**LOPE DE VEGA  
*Isidro Labrador***

Personajes:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| *JUAN DE VARGAS* |  |
| *DON JUAN RAMÍREZ* |  |
| *DON PEDRO DE LUJÁN* |  |
| *DOÑA INÉS DE CASTILLA* |  |
| *ISIDRO* |  |
| *MARÍA* |  |
| *JUAN DE LA CABEZA* |  |
| *BENITO PRECIADO* |  |
| *PASCUAL DE VALDEMORO* |  |
| *MARÍA, labradora* |  |
| *TERESA, labradora* |  |
| *CONSTANZA, labradora* |  |
| *ESTEBAN* |  |
| *LORENZO* |  |
| *TADEO* |  |
| *ENVIDIA* |  |
| *DEMONIO* |  |
| *MENTIRA* |  |
| *RODRIGO* |  |
| *TRES ÁNGELES* |  |
| *UN SACRISTÁN* |  |
| *BARTOLO* |  |
| *TRES MUCHACHOS VILLANOS* |  |
| *RUBIO, pobre* |  |
| *MORATA, pobre* |  |
| *UN SOLDADO, pobre* |  |
| *SILVESTRA, pobre* |  |
| *MARI SECA, pobre* |  |
| *UN MAYORDOMO* |  |
| *JUAN SACERDOTE* |  |
| *LA REINA* |  |
| *LUDOVICO* |  |
| *FERNANDO* |  |
| *EL CURA DE SAN ANDRÉS* |  |
| *BERMÚDEZ, criado* |  |
| *PÁEZ, criado* |  |
| *ANA* |  |
| *PEROTE, pastorcillo* |  |
| *TOMÁS, pastorcillo* |  |
| *UN CIEGO* |  |
| *UN COFRADE* |  |
| *MÚSICOS* |  |
| *MANZANARES* |  |
| *JARAMA* |  |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Acto I** | |
|  | |
| *Salen JUAN DE VARGAS con borceguíes, y acicates, y adarga, y lanza, y de la misma manera DON JUAN RAMÍREZ y DON PEDRO DE LUJÁN* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien queda su soberbia castigada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RAMÍREZ | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No volverán tan presto a nuestros muros. |  | | | |
|  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUJÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué mal les ha lucido la celada, |  | | si el moro nos pensaba hallar seguros! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Probó esta vez de la cristiana espada | 5 | | los vengativos filos, y los duros |  | | aceros de la lanza, y dejó llena |  | | de sangre y cuerpos la teñida arena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RAMÍREZ | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Valeroso, ¡por Dios!, habéis andado, |  | | Jüan de Vargas, pero ¿cuándo menos? | 10 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y vós, don Juan Ramírez, imitando |  | | vuestros padres; en guerra y paz tan buenos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUJÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por vós, Juan, el verde campo y prado, |  | | más que de arena y de árboles amenos, |  | | queda cubierto de despojos moros, | 15 | | y goza vuestra patria honra y tesoros. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Don Pedro de Luján, si el más pequeño |  | | de los que fueron a esta impresa honrosa |  | | queréis hacer de la vitoria dueño, |  | | agraviaréis vuestra opinión famosa. | 20 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUJÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi fee y palabra como hidalgo empeño, |  | | que no ha sido lisonja ni otra cosa |  | | fuera de la verdad que siempre estimo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Honraisme como amigo y como primo, |  | | mas ¿qué no hará la hidalga gente nuestra | 25 | | animada de dos señoras tales; |  | | la que en Atocha humilde a Madrid muestra, |  | | del sol de Cristo, rayos orientales, |  | | y la que honrando, de la parte vuestra, |  | | la entrada desta villa, celestiales | 30 | | guardas le pone, y de milagros llena, |  | | cobra el renombre santo de Almudena? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RAMÍREZ | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Decís muy bien, que si una y otra puerta |  | | está guardada destas dos señoras, |  | | segura está la villa, y cosa es cierta | 35 | | que nos darán su sol tales Auroras. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUJÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La campaña de bárbaros cubierta, |  | | y volver nuestras armas vencedoras, |  | | después de Dios a entrambas se atribuya, |  | | que en ellas quiere honrar la madre suya. | 40 | | A la Virgen, Jüan, del Almudena, |  | | que está en Santa María desta villa, |  | | voy a ofrecer una bandera llena |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | de lunas de los moros de Sevilla; |  |  |  |  | | ganela de un alférez, que en la arena | 45 |  |  |  | | de Manzanares, la feroz cuchilla |  |  |  |  | | de su alfanje de suerte ejercitaba, |  |  |  |  | | que el agua en roja sangre trasformaba. |  |  |  |  | | Dadme licencia, Juan. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RAMÍREZ | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo también la pido |  | | para llevar a la de Atocha santa, | 50 | | de tela de oro un bárbaro vestido, |  | | de aljófar guarnecido hasta la planta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mañana pienso verlas, que no olvido |  | | la merced de sus manos, pues es tanta, |  | | que entre otras cosas, dos pendones rojos, | 55 | | a los pies de su altar, serán despojos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | RAMÍREZ | |  | | --- | | Adiós, Jüan. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Adiós, Ramírez noble. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUJÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Veámonos después, famoso Vargas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi obligación, Luján, crecéis al doble. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUJÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De vós tendrá Madrid historias largas. | 60 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya su madroño se convierte en roble, |  | | y por las blancas bárbaras adargas, |  | | su fruta en sangre, porque al Norte helado |  | | llegó el valor del oso coronado. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y salen DOÑA INÉS DE CASTILLA, mujer de JUAN DE VARGAS, con dos criados)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Seáis, señor, bienvenido. | 65 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vós la primera, mi bien, |  | | me habéis recebido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | He sido |  | | la que del vuestro también |  | | mayor cuidado ha tenido. |  | | Ya he sabido el buen suceso. | 70 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  | | --- | | ¿De quién? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De veros no más, |  | | que el mío consiste en eso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No se ha contado jamás |  | | vitoria con tanto exceso. |  | | Toma esta lanza y adarga, | 75 | | Bermúdez. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BERMÚDEZ | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Guárdete el cielo, |  | | que bueno vienes! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Encarga, |  | | Páez, aquel castañuelo; |  | | regalo y sustento alarga, |  | | que es hidalgo y sufridor | 80 | | cuanto puedo encarecer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PÁEZ | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Descuida, Juan, mi señor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todos os vienen a ver, |  | | a todos debéis amor. |  | | La casa está alborotada, | 85 | | bien será que descanséis. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El descanso, Inés amada, |  | | es veros. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien lo debéis, |  | | ausencia también llorada. |  | | Pero bien lo habéis pagado | 90 | | con el bien de haber venido. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale ISIDRO con hábito de labrador)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Señor decís que ha llegado? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  | | --- | | ¡Oh, Isidro! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los pies os pido, |  | | costado me habéis cuidado. |  | | Mi señora doña Inés | 95 | | de Castilla, vuestra esposa, |  | | os dirá mi amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | Isidro, tan nueva cosa |  |  |  |  | | para que testigos des. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo ha ido por allá? | 100 | | ¿Habéis muerto muchos moros? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Castigados quedan ya; |  | | sus despojos y tesoros |  | | se quedan, Isidro, acá. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No ha habido día que yo | 105 | | a Dios no os encomendase, |  | | que grande pena me dio |  | | el ver que el Moro llegase |  | | donde jamás se atrevió. |  | | Cuando el vueso antecesor, | 110 | | Gracián Ramírez de Vargas, |  | | venció al Bárbaro Almanzor, |  | | vio este muro sus adargas |  | | y sus ropas de color. |  | | Oí decir a mi abuelo, | 115 | | téngale Dios en su gloria, |  | | que tuvo Gracián recelo |  | | de perder la gran vitoria |  | | que le dio entonces el cielo. |  | | Porque hasta el muro llegó | 120 | | la multitud de los moros |  | | que nunca después se vio; |  | | mas tal capitán de coros |  | | de ángeles la defendió; |  | | que fue la hermosa María | 125 | | de Atocha. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No menos creo |  | | que nos ayudó este día. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como el Capitán Hebreo, |  | | que el sol veloz detenía, |  | | tiene María divina | 130 | | detenido el sol de Cristo, |  | | siendo sus brazos cortina. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  | | --- | | (Aparte a su mujer) | | ¡Qué buen hombre! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y muy bien quisto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Mucho a la virtud se inclina? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay en todos sus iguales | 135 | | labrador de su opinión, |  | | ni que tenga entrañas tales. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo le he cobrado afición. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Mis amos son principales; |  | | ¿qué dudo, pues ha venido | 140 | | ocasión que estén los dos |  | | juntos, de hablarlos?, si ha sido |  | | voluntad de Dios, que a Dios |  | | lo tengo todo ofrecido. |  | | ¡Pardiez!, decírselo quiero, | 145 | | buena ocasión hay agora, |  | | que él es un gran caballero |  | | y ella una noble señora; |  | | pues si hay ocasión, ¿qué espero, |  | | Señor? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué hay, Isidro, amigo? | 150 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los labradores, señor, |  | | desta villa... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  | | --- | | Decid. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Digo, |  | | que viéndome labrador |  | | y que en efeto me obligo |  | | a toda vuesa labranza, | 155 | | dicen que solo no puedo; |  | | que aunque soy de confianza, |  | | mientras en el campo quedo, |  | | y un sol a otro sol alcanza... |  | | En fin, en casa no tengo | 160 | | quien della tenga cuidado, |  | | ni de mí cuando a ella vengo |  | | de arar y cavar cansado. |  | | *(Aparte)* |  | | Con vergüenza me detengo; |  | | pero habrelo de decir), | 165 | | Han tratado de casarme; |  | | licencia os vengo a pedir, |  | | y sabed que habéis de honrarme, |  | | pues yo os procuro servir. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Luego ya tenéis tratado | 170 | | vuestro concierto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, |  | | el suegro, a la fee, es honrado, |  | | y aunque pobre labrador, |  | | limpio como yerba en prado. |  | | La novia tiene virtud, | 175 | | que es el dote verdadero |  | | para la paz y quietud. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Alto!, ser padrino quiero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dios os aumente en salud, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | hacienda, gusto y estado. | 180 |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu madrina, Isidro, soy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Saldré de los dos honrado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La norabuena te doy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La buena Dios me la ha dado, |  | | que al que lleva mujer buena, | 185 | | Él le da la nota buena, |  | | porque cuando buena es, |  | | ¡qué de horas buenas después |  | | le quitan cualquiera pena! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA INÉS | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo se llama? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | María | 190 | | de la Cabeza se llama, |  | | de quien decirte podría, |  | | por las nuevas de su fama, |  | | que lo ha de ser de la mía. |  | | Si a la mujer que ha de honrar | 195 | | su esposo suelen nombrar |  | | corona de su nobleza, |  | | María de la Cabeza |  | | de Isidro la han de llamar. |  | | Que mi corona ha de ser | 200 | | la que es tan buena mujer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues avísanos del día. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y traedme acá a María, |  | | que la quiero componer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien vuestra nobleza muestra | 205 | | que me habéis de hacer merced. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú verás la intención nuestra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Mi Dios! Vuestro soy, haced |  | | como de cosa que es vuestra. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y salen JUAN DE LA CABEZA, BENITO PRECIADO, PASCUAL DE VALDEMORO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CABEZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No tengo más que dalle, sabe el cielo | 210 | | que diera a Isidro yo, si fueran mías, |  | | las casas de Ludeñas y Cisneros. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRECIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De vuestro proceder está muy llano, |  | | y del merecimiento del mancebo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASCUAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Pardiez, compadre Juan de la Cabeza!, | 215 | | que vós le dais marido a vuestra hija |  | | que le puede envidiar cualquiera conde, |  | | cualquiera duque y aun cualquiera reina. |  | | No sé cómo os figure y enquillotre |  | | las virtudes de Isidro; solo os digo | 220 | | que no amanece el alba sin que aguarde |  | | a la puerta de nuestra iglesia, atento |  | | a cuando el sacristán a abrirlas venga, |  | | y que jamás al campo va sin misa; |  | | lo que es rezar y dar de su pobreza | 225 | | limosna a cualquiera pobre, es cosa estraña, |  | | pues si es por dicha pobra y tiene niños, |  | | ayunará porque lo coman ellos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CABEZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todos me cuentan grandes alabanzas, |  | | Pascual de Valdemoro, de mi yerno, | 230 | | mas yo juro que si él es virtuoso, |  | | que no le queda en zaga la muchacha, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | de tal madre fue hija, y que tal era |  |  |  |  | | su ánima; Dios la tenga allá en su gloria. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRECIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya no cale llorar por los difuntos, | 235 | | mayormente tan buenos y tan santos. |  | | Oí decir que todo el día estaba |  | | en la iglesia mayor Santa María, |  | | rezando a aquella antigua y santa imagen |  | | del Almudena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CABEZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Y cómo si rezaba!, | 240 | | bien lo sabe la Virgen, bien lo sabe |  | | el cura, el sacristán, hasta las lámparas; |  | | ¿qué aceite no llevaba? ¿Qué candelas |  | | no ardieron en su altar? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASCUAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ella era santa, |  | | y así también lo espero de su hija; | 245 | | ¿darale Juan de Vargas algo al novio? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CABEZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No dejará de darle, que es hidalgo |  | | y ha días que le sirve. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASCUAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si él guardara, |  | | todavía tuviera alguna cosa, |  | | que en verdad que me dicen que el salario | 250 | | es el mayor que gana en Madrid mozo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CABEZA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué le da Juan? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASCUAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por meses se concierta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CABEZA | |  | | --- | | ¿Y gana cada mes...? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PASCUAL | |  | | --- | | Es mucho. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CABEZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cuánto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASCUAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tres reales pienso, y de comer abondo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRECIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La casa, ¡gloria a Dios!, asaz es rica. | 255 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PASCUAL | |  | | --- | | Bartolo viene acá. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRECIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dimonio es este; |  | | no hay boda en que no baile, dance y cante. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASCUAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A fee que es hombre suelto y suficiente. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale BARTOLO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dios os guarde, honrada gente, |  | | entre cuyas buenas vidas | 260 | | habrá bien docientos años. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CABEZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya con tu humor nos visitas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pesaos de tener edad? |  | | La bendición más cumplida |  | | es llegar a vuestros años. | 265 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRECIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Plega al cielo que los vivas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y fuera desto, es locura |  | | que le pese al que camina, |  | | cuando al fin de la jornada |  | | se acerca, y más si es prolija. | 270 | | Pero porque hayáis placer, |  | | que a los viejos regocija, |  | | siempre la paz de la patria, |  | | sabed que con mayor prisa |  | | que vino el Moro, se vuelve. | 275 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PASCUAL | |  | | --- | | ¿Adónde? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Al Andalucía, |  | | que entre Illescas y Toledo, |  | | nuestros Laras, y Castillas, |  | | Lujanes, Ramírez, Vargas, |  | | Ludeñas, Luzones, Silvas, | 280 | | Zúñigas, Mendozas, Prados |  | | y otros de varias familias |  | | le han vencido, y por Madrid, |  | | con las banderas tendidas, |  | | entran de despojos llenos. | 285 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CABEZA | |  | | --- | | ¡Gran vitoria! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRECIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estraña dicha. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pero toda aquesta entrada, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | sus caballos, que relinchan |  |  |  |  | | como que sus casas sienten |  |  |  |  | | y a sus señoras avisan. | 290 |  |  |  | | Con sus trompetas y cajas, |  |  |  |  | | y aquellos huesos que chillan |  |  |  |  | | más altos algunas veces |  |  |  |  | | que tiples de chirimías. |  |  |  |  | | Sus armas, en quien el sol | 295 |  |  |  | | como en espejo se mira; |  |  |  |  | | sus banderas de colores, |  |  |  |  | | que adornan bandas moriscas. |  |  |  |  | | Las damas, que a las ventanas |  |  |  |  | | les dan la buena venida, | 300 |  |  |  | | unas saliendo en cabello |  |  |  |  | | para dar al sol envidia, |  |  |  |  | | otras vestidas de galas, |  |  |  |  | | y de esperanzas vestidas, |  |  |  |  | | me han parecido también | 305 |  |  |  | | como agora por la villa |  |  |  |  | | las hermosas labradoras, |  |  |  |  | | que acompañaron tu hija, |  |  |  |  | | todas vestidas de grana, |  |  |  |  | | de azul y verde palmilla. | 310 |  |  |  | | Con sus vestidos, que adorna |  |  |  |  | | oro y plata, y blancas cintas, |  |  |  |  | | con sus patenas y sartas, |  |  |  |  | | corales y gargantillas, |  |  |  |  | | donde es el aljófar negro, | 315 |  |  |  | | y fuera la nieve tinta, |  |  |  |  | | porque me dicen que viene |  |  |  |  | | de Isidro dichoso a vistas; |  |  |  |  | | mas pues que Dios se la da, |  |  |  |  | | San Pedro se la bendiga. | 320 |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CABEZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En día de tal contento, |  | | buen agüero tomarán. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASCUAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Pardiez!, juntado se han, |  | | hoy se enjunia el casamiento. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen por una parte, MARÍA, TERESA, y CONSTANZA labradoras, muy galanas y por otra parte ISIDRO, y otros labradores, ESTEBAN, LORENZO y TADEO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TERESA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No vayas tan vergonzosa, | 325 | | alza los ojos, María. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Isidro, el alba del día |  | | nunca salió tan hermosa. |  | | Alza los ojos y mira |  | | aquel sol resplandeciente. | 330 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LORENZO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo os juro que se contente |  | | aunque veis que se retira. |  | | Que no hay en la villa moza |  | | que con María se iguale. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TADEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ved con qué vergüenza sale. | 335 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Risa y placer me retoza! |  | | ¡Ea!, acérquense los dos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LORENZO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Anda, Isidro, no seas lerdo, |  | | habla, revuelve en tu acuerdo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | María, guárdela Dios. | 340 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y a él le guarde también. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Con qué frialdad respondiste!; |  | | dale una buena mirada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Después que esté desposada |  | | le veré. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TERESA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mal respondiste: | 345 | | porque antes del casamiento |  | | se ha de mirar el marido, |  | | que aun los ojos y el oído |  | | se engañan en más de ciento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si Dios nos junta a los dos, | 350 | | él le habrá mirado ya. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ESTEBAN | |  | | --- | | ¿No está hermosa? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hermosa está, |  | | en su rostro alabo a Dios. |  | | Si tiene tanta hermosura |  | | una mujer en el suelo, | 355 | | ¿qué será un ángel del cielo? |  | | Y si la hermosa figura |  | | de un ángel es de tal modo, |  | | ¿cuál será el Criador, que, en fin, |  | | es el principio y el fin, | 360 | | sin principio y fin de todo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Paréceme, Juan, que están |  | | los dos novios ya contentos; |  | | concluïd los casamientos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CABEZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hoy, Constanza, quedarán, | 365 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | por lo menos, desposados: |  |  |  |  | | ¡Isidro! |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  | | --- | | Señor. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CABEZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo quiero |  | | decirte el dote primero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Perded, padre, esos cuidados, |  | | que la virtud de María | 370 | | la dota en tanto valor |  | | que viene a ser inferior |  | | el oro que Arabia cría. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CABEZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo te doy primeramente |  | | mil maravedís en plata | 375 | | y en oro. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANA | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Mirad si trata |  | | su hacienda liberalmente. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CABEZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entre ellos hay un escudo |  | | que treinta años he guardado, |  | | tan bueno, limpio y dorado | 380 | | como cuando hacerse pudo. |  | | Porque desde que cayó |  | | en mis manos le guardé |  | | para esta ocasión; no sé |  | | si le gastarás o no, | 385 | | pero si aquella sin ley |  | | a gastalle te obligare, |  | | haz por tu vida que pare |  | | en comprar un gentil buey. |  | | Sin esto, te pienso dar | 390 | | dos colchones y un jergón, |  | | y advierte que nuevos son, |  | | que no te quiero engañar. |  | | No ha diez años que se hicieron, |  | | ni seis veces se han lavado; | 395 | | seis sábanas de delgado |  | | lienzo, que en dote me dieron. |  | | Cuatro almohadas y un banco, |  | | una silla de costillas, |  | | trébedes, sartén, parrillas, | 400 | | y un paño de manos blanco. |  | | No ha un año que estaba entero |  | | y en toda su perfección; |  | | mal le dé Dios al ratón |  | | que le hizo un agujero. | 405 | | Dos sargas de linda mano, |  | | la una tiene a David |  | | y el gigante, que en la lid |  | | tendió en el verde llano. |  | | Ella está a medio traer | 410 | | porque era el lienzo algo flojo; |  | | fáltale al gigante un ojo, |  | | pero no se echa de ver. |  | | La otra tiene pintado |  | | el pródigo, que dirás | 415 | | que viendo en la artesa estás |  | | los lechones y el salvado. |  | | Están con ojos estraños, |  | | mirando el pródigo esquivo, |  | | y tan gordos que, a estar vivos, | 420 | | tuvieras para dos años. |  | | Sin otras cosas así, |  | | que por menudencias dejo, |  | | te daré peine y espejo, |  | | y por no cansarte aquí | 425 | | no te digo los vestidos |  | | y camisas de tu esposa; |  | | tus camisones es cosa |  | | que revientan de polidos. |  | | Ella lleva allá también | 430 | | su arca grande, donde puso |  | | aspa, lino, rueca y huso |  | | que sabe gastar muy bien. |  | | Para después de mis días, |  | | una viña, un pegujar, | 435 | | y algo más hay que te dar, |  | | sin tres cabras con sus crías. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dadme vuestra bendición. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CABEZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dios te bendiga y te guarde. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vamos, señores, que es tarde; | 440 | | decid: para en uno son. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TODOS | |  | | --- | | ¡Para en uno son! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Jüan, |  | | mi señor, es el padrino. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De casados, imagino |  | | que ejemplo los dos serán. | 445 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PRECIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Id con la novia vosotras; |  | | visitad a doña Inés. |  | | | |
