

Verseworks

Breakdown for Scene/monologue

Poems/Monologues- Marlowe, Shakespeare, Raleigh, Donne:

Shepherd	Shepherd	Shepherd	Shepherd	Epilogue
Nymph	Nymph	Nymph	Nymph	

Fuente Ovejuna- Lope de Vega:

Laurencia	Commander	Laurencia	Laurencia
Pascuala	Laurencia	Frondoso	Esteban
Frondoso	Frondoso		Mengo
Barrildo			Juan Rojo
Mengo			crowd

Antony and Cleopatra:

Cleopatra	Cleopatra	Cleopatra	Cleopatra
Antony	Antony	Antony	Antony
Charmian		Charmian	Charmian
			Iras
			Diomedes
			guards

The Surgeon of Honour-Calderon:

Mencia	Mencia	Mencia	Gutierre
Enrique	Enrique	Gutierre	
Gutierre	Gutierre		
Jacinta			
Arias			
Diego			

El Mejor Mozo de Espana (The Best Boy in Spain) – Lope de Vega:

Isabel	Ferdinand	Ferdinand	Ferdinand
Gutierre	Fadrique	Fadrique	Isabel
Najera	Celinda	Ramiro	Juana
Villena		Juan	Gutierre
		Gutierre	Rodrigo
			Castile
			Court

ACT I

Scene 1

“The Passionate Shepherd to his Love”-Marlowe
“The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd”- Raleigh

Shepherd

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

Nymph

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Scene 2

Fuenteovejuna A

Laurencia

I pray God he never comes back!

Pascuala

And yet I thought you looked just a little disappointed when I told you the news that he was gone.

Laurencia

I hope Fuenteovejuna never set eyes on him again.

Pascuala

I have seen many girls just as proud, just as determined, as you, some even more so. But when it came to it-their hearts were as soft as butter.

Laurencia

I will no more budge than that holm oak.

Pascuala

Anda ya: no one can be certain that He'll never thirst for water.

Laurencia

Voto al sol qe lo dire, aunque el mundo. Although the world may say it is not so. What good would it do me to love Fernando Gómez de Guzmán? Do you believe that I would marry him?

Pascuala

No.

Laurencia

Then there is your answer. I will have nothing to do with him. How many girls have I seen in this village put their trust in the Commander, only to find out how wrong and stupid they were!

Pascuala

I think it will be a miracle if you escape his toils.

Laurencia

He has been following me for a month already, and not a glimmer of hope have I given him. And neither shall I. The Commander may think I am just a spring chicken, but he will find me tough meat for his table. I do not want his so-called "love," Pascuala. I had rather have a sizzling rasher of bacon for breakfast, with a slice of my own baked bread, and a sly glass of wine from mother's jar. I would sooner watch a lump of veal bobbing about among the cabbage and bubbling its foamy midday music. Or arrange a tasty marriage between an onion and a slice of ham when I come home hungry. Or pass the time while supper cooks with a bunch of grapes from my own vineyard-*aside* Que Dios de pedrisco guarde! And when at last the supper is ready, it is a tasty fry of pork and peppers and spice all sizzling in olive oil. Then I go to bed content and say my prayers, and fall asleep when I reach "inducas tentation." For all their wiles and tricks, their so-called love serves no other purpose than to get us to bed with pleasure, to wake in the morning with disgust.

Pascuala

Tienes, Laurencia, razón. That is as long as their love lasts. They are no more grateful than the sparrows that flutter around your door in winter when all the fields are frozen, and twitter coaxingly “Sweet, sweet,” and coyly accept the crumbs you give them. As soon as the cold weather is past and the flowers come out into the fields, and they see better food to be got elsewhere, they forget the “Sweet, sweet,” and mock you from the roof with “Cheap, Cheap!” Men are just the same. When they need us, we are their life, their being, their soul, their everything. But when their lust is spent, they behave worse than the sparrows and we are no longer “Sweet” or even “Cheap,” but drabs and whores!

Laurencia

No fiarse de ninguno.

Pascuala

Lo mismo digo, Laurencia.

Enter Men

Fronoso

Barrildo! Why persist? You will not persuade him.

Barrildo

Ah, but here I see a judge who will settle the matter fairly.

Mengo

Agreed.

Fronoso

Come then, let us approach them. Dios os guarde, hermosas damas.

Laurencia

¿Damas, Fronoso, nos llamas?

Fronoso

I was merely following the fashion. Nowadays the bachelor of arts is called professor, the blind man is said to be myopic, or, if you squint, you have a slight cast in one eye. One man with a wooden leg is a trifle lame, and a careless spendthrift a good chap. An ignorant ass is said to be the silent type, a braggart is known as soldierly. A large mouth is called generous, and a beady eye, shrewd. The quibbler is said to be punctilious, and the gossip, a wit. A chatterbox is called generous, and a loud-mouthed bully, brave. The coward is a quiet sort, the pusher, eccentric. A bore is companionable, and a madman easygoing. The grumbler is grave, a bald head is a noble brow, foolishness passes for wit, and large feet are firm foundations. One with the pox has a slight chill, an arrogant man is reserved, a wrangler has a quick brain, and a hunchback is the learned type. I might go on forever, but I think I have said enough for you to see that I go no further than the fashion, when I address you as ladies.

Laurencia

Allá en la ciudad, Frondoso,
llámase por cortesía desa suerte, by my faith, our rustic tongues use harder words than those.

Frondoso

How does that go? Give us a sample of it.

Laurencia

Es todo a esotro contrario. For here a grave man is a bore, one who tells the truth is rude, a serious man, melancholy, and he who justly reprehends does so out of spite. Anyone who dares to give advice is a busybody, and if you are generous, you are an interfering nuisance. If you are just, you are called cruel, if merciful, then you are weak. One who is constant is called boorish, the polite man is a flatterer, one who gives alms, a hypocrite, and a true Christian is only doing it in order to get on. Hard-won happiness is called luck, truth is wild speaking; patience, cowardice; misfortune, proof of evil-doing. A faithful wife is a fool, and a beautiful one is a whore, however chaste she may be. And an honorable woman... Pero basta.

Mengo

You are the very devil.

Laurencia

There, what did I tell you!

Mengo

I'll bet the priest poured the salt in fistfuls when he christened her!

Laurencia

I thought I heard you arguing. What was the dispute?

Frondoso

Oh, yes, Laurencia, hear it please. Barrildo and I were against Mengo.

Laurencia

¿Qué dice Mengo?

Barrildo

He denies a known fact, which is certain and undeniable.

Mengo

Anegarla vengo,
porque yo sé que es verdad.

Laurencia

¿Qué dice?

Barrildo

That love does not exist.

Laurencia

I should say that we could not do without it.

