**LOPE DE VEGA  
*El Príncipe Perfecto, II***

Personajes:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| *EL REY DE PORTUGAL* |  |
| *LA REINA* |  |
| *EL PRÍNCIPE DON ALFONSO* |  |
| *LOPE DE SOSA* |  |
| *EL PRIOR* |  |
| *DON GUTIERRE* |  |
| *DON NUÑO* |  |
| *EL CONDE DON FERNANDO* |  |
| *DOÑA LEONOR* |  |
| *UN LETRADO* |  |
| *TRISTÁN* |  |
| *MADANELA, villana* |  |
| *UN MAESTRESALA* |  |
| *OCTAVIO* |  |
| *MELO* |  |
| *MENDO* |  |
| *ÁLVARO* |  |
| *BRITO, villano* |  |
| *MARGARIDA, mujer de Álvaro* |  |
| *UN PAJE* |  |
| *SILVA* |  |
| *UN ALCALDE* |  |
| *UN CRIADO* |  |
| *FERNANDO* |  |
| *JULIA* |  |
| *PORCELO* |  |
| *ALBERTO* |  |
| *LA PRINCESA* |  |
| *GUZMÁN DE SIDONIA* |  |
| *LOS MÚSICOS* |  |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Acto I** | |
|  | |
| *Sale el PRÍNCIPE DON ALFONSO, vistiéndose; LOPE DE SOSA, con la capa y la espada, y un PAJE, con el espejo, y los músicos y el CONDE DON FERNANDO* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estrecho viene este cuello: |  | | muestra el espejo, Tristán. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes está muy galán: |  | | rízate un poco el cabello. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué cosa para mi padre! | 5 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Puesto que el Rey, mi señor, |  | | procede con el rigor |  | | que es bien que a un príncipe cuadre, |  | | no todo se ha de poner |  | | en aquella ejecución | 10 | | que pide su perfección |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y no es justo obedecer? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo mismo corre en los reyes |  | | que en las leyes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien le imitas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es común cosa que escritas | 15 | | están con sangre las leyes, |  | | pero el discreto jüez |  | | ablanda con su piedad |  | | aquella riguridad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ensanchen más otra vez | 20 | | estos puños, que la mano |  | | toma sangre si se aprieta! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dijo una cosa discreta |  | | Julia al gran César romano, |  | | porque un día la riñó | 25 | | del vestirse poco honesto |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | y otro día más compuesto |  |  |  |  | | vestido y rostro sacó: |  |  |  |  | | «Ayer a gusto venía |  |  |  |  | | de mi marido, señor, | 30 |  |  |  | | y hoy vengo al vuestro». |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En rigor |  | | mejor un hombre se cría |  | | con estos justos preceptos. |  | | Dadme la capa y la espada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cuál destas joyas te agrada? | 35 | | ¡Y déjate de conceptos! |  | | *(Una salva)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dadme esas dos cadenillas. |  | | ¡Hola, vosotros cantad! |  | | *(Póngaselas)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si hoy sales por la ciudad |  | | perdonen las almohadillas. | 40 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No se hará mucha labor? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los ojos te llevarás. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | ¿Ahora tiemplas? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es más |  | | de la prima. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Di a Leonor... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En la fuente está Leonor, | 45 | | lava el cántaro llorando |  | | sus amigas preguntando: |  | | «¿Vistes por allá mi amor?». |  | | «No lo hemos visto, Leonor». |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Has oído cierta glosa | 50 | | a esta canción? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dila a ver. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Poeta debe de ser |  | | el galán Lope de Sosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Leonor a su amor buscando, |  | | y de amor la mayor prueba, | 55 | | agua a la fuente sacando, |  | | más que en el cántaro lleva |  | | la restituye llorando. |  | | El curso murmurador |  | | aumenta con sus enojos | 60 | | pues que buscando su amor |  | | con dos fuentes de sus ojos |  | | en la fuente está Leonor. |  | | Sus amigas que la veen |  | | están de verla admiradas | 65 | | y ella se guarda tan bien, |  | | que hay lágrimas envidiadas |  | | cuando son por querer bien. |  | | La fuente se está alegrando |  | | de las perlas que atesora | 70 | | y ella, en fin, disimulando, |  | | porque no piensen que llora |  | | lava el cántaro llorando. |  | | Mas viéndose retratar |  | | del agua como de espejo, | 75 | | por él quiere preguntar: |  | | quiere mudar de consejo, |  | | que no es remedio el llorar. |  | | Como se aumenta callando |  | | lo que el corazón inflama, | 80 | | quiere descansar hablando, |  | | porque descansa, quien ama, |  | | sus amigas preguntando. |  | | Fuera de que es natural |  | | al amoroso accidente, | 85 | | descansa en remedio igual, |  | | que decir lo que se siente |  | | mucho disminuye el mal. |  | | Comunicando el dolor, |  | | el alma en descanso está, | 90 | | y así les dice Leonor: |  | | «Si el mío veis por acá, |  | | ¿vistes por allá mi amor?». |  | | «Tu amor, le responden ellas, |  | | habemos visto, serrana, | 95 | | en esas lágrimas bellas |  | | con que toda la mañana |  | | llora el sol por dos estrellas. |  | | Puede ser que a tu pastor |  | | olvido, Leonor, detenga: | 100 | | porque fuera de tu amor, |  | | amor que este nombre tenga |  | | no le hemos visto, Leonor». |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién la hizo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un criado tuyo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | ¿Eres tú? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pienso que sí, | 105 | | de mi padre lo aprendí: |  | | todo aqueste estilo es suyo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fue, señor, don Juan de Sosa, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | un valiente trovador. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quísole el Rey, mi señor, | 110 | | por su espada y por su prosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Embajador fue a Castilla |  | | para aqueste casamiento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Heredas su entendimiento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi amor a tus pies se humilla. | 115 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ponte, Lope, este diamante |  | | y vosotros proseguid |  | | la canción, pero advertid |  | | que esta mañana se cante. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale el REY, en comenzando a tañer, y suspéndanse todos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Está Alfonso levantado? | 120 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  | | --- | | Sí, señor. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En el rüido |  | | lo pude haber conocido |  | | aun antes que hubiera entrado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Deme Vuestra Majestad |  | | la mano. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y la bendición. | 125 | | ¿Quién son estos? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todos son |  | | crïados. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cantad, cantad! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, señor, que ya vestido |  | | no es razón que canten más. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bueno presumo que está. | 130 | | Alfonso, ¿cómo has dormido? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A tu servicio muy bien. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Campo, Príncipe, pareces |  | | que con música amaneces, |  | | mas bien es que te la den. | 135 | | ¿Has tomado espadas ya? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | No, señor. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ni la lición |  | | de letras? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Las ocho son: |  | | presumo que tiempo habrán. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Lope de Sosa está aquí? | 140 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  | | --- | | Sí, señor. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué le enseñáis? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando vós presente estáis, |  | | más os oye a vós que a mí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué leéis? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | *De cielo y mundo*. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A quién tenéis por autor? | 145 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A Aristóteles, señor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué parte? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El libro segundo. |  | | Que era noble calidad, |  | | la luz, ayer enseñaba |  | | y si los celestes cuerpos | 150 | | entre sus esferas andan |  | | naturalmente o se mueven |  | | en círculo pues se engañan |  | | los que con tal opinión |  | | afirman que tienen alma. | 155 | | Dijimos también, señor, |  | | qué diferencia se halla |  | | entre la naturaleza |  | | angélica soberana |  | | y nuestra alma. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues cuál es? | 160 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ser unible al cuerpo el alma |  | | y componer una cosa |  | | los dos, aunque si se apartan |  | | pueda tener subsistencia |  | | donde Dios quiere que vaya, | 165 | | y la del ángel no puede |  | | unirse a materia humana |  | | ni en efeto corporal. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues decidme: ¿por qué causa |  | | esta distinción hicistes? | 170 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para mostrar que tocaba |  | | no más de por su virtud |  | | a inteligencia las altas |  | | ruedas del primero móvil, |  | | como la nave animada | 175 | | de la ciencia del piloto, |  | | no porque en la nave hay alma |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien parece a un caballero |  | | la ciencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, las armas |  | | nunca embotaron la pluma: | 180 | | César por ejemplo basta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con razón a vuestro padre, |  | | don Juan de Sosa, estimaba: |  | | con la misma Alfonso estima |  | | vuestra pluma y vuestra espada. | 185 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A los dos beso los pies. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | Proseguid. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ahora trata |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | nuestra lección que del modo |  |  |  |  | | que se divide y separa |  |  |  |  | | esta elemental región, | 190 |  |  |  | | la experiencia nos declara, |  |  |  |  | | la antigua filosofía |  |  |  |  | | y la teología santa, |  |  |  |  | | que también la celestial |  |  |  |  | | se divide en partes varias: | 195 |  |  |  | | siete planetarios orbes |  |  |  |  | | antiguamente formaban |  |  |  |  | | algunos, el primer móvil |  |  |  |  | | haciendo la esfera otava. |  |  |  |  | | Pero después, convencidos | 200 |  |  |  | | que el movimiento que anda |  |  |  |  | | del Oriente al Occidente, |  |  |  |  | | de Occidente a Oriente pasa, |  |  |  |  | | añadieron otra esfera |  |  |  |  | | con más arte y vigilancia | 205 |  |  |  | | que Alfragano y Tolomeo, |  |  |  |  | | y este movimiento llaman |  |  |  |  | | de trepidación, que encierra |  |  |  |  | | los dos. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y de ese quién habla? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Jorge Purbaquio y Lignerio, | 210 | | con Alfonso, rey de España. |  | | Sobre estas el cielo impíreo, |  | | os enseña la fe santa, |  | | quïeto y lleno de gloria |  | | y de luz divina y clara. | 215 | | Llámase «impíreo», que quiere |  | | decir 'del fuego'. Que es tanta |  | | la claridad que su lumbre |  | | a este término trasladan. |  | | Aquí reposan, señor, | 220 | | las almas que a verle alcanzan |  | | en presencia del cordero |  | | con ropas rojas o blancas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¿Tiene alguna acción? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ninguna, |  | | porque a las segundas causas | 225 | | influyen los que se mueven. |  | | Él, sin moverse, descansa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Once son, en fin, los cielos? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, señor; y este orden guardan, |  | | el impíreo y primer móvil, | 230 | | el cristalino, en que hay agua, |  | | el firmamento, y tras él |  | | siete esferas planetarias, |  | | Saturno, Júpiter, Marte, |  | | el Sol, que ocupa la cuarta, | 235 | | Venus, Mercurio y la Luna. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale el PRIOR)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El obispo de la Guarda, |  | | revestido en el altar, |  | | aguarda que a misa vaya |  | | Vuestra Majestad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alfonso: | 240 | | aquí las lecciones paran. |  | | Nunca aunque grandes negocios |  | | os ocupen antes salga |  | | que vós quien ha de decirla. |  | | Y si la salud no os falta, | 245 | | no oigáis en la cama misa, |  | | que no es cortesía cristiana |  | | que baje del cielo Dios |  | | y le esperéis en la cama: |  | | venid. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vuestra hechura soy. | 250 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si viniera a vuestra casa |  | | un rey: ¿saliéra desdella? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | Sí, señor. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues qué ventaja |  | | hará Dios a un rey? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, |  | | en infinita distancia | 255 | | no se admite proporción. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues hijo, aquesta mañana |  | | aprended esta lección: |  | | que también las hay del alma. |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y sale DOÑA LEONOR, dama)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dulces pasiones de amor, | 260 | | centro de mi pensamiento, |  | | no en balde a vuestro tormento |  | | llaman «alegre dolor»: |  | | con razón tuve temor |  | | de embarcarme en vuestro mar. | 265 | | Suspensa estuve al entrar |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | pero, ya que dentro estoy, |  |  |  |  | | o veré el puerto a que voy |  |  |  |  | | o me tengo de anegar. |  |  |  |  | | En el amor, que es injusto, | 270 |  |  |  | | es esclava la razón |  |  |  |  | | y, con injusta pasión, |  |  |  |  | | sirve el alma y reina el gusto. |  |  |  |  | | Mas, donde es amor tan justo, |  |  |  |  | | la razón su imperio tiene: | 275 |  |  |  | | amar lo que me conviene |  |  |  |  | | es discreta ley de estado, |  |  |  |  | | y más cuando concertado |  |  |  |  | | desde las estrellas viene. |  |  |  |  | | Pintó con discreto celo | 280 |  |  |  | | la Antigüedad dos amores: |  |  |  |  | | uno con varios colores, |  |  |  |  | | hijo del terrestre suelo, |  |  |  |  | | y el otro del puro cielo |  |  |  |  | | para dar con su belleza | 285 |  |  |  | | aumento a naturaleza. |  |  |  |  | | Luego hay amor cuya unión |  |  |  |  | | es rayo del corazón |  |  |  |  | | sin abrasar la corteza. |  |  |  |  | | Tampoco se conservara | 290 |  |  |  | | el mundo sin vós, amor, |  |  |  |  | | porque sois el mar mayor |  |  |  |  | | donde cuanto vive para. |  |  |  |  | | ¿Pero quién, amor, no amara |  |  |  |  | | con tantas partes un hombre | 295 |  |  |  | | y de tanta fama y nombre? |  |  |  |  | | Pues no hay cosa más perfeta |  |  |  |  | | que amar una alma discreta |  |  |  |  | | en un cuerpo gentilhombre. |  |  |  |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale TRISTÁN)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya, como tengo licencia | 300 | | del señor embajador, |  | | sin ella me entro, Leonor, |  | | a vuestra hermosa presencia. |  | | Temprano estáis levantada, |  | | presto tomastes consejo | 305 | | con el cristal del espejo... |  | | Ya estaréis enamorada |  | | de vós misma, que también |  | | dan los espejos aviso |  | | de la fuente de Narciso... | 310 | | Y aquí entra la copla bien: |  | | «Si no habéis de dar favores |  | | sino a quien se iguale a vós, |  | | a solas podréis con vós |  | | andar, señora, de amores». | 315 | | ¡Bravo mayo os habéis puesto |  | | en esa cabeza hermosa! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pensé que entraba la glosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sois vós muy difícil testo... |  | | Pero yo sé quién decía | 320 | | hoy una glosa a Su Alteza |  | | que, si no a vuestra tristeza, |  | | a vuestro nombre sería. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Era letra portuguesa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | *En la fuente está Leonor*, | 325 | | Mas glosola un cierto autor |  | | que vuestra lengua profesa. |  | | Y no le falta razón, |  | | porque es medio castellano. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  | | --- | | No lo entiendo. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues bien llano | 330 | | llevo en esta danza el son... |  | | Su padre a Castilla fue |  | | como el vuestro vino acá, |  | | y trujo mujer de allá |  | | bella de la frente al pie: | 335 | | ¿pues no será maravilla |  | | que a su hijo en caso igual |  | | le suceda en Portugal |  | | lo que a su padre en Castilla? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi padre es embajador | 340 | | aquí del rey castellano: |  | | si allá vive el lusitano, |  | | ¿de qué presumes su amor? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A quien no quiere entender, |  | | ¿quién le podrá persuadir? | 345 | | La glosa me dio a sentir |  | | que él os debe de querer. |  | | | |
|  | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién es él? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lope de Sosa. |  | | ¿Habeislo entendido ya? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya lo entiendo, bien está. | 350 | | Dime en portugués la glosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | *En a fonte está Leonor,* |  | | *lava o cántaro chorando,* |  | | *suas amigas preguntando:* |  | | *«¿Vistes la o meu amor?».* | 355 | | *«Naon le hemos visto, Leonor».* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Y eso ha glosado por mí! |  | | ¡Luego yo lloro por él! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hizo esta copla él: |  | | fue fuerza glosarla ansí. | 360 | | Pero el nombre de Leonor |  | | le dio el gusto y fue la musa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Del testimonio te acusa |  | | que yo a nadie tengo amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No lo dicen los ojuelos | 365 | | ni la boca con la risa, |  | | que el uno y otro me avisa, |  | | ya por perlas ya por velos. |  | | Fía de mí y te diré |  | | un secreto... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De tu humor | 370 | | temerosa estoy... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Leonor: |  | | fidalgo soy, no hay de qué. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué secreto me dirás? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que me hace Lope de Sosa |  | | alcahuete de una hermosa: | 375 | | no puedo decirte más. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Harto has dicho! ¿Es en palacio |  | | o en la ciudad? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fuera es: |  | | lo demás sabrás después, |  | | cuando estemos más de espacio. | 380 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cómo espacio! ¡No te irás |  | | sin que me lo digas todo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues si quieres de ese modo, |  | | ¿para qué negando estás? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No quiero, que no es amor | 385 | | el deseo de saber |  | | cosa tan propia en mujer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí lo vieras mejor, |  | | en un papel que me ha dado, |  | | si se pudiera quitar | 390 | | la oblea. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si al despegar |  | | te pusiese algún cuidado, |  | | podrá volverse a poner. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con el aliento la ablanda. |  | | *(Aparte)* |  | | Lo que amor cubriendo anda, | 395 | | celos lo dan a entender. |  | | Mas ¡qué propio de los celos |  | | abrir papeles, mirar |  | | por resquicios, preguntar |  | | mil cosas con mil desvelos! | 400 | | ¡Ea! ¿Quitose la nema? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quitose, aunque me ha costado, |  | | Tristán, notable cuidado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  | | --- | | ¿Y esto no es amor? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es tema. |  | | *(Lea)* |  | | «El principio del nombre de mi dama | 405 | | le dio un 'león', no puede ser más fiero. |  | | El fin le dio mi 'amor', que al fin espero |  | | lo que merece quien padece y ama. |  | | Entre un león y amor vive mi llama |  | | donde mi muerte y vida considero: | 410 | | cuanto al león, de vida desespero; |  | | cuanto al amor, a su piedad me llama. |  | | Mas, ¡ay!, que si el león tiene más parte, |  | | pues cuatro letras son, no espero vida, |  | | que amor le dio las dos por no cansarte. | 415 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | Mas justas en Leonor, aunque ofendida, |  |  |  |  | | dejando la crueldad del león aparte, |  |  |  |  | | serás por el amor agradecida». |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y para ti me le ha dado... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues para qué me has cansado? | 420 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para conocer tu amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En fin: ¿don Lope me quiere? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Él lo dice y yo lo creo: |  | | haga Leonor un deseo, |  | | que por tu hermosura muere. | 425 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya que siendo tan discreto |  | | de ti se fió, Tristán, |  | | y los amores no están |  | | sin un tercero secreto: |  | | sabe que le tengo amor, | 430 | | y como decís acá, |  | | *saudades* su amor me da. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En la fuente está Leonor... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Y cómo si estoy mirando |  | | mis tristezas cuidadosa! | 435 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ... hace que bebe y celosa |  | | lava el cántaro llorando... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dile, Tristán, que me vea |  | | esta noche en mi ventana. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Él vendrá a verla mañana | 440 | | y el sol que en ella desea. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quiéreme bien? Que dudando |  | | lo estoy... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor hay aquí |  | | cuando va Leonor ansí |  | | sus amigas preguntando. | 445 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te espante mi temor |  | | ni que descanse contigo, |  | | pues hasta las piedras digo: |  | | ¿vistes por allá mi amor? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que no respondo en rigor | 450 | | y de tu temor lo arguyo, |  | | porque otro amor como el tuyo |  | | no le hemos visto, Leonor. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale LOPE DE SOSA, el PRIOR, DON GUTIERRE y el CONDE DON FERNANDO y el REY y el PRÍNCIPE)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con esta devoción y este cuidado, |  | | para que deis a todos buen ejemplo, | 455 | | habéis de estar en el lugar sagrado: |  | | es el lugar de más respeto el templo. |  | | Venid conmigo: advertiréis el modo |  | | con que gobierno el reino en que os contemplo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vós sois claro, señor, mi espejo en todo. | 460 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Adiós, Prïor. Adiós, Lope de Sosa. |  | | *(Vanse el REY y el PRÍNCIPE)* |  | | ¡Qué bien a tales hombres me acomodo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu condición y sangre generosa |  | | levanta tres hechuras a tres brazos |  | | cual húmedo vapor la llama hermosa. | 465 | | | |
