**LOPE DE VEGA  
*Castelvines y Monteses***

Personajes:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| *ROSELO, caballero* |  |
| *ANSELMO, caballero* |  |
| *OTAVIO, caballero* |  |
| *ANTONIO* |  |
| *TEOBALDO* |  |
| *FABRICIO* |  |
| *JULIA, dama* |  |
| *DOROTEA, dama* |  |
| *FABIO, máscara* |  |
| *CELIO, máscara* |  |
| *MARÍN, criado* |  |
| *LIDIO, criado* |  |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Jornada I** | |
|  | |
| *Salen ANSELMO y ROSELO, caballeros; MARÍN, criado* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Árdese la casa toda |  | | de fiesta y de regocijo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Casa alguna hija o hijo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | O es el concierto, o la boda. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ve por tu vida, Marín, | 5 | | y entra al descuido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Harto bien!, |  | | ¿porque en colación me den |  | | las exequias de mi fin |  | | en casa de tus enemigos, |  | | me mandas entrar a ver? | 10 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues quién te ha de conocer? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para mal, siempre hay testigos, |  | | son gente crüel y fiera |  | | los del bando Castelvín. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú, lindo gallina, en fin. | 15 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pluguiera a Dios que estuviera |  | | junto el bando de esa gente, |  | | y en aquesta calle armada, |  | | y yo con capa y espada |  | | contra todos solamente, | 20 | | que tú vieras si de alguna |  | | hubiera hazañas tan ciertas; |  | | pero coger entre puertas, |  | | eso es desgracia perruna. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si tienes tanto deseo | 25 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | de ver aqueste festín, |  |  |  |  | | donde el bando Castelvín |  |  |  |  | | junto y con cuidado veo, |  |  |  |  | | ponte una máscara y entra; |  |  |  |  | | pensarán que eres pariente. | 30 |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y podré seguramente? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Podrás, si nadie te encuentra |  | | que quiera saber quién eres. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entremos, Anselmo, allá. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hecha un paraíso está | 35 | | de hermosísimas mujeres; |  | | pero el peligro es notable, |  | | porque del bando Montés |  | | tu padre cabeza es, |  | | y aun no sufre que se hable | 40 | | desta gente en su presencia, |  | | cuanto más verla en su casa, |  | | que luego en furor se abrasa, |  | | sin modestia y sin paciencia. |  | | Pues Antonio, donde agora | 45 | | se celebra este festín, |  | | es cabeza Castelvín, |  | | que en estos bandos adora |  | | y aborrece vuestras vidas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Basta, que el cielo reparte | 50 | | en la una y en la otra parte |  | | dos cosas bien conocidas. |  | | A nuestro bando Montés |  | | ha dado valientes hombres, |  | | de tan excelentes nombres | 55 | | como en las historias veis; |  | | y en el de los Castelvines, |  | | mujeres de tal belleza, |  | | que hurtó la naturaleza |  | | la estampa a los serafines. | 60 | | Pienso que si se juntaran |  | | los bandos, por casamientos |  | | de su venganza dejaran |  | | tuviera la Italia envidia |  | | de los hombres de Verona. | 65 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No solo en cualquier persona |  | | me cansa, enoja y fastidia |  | | ver el odio que en vosotros |  | | es causa de tantos yerros. |  | | Pero el ver que hasta los perros | 70 | | se muerdan unos con otros, |  | | que es ver salir de las puertas |  | | Monteses y Castelvines, |  | | bravos gozques y mastines, |  | | las bocas de furia abiertas; | 75 | | que si los dientes sutiles |  | | espadas pudieran ser, |  | | bastaban a enriquecer |  | | por horas los alguaciles. |  | | No hay hombre que sin carlanca | 80 | | traiga su alano valiente; |  | | que parece linda muerte |  | | sobre la piel negra o blanca; |  | | pues los gatos, tan airados |  | | andan en sus bandos juntos, | 85 | | que hacen campaña por puntos |  | | las cocinas y tejados. |  | | Si maúllan, es por fin |  | | de declarar su interés, |  | | porque unos dicen Montés, | 90 | | y otros dicen Castelvín. |  | | Hasta en los gallos se ve |  | | de aquestos bandos la furia, |  | | porque tienen por injuria |  | | que alguno cantando esté. | 95 | | Y con tantos intereses, |  | | que si un Castelvín primero |  | | comienza en su gallinero, |  | | responden treinta Monteses. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tus discursos son muy propios | 100 | | de tu ingenio y condición. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los tuyos pienso que son |  | | harto más locos y impropios, |  | | pues en casa van a entrar, |  | | donde están mil enemigos, | 105 | | que de pasados castigos, |  | | en ti se pueden vengar, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | que si estos discursos hago, |  |  |  |  | | es por solo entretenerte. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues yo, Marín, de otra suerte | 110 | | mi condición satisfago. |  | | Desprecio lo que es posible, |  | | lo difícil apetezco. |  | | Anselmo, si algo merezco, |  | | con tu prudencia invencible, | 115 | | pierde esta vez de su humor |  | | y acompaña el loco mío, |  | | porque la sangre y el brío |  | | son temerario furor. |  | | Dos ropas nos vestiremos, | 120 | | con dos rostros de Ferrara, |  | | y en la parte menos clara |  | | de la sala nos pondremos. |  | | Ven, que en tanta confusión |  | | no seremos conocidos. | 125 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los rostros y los vestidos |  | | nuestro pasaporte son. |  | | Vamos, que a ti la hermosura |  | | de las damas te ha imitado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y la privación me ha dado | 130 | | ánimo a tanta locura. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De tu condición lo creo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mas, ¿que vuelves con disgusto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los peligros en el gusto |  | | despiertan siempre el deseo. | 135 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Éntrese y salga la música del festín, ANTONIO y TEOBALDO, viejos hermanos, las damas que puedan, JULIA, hija de ANTONIO, y OTAVIO de TEOBALDO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí estaremos mejor, |  | | por el calor de allá dentro. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo prima, ni salgo, ni entro, |  | | todo es un mismo calor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A falta de algún galán, | 140 | | favor me queréis hacer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Favores he menester. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y estas damas no os lo dan? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo, si no se los pido? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | Pues pedídselos. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No quiero, | 145 | | por querer donde no espero |  | | ser para siempre admitido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tomad asientos aquí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cuáles están nuestros hijos? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No fueran los regocijos | 150 | | menos buenos para mí, |  | | si pudieran ser casados. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Primos son, bien pueden ser, |  | | y bien lo pueden hacer, |  | | hermanos tan concertados. | 155 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Dos máscaras: CELIO y FABIO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay licencia de danzar? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por qué no, si vós queréis? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CELIO | |  | | --- | | Danzemos. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué danzaréis? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con los ojos un mirar, |  | | una mudanza que veo, | 160 | | que en el alma el son me toca; |  | | unas quejas con la boca |  | | y un favor con el deseo. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entren con máscaras ANSELMO, ROSELO y MARÍN, de mascara graciosa)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Máscaras hay por acá? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siempre por acá es lenguaje | 165 | | de danza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La voz se baje. |  | | Pienso que danzaron ya, |  | | y se han salido al jardín |  | | solo a hablar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Brava hermosura, |  | | así Dios me dé ventura, | 170 | | que sois cielo, Castelvín. |  | | Perdono todo el rigor |  | | que con la leche me han dado |  | | los padres que me han crïado. |  | | | |
|  | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién te parece mejor? | 175 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La que habla aquel dichoso |  | | que merecïó lugar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú puedes también hablar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué rostro tan enfadoso! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿La máscara te has quitado? | 180 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No reparé en lo que hacía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  | | --- | | Póntela presto. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sería |  | | dar a esta gente cuidado, |  | | que imaginas en traición. |  | | Mejor es estarme ansí. | 185 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  | | --- | | Ya te han visto. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Necio fui. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué notable confusión! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay mayor atrevimiento? |  | | ¡Roselo en mi casa! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oíd. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué he de oír? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Solo advertid | 190 | | lo que deste mozo siento |  | | que es una noble llaneza, |  | | y que con su poca edad |  | | no siente la enemistad |  | | que es en el naturaleza, | 195 | | y es señal que no ha tenido |  | | odio jamás a esta casa, |  | | pues sabiendo lo que pasa, |  | | a donde veis, ha venido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No puede venir armado | 200 | | y intentar una traición? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso es hablar con pasión, |  | | de noble el mancebo ha entrado, |  | | sin reparar si era error, |  | | estando junto un linaje. | 205 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y no es de mi casa ultraje? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes me parece honor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo lo juzgo de otra suerte, |  | | y le quisiera matar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues yo no os pienso ayudar | 210 | | a hacer tan cobarde muerte. |  | | Este, como simple azor, |  | | se ha entrado en el palomar |  | | a ver si puede cazar |  | | algunas aves de amor. | 215 | | No alborotéis a Verona, |  | | ni el bando resucitéis. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mucha prudencia tenéis. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  | | --- | | La edad | | Antonio me abona, |  | | y si tenéis hija aquí, | 220 | | yo también. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por vós le dejo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo que importa os aconsejo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué miras? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi muerte vi. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No dices mal, pues mirando |  | | con tanta contemplación, | 225 | | ha dado justa ocasión |  | | a los del contrario bando |  | | para que te den la muerte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con mucho sosiego están. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por ventura juzgarán | 230 | | tu necedad de otra suerte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Déjame, Anselmo, que vea |  | | aquel ángel celestial, |  | | y sucédame tan mal |  | | como esta gente desea; | 235 | | que si es fuerza que la vida, |  | | para llegar hasta el cielo, |  | | se ha de perder en el suelo, |  | | la muerte es justo que pida, |  | | si matan los Castelvines, | 240 | | con basiliscos mirando. |  | | ¡Oh, quién fuera de su bando! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No me espanto que te inclines |  | | a tan debida hermosura. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  | | --- | | ¿No es bella? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOROTEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué hermoso talle | 245 | | de mancebo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando calle |  | | mi temor, mi amor procura, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | Anselmo, hablando por mí, |  |  |  |  | | dará a entender mi pasión, |  |  |  |  | | que estos mis contrarios son. | 250 |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien haces, piénsalo ansí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si el amor se disfrazara, |  | | para disfrazar su hecho, |  | | pienso que deste mancebo, |  | | el talle y rostro buscara. | 255 | | Y yo pienso que amor es, |  | | que para quitar la paz |  | | viene con este disfraz. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, cielos, que fui Montés! |  | | ¿No fuera yo Castelvín? | 260 | | ¿Tanto le costaba al cielo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entre las flores del suelo |  | | de aqueste verde jardín, |  | | el abril debe de haber |  | | resucitado a Narciso. | 265 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si aqueste es el paraíso, |  | | ¿mi bando que viene a ser? |  | | Claro está, pues es contrario, |  | | que es el infierno, por fuerza. |  | | Amor, mi temor esfuerza. | 270 | | Loco soy, soy temerario, |  | | creo que me he de atrever. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, si se llegase a mí, |  | | que de cuantas hay aquí, |  | | más lo pienso agradecer! | 275 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOROTEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi hermano con Julia está, |  | | sin duda que a mí se llega |  | | la máscara. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El amor me ciega, |  | | y el mismo me alumbra ya. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, mancebo, si yo fuese | 280 | | tan dichosa! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOROTEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, si tomase mi lado! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ay Dios, si llegase. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOROTEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ay Dios, si amor me tuviese. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Siéntese al lado de JULIA ROSELO y ANSELMO al de DOROTEA, y diga OTAVIO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Habrá parecido amor |  | | para enseñarme a querer, | 285 | | que había yo menester |  | | tan cerca el competidor. |  | | Mas en vano gasta el fuego, |  | | aunque está fresco el jardín. |  | | Perdóneselo, que en fin | 290 | | todos me dicen que es ciego. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aunque atrevimiento ha sido, |  | | señora, el haber tomado |  | | el lugar de vuestro lado, |  | | de mí tal mal merecido. | 295 | | Bien me podéis perdonar, |  | | pues que vós tenéis la culpa, |  | | y para vuestra disculpa |  | | ya no me podéis culpar. |  | | De vuestra rara hermosura | 300 | | mi atrevimiento nació. |  | | Ella misma me llamó, |  | | con su luz divina y pura. |  | | Como mariposa anduve, |  | | alrededor de la llama, | 305 | | que para morir con fama, |  | | cobarde al principio estuve. |  | | Di tornos al rayo hermoso, |  | | hasta que vine a tener |  | | atrevimiento de ser | 310 | | Faetón en morir dichoso. |  | | Abrásame vuestro cielo, |  | | que más estimo a este lado |  | | morir, señora, abrasado, |  | | que vivir conmigo en yelo. | 315 | | Y no os parezca mi bien |  | | atrevimiento y locura, |  | | que si es rayo la hermosura, |  | | su efeto es rayo también. |  | | Presto digo lo que os quiero, | 320 | | presto me siento mortal, |  | | no es mal sino mata el mal, |  | | bien puedo hablar, |  | | pues hoy muero. |  | | | |
|  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tierno la máscara viene, |  | | razones fingidas son. | 325 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No habla como es razón, |  | | pues ya quitada la tiene. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como máscara he tenido, |  | | Otavio, este atrevimiento, |  | | que solo el calor que siento | 330 | | me puede hacer atrevido. |  | | Si os canso, levantareme. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien podéis, si gusto os da. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Para qué? Bien estará |  | | junto a vós, si el calor teme, | 335 | | que de lo que a mí me heláis, |  | | le podré helar de tal modo |  | | que le vuelva en yelo todo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Prima, mirad como habláis. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Favorezco a un hombre estraño, | 340 | | porque a vós no es menester. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, mas no me habéis de hacer |  | | por tan vuestro, tanto daño; |  | | que si pierdo el bien, creed |  | | que no le quiero sin vós; | 345 | | y haremeestraño, por Dios, |  | | para que me hagáis merced. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora, si yo he tenido |  | | la culpa, ireme de aquí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Dónde? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A entretenerme allí. | 350 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estáis mal entretenido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No lo puedo estar mejor; |  | | pero si soy descortés... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nunca es descortés el que es |  | | digno de hacerle favor; | 355 | | estaos quedo, y ojalá |  | | que este necio se enojase, |  | | de suerte que nos dejase. |  | | Otavio, llégate acá. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué me tengo de llegar, | 360 | | si al otro lado te vuelves? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Presto a enojos te resuelves. |  | | Mas quiero contigo hablar. |  | | (Vuélvese a él, y da la mano al otro) |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Agora sí que me pagas! |  | | El enojo que tenía, | 365 | | te perdono. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, mano mía! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiero que te satisfagas |  | | de que pues mi atrevimiento |  | | llega a no mirar mi honor, |  | | no puedo hacerte favor | 370 | | de más encarecimiento. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Adviértase que JULIA hable con OTAVIO, pero la intención y señas sean con ROSELO, y él lo mismo, pero OTAVIO piense que es por él)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No ha menester quien le brinde |  | | el que a beber se resuelve. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El que las espaldas vuelve, |  | | a su enemigo se rinde. | 375 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando tú me las volvías, |  | | y a mi enemigo la cara, |  | | no era mucho que pensara |  | | Julia que me aborrecías. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aborrézcote de modo | 380 | | que todo por ti lo dejo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora, ya no me quejo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien por mí lo dice todo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esto de no poder más |  | | obliga a descortesías. | 385 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya entendí yo que lo hacías, |  | | por el lugar en que estás. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien tienes que agradecerme, |  | | aunque te parezca poco. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Digo que me vuelvo loco. | 390 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Notable favorecerme. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si aquí me dieran lugar, |  | | tú vieras mi atrevimiento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Bien haya mi pensamiento! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay tal manera de hablar? | 395 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Grande es la fuerza de amor. |  | | | |