Barrildo

We could not do without it. Exactly. The world could not go on. The world both here and yonder is all harmony, Mengo. And harmony is pure love, for love is concord.

Mengo

I do not deny that there is such a thing as self-love. I know the value of that. It governs and balances all things we see, besides seeking to preserve them. I have never denied that...It defends things as they are- the status quo. My hand will defend my face from the blow that comes toward it, or my feet will protect my body by running away from any danger that threatens it. My eyelids will close at once to guard my eyes. But that is only natural love-self-love.

Pascuala

Then what is the argument?

Mengo

That man has love for no one but himself.

Pascuala

Forgive me, Mengo, but you lie. Can you deny the power which makes a man love a woman, or an animal its mate.

Mengo

That is still only self-love, I say. What is this love you talk about?

Laurencia

It is the desire for what is beautiful.

Mengo

And what does it desire the beautiful for?

Laurencia

To enjoy it.

Mengo

There you are. Just as I thought: is not the enjoyment simply selfish.

Laurencia

Es así.

Mengo

Then does not love seek the thing which will give it pleasure out of sheer self-interest?

Laurencia

Es verdad.

Mengo

That proves my argument. Do you love, Laurencia?

Laurencia

Yes – my honor.

Fronoso

Dios te castique con celos.

Pascuala

You must take your problem elsewhere. Let the sacristan or the priest resolve it for you. Laurencia says she is not in love, and I have too little experience to tell either way.

Fronoso

Well. That put us in our place.

Scene 3

Antony and Cleopatra A

CHARMIAN

Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

CLEOPATRA

What should I do I do not?

CHARMIAN

In each thing give him way. Cross him in nothing.

CLEOPATRA

Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

CHARMIAN

Tempt him not so too far. I wish, forbear.
In time we hate that which we often fear.

But here comes Antony.

CLEOPATRA

I am sick and sullen.

MARK ANTONY

I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose-

CLEOPATRA

Help me away, dear Charmian! I shall fall.
It cannot be thus long; the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

MARK ANTONY

Now, my dearest queen-

CLEOPATRA

Pray you, stand farther from me.

MARK ANTONY

What's the matter?

CLEOPATRA

I know by that same eye there's some good news.
What says the married woman – you may go?
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here.
I have no power upon you. Hers you are.

MARK ANTONY

The gods best know –

CLEOPATRA

O, never was there queen
So mightily betrayed! Yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

MARK ANTONY

Cleopatra –

CLEOPATRA

Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

MARK ANTONY

Most sweet queen,—

CLEOPATRA

Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

MARK ANTONY

How now, lady!

CLEOPATRA

I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

MARK ANTONY

Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace,
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: my more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

CLEOPATRA

Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?

MARK ANTONY

She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils she awaked; at the last, best:
See when and where she died.

CLEOPATRA

O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

MARK ANTONY

Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war
As thou affect'st.

CLEOPATRA

Cut my lace, Charmian, come;
But let it be: I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.

MARK ANTONY

My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

CLEOPATRA

So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

MARK ANTONY

You'll heat my blood: no more.

CLEOPATRA

You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

MARK ANTONY

Now, by my sword,—

CLEOPATRA

And target. Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

MARK ANTONY

I'll leave you, lady.

CLEOPATRA

Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it;
That you know well: something it is I would,
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

MARK ANTONY

But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

CLEOPATRA

'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly.
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

MARK ANTONY

Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee. Away!

Scene 4

The Best Boy in Spain A
Najera

We can't stand here wringing our hands.

Todos entramos también
al pésame y parabién.

Villena

El parabién, mi señora,
For from this moment onward
sois princesa de Castilla.
And you have our condolences
as well. Don Alonso is dead.

Najera

Mi hermano?!

Isabel

It's time now to take up the sword.
Castilla is boiling with discord,
toda Castilla os adora.
Your brother the king has no heir;
esto es verdad.
El bien público mirad
and let the three of us prepare
to go find a husband for you.
Presumid, señora mia,
you're the last of the line
Of great monarchs, victorious
In battle, who provided us
Just laws and ruled by God's design.
You must wed. No excuséis el casamiento.

Villena

Marqués de Villena, yo
no puedo deciros no;
But what I feel, I have to say.
My brother's king. And he's my brother.

Isabel

Forgive me lady; stop right there.
Self-interest fills up half the air
We breathe and base motives the other.
Today the archbishop and I
y los demás caballeros,
su reina quieren haceros

Villena

y juraros.

Eso no!
You will never have my consent
Unless he names me his heir first.

Isabel

The holy zeal in your response
All by itself will guarantee
We're safe from any consequence.

Gutierre

The natural obedience
you owe to him means you must see
the king, my brother, and you must
tell him to declare me his heir.
Doña Juana must not impair
my royal rights. That's only just,
for she's not his daughter. The pope
in Rome knows that as well as you
or I. The thing for him to do
is to put an end to that hope,
and swear me his heir, so that I
won't succeed him against his wants.

Isabel

Many would have her wed at once;
but I condemn them when they try,
since their real purpose is to place
Juana on the throne of Castile.

Gutierre

I'll humble her 'til her head reels,
although that's not a woman's grace.
I'll make a club of this distaff
to put an end to treachery.
And from this one year's industry
which comes to five skeins and a half,
I will make ropes to tie the hands
of all those traitors who defy
the force of law and would deny
the true inheritors their lands.
And when I've tied their hands, I'll bring
the ropes up to their necks; and when

Isabel

I run out of rope to use, then
my hair their treasonous necks will wring.

Scene 5
The Surgeon of His Honour A

Diego

Since royal blood has God's authority
In every noble household, we
Were bold enough to come inside.

Mencia

aside

I can't believe what I am seeing!

Diego

The Prince, Enrique, brother to
The King, has had an accident.
A heavy fall, madam, as we
Went past the entrance to your house.
As you can see, he's badly hurt.

Mencia

This is the greatest of misfortunes!

Arias

If he can be allowed to rest
A while on one of your beds.
His prospects of recovery
Will correspondingly improve,
My lady! I can't believe it!

Mencia

Don Arias. Can this be you?

Arias

Is this some dream or fantasy
Designed to trick both eye and ear?
Can it be possible the Prince,
Whose love for you is greater than
It ever was, should come back here
And be denied the chance of seeing you
By this unhappy circumstance?
It is too cruel to be true!

This is not a dream, however much
It seems to be.

Mencía

But what are you,
Mencía, doing here? Tell me please.

Arias

I'll tell you soon enough, Don Arias.
For now, far better you attend
Your master's needs.

Mencía

Whoever could
Have dreamed he'd find you here?

Arias

No more, Don Arias, please. Believe me now.
You must be silent on this matter.

Mencía

Why?

