

THE DEVOTION OF THE CROSS
LOVE THE GREATEST ENCHANTMENT
THE SORCERIES OF SIN

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1870

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Three dramas of Calderon, from the Spani



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1870

CALDERON'S DRAMAS AND AUTOS,

Translated into English Verse

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY.

From Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*. London: 1863.

"Denis Florence MacCarthy published in London (in 1861) translations of two plays, and an *auto* of Calderon, under the title of 'Love, the greatest Enchantment; the Sorceries of Sin; the Devotion of the Cross, from the Spanish of Calderon, attempted strictly in English Asonante, and other imitative Verse', printing, at the same time, a carefully corrected text of the originals, page by page, opposite to his translations. It is, I think, one of the boldest attempts ever made in English verse. It is, too, as it seems to me, remarkably successful. Not that *asonantes* can be made fluent or graceful in English, or easily perceptible to an English ear, but that the Spanish air and character of Calderon are so happily preserved. Mr. MacCarthy, in 1853, had published two volumes of translations from Calderon, to which I have already referred; and, besides this, he has rendered excellent service to the cause of Spanish literature in other ways. But in the present volume he has far surpassed all he had previously done; for Calderon is a poet who, whenever he is translated, should have his very excesses, both in thought and manner, fully produced, in order to give a faithful idea of what is grandest and most distinctive in his genius. Mr. MacCarthy has done this, I conceive, to a degree which I had previously considered impossible. Nothing, I think, in the English language will give us so true an impression of what is most characteristic of the Spanish drama; perhaps I ought to say, of what is most characteristic of Spanish poetry generally".—tom. iii. pp. 461, 462.

haltung", 1862. Erster Baude, 479 Leipzig, F. A. Brockhaus.

"Erwähnenswerth ist folgender Kühne versuch einer Nachbildung Calderon'scher stücke in Englischen Aesonanzen.

"Love, the greatest enchantment; The Sorceries of Sin; The Devotion of the Cross, from the Spanish of Calderon, attempted strictly in English Asonante, and other imitative verse. By Denis Florence MacCarthy".

Diese Uebersetzung ist dem Verfasser der "History of Spanish Literature", George Ticknor, zugeeignet, der in einem Schreiber an den Uebersetzer die Arbeit "marvellous" nennt und dam fortfahrt:

"Nicht das sie die Aesonanzen dem englischen Ohr so hörbar gemacht hätten, wie dies mit den Spanischen der Fall ist; unsere widerhaarigen consonanten machen dies unmöglich; das Wunderbare ist nur, das sie dieselben überhaupt hörbar gemacht haben. Meiner Meinung nach nehme ich Ihre Aesonanzen so deutlich wahr, wil die Von August Schlegel oder Gries und mehr als diejenigen Friedrich Schlegel's. Aber dieser war der erste, der den versuch dazu machte, und außerdem bin ich kein Deutscher. Würde es nicht lustig sein, wenn man einmal ein solches Experiment in französischer Sprache wolte?"

"Ohne zweifel würde MacCarthy ohne den vorgang deutscher Nachbildner des Calderon ebenso wenig darauf gekommen sein englische Aesonanzen zu versuchen, als man ohne das ermunternde Beispiel deutscher Dichter und Uebersetzer darauf gekommen sein würde, in Uebersetzungen und originaldichtungen unter welchen letztern wol besonders Longfellow's "Evangeline", zu nennen ist, englische Hexameter zu versuchen, was in letzter zeit gar nicht selten gesehen ist".

Extracts from *Continental Review*.

From "*Boletín de Ferro-Carriles*". Cadiz: 1862.

"La novedad que nos comunica de

la existencia de traducciones tan acabadas de nuestro grande é inimitable Calderon, ostendando, hasta cierto punto, las galas y formas del original, estamos seguros será acogida con favor, si no con entusiasmo, per los verdaderos amantes de las letras españolas. A ellos nos dirigimos, recomendándoles el último trabajo del Señor Mac-Carthy, seguros de que participaran del mismo placer que nosotros hemos experimentado al examinar su fiel, al par que brillante traducción; y en cuanto á la difícil tentativa de los asonantes ingleses, nos sorprende que el Señor Mac-Carthy haya podido sacar tanto partido, si se considera la indole peculiar de los dos idiomas”.

Extracts from Letters addressed to
the Author.

From Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,
Esq.

Cambridge, near Boston,
America, April 29,
1862.

“I thank you very much for your new work in the vast and flowery fields of Calderon. It is, I think, admirable; and presents the old Spanish dramatist before the English reader in a very attractive light.

“Particularly in the most poetical passages you are excellent; as, for instance, in the fine description of the *per falcon* and the heron in ‘*El Mayor Encanto*’.—11 *Jor*.

“Your previous volumes I have long possessed and highly prized; and I hope you mean to add more and more, so as to make the translation as nearly complete as a single life will permit. It seems rather appalling to undertake the whole of so voluminous a writer. Nevertheless, I hope you will do it. Having proved that you can, perhaps you ought to do it. This may be your appointed work. It is a noble one.

“With much regard, I am, etc.,

“HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

“Denis Florence Mac-Carthy, Esq.”

From the Same.

Nahant, near Boston,
August 10, 1867.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Before leaving Cambridge to come down here to the sea-side, I had the

pleasure of receiving your precious volume of ‘*Mysteries of Corpus Christi*’; and should have thanked you sooner for your kindness in sending it to me, had I not been very busy at the time in getting out my last volume of Dante.

“I at once read your work, with eagerness and delight—that peculiar and strange delight which Calderon gives his admirers, as peculiar and distinct as the flavour of an olive from that of all other fruits.

“You are doing this work admirably, and seem to gain new strength and sweetness as you go on. It seems as if Calderon himself were behind you whispering and suggesting. And what better work could you do in your bright hours or in your dark hours than just this, which seems to have been put providentially into your hands!

“The extracts from the ‘*Sacred Parnassus*’ in the *Chronicle*, which reached me yesterday, are also excellent.

“For this and all, many and many thanks.

“Yours faithfully,

“HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

“Denis Florence Mac-Carthy, Esq.”

From George Ticknor, Esq., the Historian of Spanish Literature.

“Boston, 16th December, 1861.

“In this point of view, your volume seems to me little less than marvellous. If I had not read it—indeed, if I had not carefully gone through with the *Devocion de la Cruz*, I should not have believed it possible to do what you have done. Titian, they say, and some others of the old masters, laid on colours for their groundwork wholly different from those they used afterwards, but which they counted upon to shine through, and contribute materially to the grand results they produced. So in your translations, the Spanish seems to come through to the surface; the original air is always perceptible in your variations. It is like a family likeness coming out in the next generation, yet with the freshness of originality.

“But the rhyme is as remarkable as the verse and the translation; not that you have made the asonante as perceptible to the English ear as it is to the Spanish; our cumbersome consonants make that impossible. But the wonder

is, that you have made it perceptible at all. I think I perceive your asonantes much as I do those of August Schlegel or Gries, and more than I do those of Friederich Schlegel. But he was the first who tried them, and, besides, I am not a German. Would it not be amusing to have the experiment tried in French?"

From the Same.

"Boston, March 20, 1867.

"The world has claims on you which you ought not to evade; and, if the path in which you walk of preference, leads to no wide popularity or brilliant profits, it is, at least, one you have much to yourself, and cannot fail to enjoy. You have chosen it from faithful love, and will always love it; I suspect partly because it is your own choice, because it is peculiarly your own".

From the Same.

"Boston, July 2, 1867.

"Considered from this point of view, I think that in your present volume ["Mysteries of Corpus Christi", or "Autos Sacramentales" of Calderon] you are always as successful as you were in your previous publications of the same sort, and sometimes more so; easier, I mean, freer, and more happily expressive. If I were to pick out my first preference, I should take your fragment of the 'Veneno y Triaca', at the end; but I think the whole volume is more fluent, pleasing, and attractive than even its predecessors".

From the first of English religious painters.

April 24, 1867.

"I cannot resist the impulse I have of offering you my most grateful thanks for the greatest intellectual treat I have ever experienced in my life, and which you have afforded me in the magnificent translations of the divine Calderon; for, surely, of all the poets the world ever saw, he alone is worthy of standing beside the author of the Book of Job and of the Psalms, and entrusted, like them, with the noble mission of commending to the hearts of others all that belongs to the beautiful and true, ever directing the thoughtful reader through the love of

"I cannot conceive a nation can receive a greater boon than being helped to a love of such works as the religious dramas of this Prince of Poets. I have for years felt this, and as your translations appeared, have read them with the greatest possible interest. I knew not of the publication of the last, and it was to an accidental, yet, with me, habitual outburst of praise of Calderon, as the antidote and cure for the trifling literature of the day, that my friend (*the*) D— made me aware of its being out".

[The work especially referred to in the latter part of this interesting letter is the following: "Mysteries of Corpus Christi (*Autos sacramentales*), from the Spanish of Calderon, by Denis Florence Mac-Carthy". Duffy, Dublin and London, 1867.]

Extracts from American and Canadian Journals.

From an eloquent article in the "Boston Courier", March 18, 1862, written by George Stillman Hillard, Esq., the author of "Six Months in Italy"—a delightful book, worthy of the beautiful country it so beautifully describes.

"Calderon is one of the three greatest names in Spanish literature, Lope de Vega and Cervantes being the other two. He is also a great name in the universal realm of letters, though out of Spain he is little more than a great name, except in Germany, that land so hospitable to famous wits, and where, to readers and critics of a mystical and transcendental turn, his peculiar genius strongly commended him. To form a notion of what manner of man Calderon was, we must imagine a writer hardly inferior to Shakespeare in fertility of invention and dramatic insight, inspired by a religious fervour like that of Donne or Crashaw, and endowed with the wild and ethereal imagination of Shelley. But the religious fervour is Catholic, not Protestant, Southern, not Northern: it is intense, mystical, and ecstatic: like a tongue of upward-darting flame, it burns and trembles with impassioned impulse to mingle with empyrean fire. The imagination, too, is not merely southern, but with an oriental element shining through it, like the ruddy heart of an opal". . .

"But our purpose is not to speak of Calderon, but of his translator Mr. MacCarthy; and to make our readers acquainted with his very successful effort to reproduce in English some of the most characteristic productions of the genius of Spain, retaining even one of the peculiarities in the structure of the verse which has hardly ever been transplanted from the soil of the peninsula".

"Mr. MacCarthy's translations strike us as among the most successful experiments which have been made to represent in our language the characteristic beauties of the finest productions of other nations. They are sufficiently faithful, as may be readily seen by the Spanish scholar, as the translator has the courage to print the original and his version side by side. The rich, imaginative passages of Calderon are reproduced in language of such grace and flexibility as shows in Mr. MacCarthy no inconsiderable amount of poetical power. The measures of Calderon are retained; the rhymed passages are translated into rhyme, and what is more noticeable still, Mr. MacCarthy has done what no writer in English has ever before essayed, except to a very limited extent—he has copied the *asonantes* of the original". . . .

"We take leave of Mr. MacCarthy with hearty acknowledgments for the pleasure we have had in reading his excellent translations, which have given us a sense of Calderon's various and brilliant genius such as we never before had, and no analysis of his dramas, however full and careful, could bestow"

From a Review of "Love the Greatest Enchantment", etc., in the "New York Tablet", July 19, 1862, written by the gifted and ill-fated Hon. Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, of Montreal.

"This beautiful volume before us—like virtue's self, fair within and without—is Mr. MacCarthy's second contribution to the Herculean task which Longfellow cheers him on to continue—the translation into English of the complete works of Calderon. Two experimental volumes, containing six dramas of the same author, appeared in 1853, winning the well-merited en-

comium of every person of true taste into whose hands they happened to fall. The Translator was encouraged, if not by the general chorus of popular applause, by the precious and emphatic approbation of those best entitled by knowledge and accomplishments to pronounce judgment. So here, after an interval of seven years, we have right worthily presented to us three of those famous *Autos*, which for two centuries drew together all the multitude of the Madrilenos, on the annual return of the great feast of Corpus Christi. On that same self-same festival, in a northern land, under a gray and clouded sky, in the heart of a city most unlike gay, garden-hued, out-of-door Madrid, we have spent the long hours over these resurrected dramas, and the spell of both the poets is still upon us, as we unite together, in dutiful juxtaposition, the names of Calderon and MacCarthy.

"How richly gifted was this Spanish priest-poet! this pious playwright! this moral mechanist! this devout dramatist! How rare his experience! how broad the contrasts of his career, and of his observation. . . . Happy poet! blessed with such fecundity! Happy Christian! blessed with such fidelity to the divine teachings of the Cross. . . .

"Very highly do we reverence Calderon, and very highly value his translator; yet, if it be not presumptuous to say so, we venture to suggest that MacCarthy might find nearer home another work still worthier of his genius than these translations. Now that he has got the imperial ear by bringing his costly wares from afar, are there not laurels to be gathered as well in Ireland as in Spain? The author of 'The Bell-Founder', of 'St. Brendan's Voyage', of 'The Foray of Con O'Donnell', and 'The Pillar Towers', needs no prompting to discern what abundant materials for a new department of English poetry are to be found almost unused on Irish ground. May we not hope that in that field or forest he may find his appointed work, adding to the glory of first worthily introducing Calderon to the English readers of this century, the still higher glory of doing for the neglected history of his fatherland what he has chivalrously done for the illustrious Spaniard".

Boston Sept. 1872

Three Dramas of Calderon,

From the Spanish.



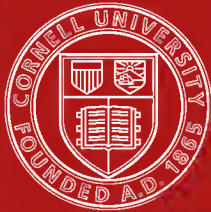
LOVE THE GREATEST ENCHANTMENT,
THE SORCERIES OF SIN, AND THE
DEVOTION OF THE CROSS.



BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY.

DUBLIN: W. B. KELLY, 8 GRAFTON STREET.
1870.

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LOVE THE GREATEST ENCHANTMENT:
THE SORCERIES OF SIN:
THE DEVOTION OF THE CROSS.

FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERON.

ATTEMPTED STRICTLY IN ENGLISH ASONANTE AND

OTHER IMITATIVE VERSE,

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY, M.R.I.A.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION TO EACH DRAMA, AND NOTES BY THE TRANSLATOR, AND THE
SPANISH TEXT FROM THE EDITIONS OF HARTZENBUSCH,
KEIL, AND APONTES.



LONDON:
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN AND ROBERTS.

1861.

TO
GEORGE TICKNOR, ESQ.

THE HISTORIAN OF SPANISH LITERATURE,

This Volume

IS INSCRIBED IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF INFORMATION

LIBERALLY COMMUNICATED,

AND PRAISE GENEROUSLY BESTOWED.



PREFACE.

IN 1853 I published two volumes of translations from the Spanish of Calderon, which contained the first (as it still continues to be the only) complete version of any of his plays that has ever been presented to the English reader.* This attempt met with as much success as I could have reasonably anticipated for it, considering the circumstances under which the work grew up, as detailed in the preface, and the timidity with which I shrunk from the whole metrical difficulties of my task—difficulties which then appeared to me to be so insurmountable, that, had I the time, I scarcely would have had the courage to try and overcome. A forced leisure, however, of many months, occurring at irregular intervals, but extending through the whole of the intervening period,

* The dramas contained in those volumes are the following :—*The Purgatory of Saint Patrick, The Constant Prince, The Scarf and the Flower, The Physician of his own Honour, The Secret in Words, and Love after Death.* The remark in the text is by no means meant to disparage Mr. Fitzgerald's *Six Plays of Calderon freely translated*, London, 1853, the nervous blank verse of which, though I think unsuited to Calderon, I greatly admire; but surely a translator who confesses that he has "sunk, reduced, altered, and replaced" whatever did not seem to him particularly "fine" in his author, can scarcely be taken as a satisfactory interpreter of a poet whose very defects and extravagances are as characteristic of his genius as are his beauties.

having again induced me to resume my labours upon Calderon, I felt the very difficulties, which before I had left unattempted, an attraction and an incentive, as supplying a more laborious occupation, and a more engrossing distraction. I felt, too, a sincere artistic conviction that I was bound to do my best for a poet whom I had been, to some extent, instrumental in introducing to a foreign audience, and a determination that he should not suffer in their estimation by any wilful omission or neglect on the part of him at whose invitation he had appeared before them. Two things I set before me at the beginning of my renewed task, which, I trust, I have pretty faithfully observed to the end; namely, in the first place, to give the meaning of my author exactly, and in its integrity, neither departing from it through diffuseness, nor cramping it through condensation; and, secondly, to express it strictly in the form of the original, or not to express it at all.

It is by no means my intention to enter into the oft-debated question as to the principles which should guide or coerce the translator in his task. As far as the translator is concerned, it is a much easier thing to produce a popular and flowing version of any foreign poem or play, than a faithful and exact one; and the effect to be produced will so depend upon the capacity and culture of the reader,—whether, in a word, he will have his German or Spanish so thoroughly “done into English,” as to have every particle of its original nature eliminated out of it, or will have it faithfully presented to him, with all its native peculiarities preserved,—is so much a matter of taste, that no definite rule can ever be arrived at in the matter. What Mr. Newman has said upon this subject so entirely agrees with my own impressions, that I print his observations here, the more readily, that I have been actuated independently by the same convictions long before I was aware that they were shared by him. Mr. Newman, alluding to some of his own critics, who had laid down, as axioms, certain principles which he considers to be utterly

false and ruinous to translation, thus proceeds:—"One of these is, that the reader ought, if possible, to forget that it is a translation at all, and be lulled into the illusion that he is reading an original work. Of course, a necessary inference from such a dogma is, that whatever has a foreign colour is undesirable, and is even a grave defect. The translator, it seems, must carefully obliterate all that is characteristic of the original, unless it happens to be identical in spirit to something already familiar in English. From such a notion I cannot too strongly express my intense dissent. I aim at precisely the opposite;—to retain every peculiarity of the original, as far as I am able, *with the greater care, the more foreign it may happen to be*, whether it be matter of taste, of intellect, or of morals."*

On this principle I have acted throughout the entire of this volume, with what success, however, of course remains to be seen.

The peculiar feature, then, of this Translation is its rigid adherence to the metres of the original, and particularly to that especial Spanish one, the *asonante* vowel rhyme, of which but a few scattered specimens exist in English, and these rather as samples of what our language was incapable of producing to any considerable extent, than of what it could achieve. This metre is so very peculiar, and so opposed to anything that bears the semblance of rhyme in English, that I have known several persons, who were able to read in the original a romance, or a scene from a Spanish play, and who, notwithstanding, never perceived the delicate and most elaborate form of versification they had been enjoying, until their attention was drawn to it; when once seen or heard, however, the discovery is hailed with delight, and we look or listen for the ever-recurring similarity of cadence or construction, "the manifold wild chimes" of the Spanish *asonance*, with pleasure and surprise. The numerous examples of it throughout this volume will show the reader

* *The Iliad of Homer, faithfully translated into unrhymed English Metre*, by F. W. Newman. (London, 1856.) Preface, p. xv.

what it is more clearly, perhaps, than any explanation; and yet some definition of it may not be inappropriate in this place. "The Spanish *afonante*,"* says the late Lord Holland, "is a word which resembles another in the *vowel* on which the last accent falls, as well as the vowel, or vowels, that follow it; but every consonant after the accented vowel must be different from that in the corresponding syllable. Thus: *tòs* and *amòr*, *orilla* and *delira*, *àlamo* and *pàxaro*, are all *afonantes*."† This definition, though, perhaps, a little too limited for the boundless variety and freedom of the *afonance*, may be considered tolerably satisfactory. The rhyme, such as it is, is not confined, as in all other languages, to a few repetitions, of which those in the octave stanza are, perhaps, the most frequent; but in Spanish, the *same* *afonance*, that is, the same recurring similarity of vowel, or vowels, in the last accented syllable, or syllables, of every second line is kept up unchanged, however long may be the ballad or the scene in which it is commenced. In Spanish, from the open sound of the vowels, and from the copiousness of the language, this is easy. In fact, it is said that the difficulty lies not in producing the *afonante* where it is required, but in avoiding it in the intermediate lines, where it is superfluous. But in English the case is very different; from the comparative weakness of the vowel sounds,‡ from the rare possibility of combining them, and, what is still more, from their per-

* This word is generally written *afonant* in English. For a thing so entirely Spanish, perhaps the Spanish form is the more appropriate one, and I have therefore followed Lord Holland and Mr. Ticknor in calling it by its original name.

† *Life of Lope de Vega*, vol. II. p. 215.

‡ Mr. Newman has a remark, in the Preface from which I have already quoted, which seems to be applicable here, especially in reference to the general objection made against the introduction of the *afonance* into northern languages, namely, its insufficiency and incompleteness of *sound*. "An accentual metre," he says, "in a language loaded with consonants, cannot have the *same sort* of sounding beauty, as a quantitative metre in a highly vocalized language. It is not audible sameness of metre, but a likeness of *moral genius* which is to be arrived at." P. xvii.

petual variation in quantity, anything like producing the same effect as in the Spanish is impossible. Yet this "ghost of a rhyme," as Dean Trench calls it,* is better than none at all; and I have found, from my own experience, that an inflexible determination to reproduce it, at whatever trouble, even though with imperfect success, enables the translator more closely to render the meaning of the original, and saves him from the danger of being tempted into diffuseness by the facilities of expansion which even the unrhymed trochaic, *without the asonante*, too readily supplies. Translators who have felt the weight of too much liberty might find within the restricted limits of the *asonance* the same salutary restraints which Wordsworth discovered

"Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground"—

it is to be hoped with some slight portion of the same success.

With regard to the dramas and *auto* selected for translation in this

* In his charming little book on Calderon (*Life's a Dream, &c.* London, 1856), Dean Trench has the merit of being the first to attempt the translation of any portion of Calderon into equivalent English *asonantes*: his translations having been made, as I infer from his preface, about eighteen years before they were published.

I may supply here an omission in the Preface to my *Dramas from Calderon*, when noticing the contributions to a knowledge of the Spanish Drama which our early English literature supplies, an omission also noticeable in that part of Dean Trench's Essay which goes over the same ground. I was not aware at the time that Preface was written that Sir Richard Fanshawe, the translator of Guarini and Camoens, had given, in 1649, a very pleasing version in short lyrical lines, almost Spanish in their felicity and grace, of Antonio de Mendoza's long and singular drama, *Querer por Solo Querer* ("To Love for Love's Sake"). This is the drama which took Charles Lamb three "well-wasted hours" to read, and, according to him, nine days to represent. (See the *Extraits from the Garrick Plays* in his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*, Bohn's Ed. 1854, p. 476.) "Five or six mortal hours," however, are the limits which Don Ramon de Meloneros Romanos in the *Apuntes Biográficos* prefixed to his *Dramaticos Contemporaneos de Lope de Vega*, t. ii. p. 28, puts to the patience of the audience in listening to the six thousand four hundred verses of which the original drama consists.

volume, little requires to be said in this place, as I have prefixed to each of them such introductory remarks as seemed necessary for the proper understanding of the time and circumstances of their production. They all may be considered representative pieces—pieces that convey a fair idea of the class of drama, whether *Fiesta*, *Comedia*, or *Auto*, to which they belong. The first, *Love the Greatest Enchantment*, which is the story of Circe and Ulysses, is a favourable specimen of the dramas which Calderon founded upon classical or mythological subjects. Of these he wrote altogether eighteen, and though they have been greatly admired, not alone in Germany, but in England, for the freedom with which the poet entered into possession of these ancient fables, using them for his own purposes with a freshness of invention ever new and ever delightful, but one only out of the eighteen has ever been even analysed in English with anything like completeness or precision.*

The next piece, *The Sorceries of Sin*, is even still more interesting and more wonderful. It is an *auto*, and therefore, though dealing with the same story as its foundation, is as different from the preceding play as spirit is to matter, or the soul to the body. In fact, the long dramatic spectacle in which the ancient Hellenic fable starts into new life, in another climate, and at a different era, beneath the power of a new creator, seems to be worthless in the poet's eyes, unless he can deduce from it its *moral*, namely, the power of Man to resist, or, at least, to triumph over temptation, if he will only listen to the voice of his own soul, and the silent whisperings of repentance and of grace. This he has done in *The Sorceries of Sin*. In the introductory remarks which I have prefixed to it the reader will find some most interesting and valuable bibliographical notes by Mr. Ticknor, relative to the first publication of the

* The drama alluded to is *Los Tres Mayores Prodigios*, on which there is a good paper in *Frazer's Magazine* for August 1849. *Eco y Narciso* is referred to with great praise in the *Westminster Review* for January 1851, pp. 295-307.

autos, taken from communications which he has had the kindness to address to me upon the subject. Upon the general character of the *autos* I cannot do better than refer the reader to the third part of Dean Trench's essay, to which I have previously made allusion.

The celebrity of the third piece which this volume contains, *The Devotion of the Crofs*, and the misconceptions which exist as to its real character, will be, I trust, sufficient excuse for my having translated it. As in the other cases, I refer the reader to the introductory remarks prefixed to this tragedy, which Dean Trench characterizes as, "despite of all its perversity, a wonderful and terrible drama."*

The Spanish text, which I have printed for the convenience of the reader, is founded, as far as the *comedias* are concerned, partly on the edition of Keil, and partly on that of Hartzenbusch. The *scenes* are altogether taken from the latter edition. Where any important difference exists between the text of the two editions, I have generally drawn attention to it in a foot-note. The *auto*, with the exception of a few slight corrections, is printed verbatim from the edition by Apontes (*Autos Sacramentales*, 6 vols. 4to. Madrid, 1759-60, vol. vi. p. 109).†

* For a supplementary note to *The Devotion of the Crofs* see next page.

† In addition to what has been said in the note to p. xi. relative to Sir Richard Fanshaw's translation of *Querer por Solo Querer*, it may be mentioned that he also translated another dramatic spectacle from the Spanish, called *Fiestas de Aranjuez*. See *The Companion to the Play-house*, London, 1764, v. ii., under letter F, where it is erroneously attributed to Mendoza. This is doubtless the masque written, by the unfortunate Count of Villa-Mediana, for the birth-day festivities of Philip IV. in 1622. See Ticknor, v. ii. p. 172, n.; see also Madame d'Aulnoy's *Relation du Voyage d'Espagne*, t. ii. pp. 20, 21. (La Haye, 1715,) for a very curious account of the exhibition of this spectacle, and for the author's premeditated act of daring gallantry towards the Queen, which, it is supposed, led to his immediate assassination.

Summerfield, Dalkey,
September, 1861.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE TO THE DEVOTION OF THE CROSS.



IN the Introduction to *The Devotion of the Cross*, and at p. 284. of the Translation, I have stated that *La Devocion de la Cruz* was first printed at Huefca, in 1634, under the title of *La Cruz en la Sepultura*, and as the work of Lope de Vega. This mistake, in a volume forming a portion of a collection containing the dramas of various authors, is perhaps not to be wondered at; but it seems strange that the same error should be repeated six years later, in a volume of the collection devoted exclusively to the dramas of Lope himself, in the twenty-fourth part or volume of which (Madrid, 1640) *La Cruz en la Sepultura* is again given as the work of Lope de Vega.* In a note to the exceedingly valuable catalogue of all the Comedias and Autos of Lope de Vega, compiled with such care and labour by the distinguished Spanish scholar Mr. J. R. Chorley, of London, and presented by him with so much liberality to Señor Hartzembuch for his fourth volume of Lope's *Comedias Escogidas* (Madrid, 1853-60), it is stated that this twenty-fourth part is the only one out of the twenty-five to which the collection of Lope's comedias extended (1604-47), which is wanting to complete the copy in the Spanish Library of Lord Taunton, at Stoke Park, near London. It is preserved, however, with the others in the National Library of Madrid. Mr. Chorley also mentions that according to Mr. Ticknor (under date October 1857), the edition of Huefca, 1634, is to be found in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, and in the Library of the Vatican at Rome. A volume of the collection of separately-printed Spanish plays, brought from Spain by Lord Arlington in the reign of Charles the Second, and now preserved in the Library of the British Museum, contains, according to Mr. Chorley, two of Calderon's dramas (one of them being *La Cruz en la Sepultura*), which are both attributed to Lope de Vega.†

* See Schack's *Geschichte der Dramatischen Literatur und Kunst in Spanien*, b. II. p. 696, Lord Holland's *Life of Lope de Vega*, vol. II. p. 151, and Mr. Chorley's *Catalogo de Comedias y Autos de Frey Lope Felix de Vega Carpio*, referred to above.

† *Catalogo de Comedias*, &c. p. 542. I may add that the second, *Amor, Honor, y Poder* is also given under another name in the twenty-fourth of Lope's Comedias above mentioned. The volume published at Huefca in 1634 contains, in addition to these, a third of Calderon's dramas, erroneously attributed to Lope, namely *Un Castigo en Tres Venganzas*. See Hartzembuch's *Catalogo Cronologico, Comedias de Calderon*, t. IV. p. 669.



LOVE THE GREATEST ENCHANTMENT.

FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERON.





INTRODUCTION.

THE Homeric Circe, previous to her becoming the heroine of this drama of Calderon, had figured under various names, and with various adventures, in the romances and romantic poetry of Europe, and we recognize her as the same person, whether called Morgana, as in *Launcelot du Lac*, and in *Boiardo*, Alcina, as in *Ariosto*, or *Armida*, as in *Taffo*. To these may be added the *Duessä* of *Spenser*, in 1590, and in 1634 (the year preceding the first performance of Calderon's drama) a male reproduction of the character in the "*Comus*" of *Milton*. Under her original name, *Lope de Vega* had devoted upwards of three thousand lines to her adventures in his "*Circe*," a poem in octave stanzas, which he published in 1624. The ground-work of Calderon's *Circe* is to be found in *Homer*, *Odyssy*, B. x. from line 135 to 574, and B. XII. from line 8 to 141. But he was under great obligations both to *Ariosto* and to *Taffo*, the former of whom, in the Sixth Canto of the *Orlando*, and the latter, to a still greater degree, in the Sixteenth Canto of the "*Gerusalemme*," supply him with many of his most interesting incidents. Indeed the thirty-seventh stanza of the Sixteenth Canto of the latter poem may be taken as the key-note of his entire composition, and as such I introduce it here in the quaint version of *Fairfax*, although the concluding couplet of the original—

Lascia gl' incanti, e vuol provar se vaga
E suplice beltà sia miglior maga—

more clearly expresses the meaning of Calderon :—

All what the witches of Thessalia land
With lips unpure yet ever said or spake,
Words that could make heaven's rolling circles stand,
And draw the damned ghosts from Limbo lake,
All well she knew, but yet no time she fand
To use her knowledge or her charms to make,
But left her arts, and forth she ran to prove
If single beauty were best charm for love.

The experiment of recalling Ulysses to his martial tastes and duties, by placing before him the long-unused armour of Achilles, is probably suggested by the similar stratagem which gave Rinaldo courage to break from the enchantments of Armida; but both, no doubt, founded upon one of the later traditions of Achilles himself, who, when concealed in the court of Lycomedes of Scyros, under the disguise of a maiden, was discovered by Odysseus through a somewhat similar stratagem. The conduct of Armida herself upon her desertion also presents resemblances to the catastrophe in *El Mayor Encanto Amor*, detracting nothing, however, from the merits of Calderon's work, in which every incident of the ancient classical myth is recast, reborn, as it were, in the creative mind of the poet with a freshness (says Schack, from whom I have derived some of the foregoing references) which, while preserving all the charms of the old Hellenic Legend, impresses upon it the distinctive and not less delightful character of modern romance.*

The following curious paper I have translated from a document first published by Don Casiano Pellicer, in the second volume of his *Tratado Historico sobre el Origen y Progresos de la Comedia en España*, and introduced

* *Geschichte der dramatischen Literatur und Kunst in Spanien*, B. 111. p. 190.

as a preface to this play by Hartzembusch in his edition of Calderon.* It is interesting as well for showing the labour which the great poet took in working upon the plan of the machinist, and in what respects he departed from it, as for the very remarkable proof which it gives of the mechanical resources of the theatre in the reign of Philip the Fourth, and the unequalled magnificence with which this and similar royal pageants were produced at the court of Madrid. The Masques of Ben Jonson,† which were about the same period the delight of “our James,” are the only productions which can be compared with these dramatic spectacles of splendour and ingenuity; and while, in their united labours as dramatist and machinist, the palm for poetical excellence must be given to Calderon, it will be perceived that, in productions of this kind, the great English architect had no mean rival in the less widely known, but still famous Italian artist, who had the honour of being Calderon’s fellow-labourer in these magnificent shows.

“ CIRCE,

“ *A Dramatic Spectacle which was represented on the great pond of the Retiro,‡ the invention of Cosme Lotti, at the request of her most excellent Ladyship, the Countess of Olivarez, Duchess of San Lucar la Mayor, on the night of St. John [June 24, A.D. 1635].*

“ There will be formed in the middle of the pond a stationary island, raised seven feet above the surface of the water, with a winding ascent, terminating at the entrance into the island, which will be surrounded by a parapet of loose stones, adorned with corals and other curiosities of the

* *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*, T. VII. p. 385. Madrid, 1848. *Tratado Histórico sobre el Origen y Progresos de la Comedia y del Histrionismo en España*, por D. Casiano Pellicer. *Parte Segunda*, p. 146. Madrid, 1804.

† *Chloridia*, which he produced in conjunction with Inigo Jones in 1630, cost 3000*l.* for decorations.

‡ The celebrated palace of the *Buen Retiro*.

sea, such as pearls and shells of different colours, with waterfalls and similar decorations. In the midst of this island will be situated a very lofty mountain of rugged ascent, with precipices, and caverns, surrounded by a thick and darksome wood of tall trees, some of which will be seen to exhibit the appearance of the human form covered with a rough bark, from the heads and arms of which will issue green boughs and branches, having suspended from them various trophies of war and of the chase, the theatre during this opening scene being scantily lit with concealed lights: and, to make a beginning of the festival, a murmuring and a rippling noise of water having been heard, a great and magnificent car will be seen to advance along the pond, plated over with silver, and drawn by two monstrous fishes, from whose mouths will continually issue great jets of water, the light of the theatre increasing according as they advance; and on the summit of it will be seen seated in great pomp and majesty the goddess Aqua, from whose head and curious vesture will issue an infinite abundance of little conduits of water; and at the same time will be seen another great supply flowing from an urn which the goddess will hold reversed; and which, filled with a variety of fishes, that, leaping and playing in the torrent as it descends, and gliding over all the car, will fall at length into the pond. This admirable machine is to be accompanied by a choir of twenty nymphs of rivulets and fountains, who will advance, singing and playing, along the surface of the water: and, when this beautiful piece of mechanism stops in the presence of His Majesty, the goddess Aqua will commence the scene by representing the *Loa*.* This being finished, the sound of various instruments will be heard, and the procession will retire from the theatre in the same order, and with

* The *Loa* here mentioned is probably that which precedes the *Auto, Los Encantos de la Culpa* (*The Sorceries of Sin*), which is also founded on the story of Ulysses and Circe, and a translation of which forms the second portion of this volume. This *Loa* has no connection with the incidents of either drama or auto, being merely a glorification of Madrid. In it, however, the goddess Aqua makes her appearance, which she does not do in either *Love the Greatest Enchantment*, or in *The Sorceries of Sin*, her

the same musical accompaniment as it entered. Scarcely has it disappeared, when a stirring sound of clarions and trumpets will burst forth, with discharges of musketry and cannon, and the cry of *Land! Land!* will be heard from within: and a great and beauteous gilded bark will be discovered, adorned with streamers, pendants, banneroles, and flags, which, with swelling sails, will come to harbour, furling her sails, and dropping her anchors and cables; and on her deck will be seen Ulysses and his companions, who, returning thanks to the gods for having reached land, will speak of their past misfortunes and their present necessities, none of them having the daring to disembark even to seek refreshment, fearing the dangers that might ensue; on which account, lots being drawn, eighteen of them will be compelled to enter the long-boat, and to make the attempt: and they having tremblingly leaped on the island, a great number of various animals, such as lions, tigers, dragons, bears, and others, will place themselves before them, who, astonished and full of terror, will form themselves into a body for their defence; but the animals, with human intelligence, will approach them carelessly, at which moment will be heard a sad, but melodious strain of music, proceeding from the trees and plants, which with human forms have been there metamorphosed, at which musical wail, the animals, in their various ways, will perform an extraordinary dance, and while this is kept up and continued, a terrible earthquake, with agitation of the air, will be felt, which, awakening flashes and peals of thunder, will dart forth a forked bolt, that, striking the top and summit of the mountain, will so loose and shatter it, that it will fall to pieces in various parts of the theatre, at which event the animals will disappear, and the music will cease, and the mariners will remain full of terror and amazement,

place in the car being filled, in the former, by the nymph Galatea, and in the latter by the personification of Penance. The car itself seems to have been used in other of these gorgeous spectacle-plays of Calderon. In his *Phaeton*, for instance, which was also acted on the pond of the Retiro a few years later, there are two references to its having been seen by the audience on several previous occasions.—TRANSLATOR.

seeing, in the place where the mountain stood, a splendid palace appear, inlaid with precious stones of various colours, of a rich and well-designed architecture, with columns of agate and crystal, having bases, capitals, and cornices of gold, and statues of bronze and of marble, all arranged in their proper places. And the frightful and horrible wood will at the same time be transformed into a fair and delicious garden, enclosing a lofty edifice of spherical form, with corridors and porticos; and in the midst of each delightful compartment will be seen fountains of running water, covered alleys, and numbers of domestic animals passing to and fro; and, at the appearance of this new wonder, the theatre will be illuminated by a brilliancy so great, that it will seem as if the sun ministered its light, which will proceed from and be the result of the reflection which the jewels of this rich and sumptuous palace will make, and from two splendid stars which, with singular and remarkable brilliancy, will issue from the waves and waters of the pond; and, in front of the porticos and corridors in the centre of the crescent, Circe will be seen seated on a majestic throne, dressed magnificently in flower-embroidered robes of silk, attended by many ladies and damsels, some of whom will go about gathering herbs and flowers, which they will place in golden baskets, and others will collect in crystal vases waters of various kinds, for the use and convenience of the sorcerers and her enchantments; and Circe, with a grave and composed countenance, holding a golden wand in one hand, and in the other a book, from which she reads, (the timid companions of Ulysses being present, and beholding with wonder what has happened,) she will direct one of her ladies to encourage and to lead them to her presence, when, with an agreeable and deceitful countenance, she will ask them who they are, and for what object they have approached that island. To which they will give answer, referring to the events of the siege of Troy, and the subsequent misfortunes that had befallen them since its fall; and they will implore pity and succour for themselves and their dismantled and ill-provided vessel: and she, feigning compassion for their misery and misfortune, will

promise them assistance, and, descending from her throne, on which, up to this time, she has been seated, she will strike the earth with her golden wand, and at the instant a splendidly-furnished table will arise, at which banquet a potion in a golden cup will be administered to them which will transform them into swine, with the exception of one, who, flying a similar metamorphosis, and the treacherous hospitality of the sorceress, will re-enter the boat, still lying by the shore, and will relate this new adventure to Ulysses: and she, enraged at the flight of their companion, will beat the seeming swine with her wand, ordering them away to the sty, at which much amusement will arise from their grunting; and she will make one of them, who appears of a humorous turn, to stand upright, and speak naturally as a man: and this one, serving as the *gracioso*, will make entertaining jests and comic buffooneries with the ladies, endeavouring to fit in their laps, and imitating the playfulness of a lap-dog: and, taking a fancy for one of them, he will fall in love with her, whom Circe will transform into a monkey, through anger and jealousy that the appearance of any lady should appear to the swine more beautiful and attractive than her own: from which will result a pleasant and entertaining allegory, for the lady seeing herself transformed into a monkey, and great discord on this account ensuing between her and the swine, will under this metaphor point out the punishment which follows the vices and sensuality of men; and on the other hand a like allegory, under the metaphor and transformation of the lady into a monkey, the degradations which follow those of women. In the meanwhile, the cavalier who fled the dangers and deceits of Circe, having come to the presence of Ulysses, and having related the mournful fate of his companions, will move him to such pity, that he will instantly go to their relief; and, making the land in his boat, he will hear a voice, without knowing from whom it proceedeth, and seeking the source of this voice, it will be found to proceed from one of those cavaliers who, clothed in rugged bark, have been transformed into trees, who will exhort him not to proceed farther, nor expose himself to the certain danger that threatens him, but that he should fly the en-

chantments of that island, originating in the deceptions of Circe, and in her magic and impure loves: at which Ulysses, wondering, will ask him who he is, and what was the occasion of so cruel an enchantment. To whom he with deep sorrow will answer that he was one of the companions of King Picus, and will relate the tragic and mournful fate which had overtaken them and their king, all being, as their final misfortune, either transformed into trees, or condemned to wander, in the shape of various animals, through the woods. At which Ulysses, compassionate and confused, will resolve to undertake their restoration as a part of the conquest he was about undertaking; and scarcely will he have proceeded to put it into execution, when Mercury will be seen coming through the air, dazzling with various colours and reflections, who, as ambassador from Jupiter, will present him with a flower, by means of which he will be able to come triumphant out of the adventure which he had vowed, and from the snares and enchantments of Circe: to whom Ulysses will scarcely have given thanks, when from his presence, cleaving the air, he will return to heaven: and Ulysses, recovering his breath, and thus secure of success, will with fresh courage come in sight of the beautiful palace, in which will be seen new wonders, since at the disappearance of the throne on which Circe had been seated, under an arch in the middle of the porticos and corridors, will be discovered a most beautiful open portal, through which will be seen long and deep perspectives, exciting great admiration; and while Ulysses stands in suspense during the carrying out of this prodigy, that follower of his who, changed into a swine, acts the part of the *gracioso*, will come before him, and recognizing him, will strive to embrace him, and with his filthy snout attempt to kiss him, calling to his companions, who, grunting in a comic way, will surround him, making altogether a grotesque tableau; and he, compassionating their misery, will caress them, asking the talking swine to introduce him to the enchantress Circe; and they then, fearing greater evil, perceiving her presence, will fly away, leaving Ulysses alone with her, whom, in an affable manner, the enchantress

will receive, inviting him to drink, and offering him the same cup which had been presented to his companions. Ulysses will excuse himself, threatening her, in order that she should give them their liberty; and she, refusing, will so provoke the anger and fury of Ulysses, that he will put his hand to his sword; but, seeing that his threats are of no avail, and his sword equally ineffectual, he will change his anger and fury into flatteries and caresses; and, pretending to be enamoured, will offer to dwell with her, and to comply with all her wishes and desires, provided that she will restore his companions to their original shape, which Circe offers to do, and, enamoured of him, embraces him; and, conducting him to his companions, she will make them wash in a beautiful fountain, the waters of which will restore them to their original shape of men, all except the *gracioso*, who, for their greater pleasure and entertainment, will remain transformed, gaining nothing from his ablutions but a still longer snout, and the sudden acquisition of a pair of ass's ears; at which, harassed and enraged, he will indulge in various comic and amusing expressions, and will implore Circe to restore him, and of Ulysses he will ask it, and of his companions in like manner: which she will promise to do when he has done penance in that shape for having been attracted more by the beauty of the lady transformed into a monkey, than by hers. And, matters being thus arranged, there will appear in the pond six barks or floops, commanded and steered by six cupids, in which Circe will cause the companions of Ulysses to enter, assigning to each one the lady to whom he is to pay court, and to the *gracioso*-fwine the lady that was transformed into a monkey: and she herself will enter with Ulysses into hers; and, singing to the sound of various instruments, they will go through the pond, fishing with rods for fresh fish, which, wherever the tackle is thrown into the water, will nibble at the fly, and, being caught by the hook, will be raised up, plunging and bounding; but the *fwine*-transformed *gracioso*, in place of catching fresh fish, will only draw up those that are salted and dried, such as dog-fish and hake; and after this comic diversion the little fleet will form a crescent, the

bark of Circe and Ulysses being in the centre, she will command the sea, in order to give pleasure to her new lover, to bring forth and exhibit on its waves the diversity of fishes and marine monsters which it contains in its womb: at which precept and command the pond will be seen filled with a variety of fishes, great and small, which, playing with each other, will force up through their mouths and nostrils frequent jets of odoriferous water, which, scattered in fragrant showers upon the spectators, will diffuse a sweet and agreeable odour around. And at this time will come and appear suddenly upon the pond VIRTUE, disguised under the form and figure of a female magician, seated upon a great sea-tortoise, and seeming to Circe (in consequence of her assumed disguise of a magician) a great friend of hers, she will be rejoiced to see her, and will compliment her on her arrival, at which they will all disembark upon a flowery lawn in front of the palace, where they will sit down; and then, conversing on various matters, and being much pleased at the visit of her friend, Circe, to entertain her, will introduce a grotesque assemblage of sirens and tritons, who, on the water of the pond, will perform a wonderful sort of dance, the like of which has never been seen or heard of: at the end of which, they having disappeared, and Circe, Virtue, and Ulysses having resumed their conversation and discourse, Circe will ask Virtue the reason that has moved her to leave her studies and magical pursuits to come and visit her: and she will answer, that the object of her coming is her love for Ulysses, whom, from the moment of his birth, she had destined for herself, having experienced from him such tender respect and attention, which have obliged her to seek him, and to come for him, in order to withdraw him from her hands, because her great love allowed her no rest, nor confidence in her ancient friendship with Circe. And the companions of Ulysses, hearing this explanation, wondering and confused at what had happened, will be astonished, and not knowing Virtue under the disguise of a magician, will believe her to be mad; but Circe, laughing, and treating what her friend had said to her as a jest, will treat her with raillery, notwithstanding-

ing which she, through jealousy, and to reassure herself, will make Ulysses and his companions perform a mimic tournament on foot, the tilting enclosure suddenly appearing for the occasion: scarcely has this begun, when Virtue, praising the shape, the graceful deportment, the activity and courage of Ulysses, will cause great jealousy to Circe, who will suspend the tournament, causing the lifts to disappear, and commanding Virtue on the instant to depart the island; but she will not do so, unless she can take Ulysses with her; at which Circe, angry and enraged, will make great incantations, shapes, spectres, and enchantments to overcome her and to drive her thence, which will produce in the air and on the island great prodigies and wonderful appearances, which will do no injury to Virtue, who will conquer them all; and Circe, finding that she is powerless to subdue her, will go away in wrath, leaving Virtue alone with Ulysses, who will reveal herself to him, rebuking him for his way of life, and censuring him for his effeminacy, asking him if it was he that she had conducted out of Greece, and had made victorious over the Trojans, and recalling the other glorious achievements of Ulysses. He, grateful, and with his memory restored, will repent, and will promise to follow her, abandoning his vices, which, till then, had held him in forgetfulness, at which she will lead him to the fountain, where, beholding himself as in a mirror, he will see himself so different from what he was in the days of his valour, that, with a fixed determination, he will resolve to leave Circe. At which there will appear in the theatre a very old and deformed giant, wearing a venerable beard, dressed in the habit of a hermit, and with a staff in his hand, whose presence will compel Ulysses to inquire of Virtue who he is, and what was his business with him; to whom she will give answer: "This is he whom thou art to follow, and whom thou oughtest to congratulate in order to rise from the abyss of vices into which thou hast fallen." With that Ulysses will turn to the giant, and ask him to give him his protection, and to tell him who he is: and the other will assure him of it, saying that he is called the Buen Retiro, (the Happy Re-

treat,*) and telling Ulysses that what is necessary to obtain for him a place in the temple of eternity, and to make his name famous, illustrating it with glorious actions, is to follow him, the Happy Retreat, because unless he followed that, he would not be able to renounce vice and love virtue, which could only be done by retiring from all that could divert him from her. With that Ulysses, determining to follow the Happy Retreat, will embrace Virtue, and being embraced by her, Circe will return in despair, and, seeing Ulysses embraced by Virtue, will ask him if these were the attentions, the fond vows, the promises and flatteries, on account of which she relied upon his steadfastness and fidelity: and she will ask him not to leave her, availing herself for that purpose of great threats, mingled with caresses, at which, mocking her, Virtue will say, that not only is she powerless to subjugate Ulysses, but that, for his greater triumph, he will take with him all whom that enchanted isle contains, and, for the carrying out of this, it will be so arranged, that the trees will then burst asunder, and from their trunks and cavities all will issue forth who have been there confined."

Love the Greatest Enchantment was first printed, in the year 1641, in the second volume of the poet's dramas, published by his brother. It is thus described:—

"*El Mayor Encanto Amor*, a *fiesta* which was represented before his Majesty on the night of St. John, in the year 1635, on the pond of the royal palace of the Buen Retiro." (*Segunda parte de Comedias de Calderon*. Collected by Don José Calderon, his brother. Madrid, 1641.)

Previous to its representation, however, in 1635, a still earlier play on the same subject had been produced, to which the date of 1634 has been assigned, from an allusion to it in the first act of *Love the Greatest Enchantment*, to which I have more particularly referred where the passage

* "*El Buen Retiro*," a pun, doubtless, on the name of the palace in the gardens of which this spectacle was to be exhibited. In the phraseology of the "Pilgrim's Progress," perhaps it might be translated "Giant Good-path."—TRANSLATOR.

occurs. This drama was called *Polyphemus and Circe*, and was the united work of Mira de Mescua, Perez de Montalvan, and Calderon. It is supposed to have been printed at Madrid in 1652, in the *second part* of the collection of *Comedias de varios Autores*,* as would appear from the MS. index, by Don Juan Isidro Fajardo, of all the plays printed in Spain to the year 1716, which is preserved in the National Library of Madrid. Of this *second part*, however, there seems to have been two distinct impressions, the one above mentioned, in 1652, and another in 1653. Of these impressions, no copy of the edition of 1652 is known to exist, and that of 1653 does not contain the drama of *Polyphemus and Circe*. A copy, however, has been made up by Señor Hartzenbusch from two manuscripts kindly placed at his disposal by Señor Duran, (the editor of the most complete *Romancero* that has yet been given to the world,) and published by him in the fourth volume of his edition of Calderon.† In addition to the curious paper just given, it may be interesting to give an analysis of this hitherto unknown drama, as a further evidence of the care and deliberation with which Calderon

* It is singular, as Mr. Ticknor remarks, that of this collection of the old dramas of Spain, which at least extended to forty-three volumes, (from the list of Fajardo, above mentioned, it would appear there were forty-seven,) so little should now be known. Of these volumes, at the date of the publication of his "History of Spanish Literature" (1849), Mr. Ticknor himself possessed three, namely, the twenty-fifth (Saragossa, 1633), the thirty-first (Barcelona, 1638), and the forty-third (Saragossa, 1650). He mentions two others, which he had not seen, namely, the twenty-ninth (Valencia, 1636), and the thirty-second (Saragossa, 1640). In addition to the twenty-fifth (a copy of which, as has been already mentioned, is in the possession of Mr. Ticknor), Señor Hartzenbusch mentions four others, the twenty-eighth (Huesca, 1634), the thirtieth (Saragossa, 1636), the thirty-third (Valencia, 1642), and the part above described as wanting the *Polifemo y Circe*. It is from the thirtieth volume of this collection he has taken the first sketch of Calderon's *Armas de la Hermosura*, namely, *El Privilegio de las Mujeres*, which he wrote in conjunction with Montalvan and Antonio Coello. It is given in vol. iv. p. 397, of his edition. Madrid, 1848-50. TR.

† *Comedias de Calderon*. Por Don Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch, vol. iv. p. 413.

elaborated those dramas, the subjects of which seem to have been favourites with himself.

POLYPHEMUS AND CIRCE.

Written by Doctor Mira de Mescua, Doctor Juan Perez de Montalvan, and Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca.

The first act is by Mira de Mescua. The opening scene, in the position of the ship, &c. resembles the corresponding one in *Love the Greatest Enchantment*. It is a faint outline of the complete picture painted by Calderon.

In the tenth scene Polyphemus quotes Gongora, and seems well read in Spanish poetry.*

“ Un poeta me dijo que en la luna,
Desde la cumbre deste monte, puedo
Escribir mis desdichas con el dedo.”—Pp. 416-17.

The lines of Gongora referred to are—

“ Y en los cielos desde esta roca puedo
Escribir mis desdichas con el dedo ?”

Fabula de Polifemo y Galatea, Stanza 49.†

The first act ends with a struggle between *Love* and *War* for the possession of Ulysses, as in Calderon's play. The song in favour of the former is sung by the sirens, the call to the latter is given by one of the Greeks called Turfelino. The refrain is the same in both plays: Ulysses yields to Love, and is overcome with sleep, as in *Love the Greatest Enchantment*. The experiment which Circe makes use of as a test of his

* In Montalvan's special Auto on the same subject, Polyphemus plays on a guitar. This Auto of *Polifemo*, which Montalvan subsequently published in his *Para Todos*, is supposed to have been written as early as 1619.

† *Poetas Liricas de Siglos 16 y 17*, in Biblioteca de Autores Españoles, vol. xxxii. p. 462.

affection, is to assume the appearance of a statue while he sleeps. Ulysses awakes, and, seeing his mistress turned to marble, bewails his loss, and declares that there is nothing now in the palace of Circe that can detain him. He rushes towards the sea, determined to embark; Circe follows, declaring she is still alive, and rejoiced in her heart at the success of her experiment.

The second act is by Montalvan.

In this act Montalvan introduces some harmonious verses, in octaveanzas, taken from his earlier *Auto of Polifemo*, which, as I have said, was probably written before 1619, but not published till 1632; or, as Señor Hartzembusch says, 1633, in the edition of his *Para Todos*, which appeared at Huefca in that year. These verses are followed by a very spirited scene between Polyphemus and Galatea. The dialogue is kept up with great liveliness, each party scarcely using more than one line—a rhetorical forbearance very unusual in Spanish plays.

The third act is by Calderon. Ulysses relates that in consequence of his having preferred Irene, one of Circe's ladies, to the enchantress herself, for no other reason, he would have us believe, but her resemblance to the absent Penelope, the jealous and indignant Circe had taken a very summary way to put an end to that flirtation, by causing palace, ladies and all, to disappear. Indeed, at the end of the second act, the grated window at which Ulysses and Irene had been conversing at the moment of this catastrophe, and of which the thoughtful lady advised her lover to lay hold, is represented as flying away, with the hero himself hanging on. The story of Polyphemus then proceeds in the usual way. In this play, the disenchantment of Ulysses is effected by an appeal from Acis (the catastrophe connected with whom and Galatea takes place in the second act), who comes forth bleeding from the rock which Polyphemus had flung upon him, and at whose fountain Ulysses was about to drink. At the departure of the hero from the island, Circe makes the same appeal that is given in *Love the Greatest Enchantment*, occasionally in the same words. At the end the indulgence

of the audience is asked for the three poets who had joined in its composition.

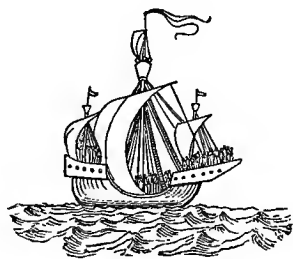
It only remains to add that the resemblance, which every one will perceive exists between the opening scene of *Love the Greatest Enchantment* and *The Tempest*, in the position of the ship, the nautical phraseology used by the seamen, and the jokes of the *graciosos* and clowns, seems to be purely accidental. If Calderon were acquainted with the works of his great English predecessor, and he might easily have been so, as he was but twenty-three years of age when the first folio was published; and from the intercourse then existing between Spain and England, it would not be at all surprising that the volume had found its way to the Peninsula; he would scarcely have confined his imitations to this one passage, and perhaps another in his *Saber del mal y del bien* (To know good and evil), where the idea conveyed in Shakespeare's famous lines—

“ All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players,”

is expressed by Calderon with almost equal power in the well-known reflection commencing,—

“ *En el teatro del mundo
Todos son representantes.*”





PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ULÍSES.	ULYSSES.	
ANTÍSTES.	ANTISTES.	} <i>Companions of Ulysses.</i>
ARQUELAO.	ARCHELAUS.	
POLIDORO.	POLYDORUS.	
TIMÁNTES.	TIMANTES.	
FLORO.	FLORUS.	
LEBREL.	LEBREL.	
CLARIN.	CLARIN.	
LÍSIDAS.	LYSIDAS, <i>Prince of Tuscany.</i>	
ARSIDAS.	ARSIDAS, <i>Prince of Sicily.</i>	
BRUTAMONTE, <i>gigante.</i>	BRUTAMONTE, <i>a giant.</i>	
AQUÍLES.	SHADE OF ACHILLES.	
CIRCE.	CIRCE.	
CASANDRA.	CASSANDRA.	} <i>Her ladies.</i>
CLORI.	CHLORIS.	
TISBE.	THISBE.	
SIRENE.	SIRENE.	
FLÉRIDA.	FLERIDA.	} <i>Her attendants.</i>
ASTREA.	ASTREA.	
LIBIA.	LIBIA.	
<i>La Ninfa Iris.</i>	IRIS.	} <i>Nymphs.</i>
GALATEA.	GALATEA.	
<i>Griegos, Soldados de Arfidas, Tritones,</i> <i>Sirenas.</i>	<i>Greek and Sicilian Soldiers, Tritons,</i> <i>Sirens.</i>	

SCENE, *Sicily.*



LOVE THE GREATEST ENCHANTMENT.

JORNADA I.

MAR Y COSTA DE TRINACRIA.

*Suena un clarin, y descúbrese un navío,
y en él ULÍSES, ANTÍSTES, ARQUELAO,
LEBREL, POLIDORO, TIMÁNTES, FLORO,
CLARIN y otros Griegos.*

Antístes.

EN vano forcejamos,
Cuando rendidos á la fuerte
estamos,
Contra los elementos.

Arquelao.

Homicidas los mares y los vientos,
Hoy serán nuestra ruina.

Timántes.

Iza el trinquete.

Polidoro.

Larga la bolina.

Floro.

Grande tormenta el huracan promete.

Antístes.

¡Hola, iza!

ACT THE FIRST.

THE SEA AND COAST OF SICILY.

*A ship is discovered struggling with the
waves: in it are ULYSSES, ANTISTES,
ARCHELAUS, POLYDORUS, TIMANTES,
FLORUS, LEBREL, CLARIN, and others.*

Antístes.

WE strive in vain,
Fate frowns averse, and drives
us o'er the main
Before the elements:—

Archelaus.

Death wings the wind, and the wild
waves immense

Will be our graves to day.

Timantes.

Brace up the foresail.

Polydorus.

Give the bow-line way.

Florus.

The rising wind a hurricane doth blow.

Antístes.

Hoist!

Lebrel.

A la escota!

Clarín.

Al chafaldete!

Ulises.

Júpiter soberano,
Que este golfo en espumas dejas cano,
Yo voto á tu deidad aras y altares,
Si la cólera templas de estos mares.

Antífes.

¡Sagrado Dios Neptuno,
Griegos ofendes á peñar de Juno?

Arquelao.

Causando está desmayos
El cielo con relámpagos y rayos.

Clarín.

¡Piedad, Baco divino!
No muera en agua el que ha vivido en
vino.

Lebrel.

¡Piedad, Momo sagrado!
No el que carne vivió, muera pescado.

Timántes.

Monumentos de hielos
Hoy serán estas ondas.

Todos.

Piedad, cielos!

Polidoro.

Parece que han oído
Nuestro lamento y mísero gemido,

Lebrel.

To the mainsheet!—

Clarín.

Let the clew-lines go!—

Ulyses.

O Sovereign Jove!
Thou who this gulf in mountainous
foam dost move,
Altars and sacrifice to thee I vow,
If thou wilt tame these angry waters now.

Antífes.

God of the Sea, great Neptune! in def-
pite
Of Juno's care, why thus the Greeks
affright?

Archelaus.

And see, the kindling Heavens are all
ablaze,
With angry bolts and lightning-winged
rays.

Clarín.

Son of Silenus, truly called *divine*!
Save from a watery death these lips
that lived on wine!

Lebrel.

Let not, O Momus! 'tis his latest wish,
A man who lived as flesh now die as
fish!—

Timántes.

This day, these waves that round about
us rise
Will be our icy tombs:—

All.

Have pity, O ye skies!—

Polydorus.

It seems that they have listen'd to our
prayer—
Our wild lament that pierced the dark-
some air—

Pues calmaron los vientos.

Arquelao.

Paces publican ya los elementos.

Antiftes.

Y para mas fortuna,
(Que la buena y la mala nunca es una)
Ya en aqueſte horizonte
Tierra enſeña la cima de aquel monte
Corona de eſa ſierra.

Timántes.

Celages ſe descubren.

Todos.

Tierra, tierra !

Ulifſes.

Pon en aquella punta,
Que el mar y el cielo, hecho biſagra, junta,
La proa.

Polidoro.

Ya toca el eſpolon la playa.

Antiftes.

Vaya toda la gente á tierra.

Todos.

Vaya ;

Antiftes.

Del mar ceſó la guerra.

Ulifſes.

Vencimos el naufragio.

Todos.

A tierra, á tierra !

[*Llega el bajel y desembarcan todos.*]

Ulifſes.

Saluda el peregrino,
Que en ſalado cristal abrió camino,

Since ſuddenly the winds begin to ceaſe.

Archelaus.

Yes, all the elements proclaim a peace :—

Antiftes.

And for our greater happineſs,
(Since good and evil on each other preſs)
See, on the far horizon's verge
The golden ſummits of the hills emerge
From out the miſt that ſhrouds the
lowlier ſtrand.

Timantes.

The clouds are ſcatter'd now ;

All.

The land ! the land !

Ulyſſes.

Beneath this promontory, which doth
lie
A link of ſtone betwixt the ſea and ſky,
Turn the tired prow :

Polydorus.

The rock bends beetling o'er :—

Antiftes.

All hands deſcend on ſhore :—

All.

All hands on ſhore !

Antiftes.

After the war of waves the air grows
bland :—

Ulyſſes.

Shipwreck we have ſubdued.

All.

To land ! to land !

[*The veſſel anchors and all the crew diſembark.*]

Ulyſſes.

Salute this hospitable land,
Whoſe curving ſhores like ſheltering arms
expand

La tierra donde llega,
Cuando inconstante y náufrago se niega
Del mar á la inconstancia procelosa.

Antistes.

¡Salve, y salve otra vez, madre piadosa!

Arquelao.

Con rendidos despojos
Los labios te apellidan, y los ojos.

Clarín.

Del mar vengo enfadado;
Que no es gracioso el mar, aunque es
falado.

Lebrel.

No es aqueño forzoño
Que yo no soy falado, y soy gracioso.

Ulises.

¿Qué tierra será esta?

Timántes.

¿Quién quieres que á tu duda dé res-
puesta,
Si, siempre derrotados,
Mares remotos, climas apartados
Habemos tantos años discurrido,
El rumbo, el norte y el iman perdido?

Polidoro.

Pues no nuestras desdichas han cesado;
Que el monte, donde ahora has arribado,
No parece habitable

To clasp us to its breast:—
Storm-tofs'd and ship-wreck'd we awhile
may rest

Nor dread the sea's wild rage, the storm-
wind's wilder mirth!

Antistes.

Hail! and thrice hail, O holy mother
Earth!—

Archelaus.

To thee O land! our grateful tears and
fighs
Breathe from our lips, and tremble from
our eyes:—

Clarín.

Loathing the tiresome sea, I turn from
it,—
So much of salt and yet so little wit!—

Lebrel.

That does not follow, since the salt sea
can
Make a good merman of a merry-man!—

Ulises.

What land is this, what shore, what
sheltering creek?

Timántes.

Which of us all can answer what you
seek?
Since ever driven along the watery waste
Through distant seas and climes afunder
placed,
We for so many years have now been
toft—

Our route, our polar star, our compass lost?

Polydorus.

I fear new trials threaten us again;
Since from this hill where we have shelter
ta'en,
The place looks all deserted—hillocks
piled

En lo inculco, intrincado y formidable.

Antistes.

En él las mas pequeñas
Ruinas, de gente humana no dan señas.

Arquelao.

Solo se vé de arroyos mil furcado,
Cuyo turbio cristal defentonado
Parece, á lo que creo,
Desperdiciado aborto del Leteo.

Lebrel.

Que habemos dado, temo,
En otro mayor mal, que el Polifemo.

Floro.

Quejas son lastimosas y severas,
Cuantas se escuchan, de robustas fieras,

Timántes.

Y si las copas rústicas miramos
Destos funestos ramos,
No pájaros suaves
Vemos, nocturnas sí, agoreras aves.

Arquelao.

Y entre sus ramos rotos y quebrados
Trofeos de guerra y caza están colgados.

Polidoro.

Todo el sitio es rigor.

Floro.

Todos es espanto.

Antistes.

Todo horror.

On woody plains, and heaths untrodden
rude and wild.

Antistes.

From this I cannot see the slightest trace
Of human dwellings in this lonesome
place.

Archelaus.

'Tis furrow'd by a thousand tiny streams
Whose troubled tide so hoarse and slimy
seems,
That one could almost think
It burst and stray'd away from Lethe's
leaden brink.

Lebrel.

Worse than the cave of Polyphemus,
here
A greater evil threatens us I fear: —

Florus.

And hark! that distant sound appears
the howl
Of famish'd beasts that through the
forests prowl;

Timantes.

And if we turn our eyes
Unto the darksome boughs that hide us
from the skies,
No gentle songsters warble from the trees,
But hoarse nocturnal birds of fatal
auguries.

Archelaus.

Suspended from the boughs, methinks
I trace [chafe.
Some broken trophies of the war and
Polydorus.

All here is gloomy.

Florus.

All is full of fear.

Antistes.

Horror!

Arquelao.

Todo afombro.

Timántes.

Todo encanto.

Lebrel.

Abfórto de mirar fus feñas quedo.
¿ Creeráfmé una verdad, que tengo
miedo ?

Clarín.

Sí creeré, fi es que arguyo,
Que por mi corazón se juzga el tuyo.
[*Vanse todos, y quedan Ulyfes y Clarín.*]

Ulyfes.

Pues los dos nos quedamos,
Por esta parte penetrando vamos.
¿ Qué bosque es de confusión tan rara
A queste que pisamos !

Clarín.

Y aun no para

En esto, pues del triste obscuro centro
Suyo, miro salirnos al encuentro
Un escuadrón de fieras,
Bárbara inculta hueste, que en hileras
Mal formadas embiste
A los dos.

Ulyfes.

Defendámonos (ay triste !)

El uno al otro.—Pero cómo es esto ?
No solo á nuestra ofensa se han dispuesto,
Pero humildes, postrados y vencidos,
Los pechos por la tierra están rendidos.
[*Salen animales, y hacen lo que se va
diciendo.*]

Y el Rey de todos ellos,

Archelaus.

And terror !

Timantes.

And enchantments drear !

Lebrel.

At all these signs I stand and gape dis-
may'd—
Can you believe it true that I'm afraid ?—

Clarín.

Easily, truly, and for this alone,
I judge your heart and courage by my
own.

[*Exeunt all but Ulyfes and Clarín*]

Ulyfes.

Since we alone of all our comrades stay,
Let us attempt to penetrate this way :
What tangled wood with thorny thickets
Is this we tread ? [blind,

Clarín.

And worse remains behind,

For from its central sad obscurity,
My frighten'd eyes a fearful squadron see
Of banded wild-beasts issuing through
the gloom ;
Hither the savage host appears to come,
In broken ranks the dreadful foe floods
nigh
To attack us two !—

Ulyfes.

O woe ! then let us die

Defending one another !—Stranger still,
They do not seem disposed to do us ill :
But humbled, vanquish'd, crowd around,
And with their prostrate breasts salute
the ground.

[*The Animals enter and act as they are
described.*]

And see the King of all the train—

El leon, coronado de cabellos,
En pie puesto, una vez hácia las peñas,
Y otra hácia el mar, cortes nos hace
señas.

O generoso bruto,
Rey de tanta república absoluto,
¿Qué me quieres decir, cuando á la
playa

Senalas ? ¿ que me vaya,
Y que no tale mas el bosque, donde
Tienes tu imperio ? A todo me re-
sponde,

Inclinada la testa,
Con halagos firmando la respuesta.
Creamos pues al hado ;
Que un bruto no mintiera coronado.—
Convoca á gritos fieros
A nuestros compañeros,
Para que al mar volbamos,
Y agradecidos el peligro huyamos.

Clarín.

Compañeros de Ulises,
Que discurreis los bárbaros países
Deste encantado monte,
Desamparad su bárbaro horizonte.

Ulises.

Al mar volved, al mar, que tristemente
Con halago las fieras obediente,
Cuando sus voces nuestras gentes llaman,
Quieren quejarse, y por quejarse, braman.

Clarín.

Todas con manso estruendo,

The lordly Lion crown'd with his own
mane—

Standing erect, doth beckon courteously,
Now to the rocks, and now unto the
O generous and noble brute, [sea.
Of thine own realm sole monarch abso-
lute ! [to show

What wouldst thou say by seeming thus
My way to the strand ? Is it that I
should go,

Nor seek to penetrate this mystic wood,
Where thou dost hold thy court ? Oh !

I am understood ! [imperial eye,
He bends his sovereign head, his proud
And with caresses strengthens his
reply :—

On fate and on his word let us rely,
A King—even though of beasts—can
never lie !

With hurried cries of hope and fear
Convoke our scatter'd comrades here,
That to the sea we may return once
more, [shore.

And grateful fly the dangers of this

Clarín (calling).

Companions of Ulysses, who
Roam this savage region through,
Come, leave this land by fiends possess'd,
Come, fly this mountain's magic breast !

Ulysses.

To sea ! to sea ! with what a sad assent
The wild beasts' voices with our cries
are blent !

With us they call our people o'er and
o'er, [ing roar !
They wish to warn them, and in warn-

Clarín.

With gentle clamour through the woods
they flee,

Repitiendo las señas, van huyendo.

Ulyses.

Mucho es mi afombro.

Clarín.

Y mi tristeza es mucha.

Ulyses.

Dioses, ¿ qué tierra es esta ?

Sale huyendo ANTISTES.

Antistes.

Atiende, escucha :

Entramos en ese monte,
Ulises, tus compañeros,
A examinar sus entrañas.
A solicitar su centro,
Cuando á las varias fortunas
Del mar pensamos que el cielo
Nos habia dado amparo,
Nos habia dado puerto.
Mas ay triste ! que el peligro
Es de mar y tierra dueño ;
Porque en la tierra y el mar
Tiene el peligro su imperio.
Digalo allí, coronado
De tantos naufragios ciertos,
Y aqui lo diga, ceñido
De tantos preciosos riesgos :
Aunque ni el mar, ni la tierra
No tienen la culpa dellos,
Pues el hombre en tierra y mar
Lleva el peligro en sí mismo.
Por diversos laberintos,
Que labró, artífice diestro
Sin estudio y sin cuidado,
El desaliño del tiempo,
Discurrimos ese monte,
Hasta que hallándonos dentro,
Vimos un rico palacio.
Tan vanamente soberbio,
Que embarazando los aires,

Still making signs and pointing to the sea.

Ulyses.

Great is my wonder.

Clarín.

Great my mournful fear.

Ulyses.

What is this land, ye Gods?—

[*ANTISTES rushes in.*

Antistes.

Oh ! listen, thou shalt hear :—

We, Ulyses, thy companions,
Dared this mountain wild to enter,
Its interior to examine,
To explore its inmost centre,
For we thought the fickle fortune
Of the sea at length had ended,
And that heaven had given us favour,
And the earth a welcome shelter ;
But, alas ! doth Danger lord it
Over land and sea for ever,
Sea and land th' eternal kingdom
Ruled by Danger's deathless sceptre ;
There his gloomy throne is builded
Of unnumber'd shipwreck'd vessels,
Here his widening realm is bounded
By a ring of risks unended,
Though nor land nor sea should justly
Bear the blame of these excesses,
Since on both, the seeds of danger
Man within his own breast beareth ;
Through the labyrinthine passages,
Which with carcle's hand Time cleav-
eth—
Time the cunning craftsman making
Most of that which he neglecteth,
Without seeming toil or effort,—
In through these the mount we enter'd,
And advanced, until with wonder
A rich palace we beheld there,

Y los montes afligiendo,
 Era para aquellos nube,
 Y peñasco para estos,
 Porque se daba la mano
 Con uno y con otro extremo :
 Pero aunque viciosos eran,
 La virtud no estaba en medio.
 Saludamos sus umbrales
 Cortesamente atentos,
 Y apenas de nuestras voces
 La mitad nos hurtó el eco,
 Cuando de Ninfas hermosas
 Un tejido coro bello
 Las puertas abrió, mostrando
 Apacible y lisonjero,
 Que habia de ser su agasajo
 De nuestros males consuelo,
 De nuestras penas alivio,
 De nuestras tormentas puerto.
 Mintió el deseo ; ¿ mas cuándo
 Dijo verdad el deseo ?
 Detras de todas venia,
 Bien como el dorado Febo,
 Acompañado de estrellas,
 Y cercado de luceros,
 Una muger tan hermosa,
 Que nos persuadimos ciegos,
 Que era, a envidia de Diana,
 La diosa de estos desiertos.
 Esta pues nos preguntó,
 Quiénes eramos ; y habiendo
 Informádose de paso
 De los infortunios nuestros,
 Cautelosamente humana,
 Mandó servir al momento
 A sus Damas las bebidas
 Mas generosas, haciendo
 Con urbanas ceremonias
 Político el cumplimiento.

So superbly proud and haughty,
 That embarrassing the zephyrs,
 And the mountains' sides oppressing,
 It to those a vast cloud seemeth,
 And to these a rock as mighty :—
 Since at once to earth and heaven
 Each of its extreme ends reaches ;
 But unlike the extremes of vices,
 In its midst no virtue dwelleth.
 We, its thresholds fair saluted,
 Courteously approaching nearer,
 And the swift thief Echo scarce
 Half our stolen words repeated,
 When a linked choir of nymphs
 Wide its ample doors extended,
 Showing in their smiling looks
 Such a sweet and gracious presence,
 That we thought at length had come,
 After all our toils, refreshment,
 After all our evils, good,
 And a haven after tempests :—
 Falsely spoke our wishes thus ;
 But, ah ! when have wishes ever
 Spoke the truth ? Behind them all,
 Like the golden sun attended
 By the morning stars, and girt
 Round with rosy eastern ether,
 Came a woman, ah ! so fair,
 That our dazzled eyes believed her
 (To Diana's envy sure)
 The sole goddess of those deserts :—
 She inquired of us, at length,
 Who we were : and when was ended
 The brief outline of our woes,
 She, with purpose well dissembled,
 Order'd her attendant dames
 To supply us with whatever
 Generous and refreshing drinks
 We in our condition needed,

Apenas de sus licores
 El veneno admitió el pecho,
 Cuando corrió al corazón,
 Y en un instante, un momento,
 A delirar empezaron,
 De todos los que bebieron,
 Los sentidos, tan mudados
 De lo que fueron primero,
 Que no solo la embriaguez
 Entorpeció el sentimiento
 Del juicio, porción del alma,
 Sino también la del cuerpo ;
 Pues poco á poco extinguidos
 Los proporcionados miembros,
 Fueron mudando las formas.
 ¿ Quién vió tan raro portento ?
 ¿ Quién vió tan extraño hechizo ?
 ¿ Quién vió prodigio tan nuevo ?
 ¿ Y quién vió, que, siendo hermosa
 Una muger con extremo,
 Para hacer los hombres brutos,
 Usase de otros remedios,
 Pues destas transformaciones
 Es la hermosura el veneno ?
 Cual era ya racional
 Bruto, de pieles cubierto ;
 Cual, de manchas salpicado
 Fiera con entendimiento ;
 Cual serpe armada de conchas,
 Cual de agudas puntas lleno,
 Cual animal mas inmundo :
 Y todos al fin á un tiempo
 Articulaban gemidos,
 Pensando que éran acentos.
 La mágica entonces dijo :
 “ Hoy vereis, cobardes Griegos,
 De la manera que Circe
 Trata cuantos pasajeros
 Aquestos umbrales tocan.”—

Greeting us the while with all
 Courteous gestures and addresses.
 Scarcely of these poison'd drinks
 Had the mouth received the essence,
 When it reach'd the very heart ;
 So that quickly, in my presence,
 Strange delirium seized on all
 Who had drunk what they presented,
 So that the swift drunkenness
 Not alone benumb'd the senses,
 Or obscured the reason, part
 Of the immortal soul, but even
 Reach'd the very frame itself ;
 So that the well-moulded members
 Gradually began to lose
 Their fix'd outline and presentment.
 Who e'er saw so strange a portent ?
 Who bewitchment so demented ?
 Who a prodigy so new ?—
 And who saw too this extremer
 Wonder, that a woman deck'd
 With such charms as she possesses,
 If she wish'd to make men brutes,
 Should have other means invented,
 When so well for such transformings
 Beauty's poisonous power succeedeth ?
 One, though keeping reason still,
 Seem'd a rough-skinn'd beast untether'd ;
 One, with stain'd and spotted hide,
 Seem'd a brute with human senses ;
 This a serpent arm'd with scales,
 That by prickly stings protected ;
 This became an animal
 Most unclean, and all together
 Utter'd howls and cries, believing
 They were words that they accented.
 Then the fair magician said,
 “ Coward Greeks, this day's experience
 Teacheth you how Circe treats

Yo, que por ser el que haciendo
 Estaba la relacion
 De nuestros varios sucesos,
 Aun no habia al labio dado
 El vaso, el peligro viendo,
 Sin que reparara en mí
 Circe, corrí; que en efecto,
 El que se sabe librar
 De los venenos mas fieros
 De una hermosura, es quien solo
 Niega los labios á ellos.
 Esto en fin me ha sucedido,
 Y vengo à avisarte dello,
 Porque desta Esfinge huyamos.
 ¿ Pero dónde podrá el cielo
 Librarnos de una muger
 Con belleza y con ingenio ?

Ulyses.

¿ Cuándo vengada estarás,
 O injusta deidad de Vénus !
 De Grecia ? ¿ cuándo tendrán
 Divinas cóleras medio ?

Antistes.

No en lastimosos gemidos
 La ocasion embarcemos,
 Que tenemos de librarnos :
 Al mar volvamos huyendo.

Ulyses.

¿ Cómo, habemos de dejar
 Así á nuestros compañeros ?

Clarín.

Perdernos, señor, nosotros,
 No es alivio para ellos.

Ulyses.

Juno, si en desprecio tuyo
 Vénus ofende á los Griegos,
 ¿ Cómo tú no los defiendes,

Every traveller who steppeth
 From his ship upon these shores.”
 I, that I might be the bearer
 Of this newer, stranger phase
 Of the fate that dogs us ever,
 Though the cup was at my lips,
 Seeing what a danger threaten'd,
 Fled ere Circe was aware.
 For in truth the only secret
 Antidote by which to escape
 Beauty's poison'd influences,
 Is to never trust the lips
 Even to touch what she presenteth.
 This is my unhappy tale,
 And of this I come to tell thee,
 That we may this fair Sphinx fly.
 But fly whither? since the heavens
 Scarce can save us from a woman,
 Ah! so lovely and so clever!

Ulyses.

Venus, cruel goddess fair,
 When wilt thou enough avenge thee
 Upon Greece? Ah! when will be
 Thy divine displeasure lessen'd?

Antistes.

Let us not in mournful sighs
 Lose the occasion chance presenteth
 Of effecting our escape:—
 Better seek the sea's rude shelter.

Ulyses.

How! and can we leave them here,
 Our companions thus deserted?

Clarín.

But to lose ourselves, my lord,
 Will, methinks, but little serve them.

Ulyses.

Juno, if through scorn of thee
 Venus thus the Greeks oppresses;
 Why, repenting this her scorn,

Quejosa de tu desprecio ?
 Acuérdate, que, ofendida
 De París, á nuestro acero
 Le fiaste tu venganza :
 Acuérdate, que sangrientos
 Por tí abramos á Troya,
 Cuyo no apagado incendio
 Hoy en padrones de humo
 Está en cenizas ardiendo.
 Si, por haberte vengado,
 Tantos males padecemos,
 Remédianos, Juno bella,
 Contra la deidad de Vénus.

[*Tocan chirimías, y sale en un arco la Ninfá IRIS, y canta la Música dentro.*]

Música.

Iris, Ninfá de los aires,
 El arco despliega bello,
 Y mensajera de Juno,
 Rasga los azules velos.

Iris (canta).

Ya la obedezco,
 Y batiendo las alas,
 Rompo los vientos.

Ulises.

Línea de púrpura y nieve,
 Nube de rosa y de fuego,
 Verde, roja y amarilla,
 Nos deslumbran a fus reflejos.

Antífes.

¿Qué hermoso raigo corrido
 En el papel de los ciclos,
 Bandera es de paz ?

Ulises.

Y en él

Está la Ninfá pendiente,
 Embajatriz de las diosas,
 Reina de dos elementos.—

Dost thou not in turn defend them ?
 Oh ! remember when thou wert
 Wroth with Paris, to avenge thee,
 Thou didst trust thee to our swords :—
 And that bloody deed remember,
 How it was for thee we burn'd
 Ilium down, whose living embers
 Raise red monuments of smoke
 O'er its ashes still unquenchèd ;
 If for wreaking thy revenge,
 Such unnumber'd ills have centred
 All in us, O Juno fair,
 Against Venus be our helper !

[*A sound of clarions is heard, and the nymph IRIS appears in a rainbow, voices are heard singing within.*]

Song within.

Iris, lovely nymph of air,
 Now her beauteous bow extendeth,
 And, swift messenger of Juno,
 Rends the azure veil of heaven.

Iris (sings).

I, the glad-obeying bearer
 Of good tidings, float along,
 Parting with my wings the ether.

Ulysses.

Curved lines of purpled snow,
 Clouds of fire and rose-hues blended,
 Green and red, and golden yellow,
 Dazzle us with their reflexes.

Antífes.

What fair streak of light is this,
 That, from heaven's blue walls projected,
 Seems the flag of peace ?

Ulysses.

And, lo !

In it is the nymph suspended,
 She who is embassadress
 From the Goddesses, and regent

Iris, bellísima Ninfa,
Si tu respuesta merezco,
¿Qué, dichosa, vas buscando?
¿Qué, infelice, vas huyendo?

Iris (canta).

A tus fortunas atenta,
O nunca vencido Griego,
Juno tu amparo dispone,
Y yo de su parte vengo.
Este ramo, que te traigo,
De varias flores cubierto,
Hoy contra Circe será
Triaca de sus venenos.

[*Deja caer un ramillete.*

Toca con él sus hechizos,
Desvaneceránse luego,
Como al amor no te rindas :
Que con avisarte desto,
Ya la obedezco,
Y batiendo las alas,
Rompo los vientos.

Toda la Música.

Y batiendo las alas,
Rompo los vientos.

[*Tocan chirimías, y desaparece
el arco y la Ninfa.*

Ulises.

Hermoso aliento de Juno,
No desvanezcas tan presto
Tanto aparato de estrellas,
Tanta pompa de luceros.
Espera, detente, aguarda,
Que te sacrifique el pecho
Estas lágrimas, que lleves
En señal de rendimiento.

Clarín.

Ya las esparcidas luces

Of two separate elements :—
Iris, lovely nymph, if ever
I thy answer have deserved,
Say, O happy, whom thou seekest?
Say, unhappy, whom thou fleest?

Iris (sings).

