

Le châtimeur de Tartufe

Tisonnant, tisonnant son cœur amoureux sous
Sa chaste robe noire, heureux, la main gantée,
Un jour qu'il s'en allait, effroyablement doux,
Jaune, bavant la foi de sa bouche édentée,

Un jour qu'il s'en allait, « Oremus » — un Méchant
Le prit rudement par son oreille benoite
Et lui jeta des mots affreux, en arrachant
Sa chaste robe noire autour de sa peau moite !

Châtiment ! . . . Ses habits étaient déboutonnés,
Et le long chapelet des péchés pardonnés
S'égrenant dans son cœur, Saint Tartufe était pâle ! . .

Donc, il se confessait, priait, avec un râle !
L'homme se contenta d'emporter ses rabats . . .
— Peuh ! Tartufe était nu du haut jusques en bas !

Arthur Rimbaud

The punishment of Tartuffe

Kindling, kindling his amorous heart under
his chaste black robe, happy, the hand gloved,
on a day that he was going, frightfully gentle,
yellow, drooling the faith from his toothless mouth,

on a day that he was going "*Let us pray*"
— a Rogue roughly grabbed him by his blessed ear
and threw him some frightful words, while ripping
his chaste black robe from around his damp skin !

Punishment ! . . . His vest was being unbuttoned,
and with the long rosary of pardoned sins
ticking in his heart, Saint Tartuffe was pale ! . .

And so, he confessed, praying, with a rattle !
The man was satisfied to abscond with his rabats . . .
— Pff ! Tartuffe was bare from high down to low !