Arias

My honour rests on it.
Inside the bedroom there, you'll find
A bed that presently is covered by
A piece of Turkish leather, quite
Unworthy of the Prince, but he
Can rest at least and meanwhile we
Shall bring our very finest sheets,
And fresh and perfumed water suited to
This noble task.

Mencía

While that is being done,
We'll leave the Prince with you so we
Can take our leave and see if we
Can find some remedy for this,
If for misfortune such as this
There is a remedy.

Arias

Jacinta, Diego & Arias leave.

Now they are gone,
I am alone. If only I,
With honour's kind consent, could give
Free reign to my true sentiment.
If only I could voice my feelings,
Shattering the icy silence of
This prison where my passion lies
In chains, its flame but ashes, while
The dying of its embers tells
Me to remember: 'Here was love!'
But what am I now saying? What
Am I now doing, knowing who I am?
I pray heaven, take pity on
Me now. If I must live, as I
Now die in silence, let it be!
Enrique! My Lord!

Mencia

Who speaks?

Enrique

Good fortune...

Mencia

Must, I think, deceive me!

Enrique

Spares your life, my lord.

Mencia

Where am I?

Enrique

Where someone you already know
Is overjoyed to see your health
Restored, my lord.

Mencia

I could believe
It if happiness I feel
Were not, through being mine,
To vanish suddenly. But now
I am obliged to ask myself
If I am dreaming while asleep

Enrique

Or wide-awake while I now dream.

My noble lord, your health is all
That matters now, and all of us
Must take the utmost care and prudence.
But as for where you are, I'll tell
You afterwards.

Mencía

Enrique

I do not wish
To know, for if I am alive
And have you here in front of me,
Then I am happier than any man,
And would be happy knowing I
Am dead, when so to find myself
Bedazzled in the presence of
Angelic beauty is to be
In Heaven itself.

Tell me, are you feeling better now
My Lord?

Mencía

Enrique

You speak to me as if you are
The mistress of the house. Are you
Its owner?

I am not, my lord.
The house does not belong to me.
You could say, though, the owner of
The house owns me.

Mencía

Enrique

But who is he?

A most distinguished gentleman,
His name Gutierre Alfonso Solís,
My husband and your loyal servant.

Mencía

Enrique

You mean that you are married?

My good lord!
How wonderful it is to see
You once again restored to health!
Since your health becomes our own,
We are indebted to good fortune!

Arias

Don Arias, get me a horse. At once.
Don Diego, get the horses ready.
We must leave his house as quickly as
We can.

Enrique

What do you mean, my lord?

Arias

A horse! Get me a horse! A horse!
Immediately!

Enrique

You can't be serious!

Diego

Listen to us!

Arias

Don Arias, I am convinced my fall
Was not an accident, but more
A clear prophecy of death.
The heavens, I think, have now been moved
To feel for me and so decreed
That I must die while in the presence of
This woman, married recently,
So she may now from us receive
Congratulations on her marriage,
And I commiserations on
My death.

Enrique

My lord, if someone overheard
Such bitter words and accusations,
He could be easily deceived
As to my honour and my reputation.

Mencia

I beg you do not leave the house
Like this and put at risk the safety
Of your health.

Enrique

I think the risk
Is greater to me if I stay!

Gutierre

My royal lord, you bring to our house
True majesty. I enter it
As one who comes into the presence of
The sun in all its fullest glory.
I am consumed with joy, but I
Confess my joy is sadness too,
For as my spirits are now brightened,
So are they also darkened, now
The soaring eagle that swiftly flashes to
The sun, now the humble moth that in
The candle's flame is burned to ash.
I feel at once the same alarm,
Occasioned by your fall, as has
Been felt through all Castile, and yet
The same relief on seeing how
You have escaped from real harm.
My lord, I beg you, honour this
Abode awhile, though it be quite
Unworthy of your majesty.

Enrique

Gutierre Alfonso Solís,
I much appreciate the joy
And sorrow you have felt for me.
Such sentiments shall be engraved
Eternally upon my soul,
And prove a constant source of strength.

Gutierre

Your highness greatly honours me.

Enrique

But through this house has qualities
To grace the presence of a prince,
And beauty too that might convince
Him at some other time he ought

To stay, I cannot stay a moment
Longer.

Gutierre

My lord, you must have cause
Indeed to leave this house with such
Great speed, and risk the life of one
Who merits only celebration.

Enrique

I need to reach Seville today.

Gutierre

To seek some other explanation seems
Perhaps an impropriety,
But even so my loyalty...

Enrique

Demands a clearer version of
The story.

Gutierre

But only if your lordship
So desires. How can I insist
When that would be discourtesy?

Enrique

Then listen closely now. It goes
Like this and most concerns a friend
Of mine, a friend so close to me
He could quite easily have been
My other self.

Gutierre

A happy fate,
My lord!

Enrique

In my own absence I
Had placed my trust entirely in him,
My soul, my joy, my life itself,
Dependant on a certain lady;
And yet this friend, no sooner had
I gone, saw fit to take advantage of
My absence to abuse the trust

And confidence I'd placed in him.
His treachery allowed another man
To gain possession of her will.
And soon another lover won
That heart that I loved still. Oh how
Can any man who ever felt
Such love accept such savage blows
With calm and equanimity?

I doubt he ever could, my lord.

Gutierre

And so the heavens torment and mock
Me constantly, and everywhere
I go I see my jealousy
Take shape before my eyes, and all
My fears personified, as now
I see them here in front of me.
Oh, let me leave this house! My jealousy
Goes with me now and yet I feel
Somehow...indeed I am convinced...
That much of it remains behind me.

Enrique

My good lord, it's often said
A woman gives the best advice.
If you have no objection, I
Could offer an opinion that
Might, at the same time, prove a kind
Of consolation. I would advise
You set aside your jealousy,
And recommend your lordship seek
Your friend and ask him for
A simple explanation. Perhaps
He has the very best of reasons.
Perhaps you take his name in vain
When in reality he's not
To blame. You let your anger sweep
Aside your common sense, and now
Forget it is impossible
To dominate the will of someone else.
As far as your friend's concerned,
I've given you my own opinion.
As for the lady, the explanation might

Mencia

Be simple too: not so much
A change of heart, more the imposition of
Another will. On that account
I think you ought to see the lady
And have, as well, her version of the story.

Scene 6
“The Passionate Shepherd to his Love”-Marlowe
“The nymph's reply to the shepherd”- Raleigh

Shepherd

A gown made of the finest wool

Nymph

The gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,

Shepherd

Which from our pretty lambs we pull;

Nymph

Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies

Shepherd

Fair lined slippers for the cold,

Nymph

Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,—

Shepherd

With buckles of the purest gold;

Nymph

In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Shepherd
Spoken at the same time

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

Nymph

Spoken at the same time

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

Scene 7
Fuente Ovejuna B

Laurencia

Fronoso! Now do you see what lengths you drive me to? I have to leave the washing only half wrung out down by the stream simply because the way you were looking at me down there was enough to set the whole village gossiping-not that they aren't already.

