

THE TRICKSTER OF
SEVILLE AND HIS
GUEST OF STONE

Tirso de Molina

English Version by Roy Campbell

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DON DIEGO TENORIO

DON JUAN TENORIO, *his son*

CATALINÓN, *Don Juan's lackey*

THE KING OF NAPLES

DUKE OCTAVIO

DON PEDRO TENORIO, *Don Juan's uncle and Spanish
Ambassador in Naples*

THE MARQUIS OF LA MOTA

DON GONZALO DE ULLOA, *father of Doña Ana*

THE KING OF CASTILE [Alfonso XI, 1312-50]

DOÑA ANA

DUCHESS ISABEL

THISBE

ANFRISO

CORIDÓN

BELISA

} *fisherfolk*

BATRICIO

GASENO

AMINTA

BELISA

} *farmfolk*

RIPIO

FABIO

} *servants*

Servants, guards, musicians, etc.

*The scene is laid in Naples, Tarragona, Seville, and Dos
Hermanas.*

The time is the 14th Century but not consistently so.

ACT I

A room in the palace of the KING OF NAPLES

Enter DON JUAN, with muffled face, and ISABEL.

ISABEL. Here, Duke Octavio, here's a safe way through.

DON JUAN. Once more, dear Duchess, let me swear my troth!

ISABEL. Then may I glory in each promise, oath,
Flattery, gift, and wish—when they come true!

DON JUAN. You shall, my love.

ISABEL. Wait while I fetch a light.

DON JUAN. Why?

ISABEL. To convince my soul of this delight.

DON JUAN. I'll crush the lamp in pieces if you do!

ISABEL. Heavens above, what man are you? For shame!

DON JUAN. Who, I? I am a man without a name.

ISABEL. You're not the duke?

DON JUAN. No.

ISABEL. Help! the palace guard!

DON JUAN. Come, Duchess, give your hand. Don't shout so hard!

ISABEL. Let go, you beast! I'll make the palace ring.

Help, soldiers, guards, and servants of the king!

Enter the KING OF NAPLES with a lighted candle in a candlestick.

KING OF NAPLES. Who's there?

ISABEL, *aside*. The king, alas!

DON JUAN. Why, can't you see—
A man here with a woman? Her and me.

KING OF NAPLES, *aside*. Prudence in this would seem the better plan.

He runs back so as not to recognize ISABEL.

Aloud.

Call out the palace guard! Arrest this man!

ISABEL, *covering her face*. Oh, my lost honour!

Enter DON PEDRO TENORIO, ambassador of Spain, and guards.

DON PEDRO. From the king's rooms, cries

And shouting? Sirs, from what did this arise?

KING OF NAPLES. Don Pedro, you take charge of this arrest.

Be shrewd and yet be prudent in your quest.

Seize and identify this muffled pair

In secret. Harm may come of this affair.

But if it proves as it appears to me,

The scandal will be less, the less I see.

Exit.

DON PEDRO. Seize him at once!

DON JUAN. Come, which of you will dare?

I'm due to lose my life and much I care!

But I shall sell it dear and some will pay!

DON PEDRO. Kill him at once!

DON JUAN. Now, don't be led astray.

I'm resolute to die. For not in vain

Am I a noble cavalier of Spain

And of her embassy. That being known,

Each one of you must fight with me alone:

Such is the law.

DON PEDRO. Go, all of you, in there;

And take the woman. Leave him to my care.

The guards take ISABEL into the next room.

DON PEDRO. And now that we two are alone at length

Let's test this vaunted valour and this strength.

DON JUAN. Although, dear uncle, I've enough of both,

To use them on yourself I'm something loth.

DON PEDRO. Say who you are!

DON JUAN, *unmasking himself*. I shall. Your nephew, sir.

DON PEDRO, *aside*. My heart! I fear some treason is astir.

Aloud, to DON JUAN.

What's this you've done, base enemy? How is it

That in this guise you come to such a visit?

Tell me at once, since I must kill you here.
Quick! Out with it at once! And be sincere!

DON JUAN. My uncle and my lord, I'm still a lad,
As you were once. Such youthful loves you had.
Then don't blame me that I too feel for beauty.
But since you bid me tell it as a duty:
In this disguise I cheated Isabel
(Who took me for another man) and, well,
Enjoyed her—

DON PEDRO. How could you so?
If you can lower your voice, sir, let me know.

DON JUAN, *in a lower voice*.
Pretending I was Duke Octavio.

DON PEDRO. What? Say no more! Enough!
Aside. If the king 'learns
The truth, I'm lost. Oh, by what twists and turns
Can I escape so dangerous a maze?

Aloud.
Say, villain, was it not enough to raise,
With treachery and violence, such shame,
And with another great and noble dame
Back home in Spain but you repeat the crime,
With one that is of princely rank this time,
In the king's palace? May God punish you!
Your father from Castile had shipped you through
Safely to Naples' hospitable strand,
Who might have hoped for better at your hand
Than in return have such shame heaped upon her—
The greatest of her ladies to dishonour!
But here we're wasting time with this delay.
Think what to do and how to get away.

DON JUAN. Pardon for this offence I can't implore.
It would be insincere and, what is more,
Unmanly. My blood's yours—for you to take.
Come, let it out, and let me pay my stake!
Here at your feet, my uncle and my lord,
I offer you my lifeblood and my sword.

DON PEDRO. Curse you! Get up and fight! Prove you're a man!

This meek humility has spoilt my plan,
 To slaughter in cold blood I never would.
 Would you dare jump that balcony? You could?

DON JUAN. Your favour gives me wings. I surely can.

DON PEDRO. Then down you go! Seek hiding in Milan
 Or Sicily!

DON JUAN. Why, soon enough!

DON PEDRO. You swear?

DON JUAN. Oh, surely!

DON PEDRO. You'll be hearing from me there
 The consequences of this sad affair.

DON JUAN. A pleasant one for me, you must consent.
 Though I may be to blame, I'm well content.

DON PEDRO. You're led astray by youth. Quick, jump the railing!

DON JUAN. And now for Spain how happily I'm sailing!
 Exit.

Enter KING OF NAPLES.

DON PEDRO. I tried to execute your orders, sire,
 As well as your strict justice would require.
 The man . . .

KING OF NAPLES. Is dead?

DON PEDRO. No, he escaped the sword
 And the fierce thrusts of it.

KING OF NAPLES. How?

DON PEDRO. Thus, my lord.
 You'd hardly told your orders, when, without
 More said, he gripped his sword and wheeled about,
 Winding his cape around his arm, and so,
 Ready to deal the soldiers blow for blow
 And seeing death too near for hope of pardon,
 Leaped desperately down into the garden
 Over this balcony. Followed by all
 They found him agonizing from his fall,
 Contorted like a dying snake. But, when
 They shouted "Kill him!" turning on the men
 With such heroic swiftness he upstarted
 As left me in confusion; and departed.

Isabel, whom I name to your surprise,
Says it was Duke Octavio in disguise
Who by this treachery enjoyed her.

KING OF NAPLES. What?

DON PEDRO. I say what she confessed upon the spot.

KING OF NAPLES. Poor Honour! If by you our value stands
Why are you always placed in women's hands
Who are all fickleness and lightness?

Calls. Here!

Enter a servant, and, after, ISABEL with guards.

Bring me the woman now! Let her appear!

DON PEDRO. The guards are bringing her already, sire.

ISABEL, *aside*. How shall I dare to face the king?

KING OF NAPLES. Retire,

And see the doors are guarded.

Servant and guards retire.

Woman, say,

What force of fate, what angry planet, pray,
Makes you defile my palace and my board
With your lascivious beauty?

ISABEL. Oh, my lord—

KING OF NAPLES. Be silent! For your tongue can never cleanse
Or gild the glaring fact of your offence.
Was it the Duke Octavio?

ISABEL. My lord—

KING OF NAPLES. Can nothing cope with Love—guards within
call,

Locks, bolts, and bars, and battlemented wall—
That he, a babe, can penetrate all these?
Don Pedro, on this very instant, seize
That woman! Place her prisoner in some tower!
Arrest the duke as well. Once in my power
I'll have him make amends for this disgrace.

ISABEL. My lord, but once upon me turn your face!

KING OF NAPLES. For your offences when my back was turned,
By the same back you now are justly spurned.

DON PEDRO. Come, Duchess.

And neither in your faith miscarry,
 What difficulty is there more,
 What is preventing that you marry?

OCTAVIO. Such weddings are for lackeys, slaves,
 And laundry wenches.

RIPPO. Well, what's wrong
 With a fine laundry girl who laves
 And sings and washes all day long?
 She who defends and then offends
 And spreads her linen out to see
 And is obliging to her friends
 Is good enough for such as me.
 There are no kinder people living
 Than those who give for giving's sake,
 If Isabel is not for giving
 Then see if she knows how to take.
Enter a servant. After him, DON PEDRO.

SERVANT. The ambassador of Spain has even now
 Dismounted here. He wears a stormy brow,
 Insisting, with a fierce and angry zest,
 To speak to you. I fear it means arrest.

OCTAVIO. Arrest? For what? Go, show his lordship in.

DON PEDRO, *entering*.

His conscience must be clear who so can win
 So late a sleep.

OCTAVIO. But when such men as you,
 Your Excellency, come, as now you do,
 To honour and to favour such as me,
 It's wrong to sleep at all. My life should be
 An endless vigil. But what could befall
 To bring you at such hours on such a call?

DON PEDRO. The king sent me.

OCTAVIO. Well if the king's kind thought
 Bend to me thus, I reckon my life as naught
 To serve my liege, and would not count the cost
 If in the cause of honour it were lost.
 Tell me, my lord, what planet of good cheer,

What stroke of goodly fortune, brought you here
To say I am remembered by the king?

DON PEDRO. For you, Your Grace, a most unhappy thing!
I am the king's ambassador. I've brought
An embassy from him.

OCTAVIO. Yes, so I thought.
That doesn't worry me. Say on. What is it?

DON PEDRO. It is for your arrest I make this visit,
Sent from the king: do not resist the laws.

OCTAVIO. For my arrest he sent you? For what cause?
Tell me my crime!

DON PEDRO. You ought to know far more
Than I do, for I'm not entirely sure.
Though I may be mistaken, here's my thought,
If not my own belief, why you are sought.
Just when the giant Negroes fold their tents
Of darkness like funereal cerements,
And furtively before the dusky glow
Run jostling one another as they go,
I with His Majesty, while talking late
Of certain treaties and affairs of state
(Arch-enemies of sunlight are the great)
Heard then a woman's scream ("Help! Help!") resound
Through all the halls and corridors around,
And, as we all rushed forth to these alarms,
Found Isabel there, clasped with all her charms
By some most powerful man in lustful arms.
Whoever it could be aspired so high,
Giant, or monster of ambition, I
Was ordered to arrest him. Held at bay
I vainly strove to wrest his arms away
And well I could believe it was the Fiend
Taking a human form, for, ably screened
In dust and smoke, the balcony he leapt
Down to the roots of the vast elms that swept
The palace roof. The duchess I assisted,
Who, in the presence of us all, attested
It was yourself who, husband-like, had known her.

OCTAVIO. What's that you say?

DON PEDRO. Why, man, the whole world over
It is notorious to the public gaze
That Isabel, yes, in a thousand ways
Has . . .

OCTAVIO. Say no more! Have mercy! Do not tell
So vile a treachery of Isabel.

Aside.

But say this were but caution on her part.

Aloud.

Go on. Say more! Speak out! But if the dart
Is poisoned that you're shooting at my heart,
Impervious to the scandal may I prove—
Unlike those gossips whom their own ears move,
Conceiving there, to give birth through their lips.
Could it be true my lady could eclipse
The memory of me, to deal me doom?
Yes: those who dream too brightly wake in gloom.
Yet in my heart I have no doubt: it seems
These happenings are naught but evil dreams
That, so to give more impulse to my sighs,
Entered my understanding in disguise.
Sir Marquis, could it be that Isabel
Deceived me? that my heart in ambush fell
And so my love was cheated? That can't be . . .
Why, the whole thing's impossible . . . that she . . .
Oh, woman! What a dreadful law is cloaked
In that word honour! Whom have I provoked
To this foul trick? Am I not honour-bound?
A man in Isabela's arms was found
Within the palace . . . Have I lost my mind?

DON PEDRO. Just as it's true that birds live in the wind,
Fish in the wave in keeping with their kind,
That all things have five elements to share,
That blessed souls in glory know no care,
That staunchness is in friends, in foes is treason,
In night is gloom, in day is light—so reason
And truth are in the very words I say.

OCTAVIO. Marquis! My own belief will scarce obey,

And there's no thing that could astound me more!
That she, whom I as constant did adore,
Should prove no more than woman! More to know
I do not want, since it disgusts me so.

DON PEDRO. Well, since you seem so prudent. Take your pick
Of the best means . . .

OCTAVIO. I would escape: and quick!
That's my best remedy.

DON PEDRO. Then go with speed—

OCTAVIO. Spain then will be my harbour in my need.

DON PEDRO. —And slip out by this door while you are able.

OCTAVIO. O bending reed! O weathercock unstable!
Upon yourself alone you've turned the table
Inducing me to flee my native land
And seek my fortunes on a foreign strand!
Farewell, my country!

Aside.

Madness, death, and hell,
Another in the arms of Isabell

Seashore near Tarragona

Enter THISBE, with a fishing rod.