O thou never conquer'd Greek!
Thou whose fate is ever present
To great Juno's thoughtful care,
Unto thee she now has sent me.
See this floral branch I bear
Gemm'd with buds that Flora tended,
It will be the antidote
Against Circe's poison'd secrets,—

[*She lets fall a bunch of flowers.*

Touch with it her magic spells,
They will vanish, if thou yieldst
Not to love's more potent charm :—
With this parting hint I leave thee,
I, the glad-obeying bearer
Of good tidings, float along,
Parting with my wings the ether.

Chorus of voices within.

See! the glad-obeying bearer
Of good tidings floats along,
Parting with her wings the ether,

[*The clarions sound, and the rainbow
and Nymph disappear.*

Ulysses.

Sweet-scent breath from Juno's lips,
Ah! do not so soon dismember
Such a glorious gleam of stars,
Such a crimson cloud of crests,
Oh! detain thee, listen, stay,
Till at least my breast present thee
With these sacrificial tears,
Of my feelings the mute emblems.

Clarín.

See, the scatter'd lights retire,

Va doblando y recogiendo,
Haftaperderse de vista,
Por las campañas del viento.

Ulysses.

Ya no hay que temer de Circe
Los encantos, pues ya veo
Tan de mi parte los hados,
Tan en mi favor los cielos.
A sus palacias me guia,
Veráñme vencer en ellos
Sus hechizos, y librar
A todos mis compañeros.

Antifises.

No es menester que te guie
A sus ojos ; que ella, haciendo
Salva á tus peligros, sale
Al fon de mil instrumentos.

Aparece el Palacio de Circe.

Salen los Músicos cantando, y despues
CIRCE, CASANDRA, TISBE, CLORI
y ASTREA, que trae un vaso en una
salvilla, y LIBIA una toalla.

Música.

En hora dichosa venga
A los palacios de Circe
El siempre invencible Griego,
El nunca vencido Ulysses.

Circe.

En hora dichosa venga
Hoy á esta palacio hermoso
El Griego mas generoso,
Que vió el sol, donde prevenga
Blando albergue, y donde tenga
Dulce hospedage, y atento
A sus fortunas, contento
Pueda en la tierra triunfar
De la cólera del mar,
Y de la saña del viento.

Now outgleaming, now condensèd
Till they wholly fade away
On the far-off plains of heaven !

Ulysses.

Now I have no cause to fear
Circe's magic rites, defended
As I am by friendly fates,
And by favouring skies protected.
To her palace lead the way,
Thou wilt see me there defend me
'Gainst her sorceries, and set free
My companions from their fetters.

Antifises.

Need there's none that I should lead thee
To her presence, since she entereth
Here herself, with thousand cymbals
Greeting thee and thy distresses.

The Palace of Circe appears.

*Musicians enter singing and playing, fol-
lowed by CIRCE, CASSANDRA, THISBE,
CHLORIS, ASTREA, who carries a gob-
let on a salver, and LIBIA, bearing a
napkin.*

Song.

Be the hour propitious when
To the palace-halls of Circe
Comes the ever-victor Greek,
The invincible Ulysses.

Circe.

Be the hour propitious when
To this beauteous palace here
Comes the noblest Greek that e'er
Has the sun seen amongst men ;
Here shall he enjoy again
Sweet repose, and rapture find,
And attention the most kind,
Since in triumph cometh he
From the anger of the sea,
And the raging of the wind.

Felice pues fueſe el día,
 Que eſtos piélagos ſulcó,
 Felice fueſe el que halló
 Abrigo en la patria mia,
 Y felice la oſadía,
 Con que ya vencer preſuma
 En tranquila paz, en ſuma
 Felicidad inmortal,
 Eſe monſtruo de criſtal,
 Sierpe eſcamada de eſpuma.
 Que yo al cielo agradecida,
 Pues ya mis venturas ſé,
 De tanto huéſped daré
 Parabienes á mi vida;
 Y aſí, á tus plantas rendida,
 Con aplauſos diferentes,
 Vengo á recibir tus gentes,
 Hurtando en ecos ſuaves
 Las claúſulas á las aves,
 Los compaſes á las fuentes.
 Y porque al que en mar vivió,
 Lo que mas en él le obliga
 A ſentir, es la fatiga
 De la ſed, que padeció,
 (¿ Quién ſed en tanta agua vió ?)
 A traerte aqui ſe atreven
 Los aplauſos, que me mueven,
 (En ſeñal de cuan piadoſo
 Es mi afeſto) el generoſo
 Néctar, que los dioſes beben.
 Bebe, y ſin pavor alguno
 Brinda á la gran mageſtad
 De Júpiter, la beldad
 De Vénus, ciencias de Juno,
 De Marte armas, de Neptuno
 Ondas, de Diana honor,
 Flores de Flora, eſplendor
 De Apolo; y por varios modos,
 Porque en uno aſiſten todos,

May the day thrice happy ſhine
 When he plough'd theſe waves around,
 Be it happy when he found
 Shelter in this realm of mine :
 Be that courage call'd divine,
 With which he in peace doth come
 Now to taſte the joys of home,
 He who lately hath ſubdued
 This cruel cryſtal monſter rude,
 This azure ſerpent ſcaled with foam.
 Gratefully, with glowing breaſt,
 Do I thank the Gods for this,
 That they crown my life with bliſs,
 Giving me ſo great a gueſt :—
 Therefore have I hither preſt
 Thus to throw me at thy feet,
 Thus melodiouſly to greet
 Thy approach with ſongs, whoſe words
 Seem the notes of warbling birds,
 Or the fountains' murmuring ſweet.
 And ſince dwellers on the ſea
 'Mid each moment's miſery,
 Feel of all their ills the worſt
 Is the oppreſſive pang of thirſt—
 (Can thirſt 'mid ſo much water be ?)
 Hither to the ocean's brink—
 (By this zeal, O wanderer, think
 How I value thy ſurviving !)
 Have I brought thee the reviving
 Nectár that the great Gods drink.
 Drink, and without any fear
 Pledge the ſovereign ſacredneſs
 Of high Jove, the lovelineſs
 Of fair Venus, Neptune's ſphere,
 Juno's knowledge, the ſevere
 Huntreſs Nymph who rules the grove,
 Flora's flowers, the beams that move
 Round Apollo's golden throne,
 Or, to blend all praife in one,

Bebe y brinda al dios de Amor.

Ulyses.

Bellísima cazadora,
Que en este opaco horizonte,
Siendo noche todo el monte,
Todo el monte haces aurora,
Pues no amaneció, hasta ahora
Que te ví, la luz en él,
Admite rendido y fiel
Un peregrino del mar,
Que halló piadoso al pesar,
Que halló á la dicha cruel.
Esa nave derrotada,
Que con tanta sed anhela,
Pez, que por las ondas vucla,
Ave, que en los aires nada,
A tu deidad consagrada,
Víctima ya sin ejemplo,
De tus aras la contemplo,
Pues aquí se ha de quedar
Por trofeo de tu altar,
Por despojo de tu templo.

[*Llegan LIBIA y ASTREA.*

El néctar, con que has brindado
Mi feliz venida, aceto,
Aunque temor y respeto
Me han suspendido y turbado
Tanto, que de recatado,
No me atrevo á tus favores,
Sin que otros labios mejores
Lisonjeen tus agravios:
Y así, antes que con los labios,
Haré la salva con flores.

[*Mete el ramillete en el vaso,
y sale fuego.*

Astrea.

En fuego el agua encendió.

Libia.

¿Qué es lo que mis ojos ven?

Drink and pledge the God of Love.

Ulyses.

Beauteous huntress, thou that makest
All this black horizon bright,
Flooding all the darksome night
Of this mountain's vault opaquest
With the dawn that thou awakest,
Since thy face its orient is,—
Oh! receive subdued, submissive,
A poor pilgrim of the sea
Who in grief finds sympathy,
Cruelty in seeming bliss.
Our disrupted bark that there
Gapes with thirst, and stranded lies,
Fish that through the water flies,
Bird that swimmeth through the air,
Consecrated, as it were,
Unto thee, fair nymph divine,
We to-day to thee resign;
Victim-like it must remain
As a trophy in thy fane,
As a relic at thy shrine.

[*LIBIA and ASTREA advance.*

And this nectar which you drink
To my happy coming here,
I accept, but with a fear
Mingled so with awe, I shrink
But to touch the goblet's brink;
Terror even my thirst o'erpowers,
Worthier lips than those of ours
Should the draught a goddess sip
Taste, and thus before the lips
I salute it with these flowers.

[*He applies the flowers to the goblet,
from which fire issues.*

Astrea.

Fire from water flaming high!

Libia.

Can my eyes believe this true?

Circe.

¿Quién, cielos airados, quién
Mas ha sabido que yo?

Ulysses.

Quien tus encantos venció
Deidad superior ha sido ;
Y pues á tiempo he venido,
Que á tantos vengar espero,
Verás, mágica, este acero
En tu púrpura teñido.

*[Saca la espada.**Circe.*

Aunque llevo á merecer
La muerte, es bien que te afombre,
Que no es victoria de un hombre
El matar á una muger.
Valor, tan hecho á vencer,
No ha de ser, no, mi homicida.
Rendida tienes mi vida :
Luego de tu acero hoy
Dos veces segura estoy,
Por muger, y por rendida.

Ulysses.

Por rendida, y por muger
Darte la muerte no quiero ;
Vida tienes ; mas primero
Que la vaina vuelva á ver
La cuchilla, has de traer
Mis compañeros aqui.

Circe.

Eso y mas haré por tí.—
Oid, racionales fieras,
En vuestras formas primeras
Trocad las formas que os dí.

*[Sale cada uno de por sí.**Timantes.*

¿Qué es lo que me ha sucedido
Este rato que he soñado?

Circe.

Who, O angry heavens ! who
Deeper lore has learn'd than I ?

Ulysses.

One, a mightier deity,
Who thy charms hath all subdued ;—
By my vengeful arm pursued
Thou the atoning stroke shalt feel,
Sorceress, thou shalt see this steel
With thy crimfon blood imbued.

*[Draws his sword.**Circe.*

Though by me it is confessed
That I merit death from thee,
Still to a man, no victory
Is it to pierce a woman's breast !
Valour hath a nobler test
Than the murderous stroke inhuman—
'Tis to spare a prostrate foeman ;—
To subdue is not to slay,
Doubly safe am I to-day
In being conquer'd and a woman.

Ulysses.

Then for being thus o'erpower'd,
Likewise for the form you wear,
I consent your life to spare,
But before I sheathe my sword,
On the spot must be restored
My companions safe and free.

Circe.

That and more I'll do for thee :—
Reason-bearing wild beasts, hear !
In your proper shapes appear,
Changing those were given by me !

*[All the followers of ULYSSES enter one after the other.**Timantes.*

What a strange delusive dream
Slumbering fancy round me wrought !—

Polidoro.

En un leon transformado
Mi letargo me ha tenido.

Floro.

¡ Qué ageno de mi sentido
Me ha usurpado un frenesi !

Arquelao.

¡ Gracias á Dios, que te vi,
O campo azul cristalino !

Lebrel.

Vive Dios ! que fui cochino,
Y aun me soy lo que me fui.

Circe.

Ya libres tus gentes ves.

Ulyses.

Y ya aqui no hay que esperar.—
¡ Alto, amigos, á embarcar !

Timantes.

A todos nos da tus pies
Por esta ventura.

Circe.

Pues

Tan seguro estás de mí,
No te ausentes, no, de aqui,
Sin que llegue á saber yo
Mas despacio, quién venció
Mis encantos.

*Ulyses.**Oye.**Circe.*

Di.

Ulyses.

Si caben tantos sucesos
En el coto de unas voces :
La fértil Grecia es mi patria,
Y Ulyses mi propio nombre ;
Aunque inclinado á las letras,
Militares escuadrones

Polydorus.

In my lethargy methought
That a lion I had been !

Florus.

What a frenzy came to screen
Reason's light and nature's laws !

Archelaus.

Thanks to Heaven ! the cloud with-
draws,
And I see the azure sky !

Lebrel.

Blest be Jove ! a hog was I,
And I *am* just what I was !

Circe.

All thy people now are free.

Ulyses.

Let us hence, my friends, away !
Quick ! embark ; make no delay !

Timantes.

At thy feet permit that we
Kneel to thank thee.

Circe.

Since of me

Now all fear were worse than weak,
Let me ask you not to seek
Yonder wave, until I know
More of him who has laid low
My enchantments.

Ulyses.

Listen !

Circe.

Speak !

Ulyses.

If such strange adventure can
By a single voice be spoken :—
Fertile Greece my country is,
As Ulyses there they know me ;
Though inclined to letters first,
Martial camps and crowds I follow'd,

Seguí; que en mí se admiraron
 Espada y pluma conformes.
 Cerqué á Troya, y rendí á Troya :
 No me permitas que torne
 A la memoria sus ruinas,
 Basta que Vénus las llöre.
 Heredero de las armas
 De Aquíles fui ; porque logren,
 Si dueño no tan valiente,
 Dueño á lo menos tan noble.
 Al mar me entregué, pensando
 Volver á mi patria, donde
 Trocara el bélico estruendo
 A regalados favores.
 Engañóme mi esperanza,
 Mintióme mi amor, burlóme
 Mi deseo. ¡ O cuanto fácil
 Su dicha imagina el hombre !
 Vénus, del Griego ofendida,
 Mis venturas descompone ;
 Que es, aunque diosa, muger,
 En quien duran los rencores.
 La cárcel abrió á los vientos,
 Para mi agravio veloces ;
 Que para mis esperanzas
 Aun fueran los vientos torpes.
 Ellos, que airados embíten,
 La fragil armada rompen,
 Y yo turbado perdí
 Con la confusión el norte.
 Huésped viví de Neptuno
 Seis años, y por salobres
 Campañas de agua, sospecho,
 Que he dado una vuelta al orbe.
 Entre Caríbdis y Scila
 Me ví, y á las dulces voces
 Del golfo de las Sirenas
 Bafilisco fui de bronce.
 Llegué al pie del Lilibeo,

Since in me the sword and pen
 Woke in turn the same responses,—
 I laid siege to Troy, by me
 Was the Trojan city conquer'd ;
 Little need of memory now
 To go o'er that famous story ;
 'Tis enough its proud walls fell
 And that Venus weepeth o'er them.
 I became, by public voice,
 Of Achilles' arms the owner,
 Since they needed a new lord
 If not braver, still as noble ;—
 Trusting to the sea, I thought
 Soon my country to recover,
 Where I hoped, instead of steel,
 Arms of fondness would enfold me.
 Hope deceived me, love spoke falsely,
 Fond desire delusive mock'd me.
 Oh ! how easily doth man
 Dream of joy from doubtful omens !
 Venus, wrathful with the Greeks,
 All my plans, my schemes disorder'd—
 Since a goddess though she be,
 Woman-like her rage she fondles—
 She the prison of the winds
 For my quick destruction open'd ;
 Swift were they to do me wrong,
 For my hopes so dead and torpid,
 On my frail armada soon
 Burst they forth with rage un govern'd,
 So that I, confused, overwhelm'd
 With amazement, lost the pole-star ;
 Six years lived I Neptune's guest,
 And his salt seas sailing over,
 Must in that time I suspect
 Have encompassed the whole earth.
 Between Scylla and Charybdis
 I beheld me, and a bronzed
 Basilisk grew to the siren's song,

Ese gigante, que opone
 Al cielo sus puntas, siendo
 Excelsa pira de flores,
 Donde fui de Polifemo
 Mísero cautivo, y donde
 Con su muerte rescaté
 Mi vida de sus prisiones,
 El trágico fin vengando
 De Acis, generoso jóven,
 Y la hermosa Galatea,
 Hija de Nereo y Dóris,
 Que, lágrimas de un peñasco,
 Al mar en dos fuentes corren,
 Cuando . . . Mas deber no quiero
 Tan poco á hazaña tan noble,
 Que la desluzca en contarla,
 Presumiendo que la ignora.
 Basta decir, que seguro
 De sus castigos atroces,
 Tuvimos por agradables
 De los vientos los rigores,
 Porque tan airados fueron,
 Que nos trajeron adonde
 El rigor de una muger
 Venciese al rigor de un hombre ;
 Pues venimos donde tú
 Mágicas transformaciones
 Usas ; llorando lo digan
 Esas fieras y esos robles.
 Y así, pues tan generosas
 Deidades mas superiores
 Me aseguran, volveré,
 Huyendo de tus rigores,

Though they sang their sweetest, softest ;
 Then I came unto the foot
 Of Lilybæum, which opposes
 Its gigantic mountain-peaks
 To the heavens, and crown'd with roses
 Seems a pyramid of flowers,
 Where I was awhile the hopeless
 Captive thrall of Polyphemus,
 Till my prison-doors I open'd
 By his death ; and so preserving
 Life and limb, the self-same moment
 By the self-same stroke avenging
 Acis' tragic end, young lover,
 And the beautiful Galatea,
 Child of Nereus and of Doris,
 Who, the swift tears of a rock,
 Roll twin fountains to the ocean ;—
 There . . . but I would wish to show
 More respect to a deed so noble
 Than to spoil it by relating,
 Thinking that it was forgotten.*
 'Tis enough to say that safe
 From his dread atrocious torments
 We were wafted by the winds,
 Pleasant now, but with their former
 Anger wing'd, since us they bore
 Where the rigour of a woman
 All man's rigour triumphs o'er,
 Since we came where thou performest
 Magic metamorphoses :—
 Weeping let these beast-shapes own them,
 And the trees of this strange forest.
 Now since more indulgent powers

* Alluding to the drama of *Polifemo y Circe*, which Calderon wrote in conjunction with Mira de Mezcua and Perez da Montalvan. It is the original draft of *El Mayor Encanto Amor*, and having been acted the year preceding that in which the latter drama was brought out (1635), was still in the memory of the audience. See Hartzenbusch's "Calderon," vol. iv. pp. 413 and 669, and, for an analysis of it, the introduction to this translation of *El Mayor Encanto Amor*, p. 16.

A quebrantar los cristales
 De ese piélagó, que sobre
 Sus espaldas tantos años
 Huésped me admitió. Descoge
 O furto del fin, que vuelas,
 Varado neblí, que corres,
 Las alas, porque otra vez
 La plata del agua cortés,
 O con la quilla la rices,
 O con el buque la entorches.
 Torne pues al albedrío
 De aire y mar la nave, y torne
 A llevarme donde fuere
 La voluntad de los dioses.

Circe.

Retórico Griego, á quien
 Ese escollo cristalino,
 Ese peñáco de nieve,
 Esa campaña de vidrio
 Náufrago huésped te tuvo
 Tantos años, pues, vencidos
 Los hados, llegas, trayendo
 Aqueñas flores contigo,
 Que son antidoto hermoso,
 Que son conjuro divino
 Contra mortales venenos,
 Contra mágicos hechizos :
 No tan presto á peinar vuelvas
 Al mar los cabellos rizos,
 Que canos y ajados son
 Hermosos con defalino ;
 Deja descansar las ondas,
 Y ese bajel, que al abrigo
 De dos montes furto yace,
 Permite, que agradecido

And divinities more potent
 Reassure me, once again,
 Flying from thy deeds of wonder,
 I shall break the crystal glass
 Of this sea, upon whose shoulders
 I, an outcast, have been carried
 Many a year. Be then unfolded,
 Flying dolphin anchor'd there—
 Stranded-falcon so swift-footed,
 Thy white wings, for thou once more
 Must cut through the silver-molten
 Surface of the sea, thy prow
 Dashing up the curling foam-wreaths,
 And thy keel wave-woven braid.
 Give then, give the ship the open
 Choice of sea and air, that I
 Borne on it may thus discover
 Where the Gods desire I go.

Circe.

Eloquent-tongued Greek King whom
 Yonder rippling realm of crystal,
 Yonder liquid hills of snow,
 Yonder plains of glassy glitter,
 Have a shipwreck'd guest detain'd
 Such a length of years : since hither,
 Conquering adverse fate, thou hast come,
 Bearing these divine flowers with thee,
 Which are beauteous antidotes,
 Which are god-sent exorcisms,
 Against deadly poison'd draughts,
 Against magical bewitchments,
 Do not fly so quickly back
 To outcomb the foam-white frizzled
 Locks of ocean, which, though tofs'd
 To and fro in wild-trefs'd whiteness,
 Wear a beauteous negligence :—
 Let the waves repose a little,
 And that bark which in the shade
 Of two hills at anchor lieth,—

A la piedad de los cielos,
 De los hados al arbitrio,
 Blanda, y no penosamente
 Bata las alas de lino,
 En tanto que te reparas
 De aquel pasado peligro,
 Que derrotado te trajó
 A aquestos montes altivos.
 Y para que sepas cuanto
 Afombro es el que has vencido,
 Darte relacion de mí
 Este instante solícito.
 Esa luminar antorcha,
 Que desde su plauitro rico
 El cielo ilumina á rayos,
 El mundo describe á giros,
 Ese planeta, que corre
 Siempre hermoso, siempre vivo,
 Llevándose tras sí el día,
 Fue el luciente padre mio.
 Prima nació de Medea
 En Tesalia, donde fuimos
 Afombro de sus estudios,
 Y de sus ciencias prodigio ;
 Porque enseñadas las dos
 De un gran mágico, nos hizo
 Docto escándalo del mundo,
 Sabio portentoso del siglo :
 Que en fin las mugeres, cuando
 Tal vez aplicar se han visto
 A las letras, ó á las armas,
 Los hombres han excedido.
 Y así, ellos envidiosos,
 Viendo nuestro ánimo invicto,
 Viendo sútil* nuestro ingenio,
 Porque no fuera el dominio
 Todo nuestro, nos vedaron

* Hartzenbusch reads *agudo*, see his edition
 t. i. p. 304.—Tr.

Grant that, showing thus thy thanks
 To the heavens for their late pity,
 For their mercy, to the fates,
 It may beat its wings of linen
 Tranquilly, without fatigue,
 Whilst thou dost repair a little
 The effects of that late danger
 Which had flung thee almost shipwreck'd
 At the foot of those tall cliffs.
 And, that thou mayst know the mighty
 Terror whom thou hast subdued,
 I will give to thee this instant
 An account of who I am.
 Yonder torch of dazzling brightness
 Which, from out its car of gold,
 Heaven with glorious beams enlightens,
 Earth encircles as it rolls ;
 That great star whose undiminish'd
 Power and beauty lead along
 Captive day untired, delighted,
 Was my splendour-crown'd fire :
 Being of Medea's kindred,
 I with her, a child, was rear'd
 In Thessalia as a sister,
 Where we were its school's amazement,
 And the wonder of its science ;
 For being there well taught, we two,
 By a greatly-skill'd magician,
 We became the learn'd marvel
 Of the world, a lore-enlighten'd
 Lamp portentous to the age,
 For 'tis ascertain'd that women,
 When to letters or to arms
 They with resolute will apply them,
 Oftentimes surpass the men.
 Thus it is, by envy blinded,
 Fearing our unvanquish'd spirit,
 Dreading the result to witness
 Of our quick intelligence,

Las espadas y los libros.
 No te digo, que estudié
 Con generoso motivo
 Matemáticas, de quien
 La filosofía principio
 Fue ; no te digo, que al cielo
 Los dos movimientos mido,
 Natural y raptó, siendo
 Ambos á un tiempo continuos ;
 No te digo, que del sol
 Los veloces cursos figo,
 Siendo cambiante cuaderno
 De tornasoles y visos ;
 No, que de la luna observo
 Los resplandores mendigos ;
 Pues una dádiva fuya
 Los hace pobres ó ricos ;
 No te digo, que los astros,
 Bien errantes, ó bien fijos,
 En ese papel azul
 Son mis letras : solo digo,
 Que esto, aunque es estudio noble,
 Fue para mi ingenio indigno ;
 Pues pasando á mas empeños
 La ambicion de mi albedrío,
 El canto entiendo á las aves,
 Y á las fieras los bramidos,
 Siendo para mí patentes
 Agüeros ó vaticinios.
 Cuantos pájaros al aire
 Vuelan, ramilletes vivos,
 Dando á entender, que se llevan
 La primavera consigo,
 Renglones son para mí,
 Ni señalados, ni escritos.
 La harmonia de las flores,
 Que en hermosos laberintos
 Parece que es natural,
 Sé yo bien que es artificio ;

Left all empire should be given
 Unto us, to us have they
 Swords and books alike forbidden.
 I say nothing of the zeal,
 Truth inspired, with which I studied
 Mathematics, on whose base
 All philosophy is builded,
 Or with what success I measured,
 With a scientific niceness,
 The two movements of the sky,
 Each by days and years divided,
 Both continuous at one time.
 I say nought of my untirèd
 Watching of the sun's swift course,
 As it oped its ever-shifted
 Gold-emblazon'd book of light,
 Or the moon's poor pauper brightness,
 Begg'd for from the sun, like alms,
 Since its poverty and riches
 Are his beams, refused or given.
 I say nothing of the fixèd
 Or slow-moving orbs on high
 Being to me but letters written
 On the heaven's cerulean page.
 This alone I say, this singly,
 That the study of this science,
 Noble though it be, seem'd worthless
 To my mind that sought the highest,
 Since its free flight, soaring ever
 In pursuit of new achievements,
 Learn'd what meant the birds' sweet
 ditties,
 And the howlings of the wild-beasts,
 They to me becoming patent
 Auguries or prophesyings.
 When the rich-plumed birds sweep by me
 Like to living noségays lifted
 High in air, the tidings telling
 Of the sweet spring they bear with them,

Pues son imprenta,* en que el cielo
 Estampa raros avifos.
 Por las rayas de la mano
 La quiromancia examino,
 Cuando en ajadas arrugas
 De la piel el fin admiro
 Del hombre; la geomancia
 En la tierra, cuando escribo
 Mis caractéres en ella;
 Y en ella tambien consigo
 La piromancia, cuando
 De su centro, de fu abifmo,
 Hago abrirse las entrañas,
 Y abortar á mis gemidos
 Los difuntos, que responden,
 De mi conjuro oprimidos.
 ¿ Mas qué mucho, si al infierno
 Tal vez obediente he visto
 Temblar de mí? ¿ si tal vez
 Sus espíritus afijo?
 ¿ Pero para qué te canfo?
 ¿ Pero para qué repito
 Grandezas mias, si todas
 En esta sola las cifro?
 Para que mejor pudiese
 Entregarme á mis designios,
 A Trinacria vine, donde
 En este apartado sitio
 Del Etna y del Lilibeo,
 Estos palacios fabrico,
 Deleitofas selvas fundo,
 Y montes incultos finjo.
 Aqui pues, siendo bandida
 Emperatriz de sus rificos,
 La vida cobro en tributo
 De todos los peregrinos,
 Que náufragos en el mar,
 A la ley de su destino,

* Hartzenbusch reads *planas*.—Tr.

They to me are secret ciphers,
 Legible although unwritten.
 Then the harmony of flowers,
 In wild beauteous mazes mingled,
 Though so natural it seemeth,
 Well I know is artificial;
 Since upon their lovely leaves
 Rare advices heaven imprinteth.
 By the lines upon the hand
 Palmistry's strange lore delights me,
 When the destiny of man
 In the skin's poor wither'd wrinkles
 I can see. And geomancy
 On the earth, when I inscribe there
 My mysterious characters;
 And with it I also mingle
 Pyromancy, when from out
 Earth's far centre, its abysses,
 I command its womb to ope
 And with groans bring forth the buried
 Dead, who answer all I ask,
 To my magic spells submitted.
 And what wonder, when full oft
 Hell itself is seen to shiver
 With submissive fear before me,
 When I question its lost spirits?
 But for what should I fatigue thee?
 But for what should I thus fritter
 Time away, my greatness telling,
 When this single proof suffices?
 That I might the better work
 Out my plans uncheck'd, unwitness'd,
 I Trinacria sought, where here,
 In this lonely spot, which circle
 Ætna and wild Lilybœum,
 I these palaces have builded,
 These delicious woods have planted
 And with harvests clothed these hills here.
 Being thus the brigand queen

Cerrado puerto de nieve,
 Ofaron abrir caminos.
 Y porque fuefe mi imperio
 Mas raro y mas exquisito,
 Estas fieras y esos troncos
 Todos son vasallos mios ;
 Que los troncos y las fieras
 Viven aqui con instinto ;
 Pues árboles racionales
 Son hombres vegetativos.
 Esta soy, y con mirar
 El sol á mi voz rendido,
 La luna á mi accion atenta,
 Obediente á mi suspiro
 Toda la caterva hermosa
 De los astros y los signos ;
 Con saber, que, cuando quiero,
 El cielo empañó, que vibro
 Los rayos, que de las nubes
 Aborto piedra y granizo,
 Que hago estremecer los montes,
 Caducar los edificios,
 Titubear todo ese mar
 Y penetrar los abismos ;
 Y finalmente trocarse
 Los hombres sin albedrío
 En varias formas, teniendo
 Ya en las peñas obeliscos,
 Ya en las cortezas sepulcro,
 Y ya en las grutas afilo :
 Hoy á tus plantas me postro,
 Hoy á tu valor me rindo,
 Y como muger te ruego,
 Como señora té pido,
 Como Emperatriz te mando,
 Como sabia te suplico,
 No te ausentes, hasta tanto
 Que hayas del hado vencido
 El rigor, con que te traje

Of this realm by rocks engirdled,
 I as tribute claim the lives
 Of all strangers who are shipwreck'd ;
 Daring through this lonely sea,
 Yielding to a fate forewritten,
 A presumptuous path to cleave
 Through this gulf by snow-foam silver'd.
 And, in order that my realm
 Should be rarest and uniquest,
 I have made as vassals mine
 All these tree-trunks, all these wild beasts ;
 For the wild beasts and the trees
 Here possess peculiar instincts,—
 Vegetative men are they,
 Trees with human reason gifted.
 This I am. The sun submissive
 At my potent voice inclineth,
 At my beck the moon doth listen,
 At my breath, in prompt obedience,
 All the beauteous troop of stars,
 And the zodiac signs and circles.
 With the knowledge then that I
 Can, when'er I choose, in mist-wreaths
 Hide the heavens, can launch the
 lightnings,
 Can from out the clouds parturient
 Bring forth frozen fleet and stones ;
 That these mountains I can shiver,
 Shake to dust these edifices,
 Cleave asunder the abysses
 Of the sea, and look within them ;
 That, in fine, against their will
 I can change men to the likeness
 Of what form I please, some having
 Obelisks of rocks to gird them,
 Some their tombs in rough bark finding,
 Some in grottoes their asylum ;
 Still I throw me at thy feet,
 To thy might to-day I yield me,

Derrotado y perseguido
 A inculcar* aquestos mares.
 Quédate unos dias conmigo ;
 Verás trocado mi extremo
 De riguroso en benigno,
 Con el gusto que te hospedo,
 Con la atencion que te sirvo ;
 Siendo el Flegra desde hoy,
 No ya fiero, no ya esquivo
 Hospedage de Saturno,
 Siempre en roja sangre tinto ;
 Selva sí de Amor y Vénus,
 Deleitoso Paraiso,
 Donde sea todo gusto,
 Todo aplauso, todo alivio,
 Todo paz, todo descanso.
 Y no quieras mas indicio
 De mi piedad, que ser hoy
 El primero que ha venido
 A aquestos montes, á quien
 Con algun afecto miro,
 Con algun agrado escucho,
 Con algun cuidado asisto,
 Con algun gusto deseo,
 Y con toda el alma estimo.

Ulyses (aparte).

No fuera Ulyses, si ya
 Que á estos montes he venido,
 La libertad no trajera
 A cuantos aqui cautivos

* Probably a misprint for *fulcar*, which Hartzenbusch adopts.—TR.

And as simple woman ask thee,
 As a lady I desire thee,
 As a sovereign I command thee,
 As a sage with tears invite thee,
 Not to go from this, until
 Thou hast well subdued the rigour
 Of the fate that hither drove thee,
 Toft, abandon'd, anger-smitten,
 Through these dangerous seas to steer
 thee.

Here remain some few days with me,
 And thou'lt see my rude behaviour
 Change to more excessive mildness,
 In thy joyful entertainment,
 In the attention I will give thee.
 Phlegra from this day shall be
 Not that dreadful, not that fiery,
 Dwelling-house of Saturn which
 Ever is with red blood tinted ;
 But a grove of Love and Venus,
 An elysium where unmixed
 Joy shall reign, a bower of pleasure,
 Full of rapture, full of blisses,
 Calm repose and sweet refreshment.
 And thou needest have no higher
 Proof of my good will than this,
 That of all who have come hither
 To these mountains, thou'rt the first
 Whom I see with aught of kindness,
 Whom I hear with any pleasure,
 Whom I have in aught assisted,
 Whom with any joy I wish for,
 And whom all my soul desireth.

Ulyses (aside).

I were not Ulyses if,
 Now that 'mid these hills I find me,
 I did not restore to freedom
 All those captives whom bewitchment
 Holds imprison'd here. To-day

Tiene el encanto. Hoy feré
De aquesta Esfinge el Edipo.

Antistes (aparte á el).

Señor, no de sus lisfonjas
Te creas, porque es fingido
Su halago.

Lebrel.

Huyamos de aqui.

Circe.

Qué dices, Ulíses?

Ulyses.

Digo,

Que no pudiera ser noble
Quien no fuese agradecido,
Y que conmigo he de ser
Cruel, por ser cortés contigo.

Cassandra (aparte).

Ay de tí! porque no sabes
A lo que te has atrevido.

Circe.

Pídeme pues en albricias
Una merced.

Ulyses.

Solo pido,

Que estos dos árboles, que hoy
A lástima me han movido,
Porque fue mi acero causa
De aumentarles su martirio,
En pago de aquesto, sean
A la luz restituidos.

Circe.

Este árbol Flérida, una

I will prove myself this sphinx's
Edipus through all her lures.

Antistes (aside to him).

Ah! my lord, do not confide thee
To her flatteries: her endearments
All are feign'd.

Lebrel.

Ah! let us fly hence.

Circe.

What, Ulysses, say'st thou?

Ulysses.

This,

That *his* nature were unknighly
Who could thankless be for kindness,
And that *I* must be self-cruel,
Thee to treat with due politeness.

Cassandra (aside).

Woe to thee! thou little knowest
What thy boldness enterprifeth.

Circe.

Ask me then by way of earnest
For some favour.

Ulysses.

I ask simply

That these two trees which to-day
Moved so much my grief and pity,
Since my sword unwittingly
Upon *them* new pain inflicted,*
Shall, in recompense of this,
Back to living light be given.

Circe.

This tree here was Florida,

* This is not explained. Nothing is said throughout the entire play from which it can be inferred how the sword of Ulysses augmented the suffering which Florida and Lyfidas endured under their transformation into trees. Perhaps in some passage which is suppressed there may have been a theatrical trick or artifice introduced to which this is an allusion; for instance, Ulysses might have struck with his sword these trees, from which blood might have issued—HARTZENBUSCH.

Divina hermosura, ha sido,
 Dama mia, y mi privanza.
 Rindió al amor su albedrío,
 Enamorada de un jóven,
 Lísidas en su apellido,
 Heredero de Toscana,
 Que de ese mar peregrino
 Salió á tierra; y porque ofados
 Profanaron el retiro
 De mi palacio, así yacen
 En árboles convertidos;
 Porque, aunque yo fiera y monstruo,
 Tan dada soy á los vicios,
 Solos delitos de amor
 Fueron para mí delitos;
 Tanto, que Arsidas, valiente
 Jóven y Príncipe invicto
 De Trinacria, á cuyo imperio
 Estos montes tiranizo,
 Con saber que enamorado
 De mi hermosura ha venido,
 No ha merecido tener
 Mas favor, que volver vivo.
 Pero ya que es la primera
 Cosa, que tú me has pedido,
 Flérida y Lísidas rompan
 Las prisiones que han tenido.

[*Abrense dos árboles, y salen
 FLÉRIDA y LÍSIDAS.*

Lísidas.

Torpe el discurso, atado el pensamiento,
 La razon ciega, el ánimo oprimido,
 Sin uso el alma, el corazón rendido,
 Muda la voz, y tímido el aliento;
 Sin voluntad, memoria, entendimiento,
 Vivo cadáver de este tronco he sido.
 Ya pues, que me quitabas el sentido,
 Quitárame también el sentimiento.

Who, with rarest beauty gifted,
 Was my confidential lady.
 She to love her free heart yielded,
 Being enamour'd of a youth,
 Lyfidas by name, entitled
 To the fair Etruscan kingdom,
 Who upon this sea a pilgrim
 Landed here: and for their daring
 To profane the calm retirement
 Of my palace, thus they lie,
 Into two fair trees transfigured;
 Since, though monstrous I may seem,
 Subject to so many vices,
 Love's offences are by me
 But the sole ones unforgiven;
 So much so, that Arsidas,
 A brave youth, Trinacria's prince here,
 From whose sceptre these proud hills
 I have sever'd and divided,
 Knowing that inflamed with love
 Of my beauty he came hither,
 Merited no greater boon
 Than to get back with his life hence.
 But as this is the first thing
 Thou hast ask'd that I should give thee,
 Flérida and Lyfidas,
 Burst the prison bonds that bind ye.

[*The trees open and FLÉRIDA and
 LYSIDAS come forth.*

Lyfidas.

Dull was my mind, embarrass'd was my
 thought,
 Blind was my reason, and my mind
 oppress,
 Useless my soul, my heart by fear
 oppress,
 Mute was my voice, and all my brain
 distraught;

Si de amar (ay de mí) á Flérida bella,
 Castigo fue esta forma, en vano
 quieres,
 Que yo me olvide, porque vivo en ella.
 Los troncos aman : luego mal inferies,
 Que, por ser tronco, venceré mi
 estrella,
 Pues no la vences tú, y mas sabia eres.

Flérida.

Racional, vegetable y sensible
 Alma el cielo le dió al sugeto humano ;
 Vegetable y sensible al bruto ufano ;
 Al tronco y á la flor vegetativa.
 Tres almas son ; si de las dos me priva
 Tu voz, porque amo á Lífidas, en
 vano
 Solicitas mi olvido, pues es llano
 Que, aun tronco, alma me dejas con
 que viva.
 No de todo mi amor tendrá la palma
 La parte, en que has querido con-
 servarme ;
 De aquella sí, que permitió esta calma :
 Luego mudarme en tronco, no es
 mudarme ;
 Porque si no me quitas toda el alma,
 Todo el amor no has de poder qui-
 tarme

Without the power to will or think of
 aught,
 A breathing corsé I lived this strange
 tree's guest :
 Ah ! since thou took'st the feeling
 from my breast,
 Why not the pain that all this suffering
 wrought ?
 If 'twas for loving Florida the fair
 I thus was punish'd, then how vainly
 tries
 Thy wrath to kill the love that lives
 in her ;—
 Trees even love ;—the star that rules my
 skies
 If thou dost seek to darken, thou dost
 err,
 Since thou art foil'd although thou art
 more wife.

Florida.

Life, reason, feeling, Heaven's all-wise
 decree
 Unites commingled in man's heart and
 brain,
 Feeling and life in beasts that scour the
 plain,
 And life alone in budding flower and
 tree.
 These are three souls : if two out of the
 three
 I lose for loving Lyfidas, in vain
 Thou seek'st that I forget him, since
 'tis plain
 That, though a tree, a soul still dwells
 in me.
 Those I have lost do not contain the
 whole
 Of that fond love that thy dread wrath
 could wake,

Circe.
 Agradeced vuestras vidas
 Al huésped, que me ha venido,
 Y vivid los dos seguros
 Por él ya de mis castigos,
 Como de vuestros amores
 No deis el mas leve indicio.

Lisidas.
 Siempre, Ulises, me tendrás
 A tus pies agradecido.

Flerida.
 Y siempre confesaré,
 Que por cuenta tuya vivo.

Circe.
 Pues porque empiecen á ser
 Desde hoy aplausos festivos
 Todo el monte, todo el valle,
 Todo el mar y todo el sitio,
 Volved á cantar, y todos
 Con él volved, y conmigo.

Música.
 En hora dichosa venga
 A los palacios de Circe
 El rayo de los Troyanos,
 El discreto y fuerte Ulises :
 En hora dichosa venga

Sale ARSIDAS.

Arsidas.
 No venga en hora dichosa,
 Felice en desprecio mio,

The one I keep is free from thy
 control ;
 To change me thus doth seem a strange
 mistake,
 Because if thou dost take not all my
 soul,
 All of my love thou hast not power to
 take.

Circe.
 For your new-recover'd lives
 Thank the guest who stands beside me,
 And be sure henceforth that I
 Shall not with new pains chastise ye,
 If you give not of your loves
 Any new hint to remind me.

Lisidas.
 Ever shalt thou see me lie
 Grateful at thy feet, Ulysses.

Flerida.
 And for ever shall I own
 Thine the life this day thou giv'st me.

Circe.
 Then in order that from this
 Our glad festive notes should circle
 Round the mountain, round the valley,
 Round the sea and all it girdles,
 Raise the strain once more, and lead
 Him and me back thus united.

Song.
 Be the hour propitious when
 To the palace-halls of Circe
 Comes the terror-bolt of Troy
 The discreet and bold Ulysses,—
 Bright, propitious be the hour

Enter ARSIDAS.

Arsidas.
 Be it not propitious when
 He comes here in my despisal,

Ni el que fue sepulcro á tantos,
 Hoy á uno solo sea alivio.
 Peligre en la tierra quien
 Por aquefos mares vino,
 En fu sombra tropezando,
 De un peligro á otro peligro.
 Ese acento harmoniofo,
 Que le faluda benigno,
 Airado trueque en endechas
 Tristes, fúnebres caifros
 Las cláufulas, porque fean
 De fus tragedias avifo ;
 Que no es jufto, no, que un Griego
 Extrangero, advenedizo,
 De tanto ufado rigor
 Venga á mudar el eftilo.
 ¿ Deíde cuándo, Circe bella,
 Con tanto aplaufo feftivo,
 Con tan alegre aparato,
 Tanto noble regocijo
 Al foraftero faludas,
 Recibes al peregrino,
 Sin que este mar, ó estas peñas
 Le firvan de precipicio,
 O ya convertido en fiera,
 O ya en árbol convertido,
 Tenga en las peñas fu eftancia,
 Tenga en las grutas fu afilo ?
 Príncipe foy de Trinacria :
 No derrotado y perdido
 Llegué á este puerto, pues vine
 De mis afectos traído,
 Porque aun aquefto tambien
 Debiefes á mi albedrío ;
 Que no quifo, no, el que solo
 Porque le fue fuerza quifo,
 Ni es sacrificio, no fiendo
 Voluntario el sacrificio.
 Y en quanto tiempo eftos montes,

Nor the grave-yard of fo many
 Prove a folace to him fingly ;
 Let him who thefe wild feas dared
 On the land endure new rifks here,
 From one danger to another
 Ever treading as he flieth.
 Let this foftly-cadenced ftrain,
 Which faluteth him benignly,
 Change to mournful wails of woe,
 Hoarfely change to funeral dirges,
 Prophefying thus to him
 What the tragic future bringeth.
 For it is not fit that he,
 A Greek ftranger, a benighted
 Alien, fould come here to change
 Thine accuftom'd form of rigour,
 Since what time, O Circe fair !
 With fuch feftal fongs and timbrels,
 With fuch joyful preparation,
 With a proud difplay fo princely,
 Dof thou thus falute the ftranger,
 Thus receive the wretch here driven,
 Without making thefe fteep rocks,
 Sea-wafh'd, be his precipices,
 Or transform'd into a tree,
 Or transmuted to a wild-beaft,
 Make him hold 'mid cliffs his dwelling,
 Amid grottoes his afylum ?
 Of Trinacria Prince am I :—
 Not as one nigh loft and fhip-wreck'd
 Came I to this port, but drawn
 By my true love came I hither,
 That my heart's free-will fould be
 Thus a new claim to thy pity :—
 Since he loves not, he who only
 Loves becaufe fome force inciteth,
 And if not fpontaneous, all
 Sacrifice is worfe than idle.
 And fince fight of thee has been

Por solo mirarte, vivo,
 No he debido á tu rigor,
 Ni á tu crueldad he debido
 Una accion, á quien me muestre
 Gusto, ni agradecido;
 Tanto, que aun de tus encantos
 Libre, estos campos asisto,
 Porque en tantos sentimientos
 No me faltasen sentidos.
 Pues dos hombres solamente
 Los que nos libramos fuimos,
 Ulíses y yo, porque
 Todo hoy en desprecio mio
 Resulte; pues si los dos
 Nos reservamos, ha sido
 Ulíses para gozarlo,
 Y Arfidas para sentirlo.

Ulysses.

Si de mi dicha envidioso,
 Si de mi suerte ofendido

Circe.

Calla, Arfidas, si conoces,
 Que la vida te permito,
 Porque es la mayor venganza
 Que tomo, como tú has dicho,
 Dejarte vivir, teniendo
 Sentimientos y sentidos.
 Quejarte de mí, es decirme,
 Que lo que busco consigo;
 Y así, porque tú te quejes,
 Yo la causa no te quito.—
 Cantad, cantad, y tú ven,
 Ulíses, al lado mio.

Lebré (á Clarin).

No son muy malas las dos
 Circecillas de poquito.

'Mid these hills my sole existence,
 I owe little to thy rigour,
 To thy cruelty as little,
 Nought for which to thee should I
 Joy or gratitude exhibit,
 Only that exempt from all
 Thy enchantments, I can visit
 These dread fields, in order that
 For the sorrows that afflict me
 Human senses should not fail.
 Since then but two men are singled
 Out of all the world, to whom
 Freedom from thy spell is given,
 This Ulysses and myself,—
 Ah! the exemption but inflicteth
 A new pang, a fresh despatch,
 Since if we are both preserved,
 'Tis with more malign refinement
 To give pain to Arfidas,
 To give rapture to Ulysses.

Ulysses.

If thou enviest my good fortune,
 If my happier fate afflicts thee

Circe.

Cease, O Arfidas! if thou
 Knowest that I have permitted
 Thee to live, since greater vengeance
 I could take not, as admitted
 By thyself, than with thy life
 Feelings and their food to give thee.
 To complain is but to tell me
 That I have obtain'd my wishes,
 And that thou mayst still complain,
 I the cause shall still leave with thee.
 Sing, sing, and at my side
 Come unto my court, Ulysses.

Lebré (áside to Clarin).

Not so very bad these two,
 Circe's little servant Circelets.

Clarín (á Lebré).

No hay que volver á dar cartas ;
Que yo las tomo, y no miro.

Astrea (aparte).

Habíanme dicho, que eran
Los Griegos feos y esquivos,
Y ni esquivos son, ni feos,
Tanto como me habian dicho.

Lisidas.

¡ Gracias á Amor, que otra vez,
Flérida hermosa, te miro !

Flérida.

¡ Gracias, Lisidas, á Amor
Que otra vez á amarte vivo !

Circe (aparte).

Vencerále mi hermosura,
Pues mi ciencia no ha podido.

Ulises (aparte).

Libraré de aquesta fiera
A Trinacria, si amor finjo.

Arfidas (aparte).

Solo zelos me faltaban,
Ya está todo el mal cumplido.

Musica.

En hora dichosa venga, &c.

Clarín (to Lebré).

Don't mind shuffling ; I will take
My chance of trumps and win though
blinded.

Astrea (aside).

They have told me that the Greeks
All were scornful and unsightly ;
But nor ugly nor so coy
Are they as they have been libell'd.

Lyfidas.

Thanks to Love, fair Flérida,
That once more thy face I witness !

Flérida.

Thanks to Love, I live once more,
Lyfidas, my heart to give thee !

Circe (aside).

Let my beauty him subdue,
Since so powerless was my science !

Ulysses (aside).

I, by feigning love, may free
Fair Trinacria from this wild-beast.

Arfidas (aside).

I but needed jealousy
My full cup of woe to embitter.

Song.

Be the hour propitious when
To the palace-halls of Circe
Comes the never-vanquish'd Greek,
The invincible Ulysses !

[*Exeunt, all singing.*]





JORNADA II.

PALACIO DE CIRCE.

*Salen CIRCE, llorando, FLERIDA, TISBE,
CASANDRA, ASTREA, LIBIA, y CLORI.*

Libia.

S EÑORA, qué llanto es este?
Astrea.
¿Qué pena, señora, es esta?

Clori.

¿Tú lágrimas en los ojos?

Flerida.

¿Tú suspiros, y tú quejas?

Tisbe.

¿Qué ocasión pudo moverte
A que sentimientos tengas?

Cassandra.

Los males comunicados,
Si no se vencen, se templan.

Circe.

¡Quien tiene de que quejarse,
O cuanto en quejarse yerra!
Que la justicia del llanto
Hace apacibles las penas.
Yo así mi tristeza quiero,
Que tan poco no me deba,

ACT THE SECOND.

CIRCE'S PALACE.

*Enter CIRCE in tears, attended by FLE-
RIDA, THISBE, CASSANDRA, ASTREA,
LIBIA and CHLORIS.*

Libia.

L ADY, what lament is this?
Astrea.
Ah, my lady, whence this
sadness?

Chloris.

Canst thou fill thine eyes with tears?

Flerida.

Sob and sigh like one distracted?

Thisbe.

Say what sudden cause of grief
Can thy senses thus have master'd?

Cassandra.

The confiding of our ills
If it cures not, mitigates them.

Circe.

He who for complaint hath cause,
Oh! how errs he who complaineth!
Since the justice of his plaining
Turns his very grief to gladness.
I so love my source of sorrow,
Feel so much its sweet advantage,

Que en repetirla procure
Hacer menor mi tristeza.
Dejadme sola.

Astrea (aparte las dos).
Oyes, Libia?

Libia.

Razonablemente, *Astrea.*

Astrea.

¡Plegue á Amor, que estos extremos
Lo que yo pienso no sean!

Libia.

¡Plegue al Amor, que si haga!
Que es lo que plegamos piensa:
Pues si es amor la ocasion
Dellos, y ella á verse llega
Enamorada, dará

Astrea.

Qué?

Libia.

Libertad de conciencia.

Astrea.

Holgaréme de salir
De religion tan estrecha,
Como es el honor. Vestales
Vírgenes Diana celebra
Entre gentes, mas nosotras
Entre animales y fieras
Somos vírgenes bestiales.

Libia.

Calla, porque no lo entienda.

[*Vanse todas las Damas,*
menos FLERIDA.

Circe.

Flérida, tú no te ausentes:
Sola conmigo te queda,
Que tengo que hablarte sola.

That I would not by repeating
Take one sting from out my sadness.
Leave me here alone.

Astrea (to Libia).

Canst hearken,

Libia?

Libia.

Pretty well, *Astrea.*

Astrea.

Love but grant that these excesses
Are not what my fear doth fancy!

Libia.

Love but grant they are, if it
Fancieth what we both sigh after!
Since if their true source be love,
If she has her own heart granted
To love's sway, she'll give us

Astrea.

What?

Libia.

Liberty of conscience, may be.

Astrea.

I indeed were glad to free me
From a worship so contracted,
And so strict as honour is.
Great Diana celebrateth
Among men her festal choirs
Of vestal virgins, but, unhappy!
We poor bestial virgins seem
Among beasts who growl and chatter.

Libia.

Silence, lest she overhear us!

[*Exeunt all the ladies and at-*
tendants but FLERIDA.

Circe.

Flerida, in the others' absence
I would speak with thee alone
Of a certain private matter:
Stay thou here with me.

Flérida (aparte).

Sin duda, cielos, que intenta
 Darme castigo mayor,
 Que el que en la dura corteza
 Tuve, porque hablé esta tarde
 A Lífidas.

Circe.

Oye atenta :

Este Ulíses, este Griego,
 Que esa marítima bestia
 Sorbió sin duda en el mar,
 Para escupirle en la tierra ;
 Este, que á la discrecion
 De los vientos, con deshecha
 Fortuna, tan derrotado
 Llegó á tocar estas selvas ;
 Este, que trajo deidad
 Superior en su defensa,
 Pues, burlando mis encantos,
 Les tiraniza la fuerza ;
 Este pues, que mi hospedage
 Cortesfanamente acepta,
 Adonde hoy tan divertido
 Vive, olvidado de Grecia :
 Como si fuera mi vida
 Troya, ha introducido en ella
 Tanto fuego, que en cenizas
 No dudo que se refuelva ;
 Y con razon ; porque ya
 En callado fuego envuelta,
 Cada aliento es un Volcan,
 Cada suspiro es un Etna.
 Quisiera . . . quisiera dije ?
 Mal empecé ; pues si es fuerza
 Querer, Flérida, y ya quiero,
 Erré en decir, que quisiera.
 Quiero, digo ; pero quiero
 Tanto á mi ambicion atenta,
 Que quiero á Ulíses, y no

Flérida (afide).

O heavens !

Doubtless now her anger planneth
 Some new punishment, severer
 Than the hard bark that enwrapp'd me,
 Since this evening I have spoken
 Unto Lyfidas.

Circe.

Now, mark me ;

This Ulysses, this Greek king,
 Whom the sea—that mighty kraken—
 Doubtless swallow'd on the ocean
 To outspew him on the land here ;
 He who at the wild wind's lusting,
 So forsaken, so storm-shaken,
 Came to anchor by these groves ;
 He who calleth in his danger
 On some mightier god to aid him,
 Since despising my enchantments
 O'er their power he tyranniseth :
 He who courteously hath granted
 All my hospitable wishes,
 And a glad guest at my table,
 Lives forgetful now of Greece.
 He it is who in my heart here
 (Ah ! as if 'twere Troy) hath kindled
 Such a fire, that soon in ashes
 Doubtless it must be dissolved ;
 And with reason, since already
 Wrapp'd in hidden flames it burns,
 Every breath it breathes volcanic,
 Every sigh an Ætna seems.
 I would love him . . . would love !—
 badly
 I begin in saying “ would ; ”
 Since, if doom'd to love, I madly
 Yield to Fate, I err in saying
 I would love when love hath happen'd.
 Him I say I love, but love

Quiero, que Ulísés lo entienda.
 Ahora te admirarás
 De que yo, que tan soberbia
 Tu amor reñí, te fie el mio ;
 Pero admirarás te necia ;
 Porque la causa mayor,
 Porque la ocasion mas cierta
 De incurrir en una culpa,
 Es haber dicho mal della.
 Y porque el contar delitos,
 A quien es cómplice, cuefta
 Menos vergüenza, yo quisé
 Recatear esta vergüenza,
 Y porque me cueste menos,
 Decirlos á quien los sepa.
 Yo amo en fin, Flérida mia ;
 Vengada estás de mi ofensa.
 ¡ Pluguiera á Júpiter santo,
 Tú trasformarme pudieras
 A mí en infensible planta,
 Que yo te lo agradeciera !
 Porque si supiera entonces
 Lo que es amor, mas quisiera
 Verte enamorada y viva,
 Que no enamorada y muerta.
 Enamorada en efecto
 Llego, y pues tú á saber llegas.
 Qué es amor, de tí pretendo
 Ayudar una cautela ;
 Y es, que para poder yo
 Hablar con él, sin que él sepa
 Que soy yo la que le habla,
 Tú con ruegos y finezas
 Le has de enamorar de dia,
 Y diciéndole que venga
 De noche á hablarte, estaré
 Yo con tu nombre encubierta,
 Donde mi altivez, mi honor,
 Mi vanidad, mi soberbia,

With an eye of such exactness
 To decorum, that I wish
 He should know not my attachment.
 Wonder now that I who late
 Chid thy love with so much anger,
 Should confide to thee my own ;
 But thy wonder is the vainest,
 Since the greatest cause of all,
 The sure source that never faileth,
 Of committing any fault,
 Is sometimes to reprimand it.
 And because confessing crimes
 To an accomplice doth o'ermantle
 The flush'd face with blushes less,
 I desire to drive this hardest
 Bargain with my blushes thus,
 And to make my heart's crimes stand me
 A less price, to tell them thee,
 Who so well can understand them.
 Ah ! my Flérida, I love !—
 Now thou art avenged with ample
 Justice for my bygone wrong.
 Would that sacred Jove might grant thee
 Power, through magic transformation,
 To a senseless plant to change me !
 Oh ! how thankful would I be !
 Since, if at that time, exactly
 I knew what was love, enamour'd
 I would see thee living, rather
 Than enamour'd not and dead.
 Since then love is superadded
 To my past experience, and
 Thou too knowest love's enthrallments,
 In a little stratagem
 I expect that thou wilt aid me ;
 And it is,—that I may speak
 With him, without any danger
 Of his knowing that 'tis I [thee
 Who speak *with* him ; thou must mask

Mi respeto, mi decoro
No se rindan, y

Flérida.

Oye, espera,

Que quieres hacer en mí
Dos costosas experiencias.
Yo amo á Lísidas, y tú
Cruel, señora, me ordenas,
Que disimule el amarle ;
Yo no amo á Ulises, é intentas,
Que finja amarle. ¿ Pues cómo,
A dos afectos atenta,
Quieres, que olvide á quien quiero,
Y que á quien olvido quiera ?
Damas tienes con quien hoy
Partir los afectos puedas ;
A una alma basta un cuidado.

Circe.

Y aun la misma causa es esta ;
Yo sé, que quien llega á estar
Enamorada, no deja
Lugar para otro cuidado
En el alma : luego acertará
Quien á ella el suyo le fía,
Porque no peligrará en ella
El riesgo de enamorarse,
Pues ya lo está ; de manera,
Que tú no me darás celos,
Y otra sí, cuando te vea
Con Ulises ; pues tu amor
Sanea la contingencia.

So in soft requests and smiles,
So by day his heart entangle,
That when thou requir'it that he
Meet thee nightly in the garden,
I may take thy place, conceal'd
'Neath thy name as 'neath a mantle,
Where my haughtiness, my honour,
Where the pride on which I trample,
My decorum, self-respect
May be safe from

Flerida.

Hear, oh ! hearken :

For thou wouldst attempt on me
Two experiments the hardest.
I love Lyfidas, and thou,
Lady, sternly wouldst command me
To dissemble that I love him ;
I Ulysses love not, nathless
Thou desirest I should feign so ;
How, by two desires distracted,
Can I think of the ne'er thought of,
And forget the never absent ?—
Ladies hast thou here with whom
Thou thy feelings thus may parcel ;
To one heart one care's enough.

Circe.

It is therefore that I ask thee,
Since I know that whosoever
Is in love, can keep vacated
Heart-space for no alien care :
Safe then is he who imparteth
His heart's love to such an one,
Since in love itself, the latter
Runs no danger of becoming
His friend's rival ; in this manner
Thou no jealousy wilt give me,
Even when I see thou standest
By Ulysses side,—thy love
Bailing the contingent danger.

Esto ha de ser en efecto.—
¿Mas qué ruido es ese?

Flérida.

Llegan

Dos criados aqui, y traen
Sin duda alguna pendencia.

Circe.

Retírate; que no quiero,
Que á todas horas me vean,
Y escuchemos desde aqui
Lo que tratan en mi auencia.

[*Retíranse.*]

Sale LEBREL y CLARIN.

Lebrel.

Digo, que es la mejor vida,
Que tuve en mi vida, aquesta.

Clarín.

Esto dices?

Lebrel.

Esto digo;

Y que en el mundo no hay tierra
Como Trinacria, y que Circe
Es un ángel en belleza
Y condicion.

Clarín.

Estás loco?

Lebrel.

Dime, ¿ella no nos hospeda
Como á unos reyes?

Clarín.

Es cierto;

Mas mucho mejor nos fuera,
Que en sus palacios, estar
En un bodegon de Grecia.

Lebrel.

¿No comemos lindamente?

Clarín.

No; que no hay comida buena

This thou must in fine contrive.—
But what noise is this?

Flerida.

Two valets

Hither come, engaged no doubt
In some scolding match or quarrel.

Circe.

Step a little back, I would not
Have them every moment pass me,
And we'll hear from this, how they
Treat me when they think me absent.

[*They retire.*]

Enter LEBREL and CLARIN.

Lebrel.

I still say, no sweeter life
Have I in my whole life tasted.

Clarín.

Can you say so?

Lebrel.

This I say,—

That Trinacria is the marvel
Of the whole world, and that Circe
Is in form and face an angel
Of perfection.

Clarín.

Art thou mad?

Lebrel.

Tell me, are we not here treated
As if we were kings?

Clarín.

'Tis true,

But a better place, I fancy,
For us were a Grecian cook-shop,
Than these palaces of marble.

Lebrel.

Don't we eat though sumptuously?

Clarín.

No, 'tis not a pleasant banquet

Adonde no doy bocado,
Que no pienſe, que me deja
Hecho un cochino.

Lebrel.

No es eſo
Tan malo como tú pienſas ;
Que yo lo fui, y no me hallaba
Mal con ferlo ; de manera,
Que á cuantos cochinos hay
Sin aliño y ſin limpieza,
Diſculpo, porque ſe ahorran
De muchas impertinencias.
Y al caſo, ¿ dónde hallarás
Una cama tan compueſta ?

Clarín.

No eſtá el deſcanso en la cama ;
Ni hay pícaro, que no duerma
Sin penas en un pajar
Mejor, que un ſeñor con ellas
En una cama dorada.

Lebrel.

¿ Dónde eſtos jardines vieras ?

Clarín.

¿ Para qué quiero jardines ?

Lebrel.

Cogíte : ¿ dónde tuvieras
Dos mozas de tan buen aire,
Como ſon Libia y Aſtrea ?

Clarín.

Daréme por concluido
En tocándome eſa tecla ;
Pero no confesaré,
Que Circe no es una fiera,
Nigromante, encantadora,
Energúmena, hechicera,
ſtúcuba, incuba ; y en fin
Es, por acabar el tema,
Con los demonios demonia,

Where I ſcarce can take a mouthful,
But I think I'm tranſmigrated
To a hog.

Lebrel.

That's not ſo bad
By one half as you imagine ;
I was one ſome time, and found me
Nought the worſe for what had happen'd ;
So that now when I behold
Happy pigs, unkempt, untrammell'd,
Wallowing in the mire, I give them
My forgiveness, ſince their manners
Save them from much uſeleſs trouble.
To the point though ; where, my maſter,
Have you ſuch a ſoft bed found ?

Clarín.

Reſt comes not from bed or blanket ;
Not a beggar but ſleeps better
On his ſcanty ſtraw-ſtrewn pallet,
Free of care, than doth a lord
Rack'd with *his*, upon his grand bed.

Lebrel.

Where ſuch gardens have you ſeen ?

Clarín.

Gardens ? what care I for gardens ?

Lebrel.

Now I have you, tell me where
Have you ſeen two girls, the matches
Of fair Lybia and Aſtrea ?

Clarín.

Well to that there's but one answer ;
You have touch'd the chord at laſt ;
But I won't confeſs ſo gladly,
Circe is not a wild-beaſt,
A demoniac, a witch-charmer,
An hobgoblin, a wild vampire ;
And in fine to end our quarrel,
A ſhe-devil among demons,
A duenda among fairies.

Como, con los duendes duenda.

Circe (aparte á Flérida).

No puedo sufrir ya mas
El cícuchar mis ofensas.

Flérida.

No te des por entendida.

Clarín.

Y es Circe

Salen CIRCE y FLERIDA.

Circe.

Qué es ?

Clarín.

Una Reina,

Y á quien dijere otra cosa,
Le daré, porque no mienta,
Dos mil palos, como uno.—

[*á Lebrél.*

Y á tí, porque no te atrevas
A hablar mal de las señoras
Doñas Circes en su ausencia,
Yo te haré

Lebrél.

¿ Pues quién hablaba

Mal, fino tú ?

Clarín.

Buena es esa ;

¿ A mí por los filos ?

Circe.

Basta.

Lebrél.

Yo

Circe.

Bien está.

Clarín (aparte).

El cielo quiera,

Que no oyese lo demas.

Lebrél.

¿ Que tan gran mentira creas !

Circe (afide to Flerida).

Oh ! I can't endure to let
This insulting scene go farther.

Flerida.

Do not seem as if you heard them.

Clarín.

Circe is

CIRCE and FLERIDA advance.

Circe.

Pray what ?

Clarín.

A lady,

And a queen, and who denies it
I will teach him better manners,
By two thousand blows at least.

[*to Lebrél.*

As for you because you gabbled
Something naughty of the noble
Lady Circes in their absence,
I will make

Lebrél.

Why, who spoke badly

But yourself ?

Clarín.

Well, that is cool !

Would you turn the tables ?

Circe.

Mark me.

Lebrél.

I

Circe.

'Tis well.

Clarín (afide).

Heaven grant that she
Did not hear our tittle-tattle !

Lebrél.

Who'd believe so great a liar ?

Circe.

Yo fé bien lo que es verdad.
 Vos os salid allá fuera ;
 Que yo haré, que mi castigo
 Hoy escarmiente la lengua,
 Que hablé mal de mí.

Clarín.

Y ferá

Muy justo.

*Lebrél.*Que esto suceda ! [*Vase.*]*Circe.*

A tí, en pago de que así
 Hoy mis acciones defiendas,
 Te quiero dar un tesoro,
 Con que á Grecia rico vuelvas.
 De ese monte en lo intrincado
 Llamarás con voccs fieras
 Tres veces á Brutamonte ;
 Que él te dará la respueíta.

Clarín.

Mil veces tus plantas beso ;
 Que bien tu gran valor muestras.
 A toda ley, hablar bien.
 ¡ Qué haya hombres de mala lengua !
 [*Vase.*]

Flérida.

¡ Cómo castigas, señora,
 Al que te defiende, y premias
 Al que te ofende ?

Circe.

A su tiempo

Verás el premio que lleva.

*Sale ASTREA.**Astrea.*

Ulyfes desde su cuarto

Circe.

I know well the truth of the matter.
 Go, and wait without : to-day
 I shall make a dread example
 Of the saucy tongue that dared
 To insult me.

Clarín.

And 't will be

Only just.

*Lebrél.*That this should happen !
 [*Exit.*]*Circe.*

As for thee, to pay thy zeal
 In defence of the way I act here,
 I intend a gift to give thee,
 With which rich to Greece thou'lt
 travel :—

Deep within this mountain's thickets,
 Thou shalt call out loud and sharply
 Three times upon Brutamonte,
 Who will give to thee thy answer.

Clarín.

At thy feet a thousand kisses,
 Thou, who knowest to act so grandly :
 Civil speaking is my motto,
 Oh ! that men should use bad language !
 [*Exit.*]

Flérida.

How is it thou dost punish, lady,
 Thy defender, and rewardest
 Him who wronged thee ?

Circe.

In due time,
 Thou'lt perceive why thus I've acted.

*Enter ASTREA.**Astrea.*

From his quarter comes Ulyffes

Al tuyo pafa.

Circe.

Aqui empieza
Del amor y la altivez
La mas cautelosa guerra,
Pues no he de dar por vencida
La que quiero que se venza.

[*Vanse.*]

JARDIN.

Salen ULISES, CIRCE, FLÉRIDA, LÍ-
SIDAS, ANTÍSTES, ARQUELAO, LE-
BREL, CLARIN, CASANDRA, *Damas,*
Griegos, Musicos.

Ulises (aparte).

Temeroso vengo, ay triste!
A ver á Circe, si es fuerza
Que como sabia la admire,
Y la admire como bella.
¡ Quién no se hubiera fiado
Tanto de sí! ¡ quién no hubiera
Hecho cautela el quedaré!
Pues ya contra su cautela
Es imposible olvidarla,
Y es imposible quererla.

Circe.

En este hermoso jardín,
Adonde la primavera
Llamó las flores á cortes,
Para jurar por su reina
A la rosa, que teñida
En sangre de Vénus bella
Púrpura viste real,
Generoso honor de Grecia,
En tanto que de una caza
Boreal el término llega,
Que será luego que el sol
Vaya perdiendo la fuerza,

To wait on thee.

Circe.

Here at last then
'Twixt my love and pride commences
The most singular of battles;
Since I'd wish that one were victor,
Yet the other not be master'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE GARDEN.

Enter ULYSSES, CIRCE, FLERIDA, LYSI-
DAS, ANTISTES, ARCHELAUS, LEBREL,
CLARIN, CASSANDRA, *Ladies, Greeks,*
Musicians.

Ulysses (aside).

Tremblingly I come, O sorrow!
To see Circe, since I'm fated
For her wisdom to admire her,
To adore her for her graces.
Who would not have so far trusted
In himself? oh! who that waits here
Would not need a sage's caution?
Since, despite of all his calmness,
It is hopeless to forget her,
And to love her is but madness.

Circe.

Here—where Spring has call'd together
In this bright and beauteous garden
Her sweet parliament of flowers
To swear fealty to the fairest,
To their queen, the rose, who wears
Her imperial purple mantle,
Dyed in the blood of Venus fair,—
I await thee, pride and marvel
Of all Greece, until the chase
Circles o'er our northern lands here,
Which will be when sinks the sun
With his burning beams abated.

Con músicas y festines
Te espero, porque la ausencia,
Y memorias de tu patria
Entretenido diviertas.

Ulysses.

Bellísima Circe, en quien
Por lo hermosa y lo discreta,
O está de mas el ingenio,
O está de mas la belleza,
No es menester, que mi vida
Tantas lisonjas te deba,
Para que rendido siempre
A tus plantas la agradezca ;
Que el merecer adorar
Tu hermosura

Circe.

Aguarda, espera ;

Que este cortes cumplimiento
No quiero, Ulises, que sea
Carta de favor, con que
A mi respeto te atrevas ;
Que una cosa es hospedarte,
Agradecida á tus prendas,
Y otra es escucharte amores.

Ulysses.

Ni yo, Circe, me atreviera
A decirlos ; que una cosa
Es cortefana fineza,
Y otra fineza amorosa.

Circe (aparte).

¡ Pluguiera á Dios que lo fuera !—
En esta tejida alfombra,
Que de colores diversas
Labró el Abril, á quien sirve
De dosel la copa amena
De un laurel, al sol hagamos
Apacible resistencia.
Vayan tomando lugares
Todos, y tú aqui te sienta.

Here with songs and festive music
I await thee, that the absence
And the memory of thy country,
Thus amused, may not unman thee.

Ulysses.

Loveliest Circe, thou in whom
Beauty so to sense is added,
That superfluous seems the sense,
Or the beauty seems not wanted.
Needless is it that my life
Owe thee for such liberal largess
Of all kindness, though thus kneeling
Ever at thy feet 'twould thank thee ;
Since to merit leave to worship
Thy fair beauty

Circe.

Stay, detain thee ;

Since this courteous compliment,
I, Ulysses, would not have thee
Use against me as a license
To o'erstep respect's exactness.
One thing is a guest's warm welcome,
Such as worth like thine demandeth,
And another, love to list to.

Ulysses.

Nor would I, fair Circe, ask thee
So to listen ; it is one thing
With a courtier's tongue to flatter,
With a lover's is another.

Circe (aside)

Would to God, he used the latter !—
On this flower-inwoven floor,
Spread as with a coloured carpet
By rich April's hand, beneath
These o'erhanging laurel branches,
Which—a green-leaf'd canopy,
Tremble o'er it—to the ardent
Sun a soft shade let us make.
All take seats, thine here, I ask thee.

Ulyses.

Temo enojarte otra vez.

Circe (aparte á Flérída).

Flérída, á entablar empieza

Lo que has de fingir.

[*Van tomando lugares las damas y los galanes, y ULISES se asienta en medio de CIRCE y FLERIDA.*]

Flérída (aparte á Ulyses).

Aqui

Me siento, porque quisiera

Daros á entender, Ulyses,

Lo que me debeis.

Lisidas (aparte).

¿ Qué llegan

¿ A ver mis ojos ? á cielos !

¿ Flérída al lado se sienta

De Ulyses, y con él habla ?

¿ Denme los cielos paciencia !

Antífes (aparte).

¿ Infelices de nosotros,

Si á estas lisfonjas se entrega

Ulyses ! pues tarde, ó nunca

Daremos la vuelta á Grecia. [*Vase.*]*Música.*

Solo el silencio testigo

Ha de ser de mi tormento,

Y aun no cabe lo que siento

En todo lo que no digo.

*Sale ARSIDAS.**Arfidas (á Circe).*

Si para ver sus desdichas

Siempre ha tenido licencia

Un triste, porque el pesar

A nadie cerró las puertas,

No te admires que la tome

Ulyses.

Once again I fear to offend thee.

Circe (aside to Flérída).

Flérída, be now enacted

The feign'd part I gave thee.

[*The ladies and gentlemen take their places, so that ULYSSES has CIRCE at one side of him, and FLERIDA at the other.*]

Flérída.

Here

I my place select, to make thee

Feel, Ulyses, what thou owest

To my favour.

Lisidas (aside).

O unhappy

Eyes of mine, what fight to see !

Can my mistress by this stranger

Sit and whisper in his ear ?—

O ye heavens, full patience grant me !

Antífes (aside).

Ah ! unhappy we, if now,

By these false fair flatteries dazzled,

Yields Ulyses, late or never

Shall we back to Greece be wasted.

[*Exit.*]*Song with Music.*

Silence only, ah ! I feel

Must be witness of my woe ;

Though my suffering doth outgrow

Even the all that I conceal.

*Enter ARSIDAS.**Arfidas (to Circe).*

If to see his own misfortunes

Ever hath a wretch free access,

Since the gloomy gates of grief

Shut not out the humblest sadness,

Wonder not that I avail me

Yo, y que á tus jardines venga,
Pues he de mirar mis zelos,
A mirarlos de mas cerca.

Circe.

Yo no doy satisfacciones ;
Pero huélgome que seas
Testigo de esto, porque,
Sin que yo las dé, las tengas.

Arfidas.

Pues siendo así, y que ya Ulises
Está á la mano derecha,
Como escogido, yo tomo,
Como dejado, la izquierda.

Circe.

Pues habemos de pasar
Aqui el ardor de la fiesta,
Porque una aguda cuestion
Mas á todos entretenga,
Haz, Flérida, una pregunta,
Y cada uno la defienda.

Flérida (aparte).

Diré lo que á mí me pasa,
Porque Lísidas lo entienda.—
Danteo ama á Lísidas bella,
Y Lísidas manda á Danteo
Disfumar su deseo ;
Silvio olvida á Clori, y ella
Manda, que finja querella ;
Danteo, amando, ha de callar ;
Silvio, no amando, mostrar
Que ama : siendo esto forzoso,
¿ Cuál es mas dificultoso,
Fingir, ó disfumar ?

Ulises.

Disfumar el que amó,
Lo mas difícil ha sido.

Arfidas.

Fingir el que no ha querido,
Mas difícil juzgo yo.

Of the boon, and seek thy gardens ;
Since if I must jealousy see,
Best to see it near and naked.

Circe.

Satisfaction for suspicions
I ne'er give, although it glads me
That you witness this, since I
Give them not, and yet you have them.

Arfidas.

This then being so, and since
On thy right hand fits the favour'd
Guest, Ulysses, on thy left
Will I seat me, the forsaken.

Circe.

Since we here intend to pass
The fiesta's burning ardour,
That some subtle play of wit
May amuse us while it lasteth,—
Flérida, a question start
Which we all in turn must answer.

Flérida (aside).

What has pass'd I'll tell, and trust
Lysidas may understand me.—
Laon loveth Lysis fair,
Yet she doth of him require
To dissemble his desire ;
Silvio is free as air,
Yet is forced to affect despair ;
Laon loves, yet hides his pain ;
Silvio's free, yet wears the chain.
Thus coerced the two, I ask,
Which is the severer task,—
To dissemble or to feign ?

Ulysses.

The most difficult must be
To dissemble where one loves.

Arfidas.

Feigning when no passion moves
Seems more difficult to me.

Cassandra.

Esta opinion me agradó.

Arquelao.

Yo estotra pienso seguir.

Clori.

¿ Quién disimula el sentir ?

Lísidas.

¿ Y quién fingirá el amar ?

Thísbe.

Lo mas es disimular.

Timántes.

Lo menos es el fingir.

Ulyses.

El hombre, que enamorado
 Está, (quien lo está no ignora,
 Que esto es así) á cualquier hora
 Trae consigo su cuidado;
 El que finge no; olvidado
 Puede estar, hasta llegar
 De fingir tiempo y lugar:
 Luego, si su afecto es juez,
 Uno siempre, otro tal vez,
 Mas cuesta el disimular.

Arfidas.

La misma razon ha sido
 La que me da la victoria.
 Consiigo trae su memoria
 Quien ama; quien finge, olvido:
 Luego el que ama no ha podido
 Olvidarse de sentir;
 Quién finge sí, pues ha de ir
 Tras la ocasion que se pierde,
 Sin que nadie se lo acuerde:
 Luego mas cuesta el fingir.

Ulyses.

El fingir se trae consigo
 Un cuidado tambien, pues
 Batalla es fingir; mas es
 Batalla sin enemigo;

Cassandra.

That I hold instinctively.

Archelous.

I the other view maintain.

Chloris.

Who can hide the heart's fond pain?

Lysidas.

Love can have no imitator.

Thísbe.

To dissemble is the greater.

Timantes.

'Tis the lesser task to feign.

Ulyses.

He who loves (it is confess'd
 By all hearts that own Love's power),
 Carries with him every hour
 Care and trouble in his breast;
 He who feigneth love's unrest
 Feeleth nought that these resemble
 Till the time and place to tremble
 At and in come round; deciding
 'Twixt the fleeting and abiding;
 Then 'tis greater to dissemble.

Arfidas.

For the reason you express
 I may claim the victory:
 He who loves brings memory,
 He who feigns, forgetfulness;
 One is powerless to repress
 The remembrance of his pain;
 That the other can is plain,
 Since 'tis used but as a cover,
 And forgotten when 'tis over;
 Therefore greater 'tis to feign.

Ulyses.

He who feigns must also know
 Constant care, for feigning is
 A warfare; but this war of his
 Is a fight without a foe;

La del que ama no ; testigo
Es uno, y otro pesar :
Este tiene que triunfar
De muchos afectos ciego ;
Aquel de uno solo : luego
Mas es el disimular.

Arfidas.

Mayores afectos miente,
Que el que siente un mal cruel,
Y le disimula, aquel
Que le dice, y no le siente.
Pruébale esto claramente,
Si un representante á oír
Vamos, porque persuadir
Nos hace entonces que amó,
Y un enamorado no :
Luego mas es el fingir.

Ulyses.

Yo siento esto.

Arfidas.

Estotro yo.

[*Meten mano á la espada.*

Circe.

¿ Qué es esto ? ¿ pues como así
Hablais delante de mí ?
Duelos del ingenio no
El acero los lidió :
Y así, para que salgamos
De la cuestion en que estamos,
Desde el empuñado acero
Hoy á la experiencia, quiero,
Que la duda remitamos.
Ulises no ama, y defiende
Que es mas zelar un ardor ;
Arfidas ama en rigor,
Y que es mas fingirle entiende ;
Y así mi ingenio pretende
La cuestion averiguar :
Los dos la habeis de mostrar

That the lover's is not so,
Witness sorrows that assemble,
Witness fears that make him tremble
For his leaguer'd hope nigh lost :
This fights one, but that a host ;
Then 'tis greater to dissemble.

Arfidas.

Hard albeit to conceal,
Yet 'tis false to say one feeleth
Equal heart-pangs who concealeth,
And who feigns but does not feel ;
This I prove by an appeal
To the actor's mimic pain ;
When we listen to his strain,
We believe his passion real,
Though we know 'tis all ideal ;—
Therefore greater 'tis to feign.

Ulyses.

This I feel.

Arfidas.

The other I.

[*They put their hands to their swords.*

Circe.

What is this ? and can it be
That you speak thus before me ?
With the sword we ne'er should try
Wit-jousts to conclude thereby.
Thus that we may pretermit
The dispute that here is knit,
Without clenching swords to aid it,
By a trial I'll evade it,
And refer the doubt to it.
Free of love, Ulysses holdeth
Harder 'tis to hide love's fire ;
Arfidas, who's all desire,
Thinks to feign, more pain enfoldeth.
Of the truth that each upholdeth
Thus I mean to manifest :—
Let the two be put to test

Hoy conmigo; y sin reñir,
 Tú, Ulises, has de fingir,
 Tú, Arfidas, disimular.
 Y el que en la experiencia hiciere
 Primera demostracion,
 Por premio de la cuestion
 Una rica joya espere.

Arfidas.

Mi amor aceptar no quiere
 El partido, pues la llama
 Ha de ocultar que le inflama;
 Y Ulises no ha de fingir,
 Pues nada finge en decir
 Que te ama, si te ama.

Circe.

Sospechas son de tus zelos,
 Y esto ha de ser.

Ulises.

Desde aqui
 Finjo ser tu amante.

Circe (aparte).

Afi
 Abran camino los cielos,
 Para explicar mis desvelos.

Arfidas.

Yo disimulo, que no
 Te quiero, pues me obligó
 Tu precepto.

Circe (aparte).

Esta fuerte
 Al uno y al otro advierte
 Mi amor lo que deseó.

Flérida (aparte á Circe).

Si le das á cada uno
 Un cuidado, ¿ cómo, ay Dios!
 Quieres, que yo tenga dos?
 Pues en mal tan importuno
 Son muchos cuidados uno.

In my person; uncomplaining
 Thou, Ulysses, play love's feigning;
 Arfidas, conceal thy best.
 And who better doth affect
 His assign'd part to-day,
 Guerdon of this mimic fray,
 A rich jewel may expect.

Arfidas.

My true love cannot accept
 A partition which concealeth
 What my burning heart revealeth.
 Light the part Ulysses playeth,
 Since he feigns not if he sayeth
 That he loves, when love he feeleth.

Circe.

This thy jealous thoughts betray;
 Be it so, howe'er it move thee.

Ulysses.

I henceforth pretend to love thee.

Circe (aside).

Heaven but point me out a way
 That to show I dare not say.

Arfidas.

I henceforth pretend that I
 Love thee not, and thus comply
 With thy precept.

Circe (aside).

In this fashion,
 I my heart's new waken'd passion
 Indicate to both thereby.

Flérida (aside to Circe).

If from thee in separate shares
 Each a single care must rue,
 Canst thou wish that I have two?
 Since in hapless love affairs
 One care holds a thousand cares.

Circe.

¿ Si ambos los has de tener,
 Quien te metió, di, en saber
 Cual de los dos en rigor
 Era cuidado mayor,
 Pues no habías de escoger ?

[*Quiere irse.*]*Arfidas.*

Circe se va, ingrata y bella,
 Y aunque su ausencia sentí,
 No la seguiré ; que así
 Disfimularé el querella.

Ulises.

Circe se ausenta ; tras ella
 Iré, aunque mi mal infiero,
 Por mostrarla que la quiero.

Circe.

¿ Dónde, Ulises, vas ?

Ulises.

Tras tí,

Que eres el sol, de quien fui
 Girasol ; vida no espero,
 Ausente tu roscier ;
 Y así tus reflejos figo.

Circe.

Arfidas, ven tú conmigo.

Arfidas.

Tengo otra cosa que hacer ;
 Perdona, no puede ser. [Vase.]

Circe (aparte).

Bien á los dos confidero
 En el combate primero.
 ; O si este amor, si este olvido,
 Uno no fuera fingido,
 Y otro fuera verdadero !

[*Vanse todos, y FLERIDA detiene
 á ULISES.*]*Flérída.*

¡ Oye, Ulises !

Circe.

If thou'rt forced the two to hold,
 Thou thereby art less controll'd ;
 What availeth thee to know
 Which care works the weightier woe,
 Since to choose thou art not told.

