

CENDRILLON

(Cinderella)

Jules Massenet

(1842-1912)

CHARACTERS

Lucette, (Cendrillon/Cinderella)	Soprano
Pandolphe, her father	Bass
Mme de la Haltiere, his second wife	Contralto
Noémie } her daughters	Soprano
Dorothee }	Mezzo-Soprano
Fairy Godmother	Coloratura Soprano
Prince Charming	Soprano
Master of Ceremonies	Baritone
The King	Baritone
Dean of the Faculty	Tenor
Herald	Speaking Role
Prime Minister	Bass

Text by Henri Cain
after the

Fairy Tale by Charles Perrault

English translation by Henry Wisneski

CINDERELLA

FIRST ACT

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The scene is laid in the large hall of Cinderella's home. Bells are ringing loudly to summon the servants who are in a flurry. They are complaining about their mistress, when Pandolfe, Cinderella's father, appears. He tells them not to mind his presence, and they praise him as a good master, while they condemn the irascible ways of his wife and of her two daughters. Pandolfe, alone, regrets his having married a second time, especially as it has brought humiliation upon his daughter Cinderella, who is regarded as an intruder by his haughty, ill-tempered wife and Noemie and Dorothy, her two daughters. He determines to assert himself and become the master of his home, but when his wife appears, he takes to flight. Madame de la Haltiere and her daughters enter and proceed to discuss a ball to be given at court where she hopes her daughters will captivate the King's son; and she coaches them for the occasion. The servants announce the dressmakers, hairdressers and tailors who have been summoned. These proceed to attire the three ladies for the ball, much to the amusement of the servants who look on disdainfully at the ridiculous attempts of the women to make themselves beautiful. The workwomen retire as Pandolfe comes in, also attired for the ball, and after some disparaging comments from his wife and stepdaughters, they start for the palace.

Cinderella appears clad in her humble garb. She regrets that she, too, cannot go to the ball, like her sisters, whom fortune favors; but she checks the temptation to be envious and applies herself to setting the room in order. This done, she retires to the chimney corner and falls asleep. Her Godmother, the Fairy, comes to her and, with the aid of her servitors, she transforms the girl into a beautiful princess. Cinderella, waking to find herself a beautiful princess, thanks her Godmother who cautions her to be sure and leave the ball before the midnight hour and she goes off wearing the glass slipper that is to render her unrecognizable by her relatives at the dance.

SECOND ACT

The scene changes to the splendid court of the King. The Prince is in deep gloom, and his courtiers are trying in vain to cheer him and to suggest new amusement. The King appears and informs his son that he wishes him to come to the ball where he will see some of the most beautiful women of the kingdom, from amongst whom he desires him to select his future wife.

Again the scene is changed. It is now the ballroom, with its blaze of lights and its splendid assembly. Pandolfe, with his wife and her two daughters are conspicuous amidst the throng, the three women ridiculously trying to attract the notice of the Prince, and Pandolfe anxious to escape from the room and rejoin his unhappy daughter. At the height of the dance, Cinderella appears and the company is thrown into ecstasies of admiration over her beauty and the splendor of her attire, all except Madame de la Haltiere and her daughters who profess to see in the stranger an upstart and a fright. The Prince, profoundly impressed by Cinderella's charms, bids the crowd withdraw, while he proceeds to pay court to his guest. The two confess their mutual attraction for each other and the Prince tries to learn the name of the beautiful girl. Cinderella will not disclose her identity and tells him she will always remain to him "The Unknown Princess." As he is seeking to urge her further, the clock strikes the midnight hour and Cinderella, tearing herself from her lover's arms, makes her escape from the room. The Prince rushes after her, but the Fairy intervenes and stops him. The ball resumes its course as though nothing had happened, and the brilliant scene is visible through a dreamy mist.

THIRD ACT

The scene returns to the hall in Cinderella's home. The girl has come back safely, but in her old garb, and is now thinking of the Prince and of his kindness to her. Her short-lived happiness is over. Hearing her relatives returning, she escapes to her room, to hide her grief from her father. Pandolfe and his wife and step-daughters enter, the women are boisterously discussing the event of the evening and disparaging the girl who had intruded at the ball. Cinderella comes and asks to be told of what had happened. The women's criticisms of the unknown Princess are so unkind that Cinderella faints in her father's arms. Pandolfe asserting his manhood, drives the women from the room and, comforting his daughter, assures her the two will retire to their farm and live there together in peace and happiness. He then goes to prepare for their departure. Cinderella, alone, determines that she will not bring trouble on her father and resolves to go away by herself. She takes a sad farewell of the place and of her chimney corner and goes out into the night.

The scene is now the wide moorland, in which grows the Enchanted Oak, the home of the Fairy. She is there with her attendants, the spirits and goblins, who announce the coming of two strangers from opposite directions, one a weeping girl, the other a youth in deep sorrow. They are Cinderella and the Prince. Both offer prayers to the Fairy, who, heeding their requests make them visible to each other, to their unbounded joy. She then causes them to fall asleep, lulled by the chants of the Spirits and the dewdrops.

FOURTH ACT

Some months have passed. Pandolfe, who had rescued his daughter on the moorland, where she was found senseless, is sitting beside Cinderella who is asleep on the terrace. When she awakens she tells her father of a beautiful dream she had had—of how she had been to the ball at court and met the Prince, and of all that the Fairy had done for her. But to her it is all a dream, as the Fairy had willed! Girl friends of Cinderella's come to see her and Pandolfe takes her away to walk in the garden as his wife and step-daughters appear. The women are excited over the quest which the Prince is making for the wearer of the glass slipper he has found, and presently a herald comes and announces that all the ladies of the land are bidden to come to the Palace and try on the slipper. Cinderella, hearing the declaration, knows that her dream was true and that she may see the Prince again.

Once more the scene returns to the splendid court of the King. The Prince, who is worn out by his sorrow, hopes that he will find among the beauties who have gathered there the Unknown Princess he has lost; but as each in turn approaches to try on the slipper he dismisses her sadly but kindly. Suddenly Cinderella appears, amidst the acclamation of the court, and the Prince recognizes in her the beautiful princess from whom he longs. The Fairy bids them live happily ever after.

ACT I

[Home of Madame de la Haltière. Bells are ringing loudly to summon the servants who rush about.]

DOMESTIQUES

On appelle, on sonne! On carillonne!
On y va... voilà, voilà, que de scènes!
Que de cris! Ah, nous sommes ahuris!
On y va...
O mon cher, ô ma chère, c'est une
mégère... que cette femma-là!...

[Pandolfe, Madame de la Haltière's husband, enters. The servants calm down.]

Monsieur!

PANDOLFE

Continuez. Ce n'est que moi... pourquoi
vous taisez-vous? Pas besoin de prudence.
Ne soyez pas ainsi troublés par ma présence,
et dites, que se passe-t-il?

DOMESTIQUES

Monsieur, chacun proclame que Monsieur
est gentil, très gentil... mais c'est Madame!

[The servants imitate the pompous walk of his wife.]

Ah, Madame!

PANDOLFE

Hein! Qu'est-ce à dire?
(Au fond, ils ont raison.)
Allez, allez... on vous reclame!

DOMESTIQUES

Monsieur est si gentil...

PANDOLFE

C'est bon... oui, c'est bon!...

[As they go out, the servants turn and say:]

DOMESTIQUES

Mais Madame!...

PANDOLFE

Du côté de la barbe est la toute-puissance...
oui, je devrais le faire voir, et savoir obtenir
de ma femme un peu d'obéissance. Hélas!
Vouloir n'est pas pouvoir. Pourquoi, grands
dieux, veuf et tranquille, vivant chez moi,
loin de la ville, exempt de soucis et d'émoi,
près de ma fillette adorable, ai-je quitté ma
ferme et nos grands bois? Encore, si j'étais
seul à gémir, mais non, pour toi c'est l'abandon,
ô ma fillette! Ah, que je souffre, en te voyant,
Lucette, sans affiquets, ni colerette... te cacher
pour venir me donner un baiser, sans un regard
pour m'accuser. Quand au logis seulette, je te
laisse pendant le bal! En te voyant ainsi, ah,
que je souffre! Que veux-tu... je sens que c'est
mal, mais, si ma femme gronde et rage, je
tremble et je ne peux résister à l'orage! Ce
sera peut-être pénible, il faudra bien qu'un
jour, enfin, chez moi... il faudra bien que je
finisse par être maître! Enfin, un jour, chez
moi, je finirai... maître...