|  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TERESA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien dice, alégrate pues, |  | | que harto lo vamos nosotras. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PASCUAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vosotros podéis también | 450 | | ir con él a ver a Juan; |  | | tú, Bartolo, al sacristán |  | | da parte de tanto bien |  | | para que lo diga al cura, |  | | y vuelve con tu guitarra. | 455 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Traeré una danza bizarra, |  | | en honra de su hermosura. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CABEZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mañana ha de ser la boda, |  | | y habrá naranja y ofrenda. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como la fama se estienda | 460 | | bailará la villa toda. |  | | Tañe el tamboril, Miguel, |  | | que al relincho y castañuela, |  | | yo daré la zapateta |  | | que se oiga en Caramanchel. | 465 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y sale la ENVIDIA con un corazón en el pecho, y una culebra al hombro)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De mi cueva sombría, |  | | donde jamás ha entrado, |  | | ni me alegra el sol, cuando pudiera |  | | el resplandor del día, |  | | cuyo umbral derribado | 470 | | jamás pisó mortal que no perdiera, |  | | de ver mi vista fiera, |  | | la razón y el sentido, |  | | salgo a la luz del cielo, |  | | tomando el mortal velo | 475 | | de que viene mi espíritu vestido, |  | | aunque viendo su lumbre |  | | su resplandor me causa pesadumbre. |  | | No soy la que procuro |  | | vencer la gloria ajena, | 480 | | mas soy la que a Josef matar quería, |  | | la que el alma aventuro, |  | | si alguna cosa es buena, |  | | hasta envolverla en la tiniebla mía; |  | | ni el bien ni el mal quería, | 485 | | el mal, porque dél gusto, |  | | y el bien, porque me mata, |  | | que del cielo y la tierra me disgusto, |  | | y del mismo profundo, |  | | yo soy por quien la muerte entró en el mundo. | 490 | | Por mí fue perseguido |  | | David; por mí fue preso, |  | | vendido y muerto Cristo soberano; |  | | por mí, César herido; |  | | por mí, con tanto exceso | 495 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | temblaron el francés, y el africano; |  |  |  |  | | por mí, el mejor romano |  |  |  |  | | lloró sin tener ojos; |  |  |  |  | | no hay freno que me rija, |  |  |  |  | | de la Corte soy hija, | 500 |  |  |  | | y tengo sus palacios por despojos; |  |  |  |  | | soy, sin razón, sin leyes, |  |  |  |  | | sombra de las privanzas de los reyes. |  |  |  |  | | Hame envïado al suelo |  |  |  |  | | mi padre, fiero, horrible, | 505 |  |  |  | | en cuyas alas y desnuda espada |  |  |  |  | | caí del alto cielo |  |  |  |  | | porque no fue posible |  |  |  |  | | acabar la conquista comenzada; |  |  |  |  | | no vengo a ser honrada | 510 |  |  |  | | de algún cetro o corona, |  |  |  |  | | ni a perseguir me envía |  |  |  |  | | los reyes que solía, |  |  |  |  | | sino la baja y mísera persona |  |  |  |  | | de un labrador que agora | 515 |  |  |  | | estima el cielo y esta tierra adora. |  |  |  |  | | Un labrador envidio |  |  |  |  | | porque pretende alzarse |  |  |  |  | | con los estados que perdí por guerra. |  |  |  |  | | Mirad quién da fastidio | 520 |  |  |  | | a quien quiso igualarse |  |  |  |  | | con el mismo Hacedor del cielo y tierra; |  |  |  |  | | cuanto veneno encierra |  |  |  |  | | mi pecho ardiente, salga, |  |  |  |  | | ¡Isidro muera, muera! | 525 |  |  |  | | ¡Al arma, guerra fiera!, |  |  |  |  | | aunque el auxilio celestial le valga. |  |  |  |  | | ¡Pastores deste suelo, |  |  |  |  | | la Envidia soy, antípoda del cielo! |  |  |  |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen ESTEBAN, LORENZO y TADEO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Pardiez, que la novia ha estado | 530 | | en la misa y en la mesa |  | | hecha de un ángel traslado! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién no envidia, a quién no pesa |  | | de Isidro el dichoso estado? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LORENZO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No he visto tanta hermosura. | 535 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TADEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Su divina compostura |  | | su casta vergüenza aumenta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una reina representa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LORENZO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No has visto entre nive pura, |  | | tal vez, la purpúrea rosa | 540 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | que por diciembre salió? |  |  |  |  | | Así está su cara hermosa. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién de Isidro no envidió |  | | suerte tan alta y dichosa? |  | | ¿Un hipócrita, un villano, | 545 | | un ángel ha de gozar? |  | | ¿Por qué a un ignorante y vano |  | | todos le han de respetar, |  | | desde el mancebo al anciano? |  | | Es porque es hombre fingido | 550 | | y de entrañas cautelosas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que este Isidro haya adquirido |  | | con palabras engañosas |  | | tanto honor!... Pierdo el sentido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LORENZO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que Isidro con su simpleza, | 555 | | disfrazado en la corteza |  | | un fingido corazón, |  | | llegue a tal veneración |  | | y aspire a tanta grandeza! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TADEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que con su dueño este necio, | 560 | | como su risa no entiende, |  | | llegue a tener tanto precio! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya mi veneno se enciende, |  | | ya le tratan con desprecio. |  | | Esto por principio sobra, | 565 | | daré a la boda lugar, |  | | que después pondré por obra |  | | su infamia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién no ha de estar |  | | *(Vase la ENVIDIA)* |  | | triste del favor que cobra? |  | | Jüan le estima y no hay hombre, | 570 | | de cuantos la villa tiene, |  | | que tenga tanto renombre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LORENZO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Al baile la novia viene. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TADEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay cosa que más me asombre |  | | que el honor que a Isidro dan. | 575 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Manda que bailen, Jüan, |  | | la naranja a nuestra usanza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TADEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Más de alguna invidia danza; |  | | los novios saliendo van. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen los villanos referidos, y los labradores detrás, JUAN con ISIDRO vestido, y DOÑA INÉS con MARÍA, lleguen a una mesa, y siéntense en sillas, y ellas en almohadas, BARTOLO, y los MÚSICOS tañendo, y pongan una fuente de plata en la mesa)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bailad a la usanza vuestra; | 580 | | saquen los mozos las mozas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Dichoso Isidro, que gozas |  | | un ángel a costa nuestra! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Pardiez!, por Constanza muero, |  | | no la escuso de sacar, | 585 | | mas tú puedes comenzar, |  | | Lorenzo, el baile primero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LORENZO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La naranja tengo aquí, |  | | ¡pardiez!, con dos reales. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Dos! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LORENZO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dos puse en ella por Dios. | 590 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BARTOLO | |  | | --- | | Sal. | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LORENZO | |  | | --- | | Toca. | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BARTOLO | |  | | --- | | Comienza. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LORENZO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Di. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Tome una naranja puesta en un palo, y dos reales metidos en ella y saque con reverencia a TERESA, y bailen los dos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Molinito que mueles amores, |  | | pues que mis ojos agua te dan, |  | | no coja desdenes quien siembra favores, |  | | que dándome vida, matarme podrán. | 595 | | *(Dale la naranja a ella, y baile sola)* |  | | Molinico que mueles mis celos, |  | | pues agua te dieron mis ojos cansados, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | muele favores, no muelas cuidados, |  |  |  |  | | pues que te hicieron tan bello los cielos. |  |  |  |  | | Si mis esperanzas te han dado las flores, | 600 |  |  |  | | y agora mis ojos el agua te dan, |  |  |  |  | | no coja desdenes quien siembra favores, |  |  |  |  | | que dándome vida, matarme podrán. |  |  |  |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Ofrezca la naranja en el plato de la mesa)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TERESA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta te ofrezco, y me pesa, |  | | María, de no tener | 605 | | un mundo que te ofrecer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo lo agradezco, Teresa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Toma, Constanza, y ofrece |  | | esta en mi nombre a María. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  | | --- | | ¿Sola? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BARTOLO | |  | | --- | | Sí. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues este día, | 610 | | cuya hermosura merece |  | | el novio que tiene al lado, |  | | esta te ofrezco; ya estoy |  | | sin ella. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A bailarte voy |  | | todo un villano cifrado. | 615 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Toquen los MÚSICOS, y BARTOLO, y CONSTANZA, bailen este villano)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Al villano se lo dan, |  | | la cebolla con el pan. |  | | Para que el tosco villano, |  | | cuando quiera alborear, |  | | salga con su par de bueyes | 620 | | y su arado, otro que tal. |  | | Le dan pan, le dan cebolla, |  | | y vino también le dan. |  | | Ya camina, ya se acerca, |  | | ya llega, ya empieza a arar. | 625 | | ¡Los surcos lleva derechos, |  | | qué buena la tierra está! |  | | «Por acá», dice al manchado, |  | | y al tostado, «por allá». |  | | Arada tiene la tierra, | 630 | | el villano va a sembrar; |  | | saca el trigo del alforja, |  | | la falda llevando va. |  | | ¡Oh, qué bien arroja el trigo! |  | | ¡Dios se lo deje gozar! | 635 | | Las aves lo están mirando, |  | | que se vaya aguardarán. |  | | Junto a las hazas del trigo |  | | no está bien el palomar; |  | | famosamente ha crecido, | 640 | | ya se le acerca San Juan. |  | | Segarlo quiere el villano, |  | | la hoz apercibe ya. |  | | ¡Qué de manadas derriba! |  | | ¡Qué buena prisa se da! | 645 | | Quien bien ata, bien desata; |  | | ¡oh, qué bien atadas van! |  | | Llevándola va a las eras, |  | | ¡qué gentil parva tendrá! |  | | Ya se aperciben los trillos, | 650 | | ya quiere también trillar. |  | | *(Pónganse juntos, y bailen con los pies haciendo que trillan)* |  | | ¡Oh, qué contentos caminan!, |  | | pero mucho sol les da. |  | | La mano en la frente ponen, |  | | los pies en el trillo van, | 655 | | ¡oh, qué gran sed les ha dado!, |  | | ¿quién duda que beberán? |  | | Ya beben, ya se recrean, |  | | ¡brindis!, ¡qué caliente está! |  | | Aventar quieren el trigo, | 660 | | ya comienzan a aventar. |  | | ¡Oh, qué buen aire les hace!, |  | | volando las pajas van, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | estremado queda el trigo, |  |  |  |  | | dese limpio y candïal. | 665 |  |  |  | | A Fernando, que Dios guarde, |  |  |  |  | | se pudiera hacer el pan; |  |  |  |  | | ya lo llevan al molino, |  |  |  |  | | ya el trigo en la tolva está. |  |  |  |  | | Las ruedas andan las piedras, | 670 |  |  |  | | furiosa está la canal; |  |  |  |  | | ya van haciendo la harina, |  |  |  |  | | que presto la cernerán. |  |  |  |  | | ¡Oh, qué bien cierne el villano!, |  |  |  |  | | el horno caliente está; | 675 |  |  |  | | ¡qué bien masa, qué bien hiñe! |  |  |  |  | | Ya pone en la tabla el pan, |  |  |  |  | | ya lo cuece, ya lo saca, |  |  |  |  | | ya lo quiere presentar. |  |  |  |  | | *(Lleguen todos con una rosca de picos con muchas flores)* |  |  |  |  | | Tomad, novio generoso; | 680 |  |  |  | | hermosa novia, tomad; |  |  |  |  | | que con no menor trabajo |  |  |  |  | | habéis de comer el pan. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gran contento me habéis dado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DOÑA INÉS | |  | | --- | | ¡Bien lo han hecho! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por estremo; | 685 | | pero vamos porque temo |  | | que se canse el desposado. |  | | A su casa los llevemos |  | | con el mismo regocijo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Isidro, Dios os dé un hijo | 690 | | a cuyas bodas bailemos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si él viene, ¿qué importa más |  | | una alma para su cielo? |  | | Bien sabe mi honesto celo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | María, suspensa vas. | 695 | | ¿No estás contenta? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí estoy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vergüenza debe de ser. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TERESA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De buen mozo eres mujer; |  | | mil parabienes te doy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que si linda va la madrina, | 700 | | por mi fee, que la novia es linda. |  | | Si celebran la hermosura |  | | de doña Inés de Castilla, |  | | esposa de Juan de Vargas, |  | | caballero de alta guisa, | 705 | | por mi fee, que la novia es linda. |  | | Que si linda era la madrina, |  | | por mi fee, que la novia es linda. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y salen DON PEDRO DE LUJÁN, y RODRIGO, con un pendón, o bandera morisca)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUJÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando salí, Virgen santa |  | | que llaman del Almudena, | 710 | | de tantos milagros llena, |  | | como de vós Madrid canta, |  | | por la puerta de la Vega |  | | contra el Moro, que sin miedo |  | | pasa por la de Toledo | 715 | | y a sus altos muros llega, |  | | prometí que si volvía |  | | con la vida y la vitoria |  | | para vuestro honor y gloria, |  | | pues ninguna gloria es mía, | 720 | | os daría los despojos; |  | | y así os traigo esta bandera, |  | | y mil cautivos quisiera; |  | | que el rayo de vuestros ojos |  | | las almas les abrasara, | 725 | | para que siendo tan vuestros, |  | | hoy de los despojos nuestros |  | | todo el cielo se alegrara. |  | | Dame la bandera, amigo, |  | | y aquesa cortina corre. | 730 | | *(Descubran una imagen en un altar)* |  | | ¡Oh, palma, divina torre! |  | | ¡Oh, estrella que adoro y sigo! |  | | ¡Oh, Virgen del Almudena, |  | | de Madrid gloria y amparo, |  | | antigua coluna y faro | 735 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | que al alma alumbra en su pena! |  |  |  |  | | Esta bandera del Moro, |  |  |  |  | | aunque es alarbe ornamento, |  |  |  |  | | con humildad os presento, |  |  |  |  | | Reina del virgíneo coro. | 740 |  |  |  | | Pues desta parte guardáis |  |  |  |  | | de Madrid, Señora, el muro, |  |  |  |  | | que bien estará seguro, |  |  |  |  | | pues vós en su amparo estáis. |  |  |  |  | | Guardad un hijo tan vuestro, | 745 |  |  |  | | que de sus antecesores |  |  |  |  | | ha heredado los amores |  |  |  |  | | con que agora el alma os muestro. |  |  |  |  | | ¡Fíjala, Rodrigo, allí! |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RODRIGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí estará bien, señor. | 750 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUJÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora, hacedme favor, |  | | tened memoria de mí. |  | | Deja la bandera y vamos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RODRIGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ya tu promesa has cumplido? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUJÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo que también es debido, | 755 | | justamente lo pagamos. |  | | *(Sale ISIDRO)* |  | | ¿Quién es este labrador |  | | tan humilde y mesurado? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RODRIGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sospecho que es un crïado |  | | de Juan de Vargas, señor. | 760 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUJÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Crïado debe de ser |  | | de su labranza y hacienda. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RODRIGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y que puede en encomienda |  | | todo esta villa tener. |  | | ¿Nunca has oído decir | 765 | | a Isidro? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUJÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es este buen hombre? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RODRIGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De bueno le dan el nombre, |  | | pudiérale Juan servir. |  | | Que siembra, a lo que imagino, |  | | gran cosecha para el cielo. | 770 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUJÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si virtud siembra en el suelo, |  | | cogerá fruto divino. |  | | Ven, y dejémosle orar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RODRIGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gran fama de santo tiene. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LUJÁN | |  | | --- | | ¿Va al campo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RODRIGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Primero viene | 775 | | a oír misa y rezar. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nube de tanto arrebol, |  | | que el sol de justicia dora, |  | | Dios te salve, hermosa aurora, |  | | que trujiste al mundo el sol, | 780 | | Dios te salve, María. |  | | Tú sola, que fuiste digna |  | | de oírle al ángel suave, |  | | eres desta Salve el Ave, |  | | pues tú sola, Ester divina, | 785 | | llena eres de gracia. |  | | Y mira, hermosa doncella, |  | | remedio en nuestra desgracia, |  | | si estás bien llena de gracia, |  | | pues por confirmarte en ella | 790 | | el Señor es contigo. |  | | Y de estar contigo, es tanta, |  | | que del mundo entre otros dones, |  | | todas las varias naciones |  | | te han de llamar Virgen santa, | 795 | | bendita entre las mujeres. |  | | Diste un fruto, hermosa Flora, |  | | vara de Jesé excelente, |  | | que del Ocaso al Oriente, |  | | serás bendita, Señora, | 800 | | y bendito el fruto. |  | | Fue fruto en sazón hermoso, |  | | que después se nos dio en pan, |  | | pero ¿qué más te dirán |  | | que ser el fruto sabroso | 805 | | de tu vientre Jesús? |  | | Pariste a tu mismo padre, |  | | y el parto de forma es, |  | | que antes, en él y después, |  | | quedaste Virgen y madre, | 810 | | Santa María. |  | | Cuando miro que prefieres |  | | cuanto el sol alumbra y dora, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | y cuanto no es Dios, Señora, |  |  |  |  | | solamente digo que eres | 815 |  |  |  | | Madre de Dios. |  |  |  |  | | Toda alabanza consiste, |  |  |  |  | | ni hay otra que más te cuadre, |  |  |  |  | | en que de Dios eres Madre; |  |  |  |  | | pues por nosotros lo fuiste, | 820 |  |  |  | | ruega por nosotros. |  |  |  |  | | Con lágrimas desde aquí, |  |  |  |  | | que es valle dellas el mundo, |  |  |  |  | | te llamo en lo más profundo, |  |  |  |  | | ruega Señora por mí | 825 |  |  |  | | y por todos, amén. |  |  |  |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Levántase con una invención en alto, y entra un SACRISTÁN con una vela)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Buenos andamos, a fee; |  | | no hay un tierro en un año, |  | | parece que a reino estraño |  | | la muerte a vivir se fue. | 830 | | Y ya que por sustitutos |  | | a los médicos dejaba, |  | | ¿adónde escondió el aljaba |  | | para cobrar los tributos? |  | | Ya que peste o otros tales, | 835 | | o vienen a coyunturas, |  | | todos aciertan las curas, |  | | todos entienden los males. |  | | Después que soy sacristán |  | | solamente les da tos, | 840 | | bien medraremos por Dios |  | | con cuatro ochavos y un pan. |  | | Quiero encender, ¿qué es aquesto, |  | | que ya para buena estrena, |  | | ¡oh, Virgen del Almudena! | 845 | | en vuestra capilla han puesto? |  | | Por el caballo del Cid, |  | | que es bandera que han traído, |  | | del Moro antiyer vencido, |  | | los hidalgos de Madrid. | 850 | | Aunque valiera un tesoro, |  | | ¿cómo en capilla cristiana |  | | de una imagen soberana |  | | ha de estar prenda de un moro? |  | | ¡Por mi sotana y bonete | 855 | | que hay para cuatro jubones, |  | | y aun si quiero hacer calzones, |  | | que es cuatro, y aun para siete! |  | | Quiero ver si alguien me vee; |  | | no hay en la iglesia un cristiano, | 860 | | pues de los muertos es llano |  | | que no han de decir quién fue. |  | | Señores muertos, ¡chitón!, |  | | llegar quiero con más brío. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Habrá misa, hermano mío? | 865 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Válame Dios, confisión. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  | | --- | | ¿De qué se espanta? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién es? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soy, ¿habrá misa, hermano? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SACRISTÁN | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Que siempre esté este villano... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué dice? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Habrala después. | 870 | | *(Aparte)* |  | | Este, que royendo santos |  | | antes que amanece el día, |  | | no deja en Santa María |  | | pilares, losas, y cantos |  | | detrás de donde no esté, | 875 | | me hubo de ver escondido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Luego el cura no ha venido? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El cura vino y se fue, |  | | pero un clérigo está ahí; |  | | no sé si misa dirá. | 880 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que en la sacristía está? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo no le digo que sí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Digo, hermano, ¿sabe acaso |  | | quién puso aqueste pendón |  | | aquí en aquesta ocasión? | 885 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SACRISTÁN | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Terrible vergüenza paso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque si este se ganó |  | | en nombre desta Señora, |  | | justo fue ponerle agora. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SACRISTÁN | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Quedito, todo lo vio. | 890 | | ¡Toma si es simple el villano! |  | | | |
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| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que estas prendas, aunque son |  | | de aquel bárbaro escuadrón, |  | | cuando las gana el cristiano |  | | parecen bien en el templo, | 895 | | que el cuchillo de David |  | | colgó después de la lid |  | | en el de Dios para ejemplo. |  | | Mire, que los Macabeos, |  | | librando a Jerusalén, | 900 | | colgaron en él también |  | | sus escudos por trofeos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si quería predicar, |  | | anoche avisar pudiera |  | | porque paño le pusiera. | 905 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hermano, él me ha de enseñar |  | | que una hormiga de la casa |  | | de Dios tiene gran valor, |  | | yo soy pobre labrador. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo?, ¿no vee que se pasa | 910 | | la hora de trabajar?, |  | | ¿dale de comer su amo? |  | | ¿Para qué, sino le llamo, |  | | hoy me viene a predicar? |  | | Pues véngame otra mañana, | 915 | | verá si le abro la puerta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La de Dios siempre está abierta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué de retórica vana! |  | | ¿Por qué no se va a su arado? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hago yo falta allá, | 920 | | porque yo sé bien que está |  | | de mejor mano ocupado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SACRISTÁN | |  | | --- | | La misa sale. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Allá voy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Al altar mayor camine. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dios sus pasos encamine. | 925 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase ISIDRO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SACRISTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En fin, sin jubón estoy. |  | | Milagro ha sido, y ejemplo |  | | con que Dios quiso mostrar |  | | que ninguno ha de tomar |  | | aun la tierra de su templo. | 930 | | Cuenta la Historia Sagrada |  | | que porque tomaba el oro |  | | del templo, azotó a Heliodoro |  | | un ángel con mano airada. |  | | Dél o de los sacerdotes | 935 | | no escapo. ¡Ay triste, pequé! |  | | Esta noche apostaré |  | | que me dan dos mil azotes. |  | | | |

