

CALAYNOS, A TRAGEDY

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Calaynos, a Tragedy by George H. Boker

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GEORGE H. BOKER

**CALAYNOS,
A TRAGEDY**

CALAYNOS:

A TRAGEDY.

BY

GEORGE H. BOKER.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER & CO.

1848.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848,

By GEORGE H. BOXER,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District
of Pennsylvania.

PROLOGUE.

*Look not, grave critic, for perfection here,
No gods and goddesses shall move your ear,
My little stage mere men and women fill,
All have some good to love, to hate some ill ;
A hundred springs of action move each mind,
And in their mean the character you'll find.
Interests and feelings, base and good, have they ;
Some draw towards heaven, and some—the other way.
Arcadian virtue and Arcadian crime,
In abstract form, may crowd the Epic clime ;
But 'tis the Drama's task the world to show,
Where bad and good alternate gloom or glow—
Where in each mind are various passions fixed ;
Virtue with vice, and vice with virtue mixed.
Some lean to virtue, some to vice give way ;
But neither bent has undivided sway.*

*Our plot turns on the loathing which they feel,
Who draw their spotless race from proud Castile,
For those whose lineage bears the faintest stain
Of the hot blood which fires the Moorish vein.
No time can reconcile, no deed abate,
For that one taint, the haughty Spaniard's hate :
As the sound man the loathsome leper shuns,
So pass Castilians by Granada's sons.
This is the key which gives our plot to view—
Turn o'er the leaf, the way is clear—adieu.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CALAYNOS,	<i>A wealthy nobleman.</i>
DON LUIS,	<i>His friend.</i>
DON MIGUEL,	}	<i>Gentlemen of Seville.</i>
DON LOPEZ,		
OLIVER,	<i>Calaynos' secretary.</i>
SOTO,	<i>Don Luis' servant.</i>
FRIAR GIL,		
BALTASAR,	}	<i>Calaynos' servants.</i>
PEDRO,		
DOÑA ALDA,	<i>Wife to Calaynos.</i>
MARTINA,	<i>Her maid.</i>

Four Usurers, a Forester, Servants, &c.

SCENE, Calaynos' Castle, Seville, and the neighbourhood.



CALAYNOS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Great Hall in CALAYNOS' Castle. Enter PEDRO and BALTASAR, carrying bundles.*

PEDRO.

I like not this journey to Seville.

BALTASAR.

O, you like nothing that savours of gentility.

PEDRO.

How can I like it? I tell you this genteel savour is deadly. I'd as soon die by sprats as by turbot I've a rhyme in my head.

BALTASAR.

And a rind over that: what is it?