

The Play of the Virgin Martyr Saint Christina

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and apparatus, pp. 46–49; text, pp. 296–323).

Characters

THE ANGEL *who announces the play*
KING URBAN, *Christina's Father*
DIUS, *the first baron of King Urban*
JULIAN, *the second baron*
CHRISTINA, *daughter of King Urban*
PHYLIA, *first handmaiden of Christina*
CANIA, *second handmaiden of Christina*
THE STEWARD *or rather* CHAMBERLAIN *of King Urban*
THE QUEEN, *mother of Christina*
THE FIRST MATRON
THE SECOND MATRON
ANOTHER ANGEL *that appears*
SOME PAUPERS
THE CHIEF EXECUTIONER
TORTURERS *and* GUARDS
THE ANGEL MICHAEL
JESUS CHRIST
A DEVIL
GRATHO, *a sorcerer*
THE ANGEL *who bids farewell*

Places and properties

THE PALACE
THE GARDEN *with a temple with many columns and on every column a golden or silver idol*
THE MATRONS' PLACE
THE PRISON
THE CAULDRON *where Christina is put*
THE MILLSTONE *that is tied to Christina's neck when they throw her in the river*
THE RIVER
THE GLASS-FURNACE
THE RIVER
GRATHO'S PLACE
TWO SERPENTS
GRATHO'S DUMMY, *that is, his soul that is taken to paradise*

The Play of the Virgin Martyr Saint Christina

This is the Play of Saint Christina, Virgin and Martyr. And first
THE ANGEL *announces saying:*

1. Praise to the triumphant kingdom
ruled by good Jesus, the true pelican.
May he grant us victory in the beautiful mystery
that we wish, o people, to perform before you.
Therefore pay heed and with good will
and in devotion and prayer say in your humanity
and you will see the martyrdom of Christina
who went to the heavenly kingdom a virgin.

KING URBAN, *Christina's father, stands up from his seat and*
says to his barons joyfully:

2. Join with me, o prudent barons,
and let us give thanks together to the great gods
since they have adorned me with rich gifts,
and I see their power accords with my desires.
They want me to be crowned with this kingdom.
My joy is such I do not know what I must do.
I believe that I've been given the queen of heaven
because Christina has been born as my daughter.

3. Her serene face indicates that Diana
would be worth nothing in comparison with her.
Even less Pallas or Arethusa, less Alcamena
or Proserpine or Medusa of the Oceans,
or Calidona, the Danæ or the famous Helen,
or Castalia, Isolde or Drusiana,
or Phyllis or Pasipheæ or Phædra or Circe,
or Pulixena or unhappy Cassandra,

4. if they were all born again, one by one,
and if Medea as well were to return,
and all the women who ever lived on earth,
and Philomel and Panthesilea,
then she was more beloved than any of them
and I know that she will be a goddess in heaven.
There is no avoiding what Jove does:
let no man hold back in giving him thanks.

THE FIRST BARON *summoned by the King says reverently:*

5. On your behalf I thank Jove, eternal god,
as much as I can with tongue and voice.
May he free first you from deepest hell
and then my heart, that is teeming with thoughts.

If it pleases you, my lord,
pray, marry your dear daughter to me.
These thirteen years, ever since she was born,
I have loved her. Now end my suffering.

6. For you know that after you, rule passes to me
and therefore please take this weight off me.

JULIAN, *the second baron, stands up and says somewhat proudly:*

I too am a successor, and I am worthier than he is,
and I fell in love before him.

THE KING *answers them and says:*

Be quiet and sit down, everyone settle in his place,
and I know she will come to see me shortly.
I will make this proposal to her directly.
She will choose one; the other will be patient.

CHRISTINA *is with her maids in one of her gardens, which is like a temple, full of columns, and on every column there is a gold or silver idol. She says:*

7. Pure companions, precious virgins,
full of pleasure, delight and joy,
whom I love more than fathers
for your honour and nobility.
Come and start dressing me.
One do my top, and one do my hair,
then I'm visiting my mother and father.

PHYLIA, *the first maid, while they get her ready, says:*

8. To avoid idleness, generous companion
of souls, along the we we'll sing some songs.

CANIA, *the second maid, says:*

I only know the one about the *Jealous Man*.
Phylia knows lots more nice and good ones.

PHYLIA *replies boldly:*

Liar! I only know one, about the *Thoughtful Man*,
and everybody knows that one.

CHRISTINA *says:*

Let's do one that I can sing too.

CANIA *replies reverently:*

My lady, we shall do what you wish.

And off they go singing a nice song and then CHRISTINA arrives before her Father and Mother and says:

9. May great Jove save and protect you,
 o great crowns and kingdom, and preserve your state.
 As you see I am come to visit you
 from whose blood I was born.
 If my request is worthy of your grace,
 I implore you, my father, that you give thought
 to not loving the corruptible senses
 so much that you lose infallible glory.