[The servants enter, preceded by Madame de la Haltière and her two unattractive daughters.]

DOMESTIQUES

Madame!

SERVANTS

They call, they ring, they make such a
racket! There they are, look, ah, what
scenes, what shouting! Ah, we're in a
state, going here and there...
Oh my dear, she's a shrew... that woman
there!...

[Pandolfe, Madame de la Haltière's husband, enters. The servants calm down.]

It's Monsieur!

PANDOLFE

Continue. It's only me... why are you
silent? No need to be discreet. Don't
be so troubled by my presence. Tell me,
what's the matter?

SERVANTS

Monsieur, everyone says that Monsieur
is nice, very kind... but Madame!

Ah, Madame!

PANDOLFE

Weil! What do you mean?
(Actually, they're right.)
Go on... you are wanted!

SERVANTS

Monsieur is so nice...

PANDOLFE

Ah, well...

SERVANTS

But Madame!...

PANDOLFE

Power lies with the one who wears the beard...
yes, I ought to make her see it and know it and
obtain a little obedience from my wife. Ah!
Wishing isn't doing. Why, great gods, a widower
and peaceful, living at my place far from the city,
free from care and strife near my adorable little
daughter, did I leave my farm and our great
woods? Yet, if it were only I who suffered, but
no, it means neglect for you, my little daughter!
Ah, how I suffer in seeing you, Lucette, without
trinkets or a frilly little collar... hiding in order
to give me a kiss, without a look of reproach.
When I leave you home all alone during the ball,
to see you like this, ah, how I suffer! Oh my
Lucette, how I suffer. And you want to go... I
feel how cruel it is, but if my wife snarls and
rages, I tremble and can't resist the storm!
It'll be difficult, but it's necessary that some
day, finally, in my house... I must really
become master...

SERVANTS

Madame!

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PANDOLFE

Ma femme, hélas, partons, vouloir n'est
pas pouvoir!

[Pandolfe leaves quickly.]

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Faites-vous très belles, ce soir. J'ai
bon espoir.

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE

Pourquoi, Maman?

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Peut-on jamais savoir...

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE

Nous voudrions savoir quel est votre
espoir.

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Faites-vous très belles, ce soir. J'ai
bon espoir.
Non, cela n'aurait rien qui me puisse
surprendre... car c'est plus d'une fois
que l'on a vu des rois...

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE

Quoi donc, Maman? Plus d'une fois...
qu'est-ce donc qu'ils ont fait, les rois?

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

A tout nous devons nous attendre.

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE

Nous attendre à tout? Mais, pourquoi?

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Parce qu'on va, ce soir, vous présenter
au roi!

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE

Ah, quel bonheur, nous allons voir le
roi! Le roi!...

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Il vous remarquera, j'espère!

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE

Alors, qu'est-ce qu'il faudra faire?

[She walks with a somewhat overly majestic bearing.]

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Il faudra faire comme moi...
Le bal est un champ de bataille...

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE

Comment, Maman? Le bal est un champ
de bataille!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Le bal est un champ de bataille...
Tenez-vous bien, ne perdez rien de
votre taille...

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE

Bien!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Pas de mouvements trop nerveux...

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE

Non, Maman.

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

A-t-on bien frisé vos cheveux?

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE

Oui, Maman.

PANDOLFE

My wife, alas, we'd better go, wishing
isn't doing!

[Pandolfe leaves quickly.]

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Make yourselves very beautiful this evening,
I have big hopes.

NOEMIE and DOROTHY

Why, Mama?

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

One never knows...

NOEMIE and DOROTHY

We would like to know what you are
hoping.

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Make yourselves beautiful this evening. I
have great hopes.
No, it wouldn't surprise me, though...
for more than once one has seen kings...

NOEMIE and DOROTHY

What is it, Mama? More than once...
what did they do, the kings?

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

We must expect everything.

NOEMIE and DOROTHY

We must expect everything? But why?

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Because this evening you will be presented
to the king!

NOEMIE and DOROTHY

Ah, what luck, we are going to see the
king!...

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

And he will notice you... I hope!

NOEMIE and DOROTHY

Then what must we do?

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Do as I do...
The ballroom is a battlefield...

NOEMIE and DOROTHY

How is that, Mama? The ballroom is
a battlefield!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

The ballroom is a battlefield... carry
yourselves well, be careful of your
figures...

NOEMIE and DOROTHY

Good!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Don't make any nervous gestures...

NOEMIE and DOROTHY

No, Mama.

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Did they curl your hair properly?

NOEMIE and DOROTHY

Yes, Mama.

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Car je ne veux ni ne puis me résoudre à croire qu'il existe seulement dans le roman, évidemment, oui seulement, autrement que dans le roman, le coup de foudre!

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE

Ah, le coup de foudre!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Le coup de foudre!

[Demonstrating the proper way to dance.]

Prenez un maintien gracieux... en arrondissant votre bouche... bien! N'ayez pas l'air trop farouche...

[Awkwardly imitating their mother.]

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE

Voilà, Maman?

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Parfait! On ne peut mieux. Ne soyez pas banales... ni trop originales... quel succès... quel espoir, quel succès nous allons avoir, oui, c'est là mon espoir...

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE

Nous serons très belles ce soir... quel succès nous allons avoir, et nous croyons déjà savoir quel est votre espoir... nous serons très belles...

DOMESTIQUES

Madame... ce sont les modistes... ce sont les tailleurs, ce sont les coiffeurs!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Qu'on introduise ces artistes!

[The dressmakers, tailors and hairdressers enter and occupy themselves with the attire and coiffures of the three women.]

De sa robe, il faut que les plis soient plus légers, plus assouplis... Qu'en dites-vous? La ligne est pure!

DOMESTIQUES

Dorothée! Ah, ah, quelle tournure!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Hein? Très bien cela. Cette coiffure est concordante à la figure.

DOMESTIQUES

Cheveux garantis sur facture...

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE

Cette coiffure... est concordante à la figure!

DOROTHEE

Sommes nous bien ainsi?

DOMESTIQUES

Ah, ah... est-elle fagotée! Et Noémie et Dorothée...

NOEMIE

Oui, véritablement! Sans compliment, oui, c'est charmant... on en parlera...

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Un éblouissement... on en parlera...

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

For I do not wish, nor can I bring myself to believe, that love at first sight happens only in story books...

NOEMIE and DOROTHY

Ah, love at first sight!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Love at first sight!

Assume a gracious bearing... purse your lips... good! Don't appear too shy...

[Awkwardly imitating their mother.]

NOEMIE and DOROTHY

Like this, Mama?

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Perfect! It couldn't be better. Don't be ordinary... nor too original... what a success, what hopes, what a success we are going to have... that's my hope!

NOEMIE and DOROTHY

We will be very beautiful this evening... what a success we are going to have, and we believe we know already what you are hoping for... we will be very beautiful...

SERVANTS

Madame... the dressmakers are here... the tailors, the hairdressers!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Let these artists enter!

Let the folds of her gown be lighter, more supple... What do you think of it? The line is pure.

SERVANTS

Dorothy! Hah, hah, what a shape!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

What? That's fine. The headdress is becoming to the figure.

SERVANTS

Her hair is guaranteed on the invoice...

NOEMIE and DOROTHY

This headdress is becoming to the figure!

DOROTHY

Are we fine then?

SERVANTS

Ha, ha... she's made up like a fright, both Noemie and Dorothy...

NOEMIE

Yes, truly! Really charming... they'll all talk...

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Dazzling... they'll talk...

DOMESTIQUES

Sûrement on en parlera...

[Pandolfe enters in his finest attire.]

PANDOLFE

Félicitez-moi donc de mon exactitude...

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE

Oui, ce n'est pas votre habitude.

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Vous êtes toujours en retard.

PANDOLFE

En retard?... En retard?...

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

En retard!

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE

En retard!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Enfin... cette fois par hasard...

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE

Ne sauriez-vous trouver un mot aimable à dire en voyant nos beautés?

PANDOLFE

Excusez-moi... j'admire...

[To himself.]

Ne disons rien, restons tranquille en notre coin, ne voulant de près ou de loin ajouter même une parole; un doux espoir me soutenant, me caressant, me consolant...

[Looking at his wife with sudden happiness.]

on va l'enfermer, elle est folle!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE,

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE (à Pandolfe.)

Eh bien! Qu'avez-vous donc? Allons, partons! De la race, de la prestance, de l'audace... de l'élégance, de la finesse, ensorcelante... une supplex, un peu troublante, lèvres mutines et délicates, le mot qui flatte, des yeux de chatte... nous avons tout! Le prince est pris, s'il a du goût...