**Acto II**

*Salen JUAN DE VARGAS, ESTEBAN y LORENZO labradores*

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Eso pasa de mi hacienda? |  | |

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| ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esto es lo menos que pasa. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Buen labrador tengo en casa, |  | | a buen dueño se encomienda! |  | |

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| LORENZO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A las diez, a trabajar. | 5 | |

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| ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A las diez y a mediodía. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Medrará la hacienda mía? |  | |

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| ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ha dado Isidro en holgar. |  | | Y no ha sido mala traza |  | | la que en rezar ha tenido, | 10 | | pues con ser santo fingido |  | | andarse holgando disfraza. |  | | ¿Quién le mete a un labrador |  | | más que en servir? |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y dices bien. |  | |

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| LORENZO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todos murmuran también | 15 | | que se pierde tu labor. |  | | Los mozos que arando están |  | | desa parte del molino, |  | | como es el campo vecino, |  | | y antes que amanezca van, | 20 | | espántanse de mirar |  | | con la pereza que baja, |  | | pues cuando Isidro trabaja |  | | ya vuelven de trabajar. |  | | Échale de tu servicio, | 25 | | que a mí me dijo Tadeo |  | | que tiene de entrar deseo |  | | en tu casa al mismo oficio. |  | | Es mozo fuerte y robusto, |  | | gran madrugador, fïel, | 30 | | y que no tendrás con él, |  | | en todo el año, un disgusto. |  | | Lo que es vendimia y ganado, |  | | entiéndelo por estremo. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Id en buen hora, que temo, | 35 | | según estoy enojado, |  | | que he de hacer un desatino. |  | |

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| ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A que la verdad te diga |  | | tu perdición nos obliga, |  | | y el ser tu deudo y vecino | 40 | | don Juan Ramírez. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Adiós, |  | | a vuestra labor os id. |  | |

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| LORENZO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mil mozos hay en Madrid, |  | | y aquí tenéis a los dos. |  | |

*(Vanse ESTEBAN y LORENZO)*

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Este es Isidro, de quien | 45 | | mil alabanzas decían |  | | cuantos me hablaban y vían? |  | | ¿Este es el hombre de bien? |  | | ¿Este es el humilde y santo? |  | | Su casilla pobre es esta. | 50 | | ¡Hola!, ¿no hay quien dé respuesta?, |  | | ¿qué mucho, si duerme tanto? |  | |

*(Sale MARÍA con una rueca y uso)*

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| --- | --- | --- |
| MARÍA | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién llama? | |

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| VARGAS | |  | | --- | | Yo soy. | |

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| MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién es? |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No me conoces, María? |  | |

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| MARÍA | |  | | --- | | ¡Vós, mi señor! | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No es de día? | 55 | |

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| MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi señora doña Inés |  | | debe de estar indispuesta; |  | | ¿queréis que yo pase allá? |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Dónde tu marido está? |  | |

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La pobre comida apresta, | 60 | | que al campo se quiere ir. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A estas horas no se ha ido? |  | |

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| MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes de fuera ha venido, |  | | que siempre suele salir |  | | antes del alba. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  | | --- | | ¿A qué? | |

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| MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A misa | 65 | | de prima, aquí a San Andrés. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  | | --- | | Llámale acá. | |

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| MARÍA | |  | | --- | | Voy. | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es |  | | malo el achaque y risa. |  | |

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| MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Isidro aquí está, señor. |  | |

*(Sale ISIDRO)*

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| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Señor me viene a buscar? | 70 | |

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| MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Algo te querrá mandar. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | ¡Qué ciego estoy de furor! |  | |

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| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor mío, ¿vós a mí, |  | | vós mi humilde umbral pisáis? |  | | ¿Qué es, señor, lo que mandáis? | 75 | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé qué he mirado en ti |  | | que me mueve a algún respeto; |  | | dime, villano, ¿es razón |  | | que con tanta perdición |  | | trates mi hacienda en efeto? | 80 | | ¿Desto ha servido el casarte |  | | con una honrada mujer, |  | | ponerte casa y poner |  | | tanto cuidado en honrarte? |  | | Si yo no me confïara | 85 | | de ti, porque noble soy, |  | | no hubiera visto lo que hoy |  | | todos me han dicho en la cara. |  | | A las diez al campo vas, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | y elevados los sentidos, | 90 |  |  |  | | dejas los bueyes perdidos; |  |  |  |  | | loco presumo que estás. |  |  |  |  | | ¿De cuándo acá tú solías, |  |  |  |  | | Isidro, ser haragán? |  |  |  |  | | ¿Qué es lo que tienes, bausán? | 95 |  |  |  | | ¿En qué se te van los días? |  |  |  |  | | Tú eres religioso, ¿no?, |  |  |  |  | | pues que estás siempre en el templo, |  |  |  |  | | ¿cómo no tomas ejemplo |  |  |  |  | | de otros vecinos? |  |  |  |  | |

