

Cyrano de Bergerac

A Romantic Opera in Three Acts

Libretto by Edmond Rostand

English translation by Jack Jarrett

Cast Principals

Cyrano de Bergerac	Baritone
Roxanne	Soprano
Christian de Newvillette	Tenor
Le Bret	Baritone
Ligniere	Baritone
Ragueneau	Baritone
Montfleury	Counter-Tenor

Incidental Roles (in order of appearance)

Act One

Porter	Tenor
First Cavalier	Tenor
Second Cavalier	Baritone
First Lackey	Tenor
Second Lackey	Tenor
Guard	Baritone
Orange-Girl	Soprano
Drunkard	Baritone
Citizen	Baritone
First Page	Boy Soprano
Second Page	Tenor
Third page	Boy Soprano
Pickpocket	Bass
Brissaille	Tenor
Cuigy	Baritone-Tenor
Young Man	Baritone
Jodelet	Bass
A Meddler	Baritone
De Guiche	Bass
Valvert	Baritone
Roxanne's Duenna	Mezzo

Act Two

First Cadet	Tenor
Second Cadet	Tenor
Third Cadet	Tenor

Act Three

First Cadet	Tenor
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Second Cadet
Voice Offstage
Sister Martha
Sister Claire
Mother Marguerita

Tenor
Tenor/Baritone
Soprano
Soprano
Mezzo

Choruses

Act One: Chorus of theater-goers (SATB)
Group of Pages (SATB)
Act Two: Chorus of Cadets (TTBB)
Act Three: Chorus of Nuns offstage (SSAA)

ACT ONE

Scene One: (The Palace of the Duke of Burgundy. There is no overture. When the music begins, the Porter enters from the wings, while two Cavaliers stride quickly up to the stage from different sides of the audience area. There is a second stage area upstage, with curtains drawn, where tonight's play will be given.)

Porter (*to a cavalier rushing by*): Hey, there! Hey there! You have to pay!

First Cavalier: I enter free!

Porter: And why?

First Cavalier: I am a guardsman in the palace of the King.

Porter (*to a Second Cavalier*): You?

Second Cavalier: I never pay!

Porter: But...

Second Cavalier: I'm a musketeer.

First Cavalier (*to the Second Cavalier*): The play begins in an hour, and the hall is empty. That gives us time for some play.

(They draw their swords and begin fencing. A group of lackeys enters)

First Lackey: Psst! Over here!

Second Lackey: What is it?

First Lackey: Cards here. Dice. Come on!

Second Lackey: Yes, right away.

First Lackey: I have stolen from my master a tiny bit of candle.

(A Guard enters, together with the Orange-Girl)

Guard: It's so nice in the dark, just you and I together. *(He leads her toward a dark corner.)*

First Cavalier: Touched you!

Second Lackey: Aces!

Guard: Just a kiss!

Orange-Girl: They'll see us.

Guard: Not over here.

A Drunkard *(staggering on stage):* Here's the place to enjoy a bit of burgundy ... at the home of the Duke of (hic) Burgundy.

A Citizen *(to his young son):* It's like a den of evil where we are my son. *(indicating)* A drunk, a game, a brawl!

Guard: Just a kiss!

Citizen *(shielding his son from seeing the Guard:)* Oh, my God!

(A group of Pages enter merrily)

Pages: Tra-la-la-la-lere. Hahahaha.

Porter: You pages, that's enough!

First Page: Yes! Monsieur, we'll behave.

Second Page *(to the First Page):* Do you have the fish-hook?

First Page: And a bit of string.

Third Page: Let's go up to the roof, and fish for a fancy hairpiece. *(They laugh and rush out.)*

A Pickpocket *(to his young followers):* Come here, my young friends. I'll show you how it's done. For stealing is an art that you can learn from me. Where there's lace around the legs, cut it off. Then take the watches, and rings...

(Brissaille, a foppish marquis, enters nervously)

Brissaille: Out of the way! Riff-raff!

First Lackey *(noticing Brissaille):* The Marquis, here so early?

Second Lackey: Oh, a few minutes only.

Brissaille: What's this? We enter like the common bourgeoisie? Without creating a fuss, or treading on someone's toes? Ah, fi, fi, fi! *(noticing Cuigy, a fellow marquis, who is entering)* Cuigy! You're here!

Cuigy: Ever faithful. *(looking around)* It's true, we have arrived before the candles.

Brissaille: No, don't say a word. I'm in an awful mood.

Cuigy: Console yourself, Marquis. Here's the lamplighter now.

(The Lamplighter lights the chandeliers. The stage brightens.)

Cuigy *(seeing Ligniere entering together with Christian):* Ligniere! What? Still sober?

Ligniere: May I introduce you? Baron de Neuville.

Brissaille: His features are charming.

Ligniere *(to Christian):* This is Cuigy, and Brissaille.

Christian: Delighted!

Cuigy: He's handsome enough. But he's not in the fashion of today.

Ligniere: He hasn't been here very long.

Christian: Yes, I've been in Paris only twenty days. And tomorrow I must leave... to join the Guards.

(Three Violin Players begin tuning in the corner. The Orange-Girl passes through with refreshments.)

Violins: La, la, la, la.

Orange-Girl *(to Ligniere):* Would you like an orange?

Citizen *(exasperated):* So many people!

Violins: La, la, la, la, la, la.

Orange-Girl: Or raspberry syrup?

(A group of blue-stockinged women enter in parade.)

Cuigy: Here they come! Our blue-stockings have arrived. *(Reciting their names)* Barthenoide, Urimedonte, Cassandace, Felixerie...

Brissaille: Oh, God! How sublime are their names! Marquis, you know them all?

Cuigy: I know them all, Marquis!

Ligniere (*aside to Christian*): My friend, I came here to lend you my help. The lady is not here. I go back to the Inn.

Christian: No! You know everyone here. I am dying of love! Stay here! For it is you alone who knows her name!

Leader of the Violins: Messieurs des violons.

Violins: La, la, la, la, la, la.

Orange-Girl: Macaroons, lemonade.

Ligniere: I go.

Christian: I dare not speak to her. I have no brains. I'm but a timid soldier.

Ligniere: Let me go!

Christian: Please stay!

Ligniere: But I am thirsty now.

Orange-Girl: Orangeade?

Ligniere: Fie!

Orange-Girl: Milk?

Ligniere: Pooah!

Orange-Girl: Muscatel?

Ligniere: Well, now! Let's see this Muscatel!

(Ragueneau enters and approaches Ligniere, Christian, Cuigy and Brissaille.)