THISBE. Of all whose feet the fleeting waters
Kiss (as the breezes kiss the rose
And jasmine), of the fishers' daughters
And longshore maidens, of all those
I am the only one exempt
From Love, the only one who rules
In sole, tyrannical contempt
The prisons which he stocks with fools.
Here where the slumbrous suns tread, light
And lazy, on the blue waves' trance,
And wake the sapphires with delight
To scare the shadows as they glance;

Here by white sands, so finely spun
They seem like seeded pearls to shine,
Or else like atoms of the sun
Gilded in heaven; by this brine,
Listening to the birds, I quarter,
And hear their amorous, plaintive moans
And the sweet battles which the water
Is waging with the rocks and stones.
With supple rod that bends and swishes
And seems to stoop with its own weight
I snare the little, silly fishes
That lash the sea and scarce can wait.
Or else with casting-net, deep down,
I catch as many as may live
Within the many-steepled town
Of conch-shells. I could not be gladder
Than with this freedom I enjoy,
I, whom the poison-darting adder
Of Love did never yet annoy.
And when a thousand lovelorn hearts
Pour forth their bitter complaints forlorn
I am the envy of these parts
Whose tragedies I laugh to scorn.
A thousand times, then, am I blest,
Love, since you never were my lot
But left me tranquil in my nest
And scatheless in my humble cot.
It's just an obelisk of thatch
That crowns my dwelling with its cone,
Though no cicadas it may catch,
Attracting turtledoves alone.
My virtue is preserved in straw
Like ripening fruit, or glass, that's packed
In hay (as by the selfsame law)
In order to arrive intact.
As for the fisherfolk around
Whom Tarragona's lights defend
From pirates in the Silver Sound
I am the one they most commend.
But I their soft approaches mock:

I am as granite to the wave,
To their implorings I'm a rock.
Anfriso to whom Heaven gave,
In soul and body, wondrous gifts,
Measured in speech, in action brave
Resourceful in the direst shifts,
Modest, long suffering of disdain,
Generous, valiant, tough as leather,
Has hung around my hut in vain
Haunting my caves in every weather,
Night after night, in wind or rain,
Till with his health and youth together
He gave the dawn its blush again.
Then also, with the fresh green boughs
Which he had hacked from elm-trees down,
He loves to deck my straw-built house
Which wears his flattery like a crown,
And then beneath the midnight stars
Each evening he would come to woo me
With tambourines and soft guitars.
But all of that meant nothing to me
Because' in tyrannous dominion
I live, the empress of desire,
And love to clip love's rosy pinion
And of his hell to light the pyre.
The other girls for him go sighing,
Him, whom I murder with disdain.
For such is love—still to be dying
For those who hate and cause you pain.
In such contentment I employ
Without a care, each youthful year,
And any folly that I hear
Serves but to make me loth and coy
And like the wind to disappear.
My only pleasure, care, and wish
Is forth to cast my trace and hook
To every breeze, and give the fish
My baited line. But as I look
Two men have dived from yonder boat
Before the waves can suck it down.

It strikes the reef and keeps afloat
 But now its poop begins to drown,
 It sinks, releasing to the gale
 Its topsail which finds there its home,
 A kite upon the winds to sail,
 One with the spindrift and the foam,
 A lunatic locked in a cage--

A VOICE OUTSIDE. Help, I am drowning! Save my life!

THESE. A man, caught in the ocean's rage,
 And bravely with the seas at strife,
 Upon his back his comrade saves
 As once Aeneas bore Anchises,
 And, strongly cleaving through the waves,
 Subdues them as he falls and rises.
 But on the beach there's no one standing
 To lend a hand, or pull them clear.
 Anfriso! Here are wrecked men landing!
 Tirseo, Alfredo! Can't you hear?
 But now miraculously come
 Through the white surf, they step ashore
 Quite out of breath the man who swum,
 But still alive the one he bore.

Enter CATALINÓN carrying DON JUAN.

CATALINÓN. Oh, for the gift of Cana's wine!
 The sea with too much salt is flavoured,
 By all who swim to save their lives
 Freely it may be quaffed and savoured
 But deep down there is doom and slaughter
 Where Davy Jones lives soused in brine.
 Strange, that where God put so much water
 He should forget to mix the wine!
 Master! It seems he's frozen quite.
 Master! What if he should be drowned?
 It was the sea that caused the trouble:
 What if with me the fault be found?
 Bad luck to him who planted pine
 As masts upon the sea to grow
 And who its limits would define
 With measures made of wood! Ah, no!

Cursèd be Jason and his Argo,
 And Theseus, cursèd may he be,
 Forever, under God's embargol
 Catalinón, unhappy mel
 What can I do?

THESE. Why in such trouble,
 Good man? Why is your life so rough?

CATALINÓN. Ah, fishermaid, my ills are double
 And my good luck is not enough.
 I see, to free me from his service,
 My master's lifeless, is he not?

THESE. Oh no, indeed, he's breathing yet.
 Those fishermen in yonder cot—
 Go call them here.

CATALINÓN. Would they agree?

THESE. At once! This noble—who is he?

CATALINÓN. Son of the king's high chamberlain
 Expecting very soon to be
 Raised to a count within a week
 In Seville by His Majesty.
 That's if the king and I agree.

THESE. What is his name?

CATALINÓN. Don Juan Tenorio.

THESE. Then call my people.

CATALINÓN. Yes, I'll go.

Exit CATALINÓN. THESE has DON JUAN'S head on her lap.

THESE. Noble young man, so handsome, gay,
 And exquisite, wake up, I say!

DON JUAN. Where can I be?

THESE. Safe from all harms
 Encircled by a woman's arms.

DON JUAN. I live, who perished in the sea,
 Only and utterly in thee,
 And now I lose all doubt to find
 Heaven about me is entwined
 After the hell that was the ocean.
 A frightful whirlwind wrecked my fleet

And swept me with its fierce commotion
To find a harbour at your feet.

THISBE. A lot of breath you have to waste
For one who nearly lost it all
If after such a storm you haste
To raise a tempest and a squall.
Cruel must be the ocean's thunder
The waves most vicious in their hate
If they can pull your limbs asunder
And make you talk at such a rate!
Beyond all doubt you must have taken
Salt water in above your ration,
More than you'd need to salt your bacon;
You talk in such a saucy fashion—
Quite eloquent enough, I'd say,
Lying as dead upon the beach
With all your senses well in reach
And shamming lifeless as you lay.
You seem the wooden horse of Greece
Washed at my feet for vengeance dire
Seemingly full of cold seawater
But pregnant with deceitful fire.
And if, all wet, you can ignite,
What won't you burn when you are dry?
You promise heat and fire and light,
Please God it will not prove a lie!

DON JUAN. Ah, would to God, dear country maid,
I had been swallowed by the main
So in my senses to remain
And not to lunacy betrayed
For love of you! The sea could harm me
Drowned between silver waves and blue
That roll forever out of view,
But with fierce fire it could not char me!
You share the quality that flashes
In the great sun like whom you show,
Though seeming cold and white as snow.
Yet you can burn a man to ashes.

THISBE. The frostier seems your desire

All the more flame you seem to hold
 That from my own kindles its fire.
 Please God, it was not lies you told!

Enter CATALINÓN, ANFRISO, CORIDÓN, and other fisherfolk.
 CATALINÓN. They have all come.

THISBE. Your master's living.

DON JUAN. But only by your presence giving
 The breath I yielded.

CORIDÓN, to THISBE. What's your will?

THISBE. Anfriso, Coridón, and friends . . .

CORIDÓN. We seek to gratify you still
 By every means to all your ends,
 And so your orders, Thisbe, tell,
 Out of those lips of fresh carnation,
 To us who in your adoration
 Would see that all for you goes well,
 And ask no more than thus to be,
 To dig the earth, to plough the sea,
 To trample air or wind or fire
 To satisfy your least desire.

THISBE, *aside*. How stupid used to seem to me
 Their vows, and how they used to jar
 But now in very truth I see
 How far from flattery they are!
To the fishermen.

My friends, as I was fishing here
 Upon this rock, I saw a barque
 Sink in the waves. Two men swam clear.
 I called for help but none would hark:
 It seemed that none of you could hear.
 But one of them lay lifeless here—
 Brought on the back of this brave fellow—
 A nobleman, who, on the yellow
 Sands, lay as though upon his bier,
 Very near swamped by wave and tide,
 And so I sent his man to guide
 And call you to revive him here.

ANFRISO. Well now, we've all arrived. You say

Your orders, though it's not the way
I usually expect from you.

THISBE. Now to my hut we'll gently take him
Where, with the gratitude that's due,
His clothing we'll repair, and make him
His rocktorn garments clean and new,
This bread of kindness that we break him
Will please my dear old father too.

CATALINÓN, *aside*. Her beauty is superb indeed.

DON JUAN. Come, listen here!

CATALINÓN. I am all heed.

DON JUAN. If here they ask you who I am
You do not know—nor care a damn.

CATALINÓN. D'you try to tell me what to do?
Even here have I to learn from you?

DON JUAN. Why, for her love I'm almost dying.
I'll have her now, then scamper flying—

CATALINÓN. But what d'you mean?

DON JUAN. Be dumb and follow me!

CORIDÓN. Anfriso, in an hour the fête will be.

ANFRISO. Come on, it's an occasion for good wine,
Sliced melons, and slashed bunches from the vine!

DON JUAN. I'm dying, Thisbe.

THISBE. Yet you talk and talk!

DON JUAN. You see, yourself, I scarce can move or walk.

THISBE. You speak too much!

DON JUAN. But you perceive my trend.

THISBE. Please God it be not lies from end to end!

The Alcazar at Seville

Enter KING OF CASTILE with DON GONZALO DE ULLOA and attendants.

KING OF CASTILE. How did your embassy succeed, my lord
Commander?

DON GONZALO. There I found your cousin king,
 Don Juan,¹ preparing, arming, and reviewing
 Some thirty vessels of his fleet in Lisbon.

KING OF CASTILE. Bound whither?

DON GONZALO. They said Goa, but I guess
 It is some closer quarry, like Tangiers
 Or Ceuta, which they may besiege this summer.

KING OF CASTILE. May God on high reward and help the zeal
 With which he arms His glory! You and he—
 Upon what general points did you agree?

DON GONZALO. My lord, he asks for Serpa, Olivenza,
 Mora, and Toro. In return for these
 He'll give you Villaverde, Mértola,
 Herrera, and the districts round about
 Which lie between Castile and Portugal.

KING OF CASTILE. At once confirm the contract, Don Gonzalo,
 But what about your journey? You return
 Both tired and out of pocket, I presume?

DON GONZALO. To serve you, sire, no hardship is too much.

KING OF CASTILE. What's Lisbon like? A good place?

DON GONZALO. In all Spain
 It is the largest city.² If you'd like it
 I'll paint a picture of it in the air.

KING OF CASTILE. I'd like to hear it. Someone fetch a chair.

DON GONZALO. Why, Lisbon is the world's eighth wonder!
 Cleaving the heart of her asunder
 To travel half the breadth of Spain,
 The sumptuous Tagus swirls its train
 And through the ranges rolls its thunder
 To enter deep into the main
 Along the sacred wharves of Lisbon
 Of which it laves the southern side.

¹ John I, who became King of Portugal in 1385. He was not in fact a contemporary of this King of Castile (Alfonso XI). [E.N.]

² Portugal was united to Spain from 1580 to 1640. The proper nouns that occur in the ensuing paean to Lisbon are commented on in the scholarly editions of which a convenient one for American readers is to be found in *Cuatro Comedias*, ed. Hill and Harlan, W. W. Norton & Co., New York, 1941. [E.N.]

