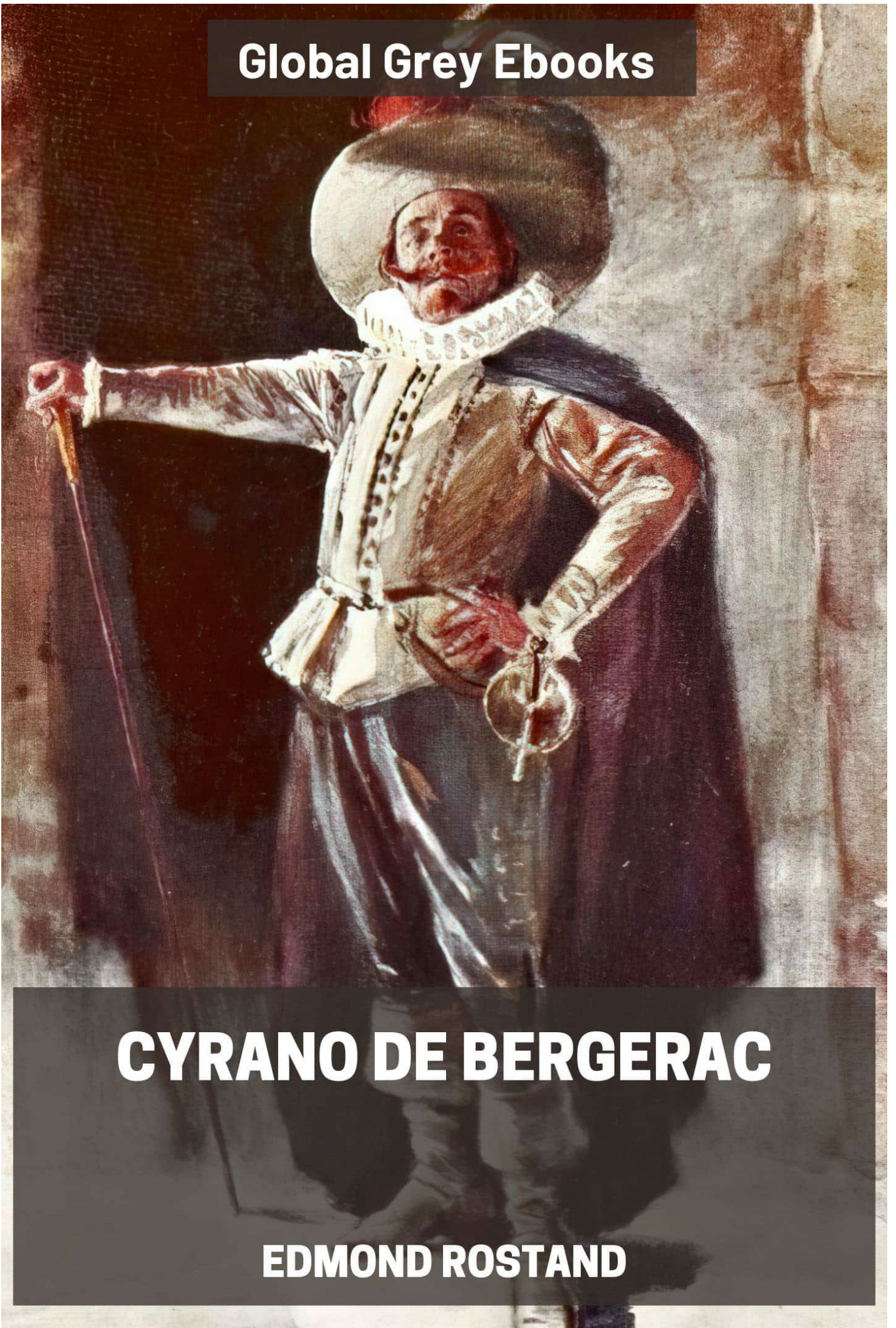


**Global Grey Ebooks**



# **CYRANO DE BERGERAC**

**EDMOND ROSTAND**

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Cyrano de Bergerac by Edmond Rostand.

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CYRANO (making signs that he should not awake the others):  
Hush!

LE BRET:  
Wounded?

CYRANO:  
Oh! you know it has become their custom to shoot at me every morning and to miss me.

LE BRET:  
This passes all! To take letters at each day's dawn. To risk. . .

CYRANO (stopping before Christian):  
I promised he should write often.  
(He looks at him):  
He sleeps. How pale he is! But how handsome still, despite his sufferings.  
If his poor little lady-love knew that he is dying of hunger. . .

LE BRET:  
Get you quick to bed.

CYRANO:  
Nay, never scold, Le Bret. I ran but little risk. I have found me a spot to pass the Spanish lines, where each night they lie drunk.

LE BRET:  
You should try to bring us back provision.

CYRANO:  
A man must carry no weight who would get by there! But there will be surprise for us this night. The French will eat or die. . .if I mistake not!

LE BRET:  
Oh! . . .tell me! . . .

CYRANO:  
Nay, not yet. I am not certain. . .You will see!

CARBON:  
It is disgraceful that we should starve while we're besieging!

LE BRET:  
Alas, how full of complication is this siege of Arras! To think that while we are besieging, we should ourselves be caught in a trap and besieged by the Cardinal Infante of Spain.

CYRANO:  
It were well done if he should be besieged in his turn.

LE BRET:  
I am in earnest.

CYRANO:  
Oh! indeed!

LE BRET:  
To think you risk a life so precious. . .for the sake of a letter. . .Thankless one.

(Seeing him turning to enter the tent):  
Where are you going?

CYRANO:

I am going to write another.

(He enters the tent and disappears.)

## Scene II

The same, all but Cyrano. The day is breaking in a rosy light. The town of Arras is golden in the horizon. The report of cannon is heard in the distance, followed immediately by the beating of drums far away to the left. Other drums are heard much nearer. Sounds of stirring in the camp. Voices of officers in the distance.

CARBON (sighing):  
The reveille!

(The cadets move and stretch themselves):

Nourishing sleep! Thou art at an end! . . . I know well what will be their first cry!

A CADET (sitting up):  
I am so hungry!

ANOTHER:  
I am dying of hunger.

TOGETHER:  
Oh!

CARBON:  
Up with you!

THIRD CADET:  
--Cannot move a limb.

FOURTH CADET:  
Nor can I.

THE FIRST (looking at himself in a bit of armor):  
My tongue is yellow. The air at this season of the year is hard to digest.

ANOTHER:  
My coronet for a bit of Chester!

ANOTHER:  
If none can furnish to my gaster wherewith to make a pint of chyle, I shall retire to my tent--like Achilles!

ANOTHER:  
Oh! something! were it but a crust!

CARBON (going to the tent and calling softly):  
Cyrano!

ALL THE CADETS:  
We are dying!

CARBON (continuing to speak under his breath at the opening of the tent):  
Come to my aid, you, who have the art of quick retort and gay jest. Come, hearten them up.

SECOND CADET (rushing toward another who is munching something):  
What are you crunching there?

FIRST CADET:

Cannon-wads soaked in axle-grease! 'Tis poor hunting round about Arras!

A CADET (entering):

I have been after game.

ANOTHER (following him):

And I after fish.

ALL (rushing to the two newcomers):

Well! what have you brought?--a pheasant?--a carp?--Come, show us quick!

THE ANGLER:

A gudgeon!

THE SPORTSMAN:

A sparrow!

ALL TOGETHER (beside themselves):

'Tis more than can be borne! We will mutiny!

CARBON:

Cyrano! Come to my help.

(The daylight has now come.)

## Scene III

The SAME. Cyrano.

CYRANO (appearing from the tent, very calm, with a pen stuck behind his ear and a book in his hand):

What is wrong?

(Silence. To the first cadet):

Why drag you your legs so sorrowfully?

THE CADET:

I have something in my heels which weighs them down.

CYRANO:

And what may that be?

THE CADET:

My stomach!

CYRANO:

So have I, 'faith!

THE CADET:

It must be in your way?

CYRANO:

Nay, I am all the taller.

A THIRD:

My stomach's hollow.

CYRANO:

'Faith, 'twill make a fine drum to sound the assault.

ANOTHER:

I have a ringing in my ears.

CYRANO:

No, no, 'tis false; a hungry stomach has no ears.

ANOTHER:

Oh, to eat something--something oily!

CYRANO (pulling off the cadet's helmet and holding it out to him):

Behold your salad!

ANOTHER:

What, in God's name, can we devour?

CYRANO (throwing him the book which he is carrying):

The 'Iliad'.

ANOTHER:

The first minister in Paris has his four meals a day!

CYRANO:

'Twere courteous an he sent you a few partridges!

THE SAME:

And why not? with wine, too!

CYRANO:

A little Burgundy. Richelieu, s'il vous plait!

THE SAME:

He could send it by one of his friars.

CYRANO:

Ay! by His Eminence Joseph himself.

ANOTHER:

I am as ravenous as an ogre!

CYRANO:

Eat your patience, then.

THE FIRST CADET (shrugging his shoulders):

Always your pointed word!

CYRANO:

Ay, pointed words!

I would fain die thus, some soft summer eve,

Making a pointed word for a good cause.

--To make a soldier's end by soldier's sword,

Wielded by some brave adversary--die

On blood-stained turf, not on a fever-bed,

A point upon my lips, a point within my heart.

CRIES FROM ALL:

I'm hungry!

CYRANO (crossing his arms):

All your thoughts of meat and drink!

Bertrand the fifer!--you were shepherd once,--

Draw from its double leathern case your fife,

Play to these greedy, guzzling soldiers. Play

Old country airs with plaintive rhythm recurring,

Where lurk sweet echoes of the dear home-voices,

Each note of which calls like a little sister,

Those airs slow, slow ascending, as the smoke-wreaths

Rise from the hearthstones of our native hamlets,

Their music strikes the ear like Gascon patois! . . .