[*She is about retiring.*]*Arfidas.*

Circe goes, and though my trembling
 Heart may for her absence ache,
 I the cruel fair forsake,
 Thus my love of her dissembling.

Ulysses.

Circe goes, and I resembling
 One who 'neath some charm doth move,
 Follow her to show my love.

Circe.

Whither goest thou ?

Ulysses.

After thee,

Sun, whose sun-flower I must be ;—
 Till thy sweet light from above
 Dawns on me no life I know ;
 Therefore where thou shin'st, I go.

Circe.

Arfidas, come thou with me.

Arfidas.

Pardon me, it cannot be,
 I a different duty owe. [Exit.]

Circe (aside).

In this primal test the two
 Have the fight gone bravely through.
 Thus adored, and thus disdain'd,
 Would the real love were feign'd !
 And the feign'd love were but true !

[*Exeunt all but FLERIDA, who
 detains ULYSSES.*]*Flérída.*

List, Ulysses !

Ulyses.

¿Qué me quieres?

Flérida.

Estoy tan agradecida
A la deuda de mi vida,
Que hasta decirte, que eres
Quien hoy en ella prefieres
Sus sentidos, no tendré
Sofiego en ellos; porque
Es el agradecimiento
El mas preciso argumento
Para probar una fe.

Ulyses.

De tus penas obligado,
Decir puedo, y afligido,
Que antes de haberlas sabido,
Ya me habian lastimado.
No debes á mi cuidado
Lo que por tí no hice alli,
Cuando á la luz te volví;
Porque tú no tienes, no,
Que agradecer lo que yo
No supe que hacia por tí.
Ahora sí que debieras
Mi defeo agradecer,
Pues almas quisiera ser,
Para que tú las tuvieras.

Flérida.

Aunque acciones lisonjeras,
Agradezca su trofeo
Con mis brazos mi defeo:—

[Abrázale.

¡Yo misma de mí me admiro!

[aparte.

*[Al ir á darse los brazos salen por
dos puertas CIRCE y LISIDAS.*

Lísidás (Cada uno aparte).

¿Qué es esto, cielos, que miro?

Ulyses.

Call'st thou me?

Flérida.

Ah! the gratitude I'd show thee
For the debt of life I owe thee
Is so great, that, till to thee
I declare it openly,
I can find nor peace nor rest
In the senses thou hast blest;
Since a warm acknowledgment
Is the strongest argument
Of a true and faithful breast.

Ulyses.

Though thy pain's unnatural laws
Must have moved the faintest heart,
I can say their bitter smart
Pain'd me ere I knew their cause.
Then before you thank me, pause;
Thanks to me you do not owe,
Thanks you do not owe me, no,
For restoring you to light.
Service can at best be slight
Given to one we do not know.
Wouldst thou now my wishes meet,
Trust me, if that debt survives,
If I had a thousand lives,
I would lay them at thy feet.

Flérida.

Let this flattering act complete
What my words have fail'd to prove,
All my gratitude and love:—

[Embraces him.

Self-surprise amazeth me!

*[At the moment of their embracing,
CIRCE and LISIDAS appear at
different doors.*

Lyfidás (aside.)

What is this, O heavens! I see?

Circe.

¿Qué es esto, dioses, que veo?

*Lisidas.*El Griego Ulises es quien
Darme vida y muerte espera.*Circe.*Bien que fingiese quisiera,
No que fingiese tan bien.*Lisidas.*

Muerte mis zelos me den.

Circe.

¿Mas de qué debo quejarme?

Lisidas.¡La vida intenta quitarme,
Que me ha dado Ulises, cielos!
Porque darne vida y zelos,
No deja de ser matarme.*Flérida (á Ulises).*Estaré, como te digo,
De noche en este jardín,
Que cae sobre el mar, á fin
De que él solo sea testigo
Del afecto á que me obligo.*Ulises.*Flérida, no es grosería
Que responda la voz mia
Que no te ha de obedecer;
Pues es mas deaire ser
Amada por cortesía.
Yo he de fingir ser amante
De Circe, y no lo fingiera,
Si otro favor admitiera
Tan poco firme y constante.
No el desengaño te espante;
Que aunque de mi pensamiento
Otro haya sido el intento,
Cesó; que en el mal que sigo,
Solo el silencio testigo
Ha de ser de mi tormento. [*Vase.*]*Circe (afide).*

What a fight! ye powers above!

*Lyfidas (afide).*By the Greek Ulyffes' spell
Must I death as life attain?*Circe (afide).*Though I wish'd that you should feign,
Ah! you should not feign so well.*Lyfidas (afide).*

Jealousy doth ring my knell!—

Circe (afide).

Wherefore though should I complain?

*Lyfidas.*Heavens! Ulyffes would again
Of that life he gave deprive me!
Since 'tis worse than death to give me
Life so link'd with jealousy pain.*Flérida to Ulyffes.*I to-night will wait for thee
In the garden o'er the sea,
Since my grateful heart would only,
Of its utterance, have that lonely
Silent scene its witness be.*Ulyffes.*Lady, if my voice replieth
With refusal, it denieth
Not through want of courtesy,
Since affected love to thee
Far less courtesy implieth.
I, thou know'st, must feign to be
Circe's lover: 'twere not feigning,
If my suit to her disdainig,
I elsewhere should bend the knee;
Let my candour pain not thee:—
Other homage do I owe,
Other love I fain would show,
But unspoken must conceal.
Silence only, ah! I feel,
Must be witness of my woe! [*Exit.*]

Flérida.

No pudiera responder
Mas á mi contento nada ;
Pues de verme despreciada,
Soy la primera muger,
Que gusto llegó á tener.

Lísidas (aparte).

Qué espero? Mas ay de mí!
Que está Circe ingrata alli.
Ocañon esperaré
De quejarme, si podré.

Flérida.

¿ Aquí estás, señora?

Circe.

Sí.

Flérida.

¿ Luego ya bien entablado
Lo que me has mandado habrás
Visto?

Circe.

Sí, Flérida, y mas
De lo que te habia mandado.

Flérida.

Encarecí mi cuidado
Con afecto, ay de mí! cuanto
Supe.

Circe.

Deja afecto tanto,
Flérida, que amando muero ;
Y bien que lo finjas quiero,
Mas no que lo finjas tanto.
Demas, que si en los primeros
Lances pierdo los sentidos,
No quiero zelos fingidos,
Que sepan á verdaderos.
Tus afectos lisonjeros
Cesen, pues que su castigo
Fingido fue tal conmigo,
Que no digo su tormento ;

Flerida.

A more fortunate reply
Fate could never have devised!
Since to see myself despised
First of womankind am I
Who a pleasure feel thereby.

Lyfidas (aside).

Why delay? But, dire distress!
Circe's there, the mercilefs.
I a better time must plan
To expostulate, if I can.

Flerida.

Wert thou here, Señora?

Circe.

Yes.

Flerida.

Saw you then how I expended
All my art in the part I play'd
By your orders?

Circe.

You obey'd
Even more than I intended.

Flerida.

Woe is me! I thus offended,
Fancying that you wish'd for such
Feint of fondness.

Circe.

Cease! Thy touch
Ice-like chill'd my heart and brain ;
Ah! I die of love!—to feign?
Yes, but not to feign so much.
Nay, if thus I sadly rue
This first feint so unpropitious,
I desire not by fictitious
Jealousies to learn the true.
Cease then with fond wiles to woo,
Since I pay for thy appeal
With such feign'd pain, that I feel
Words are weak to speak my woe,

Y aun no cabe lo que siento
En todo lo que no digo. [*Vase.*]

Flérida.

¿Quién mas necio extremo vió?
¿Hay mas penas, que por mí
Pasen este instante?

Lífidas.

Sí;

Que aun ahora salto yo.
No, Flérida hermosa, no
Porque á quejarme me obligo,
Porque para mi castigo,
Que esto hable, que esto vea,
No quiero mas de que sea
Solo el silencio testigo.

Flérida.

Lífidas, si has escuchado
Lo que á Ulises dije aqui,
Tambien lo que Circe á mí
Es fuerza que hayas notado.
No lince para el cuidado,
Y ciego para el contento
Estés; que este fingimiento,
Si fue causa de mi engaño,
Tambien, tambien desengaño
Ha de ser de mi tormento.

Lífidas.

De un triste el rigor es tal,
Que, aunque mal y bien estên
Iguales, duda del bien
El crédito que da al mal.
Uno y otro en mí es mortal;
Y así, al bien y al mal atento,
Flérida, ausentarme intento
De aqueste monte cruel,
Que con ser tan grande, en él
Aun no cabe lo que siento. [*Vase.*]

Flérida.

Oye, escucha!—Mas ¡ay cielos!

Though my suffering doth outgrow
Even the all that I conceal. [*Exit.*]

Flérida.

Who has seen more wild conceit?
Can this moment bring excess
Of the pain I suffer?

Lífidas (advancing).

Yes;

Without me 'twere incomplete:
But I come not to repeat
Vain complaints, alas! not so,
Since, fair Flérida, I know
From the things I hear and see,
Silence only, woe is me!
Must be witness of my woe.

Flérida.

Lífidas, if audibly
What I told Ulysses floated
To thine ear, thou must have noted
Also Circe's words to me,
Be not then to misery
Lynx-eyed, and to joy but blind:—
If the part to me assign'd
Causes grief by its deceiving
Likewise too in undeceiving
Must I still my torment find.

Lífidas.

'Tis the torment of the sad,
That though good and evil should
Seem alike, they doubt the good,
And give credence to the bad.
Both a mortal anguish add
To my suffering, I would fain
Flérida forget the twain,
And this cruel mountain flee,
Which however vast it be
Cannot compass all my pain. [*Exit.*]

Flérida.

Listen! hear me!—But, ah me!

¿ Con qué podrán mis enojos
 Detenerle, si los ojos
 No pueden, que en sus desvelos
 Rémoras son de los zelos ?
 En vano, ay de mí ! le figo ;
 No á explicar mi mal me obligo,
 Pues que no cabe, no ignoro,
 Aun nada de lo que lloro,
 En todo lo que no digo. [*Vase.*]

MONTE.

Sale CLARIN.

Clarín.

Engañada Circe bella
 (Que en efecto las mugeres,
 Que faben mas en el mundo,
 Se engañan mas fácilmente),
 Agradecida me dijo
 Que á este monte me viniese,
 Y que en hallándome solo,
 A Brutamonte le diese
 Voces, que al instante el tal
 Brutamonte, sea quien fuere,
 Me traeria un gran tesoro.
 Solo estoy, ya no hay que espere.
 Brutamonte !—No responde ;
 Brutamonte !—No me entiende ;
 A tres irá la vencida :
 Brutamonte !

Sale BRUTAMONTE gigante.

Brutamonte.

Qué me quieres ?

Clarín.

Nada, si fuere posible,
 Es cuanto puedo quererte.

Brutamonte.

Ya me has llamado, y ya fé

How can all my tears and sighs
 Hold him here, when even the eyes
 Cannot do so, though we see
 Oft their light scares jealousy.
 It is vain, oh ! woe the day !
 To pursue him, vain to stay
 Doubts that o'er his heart are creeping,
 Let me then in silent weeping
 Wail the grief I must not say. [*Exit.*]

A MOUNTAIN.

Enter CLARIN.

Clarín.

Circe fair, by me deceived
 (Since 'tis easiest of all women
 To impose on those who are
 Wisest in all kinds of knowledge),
 Circe fair, as I have said,
 In a grateful moment told me
 To this mountain to repair,
 And to shout out Brutamonte
 When I found myself alone,
 And that he upon the moment
 Would, whoe'er he be, confer
 Some most precious gift upon me.
 I am now alone, why wait ?
 Brutamonte !—No responses ;
 Brutamonte !—No one hears me ;
 Third and last time,—Brutamonte !

Enter BRUTAMONTE, a giant.

Brutamonte.

At your service, what's your business ?

Clarín.

Nothing, faith, an it were only
 Possible to get away.

Brutamonte.

You have call'd me, and the object

A lo que vengo ; que es este
Recado que traigo.

Clarín.

¿ Y no

La señora Circe tiene
Otros pagecicos mas
Mañeros, que le trajesen ?
Porque para mí bastara
Menor seis varas, ó siete.

Brutamonte.

De mí se sirve, que soy
De Cíclopes descendiente,
Por mas magestad, y espero,
Antes que de aqui se ausenten
Los Griegos, vengar en todos
De Polifemo la muerte.

[*Sacan una arca dos animales.*

Clarín.

Poco hay que vengar en mí ;
Que yo no le toque, y siempre
Le tuve, viven los cielos !
Tanto miedo como este ;
Que otro hipóbole no sé,
Con que mas encarecerle.

Brutamonte.

Toma esta caja, que traigo
Para ú.

Clarín.

Bien.

Brutamonte.

Y agradece

A Circe, que su obediencia
Atadas mis manos tiene,
Para que no te arrebate
De un brazo, y contigo diese
De esotra parte del mar.

Clarín.

Lindo saque fuera ese ;

Of your coming I discover
By the dispatch I carry.

Clarín.

Can

Lady Circe have no other
Little page but you to run
On her errands through the forest ?
Quite enough for me were one
Who was six or seven yards shorter.

Brutamonte.

She makes use of me, who am
From the Cyclops sprung, to show her
Greater grandeur, and I hope,
Ere the Greeks depart these coasts here,
For the death of Polyphemus
To take vengeance on the whole herd.

[*Two animals draw in a chest.*

Clarín.

Little need you take on me :—
Since I never touch'd him, no then,
But the same fear felt, by Heaven !
Towards him then, that now comes o'er
me ;

I know no hyperbole
Better can my terror show thee.

Brutamonte.

See this chest I here have brought thee,
Take it.

Clarín.

Good.

Brutamonte.

And thank the goddess

Circe, that obedient duty
Unto her my strong hand holds here,
So that I do not uplift thee
With one arm, and hurl thee yonder
Far amid the whelming sea-waves.

Clarín.

What a game of ball, to hop there

Pero, aunque hiciera buen bote,
¿Quién de allá había de volverme?

Brutamonte.

Y si esto no hiciera, hiciera
Otra cosa.

Clarín.

Cuál?

Brutamonte.

Comerte

De un bocado.

Clarín.

Y aun no hubiera

Harto para untar un diente.

Brutamonte.

¡O llegue el día en que tenga
Esta licencia!

Clarín.

¡O no llegue

Nunca, sino despedido
En el camino se quede!

Brutamonte.

Toma la caja, y en ella
Hallarás mas que quisieres.

Clarín.

Un modo de despedirte
Quisiera hallar solamente.

Brutamonte.

Pues yo me voy.

Clarín.

Haces bien.—

¡Qué gigantes tan corteses [aparte.

En esta tierra se usan,

Que poquito se detienen
En conversaciones donde
Estorban!

Brutamonte.

Y cuantas veces

Me nombrares

Out so far! But, when I bounded
On the sea, who'd hit me home here?

Brutamonte.

If I didn't do that, I'd do
Something better.

Clarín.

What?

Brutamonte.

Just gobble

You up in a bit.

Clarín.

'Twould scarcely whet

One of your teeth, so small a morsel.

Brutamonte.

May the day come soon when I
Have that licence!

Clarín.

May it not then

Ever come, but rather founder
On the road before it comes here.

Brutamonte.

Take the chest, and you will find
In it more than you could covet.

Clarín.

How to get you to take leave
Is just now my only problem.

Brutamonte.

Then I go.

Clarín.

You do quite right;—

How obliging and how courteous [aside.

Are the giants of this country,
Who their visitations shorten,
When they find their conversation
Grows a bore!

Brutamonte.

And I, as often

As you call me

Clarín.

Qué?

Brutamonte.

Vendré

[*Vase.*]

A estos países á verte.

*Clarín.*Yo le ahorraré ese trabajo
Cuantas veces yo pudiere.—

Fuese? Parece que sí,

Aunque aqui no lo parece.

¿Pero de qué tengo miedo,

Si es humilde y obediente,

Un novicio de gigantes?

Y pues el tesoro viene,

¿Quién me mete en discurrir?

Tráigale quien le trajere.

¿Alto pues, abro la caja!

Que la llave en ella tiene.

¿Quién duda, que habrá diamantes

Como el puño, como nueces

Perlas, y como las bolas

De los bolos los claveques?

[*Abre la caja, y sale una Dueña.*]

Mas, cielos! qué miro?

Dueña.

Miras

A una mísera sirviente,

Que para servir de escucha,

Y hablar cuanto dijeres

De Circe, me manda que ande

Contigo acechando siempre.

Por eso en traje de dueña

Me envia, para que aceche.

Clarín.

¿Lindo tesoro de chismes

En la tal arca me viene!

¿Yo dueña, tras un gigante?

Aqui falta solamente,

Clarín.

Well?

Brutamonte.

Will come

Here to see you on the moment. [*Exit.*]*Clarín.*Well, that trouble I will spare you
Every time I can, good monfter.—

Has he gone? It seems he has,

Though perhaps it seems so only.

But what need I fear? He is

Mild and meek in his deportment,

Quite a novice among giants.

Since a treasure I have gotten,

'Bout the bearer, or the bringer

Why should I disturb my noddle?

Courage then! the chest I'll open.

With the key that's in the lock here,

Who can doubt that here are diamonds

Bigger than my fist, and whole heaps

Of large pearls like nuts, and gems

That like bowls roll o'er each other?

[*He opens the box, from which a**Duenna arises.*]

Heavens! what's this I see?

Duenna.

You see

A poor wretched servant body,

Who to play the part of spy,

And to tell what may be spoken

Against Circe, is commanded

Ever-listening to escort thee.

Since I'm sent to listen, I

Thus duenna-like am clothèd.

Clarín.

What a treasure-trove of rags

Have I in this chest discover'd!

First comes giant, then duenna:—

Now the thing that that's only wanted

Para que el triunfigurato
De caballeros noveles
Esté cabal, un enano.

Dueña.

Pues no faltará, si es efe
El defecto.—Brunelillo!
Sal al punto.

Sale un Enano.

Enano.

¿Qué me quieres,
Doña Brianda?

Clarín.

¿De dónde
Sales, átomo viviente?

Enano.

De mi casa, que lo es
Esta caja, donde siempre
Acuestas me has de traer.

Clarín.

¿Pues cómo aquí caber pueden
Un enano y una dueña,
Si cualquiera de ellos fuele
No caber en todo el mundo?

Dueña.

Brunelillo, gente viene,
Y no es justo que nos vean.—
Oye, dóblenos, y cierre
La caja.

Enano.

Circe lo manda,
Que siempre al hombro nos lleve,
Y lo que dijere oigamos.

Dueña.

Y aun mas de lo que dijere.
[*Métese en la caja y cierran.*

Clarín.

¿Señores, qué es lo que pasa
Por mí? qué tesoro es este?

To make all this transformation
(Like to a knight-errant novel)
Finish finely, is a dwarf.

Duenna.

Then if that be so, no longer
Need you wait.—Here! Brunelillo,
On the instant.

A Dwarf comes out.

Dwarf.

For what object,
Dame Brianda?

Clarín.

Where did you come from,
Living atom, pigmy wonder?

Dwarf.

From my mansion, which you see
Is this box, where on your shoulder
You must carry me henceforth.

Clarín.

How I marvel, can this box here
Hold a dwarf and a duenna,
When there's scarce for either of them
Room enough in all the whole earth?

Duenna.

Brunelillo, men come yonder,
And 'twere wrong that they should see us.
Hark you! fold us smooth, and cover
Up the chest.

Dwarf.

Remember, Circe
Bids you bear us on your shoulder,
And that what you speak we'll hear.

Duenna.

Ay, and more than will be spoken.
[*They enter the box, which closes.*

Clarín.

What on earth am I to do
With my treasure, good Señores?

Vive Júpiter ! que juntos
 A su cáscara fe vuelven.
 Aquí hay trampa, vive Dios !
 Mas no, en la caja no tienen
 Por donde haberse salido.
 ¿ Qué haré en confusión tan fuerte ?
 Si de Circe no obedezco
 El castigo que me ofrece,
 Otro mayor me dará,
 Si es que otro ser mayor puede
 Que levar la caja. Pues
 Ahora veo claramente,
 Por qué el gigante la trajo,
 Y los animales fuertes ;
 Porque cosa tan pesada,
 Como una dueña, no puede
 Sufriarla, sino un gigante
 Y dos bestias folamente.—
 ¿ Quién compra dueñas y enanos,
 Como peines y alfileres ?

Salé LEBREL.

Lebrel (Para sí).

¡ Que tal pensáse de mi
 Circe, y que á Clarin creyese !
 Huyendo vengo á este monte,
 Donde á los dioses pluguiese,
 Que al castigo, que me espera,
 Halláse donde esconderme.
 Pondré, que aquesta es la hora,
 Que está trazando de hacerme
 Sabandija destes montes,
 Gufarapo destas fuentes.
 Este es Clarin, y aquí dél
 Será razon que me vengue.—
 Huélgome de haberte hallado,
 Clarin.

Clarin.

Por mas que te huelgues,

Jupiter ! my precious gems
 In their casket now are cover'd :
 Oh ! there must be trap-doors here !
 Yet the box contains no open,
 Out through which they could have gone.
 In such strong fix, how comport me ?
 If the punishment rejecting
 Which to me hath Circe offer'd,
 She a greater one may give me,
 If a greater is concocted
 Than to bear this box. I now
 Clearly can explain the problem
 Why a giant had to draw it,
 And two beasts as big as oxen ;
 Since such heavy baggage is
 A duenna, that the strongest
 Giant and two beasts to match him
 Must unite them to uphold her.—
 Dwarfs ! Duennas ! come, who'll buy ?
 Like the man who pins and combs sells.

Enter LEBREL.

Lebrel (soliloquising).

Oh ! that thus could think of me
 Circe, and trust Clarin's nonsense !
 Flying do I seek this mountain,
 And its guardian gods invoke here,
 That I may perchance find shelter,
 From the wrath impending o'er me.
 Now I'll bet she's thinking how
 In the best way to transform me
 To a beetle of these mountains,
 To a wet worm of these ponds here.
 Here is Clarin, and here I
 Will revenge the wrong he has done me.
 Clarin, I'm o'erwhelm'd with joy
 To have met thee.

Clarin.

If thy load, then,

No tanto como me pesa.

Lebrel.

Que vengo á darte la muerte.

Clarín.

Yo vengo á darte la vida.

Lebrel.

De qué suerte ?

Clarín.

De esta suerte :

Circe, obligada de mí,

En esta caja me ofrece

Un tesoro, y yo con él

Pretendo satisfacerte ;

Porque si del bien hablar

El premio, Lebrel, es este,

Con dártelo á tí, tendrás

El premio, que tú mereces.

¿ Puedes obligarme á mas

De que todo te lo entregue ?

Toma la caja.

Lebrel.

No quiero,

Que todo á dárme lo llegues,

Sino, pues me desenojas,

Que partamos igualmente.

Clarín.

Pues llevarás la dueña,

Y yo el enano.

Lebrel.

¿ Qué quieres

Decir en eso ?

Clarín.

No sé,

Tú lo verás, si la abrieres.

[*Pone la caja en otra parte, y
ábrela* **LEBREL.**]

Lebrel.

Ponla aquí. Ya abierta está.

Is so great, mine's not less weighty.

Lebrel.

Since to kill thee I'm devoted.

Clarín.

And to give thee life am I.

Lebrel.

In what way ?

Clarín.

In *this* way, know then.

Circe being obliged to me,

In this chest to me has offer'd

A great treasure, which as thine

I'm determin'd to restore thee ;

Since, if it is the reward,

Friend Lebrel, of the civil-spoken,

By my giving it thee, thou'lt have

The reward thou'lt won so nobly.

Can you then oblige me more

Than I do in giving the whole heap ?

Take the chest.

Lebrel.

I do not wish you

To bestow the whole upon me ;

But since you've appeas'd my wrath,

Be one half to each allotted.

Clarín.

Then do *you* take the duenna,

And I'll take the dwarf.

Lebrel.

You mock me ;

What do you mean ?

Clarín.

I do not know ;

But you'll see all when you open.

[*He places the chest in another place,
and LEBREL opens it.*]

Lebrel.

Place it here, 'tis open now.

[Saca *LEBREL* todo lo que dice.

¡Qué joyas tan excelentes!

Clarín.

Son muy excelentes joyas

(Para el diablo, que las lleve.)

[*aparte.*

Lebrel.

Aquesta cadena cfojo,

Y esta para tí se quede.

Clarín.

Ca qué?

Lebrel.

Cadena; y ahora

Dé diamantes este Fénix

Para mí, y esta Sirena,

Toda de esmeraldas verdes,

Te dejo.

Clarín (aparte).

¡Viven los cielos,

Que es imposible, que hubiese

Diamantes donde hubo dueñas!

Lebrel.

Yo no quiero parecerte

Codicioso; esto me basta,

Lo demas es bien te deje.—

¿Quién no se defenajara [aparte.

Con tesoro como este?

A buscar á Libia voy,

Y á darla cuanto quisiere. [*Vase.*

Clarín.

O yo estoy borracho, ó yo

Sueño cosas diferentes,

O he perdido mi juicio,

O tengo un grande accidente,

O de Circe he hablado mal.

¡Que joyas hallar pudiese

[He takes out each article as he describes it.

Oh! what rich gems I behold here!

Clarín.

Very precious gems they are

(For the devil himself who bore them.)

[*afide.*

Lebrel.

I select this pretty chain,

And for you remains this other.

Clarín.

Pretty what?

Lebrel.

This pretty chain;

Now in turn to me belongeth

This resplendent diamond Phoenix,

And this Siren emerald brooch here,

I leave thee.

Clarín (afide).

Good gracious heavens!

Can it be that he discovers

Diamonds now where I found dwarfs?

Lebrel.

I don't wish that you suppose me

Greedy; so I've had enough:

Of the rest I make thee owner.—

Who would not forego his anger

[*afide.*

For a prize like this I hold here?

Libia now I go to seek,

And I'll give her what she chooses.

[*Exit.*

Clarín.

Either I am drunk, or I

Dream now this, and now the other;

Or I have my senses lost,

Or have got some grief in store yet,

Or 'gainst Circe wagg'd my tongue.—

Jewels how could *he* behold here,

Donde yo dueñas y enanos !
Mas yo las ví claramente,
Y supuesto que las hay,
Tomaré las que pudiere.

[*Sale la Dueña no mas del medio cuerpo.*

Dueña.

Señor, diga á Brunelillo
Vueña merced, que me deje
Hacer mi labor.

[*Sale el Enano.*

Enano.

Señor,
Dígala usted, que no llegue
A lamerme la merienda.

Dueña.

Tú mientes.

Enano.

Tú eres quien miente.
[*Aporréanse y búndense.*

Clarín.

¿ Qué es lo que pasa por mí ?
¿ Valedme, dioses, valedme !
¿ Esta traje Brutamonte ?

Sale BRUTAMONTE.

Brutamonte.

Qué me mandas ?

Clarín.

¿ Qué obediente

Es toda aquesta familia !
¿ Con la presteza que vienen
En llamándolos !—Señor
Brutamonte, á quien prospere
Júpiter con la salud,
Que fu gigantez merece,
Yo he visto la caja, y yo
Le ruego, que se la lleve.

Where I saw but dwarfs and damsels ?
But I saw the gems with open
Eyes, and now with open hands too
Shall I make a haul and bolt hence.

[*The Duenna arises half her height in the box.*

Duenna.

Speak to Brunelillo, Sir,
Bid him leave me at my work here
Quietly, your worship.

[*The Dwarf rises up.*

Dwarf.

Sir,

Tell her not to spoil my posset,
Please your worship, with her licking.

Duenna.

Oh ! a lie.

Dwarf.

On thy side only.
[*They beat each other, and sink down.*

Clarín.

What, oh ! what fate will befall me ?
Help me ! help me ! all ye Gods here.
Was it this brought Brutamonte ?

Enter BRUTAMONTE.

Brutamonte.

What are your commands ?

Clarín.

The promptness
Of the family's surprising !
With what quickness they all hop here
When you call them !—Brutamonte,
Noble Sir, whom Jove may prosper
With sufficiency of health
For your giantship's big body,
I have seen the chest, and I
Ask thee now to take it home hence ;

Quédefe para señores
 Esto de traftos vivientes;
 Que no he menefter alhajas,
 Que coman, y no aprovechen.

Brutamonte.

¿Para efo fe llama á un hombre
 Como yo? Eftoy por hacerle

Clarín.

Por defhacerme dirá.

Brutamonte.

Piezas; y fi le fucedo
 Llamarme otra vez

Clarín.

No hará.

Brutamonte.

Por Júpiter! que le eche
 Tan alto de un puntapie,
 Que cuando á los cielos llegue,
 Ya llegue muerto de hambre;
 Y vuelva, fi acafo vuelve,
 De los pájaros comido.

[*Vafe.*

Clarín.

¡Puntapie bien excelente!
 ¿Dónde le hacen puntapies?
 No sé, vive Dios! que hacerme
 Entre los tres enemigos
 Del cuerpo.

Salen ASTREA, LIBIA y LEBREL.

Lebrel.

Un instante breve
 Habrá, que le dejé aqui
 Con las joyas.

Astrea.

Tiempo es efte
 De buscarle, que eíta rico.
 Ven, Libia, conmigo á verle.

Living lumber like to this
 May be fit for grand señores,
 But fine furniture that eats,
 And is ufelefs, I don't covet.

Brutamonte.

Is't for this, a man like me
 Thou dar'ft call on? I am prompted . . .

Clarín.

To do fomething pleafant, doubtlefs.

Brutamonte.

To make bits of thee; another
 Time if thou doft call

Clarín.

I won't then.

Brutamonte.

By great Jove! fo high I'll tofs thee
 With a kick, that when thou reacheft
 The remote celeftial bodies,
 Thou'lt have long fince died of hunger;
 And thou'lt drop, if e'er thou droppeft,
 On the earth, by birds half eaten.

[*Exit.*

Clarín.

Kick fupreme! of kicks the model!
 Where are fuch kicks to be purchafed?
 I know not, as God's above me,
 What to do againft thefe three foes
 Of my body.

Enter ASTREA, LIBIA, and LEBREL.

Lebrel.

Scarce a moment
 Is it fince I left him here
 With the jewels.

Astrea.

Then 'tis proper
 That we feek him, fince he is rich.
 Libia, come, let's feek our old friend.

Libia.
Aquí está.—Clarín, qué hay ?
Lebrel.
De qué suspiras ?
Astrea.
 Qué tienes ?
Clarín.
Tengo dueña, tengo enano,
Y tengo gigante.
Astrea.
 Vuelve,
Y dinos, qué es eso ?
Clarín.
 Es
La dueña, que me atormente,
El enano, que me valga,
Y el gigante, que me lleve.

Astrea.
Estás loco ?
Clarín.
A Dios pluguiera !
Astrea.
¿ Qué modo de hablarme es ese ?
De otra manera Lebrel
A Libia habla, adora y quiere ;
Pues una joya la ha dado,
Y tu ninguna me ofreces
De tantas.

Clarín.
 Déjame, Astrea,
Y no de joyas me tientes,
Que me harás desespérer,
Si á hablar mas en eso vuelves.

Voces (dentro).
Por acá, por acá !
Circe (dentro).
 Sube,
Remontada garza, á hacerte

Libia.
Here he is.—How goes it, Clarín ?
Lebrel.
Why thus sigh ?
Astrea.
 What hast thou got there ?
Clarín.
I've a dwarf here, a duenna,
And a giant also.

Astrea.
 Nonsense,
Tell us what it is.
Clarín.
 It is
The duenna who's my torment,
'Tis the dwarf with whom I'm blest'd
fo,
'Tis the giant sworn to flog me.

Astrea.
Are you mad ?
Clarín.
I would I were so !
Astrea.
What a way is this to have spoken !
In another style Lebrel
Speaks to Libia, worships, loves her,
Since a jewel he has given her ;
And to me not one thou'st offer'd
Of so many.

Clarín.
 Cease, Astrea !
And on jewels touch no longer,
Since you'll drive me to despair,
If again you harp upon them.

Voices (within).
Hither ! hither !—
Circe (within).
 Upward fill,
Soaring heron, and transform thee

Estrella viva de pluma.

Astrea.

Circe es esta, que aqui viene ;
Yo no quiero que me vea.

Lebrel.

¡ A Júpiter para siempre !

[*Vanse LIBIA, ASTREA y LEBREL.*]

Sale CIRCE.

Circe.

Por ver si Ulises me figue,
Me he perdido de mi gente,
Y dejando á un tronco atado
Ese zéfiro obediente,
Que fatigué, he de esperar
Entre estos álamos verdes.—
Quién está aqui ?

Clarín.

Un mentecato,

Un fucio, un impertinente,
Un necio, un loco, un menguado,
Y un cuanto vusted quisiere.
Sáqueme, por Dios ! de dueñas,
De hombres largos, y hombres breves,
Aunque me convierta en mona.

Circe.

Yo lo haré, si eso pretendes.

Clarín.

No me tome la palabra
Tan presto, si le parece.

Circe.

Y porque me debas mas
Que otros, que mi voz convierte,
Haré, que tengas tu voz
Y tu entendimiento. Vete
De aqui.

To a living star of plumes !

Astrea.

Circe's voice ! this way she cometh :
Here I would not have her see me.

Lebrel.

Jove ! nor I upon the whole earth !

[*Exeunt LIBIA, ASTREA, and LEBREL.*]

Enter CIRCE.

Circe.

To discover if Ulysses
Follows, from my train I've lost me,
And unto a tree-trunk tying
My obedient zephyr courser,
Wearied with the chafe, I'll wait here
Underneath these dark green poplars.—
Who is there ?

Clarín.

A simple ninny,

A poor moon-calf, a big blockhead,
A born fool, an ass, a madman,
And what else your worship chooses.
Free me, God's life ! from duennas,
From these tall men, from these short
men,

Though you make of me a monkey.

Circe.

So I'll do, since you have told me.

Clarín.

Do not take me at my word
Quite so quickly, I implore thee.

Circe.

And that you may owe me more
Than the others I transform here,
I will leave to you your senses
And your voice. And now begone
hence,
Quick !

Clarín.

No lo dije yo

Por tanto.

Circe.

Un punto no esperes.—

Hafta mirarse á un espejo, [*aparte.*
Ya en fu forma no ha de verse.

Clarín.

Si es que mona me has de hacer,
Solo quiero merecerte,
Que fea mona de lo caro,
Mas que dormilona, alegre.—
Hombres monas, presto habrá
Otro mas de vuestra especie. [*Vase.*

*Salé ULÍSES.**Ulises.*

Por mas que te he seguido,
Corto el aliento de efe bruto ha sido,
Si bien con harto rastro te seguía,
Pues llevabas por señas todo el dia.

Circe.

De la caza cansada,
A este apacible sitio retirada
Me vine. Qué has volado?

Ulises.

Un deseo, ay de mí! tan remontado,
Que oíó con alto vuelo
Calaré entre las nubes de algun cielo,
Donde al fuego vecino,
Con ligereza suma,
Abrafada la pluma,
Subió deseo, y mariposo vino.

Clarín.

In faith, I didn't mean it
Seriously.

Circe.

Don't wait a moment.—

Till he looks into a mirror, [*aside.*
He his own shape won't recover.

Clarín.

If a monkey you will make me,
Let me for this favour hope then,
That you make a nice ape of me,
Brisk and lively, and no snorer.—
Monkey-men there, soon you'll have
One more member of your order.

[*Exit.**Enter ULYSSES.**Ulyses.*

The quicker was my speed,
The quicker fail'd the hot breath of my
feed,
Following thy track along the devious
way,
Since in thy flight thou hast outtripp'd
the day.

Circe.

Aweary with the chase,
To this retired and sylvan-shaded place
I came. Say, what has risen?

Ulyses.

A fond desire, ah me! from out its
prison,
Which dared in lofty flight
To pierce the clouds of one sweet hea-
ven so bright,
That from the glowing sky
Through which it soar'd a passion-wing'd
desire,
With plumage all afire,

Circe.

¿ De la caza, pregunto, qué has volado ?

Ulysses.

En ella te respondo, que un cuidado.

Circe.¿ Pues cómo á mí en sentido
Equívoco respondes atrevido ?*Ulysses.*Como pienso que sabes, que esta culpa
Anticipada tiene la disculpa.*Circe.*

Ah sí, no me acordaba

Ulysses (aparte).

Yo estoy loco.

Circe.

De la porfía de hoy.

Ulysses (aparte).

Ni yo tampoco.

Circe.

Qué dices ?

Ulysses.

Que por ella me atrevia.

Circe.

Por ella ?

Ulysses.

Sí.

Circe (aparte).

¡ O mal haya la porfía !—

Mas pues fingidos son estos extremos,
Hablemos en la caza sola.*Ulysses.*

Hablemos.

Luego que tú te retiraste de una

Fell back to earth, a flame-singed butterfly.

*Circe.*I spoke of hawking, when I ask'd, What
rofe ?*Ulysses.*

And I replied, a woe of tenderest woes.

*Circe.*Why thus forgetful of my dignity,
Dost thou still make equivocal reply ?*Ulysses.*Because I thought the task thyself had
given,
Might have supposed such fault would
be forgiven.*Circe.*

Ah! yes, I had forgotten

Ulysses (aparte).

I am mad.

Circe.

To-day's dispute.

Ulysses (aparte).

'Twere better that I had.

Circe.

What do you say ?

Ulysses.

'Twas that impell'd my suit.

Circe.

That only ?

Ulysses.

Yes.

Circe (aparte).

Accur'd be the dispute!—

Well, since these feignings but false
flatteries seek,

Let us speak of the chase alone.

Ulysses.

So let us speak:—

You scarce had gone, when near

Guarnecida laguna,
 Espejo de la hermosa primavera,
 Se remontó una garza, que altanera
 Tanto á los cielos sube,
 Que fue á un tiempo aqui pájaro, allí
 mube ;
 Y entre el fuego y el viento,
 Arbitro igual, (o válgome su aliento !)
 De fuerte se interpuso, que las alas
 En la diáfana esfera, en la suprema,
 O las hiela, ó las quema,
 Cuando las enarbola, ó las abate,
 Tan á compas entre las dos las bate,
 Que aqui elevadas é inclinadas luego,
 Aqui dan en el aire, allí en el fuego.
 Geroglífico era
 La garza entre la una y otra esfera
 De alguno, que aqui osado, allí cobarde,
 Se hiela á un tiempo, y arde,
 Y entre el aire y el fuego se embaraza.

Circe.

Éso no es de la caza.

Ulyses.

Es de la pena mia,
 Que es en parte tambien volatería.

Circe.

Hubírame ofendido,
 Si no supiera, Ulyses, que es fingido.

Ulyses (aparte).

¡ A Júpiter pluguiera !

The margin of a lake, that crystal-clear
 Seem'd a smooth mirror for the beauteous
 Spring,
 A heron rose, so sudden its quick wing
 Bore it amid the sky elate and proud,
 That at one moment it was bird and
 cloud,
 And 'twixt the wind and fire,
 (Would that such courage had my heart's
 desire !)
 So interposed itself, that its bold wings
 Wheeling alternate near,
 Now the diaphanous, now the higher
 sphere,
 Were burnt or froze,
 As down they sank or upward soaring
 rose,
 In all the sickleness of fond desire,
 Now in the air and now amid the fire.
 An emblem as it were,
 This heron was, betwixt each opposite
 sphere,
 Of one who is both cowardly and bold,
 Can burn with passion, and yet freeze
 with cold,
 And 'twixt the air and fire still doubts
 his place.

Circe.

You speak not of the chase.

Ulyses.

I speak of my heart's care,
 Which seems a quarry for each fond
 despair.

Circe.

This would have offended me again,
 Did I not know, Ulyses, that you
 feign.

Ulyses (aside).

Ah ! would to Jupiter, 'twere so.

Circe (aparte).

¡ Pluguiera al cielo, ay Dios! que no lo fuera!

Y pues que solo estás aquí conmigo,
No finjas, y profigue.

Ulyses.

Ya profigo.

Atomo ya la garza apenas era,
Cuando, defenhetrada la cimera
Que el capirote enlaza,
Mi mano un gerifalte defembraza,
A quien, porque en prision no se pre-
fuma,
La pluma le halagaba con la pluma,
Y él, como hambriento estaba,
Duro el laton del cascabel picaba.
Apenas á la luz restituidos
Se vieron otro y él, cuando atrevidos,
Cuanta estacion vacía
Palestra es de los átomos del dia,
Corren los dos por páramos del viento,
Y en una y otra punta,
Este se aleja, cuando aquel se junta;
Y el bajel ceniciento
(Que bajel ceniciento entonces era
La garza, que velera
Los piélagos fulcó de otro elemento)
Librarfe determina diligente,
Aunque navega sola,
Hechos remos los pies, proa la frente,
La vela el ala, y el timon la cola.
¡ Miserá garza, dije, combatida
De dos contrarios! bien, bien de mi vida
Imágen eres, pues fitiar la veo
De uno y otro deseo.

Circe (aside).

Ah! would to Heaven, 'twere other-
wife I know!—

And since you're here alone with me,
you need
Not further feign; proceed.

Ulysses.

I thus proceed:—

Scarce had the heron dwindled to a speck
On the far sky, when from about the neck
Of a gerfalcon I unloosed the band
Which held his hood; a moment on
my hand
I soothed the impatient captive, his dark
brown
Proud feathers smoothing with caressings
down;
While he, as if his hunger did surpass
All bounds, pick'd sharply on his bells
of brass.
Scarce were they back restored to light,
He and another, when in daring flight
They scaled heaven's vault, the vast
void space where play
In whirling dance the mote-beams of
the day,
Then down the deserts of the wind they
float,
And up and down the sky
One flies away as the other swoopeth
nigh;
And then the ashen-colour'd boat
(An ashen-colour'd boat it surely were,
That heron, that through shining waves
of air
Furrow'd its way to fields remote)
Resolving to be free and not to fail,
Although alone it saileth now,
Of feet made oars, of curved beak a prow,

Circe.

Ahora disculparte no has podido,
Pues yerras, si es fingido, ó no es fingido.

Ulyses.

Si puedo ; fer tu amante no fingiera,
Si á la primera vez te obedeciera.—
A uno pues, y otro embate,
Coge las alas, ó las velas bate,
Y poniendo debajo de la una
La cabeza, se deja á su fortuna
Venir á pique, cuando
Nos pareció caer revoloteando
Una encarnada estrella,
Y los dos gerifaltes siempre en ella.
Si ejemplo eres, o tú, á mi pensamiento,
Sé tambien escarmiento,
Y no me ofrezcas esperanza alguna,
Si ha de defengañarme tu fortuna.

Circe.

Aunque sea fingido, todavía
Es ya en ofensa mia,
Pues si te habia mandado
Fingir antes de ahora tu cuidado,
Tambien te mandé ahora
A folas no fingirle.

Sails of its wings, and rudder of its tail ;—
Poor wretched heron, said I then, thy
frife

'Gainst two opposing ills, are of my life
Too true an image ; since it is to-day
Of two distinct desires the hapless prey.

Circe.

Now thou canst not excuse thee, since
'tis plain
Thou offendest, whether thou feignest,
or don't feign.

Ulyses.

I can ; thy lover's part I would badly play,
If at thy first command I could obey.—
'Gainst this, 'gainst that, as either doth
assail,

It furl'd its wing, and droop'd its lan-
guid sail,
And placing its dazed head beneath the
one,

Trusting to fortune, like a plummet-stone
Straight down it fell, we looking, from
afar

Saw it descending, an incarnate star
Through the dark sky,
With the pursuing falcons ever nigh.
O thou ! if thou'rt the image of my
thought,

Be thou a warning too, with wisdom
fraught,

Let no delusive hope by thee be shown,
If in thy fate I must foresee my own.

Circe.

Though this be feigning, it offends no
less,

Than if the feigning were all truthfulness ;
Since if I bade thee feign,
At another time, the lover's anxious pain,
I also bade thee now not feign again,

Ulyses.

Pues, señora,

Si tu castigo espero,
Siendo fingido, y siendo verdadero,
De verdadero ya el castigo pido,
Pues solo esto es fingido en ser fingido.

Circe.

¿Cómo, di, tan osado
Respondes?

Ulyses.

Como estoy desesperado.

Circe.

¿Cómo tan atrevido
Te desvaneces

Ulyses.

Como estoy perdido.

Circe.

A hablarme desta suerte?

Ulyses.

Como finjo quererte.

Circe.

¿Luego aqueſto es fingido todavía?

Ulyses.

No, señora.

Circe (aparte).

¡O bien haya la porfía!—

Ulises, aunque fuera
Justo, que de escarmiento te sirviera
Tu osadís, conviene
Disfimilar, porque la gente viene,
Que hasta aquí me ha seguido;
En su fuerza se quede lo fingido.

Since we are here alone.

Ulyſſes.

O Lady! then

If I alike thy chastisement must rue,
Whether my passionate speech be feign'd
or true;

Then let the true be punish'd or disdain'd,
Since it is only feign'd in being feign'd.

Circe.

How hast thou, say, such courage as to dare

So bold a reply?

Ulyſſes.

Because I must despair.

Circe.

Why thus presuming to the uttermost,
Venturest thou now again

Ulyſſes.

Because I am lost.

Circe.

To speak though I reprove thee?

Ulyſſes.

Because I feign I love thee.

Circe.

Is this then also feign'd as was thy suit?

Ulyſſes.

Señora, no.

Circe (aside).

Oh! blest be the dispute!—

Ulyſſes, though it were
But just, that thou shouldst pay by thy
despair

For thy presumption; still it needs that
we

Dissemble, since my people seeking me
Have hither come; thus there is no
resource,

And the command to feign must still
remain in force.

Salen todos, excepto CLARIN.

Arfidas (aparte).

Aunque en tantos desvelos
Mis agravios se valgan de mis zelos,
No darne intentaré por entendido.
; Mas cómo disimula un ofendido ?
Volverme es ya mostrar mi sentimiento ;
Despejo quiero hacer de mi tormento.—
Siguéndote, señora, con tu gente
Por la florida márgen desta fuente
Vine, que ella pautada de colores,
Las señas de tu pie daba con flores.

Circe.

Hácia esta parte vine,
Porque es donde la cena ahora previne.

Lebrel.

; Qué bien, qué bien me suena
Esta palabra, cena!
Mas no veo entre ramas, ni entre flores
Meñas, ni aparadores,
Ni ocupada en doméstico trabajo
A la familia de escalera abajo
Cruzar muy diligente.

Circe.

Todos os id sentando brevemente,
Porque en el campo todos
Cenemos juntos, y de varios modos
Se sirvan las viandas.—
; Hola, la mesa !

Lebrel.

Dime, á quién lo mandas ?

Enter all, except CLARIN.

Arfidas (afide).

Although these watchings bring no ease
Unto my wrongful pangs but jealousies,
Still I would feel as if I did not feel them ;
But how can *he* who knows his wrongs
conceal them ?

Now to turn back would all my wounds
lay bare,
And so I'll mask them with this light-
some air.

Lady, I've follow'd with thy people here
Unto this flower-encinctured fountain
clear,
Whose margin, colour'd by its crystal
flowers,
Gave us the impress of thy feet with
flowers.

Circe.

I led unto this shade,
As here I order'd supper to be laid.

Lebrel.

Supper! delicious word!
Oh! how my heart by the sweet sound
is stirr'd!
But beneath the boughs, nor on the lea,
Tables nor sideboards can I see,
Nor on needful house affairs
The family down-stairs
Bufling about all busy and all heated.

Circe.

Here I desire that you would all be seated,
Since in the open field shall we
Together sup, and with variety
Of meats be served; and so as time is
pressing,
The table there!—

Lebrel.

Now who are you addressing ?

Circe.

A quien ya me ha entendido.

[*Por debajo del tablado sale una mesa muy compuesta y con luces, y siéntanse ULISES, CIRCE, y ARSIDAS, y los demas en el suelo.*]

Lebrel.

Linda mesa, pardiez! nos ha venido.
 ¿No me dirás, si desto no te pesa,
 Cuanto habrá que sembraron esto mesa?

Circe.

¡Hola, cantad! cantad, y divertido
 Uno y otro sentido
 Esté con las viandas y las voces,
 Que fueren en los zéfiros veloces.

[*Canta la Música.*]*Música.*

Olvidado de su patria,
 En los palacios de Circe
 Vive el mas valiente Griego,
 Si, quien vive amando, vive.

*Tocan dentro cojas y sale LIBIA.**Circe.*

¿Pero qué es esto que escucho?

Ulises.

¿Pero qué es esto que oigo?

Flérida.

¿Qué es esto, cielos, que veo?

Arsidas.

¿Qué es esto, cielos, que noto?

Circe.

¿Qué bélico estruendo, qué
 Marcial ruido, qué alboroto
 Deja la luz del sol ciega,

Circe.

One who can understand me, do not fear.

[*A table rises from the ground, well furnished, and with lights. CIRCE, ULYSSES, and ARSIDAS seat themselves at it, the others on the grass.*]

Lebrel.

Jove! what a crop of table springeth
 here!
 Will you not tell me though, if you are
 able,
 How long it took the sowing of this table?

Circe.

Sing, sing! and with the influence
 Of music please a double sense,
 Let voice to voice replying
 Blend with the zephyrs o'er our banquet
 flying. [*Music within.*]

Song.

Native land and home forgetting,
 In the palace-halls of Circe
 Lives the bravest Grecian hero;
 If he lives, who loving, liveth.

*A sound of drums is heard from within,
 and LIBIA enters.*

Circe.

But what noise is this I hear?

Ulysses.

But what sound is this that stirs me?

Flérida.

What, O heavens! must I behold?

Arsidas.

Heavens! to what strain must I listen?

Circe.

Say, what warlike clangour, what
 Martial noise is this that filleth
 Heaven with darkness, blinds the fun,

Y el eco del aire fardo ?

Libia.

Ese fiero Brutamonte,
Ese gigante furioso,
Que preso, señora, tienes,
Por guarda de tus hermosos
Jardines, porque no robe
Nadie sus manzanas de oro,
Ofendido que á los Griegos
Blanda paz y suave ocio
En tus palacios divierta,
Olvidados de sí propios,
Habiendo sido homicidas
De Polifemo, que afombro
Era monitruo de los hombres,
Y era hombre de los monstros :
Comunero de tu imperio,
Para vengarse de todos,
Convocó del Lilibeo
Cuantos Cíclopes famosos,
Espurios hijos del sol,
Hoy viven de darle enojos ;
Y dándoles paso al Flegra
Brutamonte cauteloso,
Vienen contra tí en escuadras
Mal ordenadas, de modo,
Que viendo vagar los riscos,
Discurrir los promontorios,
Parece que aquellos montes
Descienden unos de otros,
A cuyo estrépito, á cuyas
Voces y suspiros roncós,
El sol se turba, y del cielo
Caducan los ejes rotos.

Circe.

¡ Ay de mí, en qué gran peligro
Estoy ! en qué grande ahogo !

And the deafen'd echo dinneth ?

Libia.

That ferocious Brutamonte,
That gigantic form of grimness,
Whom, a captive, lady, thou
Makest guardian of the richness
Of thy gardens fair, that none
May their golden apples pilfer,
Being offended that the Greeks,
Gentle peace, and rest, and mirth, here
In thy palaces enjoy,
Home-forgetting, and when drifted
Here erewhile, that they had slain
Polyphemus, who was mingled
Man and monster—man 'mongst
monsters,
And a monster 'mong man's kindred,
Now a rebel of thy realm,
In revenge his foes to kill here,
Hath convoked from Lilybœum
All the famous spurious children
Of the sun, the giant Cyclops,
Who in spite of thee still live here.
By the cunning Brutamonte
They through Phlegra's pass admitted,
Come against thee in disorder'd
Squadrons, so that up the cliffs here
Climbing, o'er the promontories
Striding, each huge bulk uplifted
'Gaint the sky, they look like moun-
tains
O'er each other roll'd and rifted,
At whose clamour, at whose tumult,
Hoarse halloos, and hollow whispers,
The sun groweth dark, and downward
Fall heaven's axes crack'd and shiver'd.

Circe.

Woe is me ! in what great danger
Am I ! oh ! how I'm afflicted !

Ulyses.

Dadme mis armas, que yo
Saldré á recibirlos solo ;

Arfidas.

No temas, que yo á tu lado
Te defenderé de todo ;

Ulyses.

Porque para mi valor
Son tantos Cíclopes pocos.

[ULÍSES *va hácia afuera*, y AR-
SIDAS *acude á CIRCE.*

Arfidas.

Porque no quiero mas vida,
No, que morir á tus ojos.

Lebrel.

Como y cordelejo, dicen,
Que es en el mundo uno propio ;
Mas la cena que esperaba
Es cordelejo, y no como.

Circe.

¡ Deteneos, deteneos !
Que este aparato ruidoso
Solo ha sido ma experiencia,
Exámen ha sido solo,
Para ver, cual de los dos
En un peligro notorio
Acudia á sus afectos
Mas noble y mas generoso ;
Y así en campañas del aire
Fantásticas huestes formo.

Arfidas.

Pues si ha sido esto experiencia,
Yo soy el que me coronó
Vencedor, y el que merezco,
Circe, tu favor hermoso,
Ya pue Ulyses, acudiendo
A sus armas tan heróico,
Dejó de mostrarle amante,
Pues en riesgo tan forzoso,

Ulyses.

Bring me here my arms, for I
Shall go forth and meet them singly ;

Arfidas.

Do not fear, for at thy side
I shall guard thee from all ills here

Ulyses.

Since for valour such as mine
All the Cyclops' strength seems little.

[ULYSSES *goes to the side*, and AR-
SIDAS *approaches CIRCE.*

Arfidas.

Since I only wish for life,
That thou may'st my death here witness.

Lebrel.

Mirth is just as good as meat,
So they say, but all within me
Yearneth for the missing supper
As the fitter thing to fill me.

Circe.

Stay ! oh, stay here ! stay ! oh, stay here !
For this seeming sound that stirs thee,
Is but an experiment,
Is but only a flight trial,
To discover, of the two,
Which of you in dangerous risks here,
Would more generously, more nobly
Show the love that in him liveth ;
Therefore on the fields of air
Have I phantom hosts depicted.

Arfidas.

Then if this has been a trial,
I am he, who, as the victor,
Crown me, as the one who merits
Thy divinest favour, Circe,
Since Ulyses when he hurried
Hero-like to his arms so swiftly,
Ceased to show himself thy lover,
Since in such a needful risk, he

No acudió luego á fu dama,
Que en un amante es impropio.

Ulyses.

Que acudí á las armas mías,
No niego; pero tampoco
Niego, que de amante ha sido
El afecto mas forzoso;
Porque si tomo mis armas,
Para defenfa las tomo
Suya.

Arfidas.

Nunca en un acafo
Está el discurso tan pronto,
Que espere á causa segunda;
Lo primero es lo mas propio:
A las armas fuiste, luego
Ya perdiste.

Ulyses.

De ese modo

Tú tambien; pues si me acufas
De poco amante, de poco
Fino, porque no acudí
A Circe, con eso propio
Te convenzo, pues que tú
Acudiste á sus enojos,
Y ya te mostraste amante.

Arfidas.

Si las nobles leyes noto
De caballería, acudir
A las damas es forzoso;
Y así, como caballero,
No como amante, socorro
A Circe.

Ulyses.

En las de milicia

Es ley, siempre que armas oigo,
Acudir á tomar armas;
Y así, con valor heróico,
Yo, soldado, caballero

Did not hasten to his lady,
As a lover would from instinct!

Ulyses.

That I hurried to my armour
I admit, but unadmitted
Is it, that in this, my action
From a lover's impulse differ'd,
Since if I took arms, it was
But in her defence I girt me
With them.

Arfidas.

Ne'er in sudden need
Can the reason have such quickness
As to think of second causes;
The first impulse is the fittest.
To your arms you went, and therefore
You've already lost.

Ulyses.

In this way,

Have you also; since if *me*
Thou dost charge with showing little
Love-zeal, for my not approaching
Circe, I can now convict thee
On thine own ground, since thou hast
Sought her, though it was forbidden
To avow thyself her lover.

Arfidas.

If I understand the firmest
Law of knighthood, 'tis to succour
Ladies when some wrong afflicts them,
Therefore it was not as lover,
But as cavalier, that Circe
I thus guarded.

Ulyses.

In war's code too,

'Tis the law, that when the first peal
Calls to arms, we then should arm us;
And thus, valorous, as befits me,
I, as soldier, knight, and lover,

Y amante, he acudido á todo.

Arfidas.

Ya sé, que por la elocuencia
Has de quedar siempre airoso ;
Que no heredaras de Aquiles
El grabado arnes de oro,
Si por el valor humbiera
De dárselo á Telamonio.

Ulyses.

El valor le mereció ;
Y ahora verás si es forzofo,

[*Saca la espada.*]

Pues de esa voz en ofensa,
El Flegra volará en polvo.

Arfidas.

Primero arderá en cenizas
Con el fuego de mis ojos,
Porque á los dos de Trinacria
Volcanes se añadan otros.

[*Saca la espada.*]

Circe.

Pues qué es esto ? ¿ en mi presencia
Sacais el acero ? cómo ?

Arfidas.

Tu respeto me perdone.

Ulyses.

Perdóneme tu decoro.

Arfidas.

Que no hay respeto con zelos.

Ulyses.

Ni decoro con oprobios.

Lebrel.

En mi vida me hallé en cena,
Que no parafe en lo propio.

Ulyses.

Aqui de Grecia !

Arfidas.

¡ Y aqui

Wholly have myself acquitted.

Arfidas.

Yes I know, thy eloquence
Ever proveth thee keen-witted,
Else thou hadst not won the golden
Graven armour of Achilles,
Which had been the Telamonian's,
If to valour it were given.

Ulyses.

'Twas by valour it was won,
This thou'lt own when thou dost wit-
ness

Phlegra into dust down shaken
By my voice in anger listéd.

[*Draws his sword.*]

Arfidas.

By the fire-flames from mine eyes,
It will first be burnt to cinders,
As if two volcanoes more,
With Trinacrias two, were lit here.

[*Draws his sword.*]

Circe.

How is this ? and in my presence
Dar'st thou draw thy sword ? can this be ?

Arfidas.

May the respect that's due thee, pardon.

Ulyses.

May thy due deserts forgive me.

Arfidas.

Since respect no jealous heart knows.

Ulyses.

No desert makes insult stingless.

Lebrel.

Never in my life, a supper
Have I waited for, like this here.

Ulyses.

Here for Greece !

Arfidas.

And here, on my side

De Trinacria! Que aunque solo
Me ves, mis vasallos fon
Efos brutos y efos troncos.—
; Fieras de Trinacria humanas,
Dad á vuestro Rey focorro!

*Salen todas las fieras, y pónense al
lado de ARSIDAS, y los Griegos al
lado de ULISES.*

Ulyses.

Aunque á tus voces se muevan
Mejor, que al eco sonoro
De Orfeo, troncos y fieras,
Haciendo en ellas destrozo,
Apuraré estas montañas
Bruto á bruto, y tronco á tronco
[*Riñen.*

Sale CLARIN de mona.

Clarín.

Entre Griegos y animales
Mal trabadas lides noto.
No sé á cual debo acudir;
Porque obligado de todos,
Soy por una parte Griego,
Y por otra parte mono.

Circe.

Pues no puedo reportaros
Con mis voces, con mi afombro
Podré. Los aires cubiertos
De vapor caliginoso,
Segunda noche parezca,
Y á tanto fracaso abortos,
Del embrion de las nubes
Sean los rayos abortos,
Y el sol y la luna hoy,
Viéndose vivir tan poco,
Piénsen, que el camino erraron

For Trinacria! For though single
Here you see me, I as vassals
Have these wild-beasts and these fir-trees.
Human wild-herds of Trinacria,
Succour! succour! to your king here!

*Enter all the animals and place them-
selves beside ARSIDAS, and the Greeks
beside ULYSSES.*

Ulyses.

Though unto thy accents move,
Better than when Orpheus' fingers
Touch'd the lyre, the woods and wild-
beasts,
Swift destruction dealing 'midst them,
Brute by brute, and tree by tree now
Shall I purify these hills here.

[*They fight.*

Enter CLARIN, as a monkey.

Clarín.

'Twixt the Greeks and animals,
I the conflict watch bewilder'd:
Which of them to join I know not.
Since they're both of them my kinsmen,
Being half monkey, and half Greek,
On my outer side and inner.

Circe.

Since I cannot hold you back
By my words, my dread bewitchments
May be stronger. Let the air
Cover'd with a mist's black thickness
Seem to spread a second night,
And the clouds, by terror stricken,
From their wombs in sudden travail
Give the abortive bolts existence;
And the sun and moon to-day
Seeing how their brief life flitted,
Let them think they've lost their way

De sus celestiales tornos,
O que yo desde la tierra
Apagué su luz de un soplo.

[*Truenos y relámpagos, obscurécese el teatro, y riñen á obscuras.*

Arfidas.

¿Adónde, Ulises, estás?

Ulises.

Con mi acero te respondo.

[*Pelean todos.*

Floro.

Qué pena!

Cassandra.

Qué ciego abismo!

Arquelaos.

Qué llanto!

Chloris.

Qué triste enojo!

Antistes.

Qué obscura noche!

Clarín.

Ha señores!

¿Somos Griegos, ó qué somos?

Lebrel.

En tanto que todos andan
Tropezando unos con otros

Clarín.

En tanto que cada uno
Busca de escaparle modo

Lebrel.

Yo á la mesa me remito.

Clarín.

Y yo á la cena me acojo.

[*Suben sobre la mesa, y abrázanse uno con otro.*

Lebrel.

Pero qué es esto? un león
Dió conmigo.

'Mid the fix'd celestial circles,
Or that I from off the earth
With a breath their light eclipsèd.

[*Thunder and lightning; the theatre becomes darkened, and in the obscurity the fighting is still continued.*

Arfidas.

Say, Ulysses, say, where art thou?

Ulysses.

Let my sword an answer give thee.

[*All fight.*

Florus.

Oh! what pain!

Cassandra.

What blind abyss!

Archelaus.

Oh! what yells!

Chloris.

What mournful shrill screams!

Antistes.

What a night!

Clarín.

Oh! are we Greeks,

Or what are we else, good misters?

Lebrel.

While they all o'er one another
Tread and trample, hither, thither

Clarín.

While each one of them is thinking
Of the safest way to flit hence

Lebrel.

I'll unbend me at the table.

Clarín.

I'll take refuge 'mong the dishes.

[*They leap on the table, and fall into each other's arms.*

Lebrel.

But what's this? a mighty lion
Seizes me!

Clarín.

Mas qué toco ?
Conmigo ha dado un gigante.

Circe.

Húndase este fuelo todo,
Y ponga paz la distancia.

Clarín.

Todo se hunde con nosotros.

[*Húndese la mesa, y los dos graciosos
sobre ella, y con la batalla y la
tempestad se van todos.*]

Clarín.

What's this that grips me ?
I am feized here by a giant !

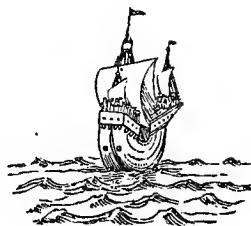
Circe.

Let the whole ground sink down with
them,
And let peace spring from their severance.

Clarín.

All things sink, as down we sink here.

[*The table sinks into the earth, with
the graciosos upon it, and with the
cessation of the battle and the tem-
pest, the scene closes.*]





JORNADA III.

MARINA, E IMMEDIATOS A ELLA LAS
JARDINES DE CIRCE.

Salen ANTISTES, ARQUELAO, POLIDORO,
FLORO, TIMANTES y LEBREL.

Antistes.

AUNQUE ya todos sepais
Lo que repetiros trata
Mi voz, oidme ; que tal vez
En pena, en desdicha tanta,

Aun mas que noticias propias,
Mueven agenas palabras ;
Porque en efecto ninguno
Es juez en su misma causa.
Siempre á la cólera expuestos,
Siempre expuestos á la saña
De los hados rigurofos,
Despues de fortunas varias,
Arrastrados del destino,
Dimos en aquesta playa
Del Flegra, exentos vasallos
Del imperio de Trinacria.
Aqui, contra los venenos
De esa fiera, esa tirana,
Antídoto nos dió Juno
En las flores de oro y nácar,
Que Iris trajo, despegando

ACT THE THIRD.

THE SEA-COAST, AND NEAR IT CIRCE'S
GARDENS.

Enter ANTISTES, ARCHELAUS, POLY-
DORUS, FLORUS, TIMANTES and LE-
BREL.

Antistes.

THOUGH ye all perchance
may know
What my voice would fain
impart ye,
Hear me still : for many a time,
In such pain, in such-like sadness
More than to one's own thoughts even,
To a stranger's words we hearken ;
Since no judge in his own cause
Can in truth be thought impartial.
Still unto the wrath exposed,
Still exposed to the anger
Of the ever-rigorous fates,
After fortune's various chances,
Dragg'd along by destiny,
Came we to this Phlegra's strand here,
Free-born and unfetter'd vassals
Of the kingdom of Trinacria.
Here against the venom'd draughts
Of this tyrant-queen, this adder,
Juno gave us antidotes

Arcos de carmin y gualda.
 Libres pues de sus prifiones
 Nos vimos, y cuando trata
 Ulíses volver al mar,
 Que ya tuvimos por patria,
 El blando halago de Circe,
 Que cuando vé que no bastan
 Mortales venenos, ufa
 De mas venenosas trazas,
 Perfuadió á Ulíses, que aqui
 Unos dias se quedara
 A reparar de los vientos
 La repetida inconstancia.
 El, fiado en sus cautelas,
 Perfuadido á que quedaba
 A dar libertad á cuantos
 En estas rudas montañas
 Bárbara prifion padecen,
 Se quedó, donde á la rara
 Beldad de Circe rendido
 Vive, sin mas esperanzas.
 ¿ Quién creerá, que, no bastando
 Tantos encantos, ni tantas
 Ciencias, á vencer sus hados,
 Una hermosura bastara ?
 Mas todos lo creerán, todos,
 Pues todos á ver alcanzan,
 Que un amor y una hermosura
 Son el veneno del alma.
 Rendidos pues al amor,
 Tanto los dos se declaran,
 Desde la noche que fueron
 Argumento las espadas,
 Y pusieron paz las nubes
 Denfas, obscuras y pardas,
 Que Arsidas, zeloso y triste,
 Lleno de zelosa rabia,
 Se fue á su corte, quizá
 A disponer su venganza.

In the flowers of gold and nacre,
 Which fair Iris brought amid
 Arcs of crocus and of carmine.
 Free then from her threaten'd chains
 We beheld us, and thereafter,
 When Ulysses would to sea—
 Which our country we regarded—
 Circe with her flatteries soft,
 Seeing that her mortal draughts were
 Insufficient, had recourse to
 Means whose venom nought could
 master ;
 Him persuading, that some days
 Here he would remain at anchor,
 To repair the oft-repeated
 Fickleness of the winds' disasters ;
 He, confiding in his caution,
 Thinking that he could enfranchise
 All who in the barbarous prisons
 Of these rude hills are held captive,
 Here remain'd, where he, o'ercome
 By the charms, the unexampl'd
 Loveliness of Circe, lives
 Without hope or aim or plan here.
 Who'll believe, that when had fail'd
 Every science, all enchantments
 To subdue his fate, the beauty
 Of one face was more than ample ?
 But all *will* believe it, all,
 Since all hearts this truth have master'd
 That wild love and woman's beauty
 Are to the soul as poisonous asps are.
 Thus surrender'd up to love,
 Have the two their wild attachment
 So avow'd, since that night when
 Swords cut through the word-entangled
 Argument, and black clouds brought
 Peace 'amid their mists of darkness,
 That Prince Arsidas, sad, jealous,

Ulises pues, sin recelo,
Solo de sus gustos trata,
Siempre en los brazos de Circe,
Y asistido de sus damas,
En academias de amores,
Saraos, festines y danzas.
Yo pues, viéndonos perdidos,
Hoy he pensado una traza,
Con que á su olvido le acuerde
De su honor, y de su fama:
Y es, que pues el otro dia,
Cuando oyó tocar al arma,
Se olvidó de amor, y fue
Tras la trompeta y la caja,
A todas horas estemos
Desde el bajel, que en el agua
Surto está, tocando á guerra,
Como que á Circe hacen salva;
Cuya voz noble recuerdo
Será de su olvido, clara
Sirena, que tras su acento
Los sentidos arrebató.

Polidoro.

Dices bien, y yo el primero
Seré, que esta tarde haga
La experiencia.

Timántes.

Pues ahora
Es tiempo; que Ulises anda
Estos jardines, que hermosos
Narcisos son de esmeralda,
Y enamorados de sí,
Se están mirando en las aguas.

Arquelao.

Yo feré el que desde el mar

Driven by jealous rage to madness,
To his Court retired, where he
Doubtless some dread vengeance
planneth;
Whilst Ulysses, uncontroll'd,
All his time in pleasure passes,
Ever in the arms of Circe,
And assisted by her damsels,
In academies of love
Studieth balls and feasts and dances;
I then, seeing we are lost,
Have to-day devised a plan here,
By whose means to fame and honour
We may wake him from his trances.
This 'tis, since, the other day,
When he heard arms clang and jangle,
He forgot his love, and went
After the drum's and trumpet's rattle,
We at every hour, from out
Yonder bark, that lieth anchor'd
On the shore, will sound a war-charge,
As if to Circe 'twere a salvo;
Whose voice will a noble memory
Of the forgotten glorious past be,
A clear Syren, at whose strain
All his senses will be ravish'd.

Polydorus.

You speak well, and I'll be first
To attempt the experiment after
Evening closes.

Timantes.

Then the present
Is the time; for through the gardens
Walks Ulysses, through the emerald-
Hued Narcissi self-enamour'd,
Gazing on their own soft green
In the water's clear expanses.

Archelaus.

I will be the one to sound

Haré que toquen al arma ;
Antíftes aquí fe quede,
Para prevenir, que es falva,
Que á Circe hace nueſtra gente.

Lebrel.

Si entre tantos votos halla
Lugar un juro, yo juro
A la deidad ſoberana
De Júpiter, que haceis mal
En prevenir eſta traza.

Floro.

Por qué ?

Lebrel.

Porque Circe ſabe

Mejor lo que aquí ſe habla,
Que noſotros, y podrá
Tomar de todos venganza.
Eſcarmentad en Clarin,
Que habló mal della, y airada
Se vengó, pues no ſáremos
Qué hay dél, ni por donde anda.

Floro.

Todo eſo es temor.

Lebrel.

Es cierto.

Arquelao.

Dejadle, no le creais nada,
Y vamos á nueſtro intento.

Todos.

Vamos.

[*Vañſe todos, y quédaſe* LEBREL.

Lebrel.

Vueſarcedes vayan,

Que yo me quedo á tratar
Coſas de mas importancia.
De todos los animales,
Que por eſtos campos andan,
Quiſiera coger alguno,
Que á Grecia deſpues llevara,

From the ſea the martial clang then ;
Thou, Antíſtes, here remain,
To explain, it is a ſalvo
Given to Circe by our people.

Lebrel.

If there's room, amid ſo many
Vows, for a good oath, I ſwear
By great Jove, the ſovereign father
Of the Gods, that you do wrong
In attempting what you plan here.

Florus.

Why ?

Lebrel.

Becauſe of Circe knowing

Better about what we chat here
Than we do ourſelves ; and the
Will take vengeance for it, mark me !
On us all. Be warn'd by Clarin
Who ſpoke ill of her ; in anger
She revenged herſelf, and no one
Knows his fate or what has happen'd.

Florus.

All this is but fear.

Lebrel.

That's certain.

Archelaus.

Leave him there, don't mind his tattle,
And let's go and try our project.

All.

Let us go. [*Exeunt all but* LEBREL.

Lebrel.

My worſhipful maſters,

You may go, but I'll remain
For a more important matter.
Of the many animals
That acroſs theſe wild plains wander,
I am anxious to catch one,
Which I may to Greece hereafter

Cuando quisieren los dioses
 Escaparnos de Trinacria ;
 Porque fuera para allá
 Importantísima alhaja
 Uno dellos, pues á verle
 Solamente se juntara
 Toda Grecia, y yo tuviera
 Con él segura ganancia.
 Cierta mona aqueſtos dias
 Siempre cocándome anda
 Con geſtos y con viaſages,
 Y á eſta quiſiera peſcarla,
 Para cuyo efecto traigo
 Eſte cordel con que atarla
 Luego que la vea, porque
 Es juguetona, y es manſa.

Sale CLARIN de mona.

Clarín.

Hácia aqui, ſi no me engaño,
 Mis compañeros eſtaban,
 Aunque, deſpues que ſoy mona,
 Por donde quiera que vaya,
 Hallaré mis compañeros.
 Por ſeñas les diré, que hagan,
 Que me dé libertad Circe,
 Pues ya lo enmonado baſta.

Lebrel.

Vela aqui ; yo quiero echarle
 Eſte lazo á la garganta.
 Ahora es tiempo. ¿ Qué me eſtorba,
 Qué me turba, ó qué me eſpanta,
 Si una mona diz que es fácil
 De coger ?* Díganlo tantas
 Como cogidas me eſcuchan.

* *Coger una mona*, literally, to catch a monkey, means to be intoxicated. I have paraphraſed it by a ſomewhat ſimilar expreſſion in the tranſlation.

Bring back with me, when the Fates
 Let us fly free from Trinacria.
 One of them would be at home
 Quite a treasure, a full harveſt
 Of fine profit, for all Greece
 Would flock round to ſee his gambols,
 And I'll make of him clear gain
 By exhibiting his antics ;
 For ſome days a certain monkey
 Have I ſeen that grins and chatters
 With odd geſtures and grimaces ;
 'Tis for him I wiſh to angle ;
 For which purpoſe I have brought
 This good cord wherewith to catch him
 When again I ſee him, ſince
 He's ſo playful and ſo active.

Enter CLARIN as a monkey.

Clarín.

'Twas but now, unleſs I err,
 My companions here were gather'd—
 Though ſince I a monkey grew,
 Whereſoe'er I roam or ramble
 I can meet with my companions.
 By theſe geſtures I would aſk them
 Circe to implore to free me,
 Since with monkeyhood I'm ſated.

Lebrel.

There he is ! around his throat
 I this nooſe would like to faſten.
 Now's the time. But whence this fear ?
 What diſturbs me ? What unmanſ me ?
 Sincé ſo eaſy, as 'tis ſaid,
 Is it to ſuck a monkey ?* Maſters,
 Ye who hear me, own how eaſy :—

* “ *To ſuck the monkey*, to drink at an ale-
 houſe at the expenſe of another.”—HALLI-
 WELL'S *Dictionary*.

No escapareis de mis garras.

[*Echale un cordel al cuello.*

Clarín.

¡Ay, que me ahogas, Lebrél!
No en el pescuezo me hagas
La presa.

Lebrél.

Por mas que coques,
No te irás.

Clarín.

¡No es cosa extraña,

Que hable para mí, y discurra
Con sentidos, vida y alma,
Y con los otros no pueda
Articular las palabras?
Lebrél, mira que soy yo.

Lebrél.

¡Como brinca, y como salta!
No puedo llevar á Grecia
Cosa de mas importancia.
Señora mona, desde hoy
Hemos de ser camaradas,
No hay sino tener paciencia,
Y venir conmigo.

Clarín.

Basta,

Que no me entiende.

Lebrél.

¡Qué gestos

Hace, y con qué linda gracia!

Salen ASTREA y LIBIA.

Libia.

En todo el día no hay verte,
Lebrél; dime, dónde andas?

Lebrél.

He andado á caza de monas,
Y á fe que no es mala caza,
Y esta he cogido.

But you won't escape my hands here.

[*Flings the cord round CLARIN'S neck.*

Clarín.

Ah! you're choking me, Lebrél!
I'm your prisoner, but don't catch me
By the throat thus.

Lebrél.

Mouth away,
Come you will though.

Clarín.

What a marvel!

That I speak to myself, make use of
All my senses, soul and heart have,
Yet I can't articulate words,
To make others understand me.
Ah! Lebrél, think who I am.

Lebrél.

How he bounces! how he dances!
Nothing could I bring to Greece
More important or attractive.
From this day, Sir Monkey, we
Will be comrades in my travels.
Nothing for't but patience, so
Come along.

Clarín.

'Tis plain and patent

He don't understand me.

Lebrél.

How

Gracefully he grins and chatters!

Enter ASTREA and LIBIA.

Libia.

Why, Lebrél, I haven't seen you
All the day: what were you after?

Lebrél.

I've been after apes and monkeys,
And with good success: this charmer
I have captured.

Libia.
 ; Ay, qué linda
 Monica!
Lebrel.
 Cocáala, Marta.
Libia.
 ; Qué piensas hacer con ella?
Lebrel.
 Pienso, Libia mia, llevarla
 A Grecia, enseñarla allá
 A tocar una guitarra,
 A andar por una maroma,
 Y hacer vueltas en las tablas.
Clarín.
 Yo por maroma? yo vueltas?
 Esto solo me faltaba.
Astrea.
 Dime, Lebrel, ; y Clarín
 Dónde está?
Clarín.
 Aquí.
Astrea.
 Allá te aparta!
Lebrel.
 Desde el día que quedó
 Cargado de joyas tantas
Clarín.
 ; Tal tengas tú la salud!
Lebrel.
 No le ví, ni fé que se haya
 Hecho.
Clarín.
 Yo sí.
Astrea.
 Su codicia
 Le ha escondido.
Clarín.
 Hay mayor rabia!

Libia.
 What a pretty
 Little monkey!
Lebrel.
 Jock, grin at her.
Libia.
 What, though, do you purpose with him?
Lebrel.
 Him, my Libia, I shall carry
 Back to Greece, and have him taught
 To touch lightly the guitar there,
 On the tight-rope there to tumble,
 And to dance in booths and taverns.
Clarín.
 I a dancer! I a tumbler!
 Only this alone was wanted.
Astrea.
 Tell me, though, Lebrel, of Clarín,
 Where's he gone?
Clarín.
 He's here.
Astrea.
 Keep back there!
Lebrel.
 Since the day I left him laden
 With his jewels, gems, and jaspers . . .
Clarín.
 May you have the like good fortune!
Lebrel.
 I haven't seen him, nor his absence
 Can I account for.
Clarín.
 I can.
Astrea.
 Doubtless
 Avarice hides him.
Clarín.
 Oh! 'tis madness!

Libia.

Circe hácia esta parte viene.

Lebrel.

Pues por si acafo se enfada
De que cogiese esta mona,
Me voy. Ven conmigo, Marta.

Clarín.

Si me ahoga, qué he de hacer ?

Lebrel.¡O cómo he de regalarla ! [*Vanse.*]*Salen ULÍSES, CIRCE y todas las Damas.**Circe.*

En esta florida márgen,
Desde cuya verde estancia
Se juzgan de tierra y mar
Las dos vistosas campañas,
Tan contrariamente hermosas,
Y hermosamente contrarias,
Que neutral la vista duda,
Cual es la yerba, ó el agua,
Porque aqui en golfos de flores,
Y allí en selvas de esmeraldas,
Unas mismas ondas hacen
Las espumas y las matas,
A los suspiros del noto,
Y á los alientos del aura,
Puedes descansar, Ulises,
Las fatigas de la caza
En mis brazos.

Ulyses.

Dices bien ;

Pues solo en ellos descansa
El alma, porque ellos solos
El centro han sido del alma.

Libia.

Circe comes in this direction.

Lebrel.

Left perchance she should be angry
With me for my monkey prize here,
Off I go. Come with me, Massa.

Clarín.

What's to be done though, if he choke me ?

Lebrel.

Faith, to hold him I'll be hard set.

[*Exeunt all.*]*Enter ULYSSES, CIRCE and her Ladies.**Circe.*

On this flowery margin here,
From whose green slopes softly slanted,
The two lovely level plains
Of the land and sea expand them,
So contrasted in their beauty,
In their beauty so contrasted,
That the neutral vision doubts
Which is grass and which is water,
Since in bright bays here of flowers,
In green groves of emerald glass there,
The same waves together make
Now the foam-wreaths, now the
branches,
When the sunny south wind sigheth,
When the softer zephyr panteth,
From the labours of the chase
Thou, Ulysses, in mine arms here
Canst refresh thee.

Ulysses.

Thou speak'st well ;

Since in them alone comes any
Rest unto my soul, for they
Are its centre, its sole magnet.

Circe.
 Con todas estas finezas,
 Temo, Ulises, que me engañas.
Ulyses.
 Por qué?
Circe.
 Por pensar, que dura
 Aquella ficcion pasada.
Ulyses.
 Nunca lo fue para mí.
Circe.
 Quién lo asegura?
Ulyses.
 Mis ansias.
Circe.
 Quién lo dice?
Ulyses.
 Mis deseos.
Circe.
 Es engaño.
Ulyses.
 Es verdad clara.
Circe.
 ¡ Quién, Ulises, la supiera!
Ulyses.
 Escucha, Circe, y fábrásela:
 Vengativa deidad, deidad ingrata,
 Que á la de Juno y Júpiter se atreve,
 Huésped de esa república de nieve,
 Vecino de ese piélago de plata,
 Tantos años la patria me dilata,
 Y tantos contra mí peligros mueve,
 Que, porque fuere mi vivir mas breve,
 A tus umbrales derrotarme trata.
 A ellos llegué, seguro y defendido
 De escándalo, de horror, de asombro
 tanto,
 Como has en tierra y mar introducido.
 Tus encantos vencí, mas no tu llanto;

Circe.
 Ah! I fear thou still deceiv'st me,
 Howfoe'er thy tongue doth flatter.
Ulysses.
 Why?
Circe.
 Because I think that still
 That false feint of loving lasteth.
Ulysses.
 False it never was with me.
Circe.
 Who doth make that sure?
Ulysses.
 My anguish.
Circe.
 Who doth say it?
Ulysses.
 My heart's hope.
Circe.
 'Tis deceit.
Ulysses.
 'Tis truth's own language.
Circe.
 Who, Ulysses, that can know?
Ulysses.
 Hear me, Circe, and I'll answer:—
 A vengeful goddess, a dread deity,
 One who with Jove and Juno dares
 compete,—
 An ill-fared guest where snow-white
 breakers meet,
 A lonely loiterer on the silver sea,—
 Long from my country had belated me,
 And with new tempests every day
 would beat
 My struggling ship, to make my fate
 complete
 Led me at length unto thy shores and
 thee.

Pudo el amor lo que ellos no han
podido :
Luego el amor es el mayor encanto.

Circe.

Con toda aquefá fineza,
La que me debes no pagas,
Porque fue mayor la mia.

Ulyfes.

De qué fuerte ?

Circe.

Oye, y fabrálá :

Vengativa y cruel, porque te afombres,
A pesar de deidades lifonjeras,
Reina defta república de fieras,
Señora defte piélagó de hombres,
Viví ; y porque mas bárbara me nombres,
Ninguno abortó el mar á eftas riberas,
Que á mi fangrienta mágica no vieras
Trocar las formas, y mudar los
nombres.

Llegafte tú, y queriendo tu homicida
Ser, burlafte mis ciencias, con efpanto,
Queríéndote vencer, quedé vencida.
Si mi encanto, al mirar afombro tanto,
Al encanto de amor rindió mi vida,
Luego el amor es el mayor encanto.