But just before its name it loses
And its own course, into the tide,
It makes a port in the sierras
Where ships of all the navies ride
That can be numbered in this world
Where like the pikes of massed battalions
The masts of caravels and galleons,
Dhows, galleys, schooners, barques, and sloops
Of Indians, Norsemen, or Italians,
In such innumerable troops
Are mustered upon either hand,
They seem to form a pine-wood city
Which Neptune rules for miles inland
Up on the side where sets the sun,
Guarding the port on either hand
Of where the Tagus makes its entry,
With many a grimly-snouted gun—
One called Cascaes and one Saint John,
Two fearsome fortresses keep sentry
The navies of the world to stun—
The mightiest strongholds on this Earth!
Just half a league along this firth
Is Belén, convent of Jerome—
The saint whose guardian was a lion
And for his emblem chose a stone—
Where Catholic and Christian princes
Are keeping their eternal home.
After this most astounding fabric,
Beyond Alcántara, you sally
A league, to reach Jabregas' convent
Which fills the centre of a valley
That is encircled by three slopes.
Here, with his paintbrush, would Apelles
Have to renounce his proudest hopes
For, seen from afar, there seem to be
Clusters of pearls hung from the sky,
Within whose vast immensity
Ten Romes would seem to multiply
In labyrinths of convents, churches
With streets and pathways winding by

To many a vast estate and mansion,
Extending to the sea and sky,
And on, in infinite expansion,
Through empires, sowing deathless seeds
Wherever thought of man can fly,
In buildings, arts and letters, deeds
Of glory, feats of arms, and high
Impartial rectitude of law.
But reaching nearest to the sky
And towering over all I saw,
Outrivaling the pen and sword,
The summit of her christian pity,
And, most of all to be adored,
The peak of this imperial city
Is in her vast Misericord!
The thing most worthy of amaze
That in this glorious pile I found
Was that, from its high top, the gaze
For seven leagues could sweep its rays
On sixty villages all round,
And each of them the sea, through bays,
Could reach, and at its door was found.
One of these ports is Olivelas
A convent where myself I counted
Eight hundred cells: the blessed nuns
To full twelve hundred souls amounte'd.
Lisbon just hereabouts contains
Full fifteen hundred parks and halls--
The sort that here in Andalusia
The populace "sortijo" calls,
And each with poplar groves and gardens,
Surrounded, too, with stately walls.
Right in the center of the city
Rucio lies, a noble square,
Well-paved, with statues, lawns, and fountains.
A century ago, just there,
The sea was lapping cold and green
But thirty thousand houses now,
From sea to city, intervene.
Where fishing yawls were wont to plough

A mighty township stands between.
The sea has lost its bearings here
And gone to rage in other parts
For here they call it New Street where
The treasure of the East imparts
Grandeur and wealth in such a wise
That there's one merchant counts his treasure
(So the king told me) not in coins
But in the old two-bushel measure
We use for fodder for our mules.
Terrero, so they call the place
Wherefrom the royal household rules,
Collects a countless shoal of boats
Constantly grounded in its port
From France and England. The royal court
Whose hands the passing Tagus kisses
Derives its name from its foundation
By him who conquered Troy—Ulysses.
And worthy such a derivation
Ulissibona was its name
As spoken by the Roman nation:
Lisbon's a shortening of the same.
The city arms are represented
By a great sphere on which displayed
Are the red wounds that Don Alonso
Got in the terrible Crusade.
In the great arsenal you spy
All kinds of vessels, among which
Those of the Conquest tower so high
That, looked at from the ground below,
Their mastheads seem to touch the sky.
It struck me as most excellent
That citizens, while they're at table,
Can buy great loads of living fish,
And most from their own doors are able
To catch as many as they wish,
And from the nets where salmon flounder
It's scarce a stone's throw to the dish.
Each afternoon a thousand laden
Vessels are docked, each by its shed,

With diverse merchandise and common
 Sustenance—oil, and wine, and bread,
 Timber, and fruits of all variety,
 With ice that's carried on the head
 And cried by women through the street.
 (They fetch it, from the peaked Estrella's
 Remote sierra, for the heat.)
 I could go on like this forever
 The city's marvels to repeat
 But it would be to count the stars,
 Number the sands, and grains of wheat . . .
 Of citizens two hundred thousand
 It boasts, and, what is more, a king
 Who kisses both your hands and wishes
 You all success in everything!

KING OF CASTILE. I couldn't have enjoyed so much
 Seeing the town in all its grandeur
 As this by your creative touch
 To have it brought before my eyes.
 By the way, have you children?

DON GONZALO. Sire,
 I have one daughter. She is such a beauty
 That Nature in her features may admire
 And marvel at herself.

KING OF CASTILE. Then let me give her
 In marriage, from my hand endowed.

DON GONZALO. My lord,
 Your will is mine. But who is it you've chosen?

KING OF CASTILE. Although he is not here, he's a Sevillian.
 Don Juan Tenorio is the young man's name.

DON GONZALO. I'll go and tell the news to Doña Ana,
 My daughter.

KING OF CASTILE. Go at once, Gonzalo. Yes,
 And let me have the answer very soon.

Seashore near Tarragona

Enter DON JUAN and CATALINÓN.

DON JUAN. Now go and get those horses ready
Since they are stabled close at hand.

CATALINÓN. Although I'm only just your servant
Catalinón, please understand,
Of decencies I am observant.
People don't say before my nose
Nor even yet behind my back:
"Catalinón is one of those . . ."
Bad names don't fit me. That's a fact.

DON JUAN. While these gay fishermen are spending
The hours in revel, fix the horses!
Gallop'g hoofs, when danger's pending,
Have always been my best recourses.

CATALINÓN. But surely, sir, you won't abuse her,
Who saved your life?

DON JUAN. As a seducer
You've always known me. Why, then, ask me
And with my own true nature task me?
Not only that: her hut I'll fire
To daze their minds while we retire.

CATALINÓN. Too well I know you are the scourge
Of womankind.

DON JUAN. I'm on the verge
Of dying for her: she's so good.

CATALINÓN. How generously you repay
Your entertainment!

DON JUAN. Understood!
Aeneas paid in the same way
The Queen of Carthage, you poor dolt!

CATALINÓN. The way you tempt the thunderbolt!
Those who cheat women with base sham

In the long run their crime will damn
After they're dead. You'll find out when!

DON JUAN. Well on the credit side I am
If you extend my debt till then
You'll wait till death to punish me.

CATALINÓN. Follow your bent. I'd sooner be
Catalinón than you in what
Pertains to cheating women. See!
The poor unhappy soul draws near.

DON JUAN. Saddle those horses, do you hear?
And get them ready, now, for dodging.

CATALINÓN. Poor trustful creature, oh, how dear
We've paid you for our board and lodging!

Exit CATALINÓN.

Enter THISBE.

THISBE. When I am not with you I seem without
Myself.

DON JUAN. Such a pretence I beg to doubt.

THISBE. Why so?

DON JUAN. If you loved me, you'd ease my soul.

THISBE. I'm yours.

DON JUAN. If you were truly mine heart-whole,
How could you kill me thus and make me wait?

THISBE. It is love's punishment at last I've found
In you, and that's what makes me hesitate.

DON JUAN. If, my beloved, I live solely in you
And ever so to serve you will continue
And give my life for you, why do you tarry
Since I shall be your husband? Yes, we'll marry!

THISBE. Our birth is too unequal.

DON JUAN. Love is king
And under him he matches everything:
Silk with sackcloth, lace with corduroy.

THISBE. I almost could believe you in my joy . . .
If men were not such cheats.

DON JUAN. With your least wish
You trawl me in your tresses like a fish.

THISBE. And I bow down beneath the hand and word
Of husband.

DON JUAN. Here I swear, O peerless eyes!
Where he who looks within them swoons and dies,
To be your husband.

THISBE. Darling, save your breath
But, oh, remember God exists—and death.

DON JUAN, *aside*. Yes, on the credit side I seem to be
If it's till death you'll keep on trusting me!
Aloud.

While God gives life, I'll be a slave to you,
And here's my hand and word to prove it's true.

THISBE. Now to repay you I shall not be coy.

DON JUAN. I cannot rest within myself for joy.

THISBE. Come, in my cabin love has built his nest
And there forever we shall be at rest.

Come in between these reeds, my love, and hide.

DON JUAN. But how on earth am I to get inside?

THISBE. I'll show you.

DON JUAN. With your glory, dearest bride,
You've lit my soul.

THISBE. May that compel you, love,
To keep your word. If not, may God above
Chastise you.

DON JUAN, *aside*. Well in credit I must be
If not till death my reckoning; lucky me!
Exeunt.

Enter CORIDÓN, ANFRISO, BELISA, *and* musicians.

CORIDÓN. Call Thisbe and the other folk
So that the guest alone may see
Our retinue.

BELISA. This is her cot.

ANFRISO. No better piece of ground could be
For dancing than this very spot.
Then call her out to join our glee.

CORIDÓN. Now, steady on, for can't you see
She's occupied with other guests?

There's going to be some jealousy—
Enough to fill a thousand breasts.

ANFRISO. Thisbe is envied far and wide.

HELISA. Let's sing a little to betide
Her coming, since we want to dance.

ANFRISO, *aside*. How can one's cares find peace and quiet
When jealousy within runs riot
And on our revel glares askance?

ALL, *singing*.

The girl went out to fish, she thought,
Casting her net among the shoals
But there instead of fish she caught
A thousand lovesick souls.

THEBE. Fire, oh, fire! I'm burning, burning!

My cabin burns, my flames and sighs.

Oh, sound the tocsin, friends, I'm turning

The water on from my own eyes!

My poor hut seems another Troy

Since love, eternally at war,

For want of cities to destroy

Must fire the cabins of the poor.

Fire, oh, fire, and water, water!

Have pity, love, don't scorch my spirits!

Oh, wicked cabin, scene of slaughter,

Where honour, vanquished in the fight,

Bled crimson! Vilest robber's den

And shelter of the wrongs I mourn!

O traitor guest, most curst of men,

To leave a girl, betrayed, forlorn!

You were a cloud drawn from the sea

To swamp and deluge me with tears!

Fire, oh, fire! and water, water!

Diminish, love, the flame that sears

My soul! I was the one that ever

Made fun of men and cheated them,

Then came a cavalier to sever

The thread, and by base stratagem

Destroy and kill my honour dead

By swearing marriage at his bait,

Enjoy me and profane my bed
 And, heartless, leave me to my fate.
 Oh, follow, follow him, and bring
 Him back to me. But no, do not!
 I'll take it even to the king
 And ask him to avenge my lot.
 Fire, oh, fire! and water, water!
 Have mercy, love, and grant me quarter.
Exit THESE.

CORIDÓN. Follow that fiendish cavalier!

ANFRISO. In silence I must bear my lot
 But I'll avenge me, never fear,
 Against this thankless, misbegot,
 Impostor of a cavalier.
 Come, let us catch him in the rear
 Because he flees in desperate plight
 And who knows whether, far or near,
 He may contrive more harm?

CORIDÓN. It's right
 That pride should finish, thus, in mire
 And such proud confidence should bite
 The dust at last.

THESE. Oh, fire! Oh, fire!

ANFRISO. She's thrown herself into the sea.

CORIDÓN. This! Don't do it! Stop! Retire!

THESE. Fire! Oh, fire! and water, water!
 O spare me, love, your furnace dire!
 Have pity on a poor man's daughter!

ACT II

The Alcazar at Seville

Enter KING OF CASTILE and DON DIEGO TENORIO.

KING OF CASTILE. What's that you say?

DON DIEGO. My lord, I know it's true.

This letter's just arrived here from my brother,
Your own ambassador. They caught him with
A noble beauty in the king's own quarters.

KING OF CASTILE. What sort of lady?

DON DIEGO. The Duchess Isabel.

KING OF CASTILE. But what temerity! Where is he now?

DON DIEGO. From you my liege I can't disguise the truth:
He's just arrived in Seville with one servant.

KING OF CASTILE. You know, Tenorio, I esteem you highly.

I'll get particulars from the King of Naples
And then we'll match the boy with Isabel
Relieving Duke Octavio of his woes,
Who suffers innocently. But, on this instant,
Exile Don Juan from the town.

DON DIEGO. My lord,
Where to?

KING OF CASTILE. He must leave Seville for Lebrija
Tonight, at once; and let him thank your merit
His sentence is so light. Meanwhile determine
What can be told Don Gonzalo de Ulloa.
For now the thought of marriage with his daughter
Is quite beyond the question.

DON DIEGO. Well, my liege,
I hope that your commands will be to honour
The lady in some other way as worthy
The child of such a father.

KING OF CASTILE. Here's a plan
That will absolve me from Gonzalo's anger:

I'll make him major-domo of the palace.

Enter a servant; afterwards, OCTAVIO.

SERVANT. A noble, sire, has just come from abroad.

He says he is the Duke Octavio.

KING OF CASTILE. The Duke Octavio?

SERVANT. Yes, my lord.

KING OF CASTILE. Let him enter.

OCTAVIO. A miserable pilgrim and an exile
Offers himself, great monarch, at your feet,
Forgetting all the hardships of his journey
In your great presence.

KING OF CASTILE. Duke Octavio!

OCTAVIO. I have come fleeing from the fierce pursuit
Of a demented woman, the result
Of the unconscious fault of some philanderer—
For which I have to seek your royal feet.

KING OF CASTILE. Already, Duke, I know your innocence.
I've written to the king my vassal, also
Restoring your estate, and any damage
You might have suffered owing to your absence.
I'll marry you in Seville (if you like
And she agrees) to one beside whose beauty
Isabel's would seem ugly, even were she
An angel. Don Gonzalo of Ulloa,
The grand commander of Calatrava
Whom pagan Moors praise highly in their terror
(For always cowards are flatterers and praisers)
Has a young daughter whose outstanding virtue's
A dowry in itself (I count it second
To beauty)—and a living marvel too!
She is the sun, the star of all Castile
And it is she I wish to be your wife.

OCTAVIO. The very undertaking of this voyage
Was worth while, sire, for this one thing alone
That I should know and do what gives you pleasure.

KING OF CASTILE, to DON DIEGO.

See that the duke is entertained and lodged
Down to his least requirement.

OCTAVIO. O my lord,
The man who trusts in you wins every prize.
You're first of the Alfonsos, though eleventh!
Exit KING OF CASTILE and DON DIEGO.

Enter RIPIO.

RIPIO. What's happened?

OCTAVIO. All my toil's rewarded well.
I told the king my wrongs. He honoured me.
Caesar was with the Caesar: as you see
I came, I saw, I conquered, and as well
He's going to marry me from his own palace
And make the King of Naples understand
And so repeal the law by which I'm banned.

RIPIO. With real good reason do they call this king
The benefactor of Castile. And so
He's offered you a wife?

OCTAVIO. Yes, a friend, a wife
And one from Seville. Seville breeds strong men
And bold ones and breeds strapping women too.
A dashing style within a veiling mantle
Which covers a pure sun of dazzling beauty
—Where do you see such things except in Seville?
I am so happy, it was worth my troubles.

Enter DON JUAN and CATALINÓN.

CATALINÓN, *aside to his master.*

Wait, sir, there is the injured duke,
Isabel's Sagittarius—
Rather, I'd say, her Capricorn.³

DON JUAN. Pretend.

CATALINÓN. You flatter those you sell.

