

Juliette Tacchino, soprano
Grant Loehnig, piano

Amours d'Enfance

“Papillon inconstant” from <i>Les Indes galantes</i>	Jean-Philippe Rameau (1683-1764)
Un moto di gioia, K. 579 Alma grande e nobil core, K. 578 Vado, ma dove?, K. 583	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Malinconia, Ninfa gentile	Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)
“La Danza” from <i>Les soirées musicales</i>	Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)
“O mio babbino caro” from <i>Gianni Schicchi</i>	Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
“Non, Monsieur mon Mari” from <i>Les Mamelles de Tirésias</i>	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

INTERMISSION

<i>La Courte Paille</i> , FP 178	Francis Poulenc
I. Le sommeil	
II. Quelle aventure!	
III. La reine de cœur	
IV. Ba, be, bi, bo, bu	
V. Les anges musiciens	
VI. Le carafon	
VII. Lune d'avril	
<i>Métamorphoses</i> , FP 121	Francis Poulenc
I. Reine des mouettes	
II. C'est ainsi que tu es	
III. Paganini	
Nuit d'étoiles	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
“Je ne sais rien de lui” from <i>Les Demoiselles de Rochefort</i> Paris Violon	Michel Legrand (1932-2019)
“It's my wedding” from <i>The Enchanted Pig</i>	Jonathan Dove (b. 1959)

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Rameau: "Papillon inconstant" from *Les Indes galantes*

FATIME

Papillon inconstant,
Vole dans ce bocage!
Arrête-toi,
Suspend le cours
De ta flamme volage!
Jamais si belles fleurs,
sous ce naissant ombrage,
N'ont mérité de fixer tes amours.

Fickle butterfly,
Fly through this grove!
Stop,
Suspend the course
Of your fickle flame!
Never have such beautiful flowers,
Beneath this nascent shade,
Deserved to capture your love.

Mozart: Un moto di gioia, K. 579

Un moto di gioia
Mi sento nel petto,
Che annunzia diletto
In mezzo il timor!

A surge of joy
I feel in my chest,
That announces delight
Amidst fear!

Speriam che in contento
Finisca l'affanno
Non sempre è tiranno
Il fato ed amor.

Let hope bring contentment
The anguish will end
Not always tyrants
Are fate and love.

Di pianti di pene
Ognor non si pasce,
Talvolta poi nasce
Il ben dal dolor:

No heart is forever
Sustained only by sorrow;
For often from suffering
New happiness grows.

E quando si crede
Più grave il pericolo,
Brillare si vede
La calma maggior.

And when one believes
The danger is more grave,
One sees
The calm shine more.

Mozart: Alma grande e nobil core, K. 578

Alma grande e nobil core
Le tue pari ognor disprezza.
Sono dama al fasto avvezza
E so farmi rispettar.

A great soul and noble heart
always spurns those like you.
I am a lady accustomed to splendor,
And I will be respected.

Va', favella, a quell'ingrato,
Gli dirai che fida io sono.
Ma non merita perdono,
Sì mi voglio vendicar.
Ingrato non merita perdono,
Sì mi voglio vendicar.

Go, and relate to that ingrate
That I am faithful.
But he does not deserve pardon,
And I will have my revenge.
Ingrate he does not deserve pardon,
Ingrate he does not deserve pardon,
And I will have my revenge.

(Source: The Aria Database © Robert Glaubitz)

Mozart: Vado, ma dove?, K. 583

Vado, ma dove? Oh Dei!

Se de' tormenti suoi,

se de' sospiri miei

non sente il ciel pietà!

Tu che mi parli al core,

Guida i miei passi, amore;

Tu quel ritegno or togli

Che dubitar mi fa.

I go, but where? Oh gods!

If for his torments,

If for my sighs,

Heaven feels no pity!

You who speak to my heart,

Guide my steps, love;

Remove that hesitation

That makes me doubt.

(Source: © 2024 The LiederNet Archive)

Bellini: Malinconia, Ninfa gentile

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile,
la vita mia consacro a te;
i tuoi piaceri chi tiene a vile,
ai piacer veri nato non è.

Fonti e colline chiesi agli Dei;
m'udiro alfine, pago io vivrò,
né mai quel fonte co' desir miei,
né mai quel monte trapasserò.

Melancholy, gentle spirit,
All my life I give to thee;
Who would scorn thy quiet pleasures
Never knew true ecstasy.

