**LOPE DE VEGA  
*La Mayor Victoria***

Personajes:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| *ELENA* |  |
| *FLORA* |  |
| *CASANDRA* |  |
| *FABIA* |  |
| *OCTAVIO* |  |
| *FABIO* |  |
| *POMPEYO* |  |
| *OTÓN* |  |
| *ALBERTO* |  |
| *LIVIO* |  |
| *FINEO* |  |
| *RODULFO* |  |
| *FABRICIO* |  |
| *LIDORO* |  |
| *LEONELO* |  |
| *PERSIO* |  |
| *TRES CRIADAS* |  |

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **Jornada I** | | |
|  | | |
| *Salen ELENA, FLORA y CASANDRA* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo nunca supe de amor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sus leyes tengo por vanas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De suerte que en tres hermanas |  | | vino a dar en la menor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Deben de fundarse en ti. | 5 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo no he tenido por dicha |  | | amor, puesto que lo soy, |  | | antes la culpa le doy |  | | deste amor a mi desdicha. |  | | Con solo sentir ausencia | 10 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | retirada en esta quinta, |  |  |  |  | | si bien tan poco distinta |  |  |  |  | | de la ciudad de Florencia. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los celos de nuestro padre, |  | | Casandra, dan ocasión | 15 | | a su cuidado, en razón |  | | justa de faltarnos madre. |  | | Entró en Florencia el famoso |  | | Otón, a quien nombre dan |  | | de emperador alemán; | 20 | | su ejército vitorioso |  | | se aloja por la Toscana; |  | | sus gallardos capitanes |  | | en Florencia más galanes |  | | que de guerra y pienso, hermana, | 25 | | que el retirarnos acá |  | | es asegurar su honor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mal lo pasará mi amor, |  | | si a Otavio detiene allá. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien puede venir Otavio | 30 | | a verte, pues está ausente |  | | nuestro padre. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si la gente |  | | de Otón no hace a nadie agravio, |  | | si viene como señor, |  | | aunque con soldados viene, | 35 | | si nombre de dueño tiene, |  | | y no de conquistador, |  | | ¿qué teme Pompeyo? |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Salen FINEO y FABIA, criados)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Puedo |  | | llegar? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Seguro podrás. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La licencia que me das, | 40 | | Fabia me ha quitado el miedo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eres tú muy temeroso. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señoras, el cielo os guarde. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  | | --- | | Fineo. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Podrá un cobarde |  | | ser para hablar animoso? | 45 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  | | --- | | Seguro estás, llega. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llego. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  | | --- | | ¿Tráesme papel? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Papel vivo, |  | | a Otavio. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Entra OTAVIO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mejor te escribo |  | | mi amor, mi pena, mi fuego |  | | con la lengua, aunque turbada, | 50 | | que con la pluma. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí están |  | | mis hermanas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No tendrán |  | | mi voluntad por culpada. |  | | Que puesto que son estrellas, |  | | bien puede haberme cegado | 55 | | el sol, pues no he reparado, |  | | hermosa señora, en ellas. |  | | A las dos pido perdón, |  | | y como Paris troyano |  | | no fuera jüez villano | 60 | | de tan igual perfección. |  | | Dividiera el premio en tres, |  | | a Minerva diérale uno |  | | por la guerra, el otro a Juno |  | | por la riqueza, y después | 65 | | a Venus diera el tercero |  | | por diosa de la hermosura. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por buen estilo procura |  | | Otavio darle el primero, |  | | más Casandra lo merece, | 70 | | y merece vuestro amor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Justamente a su valor |  | | el primero premio ofrece. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dejad agora el burlalla, |  | | para que Otavio nos diga | 75 | | qué hay de Florencia. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si obliga |  | | la patria por madre, a honralla, |  | | oíd la entrada de Otón |  | | en Florencia, aunque sucinta. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No está mi padre en la quinta, | 80 | | hablad, pues hay ocasión. |  | | | | |
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| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  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mañana, |  | | que aun hacer sabe el tiempo diferencia, | 95 | | y abierta la primera celosía, |  | | huyó la noche y asomose el día. |  | | De la ciudad más bella, más hermosa, |  | | y más ilustre que en Europa mira |  | | purpúreo Febo, se encendió la honrosa | 100 | | fama en la luz, que a eternizarle aspira. |  | | Vistiose de la tela más preciosa, |  | | con que la Persia y China desafía, |  | | y las calles distintas en colores, |  | | formaron cuadros de fingidas flores. | 105 | | Pintaros en su entrada las ventanas |  | | con tantas damas de Florencia bellas, |  | | aunque faltaron tales tres hermanas, |  | | no escusa la razón de encarecellas. |  | | Los ojos que a hermosuras alemanas | 110 | | estaban enseñados, solo en vellas, |  | | como retratos del celeste coro, |  | | olvidaban su nieve, rosas y oro. |  | | Entró delante la mayor nobleza |  | | de Florencia, con galas que mostraron | 115 | | de la ciudad la próspera riqueza, |  | | en que de Italia el resto aventajaron. |  | | Confundiose de ver naturaleza |  | | el arte con que tanto la industriaron, |  | | pues pudo confesar en esta parte, | 120 | | que la ennoblece y perficiona el arte. |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | Iban detrás los ricos magistrados, |  |  |  |  | | con las insignias de la paz divina, |  |  |  |  | | haciendo las colores de los grados |  |  |  |  | | honra al honor y vista peregrina: | 125 |  |  |  | | los dos derechos verdes y encarnados, |  |  |  |  | | amarillo color la medicina, |  |  |  |  | | azul y blanco la sagrada ciencia, |  |  |  |  | | de su celo y candor correspondencia. |  |  |  |  | | Luego por los metales sonorosos | 130 |  |  |  | | las desiguales voces concertadas |  |  |  |  | | penetraban los aires espaciosos, |  |  |  |  | | y las cajas belísonas templadas. |  |  |  |  | | Ya puestos en alarde numerosos, |  |  |  |  | | al hombro las cuchillas aceradas, | 135 |  |  |  | | soldados de la guarda la seguían, |  |  |  |  | | que con plata y azul resplandecían. |  |  |  |  | | Después de las insignias militares, |  |  |  |  | | banderas conquistadas y blasones, |  |  |  |  | | por varias tierras, por distintos mares, | 140 |  |  |  | | políticas y bárbaras regiones, |  |  |  |  | | suspendiendo las voces populares, |  |  |  |  | | en que suelen mostrar los corazones, |  |  |  |  | | el César se mostró, cuya persona |  |  |  |  | | aún era digna de mayor corona. | 145 |  |  |  | | No queda el olmo, en que las aves chillan |  |  |  |  | | entrando azor mas suspendido el canto, |  |  |  |  | | ni el son con que los aires se acuchillan, |  |  |  |  | | mansas palomas, si cesó el espanto, |  |  |  |  | | ni el yunque en que los Cíclopes martillan, | 150 |  |  |  | | cesando el golpe se suspende tanto, |  |  |  |  | | pues del caballo bélico se oían |  |  |  |  | | el son con que a compás el suelo herían. |  |  |  |  | | Era un frisón castaño corpulento, |  |  |  |  | | tan poblado de clines, que pudiera | 155 |  |  |  | | llegar donde el bordado paramento, |  |  |  |  | | si las cintas y rizos lugar diera. |  |  |  |  | | Él mismo de sí mismo era instrumento, |  |  |  |  | | las manos y los pies el compás era, |  |  |  |  | | que como la trompeta le alejaba, | 160 |  |  |  | | tascaba el freno y a su son danzaba. |  |  |  |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | El magnánimo Otón es un mancebo |  |  |  |  | | proporcionado, varonil, robusto, |  |  |  |  | | galán, airoso, y a decir me atrevo, |  |  |  |  | | que enseñara grandeza al mismo Augusto. | 165 |  |  |  | | Coronábale Dafne ingrata a Febo, |  |  |  |  | | él con celos de amor, ella con gusto, |  |  |  |  | | pues presumiendo el sol que a Otón sería, |  |  |  |  | | de las armas y dél más luz salía. |  |  |  |  | | Estas que a Marte parecieron graves, | 170 |  |  |  | | mirando en él como vestido estuve, |  |  |  |  | | y en sus ojos pronósticos suaves, |  |  |  |  | | de que Florencia a sus laureles sube. |  |  |  |  | | Llegó a palacio, recibió las llaves |  |  |  |  | | de un ángel, que bajó desde una nube, | 175 |  |  |  | | diciendo: Al grande Otón Florencia ofrece |  |  |  |  | | lo más que puede y menos que merece. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si como la relación |  | | entró el César, ¿quién le viera? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues yo Elena no quisiera | 180 | | ver más vivamente a Otón. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ruido siento, mi bien, |  | | vete de la quinta luego. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nunca el bien tiene sosiego. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Allá me llevas también. | 185 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No iríamos disfrazadas |  | | a Florencia a ver las fiestas? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Las voluntades dispuestas |  | | presto se ven concertadas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En hábito digo yo | 190 | | de labradoras podremos, |  | | y al césar Otón veremos, |  | | que tanto Otavio alabó. |  | | Damas, calles, fiestas son |  | | una confusión, ¿quién duda, | 195 | | que donde todo se muda, |  | | gocemos de ver a Otón? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien dice Elena, ¿quién puede |  | | conocernos? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Si entretanto |  | | viene nuestro padre? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuanto | 200 | | de ver mujeres sucede, |  | | está disculpado ya, |  | | fuera de que nos dejó |  | | por irse, presumo yo, |  | | que hoy ni aun mañana vendrá. | 205 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues Fabia, entre las villanas |  | | más ricas de aquesta aldea |  | | busca vestidos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dantea, |  | | Livia y con sus hermanas |  | | las galas mayores tienen, | 210 | | ¿mas no tengo de ir allá |  | | con vosotras? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Claro está. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuantos de Florencia vienen |  | | cuentan mil cosas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El ver |  | | tanto a la mujer recrea, | 215 | | que la que ver no desea |  | | no debe de ser mujer. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vanse. Y salen LIVIO, caballero, y POMPEYO, viejo)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Proseguid, y no os turbéis. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No os cause mi turbación |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | Pompeyo la admiración | 220 |  |  |  | | que de otras cosas tenéis. |  |  |  |  | | Honesto caso ha de ser |  |  |  |  | | si todo lo prueba el fin, |  |  |  |  | | amo a Casandra, y en fin |  |  |  |  | | os la pido por mujer. | 225 |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Donde el fin es bueno, es clara |  | | filosofía, que todo |  | | es bueno. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues de ese modo |  | | en mi justo amor repara. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo confieso tu riqueza, | 230 | | y que soy pobre, mas mira, |  | | nunca la riqueza admira |  | | a donde falta nobleza. |  | | Pobre soy, pero no tanto, |  | | que no esté gracias a Dios | 235 | | contento. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues en los dos, |  | | ¿qué es lo que te causa espanto? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No me quieres entender, |  | | el faltarte la nobleza, |  | | que no cubre la riqueza, | 240 | | lo que ella puede ofender. |  | | Y en consuelo a tus intentos, |  | | digo a tu buen natural, |  | | que no me parecen mal |  | | los honrados pensamientos. | 245 | | | | |
|  | | |
|  | *(Vase)* | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A quién ha sucedido |  | | tan gran deshonra sin haber, ay cielos, |  | | ocasión precedido? |  | | El alma me lo dijo con recelos, |  | | ¿mas quién imaginara, | 250 | | que de mi honrado amor se deshonrara? |  | | ¿Pedirle que me diese |  | | la menor de sus hijas, es posible, |  | | que afrenta mereciese |  | | tan bárbara, enojosa, e insufrible?, | 255 | | despedirme pudiera, |  | | sin deshonrarme, si él honrado fuera. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
|  | |  |
|  | | |
