

4 Tartuffe

Mariane

Oh Grandmama . . .

Mme Pernelle (*mimicking*)

'Oh Grandmama'! Little Miss Echo, sugar and spice,
fluffy and sweet and ever so nice . . .
We don't think so. Beneath an exterior all candy-flossy
one detects a schemin' little hussy.

Elmire

But Mother . . .

Mme Pernelle

And as for you, it's time we had our say.
The truth may hurt, but be that as it may,
but you're hopeless, that's a fact.
You're a Grecian urn that's slightly chipped and cracked.
Look at you, dressed up like Lady Muck
or the Queen of Sheba. Haughty, your nose stuck
up in the air. Naughty, you spend spend spend
with never a thought of how it might end.

Cleante

But Madame Pernelle . . .

Mme Pernelle

Now you may be her brother, and well
do we think of you. You have our respect.
Except when you drone on and on.