

La Fille d'Opéra

By Germaine Tailleferre

The financier who abandons me
Finally allows me to love you

And thinking he is offending Pouponne,
Actually abandons her to her deepest pleasure

Let's take advantage of a propitious moment

Too long the sad constraint
Overwhelmed us under its sway

Let's banish the pretense forever
Let nothing hinder our pleasures

Let's take advantage of a propitious moment

I came all the way from Arpajon in Lucas' poor little cart
I wandered far off from home to settle our debts

So those are your manners
To wrong your old man?

My father, my mother, your speeches annoy me
My father, my mother, go take care of your oxen

They don't speak kindly of you in the country, little girl
They say the handsome gentlemen of Paris
cover you with fancy lace

And they yawn to kiss you
And to buy a pair of calves

My father, my mother, this dismays me
My father, my mother, go trim your alfalfa

I'll take care of you in my own way like a good gillyflower.
Here you're all dressed up like a misbehaved farm girl,
Acting like such a highfalutin girl!

Mother, finish your ditty
Tomorrow, I'll put her in the hospital!

Get out of here beggars or I'll call the guard

- Let's get out of here
- Let's leave here, he's got a proud sword

My father, my mother, I am indeed your servant
My father, my mother, your most humble servant

Obstacles stop our affair,
Let's rekindle the fires of a love

Of which no mortal is prepared
To disturb its tender course

Let's enjoy a happy time

What is it, Gentlemen, and what does
this uproar mean?

Good sir,
Here is your shoemaker
Here is your hairdresser

Both devoted to your orders

We would think they might bite us

You owe us a hundred pistoles
Obviously for six months, on my word

But what do these poor people have?

Two times eighteen pots of pomade,
Ninety-nine cents of powder

Mules for the walk
And four soles to repair

Thirty hairstyles à la française,
The beard done like Monsieur Blaise

A large boot puller plus the rosette
That Madame lost at the party

And to accommodate sir,
Eighteen curls bundled at best

And I noticed a new shoelace
Plus twelve sols of shoe shine

Which obviously makes
A hundred pistoles, on my word.

– But how crazy do these poor people look to me,
– Oh! What! But!

- Hurting our ears because of such a mediocre record book.
- What is that! Ah! Heavens!

Gentlemen, truly
I'm so amazed that I dare not believe it

It's certainly a small thing
But we need some money

Or we will go very reluctantly
To file a complaint at the Châtelet.

Pouponne, it's over, fate is against us
We have to make up our minds,
we have to come to terms with it

We have to take sides, we have to resolve it
Let's flee to the deserts, let's not wait for lightning

- Would you follow me to Limours?
- I would follow you to Limours.

I have a house there flanked by four towers
Where under the ancient arch we would
see Phoebe shining

Occupied with us alone,
With us alone intoxicated

Ah! Let's flee without delay, let's flee to Limours
Yes, let's leave the city's pernicious stay.

Sad pleasures, fatal rejoicings,
Deceitful lures, too precious madness,

Enchanted cup where my senses wander
To say goodbye to you, Pouponne, is to end my life.

Yes, the fatal decree, dictated by the family
Grave in the hearts of lovers a dark fury

But the King says that when one lives in the Bastille,
One has time to reflect upon their actions,
by changing their moral values.

Ah, barbarian, tyrant, you laugh at my sorrows,
This iron at your side, plunge into my bosom!

Put an end to my life, complete my destiny,
And stop insulting my extreme pain.

- You take my husband away from me in the name of the family
 - Abominable law of an ungrateful family
 - But in vain, the decree of the father of the family

- This order enrages me and makes me furious
 - Puts you, my sweethearts, in dark fury

Yet the King says that when one lives in the Bastille
One has time to reflect upon their actions,
by changing their moral values.

And when the king spoke
Of singing at the opera,

We laughed at the fury
Of the dear old papa

In vain from Arpajon,
The weft will become thin,

Under the sceptre of the prince,
The child finally breathes.

They talk to me about a nice man.
Kind and rich, and they tell me

He's very much in love with me,
A foreigner but in good taste

This is well worth considering
For he sends me, see, gracious me,

Fireworks, fireworks
This is well worth considering

I don't know if he has any sense
This item is not worn

On the ticket I was given
But his pen has integrity

Of which we can remain tender,
For he sends me, see, gracious me,

Three thousand pistoles, three thousand pistoles,
This is well worth considering

Having scruples while talking
To spoil the conversation,

Is said to be mischievous,
However, I will satisfy him

Because not troubling his inclination
He will only get from me, on my faith,

But a wordless happiness

This Scotsman returns from the islands
Which makes him interesting

He grows diamonds there
Like imbeciles in Paris

I have to say that the suitor
Perishes of fever and white sickness,
And will soon be quiet

I will do, “ah...”
In various modes, “ah...”