| *(Vase, y sale OTÓN y ALBERTO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alberto, yo querría, |  | | que esta insigne ciudad reconociese |  | | fácil la gracia mía, | 260 | | que libremente me tratase y viese; |  | | dese a todos la puerta, |  | | hállenla siempre el pobre y rico abierta. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, los altos reyes |  | | más muestran su real naturaleza | 265 | | en el templar las leyes |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | de la severidad, que en la grandeza, |  |  |  |  | | no rinde tantas palmas, |  |  |  |  | | reinar un rey en reinos, como en almas. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Marqués, este es mi gusto, | 270 | | ni a mí, ni a mis valientes capitanes |  | | quiero tener por justo |  | | que nos llamen feroces alemanes; |  | | abrid todas las puertas, |  | | pues tengo yo las de mi pecho abiertas. | 275 | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Éntrase OTÓN, y salen FLORA, ELENA, CASANDRA y FABIA, todas de labradoras, con rebozos y sombreros)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A la fe que nos entramos |  | | por el hilo de la gente. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  | | --- | | Temerosa voy. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo no, |  | | que quien no ofende no teme. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Las guardas me dan temor. | 280 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con la licencia que tienen, |  | | no queda pequeña aldea, |  | | que a ver al César no llegue. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Guarde Dios a su merced. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hola, dile que nos deje | 285 | | ver algo deste palacio, |  | | pues más atrevencia tienes. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, ¿podremos mirar?, |  | | ya ves que el mirar no ofende |  | | estas telas y pinturas. | 290 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mirad cuanto gusto os diere, |  | | hoy está franco el palacio. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Han visto que bien parecen |  | | tantos hermosos brocados, |  | | sillas, tablas y doseles! | 295 | | Si así visten por acá |  | | los suelos y las paredes, |  | | ¿el señor emperador |  | | de qué se viste?, ¿en qué duerme? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Calla necia, que sus madres | 300 | | paren vestidos los reyes, |  | | que no son como los hombres, |  | | que se andan vistiendo siempre. |  | | ¿No has visto un ángel pintado |  | | con su corona en la frente?, | 305 | | pues así desde que nacen, |  | | coronados resplandecen. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Unos césares vi yo |  | | de mármol junto a una fuente, |  | | ¿es así también Otón?, | 310 | | ¿está en nichos de vergeles? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh qué preciosa inocencia! |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué quiere?, soy inocente. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Déjela, señor, que es boba. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  | | --- | | Soy boba, señor. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No pienses | 315 | | que son los mármoles vivos, |  | | son que en ellos se convierten |  | | después que están sepultados, |  | | por no ser polvo los reyes. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oh labradora fingida, | 320 | | esa razón no conviene |  | | con el rústico lenguaje. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El cura lo dijo el viernes, |  | | que le juro que no es necio, |  | | y que en nueso pueblo suele | 325 | | hacer algunos sermones, |  | | que los ánimos suspende. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya es tarde para engañarme. |  | | Suelen decir comúnmente, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | no es oro lo que reluce, | 330 |  |  |  | | pero aquí al revés se entiende; |  |  |  |  | | que no reluce y es oro; |  |  |  |  | | entrad, entrad, porque os muestre |  |  |  |  | | los grandes aparadores, |  |  |  |  | | donde veréis que se exceden | 335 |  |  |  | | oro y arte el uno al otro. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Más adentro quiere que entre? |  | | ¿No ve que también el cura |  | | dijo que al mar se parece |  | | el palacio en los peligros? | 340 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bravamente se defiende |  | | con el cura de su aldea. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A la fe que si le oyese, |  | | que no le desagradase, |  | | sino que en vez de laureles | 345 | | ha dado en cazar ratones |  | | con la grasa del bonete. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Sale OTÓN)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Detrás de aquesta antepuerta |  | | labradora, te miré, |  | | y tu discurso escuché. | 350 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay señores, yo soy muerta! |  | | ¿Es su merced por ventura |  | | el señor emperador? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  | | --- | | Huye Elena. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es menor |  | | tu ingenio, que tu hermosura. | 355 | | Espera, ¿quién son aquellas? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, mis hermanas son, |  | | si su merced es Otón, |  | | de mí se conduela y dellas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué sirve que pretendas | 360 | | encubrirte? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién se encubre? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu mismo rostro descubre |  | | la calidad de tus prendas. |  | | ¿Eres dama florentina? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El dimuño me engañó. | 365 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira que nunca encubrió |  | | cuerpo humano, alma divina. |  | | Y que tu discurso oí, |  | | de que estoy maravillado, |  | | quien tan altamente ha hablado, | 370 | | ¿por qué se encubre de mí? |  | | ¿De una rosa, las divinas |  | | hojas no se conocieran, |  | | por mucho que se escondieran |  | | en laberintos de espinas? | 375 | | Claro está, ¿pues qué pretendes?, |  | | a los reyes es traición |  | | mentirles con invención. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, bien sé que me entiendes, |  | | y que no es justo engañarte, | 380 | | pues cuando en la rustiqueza |  | | se imita naturaleza, |  | | es imposible en el arte. |  | | Hija soy de un caballero |  | | florentín, mis dos hermanas | 385 | | son las que mira tu Alteza |  | | de mi traje disfrazadas. |  | | Pensando, divino Otón, |  | | ferocidad alemana, |  | | y que el ejército tuyo | 390 | | fuera destruición de Italia, |  | | nos ha llevado a una quinta, |  | | donde estamos retiradas |  | | media legua de Florencia. |  | | Mas como a guardar no basta | 395 | | poder, discreción, ni fuerza |  | | mujeres determinadas, |  | | y la novedad es cebo, |  | | en cuyo sedal y caña |  | | nos suelen pescar los hombres, | 400 | | honras, vidas, cuerpos y almas. |  | | Con este traje venimos |  | | a mirar grandezas tantas, |  | | como nos cuentan de ti |  | | las trompetas de la Fama. | 405 | | Por tu valor, por quien eres, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | divino Sol de Alemania, |  |  |  |  | | que nos dejes ir, no sea |  |  |  |  | | nuestra desdicha, que vaya |  |  |  |  | | antes que vamos nosotras | 410 |  |  |  | | nuestro padre a nuestra casa. |  |  |  |  | | Que no advertirá en disculpa, |  |  |  |  | | pues que ninguna es casada, |  |  |  |  | | de haber venido a Florencia, |  |  |  |  | | haber hallado tu gracia. | 415 |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por cierto la tuya puede |  | | rendir el mayor valor; |  | | notable rey es amor, |  | | al nuestro su imperio excede. |  | | Mas no es mucho que al altura | 420 | | del laurel pueda llegar, |  | | si toma para mandar |  | | el cetro de la hermosura. |  | | Publican que se defiende |  | | de los rayos el laurel, | 425 | | es mentira, pues con él |  | | el rayo de amor ofende. |  | | Dime el nombre de tu padre. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  | | --- | | Pompeyo. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vete con Dios, |  | | que trataremos los dos | 430 | | lo que a tu remedio cuadre. |  | | Ea señoras. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vuestra Alteza |  | | nos perdone. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay razón |  | | para que a la inclinación |  | | pida perdón la belleza. | 435 | | ¿Vuestro nombre? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Elena y Flora. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta cadena tomad |  | | Flora en señal de amistad. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No en balde Italia os adora. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vos este diamante, Elena. | 440 | | ¿Vos cómo os llamáis? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor |  | | Casandra. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A vuestro valor |  | | mayor premio el alma ordena. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues, señor, ¿no le das nada? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, que si el alma le di, | 445 | | no quiero ofender así |  | | la prenda más estimada. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Háganle sus reverencias y váyanse)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué cortesano y galán |  | | vuestra Majestad se muestra! |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es ya la condición nuestra | 450 | | de rígido capitán. |  | | En la paz se ha de vivir |  | | como en la paz, verdes años |  | | bien pueden sufrir engaños. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que el sol, ¿qué quieres decir? | 455 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que la púrpura imperial, |  | | el cetro, la monarquía, |  | | del mundo la valentía, |  | | del alma el rigor marcial, |  | | el laurel, y todo el ser | 460 | | diera, Alberto, en una vista |  | | por la dichosa conquista |  | | desta divina mujer. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  | | --- | | ¿Burla tu Alteza? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No son |  | | burlas, verdades te digo, | 465 | | mas, ¿quién duda que contigo |  | | tratas de liviano a Otón? |  | | Pues Marqués, has de saber, |  | | que en el cielo están fundadas |  | | las voluntades amadas, | 470 | | años antes de nacer. |  | | ¿Qué me aconsejas? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, |  | | a tu poder habrá cosa |  | | dificultosa. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que hermosa |  | | mujer matome de amor. | 475 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llamar al padre, y honralle |  | | como a noble de Florencia, |  | | era fácil diligencia, |  | | gran señor, para obligalle. |  | | Que deste conocimiento | 480 | | resultará que la veas, |  | | y tengas lo que deseas. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es discreto pensamiento, |  | | y que mi honor asegura. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues, señor, voyle a buscar. | 485 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo entretanto a imaginar |  | | la gloria de su hermosura. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vanse, y salen OTAVIO y FINEO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Casandra faltar de aquí? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No miras que oírte pueden? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando los males exceden, | 490 | | danse las quejas así. |  | | Volvamos a la ciudad. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cómo en tanta confusión |  | | las hallaremos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya son |  | | mi fe y amor necedad. | 495 | | ¿Irse Casandra sin darme |  | | parte? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nunca la mujer |  | | para lo que quiere hacer |  | | busca estorbos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fue matarme; |  | | muero hasta volverla a ver. | 500 | | ¿Qué gente es esta? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aldeanas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Con tantas galas? | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Salen FLORA, ELENA, CASANDRA y FABIA)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya hermanas, |  | | ¿qué nos queda que temer? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué dice Fabia? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llegué, |  | | pregunté por el señor | 505 | | y está en la ciudad. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh amor!, |  | | agradecido a la fe. |  | | Mi Otavio es aquel, llegad. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ah caballero, queréis |  | | algo del campo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Traéis | 510 | | tanto más de la ciudad, |  | | que pienso que estáis burlando. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ay mi Otavio, que no puedo |  | | encubrirme de tus ojos, |  | | que se quejan los deseos. | 515 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Es Casandra? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí mi bien. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Notable agravio me has hecho. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En este disfraz; ¿por qué? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con ese disfraz me has muerto. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Otavio tiene razón. | 520 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Levanta, Otavio, del suelo |  | | el rostro, que pensaré, |  | | que es tu enojo fingimiento. |  | | ¿Qué importa que hayamos visto |  | | la ciudad?, no fue mal hecho, | 525 | | que si tú viste las damas, |  | | viésemos los caballeros, |  | | pues todos procuran ver. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si te viere, plegue al cielo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No plegues por vida tuya, | 530 | | que el cielo.... |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Déjame necio, |  | | plegue a Dios. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Más plegues? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Basta, |  | | no quiero jurar, mas quiero |  | | tomar venganza de mí |  | | con no verte. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vase)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bueno es eso. | 535 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es muy bueno, bien pudieras |  | | escusarlo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya sospecho |  | | que viene gente a la quinta. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hermana a quitarnos presto |  | | estas galas aldeanas. | 540 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay gusto como dar celos? |  | | | | |