Fountains and hills I asked of heaven;
Now my wish at last is known.
There beside that living fountain
And that hill I'll dwell alone.

Rossini: "La Danza" from *Les soirées musicales*

Già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
Mamma mia, si salterà;
L'ora è bella per danzare,
Chi è in amor non mancherà.
Presto in danza a tondo a tondo,
Donne mie, venite qua;
Un garzon bello e giocondo
A ciascuna toccherà.
Finché in ciel brilla una stella
E la luna splenderà,
Il più bel con la più bella
Tutta notte danzerà!

Già la luna è in mezzo al mar!
Mamma mia, mamma mia,

Già la luna è in mezzo al mar!
Mamma mia, mamma mia,
Mamma mia, si salterà!
Frinche, frinche, frinche, frinche...
Now the moon is on the water,

Mamma mia! we'll dance tonight!
What a night it is for dancing,
Those in love will not stay away.
Quickly now, the dance goes circling,
Lovely ladies, gather near.
Handsome lads so gay and merry
Soon for each of you appear.
While a star still shines above us,
While the moon is shining bright,
Fairest maid with finest lover
All the night will dance in light!

See the moon above the sea!
Mamma mia, mamma mia,

See the moon above the sea!
Mamma mia, mamma mia,
Mamma mia! come dance with me!
Frinche, frinche, frinche, frinche...

Puccini: "O mio babbino caro" from *Gianni Schicchi*

O mio babbino caro
Mi piace, è bello, bello
Vo' andare in Porta Rossa
A comperar l'anello!
Sì, sì, ci voglio andare!
E se l'amassi indarno,
Andrei sul Ponte Vecchio,
Ma per buttarmi in Arno!
Mi struggo e mi tormento!
O Dio, vorrei morir!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!

Oh my dear papa
I like him, he is so handsome.
I want to go to Porta Rossa
To buy the ring!
Yes, yes, I want to go there!
And if my love were in vain,
I would go to the Ponte Vecchio
And throw myself in the Arno!
I am pining, I am tormented!
Oh God, I would want to die!
Father, have pity, have pity!
Father, have pity, have pity!

Poulenc: "Non, Monsieur mon Mari" from *Les Mamelles de Tirésias*

Thérèse

Non, monsieur mon mari,
non, monsieur mon mari,
Vous ne me ferez pas faire ce que vous voulez.
Je suis féministe, et je ne connais pas l'autorité
de l'homme
Du reste, je veux agir à ma guise.
Il y a assez longtemps que les hommes font ce
qui leur plaît.
Après tout, je veux aussi aller me battre contre
les ennemis.
J'ai envie d'être soldat.
Un, deux ! Un, deux !
Je veux faire la guerre et non pas faire des
enfants.
Non, monsieur mon mari,
vous ne me commanderez plus !
Ce n'est pas parce que vous m'avez fait la cour
dans le Connecticut
que je dois vous faire la cuisine à Zanzibar !

Thérèse

Vous l'entendez, il ne pense qu'à l'amour.
Mais tu ne te doutes pas, imbécile,
qu'après avoir été soldat, je veux être artiste...
Je veux aussi être député, avocat, sénateur,
ministre,
président de la chose publique !
Et je veux, médecin physique ou bien
psychique,
diafoirer à mon gré l'Europe et l'Amérique.
Faire des enfants, faire la cuisine...
Non, c'est trop !
Je veux être mathématicienne,
groom dans les restaurants, petit télégraphiste...
et je veux, s'il me plaît, entretenir à l'an
cette vieille danseuse qui a tant de talent.

Thérèse

No, my husband,
no, my husband,
You will not make me do what you want.
I am a feminist, and I do not recognize male
authority.
Besides, I want to do as I please.
Men have been doing what they want for long
enough.
After all, I also want to go and fight
the enemies.
I want to be a soldier.
One, two ! One, two !
I want to wage war, not have
children.
No, my husband,
you will no longer command me !
Just because you courted me
in Connecticut
doesn't mean I have to cook for you in Zanzibar !

Thérèse

You hear him, all he thinks about is love.
But you have no idea, you fool,
that after being a soldier, I want to be an artist...
I also want to be a congressman, a lawyer, a
senator, a minister,
president of public affairs !
And I want to be a physical or mental doctor,
traveling around Europe and America as I
please.
Have children, cook...
No, that's too much !
I want to be a mathematician,
a busboy in restaurants, a telegraph operator...
and I want, if I please, to support for a year
that old dancer who has so much talent.