10. Take the example of our forebears,
 of Caesar who once ruled the whole world,
 of the renowned Alexander or Gaius Julius, called Octavian:
 Death has cast them all into the pit.
 And great states did not avail Tiberius,
 because Anthropos wields her blunt staff.
 You are wise: see your destiny and take care

to protect yourself from worldly vermin.

THE KING, *having listened carefully to these wise words and considered them, says:*

11. My dear love, lovely daughter, what you have
 said to me I have engraved in my breast.
 To tell you the truth that is flaming in my heart,
 I have always desired to make you happy
 with my successor ‹Dius› who is present here,
 and after him, Julian, who is beside me.
 Each wants you as his young bride.
 Say yes or no, or which you want: speak!

CHRISTINA *shakes her head and says:*

12. Father, you want to drown me too soon,
 especially by giving me to these old men,
 and Jove does not want to abandon me yet,
 and does not want their well to dry up.
 When I want, father, to find a husband,
 Jove will whisper it in your ear,
 wherefore, as a virgin, I wish to beseech him
 that he preserve you in life and in good deeds.

THE KING *says in joyful happiness:*

13. May Jove and Apollinus¹ always be praised,
 Apollo and Mars, along with Pallas and Diana,
 because human nature created
 this rare body so worthily.

¹ Apollino is not simply be a diminutive form of Apollo, since they are cited together here and in oct. 87.2 below, he is a fictional pagan (and by extension Muslim) divinity, whose prophet, the King of Garamanta, appears in Boiardo's *Orlando innamorato*, II.1: 57. He often appears with Trivigante, another pseudo-Muslim deity (see below, n. 2).

There was never her like, rather she is a divine spirit:
wise, the enemy of all vanity,
all her deeds are full of humility.
Certainly the gods above sent her.

14. To enhance her reputation I have made
a fair agreement, although I had to promise her
that I would not have her marry so soon,
and I will act according to her wishes.
I will place her with several wise matrons
in the place where the gods reside.
Come, my steward, do not tarry,
and summon a number of them to my presence.

THE STEWARD *says reverently*:

15. O holy majesty, true supporter
of our faith and of the barony,
the merest act and sign
is enough for your every wish to be carried out.
I shall search the city and the realm
so that what you desire will be done.
I now depart, with your permission.

THE KING *says boldly*:

Go, and do your task diligently.

When the Steward has gone, THE QUEEN says to the Barons:

16. Barons, this decision comes from heaven.
You must be happy with it.
Jove has some other consolation for you
and without doubt you will be happier with it.
Perhaps circumstances will change
if the time comes for her to feel the first pricks
of the son, I mean, of the mother who calls
her troops to Mount Cythera.

CHRISTINA *says reverently*:

17. Mother, and dearest father, I wish to leave
and return to the place where Jupiter dwells
with his companions, the great, sweet lord,
who together make earthquakes and storms.

THE KING *says*:

Do as you wish, my burning child,
but I ask you not to go anywhere.
Wait for the matrons who serve our gods.

CHRISTINA *says reverently as she leaves with her Maids:*

As you wish. I shall not leave the cloisters.

THE STEWARD *comes to three Matrons and says:*

18. God save you, noble matrons.
I am sent to you by the royal crown
who has sent to ask you with all devotion
to come to him without delay.
He who hold the sceptre and domination
of the realm has ordered and commanded me
that I bring you to his presence without delay,
and you will not lack reward or treasure.

THE FIRST MATRON *replies saying:*

19. What grace, what destiny, fortune or fate,
what good luck brings us such a fair weather?
It does not seem right that he who rules
the other realm should send for us.
Each of us is ready to go:
come, my sisters, let us follow in his footsteps.

THE SECOND MATRON *says:*

I cannot wait to be with her.
Let us go now, Chamberlain. Lead the way.

He leaves, and when he reaches the King THE STEWARD *says:*

20. Most holy crown, the good fortune
that will fulfil your desires has appeared,
and I to not believe that human nature ever
created any women who better represented life.
Each is prepared and seeks to do good:
Christina will be cared for well by them.

THE FIRST MATRON *says reverently:*

My lord, set every doubt aside
for working to do good is our profession.

THE KING *turns and says to them:*

21. Well now, a single word is enough to say
to a wise man, for long speeches offend him.
You are to take care of my daughter
because, as far as each of us understands,
your reputation soars to heaven.
I always repay a hundredfold,
and I do not ask anything else of you
except to teach her how to pray.

THE SECOND MATRON *says:*

22. O holy majesty, charge me
with this duty, for I am mistress of it.
I shall make her worthy of eternal good fame,
and nothing will be omitted.

THE KING *says*:

Well, let us settle this matter now:
we will see the proof of it if it works.
Steward, where is Christina? Have her brought here.

