**LOPE DE VEGA  
*La niñez del padre Rojas***

Personajes:

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| |  |  | | --- | --- | |  |  | | *LA VIRTUD* |  | | *EL VICIO* |  | | *CONSTANZA, madre de SIMÓN* |  | |  |  | | *GREGORIO, muchacho* |  | | *SIMÓN* |  | | *CRISPÍN* |  | | *GABRIEL, ángel* |  | | *GREGORIO, padre de SIMÓN* |  | | *MARINA, criada* |  | | |
|  | |
| *Acto I*  *Entren el VICIO y la VIRTUD* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo tengo de hacer mi oficio; |  | | tú puedes el tuyo hacer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VIRTUD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Siempre habemos de tener |  | | tú y yo pesadumbres, Vicio? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Virtud, si tienes indicio | 5 | | de que tiene condición |  | | para seguirte Simón, |  | | por lo mismo justamente |  | | quiero yo por accidente |  | | divertir su inclinación. | 10 | | El principio de la vida, |  | | estos dos caminos tiene, |  | | que somos tú y yo; pues viene |  | | a su elección reducida, |  | | no es razón que a mí me impida | 15 | | tu pretensión el lugar |  | | que intento solicitar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VIRTUD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿por qué has de pretender |  | | con principios de placer |  | | fines de tanto pesar? | 20 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En su ser es cada cosa |  | | perfecta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VIRTUD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Lindo argumento! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo mi perfección intento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VIRTUD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿hay perfección viciosa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta máquina famosa, | 25 | | compone de variedad |  | | su hermosura. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VIRTUD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La maldad |  | | nunca le ha dado hermosura; |  | | que es la virtud casta y pura |  | | su esplendor y majestad. | 30 | | El me ha de seguir a mí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dios no fuerza el albedrío; |  | | luego con razón porfío |  | | que no se vaya tras ti, |  | | y tú no eres Dios. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VIRTUD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues di, | 35 | | ¿quién a la virtud inclina, |  | | fin a que el hombre camina? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Deja la arrogancia vana, |  | | que tú eres virtud humana, |  | | y Dios es virtud divina. | 40 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VIRTUD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando a la naturaleza |  | | humana Dios se humilló, |  | | la humana entonces subió |  | | a su divina grandeza. |  | | Quien con obras y limpieza | 45 | | de corazón, humillado |  | | llega a este monte sagrado, |  | | así se transforma en él, |  | | que aunque no es Dios como él, |  | | es su imagen y traslado: | 50 | | por eso dioses se llaman |  | | los hombres. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y este Simón |  | | ha de ser Dios, en razón |  | | de serlo los que a Dios aman? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VIRTUD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si por dioses los aclaman | 55 | | las divinas letras, hombre |  | | que ama a Dios, no hay por qué asombre |  | | que llegue a tal beneficio, |  | | o el sacerdotal oficio |  | | le dará de Cristo el nombre. | 60 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todo a envidia me provoca, |  | | y todo a intentar me obliga |  | | que te deje y que me siga. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VIRTUD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué arrogancia necia y loca! |  | | Si Dios el alma le toca, | 65 | | como el principio contemplo, |  | | y quiere hacer, para ejemplo |  | | que a este siglo importe tanto, |  | | un catedrático santo |  | | del púlpito de su templo | 70 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Un muchacho tartamudo |  | | elige Dios? ¡Qué perfeta |  | | lengua! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VIRTUD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si Dios a un profeta |  | | que le dijo que era mudo, |  | | darle aquella lengua pudo | 75 | | que hoy tan desatada y diestra |  | | la sacra página muestra, |  | | ¿no podrá hacer que Simón |  | | hable con tal perfección |  | | que se confunda la vuestra? | 80 | | ¿Hay para Dios imposible? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta es su madre, y su hermano. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entren CONSTANZA y GREGORIO, muchacho)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llevándole de la mano, |  | | aun no puedo, ni es posible, |  | | porque luego se me va, | 85 | | y apenas miro por él, |  | | cuando no hay memoria dél |  | | ni en toda la calle está: |  | | no esperes que sepa nada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gregorio acusando viene | 90 | | a Simón. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VIRTUD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Simón no tiene |  | | culpa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A ti todo te enfada; |  | | que has dado, Gregorio, en ser |  | | deste muchacho fiscal. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Dígolo yo por su mal? | 95 | | ¿Quieres dejarle perder? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es perderse, por ventura, |  | | irse a la iglesia? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora, |  | | la iglesia, en que Dios se adora, |  | | disculpa es santa y segura; | 100 | | pero domingos y fiestas |  | | no bastan; siempre ha de estar |  | | en la iglesia, y siempre dar |  | | por aparentes respuestas |  | | de no escribir ni leer, | 105 | | que oyendo misa pasó |  | | toda la mañana. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo |  | | no le puedo reprender |  | | porque tenga devoción. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿no le basta, señora, | 110 | | una misa, y no es un hora |  | | justa y bastante oración? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  | | --- | | Pues ¿qué es lo que hace? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oir |  | | cuantas salen, de rodillas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VIRTUD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Parécente maravillas | 115 | | que te pueden confundir, |  | | las que cuentan de Simón? |  | | ¿Estos principios ¡oh Vicio! |  | | impides? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este es mi oficio; |  | | venceré su inclinación. | 120 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VIRTUD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No harás, porque quiere Dios |  | | que desde niño sea suyo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ahora, Virtud, yo no arguyo |  | | contigo; quien de los dos |  | | pudiere más, ése sea | 125 | | el que merezca el laurel. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VIRTUD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo te aseguro que en él |  | | sola mi virtud se vea. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse los dos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si me contaras, Gregorio, |  | | que tu hermano era travieso | 130 | | en algún notable exceso |  | | que fuera a todos notorio; |  | | si jurar, como se usa |  | | en muchachos desta edad, |  | | que en los bríos, la piedad | 135 | | de los padres halla excusa, |  | | y que Dios no ha de admitir, |  | | sino permitir que vean, |  | | o que en deshonras se emplean, |  | | o en tiernos años morir; | 140 | | si me dijeras también |  | | que el juego le divertía, |  | | que ya es ciencia y gallardía |  | | que un niño lo sepa bien, |  | | para que siendo mayor, | 145 | | con infamia conocida, |  | | pierda la hacienda, la vida, |  | | y a vueltas della el honor, |  | | confieso que me pesara, |  | | y que yo le reprendiera, | 150 | | y no sólo le riñera, |  | | mas también le castigara; |  | | pero porque desde agora |  | | se incline a servir a Dios... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien se ve a cuál de los dos | 155 | | te inclina el amor, señora; |  | | que a mí de su devoción |  | | no me pesa; mas ¿no es bien |  | | que asista Simón también |  | | a la escuela y la lección? | 160 | | Un muchacho tartamudo, |  | | ¿cómo podrá desatar |  | | la lengua sin estudiar? |  | | ¿Hase de quedar tan rudo, |  | | que aun no sepa el abecé, | 165 | | ni tome ejemplo de mí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pienso que la causa fui |  | | que siempre en la iglesia esté; |  | | ofrecísele a la Reina |  | | del cielo, y pienso que ya, | 170 | | como prenda suya, está |  | | en el trono donde reina. |  | | ¡Cómo se ven los despojos |  | | y presentes ofrecidos! |  | | y aunque admire tus oídos, | 175 | | pocos dolores y enojos |  | | me costó su parto; y tanto, |  | | que por estas muestras creo, |  | | Virgen, que halló mi deseo |  | | puerta en vuestro puerto santo: | 180 | | quiérele, Gregorio, bien; |  | | y si él no fuere al escuela, |  | | Dios en la oración revela |  | | ciencias divinas también. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(SIMÓN con un libro, vestido de color, ha de hablar tartamudeando)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cómo tu amor solicita | 185 | | su remedio! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya lo he visto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Loado sea Jesucristo |  | | y la su Madre bendita! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La mano y la bendición. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si viniera de lección, | 190 | | no trujera más sosiego; |  | | de que en ese libro lea, |  | | verás lo que aprende allá. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con tal maestro, él sabrá |  | | de Dios cuanto Dios desea; | 195 | | leed la lección, Simón. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ando en la... latín agora. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  | | --- | | Decid. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oiga, se... señora, |  | | verá qué linda lección. |  | | *(Lea)* |  | | *Ave... ve Ma... Ma... María.* | 200 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A quién hay que esto no asombre? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es que lo, dulce del nombre |  | | la lengua me detenía. |  | | *Ave María, gra... gra...* |  | | *tia ple... plena Do... Domi...* | 205 | | *nus te... tecum, benedi.* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No leas más; bien está, |  | | porque el natural defeto |  | | no es culpa en ti. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con tu amor |  | | le sufres. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Bravo rigor! | 210 | | ¡Que me enojas te prometo! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse los dos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siempre a mi hermano parecen |  | | to... todas mis cosas mal. |  | | Tiene razón: yo soy tal, que mu... mucho más merecen. |  | | Mas pues solo me han dejado, | 215 | | yo me quiero entretener. |  | | ¿Qué haré? Mas ¿qué puedo hacer, |  | | co... como ver el traslado |  | | de quien sólo para mí |  | | tie... tiene luz y hermosura, | 220 | | que en un cuadro de pintura |  | | tienen mis padres aquí? |  | | *(Corra una cortina a una tabla de la Anunciación)* |  | | ¡Vi... Virgen, limpia azucena, |  | | a quien ta... tal hizo Dios, |  | | que el ángel que está con vos | 225 | | os llama de gracia llena! |  | | Sa... sabed que me da pena |  | | fa... faltarme lengua agora |  | | para alabaros, Señora; |  | | pero en esta me... me... mengua, | 230 | | lo que no puede la lengua, |  | | dirá el alma que os adora. |  | | Si la tuviera cla... clara, |  | | ¡qué de cosas os dijera, |  | | que lo que yo no supiera, | 235 | | ese ángel me lo enseñara! |  | | ¡Ay, quién os re... requebrara! |  | | ¡Ay, quién fuera tan dichoso |  | | que os mostrara su amoroso |  | | pe... pecho, Virgen, aquí, | 240 | | cuando estáis diciendo sí |  | | a vuestro querido Esposo! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Cúbrase la cortina de la tabla, y detrás de ella salga un ÁNGEL en el aire con un rótulo que diga: Ave María, puesto en una flecha con unos rayos de oro como fuego)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ÁNGEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque a nuestras jerarquías |  | | admire un alma deshecha |  | | de amor por eternos días, | 245 | | abre con aquesta flecha |  | | la boca, nuevo Esaías. |  | | Oyó la Estrella del Mar, |  | | Simón, tu devoto ruego, |  | | que porque puedas hablar, | 250 | | tomé este divino fuego |  | | de más soberano altar. |  | | ¡Habla, no te ponga en calma defeto |  | | de cuya mengua; |  | | hoy lleva tu amor la palma, | 255 | | para que diga la lengua |  | | los sentimientos del alma! |  | | ¡Habla, que aunque a Dios le toca |  | | el juzgar el pensamiento, |  | | siendo amor quien te provoca, | 260 | | quiere que tu sentimiento |  | | salga también a la boca! |  | | ¡Lengua en quien tanto tesoro |  | | de requiebros se ha de ver, |  | | dore y queme fuego y oro, | 265 | | hasta que vayas a ser |  | | uno del celeste coro! |  | | Que con ellos algún día |  | | ceñirá laurel tu frente, |  | | para que en su compañía | 270 | | alabes eternamente |  | | a nuestra Reina María. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Todo este tiempo esté SIMÓN elevado, y el ÁNGEL le tenga el dardo o flecha puesto en la boca, y en partiéndose, diga)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Agora, hermosa Virgen, que desata |  | | mi lengua vuestra mano, aunque no veo |  | | quién hizo este milagro en mi deseo, | 275 | | en vuestras alabanzas se dilata! |  | | Un dardo de oro, un rótulo de plata |  | | con vuestro nombre, en quien el alma empleo, |  | | me abrió la boca; pues a tal trofeo, |  | | palabra os doy que no responda ingrata. | 280 | | ¡Será, Señora mía, celebrado |  | | de vuestra Anunciación el dulce día, |  | | de suerte, pues la lengua me acrisola, |  | | que cuantos hasta agora os han llamado, |  | | ángeles y hombres, celestial María, | 285 | | no igualen juntos a mi lengua sola! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(CRISPÍN, criado, entre)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Basta, Simón, que ya has dado |  | | en ser contra mí de modo, |  | | que me has de acusar en todo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Yo, Crispín! ¿Quién te ha engañado? | 290 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por qué dijiste ¡ah, señor! |  | | que hablé a solas con Marina? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siempre el temor adivina, |  | | que es astrólogo el temor. |  | | ¡Como te sientes culpado, | 295 | | échasme la culpa a mí! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De la cocina salí |  | | para siempre desterrado. |  | | Y está contra mí tan fiera, |  | | que cuando a la puerta llego, | 300 | | en vez de espada de fuego, |  | | con un asador me espera; |  | | si bien es ángel tiznado, |  | | yo perdí mi paraíso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que no he sido yo, te aviso, | 305 | | en tu destierro culpado; |  | | demás de que no es razón |  | | (no digo que las retozas) |  | | que los mozos con las mozas |  | | estén en conversación; | 310 | | ¡otros entretenimientos |  | | no puedes en casa hallar? |  | | Siempre, Crispín, has de estar |  | | entre bajos instrumentos: |  | | al jabonar, al torcer, | 315 | | al guisar, a todo, en fin, |  | | ¿siempre te has de hallar, Crispín? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De cuándo acá sueles ser |  | | tan suelto de lengua? ¿Quién |  | | te la desató, Simón, | 320 | | que hablas con tal perfección? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  | | --- | | ¿Hablo ya bien? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y muy bien. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estando mirando al cielo, |  | | no porque lo viese yo, |  | | un fénix me pareció | 325 | | que abrió su dorado velo; |  | | bajó entre arreboles rojos, |  | | moviendo las alas bellas, |  | | que esmaltaban más estrellas |  | | que al pavón sus verdes ojos; | 330 | | quedó el aire matizado |  | | de más luces y colores |  | | que suele de varias flores |  | | por abril ameno prado. |  | | En el pico de rubí, | 335 | | me pareció que traía |  | | una flecha, que me abría |  | | la boca, diciendo ansí: |  | | «Ave María, Simón»; |  | | y que luego respondía | 340 | | en ecos: «Ave María», |  | | por el aire un escuadrón |  | | de pintados jilguerillos, |  | | calandrias y ruiseñores, |  | | que me enseñaron amores: | 345 | | adiós, que voy a decillos. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Excelente inclinación |  | | tiene este rapaz. ¡Qué cosas |  | | tan raras y prodigiosas |  | | nos dice en toda ocasión! | 350 | | ¡Qué devotos pensamientos! |  | | No habla palabra en vano. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(MARINA, criada, entre)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien pueden comer temprano. |  | | ¡Bendiga Dios los alientos! |  | | ¿Aquí estás? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues bien, ¿qué quieres? | 355 | | ¿Llega tu jurisdicción |  | | hasta aquí? ¡Terribles son |  | | las leyes de las mujeres! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No te he dicho que has de estar |  | | seis pasos de la cocina? | 360 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  | | --- | | ¿Seis pasos? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MARINA | |  | | --- | | Seis, pues. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Marina, |  | | los pasos quiero contar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desvíate allá, no seas |  | | tan prolijo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿En qué te ofendo? |  | | Que si no es amor, no entiendo | 365 | | que en otras culpas me veas; |  | | amor me trae, Marina, |  | | entre carbón y jabón. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya sé yo, Crispín, que son |  | | amores de la cocina; | 370 | | que si lo fueran por mí, |  | | no hablaras con quien tú sabes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Por esas niñas, más graves |  | | que los ojos del Sofí, |  | | que no hablaba con Inés | 375 | | menos que en ti! ¡Sí, celosa, |  | | te has mostrado desdeñosa! |  | | Háblame, y pidan tus pies |  | | un zapato que compita |  | | con los que se pone el sol, | 380 | | porque los haré crisol |  | | del oro que los derrita; |  | | darélos chinela abierta, |  | | que con nacarada cinta |  | | descubran a presa y pinta | 385 | | plantas de tan linda huerta; |  | | ea, voylos a comprar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hablará más a Inesilla? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si a fregatriz de la villa |  | | llegare en mi vida a hablar, | 390 | | que vuelva a cumplir de nuevo |  | | aquel destierro, Marina, |  | | de tu más limpia cocina |  | | que los palacios de Febo, |  | | que así sus cabellos peina | 395 | | sobre tu limpio fregado, |  | | que en tus manos se ha llamado |  | | Talavera de la Reina. |  | | Ea, no haya cucharón |  | | ni asador de aquí adelante. | 400 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya estoy blanda como un guante; |  | | lleve este abrazo el perdón. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entre SIMÓN)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ave María! ¿Qué es esto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  | | --- | | ¡Cogiónos! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En la cocina |  | | te espero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Allá voy, Marina. | 405 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué es esto? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un amor honesto, |  | | dos que casarse procuran. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  | | --- | | Pues antes... | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Esto te altera? |  | | Son abrazos de la vera, |  | | que antes de tiempo maduran. | 410 | | *(Váyase CRISPÍN)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Virgen, mi Señora y Reina, |  | | quién tuviera entendimiento |  | | para hacer dulces discursos |  | | de tantos méritos vuestros, |  | | el día que el Ave sacra, | 415 | | Iris del celeste reino, |  | | saludó vuestra pureza |  | | y admiró vuestro silencio! |  | | justo fue que fuese un ángel |  | | de tan noble Sacramento | 420 | | nuncio; la virginidad |  | | tiene limpio parentesco |  | | con la alta Naturaleza |  | | Angélica; y fuera desto, |  | | como vino a la mujer | 425 | | primera Luzbel, soberbio, |  | | en forma de sierpe, es justo |  | | que a vos, Reina de los cielos, |  | | viniese Gabriel, y fuesen |  | | veneno y remedio opuestos: | 430 | | dividida ¡oh, gran Señora! |  | | la salutación contemplo |  | | en tres partes: la primera, |  | | el ángel viene diciendo: |  | | «Ave llena de la gracia | 435 | | que te dio merecimiento |  | | para que esté Dios contigo |  | | y los dos polos diversos |  | | te llamen siempre bendita |  | | entre cuantos son y fueron | 440 | | y serán eternamente.» |  | | La segunda parte veo |  | | en Isabel, vuestra prima, |  | | bendiciendo el fruto vuestro; |  | | ¡y qué fruto, y qué Jesús, | 445 | | y qué hermoso. le contemplo, |  | | por el cristal soberano |  | | del intacto y virgen velo, |  | | en los ojos del Bautista, |  | | lince ilustre, contrapuesto | 450 | | al Evangelista santo |  | | que vio su divino pecho! |  | | ¡Qué extraños linces de amor, |  | | un Juan, por nacer despierto, |  | | como le llamaba el sol, | 455 | | y otro en la cena durmiendo! |  | | La tercera parte tiene |  | | la Iglesia santa, añadiendo |  | | al Ave el nombre, o María, |  | | por reverencia y respeto; | 460 | | Ángel, Isabel, Iglesia, |  | | altamente compusieron |  | | tan dulce salutación; |  | | que a todos tres, en efeto, |  | | rigió el Espíritu Santo: | 465 | | ¡Qué soberanos misterios! |  | | un ángel viene, ¡y qué ángel! |  | | Gabriel, porque mensajero |  | | de tal nueva, no era justo, |  | | Señora, que fuese menos; | 470 | | y ¿a qué Virgen? A María; |  | | ¿cómo aquí no me enternezco |  | | con este nombre, y el alma |  | | va por los ojos saliendo? |  | | Recrea, nombre divino, | 475 | | estos labios, dame aliento, |  | | pues desataste mi lengua |  | | con tu soberano fuego; |  | | no hable palabra yo |  | | desde mis años primeros | 480 | | sin tu nombre, pues con él |  | | a tu dulce Jesús tengo; |  | | que si vos, Virgen hermosa, |  | | le tenéis en vuestro pecho, |  | | y yo os tengo a vos, ¿quién duda | 485 | | que en este anillo poseo |  | | oro y piedra, perla y nácar, |  | | Madre e Hijo, sol y cielo, |  | | cielo animado por quien |  | | tal esperanza poseo? | 490 | | Ave, pues, que en decir Ave, |  | | vuestra inocencia confieso, |  | | y en que Dios está con vos, |  | | vuestro divino concepto, |  | | pues cuando os llamo bendita | 495 | | en tan nuevo privilegio, |  | | el de vuestra concepción, |  | | con piedad adoro y creo; |  | | y si cuanto pudo daros |  | | os dio, no es, Virgen, exceso | 500 | | persuadir esta excepción |  | | al humano entendimiento. |  | | Virgen, yo soy ignorante; |  | | ¿adónde hallaré maestro |  | | que me enseñe y que me guíe? | 505 | | | |
|  | |
| *(GABRIEL entre)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | GABRIEL | |  | | --- | | ¡Simón! | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién es? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo, que vengo |  | | a ser compañero tuyo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tan ilustre compañero |  | | ha de tener mi ignorancia? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | GABRIEL | |  | | --- | | ¿Conécesme bien? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo pienso | 510 | | que ilustráis con esa luz |  | | mi corto conocimiento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tus padres quieren que estudies; |  | | que les parece que es tiempo |  | | de pensar en que sus hijos | 515 | | elijan estado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Creo |  | | que no me pudieran dar |  | | amigo como vos, ellos, |  | | porque de manera os miro, |  | | que pienso que al cielo os debo. | 520 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La devoción de María, |  | | tan grande en tu pecho tierno, |  | | me ha movido a darte luz, |  | | y quiero estar asistiendo |  | | tu entendimiento y lengua; | 525 | | que puesto que forme cuerpo |  | | en tu idea de la luz |  | | con que ilumino y despierto |  | | tus potencias, no has de verme, |  | | aunque hablemos y tratemos | 530 | | muchas cosas de María; |  | | pero puedes estar cierto |  | | que como con Gabriel hablas, |  | | su divino mensajero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hablemos los dos en ella; | 535 | | que a mí me basta que hablemos |  | | para saber que eres luz, |  | | y siendo luz, cierto quedo |  | | que me has de alumbrar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí haré. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando vocalmente rezo, | 540 | | o hablo con Dios mentalmente, |  | | le imagino como puedo |  | | por las pinturas que he visto, |  | | aunque Dios no tiene cuerpo; |  | | y así, con imaginarte, | 545 | | serás tú mi compañero, |  | | y hablaremos en María, |  | | porque todo mi deseo |  | | se dirige a su alabanza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | GABRIEL | |  | | --- | | Pues escucha. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy atento. | 550 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | María, la primera, |  | | de la virginidad, con altos nombres, |  | | levantó la bandera. |  | | Jesús fue las primicias de los hombres, |  | | Ella de las mujeres, | 555 | | pureza celestial que seguir quieres. |  | | Con saber que sería |  | | Madre de su Criador, siendo criatura, |  | | no quiso dar María |  | | el sí a Gabriel, hasta quedar segura | 560 | | su limpieza guardada, |  | | con palabra de Dios asegurada. |  | | ¿Qué mayor excelencia |  | | que con decirle el ángel que sería, |  | | por alta preeminencia, | 565 | | Madre de Dios, la celestial María |  | | estimase tan presto, |  | | más que tal dignidad, su pecho honesto? |  | | Pero el Señor divino, |  | | que la escogió por Madre y por Esposa, | 570 | | que lo fuese previno |  | | intacta siempre, como siempre hermosa; |  | | que mancha no podía |  | | llegar al cuerpo de quien Dios nacía; |  | | hizo Dios los primeros | 575 | | padres para habitar el Paraíso, |  | | retratos verdaderos |  | | de su misma hermosura, y ansí quiso |  | | que al alma entonces pura |  | | respondiese la humana arquitectura; | 580 | | pues ¿cómo, dime, haría |  | | la casa al alma de la Virgen bella, |  | | de la hermosa María, |  | | si él mismo había de habitar en ella; |  | | con cuál correspondencia | 585 | | la fábrica exterior a su inocencia? |  | | Piensa de qué manera |  | | aquella carne cándida sería |  | | pura, hermosa y entera, |  | | de quien la humanidad de Cristo había | 590 | | de tomar el vestido, |  | | a su divinidad sagrada unido. |  | | A sus hermosos ojos |  | | se humilla el sol, se postran las estrellas |  | | como humildes despojos; | 595 | | ni hay luz en él, ni resplandor en ellas; |  | | a su boca divina, |  | | el purpúreo clavel su esmalte inclina; |  | | ocho azucenas tienes |  | | cada vez en la tuya venturosa, | 600 | | que saludar previenes |  | | la Reina de los Ángeles hermosa. |  | | Tres de las letras de Ave, |  | | cinco en María, mar de amor suave. |  | | Pues si de ocho azucenas | 605 | | se enriquecen los labios de tu boca, |  | | de granos de oro, llenas, |  | | justo amor de la Virgen te provoca; |  | | que siendo tú mi amigo, |  | | el saludarla partiré contigo. | 610 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Quedándose SIMÓN suspenso, mirando al ÁNGEL, entren GREGORIO y CONSTANZA, sus padres)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya que Dios le desató |  | | la lengua, que estudie quiero, |  | | pues de su virtud espero |  | | lo que a los dos prometió |  | | maravilla tan extraña. | 615 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No os engaña la opinión |  | | de la humildad que a Simón |  | | su entendimiento acompaña: |  | | Aquí está. ¿Qué haces aquí? |  | | Habla, muchacho. ¿Qué tienes? | 620 | | ¿No hablas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A tiempo vienes, |  | | Madre, que pensaba en ti; |  | | digo, Madre celestial, |  | | que estaba pensando en vos, |  | | nácar de la perla Dios, | 625 | | de su sol limpio cristal. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No ves a tu padre aquí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  | | --- | | ¡Oh, señor! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De hoy más, Simón, |  | | que estudies será razón, |  | | que conozco ingenio en ti. | 630 | | ¡Crispín! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entre CRISPÍN)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  | | --- | | ¡Señor! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo querría |  | | mostrarte que te he criado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El ser que tengo me has dado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiero que desde este día |  | | vayan Gregorio, y Simón | 635 | | al estudio, y tú con ellos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  | | --- | | ¿Yo al estudio? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin perdellos |  | | de vista en toda ocasión; |  | | que yo los fío de ti; |  | | y de camino podrás | 640 | | estudiar, que ganarás |  | | más que sirviéndome a mí, |  | | y no hacello será error. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Yo estudiar! Pues ¿a qué fin, |  | | con ingenio de rocín | 645 | | y barbas de tejedor? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para aprender nunca es tarde; |  | | también que les busques quiero |  | | un ayo, que es lo primero, |  | | que con cuidado los guarde | 650 | | de los vicios que el ejemplo |  | | de otros causa en tal edad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ese con su autoridad, |  | | que ya tan grave contemplo, |  | | podrá llevar y traer | 655 | | estos nuevos estudiantes; |  | | que yo, aunque tú me levantes |  | | a otro ser, ¿qué puedo ser? |  | | ¿Seré médico? No tengo |  | | conciencia para curar, | 660 | | porque esto se ha de estudiar; |  | | ¡y yo tan forzado vengo! |  | | ¿Y si por descuido mío |  | | se muere el enfermo acaso, |  | | y por no estudiar el caso | 665 | | le receto un desvarío? |  | | Si le sangro sin por qué, |  | | o purgo sin saber cuándo, |  | | y a su mujer, ya expirando, |  | | digo que a comer le dé, | 670 | | ¿es buen oficio, señor? |  | | ¿Ganaré bien el dinero? |  | | Pues si ser letrado quiero, |  | | ¿será el peligro menor? |  | | Aquel ver que me transforma | 675 | | amor a cualquier delito; |  | | aquel no juzgar lo escrito, |  | | sino lo que el otro informa; |  | | que hay hombre que a su contrario |  | | infama con los jüeces, | 680 | | de suerte que muchas veces, |  | | o se hace pleito ordinario, |  | | o se pierde la justicia |  | | por no advertir al proceso, |  | | sino al odio, cuyo exceso | 685 | | causó la ajena malicia; |  | | pues luego ver que cualquiera |  | | que defienda una mujer, |  | | o su mancebo ha de ser, |  | | o ser su galán espera, | 690 | | ¿no es cosa para sufrir? |  | | ¿Ni el ver que a puros engaños |  | | dure el pleito tantos años |  | | que llegue el dueño a morir? |  | | Pues si astrólogo he de ser, | 695 | | ¿qué provecho me ha de dar |  | | el querer pronosticar |  | | lo que no puedo saber? |  | | Porque si de aquí a Granada |  | | yerro con mucho desvelo | 700 | | el camino, ¿de aquí al cielo |  | | será más fácil jornada? |  | | Pues ¿qué he de ser, por ventura, |  | | un triste gramaticón? |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(El VICIO entre de estudiante)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estos presumo que son: | 705 | | la suerte viene segura: |  | | a mi noticia ha venido |  | | que un ayo mandáis buscar, |  | | para honrar y acompañar |  | | vuestros hijos; yo he tenido | 710 | | seis años cargo y cuidado |  | | de los del señor don Juan, |  | | donde pienso que os dirán |  | | qué letras los he enseñado, |  | | qué virtudes y costumbres. | 715 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gregorio y Simón han de ir |  | | al estudio, y proseguir, |  | | por sus difíciles cumbres, |  | | la Facultad a que viere |  | | que tienen inclinación. | 720 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Di que no quieres, Simón, |  | | porque éste es el Vicio, y quiere |  | | inclinar a ociosidad |  | | el principio de tu vida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo tengo en ti defendida | 725 | | mi vida y mi voluntad; |  | | no he menester otro ayo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo sé muy bien que éste fuera |  | | de tu tierna edad primera, |  | | furia, perdición y rayo. | 730 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, no gastes agora |  | | tu dinero en vanidades; |  | | que tales autoridades |  | | la docta humildad ignora; |  | | basta que vaya Crispín | 735 | | a acompañar a los dos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Simón, si yo os quiero a vos |  | | enseñar griego y latín |  | | sin interés ni salario, |  | | ¿por qué de mi compañía | 740 | | no os preciaréis? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A la mía |  | | no es agora necesario |  | | lo que vos pensáis de mí; |  | | que tengo mejor maestro, |  | | en tantas virtudes diestro | 745 | | como ciencias. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Créolo ansí; |  | | pero yo puedo enseñaros |  | | urbanidad, cortesía |  | | y buen gusto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo querría, |  | | hidalgo, desengañaros | 750 | | de que ya os he conocido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | GREGORIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Crispín! | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  | | --- | | ¡Señor! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A sacar |  | | vestidos que os quiero dar; |  | | venid conmigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿El vestido |  | | me quieres mudar agora? | 755 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues, ¿no has de ir como estudiante? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es el hábito importante, |  | | Crispín. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es verdad, señora; |  | | pero es también religión |  | | esto de ser escolar, | 760 | | y si se llega a dejar, |  | | piérdese mucha opinión; |  | | pero vamos, que por dicha, |  | | daré honor a mi linaje, |  | | si no es que el paso me ataje | 765 | | mi rudeza o mi desdicha. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No estudiarás Teología |  | | después conmigo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí haré; |  | | pero dime, ¿para qué |  | | en tanta rudeza mía? | 770 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para oponerte a un curato. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  | | --- | | ¿Yo cura? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿por qué no? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ni aun sacristán pienso yo, |  | | con ser oficio barato; |  | | aunque por mejor tendría | 775 | | el hisopo, la caldera |  | | y los kiries, si cayera |  | | Todos Santos cada día. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse; queden el VICIO y GABRIEL)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | GABRIEL | |  | | --- | | ¡Vicio! | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién es? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No me ves? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Veo, mas no quiero verte. | 780 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No te dijo la Virtud |  | | que a esta casa no vinieses? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dijo; pero ¿cuándo yo, |  | | a la Virtud obediente, |  | | respeté lo que me manda? | 785 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Sabes lo que Dios previene |  | | hacer desta tierna planta? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como desas plantas suelen |  | | helársele a Dios. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A Dios |  | | no hay planta que se le hiele | 790 | | si Él la tiene destinada |  | | a lo que della pretende. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como desos cedros altos, |  | | el monte Líbano tiene, |  | | que ha derribado a la tierra | 795 | | con la segur del deleite. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este vive aquí seguro; |  | | que sus padres fueron siempre |  | | virtuosos. |  | | | |
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| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si me quebrase la frente, |  | | otros habrá, cuyos vicios | 855 | | de sus virtudes me venguen. |  | | | |