|  | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vanse, y salen el emperador OTÓN y el marqués ALBERTO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En tal estado el ciego amor me tiene. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es posible que llega a tal estado |  | | aquel valor, que vitorioso viene |  | | con el laurel del mundo conquistado? | 545 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor, Marqués, ni avisa, ni previene, |  | | en medio del camino sale armado, |  | | y como salteador, sin resistencia |  | | roba del alma la mejor potencia. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Entra POMPEYO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Deme vuestra Majestad | 550 | | sus invictísimos pies. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  | | --- | | ¿Eres Pompeyo? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El Marqués |  | | honrando nuestra ciudad, |  | | me dijo que me mandabas |  | | servirte, y verte en razón | 555 | | que de mi noble opinión, |  | | señor, informado estabas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dame tus brazos, Pompeyo, |  | | que el que viene a conquistar |  | | voluntades, ha de dar | 560 | | más al noble que al plebeyo. |  | | Pues el imperio te debe |  | | los consejos que le has dado, |  | | de Florencia al magistrado, |  | | ya que nuestro amor te mueve, | 565 | | quiero honrarte como es justo |  | | antes que a Alemania vuelva. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Corone una verde selva |  | | de lauros, César augusto, |  | | esas vencedoras sienes. | 570 | | Yo, señor, no te he servido, |  | | y me espanto que haya sido |  | | tal la información que tienes. |  | | Porque en la patria es más propia |  | | la envidia, y causa inquietud. | 575 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con la máxima virtud |  | | fue siempre la envidia impropia. |  | | Quiero también que me digas, |  | | qué nobles tiene Florencia, |  | | para premiarlos también; | 580 | | porque presumo que dejan |  | | los reyes cuando se parten |  | | más segura la nobleza, |  | | cuando estiman los vasallos, |  | | cuando los servicios premian. | 585 | | Quiero honrar las letras y armas, |  | | que las armas y las letras |  | | conservan imperios grandes, |  | | que se perdieran sin ellas. |  | | ¿Tienes hijos? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No señor, | 590 | | hijas tengo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es diferencia? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Son más que hijos, que son |  | | hijas y cuidados. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Deja |  | | esos cuidados a mí. |  | | ¿Tienes por ventura hacienda | 595 | | conforme a tu calidad? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No señor, que destas guerras |  | | ningún bien me ha resultado, |  | | que nunca resulta dellas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  | | --- | | ¿Cuántas hijas tienes? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tres, | 600 | | que como las tres potencias |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | del alma están en mi honor, |  |  |  |  | | y le tengo puesto en ellas. |  |  |  |  | | Son virtuosas sin madre, |  |  |  |  | | que no es poco. La primera | 605 |  |  |  | | se llama Elena, señor, |  |  |  |  | | pero más casta que Elena. |  |  |  |  | | La segunda Flora, y flor, |  |  |  |  | | que pudo dar a Florencia |  |  |  |  | | nombre, como padre os hablo, | 610 |  |  |  | | perdonadme. La tercera, |  |  |  |  | | es Casandra, aquí bien puedo |  |  |  |  | | sin ser de padre licencia, |  |  |  |  | | tomarla para alabarla, |  |  |  |  | | porque es lo menos en ella | 615 |  |  |  | | incomparable hermosura, |  |  |  |  | | la lengua latina, y griega |  |  |  |  | | sabe, y no como mujer, |  |  |  |  | | sino con toda eminencia. |  |  |  |  | | Estudió filosofía, | 620 |  |  |  | | Casandra, y puede leerla |  |  |  |  | | en escuelas. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Grandes partes, |  | |  |  | | y yo me muero por ellas. |  | | ¿Dónde vivís? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con temor |  | | de vuestra gente tudesca, | 625 | | y la feroz alemana, |  | | que en Florencia se aposenta, |  | | las he llevado a una quinta |  | | que está de aquí media legua. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues traedlas con seguro, | 630 | | que ninguno las ofenda, |  | | que quiero verlas y honrarlas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ellas son esclavas vuestras. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Id norabuena, Pompeyo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo puede ser más buena, | 635 | | que llevando vuestra gracia? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Creedme que estáis con ella. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  | | --- | | Contento estás. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No es razón? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  | | --- | | Ya tu descanso se acerca. | | | | |
| **Jornada II** | | |
|  | | |
| *Salen FINEO y FABIA* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿También tú das en matarme? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando a Florencia venías |  | | Fineo, mejor sabías |  | | con celos desesperarme. |  | | Pues ya que estamos en ella, | 5 | | permite siquiera el ver |  | | lo que al ser de ser mujer. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fabia, de Casandra bella |  | | es esa buena elección. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como de mujer es mía; | 10 | | ¿ha de venir cada día |  | | un emperador Otón? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fabia, Casandra es mujer. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Sale OTAVIO y CASANDRA)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De mi honesto amor pudieras |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | estar seguro. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué quieras, | 15 | | que pueda amar sin temer? |  | | Casandra, cuando temía |  | | a Livio, un rico mancebo |  | | de Florencia, que por cebo |  | | oro a tu padre ponía, | 20 | | pudieras reprehender |  | | mis celos, pues te sobraba |  | | virtud, a quien respetaba |  | | de todo el oro el poder. |  | | Demás de haber respondido | 25 | | Pompeyo a su voluntad, |  | | con alguna libertad, |  | | de que está Livio ofendido. |  | | Y sé yo que se ha quejado |  | | a muchos de su rigor; | 30 | | pero de un emperador, |  | | ¿quién no ha de tener cuidado? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hame visto Otón a mí |  | | más de una vez. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A qué efeto |  | | honra a tu padre? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es discreto, | 35 | | y ha querido honrarle así, |  | | conociendo su valor, |  | | mas no sabe que yo he sido |  | | su hija, ni ha conocido, |  | | como tú piensas mi amor. | 40 | | Cuando a mí me vio, también |  | | a mis hermanas habló, |  | | joyas les dio, y a mí no, |  | | parecile menos bien. |  | | Está seguro, y no creas, | 45 | | que te quiero y te he querido |  | | de suerte que ofenda olvido |  | | el justo fin que deseas. |  | | Que yo seré tu mujer, |  | | o dejaré de vivir. | 50 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como lo sabes decir, |  | | lo quisiera yo creer. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, el mayor engaño |  | | de amor es creer. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fineo, |  | | con el temor solo creo | 55 | | lo que ha de ser en mi daño. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú no ignoras que bien creo, |  | | que me puedes enseñar. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que te viene a visitar, |  | | entra a decir Doricleo, | 60 | | el marqués Alberto? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pienso que es aquel privado |  | | del emperador. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú has dado |  | | causa a estos males, mi bien, |  | | ¿quieres ya más claridad? | 65 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tú no ves que este es favor? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Favor que nace de amor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Allí los dos os entrad, |  | | y veréis que esta visita |  | | no tiene que os cause enojos. | 70 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como ha engañado los ojos, |  | | cegármelos solicita. |  | | El alma llevo en los labios, |  | | no me tiene menos costa. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, señalar la posta, | 75 | | si celos fueren agravios. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Escóndese, y entra el marqués ALBERTO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  | | --- | | Quedaos a fuera todos. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta casa |  | | merece que la honréis. Fabia una silla. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A honrarme en ella vengo, y a besaros |  | | las manos como amigo de Pompeyo. | 80 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Él conoce, señor, que las mercedes |  | | que de su Majestad ha recibido, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | las debe a la que vos le hacéis en todo. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  | | --- | | Servirle he deseado. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llamar quiero |  | | a mis hermanas, porque todas juntas | 85 | | este favor que es justo, recibamos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, no, no las llaméis, si sois servida. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  | | --- | | Quiero que gocen. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, no por mi vida. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  | | --- | | Quejaranse de mí. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tengo que hablaros, |  | | y importa mucho que secreto sea. | 90 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  | | --- | | ¿Secreto a mí? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Otón desea, |  | | por escusar de prólogos cansados, |  | | deciros por mi lengua sus cuidados. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué cuidados, señor?, mucho le engañan |  | | los que de mis estudios le fabrican, | 95 | | quimeras que en llegando a fundamento, |  | | como nubes se esparcen por el viento. |  | | Si son cosas que tocan al estado, |  | | ¿qué leyes imagina que he estudiado?, |  | | si de la guerra, ¿en qué servirle puedo?; | 100 | | la mujer más valiente, toda es miedo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No pienso yo que se te olvida el día, |  | | que en disfrazado traje a ver veniste |  | | el palacio de Otón, y que le viste; |  | | no dije bien, que si le vieras, creo, | 105 | | que cuando te libraras del deseo, |  | | por lo menos vivieras con memoria, |  | | bellísima Casandra, ten por gloria |  | | rendir a quien se rinde Europa, y mira, |  | | que despreciado amor se vuelve en ira, | 110 | | cuya persona, aunque quien es no fuera, |  | | obligara a que un mármol le quisiera. |  | | Mira su verde edad y gentileza, |  | | no correspondas mal a tu belleza; |  | | Otón se ha de volver, no ha de infamarte | 115 | | con largo trato, como siempre vemos, |  | | sé reina del que reina en toda Europa, |  | | y quedas, aunque en breve muy honrada, |  | | de que el mayor laurel, mejor espada, |  | | más alto entendimiento. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No prosigas, | 120 | | que mientras más, a más rigor me obligas. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué quieres decir en eso? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que escusado hubiera sido, |  | | Marqués, hablar atrevido |  | | en el honor que profeso. | 125 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Esto te parece exceso? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué mayor lo puede ser?, |  | | pero haste dado a entender |  | | con pensamiento plebeyo, |  | | no el ser hija de Pompeyo, | 130 | | sino solo el ser mujer. |  | | El tenerme Otón amor |  | | le agradezco, que es muy justo, |  | | que es césar invicto augusto, |  | | soberano emperador. | 135 | | Pero en llegando a mi honor, |  | | si el mismo Júpiter fuera, |  | | y en Roma nacido hubiera, |  | | cuando Roma fue gentil, |  | | como al esclavo más vil | 140 | | le afirmara y le admitiera. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siempre fui de parecer, |  | | que naturaleza agravia |  | | a la mujer que hace sabia, |  | | pues deja de ser mujer. | 145 | | Porque llegando a saber, |  | | la natural vanidad, |  | | la pone en tal dignidad, |  | | que quiere quitar al hombre, |  | | con la grandeza del nombre | 150 | | la imperiosa majestad. |  | | No por feroz alemán, |  | | te hará agravio el César, no. |  | | Humildemente me habló, |  | | más que rey, cortés galán; | 155 | | tantos deseos le dan |  | | tus gracias, que no sosiega; |  | | mira al estremo que llega |  | | y que es razón conocer, |  | | que aunque noble, eres mujer, | 160 | | y que es un rey quien te ruega. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vase el MARQUÉS, y sale OTAVIO y FINEO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  | | --- | | Otavio, Otavio. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por cierto, |  | | que de manera ha fundado |  | | el señor embajador |  | | la justicia deste caso, | 165 | | que no puedes escusar |  | | de servir al César, dando |  | | dulce fin a sus deseos. |  | | ¿Ay, Casandra, no está claro, |  | | de tribunal de mujer, | 170 | | qué decreto salió sabio? |  | | Pues no mi bien, mi señora, |  | | mi amor primero enojado, |  | | mi muerte, mi perdición, |  | | que es poderoso el contrario. | 175 | | Partireme de Florencia, |  | | ireme a Roma entre tanto, |  | | que no quiero yo esperar |  | | la sentencia de mis daños. |  | | El cielo te dé mi vida, | 180 | | mal dije, estaba turbado, |  | | que ha de ser breve, y mereces, |  | | que la goces largos años. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vase)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡A mi bien, a mi señor, |  | | a mi celoso, a mi Otavio, | 185 | | qué sordos que son los celos |  | | cuando presumen agravios! |  | | Oye Fineo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué quieres? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dile a Otavio que es engaño |  | | quererse ausentar con celos. | 190 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien dices, porque entretanto |  | | pueden salir verdaderos, |  | | y ser el dueño culpado. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vase)* | |  |