[*Duérmete* ULISES.

Hither I came, my fearless path pur-
fuing,
All fears of thee, all horrors raised
above,
Thy vain enchantments in a trice sub-
duing,
But not thy tears, which still could
victor prove,
Since love could do what they had
fail'd in doing
Then is the greatest of enchantments,
love.

Circe.

Even with all thy flatteries
Thou thy debt to me canst cancel,
Since still greater far were mine.

Ulyfes.

In what way ?

Circe.

Attend, I'll answer :—

Vengeful and cruel (fear-inspiring then)
Spite of all goddesses of gentler mien,
Of this wild kingdom of wild beasts
the queen,
The mistress of this wilderness of men,
Long lived I here in my enchanted den,
No one approach'd these shores of
smiling green
But by my bloody magic soon was seen
Transform'd and prison'd in a bestial
pen :
At length you came, by power still
mightier shielded,
You laugh'd my spells to scorn, and
when I strove
To conquer you, the subtler power you
wielded
Enmesh'd me in the net-work that I
wove,

Sale LIBIA.

Libia.

La música, que has mandado
Prevenir, está, señora,
Esperando.

Circe.

Por ahora

No canteis ; que desvelado
Se da Ulises por vencido
A la deidad de Morfeo,
A cuyo letal trofeo
Las potencias ha rendido,
Haciendo de todas dueño
Esta macilenta fombra,
Que á un tiempo halaga y afombra,
Pues es descanso, y es sueño.
Infundid, aves y flores,
Para aliviar sus congojas,
Silencio en templadas hojas,
Suspended vuestros amores.
No hagan ruido los cristales
De los arroyos, callando
Corran las fuentes, mostrando
Obedientes y leales
El amor, que en mí se encierra ;
Y en retórico silencio
Digan, cuanto reverencio
Su descanso.

Voces (dentro).

Guerra, guerra !

[*Tocan dentro cajas hácia un lado.*]

Since then my life to love's enchantments
yielded,
Then is the greatest of enchantments,
love. [*ULYSSES sleeps.*]

Enter LIBIA.

Libia.

Lady, as you have desired,
The musicians now are staying
In the ante-room.

Circe.

Their playing

Must be now postponed, since tired,
Hath Ulysses yielded up
All his senses to the keeping
Of the god of sleep, and sleeping
Tastes the god's lethean cup—
That pale power, death's shadowy
brother,

Who a curse or blessing seems,
As he gives sweet rest or dreams
Which the conscience fain would
smother ;—

Give, ye birds and flowers and groves,
Give, for that light breath he heaves,
Silence 'mid your trembling leaves,
Brief suspension to your loves ;
Streamlets, down in soft attrition
Let your crystals glide, ye flowing
Fountains, now be silent, showing
Your obedience and submission
To the love my breast that charms,
And in silent rhetoric fay
How you reverence to-day
His repose.

Voices within.

To arms! to arms!—

[*Drums and trumpets are heard
from the same side.*]

Circe.

Qué es esto? ¿cuándo pretendo
Silencio, hay quien le interrompa?

[*Despierta ULISES.**Ulyses.*

Guerra publica esta trompa,
Guerra publica este estruendo.
¿Pues cómo, ay dioses! así
Es hoy perezoso el sueño,
De nobles sentidos dueño?
No soy, sin duda, el que fui,
Pues á delicias suaves
Entregado, ay de mí? estoy,
Y tras los ecos no voy
Mas belicosos y graves.—
Perdona, Circe, que así,
Habiendo guerra y furor,
No me ha de tener tu amor.

Circe.

Detente, escucha! ay de mí!
¿Quién ese clarín tocó?

*Salen ANTISTES.**Antistes.*

Quien, pensando que sería
Lisonja, la salva hacia,
Cuando desde el mar te vió.

Ulyses.

Aquí no hay ya que esperar;
La guerra me ha despertado,
Porque en el alma ha tocado
La firena militar.

Circe.

Para templar el furor,
Cantad de amor, cantad pues.

[*La Música al otro lado.**Música.*

¿Dónde vas, Ulyses, si es
El mayor encanto amor?

Circe.

What is this, that thus destroys
Silence, that so late I claim'd?

[*ULYSSES awakes.**Ulysses.*

War, that trumpet hath proclaim'd,
War, that clang of martial noise.
But, ye Gods! from what base cause
Is, to-day, dull sleep abhorr'd,
Of my nobler senses lord?
Ah! I am not what I was;
Since by its soft sway subdued,
Woe is me! when bugles vie,
Ah! my heart doth not reply,
Bold, responsive, as it should.
Pardon me, O Circe, see!
War and woe are in my ear,
And love must not keep me here.

Circe.

Listen, stay! ah! woe is me,
Who produced this wild uproar?

*Enter ANTISTES.**Antistes.*

We with trumpets long so mute,
From our ship did thee salute,
When we saw thee on the shore.

Ulysses.

Here delay disgraceful seems,
Battle leads my steps afar;
Since the firen song of war
Wakes my soul from all its dreams.

Circe.

Sing of love, sing rapturously,
Sing, and thus his rage remove.

[*Music and song from the other side.**Song.*

Stay, Ulysses, stay, if love
Greatest of enchantments be.

Ulyses.

¿Qué blandas voces suaves,
 Repetidas en los vientos,
 Son con honoros acentos
 Dulce envidia de las aves ?
 ¿Qué bien el amor me suena !
 ¿Cómo tu amor me ha podido,
 Circe hermosa, haber vencido
 Aquella pasada pena ?
 Ya me vuelvo á tu favor.

Griegos (dentro).

Guerra, guerra !

Ulyses.

Mas ¿qué espero ?

Las armas me llaman, quiero
 Seguir las.

Música (dentro).

Amor, amor !

Ulyses.

¿Qué blanda, qué dulcemente
 Suena esta voz repetida !

Antistes (aparte).

Aunque me cueste la vida,
 Tengo de hablar claramente.—
 Ulyses, invicto Griego,
 ¿Cómo, cuando así te llama
 La trompeta de la fama,
 En delicioso sosiego
 Sordo yaces ? ¿Cuánto yerra,
 No sabes, el que rendido
 A su amor, labra su olvido ?
 Oye esta voz !

Griegos (dentro).

Guerra, guerra !

Ulyses.

Tienes, Antistes, razon ;
 Torpes mis sentidos tuve,
 Ciego estuve, sordo estuve ;
 Mas ya que estas voces son

Ulyses.

Ah ! what sweet seductive words !
 Ah ! what sounds are those I hear ?
 Sounds whose soften'd echoes clear
 Wake the envy of the birds.
 Ah ! how sweet to me love's strain,
 Sweet and with a strange power too,
 Lovely Circe, to subdue
 All that past perturbèd pain :—
 'Neath thy sway once more I move.

The Greeks (within).

To arms ! to arms !

Ulyses.

But why delay ?

Battle calls, I must away
 To the combat.

Song (within).

Love, sweet love !

Ulyses.

Ah ! how sweetly on the wind
 Sounds again that warbled sigh !

Antistes (aside).

Though I lose my life thereby
 Plainly I must speak my mind :—
 O Ulyses, victor Greek !
 When the trumpet of thy fame
 Calls thee to a loftier aim,
 Canst thou, lull'd in luxury, seek
 Not to hear it ? Of love's charms
 Know'st thou not the dire effect ?
 How they work sad self-neglect ?
 Lift this voice.

The Greeks (within).

To arms ! to arms !

Ulyses.

Yes, Antistes, thou art right,
 Torpor held my spell-bound mind.
 I was deaf, and I was blind,
 But my senses and my sight

Recuerdos de mi osadía,
Las prisiones rompere.

Circe.

¿ Tan ingrata prision fue,
Ulises, la prision mia ?
¿ Cómo, cuando entre mis brazos
Envidia á las flores das,
Tras otro afecto te vas ?
¿ Tan fáciles son mis lazos
De romper ? ¿ Tanto rigor
Premio es de tantos favores ?
Escucha en hojas y en flores
Esta voz.

Música (dentro).

Amor, amor !

Antifes.

No calle el marcial furor.

Circe.

Amor digan mar y tierra.

Música (dentro).

Amor, amor !

Griegos (dentro).

Guerra, guerra !

Guerra, guerra !

Música (dentro).

Amor, amor !

Ulfes.

Aquí guerra, amor aqui
Oigo, y cuando así me veo,
Connigo mismo peleo ;
Defiéndame yo de mí.

Antifes.

Esto es honor.

Ulfes.

Dices bien,

Todo el honor lo atropella.

Circe.

Esto es gloria.

By these voices are restored ;
I shall break my chains and flee.

Circe.

To be captive unto me,
Was it thralldom so abhorr'd ?
How, when in my arms thou'st given
Envy to the loveliest flowers,
Canst thou sigh for stormier hours ?
Can my sweet bonds then be riven
Thus so lightly ? Dost thou prove
Grateful thus for bygone blisses ?
Hear this voice, that as it kisses
Flowers and leaves, sings—

Song (within).

Love, sweet love !

Antifes.

Cease not, sounds that warriors move !

Circe.

Land and sea sing love's soft charms.

Song (within).

Love, sweet love !

The Greeks (within).

To arms ! to arms !

To arms ! to arms !

Song (within).

Love, sweet love !

Ulyffes.

Love and war salute my ear,
Either would my heart delight with ;
'Tis myself that I must fight with,
'Tis myself that I must fear.

Antifes.

Honour's here.

Ulyffes.

Thou speakest true,

All things lie at honour's feet.

Circe.

Here is rapture.

Ulyses.

¡ Ay Circe bella,
Qué bien dices tú también !

Circe.

El gusto es dulce pasión.

Ulyses.

Razon tienes.

Antistes.

La victoria
Es mas aplauso, mas gloria.

Ulyses.

Tú también tienes razon.

Antistes.

Guerra y amor en rigor
Te llaman, miedos destierra.

Música (dentro).

Amor, amor !

Griegos (dentro).

Guerra, guerra !

Circe.

Quién ha vencido ?

Ulyses.

El amor ;

Que ¿ cómo pudiera ser,
Que otro afecto me venciera,
Donde tu hermosura viera ?
Eslavo tuyo he de ser.
No hay mas fama para mí
Que adorarte, no hay mas gloria
Que vivir en tu memoria.
Dichoso mil veces fui
El día, que tu favor
Mereció mi voluntad.

Circe.

Venid todas, y cantad :
“ El mayor encanto amor.” —
Entra tú ; y vosotros, Griegos,
Mas pefares no me deis,
Y agradeced que no os veis,

Ulyses.

Ah ! how well thou speakest, too.

Circe.

Sweet is passion's rapturous bliss.

Ulyses.

Thou art right.

Antistes.

But far more glorious
Is the warrior's wreath victorious.

Ulyses.

Thou art also right in this.

Antistes.

War and love both call thee ; prove
Now thy wisdom,—hence, alarms !

Song (within).

Love, sweet love !

The Greeks (within).

To arms ! to arms !

Circe.

Which has conquer'd ?

Ulyses.

It is love ;

Since, what other power could have
Any chance of victory,
Thou in beauty standing by ?
From this hour I am thy slave ;
To adore thee be my fame,
All my glory, my reward,
But to live in thy regard.
O thrice-happy day ! that came
All my doubtings to remove,
Since it came thy love to bring.

Circe.

Come, my maidens, come and sing,
“ The greatest of enchantments,
love ; ” —

Enter thou ; and, O ye Greeks,
Interrupt our bliss no more,

Entre volcanes y fuegos,
De mi cólera abrafados.

Antistes.

¡ Ay de nosotros! que así
Ya moriremos aquí
Cautivos y desterrados;
Sepulcro será esta tierra
De tanto griego valor. *[Vase.]*

Música.

¡ El mayor encanto amor!
[Vanse todos cantando.]

En otra parte tocan armas, y dice
ARSIDAS.

Arfidas (dentro).

Arma, arma! guerra, guerra!

Vuelve CIRCE y todas las Damas.

Circe.

¿ Qué es esto, habiendo mandado
Yo, que temerosos callen
Los repetidos acentos
De baquetas y metales,
Otra vez osáis, villanos,
Otra vez osáis, cobardes,
Que oprimido el bronce gima,
Que herido se queje el parche ?

Sale FLERIDA.

Flérida.

No este repetido acento,
Que con idiomas marciales,
Estremeciendo los montes,
Titubear los ejes hace,
Cautela ha sido de Griegos;
Mas desdichas, mas pesares,
Mas penas, mas confusiones,

And be thankful that the roar
Of no red volcano breaks
Round you raging, through mine ire.

Antistes.

Ah! unhappy we! since here,
Exiled from our country dear,
Captives we must all expire.
Land foredoom'd of fatal charms,
Grecian valour's grave to prove!
[Exit.]

Song.

The greatest of enchantments, love!
[Exeunt all, singing.]

In a third direction a martial charge
is sounded from within.

Arfidas (within).

War! war! to arms! to arms!

CIRCE, with her train, returns.

Circe.

How is this? when I commanded
That the trembling echoes, humbled,
Should no more repeat the rude notes
Of the drum-sticks and the trumpets;
Dare ye, once again, vile caitiffs,
Cowards, dare ye thus insult me,
Making the forced bronze-tubes groan,
And the wounded parchment mutter?

Enter FLERIDA.

Flérida.

No, this rude sound now repeated,
Which, in martial idiom utter'd,
Makes the mighty mountains quiver,
And their deepest caverns rumble,
Was not by the Greeks occasion'd;
Greater griefs, afflictions newer,
Added sorrows, worse confusions,

Mas tormentos y mas males
 Son los que quieren los cielos,
 Que estos aparatos causen.
 Arfidas, que tantos dias
 Fue de tu hermosura amante,
 A tus desdenes quejoso,
 Ofendido á tus desaires,
 Desde que ya enamorada
 De Ulises te declaraste,
 Cuando de aquella cuestion
 Pusieron los rayos paces,
 A su corte se fue, donde,
 Queriendo el amor que pasen
 De extremo á extremo sus penas,
 Que esto en los hombres es fácil,
 Amenazando estos montes
 Viene, infestando esos mares ;
 Y con razon, pues las ondas,
 Gimiendo del peso grave,
 Con ambicion de peñascos
 Blafonan, cuando arrogantes
 Ven por la campaña azul
 De sus salobres cristales
 Vagar un Volcan deshecho,
 Mover un Flegra portátil,
 Correr un Etna movable,
 E ir una Trinacria errante.
 Lísidas, de mí ofendido,
 Creyendo que yo mudable
 Amaba á Ulises, (la causa
 Con que yo lo fingí sabes)
 Le acompaña, porque así
 Pretende de aquí sacarme ;
 Que agravios de amor y zelos
 No guardan respeto á nadie.
 Yo lo sé, porque sentada
 Sobre esa punta, que hace
 Corona al mar y á la tierra,
 Arbitro de ondas y valles,

Countless ills and woes unnumber'd,
 Are, so heaven has wish'd, the causes
 Of the sounds at which we shudder.
 Arfidas, who was, thou knowest,
 Long the lover of thy beauty,
 By thy cold disdainings wounded,
 Anger'd by thy proud repulses,
 From the day that thou declared thee
 Openly Ulysses' lover,
 When the question's doubtful issue
 Closed in lightning and in thunder,
 To his court went, where compelling
 His late love to change with sudden
 Impulse from one point to another
 (Men find easy such abruptness),
 Now returns, these mountains threaten-
 ing,
 Comes oppressing these white furs here ;
 And with reason, since the billows
 Groaning 'neath so great a burthen,
 Thinking that with rocks they wrestle,
 Proudly rush exulting up them,
 They behold upon the crystal
 Salt hills of their azure surface
 Float along a loos'd volcano,
 Flit a Phlegra down the currents,
 Hasten by a mobile Ætna,
 A Trinacria through the surges.
 Lysidas, with me offended,
 Thinking that my heart had suffer'd
 Love-change for Ulysses (why
 So I feign'd, thou knowest, that urged me)
 Comes along with him, thus hoping
 That from this he may abduct me ;
 Since nor love nor jealousy
 Show respect to aught that's human :—
 This I know, because when seated
 On that point which crowns the furthest
 Headland height o'er earth and water,

Ví, (como entre obscuros lejos
 De unos pintados celages,
 Suelen pintarnos las sombras,
 Ya jardines, ya ciudades)
 Una confusa noticia,*
 Que era, al perspicaz exámen
 De la vista, neutral duda,
 Mezcla de nubes y naves.
 Cuando† al acercarse al puerto
 La gruesa armada que traen,
 A los fulcos de las proas
 Rizarse ví, y encreparse
 Blanca espuma, que al azul
 Camelote de aguas hace
 Bella guarnicion de plata,
 Que sin que al dibujo guarde
 El órden, es mas hermoso,
 Por ser dibujo sin arte.
 Llegaron á nuestro puerto,
 Donde sin faenas baten
 Las blancas alas de lino,
 Negándose al mar, ó al aire
 Esos peces, si son peces,
 O esas aves, si son aves.
 Sin salva á tierra faltaron,
 Y fueron en un instante
 Griegos caballos, preñados
 De aparatos militares,
 Pues abortaron sus vientres,
 Siendo del agua Volcanes,
 Iras y rayos, que luego
 Fueron poblando la márgen.
 Bien á los dos conocí,
 Que armados á tierra salen,
 Y en mal pronunciadas voces,
 Que embarazó lo distante,

Waves and valleys lying under,
 Saw I, (as the far perspectives
 Of some painter's glorious sunsets
 Give us shadowy outlines, gleaming
 Gardens here, and there dark turrets)—
 A remarkable confusion,
 Which upon my sight resulted
 In a splendid maze of mingled
 Clouds and ships of loveliest colour.
 When approach'd the great armada
 To the port, I saw the surf there,
 In the furrows of the prows,
 Twist itself, and crisp, and curdle
 Foam white fair, which on the azure
 Camlet of the sea made lovely
 Brodery of netted silver,
 Which without design resulted
 In that perfect grace, which nature
 Ever without art produces.
 Then our harbour having enter'd,
 They, unrecorded, let forth flutter
 Their white wind-raised wings of linen,
 Leaving sea and sky in utter
 Doubt if the great keels were fishes,
 Or the sails the wings of birds were.
 Giving no salute they leap'd forth
 On the land; the ships grown subtle
 Great Greek horses, all with war-stores
 Pregnant to the very gunnel:
 For from out their wombs in birth-
 throes,
 (Sea-borne forges they of Vulcan,)
 Angry bolts were born, which peopled
 All the shore round with their thunders.
 Well I knew, of those who leap'd forth
 Arm'd on land there, two among them,
 And in words caught indistinctly,
 Which the distance half obstructed,
 Heard I Arsidas, who said:—

* Hartzenbusch's edition reads *aparencia*.—

Tr.

† Hartzenbusch reads *luego*.—Tr.

Oí á Arfidas, que dijo :
 Hoy desta mágica acaben
 Los encantos, y este monte,
 Que es tiranizado Atlante
 De Trinacria, á mi valor
 Se postre.—Yo viendo el grande
 Peligro, que te amenaza,
 Volando vine á aviarte.
 Preven la defensa pues,
 Si es que hay defensa que baste
 A la sangrienta venganza
 De dos zelosos amantes.

Circe.

¡ Calla, calla, no profigas !
 Ni lleguen ecos marciales
 A los oídos de Ulises.
 Aquí tengo de dejarle
 Sepultado en blando sueño,
 Porque el belicoso alarde
 No pueda de mi amor nunca
 Dividirle, ni olvidarle ;
 Que yo con vosotras solas
 Saldré á vencer arrogante.
 Tú mi caudillo serás,
 Y no temas, que te falten
 Gentes ; que aunque son tan pocos
 Los soldados de mi parte,
 Yo armadas huestes pondré
 En las campañas del aire,
 Que con tropas de caballos,
 Con escuadrones de infantes,
 Fantásticamente lidien,
 Y fingidamente marchen.
 Y porque entre tantas fombraz
 Vivas escuadras no falten,
 Todas vosotras, armadas
 Con escudos de diamante,
 Galas desnudad de Vénus,
 Túnicas vestid de Marte.

On this day at length is number'd
 This magician's last enchantments ;
 And this mountain, this usurper,
 Which like Atlas lords Trinacria,
 Shall beneath my valour crumble.
 I perceiving the great danger
 That thus threatens to engulf thee,
 Flew to tell thee.—So get ready
 All the aid that thou canst muster,
 If aught aid can stop the bloody
 Vengeance of two jealous lovers.

Circe.

Cease, oh ! cease, proceed no more !
 Nor let martial echoes thunder
 In the closed ears of Ulysses ;
 Buried in a soothing slumber
 Him I mean to leave here lying,
 That again war's glorious hubbub
 His remembrance, his affection,
 Never from my love may sunder.
 I alone with you will go
 This proud boaster's pride to humble.
 Thou my general wilt be ;
 Fear not that no troops will muster
 At thy call ; for though few soldiers
 Have I on my side to summon,
 I can on the fields of air
 Show arm'd hosts in countless numbers,
 Who in companies of horse,
 Who in squadrons of light foot-men,
 Will fantastically fight,
 Will in phantom files manœuvre ;
 And that thou may'st with these shadows
 Lack not living hosts among them,
 All of you, my maidens, arm'd
 With your dazzling diamond bucklers,
 Doff the silken robes of Venus,
 And put on Mars' martial tunics.

Cassandra.

Esta vida, y este pecho
Te ofrezco yo de mi parte.

Clori.

Yo, que conozcan los hombres
Cuanto las mugeres valen.

Sirene.

Hoy el sol será testigo
De mi valor arrogante.

Tibbe.

De nuestro poder haré
Que el mundo se defengañe.

Astrea.

A Pálas verás armada
Cada vez que me mirares.

Libia.

A mí á Vénus, pues verás
A mis pies rendido á Marte.

Circe.

Pues con esa confianza,
Toca al arma.

Cassandra.

Suene el parche.

Clori.

Hiera la trompeta el eco.

Sirene.

El bronce oprimido brame.

Tibbe.

El fuego reviente.

Astrea.

Sea

Toda Trinacria volcanes.

Libia.

El duro horror de las armas
Cielo, mar y tierra espante.

Flérida.

Y viva Circe, prodigio
Destos montes y estos mares.

Cassandra.

I this life, this bosom offer
Thee on my part in thy trouble.

Chloris.

I that men may know how much
Woman's courage may be trusted.

Sirene.

On my valour will the sun
Gaze to-day with looks of wonder.

Tibbe.

Of our power the world no more
Shall make light, as is its custom.

Astrea.

I a Pallas shall be thought,
Every time in arms I struggle.

Libia.

I a Venus, since thou'lt see
Mars beneath my feet made subject.

Circe.

Thus then confident and bold
Sound the charge.

Cassandra.

Ring out the trumpets.

Chloris.

Let the drums awake the echoes.

Sirene.

And the bugles blare and bluster.

Tibbe.

Let the fire burst forth.

Astrea.

And be

All Trinacria but one furnace.

Libia.

At the horrid din of arms
Let heaven, earth, and ocean shudder.

Flérida.

And live Circe, of these seas,
Of these mountains, the fair wonder.

Circe.

Porque á los brazos de Ulises,
Que en mudo letargo yace,
Vuelva rica de despojos,
Enamorada y constante. [*Vanse.*]

MONTE.

Salen ARSÍDAS, LISÍDAS y Soldados.

Arsidas.

Desde esta excelsa cumbre,
Que del sol se atrevió á tocar la lumbre,
Y altiva y eminente,
Coronada de rayos la alta frente,
Es inmensa columna
De ese cóncavo alcázar de la luna,
Entre celages de rubí y topacio
De Circe se descubre el real palacio.
; Ea pues, mis soldados,
Que valientes, intrépidos y osados,
En favor de los cielos
Manteneis la milicia de mis zelos !
Hoy este asombro muera,
Perezca hoy la memoria desta fiera,
Que á Trinacria estos campos tiraniza,
Siendo el Flegra su hoguera y su ceniza.
Libremos pues á tantos
Como tienen sus mágicos encantos
Presos aquí, y cautivos ;
Queden pues ó bien muertos, ó bien
vivos.
Rescatemos valientes
Nuestra patria de tantos accidentes,
Y dejemos seguro este camino
Al naufrago piloto, al peregrino,
Que halló, cadáver de estas grutas hondas,
Mas tormenta en las peñas, que en las
ondas,

Circe.

That she to Ulysses' arms—
Who lies there in silent numbness,
Still enamour'd and still constant—
May, enrich'd with spoils, return here.
[*Exeunt.*]

A MOUNTAIN.

Enter ARSIDAS, LISIDAS, and Soldiers.

Arsidas.

From this stupendous height,
Which dares to touch the sun's resplendent light,
And in its dazzling blaze
Crowns its proud forehead with the golden rays ;—
From this proud pillar-top
Which the fair moon's blue palace-dome doth prop,
'Twixt topaz clouds and ruby vistas we
The palace halls of Circe now may see.
Then on, brave soldiers ! bold,
Valiant, intrepid, resolute, enroll'd
By favour of the skies,
The avenging army of my jealousies !
To-day must die this terror of the earth,
This witch's memory fade as if she
ne'er had birth ;
She who Trinacria tramples in the mire,
Its Phlegra she, its fount of ashes, smoke
and fire.
This day we must set free
The many whom by cruel sorcery
She holds imprison'd here in piteous
state,
Whom living we must loose, or dead
avenge their fate.
Let us, brave comrades mine,

Quando pisó por estos horizontes
Montes de agua y piélagos de montes.
Y tú, Lísidas fuerte,
A cuya voz se retiró la muerte,
Hoy á Flérida libra soberana
De la injusta prision de una tirana,
O véngate hoy en ella,
Si tus zelos te olvidan de querella.

Lísidas.

Arfidas, valeroso
Príncipe de Trinacria, no zeloso
Mi venganza prevengo ;
Que no tengo los zelos que no tengo,
Porque ya sé, que ha sido
Un cauteloso amor, amor fingido,
El que Flérida á Ulíses le mostraba,
Porque ese Esfinge así se lo mandaba.
No zeloso en efecto, enamorado
Sí, que vengo, atrevido y despechado
A rescater á Flérida, que bella
Es de los cielos flor, del campo estrella.
Y así á tu lado juro
Por ese hermoso rosicler, que puro
Mirado, nos deslumbra,
Y no mirado, á todos nos alumbrá,
De no dejarte, hasta mirar postrada
Al fuego de tu enojo esta encantada

Save now our country from such plagues
malign,
And leave this sea-way clear
To ship-wreck'd pilot and lone mariner,
Who found, a cold corse in these hollow
caves,
More torment 'mid the rocks, than out
upon the waves,
Though on this wild horizon his frail
home
Had been high mountain waves and
watery hills of foam.
And thou, brave Lyfidas, for whom
Death in indulgent mood re-oped the
tomb,
Thou wilt to-day fair Flerida set free
From a dread tyrant's dread captivity,
Or else thy vengeance let her prove,
If in thy jealous rage thou canst forget
thy love.

Lyfidas.

Arfidas, valiant knight,
Trinacria's prince, no jealous torch doth
light
My vengeful path to Circe's bower again,
For I no more, no more, can feel that
bitter pain,
Knowing, as now I know,
'Twas false, feign'd love, 'twas love's
deceptive show
That to Ulysses Flerida display'd—
The feint was order'd, and she but
obey'd.
'Tis not with jealousy I come, but love,
Ardent, devoted, desperate, to remove
From this foul spot fair Flerida, that fair
Flower of the fairest field, and star of
clearest air ;
And so, beside thee now,

Selva de amor, donde, por mas espanto,
Es el amor hoy su mayor encanto,
Aunque en sus campos, que el Abril
dibuja,
O brame el austro, ó la arboleda cruja.

Arfidas.

Guerra de amor y zelos
Pavor pondrá á los cielos.

Voces dentro.

¡ Cierra, Trinacria, cierra! [*Cajas.*

Lisidas.

Ya de allá nos responden.

Voces dentro.

Guerra, guerra!

Soldad.

¡ Ay, Arfidas, advierte,
Que á morir nos trajiste!

Arfidas.

De qué fuerte?

Soldad.

Dijiste, que no habia
Armas, ni gente en esta selva umbria,
Y apenas tus soldados
Han salido del mar, cuando emboscados
En esta selva vieron
Infantes y caballos, que salieron

By that fair planet's rosy light I vow—
That planet which when seen strikes
blind the sight,
And which unseen still fills the world
with light—
To leave thee not until thy wrathful
mood
Strikes down each tree of this enchanted
wood,
This bower of love,—where we to-day
revere
Love, as the greatest of enchantments
here,—
Like as when on the April-painted meads
The south-wind roars, the strong boughs
bend like reeds.

Arfidas.

This war of love allied with jealousy
Shall wake the fear, the wonder of the
sky.

Voices within.

On! for Trinacria's right!

Lisidas.

Yonder they answer.

Voices within.

To the fight, the fight!

A Soldier.

Oh! hear me, Arfidas, oh! hear and
stay,

You lead us but to death here.

Arfidas.

In what way?—

Soldier.

You told us that we should
Nor men nor arms here meet within
this shadowy wood,
And scarce your soldiers made
A landing from their ships, when from
an ambuscade

A defender la entrada
Del monte.

Arfidas.

No temais, no temais nada ;
Que esos monstruos incultos
Son fantásticas formas, que no bultos.
No hay que temer estragos,
Que sus heridas solo son amagos ;
Que tarde ejecutadas,
Se quedan en el aire señaladas.

Lífidas.

Y tan cobardes fueron, [hirieron.
Que, amenazando siempre, nunca
Soldad.

¿Cómo, si ya, causando al sol desmayos,
Truenos abortan, y despiden rayos ?

Arfidas.

Yo he de ser el primero,
Que ese pavor os quite ; ativo y fiero
Penetraré la sierra.

Lífidas.

Todos te seguiremos.

Todos.

Guerra, guerra !

Arfidas.

¡ Ha cauteloso Griego,
Sal á apagar retórico este fuego !

*Salen CIRCE y las mugeres con
espadas.*

Circe.

No saldrá, fino yo ; que la memoria

Within the wood they saw
Horsemen and footmen to its outskirts
draw,
The entrance to defend
That to the mountain leads.

Arfidas.

Fear naught, fear naught, my friend,
For all these monstrous swarms
Are bodiless shapes, are false fantastic
forms ;
No need to fear such foes
Whose very swords can deal but phan-
tom blows,
Which slowly dealt,
But by the yielding air are only felt.

Lyfidas.

And coward-like,
Who threaten ever, but who never strike.
Soldier.

How, if already the scared sunlight dies
And thunders rattle and the lightning
flies ?

Arfidas.

I will be first this panic to subdue,
And with undaunted daring to burst
through
This magic mountain's marge.

Lyfidas.

We all shall follow where you lead.

All.

Charge ! charge !—

Arfidas.

Ha ! wily Greek, [rhetoric !
Forth, and appease this fire with all thy

*CIRCE and her women enter with
drawn swords.*

Circe.

He comes not forth, but I ; it were amis

No le ha de embarazar tan breve gloria.

Astrea.

Ninguno quede vivo.

Flérida.

Ni un amante, que vuelve vengativo
Sin zelos.

Lísidas.

Tú me ofendes, y yo te ofendo,
Que mas mi fama que tu amor pretendo.

Circe.

Segur de vuestros cuellos
Hoy serán nuestras armas. ¡ A ellos !

Todos.

¡ A ellos !

Arfidas.

En batalla tan dura
No atienda hoy el respeto á la hermosura.
Presto, Circe, serás tu mi trofeo.

Libia.

¡ O qué bonitamente lo peleo !
[*Dase la batalla y retíranse los
bombres.*]

PALACIO DE CIRCE.

Sale LEBREL, y CLARIN *de mona.*

Lebrel.

Pues nos dejó Circe, y pues
A puerta cerrada estamos,
Y tan solos nos hallamos,
Tiempo, Doña Marta, es
De tomar una lición.
Ya la vuelta os enseñé

To have his thoughts disturb'd for glory
such as this.

Astrea.

Spare not their lives !

Flérida.

Not even a lover's, who for vengeance
frives,
Though jealousy-cured.

Lysidas.

Thou *me* dost, and I thee offend,
For more than to thy love I to my fame
pretend.

Circe.

Before the day is gone
Your necks shall stain our swords. On
them !

All.

On ! on !

Arfidas.

In such a battle and with such a foe
Beauty to-day its homage must forego :
Soon, Circe, soon thy trophy crowns
my might.

Libia.

Just look, how very prettily I fight.
[*The battle is joined and the men
give way.*]

CIRCE'S PALACE.

Enter LEBREL, and CLARIN *as a monkey.*

Lebrel.

Now that Circe's gone, and we
Here are left, both you and I,
With closed doors, and no one by,
'Tis an opportunity
For a lesson ; so, my pet,
As I lately taught you, tumble,

Del rodezno ; cómo fue ?

¡ Así bien, tenéis razon !

Clarín.

¡ Que aquesto pafé por mí !

¡ Y que en fin haya de fer,

O voltear, ó no comer !

Defdichado hablador fui.

Lebrel.

Ahora, Marta, ponte en pie.

Clarín.

Ello en fin no hay replicar,

O no comer, ó voltear.

Lebrel.

¡ Lindamente, por mi fe !

Ahora, porque si yo

No tengo quien de vestir

Me dé, uced me ha de servir ;

Tome aquefte efpejo, y no

Le quiebre, porque es azar,

Y véngafé tras mí en pie.

Clarín.

Qué cara tengo veré

De mona. Hay mayor pefar ?

¡ Válgame Júpiter fanto,

Qué hocico !

[*En mirándose al efpejo fe le cae
el vestido de mona.*

Lebrel.

Quién aqui habló ?

Clarín.

¡ Quién ha de fer, fino yo ?

Lebrel.

De verte, Clarín, me efpanto.

Clarín.

Yo Clarín ? muy bueno es efo !

Mona foy.

Lebrel.

¡ Dónde efcondido ? . . .

Try the wheel-trick—do not grumble—

[*Clarín tumbles.*

Pretty well, you'll do it yet.

Clarín.

What a fate is mine ! thy laws

Nature thus to fo maltreat—

I muft tumble or not eat !

Wretched babbler that I was.

Lebrel.

Jocko, now on hands and feet.

Clarín.

All remonftrance being paf't,

I muft tumble or muft faft. [*Tumbles.*

Lebrel.

By my faith, you're quite complete !

Now, as here I hav'n't got

An attendant when I drefs,

You your worfhip can't do lefs

Than be valet on the fpot.

Take the glafs, don't break it though,—

On your hind legs ! that's the place.

Clarín.

Now at length my monkey face

I can have a peep at. Oh !

Holy Jove, above who eyes me,

What a fnout !

[*At feeing himfelf in the mirror, he
lofes the appearance of a monkey.*

Lebrel.

Who fpeaks fo nigh ?

Clarín.

Why, who *could* it be, but I ?

Lebrel.

Clarín here ? you quite furprife me.

Clarín.

Clarín I ? that's good of you !

I'm a monkey.

Lebrel.

Where were you hidden ? . . .

Mas la mona se me ha ido.

Clarín.

Ya otra admiracion confieso.

Lebel.

¿Sabes por donde se fue
La mona, que aqui tenia?

Clarín.

Yo foy.

Lebel.

Linda bobería!

Por la mona pregunté.

Clarín.

Pues yo foy.

*Salen ANTISTES y los Griegos con
unas armas.*

Antístes.

¿Quién está aqui?

Clarín.

Los dos.

Lebel.

¡Que, porque viniese

Clarín, la mona se fue!

Tiempo y trabajo perdí.

Antístes.

Dime, Lebel, ¿dónde está

Lebel.

La mona? No sé, ay de mí!

Antístes.

Ulises? te digo.

Clarín.

Alli.

*Descúbrese un trono, donde está ULISES
durmiendo.*

Antístes.

Entrar podeis todos ya;

Que pues aqui retirado

A Ulises Circe dejó,

But the monkey off has flidden.

Clarín.

This my wonder wakes anew.

Lebel.

Did you see what way retired
The pet monkey that I had?

Clarín.

I am he.

Lebel.

That's not fo bad,—

'Twas for the monkey I inquired.

Clarín.

I am he, I say.

*Enter ANTISTES, and the GREEKS
bearing pieces of armour.*

Antístes.

Who's here?

Clarín.

We two.

Lebel.

Plague on't! for this flunky

Turning up, I've lost my monkey—

Time and trouble too, I fear.

Antístes.

Do you know, Lebel, where is?

Lebel.

My poor monkey? no, ah! me.

Antístes.

Tut! I meant Ulysses.

Clarín.

See.

*A throne is discovered, and on it
ULYSSES sleeping.*

Antístes.

Softly tread this room of his:—

Since remote from any hum

Circe left Ulysses here,

Cuando al mar á ver falió
 Las naves que habian llegado,
 Este es el tiempo mejor,
 Para vencer sus extremos ;
 Y puesto que no podemos
 Avisarle con rumor
 De armas, hoy de Aquiles sea
 El arnes su trompa. Aquí
 Le dejemos, porque así,
 Cuando despierte, le vea.

Timantes.

Acuérdete mudo él
 Las batallas, que venció,
 Cuando en campaña se vió
 Coronado de laurel,
 Para que despertador
 De tantos olvidos sea.

Arquelao.

Quien no creyó la voz, crea
 Las insignias del valor.

[Pónenle á los pies las armas.]

Polidoro.

Trofeos, que soberanos
 Troya entre cenizas llora,
 Y aun estáis sudando ahora
 La sangre de los Troyanos,
 Volved por vos, y entre viles
 Amores no os permitais
 Empañar, pues aun guardais
 El muerto calor de Aquiles.

[Vanse, y despierta ULISES.]

Ulises.

Pesado letargo ha sido
 Este á que rendido estuve,
 Ni bien vida, ni bien sueño,
 Sino letal pesadumbre
 De los sentidos, que torpes,
 Ni descansan, ni discurren,

When she went to see anear
 The great navy that had come,
 'Tis the time to triumph o'er
 Charms that so his soul have bow'd,
 And since we are not allow'd
 To advise him by the roar
 Of the drums, his trumpet be
 Now, Achilles' harness bright,—
 Place it there within his fight,
 That when waking he may see.

Timantes.

Mute may it recall the sound
 Of the battles that he won,
 Of the fields he stood upon,
 With the victor laurel crown'd,
 May it from delusive charms,
 Wake him soon to manlier deed.

Archelaus.

He who heeds no voice, may heed
 The reproachful rust of arms.

[They place the armour at his feet.]

Polydorus.

Trophies of a realm subdued,
 Trophies Troy in ashes weeps,
 Since along your bright mail creeps
 Still the sweat of Trojan blood ;
 No base stain of low desire
 Let disgraceful love fling o'er you,
 Wake, by thoughts of him who bore
 you,

Dead Achilles' martial fire.

[Exeunt all.]

Ulysses (awaking.)

Lead-like lethargy, it surely
 Must have been that I lay under,—
 Neither wholly life, nor sleeping,
 But a dark lethean dulness
 Of the senses, which, grown torpid,
 Neither moved, nor wholly slumber'd.

Crepúsculos fon del alma,
 Pues obran entre dos luces.
 Quién está aquí? Solo estoy.
 ¿Pues cómo sin Circe pude
 Vivir un instante? Bien,
 Que estaban sin luz, prefumen
 Mis sentidos, pues sin sol
 Aun todo el cielo no luce.
 Circe! Circe! mi señora!
 ¿Qué mal tanta ausencia suple
 Tu memoria!—Mas qué veo?
 El grabado arnes ilustre
 De Aquiles á mis pies yace,
 Torpe, olvidado é inútil.
 Bien está á mis pies, porque
 Rendido á mi amor se juzgue,
 Y segunda vez en mí
 Amor de Marte se burle.
 Tarde, olvidado trofeo
 Del valor, á darme acudes
 Socorro contra mí mismo;
 Que aunque contra mí me ayudes,
 Hoy colgado en este templo
 Quedarás, donde sepulten
 Sus olvidos tus memorias.

*El Espíritu de Aquiles, desde el centro
de la tierra.*

Aquiles.

¿No le ofensas, no le injurias!

Ulyses.

¿Qué voz es esta, que en mí
Tan nuevo pavor infunde?

[*Tocan dentro cojas destempladas y
una sordina.*]

¿A quién destempladas trompas,
Exequias figuen lúgubres?
¿Quién causa este efecto?

Twilights of the soul were they,
 That 'twixt day and darkness struggled.
 Who is here? I am alone.
 Ah! how can I live one flutter
 Of the heart without my Circe?
 Well my thoughts divined the murky
 Dark near, since without the sun
 Heaven itself displays no lustre.
 Circe! Circe! my señora,
 For thy absence, all I suffer
 Memory poorly pays for. But,
 What is this? the graved resurgent
 Armour of Achilles lieth
 At my feet forgot, unused.
 Rightly at my feet, because
 To my love it deems it subject,
 And a second time in me
 Victor Love o'er Mars exulteth.
 All too late, forgotten trophy
 Of true valour, dost thou come here
 Succour 'gainst myself to give me;
 Since though 'gainst myself thy succour
 Giv'st thou, in this fane suspended
 Must thou here remain, where buried
 Shall thy memory be forgotten.

The shade of Achilles from below.

Achilles.

Mock them not; do not insult them.

Ulyses.

Ah! what voice is this that makes me
In my inmost heart to shudder?

[*A mournful march of muffled drums
and trumpets is heard from below.*]

Ah! for whose sad obsequies
Play these mournful drums and trumpets?
Who occasions this?

Aquiles (debajo de tierra).

Quien

A sus venganzas acude.

Ulyses.

Si ojos tengo con que mire,
 Si oidos tengo con que escuche,
 En el centro de la tierra
 Sonó la voz, y no sufre
 Ella aun de su grave faz
 La arrugada pesadumbre;
 Pues abre para quejarle
 Una boca, y de ella escupe
 Pardas nubes de humo y fuego,
 ¿ Cuando, contra la costumbre,
 En el centro de la tierra
 Forjan sus rayos las nubes ?

[Abrese una boca, y sale fuego.]

A mas el afombro pasa ;
 Triste un monumento sube
 De su abismo, haciendo un caos
 De vapores y vislumbres.

*Va subiendo un sepulcro, y en él
 AQUILES, cubierto de un velo.*

O tú, que en leves cenizas,
 Que aun el viento no sacude,
 En ese sepulcro yaces,
 Quién eres ?

Aquiles.

Porque no dudes

Quien soy, este negro velo
 Corre, y mi aspecto descubre.

[Descúbrele ULISES.]

Conócesme ?

Ulyses.

Si me deja

Especies con que te juzgue
 Lo pálido de tu faz,

Achilles (from below).

One who

To take stern revenge doth come here.

Ulyses.

If I can believe my eyes,
 If my hearing can be trusted,
 From the centre of the earth
 Came that voice, the earth that suffers
 Not upon its heavy face
 Even the movement of a muscle ;
 Since a mouth is open'd wide
 For complaint, from which is sputter'd
 Densest clouds of smoke and fire.
 When, against all usual custom,
 In the centre of the earth,
 Have the clouds forged flashing thunders ?

*[An abyss opens from which fire bursts
 forth.]*

Higher still my terror rises ;
 From the abyss, a sad sepulchral
 Tomb arises, making chaos [wreaths.
 With its steams and glimmering dun-

*A tomb arises from the abyss, and in it
 is ACHILLES covered with a veil.*

O dread shape, that in light ashes,
 Which not even the wind disturbeth,
 Lie'st in this sepulchre,
 Say, who art thou ?

Achilles.

That all further
 Doubt should end, this black veil lift,
 And my countenance discover.

[ULYSSES raises the veil.]

Dost thou know me ?

Ulyses.

If I may
 Trust the tests wherewith to judge the
 Ashy paleness of thy face,

Que no hay vista que no turbe,
Lo yerto de tu esqueleto.
Que aun desfigurado luce,
Aquíles, Aquíles eres.

Aquíles.

Su espíritu soy ilustre,
Que de los elisios campos,
Donde eterna mansion tuve,
Volví á pañar de Aqueron te
Las verdinegras y azules
Ondas, derretidas gomas
Del salitre y del azufre.
A cobrar vengo mis armas,
Porque el amor no las juzgue
Ya de su templo despojo,
Torpe, olvidado é inútil ;
Porque no quieren los dioses,
Que otro dueño las injurie,
Sino que en mi sepultura
A par de los siglos duren.
Y tú, afeminado Griego,
Que, entre las delicias dulces
Del amor, de negras sombras
Tantos esplendores cubres,
No entre amorosos encantos
Las tengas y las deslumbres,
Sino rompiendo de amor
Las mágicas inquietudes,
Sal de Trinacria, y hollando
Al mar los vidrios azules,
A discrecion de los vientos
Sus pavimentos discurre ;
Que en la curia de los dioses
Quieren, que otra vez los fulques,
Hasta que de mi sepulcro
Las muertas aras saludes,
Y en él esás armas cuelgues,
No lo ignores, no lo dudes,

Which no sight can see untroubled,
And thy stiffen'd skeleton,
Which, though maim'd, retains such
lustre,

Thou Achilles art, Achilles.

Achilles.

I his spirit am, so bruided,
Who from the Elysian fields, my
Everlasting home and country,
Have pass'd through the green and azure
Waves of Acheron, thick gummy
Molten mires of fire and brimstone,
Pools of nitre and of sulphur,
To reclaim once more my arms,
So that Love may never judge them
Of his temple the proud spoil,
Idle, all forgot, and useles ;
For the gods no longer wish
That another lord should rust them,
But that buried in my tomb
They should last while years are num-
ber'd.

And, O thou effeminate Greek,
Who, amid the soft indulgence
Of weak love, so many splendours
In thick ebon shades dost cover,—
Not in amorous enchantments
Shouldst thou let them lose their lustre,
But the magic-woven web
Of love's passionate joys and troubles
Breaking, fly Trinacria, and
Treading the sea's glass-blue surface,
At the winds' discretion scud
O'er its level lawns unruffled.
For it is the gods' decree
That once more your curved prow cuts
them,
Till the funeral altars standing
By my far tomb thou salutest,

O harás, que un rayo, con voces
Que horrible un trueno pronuncie,
Segunda vez te lo mande,
Cuando en abortada lumbre
Desátadas sus cenizas,
Aun, antes que ardan, ahumen.

[*Húndese.*

Ulyses.

Espera, helado cadáver,
Que afombro y horror infundes,
Que yo postrada te doy
Palabra Todo se hunde.
Pesada imaginacion
Fue la que en mis sueños tuve ;
Pero, aunque soñada, es bien
Que la crea, y no la dude.

Salen los Griegos.

Antistes.

Señor, qué es esto ?

Timantes.

Que tienes ?

Polidoro.

¿ Qué accidente hay, que te turbe ?

Arquelao.

¿ De qué das voces al aire ?

Floro.

¿ Qué temor hay, que te ocupe ?

Lebrel.

¿ Que no parezca la mona,
Aunque todo el monte anduve !

Antistes.

De qué te afombra ?

Clarín.

¿ De qué

Te rezelas ?

And in it these arms suspend.
Be not doubtful or reluctant,
If thou wouldst not that a flash,
Lightning-red, with voice of thunder,
This command should give once more,
When in the swift-born refulgence
Shall its scatter'd ashes steam,
Ere to burning dust they crumble.

[*He sinks down.*

Ulyses.

Stay, oh ! stay, cold frozen corse,
Thou that with such fear dost stun me,
For my promise I now give thee
Prostrate here But all hath funken.
Some oppressive fearful fancy
Was it that disturb'd my slumbers ;
But although mere dreams, 'twere well
Not to doubt them, but to trust them.

Enter the Greeks.

Antistes.

What is this, my lord ?

Timantes.

What wouldst thou ?

Polydorus.

What hath happen'd, that disturbs thee ?

Archeleus.

Why fill all the air with outcries ?

Florus.

Whence this fear that so usurps thee ?

Lebrel.

Though I've gone through all the moun-
tain,

Ah ! I cannot meet my monkey !

Antistes.

What doth fright thee so ?

Clarín.

Doth thou shake ?

At what

Lebrél.

De quién huyes ?

Ulyfes.

De mí mismo.

Antiftes.

Pues ¿ qué tienes ?

Ulyfes.

Nada tengo, mucho tuve.

¡ Ay amigos ! tiempo es ya,

Que á los engaños me usurpe

Del mayor encanto, y hoy

El valor del amor triunfó.

¿ Dónde está, dónde se ha ido

Circe ?

Antiftes.

A esta ribera acude,

Después que aquí nos dejó,

A ver, qué bajeles surgen

A este golfo.

Ulyfes.

Pues en tanto

Que descuidada presume,

Que los encantos de amor

Firmes en mi pecho duren,

Por esta parte, que el mar

Siempre repetido surte

Altas montañas, de quien

Turbante han sido las nubes,

Salgamos, y por no hacer

Ruido, y que ella nos escuche,

No el bajel, sino el esquife

Tomemos, y en él

Antiftes.

No dudes.

Ulyfes.

Huyamos de aquí ; que hoy

Es huir acción ilustre,

Pues los encantos de amor

Lebrél.

From whom wouldst run here ?

Ulyfes.

From myself.

Antiftes.

Oh ! say, what hast thou . . .

Ulyfes.

I had much, I now have nothing.

Ah ! my friends, it now is time

To subdue the greatest, subtlest

Of enchantments, and this day

To crown valour love's triumph.—

Where is she, say, where has gone

Circe ?

Antiftes.

To the shore she hurried,

When she left us here, to see

Whose the ships that in the gulf there

Had dropp'd anchor.

Ulyfes.

Then while thus

She so carelessly presumeth

That the witchery of love

Still within my heart endureth,

By this path, to where the sea

Heaves incessantly and surges

Up the lofty mountains, whose

Heads the dark clouds crown with tur-

bans,

Let us go, and for less noise,

Lest she hear and mar our purpose,

Not the vessel, but the boat

Let us take, and in it

Antiftes.

Trust thee.

Ulyfes.

Fly from here ; for flight to-day

Is an act as brave as prudent,

Since the forceries of love,

Los vence aquel que los huye.

Antistes.

Las lágrimas te respondan.

Ulyses.

Hermosa Juno, no culpes
El mayor encanto amor;
Pues, aunque tus flores tuve,
Pude vencer mil encantos,
Y aqueste solo no pude.

Lebrel.

Al fin me voy sin mi mona.

Clarín.

¿Que hasta ahora, que fui, dades?

[*Vanse.*

ORILLAS DEL MAR, FRENTE AL PALACIO
DE CIRCE.

*Salen, marchando, CIRCE y sus Damas,
que traen presos á ARSIDAS y LISIDAS.*

Circe.

Hagan salva á mis palacios
Los animados clarines,
Las cajas y las trompetas,
Porque sus voces publiquen,
Que de Arsidas victoriosa
Hoy, y de Lisidas, Circe
Coronada de trofeos,
Vuelve á los brazos de Ulises.

Arsidas.

Bien, Circe, podré negarte,
Que valiente me venciste,
Mágica no, que mis gentes
A tus apariencias rindes,
Pues huyeron de las huestes,
Que aparentemente finges.

Lisidas.

A facar de tu poder

He alone who flies, subdueth.

Antistes.

Let these tears of ours be answer.

Ulyses.

Lovely Juno, oh! excuse the
Greatest of enchantments, Love,
Since although thy flowers I flourish'd,
Which a thousand spells could conquer,
This one only was above me.

Lebrel.

So in fine I lose my monkey.

Clarín.

Doubt you still 'twas I, you dullard?

[*Exeunt.*

THE SEA-SHORE IN FRONT OF CIRCE'S
PALACE.

*Enter CIRCE and her ladies, marching
with ARSIDAS and LYSIDAS as pri-
soners.*

Circe.

Hail my palace-walls, ye clarions,
With your proud notes wake its silence!
Drums and trumpets, with your powers
All the listening world enlighten,
That o'er Arsidas victorious,
And o'er Lyfidas, comes Circe
Back again, encrown'd with trophies,
To the fond arms of Ulyses!

Arsidas.

That 'twas valour that subdued me,
Circe, I could well deny thee,
That 'twas magic, no; my people,
By thy apparitions frighten'd,
Fled before the hosts of phantoms
That thy subtle skill depicted.

Lyfidas.

To withdraw fair Florida

A Flérida hermosa vine ;
¿ Cómo pude defenderme,
Si ella misma es quien me rinde ?

Circe.

Pues si preso estás por ella,
Tambien por ella estás libre.—
Ulises, invicto Griego,
Sal de esos ricos jardines,
Porque de zelos y amor
Las caducas pompas pises.
Advierte, que victoriosa,
Llena de aplausos insignes,
Vuelvo á tus brazos, porque
Triunfe en ellos.—Mas ay triste !

[*Suena un claron.*

¿ Qué bastarda trompa es esta,
Aspid de metal, que gime
Al aire ?

Flérida.

En el mar, señora,

Sonó la voz.

Libia.

Y el esquife

De ese griego bajel, hecho
Al mar, sus campanas mide.

Astrea.

Ulises desde él te habla;
Escucha lo que te dice.

Ulises (dentro).

Asperos montes del Flegra,
Cuya eminencia compite
Con el cielo, pues sus puntas
Con las estrellas se miden,
Yo fui de vuestros venenos
Triunfador, Teseo felice
Fui de vuestros laberintos,
Y Edipo de vuestra esfinge.
Del mayor encanto amor
La razon me sacó libre,

From thy power came I hither ;
How could I defend myself
When 'twas she contended with me ?

Circe.

If for her thou'rt here in chains,
Then for her be free this instant.
From these rich-rosed gardens fair,
Come, unvanquish'd Greek ! Ulysses !
And tread down the fallen pomps
Love and jealousy once lit here.
See with what a victor air,
Led by plausive trumpets and timbrels,
I seeek thy arms, for only
There I triumph ; but why thrills me

[*A trumpet sounds.*

So this boding bugle, this
Snake of metal, whose throat hisses
On the air ?

Flérida.

From sea, Señora,

Comes the sound.

Libia.

And see the skiff there
Of the Grecian vessel, making
From the shore across the still sea.

Astrea.

And Ulysses from it speaks ;
Hearken to his words, oh ! listen.

Ulysses (within).

Rugged mountains of wild Phlegra,
Whose excessive heights are pitted
'Gainst the sky, because their proud peaks
With the stars of Heaven are mingled,
I was o'er your many poisons
The triumpher, of your circled
Labyrinth the happy Theseus,
Œdipus of all your sphinxes ;
From thy greatest of enchantments
Love, hath reason me deliver'd,

Trañadando esos palacios
A los campos de Anfitrite.

Voces (dentro).

Buen viage!

Flérida.

Buen viage,

Todos los vientos repiten.

Circe.

Escucha, tirano griego,
Espera, engañoso Ulises,
Pues te habla, no cruel,
Sino enamorada Circe.
Cuando victoriosa yo
Triunfos arrastro, que pises,
¿Quieres, que vencida lllore?
¿Quieres, que me queje humilde?
Escucha!—Mas ¡ay triste!
No lllore quien te pierde, ni suspire,
Si te dan, para hacer mejor camino,
Agua mis ojos, viento mis suspiros.

Flérida.

Señora, en vano te quejas;
Que fardo el ingrato Ulises,
Desbocado bruto, corre
A vela y remo el esquife.

Libia.

Ya, perdiéndose de vista,
Un átomo es invisible.

Astrea.

Y ya entre el agua y las nubes
Un pájaro apenas finge.

Circe.

Ya estás, Arfidas, vengado.
Pero mal dije, mal dije;

All your palaces exchanging
For the fields of Amphitrite.

Voices within.

Pleasant voyage!

Flérida.

Pleasant voyage

All the winds appear to wish them.

Circe.

Listen, listen, tyrant Greek!
Stay, deceitful, false Ulysses,
Since 'tis not the cruel queen
Calls thee, but the love-lorn Circe.
When, that thou might'st tread them
down,

Triumphs for thy feet I bring thee,
Wouldst thou, conquering, I should
weep,
Wouldst thou weakly I should whimper?
Hear me!—But, O bitter woe!
She must not weep or sigh from whom
thou fleest,
If she must give thee for thy speedier
flight,
Water her eyes, and wind the fobs she
figheth.

Flérida.

Vainly, lady, thou lamentest,
Since the deaf ingrate Ulysses
Flies with rudder and with sail
On his ship as on a swift steed.

Libia.

Almost lost to sight, 'tis now
To the smallest atom dwindled.

Astrea.

And betwixt the wave and cloud
Like a tiny sea-bird wingeth.

Circe.

Arfidas, thou art avenged;
But my words are false and idle,—

Que nunca se venga un noble
 En mirar un infelice.
 Si lo eres, ese acero
 En mi roja sangre tiñe ;
 Que no es venganza, piedad
 Sí, darle la muerte á un triste.
 Y sea antes que trapuesto
 Ese neblí, que describe
 Las ondas, ese delfin,
 Que el campo del aire mide,
 Ese caballo, que corre,
 Ese escollo, que se rige,
 Ese peñasco, que nada,
 Se esconda, y no se divise ;
 Porque, perdido de vista,
 Tardará tu acero ofigne,
 Y no será menester
 Mas muerte, que no seguirle.
 ¡ Escucha ! Mas ¡ ay triste !
 No llore quien te pierde, ni suspire,
 Pues te dan, para hacer mejor camino,
 Agua mis ojos, viento mis suspiros.—
 ¿ Mas qué me quejo á los cielos ?
 ¿ No soy la mágica Circe ?
 ¿ No puedo tomar venganza
 En quien me ofende y me rinde ?
 Alterados estos mares
 A ser pedazos aspiren
 De los cielos ; que si lleva,
 Porque de encantos se libre,
 El ramillete de Juno,
 Que traje del cielo Iris,
 No de tormentas del mar
 Le librarán sus matices.
 Llamas las ondas arrojen,
 Fuego las aguas espiren.

[Sale fuego del agua.]

Arda el azul pavimento,
 Y sus campañas turquises

True hearts ne'er can vengeance find
 In the sight of one afflicted.
 If thou art so, take this sword,
 And with my red heart's blood tinge it,
 Since to kill a wretch like me
 Is not vengeance, but true pity :
 And do this, or ere, fast fading,
 Yon fleet falcon, that swift swimmeth
 Ocean's waves, yon white-wing'd dol-
 phin,
 'Mid the fields of air uplifted,
 Yonder sea-steed gently flowing,
 Yonder rudder'd rock that drifteth,
 Yonder loosen'd cliff that floateth,
 Undescried is wholly hidden ;
 For when it is lost to sight,
 Then too late will fall thy swift steel,
 Since no other death I'll need ;
 Then the thought I can't go with him.
 Hear me ! But, O bitter woe !
 She must not weep or sigh from whom
 thou fliest,
 If she must give thee for thy speedier flight,
 Water her eyes, and wind the fobs she
 sigheth.
 But why wail thus to the skies,
 Am I not the forcerefs Circe ?
 Cannot I take vengeance on
 Him who wrongs me ? who afflicts me ?
 Let the roused-up seas aspire,
 As it were, to be the splinters
 Of the broken heavens : and though
 He that charm against bewitchments
 Bears—the beauteous flowers of Juno,
 Which from heaven were brought by
 Iris,—
 From the tempests of the sea
 Him shall not their tints deliver ;
 Flame, be darted from the billows,

Mieles de rayos parezcan,
Que cañas de fuego vibren,
A ver, si hay deidad, que tanta
Tormenta le facilite.

*Serénase el mar, y sale por él, en un carro
triumfal tirado de dos delfines, GA-
LATEA, y al rededor muchos Tritones
y Sirenas con instrumentos.*

Galatea.

Sí habrá, y quien, sereno el mar,
Manfo, quieto y apacible,
Le dé paso en sus esferas.

Circe.

¿Quién eres tú, que saliste
De esas húmidas alcobas
En triunfal carro sublime,
A serenar de mi enojo
Las iras desafapacibles?

Galatea.

Yo, que en este hermoso carro,
A quien tiran dos delfines,
De Sirenas y Tritones
Tan acompañada vine,
Galatea soy, de Dóris
Hija, y de Nereo, invencible
Dios marino, y la que amante
De Acis, jóven infelice,
Murió á los bárbaros zelos
De Polifemo, terrible
Monstruo, que el tálamo dulce
De nuestras bodas felices
Cubrió de un peñasco, que hoy
Túmulo es, que nos aflige :

Fire, from out the waves be spirted ;
[*Fire rises from the water.*]
Let the azure pavement burn,
And its plains of turquoise glisten,
Like a harvest field of lightning,
Vibrating innumerable fire-stems,
To find out if any goddess
Can so great a storm extinguish.

*The sea grows serene, and upon it GA-
LATEA is seen advancing in a trium-
phal car drawn by two dolphins, and
surrounded by many Tritons and
Sirens bearing musical instruments.*

Galatea.

There is one, who smooths the sea
To a peaceful path of silver
For his passage through its spheres.

Circe.

Who art thou that hath arisen
From the deep sea's damp recesses,
In triumphal chariot driven,
To appease the unappeas'd
Anger of the wrath I've kindled?

Galatea.

I, who in this beauteous car,
Which two dolphins move so lightly,
Come accompanied and circled
By the Tritons and the Sirens,
Galatea am, the daughter
Of fair Doris, and the mighty
Sea-god Nereus, and the loved once
Of young Acis, hapless stripling,
Victim of the jealous fury
Of wild Polyphemus, grimmeft
Of all monsters, who the sweet bed
Of the happy vows we plighted
Cover'd with a rock, which ever
Like a dark tomb o'er us rises,

Cuya pirámide, cuanta
 Sangre de los dos exprime,
 Cristal es, que defatado
 Nuestro fin llorando dice.
 Deste rústico jayan
 Vengada me dejó Ulíses,
 A cuya caufa mi voz
 Al amparo fuyo asiste ;
 Y pidiendo á las deidades
 De Neptuno y de Anfítrite,
 Que serenasen los mares,
 Y que sus claros viriles
 Espejos fuesen del sol,
 Mientras los Griegos los pisen.
 Como á Ninfa de sus ondas,
 Que discurra me permiten
 El mar, apagando cuanto
 Fuego en él introdujiste ;
 Y así ondas de plata y vidrio
 Veloz mi carro describe,
 Haciendo á su hermosa espuma,
 Que á las rodadas sùtiles,
 O como plata se entorchen,
 O como vidrio se ricen.

Circe.

Si deidad eres del mar,
 Cuando en él mis fuerzas quites,
 No en la tierra ; y si no puedo
 Vengarme en quien huye libre,
 En mí podré. Estos palacios,
 Que mágico el arte finge,
 Desvanecidos en polvo,
 Sola una voz los derribe.
 Su hermosa fábrica caiga
 Deshecha, rota y humilde ;
 Sean páramo de nieve
 Sus montes y sus jardines.
 Un Mongibelo suceda
 En su lugar, que vomite

Prefs'd beneath whose pyramid
 All the blood that from us trickles,—
 So to weep our tragic end—
 Turns to crystal murmuring ripples.
 'Gainst this rustic giant rude
 Vengeance gave to me Ulysses,
 On account of which my voice
 In his cause has been uplifted,
 Asking of the deities
 Neptune and fair Amphitrite,
 That they would make smooth the seas,
 And that they, translucent mirrors,
 Should outspread them for the sun,
 While the Greek ship sail'd amidst them.
 I, as being a sea-nymph born,
 Am to run their realm permitted,
 In the sea the fire appeasing,
 Which your vengeful anger flings here ;
 And my swift car thus o'er-rideth,
 Sparkling waves of glass and silver,
 Making with its beauteous foam
 'Neath its wheels the waves to glisten,
 Now in curling wreaths of glass,
 Now in silvery twine entwisted.

Circe.

If thou'rt of the sea a goddess,
 Thou may'st of my might deprive me
 There, but not on land ; if vengeance
 I can't have on him who flies me,
 On myself I can. This palace,
 Which by magic art I builded,
 Let it vanish into dust,
 Let a single word, to shivers
 Shake this beauteous fabric down,
 Ruin'd, broken, rent, made little.
 O'er its mountains and its gardens
 Let the dreary snow be drifted,
 And where now it stands in beauty,
 Be a wild volcano kindled,

Fuego, que á la luna abrafe,
Entre humo, que al sol eclipsé.

[*Húndese el palacio de Circe, y aparece un volcan, arrojando llamas.*

Astrea.

¡ Qué confusion tan notable !

Libia.

¡ O qué afombro tan terrible !

Flérida.

Huyamos, Libia ! [*Vase.*

Libia.

Huye, Astrea ! [*Vase.*

Astrea.

¿ Dónde estar podemos libres ? [*Vase.*

Circe.

Cuantos espíritus tuve
Presos, sujetos y humildes,
Inficionando los aires,
Huyan á su centro horrible.
Y yo, pues de mis encantos
A saber que es mayor vine
El amor, pues el amor,
A quien no rindieron, rinde,
Muera tambien, y suceda
A mi fin la noche triste. [*Húndese.*

Galatea.

Pues seguro el mar por donde
Venturoso corre Ulyés,
Tormentas vé de la tierra,
El mar con fiestas publique
Su vencimiento, y haciendo
Regocijos y festines,
Sus Tritones y Sirenas
Lazos formen apacibles ;
Pues fue el agua tan dichosa,
En esta noche felice,

Belching fire, the pale moon burning,
And with smoke the sea eclipsing.

[*The palace of Circe sinks into the earth, and a volcano rises in its place, darting out flames.*

Astrea.

O confusion so unequall'd !

Libia.

O the horror so terrific !

Flérida.

Libia, fly ! [*Exit.*

Libia.

Oh ! fly, Astrea ! [*Exit.*

Astrea.

Where for safety ? say, oh ! whither ? [*Exit.*

Circe.

All the spirits that I held
Captive, subject to my sway, and willing,
Flying on the poison'd air,
Seek the horrid homes that hide them.
And since I of my enchantments
Have now come to know the chief is
Love, since love it was that conquer'd
Him, whom all the rest left victor,
Let me also die, and let
Mournful night's dark gloom engird me.

[*She sinks down.*

Galatea.

Since the sea, upon whose breast
Flies the fortunate Ulysses,
Views unmoved the storms of land,
Let it now in joy and mirth here
Publish to the world his triumph,
And its Tritons and its Sirens,
Making *fêtes* and glad rejoicings,
Dance in many mazes mingled ;
And since on this happy night
Has the water been permitted

Que mereció ser teatro
De foles, á quien humilde
El Poeta, entre otras honras,
Perdon de las faltas pide.

[*Hiciéron un bailete Tritones
y Sirenas.*]

The proud theatre to be
Of two fons, the Poet wishes
Humbly, 'mid his other honours,
For his faults to ask forgiveness.

[*The scene closes with a Ballet of
Tritons and Sirens.*]





THE SORCERIES OF SIN.

AN AUTO.

FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERON.





INTRODUCTION.

THE *Sorceries of Sin* is the only attempt that has ever been made in English to present even one of Calderon's *Autos* in its integrity. Indeed, with the exception of the scenes introduced into Dean Trench's analysis of *The Great Theatre of the World*, not a single line of these remarkable dramas has ever previously been presented in English verse. Writers in Reviews and Magazines have occasionally drawn attention to a few of the secular dramas of Calderon; but the *Autos*, the most wonderful of all his productions, and the only ones (with but two exceptions) which the great poet himself thought worthy of his revision,* have been passed over, I may say, in almost utter silence.† One of them has been admirably ana-

* Vera Tassis mentions that Calderon corrected the proofs of the two dramas which he allowed to be printed in the forty-sixth volume of the *Comedias de Varios Autores*. A small number out of one hundred and twenty. The *Autos* which he prepared for the press are contained in the volume of 1690 alluded to in the text.

† Even German enthusiasts, which has done so much for the *Comedias* of Calderon, has shrunk from the difficult task of dealing with the *Autos*. I know of but two writers who have given a translation of any of them. The first is J. F. von Eichendorff, who published eleven of them in his *Geistliche Schauspiele von Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca*, Stuttgart, 1846-53. The other is Ludwig Braunfels, who published two little volumes of translations from Lope de Vega, Tirso de Molina and Calderon, at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1856. The second volume contains the *Auto La Cena de Balthasar*, previously translated by Eichendorff in the original *afonantes*, which Braunfels

lysed in prose by Mr. Ticknor;* another in the Rambler:† two or three have been meagrely and frigidly condensed into a few lines by Southey;‡ and Sismondi, who condescended only to read one of them out of seventy three, has favoured us with an outline of that one, which is characterized by his usual want of sympathy or appreciation. This neglect, perhaps, is not to be wondered at, considering how very slight, after all, if we take into account their number and variety, has been the notice which his secular dramas have as yet received from British writers. Though it is not at all improbable, that, had the same attention, such as it is, been devoted to the *Autos*, which has been given to the *Comedias*, a far greater amount of curiosity and interest would be felt towards Calderon than any presentation of his merely secular dramas has yet succeeded in awakening. This opinion, expressed in different language in the introductory remarks which I prefixed to *The Sorceries of Sin* as originally published in the Atlantis,§ has received the strongest confirmation from an observation of Mr. Ticknor's, contained in a letter which he had the kindness to address to me shortly after the appearance of *The Sorceries of Sin* in the scientific and literary journal to which I have alluded. Contrasting my former labours upon Calderon with my later, and encouraging me to proceed in the new path, Mr. Ticknor says:—"With the two volumes of your translations from Calderon's plays, which you published in 1853, I have been familiar from their first appearance, and very thankful that you ventured on the bold undertaking. But this version of the *Encantos*

rejects as being unsuited to the genius even of the German language. *Los Encantos de la Culpa* is translated by Eichendorff under the title *Der Sünde Zauberei*, in the second volume (p. 315) of his work. The German translations of the *Comedias* are numerous. I have in my own possession excellent ones by Augustus Schlegel, Schach the historian, Gries, Malzburg, Martin, Barman, Schmid, Schumacher, and others.

* *The Divine Orpheus*. History of Spanish Literature, v. ii. p. 323.

† *Poison and Antidote*, Rambler, Dec. 1855.

‡ Common Place Book, second series, p. 253.

§ No. iv. July, 1859.

de la Culpa, with its *afonantes*, is much more interesting as a work of art, and more important. Allow me, then, to express the hope that you will go on and translate more of the *Autos*. Nothing can, I think, give a clearer idea of what is most characteristic in Spanish literature, or give foreigners a more just idea of its peculiar power." This important testimony to the attractiveness of the *Autos* in themselves, and to a certain success which has attended my attempt to transfer one of them, with its peculiar and varied versification, into English, I confess I print here with great, and, I think, not unjustifiable pride. Though the time and labour necessary to complete the long dramas contained in this volume have not left me leisure to include another *Auto* in this collection, I trust that what is here presented, by its strict and rigid adherence to those principles of translation which in the smaller piece have obtained the approval of so eminent an authority, will show how highly I value it, and how earnestly I have again struggled to deserve it.

The precise time at which the first volume of the *Autos* was published appears to be a matter of some uncertainty. But two collected editions have been made in Spain, one in 1717, in six volumes, 4to., the other in 1759-60, also in 4to. On the title-pages of both editions they are called *Obras Posthumas*, and are represented as being then first published. This is true no doubt of the greater number of them, the manuscripts of all having been preserved in the archives of the corporation of Madrid, whose property, for the purposes of the Corpus Christi festivities, they were. This property the municipality parted with on the 31st of May, 1717, to Don Pedro de Pando y Mier, for the sum of sixteen thousand reals, and it was by him that the first collection was made.* Although the preface which Calderon prepared himself for the first volume of the

* The *Autos* have never been republished out of Spain. The edition of Keil contains only the vague allusion of Vera Tassis as to their number. In Spain itself they have not yet been included in the valuable *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles* (still in course of publication, though promised by Señor Hartzenbusch in the preface to his edition of the *Comedias*, (p. xx.) and more recently by Don Justo de Sancha in the notice prefixed

Autos is given in the two editions above mentioned, the volume itself is not alluded to, and seems to be unknown in Spain, if I may judge from the silence observed towards it in one of the latest published volumes of the *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*,* where the usual statement is made of the *Autos* being first published in 1717. Having picked up a few years ago, on a Dublin book-stall, a volume of the *Autos* published in 1690,† I took the liberty, in my paper in the *Atlantis*, of calling the attention of Mr. Ticknor to the fact, he having stated, in his *History of Spanish Literature* (v. ii. p. 319, note 25), that “the *Autos*, being the property of the city of Madrid, and annually represented, were not permitted to be printed for a long time (Lara Prólogo). They were first published in 1717, in 6 volumes, 4to., and they fill the same number of volumes in the edition of 1759-60, 4to.” This correction, if I may call it so, I made with very great diffidence and deference, and I was relieved beyond measure at finding Mr. Ticknor not only received my observations with indulgence, but favoured me with the following most interesting and valuable information upon the subject:—

“What you say of the confusion that you find in my notice of the first publication of the *Autos* is partly true. When I wrote my *History of Spanish Literature*, I had not seen the twelve *Autos* published in 1690 from a MS. that seems to have been prepared by Calderon as early as

to his *Romancero y Cancionero Sagrados*, Madrid, 1855, p. vi. If well edited, this volume would form one of the most interesting of the series. The date “31st of May, 1717,” in the text, I have taken from the work referred to in the next note. Mr. Ticknor, in his letter, gives the date, 31st of March, 1716. The name of the assignee of the copyright in that work is given *Prado* (instead of *Pando*) y Mier. The correct name is supplied in Mr. Ticknor’s letter, and is found at the bottom of the fly-leaf of each volume of the edition of 1759-60, containing the *Fee de erratas*.

* *Dramaticos Posteriores a Lope de Vega*, t. i. Note to *Chronological Catalogue of Dramatic Authors from Calderon to Canizares*, p. xxxvii.

† *Autos Sacramentales Alegoricos y Historiales. Dedicados al Patriarca San Juan de Dios, compuestos por Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca, &c.* En Madrid: por Juan Garcia Infanzon, año 1690.

1676 ; but a few years ago, at Florence, I picked up a copy, together with a copy of the Comedias published by Vera Tassis in nine volumes between 1683 and 1694. From these sources and from odd volumes of the Comedias *de Diferentes Autores*, going back to 1633, and the volumes published by Calderon's brother Joseph, I intend to give as good an account as I can of the first editions, whether spurious or genuine, of all Calderon's dramas, religious and secular, in the third American edition of my History, now in the press. Of course, I shall use in it what Hartzenbusch has so well done.

“ But there still remains some obscurity about the matter. . . . When Calderon, in July, 1680, gave the Duke de Veraguas the list of his dramas, which was published in the *Obelisco* of Lara in 1683, the twelve Autos are marked as *impresos*. But I know of no edition of them earlier than that of 1690, where they all appear, but *in a different order* from the one to which they stand in the list, which is, after all, the true foundation for all discussions about Calderon's dramas. It is plain, that, when he collected them for publication, he had the purpose of making more than one volume. The prefatory matter shows this, as you have well observed. But I know of nothing of the sort, except the volume of 1690, until the 31st of March, 1716, when the City of Madrid—Como legataria del Doctor D. Pedro Calderon de la Barca—gave or sold the right of printing them *all* to Pedro de Pando y Mier, after which everything is plain. Now can you give me any indication of the publication of any of Calderon's Autos earlier than the last date, except that of the twelve in 1690? If you can you will add another obligation to the many I owe you already.

“ My only conjecture in relation to the matter is, that the twelve *Autos* of 1690 were *printed* in 1676 ; but that the prefatory matter in the first four leaves was not printed until the volume was *published* in 1690, where the title-page shows that no subsequent volume was likely to be added ; the city of Madrid having then the right of property in them, which it did not part with until nineteen years later. But I

do not much rely on this. Calderon was very loose in his statements about his dramas and his unwillingness to have them published."

The information asked for by Mr. Ticknor, in the above valuable bibliographical note, it is scarcely necessary to say I was unable to supply; and to the few observations I ventured to make upon the subject, Mr. Ticknor was good enough to refer in a subsequent letter which he favoured me with, a passage from which I here subjoin, as all that is likely to be ever known about the matter.

"The question of the first publication of the *Autos* is, as you say, a puzzling one, and I think will never be settled to absolute certainty. I rely little on Lara's *Obelisco Funebre*, because there are certainly several gross mistakes in it. Calderon's statements, too, I have found are not always to be trusted, and as for Tassas, *aprobaciones* &c., I have many times had as much trouble with them in other cases as in this. My general impression, therefore, is that the *Autos* of 1690 were the first published, and that nothing was done earlier except to prepare them for the press, and get the needful permissions to print them, beginning this work in 1676."

An allusion has been made in one of the notes to the *Catalogo Cronologico Alfabetico* by Don Ramon de Mesonero Romanos (prefixed to his *Dramaticos Posteriores a Lope de Vega*, t. i. pp. xxxvii. to liii.) of dramas and dramatists in Spain from 1635 to 1740. The number of Calderon's *Comedias* set down in this list is 126, which includes those dramas in which Calderon was assisted by other poets, as well as those of which no copies are now known to exist; among others the *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the loss of which is so much to be regretted. The names of 84 *Autos* are given, being eleven more than the number contained in the six quarto volumes of 1717 or 1759-60, which I have mentioned as being but 73. There is certainly some confusion in this list, which contains the names of fourteen *Autos* not to be found in the six quartos just alluded to, omits two which those volumes contain, and alters the

names of two others, if, indeed, these last are not different *Autos* altogether.

Among the *new Autos* is one called *Devocion de la Cruz*, which must not be confounded with the terrible tragedy of that name which Bouterwek so strangely mistook for an *Auto*, as mentioned in the introduction to my translation of *The Devotion of the Cross* in this volume. Another is called *Cruz en la Sepultura*, the very name under which *The Devotion of the Cross* was first published in the edition of Huefca, 1633, as fully described in the same introduction. The expectation of new treasure, however, which this list awakens adds greatly to the anxiety which Spanish scholars feel for the long-promised republication of them in the *Library of Spanish Authors*.

It only remains for me to add that my reason for selecting *Los Encantos de la Culpa* in preference to others of at least equal, if not superior, brilliancy, was its connection with *El Mayor Encanto Amor*, and the interest I felt, and which I am sure others will feel, at tracing the ingenuity and marvellous freshness with which Calderon takes up the same theme, which one would think he had exhausted in the longer drama, and representing it anew in a more wonderful and original manner than at first. The remarks of Dean Trench on this subject, in his admirable essay on the genius of Calderon, are so apposite, that I make no scruple of transferring them here:—

“The manner in which Calderon uses the Greek Mythology is exceedingly interesting. He was gifted with an eye singularly open for the true religious element, which, however overlaid and debased, is yet to be detected in all inferior forms of religion. These religions were to him the vestibules through which the nations had been guided till they reached the temple of the absolute religion, where God is worshipped in Christ. The reaching out and feeling after an unknown truth, of which he detected something in the sun-worship of the Peruvians,* he

* See his *Daybreak in Copacabana*.

recognized far more distinctly in the more human, and therefore more divine, mythology and religion of ancient Greece. It may be that the genuine Castilian alienation from the Jew, which was not wanting in him, may in part have been at work when he extols, as he often loves to do, the superior readiness of the Gentile world, as contrasted with the Jewish church, to receive the proffered salvation, its greater receptivity of the truth. But whether this may have had any share in the matter or not, it is a theme to which he is constantly in these *Autos* recurring, and which he loves under the most various aspects to present. And generally he took a manifest delight in finding or making a deeper meaning for the legends and tales of the classical world, seeing in them the symbols and unconscious prophecies of Christian truth. He had no misgivings, therefore, but that these would yield themselves freely to be moulded by his hands. He felt that in employing them he would not be drawing down the sacred into the region of the profane; but elevating that which had been profaned into its own proper region and place. These legends of heathen antiquity supply the allegorical substratum for several of his *Autos*. Now it is *The True God Pan*, or Perseus rescuing Andromeda, or Theseus destroying the Labyrinth, or Ulysses defying the Enchantments of Circe, or the exquisite mythus of Cupid and Psyche. Each in turn supplies him with some new poetical aspect under which to contemplate the very highest truth of all."*

* *Life's a Dream: The Great Theatre of the World*. From the Spanish of Calderon. With an Essay on his Life and Genius. By Richard Chenevix Trench. London, 1856, p. 96.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

EL HOMBRE.
LA CULPA.
LA LASCIVIA.*
LA LISONJA.
EL ENTENDIMIENTO.
LA PENITENCIA.
EL OLFATO.
EL OÍDO.
EL TACTO.
EL GUSTO.
LA VISTA.
Múscos.
Acompanamiento.

THE MAN.
SIN.
VOLUPTUOUSNESS.*
FLATTERY.
THE UNDERSTANDING.
PENANCE.
THE SMELL.
THE HEARING.
THE TOUCH.
THE TASTE.
THE SIGHT.
Musicians.
Chorus, &c.

* This character, though taking a part in the *Auto*, is not included in the list of *Personas* in the edition of 1759-60, from which I print.



AUTO SACRAMENTAL ALEGORICO,

INTITULADO

LOS ENCANTOS DE LA CULPA.

*Suena un Clarin, y se descubre una Nave, y en ella el HOMBRE
el ENTENDIMIENTO, y los CINCO SENTIDOS.*

El Entendimiento.



EN la anchurosa Plaza
Del mar del Mundo, oy hombre te amenaza
Gran tormenta.

El Oído.

Yo he sido
De tus cinco sentidos el Oído,
Y así el primero siento
Bramar las ondas, y gemir el viento.

La Vista.

Yo, que he sido la Vista,
Que al Sol los rayos perspicáz conquista,
Desde lexos dividido
Uno, y otro uracán, á cuyo viso
En esta cristalina
Campaña te previene fatál ruina.

El Tacto.

El Tacto soy, á horrores te provoco,
Pues yá cercanos los peligros toco.



THE SACRAMENTAL ALLEGORICAL AUTO,

ENTITLED

THE SORCERIES OF SIN.

*A Trumpet sounds, and a Ship is discovered at sea. In it are the
MAN, the UNDERSTANDING, and the FIVE SENSES.*

The Understanding.

UPON the boundless plain of the world's wide sea,
O Man! this day doth darkly threaten thee
A mighty tempest.

The Hearing.

I who am the Hearing
'Mong thy five Senses call'd, perceive the nearing
Of the impending storm; to me is known
First when the waves grow hoarse and winds begin to groan.

The Sight.

I who am call'd the Sight—
Swift victor of the great Sun's golden light,—
With power to look between
Each whirlwind wild that breaks the blue serene,
Foreseeing, can behold the coming woe
That on this crystal plain this day thou'rt doom'd to know.

The Touch.

The Touch am I, harrowing thy soul so much,
That dangers closing round thee seem to touch.

El Olfato.

El Olfato te dice, que se crea
El humedo vapor de la maréa.

El Gusto.

Yo en trance tan injulto,
Con ser el Gusto, estoy aqui fin gusto.

El Oído.

Gran tormenta corremos.
El Entendimiento.
En el Mar de la vida nos perdémos.

El Tacto.

Larga aquella mayor.
El Olfato.
Iza el Trinquete.

El Gusto.

A la Triza.
El Oído.
A la Escolta.*
La Vista. Al Chafaldete.
El Entendimiento.

En alterados hielos
Corre tormenta el hombre.
Todos. Piedad, Cielos!

El Hombre.