Ligniere: Ah, Ragueneau! (*to Christian*) Ragueneau, the pastry cook, and patron of starving poets.

Ragueneau: Much obliged.

Ligniere: Not at all. A patron of the arts.

Ragueneau: Yes, there are poets in my shop.

Ligniere: On credit. And you are a poet yourself.

Ragueneau: So they say.

Ligniere: Rightly so.

Ragueneau: It is true that for a little couplet...

Ligniere: You give a little tartlet.

Ragueneau: Yes, or at least a droplet.

Ligniere: My good friend, you are too modest.

Ragueneau: Monsieur de Cyrano is not here? I'm astonished.

Ligniere: And why?

Ragueneau: Montfleury plays!

Ligniere: That's true. That barrel will play for us tonight the role of Phaedon. What's that to Cyrano?

Ragueneau: You mean you haven't heard? He ordered in a fit of rage... that Mondfleury, the actor, may not appear... on stage for a month.

Ligniere: And so?

Ragueneau: Montfleury plays!

Brissaille: Who is this Cyrano?

Ragueneau: He is a man who handles a sword very well.

Cuigy: Noble?

Ragueneau: Enough, a member of the Guards. *(catching sight of Le Bret, who is entering)* His friend Le Bret can explain. Le Bret! Are you looking for Bergerac?

Le Bret: Yes, I am uneasy.

Ragueneau: Is he not a most uncommon man?

Le Bret: Ah, he is the kindest and bravest of men!

Ragueneau: A poet!

Ligniere: A swordsman!

Le Bret: A doctor!

Ligniere: A musician!

Ragueneau: And how remarkable is his appearance to behold!

Le Bret: Truly, I don't believe we shall ever find his portrait among the solemn nobles that grace our palace walls. But with his wild, bizarre, extravagant display, he might have been a hero in a fantasy of old. A gay swashbuckler, a figure of romance, with his three-plumed hat and six-pointed doublet. And behind, his cape held aloft by his sword, like some giant plumage, or the proud strutting tail of a cock!

Prouder still than all the bravest sons of Gascony, prouder still than the noblest of royalty, and proudest of all, he bears before him, like a shining banner... a nose! Ah, my friends, an impossible nose! One cannot pass such a nose without exclaiming "It can't be real, Oh, no! It's an exaggeration." Ant then one smiles and says, "He'll surely take it off." But he'll never take it off, on that you can depend!!

Ligniere: It's his own, and God help the man who mocks it.

Ragueneau: His sword is one half of the scissors of Fate!

Brissaille: He'll not come.

Ragueneau: He will! I'll wager a chicken a la Ragueneau!

(Roxanne enters upstage, accompanied by de Guiche.)

Cuigy (seeing her): Ah, messieurs, is she not deliciously ravishing to behold?

Brissaille: A peach who smiles with strawberry lips.

Cuigy: And so fresh and cool that one could die from the touch of her hand.

Christian (to Ligniere): 'Tis she!

Ligniere: Ah, that one!

Christian: Yes, answer quickly! I am afraid!

Ligniere: Magdeleine Robin, called Roxanne. Refined, an intellectual.

Christian: Alas!

Ligniere: Unmarried, a cousin of Cyrano, of whom we spoke.

Christian (indicating de Guiche): And that one?

Ligniere: Ha, ha. Count de Guiche. In love with her. But married to the niece of Cardinal Richelieu. He hopes to arrange a marriage for her with a certain sad little man... A man named Valvert... whome he can count on to oblige. But see, she's looking at you.

Christian: That's true.

Ligniere: I must go. My friends at the wineshop are waiting.

(The Crowd is beginning to become restless. The Pickpocket sneaks up behind Christian and reaches for his pocket.)

The Crowd: Begin the play! Begin the play!

Christian *(finding the hand in his pocket):* What?

Pickpocket: Ay!

Christian *(to the Pickpocket):* I reached for my glove.

Pickpocket: And you found my hand. Let me go. I will tell you a secret.

Christian: What?

Pickpocket: Ligniere... whom you spoke to...

Christian: Go on.

Pickpocket: Is to be murdered tonight. A poem of his offended a certain nobleman. And a hundred men await him... I know... I am one of them.

Christian: Who sent them?

Pickpocket: I can't tell you!

Christian: Eh?

Pickpocket: I can't tell you!

Christian: What?

Pickpocket: It's a professional secret.

Christian: Where is this to take place?

Pickpocket: At the Porte de Nesle. On his way. You must warn him.

Christian: But where is he now?

Pickpocket: You must search all the cabarets. *(escaping)*

Christian: I must go. *(seeing Roxanne)* How can I leave her? But I have to save Ligniere! *(He leaves.)*

Le Bret (to Ragueneau): Montfleury's coming on?

Ragueneau: Yes, the play's about to start.

Le Bret: Cyrano has not come.

Ragueneau: I have lost my bet.

Le Bret: Too bad! Too bad!

(The Crowd continues to be restless. Suddenly the Citizen's toupee flies off.)

Citizen: My toupee!

The Crowd: He's a bald one! Bravo, you pages! Ha, ha. Begin the play!

(The Crowd becomes more noisy, with cries of "Begin the play!," etc. The onstage curtain parts. Montfleury appears.)

The Crowd: Bravo! Bravo! Montfleury, bravo! *(The crowd quiets down.)*

Scene Two: Montfleury is a large man, dressed in a classic Greek toga, and strumming on a lute. He sings in an affected falsetto voice.

Montfleury: Happy the man who finds his hour of bliss in lonely exile deep in Nature's kiss. And when soft breezes blow from far and near...

Cyrano's voice *(from within the crowd):* You wretch! Were you not forbidden to appear?

The Crowd: What? Silence!

Ragueneau: He's here!

Le Bret: Cyrano!

(Cyrano appears, rising above the crowd, his eyes bristling, his nose terrible.)

Cyrano: King of gluttons! Leave the stage at once!

The Crowd: Oh!

Montfleury: But...

Cyrano: You hesitate?

The Crowd: Montfleury! Hush! The play! Don't be afraid! Go on! Let's have the play!

Montfleury: Happy the man who finds his hour...

Cyrano: What's this? Now leave the stage! Or must I plan a cane forest upon your shoulders?

The Crowd: Quiet down! Go on with the play!

Montfleury: Happy the...

Cyrano: Go now!

Montfleury: Happy the man who finds...

Cyrano: Presently I shall become angry!

Montfleury *(to the Marquises):* Oh, sirs, please help me!