THE STEWARD *says reverently*:

It will be done. My ladies, come with me.

And when they have reached the garden where Christina was left, he says:

23. Go in here, for this is where Christina is
and Jove who is the tabernacle of all things.
Today you will see her divine face
which is a miracle indeed to look upon.

THE FIRST MATRON *says*:

O Chamberlain, be on your way
and we shall go and see this oracle.

THE STEWARD *says*:

Remain then in peace, sisters,
and my Jove bear you glad tidings.

When the Steward has left they go in and kneeling in prayer before the idols, THE MATRONS say:

24. O holy gods that govern all,
whom we bless and exalt,
be praised and thanked forever.
We ask your grace that we may bear good fruit
with her, whose limbs are so precious,
keeping her from all foul vice
so that she is remembered,
and that we may all enjoy your eternal glory.

They stand up and THE FIRST MATRON
says to Christina:

25. My daughter, given into our care
by the holy King, your father,
that we may give you the light of eternal good,
instructing your fair body
since the gods made it so beautiful for you,
we want you to carry the banner
of the angelic army, and to be virginal and good,
because this is what the trumpet proclaims everywhere.

THE SECOND MATRON

says:

26. You will therefore pray god that he grant you
grace to be worthy of eternal glory,

that he make you the heir of infinite goodness,
and that you be remembered in the world,
and that you do not yield to the temptations of the devil.

CHRISTINA:
I hope to be victorious against him.

THE FIRST MATRON *says*:
Therefore ask him that you should be blessed:
your grace will be more acceptable than ours.

CHRISTINA *prays to the idols and says*:
27. O highest Jove, eternal and mighty god,
ah, do not abandon your Christina.
Keep me from the temptations of the wicked devil,
and make me follow your laws.
I commend to you my father too,
and her who carried me in her womb,
so that each of them may become worthy
and able to ascend to your celestial kingdom.

28. Ah, most holy majesty, do not look
on my many sins and great wickedness.
Extend your sweetest hand
and cleanse us who are sullied by them,
and with your word that is so worthy
unburden us of those which tempt us.
So that our life may not bring us suffering
free us from the hands of Lucifer.

An Angel appears, and when she sees such splendour

CHRISTINA *stands up and says to the Matrons*:

29. Companions, you will go out.
I wish to remain alone in front of this oracle.
I can see a light that fills me with love:
Jove must wish to show some miracle.
Wait an hour before you come back
to stand before the tabernacle.

THE SECOND MATRON *says*:
All we need, Christina, is a sign or gesture.
Stay in peace: your will be done.

*When they had all left, Christina remained and THE ANGEL
says*:

30. God save and maintain you, Christina.
I am sent by the heavenly court
to provide a remedy against your destruction
and free you from eternal death
and from cruel punishment without end,

and to accord you the destiny of virgins,
as long as you do not believe in the vain gods,
for the true god is the God of the Christians.

31. Who was that Jove and who was Trivigante?²
Who was Belfagor? And Apollinus?
Or Bacchus? Or Asclepius? Oh, your ignorant creed.
God is one alone, and that is divine Jesus!
Take his faith! Follow his holy deeds
and ensure that you do not meet such a fate,
and be certain that God will make you worthy
to rise to the empyrean where he rules.

When the Angel has disappeared CHRISTINA says to herself:

32. O happy Christina, now you know
about the true faith that you sought.
I shall not hold back from Jesus:
I was blind, now I have received the light.
What must I do with this precious embassy
that the true Christ has sent to me on earth?
I shall do as Thomas did
for the two brothers, and I will follow that vessel.

33. I wish abandon the palaces of worldly pleasure
and I want to build one in paradise.
Those at least survive for eternity;
these you cannot take with you.
You are idols, created there my mortal men.
I want to use you to dispense to the poor.
I want to use you to buy a great treasure,
for woe to him who does not appreciate such an acquisition.

*And she breaks the idols. Straight away her companions
return. PHYLIA says:*

34. Don't do it! Don't do it! Alas, don't do it, Christina!
You are destroying our gods, you are mad!
Ah, you don't imagine, you fool,
that your father won't find out about it?

CHRISTINA *answers saying:*

Through them I'm going to have divine glory,
and you would do well to know it too.

² *Trivigante* (the supposed root of the word *termagant*) was reputed in medieval texts to be a goddess worshiped by pagans (and, by extension, Muslims). She is probably Diana *Trivia*, the sister of the classical Apollo." Here, and below, 72.6, 80.8, 87.1, Trivigante is not clearly male or female. Of the names that follow, Belfagor, the Archdevil of Machiavelli's *novella*, may have origins as the Baal of Peor, the Moabite god to whom the Israelites became attached in Shittim (Numbers 25:3, 5; Deuteronomy 4:3; Psalms 106:28; Hosea 9:10). Bacchus: god of wine; Asclepius: servant of Apollo and Greek god of medicine. For Apollino, see above, oct. 13.1.