DON JUAN. I went from Naples in such haste
Upon the summons of the king

³ In this elaborate allusion, Isabel stands to Octavio as Heracles to Sagittarius, who is also the ninth sign of the zodiac and as such is followed by Capricorn. Catalinón drags the latter in because of the connotation of horns—cuckoldom. For a fuller account of such points, the reader is again referred to the Hill and Harlan edition. [E.S.]

I had no time to say good-bye,
Octavio.

OCTAVIO. For such a thing
I hold you blameless.

Aside.

So we two
Today have met in Seville.

DON JUAN. Who
Would think I would see you in Seville
Where I would serve you if I may
At your commands in every way?
You leave good things behind, for Naples
Is good, but only Seville's worth
Exchanging for so fine a city
Of all the cities on this earth.

OCTAVIO. If you had told me that in Naples
Before I ever came this way
I would have laughed the thought to scorn
But now I credit what you say.
In fact you would have said much more:
Why such understatement, pray?
But who's that coming over there?

DON JUAN. The Marquis of la Mota! Now
I'll have to be discourteous . . .

OCTAVIO. If ever you should need my sword
I'm at your service, my good lord.

CATALINÓN, *aside.*

And if he wants another dame,
Too, to dishonour in your name
I suppose you're at his service just the same.

OCTAVIO. I'm very pleased with meeting you.

Exeunt OCTAVIO and RÍPIO.

Enter the MARQUESS OF LA MOTA with servant.

MARQUESS. All day I've been upon your track
But couldn't find you anywhere.
How strange you should be safely back
And your old friend be in despair
Of finding you!

DON JUAN. For heaven's sake,
That seems a lot of fuss to make,
What news in Seville?

MARQUIS. The whole court
Has changed.

DON JUAN. What women? Any sport?

MARQUIS. Of course.

DON JUAN. Inés?

MARQUIS. She has retired
To Vejel.

DON JUAN. Oh, she's time-expired!
And Constance?

MARQUIS. She's in sorry plight—
Moulting—both hair and eyebrows too!
A Portuguese said she was *old*
And she thought he meant *pretty*.

DON JUAN. True!
Our word for "lovely to behold"
Is like the Portuguese for "old."
And Theodora?

MARQUIS. Why, this summer
She cured herself of the French ill
That seemed about to overcome her,
Sweating it out in streams, until
She is grown so tender and polite
She pulled a tooth for me and quite
Surrounded me with heaps of flowers.

DON JUAN. And what of Julia Candlelight?
Does she still sell herself for trout?

MARQUIS. For stale salt cod, I have no doubt.

DON JUAN. How's Catafanas, the old slum?

MARQUIS. Why, crawling with the same old scum!

DON JUAN. Are those two sisters still on view?

MARQUIS. Yes, and that monkey of Toú
The Celestina, their old dame,
Who read them scriptures on the game.

DON JUAN. Oh, her! Beelzebub's old sow!
How is the elder of them now?

MARQUIS. She's spotless, and reformed at last,
And has a saint for whom to fast.⁴

DON JUAN. A single lover, and no share?

MARQUIS. She's firm and faithful as she's fair.

DON JUAN. The other?

MARQUIS. Leads a liveller dance
And never yet would miss her chance.

DON JUAN. What jokes or scandals have you played?
What harlots have you left unpaid?

MARQUIS. De Esquival and I both made
A cruel fraud last night. Tonight
We've got a better hoax in sight.

DON JUAN. I'll come with you. Tell me: what's brewing
I' the way of courting, suing, wooing?
For I already, sir, have got
My nest eggs hatching out a plot.

MARQUIS. Speak not of territory where
My heart is buried deep in care!

DON JUAN. How so?

MARQUIS. I love one that is not
Attainable.

DON JUAN. The girl, does she
Reject you?

MARQUIS. No, she favours me
And loves me.

DON JUAN. Who is it?

MARQUIS. My cousin,
Ana, who has arrived here newly.

DON JUAN. Where has she been?

MARQUIS. In Lisbon with
The embassy.

DON JUAN. Good-looking?

MARQUIS. Truly

⁴ Metaphor for being a kept woman true to one lover. [R.C.]

She's Nature's masterpiece. In her
Nature has strained her powers.

DON JUAN. Such beauty?
By God, I'd like to see her!

MARQUIS. Yes,
You'll see in her the greatest beauty
The king has seen in all his state.

DON JUAN. Get married then, since it's your fate.

MARQUIS. The king's betrothed her to some other.

DON JUAN. But she accepts it that you love her?

MARQUIS. Yes, and she writes me daily too.

CATALINÓN, *aside*. Keep your mouth shut or you'll be sorry:
Spain's greatest trickster marks his quarry.

DON JUAN. Who, then, more satisfied than you?

MARQUIS. I've come to see what resolution
Is taken on the lady's fate.

DON JUAN. Yes, go and see, and here I'll wait
For your return.

MARQUIS. I'll come back soon.

CATALINÓN, *to the servant*.
Mister Round or Mister Square,
Good-bye.

SERVANT. Good-bye.
Exeunt MARQUIS and servant.

DON JUAN, *to CATALINÓN*. Now we're alone.
Shadow the marquis, keep his track,
He went into the palace there.
See where he goes and then come back.
Exit CATALINÓN.

A servant woman at a barred window speaks to DON JUAN.

WOMAN. Who am I speaking to?

DON JUAN. Who called me?

WOMAN. Now, sir,
Seeing you are a good friend of the marquis,
Prudent and courteous, take this note, and give it

Into the marquis' hands, for it contains
The happiness and honour of a lady.

DON JUAN. As I'm a gentleman and his good friend
I swear to give it to him.

WOMAN. Stranger, thanks,
Good-bye.

The servant woman disappears.

DON JUAN. The voice has gone and I'm alone.
Does it not seem like magic, what has passed
This minute? That this letter should arrive
As if the wind were carrier to my thoughts
And luck my letter-box? Why, this must be
A letter to the marquis from the lady
His speeches so endeared to me. In Seville
I'm called the Trickster; and my greatest pleasure
Is to trick women, leaving them dishonoured.
As soon as I have left this little square
I'll open this and read it. Idle caution!
It makes me want to laugh outright. The paper's
Open already. And it's plain it's hers,
For there's her signature, and here it says:
"My unkind father secretly has forced me
To marry. I cannot resist. I doubt
If I can go on living, since it's death
That he has given me. If you respect
My will and my dear love of you, then show it
This once. For, just to see how I adore you,
Come to my door this evening at eleven
And you will find me waiting, and it open,
So to enjoy the very crown of love.
Wear for a signal (that the maids may know it
And let you in) a cape of crimson colour.
My love, I trust in you; farewell; your own
Unhappy love." Why, it's as good as done!
Oh, I could roar with laughter! I'll enjoy her
By the same trick that lured the other one,
Isabel, back in Naples.

Enter CATALINÓN.

- CATALINÓN. Here's the marquis
 Returning now.
- DON JUAN. Tonight the two of us
 Have lots to do.
- CATALINÓN. You've some new swindle!
- DON JUAN. This one's a wonder!
- CATALINÓN. Well, I disapprove.
 You claim that we'll escape being caught out
 But those who live by cheating must be cheated
 In the long run.
- DON JUAN. You've turned a bloody preacher,
 Have you, you cheeky boor?
- CATALINÓN. Right makes men brave!
- DON JUAN. Yes, and fear makes men cowards, just like you.
 You earn by serving. If you'd always earn,
 Act always on the spot. He who does most
 Wins most.
- CATALINÓN. . And those who say and do the most
 Collide with things the most and come to grief.
- DON JUAN. But now I'm warning you! So, for the last
 Time, listen, for I shan't warn you again!
- CATALINÓN. Well, yes, from now, whatever you command
 I'll do as if you were flanked on either side
 By a tiger and an elephant, Don Juan!
- DON JUAN. Hark! here's the marquis.
- CATALINÓN. Must he be the victim?
Enter MARQUIS OF LA MOTA.
- DON JUAN. Out of this casement, Marquis, someone gave me
 A very courteous message for yourself.
 I could not see who gave it but the voice
 Was of a woman, and she said at twelve
 You are to go in secret to the door,
 Which at that hour will be open to you,
 And you must wear a cape of crimson colour
 So that the maids will know you.
- MARQUIS. What?
- DON JUAN. This message

Was passed me at the window here without
My seeing who it was who whispered it.

MARQUIS. This message has restored my life, dear friend:
May God reward you for it without end!

DON JUAN. I haven't got your cousin here inside
So why should your embraces be applied
To one so worthless?

MARQUIS. You delight me so
That I am quite outside myself, I know.
O sun, go down!

DON JUAN. It slopes towards its setting.

MARQUIS. Come, friends. Come, night. My reason I'm for-
getting.
I'm mad with joy.

DON JUAN. One sees that quite all right.
You'll reach the peak at twelve o'clock tonight.

MARQUIS. Crown of my very soul! My heart's delight
Who are to crown my loving faith tonight!

CATALINÓN, *aside*. Dear Christ! I would not even bet a dozen
Bad halfpennies on that beloved cousin.

Exit the MARQUIS and enter DON DIEGO.

DON DIEGO. Don Juan!

CATALINÓN. Your father calls you.

DON JUAN. At your orders.

DON DIEGO. I'd like to see you far better behaved,
Good-natured, with a better reputation.
Can it be possible you wish to kill me
With your behaviour?

DON JUAN. Why in such a state?

DON DIEGO. For your behaviour and your madness now
The king has bade me ban you from the city,
For he is justly angered by a crime
Which, though you hid it from me, *he* has heard of
In Seville here—a crime so grave and evil
I scarcely dare to name it. Make a cuckold
Of your best friend and in the royal palace!
May God reward you as your sins deserve:

For though it now appear that God above
 Puts up with you, consenting to your crimes,
 The punishment is certain—and how fearful
 For those who've taken His great name in vain!
 His justice is tremendous after death.

DON JUAN. What, after death? How long you give me credit!
 A long, long time, before I need repentance!

DON DIEGO. It will seem short when you receive your sentence.

DON JUAN. And now what would His Highness with myself?
 Will it be for a long, long time as well?

DON DIEGO. Until you have repaired the august insult
 Done to the Duke Octavio, and appeased
 The scandals you have caused with Isabel,
 You have to live in exile in Lebrija.
 The king requires you go there instantly.
 The sentence is too slight for such a crime.

CATALINÓN, *aside*. And if he also knew about the case
 Of that poor fishergirl the good old man
 Would be far angrier.

DON DIEGO. Since no punishment,
 Nor anything I say or do, affects you,
 Your chastisement I here confide to God.

Exit.

CATALINÓN. The dear old man was overcome.

DON JUAN. Tears are well suited to old age.

Well now, the night is coming down.

We'll seek the marquis. Come, my page.

CATALINÓN. And now you will enjoy his bride.

DON JUAN. Which promises to be great sport.

CATALINÓN. Pray God that we come out of it
 Alive!

DON JUAN. Now, now!

CATALINÓN. I think the best
 Way to describe you, sir, would be
 As a locust to whom girls are grass,
 And so by public proclamation
 Whenever you're about to arrive

TOWNS should be warned: "Here comes the plague
Of women in a single man
Who is their cheater and betrayer,
The greatest trickster in all Spain."

DON JUAN. You've given me a charming name.

It is night time.

Enter the MARQUIS with musicians who move up and down the stage.

MUSICIANS, *singing.*

To him who waits a promised pleasure
Delay is like despair to measure.

MARQUIS. May never break of day destroy
The night in which I take my joy.

DON JUAN. What's this?

CATALINÓN. Why, music.

MARQUIS, *aside.* It appears

The poet speaks to me.

Aloud.

Who's there?

DON JUAN. Friend!

MARQUIS. It's Don Juan?

DON JUAN. The marquis, you?

MARQUIS. Who other would it be?

DON JUAN. I knew

You by the coloured cape you wear.

MARQUIS, *to the musicians.*

Sing, since Don Juan's come here to.

MUSICIANS, *singing.*

To him who waits a promised pleasure
Delay is like despair to measure.

DON JUAN. Whose house is that you gaze at so?

MARQUIS. Why, Don Gonzalo's.

DON JUAN. Where shall we go?

MARQUIS. To Lisbon.⁸

⁸ "Evidently refers to a street or district of Seville inhabited by Portuguese courtesans" [Hill and Harlan, *op. cit.*].

- DON JUAN. How,
Being in Seville?
- MARQUIS. Don't you know?
And do you wonder that the worst
Of Portugal live on the first
And best of Spain, right here and now?
- DON JUAN. Where do they live?
- MARQUIS. Why, in the street
Called "Of the Serpent." There one sees
Adam, become a Portuguese,
Wooing a thousand Eves to eat
And take a bite out of their pockets.
And, sure, it's quite a hole they make
With all those big doubloons and ducats.
- DON JUAN. You run along there while you can.
I have to play a scurvy joke.
- MARQUIS. I'm being shadowed by a man
Some pimp or bravo . . .
- DON JUAN. Leave him to me.⁶
I shan't let him escape, you'll see.
- MARQUIS. Around your arm, then, wrap this cloak
The better so to deal your stroke.
- DON JUAN. A good idea; then come and show
The house to which I have to go.
- MARQUIS. Now, while you carry out the plan,
Alter your voice and talk as though
You were indeed some other man.
D'you see that "jealousy"?
- DON JUAN. I do.
- MARQUIS. Then go to it and whisper there:
"Beatrice." Then pass right through.
- DON JUAN. What sort of woman?
- MARQUIS. Soft and pink.
- CATALENÓN. Some water-cooling jar, I think.
- MARQUIS. I'll wait for you at Gradas Stair.