En el Texto Sagrado,
Quantas veces las aguas se han nombrado,
Tantos doctos Varones
Las suelen traducir tribulaciones,
Con que la humana vida
Navega zozobrada, y sumergida.
El Hombre soy, á astucias inclinado,
Y por serlo, oy Ulísés me ha nombrado,
Que en Griego decir quiere
Cauteloso: y assi, quien oy quisiere

* Should obviously be *Escota*.

The Smell.

Smell, too, proclaims how near doth ruin glide,
Even by the humid vapours of the tide.

The Taste.

For such a tumult of the sea and sky
No taste I feel, though Taste itself am I.

The Hearing.

We run before the wind.

The Understanding.

Storm-toft,

Upon the sea of life our bark is loft.

The Touch.

Loofen the mainfheet!

The Smell.

Hoift the foresail, ho!

The Taste.

To the cable!

The Hearing.

To the tack-ropes!

The Sight.

Let the clew-lines go!

The Understanding.

Over the waves by mighty tempests driven,
Man struggles on.

All.

Have pity, gracious Heaven!

The Man.

In the sacred text do we
Find frequent mention of the waves of the sea,
Which learnèd doctors all translate
The tribulations of this mortal state,
Through which in stormy strife
Struggles submerged and toft the bark of human life.
I then am Man, to craft and cunning prone,
And therefore by Ulyffes' name am known,
As if a Grecian fynonym it were
For cautious sense; therefore if any here
Wifh to track well the straits my fate goes through,
Let him Ulyffes' story keep in view:

Correr las líneas de la fuerte mía,
 De Ulíses figa en mí la Alegoría :
 Y los que en una parte
 Me llamaron viador, viendo mi arte,
 Y en otra navegante, que el camino
 Del Mar dífurco siempre peregrino,
 Dando ocasion á que ningún viviente
 Se admire de peligró tan urgente :
 Y affi nadie fe espante,
 Que Ulíses peregrino, y navegante,
 Con inquietud violenta,
 Corra tanta tormenta,
 Confufos, y perdidos
 En mis tribulaciones mis sentidos.

El Oído.

Solo fe escuchan en la selva fria
 Ráfagas, que nos dán por travesía.

La Vista.

Solo se vén en effos orizontes
 Montes, que se deshacen fobre montes.

El Tacto.

Solo se tocan ondas, con quien fube
 El mar, que nace mar, á morir nube.

El Olfato.

Uno son yá los dos azules velos.

El Gusto.

Qué nos vamos á pique.

Todos.

Piedad, Cielos !

El Entendimiento.

Si los llamais, ferenidades crea
 Vuestro temor cobarde, y que no fea
 Este Baxél, que en piclagos se mueve,
 Sepulcro de cristal, tumba de nieve,
 Que el Cielo, á humildes voces siempre abierto,
 Al naufragio Piloto es feliz Puerto.

El Gusto.

Acordemonos dél, aora que estamos
 En riesgo los que el Mundo navegamos.

Then those who call me at one part
 Of my course a wayfarer, seeing my art,
 A mariner at another, day by day
 Pilgrim-like treading over the sea's falt way,
 Will wonder not at th' extremity
 Of danger, which none living 'scaped but he ;
 And thus without a fear,
 A pilgrim and a voyager,
 You may behold Ulysses braving
 The sea's unrest, the tempest's raving,—
 See him in me confused and lost,
 And by my Senses girded like a host.

The Hearing.

The wild gusts on this frozen forestry
 Of masts side-striking list alone to thee.

The Sight.

Nought can be seen on the horizon wild,
 But mountains upon yielding mountains piled.

The Touch.

Nought can be touch'd but waves, if waves they be
 Which die in the air a cloud, though born a sea.

The Smell.

Commingled are their veil's deep azure dyes.

The Taste.

We strike! we sink!

All.

Have pity, O ye skies!

The Understanding.

If upon Heaven you call, your prayers, though weak,
 Will of themselves create the calm we seek,
 Bringing this bark, which through the waves doth go,
 A crystal sepulchre, a tomb of snow,
 Safe to that holy haven it lays bare
 To shipwreck'd pilot's eyes—so strong is humble prayer.

The Taste.

Oh! may it grant it soon, for here are we
 Toft in extremeft risk upon the world's wide sea.

El Entendimiento.

Dadle voces en tales desconfuelos,
Pues él siempre responde.

Todos.

Piedad, Cielos!

El Oído.

Yá escucho, que se llena
De paz la vaga habitacion serena.

El Gusto.

Y el Mar tranquilo, yá con ira sumo
No riñe, sino juega con la espuma.

El Entendimiento.

Todo el ayre es cambiantes, y reflexos.

La Vista.

Todo es serenidad, y yá no lexos,
Antes que todos miro
Cumbres, que tocan al azul Zafiro,
Del Mar burlando la sañuda guerra.

El Entendimiento.

Zelages se descubren : tierra, tierra.

El Hombre.

Prudente Entendimiento,
Piloto, que al gobierno estás atento
De aquesta humana Nave,
Que nadar, y bolar á un tiempo sabe,
Siendo en mansiones de atomos de espumas,
Sin escamas Delfin, Cisne sin plumas,
Pón la Proa en aquella
Montaña, en quien la mas luciente Estrella
Peligra, pues su cumbre
Es en donde se roba al Sol la lumbre :
Y assi sus puertas inconstantes cierra
A este humano Baxél.

Todos.

A tierra, á tierra.

Desembarcan, y desaparece la Nave.

El Hombre.

Humanos sentidos mios,

The Understanding.

In such affliction let its vault be riven
Still with your cries, 'twill answer.

All.

Save us, Heaven.

The Hearing

Already calm comes on, the wild winds cease,
And o'er our heaving home glides the soft breath of peace.

The Taste.

The sea grows tranquil—smoothly silver'd o'er,
It plays with the foam with which it fought before.

The Understanding.

Bright grows the air with many a changeful hue.

The Sight.

All grows serene, and lo! not far I view—
I first of all—the bare
Peaks of tall hills, which touch the azure air,
Now mocking the far wave-war on the strand.

The Understanding.

Now the clouds part—it is the land! the land!

The Man.

O prudent pilot Understanding!
Thou who hast been so long commanding
This bark of human life, this boat,
That at the self-same time can fly or float,
Being upon the foam-flakes it rests on,
A scaleless dolphin, and a plumeless swan,
Beneath yon mountain turn its prow,
Beneath yon peak which on its brow
Wears a star of brightest ray—
That point whose light is filch'd even from the God of Day—
There where it seems to stretch a curvèd hand
To clasp this human bark.

All.

To land! to land!

[*All disembark and the vessel disappears.*]*The Man.*

Human Senses mine, my vassals,

Vassallos, que componéis
 La Republica del Hombre,
 Que mundo pequeño es.
 Generoso Entendimiento,
 Piloto de este Baxél,
 Que sobre el campo del mar
 Monstruo se alimenta, pues
 Quanto bate el viento es ave,
 Quanto baña el agua es pez.
 Compañeros de mi vida,
 Dexad el mar, no porque
 Nuestra peregrinacion
 En la tierra, que aora veís,
 Aya de cessar, supuesto
 Que siempre tengo de fer
 Yo Peregrino del Mar,
 Y de la Tierra tambien :
 Dexad fiada esta Nave
 A la discrecion cruel
 De un embate, y otro embate,
 De un baybén, y otro baybén.
 Seguramente amarrada
 Con las Ancoras este,
 Que de quien Piloto ha sido
 El Entendimiento, aunque
 Aora le dexa, quizá
 Le avré menester despues :
 Y entremos á examinar
 Estos montes, que han de fer
 Puerto de nuestra fortuna.

Who together all compose*
 Man's Republic, he a little
 World himself, as all do know.
 Generous Understanding, thou
 Pilot of this mystic boat,
 Changeful monster, pasturing well
 Over the sea-way, swift or slow,—
 Being a bird when winds it play'd
 with,
 Being a fish when seas wash'd o'er.
 Ye, companions of my life,
 Leave the sea, but not therefore
 Think that our long wandering ceases
 In the land that you behold—
 Since still moving onward ever
 Must my fate be, I suppose—
 Over the earth to move a pilgrim—
 Over the sea likewise to go :—
 Leave this bark awhile entrusted
 To the cruel care and cold
 Of waves dashing wildly together,
 Of foam writhing in hostile foam,
 But let anchors firm and strong
 Safely still the vessel hold,
 For the pilot Understanding,
 Though he leaves her for the shore,
 May perchance again require her :—
 Let us enter now, and go
 Curious through these hills which
 Heaven
 Gives our fortunes as their port.

* The metre changes here to one which is seldom found in Calderon's secular dramas, but frequently in the Autos. It is a *single* asonante vowel rhyme in the last syllable of each alternate line, which, as in the more usual *double* asonantes, is kept up through the entire scene. It appears to be the oldest form of the asonante, being found in the earliest primitive ballads, such as that of *Virgilius*, of *Count Arnaldos*, of *The Infanta of France*, &c. (See Duran's *Romancero General*, Madrid, 1849, t. i. p. 151.) In the original of this scene, the vowel used is *e*, which is an effective one in Spanish; for this, which is comparatively weak in English, I have substituted the stronger *o*. The last scene of *The Devotion of the Cross* is in this *single* asonante vowel rhyme.

El Gusto.

Qué tierra es esta?

El Tacto.

No sé;

Mas quiera el Cielo que sea
Tiro, para que aya en él
Olandas, sedas, y ropas,
Donde regalado esté
Mi tacto.

El Olfato.

¡ Mejor no fuera,

Que fuera á tanta altivéz
La gran India de Sabá,
Donde huviera para oler
Yo, suavísimas Aromas?

El Oído.

Ninguno ha pedido bien,
Pedid la India Oriental,
Porque habitan su vergél
Dulces Aves, cuyos cantos
Sonora musica dén,
Que regalen nis oídos.

La Vista.

¡ Necios fois, pues no quereis
Que sea Tiro, y que aya aqui
Oro, y diamantes, mas reflexos,
Mi vista halle mas reflexos,
Que el Sol en su roficler?

El Gusto.

Mal aveis deseado todos
En no desear, y creer,
Que sea la Tierra de Egipto
Esta tierra, para que
En ella hallémos las ollas,
Que en ella déxo Moysés,
Pues no ay en el Mundo gusto
Sin comer, y sin beber.

The Taste.

What land's this?

The Touch.

I cannot say.

Heaven but grant 'tis Tyre: if so
I shall find abundant here—
Silks, fine linen, purple robes,
Things my touch delights to feel.

The Smell.

Were it not better then to hope
That 'twill prove some Arab plain—
Some Sabæan scented shore,
Where the sweetest odours may
Glad the happier sense I own?—

The Hearing.

No one yet has wish'd aright:
Wish the land through which we roam
May be beauteous eastern Ind,
In whose vocal bowers and groves
Sweet birds' songs may fill my ears
With melodious music tones.

The Sight.

Idle are your wishes all,
Since you wish not for the zone
Where the diamonds glitten bright
And the land is rich with gold:
Sweeter to the sight are gems
Than the morn on roses throned.

The Taste.

Badly have you all desired
In not wishing this alone,—
That this land should prove to be
Egypt's comfortable coasts,
Where perchance we'll find the flesh-pots
Left by Moses long ago,
Since the world hath little better
Than good drink and meat to show.

El Entendimiento.

¡Qué como humanos sentidos
 Todos defeado aveis
 Hallar cada uno el objeto,
 Que mas conviene á su fér!
 ¡No fuera mejor que fuera
 La tosca Tebayda, en quien
 La penitencia se hallára,
 Riyendose del poder
 De las Cortes populofas,
 Puesto que tan cierto es,
 Que sin pena de esta vida
 No aya en la eterna placer?

El Hombre.

¡Y qué como Entendimiento
 Has hablado tú! ¿Qué estés
 Siempre aconsejando penas
 A mis sentidos? ¿No véis,
 Que son sentidos humanos,
 Y que al fin es menester
 Alivios, que los diviertan
 De las fatigas en que
 Han nacido?

El Entendimiento.

¿Cómo tú,
 Siendo su Señor, y Rey,
 Buelves por ellos? ¿Yá olvidas
 Aquel pasado baybén
 De la fortuna, en quien viste
 La Troya del Mundo arder,
 De adonde te saqué yo?
 ¿Yá te olvidas, que despues
 En una tormenta viste
 Tus sentidos padecer
 Con tantas tribulaciones?
 ¿Yá no te acuerdas de que
 El Cielo te libró de ellas?

The Understanding.

Human Senses, oh! how each,
 Each and all are prompt and prone
 To desire this land may offer
 What its instinct longs for most!
 Were it not better that it prove
 The Thebais wild and lone,
 Deserts where pale Penance may
 Trample down the pride of courts—
 Since there's nought more sure than
 this—

We through temporal pain alone
 Can expect th' eternal blifs?

The Man.

Why for ever words of woe
 Speak'st thou, Understanding, thus?
 Why for ever shadows throw
 On the path my Senses take?
 Dost thou not their nature know,
 That they're human, and require
 Something soothing to console—
 Something sweet to ease the pangs
 That from birth-time they have
 known?

The Understanding.

Canst thou speak in their defence,
 Thou who art their King and Lord?
 Can it be thou hast forgot
 That late peril scarcely flown,
 When from out the world's dread Troy
 Wrapp'd in sinful flames, alone
 Thou wert rescued, and by me?—
 Hast thou too forgot the roar
 Of the wild waves, and the plight
 Of thy senses suffering fore,
 And that Heaven it was that drew
 Them and thee from their control?

El Gusto.

No tienes que responder,
Yo responderé por tí.
Prudentísimá vejez,
Que aunque somos de una edad,
Solo tú cano te vé,
Porque te ha hecho tu podrida
Condicion encanecer :
¿ Aora sabes tú, que el hombre,
Quando en peligro se vé
De la enfermedad prolija,
Del enemigo cruel,
De la perdida de hacienda,
De la esperanza del bien,
Solo se acuerda del Cielo,
Y que se olvida después,
Que lo uno esté mejorado,
U effotro alcanzado esté ?

El Entendimiento.

Essá ingratitud le pienso
Quitar yo, que aqúeste fue
Del Entendimiento oficio.

El Hombre.

Mi Gusto os ha dicho bien :
Sentidos, seguid al Gusto,
Y no arguyais mas con él,
Sino esta tierra á que avemos
Llegado, á reconocer
Entrad. Pues eres la Vista,
Delante de todos vé,
Mira si acafo descubres
Poblacion. Tú, que eres fiel,
Oido, mira si oyes
Voces, que noticia dén
De gente, ó ganado. Tú,
Del suavíssimo placer

*The Taste.**

Do not *thou* reply : to *me*
Leave the answer and the tone.—
O thou cautious eld and wife,
Thou whose hair is white and hoar,
Thou alone of all our band,
Though thine age is not more old—
’Tis thy colder constitution
Doubtless caps thy head with snow,—
Hast thou yet to know that Man,
When some peril he beholds,
When some tedious sickness threatens,
Or some more malicious foe,
Or the loss of worldly wealth,
Or perchance the hope of gold,
Only then remembers Heaven,
And remembers it no more,
When his health he hath recover’d,
Or hath reach’d the wish’d-for goal ?

The Understanding.

Be it mine, O Man, to free thee
From ingratitude so low,—
’Tis thy Understanding’s duty.

The Man.

Taste, thy words are wise and bold :—
Follow Taste, my Senses all,
And with *him* dispute no more,—
But this land to reconnoitre,
On whose bosom we are thrown,
Enter now : since thou, O Sight,
Seest many a mile before,
Look if thou, by any chance,
Canst the dwellers here behold.
Hearing, thou my faithful friend,
List if thou canst catch the tones
Of human voices borne afar,
Or the pasturing herd’s deep low.

* To the Man.

Con que esas flores respiran
 El rastro sigue con él.
 Mira si puedes topar
 Algun blando lecho en quien
 Descanse. Y tú, Gusto, al fin,
 Mira si hallas que comer,
 Y todos buscad delicias
 Para mí.

El Entendimiento.

Aunque desee,
 Que halles, penitencia, yendo
 A esto, la Culpa hallaréis.

La Vista.

Yo veré si ay publicacion. [*Vase.*]

El Hombre.

Y yo me quedo sin vér.

El Oído.

Yo escucharé si oygo voces. [*Vase.*]

El Hombre.

Yo, ausente tú, nada oiré.

El Tacto.

Yo, si ay lecho en quien descansas.

El Hombre. [*Vase.*]

Yá yo no le he menester.

El Olfato.

Yo, si hallo blandos aromas. [*Vase.*]

El Hombre.

Yá no tienes para qué.

El Gusto.

Yo, si hallo dulces manjares. [*Vase.*]

El Hombre.

Aora no quiero comer,
 Porque mientras vais vosotros
 El Mundo á reconocer,
 Al pie de este Cyprés quedo
 Echado á dormir.

[*Echase al pie de un Cyprés.*]

Thou whose rapture rises sweet
 From each scented flower that blows,
 Follow too the track with them :—
 Some soft bed for my repose
 Thou by gentle pressure find,—
 And the task, O Taste, I'll throw
 Upon thee of finding food.
 All on separate missions go,
 Seeking sweet delights for me.

The Understanding.

By another path I hoped
 Thou wouldst Penance find : pursuing
 That, thou'lt find Sin's fyren door.

The Sight.

I depart to look for people. [*Exit.*]

The Man.

Blind I stay, since Sight hath flown.

The Hearing.

I to list if sounds can reach me. [*Exit.*]

The Man.

Since thou'rt gone, I hear no more.

The Touch.

I a bed in which to rest thee. [*Exit.*]

The Man.

None I need now for repose.

The Smell.

I to find delicious odours. [*Exit.*]

The Man.

Now they're naught, how sweet they
 blow.

The Taste.

I sweet savoury food to seek for. [*Exit.*]

The Man.

Now the thoughts of food I loathe.
 Wherefore, whilst you all depart
 To explore this land unknown,
 I, in sleep, my weary body
 At this cypress' foot shall throw.

[*He lies down.*]

El Entendimiento.

Qué bien,
 Para dormir, los sentidos
 Apartas de tí; pues es
 Cierto, que queda sin ellos
 El que duerme: y qué bien fue
 Cyprés el Arbol, que aqui
 Tomaste para tí, pues
 Viene á ser Arbol de muerte,
 De quien el sueño tambien
 Es sombra; y aunque dorados
 Los ricos Catres estén,
 En que descansén los hombres,
 Desde el mendigo, hasta el Rey,
 Aunque sean de otras maderas,
 Son Arboles de Cyprés.
 Quedó el hombre sin sentido,
 Y durmió; ¿yá qué he de hacer?
 Que aunque potencia del alma
 Soy, y ella, que mortal no es,
 Dormir no puede, este tiempo
 Que yáze el hombre, tambien
 Estoy yo sin discurrir,
 Sin percibir, ni entender.
 Vaga mi imaginacion
 Confusas visiones vé;
 Y todo es tiniebla, y sombras
 Para mí el Mundo, porque
 Sin los sentidos no puedo
 Actos de razon hacer:
 Seguirélos, pues fin mí
 Se queda el hombre la vez
 Que duerme, y que sepultado
 Temporal cadaver es.

[*Vase.*]*El Hombre.*

Ay de mí! pesado sueño,
 No tanto me aflijas, ten
 La violencia de las sombras.
 ¿Qué es lo que mis ojos vén

The Understanding.

Yes; 'tis right that thou shouldst sleep,
 Since apart from thee, there prone,
 Are thy Senses; for 'tis certain
 That the man who sleeps doth hold
 Them no longer in his keeping:
 And the tree thou sleep'st below,
 Rightly hath thy choice selected,
 Since the cypress long hath grown
 Death's especial tree; and sleep
 Is death's shadow as we know.
 Thus though weary man may slumber
 In rich couches gilded o'er,
 Call the wood of which they're made
 What you please, to king and clown
 Cypress is it all the while.
 Here then Man, by sleep o'erthrown,
 Lies insensate: this being so,
 What remains for me to do?
 Since although I am the soul's
 Manifest power, and *that*
 Deathless spark no sleep can know,
 Still while man thus lies, am I
 Likewise left without discourse,
 Powerless to perceive or think.
 Now my fantasy beholds
 Visions all confused and dim,
 Darkness o'er the world is thrown,
 Since without the Senses, I
 Lose all reason and control:
 I shall follow them, since Man,
 While his eyes in sleep are closed,
 Without *me* remains, and buried
 Thus, is for the while a corpse. [*Exit.*

The Man (asleep).

Woe is me! oppressive dream,
 Pain me not so much! withhold
 These thy shadows' violent rage.
 What is this my eyes behold,

Sin vista? Mas digo mal,
 Que mis sentidos cobré;
 Si bien informes, y brutos,
 En el punto que llegué
 A vér estos fieros monstros,
 Que me quieren deshacer;
 Me páлма advertir, que quando
 Esperaba, que cruel
 Cada uno cebasse en mí,
 Todos se echan á mis pies;
 Por señas dicen, que huya,
 Que los quiero conocer
 Parece; desesperados
 Se entran al Monte otra vez.
 Qué es esto, Cielos!

*Al irse sale el ENTENDIMIENTO como
 asombrado.*

El Entendimiento.

Élcucha,

Ulises, yo lo diré,
 Que aunque estás aora incapáz
 De sentir, tocar, y vér,
 Porque brutos tus sentidos,
 Y entorpecidos se vén,
 Por los vicios, á que tú
 Los diste licencia; bien
 Me entiendes: mas los del alma
 Fuerza es que velando estén.
 Apenas fuimos, Ulises,
 Vagando aqueste Horizonte
 Tus compañeros, del Monte
 Penetrando los Países,
 Quando un Palacio eminente

Though my sight is gone?—Ah me!
 Badly must my thoughts be told
 Till my senses I recover.
 But I seem to see a swarm
 Of misshapen beasts approach me,
 Bent on draining my heart's gore.
 When their cruel fangs my fear
 Seems to fasten round my throat,
 At my feet I see them kneeling
 With submissive reverence low:
 They by signs appear to say,
 Fly! oh! fly this fatal shore!
 Then when they perceive that I
 This their hidden meaning know,
 In despair they all re-enter
 The wild mountain waste once more.
 What is this? O Heavens!

*As he starts up, the UNDERSTANDING
 enters amazed.*

The Understanding.

Ulysses,

Hear me, and thou soon art told.
 For although thou hast not now
 Power to see, or feel, or hold,
 Since thy Senses have become
 Torpid, brutalised, o'erthrown
 By the vices that thou gav'st them
 Leave to seek, yet still I know
 Thou canst understand my meaning
 Through the soul's instinctive force.*
 Scarce had we, Ulysses, gone
 This wild mountain's summit over,
 Hope, some fair fields to discover,
 Thy companions leading on,
 When our sight beheld with wonder

* The alternate vowel monorhymes terminate here, and the metre changes to the full consonant rhyme as in the text.

Nuestra vista descubrió,
 Cuya eminencia tocó
 A las nubes con la frente.
 Llegamos á fus umbrales,
 Y aviendo llegado á ellos,
 En dos Esquadrones bellos
 De hermosuras celestiales,
 Vimos salirnos á hacer
 Fiestas á nuestra fortuna,
 Con varias músicas una
 Hermosísima muger.
 De passo la repetí
 Nuestra peregrinacion,
 Que el uso de la razon
 Siempre me ha tocado á mí.
 Ella, afablemente humana,
 Dulcemente lifonjera,
 A entender nos dió, que era
 De estos Campos la Diana.
 Mas yo, como Entendimiento
 Soy, y á mi divino sér
 Siempre le toca tener
 Natural conocimiento,
 Conocí al instante, que era
 La Culpa fiera, y cruel,
 Que á habitar en un Verjél
 Fue desde la edad primera.
 Aquí damas fuyas son
 Los vicios con que ella lidia,
 Lascivia, Gula, y Embidia,
 Lifonja, y Murmuracion.
 Mandonos agassajar
 De estas damas, y ellas luego
 Al mandato, si no al ruego,
 Quisieron executar :
 Y con viciosos placeres
 Al momento nos brindaron ;
 Tus sentidos, que se hallaron
 Servidos yá de mugeres

A proud palace rich and fair,
 For whose lofty roofs the air
 Bade the gold clouds part afunder.
 We its beauteous thresholds nearing,
 Reach'd them, and beheld, delighted,
 Two fair squadrons disunited
 Of celestial nymphs appearing,
 And with smiling looks of human
 Sympathy for our distresses—
 Music mingling its caresses—
 After them one beauteous woman.
 Of our perils on the sea,
 Of our journeyings ending never,
 Brief I spoke, since Reason ever
 Throws that duty upon me.
 Then her voice so softly bland,
 Yielding swift to pity's law,
 Let us know, in her we saw
 The Diana of this land.
 I, the Understanding, who
 To that part which is divine
 Add a wit fo keen and fine,
 By my natural instinct knew
 She was Sin, that fierce and fell
 Monster full of ravening rage,
 She who when of earliest age
 In a garden loved to dwell,
 And her dames, to whose address
 All her wiles entrusteth she,
 Are Envy, Calumny, Gluttony,
 Flattery, and Voluptuousness.
 These, her ladies, then she bade
 To regale us,—a behest
 Scarcely needed ; the request
 Seem'd to make them but too glad,
 Since upon the instant they
 Flung their vicious wiles around them,
 And thy Senses, who thus found them
 Served in this seductive way

Tan hermosas, y tan bellas,
 Sin vér que el Entendimiento
 Allí se hallaba, al momento
 Se conformaron con ellas.
 La Embidia, que es toda enojos
 Del bien que en los otros vé,
 Viendo á la Vista, porque
 La Embidia, al fin, toda es ojos.
 La Lascivia, que se ofrece
 En los alhagos cruel,
 Brindó al Tacto, porque él
 Las blanduras apetece.
 La Murmuracion, que es quien
 Lo malo vé, y no lo bueno,
 Brindó al Olfato, que lleno
 De este defecto le vén.
 Solo por esso le igualo
 Con causa al murmurador,
 Que no alaba lo mejor,
 Y hace lo malo mas malo.
 La Gula al Gusto brindó,
 Probarlo no es menester ;
 Porque bien se dexa vér,
 Que el Gusto á la Gula amó.
 La Lisonja, mortal fiera
 De las Cortes, al Oído
 Brindó, que él objeto ha sido
 De toda voz lisonjera.
 La Sobervia, con intento
 De que el veneno que esconde
 Passasse á mí, porque es donde
 Peligra el Entendimiento,
 Me brindó ; mas sin el fruto,
 Que de mí estaba esperando,
 Por saber yo, que en pecando
 Se convierte el hombre en bruto.
 David lo diga, que atento
 Este sentir en él hallo,
 Que el que peca es un cavallo,

By such lovely ladies fair,
 (Neither wishing nor demanding
 Aid from me, the Understanding),
 Yielded all, without a care.
 Envy, who with agonies
 Sees another's merit shine,
 Pledged the Sight, because in fine
 Envy is herself all eyes.
 Wantonness, that ever were
 Cruel most when most carefessing,
 Tempted Touch by her addresssing,
 Since he loves soft lures like her.
 Calumny that doth reject
 Good for bad, and false for true,
 Smell selected, since he too
 Labours 'neath the same defect :
 If on this account alone,
 He with Calumny should mate,
 That he ne'er doth celebrate
 The better and the worse makes known.
 Gluttony the Taste allured,
 Little proof this needs from me,
 Since that Taste loves Gluttony
 All the world is well assured.
 Flattery was Hearing's choice,—
 Flattery, that mortal peit,
 Known to courts, where he's the quest
 Of each false and flattering voice.
 Pride, with full intent that I
 Should her hidden poison drink,
 (Understanding, Danger's brink
 Neareth, when that nymph is nigh),
 Came and pledged me, but the fruit
 Hoped for so, she fail'd in winning,
 Since I know that man, by sinning
 Is transmuted to a brute.
 David's song the sinner tells,
 If in sin persifeth he,
 Comes a beast of earth to be,

En quien no ay entendimiento.
 Y fue assi, que como fueron
 Bebiendo, todos mudados
 En fieras, y transformados
 En varias formas se vieron.
 Mas atencion deside aqui,
 Hombre, te pide mi acento ;
 Escucha á tu entendimiento,
 Que es el que te habla.

El Hombre.

Dí.

El Entendimiento.

La Vista, en Tigre cruel
 Fue de la Embidia despojos,
 Que este animal todo es ojos,
 Bien lo publica su piel
 Manchada de ellos ; y quando
 No baste esto, bastará,
 Que el Tigre muerte se dá,
 Si oye música, rabiando.
 Y el embidioso, en sus penas
 Se dá muerte cada dia,
 Si oye la dulce harmonia
 Que hacen las dichas ajenas.
 El Tacto, que fue el objeto
 Que á la Lascivia creyó,
 En Osfo se convirtió,
 Que este animal, imperfecto.
 Sin forma, y sin ojos nace :
 Y el Apetito, á creer lleo,
 Que nace sin forma, y ciego,
 Pues tantos errores hace.
 El Gusto (gloton hambriento)
 En un bruto inmundo fue
 Transformado ; esto porque
 Solo á su comida atento
 Vive, sin que de su pecho
 El hombre servicio adquiriera,
 Pues ha menester que muera

In whose soul no reason dwells.
 Thus it was, as each, the bowl
 Drank of poison'd bliss deranged,
 Quick to grovelling beasts they changed,
 Rest of sense, of shape, of soul.
 Thy attention, O thou weak
 Man ! my voice is still demanding ;
 Listen to thy Understanding,
 Who doth speak to thee.

The Man.

Still speak.

The Understanding.

Sight, a tiger fierce did grow.
 He, the keen-eyed Envy's prize,
 Since an animal all eyes,
 As its spotted skin doth show,
 Is the tiger, and we may
 This additional reason add,
 That the tiger dieth mad,
 If he hears sweet music play.
 Thus the envious man doth feel
 Every day the pangs of death,
 If he heareth rumour's breath
 Sweetly speak another's weal.
 Touch, that soon became the thrall
 Of Desire's lascivious air,
 Was transform'd into a bear—
 An imperfect animal,
 At its birth unform'd and blind—
 As is Appetite, that makes,
 Therefore, all its dread mistakes
 Sightless, formless, undefined.
 Taste, the hungry glutton, grew
 Easily a filthy swine—
 It a beast that doth incline
 But to eat and eat anew,—
 Long delaying to conduce
 To man's benefit thereby,
 Since 'tis needful he must die

Para serle de provecho.
 El Olfato, que entregado
 Se vió á la murmuracion,
 Se convirtió en un Leon,
 Que es quien rugidos ha dado.
 Y finalmente, el Oído,
 Que falsedades creyó
 Lisonjeras, se miró
 En Camalcon convertido :
 Y el bruto, que vivir quiere
 Del viento sólo fiado,
 Es el mas vivo traslado
 De la lisonja en que muere.

El Hombre.

Docto Entendimiento mio
 En gran peligro me veo,
 A mis sentidos deseo
 Rescatar con mi alvedrio,
 Para vivir, pues que yo
 No puedo de aquí ausentarme,
 Que no tengo de dexarme
 Compañeros, que me dió
 Mi misma naturaleza.
 Y supuesto que perdidos
 Todos mis cinco sentidos
 Están en esta aspereza
 De la culpa, entrar intento
 A libertarlos, porque
 Bien de la empresa saldré,
 Si voy con mi Entendimiento.

El Entendimiento.

Pues que conmigo has de ir
 A cobrarlos, ha de ser
 Con tres cosas que has de hacer.
 Primeramente, pedir
 Al Cielo perdon de que
 Tan mal los aconsejaste,
 Que al riesgo los entregaste.
 Otra, confesar que fue

Ere he turns to any use.
 Calumny, that had thrown out
 Lures to Smell, converted him
 Into a lion, gaunt and grim,
 Who, loud roaring, roams about.
 Lastly, Hearing, that had grown
 But to live on what it heard,
 Trusting every idle word,
 Changed to a chameleon ;
 Since the being that but needs
 For its life the air, be sure
 Is a lively portraiture
 Of the sense that Flattery feeds.

The Man.

O my guide in every ill !
 'Mid the risks that round me hover,
 I my Senses would recover
 By the ransom of my will,
 If 'twere but to live, since I
 Have no power by flight to save me,
 If all those whom Nature gave me,
 As companions, forth not fly
 With me from this fatal coast.
 And supposing that within
 This enchanted wild of sin
 My five Senses may be lost,
 Still I'll enter, notwithstanding,
 Them to free, because I know
 I to victory must go,
 Going with my Understanding.

The Understanding.

Since then to this dangerous task,
 Led by me, you mean to run,
 There are three things to be done.
 In the first place, you must ask
 Heaven to pardon the express
 Sanction and unwise advice
 Given by you, that they to Vice
 Should entrust them : next, confess

Tuya la culpa que ha avido,
Aunque ellos fueron, Ulíses,
Los que entregaré quisieron.
Y otra, averse arrepentido.

El Hombre.

Digo, que pido perdon
Del mal exemplo, (ay de mí !)
Que á mis sentidos les dí :
Digo, que hago confesión
De la culpa que he tenido
De que se ayan entregado
A las manos del pecado,
Y que voy arrepentido.

*Tocan Chirimías, y descubrese un Arco
Iris en un Carro, y en él la PENI-
TENCIA, y canta la Música.*

La Música.

Yá que el Hombre confiesa su culpa,
Y arrepentido me pide perdon,
(O Penitencia !) pues eres el Iris,
Acude bolando á darle favor.

Penitencia.

Yá corro veloz
En el arco de Paz, en quien haces
Las amistades del hombre, y de Dios.

El Hombre.

¿ Qué música tan sonora
Es la que oímos los dos ?

El Entendimiento.

Auxilio es que te dá Dios.

El Hombre.

¿ Y aquel bello Arco, que aora
Sobre las nubes se asienta ?

El Entendimiento.

Arco es, que la Paz abona,

That the fault was thine that cast
Them into the snares of sin,
They not loath to enter in,—
Let repentance be the last.

The Man.

I declare, for such transgression,
For the bad example given
To my Senses, I ask Heaven
To forgive me : next, confession
For the fault, by whose event
Into Sin's foul hands they fell,
I declare aloud as well :
And that truly I repent.

*There is a peal of Clarions, and a
Rainbow appears ; beneath it is a
Chariot, and in it is PENANCE ; the
Music sings.*

The Music.

Now that Man his sinful fault confesses,
And repenting asks to be forgiven,
Fly, O Penance ! fly, celestial Iris,
Grace to grant him once again from
Heaven !

Penance.

Yes, adown the sky,
On the arch of Peace I fly—
On the arch whose mystic span
Amity proclaims 'twixt God and man.

The Man.

Ah ! that music so sonorous
Which we hear, what may it be ?—

The Understanding.

God's assistance aiding thee.

The Man.

And that beauteous Bow, that o'er us
Refts on clouds its radiant form ?

The Understanding.

Is the Bow that bringeth Peace—

Y que yá cesó pregona
 El rigor de la tormenta.
 Dios le pufo por feñal
 De Paz entre sí, y el hombre,
 Y así el verle no te affombre.

El Hombre.

¿ Y la Ninfa Celestial,
 Quién es, que saberlo espero ?

El Entendimiento.

La Iris, Embaxatriz
 Mas folícita, y feliz
 Del Jupiter verdadero,
 La que á los hombres embia
 A consolar su dolencia.

El Hombre.

Pues quién es ?

El Entendimiento.

La Penitencia ;

Bien que en esta alegoría
 Probado está con decir,
 Que es la que con dulce nombre
 Se pone entre Dios, y el hombre.

El Hombre.

Su voz bolvamos á oír.

La Música.

Pues el hombre conficfa, &c.

Penitencia.

Yá corro veloz, &c.

Christiano Ulises, tus voces

En el Empyreo se oyeron,

Que ellas hasta él subir sabien

Por las Escalas del viento.

Y viendo, que tus sentidos

Tan postrados, y deshechos

De la culpa están, y que es

Is the Bow that maketh cease
 All the rigour of the storm.
 God has placed it as a sign—
 Peaceful sign—'twixt him and thee:
 Therefore, Man, rejoice and see.

The Man.

And the heavenly nymph divine,
 Who is she? oh! make her known!

The Understanding.

Iris, the Embassadress,
 Who with happy haste doth press
 Downward from the true Jove's throne,
 Bears her hither, to console
 Man in all his misery.

The Man.

And her name?—

The Understanding.

Is Penance: see

How this allegoric whole
 Proves what has been said before,—
 She it is who comes in Heaven's high
 plan,

Mediating betwixt God and man.

The Man.

Let us hear her voice once more.

The Music.

Now that man, &c.

Penance.

Yes, adown the sky, &c.

Christian-born Ulysses, higher

Than the heavens were heard thy ac-
 cents,*

They well knowing how to climb there

By the wind's invifible ladder,

When, beholding that thy Senses

Were by sin o'erthrown and scatter'd,

* The aſonante vowels in the original are, e, o, as in Viento, Oyeron, &c. ; for theſe I have ſubſtituted, in this ſcene, a, e, as in accents, ladder, enchanted, &c.

El rescatarlos tu intento,
 El gran Jupiter me embia
 Con auxilios, y consuelos
 A tí, para que la Culpa
 Con sus hechizos sobervios
 No pueda dañarte, y puedas
 Tú postrarlos, y vencerlos.
 Aquéssas flores te traygo,

[*Dale un Ramillete de flores.*

Que es un Ramillete bello
 De virtudes matizadas
 Con la Sangre de un Cordero,
 De quien Ara fue cruenta
 La Inmenfa crueldad de un Leño.
 En virtud de sus virtudes
 Postrar podrás sus venenos,
 Que no tendrán fuerza alguna
 En tocandolas á ellos.
 Toma, y á Dios: y no temas
 Que me ausente, aunque me ausento,
 Porque siempre que me llames,
 Verás, que á tus voces buelvo.

Ella, y Música.

Corriendo veloz
 En el arco de Paz, en quien hace
 Las amistades del hombre, y de Dios.

[*Tocan Chirimías, y desaparece el Arco.*

El Hombre.

Iris bello, hermosa Ninfa,
 No desvanezcas tan presto
 Tanta multitud de Estrellas,
 Tanta copia de Luzeros.

El Entendimiento

Rayo de Luz, que has corrido
 Por las Campanas del viento,
 Señal de Paz, que á Moysés

And that thy intention is
 For their rescue to do battle,—
 Me, to aid thee and to counsel,
 Hath the mighty Jove despatchèd,
 That from all Sin's proud bewitchments
 Should to thee no evil happen;
 And that thou may'it wholly conquer
 And undo her worst enchantments,
 Take these flowers that I bring thee.

[*Lets fall a bunch of flowers.*

Beauteous bunch of flowers, all dappled
 O'er with virtues from the life-blood
 Of a Lamb, whose crimson altar
 Was a tree's unmeasured hardness,
 By whose mystic aid thou mayest
 All her poison'd snares down trample;
 Touch them but with this—that moment

Shall they lose all power to harm thee—
 Take it, and adieu! Thou need'ft not
 Fear my absence; for, though absent,
 Ever when thou callest on me
 Thou shalt see that I will answer.

Penance and Music together.

Yes, along the sky,

On the arch of Peace I fly—
 On the arch whose mystic span
 Amity proclaims 'twixt God and man.

[*While the Clarions play, the Rainbow and Penance disappear.*

The Man.

Beauteous Iris, lovely nymph,
 Do not hide in such swift darkness
 Such a host of starry splendours—
 Such a crowd of meteor flashes.

The Understanding.

Ray of light, that through the wind-
 swept
 Plains of azure Heaven hath darted—

Dios señaló en el Desierto :

El Hombre.

Tente, aguarda.

El Entendimiento.

Escucha, espera.

El Hombre.

Fuese, dexandome impresso
Un renglon de tres colores
En el Papel de los Cielos.
¡ Ay Entendimiento mio,
Dichofo soy, pues que tengo
Con que vencer los encantos
De esta Circe !

El Entendimiento.

Alza del suelo

Estas flores.

El Hombre.

Ay de mí !

El Entendimiento.

Qué sientes ?

El Hombre.

Herirme siento

Con sus espinas. [*Alza las flores.*]

El Entendimiento.

Las flores

De la penitencia, es cierto
Que aspervas son al principio,
Quanto son fragrantes luego.

El Hombre.

Espinas de mi pecado,
Con temor á alzaros llego.
Vamos, que aunque mis sentidos
Estén cautivos, y presos
De su bellissimo encanto,
Así libertad pretendo.

El Entendimiento.

No tienes que ir á buscarla,

Sign of peace, which in the desert
God to Moses indicated—

The Man.

Stay ! detain thee !

The Understanding.

Listen ! wait !

The Man.

She is gone, but in her passage
Leaving me a line of greeting
Writ in triple-hued enamel,
On the skies cerulean paper,—
Understanding mine, how happy
Am I in a power possessing
Of subduing the enchantments
Of this Circe !

The Understanding.

From the ground

Raise the flowers.

The Man (in doing so).

Oh !

The Understanding.

What smarts thee ?

The Man.

By the sharp thorns round these roses
I am wounded.

The Understanding.

Yes ; the sharpness

Of the penitential flowers
Is the first thing felt, but after,
Nought but their delicious fragrance.

The Man.

Ah ! with fear I stoop to handle
Ye, the sharp thorns of my sin.
Let us on ! for though this fastness
Keeps my captive Senses chain'd,
Spell-bound by such sweet enchantment,
Still I hope to liberate them.

The Understanding.

Then to meet with the enchantress,

Que ella á buscarte á este pueſto
Ha falido, con las voces
De muſicas, é Inſtrumentos.

*Salen la LASCIVIA, y la CULPA detrás
de todos, y traen una Salvilla, un
Vaso de plata, y otra una Toalla al
Hombro.*

La Múſica.

En hora dichosa venga
A estos Jardines amenos
El Peregrino del Mar,
Donde halle seguro Puerto.

La Culpa.

En hora dichosa venga,
Digan los dulces acentos,
Una, y mil veces, sin que
Nada les usurpe el eco,
Vandolero de los Ayres,
Que se queda con los medios.
En hora dichosa venga
El hombre, que por sus hechos
Es asunto de la fama
Por su valor, y su ingenio,
Donde tengan sus fortunas
Dulce Patria, amado centro,
Noble asylo, illustre amparo,
Blando albergue, y feliz Puerto.
Apenas supe, inconstante
Huesped de dos Elementos,
Que sobre tribulaciones
Baten las olas, surgiendo
Yá los embates del Mar,
Yá las rafagas del Viento.
Apenas supe, Señor,
Oy de vuestros compañeros,
(A quien yá en Palacios mios
Bien agasajados tengo)

Thou no farther need'st to go,
Since to meet thee she advances.
See, she comes with songs and music,
And her firen train, to charm thee!

*Enter SIN, followed by VOLUPTUOUSNESS,
FLATTERY, and others. VOLUPTU-
OUSNESS bears a salver, on which is a
silver goblet, and FLATTERY a napkin.*

The Music.

Happy, happy, be the hour
That to these delicious gardens
Comes the Pilgrim of the Sea,
In a safe port happily landed.

Sin.

Happy be the hour he cometh!
Sing again in softest accents—
Once, a thousand times repeat it—
So that Echo, the freehanded
Robber of the air, may filch not
From the sound his usual larges.
Happy be the hour that cometh
Here the man to whom is granted,
For his wit and worth in warfare,
Fame the proudest and the amplest:
Here, wherein a home and country
Now his happier fate imparteth,—
A proud shelter—a high safeguard—
A soft rest—a happy haven.
Scarcely had I heard, O ever
Changeful guest of air and water,
Of two elements the victor,
Since on troublous billows waſted,
Now the rude sea's rage thou curbest—
Now the wild wind's mightier mad-
Scarcely had I heard, my lord, [neſ:—
From thy comrades, whom my palace
Entertaineth now and welcomes
In obedience to my mandate,—

Que erais el valiente Ulises,
 Que quiere decir en Griego
 Hombre ingenioso (que al fin
 No ay fin, cautelas ingenio)
 Que de la Troya del Mundo
 Huyendo venís al fuego,
 A quien vos mismo en vos mismo
 Alimentais en incendios,
 Quando á recibiros salgo
 Con todo esse Coro bello
 De mis damas, celebrando
 Tan noble recibimiento.
 Llegad todas á sus plantas,
 Y con cortesefes festejos
 Le saludad; y porque
 El que en el Mar tanto tiempo
 Fluctuó golfos de penas
 En pielagos de tormentos,
 Es la sed la que le asije;
 Mas á quién no admira esto,
 Que siendo el Mar todo agua,
 Tenga á su huésped sediento?
 Brindadle con esse Nectar,
 Que está de dulzuras lleno,
 En tanto que en mis Palacios
 Mas regalos le prevengo.

La Lascivia.

Bebe, Señor, el sabroso
 Licor que yo te presento.

El Entendimiento.

¡Ay de tí, si le beberies,
 Que todo es lascivo fuego!
 Qué haces?

El Hombre.

Para resistirme
 Conmigo mesmo peleo.

El Entendimiento.

¡No le bebas, yá no sabes
 Que es tofigo, y es veneno?

That thou wert the brave Ulysses,
 Which doth mean in Grecian parlance,
 An astute-soul'd man (astuteness
 Being, as 'twere, a twin with talent),
 Who from flaming Troy escaping,
 Hither to a fire hast wander'd,
 Which within thyself thou feedest,
 From internal quenchless ashes,—
 When I hurried to receive thee
 With this beauteous choir of damsels,
 Celebrating with due honour
 Such a noble stranger's advent.
 At his feet then lowly kneeling,
 Welcome in the costliest manner
 His arrival, and, because
 He who in the sea has tarried
 Such a length of time, exchanging
 Gulfs of gloom for waves of saltness,
 Was by thirst afflicted mostly—
 Strange, the sea, which is all water,
 That it should its guests leave thirsty,
 And the liquid store so ample!—
 Pledge him with this honey'd nectar
 Sweeten'd by celestial favours,
 While within my palace yonder
 Are prepared more festive banquets.

Voluptuousness.

Drink, my lord, the sweetly-favour'd
 Liquor, which I dare to hand thee.

The Understanding.

Woe to thee, if thou dost drink it!
 Liquid lust-fire fills that chalice!
 What then wilt thou do?

The Man.

I struggle
 With myself in self-fought battle!—

The Understanding.

Drink it not: the draught concealth
 Poison deadlier than the adder.

El Hombre.

Sí, Entendimiento, y tu aviso
Ha llegado á muy buen tiempo.
Estoy cobarde, estoy mudo,
Tanto al cortés cumplimiento,
Que debo á vuestra beldad,
Y á vuestra hermosura debo ;
Que aunque retorico fui,
Al miraros enmudezco :
En fé de lo qual, el nectar
Con que me brindais acepto ;
Mas por no ser descortes
Haré la falva primero
Con estas flores, que no
Se atreven á ser groferos
Tanto mis labios, que lleguen
Sin aqueffe cumplimiento.

[*Toca el Vaso en el Ramillete, y
sale Fuego.*

La Lascivia.

Ay de mí! El Fuego que avia
En este Vaso encubierto
Rebentó.

El Hombre.

Es verdad, que mal
Arde encendido tu fuego,
Vil Lascivia.

La Lascivia.

Ay infelíz!

La Culpa.

Mortales furias!

El Hombre.

Qué es esto ?

La Culpa.

Saber oy, que desvanezcas
Mis encantos.

El Hombre.

Sí, que aviendo

The Man.

Yes, my Understanding, yes: [*Afide.*
Timely come thy words to warn me:—
I am timid, I am mute, [*To Sin.*
Thinking of the courteous favour
Which I owe to thy perfections,
Which I owe thy beauty, lady.
For, though skill'd in speech were I,
Dumb I'd grow in gazing at thee:—
Therefore I thy proffer'd nectar
Take, and thus by taking thank thee ;
But, that I may not be wholly
Wanting in more courteous manner,
I shall first salute and touch it
With these flowers, the grosser advent
Of my lips preffuming only
Such sweet tribute to come after.

[*He dips the nosegay in the golet
from which fire issues.*

Voluptuousness.

Woe is me! the secret fire
Which within this cup I scatter'd
Has burft forth.

The Man.

'Tis true, for hard
Is't to hide the fire thou wakest,
Vile Voluptuousness.

Voluptuousness.

Ah! me,

Woe the day!—

Sin.

My fury mads me!

The Man.

Why, O Sin ?

Sin.

For now I know
You have conquer'd my enchantments.

The Man.

Yes, for having ventured hither

Llegado aqui acompañado
De mi noble entendimiento,
Aunque llegué sin sentidos,
Porque tú me los has preso,
Con este ramo fabré
Desvanecer tus intentos,
Porque es el ramo de Iris,
Que está de virtudes lleno.

La Culpa.

Ay infelice de mí!
¡Aviendo volado el fuego
De la mina, que ocultaba
Entre lisonja mi pecho,
Cómo soy yo, cómo soy
La que me abrazo? Qué es esto?
¡Tú cres quien la mina enciende,
Y soy yo quien la rebiento?

El Hombre.

Sí, que sabiendo que eres
Horror de aquellos Desiertos,
Y Circe de estas Montañas,
Que quiere decir en Griego
Maleficiofa Hechicera,
A darte la muerte vengo,
Y á rescatar mis sentidos
De la prisión de tus hierros.

[Saca la Daga.]

La Culpa.

Ten la Daga; espera, aguarda,
No manches tan noble acero
En mí, que soy inmortal,
Y ya sin morir me has muerto.
Yo bolveré tus sentidos
A su sér, porque viniendo
Armado de las virtudes,
Que dió tu arrepentimiento,
No tengo yo poder, no,
Para guardarlos mas tiempo.

Companied and happily guarded
By my noble Understanding,
Though I come here in the absence
Of my Senses, still kept captive
By thy wiles, to me is granted
Power to frustrate thy intentions
By this little branch I carry—
Wonder-working branch of Iris—
Full of virtues and of marvels.

Sin.

Ah! unhappy me! the fire
Having from the mine departed,
Which beneath fair Flattery's seeming
Hid my heart within its caverns!
How am I? Oh! how am I
Still its victim? How does't happen
That the mine for thee kindled,
Bursts 'neath me and leaves me blasted?

The Man.

Thus; no sooner had I heard
That thou wert the shame and scandal
Of these deserts, the dread Circe
Of these mountains, the enchantress
That thy Grecian name exprestes,
Than I came here to despatch thee,
And to liberate my Senses
From the prison of thy shackles.

[Draws his dagger.]

Sin.

Hold thy hand! Oh! do not thou
Stain the bright steel of thy dagger
With the blood of an immortal.
Deathless though I be, thou stabbest
Deep enough without such aidance.
Back, the Senses thou demandest
I shall give thee, since beholding
That thy penitence hath arm'd thee
So with virtues, I no longer [them.
Have the strength or power to guard

Oído, que oíste lifonjas,
Que tu dulce encanto fueron,
Por quien te tuvo trocado
En Camaleon tu afecto.

Sale el OÍDO como affombrado.

El Oído.

¿ De qué letargo tan dulce
A esta nueva voz despierto ?

La Culpa.

Olfato murmurador
De lo malo, y de lo bueno,
Que fuiste Leon, que diste
Dañado olor con tu aliento.

Sale el OLFATO affombrado.

El Olfato.

¿ O nunca yo despertara
De tan regalado sueño !

La Culpa.

Tacto, que lascivamente
Empleado en tus deseos
Oso fuiste, pues que nace
Sin forma, sin vista, y cuerpo.

Sale el TACTO affombrado.

El Tacto.

¿ Qué á mi pesar me levanto
De tan regalado lecho !

La Culpa.

Vista, que manchado Tigre
Has pacido este Desierto,
Pues embidioso eres ojos
Que sientes bienes agenos.

Sale la VISTA como affombrado.

La Vista.

¿ Si noche han de ser los mios,
De qué sirve lo que veo ?

Hearing! thou to whom light words
Were a source of sweet enchantment,
On account of which defect
A chameleon's shape I gave thee!

Enter the HEARING, amazed.

The Hearing.

Ah! from such sweet lethargy
Must I at this new voice waken?

Sin.

Smell! that libellest in turn
Equally all forms of matter,
Thou a lion late, whose breath
Fetid odours round thee scatter'd!

Enter the SMELL, amazed.

The Smell.

Ah! that I had never woken
From a sleep by dreams so gladden'd!

Sin.

Touch! that, by thy low desires
Wholly occupied and trammell'd,
Wert a bear, since it is born
Sightless, formless, and unhapen!

Enter the TOUCH, amazed.

The Touch.

Oh! the sorrow! to arise
From a bed so softly padded!

Sin.

Sight! that in these deserts here
Livest like a spotted panther,
Fleck'd with envious eyes to see
Aught of alien good that happens!

Enter the SIGHT, amazed.

The Sight.

Of what service are mine eyes,
If I'm doom'd to dwell in darkness?

La Culpa.

Gusto, que animal imundo
Eres, porque siempre hambriento
Solo en esta vida cuidas
De sustentarte á tí mismo.

Sale el Gusto affombrado.

El Gusto.

Que era un gran puerco soñaba,
Nadie que ay que creer en sueños
Diga, ó si diga, pues oy
Lo soy dormido, y despierto.

La Culpa.

Yá están aqui tus sentidos,
Yá á tu poder te los vuelvo.
Idos, que en mí no durais
Sino solamente el tiempo
Que tarda en venir el hombre
Por vosotros; pues es cierto,
Que está en su mano el cobraros,
Como en su mano el perderos.

El Entendimiento.

No esperas mas, vén á este
Baxél de tu Entendimiento.

El Oído.

¿ Dónde hemos de ir tan apriesa ?
¿ Apenas llegado avemos
A estos Palacios, y yá
Nos quieres auentar de ellos ?

La Vista.

¿ Adónde quieres llevarnos
Por esse Mar padeciendo ?

El Olfato.

Dexa que de las passadas
Fortunas nos reparemos.

El Gusto.

Dexame, Señor, que sea
Puerco otro poco de tiempo,
Pues no ay mas seguridad

Sin.

Taste! that art a beast unclean,
Since with hunger never sated,
The sole thought of thy existence
Is how best to feed and fatten!

Enter the TASTE, amazed.

The Taste.

What a hog I dream'd I was!
Dreams are fables though, what matter?
Waking or asleep by me
Is the self-fame part enacted.

Sin.

See, thy Senses all are here:
Back into thy power I hand them.
Go! your stay with me endured
Only for the time your master,
Man, delay'd to come and claim you,
Since 'tis certain power is granted
Not alone to man to lose you,
But to regain you when you're absent.

The Understanding.

Stay no longer here, but come
To my bark in which we landed.

The Hearing.

Whither should we go so quickly?
Scarce have we the beauteous gardens
Of this friendly palace enter'd,
And already we're debarr'd them.

The Sight.

Wouldst thou bring us back to sea,
There to suffer new disasters?

The Smell.

Let us here recruit our strength
After all the ills we've master'd.

The Taste.

Let me be a hog, I pray,
Once again, good sir, I ask thee,
Since of all the lives I know

En el Mundo, que ser puerco.

El Entendimiento.

En fin, sois brutos, sentidos,
Tan brutos, que holgais de serlo.

El Gusto.

¿ No sabemos quan bueno es
Estár comiendo, y gruñendo ?

El Entendimiento.

¿ Vamos, qué esperes, Ulíses ?

El Hombre.

Vamos, pero no tan presto,
Porque de aver visto aqui
Mis sentidos mal contentos
De dexar estas delicias,
No sé (ay de mí!) lo que siento.

El Entendimiento.

Yo te llevaré por fuerza.

El Hombre.

No harás tal, que tu consejo
Arrastrarme no podrá,
Moverme sí, yá lo has hecho :
Vé á prevenir el Baxél,
Pues Piloto eres.

El Entendimiento.

Yá buelvo. [*Vase.*]

El Hombre.

Por poder mas libremente
Vér esta Deidad, le auento
De mí aqueste breve instante
Sin temor de sus preceptos.—

La Culpa (aparte).

Aora podré hablarle, pues
Apartó su entendimiento.
Ya Ulíses, que victorioso
Te miras de mí, bolviendo
De estas incultas Montañas
Coronado de trofeos,
No tan presto al Mar te entregues

A hog's life is the most happy.

The Understanding.

Ah! so brutish are the Senes,
To be brutes appears to glad them!

The Taste.

Have we not found out how pleasant
'Tis to eat and grunt untrammell'd ?

The Understanding.

Come, Ulysses, why delay ?

The Man.

Let us go,—but still there's ample
Time to spare, for since I see
How my Senes are distracted
At abandoning these pleasures,
Ah! I know not how I falter.

The Understanding.

I must drag you hence by force.

The Man.

Ah! by force you cannot drag me,
But by counsel you may lead :
Even already you attract me ;
Go, prepare the bark, for you
Are the pilot.

The Understanding.

Yes, with gladness

To return here.

[*Exit.*]

The Man (aside).

That this goddess

I may see with freer glances,
Undeter'd by his suggestions,
I have thus contrived his absence.

Sin (aside).

I can tempt him now, since his
Understanding hath departed.
O Ulysses! crown'd with trophies,
Vanquisher of my enchantments,
Flying from this lonely island,
From its mountains and morasses,
Do not trust thyself so quickly

En este inconstante leño,
 Que el Mar da la Vida furca,
 Amenazado de riesgos.
 Mira alterados los Mares,
 Que con veloz movimiento
 En pyramides de espumas,
 Son Alcazares de hielo.
 Dexa que el Mar se serene ;
 Y pues te miras exempto
 De la Magia de mi encanto,
 En fé de este ramo bello,
 Que te dió la Iris, no quieras
 Bolverte al afán tan presto :
 Descansa en mi albergue oy,
 Que mañana será tiempo
 Para dexar estos Montes
 De tantas delicias llenos.
 ¿ Qué priessa te corre aora
 De ausentarte ; y mas sabiendo,
 Que yo, cada vez que quieras
 Ir, detenerte no puedo ?
 Entra en mis ricos Palacios,
 Donde son divertimientos
 Todas sus ocupaciones
 Para el aplicado Ingenio.
 Verás mis grandes Estudios,
 Mis admirables portentos
 Examinaras, tocando
 De mi Ciencia los efectos.
 ¿ Por qué piensas que me llaman
 La Circe de estos Desiertos ?
 Porque Ciencias prohibidas,
 Que son Leyes que yo tengo,
 Con mis estudios alcanzo,
 Con mis vigiliass aprendo.
 Verás apagado el Sol,
 Solo á un soplo de mi aliento ;
 Pues en la luciente edad,
 El dia yo le oscurezco :

To the wild and dangerous vastness
 Of the sea of life, to plough it
 In a frail bark so unstable.
 See ! its mighty breast upheaving,
 In its rapid movement sparkles
 Now as pyramids of crystal,
 Now as snow-embattled castles.
 Wait the wild turmoil's abating,
 Wait until the sea grows calmer ;
 And since thou hast been exempted
 From the spell of my enchantment
 By the gift that Iris gave thee,—
 By that budding beauteous branchlet,—
 Oh ! return not back so quickly
 To its dangers and disasters :
 Rest thee in my house to-day ;
 In the morning will be ample
 Time for thee to fly these mountains
 And these joy-enfolding gardens.
 Why so swiftly fly for safety,
 Knowing well thou art so guarded,
 That whenever thou wouldst leave me
 I am powerless to withstand thee ?—
 Enter then my dazzling palace,
 Where an intellectual banquet,
 Graced by gladness and enjoyment,
 Waits upon thy welcome advent.
 Thou wilt see my deep researches,—
 Thou my wonders wilt examine,—
 All the secrets of my science
 Will be bared to give thee answer.
 Wherefore, thinkest thou, the Circe
 Of these desert wastes they call me ?
 'Tis because forbidden knowledge
 (That sole law I leave untrampled)
 I, by application, reach to,—
 I, by mighty studies, master.
 By a breath from out my lips,
 Thou wilt see the sunlight blacken'd,

Bien digo, la sombra soy, [*Aparte.*
David lo dixo en un Verso.

Verás, á solo una linea,
Que corran mis pensamientos,
Desclavadas las Estrellas
Del octavo Firmamento:
Y es verdad, pues tercer parte

[*Aparte.*

De ellas aparté del Cielo.
La Nigromancia verás

Executada, saliendo,
A mi conjuro obedientes,
De sus sepulcros los muertos.

Cadaver es el que peca, [*Aparte.*
Pues me obedece, no miento.

La grande Chiromancia
Verás, quando en vivo fuego,

En los papeles del humo
Caracteres de luz leo.

¿Qué fuego no enciendo yo?

[*Aparte.*

No es engaño, pues le enciendo.

Titubear verás caducos
Uno, y otro Polo, haciendo
Que desplomados se caygan
Sobre todo el Univerſo.

No será la vez primera, [*Aparte.*
Que yo estremecí ſu Imperio.

El idioma de las aves
Verás, que yo ſola entiendo,

Siendo el canto vaticinio,
Y ſiendo el graznido aguero,

De las flores te leerá
Eſtos eſcritos quadernos,

Donde la naturaleza
Eſcribió raros myſterios.

A todas horas tendrás
Dulces muficas, oyendo

Suaves cantos de las aves,

Since in all its perfect prime,
Can I the bright noon-day darken;
I may ſay ſo, ſince a ſhadow [*Aſide.*
David calls me in the Pfalter.—

Thou wilt ſee that my mere thought,
Even my wiſh in ſilence waſted,
From the Heaven beyond the ſeventh
Will the mighty ſtars unfaſten.

True, a third of Heaven's bright hoſt
[*Aſide.*

Thus my primal fall brought after.—
Necromancy ſhalt thou ſee,
Tried and teſted to the fartheſt;—
So that, yielding to my ſpells,
From their graves the dead will an-
ſwer:—

Yes; for dead in ſin is he [*Aſide.*
Who doth yield to my advances.—

Pyromancy, too, will ſhow thee
How upon the red flames' ſparkles,
How upon the curling ſmoke-wreaths,
Knowledge there inſcribed I gather:

I deceive not here—the fire [*Aſide.*
Lit by me doth ever crackle.—

Thou wilt ſee the poles of Heaven
Tremble at my dread commandments,
As if down about to fall

On the world's diſturbèd axes:—
Not the firſt time will it be [*Aſide.*

That its kingdom I have ſhaken.—
All the language of the birds
Wilt thou learn, by *me* ſole maſter'd—

Both their ſweet prophetic warble
And their harſher augural cackle.

On the flowers, too, wilt thou read,
As upon illumined parchment,

Written characters revealing
Nature's myſteries and marvels.

Every moment wilt thou have

De los hombres dulces versos,
 Sabrosísimos manjares
 Te servirán con asseo
 Tal, que el Olfato, y el Gusto
 Se esten lisongeando á un tiempo.
 La vista divertirás
 En estos jardines bellos,
 Que son nuestros paraísos,
 De varias delicias llenos.
 Dormirás en regalada
 Cama, donde el Tacto atento
 A tu descanso, en mullidas
 Flores, tendrá blando lecho.
 A todas horas tendrás
 Damas, que te estén sirviendo,
 Que, como soy en comun
 La Culpa, conmigo tengo
 Y en particular á todas
 Las que se precian de serlo.

[*Vá dexando caer el HOMBRE las
 Flores del Ramillete poco á poco.*

Y sobre todo tendrás
 Los regalos de mi pecho,
 Las caricias de mis brazos,
 Los alhagos de mi afecto,
 Las finezas de mi amor,
 La verdad de mi deseo,
 La atencion de mi alvedrio,
 De mi vida el rendimiento :
 Y finalmente, delicias,
 Gustos, regalos, contentos,
 Placeres, dichas, favores,
 Muficas, bayles, y juegos.

El Hombre (aparte).

No sé qué he de responder,
 Porque divertido, oyendo

Sweetest strains to greet and glad thee,—
 Now the nightingale's lone ditty,
 Now the poet's lovelier anthem.
 Food the daintiest shall be spread
 For thee with such nice exactness,
 So that smell and taste together
 Shall at once thy senses flatter.
 Thy enraptured sight shall revel
 In these sweet delicious gardens,
 Which to us are bowers of Eden,
 Full of every form of gladness.
 In a soft bed shalt thou sleep,
 Where the Touch, that looketh after
 Thy repose, on downiest flower-leaves
 Shall outspread thy pleasant pallet.
 Lovely ladies every hour
 Shall their various service grant thee,
 Whom, as Sin supreme, I keep
 Here at once my slaves and partners,
 Specially all those who are
 To my service self-attracted.

[*During the latter part of this address, the MAN has let fall the flowers of his nosegay one by one.*

But, above all other joys,
 Wilt thou have my heart's free largess,
 The delight of my embraces,
 The sweet proof of my attachment,
 All the fondness of my love,
 All the truth desire implanteth,
 The devotion of my will ;
 Of my life the sweet enthrallment :
 In a word, delicious joys,
 Raptures, ravishments, entrancements,
 Pleasures, blisses, fondest favours—
 Sports and plays, and songs and dances.

The Man (aside).

Ah! I know not what to say!

Ah! I know not what to answer!

La retorica suave
 De su voz, fui deshaciendo
 El Ramo de las Virtudes,
 Que desperdiciadas veo,
 Y ajadas entre mis manos ;
 ¡ Pero qué mucho, si advierto,
 Que para que ella me hablasse
 Aparté mi Entendimiento ?
 Sin él hablaré. Gallarda
 Circe, á tus voces atento,
 De mí me olvido, y yá solo
 De tu hermosura me acuerdo.
 A tus Palacios me guia,
 Porque ser tu huesped quiero
 Desde oy, estimando humilde
 Tan corteses cumplimientos.

La Culpa.

Vencí. La Música buelva
 A repetir sus acentos ;
 Y estos gallardos Palacios,
 Que están en el duro centro
 Del Monte, sus puertas abran,
 Que vá gran huesped á ellos.
 [*Descubrese un Palacio muy vistoso.*

El Oído

Al Entendimiento aguarda
 Antes, Señor, que entres dentro,
 Porque sepas donde estás.

El Hombre.

Para qué ? pues es tan cierto
 Que no entrará, si supiera
 (Ay de mí !) mi Entendimiento.

El Gusto.

Dices bien, vamos sin él ;
 ¡ Para qué acá le queremos,
 Que es un Ministro cansado,

Since, oblivious of myself,
 Listening to her sweet-toned accents,
 I have been, ah me ! destroying
 All the beauty of this branchlet.
 Wither'd in my hand it lies,
 At my feet its leaves lie scatter'd.
 But what wonder, when I think,
 In my Understanding's absence
 Has she spoken to me thus ?
 Thus without him, then, I answer :—
 Circe fair, in mute attention
 I unto thy sweet voice hearken,
 Self-forgetting, lost in dreaming,
 By thy wondrous beauty dazzled.
 Lead me to thy long'd-for palace ;
 As thy guest, thy slave command me ;
 Let my humble acquiescence
 For thy courtesy thus thank thee.

Sin.

I have conquer'd !—once again,
 Music, sing your sweetest accents,
 And my beauteous palace home,
 Which amid these mountains standeth,
 Open wide your dazzling doors
 For the great guest who advanceth.

[*A magnificent palace appears.*
The Hearing.

Oh ! my lord, before thou goest
 Where thou know'st not what may
 happen,

Here await thy Understanding.

The Man.

Wherefore ? since if thus I acted,
 Ah ! I know to well that he
 Ne'er would sanction my advances.

The Taste.

Right ! without him let us go :—
 What's the use of being saddled
 With a pig and pleasure-hating

Todo limpio, y nada puerco ?

Música.

En hora dichosa venga
A estos jardines amenos
El Peregrino del Mar,
Donde halle seguro puerto.

Vanse, dadas las manos, y sale el
ENTENDIMIENTO.

El Entendimiento.

Hombre, espera, escucha, aguarda,
No entres en esse sobervio
Alcazar, porque no sabes
Los peligros que están dentro.
Mas ay de mí! con las voces,
Que le han tenido suspenso,
No me oye: ¡ Qué bien (ay triste!)
Se echa de vér, pues pudieron
Los alhagos de la Culpa,
Los hechizos, y venenos
Moverle, que me tenía
Retirado! porque es cierto
Que á tenerme á mí consigo,
No se rindiera tan presto.

Sale la PENITENCIA.

La Penitencia.

¿ Entendimiento, qué voces
Son estas que das al viento ?

El Entendimiento.

Lastimas son de aver dado
Mala cuenta de un sugeto
Que Dios me entregó: Oy el Hombre
Me ha dexado, de mí huyendo
Se ha entrado en esse Palacio,
Poblado de Encantamientos.
Las Virtudes que adquirió,
Con un arrepentimiento

Cool cantankerous old carper ?—

The Music.

Happy, happy be the hour
That to these delicious gardens
Comes the Pilgrim of the sea
In a safe port happily landed!

Exeunt all hand in hand. The UNDER-
STANDING enters from the opposite
side.

The Understanding.

Hear! weak Man, oh! listen! stay!
Enter not that pride-built castle,
Since thou knowest not the quicksands
On whose dangerous top it standeth:
But, ah me! their flattering songs
Keep his senses so abstracted,
That he hears me not! How soon
Can it now be seen, O sadnes!—
That the lustful lures of sin,
That her philtres and enchantments
Have the power to overwhelm him
In his Understanding's absence,
Since with *me*, he would not have
His consent so freely granted.

Enter PENANCE.

Penance.

Why these outcries, Understanding,
That thou to the winds impartest?

The Understanding.

Wailings are they for discharging
Towards my human ward so badly
Duties trusted me by God.
Man has left me, hath departed,
Fled me but just now, and enter'd
This enchantment-peopled palace;
All the virtues which by thee
Were to him repentant granted,

Que tuvo, desperdiciadas
En el ayre las encuentro.
La Penitencia (mira á las Flores).

Pues yo las recogeré,
Guardandolas para el tiempo
Que arrepentido me busque,
De su culpa, y de su yerro.

El Entendimiento.

Sin mí está, que no estuviera,
Conmigo (ay de mí!) tan ciego,
Que se olvidára de ti.

La Penitencia.

Darte yo una industria quiero,
Para facarle de aqueffe
Encanto; toca en su pecho
Al arma, pues escuchando
Este belicoso estruendo,
(Haciendole de sí mismo
Siempre mortales acuerdos)
Verás, que con tal temor
Creera advertido, y atento
A su Entendimiento, donde
Está sin Entendimiento.

*Salen la CULPA, y el HOMBRE, y los
SENTIDOS, y canta la Música.*

La Música.

Compitiendo con las selvas,
Donde las flores madrugan,
Los paxaros en el viento
Forman Abriles de plumas.

La Culpa.

Vén por aqueffos jardines,
Adonde critica, y culta
La naturaleza, ha hecho,

As I enter'd here, I found
By the wanton breezes scatter'd.

Penance (seeing them on the ground).
I shall re-collect them all,
And preserve them 'till he ask me
For them once again, when he
Feels repentant for his lapses.

The Understanding.

Ah! without me is he now!
With me never had such hardness
Steel'd his heart forgetting thee!

Penance.

I shall show thee in what manner
Thou may'st yet perchance release him
From the chains of this enchantment.
Touch the key-note of his soul,—
Sound to arms! the martial clatter
(For of death and deathfullest omens
Ever breathes the call to battle!)
Soon will wake him from the stupor
That his memory now doth darken:—
Then he will attend to thee,
Now without thee he advanceth.

*Enter SIN, the MAN, and the SENSES;
the Music sings.*

The Music.

With the blossom'd boughs competing,
When the sweet flowers rise from
slumber,*
Birds an April of the air
Fashion with their painted plumage.
Sin.

Come unto these gardens fair,
Where rich Nature's careful culture
With her beds and myrtle buds

* In this scene the sponane vowels of the original are, u, a: in the translation, u, e, or their equivalents in sound, are used.

Entre jardines, y murtas,
Alardes de sus primores,
Pues su varia compostura
Academia es, donde el Mayo
De un año para otro estudia.

El Hombre.

Tan hermosa es esta estancia,
Que el mismo Sol que la alumbrá,
Su esfera dexára, á precio
De que fuera esfera fuya.
Digalo el Cielo, que al vér
Las flores que la dibujan,
Arreboló las Estrellas,
Porque compitan las unas
Con las otras: Y así, están
Desde la tiniebla obscura,
Hasta la luciente Aurora,
Estas Estrellas ceruleas,
Donde en brazos de la noche
Duermen las esferas mudas,

El, y Música.

Compitiendo con las selvas,
Donde las flores madrugan.

La Culpa.

Todo el jardín es delicias ;
No ay planta, no ay hoja alguna,
Que verde aroma, los mas
Blandos perfumes no supla.
Y porque Vista, y Olfato
La pompa no se atribuyan
Para sí solos, objetos
Son del Oído las puras
Fuentes, siendo en el ruido,
Compás que á coros se escucha,
Apacibles porque parlan,
Y alegres porque murmuran.
Embidoso todo viento,
Al ver por la tierra, en una

Maketh such a dazling muster,
That united they appear
Like a fair collegiate structure,
Whither comes the young-eyed May,
Year by year, an eager student.

The Man.

Yes, so lovely is this place,
That the sun that flames refulgent
Would his own bright sphere abandon
For the fairer flower-sphere under ;
And the Heavens, the flowers beholding
Radiant in their rosy clusters,
Would paint red their own pale stars,
That with these they might be number'd.
Thus it is from evening's grey
To the morn's glad gleams of umber,
These cerulean stars appear,
Twinkling each with trembling lustre,
When within the arms of Night
Sleep the silent spheres of Summer,

He and the Music together.

With the blossom'd boughs competing,
When the sweet flowers rise from slumber.

Sin.

All the garden is one joy :
Not a plant that here hath budded,
Not a leaf but breathes from out it
Fragrance that no tongue can utter :
And that Sight and Smell should boast
not,
That this Eden hath resulted
Solely from their aidance, list !
Limpid fountains, leap and bubble,
Breaking with melodious beat
Songs whose never-ceasing burden
Seemeth sad when most they laugh,
Mirthful most when most they murmur.
And the envious Nymph of Air,

Primavera folamente,
 Tantas Primaveras juntas,
 De otras flores se ha poblado,
 Que aladas sus golfos surcan,
 Siendo ramilletes vivos :
 Y assi, quanto entre esta suma
 Deydad, las flores, y fuentes
 De la tierra, con industria,
 Paxaros forman de rosas,
 Por igualar su hermosura :

Ella, y Música.

Los paxaros en el viento
 Forman Abriles de plumas.

La Música.

De una belleza engañados,
 Por Aurora la saludan,
 Y viendo sus bellos ojos,
 Quedan vanos de su culpa.

El Hombre.

Toda esta belleza, toda
 Esta varia compostura
 De vientos, y quadros, que
 Emulos siempre se usurpan
 La alabanza, dignamente
 Sus trofeos asegura,
 Quando al saludar tu vista
 A todas horas te juzga
 Aurora de estas Montañas,
 Haciendo que se confundan
 En los tormentos del dia
 Salpicadas las purpureas
 Hojas ; pues aunque haya Aves,
 Y flores del dia en la cuna,
 Bebiendo á la Aurora el llanto,
 Que cendales de oro enjuga,
 El verte segunda vez,

Seeing earth so richly studded
 With the flowers of many springs,
 Join'd in *this* that is the youngest,
 Has unto her azure plains
 Flowers of other kinds conducted,
 Which, upborn on myriad wings,
 Living nosegays float and flutter.
 And as earth's young goddess fair
 With her flowers and founts constructeth
 Spring's sweet Paradise below,
 So the other in her upper
 Beauteous realm of birds makes roses
 Rivalling the rich ones under :

She and the Music together.

Birds an April of the air
 Fashion with their painted plumage.

The Music.

By her loveliness deceived,
 For Aurora they salute her,
 And beholding her bright eyes,
 Love the sweet mistake they suffer.

The Man.

All this fair variety,
 All this loveliness that surgeth
 Up from billowy buds of bloom,
 By the wandering zephyrs ruffled,
 All this realm of spring, whose crown
 Earth and sky in turn usurpeth,
 When it looks upon thy face,
 Every moment doth it judge thee
 The Aurora of these hills,
 Blending hours that erst were Sunder'd,
 Streaking in the noontide's glow
 All the leaves with roseate purple,
 So that birds and flowers that drank
 Morning's pearly tears unnumber'd
 Round the cradle of the day,
 Tears that from her eyes she brushes
 With the golden-threaded clouds,

Con nueva falva segunda :

El, y Música.

De tu belleza engañados
Por Aurora la saludan.

La Culpa.

Culpa fuera de las aves,
Y las flores, porque nunca
Para equivocár deydades
Hallar pudieran disculpa.

El Hombre.

Si es culpa, ó acierto, no
Es justo que yo lo arguya ;
Pero bien sé, que mi amor
Oy de su parte asegura ;
Que aunque culpa decir sea,
Que por Aurora te anuncian
Flores, y aves ; ni las aves,
Ni las flores se disculpan
De esta culpa, porque antes
Sé, que con causa mas justa,

El, y Música.

En viendo tus bellos ojos,
Quedan vanos de su culpa.

El Gusto.

Yá que me ha tocado á mí,
(Que en efecto soy la Gula)
Preveniros las viandas,
En cuya alegre dulzura,
Quanto corre, nada, y buela
Registro entre mil dulzuras
Su sabor, desnudo yá
De piel, de escama, y de pluma,
Mirad adonde quereis
Comer oy.

La Lisonja.

Sea con una

Seeing on the horizon under
Thee arise a second time,
Hail thee with new matin music ;

He and the Music together.

By thy loveliness deceived
For Aurora they salute thee.

Sin.

This were wrong in bird and flower.
Bird and flower are both excuésés
For confounding goddesses,
Whom their separate shapes have sun-
der'd.

The Man.

If 'tis right or no, the point
It were wrong I argued further.
This though know I well, my love
Is of *one* thing well assurèd,—
That, although 'twere wrong to say
That the flowers and birds misjudge thee
For Aurora, bird and flower
Would not wish to be excusèd
For that fault, since they, I feel,
Acting with impulsive justness—

He and the Music together.

In beholding thy bright eyes,
Love the sweet mistake they suffer.

The Taste.

Now since it devolves on me
(I who am thy Taste), the duty
Of providing for thy need
Viands cull'd from out the number
Of the things that swim or fly,
Or possess the earth's green surface,
'Mid whose thousand varied forms,
Strip of skin, of scale, and plumage,
I their hidden favours seize,—
Think where art thou to have supper ?

Flattery.

Here, with all due service fair,

Ceremonia lifongera.

El Gusto.

La Lifonja es muy aftuta,
Pues que sabe fembrar mefas
Tan candidas, y purpureas.

*Sale por debaxo del Tablado una Mesa
con muchas viandas, y fientafe la
CULPA, y ULÍSES, y los demás firven,
y los SENTIDOS fe fient an en el suelo.*

La Culpa.

Sientate, y todos
Os fientad en la verdura
De effas flores.

La Lascivia.

Pues yo quicro
Que no todas fe atribuyan
Las finezas, fin que á mi
El Huefped me deba una.
Aquella letra cantad,
Que yo hice.

El Hombre.

Pues fi es tuya
Será amorofa.

La Lascivia.

Sí es.

El Hombre.

No ay Dama aqui, que no acuda
A un Sentido.

El Gusto.

Si feñor,

Pero victor.

El Hombre.

Quién?

El Gusto.

La Gula.

Let it on the spot be usher'd.

The Taste.

What a clever las is this !
Since with skill as sharp as fudden
Tables o'er the ground she scatters
Gleaming all with plate and purple.

*A table sumptuously provided with viands
rises from beneath. SIN and ULYSSES
place themselves at the table, the SEN-
SES on the ground: all are waited on
by the others.*

Sin.

Sit, Ulyfles, at my fide :—
On the soft and verdurous turf here
Let the rest recline.

Voluptuousness.

Since I

Would not that our guest should number
Every courtesy as thine,
One on my part thou wilt suffer :
Sing that little canzonet
Made by me.

The Man.

Its gentle burden
Must be love, if thine it be.

Voluptuousness.

So it is.

The Man.

Each Sense is suited
With a separate lady.

The Taste.

Yes ;

But there's one deserves a bumper.

The Man.

Who is she ?

The Taste.

Intemperance.

La Música.

Si quereis gozar florida
Edad entre dulce fuerte,
Olvidate de la muerte,
Y acuerdate de la vida.

Tocan Caxas, y alborotanse todos, y dicen dentro el ENTENDIMIENTO, y la PENITENCIA.

La Culpa.

No canteis mas; ¿qué atrevida
Voz nuestros gustos divierte?

El Entendimiento.

Ulises, Capitan fuerte,
Si quieres dicha crecida.

La Penitencia.

Olvidate de la vida.

El Entendimiento.

Y acuerdate de la muerte.

La Culpa.

¿Quién, con tanto atrevimiento,
Trueca el gusto en confusion?

El Hombre.

Circe, las que escuchas son
Voces de mi Entendimiento,
El me ha llamado, é intento
Responderle.

La Culpa.

De él te olvida.

El Hombre.

Suelta.

La Culpa.

Es accion atrevida.

Cantad, porque no se affombre
De oír aquella voz el Hombre.

La Música.

Acuerdate de la vida.

The Music.

Wouldst thou, Man, to rapture give
Life's young hours that flower and fly,
Oh! forget that thou must die!
And but think that thou dost live!

A sound of drums and voices is heard from within: all start with surprise. The UNDERSTANDING and PENANCE answer from within.

Sin.

Cease the song! What voice doth strive
Thus to mar our joy thereby?

The Understanding.

Valiant soldier! from on high
Wouldst thou lasting bliss receive?

Penance.

Oh! forget that thou dost live!

The Understanding.

And remember thou must die!

Sin.

Who is this whose bold voice breaketh
Rudely on my startled ear?

The Man.

'Tis my inner voice you hear—
'Tis my Understanding speaketh;
Him my answering conscience seeketh.

Sin.

Heed him not, no answer give.

The Man.

Let me go.

Sin.

Thou goest to grieve.
Sing once more, lest Man should hear
That mysterious voice severe.

The Music.

Oh! remember thou dost live!

El Hombre.

Sí haré, que bien larga es:
Y después tendré lugar
Para sentir, y llorar,
Pues me bastará después:
A tus brazos vuelvo, pues,
Dulce dueño.

La Culpa.

Feliz fuerte!

El Hombre.

Tu hermufura me divierte;
Contigo ufano me nombre;
No quiero mas dicha.

El Entendimiento.

Hombre,

Acuerdate de la muerte.

[*Suena Caja.*]*El Hombre.*

¡ Fuerza es que me acuerde (ay triste!)
Quando mi afecto se mueve
De que es tan caduca, y breve,
Que en un instante consiste!
Entendimiento, que hiciste
En mí tal efecto, advierte,
Que ya voy á obedecerte.

La Culpa.

Vuestra voz su passo impida.

La Música.

Acuerdate de la vida.

El Entendimiento.

Acuerdate de la muerte.

[*Suena Caja.*]*El Hombre.*

Aquí me están alhagando
Gusto, placer, y contento
Quando allí mi Entendimiento
Al arma me está tocando.

La Culpa.

Qué dudas?

The Man.

Be it so: the days extend;
Life is long and full of joy:—
For contrition and annoy
Time enough ere comes the end.
To thine arms, then, dearest friend,
To thine arms once more I fly.

Sin.

Happy fate!

The Man.

Felicity

Is it but thy face to see:
Greater bliss there cannot be.

The Understanding.

