



# **La Pauvre Eugénie**

By Germaine Tailleferre



Where's the boss?  
It's your big meat. Where is she then?

Is she out looking for apples?

Where's the boss then?  
I think she forgot her beef stew.

No offense. He's outstanding.

I'm going to get mad,  
it's annoying, it enrages my temper.

Don't get angry M'sieur Ernesse  
We're not going there,

It's because the work is urgent,  
we're after six petticoats.

The beef stew. We should stir it.  
So pass the spoon that's hanging on the stove.

Where do you want me to find your spoon?  
Come and take care of that, it's not my job.

I come with barely enough time to put down my thimble

You can come with your thimble pocketed.

He was very wrong to let himself be pushed around  
The boss is good for nothing, always sitting in the kitchen

He's getting so big, my poor Titine,  
That there's no way to get him out of there

- It is however true what you say
  - Then let me

What's wrong with you Eugénie?  
Ah! My God, what's wrong with her?

After the moment where I surrendered  
To the glorious breath of spring

On the threshold of my sixteenth year  
And to this Mr. J. Duplan

Since that day full of illusions  
I am the plaything of passions

- Eugénie, tell the truth
- Eugénie, hide nothing from us

- That's life
- It's destiny
- For sure the boss caught you



My compliments, the work is progressing,  
No matter how much we tell you it's urgent,  
it's for a wedding,

These ladies sing romances,  
But what will she sing Mame Fildécosse  
When she won't have her young lady's wedding clothes

Mame Phémie, look at this petticoat  
It's almost finished, all that's missing is the lace

Misery, oh it's horrible  
This disgusting thing, I can't believe it,  
she eats garlic sausage.



Poor and hard-working girl from Paris  
From a circle of sausage, I eat

That I will, at the end of the day,  
Eat on a bench in Square Morny

By its honest and sincere smell  
Who reminds you of a housewife

It guards me from the adulteries  
That accompany the perverse patchouli

No one follows me, no one stops me,  
I walk straight with my head up

Proud to be the honest worker  
Shame on the partygoers enjoying themselves



She talks like a real feminist  
She reasons like a real anarchist

I don't want that at the workshop  
It would spark outrage in the whole neighborhood

I've been waiting for you for an hour and a quarter.  
There's gonna be hell to pay.

Yes my Ernesse, yes my treasure,  
It's not my fault if I'm late



And your child dear cold one  
Leaning on the edge of the nest, poor wretch  
Don't be a twisted mother

- Eugénie, think of the kid
- And don't forget your orphan



It is the child of Mr. J. Duplan  
A man who wore white gloves

Who owns the finest batiste linen  
And who quoted the symbolists

It's not that he was so handsome  
But he was an office manager

So I thought he would marry me.  
These people, it's so perfect

And he left me one day  
Just around the corner of rue du four.

When he knew that I was pregnant  
he said to me:

I'm already a grandfather, he was born in the colonies  
And we had married him as a child.

He explained to me while crying  
That he was only twenty nine years old

The day of his daughter's wedding  
That was a quadrille star

Ah, I don't blame him for anything  
I was a victim of fate

After the moment where I surrendered  
To the glorious breath of spring

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A boa! No, look at that  
It's Mame Phémie who looks like a pole  
She's going to wear a purple boa

Put a boa around your neck like a cocotte  
When we have just put on the street  
A young mother, it's life, it's shameful

A young mother on the street if that's progress  
It's not sure yet that I'm going to give her the boa

- She wants to destroy herself on top of that
  - All that for a round of sausage

– But where is she?

– It's me!

–This is Eugénie, the friend of Mr. J. Duplan

Your name is Eugénie, my name is Gégène  
You see it's destiny who brings me near to you

I brought the boa and I find my Eve  
Don't push me away, don't destroy a dream

Come with me little one  
Let's go to euphoria  
Let's go to the happiness of ardent caresses

Yes I'm going with you, free, strong and happy  
Leaving the infernal exploiter without a regret

His pink boa, her awful beef stew  
The petticoats of the wedding, Mr. Ernesse the boss

Forgetful forever of the famous M'sieur Duplan  
You will be my Gégène, the father of my child

Towards the Buttes Chaumont I see a little furnished room  
Where the wine is not expensive and the rooms pretty

I see with my eyes closed the welcoming bench  
Where we sit side by side leafing the daisy

We will say in a whisper, tenderly entwined,  
The moving verses of M'sieur François Coppée



In the proud sun of Messidor  
How beautiful is Eugénie

In the arms of her Gégène  
By the spring delivered

She leaves in the dawn for the new city  
In the glorious breath of a fraternal summer