|  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON FERNANDO | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | Don Gutierre: al Prïor y a Lope abrazos, |  | | y a nosotros los rayos de sus ojos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON GUTIERRE | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | Pueden iras de un rey hacer pedazos |  | | solamente mirando con enojos |  | | las torres de su reino más sublimes. | 470 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON FERNANDO | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | ¿De quién procederán estos antojos? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON GUTIERRE | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | Si con ellos la cólera reprimes, |  | | diré que de los dos que hablan secreto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON FERNANDO | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | Mas es razón que mi valor estimes... |  | | Señor prïor, quien tiene mal concepto | 475 | | del pecho de los hombres de mi estado, |  | | que en lo que es calidades no me meto, |  | | y con siniestra información turbado |  | | tiene el rostro de un rey con sus parientes, |  | | o es envidioso o mal intencionado. | 480 | | El vulgo de los hombres maldicientes |  | | no vive en estas salas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Paso, Conde, |  | | que no se juzga bien por accidentes. |  | | Si el Rey a mí y a Sosa corresponde |  | | con esta voluntad que ahora vistes, | 485 | | y su cara parece que os esconde, |  | | debe de ser porque ocasión le distes, |  | | que lo es muy grande estar del Rey quejoso, |  | | pues sabe que con quejas le ofendistes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON GUTIERRE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El Rey, prïor, aunque hombre valeroso | 490 | | y de divino y claro entendimiento, |  | | ¿no puede en algo ser defectüoso? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, don Gutierre, pues al bien atento |  | | de sus vasallos vela eternamente |  | | y lleva a Dios por luz y fundamento. | 495 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿es justo que envíe tanta gente |  | | en forma de jüeces al estado |  | | del título, del grande y del pariente, |  | | y que miren allí con qué cuidado |  | | se administra justicia y otras cosas | 500 | | que tocan al señor o le han tocado? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nunca sin informarle cuán forzosas |  | | eran en Portugal las residencias, |  | | que son en esta edad tan provechosas, |  | | mandara el Rey hacer las diligencias | 505 | | que ha hecho de su reino en los estados, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | sobre que son tan grandes diferencias. |  |  |  |  | | Si sabe que los pobres son tratados |  |  |  |  | | con tan grande aspereza y tiranía, |  |  |  |  | | y los que no lo son mal gobernados... | 510 |  |  |  | | Si sus pobres haciendas cada día |  |  |  |  | | les quitan sin razón, ¿de qué se espanta |  |  |  |  | | que lo remedie el Rey, vuseñoría? |  |  |  |  | | El más vil hombre, la más tierna planta, |  |  |  |  | | vive a sombra del Rey y él le asegura, | 515 |  |  |  | | con su favor se acuesta y se levanta, |  |  |  |  | | lo que el procurador de Cortes jura |  |  |  |  | | a todos igualmente comprehende, |  |  |  |  | | que con la voz común su bien procura. |  |  |  |  | | Imita el Rey a Dios, a todo estiende | 520 |  |  |  | | la gran juridición de su corona |  |  |  |  | | porque, como castiga, así defiende. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON GUTIERRE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso la ley y la razón lo abona, |  | | que es alma de la ley. Mas yo quisiera |  | | que el Rey sin interpósita persona | 525 | | al dueño del estado remitiera |  | | lo que hacen los jüeces, y que alguno, |  | | pues que no es del Consejo, no le diera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí no pienso yo que habrá ninguno |  | | que le aconseje mal y al que lo piensa... | 530 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ni el tiempo ni el lugar es oportuno. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Donde quiera hay lugar para la ofensa. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salga el REY, en empuñándose dos a dos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que «donde quiera hay lugar |  | | para la ofensa»! ¿Qué es esto? |  | | Prïor, ¿pues vós descompuesto? | 535 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quisiera y no puedo hablar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Salid allá, don Gutierre! |  | | Vós, Conde, ¿qué hacéis aquí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Señor en qué os ofendí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lope esa puerta se cierre. | 540 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  | | --- | | Ya, señor, lo está. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es esto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si yo os pudiera engañar |  | | procurara disculpar |  | | al Conde. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Decildo presto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, la locuacidad | 545 | | del vulgo y sus torpes leyes |  | | suele decir que a los reyes |  | | nunca se dice verdad... |  | | Y esto es tan grande mentira |  | | como las demás vulgares | 550 | | en que, con voces dispares, |  | | como está loco, delira. |  | | Pues pienso, y son justas leyes, |  | | que nadie de los mortales |  | | oye, y más cuando son tales, | 555 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | más verdades que los reyes. |  |  |  |  | | Porque ¿quién se ha de atrever |  |  |  |  | | a mentir al rey, imagen |  |  |  |  | | de Dios? |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Prólogos se atajen, |  | | que aquí no son menester. | 560 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, don Fernando siente, |  | | y de su parcialidad |  | | muchos, que esa majestad... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No más, ya lo sé, pariente. |  | | Y pues ya sé lo que ha dicho, | 565 | | no quiero que lo digáis |  | | para que decir podáis |  | | que vós no me lo habéis dicho. |  | | Encomendole el silencio |  | | a un pintor el maestresala, | 570 | | a quien esta historia iguala |  | | o poco la diferencio. |  | | Quejose el rey de que allí |  | | le hubiesen dejado entrar, |  | | queriéndolo averiguar. | 575 | | Y él, por parecerse a mí, |  | | pintó en los blancos manteles |  | | su rostro con un carbón |  | | con tan viva perfección |  | | como retrato de Apeles. | 580 | | Así yo lo que ha pasado, |  | | y que tanto a mi honor toca, |  | | no lo sé de vuestra boca |  | | mas basta verlo pintado. |  | | ¡Mirad, hola, si está ahí | 585 | | uno de aquestos jüeces! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Inteligencia pareces. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale un LETRADO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LETRADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo, señor, estoy aquí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué hay del estado del Conde? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LETRADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, su gobernador | 590 | | es persona de valor: |  | | a su oficio corresponde. |  | | Imputáronle que había |  | | tomado, pero engañados, |  | | mil y quinientos cruzados. | 595 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué buenas manos tenía! |  | | Centena, millar de cuentos |  | | son los de aquese jüez... |  | | pues caben en dedos diez, |  | | cruzados mil y quinientos. | 600 | | En fin, eso le imputaron... |  | | ¿No hicistes información? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LETRADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Contra su buena opinión |  | | veinte y dos pobres juraron, |  | | pero luego recebí | 605 | | cuatro ricos principales |  | | que le abonaron iguales |  | | y contestaron allí. |  | | Conque, vista la malicia |  | | de los pobres y enemigos | 610 | | y el valor de los testigos |  | | para gastos de justicia, |  | | le condené que pagase |  | | cuarenta cruzados. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien; |  | | vós lo juzgastes muy bien | 615 | | y así es bien que por bien pase. |  | | En fin que en una balanza |  | | veintidós pobres pesáis |  | | con cuatro ricos y dais |  | | más peso al que más alcanza. | 620 | | ¿Dónde estudiastes? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LETRADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, |  | | en Coimbra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En mis galeras |  | | fuera mejor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ya qué esperas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LETRADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hablalde, señor prïor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que pese un pobre tan poco | 625 | | no me espanto, está desnudo: |  | | siempre, en fin, quien poco pudo |  | | sufre mucho y vale poco. |  | | Un rico, Lope de Sosa, |  | | con el peso del vestido, | 630 | | calza y jubón guarnecido, |  | | con la cadena lustrosa, |  | | con las joyas y diamantes, |  | | claro está que ha de pesar, |  | | y más si se ha de estimar | 635 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | en contrastes semejantes. |  |  |  |  | | ¡Ay de aquellos peces chicos! |  |  |  |  | | ¡Ay, pobres, qué compasión! |  |  |  |  | | Pues ya solamente son |  |  |  |  | | los jumentos de los ricos. | 640 |  |  |  | | Ellos les traen el pan, |  |  |  |  | | el vestido y el calzado, |  |  |  |  | | si es pobre y noble, es crïado: |  |  |  |  | | este descanso le dan. |  |  |  |  | | Ahora bien, señor juez: | 645 |  |  |  | | vós os sentenciad a vós. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, perdonad, por Dios, |  | | este ignorante esta vez. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya le perdono, prïor, |  | | pero esto en siendo pagados | 650 | | mil y quinientos cruzados |  | | que tomó el gobernador. |  | | Estos se han de repartir |  | | entre pobres del estado. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase el REY)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Id con Dios, señor letrado, | 655 | | que no fue poco vivir. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LETRADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡A los dos beso los pies! |  | | Voy a pagar el dinero. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale ALFONSO, príncipe)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Más ha de un hora que espero, |  | | prïor. Vereisme después, | 660 | | que tengo que hablar a Sosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mozos con mozos, señor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hablemos cosas de amor, |  | | ¡pesia vida tan ociosa! |  | | Yo sé que mi padre fue, | 665 | | antes de sus perfecciones, |  | | a más de cuatro estaciones |  | | de quien hoy fruto se ve |  | | como es don Jorge, mi hermano. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya, señor, vendrá tu esposa, | 670 | | que no nació más hermosa |  | | en el reino castellano. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo lo confieso, don Lope; |  | | pero quien quiere reñir |  | | suele enseñarse a esgrimir | 675 | | antes que al contrario tope: |  | | ¿cómo he de saber hablar |  | | con una dama tan bella |  | | si lo que más dicen della |  | | es su ingenio singular? | 680 | | Claro está que no estaréis |  | | sin amor... ¿A quién amáis? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si vós palabra me dais |  | | que a ninguno lo diréis, |  | | yo os diré cierto sujeto | 685 | | que me tiene el alma allá. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | Juro. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Basta, bien está, |  | | como jurado lo aceto. |  | | Vuestra Alteza no se empeñe, |  | | que un rey en causa cualquiera | 690 | | basta que diga «¡primera!» |  | | sin que las cartas enseñe. |  | | Quiero, y por mujer conquisto, |  | | la bella doña Leonor, |  | | hija del embajador | 695 | | de Castilla. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No la he visto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta noche la veréis... |  | | Digo veréis en su reja, |  | | y si visitarse deja |  | | también la visitaréis. | 700 | | Porque tengo concertado |  | | irla a ver... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues vamos, Sosa, |  | | que en otra causa amorosa |  | | fue mi padre disfrazado |  | | a guardar la puerta al vuestro | 705 | | y lo mismo sabré hacer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No nos ha de suceder, |  | | señor, caso tan siniestro, |  | | porque anduvo el Rey después |  | | con un alma en mil trabajos. | 710 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No entiendo tanto de tajos, |  | | que agora voy de revés: |  | | disfrazado, a divertirme, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | saldré con hábito suelto. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Algo está el cielo revuelto. | 715 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sabrá mejor encubrirme. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La noche de varios modos |  | | ayuda a la libertad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es como universidad |  | | que da liciones a todos. | 720 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen el REY y el PRIOR)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No me quiero recoger |  | | hasta saber si hay alguno |  | | que quiera hablarme. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ninguno, |  | | gran señor, debe de haber. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Haceldo mirar, que Dios | 725 | | nos puso en este lugar |  | | para oír gobernar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todos, señor, como vós. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tuvo Dios un rey abuelo |  | | que mil veces le pedía | 730 | | que oyese al pobre y decía |  | | que juzgase su buen celo. |  | | Por los montes entendió |  | | los ricos, y por los valles |  | | los pobres, para mostralles | 735 | | que paz y amistad pidió |  | | para los ricos, y luego |  | | para los pobres justicia. |  | | Quien la administra, codicia |  | | para su reino sosiego, | 740 | | y esta en los reyes es ley |  | | aunque trabajo se tome. |  | | Dad voces. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | *¿Hay algún home* |  | | *que queira falar a o Rey?* |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale OCTAVIO, caballero)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Otras veces, gran señor, | 745 | | hablé a Vuestra Majestad |  | | sobre mi comodidad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mucho estimo vuestro amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sabe Dios que no me mueve |  | | otro interés. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo lo creo, | 750 | | porque tan claro deseo |  | | no es menester que se pruebe. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muchos príncipes pudiera |  | | servir en Italia y Flandes, |  | | y con partidos tan grandes | 755 | | que honrado y rico viviera. |  | | Pero viendo que os llamaban |  | | a vós «Príncipe perfecto», |  | | y que en el mejor sujeto |  | | mis servicios se empleaban, | 760 | | me determiné a servir |  | | al más perfecto señor |  | | con gusto, lealtad, amor |  | | y asistencia hasta morir. |  | | Justo consejo me mueve | 765 | | que en discreto me emplease, |  | | porque si no me pagase |  | | conociese que me debe. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Octavio, vuestra persona |  | | estimo, agradezco y quiero, | 770 | | aunque admitir estranjero |  | | no suele nuestra corona. |  | | Pero pues deseo y amor |  | | os hacen propio y propicio, |  | | yo os recibo en mi servicio. | 775 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Beso vuestros pies, señor. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale MADANELA, villana, con una cesta)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MADANELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A la fe que he de gozar |  | | de la puerta y de esos pies. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Prior, aún habrá después |  | | mil que quieran negociar. | 780 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MADANELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, yo soy de una aldea, |  | | por decillo en dos palabras, |  | | donde apaciento unas cabras. |  | | El cielo conmigo sea, |  | | que toda me voy turbando... | 785 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | No me mire, por su vida, |  |  |  |  | | que no hablaré de perdida |  |  |  |  | | si acaso me está mirando. |  |  |  |  | | Sucediole a mi Carillo, |  |  |  |  | | que nunca le sucediera, | 790 |  |  |  | | cierto enojo en la ribera, |  |  |  |  | | no estaré para decillo. |  |  |  |  | | Ahora bien, yo truje acá |  |  |  |  | | estos blancos naterones, |  |  |  |  | | que dicen sus infanzones | 795 |  |  |  | | que bravo enojo le da |  |  |  |  | | el dar nada a los jüeces, |  |  |  |  | | y pues él es el jüez |  |  |  |  | | mayor, tómelos, ¡pardiez!, |  |  |  |  | | y esta quillotra de nueces. | 800 |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vós habéis hecho muy bien |  | | y como mujer discreta, |  | | y así este soborno aceta |  | | el Rey y jüez también. |  | | ¡Hola! A la Reina llevad | 805 | | este presente y decid |  | | que se guarde, y advertid |  | | que tiene en él la mitad |  | | como mujer del jüez. |  | | Vós, cuando coma mañana, | 810 | | venid, discreta aldeana: |  | | negociaréis de una vez. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MADANELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues no se olvide de mí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo os llamáis? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MADANELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Madanela. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo que desto se recela, | 815 | | Prïor, ya lo veis aquí. |  | | Si no abriéramos la puerta |  | | perdiéramos los jüeces |  | | estas natas y estas nueces: |  | | ¿veis cómo está bien abierta? | 820 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, porque descansases |  | | la cerraba a toda ley, |  | | que es lástima, aunque eres rey, |  | | que tantos trabajos pases. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale ÁLVARO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ÁLVARO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nunca, señor, para ningún efeto | 825 | | desconfïaron de piedad las canas, |  | | cuanto más en un príncipe perfeto |  | | con acciones que son tan soberanas. |  | | Con esto la justicia me prometo |  | | que desde las riberas lusitanas | 830 | | al más opuesto polo alaba el mundo, |  | | pues os llama perfeto y sin segundo. |  | | No es bien que os desagrade la alabanza |  | | pues todos ya vuestras virtudes saben, |  | | de quien ni engaño ni lisonja alcanza | 835 | | pues vemos que Dios quiere que le alaben. |  | | Hablando, pues, con esta confïanza, |  | | pues en vuestro valor mayores caben, |  | | sabed, señor, que un bofetón me han dado |  | | de que estoy doloroso y afrentado. | 840 | | Por vida de la reina, mi señora, |  | | y así veáis de Alfonso claros nietos, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | que castiguéis con mano vengadora |  |  |  |  | | la causa de tan bárbaros efetos, |  |  |  |  | | y aunque parezcan, rey supremo, agora | 845 |  |  |  | | de mi sangre rigores imperfetos, |  |  |  |  | | sabed que yo engendré quien, atrevido, |  |  |  |  | | sangriento autor del bofetón ha sido. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¿Hijo vuestro os hirió? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ÁLVARO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Verdad os digo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé por dónde en ley cupiese humana, | 850 | | para tan gran maldad, justo castigo: |  | | traedme aquí vuestra mujer mañana. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ÁLVARO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí haré, señor, y esa piedad bendigo, |  | | gloria de vuestra sangre lusitana. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por vida de Leonor que no se alabe. | 855 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mal habéis hecho, aunque el delito es grave. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y sale el PRÍNCIPE de noche, LOPE DE SOSA y TRISTÁN)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Voy con notable temor |  | | que el Rey, mi señor, lo sepa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si acompañaba a tu padre |  | | no será justo que temas. | 860 | | Como un Rodamonte voy: |  | | ojalá que me salieran |  | | mil cuerpos, aunque sus almas |  | | después me hablaran en pena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si habéis de desenfadar | 865 | | las vuestras, ya estamos cerca |  | | de dos mozas como un oro, |  | | porque del mucho que pescan |  | | están en él convertidas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Luego el oro al oro truecan? | 870 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esas habrá menester |  | | la casa de la moneda: |  | | di que las hagan escudos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí hay dos como dos perlas, |  | | pero doncellas entrambas | 875 | | y en estremo bachilleras. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues si son perlas, Tristán, |  | | y solo de hablar se precian, |  | | cosa que me enfada tanto: |  | | póntelas en las orejas. | 880 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí, señor, me parece |  | | que entretenerte pudieras |  | | un rato. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Conoces algo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una señora muy fea |  | | y tan preciada de linda | 885 | | que no hay hombre que la vea |  | | que no diga que la adora |  | | y todos se burlan della. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues burlémonos nosotros, |  | | don Lope, y hagamos cuenta, | 890 | | sin verla, que ya la vimos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En esta dorada reja |  | | asoma una casadilla |  | | ciertas pestañas y cejas |  | | que a los ojos ponen luto | 895 | | si se ponen luto estrellas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | ¿Por quién? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  | | --- | | Por su gusto. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Anda un poco descontenta |  | | por celos de su marido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Celos? Vísperas de afrenta. | 900 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí viven sesenta años |  | | vestidos de oro y seda, |  | | como cubre a un olmo antiguo |  | | la juventud de una yedra: |  | | fue hermosa y pésale mucho | 905 | | de que ahora no lo sea. |  | | | |
|  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dios le reciba, Tristán, |  | | su arrepentimiento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquesta |  | | es de nuestro embajador |  | | la casa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues, Sosa, espera: | 910 | | hagamos a tus amores |  | | la debida reverencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuidadoso está el balcón, |  | | yo aseguro que te espera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues llega y habla, don Lope, | 915 | | que yo te guardo la puerta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Sois vós, estrella del alba? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | *Cuido que fala a jinela.* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte, a Tristán]* | | *Por noso Siñor, Tristaõ,* |  | | *que estou morrendo de enveja.* | 920 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  | | --- | | ¿Es Lope de Sosa? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soy |  | | un esclavo que desea |  | | que conozcáis lo que os ama. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cobrada tenéis la deuda, |  | | que vuestros merecimientos | 925 | | ya me dan nombre de vuestra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte, a Tristán]* | | ¿Sabes, Tristán, cómo estoy? |  | | Como el caballo en la guerra |  | | que relincha por la silla |  | | en oyendo la trompeta: | 930 | | ¡Pesia tal! ¿Para esto vine? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte, a don Alfonso]* | | ¿Sabes tú qué casa es esta? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte, a Tristán]* | | En oyendo hablar de amor |  | | se me acaba la paciencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lugar había de verme: | 935 | | mi madre licencia diera |  | | si el hábito os ayudara. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi desdicha desconcierta |  | | de otra suerte ese favor, |  | | que no puedo, aunque quisiera, | 940 | | desamparar a un amigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si no importa que me vea, |  | | entre, y entren los crïados, |  | | que mientras más gente venga |  | | menos ocasión tendrán | 945 | | de alguna sospecha necia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo se lo voy a decir. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo con vuestra licencia |  | | a prevenir las crïadas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  | | --- | | ¡Señor! | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién es? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vuestra Alteza | 950 | | disimule el ser quien es |  | | porque Leonor para verla |  | | os da licencia en su casa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | Pues... ¡Tristán! | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  | | --- | | ¡Señor! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ten cuenta |  | | que soy merced esta noche. | 955 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siempre ese nombre tuvieras, |  | | que el de merced en los reyes |  | | es el de mayor grandeza. |  | | | |