PANDOLFE

On va l'enfermer, elle est folle... folle...

[After everyone has left for the ball, the servants leave the room imitating the mannerisms of Mme. de la Haltière and her daughters. Cinderella appears.]

CENDRILLON

Ah, que mes sœurs sont heureuses! Pour elles c'est chaque jour nouveau plaisir... elles n'ont pas le temps de former un désir... et le bonheur aussi, je crois, les rend plus belles. Elles vont à la cour... à la cour. Ah, ce bal! On y viendra de toutes les provinces... entourant le trône royal, tous les seigneurs seront au moins marquis ou princes... et mes sœurs seront là... tandis que moi... je rêve... et j'ai tort, oui, j'ai tort... ces rêves-là font mal! Ma besogne est là qu'il faut que j'achève... Reste au foyer, petit grillon, résigne-toi Cendrillon, car ce n'est pas pour toi que brille le superbe et joyeux rayon... ne vas-tu pas porter envie au papillon... à quoi penses-tu, pauvre fille? Résigne-toi! Travaille, Cendrillon... travaille... C'est une joie aussi de faire son devoir... débarrassons la table

SERVANTS

They sure will talk...

[Pandolfe enters in his finest attire.]

PANDOLFE

Congratulate me on my promptness...

NOEMIE and DOROTHY

Yes, it's not like you.

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

You're always late.

PANDOLFE

Late?... Late?...

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Late!

NOEMIE and DOROTHY

Late!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

At last... and this time only by accident...

NOEMIE and DOROTHY

You couldn't find one kind word to say upon seeing how elegant we are?

PANDOLFE

Excuse me... I am admiring...

[To himself.]

It's best not to say anything, just to remain quiet in our corner, not wishing from near or far to add even one word; one sweet hope sustains me, caresses me, consoles me...

that they are going to lock her up, because she's crazy!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE,

NOEMIE and DOROTHY (to Pandolfe.)

Well, what's the matter with you? Let's go, come along. We have everything: birth, bearing, audacity... elegance, finesse, fascination... a suppleness slightly disquieting lips pert and delicate, a flattering word, the eyes of a cat... we have everything! The prince is captured, if he has taste...

PANDOLFE

They are going to commit her... she's insane...

CINDERELLA

Ah, how happy my sisters are! For them every day brings a new pleasure... they have scarcely time to form a wish... and good fortune too, I think, makes them beautiful. They're going to the court... Ah, the ball! They will come there from all the provinces... around the throne all the lords will be at least marquises or princes... and my sisters will be there... while I... I dream... and I'm in the wrong, yes, I'm in the wrong... these dreams are bad! My work is here and I must finish it... Stay by the hearth, little cricket, resign yourself Cinderella, it's not for you that this wonderful and joyous light sparkles... don't be envious of the butterfly... what are you thinking of, poor girl? Resign yourself! Work, Cinderella... work... It's also pleasant to do one's work... let's clear the table

et rangeons ce dressoir... je suis décidément paresseuse ce soir... j'ai beau vouloir... j'entends toujours des bruits de fête... dont les échos troublants bourdonnent dans ma tête... Reste au foyer... Voyons, j'ai bien fait tout ce que j'avais à faire... je puis me reposer. Comme la nuit est claire, les étoiles ont l'air de me sourire... aux cieux. C'est étrange... on dirait que le sommeil m'accable... je ne suis plus à l'âge où le marchand de sable venait si tôt, jadis, fermer mes yeux... Dormons... souvent, on est heureux quand on dort... et qu'on fait des songes merveilleux... résigne-toi, Cendrille...

[She goes to sleep in a bed in a corner of the room. As the room becomes dark, Cinderella's Fairy Godmother appears, surrounded by spirits.]

LA FEE

Ah, douce enfant, ta plainte légère comme l'haleine d'une fleur, vient de monter jusqu'à mon cœur... ta marraine te voit et te protège, ah... espère...

LES ESPRITS

Espère.

LA FEE

Sylphes, lutins, follets, accourez à ma voix, de tous les horizons, à travers les espaces...

Suivez exactement mes lois, apportez-moi tous vos talents, toutes vos grâces.

LES ESPRITS

Que nous ordonnez-tu? Que nous ordonnez-tu?... Nous écoutons tes lois.

LA FEE

Je veux que cette enfant charmante que voici soit aujourd'hui hors de souci. Je le veux... je le veux! Et que par vous, splendidement parée, elle connaisse enfin le bonheur à son tour. Je veux qu'aux fêtes de la cour elle soit la plus belle et la plus admirée... la plus belle... je le veux... O ma petite Cendrillon, fleur d'innocence et d'amour, sur toi je veille, ô Cendrillon.

LES ESPRITS

Cendrillon, tu seras la beauté sans pareille...

CENDRILLON

Vision ravissante... étonnante merveille.

LA FEE

Pour en faire un tissu magiquement soyeux dont vous composerez sa robe, que votre main adroitement dérobe aux astres radieux la subtile splendeur de leurs rayons joyeux; au clair de lune empruntez ses pâleurs. Empruntez à l'arc-en-ciel ses harmonies, et que pour son bouquet par vous soient réunies en un philtre d'amour, les senteurs les plus douces.

[To another group of spirits.]

Et vous, préparez l'attelage. Toi, tu seras cocher.

UN ESPRIT

Et moi?

and straighten up this sideboard... I'm decidedly lazy this evening... I wish in vain... I still hear the sounds of merriment... whose disturbing echos buzz in my head... Remain at the hearth... See, I've done all that I had to do... I can go to bed. How clear the night is, the stars seem to smile on me... from heaven. It's strange... one would think that sleep was overwhelming me... I'm no longer at the age when the Sandman comes so early to close my eyes... To sleep... often, one is happy when one is sleeping... and dreaming marvelous dreams... resign yourself, Cinderella...

FAIRY GODMOTHER

Ah, sweet child, your gentle complaint, like the breath of a flower has reached my heart... your Godmother sees and protects you, ah... hope...

SPIRITS

Hope.

FAIRY GODMOTHER

Sylphs, sprites, elves, come at my bidding from out of the air, through vast spaces...

Follow my commands exactly, bring me all your talents, all your graces.

SPIRITS

What do you command us to do? What are your orders?... We are listening to your commands.

FAIRY GODMOTHER

I wish that this charming child that you see here be free from all cares today... I wish it! And that, splendidly dressed by you, she will finally know happiness. At the court celebrations I wish her to be the most beautiful and the most admired... the loveliest... I wish it... O my little Cinderella, flower of innocence and love, I am watching over you, o Cinderella.

SPIRITS

Cinderella, you will be a beauty without equal...

CINDERELLA

Ravishing vision... astonishing marvel.

FAIRY GODMOTHER

In order to make a magically silken fabric from which you will fashion her gown, your hands must artfully rob from the radiant stars the subtle splendor of their sparkling rays; from the moonlight borrow its pallor. Borrow the rainbow's harmonies, and for her bouquet, gather the sweetest essences in a love philtre.

And you, prepare the carriage. You will be the coachman.

A SPIRIT

And me?

LA FEE

Tu seras page. Et vous serez les postillons.

LES ESPRITS

Tous les petits oiseaux nous prêteront leurs ailes, les coursiers seront les insectes frères... et pour éclairer son chemin, vous cacherez des lucioles au fond des tulipiers et du jasmin.

LA FEE

Tout est donc prêt. Éveille-toi, petite!

LES ESPRITS

C'est ta marraine qui t'invite, ô Cendrillon, ô fleur d'amour. On t'attend au bal de la cour. Tes vœux sont exaucés... éveille-toi...

CENDRILLON

Enfin... je connaîtrai le bonheur à mon tour... on ne va pas au bal à la cour en guenille...

[The spirits remove a veil which has been concealing the elegant ball gown being worn by Cinderella.]

Que vois-je? Suis-je folle? Est-ce de l'or qui brille? A la place de mon haillon, cette robe splendide! Ah, je ne suis plus Cendrillon... ni Lucette... je suis princesse, je suis reine! Ah, merci! Merci! Bonne marraine.

LA FEE

Écoute bien. Quand sonnera minuit, ici, je veux que tu sois revenue. Donc par quelque plaisir que tu sois retenue, du bal tu partiras sans bruit.

LES ESPRITS

Quand sonnera minuit.

CENDRILLON

Je serai revenue...