Cuigy: Never fear!

Cyrano: Fat man, if you go on, I shall be obliged to fasten your jaws!

The Crowd: Montfleury! Come back and do the play!

Cyrano: Be silent! I order you to hold your tongues now! And I challenge any one of you who would dispute me! Give me your names. Approach if you dare! You are too modest to look upon a naked sword? Not a name? Not a word? 'Tis well. I shall proceed. Now, I wish to rid the stage of this festering sore; and if not, I shall lance it myself!

Montfleury: My friends, I think... *(He runs off.)*

The Crowd: Ha, ha! Coward! Come back!

Cyrano: Let him return then, if he dares!

The Crowd: Coward! Come back! Ha, ha!

Cyrano: That's enough!

The Crowd: Ah, bravo! That's good! Bravo!

Cyrano: No more bravos! Our brave tragedian whose wind you love to hear has been taken ill.

The Crowd: He's a coward!

Ragueneau: He had to go!

The Crowd: Let him come back then! No! Yes! No! Yes!

Jodelet *(the theater manager):* But after all, monsieur, tell us the reason you hate Montfleury so.

Cyrano: My young man, there are two, of which each one suffices. First, he is a terrible actor, who brays, and who delivers with ponderous weightiness the lines that should lightly float on the air. And the second is my secret.

Jodelet: But what of the money that must be refunded?

Cyrano: My friend, you have asked the first intelligent question. I have no desire to offend the muse. *(He tosses a purse to Jodelet)* take this purse which I offer now, and hold your tongue.

Jodelet: At this price, my friend, you may close the play any time you desire. *(To the crowd)* Now clear the hall!

Le Bret: This is mad!

A Meddler: The comedian Montfleury! What a scandal! Do you have a patron?

Cyrano: No.

Meddler: What? No great Lord to protect your name?

Cyrano: No protector. *(indicating his sword)* Only a protectress!

Meddler: But you do not dare to pretend...

Cyrano: I dare.

Meddler: But...

Cyrano: You may go now.

Meddler: But...

Cyrano: Go! Or tell me why you are gazing at my nose.

Meddler: I...

Cyrano: Does it alarm you?

Meddler: I say...

Cyrano: Does it offend you?

Meddler: Sir!

Cyrano: Do you find it obscene then?

Meddler: Not at all!

Cyrano: Perhaps, my friend, you find it a bit too large?

Meddler: Oh, I find it small, very small, microscopic.

Cyrano: What My nose? Do you mean to belittle me, sir? Small, you say? My nose? Ha! Enormous, my nose!

Meddler (*running away*): Madman! Help!

(*De Guiche has been observing Cyrano, along with Valvert and Roxanne, who is obviously ill at ease.*)

De Guiche (*to Valvert*): Now this begins to be quite boring.

Valvert: He blows his trumpet.

De Guiche: Will no one reply to this comedian?

Valvert: No one? We shall see. I myself shall answer to his bluff. (*to Cyrano*) You! You have a nose. Hah! A nose... rather large.

Cyrano: rather.

Valvert: Hah!

Cyrano: Is that all?

Valvert: That's enough!

Cyrano: Oh, no, my friend. You might have said a great many things, had you wit or letters. But you never had an atom of wit. And of letters, three will spell your name: A S S!

Valvert: Buffoon!

Cyrano (*clutching his sword*): Ayee!

Valvert: What is it now?

Cyrano: My sword needs exercise.

Valvert: So be it!

Cyrano: You shall have a charming death.

Valvert: Poet!

Cyrano: Ah, yes, a poet. And as proof I shall compose a ballad as we fight.

Valvert: A ballad?

Cyrano: A ballad, sir, is composed of three stanzas of eight lines...

Valvert: Oh!

Cyrano: and a refrain of four.

Valvert: You...

Cyrano: I shall make one up as we fight and touch you sir, at the last line.

Valvert: No!

Cyrano: No? (*striking a pose*): ballad between Monsieur de Bergerac and a barbarian!

Valvert: What's that, if you please?

Cyrano: The title.

The Crowd: Hold back! This is amusing.

Cyrano: Wait! I must choose my rhymes! There! I have them now.

(*During the following, Cyrano strikes flowery, dramatic poses while easily outmaneuvering Valvert.*)

Cyrano: Gaily I toss my hat away, and slowly allow to fall the cloak which conceals my fine array, and my sword from its scabbard I call.

Like Celadon, graceful and tall, like Scaramouche my brain, and beware, my friend, once and for all, for you die as I end the refrain.

Rash you were to join in the fray. You shall be carved up small. Your ribs beneath your doublet so gay, your heart where the ribbons fall.

Ding-dong ring the bells so small upon your breast so plain, as clearly I announce to the hall that you die as I end the refrain!

A rhyme I need to end this lay, as your back goes to the wall. My friend, you've begun to run away. Tac! Your point does fall!

As I parry your lunge, the best of all, and all your thrusts are in vain. Hold your sword well, don't let it fall, for you die as I end the refrain!

Refrain!: Now upon the Lord you must call, for I advance again. I parry, I thrust, Ha! That is all! AND YOU DIE AS I END THE REFRAIN! (*He wounds Valvert, who staggers back*)

The Crowd: Ah! Bravo! Compliments!

A Musketeer: Superb!

Ragueneau: Magnificent!

Cuigy: Quite new!

Le Bret: Bah! Sheer folly!

Scene Three: The crowd begins to disperse.

Le Bret (to Cyrano): Come, let's talk.

Cyrano: Wait until the crowd leaves. (*The crowd disperses.*)

Le Bret: You do not dine?

Cyrano: I? No.

Le Bret: Why not?

Cyrano: Because...because I have no money.

Le Bret: What? The purse of gold?

Cyrano: My inheritance, spent in one day.

Le Bret: How foolish!

Cyrano: But, what a gesture!

Orange-Girl: Oh, sir, you must be hungry. Take what you wish.

Cyrano: My dear child, I would not refuse so kind an offer, and so I shall accept... just a little... a grape, a glass of water, and half a macaroon.

Le Bret: But this is stupid.

Orange-Girl: Oh, something else, please.

Cyrano: Yes, your hand to kiss.

Orange-Girl: Oh, thank you, sir! (*She leaves.*)

Cyrano: Food, drink, dessert. (*He dines.*) Lord, but I was hungry.

Le Bret: Now that we're alone, tell me the reason you hate Montfleury. The real reason.

Cyrano: That elephant who cannot see his paunch, dares to look in amorous ways on the fairest of women. I have hated him since he allowed his gaze to rest on her one evening. Oh, it was as if some great slug crawled upon a beautiful flower.