|  | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Tanto bien, tras tal desprecio! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Habla conmigo, y el necio |  | | piensa que le da favor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En mi vida, Otavio, vi | 400 | | cosa que más agradase. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mil veces amor me abrase. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todo lo dice por mí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te parezca que ha sido |  | | libertad este favor. | 405 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay liviandad en amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No soy yo tan atrevido; |  | | que de la suerte que yo |  | | te quise cuando te vi, |  | | pudo sucederte así. | 410 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mucho el verte me agradó. |  | | Eres gallardo y galán. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Seré un ángel si me quieres. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Espejo a lo menos eres, |  | | adonde sus rayos dan, | 415 | | que aunque dan agora en ti |  | | porque del sol estoy lejos, |  | | salen de ti los reflejos |  | | y queda la luz en mí. |  | | Presumes que el sol me asombra | 420 | | porque le tienes enfrente, |  | | pero como es transparente, |  | | ni tiene espaldas, ni sombra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién me quiere bien? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | Yo. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿De quién soy? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | De mí. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De mí. | 425 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Serás tú mío? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | Sí. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Y negaraslo? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | No. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Verasme? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | Veré. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Veré. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Tarde es bien? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | Mejor. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mejor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién te guía? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | Amor. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor. | 430 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | Ven solo. | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | Sí haré. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí haré. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Esperaré? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | Espera. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Espera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Será cierto? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | Cierto. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cierto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿A qué parte? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | Al güerto. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Al güerto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | Calla. | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | Aunque muera. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aunque muera. | 435 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Paréceme que he sentido |  | | el eco de mis razones. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Serán imaginaciones. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todo lo tengo entendido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No me espantan tus recelos, | 440 | | ni me agravia tu temor, |  | | que de las voces de amor |  | | siempre son ecos los celos |  | | Y aunque la voz se reparte, |  | | por haber más gente aquí, | 445 | | como sale y topa en ti, |  | | resurte el eco a otra parte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En fin, Julia, que los celos |  | | son ecos de amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya es tarde. |  | | *(Pone JULIA a ROSELO un anillo en la mano)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | Guarde aqueste. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que este guarde? | 450 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué me das? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué os debo, cielos? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Luego no me has entendido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | No, Julia. | | | |
|  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Puse la mano |  | | en el corazón, que es llano, |  | | que te le ha dado y rendido, | 455 | | y por eso te decía: |  | | «guarda aqueste.» |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y dices bien, |  | | porque tus manos le den |  | | y le guarde el alma mía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Qué divina discreción, | 460 | | de oírla me maravillo. |  | | Dice que guarde el anillo, |  | | y él piensa que el corazón |  | | matome el entendimiento, |  | | si me rindió la hermosura. | 465 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por ti he tenido cordura. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo que te aconsejo siento. |  | | Cese la fiesta, que es tarde. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Hachas! ¡Hola! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Guárdeos Dios. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mañana hablemos los dos. | 470 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DOROTEA | |  | | --- | | Prima, adiós. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El cielo os guarde. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Todos se vayan y quédense allí JULIA y CELIA, criada; y adviértase que al salir ROSELO, se vayan él y JULIA mirando)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Espérate Celia aquí, |  | | que tengo un poco que hablarte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien tengo yo que contarte, |  | | y más si te importa a ti. | 475 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Has visto más gallardía |  | | que la de aquel gentilhombre |  | | que me habló? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Sabes su nombre? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, mas saberle querría, |  | | porque en la vista primera | 480 | | hizo tal efeto en mí, |  | | que pienso que el galán fui, |  | | de atrevida y lisonjera. |  | | Mas el oído que se ponen |  | | hechizos muchos mancebos, | 485 | | con que a pensamientos nuevos |  | | las más altivas disponen, |  | | y este sin duda traya |  | | algo destos, porque ya |  | | sin su vista no podrá | 490 | | sosegar el alma mía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Buen lance habemos echado, |  | | pero no juzgues a hechizo |  | | lo que este mancebo hizo, |  | | siendo en Verona estimado, | 495 | | por su talle y discreción, |  | | de las más hermosas damas, |  | | pero haz cuenta si le amas, |  | | que es tu misma perdición, |  | | porque este mozo es Roselo, | 500 | | hijo de Arnaldo, cabeza |  | | de aquel bando. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué tristeza! |  | | No me digas más, ¡ay, cielo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues bien, ¿de qué es el pesar? |  | | ¿No fuera mejor avisarte | 505 | | para que puedas guardarte, |  | | cuando te puedes guardar? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo puedo?, que le di |  | | livianamente la mano. |  | | Pero, ¿cómo ese villano | 510 | | osó, Celia, entrar aquí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A fe que vi yo tratar |  | | a los viejos de matalle, |  | | y quiera Dios que a la calle, |  | | o le salgan a matar. | 515 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Escucha... ¡Válgame Dios, |  | | asómate! Mas no es nada, |  | | toda estoy alborotada... |  | | Y va solo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y otros dos. |  | | Pero Teobaldo, tu tío, | 520 | | sé yo que le reportaba. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Para qué este mozo entraba |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | en casa? ¿Hay tal desvarío, |  |  |  |  | | hay tal locura? Y si entró, |  |  |  |  | | con máscara se estuviera; | 525 |  |  |  | | ni mi padre se ofendiera, |  |  |  |  | | ni me enamorara yo. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Calla, que es mayor locura |  | | decir que le quieres. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiero |  | | mi honor, ¡ay tirano fiero, | 530 | | visto por mi desventura! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues tú, ¿qué honor has perdido, |  | | si aun la espalda le volvías |  | | en el estrado, y tenías |  | | a Otavio favorecido? | 535 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con Otavio hablaba. ¡Ay, cielo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues de qué triste te pones? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De que todas las razones |  | | las dije siempre a Roselo, |  | | de suerte que hablaba a Otavio | 540 | | y Roselo me entendía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todo el sarao lo sufría. |  | | No hay en el honor agravio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | Dile un anillo. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es favor |  | | de fiestas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hice concierto | 545 | | que me viese en este güerto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  | | --- | | No verle. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Téngole amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Olvidalle, porque es hombre, |  | | que antes te darán a un moro |  | | tus padres. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Con qué decoro | 550 | | le hablara, a saber su nombre! |  | | ¡Ha, qué mal que me atreví! |  | | No dudes, hechizos tiene, |  | | si él a verme otra vez viene, |  | | no sé que ha de ser de mí. | 555 | | Mañana, Celia, mañana |  | | le busca, y di que he sabido |  | | quién es, y di que le pido |  | | ya que he sido tan liviana, |  | | que no atraviese esta calle. | 560 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo lo haré, y cree que a mí |  | | me pesó cuando te vi, |  | | con tanto despejo hablalle. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ojalá me lo dijeras! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cayome, señora, al lado | 565 | | su crïado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Su crïado? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  | | --- | | Sí, por tu vida. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De veras? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y te juro que si tiene |  | | talle y discreción el dueño, |  | | que el del mozo no es pequeño. | 570 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mucho saber me conviene |  | | del mozo, si quiere bien |  | | Roselo en alguna parte. |  | | Procura, Celia, informarte, |  | | que me va el honor también. | 575 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Para qué, si has de olvidalle? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ah, sí!, ya no me acordaba, |  | | dile que inocente estaba, |  | | y que no pase esta calle. |  | | ¿Pero qué puede dañar | 580 | | que sepas si quiere bien? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso es locura también. |  | | Déjale, señora, amar |  | | a donde le diere gusto, |  | | pues para ti no ha de ser. | 585 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, qué enfadosa mujer!, |  | | siempre me ha de dar disgusto. |  | | ¿Qué se te da que yo quiera, |  | | que no quiera a nadie? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es cosa |  | | justa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Otra vez, enfadosa? | 590 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ven, que la cama te espera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya no me quiero acostar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Iré a llamar a Roselo, |  | | que te lo ruegue. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Consuelo |  | | me da el oírte nombrar. | 595 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | Ponte mañana el vestido |  |  |  |  | | con que ayer vi a Dorotea. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Plega a los cielos que sea |  | | Roselo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu marido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No ves que no puede ser? | 600 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como eso puede el amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Agora hablaste mejor, |  | | ¡oh, qué discreta mujer! |  | | Y aprende deste disgusto, |  | | que no hay remedio importante | 605 | | para templar un amante |  | | como hablar bien de su gusto. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Éntrense, y salga de camino FABRICIO, viejo padre de ROSELO, con un criado)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  | | --- | | Quítame, Lidio, estas espuelas. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Vienes |  | | cansado de la villa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No me cansa |  | | la soledad del campo, que a Verona | 610 | | el cuidado me trae de mi casa, |  | | que a no ser por la hacienda y la familia, |  | | mejor estoy cazando en el aldea. |  | | Toma aqueste arcabuz. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mucho me pesa |  | | que vayas solo y vengas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira Lidio | 615 | | donde le pones. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien, bien cargado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si lo que trae en el cañón, tuviera |  | | Antonio Castelvín dentro del pecho, |  | | gozara agora más descansado el mío. |  | | ¿Qué hay de mi hijo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bueno está, a Dios gracias. | 620 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Estudia? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Poco, pero no le faltan |  | | liciones virtüosas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La esgrima, |  | | el caballo, y un poco de pelota. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Virtud llamas al juego? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entre los nobles, |  | | se tiene por virtud este ejercicio, | 625 | | como dados y naipes por mal vicio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Sale de noche? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo me acuesto luego. |  | | Su privanza es Marín; ellos se entienden. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gran persona Marín. Yo te aseguro |  | | que no le lleve a que sermones oiga. | 630 | | ¡Oh, qué de mujercillas que en mi ausencia |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | habrán entrado en esta galería! |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hasta que esté Marín en las galeras, |  | | la galería pasará trabajo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En faltando a una fuerte barbacana, | 635 | | entra quien quïera en ella fácilmente. |  | | Mi hijo es mozo, y temo que estos bandos, |  | | que saben que los ojos con que veo |  | | me los eclipsen dándole muerte, |  | | efeto fácil de la escura noche, | 640 | | que cubre las traicïones fácilmente, |  | | y se deleita en agradar la envidia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quitalle este Marín, que es el cabestro |  | | con que le lleva manso donde quiera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y faltarale otro Marín tan malo? | 645 | | En los crïados dice una experiencia |  | | toda mi vida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Y es? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si no me engaño, |  | | aquel es el peor que entonces sirve, |  | | y más si ha mucho tiempo que está en casa, |  | | que entonces el señor es su crïado, | 650 | | y más si acaso sabe algún secreto, |  | | por no haber sido su señor discreto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si el crïado lo es, y bien nacido, |  | | mientras más sirve, más leal parece. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lidio, yo quiero cautivar mi hijo; | 655 | | con esto pienso que estaré seguro, |  | | que no hay pasión para los tiernos años |  | | de más fuerza que un noble casamiento. |  | | Una de sus virtudes, que son muchas, |  | | es dar seso a los mozos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mientras tenga | 660 | | al lado un socarrón como Marín, |  | | no haya miedo que baste el casamiento. |  | | Antes será peor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué manera? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque cualquiera libertad que haga |  | | siendo mancebo, esa disculpa tiene; | 665 | | pero si este Marín, que le conduce |  | | a casa de mujeres sospechosas, |  | | casado, le cautiva con alguna, |  | | ¿cuál andará su honor y el de su casa? |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | Luego tendrás pendencia con sus suegros, | 670 |  |  |  | | luego andarás pagando mil deudillas, |  |  |  |  | | para que no se sepan sus flaquezas. |  |  |  |  | | Luego hallarás a su mujer llorando |  |  |  |  | | de celos de la libre mujercilla. |  |  |  |  | | Quitarale las joyas y vestidos; | 675 |  |  |  | | no comerá en su casa muchas veces, |  |  |  |  | | y cuando coma, será mal y tarde. |  |  |  |  | | Vendrá acostarse al alba, y la familia |  |  |  |  | | estará desvelada y afligida. |  |  |  |  | | Todo será pendencias y deshonras, | 680 |  |  |  | | y más si pone alguna vez las manos |  |  |  |  | | en su mujer celosa, que es muy cierto, |  |  |  |  | | pues tenlo tú que es un infierno en vida, |  |  |  |  | | galera donde vive el alma asida. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Tanto podrá Marín? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Y cómo tanto! | 685 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  | | --- | | Algo te ha hecho a ti. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya me espantaba |  | | que no juzgases mal de mis consejos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Malicias nunca faltan a los viejos. |  | | Yo, siempre que un criado se apasiona, |  | | en decir mal de otro pienso, y creo | 690 | | o que le quiere mal, o que le envidia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso será en las casas de los príncipes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Donde quiera la envidia se entremete. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que tenga esta ventura un alcabuete...! |  | | Pero pienso que a mí me ha sucedido, | 695 | | diciéndote que sabe deste trato, |  | | lo que al juez que el alcabuete azota: |  | | que desde que le azota, le da fama. |  | | Tú, como todavía te enamoras, |  | | habrate parecido buen crïado | 700 | | Marín para tus gustos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABRICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No respondo, |  | | porque cansado estoy de ti, y del campo. |  | | *(Váyase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Las verdades carecen de respuesta. |  | | Confieso mi pasión; mas todavía |  | | me obliga la lealtad que te debía. | 705 | | | |
|  | |
| *(MARÍN entre)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Famoso Lidio, ¿qué hay desque ha venido |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | el gruñidor de casa? |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y está en ella. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué dice de su hijo?, ¿no pregunta, |  | | como suele, prolijas sutilezas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pocas son, a sus voces, mil cabezas. | 710 | | Aquí me estuvo agora examinando. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Preguntote de mí? Mas, ¿quién lo duda? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hartas cosas me dijo, mas yo a todas |  | | le respondí que no tuviese pena, |  | | que mientras te tuviese por maestro, | 715 | | y trajese por ayo, bien podía |  | | dormir a sueño suelto, y confiado |  | | en tu virtud y buen entendimiento. |  | | Díjele los consejos que le dabas |  | | y cuántas ocasiones le quitabas. | 720 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Bien haya el día que te di la mano |  | | de amigo, el vino que bebimos juntos, |  | | y las muchachas cuya limpia casa |  | | fue de aquella merienda campo ilustre!, |  | | pues yo te juro, Lidio, que no pierdas | 725 | | en las fianzas nada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A mí me basta |  | | cumplir con lo que debo a bien nacido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hoy, por esta merced, quiero llevarte |  | | en casa de dos bellas forasteras, |  | | donde veras, con una guitarrilla, | 730 | | todo el donaire que despierta el gusto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo voy a ver agora si reposa |  | | nuestro cansado viejo, tu entre tanto |  | | prevén la casa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Haré cuanto me mandes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De hoy más hemos de ser amigos grandes. | 735 | | *(Váyase LIDIO)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este es el mayor bellaco, |  | | envidioso y socarrón, |  | | que ha disfrazado traición, |  | | con el rosario y el saco. |  | | Pero quien quiere vivir | 740 | | en paz en ajena casa, |  | | ha de sufrir lo que pasa, |  | | y ver, y callar, y oír. |  | | Siempre ha de ser lisonjero, |  | | y hasta el mal agradecer, | 745 | | y para causar placer, |  | | hablador y chocarrero. |  | | Poco obrar, y gran parola |  | | para no caer en mengua, |  | | y cuando alargue la lengua, | 750 | | ha de picar con la cola. |  | | Esto del servir entiendo, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | y que es, en fuerza o voluntad, |  |  |  |  | | el que tratare verdad |  |  |  |  | | medrará poco sirviendo. | 755 |  |  |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale ROSELO, y ANSELMO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nunca mayor desventura |  | | ha sucedido por hombre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este es su linaje y nombre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mal empleada hermosura. |  | | ¿Que de Antonio Castelvín | 760 | | este serafín nació? |  | | Engañome, pues me dio |  | | veneno en un serafín. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Para qué fuiste a su casa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  | | --- | | Marín... | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En la tuya está | 765 | | tu padre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Presto sabrá |  | | este furor que me abrasa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  | | --- | | Lindo desatino. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy |  | | que pierdo el seso, Marín. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Sabes ya que es Castelvín | 770 | | tu dama? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y que muerto soy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En los principios no hay mal |  | | que el remedio dificulte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Harto temo que resulte |  | | algún desatino igual; | 775 | | y si toma mi consejo, |  | | ha de hacer cuenta que entró, |  | | y que una pintura vio, |  | | y que se vio en un espejo, |  | | que en quitándose de allí, | 780 | | no se ve más la figura. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No importa si su hermosura |  | | truje retratada en mí, |  | | que fue Julia espejo digo. |  | | Mas si la figura fui | 785 | | que en sus bellos ojos vi, |  | | esa me traigo conmigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues Roselo, no hay que hablar |  | | de querer esta mujer, |  | | que es echaros a perder | 790 | | y revolver el lugar. |  | | Advierte que si algún día |  | | pasases una vez sola |  | | por su calle, una pistola |  | | Castelvín te tiraría, | 795 | | que las piedras y la casa |  | | se moverán y caerán |  | | sobre ti. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  | | --- | | No harán. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí harán. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Qué mal sabes lo que pasa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Yo qué tengo que saber, | 800 | | más de que eres su enemigo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De lo que pasa conmigo |  | | aquella hermosa mujer? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué te pudo a ti decir |  | | la que en su vida te vio? | 805 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay!, que la mano me dio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como eso pudo fingir |  | | para que te den la muerte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Diome este anillo también. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los ojos más ciegos ven | 810 | | que te engañó desta suerte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiere que por el jardín |  | | la vea. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien digo yo, |  | | que para el jardín trajo |  | | sobre Roselo tu fin. | 815 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eres un necio, pues ella |  | | no sabe con quien habló, |  | | solo el amor la obligó, |  | | como a mí el verla tan bella; |  | | y porque no me canséis, | 820 | | sabed que me voy a armar, |  | | que esta noche la he de hablar, |  | | aunque más me lo estorbéis |  | | Anselmo, si eres mi amigo, |  | | Marín, si eres mi criado, | 825 | | en esta locura he dado, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | y esto he resuelto conmigo, |  |  |  |  | | el que me quisiere bien. |  |  |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Seguirete, aunque me pese, |  | | y aunque mil muertes me den. | 830 | | Pues que soy temerario, |  | | a tu lado moriré. |  | | Quien con tanto amor se ve, |  | | no tiene mayor contrario. |  | | Poco hiciera yo en quererte, | 835 | | Julia, a ser amiga mía. |  | | Ojalá llegase el día |  | | que te obligase mi muerte. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Váyanse, y entren OTAVIO, JULIA y CELIA)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | No te entiendo. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ni yo a ti. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira prima, que he venido | 840 | | a lo que me has advertido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Yo a ti? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si, Julia, tú a mí. |  | | Y si es que no me aguardabas, |  | | ¿qué hacías en el jardín? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pienso que solo a este fin | 845 | | de enojarme, si llegabas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En el festín me dijiste: |  | | «Ven aquesta noche a verme». |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Primo, mi padre no duerme. |  | | Yo lo dije, y bien hiciste; | 850 | | sube a entretenerle un rato, |  | | haz que se acueste, y después |  | | verás, Otavio, si es |  | | contigo mi amor ingrato. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cumpliraslo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hayas pena | 855 | | que niegue lo que prometo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Voy a entretenerle a efeto |  | | de que después de la cena |  | | no recoja, como suele, |  | | la familia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí te espero. | 860 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Haz sueño, que el más ligero |  | | ministro, a esta casa vuelve, |  | | y la cubra de tu olvido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Celia? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Señora? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué haré? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que mientras tu padre esté | 865 | | con Otavio entretenido, |  | | desengañes a Roselo, |  | | si acaso viniere aquí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Que le desengañe? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cruel sentencia; a amor apelo. | 870 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuánto sabe una mujer: |  | | del mismo competidor |  | | se vale para el favor |  | | que, a quien ama, quiere hacer. |  | | A tu primo haces estar | 875 | | con tu padre entretenido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y entretengo a quien pretendo |  | | aborrecer y engañar. |  | | Si Otavio hablar me quitaba |  | | mi Roselo, estese allá. | 880 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  | | --- | | Ruido he sentido. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y ya |  | | el corazón me avisaba. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con escala habrá subido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues dónde la pudo asir? |  | | ¡Oh!, plegue a Dios que al subir | 885 | | no caiga. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si no ha caído. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si escala la tapia iguala, |  | | alta ha sido. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entre ROSELO, muy galán)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí esperad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si fuera mi voluntad, |  | | no era menester escala. | 890 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Podré, querida señora, |  | | llegar a verte? |  | | | |
|  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sabe el cielo que lo hiciera |  | | si pudiera obedecerte, |  | | querida enemiga mía, |  | | luz del alma que aborreces. |  | | Mas, ¿cómo sera posible?, | 935 | | pues será fácil volverte |  | | el anillo y las palabras, |  | | y el saltar estas paredes, |  | | pero no dejaré de hablarte |  | | y decirte que no pienses | 940 | | que hay volver, si no hay peligro, |  | | ni amor, que sin él se esfuerce. |  | | Advierte pues, Julia mía, |  | | que también de oírte y verte |  | | te amé sin saber quién eras, | 945 | | tú sabes si lo mereces; |  | | y que cuando supe el nombre, |  | | y vi el peligro presente, |  | | amenazando mi cuello |  | | si este mi amor se supiese, | 950 | | procuré dejar de amarte, |  | | mas amor, que siempre ofrece |  | | industrias en imposibles, |  | | y no hay mal que no remedie, |  | | me dijo que no dejase, | 955 | | Julia mía, de quererte, |  | | pues de secreto, los dos, |  | | si el amor nos favorece, |  | | bien podremos, Julia mía, |  | | bien, Julia mía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Detente, | 960 | | detente pues; y no digas, |  | | Julia mía, tantas veces, |  | | que temo que harás en mí |  | | los efetos que quisieres. |  | | Que el nombre, en ajena boca, | 965 | | alegra, enternece y mueve. |  | | Mas di, ya que hablaste, cómo |  | | podrás hablarme y quererme. |  | | ¿Qué intento llevas?, ¿qué fin?, |  | | ¿qué procuras?, ¿qué pretendes? | 970 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que nos casemos los dos, |  | | luz mía, secretamente, |  | | en vuestra parroquia un día; |  | | que con quien hacer lo puede, |  | | yo tengo estrecha amistad; | 975 | | y si el peligro le ofende, |  | | bien podemos engañarle. |  | | | |
|  | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | Tiemblo de oírte. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué temes? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | Mil desdichas. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, señora!, |  | | ¿qué desdicha te detiene, | 980 | | si puede ser que estos bandos |  | | con tu casamiento cesen? |  | | Mira que por dicha el cielo |  | | nos provoca ocultamente |  | | a este amor honesto y santo, | 985 | | con que todos en paz quede. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, sirena!, bien decía |  | | que no hablases. Pero vete, |  | | no venga acaso mi primo, |  | | que a tu enemigo entretiene. | 990 | | No sé cómo me engendró |  | | para amarte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué resuelves? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que iré a la iglesia que dices, |  | | si a quien nos case previenes, |  | | que yo quise escucharte | 995 | | y no fui discreta sierpe. |  | | En taparme los oídos, |  | | bien es que los ojos cierre. |  | | Vete, pues que siento pasos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Voyme, pero no te quedes, | 1000 | | porque a tu primo no hables. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira que de mí te acuerdes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso dices, plega a Dios |  | | que nunca mis cosas lleve. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No jures, que los que juran | 1005 | | mucho del crédito pierden. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué diré? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que me deseas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora mía, que vienen. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Quieres el pie? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y aun la mano. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | Los brazos también. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vete. | 1010 | | | |
| **Jornada II** | | |
|  | | |
|  | | |
| *Sale TEOBALDO y FESENIO* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y queda ya en la iglesia Dorotea? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En ella está; mas triste y con cuidado, |  | | que dos Montesas: Dorida y Andrea, |  | | de su lugar quitaron el estrado. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  | | --- | | ¿No había un Castelvín allí? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aunque sea | 5 | | de todo el bando el más determinado, |  | | solo no ha de atreverse; y fuera desto, |  | | no ha de ser en la iglesia descompuesto. |  | | Ya quise hablar con él, pero en un punto, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | tantos Monteses juntos acudieron, | 10 |  |  |  | | que parece que estaba el bando junto, |  |  |  |  | | y así los Castelvines se rindieron. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo rendir? | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  | | --- | | Callar. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso pregunto, |  | | y aun en solo callar cobardes fueron. |  | | ¿Y dónde está mi hija Dorotea? | 15 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Callando está, que tu quietud desea. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En fin, ¿que las señoras Castelvines, |  | | inferiores están a las Montesas? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es bien que de esa suerte lo imagines, |  | | si en peso de la paz, tu quietud pesas. | 20 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Apostaré que echaron los cojines |  | | dos leguas del estrado. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si profesas |  | | el sosiego y la paz de tus parientes, |  | | ¿por qué tu agravio en tanto estremo sientes? |  | | ¿Quieres dar ocasión a que por dicha | 25 | | tomen las armas y se pierdan todos, |  | | y se atribuya a ti tanta desdicha? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues sufriré tan descorteses modos? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y si no hay libertad hecha, ni dicha... |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No es libertad hacerse de los godos, | 30 | | y quitar un estrado de una dama |  | | de nobles padres y de casta fama? |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Sale OTAVIO acompañando a JULIA, CELIA y CRIADOS)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y vuestra hermana ha venido? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Habrá una hora que salió. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Tanto madrugó? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pensó | 35 | | que te hubieran advertido |  | | de la fama deste padre |  | | que hoy predica, y que vinieras |  | | antes. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si tú lo dijeras |  | | a noche, primo, a mi madre, | 40 | | ya estuviéramos acá, |  | | que es devota por estremo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que haya gente y damas temo. |  | | Bien llena la iglesia está. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Es mi hijo aquel? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sospecho | 45 | | que la dama que acompaña |  | | es su prima. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cosa estraña. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es ídolo de su pecho. |  | | Ya se entran. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Di que le llamo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  | | --- | | Voy. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La deshonra me incita, | 50 | | me premia y me solicita, |  | | tanto esta gente desamo. |  | | Yo, que siempre a mis parientes |  | | la paz les aconsejaba, |  | | porque entonces no pasaba | 55 | | por estos inconvenientes, |  | | agora a la guerra incito, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | que en juzgar cosas ajenas |  |  |  |  | | o propias, malas o buenas, |  |  |  |  | | menos libertad permito. | 60 |  |  |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Salen OTAVIO y FESENIO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | Mi padre me llama. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí |  | | te espera. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es lo que mandas? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué descuidado que andas |  | | de lo que me importa a mí! |  | | Para acompañar tu prima, | 65 | | gran punto y lisonja vana, |  | | pero no para tu hermana, |  | | que tu amor en tanto estima. |  | | ¡Oh, qué bien echa de ver |  | | en esto tu liviandad! | 70 | | La honra y la autoridad |  | | dejas, Otavio, perder, |  | | por andar tras los antojos |  | | de un imposible. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A qué efeto |  | | me riñes? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo te prometo | 75 | | que no me faltan enojos, |  | | Otavio, por tu ocasión. |  | | Si con tu hermana vinieras, |  | | y que lo es tuya hicieras |  | | alguna demostración, | 80 | | no me viera yo corrido, |  | | ni en el estado que estoy. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo corrido?, ¿pues hoy |  | | qué puede haber sucedido? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si yo tuviera tus años, | 85 | | si yo tus fuerzas tuviera, |  | | hoy, hijo, la patria viera |  | | sucesos varios y estraños; |  | | y pues el tenerte amor |  | | no me puede reportar, | 90 | | ya debes de imaginar |  | | que me han tocado al honor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué dices? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te alborotes |  | | hasta que me escuches bien. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso es bueno, y que también | 95 | | de ser cobarde me notes. |  | | ¿Quién te ha ofendido? Habla presto. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El estrado que a tu hermana |  | | pusieron esta mañana, |  | | le han quitado y descompuesto. | 100 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú lo sabrás allá. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aguárdame, padre, aquí. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te animaba yo a ti |  | | solo por quedarme acá; |  | | a tu lado estaré bien. | 105 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | ¿No has de entrar? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tengo de entrar. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que le ha querido incitar, |  | | *(Entrense los dos)* |  | | y le vaya ayudar también! |  | | Por Dios que es poca prudencia. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Entren ROSELO y ANSELMO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí ha entrado acompañada | 110 | | de Otavio. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por olvidada |  | | la juzgaba en esta ausencia, |  | | que no me has escrito cosa |  | | en que de Julia tratases. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque no te alborotases, | 115 | | o no te fuese enojosa, |  | | fuera de que tal secreto |  | | no es para carta. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estos son |  | | Monteses, triste ocasión |  | | si el enojo llega a efeto. | 120 | | Quiero entrar a ver qué intenta |  | | Otavio. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Secretos tienes |  | | en su amor. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Éntrese FESENIO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A tiempo vienes, |  | | que es forzoso el darte cuenta |  | | del estado de mi amor, | 125 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | porque hay una historia rara, |  |  |  |  | | después que fuiste a Ferrara. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya te escucho con temor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La noche, Anselmo, que fuiste |  | | a acompañarme contento, | 130 | | para que pudiese hablarla |  | | por las paredes del huerto, |  | | concertamos que algún día |  | | que pudiese, con secreto |  | | ir a la iglesia, tuviese | 135 | | para hacer el casamiento |  | | prevenido o engañado |  | | al beneficiado Aurelio, |  | | porque quedasen allí |  | | nuestros desposorios hechos. | 140 | | Yo puse tanto cuidado, |  | | que aunque él no pensaba hacerlo, |  | | se dispuso a mi gusto, |  | | con lágrimas y con ruegos. |  | | Vino Julia a una capilla, | 145 | | sola con Celia, diciendo |  | | que quería confesarse. |  | | Fuéronse los escuderos. |  | | Entramos Aurelio y yo, |  | | y la voluntad sabiendo | 150 | | de los dos, nos dio las manos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué notable atrevimiento! |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque si vio que los dos |  | | habíamos presupuesto |  | | la destruición de Verona; | 155 | | si se escusaba de hacerlo, |  | | porque si yo la robaba, |  | | era poner a sus deudos |  | | y los míos en peligro |  | | de mil trágicos sucesos, | 160 | | finalmente nos casó. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mejor dijeras, Roselo: |  | | «finalmente fue mi fin»; |  | | pues el mismo daño espero, |  | | cuando se sepa el agravio. | 165 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No será queriendo el cielo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Puede dejar entenderse, |  | | Roselo, tu pensamiento, |  | | ya paseando de día |  | | su calle, a su reja atento, | 170 | | ya, como agora, en la iglesia? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En eso, Anselmo, procedo |  | | con la cordura que basta. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues hay hombre, amando, cuerdo? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No paseo yo su calle, | 175 | | y de milagro a este templo |  | | vengo a misa. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué suerte |  | | os veis? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin peligro, Anselmo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Poniendo una escala, |  | | las más noches con silencio, | 180 | | a la pared del jardín |  | | de los naranjos y cedros, |  | | bajo; y Celia, que me espera, |  | | me guía hasta su aposento, |  | | donde primero que el alba, | 185 | | peine esos rubios cabellos. |  | | Ya doy la vuelta a la escala, |  | | donde Marín llega presto, |  | | subo, y diciendo, y en casa |  | | de día descanso y duermo. | 190 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y eso no tiene peligro? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No Anselmo, que cuando llego |  | | todos duermen en Verona. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y no está Otavio despierto? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Otavio la quiere bien, | 195 | | pero el peregrino ingenio |  | | de Julia sabe engañarle. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por el mismo huerto, |  | | desde las diez a las doce, |  | | habla con él, y él con esto | 200 | | vase acostar a su casa. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ingenioso pensamiento; |  | | con eso andará seguro. |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | ¿Pero tú no tienes celos |  |  |  |  | | de que hable con tu esposa? | 205 |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, porque los oigo y veo |  | | muchas veces, escondido, |  | | y sé que es lenguaje honesto |  | | el que pasa entre los dos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  | | --- | | ¿Y el tuyo? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Licencia tengo | 210 | | de marido. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Luego ya |  | | en la posesión te ha puesto? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues si ya estamos casados, |  | | ¿quién nos obliga a respeto? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tiemblo de lo que me dices. | 215 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo con el calor no tiemblo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No te da miedo la casa? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nada, Anselmo, me da miedo, |  | | porque amor y posesión |  | | son valientes en estremo. | 220 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya no sé qué aconsejarte. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi bien no quiere consejo, |  | | porque es llover en la mar |  | | dar consejo a casos hechos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues qué habéis de hacer ansí? | 225 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aguardar, Anselmo, al tiempo, |  | | que levanta humildes valles |  | | y humilla montes soberbios. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Ruido de espadas dentro)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Fuera, cobardes Monteses! |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Fuera, infames Castelvines! | 230 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué es esto? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te imagines |  | | tan soberbio. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aunque tuvieses |  | | sobre ellos estos cojines, |  | | de allí te los quitaría, |  | | y en el infierno pondría. | 235 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Calla, que mientes! | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Afuera. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  | | --- | | Mi padre es aquel. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Espera. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  | | --- | | ¿Que espere? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por vida mía. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Salgan al teatro las espadas desnudas, y póngase a una parte ANTONIO, CASTELVÍN, TEOBALDO, OTAVIO y FESENIO; y de la otra: FABRICIO, LIDIO, MARÍN y ANSELMO, y en medio solo ROSELO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Anselmo, a mi padre llega, |  | | que Julia a ponerme obliga | 240 | | en medio aunque me lo niega |  | | la sangre. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay más que diga, |  | | quien de amor tanto se ciega. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ah, caballeros!, teneos, |  | | que aunque soy Montés y mozo, | 245 | | no con tan malos deseos |  | | que en vuestro daño me gozo |  | | de vengativos trofeos. |  | | ¿Sobre qué fue la quistión? |  | | ¡Bueno está!, ¡bueno está ya!, | 250 | | valga esta vez la razón, |  | | pues que tan sigura está |  | | la nobleza y la opinión. |  | | Todos sois tan bien nacidos |  | | como Verona lo sabe, | 255 | | todos fuertes y atrevidos. |  | | ¿Es el negocio muy grave? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los nuestros, los ofendidos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cuéntalo, Otavio, por Dios! |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | Mueran. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Refiérelo, Otavio, | 260 | | que no es eso de hombre sabio. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mejor fuera entre los dos |  | | averiguar este agravio, |  | | y que se fueran los viejos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Padre tengo aquí, y me holgara | 265 | | ya mejor para consejos; |  | | pero en que te amo repara, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | aunque de amarme estas lejos. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que no quiero yo tu amor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  | | --- | | Ni yo el tuyo. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eres cobarde. | 270 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Calla, Otavio, que es rigor |  | | que me obligue a que te guarde |  | | respeto tu mismo honor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es bien que ponga su estrado |  | | de mi hermana su criado, | 275 | | y que el tuyo se le quite. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si satisfación permite, |  | | no quedarás mal vengado. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No era ese criado mío. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Pues de quién era? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De Andrea. | 280 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si con la paz os porfío, |  | | es porque aquí no se vea |  | | un notable desvarío. |  | | Entrad, y pondré el estrado |  | | yo mismo en mejor lugar. | 285 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso estará remediado, |  | | pero el descompuesto hablar |  | | hoy ha de ser castigado. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si algo es agravio, eso sea |  | | causa de paz. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien lo anima. | 290 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cásate tú con Andrea, |  | | y yo con Julia, tu prima. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Primero mi muerte vea. |  | | ¿Con Julia tú? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desta suerte |  | | se escusará alguna muerte. | 295 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cobarde, deja de hablar, |  | | que te tengo de matar |  | | como a mujer! |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oye! ¡Advierte! |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay que advertir. Llega ya. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señores, séanme testigos | 300 | | que provocándome está, |  | | y que os quise hacer amigos, |  | | y la ocasión que me da. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Llega, infame! | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Julia mía, |  | | perdona, fuera villano, | 305 | | que esto no fue cobardía, |  | | sino tenerme la mano, |  | | quien solamente podía. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | Muerto soy. | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Matole? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Huye, padre, por aquí. | 310 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Aquí, Castelvines! | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Hijo! |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Confesión! | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Confesión dijo! |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Húyanse los Monteses)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Espiró. ¡Triste de mí! |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entralde en la iglesia presto. |  | | Remedie si quiera el alma. | 315 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que yo fui la causa desto. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Teobaldo estaba en la calma, |  | | y en la tormenta se ha puesto. |  | | Ello ha sido grande error, |  | | pero pues tuvo la culpa, | 320 | | pida disculpa a su honor, |  | | pues a Roselo disculpa |  | | su defensa y su valor. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Sale el SEÑOR DE VERONA con una alabarda, y gente armada con él, y un CAPITÁN)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VERONA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No ha de quedar un hombre solamente |  | | de los culpados vivo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Del suceso, | 325 | | Teobaldo Castelvín tuvo la culpa. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VERONA | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién hay heridos? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muchos de ambas partes. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VERONA | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién muerto? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Otavio, de Teobaldo hijo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VERONA | |  | | --- | | ¿Dónde está el cuerpo? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí, en la misma iglesia, |  | | donde se ha confesado y le han absuelto, | 330 | | en brazos de su padre y sus hermanas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VERONA | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién le mató? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Roselo Montés, hijo |  | | de Fabricio Montés, mas todos dicen |  | | que fue de Otavio el mozo provocado |  | | una y mil veces, tanto porque esta ofensa, | 335 | | más que delito, fue propia defensa. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VERONA | |  | | --- | | ¿Vós tenéis algo de Montés? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No tengo |  | | de Castelvín y Montés un átomo, |  | | ni soy parcial de alguno de los bandos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soy criado de Teobaldo, y quiero | 340 | | a Otavio como a hermano, que en su casa |  | | me dieron este ser, hasta ser hombre; |  | | pero no dejaré por mi conciencia |  | | de confesar que Otavio fue culpado, |  | | provocando a Roselo con palabras | 345 | | infames, de manera que Roselo |  | | a todos dijo que testigos fuesen, |  | | que solo su persona defendía |  | | y la paz de Verona pretendía. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor excelentísimo, no creo | 350 | | que hallarás otra cosa. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Excelso príncipe, |  | | infórmate de todos los presentes. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VERONA | |  | | --- | | ¿Adónde está Roselo? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En esta torre, |  | | donde con un lacayo se ha subido, |  | | que con piedras su dueño ha defendido. | 355 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VERONA | |  | | --- | | ¡Hola! Roselo, escucha. | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Sale ROSELO y MARÍN con piedras, en la torre)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién me llama? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ya no conoces al señor que tienes? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué me manda, señor, vuesa excelencia? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VERONA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que bajes de la torre, que debajo |  | | de mi palabra, bien seguro puedes. | 360 | | | | |
|  | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si me la das, señor, de defenderme |  | | de tantos enemigos que me cercan, |  | | yo bajaré, y a tus reales plantas |  | | las armas rendiré, de otra manera |  | | aquí pienso morir con hambre o fuego, | 365 | | mas no en poder de fieros Castelvines. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VERONA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Baja seguro, que la doy al cielo |  | | de defenderte contra todo el mundo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo bajo en tu palabra confiado. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  | | --- | | Mira primero cómo bajas. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Calla, | 370 | | que a nadie teme quien está inocente. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo sé que tierra en medio es linda cosa, |  | | y no que andemos llenos de papeles |  | | con el procurador y el escribano, |  | | sonando los dineros y los grillos, | 375 | | a que jure un bellaco que lo ha visto, |  | | y estaba cuatro leguas de la calle, |  | | y aquel otro disponga el juramento |  | | como se le pusiere en el capricho, |  | | con mil veces el dicho y sobredicho. | 380 | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Mientras baja, salga JULIA y CELIA)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya no tengo que temer |  | | vanos respetos de honor, |  | | ni me queda qué perder. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tente, que está aquí el señor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mas, ¿que le viene a prender? | 385 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién va? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Julia Castelvín. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Su hija de Antonio es. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Soy quien desea su fin. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Metan a ROSELO y a MARÍN presos)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GUARDIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este es Roselo Montés. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí esta Julia Marín. | 390 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vendrá a jurar contra ti. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VERONA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Roselo, ¿mataste a Otavio? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si es muerto, digo que sí, |  | | provocado y con agravio, |  | | y defendiéndome a mí. | 395 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VERONA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira que está aquí presente |  | | una prima del difunto, |  | | que le amaba tiernamente. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo a la misma pregunto |  | | si le maté, justamente. | 400 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aunque en Otavio perdí |  | | gran señor, primo y marido, |  | | digo que mil veces sí, |  | | porque obligada he nacido |  | | a esta verdad contra mí. | 405 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VERONA | |  | | --- | | ¿Vístelo? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desde la puerta |  | | de la iglesia; y en aquesto |  | | toda Verona concierta |  | | que ese hombre estaba dispuesto |  | | a la paz segura y cierta, | 410 | | cuando Otavio le importuna |  | | a que se maten los dos, |  | | soberbio desde la cuna. |  | | ¡Ay Celia, mal me haga Dios |  | | si he visto cosa ninguna! | 415 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VERONA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y qué dice esa mujer |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | que viene con Julia? |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Digo |  | | que le buscó desde ayer, |  | | porque tras ser su enemigo, |  | | celos debieron de ser. | 420 | | Para esto Otavio junta |  | | sus deudos, con quien agora |  | | a Roselo el pecho apunta, |  | | mal me haga Dios, señora, |  | | si sé lo que me pregunta. | 425 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esto mismo te dirán |  | | cuantos parientes están |  | | en esta iglesia con él. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay testigo contra él. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VERONA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues qué he de hacer, capitán? | 430 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Destiérrale de Verona, |  | | porque será revolver |  | | la ciudad, si se apasiona; |  | | y es en peligro poner |  | | tu autoridad y persona. | 435 | | Julia es su prima, y confirma |  | | su ignorancia y su criada, |  | | como lo has visto lo afirma. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VERONA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ese conceto me agrada. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dame un bando con tu firma, | 440 | | con que el vulgo se sosiegue. |  | | Pena de muerte. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VERONA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí haré. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y antes que el bando se llegue, |  | | guarda a Roselo se dé, |  | | que libre en Roma le entregue, | 445 | | en Venecia o en Milán. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es menester, Capitán, |  | | yo me sabré defender. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VERONA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con todo, es bien menester, |  | | mientras airados están. | 450 | | Id vós, señora, en buen hora, |  | | que yo llevaré a Roselo |  | | a mi palacio. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh!, si agora |  | | me sacara el alma el cielo |  | | de la prisión en que mora. | 455 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VERONA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En mi palacio os tendré, |  | | mientras os vais. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Haz tu gusto. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ven Celia, porque no dé |  | | ocasión con mi disgusto |  | | a más mal del que se ve. | 460 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si aquí paran los enojos |  | | de la furia deste día, |  | | no son muchos los despojos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay Julia del alma mía! |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay Roselo de mis ojos! | 465 | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Váyanse, y entre[n] TEOBALDO y DOROTEA)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues yo tuve la culpa, de ninguno |  | | debo quejarme en desventura tanta. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOROTEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por venganza, a los cielos importuno. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que viva yo con tal dolor me espanta. |  | | ¿Escribiose jamás de padre alguno, | 470 | | aunque al amor la honra se adelanta, |  | | que provocase un hijo hasta la muerte, |  | | o furor de venganza, pasión fuerte? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOROTEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todos culpan a Otavio, que esto siento |  | | en incitar a su enemigo manso, | 475 | | que intentaba la paz, con pensamiento |  | | de dar a nuestra patria algún descanso. |  | | Vuélvese el incitado sufrimiento |  | | furor mil veces... ¿Pero qué me canso |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | en lo que ya ningún remedio tiene? | 480 |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que se pierda la patria me conviene, |  | | con el mismo vestido, espada y capa, |  | | en la bóveda lóbrega y escura |  | | de sus mayores, una cosa tapa |  | | su verde edad, su joven hermosura. | 485 | | Hija, si no es que aquel traidor se escapa |  | | en las alas del viento, y su ventura |  | | le lleva sin peligro a estraña tierra, |  | | ya he dado la señal de guerra. |  | | Enterralle vestido significa | 490 | | que sus deudos se obligan a vengalle. |  | | Ya por todos mis deudos se publica. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(FESENIO entre)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya se cansan tus deudos en buscalle; |  | | a Roma dicen que la posta pica |  | | y que ha mandado el duque acompañarle | 495 | | alguna armada gente hasta Ferrara, |  | | con que la furia de las armas para. |  | | Dicen que ha sido acuerdo conviniente |  | | para templar los Castelvines fieros, |  | | y porque dice el vulgo que inocente | 500 | | estaba el agresor para ofenderos, |  | | todos culpan a Otavio de insolente, |  | | y algunos envainaron los aceros, |  | | en sabiendo... |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No pases adelante, |  | | que no soy piedra yo, ni amor diamante. | 505 | | Bástame mi desdicha, sin que agora |  | | me den la culpa, pues la pena tengo. |  | | ¡Oh, canalla cobarde, vil, traidora! |  | | Pues muera yo si mi dolor no vengo. |  | | ¡Qué bien consuelan al que un hijo llora! | 510 | | Pero, ¿cómo en vengarle me detengo? |  | | Quejarme quiero al duque deste agravio. |  | | No viva yo, pues he perdido a Otavio. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DOROTEA | |  | | --- | | Qué bárbaro anduviste. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No he perdido |  | | con la lisonja del servir, señora, | 515 | | la verdad del honor con que he nacido, |  | | que todos culpan a tu hermano agora. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOROTEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aunque a Otavio perdí, perdón le pido |  | | a la sangre de hermano que le llora, |  | | para alegrarme de que guarde el cielo | 520 | | los tiernos años del Montés Roselo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Pues cómo dices eso? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOROTEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Era estimado |  | | Roselo de las damas de Verona, |  | | y de las Castelvines celebrado. |  | | Por su brío, su ingenio y su presencia, | 525 | | yo sé que fue de Julia codiciado. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Las cajas oigo, el bando se pregona. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DOROTEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Parte a saber lo que es, que no querría |  | | perder tras tanto mal la patria mía. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Sale ROSELO de camino, y MARÍN, a lo gracioso)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Recogiste las escalas? | 530 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya señor las recogí. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En fin, has entrado aquí. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu amor me ha dado las alas; |  | | que te quiero defender, |  | | si algún peligro se ofrece, | 535 | | que quien la vida aborrece, |  | | ya no tiene que temer. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Al amor que a Celia tienes, |  | | y no al mío, lo atribuyo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Al tuyo, señor, y al suyo. | 540 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Della a despedirte vienes, |  | | como de mi Julia yo? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Celia sola no pudiera |  | | traerme desta manera. |  | | Todo, señor, se juntó; | 545 | | pero viéndome en el puerto, |  | | tu amor me tiene admirado, |  | | que no sé cómo has entrado |  | | y nos has sido descubierto, |  | | tanto tiempo por aquí | 550 | | entrase sin ser sentido. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi dicha, Marín, ha sido; |  | | mas ya todo el bien perdí. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  | | --- | | Ruido siento. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Prenden las armas? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De aquestas fuentes, | 555 | | pienso que son las corrientes. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi Julia viene también. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Sale JULIA y CELIA)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Eres tú mi esposo amado? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, cielos, dadme paciencia, |  | | que no me basta la vida | 560 | | para perder la luz della! |  | | Julia, yo soy, y tu esposo |  | | en bien, en mal, gloria y pena. |  | | Y como en presencia he sido, |  | | el mismo seré en ausencia. | 565 | | Pienso que tendrás llorada |  | | nuestra desdicha; no seas |  | | mi muerte llorando aquí, |  | | ni des causa a que te sientan, |  | | aunque si quieres que a entrambos | 570 | | una misma espada sea |  | | fin de desventuras tantas, |  | | aquí estoy, las vidas mueran, |  | | que no apartarán las almas |  | | los que mi muerte desean; | 575 | | porque los cuerpos dividan, |  | | que no hay en las almas fuerza. |  | | Esto no fue culpa mía; |  | | si de mi espada te quejas, |  | | vas contra toda opinión, | 580 | | pues mil infamias y afrentas |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | por no perderte sufro |  |  |  |  | | a su temeraria lengua. |  |  |  |  | | Mas, si estimas a tu primo |  |  |  |  | | más que a tu esposo, no tengas | 585 |  |  |  | | suspensos nuestros dos bandos; |  |  |  |  | | toma esta daga, y con ella |  |  |  |  | | pasa este pecho y su furia, |  |  |  |  | | si esta en mi muerte, sosiega. |  |  |  |  | | ¿No respondes? |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si por dicha | 590 | | estas enojada, Celia, |  | | de que he sido tan gallina |  | | que a penas vi la pendencia, |  | | cuando me subí a la torre, |  | | y en los chapiteles della | 595 | | dije que era de corona |  | | para provocar la iglesia, |  | | vesme aquí: con esta daga |  | | tu mismo pecho atraviesa, |  | | porque si me das a mí, | 600 | | no des lugar que te prendan. |  | | ¿No respondes? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién, esposo, |  | | por ti tantas cosas deja? |  | | ¿En qué ha de estimar un primo, |  | | ni cuando su padre fuera? | 605 | | Si de todo mi linaje |  | | quieres que la sangre vierta |  | | la destas venas, mi bien, |  | | te ofreceré después della. |  | | Yo no tengo ya otro padre, | 610 | | ni otro remedio me queda. |  | | En ti consiste mi amparo, |  | | basta que tú me defiendas. |  | | Tú eres el bando que sigo, |  | | no el que mis padres profesan. | 615 | | Castelvín soy en el cuerpo |  | | y en el alma soy Montesa. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quien por ti, Marín querido, |  | | de su casa no se acuerda, |  | | ni estima su ropa blanca, | 620 | | ni sus vidros de conservas. |  | | ¿Por qué he de querer, me di, |  | | que bravo y valiente seas?; |  | | que a serlo, pudiera ser |  | | matarte en esta pendencia, | 625 | | y no te gozara yo, |  | | que me diera mayor pena. |  | | Créeme que los galanes |  | | han de ser de esa manera: |  | | gallinas para durar, | 630 | | y darlas para comerlas. |  | | Los cobardes son secretos, |  | | los bravos con sus bravezas |  | | desvelan a la justicia, |  | | y la vecindad despiertan; | 635 | | mas te quiero yo gallina, |  | | que si Rodamontés fueras, |  | | las gallinas, Marín, ponen |  | | vestidos, joyas, cadenas, |  | | los gallos quitan y riñen, | 640 | | celan, sacuden y mesan. |  | | Matarte yo no es posible |  | | de la suerte que me enseñas. |  | | Aquí tengo a tu servicio |  | | las llaves de la bodega. | 645 | | Saca de lo tinto sangre, |  | | que yo no tengo otra prenda |  | | que me ampare: tú eres bando |  | | que sigo para que creas |  | | que soy Marina en el alma, | 650 | | aunque en el cuerpo soy Celia. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué quieres, mi bien, que haga |  | | en tal desdicha? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que vengas |  | | con gran secreto a Verona |  | | todas las noches que puedas, | 655 | | hasta que llegue ocasión |  | | que nos vamos a Venecia, |  | | dando a estas paredes paso, |  | | los de la escala de cuerdas, |  | | que hasta que viva contigo, | 660 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | ¿cómo puedo estar contenta? |  |  |  |  | | ¿Cumplirasme esta palabra? |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay mi bien!, mucho me pesa |  | | que pongas duda en mi amor. |  | | Plega a Dios que nunca vea | 665 | | en paz mi padre y sus deudos |  | | destas vengativas guerras, |  | | que llegue muerto a Ferrara, |  | | o en el camino me prendan |  | | celadas de Castelvines; | 670 | | que para venganza fiera |  | | me coman el corazón |  | | y mi propia sangre beban, |  | | si te faltare en algunas |  | | de todas nuestras promesas. | 675 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y él no ha de venir por mí? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Plega al cielo que no vea |  | | cosa que me disgustó!, |  | | ni en el camino, en las ventas, |  | | falten perdices que coma | 680 | | y vino blanco que beba, |  | | si hiciere cosa por ti |  | | de que algún daño me venga. |  | | ¿Pero tú, tendraste firme? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No lo está tanto una rueda, | 685 | | una nube, un viento, un dado, |  | | como yo mientras tú quieras. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | *(Desde dentro)* | | Muestra, Lucio, esa alabarda, |  | | que sospecho que nos cercan |  | | la casa. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi padre es este. | 690 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  | | --- | | Pon la escala. | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  | | --- | | Salta. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Espera. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que no hay, Celia, que esperar. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Tienes fuera guarda? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y buena. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Anselmo y seis amigos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | Adiós. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lindo miedo llevas. | 695 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué has de decir a tu padre? |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Sale ANTONIO y LUCIO y TEODORO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gente está junto a las yedras. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | Dispara. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tente, señor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Es Julia? | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | Yo soy. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No temas. |  | | ¿Y quién más está contigo? | 700 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  | | --- | | Celia. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues desta manera |  | | estás en tiempo como este? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y en este quieres que duerma? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué hacías? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llorar mi primo, |  | | a donde nadie me oyera. | 705 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Resucitará por eso? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No señor, ¿pero qué piedra |  | | estará sin sentimiento |  | | en fortuna tan adversa? |  | | Yo perdí marido en él. | 710 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Marido? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues no lo fuera? |  | | Y si aun marido he perdido, |  | | no te espantes que lo sienta. |  | | Yo por mi marido lloro, |  | | soy mujer y no es flaqueza, | 715 | | sino razón y justicia. |  | | Tú con tus venganzas fieras, |  | | no sientes más que un diamante. |  | | ¡Plega Dios que tantas guerras |  | | no paren en daño tuyo! | 720 | | *(Váyase)* |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIO | |  | | --- | | Fuese llorando. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oye, espera. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué te espantas, pues te dice claro |  | | que por vuestras venganzas ha perdido |  | | marido de su sangre? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya reparo, |  | | Teobaldo, en lo que dice de marido, | 725 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | mas, pues yo me quedo, no le falta amparo. |  |  |  |  | | Su padre soy en fin, y haber sabido |  |  |  |  | | que amor tenía a mi sobrino Otavio, |  |  |  |  | | no hubiera sucedido tanto agravio. |  |  |  |  | | Hartas veces mi hermano me rogaba | 730 |  |  |  | | que por mujer a Otavio se la diera, |  |  |  |  | | y que della jamás le presumiera. |  |  |  |  | | El efeto a sus ruegos dilataba, |  |  |  |  | | lo que a saber su voluntad no hiciera; |  |  |  |  | | y es muerto Otavio, y más me pesa agora | 735 |  |  |  | | que por marido, como veis, le llora. |  |  |  |  | | Mas yo soy padre, y padre que la quiero |  |  |  |  | | con más estremo del que fuera justo. |  |  |  |  | | Casarla quiero, y darla presto espero |  |  |  |  | | marido noble, rico y de su gusto. | 740 |  |  |  | | El conde Paris me pidió primero |  |  |  |  | | que fuese a acompañar al duque Augusto |  |  |  |  | | mi hija por mujer, y ya ha venido. |  |  |  |  | | ¿Paréceos que mejora de marido? |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Y cómo si mejora!, que es el Conde | 745 | | gallardo caballero. Dile luego, |  | | para ver si a su gusto corresponde, |  | | el rico esposo que la das, te ruego. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es en toda mujer sol que se esconde |  | | el muerto esposo; todo queda ciego, | 750 | | mas si otro sale en el siguiente día, |  | | luego se olvida el que llorar solía. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Váyanse, y entren el CONDE PARIS, y ROSELO y MARÍN)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PARIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pesado estás en pesarte |  | | de haber topado conmigo, |  | | que yo no soy tu enemigo, | 755 | | ni de la contraria parte. |  | | ¿Cuándo tú decir oíste |  | | que el conde Paris trató |  | | de ser Castelvín? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si yo, |  | | tan desesperado y triste | 760 | | discursos pudiera hacer |  | | de tu valor y mi pecho, |  | | bien pasara satisfecho, |  | | pero es forzoso el temer |  | | a un dudoso corazón, | 765 | | a un pensamiento afligido. |  | | Intercadencias han sido |  | | del alma y de la razón. |  | | Voy, señor Conde, de suerte |  | | que todo cuanto hay aquí, | 770 | | pienso que es muerte, y en mí |  | | todo es desear la muerte. |  | | No sé en qué estado me veo, |  | | entre morir y vivir, |  | | pues vengo yo mismo a hüir | 775 | | de lo mismo que deseo. |  | | Crea vuestra señoría |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | que con desear mi fin |  |  |  |  | | soy más cierto Castelvín |  |  |  |  | | que el mismo que me seguía. | 780 |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PARIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Roselo, haberte amparado |  | | en causa tan peligrosa |  | | ha sido muy justa cosa, |  | | y de que estoy muy pagado. |  | | Estimo en el camino | 785 | | llegase a tal ocasión |  | | que librase de traición |  | | un hombre tan peregrino. |  | | Y aunque he sabido después |  | | que has muerto un amigo mío, | 790 | | sabiendo su desvarío |  | | perdí mi propio interés. |  | | Verdad es que pretendí |  | | casarme con Julia yo: |  | | de Castelvín me quedó, | 795 | | que algún tiempo la serví. |  | | Mas viendo la dilación |  | | que en dármela el padre tuvo, |  | | corrida algún tiempo estuvo |  | | con mi valor mi afición. | 800 | | Yo soy ya Castelvín, |  | | pues a Julia no me dieron. |  | | Montés soy, pues me pusieron |  | | entre enemigos, en fin. |  | | Si quieres que hasta Ferrara | 805 | | acompañe tu persona, |  | | dejaré de ir a Verona. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien tu valor me declara, |  | | conde Paris, que naciste |  | | de la sangre más real | 810 | | que tuvo Italia, pues tal |  | | para mis desdichas fuiste. |  | | Por esclavo tuyo quedo, |  | | pues desta fiera celada |  | | me sacó vivo tu espada, | 815 | | que es lo más que decir puedo. |  | | De aquí a Ferrara no hay ya |  | | cosa que pueda temer, |  | | y bien te puedes volver, |  | | que pienso que cerca está. | 820 | | Que no es razón que Verona, |  | | alterada la ciudad, |  | | en tanta necesidad |  | | carezca de tu persona. |  | | Oí decir que trataste | 825 | | casar con una señora |  | | Castelvín, pero ya agora |  | | que mi pecho aseguraste, |  | | más te tendré por Montés, |  | | y escribiré desde aquí | 830 | | esto que has hecho por mí. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PARIS | |  | | --- | | ¿Es gente? | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(FESENIO, de camino)* | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién va? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién es? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PARIS | |  | | --- | | El conde Paris. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A ti |  | | traigo esta carta, señor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PARIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Roselo, no hayas temor, | 835 | | yo estoy a tu lado aquí. |  | | ¿De quién es esta carta? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es de Antonio Castelvín. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  | | --- | | ¿Matarele? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, Marín, |  | | déjale que en paz se parta. | 840 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Si en aquesta carta escribe |  | | que en el camino te mate? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ojalá de hacerlo trate. |  | | Bien muere quien triste vive. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Notables admiraciones | 845 | | hace leyendo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin duda |  | | quiere que a matar me acuda. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A gran peligro te pones, |  | | si no le das de estocadas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y podré matarle yo | 850 | | si aquí la vida me dio? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cortesías escusadas. |  | | Por la vida no hay traición; |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | y el que en esto fue cortés, |  |  |  |  | | tras quedar muertos después | 855 |  |  |  | | deja en duda su opinión. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PARIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo he leído, y porque veas |  | | lo que esta carta contiene |  | | y a lo que el crïado viene, |  | | quiero que también la veas. | 860 | | Toma, Roselo, que es justo |  | | tengas parte de mi bien, |  | | y me des el parabién |  | | de cosa de tanto gusto. |  | | Que no por ser yerno aquí | 865 | | de aquel tu grande enemigo, |  | | dejaré de ser tu amigo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo? | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PARIS | |  | | --- | | Lee. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dice ansí: |  | | *(Lea)* |  | | “Si alguna cosa pudiera |  | | consolarme en tal dolor, | 870 | | será que vengas, señor, |  | | donde esta casa te espera. |  | | Hónrala con tu persona, |  | | porque a defender te inclines, |  | | no solo a los Castelvines, | 875 | | pero a tu patria Verona. |  | | Ya sabrás como Roselo |  | | mató a mi sobrino Otavio, |  | | cuya sangre y nuestro agravio |  | | dan juntos voces al cielo. | 880 | | Todos te quieren aquí |  | | por amparo y protector, |  | | y yo por yerno y señor. |  | | Julia te espera. ¡Ay de mí!”. |  | | Julia te espera. ¿Qué es esto? | 885 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PARIS | |  | | --- | | ¿De que te turbas? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De ver |  | | que si es Julia tu mujer, |  | | en gran peligro estoy puesto. |  | | Toma, que no hay que pasar |  | | adelante, pues en fin, | 890 | | siendo conde Castelvín, |  | | me has de procurar matar. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PARIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te receles, detente; |  | | que aunque esta carta ha llegado |  | | a tiempo que te habrá dado | 895 | | sospechas forzosamente, |  | | no soy yo sangre tan ruin |  | | que, por lo que hacen conmigo, |  | | dejase de ser tu amigo, |  | | aunque Julia Castelvín... | 900 | | Yo te hallé desamparado |  | | antes que esta carta viese; |  | | que allí te favoreciese |  | | es porque estaba obligado |  | | por ley de ser caballero. | 905 | | Desfavorecerte agora, |  | | porque esta hermosa señora |  | | por mujer estimo y quiero, |  | | desdice mucho a quien soy. |  | | Vete, que pues desterrado | 910 | | vas de donde estoy casado, |  | | libre de ofenderte estoy. |  | | Fesenio hará como hidalgo, |  | | pues este es gran testimonio, |  | | en que a su señor Antonio, | 915 | | si para servirle valgo, |  | | no diga que te amparé, |  | | ni que dejé de matarte. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fuera señor de agradarte, |  | | por mi voluntad lo haré, | 920 | | que aunque sirvo a Castelvín, |  | | quiero en estremo a Roselo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PARIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Roselo, guárdete el cielo |  | | queda a Dios. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Adiós, Marín. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PARIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El miedo le tiene tal | 925 | | que aun no responde. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FESENIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No importa. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PARIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mucho el ver la muerte corta |  | | de hombre más principal. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Váyanse el CONDE y su gente, y FESENIO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Echas acaso de ver |  | | el peligro en que te hallas? | 930 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | ¿Sabes que nos pueden dar |  |  |  |  | | mil muertes de aquí a Ferrara? |  |  |  |  | | Deja el éxtasis de amor, |  |  |  |  | | deja suspensiones vanas. |  |  |  |  | | Cásese Julia en buen hora, | 935 |  |  |  | | pues para su mal se casa. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  | | --- | | ¿Que se case? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Santo Dios, |  | | que voces das! |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién pensara |  | | que en aquel ángel, Marín, |  | | hubiera tantas mudanzas? | 940 | | Los cielos dicen que mueve |  | | con velocidad tan rara |  | | un ángel, que en solo un día |  | | de un polo al otro los pasa; |  | | o lo imitas, o lo eres, | 945 | | pues en tan breve distancia, |  | | las esferas del alma, |  | | desde los cielos al infierno pasas. |  | | Triste de mí, que creyendo |  | | tus ojos que siempre engañan, | 950 | | que también por hermosura |  | | son cielos que nunca paran, |  | | dejé llevar mis deseos |  | | de aquella dulce esperanza |  | | que halló su centro en tus ojos. | 955 | | Niñas y ojos, todo es agua. |  | | ¡Agua, mis ojos, agua!, |  | | que le abrasa la casa, y dentro el alma. |  | | No fue locura quererte, |  | | aunque ninguno te amara, | 960 | | si no es el que agora estimas, |  | | sin estarlo por tu causa. |  | | De tu parte hubo hermosura, |  | | de la mía lo que basta |  | | para igualarte, no siendo | 965 | | en lo que al cielo te igualas. |  | | ¿Quieres ver en quién has puesto |  | | los deseos, Julia ingrata? |  | | Mira que no te conoce, |  | | pues yo sé que no te ama, | 970 | | mientras tu padre, ambicioso |  | | del honor que no le falta, |  | | te hace su mujer, perdona |  | | a un hombre que a Otavio mata. |  | | Que si Paris te pretende | 975 | | alegre, el ver que le llaman |  | | es por ver que le desprecian, |  | | que basta para venganza. |  | | No como tú, que por ser, |  | | aunque es muy noble tu casa, | 980 | | mas señora que naciste, |  | | te casas... ¿Direlo? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Calla. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que calle?, ¿pues tú no ves |  | | que en la creciente y mudanza |  | | de la luna hablan los locos? | 985 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues si lo confiesas, habla. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora fueras conmigo, |  | | y no menos estimada, |  | | que títulos son mercedes |  | | y la sangre antiguas armas; | 990 | | que si no pongo en las mías |  | | coroneles de oro y plata, |  | | yo sé que traigo principio |  | | de las coronas de Italia. |  | | Espero que te arrepientas, | 995 | | no lo tengas a arrogancia, |  | | que no está el gusto en las honras, |  | | sino en que le tenga el alma. |  | | ¿Qué importa el dosel de día, |  | | cuyo cielo es sombra vana, | 1000 | | si lo parece de noche? |  | | ¿Quién lo ha de ser de tu cama? |  | | Fuego, cielos, que mal da, |  | | que hoy aborrece a quien ayer amaba. |  | | ¿Mas, para que me enternezco, | 1005 | | habiéndome dado causa |  | | para maldecir tus bodas |  | | ver mi esperanza burlada? |  | | Pero no permita el cielo |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | que puedan tanto mis ansias, | 1010 |  |  |  | | que pierda aquella modestia |  |  |  |  | | con que de tus cosas tratan. |  |  |  |  | | Si porque maté a tu primo |  |  |  |  | | tomas aquesta venganza, |  |  |  |  | | ¿cómo no mataste Julia, | 1015 |  |  |  | | que vengas con tu infamia? |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Calla, que no es de discretas |  | | vengarse con las palabras. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Podré vengarme con obras. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues no? En llegando a Ferrara. | 1020 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Casándote en ella. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  | | --- | | Bien dices. | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MARÍN | |  | | --- | | Camina. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aguarda, |  | | aguarda, Julia ingrata: |  | | Ley es de amor que agravie a quien me agravia. |  | | | | |

