

Corneille

Le Cid

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Characters

Don Ferdinand, *King of Castile*

Donna Urraque, *his daughter, the Infanta of Castile*

Don Diegue, *the father of Don Rodrigue*

Don Gomes, *Count of Gomes, the father of Chimene*

Don Rodrigue, *the lover of Chimene*

Done Sanche, *enamoured of Chimene.*

Don Arias, *a Castilian gentleman*

Don Alonso, *a Castilian gentleman*

Chimene, *daughter of Don Gomes*

Leonor, *governess to the Infanta*

Elvire, *governess to Chimene*

A Page, *to the Infanta*

Act I Scene I (*Chimene, Elvire*)

Chimene

Is the report you bring me now sincere?
Are you editing my father's words, Elvire?

Elvire

All my thoughts are still enchanted by them:
He esteems Rodrigue, as you love him,
Reading his soul, if I am free from error,
He'll wish you to take him as your lover.

Chimene

I beg you then, tell me a second time
Why he must approve this choice of mine;
Tell me once more what hopes I may enjoy;
Ever such sweet speech may you employ;
Promise our love's flame, that flares so bright,
The freedom to display itself outright.
What did he say regarding the intrigue,
Involving you, Don Sanche, and Don Rodrigue?
Did you reveal that inequality
Between the two lovers, that so sways me?

Elvire

No, I portrayed indifference to either
Raising or lowering the hopes of neither,
Your eyes neither too gentle nor severe,
Until your father's choice be made clear.
Your respect pleased him, his oratory,
And look, of this gave noble testimony.
And since I must repeat the whole story,
Here now is what he hastened to tell me:
'She's dutiful, and both deserve her hand,
Both are of noble blood, loyal, valiant,
Young, yet it's clear to see in their eyes
The shining virtue of their ancient ties:
Don Rodrigue above all: in his visage,
Every trait reveals the heroic image,

His house so rich in soldiers of renown,
They seem born to wear the laurel crown.
His father's valour, unequalled in his age,
As long as his strength lasted, held the stage;
On his brow his exploits are engraved,
Its wrinkles speak to us of former days.
What the father was I look for in the son;
My daughter may love him, pleasing me for one.'
He was on his way to Council, and was pressed,
So cut short what speech he had expressed;
But those last few words show his mind
Is not in doubt between them, you'll find.
For his son, the king must choose a tutor,
Your father deserves that high honour;
The choice is not in doubt, and his valour
Beyond all competition with another.
Since his lofty exploits have no equal
In such a matter he will have no rival.
Don Rodrigue has convinced his father
To propose him when the council's over,
Judge then the chance that he'll be denied.
Rather your wishes shall be satisfied.

Chimene

Nonetheless, it seems, my soul is troubled,
Rejects this joy, all its confusion doubled:
Fate may show different faces, all diverse,
And in my bliss I fear some cruel reverse.

Elvire

Happily this fear shall disappoint you.

Chimene

Come what may, let us await the issue.

Act I Scene II (*Infanta, Leonor, Page*)

Infanta

Page, go now, tell Chimene anew
Her daily visit is long overdue
My love for her bewails her tardiness.

(Exit Page)

Leonor

Madame, each day this same wish you express;
And when she's here, I hear you ask, each day,
How far her love has travelled on its way.

Infanta

Not without purpose: almost now I force her
To welcome the pangs that make her suffer.
She loves Rodrigue, I gave her him again,
Through me Rodrigue conquered his disdain;
Having thus forged these lovers' heavy chains,
I wish to see an end to all their pains.

Leonor

Yet, Madame, considering your success
Your show of sadness runs now to excess.
Should love, that's full for them of happiness,
Cause your noble heart this deep distress?
Why should the interest in them, I see,
Cause you unhappiness if they are happy?
But I presume: forgive my indiscretion.

Infanta

My sorrow has increased by being hidden.
Hear, hear how I have struggled, all is true,
Hear of the assaults against my virtue.
Love is a tyrant who spares none, I fear:
This young knight, this lover, aided here,
I love.

Leonor

You love him!

Infanta

Feel my beating heart,
See how it quivers at the conqueror's dart,
When it hears his name.

Leonor

Madame, pardon me,
If I'm at fault for censuring this folly,
A great princess so strangely to forget
Herself, and love a simple knight as yet!
What will the king, what will Castile say?
Do you forget the role that you must play?

Infanta

So little that my blood would drench the earth
Before I'd stoop thus to betray my birth.
I might well answer that among great names,
Worth alone deserves to stir the flames;
Or, if my passion sought for some excuse,
A thousand precedents have lit the fuse:
But I'll not follow where my thoughts engage;
My depth of feeling will not quench my courage.
I remind myself as a royal daughter
None but royalty is worthy of her.
My heart unable to defend itself,
I gave away what I dared not take myself;
In my stead, let Chimene drink the wine,
And fire their passion to extinguish mine.
No wonder then if my soul, while grieving,
With impatience waits upon their wedding;
You see, my peace of mind depends on it.
If lovers live in hope, love dies with it;
Its fire sinks when the fuel's no longer there.
Despite the anguish of this sad affair,
When Chimene Rodrigue has secured
All my hopes are dead, my spirit cured.
Meanwhile my suffering none can remove.
Until the marriage, Rodrigue is still my love.

I labour to lose him, lose him with regret,
From that flows all my sorrowful secret.
I see, with pain, that love will now constrain
Me to sigh for that which I must disdain;
I feel my very soul is split in two.
Though my strength is great, my love is too.
This fatal marriage I both wish and fear:
I dare expect only imperfection here.
My honour and my love so fuel this plot,
I perish whether it takes place or not.

Leonor

Madame, there is nothing I can say,
Except that I'll sigh with you, if I may.
I have just blamed you, now I pity you.
Yet since this bittersweet ill your virtue
Combats, as it does its charm and power,
Repulsing the assault, rejecting the allure,
It will bring peace to your troubled mind.
Place your trust in it, and the aid of time,
Above all in Heaven, that will not see
Virtue endure for long such adversity.

Infanta

My sweetest hope's to lose all hope, I fear.

(Page enters)

Page

Madame, at your command, Chimene is here.

Infanta *(to Leonor)*

Go now, and greet her in the gallery.

Leonor

You wish to remain here in reverie?

Infanta

No, I merely wish, plagued by suffering,
To retrieve my calm, in meditating.

I will follow.

(Leonor and Page leave)

Just Heaven, whose help I need,
Put an end to the evil that possesses me,
Protect my tranquillity and my honour.
My good I seek in the good of another,
This marriage means so much to all three;
Make my soul strong, or complete it swiftly.
To join these lovers in its sacrament,
Is to break my chains and end my torment.
But I delay too long, let me seek Chimene,
And in welcoming her relieve my pain.

Act I Scene III (*The Count, Don Diegue*)

Count

So you carry the day, and the King's favour
Raises you to a rank that was due my honour:
You are tutor now to the Prince of Castile.

Diegue

The mark of honour he grants me must reveal
To all that he is just, and make known to all
That our past service escapes not his recall.

Count

Whatever power kings have, they are but human,
They can err as readily as other men.
His choice will prove to courtiers as in this
That there's but scant reward for present service.

Diegue

His choice disturbs you: speak not of it;
Favour may be its cause as well as merit,
We should respect a power so absolute,
By questioning nothing that a King may do.
To the honour he shows me, add another,
Let's join our houses, one to the other:
You have one daughter, I a single son;
Their marriage will make us more than one.
Grant us this grace, make him your son-in-law.

Count

Your brave boy aims higher than before;
And the new brilliance of your nobility
Must swell his heart with greater vanity.
Go on, Monsieur, and educate the prince;
Show him how best to govern a province,
Make the people tremble before the law
Fill the good with love, the bad with awe;
Join to these virtues that of a great captain:
Show him how to inure himself to pain,

In the labour of Mars to meet no equal,
Pass whole days and nights in the saddle,
Sleep while armed, or storm a citadel,
And through himself alone win the battle.
Instruct him by example, make him perfect,
Teaching through your own deeds, in effect.

Diegue

To instruct by example, courting envy,
Would simply be to read my history.
There, in a long series of fine actions,
He would see how men conquer nations,
Takes a position, organise an army.
And build their fame on each victory.

Count

Living examples offer greater powers;
A prince learns badly from bookish hours.
What after all do your great years portray
That's not matched by me in a single day?
If you were valiant once, so am I now,
My arm the kingdom's strong support, allow,
Granada and Aragon fear my sword;
My name's Castile's rampart, in a word:
Without me you'd soon bow to other laws,
And your kings be those from other shores.
Each day, each moment, to increase my glory,
Laurels heap on laurels, victory on victory:
The prince, at my side, might test his mettle
Protected by my arm, in every battle;
He would learn to conquer by watching me;
And matching his great character, swiftly
He would see...

Diegue

I know you truly serve your king.
I have seen you command: your soldiering:
While age sends ice coursing through my veins,
Your rare courage has secured our gains;
Well, to cut short superfluous discourse,

You are today what I was once, perforce.
Yet nonetheless you see, by this occurrence,
The king between us still detects some difference.

Count

All I merited, you have snatched away.

Diegue

He conquered who proved better on the day.

Count

He who might train the prince is worthiest.

Diegue

And yet to be denied seems scarcely best.

Count

You won it by intrigue, an old 'king's man'.

Diegue

The noise of my great deeds proved partisan.

Count

Be clear, the king shows honour to your age.

Diegue

The king, if so, measures it by my courage.

Count

Therefore the honour should have come to me.