⁶ Here Don Juan takes on Mota's enterprise, which proved more dangerous than the latter had bargained for. [a.c.]

DON JUAN. Till then, dear Marquis! I'll be there.

CATALINÓN. Now whither bound?

DON JUAN. Shut up, you bear!

I go to where my jest is played.

CATALINÓN. Nothing escapes you unbetrayed.

DON JUAN. I adore cheating.

CATALINÓN. Now to the bull!

Pass me your cape.

DON JUAN. Not so, the fool

Beast has passed his cape to me.

MUSICIANS. The trick appeals to such as we.

MARQUIS. That is succeeding by mistake.

MUSICIANS. And the whole world doth errors make.

MUSICIANS, *singing*.

When one awaits a promised pleasure

Delay is like despair to measure.

Room in the House of DON GONZALO

DOÑA ANA *within*, with DON JUAN and CATALINÓN

DOÑA ANA, *within*. False friend, you're not the marquis! You have tricked me!

DON JUAN. I tell you who I am.

DOÑA ANA, *within*. False foe, you lie!

Enter DON GONZALO with drawn sword.

DON GONZALO. I hear my daughter Doña Ana's voice.

DOÑA ANA, *within*. Will nobody kill this false traitor here, The murderer of my honour?

DON GONZALO. Can such effrontery exist? She said:

"My honour murdered." Then alas for me!

Her giddy tongue is like a bell to clamour

Our sad disgrace to all.

DOÑA ANA, *within*. Kill him!

DON JUAN and CATALINÓN enter with drawn swords.

DON JUAN. Who's this?

DON GONZALO. The closed and fallen barbican is here
Of the strong fortress of my honour, which,
Base traitor, you have falsely undermined,
Though there my life was warden.

DON JUAN. Let me pass!

DON GONZALO. Pass? You shall pass the point of this bare sword.

DON JUAN. You'll die for this.

DON GONZALO. That is no matter.

DON JUAN. Look,

I'll have to kill you.

DON GONZALO. Die yourself, base traitor.

DON JUAN, thrusting with sword.

This is the way I die.

CATALINÓN, aside. If I get free

Then no more feasts and scurvy tricks for me!

DON GONZALO. He's given me my death.

DON JUAN. You took your life

By being rash.

DON GONZALO. What use was it to me?

DON JUAN. Come, let us run.

Exeunt DON JUAN and CATALINÓN.

DON GONZALO. My frozen blood you've swelled

With fury. I am dead. I can expect

No better thing. My fury will pursue you.

You are a traitor, and a traitor is

A traitor, being first of all a coward.

He dies. Servants enter and carry off the corpse.

Enter MARQUIS OF LA MOTA and musicians.

MARQUIS. Now midnight will be striking soon:

Don Juan's⁷ surely very late.

How hard a thing it is—to wait.

Re-enter DON JUAN and CATALINÓN.

⁷ R.C. evidently used the traditional, anglicized pronunciation of Don Juan—Byron rhymed it with "true one." [E.S.]

DON JUAN. Is that the marquis?

MARQUIS. You're Don Juan?

DON JUAN. I am. Here, take your cape.

MARQUIS. Your pranks . . .

DON JUAN. Have had a most funereal end
In death.

CATALINÓN. Oh, flee from the dead man!

MARQUIS. Tell me, whom did you trick, my friend?

CATALINÓN, *aside*. You are the latest victim, thanks
To him.

DON JUAN. This prank has cost most dear.

MARQUIS. Don Juan, the whole debt I'll clear . . .
Because the girl will be complaining
Of me . . .

DON JUAN. The stroke of twelve draws near.

MARQUIS. May never break of day destroy
The night in which I take my joy!

DON JUAN. Farewell then, Marquis!

CATALINÓN. What a treat
Awaits the wretch!

DON JUAN. Let's run!

CATALINÓN. My feet
Than wings of eagles feel more fleet.

Exeunt except the MARQUIS OF LA MOTA and servants.

MARQUIS. Now you can all go home. I'll go
Alone.

SERVANTS. God made the night for sleeping.
Exeunt servants.

VOICES *within*. Was ever such a sight of woe?
Alas! How pitiless a blow!

MARQUIS. God shield me! I hear cries and weeping
Resounding from the castle square.
At such an hour what could it be?
Ice freezes all my chest. I see
What seems another Troy affare,
For torches now come wildly gleaming

With giant flames like comets streaming
 And reeking from their pitchy hair,
 A mighty horde of tarry hanks.
 Fire seems to emulate the stars
 Dividing into troops and ranks.
 I'll go and find out . . .

Enter DON DIEGO TENORIO and guards with torches.

DON DIEGO. Who goes there?

MARQUIS. One who would know of this affair,
 And why there's such a hue and cry.

DON DIEGO, *to the guards.*

Bind him!

MARQUIS, *drawing his sword.*

What? Me? I'd sooner die!

DON DIEGO. Give me your sword. The greatest valour
 Is speech without recourse to steel.

MARQUIS. And is it this that you would deal
 With me, the Marquis of la Mota?

DON DIEGO. Your sword! Whatever you may feel,
 The king has ordered your arrest!

MARQUIS. Ye gods!

Enter the KING OF CASTILE and his attendants.

KING OF CASTILE. Through Spain from east to west
 See that he can't escape. As well
 In Italy (for who can tell
 If he should get there?) start the quest.

DON DIEGO. He is here.

MARQUIS. Then, sire, I'm apprehended,
 Truly, by your own orders. Why?

KING OF CASTILE. Take him, and have his head suspended
 Upon a rampart near the sky.
 —Don't linger in my presence, sir.

MARQUIS, *aside.* The ecstasies of am'rous passion
 Always so light as they occur
 Grow heavy after in this fashion.
 "There's many a slip," once said the sage.
 But why the king's revengeful rage?

Aloud.

I can't make out what crime I've done.

DON DIEGO. You know as well as anyone.

MARQUIS. Me?

DON DIEGO. Come!

MARQUIS. What strange confusion!

KING OF CASTILE.

Try him

And cut his head off before day.

For the commander, don't deny him

Solemnity and grave display

Such as men grant to royal or sacred

Persons. The funeral must be grand.

Statue and tomb of bronze and stone

With Gothic letters see them planned

Proclaiming vengeance is at hand.

And where has Doña Ana gone?

DON DIEGO. To sanctuary swift she ran

In the convent of Our Heavenly Queen.

KING OF CASTILE. This loss is grave, for such a man

Has Calatrava seldom seen.

Countryside near Dos Hermanas

*Enter a betrothed couple, BATICIO and AMINTA. Also
GASINO, BELISA, and shepherd musicians.*

MUSICIANS, *singing.*

Brightly April's sun shines over

The orange flowers and scented clover

But though she serve him as a star

Aminta shines out lovelier far.

BATICIO. Upon this carpet made of flowers,

When the red earth seems turned to snow,

The sun exhausts his dazzling powers

And freshens to his dawning glow.

Come, let us sit, for such a place

Invites us with its charm and grace.

AMINTA, *to the singers.*

A thousand, thousand favors show
To my betrothed, Batricio.

MUSICIANS, *singing.*

Brightly April's sun shines over
The orange flowers and scented clover
But though she serve him as a star
Aminta shines out lovelier far.

CASENO, *to the singers.*

As well has sung each lad and lass
As sings the choir at Holy Mass!

BATRICIO. Aminta, when the sun sees thee

It is o'erwhelmed with jealousy!

AMINTA. Batricio, when I hear thee,

I hear the voice of flattery!
But take my thanks, good lad, for soon
I'll be content to be the moon
If thou'lt give light to everyone
And be the all-commanding sun.
I'll wax and wane contentedly
Taking my light, dear sun, from thee!
May the dawn ever sing to us
Its subtle salutation, thus:

MUSICIANS, *singing.*

Brightly April's sun shines over
The orange flowers and scented clover
But though she serve him as a star
Aminta shines out lovelier far.

Enter CATALINÓN in travelling clothes.

CATALINÓN. Good people all, for your espousal

More guests have come to the carousal.

CASENO. Let everybody be invited.

I hope that all will be delighted.

Who's coming?

CATALINÓN. Don Juan Tenorio.

CASENO. The old one?

CATALINÓN. No, I mean the young.

CASENO. He must be something of a rake.

BATRICIO, *aside*. This omen very hard I take.

For being a cavalier and young,
It brings on envy, takes off lustre.

Aloud.

Who gave him notice of our muster?

CATALINÓN. He heard of it along the road.

BATRICIO, *aside*. That to the devil must be owed.

But why anticipate the load?

Aloud.

Then come to my sweet wedding night
All those who wish to dance and dine

Aside.

Except that one of them's a knight:
I take this as an evil sign.

CASENO. Let the Colossus be invited
From Rhodes, the Pope and Prester John

With Don Alfonso the Eleventh,
His court, and all who follow on!

Loaves of bread are piled in mountains

For this wedding! Wine stands ready

To overflow in springs, in fountains,

In Taguses and Guadalquivirs!

Babels and Babylons of ham,

Thrushes and quails in timid flocks

Are here your bulging sides to cram—

And tender doves and basted cocks!

To Dos Hermanas, welcome here!

Bring in the noble cavalier

To honour these white hairs of mine!

BELISA. Son of the chancellor!

BATRICIO. A sign

Of evil is this guest of mine

For they must place him by my bride.

To eat and drink I am not zealous

Since heaven dooms me to be jealous,

To love, to suffer, and abide.

Enter DON JUAN.

DON JUAN. I heard by chance there was a marriage-feast
 When I was passing by this village here
 And so I've come to revel in it too
 Being so lucky as to pass just then.

GASENO. Your Lordship comes to honour and ennoble it.

BATHICIO, *aside*. And I, who am the host and master, say,
 Within me, that you come in evil hour.

GASENO. Won't you make room there for the cavalier!

DON JUAN. With your permission, I will take this place.
Sits next to the bride.

BATHICIO. If you sit down before me, sir, you'll seem
 The bridegroom.

DON JUAN. If I were, I could choose worse!

GASENO. He is the bridegroom.

DON JUAN. Oh, I beg your pardon
 For my mistake.

CATALINÓN, *aside*. Oh, poor unhappy bridegroom!

DON JUAN, *aside to CATALINÓN*.
 He seems annoyed.

CATALINÓN. I'm quite aware of that
 But if he has to serve you for a bull
 What does it matter if he seems annoyed?
 I would not give one horn-toss for his wife
 Nor for his honour. Poor unhappy man
 To fall into the hands of Lucifer!

DON JUAN. Can it be possible I am so lucky?
 I'm almost feeling jealous of your husband.

AMINTA. You seem to flatter me.

BATHICIO, *aside*. Well is it said:
 "A great one at a wedding brings bad luck."

GASENO. Come, let us eat and drink a while
 So that your Lordship, while we dine,
 May rest himself!

DON JUAN *takes AMINTA'S hand*.

DON JUAN. Why hide your hand?

AMINTA. It's mine.

- CASENO. Let's go.
- BELISA. Strike up the song again!
- DON JUAN. What do you make of it?
- CATALINÓN. I fear a vile
Death at the hands of those same sturdy peasants.
- DON JUAN. What lovely eyes and spotless hands—
They're burning me with flaming torches!
- CATALINÓN. It's *you* will brand *her* with your mark
Then put her out to winter-grazing,
Three little lambs, and this makes four.*
- DON JUAN. How all of them are staring at me!
- BATRICIO. It is an evil-boding thing
A noble at my wedding.

- CASENO. Sing!¹⁰
- BATRICIO. God! I feel as if I'm dying.

- CATALINÓN, *aside*.
They sing now, who will soon be crying.

* Isabel, Thisbe, Doña Ana, and now Aminta. As Act II closes, we have met all of the Don's women as far as this play is concerned; the threads are drawn together in the third and last act. [E. B.]

¹⁰ Caseno's trying to keep up appearances. [B. C.]

ACT III

CASENO's house in Dos Hermanas

Enter BATRUCIO, pensivo.

BATRUCIO. Jealousy, timepiece of our cares, who strikes
 Fierce torments and alarms at every hour,
 Torments, with which you kill, although you give
 Disjointed blows, cease from tormenting me,
 Since it's absurd that, if love gives me life,
 You should give death. What do you wish of me,
 Sir Cavalier, that you torment me so?
 Well did I say, seeing him at my wedding:
 "An evil omen." Was it not well done
 That he should sit beside my bride, not letting
 Me even put my hand in my own plate?
 Because each time I tried to do so, he
 Would brush it off exclaiming: "What ill breeding!"
 And when I turned to others and complained
 They answered: "You have nothing to complain of!
 Don't take this thing so hard! And don't get scared!
 At court it's quite the custom. Just keep quiet!"
 The custom! And they laughed! Fine custom that!
 A worse one (in my eyes) than that of Sodom!
 Another man at table with the bride
 While the bridegroom goes hungry! And this other
 Kept saying to me: "Don't you eat that, ha?"
 The scoundrel then would snatch it from my plate
 Saying that I was wrong not to enjoy it.
 I am ashamed. This wedding was a jest
 And not a marriage. None will suffer me,
 Nor let me pass among them. Now he's supped
 With both of us, I suppose he has to come
 To bed with us, and, when I take my wife,
 To chide me: "What ill breeding! What ill breeding!"
 He's coming now. I can't resist. I'll hide.
 But that can't be, since he has seen me now.

Enter DON JUAN.

DON JUAN. Batricio.