**Acto II**

*Sale la REINA, madre del PRÍNCIPE ALFONSO,  
TRISTÁN y LOPE*

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| REINA | |  | | --- | | ¿De qué estás triste? | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé. |  | |

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| REINA | |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ¿Así a tu madre respondes? |  |  | | ¡Bien a tu amor correspondes! |  |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tristán, ¿qué haré? ¿Qué diré? |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dile, señor, la ocasión: | 5 | | di que una mujer que viste |  | | te ha obligado a estar tan triste. |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué infames remedios son! |  | | Advierte que solo a ti |  | | dije que quiero a Leonor. | 10 | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que de una vista el amor |  | | tenga tanta fuerza en ti! |  | |

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| REINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cantad algo, que el cantar |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | las tristezas entretiene. |  |  |  |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Al que mis tristezas tiene | 15 | | más le entristece el llorar. |  | |

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| LOS MÚSICOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por las almenas de Toro... |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Dellas estéis despeñados! |  | | Cantad algo a mis cuidados |  | | que parezca al bien que adoro. | 20 | |

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| MÚSICOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | *Sale a estela de alba* |  | | *a mañana se veim:* |  | | *recordai miña alma,* |  | | *naõ dormais mio beim...* |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora, aparte me escucha. | 25 | |

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| REINA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué quieres? | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En esta edad |  | | despierta la voluntad, |  | | su fuerza y violencia es mucha. |  | | Entreténganle las damas |  | | al Príncipe. |  | |

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| REINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Estás en ti? | 30 | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nunca honestamente vi |  | | recibir daño sus famas. |  | |

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| REINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La vida de Alfonso temo. |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La bella doña Leonor, |  | | hija del embajador | 35 | | de Castilla, es un estremo |  | | de hermosura y discreción: |  | | como esta a palacio venga, |  | | no hay quien mejor entretenga. |  | |

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| REINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hablaste sin ocasión. | 40 | | Pero lo que fuere sea... |  | | ¿Lope? |  | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  | | --- | | ¡Señora! | |

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| REINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A Leonor, |  | | hija del Embajador, |  | | llamad para que la vea, |  | | que le soy aficionada | 45 | | desde que en Lisboa entró. |  | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo voy. ¡Oh, amor! ¿Quién amó |  | | con dicha tan declarada? |  | | Ahora sí que a Leonor, |  | | mi divina castellana, | 50 | | a la tarde, a la mañana, |  | | verá de espacio mi amor. |  | |

*(Sale el REY y el PRIOR)*

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora mía, si con vós estaba |  | | Alfonso, no sé yo por qué me quejo |  | | de que paséis sin verme tanto espacio. | 55 | |

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| REINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí estaba con él entretenida. |  | |

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| OCTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A Vuestra Majestad audiencia pide |  | | una graciosa y pobre labradora. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¿Es la de ayer? | |

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| OCTAVIO | |  | | --- | | La misma. | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Decid que entre. |  | |

*(Sale MADANELA)*

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| MADANELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que con la Reina a su merced encuentre, | 60 | | por más que buen agüero lo he tenido |  | | de que podré salir con lo que os pido. |  | |

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| REINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién es aquesta mujer? |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quien las natas presentó |  | | que Vuestra Alteza comió | 65 | | a quien hoy mandé volver. |  | |

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| REINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues para qué vuelve aquí? |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡De oíros me maravillo! |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | Tiene cierto pleitecillo |  |  |  |  | | que ha de pasar ante mí | 70 |  |  |  | | por quien las natas me ha dado. |  |  |  |  | | Informad, buena mujer. |  |  |  |  | |

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| MADANELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El pleito pienso vencer |  | | con tan famoso abogado. |  | | Señores Reyes que Dios | 75 | | conserve por muchos años: |  | | ¿quién ha de temer sus daños |  | | estando juntos los dos? |  | | Sepan pues, sus reverencias... |  | | ¡oh, que erré!, «paternidades» | 80 | | iba a decir... que en ciudades |  | | también suceden pendencias; |  | | sobre el comerle una viña |  | | que mi marido guardó |  | | la riña se comenzó | 85 | | y mató un hombre en la riña. |  | | La justicia le prendió, |  | | no sé si está bien probado, |  | | mas yo se lo he preguntado |  | | y dice que él se murió. | 90 | | En fin, ha un año que está |  | | preso, su vida les pido. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Lástima, por Dios, ha sido! |  | |