|  | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Poder y amor combaten mi firmeza. |  | | ¿Qué haré, poder? Rendirte; mal consejo. | 195 | | ¿Amor, qué dices tú? Que te aconsejo |  | | que muestres atrevida fortaleza. |  | | Otón tiene valor y gentileza, |  | | Otavio es de tus ojos claro espejo. |  | | No te pienso dejar. ¿Pues yo te dejo? | 200 | | ¿Qué temes? Mi desdicha y tu flaqueza. |  | | Amor, que se va, Otavio, a detenerte. |  | | Salgo mi bien. Yo parto sin consuelo. |  | | ¿No piensas verme más? No pienso verte. |  | | Mira que tengo honor, temo y recelo. | 205 | | ¿Qué haré contra el poder? ¿Qué? Defenderte, |  | | que contra el alma solo puede el cielo. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Sale FLORA, ELENA y POMPEYO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esto me manda Otón, si me ha obligado |  | | ya lo veis, con oficios tan honrosos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  | | --- | | Obedecelle es justo. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi cuidado | 210 | | puse sobre sus hombros poderosos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  | | --- | | ¿En fin nos quiere ver? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hanle contado |  | | las gracias que tenéis. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No son dichosos |  | | sino los que se acercan a los reyes. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los filósofos hacen otras leyes. | 215 | | Que es ver por lo moral algunos necios. |  | | Sénecas, de sí mismos retirarse, |  | | diciendo a los palacios mil desprecios, |  | | y de las soledades agradarse. |  | | Con Diógenes dar mayores precios | 220 | | al sol, que no a Alejandro, y con preciarse |  | | de vivir por tan graves aforismos |  | | ser locos homicidas de sí mismos. |  | | No hay cosa como el príncipe, más quiero |  | | ser en su fuego y rayos salamandra, | 225 | | que filósofo rígido y austero |  | | en la presencia bélica alejandra. |  | | ¿Casandra estaba aquí? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cielos hoy muero. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Sabes cómo has de ver a Otón, Casandra? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo no señor, irán Elena y Flora, | 230 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | que no estoy buena para verle agora. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No se puede escusar, que le he contado |  | | de tus letras y ingenio lo que siento, |  | | bien puedes ir honrada de mi lado; |  | | yo soy quien puede darte atrevimiento. | 235 | | Es, aunque mozo, circunspecto y dado |  | | a las letras con tanto fundamento |  | | el César, que bien puede tu hermosura |  | | entre sus ojos caminar segura. |  | | No es Otón más soldado que en campaña; | 240 | | Sabio es Otón, depuesto el noble acero, |  | | con que le tiemblan Francia, Italia, España |  | | y todo el orbe. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Obedecerte quiero. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No solo de soldados se acompaña, |  | | conquistador y capitán severo, | 245 | | letrados tiene, sabios comunica, |  | | porque a escribir y a pelear se aplica. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De Julio César cuentan, y la suma |  | | lo muestra de su historia celebrada, |  | | que escribía de noche con la pluma | 250 | | lo que de día obraba con la espada. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No quiero Elena yo, que Otón presuma |  | | que vuestra fama le ha engañado en nada, |  | | conmigo vais, ya conocéis que he sido |  | | padre de vuestro honor y Argos marido. | 255 | | Vestíos ricamente, porque os vea |  | | en traje de mujeres principales, |  | | que las galas han hecho a alguna fea |  | | lucir hermosa en ocasiones tales. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  | | --- | | De qué vas triste. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De que Otavio crea | 260 | | que no somos amando más leales |  | | que los hombres. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues de eso no estés triste, |  | | que solo en celos el amor consiste. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vanse, y sale OTÓN y el MARQUÉS)* | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué dices Marqués? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quisiera |  | | saber decirte, señor, | 265 | | lo menos de su rigor, |  | | pues es lo más que pudiera. |  | | Después que con mil colores |  | | retóricos persuadí |  | | tu amor a su honor y vi | 270 | | las de su rostro mayores, |  | | dijo, debes de entender |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | con pensamiento plebeyo, |  |  |  |  | | no el ser hija de Pompeyo, |  |  |  |  | | sino solo el ser mujer. | 275 |  |  |  | | Agradezco a Otón augusto, |  |  |  |  | | soberano emperador, |  |  |  |  | | Marqués, que me tenga amor, |  |  |  |  | | que agradecerlo es muy justo. |  |  |  |  | | Pero si en Roma naciera | 280 |  |  |  | | de padre y madre gentil, |  |  |  |  | | para mi honor el más vil |  |  |  |  | | esclavo Júpiter fuera. |  |  |  |  | | Porque supuesto que son |  |  |  |  | | menos en los reyes sabios | 285 |  |  |  | | para el honor los agravios, |  |  |  |  | | son más para la opinión. |  |  |  |  | | Y que si fuera su igual |  |  |  |  | | tuviera disculpa amor; |  |  |  |  | | con esto, invicto señor, | 290 |  |  |  | | las cortinas de cristal, |  |  |  |  | | guarnecidas de pestañas |  |  |  |  | | echó a las dos vidrieras |  |  |  |  | | de sus ojos, en que vieras |  |  |  |  | | de amor rotas las hazañas. | 295 |  |  |  | | Y aunque palabras crüeles, |  |  |  |  | | por lo que a quien eres toca, |  |  |  |  | | puso al sello de la boca |  |  |  |  | | una nema de claveles. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  | | --- | | ¿Eso te ha dicho? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No he visto | 300 | | hermosura y crüeldad |  | | estar en tanta amistad. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué fiera, Alberto, conquisto!, |  | | que airada no quiso oírte, |  | | ¡qué diamante!, ¡qué rigor!, | 305 | | mas bien sé que a mi dolor |  | | no he de poder persuadirte. |  | | ¡Oh pesar de mi venida |  | | a Italia!, aunque me ha importado |  | | ceñirme el laurel sagrado, | 310 | | si me ha de costar la vida. |  | | Nunca dejara a Alemania, |  | | nunca a Florencia viniera, |  | | aunque por tigre tan fiera |  | | no es Florencia, sino Hircania. | 315 | | Nunca mi ejército viera, |  | | Marqués, la margen del Tibre, |  | | pues estar su señor libre |  | | más alta vitoria fuera. |  | | ¿Quién dijera que el poder | 320 | | de Otón, con tan bajo modo |  | | se viniera a poner todo |  | | a los pies de una mujer? |  | | ¡Pesia el imperio!, ¿yo soy |  | | su señor?, ¿yo, capitán?, | 325 | | ¿yo soy Otón?, ¿yo, alemán |  | | y en esta baraja estoy? |  | | Haz que rompan mis banderas, |  | | quema las cesáreas [n]aves, |  | | vuelvan humildes, no graves | 330 | | del Danubio a las riberas. |  | | Pues tiembla el cetro en mis manos, |  | | de una mujercilla roto, |  | | dile al sagrado piloto, |  | | que nombre rey de romanos. | 335 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nunca pensé que llegara |  | | tu sentimiento, señor, |  | | a tal estado. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es amor, |  | | en que soy hombre repara. |  | | Pasiones humanas tienen | 340 | | esta igualdad, yo saldré |  | | de Italia presto, y pondré |  | | remedio. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Negocios vienen. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
|  | | |
| *(Sale RODULFO, caballero)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RODULFO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí traigo la lista que mandaste |  | | de los nobles, y oficios de Florencia. | 345 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué nobles y qué oficios? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RODULFO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta lista |  | | tienen los nobles, y esta, los oficios, |  | | faltan de proveer los magistrados, |  | | y algunos cargos de la guerra. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Guerra |  | | fue siempre amor, el general del alma | 350 | | piensa ganar en la conquista palma: |  | | salen los capitanes, los deseos, |  | | y en lugar de ganar, pierden trofeos, |  | | y como de unos ojos ven los tiros, |  | | quiérenlos imitar con los suspiros. | 355 | | Vete, Rodulfo, que no quiero agora |  | | tratar de los negocios. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RODULFO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En buen hora. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  | | --- | | Vuelve, pero no vuelvas. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RODULFO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es aquesto? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Está de ciertas dudas indispuesto. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Sale FABRICIO, secretario, con papeles, y un criado con pluma y tinta)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí las cartas están. | 360 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  | | --- | | ¿Para dónde? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para Roma. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  | | --- | | ¿Muestra a ver? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La pluma toma. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues mira que presto van. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por qué rasga vuestra alteza |  | | las cartas? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Está mal puesto | 365 | | ese principio. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es esto? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cierto dolor de cabeza. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RODULFO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí está un embajador. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues bien, ¿qué se me da a mí? |  | | ¿Es de Milán? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RODULFO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor sí. | 370 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  | | --- | | ¿Quiere hablarme? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RODULFO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí señor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues decid que yo no quiero |  | | hablarle a él. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RODULFO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiérese ir. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ábrale para salir |  | | toda la puerta el portero. | 375 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Agora llega un correo |  | | de Alemania. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llegará |  | | cansado, descanse allá, |  | | pues no descansa un deseo. |  | | ¿Ay, Casandra, qué trajiste | 380 | | en esos ojos el día |  | | que te vi?, ¿con qué osadía |  | | arsénico a un césar diste? |  | | Pero puesto que condeno |  | | tu error, no soy en rigor | 385 | | el primer emperador |  | | que mataron con veneno. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, si es tanto tu mal, |  | | valgámonos del poder. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desdice mucho del ser | 390 | | de la grandeza imperial. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí Pompeyo ha venido |  | | con sus hijas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Con quién, di? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  | | --- | | Con sus hijas. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esto sí, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | cielos tened mi sentido. | 395 |  |  |  | | ¿Alberto será verdad? |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues eso dudas, señor? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En todo pone el amor |  | | dudosa dificultad. |  | | Vestirme quiero en el traje | 400 | | de mi grandeza y poder, |  | | porque Casandra ha de ver |  | | quién es a quien hace ultraje. |  | | Dame el manto y el laurel. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  | | --- | | ¿A qué efeto? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya te digo, | 405 | | tanto puede amor conmigo, |  | | y yo tan poco con él. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vanse, y salen POMPEYO, FLORA, ELENA y CASANDRA, ricamente aderezadas y acompañadas de criadas)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí presumo que está. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  | | --- | | No vayas triste. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No puedo |  | | escusar, Elena, el miedo | 410 | | que ver a César me da. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Sale LIVIO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siguiendo a Casandra vengo, |  | | aunque Pompeyo me ha visto, |  | | tan mal los ojos resisto |  | | de solo el cielo que tengo. | 415 | | Y aunque su muerte prevengo, |  | | por la conocida afrenta, |  | | mientras el brazo la intenta, |  | | quieren mis justos enojos, |  | | que se entretengan los ojos | 420 | | con lo que el amor se aumenta. |  | | ¡Ah Pompeyo!, ¿qué razón |  | | te ha movido a despreciarme?, |  | | despreciarme y deshonrarme, |  | | premio injusto a mi afición. | 425 | | ¿Es mejor traer a Otón |  | | tus hijas de aquesta suerte?, |  | | mas de mi amor loco advierte, |  | | aunque no estimas mi amor, |  | | que vengo a vengar tu honor, | 430 | | solicitando tu muerte. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Salen OTAVIO y FINEO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Aquí Pompeyo y sus hijas? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues bien, ¿a quién hace agravio? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Haré por vida de Otavio. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quedo, señor, no te aflijas, | 435 | | ni por los celos te rijas |  | | en materias del honor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues por quién será mejor? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por el sabio desengaño, |  | | que no puede haber engaño | 440 | | si le previene el temor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que Casandra haya venido?, |  | | no lo puedo resistir, |  | | ¿no pudo algún mal fingir?, |  | | pero tuvo amor fingido. | 445 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alguna culpa ha tenido, |  | | que las mujeres, señor, |  | | saben fingir un dolor |  | | a un desmayo semejante, |  | | mejor que un representante, | 450 | | cuando se queja de amor. |  | | Con solo que ella dijera, |  | | que la madre le dolía, |  | | desde la hermana a la tía |  | | el linaje revolviera. | 455 | | Que por el parecer fuera, |  | | este por ruda o por plumas |  | | de perdiz; mas no presumas |  | | que aquí la trajo el deseo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Más penas tengo, Fineo, | 460 | | que el mar arenas y espumas. |  | | Aquel es Livio también, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | y Aspro Libio para mí. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Sale ALBERTO y RODULFO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien queda el César así, |  | | obliga a quererle bien. | 465 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RODULFO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alberto, ¿qué tiene Otón, |  | | que tan fiero se ha mostrado? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un amor desengañado, |  | | y una engañada razón. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RODULFO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué culpa habemos tenido? | 470 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No has visto un toro, que escapa |  | | de la plaza, de la capa, |  | | del silbo y de verse herido; |  | | y después en la ribera, |  | | buscando al que le silbó, | 475 | | un olmo inocente halló, |  | | como si él las varas diera |  | | y allí se quiere vengar |  | | hasta desfogar la furia? |  | | Pues tal a quien no le injuria | 480 | | pretende Otón castigar. |  | | Llegad, Pompeyo, que aquí |  | | aguarda el emperador. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya el César nuestro señor, |  | | hijas, se descubre allí. | 485 | | *(Corran una cortina y véase debajo de un dosel OTÓN, con el laurel y el cetro, y con un manto romano, en una silla con almohadas)* |  | | Llegad, besadle la mano. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pone temor su grandeza. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién será tan atrevida? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oh amor, ¿qué habrá que no puedas? |  | | ¿Quién no conoce por mí | 490 | | tu estraña naturaleza? |  | | ¿Que tiemble yo de mirar, |  | | a quien de mirarme tiembla? |  | | ¿Quién dirá que estas insignias, |  | | con que la humana soberbia | 495 | | ha puesto el mundo a mis pies, |  | | a tu poder se sujetan? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  | | --- | | Llega, Casandra. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A mí |  | | no me toca el ser primera, |  | | por ser la menor, señor, | 500 | | en besar la mano al César. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  | | --- | | Elena, ¿qué aguardas? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Miro |  | | mi humildad y la grandeza |  | | de Otón, pero ya me atrevo, |  | | forzada de tu obediencia. | 505 | | Deme vuestra Majestad |  | | su mano. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Recibo, Elena, |  | | contento en verte, y te estimo |  | | como a la primera prenda |  | | de Pompeyo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Justamente | 510 | | tus negras águilas vuelan |  | | desde el timbre de tus armas |  | | a las antárticas selvas. |  | | Prospere tus verdes años |  | | el cielo, para que tengas | 515 | | un siglo el mundo en los hombros, |  | | que humilde tus plantas besa. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esas, invicto señor, |  | | vuestra Majestad conceda |  | | a Flora, porque a su mano | 520 | | loco atrevimiento fuera. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mucho le debe Pompeyo |  | | al cielo, porque tan bellas |  | | hijas coronan de honor |  | | sus canas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La gloria vuestra, | 525 | | gran príncipe del imperio, |  | | no en las armas, no en las guerras, |  | | sino en la humana piedad |  | | más altamente se muestra. |  | | Prospere vuestras vitorias | 530 | | el cielo, y donde no llega |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | el pensamiento, se alaben |  |  |  |  | | vuestras invictas banderas. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Casandra, heroico señor, |  | | que a vuestros pies se presenta | 535 | | para besar vuestra mano, |  | | supuesto que indigna sea; |  | | La India quisiera ser, |  | | en cuya inmensa riqueza |  | | puso los pies Alejandro, | 540 | | porque a los vuestros rindiera |  | | más oro, plata y diamantes. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Casandra, si tú deseas, |  | | que diamantes, oro y plata |  | | tus bellas manos me ofrezcan, | 545 | | hoy no te has visto, ni sabes |  | | tu condición, pues en ella |  | | más firmes diamantes hay |  | | y más oro en tu belleza. |  | | Impropios los dos estamos, | 550 | | que tú mejor estuvieras |  | | aquí con este laurel |  | | por reina de la belleza, |  | | y yo a tus hermosos pies, |  | | confesando que sujeta | 555 | | cetros y armas la hermosura, |  | | y que de los reyes reina. |  | | Pero ya que no es así, |  | | pluguiera al cielo que fueras |  | | mi igual, y que este laurel | 560 | | entre los dos dividiera. |  | | No estoy desta suerte bien, |  | | levantarme quiero, espera, |  | | tomad aquestas insignias, |  | | ¿estas, Casandra desprecias? | 565 | | *(Quede con su capa y espada)* |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, de mi estimación |  | | injustamente se queja |  | | su Majestad, que yo adoro |  | | sus pies, que los polos besan. |  | | En fe desto, ya en su mano, | 570 | | de tantas vitorias llena |  | | he puesto mi indigna boca. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Traidora mejor dijeras, |  | | pues siendo tu rey, Casandra, |  | | me has dado veneno en ella. | 575 | | Pero de tu boca hermosa, |  | | también es justo que adviertas, |  | | que a rey no se dio veneno |  | | jamás en copa tan bella. |  | | Cuando temía Marco Antonio | 580 | | que Cleopatra se le diera, |  | | ella trujo una guirnalda |  | | de rosas en la cabeza. |  | | Comía Antonio con salva, |  | | brindole a beber con ellas; | 585 | | mas la guirnalda traía |  | | veneno en sola la media. |  | | Tomó Cleopatra las rosas |  | | sin veneno, y viendo el César |  | | que bebía sin peligro, | 590 | | se atrevió a beber con ellas. |  | | Echó las que se temían |  | | Cleopatra, y matar pudieran |  | | a Antonio, que en las mujeres |  | | hay notables sutilezas. | 595 | | Así, Casandra, has traído |  | | veneno en las rosas bellas |  | | de tus labios para mí, |  | | y a ti no te han hecho ofensa. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, ya dije al Marqués | 600 | | que mi honor.... |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Disculpa necia |  | | deja Casandra el honor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues de qué, señor, te alteras? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Las mujeres que aborrecen, |  | | Casandra, a quien las desea, | 605 | | luego del honor se adargan, |  | | que con amor atropellan. |  | | No hay cosa más por el suelo |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | que el honor, cuando se ciegan, |  |  |  |  | | y en no queriendo, le ponen | 610 |  |  |  | | encima de las estrellas. |  |  |  |  | | Guarda tu honor, que es muy justo |  |  |  |  | | Casandra, y que no agradezcas |  |  |  |  | | mi amor, pues no soy tu igual, |  |  |  |  | | que yo sabré si en Florencia | 615 |  |  |  | | hay causa para que trates |  |  |  |  | | desta suerte la grandeza |  |  |  |  | | de Otón, pues que no hay en mí |  |  |  |  | | partes que no te merezcan. |  |  |  |  | | Antes del bozo vencí | 620 |  |  |  | | seis batallas, cien banderas |  |  |  |  | | truje a Colonia rendidas, |  |  |  |  | | tantas naciones diversas. |  |  |  |  | | Con él he pasado a Italia |  |  |  |  | | en la edad que me contemplas, | 625 |  |  |  | | con bendiciones del mundo, |  |  |  |  | | que a Dios por mi vida ruegan. |  |  |  |  | | Deseos habré causado, |  |  |  |  | | por grandeza, o gentileza, |  |  |  |  | | palabra te doy que he sido | 630 |  |  |  | | un mármol en resistencia, |  |  |  |  | | hasta el punto que te vi, |  |  |  |  | | tú sola, tú me desprecias, |  |  |  |  | | Casandra, y mi muerte pides. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De haber nacido me pesa, | 635 | | mas mira lo que te agrada |  | | de mí, que yo haré que sea |  | | tus despojos con matarme. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Eres mujer o eres fiera?, |  | | ¿que no te admiró mirarme | 640 | | en el trono que me tiemblan |  | | tan graves embajadores? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Enojo ha mostrado el César. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es que argumentan los dos, |  | | que Otón de cualquiera ciencia | 645 | | tiene principios bastantes. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ay Fineo, ¿con qué fuerza |  | | Otón la está persuadiendo? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No me admiro de que temas, |  | | que es mujer, y persuadida | 650 | | podrá ser muestre flaqueza. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pompeyo vos tenéis hijas tan bellas, |  | | que pienso que os ofendo en alabarlas, |  | | cierto estaréis que me he alegrado en verlas, |  | | presto conoceréis que pienso honrarlas. | 655 | | Si tres las gracias son, de solas ellas |  | | la antigüedad pudiera retratarlas, |  | | aunque teniendo tantas, los pinceles |  | | quedaran cortos del divino Apeles. |  | | Pero cierto que el grave entendimiento | 660 | | de Casandra no tiene semejante, |  | | propúsele un difícil argumento, |  | | mas no hay cosa tan alta que la espante; |  | | defiéndese con justo atrevimiento, |  | | que ingenio, que valor es un diamante, | 665 | | gozadlas muchos años, que muy presto |  | | veréis la obligación en que me han puesto. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor quisiera que fueran |  | | tres mundos que presentaros, |  | | que tres mil reinos os dieran, | 670 | | y que a vuestros hechos claros |  | | iguales correspondieran. |  | | Mas recibid, gran señor, |  | | mi amor con vuestro valor, |  | | que como estoy satisfecho, | 675 | | que son almas de mi pecho, |  | | os doy tres mundos de amor. |  | | Voy contento, soberano |  | | César, que tal protección |  | | las ampare, pues es llano, | 680 | | que cesa mi obligación, |  | | donde vos ponéis la mano. |  | | Plegue al cielo que veáis |  | | el mundo que gobernáis |  | | a esos pies un siglo entero, | 685 | | que para mí yo no quiero |  | | ver más bien del que me dais. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alzaos, Pompeyo, del suelo, |  | | id en buen hora, señoras, |  | | prospere esa vida el cielo. | 690 | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vanse POMPEYO y sus hijas)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que vi sus manos traidoras, |  | | para mi amor fuego y yelo |  | | asir la de Otón? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los sabios |  | | disimulan sus agravios. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No quieres que el ver me pese, | 695 | | que en la mano le imprimiese |  | | los claveles de sus labios? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira que Livio la sigue, |  | | que es enemigo mayor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya no hay pena que me obligue, | 700 | | que este sigue con amor, |  | | y Otón con poder persigue. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vanse OTAVIO y FINEO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Parece que más disgusto |  | | has recibido de verlas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Con qué gusto quedar puedo | 705 | | viendo tanta resistencia? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues no te besó la mano? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No has visto enfermo que llega |  | | por las márgenes del vaso |  | | los labios con asco y fuerza | 710 | | para tomar la bebida?, |  | | pues lo mismo considera |  | | de la boca de Casandra. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  | | --- | | ¡Cosa estraña! | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cosa nueva! |  | | ¿Mas no has oído que un pez, | 715 | | con veneno a quien le pesca, |  | | por el sedal y la caña |  | | la mano y brazo le yela? |  | | Pues tales fueron sus labios, |  | | que por la mano derecha | 720 | | dulce veneno infundieron |  | | al corazón. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si te dejas |  | | llevar de imaginaciones, |  | | puede ser que el seso pierdas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muérame, Alberto, por Dios, | 725 | | deja los engaños, deja |  | | las lisonjas, que en criados |  | | son las ruedas de su lengua. |  | | Deja aquellas vanidades, |  | | con que viendo que los premian, | 730 | | los defetos llaman gracias, |  | | las bajezas gentilezas. |  | | Dime la verdad, ¿qué cosa |  | | en mí contemplas tan fea, |  | | que no merezca a Casandra, | 735 | | y que su desdén merezca? |  | | Sirve de espejo y perdona |  | | estas locuras. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pudiera |  | | decir el hombre más vil |  | | estas humildades. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Piensa | 740 | | que como estoy despreciado |  | | de una mujer, mi soberbia |  | | anda por el suelo humilde. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No quieres hacerle fuerza, |  | | como otros muchos de menos | 745 | | poder? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué mal me aconsejas! |  | | Quien ama y fuerza no ama, |  | | para mí lo mismo fuera |  | | tomar su retrato en brazos, |  | | que al dueño siendo por fuerza. | 750 | | Los gustos que son forzados, |  | | son deleites que se sueñan, |  | | que no estando nadie allí, |  | | el que lo sueña lo piensa. |  | | | | |
| **Jornada III** | | |
|  | | |