(The old man seats himself, and gets his flute ready):

Your flute was now a warrior in durance;

But on its stem your fingers are a-dancing

A bird-like minuet! O flute! Remember

That flutes were made of reeds first, not laburnum;

Make us a music pastoral days recalling--

The soul-time of your youth, in country pastures! . . .

(The old man begins to play the airs of Languedoc):

Hark to the music, Gascons! . . . 'Tis no longer

The piercing fife of camp--but 'neath his fingers

The flute of the woods! No more the call to combat,



'Tis now the love-song of the wandering goat-herds! . . .  
Hark! . . . 'tis the valley, the wet landes, the forest,  
The sunburnt shepherd-boy with scarlet beret,  
The dusk of evening on the Dordogne river,--  
'Tis Gascony! Hark, Gascons, to the music!

(The cadets sit with bowed heads; their eyes have a far-off look as if dreaming, and they surreptitiously wipe away their tears with their cuffs and the corner of their cloaks.)

CARBON (to Cyrano in a whisper):  
But you make them weep!

CYRANO:  
Ay, for homesickness. A nobler pain than hunger,--'tis of the soul, not of the body! I am well pleased to see their pain change its viscera. Heart-ache is better than stomach-ache.

CARBON:  
But you weaken their courage by playing thus on their heart-strings!

CYRANO (making a sign to a drummer to approach):  
Not I. The hero that sleeps in Gascon blood is ever ready to awake in them.  
'Twould suffice. . .

(He makes a signal; the drum beats.)

ALL THE CADETS (stand up and rush to take arms):  
What? What is it?

CYRANO (smiling):  
You see! One roll of the drum is enough! Good-by dreams, regrets, native land, love. . . All that the pipe called forth the drum has chased away!

A CADET (looking toward the back of the stage):  
Ho! here comes Monsieur de Guiche.

ALL THE CADETS (muttering):  
Ugh! . . . Ugh! . . .

CYRANO (smiling):  
A flattering welcome!

A CADET:  
We are sick to death of him!

ANOTHER CADET:  
--With his lace collar over his armor, playing the fine gentleman!

ANOTHER:  
As if one wore linen over steel!

THE FIRST:  
It were good for a bandage had he boils on his neck.

THE SECOND:  
Another plotting courtier!

ANOTHER CADET:  
His uncle's own nephew!

CARBON:

For all that--a Gascon.

THE FIRST:

Ay, false Gascon! . . . trust him not. . .

Gascons should ever be crack-brained. . .

Naught more dangerous than a rational Gascon.

LE BRET:

How pale he is!

ANOTHER:

Oh! he is hungry, just like us poor devils; but under his cuirass, with its fine gilt nails, his stomach-ache glitters brave in the sun.

CYRANO (hurriedly):

Let us not seem to suffer either! Out with your cards, pipes, and dice. . .

(All begin spreading out the games on the drums, the stools, the ground, and on their cloaks, and light long pipes):

And I shall read Descartes.

(He walks up and down, reading a little book which he has drawn from his pocket. Tableau. Enter De Guiche. All appear absorbed and happy. He is very pale. He goes up to Carbon.)

## Scene IV

The same. De Guiche.

DE GUICHE (to Carbon):

Good-day!

(They examine each other. Aside, with satisfaction):

He's green.

CARBON (aside):

He has nothing left but eyes.

DE GUICHE (looking at the cadets):

Here are the rebels! Ay, Sirs, on all sides  
I hear that in your ranks you scoff at me;  
That the Cadets, these loutish, mountain-bred,  
Poor country squires, and barons of Perigord,  
Scarce find for me--their Colonel--a disdain  
Sufficient! call me plotter, wily courtier!  
It does not please their mightiness to see  
A point-lace collar on my steel cuirass,--  
And they enrage, because a man, in sooth,  
May be no ragged-robin, yet a Gascon!

(Silence. All smoke and play):

Shall I command your Captain punish you?

No.

CARBON:

I am free, moreover,--will not punish--

DE GUICHE:

Ah!

CARBON:

I have paid my company--'tis mine.

I bow but to headquarters.

DE GUICHE:

So?--in faith!

That will suffice.

(Addressing himself to the cadets):

I can despise your taunts

'Tis well known how I bear me in the war;

At Bapaume, yesterday, they saw the rage

With which I beat back the Count of Bucquoi;

Assembling my own men, I fell on his,

And charged three separate times!

CYRANO (without lifting his eyes from his book):

And your white scarf?

DE GUICHE (surprised and gratified):

You know that detail? . . . Troth! It happened thus:

While caracoling to recall the troops  
For the third charge, a band of fugitives  
Bore me with them, close by the hostile ranks:  
I was in peril--capture, sudden death!--  
When I thought of the good expedient  
To loosen and let fall the scarf which told  
My military rank; thus I contrived  
--Without attention waked--to leave the foes,  
And suddenly returning, reinforced  
With my own men, to scatter them! And now,  
--What say you, Sir?

(The cadets pretend not to be listening, but the cards and the dice-boxes remain suspended in their hands, the smoke of their pipes in their cheeks. They wait.)

CYRANO:  
I say, that Henri Quatre  
Had not, by any dangerous odds, been forced  
To strip himself of his white helmet plume.

(Silent delight. The cards fall, the dice rattle. The smoke is puffed.)

DE GUICHE:  
The ruse succeeded, though!

(Same suspension of play, etc.)

CYRANO:  
Oh, may be! But  
One does not lightly abdicate the honor  
To serve as target to the enemy  
(Cards, dice, fall again, and the cadets smoke with evident delight):  
Had I been present when your scarf fell low,  
--Our courage, Sir, is of a different sort--  
I would have picked it up and put it on.

DE GUICHE:  
Oh, ay! Another Gascon boast!

CYRANO:  
A boast?  
Lend it to me. I pledge myself, to-night,  
--With it across my breast,--to lead th' assault.

DE GUICHE:  
Another Gascon vaunt! You know the scarf  
Lies with the enemy, upon the brink  
Of the stream, . . .the place is riddled now with shot,--  
No one can fetch it hither!

CYRANO (drawing the scarf from his pocket, and holding it out to him):  
Here it is.

(Silence. The cadets stifle their laughter in their cards and dice-boxes. De Guiche turns and looks at them; they instantly become grave, and set to play. One of them whistles indifferently the air just played by the fifer.)

DE GUICHE (taking the scarf):  
I thank you. It will now enable me  
To make a signal,--that I had forborne  
To make--till now.

(He goes to the rampart, climbs it, and waves the scarf thrice.)

ALL:  
What's that?

THE SENTINEL (from the top of the rampart):  
See you yon man  
Down there, who runs? . . .

DE GUICHE (descending):  
'Tis a false Spanish spy  
Who is extremely useful to my ends.  
The news he carries to the enemy  
Are those I prompt him with--so, in a word,  
We have an influence on their decisions!

CYRANO:  
Scoundrel!

DE GUICHE (carelessly knotting on his scarf):  
'Tis opportune. What were we saying?  
Ah! I have news for you. Last evening  
--To victual us--the Marshal did attempt  
A final effort:--secretly he went  
To Dourlens, where the King's provisions be.  
But--to return to camp more easily--  
He took with him a goodly force of troops.  
Those who attacked us now would have fine sport!  
Half of the army's absent from the camp!

CARBON:  
Ay, if the Spaniards knew, 'twere ill for us,  
But they know nothing of it?

DE GUICHE:  
Oh! they know.  
They will attack us.

CARBON:  
Ah!

DE GUICHE:  
For my false spy  
Came to warn me of their attack. He said,  
'I can decide the point for their assault;  
Where would you have it? I will tell them 'tis  
The least defended--they'll attempt you there.'  
I answered, 'Good. Go out of camp, but watch  
My signal. Choose the point from whence it comes.'

CARBON (to cadets):

Make ready!

(All rise; sounds of swords and belts being buckled.)

DE GUICHE:

'Twill be in an hour.

FIRST CADET:

Good! . . .

(They all sit down again and take up their games.)

DE GUICHE (to Carbon):

Time must be gained. The Marshal will return.

CARBON:

How gain it?

DE GUICHE:

You will all be good enough  
To let yourselves to be killed.

CYRANO:

Vengeance! oho!

DE GUICHE:

I do not say that, if I loved you well,  
I had chosen you and yours,--but, as things stand,--  
Your courage yielding to no corps the palm--  
I serve my King, and serve my grudge as well.

CYRANO:

Permit that I express my gratitude. . .

DE GUICHE:

I know you love to fight against five score;  
You will not now complain of paltry odds.

(He goes up with Carbon.)

CYRANO (to the cadets):

We shall add to the Gascon coat of arms,  
With its six bars of blue and gold, one more--  
The blood-red bar that was a-missing there!

(De Guiche speaks in a low voice with Carbon at the back. Orders are given. Preparations go forward. Cyrano goes up to Christian, who stands with crossed arms.)

CYRANO (putting his hand on Christian's shoulder):

Christian!

CHRISTIAN (shaking his head):

Roxane!

CYRANO:

Alas!

CHRISTIAN:

At least, I'd send  
My heart's farewell to her in a fair letter! . . .

CYRANO:

I had suspicion it would be to-day,  
(He draws a letter out of his doublet):  
And had already writ. . .

CHRISTIAN:

Show!

CYRANO:

Will you. . .?

CHRISTIAN (taking the letter):

Ay!

(He opens and reads it):

Hold!

CYRANO:

What?

CHRISTIAN:

This little spot!

CYRANO (taking the letter, with an innocent look):

A spot?

CHRISTIAN:

A tear!

CYRANO:

Poets, at last,--by dint of counterfeiting--  
Take counterfeit for true--that is the charm!  
This farewell letter,--it was passing sad,  
I wept myself in writing it!

CHRISTIAN:

Wept? why?

CYRANO:

Oh! . . . death itself is hardly terrible, . . .  
--But, ne'er to see her more! That is death's sting!  
--For. . . I shall never. . .

(Christian looks at him):

We shall. . .