**Jornada III**

*Salen ANTONIO y JULIA*

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quitarete yo la vida. |  | |

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ojalá que la quitases. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es mi gusto que te cases. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy del Conde ofendida, |  | | si no me estaba bien, | 5 | | pues no dio muerte a Roselo |  | | pudiendo. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No quiere el cielo, |  | | hija, que muerte le den. |  | | De todo peligro escapa. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No se escapara aquel día | 10 | | del Conde, pues no tenía |  | | más que su espada y su capa. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tanto a tu primo quería, |  | | que porque no le mató |  | | no te casas con él? |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo | 15 | | disimulé muchos días, |  | | por mi propia honestidad, |  | | mas no me siento tan fuerte |  | | que pueda sufrir su muerte, |  | | ni es ahora liviandad. | 20 | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien estoy con tu venganza; |  | | pero puédesla tener, |  | | siendo del Conde mujer, |  | | con más segura esperanza; |  | | que él ha de ser nuestro amparo, | 25 | | y en sabiendo que deseas |  | | que le dé muerte, no creas |  | | que halle en el mundo reparo. |  | | Él te matará a Roselo. |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | Cásate con él, y advierte | 30 |  |  |  | | que le he llamado, y que es fuerte |  |  |  |  | | la palabra. |  |  |  |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, santo cielo! |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si tu voluntad supiera, |  | | jamás al Conde llamara, |  | | ni en casamiento le hablara, | 35 | | ni como a yerno escribiera. |  | | Ya es hecho, ya lo escribí, |  | | ya lo dije, ¿qué he de hacer? |  | | Tú eres del Conde mujer. |  | | ¿Qué respondes? |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay de mí! | 40 | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hija, no estés de esa suerte, |  | | ni seas crüel conmigo, |  | | que no soy yo tu enemigo, |  | | ni el que a Otavio he dado muerte. |  | | Mira que salir no puedo | 45 | | de mi promesa, y que soy |  | | hombre principal. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que estoy, |  | | cielos, temblando de miedo? |  | | ¿La muerte no sabré darme? |  | | ¿Pues que temo. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No responde. | 50 | | ¿Qué he de decir al Conde? |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, ya quiero casarme. |  | | Vengan esta tarde aquí, |  | | que yo le daré la mano. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Será cierto? | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fuera en vano, | 55 | | señor, resistirme a ti, |  | | y más tocando a tu honor, |  | | porque yo debo perder |  | | mi gusto. Ya soy mujer |  | | del Conde. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Julia, mi amor | 60 | | has de manera aumentado, |  | | si es que se pueda aumentar, |  | | que sin lo que te he de dar, |  | | y tu madre te ha dejado, |  | | seis mil ducados te doy | 65 | | en dos joyas de diamantes. |  | | Y a tu esposo para guantes |  | | otros seis mil. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Muerta soy. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Voy a concertar que sea |  | | esta noche por lo menos | 70 | | el concierto. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué venenos |  | | mi pensamiento desea |  | | más que mi propio dolor? |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fesenio, Fesenio, aprisa; |  | | los Castelvines avisa, | 75 | | vengan a cobrar su honor. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porcia puede buscar ardiente fuego; |  | | yerro Lucrecia; Dido, espada en mano, |  | | reliquias dulces del traidor troyano, |  | | que al mar de Italia dio su llanto y ruego. | 80 | | Ifis cordel, por Anaxarte ciego, |  | | y por las amenazas del romano. |  | | Veneno Sofonisba, y agua en vano |  | | Hero en la torre, y arrojarse luego |  | | la punta al pecho, y el aliento en calma. | 85 | | Tisbe en la sangre mísera resbale, |  | | del que muriendo fue de amantes palma, |  | | que a mí, ni fuego ni cordel me vale, |  | | pues un acto de amor degüella el alma, |  | | y no hay cuchillo que al dolor se iguale. | 90 | |

*(CELIA entre)*

|  |  |  |  |  |  |
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| CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aurelio, señora, hablé |  | | y tu billete le di. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Leyole? | |

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| CELIA | |  | | --- | | Sí. | |

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| JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Todo? | |

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| CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, |  | | y de verle me espanté |  | | llorar con notable afecto, | 95 | | dando más suspiros juntos |  | | que tiene letras y puntos. |  | | Fuese a su estudio, en efeto, |  | | y al cabo de más de una hora |  | | este pomillo me dio | 100 | | para que le bebas. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Yo? |  | |

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| CELIA | |  | | --- | | Tú, dijo. | |

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| JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Yo? | |

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| CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí señora. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues escríbole que estoy |  | | determinada a matarme |  | | antes, Celia, que casarme, | 105 | | y asegúrole que voy |  | | derecha a un yerro o cordel. |  | | Conoce mi amor, y sabe |  | | que antes que el papel acabe, |  | | mi vida acaba con él. | 110 | | ¡Y envíame confecciones! |  | |

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| CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya sabes que es el más sabio, |  | | sin hacer, señora, agravio |  | | a los antiguos varones |  | | que ha celebrado la fama, | 115 | | de cuantos su templo tiene. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien sé, Celia, que nos llama |  | | hijos a mí y a Roselo, |  | | y él solo este caso nuestro, |  | | desde su principio, sabe. | 120 | | Sé que es filósofo grave, |  | | y en aguas y yerbas diestro; |  | | pero temo que no sea |  | | alguna cosa tan fuerte |  | | que amor del Conde despierte, | 125 | | por el bien que me desea, |  | | y de Roselo me olvide. |  | |

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| CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso es desatino grave. |  | | Vuestro casamiento sabe, |  | | y antes el segundo impide. | 130 | | Él sabe que estás casada |  | | y que no puedes casarte, |  | | y pues para remediarte |  | | esta confección le agrada. |  | | Cierra los ojos y mira | 135 | | en el peligro que estás. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien dices: ni ha de ser más |  | | el mal cuando el cuerpo espira. |  | | Y pues no puedo crecer, |  | | tomo el agua, Celia. Adiós. | 140 | |

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| CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Adiós? ¿Luego ya las dos |  | | no nos habemos de ver? |  | | Calla, que es para esforzarte |  | | en tantas melancolías. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay de las entrañas mías, | 145 | | Celia, el alma se me parte! |  | | ¡Jesús!, ¿qué es lo que me has dado? |  | |

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| CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora, lo que me dio |  | | Aurelio. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues pienso yo |  | | que habrá las aguas errado, | 150 | | y que esta debió de ser |  | | de algún vaso de veneno. |  | |

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| CELIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué viste? | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El pomo nos llevó. |  | | Triste, ¿qué tengo de hacer? |  | |

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| CELIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué sientes? | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que me han rompido | 155 | | del cuerpo todas las venas, |  | | y que tengo aliento apenas, |  | | acabado y oprimido. |  | | Siento sobre el corazón, |  | | ¡ay Jesús!, un grave peso, | 160 | | Celia. |  | |

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| CELIA | |  | | --- | | Señora... | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué exceso |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | de rabia! |  |  |  |  | |

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| CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Estraña traición! |  | | ¡Nunca yo hubiera nacido |  | | para ser la mensajera |  | | de tu muerte! |  | |

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A Dios pluguiera | 165 | | que antes la hubiera traído. |  | | ¡Yo muero!, dile a Roselo |  | | si le vieres. |  | |

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| CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay de mí! |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dile que su esposa fui. |  | | Dile que le guarde el cielo. | 170 | | Dile que muero por él |  | | y por no ser de otro; y di |  | | que no se olvide de mí. |  | |

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| CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué congoja tan crüel! |  | | ¡Qué color y qué sudor! | 175 | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No puedo tenerme en pie. |  | |

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| CELIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Quiéreste acostar? | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé. |  | | ¡Qué triste fin de mi amor! |  | | Pero ya voy consolada |  | | con que mi Roselo vive. | 180 | | Celia, mi muerte le escribe. |  | |

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| CELIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué dices? | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No digo nada. |  | | ¡Ay, ay, ay de mí, que muero! |  | |

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| CELIA | |  | | --- | | ¡Ven a tu cama! | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya voy. |  | | Padre, de Roselo soy. | 185 | |

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| CELIA | |  | | --- | | Calla. | |

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| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ni puedo, ni quiero! |  | |

*(Váyanse, y entren FERNANDO y RUTILO, caballeros,  
con unos músicos)*

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| --- | --- | --- |
| FERNANDO | |  | | --- | | Aquí podréis cantar. | |

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| RUTILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y vive enfrente |  | | el mismo que si saliera agora |  | | fueran sus rejas las del mismo Oriente. |  | |

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| MÚSICO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un forastero en ellas enamora, | 190 | | y aun a fe que le miran tiernamente, |  | | y él dice en sus papeles que la adora. |  | |

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| FERNANDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Es de Verona? | |

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| MÚSICO | |  | | --- | | Sí. | |

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| FERNANDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién es? | |

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| RUTILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Roselo. |  | |

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| FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De tantas gracias le haya dotado el cielo? |  | |

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| RUTILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, pero es vida que ningún discreto | 195 | | fundara en ella... |  | |

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| FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Basta!, ya lo entiendo. |  | |

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| RUTILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo sé que le persiguen de secreto |  | | los Castelvines. |  | |

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| FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vana empresa emprendo. |  | |

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| RUTILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dio muerte a Otavio. Vive tan sujeto, |  | | que de que compitáis con él me ofendo. | 200 | |

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| FERNANDO | |  | | --- | | Canten algo los músicos. | |

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| RUTILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Detente, |  | | que pasa gente. |  | |

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| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y forastera gente. |  | |

*(ROSELO y MARÍN, de noche)*

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| MARÍN | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo te va de amor? | |

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soy principiante, |  | | y entra con sangre la primera letra, |  | | fuera de que no soy tan de diamante, | 205 | | que aquel agravio el alma me penetra. |  | |

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| --- | --- | --- |
| MARÍN | |  | | --- | | ¡Que se casase Julia! | |

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te espante, |  | | mas si del cielo un gusto amor impetra, |  | | Marín, venganza yo la pido al cielo. |  | |

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| --- | --- | --- |
| MARÍN | |  | | --- | | Los cielos te la den. | |

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| RUTILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Este es Roselo? | 210 | |

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| FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si fuera Castelvín, no me parece |  | | que era mala ocasión. |  | |

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| RUTILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llega, Fernando, |  | | y sepamos que busca. |  | |

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí se ofrece |  | | gente, Roselo, que te está mirando. |  | |

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Caballeros: si puede y si merece | 215 | | pedir un forastero, caminando, |  | | que le dejéis la plaza, eso pregunto. |  | |

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| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien has hecho, que viene el mundo junto. |  | |

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| FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La playa, hidalgo forastero, queda |  | | en el fin de esa calle que pasaste. | 220 | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dadme licencia que buscarla pueda. |  | |

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| FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En buena hora volved por donde entrastes. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si este es Roselo, del valor que hereda |  | | a su linaje, mal os informastes. |  | |

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| FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como le siguen tantos, aunque es hombre, | 225 | | ¿no os espantéis que de morir se asombre? |  | |

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| MÚSICO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cantaremos? | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No Silvio, que allí suenan, |  | | o me engaño, gentiles cuchilladas. |  | |

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| FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Las piedras rompen, y la calle atruenan. |  | |

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| RUTILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vamos alla, sacando las espadas. | 230 | |

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| MÚSICO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para estas ocasiones se condenan, |  | | Rutilo, las guitarras más templadas. |  | |

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| RUTILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ya es mal broquel, Mauricio, un instrumento? |  | |

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| MÚSICO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo tengo por mejor un aposento. |  | |

*(Vuelvan ROSELO y MARÍN, las espadas desnudas)*

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien se fingió la cuestión. | 235 | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y allá van a ver lo que es. |  | |

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| SILVIA | |  | | --- | | ¡Ah, caballeros! | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Después |  | | te diré, Marín, quién son. |  | |

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| SILVIA | |  | | --- | | ¡Ah, gentiles hombres! | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A ti |  | | de aquel balcón te han llamado; | 240 | | que si el hombre he tomado |  | | desde aquí gentil nací. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué manda vuesa merced? |  | |

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| SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién son los de la cuestión? |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si calláis, diré quién son. | 245 | |

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| SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí haré, si me hacéis merced. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sabed que somos los dos, |  | | y estos los mismos aceros, |  | | para que seáis majaderos |  | | dejase de hablar con vós. | 250 | | Ellos van a ver lo que es, |  | | y nosotros nos volvimos |  | | donde hablaros merecimos. |  | |

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| SILVIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién es? | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Roselo Montés. |  | |

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| SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vós seáis muy bien venido, | 255 | | mas mirad que os atrevéis |  | | a mucho. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vós me debéis, |  | | señora, el ser atrevido. |  | |

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| SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué hay de cosas en Ferrara? |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay!, que Julia se casó. | 260 | |

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| SILVIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Con suspiro? | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nunca yo |  | | tuve en Julia fe tan rara. |  | | Déjelo así, por memoria |  | | de mis enemigos fieros. |  | |

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| SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí me pesa de veros. | 265 | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay pena con tanta gloria. |  | |

*(ANSELMO entre)*

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| SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí dicen que he de hallar |  | | a Roselo en su posada. |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La gente desengañada |  | | vuelve a su puerto a causar. | 270 | | Retírate. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Silvia bella, |  | | gente vuelve, no es razón |  | | que los habléis. |  | |

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| SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El balcón |  | | cierra. |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que hablaste con ella? |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué sé yo!, que estoy de suerte, | 275 | | que no doy paso, Marín, |  | | sin ser de mi vida fin |  | | y principio de mi muerte. |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vámonos si estás sin gusto. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Así entretengo mi mal; | 280 | | pero como estoy mortal, |  | | todo me causa disgusto. |  | | ¡Ay Julia!, amor me combate, |  | | aunque el agravio me sigue. |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  | | --- | | Un hombre llega. | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llegue, | 285 | | y plegue a Dios que me mate. |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién va? | |

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| ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién le pregunta? | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si no tiene |  | | que hacer en esta calle, tome margen. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Seguros pueden en cualquiera parte |  | | hablar vuesas mercedes; que he llegado | 290 | | de fuera en este punto y busco un hombre. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquella voz parece que conozco. |  | | ¿De dónde sois, señor? |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soy de Verona |  | | y aquí en Ferrara busco cierto hidalgo. |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | Él es, no hay que dudar, Anselmo mío. | 295 |  |  |  | | ¿Es Roselo? |  |  |  |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | Yo soy. | |

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| ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ah, buena suerte |  | | tengo el haberte hallado! |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué hay de nuevo? |  | |

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| ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Las cosas más estrañas y esquisitas |  | | que han sucedido eternamente. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo? |  | | ¿Casose Julia ya? |  | |

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| ANSELMO | |  | | --- | | No. | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues qué cosas | 300 | | estrañas puede ser si no se casa? |  | |

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| ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Diré hasta el fin, sin que te cause pena, |  | | y sabrás a que vengo, y lo que pasa. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Comienza Anselmo, y vamos poco a poco |  | | a la posada. |  | |

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| ANSELMO | |  | | --- | | Escucha... | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy muriendo, | 305 | | todo el sentido de tu voz suspendo. |  | |

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| ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Propuso a Julia su hija, |  | | ha tratado casamiento |  | | Antonio de Castelvín, |  | | pero ni el paterno imperio, | 310 | | ni los ruegos de su tío |  | | y regalos de sus deudos |  | | fueron parte a dar el sí; |  | | mas como el padre soberbio |  | | le hiciese fuerza, y quedase | 315 | | hecho, Roselo, el concierto, |  | | para la siguiente noche, |  | | cuando estaban previniendo |  | | libreas, vestidos, hachas, |  | | y la nobleza y el pueblo | 320 | | aguardando a ver al Paris |  | | robador de tus deseos, |  | | Julia, con mortales ansias, |  | | cayó difunta en el suelo. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué dices? | |

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| ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya te previne | 325 | | que me aguardaras primero. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué te tengo de aguardar, |  | | si mi Julia es muerta, Anselmo? |  | |

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| ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aguarda, que Julia vive. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí vive, vivo y espero. | 330 | |

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| ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Toda lo noche lloraron |  | | con notable sentimiento, |  | | padres, deudos y ciudad. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Anselmo, amanece presto, |  | | que se me acaba la vida. | 335 | |

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| ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amaneció, pero viendo |  | | que no habló, ni tenía |  | | calor. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Anselmo, ¿qué es esto? |  | | para anochecer cansado, |  | | amaneciste muy necio, | 340 | | siaun no vive, no es de día. |  | |

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| ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El día pasó, y creyendo |  | | su muerte. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si pasa el día, |  | | mira Anselmo que soy muerto. |  | |

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| ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A las cinco de la tarde | 345 | | se previno el triste entierro. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si entierras, Anselmo, a Julia, |  | | ¿qué aguardo, Anselmo, y espero? |  | |

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| ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No se ha visto en la ciudad |  | | tan notable enterramiento. | 350 | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mas que nunca para verle |  | | ojos le dieran los cielos. |  | |
| ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Iban llorando detrás |  | | niños, mancebos y viejos. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué aguardo que no me doy | 355 | | la muerte que ya deseo? |  | |