Diegue

He who could not obtain it is not worthy.

Count

Not merit it! I?

Diegue

You.

Count

Your impudence,
Rash old man, shall find its recompense.

(He strikes Don Diegue)

Diegue *(drawing his sword)*

Come take my life after such cruel offence,
First of my race to bear such impertinence.

Count

What in your weakness can you do, indeed?

Diegue

Oh God! My frail strength flees me in my need!

Count

Your sword is mine, and you no longer worthy
That my hand should bear this shameful trophy.
Adieu. Let the prince read, courting envy,
For his instruction, all your life history;
For your insolent speech this chastisement
Shall serve him for no small amusement.

Act I Scene IV (*Don Diegue*)

Diegue

O anger! O despair! O age my enemy!
Have I lived simply to know this infamy!
Am I thus whitened by the toil of battles
To witness in a day but withered laurels?
My arm that with respect all Spain admire,
My arm, that often saved that very empire,
So often affirmed the royalty of my king,
Now to betray my quarrel, leave me wanting?
O cruel memory to my past glory!
The work of many days so transitory!
New dignity now fatal in an hour!
Steep abyss where falls all my honour!
Must I see the Count debase my name,
Die without vengeance now, or live in shame?
Count, be the tutor to my prince this day;
Such rank is void when honour is away.
Your jealous pride, this insult signifies,
Despite the King's choice, that choice belies.
And you, of my victories, glorious instrument,
But a wintry body's useless ornament,
Blade, once feared, yet, facing this offence
Serving for decoration, not defence,
Go: leave now the very least of men,
Pass into better hands, take my revenge.

Act I Scene V (*Don Diegue, Don Rodrigue*)

Diegue

Rodrigue, are you brave?

Rodrigue

Any but my father
Might test it at this moment.

Diegue

Righteous anger!
Noble pride to all my grief is sweet!
I recognise my blood in you complete.
My youth lives again in your fine ardour.
Come son and blood, restore my honour;
Come, avenge me.

Rodrigue

For what?

Diegue

For an affront so cruel,
It strikes our honour a blow that's fatal:
For an insult! The wretch should have died;
But age robbed me of my noble pride;
And this blade my hand can scarcely bear,
I place in yours to punish and repair.
Oppose the arrogant and prove your courage:
Only blood may redeem this outrage;
Kill, or die. And then, not to mislead,
I give you an adversary to fear indeed.
I have seen him stained with blood and powder,
To a whole army bringing pain and terror.
I've seen a hundred fine squadrons shattered
By his valour, to the four winds scattered;
More than a brave soldier, a great captain,
He is...

Rodrigue

Ah, tell me.

Diegue

Father to Chimene.

Rodrigue

Her...

Diegue

Do not repeat it, I know your love.

Rodrigue

But the infamous shall not remain above.
The dearer he is, the greater the offence.
You know the reason, the sword is vengeance,
No more. Avenge yourself, and avenge me;
Show yourself, of this your father, worthy.
Bowed by the ill's fate sends to mortal men,
I'll go lament them. Go, fly: take revenge.

Act I Scene VI (*Don Rodrigue*)

Rodrigue

Pierced to my heart's depths, suddenly,
By a stroke as unexpected as it's mortal,
Wretched avenger in a just quarrel,
Miserable object of unjust severity,
I am transfixed, and my stricken soul
Yields to the killing blow.
So close to seeing my love rewarded,
O God, the bitter pain!
By this affront my father's the offended,
And the offender is the father of Chimene!

What fierce conflict I feel!
My love takes sides against my honour:
I must avenge a father, lose a lover.
One stirs my wrath, the other one restrains me.
Forced to the sad choice of betraying Chimene,
Or living in infamy,
In both events my pain is infinite.
O God, fresh agony!
Can I let this offender go free?
Can I punish the father of Chimene?

Father, lover, honour, or beloved,
Noble and harsh constraint, sweet tyranny,
All my delight is dead, or honour dulled.
One makes me sad, the other unworthy.
Dear and cruel hope of a generous mind
In love, at the same time
Worthy foe of my greatest pleasure,
Blade that creates my pain,
Were you given me to retain my honour?
Were you given me to lose my Chimene?

Better not to have been born.
I owe as much to my lover as my father;
Avenging myself I earn her hate and anger;
By not taking revenge I earn his scorn.

One of my sweetest hope makes an end,
The other robs me of her hand.
My misfortune grows with the wish to cure it;
All things increase my pain.
Come, my soul; and since we must end it,
Let us die without offending Chimene.

Die without satisfaction!
Seek a death so fatal to my name!
Suffer Spain to denigrate my fame
For having failed the honour of my station!
Defend a love in which my dazed being
Sees but certain ruin!
Listen not to that seductive murmur,
That only swells my pain.
Come, my arm; at least save our honour,
Since after all we must lose Chimene.

Yes, my spirit was deceived,
I must defend my father before my lover:
Whether I die of combat or this torture,
I'll shed blood as pure as it was received.
I accuse myself already of negligence;
Let me now rush to vengeance;
Ashamed I am of having hesitated,
Let me end this pain,
For my father was the one offended,
Though the offender's father to Chimene.

End of Act I

Act II Scene I (*Don Arias, The Count*)

Count

Between us, I admit my anger was too harsh,
Stirred by a word, I carried things too far;
Yet the deed is done, there's no remedy.

Arias

Bend your pride to the king's authority:
He takes an interest, and his irritation
Will be displayed in no uncertain fashion.
Nor do you have a viable defence.
The man's rank, the magnitude of the offence,
Demand your concession and submission,
Beyond the customary reparation.

Count

The King may dispose of my life, as he will.

Arias

You are possessed by too much anger, still.
The King loves you yet: witness his dismay.
He has said: 'I wish it.' Will you disobey?

Count

Sir, to defend all that I hold sublime,
Such minor disobedience is no crime;
However great it seems, you will allow
My service is such as to efface it now.

Arias

However great you are, you must accept
That a king owes nothing to his subject.
You deceive yourself, for you must know
Who serves his King but does his duty so.
You will lose, sir, by your false confidence.

Count

I will test your views by my experience.

Arias

You should dread the power of the King.

Count

One error cannot render me as nothing.
Let all his grandeur seek my punishment,
If I meet ruin, the State's is imminent.

Arias

What! You fear the sovereign power so little...

Count

Of a sceptre which would be but metal
Without me: he values my great renown,
My head in falling would dislodge his crown.

Arias

Allow your feelings to respond to reason.
Listen to good advice.

Count

I adopt my own.

Arias

What shall I tell him? I must bring him word.

Count

That I reject all shame, as you have heard.

Arias

Yet know that royal power is absolute.

Count

The die is cast, sir, I am resolute.

Arias

Adieu, since my effort here appears in vain.
For all your laurels, fear the god's disdain.

Count

I wait here without dread.

Arias

He will take action.

Count

Then Don Diegue will have satisfaction.

(Exit Don Arias)

I have no fear of death, or harassment.
My courage is above all punishment;
I can be forced by other men to suffer,
But not to live a life devoid of honour.

Act II Scene II (*The Count, Don Rodrigue*)

Rodrigue

A word with you, Count.

Count

Speak.

Rodrigue

Relieve my doubts.

You know of Don Diegue?

Count

Yes.

Rodrigue

Listen, now.

Do you know my father was the virtue,

The valour of his age, the power too?

Count

Perhaps.

Rodrigue

The ardour in my gaze you see,

Is of his blood, that too?

Count

What's that to me?

Rodrigue

Take four paces from here, and you will know.

Count

Presumptuous youth!

Rodrigue

Ah, have no fear, though.

Young I may be; but in the noble heart

Valour's no need of years, a thing apart.

Count

Against me, you'd measure your mettle,
You who have never even seen a battle?

Rodrigue

We never need testing twice, men like me,
Our trial strokes are masterstrokes, you see.

Count

Do you know who I am?

Rodrigue

Yes; another
At the mere sound of your name might quiver.
The laurels with which your head is wreathed
Might seem to give warning of my defeat.
I attack an arm that was made to conquer,
But given courage, I will find the power.
To vengeance, nothing proves impossible.
Your arm's unconquered, not invincible.

Count

That courage which shines out in your speech
And your eyes, each day, my eyes did reach;
Believing in you I saw Castile's honour,
My soul destined you for my daughter.
I know your love, and am pleased to see
All its force yield to the force of duty.
It has not weakened your noble ardour;
And your great virtue inspires my favour;
Wishing a perfect warrior for my son,
I made no error in thus choosing one.
But now my pity is involved, in truth,
I admire your courage, but regret your youth.
Do not attempt this fateful trial;
Spare my courage an unequal battle:
There is no honour for me in victory:
The lack of risk will deny me glory.
Men will know I conquered easily;

And only my regret would be left me.

Rodrigue

Your boldness is followed by ignoble pity:
You'll steal my honour yet fear to kill me!

Count

Withdraw from here.

Rodrigue

Come then, without speaking.

Count

So tired of life?

Rodrigue

So afraid of dying?

Count

Well, do your duty, the son proves lesser
Who seeks to outlast his father's honour.

Act II Scene III (*The Infanta, Chimene, Leonor*)

Infanta

Be calm, Chimene, calm your mind's disturbance,
Be steadfast in the face of this mischance,
You'll find fresh peace after this brief storm,
Over your joy light cloud has merely formed,
You will lose naught if joy must be deferred.