Fronoso

Bella Laurencia; when I gaze
Upon you and I hear you talk like that,
I am in such a state my very life
Is in grave danger due to your disdain.
You know it is my dearest wish to be
Your husband.
Mere thinking of you robs me of my sleep;
I cannot eat my food, or even drink.
But how can such unkindness harmonize
With that angelic face? I'm going mad!

Laurencia

Then you had best try the apothecary. He might give you a remedy for madness.

Fronoso

You are the only apothecary that can cure me,
Let each of us, just like the turtledove,
With heart and soul begin to bill and coo
Together when the Church has joined us two.

Laurencia

Then tell my uncle, Juan Rojo. For though I do not say I am in love with you, yet who knows, I might...

Fronoso

You might... Someone is coming.

Laurencia

It is the Commander. Hide there in those bushes.

Fronoso

Hide?

Laurencia

Yes, over there.

Commander

What luck to hunt a buck and find a dear.

Laurencia

I was resting here a moment, but with your leave, sir, I must now return to the stream and finish wringing out the clothes.

Commander

Sweet Laurencia, such rude behavior mingles strangely with the fair graces that Heaven has bestowed on you. Your actions should suit your looks, otherwise you will seem a monster of nature. But, Laurencia, if on other occasions you have fled from my gentle wooing, this time there is no need, for the countryside is a discreet and silent friend that will not carry tales. Why should you alone be so proud and haughty? Who are you that you can afford to scorn your master? Sebastiana Redondo was not so prim, and she was a married woman, neither was Martin del Pozo's wife, after only two days of marriage.

Laurencia

That may be, sir, but if they did give way to you, it was only because many other men had enjoyed their favors first. God be with you, sir, and may you catch your quarry, the deer which you were hunting. But for the cross you wear on your breast, I should take you for the devil, dogging my footsteps.

Commander

Your manner of speech offends me, but I need no bow to bring this quarry down. I will overcome your peasant prudery barehanded.

Laurencia

¡Cómo! ¿Eso hacéis? Estáis en vos?

Fronoso

Si tomo la ballesta! Oh, God, let me not have cause to use it.

Commander

Acaba? No one hears your cries.

Laurencia

¡Cielos, ayudadme ahora!

Commander

Solos estamos; you need not be afraid.

Fronoso

Comendador generoso, dejad la moza, or by my faith, your breast shall be the target for the arrows of my offended anger, though I confess I fear the cross you wear.

Commander

¡Perro, villano!

Fronoso

I'm no dog, señor. Hoye, Laurencia.

Laurencia

Fronoso, take care!

Fronoso

¡Vete!

Commander

My sword! What madness to be parted from one's sword! Yet I left it behind for fear that it might frighten her.

Fronoso

Now, señor, I have only to release this trigger and you die.

Commander

You lowborn, scurvy knave! She's run away!
You peasant! Drop that bow at once, I say!

Fronoso

So that you can kill me with it? Love is deaf and hears no reason. Love brooks no overload.

Commander

What, shall a knight of Calatrava turn his back before a peasant? Shoot, peasant, shoot and then beware, for I break the laws of knighthood to dally with you.

Fronoso

Eso no. I will not shoot. A peasant cannot kill his overlord. But for the sake of my own life I will keep the bow.

Commander

This peasant shall pay dearly for insulting me. By Heaven, I will have vengeance.

Scene 8
Antony and Cleopatra B

CLEOPATRA

Have you done yet?

MARK ANTONY

Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

CLEOPATRA

I must stay his time.

MARK ANTONY

To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

CLEOPATRA

Not know me yet?

MARK ANTONY

Cold-hearted toward me?

CLEOPATRA

Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Caesarion smite!
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

MARK ANTONY

I am satisfied.
Caesar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There's hope in't yet.

CLEOPATRA

That's my brave lord!

MARK ANTONY

I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breathed,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;
Let's mock the midnight bell.

CLEOPATRA

It is my birth-day:
I had thought to have held it poor: but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

MARK ANTONY

We will yet do well.

CLEOPATRA

Call all his noble captains to my lord.

MARK ANTONY

Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my queen;
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

Scene 9

El Mejor Mozo de Espana B

Fadrique

I tell you, Your Highness, I swear
I was startled by what I saw.

Fernando

Harto más, Fadrique, a mi
la fama de su belleza.

Fadrique

There's not one woman prettier

than she in all of Aragon.

Fernando

¡Bien merece la corona!
Por Dios, Fadrique, I would be
hers if she should choose to love me!

Fadrique

Well, you could write and make that case
to your uncle, the admiral,
que si a Isabel se lo dice.

Fernando

I have a bit of interest
in someone at that balcony
because, Fadrique, when I came
by here, I saw among the flowers
a woman whose graces endow her
with hues that put their hues to shame.
I saw hope in the color green;
the crimson spoke of happiness.

Fadrique

¿Aqui?

Fernando

Si.

Fadrique

Not at this address.

Fernando

I don't understand what you mean.
I shouldn't get my hopes up here?

Fadrique

No, señor. If you detain
yourself here, then you risk a stain
to your noble honor, I fear.

Fernando

No lo entiendo.

Fadrique

Pues yo sí.

¿Es casada esta mujer?

Fernando

This woman has a circumstance
I'm trying to explain to you.
She's a Moor, although she descends
honorably, they say, from one
of the Moor kings of Aragon.

Fadrique

¿Mora?

Fernando

And one of prominence.
Religion's not the problem, as
she lives now in the Christian law;
that would not be the fatal flaw
if a future king were to pass
time with her. Her mother's a witch
who could conjure rings around Circe.
Don't start up with them. God have mercy
if you are captured by that bitch.

Fadrique

You say she's a Moor and a witch?

Fernando

Señor, leave this house far behind.

Fadrique

Llama.

Fernando

¡Ah del balcón!

Fadrique

¿Quien es?

Celinda

Yo soy!

Fernando

Celinda

¿Quién es?

Fernando

Don Fernando.

Fadrique

Don't let the shadow of your feet
move one small inch inside her door.
Remember, witchcraft is their game.

Celinda

It is your highness, then?

Fernando

Sí.

Celinda

Mucho tengo que os decir,
but for the moment I cannot.
I've told my mother all about
the great honor that you convey.

Fernando

¿Madre, señora, teneis?

Celinda

And one so clever, that no doubt
dealing with her will entertain
you. I'll tell you what she told me:
that you will be her enemy,
and you will exile her from Spain.

Fernando

I'll cause your mother's exile?
¿Por que? Yo no soy rey, nor hope to be king.