Le Bret: What? Is it possible...

Cyrano: That I should love? I love.

Le Bret: And may I know? You never told me.

Cyrano: Whom I love? I, the ugliest of men. Whom should I love but the fairest of women?

Le Bret: The fairest?

Cyrano: The most graceful, refined, brilliant... the fairest.

Le Bret: I see, it is clear.

Cyrano: Transparently.

Le Bret: Magdeleine Robin, your cousin.

Cyrano: Yes, Roxanne.

Le Bret: But that is well. Tell her. In her eyes you are covered with glory today.

Cyrano: Look at me, my friend, and tell me what hope could ever be mine. Oh, I have no more illusions, no more. Sometimes I grow tender in the blue of a summer evening. Sometimes, in the perfumed air of a garden, with this poor monster of a nose I smell the air of Spring! I am exalted, transfigured, until, suddenly I see the shadow of my face along the garden wall.

Le Bret: My friend!

Cyrano: My friend! I too have hours of sadness, knowing myself so ugly. Sometimes, when alone...

Le Bret: You weep, then?

Cyrano: Oh, no, not that! Never! That would be too much to bear. If along this monstrous nose a tear should fall.

Le Bret: But Roxanne herself grew pale as you were fighting.

Cyrano: Grew pale?

Le Bret: Her heart was moved. Take courage and tell her.

Cyrano: And have her laugh in my face? No, that's the one thing I fear most of all.

(The Porter approaches, accompanied by Roxane's Duenna.)

Porter: Sir, you are wanted.

Cyrano: My God! Her duenna!

Duenna: Someone wishes to know where she can meet with her cousin, in private.

Cyrano: Meet with me?

Duenna: In private. Someone has something to tell you.

Cyrano: My God!

Duenna: Tomorrow morning after mass, where can someone stop for a private talk?

Cyrano: Where? I... My God?

Duenna: Answer quickly!

Cyrano: At... at Ragueneau's the pastry cook.

Duenna: Be there at seven o'clock. *(She exits.)*

Cyrano *(exultant)*: She! And I! A rendezvous!

Le Bret: And now you are no longer sad.

Cyrano: She knows I exist.

Le Bret: Now you will be calm?

Cyrano: Calm? I shall be full of frenzy and thunder. I have six hearts; twenty arms. Dwarfs will not do. I require giants!

Ragueneau *(rushing in with Ligniere, who is obviously frightened)*: Cyrano!

Cyrano: What is it? Ligniere, what is wrong with him?

Ragueneau: He cannot go home.

Cyrano: Why not?

Ragueneau: This letter. A poem he has written offended a nobleman. A hundred men await him at the Porte de Nesle. He wishes to spend the night with you.

Cyrano: A hundred men, you say? He shall sleep at home.

Ragueneau: But...

Cyrano: Take this lantern! Follow me, but keep at a distance! You shall be my seconds.

Ragueneau: But... a hundred men...

Cyrano: No less will do for me tonight!

(They leave in procession, Cyrano in the lead. The curtain falls.)

ACT TWO

Scene One: Cyrano is seated alone at a desk in Ragueneau's pastry shop, writing a letter.

Cyrano: This letter I have written and rewritten a hundred times. So that now it is quite finished. And if my soul were placed there beside it, who could tell them both apart? *(A bell rings.)* Come in.

(The Duenna enters.)

Cyrano: You, Duenna, one word.

Duenna: Two!

Cyrano: Do you have a sweet tooth?

Duenna: Enough to make me sick.

Cyrano: Good! Here are two sonnets by Benserade,

Duenna: Pooh!

Cyrano: Which I shall use to wrap these cream puffs *(teasing her by waving them in her face as she grabs for them)* Would you like a few of these eclairs?

Duenna: Oh, sir, can you spare a few wine cakes? I love them madly!

Cyrano: Well, then, I'll put six of them in a poem by Saint-Amant. And in these lines by Chapelin, I'll place a little piece of sponge cake. Ah, would you like a little pie?

Duenna: That would be lovely!

Cyrano: Now go outside and eat all these things in the alley. And don't come back until they are gone. *(She leaves. Roxanne enters.)*

Cyrano: Let this moment of moments be blessed above all. When you ceased to forget that I humbly breathe. And now you have come to tell me... to tell me...

Roxanne: But first of all to thank you. For that creature, that buffoon whom you made a fool of in such a clever way, is he whom a great Lord who thinks he loves me would force upon me as a husband.

Cyrano: Indeed! Then I have fought, and better so, not for my ugly nose, but for your two bright eyes... for your beautiful eyes!

Roxanne: Then, I would like... but before I can say more, I must see again in you the almost brother with whom I once played in the park, near the lake...

Cyrano: Yes, you came every summer to Bergerac.

Roxanne: The leaves furnished the wood to make your swords.

Cyrano: And the corn silk was the blond hair for your dolls.

Roxanne: It was a time of play.

Cyrano: Two happy children.

Roxanne: A time when you obeyed my every wish.

Cyrano: You were such a pretty child. They called you Maddelena.

Roxanne: Was I truly so fair?

Cyrano: You were never less than fair.

Roxanne: Sometimes, when you had cut your hand from playing soldier, you'd run to me. And then, scolding like a mother, I would take your hand (*taking his hand*) and cry in a loud voice, "What have you done, you naughty boy?" Oh, what is this? You've done it again. (*He tries to pull his hand away.*) No! Give it back! Ha! And at your age. What have you done, you naughty boy?

Cyrano: I was playing at the Porte de Nesle.

Roxanne: Give it here! (*She bandages it with a handkerchief.*)

Cyrano: How gently, like a little mother.

Roxanne: Now, tell me, how many were against you?

Cyrano: Oh, more or less a hundred.

Roxanne: Oh, tell me!

Cyrano: No. Let it be! And now, have you found the courage to tell me what you dared not?

Roxanne: Yes, I have. For the past has given me strength with its perfume. Yes I dare. I love someone.

Cyrano: Ah!

Roxanne: Someone who does not know.

Cyrano: Ah!

Roxanne: No, no yet.

Cyrano: Ah!

Roxanne: But who soon will know it if he has not already guessed.

Cyrano: Ah!

Roxanne: A poor young man, who until now has loved me timidly from far, without daring to say it.

Cyrano: Ah!

Roxanne: Let me have your hand! See here! It is all feverish! But I have seen the vow trembling on his lips.

Cyrano: Ah!