Chimene

My troubled mind dares hope for nothing there.
So swift a tempest stirring a calm sea
Threatens to bring on sure catastrophe:
I doubt it not, I perish in the harbour.
I loved, was loved, agreed were both our fathers;
I was telling you the delightful news
At the sad moment when they quarrelled too,
Which fatal telling, as soon as it was done,
Ruined all hope of its consummation.
Cursed ambition, detestable obsession
Whose tyranny sways the noblest of men!
Honour inimical to my dear prize,
You'll cost me yet a world of tears and sighs!

Infanta

In their quarrel you've naught to brood upon:
Born in a moment: in a moment gone.
It has caused too much stir to be allowed,
And already the King its end has vowed;
You know my soul, sensitive to your pain,
Will work to quench it at its source again.

Chimene

Vows and accommodations will do nothing:
Such mortal insults are unforgiving.
Force and prudence are invoked in vain;
The illness that seems cured appears again.
The hatred upon which the heart's intent,
Nourishes fires, hidden, yet more ardent.

Infanta

The sacred bond twixt Rodrigue and Chimene
Will quench the hatred between warring flames;
And we shall swiftly see your love the stronger:
Through a happy marriage, stifling all anger.

Chimene

I hope for it more than I expect it now;
Don Diegue is, like my father, too proud.
The tears I would retain, I feel them flow;
The past torments me, I fear the future so.

Infanta

Fear what? The failing powers of an old man?

Chimene

Rodrigue is brave.

Infanta

He is simply young.

Chimene

Such men are valorous in their first outing.

Infanta

In this, you have no need to fear a thing.
He is too much in love to court displeasure;
Two words from you will arrest his anger.

Chimene

If he disobeys, the increase to my pain!
And if he obeys, then what will others say?
Of such high blood, to suffer such outrage!
Yield or resist the flames that in us rage
My spirit must be ashamed or confused,
By respect, or a request justly refused.

Infanta

Chimene's a noble soul, and though distressed
She will not countenance a thought that's base;

But if, until that day the King shall proffer,
I make a prisoner of this perfect lover,
And thus prevent his outpouring of courage,
Will your loving spirit then take umbrage?

Chimene

Ah! Madame, then I'll have naught to fear.

Act II Scene IV (*The Infanta, Chimene, Leonor, Page*)

Infanta

Page, go find Rodrigue, and bring him here.

Page

The Count Gomes and he...

Chimene

My God! I tremble.

Infanta

Speak.

Page

Left the palace after their quarrel.

Chimene

Alone?

Page

Alone, yes, and arguing together.

Chimene

Surely they fight: it's useless to speak further.
Madame, forgive me this my promptitude.

Act II Scene V (*The Infanta, Leonor*)

Infanta

In my mind, alas, there's such inquietude!
I pity her pain, her lover enchants me;
Peace vanishes, and desire inflames me.
What separates Rodrigue from Chimene
At once rekindles all my hope and pain;
Their separation I regret: its treasure
Floods my charmed mind with secret pleasure.

Leonor

Is the lofty virtue reigning in your soul
So swift to pursue this ignoble goal?

Infanta

Not ignoble, now, since here within me,
Great and triumphant, it is judge and jury.
Show it respect, it proves itself so dear.
Despite virtue and myself, I hope and fear;
My fragile heart, by folly crazed almost,
Follows the lover whom Chimene has lost.

Leonor

Will you thus know the quenching of all courage,
Abandoning within you reason's usage?

Infanta

Ah! How weak is the effect of reason,
When the heart is touched by subtle poison!
And if the sufferer loves the malady,
There's scarcely call for any remedy!

Leonor

Your hope seduces, your malaise proves sweet;
Rodrigue's not great enough to clasp your feet.

Infanta

I know it well; though virtue seems to fade,
How love flatters the heart it does invade.

If Rodrigue should emerge as victor,
If that great soldier yields to his valour,
I may esteem him, love him without shame.
If he defeats the Count, there's endless fame.
I dare to imagine that his slightest deeds
Will bring entire kingdoms to their knees;
And then love's flattery persuades, I own,
That he shall occupy Grenada's throne,
The Moors defeated, trembling and adoring,
Aragon open to its conqueror, welcoming,
Portugal yielding, and his noble gaze
Bearing his destiny beyond the wave,
The blood of Africa drenching his laurels;
And everything writ of famous mortals
I'll expect of my Rodrigue in victory,
Making his love a subject for my glory.

Leonor

But Madame, how far your thoughts leap apace
From a duel which perhaps may not take place.

Infanta

Rodrigue the offended, the Count the offender;
What more is needed? They have left together.

Leonor

Well! Let them fight, as you wish: but then,
Will Rodrigue be as you've imagined him?

Infanta

What would you have? I'm mad, my mind strays;
You see with what ills love will fill my days.
Come to my room, console me within;
Don't leave me in the misery I'm in.

Act II Scene VI (*King Ferdinand, Don Arias, Don Sanche*)

King

The Count then is still proud, unreasonable!
Does he still think his error pardonable?

Arias

I addressed him from you, about the insult.
I did what I could, Sire, with no result.

King

Heavens! Is this how the presumptuous subject
Shows his consideration, and respect?
He scorns his king, insults Diegue, I see!
Before my court lays down the law to me!
Brave soldier and great general he may be,
But I've the means to lower pride so lofty;
Were he valour itself, the god of war,
He shall know the full weight of my law.
Despite the punishment for insolence,
I had at first voted for lenience;
But since he abuses it, go, today,
Whether he resists or not, lock him away.

Sanche

Time may make him less of a rebel;
He was still heated from his quarrel;
Sire, in the first glow of such anger
To calm so noble a heart takes longer.
He knows he's wrong, but his proud spirit
Won't let him confess his error, as yet.

King

Sanche, be silent now, and be advised
To take his part's a crime to my eyes.

Sanche

I obey and am silent: yet Sire, mercy,
One word in his defence.

King

What may that be?

Sanche

That a spirit accustomed to great action
Cannot bow readily in submission:
It cannot see what justifies such shame:
The word alone the Count resists, I say.
He found this duty too harsh, in truth,
If he had less heart, he'd bow to you.
Command his arm, strengthened in battle
To repair the injury and fight his duel;
He will give satisfaction; come what may,
He expects to hear, this answers him I say.

King

You lack respect; I'll allow for your age,
Excuse the ardour of your youthful courage.
A king, whose prudence has finer objects,
Takes care to save the blood of his subjects.
I guard my people, my thought preserves them,
As the head cares for the limbs its servants.
Thus your logic is not mine: however
I speak as a king, you as a soldier;
Whatever you say, whatever he believes,
No honour is lost in obeying me.
Then this insult touches me, the honour
Of one whom I have made my son's tutor;
To contest my choice, is to challenge me,
Make an assault upon the power supreme.
No more. Besides, we observe ten vessels
Of our old enemies, flaunting their banners;
They have dared to approach the river-course.

Arias

The Moors have learnt to know you by force.
Conquered so often now they will no more
Chance themselves against the conqueror.

King

Ever with envy they view the power
Of my sceptre over Andalusia.
This noble country, they long possessed,
With jealousy in their eyes they address.
That is why, according to my will,
Castile was ruled these ten years from Seville,
To be nearer them, and be the swifter
To oppose whatever threat they offer.

Arias

To the great cost of their leaders, and their fleet,
They know your presence assures their defeat.
There's naught to fear.

King

Neglect nothing, either.
Overconfidence attracts new danger.
You know yourself how easy it would be
For the flood tide to carry them to me.
Yet I'd be wrong, since all is uncertain,
In spreading fear in the hearts of men.
The panic that a vain alarm would bring,
In the darkness, would be a cruel thing:
Double the watch on the walls instead,
Guard the port, tonight.

Act II Scene VII (*King Ferdinand, Don Sanche, Don Alonso*)

Alonso

Sire, the Count is dead.

Don Diegue, through his son, takes his revenge.

King

On news of the insult, I foresaw its end;

Thus I wished to prevent this calamity.

Alonso

Chimene arrives, plunged in her misery;

Tearful she comes here, to plead for justice.

King

Though my heart sympathises with her grief,

The Count's deed merited this penalty,

One he had earned by his temerity.

Yet despite the justice of his fall,

I regret the loss of such a general.

After his lengthy service to the State,

After the blood he spilt for me of late,

Whatever sentiments his pride inflicts,

His loss enfeebles me, his death afflicts.

Act II Scene VIII (*King Ferdinand, Don Diegue, Chimene, Don Sanche, Don Arias, Don Alonso*)

Chimene

Sire, Sire, justice!

Diegue

Ah, Sire! Hear my pleas.

Chimene

I throw myself at your feet

Diegue

I clasp your knees.

Chimene

I demand justice.

Diegue

Hear my defence.

Chimene

The youth is rash, punish his insolence.
He has destroyed the pillar of your throne,
He has killed my father.

Diegue

He has avenged his own.

Chimene

His subjects' justice is a king's intent.

Diege

Just vengeance deserves no such punishment.

King

Rise both of you, and speak more calmly.
Chimene, I share in all your misery;
My soul is now marked by a like taint.

(To Don Diegue)

You may speak next, I sanction her complaint.

Chimene

Sire, my father is dead; and as he died
I saw the blood pour from his noble side;
That blood which often preserved your walls,
That blood which often won your royal wars,
That blood, which shed still smokes in anger,
At being lost, not for you but another.
What in the midst of flame war did not dare
To shed, Rodrigue has, on the courtyard stair.
I ran to the place, drained of strength and colour,
And found him lifeless. Forgive my pallor,
Sire, my voice fails me in this tale, oppressed;
My tears and sighs should rather speak the rest.

