



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

Cyrano

—

Lib

DYNZ

mrosch

c.1

MY

A

NOT RENEWABLE

BRARY THE BRANCH LIBRARIES



3 17798 9080

ORK PUBLIC LIBRARY  
AT

COLN CENTER

Amsterdam Avenue  
New York, N. Y. 10023

MY

Books circulate for four weeks (28 days) unless stamped otherwise.

No renewals are allowed.

A fine will be charged for each overdue book at the rate of 10 cents per calendar day for adult books and 5 cents per calendar day for children's books.

form 046

REFERENCE

FOR USE ONLY IN THE LIBRARY



PRICE 35 CENTS.

# METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE GRAND OPERA

GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA  
GENERAL MANAGER.

## LIBRETTO

THE ORIGINAL ITALIAN,  
FRENCH OR GERMAN  
LIBRETTO WITH A  
CORRECT ENGLISH  
TRANSLATION.

## CYRANO

PUBLISHED BY

FRED. RULLMAN, Inc.

THEATRE TICKET OFFICE,

111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.  
TRINITY BUILDING (REAR ARCADE)

THE ONLY CORRECT AND AUTHORIZED EDITION.  
(HARDMAN PIANO USED EXCLUSIVELY.)

**RULLMAN'S**  
**THEATRE**  
**TICKET**  
**OFFICE**

**111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY**

(TRINITY BUILDING, REAR ARCADE)

---

OFFICIAL PUBLISHER OF  
**OPERA LIBRETTOS**  
**AND PLAY BOOKS**

IN ALL LANGUAGES

---

TELEPHONES, RECTOR 8817, 8818, 8819

# CYRANO

---

OPERA IN FOUR ACTS

---

BY  
WALTER DAMROSCH

---

WORDS BY  
W. J. HENDERSON

After the Drama by EDMOND ROSTAND

English Version Copyright, 1913, by FRED RULLMAN, Inc.

PUBLISHED BY FRED RULLMAN, Inc.  
AT THE THEATRE TICKET OFFICE, 111 BROADWAY  
NEW YORK

## CHARACTERS

CYRANO DE BERGERAC . . . . .	<i>Baritone</i>
ROXANE . . . . .	<i>Soprano</i>
LISE . . . . .	<i>Soprano</i>
DUENNA . . . . .	<i>Alto</i>
A FLOWER GIRL . . . . .	<i>Soprano</i>
A MOTHER SUPERIOR . . . . .	<i>Alto</i>
CHRISTIAN . . . . .	<i>Tenor</i>
RAGUENEAU . . . . .	<i>Tenor</i>
A CADET . . . . .	<i>Tenor</i>
DEGUICHE . . . . .	<i>Bass</i>
LE BRET . . . . .	<i>Bass</i>
A TALL MUSKETEER . . . . .	<i>Bass</i>
MONTFLEURY . . . . .	<i>Tenor</i>
A PRIEST . . . . .	<i>Bass</i>
FIRST CAVALIER . . . . .	<i>Bass</i>
SECOND CAVALIER . . . . .	<i>Tenor</i>
THIRD CAVALIER . . . . .	<i>Bass</i>

*Chorus of Preciuses, Pages, Nuns, Cavaliers,  
Gascony Cadets, Marquises, etc.*

# SYNOPSIS

## ACT I.

The great hall of the Hotel de Bourgogne, in 1640. A sort of tennis-court arranged and decorated for theatrical performances.

The hall is a long rectangle, seen obliquely, so that one side of it constitutes the background, which runs from the position of the front wing on the right, to the line of the furthest wing on the left, and forms an angle with the stage, which is equally seen obliquely.

This stage is furnished on both sides along the wings with benches. The drop curtain is composed of two tapestry hangings, which can be drawn apart. Above a harlequin cloak, the royal escutcheon. Broad steps lead from the raised platform of the stage into the house. On either side of these steps the musicians' seats. A row of candles fills the office of footlights.

Two galleries run along the side; the lower one is divided into boxes. No seats in the pit, which is the stage proper. At the back of the pit, that is to say, at the right, in the front, a few seats raised like steps, one above the other; and under a stairway which leads to the upper seats and of which the lower end only is visible, a stand decked with small candelabra, jars full of flowers, fragons and glasses, dishes heaped with sweatmeats, etc.

In the centre of the background, under the box tier, the entrance to the theatre, large door which half opens to let in the spectators. On the panels of this door, and in several corners, and above the sweetmeat stand, red playbills announcing LA CLORISE.

At the rise of the curtain the house is nearly dark and still empty. The chandeliers are let down in the middle of the pit until time to light them.

The audience arriving gradually. Cavaliers, burghers, lackeys, pages, the fiddlers, etc

## ACT II.

Ragueneau's shop. Cooking place on the right of stage. Tables with preparations of various kinds on them. Large double door at back leading into street. Set in general in the same way as in the original. At rise of curtain several cooks are seen at work. Much bustle and movement. Ragueneau seated at a small table, left, writing with puzzled face and scanning his lines on his fingers.

## ACT III.

(Street before the house of ROXANE. Balcony with vines on the columns. House of CLOMIRE opposite with practicable door and steps. At rise of curtain, moonlight. Soft music and chorus heard in the house of CLOMIRE.

## ACT IV—SCENE I.

(Camp of the Gascony cadets. Arras in the distance. Earthwork in the background. Tents, etc., in the foreground. Sunrise. The cadets lie asleep about the stage. All are ragged, pale and gaunt. LE BRET on watch. Silence on stage after curtain rises. Then shots are heard outside.)

## ACT IV—SCENE II.

(The park of a neighboring convent. Shade trees. At the right the entrance to the convent. In the center a large tree. At the left a semi-circular stone seat. Vines, flowers, etc. The stage is filled with nuns in an attitude of prayer.)

# CYRANO

## ACT I.

CAVALIER.

We come too early: how shall we kill  
the time?

SECOND CAVALIER

I'll sing to you my latest rhyme.

A MUSKETEER (*pursuing a flower  
girl*).

Give me one kiss, and I will call you  
queen.

GIRL.

You are too bold. Take care; we  
shall be seen.

ANOTHER CAVALIER.

How stupid is this waiting. Will you  
have a bout with me?

FOURTH CAVALIER.

Right gladly, and I'll hit you, one, two,  
three. (*They fence.*)

(*Enter* PAGES.)

CHORUS OF PAGES (*singing a faran-  
dole*).

THE CROWD.

Bring in more lights! The play, the  
play begin;  
Bring on the actors, be they fat or  
thin;  
Let us have drama, prose or merry  
verse;  
Rid us of thinking, nothing could be  
worse.

(*Enter a band of MARQUISES*)

THE MARQUISES.

What! We enter all too early,  
Are we soldiers rude and burly?  
Shall we tarry, sorry wights?  
In the dark? Where are the lights?  
(*Candle lighter enters and lights  
candles.*)

(*Enter* CHRISTIAN AND LE BRET.)

CHRISTIAN.

You who know the stories of the town,  
Miladi's fan, her cloak, her glove,  
The very lace upon her satin gown,  
Oh, tell me who is she I love?

LE BRET.

I crave your pardon of your hand and  
grace;  
I may not know her 'till I see her  
face.

CHRISTIAN.

Oh, for the day of the grand crusade,  
When a soldier won by a soldier's  
fame;  
And the flashing blow of a manly  
blade  
Would carve a path to a noble  
dame.

I am no dealer in pretty words;  
I cannot twitter with these fine birds;  
If she's poetic, I have no tropes;  
If she is subtle, farewell, my hopes!  
In yonder box she always sits;  
There, near the end.

LE BRET.

Alas!

CHRISTIAN.

Why say you so?

LE BRET.

It is Roxane, whose wit is like a sword:

With words alone her heart you may attack.

And be repelled, if by you she is bored.

She's cousin to the brave de Bergerac.

(Enter RAGUENEAU.)

CHRISTIAN.

I know him not.

RAGUENEAU.

I heard a mighty name.

Good masters, I am here to seek the same.

(To CHRISTIAN) Know you not CYRANO, the wise, the brave, the great? His blade is half the shears of fate. His wit is quicker than a bounding ball.

And he's a poet, master of us all.  
Hat with triple feather,  
Doublet with a flowing skirt  
Cloak and sword together  
Sweep behind with saucy flirt.  
While before him goes  
His most majestic nose.  
Oh, masters, what a nose is there.  
But speak about it none may dare.  
Save in the house and under breath;  
It is the very nose of death.  
The nose before, the sword behind—  
Wise men to them both are blind.