Roxanne: And what do you think of this, dearest cousin, would you believe, he serves in your regiment?

Cyrano: Ah!

Roxanne: He's a cadet in your very own company! He is proud, noble, young, gallant, handsome!

Cyrano (*shattered*): Handsome!

Roxanne: What did you say?

Cyrano (*recovering*): I? No matter. It's just... this little wound. He is a cadet?

Roxanne: Cadet of the Guards.

Cyrano: His name?

Roxanne: Baron Christian de Neuvillete.

Cyrano: What? He is not in the Guards.

Roxanne: Yes, since this morning.

Cyrano: How quickly, quickly we lose our hearts! But, why have you come here to tell me this? I do not understand the reason, Madame.

Roxanne: Ah, it is that someone yesterday told me a shocking thing. That in your company, you are all Gascons, and that...

Cyrano: And that we pick a fight with any young upstart who through favor gains admittance into our pure Gascon ranks. Is that what you heard?

Roxanne: And can you see how I tremble for him?

Cyrano: Not without reason!

Roxanne: But I thought... you are so brave and kind. I thought... if you only would... you whom all men fear...

Cyrano: 'Tis well! I shall defend your pretty little baron.

Roxanne: You will be his friend?

Cyrano: Just as I said!

Roxanne: And you'll not let him fight a duel?

Cyrano: I have promised!

Roxanne: Oh, I love you so much! And now I have to hurry. But you never told me about the Porte de Nesle. Truly, it must have been superb! Oh, how I love you!

Cyrano: Yes, yes.

Roxanne: One against a hundred! Goodbye! We are such good friends! A hundred. What courage!
(She leaves.)

Cyrano *(alone, crumpling his letter):* Oh, I've done better since then. *(He sits.)*

Scene Two: A Cadet bursts into the room, followed by others, including Le Bret and Christian:

First Cadet: Hey, Cyrano! Tell us the story.

Cyrano: In a moment.

First Cadet: Tell us all about the fight. It will be a good lesson for this weak-kneed recruit.

Christian: Recruit?

First Cadet: Yes, this Northern weakling here.

Christian: Weakling?

Second Cadet *(to Christian):* Monsieur de Neuville, there is something you must know. One thing we never mention here, more than the rope in the household of one who's been hanged.

Christian: And that is?

Second Cadet: Just look at me. *(indicating his nose)* Do you understand?

Christian: Yes, it's the...

First Cadet: Hush! No word, or you will be in trouble.

Second Cadet: If he should hear that word he'd thrash you on the double.

All Cadets: Two men who spoke to him now lie beneath the roses, just because he liked it not that they spoke through their noses.

Christian *(to Le Bret):* Captain!

Le Bret: Sir?

Christian: What does one do when Gascons become a bit too boastful?

Le Bret: Prove that one need not be a Gascon to be brave.

Christian: Thank you!

First Cadet: Cyrano, tell us the story!

Cadets: Yes, tell us the story! We want to hear it!

Cyrano: My story? Ah, yes, gather 'round and I shall tell you. There I was, all alone, going to meet them. The night was dark, you could not see beyond...

Christian *(interrupting):* Your nose! *(Stunned silence)*

Cyrano: Who is that man?

First Cadet: A new recruit who arrived just this morning.

Cyrano: This morning?

First Cadet: Baron Christian de Neu...

Cyrano: Ah, so! I... Damnation! You could not see... You could not see beyond...

Christian: Your nose!

Cyrano: Your face! Suddenly, I turned a corner and found myself...

Christian: Nose to nose!

Cyrano: Facing a hundred men, who stank...

Christian: Up the nose!

Cyrano: Of wine and onions. I lower my head and charge...

Christian: Nose to the ground!

Cyrano: Someone lunges. Paf! I answer... *(looking at Christian)*

Christian: Pif!

Cyrano: The devil! Leave this man to me!

Cadets: Hurrah! The tiger wakes!

Cyrano: Out with you all! *(They leave.)*

(Cyrano opens his arms to Christian)

Cyrano: Come to my arms!

Christian: Sir?

Cyrano: You are brave.

Christian: What?

Cyrano: Very brave. I am glad.

Christian: What do you mean?

Cyrano: Come to my arms! I am her brother.

Christian: Whose? Whose brother?

Cyrano: Hers, Roxanne's.

Christian: You? Her brother?

Cyrano: Almost the same, a cousin. She has told me all.

Christian: She loves me?

Cyrano: Perhaps.

Christian: Sir! How happy I am to know you.

Cyrano: This is what I call a sudden friendship.

Christian: Forgive me!

Cyrano *(to himself)*: He truly is handsome.

Christian: If you but knew, sir, how I admire you!

Cyrano *(to Christian)*: Roxanne awaits a letter.

Christian: Alas!

Cyrano: What is the matter?

Christian: I am only a soldier, unlearned in letters. I tremble to speak of love.

Cyrano (to himself): And yet, were I a handsome soldier, I could write such letters. I'd know how to speak, to speak of love.

Christian (to himself): If I only had his grace!

Cyrano: If only I had his face!

Christian: I shall surely destroy her illusions.

Cyrano: I could surely convey my emotions.

Christian (to Cyrano): I lack the words!

Cyrano: Then I shall give them to you! My words, and your charm. Together they shall form a hero of romance!

Christian: What are you saying?

Cyrano: Could you learn to speak the words I give you every day?

Christian: What do you propose?

Cyrano: Roxanne shall keep her illusions!

Christian: Your eyes are aflame!

Cyrano: Together we shall win her! I shall breath my very soul in you! Will you agree?

Christian: Will it give you such pleasure?

Cyrano: It will... it will amuse me. Something to tempt a poet.

Christian: My friend?

Cyrano: My friend!

(They embrace. The Cadets re-enter warily, hearing nothing but silence.)

First Cadet: Nothing!

Second Cadet: The silence of death!

First Cadet: I dare not look.

Third Cadet (spotting Cyrano and Christian): What? What is this? Can this be Cyrano?

Second Cadet: One may now speak freely to his nose. Hey! Something smells peculiar. Have you noticed it, sir! Surely YOU would notice!

Cyrano: Rascals! (*General merriment. The curtain falls.*)

Scene Three: The curtain slowly rises on the courtyard outside Roxanne's house. Roxanne's balcony is above. There is a nook below the balcony, where Cyrano and Christian can hide unseen. Vines and branches are in abundance. Cyrano and Christian enter stealthily.

Cyrano: Christian! You must listen very closely, Roxanne will soon be here. I have prepared the words to cover you with glory. Quickly, there's little time.

