

# *El Saco de Amberes* *Comedia Famosa*

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By Don Pedro Calderón

**Edited, translated and introduced by Elena Truan**

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## Preface

When I decided I wanted to work on an editing project for my master's thesis, my strongest motivation was the idea of being able of bringing an unknown document to light and make it known to all sorts of readers. The idea, however, of blowing the dust off –metaphorically– any story, and share my enthusiasm for it by making it available and readable, was a sad orphan in my mind, since I still had to find a document that would awake such enthusiasm in me to make it possible. The motive for my determination in producing a work of the mentioned purpose was nonetheless firm, and I started a search for the document I knew was waiting for me somewhere.

Being a Spanish student in the Netherlands, my heart soon flew to all the accounts of my countrymen who had been here four centuries ago, either integrating in the Dutch society or incessantly fighting its inhabitants, for after all, they had come from Spain like me; had faced a weather that they were not used to, like me; had probably wondered at the difference of language and culture, like me; and, although I had not come with intentions of converting the population to Catholicism, nor of fighting for God, Country and King, but rather of enriching my mind with new views and knowledge from a fine, centenary university, I could not help but feel a connection between the Spanish soldiers during the Eighty-Years War (1568-1648). Deserving of the Black Legend title or not, these men in cloaks and feathered hats, despite the difference in time period, shared with me country and culture, and had travelled as far as I had.

The selection process I followed, then, kept in account both pragmatic aspects and my own interests, and so I listed four requirements that my document had to comply with to be considered an interesting option for editing. Firstly, I was looking for a document with a certain length, to be able to produce a full thesis and a thorough work; secondly, because of my own, previously explained personal interest, it had to be a document concerning the years of the Dutch Revolt; thirdly, the content needed to be of historical relevance, within the mentioned context, so that the result of my work would be of interest; and fourth and last, and exclusively for my own enjoyment and to rouse my curiosity, the content also had to be, simply said, exciting.

This play was discovered to me by a helpful professor from the Leiden History department; and soon all other options disappeared. Not only did *El Saco de Amberes* fulfil all my requirements: as an Early Modern theatre enthusiast, I fell hopelessly in love with it upon reading only the first page. As an editor and translator of this play, I can assure every word has been written with the utmost care and passion, and I hope that both lay and specialised audiences enjoy this edition.

## Acknowledgements

First of all, I would like to thank professor Raymond Fagel of the Leiden History Department, without whom I would have never discovered this document, and who kindly helped me in my search and encouraged me to edit and translate El Saco de Amberes despite having dedicated hours of work to it himself.

Secondly, I give thanks to my parents, Rafael and Lucía, for supporting me during my master's and helping me in everything I could possibly need. I never wanted for anything and every step in my career will always be because I was raised by you among love and books. To Alberto, who also supported me, endured my rants, always listened to me, and generally, was and is always there for me. And to Paloma and Javier, who are the friends everyone should aspire to be in life.

My new friends, Martina, Danae, Lucy, Jacqueline, and Erik-Jan, constant work companions and fellow Press Room 'inmates', made sure I did not go completely mad and isolated, and I would have been half as productive without them.

Last, but not least, I would like to thank Marta and Jose, my cousins, who welcomed me to Leiden and opened the doors of their home to me when I arrived, making me feel at home within hours of landing. You were a reliable figure of support and protection throughout my year, and the times we spent together always cheered me up and helped me stay motivated and focused. I do not know if I will ever be able to thank you enough, but for now, all I can do is grant you the longest paragraph of this very important section. Thank you.

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## Introduction

This bilingual edition of *El Saco de Amberes* intends to present a readable and easily accessible version of the text for both scholarly consultation and leisure reading. It is the first modern edition of the Early Modern Spanish play *El Saco de Amberes*, by don Pedro Calderón, which was known up until now as an early printed text, with doubts about its origin and even authorship. It is not the intention of this editor to locate, date and attribute this play with precision, or to formulate a theory on any of these matters. This work shall be left to more capable minds. This edition, however, endeavours to illuminate readers as much as possible about the document in which this text was found and its historical and literary context. It is hoped that it provides a tool for the better understanding, research, and literary criticism of the play *El Saco de Amberes*, further from being able to read it without the typical obstacles of early printed documents.

### *The document*

*El Saco de Amberes*, officially attributed in the original document to don Pedro Calderón,<sup>1</sup> is printed in a very common format of seventeenth-century Spain: the ‘suelta’. This consisted of a quarto booklet of low quality, which allowed the public to buy popular comedies individually for a cheap price. The origin of this printing format responds to several factors around the success of theatre as one of Spanish society’s main leisure activities, and the printing industry’s search for profitable products. During the Golden Age, theatrical plays became one of the main entertainments whether it was attending the playhouse (or ‘corrala’) or watching them at Court, it became an event of social importance. Being affordable to all social classes, its popularity soon grew, creating a favourable environment for playwrights to thrive. Some of them are now considered the greatest figures of Spanish literature, like Lope de Vega or Pedro Calderón de la Barca. Consequently, the outstanding demand for theatrical entertainment resulted in a vast array of dramatic texts. These would be copied by hand only in order to be presented at Court for performing, or to the owners of companies and theatres, to be sold to them.

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<sup>1</sup> P. Calderón de la Barca, *El Saco de Amberes* (s.l.: s.n., s.a). Theatre Institute, Barcelona, Arturo Sedó Theatre Collection, SL59095. Henceforth I will refer to it as TC.

P. Calderón de la Barca, *El Saco de Amberes* (s.l.: s.n., s.a.). Castilla la Mancha Library, Fondo Antiguo, 1-862(8). Henceforth I will refer to it as BC.

Throughout the sixteenth century, plays did not awake the interest of printers, and they were barely found other than in manuscript. The seventeenth century was a breakthrough for printed theatre. In 1603, two editions of *Seis comedias de Lope de Vega Carpio y otros autores* were printed; one by Pedro Madrugal in Madrid, and another by Pedro Craesbeek in Lisboa, and so the model for the ‘partes’ was set: one of the first formats for theatre printing, which consisted in a collection of plays by the

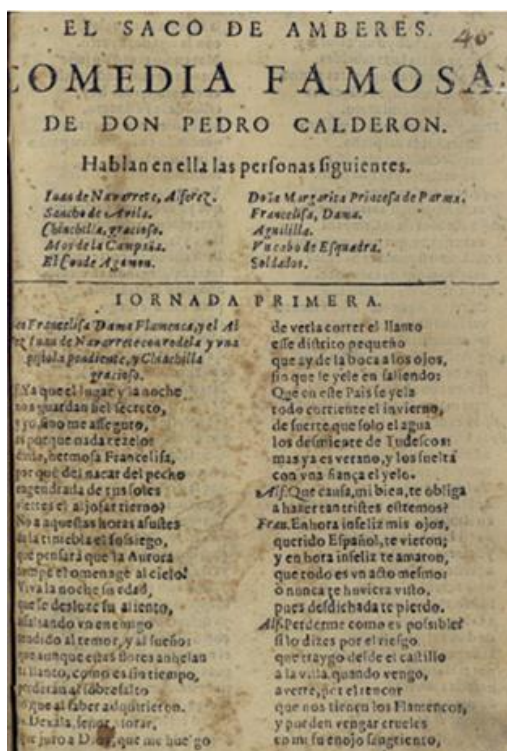


Figure 1: TC, folio [1r]

well as expensive ones, was not challenging.<sup>2</sup> The transition of theatrical plays from stage to print was a controversial one, as authors were publicly against it, as they considered it a genre which was only meant to be performed. While it is true that many elements of performed theatre are undoubtedly lost when reading only the text of a play, it did provide access to these texts to a wider audience.

However, the playwrights' concern went further than that. In many occasions, the copies that printers acquired were obtained from actor companies or theatre owners, so they could often be altered for the benefit of the performance, with characters cut out of the play, shortened monologues, or generally altered verses. Furthermore, printers found themselves tempted to change the name of the author of a play for a better-known

<sup>2</sup> G. Vega García-Luengo, 'La edición de obras dramáticas en el Siglo de Oro', *Las Puertas del Drama*, 41, 2013 <<http://www.aat.es/elkioscotatral/las-puertas-del-drama/drama-41/la-edicion-de-obras-dramaticas-en-el-siglo-de-oro/>> (25 July 2018).



playwright to sell more copies. Although the law did not protect authors, who lost all rights when they sold the play to theatre companies, many playwrights still attempted to clarify their authorship or denounce text modifications. It was the many mutilations and forgeries that the manuscript texts suffered what convinced them to, eventually, allow the printing of their direct originals, and review them before printing. Between 1625 and 1634, licenses to print comedies and novels were suspended in the kingdom of Castille, causing printers to lie in their editions about the place and date of publication, especially in Seville.<sup>3</sup>

It is around this time that the publication of ‘seltas’ becomes truly popular. ‘Seltas’ had started appearing along the sixteenth century, together with poetical booklets. As has been mentioned before, printers were benefited by the option of producing cheaper prints to sell comedies. ‘Seltas’, then, were editions with a careless typesetting, bad quality prints with no title page (fig. 1) that rarely even included the printer’s name, making them difficult to locate and date nowadays. The name ‘seltas’ (loose) came from the fact that they were independently bound in the shape of booklets of around thirty to forty pages, and never more than sixty, not compiled with other plays, and, consequently, with their own independent collation formula. Due to the success of some comedies, or celebrated authors, around 1650<sup>4</sup> some booksellers would take plays from ‘partes’ and re-sell them as ‘seltas’. These prints, called ‘desglosadas’ are usually easily identifiable as, having belonged to a bigger compilation, they do not have an independent collation formula. In other cases, twelve ‘seltas’, each with their own collation formula, can be found bound together to be sold as ‘partes’, with a new title page printed for the occasion.

This, naturally, causes these texts to vary greatly for each case. It is clear that playwrights, once the plays were sold and printed, generally considered the printed editions a secondary life for their plays. They possibly did not have the means, nor thought it profitable, to control all of their texts once printed. For the printers and booksellers these were products in constant circulation, which were modifiable, alive, and consumed daily.<sup>5</sup> It has been calculated that there might have been up to 40.000

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<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> A. Vázquez Estévez, *Impresos dramáticos españoles de los siglos XVII y XVIII en las bibliotecas de Barcelona* (Kassel: Reichenberger, 1995) p.13.

<sup>5</sup> Vega García-Luengo, ‘La edición de obras dramáticas en el Siglo de Oro’, 41.

series of ‘seltas’,<sup>6</sup> published during the seventeenth century mainly in cities like Valencia, Seville, and Madrid. Towards the end of the century, series were often numbered. Quite relevant, as will be mentioned below, is the fact that ‘seltas’ of plays from the seventeenth century were still widely popular in the eighteenth century, especially for Seville printers Leefdael and Hermosilla, among others.

Considering this context, the original text upon which the present edition is based is easily identifiable. The only two copies of the earliest known printed edition of *El Saco de Amberes* which remain today; are both a ‘suelta’ edition from the same series. The format, as has been illustrated, is a printed quarto booklet, with the collation formula A-D<sup>2</sup>. One copy is kept at the Castilla la Mancha Public Library in Toledo, Spain; and the other one is in possession of the Theatre Institute of Barcelona. As it is characteristic, the document has no title page; a title only occurs on the same first page where the play starts. The text ends at exactly the end of folio [16v], no doubt an exercise of efficiency and economic printing. The letters that identify the quires, and thus the collation formula, show that the play was printed individually, confirming that it is a ‘suelta’ copy of the play. The copy in Toledo has suffered most from time. The document itself presents hardly any damage, other than the usual stains created by humidity, and a number 40 added in ink at the top right corner of the first page, next to the title.

However, an unfortunate later cutting of the margins after rebinding has caused the loss of one verse at the top of folium [16r], (fig. 2 and 3) and part of a stage direction at the top of folium [16v] (figs. 4 and 5). In other folia, the heading, which stated the title of the play in the folio versos, and the name of the author in the rectos, is also lost due to this cutting. The lost verse and the stage direction were, however, recoverable from the Barcelona copy, in which the margins are intact and the paper, judging from the image in the digitised version, seems to present a better state of conservation.<sup>7</sup>

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<sup>6</sup> Ibid.

<sup>7</sup> For the present edition, I have been able to access the Barcelona copy only in a digitised version, but I was able to examine the Toledo copy in both a digitised version and the physical copy.

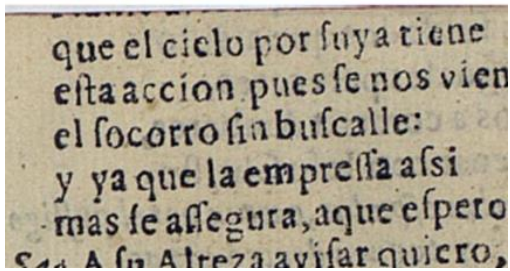


Figure 2: TC folio [16r]. The first line of the speech has been lost due to the cutting.

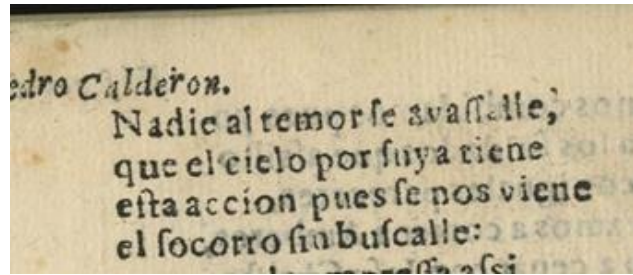


Figure 3: BC folio [16r]. The copy has not been cut and the text is complete, including the heading.

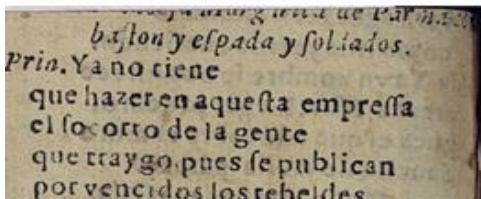


Figure 4: TC folio [16v]. The first line of the stage direction has been lost due to cutting.

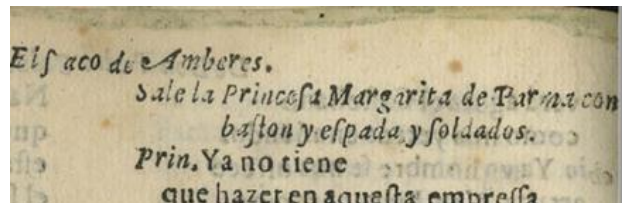


Figure 5: BC folio [16v]. The text is complete, including the heading.

The printed text, typical for a ‘suelta’ edition, has no ornaments, and the type is a simple roman typeface, except for stage directions and character cues, which appear in italics.. Both copies present the same typesetting errors, of which there are a few, including wrong characters in the name cues, evident signs of a careless typesetting and worn-out type. The document was clearly printed in economy, with many abbreviations and with no aesthetic purpose whatsoever. While other copies in the collection, especially the ‘desglosadas’, in which it is bound are generously – if chaotically and still without much quality – decorated with printed ornaments, *El Saco de Amberes* is plain text. The original layout, which all other plays bound with it follow as well, consists of simply the title, followed by a two-column list of the characters in italics, and then the text of the play after a separation bar. The whole text is also laid out in two columns.

The document in Toledo is bound together with other comedies, also attributed to Calderón, which have been, as in the previously mentioned practice, collected, and bound together with other ‘seltas’ and ‘desglosadas’, nine this time. The person who did this, certainly the owner rather than the publisher, did not have a new title page printed, but included a manuscript index (fig. 6). The collection is believed to be from the first half of the eighteenth century. The reasons to suppose this date are that the document belongs to the eighteenth-century collection, or Fondo Antiguo, of the original provincial library of Toledo (before it was moved to the current public library,

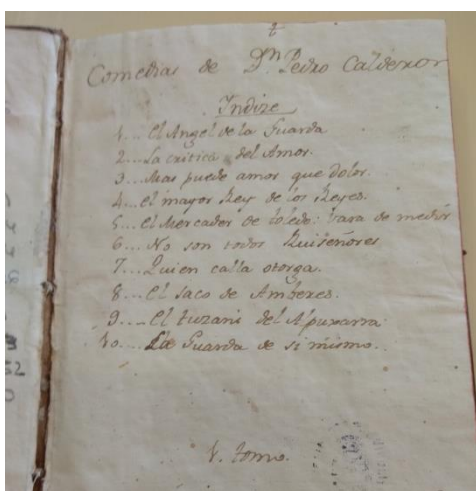


Figure 6: TC index.

the Castilla-la-Mancha library), and that some of the other plays bound together with *El Saco de Amberes*, which have, in general, the same layout and quality, have a colophon. The two printers who appear in these colophons are Joseph Antonio de Hermosilla and Francisco de Leefdael. Both were active in Seville during the eighteenth century,<sup>8</sup> (Leefdael c.1729-1753, and De Hermosilla c. 1725-1738) and as it has been observed, were prone to publish and sell ‘sueltas’

of seventeenth-century plays. It is remarkable that, despite being a play written sometime in the seventeenth century, as I will elucidate later, it only survives now in two single copies from the eighteenth century, much later than when it was first written and published.<sup>9</sup>

### *Literary context and structure*

*El Saco de Amberes* was written during the Golden Age of Spanish theatre, in the seventeenth century. The notable controversy about the author of the play makes it challenging to pinpoint an exact date. The copies that are left to us attribute the play to one Don Pedro Calderón, which undoubtedly refers to the celebrated Pedro Calderón de la Barca (1600-1681), one of the most important figures of Spanish Golden Age theatre and author of literally hundreds of plays. However, the copy kept in Barcelona has an added manuscript note (fig. 7) written under the title, which assures it is *de las falsas* (‘a fake one’) and that *que esta comedia es de don Francisco de Rojas, lo dijo Espetillo y le consta* (‘this comedy is by Francisco de Rojas, Espetillo said it, and he knows’).<sup>10</sup> It

<sup>8</sup> N. Maillard and P. Rueda-Ramírez, ‘Sevilla en el mercado tipográfico (siglos XV-XVIII): de papeles y relaciones.’, in: *Relaciones de sucesos en la Biblioteca Universitaria de Sevilla : antes de que existiera la prensa*. (Unpublished book chapter, Facultad de Comunicación de la Universidad de Sevilla, 2008) e-Lis Repository. <<http://eprints.rclis.org/12593/>> (23 May 2018) p. 15.

<sup>9</sup> La Barrera lists the play as ‘already printed in 1672’. C. A. de la Barrera, *Catálogo Bibliográfico del Teatro Antiguo Español* (London: Tamesis Books, 1860) p.579.

<sup>10</sup> BC, f. 1r.

being impossible to identify the author of this comment, or the figure of Espetillo, origin of this controversial information remains unidentified.<sup>11</sup>

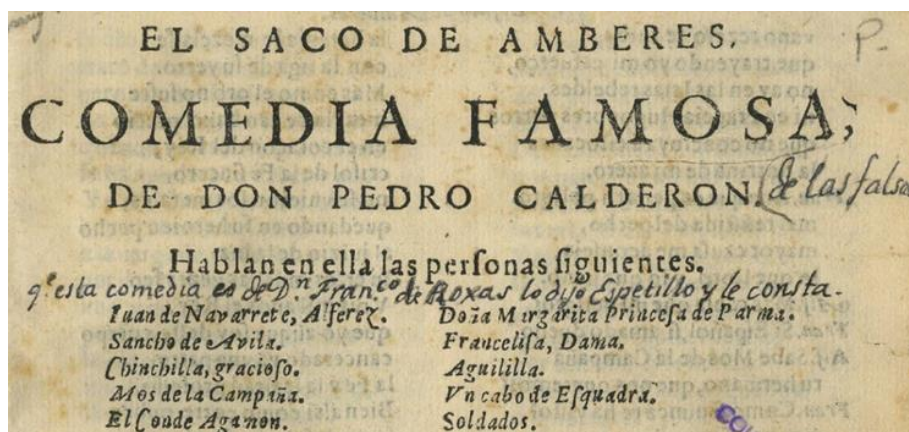


Figure 7: BC folio [1r]

There is no proof that the anonymous annotator was not trying to stain the good name of Don Pedro Calderón, accusing him of being an intellectual thief. On the other hand, what is known of ‘sueatas’ as a product leaves reason to believe that the printer may have attributed the play to Calderón, more attractive to the public, in order to sell more copies. Although Ann Mackenzie attributed the play to Rojas Zorrilla,<sup>12</sup> it is still listed as Calderón’s work in the catalogue of the Toledo Library, as well as the one from the Institut del Teatre, ignoring the manuscript annotation that claims Zorrilla’s credit. Juan de Vera Tassis, editor of Calderón’s plays in the eighteenth century, lists *El Saco de Amberes* in the index of ‘Supposed comedies which go under his name.’<sup>13</sup> Nonetheless, for now, *El Saco de Amberes* is generally not included in Calderón or Zorrilla’s canonical works.

The controversy around the authorship does not allow to narrow the date of creation down to less than a fifty-year period. Considering that Rojas Zorrilla only has known plays between 1633 and 1641, and Calderón, on the other hand, was a prolific

<sup>11</sup> R.P. Fagel, ‘La Furia Española (1576) en el teatro. ¿Un trágico accidente de la guerra o una agresión premeditada?’, in Y. Rodríguez Pérez and A. Sánchez Jiménez (eds.), *La Leyenda Negra en el Crisol de la Comedia: El teatro del Siglo de Oro frente a los estereotipos antihispánicos*. (Madrid: Iberoamericana, 2016), pp. 51-66.

<sup>12</sup> A.L. Mackenzie, ‘El Saco de Amberes. Comedia falsamente atribuida a Calderón. ¿Es de Rojas Zorrilla?’, in *Hacia Calderón. Sexto Coloquio Anglogermano*, ed. Hans Flasche (Wiesbaden: Franz Steiner Verlag, 1981) pp. 151-168. Quoted from . Fagel, ‘La Furia Española (1576) en el teatro.’, p. 52.

<sup>13</sup> ‘Comedias supuestas que andan debajo de su nombre’.

J. de Vera Tassis, (ed.), *Séptima parte de las comedias de don Pedro Calderón que nuevamente corregidas publica Juan de Vera Tassis y Villarroel*, (Madrid: Juan Sanz, 1715), p. 572. The translation is mine.

writer between 1623 and 1680, the date of the play can only be pinpointed within Calderón's career, as Zorrilla's only developed during those same years, for a much briefer period. If there were any certainties that Zorrilla was indeed the real author of *El Saco de Amberes*, they would allow to date the play within only eight years.<sup>14</sup>

The play is not unique in its choice of topic; theatre about the Eighty Years War (1568-1648) was indeed something common in the Spanish tradition. Calderón himself wrote *El Sitio de Breda (The Siege of Breda, 1640)*; Vélez de Guevara (1579-1644) produced *Los Amotinados de Flandes (The Flanders Mutinees, 1633)*; Andrés de Claramonte (1560-1626) wrote *El valiente negro de Flandes (The Brave Negro of Flanders, 1622)*; and many others, including Lope de Vega (1562-1635), also wrote historical plays with the background of wars in which the Spaniards had been involved.<sup>15</sup> Although the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were a flourishing period for the printing of theatrical plays, and the Spanish presence abroad provided favourable conditions for a remarkable cultural exchange which included theatre plays, the conflicts of the time were detrimental to the expansion of plays by the great Spanish playwrights such as Lope de Vega, Calderón de la Barca, or Tirso de Molina (1579–1648).<sup>16</sup> The previously mentioned plays were written during, or after, the Twelve-Year Truce (1609-1621); unlikely to have been written to be performed in the southern Low Countries, where Spanish plays were in fact quite popular,<sup>17</sup> but perhaps fit, however, to be performed in Court, where it became a common entertainment in the late seventeenth century. During the 1670s, Calderón himself was an official poet at the Habsburg Court in Vienna. Plays like *El Saco De Amberes* played a role, perhaps, in softening or justifying deeds remembered throughout Europe as part of the Black Legend, which was an important political obstacle into deterring Spanish theatre's expansion.<sup>18</sup>

Following Lope de Vega's *Arte Nuevo de Hacer Comedias* (1609), *El Saco de Amberes* is a Spanish *comedia* that does not comply with the classic rules of theatre. It

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<sup>14</sup> A. Samson locates play in 1633, but this can only be a speculation. A. Samson, '¿Rebeldes o luchadores por la libertad? *Los Amotinados de Flandes*' in Rodríguez Pérez and Sánchez Jiménez (eds.), *La Leyenda Negra en el Crisol de la Comedia.*, pp. 121-139.

<sup>15</sup> Ibid.

<sup>16</sup> M. Franzbach, 'La recepción de la comedia en la Europa de la Lengua Alemana en el siglo XVII', in R.A. Galoppe, M.L. Stoutz and H.W. Sullivan (eds.), *La comedia española y el teatro europeo del siglo XVII* (London: Tamesis, 1999), p. 176.

<sup>17</sup> van Marion & im Vergeer (2016), 'Spain's Dramatic Conquest of the Dutch Republic. Rodenburg as a Literary Mediator of Spanish Theatre, *De Zeventiende Eeuw. Cultuur in de Nederlanden in Interdisciplinair Perspectief* 32 (1):40-60.

<sup>18</sup> Ibid.

does not respect the unity of time and place, lacks a chorus, and is divided in three ‘jornadas’, and not the classical five acts.<sup>19</sup> It intends to imitate nature rather than the classics: keeping decorum, the play features accessible language,<sup>20</sup> and not necessarily elevated speech, especially from characters belonging to the lower classes of society. The figure of the ‘gracioso’, the ‘funny one’ or clown, is represented in Chinchilla, who is paired up with the other female servant, Aguililla, similar to him: funny, quick-witted, and cheeky. The lady is defined only by her love to her suitor and how she defies her circumstances to be with him; and the hero is brave, patriotic, and religious, and also bold, witty and gallant. The main themes found in the play are honour, love, and religion, which unite in one as the hero keeps honest intentions with the lady, who must be a Catholic too, and defends his honour and hers by redeeming his actions in fighting for his religion.

Concerning the rhyme scheme of the play, it changes throughout the text, following, however, a pattern. Although the three acts or ‘jornadas’ are not divided in scenes in the text, a certain division of scenes can be appreciated by a change in the rhyme scheme which matches entrances and exits of characters, thus marking the different scenes. The different kinds of rhyme schemes found in the play are:

1. Romance: A long, continuous poem with octosyllabic verses in which only the even-numbered verses rhyme. It is used mostly for long speeches, such as Francelisa’s and Navarrete’s.
2. Redondilla: Octosyllabic enclosed-rhyme quatrain (abab). A succession of redondillas is used in more dynamic scenes, like dialogues between soldiers.
3. Silva: Combination of heptasyllabic and hendecasyllabic verses; the rhyme scheme and the combination of eleven and seven syllables depends on the preference of the poet. This scheme is only used for conversations between Monsiur de la Campaña and Count Agamon, in one of which only Francelisa intervenes; the author seems to have used the silva only for the Flemish conversations.

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<sup>19</sup> J.M. Rozas, *Significado y doctrina del arte nuevo de Lope de Vega* (Alicante: Biblioteca Virtual Miguel de Cervantes, 2002) < [http://www.cervantesvirtual.com/obra-visor/arte-nuevo-de-hacer-comedias-en-este-tiempo--0/html/ffb1e6c0-82b1-11df-acc7-002185ce6064\\_4.html](http://www.cervantesvirtual.com/obra-visor/arte-nuevo-de-hacer-comedias-en-este-tiempo--0/html/ffb1e6c0-82b1-11df-acc7-002185ce6064_4.html) > (17 June 2018).

<sup>20</sup> F. A. de Armas, ‘The Comedia and the Classics’, in H. Kallendorf (ed.), *A Companion to Early Modern Hispanic Theatre* (Leiden: E.J. Brill, 2014), pp. 33-58.

In only two occasions in the play does the rhyme scheme deviate from these three patterns. One is in act I, when Aguililla enters for the first time singing two songs:

Como yo los sustento	7-
busco galanes	5a
que se coman los hombres	7-
porque se harten. <sup>21</sup>	5a

And:

Yo le daré mis cuartos	7-
sin otomia	5a
al que acierte mi nombre	7-
que es Aguililla.	5a

This is known as the ‘seguidilla arromanzada’, of typical use in popular songs as the one Aguililla, being a peasant woman, would sing. The second one is in one of Francelisa’s speeches, at the beginning of act III, in which her speech explaining to Navarrete the assault on the house where she was is composed of consecutive stanzas of octosyllabic verses with a rhyme scheme ababba:

Habían los rayos rojos	8a
del sol apagado el fuego,	8b
sufría la luz enojos,	8a
todo el mundo estaba ciego,	8b
y solamente el sosiego	8b
tenía abiertos los ojos. <sup>22</sup>	8a

Finally, the structure of the plot and rhyme scheme, following to the numbering of the verses from this edition, considering the changes in the rhyme scheme, and keeping in mind entrances and exits of characters, could be organised thus:

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<sup>21</sup>TC, f. 5r.

<sup>22</sup>TC, f. 13r.



ACT I	ACT II	ACT III
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>Scene 1: 1-398</i> Romance</li> <li>• <i>Scene 2: 399-720</i> Redondilla</li> <li>• <i>Scene 3: 721-965</i> Romance</li> <li>• <i>Scene 4: 966-1146</i> Silva (966-1026) Romance (1027-1146)</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>Scene 1: 1-122</i> Romance</li> <li>• <i>Scene 2: 123-354</i> Redondilla</li> <li>• <i>Scene 3: 355-722</i> Romance</li> <li>• <i>Scene 4: 723-786</i> Silva</li> <li>• <i>Scene 5: 787-901</i> Romance</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>Scene 1: 1-130</i> Redondilla (1-23) ababba (24-101) Redondilla (102-130)</li> <li>• <i>Scene 2: 131-210</i> Redondilla</li> <li>• <i>Scene 3: 211 -346</i> Romance</li> <li>• <i>Scene 4: 347-384</i> Redondilla</li> <li>• <i>Scene 5: 385-668</i> Redondilla (385-414) Romance (415-551) Redondilla (552-668)</li> <li>• <i>Scene 6: 669-731</i> Romance</li> </ul>

Fig. 1: Structure and rhyme scheme of the play.