**Acto II**

*Entren SIMÓN, de estudiante, y CRISPÍN, de gorrón*

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Para qué es bueno reñirme, |  | | Simón, si no puedo más? |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tan rudo, Crispín, estás, |  | | que no puedo persuadirme |  | | que por tu culpa no sea. | 5 | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Mi culpa? ¿Qué puedo hacer? |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es imposible saber, |  | | el que saber no desea. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De tu padre y mi señor, |  | | fue mi voluntad forzada. | 10 | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La ciencia es mal empleada |  | | en quien no la tiene amor. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú y Gregorio sois extremos |  | | de habilidad; yo un rocín. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los dos, estudiando, al fin | 15 | | la Gramática sabemos, |  | | y por la Filosofía |  | | vamos ya entrando, y tú estás |  | | en menores, que no das |  | | muestras de saber un día | 20 | | más que el primero que entraste |  | | en escuelas, y esto ha sido |  | | tu negligencia y olvido. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay cosa que más me gaste |  | | el respeto y la paciencia, | 25 | | que verme culpar sin culpa. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien dices, que es gran disculpa |  | | tu ignorancia e inocencia; |  | | para engañar y mentir, |  | | para enredos, no te falta | 30 | | habilidad. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esa falta |  | | es la gala del servir; |  | | pero no tienes razón, |  | | pues no me puedes poner |  | | más faltas que no tener | 35 | | al estudio inclinación. |  | | Ese globo universal |  | | en que se mueven los cielos, |  | | infunde a nuestros desvelos |  | | la inclinación natural; | 40 | | y fue divino artificio; |  | | que, de otra suerte, no hubiera |  | | ni quien la guerra siguiera, |  | | ni ejercitara un oficio. |  | | Verás un hombre que trata | 45 | | de cavar, o ser pastor, |  | | que pudiera ser mejor |  | | platero de oro o de plata, |  | | y no fue más de que allí |  | | le llamó la inclinación. | 50 | | No todos los hombres son |  | | estudiantes. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es ansí; |  | | pero ya que esto no sea, |  | | ¿qué virtudes ejercitas? |  | | ¿Qué enfermos, Crispín, visitas? | 55 | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No basta, Simón, que lea |  | | en libros de devoción? |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  | | --- | | ¿Tú? | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo, y aún tengo en el pecho |  | | alguno. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Placer me has hecho, |  | | porque tales libros son | 60 | | maestros de la virtud. |  | | Será fray Luis de Granada, |  | | en cuya lección sagrada |  | | tendrás doctrina y quietud. |  | | ¿Cuál dellos es, por mi vida? | 65 | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  | | --- | | *Contentus mundi.* | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Excelente! |  | | Muestra; a ver. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tente, detente. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿qué puede haber que impida |  | | el verle? |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya me has rasgado, |  | | la sotana; suelta, pues. | 70 | | Sáquele una baraja de naipes. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  | | --- | | ¿Este es libro? | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Libro es, |  | | mas está descuadernado. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | *Contentus mundi*, Crispín, |  | | es éste, bien se le ve. | 75 | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En eso no te engañé, |  | | hablando en mi mal latín. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | *Contemptus*, ¿no significa |  | | el desprecio? |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Así es verdad; |  | | pero acá mi habilidad, | 80 | | a lo que suena le aplica, |  | | y si apuestas letras son |  | | las que el mundo estima y ama |  | | *contentus mundi* se llama |  | | este libro con razón. | 85 | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Buen latín has estudiado! |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ves este libro, ¡por Dios!, |  | | que es ciencia que a más de dos...? |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Calla, que me has enojado. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aristóteles, Platón | 90 | | y otros, de todo escribieron; |  | | mas dime, ¿cómo no dieron |  | | en esta rara invención? |  | | ¿Cómo de todas las ciencias |  | | hay libros, y desta no? | 95 | | Porque en ella pienso yo |  | | que hay notables diferencias; |  | | de la república humana |  | | es imitación famosa |  | | una baraja. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué cosa | 100 | | tan necia, torpe y villana! |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Espadas, son la milicia; |  | | oros, trato y fundamento; |  | | copas, el común sustento, |  | | y los bastos, la justicia. | 105 | | Hay reyes, que es monarquía |  | | de gobiernos verdaderos; |  | | caballos y caballeros, |  | | entre tanta infantería, |  | | tienen el lugar segundo, | 110 | | como de su nombre infieres, |  | | y porque sin las mujeres |  | | no se conservara el mundo, |  | | porque el parir y el criar, |  | | que es su aumento, les tocó, | 115 | | a las sotas se les dió |  | | su nombre en tercer lugar. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué moralidad tan rara! |  | | ¡Con qué gusto la refieres! |  | |