Celinda

She told me not to say one thing,
but to give you this note meanwhile.

Fernando

¡Carta a mi!

Celinda

It's a small paper.

I don't know what it says inside.
Allá va.

Fernando

Echad.

Fadrique

I'd wager hell underwrites this caper!

Fernando

Ya la cogí.

Celinda

Pues adiós.
'Til it's read, I've no more to say.

Fernando

I won't try to force you to stay,
since you two are my enemies.

Fadrique

Fuese?

Fernando

Fadrique, can't you tell?

Fadrique

God's done us a favor.

Fernando

¿Cómo?

Fadrique

Because I suspect that hellcat
will try to witch you with some spell.

Fernando

There's no reason to be afraid.
I'm dying to see what she wrote.

Fadrique

For God's sake don't open that note!
What if it's some love charm she's made?

Fadrique

Letras y pinturas son.

What a strange enigmas I perceive!
Here's a sword, which letters surround,
Fadrique, here, one on each side:
an F, and over here an I;
two letters, and both of them crowned.
Below them there's a pile of many
people, all of them in strange dress,
with their heads cut off.

Fernando

The sword's meaning is quickly seen:
what could a sword be but a sign
of vengeance and catastrophes,
of death and destruction and dread.
That's why these strange people are dead.

Fadrique

These people must be the enemies.
They are not wearing Christian clothes.
This is the dress of Jews and Moors.

Fernando

By Heavens, now I am sure.
These signs your bright future disclose.
Gran señor: The F and I, those two
painted letters at which you stare,
Fernando's the name they declare.

Fadrique

Yo prometo desde aqu
tener las por cifra mía,
And if Dame Fortune turns her wheel,
I'll put them on the coins and seal
that I'll commission from the throne.
Come with me: I am taking such
delight from these letters and crowns.
As for those dead men heaped in mounds,
they don't worry me overmuch.
They're Jews and Moors whom I ordain
shall one day be expelled from Spain.

Fernando

Scene 10
The Surgeon of His Honour B

Enrique

She is alone. Must I believe
That fortune favours me? But now
I am embarked upon this course,
I pray that both the time and place
Assist me now. Mencía!

Mencía

Heavens!

Enrique

Do not be frightened!

Mencía

What is this?

Enrique

A sudden boldness, madam, best
Explained by all the time I've spent
In hopeless longing, cruel pain.

Mencía

You, my lord!

Enrique

You must be calm.

Mencía

Here in my house?

Enrique

Don't be alarmed!

Mencía

You dared to enter...

Enrique

Madam, listen!

Mencía

Where only he would venture who

Would dare destroy the reputation of
A lady, and thoughtlessly offend
The precious honour of a man
Who is amongst his majesty's
Most noble and most loyal subjects.

Enrique

I was persuaded by your own
Advice: that I should go and ask
The lady who abandoned me
For some more satisfactory
Account of her offence against
My love. Is that not so?

Mencía

I am to blame. But since I must
Absolve myself of blame, I ask
You have regard for my good name
And reputation.

Enrique

How can you think
That I have no regard, when I
Know well how jealously you guard
The precious jewel of your reputation?
That's why I thought it best to come
Alone and not to tell the rest
About my little hunting expedition.
I came to speak with you. I shall
Not lose this opportunity.

Mencía

How can the heavens refuse to help
Me now? I'll call for help.

Enrique

Do that,
Mencía, you destroy yourself.

Mencía

Let savage beasts now rescue me!

Enrique

My fury would be such, no beast,
However wild, would dare to touch me.

Coquin! Come! Hold the horse! Go knock
The door!

Gutierre

Great heavens! Gutierre!
My life is at an end.

Mencia

I am
Convinced that misery is all
My fate intends.

Enrique

What will become
Of me if he finds you here?

Mencia

Then tell me what I am to do.

Enrique

You have to hide at once.

Mencia

A man
Of my nobility must hide?

Enrique

The honour of a lady begs
You to. For you to try to leave
Would be the proof that I attempted to
Deceive my husband. The servants let
You in but did not know what they
Were doing. It isn't safe to leave.

Mencia

Then tell me what to do.

Enrique

Go to
My room and hide behind the screen.

Mencia

Enrique

Until this moment I'd not known
What fear means. I do believe
A husband's bravery goes far
Beyond the call of common duty.

Gutierre

Mencía, I embrace you joyfully
A thousand times.

Mencía

My lord, you seek
To imitate the vines that here
Surround us and persistently
Embrace each other.

Gutierre

But I do not
Pretend, Mencía. I come to see you.

Mencía

You flatter me, husband, as much
As any eager, constant lover.

Gutierre

I do not cease to be a lover
Simply because I have become a husband.
The truth is beauty merits flattery,
Moreover, constantly invites it,
Often ignores the risk to it,
And thus creates the opportunity
Where it may flourish.

Mencía

I am
Indebted to you, husband.

Gutierre

And I
To one who is both gaoler and
Good friend. But if he's freed my body from
Their chains, he's made my eager soul
A prisoner by giving me
This chance to see you once again
And feel such happiness as this.

Mencia

Whoever felt such joy?

Scene 11

“The Passionate Shepherd to his Love”-Marlowe

“The nymph's reply to the shepherd”- Raleigh

Shepherd

The shepherds' swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:

Nymph

But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date nor age no need,

If these delights thy mind may move,

Nymph

Then these delights my mind might move

Spoken at the same time

To live with thee and be thy love.

Shepherd

Spoken at the same time

Then live with me and be my love,

ACT II
Scene 12
Fuente Ovejuna C

Laurencia

You are risking death to come here, Frondoso.

Frondoso

Then the more is my love for you proved, Laurencia. From the hilltop, I saw the Commander ride out with his soldiers, and then I thought of you and all my fear flooded away, and I came straight down to the village. ¡Vaya donde no le vean volver!

Laurencia

No, do not curse him. Those who are cursed most, live longest.

Frondoso

Then may he live a thousand years, all happy ones. That should settle his future for him! Laurencia, I came here to discover if my loyalty has opened a door to your affections. Tell me you love me! You yourself said the whole village looks upon us as almost married already, and marvels that we hesitate so long. Come, now, answer me yes or no.

Laurencia

Very well, I answer both the village and you, yes, we shall be!

Frondoso

Oh, Laurencia, I thank you, I kiss your hands, I cannot speak for joy...Laurencia-

Laurencia

Since we are decided, Frondoso, let us waste no time in compliments. You must go and tell my father at once. But here he comes, talking with my uncle. Have no doubt, Frondoso, we shall be married. May good fortune attend you.

Frondoso

En Dios confio.