Christian: No!

Cyrano: What?

Christian: No! I'll speak with my own words tonight.

Cyrano: What kind of madness is this! Come, let me tell you...

Christian: No! Away from me! I am tired of pretense, and of playing this role, and of trembling in fear. I know quite well how to take a woman in my arms. (*Roxanne and the Duenna approach the courtyard.*) She's here! Cyrano! Don't leave me now!

Cyrano: Speak for yourself, my friend.

Roxanne (*waving to the departing bluestockings*): Until tomorrow, my friends, goodbye.

Duenna: We missed the discourse on love's passion! (*The Duenna enters the house.*)

Roxanne (*spying Christian*): 'Tis you! The night descends! Sweet the air! We're alone. Sit here. Speak now! I listen. (*She draws him to a bench.*)

Christian: I love you.

Roxanne: Yes! Speak to me of love!

Christian: I love you!

Roxanne: You said that. Go on. Embroider!

Christian: I...

Roxanne: Yes?

Christian: I love you so!

Roxanne: I see. And is that all?

Christian (*lunging at her*): Your neck, I must embrace it!

Roxanne: Christian!

Christian: I love you!

Roxanne: Again?

Christian (*defeated*): Yes, I am a fool!

Roxanne: And that displeases me, as it would displease me if you were ugly! Now go! Regain your eloquence alone!

Christian: I...

Roxanne: You love me! I know. Goodbye! (*She enters the house. Cyrano emerges from the shadows.*)

Cyrano: You're a success.

Christian: Oh, help me!

Cyrano: No, my friend.

Christian: I'll die if I cannot regain her love at this moment.

Cyrano: Her window...

Christian: I'll die!

Cyrano: Hold your tongue!

Christian: I'll die.

Cyrano: The night is dark now.

Christian: What then?

Cyrano: It might yet work. But you don't deserve it! Stand over there, you miserable... There, under her window. I shall stand below and give you the words to speak.

Christian: But...

Cyrano: Hold your tongue! Call her now.

Christian: Roxanne.

Cyrano (*throwing some pebble up at her balcony*): Here, a few pebbles.

Roxanne (*appearing at the balcony*): Who calls so softly?

Christian: 'Tis I.

Roxanne: Who's there?

Cyrano: Good.

Christian (*answering Roxanne*): Christian.

Cyrano: Speak as I tell you.

Roxanne: No, you love me no more.

Christian (*haltingly, while Cyrano whispers the words in his ear*): How can you... believe... I love you no more? When... I love you most.

Roxanne: Well, that was better. But why do you speak in such hesitant fashion! Have you developed a cramp in your imagination?

Cyrano (*shoving Christian aside and taking his place*): Here! This becomes too difficult! (*to Roxanne*) 'Tis the fault of night, for in this darkness my words must seek their destination.

Roxanne: But mine encounter no such hesitation.

Cyrano: But the words you speak descend to me, they fall quickly. And mine must climb to you, Madame, it takes a bit more time.

Roxanne: 'Tis true, I have you at a disadvantage. I'll come down.

Cyrano: No!

Roxanne: And why not?

Cyrano: Let us take advantage of this occasion to speak, to speak in the shadow of night. To speak... of love.

Roxanne: Of love?

Cyrano: Yes. Yes. The night protects us. All is obscure now. I am only a long black robe here in the darkness. And you are the blue of a warm summer night. I am only a shadow, and you, you are the light! If eloquence ever were mine...

Roxanne (*to herself*): If ever!

Cyrano: My tongue has never revealed my own true heart. For always before tonight I have ever trembled at the brightness of your eyes. But in this night which protects me, I dare, I dare... (*overcome with feeling*) What was I saying? I know not. All this... Forgive me. I am not myself It is so new for me.

Roxanne: So new?

Cyrano: So new. Ah yes, to be sincere.

Roxanne: Never has anyone spoken to me like this...

Cyrano: Yes, my heart is ever clothed in artful words. I rise to pluck a star from the heavens, but yet I falter, and stoop in shame, to pick a flower.

Roxanne: But the flower may be fair!

Cyrano: Tonight let us disdain it.

Roxanne: Disdain it?

Cyrano: 'Tis my wit that has kept you there above. But to continue thus would be an affront to the night, to this hour, the perfumes, to Nature. Must we continue to speak in elegant phrases? To prattle? While with a twinkling of stars the heaven glances down, revealing the secret of our hearts? This blessed moment comes inevitably to us.

Roxanne: Ah, then, if this moment has come at last, what words will you say?

Cyrano: What words? I hurl them all to you. Unbound let them freely scatter. I fashion no bouquets tonight! Shall I say I love you? I love, I am a fool! My sense reel! Your name, it hangs like a bell in my heart. And evermore, Roxanne, evermore when I tremble, evermore that bell peals forth the sound of your name.

Roxanne: Ah, that truly is love!

Cyrano: Do you begin to conceive of my longing? My passion? Oh, can you see my heart in this darkening shadow? Naught else remains for me but to die. For the voice of my soul has caused you to tremble in the warmth of night. For you have trembled as a leaf among the branches. For you tremble. And I can tell, whether you have wished it or not. For the trembling of your dear hand descends along the branches, down to my own.

Roxanne: Yes, I tremble and weep, and I love you, and I am drunken. I am drunken with love.

Cyrano: Oh, now that death might take me, for these words of my heart, they have caused her to weep!

Roxanne: Oh, come! Oh, come! And pluck this flower who awaits you.

Cyrano: Oh, now that death might take me, for 'tis I who have caused her to tremble!

Christian (to Cyrano): You must win me her love!

Roxanne: This beating heart! This infinite hour!

Cyrano: 'Tis I, I, who have won her love!

Christian: YOU MUST WIN ME HER LOVE!

Cyrano (to Christian): Climb then! Climb then, fool that you are!

(Christian swiftly climbs to the balcony and embraces Roxanne.)

Cyrano (*clutching his chest*): Ah, my heart! How fierce it burns within me!

Christian: Roxanne!

Roxanne: Christian!

(The curtain falls.)

ACT THREE

Scene One: A barracks at the battle front. Le Bret and the cadets are under siege. Most of the cadets are sleeping. Cyrano is not present. Gunfire is heard from offstage.

Le Bret: Ah, curses on those rifles! They'll wake the dead! Sleep on, my children.

First Cadet (*suddenly waking*): What? Again?

Le Bret: It's nothing. Cyrano returns. (*Cyrano enters.*) Ah! Thank God!