Thérèse

Vous l'entendez, il ne pense qu'à l'amour.
Mais il me semble que la barbe me pousse...
Ma poitrine se détache...

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah !
Envolez-vous, oiseaux de ma faiblesse !
Comme c'est joli les appâts féminins !
C'est mignon tout plein, on en mangerait.
Comme c'est joli, comme c'est joli !
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah !
Mais trêve de bêtises,
ne nous livrons pas à l'aéronautique.
Il y a toujours quelque avantage à pratiquer la
vertu.
Le vice est, après tout,
une chose dangereuse.
C'est pourquoi il vaut mieux
sacrifier une beauté
qui peut être une occasion de péché !
Débarrassons-nous de nos mamelles !

Mais qu'est-ce à dire ?
Non seulement la barbe me pousse,
mais ma moustache aussi !
Eh, diable ! J'ai l'air d'un champ de blé
qui attend la moissonneuse mécanique !

Je me sens viril en diable,
je suis un étalon de la tête aux talons !
Me voilà taureau, me ferais-je toréro ?
Mais n'étalons pas mon avenir au grand jour.

Héros, cache tes armes !
Et toi, mari moins viril que moi,
fais tout le vacarme que tu voudras !

Thérèse

Mange tes pieds à la Sainte-Menehould.

Thérèse

Tu as raison, je ne suis pas ta femme.
Et cependant, c'est moi qui suis Thérèse...
...mais Thérèse qui n'est plus femme...
Et comme je suis devenue un beau gars...
...je porterai désormais
un nom d'homme : Tirésias !

Thérèse

You hear him, all he thinks about is love.
But it seems to me that my beard is growing...
My chest is getting bigger...

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah !
Fly away, birds of my weakness!
How pretty are feminine charms!
They're so cute, you could eat them up.
How pretty, how pretty !
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!
But enough of this nonsense,
let's not get carried away with aeronautics.
There is always some advantage to practicing
virtue.
Vice is, after all,
a dangerous thing.
That is why it is better to
sacrifice a beauty
that may be an occasion for sin !
Let us get rid of our breasts !

But what does that mean?
Not only is my beard growing,
but my mustache too !
Hey, devil! I look like a wheat field
waiting for the combine harvester !

I feel incredibly virile,
I'm a stud from head to toe !
Here I am, a bull, will I become a bullfighter?
But let's not reveal my future to the world.

Hero, hide your weapons !
And you, husband less manly than me,
make all the noise you want !

Thérèse

Eat your feet at Sainte-Menehould.

Thérèse

You're right, I'm not your wife.
And yet, I am Thérèse...
...but Thérèse who is no longer a woman...
And since I've become a handsome guy...
...I will now bear
a man's name: Tirésias!

**Poulenc: *La Courte Paille*, FP 178
I. Le sommeil**

Le sommeil est en voyage,
Mon dieu! où est-il parti?
J'ai beau bercer mon petit,
il pleure dans son lit-cage,
il pleure depuis midi.
Où le sommeil a-t'il mis
son sable et ses rêves sages?

J'ai beau bercer mon petit,
il se tourne tout en nage,
il sanglote dans son lit.

Ah! reviens, reviens, sommeil,
sur ton beau cheval de course!
Dans le ciel noir, la Grande Ourse
a enterré le soleil et rallumé ses abeilles.

Si l'enfant ne dort pas bien,
il ne dira pas bonjour,
il ne dira rien demain
à ses doigts, au lait, au pain
qui l'accueillent dans le jour.

Sleep is traveling,
My God! Where has it gone?
No matter how much I rock my little one,
he cries in his crib,
he has been crying since noon.
Where has sleep put its sand and its sweet
dreams?

No matter how much I rock my little one,
He turns over, drenched in sweat,
he sobs in his bed.

Ah! Come back, come back, sleep,
on your beautiful racehorse!
In the dark sky, the Big Dipper
has buried the sun and rekindled its bees.

If the child does not sleep well,
he will not say hello,
he will say nothing tomorrow
to his fingers, to the milk, to the bread
that welcome him into the day.

Poulenc: *La Courte Paille*, FP 178
II. Quelle aventure!

Une puce, dans sa voiture,
Tirait un petit éléphant
En regardant les devantures,
Où scintillaient les diamants.

–Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Quelle
aventure!

Qui va me croire, s'il m'entend?

L'éléphanteau, d'un air absent,
Suçait un pot de confiture.
Mais la puce n'en avait cure
Elle tirait en souriant.

–Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Que cela dure,
Et je vais me croire dément!

Soudain, le long d'une clôture,
La puce fondit dans le vent
Et je vis le jenne, elephant
Se sauver en fendant les murs.

Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! La chose est
sûre,

Mais comment la dire à maman?

Poulenc: *La Courte Paille*, FP 178
III. La reine de cœur

Mollement acoudée
a ses vitres de lune,
la reine vous salue,
d'une fleur d'amandier.

C'est la reine de coeur,
elle peut, s'il lui plait,
vous mener en secret
vers d'étranges demeures.

Où il n'est plus deportes,
de salles ni de tours
et où les jeunes mortes
viennet parler d'amour.

La reine vous salue,
hâtez-vous de la suivre
dans son château de givre
au doux vitraux de lune.

A flea, in its carriage,
Was pulling a little elephant
Looking at the shop windows,
Where diamonds sparkled.

Good gracious! Good gracious! What an
adventure!

Who will believe me if they hear me?

The baby elephant, looking distracted,
Was sucking on a jar of jam.
But the flea didn't care.
She pulled, smiling.

–My God! My God! If this goes on,
I'll start to think I'm going mad!

Suddenly, along by a fence,
the flea disappeared in the wind
and I saw the young elephant escape,
breaking through the walls.

Good gracious! Good gracious! It is perfectly
true,

But how shall I tell Mommy?

Gently leaning on her elbow
at her moon windows,
the queen waves to you,
with a flower of the almond tree.

She is the queen of hearts,
She can, if she wishes,
lead you in secret
to strange dwellings.

Where there are no more doors,
no rooms or towers
and where the young dead
come to speak of love.

The queen waves to you,
hasten to follow her
to her castle of frost
with its sweet moonlit stained-glass windows.

Poulenc: *La Courte Paille*, FP 178
IV. Ba, be, bi, bo, bu

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!
Le chat a mis ses bottes,
il va de porte en porte
jouer, danser, chanter.

Pou, chou, genou, hibou.
'Tu dois apprendre à lire,
à compter, à écrire'
lui crie-t-on de partout.

Mais rikketikketau,
le chat de s'esclaffer,
en reentrant au château:
il est le Chat botté!

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!
The cat has put on his boots,
he goes from door to door
playing, dancing, singing.

Lice, cabbage, knee, owl.
"You must learn to read,
to count, to write,"
they cry to him on all sides.

But rikketikketau,
the cat bursts out laughing,
as he goes back to the castle:
he is Puss in Boots!

Poulenc: *La Courte Paille*, FP 178
V. Les anges musiciens

Sur les fils de la pluie,
les anges de jeudi
jouent longtemps de la harpe.

Et sous leurs doigts,
Mozart tinte, délicieux,
en gouttes de joie bleue.

Car c'est toujours Mozart
que reprennent sans fin
les anges musiciens,

Qui, au long du jeudi,
font chanter sur le harpe
la douceur de la pluie.

On the fields of rain,
the angels of Thursday
play all day upon the harp.

And beneath their fingers,
Mozart rings out, delightful,
in drops of blue joy.

For it is always Mozart
that the angel musicians
play endlessly,

Who, all day Thursday,
sing on their harps
the sweetness of the rain.

**Poulenc: *La Courte Paille*, FP 178
VI. Le carafon**

Pourquoi,' se plaignait la carafe,
'N'aurais je pas un carafon?
Au zoo, madame la girafe
n'atelle pas un girafer?'
Un sorcier qui passait par lá,
a cheval sur un phonographe,
enregistra la belle voix
de soprano de la carafe
et la fit entendre à Merlin.
'Fort bien, di celuici, fort bien!'
Il frappa trios fois dans les mains
et la dame de la maison
se demande encore pourquoi
ella trouva, ce matin-là,
un joli petit carafon
blotti tout contre la carafe
ainsi qu'au zoo, le girafon
pose son cou fragile et long
sur le flanc clair de la giraffe

"Why," complained the carafe,
"should I not have a baby carafe?
At the zoo, Madame the giraffe
has not she a baby giraffe?"
A sorcerer who happened to be passing by
astride a phonograph,
recorded the lovely soprano voice
of the carafe
and let Merlin hear it.
"Very good," said he, "'Very good!"
He clapped his hands three times
and the lady of the house
still asks herself why
she found that very morning
a pretty little baby carafe
nestling close to the carafe
just as in the zoo, the baby giraffe
rests its long, fragile neck
against the pale flank of the giraffe.