CHRISTIAN.

An errant boaster, I'll be bound.  
(retires up stage).

LE BRET (looking round).

Good Ragueneau, he can't be found.

RAGUENEAU.

He will be here, for he has made a bet  
To stop the play, and he'll not forget.  
Montfleury he's forbidden to appear;  
You'll see he will be here.

(Enters PRECIEUSES, followed by ROXANE.)

THE PRECIEUSES.

The lace upon the garb of love are we  
By dainty hands alone caressed to be.  
No vulgar passion shall assail our hearts.

They may be pierced alone by gentle darts.

MARQUISES.

For you our hearts are gently beating,  
Receive our most devoted greeting;  
For you we're sighing, we are kneeling:

Oh, ladies fair, be not unfeeling;  
But hearken to our vows of love.

(As ROXANE enters after the PRECIEUSES, the MARQUISES and CAVALLIERS follow her with bows and adulation. She waves them all off with her fan. The PRECIEUSES ascend the stairs to the boxes. ROXANE pauses on the third step.)

ROXANE.

Ah, messieurs, gallant and gay,  
We come to see the play,  
Not you. But spare us all your vows repeated  
A woman's favor is not meted  
To many words, to many smiles;  
To win a heart you must use deeper wiles.  
Oh, woo a woman not with pretty graces,  
Nor yet with oft repeated burning vows,  
And woo her not with silken hose and laces,  
Nor yet with pretty airs and lowly bows.  
Dream not to win her by a melting glance,  
Nor with the singing of your shining blade;  
For all your pride and pomp and circumstance  
By one quick flash of wit may be dismayed.  
You'll not overtake the love you are pursuing  
With languid eyelid and a dulcet tone;  
Seek for the soul of her you would be wooing,  
And melt it by the glory of your own.

## PAGES.

She's pretty, but she makes too much  
ado,

We know a quicker way than that to  
woo.

(*The MARQUISES crowd around  
ROXANE, but DE GUICHE enters and  
pushes in front of them.*)

DE GUICHE (*offering his hand to  
escort her to box.*)

None but the brave deserve the fair.

## ROXANE.

Am I so brave? Well, then I dare.

(*Accepts his escort, MARQUISES re-  
tire in disgust.*)

(*Overture by the orchestra on the  
stage. The play of BARO begins.*)

(*Enter MONTFLEURY on the mimic  
stage.*)

MONTFLEURY (*as Phaedo*).

Happy the man, who freed from fash-  
ion's fickle sway,

In exile self-prescribed whiles peace-  
ful hours away,

And when the zephyrs sigh amid the  
murmuring trees—

CYRANO (*in the crowd*).

Fat one, I forbade you to appear!  
(*General consternation.*)

## VOICES.

Who is it? What is this surprise?

RAGUENEAU.

'Tis he. I win!

MONTFLEURY.

But—

CYRANO (*rising in his place and draw-  
ing his sword*).

Mountain! Remove thyself from off  
the plain.

MONTFLEURY (*going*).

Excuse me, gentles, but I feel a pain.

(*MONTFLEURY goes off. General hub-  
bub. CYRANO comes down stage and  
is surrounded by the crowd.*)

## VARIOUS VOICES.

This is an insult! We have paid to  
see the play!

Who is it dares to drive our pet away?

CYRANO.

Be silent all. Does any one object?  
I have a talisman to win respect.

(*Lays hand on hilt.*)

DE GUICHE (*who has come down  
from the box.*)

We came to hear Baro's immortal  
verse.

CYRANO.

My friend, such immortality's a curse.

PRECIIEUSES.

To slur Baro's delightful name,  
How dare he? What a shame?

CYRANO.

Beautiful creatures, do you bloom and  
shine;

Be ministers of dreams, your smiles  
our anodyne.

But though for "La Clorise" you all  
may weep,

Baro's narcotic shall not make you  
sleep.

DE GUICHE.

This is too much. Sir, do you stop all  
shows

By pushing into them your mighty  
nose?

CYRANO.

Poor wit to poorer manners wed.

I'll tell you what you might have said.

Although with fancy's passion not in-  
flamed,

You could have posed and courteously  
declaimed:

O lordly nose, no wind so bold  
As dares to give the whole of you a  
cold.

Or this: Wert thou a man or army  
born,

That thou must carry such a bugle  
horn?

Or else this parody of beauteous  
thought.

From "Pyramus and Thisbe" neatly caught,  
Behold the nose that spoiled its master's face.  
And now is blushing at its own disgrace.  
But you, monsieur, have no such words as these;  
I speak more wit than you if I but sneeze.

DE GUICHE.

Buffoon!

CYRANO.

Ai! That does awake the nerve  
Within my rapier, it will forth to serve. (*Draws.*)

DE GUICHE.

A poet fight?

CYRANO.

I will not run away  
But improvise a ballad while we play.  
And at the last line I shall touch.

DE GUICHE.

My friend, you promise far too much  
(*Draws.*)

CYRANO (*declaiming*).

Ballade of the duel which deBergerac  
Fought with a noble who good sense  
did lack.  
That is the title. Now, sir, the attack.

THE CROWD.

Aha! With eagerness we're on the rack.

(*Tableau—A ring, in the pit, of those interested. The pages climb to good places to see. All the women stand in the boxes. CYRANO closes his eyes a moment as if in thought, then looks up to ROXANE, advances and crosses swords with DEGUICHE.*)

CYRANO.

Now gentles and ladies all fair,  
Look well on this noble and me;  
I rhyme you a rhyme debonair  
And as light as the foam of the sea,  
Yet not all devoid of esprit;  
A song of a nobleman vain,

And the chime of the ballad shall be  
I touch as I end the refrain.

(*They begin to fence.*)

Good brother, I pri' thee despair  
Of stopping my ballad or me;  
My sword will be into your lair  
Or ever my feint you may see.  
For I guard from my head to my knee,  
While blows on your falchion I rain;  
And the chime of my ballad shall be  
I touch as I end the refrain.  
Oh, queens of our hearts, do you see,  
How the sword beats the time of the strain?

For the chime of my ballad shall be  
I touch as I end the refrain.

(*With the last line CYRANO lunges and DEGUICHE staggers. CYRANO bows. Applause from the crowd. Flowers are thrown from the boxes. Men congratulate CYRANO. RAGUENEAU dances with joy. LE BRET is tearfully anxious.*)

DEGUICHE (*supported by friends*).

Sometime, my poet, we shall meet:  
And then remember that revenge is sweet.

(*CYRANO makes a gesture of contempt. DEGUICHE is supported off. All follow except CYRANO and LE BRET.*)

ROXANE.

(*As she passes CYRANO after descending from her box.*)

Cousin, your sword and wit keep well  
in tune  
But yonder gentle will not pardon  
soon.  
These dull men are the flint, you sharp  
ones steel  
Beware the fire the sparks will make.

CYRANO.

I kneel  
Before your grace.  
Forewarned,  
I am forearmed. Also I am adorned  
In that you smile upon me from your  
skies.

(*Exit ROXANE attended.*)

CYRANO.

So much for fools. And yet who is  
the wise?  
I played but for the favor of her eyes.

LE BRET.

You love?

CYRANO.

You stare, and yet I am a man;  
 Despite this nose I dare to love  
 Roxane.  
 Yes, even this may smell the budding  
 spring,  
 And e'en my eyes may look across this  
 mount  
 To where, beside some clear and  
 sunny fount,  
 The roses blossom and the robins sing;  
 And if I see a lover and his lass  
 Go hand in hand along the verdant  
 grass,  
 I think that I would gladly give my all  
 If joy like this my lonely life would  
 grace;  
 And then I see upon the garden wall  
 The shadow of my face!

LE BRET.

My friend! (*CYRANO motions him  
 away and turns aside as if to hide  
 his emotion. Enter DUENNA.*)

DUENNA.

Most reverend and gracious sir, my  
 mistress bids me say that she has  
 something for your private ear.

CYRANO

My private ear!

DUENNA.

There are things—

CYRANO.

Ah, my heart!

DUENNA.

To-morrow at the very break of day  
 She goes into the church to pray.  
 When that is done her cousin she will  
 seek,  
 Tell me where she alone with him can  
 speak.

CYRANO.