(Quickly):

I mean, you. . .

CHRISTIAN (snatching the letter from him):

Give me that letter!

(A rumor, far off in the camp.)

VOICE Of SENTINEL:

Who goes there? Halloo!

(Shots--voices--carriage-bells.)

CARBON:

What is it?

A SENTINEL (on the rampart):

'Tis a carriage!

(All rush to see.)

CRIES:

In the camp?

It enters!--It comes from the enemy!

--Fire!--No!--The coachman cries!--What does he say?

--'On the King's service!'

(Everyone is on the rampart, staring. The bells come nearer.)

DE GUICHE:

The King's service? How?

(All descend and draw up in line.)

CARBON:

Uncover, all!

DE GUICHE:

The King's! Draw up in line!

Let him describe his curve as it befits!

(The carriage enters at full speed covered with dust and mud. The curtains are drawn close. Two lackeys behind. It is pulled up suddenly.)

CARBON:

Beat a salute!

(A roll of drums. The cadets uncover.)

DE GUICHE:

Lower the carriage-steps!

(Two cadets rush forward. The door opens.)

ROXANE (jumping down from the carriage):

Good-day!

(All are bowing to the ground, but at the sound of a woman's voice every head is instantly raised.)



## Scene V

The same. Roxane.

DE GUICHE:

On the King's service! You?

ROXANE:

Ay,--King Love's! What other king?

CYRANO:

Great God!

CHRISTIAN (rushing forward):

Why have you come?

ROXANE:

This siege--'tis too long!

CHRISTIAN:

But why? . . .

ROXANE:

I will tell you all!

CYRANO (who, at the sound of her voice, has stood still, rooted to the ground, afraid to raise his eyes):

My God! dare I look at her?

DE GUICHE:

You cannot remain here!

ROXANE (merrily):

But I say yes! Who will push a drum hither for me?

(She seats herself on the drum they roll forward):

So! I thank you.

(She laughs):

My carriage was fired at

(proudly):

by the patrol! Look! would you not think 'twas made of a pumpkin, like

Cinderella's chariot in the tale,--and the footmen out of rats?

(Sending a kiss with her lips to Christian):

Good-morrow!

(Examining them all):

You look not merry, any of you! Ah! know you that 'tis a long road to get to Arras?

(Seeing Cyrano):

Cousin, delighted!

CYRANO (coming up to her):

But how, in Heaven's name? . . .

ROXANE:

How found I the way to the army? It was simple enough, for I had but to pass on and on, as far as I saw the country laid waste. Ah, what horrors were

there! Had I not seen, then I could never have believed it! Well, gentlemen, if such be the service of your King, I would fainer serve mine!

CYRANO:

But 'tis sheer madness! Where in the fiend's name did you get through?

ROXANE:

Where? Through the Spanish lines.

FIRST CADET:

--For subtle craft, give me a woman!

DE GUICHE:

But how did you pass through their lines?

LE BRET:

Faith! that must have been a hard matter! . . .

ROXANE:

None too hard. I but drove quietly forward in my carriage, and when some hidalgo of haughty mien would have stayed me, lo! I showed at the window my sweetest smile, and these Senors being (with no disrespect to you) the most gallant gentlemen in the world,--I passed on!

CARBON:

True, that smile is a passport! But you must have been asked frequently to give an account of where you were going, Madame?

ROXANE:

Yes, frequently. Then I would answer, 'I go to see my lover.' At that word the very fiercest Spaniard of them all would gravely shut the carriage-door, and, with a gesture that a king might envy, make signal to his men to lower the muskets leveled at me;--then, with melancholy but withal very graceful dignity--his beaver held to the wind that the plumes might flutter bravely, he would bow low, saying to me, 'Pass on, Senorita!'

CHRISTIAN:

But, Roxane. . .

ROXANE:

Forgive me that I said, 'my lover!' But bethink you, had I said 'my husband,' not one of them had let me pass!

CHRISTIAN:

But. . .

ROXANE:

What ails you?

DE GUICHE:

You must leave this place!

ROXANE:

I?

CYRANO:

And that instantly!

LE BRET:

No time to lose.

CHRISTIAN:

Indeed, you must.

ROXANE:

But wherefore must I?

CHRISTIAN (embarrassed):

'Tis that. . .

CYRANO (the same):

--In three quarters of an hour. . .

DE GUICHE (the same):

--Or for. . .

CARBON (the same):

It were best. . .

LE BRET (the same):

You might. . .

ROXANE:

You are going to fight?--I stay here.

ALL:

No, no!

ROXANE:

He is my husband!

(She throws herself into Christian's arms):

They shall kill us both together!

CHRISTIAN:

Why do you look at me thus?

ROXANE:

I will tell you why!

DE GUICHE (in despair):

'Tis a post of mortal danger!

ROXANE (turning round):

Mortal danger!

CYRANO:

Proof enough, that he has put us here!

ROXANE (to De Guiche):

So, Sir, you would have made a widow of me?

DE GUICHE:

Nay, on my oath. . .

ROXANE:

I will not go! I am reckless now, and I shall not stir from here!--Besides, 'tis amusing!

CYRANO:

Oh-ho! So our precieuse is a heroine!

ROXANE:

Monsieur de Bergerac, I am your cousin.

A CADET:

We will defend you well!

ROXANE (more and more excited):

I have no fear of that, my friends!

ANOTHER (in ecstasy):

The whole camp smells sweet of orris-root!

ROXANE:

And, by good luck, I have chosen a hat that will suit well with the battlefield!

(Looking at De Guiche):

But were it not wisest that the Count retire?

They may begin the attack.

DE GUICHE:

That is not to be brooked! I go to inspect the cannon, and shall return.

You have still time--think better of it!

ROXANE:

Never!

(De Guiche goes out.)

## Scene VI

The same, all but De Guiche.

CHRISTIAN (entreatingly):  
Roxane!

ROXANE:  
No!

FIRST CADET (to the others):  
She stays!

ALL (hurrying, hustling each other, tidying themselves):  
A comb!--Soap!--My uniform is torn!--A needle!--A ribbon!--Lend your  
mirror!--My cuffs!--Your curling-iron!--A razor! . . .

ROXANE (to Cyrano, who still pleads with her):  
No! Naught shall make me stir from this spot!

CARBON (who, like the others, has been buckling, dusting, brushing his hat, settling his  
plume, and drawing on his cuffs, advances to Roxane, and ceremoniously):  
It is perchance more seemly, since things are thus, that I present to you  
some of these gentlemen who are about to have the honor of dying before your  
eyes.

(Roxane bows, and stands leaning on Christian's arm, while Carbon introduces the cadets to  
her):

Baron de Peyrescous de Colignac!

THE CADET (with a low reverence):  
Madame. . .

CARBON (continuing):  
Baron de Casterac de Cahuzac,--Vidame de Malgouyre Estressac Lesbas  
d'Escarabiot, Chevalier d'Antignac-Juzet, Baron Hillot de Blagnac-Salechan de  
Castel Crabioules. . .

ROXANE:  
But how many names have you each?

BARON HILLOT:  
Scores!

CARBON (to Roxane):  
Pray, upon the hand that holds your kerchief.

ROXANE (opens her hand, and the handkerchief falls):  
Why?

(The whole company start forward to pick it up.)

CARBON (quickly raising it):  
My company had no flag. But now, by my faith, they will have the fairest in  
all the camp!

ROXANE (smiling):  
'Tis somewhat small.

CARBON (tying the handkerchief on the staff of his lance):  
But--'tis of lace!

A CADET (to the rest):  
I could die happy, having seen so sweet a face, if I had something in my  
stomach--were it but a nut!

CARBON (who has overheard, indignantly):  
Shame on you! What, talk of eating when a lovely woman! . . .

ROXANE:  
But your camp air is keen; I myself am famished. Pasties, cold fricassee,  
old wines--there is my bill of fare? Pray bring it all here.

(Consternation.)

A CADET:  
All that?

ANOTHER:  
But where on earth find it?

ROXANE (quietly):  
In my carriage.

ALL:  
How?

ROXANE:  
Now serve up--carve! Look a little closer at my coachman, gentlemen, and  
you will recognize a man most welcome. All the sauces can be sent to table  
hot, if we will!

THE CADETS (rushing pellmell to the carriage):  
'Tis Ragueneau!  
(Acclamations):  
Oh, oh!

ROXANE (looking after them):  
Poor fellows!

CYRANO (kissing her hand):  
Kind fairy!

RAGUENEAU (standing on the box like a quack doctor at a fair):  
Gentlemen! . . .

(General delight.)

THE CADETS:  
Bravo! bravo!

RAGUENEAU:  
. . . The Spaniards, gazing on a lady so dainty fair, overlooked the fare so  
dainty! . . .

(Applause.)

CYRANO (in a whisper to Christian):  
Hark, Christian!

RAGUENEAU:

. . .And, occupied with gallantry, perceived not--  
(His draws a plate from under the seat, and holds it up):  
--The galantine! . . .

(Applause. The galantine passes from hand to hand.)

CYRANO (still whispering to Christian):  
Prythee, one word!

RAGUENEAU:

And Venus so attracted their eyes that Diana could secretly pass by with--  
(He holds up a shoulder of mutton):  
--her fawn!

(Enthusiasm. Twenty hands are held out to seize the shoulder of mutton.)

CYRANO (in a low whisper to Christian):  
I must speak to you!

ROXANE (to the cadets, who come down, their arms laden with food):  
Put it all on the ground!

(She lays all out on the grass, aided by the two imperturbable lackeys who were behind the carriage.)

ROXANE (to Christian, just as Cyrano is drawing him apart):  
Come, make yourself of use!

(Christian comes to help her. Cyrano's uneasiness increases.)

RAGUENEAU:

Truffled peacock!

FIRST CADET (radiant, coming down, cutting a big slice of ham):  
By the mass! We shall not brave the last hazard without having had a  
gullet-full!--

(quickly correcting himself on seeing Roxane):  
--Pardon! A Balthazar feast!