| *Salen OTAVIO, FINEO, CASANDRA y FABIA* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dame licencia de darte |  | | las prendas que tuyas tengo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  | | --- | | ¿Vienes loco? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Loco vengo, |  | | si es locura no cansarte. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  | | --- | | ¿Díceslo de veras? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bueno, | 5 | | muestra esos papeles. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira |  | | que son los celos mentira. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Mentira lo que es veneno? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué cosas te persüades? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo sé que mi muerte tratan, | 10 | | porque si mentiras matan, |  | | ¿qué tienen más que verdades? |  | | Y que huya no te espantes |  | | las sombras destos temores, |  | | que amores emperadores | 15 | | hacen los celos gigantes. |  | | Toma ingrata tus papeles, |  | | que no me han de acompañar. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí los puedes rasgar, |  | | o quemarlos como sueles. | 20 | | ¿Por qué me los das a mí? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para que envuelvas favores, |  | | Casandra, de emperadores, |  | | pero no cabrán aquí. |  | | ¡Qué hallarás de falsedades, | 25 | | si te pones a leellos, |  | | qué de mentiras en ellos |  | | que parecieron verdades! |  | | Mentira con trato doble, |  | | que en verdades se amortaja, | 30 | | es como la gente baja, |  | | cuando quiere hacerse noble. |  | | ¡Qué de veces envidiaba |  | | el marfil con que excedías |  | | al papel en que escribías, | 35 | | qué de veces le besaba! |  | | Ya no, puesto que te enfades, |  | | por no imprimir en traiciones |  | | la boca, en cuyas razones |  | | hallaste siempre verdades. | 40 | | Estas cintas tuyas son, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | de tu ventana con ellas, |  |  |  |  | | testigos tantas estrellas |  |  |  |  | | en el celestial balcón. |  |  |  |  | | Recibí más de un papel | 45 |  |  |  | | aquellas noches dichosas, |  |  |  |  | | que tus manos amorosas |  |  |  |  | | me daban almas en él. |  |  |  |  | | Aquí están de tus cabellos |  |  |  |  | | partes que al peine sobraban, | 50 |  |  |  | | reliquias que se arrojaban, |  |  |  |  | | y yo las buscaba en ellos. |  |  |  |  | | No podrás quejarte ya, |  |  |  |  | | que me llevo obligaciones, |  |  |  |  | | pues te dejo las prisiones | 55 |  |  |  | | como preso que se va. |  |  |  |  | | Mira en qué puedo servirte |  |  |  |  | | en Roma. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  | | --- | | ¿Acabaste? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, |  | | pues he de acabar aquí, |  | | o partirme sin oírte. | 60 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gallardo Otavio, agradezco |  | | tus celos, pero no rompa |  | | el curso de nuestro amor |  | | ausencia tan peligrosa. |  | | Vuelve a tomar tus papeles, | 65 | | mira, mi bien, que te enojas |  | | con tu esclava, que soy yo, |  | | y quien te estima, y te adora. |  | | Llenos están de verdades |  | | con una mentira sola, | 70 | | que escribí enojada un día, |  | | debía de estar celosa. |  | | No te quiero, Otavio, dije, |  | | esta mentira perdona, |  | | pues adorando te estaba, | 75 | | señor mío, como agora. |  | | Las demás estima, Otavio, |  | | porque son verdades todas, |  | | que dar crédito a los celos |  | | no es razón, sino deshonra. | 80 | | ¿Qué importa que me conquiste |  | | un césar?, lo mismo importa |  | | que si lo fuera de mármol |  | | con su laurel, y su toga. |  | | Vuelve a tomar los cabellos, | 85 | | mira que el amor se enoja |  | | de que la cárcel quebranten |  | | los que en la suya aprisiona. |  | | Las cintas, mi bien, que fueron |  | | aquellas noches dichosas | 90 | | las manos que te bajaban |  | | esos papeles que arrojas, |  | | no es razón que las desprecies, |  | | y para que no te pongas |  | | en camino, quiero atarte | 95 | | con ellas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que no conozcas |  | | que estoy, Casandra, enojado, |  | | y que los celos abonan |  | | todo pensamiento infame, |  | | toda locura amorosa? | 100 | | Suelta las cintas, no quieras |  | | que las rompa. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Enojo tomas |  | | de que te prenda y detenga? |  | | Vete con Dios. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya es forzosa |  | | mi jornada, no he de ver | 105 | | que fuerza contra la honra |  | | tiene el poder, Dios te guarde. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  | | --- | | Espera Otavio. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Estás loca? |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vase)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay mayor desdicha mía? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que me manda para Roma, | 110 | | señora Fabia, que voy |  | | por todo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que busque en toda |  | | muchas cosas que traerme. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  | | --- | | Muchas cosas. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muchas cosas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En Roma hay muchas estatuas, | 115 | | pirámides, que se asoman |  | | a ver lo que hay en las nubes, |  | | ¿quieres desto? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ni por sombra. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Pues qué quiere? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Seda y tela, |  | | y algún poquito de joyas. | 120 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Yo, qué? | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  | | --- | | Joyas. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues partamos |  | | el nombre, y a Dios mi polla, |  | | que está la posta aguardando. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A Dios. ¿Qué tienes señora? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desdichas, Fabia, nacidas | 125 | | de celos, que entre las olas |  | | del mar de amor me atormentan; |  | | ¿qué haré? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú verás que torna |  | | con más furia que se fue. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una cosa me reporta, | 130 | | que a quien la muerte desea |  | | toda la vida le sobra. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vanse, y salen POMPEYO y ALBERTO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Secreto me quiere hablar? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Así me tiene advertido. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Novedad me ha parecido. | 135 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues qué podéis sospechar? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como en los Príncipes es |  | | la primera información |  | | tan peligrosa, es razón |  | | temer el llegar después. | 140 | | ¿Quién no teme vez alguna |  | | sin causa, Alberto, ofenderlos, |  | | pues basta para perderlos |  | | que se enoje la fortuna? |  | | Que puedo perder su gracia | 145 | | me dan sospecha, esto siento, |  | | pues no hay más de un pensamiento |  | | de su gusto, a su desgracia. |  | | La envidia, de quien se cuenta, |  | | que jamás durmió en palacio | 150 | | no debe de andar de espacio, |  | | algo en mi desdicha intenta. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pompeyo a vuestra virtud |  | | la envidia tendrá respeto, |  | | no pienso que este secreto | 155 | | ofende vuestra quietud, |  | | antes es por vuestro bien. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Sale OTÓN)* | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  | | --- | | ¿Vino Pompeyo? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí está. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  | | --- | | Salte afuera. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Qué será. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cerraré señor? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | También. | 160 | | Pompeyo si la salud |  | | de un príncipe consistiese |  | | en un vasallo, y tuviese |  | | honra, nobleza y virtud, |  | | ¿sería justo que luego | 165 | | la aventurase por él? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Habiendo nobleza en él, |  | | salud, vida, honor, sosiego, |  | | hijas y patria debría |  | | el vasallo aventurar. | 170 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quien bien sabe aconsejar, |  | | sabrá volver por la mía. |  | | Pompeyo, ni la grandeza |  | | del imperio, ni el poder |  | | del cetro, pueden hacer | 175 | | que mude naturaleza |  | | nuestra humana condición, |  | | porque en cosas naturales |  | | tienen los cetros reales |  | | general inclinación. | 180 | | Verdad es que se resiste |  | | considerando su ser, |  | | mas no siempre que hay poder, |  | | que en mayor fuerza consiste. |  | | Ira y amor son pasiones, | 185 | | de quien decirte pudiera, |  | | si cansarte no temiera, |  | | notables difiniciones. |  | | No sé cuál es la mayor, |  | | mas no me vi tan airado | 190 | | jamás, que no haya pensado, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | que tiene más fuerza amor. |  |  |  |  | | Dirás tú confuso ya, |  |  |  |  | | ¿a qué efeto el César hace |  |  |  |  | | estos prólogos, si nace | 195 |  |  |  | | de algún amor?, claro está. |  |  |  |  | | Amo, Pompeyo, y de suerte, |  |  |  |  | | puesto que mi amor infamo, |  |  |  |  | | que en tener esto que amo, |  |  |  |  | | está mi vida o mi muerte. | 200 |  |  |  | | Puédeme un vasallo dar |  |  |  |  | | vida y muerte, vida en darme |  |  |  |  | | lo que amo, y muerte en negarme |  |  |  |  | | lo que no puedo olvidar. |  |  |  |  | | Que por el sacro laurel, | 205 |  |  |  | | que Gregorio me ciñó, |  |  |  |  | | qué no hiciera más que yo |  |  |  |  | | el bárbaro más crüel. |  |  |  |  | | Porque intentando escusar |  |  |  |  | | llegar a tan bajo estado, | 210 |  |  |  | | muchas veces he llegado |  |  |  |  | | hasta quererme matar. |  |  |  |  | | Ya no puedo resistir |  |  |  |  | | tantas penas, y así quiero |  |  |  |  | | viendo, Pompeyo, que muero | 215 |  |  |  | | hablar y intentar vivir. |  |  |  |  | | Tiene un vasallo el tesoro |  |  |  |  | | que adoro, una hija tiene |  |  |  |  | | de quien tanto mal me viene, |  |  |  |  | | tanto su hermosura adoro. | 220 |  |  |  | | ¿Podrele pedir, Pompeyo, |  |  |  |  | | que a mi amor la persüada |  |  |  |  | | su padre? |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es de gente honrada?, |  | | ¿es ilustre o es plebeyo? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Caballero principal | 225 | | es su padre. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues no es justo |  | | que intentes, señor, tu gusto, |  | | si ha de responderte mal. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mal, ¿por qué?, luego es razón |  | | matar su príncipe un hombre, | 230 | | porque tenga ilustre nombre. |  | | ¿No es matar al rey traición? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí señor, pero no así, |  | | pues el hombre no es culpado |  | | por haber hija engendrado, | 235 | | que te diese muerte a ti. |  | | El espadero no mata |  | | porque la espada forjó, |  | | ni el padre porque engendró |  | | la beldad de que él le trata. | 240 | | Y con este pensamiento |  | | más culpa el cielo tendría, |  | | porque la hermosura hería, |  | | que el hombre que es instrumento. |  | | Pues ponerle culpa al cielo, | 245 | | bien ves que no puede ser. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Conozco en tu proceder, |  | | que es sospechoso tu celo. |  | | El que la espada forjó |  | | no es culpado si otro mata, | 250 | | como el padre que retrata |  | | su ser en el ser que dio. |  | | Mas si estando dos riñendo, |  | | uno pudiese estorbar |  | | el no llegarse a matar, | 255 | | que estará culpado entiendo. |  | | Así el padre por no dar |  | | remedio al que ha de morir. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y no es mejor resistir, |  | | gran señor, o aventurar | 260 | | de ese vasallo el honor? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues es mejor que el rey muera? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  | | --- | | ¿Morir, por qué? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No pudiera? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nadie se muere de amor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  | | --- | | ¿Bastará un ejemplo? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. | 265 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es de las letras sagradas, |  | | para que te persüadas |  | | que hay tanto peligro en mí. |  | | Hijo de David Amón, |  | | enfermó de amor, y fue | 270 | | de su hermana, en que se ve |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | la fuerza desta pasión. |  |  |  |  | | No comía, ni dormía, |  |  |  |  | | envió el rey a Tamar, |  |  |  |  | | de que pudo resultar | 275 |  |  |  | | la vida que ya perdía. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El rey su hija envió, |  | | sin saber lo que intentaba |  | | Amón, y no imaginaba |  | | lo que después sucedió. | 280 | | Mas mire su Majestad |  | | que ese ejemplo le condena, |  | | pues puede templar su pena |  | | ver de Absalón la crueldad. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pompeyo deja razones, | 285 | | no andemos en argumentos, |  | | yo entiendo tus pensamientos, |  | | y tú entiendes mis razones. |  | | Lo que pudiera tomar |  | | como absoluto señor | 290 | | te pido, no seas traidor, |  | | pues ya me intentas matar. |  | | Adoro a Casandra bella, |  | | Otón soy, tu señor soy, |  | | bien ves que casado estoy, | 295 | | no he de casarme con ella. |  | | Que si aquesto dispensara |  | | el pontífice, ella fuera |  | | emperatriz, y tuviera |  | | laurel por única y rara. | 300 | | Otros grandes capitanes |  | | se han rendido como yo; |  | | mira tú si se casó |  | | Alejandro con Roxanes. |  | | Ve a tu casa, y persüade | 305 | | tu hija, rey soy. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, |  | | persüádeme tu amor, |  | | y mi honor me disüade. |  | | Entendí tus pensamientos |  | | desde el principio, yo iré, | 310 | | y a Casandra le diré |  | | tus amorosos intentos. |  | | No la forzaré, señor, |  | | que será bajeza en mí, |  | | ya que no lo sea en ti | 315 | | haberme dicho tu amor. |  | | Bien pudieras como sabio |  | | desta deshonra escusarme, |  | | que más siento que agraviarme |  | | el darme culpa en mi agravio. | 320 | | Que de un padre o de un marido |  | | no es la culpa el no saber |  | | la ofensa de la mujer, |  | | sino el haberla sabido. |  | | No hay más claro testimonio | 325 | | de infamia, si bien se piensa, |  | | que quien ayuda a su ofensa, |  | | no es hombre sino demonio. |  | | Las honras que he recibido |  | | de tu mano, perdonara, | 330 | | pues me han salido a la cara |  | | y aun al alma me han salido. |  | | Vengo a confesar en esto, |  | | que me has honrado, señor, |  | | si puede llamarse honor | 335 | | el que se quita tan presto. |  | | ¿Mas quién habrá que no crea |  | | que el tuyo se ha de perder, |  | | pues le quieres ofender |  | | con una mancha tan fea? | 340 | | El estimar tus vitorias |  | | mayor lástima me dio, |  | | por ver que engendrase yo, |  | | quien escurezca tus glorias. |  | | Bien pienso que erré, señor, | 345 | | cuando con poca cordura |  | | te alababa su hermosura, |  | | pues no te alabé su honor. |  | | Pero estaba confiado |  | | de tu virtud, ni sabía | 350 | | que en tanto valor cabía |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | pensamiento afeminado. |  |  |  |  | | Voy a decirle que estás |  |  |  |  | | tan declarado conmigo |  |  |  |  | | que yo, gran señor, contigo | 355 |  |  |  | | ya no puedo estarlo más. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Padre, señor no lloréis, |  | | oíd. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oír no quisiera, |  | | que no oyendo no sintiera |  | | el agravio que me hacéis. | 360 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mirad que sois mi gobierno, |  | | mi presidente, mi ser, |  | | mi rey sois. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué puedo ser |  | | condenado a llanto eterno? |  | | Un hombre soy sin honor. | 365 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Paso Pompeyo, no más, |  | | que ya cansando me vas; |  | | yo te doy con mi valor |  | | más honra y autoridad |  | | que te han dado tus mayores. | 370 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El haber sido mejores |  | | que yo, me dio libertad. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ninguna, que claramente |  | | será verdad lo que digo, |  | | pues no tuvo rey amigo, | 375 | | y por ventura pariente. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es honra, aunque honrarme intentes |  | | ver que ese nombre me llames, |  | | porque los grados infames |  | | antes deshacen parientes. | 380 | | Voy a hacer que ella no crea |  | | el nombre que a entrambos das, |  | | o que contigo no más |  | | este parentesco sea. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La fácil voluntad que el alma inclina | 385 | | a amar o aborrecer, no da vitoria |  | | tan grande amor, como la grande gloria, |  | | de que el entendimiento desatina. |  | | Esta de amor hazaña peregrina, |  | | consagre mármol a inmortal memoria, | 390 | | pues se atreve a ofender mi loca historia, |  | | la majestad humana y la divina. |  | | Es disculpa de casos tan violentos, |  | | que nuestro entendimiento persüades, |  | | amor, con prometer dulces contentos. | 395 | | Disculpa en sus mentiras mis verdades, |  | | que en llegando a vencer entendimientos; |  | | ¿qué se puede esperar de voluntades? |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Éntrense, y salgan OTAVIO y FINEO de camino)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Buen modo de caminar, |  | | ¿a Roma vamos así? | 400 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No acierto a salir de aquí. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quien yerra, ¿en qué ha de acertar? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Piensas tú que puedo más? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aunque vamos caballeros, |  | | parecemos cabestreros | 405 | | que caminan hacia tras. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fineo, todo el furor |  | | con que a Casandra dejé, |  | | luego que no la miré |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | se volvió piedad y amor. | 410 |  |  |  | | Apenas dejé de ver |  |  |  |  | | la casa cuando entre yelos |  |  |  |  | | de temores y recelos |  |  |  |  | | comencé a temblar y arder. |  |  |  |  | | Pareciome que delante | 415 |  |  |  | | Casandra se me ponía, |  |  |  |  | | y llorando me decía, |  |  |  |  | | ¿adónde vas loco amante? |  |  |  |  | | ¿Cómo me dejas así, |  |  |  |  | | tan a peligro que Otón | 420 |  |  |  | | aproveche la ocasión |  |  |  |  | | desamparada de ti? |  |  |  |  | | Ingrato, ¿así me has pagado |  |  |  |  | | el amor que me has debido?, |  |  |  |  | | ¿amor pagas con olvido, | 425 |  |  |  | | y con descuido cuidado? |  |  |  |  | | Pues a morir me resuelvo, |  |  |  |  | | y que yo le respondía: |  |  |  |  | | No me voy señora mía, |  |  |  |  | | no me voy, que luego vuelvo. | 430 |  |  |  | | No sé si ha sido verdad, |  |  |  |  | | o imaginación en mí, |  |  |  |  | | pues en efeto la vi, |  |  |  |  | | con más que humana beldad. |  |  |  |  | | Cuando aparece la Aurora, | 435 |  |  |  | | coronándole la frente |  |  |  |  | | la cinta resplandeciente, |  |  |  |  | | con que el sol los montes dora. |  |  |  |  | | Las cándidas azucenas, |  |  |  |  | | rematando en granos de oro | 440 |  |  |  | | aquel precioso tesoro |  |  |  |  | | de las líneas de sus venas. |  |  |  |  | | Un clavel cuando vestido |  |  |  |  | | de rubí la vista engañas, |  |  |  |  | | y entre verdes espadañas | 445 |  |  |  | | parece que le han fingido. |  |  |  |  | | Una fuente cristalina, |  |  |  |  | | que bulle en un campo yermo, |  |  |  |  | | no más clara que un enfermo |  |  |  |  | | con mortal sed la imagina. | 450 |  |  |  | | Con bonanza humilde un mar, |  |  |  |  | | un prado en abril ameno, |  |  |  |  | | un cielo en julio sereno, |  |  |  |  | | cuando el sol se va a acostar. |  |  |  |  | | Un almendro, que se atreve | 455 |  |  |  | | con la flor a las heladas, |  |  |  |  | | por vencer las encarnadas, |  |  |  |  | | las blancas bañando en nieve. |  |  |  |  | | Y envidiando sus colores |  |  |  |  | | un Céfiro blando en fin, | 460 |  |  |  | | que salta por un jardín |  |  |  |  | | para enamorar las flores. |  |  |  |  | | Pues así la vi, y en calma |  |  |  |  | | después de verla quedé, |  |  |  |  | | y a los ojos trasladé | 465 |  |  |  | | la imaginación del alma. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si desa suerte lo sientes, |  | | tú propio te eres traidor, |  | | ¿qué más se quiere el amor |  | | sino que tú le fomentes? | 470 | | Yo nunca pinto mis damas |  | | desa suerte, porque es dar |  | | armas a amor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es amar, |  | | si así no pintas quien amas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una mujer entre clara | 475 | | y morena en los cabellos, |  | | negros los ojos, y en ellos |  | | ningún cristiano repara. |  | | La nariz como una esquila |  | | de borrico de aguador, | 480 | | y por cencerro el humor, |  | | que del celebro distila. |  | | Una boca descubierta, |  | | y no limpia sin poesía |  | | de perlas, que es cosa fría, | 485 | | con sus labios de antepuerta. |  | | Los dientes como los potros, |  | | donde los años le hallo, |  | | y que puestos a caballo, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | se llevan unos a otros. | 490 |  |  |  | | Las manos como tajadas |  |  |  |  | | de bacalao. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Estás loco? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todo lo que digo es poco. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y de esa mujer te agradas? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No me agrado, pero así | 495 | | pintarla, Otavio, es razón, |  | | porque la imaginación |  | | se vaya huyendo de mí. |  | | Pero dime, ¿qué has de hacer |  | | ya de Casandra a la puerta? | 500 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ver la de mi cielo abierta. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y si te acertase a ver, |  | | ¿qué dirá de tus enojos? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que iba huyendo, y que volví, |  | | porque ha enviado tras de mí | 505 | | el alguacil de sus ojos.  *(Sale LIVIO y tres hombres con armas, LIDORO, LEONELO y PERSIO)* |  | | | | |
|  | | |
|  | |  |  |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya os he contado el estilo |  | | con que me dio la respuesta. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LEONELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y te trató de esa suerte? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Puso falta en mi nobleza, | 510 | | como si fuera algún hombre, |  | | que no supiera Florencia |  | | mis nobles antecesores. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LEONELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entonces más justo fuera, |  | | que con la espada o la daga | 515 | | castigaras su soberbia. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dice Leonelo muy bien, |  | | pues la privanza del César |  | | le tiene en lugar tan alto, |  | | que ha de ser mayor la ofensa. | 520 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes el lugar que tiene |  | | solicita mis afrentas |  | | para que tome venganza, |  | | pues es con tanta bajeza. |  | | Sus hijas le lleva a Otón, | 525 | | Pompeyo, ¡estraña manera |  | | de adquirir la voluntad! |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LIDORO | |  | | --- | | Él viene. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué gente es esta? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por Dios que me dan cuidado, |  | | la puerta a Pompeyo cercan. | 530 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Si es Livio? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Así lo parece. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | Retírate aquí. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya llega. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Sale POMPEYO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pasos, ¿dónde me lleváis? |  | | Vos no sabéis que me guía |  | | la misma desdicha mía, | 535 | | pues la mía sustentáis. |  | | Mirad que a la muerte vais, |  | | no vais pasos tan ligeros, |  | | que bien puede deteneros |  | | la novedad destos casos; | 540 | | vamos poco a poco pasos, |  | | que habéis de ser los postreros. |  | | Acaso fue fantasía |  | | todo su ser y valor, |  | | yo pienso que fue el amor | 545 | | autor de la tiranía. |  | | Tan alta fama tenía, |  | | que era Alejandro segundo |  | | en tierra y en mar profundo, |  | | pero mujer le engañó; | 550 | | disculpa que nos dejó |  | | el primer hombre del mundo. |  | | Casa en que dije mil veces |  | | que estaban mis tres potencias, |  | | ¡qué notables diferencias!, | 555 | | ¡qué triste vida me ofreces! |  | | Un infierno me pareces |  | | en llamas, iras y penas, |  | | a que desde hoy me condenas |  | | con mis tres hijas por furias, | 560 | | que esto pueden las injurias, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | aunque por culpas ajenas. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llegad agora metiendo |  | | mano. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Metan mano)* | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué es esto? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que mueras. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  | | --- | | ¿A mí traidores? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hará, | 565 | | porque habrá quien le defienda. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Huid ladrones infames. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Oh buen Fineo! | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No seas |  | | *(Acuchíllanse)* |  | | mancebo ilustre en seguirlos, |  | | ocasión para que pierdas | 570 | | la vitoria que has tenido. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Sabes por dicha quién eran? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Uno pienso que conozco, |  | | y ese presumo que lleva |  | | el castigo de tu mano. | 575 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ojalá que todos fueran. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Envaina el acero noble, |  | | y que te bese me deja |  | | los pies. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Señor eso haces? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No es justo que te agradezca | 580 | | haberme dado la vida? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quien podía defenderla |  | | con tanto brío, no es justo |  | | que a ningún hombre la deba. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu calidad preguntara, | 585 | | pero véese en tu presencia, |  | | tu nombre solo me di. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien sabes tú mi nobleza, |  | | sangre soy de los Adornos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y la mejor desta tierra. | 590 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fabio Adorno fue mi padre. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La patria se le confiesa |  | | agradecida. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es mi nombre |  | | Otavio. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Otavio, quisiera, |  | | pues estamos en mi casa, | 595 | | que parte de aquella deuda |  | | te pudiera agradecer. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Salen FABIA, CASANDRA, ELENA y FLORA)* | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  | | --- | | Qué dices | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué te alteras? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De que dice que es mi padre. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No me engañé, pues ya llega. | 600 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, ¿qué es esto que dicen, |  | | tu espada? ¿Tú, que en Florencia |  | | eres el mayor gobierno? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hijas no he dejado al César |  | | con gusto, ni yo le truje, | 605 | | antes con mortal tristeza, |  | | pues no aguardé mis criados, |  | | vine a deciros mi pena. |  | | Pero apenas vi esta calle, |  | | cuando de mi propia puerta | 610 | | salio Livio con tres hombres; |  | | Livio por vengar la ofensa |  | | de no le dar a Casandra, |  | | por no hacerla a mi nobleza. |  | | Gracias a Dios, que ese ilustre | 615 | | mancebo, que de Florencia |  | | es lo mejor, me ha librado, |  | | agradecedle la deuda |  | | en que os ha puesto, que yo |  | | no tener vida quisiera, | 620 | |  |  | | pues no merece este nombre |  | | vida que su dueño afrenta. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A tan grande obligación, |  | | ¿qué palabras hay que puedan |  | | satisfacer? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo señoras, | 625 | | iba como el traje os muestra |  | | a tomar postas, que voy |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | a Roma, vi la pendencia, |  |  |  |  | | saqué la espada, no hice |  |  |  |  | | cosa de importancia en ella, | 630 |  |  |  | | que el señor Pompeyo es hombre |  |  |  |  | | ejercitado en la guerra, |  |  |  |  | | y los hiciera pedazos. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con todo eso se llevan |  | | ciertos tantos de camino, | 635 | | para que otra vez no vuelvan. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Otavio mi obligación, |  | | y mi amor en competencia |  | | quisieran darte algún premio, |  | | y aunque de alguna riqueza | 640 | | hay joyas en esta casa, |  | | no igualan a las tres prendas |  | | que estás mirando, si a caso |  | | para que mi hijo seas |  | | alguna dellas te agrada, | 645 | | dime cuál es, que con ella |  | | te daré diez mil ducados, |  | | que mi hacienda valdrá treinta. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Beso os mil veces las manos |  | | por tanto honor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si te quedas | 650 | | en mi casa, has de honrarla, |  | | ¿quieres a la hermosa Elena?, |  | | ¿o a Flora?, escoge. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, |  | | ya que Paris me contempla |  | | mi fortuna, más me agrada | 655 | | Casandra. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hablemos della |  | | que hay un grande inconveniente. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues, señor, como no sea |  | | Casandra, cesa el partido, |  | | perdonad señoras bellas, | 660 | | que amor ha sido la causa. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vuestra elección es tan cuerda, |  | | que nadie puede culparla. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué te obliga a que no puedas |  | | darme a Casandra? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé. | 665 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Golpes han dado a la puerta, |  | | y responden que es Otón. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso te doy por respuesta; |  | | llevadle por el jardín, |  | | que no quiero que le vea. | 670 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ay Otavio, ¿quieres darme |  | | la muerte? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Matar quisiera |  | | mis celos, ¿Pompeyo es noble |  | | dentro de su casa el César? |  | | ¿Otón, Casandra, en tu casa? | 675 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú harás que Pompeyo entienda |  | | tus celos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Deme la muerte |  | | si darme vida desea, |  | | pues no tengo agora en mí |  | | cosa que más aborrezca. | 680 | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vanse, y sale OTÓN de noche)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién no dirá que somos muy amigos, |  | | Pompeyo, visitándote en tu casa? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo no quisiera deste amor testigos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con la noche, Pompeyo todo pasa. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué piensas que dirán mis enemigos, | 685 | | a quien de mi favor la envidia abrasa? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que sola la amistad en cosas tales |  | | junta, enlaza yiguala desiguales. |  | | ¿Has hablado a Casandra, padre mío?, |  | | ¿hasle dicho el estado en que me ha puesto? | 690 | | | | |