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| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si yo | 100 | | fui tan malo y perezoso, |  | | que vuestra hacienda no aumento, |  | | y a lo que decís atento, |  | | soy a su renta dañoso. |  | | Lo que della habéis perdido | 105 | | de mi soldada cobrad, |  | | que no quisiera, en verdad, |  | | haberos tanto ofendido. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | El enojo me ha quitado |  | | la risa y respuesta honesta, | 110 | | porque una humilde respuesta |  | | templa el corazón airado. |  | | Hoy iré al campo, y veré |  | | por mis ojos si es verdad, |  | | ¡Notable simplicidad! | 115 | |

*(Vase JUAN)*

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| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | María, señor, se fue. |  | |

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| MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A la fee, Isidro, que alguno |  | | te ha puesto mal con señor; |  | | que no sé que en su labor |  | | trabaje mejor ninguno. | 120 | | Ten paciencia si has tenido |  | | culpa, y el descuido enmienda. |  | |

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| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo he visto aumentar su hacienda, |  | | aunque descuidado he sido. |  | | Como me ven acudir | 125 | | a la iglesia cada día, |  | | habrán pensado, María, |  | | que me descuido en servir. |  | | ¡Dios bueno, y qué mal pensó |  | | quien eso entiende que daña! | 130 | |

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| MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De paciencia te acompaña; |  | | a nuesa ama hablaré yo |  | | y quitarale el enojo, |  | | que ambos son como unos reyes. |  | |

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| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Échame hacia acá esos bueyes. | 135 | |

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| MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Rita ca, rita ca, rojo! |  | |

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| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Verá adónde va el bragado, |  | | ¿está la alforjuela ahí? |  | |

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| MARÍA | |  | | --- | | Aquí está. | |

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| ISIDRO | |  | | --- | | ¿Lleva pan? | |

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| MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí; |  | | toma primero un bocado. | 140 | |

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| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hasta que rece, María, |  | | no me he de desayunar. |  | |

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| MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Acá podré yo rezar |  | | por ti, que es bien largo el día. |  | |

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| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Y cómo, si entiendo bien, | 145 | | María, el alma que tienes! |  | | A Dios le debo mil bienes, |  | | y tú lo sabes también. |  | | Por haberme acompañado |  | | de tu virtud, decir puedo | 150 | | que es tan grande. |  | |

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| MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tengo miedo |  | | que vuelva señor airado. |  | | Vete, Isidro, que si en Dios |  | | nos metemos, ni tú irás |  | | a arar, ni yo hilaré más. | 155 | |

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| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Dónde, Señor, como en vós? |  | | A la noche, como vuelva |  | | me acuerda que he de contarte |  | | de cierto sermón gran parte. |  | |

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| MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quieres que Juan se resuelva | 160 | | a echarte de casa, di? |  | |

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Templad su enojo, mi Dios, |  | | porque cuando trato en vós |  | | nunca me acuerdo de mí. |  | |

*(Vanse, y sale JUAN)*

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que no haya Isidro venido, | 165 | | después de haberle avisado! |  | | ¡Que primero haya llegado, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | habiéndome detenido! |  |  |  |  | | ¿Hay semejante maldad? |  |  |  |  | | ¿Qué estoy buscando? ¿Qué emprendo? | 170 |  |  |  | | ¿Qué más testigos pretendo |  |  |  |  | | para saber que es verdad? |  |  |  |  | | Allí están en sus aradas |  |  |  |  | | los mozos de mis vecinos; |  |  |  |  | | quiero en aquestos molinos, | 175 |  |  |  | | aunque hay dos ruedas paradas, |  |  |  |  | | saber, pues no ha de faltar |  |  |  |  | | gente, qué mozo es el mío; |  |  |  |  | | por aquí se pasa el río, |  |  |  |  | | desde aquí puedo llamar. | 180 |  |  |  | |

*(BARTOLO dentro, cantando al son de la rueda)*

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Más precio yo a Peribáñez, |  | | con la su capa pardilla, |  | | que no a vós, Comendador, |  | | con la vuesa guarnecida. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ha del molino! ¡Hola, gente! | 185 | | No da lugar el ruïdo, |  | | el río viene crecido. |  | | ¡Hola!, ¿no escucháis, pariente? |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Río verde, río verde, |  | | más negro vas que la tinta | 190 | | de sangre de los cristianos, |  | | que no de la morería. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué costumbre tan villana! |  | | Aunque escuche no hablará. |  | | ¡Ha del molino, ha de allá!, | 195 | | que digo hermano, a hermana. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Retraída está la infanta, |  | | bien así como solía, |  | | porque el Rey no la casaba, |  | | ni tal cuidado tenía. | 200 | | ¡Qué tiranía! |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué tiranía mayor |  | | que oír y no responder? |  | |

*(Salen BARTOLO, y CONSTANZA huyendo dél)*

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si te quiero por mujer, |  | | ¿en qué te ofende mi amor? | 205 | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hazte allá digo, Bartolo; |  | | mira que Elvira me riñe. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Haz que la boda se aliñe, |  | | pues eso te quiero solo. |  | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Habla tú a mi padre allá. | 210 | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Digo que yo le hablaré. |  | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hágase allá, que le enharinaré. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Harto el corazón lo está. |  | | A fee, que si fuera pez, |  | | que le pudieran freír. | 215 | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bartolo, déjame ir. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mía has de ser esta vez. |  | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Haz tú que de la tribuna |  | | nos arrojen una fiesta. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Anda Teresa molesta, | 220 | | que, como ves, me importuna. |  | | Yo la desengañaré |  | | y me casaré contigo; |  | | dame un abrazo. |  | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué, amigo? |  | | Hágase allá, que le enharinaré. | 225 | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Pardiez, Constanza!, si dura |  | | ese tu crüel desvío, |  | | que me arroje en este río |  | | y tenga en él sepultura. |  | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los «quiries» ahorrarás. | 230 | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Rogarte, Constanza mía; |  | | esta mi loca porfía |  | | pienso que te ensancha más; |  | | por fuerza te abrazaré. |  | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  | | --- | | ¡Así tome! | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Esto me ofreces? | 235 | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No le dije treinta veces, |  | | hágase allá que le enharinaré? |  | |

*(Debajo del devantal lleve un puñado de harina,  
y tírele, y vase)*

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bueno, ¡por Dios!, me ha dejado. |  | | En la carta que escribía |  | | con mi llanto a su porfía, | 240 | | polvos de nieve me ha echado. |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | Mucho la crüel se atreve, |  |  |  |  | | mas si es la tinta de fuego, |  |  |  |  | | bien es que Constanza luego |  |  |  |  | | le echase polvos de nieve. | 245 |  |  |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tarda Isidro todavía. |  | | ¡Válame Dios! ¿Qué será? |  | | ¡Hola, labrador! |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién va? |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  | | --- | | ¿No me veis? | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Veros querría. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  | | --- | | ¿Es Bartolillo? | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soy, | 250 | | son que vengo trasquilado. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo? ¿Quién te ha enharinado? |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Constanza; al diablo la doy. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué haces aquí? | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No lo sé, |  | | yo muelo mi trigo aquí, | 255 | | Constanza me muele a mí. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  | | --- | | ¿Aún no os casáis? | |

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| BARTOLO | |  | | --- | | No. | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por qué? |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hable a don Juan, por su vida, |  | | pues es su primo, señor. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo le contaré tu amor. | 260 | |

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| BARTOLO | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | ¡Pardiez! Como se lo pida, |  | | que por mi amo no quede, |  | | porque ya se lo he contado. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Has visto aquel mi crïado? |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  | | --- | | ¿A Isidro? | |

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| VARGAS | |  | | --- | | Sí. | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues no puede | 265 | | hallarle? |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  | | --- | | No. | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En San Andrés |  | | estará. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya es mediodía. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | O acaso en Santa María, |  | | porque muy devoto es |  | | de aquella imagen devota | 270 | | que llaman del Almudena. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi labranza me da pena. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Eso no más le alborota? |  | | Calle, que es Isidro un santo; |  | | Dios por él su hacienda aumenta. | 275 | | Él basta a crecer su renta. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nadie me ha dicho otro tanto; |  | | antes vengo aquí con queja |  | | de su vida perezosa. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues quien le ha dicho otra cosa | 280 | | miente desde oreja a oreja. |  | | Vuelva a tomar su caballo, |  | | pase el río, y él verá |  | | si su tierra arada está. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  | | --- | | Yo voy. | |

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| BARTOLO | |  | | --- | | Pues calla. | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya callo. | 285 | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que de los siervos de Dios |  | | nadie debe pensar mal. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ninguno me ha dicho tal; |  | | adiós. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dios vaya con vós. |  | |

*(Vanse, y sale ISIDRO con tres ÁNGELES)*

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| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A un humilde labrador, | 290 | | ángeles, tantas mercedes? |  | |

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| ÁNGEL 1º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Isidro, todo esto puedes. |  | |

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| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soy vuestro esclavo, Señor. |  | | ¡Ay, huéspedes celestiales, |  | | quién fuera como Abrahán! | 295 | | Dadme esos pies, que hoy están |  | | con mi humilde tierra iguales, |  | | porque diga desde el suelo, |  | | pues el favor me provoca, |  | | que pude poner la boca | 300 | | en los umbrales del cielo. |  | | Campos de Madrid dichosos, |  | | con los ojos en los pies |  | | os pienso pisar después |  | | que os pisan pies tan hermosos. | 305 | | Para dar mil flores rojas |  | | los tiernos céspedes bullen, |  | | y a los lirios se escabullen |  | | de la prisión de las hojas. |  | | Las aves con voz süave | 310 | | cantan por estos linderos, |  | | viendo en Madrid compañeros |  | | del Ave que trujo el Ave. |  | | Y por cuanto a ver alcanzo, |  | | Manzanares la corriente | 315 | | detiene, alzando la frente |  | | que ciñen juncia y mastranzo. |  | | Las cítaras del molino |  | | ya son cítaras süaves, |  | | que cantan canciones graves | 320 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | a vuestro hacedor divino. |  |  |  |  | | Saltan los peces del yelo |  |  |  |  | | del agua a la verde mata; |  |  |  |  | | como relieves de plata |  |  |  |  | | brillan desde el torno al suelo. | 325 |  |  |  | | Los prados se están bordando, |  |  |  |  | | los sotos reverdeciendo, |  |  |  |  | | las aguas se están riyendo |  |  |  |  | | y yo de placer llorando. |  |  |  |  | |

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| ÁNGEL 2º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Isidro, a los pequeñitos | 330 | | revela Dios sus grandezas, |  | | y a las humildes simplezas |  | | sus tesoros infinitos. |  | | Mucho tu simple oración |  | | y tu sabia caridad | 335 | | agradan su Majestad. |  | |

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| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tiene buena condición. |  | | Él me valga, si no estoy |  | | fuera de mí, de pensar |  | | cómo le puede agradar | 340 | | esta bajeza que soy. |  | | Cuando se pierde algún rey |  | | andando a caza, acontece |  | | que un labrador se le ofrece, |  | | y duerme entre el heno y buey. | 345 | | Dios anda a caza de mí, |  | | y como de amor perdido, |  | | posa en mi alma y sentido, |  | | ¡qué pobre casa le di! |  | | Yo creo que os hablo mal; | 350 | | ángeles sois; soy grosero, |  | | no sé letras, leer quiero |  | | ese libro celestial. |  | | Ángeles, leed mi cartilla, |  | | tres sois, tres letras diré, | 355 | | *Christus* es Dios, ya lo sé, |  | | ¡aunque es tan gran maravilla! |  | | A, seréis vós, y vós B, |  | | vós C, ¡qué tres letras bellas!, |  | | tres personas miro en ellas, | 360 | | pero un solo Dios, la Fe. |  | | A, será el Padre increado, |  | | B, el Hijo, que fue el Cordero, |  | | pues dijo B en el madero, |  | | llamando a su Padre amado. | 365 | | Que bien sé que en el Jordán, |  | | como Cordero divino, |  | | nos le enseñó cuando vino |  | | a la tierra el pastor Juan. |  | | La C, celestial ardor, | 370 | | el espíritu será, |  | | que la C es círculo, ya |  | | se vee, que es círculo amor. |  | |

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| ÁNGEL 3º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Isidro, tu dueño viene, |  | | eso puedes contemplar, | 375 | | y iremos los tres a arar |  | | por el enojo que tiene. |  | | Bueyes blancos hay allí, |  | | con que presto acabaremos. |  | |

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| ISIDRO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo arar? | |

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| ÁNGEL 2º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Arar tenemos, | 380 | | que Dios nos lo manda así. |  | |

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| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues quién le ha de replicar? |  | |

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| ÁNGEL 1º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya vamos, aquí te queda. |  | |

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| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién hay, gran Señor, que pueda |  | | vuestras grandezas loar? | 385 | |

*(Vanse los tres, y sale JUAN)*

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Más lleno de confusión |  | | que de enojo, llego a ver |  | | la causa que puede haber |  | | para igual trasformación. |  | | Los prados están floridos, | 390 | | y de los pimpollos rotos |  | | a los olmos de los sotos |  | | salen sus verdes vestidos. |  | | Las secas parras se huelgan, |  | | y por los estremos sumos, | 395 | | con las hebras de los grumos, |  | | como por junco se cuelgan. |  | | Manzanares, que era un yelo |  | | sobre este blanco arenal, |  | | como espejo de cristal | 400 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | está retratando al cielo. |  |  |  |  | | Como los campos se esmaltan, |  |  |  |  | | los traviesos cabritillos |  |  |  |  | | retozan en los tomillos, |  |  |  |  | | y de peña en peña saltan. | 405 |  |  |  | | ¡Ay, Dios! Isidro está allí, |  |  |  |  | | y de rodillas, ¿qué es esto? |  |  |  |  | | ¡De luz divina compuesto |  |  |  |  | | un labrador! ¡Ay de mí! |  |  |  |  | | Mas, ¡cielos! ¿qué es lo que miro? | 410 |  |  |  | | *(Descúbrense dos puertas de yerba en alto, se vean detrás los ÁNGELES con sus aguijadas, y los bueyes, como que están arando)* |  |  |  |  | | ¿Qué mancebos son aquellos |  |  |  |  | | que están arando tan bellos, |  |  |  |  | | que de su luz me retiro? |  |  |  |  | | ¡Qué blancos los bueyes son! |  |  |  |  | | El toro que el Sol pasea, | 415 |  |  |  | | ¿cómo es posible que sea |  |  |  |  | | de tan rara perfección? |  |  |  |  | | Ángeles son, ¿qué lo dudo? |  |  |  |  | | Este hombre es santo, que es santo, |  |  |  |  | | santísimo, y todo cuanto | 420 |  |  |  | | me han dicho, fingirlo pudo |  |  |  |  | | la envidia de su virtud: |  |  |  |  | | ¿qué haré, que temblando estoy? |  |  |  |  | | Campos, para bien os doy |  |  |  |  | | desta gloria y beatitud. | 425 |  |  |  | | Dádmele también a mí |  |  |  |  | | de que dueño vuestro sea, |  |  |  |  | | pero ya el alma desea |  |  |  |  | | que nos troquemos así. |  |  |  |  | | Vosotros seréis mis dueños, | 430 |  |  |  | | yo vuestro campo seré, |  |  |  |  | | pisadme si os pisa el pie |  |  |  |  | | de un santo, ni son pequeños |  |  |  |  | | los favores que me hacéis, |  |  |  |  | | que si posible me fuera, | 435 |  |  |  | | campos, cercaros hiciera |  |  |  |  | | del alma misma que veis. |  |  |  |  | | *(Cierren)* |  |  |  |  | | Los ángeles han traspuesto |  |  |  |  | | aquel cerro con su arado. |  |  |  |  | | ¡Ay, campo de hoy más sagrado, | 440 |  |  |  | | floreced, dad trigo presto! |  |  |  |  | | ¿Qué cosecha de favores |  |  |  |  | | esperarán vuestros prados, |  |  |  |  | | siendo de ángeles labrados? |  |  |  |  | | ¡Qué divinos labradores! | 445 |  |  |  | | Ireme a echar a los pies |  |  |  |  | | de Isidro, mas si le digo |  |  |  |  | | lo que vi, a turbarme obligo |  |  |  |  | | su quietud, porque después |  |  |  |  | | andará con más recato. | 450 |  |  |  | | Disimular es mejor: |  |  |  |  | | ¿qué hay buen Isidro? |  |  |  |  | |

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| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Señor! |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por entretenerme un rato |  | | quise bajar de la villa |  | | al campo. |  | |