RAGUENEAU (throwing down the carriage cushions):  
The cushions are stuffed with ortolans!

(Hubbub. They tear open and turn out the contents of the cushions. Bursts of laughter--  
merriment.)

THIRD CADET:

Ah! Viedaze!

RAGUENEAU (throwing down to the cadets bottles of red wine):

Flasks of rubies!--

(and white wine):

--Flasks of topaz!

ROXANE (throwing a folded tablecloth at Cyrano's head):  
Unfold me that napkin!--Come, come! be nimble!

RAGUENEAU (waving a lantern):  
Each of the carriage-lamps is a little larder!

CYRANO (in a low voice to Christian, as they arrange the cloth together):  
I must speak with you ere you speak to her.

RAGUENEAU:  
My whip-handle is an Arles sausage!

ROXANE (pouring out wine, helping):  
Since we are to die, let the rest of the army shift for itself. All for the  
Gascons! And mark! if De Guiche comes, let no one invite him!  
(Going from one to the other):  
There! there! You have time enough! Do not eat too fast!--Drink a little.-  
-Why are you crying?

FIRST CADET:  
It is all so good!. . .

ROXANE:  
Tut!--Red or white?--Some bread for Monsieur de Carbon!--a knife! Pass your  
plate!--a little of the crust? Some more? Let me help you!--Some champagne?--  
-A wing?

CYRANO (who follows her, his arms laden with dishes, helping her to wait on everybody):  
How I worship her!

ROXANE (going up to Christian):  
What will you?

CHRISTIAN:  
Nothing.

ROXANE:  
Nay, nay, take this biscuit, steeped in muscat; come!. . .but two drops!

CHRISTIAN (trying to detain her):  
Oh! tell me why you came?

ROXANE:  
Wait; my first duty is to these poor fellows.--Hush! In a few minutes. . .

LE BRET (who had gone up to pass a loaf on the end of a lance to the sentry on the rampart):  
De Guiche!

CYRANO:  
Quick! hide flasks, plates, pie-dishes, game-baskets! Hurry!--Let us all  
look unconscious!  
(To Ragueneau):  
Up on your seat!--Is everything covered up?

(In an instant all has been pushed into the tents, or hidden under doublets, cloaks, and  
beavers. De Guiche enters hurriedly--stops suddenly, sniffing the air. Silence.)



## Scene VII

The same. De Guiche.

DE GUICHE:

It smells good here.

A CADET (humming):

Lo! Lo-lo!

DE GUICHE (looking at him):

What is the matter?--You are very red.

THE CADET:

The matter?--Nothing!--'Tis my blood--boiling at the thought of the coming battle!

ANOTHER:

Poum, poum--poum. . .

DE GUICHE (turning round):

What's that?

THE CADET (slightly drunk):

Nothing! . . 'Tis a song!--a little. . .

DE GUICHE:

You are merry, my friend!

THE CADET:

The approach of danger is intoxicating!

DE GUICHE (calling Carbon de Castel-Jaloux, to give him an order):

Captain! I. . .

(He stops short on seeing him):

Plague take me! but you look bravely, too!

CARBON (crimson in the face, hiding a bottle behind his back, with an evasive movement):

Oh! . . .

DE GUICHE:

I have one cannon left, and have had it carried there--

(he points behind the scenes):

--in that corner. . . Your men can use it in case of need.

A CADET (reeling slightly):

Charming attention!

ANOTHER (with a gracious smile):

Kind solicitude!

DE GUICHE:

How? they are all gone crazy?

(Drily):

As you are not used to cannon, beware of the recoil.

FIRST CADET:

Pooh!

DE GUICHE (furious, going up to him):

But. . .

THE CADET:

Gascon cannons never recoil!

DE GUICHE (taking him by the arm and shaking him):

You are tipsy!--but what with?

THE CADET (grandiloquently):

--With the smell of powder!

DE GUICHE (shrugging his shoulders and pushing him away, then going quickly to Roxane):

Briefly, Madame, what decision do you deign to take?

ROXANE:

I stay here.

DE GUICHE:

You must fly!

ROXANE:

No! I will stay.

DE GUICHE:

Since things are thus, give me a musket, one of you!

CARBON:

Wherefore?

DE GUICHE:

Because I too--mean to remain.

CYRANO:

At last! This is true valor, Sir!

FIRST CADET:

Then you are Gascon after all, spite of your lace collar?

ROXANE:

What is all this?

DE GUICHE:

I leave no woman in peril.

SECOND CADET (to the first):

Hark you! Think you not we might give him something to eat?

(All the viands reappear as if by magic.)

DE GUICHE (whose eyes sparkle):

Victuals!

THE THIRD CADET:

Yes, you'll see them coming from under every coat!

DE GUICHE (controlling himself, haughtily):  
Do you think I will eat your leavings?

CYRANO (saluting him):  
You make progress.

DE GUICHE (proudly, with a light touch of accent on the word 'breaking'):  
I will fight without br-r-eaking my fast!

FIRST CADET (with wild delight):  
Br-r-r-eaking! He has got the accent!

DE GUICHE (laughing):  
I?

THE CADET:  
'Tis a Gascon!

(All begin to dance.)

CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX (who had disappeared behind the rampart, reappearing on the ridge):

I have drawn my pikemen up in line. They are a resolute troop.

(He points to a row of pikes, the tops of which are seen over the ridge.)

DE GUICHE (bowing to Roxane):  
Will you accept my hand, and accompany me while I review them?

(She takes it, and they go up toward the rampart. All uncover and follow them.)

CHRISTIAN (going to Cyrano, eagerly):  
Tell me quickly!

(As Roxane appears on the ridge, the tops of the lances disappear, lowered for the salute, and a shout is raised. She bows.)

THE PIKEMEN (outside):  
Vivat!

CHRISTIAN:  
What is this secret?

CYRANO:  
If Roxane should. . .

CHRISTIAN:  
Should? . . .

CYRANO:  
Speak of the letters? . . .

CHRISTIAN:  
Yes, I know! . . .

CYRANO:  
Do not spoil all by seeming surprised. . .

CHRISTIAN:  
At what?

CYRANO:

I must explain to you! . . . Oh! 'tis no great matter--I but thought of it to-day on seeing her. You have. . .

CHRISTIAN:

Tell quickly!

CYRANO:

You have. . . written to her oftener than you think. . .

CHRISTIAN:

How so?

CYRANO:

Thus, 'faith! I had taken it in hand to express your flame for you! . . . At times I wrote without saying, 'I am writing!'

CHRISTIAN:

Ah! . . .

CYRANO:

'Tis simple enough!

CHRISTIAN:

But how did you contrive, since we have been cut off, thus. . . to? . . .

CYRANO:

. . . Oh! before dawn. . . I was able to get through. . .

CHRISTIAN (folding his arms):

That was simple, too? And how oft, pray you, have I written? . . . Twice in the week? . . . Three times? . . . Four? . . .

CYRANO:

More often still.

CHRISTIAN:

What! Every day?

CYRANO:

Yes, every day,--twice.

CHRISTIAN (violently):

And that became so mad a joy for you, that you braved death. . .

CYRANO (seeing Roxane returning):

Hush! Not before her!

(He goes hurriedly into his tent.)

## Scene VIII

Roxane, Christian. In the distance cadets coming and going. Carbon and De Guiche give orders.

ROXANE (running up to Christian):  
Ah, Christian, at last! . . .

CHRISTIAN (taking her hands):  
Now tell me why--  
Why, by these fearful paths so perilous--  
Across these ranks of ribald soldiery,  
You have come?

ROXANE:  
Love, your letters brought me here!

CHRISTIAN:  
What say you?

ROXANE:  
'Tis your fault if I ran risks!  
Your letters turned my head! Ah! all this month,  
How many!--and the last one ever bettered  
The one that went before!

CHRISTIAN:  
What!--for a few  
Inconsequent love-letters!

ROXANE:  
Hold your peace!  
Ah! you cannot conceive it! Ever since  
That night, when, in a voice all new to me,  
Under my window you revealed your soul--  
Ah! ever since I have adored you! Now  
Your letters all this whole month long!--meseemed  
As if I heard that voice so tender, true,  
Sheltering, close! Thy fault, I say! It drew me,  
The voice o' th' night! Oh! wise Penelope  
Would ne'er have stayed to broider on her hearthstone,  
If her Ulysses could have writ such letters!  
But would have cast away her silken bobbins,  
And fled to join him, mad for love as Helen!

CHRISTIAN:  
But. . .

ROXANE:  
I read, read again--grew faint for love;  
I was thine utterly. Each separate page  
Was like a fluttering flower-petal, loosed  
From your own soul, and wafted thus to mine.

Imprinted in each burning word was love  
Sincere, all-powerful. . .

CHRISTIAN:

A love sincere!

Can that be felt, Roxane!

ROXANE:

Ay, that it can!

CHRISTIAN:

You come. . .?

ROXANE:

O, Christian, my true lord, I come--

(Were I to throw myself, here, at your knees,

You would raise me--but 'tis my soul I lay

At your feet--you can raise it nevermore!)

--I come to crave your pardon. (Ay, 'tis time

To sue for pardon, now that death may come!)

For the insult done to you when, frivolous,

At first I loved you only for your face!

CHRISTIAN (horror-stricken):

Roxane!

ROXANE:

And later, love--less frivolous--

Like a bird that spreads its wings, but can not fly--

Arrested by your beauty, by your soul

Drawn close--I loved for both at once!

CHRISTIAN:

And now?

ROXANE:

Ah! you yourself have triumphed o'er yourself,

And now, I love you only for your soul!

CHRISTIAN (stepping backward):

Roxane!

ROXANE:

Be happy. To be loved for beauty--

A poor disguise that time so soon wears threadbare--

Must be to noble souls--to souls aspiring--

A torture. Your dear thoughts have now effaced

That beauty that so won me at the outset.