King

Courage, my child, and know this very day
Your king shall act the father in his place.

Chimene

Sire, honour too great attends my distress.
As I have said, I found him there, lifeless;
His side was pierced, and to rouse me truly
His blood in the dust inscribed my duty;
Or rather his valour, reduced to such a state,
Spoke to me through his wounds, urging haste;
And, to be heard by the most just of kings,
Lends me the voice of those sad openings.
Sire, do not permit such wilful licence
To rule where you reign so in eminence.
Or allow the bravest, with impunity,
To be exposed to the blows of temerity;
A bold youth to triumph over his glory,
Bathe in his blood, defy his memory.
So valiant a warrior snatched from you,
Un-avenged, kills the wish to serve you.
My father is dead, and I ask vengeance,

For your interest not mine in this instance,
You lose by a death one of noble breath;
Avenge it by another, death for death.
Slay him, not for me, but for your crown,
For your grandeur, for your own renown;
Slay him, I say, Sire, for the royal good,
A man so proud of spilling noble blood.

King

Diegue, reply.

Diegue

How enviable, yes,
On losing strength to swiftly meet with death,
See how old age prepares for noble spirits
After long careers, miserable exits!
I, whose great labours had acquired glory,
I, who was ever pursued by victory,
Find that having lived far too long
I must rest un-avenged for a wrong.
What combat, siege, ambush could not farther
Nor Aragon indeed, nor Grenada,
Neither your foes, nor yet the envious,
The Count has perpetrated on us,
Hating your choice, proud of the advantage
Granted him by my weakness at my age.
Sire, thus these hairs whitened in harness,
This blood of mine poured out in such excess,
This arm once dreaded by your enemies,
Would have perished, lost to infamy,
If I had not produced a worthy son,
Worthy of his land, and of your person.
He lent me strength, killed the Count this day;
Preserved my honour, washing shame away.
If to display courage in resentment,
If to avenge a wrong, earns punishment,
The tempest's wrath should fall on me instead:
When the arm errs, one punishes the head.
Whether you call our quarrel's cause a crime,
Sire, I am the head, he but an arm of mine.

Chimene complains he has killed her father,
Yet I'd have done so, if I'd been younger.
Take this head the years have aged: preserve
A younger arm which will remain to serve.
By shedding my blood, appease Chimene:
I'll not resist, I consent to every pain;
With no complaint of harshness, I'll yet
Die without dishonour, without regret.

King

The matter's vital, the case put well,
And it merits debate in open council.
Escort Chimene to her house, Don Sanche.
Your bounds are my court, your word, Diegue.
Bring me the son. I will mete out justice.

Chimene

It is just, great King, that a murderer perish.

King

Take some rest, my child, and calm your grief.

Chimene

To command I rest's to see my grief increase.

End of Act II

Act III Scene I (*Rodrigue, Elvire*)

Elvire

Why are you here, Rodrigue, you reprobate?

Rodrigue

Chasing the harsh course of my wretched fate.

Elvire

How can you find the audacity and pride
To show yourself here, where a light has died?
What! Are you here to sully the Count's name?
Did you not slay him?

Rodrigue

Alive, he brought me shame;
Honour demanded that expense of breath.

Elvire

But to take refuge in the house of death?
Does his murderer make this his sanctuary?

Rodrigue

Yet I only seek the judge's penalty.
Do not gaze at me in such surprise;
I seek death, having dealt it likewise,
My judge is my love, my judge Chimene,
I merit death for bringing her such pain,
And I come to receive, as sovereign good,
The sentence, from her lips, that seeks my blood.

Elvire

Rather flee her eyes, and flee her violence;
At her first transports, leave her presence.
Go: don't expose yourself to the tremor
That will fuel the first ardour of her anger.

Rodrigue

No, that dear object to whom I brought terror,

Cannot in punishing show too fierce an anger;
I'd evade a thousand deaths that threaten pain,
If I'd die the sooner by angering her again.

Elvire

Chimene is at the palace, bathed in tears,
She'll be accompanied when she appears.
Rodrigue, fly, I beg you, spare us worry.
What will they say if they see you with me?
Do you wish her named by some slanderer
As receiving the murderer of her father?
She returns; she comes, there, I see her:
Rodrigue, hide, for the sake of honour.

Act III Scene II (*Don Sanche, Chimene, Elvire*)

Sanche

Yes, Madame, you must have sacrifice:
Your anger's valid, your tears justified;
And I will not attempt, by vain oration,
To soften you, or give you consolation.
But if of serving you I'm capable,
Employ my blade to strike the culpable;
Employ my love to avenge this death:
My arm will be strong, should you say yes.

Chimene

Oh, woe!

Sanche

Pray you, accept my service.

Chimene

It would offend the King who promised justice.

Sanche

You know how justice moves, with what slowness,
How often the crime fails to meet redress;
That slow and doubtful course provokes more tears.
Allow a knight to avenge you, not the years:
His way is surer, swiftly it will punish.

Chimene

Such is my last recourse; if thus it finish,
And if for my plight you still feel pity,
You will be free to avenge my injury.

Sanche

It would be happiness if you'd consent;
Granting me hope, I take my leave, content.

Act III Scene III (*Chimene, Elvire*)

Chimene

At last I'm free, now without constraint,
I can reveal my grief, void of restraint;
I can grant passage to my woeful sighs;
Open my heart, give voice to my cries.
Elvire, my father's dead; and the first blade
With which Rodrigue fought, made him a shade.
Weep, weep, my eyes, dissolve in water!
Half of my life has entombed the other,
I must revenge myself, this fatal blow,
For one no more, on one still here below.

Elvire

Rest, Madame.

Chimene

Ah! Unfortunate at best
In the midst of such woe to talk of rest!
How will my sorrow ever now be lessened
If I cannot hate the cause, his fatal hand?
And what can I hope for, save pain eternal,
If I hate the crime, but love the criminal?

Elvire

He robs you of your father, yet you love him!

Chimene

Love is too slight, Elvire, I adore him;
My passion contends with my anger;
Deep in my enemy I find the lover;
I feel that despite resentment's dart,
Rodrigue still fights my father in my heart.
He attacks, presses on, yields, defends,
Now strong, now weak, again it ends:
Yet in this harsh struggle of the whole,
He tears apart my heart but not my soul;
And whatever power love has over me,
I shall not hesitate to do my duty;

I pass, unwavering, where honour leads,
Rodrigue is dear to me, his merit grieves;
My heart takes his part; yet, there's the head,
I know what I am, and that my father's dead.

Elvire

Will you pursue this?

Chimene

Ah! Cruel thought!
And cruel pursuit to which I'm forced!
I demand his head, and fear to win it:
My death will follow his, yet I must punish!

Elvire

Reject, Madame, so tragic a design;
Reject this law, tyrannical and blind.

Chimene

What! My father, in my arms there, dying,
His blood seeks vengeance, and I unhearing!
My heart, shamefully lost, it now appears,
Shall owe him only vain and useless tears!
And the power of a seductive lover
Stifle with craven silence all my honour!

Elvire

Madame, believe me, you'll be forgiven
If you show less ire against a loved one;
Against such a suitor, you've done enough,
You've seen the King; don't press too much,
Don't persist in this strange act of will.

Chimene

My honour's there, I must be avenged, still;
However we pride ourselves on love's merit,
Excuse is shameful to a noble spirit.

Elvire

But you love Rodrigue, he cannot offend.

Chimene

I know it.

Elvire

Well then, what do you intend?

Chimene

To preserve my honour and end my woe,
Pursue him, see him slain, and die also.

Act III Scene IV (*Rodrigue, Chimene, Elvire*)

Rodrigue

Ah! Without pursuit, without legal strife,
Yours is the honour of ending my life.

Chimene

Elvire, where are we, and what do I see?
Rodrigue in my house! Rodrigue before me!

Rodrigue

Spare not my blood; taste, with no resistance,
The sweetness of my death and your vengeance.

Chimene

Alas!

Rodrigue

Hear me.

Chimene

I die.

Rodrigue

But a moment.

Chimene

Go, let me die.

Rodrigue

Four words alone, relent;
Then, answer me only with this blade.

Chimene

What! Stained with his blood, the debt unpaid!

Rodrigue

My Chimene...

Chimene

Remove that hideous thing,
Reproachful of your crime and your being.

Rodrigue

Gaze on it rather to inflame your hate,
Increase your anger, and advance my fate.

Chimene

It's stained by his blood.

Rodrigue

Then plunge it into mine,
And the colour of his no longer find.

Chimene

Ah! How cruel to murder in a day
The father by steel, the child by its display!
Remove that thing, I cannot endure it:
You wish me to hear, yet kill me by it.

Rodrigue

I'll do as you wish, while still expecting
To end my wretched life at your asking;
You'll not extract, despite all my affection,
A coward's repentance for noble action.
The irreparable result of rash anger
Shamed me by dishonouring my father.
You know how a blow pains a noble heart.
I sought the author of it, for my part:
I found him, and avenged my father's honour;
If needed, I'd do the same once more.
Indeed, against my father and myself,
My love fought long in favour of yourself:
Judge of your power: despite the grave offence,
I hesitated whether to yet take vengeance.
Faced with your pain, or suffering the affront
I thought I might be too swift in the hunt,
I accused myself of a rush to violence;
Though your beauty might have swung the balance,
If I had not felt that this was also true:

Without my honour I'd not merit you;
That despite my place within your heart,
You'd hate my shame, if I took your part;
That hearing your love, answering its voice,
Would render me worthless, deny your choice.
I say it again, and, even though I sigh
Yet to my last sigh, I'll repeat that I
Have offended you, and yet I had to,
To wipe out my shame, and merit you;
But, satisfying honour and my father,
It is for your satisfaction I am here:
I am here to offer my life to you.
I did what I must: I do what I must do.
I know a father's death arms you against me;
I would not rob you of your enemy:
Sacrifice now to the blood of the dead
Him whose honour lay in its being shed.