Man! remember thou must die!

[*Drums sound.*]*The Man.*

Oh! the woe, to be compell'd
This to think of even in bliss—
Rapture, oh! how fleet it is,
Flying ere it scarce is held:—
Understanding mine, impell'd
By thy low voice whispering nigh,—
See! at thy behest I fly!

Sin.

Song, arrest the fugitive.

The Music.

Oh! remember thou dost live!

The Understanding.

Oh! remember thou must die!

[*Drums sound.*]*The Man.*

Here enjoyment round me draws
Nets of bliss, whose woof enthrals me:
There my Understanding calls me
To comply with valour's laws.

Sin.

Canst thou waver?

El Entendimiento.

Qué estás pensando?

La Culpa.

No de esa voz confundida
Tu memoria esté afligida.

El Entendimiento.

En aqueste encanto advierte:
Acuerdate de la muerte.

La Música.

Acuerdate de la vida.

El Hombre.

En dos mitades estoy
Partido, (passion tyrana!)
Entre el horror de mañana,
A la ventura de oy;
A aquel figo, y á este voy;
Y uno, y otro en mal tan fuerte,
O me afige, ó me divierte:
¿Qual ha de ser preferida
De mis glorias?

La Música.

Vida, vida.

El Hombre.

De mis penas?

El Entendimiento.

Muerte, muerte.

Y aunque me la dén á mí [Sale.

Los encantos de esta fiera,
He de entrar, porque no fuera
Entendimiento, si aqui
Temiera morir: ¿aqui,
Ulises, te has olvidado
De tí mismo? ¿Aqui entregado
A unos placeres fingidos,
Que sin mí, y con tus sentidos
Aqui vives engañado?

La Culpa.

¿Estará (dime) mejor,

The Understanding.

Canst thou pause?

Sin.

Oh! no more attention give
To that voice, but bliss receive!

The Understanding.

Think, 'mid all this witchery—
Think that thou art doom'd to die.

The Music.

Only think that thou dost live.

The Man.

Oh! to which, torn heart, give way—
Present bliss or future sorrow,
Or the anguish of to-morrow,
Or the rapture of to-day?—
This I follow, that obey.
Wish the gladness, yet would fly
All the grief that comes thereby:—
Oh! to which the preference give?—
Which for my joy?

The Music.

That thou dost live!—

The Man.

Which for my pain?

The Understanding.

That thou must die!—

Ycs; and though that fate be mine,

[*He enters.*

By this monster's forceries slain,
Here I enter: since 'tis plain,
I were not myself, or thine
God-given guide, should I resign
Death itself defending thee:
Hast thou lost all memory
Of thyself? that thus, Ulysses,
Thou wouldst live in phantom blisses
Here with thy senses, without me?

Sin.

Were it better, then, that he,

Créido de tu prudencia,
Allá con la Penitencia,
Adonde todo es horror,
Todo tristeza, y pavor,
Que aqui, donde le divierte
Tanta gloria ?

El Entendimiento.

Sí, si advierte,
Que aquesta gloria es fingida.

La Culpa.

Cantad, cantad.

La Música.

Vida, vida.

El Entendimiento.

Tocad, tocad : muerte, muerte.

El Hombre.

Dices bien, á tí te creen
Los influxos de mi estrella.

La Culpa.

Pues dexasme ?

El Hombre.

¡ Ay Culpa bella,

Que tú tambien dices bien ?

El Entendimiento.

Valor mis voces te dén.

La Culpa.

Muevate el verme rendida.

El Entendimiento.

Nada el seguirme te impida :

Tocad.

La Culpa.

Cantad.

El Hombre.

Pena fuerte !

La Música.

Vida, vida.

El Entendimiento.

Muerte, muerte.

Following thy advice, should go,
Penance led, where all is woe,
All is grief and misery,
Than remain contentedly
Here, where on his every sigh
Pleasure waits ?

The Understanding.

Undoubtedly,
If he knows she nought can give.

Sin.

Sing ! sing !

The Music.

'Tis sweet to live !

The Understanding.

Peal ! peal ! Man needs must die !

The Man.

True ! oh true ! my star to thee
Yields, oh voice ! that speaks within.

Sin.

Canst thou leave me ?

The Man.

Beauteous Sin,

Ah ! thy voice, too, moveth me.

The Understanding.

May my voice thy soul's strength be !

Sin.

May my tears thy love revive !

The Understanding.

Follow me, be strong and strive ;

Drums, repeat.

Sin.

Sing sweet !

The Man.

I try

Suffering's depths !


The Music.

To live !

The Understanding.

To die !

(*Dentro La Penitencia*).
 Muerte, muerte.
La Música.
 Vida, vida.
El Entendimiento.
 Este es bien percedero.
La Culpa.
 Aquella es pena cruel.
El Entendimiento.
 Por esso espera lauré. *La Culpa.*
 Goza tu vida primero.
El Entendimiento.
 Mira que es encanto fiero.
La Culpa.
 Mira que es tormento fuerte.
El Entendimiento.
 En que eres mortal advierte.
La Culpa.
 No te acuerdes de esso, no.
La Música.
 Vida.
La Penitencia.
 Muerte.
Los dos.
 Quién venció?
El Hombre.
 La memoria de la muerte.
La Culpa.
 ¿Qué importa que aya vencido,
 Si escaparte no podrás
 De mí? En mi poder estás,
 Sin reservarte un sentido.
 Las flores que avia tejido
 La Penitencia, que eran
 Las virtudes que pudieran
 Salvarte, yá las perdiste,
 Tú mismo las deshiciste;
 ¿Pues qué alivio de mí esperan

Penance (within).
 To die! to die!
The Music.
 To live! to live!
The Understanding.
 Life is but a dying day.
Sin.
 Death, a pang that strikes thee down.
The Understanding.
 But it gives the laurel crown.
Sin.
 Life enjoy though, while you may.
The Understanding.
 Life's a dream that fades away.
Sin.
 Death's a pain that all would fly.
The Understanding.
 Think thy final hour draws nigh.
Sin.
 Think not so till life be done.
The Music.
 Life!
Penance (within).
 Death!
The two.
 Say which has won?
The Man.
 The remembrance I must die. 
Sin.
 What imports it thus the gaining
 Barren victory, if thou art
 Powerless to escape my art?
 Thou, with not a sense remaining:
 Since the potent flowers disdaining,
 Woven for thee by Heaven's host,
 Which the hands of Penance gave thee,
 Virtues were they which could save thee,
 Thou hast scatter'd, thou hast lost;
 Wherefore, therefore, canst thou boast

Oy tus anhas ?

El Entendimiento.

No te dé

Aqueſſo deſconfianza,
Tén en el Cielo eſperanza,
Que es columna de la Fé.
Eſſas virtudes, yo fé,
Que quando mas divertido
Las avias eſparcido,
Para guardarlas llègò
A recogerlas . . .

La Culpa.

Quién ?

Sale la PENITENCIA.

La Penitencia.

Yo,

Que el Arco de paz he ſido,
Que ſi oy en Carro Triunfal
Me llegas á vér ſentada,
Subſtituyendo Doſél
De oro, de purpura, y nacar,
Es, porque á triunfar de tí
Vengo, que quando me llama
Del hombre el Entendimiento,
No puedo yo hacerle ſalta.
Las virtudes, que ſin él
Deſperdió ſu ignorancia,
Yo recogí ; pues es cierto,
Que ſi ſe adquieren en Gracia,
Siempre que buelva por ellas,
En depósito las halla.
Y para que el Hombre vea,
Que ſolas á vencer baſtan
Tus Encantos, oy verás
Todas aqueſtas viandas,

Thou art free from me to-day ?

The Underſtanding.

Do not, therefore, Man, miſtruſt thee,
Hope in Heaven, to *that* entruſt thee—
Hope, the Faith's beſt prop and ſtay,
All thoſe virtues flown away,
Scatter'd in thy wantonneſs—
One, I know, doth hither preſs
To reſtore them ; from the ſky
Comes ſhe hither now.

Sin.

Who ?

PENANCE enters.

Penance.

I,

Erſt who wore the rainbow's dreſs :
Who if in a car triumphal
Thou to-day behold'ſt me ſeated *
'Neath a canopy, wherein
Purple, pearl, and gold are blended,
'Tis becauſe I come to triumph
Over thee, for whenſoever
Calleth me Man's Underſtanding,
Never is the call neglected.
All the virtues which he ſquander'd
In his ignorance, demented,
I have here re-gather'd, ſince
Certain 'tis that when preſented
By the hand of Grace they've been,
He who turneth back repentant
Ever findeth them again,
Safely guarded and preſervèd.
And that Man may know that they
Can alone thy forceries render

* The metre in the original changes to aſonante alternate vowel rhymes in *a, a*. For theſe I have ſubſtituted correſponding ones in *e, e*.

Del viento desvanecidas,
 En humo, en polvo, y en nada,
 Mostrando con este exemplo
 Lo que son glorias humanas,
 Pues el Manjar solamente,
 Que es eterno, es el del alma :
 Este es el Pan Soberano,
 Que veís ya sobre esta Tabla :
 La Penitencia os le ofrece,
 Que sin ella (cosa es clara)
 Que verle no merecía
 El hombre con glorias tantas.
 Sentidos esto no es Pan,
 Sino mas noble substancia :
 Carne, y Sangre es, porque huyendo
 Las especies, que aí estaban,
 Los accidentes no mas
 Quedaron en Hostia blanca.

La Culpa.

¿ Como quieres que te crean
 Los Sentidos con quien hablas,
 Si todos conocerán
 Que los ofendes, y agravias ?
 ¿ Llega, Olfato, llega á oler
 Este Pan : en él qué hallas,
 Pan, ó Carne ?

Van llegando los SENTIDOS.

El Olfato.

De Pan es

El olor.

La Culpa.

¿ Llega, qué aguardas,

Gusto ?

El Gusto.

Este gusto es de Pan.

Powerless, thou wilt now behold
 All the viands here collected
 Vanish into air, and leave
 Nought behind to tell their presence :
 Showing thus how human glory
 Is as false as evanescent ;
 Since the only food that lasteth
 Is the food for souls intended—
 Is the eternal Bread of Life
 Which now fills this table's centre.
 It is Penance that presents it,
 Since without her (nought more certain)
 Man deserveth not to witness
 So much glory manifested.
 Yet, ye Senses, 'tis not Bread,
 But a substance most transcendent :
 It is Flesh and Blood ; because,
 When the substance is dis sever'd
 From the species, the White Host then
 But the accidents preserveth.

Sin.

How canst thou expect to gain
 Credence from thy outraged Senses,
 When they come to understand
 How you wrong them and offend them ?
 Smell, come here, and with thy sense
 Test this bread, this substance,—tell me,
 Is it bread or flesh ?

The SENSES approach.

The Smell.

Its smell

Is the smell of bread.

Sin.

Taste, enter ;

Try it thou.

The Taste.

Its taste is plainly

That of bread.

La Culpa.

¿ Llega, Tacto, qué te espantas,
Dí lo que tocas ?

El Tacto.

Pan toco.

La Culpa.

¿ Vista, á vér qué es lo que alcanzas ?

La Vista.

Pan folamente.

La Culpa.

Tú, Oído,
Rompe essa Forma, que llama
Carne la Fé, y Penitencia,
Y luego las defengaña
Al ruido de la fraccion :
¿ Qué respondes ?

El Oído.

Culpa ingrata,

Aunque la fraccion se escucha
Ruido de Pan, cosa es clara,
Que en fé de la Penitencia,
A quien digo que la llaman
Carne, por Carne la creo,
Pues que ella lo diga basta.

El Entendimiento.

Essa razon me cautiva.

La Penitencia.

¿ Ea, Hombre, pues qué aguardas ?
Cautivo tu Entendimiento
Está ya de la Fé Santa
Por el Oído, á la Nave
De la Iglesia Soberana
Buelve, y dexa de la Culpa
Las delicias momentaneas.
Ulésses cautivo ha sido
De esta Circe injusta, y falsa :
Huye, pues, de sus encantos,

Sin.

Touch, come, why tremble ?
Say what's this thou touchest ?

The Touch.

Bread.

Sin.

Sight, declare what thou discernest
In this object ?

The Sight.

Bread alone.

Sin.

Hearing, thou, too, break in pieces
This material, which, as flesh,
Faith proclaims, and Penance preacheth ;
Let the fraction, by its noise,
Of their error undeceive them :
Say, is it so ?

The Hearing.

Ungrateful Sin,

Though the noise in truth resembles
That of bread when broken, yet
Faith and Penance teach us better ⁷¹
It is flesh, and what *they* call it
I believe : that Faith asserteth
Aught, is proof enough thereof.

The Understanding.

This one reason brings contentment
Unto me.

Penance.

O Man ! why linger ?
Now that Hearing hath firm-fetter'd
To the Faith thy Understanding,
Quick, regain the saving vessel
Of the sovereign Church, and leave
Sin's so briefly sweet excesses.
Thou, Ulysses, Circe's slave,
Fly this false and fleeting revel,
Since, how great her power may be,
Greater is the power of Heaven,

Yá que estos secretos hallas
En el Jupiter Divino,
Quien sus encantos deshagan.

El Hombre.

Dices bien, Entendimiento,
De aquí mis Sentidos saca.

Todos.

Vamos al Baxél, que aquí
Todo es sombras, y fantasma.

La Culpa.

¿Qué importa, (ay de mí!) qué
importa,

Que así de mí poder salgás,
Si mis Encantos sabrán
Seguirte por donde vayas?
Yo sabré alterar las ondas.

La Penitencia.

Y yo sabré serenarlas.

Tocan Clarines, y descubrese la Nave, y todos se meten dentro.

La Culpa.

¿Tribulaciones no son
En la Escritura las aguas?
Luego á padecer le llevas
Trabajos, afanes, y ansias.

La Penitencia.

Sí; pero estos son regalos,
Con que mas merito alcanza.

Dentro todos.

Buen viage, buen viage.

La Culpa.

Aqueñas voces me matan.

El Hombre.

Circe cruel, pues que supe
Vencer prodigiosas Magias,
Quedate, donde te sirva
De monumento tu Alcazar.

And the true Jove's mightier magic
Will thy virtuous purpose strengthen.

The Man.

Yes, thou'rt right, O Understanding!
Lead in safety hence my Senses.

All.

Let us to our ship; for here
All is shadowy and unsettled.

Sin.

What imports it—woe is me!—
What imports it that my sceptre
Thus you seem to 'scape from, since
My enchantments will attend ye?
I shall rouse the waves to madness.

Penance.

I shall follow and appease them.

Trumpets peal. The ship is discovered, and all go on board.

Sin.

Does not Holy Writ compare
Waves with woes that life engenders?
Thither then ye go to suffer
Toils, discomforts, and distresses.

Penance.

Yes, but these prove pleasures when
They to greater favour lead them.

All (within).

Happy voyage! happy voyage!

Sin.

Oh! with rage these cries o'erwhelm
me!

The Man.

Cruel Circe, now that all—
All thy wondrous wiles have ended,
Drag thy palace o'er thy head,
As thy monument and emblem.

La Culpa.

Ondas, que tanto Baxéi
 Sufrió sobre las espaldas,
 En vuestros fenos de nieve
 Le dad sepulcro de plata.

La Penitencia.

Ondas ferenas, al blando
 Movimiento de las aguas,
 Porque vuefros pavimentos
 No fean montes, fino alcazar.

La Culpa.

Vientos que foplais del Norte
 No le faqueis de Trinacria,
 Y chocad, cafcado el pino,
 En aquellas peñas altas.

La Penitencia.

Notos, que venís del Austro,
 Soplad con fuaves auras,
 Porque hafta el Puerto de Hoftia
 Oy á salvamento falga.

El Entendimiento.

Buen viage nos prometen
 Las feñas de la bonanza.

La Culpa.

Haced, vicios, que velamen
 Todo pedazos fe haga,
 Y buelto el Barco, fea tumba
 Con piramides, y jarcias.

El Hombre.

Haced, Virtudes, que rompa
 La quilla fuave, y blanda,
 Encrespando las espumas
 Vidrios de nieve, y de plata.

Todos.

Buen viage, buen viage,
 Que vientos, y ondas amayanan.

El Hombre.

Circe, poco tus Encantos

Sin.

Waves, that on your foam-white
 fhoulders
 Bear the weight of fuch a vefsel,
 Give it fwift a filver tomb
 In your bofom's fnowy centres.

Penance.

Halcyon waves, with filent swell,
 Roll your waters fmooth and level;
 Like the bright floor of a palace,
 Let your azure hills extend them.

Sin.

Winds, that from the black north blow,
 Waft it not to feas ferener,
 But upon Trinacrian rocks
 Dash its broken hull to pieces.

Penance.

Airs, that float from fouthern skies,
 Gently breathe with favouring breezes,
 That it may the happy haven
 Of the Hoft in fafety enter.

The Understanding.

Friends, a prosperous voyage promife
 All the figns of fettled weather.

Sin.

Vices, tear the canvas down,
 Rend the rifled fails in pieces,
 Let the obelifcal masts
 Make the hull a tomb refemble.

The Man.

Virtues, for its curvèd keel
 Make the fea-way fmooth and fettled,
 Send its prow fwift-gliding through
 Silvery foam, a fnow-fcaled ferpent.

All.

Happy voyage! happy voyage!
 Sing the winds and waves together.

The Man.

Circe, now thy forceries vile

Han podido, pues me fáca
(Ay de mí!) la Iris Divina,
Coronado de esperanzas.

La Penitencia.

Circe, yá su Entendimiento
Va con él: poco las trazas
De tu Magia te han valido.

La Culpa.

Llena estoy de pena, y rabia:
¿ Si yo soy vivora, cómo
No me rompo las entrañas?
¿ Si soy áspid, cómo oy
Mi veneno no me mata?
Pedazos del corazón
Me arrancaré con mis ansias
Para tirarlos al Cielo:
¿ Mas á mí, qué me acobarda?
Si en la Nave de la Iglesia
Huyes de mí, fabré darla
Tormentas que la zozobren;
Mas ay de mí! que ya es vana
Mi Ciencia, pues que la veo
Navegar con tal bonanza:
Falten todos mis Sentidos,
Pues que yá poder me falta.

[*Suena Terremoto, y la ruido se
bunde el Palacio.*]

Confundanse los Palacios,
Y bolviéndose montañas
Obscuras, no viva en ellas
Sino yo, porque me fáca
A quien encantado tuve
La Penitencia Sagrada,
En virtud de aquel Divino
Manjar, que dá por Vianda.

Todos.

A cuyo grande milagro

Harm me not, since from thy meshes
Faith, the heavenly Iris, leads me
With Hope's glory round my temples.

Penance.

Circe, now that as his guide
See his Understanding wendeth,
Little can thy forceries wound him.

Sin.

Rage and anguish overwhelm me!
If I am a viper, say
Why, O heart! dost thou not sever?
If I am an asp, oh! why
Does not my own poison end me?
In my anguish I will tear
Out my heart in purple pieces
But to dash them in Heaven's face.
Wherefore, though, should fear unnerve
me?

If thou fliest from me thus
In the Church's saving vessel,
Know, my storms can overwhelm it.
Idle boast! for all is ended,—
All my science now is o'er,
Since the ship fails on so steady:
All my senses leave me too,
Since my magic power hath left me!

[*The sound of an earthquake is heard,
and the palace disappears.*]

Palaces sink down in ruin,
And the dark hills that upheld them,
Reappear in all their wildness—
I sole dweller in the desert:
For from me hath holy Penance
Him released, whom charm'd I held
here,
By the virtue this divinest
Bread, this heavenly food, possesses.

All.

Let this mightiest miracle

El Mundo mil Fiestas haga,
Principalmente Madrid,
Noble corazon de España,
Que en celebrar á Dios Fiesta
Con la opinion se levanta.

*Con esta repeticion, y al son de las
Chirimías, se dá FIN AL AUTO.*

Over all the world be fêted,
Specially within Madrid,
City where Spain's proud heart fwelleth,
Which, in honouring God's Body,
Takes the foremost place for ever.

*With a repetition of this, and to the
sound of clarions, THE AUTO CON-
CLUDES.*







THE DEVOTION OF THE CROSS.

FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERON.







INTRODUCTION.

LA *Devocion de la Cruz* was first printed at Huefca, in 1634, in the twenty-eighth volume of the collection devoted to the dramatic works of various authors.* In the Introduction to *Love the Greatest Enchantment*, I have already described this exceedingly rare collection, and enumerated the very few volumes of it that are now known to exist. The volume which contains *La Devocion de la Cruz*, under the name of *La Cruz en la Sepultura*, contains also another of Calderon's dramas, *Amor, Honor y Poder*, under the less concise title of *La Industria contra el Poder, y el Honor contra la Fuerza*, and both are strangely attributed to Lope de Vega. *La Cruz en la Sepultura* is described as differing occasionally from *La Devocion de la Cruz*, as ordinarily printed, and contains three characters and one entire scene which are not to be found in any of the editions of the drama published under that title. The names I have introduced, between brackets, into the list of *Persons represented*, and the *scene*, similarly marked, I have translated at the proper place. Considering the power exhibited in this "wonderful and terrible drama," as

* *Parte Veinte y Ocho de Comedias de Varios Autores*. En Huefca, por Pedro Blufon, impresor de la Universidad, año de 1634. A costa de Pedro Escuer, mercader de libros. Señor Hartzzenbusch mentions his having seen *La Cruz en la Sepultura* printed as a separate play, but without date, place, or name of printer. See his *Prologo*, t. I. p. xv. and his list of *Ediciones Consultadas*, t. IV. pp. 654 and 659.

it has been well called by a distinguished living writer,* and the celebrity which it has obtained in foreign countries, most readers will be surprised to learn that it was one of the earliest productions of Calderon; written probably during his residence at the University of Salamanca, which he left at nineteen, but certainly, as it is stated, before 1620, when he had only completed his twentieth year.† Like most young dramatic writers, he appears to have freely made use of the labours of his predecessors; and the following dramas are supposed to have had very considerable influence upon him, both in the conception and working out of *The Devotion of the Cross*. The first of these is *La Fundacion de la Orden de la nuestra Señora de la Merced*, by the Canon Tarrega, which is given in the exceedingly scarce volume of Valencian Dramatists, published at Valencia in 1616, a copy of which I possess.‡ Another is Tirso de Molina's *El Condenado por Desconfiado*, the *Enrico* of which singularly resembles, both in his crimes and his love of relating them,§ the *Eusebio* of *The Devotion of the Cross*, the *Ludovico Enio* of *The Purgatory of St. Patrick*, and other of Calderon's heroes of a similar stamp. Mira de Mescua's *El Esclavo del Demonio* is, however, the play to which Calderon

* The Rev. Chenevix Trench, Dean of Westminster. See his *Life's a Dream*, &c. p. 69. London, 1856.

† "*La Devocion de la Cruz*. Escrita antes del año 1620, censurada ya para la impresion en 3 de Abril de 1633." See CORRECCIONES at the end of *Comedias* de ALARCON; Madrid, 1852.

‡ *Norte de la Poesia Española*, &c. Año 1616; con privilegio. Impreso en Valencia; en la Impresion de Felipe Mey. This and a preceding volume, *Doce Comedias famosas de quatro Poetas naturales de la insigne y coronado Ciudad de Valencia*, año 1609, are among the scarcest of Spanish books, no copy being known to exist in any of the public or private libraries of Madrid, or perhaps of all Spain, as Señor Ramon de Mesoneros Romanos says, except that in the library of the Queen at Madrid, from which he has made his extracts in the first volume of his *Dramaticos Contemporaneos a Lope de Vega*; Madrid, 1857. See his *Discurso Preliminar*, pp. xii. and xxxi.

§ See *Comedias Escogidas* de Fray Gabriel Tellez (el Maestro Tirso de Molina); Madrid, 1850, p. 189.

is more directly indebted, he having not only imitated the general action of that drama, but having transferred, according to Tieck, several passages of it, almost verbatim, to his own pages.* *The Devotion of the Cross* has been admirably translated into German by August Wilhelm von Schlegel, as has also *El Mayor Encanto Amor*, of which, in the preceding pages, a translation has been given. In English and French literature few writers have ever referred to Calderon without praising the poetical power and beauty of this drama, and condemning it as “the very sublime of antinomianism.” Like many other celebrated literary works, however, it has been more frequently referred to than read, and many writers have, either through carelessness or wilful hostility, needlessly misrepresented and exaggerated its defects.† Among critics who seem to have been actuated by the latter spirit must be placed Sismondi, whose analysis of *The Devotion of the Cross* is more than usually inaccurate and unfair. One would think that there are crimes enough, either referred to or committed, in this drama, without the necessity of adding to them; and yet, by direct assertion and insinuation, he leaves on the mind of the reader a horrible impression of the almost unutterable criminality of the two principal characters, which, if true, would of course render it unfit to be read, enacted, and, I need scarcely say, translated. The subject is difficult to be alluded to; and yet, in justice to a great poet, whose defects, whatever they may have been, were certainly not those which might be

* See Schack's *Geschichte der dramatischen Literatur und Kunst in Spanien*, b. iii. p. 55.

† In describing the class of dramas to which *The Devotion of the Cross* belongs, it is singular that Bouterwek should have fallen into the mistake of calling it an *Auto*; thereby leaving us to infer that he did not understand the marked and impassible distance that separates a religious *Drama (Comedia)* of Calderon, or any other Spanish poet, from an *Auto*. *The Sorceries of Sin* in this volume will give the reader some idea of what an *Auto* is, and how impossible it is to confound it with a *Drama* in the ordinary sense, even when dealing with spiritual or religious subjects or things. Mr. Longfellow has fallen into the same mistake as Bouterwek, in his description of this drama. See the chapter on *The Devotional Poetry of Spain*, in his *Outre Mer*.

inferred from the selection of such topics as those alluded to, I cannot avoid it altogether. Sismondi, in speaking of this drama, calls the hero, Eusebio, "an incestuous brigand;" and, as if this were not enough, adds, further on, the phrase, "His sister, Julia, *who is also his mistress,*" * &c. Now for the shocking assertion contained in these two quotations there is not the slightest shadow of foundation. No criminal intercourse whatever exists between the hero and heroine of this terrible tragedy (how prevented the reader will learn in the powerful scene, which, however faintly interpreted, must rivet his attention), and the unsuspected relationship which exists between them is never known to one of the parties until his last moments, and to the other until after the death of her brother. How differently does another distinguished French writer allude to this subject. With the beautiful passage to which I refer, I shall leave the drama in the hands of the reader. "On devine sans peine," says M. Philaréte Chasles, "que Julia est la sœur d'Eusebe; et cette invention dramatique augmentant d'intensité irait couvoyer l'horrible et l'insoutenable, si Calderon n'était doué de ce vrai génie dont l'essence est pure. Nous allons le voir, dans une occasion si difficile, retrouver la moralité qui lui est propre, la sublime pudeur qui ne l'abandonne jamais. Ses ailes blanches et vierges trempent dans l'orage sans se flétrir, et effleurent la foudre sans se brûler." †

With regard to the locality in which the action of this singular drama is supposed to take place, it may be right to add a few words. Neither in this, nor in any of the other dramas of Calderon, as given to us in the ordinary editions, ‡ is the *scene* ever mentioned, nor any of the usual aids

* *Literature of the South of Europe*. I quote from Bohn's translation, v. 11. p. 379, not having the original by me. Mr. Lewes, with equal inaccuracy, also adds the crime alluded to in the text to the category of Eusebio's offences. See his *Spanish Drama*; London, 1846, p. 110.

† *Etudes sur l'Espagne*, par M. Philaréte Chasles; Paris, 1847, p. 55.

‡ A remark which may be applied not only to all the Spanish editions prior to that

to the reader's imagination supplied, such as we generally find in the dramatic literature of other countries. In the early English drama, a board with the name of a town written upon it was sufficient for the lively imagination of the audience to waft the spectators from London to York, or from Venice to Verona. But in the Spanish plays, as *printed*, this signpost information is wanting, and the reader is obliged to infer the scene of the event from the language of the characters engaged. This want, with many others, is supplied in the edition of Señor Hartzenbusch, as well as in such German and French translations as I have seen. In the present instance "Sena" is the centre round which all the action of the drama revolves. Señor Hartzenbusch prints the word "Sena" as in the text, leaving it doubtful whether he understands it to mean Siena in Italy, or one of the three small towns in Spain that are called Sena. M. Damas Hinard, in his prose version of this play,* mentions two of these, one in Aragon, the other in Leon, and is uncertain which of them to decide on. A third, near Santander, might be added, which, if we are to look at all in Spain for the locality, might be more likely, as the sea is mentioned more than once, as being in the neighbourhood of "the mountain," which is the scene of so many wonders. This, however, would not be sufficient to decide the question, because in matters of geographical precision Calderon was as careless as Greene in his *Pandosto*, or Shakespeare in his *Winter's Tale*. But it seems to me that, notwithstanding the strong Spanish colouring of the entire landscape, the rude crosses, the *bandoleros*, and the *sierras*, Siena in Italy must be considered the centre round which all this wild and imaginary scenery lies, Sena being the ancient Latin name of Siena, which Calderon probably adopted. If proof were wanting, the facts of the story, either alluded to

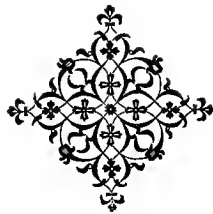
of Señor Hartzenbusch's, but to all the foreign reprints that I have seen, including those of Ochoa (Paris, 1847), and of Keil (Leipzig, 1827-30).

* *Chefs-d'œuvre de Théâtre Espagnol*: Calderon, 1^{re} série; Paris, 1841, p. 148, note.

or enacted, would be sufficient:—the mission of Curcio from the Republic to the Pope; the journeying to and from Rome by Alberto, bishop of Trent; his professorship in the University of Bologna; and, lastly, the account which the Genoese painter gives of himself, in the scene taken from the Huesca edition of *La Cruz en la Sepultura*, of his bringing to Florence a painting ordered by one of his patrons there. Schlegel, in his *Die Andacht zum Kreuze*, adopts Siena without any remark, as does the writer of the very accurate paper on *The Devotion of the Cross* in Blackwood,* and as most other English writers have done who have alluded to this play.

* Blackwood's Magazine, vol. xviii. p. 83. July, 1825.





PERSONS REPRESENTED.

EUSEBIO.
 CURCIO, *viejo*.
 LISARDO.
 OCTAVIO.
 ALBERTO, *viejo*.
 GIL, *villano gracioso*.
 BRAS, }
 TIRSO, } *villanos*.
 TORIBIO, }
 CELIO, }
 RICARDO, } *bandoleros*.
 [UN PINTOR.
 UN POETA.
 UN ASTROLOGO.]*
 JULIA, *dama*.
 ARMINDA, *criada*.
 CHILINDRINA.
 MENGA, *villana graciosa*.
Bandoleros y Villanos.
Soldados.

EUSEBIO.
 CURCIO.
 LISARDO, *his son*.
 OCTAVIO, *in Curcio's service*.
 ALBERTO, *an aged priest, bishop of Trent*.
 GIL, *a peasant*.
 TIRSO, }
 BRAS, } *peasants*.
 TORIBIO, }
 CELIO, }
 RICARDO, } *bandits*.
 [A PAINTER.
 A POET.
 AN ASTROLOGER.]*
 JULIA, *Curcio's daughter*.
 ARMINDA, *her attendant*.
 CHILINDRINA, *a follower of the bandits*.
 MENGA, *Gil's wife*.
Bandits and Peasants.
Soldiers.

SCENE, *Siena and its Neighbourhood*.

* From the edition of Huesca, 1634.



THE DEVOTION OF THE CROSS.

JORNADA I.

ARBOLEDA IMMEDIATA A UN CAMINO QUE
SE DIRIGE A SENA.

Dicen dentro MENGA y GIL.

Menga.
VERÁ por dó va la burra.
Gil.
Jo dimuño; jo mohina.

Menga.
Ya verá por do camina:
Arre acá.

Gil.
; El diablo te aburra!
; No hay quién una cola tenga,
Pudiendo tenella mil?
[Salen los dos.]

Menga.
; Buena hacienda has hecho, Gil!
Gil.
; Buena hacienda has hecho, Menga,
Pues tú la culpa tuviste!

ACT I.

A WILD WOODY MOUNTAIN DISTRICT,
NOT FAR FROM THE HIGH ROAD TO
SIENA.

MENGA and GIL behind the Scenes.

Menga.
SEE! the afs is going to turn
her!
Gil.
Yo, dolt's dam! yo, devil's
daughter!
Menga.

There, she's stuck! you should have
caught her;
Yo! geho!

Gil.
The devil burn her!
Had she fifty tails to tickle,
All were vain against her will.
[They enter.]

Menga.
What a fix we're in, friend Gil!
Gil.
What the devil of a pickle!
All through fault of yours, I'm thinking,

Que como ibas caballera,
Que en el hoyo se metiera,
Al oido la dijiste,
Por hacerme regañar.

Menga.

Por verme caer á mí,
Se lo dijiste, eso sí.

Gil.

¿Cómo la hemos de facar?

Menga.

¿Pues en el lodo la dejas?

Gil.

No puede mi fuerza sola.

Menga.

Yo tiraré de la cola,
Tira tú de las orejas.

Gil.

Mejor remedio sería
Hacer el que aprovechó
A un coche, que se atascó
En la corte estro dia.
Este coche, Dios delante,
Que arrastrado de dos potros,
Parecia entre los otros
Pobre coche vergonzante.
Y por maldicion muy cierta
De sus padres (hado esquivo !)
Iba de estribo en estribo,
Ya que no de puerta en puerta ;
En un arroyo atascado,
Con ruegos el caballero,
Con azotes el cochera,
Ya por fuerza, ya por grado,
Ya por gusto, ya por miedo,
Que saliesen procuraban :
Por recio que lo mandaban,
Mi coche quedo que quedo.
Viendo que no importan nada
Cuantos remedios hicieron,

Since, my Menga, since you rode her,
You it must have been who show'd her
Just the very spot to sink in ;—
'Tis to vex me that you teaze her.

Menga.

Since she threw me o'er her shoulder,
You it must have been who told her.

Gil.

But the question, How release her?

Menga.

In the mud wouldst leave her here?

Gil.

All my strength, as nought, avails her.

Menga.

I can pull her by the tail, sir ;
You can pull her by the ear.

Gil.

No, I think a better way,
And a quicker to revive her,
Is to do, as did the driver
Of a coach the other day.
This same coach, the excretion
Of the streets, in slow approaches
Slunk beside the other coaches,
Like a shabby poor relation ;
Or for some deep grief it bore,
(Who or what its grief can smother ?)
Went from one side to the other,
'Stead of *on* from door to door :—
In the kennel now 'tis stuck,
How the knight within doth growl !
Some try fair means, some try foul,
Coachee lashes, footmen chuck,
Cushions fly to make it lighter,
All is noise and cries and worrit ;
But the more they strive to stir it,
Seems my coach to stick the tighter.
Seeing thus 'twere best to parley,
Coachee takes the best of courtes,

Delante el coche pusieron
 Un harnero de cebada.
 Los caballos, por comer,
 De tal manera tiraron,
 Que tofieron y arrancaron ;
 Y efto podemos hacer.

Menga.

¡ Que nunca valen dos cuartos
 Tus cuentos !

Gil.

Menga, yo fiento
 Ver un animal hambriento,
 Donde hay animales hartos.

Menga.

Voy al camino á mirar
 Si pafa de nueftra aldea
 Gente, cualquiera que fea,
 Porque te venga á ayudar,
 Pues te das tan pocas mañas.

Gil.

¡ Vuelves, Menga, á tu porfía ?

Menga.

¡ Ay burra del alma mia ! [*Vafe.*

Gil.

¡ Ay burra de mis entrañas !
 Tú fuifte la mas honrada
 Burra de toda la aldea ;
 Que no ha habido quien te vea
 Nunca mal acompañada.
 No eres nada callejera ;
 De mejor gana te eftabas
 En tu pefebre, que andabas,
 Cuando te llevaban fuera.

And before the half-ftarved horfes
 Holds outfretch'd a fieve of barley ;—
 The poor ftarvelings feek to fwallow,
 So they tug with might and main,
 Drag the coach from out the drain,
 And the example we may follow.*

Menga.

Tales like this you've now related
 Ar'n't two farthings worth.

Gil.

O'ercaft

Am I, feeing one beaft *faft*,
 Where ftand two quite fatiated.

Menga.

I will to the road, the diftance
 Isn't far, to fee fome neighbour
 Paffing to his daily labour,
 Who will come to give affiftance :
 Since 'tis little zeal you fhew.

Gil.

Menga mine, your wrath control.

Menga.

Oh ! dear donkey of my foul ! [*Exit.*

Gil.

Donkey of my bowels, oh !
 Thou that wert the moft refpected
 Donkey of our village green,
 Thou that never yet haft been
 In bad company detected ;
 Thou that gadded not about,
 But prefer'd domeftic quiet,—
 A snug manger and good diet—
 To the joys of going out :

* Sydney Smith, in his amufing lecture "On the Conduct of the Understanding," condemning what he calls "the foppery of univerfality" in one's ftudies, fays whimsically, that "he would exact of a young man a pledge never to read Lope de Vega !" Fortunately he does not include or exclude Calderon, who in this little ftory happens to have anticipated the witty canon in the anecdote which he tells us of himfelf and his horfe "Calamity."—See *Life of SYDNEY SMITH* by LADY HOLLAND.

Pues ¿altanera y liviana?
 Bien me atrevo á jurar yo,
 Que ningun burro la vió
 Afomada á la ventana.
 Yo sé que no merecía
 Su lengua desdicha tal;
 Pues jamas para habrar mal
 Dijo: Aquesta boca es mia.
 Pues como á ella la fobre
 De lo que comiendo está,
 Luego al punto se lo da
 A alguna borrica pobre.

[*Ruido dentro.*]

Mas ¿qué ruido es este? Alli
 De dos caballos se apean
 Dos hombres, y hácia mí vienen,
 Despues que atados los dejan.
 ¡Descoloridos, y al campo
 De mañana; Cosa es cierta,
 Que comen barro, ó están
 Opilados. Mas ¿si fueran
 Bandoleros? ¡Aquí es ello!
 Pero lo que fuere sea,
 Aquí me escondo; que andan,
 Que corren, que salen, que entran.

[*Escóndese.*]

Salen LISARDO y EUSEBIO.

Lisardo.

No pasemos adelante,
 Porque esta estancia encubierta
 Y apartada del camino,
 Es para mi intento buena.
 Sacad, Eusebio, la espada;
 Que yo, de aquesta manera,
 A los hombres como vos

Though thou'rt skittish, may be vain,
 Yet I'll swear it, notwithstanding,
 No one ever saw you standing,
 Ogling at the window-pane.
 True, that honest tongue of thine
 Is a little rough, no matter,
 You speak truly, and don't flatter,
 When you say, This voice is mine.
 And you're generous, too, the graft
 Which your maw declines receiving,
 I have often seen you leaving
 To some poor and hungrier ass.*

[*A noise within.*]

But what noise is this? Oh! yonder
 I behold two men who've ridden
 Hard here, tie their panting horses
 To the trees, and wander hither;—
 Pale! and in the fields so early!
 Oh! 'tis plain they've got green sickness.
 Should they prove, though, bandoleros!
 'Gad! that were a pretty business!—
 Be they who they may, 'tis better
 That I hide me here a little.
 Here they come; they reach, they enter,
 Ere I've scarcely time to fix me.

[*He conceals himself.*]

Enter LISARDO and EUSEBIO.

Lisardo.

Let us then proceed no farther,
 Since this thorny-tangled thicket,
 Screen'd and fever'd from the highway,
 For my object is well fitted.
 Draw then, draw your sword, Eusebio,
 As I mine, for thus succinctly
 Do I challenge men like you

* The humour of this address will not unpleasantly recall Goldsmith's "Elegy on the glory of her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize."

Saco á reñir.

Eusebio.

Aunque tenga

Bastante causa en haber
Llegado al campo, quisiera
Saber lo que á vos os mueve.
Decid, Lisardo, la queja,
Que de mí teneis.

Lisardo.

Son tantas,

Que falta voz á la lengua,
Razones á la razon,
Y al sufrimiento paciencia.
Quisiera, Eusebio, callarlas,
Y aun olvidarlas quisiera ;
Porque quando se repiten,
Hacen de nuevo la ofensa.
¿ Conocéis estos papeles ?

Eusebio.

Arrojados en la tierra,
Y los alzaré.

Lisardo.

Tomad.

Qué os suspendeis ? qué os altera ?

Eusebio.

Mal haya el hombre, mal haya
Mil veces aquel, que entrega
Sus secretos á un papel ;
Porque es disparada piedra,
Que se sabe quien la tira,
Y no se sabe á quien llega.

Lisardo.

¿ Habéislos ya conocido ?

Eusebio.

Todos están de mí letra,
Que no la puedo negar.

Lisardo.

Pues yo soy Lisardo, en Sena,

To the combat.

Eusebio.

Though sufficient

Cause have I in having come
To the field here, yet my wishes
Are to know what thus has moved you.
Say, Lisardo, say what hidden
Charge against me have you ?

Lisardo.

I

Have so many, that to hint them
Would my tongue want words, my
reason

Utterance, and all patience quit me.
I, Eusebio, would in silence,
Nay, in dark oblivion sink them,
Since an insult when repeated
Is a second time committed.
Do you recognize these papers ?

Eusebio.

Throw them down, and I will lift them
From the ground.

Lisardo.

They're *there* then, take them :—

Why thus tremble ? Why thus shiver ?

Eusebio.

Woe unto the man ! a thousand
Woes to him, who hath committed
His heart's secrets to a letter !
'Tis a random stone, a missile,
Which the hand that flings it knoweth,
But is ignorant whom it hitteth.

Lisardo.

Have you scrutinised them fully ?

Eusebio.

That these letters were all written
By my hand, I must acknowledge.

Lisardo.

Well, Siena is my birth-place,

Hijo de Lisardo Curcio.
 Bien excusadas grandezas
 De mi padre consumieron
 En breve tiempo la hacienda,
 Que los suyos le dejaron ;
 Que no sabe cuánto yerra
 Quien, por excesivos gastos,
 Pobres á sus hijos deja.
 Pero la necesidad,
 Aunque ultraje la nobleza,
 No excusa de obligaciones
 A los que nacen con ellas.
 Julia pues, (¡ saben los cielos,
 Cuanto el nombrarla me pesa !)
 O no supo conservarlas,
 O no llegó á conocerlas.
 Pero al fin, Julia es mi hermana ;
 ¡ Pluguiera á Dios no lo fuera !
 Y advertid, que no se firven
 Las mujeres de sus prendas
 Con amorosos papeles,
 Con razones lisonjeras,
 Con ilícitos recados,
 Ni con infames terceras.
 No os culpo en el todo á vos ;
 Que yo confieso, que hiciera
 Lo mismo, á darme una dama
 Para servir la licencia ;
 Pero culpos en la parte
 De ser mi amigo, y en esta
 Con mas culpa os comprende
 La culpa que tuvo ella.
 Si mi hermana os agradó
 Para mujer (que no era
 Posible, ni yo lo creo
 Que os atrevierais á verla
 Con otro fin, ni aun con este ;
 Pues ¡ vive Dios ! que quisiera
 Antes, que con vos casada,

And my fire Lisardo Curcio.
 The unsparing, the unstinted
 Habits of my father wasted
 Soon the wealth to him transmitted
 By more prudent predecessors ;
 Ignorant how much he sinneth,
 Who by wild and wasteful outlay
 Maketh paupers of his children.
 But although necessity
 May a noble name disfigure,
 It exempts not from their duties
 Those whose birth is burthen'd with
 them.
 Julia then . . . (ah me! Heaven knows
 How to name her name afflicts me!)
 Knew not rightly to observe them,
 Or not knowing them could omit them.
 But still Julia (would to God
 That she were not!) is my sister,
 And you know, when wooing women
 Of her rank, 'tis not permitted
 To indite persuasive flatteries,
 To address love-laden billets,
 To send messages in secret,
 And hire go-betweens to bring them.
 I for this don't wholly blame you,
 Since I will confess, in this way
 Would I act too, if a lady
 Leave to woo her would but give me ;
 But I blame you, from the fact of
 Being my friend, and so, from *this*, see
 How through you the fault is doubled,
 That by her has been committed.
 If my sister pleased your fancy
 As a wife (I cannot bring me
 To believe it possible,
 That you ever hoped to win her
 Otherwise, or even as this ;
 Since, as God lives! I would wish her,

Mirarla á mis manos muerta) :
 En fin, si vos la elegisteis
 Para mujer, justo fuera
 Descubrir vuestros deseos
 A mi padre, antes que á ella.
 Este era término justo,
 Y entonces mi padre viera,
 Si le estaba bien el darla,
 Que pienso que no os la diera ;
 Porque un caballero pobre,
 Cuando en cosas como estas
 No puede medir iguales
 La calidad y la hacienda,
 Por no deslucir su sangre
 Con una hija doncella,
 Hace sagrado un convento ;
 Que es delito la pobreza.
 Aqueste á Julia mi hermana
 Con tanta prisa la espera,
 Que mañana ha de ser monja,
 Por voluntad, ó por fuerza.
 Y porque no será bien,
 Que una religiosa tenga
 Prendas de tan loco amor,
 Y de voluntad tan necia,
 A vuestras manos las vuelvo,
 Con resolución tan ciega,
 Que no solo he de quitarlas,
 Mas tambien la causa dellas.
 Sacad la espada, y aqui
 El uno de los dos muera ;
 Vos, porque no la sirvais,
 O yo, porque no lo vea.

Eusebio.

Tened, Lisardo, la espada,
 Y pues yo he tenido flemas
 Para oír desprecios míos,

Ere with you I saw her married,
 Dead, although my own hands kill'd
 her) :

In a word, if you selected
 Her to be your wife, 'twere fittest
 That, before herself, my father
 Were acquainted with your wishes.
 That were the correct proceeding.
 Then my father would consider
 If 'twere right to give her to you,
 And I think he would not give her ;
 For a gentleman grown poor,
 When a case like this arises,
 If he finds he cannot equal
 Fortune with his rank's requirements,
 Left through an unmarried daughter
 On his blood should fall defilement,
 Seeks the safeguard of a convent ;
 Such a crime is want of riches.
 This fate now so soon awaiteth
 Upon Julia, on my sister,
 That she must the veil to-morrow
 Take, though force control her wishes !
 And because it were not right
 That a novice should have with her
 Proofs of such a foolish passion,
 And of a desire so silly,
 I return them to your hands,
 With a blind resolve and fixed,
 To destroy not only them,
 But the very hand that writ them.
 Draw then, draw your sword, for now
 Either of us twain must die here ;
 You, that you may cease your service,
 I, that service not to witness.

Eusebio.

Sheathe your sword awhile, Lisardo,
 And since I have deign'd to listen
 With such phlegm to my disparages,

Escuchadme la respuesta ;
 Y aunque el discurso sea largo
 De mi suceso, y parezca
 Que, estando solos los dos,
 Es demasiada paciencia,
 Pues que ya es fuerza reñir,
 Y morir el uno es fuerza ;
 Por si los cielos permiten,
 Que yo el infelice sea,
 Oid prodigios que admiran,
 Y maravillas que elevan ;
 Que no es bien, que con mi muerte
 Eterno silencio tengan.
 Yo no sé quien fue mi padre ;
 Pero sé, que la primera
 Cuna fué el pie de una Cruz,
 Y el primer lecho una piedra.
 Raro fué mi nacimiento,
 Segun los pastores cuentan,
 Que desta fuerte me hallaron
 En la falda de esas sierras.
 Tres dias, dicen, que oyeron
 Mi llanto, y que á la aspereza,
 Donde estaba, no llegaron
 Por el temor de las fieras,
 Sin que alguna me ofendiese :
 Pero ¿ quien duda que era
 Por respeto de la Cruz,
 Que tenia en mi defensa ?
 Hallóme un pastor, que acaso
 Buscó una perdida oveja
 En la aspereza del monte,
 Y trayéndome á la aldea
 De Eusebio, que no sin causa
 Estaba entonces en ella.
 Le contó mi prodigioso
 Nacimiento, y la clemencia
 Del cielo asistió á la fuya.
 Mandó en fin, que me trajeran

Hear the answer that I give them :—
 And although my life's strange story
 May seem long, and the recital
 Out of reasonable patience
 Weary you, we standing pitted
 Breast to breast thus for the combat,
 In which one of us must die here,
 And left Heaven perchance permitteth
 Me to be the hapless victim,
 Hear the wonders most astounding,
 Hear the marvels most surprising,
 Which 'twere wrong my death should
 hide here
 In its everlasting silence.
 Who my father was I know not ;
 But I know this, I, an infant,
 Had a cross's foot for cradle,
 And a hard stone for my first bed.
 Strange my birth, and strange the story
 Which the shepherds oft recited,
 Who had found me thus abandon'd
 In a gorge of these wild hills here.
 For three days, they said, they heard me
 Crying, but to reach the cliffs where
 I was plac'd they could not venture,
 Through the terror of the wild beasts,
 One of whom nor hurt nor touch'd me ;
 Who can doubt through certain instincts
 Of respect unto the Cross
 Which in my defence stood nigh me ?
 There by accident, a shepherd,
 Seeking a lost lamb, descried me
 In the wildness of the mountain,
 And who brought me to the village
 Of Eusebio, who had cause then
 Doubtless to be dwelling in it.
 Him he told of my prodigious
 Birth, and pitying Heaven assisted
 By its own, to wake his pity.

A su casa, y como á hijo
 Me dió la crianza en ella.
 Eusebio soy de la Cruz,
 Por su nombre, y por aquella,
 Que fue mi primera guía,
 Y fue mi guarda primera.
 Tomé por gusto las armas,
 Por pasatiempo las letras ;
 Murió Eusebio, y yo quedé
 Heredero de su hacienda.
 Si fue prodigioso el parto,
 No lo fue menos la estrella,
 Que enemiga me amenaza,
 Y piadosa me reserva.
 Tierno infante era en los brazos
 Del ama, cuando mi fiera
 Condicion, bárbara en todo,
 Dió de sus rigores muestra ;
 Pues con solas las encías,
 No sin diabólica fuerza,
 Partí el pecho de quien tuve
 El dulce alimento ; y ella,
 Del dolor desesperada,
 Y de la cólera ciega,
 En un pozo me arrojó,
 Sin que ninguno supiera
 De mí. Oyéndome reir,
 Bajaron á él, y cuentan,
 Que estaba sobre las aguas,
 Y que con las manos tiernas
 Tenia una Cruz formada,
 Y sobre los labios puesta.
 Un día que se abrasaba
 La casa, y la llama fiera
 Cerraba el paño á la huida,
 Y á la salida la puerta,
 Entre las llamas estuve
 Libre, sin que me ofendieran :
 Y advertí después, dudando

Finally he bade them bring me
 To his house, and as his son
 To be rear'd, and cared, and christen'd.
 Thus, Eusebio of the Cross
 Am I call'd ; a name that mingles
 His with that one which to me
 Was my guide first, and my first friend.
 Arms I took to as a passion,
 As a pastime books enticed me.
 Then Eusebio died, and left me
 The sole heir of all his riches.
 If my birth was so prodigious,
 Nothing less so was my life's star,—
 Now a threat'ning foe to fright me,
 Now a pitying friend to guide me.
 Still a tender infant, lying
 In my nurse's arms, my wicked
 Nature, which was wholly savage,
 Gave a sample of its wildness ;
 Since but with my gums, their weakness
 By a demon's power assisted,
 I cut through the tender bosom
 Out from which my sweet food
 trickled :—
 She, made desperate by the anguish,
 And by sudden anger blinded,
 Down into a deep well threw me,
 Unperceived by any witness.
 Thence my laugh being heard, they
 ventured
 To the bottom, and the finders
 Said they found me on the water,
 And that with my little fingers
 I a natural Cross had fashion'd,
 And had placed it on my lips there.
 On a certain day when fire had
 Seized our dwelling, and the wild flame
 Barr'd all entrance or all exit
 From the outside or the inner,

Que haya en el fuego clemencia,
 Que era día de la Cruz.
 Tres lustros contaba apenas,
 Cuando por el mar fui á Roma,
 Y en una brava tormenta,
 Desesperada mi nave
 Chocó en una oculta peña,
 En pedazos dividida,
 Por los costados abierta :
 Abrazado de un madero
 Salí venturoso á tierra,
 Y este madero tenia
 Forma de Cruz. Por las sierras
 De esos montes caminaba
 Con otro hombre, y en la fenda
 Que dos caminos partía,
 Una Cruz estaba puesta.
 En tanto que me quedé,
 Haciendo oracion en ella,
 Se adelantó el compañero ;
 Y despues dándome prieta
 Para alcanzarle, le hallé
 Muerto á las manos sangrientas
 De bandoleros. Un día,
 Riñendo en una penencia,
 De una estocada caí,
 Sin que hiciese resistencia,
 En la tierra ; y cuando todos
 Pensaron hallarla ajena
 De remedio, solo hallaron
 Señal de la punta traía
 En una Cruz que traía
 Al cuello, que en mi defensa
 Recibió el golpe. Cazando
 Una vez por la aspereza
 Deste monte, se cubrió
 El cielo de nubes negras,
 Y publicando con truenos
 Al mundo espantosa guerra,

I among the flames was able
 To pass free, untouch'd, uninjured ;
 And'twas thought of then, while wonder
 At the fire's forbearance fill'd them,
 That it was the Day of the Cross !
 Scarce three lustres had I circled,
 When by sea to Rome I journey'd ;
 And a wild storm having risen,
 Drove my hapless bark with fury
 On a sharp rock lying hidden ;
 And the open bulwarks parting,
 Soon the vessel broke in splinters ;—
 I, a passing plank embracing,
 Safely to the shore was drifted !
 And this plank, I found, was fashion'd
 Like a Cross. Among the ridges
 Of these mountains once I travell'd
 With a friend, and in the middle
 Of the path where two roads parted
 Was a rustic Cross uplifted ;
 To recite a prayer before it
 While I stay'd behind a little,
 My companion still went forward ;
 And when using double quickness
 To o'ertake him, dead I found him,
 By the red hands of banditti
 Foully murder'd. I one day
 Mix'd up in a feud, was smitten
 By the sharp stroke of a dagger,
 So that down I fell resiftless
 On the ground, and when all round me
 Reckon'd that my wound admitted
 Of no help, they could but only
 Find a slight mark of the fierce steel
 On a Cross I wore suspended
 From my neck, and which was dinted
 Thus in my defence. When hunting
 Once amid the roughest district
 Of this mountain, heaven had cover'd

Lanzas arrojaba en agua,
 Balas disparaba en piedras.
 Todos hicieron las hojas
 Contra las nubes defensa,
 Siendo ya tiendas de campo
 Las mas ocultas malezas ;
 Y un rayo, que fue en el viento
 Caliginoso cometa,
 Volvió en ceniza á los dos
 Que de mí estaban mas cerca.
 Ciego, turbado y confuso
 Vuelvo á mirar lo que era,
 Y hallé á mi lado una Cruz,
 Que yo pienso que es la mesma,
 Que asistió á mi nacimiento,
 Y la que yo tengo impresa
 En los pechos ; pues los ciegos
 Me han señalado con ella,
 Para públicos efectos
 De alguna causa secreta.
 Pero aunque no sé quien soy,
 Tal espíritu me alienta,
 Tal inclinacion me anima,
 Y tal ánimo me fuerza,
 Que por mí me da valor
 Para que á Julia merezca ;
 Porque no es mas la heredada,
 Que la adquirida nobleza.
 Este soy, y aunque conozco
 La razon, y aunque pudiera
 Dar satisfaccion bastante
 A vuestro agravio, me ciega
 Tanto la passion de veros
 Hablando de esa manera,
 Que ni os quiero dar disculpa,
 Ni os quiero admitir la queja ;
 Y pues quereis estorbar,
 Que yo fu marido sea ;
 Aunque su casa la guarde,

Itself o'er with black clouds thickly,
 And in thunder-claps proclaiming
 'Gainst the world a war terrific,
 Shot its bullets in the hail-stones,
 In the rain its lances tilted.
 We all flying from the cloud-gusts,
 Shelter sought beneath the thick leaves,
 Where, like tents of an encampment,
 Arch'd the thickets dark and prickly ;
 When a bolt, that on the swift wind
 Like a vaporous comet glitter'd,
 Into ashes burn'd the two
 Who were standing close beside me !
 Blind, distracted, in confusion
 Round I turn'd to see what hid me,
 And I then perceived a Cross,—
 It the same, in my opinion,
 Which stood o'er me on my birth-day,
 And of which I bear the impress
 On my breast ; since Heaven hath
 mark'd me
 With that symbol's mystic image,
 Thus to publish the effects
 Of a cause that yet lies hidden.
 Thus though ignorant who I am,
 Such a spirit doth incite me,
 Such an impulse animates me,
 Such a glow of courage fires me,
 That I feel I'm not unworthy
 To love Julia, and to win her ;
 Since nobility is equal
 Whether self-born or transmitted.
 This I am, and though the reason
 I well know, and though sufficient
 Satisfaction I could make you
 For your wrong, such passion blinds me,
 Seeing that you have address'd me
 In a way so cold and slighting,
 That I'll neither make excuses,

Aunque un convento la tenga,
De mí no ha de estar segura ;
Y la que no ha sido buena
Para mujer, lo será
Para dama ; así desca
Desesperado mi amor,
Y ofendida mi paciencia,
Castigar vuestro desprecio,
Y satisfacer mi afrenta.

Lisardo.

Eusebio, donde el acero
Ha de hablar, calle la lengua.

[*Sacan las espadas y riñen, y LISARDO cae en el suelo, y procurando levantarse, torna á caer.*

¡ Herido estoy !

Eusebio.

¡ Y no muerto ?

Lisardo.

No, que en los brazos me queda
Aliento para . . . ¡ Ay de mí !
Faltó á mis plantas la tierra.

Eusebio.

Y falte á tu voz la vida.

Lisardo.

No me permitas que muera
Sin confesion.

Eusebio.

¡ Muere, infame !

Lisardo.

No me mates, por aquella
Cruz en que Cristo murió.

Eusebio.

Aqueña voz te defenda

Nor admit the quarrel right here ;
And since my desire of being
Married to her you would hinder,
Though her father's house should guard
her,

Though a convent's walls may hide her,
Neither shall ensue her safety ;
She, too good to be permitted
To become my wife, shall serve me
As a mistress :—thus desireth
The despair of my affection,
Thus my patience now extinguish'd,
To chastise your proud despisal,
And my honour's stain outwipe here.

Lisardo.

When the sword can speak, Eusebio,
Let the tongue at least be silent.

[*They draw and fight.*

Ah ! I'm wounded ! [*He falls.*

Eusebio.

And not dead ?

Lisardo.

No ! for in these arms survive
Strength enough . . . But woe is me,
'Neath my feet the firm earth sinketh !

Eusebio.

And in life's last gasp thy voice sinks.

Lisardo.

Oh ! allow me not unshriven
Here to die !

Eusebio.

Die ! miscreant, villain !

Lisardo.

I implore you not to kill me,
By the Cross on which Christ suffer'd.

Eusebio.

Ah ! that solemn word unfits me

De la muerte. Alza del suelo ;
Que cuando por ella ruegas,
Falta rigor á la ira,
Y falta á los brazos fuerza.
Alza del suelo.

Lisardo.

No puedo ;
Porque ya en mi sangre envuelta
Voy despreciando la vida,
Y el alma pienso que espera
A salir, porque entre tantas
No sabe cual es la puerta.

Eusebio.

Pues fíate de mis brazos,
Y animate ; que aqui cerca
De unos penitentes monjes
Hay una ermita pequeña,
Donde podrás confesarte,
Si vivo á sus puertas llegas.

Lisardo.

Pues yo te doy mi palabra,
Por esa piedad que muestras,
Que si yo merezco verme
En la divina presencia
De Dios, pediré que tú
Sin confesarte no mueras.

[*Llévale EUSEBIO en brazos.*

Gil.

¡ Han visto lo que le debe !
La caridad está buena ;
Pero yo se la perdono.
¡ Matarle, y llevarle á cuestras !

*Salen BRAS, TIRSO, MENGSA y
TORIBIO.*

Toribio.

¡ Aqui dices que quedaba ?

Menga.

Aqui se quedó con ella.

For the death-stroke. Rise, Lisardo,
Since when you through it ask pity,
From my arm the strength departeth,
From my anger flies its rigour.
Rise, then, from the ground.

Lisardo.

I cannot ;
For already the red river
Of my life is past all staying,
And I think the soul but lingers
To go forth, because it knows not
Which, 'mid many, is the right door.

Eusebio.

Then entrust thee to my arms,
And take courage ; for hard by here
Stands the little hermitage
Of some penitential friars,
Where thou may'st confess, if haply
Thou to reach their doors survive'st.

Lisardo.

For the pity thou dost show me,
I my solemn promise give thee,
That if e'er to God's divinely
Presence I shall be admitted,
I shall ask for thee the grace
Likewise not to die unshriven.

[*EUSEBIO carries him out in his arms.*

Gil.

Whoe'er saw the like of this ?
Charity in faith's a fine thing ;
But I'll rather you'd excuse me :—
First to kill him, then to lift him !

*Enter MENGSA, BRAS, TIRSO, and
TORIBIO.*

Toribio.

Was it here you said he waited ?

Menga.

Here it was I left him with her.

Tirfo.
Míralle allí embelesado.
Menga.
Gil, ¿qué mirabas?
Gil.
¡Ay Menga!
Tirfo.
¿Qué te ha sucedido?
Gil.
¡Ay Tirfo!
Toribio.
¿Qué viste? Danos respuesta.
Gil.
¡Ay Toribio!
Bras.
Di, ¿qué tienes,
Gil, ó de qué te lamentas?
Gil.
¡Ay Bras, ay amigos míos!
No lo sé mas que una bestia:
Matóle, y cargó con él,
Sin duda á faltar le lleva.
Menga.
¿Quién le mató?
Gil.
¿Que sé yo?
Tirfo.
¿Quién murió?
Gil.
No sé quien era.
Toribio.
¿Quién cargó?
Gil.
¿Que sé yo quien?
Bras.
¿Y quién le llevó?
Gil.
Quien quiera.

Tirfo.
See him, how he stares and gapes there.
Menga.
What do you gaze at, Gil?
Gil.
Ah, Menga!
Tirfo.
What has happen'd to you?
Gil.
Ah, Tirfo!
Toribio.
What have you seen? come, tell us
quickly.
Gil.
Ah, Toribio!
Bras.
Say, what ails you,
Gil, or wherefore do you sigh so?
Gil.
Ah! friend Bras, ah! all my neighbours,
As that I am, I know not *why* so:
Him he kill'd, and raised and carried
off, I hav'n't a doubt, to pickle.
Menga.
Who was it kill'd him?
Gil.
How do I know?
Tirfo.
Who was kill'd?
Gil.
I know not either.
Toribio.
Who raised him up?
Gil.
How know I who did?
Bras.
Who carried him off?
Gil.
Who'er you like then:

Pero porque lo sepais,
Venid todos.

Tirso.

¿Do nos llevas?

Gil.

No lo sé; pero venid,
Que los dos van aquí cerca.

[*Vanse todos.*]

SALA EN CASA DE CURCIO, EN SENA.

Salen JULIA y ARMINDA.

Julia.

Déjame, Arminda, llorar
Una libertad perdida,
Pues donde acaba la vida,
Tambien acaba el pesar.
¿Nunca has visto de una fuente
Bajar un arroyo manso,
Siendo apacible descanso
El valle de su corriente;
Y cuando le juzgan falto
De fuerza las flores bellas,
Pasa por encima dellas,
Rompiendo por lo mas alto?
Pues mis penas, mis enojos
La misma experiencia han hecho;
Detuviéronse en el pecho,
Y salieron por los ojos.
Deja que lllore el rigor
De un padre.

Arminda.

Señora, advierte . . .

Julia.

¿Qué mas venturosa suerte
Hay, que morir de dolor?
Pena que deja vencida
La vida, ser gloria ordena;

But to find out all about it
Come with me.

Tirso.

But where will you bring us?

Gil.

I don't know, but come along
For the two are not far distant.

[*Exeunt.*]

A ROOM IN CURCIO'S HOUSE AT SIENA.

Enter JULIA and ARMINDA.

Julia.

Let me weep, my faithful friend,
Liberty's last hope that leaves me,
Since till death's cold hand relieves me,
Can my sorrow have no end.
Hast thou ne'er, its fount outgrowing,
Seen a gentle streamlet fleeing,
Its smooth peaceful pathway being
The sweet valley of its flowing;
And when all the lovely flowers
Think it scarce has strength to move them,
Lo! the pent-up stream above them
Sweeps their loveliest from the
bowers?—
This, whereby the fair flower dies,
Have my pains, my griefs effected:
In my breast they were collected,
And they burst forth from mine eyes.
Let me weep the cruelty
Of a father.

Arminda.

Lady, see

Julia.

But what happier destiny
Is there, than of grief to die?
Pain that, victor of the strife,
Conquers life is a glorious fate,—

Que no es muy grande la pena,
Que no acaba con la vida.

Arminda.

¿Qué novedad obligó
Tu llanto ?

Julia.

¡Ay, Arminda mía !

Cuantos papeles tenía
De Eusebio, Lisardo halló
En mi escritorio.

Arminda.

¿Pues él

Supo que estaban allí ?

Julia.

Como aquefo contra mí
Hará mi estrella cruel.
Yo, (¡ay de mí!) cuando le via
El cuidado con que andaba,
Pensé que lo sospechaba,
Pero no que lo sabía.
Llegó á mí descolorido,
Y entre apacible y airado,
Me dijo, que habia jugado,
Arminda, y que habia perdido ;
Que una joya le prestafe
Para volver á jugar.
Por presto que la iba á dar,
No aguardó á que la sacafe :
Tomó él la llave, y abrió
Con una cólera inquieta,
Y en la primera naveta
Los papeles encontró.
Miróme y volvió á cerrar.
Y sin decir nada (¡ay Dios!)
Buscó á mi padre, y los dos
(¿Quién duda es para tratar
Mi muerte?) gran rato hablaron
Cerrados en su aposento ;
Salieron, y hácia el convento

Since the pain cannot be great,
Unto which succumbs not life.

Arminda.

But what *new* grief is the ground
Of these tears ?

Julia.

Arminda mine,

Of Eusebio, every line,
By Lisardo has been found
In my escritoir.

Arminda.

Did hé

Know that they were there conceal'd ?

Julia.

This my cruel star reveal'd
Shining balefully on mé ;
I (ah me!) because he grew,
Plainly, hourly, more dejected,
Thought indeed that he suspected,
But I did not think he knew.
Thus he came, his hair was tost,
Pale his cheek, his eye betray'd
Peace and wrath, he said he play'd
Deep and long, that he had lost ;
Luck was bad, and, to retrieve it,
Ask'd me for some trinkets' loan,
Which to give I would have floun
Had he waited to receive it ;
But he, with an angry air,
Seized the key, unlock'd the drawer,
And within the escritoir
Found Eusebio's letters there.
Coldly eyeing me, he straight
Lock'd the drawer, said naught,
withdrew
(God!) to seek my fire, the two,
(Oh! who doubts that the debate
Turn'd up on my death?) discourse
Held there long within his room,

Los dos sus paños guiaron,
 Segun Oétavio me dijo.
 Y si lo que está tratado
 Ya mi padre ha efectuado,
 Con justa causa me aflijo ;
 Porque si de aquesta fuerte,
 Que olvide á Eusebio, defea,
 Antes que monja me vea,
 Yo misma me daré muerte.

Sale EUSEBIO.

Eusebio (aparte).

Ninguno tan atrevido,
 Si no tan desesperado,
 Viene á tomar por sagrado
 La casa del ofendido.
 Antes que sepa la muerte
 De Lisardo Julia bella,
 Hablar quisiera con ella,
 Porque á mi tirana fuerte
 Algun remedio consigo,
 Si, ignorado mi rigor,
 Puede obligarla el amor
 A que se vaya conmigo ;
 Y cuando llegue á saber
 De Lisardo el hado injusto,
 Hará de la fuerza gusto,
 Mirándose en mi poder.—
 Hermosa Julia.

Julia.

¿ Qué es esto ?

¿ Tú en esta casa ?

Eusebio.

El rigor
 De mi desdicha, y tu amor
 En tal peligro me ha puesto.

Then came forth, and through the gloom
 To the convent bent their course,
 As Oétavio has told me.
 If then what was there projected
 By my father is effected,
 Justly you in tears behold me ;
 For if thus he seeks to try
 From Eusebio's love to free me,
 Ere a nun he lives to see me,
 By my own hands shall I die.

EUSEBIO enters unseen.

Eusebio (aside).

No one ever dared before,
 Desperate though his case might be,
 Thus to fly for sanctuary
 To the injured party's door ;
 But my urgent fate compels me,
 Ere Lisardo's death be known,
 Ere fair Julia's love be grown
 Into hate and the repels me,
 Quickly to anticipate
 Rapid rumour's dread revealings,
 And by both our mutual feelings
 Urge her to embrace my fate,
 And to fly with me this hour :—
 Then, although his death must pain her,
 She will feel she must restrain her,
 Seeing that she's in my power :—

[*He advances.*

Beauteous Julia !

Julia.

Can it be

Thou art in this house ?

Eusebio.

To prove
 My misfortune and thy love,
 I have run this risk for thee.

Julia.

Pues ¿ cómo has entrado aquí,
Y emprendes tan loco extremo?

Eusebio.

Como la muerte no temo.

Julia.

¿ Qué es lo que intentas así?

Eusebio.

Hoy obligarte deseo,
Julia, porque agradecida
Des á mi amor nueva vida,
Nueva gloria á mi deseo.
Yo he sabido cuanto ofende
A tu padre mi cuidado,
Que á su noticia ha llegado
Nuestro amor, y que pretende
Que tú recibas mañana
El estado que desea,
Para que mi dicha sea,
Como mi esperanza, vana.
Si ha sido gusto, si ha sido
Amor el que me has mostrado,
Si es verdad que me has amado,
Si es cierto que me has querido,
Vente conmigo; pues ves
Que no tiene resistencia
De tu padre la obediencia,
Deja tu casa; y despues
Que habrá mil remedios piensa;
Pues ya en mi poder, es justo
Que haga de la fuerza gusto,
Y obligacion de la ofensa.
Villas tengo en que guardarte,
Gente con que defenderte,
Hacienda para ofrecerte,
Y un alma para adorarte.
Si darne vida desear,
Si es verdadero tu amor,
Atrévete, ó el dolor

Julia.

Oh! why hast thou ventured here,
Such a wild attempt to try?

Eusebio.

I am not afraid to die.

Julia.

What's thy object?—O my fear!

Eusebio.

Julia, I have grown ambitious
That this happy day at length
Should my love give newer strength,
Newer glory to my wishes.
I have learn'd how much offended
Is your father by my suit,
That to him has come the bruit
Of our love, that 'tis intended,
Ere shall come to-morrow's e'en,
Thou a state of life must take,
Which, he thinks, my bliss will make
Vain as all my hopes have been.
If with favour thou hast heard me
Speak my love, nor yet reproved me,
If 'tis certain thou hast loved me,
If 'tis true thou hast prefer'd me,
Come then with me: since 'tis plain
Thou canst never make resistance
To thy father's strong persistence,
Leave thy house; thy strength will gain
Thousand aids when thou art hence;
When thou'rt in my power 'twill be
Best to yield to fate's decree,
And to pardon the offence.
Villas have I to rise o'er thee,
Vassals have I to defend thee,
Wealth and all its aids to tend thee,
And a true heart to adore thee.
Wouldst thou stay this life nigh fled,
Dost thou worth a true love deem me,
Dare this step, or thou wilt see me

Hará que mi muerte veas.

Julia.

Oye, Eusebio.

Arminda.

Mi señor

Viene, señora.

Julia.

Ay de mí!

Eusebio.

¿ Pudiera hallar contra mí

La fortuna mas rigor ?

Julia.

¿ Podrá salir ?

Arminda.

No es posible

Que se vaya ; porque ya

Llamando á la puerta está.

Julia.

¿ Grave mal !

Eusebio.

¿ Pena terrible !

¿ Qué haré ?

Julia.

Esconderte es forzofo.

Eusebio.

¿ Dónde ?

Julia.

En aquefe aposento.

Arminda.

Presto, que sus pasos siento.

[*Escóndese EUSEBIO.*]

Salen CURCIO.

Curcio.

Hija, si por el dichofo

Estado, que tú codicias,

Y que ya seguro tienes,

No das á mis parabienes

La vida y alma en albricias,

Slain by grief, here lying dead.

Julia.

Oh ! Eusebio, hear

Arminda.

My master

Comes, señora.

Julia.

Woe is me !

Eusebio.

Oh ! with what persistency

Fortune dogs me with disaster !

Julia.

Can he not go forth ?

Arminda.

'Tis vain

To attempt it ; 'tis too late,

For he's calling at the gate.

Julia.

Dread mischance !

Eusebio.

Terrific pain !

What remains ?

Julia.

Concealment solely.

Eusebio.

Where ?

Julia.

Within this chamber here.

Arminda.

Quick ! his steps are drawing near.

[*EUSEBIO conceals himself.*]

Enter CURCIO.

Curcio.

Daughter, if for that most holy

State thou long'st for, that calm goal

Which now crowns thy expectations,

Thou, as my best gratulations,

Yield'st not up thy heart and soul,

Del deseo que he tenido
 No agradece el cuidado.
 Todo queda efectuado,
 Y todo tan prevenido,
 Que solo falta ponerte
 La mas bizarra y hermosa,
 Para ser de Cristo esposa ;
 Mira ; que dichosa fuerte !
 Hoy aventajas á todas
 Cuantas se ven envidiar,
 Pues te verán celebrar
 Aquestas divinas bodas.
 ¿ Qué dices ?

Julia (aparte).

¿ Qué puedo hacer ?

Eusebio (aparte).

Yo me doy la muerte aquí,
 Si ella le dice que sí.

Julia.

No sé como responder.— [*Aparte.*

Bien, señor, la autoridad
 De padre, que es preferida,
 Imperio tiene en la vida ;
 Pero no en la libertad.

¿ Pues, que supiera antes yo
 Tu intento, no fuera bien ?
 ¿ Y que tú, señor, tambien
 Supieras mi gusto ?

Curcio.

No ;

Que sola mi voluntad,
 En lo justo, ó en lo injusto,
 Has de tener tú por gusto.

Julia.

Solo tiene libertad
 Un hijo para escoger
 Estado ; que el hado impío
 No fuerza el libre albedrío.

Then my zeal will be derided,
 By thy ingrate heart eluded.
 Everything has been concluded,
 I have everything provided ;
 There's but one thing to await,
 In a rich robe to be clothèd
 As Christ's vestal bride betrothèd ;
 See now, what a happy fate !
 All the friends thy feast invites
 Will be envions of thy mating,
 Since they'll see thee celebrating
 These divinest marriage rites.
 What then say'st thou ?

Julia (aside).

Woe the day !

Eusebio (aside).

Here I'll give myself my death
 If the fatal " Yes " she saith.

Julia.

(Ah ! I know not what to say !)

[*Aside.*

Though a fire's authority
 So endow'd, so richly rife,
 Hath dominion over life,
 It hath none o'er liberty.
 Wer't not right that I should know
 Earlier what thou tell'st me now ?
 Wer't not proper, too, that thou
 Knew my wishes likewise ?

Curcio.

No ;

For my will alone should be
 Ever sacred in thy sight,
 Be the matter wrong or right.

Julia.

Sir, the only liberty
 That a child has is to choofe
 In the world its fitting state ;
 This no law or impious fate

Déjame pensar y ver
De espacio eso ; y no te espante
Ver que término te pida ;
Que el estado de una vida
No se toma en un instante.

Curcio.

Basta que yo lo he mirado,
Y yo por ú he dado el sí.

Julia.

Pues si tú vives por mí,
Toma tambien por mí estado.

Curcio.

¡ Calla, infame ! ¡ calla, loca !
Que haré de aquefe cabello
Un lazo para tu cuello,
O facaré de tu boca
Con mis manos la atrevida
Lengua, que de oír me ofendo.

Julia.

La libertad te defiendo,
Señor, pero no la vida.
Acaba su curso triste,
Y acabará tu pesar ;
Que mal te puedo negar
La vida que tú me diste.
La libertad, que me dió
El cielo, es la que te niego.

Curcio.

En este punto á creer llego
Lo que el alma sospechó,
Que no fue buena tu madre,
Y manchó mi honor alguno ;
Pues hoy tu error importuno
Ofende el honor de un padre,
A quien el sol no igualó.
En resplandor y belleza,
Sangre, honor, lustre y nobleza.

Julia.

Eso no he entendido yo,

E'er should hinder or refuse.
Let me think awhile, nor fear
For this pause to be petition'd,
For a moment's insufficient
To decide a life's career.

Curcio.

'Tis enough that I've decided,
And have given the "Yes" for thee.

Julia.

Since my life thou liv'st for me,
Take the state, too, thou'st provided.

Curcio.

Silence, rebel ! silence, fool !
Lest around thy neck I twine
Lasso-like those locks of thine,
Or permit my hands to pull
Out thy tongue, that like a knife
Cuts me to the heart to hear.

Julia.

'Tis the freedom I hold dear
I defend, but not the life :—
Finish its unhappy course,
And thy grief conclude thereby,
Since 'twere sinful to deny
That to thee who art its source ;
What I wish to have respected
Is my freedom—Heaven's sole gift.

Curcio.

Now assurance doth uplift
Doubt from that I've long suspected,
That my wife, your mother rather,
Stain'd my life's else spotless mirror,
Since to day thy obstinate error
Wounds the honour of a father,
Who hath not the sun for equal,
In its light and loveliness,
For blood, birth, and nobleness.

Julia.

Ere I speak, I wait the sequel,

Por eso no he respondido.

Curcio.

Arminda, salte allá fuera.—

[*Vase* ARMINDA.]

Y ya que mi pena fiera
Tantos años he tenido
Secreta, de mis ojos
La ciega pasión obliga
A que la lengua te diga
Lo que te han dicho los ojos.
La Señoría de Sena,
Por dar á mi sangre fama,
En su nombre me envió
A dar la obediencia al Papa
Urbano Tercio. Tu madre,
Que con opinión de santa
Fue en Sena comun ejemplo
De las matronas romanas,
Y aun de las nuestras, (no sé
Como mi lengua la agravia ;
Mas, ¡ ay infelice ! tanto
La satisfacción engaña)
En Sena quedó, y yo estuve
En Roma con la embajada
Ocho meses ; porque entonces
Por concierto se trataba,
Que esta Señoría fuese
Del Pontífice ; Dios haga
Lo que á su estado convenga,
Que aqui importa poco, ó nada.
Volví á Sena, y hallé en ella
(Aqui el aliento me falta,
Aqui la lengua enmudece,
Y aqui el ánimo desfmaya)
Hallé (¡ ay injusto temor !)
A tu madre tan preñada,
Que para el infeliz parto,
Cumplia las nueve faltas.
Ya me habia prevenido

As thy meaning is not clear.

Curcio.

Wait without, Arminda, go !

[*Exit* ARMINDA.]

Seeing that my bitter woe,
Which I've held so many a year
Hidden, from its centre flies,
And by passion render'd bold,
Makes thee by the tongue be told
What's been told thee by the eyes.
This proud feign'd Siena,
To my blood to add new honour,
Sent me once to pay obedience,
In its name, unto the Pontiff,
The third Urban ; and thy mother,
Who, reputed and acknowledged
As a saint, was through Siena
Thought the universal model,
The bright copy and exemplar,
Of all matrons, of the Roman,
And even of our own : (I know not
How my tongue can dare to wrong her,
But alas ! the satisfaction
That seems fair deceives too often !)
She remain'd behind ; I tarried
Eight months at the sacred college
With the embassy, at that time
The idea being in progress
'Bout the giving of Siena
To the Pontiff, which same project
May God settle as befits him !
For 'tis here of slight importance.
On returning home, I found her
(Here the breath doth fail my body,
Here my tongue grows mute in silence,
Here my frighten'd courage falters,)
Found her . . . (hence, O coward fear !)
In her pregnancy so forward,
That for her unhappy burden

Por sus mentirosas cartas
 Esta desdicha, diciendo,
 Que, cuando me fui, quedaba
 Con sospecha; y yo la tuve
 De mi deshonra tan clara,
 Que discurrendo mi agravio,
 Imaginé mi desgracia.
 No digo que verdad sea;
 Mas quien tiene sangre hidalga
 No ha de aguardar á creer,
 Que el imaginar le basta.
 ¿Qué importa que un noble sea
 Desdichado, (¡oh ley tirana
 De honor! ¡oh bárbara fuero
 Del mundo!) si la ignorancia
 Le disculpa? Mienten, mienten
 Las leyes; porque no alcanza
 Los misterios al efecto
 Quien no previene la causa.
 ¿Qué ley culpa á un inocente?
 ¿Qué opinion á un libre agravia?
 Miente otra vez; que no es
 Deshonra, sino desgracia.
 ¡Bueno es, que en leyes de honor
 Le comprenda tanta infamia
 Al Mercurio que le roba,
 Como al Argos que le guarda!
 ¿Qué deja el mundo, qué deja,
 Si así al inocente infama,
 De deshonra, para aquel
 Que lo sabe y que lo calla?
 Yo entre tantos pensamientos,
 Yo entre confusiones tantas,
 Ni ví regalo en la mesa,
 Ni hice descanso en la cama.
 Tan desabrido conmigo
 Estuve, que me trataba
 Como ajeno el corazón,
 Y como á tirano el alma.

She her nine months had accomplish'd;
 She already had forewarn'd me,
 In false lines of seeming fondness,
 Of this great misfortune, saying,
 When I left her, that the prospect
 Seem'd most likely: and so patent
 Thought I then was my dishonour,
 That, deep brooding on my insult,
 I imagined my misfortune:
 That 'twas real I assert not,
 Since what man whose blood is noble
 Waits for proof, when 'tis sufficient
 To imagine it as proven?
 What imports it that a noble
 Is unhappy (oh! despotic
 Law of honour! oh! stern edict
 Of the world!) when want of knowledge
 Exculpates him? Lying, lying
 Laws are they, because the mortal
 Should be blamed not for the issues
 Who the cause hath not foreboded.
 What law proves the innocent guilty?
 Blameless, what opinion wrongs them?
 Lying laws once more: for then 'twere
 Not dishonour but misfortune.
 Is it right, by the laws of honour,
 That an equal infamy follows
 Him, the Argus who doth guard it,
 And the Mercury who robs it?
 I, involved in such dark fancies,
 I, in such a maze involv'd,
 Found no solace at the table,
 No repose upon the soft bed.
 And I grew so discontented
 With myself soon, that my cold heart
 Came to treat me as a stranger,
 And my soul as not its owner.
 And though many a time I reason'd
 With myself, and well-nigh proved her

Y aunque á veces discurría
 En su abono, y aunque hallaba
 Verisímil la disculpa,
 Pudo en mí tanto la instancia
 Del temer que me ofendía,
 Que con saber que fue casta,
 Tomé de mis pensamientos,
 No de sus culpas, venganza.
 Y porque con mas secreto
 Fuefe, previne una caza
 Fingida, porque á un zeloso
 Ficciones solo le agradan.
 Al monte fui, y cuando todos
 Entretenidos estaban
 En su alegre regocijo,
 Con amorosas palabras,
 ¡ Qué bien las dice quien miente !
 ¡ Qué bien las cree quien ama !
 Llevé á Rosmira, tu madre,
 Por una senda apartada
 Del camino, y divertida
 Llegó á una secreta estancia
 Deste monte, á cuyo albergue
 El sol ignoró la entrada ;
 Porque se la defendían
 Rústicamente enlazadas,
 Por no decir que amorosas,
 Arboles, hojas y ramas.
 Aquí pues, adonde apenas
 Huella imprimió mortal planta,
 Solos los dos

Sale ARMINDA.