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| MADANELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué enternecido estáis ya! |  | |

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| REINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mujer, si a un hombre mató | 95 | | vuestro marido, es forzoso |  | | que muera. |  | |

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| MADANELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De ese piadoso |  | | pecho tal crueldad salió? |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Paso, que son muy ingratas |  | | esas razones, señora, | 100 | | siendo vós cual sois agora |  | | quien comió más de las natas: |  | | si tomamos el cohecho, |  | | por fuerza se ha de torcer |  | | la justicia. |  | |

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| MADANELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Esto es hacer | 105 | | justicia! |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muy buen provecho |  | | os haga lo ya comido |  | | y la cestilla de nueces |  | | en que verán los jüeces |  | | peligro tan conocido. | 110 | | Id, Octavio, y concertad |  | | con la parte aquesta muerte: |  | | si el tomar es desta suerte, |  | | agüémosla por mitad. |  | | Y dadme lugar aquí, | 115 | | que en los negocios forzosos |  | | terceros tan rigurosos |  | | no son buenos para mí. |  | |

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| REINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Voyme por obedeceros. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A su tiempo sé yo dar | 120 | | castigo. |  | |

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| REINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiero pagar |  | | lo que decís con perderos. |  | |

*(Vase la REINA)*

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| MADANELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Plegue a Dios, invicto Juan, |  | | que os besen moros los pies... |  | | Los indios, gran portugués, | 125 | | las alfombras en que están. |  | | Y que tiemblen vuestras quinas |  | | del mundo las cuatro partes, |  | | llegando sus estandartes |  | | a las más remotas Chinas. | 130 | | ¡Plegue a Dios! |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Callad, mujer, |  | | que haberos bien despachado |  | | si vós me habéis sobornado |  | | no tenéis que agradecer. |  | | Si libremente juzgara, | 135 | | el agradecerlo fuera |  | | justo. |  | |

*(Sale ÁLVARO y su mujer MARGARIDA)*[*5*](javascript:void(null);)

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| MARGARIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que a mí el Rey me quiera! |  | |

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| ÁLVARO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En que ha de hablarte repara. |  | | Señor, a vuestro mandado |  | | viene mi mujer. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ansí! | 140 | | Ya os conozco, oídme aquí. |  | |

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| MARGARIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Temo vuestro rostro airado. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Díjome vuestro marido |  | | que le ha dado un bofetón |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | su hijo y vuestro, ocasión | 145 |  |  |  | | que suspenso me ha tenido. |  |  |  |  | | Y he venido a imaginar |  |  |  |  | | que si deste hombre lo fuera, |  |  |  |  | | ni él el bofetón le diera |  |  |  |  | | ni él le viniera a acusar. | 150 |  |  |  | | No es posible que aquel sea |  |  |  |  | | su hijo ni este su padre: |  |  |  |  | | lo cierto es ser vós su madre |  |  |  |  | | y lo que es bien que se crea. |  |  |  |  | | A mí no me admiran cosas | 155 |  |  |  | | que suelen causar amor: |  |  |  |  | | decidme verdad. |  |  |  |  | |

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| MARGARIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Señor! |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sabed que me son odiosas |  | | bravamente las mentiras. |  | |

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| MARGARIDA | |  | | --- | | Mi temor... | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay que temer, | 160 | | porque me suelen mover |  | | a más enojosas iras. |  | | Bien podéis fïar de mí, |  | | que soy rey, vuestro secreto. |  | |

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| MARGARIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sois príncipe tan perfeto | 165 | | que luego, señor, que os vi |  | | un ángel me pareció |  | | que en vuestro rostro miraba. |  | | Mientras mi marido estaba |  | | ausente un hombre me habló. | 170 | | Rindiome al fin su porfía, |  | | quedé preñada y viniendo |  | | mi marido... |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya lo entiendo, |  | | solo eso saber quería. |  | | En fin: su hijo no es. | 175 | |

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| MARGARIDA | |  | | --- | | No, señor. | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Válgame el cielo, |  | | que fue cierto mi recelo! |  | | Prïor... |  | |

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| PRIOR | |  | | --- | | Gran señor. | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Después |  | | que el cetro de Portugal |  | | tengo no me ha sucedido | 180 | | caso tan grave. |  | |

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| PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué ha sido? |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ni vós le habéis visto igual. |  | | Averigüé que no era |  | | el que le dio el bofetón |  | | su hijo deste hombre. |  | |

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| PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Son | 185 | | cosas que solo pudiera |  | | penetrar tu entendimiento. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¿Buen hombre? | |

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| ÁLVARO | |  | | --- | | Señor | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oíd |  | | y por mi vida advertid |  | | vuestro injusto sentimiento. | 190 | |

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| ÁLVARO | |  | | --- | | ¿Injusto, señor? | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si Dios |  | | sufrió en su rostro divino |  | | tal mano y tal desatino: |  | | para con Dios, ¿qué sois vós? |  | |

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| ÁLVARO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, llegado a pensar, | 195 | | echareme por el suelo. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¿Perdonáis? | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tal rey del cielo |  | | me ha enseñado a perdonar, |  | | y tal rey acá en la tierra. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A la India que conquisto | 200 | | vaya ese mozo, que he visto |  | | que es bueno para la guerra: |  | | una compañía le doy. |  | |

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| MARGARIDA | |  | | --- | | Pues señor... | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡No hay qué tratar! |  | | Si te prometí callar, | 205 | | ya cumplo como quien soy. |  | | Pero el agravio que hiciste |  | | a tu marido castigo |  | | en que no esté más contigo |  | | tu hijo. |  | |

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| MARGARIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sentencia diste | 210 | | digna de un rey tan discreto. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si su sangre no tenía, |  | | ¿no ves tú que cada día |  | | le ha de perder el respeto? |  | | Sufre tú, pues le agraviaste, | 215 | | su destierro, y ese viejo |  | | viva en paz. |  | |

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| MARGARIDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De mí me quejo. |  | | Tú como un ángel hablaste. |  | |

*(Vase, y sale DON LOPE, con DOÑA LEONOR  
con manto quitado de la cabeza)*

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí esta Su Majestad. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Señora doña Leonor! | 220 | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con tantas honras, señor, |  | | levantaréis mi humildad |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | al sol de vuestra grandeza. |  |  |  |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A lo menos del que espero |  | | de Castilla sois lucero | 225 | | con luz de tanta belleza... |  | | Y porque no sé decilla, |  | | no es lisonja, no, por Dios, |  | | holgar que fuéradesvós |  | | la que espero de Castilla. | 230 | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por lo menos no dirán, |  | | aunque indigno mi sujeto, |  | | que os faltó para perfeto |  | | ser de las damas galán. |  | | Yo vengo a besar los pies | 235 | | a la Reina, mi señora. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo adivinando agora |  | | este dichoso interés, |  | | salí para recebiros. |  | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sabré pasar de aquí. | 240 | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alfonso vendrá por mí |  | | más mozo para serviros. |  | | Y yo a la Reina diré |  | | que estáis aquí. |  | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay respuesta |  | | para una merced como esta: | 245 | | callando responderé. |  | |

*(Vase el REY)*

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya con un rey por galán, |  | | ¿qué arrogante pensamiento |  | | pondrá en vós su atrevimiento? |  | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con justa razón os dan | 250 | | las perfecciones del Rey |  | | celos, porque son notables, |  | | pero en los ojos mudables |  | | solo se entiende esa ley. |  | | Que vós sois rey para mí | 255 | | y vós para mí perfecto. |  | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y vós para mí el sujeto |  | | a quien sujeto nací. |  | |

*(Sale el PRÍNCIPE y TRISTÁN)*

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| DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | ¿Tú la viste? | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí señor, |  | | que como el sol se apeaba | 260 | | de una carroza a quien daba |  | | su hermosura resplandor. |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que don Lope me llevase |  | | a ver aquesta mujer, |  | | y que solamente el ver | 265 | | la libertad me costase! |  | | ¿Qué hechizos fueron, Tristán, |  | | los que bebí por los ojos |  | | que tantas penas y enojos |  | | y tantas ansias me dan? | 270 | | Ya la salud he perdido |  | | a fuerza del sufrimiento. |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sufras, que es loco intento |  | | sufrir, habiendo nacido |  | | príncipe de Portugal. | 275 | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No he de guardar a un amigo |  | | lealtad? |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y usará contigo |  | | Sosa de lealtad igual? |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soy hijo de quien soy. |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Alto, déjate morir! | 280 | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Determinado a sufrir |  | | por no hacelle ofensa estoy. |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  | | --- | | Pienso que hay gente. | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, |  | | ¿Vuestra Alteza estaba aquí? |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | ¿Es don Lope? | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, sí, | 285 | | y aquí está doña Leonor. |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Quién creyera maravilla |  | | tan notable aunque la viera |  | | que en esta casa cupiera |  | | todo el valor de Castilla! | 290 | | Por muchos años la honréis. |  | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No os quiero negar, señor, |  | | que tengo todo el valor |  | | pues a esos pies le tenéis. |  | | Pero esperad, ¿no sois vós | 295 | | el amigo que venía |  | | con don Lope? |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo sería. |  | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues quéjome de los dos: |  | | de Lope por encubrirme |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | lo que pudo tanto honrarme | 300 |  |  |  | | y de vós por engañar |  |  |  |  | | y aun de mí por divertirme. |  |  |  |  | | Que lo fue no conocer |  |  |  |  | | al sol la ignorancia mía, |  |  |  |  | | pues aunque hay nublado, hay día | 305 |  |  |  | | en que ha de resplandecer. |  |  |  |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Deseando conoceros |  | | quise disfrazarme así: |  | | perdonad si os ofendí, |  | | que no he pensado ofenderos. | 310 | | Antes cual suele dejar |  | | el ministro de justicia |  | | la vara cuando codicia |  | | la casa donde entra honrar, |  | | a vuestra puerta dejé | 315 | | la autoridad y el valor |  | | por mostrar que sois, Leonor, |  | | a quien respeto guardé. |  | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, pues que sois discreto, |  | | no me quitéis el lugar | 320 | | que agora tengo de hablar |  | | pues vós sabéis mi secreto |  | | y que aqueste honesto amor |  | | se dirige a casamiento. |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fue forzoso cumplimiento | 325 | | y obligación a Leonor. |  | | Pero hablad, que aquí estaré |  | | para que nadie os impida. |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No has hecho cosa en tu vida |  | | que tanto enfado me dé. | 330 | | ¿Mueres por esta mujer |  | | y ya sirves de encubrir? |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo me tengo de morir. |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues de qué sirve el poder? |  | | Si un príncipe solo es | 335 | | para el nombre, bien está. |  | | Si yo lo fuera... |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué? | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya |  | | vieras el mundo al revés. |  | | Si a un señor un sastre hace |  | | un jubón y entran de raso | 340 | | tres varas, ¿qué hace al caso |  | | que digan que señor nace? |  | | Si entran en un ferreruelo |  | | tres de paño, como a mí, |  | | a un gran señor, ¿en qué, di, | 345 | | le ha diferenciado el cielo? |  | | Si come por solo un hombre |  | | y duerme cuando yo duermo |  | | y enferma cuando yo enfermo, |  | | ¿qué tiene más? Solo el nombre. | 350 | | Pardiez que, si yo lo fuera, |  | | que luego al sastre quemara |  | | si el jubón que me cortara |  | | de treinta varas no fuera. |  | | Mi herreruelo había de ser | 355 | | de ochenta varas de paño, |  | | comer lo que el vulgo un año |  | | ser mi ordinario comer. |  | | El dormir en una cama |  | | de setecientos colchones, | 360 | | mi andar en once frisones |  | | y cuando tuviera dama... |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No digas más, hablador. |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues bien, ¿en qué viene a estar |  | | la diferencia en mandar? | 365 | | Lindo descanso, señor: |  | | caminar, poco dormir, |  | | sufrir quejas, que son hartas, |  | | escribir cuatro mil cartas... |  | | ¡Ni hay mayor mal que escribir! | 370 | | Pues muriéndose un discreto |  | | sin calentura decía |  | | que de veneno moría. |  | | Y preguntado, en efeto, |  | | cuándo el veneno tomó, | 375 | | dijo: «Ayer, porque escribí |  | | diez cartas». Y para mí |  | | con justa causa murió. |  | | Una carta un castellano |  | | acabó de recibilla | 380 | | y de Madrid a Sevilla |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | fue en el rigor del verano, |  |  |  |  | | y dijo al que la escribió: |  |  |  |  | | «Yo he caminado hasta aquí |  |  |  |  | | por no cansaros», y ansí | 385 |  |  |  | | de palabra respondió... |  |  |  |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | ¿Quieres me dejar? | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Espera! |  | | ¡Vive Dios que no han de hablar! |  | | *[A doña Leonor]* |  | | La Reina os manda llamar |  | | que agora viene de fuera. | 390 | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Perdone la suspensión |  | | al amor que nunca avisa. |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte, don Alfonso]* | | Entrad, mi señor, aprisa. |  | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que os acompañe es razón. |  | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bésoos, don Lope, las manos. | 395 | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Vós para qué entráis allá? |  | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No voy al uso de acá, |  | | que somos ya castellanos. |  | |

*(Váyanse LOPE y LEONOR)*

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay semejante fortuna |  | | que haya mi vida llegado | 400 | | a un estado sin remedio? |  | | Yo me muero, yo me abraso... |  | | ¿No fuera mi amor siquiera |  | | como el de todos? Pues cuantos |  | | aman, esperanza tienen, | 405 | | y si a algunos ha faltado, |  | | a lo menos a su dama |  | | pudieron decir: «Yo os amo». |  | | ¡Ay, Leonor! ¡Ay, imposible! |  | | ¡Volved esos ojos claros, | 410 | | esas divinas estrellas, |  | | a verme morir callando! |  | | Y no pudiendo hablaros, |  | | no me queráis más mal que desearos. |  | | Tristán, ¿sabes tú de mí? | 415 | | Mas ¿por qué Tristán te llamo? |  | | Yo soy el triste, Tristán: |  | | sé tú Alfonso el Lusitano. |  | | ¿Lope de Sosa y Leonor |  | | se casan? Ya están casados, | 420 | | que en juntándose las almas, |  | | para en uno son entrambos. |  | | ¿Hay tan gran desasosiego? |  | | Leonor, si fui disfrazado, |  | | porque muero descubierto, | 425 | | aunque encubriendo que os amo, |  | | y no pudiendo hablaros, |  | | no me queráis más mal que desearos. |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor repórtate un poco, |  | | que si llega a imaginarlo | 430 | | el Rey, ni Leonor ni Lope |  | | vendrán a lograr sus años: |  | | ten lástima de ti mismo. |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Necio, no seas pesado, |  | | que no hay enfermo en el mundo | 435 | | que no quiera verse sano: |  | | ¿qué consejo tomaré? |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Matar a Lope, quemarlo, |  | | echarle de todo el mundo. |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hablas con algún tirano? | 440 | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Envïarle a Ceuta luego, |  | | pues será más acertado |  | | que mate en África moros |  | | que no en Portugal cristianos. |  | | Dale un cargo en la conquista | 445 | | de las Indias: vuelva al cabo |  | | de Vasco de Gama, Lope, |  | | o lleve su mismo cargo. |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ahora bien, ¿mi padre no es |  | | el hombre más cuerdo y sabio | 450 | | desta edad a la opinión |  | | del mundo? Pues consultarlo |  | | quiero en aquesta desdicha |  | | y su parecer tomando, |  | | vivir o morir. |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues di: | 455 | | ¿no es eso para más daño? |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, porque no le diré |  | | que soy yo el dueño del caso, |  | | que por tercera persona |  | | no entenderá lo que trato. | 460 | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Él viene, tu gusto sigue. |  | |