In this proposed structure, act I, scene 4 is not divided by the change in rhyme scheme due to the fact that there is barely an exit of two characters, Mos de la Campaña and Agamon, who return soon enough with Navarrete. Act III, scene 1 is not considered to be interrupted by the change in rhyme scheme due to technically be entirely in redondillas except for Francelisa's speech. Scene 4 and 5 are considered separate, despite having the same rhyme scheme, in consideration to the complete change of characters, from the Flemish characters (in the only instance they do not speak in silvas) to the Spanish ones, whose speeches throughout scene 5 are in redondillas except for Navarrete's speech. Scene 6 is considered due to the change in rhyme scheme, the arrival of other characters, such as Margarita and Francelisa, and being the conclusion of the play.

### *Historical context*

The play, then, was written in seventeenth-century Spain, sometime during the last years of the war against the Dutch Republic, but it is set at the very beginning of the Dutch Revolt. After years of Spanish Habsburg sovereignty over the Low Countries under the generally accepted Charles V, tension had begun to rise under the rule of his son Philip II, whose reputation of strict Catholicism did not ease the lives of the Protestants, already in tense relationships with the loyal Catholic authorities.

Tendencies towards centralization of the Spanish empire's government and the raising of new taxes worsened the situation, and by the time of the Sack of Antwerp (1575), the Duke of Alba's iron hand had put a stop to the rebellion led by William of Orange and to the death on the scaffold of the Netherlandish high aristocrats Egmont and Horne, which, however, increased the population's resolve to resist rather than solving the matter.

The year before the Sack of Antwerp Spain had declared itself in a state of bankruptcy, and money stopped flowing for the soldiers who fought in the *tercios*, the infantry regiments of the Spanish army. Finding themselves in the Low Countries, far away from home in a foreign land, and without their salary, they were forced to steal from the population, reinforcing the already bad reputation of the Spanish troops. The salaries of the Spanish soldiers were low, but it was all they depended on, as it was customary that they provided for themselves. In the play, the mutiny of the army is born in act II, after the starving soldiers Araújo, Castro, and Matute plot to rebel and ask Navarrete to lead them as their ensign, which he, overhearing them, accepts. According, however, to Bernardino de Mendoza's contemporary *Comentarios de las guerras de los Países Bajos* (Madrid: Pedro Madrigal, 1592), the mutiny started after the siege of Zierickzee (a small town in Zeeland), when the city surrendered to the Spaniards in June 1576, promising 200.000 guilders in exchange for not being plundered. However, the citizens did not pay, and the soldiers from the Mondragon regiment (correctly mentioned in the play), already without a salary, mutinied and settled in Alost. None of the negotiations were successful, and the rest of the Spanish army was scattered across Brabant in various scuffles around Antwerp while the seditious regiment stayed in Alost.

Thus was the situation in Flanders when the play starts, and Francelisa warns Navarrete of the rebels coming to Antwerp, which they do shortly after, as Navarrete hears. On the 3<sup>rd</sup> of October, 1576, the troops of the Flemish rebels entered Antwerp with little difficulty, thanks to the help of the burgomasters of the city, who were allied with them to betray the Spaniards in the castle. As act I continues, the rebels dug trenches quickly, hidden by the fog. On the next day, cannon fire was exchanged between the castle and the city. In the play, it is the moment when the mutineers march from Antwerp to Alost and refuse to negotiate. Soon after, the play links with the events described by Mendoza:

The mutineers passed with the rest of the infantry over the castle bridge, and in its counterscarp they all prayed before attacking, and at the end of it, being guided by a soldier named Juan de Navarrete, from Baeza, whom they had made their ensign, and who carried a banner with a crucifix on one side and Our Lady on the other, they attacked with their captains [...]<sup>23</sup>

Proving thus that not only they did come fighting mainly for their faith (carrying a banner which had the Virgin Mary on one side, and a crucifix on the other, rather than a Spanish one), but also that Juan de Navarrete was indeed a soldier chosen to lead the mutineers. This suggests that the author of the play may very well have used Mendoza's accounts as a source to write *El Saco de Amberes*. What is remarkable, Giménez Martín comments, is that 'neither successive embassies of the Spanish officers, nor the promises of rushing with their payments, nor the news of the general rising that had occasioned sixteen out of seventeen provinces to side with the rebels, had succeeded in appeasing them.'<sup>24</sup> The mutineers, it seems, rushed to Antwerp to help only upon

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<sup>23</sup>Pasaron los amotinados con la demás infantería el puente del castillo, y en la contraescarpa de él hicieron oración todos para asaltar, y al fin de ella, guiándoles un soldado, llamado Juan de Navarrete, natural de Baeza, a quien habían hecho su alférez, que llevaba un estandarte y en él pintado un crucifijo de una parte, y Nuestra Señora de la otra, arremetieron con sus capitanes [...].

Cf. the digital reproduction of B. de Mendoza, *Comentarios de don Bernardino de Mendoza de lo sucedido en las guerras de los Payses Baxos desde el año de 1567 hasta el de 1577* (Madrid: Pedro Madrigal, 1592) book XV, chapter XVII, f. 314v-315r <<http://www.cervantesvirtual.com/obra-visor/comentarios-de-don-bernardino-de-mendoza-de-lo-sucedido-en-las-guerras-de-los-payses-baxos-desde-el-ano-de-1567-hasta-el-de-1577--0/html/ffafa86a-82b1-11df-acc7-002185ce6064.html>> (25 May 2018). .The translation is mine.

<sup>24</sup>No habían conseguido apaciguarles las sucesivas embajadas de los mandos españoles, ni las promesas de apresurar sus pagas, ni las noticias del levantamiento generalizado que había provocado que 16 de las 17 provincias flamencas estuvieran de parte de los rebeldes.'

hearing the cannons from the fight between Spaniards and Flemish, and not motivated by the promises made in negotiations. So determined they were, according to Mendoza's *Comentarios*, and portrayed in act III, lines 663-664, that when Sancho Dávila asked them to rest and eat at the castle, they replied that they came 'determined to eat in Paradise, or dine in the city of Antwerp'.<sup>25</sup>

Sancho Dávila and his troops, then, took back the city, aided by the mutineering soldiers, and the men of generals Julian Romero and Alonso de Vargas. The latter brought 600 men to add to the Spanish force, a total of 2.200 infantry men, 800 Germans, and 500 horses. Despite the enemy being 20.000 men strong, the Spaniards prevailed, setting fire to the city hall where many Flemish rebels had taken position to shoot at the Spaniards. Around 7.500 Flemish soldiers died during the attack and later, trying to flee; reportedly, only 14 Spanish lives were lost, among whom was the leader of the mutineers, our brave main character Juan de Navarrete, 'having been one of the first to climb to the trenches'.<sup>26</sup> *El Saco de Amberes* being a comedy with romance and praise for the glorious deeds of the Spanish army, it allowed a happier ending for the ensign of the Catholic banner.

What happened after, in the sack of the city, is blurred: the event contributed to feed the Black Legend which developed throughout Europe. Some historians argue that it was a product of sheer fury (the event has been referred to as the Spanish Fury, one of the main reasons for the denomination of the Black Legend, which was further kindled by the English, to criticize the Spanish actions in and around the globe during the time). The sack would have been, then, a merciless act of war and punishment of the rebellious Flemish in the city of Antwerp. Other historians, however, have stated that this event was a result of the lack of organisation, the chaotic behaviour of undisciplined soldiers,<sup>27</sup> under the command of Sancho Dávila, governor of the city and field commander of the Spanish troops. Giménez Martín, however, states that the reason for the outrage over the Sack of Antwerp lay in the fire in the city hall, as around eighty of

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J. Giménez Martín, *Tercios de Flandes* (Madrid: Falcata Ibérica, 1999)p. 115. The translation is mine.

<sup>25</sup>[...]respondieron el estar resueltos de comer en el Paraíso o cenar en la villa de Amberes'

De Mendoza, *Comentarios de las guerras de los Países Bajos*, book XV, chapter XVII. The translation is mine.

<sup>26</sup> 'siendo de los primeros que subió en ellas [las trincheras]'

De Mendoza, *Comentarios de las guerras de los Países Bajos*, book XV, chapter XVIII, f. 316r. The translation is mine.

<sup>27</sup>Raymond Fagel further elaborates on this in his article, 'La Furia Española (1576) en el teatro' pp. 51-66.

the neighbouring houses caught fire as a consequence, while the actual sack of the city was less fructiferous.<sup>28</sup>

The play, as we have mentioned, was written between 1623 and 1680, around a hundred years later; one more memory of the war and, as mentioned, a useful tool in propaganda of the Spanish history. The author, however, is not political in the sense that he does not intend to consciously justify the acts of the Spanish army. The play never specifically refers to the Black Legend, nor turns the Flemish into particularly cruel, treacherous or immoral characters. Mos de la Campagne and Agamon, the two Flemish antagonists, only take decisions that obey their military position. As Flemish soldiers, their strategies are always oriented towards fighting their enemy: digging a tunnel to the castle, offering their support to the Spanish mutineers (this is clearly explained in the play as a military strategy, as it benefits them to weaken the main Spanish army), drawing swords against the Spaniards, and attempting to rescue de la Campagne's sister, whom they consider to be abducted, or even attack her when considered a traitor (and a dishonour). Within the moral compass of their time, all of the Flemish characters' actions are justifiable, and never exaggerated as to justify a harsh reaction from the Spaniards. Perhaps the most reproachable action which antagonises the Flemish may be Agamon's unsolicited approach to Francelisa, which he knew to be overstepping the lines of decorum without the lady's consent. If the audience were to compare Francelisa's interactions with Navarrete, a lack of such decorum would also be found (Navarrete visits her at night without a chaperone) but Francelisa loves Navarrete and consents. The author could have depicted the Flemish characters as bloodthirsty and evil, and thus justified the sack of the city, and turned Margaret of Parma's final speech into a defence of the sack, and a glorification of the Spanish deeds. However, the play is not so political. Throughout the play, it seems to be taken as a universal truth that the enemies are such, and deserve all punishments, for not being Catholics. The core of the conflict is, and was, unquestionably religious, and this is mainly reflected in the constant references to the Flemish as heretics, and the Flemish's consideration of Francelisa as a traitor and a tyrant for being a Catholic. By the end of the play, when the Spanish troops prevail, Sancho de Ávila says that the Catholics, rather than the Spaniards, are triumphing, and assured it will be the most famous sack in history, so that everyone gets a prize for having fought well: never for revenge or for punishing the

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<sup>28</sup>Giménez Martín, *Tercios de Flandes*, p. 117.

heretics. ‘pues porque todos se premien /será el saco más famoso/que en los anales se cuente’. Soon after, Margaret of Parma follows, lightly dismissing the soldiers to ‘have fun’ in the sack:

Yo haré lo que me pides,  
y en tanto que se divierten  
los soldados en el saco,  
los prisioneros se entreguen  
a Sancho de Ávila, y él  
a su castillo los lleve.<sup>29</sup>

There is no reference to a Black Legend that needs to be justified, nor a defence of the need for a punishment in the shape of a sack: it seems to be taken as a logical consequence, and a universal truth, that the victory of the Spaniards is a victory of God, and the acts in the sack are never depicted: the play ends just before the beginning of it. The bias is not based on the Dutchmen as a cruel enemy, and it is not based on the need for the Spaniards to punish them for a particular reason: the play is indeed subjective, but not for political reasons, although politics and religion did converge at the time. *El Saco de Amberes* is biased purely for religious reasons. Rather than being propaganda to glorify the actions of the Spaniards in front of the world, it is a play for the Catholics’ self-consumption. Thus, the actions of the Spaniards against the city of Antwerp are never questioned, nor openly justified.

### *Main characters*

To provide more context as to how the characters were present in the historical event of the Sack of Antwerp, and the relationships between them, a summary of the historical characters in the play will be provided here. Francelisa is more likely fictional, but has been included due to her being a main character and having connections to historical details of the Sack of Antwerp, such as the Spanish infantry regiments, or being a relative of another character. All the other main characters have a real historical background. The two servants, Chinchilla and Aguililla, have not been included here, as

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<sup>29</sup> TC, f. 16v.

they are mere fictional characters, as referenced previously, characteristic to Spanish comedies.

Juan de Navarrete, ensign

Juan de Navarrete, the main character in the play, is the suitor of the lady, Francelisa, and fits the archetype for such a character: brave, courteous, and concerned with his honour. His personality suggests that he is not based on Juan de Navarrete as a historical character, but rather idealised and made up to make the hero of the play. It is known, as previously mentioned, that a Juan de Navarrete, born in Baeza, in the region of Jaén, Spain (as it is mentioned in the play too) was chosen as an ensign for the mutineers, as he is mentioned in Bernardino de Mendoza's chronicles *Comentarios de las guerras de los Países Bajos*. Navarrete's rank, then, is 'alférez', or ensign. These men were the standard bearers, and thus represented their regiment, even if, in some occasions, they would have a 'sotaalférez' who would carry the standard for them as they marched. The job of an ensign was not without its dangers, as it is reported that some of them lost both arms whilst attempting to carry the flag, keeping it straight to maintain the regiment's morale up. This explains the importance that Navarrete gives in the play to be caught outside the castle by Sancho when the Flemish attack: it is his mission to bear the banner of the regiment, thus proving that his men are, indeed, there. An ensign was directly under the orders of the commander (captain) of a division of three hundred men within the Spanish infantry regiment. Ten of these divisions would form the regiment, which consequently was composed, in total, of three thousand men. According to Mendoza's chronicle, Juan de Navarrete was killed in the fighting during the Sack of Antwerp.

Sancho de Ávila (Ávila, 1523 – Lisbonne, 1583)

Sancho de Ávila, nicknamed 'the Lightning of War' and better known as Sancho Dávila, was lieutenant colonel under the orders of the third Duke of Alba, Fernando Álvarez de Toledo, and also of Louis de Requesens, regent of the Low Countries. He had fought with Charles V and was appointed captain of infantry in 1561. It was under the Duke of Alba's orders that he carried out the arrest of Count Egmont, who was executed in 1568. In 1569, he was appointed governor of the city of Antwerp. Throughout the play he is called 'El Castellano', 'The Castilian', alluding to the region where his birthplace,

Ávila, is: Castilla y León. By the time of the Sack of Antwerp, Dávila was an experienced soldier of 53 years of age.

Monsieur de la Campaña (Barcelona, 1536 – Dole, 1602)

Frédéric Perrenot de Granvelle de Champagny was brother to cardinal Granvelle, man of state during the reign of Charles V. Champagny was at the service of Spain, having been promoted representative of king Philip II in 1558. In 1565, he served as an intermediary between his brother and the regent of the Low Countries, Margaret of Parma. Under the orders of the Duke of Alba, he fought the army of William of Orange in the northern province of Gröningen. On the 16<sup>th</sup> of April 1571, he was appointed governor of Antwerp, and then sent by Requesens to the north between 1571 and 1575 to negotiate a peace. Upon his return, he found Sancho de Ávila having taken his position as governor of Antwerp. He then joined the rebels against Spain, and after the sack of the city he managed to flee. Champagny was a man of forty years of age in 1576.

Count Agamon

Agamon can be considered to be the name Egmont, hispanicised by the author, or perhaps by common pronunciation of the time. Lamoral, count d'Egmont, as previously said, was arrested and executed by order of the third Duke of Alba in 1568, but the character in the play better fits his son Phillippe d'Egmont (1558-1590) his son, who had good reasons to be an enemy to Sancho de Ávila, as he was the one who arrested his father. According to Mendoza's chronicles, Phillippe d'Egmont was present at the Sack of Antwerp: '...and the infantry [being a] little less than five thousand: whose leaders were Philippe d'Egmont, Earl of Egmont, and Monsieur Capres.'<sup>30</sup> He was, however, in the service of the States General until 1579, after which he entered the service of Philip II.

Margaret of Parma (Flanders, 1522 – Naples, 1586)

A natural daughter of Charles V, she was acknowledged in his will and raised by her great aunts Margaret of Austria, and Mary of Austria, both regents of the Low

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<sup>30</sup> '[...] y [siendo] la infantería poco menos de cinco mil: cuyas cabezas eran Philippe de Egmont Conde de Egmont, y Monsieur de Capres.'

De Mendoza, *Comentarios de las guerras de los Paises Bajos*, book XV, chapter XVI, f. 313r. The translation is mine.



Countries. After being married to Alexander of Medici, and then to Octavio Farnese, she was appointed regent of the Low Countries in 1559. Margaret of Parma was in charge, then, during the early stages of the Dutch Revolt, and not receiving any support from the Spanish Crown, she had to recur to diplomacy. So does her character in the play mediate between the rebels and the noblemen loyal to Spain. Although she did manage to tame the rebellion, it was not enough for the Duke of Alba who, arriving with wide power and only responding to the King, took her place. Margaret was a woman of 54 years of age when the Sack of Antwerp took place.

Francelisa, Flemish lady

Francelisa, love interest of Navarrete, is a character that does not present many features other than the characteristic ones found in lead female characters of Golden Age comedy; passionate and sensitive, and cunning when it comes to defying authority to meet with her lover, Francelisa has the longest speeches in the play, with a very descriptive language to explain the background of the actions, substituting a chorus. In the play, Francelisa is sister to Monsiur de la Campaña (Champagney), and almost betrothed to Count Agamon. Although this serves the purpose of further antagonising the two Flemish soldiers, and spins a personal rivalry between them and the lead character, it is hardly based upon historical facts. It is true that Champagney had, among his ten sisters, one called Françoise. But he was the youngest brother, and so Françoise would have been a woman of 40 when the sack of Antwerp happened; hardly a young maiden. In addition, it is believed that Françoise de Granvelle died young.

### *Plot summary*

Act I starts with Juan de Navarrete, a Spanish ensign in the garrison of the castle of Antwerp who sneaks out of the fortress every night, accompanied by his cowardly servant Chinchilla, to see his beloved Francelisa, a Flemish, but Catholic lady. Navarrete has found her lover crying and asks her the reason. Francelisa warns Navarrete that the Flemish troops are getting ready to take Antwerp back, and she is afraid of their separation caused by the war: her brother is Monsieur de la Campagne, and he may betroth her to his friend, Count Agamon. Both are Flemish protestants. As soon as Navarrete hears the noise of the city stirring up, he has to quickly leave before

Sancho de Ávila comes back and finds out that he was absent when the rebels attacked. Sancho arrives promptly, and finds Chinchilla, who is being thrown out of the fortress by the rebels. Chinchilla confesses to him that Navarrete has a Flemish lover and that they are outside the castle. Soon after, Navarrete arrives, having fought, but Sancho is not fooled. In the end, Sancho lets Navarrete go with a warning, and Chinchilla is reassured that none of them will punish him for being away from the castle, nor for telling Sancho the truth. Then in the forest he finds Aguililla, a peasant woman, possibly a prostitute, that he knows. Aguililla, who distrusts Chinchilla and knows he is around, plays a trick on him, pretending she has not seen him coming and making him believe that she is burying a lot of money that she has saved, to then tell him a ghost story by which the money is cursed and make him flee, scared. Meanwhile, Monsiur de la Campagne and Agamon are preparing themselves to attack from a tunnel that they have dug, that will work as a subterraneous passage to attack the castle of Antwerp. Francelisa is with them, and hopes they fail and die. When de la Campagne goes into the tunnel, Agamon stays behind, and confesses Francelisa his love for her, taking her by the hands. As she is outraged and she tries to call her brother, he hides, fearful of de la Campagne's reaction. De la Campagne comes back, followed by Navarrete, who has been fighting the Flemish in the tunnel, and finds Francelisa. De la Campagne, still not knowing why he has been called by Francelisa, tries to call Agamon for help in fighting Navarrete and save his sister's honour. Agamon believes that he is talking about him, and that he wants to fight him in a duel, and so he does not come out. Act I ends with Navarrete escaping with Francelisa, who pretends that she is being abducted.

Navarrete and Francelisa, then, are happily reunited at the beginning of act II. However, Aguililla and Chinchilla, who are starving, and try to cook what little they have stolen or found. Three other starving soldiers join them, and they talk of the discontent of the Spanish troops, who have not being paid for two years. They discuss a possible mutiny, and one of them suggests Navarrete as a leader. The others tell him he will not agree, but Navarrete, who is listening from the background, comes forth and agrees. They decide to go to Alost and settle there. They mutiny, and soon Margaret of Parma comes with Sancho de Ávila trying to convince them to return to the Spanish lines, offering her jewels as payment, but they refuse. De la Campagne and Agamon, who have heard of the mutiny, resolve to go meet Navarrete, of whom they have heard, and offer him their help in order to weaken the Spanish army. But when they wait for

him in the forest, they see him meet Francelisa, and realise who he is. They try to fight him, but Navarrete's men come to his aid.

In the third and final act, Navarrete arrives to the estate where Francelisa is living in hiding, pursuing some attackers. She tells him that it was her brother, who had attacked the estate during the night, and almost killed her. Navarrete then commands to set a watchman to protect Francelisa, and a watchman instructs Chinchilla to do it. However, he flees as soon as Navarrete approaches in the dark, and so he takes his place to let his soldiers sleep. Soon after, Sancho de Avila arrives in a last desperate attempt to convince Navarrete to return to the army. Not recognising him in the dark, he leaves a message for Navarrete, which he hears while pretending to be a simple watchman. Sancho tells him that he has not only offended the King, but also God, since the protestants are encouraged to rebel as a consequence of their mutiny. Affected by this, Navarrete harangues his soldiers to go back and take Antwerp to redeem themselves. The Flemish discover their coming, but are confident that they do not have enough soldiers to take Antwerp. Navarrete arrives at the castle and is received by Sancho de Ávila. They are joined by the regiments of Julián Romero and Alonso de Vargas, and the battle is won by the Spaniards. Margaret of Parma arrives with reinforcements at the end, and Navarrete offers her the town and the surrender of de la Campagne and Agamon, as a form of redemption, and he and Francelisa ask for permission to get married. Margaret of Parma grants it, and leaves Antwerp to be sacked by the soldiers.

### **Editorial note**

The text of the play has been edited with the main purpose of accessibility. The predominant concern of bringing this theatre play to light has been making the text readable and easily accessible for academics, as well as other interested readers. Thus, this edition will not elaborate on the language of the time, nor on the literary aspects that may be analysed in it: as mentioned before, this edition aims to make such elucidations possible by making the text accessible to those who may study these features, and others, of the play. In the same vein, the translation of the text that the present edition offers is not intended to be a detailed, meticulous translation, with the same metrics and verse as found in the original, but rather a pragmatic one, that may help a non-Spanish speaking reader follow the plot to detail and appreciate the narrative of the play. Although the translation has been carried out as faithfully as it has been possible for the editor, the edition is intended for academics to access this play, and so it is expected that they will be capable of appreciating the work in its original language, and it is hoped that, in the future, a translator better versed in Golden Age theatre may pick up the task of providing an improved translation; the present edition serves the purpose of throwing the gauntlet to those translators interested.

Regarding the language in the text, for readability purposes, this edition has modernised spelling; to all effects, the spelling and grammar has been adapted to fit modern standards, as it has been considered to improve readability and not be an obstacle to the understanding of the play. This applies to accentuation and punctuation as well. This includes having added commas or dots when it was suitable or necessary, and exclamation marks where context deemed it more suitable, being these last additions always made patent with a footnote. The edition has added opening question and exclamation marks, as Spanish grammar requires; as well as ellipsis ('...') when a character's line seems to be cut short by another character's line, suggesting that one is interrupting the other. Similarly, all contractions and abbreviations have been transcribed in full. Capitalization has been adapted to modern use, only keeping capital letters, particularly, in words that have been turned into names and used to address other characters, such as 'Alférez', Navarrete's rank, 'Español' when used by Francelisa as a nickname for Navarrete, 'Castellano', as Sancho de Avila is known throughout the play, or 'Rey' and 'Infanta', when used to refer expressly to them, and not generically, and

are not followed by their names, Philip II or Margaret.<sup>31</sup> These decisions have been taken not only in consideration of modern readers, but also based on the fact that the quality of the original document is quite low, and therefore, it is suspected that irregular contractions and punctuation, or even spelling, may have been the result of the publisher's decision to make an economic edition. It is also presumed that the edition belongs to a later period than that in which the play was written. Thus, the original spelling and grammar of the text presented is not a reliable source for linguistic purposes, as it may not be fully representative of the language of the time. Moreover, the language in this document is mostly irrelevant to the study of its author, as the document was published at a much later time, and it is unknown how much of the language of the previous century has been kept. It is also known that printed theatre of the time, and these kind of editions in particular, were already known to be constantly modified and changed at the printer's will. Performance of the plays, which preceded publication, could also take its toll on the text. Any authorial intent concerning the grammar or spelling in the play, or even the vocabulary, will not be affected in modernisation. For these reasons, the original grammar in the text was not considered relevant, and the pragmatic decision of modernising spelling and accentuation prevailed.

Regarding vocabulary, some archaic Castilian words have been kept, as they contributed to complying with the metrics, and more importantly, with the rhyme; but some have also been kept purely for aesthetic purposes. These are words which are familiar to modern readers and audiences, and therefore generally easily understood, and they are commonly kept in modern editions and performances of other Golden Age plays.<sup>32</sup> Examples are words such as, 'infelice', 'aquesta', 'mesmo', the contraction of the formal address 'vueseñoría' or 'vuesé', or the infinitive form of pronominal verbs with 'll' rather than the modern form, for example 'consentilla' for the modern 'consentirla'; 'seguillo' for the modern 'seguirlo', and so on. Since most modern readers will understand them, the edition keeps them in favour of a closer experience with the context of the play. In the case of certain words that characters from a lower level of the social scale, like Chinchilla or Aguililla, use, and terms that may be different on purpose, to mark their characteristic colloquial speech, are set in italics.

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<sup>31</sup> Real Academia Española, *Diccionario Panhispánico de Dudas*, 'Mayúsculas', <<http://lema.rae.es/dpd/srv/search?id=BapzSnotjD6n0vZiTp>> (18 June 2018).

<sup>32</sup> See, for example, the many digital editions of the works of Calderón de la Barca found at the Cervantes Virtual Library, <[http://www.cervantesvirtual.com/portales/calderon\\_de\\_la\\_barca/su\\_obra/](http://www.cervantesvirtual.com/portales/calderon_de_la_barca/su_obra/)> (26 July 2018).

Regarding the layout, as it has been clarified above, the original document was only edited with the intentions of producing a cheap copy at a low cost. All editorial decisions for the original document were made in consideration of the available space and economy, and thus the need for uniformity and readability has prevailed. By including full names in character cues, as opposed to the abbreviated names integrated in the columns of the original text, it became clear that maintaining the original layout of two columns would result in a rather crowded page (fig.8).

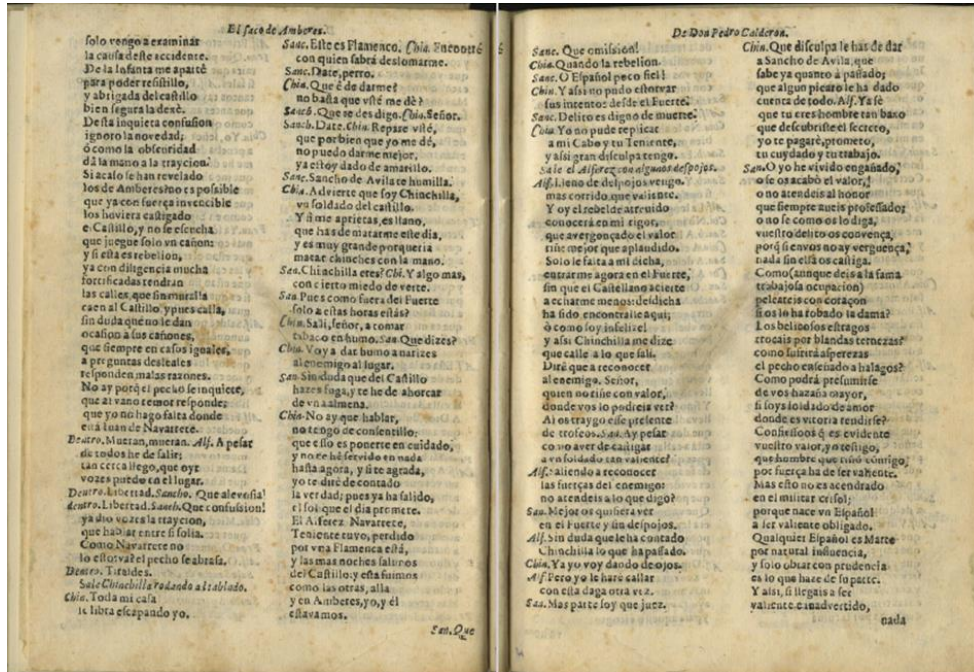


Figure 8: BC, f. [3v] and [4r]

This would, above all, prove more difficult to follow for the modern reader. Therefore, for clarity purposes the layout of this edition is of a single column. The original cues not only had certain mistakes, but could also be inconsistent throughout the play (for example, *Nav.* for Navarrete changed to *Alf.* for Alférez, and Margarita changed from time to time to *prin.* for Princesa). However, the heading, which did not prove a problem, remains in its original layout. It has also been considered that keeping the heading of the play with the title and the list of characters would provide the edition with a certain historical sense, and help the reader have a closer experience to the original text. Its aesthetic value has also been appreciated. Page breaks of the original document are specified where pertinent. The lines of each act are numbered to allow referencing the text. Stage directions have been uniformly laid out, as they were scattered in the right margin of the original text.

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[1r]

EL SACO DE AMBERES  
COMEDIA FAMOSA  
DE DON PEDRO CALDERON.

Hablan en ella las personas siguientes.

Juan de Navarrete, alférez.

Doña Margarita, Princesa de Parma.