She is the child of Paris  
With a tender and bold eye

– Where Gégène is, ladies, there is pleasure  
– Everlasting lover madly cherished  
Of all the broken hearts who roam the streets

Where Gégène is, ladies, there is pleasure



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# **Mr. Petitpois achète un château**

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A good horseman you see  
Doesn't fear the odds

In the war he is a little crazy  
In love he is deadly

Adelestan tan tan, Adelestan tan tan  
It's a critical moment

Watch out my child, watch out my boy  
My lieutenant, attention, Ade Ade Adelestan

And when a beauty believe me  
Makes eyes at me under her parasol

My heart immediately in turmoil  
Beats me to death

Adelestan tan tan, Adelestan tan tan  
It's a critical moment

Watch out my child, watch out my boy  
My lieutenant, attention, Ade Ade Adelestan

But on the ground, good lord  
I never lacked enthusiasm

I honor my ancestors  
Explain to me your stutters



Famous products of the industry  
That an enlightened century likes to boast about

The most wonderful, the least expensive  
is the Petitpois Mustachette

That's all  
The Petitpois Mustachette

This simple device in sleep,  
Without disturbing your rest, without spoiling your skin,

Sits light, flexible and discreet  
It's the Petitpois Mustachette

That's all  
The Petitpois Mustachette

It's the mustache that attracts  
The enchanting sex to the conquering husband

Wear it and make yourself loved, gentlemen  
It's the Petitpois Mustachette

That's all  
The Petitpois Mustachette



Admire here gentlemen  
Some portraits of my ancestors

Painted in the monochrome genre  
It's the best that is currently being done

Holy cow, daughter  
It's a little nice to have ancestors

Here is on his steed  
Rodolphe nicknamed Beaupied

Who for his dinner  
Roasted a whole Saracen

Holy cow, daughter  
It's a little nice to have ancestors

Here is finally the biggest:  
Kind Charles Adelestan

Who took eleven oaths  
To different governments

Holy cow, daughter  
It's a little nice to have ancestors

From the famous Maréchal  
We only had the initials

The painter had the brilliant idea  
To represent his horse

Oh my children  
How amazing to have ancestors



I was made, I admit it to you,  
For more gracious tenderness,

- For the charming and sweet kiss  
That love dares with skill
- Quick and delicious confession

- For the slightly dreamy smile
- Should I believe that you love me

- That we exchange in secret
- A tear shines in your eyes

– And which makes the heart fall in a sweet flight  
– Should I believe that you love me

Oh let's not try to find out  
If your hand that brushes mine

If your gaze burning with hope  
Wants mine to hold it,

If this trouble that near you  
Makes me sigh and makes me feverish.  
Experience the law of love

Or is it just too pretty a dream?



Crash what a mess, what a waste  
What a hodgepodge, what concern,

Plague, this is disastrous  
Let us fear the fury of Orestes

Monsieur Le Duc your son is rude!

- Who would have said it?
- Who would've believed that?
  - It's over, it's over

Who would have said it? Who would have believed it?  
It's over, it's over

Héloïse has lost her mind  
Adelestan is in love

Who would have said it? Who would have believed it?  
It's over, it's over

Héloïse has lost her mind  
Adelestan is in love

Plague, this is disastrous  
Let us fear the fury of Orestes

- Who would have said it?
- Who would've believed that?
  - It's over, it's over

Crash what a mess, what a waste  
What a hodgepodge, what concern,

Plague, this is disastrous  
Let us fear the fury of Orestes



Oreste!



Adelestan!



Héloïse!



It's the cry of shame  
to those who renounce it

It's the cry into the weeds  
of the mercenaries

Forget the mustachette.  
At the turret the Notary.

At the bottom of the dungeon the boss  
In the battlements the clerk assistant

It's the cry of shame  
to those who renounce it

It's the cry into the weeds  
of the mercenaries



Sign, Mr. Petitpois

- You see our fear from here
- Take care of your family
- Heavens! The nephew goes to the weeds

Sign, Mr. Petitpois

- Where you will be pointed
  - What a weak trifle
- The nephew will go to the weeds

Sign, Mr. Petitpois

- Avoid that damn tournament
  - Already the pike wriggles
- The nephew will go to the weeds

Sign, Mr. Petitpois

Master at last under this noble roof  
You change the aspect of the dance  
The nephew will laugh at the weeds



By buying this castle, he makes his daughter a duchess,  
He bails out the simpleton and enters the nobility

Ah my children, how amazing to have ancestors

By buying this castle, he makes his daughter a duchess,  
He bails out the simpleton and enters the nobility



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