*(Salen el REY y el PRIOR)*

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué hay, Alfonso? | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un castellano |  | | de los Córdobas de allá, |  | | que son valientes hidalgos, |  | | me envía a pedir consejo | 465 | | diciendo que soy retrato |  | | vuestro y que en cosas de amor |  | | se atreve más a mis años. |  | | En fin, el ser vós perfeto |  | | hace que imaginen tantos | 470 | | que os tengo de parecer. |  | | Yo, señor, estoy turbado |  | | si la verdad os confieso, |  | | y a responderle no basto |  | | sin consultar vuestro intento | 475 | | del mundo tan celebrado. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es lo que el Córdoba escribe? |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dice, señor, que un crïado |  | | de su casa, a ruego suyo |  | | y disfrazado, en su daño | 480 | | le llevó a ver a su dama, |  | | y que tan enamorado |  | | volvió de verla que tiene |  | | por sustento solo el llanto. |  | | Vive con salud tan poca | 485 | | que por remedio ha tomado |  | | hacer lo que le dijere: |  | | si darle muerte, matarlo, |  | | si quitarle la mujer, |  | | quitársela. En fin, reparo | 490 | | con justa causa en saber |  | | qué consejo más honrado, |  | | cuerdo y seguro le envíe. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dificultad tiene el caso, |  | | mas dame un hora no más | 495 | | de término, que pensarlo |  | | despacio será razón. |  | | Y si un hora es largo espacio, |  | | vuelve luego. |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tus pies beso |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte, a don Alfonso]* | | ¿Estás contento? | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte, a Tristán]* | | Hoy acabo | 500 | | con el amor o la vida. |  | | ¡Ay Leonor, por vós me abraso! |  | | Y no pudiendo hablaros |  | | no me queráis más mal que desearos. |  | |

*(Vanse el PRÍNCIPE y TRISTÁN)*

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llamadme a Lope de Sosa, | 505 | | prïor. |  | |

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| PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo voy a buscarlo. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hame dado el pensamiento |  | | que Alfonso me trata engaño |  | | y pienso con la mentira |  | | sacar la verdad del caso. | 510 | |

*(Sale el PRIOR y DON LOPE)*

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| PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí está Lope, señor. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con vós estoy enojado, |  | | Sosa. |  | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vuestra Majestad, |  | | matará de sobresalto |  | | el crïado más leal | 515 | | que ha tenido en muchos años |  | | la casa real de Enríquez, |  | | porque dijo un cortesano |  | | que eran balas las palabras |  | | de los reyes enojados | 520 | | de tiro de artillería |  | | que cuando erraron el blanco, |  | | y no mataron del golpe, |  | | con solo el aire mataron. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Crío al Príncipe mi hijo, | 525 | | Sosa, con tanto cuidado |  | | que velando su edad tierna |  | | estoy convertido en Argos. |  | | Pienso yo que a Jenofonte |  | | le tengo dado por ayo | 530 | | y llevaisle adonde vea |  | | vuestra dama muy de espacio. |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | Siendo el primero discreto |  |  |  |  | | que tuvo amor confïado, |  |  |  |  | | ¿qué queríades que hiciese | 535 |  |  |  | | un mozo de aquellos años |  |  |  |  | | sino venir como vino |  |  |  |  | | tiernamente enamorado |  |  |  |  | | para perder la salud |  |  |  |  | | y el gusto cuando le caso | 540 |  |  |  | | con la princesa que espero |  |  |  |  | | de Castilla? |  |  |  |  | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  | | --- | | ¡Señor! | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando |  | | los reyes piden, don Lope, |  | | verdades a sus criados, |  | | para procurar remedio | 545 | | no hay que andarlas dilatando. |  | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, como ya tenía |  | | determinado salir |  | | y es fuerte de persuadir |  | | aquella edad si porfía, | 550 | | porque con otro no fuese |  | | con quien peligro llevase, |  | | fue bien que le acompañase |  | | y un rato le entretuviese. |  | | No dije a doña Leonor, | 555 | | que también segura estaba, |  | | que era el que la visitaba |  | | el Príncipe, mi señor. |  | | Ni hasta agora yo he sabido |  | | que estuviese enamorado. | 560 | | Que a pensar... |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No os dé cuidado. |  | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Perdón de mi yerro os pido. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Prïor, mañana partid |  | | a Castilla. |  | |

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| PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo mejor |  | | me parece, y deste amor | 565 | | los principios divertid |  | | con traer a la Princesa. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | ¡Por qué camino he sabido |  | | todo lo que ha sucedido, |  | | de que en estremo me pesa! | 570 | | ¡Qué bien saqué la verdad! |  | | Bien dicen que no hay discreto |  | | sin puerta falsa en efeto |  | | de muy fina necedad. |  | | Él está triste y corrido... | 575 | | Lope... |  | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Señor! Esta vez |  | | di en las manos del jüez: |  | | hoy a Leonor he perdido. |  | | A Ceuta voy desterrado |  | | si no hay más larga prisión. | 580 | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sosa, en aquesta ocasión |  | | una encomienda ha vacado: |  | | ¿quién os parece que aquí |  | | seis mil escudos de renta |  | | merece? |  | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es lo que intenta? | 585 | | ¿Encomienda, señor? |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, |  | | que más de seis han vacado. |  | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues cómo ha estado encubierto? |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque en Portugal han muerto |  | | muchos con ese cuidado. | 590 | | Ya don Gutierre murió, |  | | murió el conde don Fernando... |  | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | Todo esto me va avisando |  | | que tome su ejemplo yo. |  | | ¡Vive Dios que los ha muerto | 595 | | sobre aquella rebelión! |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Buenas encomiendas son... |  | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | Apenas a hablarle acierto. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No me decís quién será? |  | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, muy bien se empleará | 600 | | en Melo, Ataide y Lara, |  | | o en don Álvaro de Saa. |  | | De Silva estáis bien servido, |  | | Miranda os tiene obligado... |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Buenos los habéis nombrado | 605 | | masvós la habéis merecido. |  | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Vuestra Majestad me paga |  | | cuando menos le serví! |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¡Antes cuando más! | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  | | --- | | ¿Yo? | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, |  | | y así es bien que os satisfaga. | 610 | | Deseaba sumamente |  | | saber, Lope, si tenía |  | | hijo discreto y temía |  | | lo contrario justamente. |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | Y por vós vengo a quedar | 615 |  |  |  | | seguro, Lope, en efeto, |  |  |  |  | | de que tengo hijo discreto |  |  |  |  | | pues se sabe enamorar. |  |  |  |  | | Y que quiera castellana |  |  |  |  | | me ha dado gusto y es justo | 620 |  |  |  | | porque es ensayar el gusto |  |  |  |  | | de la que espera mañana. |  |  |  |  | | En palacio está Leonor: |  |  |  |  | | no le digáis desto nada, |  |  |  |  | | ni al Príncipe, que me agrada | 625 |  |  |  | | tal vez el honesto amor. |  |  |  |  | | Es amor, cuando es honesto, |  |  |  |  | | luz de todas las acciones |  |  |  |  | | de un caballero. |  |  |  |  | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Razones |  | | de tu ingenio. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Está dispuesto | 630 | | a ser galán en la paz, |  | | a ser valiente en la guerra. |  | |

*(Sale MADANELA y BRITO, su marido)*

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| MADANELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A nadie las puertas cierra. |  | |

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| BRITO | |  | | --- | | *[A Madanela]* | | Yo soy de hablarle incapaz. |  | |

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| MADANELA | |  | | --- | | [*A Brito]* | | Pues yo le hablaré por ti. | 635 | | Señor: Brito, mi marido, |  | | está a tus pies. |  | |

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| BRITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tus pies pido. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¿Sois el preso? | |

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| BRITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, sí. |  | | Y aunque mi pobreza es |  | | indigna de su zapato, | 640 | | para no mostrarme ingrato |  | | vengo a besalle los pies. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien se debe a los jüeces, |  | | mas mirad que no matéis |  | | a nadie ni os confiéis | 645 | | en las natas y en las nueces. |  | | Tened las armas villanas |  | | que se os pueden acedar |  | | las natas de aquí al lugar |  | | y las nueces salir vanas. | 650 | |

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| BRITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No haya miedo su merced |  | | que me meta en otra riña |  | | aunque me entren en la viña |  | | y la coman por el pie. |  | | No más cárcel: sus regalos | 655 | | para un moro de Azamor. |  | | No sé cuál hombre, señor, |  | | no sufre bien dos mil palos |  | | por no se ver solo un día |  | | en este vivo retrato | 660 | | del infierno, cuyo trato |  | | es la mayor tiranía. |  | | Mandad remediar, señor, |  | | la crueldad de aquesta gente. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sois, en efeto, inocente: | 665 | | andad con Dios, labrador. |  | | Que la cárcel no es posada |  | | de gente que hace bien, |  | | y así no es bien que les den |  | | gusto ni contento en nada. | 670 | | Si es tan fiera de sufrir |  | | y está siempre de hombres llena, |  | | ¿paréceos, si fuera buena, |  | | que se pudiera vivir? |  | | Id con Dios. |  | |

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| BRITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Digna respuesta | 675 | | de su nombre. ¡Alto, mujer! |  | | ¡Pardiez que le heis de traer |  | | dos pollos la primer fiesta! |  | |

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| MADANELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Eso? ¡Y cómo! Los primeros |  | | y por dicha dos lechones. | 680 | | Que me eche mil bendiciones |  | | cuando le coma los cueros. |  | |

*(Vanse y sale MELO con un libro)*

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| MELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aunque atrevimiento sea, |  | | siendo tal tu entendimiento, |  | | este libro te presento: | 685 | | Vuestra Majestad le vea |  | | si dan las ocupaciones |  | | lugar a reales pechos. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué trata? | |

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| MELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dichos y hechos. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De quién? ¿De claros varones? | 690 | |

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| MELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De vós solo, gran señor. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mientras vivo me alabaste |  | | mal del sabio te acordaste: |  | | lisonja ha sido en rigor. |  | |

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| MELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muchos dicen que lo son, | 695 | | y aquí el ejemplo se ofrece |  | | que la gran virtud carece |  | | de envidia y adulación. |  | | El libro me vuelve a dar, |  | | que en los dichos poner quiero | 700 | | este de agora el primero. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien te le puedes llevar. |  | | Y que no te pago advierto |  | | por lo mal que me has tratado, |  | | pues en haberme alabado | 705 | | ya me has tenido por muerto. |  | | Y si por vivo no es bien |  | | que mi vanidad abones, |  | | y si esto en los dichos pones, |  | | pon en los hechos también. | 710 | | Si hablares del liberal, |  | | el rey don Juan el segundo |  | | no dio a nadie en todo el mundo |  | | por lisonjas un real. |  | |

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| MELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alejandro no fue así, | 715 | | y hoy le alaban, en efeto. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No fue Alejandro discreto, |  | | valiente dicen que sí. |  | |

*(Sale MENDO)*

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| MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sabiendo, invicto señor, |  | | vuestra gran curiosidad | 720 | | quise de mi habilidad |  | | mostrar el mayor primor. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué primor? | |

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| MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Puedo decillo |  | | seguro de hallar igual. |  | | Los reyes de Portugal | 725 | | con la punta de un cuchillo |  | | he cortado de papel. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Habéis sido religioso? |  | |

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| MENDO | |  | | --- | | No, señor. | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues es forzoso, |  | | que esa flema es digna dél. | 730 | |

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| MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay hombre que no se espante. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Claro está y es justa ley |  | | si hacéis de papel un rey |  | | que Dios hizo de diamante. |  | | Alabo el primor gentil | 735 | | pero no le quiero ver, |  | | que los reyes no han de ser |  | | de materia tan sutil. |  | | Que es tanto el valor que en él |  | | pusieron Dios y las leyes | 740 | | que aun las firmas de los reyes |  | | no habían de ser en papel. |  | | Id con Dios. |  | |

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| MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Guárdete el cielo. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¡Hola! | |

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| PRIOR | |  | | --- | | Señor... | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¡Agua! | |

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| PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Plaza! |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué hay, Lope? | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Admiro la traza | 745 | | de tu estilo y de tu celo. |  | | Bien sabes que yo estudié, |  | | bien sabes lo que he leído: |  | | si es lisonja, perdón pido, |  | | pues para mí no lo fue. | 750 | | De ningún rey se ha contado |  | | tan divino proceder. |  | |

*(Sale un MAESTRESALA, con salva y copa,  
el PRIOR delante)*

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| PRIOR | |  | | --- | | ¡Plaza! | |

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| MAESTRESALA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Hubiera de caer! |  | | *(Tropiece)* |  | |

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| PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El agua habéis derramado: |  | | ¡volved por más! |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No volváis | 755 | | sino mirad lo que os digo... |  | | *(Aparte)* |  | | Creedme a mí como amigo |  | | que a servirme no acertáis. |  | | ¿Cuánto habrá que me servís? |  | |

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| MAESTRESALA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Seis meses pienso que habrá. | 760 | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo os tengo notado ya, |  | | y aunque en verdad que acudís |  | | con amor, son tan estraños |  | | vuestros yerros a porfía |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | que parece que en un día | 765 |  |  |  | | me habéis servido mil años. |  |  |  |  | | Cuando entrastes a servirme, |  |  |  |  | | ¿qué pensastes? Responded. |  |  |  |  | |

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| MAESTRESALA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que me hiciésedes merced, |  | | porque pude persuadirme | 770 | | que honráis hasta los estraños. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Seis meses servido habéis, |  | | ¿con qué tiempo me queréis |  | | pedir merced? |  | |

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| MAESTRESALA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con diez años. |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los diez años os perdono: | 775 | | id con Dios, ya son pasados. |  | | De renta dos mil ducados |  | | llevaréis. |  | |

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| MAESTRESALA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sirvan de trono |  | | a tus pies el Cita helado |  | | en el más frígido clima, | 780 | | y desde Sofala a Lima |  | | el indio más abrasado. |  | |

*(Vase, y sale el PRÍNCIPE)*

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Consultó ya Vuestra Alteza |  | | su divino entendimiento? |  | |