Sancho de Ávila.

Francelisa, dama.

Chinchilla, gracioso.

Aguililla.

Mos de la Campaña.

Un cabo de escuadra.

El Conde Agamón.

Soldados.

---

JORNADA PRIMERA

*Salen FRANCELISA, dama flamenca, y el ALFÉREZ JUAN DE NAVARRETE, con rodela y una pistola pendiente, y CHINCHILLA, gracioso.*

NAVARRETE: Ya que el lugar y la noche,  
nos guardan fiel secreto,  
y yo, si no me aseguro,  
es porque nada recelo:  
dime, hermosa Francelisa,  
¿por qué del nácar del pecho  
engendada de tus soles  
viertes el aljófara tierno?  
No a aquestas horas asustes  
de la tiniebla el sosiego,  
que pensará que la Aurora

rompe el homenaje al cielo:  
Viva la noche su edad,  
que se deslice su aliento,  
asaltando un enemigo,  
rendido al temor, y al sueño:  
que aunque estas flores anhelan  
tu llanto, como es sin tiempo,  
perderán al sobresalto  
lo que al saber adquirieron.

20

CHINCHILLA: Déjela, señor, llorar,  
que juro a Dios, que me huelgo  
de verla correr el llanto  
ese distrito pequeño  
que hay de la boca a los ojos,  
sin que se hiele en saliendo:  
Que en este país se hiela  
toda corriente el invierno,  
de suerte que solo el agua  
lo desmiente de tudescos:  
mas ya es verano, y los suelta  
con una fianza el hielo.

30

NAVARRETE: ¿Qué causa, mi bien, te obliga  
a hacer tan tristes extremos?

FRANCELISA: En hora infeliz mis ojos,  
querido Español, te vieron;  
y en hora infeliz amaron,  
que todo es un acto mesmo:  
oh, nunca te hubiera visto,  
pues desdichada te pierdo.

40

NAVARRETE: ¿Perderme?<sup>33</sup> ¿Cómo es posible?

Si lo dices por el riesgo  
que traigo desde el castillo  
a la villa, cuando vengo,  
a verte, por el rencor  
que nos tienen los flamencos,  
y pueden vengar crueles  
en mí su enojo sangriento,  
vano recelo te turba;

[1v]

50

que trayendo yo mi esfuerzo,  
no hay en las islas rebeldes,  
ni en Francia hugonotes perros  
que no concluya a estocadas  
la doctrina de mi acero.

FRANCELISA: Aunque es pena tu peligro  
mal resistida del pecho,  
mayor causa me aconseja  
lo que lloro, y lo que peno.

NAVARRETE: ¿Más causa que mi peligro?

60 FRANCELISA: Si Español, si amado dueño.

NAVARRETE: ¿Sabe Mos<sup>34</sup> de la Campaña,  
tu hermano, que nos queremos?

FRANCELISA: ¿Cómo, si nunca te ha visto?  
Más brioso es mi tormento.

NAVARRETE: ¿Cásate acaso tu hermano  
con el de Agamón?<sup>35</sup>

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<sup>33</sup> The original text has 'Perderme como es posible?', without a separation between the first and second question.

<sup>34</sup> As discussed in the introduction, 'Mos' is repeatedly used in this play as an abbreviation for 'Mosiur', a hispanicised version of the French title 'Monsieur'. It will be used as the name of the character throughout the play.



de conciencia le pidieron,  
porque el oro de la Fe  
limpio, acendrado y perfecto  
la herejía le mezclase  
con la liga de su hierro.

Más como el oro no sufre  
mezcla de tan bajo precio  
en el corazón del Rey,

100 crisol de la fe sincero,  
no se unieron los metales,  
quedando en su heroico pecho  
al juicio de la luz  
su error muchas veces feo.

Viva mil años el Rey,  
que yo aunque soy de este cuerpo  
cancerado ya una parte,  
la Fe y la lealtad profeso.

110 Bien así como entre nubes  
suele desplegando el viento  
asomarle a la tiniebla,  
para retirarse luego  
relámpago cuya luz  
efímera fue de fuego;  
que en el reino de las sombras  
es delito el lucimiento.

Nególes la libertad  
de conciencia: santo acuerdo  
fue pararse en el peligro,  
120 por no mancharse en el cieno.

Sintiéronse los Estados  
bien ofendidos de aquesto;  
que se irrita la malicia  
cuando la tiran el freno.

Los más lugares se alteran,  
buscando varios pretextos  
para sus traiciones:

ya culpando al mal gobierno,  
y llamando prevención

130 lo que es alevoso intento;  
ya defensa de sus casas:

Cómo debe de ser feo  
el rostro de la traición,  
pues por cubrir sus defectos,  
tiene siempre hasta los ojos  
la capa del fingimiento.

Creyó el Rey estos motivos,  
y descuidando el remedio  
le dio lugar al contagio:

[2r]

140 trató de suaves medios  
pero los medios suaves  
no son de ningún provecho  
cuando el malicioso achaque  
se ha apoderado del cuerpo.

Y el de Orange<sup>37</sup>, como sabes,  
huyó la cerviz resuelto

---

<sup>37</sup> William I (1533-1584), Prince of Orange, was the leader of the Dutch Revolt, founder of the House Orange-Nassau and of the Dutch state. After the death of Luis de Requesens in March 1576, the new governor, Juan de Austria, took some time to arrive. The Sack of Antwerp was carried out before his arrival (4<sup>th</sup> November 1576). As a consequence, William of Orange succeeded in getting most of the cities and provinces to sign the Pacification of Ghent.



a la carga del vasallo,  
por dar la frente a más peso:  
una y mil veces errado,  
150 pues cansa con más aprieto  
la corona en la cabeza,  
que la coyunda en el cuello.  
Rey tirano se procura  
y para empuñar el cetro,  
alzó la alevosa mano  
del honroso juramento.  
Siguen su voz los Estados,  
y casi todos los Pueblos  
están a la devoción  
160 del de Orange, y de Lutero.  
Y en esta sola villa,  
cabeza de muchos de ellos,  
les faltaba por herir  
con su venenoso aliento,  
fuese por más asistida  
de los Reales del reino,  
o por no irritar la saña  
de ese castillo, que atento  
tiene el lugar al semblante  
170 de tantos cañones gruesos.  
Y esta mañana (¡qué pena!)  
alzó los cobardes cuellos  
la herejía, y por sus bocas  
pronunció siete venenos.  
Desbocose su maldad,

roto el desabrido freno  
de la sujeción, y airados  
chocaron dos veces ciegos.  
Profanaron las clausuras,  
180 y aquellos pimpollos tiernos  
por conservarse azucenas,  
teñidos claveles fueron.  
Y a muchas, (¡grave delito!)  
después de haberlas violento  
deshojado el apetito,  
las destroncaba el acero.  
Degollaron los cristianos  
que piadosos no quisieron  
profanar de nuestra Fe  
190 los más divinos misterios.  
Y casi todos (¡qué agravio!)  
la dura muerte temiendo,  
imitaban las acciones,  
quizá no lo supo el pecho,  
por disimular le herían  
estos cristianos a aquellos:  
¡Oh, ignorantes! El dolor,  
el golpe os revoca el miedo.  
Mas como suele la llama,  
200 (a cuyo voraz denuedo  
es pequeña golosina  
un edificio soberbio)  
valerse de la pared,  
para asegurar el techo,

y siendo un cuerpo los dos  
a una ruina sujetos,  
la ayuda para que trepe  
víbora inquieta de fuego,  
hasta morder, venenosa,  
210 el corazón del abeto,  
y sin reparar en nada,  
(que el horror discurre ciego)  
le da la maña al estrago  
de este leño el otro leño,  
sin que el amor de la especie,  
ni el cariño del compuesto,  
(a quien la amante bisagra  
unió con abrazo estrecho)  
baste a estorbar que confusos  
220 en guerra civil envueltos,  
con la violencia se ajusten  
al dictamen del incendio,  
así los nuestros, turbados,  
desatinados, suspensos,  
solos, desfavorecidos,  
amenazados, sujetos,  
se servían de ruina [2v]  
los que de unión se sirvieron.  
Y en fin (que aquesta es la causa,  
230 Español, por que te pierdo)  
el de Agamón y mi hermano,  
que ya sabes que el gobierno  
tiene de la villa, y otros

aleves se resolvieron  
a entregársela al de Orange,  
que viene para este efecto  
secretamente marchando,  
y te esperan por momentos.

240

Tres mil balones, que estaban  
de guarnición defendiendo  
la villa, están a entregarla  
infamemente resueltos.

Los burgueses, que trocaron  
la espada por el comercio,  
más de veinte mil se alistan  
a la venganza dispuestos.

250

Las flamencas, el usado  
flaco ejercicio depuesto,  
tuercen cuerda, funden balas,  
picas labran; bruñen petos.

Yo sola entre tantas iras,  
porfiado escollo expuesto  
a tanto intrépido encuentro,  
ni me desmorono fácil,  
ni caduca me estremezco.

260

Yo sola suplo constante  
todo el aborrecimiento  
de los míos, Español,  
con lo mucho que te quiero.  
Yo sola cuando ellos labran  
máquinas para ofenderos,  
forjo en el alma piedades,

labro amantes sentimientos.  
Pero ¿qué importa mi amor,  
de qué sirven mis deseos,  
mi constancia que aprovecha,  
querido dueño, si el cielo  
tuerce el semblante a mis quejas,  
vuelve la espalda a mis ruegos,  
y en los pleitos de mi dicha  
vota en mi contra severo?  
Si es mucho lo que te adoro,  
mi bien, si perderte siento,  
bien lo explican mis suspiros  
en mudo idioma de fuego.  
Si te sigo, mi opinión  
aventuro; y si te pierdo,  
he de morir a las manos  
cruelles del sentimiento:  
de manera que en el golfo  
donde anegada navego,  
la tempestad me resiste,  
la dulce amistad del puerto.  
Todo cuanto toco es ansias,  
todo cuanto miro riesgos,  
cuanto averiguo desdichas,  
cuanto discurro tormentos,  
cuanto espero airadas muertes,  
sin razones cuantas veo,  
blasfemias cuantas escucho,  
cuantos lloro sacrilegios,

270

280

290

cuantos respiro temores,  
y cuanto oigo lamentos;  
y entre todas estas penas,  
ser montaña te prometo,  
que cuanto más combatida,  
entonces caduca menos.

Rio seré, que prosigue  
en su parecer violento,  
300 sin que a disuadille baste  
de aquel discurso primero,  
ni la duda de la presa,  
ni el escrúpulo del hielo:  
pues cuando muera al coraje  
del ahogo que padezco,  
hará gala mi ruina,  
y vanidad mi escarmiento,  
de que se escapó en el alma,  
sagrado a tantos empeños,  
310 la fe que le debo a Dios,  
y el amor que a ti te debo.

NAVARRETE: Muy justamente has sentido,  
Francelisa, ver del cielo  
profanados los altares,  
y rotos los privilegios:  
que yo de haberlo escuchado,  
católico me enternezco.

Mas no temas que la villa  
se rebele, pues es cierto  
320 que Madama Margarita

[3r]

de Parma (a cuyo gobierno  
están todos los Estados  
con bien católico acuerdo)  
viene ya desde Bruselas  
a quietar sus movimientos,  
y fío de su prudencia.

*Tocan dentro a marchar lejos a la sorda.*

Pero escucha, que sospecho  
que a la sorda entra marchando  
alguna gente.

330 CHINCHILLA: Y mi miedo  
camina a la deshilada,  
y quiere ver un refresco,  
porque vienen fatigados  
a los valones del tercio,  
que es mi miedo muy cumplido.

NAVARRETE: Esta es la gente alevosa  
del de Orange, y va creciendo  
el rumor, que de alterarse  
la villa da indicios ciertos.

340 Adiós, dulce Francelisa,  
que a mi obligación me vuelvo  
para no verte jamás.

FRANCELISA: Mi bien, Español, si puedo...

NAVARRETE: Aparta, (¡Oh suerte infelice!)  
¿No ves que el castillo tengo  
a mi cargo por la ausencia  
de Sancho de Ávila, y pienso  
que ha de llegar esta noche

acompañando y sirviendo  
350 a Madama Margarita,  
y si no me hallase dentro  
del Castillo, perdería  
todo el honor que granjeo?  
Mas crece el rumor, aparta.  
FRANCELISA: No adviertes, mi bien, el riesgo.  
NAVARRETE: Primero está mi opinión.  
FRANCELISA: Que poco, Español, te debo:  
mira que te han de matar  
si sales.  
360 NAVARRETE: Pues no me han muerto  
tantos rayos de tus ojos,  
que antes animo con ello,  
¿cómo quieres que me maten?  
CHINCHILLA: Yo, señor, que no estoy hecho  
a prueba de ojos hermosos,  
me he de quedar, porque temo  
que me ahorquen y me den  
mala muerte poco diestros;  
que los herejes no ahorcan  
370 como en España en un credo.  
FRANCELISA: Ya sé que es preciso el irte,  
mas, ¿cómo puede, supuesto  
que están cerradas las puertas,  
y las calles, y los puestos  
que están sin muralla ya?  
si es que se rebelan cierto,  
guarnecidas estarán.



380 NAVARRETE: Saldré por encima de ellos,  
aunque les pese a estocadas,  
que no conozco el recelo,  
que soy Juan de Navarrete  
y me engendraron mis hechos.

DENTRO: ¡Libertad, viva el de Orange,  
libertad!<sup>38</sup>

FRANCELISA: De pena muero.

NAVARRETE: Francelisa, ya lo escuchas,  
quédate a Dios, que primero  
está el honor que el amor:  
muerto voy.

390 FRANCELISA: Sin alma quedo.  
Dame los brazos, mas no,  
que si han de ser los postreros,  
más vale que la memoria  
mire el cariño más lejos.

CHINCHILLA: Miedo, esconde a tu Chinchilla,  
pues eres alto de cuerpo.

FRANCELISA: ¡Oh, muera yo entre mis ansias!

NAVARRETE: ¡Oh, máteme el sentimiento!<sup>39</sup>

*Vanse. Sale SANCHO DE ÁVILA con una rodela terciada y una pistola en la cinta.*

400 SANCHO: Apartado de la gente  
que me pudo acompañar,  
solo vengo a examinar  
la causa de este accidente.  
De la Infanta me aparté  
para poder resistillo,

[3v]

---

<sup>38</sup> Exclamations marks have been added here in view of the context.

<sup>39</sup> Exclamation marks have been added here in view of the context.

y abrigada del castillo  
bien segura la dejé.  
De esta inquieta confusión  
ignoro la novedad;  
o como la obscuridad  
410 da la mano a la traición.  
¿Si acaso se han revelado  
los de Amberes? No es posible;  
que ya con fuerza invencible  
los hubiera castigado  
el castillo, y no se escucha  
que juegue solo un cañón:  
y si ésta es rebelión,  
ya con diligencia mucha  
fortificadas tendrán  
420 las calles que sin muralla  
caen al castillo, y pues calla,  
sin duda que no le dan  
ocasión a sus cañones,  
que siempre en casos iguales,  
a preguntas desleales  
responden malas razones.  
No hay porque el pecho se inquiete,  
que al vano temor responde;  
que yo no hago falta donde  
430 está Juan de Navarrete.

DENTRO: ¡Mueran, mueran!

[SANCHO]:<sup>40</sup>: A pesar  
de todos he de salir;  
tan cerca llevo, que oír  
voces puedo en el lugar.

DENTRO: ¡Libertad!

SANCHO: ¡Qué alevosía!

DENTRO: ¡Libertad!

SANCHO: ¡Qué confusión!

440 Ya dio voces la traición,  
que hablar entre sí solía.  
¿Cómo Navarrete no  
lo estorba? El pecho le abrasa.

DENTRO: ¡Tiradles!<sup>41</sup>

*Sale CHINCHILLA rodando al tablado.*

CHINCHILLA: Toda mi casa  
se libra escapando yo.

SANCHO: Este es Flamenco.

CHINCHILLA: Encontré  
con quien sabrá deslomarme.

450 SANCHO: Date, perro.

CHINCHILLA: ¿Que he de darme?  
no basta que *usté* me dé?

SANCHO: Que te des digo.

CHINCHILLA: Señor.

SANCHO: Date.

CHINCHILLA: Repare *usté*,  
que por bien que yo me dé,

---

<sup>40</sup> The cue in the original document says Navarrete. However, this character has not entered the scene yet, so it is suspected to be a mistake.

<sup>41</sup> The four last cries that are heard out stage have also exclamation marks added given the context, as they are cries heard from the castle in the midst of an uprising.

no puedo darme mejor,  
ya estoy dado de amarillo.

460 SANCHO: Sancho de Ávila te humilla.

CHINCHILLA: Advierte que soy Chinchilla,  
un soldado del castillo.  
Y si me aprietas, es llano,  
que has de matarme este día,  
y es muy grande porquería  
matar chinches con la mano.

SANCHO: ¿Chinchilla eres?

CHINCHILLA: Y algo más,  
con cierto miedo de verte.

470 SANCHO: ¿Pues cómo fuera del Fuerte  
solo a estas horas estás?

CHINCHILLA: Salí, señor, a tomar  
tabaco en humo.

SANCHO: ¿Qué dices?

CHINCHILLA: Voy a dar humo a narices  
al enemigo al lugar.

SANCHO: Sin duda que del castillo  
haces fuga, y te he de ahorcar  
de una almena.

480 CHINCHILLA: No hay que hablar,  
no tengo de consentillo:  
que eso es ponerte en cuidado,  
y no te he servido en nada  
hasta ahora, y si te agrada,  
yo te diré de contado  
la verdad; pues ya ha salido,

490 el sol que el día promete.  
El alférez Navarrete,  
teniente tuyo, perdido  
por una flamenca está,  
y las más noches salimos  
del castillo; y esta fuimos  
como las otras, allá  
y en Amberes, yo y él  
estábamos...

SANCHO: ¡Que omisión! [4r]

CHINCHILLA: ...cuando la rebelión.

SANCHO: ¡Oh, español poco fiel!

500 CHINCHILLA: Y así no pudo estorbar  
sus intentos desde el fuerte.

SANCHO: Delito es digno de muerte.

CHINCHILLA: Yo no pude replicar  
a mi cabo y tu teniente,  
y así gran disculpa tengo.

*Sale el ALFÉREZ con algunos despojos.*

510 NAVARRETE: Lleno de despojos vengo,  
más corrido que valiente.  
Y hoy el rebelde atrevido  
conocerá en mi rigor,  
que avergonzado el valor  
riñe mejor que aplaudido.  
Solo le falta a mi dicha,  
entrarme ahora en el fuerte,  
sin que el Castellano acierte  
a echarme menos: desdicha

520 ha sido encontralle aquí;  
¡Oh, como soy infelice!  
Y así Chinchilla me dice  
que calle a lo que salí.  
Diré que a reconocer  
al enemigo. Señor,  
¿Quién no riñe con valor,  
donde vos lo podréis ver?  
Ahí os traigo este presente  
de trofeos.

SANCHO:                               ¿Hay pesar  
con no haber de castigar  
a un soldado tan valiente?

530 NAVARRETE: Saliendo a reconocer  
las fuerzas del enemigo:  
¿no atendéis a lo que digo?

SANCHO: Mejor os quisiera ver  
en el fuerte y sin despojos.

NAVARRETE: Sin duda que le ha contado  
Chinchilla lo que ha pasado.

CHINCHILLA: Ya yo voy dando de ojos.

NAVARRETE: Pero yo le haré callar  
con esta daga otra vez.

SANCHO: Mas parte soy que juez.

540 CHINCHILLA: Que disculpa le has de dar  
a Sancho de Ávila, que  
sabe ya cuanto ha pasado;  
que algún pícaro le ha dado  
cuenta de todo.

NAVARRETE:

Ya sé

que tú eres hombre tan bajo  
que descubriste el secreto,  
yo te pagaré, prometo,  
tu cuidado y tu trabajo.

SANCHO:

550

O yo he vivido engañado,  
o se os acabó el valor,  
o no atendéis al honor  
que siempre habéis profesado;  
o no sé cómo os lo diga,  
vuestro delito os convenza,  
porque si en vos no hay vergüenza,  
nada sin ella os castiga.

¿Cómo (aunque deis a la fama  
trabajosa ocupación)  
pelearéis con corazón

560

si os lo ha robado la dama?  
¿Los belicosos estragos  
trocáis por blandas ternezas?  
¿Cómo sufrirá asperezas  
el pecho enseñado a halagos?  
¿Cómo podrá presumirse  
de vos hazaña mayor,  
si sois soldado de amor,  
donde es victoria rendirse?

570

Confiésoos que es evidente  
vuestro valor, yo testigo,  
que hombre que riñó conmigo,  
por fuerza ha de ser valiente.

Más esto no es acendrado  
en el militar crisol;  
porque nace un español  
a ser valiente obligado.  
Cualquier español es Marte  
por natural influencia,  
y solo obrar con prudencia  
es lo que hace de su parte.  
Y así, si llegáis a ser  
valiente e inadvertido,  
nada os habéis adquirido,  
no os tenéis que agradecer.  
Indigno sois del favor  
que por el Rey hasta aquí  
os hice.

[4v]

580 NAVARRETE: Si delinquí,  
castigad solo mi error  
en mi vida, y la aspereza  
en mi opinión no venguéis.

SANCHO: Callad, no me repliquéis  
si no os cansa la cabeza.

*Aparte:*

Corregille es mi intención  
que estimo su bizarría.

600 NAVARRETE Pues podrá ser que algún día  
la severa reprehensión  
me hayan dado por mi mal,  
y que mi lealtad vencida:  
mas tente, lengua atrevida,



que soy noble y soy leal.

CHINCHILLA      Ahorcándolo (Dios lo haga)  
solo me puedo librar.

NAVARRETE      Por Dios que es mucho apresar  
sin darnos ni media paga  
dos años ha.

SANCHO:                                      De corrido  
ha de quedar más valiente.

610      NAVARRETE:      Ahora razón es que intente  
restaurar lo que he perdido  
con alguna heroica hazaña,  
y cualquier aleve intento  
se desvanezca en el viento,  
que he de morir por España.  
Señor Castellano, sea  
presto el matarme, o librarme,  
que rabio por desquitarme,  
y para que esto se vea.

620      SANCHO:                                      ¡Qué osado se determina  
a desquitar el desorden!<sup>42</sup>

NAVARRETE:      Vueseñoría dé orden  
que se prosiga la mina  
que empezamos a cavar,  
que para hacerla mejor,  
serviré de gastador,  
y corrida hasta el lugar  
en las trincheras reviente,  
que, rotas por la ruina

---

<sup>42</sup> Exclamation marks have been added here in view of the context.

630 de la recatada mina,  
 embestiré, con la gente  
 que vos me diereis, a herir  
 con fuerza en el enemigo.  
 SANCHO: No en balde soy vuestro amigo.  
 NAVARRETE: Por mi rey he de morir.  
 CHINCHILLA: No le ahorcan, pues con Dios  
 bien me pretendo poner.  
 SANCHO: Ea, Alférez, a emprender.  
 NAVARRETE: Señor, los dos a otros dos.  
 SANCHO: Y a fe que han de ser valientes  
 640 si nos pueden esperar.  
 NAVARRETE La lengua te he de sacar.  
 CHINCHILLA: No importa, yo hablo entre dientes.  
 SANCHO: ¡A la mina!  
 NAVARRETE: ¡A desquitarme!  
 CHINCHILLA: ¡A esconderme a toda ley!  
 SANCHO: ¡A desenojar al Rey!  
 CHINCHILLA: ¡A huir del riesgo!  
 NAVARRETE: ¡A empeñarme!<sup>43</sup>  
 SANCHO: ¿Oís?  
 650 NAVARRETE: ¿Qué decís?  
 SANCHO: Mirad,  
 otra vez que os empeñéis,  
 en vuestra vida llevéis  
 hombre de esta calidad:  
 porque es llevar un testigo,  
 que en cualquiera parte cuente

---

<sup>43</sup> Exclamation marks added given the context, in lines 643-648.

660 vuestra culpa, y os afrente;  
llevad un honrado amigo:  
y si no es el hecho honrado,  
llevadle mucho mejor,  
que dos veces en rigor  
está a callar obligado:  
pues cuanto no reparara  
de su amigo en la opinión,  
es evidente razón  
que por si proprio callara.  
Que un hombre de noble pecho,  
era ley que os encubriese,  
que dio ayuda a lo mal hecho.

670 NAVARRETE: Digo que decís muy bien,  
y a vuestra razón me ajusto,  
mas no me diera a lo injusto  
ayuda un hombre de bien,  
y para aquesto escogí  
un hombre de baja esfera  
que quien obra mal, quisiera  
que obraran todos así.  
Y se avergüenza el valor  
cuando intenta algún defecto,  
680 de descubrir su secreto  
a quien obrara mejor.  
Que queda muy desairado  
en las materias del gusto,  
quien se ve a sí muy injusto,  
y al otro muy ajustado.

[5r]

Y porque entendáis que es ley  
y verdad esto que os digo,  
¿fuerais vos, señor, conmigo?

SANCHO:

690

Fuera, por vida del Rey,  
como no se le opusiera  
la ocupación al servicio  
del Rey, o a mi honrado oficio  
digo mil veces que fuera:  
yo os propusiera el error,  
que es nuevo el que no repara,  
lo mejor os enseñara,  
y os siguiera lo peor.

700

Y lo mismo que os mostrase  
que era de razón ajeno,  
después yo lo hiciera bueno  
aunque al mundo le pesase.  
Que es generosa advertencia  
acompañar hasta el fin,  
y entre el noble y el ruin  
hay aquesta diferencia:  
Que en el riesgo en que te ves,  
como viven tan distantes,  
el noble aconseja antes,  
y el vil afea después.

710 NAVARRETE:

Pues digo que me valdré  
de vos en cualquier aprieto.

SANCHO:

No andaréis como discreto,  
porque yo os ayudaré  
al principio como amigo,

y cuando el peligro cese  
por mi oficio, aunque me pese  
os habré de dar castigo.

*Vanse.*

720 CHINCHILLA: Con la mucha polvareda  
de mí se les ha olvidado,  
voyme: pero una mozuela  
viene hacia mí de buen garbo.

DENTRO [AGUILILLA]: Como yo los sustento  
busco galanes,  
que se coman los hombres  
porque se harten.

730 CHINCHILLA: Si no me engaña el oído  
que suele engañarme a ratos,  
esta es la voz de Aguililla,  
que sin duda habrá llegado  
con la gente de la Infanta,  
y habrá venido ignorando  
que yo estoy en el Castillo,  
que a saberlo con cien pasos  
no hubiera llegado acá,  
que soy su espantanublados.

AGUILILLA: *Canta:*  
Yo le daré mis cuartos  
sin otomía  
a[l] que acierte mi nombre,  
que es Aguililla.

740 CHINCHILLA: Voto a Dios que es Aguililla,  
y según lo que ha cantado,

pues yo acerté con su nombre,  
que la he de quitar sus cuartos.  
Quiero acechalla escondido  
aquí detrás de este árbol.

*Sale.*

AGUILILLA: Supe que estaba Chinchilla  
en el Castillo, y qué hago,  
tomo y vuélvome a Bruselas,  
porque este picaronazo  
750 es el diablo, que me lleva  
a mí ya lo mal ganado.

CHINCHILLA Es verdad.

AGUILILLA: Y siendo  
tan gran gallina el picaño,  
no sé de donde sacaba  
para mí tan lindas manos.

CHINCHILLA: También es verdad, que yo  
soy un poco porfiado,  
y sobre una niñería,  
760 aunque no monte dos clavos,  
con la mujer que más quiera  
estaré dando y tomando.

[5v]

AGUILILLA: Y sobre todo lo dicho  
era el pícaro bellaco  
estafador de mujeres.

CHINCHILLA: Tiene razón.

AGUILILLA: Ni aun un cuarto  
alcanzaba en su poder,  
ni me lucía el trabajo,

770 y andaba llena de perros  
a caza de los pecados.  
Más que poco que tuviera  
lo que en esta bolsa traigo,  
si corriera por su cuenta.

*Saca una bolsa de cuero.*

CHINCHILLA: Ya no puede haber mal año.

AGUILILLA: Si la viera, yo aseguro  
que ya él hubiera sacado  
de este cuero las correas,  
y en otras partes guardado  
780 traigo más plus.

CHINCHILLA: Pues callemos  
hasta saber el plus quantum.

AGUILILLA: *Ara* (pues nadie me ve,  
y ha mucho que no he contado,  
mi dinero) y yo le quiero  
contar ahora despacio.

CHINCHILLA: Aquí hay quien lo tome al peso.

AGUILILLA: ¡Qué gusto es manosearlo!<sup>44</sup>

CHINCHILLA: Y como que es.

790 AGUILILLA: Lo demás  
después de esto sacando.  
Éste de a dos.<sup>45</sup>

CHINCHILLA: Todos son  
de a dos, pues que son de entrambos.

AGUILILLA: Éste y todo, este es sencillo,

---

<sup>44</sup> Exclamation marks added.

<sup>45</sup> *Reales*, coined since the fourteenth century and the base of the legal currency system in Spain until the nineteenth century, were silver coins of 3.35 grams that could come in pieces which ranged from ¼ of a *real* to 8 *reales*, in multiples of 2.