Arminda.

Si el valor,
 Que el noble pecho acompaña,
 Señor, y si la experiencia,
 Que te han dado honrosas canas,
 En la desdicha presente

Innocent, I still was haunted
 With the fear she might have wrong'd me.
 And though thus with full assurance
 She was chaste, I yet resolv'd
 To avenge not her offences
 But the dark thoughts that engross'd me.
 And more secretly and safely
 That this should be done, I order'd
 A fictitious hunt, for fictions
 Are the jealous man's sole comfort.
 We departed to the mountain,
 And while all our friends disport'd
 In the joyous recreation,
 I, with words of amorous fondness,
 (Ah ! how easily by falsehood
 Can such treacheries be spoken !
 Ah ! how easily be trusted
 By the fond heart of a lover !)
 Led thy mother, led Rosmira,
 By a path, that, through the copses
 Winding, from the roadway brought us
 To a lone and distant corner
 Of the mountain, to whose entrance
 Scarce the sun reveal'd a portal,
 It was so completely hidden
 By the rustic running over,
 Not to say the amorous twining
 Of leaves, trees, and thorns, and roses.
 Here, then, here, where human footstep
 Scarce was planted till that moment,
 We two only

Enter ARMINDA.

Arminda.

If the firmness
 Which to noble breasts belongeth,
 If, sir, the dear-bought experience
 Which has given thee honour'd hoar
 hairs,

No te niega ó no te falta,
Exámen será el valor
De tu ánimo.

Curcio.
¿Qué causa

Te obliga á que así interrumpas
Mi razon ?

Arminda.
Señor
Curcio.

Acaba ;

Que mas la duda me ofende.

Julia.

¿ Por qué te suspendes ? Habla.

Arminda.

No quisiera ser la voz
De mi pena y tu desgracia.

Curcio.

No temas decir la tñ,
Pues yo no temo escucharla.

Arminda.

A Lísardo, mi señor

Eusebio.

Esto solo me faltaba.

Arminda.

Bañado en su sangre traen
En una silla por andas
Cuatro rústicos pastores,
Muerto (¡ ay Dios !) á puñaladas ;
Mas ya á tu presencia llega :
No le veas.

Curcio.
¡ Cielos, tantas

Penas para un desdichado !
¡ Ay de mí !

In the presence of this sorrow
Fail thee not nor fly thee wholly,
It will be the test and trial
Of thy strength of mind.

Curcio.

What object

Forces thee to interrupt me
Thus unsummon'd ?

Arminda.

Sir

Curcio.

Say shortly

What it is, for doubt is worse still.

Julia.

Speak ! Why pause thus ? What doth
stop thee ?

Arminda.

That I may not be the voice
Of my pain, and thy misfortune.

Curcio.

Be not thou afraid to tell
What I fear not to have told me.

Arminda.

Sir, oh ! sir, thy son Lisardo

Eusebio (at the side).

This remain'd to overthrow me !

Arminda.

Bathèd in his blood, and lying
On a litter stretch'd, is borne here
By four rustic shepherd swains,
Dead (O God !) from cuts and sword-
stabs ;

But already he is here :—
Look not on him.

Curcio.

Heavens ! what torments

Numberless for one poor wretch here !
Woe is me !—

*Salen los Villanos con LISARDO muerto
en una silla.*

Julia.

Pues ¿ qué inhumana
Fuerza ensangrentó la ira
En fu pecho? ¿ qué tirana
Mano se bañó en mi sangre,
Contra su inocencia airada?
¡ Ay de mí !

Arminda.

Mira, señora

Bras.

No llegues á verle.

Curcio.

Aparta.

Tirso.

Detente, señor.

Curcio.

Amigos,

No puede sufrirlo el alma.

Dejadme ver ese cadáver frío,

Depósito infeliz de heladas venas,

Ruina del tiempo, estrago del impío

Hado, teatro funesto de mis penas.

¿ Qué tirano rigor (¡ ay hijo mio !)

Trágico monumento en las arenas

Construyó, porque hiciese en quejas
vanas

Mortaja triste de mis blancas canas ?

¡ Ay amigos! decid; ¿ quién fue homicida

De un hijo, en cuya vida yo animaba ?

*Enter GIL, MENGA, BRAS, TORIBIO,
and others, bearing a bier, upon which
is the body of LISARDO.*

Julia.

Unpitying monster,
Who art thou whose wrath is written
Blood-red on this breast? What horrid
Hand is bathed in my heart's blood?
Anger'd by his innocence only?
Woe is me!

Arminda.

Reflect, señora

Bras.

Come not nearer!

Curcio.

Hence! nor stop me.

Tirso.

Do hold back, sir.

Curcio.

Friends, my heart

Leaves me powerless to withhold me.

Let me behold this corpse, so coldly lying,

The sad deposit now of frozen veins—

Ruin of time, dead fruit of fate undying,

The fatal theatre of all my pains.

What tyrant wrath, a demon's wrath
outvying,

Raised, O my son, upon these crimson'd
plains,

This tragic pile, o'er which in sorrow
bow'd

My white hairs streaming serve thee
as a shroud?

Tell me, my friends, what hand to
mercy steel'd

Slew this dear son, in whom my life's
blood lay?

Menga.

Gil lo dirá; que, al verle dar la herida,
Oculto entre unos árboles estaba.

Curcio.

Di, amigo, di, ¿quién me quitó esta
vida?

Gil.

Yo solo sé, que Eusebio se llamaba,
Cuando con él reñía.

Curcio.

¿Hay mas deshonra?
Eusebio me ha quitado vida y honra.
Disculpa ahora tú de sus crueles

[*A Julia.*

Deseos la ambicion; di que concibe
Casto amor, pues, á falta de papeles,
Lascivos gustos con tu sangre escribe.

Julia.

Señor

Curcio.

No me respondas como fueles;
A tomar hoy estado te apercibe,
O apercibe tambien á tu hermosura
Con Lisardo temprana sepultura.
Los dos á un tiempo el sentimiento
esquivo
En este dia sepultar concierta,
El muerto al mundo, en mi memoria
vivo,

Menga.

Gil, who was present, 'mong some
trees conceal'd,
Saw him fall wounded in a desperate
fray.

Curcio.

Say, who was he who sent him
unanneal'd
Before his God, and snatch'd from
me to-day
My life's best life?

Gil.

But this alone I know,
He call'd himself, I think, Eusebio.

Curcio.

Eusebio! thus my honour and my life
He robs relentless in his fateless mood!

[*To Julia.*

Excuse him, prithee, thou his would-
be wife;
Say the chaste eagerness with which
he wooed
Caused the slight error that produced
this strife,
He wanted ink, and so he wrote in
blood!

Julia.

Oh! fir

Curcio.

Reply not in thy usual way;
Hear my commands and study to obey.
Prepare to-day to seek the cloister's gloom,
Or else prepare in beauteous death
to lie
With young Lisardo in his early tomb:
At one sad moment both my children
die;
Both share the same and yet a different
doom;

Tú, viva al mundo, en mi memoria
muerta.
Y en tanto que el entierro os apercibo,
Porque no huyas, cerraré esta puerta.
Queda con él, porque de aquesta fuerte
Lecciones al morir te dé su muerte.

[*Vanse todos, y queda JULIA en medio de
LISARDO y EUSEBIO, que sale por otra
puerta.*]

Julia.

Mil veces procuro hablarte,
Tirano Eusebio, y mil veces
El alma duda, el aliento
Falta, y la lengua enmudece.
No sé, no sé como pueda
Hablar ; porque á un tiempo vienen
Envueltas iras piadosas
Entre piedades crueles.
Quisiera cerrar los ojos
A aquesta sangre inocente,
Que está pidiendo venganza,
Desperdiando claveles :

Both leave me lone, and yet how
differently,—
One lives in memory, though his foul
has fled,
And one, though living, seems to meas
dead.
Here, by thy brother's bloody bier, think
o'er
The choice I give thee ; think what
thou hast done ;
Look on these tears and on that
innocent gore,—
A fire dishonour'd and a murder'd son !
Thou canst not fly, for I shall lock this
door.
Here I shall leave thee by this couch
alone ;
Look on this pallid form that here
doth lie,
And learn from it the way that thou
shalt die.

[*Exeunt all but JULIA, who stands in
the middle of the stage, between
the dead body of LISARDO and
EUSEBIO, who comes forth from his
place of concealment.*]

Julia.

I attempt a thousand times,
Dread Eusebio, to address thee,
And a thousand times my breath
Fails me, and my tongue is fetter'd.
Ah ! I know not, know not how
To address thee, since together
Pious anger steels my heart,
And unnatural pity melts me.
I would wish to close mine eyes
To this innocent blood here present,
Which, in asking vengeance, sheds
Purple pinks o'er all this death-bed :

Y quisiera hallar disculpa
 En las lágrimas que viertes ;
 Que al fin heridas y ojos
 Son bocas que nunca mienten.
 Y en una mano el amor,
 Y en otra el rigor presente,
 A un mismo tiempo quisiera
 Castigarte y defenderte.
 Y entre ciegas confusiones
 De pensamientos tan fuertes
 La clemencia me combate,
 Y el sentimiento me vence.
 ¿ Desta fuerte solícitas
 Obligarme ? ¿ desta fuerte,
 Eusebio, en vez de finezas,
 Con crueldades me pretendes ?
 Cuando de mi boda el día
 Refuelta esperaba, ¿ quieres
 Que, en vez de apacibles bodas,
 Tristes obsequias celebre ?
 Cuando por tu gusto era
 A mi padre inobediente,
 ¿ Lutos funestos me das,
 En vez de galas alegres ?
 Cuando, arriesgando mi vida,
 Hice posible el quererte,
 ¿ En vez de tálamo (¡ ay cielos !)
 Un sepulcro me previenes ?
 Y cuando mi mano ofrezco,
 Despreciando inconvenientes
 De honor, ¿ la tuya bañada
 En mi sangre me la ofreces ?
 ¿ Qué gusto tendré en tus brazos,
 Si para llegar á verme,
 Dando vida á nuestro amor,
 Voy tropezando en la muerte ?
 ¿ Qué dirá el mundo de mí,
 Sabiendo que tengo siempre,
 Si no presente el agravio,

And I would find some excuse
 In the tears I see thou sheddest :
 Since but tears and eyes alone
 Are the mouths that lie not ever.
 Thus on one hand here is love,
 And on the other is repentment,
 And I would at one time wish
 Both to punish and defend thee ;
 And amid the wild confusion
 Of the passionate thoughts that press me,
 Now with clemency contend,
 Now to sterner duty nerve me.
 Is it in this way, Eusebio,
 Thou wouldst show thy wish to serve me ?
 Is it in this way thou giv'st me
 Cruelties and not caresses ?
 When resolved, my marriage day
 I awaited, wouldst thou let me,
 'Steard of peaceful bridal feasts,
 Celebrate but sad interments ?
 When I was, to make thee happy,
 To my father disobedient,
 Wouldst thou give me mourning robes
 In the place of gala dresses ?
 When at risk of life I made it
 Possible perchance to wed thee,
 Is it not a bride-bed, (heavens !)
 But a tomb thou wouldst present me ?
 When I offer thee my hand,
 Scorning all the fears suggested
 By my honour, thine deep-dyed
 In my blood thou wouldst extend me !
 In thine arms what bliss were mine,
 If to reach them I beheld me
 Giving life unto our love,
 Struggling with death's hand that led me ?
 What would say the world of me,
 Knowing that I kept for ever,
 If not present, the deep wrong,

Quien le cometió presente ?
 Pues cuando quiera el olvido
 Sepultarle, solo el verte
 Entre mis brazos será
 Memoria con que me acuerde.
 Yo entonces, yo, aunque te adore,
 Los amorosos placeres
 Trocaré en iras, pidiendo
 Venganzas ; pues ¿ cómo quieres
 Que viva sujeta un alma
 A efectos tan diferentes,
 Que esté esperando el castigo,
 Y deseando que no llegue ?
 Basta, por lo que te quisé,
 Perdonarte, sin que esperes
 Verme en tu vida, ni hablarme.
 Esa ventana, que tiene
 Salida al jardín, podrá
 Darte paso ; por ahí puedes
 Escaparte ; huye el peligro,
 Porque, si mi padre viene,
 No te halle aquí. Vete, Eusebio,
 Y mira que no te acuerdes
 De mí ; que hoy me pierdes tú,
 Porque quisiste perderme.
 Vete, y vive tan dichoso,
 Que tengas felicemente
 Bienes, sin que á los pesares
 Pagues pension de los bienes.
 Que yo haré para mi vida
 Una celda prision breve,
 Si no sepulcro, pues ya
 Mi padre enterrarme quiere.
 Allí lloraré desdichas
 De un hado tan inclemente,
 De una fortuna tan fiera,
 De una inclinacion tan fuerte,
 De un planeta tan opuesto,
 De una estrella tan rebelde,

The wrong-doer ever present ?
 Since if in forgetfulness
 I would hide it, but to see thee
 In my arms alone would be
 A dread memory and remembrance.
 I then, I, though I adore thee,
 Will love's joys so sweet and tender
 Change to anger, sternly calling
 For revenge ; since wouldst thou, tell me,
 Have a soul live on and be
 'To such different moods subjected,
 As to hope the chastisement
 And yet wish it not effected ?
 'Tis enough that I forgive thee,
 Since I loved thee : but hope never
 In your life-time to speak with me,
 Or to see me. Look, this trellis,
 Opening on the garden, gives thee
 A free exit : fly the peril,
 That when back returns my father,
 Here he find thee not. In mercy
 Go, Eusebio, and no thought have
 More of me ; to-day for ever
 Hast thou lost me. Since, to lose me,
 Thus for ever thou preferrest.
 Go, then, go, and live so happy,
 So serenely be possessor
 Of life's blessings, as to pay not
 Sorrow's toll for being blest.
 I shall make my narrow cell
 As a life-long prison serve me,
 If not as a grave ; my father
 So desiring to inter me :
 There I'll weep o'er the misfortunes
 Of a hard fate so inclement,
 Of a fortune so ungenial,
 Of a liking so excessive,
 Of a star so unpropitious,
 Of a planet so averted,

De un amor tan desdichado,
De una mano tan aleve,
Que me ha quitado la vida,
Y no me ha dado la muerte,
Porque entre tantos pesares,
Siempre viva, y muera siempre.

Eusebio.

Si acafo mas que tus voces
Son ya tus manos crueles
Para tomar la venganza,
Rendido á tus pies me tienes.
Prefo me trae mi delito,
Tu amor es la cárcel fuerte,
Las cadenas son mis yerros,
Prifiones que el alma teme,
Verdugo es mi penfamiento ;
Si fon tus ojos los jueces,
Y ellos me dan la fentencia,
Por fuerza será de muerte.
Mas dirá entonces la fama
En fu pregon : “ este muere,
Porque quifó ;” pues que folo
Es mi delito quererte.
No pienfo darte difculpa ;
No parezca que la tiene
Tan grande error, folo quiero
Que me mates y te vengues.
Toma esta daga, y con ella
Rompe un pecho que te ofende,
Saca un alma que te adora,
Y tu mifma fangre vierte.
Y fi no quieres matarme,
Para que á vengarfé llegue
Tu padre, diré que eftoy
En tu apofento.

Julia.

¡ Detente !

Y por última razon,

Of a life's love fo unhappy,
Of a hand whofe treacherous fternnefs
Takes away my life indeed ;
Yet my death doth not prefent me,
Since I muft amid fuch forrows
Live for ever, die for ever.

Eusebio.

If by any chance thy hands
Can more cruelly avenge thee
Than already have thy words,
At thy feet, fee, I furrender.
Here my crime has led me captive,
Love for thee is my ftrong cell here,
Mine own failings are my chains,
Bonds at which the feared foul trembles ;
The ftern headfman is my thought :
If the judges are prefented
By thine eyes, my doom muft be
Death, if they pronounce the fentence.
But then Fame, my fate proclaiming,
Will declare, “ This man met death here
For his love ”—becaufe in loving
Thee alone have I offended.
I attempt not to excufe me,—
Vain, it feems, would fuch attempt be,
For fo great a fault : I only
Wifh thou'dft kill me, and avenge thee.
Take this dagger, and with it
Pierce a bofom that offends thee,
Break a fond heart that adores thee,
And in mine thine own blood fhed
here.
If to kill me thou declineft,
That thy father for his vengeance
May return, I'll fay I'm hid here
In thy chamber.

Julia.

Oh ! arreft thee !

Stay ! and as the laft request

Que he de hablarte eternamente,
Has de hacer lo que te digo.

Eusebio.

Yo lo concedo.

Julia.

Pues vete

Adonde guardes tu vida ;
Hacienda tienes, y gente
Que te podrá defender.

Eusebio.

Mejor será que yo quede
Sin ella ; porque si vivo,
Será imposible que deje
De adorarte, y no has de estar,
Aunque un convento te encierre,
Segura.

Julia.

Guárdate tú ;

Que yo sabré defenderme.

Eusebio.

¿ Volveré yo á verte ?

Julia.

No.

Eusebio.

¿ No hay remedio ?

Julia.

No le esperes.

Eusebio.

¿ Que al fin me aborreces ya ?

Julia.

Haré por aborrecerte.

Eusebio.

¿ Olvidarásme ?

Julia.

No sé.

Eusebio.

¿ Veréte yo ?

Julia.

Eternamente.

I may make of thee for ever,
Grant the favour that I ask thee.

Eusebio.

I concede it.

Julia.

Flee, oh ! flee hence,

Where thou may'st preserve thy life :
Thou hast property and people
Who for thy defence are able.

Eusebio.

It were better that I stay'd here
Without it : for if I live,
From adoring thee I never
Can desist ; nor shalt thou be
Safe, although a convent's shelter
Seem to guard thee.

Julia.

Guard thou thee ;

I shall know how to defend me.

Eusebio.

Once more shall I see thee ?

Julia.

No.

Eusebio.

No resource ?

Julia.

Do not expect it.

Eusebio.

Am I then detested so ?

Julia.

I have reason to detest thee.

Eusebio.

Wilt forget me ?

Julia.

I don't know.

Eusebio.

Shall I see thee ?

Julia.

Never, never.

Eusebio.

Pues ¿aquel pasado amor ?

Julia.

Pues ¿esta sangre presente ?

La puerta abren ; vete, Eusebio.

Eusebio.

Iré por obedecerte.

¡ Que no he de volverte á ver !

Julia.

¡ Que no has de volver á verme !

[*Suena ruido, vanse los dos, cada uno por su parte, y entran el cuerpo algunos criados.*]

Eusebio.

What then of our fond love past?—

Julia.

What then of this red blood present?—

Lo! the door! Eusebio, fly!

Eusebio.

I shall go, but through obedience:—

Oh! to see thee never more!

Julia.

Oh! that thou no more must see me!

[*A noise is heard outside; they go out at opposite doors, and servants enter and remove the body.*]





JORNADA II.

MONTE.

Disparan dentro un arcabuz, y salen RICARDO, CELIO y EUSEBIO en traje de bandoleros, con arcabuces.

Ricardo.

DASÓ el plomo violento
Su pecho.

Celio.

Y hace el golpe mas
fangriento,

Que con su fangre la tragedia imprima
En tierna flor.

Eusebio.

Ponle una Cruz encima,
Y perdónale Dios.

ACT II.

THE MOUNTAIN. A RUDE CROSS AT ONE SIDE, WITH SEVERAL OTHERS IN THE DISTANCE.*

A shot is heard within: enter RICARDO, CELIO, and EUSEBIO, dressed as bandits, and armed with arquebuses.

Ricardo.

THAT ball of wingèd lead
Pafs'd through his breast.

Celio.

And made a wound so red,
That the sad tale o'er all the tender mofs
Is writ in blood.

Eusebio.

Put over him a cross,
And God be merciful to his foul.

* M. Philarète Charles greatly assists the imagination in its efforts to realize the externals of this scene:—

“ Dans une gorge de montagne, au sein d’une solitude âpre et sauvage, loin de tous les chemins fréquentés, au milieu de rocs bronzés par la pluie, jaunis sous le soleil, et de grands blocs de pierre superposés, aux arêtes aiguës qui se dessinent durement à l’horizon, il y a une grande croix, formée de deux débris de chêne que l’outil du charpentier n’a pas même équarrés. C’est un de ces paysages aux couleurs tranchées, aux lignes aiguës, qui s’accordent avec toutes les pensées terribles, et toutes les fureurs de l’âme. Là doivent se réfugier les *bandoleros*; là des ennemis acharnés doivent commencer et finir un combat mortel.

“ C’est là aussi que Calderon place ses acteurs.”—*Etudes sur l’Espagne*, p. 43.

Ricardo.

Las devociones
Nunca faltan del todo á los ladrones.

*[Vanse RICARDO y CELIO.**Eusebio.*

Y pues mis hados fieros
Me traen á capitan de bandoleros,
Llegarán mis delitos
A fer, como mis penas, infinitos.
Como si diera muerte
A Lisardo á traicion, de aquesta fuerte
Mi patria me perfigue,
Porque su furia y mi despecho obligue
A que guarde una vida,
Siendo de tantas bárbaro homicida.
Mi hacienda me han quitado,
Mis villas confiscado,
Y á tanto rigor llegan,
Que el sustento me niegan.
No toque pasajero
El término del monte, si primero
No rinde hacienda y vida.

*Salen RICARDO y Bandoleros con
ALBERTO.*

Ricardo.

Llegando á ver la boca de la herida,
Efcucha, Capitan, el mas extraño
Suceso.

Eusebio.

Ya deseo el defengaño.

Ricardo.

Hallé el plomo deshecho
En este libro que tenia en el pecho,
Sin haber penetrado,
Y al caminante solo desmayado :

Ricardo.

Right notions,
Thieves though we be, we've got of
our devotions.

*[Exeunt RICARDO and CELIO.**Eusebio.*

Since then by fate's command
I now am captain of a robber-band,
Be my offences from this day
Great as my griefs, and infinite as they.
Treating Lisardo's death as if it were
By treachery caused and not in duel fair,
My country so pursued me with its hate,
So great its fury, and my wrath so great,
I was compell'd, a barbarous murderer
grown,
Full many a life to take to save my own.
My property they sequestrated,
My villas all they confiscated,—
Their rigour so increased, that they
My very means of sustenance took away ;
Therefore no traveller more
Shall pass the mountain's boundary before
Money and life he yield me on the spot.

*Enter RICARDO and bandits leading
in ALBERTO.*

Ricardo.

Going to see the place where he was
shot,—
Oh! listen, captain, nothing has come
For downright wonder. [near it

Eusebio.

Then I wish to hear it.

Ricardo.

I found the bullet press'd
Against this book he carried in his breast ;
The book unpierced, his breast without
a wound,

Vesté aqui sano y bueno.

Eusebio.

De espanto estoy, y admiraciones lleno.
¿Quién eres, venerable
Caduco, á quien los cielos admirable
Han hecho con prodigio milagroso?

Alberto.

Yo soy, o Capitan, el mas dichoso
De cuantos hombres hay; que he
 merecido
Ser Sacerdote indigno, y he leído
En Bolonia sagrada Teología
Cuarenta y cuatro años con desvelo;
Díome su Santidad, por este zelo,
De Trento el Obispado,
Premiando mis estudios; y admirado
Yo de ver, que tenia
Cuenta te tantas almas,
Y que apenas la daba de la mia,
Los laureles dejé, dejé las palmas,
Y huyendo sus engaños,
Vengo á buscar seguros defengaños
En estas soledades,
Donde viven desnudas las verdades.
Paso á Roma, á que el Papa me conceda
Licencia, Capitan, para que pueda
Fundar un órden santo de eremitas.
Mas tu saña atrevida
Quita el hilo á mi suerte y á la vida.

For the scared traveller had only
 swoon'd;—
Here see him safe and sound once more.

Eusebio.

Terror and wonder thrill me to the
 core!—
Who art thou, venerable sage,
Whom Heaven hath made the wonder
 of the age,
Working for thee a miracle so great?

Alberto.

I am, O captain, the most fortunate
Of all mankind, although in worth the
 least,
Since I have merited to be a priest.
For four-and-forty years I read with
 care
Sacred theology from Bologna's chair.
His Holiness, for all the years thus spent,
Gave me the Bishopric of Trent,
Rewarding thus my studious zeal long
 shown;
But I afraid, from conscious qualms,
To account for others' souls that scarce
 can save mine own,
Fled its laurels, fled its palms,
And the world's deceits rejecting,
Sought securer peace, selecting
These remote and lonely dells,
Where nought but naked truth austere
 dwells.
I was going to Rome, with hope
Of obtaining licence from the Pope
To found, O captain, 'mid these heights,
A holy order of lone eremites,
When thy rage so desperate
Sever'd my thread of life, and changed
 my fate.

Eusebio.

¿Qué libro es este, di?

Alberto.

Este es el fruto,

Que rinde á mis estudios el tributo
De tantos años.*Eusebio.*

¿Qué es lo que contiene?

*Alberto.*El trata del origen verdadero
De aquel divino y celestial madero,
En que animoso y fuerte,
Muriendo, triunfó Cristo de la muerte.
El libro, en fin, se llama
“Milagros de la Cruz.”*Eusebio.*

¿Qué bien la llama

De aquel plomo inclemente,
Mas que la cera, se mostró obediente!
¿Pluguiera á Dios, mi mano
Antes, que blanco fu papel hiciera
De aquel golpe tirano,
Entre su fuego ardiera!
Lleva ropa y dinero
Y la vida, solo este libro quiero;
Y vosotros salidle acompañando,
Hasta dejarle libre.*Alberto.*

Iré rogando

Al Señor, te dé luz para que veas
El error en que vives.*Eusebio.*

Tell me, what book is this?

Alberto.

It is the fruit

Which many a year's hard study in
pursuit
Of truth has given me.*Eusebio.*

What does it contain?

*Alberto.*It treats of the true history
Of that divine and holy tree
On which by yielding up his mighty
breath
Christ died, and, dying, triumph'd over
death.
The book is call'd by the appropriate
name,
“The Miracles of the Cross.”*Eusebio.*

How well the flame

Of the fierce bullet knew what to obey,
When, soft as wax, the stubborn lead
gave way!
Oh! would to God! that ere my hand's
wild rage
Had dared to do a deed so dire,
As to deface this spotless page
By that rude shot, 'twere burn'd in its
own fire!
Keep thou thy money, life, and dress,
This book alone is all I would possess:
Do you, my comrades, guide him on
his way
Till you can set him free.*Alberto.*

And I shall pray,

Each step I take, that God may thee
inspire

Eusebio.

Si desfeas
Mi bien, pídele á Dios, que no permita
Muera sin confesion.

Alberto.

Yo te prometo,
Seré ministro en tan piadoso efeto,
Y te doy mi palabra,
(Tanto en mi pecho tu clemencia labra)
Que si me llamas en cualquiera parte,
Dejaré mi desierto,
Por ir á confesarte :
Un Sacerdote foy, mi nombre Alberto.

Eusebio.

¿ Tal palabra me das ?

Alberto.

Y la confieso
Con la mano.

Eusebio.

Otra vez tus plantas befo.
[Vase ALBERTO con RICARDO y los
Bandoleros.]

*Sale CHILINDRINA.**Chilindrina.*

Hasta venir á hablarte,
El monte atravesé de parte á parte.

Eusebio.

Qué hay, amigo ?

Chilindrina.

Dos nuevas harto malas.

Eusebio.

A mi temor el sentimiento iguales.
Qué son ?

To know thy sinful life.

Eusebio.

Dost thou desire
My welfare? Then ask God that I may
not
Without confession die.

Alberto.

I promise thee
Thy helper in that pious wish to be ;
Yes, I pledge to thee my word,
(So much thy clemency my heart hath
stirr'd,)

That in whatever place thou wilt address
me,

In my desert I shall own thy claim,
And hasten to confess thee :
I am a priest, Alberto is my name.

Eusebio.

Thy word dost give me ?

Alberto.

Let my hand repeat
The promise thus.

Eusebio.

Once more I kiss thy feet.
[ALBERTO is led out by RICARDO
and the other bandits.]

*Enter CHILINDRINA.**Chilindrina.*

Up this wild mountain's steep acclivity
I've roam'd through every part to speak
with thee.

Eusebio.

What brings thee, friend ?

Chilindrina.

Two bits of evil news.

Eusebio.

Terror and grief my feelings interfuse :
What are they ?

Cbilindrina.

Es la primera,
(Decirla no quifiera)
Que al padre de Lifardo
Han dado

Eusebio.

Acaba, que el efecto aguardo.

Cbilindrina.

Comifion de prenderte ó de matarte.

Eusebio.

Efotra nueva temo
Mas, porque en un confufo extremo
Al corazon parece que camina
Toda el alma, adivina
De algun future daño.
¿ Qué ha fucedido ?

Cbilindrina.

A Julia

Eusebio.

No me engaño

En prevenir tritezas,
Si para ver mi mal, por Julia empiezas.
¿ Julia no me dijifte ?
Pues efo basta para verme triste.
¡ Mal haya amen la rigurofa estrella,
Que me obligó á querella !
En fin, Julia profigue.

Cbilindrina.

En un convento

Seglar eflá.

Cbillindrina.

The firft is,

(I would that I had not to tell thee
this,)

Unto Lifardo's father by the ftate
Is given

Eusebio.

Conclude, the whole refult I wait.

Cbillindrina.

Commiffion or to feize thee or to flay
thee.

Eusebio.

Thy fecond news I fear
More than the firft ; becaufe, on ftretch
to hear,
My troubled foul flies to my trembling
heart
Confused, difturb'd, divining that thou
art

The bearer of bad tidings of worfe pain:
What then has happen'd ?

Cbillindrina.

Julia

Eusebio.

Not in vain

My boding fowrrows whifper'd from
within,—

If thou haft evil news, with Julia thou'lt
begin :

Saidft thou not Julia ? more thou need'ft
not add,

For that is quite enough to make me
fad.

Accurs'd be the baneful ftar above her
That forces me to love her !

Julia in fine proceed.

Cbillindrina.

Is by her friends

Placed in a convent.

Eusebio.

¡ Ya falta el sufrimiento !

¡ Que el cielo me castigue
 Con tan grandes venganzas
 De perdidos deseos,
 De muertas esperanzas,
 Que de los mismos cielos,
 Por quien me deja, vengo á tener zelos !
 Mas ya tan atrevido,
 Que viviendo matando,
 Me sustento robando,
 No puedo ser peor de lo que he sido :
 Despeñese el intento,
 Pues ya se ha despeñado el pensamiento.
 Llama á Celio y Ricardo. (Amando muero !)

Chilindrina.

Voy por ellos.

[*Vase.*]*Eusebio.*

Ve, y díles, que aqui espero.—
 Afaltaré el convento que la guarda.
 Ningun grave castigo me acobarda ;
 Que por verme señor de su hermosura,
 Tirano amor me fuerza
 A acometer la fuerza,
 A romper la clausura,
 Y á violar el sagrado ;
 Que ya del todo estoy desesperado.
 Pues si no me pusiera
 Amor en tales puntos,
 Solamente lo hiciera
 Por cometer tantos delitos juntos.

Eusebio.

My endurance ends !

Oh ! that Heaven should have decreed
 Its vengeful bolts to launch at me so
 fast !

My lost desires—

My hopes all past—

And now the heaven she leaves me for
 requires

I should be jealous even of heaven at
 last.

But so bold am I, so changed my mien,
 Who in murder can disport me,
 Who by robbing can support me,
 Worse I cannot be than I have been.
 Let then the daring deed be wrought,
 In fact, since I have dared it in my
 thought :

Call Celio and Ricardo. (Ah ! love
 leads me to my bier !)

Chilindrina.

I go to call them.

[*Exit.*]*Eusebio.*

Go, and say I wait them here.—
 I shall scale the convent that doth hold her,
 No fear shall fright me, till these arms
 ensfold her ;
 Since to see me master of her charms
 Tyrant love's tumultuous course
 Forces me to trust to force ;
 To fill her cloister with alarms,
 To violate a consecrated place,
 Since desperate have I grown and lost
 to every grace ;
 Though if love that brings me to it
 Were not enough to make this deed be
 done,

I for this alone would do it, [in one.
 That all possible crimes I might commit

Salen GIL y MENGA.

Menga.

¡ Mas que encontramos con él,
Segun mezuquina nació!

Gil.

¡ Menga, yo no voy aqui?
No temas ese cruel
Capitan de buñuleros,
Ni el hallarlo te alborote,
Que honda llevo yo, y garrote.

Menga.

Temo, Gil, fus hechos fieros ;
Si no, á Silvia á mirar ponte,
Cuando aqui la acometió ;
Que doncella al monte entró,
Y dueña falió del monte,
Que no es peligro pequeño.

Gil.

Connigo fuera cruel,
Que tambien entro doncel,
Y pudiera salir dueño.

[*Reparan en EUSEBIO.*

Menga.

¡ Ah señor ! que va perdido,
Que anda Eusebio por aqui.

Gil.

No eche, señor, por ahí.
• *Eusebio (aparte).*

Estos no me han conocido,
Y quiero difimular.

Gil.

¿ Quiere que aquese ladron
Le mate ?

Eusebio (aparte).

Villanos son.—

¿ Con qué podré yo pagar
Este aviso ?

Enter GIL and MENGA.

Menga.

But if we should meet him here !
Born to all bad luck am I !

Gil.

Don't you see that I am by,
Menga mine ? So do not fear
This bold captain of banditti,
This cantankerous curmudgeon,
While I carry sling and bludgeon.

Menga.

Ah ! I fear, and more's the pity,
Left, like Silvia, such another
Trick in my case should be play'd,
Who to the mountain came a maid,
And went out of the mount a mother ;
'Tis no trifling risk to run.

Gil.

Mine will be the danger rather
To come out, perchance, a father,
Having gone in but a son.

[*They perceive EUSEBIO.*

Menga.

Ah ! sir, you are lost ! this spot
Is Eusebio's haunt, they say.

Gil.

Do not venture, sir, that way.
Eusebio (afide).

It is plain they know me not :
I'll dissemble in their presence.

Gil.

Would you have the robber flay you ?
Stop, sir !

Eusebio.

How can I repay you

[*afide.*

For this good advice ? (But peasants
Are they).

Gil.
Con huir.
De efe bellaco.
Menga.
Si os coge,
Señor, aunque no le enoje
Ni vuestro hacer, ni decir,
Luego os matará; y creed,
Que con poner, tras la ofensa,
Una Cruz encima, piensa,
Que os hace mucha merced.

Salen RICARDO y CELIO.

Ricardo.
¿Dónde le dejaste?
Celio.
Aqui.
Gil.
Es un ladrón, no le esperes.
Ricardo.
Eusebio, ¿qué es lo que quieres?
Gil.
¿Eusebio le llamó?

Menga.
Sí.
Eusebio.
Yo soy Eusebio; ¿qué os mueve
Contra mí? ¿No hay quien responda?

Menga.
Gil, ¿tienes garrote y honda?
Gil.

Tengo el diablo que te lleve.
Celio.

Por los apacibles llanos,
Que hace del monte la falda,
A quien guarda el mar la espalda,
Ví un escuadrón de villanos,
Que armado contra tí viene,
Y pienso que se avecina;

Gil.
Just by simply flying
From the rascal.
Menga.
If he catch you,
In a moment he'll dispatch you,
Though you ne'er, his temper trying,
Wrong'd him, or provoked his slaver
By a word or deed. When dead
He'll a cross place at your head,
Thinking he confers a favour.

Enter RICARDO and CELIO.

Ricardo.
Here you left him?
Celio.
Here, I say.
Gil (to Eusebio).
Quick! don't wait the robber, go!
Ricardo.
What's your wish, Eusebio!
Gil.
Eusebio did he call him?
Menga.

Yea.
Eusebio.
That's my name: what ails you? pooh!
In a moment why so still?

Menga.
Where's the sling and bludgeon, Gil?
Gil.

Where's the devil except in you?
Celio.

Where the peaceful vales expand
At this mountain's foot, that swelleth
O'er the sea which it expelleth,
I have seen a shepherd band
Coming in a well-arm'd crowd,
Seeking thee, nor long it carries,

Que así Curcio determina
La venganza que previene.
Mira qué piensas hacer ;
Junta tu gente, y partamos.

Eusebio.

Mejor es que ahora huyamos ;
Que esta noche hay mas que hacer.
Venid conmigo los dos,
De quien justamente fio
La opinion y el honor mio.

Ricardo.

Muy bien puedes ; que por Dios,
Que he de morir á tu lado.

Eusebio.

Villanos, vida teneis,
Solo porque le lleveis
A mi enemigo un recado.
Decid á Curcio, que yo
Con tanta gente atrevida
Solo desiendo la vida,
Pero que le busco no.
Y que no tiene ocasion
De buscarme desta fuerte,
Pues no dí á Lisardo muerte
Con engaño, ó con traicion.
Cuerpo á cuerpo le maté,
Sin ventaja conocida,
Y antes de acabar la vida
En mis brazos le llevé
Adonde se confesó,
Digna accion para estimarse ;
Mas que si quiere vengarse,
Que he de defenderme yo.—

[*A los Bandoleros.*

Y ahora, porque no vean
Aquestos por donde vamos,
Atadlos entre estos ramos :
Vendados sus ojos sean,
Porque no avisen.

Since 'tis here : thus Curcio carries
Out the vengeance he hath vow'd.
Think now what is best to do,
Summon all the troop and try . . .

Eusebio.

It is best that now we fly,
Since to-night there's much to do.
Come with me, ye two, whom I
With a confidence so just
Honour and my fame entrust.

Ricardo.

So you may, for we would die
At your side our zeal to show.

Eusebio.

Peasants, know I let you live
But for this, that you may give
A brief message to my foe ;
This from me to Curcio speak :—
With the brave bands that attend me
I will for my life defend me ;
But that his I do not seek.
And that he hath got no reason
For pursuing me in this way,
Since if I his son did slay
'Twas not foully or by treason ;
Arm'd as he I stood before him,
Vantage none on either side.
True, he fell, but, ere he died,
In these very arms I bore him
Where his sins he might confess,
Act more worthy praise than blame ;
But if vengeance be his aim,
I'll defend me ne'ertheless.

[*To the Robbers.*

Now that these two may not see
By what road our troop is wending,
Tie them to these boughs here bending ;
Let their eyes, too, bandaged be,
That they may not tell aught.

Ricardo.

Aqui

Hay cordel.

Celio.

Pues llega presto.

Gil.

De San Sebastian me han puesto.

Menga.

De San Sebastiana á mí.

Mas ate cuanto quisiere,
Señor, como no me mate.*Gil.*Oye, señor, no me ate,
Y puto sea yo, si huyere.
Jura tú, Menga, tambien
Este mismo juramento.*Celio.*

Ya estan atados.

Eusebio.

Mi intento

Se va ejecutando bien ;
La noche amenaza obscura,
Tendiendo su negro velo.
Julia, aunque te guarde el cielo,
He de gozar tu hermosura.*[Vanse los Bandoleros, dejando á**GIL y MENGA atados.**Gil.*¿ Quién habrá que ahora nos vea,
Menga, aunque caro nos cueste,
Que no diga, que es aqueste
Peralvillo de la aldea ?*Menga.*

Vete llegando hácia aqui,

Ricardo.

Try

This good cord, 'twill do.

Celio.

Make fast then.

Gil.

See me tied like Saint Sebastian !

Menga.

Saint Sebastiana am I.

Tightly as you like, fir, tie,
Only don't quite crucify me.*Gil.*Ah ! fir, listen, do not tie me,
And I'll swear I will not fly :
Menga, too, will swear pell-mell
All the oaths that you can mention.*Celio.*

Now they're fasten'd.

Eusebio.

My intention

Has been carried out right well.
Now night threatens, and its footy
Veil draws o'er the face of even.
Julia, spite of hell or heaven,
Soon I shall possess thy beauty.*[The Bandits depart, leaving GIL**and MENGA tied.**Gil.*Who that saw us to this willow
Tied here, Menga, wouldn't say,
Here's a pair condemn'd to-day
By the parish Peralvillo ? **Menga.*

Gil, as I can't get near you,

* Peralvillo is the name of a small town near Ciudad-Rodrigo, where the archers of the Holy Brotherhood were accustomed to execute without trial all criminals found in the act of committing their offences. From this circumstance, very rapid justice in Spain went by the name of *La justice de Peralvillo*.—M. DAMAS-HINARD.

Perhaps "Lynch Law" would best express its meaning in English.—Tr.

Gil ; que yo no puedo andar.

Gil.

Menga, venme á defatar,
Y te defataré á tí
Luego al punto.

Menga.

Ven primero

Tú, que ya estás importuno.

Gil.

¿ Es decir, que vendrá alguno ?
Pondré que falta un arriero,
Las tres ánades cantando,
Un caminante pidiendo,
Un estudiante comiendo,
Una fantera rezando,
Hoy en aqueste camino,
Lo que á ninguno faltó :
Mas la culpa tengo yo.

Una voz (dentro).

Hácia esta parte imagino
Que oigo voces ; llegad presto.

Gil.

Señor, en buena hora acuda
A defatar una duda
En que ha rato que estoy puesto.

Menga.

Si acaso buskais, señor,
Por el monte algun cordel,
Yo os puedo servir con él.

Gil.

Este es mas gordo y mejor.

Menga.

Yo, por ser muger, espero
Remedio en las ansias mias.

Gil.

No repare en cortesías,
Desátame á mí primero.

You come here, now don't deny me.

Gil.

Menga, come here and untie me,
And I'll then untie you too,
In a twinkling.

Menga.

Come you first,

Since you are so *hasty*, you know.

Gil.

Come, come, anyone, high or low !
Would to God that at the worst
Some gay muleteer loud trolling
A light lilt, some nun her psalms,
Some poor scholar asking alms,
Some foot-traveller slowly strolling,
Would but take this road to-day,
So that help may fail not wholly !—
Oh ! my loose tongue and my folly !

A voice within.

It appears to me this way
Voices I can hear, quick ! see !

Gil.

At a lucky time, Sir Traveller,
Have you come to be th'unraveller
Of this knotty point for me.

Menga.

If you're seeking, sir, along
This wild road a rope to tie you,
I'm the one that can supply you.

Gil.

Mine is better and more strong.

Menga.

As a woman, from my pains
I should first deliver'd be.

Gil.

Oh ! a fig for courtesy !
Loose me first, sir, from my chains.

Salen CURCIO, OCTAVIO, TIRSO, BRAS,
y soldados.

Tirso.

Hácia aquesta parte fueña
La voz.

Gil.

¡ Qué te quemas !

Tirso.

Gil,

¿ Qué es esto ?

Gil.

El diablo es sutil ;

Defata, Tirso, y mi pena
Te diré despues.

Curcio.

¿ Qué es esto ?

Gil.

Venga en buen hora, señor,
A castigar un traidor.

Curcio.

¿ Quién desta fuerte os ha puesto ?

Gil.

¿ Quién ? Eusebio, que en efeto
Dice : Pero ¿ qué se yo
Lo que dice ? El nos dejó
Aqui en semejante aprieto.

Tirso.

No llores pues, que no ha estado
Hoy muy poco liberal
Contigo.

Bras.

No lo ha hecho mal,
Pues á Menga te ha dejado.

Gil.

¡ Ay Tirso ! no lloro yo,

Enter CURCIO, OCTAVIO, TIRSO, BRAS,
and others.

Tirso.

From this place doth sound again
That same voice.

Gil.

You burn.*

Tirso.

How ? why ?

What's this, Gil ?

Gil.

The devil is fly :—

Loose me first, and I'll explain
All about it.

Curcio.

What's this ? say.

Gil.

Sure you're sent, sir, by the skies
A vile traitor to chastise.

Curcio.

Who has tied you in this way ?

Gil.

Who ? Eusebio : and the scamp
Said but hang me ! if I know
What he said ; he left us, though,
Tied up tight here with the cramp.

Tirso.

Well, don't cry ! 'twas well to find him
Act so generously, Gil,
Towards you to-day.

Bras.

He meant no ill,

Menga to have left behind him.

Gil.

Ah ! I do not shed a tear,

* Gil, who it is to be recollected is the *gracioso* or buffoon of the drama, treats the advancing party as if they were playing the game of hide-and-seek, and makes use of the exclamation generally employed to attract or divert the attention of the seeker.—M. DAMAS-HINARD.

Porque piadoso no fue.

Tirfo.

Pues ¿ por qué lloras ?

Gil.

¿ Por qué ?

Porque á Menga me dejó :

La de Anton llevó, y al cabo

De seis, que no parecia,

Halló á su muger un dia ;

Hicimos un baile bravo

De hallazgo, y gastó cien reales.

Bras.

¿ Bártolo no se casó

Con Catalina, y parió

A seis meses no cabales ?

Y andaba con gran placer

Diciendo : ¿ Si tú le vieses !

Lo que otra hace en nueve meses,

Hace en cinco mi muger.

Tirfo.

Ello, no hay honra segura.

Curcio.

¿ Que esto llegue á escuchar yo

Destte tirano ? ¿ quién vió

Tan notable desventura ?

Menga.

Como destruirle piensa ;

Que hasta las mismas mugeres

Tomaremos, si tú quieres,

Las armas para su ofensa.

Gil.

Que aqui acude es lo mas cierto ;

Y toda esta procesion

De Cruces que miras, son,

Señor, por hombres que ha muerto.

Tirfo, for his illiberality.

Tirfo.

Why then weep ?

Gil.

For the fatality

Of his *leaving* her with me here.

Anton's bride when he took away,

Six days long she was out of our sight,

On the seventh she came to light ;—

Oh ! what a feast we had that day

On the hundred reals she brought in
her pocket !

Bras.

Yes, and didn't Bartolo wed

Catalina, and wasn't she brought to bed

In six months of a boy, and didn't he
rock it,

Feeling the happiest man alive,

And telling his friends triumphantly, too,

What takes other women nine months
to do

Mine is able to do in five ?

Tirfo.

Honour's nothing in his sight.

Curcio.

Still am I condemn'd to hear

Of this villain's vile career ?—

Oh ! my wretched, wretched plight !

Menga.

Think this monster of seduction

How to capture, how to kill.

Even the women, if you will,

All will arm for his destruction.

Gil.

That we're on his track is plain,

For these crosses, far projected

O'er the horizon, are erected

O'er the men that he hath slain.

Ottavio.

Es aquí lo mas secreto
De todo el monte.

Curcio (aparte).

Y aquí

Fue ; cielos ! donde yo ví
Aquel milagroso efeto
De inocencia y castidad,
Cuya beldad atrevido
Tantas veces he ofendido
Con dudas, siendo verdad
Un milagro tan patente.

Ottavio.

Señor, ¿ qué nueva pasión
Causa tu imaginacion ?

Curcio.

Rigores, que el alma siente,
Son, Ottavio ; y mis enojos,
Para publicar mi mengua,
Como los niego á la lengua,
Me van saliendo á los ojos.
Haz, Ottavio, que me deje
Solo esa gente que figo,
Porque aquí de mí y conmigo
Hoy á los cielos me queje.

Ottavio.

Ea, soldados, despejad.

Bras.

¿ Qué decis ?

Tirso.

¿ Qué pretendéis ?

Gil.

Despiojad,* ¿ no lo entendéis ?
Que nos vamos á espulgar.

[*Vanse todos, menos CURCIO.*

Curcio.

¿ A quién no habrá sucedido

Ottavio.

'Tis the most secluded spot
Of the mountain.

Curcio (aside).

And 'twas here,

Heavens ! I saw with awe and fear
That stupendous wonder wrought
By the power of two magicians—
Innocence and Chastity—
Beauteous guardian powers by me
Wrong'd so oft through vile suspicions
Of one fair as she was pure.

Ottavio.

Ah ! sir, what new form of pain
Thus disturbs your mind again ?

Curcio.

'Tis a pain no time can cure ;
'Tis a grief that *will* arise ;
'Tis a pang whose hidden cause,
Though to tell the tongue may pause,
Must be spoken by the eyes.
Lead aside, O friend ! the train
Of my followers ; in this lonely
Spot, and to the high heavens only,
Of me, to me, would I plain.

Ottavio.

Lads, our leader rest allows ye.

Bras.

How allows ye ?

Tirso.

What's that, pray ?

Gil.

Don't you see, as plain as day,
That he says to us, Lads, all louse ye ?*

[*Exeunt all but CURCIO.*

Curcio.

Doth it happen not in forrow,

* This coarse pleasantry of mistaking the word *despejad* for *despiojad* I have ventured to imitate.

Tal vez, lleno de pesares,
 Descansar consigo á solas,
 Por no descubrirse á nadie?
 Yo á quien tantos pensamientos
 A un tiempo afligen, que hacen
 Con lágrimas y suspiros
 Competencia al mar y al aire,
 Compañero de mí mismo
 En las mudas soledades,
 Con la pensión de mis bienes
 Quiero divertir mis males.
 Ni las aves, ni las fuentes
 Sean testigos bastantes;
 Que al fin las fuentes murmuran,
 Y tienen lengua las aves.
 No quiero mas compañía,
 Que aquestos rústicos sauces;
 Pues quien escucha, y no aprende,
 Será fuerza que no hable.
 Teatro este monte fue
 Del suceso mas notable,
 Que entre prodigios de zelos
 Cuentan las antigüedades
 De una inocente verdad.
 Pero ¿quién podrá librarfe
 De sospechas, en quien son
 Mentirofas las verdades?
 Muerte de amor son los zelos,
 Que no perdonan á nadie,
 Ni por humilde le dejan,
 Ni le respetan por grave.
 Aquí pues, donde yo digo,
 Rosmira y yo . . . De acordarme,
 No es mucho que el alma tiemble,
 No es mucho que la voz falte;
 Que no hay flor, que no me afombre,
 No hay hoja, que no me espante,
 No hay piedra, que no me admire,
 Tronco, que no me acobarde,

When the heart is full of sadness,
 That one seeketh self-communion
 Rather than confide in any?
 I, afflicted at one moment
 By the numerous thoughts that wrack me,
 With my sighing and my weeping
 Rivaling the air and water,
 I, companion of myself,
 'Mid these wilds that no voice gladdens,
 Seek to while away my sorrows,
 Thinking of the joys departed.
 I would have nor birds nor fountains
 Witnesses of this self-parley,—
 For in fine the fountains murmur,
 And the birds have tongues that warble;
 I would only be companion'd
 By these rough and rustling alders:
 For who hears and understands not
 Cannot speak of aught that passes.
 This wild mountain was the scene
 Of a more surprising marvel
 Than antiquity relateth,
 All through jealousy's strange annals,
 Of an innocent woman's truth.
 Ah! but who can break the shackles
 Of suspicions, which to truths
 Give the very air of falseness?
 Jealousy is the death of love.
 No love lives while that plague lasteth,
 Nor the lowly is pass'd over,
 Nor the lofty left unblasted.
 Here then, here, where I am speaking,
 I Rosmira led . . . What marvel
 That the thought doth make me shudder,
 That the memory makes me falter!
 Since there's not a flower but frights me,
 Not a leaf but makes me startle,
 Not a stone I see but shocks me,
 Not a tree-trunk but unmans me,

Peñafco, que no me oprima,
 Monte, que no me amenace;
 Porque todos son testigos
 De una hazaña tan infame.
 Saqué al fin la espada, y ella,
 Sin temerme y sin turbarse,
 Porque en riesgos de honor* nunca
 "El inocente es cobarde:
 Esposo, dijo, detente;
 No digo que no me mates,
 Si es tu gusto, ¿porque yo
 Cómo he de poder negarte
 La misma vida que es tuya?
 Solo te pido, que antes
 Me digas por lo que muero;
 Y déjame que te abrace."
 Yo la dije: "En tus entrañas,
 Como la víbora, traes
 A quien te ha de dar la muerte.
 Indicio ha sido bastante
 El parto infame que esperas:
 Mas no le verás, que antes,
 Dándote muerte, seré
 Verdugo tuyo y de un ángel."
 "Si acafo," me dijo entonces,
 "Si acafo, esposo, llegaste
 A creer flaquezas mías,
 Justo será que me mates.
 Mas á esta Cruz abrazada,
 A esta que estaba delante,
 Prosiguió, doy por testigo,
 De que no supe agraviarte,
 Ni ofenderte; que ella sola
 Será justo que me ampare."
 Bien quisiera entonces yo,
 Arrepentido, arrojarle
 A sus pies, porque se via
 Su inocencia en su semblante.

* Hartztenbusch reads "amor."

Not a rock but seems to crush me,
 Not a mountain but o'erhangs me;
 Since they all have been spectators
 Of so infamous an act here.
 I my sword drew, and she showing
 Fear nor trouble in her manner,
 Since in risks of love and honour
 Innocence is ne'er faint-hearted,—
 "Hold!" she said, "oh! hold, my
 husband!

'Tis not for my life I ask thee,
 Take it, if thou so art minded,
 Since I can't refuse to grant thee
 That which is thine own already;
 What I ask thee for, is rather
 To say *why* I die, then let me
 Die, but die in thy embraces."
 I replied, "Within thy body,
 Like the viper, thou dost carry
 That which is thine own destruction,
 Proved enough by that unhappy
 Birth of shame that thou awaitest;
 But that birth shall never happen,
 For in killing thee my vengeance
 Seals thine own fate and an angel's."
 "If by any chance, my husband,—
 If by any chance," she answer'd,
 "Thou my frailty canst believe in,
 It is just that thou shouldst stab me;
 But I call this cross to witness,"
 (Then, as now, the one here planted),
 "This that I embrace, that never
 Have I thought to wrong or harm thee
 In thine honour, and I trust me
 To its saving power to guard me."
 I would then have almost wish'd,
 In repentance, to have cast me
 At her feet, her innocence
 Shining in her eyes' pure glances.

El que una traicion intenta
 Antes mire lo que hace ;
 Porque una vez declarado,
 Aunque procure enmendarse,
 Por decir que tuvo causa,
 Lo ha de llevar adelante.
 Yo pues, no porque dudaba
 Ser la disculpa bastante,
 Sino porque mi delito
 Mas amparado quedase,
 El brazo levanté airado,
 Tirando por varias partes
 Mil heridas ; pero solo
 Las ejecuté en el aire.
 Por muerta al pie de la Cruz
 Quedó, y queriendo escaparme,
 A casa llegué, y halléla
 Con mas belleza que sale
 El alba, cuando en sus brazos
 Nos presenta el sol infante.
 Ella en sus brazos tenia
 A Julia, divina imágen
 De hermosura y discrecion :
 (¿ Qué gloria pudo igualarse
 A la mía ?) que su parto
 Habia sido aquella tarde
 Al mismo pie de la Cruz ;
 Y por divinas señales,
 Con que al mundo descubria
 Dios un milagro tan grande,
 La niña que habia parido,
 Dichosa con señas tales,
 Tenia en el pecho una Cruz,
 Labrada de fuego y sangre.
 Pero ¡ ay ! que tanta ventura
 Templaba el que se quedase
 Otra criatura en el monte ;
 Que ella, entre penas tan graves,
 Sintió haber parido dos ;

He who treachery meditateth
 Well at first should weigh the matter :
 For if once it is outspoken,
 Though he'd have it countermanded,
 From his having own'd a cause,
 To the close it must be acted.
 I then, not because I thought her
 Exculpation less than ample,
 But because some palliation
 With'd I for my guilty madness,
 Raised my angry arm, inflicting,
 In a wild and furious manner,
 Many a death-wound ; but I dealt them
 Only on the air that parted :—
 At the foot of the Cross, for dead,
 She remain'd, and I, distracted,
 Flying thence, went home, and found her
 Lovelier than in golden gladness
 When day dawns, and, in its arms
 Bearing the infant sun, advances.
 For within her arms she held
 Julia, image and example
 Of all heavenly grace and beauty ;
 (Oh ! what rapture could be balanced
 Against mine then !) the birth having
 On that very evening happen'd
 At the foot of that same Cross.
 And for proofs divinely patent,
 By whose means would God discover
 To the world so great a marvel,
 On the new-born baby's bosom,
 Happy to be thus so mark'd there,
 Was a Cross of blood and fire
 Work'd in wonderful enamel.
 But, alas ! what moderated
 So much joy was, that an after
 Child was left upon the mountain.
 Since she, in her painful travail,

Y yo entonces

Sale OCTAVIO.

Ozavio.

Por el valle

Atraviesa un escuadron
De bandoleros; y antes
Que cierre la noche triste,
Será bien, señor, que bajas
A buscarlos, no obscurézca;
Porque ellos el monte saben,
Y nosotros no.

Curcio.

Pues junta

La gente vaya adelante;
Que no hay gloria para mí,
Hafta llegar á vengarme. [*Vanse.*]

VISTA EXTERIOR DE UN CONVENTO.

Salen EUSEBIO, RICARDO y CELIO *con una*
escala.

Ricardo.

Llega con silencio, y pon
A esa parte las escalas.

Eusebio.

Icaro feré fin alas,
Sin fuego feré Faeton:
Escalar al sol intento,
Y si me quiere ayudar
La luz, tengo de pasar
Mas allá del firmamento.
Amor fer tirano enseña.—
En subiendo yo, quitad
Esa escala, y esperad,
Hafta que os haga una seña.
Quien subiendo se despeña,

Felt she had given birth to two.
And I then

Enter OCTAVIO.

Ozavio.

Along the valley

Winds its devious way a squadron
Of banditti; and, ere darkness
In the night's sad gloom enfolds it,
It were well, fir, that you hasten'd
Down to seek them, lest you lose them:
For they know the mountain-passes,
And we know them not.

Curcio.

Combined,

Let our people all advance then;
Since no rest can I enjoy
Till my heart's revenge is granted.
[*Exeunt.*]

OUTSIDE A CONVENT AT NIGHT.

Enter EUSEBIO, RICARDO, and CELIO
with a scaling-ladder.

Ricardo.

Silently tread; a little nigher:—
Here fix the ladder with the slings.

Eusebio.

Icarus I'll be without his wings,
Phaëton without his fire;
I intend to scale the sun,
If then I would have its light
Aid me in my daring flight;
Mount I must till heaven is won,—
Tyrant love, watch over all!—
When I enter, from the grating
Take the ladder, and be waiting
Hereabouts until I call.—
Though proud Phaëton may fall,

Suba hoy, y baje ofendido,
En cenizas convertido ;
Que la pena del bajar,
No será parte á quitar
La gloria de haber subido.

Ricardo.

¿ Qué esperas ?

Celio.

Pues ¿ qué rigor

Tu altivo orgullo embaraza ?

Eusebio.

¿ No veis como me amenaza
Un vivo fuego ?

Ricardo.

Señor,

Fantasma son del temor.

Eusebio.

¿ Yo temor ?

Celio.

Sube.

Eusebio.

Ya llego,

Aunque á tantos rayos ciego,
Por las llamas he de entrar ;
Que no lo podrá estorbar
De todo el infierno el fuego.

[*Sube y entra.*]

Celio.

Ya entró.

Ricardo.

Alguna fantasía

De su mismo horror fundada,
En la idea acreditada,
O alguna ilusión feria.

Celio.

Quita la escala.

Ricardo.

Hafta el dia

Aqui le hemos de esperar.

Dazzled by the light surprizing,
In his ashes agonizing,
Still the pain of falling down
Cannot take away the crown,
Or the glory of the rising.

Ricardo.

What delays thee ?

Celio.

Say, what here

Can impede thy haughty aim ?

Eusebio.

Saw you not a living flame
Flash before my eyes ?

Ricardo.

A mere

Phantasy it was of fear.

Eusebio.

I to fear ?

Celio.

Then up !

Eusebio.

Although

Lightnings blind me, I shall go :
Through the very flames I'll enter ;
Powerless now as a preventer
Were the infernal fire below.

[*He ascends and enters.*]

Celio.

Now he's in.

Ricardo.

Some phantasy

On its in-born horror founded—
Of ideal fears compounded,—
Some illusion it must be.

Celio.

Take the ladder down.

Ricardo.

Here we

Must remain till morning's prime.

Celio.

Atravimiento fue entrar,
 Aunque yo de mejor gana
 Me fuera con mi villana ;
 Mas despues habrá lugar. [*Vanse.*]

CELDA DE JULIA.

*Sale EUSEBIO.**Eusebio.*

Por todo el convento he andado
 Sin ser de nadie sentido,
 Y por cuanto he discurrido,
 De mi destino guiado,
 A mil celdas he llegado
 De religiosas, que abiertas
 Tienen las estrechas puertas,
 Y en ninguna á Julia ví.
 ¿ Dónde me llevais así,
 Esperanzas siempre inciertas ?
 ; Qué horror ! ; qué silencio mudo !
 ; Qué obscuridad tan funesta !
 Luz hay aqui ; celda es esta,
 Y en ella Julia. ¿ Qué dudo ?

[*Corre una cortina, y ve á JULIA
 durmiendo.*]

¿ Tan poco el valor ayudo,
 Que ahora en hablarla tardo ?
 Qué es lo que espero ? qué aguardo ?
 Mas con impulso dudoso,
 Si me animo temeroso,
 Animoso me acobardo.
 Mas belleza la humildad
 Deste trage la asegúra ;
 Que en la muger la hermosura
 Es la misma honestidad.
 Su peregrina beldad,
 De mi torpe amor objeto,

Celio.

'Twas a daring thing to climb,—
 Though the hours I'd rather pass
 With my own dear village lass,—
 Better luck another time ! [*Exeunt.*]

THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE CELL
OF JULIA.*Enter EUSEBIO.**Eusebio.*

All through the convent I have glided
 Unperceived by any mortal,
 And my path through porch and portal
 By my destiny seems guided.
 To a thousand cells, divided
 By their narrow open doors,
 Have I come on the corridors,
 And have Julia seen in none.
 Whither would ye lead me on,
 Hopes that seek but phantom shores ?
 Oh ! what silent horror's here !
 Oh ! what darkness here doth dwell !
 There's a light within this cell ;
 Julia's in it ! Why this fear ?

[*Draws a curtain, and JULIA is
 seen asleep.*]

Does my courage disappear ?
 Is't so slight, that I delay
 Now to advance ? Why pause ? Why
 stay ?
 By an impulse to and fro,
 Trembling, I a boldness show,
 Bold, a coward's heart betray.
 Lovelier in the humbleness
 Of this dress she seems to me,
 For with women modesty
 Is in itself a comeliness.
 Her surpassing loveliness,

Hace en mí mayor efeto ;
 Que á un tiempo á mi amor incito
 Con la hermosura apetito,
 Con la honestidad respeto.
 ! Julia ! ; ah Julia !

Julia.

Quién me nombra ?
 Mas ; cielos ! ; qué es lo que veo ?
 ¿ Eres sombra del deseo,
 O del pensamiento sombra ?

Eusebio.

¿ Tanto el mirarme te asombra ?

Julia.

¿ Pues quién habrá que no intente
 Huir de tí ?

Eusebio.

Julia, detente.

Julia.

¿ Qué quieres, forma fingida,
 De la idea repetida,
 Sola á la vista aparente ?
 ¿ Eres, para pena mía,
 Voz de la imaginacion ?
 ¿ Retrato de la ilusion ?
 ¿ Cuerpo de la fantasía ?
 ¿ Fantasma en la noche fria ?

Eusebio.

Julia, escucha, Eusebio soy,
 Que vivo á tus pies estoy ;
 Que si el pensamiento fuera,
 Siempre contigo estuviera.

Julia.

Defengañándome voy
 Con oírte, y confidero,
 Que mi recato ofendido
 Mas te quisiera fingido,
 Eusebio, que verdadero,

Which I seek, unawed, uncheck'd,
 Moves me with a twin effect ;
 At one time it doth incite,
 By its beauty, appetite,
 By its modesty, respect.
 Julia ! Julia !

Julia (awaking).

Who doth call me ?—
 But, O heavens ! what's this I see ?
 Art thou desire's dread phantasy ?
 Art thou a dream that doth enthrall me ?

Eusebio.

Does my presence so appal thee ?

Julia.

Who would not in dread dismay
 Fly from thee ?

Eusebio.

Ah ! Julia, stay !

Julia.

What's thy wish, fictitious form,
 Spectre that no life doth warm,
 Sight-born shape, what wouldst thou ?
 say.

Art thou, for my punishment,
 The expression of my thought ?
 Image by illusion wrought ?
 Phantasy's embodiment ?
 Phantom on the cold night sent ?

Eusebio.

Thine Eusebio am I, sweet,
 Living, lying at thy feet.
 For if I thy thought could be,
 I for ever were with thee.

Julia.

The delusion, the deceit,
 Listening thee, I'm labouring through,
 And I think that my pride-pain'd
 Honour would prefer the feign'd,
 False Eusebio, than the true,

Donde yo llorando muero,
 Donde yo vivo penando.
 ¿Qué quieres? ¿estoy temblando!
 ¿Qué buscas? ¿estoy muriendo!
 ¿Qué emprendes? ¿estoy temiendo!
 ¿Qué intentas? ¿estoy dudando!
 ¿Cómo has llegado hasta aquí?

Eusebio.

Todo es extremos amor,
 Y mi pena y tu rigor
 Hoy han de triunfar de mí.
 Hasta verte aquí, sufrí
 Con esperanza segura;
 Pero viendo tu hermosura
 Perdida, he atropellado
 El respeto del sagrado,
 Y la ley de la clausura.
 De lo cierto, ó de lo injusto
 Los dos la culpa tenemos,
 Y en mí vienen dos extremos,
 Que son la fuerza y el gusto.
 No puede darle disgusto
 Al cielo mi pretension;
 Antes desta ejecucion,
 Casada eras en secreto,
 Y no cabe en un fugeto
 Matrimonio y religion.

Julia.

No niego el lazo amoroso,
 Que hizo con felicidades
 Unir á dos voluntades,
 Que fue su efecto forzoso,
 Que te llamé amado esposo;
 Y que todo eso fue así,
 Confieso; pero ya aquí,
 Con voto de religiosa,
 A Cristo de ser su esposa
 Mano y palabra le di.
 Ya soy fuya, ¿qué me quieres?

Here, where weeping I renew
 Every day a living death.
 What's your wish? I gasp for breath!
 What's your object! Ah! I die!
 What's your aim? an aspen I!
 What's your end? doubt answereth.
 Here why have you dared to be?

Eusebio.

'Tis but love's insensate daring,
 Thy disdain and my despairing,
 That have triumph'd over me.
 Till I saw thee here, thy free
 State my love with fond hopes fed;
 But, beholding thee as dead,
 Lost to me, the cloister's law,
 This asylum's sacred awe,
 Have I crush'd beneath my tread.
 Be the act unjust, or just,
 We must bear the blame united.
 By two powers am I incited—
 Violence and pleasure's lust.
 In the sight of Heaven disgust
 My pretensions cannot rouse,
 Since at heart thou wert my spouse
 Ere thou cam'st this step to take,
 And one tongue should never make
 Marriage and monastic vows.

Julia.

I deny not the sweet bond
 That in happiest unison
 Join'd two separate wills in one;
 Nay, that, 'neath love's magic wand,
 I bestow'd on thee the fond,
 Sweet name of husband,—I confess
 All this is true; but ne'ertheless,
 By a holier law invited,
 Have I hand and promise plighted
 Here to wear Christ's bridal dress;
 I am His: what wouldst thou? Go!

Vete, porque el mundo afombres,
 Donde mates á los hombres,
 Donde fuerces las mugeres.
 Vete, Eusebio; ya no esperes
 Fruto de tu loco amor;
 Para que te cause horror,
 Que estoy en sagrado, piensa.

Eusebio.

Cuanto es mayor tu defensa,
 Es mi apetito mayor.
 Ya las paredes falté
 Del convento, ya te ví;
 No es amor quien vive en mí,
 Causa mas oculta fue.
 Cumple mi gusto, ó diré,
 Que tú misma me has llamado,
 Que me has tenido encerrado
 En tu celda muchos dias:
 Y pues las desdichas mias
 Me tienen desesperado,
 Daré voces: Sepan

Julia.

Tente,

Eusebio, mira (¡ay de mí!)
 Pasos siento por aqui,
 Al coro atraviesa gente.
 ¡Cielos, no sé lo que intente!
 Cierra esa celda, y en ella
 Estarás, pues atropella
 Un temor á otro temor.

Eusebio.

¡Qué poderoso es mi amor!

Julia.

¡Qué rigurosa es mi estrella! [*Vanse.*]

Where with fear the world thou fillest,
 Where unhappy men thou killest,
 Where thou work'st weak women's woe.
 Go! nor hope, Eusebio,
 Thy insensate love's fruition,—
 Think with horror and contrition
 Of this sacred place, and fly me.

Eusebio.

Ah! the more thou dost deny me,
 Greater grows my love's ambition.
 I have scaled the walls, my way
 Through the convent led to thee;
 Love no more impelleth me—
 I some subtler law obey.
 Grant my wish, or I shall say,
 That I came by thee here bidden;
 That thou here hast kept me hidden
 In thy cell for many days;
 And, since my misfortunes craze
 This poor brain, despairing, chidden,
 I shall cry out: Know

Julia.

Oh, stay!

Hold, Eusebio! . . . (woe is me!)
 For the nuns' steps, audibly,
 To the choir approach this way.
 Heavens! I know not what to say:—
 Close the cell—the entrance bar—
 Here remain: since oft a far
 Worse fear doth a less remove.

Eusebio.

Oh! how powerful is my love!

Julia.

Oh! how rigorous is my star!

[*Scene closes.*]

VISTA EXTERIOR DEL CONVENTO.

*Salen RICARDO y CELIO.**Ricardo.*

Ya son las tres, mucho tarda.

Celio.

El que goza su ventura,
Ricardo, en la noche obscura,
Nunca el claro sol aguarda.
Yo apuesto que le parece,
Que nunca el sol madrugó
Tanto, y que hoy apresuró
Su curso.

Ricardo.

Siempre amanece

Mas temprano á quien desea,
Pero al que goza mas tarde.

Celio.

No creas, que al sol aguardé,
Que en el oriente se vea.

Ricardo.

Dos horas son ya.

Celio.

No creo,

Que Eusebio lo diga.

Ricardo.

Es justo ;

Porque al fin son de su gusto
Las horas de tu deseo.

Celio.

¿ No sabes lo que he llegado
Hoy, Ricardo, á sospechar ?
Que Julia le envió á llamar.

Ricardo.

Pues si no fuera llamado,
¿ Quién á escalar se atreviera
Un convento ?

OUTSIDE THE CONVENT.

*Enter RICARDO and CELIO.**Ricardo.*

'Tis three o'clock ; he tarries late.

Celio.

He for whom the dark night flies
With love's planet in its skies,
Ne'er the sun's clear beams need wait.
I'll be bound, to him it seems
That the sun gets up to-day
Far too soon, his golden way
Thus forestalling.

Ricardo.

Yes, it beams

Ever early for desire,
Ever late when love is blest.

Celio.

Do not think, though, he will rest
In there till the east's on fire.

Ricardo.

Two hours gone.

Celio.

I would admire,

If he thinks so.

Ricardo.

You are right,

For the hours of his delight
Are the hours of your desire.

Celio.

Do you know, that the suspicion
I have form'd, Ricardo, is
'Tis the lady's wish, not his ?

Ricardo.

If he had not got permission,
Who is there that thus would dare
Convent walls to scale ?

Celio.

¿No has fentido,
Ricardo, á esta parte ruido ?

Ricardo.

Sí.

Celio.

Pues llega la escalera.

Salen por lo alto JULIA y EUSEBIO.*Eusebio.*

Déjame, muger.

Julia.

¿ Pues cuando

Vencida de tus deseos,
Movida de tus suspiros,
Obligada de tus ruegos,
De tu llanto agradecida,
Dos veces á Dios ofendo,
Como á Dios, y como á esposo,
Mis brazos dejas, haciendo
Sin esperanzas desdenes,
Y sin posesion desprecios ?
¿ Dónde vas ?

Eusebio.

Muger, qué intentas ?

Déjame, que voy huyendo
De tus brazos, porque he visto
No sé qué deidad en ellos.
Llamas arrojan tus ojos,
Tus suspiros son de fuego,
Un volcan cada razon,
Un rayo cada cabello,
Cada palabra es mi muerte,
Cada regalo un infierno :
Tantos temores me causá
La Cruz, que he visto en tu pecho ;
Señal prodigiosa ha sido,
Y no permitan los cielos,

Celio.

Dost hear
Sounds, Ricardo, drawing near ?

Ricardo.

Yes.

Celio.

Then place the ladder there.

*JULIA and EUSEBIO appear at the window.**Eusebio.*

Leave me, woman.

Julia.

How ? when I,

By thy fond desirings conquer'd,
Moved to pity by thy sighings,
By thy warm entreaties soften'd,
Doubly have displeas'd the Godhead,
As my God and my espous'd ;
Flying from these arms that lock'd thee,
Dost thou without hope disdain me,
And without possession scorn me ?
Whither goest thou ?

Eusebio.

Woman, leave me,

For I fly those arms that fold me,
Having seen but now within them
Some, I know not what, God's token ;
In each glance a flame is darted,
In each sigh a fire outbloweth,
A volcano every accent,
Lightning every fair tress golden,
In each word my death is mutter'd,
At each fond caress hell opens ;
So much fear that Cross hath caus'd me
Which thy breast reveal'd and show'd
me :
Sign prodigious ! sacred symbol !

Que, aunque tanto los ofenda,
Pierda á la Cruz el respeto.
Pues si la hago testigo
De las culpas que cometo,
¿ Con qué vergüenza después
Llamarla en mi ayuda puedo ?
Quédate en tu religion,
Julia, yo no te desprecio,
Que mas ahora te adoro.

Julia.

Escucha, detente, Eusebio.

Eusebio.

Esta es la escala.

Julia.

Detente,

O llévame allá.

Eusebio.

No puedo, [*Baja.*

Pues que, sin gozar la gloria

Que tanto esperé, te dejo.

Válgame el cielo! cá. [*Cae.*

Ricardo.

Qué ha sido?

Eusebio.

¿ No veis el viento

Poblado de ardientes rayos ?

¿ No mirais sangriento el cielo,

Que todo sobre mí viene ?

¿ Dónde estar seguro puedo,

Si airado el cielo se muestra ?

Divina Cruz, yo os prometo,

Y os hago solemne voto

Con cuantas cláusulas puedo,

De en cualquier parte que os vea,

Las rodillas por el suelo,

Rezar un Ave Maria.

And the heavens allow me nowhere,
Though I so offend, to fail in
Reverence for a sign so holy.
Since if I a witness make it
Of the crimes I dare each moment,
With what shame would I hereafter,
In my hour of need, invoke it ?
Stay, then, Julia, in religion ;
Ah ! indeed I do not scorn thee,
I adore thee more than ever.

Julia.

Oh ! Eusebio, hear me ! hold thee !

Eusebio.

Here's the ladder.

Julia.

Oh ! remain,

Or else take me with you.

Eusebio.

Hopeless [*He descends.*

Is it ; no ; I leave thee here

With my so long-sigh'd-for glory

Unenjoy'd. But, heavens ! I fall.

[*He falls.*

Ricardo.

What has happen'd ?

Eusebio.

See you nowhere

Red bolts peopling all the night wind ?

Do you not behold the gory

Heavens that open to o'erwhelm me ?

Where can I be safe, if o'er me

Heaven displays its awful anger ?

Thee, O Cross divine, I promise,

And a solemn vow I make thee,

With all strictness of devotement,

Wherefoe'er I see thee standing,

Kneeling on the ground before thee,

To recite then a Hail Mary !

[*Levántase, y vanse los tres, dejando la escala puesta.*

Julia.

Turbada y confusa quedo.
 ¿ Aquetas fueron, ingrato,
 Las firmezas ? ¿ Estos fueron
 Los extremos de tu amor ?
 ¿ O son de mi amor extremos ?
 Hasta vencerme á tu gusto,
 Con amenazas, con ruegos,
 Aqui amante, allí tirano,
 Porfiaste; pero luego
 Que de tu gusto y mi pena
 Pudiste llamarte dueño,
 Antes de vencer huíste.
 ¿ Quién, sino tú, venció huyendo ?
 ¿ Muerta soy, cielos piadosos !
 ¿ Por qué introdujo venenos
 Naturaleza, si había,
 Para dar muerte, desprecios ?
 Ellos me quitan la vida ;
 Pues que con nuevo tormento
 Lo que me desprecia busco.
 ¿ Quién vió tan dudoso efecto
 De amor ? Cuando me rogaba
 Con mil lágrimas Eusebio,
 Le dejaba; pero ahora,
 Porque él me deja, le ruego.
 Tales somos las mugeres,
 Que contra nuestros deseos,
 Aun no queremos dar gusto.
 Con lo mismo que queremos.
 Ninguno nos quiera bien,
 Si pretende alcanzar premio ;
 Que queridas despreciamos,
 Y aborrecidas queremos.
 No siento que no me quiera,
 Solo que me deje siento.
 Por aqui cayó, tras él

[*He arises, and the three go out, leaving the ladder in its place.*

Julia (at the window).

In confusion I am lost here.
 Was this then, O thou ungrateful !
 Thy fix'd purpose ? This the whole,
 then,
 Of thy love's excess ? Or is it
 Mine own love's excess absorbs me ?
 Till you conquer'd me to yield you
 All your wish, by threats, by softness,
 Now a lover, now a tyrant,
 You perfited ; but, when wholly
 Of your joy and of my sorrow
 You could call yourself the owner,
 You before the victory fled me ;
 Who but you e'er fled that conquer'd ?
 Ah ! I die ! ye pitying heavens !
 Why has Nature's hand concocted
 Poisons, when contempt she nurtures,
 Which to kill is far more potent ?
 It is *that* that takes my life :
 Since, to add unto my torment,
 That which shuns me I must seek.
 Such effects of love, what mortal
 Ever saw ? For when Eusebio
 Ask'd me, in all forms of fondness,
 Even with tears, I scorn'd him ; now
 Him I ask, because he scorns me.
 Such the nature of us women,
 That against what most we covet,
 We even would not wish to please
 With what would delight our own selves.
 No one loves us well who seems
 To over-value what he hopeth :
 For when we are loved, we scorn,
 When we're scorn'd, our loves strongest.
 Me, his want of love moves not,
 'Tis his leaving me that moves me.

Me arrojaré. ¿ Mas qué es esto ?
 ¿ Esta no es escala ? Sí.
 ¿ Qué terrible pensamiento !
 Detente, imaginacion,
 No me despeñes ; que creo,
 Que si llego á consentir,
 A hacer el delito llego.
 ¿ No saltó Eusebio por mí
 Las paredes del convento ?
 ¿ No me holgué de verle yo
 En tantos peligros puesto
 Por mi causa ? ¿ pues qué dudo ?
 ¿ Qué me acobardo ? ¿ qué temo ?
 Lo mismo haré yo en salir,
 Que él en entrar ; si es lo mismo,
 Tambien se holgará de verme
 Por su causa en tales riesgos.
 Ya por haber consentido,
 La misma culpa merezco ;
 ¿ Pues si es tan grande el pecado,
 Por qué el gusto ha de ser menos ?
 ¿ Si consentí, y me dejé
 Dios de su mano, no puedo
 De una culpa, que es tan grande
 Tener perdon ? ¿ pues qué espero ?

[*Baja por la escala.*]

Al mundo, al honor, á Dios
 Hallo perdido el respeto,
 Cuando á ceguedad tan grande
 Vendados los ojos vuelvo.
 Demonio soy que he caido
 Despeñado deste cielo,
 Pues sin tener esperanza
 De subir, no me arrepiento.
 Ya estoy fuera de sagrado,
 Y de la noche el silencio
 Con su obfcuridad me tiene
 Cubierta de horror y miedo.
 Tan deslumbrada camino,

Here he fell, then after him
 Shall I throw me. But what holds
 here ?
 Is not this the ladder ? Yes.
 What a dreadful thought comes o'er me !
 Stay, imagination, stay ;
 Whelm me not, for faith has told me
 That, when I consent in thought,
 I commit the crime that moment.
 Was it not for me Eusebio
 Scaled the steep walls of my convent ?
 Did I not feel pleased to see him
 Running so much risk to show me
 His regard ? Then what doth fright me ?
 What doth cow me ? Why thus ponder ?
 I will do the same in leaving,
 As in entering, he ; if so then,
 He too will be pleased to see me,
 For his sake, like risks encounter.
 By consenting, I already
 With an equal guilt am loaded ;
 If the sin has been committed,
 Why not with the joy console me ?
 If I've given consent, and God
 Flings me from his hand, 'tis hopeless,
 For a crime so great, to expect
 Pardon ; then why wait ? What holds
 me ? [*She descends the ladder.*]
 For the world, for God, for honour,
 All respect I find I've lost here,
 When I turn my hooded eyes
 Round upon this darksome prospect ;
 I'm a demon that has fallen
 From this heaven serene and spotless,
 Since, all hope being gone, to rise there
 No repentant instinct prompts me.
 I am out of sanctuary,
 And the silent night involves me,
 With its darkness, in a net-work

Que en las tinieblas tropiezo,
 Y aun no caigo en mi pecado.
 ¿Dónde voy? ¿qué hago? ¿qué intento?
 Con la muda confusión
 De tantos horrores temo,
 Que se me altera la sangre,
 Que se me eriza el cabello.
 Turbada la fantasía,
 En el aire forma cuerpos,
 Y sentencias contra mí
 Pronuncia la voz del eco.
 El delito, que antes era
 Quien me animaba soberbio,
 Es quien me acobarda ahora.
 Apenas las plantas puedo
 Mover, que el mismo temor
 Grillos á mis pies ha puesto.
 Sobre mis hombros parece
 Que carga un prolijo peso,
 Que me oprime, y toda yo
 Estoy cubierta de hielo.
 No quiero pasar de aquí,
 Quiero volverme al convento,
 Donde de aqueste pecado
 Alcance perdon; pues creo
 De la clemencia divina,
 Que no hay luces en el cielo,
 Que no hay en el mar arenas,
 No hay átomos en el viento,
 Que, fumados todos juntos,
 No sean número pequeño
 De los pecados que sabe
 Dios perdonar. Pasos siento,
 A esta parte me retiro
 En tanto que pasan; luego
 Subiré, sin que me vean.

[Retirase.]