With me alone?  
 Am I the sport of fate?  
 At Ragueneau's the pastry cook's I  
 wait.

ENSEMBLE.

DUENNA.

How noble, how noble his bearing,  
 How eager the light of his eyes;  
 But yet for him who would be caring?  
 His nose, what a terrible size!

CYRANO.

Oh, long will the night be a-wearing  
 E'er dawn shall encrimson the skies;  
 But the darkness will be not despair-  
 ing;  
 'Twill flee from the light of her eyes.

LE BRET.

Away with your gloomy despairing,  
 Live now in a happy surmise!  
 To-morrow you'll early be faring  
 To read the bright speech of her eyes.

DUENNA.

We'll be there. Fail us not at seven.

CYRANO.

I shall come. 'Twill be foretaste of  
 heaven.

(*Exit DUENNA followed by LE BRET.  
 Actors appear on the stage and be-  
 gin a rehearsal.*)

CYRANO.

Now could I the very mountain fell  
 With blinding sweeps of lightning  
 steel!  
 Now could I with one poetic spell  
 The lifetime of a heart reveal!  
 Now could I hold a thousand men at  
 bay,—  
 My sword the key to blank oblivious  
 gate,  
 My arm the rhythmic pendulum of  
 Fate—  
 And make for every blow a rounde-  
 lay!

AN ACTOR.

Silence there! We're trying to re-  
 hearse.

CYRANO.

To hell with thee and with thy tawdry  
 verse!

(*Re-enter LE BRET.*)

LE BRET.

Cyrano, DeGuiche is on thy track!  
A hundred men await thee to attack.

CYRANO.

Who told him that I was in the mood?  
A hundred? For my blade they shall  
be food.

ACTORS.

Against one man a hundred? What  
is this?

CYRANO.

Sweet friends, I'll woo them with a  
kiss. (*Draws sword.*)  
The sharp salute of death. Oh, bliss!

VARIOUS ACTORS.

What a rare fight 'twill be!  
Let us go out to see.

CYRANO.

Bravo. But you may only look.  
No interference will I brook.  
And you good fiddlers, play a merry  
hilt  
To time the dancing of my happy hilt.  
(*The actors and actresses come down  
from the stage with the candles.  
The fiddlers fall into the train.*)

CYRANO.

So, that is meet my spirit to attune  
And forth we fare a most important  
troop

Of prize comedians to the lady moon  
But I alone shall make the final swoop.  
Ye, gods, I think I never have lived  
before;

A hundred? Give me fifty score.  
Come on, my friends. Throw wide  
the door.

(*LE BRET opens the door. View of  
Paris in the moonlight. Soft music.*)

CYRANO.

Lo, Paris, that sleeps and is breathless  
In silence and midnight mist;  
Lo, Paris, immutable, deathless,  
Her brow by the moonbeam kissed!  
The dream of the centuries round  
thee,

The luminous guardians above;  
The calm of the peace all around thee  
A shrine for the couch of my love;

(*Turns and sees the actors and  
LE BRET waiting for him.*)

Break, silence of night! Wake a hun-  
dred alarms!

Cyrano de Bergerac proclaims "To  
arms!"

(*To the sound of the violins and with  
the flickering of the candles, the  
procession moves out, CYRANO  
twenty steps ahead, LE BRET fol-  
lowing and the actors dancing and  
capering in the rear.*)

CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

RAGUENEAU (*rising*).

The morning sun turns copper pan  
to gold  
And burns to silver all the pewter  
spoons;  
The soaring Muse her fancy's wings  
shall fold.  
The lyre shall hum with useful cook-  
ing tunes.

AN APPRENTICE (*approaching Rague-  
neau and showing his work*).

Nougat of fruit!

ANOTHER APPRENTICE.

Pound cake à la Richelieu!

A THIRD.

Pastry of cakes à la Charlemagne!

A FOURTH.

Potpourri du Boeuf à la "Pomone" du  
Cambert!

AN APPRENTICE (*approaching with  
a candied lyre*).

This in your honor I have made.

RAGUENEAU.

Wit and fancy you've displayed;  
Take this coin and drink my health.

(*Enter LISE.*)

My wife! Pray, hide your little  
wealth.

(*Apprentice retires.*)

Observe this lyre, a tribute to my  
fame.

LISE.

Such waste of dough! It is a shame!

RAGUENEAU.

What have you there? The poems  
of my friends  
Made into paper bags! To what sad  
ends  
We come at last!

LISE.

It is the only way they ever pay.

(*Enter CYRANO.*)

CYRANO.

What is the hour of this long day?

RAGUENEAU.

Six o'clock. And I was there!

CYRANO (*impatiently walking about*).  
Where?

RAGUENEAU.

The duel! What blows did rain!  
"And I touch as I end the refrain."

LISE.

That seems to be his whole delight;  
He talks of it from morn 'till night.

RAGUENEAU.

And the chime of the ballad shall be—

CYRANO (*interrupting*).

What time is it?

RAGUENEAU.

Five minutes past six.

CYRANO (*going to the writing table  
and seating himself*).

Shall I plunge my heart into a sea of  
ink?

(*Enter a TALL MUSKETEER.*)

MUSKETEER (*to LISE*).

Good-morning!

CYRANO.

Quiet. I cannot think.

RAGUENEAU.

A friend of my wife, most deadly and severe.

CYRANO.

What time is it?

RAGUENEAU.

A quarter past.

CYRANO.

Come, now, good pen,  
My thoughts in sober line arrayed,  
I'll write the dream I cannot tell,  
And she shall read me passing well.  
*(He writes.)*

*(Enter half a dozen lanky and ill-fed poets.)*

THE POETS.

Eagle of pastry cooks!  
Lord of the pie!  
We praise thee, we love thee,  
Without thee we'd die.  
To the fire, to the fire of thy oven  
We bring our Pierian flame,  
And chant in a festival chorus  
The height of thy glorious fame.  
*(During the ensemble the poets eat right and left.)*

LISE.

Now that my husband is befooled and blind,  
You may speak freely; I'll be kind.

MUSKETEER.

Every day I come to put  
My valor underneath your foot.

CYRANO.

The light of the love that I bear thee  
Illumines my dreams and my days;  
But never my visions can dare thee  
To follow their passionate ways.  
If that I dream, I dream of thee;  
If I awake, thine eyes and lips I see.

RAGUENEAU.

Oh, honor far beyond imagination!  
In my poor shop he has found inspira-  
tion.

CYRANO (*having finished the letter*).

So speed my hopes. There is no need  
to sign it;  
Into her hand myself I shall consign  
it.

A POET.

Ragueneau, what have you writ of  
late.

RAGUENEAU.

A recipe for making cake.

POET.

How great!

POETS.

Let us hear it!

RAGUENEAU.

"How to make almond cheese cake."  
Eggs you get a half a dozen free from  
all rancidity,  
Break them in a pannikin and beat  
them 'till they're white;  
Lemons, too, you strain a few to get  
the smart acidity,  
Throw in milk of almonds 'till you  
have the mixture right.  
Syrup sweet as much as meet you add  
to make it saccharine,  
Pour the whole into a mold of dough  
as light as snow;  
Add a pinch of creamy cheese and sift  
a powdered cracker in,  
Put it in the oven while the cinders  
gently glow.  
Let it bake adagio and wait with calm  
placidity  
Until the crust is golden brown as  
Andalusian wine;  
Then take it out and let it cool, you'll  
eat it with avidity,  
And cheese cake à la Ragueneau  
you'll say is all divine!

A POET.

Perfection is outdone by you.

## OTHER POETS.

'Tis rubbish of the rarest make.

CYRANO (*looking off through center door*).

(*To Poets*).

Now begins the sunlight of this happy day,  
Her duenna yonder comes this way.  
Messieurs, go warm your fancies in the sun.

RAGUENEAU (*driving them out*).

When he says a thing that thing is done.

(RAGUENEAU *with his hands full of paper bags with the poems on them follows them out*. CYRANO *approaches the tall musketeer who is still talking to LISE*.)

CYRANO.

Your presence also I no more require.

LISE (*as musketeer starts to go*).

With rage and grief I think I shall expire.

Why do you not defy him to his face?

MUSKETEER.

Defy him to his face! His face!  
That face!

(*Exit hastily, LISE following him angrily*.)

(*Enter the DUENNA*.)

DUENNA.

Sir, my mistress bids me say—

(*ROXANE appears at the door*.)