- aqueste es real de a cuatro.
- CHINCHILLA: Juro a Cristo que es de a ocho,  
y que he de molella a palos  
si no cuenta la verdad.
- 800 AGUILILLA: Este es doblón,<sup>46</sup> y dos escudos,<sup>47</sup>  
y están (si yo no me engaño)  
gastadillos.
- CHINCHILLA: Mucho gasta,  
yo pienso quitalle el gasto.
- AGUILILLA: De a cuatro es aquesta dobla.<sup>48</sup>
- CHINCHILLA: Sea, y no por muchos años.
- AGUILILLA: Mas tres reales de a ocho,  
y dos de a dos, que sumados  
todos son...
- 810 CHINCHILLA: Noventa y uno,  
y si es de a ocho el de a cuatro  
se montan noventa y cinco.<sup>49</sup>
- AGUILILLA: Chinchilla me está escuchando.
- CHINCHILLA: ¡Echeme a perder, por Cristo;  
que no espera yo un rato  
a que lo sacase todo!  
Mas callaré, por si acaso  
no me conoció, y prosigue,

---

<sup>46</sup> A *doblón* (doubloon) was a Spanish gold coin that was worth 32 *reales*, or 2 *escudos*. Doubloons circulated as legal currency until the nineteenth century, and they became a common term for any Spanish currency. They were taken as model for other foreign currencies. Doubloons could also come in pieces of two, four, etc. However, Aguililla is counting *reales*, because she specifies that this coin in particular is a doubloon and she calls the other pieces *real* (lines 796 and 807).

<sup>47</sup> *Escudos*, first coined in 1535, were the main currency in the time of Philip II, and contained 3.4 grams of gold. A piece of 2 *escudos* was a doubloon. Therefore, an *escudo* was worth 16 *reales*.

<sup>48</sup> *Dobla* here means simply 'coin', not an actual doubloon.

<sup>49</sup> Aguililla counts 39 *reales* in single pieces and pieces of two, four, and eight. To make 91 *reales*, Aguililla's total count (95 if we believe Chinchilla's comment of a piece of four actually being of eight), the doubloon or the *escudos*'s worth must have been miscalculated.



820 que después el mismo diablo  
no acertará con la parte  
donde los tiene guardados.

AGUILILLA: Y se ha escondido otra vez,  
por si más dinero saco:  
mas por vida de Aguililla,  
que ha de dar el salto en vago.

CHINCHILLA: Sin duda que él escuchaba,  
yo saco lo que ha quedado,  
ya no puede despintarse.

830 AGUILILLA: Vaya de trampa (cuidado)  
que aquí comienza la obra.  
Quinientos tengo enterrados  
en cierta parte, y quería  
poner estos que he ganado  
con ellos, porque aquí cerca  
los tengo.

CHINCHILLA: Rico me hago,  
callaré hasta ver adonde  
lo esconde.

840 AGUILILLA: Hacia este lado  
están los otros quinientos,  
quiero cavar y enterrarlos  
todos en aquesta bolsa,  
que bien caben y otros tantos.

CHINCHILLA: Desde aquí veo la parte  
donde los pone.

AGUILILLA: Ya cavo.

CHINCHILLA: Quiero aguardar que se vaya,

850 que si a quitárselos salgo,  
dará la voz que la ponga  
en el cielo.

AGUILILLA: Solo el casco  
de la bolsa de aquí.

CHINCHILLA: Y otra cosa, si los saco  
sin que lo vea, me ahorro  
las gracias y el agasajo  
que debo hacerla.

AGUILILLA: Mamóla  
el grandísimo bellaco.

860 Voy a esconder el dinero [6r]  
a otra parte, y luego salgo.

*Vase.*

870 CHINCHILLA: Válgame Dios, ¿de qué haré  
un vestido bien guisado?  
Ya se ha ido: ¿hay tal ventura?  
Y es circunstancia el tomarlo  
sin que ella lo sepa, pues  
me queda el derecho a salvo,  
a quitarla sin piedad  
cuanto fuere granjeando.  
*Ansí*, ahora se me ofrece  
una duda en este caso:  
Si le debo dar al Rey  
de este tesoro enterrado  
la mitad, porque no quiero  
por intereses humanos  
cosa que no sea muy mía

de derecho; tomo que hago  
sácolo con linda maña.

DENTRO, AGUILILLA: ¡Chinchilla, Chinchilla hermano!

CHINCHILLA: Aguililla es la que vuelve.

880 AGUILILLA: ¡Socórreme, pues te llamo!

CHINCHILLA: Ella me ha visto, y ha vuelto  
a estorbarme.

*Sale.*

AGUILILLA: ¡Si tus brazos  
no me socorren!

CHINCHILLA: ¿Qué tienes?

AGUILILLA: ¡Muerta estoy!

CHINCHILLA: ¿Qué te ha pasado?

AGUILILLA: ¡Un prodigio!<sup>50</sup>

890 CHINCHILLA: Esta embustera  
quitarme de aquí ha pensado  
con algún enredo suyo.

AGUILILLA: Yo confieso mi pecado,  
dueño mío, yo tenía  
unos reales, no sé cuántos.

CHINCHILLA: Yo ya sé lo que tenías,  
y en que parte; al caso vamos.

900 AGUILILLA: Pues si lo sabes, también  
sabrás como en estos campos  
han muerto dos mil herejes  
que andan por aquí penando.

CHINCHILLA: No es nada, con la del miedo  
me pega.

---

<sup>50</sup> Exclamation marks have been added for Aguililla's cries for help.

AGUILILLA: No eres cristiano  
si no lo crees, pues yo  
temiéndote a ti, enterrados  
los dejé hacia aquella parte.

CHINCHILLA: Sepulturera del diablo,  
ya lo sé.

AGUILILLA: Pues yo me iba  
910 hacia el fuerte, cuando al paso  
me sale (llégate acá  
que aun tiemblo del sobresalto)  
un muerto hereje (¿te ríes?)  
y asiéndome de la mano  
me dijo: donde pusiste,  
el dinero, sepultado  
estoy, y lo he consumido  
con el fuego en que me abraso:  
la bolsa hallarás vacía,  
920 porque quemo como el rayo,  
que lo de fuera perdono,  
y lo de dentro deshago.  
Por tí me pesa Chinchilla,  
porque tenía pensado  
hacerte de la mitad  
un vestidazo de paño,  
para pasar este invierno.  
Vámonos, por Dios, que estamos  
a riesgo de que el hereje  
930 se nos aparezca a entrambos:  
sígueme, que yo no tengo

ánimo para esperarlo.

CHINCHILLA: Adiós, señora embustera.

AGUILILLA: Chinchilla, no seas osado  
a buscar ese dinero.

*Vase.*

CHINCHILLA: La bobilla ha imaginado  
ponerme miedo con esto.  
Ahora de ver he echado,  
que la mujer más bellaca  
940 y más entendida, es asco  
comparada con un hombre,  
aunque sea un mentecato.  
Pero quítome de voces.  
escarbo y mi bolsa saco;  
pero no dejo de estar  
medrosillo un tanto cuanto.  
Y si acaso no encontrara  
(que lo puede hacer el diablo)  
dentro en la bolsa el dinero,  
950 (Dios nos tenga de su mano)  
me muriera sin remedio;  
busco mi bolsa con harto  
temor; aquí está, encontrela:  
pero, Jesús, sin un cuarto.  
El muerto anda por aquí,  
y no viene embalsamado  
porque huele mal el cuerpo:  
¡Jesús, Jesús, San Hilario!<sup>51</sup>

[6v]

---

<sup>51</sup> Exclamation marks have been added here in view of the context.

960 Verdad me dijo Aguililla:  
difuntos agavillados  
andan aquí, que me tiran  
que me han asido un zancajo.  
Sin duda ninguna es éste  
castigo de mis pecados,  
acompañame, Aguililla,  
que me llevan los diablos.

*Vase. Salen MOS. DE LA CAMPAÑA, y el CONDE AGAMON y algunos mozos con palas y azadones, y detrás FRANCELISA.*

MOS.: Dentro de mi propia casa  
tanto el odio cruel mi pecho abrasa,  
por estar del castillo tan vecina,  
970 hice que respirase aquesta mina,  
que en la hazaña que toca,  
venganzas pide por la abierta boca.  
Por aquí la empecé porque testigos  
no fuesen las espías, que enemigos  
entre nosotros viven;  
hoy quedará acabada,  
y su preñez, que gime encarcelada,  
dejará en el castillo  
mal fabricado, roto algún portillo,  
980 por donde nuestra gente  
con mañoso valor ganarle intente.

CONDE: Yo en todo vigilante,  
de las trincheras miraré constante  
lo que muerde la mina,  
y embestiré con gente a la ruina,  
y ayudará a su fuego

el volcán de mi amor cobarde y ciego.

FRANCELISA: Con mi hermano he venido,  
por saber lo que intenta prevenido:  
990 Oh, no logren su saña,  
y la mina que labran contra España  
retroceda su aliento,  
y por su estrago busque su elemento.

MOS.: Ea, querida hermana,  
(mejor diré cruel, ciega y tirana,  
pues católica vive,  
¿no te alegras de ver cómo concibe  
la tierra madre en vano  
la ruina del católico tirano?

1000 FRANCELISA: Plegue a Dios, que el trofeo  
se alcance de la suerte que deseo.

MOS.: ¡Ea, Agamón valiente,  
a la trinchera!

CONDE: ¡A disponer prudente  
la mía y tu venganza!

MOS.: ¡A la mina, a lograr nuestra esperanza!

CONDE: ¡A triunfar de los fieros enemigos!

MOS.: ¡A libertar la patria: abajo, amigos!

UNO: ¡Valor nos acompaña!

1010 MOS. ¡Con vosotros va Mos. de la Campaña:  
a las trincheras, Conde!<sup>52</sup>

CONDE: Ya yo voy a guardarlas.

MOS: Bien responde  
ese valor a la lealtad precisa.

---

<sup>52</sup> These lines have exclamation marks added in view of the context.

CONDE: Yo volveré a gozar de Francelisa.

*Aparte:*

La amistad me perdone de su hermano  
que de este incendio me defiende en vano.

MOS.: Yo voy en vuestra guarda  
que ya piensa el enojo que se tarda.

*Baja con los demás a hacer la mina.*

1020 FRANCELISA: Oh, ruego a Dios, por que venganza tome  
que la cavada mina se desplome,  
y deshecha a pedazos  
los estreche de suerte entre los brazos,  
que antes que se retiren,  
ni respire su espacio, ni respiren,  
por que en estruendo grave,  
lo que senda empezó, sepulcro acabe.

*Vuelve a salir el CONDE.*

CONDE: Francelisa de mi amor,  
móvil primero, y bien mío;  
1030 perdóname si derogo  
los privilegios antiguos  
de la amistad, que un amante  
solo rompe sus registros.  
Yo te adoro, y tu desdén,  
grosero amante me hizo;  
que el desdén hace irritados,  
y el favor agradecidos.  
Bandolero mi deseo  
quiere salir al camino,  
1040 a tu hermosura, que puede

[7r]



hacelle de dichas rico.

*Tómale las manos.*

FRANCELISA:       ¿Pues cómo, aleve? Soltad,  
                          ¿Cómo os habéis atrevido?

CONDE:               Yo he de templar este fuego  
                          que el pecho me abrasa activo  
                          con la nieve de tus manos.

[FRANCELISA].<sup>53</sup>   Obligáreisme que a gritos  
                          a mi hermano llame: ¡Hermano!

CONDE:               No será posible oírlo.

1050   FRANCELISA:       ¡Hermano, hermano!

CONDE:                               El rumor  
                          me dice que ya te ha oído.

FRANCELISA:        ¡El Conde intenta!<sup>54</sup>

*Suena debajo del tablado ruido de arcabuzazos, y espadas.*

MOS.:                               Salgamos,  
                          pues que lo pide el peligro  
                          a la boca.

CONDE:                               Ya tu hermano  
                          con las voces me da aviso  
                          de que vuelve y me amenaza  
1060                               con estruendo vengativo.

FRANCELISA:        ¡Oh, qué mal hice en llamarle!

CONDE:               ¿Para qué es tanto ruido?  
                          ¿Acaso piensa asombrarme  
                          con el rumor?

FRANCELISA:                        Señor, idos.

CONDE:               No me lo mandes.

---

<sup>53</sup> The character indicated in the original text is the Count, no doubt a mistake by the typesetter.

<sup>54</sup> Francelisa's last three cries for help have added exclamation marks, given the context.





Salid a darme el castigo.

NAVARRETE: Esto ha de ser de esta suerte

FRANCELISA: Mostraré pesar fingido.

MOS.: Ah, traidor, que de mi honor  
eres robador indigno,  
yo te quitaré la vida.

[7v]

CONDE: Ya me canso de sufriros.

FRANCELISA: Hermano, tu honor defiende  
de aqueste bárbaro impío.

1130 CONDE: No importa, no, que le digas,  
Francelisa, mi delito.

NAVARRETE: Yo no entiendo estos herejes.

FRANCELISA: Gustosa voy, dueño mío,  
que esta es fingida apariencia.

NAVARRETE: Hallé el tesoro más rico

MOS.: Cobarde sois, pues no entráis.

CONDE: Pues no salís, sois remiso.

NAVARRETE: Pues me llevo a Francelisa,  
feliz mil veces he sido.

*Vanse.*

1140 MOS.: Vete, que presto en tu vida  
vengaré mi honor perdido.

CONDE: En la campaña os aguardo.

MOS.: Oh, muera yo combatido  
de tanta especie de agravios,  
pues he hallado a un tiempo mismo  
una hermana sin honor,  
y sin valor un amigo.

## JORNADA SEGUNDA

*Salen NAVARRETE y FRANCELISA*

NAVARRETE:      Bellísima Francelisa,  
si atrevido mi valor,  
de entre los tuyos osado  
tan alta deidad robó,  
culpa la mucha hermosura  
de tus ojos, que ellos son  
los que de mi atrevimiento  
enmiendan el noble error:  
con quien culparme intentare  
10                    me disculpará mi amor.  
Y cuando acaso pregunte  
quién me ha animado a la acción,  
resuelto amante y brioso  
sabré responderle yo:  
Francelisa, cuyos ojos  
mi culpa y disculpa son.  
Aquellos que dulcemente  
con movimiento veloz  
hicieron mi pecho aljaba<sup>58</sup>  
20                    de tanto dorado arpón.  
Aquellos que, equivocando  
la luz hermosa del sol,  
cuando anochece en las ondas,  
amanece en su arrebol.  
Aquellos donde me guio

---

<sup>58</sup> 'Ajlabá' in the original.

30 por el hilo de mi amor,  
no para mejor librarme,  
por perderme, si mejor:  
porque en abismos de rayos,  
apaciblemente son  
dulcísimo laberinto  
del que en ellos se perdió.

FRANCELISA: Tan voluntaria en tus brazos,  
(oh, valeroso Español)  
he venido conducida  
del natural de mi amor,  
que sabiendo yo de ti  
que el brazo de tu valor  
me solicitaba en cuantos  
40 peligros estaba yo,  
y viendo que parecía  
robo lo que era en rigor  
ni lance de la violencia  
ni exceso de la ocasión,  
sino concierto del astro,  
que vuestra dicha ordenó:  
viendo en mí la resistencia,  
sin manos, viendo la voz  
sin quejas, interiormente,  
50 decía mi corazón:  
para quien no resiste,  
bastaba fuerza menor.  
Y aunque fuerza menos baste,  
dulces las violencias son,

porque tras la tempestad  
salga más lucido el sol:  
para que después del riesgo  
sea el camino mayor:  
para que serie a peligros  
mi gusto su estimación.

60

Y pues procede de aquellos  
el bien que gozando estoy,  
ya conoce tus violencias  
mi rendido corazón.

[8r]

NAVARRETE:

Basta el dulce rendimiento  
que confiesas, a que yo  
de agradecido te adore;  
así pregunto al amor:  
Si el rendimiento bastaba,  
¿para qué es, vendado dios,  
tanta esfera de hermosura?  
¿Para qué es, rapaz traidor,  
tanto carcaj de belleza,  
pendiente en la perfección?  
Y de carcaj y de esfera  
contra quien ya le sobró,  
¿para qué es amor tirano  
tanta flecha, y tanto sol?

70

FRANCELISA:

Nunca contra el pecho tuyo  
mi vanidad intentó  
sacudir, ni fulminar  
su violencia, ni su ardor.  
Que intentó que conocieras

80

como nacía mi amor  
en el ilustre regazo  
de ser (Alférez) quien soy,  
para rendirte a quererme  
por sola esta obligación.

90 Y así depuse advertida  
(viendo que aquello bastó)  
tanta munición de rayos  
y tanto severo arpón.

100 NAVARRETE: Ya los soldados se vienen  
recogiendo, en la mejor  
cuadra de aqueste castillo,  
que es aquesta a donde yo  
habito (que mientras anda  
con Margarita el valor  
de Sancho de Ávila en él  
el teniente suyo soy,)  
te queda mientras recojo  
todos los soldados.

FRANCELISA: Voy  
a suplir con la memoria  
tu vista.

110 NAVARRETE: Será mi amor  
tan honrado como fino.

FRANCELISA: A pesar del de Agamón,  
y de Monsiur de Campaña,  
que amante y hermano son,  
eres, Español, mi dueño.

110 NAVARRETE: Tu esclavo dirás mejor.



FRANCELISA: Siendo nuestro amor constante...

NAVARRETE: Siendo nuestro noble amor...

FRANCELISA: ...fijo carácter del pecho.

NAVARRETE: ...del alma eterna impresión.

FRANCELISA: Menosprecio de la vida...

*Vase.*

NAVARRETE: ...y luz de la estimación.

Que me suceda esta dicha

120 cuando el ejército hoy

no da un socorro, ni hay

un sustento, ¡voto a Dios!

*Salen CHINCHILLA con un haz de leña, y AGUILILLA con un sportillo, y una sartén.*

CHINCHILLA: Vucé, señora Aguililla,  
no sabe bien, voto al hijo,  
aunque alguno se lo dijo  
lo que se tiene en Chinchilla.

A una barraca llegué  
de tudescos, y a mojas,<sup>59</sup>  
a coces y a manotadas  
130 estos palos les quité.

AGUILILLA: ¿Se los quitó, o se los dieron?

CHINCHILLA: No me retrueque el lenguaje.

AGUILILLA: ¿Siempre trae ese bagaje?

CHINCHILLA: Siempre las palabras fueron  
picantes, como su obra:  
basta que por trato injusto  
en la mesa de su gusto  
me sustento de la sobra.

---

<sup>59</sup> 'mohadas' in the original, refers to 'mojas', colloquial word for a wound made with a sharp weapon like a sword or a dagger.

140 Y calle, pues que repara  
que tengo, si es menester,  
buenos dedos para ser  
organista de su cara.

AGUILILLA: Don Chinchilla, cepos quedos,  
y toque, que ya yo lo sé  
que nadie como *vucé*  
se aprovecha de sus dedos.

CHINCHILLA: Por eso digo.

NAVARRETE: *Aparte:*

En razón  
de faltarnos el sustento,  
150 no es lealtad el sufrimiento,  
sino desesperación.

AGUILILLA: Vaya *uzé* haciendo la lumbre,  
pues al rancho hemos llegado,  
que con lo que hoy he arañado  
templará esta pesadumbre.

[8v]

*Comienza CHINCHILLA a hacer la lumbre.*

CHINCHILLA: ¿Qué trae? Que en testimonio  
de que me sustenta el cofre,  
no es cuervo de san Onofre,<sup>60</sup>  
sino cuervo del Demonio.

160 AGUILILLA: Con achaque de servir  
entré en un lugar cercano  
en la casa de un villano,  
donde empezando a bullir  
el estropajo, hacia fuera

---

<sup>60</sup> Saint Onuphrius (320-400) was a hermit in the Thebaid desert. According to Catholic tradition, a raven miraculously brought him his daily ration of food.

fui escurriendo ten con ten,  
y de paso esta sartén  
la fregué con la espetera.  
Un vivandero mezquino  
me dio (que le satisface  
170 por un servicio que le hice)  
esta lonja de tocino.  
Aquel atambor travieso,  
en pago de haber andado  
conmigo desvergonzado,  
me dio este poco de queso.  
¿Ve *usté* aquel abanderado  
del alférez Navarrete?  
Él me dio aqueste mollete,  
que es pícaro muy honrado.  
180 Todo para él se apresta,  
y aunque parece perdido,  
sabe este cuerpo molido  
el trabajo que me cuesta.

*Llora.*

CHINCHILLA: Voto al coime, si no calla,  
y llorándome hace cocos  
que le limpie aquestos mocos  
el lienzo de esta muralla.  
No llore, mejor será,  
pues ya he encendido, freír  
190 este tocino, y rendir  
gracias a quien nos lo da  
en tiempo tan apretado.

*Comienza a freír, y salen ARAÚJO, MATUTE y CASTRO, soldados.*

ARAÚJO: Buenas noches.

AGUILILLA: Como zorras

se nos entran estas gorras

en lo que yo he trabajado.

CASTRO: Señor Araújo, aquí

hay ya que comer.

ARAÚJO: No sé

200 vive Dios, si acertaré

a la boca.

CHINCHILLA: Pues yo sí.

CASTRO: Más que con fuerza con maña.

(tanto ha que vacío estoy)

un ratón escupí hoy.

MATUTE: Yo escupí una telaraña.

*Sale NAVARRETE y dice aparte:*

NAVARRETE: Todos se quejan, y tienen

todos razón, mas pues ya

cerrado el Castillo está,

210 voy entre tanto que vienen

las postas a visitar

a Francelisa, y pues tengo

el cargo que ya prevengo,

volveré luego a rondar.

*Vase.*

ARAÚJO: Aguililla ¿no se acaba

de freír ese recado?

CHINCHILLA: ¿Quién le mete al señor barbado

en eso?

MATUTE: Cólera brava.

220 CASTRO: A señor<sup>61</sup> mal alma, sin duda  
que ha de llevar.

ARAÚJO: Yo me meto  
que quiero cenar.

AGUILILLA: Respeto,  
yo soy de perro de ayuda.

CHINCHILLA: ¿Que yo me meto? Hola, hola,  
voto a Cristo si me enfada,  
que le dé una puñalada,  
o le tire una pistola.

230 CASTRO: Anda, pícaro.

MATUTE: Intentona  
valiente.

ARAÚJO: Muy bien pegadas  
le volveré a bofetadas  
al alma la peleona.

*Quítase el sombrero.*

CHINCHILLA: Señor Araújo, si usted  
lo lleva por cortesía,  
es otra cosa, no había  
caído en tanta merced.

*Siéntase.*

240 Siéntese y cene, que ya  
se sabe que soy su amigo.  
Al feo Castro es a quien digo,  
que allí haciendo burla está:

---

<sup>61</sup> In this and the previous line by Chinchilla, the word 'señor' appeared abbreviated as 'seor', which fits in the followed metrics of octosyllabic verses. Perhaps it was abbreviated in the same way as 'ne'er' or 'tis' in English for the sake of the rhythm.

¿quiere apostar, si me enojo,  
que le he de cortar la cara?

CASTRO: ¿Quiere apostar, si repara,  
que de una pierna le arrojé  
(y no es ningún imposible  
el hacello, ni el decillo)  
250 en el foso del castillo?

CHINCHILLA Digo que Castro es terrible,  
luego se enoja sin ver  
que entre amigos todo pasa,  
siéntese como en su casa.

*Siéntase.*

MATUTE: Gallina es, y lo ha de ser.

CHINCHILLA: Señor Matute, voto a Dios.

MATUTE: No jure, que por su mengua  
he de arrancarle esa lengua.

CHINCHILLA: Aquí pasa entre los dos,  
260 dejando esta pesadumbre,  
ándese siempre conmigo,  
y a la mano como amigo,  
me irá en tan mala costumbre.  
Y siéntese, que con gozo  
lo que hubiere comeremos  
sin cumplimiento ni extremos.

AGUILILLA: Bien ha quedado mi mozo.

*Siéntase y tiende unos manteles sucios.*

CHINCHILLA: Tiende esos manteles más.

MATUTE: Bendita sea la limpieza  
270 de la Virgen la pobreza

no es asquerosa jamás.

*Sale NAVARRETE al paño.*

NAVARRETE: Secretamente hasta aquí,  
rondando el castillo, vengo  
por ver si el pesar que tengo  
puedo divertir así.

ARAÚJO: ¿No hay más pan?

AGUILILLA: ¿Más pan quería?  
¿Está en la Mancha?

NAVARRETE: Yo quiero  
280 ver lo que tratan.

MATUTE: Yo espero  
de verme en Andalucía  
antes de mucho.

CASTRO: Y yo y todo.

ARAÚJO: Parece, según coméis  
a dos manos, que tenéis  
más que comer.

MATUTE: De este modo  
engaño un poco la hambre.

290 CHINCHILLA: A gallina sabe el queso.

AGUILILLA: Todo a él le sabe a eso.

CHINCHILLA: Mientes, pícara fiambre.

ARAÚJO: ¡Que hayamos de padecer  
tanto, y no nos satisfagan!

MATUTE: Si ha dos años que no pagan,  
¿de qué habemos de comer?

CASTRO: Yo, vive Dios, que si fuera  
de importancia...

ARAÚJO: Yo también,  
 300 si acaso tuviera quién  
 me alentara...

MATUTE: Pues yo hiciera  
 con ese aliento lo mismo  
 que todos imagináis.

CHINCHILLA: Yo no sé lo que tratáis.

AGUILILLA: Eso para mí es abismo.

MATUTE: Todo un tercio está alterado.

NAVARRETE: ¡Quién pudiera declararse!<sup>62</sup>

CASTRO  
 310 Y deja de amotinarse,  
 por no tener un soldado  
 de valor y confianza.

NAVARRETE: El de Mondragón infiero  
 que es el tercio.

ARAÚJO: Yo no quiero,  
 puesto que nadie lo alcanza,  
 decir lo que sé.

MATUTE: Decid.

ARAÚJO: Los de dentro del castillo  
 también pretenden seguillo.

320 CASTRO: Hacen bien, pero advertid  
 que no hay cabeza que puede  
 gobernallos.

MATUTE: ¿Cómo no?  
 A atrevernós, bien sé yo  
 quien pudiera, porque excede  
 en valor y ardid a Marte.

---

<sup>62</sup> Exclamation marks have been added.





presente, y en vez de hallarme  
remiso a vuestras razones,  
yo soy quien con más tenaces  
porfías, vuestro impulsos,  
que ya en los miedos descaen,  
360 con eficaz osadía  
dispongo a la empresa grave.  
Ea, amigos, redimamos  
la vejación que nos hace  
la naturaleza, siendo  
nuestro verdugo sin sangre.  
Embotémosle primero  
que de penetrar acabe  
el invisible, el agudo,  
lento puñal del hambre.  
370 Del torcedor de la muerte  
que ya nos ahoga casi,  
y casi de hilar acaba,  
destrozamos el estambre.  
El cargo acero de ser  
vuestra cabeza, y ya saben  
todos que de mi valor  
no hago rendimiento a nadie.  
Yo os mandaré tan atento,  
que me envidien las edades  
380 que a Alejandro y César dieron  
heroicas posteridades.  
Publicad luego mi nombre,  
comience luego a temblarse,

salgamos de este castillo,  
llegue a los oídos grave  
la voz de nuestra osadía:  
ese tercio, que arrogante  
acompañarnos intenta,  
salúdele el baluarte  
390 de los muros con las señas  
con que el motín se declare.  
Españoles han de ser  
cuantos mi amor aliante,  
sin que haya extranjera mancha  
que más nuestra infamia empañe.  
Fortifiquémonos luego,  
(que es política importante)  
en algún lugar adonde  
se fije nuestro estandarte.  
400 Alost, que está a cinco leguas  
de Amberes, puede aprestarse  
para nuestro albergue, donde  
nuestras surtidas se amporen.  
Los burgueses convecinos  
de todo este paisaje  
nos sustentarán, sabiendo  
que en estas parcialidades  
arde el ejército nuestro,  
pues interesados hace  
410 la civil guerra nosotros,  
quietud en ellos constante.  
Comiencen ya nuestras guerras

(aún más sangrientas que errantes)

a descabezar las flores  
que en el campo sobresalen.

Cuantos sobresalen digo  
en nuestro ejército, y hacen  
a nuestra costa sus sueldos  
de aventajados quilates.

420

Si hubiere ligar que acaso  
resista nuestro coraje,  
he de hacer que nuestra furia  
le embista, postre y abrase.  
Que el cielo en llamas se anegue,  
y que fluctuando nade  
en crespas ondas de fuego  
bajel diáfano el aire.

430

No digo yo que a servir  
nos pasemos al de Orange,  
sino que de hoy más seamos  
quien le rinda y le avasalle.

Por nosotros peleemos,  
sin que en nada se desmanden  
nuestros pechos, a ser centros  
de viles indignidades.

[10r]

Las costumbres infamemos  
de los tudescos neutrales,  
que si las pagas no son  
a su tiempo puntuales,  
dando a entender que se alquilan  
a aquellos que los pagaren

440

en los hierros de las picas  
cuelgan las bolsas al aire.  
Cuésteles lo que nos deben  
reducirnos a su parte,  
y dejemos la vergüenza  
a nosotros de este lance.  
Que si el nombre merecemos  
de amotinados infames,  
450 nuestro denuedo le borre,  
nuestro valor lo restaure,  
nuestra osadía lo illustre,  
y nuestros pechos lo abracen.

ARAÚJO: Pues ya que tan atrevido  
tu valor nos persuade,  
no nos detengamos.

CASTRO: Sean  
nuestros pechos arrogantes  
vivos imanes de hoy más,  
460 tú el norte de tu semblante.

MATUTE: A tu orden exponemos  
nuestro albedrío, porque ande  
esculpido vuestro nombre  
en el bronce, y en el jaspe.

CHINCHILLA: A mí me cuelguen, si acaso  
de esta vez no me colgaren.

ARAÚJO: Pase la palabra luego.

CASTRO: Asusten los capitanes  
ambiciosos nuestras voces.

470 MATUTE: Llénese de horror el aire.

CHINCHILLA: Muera Marta, y muera harta,  
coma yo, y más que me maten.

NAVARRETE: Advertid las condiciones,  
y no las exceda nadie,  
pues sólo en esto consiste  
poder pasar adelante.

ARAÚJO: Di, famoso Navarrete.

480 NAVARRETE: Pues vosotros por la parte  
de todos cuanto hubiere  
en estas parcialidades,  
¿juráis hasta hacer notorio  
a todos nuestro dictamen  
de cumplirlas?

