CYRANO DE BERGERAC  
by Edmund Rostand  
Cyrano:  
The unwary eye that sees  
Her smile sees pearled perfection.  She can knit  
Grace from a twine of air.  The heavens sit  
In every gesture.  Of divinities  
She's most divine.  O Venus, amorous queen,  
You never stepped into your shell; Dian-  
You never glided through the summer's green  
As she steps into her chair and then is seen  
Gliding through Paris-but this-(pointing to his nose)  
This-gross protuberance.  
Look at it, and tell me what exuberance  
Of hope can swell the rest of me.  I'm under  
No illusion.  Oh sometimes, bemused by the wonder  
Of a blue evening, a garden of lilac and rose,  
Letting this wretched devil of a nose  
Breathe in the perfume, I follow with my eye-  
Under that silver glory in the sky-  
Some woman on the arm of a cavalier,  
And dream that I too could be strolling there,  
With such a girl on my arm, under the moon.  
My heart lifts, I forget my curse, but soon,  
Suddenly, I perceive what kills it all-  
My profile shadowed on the garden wall.  
Me? Crying? Oh, never, never that.  To see  
A long tear straggling along this nose would be  
Intolerably ugly.  I wouldn't permit  
A crystal tear fraught with such exquisite  
Limpidity to be defiled by my  
Gross snout.  Tears are sublime things, and I,  
Wedding a nymph to a rhinoceros,  
Would render the sublime ridiculous.  
Speak to her?  Now?  Why?  
So she can laugh at this?  Why, man, there's nothing that I fear  
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