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| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es buen ejercicio, | 455 | | y de quien vós sois oficio. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Apacible es esta orilla. |  | |

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| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tiene un divino pintor |  | | que por momentos la esmalta. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Solo ser mayo le falta, | 460 | | porque no le falta flor. |  | | Mucho has arado, bien puedes |  | | desde mañana sembrar; |  | | vete, Isidro, a descansar. |  | |

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| ISIDRO | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Siempre tú me haces mercedes; | 465 | | tierra soy; tú me levantas. |  | |

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| VARGAS | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | ¡Dichosos campos, que estáis |  | | en parte donde besáis |  | | deste labrador las plantas! |  | |

*(Vanse, y salen ESTEBAN y LORENZO)*

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| ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta vez le echa de casa; | 470 | | no dudes que salga della. |  | |

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| LORENZO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo ha de quedar en ella |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | si sabe Juan lo que pasa? |  |  |  |  | |

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| ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si lo que pasa supiera |  | | de su casa no le echara, | 475 | | porque nuestra envidia hallara, |  | | y su virtud conociera. |  | |

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| LORENZO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hoy pienso que le ha reñido |  | | y se quiere despedir; |  | | pues más le pienso decir, | 480 | | según me abrasa el sentido |  | | una furia desigual |  | | que la noche como el día, |  | | me incita, mueve y porfía |  | | a que procure su mal. | 485 | |

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| ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues tanto te has descubierto, |  | | no es bien que te encubra nada; |  | | yo tengo el alma abrasada, |  | | que esté dormido o despierto. |  | | Si dormido sueño en él; | 490 | | si despierto, aunque no quiera, |  | | estoy pensando en que muera. |  | |

*(Salen BENITO, PASCUAL y BARTOLO)*

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| PRECIADO | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Tú puedes hablar con él. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mejor lo que es casamientos |  | | tratan terceras personas; | 495 | | háblale tú, pues abonas |  | | mis honrados pensamientos. |  | |

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| PRECIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pascual, Bartolo me obliga |  | | a tratar con vós un caso. |  | |

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| PASCUAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llegaos acá, y hablad paso. | 500 | |

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| PRECIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y perdonad que os lo diga. |  | |

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| ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estos deben de tratar |  | | de Isidro. |  | |

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| LORENZO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues está atento. |  | |

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| ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Apenas lo que hablan siento. |  | |

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| LORENZO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo los siento murmurar; | 505 | | mira, que está allí Bartolo. |  | |

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| PRECIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esto que os digo querría. |  | |

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| PASCUAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Días ha que lo sabía. |  | |

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| PRECIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Anda el pobre triste y solo, |  | | sin trabajar, ni acudir | 510 | | a casa de su señor. |  | |

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| ESTEBAN | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | ¿Que no acude a su labor, |  | | a los dos oigo decir? |  | |

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| PRECIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Remedialdo, pues podéis; |  | | que si a su señor habláis, | 515 | | yo seguro que veáis |  | | la merced que dél tenéis. |  | |

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| LORENZO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que lo diga a su señor |  | | de Isidro, dice Benito |  | | a Pascual? |  | |

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| ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Huelgo infinito, | 520 | | ninguno le tiene amor. |  | |

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| PRECIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ni tiene seso, ni sabe |  | | si está en sí o en otro alguno. |  | |

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| LORENZO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que está sin seso ninguno |  | | dice? |  | |

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| ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A fee, que no se alabe | 525 | | Isidro del buen tercero. |  | |

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| PRECIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hoy se ha querido matar. |  | |

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| LORENZO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y a qué tiene que aguardar? |  | |

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| PRECIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Mira qué dolor tan fiero! |  | |

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| ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que se mataba decía, | 530 | | sin duda Isidro está loco. |  | |

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| PASCUAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Él tiene seso bien poco. |  | |

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| PRECIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hablalde por vida mía. |  | |

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| LORENZO | |  | | --- | | Llega agora. | |

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| ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A hablarlos voy; |  | | todo lo que habéis tratado | 535 | | los dos hemos escuchado, |  | | testigo, parientes, soy. |  | | Y Lorenzo, si comienzo |  | | su parte, dirá también |  | | que a fee que lo sabe bien. | 540 | |

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| PASCUAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues qué ha de decir Lorenzo? |  | |

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| ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que Isidro no acude a cosa |  | | de lo que Juan le confía; |  | | que va al campo a mediodía, |  | | que pasa una vida ociosa | 545 | | a sombra de hacerse santo, |  | | y, como decís los dos, |  | | que está sin seso. |  | |

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| PASCUAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Por Dios, |  | | que de los vuestros me espanto! |  | | ¿Acaso habeislos perdido? | 550 | | ¿Qué decís? |  | |

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| PRECIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay cosa igual? |  | | ¿Que decís de Isidro mal? |  | |

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| PASCUAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Borrachos! ¿Tenéis sentido? |  | | ¡De Isidro mal! ¿Pues por qué? |  | | ¡Ojalá que Dios me hiciera | 555 | | como él! |  | |

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| PRECIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y a mí a Dios pluguiera: |  | | ¿qué es como él? Ni aun el pie |  | | no merezco descalzar |  | | a Isidro. |  | |

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| PASCUAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ni yo tampoco. |  | |

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| ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llamábanle agora loco, | 560 | | y quieren disimular. |  | |

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| PASCUAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esteban, si habéis bebido |  | | anda con Dios, y callad. |  | |

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| ESTEBAN | |  | | --- | | ¡Hablad bien! | |

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| PASCUAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y vós hablad |  | | como quien tiene sentido. | 565 | | Que como hoy amaneció |  | | nevada toda la villa, |  | | el beber no es maravilla. |  | |

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| ESTEBAN | |  | | --- | | ¡Mentís! | |

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| PASCUAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Más vale que yo! |  | | ¡Las viñas digan verdad! | 570 | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alguno destos pretende |  | | a Costanza, y me defiende |  | | gozarla. ¡Oh, celos, llegad! |  | | Si de vosotros alguno |  | | dice, que tiene esperanza, | 575 | | o que le ha dado Costanza, |  | | mi esposa, favor ninguno, |  | | y con su padre, Pascual, |  | | trata de ser pretendiente, |  | | digo que miente. |  | |

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| ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién miente? | 580 | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡El que pretendiere tal! |  | |

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| ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ni yo pretendo a Costanza, |  | | ni más de la marca bebo, |  | | ni hablo lo que no debo! |  | |

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| PASCUAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues, ¡alto!, poned la lanza | 585 | | y dadme un encuentro a mí. |  | | ¡La tema de los borrachos! |  | | ¡Mal de Isidro! ¿No hay muchachos? |  | |

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| LORENZO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si Dios nos castiga así, |  | | vamos, Esteban, y calla. | 590 | |

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| ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vamos, que Dios nos castiga. |  | |

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| PRECIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A lo que lo nuevo obliga. |  | |

*(Vanse)*

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| PASCUAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Darnos quiso la batalla, |  | | Bartolo; ya sé que estás |  | | de Costanza enquillotrado; | 595 | | no vivas emberrinchado |  | | ni acucies tus penas más. |  | | Que como ella diga sí |  | | yo no pienso decir no. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Boca que tan bien habló | 600 | | merece quedarse así. |  | | Plega Dios que se te torne |  | | de bronce y de piedra aquí, |  | | porque siempre diga sí |  | | aunque el mundo lo soborne. | 605 | | Vamos a hablar a Costanza, |  | | porque mañana, que es fiesta, |  | | nos publiquen. |  | |

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| PASCUAL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Su respuesta |  | | será fin de tu esperanza. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues como no salgan vanas, | 610 | | si sois mi suegro, os prometo |  | | dar, como una perla, un nieto |  | | que se os cuelgue de las canas. |  | |

*(Vanse, y sale la ENVIDIA en hábito de labrador)*

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| ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mañana, la más helada |  | | que vio el invierno erizado, | 615 | | pues parece que bordada |  | | la fría tierra ha quedado |  | | toda de plata escarchada. |  | | Pues del infierno, en que llueve |  | | fuego, que al alma se atreve, | 620 | | me desvío y desarraigo, |  | | templad el fuego que traigo |  | | con vuestros copos de nieve. |  | | Mas mejor le templaréis |  | | si a Isidro, que ha madrugado, | 625 | | pereza alguna ponéis; |  | | que se entra aqueste pecado |  | | más fácil donde queréis. |  | | Pero ¿de qué me ha servido?, |  | | ya de la iglesia ha salido | 630 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | de oír misa y de rezar, |  |  |  |  | | ¿que el yelo puede abrasar |  |  |  |  | | amor de Dios encendido? |  |  |  |  | | ¡Ah, villano simple y llano! |  |  |  |  | | Los sabios que el mundo precia | 635 |  |  |  | | te envidian, pues, tan en vano, |  |  |  |  | | todos los que tuvo Grecia |  |  |  |  | | y vio el aplauso romano, |  |  |  |  | | supieron libros y ciencias. |  |  |  |  | | Servir a Dios es saber, | 640 |  |  |  | | mas ¿dónde hallaré paciencias |  |  |  |  | | para sufrir, para ver |  |  |  |  | | tus notables diligencias? |  |  |  |  | | Por falta de harina y pan |  |  |  |  | | le envía al molino Juan; | 645 |  |  |  | | rezando viene al molino; |  |  |  |  | | ¡yelo y nieve del camino, |  |  |  |  | | qué poco estorbo le dan! |  |  |  |  | | ¡Qué alma tan encendida! |  |  |  |  | |

*(Sale ISIDRO)*

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| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tierra de nieve vestida, | 650 | | dad muchas gracias a Dios, |  | | que David quiere que vós |  | | siempre estéis agradecida. |  | | La nieve, el granizo, el yelo |  | | a su Dios dice que alabe, | 655 | | mas ¿cómo encogéis el vuelo, |  | | quitando el sustento al ave |  | | a quien alimenta el cielo? |  | | Un árbol he visto allí |  | | lleno de palomas blancas; | 660 | | ¡tierra, no hay sustento en ti! |  | | ¿Dónde están tus manos francas? |  | | ¿Hay hambre? Dicen que sí. |  | | ¡Oh, qué lástima! ¿Qué haré? |  | | Con la nieve no han comido; | 665 | | un costal desataré. |  | |

*(Véase un árbol con algún algodón encima,*

*que parezca nevado, y unas palomas en él)*

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| ENVIDIA | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Al jumentillo encogido |  | | pide que el trigo le dé. |  | | Ya sale con el costal; |  | | ¿quién vio caridad igual? | 670 | | A las aves da a comer. |  | |

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| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Costal, hoy es menester |  | | ser a mi pecho leal. |  | | Abrid, pues a los dos toca, |  | | la boca, y luego, en sacando | 675 | | el trigo, cerrad la boca, |  | | que la limosna callando |  | | mucho a los cielos provoca. |  | | vós sois muy hombre de bien, |  | | y harto mejor lo dais vós | 680 | | que yo os lo pido, ahora bien, |  | | a comer aves de Dios, |  | | que Dios os lo da también. |  | | ¡Bajad, bajad a este lado, |  | | que no habéis de perecer, | 685 | | ya la nieve os he quitado! |  | | Ellas bajan a comer |  | | con arrullo regalado. |  | | ¡Oh, cómo le hacen fiesta! |  | | Ya me muerden los zapatos, | 690 | | que su placer manifiesta. |  | |

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| ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Hola, tú, ejemplo de ingratos! |  | | ¿Qué perdición es aquesta? |  | | Así agradeces a Juan |  | | lo que le cuesta ese pan. | 695 | |

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| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y cómo no sabéis vós |  | | que Dios nos lo da a los dos, |  | | que estas a su cuenta están? |  | | ¿El Profeta no nos cuenta |  | | que hasta los cuervos sustenta?, | 700 | | pues mejor es la paloma, |  | | cuya blanca imagen toma |  | | quien nuestro amor alimenta. |  | | Pues si el Espíritu Santo |  | | así bajó en el Jordán | 705 | | y al Colegio sacrosanto, |  | | ¿por qué no merecen pan |  | |  |  | | aves que Dios quiere tanto? |  | | Las rentas de los prelados | 710 | | así las han de comer |  | | los pobres desamparados; |  | | ¿qué sabéis vós si he de ser |  | | el prelado destos prados? |  | | Este costal es la renta, | 715 | | las aves, a quien se vierte, |  | | son los pobres que sustenta; |  | | coman, pues, porque en la muerte |  | | podamos dar buena cuenta. |  | |

*(Vase ISIDRO)*

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| ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siempre he de quedar vencido | 720 | | desta villana simpleza; |  | | ¡basta!, que siempre he salido |  | | las manos en la cabeza, |  | | aunque de sus pies herido. |  | | ¡Oh, soberana humildad! | 725 | |

*(Sale el DEMONIO)*

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| DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué haces, Envidia fiera, |  | | en aquesta soledad? |  | |

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| ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si en el infierno la hubiera, |  | | viviera en su escuridad. |  | | Mátame aqueste villano | 730 | | que a las aves da a comer |  | | con caritativa mano. |  | |

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| DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué mucho, si vee crecer, |  | | tanto el harina de un grano? |  | | Vesle allí, que muele el trigo | 735 | | y que el harina se vierte. |  | |

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| ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si tiene a Dios por amigo, |  | | no es mucho. |  | |

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| DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que no hubo muerte |  | | para mí? |  | |

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| ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No era castigo. |  | | Más es que vivas y veas | 740 | | que un labrador sube al cielo, |  | | y que tú un arcángel[7](javascript:void(null);) seas, |  | | que por ensalzar tu vuelo |  | | bebes las aguas leteas. |  | |

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| DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pesar de mi mal gobierno; | 745 | | mas viva mi nombre eterno. |  | |

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| ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y caros fuimos los dos, |  | | que el rayo del sol de Dios |  | | arrojó al mar del infierno. |  | | Que un Domingo, al fin Guzmán, | 750 | | que un Ilefonso Mendoza |  | | estén, Luzbel, donde están; |  | | que una Engracia, en Zaragoza, |  | | y un Teodoro, Capitán, |  | | parece que está en razón: | 755 | | ¡pero un villano grosero! |  | |

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| DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oye, que hacer oración |  | | es ido, estorbarle quiero |  | | y darle enojo y pasión! |  | | Tiene este campo una ermita | 760 | | que llaman la Madalena; |  | | ya del molino la grita, |  | | le cansa y le da gran pena. |  | |

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| ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La soledad solicita. |  | | Mientras muele, en ella está; | 765 | | el pollino deja acá; |  | | haré que un lobo le coma. |  | |

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| DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya por esta cuesta asoma, |  | | y le despedaza ya. |  | | Esos muchachos incita | 770 | | para que dándole grita |  | | le quiten de la oración. |  | |

*(Tres o cuatro MUCHACHOS , villanos)*

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| MUCHACHO 1º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué notable compasión! |  | |

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| MUCHACHO 3º | |  | | --- | | ¿Dónde está Isidro? | |

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| MUCHACHO 2º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En la ermita. |  | |

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| MUCHACHO 1º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Isidro, Isidro el jumento | 775 | | te come un lobo! |  | |

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| MUCHACHO 2º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Di dónde. |  | |

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| MUCHACHO 1º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Está a la oración atento; |  | | ni se mueve ni responde. |  | |

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| DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dios le revela mi intento. |  | |

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| MUCHACHO 1º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Mira, que junto al escobo | 780 | | ha hecho su presa y robo, |  | | y te le come y destruye! |  | |

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| MUCHACHO 2º | |  | | --- | | ¡Ya viene a vosotros! | |

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| MUCHACHO 3º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Huye! |  | |

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| MUCHACHO 1º | |  | | --- | | ¡Guarda el lobo! | |

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| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| MUCHACHO 2º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Guarda el lobo! |  | |

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| ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No se ha querido mover | 785 | | hasta acabar la oración. |  | |

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| DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El jumento quiere ver. |  | |

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| ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya le hecha la bendición. |  | |

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| DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Y él se comienza a mover! |  | |

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| ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Después de despedazado | 790 | | se mueve! ¡Ay! |  | |

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| DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué te espantas? |  | |

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| ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que le haya resucitado |  | | con aquellas manos santas; |  | | labrador por Dios labrado. |  | |

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| DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Volverse a la villa quiere, | 795 | | que su mujer ha parido. |  | |