*(GABRIEL entra)*

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| GABRIEL | |  | | --- | | Escucha, Simón. | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué quieres? | 120 | |

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| GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un punto solo no para |  | | este estudiante vicioso |  | | en quereros divertir. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A mi hermano da en seguir; |  | | pero él es tan virtuoso, | 125 | | que no le podrá inclinar |  | | a lo que el necio pretende. |  | |

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| GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mucho su amistad me ofende. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Poco le puede durar; |  | | yo, como hermano menor, | 130 | | no he tomado atrevimiento |  | | de decirle lo que siento, |  | | que le escuche y tenga amor. |  | |

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| GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya que te sirvo de guía, |  | | aunque ninguno me ve, | 135 | | llevo sin gusto que esté |  | | tanto en vuestra compañía. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tus consejos interiores, |  | | del cielo divinas lumbres, |  | | son alma de mis costumbres, | 140 | | ya por tu causa mejores: |  | | déjale, amigo, cansar, |  | | que tú nos verás vencer. |  | |

*(GREGORIO y el VICIO, de estudiantes)*

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé yo que el componer |  | | pueda ser más que imitar. | 145 | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tuvo esa misma opinión |  | | el filósofo. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En poesía |  | | vienen hablando. |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y la mía |  | | funda en la misma razón |  | | todo el arte, a quien primero | 150 | | naturaleza ha de dar |  | | fundamento. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oigo alabar |  | | del vulgo, jüez grosero, |  | | poetas sin arte alguno. |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dignos de alabanza son, | 155 | | si de su jurisdicción |  | | no sale a ciencias ninguno; |  | | porque si quieren hablar |  | | en ellas por arrogancia, |  | | conócese su ignorancia. | 160 | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muchos quieren enseñar |  | | lo que jamás aprendieron. |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Engaño del propio amor; |  | | hoy las gracias de Leonor, |  | | Gregorio, ocasión me dieron | 165 | | para escribir un romance, |  | | y para darle a entender |  | | que, en condición de mujer, |  | | no hay fe que firmeza alcance. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si le sabes de memoria, | 170 | | dímelo, ¡por Dios! |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí haré, |  | | que en ella le fabriqué, |  | | pintando su pena y gloria. |  | |

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| GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cómo le impide y divierte |  | | porque ni estudie ni arguya! | 175 | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Escucha, ¡por vida tuya! |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo dice? | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desta suerte: |  | | «Alegres tristezas mías, |  | | si os preguntaren la causa, |  | | responded que sois tristezas, | 180 | | y veros alegres basta; |  | | porque estar alegre un triste |  | | son dos cosas tan contrarias, |  | | que es yerro en naturaleza, |  | | si no es locura en el alma, | 185 | | una condición adoro, |  | | tan divinamente humana, |  | | que me da vida con gustos, |  | | y con disgustos me mata. |  | | Tal vez entre sus amores | 190 | | resucita mi esperanza; |  | | tal vez entre sus desdenes |  | | aún la posesión me falta. |  | | Agradecida y contenta, |  | | amanece con el alba; | 195 | | tibia y triste al mediodía, |  | | y antes que anochezca ingrata. |  | | Ni sé si vivo o si muero; |  | | que es tan rigurosa y blanda, |  | | que enamorado me olvida, | 200 | | y enojado me regala. |  | | Cuando vive más segura |  | | de que la adoran mis ansias, |  | | por no agradecer mi amor, |  | | que la olvido me levanta. | 205 | | Cuando me quedo suspenso |  | | imaginando en sus gracias, |  | | el pensamiento me riñe |  | | como si se viese el alma. |  | | Y plega a Dios, que si pienso | 210 | | más que en servirla y amarla, |  | | que le dé mi posesión |  | | a quien tuviere esperanza; |  | | pues esperanzas son éstas, |  | | Silvia hermosa, que bastaran, | 215 | | adonde faltaran obras, |  | | para acreditar palabras. |  | | No sé en qué fundas las dudas |  | | que los tiempos desengañan, |  | | pues la experiencia y los años | 220 | | son las mejores fianzas. |  | | Hablaba con mis tristezas, |  | | ya mi amor contigo habla, |  | | por hablar con mi alegría, |  | | que sin tus ojos me falta. | 225 | | Alegre o triste estaré |  | | si me dejas o me llamas, |  | | porque celos son tristezas, |  | | y amores son confianzas». |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Atento he estado a escuchar | 230 | | vuestra poesía, y me admira |  | | que sigáis una mentira |  | | tan digna de condenar; |  | | que ese modo de juntar |  | | pasiones con tal rigor, | 235 | | no es amor, porque el valor |  | | del amor, cuando más tierno, |  | | ha de tener fin eterno, |  | | porque éste es perfecto amor. |  | | Amor de cosas livianas, | 240 | | temporales y tan viles, |  | | que, como flores sutiles, |  | | duran las breves mañanas; |  | | amor de cosas humanas |  | | no es amor; la perfección | 245 | | de amor se funda en razón |  | | de eternidad, donde alcanza |  | | la fe, por justa esperanza, |  | | soberana posesión. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esto es sólo ejercitar | 250 | | el arte del componer, |  | | que no porque esta mujer |  | | se intente solicitar. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, pero hay donde emplear |  | | la pluma en otra hermosura | 255 | | que yo conozco, más pura |  | | que el sol; y si la poesía |  | | es dulce, en nadie podría |  | | hallar más gracia y dulzura; |  | | su retrato tengo aquí. | 260 | |

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| GREGORIO | |  | | --- | | Muestra; a ver. | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta Señora |  | | *(Saque una imagen pequeña del pecho)* |  | | es la Emperatriz que adora |  | | el cielo; a tu amigo di |  | | que esta boca, en cuyo sí |  | | estuvo mi bien, alabe | 265 | | en estilo dulce y grave; |  | | llámela venda de grana, |  | | y rosa que a la mañana |  | | abre el pimpollo suave. |  | | Dile que a la honestidad | 270 | | destos ojos, destos soles, |  | | o en latinos o españoles |  | | versos, muestre habilidad; |  | | a esta divina humildad |  | | escriba requiebros tales, | 275 | | aunque no serán iguales |  | | a sus divinos decoros, |  | | que los canten en sus coros |  | | los pájaros celestiales. |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Simón, nunca supe yo | 280 | | componer a lo divino; |  | | descomponer imagino |  | | que supe, componer no; |  | | que alguno que ya se vió |  | | *(Aparte)* |  | | divino, pudo mi mano | 285 | | traerle a ser tan humano, |  | | que de puro descompuesto |  | | pasó del extremo honesto |  | | al extremo de liviano. |  | | Yo descompuse a Luzbel, | 290 | | tanto, que en injusta guerra, |  | | en el centro de la tierra |  | | di, desde el cielo, con él; |  | | un Rey, a Dios tan fiel, |  | | que se ajustaron los dos, | 295 | | siendo el corazón de Dios |  | | tan grande, así descompuse, |  | | que lejos de vos le puse |  | | a no haber piedad en vos; |  | | distes tal ciencia y riqueza | 300 | | a Salomón, que os servía, |  | | que parece que excedía |  | | la mortal naturaleza; |  | | y toda aquella firmeza |  | | es duda en los hombres ya, | 305 | | que de siglo en siglo va, |  | | pues de estado tan honesto, |  | | vino a estar tan descompuesto, |  | | que no saben dónde está. |  | | Yo compusiera, María, | 310 | | mil alabanzas de vos; |  | | mas con ser Madre de Dios, |  | | descompusistes un día |  | | de tal suerte mi poesía, |  | | que cuando escribo abrasáis; | 315 | | si por Reina os coronáis |  | | de la Virtud, y soy Vicio, |  | | no es alabaros mi oficio, |  | | aunque vos lo merezcáis. |  | | Allá Bernardo os alabe, | 320 | | y Damasceno os celebre; |  | | vuestro Ildefonso os requiebre, |  | | pues os debe lo que sabe; |  | | y el paraninfo suave |  | | del Ave de Nazarén, | 325 | | con los muchos que en Belén |  | | cantaron la gloria al pan, |  | | o los hombres a quien dan |  | | pan que les sabe tan bien; |  | | que yo, Vicio, si en mi esencia | 330 | | no dejo de ser quien soy, |  | | ¿qué os debo, pues nunca voy |  | | a procurar penitencia? |  | | Descompuesta mi paciencia, |  | | ¿qué tengo de componer? | 335 | | No basta de envidia arder, |  | | pues de demonio, en razón, |  | | para darme ya perdón |  | | aún no tiene Dios poder. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No quiso alabarla, y fuése. | 340 | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No. compone a lo divino. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues yo alabarla imagino, |  | | aunque mil veces le pese. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  | | --- | | ¿Sabes versos? | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una glosa |  | | a su limpia concepción. | 345 | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si la glosares, Simón, |  | | aunque muy dificultosa, |  | | pienso competir contigo. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oíd la copla, que tiene |  | | dificultad, y conviene | 350 | | silencio. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  | | --- | | Comienza. | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Digo: |  | | «En el cristal en quien Cristo |  | | bebió mil veces, veneno |  | | no se ha de poner, pues lleno |  | | de gracia siempre fue visto.» | 355 | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Terrible dificultad! |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La Virgen tiene poetas |  | | para cosas más perfetas; |  | | vaya de glosa, escuchad: |  | | «Hizo de puro cristal, | 360 | | Dios, un vaso. en que bebiese |  | | su Hijo, tan celestial, |  | | que de su pureza huyese |  | | el veneno original; |  | | en los demás que ha formado | 365 | | desde Adán, siempre fue visto, |  | | como era barro heredado, |  | | mas nunca estalló el pecado |  | | en el cristal en quien Cristo |  | | iba el pecado a beber; | 370 | | y quebróle Dios la boca; |  | | que es Dios, y lo pudo hacer, |  | | que donde la suya toca, |  | | fuera apocar su poder; |  | | que este vaso cristalino, | 375 | | aunque de origen terreno, |  | | que no tuviese previno, |  | | donde su Hijo divino |  | | bebió mil veces, veneno; |  | | fue a miralle y se detuvo | 380 | | la Culpa, que en este intento, |  | | tan lleno de gracia estuvo, |  | | que nunca el veneno tuvo |  | | de miralle atrevimiento. |  | | Lleno estuvo, y siempre ameno, | 385 | | de aquel celestial rocío, |  | | y pues nunca estuvo ajeno |  | | de gracia, della vacío |  | | no se ha de poner, pues lleno; |  | | a aquella divina esfera | 390 | | jamás se atrevió ninguno; |  | | que no era bien que tuviera |  | | mancha de veneno alguno |  | | vaso donde Dios bebiera. |  | | Porque como fue labrado | 395 | | para que bebiese Cristo, |  | | antes de verle el pecado, |  | | no sólo lleno, colmado |  | | de gracia siempre fue visto.» |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cuerpo de tal! Pues agora, | 400 | | ¿quién glosará? Yo no sé. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El premio, hermano, te dé |  | | la misma hermosa Señora. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi padre viene; ya sabes |  | | que tengo puesto un altar; | 405 | | vamos los dos a cantar |  | | a la Reina de las Aves |  | | alguna dulce canción. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Tienes velas? | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Velas tengo. |  | |

*(Entre GREGORIO, el padre)*

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A reñirte, Crispín, vengo. | 410 | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vienes a buena ocasión. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué hacías? | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estaba oyendo |  | | sermón. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  | | --- | | ¿De quién? | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De Simón; |  | | que de su conversación |  | | virtud estoy aprendiendo. | 415 | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como a toro me has echado |  | | la capa, viendo que llego; |  | | ¿en qué entiendes? ¿Cómo vives |  | | tan bárbaro? |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Agora veo |  | | que no riñes con razón. | 420 | |