Come with me to be baptised.
Leave false Jove and paganism.

CANIA, *perturbed, says threateningly:*

35. Croak and squawk as much as you like.
You will see how this turns out.
I know you are going to be sorry afterwards.
You think you are gathering rosebuds, but you are grabbing
thorns.

CHRISTINA *says to them:*

Open your eyes while you can.
Come with me to the thrones of heaven.
Jesus will forgive you all
because he knows that you are ignorant.

*And she meets some Paupers. Her companions flee while she
continues, with the idols in her hand:*

36. You who do not yet know the faith
of Jesus Christ who is Lord of all,
woe to him who does not believe his good news:
the fruit of his time on earth will be for hell.

ONE PAUPER *says:*

My lady, have mercy on me to
for I am paralysed, and struggle in pain and suffering.
I will say Bacchus's prayer for you.

ANOTHER PAUPER *says:*

You've had some. Leave it for me, Faragone.

Christina's Maids reach the court and PHYLIA says:

37. Holy crown, have mercy on me. Come quickly,
your daughter's become a Christian this very day.
She has smashed every one of the almighty gods;
by god, she's giving them away, to spite
our pagan faith. I could not reason with her
she is so far gone in that vain faith.

THE KING, *perturbed, rises from his throne and says:*
Queen, stay here. What the devil is this?

THE QUEEN *says:*

Go, dear husband, and find out at once.

THE KING *comes to where Christina is and says sorrowfully:*

38. Alas, my daughter, what whim is this
that you give the gods away for nothing?
Have your wits left you?
You have never been so childish!

CHRISTINA *says*:

O dear father, rejoice with me!
Believe me, this is important.
Give your kingdom, deceptive and wretched,
to him who deserves it, to my Jesus Christ.

39. Then you'll have a fairer one in paradise
that Jesus will give you with six crowns.

THE KING, *enraged, says to her and then to his Chamberlain*:
Be quiet, be quiet! And you bind her
and have her beaten with great clubs.

THE STEWARD *says to the Executioner*:
Up you get, rogue, what are you waiting for,
and you scoundrels help him.

*The Executioner binds her, and HIS COMPANION, with his club
in his hand, says to Christina*:
See this club? I'll make you renege.

And as he beats her, CHRISTINA says piteously:
Assist your servant, o great Lord.

*And at once the Torturers fall down in a deep sleep and
CHRISTINA says to her Father*:
40. Tyrant, call on your mendacious Jove
to give succour to this gang of yours.
Do not delay and wake up too late.

THE KING *shouts in rage and says*:
Have her chained up properly.
We'll see if Christ is stronger than me.
Have her well-guarded in prison.

CHRISTINA *is bound in chains, and as the Guards lead her
away she says*:
He will indeed show you his strength.
And we'll see which of us is mightier.

*The Chamberlain puts her in prison and THE KING goes to his
throne and says to the Queen*:
41. I managed, o Queen, to plead
more and more keenly with our daughter,
and when I was about to have her beaten —

THE QUEEN *claps her hands together saying*:
Oh daughter, who will have defended you.

THE KING *comforts her saying:*

— they could not get near her,
so I think this is really serious.
She is being held in the prison
to see if she changes her mind.

THE QUEEN *steps down from her throne and says to herself:*

42. Is this what my daughter whom I nursed
with my own milk deserves?
How can you tolerate such acts of cowardice,
o Jove, being done to your servants today,
when it was your gracious might
that gave her such a fair and worthy body?
O woe, alas, I am undone. Alas, alas!
I must go without delay to see her.

*When she arrives at the prison, she sees her daughter and puts
her arms through the bars and embracing her she continues:*

43. Alas, my daughter, with a face fairer
than any flower or sweet-smelling lily,
o new goddess, divine spirit,
come, flee the great peril of death.

CHRISTINA *says:*

O mother, seize the great kingdom
of heaven. Abide by my advice.
Come, flee eternal death with me
and come with me to heavenly glory,

44. and leave Jupiter and Saturn and Mars
who are false gods, and believe in Jesus Christ.
He is the one who rules everywhere,
so confess Christ like me.

Don't you know that the writings are full
of the great signs given by my Christ?
Worship him who died for us on the cross
to save us and rescue us from the pit of hell.

THE QUEEN *says, weeping:*

45. Light of my eyes, say no more!
Since you repudiate our great gods
you thereby lose all virtue.
You must not do this to your father and me.

CHRISTINA *reaffirms her words saying:*

Turn together to the faith of Jesus.
Confess your error, I implore you both.

THE QUEEN *becomes angry and says threateningly:*

I care no more about the torments you will suffer.