BATRICIO. Yes, my lord.

DON JUAN. It's just to tell you—

BATRICIO, *aside*. What can it be but more ill luck for me?

DON JUAN. It's just to tell you that I lost my soul

Some days ago to our Aminta and

Enjoyed . . .

BATRICIO. Her honour?

DON JUAN. Yes.

BATRICIO, *aside*. A certain proof

Is all that I've just seen. Did she not love him

He never would have ventured to her house.

Aloud, to DON JUAN.

She's only proved a woman, after all.

DON JUAN. Aminta, in the end, grew jealous, desperate

In fact, thinking herself forgotten by me,

And being married to another man,

And so she wrote this letter sending for me

And in return I promised to enjoy

That which our souls had promised long ago.

Well, that's how things stand. Give your life a chance.

For ruthlessly I'll kill whoever stops us.

BATRICIO. Why, if you leave it to my choice, I'll further

Your wishes. For when rumour breathes abroad,

Honour and woman suffer worst of all,

And women in the general opinion

Will always lose more than they gain. For women

Are tested, just as bells are, by their sound,

And it is known how reputation suffers

When in the common speech a woman's name

Rings with the sound of a cracked bell. Since you

Subdue me, I no longer want the bliss

That love commanded me to take. A woman

Half good, half bad is like a piece of gold

Seen in the twilight. For a thousand years

Enjoy her, sir! I'd sooner die un-hoodwinked

Than live the dupe of others.

Exit.

DON JUAN. Through his honour
I conquered him, and always, with these peasants
They hold their honour in both hands, and look
To their own honour first. For honour
Was forced, by so much falsity and fraud,
To leave the city for the countryside.
But now, before I work the final damage,
I shall pretend to remedy it too.
I'll go and talk to her old father and get him
To authorise the deed against his will.
O stars of morning, give me luck in this
Deception since you keep the payment, due
In death, for such a long, long time ahead!
Exit.

*Enter AMINTA and BELISA.*¹⁰

BELISA. See, where your bridegroom comes, Aminta. Come,
Enter and strip.

AMINTA. Of this unhappy wedding,
I don't know what to think. For my Batricio
All day was bathed in melancholy tears.
All's jealousy and wild confusion. What
A terrible misfortune!

BELISA. But what young knight
Was that . . . ?¹¹

AMINTA. Leave me, for I am all confusion
Since Shamelessness was made a knight of Spain.
Evil befall the knight that lost me my
Good husband!

BELISA. Quiet! for I think he's coming.
Let no one tread the floor of so robust
A bridegroom.

AMINTA. Now farewell, my dear Belisa.

¹⁰ Belisa in the dark mistakes Don Juan for the bridegroom coming. [r.c.]

¹¹ There are two interpretations of this. I take it that Belisa, who was a snob and formerly proclaimed Don Juan's rank, pretends to be ignorant when he becomes unpopular. [r.c.]

HELISA. You will appease his anger in your arms.

Exit.

AMINTA. May it please Heaven my sighs might seem endearments

And these poor tears appear to him caresses!

Exeunt.

Enter DON JUAN, CATALINÓN, GASENO.

DON JUAN. Good-bye, Gaseno.

GASENO. Let me keep you company

So that I may congratulate my daughter.

DON JUAN. Oh, there'll be time enough for that tomorrow.

GASENO. Yes, you are right. I offer my own soul

Together with the girl.

DON JUAN. Rather, my bride.

Exit GASENO.

DON JUAN. Catalinón, go saddle up.

CATALINÓN. For when?

DON JUAN. For dawn, and when the sun, half-dead with laughter,

Rises to see the hoax.

CATALINÓN. For in Lebríja

There is another bridal that awaits us.

For God's sake, hasten with the one in hand.

DON JUAN. But this will be the greatest hoax of all.

CATALINÓN. I only hope we come out safely from it.

DON JUAN. Seeing my father is chief justice and

The king's most private friend, what can you fear?

CATALINÓN. God is accustomed to take vengeance on

Those who use privacy just to deprive,

And often, when there's gambling on, spectators

Are apt to lose as badly as the gamblers.

I've long been a spectator of your gambles,

And for this office I would dread to be

Struck by the thunderbolt to dust and cinders

When it gets you.

DON JUAN. Go saddle up those horses!

Tomorrow night I have to sleep in Seville.

CATALINÓN. In Seville?

DON JUAN. Yes.

CATALINÓN. What are you saying? Look
At what you've done, master, and look how short
Even the longest life is until death!
And there's a hell behind the gates of death.

DON JUAN. If you concede me such a long, long time
You'll be deceived . . .

CATALINÓN. Listen, my lord!

DON JUAN. Get out!
Get out! You bore me with your farfetched fears!

CATALINÓN. How we admire the fearless Scythian
The brave Galician, Persian, Lybian!
But, I confess, for all of me,
They all can keep their bravery.
Exit.

DON JUAN. Night spreads across the world. Silence is black.
The Pleiades now tread the highest pole
'Mid starry clusters. Now I set my trap.
Love guides me to my joy—none can resist him.
I've got to reach her bed. Aminta!

AMINTA. Who
Calls for Aminta? Is it Batricio?
He is at her door. She comes out, as from bed.

DON JUAN. I'm not Batricio. No.

AMINTA. Then, who?

DON JUAN. Look slowly,
And you'll see who I am.

AMINTA. Why, sir, I'm lost,
With you outside my bedroom at these hours!

DON JUAN. Such are the hours that I am wont to keep.

AMINTA. Return, or I shall shout. Please don't exceed
The courtesy you owe to my Batricio.
You'll find, in *Dos Hermanas*, there are Romans—
Emilias and Lucreces who avenge!

DON JUAN. Just bear two words and hide the blushing scarlet
Of your fair cheeks deep down within your heart!

AMINTA. Go, go! My husband's coming.

DON JUAN. I'm your husband.

So what have you to marvel at?

AMINTA. Since when?

DON JUAN. FROM NOW ON, and forever, I am he!

AMINTA. But who arranged the marriage?

DON JUAN. My delight.

AMINTA. And who was it that married us?

DON JUAN. Your eyes.

AMINTA. By what authority?

DON JUAN. Why, that of sight!

AMINTA. But does Batricio know?

DON JUAN. Yes! He forgets you.

AMINTA. Has he forgotten me?

DON JUAN. Yes. I adore you.

AMINTA. How?

DON JUAN. Thus with all my heart I swoon before you.

AMINTA. Get out!

DON JUAN. How can I when you see I'm dying
With love for you alone?

AMINTA. What shameless lying!

DON JUAN. Aminta, listen and you'll know the truth,
Since women are the friends of truth. I am
A noble knight, the heir of the Tenorios,
The conquerors of Seville. And my father,
Next to the king, is honoured and esteemed
Beyond all men in court. Upon his lips
Hang life or death according to his word.
Travelling on my road, by merest chance,
I came and saw you. Love ordains these things
And guides them, so that even He, Himself,
Forgets that they were anything but chance.
I saw you, I adored you, I was kindled
So that I am determined now to wed you.
Even though the king forbid it, and my father
In anger and with threats tries to prevent it,
I have to be your husband. What's your answer!

AMINTA. I don't know what to say. Your so-called "truths"
 Are covered with deceitful rhetoric—
 Because if I am married to Batricio
 (As is well known) the fact is not annulled
 Even if he deserts me.

DON JUAN. Non-consummation,
 Either by malice or deceit, is reason
 For an annulment.

AMINTA. In Batricio all
 Was simple truth.

DON JUAN. Tush! Come, give me your hand,
 And let's confirm our vows.

AMINTA. You're not deceiving?

DON JUAN. I'd be the one deceived.

AMINTA. Then swear before me
 To carry out your promised word.

DON JUAN. I swear
 By this white hand, a winter of pure snow.

AMINTA. Swear then, to God. Pray that he curse your soul
 If you should fail!

DON JUAN. If in my word and faith
 I fail, I pray to God that by foul treason
 I be murdered by a man!

Aside.

I mean a dead one,
 For living man, may God forbid!

AMINTA. This promise
 Has made me your own wife.

DON JUAN. My very soul
 I offer you between my outstretched arms.

AMINTA. My life and soul are yours.

DON JUAN. Ah, my Aminta,
 Tomorrow you will walk in silver buskins
 Studded with tacks of gold from heel to toe.
 Your alabaster throat will be imprisoned
 In necklaces of diamonds and rubies,

And your white fingers, in their flashing rings,
Will seem transparent pearls.

AMINTA. From now to yours

My will bows down, and I am yours alone.

DON JUAN, *aside*. Little you know the Trickster of Seville!

Near Tarragona

Enter ISABEL and FABIO in travelling costume with an oxcart.

ISABEL. He robbed me of my master—
By treason—of the man whom I adored!
O pitiless disaster
To truth! O night abhorred!
Black mask of day, who aided the deceit,
Antipode of the sun, and spouse of sleep!

FABIO. What serves it, Isabel,
Always upon your sorrows so to dwell?
—If love is naught but cunning,
Always through fields of scorn and anger running,
If he who laughs today
Tomorrow has to weep his woes away?
The sea is swelled with anger
And from this mighty tempest and its clangour,
Out of the foamy welter,
Duchess, the galleys now have sun for shelter
Beneath the towers that crown
This rocky strand.

ISABEL. Where are we?

FABIO. At the town

Of Tarragona. Hence,
By land, we'll reach the city of Valence
In very little time,
The palace of the sun, a most sublime
And stately city. There
For several days you may divert your care
And then to Seville sailing

You'll see the world's eighth wonder. What of failing
 To win Octavio's hand?
 Don Juan is more famous in the land!
 Then why so sad? They say
 He's made a count already. Anyway,
 The king himself is giving
 Your hand to him. Of all the nobles living
 The nearest to the king,
 His father is the first in everything.

ISABEL. My sadness is not due
 To marrying Don Juan, since it's true
 He is most nobly born
 And the world knows it. What makes me forlorn
 Is honour which, though wife,
 I must lament the years of all my life.

FABIO. A fishermaid appears
 Sighing most tenderly and bathed in tears.
 Surely she's come to you
 Some favour or some sympathy to woo.
 So while I fetch your train
 You two may all the sweetlier complain
 Together.

Exit FABIO and enter THESE.

THESE. Sea of Spain,
 Rough sea with waves of fire and fleeting foam!
 Burned Troy of my poor home!
 O fire, conceived and hatched deep in the main,
 Which waves brought forth,¹² to turn
 Again to running water, though it burn
 With flames in these salt tears.
 Cursed be the wood that on the wave careers
 To work the woe that was Medea's!
 Cursed be those that had the mad ideas
 Of twisting hemp or lint
 To crucify the canvas on a splint
 And be the engines of deceiving—
 Serpents of rope their deep enchantments weaving!

¹² Don Juan was the fire who came to her out of the water and then produced more water in the form of her tears. [n.n.]

ISABEL. Why, lovely fishermaid,
Do you make complaint so sadly of the sea?

THISBE. Why, madam, I have made
A thousand such, and happy must you be
To laugh at such a thing.

ISABEL. I also have such sad complaints to sing.
Where are you from?

THISBE. Behind
There, where sore-wounded by the wind
You see those huts, the gales
Over them so victoriously rampage
That through their shattered pales
Each bird can find a nesting place, their rage
Forces so many a rift!
Of these great bulls, are you the prize they left,
O beautiful Europa, in this cart?

ISABEL. Though much against my heart,
They're taking me to Seville to be wed.

THISBE. If my sad lot has bred
Some pity in you, and if you as well
Some woes of the injurious sea can tell,
Then take me with you, and I'll be your slave.
I have an audience with the king to crave
For reparation of an evil hoax
Played by a noble on us humble folks.
Lifeless and stranded by the angry wave
Was Don Juan de Tenorio, whom to save
I sheltered until he was out of danger,
When this ungrateful and relentless stranger
Proved to my foot a viper in the grass.
With promises of marriage he confused me
And for his own mere pleasure then abused me.
Woe to the woman who believes man's oath!
He ran away and left me to my woe.
Say have I right to vengeance then, or no?

ISABEL. O cursed woman, hold your tongue,
By which even to death I have been stung!
After reflecting.

But, if it's grief that's actuating you,
It's not your fault. Proceed! But is it true?

THISBE. How happy, were it false!

ISABEL. Woe to the woman who believes man's oath!
Who's coming with you?

THISBE. One old fisherman,
My father, and the witness of my wrongs.

ISABEL. No vengeance can suffice so great an evil.
Come in my company, and welcome both!

THISBE. Woe to the woman who believes man's oath.

*The cloister or nave of a church in Seville. In one of the side chapels is the tomb of the commander Don Gonzalo with a statue of the dead man.*¹³

Enter DON JUAN and CATALINÓN.

CATALINÓN. I tell you things are looking bad.

DON JUAN. How so?

CATALINÓN. First, that Octavio has got to know
That hoax in Italy. The marquis, too,
Knows that the message which he got from you
And which you said his cousin gave was faked.
Then Isabela's on the way: she's staked
A marriage claim, and also it is spoken . . .

DON JUAN. Here, hold your tongue!

Hitting him.

CATALINÓN. Look, master, you have broken
A molar in my mouth.

DON JUAN. Then hold your jaw.

Who told you all this nonsense?

CATALINÓN. Nonsense?

DON JUAN. Yes.

¹³ Fugitives from justice cannot be arrested in a church in Seville. That is why Don Juan goes to one. [a.c.]

CATALINÓN. It's gospel truth!

DON JUAN. I don't care if it is.