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| GREGORIO | |  | | --- | | Pues ¿por qué? | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque eres viejo, |  | | y como estos hijos tienes |  | | tan santos, que no hay en ellos |  | | qué reñir, pegas conmigo. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo te riño porque puedo | 425 | | y porque te veo perdido; |  | | ¡qué bien pagas el deseo |  | | que tengo de que seas hombre! |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso a mi madre lo debo, |  | | que pudo hacerme mujer. | 430 | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo, dime, en tanto tiempo |  | | apenas sabes latín? |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Latín no? ¡Qué lindo cuento! |  | | No le supo Cicerón |  | | como yo; pregunta luego, | 435 | | si sabes algo y te acuerdas. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Buen ánimo! | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo no temo. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿qué quiere decir *Sanctus* |  | | *quoque Spiritus*? |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues eso |  | | un niño se lo dirá. | 440 | |

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| GREGORIO | |  | | --- | | Veamos. | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estáme atento: |  | | ninguno *coque* a los santos |  | | que le entraron en el cuerpo |  | | espíritus. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Buen romance! |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  | | --- | | No soy docto. | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tienes seso. | 445 | | Sabes qué quiere decir |  | | *parabolam hanc*, deseo. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Apárame allá esta bola. |  | | ¡Mire si latín entiendo! |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Famoso interpretador! | 450 | | Y ¿qué dirá, según eso, |  | | *satis est brevis oratio*? |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que son sastres los que hicieron |  | | las bragas a Horacio. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Bien! |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy por extremo diestro. | 455 | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y ¿qué dirá *Confitemini* |  | | *quoniam bonus*? |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vas haciendo |  | | pruebas de mi ingenio; escucha: |  | | estos confites son buenos. |  | | ¡Mira qué bello romance! | 460 | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es tan bueno, que te quiero |  | | enviar al campo desde hoy. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y pienso yo que es lo cierto. |  | | Señor, las primeras letras |  | | son para los años tiernos, | 465 | | no para mí, porque ya |  | | tengo barbado el ingenio; |  | | y pues en Móstoles tienes |  | | tierras y hacienda, te ruego |  | | que asista a labrarlas yo, | 470 | | porque viñas y barbechos |  | | más a su labor me inclinan |  | | que *femina*, más que *genus*. |  | | Vea yo cubrir las cepas |  | | de hojas y racimos nuevos, | 475 | | desde los pámpanos verdes |  | | hasta los pardos sarmientos; |  | | vea yo el lagar pisado, |  | | teñido de mosto espeso, |  | | y cómo en las altas cubas | 480 | | rebosa y hierve sin fuego; |  | | vea yo segar los haces, |  | | y sobre el bálago seto, |  | | ir rechinando los trillos, |  | | de los guijarros abierto. | 485 | | Mate, hablando con perdón, |  | | el día que hiciere hielo, |  | | un puerco de mi tamaño, |  | | y como plata con premio, |  | | truéquele todo en menudos, | 490 | | morcillas, pies, entrecuestos, |  | | cilluerbedas, longanizas, |  | | testuz, asadura, sesos, |  | | lengua que nunca pecó, |  | | manteca, solomos tiernos, | 495 | | pajarilla, chicharrones, |  | | y hasta aquello que, por tuerto, |  | | no es bueno para virotes, |  | | que así lo dice el proverbio, |  | | y no me mandes que vaya | 500 | | donde pienso que primero |  | | que pueda aprender latín, |  | | sabré tudesco o guineo. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Digo que acepto el partido. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los pies mil veces te beso. | 505 | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que ¡por vida de Constanza, |  | | que me hurtaste el pensamiento! |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, pero ¿no sabes tú |  | | que haciendo el hombre primero |  | | Dios, le vio solo y le dio | 510 | | quien le acompañase luego, |  | | porque no estuviese solo? |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué quieres decir en eso? |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  | | --- | | Que me quisiera... | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Prosigue. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  | | --- | | Parecer a Adán. | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, entiendo. | 515 | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Debe de ser que no quieres; |  | | que es aquello que aprendemos |  | | en el abecé, y después |  | | nunca más nos sirve. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Creo |  | | que es la letra ka. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ca... | 520 | |

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| GREGORIO | |  | | --- | | Casarte. | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Casarme quiero, |  | | si quieres tú. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí querré, |  | | cuando se ofrezca sujeto. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya pienso que está ofrecido. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  | | --- | | ¿En casa, o fuera? | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Acá dentro. | 525 | |

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| GREGORIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién? | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  | | --- | | Marina. | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si ella quiere, |  | | al dote, Crispín, me ofrezco, |  | | y a Móstoles os iréis |  | | acabado el casamiento, |  | | donde viváis con mi hacienda. | 530 | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vivas más años que un pleito |  | | en que haya dos relatores. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entra, y a Constanza hablemos, |  | | que quiere bien a Marina. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sotana, desde hoy os cuelgo; | 535 | | yo me vuelvo a mi labranza, |  | | porque estudiar sin deseo, |  | | es tocar lira a un caballo |  | | y hacer sin ingenio versos. |  | |

*(Vanse, y entre el VICIO)*

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No me puedo sosegar; | 540 | | pero si yo soy el Vicio, |  | | no es el sosiego mi oficio, |  | | porque mal le puede hallar |  | | un vicioso que ha de dar |  | | gusto a sus cinco sentidos | 545 | | que mal estarán dormidos, |  | | si no es cuando la pereza |  | | cierra con mortal flaqueza |  | | los ojos y los oídos; |  | | este estudiante | 550 | | rapaz se va poco a poco al cielo: |  | | ¿cómo, vicios, no desvelo |  | | su quietud, sosiego y paz? |  | | diréis que soy incapaz de |  | | mirar resplandeciente | 555 | | de un niño sol el Oriente; |  | | pues ¿qué haré, si de la mano |  | | le tiene aquel Soberano |  | | que fue la cruz su Occidente? |  | | Pues en volviendo a la Torre, | 560 | | de quien penden mil escudos, |  | | ¿qué vicios no quedan mudos, |  | | si le defiende y socorre? |  | | Simón tan aprisa corre, |  | | que pienso que le promete | 565 | | ser Virgen, porque le acete |  | | la Virgen por hijo suyo; |  | | pues, Virgen, si es hijo tuyo, |  | | ¿quién hay que no le respete? |  | | ¿Quién, estrella de la mar, | 570 | | se ha de oponer a tus rayos? |  | | Mas ¿de qué sirven desmayos |  | | cuando se ha de pelear? |  | | Vicios, no habéis de culpar |  | | al Vicio; abrid esa cueva, | 575 | | que todos siete, a tan nueva |  | | conquista sois menester, |  | | que le quiere defender |  | | la que trocó en Ave el Eva. |  | |

*(Ábranse dos puertas que estén a manera de cueva, y en unas jiradas  
estén los siete Vicios o pecados mortales, tres en una grada,  
tres en otra, y en lo alto la SOBERBIA)*

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| SOBERBIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué es lo que quieres, Vicio? | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué sentado | 580 | | estás, Soberbia, en ese trono! mira |  | | que el capitán que duerme descuidado, |  | | más a la infamia que a la gloria aspira; |  | | aun de Pereza debe ser culpado, |  | | si al ocio del sosiego se retira; | 585 | | dejad todos la cueva, y con valiente |  | | brazo, guerra mortal a Dios se intente. |  | |

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| SOBERBIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tan bien nos va con ese atrevimiento? |  | |

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| IRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Parécete que deja Dios su gloria |  | | con tal facilidad a nuestro intento, | 590 | | o pierdes de sus triunfos la memoria? |  | |

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| LASCIVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo general en Dios no es argumento, |  | | que siempre ha de ser suya la victoria; |  | | algunas almas ha perdido el cielo. |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Agradezco, Lascivia, tu consuelo. | 595 | | ¿Quién, sino tú, tan animoso fuera? |  | |

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| CODICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando el valor que tiene le faltara, |  | | la Codicia que miras se le diera. |  | |

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| GULA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo, faltando todos, no ¿bastara? |  | | mas di: ¿para quién es guerra tan fiera? | 600 | | ¿Qué gigante mortal rayos dispara |  | | contra nosotros? ¿En qué monte viven? |  | | ¿Para quién tantas armas aperciben? |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vicios ¿no es éste aquel feroz gigante |  | | que venció vuestras varias ilusiones? | 605 | | Sabed que es un muchacho, un tierno infante. |  | |

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| SOBERBIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿para un niño tantas prevenciones? |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Queréis que, por ventura, se levante |  | | a igualar los magnánimos varones |  | | que en la Iglesia de Cristo son colunas, | 610 | | por no torcer en el principio algunas? |  | | No debéis de saber de qué manera |  | | entra este tierno y varonil soldado |  | | en la estacada, en que el laurel espera, |  | | del ángel de su guarda acompañado; | 615 | | temo que a la Señora siempre entera, |  | | promete, como fue huerto cerrado, |  | | ser azucena casta eternamente. |  | |

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| PEREZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tan presto, Vicio, sus favores siente? |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tan presto tiene pensamientos tales? | 620 | |

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| AVARICIA | |  | | --- | | Dale un asalto general. | |

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| GULA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lleguemos. |  | |

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| CODICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amores tiernos dice a Dios, mentales. |  | |

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| GULA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si él habla con su cruz, ¿qué ganaremos? |  | |

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| IRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que tenga pensamientos celestiales |  | | un niño en esta edad! |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tales extremos | 625 | | me tienen tan cobarde. |  | |

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| SOBERBIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Escucha un poco. |  | |

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| ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De verle, a más envidia me provoco. |  | |

*(SIMÓN entre)*

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En este campo estéril, |  | | que cinco fuentes riegan, |  | | por afrentar mis ojos, | 630 | | que son de piedra en ellas; |  | | en estas soledades, |  | | de dos soles tinieblas, |  | | el uno puesto en sangre, |  | | y el otro en nubes negras; | 635 | | entre estas secas ramas, |  | | donde tres brazos cuelgan, |  | | cordero a quien mis culpas |  | | causaron tantas penas; |  | | donde dos delincuentes | 640 | | te acompañan por fuerza, |  | | y yo, que en mis delitos |  | | parezco el que te niega; |  | | aquí, donde una Virgen, |  | | por blancas azucenas | 645 | | de su divino rostro, |  | | está sembrando perlas, |  | | tan bellas, aunque tristes, |  | | que más fértil de estrellas |  | | la tierra, con el cielo | 650 | | presume competencia, |  | | escucha, Jesús mío, |  | | mis amorosas quejas, |  | | que de verte y de verme, |  | | el alma las engendra; | 655 | | mis manos miro libres, |  | | las tuyas miro presas, |  | | aunque para abrazarme |  | | los clavos dan licencia. |  | | Cuando miro la mía, | 660 | | de vanidades llena, |  | | espinas lastimosas |  | | tu cabeza penetran. |  | | Una atrevida lanza |  | | y una amorosa flecha | 665 | | pasan tu corazón, |  | | y el mío es hielo y piedra. |  | | ¡Humíllale, Dios mío, |  | | porque humillado tenga |  | | el agua de tu gracia, | 670 | | la sangre de tus venas! |  | | ¡Ay, si podré llegarme |  | | con tan graves ofensas! |  | | Que sí me dices creo, |  | | pues bajas la cabeza. | 675 | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿En esta imaginación, |  | | pertúrbale tú, Soberbia! |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Señor, qué pensamientos |  | | divertir mi vida intentan! |  | |

*(Todos detrás de él, y él sin verlos, le hablen,  
y él responda)*

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| SOBERBIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si te vieses levantado | 680 | | por santidad y por letras, |  | | donde los Reyes de España |  | | te honrasen de tal manera |  | | que entrases en su palacio; |  | | y si vieses una reina | 685 | | a tus pies, Simón, ¿qué harías? |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Besar mil veces la tierra |  | | con humildad, porque el justo, |  | | honras del mundo desprecia. |  | |

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| IRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Si vieses que te murmuran? | 690 | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tener, con Cristo, paciencia, |  | | que en su presencia divina |  | | aun sufrió tantas blasfemias. |  | |

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| LASCIVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Si te hablasen bellas damas? |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mirad que es mucho más bella | 695 | | la Castidad. |  | |