Scene 13
THE BAIT. -by John Donne

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whisp'ring run

Warm'd by thy eyes, more than the sun ;
And there th' enamour'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, be'st loth,
By sun or moon, thou dark'nest both,
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset,
With strangling snare, or windowy net.

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest ;
Or curious traitors, sleeve-silk flies,
Bewitch poor fishes' wand'ring eyes.

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait :
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas! is wiser far than I.

Scene 14
Antony and Cleopatra C

MARK ANTONY

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

CLEOPATRA

Why is my lord enraged against his love?

MARK ANTONY

Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Caesar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot

Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails.

Exit CLEOPATRA

'Tis well thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live; but better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for't. Eros, ho!

CLEOPATRA

Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

CHARMIAN

To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.

CLEOPATRA

To the monument!
Charmian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Charmian,
And bring me how he takes my death.
To the monument!

Scene 15
Surgeon of his Honour C

Gutierre

The night is still and wrapped in silence.
I feel for it the reverence of
A man who worships shadows and

Adores the grave-like darkness that
Obliterates all human life.
I come in total secrecy.
My wife is unaware that I am here,
And that the King has set me free.
It is important she should be
At ease and act quite naturally.
I am the surgeon of my honour,
And so I seek the remedy
For my dishonour. I come to see
The patient at the very hour
When, on the previous night, the first
Attack of jealousy was felt;

Oh, sweet Mencía! Why do you
So test my love and trust so much?
I see my honour is intact.
I shall turn back. The need for such
Examination, for such stealth, begins
To fade when honour's in good health.
But why no servant with her? Might
It be that she is waiting for?...
Oh, unjust thought! Oh cruel fear!
Why must you mock me constantly?
I cannot go. Suspicion haunts
Me still, ignores the evidence,
Demands that I again apply
My common-sense to all the facts.
I must put out the light. Oh this
Is to obliterate both light
And reason, to be twice blind
When this occasion calls for even
Greater clarity of mind! I shall
Call out to her, but in a voice
That sounds like someone else. Mencía!

Mencía

Who calls? Is someone there?

Gutierre

Do not
Be frightened.

Mencía

Who is it that calls?

My lady, only me.

Gutierre

Of course, my lord. Who else would come
So boldly at this hour?

Mencia

She recognizes me.

Gutierre *aside*

Who else
Would dare come here and place my honour at
So great a risk, I am obliged
To sacrifice my life for it?

Mencia

These words are music to my ears.
How well I did to test my wife!

Gutierre *aside*

Mencia, trust me. Do not fear.

Mencia

My fear is such it overwhelms me.

Gutierre

Display the utmost bravery.

Mencia

What explanation can you give...

Gutierre

Why none

Mencia

Oh, noble prince?

Gutierre *aside*

Oh, noble prince! Am I to think
My ears are playing tricks on me?
I now begin to hear the voice
Of doubt again, the whisper of
Suspicion softly speaks to me.

I cannot think you wish to put
My life in danger once again.
How can you come here every night?

Mencia

Too much to bear!

Gutierre *aside*

Have us put out
The light so you can hide?

Mencia

Oh heaven!

Gutierre

Have me then risk my life so you
Escape?

Mencia

I pray, destroy me now!

Gutierre *aside*

Then lie for your benefit in order to
Deceive Gutierre?

Mencia

I cannot bear
This misery! Why cannot death
Come now? Why cannot my last breath
Consume this woman, making my
Own death the end of life for her?
That he comes here is no surprise to her,
Nor does she seek to hide from him.
Oh, I am lost! For she is sorry
Only because she is obliged
To hide this man from me. Oh vengeance! You
Must correspond in every sense
And match the magnitude of this offence!

Gutierre *aside*

My lord, you must go quickly now.

Mencia

Gutierre *aside*

My anger burns me with its fire.

Mencía

No one must see you here with me.

Gutierre

I have a better reason.

Mencía

Gutierre is expected soon.

Gutierre *aside*

Oh, who has patience to endure this?
The man whose prudence guarantees
That he extracts a final vengeance!

You can be sure he will not come.
I left him with a friend of mine,
And in the meantime told him he
Should keep an eye on him for me.

Mencía

Someone is coming.
You have to hide. Go quickly. Avoid
My bedroom. Somewhere else. Hurry!

Gutierre *aside*

But if I try to hide I shall
Be seen; Mencía will be told
Of it and realize her part
In this affair is known to me.
She must not know, and so cannot
Offend me twice, the first time by
Intention, the second thinking I
Have somehow given her permission.
Oh, no. I need to put a brave face on.
Her death, in any case, will not be long.

Scene 16

El Mejor Mozo de Espana C

Fadrique

Gran señor, there are two men here
who've come to Aragon, they say,

for the purpose of seeing you.

Fernando

Bid them welcome to my domain.

Gutierre

Just as soon as I've kissed your feet
I have private words to convey.

Fernando

Leave us alone then, all of you.
Fadrique, you wait over there.
¿Quién sois?

Gutierre

I am Don Gutierre de
Cárdenas, sir, la Princesa
de Castilla es mi señora.

Fernando

Quitaré de la cabeza
el sombrero, caballero,
mientras que me habláis en ella.

Gutierre

¿Por qué, señor?

Fernando

Because it's right:
she's so respected everywhere,
that whether she be here or not
this courtesy I'll demonstrate.
Isabel is a woman who
draws to herself respect and praise,
so that without such reverence
a person cannot speak her name.

Gutierre

Don Juan! Don Juan! Don Ramiro!

Ramiro

¿Qué queréis?

Juan

¿Qué prisa es ésta?

You have a King! Come and kiss his feet.

Gutierre

Que por muchos años sea.

Ramiro

Caballeros, what's this all about?

Fernando

Señor, we don't dare celebrate
too loudly, for the noise would let
the Zaragozans know we came
to see you, which is secret still.
Among the people on the slate
to think about as Castilla's king,
since Isabel is now the heir,
is yourself. There are others, too;
some who with such pride have behaved
that they've lost out. But you, my lord,
your head for certain has the grace
to wear the crown. It calls for you,
for your courtesy has amazed
us all and won our love as well.

Gutierre

I'm stunned. I don't know what to say.

Fernando

It's best you say nothing at all,
and then you will not give away
the fact that we've come here for you.

Ramiro

This is an honor ready made
for such a noble prince as you.
Señor, all of Castilla awaits
great favor from your bounteous hands.
Come with us to a secret place
where you can meet with Isabel.

Gutierre

Here the only thing that detains
me is to pay a certain debt
I owe from losing ten straight games

Fernando

of tennis at ten scudos each.

Gutierre

¡Bien, por Dios! Can that cause you pain?
Vámanos. Don't let that be
a thing that on your conscience weighs.

Fernando

How shall I travel?

Gutierre

In disguise

Fernando

¿Que traje?

