cesto calcé | 275 | | en una lengua de vaca. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Eurídice querida, |  | | qué agravio a mi amor has hecho, |  | | sabiendo tú que en mi pecho |  | | sirves por alma a la vida! | 280 | | Deja esos vanos recelos, |  | | envidia vil de los dos; |  | | que no ha hecho gracias Dios |  | | con que puedan darle celos. |  | | Envidiando tu hermosura, | 285 | | de su cabeza sacó |  | | este embuste quien pensó |  | | darte el pesar que procura. |  | | Pero dice mi firmeza |  | | que en vano su engaño es, | 290 | | pues aunque entra por los pies, |  | | ni tiene pies ni cabeza. |  | | ¡Si los vi, plega a los cielos |  | | que me aborrezcas, mi bien, |  | | y que mis celos te den | 295 | | causa para darme celos! |  | | Estimo el verte celosa |  | | si son señales de amor, |  | | y vuelve con su rigor |  | | la más tibia, más gustosa; | 300 | | pero no el ver sin razón |  | | que mi inocencia... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No quiero |  | | quererte sin que primero |  | | me des más satisfacción. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quieres que vaya, señor, | 305 | | por la chinela que digo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi Eurídice, ven conmigo: |  | | verás si es firme mi amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vamos; que ya mis desvelos |  | | me muestran, a costa mía, | 310 | | que sé lo que no sabía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | Pues ¿qué sabes? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo que es celos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ven, que la satisfacción, |  | | te hará olvidar su pesar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo los podré olvidar | 315 | | después que sé lo que son? |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse EURÍDICE y ORFEO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es posible que no sea |  | | con causa quejarse aquí |  | | Eurídice; yo. mentí, |  | | que sólo su paz deseo: | 320 | | que chinela tan notable |  | | en mi vida pienso vella; |  | | ¡Si apenas cupiera en ella |  | | el alma de un miserable! |  | | Calcésela en las orillas | 325 | | del arroyo en que la hallé, |  | | y con andarle en el pie |  | | sentí en las manos cosquillas; |  | | no sé qué pueden tener |  | | los pies para enamorar, | 330 | | pues ni ellos saben hablar, |  | | ni al que habla responder. |  | | Mas no enamoran por vanos |  | | cuando por la saya asoman; |  | | que como los pies no toman, | 335 | | quiérense más que las manos. |  | | Orfeo debe de haber |  | | con aquellos pies topado; |  | | que esto de hablar de casado |  | | melindres deben de ser. | 340 | | Celoso estoy; que pues yo |  | | la bella Fílida amé |  | | cual figura por el pie, |  | | lo mismo le sucedió. |  | | No blasone ningún hombre | 345 | | que amare, con posesión; |  | | que los hombres hombres son, |  | | y es la libertad su nombre. |  | | Aristeo, viene aquí; |  | | ¿cuánto va que me persigue, | 350 | | sin que el enojo le obligue |  | | con que ayer le respondí? |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale ARISTEO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En tu busca, Fabio amigo, |  | | ando desde hoy todo el valle. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para lo que tú me quieres, | 355 | | es lo mismo no buscarme. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya no quiero que me quiera |  | | aquella nueva Anaxarte, |  | | aquella Daphe laurel, |  | | y más ingrata que Daphe. | 360 | | Volverme a mi reino quiero, |  | | y sólo quiero rogarte |  | | que, porque en ausencia suya |  | | no venga amor a matarme, |  | | hagas de suerte que lleve | 365 | | aquel retrato en que salve |  | | la vida, como en el templo |  | | de tan soberana imagen. |  | | Daréte por él dos joyas |  | | que valen cuatro ciudades, | 370 | | aunque para su hermosura |  | | menos que estas flores valen. |  | | Como ella al sol en belleza, |  | | aquí vence al oro el arte, |  | | lo falso a lo verdadero, | 375 | | el relieve a los diamantes. |  | | Dame, Fabio, este contento; |  | | que quiero luego embarcarme |  | | a Tracia, de donde quiero |  | | otro presente enviarte | 380 | | en que conozcas mi amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aristeo, no te canses; |  | | ya ves que para ser hurto |  | | es aquel retrato grande, |  | | y que, echándose de ver, | 385 | | era poco que me maten; |  | | tras esto, como en las bodas |  | | cayó en tierra y pudo alzarse, |  | | está en más veneración |  | | que los sagrados Penates; | 390 | | si tú quieres uno mío |  | | con que puedas consolarte, |  | | yo te le daré; mas es |  | | de mala mano. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que trates |  | | mi amor, Fabio, de esta suerte! | 395 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ahora bien, para obligarte |  | | una cosa quiero hacer, |  | | para tu remedio fácil: |  | | bien sé que me engañas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En decirme que ausentarte | 400 | | puede ser posible amando. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No pueden, Fabio, forzarme |  | | los desdenes? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los desdenes |  | | detienen un firme amante. |  | | Si Troya se les rindiera | 405 | | en viendo las griegas naves, |  | | no ganara fama Aquiles |  | | ni los demás capitanes: |  | | diez años de resistencia |  | | dieron los hechos iguales | 410 | | al laurel de la victoria. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La verdad me persuades; |  | | pero dime tu consejo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Conoces en este valle |  | | a Fílida, una pastora | 415 | | que cuando a la tarde sale, |  | | hay dos albas aquel día, |  | | con salir siempre a la tarde? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  | | --- | | De vista no más. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues oye: |  | | si Medea, Circe, Hecale | 420 | | y las demás hechiceras |  | | que historia y fábula saben, |  | | resucitaran agora, |  | | le rindieran vasallaje; |  | | es mujer que escribe letras | 425 | | en la luna, tempestades |  | | levanta en cielo sereno, |  | | en los más tranquilos mares: |  | | a la mujer más helada |  | | que quiera, perdida hace, | 430 | | a quien en su vida pudo |  | | obligarla que le amase. |  | | No hay diablo en el hondo abismo |  | | seguro, como le llame; |  | | luego, a ver lo que les manda, | 435 | | del negro Aqueronte salen: |  | | una vez azotó a uno. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo puede ser, si sabes |  | | que son espíritus? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Bueno! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  | | --- | | Pues ¿qué quieres? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que repares | 440 | | en que es interior la pena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ahora bien, ¿qué podrá darme, |  | | para remedio de amor, |  | | Fílida cuando le hable? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo qué? Hierbas, palabras, | 445 | | versos, conjuros... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues parte |  | | y tráeme a Fílida aquí; |  | | que si puedo remediarme, |  | | diez colmenas te prometo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues para desengañarte | 450 | | de que ya sabe tu intento, |  | | basta que a buscarte baje |  | | Fílida al valle. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es verdad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues solo quiero dejarte; |  | | pero advierte, mayoral, | 455 | | que si es verdad, has de darme |  | | las colmenas prometidas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pocas son para pagarte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy bien con las abejas, |  | | porque son muy semejantes | 460 | | a los ingenios que inventan, |  | | pues de varias flores hacen, |  | | con su trabajo y estudio, |  | | aquel licor tan suave. |  | | Y con los zánganos mal, | 465 | | que dicen que entre ellas nacen |  | | y la dulce miel les comen, |  | | porque estas bastardas aves |  | | parecen a los que hurtan, |  | | por mucho que lo disfracen, | 470 | | lo que los otros trabajan. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  | | --- | | Ya llega. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Apolo te guarde. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase FABIO y sale FÍLIDA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este es aquel amante de Eurídice |  | | tan desdichado como yo, que adoro |  | | a quien la adora. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mucho contradice | 475 | | a la opinión que tiene su decoro. |  | | Pero si Fabio con piedad me dice |  | | que sabe el arte de olvidar, que ignoro, |  | | o el de querer, ¿qué más me importa? ¡Ay, cielo! |  | | ¿Qué temo? ¿Qué pretendo? ¿Qué recelo? | 480 | | Hermosa ninfa, a quien siempre responda |  | | fértil el trigo que en tus eras mides, |  | | y Baco tan copioso corresponda |  | | que lleguen al lagar las propias vides; |  | | y apenas con el tiro de la honda | 485 | | alcances en el monte que resides |  | | a la postrera oveja del ganado, |  | | tan ancho baje desde el monte al prado: |  | | yo soy un hombre cuyo nacimiento |  | | lejos de aqueste valle, es más honroso | 490 | | de lo que te promete el ornamento |  | | que disfraza mi intento cauteloso; |  | | en fin, un amoroso pensamiento, |  | | que basta que le entiendas amoroso, |  | | me ha detenido por aquestos sotos, | 495 | | que lleguen al lagar las propias vides; |  | | Apenas de Eurídice la hermosura |  | | vieron mis ojos, cuando ya casada |  | | la goza Orfeo, aquel cuya ventura |  | | no tiene reinos con su gusto en nada. | 500 | | Lloré, volvíme loco, y por la dura |  | | tierra arrojado, me halló el alba helada |  | | más de una noche, porque al fin le quiere, |  | | y no quiere que yo remedio espere. |  | | Hame dicho un pastor, pastora mía, | 505 | | que tú sola podrás, si puede alguna, |  | | o quitarme esta loca fantasía, |  | | o remediar tan áspera fortuna; |  | | por ti, la condición más dura y fría, |  | | más áspera, rebelde e importuna, | 510 | | dicen que tierna y blanda quiere y ama, |  | | y que quien ama, lo que amó desama. |  | | ¡Ay, Fílida gallarda! Si a los cielos |  | | mueve un amante, imítalos agora: |  | | o quítame este amor, o aquestos celos, | 515 | | o de mi amor a Eurídice enamora, |  | | o en ella siembra incendios, o en mí hielos. |  | | Alábase tu ciencia vencedora |  | | de aquel desdén, y ofreceré a tus ojos |  | | almas, en vez de inciensos y despojos. | 520 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Saber que te han engañado, |  | | ¡oh generoso Aristeo! |  | | puede templar el deseo |  | | de castigarte culpado. |  | | ¿Parécete que hay en mí | 525 | | para tal oficio partes? |  | | si yo sé de amar las artes, |  | | del cielo las aprendí. |  | | Los hechizos de allá vienen: |  | | de ellos, Aristeo, me valgo; | 530 | | que puesto que pueden algo, |  | | es corto el poder que tienen. |  | | No hay hechizo en la mujer |  | | como merecer amor, |  | | porque forzar lo interior | 535 | | no sé cómo puede ser. |  | | Con mal anda la hermosura, |  | | y aun la edad, cuando se vale |  | | de hechizos quien ya se sale |  | | del mismo bien que procura. | 540 | | Amor, ¿qué pide? Otro amor; |  | | pues si no es amor forzado, |  | | claro está que no ha llegado |  | | a conseguir su favor. |  | | No quiero, aunque bien pudiera, | 545 | | enojarme, y la razón |  | | es tu engaño y mi afición, |  | | que la tuya considera. |  | | Si a Eurídice quieres bien, |  | | yo me muero por Orfeo; | 550 | | su esposa te da deseo, |  | | y a mí su esposo también. |  | | Y aunque has venido engañado, |  | | no ha de ser en vano ya; |  | | que de tu engaño saldrá | 555 | | remedio a nuestro cuidado. |  | | ¿No es hechicera quien sabe |  | | hacer invenciones? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí; |  | | y perdóname si fui |  | | contra persona tan grave, | 560 | | mal informado de Fabio, |  | | pastor grosero y burlón; |  | | que es todo ingenio bufón |  | | dispuesto a cualquier agravio. |  | | Bien sé yo que quien hechiza | 565 | | no está de sí satisfecha; |  | | la edad que ya no aprovecha, |  | | busca el fuego en la ceniza. |  | | Pero quien fía de sí |  | | lo que puede enamorar, | 570 | | basta dejarse mirar |  | | como yo te miro a ti. |  | | Amanecer a la aurora |  | | una mujer afeitada |  | | de jazmín y de encarnada | 575 | | rosa, altamente enamora. |  | | La que se acuesta clavel, |  | | y lirio azul amanece, |  | | busque hechizos, pues merece |  | | que la aborrezcan por él. | 580 | | Pero pues es justo dar |  | | nombre de hechicera a quien |  | | hace una invención, ya es bien |  | | que te lo pueda llamar. |  | | Gustos, melindres, amores, | 585 | | regalos y niñerías, |  | | en las noches y en los días |  | | son los hechizos mayores. |  | | Haz, Fílida, pues que sabes, |  | | para los dos, pues pasión | 590 | | propia te obliga, invención |  | | con que nuestra pena acabes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vete hacia el templo de Apolo, |  | | digo, de Venus; que allí |  | | la llevaré. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  | | --- | | ¡Cómo! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A mí | 595 | | su amor da crédito sólo; |  | | diréle que quiere hablarme |  | | su esposo; celosa irá; |  | | saldrás: el lugar está |  | | lejos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay más que informarme; | 600 | | voy a esperarla. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Camina. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ahora duélete de mí; |  | | y pues por ti me perdí, |  | | tu mano piadosa inclina. |  | | *(Vase ARISTEO)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ella baja. ¡Qué ventura! | 605 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen EURÍDICE y DANTEA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vuelve, Dantea, al lugar, |  | | porque será no le hallar |  | | para mí gran desventura. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANTEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De dónde se desató |  | | el retrato que perdiste? | 610 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De aquestas cintas. ¡Ay, triste! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DANTEA | |  | | --- | | ¿No le echaste menos? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANTEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Consuélate con que el vivo |  | | ya no te puede faltar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No me puedo consolar | 615 | | del disgusto que recibo. |  | | Cuenta las hierbas, las flores; |  | | que entre ellas se habrá escondido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DANTEA | |  | | --- | | Yo voy. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué te ha sucedido? |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase DANTEA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desdichas, siempre mayores, | 620 | | pues he topado contigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mal me debes de querer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por fuerza te he de tener |  | | por el mayor enemigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No era yo tu grande amiga. | 625 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, Fílida; pero es cosa |  | | el enseñarme a celosa |  | | que aborrecerte me obliga. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No ves que aquello fingí |  | | para enseñarte los celos? | 630 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, cuán a mi costo, ¡cielos!, |  | | tus lecciones aprendí! |  | | Mas no puedo persuadirme |  | | a que no me engañe Orfeo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No me meto en su deseo; | 635 | | yo sé que soy siempre firme. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dime, pues me has enseñado |  | | esto que nunca supiera, |  | | ¿quiérete bien? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No quisiera |  | | darte, Eurídice, cuidado. | 640 | | Orfeo me quiere bien; |  | | tú eres mi amiga; ¿qué importa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No cuando mi vida acorta, |  | | y mi esperanza también. |  | | Pero yo, ¿por qué te creo? | 645 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En llegando a imaginar |  | | que yo te puedo engañar, |  | | se correrá mi deseo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo podré yo saber |  | | que te quiere? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ven conmigo | 650 | | para que seas testigo, |  | | que es lo más que puedo hacer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  | | --- | | ¿Adónde? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien cerca es; |  | | donde dijo que vendría |  | | a buscarme. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Y me decía | 655 | | que nunca te vió los pies! |  | | ¡Ah, traidor, no hay que fiar! |  | | Llévame contigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es cosa |  | | injusta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya estoy celosa; |  | | que no era posible amar | 660 | | sin celos; miente quien ama |  | | si dice que no los tiene; |  | | que apenas al alma viene |  | | el amor, cuando los llama. |  | | Celos no son diferencia | 665 | | de amor, que en todo rigor |  | | sustituyen al amor, |  | | si no son su misma esencia. |  | | Pero pues estos enojos |  | | a él le entraron por los pies, | 670 | | aunque la muerte me des, |  | | éntrenme a mí por los ojos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ahora bien, vamos; que quiero |  | | hacer dos cosas injustas, |  | | pues que tú de entrambas gustas, | 675 | | previniéndote primero: |  | | Una en serle desleal, |  | | y otra en pagar mal su amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es justo por un traidor |  | | decir de los hombres mal; | 680 | | pero si por tales modos |  | | hombre me pudo ofender, |  | | ¡viven los cielos, de ser |  | | fuego que los queme a todos! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y salen ARISTEO y CAMILO)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  | | --- | | ¡Extrañas nuevas son! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A mí me pesa | 685 | | de ser el portador; más no cumpliera |  | | con mi lealtad, señor, si no viniera. |  | | Albante se levanta con tu reino, |  | | ya es rey de Tracia Albante, y con violencia |  | | hace que le obedezcan tus vasallos; | 690 | | entró por la ciudad con mil caballos |  | | y cuatro mil infantes, bien seguros |  | | de tal traición los mal guardados muros, |  | | y apoderóse del alcázar luego, |  | | jurando de llevar a sangre y fuego | 695 | | el reino todo: huyeron tus amigos |  | | para no ser de tal maldad testigos; |  | | y él, viendo que era ya señor de todo, |  | | vistió de sus escudos y pendones, |  | | plazas, ventanas, casamatas, fuertes, | 700 | | palacios, templos, naves, que aún almenas |  | | hizo de sus banderas sus entenas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay tal maldad, hay caso tan extraño? |  | | ¡Que Albante tuvo tal atrevimiento! |  | | ¡Que Albante fue traidor a mi corona! | 705 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, como a la ausencia llaman muerte, |  | | por muerto te ha tenido en esta ausencia; |  | | no le faltan amigos: que el delito |  | | fundado en interés, oro o gobierno, |  | | siempre halló compañía, siempre amparo. | 710 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No puedo responderte, aunque reparo |  | | en que la dilación dañarme puede, |  | | por quien mil veces mayor mal sucede, |  | | y es porque estoy en ocasión agora |  | | del premio que mi amor alcanzar trata | 715 | | de la mujer más bella y más ingrata. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILO | |  | | --- | | ¿Ingrata en tanto tiempo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tú imaginas |  | | mujer humana? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, las hay divinas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Casóse cuando apenas te partiste. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿qué es lo que casada pretendiste? | 720 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo que agora la industria me promete. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que amor a tantos daños te sujete! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por este valle abajo, entre unos juncos, |  | | pasa un arroyo, cuya limpia balsa |  | | del agua mansa, en apariencia falsa, | 725 | | parece con los lirios y espadañas, |  | | con la igualdad de las menudas cañas, |  | | de terciopelo verde, fondo en plata; |  | | pues vete, y en la margen que remata |  | | aguárdame sentado mientras vuelvo | 730 | | con la victoria o con mayor desdicha. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor te dé, señor, o seso, o dicha, |  | | aunque suele quitar entrambas cosas; |  | | que no quiero, aunque es justo, replicarte |  | | que sé de coro de servir el arte, | 735 | | y sé la obstinación de los que aman, |  | | que los consejos de su bien desaman. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase CAMILO, y salen EURÍDICE y FÍLIDA)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  | | --- | | Tarda Orfeo. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Habrá venido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú me debes de engañar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para tanto sospechar, | 740 | | mucha paciencia he tenido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Fílida, no te quejes, |  | | pues me enseñaste a celosa! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiero dejarte quejosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Más lo estoy de que me dejes. | 745 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No has visto que el cazador, |  | | porque dé en la red la caza, |  | | la de otra parte amenaza |  | | y así la coge mejor? |  | | Pues voy aquella alameda, | 750 | | porque, si me aguarda allí, |  | | venga a la red y dé en ti. |  | | *(Vase FÍLIDA)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Victoria, si sola queda! |  | | Pero en vano me adelanto |  | | con la victoria; que, en fin, | 755 | | dicen que se canta al fin, |  | | y yo al principio la canto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En notable confusión |  | | me ha puesto Fílida, cielos, |  | | pues desengaños de celos | 760 | | mayores engaños son. |  | | No siento pasos, ni veo |  | | cosa en tanta soledad, |  | | indicio de la verdad |  | | que teme y busca el deseo. | 765 | | Verdad que el sentido ofusca |  | | para que se hiele y queme, |  | | pues la busca quien la teme, |  | | y teme hallar lo que busca. |  | | ¿Para qué averiguo insultos? | 770 | | Celos, si no os quiero hallar, |  | | ¿para qué os vengo a buscar? |  | | Mejor estaréis ocultos. |  | | Una sombra he visto allí, |  | | si es justo darle este nombre | 775 | | al cuerpo; mas siendo de hombre, |  | | todo es sombra para mí. |  | | Él se esconde en la arboleda. |  | | ¿Si es mi esposo? Él es. ¿Qué espero, |  | | si de ver me desespero | 780 | | que a Fílida esperar pueda? |  | | Llegaré determinada |  | | aunque me quite la vida; |  | | que una mujer ofendida, |  | | ni teme fuego, ni espada. | 785 | | Traidor esposo, ¿qué importa |  | | que estos álamos y fresnos |  | | hagas capa, con que dejes |  | | ciego el toro de mis celos, |  | | si ellos en ti, y en los troncos... | 790 | | ¿qué es esto, cielos? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que el cielo |  | | te trujo a esta soledad |  | | para mi bien y remedio. |  | | Aristeo soy; ¿qué miras, |  | | pues al Príncipe Aristeo | 795 | | has convertido en pastor, |  | | y en tosco cayado el cetro? |  | | Por ti mi reino he perdido, |  | | pues ya me ha quitado el reino |  | | un traidor: espera, escucha. | 800 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El traidor en ti le veo |  | | para el reino de mi honor, |  | | que más que el tuyo le precio. |  | | ¡Viven los dioses, que ha sido |  | | de la vil Fílida enredo | 805 | | traerme a la soledad, |  | | donde tu violencia temo! |  | | Pero primero la vida, |  | | y dos mil vidas primero |  | | perderá mi honor constante, | 810 | | que te alabes... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quedo, quedo; |  | | que ya no puedo sufrir, |  | | Eurídice, tus desprecios. |  | | ¿Qué milagro te parece |  | | agora en el mundo nuevo, | 815 | | que se rinda una mujer, |  | | o con fuerzas o con ruegos? |  | | ¿Quién es Orfeo, tu esposo? |  | | ¿Por dicha es Marte soberbio? |  | | ¿Es Júpiter? ¿Es Apolo? | 820 | | ¿No es un hombre? ¿No es Orfeo? |  | | ¿No soy Rey de Tracia yo, |  | | que, fuera de esto, merezco |  | | por mí mismo y por mi amor, |  | | más que ese músico necio? | 825 | | Si él sabe cantar, yo sé |  | | llorar en el instrumento |  | | del alma; si él versos hace, |  | | yo sé también hacer versos; |  | | si él mueve piedras cantando, | 830 | | por eso le tengo en menos, |  | | pues, sin ser animal ni hombre |  | | las piedras mueve el dinero. |  | | Y para que a ti te mueva, |  | | una nave te prometo | 835 | | con todo el casco de plata, |  | | sin otra madera o hierro |  | | desde la popa al bauprés, |  | | y en vez de jarcias y lienzos, |  | | chafaldetes, trizas, trozas, | 840 | | brandales y racamentos, |  | | oro y seda, cuyos cabos |  | | tremolen de perlas llenos. |  | | Diana, esa diosa casta, |  | | quiso a Endimión, y vemos | 845 | | que hoy día en el monte Lathmo |  | | le baña en profundo sueño: |  | | y la causa por que hizo |  | | a Anteón forma de ciervo, |  | | fue para que no contase | 850 | | que vió desnudo su cuerpo: |  | | mira lo que en estas selvas |  | | lloró por Adonis Venus. |  | | Diosas eran, tú mujer; |  | | deja los vanos trofeos | 855 | | del honor, que es invención |  | | del mundo, y un vil decreto |  | | de los hombres, que se pierda |  | | el hombre a mujer sujeto, |  | | y no la mujer, si el hombre | 860 | | pone en otra el pensamiento. |  | | Pienso que admites mi amor, |  | | porque dice tu silencio, |  | | que te vence mi razón. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mirando tu atrevimiento, | 865 | | perdí para responderte |  | | la lengua; y aunque me veo |  | | lejos de mi amado padre, |  | | de mi dulce esposo lejos, |  | | estoy cerca de quien soy, | 870 | | y de lo que soy me acuerdo: |  | | ¡Vete, infame; que si pongo |  | | una flecha al arco...! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pienso |  | | que quieres darme ocasión |  | | al más riguroso medio. | 875 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si te apercibes, advierte |  | | que nunca mis pies ligeros |  | | fueron vencidos. ¡Diana, |  | | favor! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Detenedla, cielos! |  | | Eurídice, ¿dónde vas? | 880 | | Cristalinos arroyuelos, |  | | en mares os convertid, |  | | mis ojos podrán hacerlos. |  | | Peñascos, poneos delante, |  | | hechos volcanes de incendios, | 885 | | porque una mujer de nieve |  | | detengan montes de fuego. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sígala, y EURÍDICE salga por la otra parte)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sagradas ninfas, que fuisteis |  | | desde vuestros años tiernos |  | | compañeras de Diana, | 890 | | dando vuestros pies ligeros |  | | de puntapiés a los aires, |  | | *(Haga que corre)* |  | | que se vengaba en los velos; |  | | vosotras, que a todas fieras |  | | con los lustrosos aceros | 895 | | del venablo no temistes, |  | | antes el oro sangriento |  | | daba indicios del valor |  | | y del varonil esfuerzo, |  | | *(Caiga)* |  | | valed... ¡Ay, triste! ¡Ay de mí! | 900 | | ¿Qué está en la hierba, qué es esto? |  | | ¡El pie me ha mordido un áspid! |  | | ¡Ya discurre su veneno |  | | al corazón! ¡Muerta soy! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Bien haya el piadoso suelo | 905 | | que te detuvo, Eurídice! |  | | Pero, ¿qué esto que veo? |  | | Las rosas de las mejillas, |  | | cándido jazmín se han vuelto; |  | | los claveles de los labios, | 910 | | bañó temeroso hielo: |  | | Eurídice, ¡ay, triste! ¡Un áspid |  | | ya por las hierbas corriendo, |  | | sin duda mordió sus pies! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen FABIO y ORFEO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por aquí dijo Fileno | 915 | | que le vió bajar al valle. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí suenan tristes ecos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Allí se queja un pastor: |  | | ¿Qué esto, amigo Aristeo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bajando de la montaña, | 920 | | adonde sabéis que tengo |  | | las más guardadas colmenas, |  | | oigo en una voz: «¡Ay, muerto!». |  | | Tan tiernamente que el aire |  | | fue piedra imán del cabello, | 925 | | y el corazón alterado, |  | | llamó a la puerta del pecho. |  | | Miré a la voz el origen, |  | | y vi, ¡ay, Dios!, que de ella el dueño... |  | | Llegad, que para decirlo, | 930 | | ni lengua ni vida tengo. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | Fuese. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Miremos quién es. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Tu esposa! | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué dices? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Veo |  | | su vestido, y no su rostro. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Fabio, aquí está su cuerpo, | 935 | | aquí mi sol eclipsado, |  | | y su hermosura en el cielo! |  | | ¡Eurídice! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con tu voz |  | | parece que cobra aliento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  | | --- | | ¿Eres mi esposo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soy. | 940 | | Pues mi Eurídice, ¿qué es esto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mordióme un áspid el pie |  | | por esas selvas huyendo... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | ¡Triste de mí! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Del rigor |  | | de un hombre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Extraño suceso! | 945 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, mira que estos males |  | | quieren aprisa el remedio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ella se me muere, Fabio! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues haz que tus brazos presto |  | | la lleven al sabio Alcino. | 950 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vida mía, ¿quién te ha muerto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tus celos, esposo mío. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Mis celos, mi bien? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tus celos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cuándo o cómo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No responde. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo voy; pero aunque la llevo | 955 | | muerta, ella me lleva a mí, |  | | que voy en sus brazos muerto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, buen áspid, si nacieran |  | | muchos que mordiesen luego, |  | | no digo las que me escuchan, | 960 | | sino las que mal me han hecho! |  | | | |