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| CODICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Si mirases |  | | joyas y grandes riquezas? |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ver que la mayor de todas |  | | es la pobreza contenta. |  | |

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| GULA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Si vieses grandes regalos? | 700 | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Irme a la divina Mesa, |  | | donde da la Iglesia un pan |  | | que cielo y tierra sustenta. |  | |

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| AVARICIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y si en oficio te vieses |  | | que adquirieses grande hacienda? | 705 | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Darla a pobres, que estos bienes |  | | son los que al cielo se llevan. |  | |

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| PEREZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Si te cansase el trabajo? |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Decir a la carne enferma |  | | que Dios nos mandó velar, | 710 | | y estar hasta el alba en vela. |  | | Pero ¿quién me mete a mí |  | | en preguntas y respuestas? |  | | Con mis imaginaciones, |  | | mi altar con dos velas queda. | 715 | | Voy a cantar a la Virgen |  | | mil versos, mil dulces letras, |  | | que sólo en ella y su Hijo |  | | los pensamientos sosiegan. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay cosa más extraña? ¿Qué os parece | 720 | | que ha de ser este niño? |  | |

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| SOBERBIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Algún gigante |  | | que a las columnas de su templo ofrece |  | | Cristo, y que temo por divino Atlante. |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nunca en sus alabanzas enmudece; |  | | agora va a cantar. |  | |

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| IRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues no le cante; | 725 | | estorba, Vicio, sus canciones luego. |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pondré el altar y aun a la casa fuego. |  | |

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| ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues no pueden vencerlo tentaciones, |  | | véngate haciendo mal. |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si se levanta |  | | de decir a la imagen sus canciones, | 730 | | las velas me darán venganza tanta. |  | |

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| SOBERBIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Destos proceden ínclitos varones, |  | | ilustres héroes de la Esposa santa |  | | del Cordero. |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién duda que le espera? |  | | ¡Vicios, muera Simón! |  | |

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| ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Da fuego, y muera! | 735 | |

*(Entre GREGORIO, el padre, y CONSTANZA)*

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| CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ella también tiene gusto |  | | deste casamiento. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En todo |  | | querría él buscar el modo |  | | más conveniente y más justo |  | | para despacharlos luego | 740 | | a Móstoles, que esa hacienda, |  | | si no hay quien en ella entienda, |  | | es como ponerla fuego, |  | | y por ser vuestra la estimo. |  | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Crispín y Marina son | 745 | | a propósito. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es razón |  | | que tengan algún arrimo |  | | en habiéndolos casado. |  | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con esa hacienda podrán |  | | vivir, y della tendrán, | 750 | | como caseros, cuidado. |  | |

*(Canten dentro)*

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|  | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una niña hermosa |  | | Virgen celestial, |  | | a ser fuente nace |  | | de quien salga el mar. | 755 | |

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| GREGORIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién canta? | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé quién es. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Crispín! | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  | | --- | | ¡Señor! | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién cantó, |  | | que en verdad que me agradó? |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Admírome de que estés |  | | de saber tan descuidado | 760 | | que canta muy bien Simón. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  | | --- | | Llámale. | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En esta ocasión |  | | debe de estar ocupado |  | | con la imagen de su altar, |  | | porque cuando velas tiene, | 765 | | a bailar y cantar viene. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Qué, ¿bailar sabe y cantar? |  | |

*(Entren SIMÓN y CRISPÍN)*

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entra, que te está llamando |  | | aquí mi señor. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A mí? |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cantabas tú? | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, sí; | 770 | | cantando estaba y rezando. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En verdad, que yo y tu madre |  | | te habemos de oir. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿quién |  | | me ha de tañer? |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, qué bien! |  | | Así obedece a su padre; | 775 | | traeré de enfrente, en un salto, |  | | los músicos de don Juan. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, qué mal me ayudarán, |  | | de voz y de gracia falto! |  | |

*(Entre CRISPÍN, con los MÚSICOS)*

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Luego, a la fe, los topé. | 780 | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Simón nos quiere alegrar, |  | | y ha de bailar y cantar. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Haré lo poco que sé, |  | | sólo por ser obediente. |  | |

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| MÚSICOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vos, para todo, Simón, | 785 | | tenéis gracia y perfección. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Manda que Crispín me aliente, |  | | pues lo, sabe hacer. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  | | --- | | ¡Yo! | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A coros podéis bailar. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Marina me ha de ayudar. | 790 | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya viene Marina aquí. |  | |

*(Adviértase que esté música arriba, la cual ha de tañer y cantar  
cuando cante SIMÓN, y los MÚSICOS que estén en el teatro,  
tener las manos quedas en los instrumentos, sin tocar  
hasta que canten y bailen CRISPÍN y MARINA)*

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Zagalejos del prado, |  | | celebrad, cantad, |  | | que ha nacido la fuente |  | | que es madre del mar. | 795 | | Quiere el mar de Cristo |  | | aguas de cristal, |  | | luego no es posible |  | | que la enturbie Adán. |  | | Érase la sierpe | 800 | | un fiero animal; |  | | aguas preservadas |  | | veneno le dan. |  | | Zagalejos del prado, |  | | celebrad, cantad, | 805 | | que ha nacido la fuente |  | | que es madre del mar. |  | |

*(CRISPÍN ahora, y canten en el teatro)*

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|  | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tus negros ojuelos, |  | | hermosa Leonor, |  | | como están embozados, | 810 | | matan a traición. |  | | Del negro capote |  | | se ha quejado Amor; |  | | nunca Amor se queja |  | | sin tener razón. | 815 | | Cúbrelos la noche, |  | | siendo como el sol; |  | | como están embozados, |  | | matan a traición. |  | |

*(Sale el VICIO)*

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo con tanto descuido | 820 | | estáis, cuando vuestra casa |  | | en fuego se está abrasando? |  | | ¿No veis el humo y las llamas, |  | | que exhalan centellas vivas? |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Hijos. mi casa se abrasa; | 825 | | acudamos al remedio! |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Sosiegue, padre! ¡Sagrada |  | | Virgen, madre de la luz, |  | | las dos velas que luz daban |  | | a vuestro retrato santo, | 830 | | por aquella mano ingrata |  | | cayeron, y han emprendido |  | | nuestro albergue! ¡Soberana |  | | Señora, poned remedio, |  | | pues sois mar de la esperanza! | 835 | | ¡Ave María Santísima! |  | |

*(Híncanse de rodillas todos)*

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sólo aquese nombre basta |  | | a aplacar llamas eternas. |  | |

*(Sale el ángel echando Avemarías por bofetón)*

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Esta es maravilla extraña! |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Más puede hacer quien la hace; | 840 | | démosle infinitas gracias. |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No ha aprovechado mi industria; |  | | pero mayores hazañas |  | | he de emprender, hasta hacerte |  | | que de tu entereza caigas. | 845 | |

**Acto III**

*MARINA y CRISPÍN, vestidos de boda;  
GREGORIO y CONSTANZA, de padrinos*

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Toda la casa se alegra |  | | de ver que tanto lo estás. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo me alegro mucho más |  | | de que me caso sin suegra. |  | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿a ser desdicha viene? | 5 | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aunque viniera del Cid. |  | |

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| MARINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo sé una calle en Madrid |  | | que cuarenta suegras tiene, |  | | y que este nombre le dan. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Colegio de suegras es; | 10 | | pero, Marina, ¿no ves |  | | cómo me he puesto galán? |  | |

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| MARINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El hábito nunca muda |  | | a las cosas conocidas. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dios alargue nuestras vidas, | 15 | | no para verte viuda; |  | | que ya ves que no es razón. |  | |

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| MARINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues qué, ¿quieres que me muera |  | | primero? |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es pleito en que espera |  | | sentencia siempre el varón. | 20 | | ¡Oh, muchacho celestial! |  | | ¿Qué has de ser, qué quiere el cielo |  | | hacer de tu santo celo |  | | y pureza virginal? |  | | Hablando, viene, que es tal | 25 | | su devoción, que aun saliendo |  | | de la iglesia, está diciendo, |  | | sin acabar de salir, |  | | lo que no me atrevo a oír, |  | | porque le escucho muriendo. | 30 | |

*(SIMÓN entre)*

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Celebró Jerusalén |  | | del rey Salomón las bodas, |  | | y admiráronse sus damas |  | | de ver la divina esposa, |  | | porque en sus dulces cantares | 35 | | llevó la fama sonora, |  | | desde Palestina a Egipto, |  | | la corona de su gloria. |  | | «¿Quién es aquesta, decían, |  | | que, como la luna hermosa, | 40 | | y escogida como el sol, |  | | aurora al nacer se nombra, |  | | como ejército terrible, |  | | cuya frente numerosa |  | | ordenada resplandece, | 45 | | segura de la victoria?». |  | | Yo, si bien rapaz humilde, |  | | hallo, divina Señora, |  | | vuestra limpia Concepción |  | | en su pregunta celosa; | 50 | | atrevido y disculpado |  | | de hablar en la sacra historia, |  | | responder quiero a las damas, |  | | aunque a los ángeles toca. |  | | Si como aurora María | 55 | | nace, y los cielos adorna, |  | | claro está que la preserva |  | | el sol de la negra sombra. |  | | Antes que salga, la mira, |  | | la limpia, ilustra e informa; | 60 | | que fuera del sol defecto |  | | si le tuviera el aurora |  | | prevenido el vellocino. |  | | Como pura y limpia rosa, |  | | naciendo el alba, las nubes | 65 | | llovieron divino aljófar; |  | | ni se manchara el rocío |  | | que el nácar vírgenes dora, |  | | si Dios había de ser |  | | la Margarita preciosa; | 70 | | en las manchas de la luna, |  | | las vistas menos devotas |  | | se engañan, porque no advierten |  | | que lo más raro las forma; |  | | en la luna de María, | 75 | | humanas partes no asombran, |  | | porque fuera toda sol |  | | si de allá viniera toda. |  | | Ser toda Dios no podía; |  | | pero como Dios la endiosa | 80 | | mil siglos antes que nazca, |  | | aquel instante acrisola; |  | | pues si como sol la escoge, |  | | ¿cómo es posible que ponga |  | | defecto en ella quien sabe | 85 | | que sus rayos la coronan? |  | | Terrible ejército ha sido |  | | vuestra Concepción dichosa, |  | | Virgen, tan bien ordenado, |  | | que no hay orden que le rompa. | 90 | | Todas juntas, mar de gracia, |  | | hoy a vuestros pies se postran, |  | | y al sol, a la luna, al alba, |  | | que nace tan limpia, adoran. |  | | Reyes y reinos os juran; | 95 | | si un voto falta, no importa; |  | | ¡bien haya quien honra y ama, |  | | que quien bien ama, bien honra! |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo se puede sufrir |  | | esta manera de hablar? | 100 | | Aún no le puedo inquietar; |  | | mal le podré persuadir. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Virgen, ya quiero serviros |  | | con voto expreso, que vos |  | | sois la primera cine a Dios | 105 | | le hicistes! |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Daré suspiros |  | | que penetren el infierno. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Virgen, el voto os consagro! |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Naciste para milagro |  | | del mundo, Cupido tierno. | 110 | | Nuevo Amor en esta edad, |  | | consagras a María |  | | tu limpieza. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Reina mía, |  | | recibid mi voluntad! |  | | Mas ¿qué es lo que siento allí? | 115 | | ¿Quién llora junto a la puerta? |  | | Voylo a ver. |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La suya abierta |  | | tiene el cielo para ti. |  | |