Gutierre

Whatever you arrange
that lessens the danger, señor.

Fernando

Into a stable boy I'll change
until we make it to Castilla.

Gutierre

Y yo llevaré a la reina
el mayor mozo de España.

Fernando

I'll be that, if she grants me grace.

Scene 17

“Es la Mujer del Hombre lo Mas Bueno” – Lope de Vega

Es la mujer del hombre lo más bueno,
y locura decir que lo más malo,
su vida suele ser y su regalo,
su muerte suele ser y su veneno.

Cielo a los ojos cándido y sereno,
que muchas veces al infierno igualo,
por raro al mundo su valor señalo
por falso al hombre su rigor condeno.

Ella nos da su sangre, ella nos cría,
no ha hecho el cielo cosa más ingrata;
es un ángel, y a veces una arpía.

Quiere, aborrece, trata bien, maltrata,
y es la mujer, al fin, como sangría,
que a veces da salud y a veces mata.

Scene 18
Fuente Ovejuna D

Esteban

Fronoso, a captive in his tower, and my daughter taken too! si la piedadd e Dios no los socorre

Juan Rojo

Esteban, why are you shouting? For all our sakes this meeting must be secret.

Esteban

The greatest wonder is that I am not shouting any louder.

Mengo

I thought I would come after all.

Esteban

My honorable friends, a man whose gray beard is bathed in grief asks you what obsequies are to be said over the corpse of lost honor. Is there any man among us who still can say he has not suffered some indignity at the hands of this barbarian, Commander Gomez? Responededme. Can none reply.....

Laurencia

Dejadme entrar. A woman has a right, if not to vote in this council of men, yet to have a voice.
¿Conocéisme?

Esteban

¡Santocielo! My daughter!

Juan Rojo

Laurencia!

Laurencia

Well may you doubt that it is I, seeing me as I am.

Esteban

¡Hija mia!

Laurencia

No me nombres tu hija!

Esteban

¿Porqué, mis ojos? ¿porqué?

Laurencia

Why? I will tell you why! Because you allow tyrants to kidnap me and do not avenge me, traitors to snatch me, and do not rescue me. Oh, do not say it was Frondoso's duty as my husband, and not yours, for until the wedding night a bride is still her father's charge, and the night was not yet come. As when a jewel is bought, so the man who sells must guard it until it is handed over to the buyer. Fernando Gomez carried me off while you looked on. Like coward shepherds, you let the wolf make off with the lamb. You let me be threatened with knives, insulted with their foul language, and brutally maltreated in their attempts to avenge their lewd appetites upon my chastity! Look how my hair has been dragged and torn out! See the cuts and bruises where they tortured me! Do you call yourselves man? Do you? My father? Or you, Uncle? Are your hearts unmoved to see me full of woe? Well may this village be called Fuenteovejuna-Sheepwell! for its people are nothing but sheep. A flock of bleating sheep who run from curs. Give me a sword! Let me have arms! Oh, you are stone, bronze, jasper! Tigers without- No! Not tigers, for tigers hunt and slay any that steal their young before they have had time to lock their gates in their faces. Meek rabbits were you born, not noble Spaniards. Hens! You stand by and cluck while other men enjoy their wives! Why do you wear swords at your belts?-put distaffs there! By God, I swear, only the women here shall have the glory of shedding the blood if this tyrant, and when it is done we shall throw stones at you, for the effeminate pimps and cowards that you are. From tomorrow, go dressed in wimples and petticoats and paint your faces with rouge. Even now the Commander may be ordering Frondoso to be hanged, untried, for so he has sworn to do. And he will do the same to all of you. And I shall laugh to see it and be glad that this village has been emptied of you, its old women, and the days of the Amazons shall return in Fuenteovejuna, to be the wonder of Earth.

Esteban

Daughter, I will not deserve the name you give us. I will go alone, though all the world should stand against me.

Juan Rojo

I too, though fearing the greatness of your enemy.

Barrildo

Let us all challenge death together. Find a cloth and fix it to a pole. We will raise our banner to the winds, and death to these monsters!

Juan Rojo

¿Qué orden pens?

Mengo

Ir a matarle sin orden
We all agree, the whole village knows what must be done. The tyrants now must die!

Esteban

Take any arms you can find! Swords, lances, bows, pikes, sticks of wood.

Mengo

Long live the King and Queen!

All

¡Vivan muchos años!

Mengo

¡Mueran tiranos! Let Fernando Gomez bleed!

All

¡Mueran! ¡Mueran! ¡Mueran!

Scene 19

Antony and Cleopatra D

CLEOPATRA

O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

CHARMIAN

Be comforted, dear madam.

CLEOPATRA

No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter, below, DIOMEDES

How now! is he dead?

DIOMEDES

His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, MARK ANTONY, borne by the Guard

CLEOPATRA

O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou movest in!
darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

MARK ANTONY

Peace!
Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

CLEOPATRA

So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

MARK ANTONY

I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay up thy lips.

CLEOPATRA

I dare not, dear,--
Dear my lord, pardon,--I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Caesar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs,
serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,--
Help me, my women,--we must draw thee up:
Assist, good friends.

MARK ANTONY

O, quick, or I am gone.

CLEOPATRA

Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,--
Wishes were ever fools,--O, come, come, come;
They heave MARK ANTONY aloft to CLEOPATRA

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived:
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

MARK ANTONY

I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

CLEOPATRA

No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,

That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offence.

MARK ANTONY

One word, sweet queen:
Of Caesar seek your honour, with your safety. O!

CLEOPATRA

They do not go together.

MARK ANTONY

Gentle, hear me:

None about Caesar trust but Proculeius.

CLEOPATRA

My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about Caesar.

MARK ANTONY

The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,--a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;

I can no more.

CLEOPATRA

Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O, see, my women,
MARK ANTONY dies

The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.
Faints

CHARMIAN

O, quietness, lady!

Lady!

O madam, madam, madam!

CLEOPATRA

No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is scottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs, take heart:
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave,
what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

Scene 20
The Surgeon of His Honour D

Gutierre

It is the easiest way to keep
Dishonour from becoming known.
Poison is quite easily detected,
Illness much more readily accepted as
A cause of death. If afterwards
The circumstances of Mencía's death
Are thus investigated, I
Shall say she had to lose some blood,
And that the bandages which bound
Her wounds proved not to be as good
As we had thought. To find and bring
This doctor here blindfolded was
Quite easily the best precaution.
To let him see and know what lay
In store for him would surely have been
A lack of caution on my part.
For if he ever wants to tell
What happened here, he cannot see
The victim's face nor know where this
Event took place. Moreover, when
She's dead, I'll lead him to a quiet spot
Away from here, and kill him too.
I am the surgeon of my honour, called
Upon to bleed my wife to death
If honour's life's to be restored.
For honour asks of us this price:
That precious blood be sacrificed.