TODOS: Sí, juramos

NAVARRETE: La primera es, que el que saque  
la espada contra ninguno  
de nuestra nación, le amarren  
a un tronco, donde su pecho  
un mosquetazo le pase.

490 La segunda, que si alguno,  
(aunque sea de su padre)  
recibiere alguna carta,  
ha de abrirse y consultarse  
delante de mí, y de todos  
los cabos, porque no halle  
escrúpulos nuestro miedo  
cuando puede asegurarse.  
La tercera, que en secreto  
ninguno con otro hable,

500 pena de un trato de cuerda.  
La cuarta, que al que jurare,  
le entreguen al escuadrón  
y le avergüence en llamarle  
amotinado ratero  
de vil y de baja sangre.  
La quinta y última, que  
contra la mujeres nadie  
se atreva, ni a sus maridos,  
con viles nombres infamen.

510 TODOS: Todos las obedecemos.  
NAVARRETE: Pues comenzad vigilantes  
a mostrarlo: y pues que ya  
la luz del alba se esparce,  
comenzad a hacer la posta  
en mi cuartel y guardadme  
como a vuestro general.

ARAÚJO: Falta las armas nos hacen.

NAVARRETE: Véislas aquí.

*Descúbrese uno como cuerpo de guardia, con chuzos, arcabuces, cuerdas, y un  
tambor.*<sup>63</sup>

De este lienzo [10v]

520 escoged las que bastasen.  
MATUTE: Ya estamos a punto, entable  
el motín el atambor.  
CASTRO: No hay quien lo toque.  
CHINCHILLA: No falten  
manos a la buena obra.  
NAVARRETE: Eres valiente.

---

<sup>63</sup> 'atambor' in the original copy.

CHINCHILLA: Cobarde.

*Toca un rebato.*

MATUTE: Ya las puertas han abierto.

ARAÚJO: Ya comienzan a alterarse.

530 DENTRO: ¿Qué novedad os altera?

NAVARRETE: Paga y la palabra pase.

DENTRO: Paga, y pase la palabra.

*Vuelve a tocar, y responden dentro.*

ARAÚJO: Ya comienza a alborotarse  
el castillo.

DENTRO, LEJOS: Paga, paga.

CHINCHILLA: ¿Son urracas?

NAVARRETE: Las señales  
de que el tercio lo ha entendido  
vienen penetrando el aire.

540 Vuelve a tocar.

*Tocan en el tablado, responden en el vestuario, y luego como más lejos.*

NAVARRETE: Igualmente,  
se responden, escuchadme.

LEJOS: Todo, y en oro.

NAVARRETE: Eso es hecho,  
este es mi cuartel, guardadle,

*Comienza a hacer posta un soldado.*

postrándoos en él, y todos  
procurad serme leales;  
o por la vida del Rey,  
(que el cielo mil años guarde)

550 que mande colgar a quien  
mis órdenes alterare.



*Ruido.*

Mas, ¿qué deidad sobre aquel  
negro bruto, que arrogante  
de espuma inunda la tierra,  
de alientos empaña el aire,  
entra ahora en el castillo?

¿Quién será que armada hace  
competencias a Belona,  
y oposiciones a Marte?

560 ARAÚJO: Hacia nosotros camina.

NAVARRETE: Ya se apea, y de su traje  
infiero que es Margarita  
de Parma, que el cielo guarde.

*Sale acompañamiento de soldados, SANCHO DE ÁVILA, un soldado con un cofrecillo en una fuente, y detrás MARGARITA armada, y con bastón; y en llegando se ponen todos los amotinados en ala, y se quitan los sombreros.*

MARGARITA: Españoles, que habéis sido

antorchas de la milicia,  
luciendo a par de los siglos,  
y ardiendo sobre la envidia.

Vosotros, con quien la fama  
para esparcir vuestra dicha,

570 gastando el clarín a soplos  
nunca descansa la vista.

Españoles otra vez,  
cuyo nombre atemoriza  
de tanto isleño rebelde,  
tanta caterva enemiga.

¿De cuándo acá en vuestros pechos  
halló senda la malicia

para introducir en ellos  
tan infieles osadías?  
580 ¿Deslucir queréis ahora  
las vanaglorias que os timbran,  
los blasones heredados  
de lealtades sucesivas?  
¿Ahora que más leales  
os he menester, se anima  
una traición, donde apenas  
un escrúpulo cabía?  
¿Ahora que contra Amberes  
590 toda vuestra saña altiva  
necesitaba mi enojo  
para labrar su ruina?  
Volved, volved por vosotros,  
no animéis la rebeldía  
de esa plaza, pues sabiendo  
que la discordia enemiga,  
pájara de infecto vuelo  
entre vosotros se anida,  
concurrirá sediciosa  
la corneja fementida  
600 a vestirse de sus plumas [11r]  
y anunciar vuestras desdichas.  
Muévaos en mí el ejemplar  
de verme con las insignias  
militares, para ser  
la primera que la embista.  
Por cobrarla en la campaña

quiere mi heroica osadía  
que el noble bastón empuñe,  
que el peto azotado vista,  
610 que el diestro bridón maneje,  
y que el rayo ardiente ciña.  
¿Decís que el socorro os falta?  
Culpad quien lo tiraniza,  
y no queráis que lo pague  
quien puntual os lo envía.  
El Rey mi señor cada año  
os socorre, y pues que altivas  
vuestras miserables voces  
ya mis oídos irritan;  
620 yo de su ambicioso pecho,  
yo de su infame codicia  
os vengaré en la cabezas  
que os lo usurpan atrevidas.  
Del rostro de la nación,  
a quien tanto el mundo estima,  
borrad, o arracad, si acaso  
con la violencia se quita,  
este lugar vergonzoso  
que tanta lealtad le intima.  
630 No os acobarde la falta  
de dinero, aquí os animan  
joyas de inmensa riqueza,  
con que adornarme solía.  
Entregaos todos en ellas,  
tomadlas, distribuidlas

como quedéis todos ricos,  
pues hay en sus piedras finas  
diamantes con quien el sol  
apenas se determina.

640

Véislas aquí, porque así  
en mi la grandeza viva,  
en vosotros la lealtad,  
en España la milicia,  
en los contrarios, el miedo,  
y en la fama, vuestra vida.

*Llega el que trae el cofrecillo a entregárselo, y ellos se abalanzan a cogerlo, y detiéndelos NAVARRETE.*

NAVARRETE: Tened, y no de atrevidos  
blasonéis con grosería:  
y Vuestra Alteza esas joyas  
vuelva a la preciosa mina  
de su pecho, donde estén  
más propias, y más lucidas.

650

MARGARITA: Pues no es posible que quien  
con esa galantería  
responde, cuando su gente  
tanto de ellas necesita,  
use mal de mi consejo,  
y al vil interés le rinda.

NAVARRETE: Soldados, ¿qué respondéis?

DENTRO: ¡Viva el Rey, y Margarita,  
y mueran los codiciosos!

660

MARGARITA: Pues Sancho de Ávila os diga  
más persuasivo la infamia  
que al mundo os desacredita:

que yo volviendo los ojos  
a vuestra empresa, querría  
ser basilisco, que a todos  
diese muerte con la vista,  
pues reduciros no puedo.

NAVARRETE: Mil años Tu Alteza viva.

*Vase, y con ella el acompañamiento, queda SANCHO DE ÁVILA y cálense los sombreros.*

670 SANCHO: Volved, volved, Español,  
por nuestra nación.

NAVARRETE: Ya había  
Su Alteza dicho lo mismo.

SANCHO: Pues yo quiere que os repita  
lo mal que hacéis.

ARAUJO: Ya sabemos  
que no es buena gallardía.

CHINCHILLA: Pero morirse de hambre  
tampoco es buena comida.

680 SANCHO: Yo haré que os paguen al punto.

CASTRO: Esa convenencia afirman  
cuando reducirnos quieren.

CHINCHILLA: Y luego nos lo acreditan  
con anudarnos el cuello.

SANCHO: Pues ¿qué granjeáis? [11v]

NAVARRETE: La vida.

SANCHO: ¿Cómo?

NAVARRETE: Haciendo desde ahora  
que no haya lugar, ni villa  
690 que forzoso o voluntario  
el sustento no nos rinda.

*Yéndose poco a poco.*

SANCHO: ¿Cómo dejáis el castillo?

NAVARRETE: Porque donde se avecindan  
de nuestro Rey las banderas,  
siempre la nuestra se humilla,  
y queremos arbolarla  
donde nadie la corrija.

SANCHO: ¿Y si la fama se pierde?

NAVARRETE: Ya está la fama perdida.

700 SANCHO: Cobradla.

NAVARRETE: Ya fuera mengua,  
o facilidad, o risa  
volver atrás del empeño  
en la culpa cometida.

SANCHO: No es culpa el conocimiento.

NAVARRETE: Acuerde vueseñoría  
a su pecho, que le debo  
la desatención que mira,  
y perdone.

*Yéndose.*

710 SANCHO: ¿A dónde vais?

NAVARRETE: *Aparte.*  
A avisar a Francelisa  
de todos estos sucesos  
para que amante me siga.  
*A él:*  
Donde podamos vivir,  
a pesar de la malicia.

*Toca a marchar.*

NAVARRETE: Marcha a Alost.

SANCHO: Dios os reduzca.

NAVARRETE: Ya es ociosa la porfía:  
adiós, señor Castellano.

720 SANCHO: Quiera el cielo que algún día  
volviendo sobre vosotros  
cobréis vuestra fama altiva.

*Éntranse ellos por una parte marchando en orden, y SANCHO DE ÁVILA por otra mirándolos. Y salen el CONDE DE AGAMÓN, y MOSIUR DE LA CAMPAÑA.*

CONDE: Mosiur de la Campaña  
esta moderna sedición de España  
nuestra fortuna ahora  
o la templa, o la alienta, o la mejora:  
y pues de aquella espía  
supimos el motín que disponía  
el tercio y el castillo,  
730 y que a Alost pretendía conducillo,  
donde fortificarse les promete  
su caudillo el alférez Navarrete:  
que aunque es verdad que no le conocemos,  
fácilmente quién es saber podemos.  
Como es razón de estado  
ayudar siempre al campo amotinado,  
pues siendo tan gran parte en la campaña  
del numeroso ejército de España,  
granjeándolo ahora como amigo  
740 se adelgaza la fuerza al enemigo:  
pretendo cautelando aquesta duda,  
que ofreciéndole ahora nuestra ayuda  
nuestro socorro y mano,

le hagamos con la fuerza más tirano.

*Aparte:*

Para esto pues (ay, cielos)  
si no me ocasionaran más mis celos,  
para saber si acaso hay quien me diga  
si en su escuadrón se oculta mi enemiga.

Para esto he venido.

750

A encontrarle a este paso, donde ha sido  
providencia esperarle,  
cerca de Alost, a donde consultarle,  
podemos con recato,  
firmes nuestra alianza y nuestro trato.

MOS.:

Si mis ansias severas  
en algo (corazón) templar pudieras,  
alta materia había  
en esta soledad, a donde el día  
repare su hermosura

760

en la sombra, el arroyo, y la frescura.  
Mas ay, pena inhumana,  
¿Adónde infiel, dónde aleve hermana  
te ocultas a mi furia,  
y el brazo escondes que arrojó la injuria?

CONDE:

Triste, mosiur, os veo,  
¿qué tenéis? Consultadlo a mi deseo;

*Aparte:*

o infiérelo de mí, cuando difunto  
te puedo responder lo que pregunto.

[12r]

*Tocan dentro a marchar lejos.*

Pero ya resonando un eco ronco



770 castiga el parche el duplicado tronco.  
MOS.: Pues di, ¿qué podré hacer para atajalle?  
CONDE: Que dividiendo entrambos, este valle,  
vos detrás de aquel árbol recogido  
por ver el escuadrón más escondido  
le esperéis cuidadoso;  
yo detrás de aqueste, que frondoso  
celosía es del prado,  
le espero porque más asegurado  
quien primero le viere, le prevenga,  
780 y hasta que el otro llegue, le detenga.

MOS.: En todo vuestra Excelencia  
cumple con el valor, y la experiencia.

CONDE: Pues yo me escondo, el alma me maltrata  
la memoria cruel de aquella ingrata.

MOS.: Yo me escondo también: para saberse  
sólo mi infamia no podrá esconderse.

*Escóndese cada uno a su lado, y salen FRANCELISA con mascarilla, CHINCHILLA, y AGUILILLA.*

CHINCHILLA: En esta amena espesura,  
que esta quinta nos ofrece  
en tanto, señora que  
790 descansando se detiene,  
haciendo alto el escuadrón,  
ha dispuesto Navarrete  
que te divierta, que luego  
a ver tu hermosura viene.

MOS.: Si él viene, buena ocasión  
la ventura nos le ofrece.

FRANCELISA: ¡Oh niño, oh vendado dios,

en que de abismos me tienes!

CONDE: Bella mujer, [que] su cara  
800 con su donaire conviene.

MOS.: Bizarra dama, si acaso  
el rostro no lo desmiente.

AGUILILLA: Ya, señora, hemos llegado  
a este sitio, donde puedes  
sin los temores del sol,  
que en vano intenta ofenderte,  
quitarte la mascarilla.

CHINCHILLA: Ya he descubierto al Alférez,  
que viene de rama en rama.

810 CONDE: Si es aquél: aquí pretende  
declarársele mi pecho.

MOS.: Salirle a hablar me conviene.

FRANCELISA: Mi amante viene, yo quiero  
descubrirme pues que viene.

*Entra NAVARRETE, y a un tiempo sale de una parte el CONDE, y de otra MOSIUR DE LA CAMPAÑA; y quitándose la mascarilla dice FRANCELISA:*

FRANCELISA: Navarrete, dueño mío.

CONDE: Seáis, noble Navarrete.

MOS.: Seáis, Alférez famoso.

NAVARRETE: ¿Qué es esto que me sucede?

CONDE: Ojos, ¿qué es lo que habéis visto?

820 MOS.: Nueva pena se me ofrece.

FRANCELISA: Nueva desdicha padezco.

MOS.: Éste es el soldado aleve,  
que robó a mi ingrata hermana.

CONDE: Éste es el cruel que tiene  
consigo a mi ingrato dueño.

CHINCHILLA: Mudas estatuas parecen.  
 NAVARRETE: Todo mi valor me valga.  
 CONDE: Bulto he quedado de nieve.  
 MOS.: Helado mármol me asiste.  
 830 FRANCELISA: Muerta estoy del accidente.  
 AGUILILLA: Empeñadillo está el caso.  
 CHINCHILLA: El encuentro azares llueve.  
 CONDE: ¡La causa de mi venida  
 qué trocado efecto tiene!  
 MOS.: A quien solicito amigo  
 mi mayor infamia emprende.  
 NAVARRETE: Mas, ¿qué duda mi valor?  
 FRANCELISA: ¿En quién mi amor se divierte?  
 CONDE: ¿Qué aguardo, que no fulmino...  
 840 MOS.: Qué dudo que no pretende...  
 CONDE: ...su ruina con mi espada? [12v]  
 MOS.: ...mi venganza un fin aleve?  
 CONDE: *A él:*  
 Dime, infame.  
 MOS.: *A ella:*  
 Dime, ingrata.  
 CONDE: Di, villano.  
 MOS.: Dime, aleve.  
 NAVARRETE: Por vida de Francelisa,  
 que a quien con tan indecentes  
 palabras a su decoro,  
 850 y a lo que a mí se me debe,  
 aunque la pasión le arrastre,  
 a quien se descompusiere,

que los términos honrados  
a cuchilladas enseñe.

FRANCELISA: ¡Ay, infelice de mí!<sup>64</sup>

CHINCHILLA: Empeñado está el Alférez,  
yo voy a poner remedio  
con una traza valiente.

MOS.: *Aparte:*

860 Mucho el Conde lo ha sentido,  
ya es fuerza que nueva especie  
de sospechas aperciba.

*A ella:*

¿Cómo podrás defenderte,  
villana, de mi razón?

CONDE: ¿Cómo de mi acero ardiente  
podrás huir esta vez?

NAVARRETE: ¿Cómo podré? De esta suerte.

*Sacan las espadas.*

Francelisa, en esa quinta  
ampararte ahora puedes  
mientras mi espada te libra.

870 DENTRO: Allí suena Navarrete.

FRANCELISA: Tu vida defienda el cielo.

*Vase.*

AGUILILLA: Entra señora, ¿en qué entiendes?

*Vase.*

*Salen los más soldados que pudieren.*

CHINCHILLA: A tu lado está Chinchilla,  
que es como si no estuviese.

---

<sup>64</sup> Exclamation marks have been added in view of the context.

ARAÚJO: Mueran aquí los que intentan  
a tu ventura oponerse.

880 NAVARRETE: Teneos, soldados, ninguno  
se atreva ahora a moverse,  
que le cortaré las piernas:  
y Vuestra Excelencia puede  
volver, que aunque trajese  
a su lado contra ella  
el ejército de Xerxes,  
le hiciera tantos pedazos:  
mas las arrogancias cesen,  
y entienda el Monsiur ahora  
de la Campaña que debe  
saber cómo Francelisa  
890 ha de ser mi esposa, y que este  
pretexto siempre he tenido,  
y cuando ofenderla intente,  
soy un hidalgo español  
que basta para que piensen  
en todos estos países  
cuantos monsiures hubiere,  
que una gota de mi sangre  
honrar todo Flandes puede.

*Vase mirándolos.*

MOS.: De pena rabiando voy.

CONDE: Áspides mi pecho muerden.

900 MOS.: Honor, a trazar venganzas.

CONDE: Celos, a darme la muerte.

## JORNADA TERCERA

DENTRO: Ya vuelven con nuevo aliento  
los españoles.

OTRO: Veloces  
huyamos.

NAVARRETE: De tan atroces  
designios vengarme intento.

OTRO: Al bosque.

OTRO: Hacia la espesura.

NAVARRETE: Yo os castigaré, alevosos.

10 OTRO: Huyendo van presurosos.

NAVARRETE: La noche los asegura.  
Seguidme, y veamos aprisa  
si Francelisa ha faltado.

*Salen el ALFÉREZ y sus soldados por una parte las espaldas desnudas, y por otra  
FRANCELISA a medio vestir con una luz.*

FRANCELISA: Pierde, Alférez, el cuidado,  
que libre está Francelisa.

NAVARRETE: ¡Que con modo tan violento  
vengarse tu hermano intento!

FRANCELISA: Saber que estabas ausente  
le dio tal atrevimiento.

20 NAVARRETE: ¡Que armase tales traiciones!

FRANCELISA: Mal su intento se logró.

NAVARRETE: ¿Cómo la quinta asaltó?

[FRANCELISA]:<sup>65</sup> Óyelo en breves razones.

[13r]

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<sup>65</sup> In what undoubtedly is a typesetting error, the character indicated in the original text is Sancho, 'San.' The cue at the end of the previous page, however indicated 'Fran.', even if what comes after is 'Co' and not 'Oy' as would have been logical.

Habían los rayos rojos  
del sol apagado el fuego,  
sufría la luz enojos,  
todo el mundo estaba ciego,  
y solamente el sosiego  
tenía abiertos los ojos.

30

Hallábame yo rendida  
del sueño al blando precepto  
que llaman muerta fingida,  
y para ver este efecto,  
sin ser vista de secreto,  
estaba entonces mi vida.

Cuando oigo en esas campañas  
un estruendo, a que me asusto,  
y son violencias extrañas,  
en vez de correlle, injusto  
y cruel me rasgó el susto  
el velo de las pestañas.

40

Siento un imprevisto asalto  
en la quinta, y mi valor  
me deja de lealtad falto;  
porque un cobarde es traidor,  
y así se vio mi temor  
de parte del sobresalto.

Veo entrar gente, y del frío  
lecho huyo en breve rato,  
al vestido el honor frío,  
que no importa en tal rebato  
para que se arme el recato,

50

que esté desarmado el brío.  
Lléganse hacia mí, y yo espero,  
como el reo en quien enmienda  
la culpa el ministro fiero,  
que cubierto de la venda  
juzga que es corta la senda  
que hay de la venda al acero.

60

Pues tan sin aliento humillo  
la vida al fiero tropel,  
que como estaba al sentillo  
ciega del temor cruel,  
cada amago era el cordel,  
y cada mano el cuchillo.

Allí con resuelto labio  
a mi airado hermano atiando:  
pero anduvo poco sabio  
tanta gente previniendo;  
que venganza con estruendo  
es campana del agravio.

70

Mas él con ligera planta  
de un brazo mío hizo lazo,  
y como en vio encía tanta  
quise hablar y hallé embarazo,  
juzgué que el nudo del brazo  
correspondió a la garganta.

80

Doy voces, mas no recela  
su riesgo, y con impiedad  
a un puñal desnudo apela  
que cuando ha de hablar verdad



se desnuda la crueldad  
el traje de la cautela.  
Irritado en trance igual  
me culpa haberte seguido  
llamándote desleal,  
desairándote a mi oído,  
como si en lo que es querido  
nada pareciera mal.

90

Llegaste, y yo a imitación  
del pajarillo, que atento  
de la liga a la traición  
por accidente su aliento  
plumas restituye al viento,  
y pies hurta a la prisión.

Por medio de tu valor  
los pies desembaracé  
de la liga del temor,

100

las plumas le desplegué  
a mi esperanza, y volé  
libre al ramo de tu amor.

NAVARRETE:

Por si vuelve con cautela,  
aunque va de temor lleno,  
al cabo de escuadra ordeno,  
que ponga una centinela,  
que con atenta porfía  
tenga el campo asegurado:  
y para que de este enfado  
me despique en viendo el día,

110

ese villaje vecino

nos dará contribución:  
pero antes, pues es razón,  
avisalle determino:  
que a cuantos pueblos con fiero  
estrage, chicos o grandes  
me contribuyen en Flandes,  
sabéis que escribo primero  
amenazando ruinas  
si mi orden no es respetada,  
y va la carta quemada  
por todas las cuatro esquinas:  
para poderles mostrar  
(si es que estoy de enojo ciego)  
que lo que hice con el pliego,  
sabré hacer con el lugar.  
Vámonos.

120

FRANCELISA: Ya ningún fin  
infeliz dudando estoy.

*Vase.*

130

NAVARRETE: Yo me haré temer, pues soy  
cabeza de este motín.

*Vase.*

*Al irse a entrar CHINCHILLA, el CABO DE ESCUADRA le detenga, y han de estar todos con sus armas.*

CABO: Fuera los dos nos quedamos,  
¿óyelo?

CHINCHILLA: Y no es maravilla.

CABO: Pues sígame, señor Chinchilla.

CHINCHILLA: Señor cabo de escuadra, vamos.

CABO: Camine.



*Hace que se va, y paséase CHINCHILLA con su arcabuz al hombro.*

CABO: Volveré a proballe así,  
pues de él no está confiado  
que es más bufón que soldado.

CHINCHILLA: Gente siento, y temo allí  
los rayos por mil razones,  
aunque escucho aquí los truenos,  
¿quién viene allá?

170

CABO: Amigos.

CHINCHILLA: Buenos  
son para estas ocasiones.

CABO: Voyme, pues tiene consigo  
cuidado y puntualidad.

*Vase.*

CHINCHILLA: Con la mucha obscuridad  
se me perdió aqieste amigo.

*Sale el ALFÉREZ por el otro lado.*

NAVARRETE: Como el poder me desvela  
de mi contrario agraviado,  
vengo a ver si este soldado  
hace bien la centinela.

180

CHINCHILLA: Otro; si amigo será  
también, pero por partido  
que fuera mi conocido  
tomará: ¿quién viene allá?

NAVARRETE: Amigos.

CHINCHILLA: ¿Quién tal ha visto?  
Dicha es que a los dos nos cuadra,  
topar el cabo de escuadra

190 con un hombre tan bien quisto.

NAVARRETE: Veré el esfuerzo que tiene.  
*Lléguese.*

CHINCHILLA: Mucho se pega, a la cuenta  
pedirme prestado intenta  
este amigo.

NAVARRETE: Aún no previene  
la voz.

CHINCHILLA: Si a estafar me tira,  
y algo he de sacar cortés  
que dalle, yo saco pies.

200 NAVARRETE: Parece que se retira.

CHINCHILLA: Así de obligalle acabo: [14r]  
doyle el arcabuz.

NAVARRETE: ¿Qué emprende?

CHINCHILLA: También la cuerda.

NAVARRETE: ¿A qué atiende?

CHINCHILLA: Y la posta, pues si el cabo  
de escuadra riñe conmigo  
porque me voy de este modo,  
le responderé que todo  
queda en poder de un amigo.

210 *Váse.*

NAVARRETE: Vive Dios, que ha acobardado;  
huyó con plantas ligeras,  
yo castigaré al que fuere  
luego que el día amanezca.  
Y pues que dejó las armas  
porque mis soldados puedan

descansar, proseguiré  
yo mismo la centinela.

*Sale por la otra puerta SANCHO DE ÁVILA.*

220 SANCHO: Por verme en tan grande aprieto,  
y querer que no se pierda  
el fuerte, le dejo a cargo  
de un soldado de experiencia,  
y vengo a hacer nuevo esfuerzo  
para mover la dureza  
de estos ánimos rebeldes,  
porque a socorrer me vuelvan.

NAVARRETE: Gente viene, ¿quién será?

230 SANCHO: Pretendo que no me sientan,  
y así el caballo dejé  
en el bosque.

NAVARRETE: Pues se acerca,  
reconocelle conviene:  
El que fuere, antes que pueda  
pasar, ha de dar el nombre.

SANCHO: Di con una centinela  
que me ha de impedir el paso.  
Español soy, y así pierda  
vuestro cuidado el recelo,  
que a una grave diligencia  
240 Sancho de Ávila, del fuerte  
me despacha.

NAVARRETE: Pues, ¿qué intenta?

SANCHO: Hablar quisiera al Alférez.

NAVARRETE: Sabré lo que es, sin que sepa



NAVARRETE: El Castellano

buscar puede otra defensa,  
y no esperar que el Alférez  
a entrar en el fuerte vuelva.

SANCHO: Yo sé que si él me escuchara  
que eficaces con él fueran  
280 mis razones.

NAVARRETE: ¿Qué podréis  
decille?

SANCHO: Yo le dijera  
que no parece español,  
pues desdice y degenera  
de vasallo de su Rey,  
siendo causa de que en nuevas  
rebeliones y motines  
estos países se enciendan.

290 NAVARRETE: Mal discurrís, pues no sé  
qué culpa el Alférez tenga  
de estar Flandes rebelado.

SANCHO: Si después que con resuelta  
porfía os amotinasteis  
mal unidas y deshechas  
están las fuerzas de España,  
de suerte que son pequeñas  
para domar los herejes,  
claro está, pues es cabeza  
300 Navarrete del motín,  
que causa el error que hoy reina  
en Flandes, o por lo menos

[14v]



sino le causa, le alienta,  
puesto que para el castigo  
ha desunido las fuerzas.

310 NAVARRETE: ¿Tan grandes cargos le hacen?

SANCHO: Su mayor culpa no es esta,  
pues contra el Rey desleal  
no solamente se muestra,  
sino contra Dios.

NAVARRETE: ¡Qué escucho!

¿Contra Dios? ¿De qué manera?

SANCHO: Como deshizo el presidio  
del castillo, la insolencia  
de los herejes de Amberes  
viendo que no hay resistencias  
que a sus errores se opongan,  
crece indignadas protervas.

320 NAVARRETE: ¿Que esos daños atribuyen  
al Alférez?

SANCHO: Todos le echan  
la culpa.

NAVARRETE: ¿Que le hagan parte  
de las divinas ofensas?

SANCHO: Estorbar el castigallas.

330 NAVARRETE: Pues por sí, mi opinión vuelva,  
que si mal vasallo he sido,  
es preciso que parezca  
buen católico, y más siendo  
español; porque se vea  
que en mí ha enmendado la fe.



360 CONDE: Bien nos pudiera causar  
 esa novedad cuidado,  
 pero un tercio desarmado  
 ¿qué empresa puede intentar?  
 MOS.: Cuatro españoles que están  
 pobres, descalzos y hambrientos,  
 ¿qué han de emprender?  
 CONDE: Sus intentos  
 siempre inútiles serán.  
 Y mientras la tropa llegue,  
 y sus designios sabemos,  
 370 al Castellano obliguemos  
 a que el fuerte nos entregue,  
 o harán de nuestros baluartes  
 en sus muros baterías.  
 MOS.: De nuestro odio las porfías  
 se publique en todas partes.  
 CONDE: Tu esfuerzo es bien que acrisoles  
 hoy con nuestras fuerzas grandes.  
 MOS.: Presto veremos a Flandes  
 libre de los españoles.  
 380 CONDE: Valiente Mos de Campaña,  
 muera esta nación.  
 MOS.: Mi agravio  
 piensa con sediento labio  
 beber la sangre de España.

*Vanse. Suena ruido dentro.*

DENTRO: De este barco ha de saltar  
 la vanguardia en esa playa.

NAVARRETE: Pase la palabra, que haya  
silencio al desembarcar.

OTRO: Pase la palabra que haya  
silencio al desembarcar.

390

AGUILILLA: Acorta, bien a la orilla.

NAVARRETE: Todos en ella hagan alto.

CHINCHILLA: Largo me parece el salto,  
dame la mano, Aguililla.

*Sale el ALFÉREZ y soldados.*

NAVARRETE: Soldados míos, yo fío  
de todos heroicas pruebas.

SOLDADO 1: ¿Cómo hacia Amberes no llevas?

SOLDADO 2: ¿Para qué has pasado el río?

SOLDADO 3: ¿Qué contribución te llama?

400 CHINCHILLA: Tu resolución no entiendo.

NAVARRETE: Desengañaros pretendo  
a ganar honrosa fama  
os traigo.

SOLDADO 1: Dinos los modos.

SOLDADO 3: ¿Qué aguardas?

CHINCHILLA: Dalo a entender.

SOLDADO 2: Acaba.

NAVARRETE: Os preciáis de ser  
buenos españoles todos,  
y como tales haréis.