Oh what a lovely ending
Oh what a happy disaster

I will sing the stanzas of Monsieur Piccini
And the sweet psalmodies of Monsieur Destouches

Ah! How the conclusion touches me
Oh what a sublime tragedy

- Queen or shepherdess, daughter or mother
 - Oh what a lovely ending

- Sacred virgin or austere confidante
 - Oh what a happy disaster

Rival or adored lover
False noble or sacrifice

Do not doubt it I will be without equal
Because my breasts are made like a marvel

Ah! How the conclusion touches me
Oh what a sublime tragedy

And everyone knows the custom in Paris
All the success is in the bodice

Oh what a wonderful conclusion
Oh what a lovely ending

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Le Bel Ambitieux

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You suffer and I die
Inexplicable lover

Your beautiful bending brow
Leaning on my hand

- Reveals to me the weight of your ardent thought
 - You think of my pain
 - Ah! Your pain embraces me

As the wind drags
A fallen leaf

Your pain dresses you
like a heavy black coat

Carrying in its folds my desolate soul
And my life is consumed in a slow despair

Exhale your delusion
O sublime Ophelia

Raise to the sky a gaze
blinded by tears

He hears sighs
of the divine harmony

And I hear the echo repeating to me:
She (He) dies

The chaste rest of a funeral bed
Unite us forever in the same tomb,

That in the eternal shadow
the Genius of Darkness

Is silent and meditates
listening to our sobs

Since on us the earth
closes its secrets,

Alone, you will be able to say
once that she (he) loved me.

My dear I examine the thing
As a true nobleman

And I believe that nothing
opposes this prospect

Suicide is an elegance
Of very good taste

And which makes you a hot topic
At a social gathering

But it would be more
Supreme and bolder

To leave together for Bremen
Or Napoli.

Leave for Napoli? But that would be madness.
Would I, can I, must I?

- But yes! Don't I love you?
- It's not my fault.

Baron Pschutt arrives from Lisbon, Madame

Introduce this dear Baron Pschutt.
Alphonse, not a word. Hush!

If you want to enter the political sphere
You definitely need to make a historical work

Try me a question of the East, it's a fun topic
Be first obscure, enigmatic, use allegory

Above all, do not forget pragmatics
Put Germanic here and there

Don't say much, but say enough
Strongly affirm what you do not know

If you succeed, you will have genius,
And you will be employed in diplomacy.

- Let's slide with a discreet flight
 - Let's run lightly
 - Let's walk with a proud step

Where ambition takes us
Where love carries us

Towards the golden paneling
Run, slide, fly

Crushing our rivals and despising fools,
Let's plant our banner on the threshold of the ministry

- Let's slide with a discreet flight
 - Let's run lightly
 - Let's walk with a proud step

- Within the offices
 - Let's run lightly
- Towards the golden salon

Where ambition takes us
Where love carries us

- Let's slide with a discreet flight
 - Let's run lightly
 - Let's walk with a proud step

- Within the offices
 - Let's run lightly
- Towards the golden salon

Where ambition takes us
Where love carries us

Studying the detours of the most illustrious courts,
Let's be able to sometime restore your prestige

- Let's slide with a discreet flight
 - Let's run lightly
 - Let's walk with a proud step

- Within the offices
 - Let's run lightly
- Towards the golden salon

Let's run, let's slide, let's fly

On your beautiful feast day
How I like it dear mother

Would no more be counted on your head
Than the always lovely weight

Of forty-two springs.

A mother is always happy
From a sweet sincere confession,

And I see that I enchant you
But don't hide your tears
Under a trembling hand.

Enough, Mademoiselle, I command you.
Get out! And don't come back unless I call you.

But mom, I haven't finished the ending,
it's the prettiest ending.

You can mail it to me.
Go, leave without response.

- Here the inevitable and dreaded moment
 - O ingracious me who sacrifices

– Where this little being so madly loved
– to this woman that I adore

- This sweet fruit of my flesh, this flower of the soul
 - By asking for the hand of her Euphrasia

- Soaring towards her young love will forget
 - The superb flame, let's say more

- So be wife, mother, be a woman
- The brazier of my desires, the fiercest because finally,

- So be wife, mother, be a woman
- This Euphrasia, she's questionable

- Here the inevitable and dreaded moment
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- So be wife, mother, be a woman
- This Euphrasia, she's questionable

- I give it to you
- I forgive you

– I forgive you
– You give it to me

- I give it to you
- I forgive you

Perfect and charming Euphrasia,
Please don't say a word.

So keep this exquisite silence
And that really surprised look.

- Sir i admire you finding so much to say
- Let's take a graceful leap by radiant altars

- And your ornate style makes me love you
- Where ambition takes us, where love carries us

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This happy marriage which fulfills all our wishes
Gives us with annuities, a charming mother-in-law.

- Come on, lovely spouses lulled by crazy words
 - Sir i admire you finding so much to say
 - Let's take a graceful leap by radiant altars

- Yes, ambition takes you and love carries you
 - And your ornate style makes me love you
- Where ambition takes us, where love carries us

Let's take a graceful leap by radiant altars
Where ambition takes us, where love carries us

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