CYRANO.

Madame, have you taste for honeyed cakes?

DUENNA.

I dote upon them to the verge of death.

CYRANO (*filling bags*).

Here then within the soft melting heart

Of Saint Amant's most intimate ballade,  
I prison for thee tarts of precious jam,  
And puffs of cream as white as Alpine snow.  
Go feed thyself to indigestion's brink,  
But do so in the street.

DUENNA.

Sweet sir, I go.

(*Exit into street*.)

(*As soon as she is off ROXANE comes down*.)

ROXANE.

First let me thank you for that yesterday  
You did rebuke a churl, who seeks to force  
His hand upon me in unwelcome bonds.

CYRANO.

I am glad I served you. Yet again  
I shall be glad to play your humble slave.

ROXANE.

For this I came, but first I must disclose—

(*Hesitating*)

I must discover—Are you still the same,  
As in the days when we were boy and girl?

ROXANE.

The days are gone, the years are sped  
Since we as children played together;

And all the roses now are dead,  
That blossomed in that sunny weather.

How sweet it is now to recall  
Those hours that come no more to cheer us;

To think our forest world and all  
Its magic shadows yet are near us.  
Come back in memory to the glade,  
Just you and I and not another;  
Once more I'll be a little maid,  
And you shall be my elder brother.

CYRANO.

It comes again as if 'twere yesterday.  
And then—

ROXANE.

Those were the days of long and happy games.

CYRANO.

And berries somewhat sour.

ROXANE.

The time when you obeyed  
The sharp commands of her with whom you played.  
Sometimes as we two roamed the land,  
Forgetful of the passing hours,  
You, seeking for me rarest flowers,  
Would meet with thorns and hurt your hand.  
And I, forgetting that you were my brother,  
And playing that I was your little mother,  
Would look severe and scold,  
And seize your hand to hold.

*(She takes his hand and stops amazed.)*

Why, what is this? A cut! The same!  
You stupid boy, for shame, for shame!

*(She sits at the table and bathes his hand with the water in the glass.)*

ROXANE.

You've been in a fight, you naughty child!  
Now tell the truth at once.

CYRANO *(laughing)*.

'Tis naught.  
Some fivescore fools a little wild  
By me alone were caught.  
'Twas something else you thought but did not dare—

ROXANE.

But now I know that you will really care;  
For with the perfume of the happy past  
I breathe resolve my aching heart to cast  
Upon your patience. There is one I love.

CYRANO *(aside)*.

Now give me strength, ye holy powers above.

ROXANE.

As yet he knows it not.

CYRANO.

Ah!

ROXANE.

But soon he will.

CYRANO.

Ah!

ROXANE.

Poor boy, he dares not speak his burning thought;  
But from his eyes his heart streams out in fire.

CYRANO.

Ah!

ROXANE *(completing the bandage on his hand)*.

And he, too, is a Gascony cadet.  
And in your company. Is not that strange?

CYRANO.

Ah!

ROXANE.

He wears upon his noble brow the stamp  
Of intellect, of genius. And he's brave,  
And handsome as a young Olympian god.

CYRANO *(starting up)*.

Handsome!

ROXANE.

As yet we have but spoken with our eyes.

CYRANO.

His name?

ROXANE.

Baron Christian de Neuville.

CYRANO.

Why tell you this to me?

ROXANE.

Because I hear  
That all you Gascons quarrel every  
day,  
And that your dinner guests are  
swords and death,  
But you who face a hundred men and  
laugh  
To scorn the flash of every naked  
blade—

CYRANO.

Might keep your little baron safe from  
harm.  
I see. Your elder brother am I once  
again.

ROXANE.

And never in a duel shall he fight?

CYRANO.

I swear it.

ROXANE.

Oh, I really love you quite!

*(During the latter part of the above  
dialogue RAGUENEAU has appeared  
at the door, trying to engage the  
DUENNA in conversation. She has  
eaten all her tarts and RAGUENEAU  
in pantomime tries to interest her in  
the poems on the bags. She is not  
pleased, and he gives her more  
tarts, which she eats. She and  
RAGUENEAU gradually come down  
the stage on the side opposite to  
CYRANO and ROXANE.)* QUARTET.

ROXANE.

The dream of my sorrow is broken,  
The dawn of my hope is here;  
For the word which thy lip has  
spoken,  
Has emptied my heart of fear.  
The world and my life grow golden  
In the light of a new-born day;  
And I fly from the darkness olden,  
To sunrise I float away.

CYRANO.

The dream of my fancy is broken,  
The dawn cometh gray and drear;  
For the word which thy lip has  
spoken.

Has melted my heart to a tear.  
My summer is past and is over,  
And the sun goes out of the day,  
As the blossom is blown from the  
clover;  
The world goes cold and gray.

RAGUENEAU.

Look not in the bag, but upon it,  
Where grow all sweets of the brain;  
A triolet, ballad or sonnet,  
Shall make every tartlet vain.  
Oh, were I of poets the master,  
I'd fly from my shop far away;  
I'd be a perennial faster,  
And carol my songs all day.

DUENNA.

Oh, give me a honey-filled pastry,  
A well-flavored wafer or tart;  
A spice of confection that's tasty,  
Is better than your limping art.  
Oh, were I of poets the master,  
I'd drive them all far, far away;  
And nevermore be a pale faster,  
But eat all the livelong day.

*(At the close of the quartet ROXANE  
and DUENNA exeunt, while CYRANO  
stands silent and RAGUENEAU goes  
on declaiming.)*

RAGUENEAU.

Into the outer darkness of the night  
Hurl pastries and confections vain;  
Within make sunrise of eternal light  
With bright confections of the  
poet's brain.

*(A sudden noise is heard outside.  
Shouts of the cadets. Then enter  
the Gascony cadets, CARBON DE  
CASTLE-JALOUX and LE BRET.)*

CARBON.

He is here!

CYRANO.

Captain!

THE CADETS.

A hundred to one and the one  
victorious,  
Ventre St. Gris, but that was  
glorious!

(CADETS surround CYRANO and shake  
his hands.)

LE BRET.

Be on your guard. Here comes De  
Guiche.

(Enter DE GUICHE with attendants.)

DE GUICHE.

Monsieur de Bergerac, I must be  
frank;  
You fought me fairly and you fairly  
won.  
So let that pass: for now the chance  
of war  
Decides that we shall battle side by  
side.  
I hear that I am fortunate in this,  
And so I come to view you at your  
ease.

CYRANO.

The Gascony cadets are ne'er at ease.

CASTEL.

Since here am I and all my good com-  
mand,  
Pray, Cyrano, present us in due form.

CYRANO.

We are the Gascony cadets,  
Who value life not at a breath,  
And whistle in the teeth of death.  
We are the Gascony cadets:  
We wear our feathers curled in sets,  
All fighters, liars, devils we,  
The wild cadets of Gascony,  
With titled names and nameless debts.  
We are the Gascony cadets,  
We love to make our rendezvous  
Where foes are fierce and we are few;  
For there the Gascon rapier gets  
The food that still its hunger whets:  
Lunge and parry, cut and thrust,  
Like the whirlwind, gust on gust,  
Charge the Gascony cadets.  
We are the Gascony cadets,  
With limb of snipe and tooth of fox.

And hearts as hard as mountain rocks,  
Cat beards and eyes of falconets,  
We come, our captain's grizzled pets,  
To where the battle smoke is blue,  
And there the roads of death we hue;  
We are the Gascony cadets!

CHORUS (*ad libitum*).

Beware the pace our anger sets;  
For they that follow, they that fly,  
But meet the Gascon sword to die;  
We are the Gascony cadets!

DE GUICHE.

Farewell, Messieurs!  
Soon your valor shall be tried.

(DE GUICHE, *exit with his attendants*.)

(*The cadets retire up the stage.*)

(*Christian has come in and mingled  
with the cadets at the back. They  
ignore him. He comes down at the  
conclusion of CYRANO'S song and  
seats himself at a small table where  
LISE serves him.*)

A CADET.

Cyrano, your story.

CYRANO.

Presently. (*Goes up with LE BRET.*)

CADET.

Oh, tell the story for our novice here;  
'Twill teach him what he must expect  
from us.

CHRISTIAN.

Novice!

CADET.

'Twere best to warn you now, my pal-  
lid friend,  
There's one thing that you must not  
speak about.