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| ANSELMO | |  | | --- | | Espera. | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué he de esperar? |  | | O estás loco, o no te entiendo. |  | | ¿Después de enterrada Julia, |  | | dices que espere? |  | |

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| ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No pienso, | 360 | | que tal historia se ha visto. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ni en mí mayor sufrimiento |  | | pensarás tú que he de ver. |  | | Que no se case me alegro, |  | | por muerte de un ángel. |  | |

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| ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oye. | 365 | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué hay más que oír? | |

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| ANSELMO | |  | | --- | | Mucho. | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Temo |  | | que, como sangría, a pausas, |  | | por mensajero discreto |  | | me das Anselmo el dolor, |  | | para que no pierda el seso. | 370 | |

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| ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo que estaba en mi posada... |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | ¿Aun queda más? | |

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| ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esto es bueno. |  | | Lo que queda es lo que importa. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si queda, estareme quedo. |  | |

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| ANSELMO | |  | | --- | | Escucha, pues. | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya te escucho. | 375 | |

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| ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Enviome a llamar Aurelio, |  | | y díjomedesta suerte: |  | | «Todo su triste suceso, |  | | Anselmo, me escribió Julia, |  | | y al fin me dijo: Yo entiendo | 380 | | que cuando el papel acabes, |  | | acabaré, porque tengo |  | | hierro y cordel en las manos. |  | | Yo, viendo tan grave yerro, |  | | di a Celia un pomo de agua, | 385 | | que es un notable veneno |  | | que dos días naturales |  | | infunde un helado sueño. |  | | Llevole, y tomole Julia, |  | | pensando morir más presto. | 390 | | Parte volando a Ferrara, |  | | y dile, Anselmo, a Roselo, |  | | que queda Julia en su iglesia, |  | | en la bóveda que han hecho |  | | sus pasados, en que está | 395 | | de Otavio su primo el cuerpo. |  | | Que venga y de allí la saque, |  | | donde con mucho secreto, |  | | viva en Francia o en España». |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Anselmo, de oírlo tiemblo, | 400 | | si despertase entre tanto, |  | | como es fuerza, pues sospecho |  | | que no podremos llegar, |  | | aun por los aires, a tiempo, |  | | y se hallase a escuras Julia, | 405 | | entre tantos cuerpos muertos, |  | | no se morirá de espanto. |  | |

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| ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, que es mujer; caminemos, |  | | que Aurelio tendrá cuidado. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | Marín, ¿qué dices? | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que el miedo | 410 | | no me deja respirar. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si he nacido para ejemplo |  | | de amadores desdichados, |  | | ¡cielos!, ¿en qué me detengo? |  | | Julia, aguarda. |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Anselmo, espera. | 415 | |

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| ANSELMO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué quieres? | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay muchos muertos |  | | en esa bóveda? |  | |

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| ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muchos. |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues a la puerta me quedo. |  | |

*(El CONDE PARIS, con luto, y el SEÑOR DE VERONA)*

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| PARIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por imposible tengo que mi vida |  | | pueda alegrarme. |  | |

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| VERONA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Conde, el que es discreto | 420 | | sabe que la fortuna esta subida |  | | sobre un globo que baña el inquieto, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | con esto de las ondas impedida, |  |  |  |  | | ya con alegre, ya con triste afecto, |  |  |  |  | | conduce nuestras vidas a la muerte, | 425 |  |  |  | | los males junta y los contentos vierte. |  |  |  |  | |

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| PARIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Crea vuesa excelencia que si fuera |  | | dueño de mil tesoros, y del mundo, |  | | y por sus inconstancias lo perdiera, |  | | fuera en reír Demócrito segundo. | 430 | | Mas para ver que un ángel, que me hiciera |  | | dichoso Paris, con dolor profundo |  | | de toda esta ciudad, difunto quede, |  | | falta el valor, porque el dolor excede; |  | | y así fuera después de la alegría | 435 | | que da la boda a los recién casados, |  | | un año, un mes, una semana, un día, |  | | templara este consuelo mis cuidados. |  | | Para que al dar el sí la mano fría, |  | | responda, que la fuerza de sus hados | 440 | | la lleva a los umbrales de la muerte. |  | | ¿Qué bronce habrá para sufrir lo fuerte? |  | |

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| VERONA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes fue más ventura que de un año, |  | | de un mes, de una semana, ni de un día, |  | | porque el amor creciera y fuera el daño | 445 | | mayor. |  | |

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| PARIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya fuera tal la dicha mía. |  | | No puede hacer a mi dolor engaño, |  | | consuelo alguno, aunque el valor porfía. |  | |

*(Un CRIADO)*

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| CRIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antonio Castelvín hablar os viene. |  | |

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| VERONA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tomad ejemplo del valor que tiene. | 450 | |

*(Entre ANTONIO)*

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No vengo a lamentarme de mi suerte, |  | | ni a enterneceros con mi justo llanto, |  | | ni a deciros el hierro de la muerte |  | | en perdonar quien ha vivido tanto. |  | | Dicen que amor y muerte, en tiempo fuerte | 455 | | de invierno caminaban; no me espanto |  | | que caminase amor con quien podía |  | | templar su ardor, que es en estremo fría. |  | | Dicen que en una venta que pararon, |  | | durmieron juntos, y que al despedirse, | 460 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | los arcos y las flechas se trocaron, |  |  |  |  | | que la luz comenzaba a descubrirse; |  |  |  |  | | con esto amor y muerte dispararon, |  |  |  |  | | los mozos comenzaron a morirse |  |  |  |  | | y los viejos después a enamorarse, | 465 |  |  |  | | porque nunca pudieron destrocarse. |  |  |  |  | | Esto se vee en mi casa, pues es muerta |  |  |  |  | | Julia, mi hija, cuando a Otavio amaba, |  |  |  |  | | y yo, porque mi casa está desierta |  |  |  |  | | de quien sus mayorazgos heredaba, | 470 |  |  |  | | o por que así mi hermano lo concierta, |  |  |  |  | | pues en los dos la sucesión se acaba, |  |  |  |  | | con su hija y mi sobrina me es forzoso |  |  |  |  | | casarme en esta edad. |  |  |  |  | |

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| PARIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cuento donoso! |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo que pensaba descansar contento, | 475 | | casada Julia, ¡ay cielos con el Conde!, |  | | con Dorotea trato casamiento; |  | | y a Julia, como veis, la tierra esconde. |  | | Este es el mundo. Sabe Dios que siento |  | | el ver que Dorotea corresponde | 480 | | al gusto de su padre, que ya toma |  | | cuidado de ir por la dispensa a Roma. |  | |

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| VERONA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si no hay otro remedio conviniente |  | | para las dos haciendas, será justo |  | | que os caséis, pues no hallaréis otro pariente | 485 | | que venga como vós, Antonio, al justo. |  | | Vuestra sobrina, en vós tendrá presente |  | | a su padre, y hará también su gusto, |  | | pues muerto Otavio y Julia, a vuestra hacienda |  | | no se podrá dar tal y igual prenda. | 490 | |

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| PARIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo mismo digo yo que vuecelencia, |  | | y que os gocéis, Antonio, muchos años. |  | | En vós está mejor que en mí la herencia. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No está, pero reparo ansí mis daños. |  | | Vine a pediros a los dos licencia | 495 | | y a daros de sucesos tan estraños |  | | la cuenta, que es razón. |  | |

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| VERONA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soy en efeto |  | | hombre de edad, de canas y respeto. |  | | Mal dije hombre de edad, respeto y canas; |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | mas no está aquí vuestra querida esposa; | 500 |  |  |  | | que todo ha de encubrise... |  |  |  |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A las livianas; |  | | que no a quien es doncella virtüosa. |  | |

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| PARIS | |  | | --- | | A todas es razón. | |

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| VERONA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Primas hermanas |  | | la edad y la injuria. |  | |

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| PARIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es cierta cosa. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Venid los dos a ver a Dorotea. | 505 | |

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| PARIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con todo mi pesar, para bien sea. |  | |

*(Vanse, y entre JULIA)*

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Adónde me ha traído |  | | mi desventura? ¿Cómo, si soy muerta, |  | | hablo y tengo sentido? |  | | ¿Adónde estoy?, ¡o, sin ventana, o puerta, | 510 | | en tinieblas escuras! |  | | Me niega el cielo ver sus lumbres puras. |  | | Que soy muerta es sin duda. |  | | Mas, ¡ay de mí!, ¿cómo no estoy agora |  | | de carne y voz desnuda? | 515 | | ¿Qué casa es esta, y quién en ella mora? |  | | Mas, tan escura y fuerte, |  | | sin duda que es la estancia de la muerte. |  | | Paréceme que toco |  | | cuerpos aquí y allí. ¡Cielos!, ¿qué es esto? | 520 | | Vuestra piedad invoco. |  | | Si a caso no soy muerta, ¿quién me ha puesto |  | | donde los muertos viven, |  | | y en sus heladas cuevas me reciben? |  | | Y si, como me acuerdo, | 525 | | Aurelio me mató con aquel pomo, |  | | ¿cómo, cielos, no pienso |  | | este cuerpo mortal que tengo; y cómo |  | | hablo y siento, y me asombro, |  | | todas las veces que la muerte nombro? | 530 | | Allí una lumbre veo: |  | | mira yo si en el infierno vivo, |  | | si he pasado el Leteo, |  | | y aquí la pena de mi amor recibo. |  | | La luz se va acercando, | 535 | | si no soy muerta, moriré temblando. |  | |

*(Sale ROSELO con una linterna, y MARÍN, detrás, lleno de miedo*

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No me dejarás a mí, |  | | y fuera mayor cordura, |  | | a que la puerta guardara? |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Anselmo basta que acuda | 540 | | a cualquier caso, Marín, |  | | entra pues. ¿De qué te turbas? |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No fuera mejor, señor, |  | | que entrara acá dentro el cura, |  | | con el hisopo y el agua? | 545 | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | Sube esa grada. | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que suba? |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues bien, ¿quién te ha de comer? |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Santo Dios!, ¿quién me rempuja? |  | | *(Caigan, y maten la luz)* |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Maldito seas, amén, |  | | que habemos quedado a escuras! | 550 | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Virgen santa, socorredme, |  | | que donde estoy es sin duda |  | | túmulo de mis mayores! |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | Hablan. | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Oyes voz alguna? |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin duda el pomo de Aurelio | 555 | | era confección infusa |  | | en algún sueño, y mi padre |  | | me ha enterrado en esta tumba. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Otra vez vuelven a hablar! |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡San Pablo! *Et ne nos inducas*... | 560 | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Toma Marín esta vela, |  | | y en la capilla segunda |  | | de la iglesia enciende presto. |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué dices? | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esto que escuchas. |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo he de poder ir solo? | 565 | | ¿No adviertes que me despulsa |  | | el miedo? |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Acaba, cobarde. |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Otra vez! ¿Quién me rempuja? |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quédate aquí, que yo iré. |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  | | --- | | ¿Aquí solo? | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué locura! | 570 | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues qué purga de riobarbo |  | | fuera más corriente purga? |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A donde la luz estaba, |  | | oigo una voz que murmura, |  | | y aun parecen dos personas, | 575 | | si hablan después de difuntas. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No sientes la voz agora? |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La sangre dicen que busca |  | | el corazón, mas la mía |  | | ya pasa de la cintura. | 580 | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Paréceme que allí hablan. |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Piensas tú que no se juntan |  | | cuatro muertos habladores, |  | | que no hay diablo que los sufra? |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo haremos? | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo qué se. | 585 | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | ¿Tientas pared? | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En la nuca |  | | he topado cierto muerto... |  | | ¡San Antón, San Blas, San Lucas! |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué hay? | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Topé con la barriga. |  | | ¡Gordo estaba! ¡Brava enjundia! | 590 | | Aquí está una calavera, |  | | pero parece de mula. |  | | ¡Jesús, Jesús, que me muerde! |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué es eso? | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todo me ofusca. |  | | el dedo metí, Señor... | 595 | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo? | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entre dos tablas juntas, |  | | y pensé que me mordían. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué atientas? | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién me rempuja? |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Dónde pusieron a Otavio? |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Eso me acuerdas? ¡Ayuda! | 600 | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué quieres? | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Misericordia, |  | | que no he tomado la bula! |  | | Perdóname. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Yo de qué? |  | |
| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De que me comí las truchas |  | | que faltaron la otra tarde, | 605 | | y las peras en azúcar. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | Acaba, necio. | |

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| JULIA | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | ¡Ay de mí! |  | | Ya no hay a donde me encubra. |  | | Ya se acercan, ya no hay |  | | más lugar a donde huya.) | 610 | | Hombres, ¿sois vivos o muertos? |  | |

*(Caigan juntos)*

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| MARÍN | |  | | --- | | ¡Muerto soy! | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi muerte anuncia. |  | | ¿Diéronte con algo? |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. |  | | Si desta me escapo, nunca |  | | a bóvedas, ni bobadas. | 615 | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡O amor, con tu luz me alumbra! |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin duda que aqueste muerto, |  | | como el abejón, se burla, |  | | que llama con la derecha |  | | y sacude con la zurda. | 620 | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiero animarme a llamar |  | | a Julia, a mi bien, Julia. |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cosa que despierte Otavio |  | | con treinta muertos de runfla? |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | ¡Julia mía! | |

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| JULIA | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Aquella voz | 625 | | parece que me asegura; |  | | pero si es la voz de Otavio... |  | | Mas quiero llamarle en duda. |  | | ¡Otavio! |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A Otavio llamaron. |  | | ¡Agora nos desconjuntan! | 630 | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | No soy Otavio. | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues quién? |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | Roselo. | |

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| JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Roselo? | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Dudas? |  | |

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| JULIA | |  | | --- | | Dame unas señas. | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Anselmo |  | | me dijo que la profunda |  | | ciencia de Aurelio hizo el agua | 635 | | que fingió la muerte tuya; |  | | y él mismo a llamar me envía, |  | | porque mientras se deslumbra |  | | con este engaño, te saque |  | | de aquesta bóveda escura. | 640 | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué te di yo aquella noche, |  | | para nuestra desventura |  | | la primera? |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Unas reliquias. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Y tú a mi? | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dos piedras juntas |  | | en un maridaje de oro. | 645 | |

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| JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Y a la mañana? | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una pluma |  | | que llevaba de diamantes. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Las señas son muy seguras; |  | | pero en el primer papel, |  | | ¿qué te escribí? |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Más preguntas? | 650 | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | «Al esposo de mi alma». |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡O, qué linda doña nutria!, |  | | diga si es viva o si es muerta, |  | | que hay entre los muertos nutrias |  | | que no son carne, ni huesos. | 655 | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | Déjame. | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué te apresuras? |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llega, esposo de mi alma. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu voz en mi pecho infunda |  | | la que me falta. |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Acabose; |  | | aquí el dolor se resuma. | 660 | | Pero mirad que parece |  | | muy tarde. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fuera locura |  | | decirte que tengo seso. |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Salid, porque no os descubra |  | | la luz del alba al salir. | 665 | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | ¿Dónde iremos? | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si procuras |  | | que estemos más encubiertos, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | hasta que la suerte cumpla |  |  |  |  | | sus términos en nosotros, |  |  |  |  | | y aquellas venganzas duran, | 670 |  |  |  | | en la hacienda de mi padre |  |  |  |  | | nos librarán de su injuria |  |  |  |  | | dos hábitos de villanos. |  |  |  |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay!, temo que tu hermosura |  | | descubra nuestro concierto. | 675 | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo, si muerta me juzgan? |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien dices, sal por aquí. |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  | | --- | | Aguardad. | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué quieres? | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nunca |  | | soy amigo de ir detrás. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ayúdenos la fortuna. | 680 | |

*(Dos labradores, padre y hijo, BELARDO y LORETO)*

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| LORETO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Digo que vienen acá, |  | | y que ya partir los vi. |  | |

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| BELARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Tantos señores aquí!, |  | | el cortijo es corte ya. |  | |

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| LORETO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vós, con vuestra siega y poda | 685 | | y libros de cultivar, |  | | no habéis querido escuchar, |  | | Belardo, la nueva boda. |  | |

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| BELARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hijo, ya no es para mí |  | | otro cuidado ni fiesta; | 690 | | pero di: ¿qué boda es esta, |  | | si antiyer entierros vi? |  | |

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| LORETO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De esos entierros nació |  | | a la fe, padre, esta boda. |  | |

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| BELARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo, si la ciudad toda | 695 | | esta desgracia lloró? |  | |

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| LORETO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antonio, mueso señor, |  | | quedó sin Julia. |  | |