Chimene

Ah! Rodrigue! It's true, though your enemy,
I cannot blame you for fleeing infamy;
And, however strong my outburst of pain
I do not accuse you, I only weep again.
I know what honour, after such an outrage
Asks of the ardour of a man of courage:
You did a knight's duty, to my mind;
But also, in doing it, you taught me mine.
Your fateful valour teaches by victory,
It avenged your father, and his glory:
The same need is mine, to my horror,
Maintain my honour, avenge my father.
Alas! Your love for me is my despair.
If some other ill had slain my father there,
My soul would have found in seeing you
The one solace I might hope to view;
I would have felt the cure for grief and fears,
If your loving hand had dried my tears,
But I must lose one, having lost the other;
Quenching my love, a debt to my honour;
And this awful duty whose rule slays me,

Drives me to work your ruin swiftly.
Do not expect, despite all my affection,
Craven feelings aimed in your direction.
Though our love pleads now in your favour,
My soul must equal yours in honour:
Though offending me, you prove worthy too;
I must, by your death, prove worthy yet of you.

Rodrigue

No longer delay the claims of honour:
It asks my life, and I am in your power;
Sacrifice me to your noble vengeance.
The blow will be as sweet as the sentence.
If given my crime you await slow justice,
Honour and my punishment both languish.
I will die happy dying by a hand so pure.

Chimene

Go, I am not your executioner.
If you offer me your life, must I offend?
I must attack you, but you may defend;
It must fall to other hands than mine,
I may pursue, not punish the crime.

Rodrigue

Whatever our love pleads in my favour,
Your soul must equal mine in honour;
And to borrow others to avenge a father,
My Chimene, believe me, will not answer:
My hand alone avenged that first offence,
Your hand alone must now seek vengeance.

Chimene

Cruel! Why so obstinate in this matter?
You had no help, yet make me this offer!
I'll follow your example, I am brave too,
I'll not let my honour be shared with you.
My father and my honour will owe nothing
To your love, or your despair in dying.

Rodrigue

How harsh is honour! What then can I do
To win this grace ultimately from you?
In the name of a dead father, or our amity,
Punish by vengeance, or at least by pity.
Your unfortunate lover finds here less pain,
Death at your hand, than life with your disdain.

Chimene

Go, I do not disdain you.

Rodrigue

Then, you should.

Chimene

I cannot.

Rodrigue

Have you all blame and slander so forgot?
My crime once known, if you keep the flame,
What will envy and falsehood not proclaim!
Ensure their silence: cease this waste of breath,
Preserve your name and bring about my death.

Chimene

To let you live then is the best for me;
I would that the blackest voice of envy
Might praise me to the skies and pity too,
Knowing I love and must denounce you.
Go, no longer show to my flawed will
What I must lose, while I adore it still.
Hide your going in night's shadowy veil;
If you are seen, my honour you assail.
It will open my life to slander's offence
If anyone learns now of your presence.
Give no one cause to attack my virtue.

Rodrigue

Let me die!

Chimene

Go!

Rodrigue

What are you resigned to?

Chimene

Despite the sweet love that thwarts my anger,
I must do what I can to avenge my father;
And yet, despite that duty's cruel rigour,
My sole wish is to be denied the power.

Rodrigue

Miracle of love!

Chimene

Sea of pain, rather!

Rodrigue

What tears and woe come to us from a father!

Chimene

Rodrigue, who'd have thought?

Rodrigue

Chimene, who'd have said?

Chimene

That happiness so near, would fail instead?

Rodrigue

And that so close to harbour, from the blue
So swift a storm would break our barque in two?

Chimene

Ah! Fatal grief!

Rodrigue

Alas! Vain regret!

Chimene

I'll hear no more. Why are you here, yet?

Rodrigue

Adieu; a death in life remains to me,
Until your actions rob me of it wholly.

Chimene

If I should gain the verdict, then I swear
Not to survive you for a moment there.
Adieu; leave, and be careful no one sees.

Elvire

Madame, some trials that Heaven is pleased...

Chimene

Trouble me not, but leave me here to sigh
Silence I seek, and night, in which to cry.

Act III Scene V (*Don Diegue*)

Diegue

Never do we find perfect happiness:
Our sweetest days are tinged with sadness.
Always some fresh care, some event,
Troubles the purity of our content.
In the midst of pleasure my soul suffers:
I drown in joy, and tremble with my fears.
I have seen the corpse of my enemy
Yet cannot find the hand that avenged me.
In vain I labour, worry uselessly,
Aged as I am, search through the city:
What little my years have left me of vigour,
Consumes itself in seeking for the victor.
At every instant, through this night of sorrow,
I thought to clasp him, but clasped a shadow;
And my love, tricked by these deceptions,
Doubling my dread yields to new suspicions.
I can find no traces of his passage;
I fear the Count's friends and entourage;
Their numbers daze my mind and reason.
Rodrigue is dead, or languishing in prison.
Just Heavens! Am I deceived once more,
Or is this my last hope I stand before?
Without doubt it's he; my prayers are answered,
My fears are over now, my cares are ended.

Act III Scene VI (*Don Diegue, Don Rodrigue*)

Diegue

Rodrigue, Heaven sends you to me, my boy!

Rodrigue

Alas!

Diegue

Do not blend your sighs with my joy;
Let me take breath before I praise you.
My valour has no cause to disown you;
You've emulated it, your great daring
Shows our heroic race is still breathing.
You descend from them, you are my issue;
Your first sword-thrust equalled mine too;
And with fine ardour your lively youth
Attains my fame with this single proof.
Prop of my old age, crown of my delight,
Clasp what you've honoured, this head all white,
Come, kiss this cheek, and so kiss the place
Where the wrong fell your courage did efface.

Rodrigue

The honour is yours; I could do no less
Born of our race, nurtured at its breast.
I count myself happy if it brings delight,
My trial stroke pleasing him who gave me life;
But be not jealous, now, of joy's faction,
If I in turn choose to seek satisfaction.
Let my despair burst forth, at liberty,
Your speech has now too long restrained me.
I am not sorry to have served so nobly;
But return the good this blade stole from me.
My arm, to avenge you, raised against my love
Deprived me of my soul, by the strokes I wove.
Speak nothing more; through you I am dismayed:
What I owed you, I've generously paid.

Diegue

Bear more nobly this fruit of victory:
I gave you life and you return me glory;
Since dearer to me than life is honour,
So in return I owe you all the more.
Yet from a true heart drive all weaknesses,
We've but one honour, many mistresses!
Love is mere pleasure, honour is a duty.

Rodrigue

What's this you say?

Diegue

What you know, already.

Rodrigue

Offended honour takes its vengeance on me,
And, shame, you dare urge infidelity!
Their vileness matches, equally applies
To cowardly blades, and disloyal eyes.
To my loyal heart do no injury;
Let me be noble without perjury;
My bonds are far too strong to be broken;
Even without hope my faith's unshaken;
Unable to leave or possess Chimene,
The death I seek is my sweetest pain.

Diegue

This is no time for you to search for death.
Your prince your nation need your loyal breath.
The fleet we feared, entering the estuary,
Seeks to surprise the town, scorch the country.
The Moors sail silently, the tide and night
Will bring them to our walls before the light.
The Court's in chaos, the people terrified.
Shouts and tears alone flow from our side.
In this disaster, fate gave its decree,
I found five hundred friends attend on me,
Who, knowing the affront, with equal metal,
Came and offered to avenge my quarrel.
You forestalled them; but this valiant band

Is best deployed against the African.
March at their head, the post of honour;
Their noble troop asks for you as leader.
Go: halt the foe's first expense of breath,
If you wish to die, there lies noble death.
Seize this chance, since it is offered freely;
To your loss the king may owe his safety.
Yet rather return with laurel on your brow.
Let glory be more than mere vengeance now,
Carry it further, let valour influence
The king to pardon, and Chimene to silence;
If you love her, then return the victor,
The one way that is left to you to win her.
But time is too precious to be wasted thus;
I'll forgo speech, wishing you to leave us.
Come, follow me, go fight, and show your king
What he lost with the Count, you again bring.

End of Act III

Act IV Scene I (*Chimene, Elvire*)

Chimene

Are the rumours true, Elvire? Are you sure?

Elvire

You'd never believe how he's admired, or
How with one voice, they praise them so,
The glorious deeds of this young hero.
The Moors before him, in their shame, scatter;
Their landing's swift, their flight is swifter;
Three hours of battle gave our warriors
A total victory, two kings as prisoners.
Our leader's courage leapt all obstacles.

Chimene

And Rodrigue's arm performed these miracles?

Elvire

Through his efforts those two kings were won;
His hand conquered them, he was the one.

Chimene

From whom did you learn this latest news?

Elvire

From those who shout his praises, those who
Call him their joy's object and its author,
Their guardian angel and their liberator.

Chimene

And the King, how does he view such valour?

Elvire

Rodrigue has not yet dared to appear before
Him, but Don Diegue, in his son's name
Presented him with the captive kings in chains,
And has asked a favour of the noble prince,
To receive the warrior who saved a province.

Chimene

But is he wounded?

Elvire

Of that there's nothing.

You've changed colour! Collect your feelings.