(*Lays his finger on his nose.*)

Or else you'll have yon tiger on your  
back.

CHRISTIAN.

It is the—? Thanks. But tell me  
pray

When southern gentles far too boast-  
ful grow,  
What should a northern soldier find  
to do?

CADET.

Prove that the north has courage like  
the south.

CHRISTIAN.

I thank you.

CADETS (*in a clamor*).

The story, the story!

CYRANO.

(*Comes down and seats himself in the  
center. Cadets surround him.*

CHRISTIAN sits a little in front and  
at the side.)

'Twas only an evening of sport;  
And the moon, fickle lady, smiled  
bright,  
Then suddenly hid, and the night  
Was as dark as the Pharaoh's court.  
I declare I could not see as far—

CHRISTIAN.

As your nose!  
(*General consternation. CYRANO rises  
slowly.*)

CYRANO.

Who is that man?

CARBON.

He joined this morning.

CYRANO.

His name?

CARBON.

Baron Christian de Neuville.

CYRANO. (*Aside.*)

Roxane! Mon dieu!  
(*Slowly reseats himself.*)  
(*Restraining himself.*)  
I declare I could not see as far  
As the lamp in the street on my right.  
(*Consternation. All resume their  
seats.*)  
When at once rose a cry of "A mort!"

And I found myself hemmed in by  
steel.

But I parried. I lunged and I thrust—

CHRISTIAN.

Your nose.

CYRANO (*restraining himself with  
difficulty*).

I warded a blow—

CHRISTIAN.

From your nose.

CYRANO.

Clear the room! (*Springs to his feet.*)

(*The cadets rise hastily and start for  
the door.*)

CADETS (*sotto voce*).

What shall we see when we come  
back?

Yon idiot's dust in every crack!

(*All go out except CYRANO and  
CHRISTIAN. They stand gazing at  
one another a moment.*)

CYRANO.

You may embrace me.

CHRISTIAN.

What is this you say?

CYRANO.

You may embrace me.

CHRISTIAN.

But I do not understand.

CYRANO.

I am her cousin and she calls me now  
Her brother. She has told me all the  
tale.

CHRISTIAN.

Does she love me?

CYRANO.

Perhaps. (*Lays his hand on Christian's shoulder.*)  
How handsome!  
Roxane expects a letter from you soon.

CHRISTIAN.

Alas!  
I am a fool in use of words.  
I love, but have no tongue to speak of  
love.  
I am a very dunce in talk.

CYRANO.

My wit I'll lend you if you like.

CHRISTIAN.

What mean you?

CYRANO.

Let me then explain.  
We two shall woo her as a single one;  
You with the face of Love her eye to  
reach,  
I with the promptings of your every  
speech;  
And in a twinkling the thing is done.

CHRISTIAN.

And you would do this thing for me?

CYRANO.

For you? For my amusement! You  
agree?

CHRISTIAN.

Oh, gladly. But the letter that should  
go at once?

CYRANO (*producing his letter from  
his bosom*).

The letter? Here it is.

CHRISTIAN.

But will this letter suit Roxane?

CYRANO.

As if 'twere made for her.  
(*They stand embraced.*)  
(*Cadets one by one put their heads in  
at the door. They are amazed.*)

CADETS.

Oh, wonderful! What means it?  
They embrace!

(*Cadets all come down. Also the TALL  
MUSKETEER.*)

(*Enter LISE and RAGUENEAU.*)

THE MUSKETEER.

Oh, now it seems there are no blows.  
If one presumes to talk about a nose.  
(*Goes up to CYRANO.*)  
Monsieur, pray tell me what can make  
so huge a smell?

CYRANO (*turning quickly and striking  
him*).

Thy nose, thou idiot, in the stews of  
hell!

CADETS.

Beware the pace our anger sets;  
For they that follow, they that fly,  
But meet the Gascon sword to die;  
We are the Gascony cadets!

(*As they sing the refrain of the song,  
they dance and turn somersaults in  
joy at seeing CYRANO himself  
again.*)

Curtain.

## ACT III.

## CHORUS.

Roses are ever fair:  
 So is love sweet:  
 Love and roses are rare,  
 And life is like wind fleet:  
 Life and roses are at love's feet.  
 Love's feet are on the hearts of kings:  
 Love's kisses are on the lip of  
 death;  
 Love's song is mute for him who sings  
 Songs made alone of life and breath.  
 Love's song is strong  
 Where life and death meet;  
 Love and death are long,  
 And life is like wind fleet;  
 Death and life are at love's feet.

(ROXANE and DUENNA come out of  
 the house of CLOMIRE.)

## ROXANE.

So dies the music in the soul of night.  
 Like sighs upon the rosy lips of Love.  
 Here let us tarry while I bathe my  
 soul  
 In these pale fountains of most chaste  
 delight.

(DUENNA retires up stage. ROXANE  
 sits by the flower bed in the center  
 of the stage in the moonlight.)

## ROXANE.

Here do I let my hungry fancy pass  
 The bolted gates of maiden secrecy,  
 To browse upon the pastures of his  
 wit.  
 The scented clover blossoms of his  
 thought  
 Yea, on his words my soul is waxing  
 great;  
 Oh, Christian, it must widen to the  
 skies  
 Ere it shall make a circle of such girth  
 As may embrace the stature of thy  
 mind!

(At the conclusion of the solo the  
 DUENNA comes down.)

## DUENNA.

Be warned in time, for by my fickle  
 eyes  
 Through yonder street I see De  
 Guiche approach.

## ROXANE.

A shadow on the silver of the moon.

(Enter DE GUICHE.)

## DE GUICHE.

Fortune favors me for once at least.  
 I find you in the moonlight like a beam  
 Of Cynthia's gladsome smile upon the  
 night.  
 I come to say adieu.

## ROXANE.

You will depart?

## DE GUICHE.

I go to war. There is a siege around  
 The walls of Arras. I am to command.

## ROXANE.

I wish you joy.

## DE GUICHE.

It is no joy to part.  
 When I am with my Gascony cadets—

## ROXANE.

Your what?

## DE GUICHE.

My Gascony cadets.  
 They are a portion of my new  
 command.  
 Your cousin Cyrano is in my power;  
 Trust me to make him know that well.

ROXANE (*singing to a seat on the  
bench*).

Christian!

DE GUICHE.

You fear for him?

ROXANE.

For whom?

DE GUICHE.

For Cyrano.

ROXANE.

Bah! For Cyrano! It is not he indeed;

And yet I grieve that one for whom I care

Should face the danger of a dreadful war.

DE GUICHE (*astonished and pleased*).

At last upon the eye of going hence

You speak to me in kindness. It is sweet.

ROXANE.

You take revenge but weakly. Cyrano Will bubble o'er with joy to go to war.

If you would make him suffer, keep him here.

A prisoner of inaction while you march.

DE GUICHE.

A woman's wit! It is a keen revenge. I have the orders for the wild cadets.

I'll keep them here.

(*Touches his pocket.*)

So you sometimes play tricks?

ROXANE.

I do, sometimes.

DE GUICHE.

I love you to distraction.

I go but to return. Another day

Let Arras wait for succor; meanwhile

I

Pretending to have started shall abide

With Capuchins near by. An hour from now

With mask upon my face I shall return.

When yonder orb of night shall dimly burn

(*Exit DE GUICHE.*)

ROXANE.

Mine be the task to keep thee far away.

What matters all since Christian is to stay?

(*ROXANE goes into the house followed by the DUENNA.*)

(*Enter CYRANO and CHRISTIAN.*)

CYRANO.

My friend, you are insane. I have not yet

Rehearsed you in the speeches for to-night.

You must not speak to her 'till you have learned

The items of the dialogue.

CHRISTIAN.

It wearies me

To borrow all my words. 'Twas well at first,

But now I feel she loves me, and alone

Without your prompting will I speak to her.

CYRANO.

'Twere better if you would prepare a trope—

CHRISTIAN.

A plague upon your tropes. My two good arms

Shall bind her to me in a warm embrace,

And she shall know I love her well.

(*The door of ROXANE'S house opens and she is seen at the threshold.*)

Do not leave me! See, she comes!

CYRANO.

My friend, I shall not meddle. Use your arms.

(*Retires behind the wall.*)

(*ROXANE comes out and lingers beside the fountain.*)

ROXANE

Thrice the icy Cynthia hath described Her orbit pale since that I waited here, And still he does not come.