| **Acto III** | |
|  | |
| *Salen FABIO, CELIO, TIRSI y DANTEA* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Huye, Fabio, por aquí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Será terrible rigor; |  | | que en huir de mi señor |  | | me mandas huir de mí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIRSI | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mientras parece locura, | 5 | | puedes temer un agravio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANTEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siente justamente Fabio |  | | tan notable desventura. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La tragedia lastimosa |  | | de la muerte de Eurídice, | 10 | | pide amor que se eternice |  | | por obligación forzosa: |  | | en Orfeo, de perder |  | | el seso; en mí, de sentir. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANTEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que en fin viniese a morir! | 15 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Decreto debió de ser |  | | de los dioses y los hados, |  | | porque Alcino la aplicó |  | | hierbas con que imaginó |  | | dar vida a jaspes helados. | 20 | | Su castidad, agradable |  | | al cielo, mostró piadoso |  | | con un lirio blanco, hermoso, |  | | de forma tan admirable, |  | | que las hojas argentadas | 25 | | en las de esmeralda abrió, |  | | y con líneas dividió |  | | de oro luciente esmaltadas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANTEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿de dónde le salía? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Del pecho, a quien los pastores | 30 | | cubrieron de cuantas flores |  | | la primavera tenía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Si es éste Orfeo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANTEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No aguardo |  | | su locura y sentimiento: |  | | huye, Tirsi. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIRSI | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soy el viento. | 35 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aguardo, porque fe guardo. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Todos huyen; FABIO quede, y sale ORFEO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Selvas, que a los acentos de mi canto |  | | con ecos siempre alegres respondistes |  | | cuando me fue piadoso el cielo santo, |  | | agora, si la causa conocistes | 40 | | de mi dolor preciso y lastimoso, |  | | llorosas repetid mis voces tristes: |  | | yo soy aquel amante, aquel dichoso |  | | que mereció llamarse de Eurídice, |  | | para tan breve tiempo, dulce esposo. | 45 | | ¡No sé quién sigue a amor; no sé quién dice |  | | que es éste el mayor bien de los mortales, |  | | por más que sus venturas solemnice: |  | | ¡Ay, nunca yo para desdichas tales |  | | gozara venturoso tantos bienes | 50 | | si habían de parar en tantos males! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | Quiero llegar, señor. | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | ¡Ay, Dios! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué tienes? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De dónde vienes, Fabio? ¿Qué preguntas, |  | | tan bárbaro, mi mal? ¿De dónde vienes? |  | | Tengo en el alma cuantas penas juntas | 55 | | en el mundo inventaron los tiranos, |  | | las esperanzas de mi bien difuntas, |  | | y tengo tantos males inhumanos, |  | | que pienso que de mí, como veneno, |  | | huye la muerte de poner las manos. | 60 | | Mas dime, Fabio, aqueste prado ameno, |  | | ¿no te acuerdas que estaba en aquel monte, |  | | y aquel undoso mar de flotas lleno? |  | | ¿No te acuerdas que todo el horizonte |  | | cubrían puras fuentes cristalinas? | 65 | | Advierte, antes que Febo se transmonte, |  | | como cubierta de esmeraldas finas |  | | Eurídice, que es ya cándida aurora, |  | | corre a sus rayos de oro las cortinas. |  | | ¿No la ves? ¿No la ves? Dile: Señora, | 70 | | ¿por qué dejas tu esposo de esa suerte? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No replicarle es más cordura agora: |  | | señora, ¿por qué dejas a la muerte |  | | a tu querido esposo? ¿Cuál agravio |  | | pudo jamás quien te adoraba, hacerte? | 75 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien dices, Fabio. ¡Oh, mi querido Fabio, |  | | cómo muestras en esto ser amigo! |  | | Nunca en su ofensa se movió mi labio: |  | | ¿Por qué me das, mis ojos, tal castigo? |  | | Eurídice se fue, ya me ha dejado: | 80 | | llorad, montes, llorad, llorad conmigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, si está por dicha en aquel prado, |  | | vamos allá. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hará, que de las flores |  | | tendrá temor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Por qué? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muerte le han dado. |  | | Claveles que envidiaron sus colores, | 85 | | su blancura jazmines y mosquetas, |  | | que celos quieren mal, si bien amores, |  | | ¿criaron en las hojas más secretas |  | | aquel áspid cruel, si no le mueve |  | | la fuerza superior de los planetas, | 90 | | que a su divino pie mordió la nieve? |  | | ¿Qué bañó de coral cinco azucenas, |  | | a quien apenas el amor se atreve? |  | | ¿Que en el rubí de sus preciosas venas |  | | hizo su diente bárbara sangría, | 95 | | temblando Amor, que le miraba apenas? |  | | ¡Que no puse por venda el alma mía! |  | | ¡Oh, cómo justamente me castigo |  | | de aquella ingratitud y tiranía! |  | | Llorad montes, llorad, llorad conmigo. | 100 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | Señor, descansa un rato. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es descanso? |  | | ¿Tú, Fabio, contra mí? ¿Tú mi enemigo? |  | | ¿Yo vivo, muerta Eurídice? ¿Yo canso |  | | el cielo con suspiros cuando hay muerte? |  | | ¿Por qué me das aliento, viento manso? | 105 | | Árboles, ¿qué miráis de aquesta suerte? |  | | ¡Viven los cielos, que me sois traidores! |  | | ¡Oh, sauce vil, pedazos quiero hacerte! |  | | No, no es posible, ver entre las flores, |  | | desde el balcón de vuestras verdes ramas, | 110 | | el áspid que dio muerte a mis amores: |  | | y tú, casto laurel, que el nombre infamas, |  | | ¿por qué no le avisaste a mi Eurídice? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Pastores, ah, pastores! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A quién llamas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A quien tu triste llanto solemnice. | 115 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Perro, ya te conozco: morir tienes! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Deja el cuello, señor; yo, ¿qué te hice? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo sé que eres el áspid, y que vienes |  | | a matarme también; toma la planta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Ay, que me ha muerto! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dame aquí mis bienes, | 120 | | dame de mi Eurídice el alma santa, |  | | pues le mordiste el pie. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Yo la he mordido? |  | | Tú engaño testimonios me levanta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo no te vi; que estabas escondido |  | | debajo de una higuera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si yo fuera, | 125 | | dejara el pie más limpio y más pulido, |  | | y los higos más sucios me comiera: |  | | mira que no soy yo, suéltame un poco. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por morder aquel pie, ¡quién áspid fuera! |  | | ¡Yo quiero ser el áspid! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Estás loco? | 130 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | Mordámonos los dos. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Somos poetas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Musas, pues yo lo soy, aquí os invoco! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aun eso está en razón; busca perfetas |  | | figuras de decir con lengua clara, |  | | pues tus mismos conceptos interpretas. | 135 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | Las musas se me huyeron. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Quién pensara |  | | que se fueran de un triste! Son mujeres |  | | gente que sólo en interés repara. |  | | Llámalas con dinero si las quieres; |  | | enséñales la bolsa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Faltó el arte. | 140 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues sin arte, señor, no perseveres, |  | | que de los versos es la mayor parte, |  | | si bien el natural entró primero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eurídice, ¿qué haré para cobrarte? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, ya es sin remedio tu mal fiero. | 145 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fabio, ¿no son las almas inmortales? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | Eso es sin duda. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues cobrarla espero: |  | | y ¿adónde van después que los mortales |  | | despojos dejan? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todos los que escriben, |  | | filósofos y sabios naturales, | 150 | | dicen que en el infierno las reciben, |  | | y que pasando de Aquerón la barca, |  | | en los Campos Elíseos después viven. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues yo quiero, primero que la Parca |  | | el hilo corte a mi vital gobierno, | 155 | | ir a buscarla si Carón me embarca; |  | | que cantando a las puertas del infierno, |  | | pienso mover su rey inexorable; |  | | cantando alegraré su llanto eterno. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú serás el marido más notable | 160 | | que haya tenido el mundo, pues que quieres, |  | | una vez muerta tu mujer amable, |  | | volverla a ver. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y tú el más necio eres; |  | | que sus muertes se deben con mil vidas |  | | comprar cuando son buenas las mujeres: | 165 | | toma luego el camino, y no me impidas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | ¿A qué ciudad te partes? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo gobierno, |  | | y sirves tú. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando lo justo pidas, |  | | bien sé que es de amador afecto tierno; |  | | pero ¿cuál hombre ha dicho a su criado: | 170 | | toma luego el camino del infierno? |  | | ¿Soy yo logrero? ¿Vendo vino aguado? |  | | ¿Echo yo en azafrán hebras de vaca? |  | | ¿Juzgué cosa jamás mal informado? |  | | ¿Fingíme santo yo con la matraca | 175 | | de lo exterior? ¿Robé la hacienda ajena? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fabio, de tu flaqueza fuerzas saca; |  | | que yo tengo de ver la infernal pena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Déjame despedir, sepa un amigo |  | | que voy, no sé si diga a tierra ajena. | 180 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | Aquí te aguardo. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A grande mal me obligo. |  | | *(Vase FABIO)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Presto te pienso ver, querida esposa: |  | | llorad montes, llorad, llorad conmigo. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale FÍLIDA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No ha nacido mujer más venturosa. |  | | Aquí está Orfeo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya no habéis de oírme | 185 | | sin Eurídice, monte y selva umbrosa, |  | | hasta que me llaméis marido firme. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quisiera, divino Orfeo, |  | | como te di el parabién |  | | darte el pésame también | 190 | | de la desdicha que veo; |  | | pero de tu ingenio creo, |  | | y de tu heroico valor, |  | | que sabrás templar tu amor |  | | aunque instrumento del alma, | 195 | | porque vencerse en la palma |  | | y la victoria mayor. |  | | Eurídice muerta yace |  | | mordido aquel blanco pie |  | | que a las estrellas se fue | 200 | | donde ay como sol nace; |  | | y aunque justamente hace |  | | tu amor aquel sentimiento |  | | digno a su merecimiento, |  | | no es de discretos buscar | 205 | | lo que sólo puede hallar |  | | perdiéndose el pensamiento. |  | | Vuelve los ojos a ver, |  | | porque tu tristeza impida, |  | | una mujer que se olvida | 210 | | por ti de su mismo ser; |  | | ya no se puede querer |  | | lo que una vez se perdió: |  | | hállame a mí, porque yo |  | | pienso que podré olvidarte | 215 | | de Eurídice. con amarte, |  | | pero las tristezas no. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Algo olvidado de mí |  | | a fuerza de mi dolor, |  | | que ya sabes de mi amor | 220 | | el alto bien que perdí; |  | | deseo saber de ti |  | | quién eres; que si mi canto |  | | movió a las fieras a espanto, |  | | puede ser que alguna seas, | 225 | | o peña que dar deseas |  | | ecos a mi triste llanto. |  | | ¿Eres tigre, eres león, |  | | eres árbol, o quién eres? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siempre tú con las mujeres | 230 | | tuviste esa condición, |  | | para ti todas lo son; |  | | pero Fílida merece |  | | lo que tu amor no agradece; |  | | que, fuera de ser quien soy, | 235 | | hago mucho, pues que doy |  | | el alma a quien me aborrece. |  | | No hay en la selva quien pueda |  | | enriquecer tu deseo |  | | de más oro y plata, Orfeo, | 240 | | ni mayor nobleza hereda; |  | | pues cuando con esto exceda |  | | a cuantos hoy tiene el valle, |  | | y después de darte y dalle |  | | a él valor, y a ti mujer, | 245 | | algo pueden merecer |  | | mi entendimiento y mi tale. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fílida, si yo tuviera |  | | pensamiento de querer |  | | otra mujer, mi mujer | 250 | | pienso que después te hiciera; |  | | que el tiempo lugar me diera |  | | con que mi Eurídice lloro; |  | | pero ni estimo tesoro, |  | | ni me obliga tu belleza; | 255 | | que quiero más mi tristeza, |  | | que tu belleza y el oro. |  | | Esta sólo vive en mí, |  | | y en ella aquel alma bella, |  | | como tú dices, estrella, | 260 | | aunque fue sol para mí; |  | | con ella el alma perdí, |  | | y así la pienso buscar; |  | | que hasta volverla al lugar |  | | adonde estuvo primero, | 265 | | ni dejar de llorar quiero, |  | | ni puedo dejar de amar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | Escucha. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es cosa perdida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿dónde vas de esa suerte? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A los reinos de la muerte | 270 | | para que me den la vida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Está Venus ofendida |  | | de ti. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya lo sé, y que ha sido |  | | el oráculo cumplido, |  | | pues a mi Eurídice un día | 275 | | dijo que esposo tendría, |  | | breve, gustoso y perdido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dame los brazos siquiera, |  | | pues de este valle te vas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si no la viera jamás, | 280 | | por ser cortés te los diera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tu necio amor verla espera? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo voy por ella a despecho |  | | del infierno. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es loco hecho. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, que si espíritu es ya, | 285 | | por la boca me entrará |  | | y sacaréla en el pecho. |  | | *(Vase ORFEO)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué aguardáis, vana esperanza, |  | | qué es lo que queréis de mí? |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale FABIO graciosamente de camino, con unas alforjas, una lancilla)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pienso que voy bien así | 290 | | con mis alforjas y lanza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién es aqueste extranjero? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que se vaya de esta suerte |  | | un hombre al infierno, ¡oh muerte! |  | | sin ver tus huesos primero! | 295 | | Mas mi Fílida está aquí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Es Fabio? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues no me ves? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Dónde vas? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Donde después |  | | no sepa nadie de mí. |  | | Pero aunque es larga jornada | 300 | | y mala en todo rigor, |  | | despedir me manda amor |  | | de tu pie, Fílida amada, |  | | que sólo fue lo que vi |  | | para enamorarme tanto. | 305 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Dónde vas? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Daréte espanto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Dónde? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | Al infierno. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay de ti! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dame el pie que me mató; |  | | llevaréle a chamuscar, |  | | porque le quiero pagar | 310 | | el fuego que me causó. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué llevas aquí? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Al infierno |  | | llevo despachos, algunos |  | | de amigos tan importunos, |  | | que hasta con su fuego eterno | 315 | | pretenden corresponderse. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué gentil correspondencia! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aunque es ahora en ausencia, |  | | ¿quién duda que esperan verse? |  | | A ciertas bellas Cleopatras | 320 | | llevo papeles; ¿qué piensas? |  | | Y entre cuentas de despensas, |  | | escrituras de mohatras. |  | | Otras supuestas me han dado |  | | con antedatas crueles, | 325 | | y también llevo papeles |  | | de los que piden prestado. |  | | Toda esta alforja cargué |  | | de firmas negadas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira |  | | que pasará la mentira | 330 | | y vas caminando a pie. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, qué llevo de recetas |  | | que han aprovechado mal! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú llevas lindo caudal. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De esto que escriben poetas | 335 | | llevo un camello cargado; |  | | pero porque tarde es ya, |  | | licencia y brazos me da. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira que te han engañado |  | | si acaso vas con Orfeo. | 340 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué he de hacer si es mi señor? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Reñirle tan loco error |  | | y reducir su deseo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Piensas que soy el primero |  | | a quien llevaron amigos | 345 | | al infierno? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué castigos |  | | te han de dar! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya los espero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por haber sido alcahuete. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Yo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿niégaslo, traidor? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Fui más de concertador? | 350 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué necia afición te mete |  | | en ir con un loco allá? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pésame que un buen marido |  | | vaya al infierno perdido, |  | | quedando tantos acá | 355 | | que pudieran ir mejor; |  | | ellos saben si yo miento: |  | | ahora bien, dejarte siento, |  | | que me debes tierno amor; |  | | mira qué quieres de allá: | 360 | | ¿algunas habas o afeites, |  | | untos, solimán, aceites? |  | | aunque no hay pocos acá. |  | | ¿Qué hechizos o qué conjuros, |  | | que ésta es fruta que el infierno | 365 | | lleva en verano e invierno, |  | | o qué vocablos obscuros? |  | | Mira qué pariente acaso |  | | quieres que salude, y mira |  | | si quieres que a la mentira | 370 | | le pida algún nuevo caso; |  | | allá pienso visitar |  | | pastores que aquí traté. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | Loco estás. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Más lo estaré |  | | si no me dejan tornar: | 375 | | ¡Adiós, mundo; adiós, aldea; |  | | adiós, prado, selva, fuente; |  | | que voy a beber caliente, |  | | que no hay mal que mayor sea! |  | | ¡Adiós, ingratos extremos, | 380 | | malas lenguas sin castigos; |  | | adiós, traidores amigos, |  | | que presto allá nos veremos! |  | | *(Vase FABIO)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Puede haber locura igual, |  | | puesto que ha sido firmeza? | 385 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen CLARIDANO y ARISTEO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Claridano, yo agradezco |  | | ese sentimiento y pena |  | | que mostráis en mi partida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CLARIDANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sabe el cielo que me pesa |  | | mucho más de lo que muestro. | 390 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El ser forzosa mi ausencia |  | | os pudiera consolar |  | | si la causa refiriera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CLARIDANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Supuesto que enriquecido |  | | la labor de las abejas | 395 | | me dejan, más siento agora |  | | el ver que mi casa dejas; |  | | de ella te quise hacer dueño, |  | | y darte a Fílida bella, |  | | Fílida, que con el sol | 400 | | se atreve a hacer competencia: |  | | ¿No la quieres, quieres irte? |  | | Dame esos brazos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Conceda |  | | tan larga vida a tus años |  | | el cielo, que nietos veas | 405 | | de tus nietos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CLARIDANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A ser tuyos, |  | | ¡qué dicha, qué gloria fuera! |  | | *(Vase CLARIDANO)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué va tierno mi padre, |  | | y te da los brazos? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llegas, |  | | Fílida, a buena ocasión, | 410 | | pues hoy me parto a mi tierra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con razón mi padre siente |  | | tu partida, que a estas peñas |  | | dará pena; ya los campos |  | | llorarán tu breve ausencia, | 415 | | ya las abejas no harán |  | | de las flores de estas selvas, |  | | con el rocío del alba, |  | | blancas ciudades de cera. |  | | Todo cesará sin ti, | 420 | | que trujiste las colmenas |  | | desde los valles de Tracia |  | | a las montañas de Tebas; |  | | pero dime si es verdad, |  | | como entre pastores suena, | 425 | | que eres rey. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya que me parto, |  | | poco importa que lo sepas: |  | | la hermosura de Eurídice, |  | | que ya, por mi causa, muerta, |  | | resuelve en tierras las rosas, | 430 | | y en polvo las azucenas, |  | | me detuvo en estos campos |  | | donde vine a cazar fieras, |  | | no tan fieras para mí |  | | como lo fue su dureza: | 435 | | ya sabes toda mi historia, |  | | y que, huyendo en esta vega, |  | | en forma de áspid la envidia |  | | mordió sus pies blancos, que eran |  | | antípodas de su cara, | 440 | | por no mirar sus estrellas. |  | | Muérome por estos valles |  | | de ausencia y de eterna ausencia; |  | | ¿para qué quieres que viva |  | | si ya no es posible verla? | 445 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo no, si ya su esposo, |  | | con su liza y su voz eterna, |  | | por ella al infierno parte? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué dices? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que va por ella. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿presume enternecer, | 450 | | por más que celeste sea |  | | su voz, muros de diamante? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé si es mucha soberbia; |  | | mas lo que no puede hacer |  | | la música, tú no creas | 455 | | que lo harán fuerzas humanas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé si aquí me entretenga |  | | hasta ver qué trae de allá. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Espera, ansí te concedan |  | | los dioses ver a Eurídice. | 460 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí haré, si tú me confiesas |  | | que es más locura esperallo |  | | yo, que ir Orfeo por ella. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para que tengan ejemplos |  | | dos imposibles, aciertas: | 465 | | tan falsa esperanza en ti, |  | | y en él tan necia firmeza. |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y salen ORFEO y FABIO)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | Bien sé que vas cansado. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No pudiera |  | | cansarme de servirte en tal camino |  | | si el pretendido fin posible fuera. | 470 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues yo, Fabio, posible le imagino. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Camino del infierno, ¡quién dijera |  | | que fuera con la vida un peregrino! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Peregrino de amor, de amor profundo, |  | | me ha de llamar eternamente el mundo. | 475 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que no se halle una venta, con ser cierto |  | | que aquesta senda va a su llama eterna! |  | | ¡Que no haya un bodegón en este puerto, |  | | una carnicería, una taberna! |  | | Todo está de peñascos encubierto; | 480 | | donde el sol amanece de linterna, |  | | en medio luce, entrando por arriba, |  | | que pienso que del cielo se derriba; |  | | ya los oídos de temor me tapo |  | | del son de los tormentos que imagino; | 485 | | no vuelvo más aquí si de ésta escapo; |  | | todo es pálidas sombras el camino; |  | | si rueda por la peña algún gazapo, |  | | sospecho que es espíritu malino; |  | | no hay árbol que no piense, entre estos fieros, | 490 | | que es algún alma a quien debí dineros. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí me aguarda, y dame el instrumento, |  | | que ya la puerta de diamante veo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | Pues ¿ya me dejas solo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sólo intento |  | | que llegue a lo imposible mi deseo. | 495 | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cielo, que estás a mi desdicha atento, |  | | si tu dorada luz llega al Leteo, |  | | dame favor! ¡Temblando estoy! ¡Ay, triste, |  | | qué negra sombra estos peñascos viste! |  | | Ya templa Orfeo aquella dulce lira | 500 | | que enterneció las fieros animales; |  | | ya canta, ya suspende, ya se admira |  | | el reino obscuro con acentos tales: |  | | cesó la pena ya, paró la ira; |  | | estos son los palacios infernales: | 505 | | ¡Qué lindos cuartos hay! Letreros tienen; |  | | quiero leer mientras sus dueños vienen: |  | | Cuarto de amores, cuarto de logreros, |  | | de los difamadores, de testigos |  | | falsos, de ingratos, de ladrones fieros, | 510 | | de fingidos y bárbaros amigos; |  | | cuarto de cortesanos majaderos |  | | (aquestos son terribles enemigos), |  | | cuarto de damas, cuarto de valientes, |  | | y cuarto de cansados pretendientes; | 515 | | cuarto de mal casados y maridos |  | | al uso (no lo entiendo; al fin, casados), |  | | de fulleros también y de atrevidos; |  | | cuarto de necios, cuarto de cuñados: |  | | pero ¿quién viene aquí? que mis sentidos, | 520 | | de la sombra menor están turbados. |  | | Orfeo vuelve ya, dejado el canto |  | | en el barco del reino del espanto. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Dé vuelta un barco negro con ORFEO y el BARQUERO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BARQUERO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Salta, valeroso amante; |  | | deja el temido Aqueronte, | 525 | | puesto que en aquesta orilla |  | | hallarás llamas por flores. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vuelve la barca; que aquí |  | | no habrá para que me tornes, |  | | si me conceden sus puertas | 530 | | romper los helados bronces. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor barquero, aunque estoy |  | | destotra parte, perdone |  | | preguntarle si ha pasado |  | | a ciertos murmuradores | 535 | | que no dejan honra a vida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BARQUERO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Son muchos; dime los nombres. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Allá voy, aguarde un poco. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dormido el perro triforme |  | | que guarda esta negra puerta, | 540 | | ¿qué puede haber que me enoje? |  | | Las tres furias no ejercitan |  | | sus infernales azotes, |  | | ni los tres fieros jüeces |  | | culpas de las almas oyen. | 545 | | ¿Está la famosa reina? |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Córrase una cortina y véase PROSERPINA en una silla, velos de plata negros, cetro y corona)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PROSERPINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién eres tú, mortal hombre, |  | | cuya voz silencio impuso |  | | a las infernales voces? |  | | ¿Quién eres tan venturoso, | 550 | | que los fieros escuadrones |  | | de espíritus suspendiste |  | | refiriendo tus amores? |  | | Habla, bien puedes; ¿qué temes? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues permite que te informe, | 555 | | ¡oh reina, en el cielo Luna |  | | entre lucientes faroles; |  | | Diana en los verdes campos, |  | | entre Narcisos y Adonis; |  | | Proserpina en este reino, | 560 | | castigo de almas enormes! |  | | Yo soy Orfeo de Tracia, |  | | Orfeo soy; enseñóme |  | | Apolo a tocar la lira, |  | | que me ha dado inmortal nombre; | 565 | | caséme con Eurídice, |  | | ninfa de los verdes bosques, |  | | que por guardarme lealtad |  | | a su nobleza conforme, |  | | la mató un áspid, huyendo; | 570 | | bajó a tu reino; dejóme |  | | tan triste, que me atreví, |  | | sin que la muerte me asombre, |  | | a cantarle tristes versos, |  | | y cuyas dulces canciones | 575 | | enternecieron los pechos |  | | de Meguera y Tisifonte. |  | | Si los cielos, si sus cursos |  | | e inteligencias veloces, |  | | los planetas y los signos | 580 | | que su máquina componen, |  | | son música y armonía |  | | que allá las deidades oyen; |  | | si cuanto Júpiter hizo |  | | sigue su concierto y orden, | 585 | | pueda merecer de ti |  | | quien tregua a tus penas pone |  | | que a mi Eurídice me vuelvas: |  | | así nunca el sol enoje |  | | tus siempre obscuras tinieblas | 590 | | con sus claros resplandores. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PROSERPINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu música y tu firmeza |  | | y tus humildes razones, |  | | merecen que nuestro Imperio |  | | la inviolable ley derogue. | 595 | | ¡Radamanto! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale RADAMANTO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RADAMANTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Gran señora? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PROSERPINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dondequiera que se aloje |  | | de Eurídice el alma, quiero |  | | que al cuerpo en que estuvo torne; |  | | parte a los Elíseos Campos | 600 | | con su esposo, y no le estorben |  | | para dársela los ríos, |  | | ni las infernales torres. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RADAMANTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿tú derogas, señora, |  | | las leyes de tus mayores? | 605 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PROSERPINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay regla tan general |  | | que no padezca excepciones; |  | | y cuando no fuera Orfeo |  | | digno de tales favores, |  | | por su voz, que suspendió | 610 | | nuestros tormentos entonces, |  | | por el marido más firme |  | | este premio se le otorgue. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué te puedo responder |  | | en tantas obligaciones, | 615 | | sino que mi pluma y lira |  | | harán inmortal tu nombre? |  | | Vamos, Radamanto, vamos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PROSERPINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Advierte las condiciones, |  | | Orfeo, con que te doy | 620 | | a tu esposa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Por los dioses, |  | | reina, de no serte ingrato! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PROSERPINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que hasta que estés en los montes |  | | de Tracia no has de volver, |  | | aunque sus manos te toquen | 625 | | la cabeza, a ver tu esposa, |  | | porque tus pies y tus voces |  | | seguirá detrás de ti. |  | | Si es que te atreves, disponte |  | | a llevarla adonde vives; | 630 | | que si la promesa rompes, |  | | apenas la habrás mirado |  | | cuando la pierdas y llores. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gran cosa me pides, reina; |  | | pero todas son menores | 635 | | que mi amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PROSERPINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En este cetro |  | | jura. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Basta que le tomes |  | | en la tierra de esos pies; |  | | yo voy por el alma noble |  | | de mi Eurídice. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PROSERPINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues mira, | 640 | | que aunque su voz te enamore, |  | | no la mires. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi alegría |  | | esa tristeza interrompe. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PROSERPINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque si una vez la pierdes, |  | | no haya miedo que la cobres. | 645 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, mi bien, por verte muero! |  | | ¡Dura condición me ponen! |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y sale ALBANTE, un CAPITÁN y soldados)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En esta selva sagrada, |  | | la Venus dicen que vive. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Armas y gente apercibe. | 650 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Capitán, no importa nada |  | | la lealtad al Rey jurada, |  | | que el reinar es una acción |  | | que disculpa la traición: |  | | por la espada se han ganado | 655 | | imperios, que al mundo han dado |  | | materia de admiración. |  | | Apártate un poco aquí |  | | y sabrás quién soy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya sé |  | | tu principio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Humilde fue: | 660 | | en estas selvas nací; |  | | de sus cabañas partí |  | | a ver las grandes ciudades, |  | | trocando las soledades |  | | por las armas y las iras, | 665 | | y por guerras y mentiras |  | | las paces y las verdades. |  | | Serví al príncipe Aristeo, |  | | que es el que vengo a matar, |  | | después que emprendí reinar | 670 | | tan mal seguro me veo; |  | | muerto, ningún hombre creo |  | | que se me puede oponer; |  | | sólo tengo que temer |  | | no ser aquí conocido | 675 | | de un hombre por quien he sido, |  | | digo, por quien tengo ser. |  | | Es un rico mayoral |  | | de esta selva, al fin pastor; |  | | pero su sangre y valor | 680 | | con los príncipes igual, |  | | y aunque no me esté tan mal, |  | | quisiera que se excusara, |  | | que me viera y que me hablara. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mejor es, de mi opinión, | 685 | | hablarle, y darle razón |  | | de tu dicha nueva y rara, |  | | que secreto sabrá ser. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hay también otro testigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿qué importa si es amigo? | 690 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es amigo, que es mujer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  | | --- | | ¡Cómo! | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANTE | |  | | --- | | Hermana. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues hacer |  | | que el viejo no se lo diga, |  | | porque de hermana y de amiga |  | | siempre quedó que temer. | 695 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Conozco aquesta cabaña. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  | | --- | | ¿Vive aquí? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANTE | |  | | --- | | Si. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues entremos; |  | | esa gente que traemos, |  | | se aloje por la campaña; |  | | que hay gente en esta montaña, | 700 | | aunque no sabe de guerra, |  | | que con los leones cierra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh tiempo! ¿A quién guardas ley? |  | | ¡Quién me dijera que rey |  | | me viera esta humilde tierra! | 705 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale ORFEO sin volver la cabeza, hablando con EURÍDICE, y ella detrás con un velo de plata sobre el vestido)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Camina, Eurídice bella, |  | | camina, señora mía; |  | | que a mí no sé quien me guía, |  | | pues se queda atrás mi estrella. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya voy, mi querido esposo; | 710 | | no temas, contigo voy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cielos, venturoso soy, |  | | pero ciego venturoso! |  | | Ya fabrico tu hermosura |  | | dentro en la imaginación; | 715 | | pero los deseos son |  | | mayores que la ventura. |  | | Quisiérate yo tocar, |  | | quisiera llegarme a ti. |  | | ¿No respondes? ¡Ay de mí! | 720 | | Mi bien, ¡no ceses de hablar! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por oírte, señor mío, |  | | iba callando. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es justo; |  | | hablemos juntos, que gusto |  | | de no temer tu desvío. | 725 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hablar dos no puede ser, |  | | y estar a entenderse atentos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi vida, dos instrumentos |  | | juntos se suelen tañer, |  | | y no pueden disonar | 730 | | si iguales están templados, |  | | y así, tú y yo enamorados, |  | | podemos a un tiempo hablar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La verdad me persuades; |  | | habla, y no estemos en calma; | 735 | | que es grande música el alma |  | | para templar voluntades. |  | | No hará el amor disonancia |  | | de nuestras dulces razones, |  | | pues templó dos corazones | 740 | | una misma consonancia. |  | | Mas ¿cómo callas agora? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por oírte y entenderte; |  | | y así, quiero de otra suerte |  | | hablar contigo, señora. | 745 | | ¿Sentiste el morir? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por ti. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Mucho? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay comparación. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué es morir? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es división. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | ¿De quién? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Del alma y de ti. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cuerpo soy suyo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Pues no! | 750 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | Luego ¿el alma no? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | También. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | Engáñaste. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Yo, mi bien? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, que a ser el cuerpo yo, |  | | tú fueras viva y yo muerto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Luego ¿estás vivo sin mí? | 755 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | Sin ti no; mas oye. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Di. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Fue celos tu mal? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fue cierto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué pensaste ver? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Traiciones. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | Y ¿qué viste? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquel pastor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | Pues ¿qué te dijo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Su amor. | 760 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué importan vanas razones? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  | | --- | | Temí sus obras. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, dioses! |  | | ¿Quién llegará en ansias tales, |  | | adonde de tantos males |  | | entre mis brazos reposes? | 765 | | Muriéndome voy por verte, |  | | y no verte es vivir yo; |  | | ¿quién, como yo, caminó |  | | entre la vida y la muerte? |  | | ¿Si estarás como solías, | 770 | | cuando vuelvas a animar, |  | | alma, que me la has de dar, |  | | aquellas cenizas frías? |  | | ¿Si tendrás las mismas rosas? |  | | ¿Si las mismas azucenas | 775 | | partirán azules venas |  | | de tus manos amorosas? |  | | ¿Cuándo llegaré yo a verlas, |  | | y a gozar como gozaba, |  | | aquel clavel que me hablaba | 780 | | entre dos hilos de perlas? |  | | ¿Cuándo, te diré, mi bien, |  | | aquellos tiernos amores, |  | | mereciéndolos mayores |  | | por la privación también? | 785 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Presto, mi vida, verás |  | | cómo te pago esa fe, |  | | cuando mis brazos te dé. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, cielos, no puedo más! |  | | ¡Vuelvo a verte, loco estoy! | 790 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  | | --- | | Tente, mi bien. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No podré. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué has hecho, esposo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EURÍDICE | |  | | --- | | ¡Perdísteme! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Muerto voy! |  | | *(Por el escotillón del teatro, o con otra invención, se le desaparezca)* |  | | Eurídice, ¡esposa! En vano |  | | la llamo; volvióse en viento, | 795 | | desvanecióse a mis ojos: |  | | ¡Ay de mí! ¿De quién me quejo? |  | | Juré, quebré la palabra, |  | | vengué a mi enemiga Venus: |  | | ¡Oh privaciones de amor, | 800 | | y cuánto mal me habéis hecho! |  | | Mucho me costaste, esposa; |  | | si te conquisté discreto, |  | | necio te perdí, que son |  | | los más necios, dando en necios; | 805 | | ¿qué disculpa podré dar |  | | de mi loco pensamiento? |  | | ¡Oh privaciones de amor, |  | | y cuánto mal me habéis hecho! |  | | Por aquí se fue. ¿Qué haré? | 810 | | ¡Volvedme mi esposa, cielos; |  | | pero ¿cómo se la pido, |  | | pues que no la tienen ellos? |  | | ¡Esposa, esposa! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(FABIO dentro)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya salgo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Respondió, sí, porque el eco | 815 | | respondiera: «¡Esposa!», dijo: |  | | «Ya salgo». Pues ya te espero; |  | | sal, mi bien, ¿qué aguardas? ¡Sal! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues di quién eres primero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | Orfeo soy. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué ventura! | 820 | | *(Sale FABIO por donde se fue EURÍDICE)* |  | | Dame tus brazos, Orfeo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién eres? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No me conoces? |  | | Fabio, tu pastor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es esto? |  | | ¿De dónde vienes ansí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Del infierno! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Del infierno? | 825 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿no me dejaste allá |  | | y te viniste, trayendo |  | | la bella Eurídice? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Fabio, |  | | perdida por mal consejo! |  | | Juré no volver a verla | 830 | | en todo el camino, y fueron |  | | tan fuertes las privaciones, |  | | que la vi en amor deshecho. |  | | Apenas miré su bulto, |  | | no sé si en alma o en cuerpo, | 835 | | si fantasma, o si verdad, |  | | que todo parece sueño, |  | | cuando se huyó de mis ojos |  | | y se fue resuelta en viento. |  | | ¡Oh privaciones de amor, | 840 | | y cuánto mal me habéis hecho! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues Orfeo, si tú piensas |  | | volver por ella al infierno, |  | | busca quien vaya contigo, |  | | que yo en el mundo me quedo. | 845 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta es la sagrada selva, |  | | donde vi tus ojos bellos, |  | | Eurídice. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Las cabañas |  | | se arden en voces y en fuego. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen ARISTEO y CAMILO con espadas, defendiéndose de ALBANTE; el CAPITÁN y soldados, CLARIDANO y FÍLIDA de por medio)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A tu rey, traidor Albante? | 850 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es mi rey hombre que ha hecho |  | | tal deshonor en mi casa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cuál es Eurídice de éstos? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira, señor, que estás loco. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CLARIDANO | |  | | --- | | ¡Hijo, detente! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Primero | 855 | | quitaré a un traidor la vida! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hermano, si te merezco |  | | respeta, advierte... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya es tarde. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Después de quitarme el reino |  | | me quitas la vida? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Aquí | 860 | | debe de ser el infierno, |  | | que hay la misma confusión! |  | | Almas, ¿quién sois? ¡Deteneos! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué es esto? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No conocéis |  | | a Orfeo? Volvedme, os ruego, | 865 | | a Eurídice. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay tal desdicha? |  | | Loco está. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Loco se ha vuelto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FÍLIDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué es esto, Fabio? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé; |  | | sacamos por muchos ruegos |  | | a Eurídice, al fin mujer, | 870 | | hijas del agua y del viento, |  | | y en un volver de cabeza, |  | | advierta todo hombre cuerdo, |  | | se nos ha desaparecido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuanto mal tengo, merezco; | 875 | | pero si me dan tristezas |  | | lugar para conoceros, |  | | mientras acabo la vida |  | | llorando amorosos versos, |  | | decidme: ¿por qué razón | 880 | | con tantas armas os veo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Después de quitarme Albante |  | | mi reino, viene... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No vengo |  | | a matarte si me vuelves |  | | mi honor, pues con esto puedo | 885 | | dar satisfacción de mí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya vuestras quejas entiendo. |  | | Aristeo, da la mano |  | | a Fílida, y a tu reino |  | | vuelve con ella; que Albante | 890 | | así queda satisfecho |  | | de la sospecha que tiene. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si él se casa, yo lo quedo, |  | | para que goce mi hermana |  | | la corona que yo pierdo. | 895 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  | | --- | | La mano le doy. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señores, |  | | adviertan... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué quieres? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiero |  | | casarme; que bien podré, |  | | pues he estado en el infierno. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  | | --- | | ¿Con quién? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Dantea! ¿Ella aquí? | 900 | | dame esa mano. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DANTEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya temo |  | | que me la quemes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu nieve |  | | templará después mi fuego. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ORFEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí mi historia dió fin, |  | | mis quejas no, y ansí quiero | 905 | | que oigáis la segunda parte |  | | y perdonéis nuestros yerros. |  | | | |