Chimene

Then let me re-collect past wrath also:
Though loving, must I forget myself so?
He's praised, acclaimed: witness my consent!
My honour's mute, my duty impotent!
Silence, Love: oh, see my anger, rather:
Though he conquers kings, he killed a father;
This dress of black that reveals my pallor,
Was the first outcome of all his valour;
And whatever's said elsewhere, at this time,
Here everything speaks to me of his crime.
You that give such force to my resentments,
Veil, crepe, dress, you sorrowful ornaments,
Things that his first deed has forced on me,
Against my love now, sustain my glory,
And when that love exhibits all its power,
Speak then of my sad duty by the hour,
Fear nothing, be this conqueror's attacker.

Elvire

Compose yourself, here comes the Infanta.

Act IV Scene II (*The Infanta, Chimene, Leonor, Elvire*)

Infanta

I come not to console you now; be clear,
Rather I come to mingle sigh with tear.

Chimene

You should rather take part in all this joy,
Blessing the grace the Heavens employ,
Madame, no one but me deserves to suffer.
Rodrigue has saved us all from great danger,
And kept the people safe, the nearest way,
Leaving me alone to weep, on this day:
He's saved the city: he has served his king;
Only to me his blade's a fatal thing.

Infanta

Chimene, it's true he's performed miracles.

Chimene

I've heard the painful news of these marvels.
And heard him proclaimed loudly everywhere,
As brave soldier, and unlucky lover.

Infanta

Why should this public notice so pain you?
This young Mars, they praise, once pleased you;
Possessed your soul; was subject to your law;
Praise his valour: honour your choice the more.

Chimene

Others can praise him with a true intent,
Praise of him to me is but more torment.
His greatness only adds to my sorrow,
Seeing his worth I see what I forgo.
Ah! Cruel vexation to a loving spirit!
I love the more, the more I know his merit:
Yet my duty ever is the stronger,
I'll seek his death though he is my lover.

Infanta

Yesterday, duty brought you great esteem;
Noble that struggle which you waged did seem,
So worthy of great hearts: our courtiers
Admired your courage, pitying the lovers.
Yet will you take a faithful friend's advice?

Chimene

Not to obey you would appear a vice.

Infanta

What was right then is not so today.
Rodrigue is now our sole support, I say,
Our hope, the man the people all adore,
Pillar of Castile, terror of the Moor.
Even the King agrees, the truth is plain,
That in Rodrigue your father lives again;
If you'd have me explain it in a breath,
You pursue public ruin through his death.
What? To avenge a father are we free
To deliver our country to the enemy?
Is your cause against us legitimate?
Are we part of his crime, to share his fate?
After all you are not obliged to marry
Him whom a father forces you to marry:
I'll help you quench your desire, this strife,
Erase your love, but leave us yet his life.

Chimene

Oh! I am not worthy of such kindness;
This duty that embitters is limitless.
Though I still feel love for the conqueror,
Though the King may flatter, crowds adore,
Though he's among others born to quarrel,
Beneath my cypress I'll go scorn his laurel.

Infanta

It is noble, to avenge a father,
Attacking, out of duty, one so dear;
But it's a deed of a higher order

To put the public good before a father.
Believe me, it's enough to quench your fires:
He's punished who loses what he desires.
Let the good of the country be your law:
Besides can the King now grant you more?

Chimene

Though he refuses, I will not stay silent.

Infanta

Think carefully, Chimene, of your intent.
Adieu: alone you may reflect at leisure.

Chimene

I've no choice, on the death of a father.

Act IV Scene III (*The King, Diegue, Arias, Rodrigue, Sanche*)

King

Noble heir of an illustrious family
Ever Castille's pillar and its glory,
Race of ancestors of signal valour,
Whom by these deeds of yours you honour,
My power to recompense you now is slight;
You show greater merit than I have might...
The country saved from a cruel enemy,
Your hand securing the sceptre firmly,
The Moors defeated, before our alarms
Secured the orders to repulse their arms,
These are exploits that deny your King
The means of just reward for anything.
But your two captive kings make recompense,
Both naming you their Cid in my presence.
Since Cid in their language is lord in ours,
I'll not begrudge you all such honours.
So, be the Cid: and let your name below
Strike with fear Granada and Toledo;
To all beneath my law now may it show,
What you are worth to me, and what I owe.

Rodrigue

May your Majesty, Sire, spare my blushes!
It takes too much account of meagre service,
And makes me now ashamed before the King,
Such great honour: so little meriting.
I know, to the security your realms give
I owe my heart's blood, the air I breathe;
And if I lose them for some noble object,
I'd simply be acting as a loyal subject.

King

Yet, all who in my service so engage
Do not acquit themselves with such courage;
And valour that is not born of excess
Seldom achieves comparable success.
Allow our praise then, tell the history

At greater length of all this victory.

Rodrigue

Sire, you know that finding pressing danger
Had filled the whole city with its terror,
A group of friends, my father assembled,
Solicited my help, though I was troubled...
Yet, Sire, you'll pardon my temerity
If I commanded without authority.
Peril approached: their arms were ready;
Appearing then at Court would be foolhardy.
And if I were to die, it seemed sweeter
To give my life fighting in your honour.

King

I pardon now the matter of your vengeance;
The State, defended, speaks in your defence.
Henceforth Chimene's plea will go no further.
I will only hear her to console her.
But go on.

Rodrigue

Under me the troop advanced,
Displaying all its manly confidence.
We were five hundred, but with swift support
Grew to three thousand as we reached the port,
So that seeing us marching to that stage,
Those most terrified found new courage!
Arriving, I hid quite two thirds of the men
In the holds of the vessels there, and then
The rest, whose numbers now increased hourly,
Devoured by impatience, gathering round me,
Lay down on the ground, where in silence
The best part of a fine night was spent.
At my command the guards did the same,
And, staying hidden, helped my stratagem;
Then I boldly feigned to owe to you
The orders they and I would then pursue.
The faint light cast from every distant star
Showed thirty ships now crossing the bar;

The waves swelled beneath, and their effort
Brought the tide-borne Moors within the port.
We let them pass; all appearing tranquil;
No soldiers at the port, the city still.
The calm we maintained deceived their eyes.
They, believing they'd achieved surprise,
Fearless, closed, anchored, disembarked,
And then they ran against us in the dark.
We leapt up on the instant, copious cries
Uttered by our troops, rose to the skies.
Others echoed from our anchored fleet;
Thus the Moors' amazement proved complete,
Terror seized them just as they were landing.
They knew defeat, prior to any fighting.
They thought to pillage, but met with slaughter.
We pressed them on land, and on the water,
And high their blood lifted like a fountain,
Before they could resist, re-group, again.
But soon, in spite of us, their princes rallied,
Their courage was revived, their terror fled:
The shame of dying, without act of war,
Quelling confusion renewed their valour.
They drew their scimitars against us swiftly;
Mingling our blood with theirs most horribly.
The river, fleet, the port, the shore, the main,
Were sites of conflict now, where death did reign.
O countless the brave acts, courageousness
Concealed itself from knowledge in the darkness,
Where each, the sole true witness of his blows,
Could not discern whose side fortune chose!
I rushed everywhere, encouraging our men,
Making these advance, supporting them.
Deploying new-comers, urging them on,
Nor could I judge the outcome till the dawn.
But, at last, light showed us our advantage;
The Moors faced defeat, and so lost courage:
And seeing our reinforcements on the way,
Fear of death destroyed their hopes with day.
The re-gained their ships, they cut the cables,
Their dreadful cries rose high above the gables,

They retreated then, without considering
The action their kings were undertaking.
Their terror was too great to think of duty;
The tide that brought them on now helped them flee;
Yet their kings were still engaged in battle,
Handfuls of their men, pierced by our metal,
Disputed valiantly, sold their lives dearly.
In vain I begged them to surrender to me:
Scimitars in hand they would not listen;
But seeing their men fall all around them,
And that they were fighting on unshielded,
They sought our chief: answering, they yielded,
I sent them to you, with due compliments;
The war then ceased through lack of combatants.
It was in this manner, in your service...

Act IV Scene IV (*The King, Diegue, Arias, Rodrigue, Alonso, Sanche*)

Alonso

Sire, Chimene is here, demanding justice.

King

Sad news, and an obsessive sense of duty!

(To Rodrigue)

Go, I will not pressure her unfairly.

In place of thanks, I'll drive you from this place:

But, ere you go, accept your King's embrace.

(Exit Rodrigue)

Diegue

Chimene pursues him, yet she would save him.

King

I'll test her now, since they say she loves him.

Adopt a sad expression.

Act IV Scene V (*The King, Diegue, Arias, Alonso, Sanche, Chimene, Elvire*)

King

Be content
Chimene, victory answers your intent:
Though Rodrigue overcame our enemies
He died before our eyes from wounds received.
Offer thanks to Heaven who has avenged you.

(To Don Diegue)

See how her face abruptly changes hue.

Diegue

Yes, see, she's fainting, and from perfect love,
In this swoon, Sire, see how her passions move.
Her grief betrays the secret of her soul,
And we may no longer doubt the tale that's told.

Chimene

What! Rodrigue is dead?

King

No, no, he lives,
And bears you yet his unchanging love:
Quiet this sorrow borne of your distress.

Chimene

Sire, one faints from joy as well as sadness:
Excess of happiness may bring on weakness,
Surprise the soul, and overcome the senses.

King

You wish us to believe the impossible?
Chimene, your grief was only too visible.

Chimene

Sire, make this the culmination to my woe
And call it grief then, if you wish it so.