410

SOLDADO 1: No hay dificultad.

SOLDADO 2: No hay duda.

SOLDADO 3: ¿Quién lo ignora?

CHINCHILLA: ¿Quién lo duda?

NAVARRETE:       Pues oídme y lo sabréis.  
Soldados, ya todo el mundo  
murmura que yo acaudille  
y rija en mi deshonor  
estos rebeldes motines.  
420               La culpa a mí me atribuyen  
de que todos los países  
de Flandes su gente ocupen  
en disensiones civiles.  
Por desleal me publican  
y traidor, mirad que timbres  
para que yo honrosamente  
en los tiempos me eternice.  
Ya el bajel de mi opinión,  
roto el casco, se va a pique,  
430               siendo en el mar de la infamia  
mi descrédito el Caribdis.  
Mas si estas acusaciones  
pueden tanto que consiguen  
que de pérdida tan grande  
hoy mi valor se desquite,  
las que cortadoras lenguas  
fueron con filos terribles,  
serán de mi honrosa fama  
despertadores clarines.  
440               Que mucho será que España  
nuestra madre, de su estirpe  
nos despida y desherede,  
como a partos que desdicen

de quien los engendra: y siendo  
de ella excluidos, decidme,  
¿qué tierra querrá admitirnos?  
Pero en medio tan difícil,  
sola una patria nos queda,  
que en sí nos naturalice:  
450 pues cuando todas nos falten,  
nuestra desdicha permite  
que nos dé adopción la afrenta,  
y la infamia nos prohíje  
Flandes, habiéndonos visto  
sacudir con odio libre  
la coyunda, que el demonio  
impuso en nuestras cervices,  
de nuestro ejemplo se vale,  
y desobediente esgrime  
460 las armas contra su dueño;  
y de esto ha de atribuirse  
toda la culpa a nosotros,  
pues si a estas provincias sirve  
de freno nuestra nación  
y aqúeste instrumento firme,  
se va gastando y rompiendo,  
puesto que apoca y divide  
nuestras fuerzas el motín,  
¿Qué discurso habrá que admire  
470 que roto el freno el caballo  
se desboque incorregible?  
Mas si todos me ayudáis

con vuestro valor (oídm  
atentos, soldados míos)  
si vuestras fuerzas me asisten,  
y del modo que en la culpa  
parciales míos os hice,  
queréis que en el escarmiento  
por cómplices os publique, [15v]  
nuestro honor rescataremos  
de aquellas cadenas viles,  
con que el afrentoso Argel  
de la calumnia le oprime.  
Ya sabéis que Amberes es  
la población más insigne  
y el mayor lugar de Flandes,  
y que porque no permite  
la Princesa que haya en él  
facultad de que ejerciten  
la libertad de conciencia,  
exento y rebelde vive  
con tan grande desacato,  
que cualquier tiempo que erige  
a Dios la fe, le profana  
torpe, sacrílego y libre.  
Aquestas dos deslealtades  
al cielo y al Rey, castigue  
nuestro valor, y de un yerro  
un acierto le fabrique.  
Ea amigos, ea a Amberes,  
porque esta mancha se limpie,

o tumba que nos sepulte,  
o albergue que nos abrigue.  
Cuando una víbora muere,  
de la ponzoña recibe  
virtud la misma triaca;  
que en tal caso es infalible  
que el daño y la medicina  
en un sujeto consisten.

510

Víbora ha sido hasta aquí  
mi corazón, que con viles  
traiciones ha emponzoñado  
este pecho a donde asiste.  
Mas lo mismo con que pudo  
inficionar, se apercibe  
a curar este contagio:  
que el valor si atiende a fines  
alevosos, es veneno:

520

pero siendo leal, sirve  
de antídoto saludable;  
así quiero que se aplique  
a este fin, porque la vida  
de la opinión no peligre.  
Para aquesto os he traído,  
marchemos pues, y publique  
Amberes con su ruina  
esta acción, por que se olvide  
la de Mucio en el incendio,<sup>67</sup>

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<sup>67</sup> Gaius Mucius Scaevola (524-480 BC) was a semi-legendary character from the early Roman Republic. When Rome was being sieged by Porsena, king of the Etruscan city of Clusium, he infiltrated his camp to kill him. When he killed the wrong man and was brought before Porsena, he told him who he was and



y la de Horacio en el Tíber.<sup>68</sup>

530 Y si acaso hubiere alguno  
de vosotros que replique  
a tan bien<sup>69</sup> nacido intento,  
por vida del rey Felipe  
nuestro natural señor:

*Quítase el sombrero.*

que por traidor le derribe  
la cabeza: pero, ¿quién  
puede haber que no confirme  
esta determinación?  
¿Quién hay que no facilite  
540 este impulso, procurando  
que haciendo su nombre insigne  
la malicia no le infame?  
España vuelva a admitille,  
Flandes por él no se pierda,  
Amberes la frente incline,  
Sancho de Ávila se aliente,  
Su Alteza no desconfíe,  
tan grande hazaña se logre,  
para que nos eternicen  
550 en lámina, y en anales,  
las plumas, y los buriles.

SOLDADO 1: Aprobamos tu opinión.

---

that all the young men in the city had sworn to kill him, punishing himself for his mistake by putting his hand in the fire. Impressed, the king withdrew the siege and sent ambassadors to the Rome to negotiate peace.

<sup>68</sup> Horatius Cocles was a mythical Roman hero who around 509 B.C single-handedly defended the bridge that separated Rome from the Etruscan attackers, led by king Porsena. As the Romans demolished the bridge to stop the enemy from crossing, he stayed on the side of the attackers, fighting them.

<sup>69</sup> 'tambien' in the original text.

SOLDADO 2: Siguiendo tu parecer  
la vida hemos de perder.

SOLDADO 3: Justa es tu resolución  
todos queremos seguilla.

AGUILILLA: Y yo, aunque mujer, procuro  
tomar su ejemplo.

CHINCHILLA: Yo lo juro  
560 por la vida de Aguililla.

NAVARRETE: Pues ya delante tenemos  
nuestra difícil conquista.  
Ya está Amberes a la vista:  
y porque nos animemos,  
su castillo estamos viendo,  
que el rebelde sitia en vano,  
verá ahora el Castellano  
como mis yerros enmiendo.

[16r]

CHINCHILLA: Ya un hombre se nos ofrece  
570 arriba.

NAVARRETE: Llegar procuro,  
pues el que está sobre el muro  
Sancho de Ávila parece.

*Arriba SANCHO DE ÁVILA.*

SANCHO: ¿Qué armado apercebimiento  
es éste?

NAVARRETE: Varón de fama,  
ah del castillo.

SANCHO: ¿Quién llama?

NAVARRETE: Los de Alost.

580 SANCHO: ¿Y con qué intento?

*Aparte:*

(si acaso les ha animado  
lo que anoche les previne)  
¿Venís a que se amotine  
la gente que me ha quedado?

NAVARRETE: No es de tan infame ley  
la acción que nos ha movido.

SANCHO: ¿Pues qué es lo que os ha traído?

NAVARRETE. Ganalle a Amberes al Rey;  
590 pues con hecho tan valiente  
nuestra misma afrenta cesa.

SANCHO: Amberes es mucha empresa,  
y traéis muy poca gente.  
Y advertid considerados  
que es difícil combatilla,  
pues tiene dentro la villa  
más de treinta mil soldados.

NAVARRETE: Pues para que mis intentos  
se logren en su castigo,  
600 los que yo traigo conmigo  
aun no son mil y quinientos.

SANCHO: ¿Quién hay que lo arduo acometa?

NAVARRETE: Oíd, que el viento agasaja.

*Suena una trompeta, y caja.*

NAVARRETE: Hacia esta parte una caja,  
y hacia otra una trompeta.

SANCHO: Según desde aquí lo infiero  
de algunas señas bastantes,  
conduce un tercio de infantes,

610 el gran Julián Romero:  
aunque en distancias tan largas  
mal la vista lo colige.

NAVARRETE: Y el que los caballos rige,  
es Don Alonso de Vargas.  
Nadie al temor le avasalle,  
que el cielo por suya tiene  
esta acción, pues se nos viene  
el socorro sin buscalte:  
y ya que la empresa así  
más se asegura, ¿a qué espero?

620 SANCHO: A Su Alteza avisar quiero,  
que está muy cerca de aquí,  
que venga con el armado  
tercio, que en su guardia está.

NAVARRETE: El de Romero podrá  
embestir por otro lado  
en las fortificaciones  
que ha labrado el enemigo.

SANCHO: Y tú, pues, ese postigo  
a ganar claros blasones  
630 entrarás, pues salir quieres  
para poder conseguillo,  
por la puerta que el castillo  
tiene a la puerta de Amberes.

NAVARRETE: Pues abre sin dilación  
ese postigo.

SANCHO: Ya advierto,  
que por mi orden lo han abierto,

entra y cobra tu opinión,  
 pues por que Amberes se asombre,  
 640 le haré batir animoso.

NAVARRETE: Sancho de Ávila famoso,  
 hoy eternizo mi nombre.

SANCHO: Con tan heroico valor  
 harás tu fama inmortal.

NAVARRETE: Hoy sirvo a mi Rey leal,  
 si ayer le ofendí traidor.  
 Españoles embistamos  
 antes que estrenéis los bríos.

SANCHO: Oíd.

650 NAVARRETE: Ea, amigos míos,  
 entremos, ¿a qué aguardamos?

SANCHO: Oíd, primero, escuchad,  
 ¿dónde vais con pie ligero?  
 Que un refresco daros quiero  
 antes que entréis, esperad.

NAVARRETE: Tarde ese favor llegó,  
 no hay ninguno que lo acepte.

SANCHO: ¿Por qué?

NAVARRETE: Porque a otro banquete  
 660 nos convidamos pues yo  
 a los soldados que asisto [16v]  
 con iguales pareceres,  
 vamos a comer a Amberes,  
 o a cenar con Jesucristo.

*Sacan las espadas, entren por el postigo, y toquen dentro cajas.*

SANCHO: ¿Quién vio más heroica hazaña?

Ya abrieron la fortaleza,  
ya el fiero combate empieza.

*Váse.*

DENTRO:           ¡Santiago, cierra España!<sup>70</sup>

*Salen flamencos retirándose, y españoles acuchillándolos, tocando arma, y disparan dentro morteretes, y después va a salir NAVARRETE con espada y rodela ensangrentado, y cae en el suelo y acométenle el CONDE, y MOSIUR, y viéndolos se levanta y cierra con ellos.*

670           NAVARRETE:       Pues peleo por la Fe,  
divina Virgen, valedme.

CONDE:           Así mi palabra cumplo.

MOS.:            Muera pues, es Navarrete.

NAVARRETE:      Mi peligro, muy costoso  
os ha de salir, alevés.

*Éntrense retirando los flamencos de NAVARRETE, y sale SANCHO DE ÁVILA acuchillando a algunos, y entra tras ellos, y vuelve a salir.*

680           SANCHO:           Ya los católicos triunfan,  
ya desmayan los herejes,  
y Don Alonso de Vargas,  
y Julián Romero vencen  
con sus bizarros infantes,  
y sus corajes valientes:  
y dando honor a Baeza  
su patria, ya Navarrete  
es rayo de los flamencos.  
Ricos despojos ofrece  
a los soldados la villa,  
pues porque todos se premien,  
será el saco más famoso  
que en los anales se cuente.

---

<sup>70</sup> Exclamation marks added since this is a war cry.

DENTRO:                    ¡Amberes, por Don Felipe

690                            rey de España!<sup>71</sup>

*Sale la princesa MARGARITA DE PARMA con bastón y espada y soldados.*

MARGARITA:                    Ya no tiene  
                                      qué hacer en aquesta empresa  
                                      el socorro de la gente  
                                      que traigo, pues se publican  
                                      por vencidos los rebeldes.

*Sale NAVARRETE, el de AGAMÓN y MOSIUR sin espadas, y FRANCELISA, y todos se arrodillan.*

NAVARRETE:                    Hija del gran Carlos Quinto,  
                                      postrado a tus plantas tienes  
                                      a Navarrete, caudillo  
                                      del motín, pero él te ofrece,  
700                            por borrar aquel delito,  
                                      la restauración de Amberes,  
                                      y rendidas las personas  
                                      del de Agamón, y del fuerte  
                                      Mosiur de la Campaña.

MARGARITA:                    Tales hazañas, mercedes  
                                      han de alcanzar.

NAVARRETE:                    La mayor  
                                      que puedes, señora, hacerme,  
                                      es darme de Francelisa  
710                            la mano.

FRANCELISA:                    A tus plantas tiene  
                                      Vuestra Alteza a Francelisa,  
                                      que por seguir al Alférez  
                                      he venido desde Alost.

---

<sup>71</sup> As in the previous line, exclamation marks are added, since this is another war cry.

CONDE: Tarde un desdichado muere.

MARGARITA: Yo haré lo que me pides,  
y en tanto que se divierten  
los soldados en el saco,  
los prisioneros se entreguen  
720 a Sancho de Ávila, y él  
a su castillo los lleve.

CHINCHILLA: Atención, señores míos,  
jamás oí que cupiesen  
honra y provecho en un saco:  
pero si vuestras mercedes  
dan por buena la comedia,  
harán que con ella medren  
los nuevos arrendadores,  
y los poetas se alienten,  
730 y cabrán honra y provecho  
dentro del saco de Amberes.

FIN



THE SACK OF ANTWERP  
FAMOUS COMEDY  
BY DON PEDRO CALDERÓN

The following people speak in it:

Juan de Navarrete, ensign.	Mistress Margaret, princess of Parma.
Sancho de Ávila	Francelisa, a lady.
Chinchilla, clown.	Aguililla.
Mos. de la Campagne.	A corporal.
Count Agamon.	Soldiers.

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ACT I

*Enter FRANCELISA, a Flemish lady, and ensign JUAN DE NAVARRETE, with a buckler and a pistol hanging, and CHINCHILLA, clown.*

NAVARRETE: Since this place and the darkness of this night will faithfully keep our secrets among us, and I am but certain that we are safe, will you not tell me, fair Francelisa, why from the suns that are your eyes pearls are dropping upon your nacre bosom? Do not break the peace within this darkness at this time of night, lest it thinks that Dawn is now paying its tribute to the sky. Let night live its life, let the night's breath slide, let it assail an enemy who has now surrendered to fear and slumber. For though these flowers long for your weeping, it shall disturb them, and the fright will make them lose the blessing it had given them.

CHINCHILLA: Let her weep, my lord, let her weep; for I swear to God, it makes me wonder to see her tears run down that small part between her eyes and her mouth, and not freeze: for in this country everything that runs, winter freezes it; so only water can tell you when you have left this land. But it is summer now, and ice sets it free, under bail.

NAVARRETE: What cause, my love, makes you weep so?

FRANCELISA: Unhappy was the hour in which I saw your lovely face, Spaniard of my own, and unhappy the hour I loved, for it all was but one act, to see and to love you. Oh, that I had never seen you at all, for now I'm miserable to lose you.

NAVARRETE: Losing me? How can that be? If you say so for the risk I run coming from the castle to the city because of the Flemish' resentment, and how they can cruelly avenge their bloody rage on me, your fear is in vain: with my strength, no rebel island, nor France, has enough Huguenot dogs that cannot be beaten, in a thrust, by the doctrines of my steel.

FRANCELISA: Although that woe is in my chest painfully kept, there is a bigger cause for me to weep.

NAVARRETE: A bigger cause to cry than my danger?

FRANCELISA: Yes, Spaniard, yes, my love.

NAVARRETE: Does Mos de la Campagne,<sup>72</sup> your brother know that we love each other?

FRANCELISA: How would he, if he has not seen you? More zestful is this my torment.

NAVARRETE: Is perhaps your brother marrying you with the Earl of Agamon?

FRANCELISA: I'd rather die before that, may my reluctance wear his entreaties out.

NAVARRETE: An absence, perhaps?<sup>73</sup>

FRANCELISA: No; that serious woe lets us live in hope; the one that plagues me has no remedy.

NAVARRETE: Tell me, then, relieve yourself from your pain.

FRANCELISA: Listen closely to me for a moment; let us see if between my lips some solace peeks among all the sadness. You know well that the States of Flanders (which are wrongly named, indeed, for states are steady and firm; unfairly the rebels gave them this name, as they are unsteady, treacherous, and fickle to His Majesty Philip the Prudent, the Second, who is all this now, by Philip the First, The Handsome) asked for heretic freedom of conscience, so that

---

<sup>72</sup> 'Campagne' is perhaps a simplified version of the original name of the character, 'Champagney', which has been hispanicised in the original text. However, the anglophone reader might find this translation easier and more accessible, and it is a more faithful translation of the original text.

<sup>73</sup> See my interpretation in the Spanish transcription of the original text (line 70).

the gold that is Faith, clean, solid and perfect, would be mixed in heresy with base iron. But, as gold will not suffer mixing with such a vile metal, the two did not come together in the King's heart, crucible of sincere Faith, so in his heroic chest the ugly mistake was left in broad daylight for all to be judged. Long live the King, for although I am part of this now cancerous body, I profess the true Faith and loyalty. Such as the lightning, ephemeral light of fire, peeks among darkness and clouds, to quickly remove itself; for in the Kingdom of Shadows, to shine is a crime, the King denied the freedom of conscience, and this holy agreement proved to be but a remedy that was worse than the disease. The States were very offended by this; for so does malice get irritated when its rider pulls the bridle. Most of the regions are disturbed and look for various pretexts to gild their treason: be it by blaming a bad government and calling for a change, which is treason; or be it the defence of their houses. How ugly must the face of Treason be, that in order to cover her defects she must always carry, up to her eyes, a cloak that is made of deceitfulness. The King believed these motives and, neglecting the remedy, allowing contagion, treated the illness with just soft measures, but soft measures are no good when a vile ailment has taken over the body. And Orange, as you know, fled determined to charge against all the vassals, erring in his deeds one and a thousand times, for heavier is the crown upon the head than the weight of the yoke upon the neck. A tyrannical king now supports him, and in pursue of the crown he raised his treacherous hand from the honoured vows. The States follow his voice, and almost all the people are devoted to Orange, and to Luther. Finally, only this town, head of many of the others, was yet to be wounded by their venomous breath. perhaps in fear of those royal noblemen in the kingdom who defended the city, or not to awaken the fury of this castle which, watchful, oversees the place with its many thick cannons. And this morning, (oh, woe!) Heresy did raise its coward necks, and from its mouths it did breathe seven venoms. Its wickedness bolted, the bridle that held it broken and, angry, they clashed, twice blind. They desecrated the convents, and those tender buds of lilies were stained into carnations. Many of them, (grave crime!) after being forced, their appetite being content, were beheaded with their steel. They beheaded the pious Christians who did not want to profane our faith and its divine mysteries. And most of them (such affront!) fearing harsh death, imitated their actions: pretending, they harmed the other Christians: Oh, ignorants! The pain, the strike revokes your fear. But just like the flame (for whose voracious boldness a superb

building is a treat) relies on the wall to reach the roof, and both being one body, clinging to a ruin, the wall helps the restless fire viper climb, until it bites with its venom the heart of the fir, and unknowingly (for horror is blind), with skill it spreads the disaster from one log to another, without the love of the species, or the love between materials (whom the loving hinge united in close embrace) being an obstacle, for confused, absorbed in a civil war, with their violence they adjust to the fire's dictum. Thus our men, disturbed, misguided, confused, disadvantaged, threatened, withheld, were supported by ruin, despite having been until now supported by unity. And thus, (this is the cause, Spaniard, for which I lose you) Agamon and my brother, whom you know rules the town, together with other traitors they have resolved to surrender it to Orange; and he comes for this in secret marching, and they now wait for you. Three thousand Walloons in the garrison, who were defending the town, are now vilely resolved to surrender it. The citizens, who exchanged trade for sword, are now enlisting, and there are more than twenty thousand of them wanting revenge. The Flemish ladies, their usual gentle activities stopped, twist rope, melt bullets, sharpen pikes, and burnish breastplates. I alone amongst so much rage, exposed, obstinate rock exposed to so much conflict, to so many bold encounters, I don't easily crumble down, nor in fear shake. I alone replace, constant, all of my people's abhorrence, with my love for you. I alone, when they build machines to attack, forge piety in my soul, build love feelings. But, what good is my love, or my wishes, my constancy, my dear lord, if Heaven makes a wry face at my grievances, turns its back to my entreaties, and in the causes for my happiness, it always votes severely against me? That I adore you, my love, that losing you I regret, is well explained by my sighs in their silent language of fire. If I follow you, I risk my honour, and if I lose you, I shall die in the cruel hands of affection: thus in this gulf where I sail waterlogged, a tempest denies to me the sweet friendship of the harbour. Everything I touch are longings; everything I look at, risks; all I ascertain are misfortunes; all I think of, torments; all I expect, furious deaths; all I see is wrong nonsense; all I listen to is a blasphemy; all I cry for is a sacrilege; all I breathe is fear; and all I hear are lamentations. And among all these sorrows I promise you to be a mountain, which the more is fought against, the less weak it grows. A river I will be, which runs in its stern resolution, neither the dam of doubt or the scruple of ice being enough to stop its running, for when courage dies in my drowning, my ruin and

punishment shall show off that from my soul were escaped the faith that I owe to God, and the love I owe to you.

NAVARRETE: Very fairly you regret, Francelisa, having seen Heaven's altars so profaned, and all privileges broken; I myself, as a Catholic, feel moved to hear it. But fear not that the town may rebel now, for it is true that Mistress Margaret of Parma (under whose government are all States under Catholic agreement) is coming now from Brussels to stop their movements, and I do trust her prudence.

*Inside, a muffled marching tune sounds.*

But listen, I suspect that they are silently marching.

CHINCHILLA: And my fear marches in a line, and it wants to give refreshments, for they are tired, to all the Walloons. For my fear is very courteous.

FRANCELISA: Now has Risk thrown the dice.

*They play closer.*

NAVARRETE: Those are Orange's treacherous people, and the sound grows closer; the town shows sure signs of being disturbed. Farewell, sweet Francelisa, for now I return to my duty, to never see you again.

FRANCELISA: My love, Spaniard, if I can...

NAVARRETE: Get off, (oh unhappy luck!) do you not see that I am in charge of the castle, because of Sancho de Ávila's absence, and I think he might return tonight and serving Mistress Margaret, and if I were not to be inside the castle I would lose all my honour? But the noise grows, get off.

FRANCELISA: You do not see, my love, the risk.

NAVARRETE: My honour goes first.

FRANCELISA: How little I owe you, Spaniard. Mark me, they might kill you if you go out.

NAVARRETE: If the light beams from your eyes have not, but rather given me courage, how can you think they can kill me?

CHINCHILLA: I, my lord, who was not made resistant to fair eyes, shall stay, for I fear they may hang me and kill me badly, without skill; for heretics do not hang you, like in Spain, in a prayer's time.<sup>74</sup>

FRANCELISA: I know that you need to go, but how can you, if the gates are closed, and the streets and posts, that are now without a wall? If it is true they rebel, they will be protected.

NAVARRETE: I will leap over them, even if they have to be crushed down with my sword, for I do not know fear, for I am Juan de Navarrete, beget by my deeds.

INSIDE: Freedom, long live Orange, freedom!

FRANCELISA: I shall die of grief.

NAVARRETE: Francelisa, you have heard; be with God, for first comes honour, then love: dead I go.

FRANCELISA: And I am left with no soul. Embrace me, but no; for if it is to be the last time, it is better that memory looks upon affection with a distance.

CHINCHILLA: Fear, hide your Chinchilla, for you are tall.

FRANCELISA: Oh, let me die from my longings.

NAVARRETE: Oh, let this love kill me.

*Exeunt. Enter SANCHO DE ÁVILA with a buckler and a pistol in his belt.*

SANCHO: Now apart from the people who were with me, I come alone to examine the cause of this accident. I parted with the Infanta to resist it better, and very safe from the castle I left her. Of this restless confusion I ignore the cause; how darkness holds hands with treason! Can the people from Antwerp have rebelled? It is not possible; already with invincible strength the castle would have punished them, and not a cannon can be heard playing: if this be a rebellion, then now with much diligence they will have fortified the streets that have no walls next to the castle, and soft, undoubtedly they are not using their cannons; always in similar cases, they have replied with bad reasons, such disloyal questions. There's no reason for our hearts to worry, it is a reply to a vain fear; I'm not needed where Juan de Navarrete is.

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<sup>74</sup> In the original Spanish text, the prayer in particular is the Creed; to do something 'in a Creed' is a Spanish idiom meaning 'to do something in a brief period of time'. Chinchilla jokes with a wordplay that the heretics will not kill you quickly, in the time that would take to recite the Catholic Creed (as they do not have the same creed).

INSIDE: Die, die!

SANCHO: Despite all, I must go: I am so close that I can hear their voices in that place.

INSIDE: Freedom!

SANCHO: Such treason!

INSIDE: Freedom!

SANCHO: Such turmoil! Now screams the treason that used to speak alone. How is Navarrete not stopping this? Oh, my chest is on fire.

INSIDE: Throw them out!

*Enter CHINCHILLA rolling onto the stage.*

CHINCHILLA: All my house is saved by me escaping.

SANCHO: Here is a Flemish.

CHINCHILLA: I seem to have found someone who will know how to command me.

SANCHO: Be beaten, dog!

CHINCHILLA: Beat myself? Is it not enough if you beat me up?

SANCHO: Be beaten, I say!

CHINCHILLA: My lord...

SANCHO: Be beaten!

CHINCHILLA: See, my lord, that as much as I may beat myself up, I cannot beat myself better; I am already covered in yellow bruises.

SANCHO: Sancho de Avila humiliates you.

CHINCHILLA: See that I am Chinchilla, a soldier from the castle, and if you push me, it's clear, that you will kill me today, and it is disgusting to kill bedbugs with your hand.<sup>75</sup>

SANCHO: Are you Chinchilla?

CHINCHILLA: And something else, I am slightly scared of seeing you.

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<sup>75</sup> Another humouristic wordplay by Chinchilla. Although his name does mean 'chinchilla', as the rodent, the word 'chinche' means bedbug, and thus 'chinchilla' can also be a diminutive of 'chinche'.

SANCHO: How is it that at this time of day you're alone and outside the fortress?

CHINCHILLA: I came out, my lord, to smoke.

SANCHO: What are you saying?

CHINCHILLA: I am going to smoke the enemy out of here.

SANCHO: You are surely fleeing from the castle, and I shall hang you from a battlement.

CHINCHILLA: I shall not stand this talk, there is no need. I have not served you until now, and if you please, I will tell you the truth; for now the sun rises, promising a new day. Ensign Navarrete, officer of yours, is hopelessly in love with a Flemish lady, and most nights we sneak out of the castle; and last night, like other nights, we went; and there in Antwerp is where we both were...

SANCHO: Such negligence!

CHINCHILLA: ...when rebels rose.

SANCHO: Oh, unfaithful Spaniard!

CHINCHILLA: And so he could not prevent the attempts in the fortress.

SANCHO: It is a crime punishable by death.

CHINCHILLA: I could not oppose to my Corporal, your Ensign, and thus can be excused.

*Enter NAVARRETE with some spoils of war.*

NAVARRETE: I come laden with spoils, more abashed than brave. Today the bold rebel will know my harshness, for when ashamed, courage fights better than when cheered. Now I only need to enter the fortress before I am missed by the Castilian. Unlucky it was to find him here! How wretched I am! Chinchilla has told me not to say why I came out of the castle. I will say I was checking the enemy. My lord, he who does not fight with courage, where would you see him? Here, I bring you this present of trophies.

SANCHO: It is a shame that so brave a soldier must be punished.

NAVARRETE: I have been out checking the enemy's forces; do you listen to what I say?

SANCHO: I would rather see you in the fortress, without any spoils of war.



NAVARRETE: Surely Chinchilla must have told him what happened.

CHINCHILLA: I had better take my leave now, I think.

NAVARRETE: But I will make him silent again with this dagger.

SANCHO: I am more one of the parties than the judge here.

CHINCHILLA: What excuse shall you give to Sancho de Avila, who knows now all that happened? Some rogue has told him everything.

NAVARRETE: I already know that you are so base a man to reveal him my secret. I will pay you, I promise, for your care and for your work.

SANCHO: Either I have lived a lie, or you are all out of courage, or do not care for the honour that you have always lived by; I do not know how to say this, may your crime convince you, for if there is no shame in you, then nothing will punish if you are shameless. How, (even if fame will work much on you) will you fight with your heart, if the lady stole it from you? Will you trade bellicose havoc for soft tenderness? How will a chest suffer harshness, if used to flatters? How will anyone tell of you great deeds if you are a soldier of love, where it is victory to surrender? I must confess that your courage is evident, I am witness; for a man who can fight against me, must be a brave one. But this is not solid in the military crucible: for a Spaniard is born bound to be courageous. Any Spaniard is Mars by nature, and only being prudent is a personal merit. And thus, if you come to be brave and inadvertent, you have got nothing, you have nothing to thank yourself for. You are unworthy of the favour that for the King I made you.

NAVARRETE: If I committed a crime, punish my error only in my life, but do not avenge this harshness against my honour.

SANCHO: Quiet, do not talk back, unless you are tired of your head

*Aside:*

My intention is to correct him, for I still appreciate his gallantry.

NAVARRETE: It may be that one day the strict reprimand will be given to me for my evil, and that my loyalty is beaten: but I will hold my daring tongue, for I am noble and loyal.

CHINCHILLA: Only by hanging him (God allow it) will I be able to get away.

NAVARRETE: By God, so much arresting, but we have not been given half a wage for two years.

SANCHO: He is so ashamed he is even going to look brave.

NAVARRETE: Now, it is fair that I shall try and restore what I have lost with some heroic deed, and any treacherous attempt shall be gone with the wind, for I shall die for Spain. Castillian lord, be quick in killing, or pardoning me, for I am itching for redemption.

SANCHO: How bravely he has resolved to restore the order!