Cyrano: Hush!

Le Bret: Wounded?

Cyrano: They always miss.

Le Bret: Every day you risk your life for a letter.

Cyrano: I promised (*indicating Christian, who is sleeping*) he would write.

Le Bret: Where are you going?

Cyrano: To write another. (*He starts to go. Drums are heard*)

Le Bret: The drums, alas! No more sleep for tonight.

Second Cadet (*in his sleep*): I'm hungry!

First Cadet: I'm dying!

Le Bret: Wake up!

First Cadet: My tongue is yellow!

Second Cadet: Cyrano! We're dying!

Cyrano: Well, why do you lag?

First Cadet: Something drags at my heels.

Cyrano: And what is that?

First Cadet: My stomach.

Cyrano: Mine too.

First Cadet: Doesn't it bother you?

Cyrano: It makes me tall!

Second Cadet: My stomach is hollow!

Cyrano: We'll use it for a drum.

Le Bret: Gentlemen, make ready. We must gain time. The Marshall will return with provisions.

Cyrano: And to gain time?

Le Bret: We have the honor of giving our lives.

Cyrano: 'Tis well. We shall bring glory to our banner.

(Christian wakes up and approaches Cyrano.)

Cyrano: Christian!

Christian: Is this the end at last?

Cyrano: Perhaps.

Christian: Never again to see Roxanne! If only I could put my last thoughts into a letter.

Cyrano: I doubted not the end might come today. *(He holds up a letter)* And I have said farewell.

Christian: Show me! *(He looks at the letter and points to a spot on it)* Here!

Cyrano: What?

Christian: This little spot! It is a tear!

Cyrano: Ah, yes. A poet's tear. I wept while writing.

Christian: You wept?

Cyrano: Yes, because... to die is such a little thing. But never to see her again... And I shall never... YOU shall never...

Christian: Give it to me! *(He reads)* "Roxanne farewell, farewell, my love! For I shall die tonight without your kiss. My soul is heavy still with love as yet unspoken. And I weep. Nevermore, nevermore shall I embrace you. Nevermore to be prisoner of your living glances. Never again to blow a kiss into your

fingers. I recall little things that remind me still of you. How you smiled when I touched you. And all my heart cries out 'farewell, farewell' my dear one, my beloved, my Roxanne, Oh, my love!"

(to Cyrano) How often have you written such letters?

Cyrano: More often than you think.

Christian: How often?

Cyrano: I was your interpreter. Every day I carried a letter across the lines.

Christian: You love her!

Cyrano: No!

Christian: She loves you!

Cyrano: No!

Christian: She only loves my soul.

Cyrano: No!

Christian: And that is you! And you love her. Tell me it is true.

Cyrano: It is true.

Christian: If we live, you must tell her.

Cyrano: No!

Christian: Why not?

Cyrano: Why not? Look at my face!

Christian: Bah! She must choose. You must tell her all.

Cyrano: Oh, no! Not this torture!

Christian: Must I destroy your happiness because I am fair?

Cyrano: And shall I bury yours, because I can express what you feel?

Christian: Tell her! She must choose.

Cyrano: It will be you!

Christian: I must be loved for myself or not at all! *(He rushes out. A gunshot is heard. His body is immediately carried back inside by two soldiers.)*

Le Bret: The enemy's fire!

First Cadet: It's the attack!

Le Bret: To arms!

Cyrano (*in horror*): Christian!

Le Bret: Make haste, fall in line!

Cyrano: Christian!

Le Bret: Light the fuses. The promised signal, the bugles blowing. The French are bringing supplies. Hold on! Hold on a little longer!

Voice (*offstage*): Surrender!

Cadets (*offstage*): No!

Voice: Lower your arms!

Cadets: No!

Cyrano: 'Tis finished! Now I can never tell her. Stand fast, my lads. Don't be afraid. I have two deaths to avenge. Christian's and my own happiness! (*He rushes out. The curtain falls.*)

Scene Two: The curtain slowly rises on the courtyard of a cloister. Fourteen years have passed. It is Autumn. Leaves are falling. Mother Marguerita and Martha and Claire, two young nuns, are conversing.

Sister Martha (*to Mother Marguerita*): Sister Claire looked in the mirror twice to see if her hairpiece was in place.

Mother Marguerita: That's very bad.

Sister Claire: But Sister Martha stole a plum from a tart this morning. I saw her.

M. Marguerita: An evil deed, Sister Martha.

Claire: 'Twas just a little look.

Martha: 'Twas just a little plum.

M. Marguerita: I shall tell Monsieur Cyrano all about it.

Claire: No, He'll make fun of us.

Martha: He will say that the nuns are coquettish.

Claire: Very worldly.

M. Marguerita: Very sweet.

Claire: Is it true, Mother Marguerita of Christ, that he's come every Saturday for ten years?

M. Marguerita: And more. Ever since his cousin left the world of men to come here, to bring her veil of mourning to our linen robes, and to seek after peace here, fourteen years have passed. Like a great black bird among our birds of snow.

Martha: Only he, of all who come into our cloister, can make her forget the grief she carries. But even so, it is true that he's not a good Catholic.

Claire: We must convert him soon!

Martha: Yes, yes!

Claire: Yes, yes!

M. Marguerita: That is a task I must forbid you to take on yourselves, my children. You must not bother him with that. He might not come so often.

Martha: But God...

M. Marguerita: Never fear. God takes care of his own.

Martha: But every Saturday, when he comes to call, he proudly tells me, "Sister, I feasted yesterday."

M. Marguerita: Ah, he tells you that? Did you know that the last time he came he had not eaten for two whole days?

Claire: Oh, Mother.

M. Marguerita: He's very poor.

Martha: Does no one take care of him?

M. Marguerita: No, that would make him angry. And now, we must go in. Madame Magdeleine is walking in the park. *(They leave as Roxanne enters)*

Roxanne: Ah, the last day of September is beautiful still. My sadness smiles that suffered once in April, but now begins to brighten with return of autumn. Ah, here is the aged chair where my old friend will take his seat. *(The clock chimes)* There, 'tis the hour, and that is strange. He has never been so late in all these years. He can't be much longer. *(A leaf falls near her.)* Ah, a leaf has fallen. Besides, nothing could keep him away.

My dearest friend, who comes to cheer my sadness, always faithful and true. Just as the clock begins to strike the hour, I wait for the voice that will announce him. At the last stroke I hear his footsteps without turning my head. His cane taps lightly on the ground. He takes his seat and then he chides me for never looking up from my embroidery. But where is he now?