And what if Duke Octavio tries to kill me—

Have I not hands as well? Where is our lodging?

CATALINÓN. Down in the darkest, hidden street.

DON JUAN. That's good.

CATALINÓN. Here in this church, it's holy ground.

DON JUAN. Just so.

D'you think they'll kill me here in broad daylight?

And have you seen the groom from Dos Hermanas?

CATALINÓN. I saw him, too, looking both grim and sad.

DON JUAN. For two whole weeks Aminta has not known

How she's been tricked.

CATALINÓN. So thoroughly she's hoaxed

She goes about calling herself the countess!

DON JUAN. God, what a funny hoax!

CATALINÓN. Funny enough;

And one for which that girl must weep forever.

They both look at the sepulchre.

DON JUAN. Whose sepulchre is this?

CATALINÓN. Here Don Gonzalo

Lies buried.

DON JUAN. What? the same one I killed?

They've done him very nobly for a tomb.

CATALINÓN. This tomb was ordered by the king. What says

That writing there?

DON JUAN, *reads*. HERE, TRUSTING IN THE LORD

FOR VENGEANCE ON A TRAITOR, THE MOST LOYAL

OF ALL TRUE KNIGHTS LIES BURIED. What a joke!

So you think you'll avenge yourself on me?

Pulling the statue's beard.

So now you sprout a beard of solid stone,

Good gaffer?

CATALINÓN. There are beards that can't be plucked.

You witch yourself with beards that are too strong.

DON JUAN, *addressing the statue*.

Tonight I will await you at my inn
 For supper. There we can arrange a duel
 Although it will be difficult to fight;
 A granite rapier must be stiff to handle.

CATALINÓN. Come, sir, it's getting dark. We'd better go!
 DON JUAN, *to the statue*.

How long this vengeance seems to be in coming
 Especially if you are going to wreak it!
 You mustn't be so motionless and sleepy!
 And if you're willing still to wait till death,
 Why, what a lot of chances you are wasting
 That for so long a time you give me credit!

A room in an inn

Two servants of DON JUAN are laying the table.

FIRST SERVANT. We must prepare the room because Don Juan
 Dines here tonight.

SECOND SERVANT. The tables are prepared.
 If he's so late there's nothing one can do
 But let the drinks warm and the food grow cold.
 But who could order order from Don Juan,
 The ace of all disorder?

Enter DON JUAN and CATALINÓN.

DON JUAN. You've locked the doors?

CATALINÓN. I've locked the doors exactly as you ordered.

DON JUAN. Then bring my supper, quick.

FIRST SERVANT. It's here already.

DON JUAN. Catalinón, sit down.

CATALINÓN. I sup more slowly.

DON JUAN. Sit down, I tell you.

CATALINÓN. Well, if you insist.

FIRST SERVANT, *aside*. He must be on a journey, now, as well,
 To sup with his own lackey.

DON JUAN. Come, sit down.

A loud knock is heard on the door.

CATALINÓN. Say, that's some knock!

DON JUAN. It must be someone calling.

See who it is.

FIRST SERVANT. I fly, sir, to obey you.

CATALINÓN. What if the police have come?

DON JUAN. What if they have?

No need for fear!

FIRST SERVANT *enters, fleeing in terror.*

What's this? You're all atremble.

CATALINÓN. He has seen something evil. One can tell it.

DON JUAN. Don't make me lose my temper. Speak, man, speak!

What have you seen? Some devil's terrified you?

Go, you, and see whatever's at the door.

Go on! Go, quick!

CATALINÓN. Who, I?

DON JUAN. Yes, you, at once.

Yes, you, get your feet moving. Aren't you going?

CATALINÓN. Who's got the keys?

SECOND SERVANT. Only the bolt is slid.

DON JUAN. What's wrong with you then? Move! Why don't you go?

CATALINÓN. What if the raped and ravished have arrived

To have their final vengeance?

He goes out to see.

CATALINÓN *rushes back in panic, trips, falls over, and gets up.*

DON JUAN. What's all this?

CATALINÓN. God help me! You can kill me if you like.

DON JUAN. Who's killing you? What is it? What have you seen?

CATALINÓN. Master . . . there . . . I saw . . . well, when I got there . . .

Aside.

But what has seized me? What has snatched my mind?

Aloud.

I got there to the door . . . then after, I was blind . . .

But there I saw . . . I swear to God . . . I saw it . . .
I spoke and said: "Who are you?" And he answered.
I opened, went ahead, and bumped into—

DON JUAN. Well, who? Bumped into who?

CATALINÓN. Oh, don't ask me!

DON JUAN. How wine confuses people! Here! That candle!
I'll go and see myself who it can be.

DON JUAN takes the candle and goes towards the door. DON GONZALO walks in to meet him in the form of the statue that was on the sepulchre. DON JUAN staggers backwards in a state of perturbation, holding his sword by the hilt. In the other hand he carries a candle. DON GONZALO advances towards him with slow, short steps, and DON JUAN retreats before him till they reach the middle of the stage.

DON JUAN. Who's this?

DON GONZALO. It's I.

DON JUAN. But who on earth are you?

DON GONZALO. The person you invited here to dine.

DON JUAN. Why, there's enough for both of us, and more,
If you've brought any friends along with you.

The table's set already. Sit down here.

CATALINÓN. May God be with me now in my sore need
With Saint Panuncio and Saint Antón.
What? Do the dead eat too?

Aside.

He nods in answer.

DON JUAN. Catalinón, sit down with us.

CATALINÓN. Excuse me!

I take it that he's dined.

DON JUAN. You've lost your head.

Are you afraid of a dead man? What then?

If he were living, how much more you'd fear him!

What an illiterate and rustic fear!

CATALINÓN. Dine with your guest, sir. I have supped already.

DON JUAN. You wish to make me angry?

CATALINÓN. Sir, I stink

And that's the reason I would not offend you.
I smell too bad.

DON JUAN. Sit down! I'm waiting for you.

CATALINÓN, *aside*. I'm dead with fear. My bum has misbehaved.

The two servants are trembling with fear.

DON JUAN. You others there! What about you? You're trembling?

CATALINÓN. I never liked to eat with foreigners
Who come from other countries. Me, my lord—
You'd have me feasting with a guest of stone?

DON JUAN. What stupid fear! If he is stone, what matter?

CATALINÓN. It knocks me all to pieces all the same!

DON JUAN. Speak to him courteously.

CATALINÓN. Sir, are you well?

That "other life," is it a pleasant country?
What is it like—all plains? Or steep sierras?
Do they give prizes there for poetry?

FIRST SERVANT. To every question he has nodded: Yes.

CATALINÓN. And are there lots of taverns there? Why, surely,
If Noah lives around there, there must be!

DON JUAN. Fetch wine.

CATALINÓN. Señor Dead Man, say, in your country,
Do the drinks there have ice in?

DON GONZALO *nods*,

Ah! with ice!

What a good country!

DON JUAN. If you want a song
I'll make them sing.

DON GONZALO *nods*.

Then sing!

CATALINÓN. The Señor Dead Man
Has real good taste.

FIRST SERVANT. He's nobly bred, and so
He is a friend of pleasure, naturally.

They sing within.

If you expect it of us men
That our deserts shall find adjusting
But not till after death, why then,
A long, long time you are for trusting!

CATALINÓN. Either he finds the heat is overpowering
Or else he is a man who eats but little.
I cannot keep from trembling at my dinner.
It seems that they don't drink much over there
And so I'll drink, for both of us

Drinks.

a pledge

Of stone. I feel less terrified already.

They go on singing within.

If that's the date you ladies give
To enjoy all for whom I'm lasting
You grant a long long time to live
And burnish up my joys from rusting.

If you expect it of us men
That our deserts shall find adjusting
But not till after death, why then
A long, long time you are for trusting!

CATALINÓN. Of which of all the ladies you have cheated
Do they make mention?

DON JUAN. I laugh at them all,
My friend, on this occasion. Why, in Naples
With Isabel . . .

CATALINÓN. She's not so badly cheated
Since you will have to marry her, quite rightly.
But that poor girl who saved you from the sea,
You treated in a pretty sorry fashion.
You cheated Doña Ana.

DON JUAN. Hold your jaw!
For here is someone who has suffered for her
And waits for his revenge.

CATALINÓN. He is a man
Of mighty valour, being made of stone,
And you of flesh. It's not a pleasant problem.

DON GONZALO *makes a sign for the table to be cleared, and for DON JUAN and himself to be left alone together.*

DON JUAN. Here, clear this table, since he's making signs
The rest should go and leave us both together.

CATALINÓN. It's bad! For God's sake, master, don't remain!
For here's a dead man that with one sole fist-cuff
Could floor a giant.

DON JUAN. All of you, get out!
Were I Catalinón, then I might flinch.
But go; for he approaches.

The servants go out, and DON JUAN and DON GONZALO remain alone together. DON GONZALO signs to DON JUAN to close the door.

DON JUAN. The door's shut
And I am at your service. What's your will,
Shade, vision, or phantasma? If your soul
Is travailing in pain, if you await
Some satisfaction or relief, then tell me,
And I will give my word to do whatever
You should command me. Are you in the grace
Of God? Or was it that I killed you recklessly
In a state of mortal sin? Speak! I am anxious.

DON GONZALO, *speaking slowly, as if from another world.*
And as a gentleman you'll keep your word?

DON JUAN. I keep my word with men, being a knight.

DON GONZALO. Then give your hand on it. Don't be afraid!

DON JUAN. What! *Me* afraid? Were you both hell and death,
I'd dare to give my hand.

He gives his hand.

DON GONZALO. Now lower both your hand and voice. To-
morrow

At ten, *I'll* be awaiting you for supper.
You'll come?

DON JUAN. Why, I expected something far
More dangerous than what you ask of me.

TOMORROW I shall be your guest. But where?

DON GONZALO. In my side-chapel, by my tomb.

DON JUAN.

Alone?

DON GONZALO. No, you can bring your servant. And you'll
honour

Your word, as I have done the same to you?

DON JUAN. Of course. I am Tenorio born and bred.

DON GONZALO. And I a born Ulloa.

DON JUAN. I'll be there,
And without fail.

DON GONZALO. I trust your word. Good-bye.

He goes towards the door.

DON JUAN. Wait, let me get a torch to light your way!

DON GONZALO. My soul requires no light. I am in grace.

He retires very, very slowly, looking at DON JUAN, until he disappears, leaving DON JUAN in a state of panic.

DON JUAN. God save me, all my body's bathed in sweat!

My very heart seems frozen here inside.

For when he took me by the hand and squeezed it

It seemed I was in hell. Such was the heat.

And yet his breath and voice were like the blizzard

Of an infernal frost. But all these things,

Begot by fear on the imagination,

Are quite unreal. To fear the dead is baseness.

If I am not afraid of noble bodies

With all their powers, alive with wits and reason,

To fear dead bodies is a stupid thing.

Tomorrow I will go there to the chapel

Where it invited me, that all of Seville

May make a living legend of my valour.

The Alcazar at Seville

Enter the KING OF CASTILE, DON DIEGO TENORIO, and their suite.

KING OF CASTILE. So Isabela has arrived at last.

DON DIEGO. Against her will.

KING OF CASTILE. She does not like this marriage?

DON DIEGO. She feels the worst at losing her good name.

KING OF CASTILE. It is some other cause that thus torments her.
Where is she?

DON JUAN. She has taken up her lodging
With the Barefooted Nuns.

KING OF CASTILE. Then fetch her here
And at her leisure she may serve the queen.

DON DIEGO. And if her marriage must be with Don Juan,
Then, please, command it, that he may appear.

KING OF CASTILE. Yes, let him come here, full-dressed as a
bridegroom!

I'll have this marriage famed throughout the land.
For from today Don Juan is the Count
Of Lebrija; to rule it and possess it.
If Isabel has lost a duke, her equal,
At least she's won a most outstanding count.

DON DIEGO. For this great kindness I could kiss your feet.

KING OF CASTILE. You have deserved my favours worthily.
I still am far behindhand in requiting
Your services. It seems, too, that today
The Lady Ana should be wedded also.

DON DIEGO. What! with Octavio?

KING OF CASTILE. Should it not be
That Duke Octavio must save the shame
Of this great scandal? Doña Ana and the queen
Have begged the marquis' life, and now the father
Is dead, she wants a husband of her choice.
So now she loses one and wins the other.
Go to Triana's fort, and tell the marquis
That for his injured cousin's sake he's pardoned.

DON DIEGO. Now I have seen what most I have desired!

KING OF CASTILE. This evening, then, the weddings will take
place.

DON DIEGO. All's well that ends well. It should be easy to
Convince the marquis he was greatly loved
By his fair cousin.

KING OF CASTILE. Also, warn Octavio:

The duke is always luckless with his women.
 For him they're all appearances and rumours.
 They say he's furious against Don Juan.

DON DIEGO. I shouldn't be surprised, since he found out
 The truth about that dirty trick he played
 Which has done so much damage on all sides.
 Here comes the duke.

KING OF CASTILE. Don't leave my side at all,
 For in this crime you, too, are implicated.

Enter OCTAVIO.

OCTAVIO. Give me your feet, unconquered Majesty!

KING OF CASTILE. Rise, Duke. Put on your hat. What is your
 trouble?

OCTAVIO. I come to ask a right that should be granted.

KING OF CASTILE. Duke, if it's just, I swear to grant it. Name it.