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| REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya, Príncipe, lo he mirado, | 785 | | y porque nunca tenemos |  | | los padres con nuestros hijos |  | | ni respetos ni secretos: |  | | sabed que sé que sois vós, |  | | porque estándome diciendo | 790 | | la mentira de Castilla |  | | hice en el alma conceto |  | | que el Córdoba fuiste vós, |  | | y así le dije de hecho |  | | a Sosa que yo sabía | 795 | | que era el dueño del suceso. |  | | Él me dijo la verdad, |  | | por ventura, presumiendo |  | | que yo de vós lo sabía, |  | | y pues me pedís consejo | 800 | | para vós, yo como padre |  | | desta manera os advierto: |  | | a cazar el blanco armiño |  | | van los cazadores diestros |  | | y al rededor de la cueva | 805 | | le ponen de lodo un cerco. |  | | Él sale para buscar |  | | por la campaña el sustento |  | | y en viendo el lodo se para |  | | tan turbado solo en verlo | 810 | | que allí se deja coger, |  | | porque más quiere ser muerto |  | | que ensuciar tanta blancura: |  | | harto os he dicho, entendeldo. |  | | Sosa, aunque es vuestro crïado, | 815 | | es honrado caballero: |  | | antes de hacelle traición |  | | dejaos morir, que es lo menos, |  | | porque no habéis de manchar |  | | la blancura que os ha puesto | 820 | | la real naturaleza |  | | sino antes morir sufriendo. |  | | Para con vós esto basta, |  | | armiño sois de mi pecho: |  | | no manchéis tanta blancura | 825 | | por un deleite tan feo. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor, de amarme reprehendo y riño. |  | | Amé por accidente, escusa tengo. |  | | Arrepentido al desengaño vengo, |  | | sus blancas aras de laureles ciño, | 830 | | mi pecho quiere ser cándido armiño. |  | | Mirando el lodo vil, los pies detengo: |  | | para defensa la razón prevengo. |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | Gigante quiero ser si tú eres niño. |  |  |  |  | | Suele un cobarde andar con un valiente | 835 |  |  |  | | y temerle por eso su enemigo |  |  |  |  | | que, solo, le matara fácilmente. |  |  |  |  | | Amor, cobarde soy, mas yo te digo |  |  |  |  | | que para mi defensa eternamente |  |  |  |  | | pienso llevar a la virtud conmigo. | 840 |  |  |  | |

*(Sale DOÑA LEONOR y TRISTÁN)*

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El Príncipe y Lope están |  | | en una imaginación. |  | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hablar a Alfonso es razón: |  | | primero llegó, Tristán. |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Déjame pedir a mí | 845 | | las albricias. |  | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que me tiene |  | | amor? |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De suerte que viene |  | | a estar sin alma por ti. |  | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  | | --- | | ¿Es posible? | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y poderoso. | 850 | | ¡Señor, albricias! Leonor |  | | a hablarte viene: hoy tu amor |  | | ha de salir vitorioso. |  | | ¿Qué me das? ¿Piénsaslo acaso? |  | | Sea vestido o cadena. | 855 | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Doyte en albricias mi pena |  | | y parte del mal que paso. |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Iré muy bien despachado. |  | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, ¿qué hace Vuestra Alteza? |  | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | Muriendo estoy de tristeza, | 860 | | confuso, loco y turbado. |  | |

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| DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Castellana en cuyos ojos |  | | se mira amor al espejo |  | | para ponerse la venda |  | | porque después queda ciego. | 865 | | Muy grande amor os cobré |  | | cuando los míos os vieron, |  | | ya por belleza tan rara |  | | ya por tan sublime ingenio. |  | | Mas viendo que Lope os ama | 870 | | pedí a mi padre consejo |  | | y dijo que me dejase |  | | morir de amor y de celos |  | | antes que hacerle traición, |  | | y así para siempre os dejo. | 875 | | *(Vase)* |  | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué es esto, Tristán? | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé, |  | | tales albricias me dieron. |  | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo te las daré mayores |  | | por la novedad que veo. |  | | Que como me habías dicho | 880 | | que estaba el Príncipe enfermo |  | | de amor, ya estaba temblando |  | | algún estraño suceso. |  | | Porque yo quiero a don Lope, |  | | como ves, con tanto estremo, | 885 | | que ya temblaba el poder |  | | de un competidor soberbio. |  | | *[A Lope de Sosa]* |  | | Pues bien: ¿qué tristeza es esta? |  | | Señor mío, si son celos |  | | del Príncipe, buenas nuevas | 890 | | os puedo dar dél y dellos. |  | | Aquí dijo que la noche |  | | que me vio volvió tan muerto |  | | de amor que ha estado hasta agora |  | | enfermo de mil deseos. | 895 | | Mas que viendo que es traición |  | | a tan noble caballero, |  | | se quiere dejar morir. |  | |

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| LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Al Príncipe lo agradezco. |  | | Y pues vós, señora mía, | 900 | | tenéis tal entendimiento, |  | | poco será menester |  | | para persuadiros luego |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | las grandes obligaciones |  |  |  |  | | en que el Príncipe me ha puesto. | 905 |  |  |  | | Si él por su real virtud, |  |  |  |  | | generoso nacimiento |  |  |  |  | | y costumbres heredadas |  |  |  |  | | de tal padre y tal abuelo, |  |  |  |  | | siendo quien es se hace fuerza | 910 |  |  |  | | y pierde su gusto, hoy quiero |  |  |  |  | | mostrar que le igualo yo, |  |  |  |  | | si no en sangre, en sufrimiento. |  |  |  |  | | La fortaleza es virtud |  |  |  |  | | que tiene al honor por premio, | 915 |  |  |  | | también quiero ver, amando, |  |  |  |  | | si al palio del honor llego. |  |  |  |  | | Deseaba un capitán |  |  |  |  | | que tenía puesto un cerco |  |  |  |  | | agua de una fuente pura | 920 |  |  |  | | que estaba del muro adentro. |  |  |  |  | | Trujéronsela soldados |  |  |  |  | | que supieron su deseo |  |  |  |  | | y vertiola el capitán |  |  |  |  | | diciéndole: «Yo no bebo | 925 |  |  |  | | las aguas que cuestan sangre |  |  |  |  | | de tantos ilustres pechos». |  |  |  |  | | Agua sois, y agua cercada, |  |  |  |  | | y aunque en mis manos os veo, |  |  |  |  | | por no beber con infamia, | 930 |  |  |  | | de amor os consagro al templo. |  |  |  |  | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  | | --- | | ¡Oíd! | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No quiso escuchar. |  | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tristán, ¿qué enredos son estos? |  | | Hablar quiero al Rey. |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora, |  | | harás un notable yerro, | 935 | | demás que es ido a cazar, |  | | que no hay entretenimiento |  | | de más gusto para él. |  | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi amor ha sido muy necio, |  | | aunque parece imposible, | 940 | | amando un hombre discreto. |  | | Mas a los ojos de amor |  | | hago juramento eterno |  | | de procurar mi venganza. |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú juras por lindo ciego. | 945 | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor pagado mal: ¡cuán presto olvida! |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes suele crecer con el desprecio. |  | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cualquiera que ama aborrecido es necio. |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay discreción con que el amor se mida. |  | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues yo sé aborrecer aborrecida. | 950 | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Veros quejar de amor no tiene precio. |  | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soy Lucrecia. |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo seré Lucrecio |  | | cuando vuestra merced pierda la vida. |  | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si amé sin discreción, tendré cordura. | 955 | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Viera entonces amor, que agora es ciego, |  | | que amando nadie cumple lo que jura. |  | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo te juro olvidar o morir luego. |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  | | --- | | Juramento en mujer... | |

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| DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues qué no dura? |  | |

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| TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es ola de la mar y dicha al juego. | 960 | |