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| ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ya qué puede haber que espere, |  | | si el hijo recién nacido |  | | la misma virtud adquiere? |  | | ¡Estraña cosa, Luzbel! | 800 | | Santo es Isidro, y María, |  | | santa y bendita como él, |  | | pues esta planta qué había |  | | de dar, sino un simple Abel. |  | | Cristo, cuando acá vivía, | 805 | | con Josef y con María, |  | | eran Trinidad del suelo |  | | figurando la del cielo, |  | | pues que solo un Dios había. |  | | Y aunque es la comparación | 810 | | de aquellas tres tan distintas, |  | | temo alguna confusión. |  | |

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| DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mal tu retórica pintas, |  | | tres, que tan distintas son. |  | | La comparación no es | 815 | | de retórico, pues ves |  | | que viene de más a menos. |  | |

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| ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por ser estos tres tan buenos, |  | | tiemblo el número de tres. |  | |

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| DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ven conmigo, que ya a mí | 820 | | me toca intentar su estrago: |  | | ¿no me ayudarás? |  | |

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| ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo sí, |  | | tu hija soy; poco pago |  | | cuando me abrase por ti. |  | |

*(Vanse, y salen TERESA y CONSTANZA)*

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| TERESA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Agora la vengo a ver | 825 | | porque lo he sabido agora; |  | | ¿es el muchacho el que llora? |  | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El mismo debe de ser. |  | |

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| TERESA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dios le bendiga y le haga |  | | como sus padres. |  | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y aun menos, | 830 | | mas quien los hizo tan buenos |  | | les dará ese bien por paga. |  | | Que es don del cielo tener |  | | el buen padre buenos hijos. |  | |

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| TERESA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué famosos regocijos | 835 | | en el Bautismo ha de haber! |  | | ¿Está Bartolillo acá? |  | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Haciendo está las torrijas. |  | |

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| TERESA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué hay de boda? No te aflijas. |  | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé, tratándose va. | 840 | |

*(Sale BARTOLO con un plato de torrijas;  
dos pastorcillos, PEROTE y TOMÁS)*

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| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| PEROTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Digo que ese plato es mío. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Digo que quedos se estén. |  | |

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| TOMÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Yo no tuve la sartén? |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  | | --- | | ¡Desvíen! | |

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| PEROTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya me desvío. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Creo que el diablo ha trazado | 845 | | que los dos vengáis tras mí. |  | |

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| TOMÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por el aceite no fui? |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y trujo un cuarto sisado. |  | |

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| PEROTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y yo de en cas de mi tía, |  | | no truje los huevos? |  | |

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| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tú? | 850 | |

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| --- | --- | --- |
| PEROTE | |  | | --- | | Yo, pues. | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué dices, Jesú? |  | |

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| TOMÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Quedo, que es esa la mía! |  | |

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| PEROTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Jesú! Con admiración, |  | | y la torrija se zampa. |  | | ¡Detente! |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ya eché la trampa; | 855 | | esta fue sin redención! |  | |

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| TOMÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una ha dejado no más. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta será, ¿para quién? |  | | Llamaré a Isidro. |  | |

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| PEROTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ahora bien, |  | | pártola entre mí y Tomás, | 860 | | porque si a llamarle vamos |  | | no saldremos cuando esté. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  | | --- | | ¿Dónde? | |

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| PEROTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En tu arca de Noé. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues este concierto hagamos: |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | diga cada uno un süeño, | 865 |  |  |  | | y el que mejor sueño diga |  |  |  |  | | que la meta en la barriga. |  |  |  |  | |

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| TOMÁS | |  | | --- | | ¿Cierto? | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La palabra empeño. |  | |

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| PEROTE | |  | | --- | | Alza el dedo. | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Para qué? |  | | Que os cogerán la torrija. | 870 | |

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| PEROTE | |  | | --- | | Digo pues. | |

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| TOMÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cuál la enclavija? |  | |

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| PEROTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que aquesta noche soñé |  | | que era obispo de püerco, |  | | y que mis crïados eran |  | | chicharrones. |  | |

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| TOMÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya me alteran. | 875 | |

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| PEROTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mas que poniéndome cerco, |  | | Ali turrón de Alicante, |  | | me trastornó en Valdemoro, |  | | donde con sangre de toro |  | | dormí como un elefante. | 880 | |

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| BARTOLO | |  | | --- | | No vale nada. | |

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| TOMÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo digo. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué soñaste? | |

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| TOMÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soñé |  | | que era nuez, y que me entré |  | | en las entrañas de un higo. |  | | Pidiome un amigo el pie, | 885 | | yo dije, en tiempo de higos |  | | ya sabéis que no hay amigos, |  | | y en higa me transformé. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Póntela y no morirás |  | | de ojo. |  | |

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| PEROTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Diga Bartolo. | 890 | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ahora bien, yo falto solo. |  | |

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| PEROTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya dijimos yo y Tomás. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soñaba que tenía |  | | una torrija en un plato, |  | | y que cierto garabato | 895 | | pescarme la pretendía. |  | | Mas como le vi llegar, |  | | dije: «por vida del Conde, |  | | que os coja y la meta adonde |  | | no me la pueden sacar». | 900 | |

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| PEROTE | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómesela? | |

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| TOMÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No lo ves? |  | |

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| TERESA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Costanza, Isidro ha venido. |  | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Sabéis lo que os ha nacido? |  | |

*(Sale ISIDRO)*

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gracias a Dios, suyo es. |  | | Ya se las he dado allá; | 905 | | a ver la parida voy. |  | |

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| CONSTANZA | |  | | --- | | Vamos contigo. | |

*(Vase ISIDRO, CONSTANZA y TERESA)*

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No estoy, |  | | Pedro, para burlas ya. |  | |

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| PEROTE | |  | | --- | | Eres un ruin. | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo lo creo. |  | |

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| TOMÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No tienes la flauta ahí? | 910 | |

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| PEROTE | |  | | --- | | Pues no. | |

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| TOMÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué taña le di, |  | | pues que se precia de Orfeo! |  | | Y bailaremos los dos, |  | | ya que el plato se ha comido. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Flauta? ¿Adónde la has habido? | 915 | |

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| PEROTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Muy lindo es eso, por Dios! |  | | En la feria la compré. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  | | --- | | ¿En cuál? | |

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| PEROTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En la de Alcalá. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  | | --- | | ¿Tiene puntos? | |

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| PEROTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Toda está |  | | llena de sol, fa, mi, re. | 920 | |

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| BARTOLO | |  | | --- | | Muéstrala, a ver. | |

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| PEROTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Malos años, |  | | que se quedará con ella! |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No haré a la fee más de bella. |  | |

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| PEROTE | |  | | --- | | ¡Jure! | |

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| BARTOLO | |  | | --- | | ¡Juro! | |

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| PEROTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Son engaños? |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  | | --- | | No son, a la fee. | |

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| PEROTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué jura? | 925 | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A la burra de Balán. |  | |

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| PEROTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues allá se lo dirán, |  | | que a fee que está en la Escritura. |  | |

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| TOMÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Haz, por tu vida, un villano. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues pasaos allí los dos; | 930 | | si ella tañe bien, ¡por Dios |  | | que nunca vuelva a su mano! |  | |

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| PEROTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Repiquetea muy bien |  | | que hemos de zapatear. |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya la comienzo a tocar. | 935 | |

*(Sopla, y hínchese toda la cara de humo)*

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| TOMÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es esto, es cara o sartén? |  | |

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| BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Vive Dios, que me han burlado; |  | | yo debo de estar muy feo! |  | |

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| PEROTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Bartolo, tañe el Guineo, |  | | que a fee que estás bien tiznado! | 940 | |