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| BELARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es verdad. |  | |

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| LORETO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Su hermano con cantidad |  | | de hacienda, y de igual valor... | 700 | |

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| BELARDO | |  | | --- | | También. | |

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| LORETO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tiene a Dorotea; |  | | y esta quiere hacer mujer |  | | de su tío, para hacer |  | | que uno el mayorazgo sea, |  | | y de su casa no salga, | 705 | | y a aquesto vienen acá. |  | |

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| BELARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La razón entiendo ya, |  | | y es buena, así Dios me valga |  | | como Julia no apetezca |  | | después algún mozo rubio, | 710 | | y se lleve algún diluvio |  | | la hacienda, y todo perezca. |  | |

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| LORETO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Pardiez, padre! mejor fuera |  | | que con ella me casara. |  | |

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| BELARDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Tú? | |

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| LORETO | |  | | --- | | ¿Pues quién? | |

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| BELARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien se empleará. | 715 | |

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| LORETO | |  | | --- | | ¿Y es mejor | | que a un hombre quiera |  | | que tiene dos treinta y nueves |  | | sin poderse descartar? |  | |

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| BELARDO | |  | | --- | | Llama a Tamar. | |

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| LORETO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ah, Tamar! |  | |

*(TAMAR, villana, entre)*

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| TAMAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que soy sorda, pensar debes. | 720 | |

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| LORETO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor me mandó llamarte. |  | |

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| TAMAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te mandó darme voces. |  | |

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| LORETO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por no verte tirar coces, |  | | muero, Tamar, por casarte. |  | |

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| TAMAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tú me has de casar a mí? | 725 | |

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| LORETO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo tengo por mujer, |  | | que no me habrás menester. |  | |

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| TAMAR | |  | | --- | | ¿Llámasme padre? | |

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| BELARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, |  | | límpiese toda esa casa, |  | | que viene el mundo a la güerta. | 730 | |

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| TAMAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién, padre, si es Julia muerta? |  | |

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| BELARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tamar, su padre se casa |  | | con la hija de su hermano. |  | |

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| TAMAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues a qué vienen acá? |  | |

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| BELARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mientras a pedir se va | 735 | | al Pontífice romano |  | | licencia y dispensación. |  | | Querrán que no esté en Verona. |  | |
| TAMAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todo la sangre lo abonas. |  | | No ha sido mala invención; | 740 | | mas yo sola no podre |  | | acudir a tantas cosas. |  | |

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| BELARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dos mozas, las más curiosas |  | | destas haciendas, traeré |  | | que te ayuden. |  | |

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| TAMAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso sí. | 745 | |

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| BELARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vamos, Loreto, a buscallas, |  | | a aquesto bien vas y callas. |  | |

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| LORETO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tierno soy, de vós nací. |  | |

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| BELARDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Fui yo muy tierno? | |

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| LORETO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En verdad, |  | | que corazón tan movido | 750 | | no se ha visto, si se ha oído. |  | |

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| BELARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Viví conforme a mi edad. |  | |

*(Váyanse los dos)*

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| TAMAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todo el mundo se casa, y todo el mundo |  | | anda al revés, los mozos a la tierra |  | | y los viejos al tálamo. No envidio | 755 | | la boda de la hermosa Dorotea, |  | | que más tengo en tener buena esperanza, |  | | que quien ruin posesión tiene y alcanza. |  | |

*(Entren de villanos ANSELMO, ROSELO,  
MARÍN y JULIA, con sus hoces y sombreros)*

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| ANSELMO | |  | | --- | | Paz sea en esta casa. | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dios la guarde |  | | a la señora della. |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dios prospere | 760 | | el pan y el vino; amén. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dios la dé un novio, |  | | señora, si está en cierne de casada, |  | | que se le envidien las que ya lo fueren, |  | | y las que no, de pura rabia lloren. |  | |

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| TAMAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El cielo, buena gente, los bendiga. | 765 | | ¿Son desta tierra? |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Somos de Ferrara. |  | |

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| TAMAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quitaos, por vida mía, labradora, |  | | el velo del rebozo y del sombrero. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No puedo agora, que la noche toda |  | | he caminado y vengo descompuesta. | 770 | | En tocándome, estoy para serviros. |  | |

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| TAMAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y de cuál de los tres es la señora? |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  | | --- | | Mía. | |

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| TAMAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pardiez, que vós podéis ser bella, |  | | pero que ya tenéis bellaco gusto. |  | | ¿Esto escogistes, donde están dos mozos | 775 | | cual los que veis? |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y vós cuál escogiérades? |  | |

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| TAMAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Al mayor, por el talle y brío. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A mí?, ¿no era mejor mi compañero? |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aunque esto burla es, de celos muero. |  | |

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| TAMAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Perdone Dios a Julia, mi señora, | 780 | | que tanto cuanto semejáis la cara; |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | mas, ¿qué es lo que buscáis? |  |  |  |  | |

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| ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Labor buscamos. |  | |

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| TAMAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi padre no está aquí, que él y mi hermano |  | | van a buscar dos mozas que me ayuden, |  | | que vienen a esta hacienda sus señores. | 785 | |

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| JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Sus señores acá? | |

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| TAMAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como se ha muerto |  | | Julia, la hija de mi amo, quiere |  | | su hermano que se case con su hija, |  | | y en tanto que les da licencia el Papa, |  | | no quiere el viejo que en Verona viva, | 790 | | porque no se le antoje algún mancebo. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | ¿Oyes aquesto? | |

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| JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¡Ay, triste! | |

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| ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si se casa |  | | tu padre, vuestra hacienda se destruye, |  | | y yo quedo también sin Dorotea, |  | | que desde el día del sarao la sirvo. | 795 | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mejor lo haga el cielo; pues, hermosa, |  | | ya que habemos venido a tan buen tiempo, |  | | yo la quiero ayudar, y estos zagales |  | | la mano probarán por esas mieses. |  | |

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| TAMAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues alto vós subid a ese aposento, | 800 | | y ellos prueben la mano. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Adiós, señores. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  | | --- | | Adiós, Marcela. | |

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| ANSELMO | |  | | --- | | Adiós. | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estraño cuento. |  | | ¿Qué fin han de tener vuestros amores? |  | |

*(Éntrense los cuatro, y salgan ANTONIO y LIDIO)*

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que lleguen tarde a nuestra hacienda. |  | |

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| LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y no es mejor, si están los labradores | 805 | | descuidados, señor, de tu venida? |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Tamar! | |

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| TAMAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Señor Antonio de mi vida! |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Sabe tu padre que a esta casa vengo? |  | |

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| TAMAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sabe tu casamiento, y le desea. |  | | Solo tiene el cuidado que yo tengo | 810 | | de que tan presto como dicen sea. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo que me puede suceder, prevengo. |  | | Soy viejo y es muchacha Dorotea; |  | | que si un año las bodas dilatara, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | nuestra esperanza y sucesión burlara. | 815 |  |  |  | | Bien quisiera avisaros; no he podido, |  |  |  |  | | que luego al punto me mandó mi hermano |  |  |  |  | | sacar a Dorotea. |  |  |  |  | |

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| TAMAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Justo ha sido, |  | | que no es lícito el trato cortesano |  | | a quien ha de esperar viejo marido; | 820 | | que al bozo rubio siempre envidia el cano. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Soy muy viejo, Tamar? | |

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| TAMAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No eres muy viejo. |  | | ¿Nunca tus canas te mostró tu espejo? |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | Vete a hacer tus haciendas. | |

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| TAMAR | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En tratando |  | | de los años, a un viejo pierde el seso. | 825 | |

*(Váyase)*

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| ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | Ve, Lidio, a ver si vienen. | |

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| LIDIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Voy volando. |  | |

*(Váyase)*

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien sé que en esta edad ha sido exceso; |  | | pero voy el remedio procurando |  | | de nuestra sucesión; y no es suceso |  | | en el mundo tan nuevo; que esta culpa, | 830 | | en mil ejemplos hallará disculpa. |  | | Bajando va la fría, escura noche, |  | | por las gradas de sierras enlutadas |  | | en su medroso coche, y nuestro coche |  | | no llega a estas paredes enramadas, | 835 | | pues no es razón que Dorotea trasnoche. |  | | Estas palabras son enamoradas. |  | | No hay cana edad que tanto enmudezca. |  | | *(Ruido en alto)* |  | | ¡Válgame el cielo!, ¿qué ruido es este? |  | | Pues no son truenos del airado cielo; | 840 | | parece que la máquina celeste, |  | | rota de sus dos quicios, viene al suelo. |  | | Valor mi sangre en tanta edad me preste, |  | | ¡Qué triste voy! Todo me eriza el pelo. |  | |

*(Arriba, JULIA)*

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| JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¡Padre! | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La voz conozco, muerto quedo. | 845 | |

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| JULIA | |  | | --- | | ¡Padre! | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta es Julia, o me la forma el miedo. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oye, ingrato padre mío, |  | | si acaso sentido tienes, |  | | estas últimas palabras, |  | | aunque después de mi muerte. | 850 | |
| ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | Hija, ¿eres tú? | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No conoces |  | | mi voz? Pero bien parece |  | | que hasta mi voz olvidaste. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hija, ¿adónde estas? ¿Qué quieres? |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Padre, pues del otro mundo | 855 | | vengo a hablarte; escucha, atiende... |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hija, aunque tu voz conozco, |  | | el no verte me entristece. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quieres que salga en la forma |  | | que estoy, y a ti me presente? | 860 | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, hija, que no me siento |  | | con fuerzas. Háblame y vete. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo me maté por tu causa. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Por mi causa? | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Claramente. |  | | Tú me casabas por fuerza. | 865 | |

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| ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | Mi intento fue bueno. | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Advierte |  | | que el Conde me merecía, |  | | mas no quiso amor que fuese |  | | mi esposo, porque ya estaba |  | | casada. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Culparte debes | 870 | | a ti misma en no decirme |  | | lo que tan tarde me ofreces. |  | | Dijérasme: «Padre mío, |  | | yo soy mujer flaca y débil; |  | | caseme contra tu gusto, | 875 | | yerros de amor oro tienen». |  | | Perdonárate yo entonces, |  | | que no es posible eligieses |  | | hombre tan vil, siendo cuerda, |  | | y en virtud y ingenio un fenis. | 880 | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cualquier hombre te dijera, |  | | por vil y bajo que fuese; |  | | y no puede el que me dio |  | | para marido mi suerte. |  | | Casome Aurelio con él, | 885 | | que hasta tanto que tuviese |  | | la bendición de la iglesia, |  | | no fue posible moverme. |  | | Dos meses fue mi marido. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que no se supo en dos meses? | 890 | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No padre, porque el peligro |  | | no hay cosa que más enfrene. |  | | Pues como me vi casada, |  | | y que casarme pretendes, |  | | dime la muerte, y estoy | 895 | | a donde imaginar puedes. |  | | Pues te casas, padre mío, |  | | yo te doy mil parabienes, |  | | que no es mi intención agora |  | | que tu casamiento dejes. | 900 | | Solo te pido que honres, |  | | y que en paz y amistad quedes |  | | con el que fue mi marido, |  | | y que su muerte no intentes, |  | | que si lo haces te juro | 905 | | que los días que vivieres, |  | | con el fuego que me abrasa |  | | cada noche te atormente. |  | |

 (Váyase.)

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues dime quién es el hombre. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El que a Otavio dio la muerte, | 910 | | el hijo del que sustenta |  | | tus enemigos Monteses, |  | | Roselo, padre, se llama. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oye hija, escucha. Fuese. |  | | ¡Roselo!, ¡quién tal pensara!, | 915 | | el nombre solo me ofende; |  | | mas yo te doy la palabra |  | | de respetarle y tenerle, |  | | por haber sido tu esposo, |  | | por hijo mientras viviere. | 920 | |

*(Entren TEOBALDO y DOROTEA, el CONDE PARIS, y alabardas,  
ANSELMO y ROSELO y MARÍN, atados)*

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| TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pasad adelante, infames. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué es esto? | |

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| TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu buena suerte. |  | | Alégrate, que ya el cielo |  | | en tu favor amanece. |  | |
| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué gente es aquesta, hermano? | 925 | |

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| PARIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No conoces esta gente? |  | | Roselo es este. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Roselo? |  | |

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| TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Roselo Montés es este; |  | | que, en el hábito que miras, |  | | el cielo quiso que fuese | 930 | | de mi gente conocido. |  | | No le he muerto, por hacerte |  | | deste y de sus dos amigos, |  | | como a yerno, igual presente. |  | | Belardo, que viene aquí, | 935 | | con solo no conocerle, |  | | de tenerle se disculpa |  | | en tu hacienda. |  | |

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| BELARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien entiendes |  | | que si yo le conociera, |  | | te escusara de ponerte | 940 | | en ocasión de matarle. |  | |

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| TEOBALDO[17](javascript:void(null);) | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si ofender al cielo temes, |  | | mira, hermano, de qué modo |  | | pretendes que le atormenten: |  | | ¿Quieres que a un árbol le liguen?, | 945 | | ¿quieres que todos le flechen?, |  | | ¿quieres que le tiren balas? |  | | Habla, pues. ¿Qué te suspendes? |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Paris, Teobaldo y vosotros, |  | | todos los que estáis presentes | 950 | | oigo. |  | |

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| TEOBALDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué muerte? | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ninguna; |  | | que Roselo vivir tiene. |  | | Mi hija, amigos, mi hija, |  | | a donde estáis me aparece, |  | | y me dice que Roselo | 955 | | era su esposo. |  | |

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| TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Detente. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay que detener, Teobaldo, |  | | por no sufrir que la fuerce |  | | al casamiento del Conde, |  | | con ponzoña se dio muerte. | 960 | | Dice que ha de atormentarme, |  | | si más su enemigo fuere, |  | | con el fuego que la queme. |  | |

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| TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sospecho que te arrepientes, |  | | y que esas quimeras finges. | 965 | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hermano, si no lo crees, |  | | esta noche, y aun agora, |  | | podrá ser que venga a verte. |  | |

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| TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, no, Antonio, estese allá. |  | | Yo lo creo. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues advierte | 970 | | que Roselo fue mi hijo, |  | | y que serlo tuyo tiene. |  | | Hoy le has de dar a tu hija, |  | | yo no la quiero, ni verme |  | | en mas desdichas. |  | |

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| TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi hija. | 975 | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu hija, para que quede |  | | hoy nuestra paz confirmada. |  | |

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| PARIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando los cielos decreten |  | | que las paces destos bandos |  | | desta suerte se comiencen, | 980 | | no hay que replicar, Teobaldo. |  | | A Roselo le promete |  | | tu hija. |  | |

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| TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin nuestras paces, |  | | así el cielo ordena y quiere. |  | | Yo se la doy. |  | |

*(JULIA salga)*

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso no, | 985 | | ¡oh, traidor, con dos mujeres! |  | |

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| DOROTEA | |  | | --- | | ¿Es esta Julia? | |

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| TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ella es. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  | | --- | | Nadie huya. | |

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| PARIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Julia, tente. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Padre, mira que estoy viva. |  | | Vuelve tío, padre vuelve. | 990 | |

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| TEOBALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué nos quieres, Julia, di? |  | |

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| PARIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dime, esposa, ¿qué nos quieres? |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No soy tuya, conde Paris, |  | | de Roselo soy. |  | |
| PARIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No pienses |  | | que te quiero ni verte yo. | 995 | |

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| JULIA | |  | | --- | | Viva estoy. | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hija, si vives |  | | en el alma sola, ¿qué intentas? |  | | ¿Quieres que otra vez te entierren? |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Viva estoy, que aquel morirme |  | | fue por un veneno fuerte. | 1000 | | Roselo me trujo aquí. |  | | Habla, esposo, que ya puedes. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo la saqué del sepulcro, |  | | y así es mi mujer dos veces. |  | |

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| PARIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo digo que otras tantas | 1005 | | de derecho se le debe. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dale la mano, y a mí |  | | los brazos. |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Padre, detente, |  | | porque primero a mi prima |  | | cases con quien la merece. | 1010 | |

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| TEOBALDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién es? | |

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| JULIA | |  | | --- | | Anselmo. | |

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| ANSELMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soy, |  | | mis partes sabréis en breve. |  | |

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| ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es tiempo, dale las manos. |  | |

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| MARÍN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y a mí no hay quien me consuele? |  | | ¿No hay quien me paga el sacar | 1015 | | esta muerte? |  | |

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| JULIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Razón tiene. |  | | Celia es suya y mil ducados. |  | |

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| ROSELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Senado, pues ya se entiende |  | | lo demás, aquí dan fin |  | | *Castelvines y Monteses*. | 1020 | |