OCTAVIO. Already, sire, you know by letters from
 Your own ambassador, and the whole world
 Knows by the tongue of rumour, how Don Juan,
 With Spanish arrogance in Naples lately
 In my own name defiled the sacred virtue
 Of a great lady.

KING OF CASTILE. Don't go any further!
 I know of your misfortune. What's your plea?

OCTAVIO. To fight it out with him in open country
 For he's a traitor.

DON DIEGO. No, his blood's too noble!

KING OF CASTILE. Don Diego!

DON DIEGO. Sire!

OCTAVIO. Why, who are you who speak
 Before the king in such a fashion?

DON DIEGO. I
 Am one who holds his peace when the king bids it.
 Otherwise I would answer with this sword.

OCTAVIO. You're far too old!

DON DIEGO. I once was young in Italy.
 My sword was known from Naples to Milan.

OCTAVIO. Your blood is frozen. "I was once" is nothing
To: "I am now."

DON DIEGO. I am both "was" and "am."

KING OF CASTILE. Come, come, restrain yourselves! Enough!
Be silent, Don Diego. For my person
You have shown disrespect. As for you, Duke,
After the marriages are celebrated
We'll speak of this affair at greater leisure.
Don Juan's my creation and my henchman,
And of this trunk a branch. So keep your distance!

OCTAVIO. Your Majesty, I'll do as you command.

KING OF CASTILE. Come, Don Diego.

DON DIEGO, *aside*. Oh, my son, my son,
How badly you repay the love I bear you!

KING OF CASTILE. Duke!

OCTAVIO. Sire!

KING OF CASTILE. Tomorrow we shall have you
married.

OCTAVIO. So be it, if it is Your Highness' wish.

Exeunt KING, DON DIEGO, and their suite.

Enter GASENO and AMINTA.

GASENO. This gentleman may tell us where to find
Don Juan Tenorio. Is he round about?

OCTAVIO. You really mean Don Juan Tenorio?

AMINTA. Yes, that's the one I mean, and no mistake.

OCTAVIO. Oh yes. He's here. What do you want with him?

AMINTA. Why, that young man's my bridegroom. Yes, he is.

OCTAVIO. What's that?

AMINTA. You, being of the palace, haven't
Yet heard of it? That's strange.

OCTAVIO. He didn't tell me.

GASENO. Can that be possible?

OCTAVIO. Well, so it seems.

GASENO. Lady Aminta is most honourable,
And now they're marrying. She is by lineage
One of the ancient Christians, pure Spanish,

And is the heir to our own cattle-farm
Which we rule just like counts or marquises,
Don Juan took her from Batricio
And was betrothed to her.

OCTAVIO, *aside*. This is another
Of his foul tricks, and for my own revenge
They're giving it away.

To GASENO.

What is your wish?

GASENO. I want to see the marriage celebrated
Because the time is passing. Otherwise
I'll take it to the king.

OCTAVIO. And very justly too.

GASENO. All I require is reason and just law.

OCTAVIO, *aside*. It just fits in, in keeping with my thoughts.

Aloud,

Today there is a wedding in the palace.

AMINTA. Why then, it must be mine!

OCTAVIO. To make quite sure,
I have a little plan. You come with me,
Lady, where you'll be dressed in courtly fashion
Then into the king's quarters go with me.

AMINTA. Give me your hand and lead me to Don Juan.

OCTAVIO. This is a wise precaution.

GASENO. Reason prompts it.

OCTAVIO, *aside*. So these good people give me my revenge
Against that traitor villain, base Don Juan,
And his foul injuries to Isabel.

*A street in full view of the church wherein the commander
is buried*

Enter DON JUAN and CATALINÓN.

CATALINÓN. How did the king receive you?

- DON JUAN. Lovingly.
As if he were my father.
- CATALINÓN. Did you see
The Duchess Isabel?
- DON JUAN. Yes. Her also.
- CATALINÓN. How did she seem?
- DON JUAN. An angel.
- CATALINÓN. She received you
Courteously?
- DON JUAN. Her face seemed bathed in milk
And blushing with her blood like a white rose
With all its dews lit by the red aurora.
- CATALINÓN. And so the wedding is this evening, sir?
- DON JUAN. Yes, without fail.
- CATALINÓN. If it had been before
Perhaps you'd not have harmed so many women.
But now you take a wife with heavy charges
And grave responsibilities.
- DON JUAN. Are you being
Impertinent and stupid once again?
- CATALINÓN. You might at least have waited till tomorrow.
Today's unlucky!
- DON JUAN. What day is it?
- CATALINÓN. Tuesday.
"Never travel or get married on a
Tuesday."
- DON JUAN. Oh, to hell with all that nonsense
Which only fools and madmen take to heart!
That day alone's unlucky, cursed, and foul
When I run out of money. Other days,
All other days, are revelry and laughter.
- CATALINÓN. Come, let us go, for you must dress in style.
They're waiting for you now and it grows late.
- DON JUAN. We have another business first at hand.
So they'll just have to wait.
- CATALINÓN. What other business?
- DON JUAN. To sup with the Dead Man.

CATALINÓN. What need for that?

DON JUAN. Well, don't you know I gave my word upon it?

CATALINÓN. And if you broke it, sir, what could it matter?

A jasper figure can't expect so much
From a live man as to insist on vows.

DON JUAN. The Dead Man, then, could say I was a coward.

CATALINÓN. But anyway you see the church is shut.

DON JUAN. Knock, then.

CATALINÓN. What does it matter if I knock?

There's nobody to open it inside
And all the sacristans are sleeping.

DON JUAN. Knock!

Here at this postern.

CATALINÓN. It is open.

DON JUAN. Enter.

CATALINÓN. Let friars enter with their stoles and byssops!

DON JUAN. Then follow me and hold your tongue. Be silent.

CATALINÓN. Silent?

DON JUAN. Yes.

CATALINÓN. I am silent. Oh, my God,

Please bring me out alive from such a feast!

They go out on one side and will come in on the other.

Interior of the church

Enter DON JUAN and CATALINÓN.

CATALINÓN. It's very dark for such a great big church.

Oh, sir, protect me, someone grabbed my cloak!

DON GONZALO comes in as before in the form of a statue.

DON JUAN. Who's that?

DON GONZALO. It is I.

CATALINÓN. I am dead with fright!

DON GONZALO. I am the Dead Man: do not be afraid.

I did not think that you would keep your word
 Since you delight in breaking it so often—

DON JUAN. I suppose that you imagine me a coward!

DON GONZALO. Why, yes! Because, that night, you fled from me
 When you killed me.

DON JUAN. I fled from recognition.

But here I stand before you. What's your will?

DON GONZALO. Why, only to invite you here to supper.

CATALINÓN. Pray let us be excused. Here all the victuals
 They serve are cold—cold supper and cold lunches.

DON JUAN. We'll sup then.

DON GONZALO. Well, to do so, you must lift
 The lid, here, off this tomb.

DON JUAN. Why, if you wish it
 I'll lift these pillars too!

DON GONZALO. You're very willing.

DON JUAN, *lifting by one end the lid of the tomb which
 folds back easily, leaving discovered a black table already
 laid and set.*

DON JUAN. Yes, I have strength and courage in my body.

CATALINÓN. This table must have come from Guinea's coast
 It is so black. Are there none here to wash it?

DON GONZALO. Be seated.

DON JUAN. Where?

CATALINÓN. See two black servants come
 With stools

Enter two figures in black with stools.

So here, too, people go in mourning
 With flannel made in Flanders?

DON JUAN. You! Sit down!

CATALINÓN. What, me, sir? I've already fed this evening.

DON JUAN. Don't answer back!

CATALINÓN. All right, I will not answer.
Aside.

O God, in safety get me out of this!

Aloud.

What dish is this?

DON GONZALO. Tarantulas and vipers.

CATALINÓN. Really? How nice!

DON GONZALO. That is our diet here.

But you're not eating.

DON JUAN. I shall eat it

Were all the snakes in hell upon one plate.

DON GONZALO. I'd like to have them sing to you a little.

CATALINÓN. What sort of wine do they have here?

DON GONZALO. There, taste it.

CATALINÓN. Vinegar, frost, and ice. That's what this wine is!

DON GONZALO. Well, that's the sort of wine that we press here.

They sing within.

Let all those know who judge God's ways

And treat his punishments with scorn

There is no debt but that he pays,

No date but it is bound to dawn.

CATALINÓN. How terrible! I've heard this tune before

And now it is addressed to me.

DON JUAN, *aside*. My breast

Is frozen, and the ice tears me apart.

They sing.

While in the world one's flesh is lusting

It is most wrong for men to say:

"A long long time in me you're trusting"

For very shortly dawns the day.

CATALINÓN. What is this: fricassee?

DON GONZALO. Of fingernails.

CATALINÓN. Then they must be the fingernails of tailors

They are so sharp and claw-like and rapacious.

DON JUAN. Now I have eaten, let them clear the table.

DON GONZALO. Give me your hand. Don't be afraid! Your hand.

DON JUAN. Afraid, you say. *Me* frightened? Here's my hand.

He gives it.

I'm roasting, burning! Do not burn me so
With your fierce fire!

DON GONZALO. That's nothing to the fire
Which you have sought yourself! The wondrous ways
Of God, Don Juan, are not fathomable.
And so He wishes now for you to pay
Your forfeits straight into the hands of death.
This is God's justice. What you've done, you pay for.

DON JUAN. I'm roasting. Do not grip my hand so hard!
I'll kill you with this dagger. But the blows
Strike only empty air. Look. With your daughter
I did no harm. She saw the hoax in time.

DON GONZALO. That does not matter. It was your intention.

DON JUAN. Then let me send for a confessor quickly,
So to absolve my soul before I die.

DON GONZALO. Impossible. You've thought of it too late.

DON JUAN. Oh, I am burning! Oh, I am roasting, burning!
I'm dying!

He falls dead.

CATALINÓN. There is no escape. I, too,
Must die for having been your companion.

DON GONZALO. Such is God's justice. What is done is paid for.
*The tomb sinks with a rumbling thunder, taking DON JUAN
and DON GONZALO with it. CATALINÓN creeps out of the
wreckage.*

CATALINÓN. So help me God! What's this? The chapel's burning
With wondrous light. And I'm left with the corpse
To watch with it and guard it. To his father
I'll creep away now and proclaim the news.
Saint George and Holy Lamb of God protect me
That I may come in safety to the street!

The Alcazar

Enter the KING OF CASTILE, DON DIEGO, courtiers, and attendants.

DON DIEGO. The marquis wants to kiss your royal feet.

KING OF CASTILE. Then let him enter. Call the Count Don Juan
As well, that he be kept no longer waiting.

Enter BATRICIO and CASENO.

BATRICIO. Where are such foul monstrosities permitted
That your own servants should affront, unpunished,
The humble people?

KING OF CASTILE. What is that you say?

BATRICIO. Don Juan Tenorio, treacherous, detestable,
Stole my young wife the evening of our marriage,
And here I have the witnesses.

Enter THESE and ISABEL.

THESE. Sire, if Your Highness will not do me justice
On Don Juan Tenorio, both to God and men
I will complain through all my days to come!
When dying he was swept ashore, I gave him
Both life and hospitality. With lust
And promises of marriage he repaid
This kindness. He abused me and then left me.

KING OF CASTILE. What do you say?

ISABEL. She's telling you the truth.

Enter AMINTA and the DUKE OCTAVIO.

AMINTA. Where is my spouse?

KING OF CASTILE. Who is he?

AMINTA. What, you don't

Know, even yet? Don Juan Tenorio,
With whom I've come this evening to be wedded,
Because he owes it to my name and honour
And, being noble, will not break his word.

Enter the MARQUIS OF LA MOTA.

MARQUIS. It's time to drag some truths into the light,
 My lord. Know then that of the selfsame crime
 For which you sentenced me, Don Juan is guilty
 (A cruel fraud to put on a best friend)
 And I've the witnesses to prove it here.

KING OF CASTILE. Could any shamelessness compare to this?

DON DIEGO. Sire, to reward my services to you,
 Let him be made to expiate his crime
 So that the heavens themselves don't shoot their lightning
 At me, for having bred so foul a son.

KING OF CASTILE. So it is thus my favourites behave!

Enter CATALINÓN.

CATALINÓN. My lords, all listen to the greatest wonder
 That ever happened in this world, and kill me
 If, listening, you don't believe it's true.
 Don Juan, making fun of the commander,
 Having divested him of life and honour,
 And all the gems and ornaments of life,
 Pulling the beard upon his granite statue,
 Insulted him by asking him to dine.
 Oh, that he'd never done so! Then the statue
 Went to his house, inviting him in turn,
 And then (to make it short, and not to tire you)
 When they had finished supper, took his hand
 And squeezed it till he squeezed his life out, saying:
 "God ordered me to kill you thus, and punish
 Your monstrous crimes. For what you've done, you pay."

KING OF CASTILE. What are you saying?

CATALINÓN. It's the gospel truth.

Don Juan pleaded, first, that he had not
 Seduced the Lady Ana: she discovered
 The fraud in time.

MARQUIS. For this delightful news
 A thousand gifts I wish to give you.

KING OF CASTILE. Just punishment from Heaven has been dealt.
 Now let them all be married, since the cause
 Of all their harm is dead.

OCTAVIO.

Since Isabela's

A widlow now, I wish to marry her.

MARQUIS. And I to wed my cousin.

BATRICIO.

And us others

With our own girls. For now THE GUEST OF STONE
Is ended.KING OF CASTILE. Take the tomb to San Francisco,
The great church in Madrid, and there install it
And so preserve this memory through all time.