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| **Acto III** | |
|  | |
| *Sale JUAN DE VARGAS* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fértiles márgenes verdes |  | | del humilde Manzanares; |  | | viento que en ecos dispares |  | | por estas peñas te pierdes. |  | | Campos bajos, abundantes | 5 | | del trigo por la labor |  | | de tan rico labrador, |  | | que hace los granos diamantes, |  | | pues a veros he venido |  | | en la más ardiente furia, | 10 | | templad con agua la injuria |  | | de que me siento ofendido. |  | | ¿Es posible que no haya |  | | un arroyuelo, una fuente |  | | que con su cristal corriente | 15 | | a darle socorro vaya |  | | al seco, agotado río, |  | | que espira en la tibia arena |  | | ya de secas ovas llena, |  | | verdes hijas del estío? | 20 | | ¿Es posible que no tengan |  | | aquestas cuevas sombrías |  | | algunas alcobas frías |  | | adonde sus ninfas vengan? |  | | Yo perezco, mas allí | 25 | | mi buen Isidro ha bajado |  | | ya suspenso el corvo arado; |  | | agua o vino tendrá aquí. |  | | Revolviendo las coyundas |  | | está en la frente a los bueyes; | 30 | | ¡dichoso tú, que en las leyes |  | | de Dios tus intentos fundas! |  | | ¡Oh, santísimo varón, |  | | que ya con milagros tales |  | | das a tu patria señales | 35 | | de tu insigne perfección! |  | | ¡Isidro, Isidro! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale ISIDRO con su aguijada)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién llama? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  | | --- | | ¿No me ves? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, mi señor! |  | | ¿Adónde con tal calor, |  | | por donde sombra ni rama | 40 | | defensa os pueden hacer? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A ver la labranza vengo, |  | | mas muero de sed que tengo: |  | | ¿quiéresme dar de beber? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ojalá yo lo tuviera, | 45 | | pero ¿allí no hay una fuente? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Adónde? Pues su corriente |  | | aún no bendice si quiera |  | | a los campos destas plantas. |  | | ¿Son burlas, Isidro amigo? | 50 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si burlo, venid conmigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con lo que dices me espantas, |  | | y la sed que tengo creces. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entre estas peñas había |  | | agua, cuando Dios quería. | 55 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Hace con el aguijada una fuente)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un nuevo Moisén pareces. |  | | ¡Válgame el cielo! ¿Qué es esto? |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | ¿Es su vara tu aguijada, |  |  |  |  | | que una seca peña helada, |  |  |  |  | | te ha obedecido tan presto? | 60 |  |  |  | | Con las manos, de Dios llenas, |  |  |  |  | | has hecho aquesta sangría, |  |  |  |  | | porque solo Dios podía |  |  |  |  | | hallar el agua en sus venas. |  |  |  |  | | Dos fuentes, Isidro, has hecho | 65 |  |  |  | | en tan notable ocasión, |  |  |  |  | | pues lo es esta y lo es mi pecho, |  |  |  |  | | y entrambas en piedra son. |  |  |  |  | | A la sed que me dio enojos |  |  |  |  | | sale el agua desta peña, | 70 |  |  |  | | y el tierno pecho te enseña |  |  |  |  | | otra también en mis ojos. |  |  |  |  | | ¡Alabo a Dios! |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Justo es, |  | | bebed, Jüan, mi señor! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bebo, aunque mayor calor | 75 | | le espera el alma después. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | David dijo que Dios puso |  | | los ríos en el desierto, |  | | y que por la sed abierto, |  | | paso a las aguas compuso. | 80 | | Bebed, señor, y advertid |  | | que la fe todo lo abona. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, qué divina Helicona |  | | hoy te da el cielo, Madrid! |  | | Esta sí que es Hipocrene. | 85 | | ¡Ingenios, bebed, llegad, |  | | escribid la santidad |  | | que su cristal dulce tiene! |  | | Porque espero que ha de hacer |  | | milagros, tan milagrosa | 90 | | corriente. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale la ENVIDIA y el DEMONIO acechando)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El alma envidiosa |  | | siento nuevamente arder. |  | | ¿Qué te parece de aquesto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Envidia, vuélvome loco |  | | cuanto más este oro toco, | 95 | | mas su valor manifiesto. |  | | ¡Que este villano se atreva |  | | a la fe del gran Moisén, |  | | y que una peña también |  | | a su aguijada se mueva! | 100 | | ¿Qué es lo que Dios hace aquí? |  | | ¿Forma otro segundo Adán |  | | de tierra y nada? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hoy te dan |  | | estas lanzadas a ti? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, mas con una aguijada. | 105 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que no quiere Dios, es cierto, |  | | como eres ya moro muerto, |  | | darte Luzbel gran lanzada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A la villa voy, señor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VARGAS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Juntos podemos volver, | 110 | | que también tengo que hacer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Divina fuente de amor, |  | | esta que habéis hecho aquí; |  | | os ruego que dure y sea |  | | salud de Madrid! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse ISIDRO y JUAN)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que crea | 115 | | este que ha de ser así! |  | | ¿No ves que a Dios ha pedido |  | | que permanezca esta fuente? |  | | Yo enturbiaré su corriente. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Tente, no seas atrevido! | 120 | | Que si estatuas suele haber |  | | en las fuentes, quizá Dios, |  | | atándonos a los dos, |  | | nos querrá en ella poner. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Dios atarme a mí? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No sabes | 125 | | que te ató por la mejilla |  | | Leviatán? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué maravilla |  | | que abra a las aguas süaves |  | | camino, Isidro, en las peñas, |  | | si cuando limosna da | 130 | | crece el pan? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si deso ya |  | | tanto sentimiento enseñas, |  | | siente el ver que un peregrino |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | llegó después de comer, |  |  |  |  | | y comió bien sin haber | 135 |  |  |  | | en su casa pan y vino. |  |  |  |  | | Como él entre a su despensa, |  |  |  |  | | nunca le falta qué dar. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo le podré engañar? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una estratagema piensa | 140 | | de las que tu hacer solías |  | | a los del Egipto ya. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Escucha, Envidia, él está |  | | sin su mujer estos días, |  | | porque desde que tuvieron | 145 | | el hijo que Juan y Inés |  | | bañaron en San Andrés, |  | | nunca más juntos vivieron. |  | | María se fue a una ermita |  | | que de su nombre se llama, | 150 | | de esa parte de Jarama, |  | | y en ella contenta habita. |  | | Decirte su santidad |  | | es moverte a más invidia |  | | de la que aquí te fastidia; | 155 | | ni su casta soledad. |  | | Llamemos a la Mentira; |  | | que diga que mil pastores |  | | andan con ella de amores, |  | | y moverémosle a ira; | 160 | | que viéndose sin honor |  | | tomará alguna impaciencia, |  | | y tras aquesta licencia |  | | podrá dar en otro error. |  | | ¿Qué me dices? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que camines | 165 | | y que lo pongas por obra; |  | | ¿celos no es principio?, sobra; |  | | discordia serán los fines. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Villano, viven los cielos |  | | que no habéis, si hay fuerza en mí, | 170 | | de subir donde caí, |  | | que hoy tropezaréis en celos! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y salen RUBIO y MORATA, pobres)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RUBIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No me diréis de qué modo |  | | se junta esta gente aquí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MORATA | |  | | --- | | ¿No veyes que es Cabildo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RUBIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ah!, sí, | 175 | | y come el cabildo todo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MORATA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los de aquesta cofradía |  | | se juntan un día en el año. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | RUBIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Comen a fee? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MORATA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es engaño, |  | | y sabed que es hoy el día | 180 | | que para más hermandad |  | | comen todos a una mesa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RUBIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que no lo supe me pesa, |  | | Antonio, porque en verdad |  | | que no perdiera tal día: | 185 | | ¿dan mucho? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MORATA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Las sobras dan |  | | de la carne, vino y pan. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RUBIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué bendita cofradía! |  | | Pésame de haber traído |  | | la más pequeña talega. | 190 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale un SOLDADO con una pata gorda)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SOLDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Señora pierna, ya llega |  | | tarde, porque habrán comido! |  | | Duelos la dé Dios, amén, |  | | si no bastan los que tiene, |  | | porque tan despacio viene, | 195 | | pues ella come también. |  | | Mal la podré sustentar |  | | sino me sustenta a mí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MORATA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pierna gorda viene aquí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RUBIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿cuándo suele faltar? | 200 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MORATA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Más ducados le ha valido |  | | que si la tuviera sana; |  | | yo pienso que toda es lana, |  | | y que aquel bulto es fingido. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen SILVESTRA y MARI SECA, pobres)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARI SECA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A fee, Silvestra, que está | 205 | | la puerta bien guarnecida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVESTRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si habrán dado la comida... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MORATA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todos estamos acá. |  | | ¡Oh, Silvestra! ¡Oh, Mari Seca! |  | | | |
|  | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVESTRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hemos venido a buen hora? | 210 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RUBIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cerrado tienen agora, |  | | mas quien madruga, no peca. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MORATA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo pienso que está cerrado |  | | porque nadie pueda entrar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIEGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues no podremos llamar? | 215 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MORATA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Será el llamar escusado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CIEGO | |  | | --- | | ¿Hay gente? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MORATA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bueno, aquí está |  | | lo más de la pobrería. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CIEGO | |  | | --- | | ¿Está Rubio? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MORATA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues podía |  | | faltar? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIEGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay hembras acá? | 220 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MORATA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mari Seca y la Silvestra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIEGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Linda cecina; ¿y quién más? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MORATA | |  | | --- | | Pierna gorda. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIEGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No dirás |  | | que está aquí la infamia nuestra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MORATA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si tocáis la chinfonía | 225 | | quizá os abrirán a vós. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale ISIDRO con capa y sombrero)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como es la fiesta de Dios |  | | cuelgan su tapicería. |  | | ¡Qué ricos, qué hermosos paños! |  | | ¡Qué bien pintadas historias, | 230 | | que muestran en sus memorias |  | | los humanos desengaños! |  | | ¡Qué estatuas de honra del suelo! |  | | Mas por nuestra confusión, |  | | estos los Césares son | 235 | | de la portada del cielo. |  | | Hijos, ¿qué es esto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MORATA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, amparo |  | | nuestro! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RUBIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, mi padre querido! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SOLDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, Isidro! Seas bienvenido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  | | --- | | ¿Queréis comer? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MORATA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No está claro? | 240 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVESTRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Sois vós de la cofradía? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cofrade, mis hijos, soy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MARI SECA | |  | | --- | | Muy tarde vais. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tarde voy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CIEGO | |  | | --- | | ¿No llamáis? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llamar querría. |  | | ¡Abra, señor mayordomo! | 245 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARI SECA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Padre, metednos allá! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ninguno se quedará |  | | hoy sin comer, si yo como. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RUBIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues él lo dice, yo os juro |  | | que nadie con hambre quede. | 250 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Dentro un MAYORDOMO)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MAYORDOMO | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién es? ¿Quién va? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quien püede. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MAYORDOMO | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién puede? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo os lo aseguro. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MAYORDOMO | |  | | --- | | Diga el nombre. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El nombre, Dios. |  | | Mirad si Dios puede entrar. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MAYORDOMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es hora para llamar? | 255 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  | | --- | | ¿Es muy tarde? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MAYORDOMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Son las dos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quedeme en la iglesia un poco. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MAYORDOMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sois vós grande rezador. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  | | --- | | Hijos, entrad. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MAYORDOMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lindo humor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  | | --- | | Entrad conmigo. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MAYORDOMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estáis loco, | 260 | | todos habemos comido; |  | | tu ración se te ha guardado; |  | | para tanto convidado |  | | muy tarde, Isidro, has venido. |  | | Entra tú, comerás solo, | 265 | | que no hay más que para ti. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Convídase Dios aquí, |  | | Príncipe de polo a polo. |  | | ¿Cómo le puede faltar? |  | | ¡Entrad, hijos, que Dios mismo | 270 | | lo ha de dar! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MAYORDOMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué barbarismo, |  | | la prisa que da de entrar! |  | | Entrad, la mesa está puesta, |  | | mas con solo un panecillo |  | | y una porción del novillo | 275 | | que ayer se corrió en la fiesta. |  | | Vino habrá una vez o dos; |  | | fruta, sola una camuesa. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale la MENTIRA, ENVIDIA y DEMONIO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ha entrado a hacer franca mesa, |  | | puesta la esperanza en Dios. | 280 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y qué te parece a ti? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que los dará de comer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENTIRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que tiene tanto poder? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dásele Dios contra mí, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | apártate aquí, Mentira, | 285 |  |  |  | | que hoy has de ser mi reparo. |  |  |  |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale un COFRADE)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COFRADE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién de otro milagro raro |  | | no se confunde y admira? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MAYORDOMO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué ha sido? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COFRADE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que Isidro entró |  | | donde su ración estaba; | 290 | | que apenas pan le quedaba, |  | | y la bendición echó |  | | sobre los viles relieves, |  | | y de suerte hay carne y pan, |  | | que los pobres comerán, | 295 | | y habrá seis cestas que lleves. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MAYORDOMO | |  | | --- | | ¡Válgame el cielo! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COFRADE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esto pasa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MAYORDOMO | |  | | --- | | Voylo a ver. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COFRADE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con ellos come. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Harame que el cielo tome |  | | con el furor que me abrasa. | 300 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENTIRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mal podrás tomar el cielo |  | | después que se te cayó |  | | de las manos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, pues yo |  | | tomaré, Mentira, el suelo; |  | | y como viento en la mar | 305 | | juntaré estrellas y arenas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cuándo cesarán mis penas? |  | | ¿Quédame más que envidiar? |  | | Mirad cual está sentado |  | | entre sus pobres comiendo, | 310 | | y ellos bebiendo y riyendo |  | | de mi congoja y cuidado. |  | | La simia de Dios, Luzbel, |  | | le quiere imitar aquí, |  | | que en otro desierto vi, | 315 | | como el maná de Israel, |  | | sobrar pan de cinco panes, |  | | siendo cinco mil personas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si hoy tu frente no coronas, |  | | honra de mis capitanes, | 320 | | adalid de mis fronteras, |  | | caudillo de mis asaltos, |  | | y sobre muros tan altos |  | | no trepas con mis banderas, |  | | no digas que eres nacida, | 325 | | Mentira, de mis entrañas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENTIRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú verás hoy mis hazañas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya se acaba la comida; |  | | los pobres quedan sentados, |  | | Isidro sale a rezar. | 330 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Querrale a Dios gracias dar |  | | por todos los convidados. |  | | No es labrador como Adán, |  | | no le dan pan con sudor, |  | | este sí que es labrador, | 335 | | que come de balde el pan. |  | | ¿Pues cómo, Dios no decía |  | | que en el sudor de su cara |  | | le comería? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Repara |  | | en que para envidia mía, | 340 | | después que Dios se da en pan, |  | | anda el pan como de balde. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tiene el hombre el padre alcalde; |  | | ¡coman, revienten! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí harán. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale ISIDRO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes que al pobre yo despida, pida, | 345 | | Dios mío, harina a su molino, lino, |  | | a su mesa real, divino vino, |  | | aquella vid, que da bebida, vida. |  | | Donde la fe que en mí resida es ida, |  | | todo el sustento que convino, vino, | 350 | | y aunque de gloria desatino, atino, |  | | que un serafín ni aun la comida mida. |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | No tanto bien en su balanza, lanza, |  |  |  |  | | mi error, ni doy al viento humano, mano, |  |  |  |  | | que no es la humana confianza, fianza. | 355 |  |  |  | | Que puede haber en un gusano, sano, |  |  |  |  | | dichoso yo si está mudanza, danza |  |  |  |  | | al son del cielo mi villano, llano. |  |  |  |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Mientras ha dicho este soneto se habrán quitado la MENTIRA, el DEMONIO y la ENVIDIA tres ropas, que traerán quedándose de villanos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En efeto, es el Cabildo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENTIRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Luego ¿no lo veis, compadre? | 360 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y cómo cualquier cofrade...? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MENTIRA | |  | | --- | | Y os diré cómo. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Decildo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENTIRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Después os lo contaré, |  | | que a Juan de Vargas querría |  | | hablar, que se pasa el día, | 365 | | y hay tres leguas, a la fee |  | | de aquí a Jarama. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que hoy |  | | os podéis volver allá? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MENTIRA | |  | | --- | | Pues no. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y qué tenéis acá? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENTIRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No os digo que a hablarle voy? | 370 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Sobre qué? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENTIRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sobre que están |  | | con escándalo notable |  | | los del lugar; porque hable |  | | a un crïado suyo Juan; |  | | pienso que Isidro se llama. | 375 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  | | --- | | A mí dicen. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENTIRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque habita |  | | su mujer en una ermita |  | | que está orilla de Jarama, |  | | que por Juan se la dïeron; |  | | ¡nunca la dieran! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por qué? | 380 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENTIRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque si a ser santa fue, |  | | tales sus costumbres fueron |  | | que no fue Tays ramera |  | | más loca, pues no hay pastor |  | | con quien no trate de amor | 385 | | en toda aquella ribera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  | | --- | | ¡Válame Dios! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien haréis |  | | en que la saquen de allí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que mi mujer vive así! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo pienso que le hallaréis | 390 | | en la puerta de la Vega, |  | | haciendo mal a un caballo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENTIRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Adiós, que voy a buscallo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Piadoso llanto me ciega. |  | | ¡Ay, María!, tú de quien | 395 | | yo aprendía honestidad. |  | | ¡Ay, cómo la soledad |  | | no les viene a todos bien! |  | | ¡Tú, cuyas santas costumbres |  | | en la noche de mi error | 400 | | daban mayor resplandor |  | | que al cielo sus altas lumbres! |  | | ¡Tú, María, honesta y buena, |  | | de cuya boca no oí |  | | palabra que para mí | 405 | | no fuese limpia azucena! |  | | ¡Tú, deshonesta; tú, ya |  | | tan pública pecadora! |  | | ¡Tú! ¡Llorad, ojos, agora |  | | vuestra luz perdida está! | 410 | | ¿La mitad del alma mía |  | | deshonesta? ¡Ojos, llorad, |  | | que perdida la mitad, |  | | peligro correr podría! |  | | ¡Ay, Señor!, que mis pecados | 415 | | habrán sido la ocasión, |  | | mas regalos vuestros son, |  | | que es día de convidados. |  | | Pero podrá ser que note, |  | | del mundo algún bachiller, | 420 | | que me diste de comer |  | | para cobrar el escote. |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | Pues, Señor, hagamos cuenta, |  |  |  |  | | que si venís a cobrar, |  |  |  |  | | que mucho os debe agradar | 425 |  |  |  | | la moneda de una afrenta. |  |  |  |  | | Yo la pongo, Señor bueno, |  |  |  |  | | a cuenta de muchas vuestras, |  |  |  |  | | pues por tantas culpas nuestras |  |  |  |  | | os vistes de afrentas lleno. | 430 |  |  |  | | Tomalda, Rey soberano, |  |  |  |  | | si es moneda de valor, |  |  |  |  | | mas no se os caiga, Señor, |  |  |  |  | | que tenéis rota la mano. |  |  |  |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y sale MARÍA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Emperatriz del cielo, | 435 | | a quien bendicen todas las naciones. |  | | Madre nuestra, y consuelo |  | | de todas las humanas aflicciones. |  | | Estrella tramontana, |  | | guía mi noche al sol de tu mañana. | 440 | | Hermosa Virgen bella, |  | | pues en el mar de la flaqueza humana |  | | eres divina estrella |  | | que alumbra de la noche a la mañana; |  | | y el nombre de María, | 445 | | repartámoslo así: yo mar, tú guía. |  | | Sin ti nadie llegara; |  | | tú eres el arco que la paz concierta, |  | | que si tu sí faltara |  | | no se viviera en esperanza cierta, | 450 | | ni se poblara el cielo, |  | | ni viéramos a Dios hombre en el suelo. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale un ÁNGEL)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ÁNGEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | María, la envidia fiera |  | | del demonio, que os persigue |  | | para que a tu esposo obligue, | 455 | | que en vanos celos le altera, |  | | por Madrid ha echado fama |  | | que en deshonestos amores |  | | tratas y hablas los pastores |  | | de la orilla de Jarama. | 460 | | Él viene a reñirte ya |  | | de esotra parte del río. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, ¿el esposo mío, |  | | conmigo enojado está? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ÁNGEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La mentira de quien digo | 465 | | le ha engañado deste modo, |  | | mas Dios sabrá hacer, que todo |  | | pare en su afrenta y castigo. |  | | Casta y santa eres, María, |  | | pasa el río, habla con él. | 470 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase, y sale ISIDRO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué pensamiento crüel, |  | | vencer mi humildad porfía! |  | | Tenedme de vuestra mano, |  | | soberano autor del cielo, |  | | que por la parte del suelo | 475 | | soy un grosero villano. |  | | El alma, que es celestial, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | resiste; el cuerpo no quiere. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No será justo que espere; |  | | y con un enojo igual... | 480 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hela allí de la otra parte, |  | | pero ¿cómo pasaré? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin duda Isidro me vee; |  | | quejas al aire reparte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La barca está más arriba, | 485 | | no tomé la senda bien. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Manto, sed barca también, |  | | pues navega fe tan viva. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay mi Dios, el manto ha echado, |  | | y sobre él los pies ha puesto! | 490 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Naveguemos, pecho honesto, |  | | al puerto que os ha culpado. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Pase el río por su invención, y al llegar de la otra parte ISIDRO la reciba en sus brazos)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  | | --- | | ¡María! | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  | | --- | | ¡Isidro! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estos brazos |  | | te esperan. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El puerto son |  | | desta mi navegación. | 495 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale la ENVIDIA, el DEMONIO y la MENTIRA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dándose están mil abrazos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si María pasa el río |  | | sobre su manto de pies, |  | | ¿qué mucho, si a Isidro ves |  | | libre del intento mío? | 500 | | ¿Qué es esto, cielos airados? |  | | ¿De qué sirvió darle celos? |  | | ¡Basta, que en celos y en cielos |  | | siempre somos desdichados! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENTIRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Notable es la santidad | 505 | | desta divina mujer! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es María, ¿qué ha de ser |  | | sino mar con tempestad, |  | | sino martirio crüel |  | | del alma abrasada mía? | 510 | | Porque el nombre de María |  | | es mar que me anego en él |  | | sobre el agua. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te espantes, |  | | si otra más alta María |  | | iba a su lado por guía | 515 | | con mil divinos diamantes, |  | | con mil soberanas luces. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Deslumbrome el resplandor; |  | | no creas tanto favor, |  | | que a mayor mal me conduces. | 520 | | ¿A su lado? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y de su mano |  | | sospecho que la llevó. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si ella la mano le dio, |  | | ganó el cielo por la mano, |  | | pero llevando la vara | 525 | | del más divino Moisés, |  | | ¿qué milagro que a sus pies |  | | el río se transformara |  | | en asiento de cristal, |  | | pues a los de quien la guía | 530 | | hace, para afrenta mía, |  | | la Luna trono inmortal? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENTIRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué quieres de Isidro aquí? |  | | ¿Ya qué te queda que intentes? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En fin, María, ¿te sientes | 535 | | buena? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No lo estoy sin ti, |  | | pero pues tu gusto es, |  | | esta soledad me agrada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿No le ha dicho nada? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vio el desengaño en sus pies. | 540 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué hacemos los tres aquí, |  | | Tántalos de aqueste río? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Vate bien, Isidro mío? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien, aunque enfermo sin ti, |  | | que muy sin regalo estoy. | 545 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dios sabe si te sirviera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quiérente en esta ribera? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien quista, mi Isidro, soy. |  | | Sus pastoras y pastores |  | | vienen a esta ermita santa | 550 | | muchas veces. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENTIRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No te espanta |  | | aquel estilo de amores? |  | | | |
