

## THE TRICKSTER OF SEVILLE

Tirso De Molina

BATRICIO: 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 this!  
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.