LES ESPRITS

Souviens-toi bien.

CENDRILLON

...à l'heure convenue.

LES ESPRITS

Partez, partez, madame la princesse, partez, le cœur content, le front joyeux!

[Cinderella, on the point of going out, stops, suddenly discouraged.]

CENDRILLON

Mais hélas! C'en est fait déjà de mes bonheur.

LA FEE

Que dis-tu?

CENDRILLON

Ma mère et mes sœurs sont à ce bal... Je serai reconnue... et...

LA FEE

Calme tes vaines frayeurs. Cette pantoufle mignonne que je te donne est un talisman précieux qui rendra ma Lucette inconnue à leurs yeux. En route, maintenant. Le temps presse!

LES ESPRITS

Partez, partez... madame la princesse!

FAIRY GODMOTHER

You will be a page. And you will be the postillions.

THE SPIRITS

All the little birds will loan us their wings, the horses will be frail insects... and in order to light the way, you will conceal fireflies at the bottom of the tulip trees and jasmin.

FAIRY GODMOTHER

Everything is ready now. Wake up, little one!

SPIRITS

It is your Godmother who calls you, Cinderella, oh flower of love. They await you at the court ball. Your wishes are granted... awaken...

CINDERELLA

At last... I shall know happiness also... but one cannot go to the court ball in rags...

What do I see? Am I mad? Is this gold that glitters? Instead of my rags, this splendid gown! Ah, I am no longer Cinderella... nor Lucette... I am a princess, I am a queen! Ah, thank you! My good Fairy Godmother.

FAIRY GODMOTHER

Listen carefully. When midnight sounds, I want you to return here. However great the pleasures that detain you, depart quietly from the ball.

SPIRITS

When midnight sounds.

CINDERELLA

I will return...

SPIRITS

Don't forget.

CINDERELLA

...at the agreed hour.

SPIRITS

On your way, depart, Madame Princess, depart with a light heart and an untroubled brow!

CINDERELLA

Ah, alas! My happiness is already short-lived.

FAIRY GODMOTHER

What do you mean?

CINDERELLA

My mother and my sisters are at the ball... I'll be recognized... and...

FAIRY GODMOTHER

Calm your idle fears. This tiny slipper which I'm giving you is a precious talisman which will render my Lucette a stranger to their eyes. Now on your way. It's getting late!

SPIRITS

Depart, depart... Madame Princess!

[The Fairy Godmother leads Cinderella out where she selects a pumpkin from the garden, touches it with her wand and it becomes suddenly transformed into a golden coach.]

CENDRILLON
Qu'il est joli! Qu'il est petit!...
LA FEE
Tous les esprits, lutins, follets, seront
à tes ordres.
CENDRILLON
Je ris!
LA FEE et LES ESPRITS
Partez, madame la princesse, mais à
la minuit, sois de retour, de retour
en ces lieux...

CINDERELLA
How pretty! How tiny it is!...
FAIRY GODMOTHER
All the spirits, elves and sprites will be
yours to command.
CINDERELLA
I'm laughing!
FAIRY GODMOTHER and SPIRITS
On your way, Madame Princess, but at
midnight be sure to return home...

ACT 8

[The court. The young prince, looking sad and pensive, sits on his throne while three musicians, playing a lute, viola d'amore and flute, try to entertain him. The Master of Pleasures enters with a group of courtiers.]

LE SURINTENDANT (au prince)
Que les doux pensers viennent éclore
souriants sur vos lèvres...
Fuyez les chagrins décevants, laissez
la tristesse et ses fièvres...
Noble prince, répondez...

MASTER OF PLEASURES (to the Prince)
May sweet thoughts come blossoming and
smiling on your lips...
Fly from deceiving sorrows, leave
sadness and its restlessness...
Noble Prince, speak...

LES COURTISANS
Non, il ne nous répond rien.

COURTIERS
No, he says nothing.

LE SURINTENDANT
Messieurs, je crois qu'on nous évince.

MASTER OF PLEASURES
Gentlemen, I believe that we are dismissed.

LES COURTISANS
Aucun moyen de prolonger cet entretien.

COURTIERS
There is no way to prolong this conversation.

[They leave. The old Court Doctor arrives with two assistants. He addresses the Prince.]

LE DOYEN DE LA FACULTE
Par Hippocrate et... et...

DEAN OF THE FACULTY
By Hippocrates and... and...

[Losing his memory, he raises his ear trumpet and his assistants help him with the text.]

LES DOCTEURS
...docta lex...

DOCTORS
...docta lex...

LE DOYEN
...docta lex...

DEAN
...docta lex...

LES DOCTEURS
Volumus...

DOCTORS
Volumus...

LE DOYEN
Hein?

DEAN
Huh?

LES DOCTEURS
...volumus...

DOCTORS
...volumus...

LE DOYEN
...volumus vos aus... aus...

DEAN
volumus vos aus... aus...

LES DOCTEURS
...auscultare...

DOCTORS
...auscultare...

LE DOYEN
...auscultare, chère Altesse, atque drogare
suivant les règles du Codex. Noble prince...
écoutez.

DEAN
...auscultare, dear Highness, atque drogare
following the rules of the Codex. Noble Prince...
listen.

LES DOCTEURS
Non... il n'écouterait rien... rien.

DOCTORS
No... he will hear nothing...

LE PREMIER MINISTRE
Aux termes d'un décret royal, il faut
vous amuser au bal.

PRIME MINISTER
By royal decree, you must come and
amuse yourself at the ball.

TOUS
Noble prince, noble prince, consentez.
Non... il ne consent à rien.

EVERYONE
Noble Prince, consent to it.
No... he will consent to nothing.

LE DOYEN
Volumus vos aus... aus...

DEAN
Volumus vos aus... aus...

TOUS
Non, il ne consent à rien... pauvre
prince...

EVERYONE
No... he will not consent to anything...
poor Prince...

[Everyone leaves.]

LE PRINCE
Allez, laissez-moi seul... seul avec mes
ennuis... cœur sans amour, printemps sans
roses... pour moi tous les jours sont moroses...
et moroses sont toutes les nuits... pourtant de
doux frissons glissent par tout mon être...
cœur sans amour, printemps sans roses...
si, me tendant les bras, je la voyais paraître,
celle que veut mon âme! Enivré, radieux,
je lui dirais dans mon ivresse...
"Je suis à toi, prends ma jeunesse, de nous
l'amour fera des dieux, je suis à toi!"
Mais je vis triste et seul, le cœur brisé
d'ennuis... et moroses sont toutes les nuits...
Je suis triste et seul. Ah, si je la voyais...
oubliant la grandeur, dédaigneux des richesses,
de trône je prendrais en pitié la splendeur,
pour ne plus rien goûter que nos chères
tendresses...

THE PRINCE
Go, leave me alone... alone with my
boredom... a heart without love, spring
without roses... for me the days are sad...
and sad are the nights... yet, sweet
tremblings pass through my being...
a heart without love, the spring without roses...
oh if, with her arms outstretched, I were to see
her appear, she whom my soul longs for! Elated,
jubilant, I would say to her in my rapturous state:
"I am yours, take my youth, love will make us
as the gods, I am yours!"
But I am living sad and alone, my heart shattered
by boredom... and all the nights are sad...
I am sad and alone. Oh, if I were to see her...
forgetting all grandeur, disdaining riches,
I would pity the splendor of the throne
and would taste nothing but our sweet
caresses...

[The King enters, followed by the entire court.]

LE ROI
Mon fils, il vous faut m'obéir. Vous allez
voir à cette fête les filles de noblesse...
Or, vous devrez choisir celle qui vous fera
le mieux tourner la tête et l'épouser...
Mon fils, tel est mon plaisir.

THE KING
My son, you must obey me. You are going to see
the daughters of the nobility at this celebration...
Now, you must choose the one who turns your
head the most and marry her...
My son, that is my wish.

TOUS
Tel est du Roi le bon plaisir!...
Voici les filles de noblesse!

EVERYONE
Such is the pleasure of the King!...
here are the daughters of the nobility!

[Four titled young girls enter. A minute later, Madame de la Haltière enters with her two daughters and Pandolfe.]

**MADAME DE LA HALTIÈRE,
NOEMIE et DOROTHEE**
Ah! Nous sommes en sa présence! Par
notre superbe prestance jouons de tous
nos attraits. C'est l'instant ou jamais!
Le prince vient... c'est le moment!
Voyez!