*(Halle un niño envuelto)*

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Dios, qué grave dolor! |  | | Niño es, sin duda. ¡Ay, mis ojos! | 120 | | ¿Quién os dió tantos enojos? |  | | ¿Quién usó tanto rigor? |  | | ¿Quién, mi niño, os puso ansí? |  | | ¿Quién os dejó desta suerte? |  | | Pero no os dejó a la muerte, | 125 | | que vive la vida aquí; |  | | mas piedad usó con vos, |  | | que pues no os dejó, la fundo, |  | | en los umbrales del mundo, |  | | sino en las puertas de Dios. | 130 | | ¡Ay, qué cara y qué inocencia! |  | | ¡Ay, que se ríe! ¡Ay, mi Dios! |  | | ¡Cuál os considero a vos, |  | | soberana omnipotencia, |  | | desamparado del Padre, | 135 | | temblando de frío al hielo, |  | | sin más abrigo y consuelo |  | | que el calor de vuestra Madre! |  | | ¡Ah, chiquito! ¡Él da en reir! |  | | ¡Y qué risa tan suave! | 140 | | Debe de ser que no sabe |  | | que nace para morir. |  | | ¿No sabes adónde estás, |  | | ni en qué mundo, ni en qué gentes? |  | | Ríe en tanto que no sientes; | 145 | | que en sintiendo llorarás. |  | | De suerte me has obligado, |  | | que prometo desde aquí |  | | ser de los niños, por ti, |  | | devoto y aficionado. | 150 | | Y pues veo en tu alegría, |  | | que es señal de la inocencia, |  | | si llego a edad de prudencia, |  | | ser alegre. ¡Ave María! |  | | Ea, decid, ¿no sabéis | 155 | | Ave María, chiquillo? |  | | Pero no me maravillo. |  | | Creced, que vos lo diréis. |  | | ¡Un papel trae! ¿Qué es esto? |  | | Las letras me lo dirán. | 160 | | Llámase este niño Juan. |  | | ¡Qué lindo nombre le han puesto! |  | | ¡Juanillo! ¡Ah, Juanillo! ¡Ah, chico,! |  | | ¡Ave María, rapaz!. |  | |

*(Entre un SACRISTÁN con sobrepelliz y bonete)*

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| SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Él se ha estado pertinaz, | 165 | | puesto que por más que aplico |  | | la vista, no he penetrado |  | | lo que del altar hurtó. |  | | ¡Ah, gentilhombre! |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Soy yo? |  | |

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| SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Deje lo que lleva hurtado. | 170 | |

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| SIMÓN | |  | | --- | | ¡Yo hurtado! | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, qué bien se ha hecho! |  | | Hoy ha de ser mi venganza. |  | |

*(Entre CRISPÍN)*

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay alma en la iglesia ya; |  | | cuerpos sí, pero sin alma. |  | | ¡Si es aquél! |  | |

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| SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desarreboce, | 175 | | señor hidalgo, la cava; |  | | sepa que ya le conozco, |  | | y sé en los pasos que anda. |  | | Cada día viene aquí, |  | | y a que la gente se vaya | 180 | | aguarda. ¿Qué es lo que mira? |  | | Las lámparas están altas; |  | | las sábanas del altar |  | | debe de pescar. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No haga |  | | ese agravio a mi señor. | 185 | |

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| SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué señor! ¡Qué buena lanza! |  | | ¿Es otro ladrón como él? |  | | ¿Es, por ventura, la caña |  | | desta sanguijuela? |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Advierta |  | | que le daré dos puñadas, | 190 | | con que no cante en su vida |  | | parees ni kiries. |  | |

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| SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues salgan |  | | los dos de la iglesia luego. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Sabe el zote con quién habla? |  | |

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| SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Zote! ¡Ay! ¡A un hombre ordenado | 195 | | de Vísperas; por la santa |  | | tribuna, y por los dos fuelles |  | | con que los órganos alzan, |  | | que ha de ir a Roma! |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y no es lejos, |  | | pues él la tiene en su casa; | 200 | | ¿qué le hizo este mancebo? |  | |

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| SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es ladrón de las sábanas |  | | del santo altar. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  | | --- | | ¡Miente! | |

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| SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A mí? |  | | ¡Aquí de cruces y mangas! |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este estudiantico es hijo, | 205 | | aunque basta ver su cara, |  | | de Gregorio Ruiz. |  | |

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| SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué dice? |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  | | --- | | De Navamuel. | |

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| SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cosa extraña! |  | | Es un grande señor mío. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Reinosa de la montaña, | 210 | | por hidalgo conocido, |  | | le dió su solar y casa; |  | | en el valle de Toranzo |  | | tuvo su antigua prosapia |  | | Constanza de Rojas, madre | 215 | | de quien por ladrón infama; |  | | nació en Móstoles, adonde |  | | sus abuelos, que Dios haya, |  | | compraron campos y hacienda; |  | | y consta por cosa clara, | 220 | | de muchas informaciones |  | | que han hecho... |  | |

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| SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El nombre bastaba |  | | para tenerle respeto, |  | | porque Gregorio y su casa |  | | son amparo deste templo; | 225 | | yo acudo siempre a Constanza |  | | por todo lo que se ofrece; |  | | vile encubrir con la capa |  | | no sé qué cosa, y pensé |  | | que era de aquéstos que andan | 230 | | a chupar, como lechuzas, |  | | más que el aceite, la plata. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué llevas, Simón? | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Crispín, |  | | toma aqueste niño y calla; |  | | llévale a Marina luego | 235 | | sin replicarme palabra; |  | | que me va la vida. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Voy |  | | que después sabré la causa; |  | | adiós, señor sacristán. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | |

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| SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Perdone; así Dios le valga, | 240 | | que no sabía quién era. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es la ofensa de importancia. |  | |

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| SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mire, ya todo es hurtar: |  | | carne y pan con pesas falsas, |  | | carbón con piedras y tierra, | 245 | | vino con calderos de agua, |  | | y a este paso lo demás; |  | | y ¿qué piensa que es la causa? |  | | Que comen todo lo bueno |  | | los que gobiernan y mandan. | 250 | | Si un cónsul destos bebiera |  | | vinagre, era cosa clara |  | | que abrasara mil tabernas; |  | | bebe ambrosía, néctar y ámbar; |  | | ¿cómo ha de saber que beben | 255 | | zupia, veneno, tercianas, |  | | dolor de costado, aquellos |  | | que el mismo sustento mata? |  | | ¡Quédese con Dios! |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ya, Virgen, |  | | mi vida, bien y esperanza, | 260 | | os dejo, porque mis padres, |  | | con pena siempre me aguardan! |  | | Pero creedme, que os llevo |  | | tan de veras en el alma, |  | | que antes dejara de ser, | 265 | | que deje vuestra alabanza. |  | |

*(GREGORIO, DON JUAN y BERNARDO,  
parientes suyos)*

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| DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tiene Simón tan gran ventura en esto, |  | | que queda remediado como honrado. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que el canónigo Rojas ha dispuesto |  | | a regresar en él. |  | |

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| BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y lo ha tratado | 270 | | conmigo muy de veras. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Agradezco |  | | lo que siempre con obras me ha obligado; |  | | sólo por ser su deudo las merezco, |  | | no por servicios. |  | |

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| DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vos merecéis tanto |  | | como a mostrarlo en la ocasión me ofrezco. | 275 | |

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| BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El es buen estudiante, y es un santo; |  | | vos le veréis canónigo en Toledo. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé su voluntad; no me adelanto; |  | | de mi parte os ofrezco lo que puedo, |  | | como quien lo quisiera en honra tanta; | 280 | | de lo que digo, sospechoso quedo. |  | |

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| BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ser dignidad de aquella Iglesia santa |  | | no ha de aceptar? |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El modo de su vida, |  | | para deciros la verdad, me espanta; |  | | hablaréle, señores, y entendida | 285 | | su voluntad, daré respuesta, y creo |  | | que será de los dos agradecida. |  | |

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| DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por lo menos sabréis nuestro deseo. |  | |

*(Vanse)*

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Puesto quedo en confusión. |  | |

*(SIMÓN entre)*

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué breve se pasa el día! | 290 | | ¡Oh, mi padre! ¡Ave María! |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Seas bien venido, Simón; |  | | que te deseaba hablar |  | | y pedirte albricias. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo, |  | | de lo que el cielo me dió, | 295 | | ¿qué tengo, señor, que os dar |  | | que todo vuestro no sea? |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mucho tu humildad estimo; |  | | el canónigo, mi primo, |  | | regresar en ti desea; | 300 | | ¡Mira qué renta y qué honor |  | | te da el cielo! |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien quisiera, |  | | por vuestro gusto, que fuera |  | | obedeceros, señor. |  | | Posible a la hechura vuestra; | 305 | | he hecho voto de ser |  | | religioso, y no ha de haber, |  | | dure o no la vida nuestra, |  | | otro propósito ya. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Fraile quieres ser? | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Señor, | 310 | | es voto! |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Extraño rigor! |  | | Pero mira que podrá |  | | dispensarse, y que no tienes |  | | edad. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, una vez |  | | lo dije, haciendo al Juez | 315 | | de los males y los bienes, |  | | que desta causa lo sea, |  | | y delante de una hermosa |  | | Señora, Madre y Esposa |  | | del mismo que lo desea; | 320 | | no me puedo desdecir; |  | | que a jornada larga o corta |  | | lo he de cumplir; si os importa |  | | que, como os debo servir, |  | | algún tiempo en casa esté, | 325 | | ése esperaré no más. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Notables muestras me das |  | | de tu piedad, celo y fe; |  | | no sé, Simón, lo que pueda |  | | responderte. ¡Dios te guarde! | 330 | |  |  | |

*(Vase, y entren CRISPÍN y MARINA)*

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| MARINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vienes mal y vienes tarde; |  | | mucho que sufrir me queda |  | | si comienzas por aquí. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y a mí, ¿no me queda nada? |  | |

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| MARINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues dime: apenas casada. | 335 | | ¿niño me traes? |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  | | --- | | ¡Yo! | |

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| MARINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí; |  | | fueron celos de la tal, |  | | viéndote ya con mujer; |  | | ¿tú me habías de traer, |  | | Crispín, desvergüenza igual? | 340 | | ¿No le llevarás, picaño, |  | | a un hospital? |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si no fuera |  | | el que dado me le hubiera, |  | | tan notorio desengaño, |  | | pesárame de haber sido | 345 | | instrumento, sin querer, |  | | de tu enojo. |  | |

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| MARINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A qué mujer |  | | esto hubiera sucedido? |  | | Vuelve ¡perro! la criatura |  | | a la tal por cual, o haré | 350 | | que mi señor... |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo tendré |  | | cual la boda la ventura. |  | | ¡Aún no he comido los picos |  | | de la rosca, y ya me arañan! |  | |

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| MARINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si otros a éste acompañan, | 355 | | vé por otros cuatro chicos; |  | | tráelos todos. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que no sé |  | | quién es éste, ¡vive Dios! |  | |

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| MARINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Hoy nos matamos los dos! |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hoy, mi Marina?, ¿por qué? | 360 | |

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| MARINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Perro! ¡Por sayón de Herodes, |  | | por buscador de inocentes! |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si desa suerte lo sientes, |  | | digo que no le acomodes; |  | | yo le llevaré a otra parte. | 365 | |

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| SIMÓN | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué es esto? | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Estabas aquí, |  | | y no volvieras por mí? |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Puede Marina culparte |  | | de mi piedad, si yo he sido |  | | quien hoy a la puerta halló | 370 | | este muchacho? |  | |

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| MARINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si yo, |  | | Simón, lo hubiera sabido, |  | | no hubiera a Crispín culpado, |  | | y sólo a ti te creyera |  | | que este niño hallado fuera. | 375 | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ten por cierto que es hallado; |  | | hoy a una imagen tomé |  | | su santo Niño, Marina, |  | | y aquella piedad divina |  | | tan agradecida fue, | 380 | | que luego un hijo me dió, |  | | y a mi madre le he traído. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ves como no te he mentido? |  | |

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| MARINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy tan segura yo |  | | de que Simón no mintiera | 385 | | por todo el mundo, que quiero |  | | darte un abrazo. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya espero. |  | |

*(Váyanse)*

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ave María, allá fuera! |  | | Virgen, en vuestro vientre santo estuvo |  | | vuestra alma pura, de más gracia llena | 390 | | que el ángel de más luz; que nuestra pena |  | | en vos el golpe original detuvo. |  | | El lirio de los valles que entretuvo |  | | nueve meses su cándida azucena, |  | | si en gracia cría al Ángel, no condena | 395 | | a la Primcesa que por madre tuvo. |  | | Más que todos los ángeles deciros |  | | puedo que la tenéis, si en carne humana |  | | nos dais a Dios, aquel dichoso día; |  | | que a ellos los crió para serviros, | 400 | | y a vos para su Reina soberana, |  | | cuando os dijo Gabriel: «Ave María». |  | |