Scene 21
Best Boy in Spain D

Gutierre

I searched for a lord
who would be worthy of Your Grace,
as if that were an easy goal.
I came to Valencia; pasé
a Segorbe. There I proposed
to kiss the Duke's hands. And he thinking
himself already on the throne
of Castilla, stretched them out to me.

Go keep his arrogance at home!
I told him that his hands were nice,
if not quite for the gloves of war.
And without saying one more word
I turned my horse toward Aragon.
There I found Fernando, the prince,
handsome in manner and in form,
who was playing tennis with friends.
He showed us many courtesies.
We had him dress up in clothes
of a stable boy, which has had
more truth in it than we supposed.
For ever since he came with us,
everything he has done has shown
him to be the best boy in Spain.

Isabel

No sé si podré pagarte
las buenas nuevas, Gutierre.
I'm happy that you like him so,
but I still have to see him first,
before you draw up an accord.

Gutierre

Of course you have to see him first.
But so that nobody will know
he's come here, even though the king
has now taken his army home,
I'll have them all come in at once,
so the prince will not be alone.
The one who wears a Gascon hat,
that's the person you should take note
of, that's Don Fernando.

Isabel

Bien.

Gutierre

When you look at him, I'll propose
he take off his hat as a sign.

Isabel

Go, Gutierre. Have them approach
me now, but do it quietly.

I live in great confusion, justly so,
the path I've chosen makes me quake with dread.
And yet, my cause is just, and forge ahead
I must, and bold decisiveness must show.
Though modesty would just as soon forgo,
my heart and soul are uninhibited.
Fernando's wonderful: that's what they've said.
And yet my heart fears what it does not know.
So I must see him first and hear him too,
for eyes and ears together teach the brain,
and senses speak with one concerted voice.
I would not have my senses one day rue
this action, for my feelings will remain
and may regret the rashness of my choice.

Gutierre

Entrad todos poco a poco.
Here, over here you'll find a space.
Sir, from here you can see her face.

Fernando

Estoy, de mirarla, loco

Gutierre

I'll talk to her.

Fernando

Y de mí, Gutierre,
¿Qué le dirás?

Gutierre

I'll point you out. And then, we'll see.
Amor lo dirá por mí.

Juana

¿Qué miras?

Isabel

My clue
is the Gascon hat. Is he there?

Juana to Isabel

El tiene gentil persona.

Gutierre

¿Qué te parece Fernando?

Isabel

Que me parece muy bien.

Gutierre

Then it's done. Now take them away.
What shall I say?

Isabel

Gutierre, espera.
Show them out, then come back to me.

Gutierre

If you like him, don't make Castile
wait further to protect her crown,

Isabel

There's a bishop in town.

Gutierre

By God, lady, you are the real
thing, just like your parents were!
How could any answer compete
with one so modest and discreet.
May the heavens keep you secure.
To keep from saying "I will wed,"
you spoke as one already crowned:
"There is a bishop in the town."
Pues voy por él.

Isabel

Aquí espero.

Gutierre

Caballeros, I want all of you
to come with me to the next hall.

Juana to Isabel

¡Lindo brío!

Fernando to Gutierre

¡Extraña gala!

Do you like her?

Gutierre

I really do.
¿Y yo a ella?

Fernando

So much that she
would have you, under God, united.

Gutierre

Well, since both of us are delighted,
San Pedro me la bendiga.

Fernando

Is it congratulations time?

Juana to Isabel

Secretaria mia, yes it is.
for if by reputation he
is beautiful, then you can bet
in person he's more handsome yet.

Isabel

In him you can easily see
a portrait of the conquerors
of all Valencia's many lands.

Juana

No praise can match his radiance.

Isabel

¡Qué Linda señal de amores!

Juana

All that I can say to you now
is that my fortune has been great.
Such rare beauty would captivate
any woman and would allow
her to glimpse his beautiful soul.

Isabel

I'll tell you what to say, and where.

Gutierre to Fernando

¿En qué puede errar quien ama?

Fernando

Your Highness, I would like to kiss
your feet, although the very earth
they touch exceeds my humble worth.

Isabel

Cover your head, sir, I insist,
with laurel and Castile demands
you take, to make their joy complete.
For I will never give my feet
to one to whom I give my hand.

Fernando

In one heart can such favors fit?
What thanks can fit such gifts as these?

Isabel

Gutierre, sillas prevén.

Gutierre

Aquí están.

Isabel

This one is yours. Please, sit.

Fernando

You must take the one on the right,
both as my lady any my queen.

Rodrigo

Though I'm a useless little shaver,
know that Rodrigo sings your tune.

Fernando

¿Quién es?

Isabel

He obeys my commands.
He sings well, he's not too prolix,
he's loyal, and he plays no tricks.

Fernando

Pobre estoy. I've no inheritance,

though in fortune I'm rich indeed.
Accept my gift of this gold chain.

Rodrigo

No need to bind me. I remain
your, my lord, in both word and deed.
And in payment, while we all wait
for the bishop to come to marry
you, I promise to make you merry
and to begin to celebrate.

Fernando

You honored me greatly today.

Rodrigo

Come, dance for them a little while.

Dance

Fernando

You'll teach me the Castilian style?

Isabel

Could it be any other way?

Castile (four couples sing and dance)

*Fernando heroico, Isabel
divina, Castilla os llama.
Para bien sea, y por bien
mío, el lazo que os enlaza,
en que os espera ya el mundo
con las mayors hazañas
que se hayan escrito en él.
Aquí se ven coronadas
la F y la I que os dijo
en aquel papel Sultana.
Esta Granada mirad,
que habéis de poner por amas
entrée el Castillo y león,
y la aragonesa banda.
Yo, que oprimida me vi,
y que al pie del moro estaba
y del incrédulo hebreo,
estoy en graneza tanta,
que espero poder tener
hasta los fines de Arabia*

*con Fernando e Isabel,
que vivan edades largas.*

*Heroic Fernando, divine
Isabel, Castile calls your names.
The bonds that bind you are for good:
good for you, for Castile, and Spain.
We know you'll do important things.
The deeds for which the world awaits
will be the greatest ever seen.
The crowns that you put on explain
The F and I that wore the crowns
on the note the Moorish girl made.
Behold this Granada: Your coat
of arms shall one day soon display it with the castles and the bars
and lions in their rightful place.
I, who have been so long oppressed,
who at the feet of Moors have lain,
and of the unbelieving Jews,
will see myself to greatness raised.
Now my power will grow and all
the wideness of the world embrace
with Fernando and Isabel.
May they live to a ripe old age.*

Epilogue

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Ye all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Act IV Tempest