NAVARRETE: Your liege should give the order of continuing the mine that we started digging, for to improve it, I will serve as a sapper and running until the place, it shall burst in the trenches; and once broken by the ruin that the mine shall bring, I will charge with the men that you give me, and strongly hurt the enemy.

SANCHO: I am not your friend in vain.

NAVARRETE: I shall die for my king.

CHINCHILLA: He is not to be hanged; I had better start praying.

SANCHO: Come, Ensign, to your duty.

NAVARRETE: My lord, let us both now go catch those other two.<sup>76</sup>

SANCHO: And by my faith they shall be brave, if they can wait for us.

NAVARRETE: I shall cut your tongue.

CHINCHILLA: It does not matter; I always mumble.<sup>77</sup>

SANCHO: To the mine!

NAVARRETE: To redemption!

CHINCHILLA: To hide from all law!

SANCHO: To make amends with the King!

CHINCHILLA: To run away from the risk!

NAVARRETE: To commit!

SANCHO: Hear?

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<sup>76</sup> In the original text, Navarrete says 'los dos a otros dos', literally meaning 'the two to other two.' It is difficult to interpret this sentence in Spanish, and thus the translation is an interpretation as well: because Navarrete wants to go to the mine, or tunnel, he may be meaning that the two shall go catch the two Flemish men.

<sup>77</sup> Another wordplay. The Spanish idiom for 'mumbling' that is used in the original text is 'entre dientes', or 'between my teeth'. Thus Chinchilla, because he always mumbles, says he does not need his tongue, as he only speaks with his teeth.

NAVARRETE: What?

SANCHO: See, next time you commit to something, never in your life take such a base man: for it is to take a witness who then will tell your fault anywhere, and slight you; take an honest friend next time. And if the deed is not honourable, better then, for he will be twice as forced to keep silent: as when he will not mind his friend's honour, obviously he will keep quiet for himself. A man of noble heart would be bound to cover up for you, so no one would say he had helped you do an immoral deed.

NAVARRETE: I say, you say well, your reasons are good; but in unfair matters a good man would not help, and for this I chose a man of low spheres; for he who does wrong, wants all to do wrong as well. And courage is ashamed, when it tries anything vile, of telling its secret to some principled other. For he who knows himself to be unfair and finds another who is a just man, always feels displeased. If you understand that this I say is fair and true, would you, my lord, go with me?

SANCHO: Out, for the life of the King, if it did not go against my duty, I would advise you against your mistakes; I would point them out to you, and I would teach you what is best, and I would follow you to the worst. And anything I told you to be unreasonable, I would turn it to a good thing after, no matter if the world disliked it. It is a generous warning to follow one until the end, and between the noble and the base man, there is this difference: When you find yourself at risk, the noble man will advise, and the base man will make the deed look ugly after you have done it.

NAVARRETE: I say, I will turn to you for help in times of trouble.

SANCHO: And I will help you at first, as a friend; and when danger is gone, because of my position, though I will be sorry, I shall have to punish you.

*Exeunt NAVARRETE and SANCHO.*

CHINCHILLA: With all the fuss they have forgotten me, I will go; but now a wench comes towards me, and she is walking with good grace.

INSIDE, AGUILILLA: Because I am the one who feeds them,  
I am looking for gentlemen,  
that may eat the men  
because they are sick of them.

CHINCHILLA: If my ear does not fool me, and sometimes it does, this is the voice of Aguililla, who undoubtedly has arrived with the Infanta's people, and she still ignores that I am in the castle, because if she knew, she would not have come closer than a hundred steps, for I annoy her much.

AGUILILLA: *Sings:*  
I will give you my money  
without a pain,  
if you guess how I am called,  
Aguililla is my name.

CHINCHILLA: I swear to God this is Aguililla, and according to what she has sung, since I guessed her name, I will get her money. I'll spy on her hidden behind this tree.

*Enter AGUILILLA.*

AGUILILLA: I have heard that Chinchilla is in the castle, what to do? I will return to Brussels, for this big rogue is the devil, who takes away all my hard-earned money.

CHINCHILLA: That is true.

AGUILILLA: And he is a charlatan and a chicken, like Pilatus.

CHINCHILLA: True, too.

AGUILILLA: And being such a great chicken, the rascal, I do not know where he got such nice hands.

CHINCHILLA: That is also true, for I am a little obstinate, and for any little childishness, even if it is unimportant, I will be insisting on the woman that I like.

AGUILILLA: And besides all I have said, the knavish rogue was a woman-cheater.

CHINCHILLA: She is right.

AGUILILLA: Not one coin he had in his power yet, and he did not credit me for my work, dogs following me everywhere because of my sins. And much less would I have than what I have here in this bag, if it were for him.

*She pulls out a leather bag.*

CHINCHILLA: I will never have another bad year.

AGUILILLA: If he saw it, I am sure that he would already have taken out the straps, and kept in some other parts I bring more.

CHINCHILLA: Hush, then, until we know the plus quantum.

CHINCHILLA: Now, (since nobody sees me, and it has been a while since I counted my money) I want to count it slowly.

CHINCHILLA: There is so much there you could better count it by weight.

AGUILILLA: How good it feels to handle it!

CHINCHILLA: Indeed.

AGUILILLA: I will take the rest after, as I go. This is a piece of two.

CHINCHILLA: They are all of two, for they belong to both of us.

AGUILILLA: This is a single one, this is of four.

CHINCHILLA: I swear to Christ, that is a piece of eight, and I will beat her up if she does not tell the truth.

AGUILILLA: This one is a doubloon, and it is a little worn off, and here two escudo coins, which are (if I am not mistaken) also a little worn-out.

CHINCHILLA: She wears them out much, I will help her stop wearing that bag.

AGUILILLA: This is a piece of four.

CHINCHILLA: So be it, but not for long.

AGUILILLA: Plus three pieces of eight here, and two of two, that if added, they make...

CHINCHILLA: Ninety-one, and if that piece of four is of eight, they make ninety-five.

AGUILILLA: Chinchilla is listening.

CHINCHILLA: I ruined it, for Christ's sake; why would I not wait until she had taken all out? But I will stay silent, just in case she did not recognise me, and goes on with it, for after, not even the devil will be able to find where she has kept them.

AGUILILLA: He has hidden himself again; just in case I take out more: but on my life, his effort will be in vain.

CHINCHILLA: No doubt that from what I have heard, I will get what is left, it cannot be undone now.

AGUILILLA: Let us see (careful now), the play starts here. Five hundred I have buried in a certain place, and I would like to put these that I have earned with them, for they are close from here.

CHINCHILLA: I shall be rich, I will be quiet until I see where she has hidden them.

AGUILILLA: Towards this side are the other five hundred, I want to dig and bury all of it in this bag, for they will fit well, and there is space for more.

CHINCHILLA: From here I can see where she will put them.

AGUILILLA: I am digging now.

CHINCHILLA: I want to wait for her to leave, if I come out to take them away from her, she will scream her way to Heaven.

AGUILILLA: I am only leaving the corpse of the bag here.

CHINCHILLA.: And one more thing, if I grab them when she is not looking, it will save me the flatteries that I would have to give her.

AGUILILLA: He swallowed the bait, the great knave. I will go hide the money elsewhere, and will be back.

*Exit.*

CHINCHILLA: God help me, that I will make a well-cut dress! It is important that I take it without her knowing it, for thus my right to take away all she earned will be safe. But now, a doubt arises: should I give half of this hidden treasure to the King? I do not want something that is not mine completely by right; everything I do I earn it with all my wits and my skills.

AGUILILLA: *Inside:* Chinchilla, chinchilla, oh, my brother!

CHINCHILLA: Aguililla is coming back.

AGUILILLA: Help me, for I am calling you!

CHINCHILLA: She has seen me, and she is coming back to stop me.

*Enter AGUILILLA.*

AGUILILLA: If your arms do not save me...

CHINCHILLA: What is it?

AGUILILLA: I am dead.

CHINCHILLA: What happened to you?

AGUILILLA: A prodigy.

CHINCHILLA: This liar wants to take me away from here with some ruse.

AGUILILLA: I will confess my sin, my love. I had here some *reales* , though I do not know how many.

CHINCHILLA: I already know what you had, and where; get to the point.

AGUILILLA: Then if you know, you will also know how in these fields, two thousand heretics died, and now walk around here, haunting the place.

CHINCHILLA: It is nothing; she is trying to make me scared.

AGUILILLA: You are not a Christian if you do not believe it, for I, fearing you, left the money buried towards that side.

CHINCHILLA: You Devil's gravedigger, I know that.

AGUILILLA: Well, I was going towards the castle, when I come across (come closer, I'm still scared to death) a dead heretic (you laugh?) and grabbing me by the hand, he said: 'In the place where you put the money I am buried, and I have consumed it in the fire where I burn: you shall find the bag empty, for I burn like lightning: the outer part I forgive, the inner, I melt.' I am sorry for you, Chinchilla, for I had thought of using half of it to make you good wool garments, to pass this winter. Let us go, by God, lest the heretic comes again to both of us: follow me, I will not wait for him.

CHINCHILLA: Good bye, mistress Deceiver.

AGUILILLA: Chinchilla, do not be as bold as to look for that money.

*Exit.*

CHINCHILLA: That dummy thought she could scare me with that. Now I have made it clear that the most knavish and expert of women, is nothing when compared to men, even to silly ones. But I will stop talking, and start digging, and getting that bag out; but I cannot help but being a little scared. And if by any chance I do not find (the Devil could do it) the money inside the bag, (may God never

stop holding our hand), I shall die without remedy; I look for this bag with fear; here it is; I found it: but, Jesus! Not a coin. The dead one is close; and he is not embalmed, for it stinks: Jesus, Jesus, saint Hilario! She was speaking the truth: the dead walk around in great number, they pull me down by the heel. No doubt this is punishment for my sins, stay with me, Aguililla, or demons will take me.

*Exit.*

*Enter MOS DE LA CAMPAGNE and COUNT AGAMON, and some men with shovels and hoes, and FRANCELISA following them.*

MOS: Such evil hatred lives in my heart that I started this mine inside my own house, as it is so close to the castle. For these times call for vengeance. I started it here to prevent spies from seeing it, for many enemies now live among us. Today, it will be finished, and its spawn, which are moaning jailed within, will leave the badly-built castle with a broken gate, from where our men will bravely try to win.

COUNT: I will be a constant vigilant of the trenches, and will see anything that attacks the tunnel, and will charge men to their ruin, and this fire will be spit by the volcano of my coward, blind love.

FRANCELISA: I have come with my brother to find out what he is trying to do, now he is warned. Oh, I hope they do not succeed, and the tunnel only slows them down.

MOS: Come, my dear sister, (or shall I say, evil, blind tyrant, for she lives by the Catholic faith) are you not happy to see the motherland give birth to the ruin of the tyrant Catholic?

FRANCELISA: I pray to God the trophy of my wish is achieved.

MOS: Come, my brave Agamon, to the trenches.

COUNT: To achieve, with care, your and my vengeance.

MOS: To the mine, to make our hopes come true.

COUNT: To victory over our fierce enemies.

MOS: To free our homeland; let us go down, my friends.

UNO: Courage is with us!

MOS: Mos de la Campagne is with you. To the trenches, Count!



COUNT: I am going to guard them.

MOS: Well does that courage respond to the needed loyalty.

COUNT: I will come back to enjoy Francelisa.. *Aside:* May my friendship with her brother forgive me, but I cannot fight this fire inside.

MOS: I follow you, anger makes me impatient.

*He goes down the mine with the others.*

FRANCELISA: Oh, I pray to God that He takes revenge, that the mine crumbles down and falls apart, and embraces them in her mortal arms before they can retire and escape, that they can no longer breathe in that place, and in great thunder, what began as path, meets its end being a grave.

*Enter COUNT again.*

COUNT: Francelisa, my love, my one motivation, my dove, forgive me if I abolish ancient privileges of friendship, for lovers only know how to break them. I adore you, and your scorn has made me a rude lover, for disdain creates angry men, good graces creates grateful ones. My desire is a bandit, who wants to jump on the path of your beauty, and be rich in happiness.

*He takes her hands.*

FRANCELISA: How dare you, treacherous man? Let go now, how could you dare?

COUNT: I must put out this fire that burns in my chest with your snowy hands.

FRANCELISA: I will scream calling for my brother: Brother!

COUNT: He will not be able to hear you.

FRANCELISA: Brother! Brother!

COUNT: The noise tells me he has heard you.

FRANCELISA: The Count attempts!

*Under the stage, shots and sword fighting can be heard.*

MOS: Let us come out, for I heard screams!

COUNT: Your brother's voice warns me he is coming back, the avenging sounds threaten me.

FRANCELISA: Oh, I was wrong to have called him!

COUNT: Why so much noise? Does he intend to scare me with it?

FRANCELISA: Sir, go.

COUNT: Do not command me.

FRANCELISA: I will say my screams were for another reason, go, they come, I beg you.

COUNT: I will, under the condition that you hide my crime from him, for I must show my face if I hear he knows, and if he wants to find me, I will remain close.

*Exit COUNT, FRANCELISA closes the door, and enter MOS DE LA CAMPAGNE, followed by NAVARRETE.*

FRANCELISA: And I will close this door.

MOS: I can barely resist the harshness of this Spaniard who follows me; it is in vain.

NAVARRETE: I am finding good redemption; I found the tunnel, I killed four or five men, from this one, I took his dagger, and now I don't know where I came out.

MOS: Count, Count of Agamon, come back, come back!

COUNT: *Inside:* I am not gone; in case you wanted to face me, I was here, proudly waiting.

MOS: The Count heard me, now this enemy will not escape us.

NAVARRETE: But, there is Francelisa, good news, my love!

FRANCELISA: What do I see? Is this not my love? It is: but I fear now he is in danger; the Count will come to kill him.

NAVARRETE: I will take her with me, even if it rained Counts.

MOS: Why, the Count is so remiss! Count, come, I know you hear me.

COUNT: *Aside:* You are coming out, for you are the one who is offended.

FRANCELISA: He thinks my brother tries to avenge me, for what he did to me.

NAVARRETE: Speak soft, or I will rip you into pieces.

MOS: Oh, despite that elusive firmness.<sup>78</sup>

NAVARRETE: I am taking this lady with me, now. Madam, do not resist; go down the mine.

FRANCELISA: My love achieved his purpose.

MOS: Count, come, with no hands or weapons left, I ask you to help me stop a false man from profaning my sister's honour.

NAVARRETE: So be it.

FRANCELISA: I will show pretended horror.

MOS: Ah, traitor, you unworthy thief of my honour, I will take your life.

COUNT: I am growing tired of hearing you.

FRANCELISA: Brother, defend your honour from this impious barbarian.

COUNT: It does not matter, Francelisa, if you tell him my crime.

NAVARRETE: Now, I do not understand these heretics.

FRANCELISA: Happy I go, my love, this is all but a ruse.

NAVARRETE: I found the richest treasure.

MOS: You are a coward, not entering.

COUNT: You are not going, you are remiss.

NAVARRETE: Well I am taking Francelisa, a thousand times happy.

*Exeunt NAVARRETE and FRANCELISA.*

MOS: Go, for soon in your life I will avenge my lost honour.

COUNT: I will wait for you in battle.

MOS: I hope to die in combat with such varied grievances; for in one moment I have found a sister with no honour, a friend with no value.

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<sup>78</sup> This sentence has been interpreted as a sarcastic reply; both men in the fight are standing without attacking each other; firm, but elusive, not attacking directly. Mos is telling Navarrete that his threat is fake, because he is being elusive and does not seem to be attacking any time soon.

## ACT II

*Enter NAVARRETE and FRANCELISA.*

NAVARRETE: My fairest Francelisa, if too bold my courage dared to take such a goddess away from your people, you can blame the great beauty of your eyes, for they are the excuse for my noble fault: my love will excuse me against anyone who tries to accuse me. And if anyone should ask what possessed me to this action, I, lively and determinate lover, shall know how to respond: it was the eyes of Francelisa, my fault and my excuse. Those that sweetly, in a quick move, turned my chest into a quiver to hold such a golden arrow. Those who summon the light of the sun, so that when night falls it is dawn in their glow. Those where I guide myself, following the thread of love, but not to escape, but to better lose myself: for in beaming abysses, they peacefully become the sweetest labyrinth for those who get lost in them.

FRANCELISA: I came so willingly in your arms, oh, brave Spaniard, driven by my natural love, that knowing from you that the arm of your courage took me away from all the dangers I was in, and seeing that what looked like theft was not violent affair, nor a spur of the moment; but it was an arrangement of the stars with your luck; seeing in me handless resistance, and seeing my compliant voice, my heart said to itself: for such little resistance, a smaller force would have been quite enough. And although little force is enough, this is a sweet violence, so after the tempest, the sun shines brighter: so after the risk, our way is greater; so after the dangers, I can appreciate them more. Because the joy I am having only came after them, and my surrendered heart knows very well your violence by now.

NAVARRETE: That sweet surrender you confess is but enough for me to, grateful, adore you; and thus, I ask Love: if surrender was enough, why did you need, blindfolded god, such a sphere of beauty? Treacherous child, what was such a quiver of beauty, hanging from perfection, for? And from that quiver and that sphere, against who already had more than enough, what are, tyrant love, so many arrows and so much sun for?

FRANCELISA: Never against your breast did my vanity try to shake, nor fulminate its violence or fervour. It tried to let you see how my

love was born in the illustrious bosom of being who, I am, Ensign, to surrender you into loving me, just by this duty . And thus, I laid down, seeing that this was enough, all of my beams, and all of my arrows.

NAVARRETE: Now are the soldiers withdrawing to rest in the best quarters of the castle, which is where I am living, (for while the brave Sancho de Ávila is with Margarita I am still his ensign) I need to go gather all my soldiers.

FRANCELISA: I go, to substitute your sight with my memory.

NAVARRETE: My love shall be as honest as it is fine.

FRANCELISA: Despite Agamon, and Monsieur de la Campagne, who are my lover and my brother, you are, Spaniard, my owner.

NAVARRETE: Your slave, you should better say.

FRANCELISA: Being our constant love...

NAVARRETE: Being our noble love...

FRANCELISA: ...a fixed character in the breast.

NAVARRETE: ...eternal impression in the soul.

FRANCELISA: Disparagement of life.

*Exit.*

NAVARRETE: And light of estimation. That this joy should happen to me, now that the army will not help us, nor feed us. By God!

*Enter CHINCHILLA with a bundle of wood, and AGUILILLA with a basket and a pan.*

CHINCHILLA: You, mistress Aguililla, do not know well , even if some did tell you, what Chinchilla is worth. I went to a Flemish barrack, and fighting, kicking and scratching, I stole these sticks from them.

AGUILILLA: Did you take them, or did they just give them to you?

CHINCHILLA: Do not twist my words.

AGUILILLA: Do you always come with such luggage?

CHINCHILLA: Her words were always so spicy, like her deeds: if you treat her unfairly, it is enough to be the one that feeds off the leftovers at her table. And hush, for she notices I have good fingers to play the organ on her face.

AGUILILLA: Don Chinchilla, play, for I already know no one like you knows how to take advantage of his fingers.

CHINCHILLA: That's why I say it.

NAVARRETE: *Aside:* Given that we lack bread, the suffering is not loyalty, but despair.

AGUILILLA: You can start lighting the fire, for we have arrived to the ranch; with what I have scrapped out, we might calm this grief we have.

*CHINCHILLA starts lighting the fire.*

CHINCHILLA: What does she bring? Knowing that she sustains me, she is not saint Onuphrius's raven, but the Devil's.

AGUILILLA: Tired of serving, I broke into the house of a villager, a nearby place, where, while the scrubber was boiling, I slowly snuck things out, and I also hid this pan in my cleavage. A petty salesman gave me (because I satisfied him in a service I did) this slice of bacon. That naughty drummer, in payment for shamelessly having been with me, gave me this bit of cheese. Do you see that standard-bearer, ensign Navarrete? He gave me this bread roll, for he is an honest knave. Everything is being prepared for him, and although it seems lost, this beaten body knows how much work it costs me.

*She cries.*

CHINCHILLA: If she does not shut up, she can blow her nose in the canvas of that wall. Do not cry: it will be better, since I have already lighted the fire, to fry this bacon, and give thanks to He who gives it to us in such hard times.

*She starts frying, and enter ARAUJO, MATUTE and CASTRO, soldiers.*

ARAUJO: Good evening.

AGUILILLA: Like vixens do these scroungers come to get what I have worked so hard for.

CASTRO: Señor Araujo, there is food here.

ARAUJO: I do not know, by God, if I will aim well to my mouth.

CHINCHILLA: I know I will.

CASTRO: With more skill than strength; I have been empty for so long, that I spat today, and a mouse came out.

MATUTE: I spat out a spider web.

*Enter NAVARRETE and says aside:*

NAVARRETE: Everyone complains, and they are all right but since the castle is closed now, I will go, while the relay comes, to visit my Francelisa, and I will come back later to patrol.

ARAUJO: Aguililla, is that not fried yet?

CHINCHILLA: Who has asked the bearded sir for his opinion?

MATUTE: Brave rage.

CASTRO: This sir has, no doubt, bad temper.

ARAUJO: I come, because I want dinner.

AGUILILLA: Respect; I am a helpful dog.<sup>79</sup>

CHINCHILLA: I come? Ho, ho, by God, if you anger me, I shall stab you, or shoot you.

CASTRO: Come, knave.

MATUTE: Brave attempt.

ARAUJO: Very well I shall return the blows to this quarrelsome soul.

*He takes his hat off.*

CHINCHILLA: Señor Araujo, if you wear it for courtesy, then it is a different thing, I had not realised such politeness.

*He sits.*

Sit and dine, You know already that I am your friend. It is ugly Castro who I am talking to, who is over there mocking me: do you want to bet, sir, that I shall cut your face?

CASTRO: Do you want to bet that I shall grab one of your legs and throw you (and it is not impossible to do, or say) to the castle moat?

CHINCHILLA: I say, Castro is terrible, he gets angry not seeing that this is all among friends: sit, make yourself at home.

MATUTE: What a coward.

CHINCHILLA: Señor Matute, by God.

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<sup>79</sup> The term is 'perro de ayuda' in the original text, but the interpretation is uncertain.

MATUTE: Do not swear, or I shall rip your tongue out.

CHINCHILLA: Let this go, between us two, leave the grief, come with me and give me your hand as friends; and my bad habit will go away. And sit down, for happily we will eat whatever there is, without commitment or extremes.

AGUILILLA: Well, my lad looks great now.

*They sit, and she spreads a few dirty mantels.*

CHINCHILLA: Spread those mantels more.

MATUTE: Blessed be the cleanness, the Virgin Mary's poverty was never disgusting.

*Enter NAVARRETE to the back of the stage.*

NAVARRETE: I have secretly come here, wandering around the castle, to see if I can distract my grief like this.

ARAUJO: Is there more bread?

AGUILILLA: Did you want more bread? Do you think you are home?

NAVARRETE: I want to see what they are talking about.

MATUTE: I hope to see myself in Andalusia before too long.

CASTRO: Me too.

ARAUJO: It would seem, the way you are eating with both hands, that you have more to eat.

MATUTE: Like this I fool my hunger.

CHINCHILLA: The cheese tastes like chicken.

AGUILILLA: Everything does to him.

CHINCHILLA: You lie, you knave.

ARAUJO: That we should have to suffer so much, and not receiving compensation!

MATUTE: Yes, it has been two years without being paid; how shall we eat?

CASTRO: By God, if I were a man of importance...

ARAUJO: Me too; if someone encouraged me...



MATUTE: Well, I would do with such encouragement the same that you all imagine.

CHINCHILLA: I don't know what you are talking about.

AGUILILLA: This is an abyss to me.

MATUTE: A whole regiment is altered.

NAVARRETE: I wish I could reveal myself.

CASTRO: And if they do not mutiny, it is because they lack a brave and trustworthy soldier.

NAVARRETE: I think they talk of the Mondragon regiment.

ARAUJO: I do not want to say what I know.

MATUTE: Speak.

ARAUJO: The ones in the castle also intend to follow it

CASTRO: They do well, but know that there is no head to lead them.

MATUTE: Is there not? I know well who could, if we dared, for in courage and cunning he exceeds Mars.

ARAUJO: Who?

MATUTE: Navarrete.

NAVARRETE: What did I just hear?

CASTRO: His cunning and courage are great, but he will not follow a mutiny.

ARAUJO: Let go of that whim.

MATUTE: Why?

ARAUJO: Because that will offend his loyalty, and he will not want to.

MATUTE: Yes, he will.

*Enter NAVARRETE and they all stand up.*

ARAUJO: He will not.

NAVARRETE: Who told you that?

AGUILILLA: From now onwards, no more; to sustain my lover, I shall look forward, so I do not stay behind.

NAVARRETE:

I have listened to your talk, and I am thankful of the sentence in which you generously choose me as corporal of this faction that you have proposed; I come forward, so that before you find yourselves endangered in your doubts, you may find security. You now have Navarrete present, and instead of finding myself remiss to your reasons, I am he who with tenacious constancy, will take your impulse, which is already being taken down by fear, and put them to use in this grave endeavour. Come, my friends, let us redeem the vexation that nature does to us, being our bloodless executor. Let us neutralise it, so it stops stabbing us with the sharp, invisible dagger of hunger. We shall destroy the worsted on the spindle of death, which is almost choking us, and has almost finished spinning. I will take the charge of being your leader, and all of you know that I do not like boasting of my courage. I will lead you with such care that the ages which gave Alexander and Caesar heroic posterity shall envy me. Publish my name later, let us tremble later; let us get out from this castle, let the deep voice of our audacity reach the ears of the regiment, which is trying to join us with arrogance, let the bulwark salute them with the signals that declare mutiny. My love shall only ally with Spaniards, no foreign blemish to further tarnish our infamy. Let us then fortify ourselves (for that is an important affair) in some place where we shall fix our banner. Alost, five leagues from Antwerp, can be readied for our shelter, where our forces shall rest. The citizens that are neighbours to all of the area will feed us, knowing that in this partiality our army burns, for they benefit from our civil war; it gives them a steady peace. Let our wars start, even bloodier than they are wandering, to behead the flowers that stand out on the field. I say, those who stand out in our army, and earn their advantaged wages at our expense. If there was to be anyone who may try to resist our courage, I shall make our fury ram, prostrate, and burn him. May the sky be engulfed in flames, and flowing, the air may swim as a diaphanous ship. I am not saying that we shall go serve Orange, but that today we are the ones that surrender and overwhelm him the most. Let us fight for ourselves: our breast shall never yield to be the centre of vile indignities. Let us not follow the costumes of other neutral hordes, who if their pay is not punctual, hang their purses from the iron of their pikes, letting know that they offer themselves for rent. Let this shall cost them what they owe us, let shame leave this set to us. For if we do deserve being called by the name of infamous mutineers, let our boldness erase it; our courage repair it; our audacity, illustrate it; and our chests, embrace it.

ARAUJO: Then since so bold your courage persuades us, let us not stop.  
 CASTRO: Let our arrogant chests be the lively magnets [of honour].<sup>80</sup>  
 MATUTE: We put our will at your service, may your name be sculpted in bronze and in jasper.  
 CHINCHILLA: They shall hang me, if they do not hang me in this mission first.  
 ARAUJO: Let word pass later.  
 CASTRO: Let our voices frighten the ambitious captains.  
 MATUTE: Let the air be filled with terror.  
 CHINCHILLA: Let them die, and let me eat!<sup>81</sup>  
 NAVARRETE: Take heed of the conditions, no one shall disobey them, only thus we shall move forward.  
 ARAUJO: Speak, famous Navarrete.  
 NAVARRETE: Do you, on behalf of all who may take part in these conditions, swear to follow them, until they are known to all?  
 ALL: Yes, we swear.  
 NAVARRETE: The first one is that he who draws his sword against any of our own nation, shall be tied to a tree, where in his chest he will be shot with a musket. Let the second be that, if anyone receives a letter, even if it is from their father, it shall be opened and read in front of me, and all other corporals, so that we shall fear nothing, being certain of our comrades. The third one is that none shall speak in secret to another, or he shall be hanged. The fourth one, that he who swears will be handed to the squad, and be shamed, being called a mutinous rat of vile and base blood. The fifth and last one is that none shall dare act against women, nor shall he dishonour their husbands with vile names.  
 ALL: We will all obey these conditions.  
 NAVARRETE: Start, then, to prove it; the light of dawn spreads now, start doing rounds in my barracks, and keep me as your general.  
 ARAUJO: We need the weapons.

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<sup>80</sup> I could not discover the meaning of the line in the original text in Spanish , ‘de oy mas, tu el norte de tu semblante’, and thus my translation is little more than an educated guess, more oriented towards finishing this line coherently in English than accurately translating it.

<sup>81</sup> Similarly, this is a free adaptation to make this line make sense in English.

NAVARRETE: See them here.

*One man comes forth with pikes, arquebuses, ropes, and a drum.*

NAVARRETE: Take from this canvas all that you need.

MATUTE: We are set, let the drum play a sound of mutiny.

CASTRO: There is no one to play it.

CHINCHILLA: Never let this good deed lack hands.

NAVARRETE: You are brave.

CHINCHILLA: A coward.

*An alarm is sounded.*

MATUTE: They have opened the gates now.

ARAUJO: Now are they starting to stir.

INSIDE: What news is disturbing you?

NAVARRETE: Pay, and the word shall pass.

INSIDE: Pay, and so the word shall pass.

*They sound the alarm again, and is replied from inside.*

ARAUJO: Now is the castle starting to stir.

INSIDE, AFAR: Pay, pay.

CHINCHILLA: Are they magpies?

NAVARRETE: The signals that the regiment understands it are coming, penetrating the air. Sound again.

*They sound under the stage, they reply from the dressing room, and then from further away.*

NAVARRETE: They reply each other all the same, listen to me.

AFAR: Everything, and in gold.