You will see which is the sure god.

And returning to her husband she sits down and says:

46. Dear husband, I went in vain.
My words were to no avail.
Let us have no pity on her.

THE KING *is enraged and says to the Steward:*

Come, quickly, Steward, and bring her here
for I have decided that we shall bring down her Christ.

THE STEWARD *replies:*

So be it. I'll go for her at once.

When the Chamberlain has left, THE QUEEN says:

She should be tortured mercilessly.

THE KING *says:*

Leave this work to me.

THE STEWARD *reaches the prison, and as the Guards drag her out he says:*

47. Have you changed your mind yet, Christina?
Tell me, do you want to undergo more torture?
Come to your father now, come on out.
To you want to leave our gods unhappy?

CHRISTINA *answers and says:*

You will find out how blind he is.
My single God will leave many losers,
because everything is subject to him.

THE STEWARD *says:*

Keep walking, and you'll soon see.

When he says her, THE KING is perturbed and says:

48. Welcome, Christina my daughter.

CHRISTINA *says:*

I am rather the daughter of my Lord Jesus
and of his mother, the Virgin Mary,
and I reject your father, Beelzebub,
who is a demon in hell, where I wish he was.
Never was I daughter to the great devil.

THE KING *shrieks at her in rage, saying:*

Since you reject me, you traitor,
I do not want me as a daughter.

49. To show the might of the divine gods,

have her bound, Steward, in my presence,
and order strong razor-sharp hooks.
Have her flesh ripped from her body.

THE STEWARD *says*:
It will be done. And you here, baboons,
use your wits and do your business.

THE EXECUTIONER *ties her to the column and says*:
Now you'll see the gods' vengeance:
the damn woman won't mock them any more.

And they begin to tear at her breast and CHRISTINA, lifting her eyes to heaven, says:

50. Jesus, Jesus! O Virgin Mary!
Make me forever strong in your faith,
as you were, faithful Mary,
when you saw your Son in death.

And by God's will, getting her right hand free, she takes from her breast a piece of flesh that has been ripped by the Torturers' hooks, and throws it in her Father's face. She continues, saying:

Rabid hydra, take my flesh.
Taste your destiny, you ravenous gullet.

THE KING, *arrogantly, says to the Steward*:
Quickly hasten to bring here
a cauldron, and put into it

51. oil and lead mixed together,
and beneath it a great fire. You'll see that Christ is worthless.

CHRISTINA *says as these things are made ready*:
Serpent, poisonous basilisk,
don't you know that Christ is with me always?
I know you can touch my flesh
but never my soul, for that is in Christ's keeping.

Having arranged her torment, THE EXECUTIONER says as he places her in the cauldron:

In you go! Be purged! Woe betide you, little fool!
I know that you'll stop your talking here.

While they are building the fire, CHRISTINA lifts her eyes to heaven and says:

52. O Jesus, lord of all the universe,
free me as once you freed
Joseph from his brothers, o eternal Christ,
and you helped Moses too,

and gave a great sign to Aaron,
Susanna and then Judith you kept safe.
I could not recount, Lord, all your gifts:
I beg you not to abandon me today.

This words were so powerful that God manifested a beautiful miracle, and the fire spread and killed an infinite number of people, and she was not marked. Then THE QUEEN filled with poison says:

53. O King, do you know what should be done?
Since she has hell in her power,
have her thrown into the river tonight
with a weight around her neck. Come, send her away.
Let us go do bed and rest
and don't trouble yourself about her any more.

THE KING says to the Steward:

Go now, Steward, and put an end to this matter here,
because I wish to go and rest with my wife.

When the King and Queen have gone to bed, THE STEWARD says to Christina as they go on their way:

54. Christina, now you will never return to the court,
so think hard and consider your kingdom.

When they reach the river the Executioner ties a millstone to her neck and CHRISTINA says:

I beg my Jesus to make me strong
because I have not received the sign of baptism.

THE EXECUTIONER throws her in the river saying:

Down you go, now your destiny has come.
See, she is dead, worthy lord Jove.
You are worth more than a thousand Christs.
What fun I have when I get my hands on rogues.

When they have left, Saint Michael the Angel takes her from the water and JESUS CHRIST says to her:

55. Christina, I am your Jesus whom you call.
I have never abandoned you and never will.
I baptise you, since your desire it,
in the name of my Father. He has given you
eternal glory, which I know you love.
It is Jesus Christ who has baptised you,
for I am his son of the Holy Ghost.
You will have the great kingdom of my glory.

56. O Angel Michael, you will go to the city
and accompany the virgin Christina.

SAINT MICHAEL THE ANGEL *replies*:
I shall always do what you command.

CHRIST *says to Christina*:
I bid you set your mind on divine glory.

CHRISTINA *says*:
And you, Lord, will not abandon me
with your perfect medicine.