*(Entre GABRIEL)*

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| GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Al eco del dulce nombre |  | | vengo a verte. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te veo, |  | | que no quiere mi deseo | 405 | | que tu presencia me asombre. |  | | ¿Cómo quieres que te nombre, |  | | cuando con tu claro acento |  | | ilustras mi entendimiento? |  | |

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| GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un espíritu que inclina | 410 | | a la beldad más divina |  | | tu amoroso pensamiento. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo voy, con tu inspiración, |  | | fabricando cada día |  | | casa en que viva María, | 415 | | cuyos fundamentos son |  | | fe, caridad y oración, |  | | porque la virginidad |  | | sola, fuera vanidad; |  | | así Gregorio lo dijo; | 420 | | y entre estas flores, elijo |  | | la esperanza y la piedad; |  | | para mayor fundamento, |  | | quiero también la obediencia, |  | | y ésta sé de cierta ciencia | 425 | | que la hallaré en un convento; |  | | elige mi entendimiento |  | | la Trinidad, Redención |  | | de cautivos. |  | |

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| GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todos son |  | | pasos a que Dios te guía. | 430 | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Su redención y María |  | | me han dado esta devoción; |  | | a mis padres quiero hablar, |  | | porque con su humilde ruego |  | | me dén el hábito luego. | 435 | | ¡Ay, si me viese llegar |  | | a ver mi pecho adornar |  | | de aquella cruz soberana! |  | |

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| GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Háblalos, y ten por llana |  | | tu entrada y tu profesión. | 440 | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Dios! Un retrato son |  | | de la redención humana. |  | |

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| GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Simón, el hábito santo, |  | | de la mano de Dios tiene |  | | esta religión, que viene | 445 | | su luz a ensalzarla tanto; |  | | su caridad causa espanto. |  | | El ángel la significa, |  | | empresa que testifica |  | | con su piedad su decoro, | 450 | | cuando al cristiano y al moro |  | | trocados brazos aplica. |  | | Aquí, de doctos varones |  | | y mártires soberanos, |  | | para la lengua y las manos | 455 | | hallarás imitaciones; |  | | parte, y con dulces razones |  | | tus viejos padres consuela. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Poco mi amor les desvela |  | | respecto del que a Dios tienen; | 460 | | que el que a sus hijos previenen, |  | | al amor del cielo apela; |  | | yo voy con la confianza |  | | que tengo de su valor. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | |

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| GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nace el sol, y el resplandor, | 465 | | humilde círculo alcanza; |  | | así darás esperanza |  | | creciendo a la luz que cría |  | | cuando llega el mediodía |  | | sin que nube se levante, | 470 | | y más llevando delante |  | | a la aurora de María. |  | |

*(Entren el VICIO y la OCIOSIDAD)*

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mal nos va de nuestro intento. |  | |

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| OCIOSIDAD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo nos irá más bien, |  | | si tiene a su lado quien | 475 | | le alumbra el entendimiento? |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con mi pronóstico siento, |  | | si él entra en la Trinidad, |  | | que su oración y piedad |  | | ha de ser mi muerte. |  | |

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| OCIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Creo | 480 | | que ya le lleva el deseo |  | | de matar mi ociosidad. |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cuándo lo estuvo Simón? |  | |

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| OCIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En fin, es muchacho, Vicio, |  | | y es diferente ejercicio | 485 | | el que hay en la religión; |  | | el ayuno, la oración |  | | y la obediencia, son cosas |  | | que a las almas más ociosas |  | | ponen en santa quietud. | 490 | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, humildad, santa virtud, |  | | que en paz del alma reposas! |  | | Mucho lleva granjeado |  | | Simón para religioso, |  | | en ser humilde y piadoso. | 495 | |

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| GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién, Vicios, os ha obligado |  | | a alabarle? |  | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú, que has dado |  | | espíritu celestial, |  | | por aquel Ave imperial |  | | y fénix de Nazarén, | 500 | | en darle luz para el bien |  | | y en apartarle del mal. |  | | ¡Qué bien por la Reina entró |  | | para privar con el Rey! |  | | ¡Qué bien su sagrada ley | 505 | | y sus preceptos cumplió! |  | | Dios venerar le mandó |  | | los padres; pues di, ¿qué padre |  | | como Dios, ni a quien más cuadre? |  | | Pues di, ¿qué madre también | 510 | | para el hombre, como quien |  | | fue de Dios Esposa y Madre? |  | |

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| GABRIEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vicios, no habéis de tocar, |  | | hoy que el hábito le espera |  | | de la Trinidad divina, | 515 | | en el umbral de la puerta. |  | | Ya sus padres han hablado |  | | al Ministro; ya le quedan |  | | vistiendo el cándido manto, |  | | testigo de su pureza; | 520 | | oíd lo que os digo atentos, |  | | aunque pronóstico sea |  | | y divina profecía, |  | | que Dios de Simón ordena; |  | | intérpretes suyos somos: | 525 | | para más confusión vuestra |  | | y gloria suya, sabed |  | | que guarda Dios a su Iglesia |  | | en Simón una columna, |  | | un miembro de la cabeza | 530 | | de su sacra arquitectura, |  | | de su fundamento y piedra; |  | | un Bernardo, enamorado |  | | de su Madre, que merezca, |  | | si no sus pechos, sus brazos | 535 | | y sus divinas respuestas; |  | | un Ildefonso divino |  | | que predique la entereza |  | | del huerto, siempre cerrado, |  | | donde la pura azucena | 540 | | aquel divino rocío |  | | vistió de doradas perlas; |  | | en fin, un predicador, |  | | que con su angélica lengua, |  | | cincuenta años a los hombres | 545 | | predique sus excelencias; |  | | un hombre que sea Bautista |  | | de la Virgen, porque tenga |  | | quien lo señale con Ave |  | | María de gracia llena. | 550 | | «Veis allí, dijo el Bautista, |  | | el Cordero que a la tierra |  | | viene a perdonar pecados», |  | | y Simón, «El Ave es ésta |  | | que, como paloma y Madre, | 555 | | por los pecadores ruega». |  | | ¡Raro milagro que a un hombre |  | | no falten palabras tiernas, |  | | requiebros, gracias, virtudes, |  | | conceptos y preeminencias | 560 | | que decir por tantos años |  | | en el púlpito, en la iglesia, |  | | en la calle y en el coro, |  | | en el altar y en la mesa, |  | | desta soberana Madre | 565 | | con el honor de doncella; |  | | que si bien son infinitas, |  | | es corta la humana ciencia! |  | | Bien merece que en su boca |  | | naciesen ocho azucenas, | 570 | | pues que tiene Ave María |  | | ocho soberanas letras. |  | | ¡Oh, qué fruto tan divino! |  | | La corte de España espera, |  | | en siglo de tres Felipes, | 575 | | de la amorosa prudencia |  | | con que será confesor, |  | | trayendo mil almas muertas |  | | en sus vicios, al camino |  | | de la gloria y vida eterna. | 580 | | ¿Qué misericordia santa |  | | en trabajos, muertes, penas, |  | | cárceles, enfermedades, |  | | discordias y competencias, |  | | será la de su alma pura, | 585 | | hallando todos en ella |  | | consejo, remedio, vida, |  | | paz, salud, descanso, hacienda! |  | | ¡Oh, qué de ofensas de Dios |  | | estorba, impide, remedia, | 590 | | entendiendo pensamientos, |  | | montante de Dios en ellas! |  | | Será su oración notable, |  | | de todo el infierno afrenta, |  | | porque aun en suma vejez | 595 | | tendrá más que humanas fuerzas |  | | para que todas las noches |  | | en la oración le amanezca, |  | | aunque el trabajo del día |  | | las fuerzas mortales venza. | 600 | | ¡Qué desprecio será el suyo |  | | de las cosas de la tierra! |  | | Dentro y fuera de su casa, |  | | ¡qué humildad y qué pobreza! |  | | Por Ministro y Provincial, | 605 | | religiosas preeminencias, |  | | no habrá diferencia en él |  | | de lo que sin ella era; |  | | y aunque ha de ver a sus pies |  | | a Isabel, de España Reina, | 610 | | en su trato y humildad |  | | no admitirá diferencia; |  | | será su dichosa vida |  | | setenta y dos años, y ésta |  | | un ejemplo a cuantas almas | 615 | | el sacerdocio profesan. |  | | Calificará su muerte |  | | su vida, viéndose en ella |  | | el más general concurso |  | | que se haya visto, ni pueda | 620 | | encarecer lengua o pluma; |  | | pero para afrenta vuestra, |  | | quiero que le imaginéis |  | | en la pintura más nueva |  | | de un jeroglífico sacro | 625 | | que en estos siglos merezca |  | | amor a la Virgen santa, |  | | que desta manera premia. |  | |

*(Ábranse dos puertas en medio del teatro,  
y véase una imagen de la Anunciación,  
y el padre Rojas de rodillas, con un ramo  
de ocho azucenas en la boca)*

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ni quiero, imaginar en tal pintura, |  | | ni es justo que me baste sufrimiento | 630 | | para mirar de un alma hermosa y pura, |  | | producido tan alto pensamiento |  | | ocho azucenas, con quien fuera oscura |  | | la luz del alba, tienen fundamento. |  | | En su dichosa lengua, que las cría, | 635 | | las ocho letras son de Ave María. |  | | ¡Vamos, Ociosidad, que nunca pienso |  | | que fuiste tan ociosa como agora! |  | |

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| OCIOSIDAD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Glorioso es en sus santos Dios inmenso, |  | | y más, devotos de tan gran Señora! | 640 | |

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| VICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A quién no admira aquel amor intenso |  | | con que la sirve, mira y enamora? |  | | ¡Hombres, llamadla hasta el postrero día; |  | | que para Dios no hay luz como María! |  | |

*(Entren sus padres de SIMÓN acompañados  
de sus deudos y criados)*

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No os espantéis de que sean, | 645 | | en esta ocasión dichosa, |  | | lágrimas las que del alma |  | | salgan a mostrarla toda. |  | | ¡No siempre llora la pena, |  | | tal vez el contento llora! | 650 | |

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| DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cualquiera demostración |  | | en esta ocasión, es corta. |  | |

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| BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Con qué humildad ha tomado |  | | el hábito! |  | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es una cosa |  | | que ha causado admiración, | 655 | | y no le ha visto persona |  | | que no diga que ha de ser |  | | un santo. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El cielo disponga |  | | sus fines de tal manera, |  | | que a sus principios responda. | 660 | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Llora, Marina, y confiesa |  | | tus pecados! |  | |

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| MARINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por qué agora? |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por ver que un niño como éste |  | | en la religión se ponga: |  | | ¡Ah, Dios, quién le hubiera visto | 665 | | antes de tan negra boda, |  | | para camparse con él! |  | |

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| MARINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo fuera la dichosa, |  | | y tú habías de ser fraile. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡No hay cocinas, no hay escobas, | 670 | | no hay huertas, no hay refitorios, |  | | no hay bacinillas, no hay norias! |  | |

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| MARINA | |  | | --- | | ¿Agora lloras? | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué quieres! |  | | ¿No es esta ocasión piadosa? |  | | He criado este muchacho; | 675 | | por eso mis ojos lloran. |  | |

*(Salga SIMÓN con el hábito de la Santísima Trinidad,  
en cuerpo, y su corona abierta, y dos religiosos a los lados)*

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| RELIGIOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llegad a pedir su mano, |  | | y a vuestros deudos que os honran, |  | | dad con humildad los brazos. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hoy a vuestros pies se postra | 680 | | esta humilde hechura vuestra. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Con su mano poderosa |  | | Dios te bendiga, y te haga |  | | un gran santo! |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ya, señora, |  | | se cumplió vuestro deseo! | 685 | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hijo, lo que más importa |  | | es servir a la del cielo, |  | | que deste premio os adorna. |  | | Cumplí lo que le ofrecí; |  | | lo demás a vos os toca: | 690 | | ¡Dios os haga un grande santo, |  | | trasladando esa corona |  | | a la del cielo! |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No vuelves |  | | la cara a Crispín? |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Reporta |  | | los brazos. |  | |

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| CRISPÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo los brazos? | 695 | | Aun a besarte provocas. |  | |

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| GREGORIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta es la primera parte, |  | | Madrid, desta dulce historia. |  | |

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| SIMÓN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí se acaba, senado, |  | | *La Niñez del Padre Rojas*. | 700 | |