**MADAME DE LA HALTIÈRE,
NOEMIE and DOROTHY**
Ah! We are in his presence! Through
our superb bearing, let's enhance all
our charms. It's now or never!
Here comes the Prince... this is the moment!
Look!

**LE DOYEN, LE SURINTENDANT
et LE MINISTRE**
Ah, vous êtes en son présence...

**THE DEAN, MASTER OF PLEASURE
and THE PRIME MINISTER**
Ah, you are in his presence...

[Cinderella appears at the top of the stairs. The Prince looks at her in ecstasy. General astonishment of the court. Cinderella advances slowly.]

TOUS
Voyez!... L'adorable beauté. Qui la
connaît?

EVERYONE
Look!... The adorable beauty. Who
knows her?

**MADAME DE LA HALTIÈRE,
NOEMIE et DOROTHEE**
Personne!

**MADAME DE LA HALTIÈRE,
NOEMIE and DOROTHY**
Nobody!

TOUS
Rien ne la trouble... rien ne l'étonne...
voyez... le prince paraît transporté.
Elle est exquise en vérité. O la surprenante

EVERYONE
Nothing troubles or surprises her...
look... the Prince seems to be in ecstasy.
She is truly exquisite. Oh extraordinary

[She laughs nervously but her laughter ends in sobs.]

moi, elles me montraient du doigt,
se riant de mon infortune. Ah...!
Quel effroi... vous avez dû voir ma détresse!
Marraine, Marraine! Pour tenir ma promesse
j'ai fait tout ce que je pouvais... ah, j'avais
peur! Peur de mon ombre... et je courais
toujours. Interrogeant les horizons, craignant
partout des trahisons, je glisse, je glisse
le long des maisons, n'osant pas traverser
la place...

[A carillon chimes "Ah! vous dirais-je maman."]

Un grand bruit éclate et me glace de sinistres
frissons... ah, ah, ah... c'était le carillon,
le carillon du beffroi! Ah... réconfortant mon
cœur, il me disait en son langage, ah, il me
disait: je veille, je veille... reprends courage,
courage! Allons... courage, va...

[As if awakening from a dream, suddenly and with fear.]

Ah! J'entends revenir mes parents et mes
sœurs! A tous il faut cacher mes pleurs...

[She runs into her room. Madame de la Haltière and her daughters enter boisterously.
A noisy discussion starts. Pandolfe tries to excuse himself, but he is overwhelmed by
the three women.]

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE,
NOEMIE et DOROTHEE
C'est vrai! C'est vrai!...

PANDOLFE
Non! Non!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE
Vous êtes, je vous le déclare, un sot, un
faquin, un ignare, un porte-faux, un grand
dadais, un pauvre sire, j'ose le dire...
vous avez le front de nier que cette fille,
cette guenille, cette guenon, cette chiffon,
que vous dirai-je encore? Rien, rien, en
un mot, et moins que rien...

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE
Ah, maman, que vous parlez bien...
c'est vrai!

PANDOLFE
Non! Pourquoi tant vous mettre en colère?

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE
Espérez-vous que, pour vous plaire, je
vais me taire?

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE
Ah, la maudite aventurière!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE
Aussi le prince a fort bien fait de la
chasser, de la belle manière... certes!
...oui!

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE
C'était si mérité...

PANDOLFE
Elle avait l'air très doux... c'est une
qualité...

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE
Fi donc! Monsieur... je le conteste.
Lorsqu'on a plus de vingt quartiers, ainsi
que notre arbre l'atteste, lorsqu'on a, sans

they pointed their fingers at me,
they laughed at my unhappiness. Ah...!
What terror... you should have seen my anguish!
Godmother, Godmother! To keep my promise,
I did all that I could... ah, I was
frightened! Afraid of my shadow... I didn't
stop running. Searching the horizon, fearing
evil, I passed furtively, lightly along the
houses, never daring to cross the open
square...

A loud noise started and I froze with ominous
shivering... ah, ah, ah... it was the carillon,
the chiming of the belfry! Ah... comforting my
heart, it told me in its language, ah, it told me:
I am watching, I am watching... have courage,
courage! On your way... courage, go...

Ah! I hear my parents and my sisters
returning! I must conceal my tears from them...

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE,
NOEMIE et DOROTHEE
It's true! It's true!...

PANDOLFE
No! No!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE
I declare, you are an ass, a trouble-
maker, an ignoramus, a street-porter, a
big ninny, a contemptible person, I dare say...
you have the nerve to deny that that girl was
a ragbag... that monkey in petticoats, that
ragpicker, what more do I have to say? Nothing...
in short, a good-for-nothing...

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE
Ah, Mama, well said...
It's true!

PANDOLFE
No! Why do you get so angry?

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE
Do you think, just to please you, I'll
shut my mouth?

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE
Oh, that damned adventuress!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE
The Prince did well to chase her away,
in fine style... to be sure...
yes!

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE
It was well deserved...

PANDOLFE
She had a very sweet way about her... a
certain quality...

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE
For shame! Sir... I must disagree. When
one has more than twenty quarters, as
attested by our family tree, when one has,

compter le reste, quatre présidents à
mortiers, un doge! ...parmi ses ancêtres, et
la douzaine d'archiprêtres, un amiral, un
cardinal, six abbesses et treize nonnes, deux
ou trois maîtresses de rois, qui, toutes deux
ou toutes trois, portèrent presque des couronnes,
sans parler des menus fretins, tels que princes
et capucins; on doit s'avancer dans la foule
comme un vaisseau fendant la houle avec sa
gloire pour soutien, dédaigneux des bruits de
tempête... c'est un devoir, entendez bien,
quand on s'est haussé jusqu'au faite, de lever
les yeux et la tête, en laissant la douceur à
tous vos gens de rien!

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE
Ah, maman... que vous parlez bien!

PANDOLFE
J'aimerais mieux l'obscurité, si j'avais
la tranquillité.

CENDRILLON
Il est donc arrivé quelque chose, mon père?

PANDOLFE
Non, rien, vraiment, que de fort ordinaire...

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE
Ah, votre calme m'exaspère... que faut-il
pour vous émouvoir?

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE,
NOEMIE et DOROTHEE
Écoute-nous, tu vas savoir. Une intrigante,
une inconnue, au bal de la cour est venue. Et
cette rien du tout... mise sans aucun goût...
et cette rien du tout dans son effronterie...

[To Pandolfe who has made a gesture.]

laissez-nous dire, je vous prie!...
...osa parler au fils du roi! Chacun en fut
saisi d'effroi, d'épouvante et d'horreur...
Ce fut un désarroi! Tout d'abord, un digne
silence a condamné cette impudence...
mais au bout d'un instant, on a murmuré
tant... que l'intruse, bien vite, a dû prendre
la fuite, chassé au beau milieu du bal par
notre mépris général!

PANDOLFE
Ah, vous exagérez, et beaucoup, ce me
semble.

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE,
NOEMIE et DOROTHEE
Eh! Laissez-nous donc en repos; on ne
peut pas placer deux mots!

PANDOLFE
Si vous criez toutes ensemble, je m'en
vais... je m'en vais...

CENDRILLON
[To the three ladies, timid and anxious.]
Ah, racontez-moi... qu'a dit alors le fils
du roi?

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE
Que l'on ne pouvait s'y méprendre... que
ses yeux un moment abusés... voyaient clair
et que d'ailleurs, rien qu'à son air, cette
inconnue était drôlesse bonne à pendre...

without counting everything, four chief
justices, a doge! ...among one's ancestors,
and a dozen archbishops, an admiral, a
cardinal, six abbesses and thirteen nuns, two
or three mistresses of kings, who, all two
or all three, came close to wearing the crowns,
not to speak of smaller fry, such as princes
and capuchin friars; one should move through the
rabble like a ship cutting through the waves,
supported by its glory, scorning the sound of
the storm... it is one's duty, please remember,
when one is raised to the highest level, to raise
one's eyes and hold one's head high, leaving
sweetness to good-for-nothings like you!

NOEMIE et DOROTHEE
Ah, Mama... well said!

PANDOLFE
I would much prefer obscurity, if I could
have some peace.

[Cinderella enters.]

CINDERELLA
Has something happened, father?

PANDOLFE
No, nothing really out of the ordinary...

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE
Oh, your calmness exasperates me... what
does it take to move you?