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| **Acto III** | |
|  | |
| *Ruido de cazadores* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAZADOR 1º | |  | | --- | | *(Dentro)* | | Por aquí dicen que va. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAZADOR 2º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquella senda siguió. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAZADOR 3º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y en el valle le vi yo. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale el REY con un venablo)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No lejos Octavio está, |  | | que es para lo que he fingido | 5 | | esta caza en este monte. |  | | Ya Febo por su horizonte |  | | baja en púrpura teñido |  | | y para dar su tesoro |  | | corre el polo diligente | 10 | | a la cama de Occidente |  | | cortinas de azul y oro. |  | | ¡Casa es esta y aun parece |  | | aldea! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale BRITO, villano)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BRITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tened allá |  | | ese ganado, que ya | 15 | | la gente que vi se ofrece. |  | | Y si acaso son soldados |  | | que andan por estos caminos, |  | | a los gansos y cochinos |  | | echad cuarenta candados. | 20 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale MADANELA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MADANELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Soldados andan aquí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BRITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estos que a las Indias van |  | | aloja algún capitán. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MADANELA | |  | | --- | | ¿Si es este? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BRITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pienso que sí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Buena gente! ¿Habrá posada | 25 | | para esta noche? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BRITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí hubiera, |  | | como su merced no fuera |  | | soldado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No es gente honrada? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BRITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los que son de profesión |  | | soldados es noble gente, | 30 | | pero estos que van a Oriente |  | | y no salen del mesón, |  | | de mujercillas cargados, |  | | robando los labradores... |  | | Si viven de salteadores, | 35 | | ¿por qué los llaman soldados? |  | | Esos que a las Indias van |  | | y los negros han traído |  | | hónrelos el Rey. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo he sido |  | | de una nave capitán | 40 | | y sé que tenéis razón, |  | | aunque el Rey no sé qué intenta |  | | si ya no es que envidia sienta |  | | de las Indias de Colón. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MADANELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Envidia el Rey malos años. | 45 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De Castilla bien podrá, |  | | pues que la enriquecen ya |  | | mares y reinos estraños. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MADANELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cómo el Rey don Juan había |  | | de envidiar los castellanos | 50 | | si sus fuertes lusitanos |  | | llegan donde nace el día! |  | | ¡Pardiez! Vós debéis de ser |  | | algún parvo o mal nacido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | Estos no me han conocido: | 55 | | oírlos me da placer. |  | | Pues decidme: si es el Rey |  | | tan perfecto y celebrado, |  | | ¿cómo esta empresa ha intentado |  | | entre una gente sin ley? | 60 | | Bárbaros negros conquista, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | mares no vistos penetra, |  |  |  |  | | bulas romanas impetra, |  |  |  |  | | aves hace, gente alista: |  |  |  |  | | a la fe debe de ser | 65 |  |  |  | | perfecto por solo el nombre. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BRITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Por Dios! Vós seréis buen hombre |  | | pero no se echa de ver. |  | | Y a no haberme el Rey mandado |  | | que no riñera otra vez, | 70 | | porque no siempre el juez |  | | se puede hallar sobornado, |  | | que os había de pegar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MADANELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dale, Brito, seis pancadas, |  | | que unas natas presentadas | 75 | | os puede el hombre costar, |  | | y como el otro unas nueces. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BRITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, que me dijo al partir |  | | que me guarde de reñir |  | | y que tema los jüeces. | 80 | | Y con palabras más llanas, |  | | que las natas del lugar |  | | se podían acedar |  | | y las nueces salir vanas. |  | | Lo que haré será cerralle | 85 | | la puerta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amigos, oíd. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MADANELA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué es oír? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Paso, advertid. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BRITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Duerma en el fresco del valle: |  | | tírala, villano rüin. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Advertid que soy el Rey. | 90 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MADANELA | |  | | --- | | ¿El Rey? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues es buena ley |  | | cerrarme la puerta? En fin, |  | | ¿estáis falto de nobleza? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BRITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Misericordia, señor! |  | | *(De rodillas)* |  | | ¿Quién pensó que ese valor | 95 | | honrara tanta aspereza? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¿No me vistes? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BRITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cosa es clara, |  | | pero en la ciudad, señor, |  | | el Rey tiene resplandor |  | | y nadie le ve la cara. | 100 | | El sol en el medio día |  | | de nadie se deja ver: |  | | ahora al anochecer |  | | puse en vós la vista mía. |  | | ¿Cómo estáis solo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | He venido | 105 | | a hablar con un hombre aquí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MADANELA | |  | | --- | | Pues ¿en este monte? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, |  | | y que me dejéis os pido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MADANELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Pardiez, que habéis de cenar! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BRITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A dos pollos mi mujer | 110 | | puso unas calzas ayer |  | | porque os lo quiere llevar. |  | | Para vós son: todo es uno |  | | comerlos acá o allá. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El hombre se ofrece ya | 115 | | y no me ha de ver ninguno... |  | | Entraos, que he de hablar con él |  | | cosas de gran confidencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BRITO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Dios guarde a su reverencia! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MADANELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y el arcángel San Miguel. | 120 | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y sale OCTAVIO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A dicha he tenido hallaros, |  | | gran señor, en tal lugar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por aquí podéis bajar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si acaso queréis sentaros, |  | | no suena mal esta fuente. | 125 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Estamos bien apartados |  | | de lugares y crïados |  | | y el concurso de la gente? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  | | --- | | Sí, señor. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En fin, ¿aquí |  | | no hay persona que nos vea? | 130 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  | | --- | | No, señor. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues porque crea |  | | tu maldad lo que hay en mí, |  | | lee esta carta en voz alta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Maldad, señor? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin turbarte |  | | la lee parte por parte: | 135 | | luego verás lo que falta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  | | --- | | *(Lea)* | | «La envidia de vuestro nombre, clarísimo rey don Juan, la gloria de vuestras conquistas y el casamiento de vuestro hijo con la Infanta de Castilla, ha movido el mal inclinado ánimo de ciertas personas graves destas provincias, que no es bien nombrároslas, a quitaros la vida, y para esto envían desde Italia a Octavio Castellón, que está en vuestro servicio: guardaos dél, que os ha de hacer una traición». | | No me mandéis que prosiga, |  | | que todo aquesto es maldad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo sé, Octavio, que es verdad |  | | y que su interés te obliga. | 140 | | En mi servicio has entrado |  | | solo a buscar ocasión |  | | para matarme a traición: |  | | por valiente te han pagado. |  | | Bien pudiera, en recibiendo | 145 | | la carta, hacerte colgar |  | | de un palo: pero el pensar |  | | que a mi real nombre ofendo, |  | | aunque cuando esto se sepa |  | | digan que fue imperfeción, | 150 | | no me sufre el corazón |  | | que en él tal bajeza quepa. |  | | *(Mete mano el rey)* |  | | Por eso, saca la espada |  | | y procúrame matar, |  | | pues el monte da lugar | 155 | | y aquí no te estorba nada. |  | | ¡Ea, valiente! ¿Qué esperas |  | | para matarme? ¿No vienes? |  | | Pues dime, ¿en qué te detienes? |  | | ¿Qué aguardas? ¿Qué consideras? | 160 | | Un hombre soy, ¿qué te espanta? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues no quieres que me espante |  | | de ver acto semejante |  | | y de fortaleza tanta? |  | | Confieso a tus pies, señor, | 165 | | que de Italia vine aquí |  | | para matarte, y que fui |  | | a tus mercedes traidor, |  | | pero también te confieso |  | | que viendo tu gran valor | 170 | | te he cobrado tanto amor |  | | que no solo tanto exceso |  | | tan vilmente acometiera, |  | | pero que antes me matara |  | | que matarte imaginara | 175 | | ni un cabello te ofendiera. |  | | En fe de lo cual te ruego, |  | | para verme el corazón, |  | | rompas mi pecho. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Afición |  | | te tuve, no te lo niego. | 180 | | Eso te pudo obligar, |  | | que no virtud que haya en mí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, sírvete de mí, |  | | pues no me quieres matar, |  | | y verás que por ti pierdo | 185 | | mil vidas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No era razón |  | | de quien quiso hacer traición |  | | confïarse un hombre cuerdo. |  | | Esto hice porque veas |  | | que soy hombre cuya espada | 190 | | ni teme ni estima nada |  | | que diestro y valiente seas. |  | | Pesadumbres he tenido |  | | con hombres vivos y muertos, |  | | y en los peligros más ciertos | 195 | | más valor me han conocido. |  | | Tú no me has de servir más, |  | | ni estar un punto en Lisboa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No en balde el mundo te loa: |  | | fuerte sentencia me das. | 200 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desde aquí te has de partir. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No tengo, señor, con qué. |  | | Allá, aunque poco, dejé |  | | con lo que me puedo ir. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues toma aquesta cadena | 205 | | y estas tres sortijas tales |  | | que pocas has visto iguales. |  | | | |
|  | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Tú bravo! Crece mi pena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todos tres diamantes son |  | | y del Oriente traídos: | 210 | | a esos príncipes fingidos |  | | que me envidian sin razón |  | | las muestra y di que conquisto |  | | unas tierras que a tributo |  | | me dan diamantes por fruto, | 215 | | pero que ninguno has visto |  | | como yo ni le verás. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En ti se engendran mayores. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ve delante, que traidores |  | | nunca fueron bien detrás. | 220 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Éntranse, y sale LOPE DE SOSA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fálaris, el tirano de Agrigento, |  | | tuvo en tormentos tan estraño estilo |  | | como bramando lo mostró Perilo, |  | | autor del toro y de su fin violento. |  | | Puso Dionisio (¡estraño pensamiento!) | 225 | | sobre la frente de la espada el filo |  | | al que dio de comer, y el rey del Nilo |  | | el áspid de Cleopatra vio sangriento. |  | | Mas ni Perilo, que en el toro grave |  | | por alma de su cuerpo gime y brama, | 230 | | ni el áspid de Cleopatra, fin suave, |  | | merecen del mayor tormento fama: |  | | porque el mayor tormento que se sabe |  | | es resistirse del amor quien ama. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale el PRÍNCIPE)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Topáronse el amor desnudo y ciego | 235 | | y el que de la virtud se engendra y cría |  | | en una selva deleitosa un día, |  | | y comenzaron su contienda luego. |  | | Venció el divino y al humilde ruego |  | | no se dejó vencer de su porfía, | 240 | | que atado a un sauce que en el valle había |  | | le puso con sus mismas flechas fuego. |  | | Tal yo, que de nobleza al fin presumo. |  | | Y atando amor mi noble pensamiento, |  | | puesto que como fénix me consumo, | 245 | | para que no renazca mi tormento |  | | púsele fuego y, convertido en humo, |  | | di al mar la llama y la ceniza al viento. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale LEONOR)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo muero y vivo, yo me hielo y ardo, |  | | y de lo que me alegro me entristezco. | 250 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | A un mismo tiempo adoro y aborrezco, |  |  |  |  | | y despreciando el bien del mal me guardo. |  |  |  |  | | Temo el remedio y el remedio aguardo, |  |  |  |  | | con dicha pierdo y con temor merezco, |  |  |  |  | | huyo el peligro y al mayor me ofrezco | 255 |  |  |  | | y donde más me animo me acobardo. |  |  |  |  | | Ya mi amor se levanta, ya se humilla, |  |  |  |  | | ya se mira los pies y ya la rueda, |  |  |  |  | | ya tiene el gusto y ya el desdén la silla. |  |  |  |  | | Pero viendo que ya resuelto queda, | 260 |  |  |  | | al mismo amor espanta y maravilla |  |  |  |  | | que entre tantos contrarios vivir pueda. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | Apenas alzo los ojos |  | | del centro de mis tristezas |  | | cuando ven mis asperezas | 265 | | la causa de mis enojos. |  | | Sin duda mira Leonor |  | | la gentileza de un rey, |  | | que si en el gusto no hay ley, |  | | el gusto es hijo de amor. | 270 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | Del amor oí contar |  | | que fue un tiempo pescador, |  | | viendo que le iba mejor |  | | al interés con pescar. |  | | Y que en los dulces anzuelos | 275 | | celos por cebo ponía, |  | | porque las almas prendía |  | | más que con amor con celos. |  | | Aquí está Lope y aquí |  | | Alfonso también está: | 280 | | demos celos pues que ya |  | | no tiene amor fuerza en mí. |  | | ¿Está firme todavía |  | | en su desdén Vuestra Alteza? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quien tiene tanta nobleza, | 285 | | tan justamente porfía. |  | | Ya os dije mi pensamiento |  | | y el consejo que me dio |  | | mi padre con que templó |  | | mi amoroso atrevimiento: | 290 | | no habrá cosa que por vós, |  | | fuera de amores, no haga. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor con amor se paga. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien puede haberle en los dos. |  | | Lope me enseñaba a mí | 295 | | cierta opinión de Platón... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y qué es, señor, la opinión? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | ¿Que no lo sabéis? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No y sí. |  | | Bien sé que se puede amar |  | | el alma pero no sé | 300 | | que el cuerpo en sosiego esté... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues hacelle sosegar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé qué tiene, señor, |  | | Vuestra Alteza en el cabello. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé, no he mirado en ello. | 305 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | ¿Qué aguardas, infame amor? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | ¿A qué lado? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En el izquierdo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | Quitádmelo. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un mondadientes |  | | era. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | Amor, ¿esto consientes? |  | | ¡De celos el seso pierdo! | 310 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vuestra Alteza me le dé |  | | ya que me costó el sacalle. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pedir después de tomalle |  | | escusado, Leonor, fue. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por prenda vuestra le guardo, | 315 | | que ya su punta en rigor |  | | será una flecha de amor. |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | *(Póngasele en el jubón por los botones)* |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | ¡Ya qué desengaño aguardo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El corazón me ha pasado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si heriros Leonor podía, | 320 | | no en balde yo le tenía |  | | de los cabellos atado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes como dardo fue |  | | que en la cuerda atado admira |  | | que se vuelva al que la tira. | 325 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | ¿Pues vuelve a mí? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No lo sé. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Leonor, quien quiere vencer |  | | al amor, intente huir. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que tan presto os queréis ir? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para hoy concerté ayer | 330 | | un partido de pelota. |  | | Adiós. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase ALFONSO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desde el corredor |  | | os quiero ver. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ah! ¿Leonor? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién llama y quién me alborota? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Yo soy! ¿No me conocéis? | 335 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ansí! ¿Qué hay, Lope de Sosa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay mudanza más graciosa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues bien, señor, ¿qué queréis? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oí decir que os había |  | | pasado el pecho una flecha | 340 | | que del cabello, derecha, |  | | de Alfonso al vuestro venía, |  | | y quise saber si es cosa |  | | de algún peligro la herida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De esa estoy agradecida | 345 | | pero no estoy peligrosa, |  | | que flechas de los cabellos |  | | por forzadas ocasiones |  | | no pasan de los botones |  | | y así se quedan en ellos. | 350 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y queréis dármela a mí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No me la podré sacar |  | | y témome desangrar, |  | | que no está el remedio aquí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  | | --- | | Id en buen hora. | | *[Aparte]* | | Yo muero. | 355 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | ¡Ah, celos! ¡Cuántos podéis! |  | | Bien haya, pues me le hacéis, |  | | el que os inventó primero. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase LEONOR)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué aguarda mi pensamiento, |  | | que de aborrecer no acaba? | 360 | | ¿Qué aguarda mi loco amor? |  | | Mis esperanzas, ¿qué aguardan? |  | | ¡Un mondadientes que acaso |  | | sobre la oreja guardaba |  | | Alfonso es flecha de amor | 365 | | que a Leonor el pecho pasa! |  | | ¡En los botones le lleva |  | | y dice que no la saca |  | | porque desangrarse teme! |  | | ¡Melindre en celos! ¡Qué rabia! | 370 | | Ya con botones de fuego |  | | diré que mi pecho abrasa: |  | | la flecha que lleva en ellos |  | | a mí me penetra el alma. |  | | El favor del mondadientes | 375 | | atrevidamente habla, |  | | porque de estar en la boca |  | | aprendió lengua tan clara. |  | | Paciencia, amor, o acaba: |  | | si tú no puedes, sinrazones bastan. | 380 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Disparen dos arcabuces y salga TRISTÁN)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando de tiros y fuego |  | | de Belén arde la playa |  | | y el castillo de San Juan |  | | hace a las naves la salva |  | | que ha traído de la India | 385 | | el fuerte Vasco de Gama, |  | | ¿estás tú con esa flema? |  | | | |
|  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues bien que venga o que vaya, |  | | ¿qué me importa a mí, Tristán? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues no es gloria lusitana | 390 | | que un portugués valeroso |  | | con tres navichuelos salga, |  | | y ciento y cincuenta hidalgos, |  | | de Belén una mañana |  | | a buscar un mundo nuevo | 395 | | y desde Buena Esperanza, |  | | que antiguamente «el león |  | | del océano» llamaban, |  | | llegue con tantas tormentas |  | | sin ver más que cielo y agua | 400 | | al golfo de Monicongo |  | | y al reino con que se espantan |  | | los gatos, llamado Zape, |  | | de donde por señas traiga |  | | hombres y mujeres negros, | 405 | | república gobernada |  | | sin sastres, porque, en efeto, |  | | en los vivos cueros andan |  | | pero como sobre negro |  | | dicen que no se ve nada, | 410 | | ¡pardiez que es gente discreta! |  | | pues no se pierden por galas. |  | | ¡Ah, Dios! Si por estas tierras |  | | andar como ellos se usara |  | | qué ricos fuéramos todos, | 415 | | que se escusaran de infamias. |  | | Las galas han destrüido, |  | | el mundo: todo se gasta |  | | en disparates de telas |  | | y en necedades bordadas. | 420 | | El diamante que más luce |  | | a una bujía no iguala. |  | | ¿Qué es bujía? ¡Ni aun candil! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Calla, bestia; bestia, calla, |  | | que en tiempos de tal desdicha | 425 | | y de tan loca mudanza |  | | mal bufonizan los libres |  | | a los que tristezas pasan: |  | | paciencia, amor, o acaba: |  | | si tú no puedes, sinrazones bastan. | 430 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ahora tenemos eso? |  | | ¿Qué amor y qué calabaza? |  | | Ven, señor, a entretenerte: |  | | oirás mentiras más largas |  | | que en la *Ulisea* de Homero | 435 | | aunque Polifemos haya. |  | | Verás, Lope, lo que cuentan |  | | de los reinos de Zofala, |  | | de Quiloa y Mozambique, |  | | Melinde y Ormuz. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si hablas | 440 | | otra palabra en Oriente |  | | no hablarás otra palabra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo, señor, en Portugal |  | | hablo y en la más nombrada |  | | ciudad, que estoy en Lisboa. | 445 | | Pero digo que allá tratan |  | | del reino de Calicut |  | | y que Vasco... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Malas bascas |  | | te den en el corazón. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues no fue notable hazaña | 450 | | atravesar esos mundos? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Atraviésete una jara |  | | por medio! ¡Déjame aquí, |  | | déjame! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No es cosa brava |  | | que de ciento y cincuenta hombres | 455 | | que sacó de aquesta playa |  | | no vuelve más de cincuenta? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No ves, Tristán, que me matas? |  | | Pues para que también sepas |  | | qué vïaje, qué jornada, | 460 | | han hecho mis pensamientos: |  | | escucha. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Adelante pasa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con la nave del deseo |  | | salí por la hermosa playa |  | | de los ojos a buscar | 465 | | las Indias en una dama. |  | | Embarqué cien mil soldados |  | | con plumas de confïanzas, |  | | con armas de mis servicios. |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | Prometiendo mil hazañas | 470 |  |  |  | | navegué el mar de Castilla, |  |  |  |  | | también entre cielo y agua: |  |  |  |  | | agua de mi llanto humilde, |  |  |  |  | | cielo de su hermosa cara. |  |  |  |  | | Llegué al cabo en el principio, | 475 |  |  |  | | pues fue de Buena Esperanza. |  |  |  |  | | Pero estando en ella alegre |  |  |  |  | | revolviose el mar, que estaba, |  |  |  |  | | como era mar de mujer, |  |  |  |  | | sujeto a mayor mudanza. | 480 |  |  |  | | Mis tres pobres navichuelos, |  |  |  |  | | aunque potencias del alma, |  |  |  |  | | perdieron en la tormenta |  |  |  |  | | árboles, velas y gavias. |  |  |  |  | | Allá fue la racamenta | 485 |  |  |  | | de trinquetes y mesanas, |  |  |  |  | | aflechates, trizas, trozas, |  |  |  |  | | estayes, escotas, armas..., |  |  |  |  | | favores quiero decir, |  |  |  |  | | papeles, manos, palabras, | 490 |  |  |  | | con que solo cual me ves |  |  |  |  | | llegué al puerto en una tabla. |  |  |  |  | | Esta quiero que en el templo |  |  |  |  | | del desengaño colgada |  |  |  |  | | a todos diga mi historia. | 495 |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, pero Vasco de Gama... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si el Príncipe no viniera |  | | te diera una cuchillada. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(El PRÍNCIPE, con una pala de pelota, DON NUÑO, SILVA y ATAIDE así mismo)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | No juego más. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON NUÑO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vuestra Alteza |  | | saca valerosamente | 500 | | pero mucho el perder siente. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A quién no causa tristeza? |  | | ¡Este es partido robado! |  | | Pero ayúdeme, Ataide. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON NUÑO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para serlo, lo que pide | 505 | | Vuestra Alteza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy cansado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON NUÑO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ayúdeme Silva a mí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tomad esa pala allá. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen el REY y un PAJE)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PAJE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí con don Nuño está. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alfonso, ¿qué hacéis aquí? | 510 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, un poco he jugado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es buen entretenimiento? |  | | ¿Cómo va del pensamiento |  | | de aquel caballero honrado |  | | que os escribió de Castilla? | 515 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, jugar y cazar |  | | le han divertido de amar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es, Alfonso, maravilla, |  | | y más si añadir pudiera |  | | un pleito. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un pleito, señor, | 520 | | no solamente el amor, |  | | la vida le suspendiera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No os ha dado gran contento |  | | el ver a Vasco de Gama? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cierto que es menos su fama | 525 | | que su gran merecimiento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mañana veré sus naves. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo os acompañaré. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SILVA | |  | | --- | | ¿Aquí está el Prïor? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé |  | | que haya nuevas más süaves. | 530 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale el PRIOR)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si Vuestra Majestad me diera albricias, |  | | aunque a sus pies las hallo con besarlos, |  | | direle que ya viene la Princesa, |  | | quiero decir que aprestan la jornada |  | | con la mayor grandeza de Castilla. | 535 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De Castilla, Prïor, no es maravilla: |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | porque ella sola es la mayor grandeza, |  |  |  |  | | la mayor gala y la mayor riqueza. |  |  |  |  | | Dale albricias, Alfonso, pues las nuevas |  |  |  |  | | más te tocan a ti. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo lo confieso, | 540 | | mas Vuestra Majestad me dé qué darle, |  | | que no lo tengo yo sino los brazos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esos estimo tanto que por vida |  | | de mi señor el Rey que no tomase |  | | reinos ni imperios. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, Prïor, no es justo: | 545 | | yo os doy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  | | --- | | No me deis nada. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desto gusto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No se dirá cuando me dais los brazos |  | | que yo estuve tan necio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alfonso, Alfonso, |  | | deja al Prïor, que es grande cortesano: |  | | pero pues tanto tu favor estima, | 550 | | yo no le di los brazos y yo puedo |  | | hacerle destos mares almirante |  | | que ahora corre el valeroso Gama. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Serán para que llanos los ofrezca |  | | a vuestras quinas, príncipe perfeto. | 555 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | La cárcel voy a visitar. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aparte |  | | tengo que daros un retrato hermoso |  | | del ángel castellano y un recado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soy portugués: ya finco enamorado. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale un ALCALDE)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCALDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Poned ese estrado bien, | 560 | | que vendrá Su Majestad: |  | | ya veis su puntualidad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pondré el alfombra también? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCALDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Limpia esa silla, ¿qué aguardas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y quién es hoy relator? | 565 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALCALDE | |  | | --- | | Lope de Sosa. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCALDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Abre, que suenan las guardas. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen chirimías, acompañamiento. LOPE DE SOSA, el PRIOR; el REY siéntese debajo del dosel)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siempre que en este lugar |  | | fidalgos a verme llego, |  | | del persa me acuerdo luego. | 570 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú le excedes en juzgar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desollar hizo un jüez |  | | Cambises, y con el cuero |  | | aforró la silla. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es fiero |  | | ejemplo y bastó una vez | 575 | | para los demás jüeces. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Su hijo en ella asentó, |  | | que del padre se acordó, |  | | por la silla tantas veces. |  | | Cierto que los buenos pueden | 580 | | con pocas leyes juzgar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esa gente haced llamar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los vicio, señor, exceden. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De la multitud de leyes |  | | Agesilao decía | 585 | | que los vicios conocía. |  | | | |
|  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gran cuidado el de los reyes, |  | | atlantes de un peso eterno. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por eso Crisipo un día, |  | | preguntando por qué huía | 590 | | los oficios del gobierno, |  | | respondió: «Si lo hago mal |  | | a Dios desagradaré, |  | | si bien, a los hombres». |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fue |  | | respuesta a su nombre igual. | 595 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale FERNANDO, preso)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este señor está preso |  | | porque mató con violencia |  | | un gobernador. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿La causa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La causa, señor, es esta: |  | | que el Gobernador mató | 600 | | a su padre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un poco espera. |  | | Di, hombre, ¿no era mejor |  | | pedir la muerte y que fuera |  | | castigado por justicia? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya la pedí y la sentencia | 605 | | del juez fue la ocasión |  | | para que muerte le diera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues en qué le sentenció? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En que dos años por pena |  | | no pudiese ejercitar | 610 | | su oficio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estraña sentencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo viéndole libre ya, |  | | puesto que sin vara vuestra, |  | | con el agravio y la sangre |  | | le maté y aún no me pesa. | 615 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Dos años le suspendió |  | | del oficio? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Así se prueba. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué oficio tienes? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, |  | | zapatero de obra gruesa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues yo mando que en dos años | 620 | | coser zapatos no puedas |  | | y te suspendo de oficio, |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Viva mil años Tu Alteza! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale RODRIGO, preso)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este que ves deste talle |  | | es ladrón. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En mis galeras | 625 | | le dad posada de balde. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué tiempo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Diez años sean. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale JULIÁN, preso)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este, señor, es pintor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Honralde por la excelencia |  | | de la pintura. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es este | 630 | | de los que el arte profesan |  | | sino destos que en las calles |  | | pinturas infames cuelgan. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué ha hecho? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Retratos tuyos, |  | | mas con pintura tan fea, | 635 | | como es él tan mal pintor, |  | | que es en tu notable ofensa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómpranlos? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los ignorantes |  | | de aquesta divina ciencia |  | | de tan pocos conocida. | 640 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Abrilde luego la puerta, |  | | que ya que pinta mi rostro |  | | con mano torpe y grosera, |  | | no a lo menos mis costumbres. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Piedad cristiana y discreta! | 645 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  | | --- | | Vengan más. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Julia está aquí. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale JULIA, presa)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta mujer está presa |  | | porque dicen que dio a un hombre |  | | los sesos de cierta bestia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué tiempo tuviste amores | 650 | | con él? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¡Señor! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡No me mientas! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | Diez años. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y no queréis, |  | | que en diez años se convierta |  | | en bestia un hombre? Dejalda |  | | para la primera audiencia: | 655 | | porque en pasando, Prïor, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | de un año, quien desto enferma, |  |  |  |  | | los sesos de bestia son |  |  |  |  | | los que él tiene en la cabeza. |  |  |  |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale un LETRADO, preso)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este es, señor, un filósofo: | 660 | | claramente se le prueba |  | | haber muerto a su mujer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¿Pues por qué? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por no tenella. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo la mató? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, |  | | tres días tuvo a cautela | 665 | | una mula sin beber, |  | | puso a su mujer en ella |  | | y llevola a cierto río |  | | concertando una merienda. |  | | La mula en mirando el agua | 670 | | entró furiosa por ella, |  | | cayó la mujer, ahogose: |  | | sentenciáronle a que muera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¡Justamente! | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LETRADO | |  | | --- | | Señor... | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dime: |  | | ¿no eres letrado? Sentencia | 675 | | tú mismo esta causa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LETRADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Advierte |  | | una cosa estraña y nueva, |  | | es bien que mi habilidad |  | | tan peregrina se pierda. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  | | --- | | ¿En qué la tienes? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LETRADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Escucha, | 680 | | en que fuera de mis letras |  | | haré tan notables cosas |  | | que será la menor dellas |  | | el hacer que un elefante |  | | hable nuestra propia lengua. | 685 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Un elefante? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LETRADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Eso dudas? |  | | Intenta, señor, la prueba |  | | con los que Gama ha traído |  | | o a mil muertes me condena. | 690 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿En qué término le harás |  | | hablar? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LETRADO | |  | | --- | | Diez años. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues sea: |  | | él y el elefante estén |  | | presos mientras que le enseña. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCALDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hombre, ¿qué es lo que habéis dicho? | 695 | | ¿Cómo intentáis tal quimera? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LETRADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Callad, alcaide, ¿no veis |  | | que en diez años que me quedan |  | | de término es imposible |  | | claramente que no muera | 700 | | yo o el Rey o el elefante? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCALDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué peregrina advertencia! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues vós, ¡perdonáis este hombre! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es por estimar las letras |  | | y porque el mayor castigo | 705 | | que puede darse en la tierra |  | | es condenar a un discreto |  | | que trate con una bestia. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale PORCELO, preso)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este preso es vidriero, |  | | de seis cruzados de pena | 710 | | apela a vós. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué culpa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tienen por ofensa nuestra |  | | hacer copas, que por vós |  | | las ha llamado perfectas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por qué perfectas las llamas? | 715 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PORCELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque de una de Venecia |  | | en que vós soléis beber |  | | al vivo saqué la muestra |  | | y, como os llaman «perfecto», |  | | perfectas las puse a ellas. | 720 | | Pero decidme, señor, |  | | ¿el que gobierna la Iglesia |  | | no es más que vós? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Claro está. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PORCELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues Roma en públicas tiendas |  | | vende copas papalinas | 725 | | porque el Papa bebe en ellas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien decís, y desde hoy más |  | | llamad perfectas las vuestras. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PORCELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues por Dios que como a naipes |  | | he de poner con licencia. | 730 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale ALBERTO, preso)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este viene bien ahora: |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | porque contra él se prueba |  |  |  |  | | decir que no sois perfecto. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿qué cosa hay en la tierra |  | | que en razón de perfección | 735 | | de todo punto lo sea? |  | | Mas ¿dime en lo que he faltado |  | | para que yo tome enmienda? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El mismo nombre perfecto |  | | dentro en sus letras encierra | 740 | | lo que ha de tener un rey |  | | para que perfecto sea. |  | | Vós tenéis las siete partes |  | | que piden las siete letras, |  | | pero ha sido imperfección | 745 | | el faltaros la postrera. |  | | Por la 'P' sois propio en fin, |  | | sois portugués, sangre nuestra. |  | | Por la 'E' sois entendido, |  | | y mucho, en todas materias. | 750 | | Por la 'R' sois resuelto |  | | y por la 'F' a la Iglesia |  | | fiel en las obras y fe, |  | | y fuerte en el defenderla. |  | | Vos sois por la 'E' segunda, | 755 | | estudioso, honráis las letras. |  | | Por la 'C' compuesto y grave, |  | | como es bien que un rey lo sea. |  | | Por la 'T' temido sois... |  | | La 'O', que es letra postrera, | 760 | | y olvidado decir quiere: |  | | os falta y queda imperfecta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues olvidado ha de ser |  | | un rey? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, de las ofensas |  | | y de cosas ordinarias | 765 | | que el ejemplo manifiesta. |  | | Un oficio entré a pediros, |  | | cargo honroso de la guerra: |  | | dijístesme que era viejo, |  | | volví a mi casa con pena. | 770 | | Y como supe mejor |  | | aderecé mi cabeza |  | | y mi barba, y de allí a un mes |  | | volví a ver vuestra presencia. |  | | El mismo oficio os pedí. | 775 | | Respondistes: «Bueno fuera |  | | que ahora os le diera a vós, |  | | si ahora un mes se me acuerda, |  | | que le negué a vuestro padre». |  | | Pues quien de cosas como estas | 780 | | se acuerda, ya veis que falta |  | | en esta letra postrera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya es tarde, venid conmigo, |  | | que porque imperfecto sea, |  | | no me olvidaré de vós | 785 | | y si sois pobre me pesa. |  | | Porque como no hay halcón |  | | que sin un pájaro duerma |  | | por la frialdad de los pies, |  | | no hay noche que yo no tenga | 790 | | un hombre pobre en las manos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  | | --- | | ¡Qué piedad! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Abrid las puertas! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale el PRÍNCIPE y LEONOR, y chirimías con acompañamiento)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues se casa Vuestra Alteza, |  | | de que el parabién le doy |  | | y sabe también que estoy | 795 | | por su causa en tal tristeza, |  | | muestre su grandeza en mí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si yo la culpa he tenido |  | | bien lo he pagado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo pido |  | | justicia en esto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es ansí. | 800 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y pues Vuestra Alteza es |  | | hijo de rey tan perfeto, |  | | y no menos que él discreto: |  | | mire que estoy a sus pies. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Basta, Leonor, levantad, | 805 | | que no es imposible cosa |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | hacer que Lope de Sosa |  |  |  |  | | os pague tal voluntad. |  |  |  |  | | Hoy será vuestro marido. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los pies os vuelvo a besar. | 810 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ahora yo os quiero enseñar |  | | un retrato que he tenido |  | | de un serafín en belleza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La Princesa, mi señora, |  | | es un sol que a España dora. | 815 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale el PRIOR)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Agora está Vuestra Alteza |  | | con este descuido aquí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues qué tenemos, Prïor? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que quiere el Rey mi señor, |  | | y será forzoso ansí, | 820 | | partir a Yelbes ahora |  | | donde dicen que ya llega |  | | con el guzmán que la entrega |  | | la Princesa, mi señora. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  | | --- | | ¡Leonor, adiós! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vuestra Alteza | 825 | | cumpla lo que prometió. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La vuestra imagino yo |  | | por mi pasada tristeza. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale LOPE)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Sabes cómo has de partir |  | | con la Reina? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú me adviertes. | 830 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse el PRÍNCIPE y el PRIOR)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como tanto te diviertes |  | | bien te puedo yo advertir. |  | | ¿Qué retrato te enseñaba |  | | el Príncipe? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es de su esposa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  | | --- | | ¿El suyo no? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Linda cosa! | 835 | | Deja de ser necio, acaba. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como no puedo dejar |  | | de ser celoso, no puedo |  | | dejar de ser necio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El miedo |  | | con que ya te vengo a hablar | 840 | | me aparta, Lope, de ti. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues de qué tienes temor? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De que ofendes el amor |  | | honesto que puse en ti. |  | | Vine a tus manos ingratas | 845 | | donde ya la muerte espero |  | | por lo bien que yo te quiero |  | | y lo mal que tú me tratas. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Señora, señora, advierte! |  | | Porque si yo te ofendí... | 850 | | Fuese y dijo que por mí |  | | espera, Leonor, la muerte. |  | | Haced amistad mis ojos |  | | conmigo, que no hay mayor |  | | gusto que paces de amor | 855 | | después de celos y enojos. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen chirimías y el acompañamiento posible, la PRINCESA por palenque y el GUZMÁN DE SIDONIA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRINCESA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De la fiesta estoy contenta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GUZMÁN DE S. | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muy bien nos han recibido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRINCESA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por la carta que he tenido |  | | el Rey, mi señor, intenta | 860 | | venir con Su Alteza aquí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GUZMÁN DE S. | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La reina vendrá también. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRINCESA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vendrá todo junto el bien, |  | | que no hay más bien para mí. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale la música, acompañamiento, el REY, la REINA, el PRÍNCIPE, LEONOR, LOPE y PRIOR)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien nos podéis dar los brazos | 865 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | como a padres vuestros ya. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quien a vuestros pies está |  | | y sube a tales abrazos |  | | podrá decir que ha medido |  | | lo que hay de la tierra al cielo. | 870 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hoy tengo todo el consuelo |  | | con veros que al cielo pido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dadme, señora, las manos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Turbada estoy con razón. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY DE PORTUGAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta generosa unión | 875 | | es vuestra paz, lusitanos. |  | | Dad vuestra mano a Leonor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Seas, Leonor, bien hallada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y vós para bien casada |  | | con prenda de tal valor. | 880 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo te traigo un casamiento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso no, señora esposa, |  | | que es para Lope de Sosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRIOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Basta si es a tu contento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALFONSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi Camarero mayor | 885 | | y marqués de Marïalva |  | | le hago. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con esa salva |  | | daré la mano a Leonor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA LEONOR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este fue el premio de amarte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LOPE DE SOSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y aquí, senado discreto, | 890 | | cesa *El Príncipe perfeto* |  | | hasta la tercera parte. |  | | | |