Now I see clearer--and I no more see it!

CHRISTIAN:

Oh! . . .

ROXANE:

You are doubtful of such victory?

CHRISTIAN (pained):

Roxane!

ROXANE:

I see you cannot yet believe it.  
Such love. . .?

CHRISTIAN:

I do not ask such love as that!  
I would be loved more simply; for. . .

ROXANE:

For that  
Which they have all in turns loved in thee?--  
Shame!  
Oh! be loved henceforth in a better way!

CHRISTIAN:

No! the first love was best!

ROXANE:

Ah! how you err!  
'Tis now that I love best--love well! 'Tis that  
Which is thy true self, see!--that I adore!  
Were your brilliance dimmed. . .

CHRISTIAN:

Hush!

ROXANE:

I should love still!  
Ay, if your beauty should to-day depart. . .

CHRISTIAN:

Say not so!

ROXANE:

Ay, I say it!

CHRISTIAN:

Ugly? How?

ROXANE:

Ugly! I swear I'd love you still!

CHRISTIAN:

My God!

ROXANE:

Are you content at last?

CHRISTIAN (in a choked voice):

Ay! . . .

ROXANE:

What is wrong?

CHRISTIAN (gently pushing her away):

Nothing. . . I have two words to say:--one second. . .

ROXANE:

But? . . .

CHRISTIAN (pointing to the cadets):

Those poor fellows, shortly doomed to death,--

My love deprives them of the sight of you:

Go,--speak to them--smile on them ere they die!

ROXANE (deeply affected):

Dear Christian! . . .

(She goes up to the cadets, who respectfully crowd round her.)



## Scene IX

Christian, Cyrano. At back Roxane talking to Carbon and some cadets.

CHRISTIAN (calling toward Cyrano's tent):  
Cyrano!

CYRANO (reappearing, fully armed):  
What? Why so pale?

CHRISTIAN:  
She does not love me!

CYRANO:  
What?

CHRISTIAN:  
'Tis you she loves!

CYRANO:  
No!

CHRISTIAN:  
--For she loves me only for my soul!

CYRANO:  
Truly?

CHRISTIAN:  
Yes! Thus--you see, that soul is you,. . .  
Therefore, 'tis you she loves!--And you--love her!

CYRANO:  
I?

CHRISTIAN:  
Oh, I know it!

CYRANO:  
Ay, 'tis true!

CHRISTIAN:  
You love  
To madness!

CYRANO:  
Ay! and worse!

CHRISTIAN:  
Then tell her so!

CYRANO:  
No!

CHRISTIAN:  
And why not?

CYRANO:  
Look at my face!--be answered!

CHRISTIAN:  
She'd love me--were I ugly.

CYRANO:  
Said she so?

CHRISTIAN:  
Ay! in those words!

CYRANO:  
I'm glad she told you that!  
But pooh!--believe it not! I am well pleased  
She thought to tell you. Take it not for truth.  
Never grow ugly!--she'd reproach me then!

CHRISTIAN:  
That I intend discovering!

CYRANO:  
No! I beg!

CHRISTIAN:  
Ay! she shall choose between us!--Tell her all!

CYRANO:  
No! no! I will not have it! Spare me this!

CHRISTIAN:  
Because my face is haply fair, shall I  
Destroy your happiness? 'Twere too unjust!

CYRANO:  
And I,--because by Nature's freak I have  
The gift to say--all that perchance you feel.  
Shall I be fatal to your happiness?

CHRISTIAN:  
Tell all!

CYRANO:  
It is ill done to tempt me thus!

CHRISTIAN:  
Too long I've borne about within myself  
A rival to myself--I'll make an end!

CYRANO:  
Christian!

CHRISTIAN:  
Our union, without witness--secret--  
Clandestine--can be easily dissolved  
If we survive.

CYRANO:  
My God!--he still persists!

CHRISTIAN:

I will be loved myself--or not at all!  
--I'll go see what they do--there, at the end  
Of the post: speak to her, and then let her choose  
One of us two!

CYRANO:

It will be you.

CHRISTIAN:

Pray God!

(He calls):

Roxane!

CYRANO:

No! no!

ROXANE (coming up quickly):

What?

CHRISTIAN:

Cyrano has things

Important for your ear. . .

(She hastens to Cyrano. Christian goes out.)

## Scene X

Roxane, Cyrano. Then Le Bret, Carbon de Castel-Jaloux, the cadets, Ragueneau, De Guiche, etc.

ROXANE:  
Important, how?

CYRANO (in despair. to Roxane):  
He's gone! 'Tis naught!--Oh, you know how he sees  
Importance in a trifle!

ROXANE (warmly):  
Did he doubt  
Of what I said?--Ah, yes, I saw he doubted!

CYRANO (taking her hand):  
But are you sure you told him all the truth?

ROXANE:  
Yes, I would love him were he. . .

(She hesitates.)

CYRANO:  
Does that word  
Embarrass you before my face, Roxane?

ROXANE:  
I . . .

CYRANO (smiling sadly):  
'Twill not hurt me! Say it! If he were  
Ugly! . . .

ROXANE:  
Yes, ugly!  
(Musket report outside):  
Hark! I hear a shot!

CYRANO (ardently):  
Hideous!

ROXANE:  
Hideous! yes!

CYRANO:  
Disfigured.

ROXANE:  
Ay!

CYRANO:  
Grotesque?

ROXANE:  
He could not be grotesque to me!

CYRANO:  
You'd love the same? . . .

ROXANE:  
The same--nay, even more!

CYRANO (losing command over himself--aside):  
My God! it's true, perchance, love waits me there!  
(To Roxane):  
I . . .Roxane. . .listen. . .

LE BRET (entering hurriedly--to Cyrano):  
Cyrano!

CYRANO (turning round):  
What?

LE BRET:  
Hush!

(He whispers something to him.)

CYRANO (letting go Roxane's hand and exclaiming):  
Ah, God!

ROXANE:  
What is it?

CYRANO (to himself--stunned):  
All is over now.

(Renewed reports.)

ROXANE:  
What is the matter? Hark! another shot!

(She goes up to look outside.)

CYRANO:  
It is too late, now I can never tell!

ROXANE (trying to rush out):  
What has chanced?

CYRANO (rushing to stop her):  
Nothing!

(Some cadets enter, trying to hide something they are carrying, and close round it to prevent Roxane approaching.)

ROXANE:  
And those men?  
(Cyrano draws her away):  
What were you just about to say before. . .?

CYRANO:  
What was I saying? Nothing now, I swear!  
(Solemnly):  
I swear that Christian's soul, his nature, were. . .

(Hastily correcting himself):  
Nay, that they are, the noblest, greatest. . .

ROXANE:

Were?

(With a loud scream):

Oh!

(She rushes up, pushing every one aside.)

CYRANO:

All is over now!

ROXANE (seeing Christian lying on the ground, wrapped in his cloak):

O Christian!

LE BRET (to Cyrano):

Struck by first shot of the enemy!

(Roxane flings herself down by Christian. Fresh reports of cannon--clash of arms--clamor--beating of drums.)

CARBON (with sword in the air):

O come! Your muskets.

(Followed by the cadets, he passes to the other side of the ramparts.)

ROXANE:

Christian!

THE VOICE OF CARBON (from the other side):

Ho! make haste!

ROXANE:

Christian!

CARBON:

FORM LINE!

ROXANE:

Christian!

CARBON:

HANDLE YOUR MATCH!

(Ragueneau rushes up, bringing water in a helmet.)

CHRISTIAN (in a dying voice):

Roxane!

CYRANO (quickly, whispering into Christian's ear, while Roxane distractedly tears a piece of linen from his breast, which she dips into the water, trying to stanch the bleeding):

I told her all. She loves you still.

(Christian closes his eyes.)

ROXANE:

How, my sweet love?

CARBON:

DRAW RAMRODS!

ROXANE (to Cyrano):  
He is not dead?

CARBON:  
OPEN YOUR CHARGES WITH YOUR TEETH!

ROXANE:  
His cheek  
Grows cold against my own!

CARBON:  
READY! PRESENT!

ROXANE (seeing a letter in Christian's doublet):  
A letter! . . .  
'Tis for me!

(She opens it.)

CYRANO (aside):  
My letter!

CARBON:  
FIRE!

(Musket reports--shouts--noise of battle.)

CYRANO (trying to disengage his hand, which Roxane on her knees is holding):  
But, Roxane, hark, they fight!

ROXANE (detaining him):  
Stay yet awhile.  
For he is dead. You knew him, you alone.  
(Weeping quietly):  
Ah, was not his a beauteous soul, a soul  
Wondrous!

CYRANO (standing up--bareheaded):  
Ay, Roxane.

ROXANE:  
An inspired poet?

CYRANO:  
Ay, Roxane.

ROXANE:  
And a mind sublime?

CYRANO:  
Oh, yes!

ROXANE:  
A heart too deep for common minds to plumb,  
A spirit subtle, charming?

CYRANO (firmly):  
Ay, Roxane.

ROXANE (flinging herself on the dead body):  
Dead, my love!

CYRANO (aside--drawing his sword):  
Ay, and let me die to-day,  
Since, all unconscious, she mourns me--in him!

(Sounds of trumpets in the distance.)

DE GUICHE (appearing on the ramparts--bareheaded--with a wound on his forehead--in a voice of thunder):  
It is the signal! Trumpet flourishes!  
The French bring the provisions into camp!  
Hold but the place awhile!

ROXANE:  
See, there is blood  
Upon the letter--tears!

A VOICE (outside--shouting):  
Surrender!

VOICE OF CADETS:  
No!

RAGUENEAU (standing on the top of his carriage, watches the battle over the edge of the ramparts):  
The danger's ever greater!

CYRANO (to De Guiche--pointing to Roxane):  
I will charge!  
Take her away!

ROXANE (kissing the letter--in a half-extinguished voice):  
O God! his tears! his blood! . . .