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE,
NOEMIE et DOROTHEE
Listen to us, you're going to know all about it. A
schemer, some unknown came to the ball. And
this nobody... dressed without any taste...
and this nobody had the effrontery...

let us speak, will you!...
...dared to speak to the King's son! Everyone
was seized with horror, terror and dismay...
It was complete confusion! At first a well-
deserved silence condemned this impudence,
but in a moment they began to murmur
so... that the intruder quickly took to flight,
chased from the elegant milieu of the ball by
our united scorn!

PANDOLFE
Ah, you're exaggerating... a good deal, it seems
to me.

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE,
NOEMIE et DOROTHEE
Eh! Leave us in peace; we can't get in
two words!

PANDOLFE
If you all shout together, I'm leaving...

CINDERELLA
Ah, tell me... what did the King's son
say?

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE
That no one could be mistaken... that
his eyes were deceived for a moment...
but he saw through it and that, moreover,
this unknown was such a hussy that she
should be hanged....

[Cinderella staggers as if faint. Pandolfe rushes to her.]

PANDOLFE
Mais ma fille pâlit... qu'as-tu, qu'as-tu,
ma pauvre enfant? Assez de vos caquets!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE
Qu'un homme est énervant!

PANDOLFE
Mon Dieu! La force l'abandonne! Mon
enfant...

[To the three women.]

Sortez!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE
Hein! Quoi?

PANDOLFE
Je vous l'ordonne! Sortez!... Allez!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE
(A ses filles)
Ah, mes filles... venez! C'en est trop!
(A Pandolfe)
Je ne vous connais plus!

LES TROIS FEMMES
Vous êtes un rustaud... un lourdeau!

PANDOLFE
Vous pouvez trépigner! Je vous jette
à la porte!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE
Rétractez, insolent!

PANDOLFE
Le diable vous emporte!

[Screaming, the three women rush out of the room.]

Ma pauvre enfant chérie. Ah, tu souffres donc
bien... va, repose ton cœur douloureux sur le
mien. Et laisse-toi bercer dans mes bras, ma
petite. Je t'ai sacrifiée en venant à la cour.
Mais tu pardonneras quand nous rirons un jour
de mon ambition maudite. Viens, nous quitterons
cette ville où j'ai vu s'envoler ta gaîté d'autrefois.
Et nous retournerons au fond de nos grands bois
dans notre ferme si tranquille... là, là nous
serons heureux, bien heureux... tous les deux.
Le matin nous irons comme deux amoureux
cueillir le blanc muguet...

CENDRILLON
Et les liserons bleus, tous les deux...
dès que les cloches argentines s'éveilleront...

PANDOLFE
...sonnant matines.

CENDRILLON
...matines... le soir nous entendrons du
rossignol des nuits le chant si doux et frais...
su profond des forêts...

PANDOLFE
Viens... nous quitterons cette ville où j'ai
vu s'envoler ta gaîté d'autrefois... là,
nous serons heureux, bien heureux, tous
les deux... là-bas.

PANDOLFE
My poor daughter is becoming pale... what's
the matter, my poor child? Enough of your
gossiping!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE
A man can be so irritating!

PANDOLFE
My God! Her strength is leaving her! My
child...

Get out!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE
Eh! What?

PANDOLFE
I am ordering you! Get out!... Go!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE
(To her daughters)
Ah, my daughters... come! It's too much!
(To Pandolfe)
I no longer recognize you!

THE THREE WOMEN
You are a boor... a blockhead!

PANDOLFE
You can stamp your feet! I'm going to throw
you out the door!

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE
Take that back, you insolent man!

PANDOLFE
May the devil take you!

My poor dear child. You suffer so much...
come, rest your suffering heart against
mine. And let me cradle you in my arms, my
little one. I turned away from you in going to court.
But you will forgive me when we are laughing one
day at my accursed ambition. Come, we'll leave
this town where I've seen your gaiety of former times
disappear. And we'll return to the heart of our great
woods and to our peaceful farm... there, there we'll
be happy, so happy... both of us. In the morning
we'll go like two in love to cut the white lilies...

CINDERELLA
And the blue bindweed, the two of us...
as soon as the silver bells awaken us...

PANDOLFE
...sounding matins.

CINDERELLA
...matins... in the evening we'll hear the
nightingales with their songs, so sweet and
pure... in the depths of the forest...

PANDOLFE
Come... we'll leave this town where I've
seen your former gaiety take flight... there,
we'll be happy, so happy, both of us...
over there.

CENDRILLON
Nous quitterons cette ville où j'ai vu
s'envoler ma gaîté...

[Pandolfe goes out.]

CENDRILLON
Seule, je partirai, mon père. Le poids de
mon chagrin serait trop lourd pour toi. Je
ne veux pas te voir souffrir de ma misère...
mais, je ne peux plus vivre... il a douté de
moi, lui... mon doux maître et mon seul roi!
Lui que j'adore, il me renie et me repousse...
pourtant, ses yeux étaient bien doux... pourtant,
sa voix était bien douce, ô mes rêves d'amour,
mes rêves d'amour... hélas, envolés-vous!
Ah, puisque tout bonheur me fuit, montant
par les roches sacrées, sans crainte j'irai
dans la nuit, malgré les revenants et le follet
qui luit... j'irai mourir, mourir sous le chêne
des fées!

[She runs out into the night. The scene changes to a moor, with a large oak in the center.
It is a clear night and the atmosphere is very blue. The voices of the Fairy Godmother
and the spirits can be heard off-stage. The prince slowly walks across the stage in his
search for Cinderella.]

LA VOIX DE LA FEE
Ah, fugitives chimères, ô leurs
éphémères, âmes ou follets... glissez
sur les bruyères, flotez sur les genêts.
Fugitives chimères, ô leurs passagères,
chers follets, brillez...

VOIX LOINTAINES DES ESPRITS
Flotez, glissez... âmes ou follets...
glissez et flotez...

TROIS ESPRITS
Mais, là-bas... au fond de la lande obscure,
par le chemin on voit venir, sur le doux
tapis de verdure, une enfant qui semble
gémir... regardez, au fond de la lande obscure...

LA FEE
Et, de l'autre côté... voyez-vous pas,
mes sœurs, ce pauvre garçon tout en pleurs?

LES ESPRITS
Écoutons mes sœurs, écoutons bien leurs
plaintes désolés.

LA FEE
Afin qu'ils ne puissent se voir, sylvains,
obéissez au magique pouvoir. Entre le prince
et son aimée, fermez-vous, muraille embaumée...

[The spirits conceal themselves. Cinderella and the prince enter from opposite sides of
the stage. They kneel without seeing each other. They are separated by trees and flowers
and address their prayer to the Fairy Godmother.]

LE PRINCE
Je viens à vous, puissante reine, je viens
à vous... et vous demande à deux genoux de
vouloir terminer ma peine... puissante reine,
je viens à vous.

CENDRILLON
A deux genoux, bonne Marraine, à deux genoux,
j'implore mon pardon de vous, si je vous ai fait
moindre peine... bonne Marraine, je viens à vous.

CINDERELLA
We'll leave this town where I've seen
my happiness take flight...

CINDERELLA
I'll go alone, father. The weight of my
embarrassment will be too heavy for you.
I don't want to see you suffering because
of my unhappiness... but, I can't live any
longer... he doubts me... my sweet master
and my only king! He whom I adore, he
repudiates and rejects me... yet, his eyes
were so kind, and his voice was so sweet, ah,
my dreams of love... alas, fly away! Ah,
since all happiness has fled, I'll go into the
night, scaling the sacred rocks, without fear,
despite the ghosts and the goblins that prowl...
I'll go to die, to die under the Fairies' Oak!

VOICE OF THE FAIRY GODMOTHER
Ah, fleeting chimeras, o ephemeral
flashes, spirits or elves... glide across
the heather, float on your brooms.
Fleeting chimeras, o momentary flashes,
dear goblins, sparkle...

VOICES OF THE SPIRITS IN THE DISTANCE
Float, glide... spirits or elves...
glide and float...

[Three spirits appear.]

THREE SPIRITS
But over there... deep in the misty heath,
one can see, coming down the path across
the soft carpet of grass, a child who seems
to be grieving... look, across the darkened
moor...

[The Fairy Godmother appears.]

FAIRY GODMOTHER
And from the other side, don't you see,
my sisters, that poor boy in tears?

SPIRITS
Listen, my sisters, hear their broken-hearted
laments.

[Extending her arms.]

FAIRY GODMOTHER
So that they can't see each other, Sylvans,
observe the magic power. Between the Prince
and his beloved, close, perfumed walls...

THE PRINCE
I come to you, powerful queen, I come
to you... and ask you on both knees to
end my pain... powerful queen, I've
come to you.