|  | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No he podido, señor, aunque porfío, |  | | además de ser muy presto. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Un año es presto? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  | | --- | | ¿Un año? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dije mal, que desvarío, |  | | un siglo, y más después que hablamos desto; |  | | háblala, que yo quiero retirado | 695 | | oír lo que responde a mi cuidado. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tiemblo por Dios, pero si obedecerte |  | | es fuerza, que justicia no es posible, |  | | yo la hablaré, Casandra escucha, advierte, |  | | aquí está nuestro rey hombre invencible, | 700 | | quiérele tú, que dice que tu suerte |  | | será dichosa, que el furor terrible |  | | de amor le lleva, a no mirar mis daños |  | | precipitado de sus verdes años. |  | | Agradece, Casandra, que te adora, | 705 | | puesto que te parezca barbarismo |  | | hablarte un padre, que el dolor que llora |  | | puede templar el fuego del abismo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pompeyo, aquí no está Casandra agora, |  | | ¿con quién estás hablando? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si es lo mismo | 710 | | para no te querer eternamente, |  | | ¿qué importa que esté ausente, ni presente? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pompeyo, poco a poco, y está cierto, |  | | que si tu larga edad no respetara, |  | | y esas lágrimas que hoy pasan el puerto | 715 | | de la nieve, que ya cubre tu cara, |  | | con una voz a quien te hubiera muerto |  | | llamara y de tu agravio me vengara. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando esta enemistad te mueva a ira, |  | | que somos César y Pompeyo mira. | 720 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya se fue Otavio, señor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí me quiero apartar. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hija, yo te quiero hablar. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Si sabe acaso mi amor? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Casandra, el emperador | 725 | | está de suerte por ti, |  | | que me ruega y manda a mí, |  | | que te diga y mande luego, |  | | que le quieras, mando y ruego, |  | | que tiene tu muerte en sí. | 730 | | ¿Cómo te podré rogar, |  | | ni mandar cosa tan ciega, |  | | aunque él como amante ruega |  | | lo que rey puede mandar? |  | | Yo digo que esto es forzar, | 735 | | y que no es mando ni ruego, |  | | si es jüez amor, y es ciego, |  | | pero más lo viene a ser, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | pues lo confirma el poder, |  |  |  |  | | con ejecútese luego. | 740 |  |  |  | | Díceme que está su vida |  |  |  |  | | en ti Casandra, y me advierte |  |  |  |  | | de que tú serás su muerte, |  |  |  |  | | y yo seré su homicida. |  |  |  |  | | Que ser o no ser perdida | 745 |  |  |  | | consiste en los dos, y así |  |  |  |  | | vengo a ser tercero aquí, |  |  |  |  | | y a rogarte que le quieras, |  |  |  |  | | porque la infamia que esperas |  |  |  |  | | comience, Casandra, en mí. | 750 |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Padre mío, si el rey manda |  | | cosas que son contra ley, |  | | deja entonces de ser rey, |  | | y en vez de mandar desmanda. |  | | ¿Para qué con ruegos anda | 755 | | en cosas que son injustas?, |  | | y pues que tú te disgustas, |  | | ¿para qué me persüades, |  | | pues obedecer maldades |  | | no son obediencias justas? | 760 | | El rey es rey, el honor |  | | es honor, entrambos reyes, |  | | deben tener unas leyes, |  | | y observarlas con rigor. |  | | Amor en fin es amor, | 765 | | el poder al fin poder, |  | | pero es menester saber |  | | quién destos tiene la culpa, |  | | que siempre al hombre disculpa |  | | que dio la causa mujer. | 770 | | Con esto se cierra y jura, |  | | que solo sabe este nombre, |  | | y lo que es vicio en el hombre, |  | | es culpa de la hermosura. |  | | O como fuera ventura, | 775 | | que por escusar enojos |  | | nacieran, pues los antojos |  | | han hecho daño infinito, |  | | los hombres sin apetito, |  | | y las mujeres sin ojos. | 780 | | No sé qué diga de mí, |  | | más de que culpa he tenido |  | | en irle a ver, que esta ha sido |  | | la causa que a Otón le di. |  | | Confieso que a verle fui, | 785 | | pero no a darle ocasión, |  | | y pues pagar es razón |  | | lo que debo a haberla dado, |  | | déjame, padre, el cuidado |  | | de volver por tu opinión. | 790 | | Que si bramase en el toro |  | | del tirano de Agrigento, |  | | tu honor y mi pensamiento |  | | tendrán un mismo decoro. |  | | Perlas, piedras, plata y oro | 795 | | no tienen, padre, poder |  | | para la más vil mujer, |  | | y aunque la muerte le asombre, |  | | para que se rinda al hombre, |  | | si dice que no ha de ser. | 800 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A escuchar mejor mi mal |  | | quiero acercarme a los dos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Di hija, bien sabe Dios, |  | | que a mi pensamiento igual |  | | fue tu respuesta leal. | 805 | | Pero cuando están rendidos |  | | poderosos atrevidos |  | | a sus deleites y antojos, |  | | hasta contentar los ojos |  | | ponen guarda a los oídos. | 810 | | ¿No has visto enfermo a un señor, |  | | y fabricar en la calle |  | | un palenque, por no dalle |  | | pena con ningún rumor? |  | | Pues así cuando de amor | 815 | | de deudas y de cuidados |  | | quieren estar retirados, |  | | fabrican desconocidos |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | defensas a los oídos, |  |  |  |  | | por no escuchar agraviados. | 820 |  |  |  | | Él me dice que es traición, |  |  |  |  | | ser autor de la hermosura, |  |  |  |  | | que le dio muerte segura, |  |  |  |  | | pues fui primera ocasión. |  |  |  |  | | Que quita, prosigue Otón, | 825 |  |  |  | | rey al imperio, si él muere, |  |  |  |  | | por no le dar lo que quiere; |  |  |  |  | | y yo no quiero incurrir |  |  |  |  | | en su muerte, ni vivir, |  |  |  |  | | si tanta deshonra adquiere. | 830 |  |  |  | | Tú hija del alma mía |  |  |  |  | | hoy morirás por mi mano, |  |  |  |  | | antes que el poder tirano |  |  |  |  | | venza tu honesta porfía. |  |  |  |  | | Para que en mi sangre fría | 835 |  |  |  | | la que en esta daga lleve |  |  |  |  | | a darme su fuerza pruebe |  |  |  |  | | para matarme mejor, |  |  |  |  | | aunque yo se que el dolor |  |  |  |  | | hará entonces lo que debe. | 840 |  |  |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(OTÓN le detiene)* | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué haces? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ya no lo ha visto, |  | | señor, vuestra Majestad?, |  | | la rebelde voluntad |  | | de mi Casandra conquisto. |  | | Con esta daga resisto | 845 | | el valor de su respuesta, |  | | porque la miro dispuesta |  | | para no me obedecer, |  | | que dice que no ha de ser |  | | si vida y alma le cuesta. | 850 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo mismo vuelvo a decir, |  | | no porque no haya que amar |  | | en tu valor singular, |  | | que estimar y preferir. |  | | Pero para mí, vivir, | 855 | | César, perdido el honor, |  | | que puesto que emperador, |  | | eso es bueno para ti, |  | | pero mi honor para mí |  | | debe de ser lo mejor. | 860 | | ¿Piensas tú que no te quiero, |  | | que no te estimo y te adoro, |  | | y que tu real decoro |  | | a ningún mortal prefiero? |  | | ¿Piensas tú que persevero | 865 | | por soberbia en tal porfía?, |  | | no señor, pero querría |  | | estimar tanto mi honor, |  | | que fuese más mi valor |  | | que tu inmensa monarquía. | 870 | | Querría, César, dejá |  | | un ejemplo a las mujeres, |  | | que a vuestros vanos placeres |  | | no diese tanto lugar. |  | | Que Lucrecia es de alabar, | 875 | | pero no de cuerda y fuerte, |  | | que su castidad se advierte |  | | después de haber sido necia, |  | | y yo quiero ser Lucrecia |  | | en solo darme la muerte. | 880 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fabricio, Rodulfo, Alberto. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Los tres entren)* | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | RODULFO | |  | | --- | | Señor. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entrad, escuchad |  | | la más notable piedad, |  | | con el mayor desconcierto. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Salen ELENA, FLORA y FABIA, OTAVIO y FINEO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entra Otavio que le han muerto. | 885 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vivo está, ¿de qué te admiras? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desprecios se vuelven iras. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué gente es esta que ha entrado? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya te han visto que has llamado |  | | con tus voces cuantos miras. | 890 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, mi familia es, |  | | vendrán a caso a llorarme, |  | | viendo que quieres matarme |  | | y que han subido los tres. |  | | De que la muerte me des | 895 | | estoy contento, señor, |  | | pues que muero con valor, |  | | que viendo mi resistencia |  | | no se dirá por Florencia, |  | | que me has quitado el honor. | 900 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ahora bien, Pompeyo di, |  | | si Casandra se casara, |  | | ¿a quién a afrenta tocara, |  | | a su marido o a ti? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | POMPEYO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No puede tocarme a mí | 905 | | si está casada, señor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues busca alguno, que amor |  | | le obligue, si puede ser, |  | | porque siendo su mujer |  | | le toque guardar su honor. | 910 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Deme vuestra Majestad |  | | licencia de hablar. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí doy. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues yo su marido soy. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Estraña temeridad! |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Noble soy desta ciudad, | 915 | | Otavio Adorno es mi nombre, |  | | gran César, y no te asombre |  | | que me oponga a tu poder |  | | y a guardar una mujer, |  | | cosa imposible en el hombre. | 920 | | Muerto o vivo, yo he querido |  | | a su honor aventurarme, |  | | y aunque sé que has de matarme |  | | quiero morir su marido. |  | | Su mano, señor, te pido; | 925 | | porque tengo tanto amor |  | | a su hermosura y valor, |  | | que pretendo desde aquí, |  | | que corra su honor por mí, |  | | porque no pierda su honor. | 930 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pensando estoy de los tres |  | | el valor más bien nacido |  | | que se ha visto, ni se ha oído, |  | | si no le venzo después. |  | | Pompeyo parece que es | 935 | | un castillo de valor, |  | | con barbacana de amor; |  | | Casandra una torre fuerte, |  | | que se resiste a la muerte, |  | | y Otavio un monte de amor. | 940 | | Pero no se ha de decir |  | | que me habéis aventajado, |  | | que he de salir coronado |  | | de más vitoria, o morir. |  | | Yo me sabré resistir | 945 | | para ganar esta gloria, |  | | y dejar de mi memoria, |  | | contra amor, contra su abismo; |  | | porque vencerse a sí mismo |  | | llaman la mayor vitoria. | 950 | | Yo quiero vencer mi nombre, |  | | y estimar mi pensamiento, |  | | por el mayor vencimiento |  | | que pudo caber en hombre. |  | | Desto la Italia se asombre, | 955 | | no de las armas y gloria |  | | que me dan eterna historia, |  | | pues solo quien se venció |  | | a sí mismo, ese alcanzó |  | | solo la mayor vitoria. | 960 | | A fe de rey de cumplir |  | | la palabra que aquí os doy; |  | | ya sabéis todos quien soy |  | | aunque supiese morir. |  | | Bien puede Otavio vivir | 965 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | seguro de mi poder, |  |  |  |  | | yo se la doy por mujer, |  |  |  |  | | dele la mano seguro, |  |  |  |  | | porque en este punto os juro |  |  |  |  | | que me acabo de vencer. | 970 |  |  |  | | Oíd Pompeyo dos cosas, |  |  |  |  | | el ducado de Ferrara |  |  |  |  | | doy a Otavio con su esposa. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CASANDRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vivas, señor, muchos años. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu grandeza te responda. | 975 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A Alberto y Rodulfo quiero |  | | casar con Elena y Flora. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  | | --- | | Dicha es mía. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vuestra soy. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo en ser vuestra, dichosa. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y no me darán a mí | 980 | | aquella moza redonda? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En diciendo que se acaba |  | | aquí la mayor vitoria, |  | | que no lo será pequeña |  | | si nos hacéis tanta honra, | 985 | | que recibáis los deseos |  | | a donde faltan las obras. |  | | | | |