Of intensest fear and horror.
 So bereft of light I wander,
 That, at every step I totter,
 Stray from all things but my sin.
 Whither go I? With what object?
 I am fearful, in the silent
 Throng of horrors that enfold me,
 That my hair will stand on end soon,
 That my heart's blood will be frozen.
 On the air perturbèd fancy
 Phantoms and strange spectres formeth;
 And, in sentencing me, sounds
 Echo's voice austere and solemn:
 The offence, which was erewhile
 That which so my pride embolden'd,
 Makes a coward of me now.
 I can scarcely move my footsteps,
 Scarce can drag my feet, for fear
 Hangs its heavy fetters on them.
 An oppressive weight appears
 To be placed upon my shoulders,
 Which doth weigh me down; and I
 All with ice am cover'd over.
 No! I will not further go,
 I will back unto my convent.
 Where for this sin I may ask
 Pardon, since such faith I foster
 In the clemency divine,
 That the stars that light heaven yonder,
 That the sands upon the shore,
 That the atoms of the mote-beams,
 All together join'd, would be,
 I believe, but a faint token
 Of the number of the sins
 God can pardon.—Steps approach here!
 I shall to this side retire
 Until they have pass'd and gone hence;
 Then I shall ascend unseen.

[Retires.]

Salen RICARDO y CELIO.

Ricardo.

Con el espanto de Eusebio
Aqui se quedó la escala,
Y ahora por ella vuelvo,
No aclarare el día, y la vean
A esta pared.

[*Quitán la escala y vanse, y JULIA
llega donde estaba la escala.*

Julia.

Ya fe fueron ;

Ahora podré subir,
Sin que me sientan. Qué es esto ?
¿ No es aquesta la pared
De la escala ? Pero creo,
Que hácia estotra parte está.
Ni aqui tampoco está. Cielos !
¿ Cómo he de subir sin ella ?
Mas ya mi desdicha entiendo ;
Esta fuerte me negais
La entrada vuestra, pues creo,
Que, cuando quiero subir
Arrepentida, no puedo.
Pues si ya me habeis negado
Vuestra clemencia, mis hechos
De muger desesperada
Darán asombros al cielo,
Darán espantos al mundo,
Admiracion á los tiempos,
Horror al mismo pecado,
Y terror al mismo infierno.

Enter RICARDO and CELIO.

Ricardo.

In Eusebio's fright, forgotten
Here the ladder has remain'd ;
And to take it, I now come here,
Left at dawn of day they fee it
On this wall.

[*Exeunt, taking the ladder. JULIA
returns to the place where it
stood.*

Julia.

They've gone : now softly,

Unperceived I may ascend.
How is this, though ? Is it not here,
In this part of the wall, the ladder
Stood this moment ? In this other
Place, I think, then it must be :—
No, nor here 'tis. Heavens above me !
How can I ascend without it ?
Ah ! I now know my misfortune ;
In this way you would all entrance
Bar against me, since it shows me
That when I would wish, repentant,
To ascend, the attempt were hopeless.
Since then you have thus denied me
Your soft clemency, the bold deeds
Of a woman's desperation,
Shall the heavens scare that behold
them,
Make the world that sees them tremble,
Fill futurity with wonder,
Strike even sin itself with horror,
And shock hell even to the lowest.



JORNADA III.

MONTE.

Sale GIL con muchas Cruces, y una muy grande al pecho.

Gil.

DOR leña á este monte voy,
Que Menga me lo ha mandado,
Y para ir seguro, he hallado
Una brava invencion hoy.
De la Cruz, dicen, que es
Devoto Eusebio; y así
He salido armado aqui
De la cabeza á los pies.
Dicho y hecho; ¡él es par diez!
No encuentro, lleno de miedo,
Donde estar seguro puedo;
Sin alma quedo. Esta vez
No me ha visto, yo quisiera
Esconderme hácia este lado,
Mientras pasa; yo he tomado
Por guarda una cambronera
Para esconderme. ¡No es nada!
Tanta pua es la mas chica:
¡Plégnete Cristo! mas pica,
Que perder una trocada,
Mas que sentir un desprecio
De una dama Fierabras,

ACT III.

A WILD FOREST IN THE MOUNTAIN.

Enter GIL, having his dress covered with numerous Crosses, and with a large one on his breast.

Gil.

THROUGH these wilds for
wood I stray,
Driven abroad by Menga's
dunning;
So, to go secure, a cunning
Stratagem I've plann'd to-day.
This Eusebio is, I hear,
Still to the Cross devout, and so,
Thus all arm'd from top to toe,
Forth I venture without fear:—
Well and good. He's there, by Jove!
Looking glum and this way friding,
And there's not a spot to hide in!
Oh! I cannot breathe or move!
But he sees me not, this thickly
Twisted thorn-bush here may screen
me.
Oh! for something soft between me
And these sharp points bare and prickly!
Backwards, frontwards, under, over,
Where I stand the thorns are pricking,
Where I fit the thorns are sticking;
Ah! 'tis plain I'm not in clover,

Que á todos admite, y mas
Que tener zelos de un necio.

Sale EUSEBIO.

Eusebio.

No sé adonde podré ir ;
Larga vida un triste tiene,
Que nunca la muerte viene
A quien le cansa el vivir.
Julia, yo me ví en tus brazos ;
Cuando tan dichoso era,
Que de tus brazos pudiera
Hacer amor nuevos lazos.
Sin gozar al fin déjé
La gloria que no tenia ;
Mas no fue la causa mia,
Causa mas secreta fue ;
Pues teniendo mi albedrío,
Superior efecto ha hecho,
Que yo respete en tu pecho
La Cruz que tengo en el mio.
Y pues con ella los dos,
¡ Ay Julia ! habemos nacido,
Secreto misterio ha sido,
Que lo entiende solo Dios.

Gil (aparte).

Mucho pica, ya no puedo
Mas sufrillo.

Eusebio.

Entre estos ramos

Hay gente. ¿ Quién va ?

Gil.

Aquí echamos

A perder todo el enredo.

Though the grass is thick about me,
Better bear with conscience gnawing,
Better bear a fool's hee-hawing,
Or a scolding woman flout me.
[Conceals himself.]

Enter EUSEBIO.

Eusebio.

Still my days are dark and dreary,
Still along life's road I go,
Careless whither, death is slow
Only to the life-awearry.
Julia, O, my hoped-for wife !
When within thy arms I found me,
Then might love have twined around
me
Garlands new to deck my life ;
But the glory I repell'd,
Fled the untasted joy I fought,
Not through mine own strength me-
thought,
No, some secret force compell'd,
Since my will I could resign
To that mightier power protecting,
On thy beauteous breast respecting
That same Cross that's stamp'd on mine.
Then, since Heaven was pleas'd to send
Thee and me thus sign'd to earth,
Some strange mystery marks our birth
God alone doth comprehend.

Gil (aside).

Ah ! I'm prick'd in every joint ;
More I can't endure !

Eusebio.

Quite near

Sounds a voice :—Who's there ?

Gil.

I'm here,

Quite made up on every point.

Eusebio (aparte).

Un hombre á un árbol atado,
Y una Cruz al cuello tiene ;
Cumplir mi voto conviene
En el suelo arrodillado.

Gil.

¿ A quién, Eusebio, enderezas
La oracion, ú de qué tratas ?
Si me adoras, ¿ qué me atas ?
Si me atas, ¿ qué me rezas ?

Eusebio.

¿ Quién es ?

Gil.

¿ A Gil no conoces ?

Desde que con el recado
Aqui me dejaste atado,
No han aprovechado voces
Para que alguien (¡ qué rigor !)
Me llegase á defatar.

Eusebio.

Pues no es aqueste el lugar
Donde te dejé.

Gil.

Señor,

Es verdad ; mas yo que ví
Que nadie llegaba, he andado,
De árbol en árbol atado,
Hasta haber llegado aqui.
Aquesta la causa fue
De sucefo tan extraño.

Eusebio (aparte).

Este es simple, y de mi daño
Cualquier sucefo fabré.—
Gil, yo te tengo aficion,
Desde que otra vez hablamos,
Y aqui quiero que seamos
Amigos.

Eusebio (afide).

Ah! a man to a tree is bound,
On his breast's a Cross, I now
Must fulfil my solemn vow,
Humbly kneeling on the ground.

[*Kneels.*

Gil.

Who, sir, do you kneel before ?
Do you mean to deify me ?
If you adore me, why do you tie me ?
If you tie me, why adore ?

Eusebio.

Say, who *are* you ?

Gil.

Not know Gil ?

Since the time you left me tied here
With the message, I have cried here
Without stint, out loud and shrill,
That some kind hand from this cord
Would release me. (What a case !)

Eusebio.

But then this is not the place
That I left you in.

Gil.

My lord,

That is true ; but when 'twas clear
None would come, it seem'd to me
Best, thus tied, from tree to tree
On to glide, till I came here.
That's the simple explanation
Of so strange a circumstance.

Eusebio (afide).

Through this simpleton perchance
I may get some information
Of my loss.—Gil, I was quite
Taken with your worth when we
Last time met, so let us be
Friends henceforth.

Gil.

Tiene razon ;

Y quisiera, pues nos vemos
Tan amigos, no ir allá,
Sino andarme por acá,
Pues aqui todos feremos
Buñoleros, que diz que es
Holgada vida, y no andar
Todo el año á trabajar.

Eusebio.

Quédate conmigo pues.

*Salen RICARDO y Bandoleros, y traen
á JULIA vestida de hombre y cubierto
el rostro. [*Salen RICARDO, y
JULIA, de hombre ; un PINTOR, un
POETA, y un ASTROLOGO.†]*

Ricardo.

En lo bajo del camino,
Que esta montaña atraviesa,
Ahora hicimos una presa,
Que segun es, imagino,
Que te dé gusto.

Eusebio.

Está bien,

Luego della trataremos.

Gil.

You say quite right ;—

And I'd wish, since friendship's tether
Binds us so, to go not near
My old cabin, but stay here
Bundoleering all together.
'Tis a pleasant life, they say,
Not a stroke of work or bother
From one year's end to the other.

Eusebio.

Then with me you here may stay.

*Enter RICARDO and the other brigands,
leading in JULIA, dressed in man's
clothes, and having her face covered.
[*Enter RICARDO, and JULIA as aman ;
a POET, a PAINTER, and an ASTRO-
LOGER.†]*

Ricardo.

On the road that 'neath heaven's cope
O'er this rugged mountain rises,
We to-day have made some prizes
Of such value that I hope
They may please you.

Eusebio.

Right, we'll see

Soon to that, but now behold

* Commencement of the scene in the edition of Huefca.

† As mentioned in the introduction to this drama, *La Devocion de la Cruz* was first published in the *Parte Veinte y Ocho de Comedias de Varios Autores* (Huefca 1634), under the title of *La Cruz en la Sepultura*, and as the work of Lope de Vega. Señor Hartzembusch mentions that this, the earliest impression, exhibits many variations from the received text, which are of greater or lesser importance. In this place an entirely new scene is introduced, which is not to be found in the edition of Vera Tassis or in the later editions. This scene he prints in the notes to his Calderon. It was probably omitted from the acted play, as needlessly breaking the continuity of the plot. Though slightly imperfect, it is sufficiently curious to be preserved, and I have therefore introduced it [between brackets] into the text both of the original and translation. Señor Hartzembusch also prints the portion of this scene (in the edition of Huefca), which is nearly the same as that in the later editions. A few of the verbal differences that exist between them, I have drawn attention to below.—See Hartzembusch's "Calderon," *Notas y Ilustraciones*, t. iv. p. 701.

Sabe ahora, que tenemos
Un nuevo soldado.

Ricardo.

¿Quién?

Gil.

Gil; ¿no me ve?

Eusebio.

Este villano,

Aunque le veis inocente,
Conoce notablemente
Esta tierra monte y llano,
Y en él será nuestra guía:
Fuera desto, al campo irá
Del enemigo, y será
En él mi perdida espía.
Arcabuz le podeis dar,
Y un vestido.

*Celio.**

Ya está aquí.

Gil.

Tengan lástima de mí,
Que me quedo á embandolear.†

[*Eusebio.*

¿Quien eres tu?

Pintor.

Yo, señor,

Soy de nacion jinoves;
A Florencia paño, y es
Mi ejercicio el de pintor.
Llevo a Celio Batistela,
Un florentin poderoso,
Aqueste retrato hermoso,
Que es de Madama Florela;
Que el me mandó que lo hiciese.

Eusebio.

Muestra, a ver. ¡ Hermosa dama!
¿ Como dice qui? *Madama*

A new comrade, just enroll'd
In our gallant troop.

Ricardo.

Who's he?

Gil.

Don't you see me? Gil.

Eusebio.

This swain,

Though so innocent appearing,
Knows each natural bound and mearing
Of this land here, hill and plain;
He will be our guide by-and-by
Through it, nay, he will repair
To the enemy's camp, and there
Act the desperate part of spy.—
Give him then an arquebuss,
And a soldier's dress.

*Celio.**

They're here.

Gil.

Woe the day that I appear
Robber-raw-recruited thus!

[*Eusebio.*

Who art thou?

Painter.

Sir, my confession

I can make to you with ease:—
I'm by birth a Genoese,
And a painter by profession.
I to Celio Batistela,
Of Florence, this fine picture bear
Of a lady young and fair,
Call'd Madama la Florela,
By him order'd, to him sold.

Eusebio.

Let me see it. A fair dame
Truly! but why write her name

* "Ricardo." Huefca Edition.

† "á bandolear." Huefca Edition.

*Florela.**Gil.*

Oye : el cuento es efe
De un pintor que hizo un retrato
De un gato ; y porque supiese
De quien era quien le viese,
Puso abajo : “ Aqueste es gato.”

Pintor.

No es defeto en la pintura
Traer escrito su nombre ;
Que nadie habra a quien no afombre
Esta imitada figura.
Y yo soy el que pintar
Enseño los naturales
Arboles y frutas, tales
Que se pueden admirar
Los hombres ; pues cuando imito
La variedad, y la veo
Queda sin hambre el defeo,
Sin defeo el apetito.

Eusebio.

Si en ti perfeccion tan bella
Ha alcanzado la pintura,
Gran genero de locura
Es no aprovecharte della,
Atalde aqui ; y si mirare
La variedad de las flores,
Dadle paleta y colores ;
Coma de lo que pintare.

Ricardo.

Vamos.

Gil.

Llevad de camino
Aquesta epigrama brava
Que * * * * *
Hizo un ingenio divino,—
“ Galanes, damas hermosas,
Baratas fueles vender,
Saliendo de tu poder

'Neath it?

Gil.

Lift ! a tale doth run
Of a painter to whom fat
For her picture Pufs : below her,
So that every one might know her,
He inscribed, “ This is a cat.”

Painter.

No defect is't in a painting
That it should its own name bear ;
Here's a figure, howsoe'er,
One can gaze at without fainting.
I am he who taught the art
Of depicting fruits and trees
After Nature : 'they so please
Those that see them, that they start,
Wondering at them. My own sight,
Feeding on their fair variety,
Makes me surfeit to satiety,
Takes the edge off appetite.

Eusebio.

If to such extreme perfection
Painting hath progress'd with thee,
'Tis a great absurdity
Not to use it for refection.
Tie him there : no fear he faints,
Flowers to him are like a salad ;
Give him some colours and a pallet,
Let him eat of what he paints.

Ricardo.

Let us go.

Gil.

And on the way,
Take with you this clever epigram,
Which * * * * *
A great genius made one day :—
“ Fabio, a many an hour,
To gallants and ladies fair,
Things you sell, nor rich nor rare

Estas y otras muchas cosas.
 Fabio, con mano no escafa
 Pon tu mujer en la tienda,
 Que aunque mil veces se venda
 Siempre se te queda en casa."

Eusebio.

Tu, ¿quien eres ?

Astrologo.

Señor, soy

Astrologo.

Eusebio.

Buen oficio.

Astrologo.

Aunque se tiene por vicio ;
 Pero ahora a Francia voy
 A enseñar astrologia.

Eusebio.

¿Y tu la sabes ?

Astrologo.

Yo he sido

Quien los pasos ha medido
 Al sol que ilumina el dia.

Eusebio.

Si pudo tu ciencia ver
 Tanto, ¿por que no previno
 Lo que en aqueste camino
 Te habia de suceder ?

Astrologo.

Ya tenia yo mirado
 Que en el camino que figo
 Habia de topar contigo.

Eusebio.

Pues dime que has alcanzado
 De lo que he de hacer aqui.

Astrologo.

Ya he visto en efetos llanos
 Que he de morir a tus manos.

Eusebio.

Vete libre, por que asi

Which must pass from out your power.
 Put into your shop your spouse,—
 Wondrous then will grow your self,
 Since, though oft she sells herself,
 Still she never leaves your house.

Eusebio.

Thou, who art thou ?

Astrologer.

Sir, I am

An astrologer.

Eusebio.

A good employment.

Astrologer.

Yes, it's not without enjoyment :
 I am going to France to cram
 Pupils in the starry art.

Eusebio.

And you know it ?

Astrologer.

I am one

Who hath track'd the path of the sun
 Through the heavens as on a chart.

Eusebio.

If your vision is so clear,
 Why did you foresee not, say,
 As you journey'd on your way,
 What would happen to you here ?

Astrologer.

Nought of that, sir, was conceal'd,
 For I knew by destiny
 I was doom'd to meet with thee.

Eusebio.

Tell me what has been reveal'd
 Of thy fate here now with me.

Astrologer.

I have learn'd my fate commands
 That I perish by thy hands.

Eusebio.

Then, to prove fate wrong, go free.

Conozcas de tu ignorancia
El error, que desde el suelo
No se ha de medir el cielo,
Que es infinita distancia.

Gil.

Escúcheme. A un licenciado
En estrellas, mató un día
Una bestia : así decía
Adonde estaba enterrado :
“ Yace un astrólogo, cuya
Ciencia a todos anunciaba
La fuerte, y nunca acertaba
A pronosticar la fuya.
Un cadáver vió en cenizas
Su cadáver : que desvelo
Tal entender pudo el cielo
Mas no a las caballerizas.”

Eusebio.

¿ Y tu ?

Poeta.

Español ; mi ejercicio
Hacer versos : soy poeta
En efeto ; que esta feta
Algunos la han hecho oficio.

Eusebio.

Muchos he oido decir
Que ocupan aquella parte.

Gil.

Como se escriben sin arte,
Son fáciles de escribir.

Poeta.

¿ Que mas arte han de tener,
Señor, que haber de agradar
Entero á todo un lugar
Pues jueces vienen á ser
El discreto, y ignorante,
Que juzgan sin atencion
De mirar a cuyos son ;
Pues quieren que un principiante

Thus thou'lt know thine auguries
Are but error's monstrous birth,
Knowing little of the earth,
Knowing nothing of the skies.

Gil.

Hear me. A licentiate, read
In all star-lore, by a horse
Once was kill'd, and o'er the corse
Where 'twas buried this was said :—
“ An astrologer, o'erthrown
By his steed, here lies : he told
Death-days round to young and old,
But could never tell his own.
The first corse (so runs the fable)
That met *his* exclaim'd, ‘ My eyes !
You that understood the skies,
To know nothing of the stable ! ’ ”

Eusebio.

Thou art too . . . ?

Poet.

A Spaniard : my
Business to write verse ; in fact
I'm a poet : few can act
Better in that way than I.

Eusebio.

There are many who, like you,
Try to play the poet's part.

Gil.

Those who scribble without art
Find it easy work to do.

Poet.

Why, what greater art can be
Than to tickle a whole town,
Please the tastes of clerk and clown,
Since your judges they must be—
Wife and foolish, faint and sinner,
Passing sentence like omniscience,
Heedless of their own deficiency ;
Who require too a beginner

Tenga el mismo estylo y ciencia
Que un anciano, sin mirar
Que á eso se han de aventajar
Ochenta años de experiencia ?

Eusebio.

En tus razones se ve
Que siempre en vosotros lida
Envidia y pasión.

Poeta.

Si envidia

Quien no tiene para qué
Dejen de envidiarme á mi.

Eusebio.

* * * *

Con irte vivo y dejarte.

Gil.

Copla hay tambien para ti.
De la comedia es dudoso,
En fin : que indeterminado,
Lo que al ignorante agrado,
Cansa al fin al ingenioso,
Busca, Lifardo, otros modos,
Si fama quieres ganar ;
Que es difícil de cortar
Vestidos que venga á todos.]

Eusebio.

¿ Quién es este gentil hombre,
Que el rostro encubre ?

Ricardo.

No ha sido

Posible, que haya querido
Decir la patria, ni el nombre ;
Porque al Capitan no mas
Dice que lo ha de decir.

Should have the same skill and style
Of one older in such matters,
Not reflecting on the latter's
Eighty years' use of the file ?

Eusebio.

From your arguments 'tis seen
How for ever with you dwell
Spleen and envy.

Poet.

If to swell

'Gainst injustice be call'd spleen,
I'm content it so should be.

Eusebio.

* * * *

Go, I let thee live, be off !

Gil.

Take this rhyme along with thee :—
Since, howe'er the poet tries,
Doubtful is his drama's fate,
For what may the crowd elate,
The judicious may despise.
If you're seeking for fame's prizes,
Try some method less remote,
For 'tis hard to cut a coat
That will suit all sorts of sizes.*]

Eusebio.

Who's this gentleman, whose aim
Is to hide his face ?

Ricardo.

In vain

Have we ask'd him to explain
What's his country or his name ;
To the captain of our band
These he only will avow.

* "If this mutilated and erroneously attributed fragment," says Señor Hartzenbusch, "is Calderon's, *The Devotion of the Cross* must be one of his earliest dramas, written probably when he was a student at Salamanca, where he remained till his nineteenth year."

† "y quien es el gentil hombre," &c. Huesca Ed.

Eusebio.

Bien te puedes descubrir,
Pues ya en mi presencia estás.*

Julia.

¿ Sois el Capitan ?

Eusebio.

Sí.

Julia (aparte).

¡ Ay Dios !

Eusebio.

Dime quien eres, y á qué
Víniste.

Julia.

Yo lo diré,

Estando solos los dos.

Eusebio.

Retiraos todos un poco.

[*Vanse, y quedan los dos solos.*]

Ya estás á solas conmigo,
Solo árboles y flores
Pueden ser mudos testigos
De tus voces ; quita el velo
Con que cubierto has traído
El rostro, y dime : ¿ quién eres ?
¿ Dónde vas ? ¿ qué has pretendido ?
Habla.

Julia.

Porque de una vez

[*Saca la espada.*]

Sepas á lo que he venido,
Y quien soy, saca la espada ;
Pues desta manera digo,
Que soy quien viene á matarte.

Eusebio.

Con la defensa resisto
Tu osadía y mi temor,
Porque mayor habia sido

* " *Con el capitan estas.*" Huefca Ed.

Eusebio.

Then you may declare them now,
Since before his face you stand.

Julia.

Are you the captain ?

Eusebio.

True.

Julia (aside).

Too true !

Eusebio.

Tell me who you are, and why
You have come here.

Julia.

I'll reply

When we are alone, we two.

Eusebio.

All of you retire awhile.

[*Exeunt all but JULIA and EUSEBIO.*]

Now that thou'rt alone here with me,
Having only trees and flowers
Silently to look and listen
To thy words, remove the veil
With which cover'd thou hast hidden
Half thy face, and say who art thou,
Whither goest thou, here what brings
thee ;—

Speak !

Julia.

That you may know at once

[*Draws her sword.*]

What it is that brings me hither,
Who I am too, draw thy sword ;
Since I mean to say in *this* way
That to kill thee I have come here.

Eusebio.

In defence I make resistance
To thy daring and my doubt,
Since it seems to me that bigger

De la acción, que de la voz.

Julia.

Riñe, cobarde, conmigo,
Y verás, que con tu muerte
Vida y confusión te quito.

Eusebio.

Yo por defenderme mas,
Que por ofenderte, riño;
Que ya tu vida me importa,
Pues si en este desafío
Te mato, no sé por qué,
Y si me matas, lo mismo.
Descúbrete ahora pues,
Si te agrada.

Julia.

Bien has dicho,
Porque en venganzas de honor,
Sino es que consiste el castigo
Al que fué ofensor, no queda
Satisfecho el ofendido. [*Descúbrese.*]
¿ Conóceme? ¿ qué te espantas?
¿ Qué me miras?

Eusebio.

Que rendido
A la verdad y á la duda,
En confusos desvaríos,
Me espanto de lo que veo,
Me asombro de lo que miro.

Julia.

Ya me has visto.

Eusebio.

Si, y de verte
Mi confusión ha crecido
Tanto, que si ántes de ahora
Alterados mis sentidos
Descararon verte, ya
Desengañados, lo mismo,
Que dieran antes por verte,

Is thine action, than thy voice.

Julia.

Fight then, coward, fight then with me,
And thou'lt see that with thy death
Life and doubt at once shall quit thee.

Eusebio.

I in my defence, much more
Than for thy least hurt, fight with thee,
Feeling even now an interest
In thy life; since if I kill thee
In this strife, I know not wherefore,
And 'tis so if me thou killest.
Then discover thyself now,
If it please thee.

Julia.

Thou speak'st wisely,
Since, when honour cries for vengeance,
If the hand of the chaster
Is unknown unto the wronger,
Full revenge is not inflicted.

[*She discovers herself.*]

Dost thou know me? Whence this terror?
Why thus gaze?

Eusebio.

Because bewilder'd,
Lost in mingled truth and doubt,
In confusions so conflicting,
I am shock'd at what I see,
I am scared at what I witness.

Julia.

Well, thou'st seen me.

Eusebio.

Yes, and seeing thee
So with new confusion fills me
That if but a moment hence
My disturb'd and doubting wishes
Long'd to see thee, even already
Disabused, they now would give here
The same price to see thee not,

Dieran por no haberte visto.
 ¿ Tú, Julia, en aqeste monte ?
 ¿ Tú con profano vestido,
 Dos veces violento en tí ?
 ¿ Cómo sola aqui has venido ?
 ¿ Qué es esto ?

Julia.

Desprecios tuyos

Son, y defengaños míos.
 Y porque veas, que es flecha
 Disparada, ardiente tiro,
 Veloz rayo, una muger,
 Que corre tras su apetito,
 No solo me han dado gusto
 Los pecados cometidos
 Hasta ahora, mas tambien
 Me le dan, si los repito.
 Salí del convento, fui
 Al monte, y porque me dijo
 Un pastor, que mal guiada
 Iba por aquel camino,
 Neciamente temerosa,
 Por evitar mi peligro,
 Le aseguré, y le di muerte,
 Siendo instrumento un cuchillo,
 Que él en su cinta traía.
 Con este, que fue ministro
 De la muerte, á un caminante,
 Que cortesmente previno
 En las ancas de un caballo,
 A tanto cansancio alivio,
 A la vista de una aldea,
 Porque entrar en ella quiso,
 Le pagué en un despoblado
 Con la muerte el beneficio.
 Tres dias fueron, y noches
 Los que aquel desierto me hizo
 Mesa de silvestres plantas,
 Lecho de peñascos frios.

That to see thee they'd have given.
 Thou here, Julia, in this mountain ?
 Thou, profanely dress'd, committest
 Thus a two-fold sacrilege
 'Gainst thyself: why hast thou hither
 Come alone? What's this?

Julia.

Thy scorn

And my disillusion is it:—
 And to show thee that an arrow
 Shot in air, a burning missile,
 A swift lightning-bolt's a woman
 Who to passion doth submit her,
 Not alone do I feel pleasure
 In the sins I have committed
 Until now, but I do even
 Feel it in their repetition.
 I my convent left, and fled
 To the mountain, where a simple
 Shepherd having said I was taking
 The wrong pathway through the thicket,
 Him, through foolish fearfulness,
 And to silence thus a witness
 Of my flight, I put to death,
 A rude knife, which at his girdle
 Hung suspended, being the weapon.
 With this weapon, the inflicter
 Thus of death, a traveller,
 Who had courteously provided,
 On the haunches of his horse,
 Rest for my long-travell'd tiredness,
 When we came in sight of a village,
 Him, because he wish'd to bide there,
 In a lonely place I paid
 Back with death for all his kindness.
 Three long days and nights I spent
 In that desert, which provided
 With its cold rocks for my bed,
 For my scant food with its wild herbs.

Llegué á una pobre cabaña,
 A cuyo techo pajizo
 Juzgué pavellon dorado
 En la paz de mis sentidos.
 Liberal huésped fue
 Una ferrana conmigo,
 Compiendo en los deseos
 Con el pastor su marido.
 A la hambre y al canfancio
 Dejé en su albergue rendidos
 Con buena mesa, aunque pobre,
 Manjar, aunque humilde, limpio.
 Pero al despedirme dellos,
 Habiendo antes prevenido,
 Que al buscarme no pudiesen
 Decir: "nosotros la vimos;"
 Al cortés pastor, que al monte
 Salió á enseñarme el camino,
 Maté, y entré donde luego
 Hago en su muger lo mismo.
 Mas considerando entonces,
 Que en el propio trage mio
 Mi pesquisidor llevaba,
 Mudármele determino.
 Al fin, pues, por varios casos,
 Con las armas y el vestido
 De un cazador, cuyo sueño,
 No imagen, trasunto vivo
 Fué de la muerte, llegué
 Aquí, venciendo peligros,
 Despreciando inconvenientes,
 Y atropellando designios.

Eusebio.

Con tanto afombro te escucho,
 Con tanto temor te miro,
 Que eres al oido encanto,
 Si á la vista basilisco.
 Julia, yo no te desprecio,
 Pero temo los peligros

I approach'd a lowly cabin,
 Whose straw roof appear'd to glisten,
 To my tired and languid spirits,
 Lovelier than a gold pavillion.
 There a shepherd's wife the part
 Play'd of liberal hostess with me,
 Rivalling the swain, her husband,
 In all kindly acts and wishes.
 Weariness and hunger long
 Could not in that lodging linger,
 With its food though lowly, clean,
 With its fare so good, though simple;
 But at leaving I determined,
 With a fatal fix'd prevision,
 That to my pursuers never
 Should they say, "Yes, here we hid her."
 So I slew the courteous shepherd
 Who had come some way to guide me
 Through the mountain, and returning,
 Did the same thing to his wife there.
 But considering that I carried
 A detector and a spier
 In mine own dress, I determined
 In another to disguise me.
 And at length, with various fortune,
 In the arms and the equipment
 Of a hunter, whose sound slumber
 No mere fancied type or image
 Was of death, I here have wander'd,
 Conquering every risk and hindrance,
 Every obstacle despising,
 Trampling all that would resist me.

Eusebio.

With such terror do I see thee,
 With such horror do I listen,
 To my sight thou art a basilisk,
 To my hearing thou'rt bewitchment;
 I do not despise thee, Julia,
 But I fear the sure though hidden

Con que el cielo me amenaza,
Y por éso me retiro.
Vuélvete tú á tu convento ;
Que yo temeroso vivo
De ésa Cruz tanto, que huyo
De tí.—¿ Mas qué es este ruido ?

Salen los Bandoleros.

Ricardo.

Preven, señor, la defenfa ;
Que apartados del camino,
Al monte Curcio y su gente
En busca tuya han salido.
De todas ésas aldeas
Tanto el número ha crecido,
Que han venido contra tí
Viejos, mugeres y niños,
Diciendo, que ha de vengar
En tu sangre la de un hijo
Muerto á tus manos, y jura
De llevarte por castigo,
O por venganza de tantos,
Preso á Sena, muerto ó vivo.

Eusebio.

Julia, despues hablaremos.
Cubre el rostro, y ven conmigo ;
Que no es bien, que en poder quedes
De tu padre y mi enemigo.—
Soldados, éste es el día
De mostrar aliento y brio.
Porque ninguno desfaye,
Confidere, que atrevidos
Vienen á darnos la muerte,
O prendernos, que es lo mismo :
Y si no, en pública cárcel,
De desdichas perseguidos,
Y sin honra nos veremos.

Dangers with which Heaven doth threat
me,
Therefore must I not stay with thee.
Thou return unto thy convent ;
For such holy awe doth give me
That strange Crofs of thine, I fly
From thee.—But what noise comes
hither ?

Enter RICARDO and other bandits.

Ricardo.

Sir, prepare for thy defence,—
For, departing from the highway,
Curcio and his people all
Up the mountain's sides are climbing ;
For from all these villages
Hath increased so his enlistment,
That against thee now come on
Even the old men, women, children,
Saying that he comes for vengeance
In thy blood, for a son death-stricken
By thy hands, and he has vow'd
For thy chastisement to bring thee,
Or for his revenge, in chains
To Siena, dead or living.

Eusebio.

Julia, more we'll speak anon,
Veil thy face now and come with me,
Lest thou fall into the hands
Of my enemy and thy fire here.—
Soldiers, this is now the day
To display your strength and spirit !
That no craven heart be here,
Think that these expectant victors
Hither come to give us death,
Or, what's worse, to make us prisoners ;
If so in a public gaol,
By a thousand ills afflicted,
Without honour we shall see us.

Pues si esto hemos conocido,
 ¡ Por la vida, y por la honra,
 Quién temió el mayor peligro?
 No pienfen que los tememos,
 Salgamos á recibirlos;
 Que siempre está la fortuna
 De parte del atrevido.

Ricardo.

No hay que salir; que ya llegan
 A nosotros.

Eusebio.

Preveníos,
 Y ninguno sea cobarde;
 Que, vive el cielo! si miro
 Huir alguno ó retirarse,
 Que he de esfangrentar los filos
 De aqueste acero en su pecho
 Primero que en mi enemigo.

Dentro CURCIO.

Curcio.

En lo encubierto del monte
 Al traidor Eusebio he visto,
 Y para inútil defensa
 Hace murallas sus riscos.

Voces (dentro).

Ya entre las espesas ramas
 Desde aquí los descubrimos.

Julia.

¡ A ellos!

[*Vase.*

Eusebio.

Esperad, villanos;
 Que ¡ vive Dios! que teñidos
 Con vuestra sangre los campos
 Han de ser undosos rios.

Ricardo.

De los cobardes villanos
 Es el número excesivo.

If then this we have admitted,
 Who is there for life, for honour,
 That will fear the greater risk here?
 Let them think not that we fear them;
 Let us forth and meet them first then,
 Since is fortune on the side
 Ever of the boldest spirits.

Ricardo.

There's no need to go, for they
 Are already here.

Eusebio.

Be firm then,
 And let no one play the coward;
 For, as Heaven lives! if I witness
 One of you or fly or falter,
 I my sword's edge shall encrimson
 In his heart's blood, rather than
 In the enemy's that I fight with.

Curcio (within).

Curcio.

In the heart here of the mountain,
 I have seen Eusebio hidden,
 And the wretch, in vain defence,
 Makes a rampart of these cliffs here.

Voices (within).

Through these thick o'erhanging boughs
 We already can descry them.

Julia.

On them!

[*Exit.*

Eusebio.

Wait for us, base peasants!
 For, as God doth live! besprinkled
 With your blood, the fields shall run
 Rippling red like wavy rivers.

Ricardo.

Very numerous is the crowd
 Of these craven herds and hinds here.

Curcio (dentro).
¿ Adónde, Eusebio, te escondes ?

Eusebio.
No me escondo, que ya te figo.
[*Vanse todos, y disparan arcabuces dentro.*

Sale JULIA.

Julia.
Del monte que yo he buscado
Apenas las yerbas piso,
Cuando horribles voces oigo,
Marciales campañas miro :
De la pólvora los ecos,
Y del acero los filos,
Unos ofenden la vista,
Y otros turban el oído.
¿ Mas qué es aquello que veo ?
Desbaratado y vencido
Todo el escuadron de Eusebio
Le deja ya al enemigo.
Quiero volver á juntar
Toda la gente que ha habido
De Eusebio, y volver á darle
Favor ; que si los animo,
Seré en su defensa asombro
Del mundo, será cuchillo
De la Parca, esfrago fiero
De sus vidas, vengativo
Espanto de los futuros,
Y admiracion de estos siglos. [*Vase.*

Sale GIL de bandolero.

Gil.
Por estar seguro, apenas
Fui bandolero novicio,
Cuando, por ser bandolero,
Me veo en tanto peligro.
Cuando yo era labrador,

Curcio (within).
Where, Eusebio, art thou hid ?

Eusebio.
Thee I seek, I am not hidden.
[*Exeunt all: shots are heard within.*

Enter JULIA.

Julia.
Scarcely have I trod the grafs
Of this mountain's sought-for ridges,
When I hear tumultuous cries,
When the strife of war I witness ;
By the echoes of the powder,
By the gleam of swords that glitter,
Dazzled is the eye that sees them,
Deafen'd is the ear that listens ;—
But, alas ! what's this I see ?
Put to rout, and backward driven,
All the squadron of Eusebio
Leave him to the enemy's will there.
I'll return and reunite
All the followers he had with him,
I'll return and give him aid ;—
For if them I thus inspirit,
I in his defence will be
The world's terror, the Fates' swift shears,
The fierce ruin of their lives,
To the future times the symbol
Of revenge, and th' admiration
Of the ages that we live in. [*Exit.*

Enter GIL dressed as a bandit.

Gil.
To preserve my skin, I scarcely
Have commenced my thieve's noviciate,
When the being a bandolero
Is, I see, a dangerous business ;—
When I was a labourer,

Eran ellos los vencidos ;
 Y hoy, porque foy de la carda,
 Va fucediendo lo mismo.
 Sin fer avariento traigo
 La defventura conmigo ;
 Pues tan defgraciado foy,
 Que mil veces imagino,
 Que, á fer yo Judío, fueran
 Defgraciados los Judíos.

Salen MENGA, BRAS, TIRSO y otros villanos.

Menga.

¡ A ellos, que van huyendo !

Bras.

No ha de quedar uno vivo
 Tan folamente.

Menga.

Hácia aqui

Uno dellos fe ha efcondido.

Bras.

Muera efte ladron.

Gil.

Mirad,

Que yo foy.

Menga.

Ya nos ha dicho

El trage, que es bandolero.

Gil.

El trage les ha mentido,
 Como muy grande bellaco.

Menga.

Dale tú.

Bras.

Pégale digo.

Gil.

Bien dado eftoy y pegado :
 Advertid . . .

My fide was it that was lick'd then,
 And to-day, for being a trumper,
 With the fame luck I'm afflicted !
 Though no mifer, in my pocket
 I misfortune carry with me ;
 Since fo evil-ftarr'd am I,
 That it strikes me many a minute,
 That if ever I turn'd Jew,
 Jews themfelves could be outwitted.

Enter MENGA, BRAS, TIRSO, and other peasants.

Menga.

After them ! for they are flying !

Bras.

On ! no quarter muft be given,—
 Let not one furvive !

Menga.

See, here

One of them is flyly hidden !

Bras.

Kill the robber !

Gil.

Ah ! now fee

Who I am.

Menga.

That you're a brigand

Has your drefs already told us.

Gil.

Then my drefs lies like a villain
 And a rafcal to have faid fo.

Menga.

Give it to him !

Bras.

Pay him off quickly !

Gil.

I've been paid, and got it foundly,—
 See, confider ! . . .

Tirfo.
No hay que advertirnos,
Bandolero fois.

Gil.
Mirad
Que soy Gil, votado á Cristo!

Menga.
¿Pues no hablaras antes, Gil?

Tirfo.
Pues, Gil, ¿no lo hubieras dicho?
Gil.

¿Qué mas antes, si el yo soy
Os dije desde el principio?

Menga.
¿Qué haces aqui?

Gil.
¿No lo veis?

Ofendo á Dios en el quinto,
Mato solo mas, que juntos
Un médico y un estío.

Menga.
¿Qué trage es este?

Gil.
Es el diablo.

Maté á uno, y su vestido
Me puse.

Menga.
¿Pues cómo, di,
No está de sangre teñido,
Si le mataste?

Gil.
Eso es fácil;
Murió de miedo, esta ha sido
La causa.

Menga.
Ven con nosotros,
Que victoriosos seguimos
Los bandoleros, que ahora

Tirfo.
We consider
Only you're a thief.

Gil.
That I am
Gil, I call all Heaven to witness.

Menga.
Why not say so sooner, Gil?

Tirfo.
Gil, why say not so at first, then?
Gil.

How, what sooner, when I told you
From the first I was myself here?

Menga.
What are you doing?

Gil.
Don't you see?

I'm a-breaking just the fifth—tenth
Of the commandments, killing more
Than the summer and a physician.

Menga.
What's this dress?

Gil.
It is the devil,—

One of them I kill'd, and rigg'd me
In his dress then.

Menga.
But say, why
Is the dress not stain'd, if you kill'd
him,

With his blood?

Gil.
Oh! that is easy
To explain, the cause is simple,
'Twas of fear he died.

Menga.
Come with us,
For victorious the banditti
We pursue, for now the cowards

Cobardes nos han huido.

Gil.

No mas vestido, aunque vaya
Titiritando de frio. [*Vanse.*]

Salen peleando EUSEBIO y CURCIO.

Curcio.

Ya estamos solos los dos,
Gracias al cielo que quiso
Dar la venganza á mi mano
Hoy, sin haber remitido
A las agenas mi agravio,
Ni tu muerte á agenos filios.

Eusebio.

No ha sido en esta ocasion
Airado el cielo conmigo,
Curcio, en haberte encontrado ;
Porque si tu pecho vino
Ofendido, volverá
Castigado y ofendido.
Aunque no sé qué respeto
Has puesto en mí, que he temido
Mas tu enojo, que tu acero :
Y aunque pudieran tus brios
Darme temor, solo temo,
Cuando aquefas canas miro,
Que me hacen cobarde.

Curcio.

Eusebio,

Yo confieso, que has podido
Templar en mí de la ira,
Con que agraviado te miro,
Gran parte ; pero no quiero,
Que pienses inadvertido,
Que te dan temor mis canas,
Cuando puede el valor mio.
Vuelve á reñir ; que una estrella,
O algun favorable signo

Fly before us panic-stricken.

Gil.

Catch me dres'd again, although
With the cold I shake and shiver !
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter EUSEBIO and CURCIO fighting.

Curcio.

Now we are alone, we two,
Thanks to favouring Heaven that giveth
Vengeance to my own right hand
On this day, without transmitting
To another's arm my wrong,
To another's sword thy swift death.

Eusebio.

Curcio, on this occasion
Heaven has not been angry with me,
In permitting me to meet thee ;
Since if thou hast carried hither
An indignant breast, thou'lt bear it
Back both punish'd and indignant.
Though I know not what respect
Thou hast caused in me, that gives me
More fear for thy wrath than sword :
And although thy strength and spirit
Well might fright me, I but fear
When I see those locks of silver,
Which a coward make me.

Curcio.

I

Own, Eusebio, thou art gifted
With some power, to appease a part
Of the wrath with which, afflicted,
I behold thee ; but I would not
Have thee carelessly attribute
To these hoary hairs thy fear,
When my valour were sufficient.
Come, renew the fight ! one star
Or one planet's favouring sign

No es bastante á que yo pierda
La venganza que consigo.
Vuelve á reñir.

Eusebio.

¿Yo temor?

Neciamente has presumido,
Que es temor lo que es respeto ;
Aunque, si verdad te digo,
La victoria que deseo
Es, á tus plantas rendido,
Pedirte perdon ; y á ellas
Pongo la espada, que ha sido
Temor de tantos.

Curcio.

Eusebio,

No has de pensar, que me animo
A matarte con ventaja ;
Esta es mi espada. (Así quito

[*Aparte.*

La ocasion de darle muerte.)

Ven á los brazos conmigo.

[*Abrázanse los dos, y lucban.*

Eusebio.

No sé qué efecto has hecho
En mí, que el corazon dentro del pecho,
A pesar de venganzas y de ojos,
En lágrimas se afoma por los ojos,
Y en confusion tan fuerte,
Quisiera, por vengarte, darme muerte.
Véngate en mí ; rendida
A tus plantas, señor, está mi vida.

Curcio.

El acero de un noble, aunque ofendido,
No se mancha en la sangre de un rendido ;
Que quita grande parte de la gloria

Must not make me lose the hope
Of the vengeance I ambition.
Fight anew, then!

Eusebio.

I to fear?

Oh! thou hast presumed too simply
Fear in that that was respect ;
Though, if I the truth admitted,
The sole victory I desire
Is, thus kneeling, thy forgiveness
To implore ; and at thy feet
To lay down this sword, that has given
Fear to many a heart.

Curcio.

Eusebio,

Do not think that I could kill thee
At such disadvantage. Here
Also is my sword ; (I rid me [*Afide.*
Of the means thus of his death.)—
Arm to arm then struggle with me.

[*They close, and struggle together.*

Eusebio.

I know not by what charm possess'd,
Thus with thy heart against my breast,
My wrath expires, my vengeance dies,
In tender tears that gush from out mine
eyes.
So I implore thee, thus with trembling
breath,
Confused, amazed, to give me instant
death ;
Take thy revenge, I terminate the
strife,
My lord, by laying at thy feet my life.

Curcio.

A brave man's sword, how wrathful
be his mood,
Is never stain'd in the defenceless blood

El que con sangre borra la victoria.

Voces (dentro).

Hacia aquí están.

Curcio.

 Mi gente victoriosa
Viene á buscarme, cuando temerosa
La tuya vuelve huyendo.
Darte vida pretendo;
Escóndete; que en vano
Defenderé el enojo vengativo
De un escuadron villano,
Y solo tú, imposible es quedar vivo.

Eusebio.

Yo, Curcio, nunca huyo
Deotropoder, aunque he temido el tuyo;
Que si mi mano aquesta espada cobra,
Verás, quanto valor en tí me falta,
Que en tu gente me sobra.

Salen OCTAVIO y todos los villanos.

Ottavio.

Desde el mas hondo valle á la mas alta
Cumbre de aqueste monte no ha quedado
Alguno vivo; solo se ha escapado
Eusebio, porque huyendo aquesta tarde . .

Eusebio.

Mientes; que Eusebio nunca fue cobarde.

Todos.

¿Aqui está Eusebio? ¡ Muera !

Eusebio.

¡ Llegad, villanos !

Of a fallen foe : for war's triumphant
story, [half its glory.
If writ in needless blood, is shorn of
Voices (within).

Here, here they are.

Curcio.

 My victor troop comes here
To seek me, while thy followers in fear
Fly from the unsuccessful strife.
I wish to save thy life;—
Conceal thyself, for I would vainly strive
Thee to defend against a band
Of vengeful peasants sword in hand,
And thou against so many scarce couldst
live.

Eusebio.

I, Curcio, never fly
From any power, though thine I've
 feard to try;
But if my hand this sword uplifts again,
Thou'lt see the valour that 'gainst thee
 proved weak
Can act its wonted part still on thy men.

*Enter OCTAVIO with a crowd of
peasants.*

Ottavio.

From deepest valley to the highest peak
Of this vast mountain, not a soul our
 wrath
Has left alive : Eusebio only hath
Escaped, for flying as the evening
 lower'd

Eusebio.

Thou liest! Eusebio never was a coward.

All.

Eusebio here? The monster let us slay!

Eusebio.

Villains, come on!

Curcio.

¡ Tente, Octavio, espera !

Octavio.

¿ Pues tú, señor, que habias
De animarnos, ahora desconfias ?

Bras.

¿ Un hombre amparas, que en tu sangre
y honra
Introdujo el acero y la deshonra ?

Gil.

¿ A un hombre, que atrevido
Toda aquesta montaña ha destruido ?
A quien en el aldea no ha dejado
Melon, doncella, que él no haya catado,
Y á quien tantos ha muerto,
¿ Cómo así le defiendes ?

Octavio.

¿ Qué es, señor, lo que dices ? ¿ qué pre-
tendes ?

Curcio.

Esperad, escuchad, (¡ triste sucefo !)
¿ Cuanto es mejor que á Sena vaya preso ?
Date á prision, Eusebio ; que prometo,
Y como noble juro, de ampararte,
Siendo abogado tuyo, aunque soy parte.

Eusebio.

Como á Curcio no mas, yo me rindiera,
Mas como á juez, no puedo ;
Porque aquel es respeto, y este es miedo.

Curcio.

Oh ! hold, Octavio, stay !

Octavio.

How, sir, canst thou, that shouldst in-
fpirit us,
Now interpose and check our vengeance
thus ?

Bras.

Canst thou defend a man whose bloody
aim
Thy name and blood has stain'd with
blood and shame ?

Gil.

A man whose daring no restraint e'er
bound,
Who ravaged all this mountain region
round,
Who left no village in the wild unwasted,
Nor melon's juice, nor maiden's lip
untasted ?
Is it for killing of so many people
Him thus you will defend ?

Octavio.

What is it, sir, you say ? What thus in-
tend ?

Curcio.

Oh ! listen, stay ! (unhappy fate !) to
me
Seems it far better in captivity
To lead him to Siena : yield, Eusebio,
yield,
I give my knightly word to guard thy
fate,
And though thy accuser, be thy advo-
cate.

Eusebio.

To thee, as Curcio, I perchance might
yield me,
But to a judge I cannot ; since 'tis clear

Ostasio.

¡ Muera Eusebio !

Curcio.

Advertid

Ostasio.

Pues qué, ¿ tú quieres
Defenderle ? ¿ á la patria traidor eres ?

Curcio.

¡ Yo traidor ? Pues me agravian desta
fuerte,
Perdona, Eusebio, porque yo el primero
Tengo de ser en darte triste muerte.

Eusebio.

Quítate de delante,
Señor, porque tu vista no me espante ;
Que viéndote, no dudo,
Que te tenga tu gente por escudo.

[*Vanse todos peleando con él.*]

Curcio.

Apretándole van. ¡ O quien pudiera
Darte ahora la vida,
Eusebio, aunque la fuya misma diera !
En el monte se ha entrado,
Por mil partes herido,
Retirándose baja despeñado
Al valle. Voy volando,
Que aquella sangre fria,
Que con tímida voz me está llamando,
Algo tiene de mía ;
Que sangre, que no fuera
Propia, ni me llamara, ni la oyera.

[*Vase.*]

The former were respect, the latter fear.

Ostasio.

Eusebio, die !

Curcio.

Oh ! hear

Ostasio.

What thus can move thee
Him to defend, and thus a traitor prove
thee ?

Curcio.

A traitor I ?—since thus suspicion durst
Wrong me so much, Eusebio, forgive me,
That death's dark wound I'm doom'd
to give thee first.

Eusebio.

Oh ! sir, stand not before me,
At sight of thee, it is not fear comes
o'er me ;

No, but I do not doubt thy face will be
A shield betwixt thy followers and me.

[*Exit fighting with the peasants,
who pursue.*]

Curcio.

They press him hard. Oh ! who is
there thy life,
Eusebio, now can save,
Though his for thine were offer'd in
the strife ?

Through the mountain's rocky walls
Hath he enter'd wounded, bleeding
From a thousand wounds. He falls
Headlong to the vale ! I fly,
For that cold, cold blood outflown,
With its timid voice doth call me nigh,
As if it were a portion of mine own ;—
Were the blood not mine own, that
voice so clear

Then had not power to call, nor I
have power to hear. [*Exit.*]

Baja despeñado EUSEBIO.

Eusebio.

Cuando, de la vida incierto,
 Me despeña la mas alta
 Cumbre, veo que me falta
 Tierra donde caiga muerto :
 Pero si mi culpa advierto,
 Al alma reconocida,
 No el ver la vida perdida
 La atormenta, fino el ver
 Como ha de satisfacer
 Tantas culpas una vida.
 Ya me vuelve á perseguir
 Este escuadron vengativo ;
 Pues no puedo quedar vivo,
 He de matar, ó morir :
 Aunque mejor será ir
 Donde al cielo perdon pida ;
 Pero mis pasos impida
 La Cruz, porque desta fuerte
 Ellos me dén breve muerte,
 Y ella me dé eterna vida.
 Arbol, donde el cielo quiso
 Dar el fruto verdadero
 Contra el bocado primero,
 Flor del nuevo paraíso,
 Arco de luz, cuyo aviso
 En piélagos mas profundo
 La paz publicó del mundo,
 Planta hermosa, fértil vid,
 Arpa del nuevo David,
 Tabla del Moisés segundo :
 Pecador soy, tus favores
 Pido por justicia yo ;
 Pues Dios en tí, padeció
 Solo por los pecadores.

[*The wildest part of the mountain.*
 EUSEBIO is seen lying at the foot of a
 cross.]

Eusebio.

From this cliff so steep and tall
 Falling headlong, almost dead,
 Earth still fails beneath my tread,
 Where a living corse I fall ;
 But when I my guilt recall,
 Upward still my spirit climbs,
 Unregretting vanish'd times,
 But with hope before I die,
 Means to find to satisfy
 With one life so many crimes.
 Hither the revengeful foe
 Comes my life's last drops to drain,—
 Here the hope of life is vain,
 I must give or meet the blow ;
 Though 'twere better far to go
 Where for pardon I may pray ;—
 But this Cross, athwart my way
 Rising up, in silence saith,—
 They indeed can give you death,
 I, the life that lasts away.
 Tree, whereon the pitying skies
 Hang the true fruit love doth sweeten,
 Antidote of that first eaten,
 Flower of man's new paradise,
 Rainbow, that to tearful eyes
 Sin's receding flood discloses,—
 Pledge that earth in peace repose,
 Beauteous plant, all fruitful vine,
 A newer David's harp divine,
 Table of a second Moses ;—
 Sinner am I, therefore I
 Claim thine aid as all mine own,
 Since for sinful man alone,
 God came down on thee to die :

A mí me debes tus loores ;
 Que por mí solo muriera
 Dios, si mas mundo no hubiera :
 Luego eres tú, Cruz, por mí ;
 Que Dios no muriera en tí,
 Si yo pecador no fuera.
 Mi natural devocion
 Siempre os pidió con fe tanta,
 No permitiéfeis, Cruz fanta,
 Muriese sin confesion.
 No seré el primer ladron,
 Que en vos se confiese á Dios.
 Y pues que ya somos dos,
 Y yo no le he de negar,
 Tampoco me ha de faltar
 Redencion que se obró en vos.
 Lifardo, cuando en mis brazos
 Pude ofendido matarte,
 Lugar dí de confesarte,
 Antes que en tan breves plazos
 Se desatafen los lazos
 Mortales. Y ahora advierto
 En aquel viejo, aunque muerto ;
 Piedad de los dos aguardo.
 ¡ Mira que muero, Lifardo ;
 Mira que te llamo, Alberto !

Sale CURCIO.

Curcio.

Hácia aquesta parte está.

Eusebio.

Si es que venis á matarme,
 Muy poco hareis en quitarme
 Vida, que no tengo ya.

Curcio.

¡ Qué bronce no ablandará
 Tanta fangre derramada !
 Eusebio, rinde la espada.

Praise through me thou hast won thereby,
 Since for me would God have died,
 If the world held none beside.
 Then, O Cross! thou'rt all for me,
 Since God had not died on thee
 If sin's depths I had not tried.
 Ever for thy intercession
 Hath my faith implored, O Cross!
 That thou wouldst not to my loss
 Let me die without confession.
 I, repenting my transgression,
 Will not the first robber be
 Who on thee confess'd to God ;
 Since we two the same path trod,
 And repent, deny not me
 The redemption wrought on thee.
 Thou, Lifardo, though I could
 Slay thee in my angry mood,
 Still these arms were prompt to press
 thee,
 Still could bear thee to confess thee,
 Ere thy life flow'd out in blood.
 And the reverend man, whom I
 Now recall thus faint and weak :
 Pity from ye two I seek,—
 See, Lifardo, see, I die !
 Hear, Alberto, hear my cry !

Enter CURCIO.

Curcio.

Here he fell, adown this steep.

Eusebio.

If thou seek'st my life, 'twill be
 Easy now to take from me
 That which I no longer keep.

Curcio.

Oh! an eye of bronze would weep,
 So much blood to see outpour'd!—
 Yield, Eusebio, yield thy sword.

Eusebio.
 ¿ A quién ?
Curcio.
 A Curcio.
Eusebio.
 Esta es. [*Dásele.*]
 Y yo tambien á tus pies
 De aquella ofensa pasada
 Te pido perdon. No puedo
 Hablar mas ; porque una herida
 Quita el aliento á la vida,
 Cubriendo de horror y miedo
 El alma.

Curcio.
 Confuso quedo.
 ¿ Será en ella de provecho
 Remedio humano ?
Eusebio.
 Sospecho,
 Que la mejor medicina
 Para el alma es la divina.

Curcio.
 ¿ Dónde es la herida ?
Eusebio.
 En el pecho.

Curcio.
 Déjame poner en ella
 La mano, á ver si resiste
 El aliento. (¡ Ay de mí triste !)
 [*Registra la herida, y ve la Cruz.*]
 ¿ Qué señal divina y bella
 Es esta, que al conocella,
 Toda el alma se turbó ?

Eusebio.
 Son las armas que me dió
 Esta Cruz, á cuyo pie
 Nací ; porque mas no sé

Eusebio.
 Yield to whom ?
Curcio.
 To Curcio.
Eusebio.
 Yes ;
 [*He gives his sword.*]
 And thy feet I likewise press
 For that past offence, my lord,
 Asking thy forgiveness. Here
 Voice doth fail me, for a wound
 Stops my breath, my sense hath swoon'd,
 And a horror and a fear
 Fill my soul.

Curcio.
 Confused I hear ;—
 Cannot human aid arrest
 Thy swift-failing life ?
Eusebio.
 The best
 Cure for soul so sick as mine
 Is, I feel it, the divine.
Curcio.
 Where's thy wound ?
Eusebio.
 'Tis in my breast.

Curcio.
 Let me then my hand place there,
 Thus to learn, (oh ! woe the day !)
 What its troubled throb doth say ;—
 [*He examines the wound, and sees
 the Cross.*]
 But what mark, divine and fair,
 Is this sign my hand lays bare,
 Which to see, my soul moves to ?
Eusebio.
 'Tis my crest's emblazoned glow,
 Given me by this Cross, whose base
 Was my birth's mysterious place,

De mi nacimiento yo.
 Mi padre, á quien no señalo,
 Aun la cuna me negó ;
 Que sin duda imaginó,
 Que habia de fer tan malo.
 Aqui nació.

Curcio.

Y aqui igualo

El dolor con el contento,
 Con el gusto el sentimiento,
 Efectos de un hado impío
 Y agradable. ¡ Ay hijo mio !
 Pena y gloria en verte siento.
 Tú eres, Eusebio, mi hijo,
 Si tantas señas advierto,
 Que para llorarte muerto
 Ya justamente me aflijo.
 De tus razones colijo
 Lo que el alma adivinó.
 Tu madre aqui te dejó
 En el lugar que te he hallado ;
 Donde cometí el pecado,
 El cielo me castigó.
 Ya aqueste lugar previene
 Informacion de mi error ;
 ¡ Pero cual seña mayor,
 Que aquesta Cruz, que conviene
 Con otra que Julia tiene ?
 Que no sin misterio el cielo
 Os señaló, porque al suelo
 Fuérais prodigio los dos.

Eusebio.

No puedo hablar, padre, ¡ á Dios !
 Porque ya de un mortal velo
 Se cubre el cuerpo, y la muerte
 Niega, pasando veloz,
 Para responderte voz,
 Vida para conocerte,
 Y alma para obedecerte.

For of *it* no more I know,
 Since my father, of whom ne'er
 I knew more, denied to me
 Even a cradle : doubtless he
 Then divined my dark career.
 Here I first drew breath.

Curcio.

And here

Grief and joy contend in me,
 Anguish and delight agree,
 Sad and sweet thoughts o'er me steal ;—
 O my long-lost son ! I feel
 Pain and pride in seeing thee.
 Thou, Eusebio, art my son,—
 This a thousand proofs have said ;
 Ah ! that I must mourn thee dead,
 Ere thy life hath well begun.
 What my soul by brooding on
 Had divined, thy words make clear,
 That thy mother left thee here,
 In the place where I stand o'er thee ;
 Where I sinn'd to her who bore thee,
 Falls the wrath of Heaven severe.
 Yes, delusion disappears,
 All the more this place I see ;
 But what greater proof can be
 Than that *thy* breast also beareth
 The same Cross that Julia weareth ?
 Not without some mystery
 Heaven has mark'd you out to be
 The world's wonder thus, ye two.

Eusebio.

I can speak no more, adieu,
 Ah ! my father, for on me
 Falls the fatal veil, and death,
 In its swift flight passing by me,
 Life to know thee doth deny me,
 Time to live thy sway beneath,
 And to answer thee even breath.

Ya llega el golpe mas fuerte,
Ya llega el trance mas cierto.
Alberto!

Curcio.

¡ Que lllore muerto
A quien aborrecí vivo!

Eusebio.

¡ Ven, Alberto!

Curcio.

¡ O trance esquivo!
¡ Guerra injusta!

Eusebio.

¡ Alberto! ¡ Alberto!
[*Muere.*]

Curcio.

Ya al golpe mas violento
Rindió el último aliento;
Paguen mis blancas canas
Tanto dolor.

[*Tirase de los cabellos.*]

Sale BRAS.

Bras.

Ya son tus quejas vanas;
¿ Cuándo puso inconstante la fortuna
En tu valor extremos?

Curcio.

En ninguna

Llegó el rigor á tanto.
Abrafen mis enojos
Este monte con llanto,
Puesto que es fuego el llanto de mis ojos.
¡ O triste estrella! ¡ o rigurosa fuerte!
¡ O atrevido dolor!

Sale OCTAVIO.

Ostasio.

Hoy, Curcio, advierte

Now the final stroke draws nigh :—
O Alberto!

Curcio.

Strange that I
Mourn his death whose life I fought.

Eusebio.

Come, Alberto!

Curcio.

Fight hard fought!

Eusebio.

Haste, Alberto! haste, I die! [*Dies.*]

Curcio.

In that last convulsive groan
Hath his troubled spirit flown.
Let these gray hairs for such pain
Pay now the price.

[*He pulls his hair distractedly.*]

Enter BRAS.

Bras.

Thy wailings all are vain :
Will fickle fate, relenting, ne'er give o'er
Trying thy courage thus?

Curcio.

I ne'er before

More keenly felt its ire ;
The griefs I cannot drown
With scalding tears could burn this
mountain down,
For even the flood my tears let fall is fire.
O luckless star! O destiny of woe!
O bitter pang!

Enter OCTAVIO.

Ostasio.

To-day doth fortune show

La fortuna en los males de tu estado,
Cuantos puede sufrir un desdichado.
El cielo sabe cuanto hablarte sienta.

Curcio.

¿Qué ha sido?

Ottavio.

Julia falta del convento.

Curcio.

El mismo pensamiento, di, ¿pudiera
Con el discurso hallar pena tan fiera?
Que es mi desdicha airada,
Sucedida aun mayor, que imaginada.
Este cadáver frío,
Este que ves, Ottavio, es hijo mío.
Mira si basta en confusion tan fuerte
Cualquiera pena destas á una muerte.
Dame paciencia, cielos,
O quitadme la vida,
Ahora perseguida
De tormentos tan fieros.

Salen GIL, TIRSO, y villanos.

Gil.

¡Señor!

Curcio.

¿Hay mas dolor?

Gil.

Los bandoleros,

Que huyeron castigados,
En busca tuya vuelven, animados
De un demonio de un hombre,
Que encubre de ellos mismos rostro y
nombre.

In all thine ills, which vainly wait a cure,
How much one hapless mortal can
endure:—

God knows I grieve to make the tidings
known.

Curcio.

What are they?

Ottavio.

Julia from her cell hath flown.

Curcio.

Could wildest frenzy feign
A more o'erwhelming stroke or fiercer
pain?

Alas! my hapless fate o'ercast
Makes each new sorrow greater than
the last.

This cold corpse here thou gazest on,
Ottavio, is the body of my son;
Think, 'mid the crowd of ill succeeding
ill,

If one alone were not enough to kill.
Oh! grant me patience, Heaven,
Or take this life away,
Afflicted day by day
With visitations from thy scourging
hand.

Enter GIL, TIRSO, and peasants.

Gil.

My lord!

Curcio.

Some newer grief?

Gil.

The robber band,
That but now chastised had fled,
Rallying, come to attack thee, led
By a man whom hell doth seem to
inflame, [and name.
Who hideth even from them his face

Curcio.

Ahora que mis penas fuéron tales,
Que son lisonjas los mayores males.
El cuerpo se retire lastimoso
De Eusebio, en tanto que un sepulcro
honroso
A sus cenizas da mi desventura.

Tirso.

¿Pues cómo piensas darle sepultura
Hoy en lugar sagrado,
Cuando sabes que ha muerto excomul-
gado?

Bras.

Quien desta fuerte ha muerto,
Digno sepulcro sea este desierto.

Curcio.

¡O villana venganza!
¿Tanto poder en tí la ofensa alcanza,
Que pasas desta fuerte
Los últimos umbrales de la muerte?
[Vase llorando.]

Bras.

Sea en penas tan graves
Su sepulcro las fieras y las aves.

Otro.

Del monte despeñado
Caiga, por mas rigor, despedazado.

Tirso.

Mejor es darle ahora sepultura
Entre de aquestos ramos la espesura.*
[Colocan entre las ramas el cuerpo
de Eusebio.]

* "Mejor es darle agora
Rústica sepultura entre estos ramos."

HARTZENBUSCH'S Ed.

Curcio.

Such sorrows rack my breast,
That now the greatest ills appear a jest.
Take hence the body of Eusebio,
And place it where in time a tomb
shall show
How o'er his ashes still my tears endure.

Tirso.

What! do you think of giving sepulture,
In holy ground, unto a desperate man,
Who died beneath the Church's heaviest
ban?

Bras.

For one who died in such a desperate case,
The desert seems a fitting burial-place.

Curcio.

O vengeance of a vulgar breast!
Has thy rude anger then no bounds,
no rest?
Must thy coarse appetite insatiate crave
For food beyond the threshold of the
grave?
[Exit weeping.]

Bras.

Wild beasts and birds of prey should
limb from limb
Tear such a wretch, and so thus bury him.

Another.

Let's throw his body o'er the rocks,
that fo
In fragments it may reach the sands
below.

Tirso.

No, since the time no other mode allows,
Let's make his rustic grave beneath
these boughs.

[They place the body of EUSEBIO
as described.]

Now since the night, wrapp'd in her
mournful shroud,

Pues ya la noche baja,
 Envuelta en esa lóbrega mortaja :
 Aquí en el monte, Gil, con él te queda ;
 Porque sola tu voz avisar pueda,
 Si algunas gentes vienen
 De las que huyeron. [*Vanse.*]

Gil.

¡ Linda flema tienen !

A Eusebio han enterrado
 Allí, y á mí aquí solo me han dejado.
 Señor Eusebio, acuérdefe, le digo,
 Que un tiempo fuí su amigo.
 ¡ Mas qué es esto ? ó me engaña mi desseo,
 O mil personas á esta parte veo.

Sale ALBERTO.

Alberto.

Viniendo ahora de Roma,
 Con la muda suspensión
 De la noche en este monte
 Perdido otra vez estoy.
 Aquesta es la parte adonde
 La vida Eusebio me dió,
 Y de sus soldados temo,
 Que en grande peligro estoy.

Eusebio.

¡ Alberto !

Alberto.

¡ Qué aliento es este

De una temerosa voz,
 Que, repitiendo mi nombre,
 En mis oídos sonó ?

Finds too a grave in yonder murky
 cloud,
 Let us away : thou on the mountain,
 Gil,
 Hadst best remain beside the body still ;
 Shouldst thou see any of the troop that
 fled,
 Call loud for aid, we'll hear.

[*Exeunt.*]

Gil.

That's easily said :

Eusebio's corse they bury out of sight,
 And leave but me to watch it through
 the night.

Señor Eusebio, recollect, I pray,
 How you and I were friends the other
 day.

But what is this ? Unless my eyes betray
 me,
 At least a thousand persons here waylay
 me.

Enter ALBERTO.

Alberto.

In the silent dark of night,
 On my journey back from Rome,
 I again have lost my way
 In this wild and mountain road :
 'Tis the place that robber chieftain
 Spared my life some time ago,
 And new peril from his soldiers
 Now again my fears forbode.

Eusebio.

Oh ! Alberto !

Alberto.

What faint breath

Of a trembling voice here blown
 Falls upon my ear, my name
 Sadly sighing o'er and o'er ?

Eusebio.
 ¡ Alberto!
Alberto.
 Otra vez pronuncia
 Mi nombre, y me pareció
 Que es á esta parte ; yo quiero
 Ir llegando.

Gil.
 ¡ Santo Dios !
 Eusebio es, y ya es mi miedo
 De los miedos ¡el mayor.

Eusebio.
 ¡ Alberto!
Alberto.
 Mas cerca suena.
 ¡ Voz, qué discurre veloz
 El viento, y mi nombre dices,
 Quién eres ?

Eusebio.
 Eusebio soy ;
 Llega, Alberto, hácia esta parte,
 Adonde enterrado estoy ;
 Llega, y levanta estos ramos ;
 No temas.

Alberto.
 No temo yo.
Gil.
 Yo sí.
 [ALBERTO le descubre.
Alberto.
 Ya estás descubierta.

Dime de parte de Dios,
 ¡ Qué me quieres ?
Eusebio.
 De su parte

Eusebio.
 Oh! Alberto!
Alberto.
 Ah! that voice
 Syllables my name once more!
 Here it seems to sound from : nigher
 Let me listen.
Gil.
 Holy God!
 'Tis Eusebio! fear like this
 Have I never felt before.
Eusebio.
 Oh! Alberto!
Alberto.
 Now 'tis nearer :
 Voice that fliest fleetly forth
 On the wind, and call'ft my name,
 Say, who art thou?

Eusebio.
 I was known
 As Eusebio: oh! Alberto!
 Hither come where I am thrown,
 Take away these boughs that hide me ;*
 Do not fear.

Alberto.
 No fear I know.
Gil.
 Not so I.
 [ALBERTO discovers him.
Alberto.
 Thou'rt now laid bare,—
 Tell me, in the name of God,
 What with me thou wiltest.
Eusebio.

I

* In Tirfo de Molina's *El Condenado por Desconfiado*, the body of *Paulo* is also hidden under boughs, and laid bare in the same manner, with, however, a very different result.—See his *Comedias Escogidas*. Madrid, 1850. p. 203. Tr.

Mi fe, Alberto, te llamó,
 Para que, antes de morir,
 Me oyefes de confesion.
 Rato ha que hubiera muerto,
 Pero libre fe quedó
 Del espíritu el cadáver ;
 Que de la muerte el feroz
 Golpe le privó de ufo,
 Pero no le dividió. [*Levántafe.*
 Ven adonde mis pecados
 Confiese, Alberto, que fon
 Más, que del mar las arenas,
 Y los átomos del fol.
 ¡ Tanto con el cielo puede
 De la Cruz la devocion !

Alberto.

Pues yo cuantas penitencias
 Hice hafta ahora, te doy,
 Para que en tu culpa firvan
 De alguna satisfaccion.

[*Vanse EUSEBIO y ALBERTO.*

Gil.

¡ Por Dios, que va por fu pie !
 Y para verlo mejor,
 El fol descubre fus rayos.
 A decirlo á todos voy.

*Salen por el otro lado JULIA y algunos
 Bandoleros.*

Julia.

Ahora, que descuidados
 La victoria los dejó
 Entre los brazos del sueño,
 Nos dan bastante ocasion.

Uno.

Si has de salirlos al paso,
 Por esta parte es mejor ;
 Que ellos vienen por aqui.

In his name, by faith made bold,
 Call'd thee, ere my death, to hear
 My confession long untold.
 I have been a brief while dead,
 And my corse without control
 Of the spirit here has lain ;
 But although death's mighty stroke
 Took its active use away,
 Still unsever'd was the soul.

[*He arises.*

Come, Alberto, where my sins
 I to thee may tell, though more
 Than the atoms of the sun
 Or the sands upon the shore ;—
 All so powerful is with Heaven
 The devotion of the Cross.

Alberto.

Then on thee the various penance
 Of my lifetime I bestow,
 That at least to some extent
 For thy sins they may atone.

[*Exeunt EUSEBIO and ALBERTO.*

Gil.

There, by heavens ! away he walks ;
 And to see him, I suppose,
 See the sun shines out on purpose.
 Oh ! I burst to have it told !

*Enter on the other side JULIA and
 some bandits.*

Julia.

Now that in the carelessness
 Of success they lie here prone,
 Buried in the arms of sleep,
 Let us make the time our own.

A Bandit.

If thou wouldst secure the pass,
 Better 'tis this way to go,
 For in that way they advance.

Salen CURCIO y villano.

Curcio.

Sin duda que inmortal foy
En los males que me matan,
Pues no me mata el dolor.

Gil.

A todas partes hay gente;
Sepan todos de mi voz
El mas admirable caso,
Que jamas el mundo vió.
De donde enterrado estaba
Eusebio, se levantó,
Llamando á un clérigo á voces.
¿ Mas para qué os cuento yo
Lo que todos podeis ver ?
Mirad con la devocion
Que está puesto de rodillas.

Curcio.

¿ Mi hijo es ! ¿ Divino Dios !
¿ Qué maravillas son estas ?

Julia.

¿ Quién vió prodigio mayor ?

Curcio.

Asi como el santo anciano
Hizo de la absolucion
La forma, segunda vez
Muerto á sus plantas cayó.

Salé ALBERTO.

Alberto.

Entre sus grandezas tantas,
Sepa el mundo la mayor
Maravilla de las suyas,
Porque la enfalce mi voz.
Después de haber muerto Eusebio,
El cielo depositó
Su espíritu en su cadáver,
Hasta que se confesó ;

Enter CURCIO and his followers.

Curcio.

Oh ! I surely must have grown
Deathless 'mid the deadliest ills,
Since I die not of my woe.

Gil.

Folks are round on every side,
Let my voice to all unfold
The most wonderful event
That the world has ever known :—
From the place that buried lay
Dead Eusebio, he arose,
Calling loudly on a priest !
But what need of words to show
That which you yourselves can see ?
Look there yonder, bending low,
See with what respect he kneels.

Curcio.

'Tis my son, divinest God,
What a miracle is this !

Julia.

What a wonder here is shown !

Curcio.

And the faintly elder scarce
O'er his head doth make the form
Of absolution, when he falls
At his feet a corse once more

Enter ALBERTO.

Alberto.

'Mid its greatest miracles
That the wondering world may know
Now the strangest of them all,
Let my voice its praise extol.
After this Eusebio died,
Heaven was pleased to let his soul
Still within his body stay
Till he could confess the whole

Que tanto con Dios alcanza
De la Cruz la devocion.

Curcio.

¡ Ay hijo del alma mia!
No fue desdichado, no,
Quien en su trágica muerte
Tantas glorias mereció.
Así Julia conociera
Sus culpas.

Julia.

¡ Válgame Dios!

¿ Qué es lo que estoy escuchando?
¿ Qué prodigio es este? ¿ Yo
Soy la que á Eusebio pretende,
Y hermana de Eusebio soy?
Pues sepa Curcio, mi padre,
Sepa el mundo y todos hoy
Mis graves culpas; yo misma,
Afonbrada á tanto horror,
Daré voces: sepan todos
Cuantos hoy viven, que yo
Soy Julia, en número infame
De las malas la peor.
Mas ya que ha sido comun
Mi pecado, desde hoy
Lo será mi penitencia;
Pidiendo humilde perdon
Al mundo del mal ejemplo,
De la mala vida á Dios.

Curcio.

¡ O afombro de las maldades!
Con mis propias manos yo
Te mataré, porque sea
Tu vida y tu muerte atroz.

Julia.

Valedme vos, Cruz divina;
Que yo mi palabra os doy,
De hacer, volviendo al convento,
Penetencia de mi error.

Of his sins, such power with God
Hath devotion to the Cross.

Curcio.

Ah! my son, my much-loved son,
Thou wert not unlucky, no,
To obtain so much of glory
By the stroke that laid thee low;
Would that Julia now could know
Her transgressions!

Julia.

Help me! God!

What is this that now I hear?
What is this that shocks me so?
I Eusebio's sister? I
Am the same who fought his love!
Then let Curcio, let my father,
Let the world and all men know
My great guilt! I will myself,
Frighten'd by this horrid blow,
Publicly proclaim it:—Now
Let all living men be told
I am Julia, 'mid the crowd
Of all reprobates the worst;
But as my offence has been
Public, let my penance show
Publicly that I repent;
Humbly pardon I implore
From the world for bad example,
For an evil life from God.

Curcio.

Prodigy of wickedness,
By my own right hand alone
Shalt thou die: that life and death
Be with thee atrocious both.

Julia.

Aid me thou, O Cross divine!
And I plight to thee my word,
Back unto my cell returning,
For my error to atone.

[*Al querer besarla CURCIO, se abraza de la Cruz, que estaba en el sepulcro de EUSEBIO, y vuela.*

Alberto.

¡ Gran milagro !

Curcio.

Y con el fin

De tan grande admiracion,
La Devocion de la Cruz
Felice acaba fu autor.

[*As CURCIO is about striking her, she embraces the Cross that stands beside the grave of EUSEBIO, which rises into the air with her and disappears.*

Alberto.

What a miracle!

Curcio.

And thus,

With so wonderful a clofe,
Happily the author endeth
The Devotion of the Cross.

THE END.

A LIST

OF

Calderon's Dramas and Autos Sacramentales,

Translated into English Verse

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY, M.R.I.A.

THE PURGATORY OF SAINT PATRICK.

"With the 'Purgatory of St. Patrick' especial pains seem to have been taken".

"Considerable license has been taken with the prayer of St. Patrick; but its spirit is well preserved, and the translator's poetry must be admired".

"If Calderon can ever be made popular here, it must be in the manner generally adopted by Mr. Mac-Carthy in the specimens, six in number, which are here translated, preserving, namely, the metrical form, which is one of the characteristics of the old Spanish drama. This medium, through which it partakes of the lyrical character, is no accident of style, but an essential property of that remarkable creation of a poetic age—remarkable, because while the drama so adorned was entirely the offspring of popular impulse, in opposition to many rigorous attempts in favour of classical methods, it was at the same time raised above the tone of common expression by the rhythmical mode which it assumed, in a manner decisive of its ideal tendency. It thus displays a combination rare in this kind of poetry: the spirit of an untutored will, embodied in a form the romantic expression of which might seem only congenial to choice and delicate fancies. . . .

"In conclusion, what has now been said of Calderon, and of the stage

which he adorned, as well as of the praise justly due to parts of Mr. Mac-Carthy's version, will at least serve to commend these volumes to curious lovers of poetry".

From an elaborate article in "The Athenæum", by the late eminent Spanish scholar, Mr. J. R. Chorley, on the first two volumes of Mr. Mac-Carthy's translations from Calderon.

THE CONSTANT PRINCE.

A Drama.

"In his dramas of a serious and devout character, in virtue of their dignified pathos, tragic sublimity, and religious fervour, Calderon's best title to praise will be found. In such, above all in his *Autos*, he reached a height beyond any of his predecessors, whose productions, on religious themes especially, striking as many of them are, with situations and motives of the deepest effect, are not sustained at the same impressive elevation, nor disposed with that consummate judgment which leaves nothing imperfect or superfluous in the dramas of Calderon. 'The Constant Prince' and 'The Physician of his own Honour', which Mr. Mac-Carthy has translated, are noble instances representing two extremes of a large class of dramas".

From the same article in "The Athenæum", by J. R. Chorley.

THE PHYSICIAN OF HIS OWN HONOUR.

“The Physician of his own Honour is a domestic tragedy, and must be one of the most fearful to witness ever brought upon the stage. The highest excess of dramatic powers, terror and gloom has certainly been reached in this drama”.

From an eloquent article in “The Dublin University Magazine” on “D. F. Mac-Carthy's Calderon”.

THE SECRET IN WORDS.

A Drama.

“The ingenious verbal artifice of ‘The Secret in Words’, although a mere trifle if compared to the marvellous intricacy of a similar cipher in Tirso's ‘Amar por Arte Mayor’, from which Calderon's play was taken—loses sadly in a translation; yet the piece, even with this disadvantage, cannot fail to please”.

J. R. Chorley in “The Athenæum”.

THE SCARF AND THE FLOWER.

A Drama.

“The ‘Scarf and the Flower’, nice and courtly though it be, the subject spun out and entangled with infinite skill, is too thin by itself for an interest of three acts long; and no translation, perhaps, could preserve the grace of manner and glittering flow of dialogue which conceal this defect in the original”.

J. R. Chorley in “The Athenæum”.

LOVE AFTER DEATH.

A Drama.

“‘Love after Death’ is a drama full of excitement and beauty, of passion and power, of scenes whose enthusiastic affection, self-devotion, and undying love are drawn with more intense colouring than we find in any other of Calderon's works”.

From an article in “The Dublin University Magazine” on D. F. Mac-Carthy's Calderon.

“Another tragedy, ‘Love after Death’, is connected with the hopeless

rising of the Moriscoes in the Alpujarras (1568–1570), one of whom is its hero. It is for many reasons worthy of note; amongst others, as showing how far Calderon could rise above national prejudices; and expend all the treasures of his genius in glorifying the heroic devotedness of a noble foe”.

Archbishop Trench.

LOVE THE GREATEST ENCHANTMENT.

A Drama.

“This fact connects the piece with the first and most pleasing in the volume, ‘Love the greatest Enchantment’, in which the same myth [that of Circe and Ulysses] is exhibited in a more life-like form, though not without some touches of allegory. Here we have a classical plot which is adapted to the taste of Spain in the seventeenth century by a plentiful admixture of episodes of love and gallantry. The adventure is opened with nearly the same circumstances as in the tenth *Odyssey*: but from the moment that Ulysses, with the help of a divine talisman, has frustrated all the spells (beauty excepted) of the enchantress, the action is adapted to the manners of a more refined and chivalrous circle”.

“The Saturday Review” in its review of “Mac-Carthy's Three Plays of Calderon”.

THE DEVOTION OF THE CROSS.

A Drama.

“The last drama to which Mr. Mac-Carthy introduces us is the famous ‘Devotion of the Cross’. We cannot deny the praise of great power to this strange and repulsive work, in which Calderon draws us onward by a deep and terrible dramatic interest, while doing cruel violence to our moral nature. . . . Our readers may be glad to compare the translations which Archbishop Trench and Mr. Mac-Carthy have given us of a celebrated address to the Cross contained in this drama. ‘Tree whereon the pitying skies’, etc. Mr. Mac-Carthy does not appear to us to suffer from comparison on this occasion with a true poet, who is also a skilful translator. Indeed he

has faced the difficulties and given the sense of the original with more decision than Archbishop Trench”.

“*The Guardian*”, in its review of the same volume.

THE SORCERIES OF SIN.

An Auto.

“The central piece, the ‘Sorceries of Sin’, is an ‘Auto Sacramental’, or Morality, of which the actors represent Man, Sin, Voluptuousness, etc., Understanding, and the Five Senses. The Senses are corrupted by the influence of Sin, and figuratively changed into wild beasts. Man, accompanied by Understanding and Penance, demands their liberation and encounters no resistance; but his free-will is afterwards seduced by the Evil Power, and his allies reclaim him with difficulty. Yet the plan of the apologue is embellished with many ingenious conceits and artifices, and conformed in the leading circumstances with an Homeric myth—the names of Ulysses and Circe being frequently substituted for those of the Man and Sin”.

“*The Saturday Review*” on “*Mac-Carthy’s Three Plays of Calderon*”.

BELSHAZZAR’S FEAST.

An Auto.

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From an article in “*The New York Nation*”, by a distinguished professor of Cornell University, on “*Mac-Carthy’s Translations of Calderon*”.

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“*The Bookseller*”, June 29, 1867, on *Mac-Carthy’s “Mysteries of Corpus Christi (Autos Sacramentales), from the Spanish of Calderon”*.

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Calderon’s *Autos Sacramentales*, or *Mysteries of Corpus Christi*. Duffy: Dublin and London, 1867.

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