RAGUENEAU (jumping down from the carriage and rushing toward her):  
She's swooned away!

DE GUICHE (on the rampart--to the cadets--with fury):  
Stand fast!

A VOICE (outside):  
Lay down your arms!

THE CADETS:  
No!

CYRANO (to De Guiche):  
Now that you have proved your valor, Sir,  
(Pointing to Roxane):  
Fly, and save her!

DE GUICHE (rushing to Roxane, and carrying her away in his arms):  
So be it! Gain but time,  
The victory's ours!

CYRANO:  
Good.



(Calling out to Roxane, whom De Guiche, aided by Ragueneau, is bearing away in a fainting condition):

Farewell, Roxane!

(Tumult. Shouts. Cadets reappear, wounded, falling on the scene. Cyrano, rushing to the battle, is stopped by Carbon de Castel-Jaloux, who is streaming with blood.)

CARBON:

We are breaking! I am wounded--wounded twice!

CYRANO (shouting to the Gascons):

GASCONS! HO, GASCONS! NEVER TURN YOUR BACKS!

(To Carbon, whom he is supporting):

Have no fear! I have two deaths to avenge:

My friend who's slain;--and my dead happiness!

(They come down, Cyrano brandishing the lance to which is attached Roxane's handkerchief):

Float there! laced kerchief broidered with her name!

(He sticks it in the ground and shouts to the cadets):

FALL ON THEM, GASCONS! CRUSH THEM!

(To the fifer):

Fifer, play!

(The fife plays. The wounded try to rise. Some cadets, falling one over the other down the slope, group themselves round Cyrano and the little flag. The carriage is crowded with men inside and outside, and, bristling with arquebuses, is turned into a fortress.)

A CADET (appearing on the crest, beaten backward, but still fighting, cries):

They're climbing the redoubt!

(and falls dead.)

CYRANO:

Let us salute them!

(The rampart is covered instantly by a formidable row of enemies. The standards of the Imperialists are raised):

Fire!

(General discharge.)

A CRY IN THE ENEMY'S RANKS:

Fire!

(A deadly answering volley. The cadets fall on all sides.)

A SPANISH OFFICER (uncovering):

Who are these men who rush on death?

CYRANO (reciting, erect, amid a storm of bullets):

The bold Cadets of Gascony,

Of Carbon of Castel-Jaloux!

Brawling, swaggering boastfully,

(He rushes forward, followed by a few survivors):

The bold Cadets. . .

(His voice is drowned in the battle.)

Curtain.

# Act V

Cyrano's Gazette.

Fifteen years later, in 1655. Park of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in Paris. Magnificent trees. On the left the house: broad steps on to which open several doors. An enormous plane tree in the middle of the stage, standing alone. On the right, among big boxwood trees, a semicircular stone bench.

The whole background of the stage is crossed by an alley of chestnut trees leading on the right hand to the door of a chapel seen through the branches. Through the double row of trees of this alley are seen lawns, other alleys, clusters of trees, winding of the park, the sky.

The chapel opens by a little side door on to a colonnade which is wreathed with autumn leaves, and is lost to view a little farther on in the right-hand foreground behind the boxwood.

It is autumn. All the foliage is red against the fresh green of the lawns. The green boxwood and yews stand out dark.

Under each tree a patch of yellow leaves.

The stage is strewn with dead leaves, which rustle under foot in the alleys, and half cover the steps and benches.

Between the benches on the right hand and the tree a large embroidery frame, in front of which a little chair has been set.

Baskets full of skeins and balls of wool. A tapestry begun.

At the rising of the curtains nuns are walking to and fro in the park; some are seated on the bench around an older Sister.

The leaves are falling.

# Scene I

Mother Marguerite, Sister Martha, Sister Claire, other sisters.

SISTER MARTHA (to Mother Marguerite):

Sister Claire glanced in the mirror, once--nay, twice, to see if her coif suited.

MOTHER MARGUERITE (to Sister Claire):

'Tis not well.

SISTER CLAIRE:

But I saw Sister Martha take a plum  
Out of the tart.

MOTHER MARGUERITE (to Sister Martha):

That was ill done, my sister.

SISTER CLAIRE:

A little glance!

SISTER MARTHA:

And such a little plum!

MOTHER MARGUERITE:

I shall tell this to Monsieur Cyrano.

SISTER CLAIRE:

Nay, prithee do not!--he will mock!

SISTER MARTHA:

He'll say we nuns are vain!

SISTER CLAIRE:

And greedy!

MOTHER MARGUERITE (smiling):

Ay, and kind!

SISTER CLAIRE:

Is it not true, pray, Mother Marguerite,  
That he has come, each week, on Saturday  
For ten years, to the convent?

MOTHER MARGUERITE:

Ay! and more!

Ever since--fourteen years ago--the day  
His cousin brought here, 'midst our woolen coifs,  
The worldly mourning of her widow's veil,  
Like a blackbird's wing among the convent doves!

SISTER MARTHA:

He only has the skill to turn her mind  
From grief--unsoftened yet by Time--unhealed!

ALL THE SISTERS:

He is so droll!--It's cheerful when he comes!--

He teases us!--But we all like him well!--  
--We make him pasties of angelica!

SISTER MARTHA:  
But, he is not a faithful Catholic!

SISTER CLAIRE:  
We will convert him!

THE SISTERS:  
Yes! Yes!

MOTHER MARGUERITE:  
I forbid,  
My daughters, you attempt that subject. Nay,  
Weary him not--he might less oft come here!

SISTER MARTHA:  
But. . .God. . .

MOTHER MARGUERITE:  
Nay, never fear! God knows him well!

SISTER MARTHA:  
But--every Saturday, when he arrives,  
He tells me, 'Sister, I eat meat on Friday!'

MOTHER MARGUERITE:  
Ah! says he so? Well, the last time he came  
Food had not passed his lips for two whole days!

SISTER MARTHA:  
Mother!

MOTHER MARGUERITE:  
He's poor.

SISTER MARTHA:  
Who told you so, dear Mother?

MOTHER MARGUERITE:  
Monsieur Le Bret.

SISTER MARTHA:  
None help him?

MOTHER MARGUERITE:  
He permits not.

(In an alley at the back Roxane appears, dressed in black, with a widow's coif and veil. De Guiche, imposing-looking and visibly aged, walks by her side. They saunter slowly. Mother Marguerite rises):

'Tis time we go in; Madame Madeleine  
Walks in the garden with a visitor.

SISTER MARTHA (to Sister Claire, in a low voice):  
The Marshal of Grammont?

SISTER CLAIRE (looking at him):  
'Tis he, I think.

SISTER MARTHA:

'Tis many months now since he came to see her.

THE SISTERS:

He is so busy!--The Court,--the camp! . . .

SISTER CLAIRE:

The world!

(They go out. De Guiche and Roxane come forward in silence, and stop close to the embroidery frame.)

## Scene II

Roxane; the Duke de Grammont, formerly Count de Guiche. Then Le Bret and Ragueneau.

THE DUKE:

And you stay here still--ever vainly fair,  
Ever in weeds?

ROXANE:

Ever.

THE DUKE:

Still faithful?

ROXANE:

Still.

THE DUKE (after a pause):

Am I forgiven?

ROXANE:

Ay, since I am here.

(Another pause.)

THE DUKE:

His was a soul, you say?. . .

ROXANE:

Ah!--when you knew him!

THE DUKE:

Ah, may be! . . .I, perchance, too little knew him!  
. . .And his last letter, ever next your heart?

ROXANE:

Hung from this chain, a gentle scapulary.

THE DUKE:

And, dead, you love him still?

ROXANE:

At times,--meseems  
He is but partly dead--our hearts still speak,  
As if his love, still living, wrapped me round!

THE DUKE (after another pause):

Cyrano comes to see you?

ROXANE:

Often, ay.  
Dear, kind old friend! We call him my 'Gazette.'  
He never fails to come: beneath this tree  
They place his chair, if it be fine--I wait,  
I broider;--the clock strikes;--at the last stroke  
I hear,--for now I never turn to look--  
Too sure to hear his cane tap down the steps;

He seats himself:--with gentle raillery  
He mocks my tapestry that's never done;  
He tells me all the gossip of the week. . .

(Le Bret appears on the steps):

Why, here's Le Bret!

(Le Bret descends):

How goes it with our friend?

LE BRET:

Ill!--very ill.

THE DUKE:

How?

ROXANE (to the Duke):

He exaggerates!

LE BRET:

All that I prophesied: desertion, want! . . .  
His letters now make him fresh enemies!--  
Attacking the sham nobles, sham devout,  
Sham brave,--the thieving authors,--all the world!

ROXANE:

Ah! but his sword still holds them all in check;  
None get the better of him.

THE DUKE (shaking his head):

Time will show!

LE BRET:

Ah, but I fear for him--not man's attack,--  
Solitude--hunger--cold December days,  
That wolf-like steal into his chamber drear:--  
Lo! the assassins that I fear for him!  
Each day he tightens by one hole his belt:  
That poor nose--tinted like old ivory:  
He has retained one shabby suit of serge.

THE DUKE:

Ay, there is one who has no prize of Fortune!--  
Yet is not to be pitied!

LE BRET (with a bitter smile):

My Lord Marshal! . . .

THE DUKE:

Pity him not! He has lived out his vows,  
Free in his thoughts, as in his actions free!

LE BRET (in the same tone):

My Lord! . . .

THE DUKE (haughtily):

True! I have all, and he has naught;. . .  
Yet I were proud to take his hand!

(Bowing to Roxane):

Adieu!

ROXANE:

I go with you.

(The Duke bows to Le Bret, and goes with Roxane toward the steps.)

THE DUKE (pausing, while she goes up):

Ay, true,--I envy him.