**Poulenc: *La Courte Paille*, FP 178
VII. Lune d'avril**

Lune, belle lune, lune d'Avril
faites-moi voir en mon dormant
le pechêr au coeur de safran,
le poisson qui rit du grésil,
l'oiseau qui, lointain comme un cor,
douceement reveille les morts
et surtout, surtout le pays
où il fait joie, où il fait clair,
où soleilleux de primevères,

Moon, beautiful moon, April moon,
let me see in my sleep
the peach-tree with the saffron heart,
the fish who laughs at the sleet,
the bird who, distant as a hunting horn,
gently awakens the dead
and above all, above all the country,
the land where there is joy, where there is light,
where sunny with primroses,

Poulenc: Métamorphoses, FP 121

I. Reine des mouettes

Reine des mouettes, mon orpheline
Je t'ai vue rose, je m'en souviens
Sous les brumes mousselines
De ton deuil ancien.

Rose d'aimer le baiser qui chagrine
Tu te laissais accorder à mes mains
Sous les brumes mousselines
Voiles de nos liens.

Rougis, rougis mon baiser te devine
Mouette prise aux nœuds des grands chemins.

Reine des mouettes, mon orpheline
Tu étais rose, accordée à mes mains
Rose sous les mousselines
Et je m'en souviens.

Queen of seagulls, my little orphan,
I recall you blushing pink,
Beneath the muslin mists
Of your ancient sorrow.

Blushing pink at the kiss which provokes you,
You surrendered to my hands
Under the muslin mists
Veils of bond between us.

Blush, blush, my kiss finds you out,
Seagull caught where great highways meet.

Queen of seagulls, my little orphan,
You blushed pink, surrendered to my hands,
Pink beneath the muslin
And I recall the moment.

Poulenc: Métamorphoses, FP 121

II. C'est ainsi que tu es (That is How You Are)

Ta chair d'âme mêlée
Chevelure emmêlée,
Ton pied courant le temps,
Ton ombre qui s'étend
Et murmure à ma tempe.
Voilà, c'est ton portrait,
C'est ainsi que tu es
Et je veux te l'écrire
Pour que la nuit venue
Tu puisses croire et dire
Que je t'ai bien connue.

Your flesh, mingled with soul,
Your tangled hair,
Your feet pursuing time,
Your shadow which stretches
And whispers close to my temple.
There, that is your portrait,
That is how you are,
And I shall write it down for you
So that when night comes,
You may believe and say
That I knew you well.

Poulenc: Métamorphoses, FP 121
III. Paganini

Violon hippocampe et sirène
Berceau des cœurs cœur et berceau
Larmes de Marie-Madeleine
Soupir d'une Reine
Écho

Violon orgueil des mains légères
Départ à cheval sur les eaux
Amour chevauchant le mystère
Voleur en prière
Oiseau

Violon femme morganatique
Chat botté courant la forêt
Puits des vérités lunatiques
Confession publique
Corset

Violon alcool de l'âme en peine
Préférence. Muscle du soir
Épaule des saisons soudaines
Feuille de chêne
Miroir

Violon chevalier du silence
Jouet évadé du bonheur
Poitrine des mille présences
Bateau de plaisance
Chasseur

Violin seahorse and siren,
Cradle of hearts heart and cradle
Tears of Mary Magdalene
A queen's sigh
Echo

Violin pride of delicate hands
Departure on horseback over the waters
Love astride mystery
Thief at prayer
Bird

Violin morganatic wife
Puss-in-Boots ranging the forest
Well of capricious truths
Public confession
Corset

Violin alcohol of the troubled soul
Preference muscle of the evening
Shoulders of sudden seasons
Oak-leaf
Mirror

Violin knight of silence
Toy escaped from happiness,
Breast of a thousand presences
Pleasure-boat
Hunter

Debussy: *Nuit d'étoiles*

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles,
sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre qui soupire,
je rêve aux amours défunts.

La sereine mélancolie vient éclore
au fond de mon cœur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Dans les ombres de la feuillée,
Quand tout bas je soupire seul,
Tu reviens, pauvre âme éveillée,
Toute blanche dans ton linceuil.

Je revois à notre fontaine
tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Starry night, with veils of starlight,
with your breezes and perfume,
sad lyre softly sighing,
I dream of loves entombed.