|  | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pierdo, Mentira, el juicio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira que no hablen cosas |  | | que a sus almas sean dañosas, | 555 | | ya que tienes este oficio. |  | | Asea mucho el altar, |  | | sal al campo las mañanas, |  | | y de las flores tempranas |  | | le puedes todo adornar. | 560 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo están mis dos señoras? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿La de Atocha y Almudena |  | | dirás? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dios me haga büena, |  | | no hablé desas dos auroras; |  | | de doña Inés te decía, | 565 | | y su hija. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Salud tienen; |  | | las que yo digo a dar vienen |  | | la salud que yo querría. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La de Atocha, ¿cómo está? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En su ermita con su hijo, | 570 | | ¡santo Dios, qué regocijo |  | | el tratar della me da! |  | | Haciendo está cada día |  | | mil maravillas, a honor |  | | suyo, aquel divino autor, | 575 | | mas pobre está todavía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Algún día querrá Dios |  | | que su humilde casa aumente. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Qué conversación! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Detente. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que se vayan estos dos | 580 | | por esta inocencia al cielo, |  | | donde mi sabiduría |  | | no estuvo una hora del día |  | | en que vine, Envidia, al suelo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La Virgen del Almudena, | 585 | | ¿cómo está? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Pardiez, María! |  | | Morena como solía, |  | | pero siempre está muy buena. |  | | Mucho ampara a los soldados |  | | que contra los moros van. | 590 | | No me dio licencia Juan, |  | | y aquí estoy con mil cuidados. |  | | María, dame licencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Isidro, Dios te acompañe. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te espantes que me bañe | 595 | | llanto el rostro con tu ausencia. |  | | Ruégale que me haga tal |  | | como él querría que fuese. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y tú, para que me hiciese |  | | a tus costumbres igual, | 600 | | por mí ruega. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, si los dos |  | | nos viésemos en el cielo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  | | --- | | Yo lo espero. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es justo celo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍA | |  | | --- | | Isidro, adiós. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ISIDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | María, adiós. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse los dos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Rabia en mí, que me consuma! | 605 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué te parece? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MENTIRA | |  | | --- | | ¿Hay tal amor? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay tal fe? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué ciencia, Envidia, qué pluma, |  | | cómo no saber leer, |  | | creer bien y obrar mejor? | 610 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Suena ruido)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENTIRA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué es aqueste rumor? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pastores deben de ser, |  | | que como el agosto han hecho, |  | | a la ermita de María |  | | traen una Cruz. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No había | 615 | | harto veneno en mi pecho? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MENTIRA | |  | | --- | | Huyamos. | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Dónde vas? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Voy |  | | al infierno. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien harás. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Isidro, no quiero más |  | | contigo; rendido estoy. | 620 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y salen BARTOLO, CONSTANZA, TERESA, LORENZO, ESTEBAN, y otros pastores con su cruz de espigas, y instrumentos; canten así)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vuela caballito, vuela, |  | | darte yo cebada nueva. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 1º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hicieron su agosto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 2º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por aquestas vegas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 1º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Donde se juntan. | 625 | | | |
|  | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 2º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y casados quedan. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 1º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Manzanares verde. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 2º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y Jarama bella. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 1º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los pastores suyos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 2º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Después de la siega. | 630 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 1º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y de espigas rojas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 2º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una Cruz compuesta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 1º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vienen a la ermita. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 2º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quieren ofrecella. |  | | Vuela caballito, vuela, | 635 | | darte yo cebada nueva. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 1º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A Santa María. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 2º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Rosa y Madre bella. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 1º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A su hijo hermoso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 2º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lirios y azucenas. | 640 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 1º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A San Juan Bautista. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 2º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Olorosas yerbas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 1º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A San Pedro Apóstol. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 2º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mastranzo y verbena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 1º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A San Roque hermoso. | 645 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 2º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Trigo de las eras. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 1º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A San Sebastián. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 2º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Trébol y mosquetas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 1º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Al gran San Cristóbal. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICO 2º | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pinos de la sierra. | 650 | | Vuela caballito, vuela, |  | | darte yo cebada nueva. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Del río, que está hecho, se levanten MANZANARES con barba y cabellera, y JARAMA con unos cabellos rojos de cáñamo hasta los pies, en forma de mujer)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MANZANARES | |  | | --- | | Pastores. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JARAMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hola, pastores. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BARTOLO | |  | | --- | | Cielos, ¿qué es esto? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Teresa! |  | | ¿Qué es lo que sale del río? | 655 | | ¿Qué fantasmas son aquestas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MANZANARES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No os turbéis; oíd pastores. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JARAMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oíd, ¡oh montes!, oíd, selvas, |  | | a vuestro río Jarama, |  | | que hoy habla en voz de profeta. | 660 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MANZANARES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A Manzanares oíd, |  | | verdes prados, alamedas |  | | que mis cristales cercáis; |  | | sabréis maravillas nuevas |  | | del Labrador de Madrid. | 665 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Bartolo, que estoy muerta: |  | | los ríos hablan! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues no. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso contaba mi abuela |  | | que fue en tiempo de Lisopo, |  | | ¿masagora? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Calla necia, | 670 | | ¿nunca has oído decir |  | | que las aguas tienen lenguas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dice que hablaban estonces, |  | | como personas, las bestias. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y agora también, Constanza, | 675 | | que hombres hay que hablan como ellas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MANZANARES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Madrid, fundación de griegos, |  | | cerca de ciento y noventa |  | | años primero que Roma. |  | | Llamada Ursaria y Urserie, | 680 | | Mantua y Madrid por los moros, |  | | que fue escuela de sus ciencias. |  | | Madrid, a donde nacieron |  | | dos Papas que de la Iglesia |  | | fueron luz, sin otros muchos | 685 | | nobles por armas y letras; |  | | sabe que eres tan dichosa, |  | | que el cielo envidia tus prendas, |  | | porque habiéndotelas dado |  | | te las quita y se las lleva; | 690 | | ya quiere llevarte a Isidro, |  | | ya sin Isidro te deja. |  | | Pero el cuerpo soberano |  | | quiere que entre tanto tengas, |  | | que vuelva a juntarse el alma, | 695 | | y en Dios cuerpo y alma reinan. |  | | Por él quiere que los muertos |  | | resuciten, y que tengan |  | | los ciegos ojos, los mancos |  | | manos, los tullidos piernas. | 700 | | Saldrán los fieros demonios |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | de los cuerpos que atormentan; |  |  |  |  | | vendrán libres los cautivos |  |  |  |  | | de Argel, Túnez y Biserta. |  |  |  |  | | Lloverá por él de suerte, | 705 |  |  |  | | que habrá un moro que prometa, |  |  |  |  | | si llueve, hacerse cristiano; |  |  |  |  | | no lo hará por más que llueva; |  |  |  |  | | mas morirá el mismo día |  |  |  |  | | que no cumpla la promesa; | 710 |  |  |  | | mas ¿para qué os cuento yo |  |  |  |  | | sus maravillas inmensas, |  |  |  |  | | habiendo de verse tantas |  |  |  |  | | cuando trasladado sea? |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JARAMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pastores, porque los tiempos, | 715 | | aunque en vuestras vidas vuelan, |  | | no pueden mostrarse aquí |  | | con las distancias que llegan. |  | | Isidro fue a mejor vida, |  | | que por escusar las tiernas | 720 | | lágrimas y dar lugar |  | | a que otras cosas se vean, |  | | no era justo que os halléis |  | | a su muerte; mastenelda |  | | por vida, que muerte en Dios | 725 | | ya sabéis que es vida eterna; |  | | no se puede aquí mostrar |  | | su muerte; corred apriesa, |  | | que veréis cosas estrañas |  | | que os edifiquen y muevan, | 730 | | que algunas de las notables |  | | bien es que se vean y entiendan, |  | | porque tengáis más noticia |  | | de sus divinas grandezas; |  | | que después de sepultado | 735 | | tendrá tantas excelencias, |  | | que en las Navas de Tolosa |  | | el Rey Alfonso le vea |  | | en figura de pastor, |  | | causa que vitoria tenga. | 740 | | Por donde Fernando el Santo |  | | su imagen de plata ofrezca |  | | a Madrid, y ponga en mármol |  | | Toledo en su santa iglesia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MANZANARES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Id, pastores de Jarama, | 745 | | a ver su cuerpo en la tierra, |  | | cuerpo cuya carne santa |  | | quieren los cielos que vean |  | | los siglos del gran Felipe, |  | | que después de tantas guerras | 750 | | será Rey solo de España, |  | | para que en sus tiempos sea |  | | canonizado, y conozca |  | | Roma, entre probanzas ciertas |  | | de sus divinos milagros, | 755 | | que su carne dura entera |  | | cerca de quinientos años, |  | | y que aunque el agua se seca |  | | de mi río y fuentes claras, |  | | la de la suya se muestra | 760 | | dando salud en su ermita, |  | | cuya fábrica pequeña, |  | | la Emperatriz Isabel, |  | | del Tercer Felipe abuela |  | | y mujer de Carlos Quinto, | 765 | | hará edificar de piedra, |  | | que después otros devotos, |  | | aunque con menores fuerzas, |  | | harán de más edificio |  | | y con las almas quisieran. | 770 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LORENZO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Id presto, amigos pastores. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BARTOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Costanza, Lorenzo, Esteban, |  | | ¿qué hacemos que no cortamos |  | | flores y olorosas yerbas |  | | que ofrezcamos a su cama? | 775 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LORENZO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De haber hablado me pesa |  | | mal de Isidro, con envidia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ESTEBAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo iré, y con lágrimas tiernas |  | | pediré perdón al Santo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LORENZO | |  | | --- | | Camina. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONSTANZA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vamos, Teresa. | 780 | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |
|  | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y salen ENVIDIA y DEMONIO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Deja de atormentarme, ¿qué me quieres? |  | | Otra vez a Madrid andar me mandas. |  | | ¡Pesado eres, Luzbel, pesado eres! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y tan pesado, que de las barandas |  | | y corredores del supremo cielo, | 785 | | por querer junto a Dios llevarme en andas, |  | | caí, con ser espíritu, y al suelo |  | | de las estrellas la tercera parte |  | | traje conmigo en tan pesado vuelo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Agora cómo puedo yo ayudarte? | 790 | | Ya Isidro es muerto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pasa cuarenta años. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Tan presto? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, que quiero yo enseñarte; |  | | si se han pasado seis mil por nuestros daños, |  | | pasen cuarenta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pasen, pues, cuarenta; |  | | mas mira, que son vanos tus engaños. | 795 | | ¿No adviertes cómo a Isidro no contenta |  | | la sepultura, y se aparece a un hombre? |  | | ¿No ves cómo Madrid mudarle intenta? |  | | ¿No ves que al lado, porque más te asombre, |  | | del altar santo del primer Cristiano, | 800 | | que como sabes, tuvo Andrés por nombre, |  | | trasladaron el cuerpo soberano |  | | y le tienen agora descubierto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  | | --- | | Corre este tafetán. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tiembla la mano. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Corre una cortina, véase el santo en una cama sobre el altar, y estén los pies hacia la gente y la cabeza alta, de manera que le puedan ver)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Que este es Isidro? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  | | --- | | Sí. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que esté en el puerto | 805 | | del cielo, hecho por áncora un arado? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Rabio de envidia, mi tormento es cierto! |  | | El estar desta suerte levantado, |  | | es en la edad del siglo en que le han puesto, |  | | como haberle Madrid canonizado. | 810 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Lámpara tiene? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  | | --- | | Sí. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mátala presto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué importa? Cada sábado del cielo |  | | un ángel baja, y de otra luz compuesto, |  | | la enciende en muestra de su santo celo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Baja? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues no lo ves? ¡Qué envidia fiera! | 815 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Con ser füego, me convierto en yelo! |  | | | |
|  | |
|  | |
| *(Por un pilar baja un ÁNGEL con una vela encendida en la mano, y llegue hasta la lámpara, y habiéndola encendido, dice)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ÁNGEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Isidro, así manda honrarte |  | | el Señor de cielo y tierra; |  | | que si del cielo eres luz |  | | es justo que aquí la tengas. | 820 | | Hasta que, por la malicia |  | | de los hombres, desfallezca |  | | la devoción, Dios me manda |  | | que cada sábado venga. |  | | Y esta lámpara, que arde | 825 | | a tu cuerpo santo, encienda. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Enciéndeme las entrañas |  | | de la envidia que me queda. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Paso, y mira, que entra un hombre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Es sacerdote? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aunque sea | 830 | | quïen quisiere, he de estar |  | | dando a los cielos mil quejas. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale JUAN SACERDOTE)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JUAN SACERDOTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Agora que ninguno verme puede, |  | | con aquestas tijeras cortar quiero, |  | | deste Sansón, que al otro en fuerza excede, | 835 | | algo de los cabellos; que al entero |  | | cuerpo no me parece justa cosa |  | | que se atreva mi mano; ya ¿qué espero? |  | | Isidro, perdonad; cabeza hermosa |  | | que allá corona el sol, dadme el cabello. | 840 | | ¡Cortelo! ¡Oh, gran favor! ¡Oh, hazaña hermosa! |  | | Quiero en aqueste tafetán ponellos. |  | | ¡Válgame el cielo, qué dolor me ha dado! |  | | ¡Parece que me están ahogando el cuello, |  | | Santo bendito, a vuestros pies postrado | 845 | | pido perdón! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿No ves aquello? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En todo |  | | tengo de hallar, si aquí me estoy, cuidado. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen LUDOVICO y FERNANDO, criados del Rey)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUDOVICO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todo pasa, Fernando, deste modo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Dos crïados del Rey son estos? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira |  | | lo que dicen. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si fuera un noble godo, | 850 | | un caballero ilustre, donde aspira |  | | la sangre a grandes cosas, no tuviera |  | | las grandezas que cuentas por mentira. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUDOVICO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Advierte que hablas mal desa manera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿quieres tú que crea que un villano | 855 | | hace milagros? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí aparte espera; |  | | bien dices que es error del vulgo vano; |  | | no llegues, no le estimes, que es locura. |  | | | |
|  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que todo es invención tengo por llano. |  | | ¿Los campos de Madrid, la tierra dura, | 860 | | quieres tú que los ángeles arasen |  | | porque lo juró Juan y afirma el cura? |  | | ¿Los muertos puede ser resucitasen |  | | a la voz deste? ¡Ay, cielo! ¿Quién me toca? |  | | ¿Quién hace que mi boca y lengua abrasen? | 865 | | ¡Jesús! ¡Jesús! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LUDOVICO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué tienes? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una roca |  | | el corazón me oprime. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUDOVICO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque veas |  | | que el cielo se ofendió de tu fe poca; |  | | llega al sepulcro, si salud deseas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No miras que le castiga | 870 | | el cielo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Luzbel, ¿qué importa, |  | | si ya van con él al Santo |  | | su sepulcro y le perdona? |  | | Pero ¿qué gente es aquesta, |  | | qué alabarderos en tropa? | 875 | | Persona Real parece. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como la misma persona |  | | de la Reina doña Juana, |  | | mujer del que agora nombran, |  | | Segundo Enrique, también | 880 | | su cuerpo y milagros honra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Para qué aguardamos siglos? |  | | Huye, que si aquí tu loca |  | | soberbia te tiene ciego, |  | | por esta humildad dichosa | 885 | | vendrá el siglo en que Filipe |  | | reine, y por ventura, en Roma, |  | | le veas canonizar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien dices, loco me torna |  | | el ver que tantos milagros | 890 | | haga un hombre que con toscas |  | | abarcas pisa los cielos |  | | para pisarme la boca. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que un capote de dos faldas |  | | ceñido con una soga | 895 | | sea un alba más que el sol, |  | | y ella una preciosa estola? |  | | ¿Que este caminase al cielo, |  | | llevando en unas alforjas |  | | tantas obras y virtudes? | 900 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DEMONIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Huye! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ENVIDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pensarlo me asombra. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y salen alabarderos y acompañamiento, un MAYORDOMO, y la REINA detrás, y el CURA DE SAN ANDRÉS)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo vengo determinada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CURA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vuestra Majestad, señora, |  | | mire bien. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dejadme, padre, |  | | que todo es honra y gloria | 905 | | deste labrador divino. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CURA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Su Majestad llegue sola. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(De rodillas)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Isidro santo, esta Reina, |  | | aunque humilde y pecadora, |  | | para tener por reliquias, | 910 | | este dedo solo os corta; |  | | que engastado en mil diamantes |  | | traeré al cuello. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MAYORDOMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es justa cosa |  | | que esta reliquia posea |  | | tan gran Reina, pues le adora. | 915 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REINA | |  | | --- | | Padre, yo me voy. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CURA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El cielo |  | | dé a Enrique tantas vitorias, |  | | que espante el nombre español |  | | desde el ocaso al aurora. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, cielo! Subir no puedo | 920 | | la grada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MAYORDOMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Subid, señora. |  | | | |
|  | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REINA | |  | | --- | | No puedo, Almirante. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MAYORDOMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Jesús, qué temor me asombra! |  | | Cuando llego vuelvo atrás. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JUAN SACERDOTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora, volver importa | 925 | | lo que al Santo habéis quitado, |  | | que alguna mano piadosa |  | | le cortó algunos cabellos |  | | y llegó a la muerte agora, |  | | hasta que se los volvió. | 930 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Isidro santo, perdona, |  | | pues que tú sabes mi celo; |  | | labrador divino, toma |  | | tus reliquias soberanas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MAYORDOMO | |  | | --- | | Prueba ahora. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REINA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tiemblo toda. | 935 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MAYORDOMO | |  | | --- | | ¿Salió? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CURA | |  | | --- | | ¿No lo ves? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JUAN SACERDOTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí |  | | acaba, ¡oh villa famosa, |  | | de tu Santo labrador, |  | | la santa y notable historia! |  | | | |