Look you, when life is brimful of success  
--Though the past hold no action foul--one feels  
A thousand self-disgusts, of which the sum  
Is not remorse, but a dim, vague unrest;  
And, as one mounts the steps of worldly fame,  
The Duke's furred mantles trail within their folds  
A sound of dead illusions, vain regrets,  
A rustle--scarce a whisper--like as when,  
Mounting the terrace steps, by your mourning robe  
Sweeps in its train the dying autumn leaves.

ROXANE (ironically):

You are pensive?

THE DUKE:

True! I am!

(As he is going out, suddenly):

Monsieur Le Bret!

(To Roxane):

A word, with your permission?

(He goes to Le Bret, and in a low voice):

True, that none

Dare to attack your friend;--but many hate him;

Yesterday, at the Queen's card-play, 'twas said

'That Cyrano may die--by accident!'

Let him stay in--be prudent!

LE BRET (raising his arms to heaven):

Prudent! He! . . .

He's coming here. I'll warn him--but! . . .

ROXANE (who has stayed on the steps, to a sister who comes toward her):

What is it?

THE SISTER:

Ragueneau would see you, Madame.

ROXANE:

Let him come.

(To the Duke and Le Bret):

He comes to tell his troubles. Having been

An author (save the mark!)--poor fellow--now

By turns he's singer. . .

LE BRET:

Bathing-man. . .



ROXANE:  
Then actor. . .

LE BRET:  
Beadle. . .

ROXANE:  
Wig-maker. . .

LE BRET:  
Teacher of the lute. . .

ROXANE:  
What will he be to-day, by chance?

RAGUENEAU (entering hurriedly):  
Ah! Madame!  
(He sees Le Bret):  
Ah! you here, Sir!

ROXANE (smiling):  
Tell all your miseries  
To him; I will return anon.

RAGUENEAU:  
But, Madame. . .

(Roxane goes out with the Duke. Ragueneau goes toward Le Bret.)

## Scene III

Le Bret, Ragueneau.

RAGUENEAU:

Since you are here, 'tis best she should not know!  
I was going to your friend just now--was but  
A few steps from the house, when I saw him  
Go out. I hurried to him. Saw him turn  
The corner. . .suddenly, from out a window  
Where he was passing--was it chance?. . .may be!  
A lackey let fall a large piece of wood.

LE BRET:

Cowards! O Cyrano!

RAGUENEAU:

I ran--I saw. . .

LE BRET:

'Tis hideous!

RAGUENEAU:

Saw our poet, Sir--our friend--  
Struck to the ground--a large wound in his head!

LE BRET:

He's dead?

RAGUENEAU:

No--but--I bore him to his room. . .  
Ah! his room! What a thing to see!--that garret!

LE BRET:

He suffers?

RAGUENEAU:

No, his consciousness has flown.

LE BRET:

Saw you a doctor?

RAGUENEAU:

One was kind--he came.

LE BRET:

My poor Cyrano!--We must not tell this  
To Roxane suddenly.--What said this leech?--

RAGUENEAU:

Said,--what, I know not--fever, meningitis!--  
Ah! could you see him--all his head bound up!--  
But let us haste!--There's no one by his bed!--  
And if he try to rise, Sir, he might die!

LE BRET (dragging him toward the right):  
Come! Through the chapel! 'Tis the quickest way!

ROXANE (appearing on the steps, and seeing Le Bret go away by the colonnade leading to the chapel door):

Monsieur le Bret!

(Le Bret and Ragueneau disappear without answering):

Le Bret goes--when I call!

'Tis some new trouble of good Ragueneau's.

(She descends the steps.)

## Scene IV

Roxane alone. Two sisters, for a moment.

ROXANE:

Ah! what a beauty in September's close!  
My sorrow's eased. April's joy dazzled it,  
But autumn wins it with her dying calm.

(She seats herself at the embroidery frame. Two sisters come out of the house, and bring a large armchair under the tree):

There comes the famous armchair where he sits,  
Dear faithful friend!

SISTER MARTHA:

It is the parlor's best!

ROXANE:

Thanks, sister.

(The sisters go):

He'll be here now.

(She seats herself. A clock strikes):

The hour strikes.

--My silks?--Why, now, the hour's struck!

How strange

To be behind his time, at last, to-day!

Perhaps the portress--where's my thimble? . . .

Here!--Is preaching to him.

(A pause):

Yes, she must be preaching!

Surely he must come soon!--Ah, a dead leaf!--

(She brushes off the leaf from her work):

Nothing, besides, could--scissors?--In my bag!

--Could hinder him. . .

A SISTER (coming to the steps):

Monsieur de Bergerac.

## Scene V

Roxane, Cyrano and, for a moment, Sister Martha.

ROXANE (without turning round):

What was I saying? . . .

(She embroiders. Cyrano, very pale, his hat pulled down over his eyes, appears. The sister who had announced him retires. He descends the steps slowly, with a visible difficulty in holding himself upright, bearing heavily on his cane. Roxane still works at her tapestry):

Time has dimmed the tints. . .

How harmonize them now?

(To Cyrano, with playful reproach):

For the first time

Late!--For the first time, all these fourteen years!

CYRANO (who has succeeded in reaching the chair, and has seated himself--in a lively voice, which is in great contrast with his pale face):

Ay! It is villainous! I raged--was stayed. . .

ROXANE:

By? . . .

CYRANO:

By a bold, unwelcome visitor.

ROXANE (absently, working):

Some creditor?

CYRANO:

Ay, cousin,--the last creditor

Who has a debt to claim from me.

ROXANE:

And you

Have paid it?

CYRANO:

No, not yet! I put it off;

--Said, 'Cry you mercy; this is Saturday,

When I have get a standing rendezvous

That naught defers. Call in an hour's time!'

ROXANE (carelessly):

Oh, well, a creditor can always wait!

I shall not let you go ere twilight falls.

CYRANO:

Haply, perforce, I quit you ere it falls!

(He shuts his eyes, and is silent for a moment. Sister Martha crosses the park from the chapel to the flight of steps. Roxane, seeing her, signs to her to approach.)

ROXANE (to Cyrano):

How now? You have not teased the Sister?

CYRANO (hastily opening his eyes):

True!

(In a comically loud voice):

Sister! come here!

(The sister glides up to him):

Ha! ha! What? Those bright eyes

Bent ever on the ground?

SISTER MARTHA (who makes a movement of astonishment on seeing his face):

Oh!

CYRANO (in a whisper, pointing to Roxane):

Hush! 'tis naught!--

(Loudly, in a blustering voice):

I broke fast yesterday!

SISTER MARTHA (aside):

I know, I know!

That's how he is so pale! Come presently

To the refectory, I'll make you drink

A famous bowl of soup. . . You'll come?

CYRANO:

Ay, ay!

SISTER MARTHA:

There, see! You are more reasonable to-day!

ROXANE (who hears them whispering):

The Sister would convert you?

SISTER MARTHA:

Nay, not I!

CYRANO:

Hold! but it's true! You preach to me no more,

You, once so glib with holy words! I am

Astonished! . . .

(With burlesque fury):

Stay, I will surprise you too!

Hark! I permit you. . .

(He pretends to be seeking for something to tease her with, and to have found it):

. . . It is something new!--

To--pray for me, to-night, at chapel-time!

ROXANE:

Oh! oh!

CYRANO (laughing):

Good Sister Martha is struck dumb!

SISTER MARTHA (gently):

I did not wait your leave to pray for you.

(She goes out.)

CYRANO (turning to Roxane, who is still bending over her work):  
That tapestry! Beshrew me if my eyes  
Will ever see it finished!

ROXANE:  
I was sure  
To hear that well-known jest!

(A light breeze causes the leaves to fall.)

CYRANO:  
The autumn leaves!

ROXANE (lifting her head, and looking down the distant alley):  
Soft golden brown, like a Venetian's hair.  
--See how they fall!

CYRANO:  
Ay, see how brave they fall,  
In their last journey downward from the bough,  
To rot within the clay; yet, lovely still,  
Hiding the horror of the last decay,  
With all the wayward grace of careless flight!

ROXANE:  
What, melancholy--you?

CYRANO (collecting himself):  
Nay, nay, Roxane!

ROXANE:  
Then let the dead leaves fall the way they will. . .  
And chat. What, have you nothing new to tell,  
My Court Gazette?

CYRANO:  
Listen.

ROXANE:  
Ah!

CYRANO (growing whiter and whiter):  
Saturday  
The nineteenth: having eaten to excess  
Of pear-serve, the King felt feverish;  
The lancet quelled this treasonable revolt,  
And the august pulse beats at normal pace.  
At the Queen's ball on Sunday thirty score  
Of best white waxen tapers were consumed.  
Our troops, they say, have chased the Austrians.  
Four sorcerers were hanged. The little dog  
Of Madame d'Athis took a dose. . .

ROXANE:  
I bid  
You hold your tongue, Monsieur de Bergerac!

CYRANO:

Monday--not much--Claire changed protector.

ROXANE:

Oh!

CYRANO (whose face changes more and more):

Tuesday, the Court repaired to Fontainebleau.

Wednesday, the Montglat said to Comte de Fiesque. . .

No! Thursday--Mancini, Queen of France! (almost!)

Friday, the Monglat to Count Fiesque said--'Yes!'

And Saturday the twenty-sixth. . .

(He closes his eyes. His head falls forward. Silence.)

ROXANE (surprised at his voice ceasing, turns round, looks at him, and rising, terrified):

He swoons!

(She runs toward him crying):

Cyrano!

CYRANO (opening his eyes, in an unconcerned voice):

What is this?

(He sees Roxane bending over him, and, hastily pressing his hat on his head, and shrinking back in his chair):

Nay, on my word

'Tis nothing! Let me be!

ROXANE:

But. . .

CYRANO:

That old wound

Of Arras, sometimes,--as you know. . .

ROXANE:

Dear friend!

CYRANO:

'Tis nothing, 'twill pass soon;

(He smiles with an effort):

See!--it has passed!

ROXANE:

Each of us has his wound; ay, I have mine,--

Never healed up--not healed yet, my old wound!