A deep displeasure overcame my feelings;
His death destroyed the object I was seeking.
If he had died of wounds for his country
Vengeance was thwarted, and my plans awry:
So fine an end would only injure me
Who ask his death, but not a death in glory,
No great acclaim to raise him up on high,
On a scaffold, not in honour, he must die;
For my father not his country, diminished,
Let his name be sullied, memory tarnished.
To die for one's country is no sad fate;
Such a death sets one among the great.
I love his victory: for that's no sin.
The State, secure now, returns my victim.
Noble, then, famous among warriors,
A leader crowned with laurel not with flowers,
To say it in a word, I find him, his blade,
Worthy of sacrifice to my father's shade...
Such vain hopes I allowed myself to feel!
Rodrigue has naught to fear from my steel;
What use are my scorned tears against him?
Your whole empire now lies open to him;
There all's allowed him, beneath your sway;
He triumphs over me, as the Moors today.
His enemies' spilt blood drowns out justice,
As a new trophy for his crimes does service;
We swell the pomp, and scornful of the law,
Follow his chariot, with two kings before.

King

Daughter, your words show too much violence.
In rendering justice, set all in the balance:
Your father died, yet he was the aggressor;
Justice itself commands me to be fairer.
Before you accuse my judgement further
Consult your heart: Rodrigue is its master.
Love, in secret, thanks your King moreover,
For the favour that grants you such a lover.

Chimene

Grants me! My foe! Object of my anger!
Source of my woes! Murderer of my father!
To my just cause you give so little weight,
You will not even hear the wrongs I state!
Since you refuse justice to all my claims,
Sire, let me have my recourse to weapons;
That's how he perpetrated his offence,
And that is how I now seek vengeance.
I ask his head of all your warriors, now;
Let one bring it, I'll be his prize, I vow.
Let combat begin, Sire, combat finished,
I'll wed the man, if Rodrigue is punished.
Let them proclaim this on your authority.

King

This custom here, of ancient pedigree,
As means to punish an unjust assault,
Robs the State of its finest men, the fault
This sad abuse creates if it finds success
Protects the criminal, attacks the guiltless.
I exempt Rodrigue: he's far too valuable
To expose to such a fate, unjust and fickle;
Whatever blood that noble heart has spilt,
The Moors in fleeing bore away his guilt.

Diegue

What, Sire! For him alone you change the law
That has been countless times observed at court?
What will your people, what will envy say,
If your protection cloaks him every way,
Preventing him from seeking to appear,
Where a noble death is sought by honour?
Such a favour tarnishes his glory:
Let him not blush now for his victory.
The Count was rash; Rodrigue replied though:
Played the brave man's part, and still must do so.

King

Since you wish it, I will grant permission:
But thousands will view it as their mission,

The prize Chimene would award their blows
Would make of all my warriors his foes.
For him to face them all would be unjust,
He should face only one man, if he must.
Choose whom you wish, and choose well, Chimene;
But after this ask me naught again.

Diegue

Excuse none of all those he terrifies;
Leave the field open, see, no man applies.
After what Rodrigue has said today,
Who is brave enough to make a play?
Who would take on such an adversary?
Who would show such courage or temerity?

Sanche

Open the lists: you'll bring on his assailant;
I am that man, so rash, or rather valiant,
Favour my ardour's urging now in this.
Madame, you must remember your promise.

King

Chimene, will you place your cause in his hand?

Chimene

I promised.

King

Tomorrow then, understand.

Diegue

No, Sire, now: there must be no more delay.
A brave man should be ready come what may.

King

To win a war, then duel immediately!

Diegue

Rodrigue has rested while he told his story.

King

He shall rest some hours more before they fight;
And for fear such combat be seen as right,
To show you all I allow with some regret
This blood-stained process that has never yet
Pleased me: the court and I will be absent.

(To Arias)

You alone will judge them competent.
See to it that both act honourably,
Once over, bring the conqueror to me.
Either will earn the same prize for his pains;
I'll with my own hand give him to Chimene,
And he will receive her hand as his reward.

Chimene

What! Sire, to impose so harsh a law!

King

Yet Love, far from registering this protest,
If Rodrigue wins, true justice will attest.
Cease to murmur against laws so sweet;
Whoever wins, will yet fall at your feet.

End of Act IV

Act V Scene I (*Rodrigue, Chimene*)

Chimene

Rodrigue, and here! Whence your audacity?
Go, you harm my honour now; please leave me.

Rodrigue

I go to die, Madame, yet come to you,
Before my death, to say a last adieu.
Eternal love that binds me to your laws
Accepts my life in homage thus to yours.

Chimene

You go to die!

Rodrigue

I haste towards that hour
That yields my being to your vengeful power.

Chimene

You go to die! Has Sanche's blade such art
It works on your indomitable heart?
What makes you so weak, and him so strong?
Rodrigue, about to fight, sings his swan-song!
He who feared not my father, or the Moors,
Off to fight Sanche, thinks it a lost cause!
In time of need your courage is all spent?

Rodrigue

I go not to a duel, but punishment;
My faithful ardour deprives me of desire
To defend myself, since you light the pyre.
My heart's the same; my arm loses strength
When it seeks to protect what you condemn;
Last night would have yet proved fatal
If I'd fought only in my own quarrel;
But defending my people, king and country,
Only a traitor would have dared fight badly.
My heart does not detest life so utterly

As to wish to lose it through disloyalty.
Now fighting solely in my own cause,
You ask my death and I accept your laws.
Vengeance chooses another hand's force
(I was not worthy of dying at yours):
None will see me resist what must ensue;
I owe respect to one who fights for you,
I will yield him my naked chest bravely,
Adoring your hand, in that which slays me.

Chimene

If the force of justice and sad duty
Urging me on, pursuing victory,
Prescribes for you so harsh a law
It renders you defenceless, all the more
Be mindful in that act of blindness
That your honour is at stake, no less
Than your life, and your living glory
If you die, will be one more past story.
Your honour's dearer to you than I am,
Since with a father's blood it stained your hand,
And made you renounce, despite your passion
Your sweetest hope, that of my possession:
Yet I see you treat it now so lightly,
That you would be vanquished easily.
Your honour's plagued by inconsistency.
Why is it now not as it seemed to be?
Is your sole virtue committing outrage?
Except for insults, do you lack courage?
Did you show such harshness to my father
That conquered you might know your conqueror?
Go, without seeking death: let me pursue you,
Defend your honour, though you've no wish to.

Rodrigue

After the Count's death, the Moors defeat,
Is this honour of mine not yet replete?
It should disdain the need for self-defence;
They know my courage dares all attempts,
My valour is high, and beneath the heavens

As for my honour, nothing is more precious.
No, no, think as you wish, in this story
Rodrigue may die without losing glory,
Without being accused of lacking honour,
Unconquered, free of any conqueror.
They'll merely say: 'He adored Chimene;
He wished to die and not endure the pain
Of her hatred, bowed to that destiny
That of a lover made an enemy.
She sought his life, and yet his noble heart
Could not deny her justice, for his part.
So he lost his love, to save *his* honour
So he lost his life, to save his lover's,
Preferring (to hopes of making her his wife)
His honour to Chimene, Chimene to life.'
And so you will see my death in this duel,
Far from quenching glory, will give it fuel;
And this honour will flow from willing death,
Your need for recompense ends with my breath.

Chimene

Since life and honour then prove far too weak
To stop you hastening to your death, Rodrigue,
If ever I loved you, take revenge on me,
Defend yourself, from Don Sanche so wrest me.
Fight to free me from the harsh condition
That yields me to an object of aversion.
Must I say more? Go: think of your defence,
To tax my duty, impose my silence.
And if you feel your love is still alive,
Emerge as the victor, with Chimene your prize.
Adieu: these last words make me blush with shame.

Rodrigue

Is there a sword that can defy my claim?
Navarese, Moors, Castilians, appear,
All Spain's men of valour now stand here;
Join together so, create an army,
To fight this one man roused so utterly:
Unite your force against a hope so sweet;

You'll prove too few now to deny it me.

Act V Scene II (*Infanta*)

Shall I hear you again, high blood of ours,
That makes a crime of my love?
Shall I hear you, love, whose tender powers
Make my generous heart against it move?
Poor Princess, to which of the two
Must you devote these hours?
Rodrigue your valour proves worthy of me;
But you're no king's son, despite victory.

Implacable fate, whose harshness parts
My honour from my desire,
Is it written my choice, counter my heart,
Must quench forever my loving fire?
Heavens! What sighs aspire
To rise from my loving heart,
If it must endlessly grieve and suffer
Not quench its love, nor accept its lover!

Yet it's too harsh, and my reason's stunned
By my scorn for such a lover:
Though birth reserves me for kings alone,
Rodrigue I'll bow to your law with honour.
Over two kings the victor,
How then could you lack a crown?
Does the title of Cid, your recent gain,
Not clearly show over whom you'll reign?

He's worthy of me, but made for Chimene;
The gift I gave proves my ruin.
Her father's death brings them, I maintain,
So little hatred, sad she pursues him.
I must hope no harm's ensuing,
From his crime, or from my pain,
Since, to punish, destiny agrees
That love live on so, between enemies.

Act V Scene III (*Infanta, Leonor*)

Infanta

Why here, Leonor?

Leonor

To rejoice, Lady,
At this repose your soul finds, finally.

Infanta

Whence should such peace arise to quench my pain?

Leonor

If love lives on hope, and dies with it again,
Rodrigue can no longer quench your courage.
You know the duel that Chimene would stage;
Since he will die, or else they will be wed,
Your heart is freed, as your hope is dead.

