

Christian: Roxane summons me to visit her at her house.
I must tell her the truth. I feel like a louse.

I will no longer borrow your beautiful words.
I will speak for myself. My own words will be heard.

Cyrano: But, Christian, I do not think that is very wise.

Roxane stands at the balcony. Cyrano hides behind the tree so Roxane can't see him, but the audience can.

Christian: Here she is now. She is in for a big surprise.

Roxane: Christian, my love, are you in the garden below?

Christian: Yes I'm here, Roxane, uh...my dear. Uh...I don't know

Christian and Cyrano whisper loudly.

What to say to her. Help! I need you, Cyrano.
I can't find the words to tell her I love her so.

Cyrano: Of course you can, monsieur. I will not interfere.

Christian: I am such a blockhead, and I'm so filled with fear.

Roxane: Please speak louder, Christian. I cannot hear your voice.

Cyrano whispers to Christian.

Cyrano: Say, "When I hear your voice, my heart does rejoice!"

Christian aloud to Roxane.

Cyrano whispers to Christian.

Christian: Say, when I hear your voice, my heart does rejoice.

Cyrano winces and hits himself on the head with his palm at Christian's stupidity.

Roxane: My love, what a wonderful thing for you to say.

Cyrano whispers and Christian speaks aloud to Roxane.

Cyrano: You mean more than the angels in heaven above.

Christian: You mean more than the angels in heaven above.

Roxane: That's lovely, but now please speak to me of your love.

Christian blurts out with waiting for Cyrano to tell him what to say.

Christian: Roxane, I love you...

Roxane: Is that the best you can do?

Christian: Uh...how about I love you very, very much.

Roxane: Well, that's nice. But what happened to the poet's touch?

Cyrano starts walking around in circles, frustrated and trying to think of what to say. Cyrano steps out from behind the tree, and speaks to Roxane.

Cyrano: Cupid has filled my heart. Your love fills up my soul.
And loving you forever is my only goal.

Roxane: Come out of the shadow, so I can see your face.
Your voice sounds different when you speak from that place.

Cyrano: Oh, it is just the night air that makes me sound hoarse,
But it's still me saying sweet words to you, of course

I can't come out, sweet, until you fill my life,
By saying that you love me and will be my wife.

Roxane: Your wife! Oh, yes dear. It's you I want to marry.
We'll wed now before the war. We must not tarry.

Cyrano: I'll get the priest, and you must look your very best.

Cyrano pulls a priest from one side of the tree, and a tailor with a nice jacket and hat from the other side of the tree. Christian quickly dresses. Roxane enters below the balcony, stage left, followed by her servant.

Cyrano: Here's Roxane, so lovely in a white veil and dress.