*When Christ has disappeared, SAINT MICHAEL THE ANGEL
says to Christina*:
Let us go, for before we reach the court
your father Urban will have died.

A DEVIL *appears at the bedside and says to the King*:
57. Come with me now, Urban, rapacious and wicked.
I have been sent to strangle you.
Now believe in him makes you despise Christ:
call him and tell him to come and help you.
Through him, all you will get is hell:
others yet will make you leap in.
Now come and claim your kingdom, if you can.
I know that you will be left a rage-filled man.

*And when he has strangled the King, he carries his soul off to
hell and THE QUEEN, waking up, sees him dead and says*:
58. O woe, alas! Alas, dear husband!
Why have you died so young?
Certainly he has been taken up as a god.
Jove is not with him. He has done him wrong.
The rocks will weep when they hear
about his death, for he was everyone's comfort.
I want to take his worthy crown
to Dius who will succeed him.

*And having gone up to the throne with the crown in her hand
she says*:
59. Urban, the standard-bearer of eternal Jove,
has ended his life in repose.
Now you take his kingdom, supreme Dius,
and I want you to be my lawful husband.

*When DIUS, the First Baron, has been crowned and has gone
up to the throne, he says boldly*:
So be it. Steward, take charge
of ordering a great feast and do not stand idle.
Take care of musicians and dancing and sweet singing.

And he gives her the ring and continues:

In the presence of everyone, be my bride.

And a great feast is held, with them all at the table.

When the Angel has left her CHRISTINA, more beautiful than ever, comes again before the new King and her Mother, and says reverently:

60. May Jesus protect you all,
for without him nothing is achieved.

THE QUEEN *recognises her and says:*

This is Christina who has come before us
and she is not dead! She shines more brightly than ever.

THE KING *says, threatening her:*

I shall make her change her looks
with a torture that will rip her flesh.
Find pitch and oil and turpentine:
You will boil Christina in the cauldron.

THE STEWARD *says to the Executioner:*

61. Do what the king has said.

THE EXECUTIONER *says:*

I am amazed when I gaze on her slender neck,
and her body is unblemished;
and thinking of this my heart melts
and I am overwhelmed by great sorrow.
I no longer believe in Jove and even less in Apollo.
By god, I want to abandon the trade of executioner.
Who can make it so that she does not die?

And when the iron cauldron has been prepared, and everything put into it, they put her in with the fire beneath, and when she is inside CHRISTINA prays and says:

62. O great and almighty God of Christendom,
do not satisfy this pagan yet.
Since the moment when you gave me baptism
I am heated by you, o pelican.
When shall I repay you one thousandth
of all these mercies, my Lord of mankind?
I am prepared to do whatever you show me,
so that you elect me to your holy cloisters.

Seeing that the torture does not hurt her, THE KING grows angry and says:

63. Get her out of there. I'm so enraged that
I'm going to eat that wild tongue.
Make her kneel down to our idol:
I'll make her cry out loud to it.

And they make her kneel down by force, and CHRISTINA says:
I kneel to worship you,
o Jesus Christ who died on the cross.

THE KING, *enraged, says:*
You driven me deaf saying that you believe in Christ.
You know that he was put to death as a thief and a villain.

At these wicked words, the idol in the temple crashed down and the King died with many people. JULIAN, the Second Baron, crowns himself and says:

64. Dius is dead and I have to crown myself king
of this rich kingdom and hold the sceptre.
And you, my Queen and equal,
I wish to marry as Dius did before.
O chamberlain, have her burnt
in a furnace such as is used for melting glass.

THE STEWARD *says:*
Your wishes will be carried out, holy majesty.
I want to see if she boast of escaping now.

The King and the Queen return to their thrones, and THE STEWARD goes to the furnace and says:

65. You go in here, and you others make a great fire.
We'll see if you change your looks or your expression.

CHRISTINA *says humbly:*
Jesus, you can see that I have been led to the place
of my end, if that is what pleases you.
I can feel myself being consoled gradually:
my heart is almost chilled by sweetness.
O ignorant faith of wicked pagans
who worship those who die, not living gods.

THE STEWARD, *seeing her unchanged, says:*
66. Take news to the King
that Christina is more beautiful than ever
and shines brighter than all the other stars.
Ant you tell him the truth too, as you see it.

THE EXECUTIONER *says:*
I shall say that her limbs are more beautiful
than they were when I tormented them.
I will say what I would rather not say.

THE STEWARD *says:*
Go, for I have arranged to put her to death.

THE EXECUTIONER *comes to the King and says:*

67. What you ordered us to do we have done,
but nothing avails against Christina.
If you never grant me another wish,
give her to me to be my concubine.

THE QUEEN, *enraged, says:*

Go to hell! How dare you say
such a word to the Queen?