(She puts her hand on her breast):

'Tis here, beneath this letter brown with age,

All stained with tear-drops, and still stained with blood.

(Twilight begins to fall.)

CYRANO:

His letter! Ah! you promised me one day

That I should read it.

ROXANE:

What would you?--His letter?



CYRANO:

Yes, I would fain,--to-day. . .

ROXANE (giving the bag hung at her neck):

See! here it is!

CYRANO (taking it):

Have I your leave to open?

ROXANE:

Open--read!

(She comes back to her tapestry frame, folds it up, sorts her wools.)

CYRANO (reading):

'Roxane, adieu! I soon must die!

This very night, beloved; and I

Feel my soul heavy with love untold.

I die! No more, as in days of old,

My loving, longing eyes will feast

On your least gesture--ay, the least!

I mind me the way you touch your cheek

With your finger, softly, as you speak!

Ah me! I know that gesture well!

My heart cries out!--I cry "Farewell"!"

ROXANE:

But how you read that letter! One would think. . .

CYRANO (continuing to read):

'My life, my love, my jewel, my sweet,

My heart has been yours in every beat!'

(The shades of evening fall imperceptibly.)

ROXANE:

You read in such a voice--so strange--and yet--

It is not the first time I hear that voice!

(She comes nearer very softly, without his perceiving it, passes behind his chair, and, noiselessly leaning over him, looks at the letter. The darkness deepens.)

CYRANO:

'Here, dying, and there, in the land on high,

I am he who loved, who loves you,--I. . . !'

ROXANE (putting her hand on his shoulder):

How can you read? It is too dark to see!

(He starts, turns, sees her close to him. Suddenly alarmed, he holds his head down. Then in the dusk, which has now completely enfolded them, she says, very slowly, with clasped hands):

And, fourteen years long, he has played this part

Of the kind old friend who comes to laugh and chat.

CYRANO:

Roxane!

ROXANE:

'Twas you!

CYRANO:

No, never; Roxane, no!

ROXANE:

I should have guessed, each time he said my name!

CYRANO:

No, it was not I!

ROXANE:

It was you!

CYRANO:

I swear!

ROXANE:

I see through all the generous counterfeit--  
The letters--you!

CYRANO:

No.

ROXANE:

The sweet, mad love-words!  
You!

CYRANO:

No!

ROXANE:

The voice that thrilled the night--you, you!

CYRANO:

I swear you err.

ROXANE:

The soul--it was your soul!

CYRANO:

I loved you not.

ROXANE:

You loved me not?

CYRANO:

'Twas he!

ROXANE:

You loved me!

CYRANO:

No!

ROXANE:

See! how you falter now!

CYRANO:

No, my sweet love, I never loved you!

ROXANE:

Ah!

Things dead, long dead, see! how they rise again!  
--Why, why keep silence all these fourteen years,  
When, on this letter, which he never wrote,  
The tears were your tears?

CYRANO (holding out the letter to her):

The bloodstains were his.

ROXANE:

Why, then, that noble silence,--kept so long--  
Broken to-day for the first time--why?

CYRANO:

Why? . . .

(Le Bret and Ragueneau enter running.)

## Scene VI

The same. Le Bret and Ragueneau.

LE BRET:

What madness! Here? I knew it well!

CYRANO (smiling and sitting up):

What now?

LE BRET:

He has brought his death by coming, Madame.

ROXANE:

God!

Ah, then! that faintness of a moment since. . .?

CYRANO:

Why, true! It interrupted the 'Gazette:'

. . .Saturday, twenty-sixth, at dinner-time,  
Assassination of De Bergerac.

(He takes off his hat; they see his head bandaged.)

ROXANE:

What says he? Cyrano!--His head all bound!

Ah, what has chanced? How?--Who? . . .

CYRANO:

'To be struck down,

Pierced by sword i' the heart, from a hero's hand!

That I had dreamed. O mockery of Fate!

--Killed, I! of all men--in an ambuscade!

Struck from behind, and by a lackey's hand!

'Tis very well. I am foiled, foiled in all,

Even in my death.

RAGUENEAU:

Ah, Monsieur! . . .

CYRANO (holding out his hand to him):

Ragueneau,

Weep not so bitterly! . . .What do you now,

Old comrade?

RAGUENEAU (amid his tears):

Trim the lights for Moliere's stage.

CYRANO:

Moliere!

RAGUENEAU:

Yes; but I shall leave to-morrow.

I cannot bear it!--Yesterday, they played

'Scapin'--I saw he'd thieved a scene from you!

LE BRET:

What! a whole scene?

RAGUENEAU:

Oh, yes, indeed, Monsieur,  
The famous one, 'Que Diable allait-il faire?'

LE BRET:

Moliere has stolen that?

CYRANO:

Tut! He did well! . . .

(to Ragueneau):

How went the scene? It told--I think it told?

RAGUENEAU (sobbing):

Ah! how they laughed!

CYRANO:

Look you, it was my life

To be the prompter every one forgets!

(To Roxane):

That night when 'neath your window Christian spoke

--Under your balcony, you remember? Well!

There was the allegory of my whole life:

I, in the shadow, at the ladder's foot,

While others lightly mount to Love and Fame!

Just! very just! Here on the threshold drear

Of death, I pay my tribute with the rest,

To Moliere's genius,--Christian's fair face!

(The chapel-bell chimes. The nuns are seen passing down the alley at the back, to say their office):

Let them go pray, go pray, when the bell rings!

ROXANE (rising and calling):

Sister! Sister!

CYRANO (holding her fast):

Call no one. Leave me not;

When you come back, I should be gone for aye.

(The nuns have all entered the chapel. The organ sounds):

I was somewhat fain for music--hark! 'tis come.

ROXANE:

Live, for I love you!

CYRANO:

No, In fairy tales

When to the ill-starred Prince the lady says

'I love you!' all his ugliness fades fast--

But I remain the same, up to the last!

ROXANE:

I have marred your life--I, I!

CYRANO:

You blessed my life!  
Never on me had rested woman's love.  
My mother even could not find me fair:  
I had no sister; and, when grown a man,  
I feared the mistress who would mock at me.  
But I have had your friendship--grace to you  
A woman's charm has passed across my path.

LE BRET (pointing to the moon, which is seen between the trees):  
Your other lady-love is come.

CYRANO (smiling):

I see.

ROXANE:

I loved but once, yet twice I lose my love!

CYRANO:

Hark you, Le Bret! I soon shall reach the moon.  
To-night, alone, with no projectile's aid! . . .

LE BRET:

What are you saying?

CYRANO:

I tell you, it is there,  
There, that they send me for my Paradise,  
There I shall find at last the souls I love,  
In exile,--Galileo--Socrates!

LE BRET (rebelliously):

No, no! It is too clumsy, too unjust!  
So great a heart! So great a poet! Die  
Like this? what, die. . . ?

CYRANO:

Hark to Le Bret, who scolds!

LE BRET (weeping):

Dear friend. . .

CYRANO (starting up, his eyes wild):

What ho! Cadets of Gascony!  
The elemental mass--ah yes! The hic. . .

LE BRET:

His science still--he raves!

CYRANO:

Copernicus  
Said. . .

ROXANE:

Oh!

CYRANO:

Mais que diable allait-il faire,

Mais que diable allait-il faire dans cette galere? . . .

Philosopher, metaphysician,

Rhymer, brawler, and musician,

Famed for his lunar expedition,

And the unnumbered duels he fought,--

And lover also,--by interposition!--

Here lies Hercule Savinien

De Cyrano de Bergerac,

Who was everything, yet was naught.

I cry you pardon, but I may not stay;

See, the moon-ray that comes to call me hence!

(He has fallen back in his chair; the sobs of Roxane recall him to reality; he looks long at her, and, touching her veil):

I would not bid you mourn less faithfully

That good, brave Christian: I would only ask

That when my body shall be cold in clay

You wear those sable mourning weeds for two,

And mourn awhile for me, in mourning him.

ROXANE:

I swear it you! . . .

CYRANO (shivering violently, then suddenly rising):

Not there! what, seated?--no!

(They spring toward him):

Let no one hold me up--

(He props himself against the tree):

Only the tree!

(Silence):

It comes. E'en now my feet have turned to stone,

My hands are gloved with lead!

(He stands erect):

But since Death comes,

I meet him still afoot,

(He draws his sword):

And sword in hand!

LE BRET:

Cyrano!

ROXANE (half fainting):

Cyrano!

(All shrink back in terror.)

CYRANO:

Why, I well believe

He dares to mock my nose? Ho! insolent!

(He raises his sword):

What say you? It is useless? Ay, I know

But who fights ever hoping for success?

I fought for lost cause, and for fruitless quest!

You there, who are you!--You are thousands!

Ah!  
I know you now, old enemies of mine!  
Falsehood!  
(He strikes in air with his sword):  
Have at you! Ha! and Compromise!  
Prejudice, Treachery!. . .  
(He strikes):  
Surrender, I?  
Parley? No, never! You too, Folly,--you?  
I know that you will lay me low at last;  
Let be! Yet I fall fighting, fighting still!  
(He makes passes in the air, and stops, breathless):  
You strip from me the laurel and the rose!  
Take all! Despite you there is yet one thing  
I hold against you all, and when, to-night,  
I enter Christ's fair courts, and, lowly bowed,  
Sweep with doffed casque the heavens' threshold blue,  
One thing is left, that, void of stain or smutch,  
I bear away despite you.

(He springs forward, his sword raised; it falls from his hand; he staggers, falls back into the arms of Le Bret and Ragueneau.)

ROXANE (bending and kissing his forehead):  
'Tis? . . .

CYRANO (opening his eyes, recognizing her, and smiling):  
MY PANACHE.

Curtain.

THE END

\*\*\*\*\*

**I'm Julie, the woman who runs [Global Grey](#) - the website where this ebook was published. These are my own formatted editions, and I hope you enjoyed reading this particular one.**

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