Infanta

Oh! Far from that!

Leonor

To what can you pretend?

Infanta

Rather, from what shall I myself defend?
If Rodrigue duels accepting such conditions,
I have many means to alter their intentions.
Love, sweet author of my cruel anguish,
Shows lovers' minds many an artifice.

Leonor

What can you work, if a father's merit
Rouses no discord between their spirits?
For Chimene shows readily by her action,
That hate no longer fuels his prosecution.
She's granted combat, and for combatant
Accepted the first offer made that instant.
She'd no recourse to that nobility,

Who by their exploits won themselves glory.
Don Sanche suits her choice, and he'll suffice
Since this duel will be the first he fights;
His lack of experience pleases her;
Since he lacks renown she lacks all fear;
And her calm reveals to us readily
She seeks a duel to discharge her duty,
One that will give Rodrigue swift victory,
And render him no more her enemy.

Infanta

I have seen all this, my heart however,
As Chimene's, adores this conqueror.
A sorry lover, how can I be resigned?

Leonor

By keeping your noble rank in mind;
Heaven owes you a king, you love a subject!

Infanta

My inclination has changed its object.
I no longer love Rodrigue the gentleman;
No my love names him to another plan;
If I love, I love he who wrought fine things,
The valorous Cid who has mastered kings.
Yet I'll draw back, not from fear of blame,
But so as not to harm their loving flame;
And when to oblige me he is crowned,
The gift I gave shall never be disowned.
Since his victory in this duel is certain,
Let me grant him to Chimene again.
And you who know my suffering spirit,
Will see me end this thing as I began it.

Act V Scene IV (*Chimene, Elvire*)

Chimene

Elvire, how I suffer! Pity me here!
I have no hope, and everything to fear;
No prayer escapes to which I can consent;
Of every wish I form I soon repent.
Two rivals now will duel for me as prize:
Yet the happiest end will fuel my sighs;
Whatever fate determines in my honour
I fail my father, or I lose my lover.

Elvire

One way or the other, you're satisfied,
You are avenged, or Rodrigue has not died;
And whatever destiny ordains for you
You've honour, glory and a husband too.

Chimene

What! The object of my hate, or anger!
Rodrigue's killer or that of my father!
In either case they will make me wed
One stained with the blood of my dear dead;
Against that fate I'll fight with every breath:
I fear the quarrel's ending worse than death.
Flee, Love and Vengeance, that so trouble me,
The price too great of your sweet victory;
And you, prime mover of my destiny,
In this duel, let none have mastery,
Let there be no loser and no winner.

Elvire

Then you'll be hurt in too harsh a manner.
This duel will yield you yet more distress,
If you're forced to seek justice afresh,
Ever to nourish your noble anger,
And still seek the death of your lover.
Madame, better that his rare valour now,
Gains your silence, as it crowns his brow,
That this duel should stifle all your sighs,

And the King your heart's hope yet realise.

Chimene

You think if he's the victor I'll surrender?
My duty is too great, my loss is greater;
This duel, and the wishes of the King,
Will never bind me with their law-making.
He may conquer Sanche with little pain,
But not that honour sacred to Chimene.
Whatever the King may grant the victor
He makes a greater enemy of my honour.

Elvire

Beware lest Heaven punishes your pride
And sees you avenged, though he has died.
What! You would deny the joy and sense
Of keeping an honourable silence?
What does duty then expect or hope for?
Will your lover's death bring back your father?
Is one disaster not enough for you?
Must loss bring loss, grief bring grief, too?
Come, with such capricious obstinacy,
You merit neither love nor destiny;
Heaven's just anger will see you wed
To Don Sanche when Rodrigue is dead.

Chimene

Elvire, this suffering is enough for me,
Don't multiply it with dread augury.
I wish to escape them both if I may;
If not, it's for Rodrigue that I will pray:
Not because foolish passion so decides;
But because I'll be Sanche's if he dies.
This fear gives rise to my inclination...

(Don Sanche enters)

Ah, what do I see? Elvire, it is done.

Act V Scene V (*Don Sanche, Chimene, Elvire*)

Sanche

Being forced to lay this blade before you...

Chimene

What! And painted with Rodrigue's blood too?
How do you dare to meet my gaze, traitor,
After slaying one who was your better?
Speak now, Love, you have no more to fear:
Cease to hide, this satisfies my father;
A single blow brings honour now to me,
My soul to despair, my love to liberty.

Sanche

If you were calmer...

Chimene

Still you speak, what more,
Vile murderer of that hero I adore!
Go, you were treacherous; the valiant
Could never yield to such an assailant.
Hope for nothing here, you did not serve me!
You stole my life, in seeking to avenge me.

Sanche

This strange mistake, beyond comprehension...

Chimene

Is it to your boasting I must listen?
And hear you paint with endless insolence
His woe, my crime, and your brave defence?

Act V Scene VI (*King, Diegue, Arias, Sanche, Alonso, Chimene, Elvire*)

Chimene

Sire, there's no longer reason to conceal
What all my efforts were forced to reveal.
I loved: you know it; to avenge my father,
I was willing to condemn my lover:
Your Majesty, Sire, yourself could see
How my love was sacrificed to duty.
Rodrigue is dead, and his death changed me
To afflicted lover from implacable enemy.
Vengeance was owing to my father,
And now I owe tears to my lover.
Don Sanche caused me ill, in my defence,
And that ill-dealing arm I must recompense!
Sire, if compassion can sway a king,
I beg you to revoke your harsh ruling;
For what lost me my love, his victory,
I leave him my fortune; if he'll forgo me;
That I may weep in some sacred cloister,
To my last breath, for father and for lover.

Diegue

She still loves, Sire, and thinks it no crime
To confess a love so true, to you, at this time.

King

Chimene, you are wrong, your lover is not dead,
Sanche, the vanquished, spoke falsely instead.

Sanche

Her ardour deceived her, in spite of me:
I left the fight, Sire, to recount it swiftly.
The noble warrior, who has claimed her,
Said when he disarmed me: 'Have no fear.
I would rather leave the outcome uncertain,
Than shed blood placed at risk for Chimene;
But since duty summons me to the King
Go tell her for me of our undertaking,
Take your sword on behalf of the victor.'

Sire, I went: the blade itself deceived her;
She thought me the victor seeing me there,
And betrayed her love in her swift anger
With so much agitation and impatience,
I could not gain a moment's audience.
For myself, though conquered I'm content;
And despite my own amorous intent,
And infinite loss, I welcome my defeat,
Rendering a perfect love thus complete.

King

My daughter, be not ashamed of this love,
Nor seek the means its power to disprove;
An honourable shame urges you in vain;
Your duty is done, your honour true again;
Your father's satisfied, as his avenger
You have so often placed his life in danger.
Yet you see Heaven wishes something else.
Having worked for others, act now for yourself,
And do not struggle against my command,
That will grant you a beloved husband.

Act V Scene VII (King, Diegue, Arias, Rodrigue, Alonso, Sanche, Infanta, Chimene, Leonor, Elvire)

Infanta

Dry your tears, Chimene, and free of sadness
Receive him from the hands of your princess.

Rodrigue

Be not offended if in your presence, Sire,
Loving respect makes me kneel before her.
I have not come here to demand my prize:
I have come, once more, to offer you my life,
Madame; my love employs in its own cause
Neither King's will, nor customary laws.
If what is done was too little for a father,
What will it take to satisfy you more?
Must I battle with a thousand rivals,
To the earth's ends extend my labours,
Attack a camp alone, or rout an army,
Exceed the fame of heroes legendary?
If my crime can thus be washed away,
I'll undertake whatever deed today:
But if proud honour, all inexorable,
To be appeased, must slay the criminal,
Do not seek to use man's power against me:
Avenge yourself, my head bows at your feet;
Your hands must conquer the invincible;
Take that vengeance others find impossible;
But let my death suffice to punish me.
Do not banish me from your memory,
And say sometimes, in pitying my life:
'If he'd not loved me, he'd not have died.'

Chimene

Rise Rodrigue. Sire, know this for a fact,
I have gone too far to wish to retract.
Rodrigue has virtues that I cannot hate:
And when a King commands, we must obey.
But, regardless of your previous ruling,
Can you endure to see such a wedding?

And if as a duty you wish to view it,
Is royal justice in accord with it?
If Rodrigue is essential to the State,
Must I pay for the workings of fate.
Expose myself to this reproach, eternal,
Of having bathed my hands in blood paternal?

King

Often enough time makes legitimate
What, at first sight, seems illegitimate.
Rodrigue has won you, and you are his.
But though today valour deserves this,
I would prove an enemy to your honour
To grant him now the prize of his valour.
A marriage deferred does not affect the laws
That, regardless of time, make him yours.
Take a year, if you would, to dry your tears.
Rodrigue, arm yourself, among your peers.
After driving the Moors from our coast,
Marring their plans, answering their boast,
Go, wage war on them in their own country,
Command my army, ravage the enemy.
As the Cid you have them trembling;
They called you lord, shall know you as their king.
Though great your deeds stay ever faithful;
Return more worthy of her if possible,
And in all your exploits prove so true,
It will be bliss to her to marry you.

Rodrigue

To possess Chimene, and do you service,
What will my weapons not accomplish?
Whatever absence from her must endure,
Sire, it is yet happiness to hope for more.

King

Take hope then from courage, and my promise;
You now possess the heart of your mistress,
To meet this point of honour, yet arising,
Rely on time, your valour, and your king.

The End