CINDERELLA
On both knees, kind Godmother, on both knees
I implore your pardon if I have caused you
pain... kind Godmother, I've come to you.

[To the Fairy Godmother.]

LE PRINCE

Vous qui pouvez tout voir et tout savoir,
vous n'ignorez pas ma souffrance...
vous n'ignorez pas comment pendant un
trop court moment du plus divin bonheur
j'ai conçu l'espérance. Ce bonheur, je
l'ai vu de mes yeux. Ce fut un éclair radieux
dont mon âme fût traversée, dont mon regard
fut ébloui. Hélas, en un instant, tout s'est
évanoui... tout! Hélas.

[Hearing the Prince's prayer.]

CENDRILLON

Une pauvre âme en grand émoi est là qui
prie et désespère... puisqu'il n'est plus
pour moi que tristesse et misère, que je
souffre en rachat de ce cœur tant meurtri...
Marraine, frappez-moi, mais que lui soit
guéri...

[Having heard Cinderella's prayer.]

LE PRINCE

Pauvre femme inconnue, doux ange de
bonté dont un enchantement me dérobe
la vue.

CENDRILLON

Pitié, pitié pour lui! Ayez pitié. Bonne
Marraine... je vous implore à deux genoux...

LE PRINCE

Je te bénis... ayez pitié, puissante reine,
ayez pitié, je vous implore à deux genoux...

[To Cinderella, who is invisible to him.]

Suis-je assez malheureux! Mais celle que
j'aime est si belle que tu dirais, voyant ses
yeux: pas une étoile n'étincelle plus pure
au firmament des cieux. Asservissant la
terre et l'onde, pour la revoir et la chérir,
pour la reconquérir, je soumettrai le monde...
le monde!

CENDRILLON

Vous êtes le Prince Charmant!...

LE PRINCE

Et toi?... toi qui as eu pitié de ma détresse
extrême, qui donc es-tu, m'interrogeant?

CENDRILLON

Je suis Lucette qui vous aime...

LE PRINCE

Ineffable ravissement...

CENDRILLON

Vous êtes mon Prince Charmant!

LE PRINCE

Tu me l'as dit ce nom, ce nom que je
voulais connaître. O Lucette, de ton
doux secret, enfin me voilà maître...
de tes lèvres mon âme a recueilli l'aveu...
et ta voix me pénètre...

CENDRILLON

Et sa voix me pénètre d'une extase suprême...
oui, sa voix me pénètre... ah, bonne fée,
laissez-moi revoir... sa voix me pénètre, mais
l'entendre hélas, c'est trop peu...

THE PRINCE

You who can see and know all things,
you are not ignorant of my suffering...
of how, for one brief moment, I conceived
the hope of the most divine happiness.
I saw that happiness before my eyes. It
was a brilliant ray which went through my
soul and by which my eyes were dazzled.
Alas, in an instant, everything vanished,
... everything!

CINDERELLA

A poor soul in great torment is there,
praying and despairing... since only
sadness and misery are left to me, let
me suffer instead of that wounded heart...
Godmother, strike me down, but let him
be cured...

THE PRINCE

Poor unknown girl, sweet angel of
goodness who is hidden from my view
by some magic.

CINDERELLA

Pity, take pity on him! Have pity, kind
Godmother... I implore you on both knees...

THE PRINCE

I bless you... have pity, powerful queen,
take pity, I implore you on both knees...

I am so unhappy! But she, whom I
love is so beautiful that you would say,
in seeing her eyes; no star shines with
greater purity in heaven's firmament.
Conquering the earth and the waves in
order to see her and cherish her again,
to reclaim her, I will overcome the world...

CINDERELLA

You are my Prince Charming!...

THE PRINCE

And you?... you who have taken pity on my
great sorrow, tell me, who are you?

CINDERELLA

I am Lucette, who loves you...

THE PRINCE

Inexpressible ecstasy...

CINDERELLA

You are my Prince Charming!

PRINCE

You have told me the name, that name, which
I wanted to know. Lucette, I am now the master
of your sweet secret...
from your lips my soul has received recognition...
and your voice moves me...

CINDERELLA

And his voice pierces me with a supreme ecstasy...
yes, his voice touches me... ah, good fairy,
let me see him again... his voice pierces me, but
only hearing him is too little...

LE PRINCE

Oui, ta voix me pénètre d'une extase suprême...
laissez-moi la revoir... à la branche du chêne
enchanté, bonne fée, je suspendrai mon cœur,
pur et sanglant trophée...

[The Prince holds in his hand a tiny replica of a heart.]

LA FEE

J'accepte ton serment, j'exauce ton espoir.

[Cinderella becomes apparent to the Prince.]

LE PRINCE

Ma Lucette, je t'ai retrouvée!

CENDRILLON

O mon Prince Charmant! C'est bien vous
mon Prince Charmant!

LE PRINCE

Ma Lucette... viens, je t'aime!

LA FEE

Ah... aimez-vous, l'heure est brève...
et croyez en un rêve... dormez... rêvez...

CENDRILLON

Je consacre ma vie à vous aimer fidèlement...
toujours...

LE PRINCE

Toute ma vie je t'aimerai fidèlement...

[A magic sleep comes over Cinderella and the Prince and they are lulled
to rest by the voices of the spirits.]

LES ESPRITS

Dormez... et rêvez...

THE PRINCE

Yes, your voice moves me with a supreme ecstasy...
let me see her again... from the branch of the
enchanted oak, good fairy, I will suspend my heart,
a pure and bleeding trophy...

FAIRY GODMOTHER

I accept your vow, I am granting your wish.

THE PRINCE

My Lucette, I've found you again!

CINDERELLA

O my Prince Charming! You are truly my
Prince Charming!

THE PRINCE

My Lucette... come, I love you!

FAIRY GODMOTHER

Ah... love, the time is short... and
believe in a dream... sleep... dream...

CINDERELLA

I'm consecrating my life to loving you faithfully...
forever...

THE PRINCE

I will love you faithfully all my life...

SPIRITS

Sleep... and dream...

ACT 4

[A room in the home of Madame de la Haltière. Pandolfe watches attentively
over Cinderella who has been asleep.]

CENDRILLON

Je m'étais rendormie... et toi, tu restais
là... me soignant sans repos...

CINDERELLA

I fell asleep again... and you, you stayed there,
looking after me without resting...

PANDOLFE

Ah, mon enfant chérie... ne me plains pas.
Je suis bien heureux te voilà vaillante,
maintenant et tout à fait guérie. Reste
calme... il te faut encore ménager.

PANDOLFE

Ah, my dear child... don't be sorry for me.
I'm so happy now your strength has returned
and you're completely recovered. Rest
quietly... it's still necessary to watch after you.

CENDRILLON

Dis-moi la vérité.

CINDERELLA

Tell me the truth.

PANDOLFE

Pourquoi m'interroger?

PANDOLFE

Why are you asking?

CENDRILLON

J'étais donc insensée?

CINDERELLA

I was delirious then?

PANDOLFE

A quoi vas-tu songer?

PANDOLFE

What do you mean?

CENDRILLON

Alors, père, c'était comme si ma pensée
m'avait tout à coup délaissée...

CINDERELLA

Father, it was as if my thoughts had suddenly
abandoned me...

PANDOLFE

Tu riais, tu pleurais... sans motif et sans trêve... tu vivais comme dans un rêve... comme au hasard tu murmurais des mots confus...

CENDRILLON

Quoi donc?

PANDOLFE

Pauvre enfant, tu souffrais!... J'épiais tes moindres paroles...

CENDRILLON

Et je parlais?...

PANDOLFE

Si, tu parlais... du bal de la cour, oui, vraiment! Tu parlais du Prince Charmant, du Prince que tu n'as jamais vu seulement... tu parlais de brillant avenir et de promesses folles! ...d'un grand chêne enchanté... d'un petit cœur sanglant... d'une pantoufle en verre... ah, ah, tu voyais des lutins qui traînaient ta voiture!

CENDRILLON

Quoi! Rien de tout cela ne serait arrivé?

PANDOLFE

Rien, ma chère fillette.

CENDRILLON

Hélas, j'ai donc rêvé... hélas...

PANDOLFE

Tu l'as rêvé... oui... tout...

[Voices of young girls are heard in the distance.]

VOIX DE JEUNES FILLES

Ah, ouvre ta porte et ta fenêtre, ouvre-les, mais pas à demi, ouvre pour que l'avril ami chez toi pénètre...