Gentle, peaceful melancholy
comes to bloom within my heart,
and I hear my dear love's spirit
in the dreaming woods now start.

In the shadows of the foliage,
When I sigh softly alone,
You return, poor awakened soul,
All white in your shroud.

I see again at our fountain
your eyes blue as the heavens;
This rose is your breath,
And these stars are your eyes.

Legrand: "Je ne sais rien de lui" from *Les Demoiselles de Rochefort*

Je ne sais rien de lui, et pourtant je le vois
Son nom m'est familier, et je connais sa voix
Souvent dans mon sommeil, je croise son
visage
Son regard et l'amour ne font plus qu'une image

Il a cette beauté des hommes romantiques
Du divin Raphaël le talent imité
Une philosophie d'esprit démocratique
Et du poète enfin la rime illimitée

Je pourrais te parler de ses yeux, de ses mains
Je pourrais te parler de lui jusqu'à demain
Son amour, c'est ma vie, mais à quoi
bon rêver?
L'illusion de l'amour n'est pas l'amour trouvé

Est-il près, est-il loin, est-il à Rochefort?
Je le rencontrerai car je sais qu'il existe
Bien plus que la raison, le cœur est le plus fort
A son ordre, à sa loi, personne ne résiste
Et je n'y résisterai pas

I know nothing about him, and perhaps I see him
His name is familiar, and I recognize his voice
Often in my sleep, I cross by his face

His gaze and love is only an image

He has the beauty of romantic men
Of divine Raphaël, the imitated talent
A philosophy of democratic spirit
And the poet, finally the unlimited rhyme

I could talk about his eyes, about his hands
I could talk to you about him until tomorrow
His love, it's my life, but what good does
dreaming do?
Illusion of love is not love found

Is he close by, is he far away, is he in Rochefort?
I'll see him again because I know he exists
Much more than reason, heart is the strongest
To its orders, to its rules, nobody can resist
And I will not resist it

Legrand: Paris Violon

La rue de la Harpe
Et la Contrescarpe
À l'heure où le jour se fait vieux
S'offrent des musiques

À plier boutique
Des musiques à fermer les yeux
Les rues se changent en jardin
Les marronniers en musiciens

Paris Verlaine, aux sanglots longs
Paris ce soir se fait violon
Paris violon, Paris violoncelle
Paris garçon, Paris jouvencelle

J'ai ta chanson
Au cœur qui chancelle
Comme un ballon
Un ballon sur une nacelle

Paris violon
Paris violoncelle
Sous les chansons
Que tu amoncelles

Nous balançons
Sur la balancelle
Qui donne son nom
Au bord de la Seine

Rue de la Harpe
And Rue de la Contrescarpe
As the day draws to a close
Music fills the air

Time to close up shop
Music to close your eyes to
The streets turn into gardens
The chestnut trees into musicians

Paris Verlaine, with long sobs
Paris tonight becomes a violin
Paris violin, Paris cello
Paris boy, Paris maiden

I have your song
In my faltering heart
Like a balloon
A balloon on a basket

Paris violin
Paris cello
Under the songs
That you pile up

We swing
On the swing
That gives its name
To the banks of the Seine

Dove: "It's my wedding" from *The Enchanted Pig*

Tiara! Do you call this a tiara?
I want a proper tiara! Not this thing!
I had more sparkle from beads on an old bit of string!
I want shine! I want bling! And the veil? Where's the veil?
The design was so fine that four of the nuns
who were making it found they'd gone blind.
Do I look like I mind if some nuns have gone blind?
The whole bleeding convent can drop down dead
Just so long as that veil is on top of my head by tonight. All right?
And the Swan? Where's it gone?
The sixteen foot swan that I'm sitting on
as I'm pulled up the aisle by those dwarves.
God! Those dwarves! Send them back!
I said all along I want dwarves that are strong.
And those dwarves can't lift up my train.
Send them all back again!
And get out and hustle some midgets with muscle!
And the doves! The doves that are being released
when I stand in front of the priest and say "I do."
They won't do. Shoot them all! They're too small!
Maybe it's me, but I like a dove you can see.
Is it really too much to ask?
Have I set some impossible task?
I just want some sparkle, I want things to shine.
It's my wedding. My wedding. Mine.
It's like some awful conspiracy.
Why can't you get it? Why don't you see?
It's my wedding. So who's it about?
It's my wedding. I don't want to shout.
It's my wedding, so it's all about me! Now get out!
And don't come back until everything's perfect!