CHRISTIAN.

Roxane!

ROXANE.

Ah, you have come. Well then, we  
are alone;  
The air is mild; the moon is clear and  
high.  
Sit here; I'll listen while you talk to  
me.

(CHRISTIAN sits beside her on the  
bench and shows that he does not  
know what to say. Finally he speaks  
in desperation.)

CHRISTIAN.

I love you.

ROXANE.

Then dilate upon your love.

CHRISTIAN.

I love you.

ROXANE.

That is twice I've heard your theme.  
Play variations on it, fast and slow.  
Come, improvise. You have a perfect  
theme.

CHRISTIAN.

I love you very much.

ROXANE.

Prosaic, bald.

CHRISTIAN.

'Twould be a joy  
To think that you in good return loved  
me.

ROXANE.

Nay, tell me how you love me.

CHRISTIAN.

Why, I said  
With all my heart.

ROXANE.

Do better

CHRISTIAN.

I love you just as much as I can love.

ROXANE.

Oh, stupid! (*Rises.*)

CHRISTIAN.

No, I don't.

ROXANE.

More stupid! (*She moves toward the  
house.*)

CHRISTIAN.

Love makes of me a fool.

ROXANE.

So I've observed.  
It irks me, sir, as if you had put off  
The pleasing front which nature gave  
to you.  
Go, my friend, and find your scattered  
wits. (*She goes into the house.*)

CHRISTIAN (*following her to the  
door*).

Roxane! Roxane!

(*Re-enter CYRANO accompanied by  
two pages with lutes.*)

CYRANO.

Victorious, you have driven her from  
the field.

CHRISTIAN.

Help me, Cyrano, I am undone

CYRANO.

It wearies you to borrow all your  
words.

CHRISTIAN.

Oh, do not jest. I tell you I shall die  
If to her favor I am not restored.  
(*Light appears in the balcony  
window.*)

Oh, look!

CYRANO.

Be silent. All may yet be saved.  
(*To the pages.*)

Go stand upon the corners of the  
street,  
And if a woman comes play out a tune

That's merry; if a man, a sad one;  
go.

(*The pages go off in opposite directions.*)

Stand you beneath the balcony, and  
say

Verbatim every word I say to you.

Now call to her.

CHRISTIAN.

Roxane.

ROXANE (*opening the window*).

Who calls?

CHRISTIAN.

'Tis I.

ROXANE.

Ah, yes, you've come to say with all  
your heart

And very much. You do not love me  
more.

CHRISTIAN (*prompted by CYRANO*).

How could I love you more? There is  
no more

Than all.

ROXANE.

Your wit the darkness doth restore.

CHRISTIAN.

Love makes a cradle of my sigh-  
rocked heart,

And grows so great he tears it all  
apart.

ROXANE.

Then you should smother him by slow  
degrees.

CHRISTIAN.

But, madame, he's a little Hercules.  
Who had to struggle when he lately  
tried

To overcome the twins Mistrust and  
Pride.

ROXANE.

You are improving, but your speech  
doth halt;

Pray tell me why your fancy is at  
fault.

CYRANO (*to CHRISTIAN*).

It is too hard. Now let me answer  
straight.

And you the issue of the contest wait.  
(*Takes CHRISTIAN'S place*).

ROXANE.

Your words come lamely, yet you are  
quite near.

CYRANO.

They have to grope through dark-  
ness to your ear.

ROXANE.

Mine have no trouble.

CYRANO.

Mine climb, yours do but fall;  
I catch them in my heart. Your ear  
is small;  
My heart is large, for love has made  
it wide.

ROXANE.

You're doing better. Now your words  
up ride  
Like soaring hawks upon the sea of  
night.

CYRANO.

Like birds they fly up to the brilliant  
light  
Like birds they flutter round it in their  
fright.

ROXANE.

If flying is too great a burden, friend,  
Wait but a little and I will descend.

CYRANO.

No, stay; let us now have done with  
verbal feats!

The night is holy; let us keep it so,  
By letting our sweet thoughts un-  
jeweled go

As Nature made them. Hence with  
guard and thrust

Of cunning words. Oh, think the time  
supreme,

The time of which all earthly lovers  
dream,

And let us speak as only lovers must.

ROXANE.

Oh, say no more! I tremble at thy word;  
My heart is fluttering like a frightened bird.  
And if thou wilt, thou mayest ascend to bliss,  
If here thou findest it.

CYRANO (*pushing CHRISTIAN*).

Go take thy kiss.

(CHRISTIAN *climbs to the balcony and embraces ROXANE*.)

CHRISTIAN.

Oh, my love!

CYRANO.

Turn in my heart, thou deadly knife of woe!  
Dives he, I, Lazarus, below.  
Yet on his lips she doth her passion wreak  
Upon the words that Cyrano did speak.

(*The lutes are heard.*)

A tune that's merry and a tune that's sad.  
'Tis neither man nor woman; that's a monk. (*He pretends to run in from a distance.*)  
Lo, there, Roxane!

ROXANE.

Who calls?

CYRANO.

'Tis Cyrano.  
Is Christian there?

CHRISTIAN.

My friend, you see me here.

ROXANE.

I will come down.

(ROXANE *disappears in the house.*  
CHRISTIAN *descends.* The MONK *enters.*)

CYRANO (*to the MONK*).

I bow before your robe.

MONK.

Pax vobiscum. Madeleine Robin  
I come to seek.

CHRISTIAN.

'Tis here she lives.

(ROXANE *comes out accompanied by page with lantern.*)

ROXANE.

What is  
The call? (MONK *hands her a letter.*)  
'Tis from De Guiche.

CHRISTIAN.

The villain dares!

ROXANE (*motioning to him to wait.*)  
(*Reading.*)

My regiment is marching. I am thought to have gone. I wait here at the convent and send you word by the priest. In an hour I shall be with you. Provide to receive me alone, and— (*To the priest.*)  
Know you what this letter doth contain?

I am commanded by my lord De Guiche  
To let you marry me unto this man.  
(*Pointing to CHRISTIAN.*)

MONK.

A worthy gentleman. Be reconciled.

ROXANE.

I shall endeavor.

(*Page opens the house door for the priest.* ROXANE *speaks quickly to CYRANO.*)

When De Guiche shall come,  
As this informs me that he will, do you  
Detain him 'till the nuptial knot is tied.

CYRANO (*pushing all toward the house*).

Go in, go in! I shall be sentry here.

(*They go in.*)

CYRANO.

Adam and Eve go into Paradise  
And I, the guardian angel, stay out-  
side.  
I must bestir myself. De Guiche will  
come.  
How shall I hold him here? I must  
devise—

*(The lutes are heard playing a solemn  
tune.)*

Oh, melody most doleful! 'Tis the  
man.

*(Retires behind a corner of the house.  
Enter DE GUICHE.)*

*(He moves toward the house, when  
CYRANO falls in front of him as if  
from a height.)*

DE GUICHE.

From whence did this untimely person  
fall?

CYRANO.

From the moon!

DE GUICHE.

The man is surely mad.

CYRANO.

Away up there I was and now I'm  
here.

DE GUICHE.

He is insane. I'll humor him. My  
friend—

CYRANO.

Where am I?

DE GUICHE.

Let me pass!

CYRANO.

Am I in Venice or in Genoa? What  
place is this?

DE GUICHE.

Pray, let me pass. A lady waits me  
there.

CYRANO.

Ah, then I am in Paris! That is good!

DE GUICHE.

The madman has not wholly lost his  
wit. *(Laughs.)*

CYRANO.

Pray, pardon me that I am travel  
stained;  
Star dust is in my eyes, and on my  
sleeve,  
Behold a comet's hair! *(Pretends to  
blow a hair off his sleeve.)*

DE GUICHE.

Sir, I wish—

CYRANO.

You wish, monsieur, to know  
How I ascended to yon yellow ball.  
I might have clad myself in armor  
plate,  
And then a magnet hurled into the  
air  
By which I should have soon been  
drawn  
Aloft.

DE GUICHE.

Why so you might. But was that what  
you did?

CYRANO *(imitating the noise of the  
surf and making extravagant  
gestures).*

Hoo-ish! Hoo-ish!

DE GUICHE.

And what is that?

CYRANO.

Why, can't you tell?

DE GUICHE.

Indeed, I cannot tell.

CYRANO *(solemnly).*

It is the tide!

DE GUICHE.

The tide!

CYRANO.