THE KING *says to the Executioner:*

Go and tell the chamberlain to come here
together with her, for I am going to end her line.

THE EXECUTIONER *goes to the Chamberlain and says to him:*

68. You are to report to the King
because he wants to put her to death with his own hands.

THE STEWARD *says:*

Come, Christina, and purge your sins,
in your own court where you were born.

CHRISTINA *says:*

Every hour until my death seems a thousand,
if this is what is given by Jesus as my fate.

THE STEWARD *says as they go along:*

Come away, you raving woman.
Are you going to tell Jesus to take away your pain?

When they reach him, THE KING says at once:

69. Go, Steward, and fetch Gratho the sorcerer.
We'll see who knows best how to enchant devils.

THE STEWARD *says:*

I shall fulfil your wishes
and I shall bring him back here at once.

THE KING *says:*

Tell him to come provided with prayers
because there is somebody here who makes them do great
things.

THE STEWARD *says:*

Ah, let him be brought before you.
We'll see if he is cleverer than she is.

He leaves, and when he reaches Gratho's place he says:

70. Come with me, Gratho, at once,
for the King has sent me to fetch you.

If you satisfy him today,
by using your art today to slay
a woman who uses enchantment brazenly,
you will be honoured by him forever.

GRATHO THE SORCERER *gathers up his sorcery paraphernalia and says:*

Go on! Apart from Jupiter, high and mighty,
no one is more powerful than me in hell.

When they reach the King, THE KING says:

71. Welcome, Gratho. You must find a way
to destroy her living members.
Because of her sorcery I have not been able
to make her feel the pain of my torture.

GRATHO *opens his books and making the gestures of sorcery he says:*

Your Majesty, I shall have her devoured
by two cruel and rapacious serpents.
Let her use her knowledge if she can,
because I know that she will have no remedy against this.

The virgin martyr Christina is on her knees and two great serpents, conjured up by sorcery, come to Christina and lick her, as if they are worshipping her, and JULIAN says arrogantly to Gratho:

72. Why don't you have a more powerful spell over the
animals?
You can see that they are worshipping her as we do the gods.
You are no magician! You are worthless against her.

GRATHO, *leafing through his books, says:*
And I will cast a spell on them with my books.

And he cast such a spell that they turned on him and bit him and he fell down saying:

Ah, bring comfort to my body!
O Trivigante, have mercy on me.

And the Sorcerer departed this life, and CHRISTINA says:
O beasts, return to your forests,
even though you are with fellow beasts here.

And when the serpents have left, she kneels and prays over the dead body and says:

73. O heavenly Jesus, since you chose
to create the world and man in your likeness,
and then you chose death to save him,
now be humble as you were then.

If ever you granted grace to your servants,
let me please follow their path.
Make him live and be one of your Christian followers
and show your might today to the pagans.

*This prayer was so powerful that God brought THE MAGICIAN
back to life, and when he has revived he kneels down and says:*

74. The faith of eternal Jesus Christ is the true one,
and holy baptism is very powerful.
That's what stands against the princes of Hell,
wherefore I would seek it, if I am worthy enough.

CHRISTINA, *raising her hand, says:*
Have faith always in the heavenly kingdom
and you will be among the choirs of angels.

JULIAN *is enraged and says arrogantly:*
Take her away for she has abandoned righteous Jove,
and strike her head from her body.

*They all fall down asleep, and Gratho and Christina are left
kneeling. SAINT MICHAEL appears with water and says:*

75. Christina, on behalf of Jesus, take
and baptise this dead man who has been revived.

CHRISTINA *takes the water and says:*
I shall obey the command of divine glory.
Give thanks to God, you who were lost,
for he is freedom from the punishment of hell.
You can see that he has snatched you up into heaven.
Now in the name of the Father and of the Son
and of the Holy Spirit who saves you from sorrow.

And when she has baptised him, the infidels recover, and

JULIAN, *enraged, says:*
76. Take him away, and waste no more time,
and you, false enchantress, stay here.

THE STEWARD *says:*
Come, Torturer, bind him. What are you doing?
Didn't you hear what the king told us?

THE EXECUTIONER *binds him saying:*
Brother, I know that Jesus will not prevail.
Walk and be happy with hell.
The cap on your head is too beautiful.
I want it for myself. Here, knave, take this one.

*And he exchanges the caps, and when they have reached the
place of execution, GRATHO THE SORCERER says:*

77. I pray you, frank and worthy knight,
that you let me say a few words
and I also ask you, executioner:
you know that mercy flies upwards to heaven.

THE STEWARD *says*:
Well, quickly, since I do you this favour.

THE EXECUTIONER *says*:
Time's moving on, and my stomach is calling me.
I have wagered two roast starlings on you
and it feels like a thousand years until I get to them.