NAVARRETE: That is done; these are my barracks, keep them,

*A soldiers starts the watch.*

prostrating yourselves in it, and try, all of you, to be loyal to me, or, for the life of the King, (may he live a thousand years), he might have hanged anyone who disobeys my orders.

Noise.

But, what deity over that black beast, which proudly floods the earth with foam, and tarnishes the air with breaths, enters in the castle now? Who can this be that, armed, she competes with Bellona, and Mars?

ARAUJO: She walks towards us.

NAVARRETE: She dismounts; and from her attire, I think that she is Margaret of Parma, may Heaven bless her.

*Enter an entourage of soldiers, SANCHE DE AVILA, a soldier with a casket on a tray, and behind comes MARGARET, armed, with a baton. As they arrive, the mutineers position themselves in a wing formation, and they take off their hats.*

MARGARET: Spaniards, you who have been torches of the militia, shining through the centuries, and burning over jealousy. You, with whom Fame, to spread your joy, wearing out the bugle with blows, never rests her sight. Spaniards, again, whose name frightens many a rebellious islander, such enemy cater. When did malice find a path to your chests, to insert in them such unfaithful audacity? Do you now want to tarnish the pride stamped upon you, the inherited blazon of successive loyalties? Now, that I need you more loyal than ever, does a treason grow, there, where barely a doubt ever fit? Now that against Antwerp my anger needed all your proud fury to carve their ruin? Return, return for yourselves, do not encourage the rebelliousness of that stronghold for, knowing that the enemy Discord, a bird of infectious flight, is nesting among you, that deceitful crow will seditiously wear its feathers and announce your disgrace. Let my example move you, the sight of me with my war medals, ready to be the first one to attack. To prevail in this campaign, my heroic audacity wants me to wield the noble baton, to wear the marbled breastplate, to drive the skilled snaffle, and to gird the flaming lightning. You say that you lack help? Blame the one who tyrannizes it, do not want for the one who is punctually sending it to you to pay for it. The King, my lord, helps you each year, and since your proud, miserable voices are irritating my ears now, I shall take revenge on the ambitious breasts and infamous greed that has usurped this help from you. Erase, or tear off, if it might be done with violence, this shameful place, which defiles it, from the face of the nation that the world so esteems. Do not be scared by the lack of money; here to encourage you are jewels of immense value, that I used to wear. Take them, all of you, distribute them, so that all of you end up rich, for in these fine stones you may find

diamonds that will make the sun pale. See them here, so that then, greatness shall live in me; loyalty, in you; the militia, in Spain; fear in the enemy, and your life in fame.

*The man with the casket comes forth, and they throw themselves at it, to be stopped by NAVARRETE.*

NAVARRETE: Stop, and do not be so bold to blazon yourselves with rudeness: the jewels shall return to the precious mine of Your Highness' breast, where they shall be more proper and shine brighter.

MARGARET: It is not possible that someone responds with such gallantry, when his people needs them so much, does not take my advice, and subdues to vile interest.

NAVARRETE: Soldiers, what do you say?

INSIDE: Long live the King, and Margaret, and down with greed!

MARGARET: Sancho de Avila might tell you, then, more persuasively, the infamy that discredits you I front of the world: for I, looking at your purpose, I wish I were a basilisk, so that I could kill you all with my look; but I cannot vanquish you.

NAVARRETE: May Your Highness live a thousand years.

*Exeunt MARGARET and with her, all the entourage, SANCHO DE AVILA stays, and the men put their hats back on.*

SANCHO: Come back, come back, Spaniards, for your nation.

NAVARRETE: Her Highness had already said the same.

SANCHO: Well, she wants me to repeat how wrong you are.

ARAUJO: We already know that it is not a good gallantry.

CHINCHILLA: But starving to death is not good food either.

SANCHO: I will see that you are immediately paid.

CASTRO: That is what they all affirm when they want to subdue us.

CHINCHILLA: An then they thank us by knotting up our necks.

SANCHO: What do you get, then?

NAVARRETE: Our lives.

SANCHO: How?

NAVARRETE: Making sure that, from this day on, there is no place, not a house, that forcefully or voluntarily, does not sustain us.

*Slowly leaving.*

SANCHO: How can you leave the castle?

NAVARRETE: Because wherever our King's flags are near, ours is humiliated, and we want to raise it where nobody opposes it.

SANCHO: What if your reputation is lost?

NAVARRETE: That is lost already.

SANCHO: Recover it.

NAVARRETE: It would decrease its importance, it would be the easy path, and laughable, if we were to take our blame back.

SANCHO: Knowledge is not a shame.

NAVARRETE: Your lordship, remember that I owe you this lack of attention, and forgive us.

*He starts leaving.*

SANCHO: Where are you going?

NAVARRETE: *Aside:* To warn Francelisa of all this, so that she may follow me.  
*To him:* Wherever we can live, despite the malice.

*He sounds the marching tune.*

NAVARRETE: March to Alost.

SANCHO: May God subdue you.

NAVARRETE: That struggle is now pointless. Goodbye, Castilian lord.

SANCHO: May Heaven grant you the return of your proud reputation by coming back.

*Exeunt the men on one side, marching in order, and SANCHO DE AVILA on the other, looking at them. Enter then AGAMON and MONSIEUR DE LA CAMPAGNE.*

COUNT: Monsieur de la Campagne, this current Spanish sedition is either tempered, either encouraged, or improved by our fortune: from that spy we knew of the mutiny that affected the regiment and the castle, and that it was headed for Alost, where his leader ensign Navarrete promised to fortify themselves. Although we do not know him, we can easily know who he is. As it is suitable for us

to help the mutinous group, for it is a big part in the campaign of the numerous Spanish army, and earning their friendship means thinning the enemy's strength: I intend to carefully offer them our helping hand, and making them by force more tyrannical.

*Aside:*

Heavens, my jealousy entreats me to see if there is way to know if there may be someone to tell me if she, my enemy, hides in that squad. It is for this that I came. To find him in this pass, where it has been providence to wait for him, close to Alost, where we can consult him discreetly, firmly, our alliance and our treaty.

MOS: If you could temper (oh, heart) my severe cravings, you would have high beauty to do so in this solitude, where the day repairs its beauty, in the shade, the creek, and the freshness. But, oh, inhuman woe, where, infidel, where, my treacherous sister, are you hiding from my fury and hide the arm that threw the insult?

COUNT: I see you are sad, Monsieur, what is it? Trust it to me;

*Aside:*

Or infer it from me, when I die and can answer that same question I ask.

*They sound the marching tune from afar.*

But now a deep echo sounds and punishes the forest.

MOS: Say, then, what can I do to approach him?

COUNT: Dividing this valley between you and me, you may hide behind that tree, so that you can see the squad from your hiding place, and carefully wait for him. I will hide behind this one, so thick that works as lattice to the field; I will wait for him, for it is safer that the first one to see him, warns him, and the next one stops him.

MOS: Your Excellency has all the courage and experience.

COUNT: I will hide, then, and my soul is yet torturing me with the cruel memory of that ungrateful woman.

MOS: I will hide, too: so he thinks he is alone, but my infamy will not be able to be hidden.

*They hide each on one side, and enter FRANCELISA with a mask, CHINCHILLA, and AGUILILLA.*



CHINCHILLA: In this pleasant forest that this estate offers us, milady, while the troop stops to rest, Navarrete has commissioned me to entertain you, for he is coming later to behold your beauty.

MOS: If he comes, fortune is offering us a good occasion.

FRANCELISA: Oh, child, oh, blindfolded god, such abyss you put me through!

COUNT: Fair woman, her face suits her grace.

MOS: Strange lady, if her face does not deny it.

AGUILILLA: Now we have arrived, milady, you can remove your mask, and be unafraid of the sun, who in vain tries to offend you.

CHINCHILLA: I see the ensign coming, jumping from branch to branch.

COUNT: If that is him, I here intend to declare him my intentions.

MOS: It is convenient now to go forth and speak to him.

FRANCELISA: My lover comes; I want to uncover my face.

*Enter NAVARRETE, and at the same time the COUNT comes out from his side, and MONSIEUR DE LA CAMPAGNE comes out from the other, and taking off her mask, FRANCELISA speaks:*

FRANCELISA: Navarrete, my owner.

COUNT: Noble Navarrete.

MOS: Famous ensign.

NAVARRETE: What is this?

COUNT: Eyes, what have you seen?

MOS: A new woe comes upon me.

FRANCELISA: A new misery I suffer.

MOS: This is the treacherous soldier who stole my ungrateful sister.

COUNT: This is the evil man that has my ungrateful lady with him.

CHINCHILLA: They look like dumb statues.

NAVARRETE: May all my courage assist me.

CONDE: I stand, turned into a bundle of snow.

MOS: I have become freezing marble.

FRANCELISA: I am dead from this accident.

AGUILILLA: The case looks tough.

CHINCHILLA: The meeting is full of chance.

COUNT: The cause of my coming has such changed effect!

MOS: The one I request as a friend is the cause of my biggest infamy.

NAVARRETE: But, why does my courage doubt?

FRANCELISA: Who does my love go to?

COUNT: What am I waiting for, that I am not...

MOS: What do I doubt, that my revenge...

COUNT: destroying him with my sword?

MOS: is not trying a treacherous end?

COUNT: *To him:* Speak to me, infamous one.

MOS: *To her:* Speak to me, ungrateful one.

COUNT: Say, villain.

MOS: Say, treacherous one.

NAVARRETE: For the life of Francelisa, that I will teach honest terms with my knife to those who insult her decorum with such indecent words, even if passion is dragging them.

FRANCELISA: Oh, unhappy me!

CHINCHILLA: The ensign is determined; I will put a remedy to this with a brave deed.

MOS: *Aside:* The Count is very affected, I am going to start suspecting new things. *To her:* How can you defend yourself from my reason, you villain?

COUNT: How will you flee from my burning steel this time?

NAVARRETE: How? Like this.

*They draw their swords.*

Francelisa, you can take refuge now in that estate, while my sword frees you.

INSIDE: I hear Navarrete there.

FRANCELISA: May Heaven defend your life.

AGUILILLA: Enter, milady, did you not hear?

*Enter as many soldiers as possible.*

CHINCHILLA: Chinchilla is by your side, which is as if there was nobody.

ARAUJO: Let those who try to oppose your joy die here.

NAVARRETE: Stop, soldiers, no one dare now to move, or I will cut their legs off: and Your Excellency can come back, for even if you brought against her Xerxes' army with you, I would break it to pieces. But let us cease this arrogance, and let Monsieur de la Campagne understand now that Francelisa must be my wife, and that I have always had this intention, and when he tries to offend her, I am a Spanish gentleman, which is enough for as many monsieurs as there are in these countries to think that one drop of my blood can honour all of Flanders.

*Exeunt, looking at them.*

MOS: I go, raging in woe.

COUNT: My chest is being bitten by asps.

MOS: Honour, go plot my revenge.

COUNT: Jealousy, give me my death

### ACT III

INSIDE: They come back now, with renewed strength.

ANOTHER: Let us flee, quick.

NAVARRETE: I am trying to take revenge from such dreadful designs.

ANOTHER: To the forest.

ANOTHER: To the deep of the woods.

NAVARRETE: I will punish you, treacherous ones.

ANOTHER: They are fleeing.

NAVARRETE: Night protects them. Follow me, and let us see quickly if Francelisa is missing.

*Enter the ensign and his soldiers from one side, their swords drawn, and FRANCELISA from another side, half-dressed, with a light.*

FRANCELISA: Fear not, Ensign, Francelisa is free.

NAVARRETE: Your brother trying to take revenge in such a violent way!

FRANCELISA: Knowing that you were absent gave him the audacity.

NAVARRETE: Plotting such treason!

FRANCELISA: His attempt went wrong.

NAVARRETE: How did he assault the estate?

FRANCELISA: Hear it briefly: the red rays of sun had put off their fire, and the light was going away; the world was blind, and only quietude had its eyes open. I was surrendering to the soft command of slumber, like a fake death, and thus my life was then. Then I heard a great noise, out in the countryside, and I was scared. Instead of drawing it, Fear, unfair and evil, tore apart the veil of my eyelashes. I heard the sudden assault to the house, and my courage left me, lacking loyalty, because a coward is a traitor, and thus my fear put me on the assault's side. I saw people entering, and fled from the cold bed, trusting my honour to my dress. They arrived close to me, and I waited, like the prisoner condemned by a fierce judge who, blindfolded, judges the way from the fold to the steel too short. So breathless I was, humiliating my life to the barbaric throng, so blind of fear, that each threat was a rope, each hand was a knife. And there, with determined lips, I waited for my brother: but he was unwise in letting so many people know he was coming: a vengeance carried out with noise is a bell toll for grievance. But swiftly he ensnared my arm; I wanted to talk, but I felt embarrassed; I felt the grip in my arm as if it was in my throat. I screamed, but he did not yield; impious he drew a naked dagger; when truth must speak, Cruelty takes off the dress of caution. In an irritated trance, he accused me of following you, calling me disloyal, insulting you. You arrived and I, like a little bird who, bound by treason, sheds feathers to the air and tries to escape with its feet, through your courage was able to unbind my feet from the snare of fear, I spread my feathers to hope, and flew free to the branch of your love.

NAVARRETE: In case he sneaks back, I command to set a watchman that may secure the field, and to appease this anger, now that the day comes, that nearby village will pay us: but before I go, I intend to warn them: for you know I write to every village that pays me with fierce havoc, small or great, threatening them with ruin if they do not obey my command, and the letter goes with all four corners burnt: what I did with the paper, I shall know to do it with the place.

FRANCELISA: Now I fear no unhappy ending.

*Exit.*

NAVARRETE: I will make myself feared, for I am the leader of this mutiny.

*Exit. Enter CHINCHILLA, and while he does, the CORPORAL OF SQUAD stops him, and all must be armed.*

CORPORAL We both stay outside, you hear?

CHINCHILLA: That is not great.

CORPORAL: Follow me, señor Chinchilla.

CHINCHILLA: Let us go, señor Corporal.

CORPORAL Walk.

CHINCHILLA: Is it a long way?

CORPORAL: No: this is where we must do the round

*They go around the stage exiting and entering again.*

CHINCHILLA: What a nice helper.

CORPORAL: Despite your tired bones, work: for after soldiers, watchmen, without having ever done a round, must run the field with their sight, and if noise is heard, warn.

CHINCHILLA: I feel sleepy now, slumber will soon come to vanquish me.

CORPORAL: It will not, because if you fall asleep, I will beat you up with my belt, upon my name.

CHINCHILLA: In such cold as this, only the name keeps me warm.

CORPORAL: Saint Geronimo.

CHINCHILLA: I will take my soup, and forgive your saint.

CORPORAL: Go, start walking around.

CHINCHILLA: I will not, for if my fear can stay put, why tire it?

*He pretends to go away, and CHINCHILLA walks around with his harquebus on his shoulder.*

CORPORAL: I will come back to test him; because he is not trustworthy: but more a clown than a soldier.

CHINCHILLA: I hear people, and I fear lightning for many reasons, although I hear here the thunder. Who comes?

CORPORAL: Friends.

CHINCHILLA: What good are they for these occasions?

CORPORAL: I leave, for he is careful.

*Exit.*

CHINCHILLA: With such darkness, I lost my friend.

*Enter the ENSIGN from the other side.*

NAVARRETE: Power keeps me awake, so I have come to see if this watchman is carrying out his watch well.

CHINCHILLA: Another: he may be friend too, but he will say so, that he knows me. Who comes there?

NAVARRETE: Friends.

CHINCHILLA: Who has seen such a thing? We both like the joy of the corporal finding such a good man.

NAVARRETE: I will see the effort that he makes.

*He comes closer.*

CHINCHILLA: He is getting very close. This friend wants to loan money.

NAVARRETE: He is still not giving the warning.

CHINCHILLA: If he tries a hustle and I must give anything away, I will be running away.

NAVARRETE: It seems that he is withdrawing.

CHINCHILLA: I will give him my harquebus.

NAVARRETE: What is he doing?

CHINCHILLA: And the rope, too.

NAVARRETE: Why is he doing this?

CHINCHILLA: And the round, too, for it the corporal tells me off because I left, I can reply that I left it all with a friend.

*Exit.*

NAVARRETE: By God, the coward fled with light feet, I will punish whoever this was as soon as it dawns. And since he left the weapons, I will keep watch myself, so that my soldiers can rest.

*Enter SANCHO DE ÁVILA.*

SANCHO: I find myself in such trouble, and do not want the fortress to be lost, so I left it in the hands of an experienced soldier, and I come to make a new effort to move these rebels' sternness so they come back to help me.

NAVARRETE: People coming, who might this be?

SANCHO: I intend not to be heard, so I left my horse in the forest.

NAVARRETE: He is coming closer, I need to recognise him: whoever it is, before passing through he must give his name.

SANCHO: I found a sentinel that shall stop me. I am Spanish, lose your suspicions, for I bring an important message from Sancho de Avila at the fortress.

NAVARRETE: What do you want, then?

SANCHO: I would like to talk with the ensign.

NAVARRETE: I shall know what this is, without him knowing that he is talking to me. The ensign is in Alost, and there is no news of him coming back.

SANCHO: Him not here! Then, who could I talk to, for I have to go back, that I could trust my message, so he can tell him as soon as he arrives?

NAVARRETE: Me, for I am close in friendship to him.

SANCHO: According to that, tell him, for your life, that the Castilian warns him that if he does not give the castle to the people in Antwerp tomorrow, they shall assault it.

NAVARRETE: You bring a good message, for what are these news to Navarrete?

SANCHO: You say that? Is it not crucial that a fortress of such importance is not lost, that he comes to help, seeing that with this action he may redeem himself from his crime?

NAVARRETE: The Castilian may look for another defence, and not wait for the ensign to come back.

SANCHO: I know that if he listened to me, my reasons would prove effective with him.

NAVARRETE: What could you say to him?

SANCHO: I would tell him that he does not look Spanish, for he contradicts and degenerates his role as a vassal to the King, being a cause for new rebellions and mutinies to light up in these countries.

NAVARRETE: You think wrong, for I do not know what blame can the ensign have for Flanders being rebellious.

SANCHO: If after you, with bold determination, mutinied, Spain's forces are badly united and undone, so that they are too small to tame the heretics, it is clear; for Navarrete is head of the mutiny that causes the mistake that is today reigning Flanders, or at least, if it does not cause it, it encourages it, since he has broken the unity of the forces that should punish the rebellion.

NAVARRETE: With such big crimes is he charged?

SANCHO: This is not his greatest blame, for he is not being only disloyal to the King, but to God.

NAVARRETE: What do I hear? Against God? How so?

SANCHO: Since he undid the garrison of the castle, the insolence of the Antwerp heretics, seeing that there was no resistance to oppose their errors, grows outraged evil.

NAVARRETE: Is that harm attributed to the ensign?

SANCHO: All blame him.

NAVARRETE: They make him a part of the divine offences?

SANCHO: Hindering the punishment for them.

NAVARRETE: Then may my honour come back by itself, for if I have been a bad vassal, it is necessary that I appear a good catholic, and more being a Spaniard; so that all see that my faith has amended where obedience failed. *To him:* I will tell Navarrete all this.



SANCHO: I trust you with the message.

NAVARRETE: You can well return to the castle, I will defend it.

SANCHO: But if this does not work...

NAVARRETE: And if this attempt is not enough...

SANCHO: ...by dying I shall comply with the defence of my law and my King.

NAVARRETE: ...I intend to aspire to another greater quest, so Spain, the King, and the Church credit me.

*Exeunt each through one side, and enter MOS DE LA CAMPAGNE, THE COUNT, and a FLEMISH SOLDIER.*

SOLDIER: I was on the delightful bank of that river, where Antwerp wanted to be the Narcissus of such abundant mirror, and in my watchful attention I saw that all the mutineers of the Spanish nation were arriving, armed, and diligently they embarked on the boats that they found on the river bank.

COUNT: These news could very well make us be careful, but what can a disarmed regiment try?

MOS: But four Spaniards that are poor, barefoot, and starving, what can they do?

COUNT: Their attempts will always be useless. And while the troops arrive, and we know their intentions, let us force the Castilian to give us the fortress, or they will set their batteries in the walls of our bulwarks.

MOS: May the constancy of our hatred be published everywhere.

COUNT: It is good that you refine your efforts greatly today.

MOS: We shall soon see Flanders free of Spaniards.

COUNT: Let this nation die, brave Mos de la Campagne.

MOS: My offended soul intends, with bloody lips, to drink all of Spain's blood.

*Exeunt. Noise is heard inside.*

INSIDE: The vanguard must jump from this ship on that beach.

NAVARRETE: Let the word pass; there must be silence when disembarking.

ANOTHER: Let the word pass; there must be silence when disembarking.

AGUILILLA: Come, get close to the bank.

NAVARRETE: All must stop here.

CHINCHILLA: That is a big leap, I think. Give me your hand, Aguililla.

*Enter the ENSIGN and soldiers.*

NAVARRETE: My soldiers, I trust you all for heroic deeds.

SOLDIER 1: How is it that you take us to Antwerp?

SOLDIER 2: Why have you crossed the river?

SOLDIER 3: What calls you?

CHINCHILLA: I do not understand your decision.

NAVARRETE: I intend to tell you; I bring you here to earn honourable fame.

SOLDIER 1: Tell us in which way.

SOLDIER 3: What are you waiting for?

CHINCHILLA: Explain it.

SOLDADO 2: Finish.

NAVARRETE: You all pride yourself in being good Spaniards, and you will act as such.

SOLDIER 1: There is no difficulty in that.

SOLDIER 2: There is no doubt.

SOLDIER 3: Who ignores this?

CHINCHILLA: Who doubts it?

NAVARRETE: Hear me and you will know. Soldiers, everyone now whispers that I lead and command in my dishonour these rebellious mutinies. They blame on me that all the countries in Flanders have their people in civil wars. They publicise me as disloyal, and a traitor: look at the stamps they put on me so that I am honourably eternised throughout time. The ship of my honour, its hull broken, is already sinking, discredit being Charybdis in the sea of infamy. But if these accusations are so powerful that they will help my courage get even from such great loss, those tongues that with terrible edges were sharp cutters will be waking bugles

of my honourable fame. It will be much for Spain, our mother, to leave and disown us, like new-borns that are contradictory to who beget them, and being excluded from her, tell me: what land will admit us? But in such difficult means, only one homeland is left to us that may accept us in her bosom: for when all other lack, our misfortune allows Affront and Infamy to adopt us. Flanders, having seen us shaking off with free hatred the strap that the devil put upon our heads, is following our example, and disobediently wields the weapons against its owner; and the blame of this is all on us, for if to this provinces our nation proves a bit, and this firm instrument is wearing out and breaking, because our mutiny is the one dividing and lessening the force, what speech shall there be that admires a horse that bolts when its bit is broken? But if you all help me with your courage, (hear me well, my soldiers) if your forces assist me, and, just like I made you my accomplices in this blame, you want to be accomplices in the redemption, we shall rescue our honour from those vile chains with which slander is oppressing it. You already know that Antwerp is the most notable and biggest of the cities in Flanders; and because the Princess does not allow freedom of conscience, it lives exempt and rebellious, in such great disobedience that any time that is erected by faith to God, it profanes it, clumsy, sacrilegious, and free. These two disloyalties, to Heaven and to King, our courage shall punish, and from a mistake, shall make an amendment. Come, friends, to Antwerp, to clean this stain, or find a grave to bury us, or a refuge to shelter us. When a viper bites, the very antidote receives virtue from the poison; in such case it is infallible that the damage and the medicine are but one subject. My heart has been until now a viper, which with vile treason has poisoned this breast in which it dwells. But with the same with which it could poison, it will cure this contagion, for bravery, if it follows treacherous purpose, is poison: but being loyal, it serves as healthy antidote; and thus I want it to be applied to this purpose, so the life of my honour is not in danger. For this I have brought you: let us march, then, and let Antwerp publicise with its ruin this deed, by which the deed of Mucius in the fire, and Horatius' in the Tiber, shall be forgotten. And if there were any of you who wants to oppose such well-intended attempt, for the life of King Philip, our natural lord,

*He takes off his hat.*

his head shall be cut for treason: but, who can there be that does not confirm this determination? Who is there that will not

facilitate this impulse, trying to prevent malice from defaming his notorious name? Let Flanders not be lost for him, Antwerp bow its head, Sancho de Avila be encouraged, His Highness not distrust us, such great deed be achieved, so we are eternised in sheets and annals, by quills and burins.

SOLDIER 1: We approve of your opinion.

SOLDIER 2: Following your thought we shall lose our lives.

SOLDIER 3: Your resolution is fair; we all want to follow it.

AGUILILLA: I, though a woman, intend to take his example.

CHINCHILLA: I swear it on the life of Aguililla.

NAVARRETE: We have in front of us, then, our difficult conquest. Antwerp is already on our sights: and, to encourage us, we are already seeing its castle, which the rebel is sieging in vain. The Castilian shall see now how I amend my error.

CHINCHILLA: There is already a man up there.

NAVARRETE: I intend to arrive there, for the one on the wall seems to be Sancho de Avila.

*Up, SANCHO DE AVILA.*

SANCHO: What armed group is this?

NAVARRETE: Notorious man, hello .

SANCHO: Who calls?

NAVARRETE: The ones from Alost.

SANCHO: With which intentions? *Aside:* (Maybe they have been encouraged by what I warned them last night) Do you come to mutiny the people I have left?

NAVARRETE: The reason that moved us is not so infamous.

SANCHO: Then what is it that brought you?

NAVARRETE: Winning Antwerp back for the King, for which such brave deed our affront will cease.

SANCHO: Antwerp is a big endeavour, and you bring few people. And be warned that it is difficult to battle it, for inside it has a fortress with thirty thousand soldiers.

NAVARRETE: Well, for my attempts to be successful in their punishment, the people I bring with me are but a thousand and five hundred.

SANCHO: Who is there to do such difficult task?

NAVARRETE: Hear, the wind is lavishing us with sound.

*Sounds a trumpet and drum.*

NAVARRETE: From this part sounds a drum, from another, a trumpet.

SANCHO: According to what I can infer from here of certain signs, the great Julian Romero is bringing an infantry regiment, although in such great distances, badly can my sight gather this.

NAVARRETE: And the one commanding the horses is Don Alonso de Vargas. No one be overwhelmed by fear now, for Heaven has our endeavour as its own, for help comes to us without seeking it, and since our endeavour is thus safer, what am I waiting for?

SANCHO: I want to warn Her Highness, for she is nearby, so she can come with the armed regiment that is on her watch.

NAVARRETE: Romero will be able to charge into the enemy's fortifications from another side.

SANCHO: And you, then, will enter through that side door to earn your blazon, for you want to exit, to achieve this, through the door that the castle has in the Antwerp doors.

NAVARRETE: Open, then, with no delay, that side door.

SANCHO: I see they have already opened it at my command, enter, and earn your honour, for so Antwerp is surprised, I will make it battle fiercely.

NAVARRETE: Notorious Sancho de Avila, today I eternise my name.

SANCHO: With such heroic valour you will make your fame immortal.

NAVARRETE: Today I loyally serve my king, if yesterday I treacherously offended him. Spaniards, let us charge before you use your energies for the first time.

SANCHO: Hear me.

NAVARRETE: Come, my friends, let us enter, what are we waiting for?

SANCHO: Hear me, listen first, where are you going with feet so light? I want to give you refreshments before you enter, wait.

NAVARRETE: That favour arrives late, none is left to accept it.

SANCHO: Why?

NAVARRETE: Because we have invited ourselves to another feast, for me and the soldiers I assist are of the same opinion: we are going to eat in Antwerp, or dine with Jesus Christ.

*They draw their swords, enter through the side door, and inside, drums are played.*

SANCHO: Who saw a more heroic deed? They already opened the fortress, the fierce combat starts now.

*Exeunt.*

INSIDE: For Saint James, and for Spain!

*Enter Flemish withdrawing, and Spaniards stabbing them, touching weapons, inside there are mortar shots, and then enter NAVARRETE with a sword and a buckler, all bloody, and he falls on the ground and the COUNT and MOS attack him; seeing them, he stands up and engages with them.*

NAVARRETE: I fight for my Faith, Divine Virgin, assist me.

COUNT: Thus I keep my word.

MOS: Die, then, Navarrete.

NAVARRETE: You shall pay for this dearly, traitors.

*Exeunt the Flemish withdrawing, and enter SANCHO DE AVILA, stabbing some of them, chases after them and exits again.*

SANCHO: Now do the Catholics triumph, now are the heretics fainting, and Don Alonso de Vargas and Julian Romero vanquish, with their brave infantry and their courage, and honouring Baeza, his land; now is Navarrete a lightning to the Flemish. Rich spoils does the city offer to the soldiers, for so that all are rewarded, this will be the most famous sack ever told in the annals.

INSIDE: Antwerp, for Philip, King of Spain!

*Enter princess MARGARET OF PARMA with baton and sword, and soldiers.*

MARGARET: The help of the people I bring has nothing to do any more in this endeavour, for the rebels declare themselves surrendered.

*Enter NAVARRETE; AGAMON and MOS without swords; and FRANCELISA, and they all kneel.*

NAVARRETE: Daughter of the great Charles the Fifth, prostrated at your feet you have Navarrete, the leader of the mutiny, but he offers you, to erase that crime, the restoration of Antwerp, and Agamon and the strong Monsieur de la Campagne, surrendered.

MARGARET: Such deeds deserve favours.

NAVARRETE: The greatest you can give me, madam, is granting me Francelisa's hand.

FRANCELISA: Your Highness has at her feet Francelisa, who, following the ensign, has come from Alost.

COUNT: A wretched one dies too late.

MARGARET: I will do what you ask, and while the soldiers have fun in the sack, let the prisoners be delivered to Sancho de Avila, and he shall take them to the castle.

CHINCHILLA: Attention, my lords, I never heard that honour and profit could fit in a sack: but if your graces approve of the comedy as good, you will make the lessors prosper, and the poets be encouraged, and honour and profit will fit inside the sack of Antwerp.

THE END