What time the lady moon doth woo  
the deep,  
I lay upon the beach as from a bath.  
With water of the sea I was all wet,  
And when the moon began to draw it  
up,  
Of course I went. And mark, my head  
went first,  
Because my hair was fullest of the sea.  
And so I rose as would an angel rise  
To seek his habitation in the skies.  
And after floating up I felt a shock;  
And then—

DE GUICHE.

And then?

CYRANO (*resuming his natural voice  
and manner*).

The time is up. Monsieur, you now  
are free.

DE GUICHE.

That voice! Then do I dream?

(*The door of ROXANE'S house opens  
and lackeys appear carrying  
candles.*)

That nose! I am awake! 'Tis Cyrano!

CYRANO.

Cyrano. And they are man and wife.

DE GUICHE.

Who are?

(*He turns around and sees behind the  
lackeys ROXANE and CHRISTIAN  
holding hands, while the MONK  
stands smiling beside them. The  
DUENNA in a robe de chambre fol-  
lows.*)

DE GUICHE.

You! Roxane! (*Bowing to CHRIS-  
TIAN.*) You, monsieur! (*To  
CYRANO.*) And you!

My compliments, explorer of the  
moon!

Your wonders never cease. I do  
advise

That for a book you note them  
briskly down.

CYRANO.

What you advise is almost a com-  
mand. (*Bows low.*)

DE GUICHE.

And now, madame, prepare  
To bid adieu unto your dearest lord.

ROXANE.

What!

DE GUICHE.

Now my command is starting for the  
war;  
(*To CHRISTIAN.*) You will proceed to  
join your company.

ROXANE.

To go to war!

DE GUICHE.

Of course. That is the word.

ROXANE.

The Gascony cadets are not to go.

DE GUICHE (*taking the order out of  
his pocket and handing it to CHRIS-  
TIAN*).

Oh, yes they are. And here is the  
command.

Pray take it to the captain now your-  
self.

ROXANE (*throwing herself into  
CHRISTIAN'S arms*).

Christian!

DE GUICHE (*with a malignant look at  
CYRANO*).

The wedding night is somewhat far as  
yet.

CYRANO.

He thinks that he is giving me great  
pain!

CHRISTIAN (*embracing ROXANE*).

Oh, dearest love, once more.

CYRANO.

Oh, come, 'tis time to start. Enough!

ROXANE (to CYRANO).

And promise me, my ever honest  
friend,  
That every day a letter he will send.

CYRANO.

Of that be certain. I will promise  
that.

(CYRANO leads CHRISTIAN away from  
ROXANE, who falls into the arms of  
the DUENNA. DE GUICHE stands at  
the back triumphantly pointing off,  
while the march of the regiment is  
heard in the distance.)

Curtain.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

LE BRET.

God send they do not wake these  
weary ones.

'Tis Cyrano returning from the lines.

SENTRY (*outside*).

Who goes there?

CYRANO (*outside*).

De Bergerac. Be still!

CYRANO *climbs up over the embankment at the back and comes down stage.*)

LE BRET.

Thank God! You are unwounded?

CYRANO.

Know you not  
It is their habit not to hit me?

LE BRET.

Yes;  
But madness 'tis your life thus to  
expose  
To send a letter for another man.  
You do this every day.

CYRANO.

I promised her that he should write,  
and I  
Will keep that promise with my very  
blood.

(CYRANO *goes toward a tent.*)

LE BRET.

Where go you now?

CYRANO.

To write another one. (*He goes into  
a tent.*)

(*Daybreak has passed into sunrise.  
Report of a gun outside. Echoing  
of trumpets and drums. General  
awakening of the camp.*)

CYRANO (*laying his hand on CHRISTIAN'S  
shoulder*).

My friend.

CHRISTIAN.

Roxane!

CYRANO.

Ah, me! Roxane! Ah, me!

CHRISTIAN.

If I had time to write a last farewell!

CYRANO.

I have it written. (*Takes a letter  
from his doublet.*)

CHRISTIAN.

Let me see it then. (*Seizes the letter.*)  
What is this? A tear!

CYRANO (*hurriedly taking the letter  
back*).

It seems that I  
In writing made myself believe was  
In earnest. Poets oft are snared by  
fancy thus.

CHRISTIAN.

Will fancy make you weep a real tear?

CYRANO.

Yes; to die is naught, but not to see  
Her face and form, ah, therein lies the  
pain.

(*Shots heard outside. Voice of senti-  
nel challenging.*)

CYRANO.

What is that?

LE BRET.

A coach comes into camp! (*Cries outside.*)

What's that? They cry "The service of the king."

(*DE GUICHE comes down. All fall in at attention. The coach comes on curtains drawn and lackeys up behind. Coach stops. The cadets uncover. Drums roll. Two soldiers let down the steps. ROXANE comes out of the coach.*)

ROXANE.

Good-morning! (*At the sound of her voice all in the act of bowing low straighten up. General sensation.*)

CHRISTIAN AND CYRANO (*simultaneously*).

Roxane! Great heaven!

DE GUICHE.

The service of the king!

CHRISTIAN.

But this is madness!

CYRANO.

Tell us why you come.

ROXANE.

To see the man I love I sped  
 Across the field and rippling fell,  
 Where grasses grew and waters fled  
 And sang the birds that knew me  
 well.

No space could keep us far apart;  
 No dream could bring us face to  
 face;

The hunger in my heart of heart  
 No fonder fancy could displace.  
 And so "To horse!" my soul pro-  
 claimed;

Set whip to steed and onward fly,  
 To find my love and be not shamed  
 With him to conquer or to die.

(*Throws herself into CHRISTIAN'S  
 arms.*)

CYRANO.

But here you must not stay.

ROXANE.

Why not?

DE GUICHE.

In forty minutes more or less—

CYRANO.

'Tis less!

ROXANE (*looking around at the  
 cadets*).

I see. A battle here will soon begin.

DE GUICHE.

This is the post of danger.

CYRANO.

By your leave.

ROXANE.

I understand.

(*To DE GUICHE.*)

You wish him to be killed. (*Again  
 embraces CHRISTIAN.*)

I will not go.

DE GUICHE.

But here you will see death.

ROXANE.

Monsieur, we shall excuse you. Do  
 not wait.

DE GUICHE.

I shall inspect my guns and then re-  
 turn. (*Exit.*)

(*CYRANO goes into his tent as ROX-  
 ANE comes down to CHRISTIAN. DE  
 GUICHE remains at the rear giving  
 orders.*)

CHRISTIAN.

Roxane, you have not told me why  
 you came.

ROXANE.

Thy letters! thy dear letters writ in  
tears,  
And yet in words of fire that paled  
their ink;  
Thy thoughts that seemed the song of  
all the years  
That float to far eternity's dim brink.  
Each fluttering leaf a petal from thy  
soul  
That fall on mine to mark its sweet  
control;  
Oh, love, thy letters have indeed un-  
masked  
The secret beauty which I could not  
find.  
Thy face did make me to thy spirit  
blind;  
But now I come to thee alone, un-  
asked  
To crave thy pardon that I did not  
see  
Thy inner glory and thy poesy;  
To tell thee here I love thee all and  
whole;  
And not thy beauty masters, but thy  
soul.

CHRISTIAN.

Roxane!  
I would be loved a simpler way.

ROXANE.

But think!  
'Tis now I love thee best, for were  
thy face—

CHRISTIAN.

Ah, do not say it!

ROXANE.

If thou wert ugly, still would I be  
thine!

CHRISTIAN.

God! (*A pause—then pushing her  
from him.*) Go smile upon my com-  
rades ere they die.

(*ROXANE goes to a group of cadets  
at the rear. CYRANO comes out of  
his tent equipped for battle.*)

CHRISTIAN (*to CYRANO*).

She loves me now no more! 'Tis you  
she loves!

CYRANO.

What do you mean?

CHRISTIAN.

She loves me for my soul! You are  
my soul;  
'Tis you she loves. And you have  
writ to her  
Not my love, but your own.

CYRANO.

'Tis even so.

CHRISTIAN.

Then tell her, for she says that she  
would love  
My soul, were I no handsomer than  
you.  
So let her choose between us. Tell  
her all!

(*He rushes off. ROXANE comes down  
as if to look for him and meets  
CYRANO.*)

ROXANE.

He did not, then, believe me?

CYRANO.

When you said—

ROXANE.