THE SORCERER *kneels down and prays with his eyes to heaven, saying*:

78. Have mercy on my soul,
Jesus, who raised it from the dead.
You led it from the path of darkness,
and I know that you will not abandon it.
I have turned my thoughts to you
and I hope to be blessed in your kingdom.
I reject the world, and you alone I call Christ,
in order to come to your kingdom, Jesus Christ.

79. Continue with your task: I have no more to say.

THE EXECUTIONER *says*:
Bow your head to the ground.

THE STEWARD, *while they substitute the dummy, says*:
Strike cleanly! You must not fail
so that we kill him quickly.
I want to lift his hair away from his neck,
so that his execution is done honourably.
Strike when you are ready. Do not hold back.

THE EXECUTIONER *says as he wields his blow*:
Don't cast a spell now as I am wielding my sword!

When he has been beheaded, the Angels carry his soul to paradise. THE STEWARD returns to the King and says:

80. Great Julian, prudent king,
just as you ordered, we have taken the life
of that sorcerer who, in your presence,
renounced his faith in Jove.

JULIAN *threatens Christina and says*:
Now learn at the expense of this loser:
worship Jove and Bacchus and you will be heard.

CHRISTINA *says*:
O foolish, witless man, o ignoramus,
turn to Christ and leave Trivigante.

JULIAN *says in a rage*:
81. Stop your squawking! Put an end to this nonsense.

CHRISTINA *says*:
You are the one talking nonsense when you speak of Bacchus.

JULIAN *turns to the Torturers and says*:
Slice her breasts from her chest
because I'm all worn out by her talk.

THE EXECUTIONER *says as he ties her to the column*:
They double my power over her:
against me the giant Cacchus would not prevail.
Squawk, twit, if you can,
when you feel this cut.

And with razors he slices off her breasts and she prays and says:

82. Jesus, Jesus, mercy, release me!
Help me, help your faithful servant!
Take that tyrant away from me.
Send me help through the Angel Michael
for he has gone berserk against me.
Alas, I can no longer speak!
Tyrant, have you satisfied your ravenous hunger?
Open your eyes and run to just Jesus.

When they have sliced off her breasts, THE KING says:

83. Have her tongue torn out
so that she can sing no more.
I think her request has been presented
to Christ and to the rulers of hell.
But how does this mad woman still have the strength
to make him come to her around at her whim.
He must be a second Beelzebub,
that devil Christ, to have such power.

When they have torn her tongue out, CHRISTINA says:

84. Are you happy, tyrant? Now what do you want?
Here, eat that, desperate dog.
Come, turn to Jesus Christ now while you can,
and confess your guilt for all your sins.

THE PROUD TYRANT *ran at her with an arrow and with his own hand he ran it through her heart, and he says*:

Ask your devils for help now.

See how I have avenged myself on you.
 See how I have been stronger today than Christ.
 See how Jove is good and he is wretched.

He falls to the ground and the virgin <CHRISTINA> says:

85. I commend my soul, Jesus, to you,
 since you created it for this dissolute world,
 and now I am glad to be leaving it
 since you, Jesus, have redeemed me.
 What you gave me, Lord, I return to you
 and I commend to you one who has tasted
 suffering, and my martyrdom and passion.
 Fulfil now her just prayer.

*When the Virgin Martyr Christina had departed this life, the
 Angels, with singing and rejoicing, carried her soul before
 Christ. When her body has been buried secretly by the
 Christians, JULIAN struggles to his feet and returns arrogantly
 to his throne and says:*

86. O you people who have been watching, today my prowess
 has prevailed over him who rules
 highest heaven, that is, over Jove,
 or over him who is certainly the prince of hell,
 that is, over Christ; certainly he is not somewhere else
 on account of his great powers. And now I am god
 eternal, and I have power over all things.
 The universe is under my control.

87. Jove is worth nothing now, Trivigante even less,
 and Apollo and Bacchus and Apollinus,
 Hercules, Salatres or the Thunderer.
 The heavens, earth and hell I have in my dominion.
 Now I want you all before me.
 Worship my sceptre which is divine.
 Wipe out the images of the gods in the mosques.
 Murderous Christ, my powers prevail.

*The earth opened and swallowed him up at once with his wife.
 Others say that he and his wife were struck down by a lightning
 bolt; others say that as he went through the temples having the
 gods painted out and his own image painted and putting his
 name up, a temple was struck by lightning and collapsed on top
 of him. One can chose whichever one wishes of the three
 deaths.*

Now THE ANGEL bids farewell saying:

88. O good servants of Christ, today he has shown you
 how he does not abandon his good servants.
 Our Lord has destroyed Urban, Dius and Julian
 who were obstinately opposed to him;

and those who fear him he calls to his cloister.
Therefore, good Christian, be sure to keep his laws
and you will be crowned in his kingdom
like Christina. Everyone is free to go.

The end of the play of Saint Christina