

## THE CID

### Pierre Corneille

CHIMENA: It is my wrath that has been made to falter;  
Through love for him, my duty seems to alter.  
In his glory, his praise, my heart is pent,  
My duty hesitates, my pride is rent.  
Oh love, be gone, let anger grow in peace.  
He conquers kings, our love can never cease.  
My black raiment of woe is loathsome fee  
Caused by his sword's first fatal victory.  
Whatever else of him that may be said,  
I know that by his hand my father's dead.  
You who can fill me full with bitterness—  
In this veil and crepe, grief's nightly dress  
Which he gave to me when he killed my sire—  
Uphold my pride against my heart's desire;  
And when my love becomes too strong in me,  
Speak to my soul of my sad destiny:  
To seek love's death and die in maiden's weeds.