That I should love him were he—

CYRANO.

Ugly. (*Shots outside.*)

ROXANE.

I should love him still.

CYRANO.

My God! Perhaps she means it all!  
(*Enter LE BRET hurriedly. He  
whispers to CYRANO.*)

The end has come! My lips are sealed  
for aye.

ROXANE.

What is it? What has happened?

(Men enter bearing the dead body of CHRISTIAN, which they, LE BRET and CYRANO endeavor to conceal from ROXANE.)

CYRANO.

Nothing.

ROXANE.

Then  
What is it you conceal?

CYRANO.

Nay, come away.

(He endeavors to draw her away. She breaks from him, rushes forward through the crowd and discovers CHRISTIAN'S body.)

ROXANE.

Ah!  
(She stands transfixed. Trumpets and drums heard. Shots and confusion.)

CARBON (appearing at back with drawn sword).

Now, Gascony cadets, come to your posts. (Forming of men at back.)

ROXANE.

(Having sunk beside CHRISTIAN and felt wildly for his wound, draws forth the letter.)

A letter in his breast. It is for me.

CYRANO.

My letter! It becomes his dying word. (More shots and cries.)

Roxane, the battle rages; you must fly.

(Draws his sword. Enter DE GUICHE.)

ROXANE (kissing the letter as she puts it in her bosom).

(She is fainting, when RAGUENEAU catches her and bears her off.)

CYRANO (watching her go).

Farewell to life and light! Now welcome death!

(Tremendous tumult. Cadets come straggling over the embankment and fall. CARBON is hit and falls.)

(Above the bank suddenly appears a formidable force of Spaniards.)

(Volleys are fired from both sides. Cadets fall.)

CYRANO AND CADETS.

Like the whirlwind, gust on gust,  
Charge the Gascony cadets!

(He leaps forward, followed by a few cadets, and sinks wounded on the embankment.)

(Dark stage and change of scene during music.)

## SCENE II.

CHORUS OF NUNS.

Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicimus  
Tibi  
Quia per sanctam crucem et passionem  
tream redimisti mundum.  
Domine, miserere nobis.

(Enter ROXANE, accompanied by RAGUENEAU, pale and dishevelled.)

ROXANE.

I crave you shelter!

NUNS.

Peace be with you here!

RAGUENEAU.

From Arras battlefield all day we fled,  
A peasant led our weary footsteps here.

MOTHER SUPERIOR.

Welcome, child; these are the gates of peace.

But yet the wrecks of war have drifted here.

Two fugitives, one wounded, are within.

But come with us and rest your wearied limbs.

*Exit all into the convent. After they are all off, enter, from behind the house, CYRANO. He staggers to the stone seat and sits.)*

CYRANO.

So runs at last the silly world away.  
And all of life is made into a dream  
From which I shall awake in some far  
day  
Beyond the furthest planet's fiery  
gleam.  
Then shall the spirit, freed from mortal  
throes,  
Leap out to greet its fellows face to  
face.  
And grow eternally to perfect grace;  
And I shall be myself—without my  
nose.

*(It begins to grow dark. CYRANO reclines as if faint upon the seat. The chorus of nuns is heard within. ROXANE slowly comes out of the convent. She does not at first see CYRANO.)*

CYRANO *(seeing her)*.

Roxane! *(He starts up and staggers back to the seat.)*

ROXANE.

Who's that? You, Cyrano? You here!  
You're faint; you're wounded, cousin,  
are you not?

CYRANO.

A petty scratch, Roxane; I am but faint  
From long retreating. Think not now  
of me.  
But think of him whose glory all is  
yours.

ROXANE.

I think now of naught else. Oh,  
Cyrano,  
His letters were the essence of his  
soul.  
And life and love were graven there in  
fire!

CYRANO.

Such letters wrote he ever twice a  
day.

ROXANE.

You know?

CYRANO.

I know; I was his closest friend.

ROXANE.

And this, the last that never left his  
breast. *(She draws the letter forth.)*

CYRANO.

The letter! Yes, I know. I know it  
now. *(He starts up, but sinks again.)*

ROXANE *(anxiously)*.

Your wound!

CYRANO.

My friend's last writing will you let  
me see?

*(She hands it to him.)*

CYRANO *(reads)*.

Good-by, Roxane, I am about to die!  
ROXANE *(turning quickly)*.

My letter; you are reading it aloud!  
*(It grows darker, so that he cannot read the letter.)*

CYRANO.

*(Repeating the letter without looking at it.)*

To-day the end of time will come for  
me,  
A time too short to tell to thee my  
love.  
No more my eyes upon thy eyes shall  
look—

ROXANE.

What is this voice my memory recalls?

CYRANO.

And so I cry to thee a far farewell.  
Farewell, my heart, my life, my very  
soul!

ROXANE.

*(Goes and stands behind him and sees that he is repeating the letter.)*

That voice through darkness I have heard before.

You do not read; you know the words by heart.

CYRANO.

*(Starts and turning round sees her beside him. Makes a gesture of surprise and hangs his head.)*

Roxane!

ROXANE *(after a pause)*.

And so 'twas you!

CYRANO.

No, no, it was not I.

ROXANE.

I see it all. The letters, they were yours.

CYRANO.

No!

ROXANE.

The tender wit, the lovely folly, yours!

CYRANO.

No!

ROXANE.

The voice that spoke to me from out the dark  
Beneath the balcony, was also yours.

CYRANO.

'Twas Christian, dear, I swear it was not I.

ROXANE.

The soul that I have worshiped has not fled.

The face was his, the mind was ever thine;

CYRANO.

I loved you not; 'twas Christian all the time.

ROXANE.

You love me.

CYRANO.

No, Roxane.

ROXANE.

You love me, dear!

CYRANO.

No, no, my dearest love, I love you not!

*(Enter LE BRET and RAGUENEAU hastily.)*

LE BRET.

'Tis madness, monstrous madness!  
He should not have left the bed.  
His wound is bleeding fast.

ROXANE.

My God! *(She kneels beside him.)*  
And I have hurt you, I have wrecked your life.

CYRANO.

Nay, do thyself no wrong.  
Because of thee across my life has passed  
The silken rustle of a woman's gown.  
*(Moonlight.)*

RAGUENEAU.

But see, your other friend, the lady moon.

CYRANO.

Your pardon, lady moon,  
Anon I come.

*(Suddenly he is seized with a shivering and staggers to his feet.)*

Not there! Not there! Not in the  
lap of ease,  
But on my feet will I receive fair  
death.

*(He goes and leans against the tree in  
center and draws his sword.)*

What, madame, do you mock me? Do  
you stare

Upon this crannied peak inviolate,  
My nose? Thou gaunt virago, thou  
hast none!

What sayest thou? It is no use to  
fight?

One does not fight because he hopes  
to win.

A hundred to one! I see you each and  
all,

And know you all, my ancient enemies,  
Hypocrisy and Prejudice and you,

Weak Compromise, I here defy you  
all!

*(Beats the air with his sword.)*

*(He sweeps the air with sword and  
stops panting. Leans against tree.)  
(Starting up again.)*

But when to-night I pass the jewelled  
gate

Of Paradise and face the crystal  
throne

Of Majesty inscrutable, behold,

I shall salute the Infinite on high

With that which enters heaven with-  
out a stain.

*(The sword falls from his hand. He  
staggers and drops into the arms of  
LE BRET and RAGUENEAU.)*

ROXANE *(leaning over and kissing  
him).*

And that shall be?

CYRANO.

My soldier's snow white plume!

*(Dies.)*

Curtain.

**RULLMAN'S**  
**THEATRE**  
**TICKET**  
**OFFICE**

**111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY**

(TRINITY BUILDING, REAR ARCADE)

---

OFFICIAL PUBLISHER OF

**OPERA LIBRETTOS**

**AND PLAY BOOKS**

IN ALL LANGUAGES

---

**TELEPHONES, RECTOR 8817, 8818, 8819**

# The HARDMAN AUTOTONE

The Player Piano  
Great Artists  
Esteem

THE world's greatest artists delight in playing the Autotone.

Riccardo Martin says:

“The Hardman Autotone is superior to all instruments of its kind.”

Write for handsomely illustrated catalogue.

Terms arranged to meet the purchaser's convenience.

Hardman, Peck & Company

*Founded 1842*

Brooklyn Branch  
524 Fulton Street

Hardman House  
433 Fifth Avenue  
New York







