

Hernani
Victor Hugo

Hernani: As God is my witness, I did not want to confront you now, not here.

Don Carlos: What are my men doing in the town to have let this gypsy chieftain pass?
Monterey?

Hernani: Your men are in the hands of mine-no use to out for their powerless swords. For any three that came to your call, sixty would run to mine. Sixty, and every one of them worth four of yours. So . . . we shall settle our quarrel between the two of us. You have raised your hand against this girl! It was an unwise move, my lord king of Castile, a coward's act.

Don Carlos: My lord bandit, let there be no reproach from you to me.

Hernani: He laughs! I am no king; but when a king insults me, and then scoffs, my rage springs up and lifts me to his height. Beware, for when I am offended, men fear my angry brow more than any kingly crest! You are mad if you have some illusion of hope. Do you know whose hand grips you now? Listen, your father caused mine to die. For that I hate you. We love the same woman, both of us. For that I hate you, I hate you for everything- I hate you from my soul!

Don Carlos: Very well.

Hernani: You are mad, Don Carlos! You are caught in your own snare without help, or hope of escape. I have you in my hand! You are alone, surrounded by furious enemies. What will you do?

Don Carlos: Come now! You dare to question me!

Hernani: No, no, I will not have you struck down by some strange hand- my vengeance must not elude me now. No one but I shall touch you; defend yourself.