[Madame de la Haltière and her daughters can be heard in the next room.]

PANDOLFE

Ah, c'est ma femme que j'entends... pour éviter cris et gourmandises, viens! Retrouvons tes camarades, profitons du beau temps... tous tes chagrins sont finis, je l'espère...

CENDRILLON

Comme vous êtes bon, mon père... hélas, j'ai rêvé...

[The servants, Madame de la Haltière and her daughters all rush in.]

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Avancez! Reculez! Apprenez qu'aujourd'hui l'ordre de notre Roi convoque près de lui les princesses sans nombre à son appel venues de régions qui sont ou ne sont pas connues. Il en vient du Japon, de l'Espagne et de Tyr, oui, de Tyr, des bords de la Tamise et du Guadalquivir, il en vient du Cambodge, il en vient... il en vient... de Norvège! Et tout à l'heure, ici, passera le cortège! Puis... comme le ciel clair succède à l'ouragan, la source murmurante, au fracas du torrent, vous verrez, vers la fin s'avancer noblement, comme une vision idéale et céleste, trois femmes au maintien radieux et modeste.

PANDOLFE

You laughed, you wept... without reason and without stopping... you existed as if in a dream... now and then you murmured confused words...

CINDERELLA

Like what?

PANDOLFE

Poor child, you were suffering! ... I overhead your slightest words...

CINDERELLA

And I spoke?...

PANDOLFE

Yes, you spoke... of the court ball, yes, truly! You spoke of a Prince Charming, the Prince whom you've never seen... you spoke of a brilliant future and of foolish promises! ...of a large enchanted oak... a tiny bleeding heart... a glass slipper... hah, hah, seeing goblins which drew your coach!

CINDERELLA

What! Nothing of that happened to me?

PANDOLFE

Nothing, my dear little girl.

CINDERELLA

Alas, I only dreamed it...

PANDOLFE

You dreamed it... yes... everything...

VOICES OF YOUNG GIRLS

Ah, open your door and your window, open them, but not only half way, open them so that friend April can come into your house...

PANDOLFE

Ah, that's my wife that I hear... come, in order to avoid her shouting and her slaps! Let's join your friends and take advantage of the beautiful weather... all of your sorrows are over, I hope...

CINDERELLA

You are so good, my father... alas, I was only dreaming...

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Go on, move back! Don't you know that today our King has summoned a countless number of princesses to come to him, from regions known and even unknown? They're coming from Japan, Spain and Tyre, yes, even Tyre, from the banks of the Thames and from Guadalquivir, they're coming from Cambodia, and they're coming... they're coming... from Norway! And the procession will pass right now, here! Then... just as a clear sky follows a storm, and the murmuring stream follows the roar of the torrent, you will see, near the end, advancing nobly, like an ideal and heavenly vision, three women of radiant and modest bearing. Then you will hear a prolonged

Alors vous entendrez un long frémissement, car le peuple dira: "Voyez ces inconnues, pour le Prince Charmant, du ciel bleu descendues" ...sans penser que ce sont mes deux filles et moi, nous rendant au palais pour saluer le Roi.

murmuring, because the people will be murmuring, because the people will be saying: "See the unknown ladies, they've descended from the blue heavens for the Prince Charming" ...without realizing that these are my two daughters and I, going to the palace to greet the King.

[Trumpets and drums are heard outside in the street.]

C'est le héraut du Roi!

It's the King's herald!

TOUS

C'est le héraut du Roi!

EVERYONE

It's the King's herald!

[Mme. de la Haltière shoves everyone aside.]

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Eh bien! S'il vous plaît, après moi.

MADAME DE LA HALTIERE

Fine! After me, if you please.

LA VOIX DU HERAUT

"Bonnes gens, vous êtes avertis qu'aujourd'hui même, le Prince va recevoir en personne, dans la grande cour du Palais, les Princesses qui viennent essayer la pantoufle de verre, perdue par la femme inconnue dont le départ a déchiré le cœur du fils du Roi et dont l'absence le fait mourir de langueur et de désespoir!"

VOICE OF THE HERALD

"Good people, you are informed that today the Prince will receive in person in the great Court of the Palace, the princesses who are coming to try on the glass slipper lost by the unknown woman whose departure has distressed the King's son and whose absence has caused him to languish and despair!"

[Cinderella runs out while her mother and step-sisters look on in astonishment. During the orchestral interlude, a lively procession advances to the royal palace. The scene changes to the court room of Act 2.]

LA FOULE

Salut! Salut aux princesses... salut aux altesses, salut...

THE CROWD

Hail! Long live the princesses... hail to their highnesses...

LE PRINCE

Posez dans son écrin, sur un coussin de fleurs, la pantoufle d'azur déteinte par mes pleurs. Qu'à mon regard avide enfin elle apparaisse... la divine princesse qui croit pouvoir la réclamer... je ne puis vivre encor... vivre encor... que si je puis l'aimer.

THE PRINCE

In the jeweled case, on a cushion of flowers, place the blue slipper which has lost its color because of my tears. Oh that she would finally appear before my hungry gaze... the divine princess who believes she can claim the slipper... I can no longer live if I can't love her.

[The princesses advance. He looks at them anxiously, but he stops them with a sad gesture before they reach the glass slipper.]

Chacune de vous est bien belle, mais je cherche... je cherche... et ce n'est pas elle. Il faudra donc que rien n'apaise ma douleur... Il faudra donc que sans de tendres baisers reste ma lèvre... on ne m'a pas rendu mon cœur!

Each of you is truly beautiful, but I'm searching... I'm searching... and it isn't she. Must it be that nothing can appease my sadness... Must my lips remain without kisses... my heart has not been returned to me!

LA FOULE

Sur sa tête pâlie... quelle mélancolie, nous implorons les cieux!

THE CROWD

What melancholy in his pale countenance... we implore the heavens!

LE ROI

Ses yeux vont se fermer... parle-moi, mon enfant!

THE KING

His eyes are closing... speak to me, my child!

[Cinderella's Fairy Godmother suddenly appears.]

LA FEE

Ah, Prince Charmant, rouvrez les yeux!

FAIRY GODMOTHER

Ah, Prince Charming, open your eyes!

LA FOULE

Enchantement! Merveille! Ah, voyez la beauté sans pareille! Voyez!

THE CROWD

Enchantment! Marvel! Ah, look at the incomparable beauty! Look!

[The Prince looks up and sees Cinderella walking slowly toward him. She is carrying a tiny replica of a heart in her hand.]

LE PRINCE

C'est elle! C'est ma Lucette!

THE PRINCE

It's she! It's my Lucette!

CENDRILLON

Cendrillon, la pauvrete... vous êtes mon Prince Charmant... laissez-vous renaitre à la vie, ô mon prince, voilà mon envie...

CINDERELLA

Cinderella, the little poor one... you are my Prince Charming... let your life be reborn, O my Prince, behold my longing...

reprenez-le ce cœur sanglant... vous êtes
mon Prince Charmant!

[She places a ribbon around his neck from which is suspended the tiny heart which
the Prince left in the enchanted forest.]

LE PRINCE

Ah, garde-le, chère maîtresse! Avril
a refléuri!

LA FÉE

Avril pour eux a refléuri.

LA FOULE et LE ROI

Honneur, honneur à votre souveraine!

[Pandolfe arrives with his wife and her daughters.]

PANDOLFE

Grands dieux! C'est...

[Mme. de la Haltière, with a great shove, pushes Pandolfe aside and runs to embrace Cinderella.]

MADAME DE LA HALTIÈRE

Ma fille!

TOUS

Ah, quel aplomb est le sien.

MADAME DE LA HALTIÈRE

Lucette, que j'adore!

PANDOLFE

Ici tout finit bien.

TOUS

La pièce est terminée. On a fait de son
mieux pour vous faire envoler par les
beaux pays bleus.

take back this bleeding heart... you are
my Prince Charming!

THE PRINCE

Ah, keep it, dear mistress. Avril
has blossomed again!

FAIRY GODMOTHER

Avril has blossomed for them again.

THE CROWD and THE KING

Honor, honor to your sovereign!

PANDOLFE

Great heavens! It's...

MADAME DE LA HALTIÈRE

My daughter!

EVERYONE

Ah, what self-command she has.

MADAME DE LA HALTIÈRE

Lucette, how I adore you!

PANDOLFE (to the audience)

And all ends well.

EVERYONE

The play is ended. We have done our
best to carry you away to Never-Never
Land.