

Le Cid

Act II Scene ii.—The Count and Don Rodrigo.

Don Rodrigo.  
Here, count, a word or two.

Count.  
Speak.

Don Rodrigo.  
Dost thou know Don Diego well?

Count.  
Yes.

Don Rodrigo.  
Dost thou know that this old man was the very virtue,  
valor, and honor in his time? Dost thou know it?

Count.  
Perhaps so.

Don Rodrigo.  
This fire which I carry in mine eyes, knowest thou that  
this is his blood? Dost thou know it?

Count.  
What matters it to me?

Don Rodrigo.  
Four paces hence I shall cause thee to know it.

Count.  
Presumptuous youth!

Don Rodrigo.  
Speak without exciting thyself. I am young, it is true;  
but in souls nobly born valor does not depend upon age.

Count.  
To measure thyself with me! Who has rendered thee so  
presumptuous—thou, whom men have never seen with a  
sword (knife) in thine hand?

Don Rodrigo.

Men like me do not cause themselves to be known at a second trial, and they wish masterly strokes for their first attempt.

Count.

Dost thou know well who I am?

Don Rodrigo.

Yes! Any other man except myself, at the mere mention of thy name, might tremble with terror. But, by courage I shall overcome you. To him who avenges his father nothing is impossible. Thine arm is unconquered, but not invincible.

Count.

Withdraw from this place.

Don Rodrigo.

Let us proceed without further parley.

Count.

Art thou so tired of life?

Don Rodrigo.

Hast thou such a dread of death?

Count.

Come, thou art doing thy duty, and the son becomes degenerate who survives for one instant the honor of his father.

(They fight. Don Rodrigo is the victor.)