**LOPE DE VEGA  
*El Pastor Lobo***

Personajes:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| *PASTOR CORDERO, pastor* |  |
| *CORDERA, serrana* |  |
| *CUSTODIO, pastor* |  |
| *VOLUNTAD, serrana* |  |
| *PASTOR LOBO, demonio* |  |
| *APETITO, pastor* |  |
| *CUIDADO, pastor* |  |
| *DESCUIDO, pastor* |  |

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| *En el Valle, entre cuyos árboles se verá la cabaña de la CORDERA. Sobre una montaña, una corpulenta cruz, y sobre otra, la cabaña del PASTOR LOBO, cubierta de flores* |  |
|  | |
| *(Sale el PASTOR LOBO, demonio)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Luces del alta esfera, |  | | que miráis los mortales |  | | y este mundo inferior de quien sois dueño; |  | | patria que vio primera |  | | mis cabellos, iguales | 5 | | a los del sol, para mi luz pequeño; |  | | con desdeñoso ceño |  | | os miro, desde el día |  | | que, en batalla animosa, |  | | mi espada poderosa | 10 | | hizo temblar de Dios la monarquía, |  | | si bien su grave peso |  | | quitarme pudo este infeliz suceso. |  | | Pero yo, que, envidioso |  | | (y nunca arrepentido) | 15 | | de aquel monte glorioso, |  | | vivo en el del olvido, |  | | adonde estoy atado |  | | de tinieblas cercado, |  | | segundo Prometeo; | 20 | | valiéndome del arte, |  | | procuro en esta parte |  | | mostrar contra los cielos el deseo |  | | de dar a Dios enojos, |  | | hasta en las mismas niñas de los ojos. | 25 | | Estas verdes montañas, |  | | Jerusalén del suelo, |  | | que baña en su cristal el Jordán santo, |  | | esmaltan mil cabañas |  | | de pastores del cielo, | 30 | | cuyos ganados ya se esparcen tanto |  | | que cubren todo cuanto |  | | sus aguas fertilizan |  | | y las que el cielo llueve; |  | | pues en copos de nieve | 35 | | su blanca lana al sol dorado enrizan, |  | | dándome más congoja |  | | la marca del Pastor, sangrienta y roja. |  | | Mas yo, que disfrazado |  | | me llamo el Pastor Lobo, | 40 | | como se llama Dios Pastor Cordero, |  | | lo mejor del ganado |  | | de sus rediles robo, |  | | a sus cabañas atrevido y fiero. |  | | Sale el blanco lucero, | 45 | | de quien el nombre tuve,, |  | | y yo de mi cabaña, |  | | a robar la montaña, |  | | hasta que el alba en la primera nube |  | | a la tierra aparece; | 50 | | que el sol entonces para.mí anochece. |  | | Entre muchas zagalas |  | | que del Pastor Cordero |  | | tienen aquí la marca y el cuidado, |  | | hay una en cuyas galas | 55 | | se mira el sol, primero |  | | que dore el monte y bañe en oro el prado; |  | | y désta enamorado |  | | y del Pastor celoso |  | | con quien hablar la veo, | 60 | | quitársela deseo, |  | | intrépido a sus ojos, y envidioso |  | | de que tanto la quiera |  | | que la llame su cándida Cordera. |  | | Guárdate, pues, hermosa | 65 | | prenda del mismo Cristo, |  | | no te manche lo cándido mi mano; |  | | que, en esta selva umbrosa, |  | | con la piel que me visto, |  | | de mis astucias te defiende en vano. | 70 | | Al monte soberano |  | | di, Cordera de nieve, |  | | que tu Pastor te lleve; |  | | que, si de sus valientes perros fía, |  | | bien sabe que mis presas | 75 | | tengo en sus pieles cándidas impresas. |  | | Sus mejores ganados, |  | | sus corderas más blancas |  | | les quito, y a pesar de sus mastines; |  | | porque suelo a bocados | 80 | | deshacer sus carlancas, |  | | aunque fueran alados serafines. |  | | Cordera, que en jazmines |  | | tienes la piel bañada, |  | | por tus amores muero: | 85 | | deja el Pastor Cordero, |  | | aunque te llame Dios su regalada; |  | | que aquí tendrás mejores |  | | campos en que vivir, pastos y amores. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen el APETITO y el DESCUIDO, pastores)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  | | --- | | Aquí está el Lobo. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DESCUIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Perdidos | 90 | | en tu busca andamos hoy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por donde quiera que voy |  | | los aires tengo encendidos |  | | con los suspiros que doy. |  | | ¿Qué nuevas hay de mi pena? | 95 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La selva, de temor llena, |  | | todo el ganado retira; |  | | que, cuando el Lobo suspira, |  | | alguna oveja condena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo puede condenar | 100 | | a quien condenan los cielos |  | | eternamente a penar, |  | | y más después que con celos |  | | me condena a un mar de amar? |  | | ¿Habéis visto a la Cordera | 105 | | que todo en amor me abrasa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hoy, cuando con luz escasa |  | | de la contrapuesta esfera |  | | el sol a la nuestra pesa, |  | | y las hojas de las flores | 110 | | a sus claros resplandores |  | | enjugaban el rocío, |  | | bajaba el ganado al río, |  | | cantando al Cordero amores. |  | | Yo vi sus hermosos ojos, | 115 | | que tuvieran por despojos |  | | a las estrellas del cielo, |  | | salir de un listado velo |  | | a darte celo y enojos; |  | | porque, viendo flores tantas, | 120 | | dijo: -Por aquí pasaron |  | | de mi Cordero las plantas; |  | | que sus estampas dejaron |  | | aquestas reliquias santas. |  | | Saya y sayuelo traía | 125 | | tan bien prendido, que hacía |  | | una pintura su talle, |  | | no habiendo espejo en el valle |  | | fuera de una fuente fría. |  | | Mas, como se mira en Dios, | 130 | | no me espanto de su aseo, |  | | cuando tan limpia la veo; |  | | que pone amor en los dos |  | | la de su casto deseo. |  | | De patenas y corales | 135 | | no te quiero encarecer, |  | | joyas de virtudes tales |  | | que pueden resplandecer |  | | entre signos celestiales. |  | | Llegando, pues, a tratar | 140 | | de los pies de la Cordera, |  | | sólo te puedo afirmar |  | | que los pudiera engastar |  | | el sol en su cuarta esfera; |  | | que por besar las virillas, | 145 | | ya por las chinelas presas, |  | | de los prados y dehesas |  | | las azules campanillas |  | | se les quedaban impresas. |  | | Yo, que detrás de un ciprés | 150 | | su belleza contemplaba, |  | | veo que al prado bajaba |  | | aquel Pastor, cuyos Pies |  | | el sol entonces besaba. |  | | Por mi vida, que es galán, | 155 | | y que no en balde le dan |  | | nombre de Pastor Cordero, |  | | que en este prado primero |  | | lo enseñó al mundo San Juan. |  | | ¡Oh, qué cabello traía, | 160 | | nazareno y enrizado!... |  | | Aunque entonces le tenía |  | | de rondar noche tan fría |  | | lleno de aljófar helado. |  | | Blanco pellico y zurrón, | 165 | | en que debe de traer |  | | la yesca y el eslabón, |  | | con que debe de encender |  | | al más tibio corazón. |  | | Turbéme, que, corno ve | 170 | | todas las cosas, no fue |  | | parte el ciprés, aunque grueso, |  | | para esconderme, y por eso |  | | lo que le dijo no sé. |  | | Tú (pues que yo soy grosero) | 175 | | pensarás, juntos los dos, |  | | lo que pasa, Lobo fiero, |  | | entre Dios, Pastor Cordero, |  | | y un Alma que busca a Dios. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Perderé vida y sentido, | 180 | | supuesto que soy eterno! |  | | Tristes nuevas me has traído; |  | | ¡qué trágico nuncio ha sido! |  | | Páguete el porte el infierno. |  | | No tienes que me contar: | 185 | | mejor es dejar en calma |  | | lo que pudiera pasar; |  | | que, juntos Cristo y un Alma, |  | | ya sé lo que han de tratar. |  | | Cristo no la ha menester | 190 | | para que en lo que ha de hacer |  | | le aconseje: es Dios su espejo; |  | | es Ángel del gran Consejo, |  | | igual en ciencia y poder. |  | | Cristo no ha de preguntalle | 195 | | cómo criará las flores |  | | y las plantas deste valle; |  | | dirále tiernos amores, |  | | desde los ojos al talle; |  | | y ella al Pastor, que reside | 200 | | entre azucena y azahares, |  | | su pecho dará, en que anide. |  | | sin que requiebro se olvide |  | | del libro de los Cantares. |  | | ¡Oh Apetito, qué tormento | 205 | | me has dado! De celos rabio: |  | | no hay amor con celos sabio; |  | | porque ya en el pensamiento |  | | anticiparé el agravio. |  | | Yo me mataré, yo haré | 210 | | una fábula de Orlando |  | | por estas selvas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo sé |  | | que, de fábulas hablando, |  | | hoy tu remedio seré. |  | | ¿No has oído que guardó | 215 | | Argos la niña que Juno |  | | en novilla transformó |  | | y que, velando importuno, |  | | Mercurio sueño le dio? |  | | Pues la palabra te empeño | 220 | | que mi ingenio, aunque el Cuidado |  | | vele al Alma desvelado, |  | | sus cien ojos rinda al sueño; |  | | en Mercurio transformado. |  | | Tú verás cómo le quito | 225 | | la vida, el alma y los ojos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quitado me has, Apetito, |  | | gran parte de mis enojos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A las obras me remito. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú, Descuido, no lo seas; | 230 | | ayuda mi pretensión. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DESCUIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si llegare la ocasión, |  | | yo haré que mi engaño veas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todos sabéis mi pasión. |  | | ¡Alarma, pastores míos! | 235 | | Mostrad agora los bríos: |  | | sepan que sois mis pastores |  | | volved veneno las flores, |  | | y corran fuego los ríos; |  | | que si tú le echares sueño | 240 | | a los ojos del Cuidado, |  | | que la guarda en este prado, |  | | yo seré del Alma dueño, |  | | por más que vele el ganado. |  | | Yo sé que el Lobo infernal | 245 | | entrará por sus cabañas, |  | | si tú, Apetito, la engañas; |  | | que en quitándole la sal |  | | pacerá nuestras montañas. |  | | Lobo soy que a Dios me atrevo: | 250 | | robaréle la cabaña, |  | | si todo Dios le acompaña: |  | | no le temo, ni le debo, |  | | desde mi primera hazaña. |  | | Probar mis dientes querría | 255 | | en este Cordero yo, |  | | si bien, con tanta porfía, |  | | bravo bocado nos dio |  | | a mí y a la Muerte un día. |  | | Mas vamos, que en esta tierra | 260 | | no temo ninguna guerra |  | | ni a sus mastines recelo; |  | | que si él es Dios en el cielo, |  | | yo príncipe de la tierra. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y sale la CORDERA y la VOLUNTAD, de serranas)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VOLUNTAD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Parece que te inclinas, | 265 | | Alma, al Pastor Cordero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si sus partes divinas, |  | | Voluntad, considero, |  | | ¿dónde hay Pastor como el Pastor que quiero? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VOLUNTAD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No puede ser que halles | 270 | | tal dueño en todo el suelo: |  | | a los humanos valles, |  | | con amoroso celo, |  | | bajó del monte de su eterno cielo. |  | | ¡Oh, qué grande hermosura! | 275 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Voluntad, yo le adoro, |  | | con alma honesta y pura, |  | | por único tesoro: |  | | sigo sus pasos y su ausencia lloro. |  | | Pastores de la tierra | 280 | | va no me dan contento: |  | | del alma los destierra |  | | su dulce pensamiento; |  | | ¡tales regalos de sus brazos siento! |  | | Peinábase la aurora | 285 | | hoy sus rubios cabellos, |  | | y la esmaltada Flora, |  | | de la hermosura dellos, |  | | bañaba en hilos de oro lirios bellos. |  | | Las cristalinas fuentes, | 290 | | para ver sus colores, |  | | hacían sus corrientes |  | | espejos de las flores, |  | | las dulces aves altercando amores; |  | | cuando el Esposo mío, | 295 | | cuando aquella belleza, |  | | cubierta de rocío |  | | la divina cabeza, |  | | la noche esclareció de mi tristeza. |  | | -¿Qué haces (me decía), | 300 | | Cordera de mis ojos? |  | | Que, como no te vía, |  | | todo me daba enojos: |  | | ¡quién pensara que Dios tuviera antojos. |  | | Yo entonces, deslumbrada, | 305 | | miraba su hermosura, |  | | y díjele turbada: |  | | -Luz soberana y pura, |  | | ¿esto escucha de Vos mortal criatura? |  | | Decirte los amores | 310 | | de aquella lengua, penetrante rayo, |  | | será contar las flores |  | | que abril previene a mayo; |  | | hasta que en dulce sueño me desmayo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VOLUNTAD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Alma! Persevera | 315 | | en amores tan justos; |  | | pues eres su Cordera, |  | | no le des más disgustos: |  | | ¡olvida, oh Alma, los humanos gustos! |  | | Mira lo que le debes: | 320 | | no salgas de su prado, |  | | pues tales aguas bebes, |  | | y en pasto regalado, |  | | no yerbas comes, sino Pan sagrado. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase la VOLUNTAD, y entra el PASTOR CORDERO y CUSTODIO, de pastores)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUSTODIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Adora, Pastor Cordero, | 325 | | tu hermosura, gracia y talle. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo por ella me muero. |  | | Deciende, Custodio, al valle, |  | | y dila que aquí la espero: |  | | búsqueme una vez a mí, | 330 | | de cuantas yo la he buscado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUSTODIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La Cordera viene allí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Flores y fuentes del prado |  | | me daban nuevas de ti, |  | | unas con süave olor | 335 | | y otras con risa. Pastor, |  | | dame mil veces tus pies. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alma, norabuena estés: |  | | si sabes lo que es amor, |  | | ven a mis brazos, y advierte | 340 | | lo que eres de mí querida, |  | | pues que, por verte y quererte, |  | | desde el monte de la vida |  | | bajo el valle de la muerte. |  | | ¿Cómo estás? ¿Cómo te ha ido | 345 | | en mi ausencia? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No ha salido |  | | sin ti mi sol, que sin ti |  | | no puede haber vida en mí; |  | | que de mí, sin ti, me olvido. |  | | Tú me animas, que eres alma | 350 | | de todos mis movimientos: |  | | faltarme tú me desalma, |  | | que todos mis pensamientos |  | | sin tu luz padecen calma. |  | | Eres autor de la vida: | 355 | | no puede haberla sin ti. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, mi Cordera querida, |  | | que tanta verdad en mí |  | | no merece fe rompida! |  | | Cuando pasares a extremo | 360 | | de tanto amor como el mío, |  | | que es el grado más supremo, |  | | por las huellas de tu brío |  | | que lobos te sigan, temo; |  | | mayormente de aquel fiero | 365 | | que de la infernal cabaña |  | | baja, hambriento y lisonjero, |  | | tras el ganado que baña |  | | sangre del Pastor Cordero. |  | | Toda la noche camina, | 370 | | sin que los perros lo sientan, |  | | y al aprisco se avecina. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En vano hacer presa intentan |  | | en tu cabaña divina: |  | | no temo esos lobos yo; | 375 | | que, con tu favor, jamás |  | | su fuerza el alma venció. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya que en mi ganado estás, |  | | ya que mi marca te herró, |  | | Alma, la cifra y señal | 380 | | de mis cándidas corderas, |  | | quiero de mi blanca sal |  | | darte la gracia que esperas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Será favor celestial. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Acércate, que bien puedes: | 385 | | llega a la boca la mano, |  | | para que en mi gracia quedes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No soy, Pastor soberano, |  | | digna de tantas mercedes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llega, pues eres mi Esposa. | 390 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  | | --- | | *(Llégase a su mano)* | | ¡Ay, mi Dios! ¡Ay, mano hermosa, |  | | que se me ha turbado el alma! |  | | Pasada tenéis la palma: |  | | ¿es llaga, es rubí o es rosa? |  | | Todo lo debe de ser, | 395 | | dando a nieve celestial |  | | esmaltes de rosicler: |  | | mirad, Señor, que la sal |  | | della se os puede caer; |  | | pasadla desde la diestra | 400 | | a esotra mano, Señor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya la paso, para muestra |  | | de mi dolor y mi amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dadme agora la sal vuestra. |  | | ¡Ay de mí! También aquí | 405 | | hay otra herida, Señor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Éstas me dieron por ti. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mucho me pesa, Pastor, |  | | de que os hiriesen por mí. |  | | No me atreveré a besar | 410 | | las heridas que causé. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues bien, las puedes tomar |  | | del pecho, aunque en tanta fe |  | | no tiene amor que dudar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy tan favorecida | 415 | | que me atrevo a vuestro pecho. |  | | *(Llégase)* |  | | ¡Ay, mi Dios, qué grande herida! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En mi corazón la has hecho, |  | | dulce Cordera querida, |  | | con uno de tus cabellos. | 420 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo me desmayo, Pastor. |  | | Tened, querubines bellos, |  | | un alma muerta de amor. |  | | *(Queda desmayada)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alma, descansa con ellos. |  | | Cubre, Custodio, de flores | 425 | | mi esposa, muerta de amores |  | | después que el pecho me vio, |  | | mientras que me ausento yo |  | | para secretos mayores. |  | | Esparce azucenas bellas | 430 | | a su castidad, y entre ellas, |  | | rosas de su limpio celo, |  | | porque ya mi esposa es cielo |  | | y parecerán estrellas. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Caen flores desde una nube sobre la CORDERA, y vase el PASTOR)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUSTODIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alma, aunque el Pastor se va, | 435 | | contigo se queda; duerme. |  | | ¡Ah, Cuidado! ¡Hola, Cuidado! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale el CUIDADO, pastor, con ojos)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién llama? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUSTODIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Descuido es éste: |  | | Custodio soy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pastor mío, |  | | ¿qué es lo que al Cuidado quieres? | 440 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUSTODIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El Alma duerme, Cuidado, |  | | en un desmayo que tiene. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, qué llena está de flores! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUSTODIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquella nube las llueve. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Paloma y con tantas rosas, | 445 | | mazapán blanco parece. |  | | ¿De qué le ha dado este sueño? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUSTODIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De regalos, con que quiere |  | | entretenerla el Pastor. |  | | Mira, Cuidado, que veles | 450 | | con los cien ojos que traes, |  | | que ya que en ojos te vuelves, |  | | no es justo que venga el Lobo |  | | y la Cordera te lleve. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Malos años para él! | 455 | | Déjame, Custodio, vete; |  | | que no la podrá llevar |  | | si todo el infierno viene. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUSTODIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ansí lo creo de ti: |  | | lo que importa a Dios advierte | 460 | | (pues te dejo, mi Cuidado), |  | | que un instante no la dejes. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alma, Custodio se ha ido, |  | | aunque siempre te defiende. |  | | Argos tuyo soy agora: | 465 | | despierta y vela. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  | | --- | | *(Volviendo en sí)* | | ¿Qué quieres? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que a Pedro Pastor escuches, |  | | el que las dos llaves tiene |  | | de la cabaña divina, |  | | con que abrir y cerrar puede. | 470 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues qué dice el Pastor Pedro? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que velando te desveles, |  | | que anda el Lobo por aquí, |  | | con las presas de sus dientes, |  | | rugiendo como león, | 475 | | para devorar quien duerme. |  | | Entra en la cabaña, y mira |  | | que estés advertida siempre |  | | y prevenida con luz, |  | | como pastora prudente, | 480 | | que yo quedaré a la puerta: |  | | y yo te juro que lleve |  | | linda pedrada, si llega; |  | | que también tiene Migueles, |  | | como en el cielo, en la tierra, | 485 | | el Señor omnipotente. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues estás tan advertido, |  | | voy, Cuidado, a entretenerme |  | | en pensar de mi Pastor |  | | las gracias y las mercedes. | 490 | | *(Vase, y entra en la cabaña)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo me desciño la honda, |  | | y aunque en el cuerpo y la frente |  | | excedo en ojos las luces |  | | que en el cielo resplandecen, |  | | quiero llamar los mastines. | 495 | | ¡Hola, Cuidado! ¿En qué entiendes? |  | | ¡To, to, Razón! ¿Dónde estás? |  | | ¿De esa manera previenes |  | | cuidadosa la cabaña? |  | | Gente suena... ¿Quién es este | 500 | | que con celestial deidad |  | | del mismo cielo desciende? |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale el APETITO, en la forma de Mercurio, con alas y el caduceo con dos sierpes)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cuidado? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | (Mi nombre sabe: |  | | Todo el temor me ha quitado.) |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No me conoces, Cuidado? | 505 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | O sois hombre injerto en ave, |  | | o sois alguna deidad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eres villano, grosero, |  | | pues no te informa primero |  | | de quien soy mi claridad. | 510 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, hay tantos bellacos |  | | en el mundo entretenidos, |  | | unos de seda embutidos |  | | y otros metidos en sacos, |  | | que no puede conocer | 515 | | el hombre cuál es virtud; |  | | y así estoy con inquietud. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué la puedes tener? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Han hecho ya granjería, |  | | según aquí nos refieren, | 520 | | para alcanzar lo que quieren, |  | | los hombres, la hipocresía. |  | | Gánase lindo dinero |  | | con andar mortificados: |  | | son honrados, regalados, | 525 | | y siempre en lugar primero. |  | | En cualquiera pretensión |  | | siempre se llevan la palma, |  | | que, como es oculta el alma, |  | | no se les ve la intención. | 530 | | Quien sirve a Dios despejado |  | | y alegre, ése sirve a Dios. |  | | ¿Quién sois, en efecto, vos, |  | | que os acercáis al ganado? |  | | Sabed que se andan tras él | 535 | | muchos de quien Dios se cansa, |  | | que solamente descansa |  | | en el corazón fiel. |  | | Si sois destos bellacones, |  | | ¡voto al sol!... |  | | *(Hace que le quiere tirar con la honda)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tente, ignorante, | 540 | | que a un ángel tienes delante |  | | con todas sus perfeciones. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Holgaré que me deis muestra |  | | de lo que voláis: volad |  | | de ese monte a la ciudad; | 545 | | levantaos, por vida vuestra, |  | | que con esto lo sabré. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo que a Cristo le pedía |  | | el demonio, tu osadía |  | | me pide, traidor sin fe. | 550 | | Esto de pedir señales |  | | es muy de la gente hebrea: |  | | la fe quiere Dios que sea |  | | libre de personas tales. |  | | *(Tócale con la vara y se va durmiendo)* |  | | Tocaréte con la vara | 555 | | y poco a poco veras |  | | quién soy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿sueño me das? |  | | Desvela la lumbre clara |  | | y aduerme la noche escura; |  | | ¿cómo, si eres claridad, | 560 | | me das sueño? La verdad |  | | nunca tinieblas procura. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Allá, en las tierras del mundo, |  | | hay entre montes soberbios |  | | una famosa ciudad... | 565 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si es en el mundo, a lo menos |  | | no será la de San Juan, |  | | labrada en pórfidos tersos, |  | | con tantas hermosas puertas |  | | y tantos ángeles bellos. | 570 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hay en aquesta un palacio, |  | | adonde su trono ha puesto |  | | la Lascivia, reina hermosa |  | | de los humanos deseos. |  | | Tiene vestidas las salas, | 575 | | para mayor ornamento, |  | | de pinturas, con historias |  | | de sucesos poco honestos. |  | | Amón mirando a Thamar... |  | | ¿No me entiendes? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  | | --- | | *(Medio dormido)* | | Ya os entiendo, | 580 | | que por tomar un jamón |  | | hubo notable suceso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  | | --- | | Thamar digo. | | ¡Ansí, Tomás! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Ya tiene mi engaño efecto. |  | | Y David a Bersabé, | 585 | | en dos lienzos de gran precio... |  | | ¿Qué dije? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que Bernabé |  | | trajo a París muchos lienzos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | ¡Aquí, infierno, aquí, favor! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ángel, bien: todo lo entiendo. | 590 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Salomón a las mujeres |  | | de Idumea... ¿Estás en esto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ángel, bien lo entiendo todo. |  | | ¿Pensáis que me estoy durmiendo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los convites de más gusto | 595 | | en esta sala se hicieron: |  | | aquí el del rey Baltasar, |  | | cuando los vasos del Templo; |  | | aquí Holofernes cenó |  | | y durmió el sueño postrero. | 600 | | ¿Mas qué, no me has entendido? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Decís que el viernes postrero |  | | habemos de cenar juntos. |  | | *(Duérmese)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Él va dormido; ¿qué espero? |  | | ¡Entra, fiero dueño mío! | 605 | | ¡Entra, Lobo del infierno! |  | | *(Sale el LOBO)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  | | --- | | ¿Durmióse? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya se durmió. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira que el Cuidado es diestro, |  | | ¡cosa que finja que duerme |  | | y que esté acaso despierto, | 610 | | y nos cojan en la trampa |  | | los pastores del Cordero! |  | | Porque si es Argos del Alma, |  | | tendrá, para daño nuestro, |  | | los cincuenta ojos dormidos | 615 | | y los cincuenta despiertos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mal conoces esta vara |  | | y los deleites propuestos |  | | entra, que ya están dormidos |  | | la Razón y Entendimiento. | 620 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entro en confianza tuya. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase y entra en la cabaña de la CORDERA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Vitoria, que ya tenemos |  | | puerta en el Alma! Que Dios |  | | en manos del hombre ha puesto |  | | su libertad. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(La CORDERA, desde dentro)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay de mí! | 625 | | ¿Quién, con tanto atrevimiento, |  | | ha escalado mi cabaña |  | | y rompido mi silencio? |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Saca el LOBO en brazos a la CORDERA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cordera, ¿no me conoces? |  | | El Lobo soy, que te llevo | 630 | | al pasto de mis deleites, |  | | al río de mis contentos. |  | | ¡No des voces! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo no? |  | | ¡Custodio! ¡Cuidado! ¡Ay, cielos! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una vez hecha la presa, | 635 | | ni los cielos ni su dueño |  | | te sacarían de mis manos. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Llévasela en brazos por un monte arriba y despierta el CUIDADO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Voces da el Alma y yo duermo! |  | | ¿Qué es esto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si te pregunta |  | | Dios, como a Caín: ¿Qué has hecho | 640 | | de tu hermano?, dile a Dios, |  | | aunque le mientas, soberbio: |  | | ¿Soy yo guarda de mi hermano? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh ladrón, infame, perro! |  | | ¿Eres tú el ángel de luz? | 645 | | ¡Aquí, pastores, que creo |  | | que nos han llevado al Alma! |  | | ¡Ah Razón, ah Entendimiento! |  | | *(Descíñese la honda y busca piedras para cargarla)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Piedras me tiras, villano? |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Huyes, ladrón? ¡Si hoy no pierdo | 650 | | la vida, no tengo honor! |  | | Ellos van por aquel cerro. |  | | ¡Pobre Cordera, manchada |  | | de aquel animal sangriento! |  | | A la cabaña han llegado: | 655 | | por mi descuido los veo |  | | en los prados de los gustos, |  | | de flores fingidas llenos. |  | | ¡Llorad, pastores, llorad, |  | | cubrid de cilicio el pecho, | 660 | | como Jeremías dijo! |  | | ¡Llorad, que, llena de miedos, |  | | yace la cabaña sola, |  | | como en el nevado invierno |  | | la desamparada choza, | 665 | | rotos los árboles secos! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(En lo alto, una cabaña de flores, en que está el LOBO, la CORDERA, el APETITO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Suspende, Cordera, el llanto. |  | | Entra. ¿De qué tienes miedo? |  | | ¿Tiene Dios esta cabaña |  | | y este prado tan ameno? | 670 | | Yo sé que el monte de Cristo |  | | (y que lo sabes sospecho) |  | | es todo espinas y abrojos, |  | | todo penas y tormentos. |  | | Mira desde aquella altura | 675 | | la tierra que te prometo, |  | | y de que has de ser señora: |  | | no mires, Cordera, el cielo. |  | | Mira estos fértiles pastos, |  | | de tan varios gustos llenos: | 680 | | ¡qué sombras para el verano! |  | | ¡Qué soles para el invierno! |  | | ¿Qué puede faltarte aquí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Parécete, Lobo fiero, |  | | que por pastos temporales | 685 | | podré trocar los eternos? |  | | ¡Ay, dulce Cordero mío! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entra, que ya no hay Cordero. |  | | Ya estás en poder del Lobo: |  | | no tienes, Alma, remedio. | 690 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tus engaños me robaron, |  | | que no por mi gusto vengo: |  | | Mercurio fue tu Apetito, |  | | que dio a mi Cuidado sueño. |  | | Mi Esposo vendrá a librarme. | 695 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo te gozaré primero. |  | | Entra, que ya sabe Dios |  | | que dientes y presas tengo. |  | | *(Éntranse en la cabaña)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién dará a mi torpeza |  | | agua para llorar tantos enojos, | 700 | | que con igual tristeza |  | | descienda de las fuentes de mis ojos, |  | | a bañarme en su llanto? |  | | ¿Qué disculpa os daré, Cordero santo? |  | | En ángel transformado, | 705 | | el Apetito dio a mis ojos sueño. |  | | *(Sale CUSTODIO)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUSTODIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué lloras, Cuidado? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú lo sabes tan bien como su dueño. |  | | ¡Oh, nunca yo naciera! |  | | Lleváronse, Custodio, la Cordera. | 710 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUSTODIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué buena cuenta diste |  | | de lo que te encargué! Ya, en fin, Cuidado, |  | | descuido te volviste. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vino el traidor en ángel transformado, |  | | con una vara de oro, | 715 | | fingiendo plumas y real decoro. |  | | De dos en dos traía, |  | | en los brazos, los pies y la cabeza, |  | | seis alas, que tendía |  | | para mostrar seráfica belleza, | 720 | | como si el fementido |  | | del arca del maná lo hubiera sido. |  | | Pensé yo que medía, |  | | como el de Ezequiel, el templo santo; |  | | y el infame venía | 725 | | a echarme con la vara sueño tanto, |  | | que vino el Lobo fiero |  | | y llevóse la Esposa del Cordero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUSTODIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No imitas los pastores |  | | (Cuidado, pues no fuiste el que solías), | 730 | | sabios y celadores, |  | | que al Alma prometió, por Jeremías, |  | | y en la alta Sión dio pastos |  | | de ciencia santa y pensamientos castos. |  | | ¿Qué haremos si, robada | 735 | | por tu descuido, el Alma a Cristo pierde? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ni honda, ni cayada, |  | | ni piedra hallé por este campo verde |  | | en mi favor. ¡Yo muero, |  | | y llevóse la Esposa del Cordero! | 740 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale el PASTOR CORDERO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿En mi cabaña voces? |  | | ¿Qué es esto, guardas y pastores míos? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUSTODIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que los lobos feroces, |  | | a infames pastos, a viciosos ríos |  | | llevaron la Cordera, | 745 | | que del Jordán moraba en la ribera. |  | | Tú, que todo lo sabes, |  | | y eres todo, Pastor, ojos y manos, |  | | aunque con pasos graves |  | | midiendo vienes estos verdes llanos, | 750 | | castiga el Lobo fiero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La culpa tuve yo, Pastor Cordero; |  | | descuidéme escuchando |  | | la retórica vil del Apetito: |  | | echóme sueño, y dando | 755 | | lugar al Lobo, que entre le permito: |  | | yo merezco la pena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Alma, no vivas en cabafia ajena! |  | | Dulce Cordera mía, |  | | no te olvides de mí, si te han robado, | 760 | | que de noche y de día |  | | te buscaré por monte, selva o prado, |  | | dando suspiros tales, |  | | que enternezca los fieros animales; |  | | aunque los pies me pasen | 765 | | duros abrojos, y otra vez espinas |  | | la frente me traspasen, |  | | y vuelvan a llevar manos indinas |  | | a las aras sangrientas, |  | | corderos siempre mudo a las afrentas. | 770 | | Noventa y nueve coros, |  | | para buscar naturaleza humana, |  | | tras perdidos decoros, |  | | dejé en mi patria eterna y soberana. |  | | Nací por ti en el suelo, | 775 | | como humilde pastor, temblando al hielo. |  | | Desde entonces su nombre |  | | me dan de Ezequiel las profecías; |  | | y porque al Lobo asombre |  | | (como en esta ocasión), dijo Isaías | 780 | | que contra tantos fieros |  | | llevaría en mis hombros los corderos. |  | | ¡Ay, Alma, no me olvides, |  | | que yo te iré a buscar! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUSTODIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Amor notable! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si remedio me pides, | 785 | | no hay estado, en tu ser tan miserable, |  | | de que mi amor se admire, |  | | dile, Alma, al tuvo que por mí suspire. |  | | Acuérdome que un día |  | | retrataste mi rostro en tu cayado | 790 | | no borres, Alma mía, |  | | aunque se haya dormido tu Cuidado, |  | | jamás prenda tan alta: |  | | ¡no te falte la fe, si amor te falta! |  | | Que mientras la Fe vive, | 795 | | vivir puede, Cordera, la Esperanza, |  | | pues hay adonde estribe. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Con qué blandura habló de su mudanza! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUSTODIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es Pastor y Cordero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vamos, Cuidado, que cobrarla espero. | 800 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y sobre el monte infernal sale el LOBO, el DESCUIDO, el APETITO, la CORDERA, la VOLUNTAD y músicos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alma, mira que eres mía: |  | | alégrate, que es razón. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  | | --- | | *(Con un cayado en la mano)* | | No puede mi corazón |  | | tener, ausente, alegría: |  | | tales mis desdichas son, | 805 | | que de mi vida llegado |  | | hubiera el punto postrero |  | | a no tener retratado |  | | a mi querido Cordero, |  | | ¡oh Lobo!, en este cayado. | 810 | | Este consuelo he traído. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VOLUNTAD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Deja, señora, el llorar: |  | | mira que es tiempo perdido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién te ha podido mudar, |  | | Voluntad? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VOLUNTAD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo, que lo he sido. | 815 | | Acaba, que en estos prados |  | | todo es deleites y gustos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué gustos tan estragados, |  | | pues sus penas y disgustos |  | | nunca se ven acabados! | 820 | | Cayado en que mi Cordero |  | | retratado al vivo está, |  | | dadme el consuelo que espero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué consuelo te dará |  | | un retrato en un madero? | 825 | | Si estimaras mi cuidado, |  | | si me quisieras a mí, |  | | ¡cuánto mejor, olvidado, |  | | tu Esposo estuviera en ti, |  | | Pastora, que en el cayado! | 830 | | Que aunque dél ya te divido |  | | y estamos juntos los dos, |  | | ese cayado he temido, |  | | en que Dios te ha redimido, |  | | más, Alma, que al mismo Dios; | 835 | | porque, si él te hace acordar |  | | del Pastor y de su amor, |  | | mal puede otro amor amar |  | | quien, para no le olvidar, |  | | trae retratado el Pastor. | 840 | | Si estás siempre contemplando |  | | la sangre que por ti vierte, |  | | ¿cómo podré porfiando, |  | | aunque me deshaga amando, |  | | Pastora ingrata, vencerte? | 845 | | Será invencible el rigor |  | | de un Alma que, en mi desgracia, |  | | desde que vio su Pastor, |  | | desde que estuvo en su gracia, |  | | viene vencida de amor. | 850 | | Querráste tratar muy mal, |  | | viéndote de Cristo ausente; |  | | pues, Alma, no intentes tal: |  | | breve es la vida mortal: |  | | no la pases tristemente. | 855 | | Ya tu ganado, olvidado, |  | | sin dueño va por el prado: |  | | ¡tú no la tienes de mí, |  | | y yo, muriendo por ti, |  | | lástima tengo al ganado! | 860 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que te cansas en cansarme? |  | | Déjame, Lobo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VOLUNTAD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cordera, |  | | no te maltrates, que es darme |  | | disgusto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y aun apartarme |  | | de ti, Voluntad, quisiera. | 865 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Está agora con pasión; |  | | cantadle alguna canción, |  | | deleite y pastores míos, |  | | que en estos mármoles fríos |  | | pueda hacer tierna impresión. | 870 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Siéntanse el LOBO y la CORDERA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICOS | |  | | --- | | *(Cantan)* | | Corderita nueva, |  | | de color de aurora, |  | | no sois vos, vida mía, |  | | para labradora. |  | | Por montes viciosos | 875 | | pisad clavellinas; |  | | no son para espinas |  | | vuestros pies hermosos, |  | | pues tenéis celosos |  | | dos reyes ahora, | 880 | | no sois vos, vida mía, |  | | para labradora. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Duérmese LA CORDERA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No cantéis más, que se duerme. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VOLUNTAD | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sirenas habemos sido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si en mis brazos se ha dormido, | 885 | | algún favor quiere hacerme. |  | | Dejadla así, que yo haré |  | | que de mi memoria esté |  | | llena su imaginación. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Basta tener posesión, | 890 | | aunque cantan mal, a fe. |  | | *(Vanse)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Del fiero Lobo ofendido, |  | | en su misma cueva estoy; |  | | que (como el Cuidado soy) |  | | estoy tan arrepentido, | 895 | | Alma, de haberme dormido, |  | | que me atrevo a los rigores |  | | de sus deleites pastores, |  | | y más mirando al Cordero, |  | | celoso del Lobo fiero, | 900 | | decirte en ausencia amores. |  | | ¡Qué rudo villano fui! |  | | ¡Oh, qué mal serví a mi dueño! |  | | Argos fui, diéronme sueño, |  | | con cien ojos me dormí. | 905 | | El Cordero viene allí, |  | | que, aunque viene disfrazado, |  | | él ha visto mi cuidado; |  | | y así viene el dulce Esposo |  | | a seguir, como celoso, | 910 | | y a ver, como enamorado. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale el PASTOR CORDERO con rebozo)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que duermas y que no veles |  | | entre tantos enemigos, |  | | Alma, ¡qué claros testigos |  | | son que de mí no te dueles! | 915 | | Cuando está por los canceles |  | | Cristo tu Esposo mirando, |  | | y cuando te está buscando, |  | | ¿estás, Pastora, durmiendo; |  | | y cuando me estoy muriendo | 920 | | me estás, ingrata, olvidando? |  | | Alma, ¿qué es esto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  | | --- | | *(Entre sueños)* | | Señor, |  | | yo no os dejo, ni podría. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  | | --- | | En sueños habla. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alma mía, |  | | ¿duerme tu olvido o tu amor? | 925 | | Aquí tienes tu Pastor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  | | --- | | *(Entre sueños)* | | Conozco que mi Cuidado |  | | fue, por escuchar, culpado, |  | | a unos traidores fingidos; |  | | que, si no les diera oídos, | 930 | | no hubieran al Alma entrado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  | | --- | | ¿Quiéresme bien? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  | | --- | | *(Entre sueños)* | | Sí, señor: |  | | tanto como a Dios os quiero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué esperas? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  | | --- | | *(Lo mismo)* | | Remedio espero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué lloras? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  | | --- | | *(Lo mismo)* | | Mi grande error. | 935 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como tengo mucho amor, |  | | mucho sé yo perdonar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  | | --- | | *(Despierta)* | | Parece que os oigo hablar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Despierta: hablemos los dos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Dios! Pensaba que Dios... | 940 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  | | --- | | Tente. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pero fue soñar. |  | | ¡Ay cielos! ¿Quién está aquí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un Mercader de ganado, |  | | que lo perdido y hurtado |  | | vengo a recobrar aquí. | 945 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A quien me ha comprado a mí |  | | costó mi rescate un día |  | | tanta sangre, que vertía |  | | agua en su lugar. Fue sueño, |  | | pues este dichoso dueño | 950 | | soñaba yo que tenía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién te tiene ahora? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un fiero, |  | | un Lobo que me ha engañado: |  | | por culpa de mi Cuidado, |  | | perdí mi Pastor Cordero. | 955 | | Y aunque loco y lisonjero |  | | me promete un galardón, |  | | si llega a mi posesión, |  | | todos los bienes del suelo. |  | | ¿Cómo tendré, sin el cielo, | 960 | | alegre mi corazón? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De ese villano he comprado |  | | ganado perdido yo. |  | | Y no porque él lo crió, |  | | mas porque lo tiene hurtado. | 965 | | Pues engañó tu Cuidado, |  | | no le creas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo vivía |  | | donde por madre tenía |  | | la Fe, que no he de perder, |  | | pues no le pienso creer, | 970 | | mas a la Fe, madre mía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quisiérasme más a mí, |  | | si yo de aquí te sacara |  | | y a unos pastos te llevara |  | | llenos de luz? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo así? | 975 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hay unas aguas allí |  | | que dan gracia y perfección. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso en tanta confusión |  | | soñaba mi voluntad; |  | | mas no diré si es verdad, | 980 | | que los sueños sueños son. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues verdad es, Alma mía: |  | | yo soy tu amado Pastor. |  | | *(Descúbrese)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dadme vuestros pies, Señor, |  | | *(Póstrase)* |  | | por que en ellos de alegría | 985 | | muera este dichoso día. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  | | --- | | *(La levanta del suelo)* | | Ven conmigo. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Iré con Vos |  | | como con Dios, pues sois Dios. |  | | Mi voluntad está aquí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No está, que vendrá tras ti, | 990 | | si vamos juntos los dos. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y sale el LOBO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, ventura tan grande! ¡Ay, tan extraña |  | | fuerza de amor! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es esto? ¿Forasteros |  | | osan entrar en mi infernal cabaña? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | No espero yo tus desatinos fieros. | 995 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Detente: ¿Eres pastor de esta montaña? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUIDADO | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Pies del Cuidado suelen ser ligeros. |  | | ¡No más llegarme a lobos disfrazados, |  | | ni más fiarme de ángeles barbados! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sospecha me ha dejado justamente | 1000 | | este villano. ¡Cosa que ya quiera |  | | piadoso Dios y enamorado ausente, |  | | sacarme de las uñas la Cordera! |  | | Escribirále a algún pastor que intente |  | | vencerla con amores. Pero espera, | 1005 | | que te quiero mirar... |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Acércase a la cabaña, y sale el APETITO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya por tus voces |  | | echo de ver que la traición conoces. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué traición, Apetito? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que ha robado |  | | Cristo de tu cabaña la Cordera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo robado, ausente su Cuidado, | 1010 | | y ella durmiendo, cual si piedra fuera? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo los vi juntos por el verde prado, |  | | y del Jordán pasada la ribera, |  | | a donde la lavó de sus errores, |  | | subir al monte de Sión por flores. | 1015 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por qué no la tiraron mis villanos |  | | mil piedras? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya otras veces los hebreos |  | | pastores, con las piedras en las manos, |  | | ejecutar quisieron sus deseos; |  | | mas temen los azotes inhumanos | 1020 | | que, mirando en el templo sus empleos, |  | | les dio una vez con hondas de cordeles. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cuándo manos de Dios fueron crüeles? |  | | Si Él a mí me azotara por su mano, |  | | no me doliera tanto su castigo, | 1025 | | y más siendo ya Dios Pastor humano. |  | | No parte en sus flaquezas, mas testigo. |  | | Azotóme Miguel tan inhumano, |  | | que del fiero rigor blasfemias digo; |  | | que si de Dios por propia mano fuera, | 1030 | | algo de bien, en ser de Dios, tuviera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De que Job se quejó te has olvidado, |  | | cuando decía, de miserias lleno, |  | | que la mano de Dios le había tocado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay castigo de Dios sin algo bueno. | 1035 | | Pero Dios, en efecto, ¿me ha robado |  | | mi Cordera, o la suya en pasto ajeno. |  | | ¡Pesar en cuanto no es Él mismo digo |  | | cuando por Él de tanto bien me privo! |  | | Pues yo revolveré cielos y tierra, | 1040 | | mares, ríos, con estos brazos solos; |  | | el Nilo, y el Jordán, y cuanto encierra |  | | con llave de oro el sol en sus dos polos. |  | | Hoy le publico a Dios segunda guerra, |  | | y cuerpo a cuerpo nos matamos solos. | 1045 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  | | --- | | Loco y blasfemo estás. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy airado |  | | de ver que de mi robo se ha vengado. |  | | Hablaba Dios con su Cordera un día, |  | | y le decía: -¡Oh Alma! ¿Qué te he hecho |  | | (haciendo de una viña alegoría) | 1050 | | que me has abierto en una cruz el pecho? |  | | Lo mismo digo yo: -Cordera mía, |  | | ¿qué te hizo mi amor? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué sin provecho |  | | te quejas del Pastor! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiero cansarme, |  | | por parecerme a Dios hasta en quejarme. | 1055 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Por el monte opuesto, el PASTOR CORDERO y la CORDERA. Suben al monte. Hay una cruz en una granada. La CORDERA sobre el hombro del PASTOR; él, coronado, de espinas; ella, de rosas)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alma, al eterno descanso |  | | se va por esta aspereza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si voy sobre vuestros hombros, |  | | Pastor, ¿qué queréis que sienta? |  | | Pero ¿quién podrá subir, | 1060 | | oh misericordia inmensa, |  | | al Tabor de vuestra gloria? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Conmigo subes, no temas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un día, Cordero mío, |  | | me dijo un pastor profeta | 1065 | | que a vuestro monte podía |  | | subir el que limpio lleva |  | | el corazón y las manos |  | | lavadas en su inocencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dulce y agrio es el camino | 1070 | | de aquesta granada bella. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo lleváis vos espinas, |  | | y yo flores? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por que tengas |  | | tú el descanso, y yo el dolor; |  | | tú la gloria, y yo la pena. | 1075 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Son aquéllos, Apetito, |  | | que van por aquella senda, |  | | la Cordera y el Pastor? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Eso dudas? No los veas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pastor, que al monte de Sión caminas, | 1080 | | con mi Cordera al hombro fatigado, |  | | vuélveme el robo; detenedle, espinas. |  | | ¡Basta que vaya de ellas coronado! |  | | ¿Debajo de qué sombra el pecho inclinas, |  | | Alma, que por quererle me has burlado? | 1085 | | ¡Mira que es cruz y mira que yo vengo |  | | por ti, para llevarte al bien que tengo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ella se sienta, y Él se va subiendo |  | | por la cruz, a ponerse en los tres clavos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué haré, Apetito, que me estoy muriendo? | 1090 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llama a tus lobos; vengan los más bravos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En aquesta cabaña, en que, perdiendo |  | | la vida, redimí tantos esclavos, |  | | has de vivir sirviéndome, Alma mía, |  | | hasta que llegue de mi gloria el día. | 1095 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desde aquí miro, Señor, |  | | la cabaña verde y fresca |  | | donde el Lobo me tenía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pintó flores, fingió yerbas: |  | | ¿Quieres ver cómo eran falsas? | 1100 | | Pues quitada la cubierta, |  | | mira el fuego que descubre. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Deshácese la cabaña del LOBO con fuego)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APETITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya sus engaños la muestra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASTOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En esta cabaña mía, |  | | puesto que es penosa y seca, | 1105 | | hay esperanza segura |  | | de la gloria que deseas. |  | | Pero ya es tiempo que comas |  | | el pasto, amada Cordera, |  | | que en prendas de tanta gloria | 1110 | | dejé a mi Esposa, la Iglesia. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Descúbrase una cortina, y estará el Santísimo Sacramento cubierto de una cruz)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh Pan del cielo! ¡Pan vivo! |  | | ¿Es posible que en la tierra |  | | Pan de ángeles come el hombre? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desata, lengua blasfema, | 1115 | | el silencio de los labios, |  | | contra aquella blanca prenda |  | | de cuanto Dios le ha de dar |  | | al Alma que le confiesa |  | | por su Dios, por su Señor. | 1120 | | ¡Que en la mesa de la Iglesia |  | | quiera darse en Pan de vida |  | | el Pastor a la Cordera! |  | | Rabio, enfurézcome, muero; |  | | y ¡ojalá morir pudiera! | 1125 | | Pero no puedo morir, |  | | que a vivir Dios me condena |  | | eternamente como Él. |  | | ¡Oh Pan, que más me atormentas |  | | que la Cruz! Que al fin la Cruz | 1130 | | a Dios la vida le cuesta, |  | | que me venga en algún modo |  | | por sus dolores y afrentas. |  | | Apenas puedo mirarle, |  | | que, con ser mi pena eterna, | 1135 | | para tantas penas mías |  | | parece que faltan penas. |  | | Infierno soy de mí mismo: |  | | ¡no me diera Dios licencia |  | | para que con estos dientes, | 1140 | | como lobo y como fiera, |  | | deshiciera aquel Cordero! |  | | ¡Guárdate, Alma, que si pecas |  | | y otra vez te vuelvo acá, |  | | no hayas miedo que allá vuelvas! | 1145 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No haré, Lobo, que ya soy |  | | Esposa de Dios. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues prueba |  | | a salir de su cabaña. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CORDERA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No saldré (por más que sepas), |  | | dándome aquí Dios su gracia | 1150 | | y después su gloria eterna. |  | | | |