A Voice from offstage: Monsieur de Bergerac.

Roxanne: There he is!

(Cyrano enters haltingly, with a cane. Roxanne, embroidering, pretends not to see him. He sits without removing his hat.)

Roxanne: Ah, these faded colors, how to make them match? *(obliquely, to Cyrano)* And after all these years, late for the very first time?

Cyrano: Yes, absurd, enraging. I was kept for a moment by someone.

Roxanne: Who?

Cyrano: By a most unwelcome visitor.

Roxanne: Ah yes, he made demands?

Cyrano: Cousin, I must soon do his bidding.

Roxanne: You sent him away?

Cyrano: Yes, I said, "Please excuse me, but today is Saturday, and I must visit a certain house without fail. Please come back in an hour."

Roxanne: Well, then, this person will have to wait longer. I shall not let you go until the night has come.

Cyrano: Perhaps I shall be called away a little sooner. *(growing impatient)* The devil take that infernal tapestry, if you please!

Roxanne *(laughing, turning to him):* I was waiting for you to say that. The leaves fall. They are the color of Venetian yellow. How gracefully they fall.

Cyrano: Regard them well. How short is their journey from branch to the earth. And yet, their last flight is a thing of beauty. For in spite of their terror of meeting the earth, they give their flight the grace of a bird.

Roxanne: You are so sad tonight.

Cyrano: No, not at all, Roxanne.

Roxanne: Well then, let's be done with the falling of leaves. And you shall tell me all that has happened this week. My gazette?

Cyrano: Ah, yes. Sunday last, having eaten too many sweets at his dinner, the King was taken ill. After they had bled him his illness was found guilty of high treason, and his pulse returned to normal again.

Roxanne: Monsieur de Bergerac, will you hold your tongue!

Cyrano: Monday, nothing. Lygdamire has a new lover.

Roxanne: Oh?

Cyrano: Tuesday, everyone went to Fontainebleu. Wednesday, La Montglat turned the Count of Fiesca down. Thursday, Mancini was almost the Queen of France. Friday, La Montglat told the Count of Fiesca... and Saturday, today... *(He faints.)*

Roxanne: Cyrano! He's fainted!

Cyrano (rousing): What? What is it? Leave me alone! It's only my old wound. You remember.

Roxanne: Poor dear friend.

Cyrano: It's nothing now. It's already gone.

Roxanne: We both have our old wounds to bear. I have mine. Always aching, it is here. A wound that never heals. It is here 'neath his letter, now yellowed with age, where one can see his tears, his tears and his blood.

Cyrano: His letter? Did you not promise me that some day, perhaps, you would allow me to read it?

Roxanne: Ah, do you wish? His letter?

Cyrano: Yes, I would, tonight.

Roxanne: Take it.

Cyrano: You do not mind?

Roxanne: Read it. *(She gives him the letter. He begins to read.)*

Cyrano: "Roxanne farewell, farewell, my love!"

Roxanne (to herself): Aloud?

Cyrano: "For I shall die tonight without your kiss."

Roxanne: How you read it, his letter.

Cyrano: "My soul is heavy still with love as yet unspoken. And I weep. Nevermore, nevermore shall I embrace you. Nevermore to be prisoner of your living glances."

Roxanne: How you read it, that letter.

Cyrano (*clasping the letter to his chest, but continuing to recite*): “Never again to blow a kiss into your fingers. I recall little things that remind me still of you. How you smiled when I touched you. And all my heart cries out 'farewell, farewell' my dear one, my beloved, my Roxanne, Oh, my love!”

Roxanne: And for these fourteen years, you've always played the role of being a dear old friend who comes to cheer my sadness.

Cyrano: Roxanne!

Roxanne: It was you!

Cyrano: No, no, Roxanne, not I!

Roxanne: I should have known it when you spoke my name.

Cyrano: No, it was not...

Roxanne: It was you!

Cyrano: I assure you!

Roxanne: Those letters, they were you!

Cyrano: I swear they were not!

Roxanne: And the soul, it was your own.

Cyrano: No, I never loved you.

Roxanne: You loved me!

Cyrano: No, it was he!

Roxanne: You loved me!

Cyrano: No, my dearest love, I never loved you!

Roxanne: Ah, so many leaves have fallen since then. Why have you never spoken these many years? For the tears on the letter, which meant so little to him, these tears were yours!

Cyrano: The blood was his!

Roxanne: Well then, after all this noble silence, why let it be broken tonight?

Cyrano: I did not finish my gazette. Saturday, today, Monsieur de Bergerac was dealt his mortal blow!
(*He removes his hat to reveal bloody bandages*)

Roxanne: Ah, what have they done to you?

Cyrano: "By the blow of a sword struck by a hero, pierced through the heart." So I had wished it, but destiny mocks me, and I am about to die, struck from behind, by a coward. It is well. I have missed all things, even my death! Do you remember the night when Christian spoke under your window? All my life is there. While I remained below, a black shadow, others climbed to kisses and glory. *(He tries to rise.)* Oh!

Roxanne: What? What is it? *(calling)* Sister! Sister!

Cyrano: No, no! Don't go away! When you return I shall be gone.

Mother Marguerita *(offstage): Nunc dimittis servum tuum Domine,*

Roxanne: I love you! Live for me!

Nuns *(offstage): secundum verbum tuum in pace. Quia viderunt oculi mei.*

Cyrano: No, in the story, when she kissed him, the Prince's disguise fell away. But you see, I have not changed.

Roxanne: I have caused your sorrow, even as my own! I have loved one man and lost him twice.

Nuns: *Salutare Tuam. Quod parasti. Ante faciem omnium populorum:*

Cyrano: I would not have you mourn fair Christian the less. I ask only that when I am gone, you give a double meaning to those tears.

Roxanne: I swear it!

Nuns: *Lumen ad revelationem gentium, et gloriam plebis tuae Israel.*

Cyrano *(standing up):* Not here! Not in a chair! Don't hold me! Only this tree. He comes! I feel colder! But I shall meet him on my feet, sword in hand!

Roxanne: Cyrano!

Cyrano: I believe he dares... he dares to look upon my nose. What say you? It is useless? No, 'tis better to fight in vain. *(thrusting)* There! There! You have taken all from me, laurel and rose. One thing is left in spite of you, which I take this very night to God's throne. One thing is mine, without wrinkle or stain. And that is...

Roxanne: And that is?

Cyrano: My unblemished soul! *(He falls. She holds and kisses him. The curtain slowly falls.)*

Nuns: *Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui sanctu. Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.*