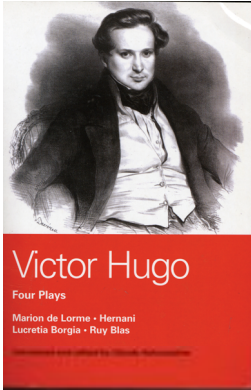


Hernani by Victor Hugo



Ruy Gomez, a Spanish noble, has, in spite of his advanced age, fallen deeply in love with his beautiful niece, Dona Sol. The king also finds her deeply attractive and seeks her for his own. But Dona Sol has given her youthful affection to the mysterious bandit, Hernani. What more striking contrast can be presented than that among the lovers--the king, the noble, the bandit--emphasized by the differences in age and rank?

Hernani was first performed at the Comédie-Française in February 1830.

‘[A] swashbuckling anti-classical play’ *New York Times*

Genre:	Romantic melodrama	Fee:	£40 plus VAT, per performance
Cast:	m22 f2 (plus chorus)	Scripts:	ISBN 9780413772695 £14.99
Set:	Spain, 1519	Length:	5 acts
Contact:	amateur-rights@bloomsbury.com		

EXTRACT

Dona Sol (*clearly moved*) Hernani! I love you, and I forgive you. My heart feels nothing but love for you.

Hernani She forgives me, and still loves me! After what I have said, would that I could forgive myself and respect myself! Oh, my sweet angel, clearly destined for heaven, tell me where you trod, that I may kiss the ground!

Dona Sol My love!

Hernani No, I must be hateful to you! . But, listen, say it again: I love you! Please, reassure a doubting heart. Say it again! For with these little words a woman's lips have often healed a world of woes!

Dona Sol (*self-absorbed, not hearing him*) That you should think my love had so short a memory! Oh, how could you imagine that ignoble men such as Carlos could ever debase a heart where Hernani's name was enthroned to the level of loving other men!

Hernani Alas! I have blasphemed! If I were in your place, I should have had enough of this maniac, this dark, raving madman, who cannot be kind until he has been cruel. I should tell him to go. Drive me away! And I shall bless you, for you were good and sweet. You have suffered me for too long, for I am evil and would blacken your days with my dark nights! Finally it is too much; your soul is lofty, beautiful and pure and, if I am evil, is it your fault? Marry the old Duke! He is good and noble, and has Olmeda by his mother's side and Alcala by his father's. Once more, be rich with him, be happy! Do you know what splendours this generous hand of mine can offer you? A dowry of misery, and the choice of each blood or tears. Exile, captivity, death, and the terrors that beleaguer me, these are your golden necklace and your fine crown. Never did a bridegroom proudly offer his bride a richer casket of grief and sorrow! Marry the old man, I tell you; he deserves you!

If you enjoyed this, you might like:

- *Marion de Lorme* by Victor Hugo (m28 f2 plus townsfolk)
 - *The Fifth Elephant* by Terry Pratchett (m16 f8)
 - *The Constant Players* by Marivaux (m4 f6)
-