BIBLIOTHECA CZARTORYSCIANA CRACOVIAE

MNK

XVII-3252 Ew

BIBLIOTHECA CZARTORYSCIANA CRACOVIAE

7a

100692 I

A

C

NO

C

Fo

Chez

AMUSEMENT
DES
COMPAGNIES
OU
NOUVEAU RECUEIL
DE
CHANSONS CHOISIS.

TOME SECOND.

Pour ſervir de Tome 10. *au nouveau Recueil de Chanſons Choiſis.*

A LA HAYE,
Chez { PIERRE GOSSE Junior, & NICOLAS VAN DAALEN, } Libraires.
M. DCC. LXI.

40692

TOME SECOND.

DE

NOUVEAU RECUEIL

DE

COMPLIMENS.

TABLE
DES
CHANSONS.

Contenus dans ce Tome Second.

Airs Choiſies des Troqueurs. Pag.
On ne peut trop-tôt ſe mettre, &c. 1
Airs principaux du Trompeur Trompé.
De tous les Cœurs c'eſt, &c. 24
Airs Choiſis du Suffiſant.
Que viens-je d'apprendre, &c. 40
Airs Choiſis du Roſignol.
Non, non, c'eſt à l'indifference, &c. 35
Ariettes du Peintre Amoureux de ſon Modelle.
Me promenant près du Logis, &c. 45
Le Choſe Impoſſible Dialogue du Prologue.
On peut encore dans les, &c. 73
Parodie ſur la Muſette d'Hébé.
Quel déſeſpoir d'être, &c. 76
L'Apologie des deux Sexes. Vaudeville.
Ou l'on ne voit point des chapeaux, &c. 85
Vaudeville des Recrues.
Un petit rien, &c. 88
Le Fiancé.
Tirſis pret d'épouſer Fanchon, &c. 103
Le Precepteur d'Amour.
Tendres écoliers de Cythère, &c. 106
Le Mariée.
Vient enfin le moment, &c. 107

TABLE DES CHANSONS.

Muſette nouvelle.
Colin deſſus l'Herbette, &c. 110
L'Iſle Fortunée ou l'age d'Or.
Loin de nos Campagnes, &c. 111
Les Caracteres de la Danſe.
Dans un Temple un jour, &c. 117
Vaudeville des Faux Niais.
Le Théatre de l'Harmonie, &c. 135
Le Novice en Amour.
J'ignore de l'Amour, &c. 138
Les Fêtes Villageoiſes.
Je ne ſuis qu'un pauvre, &c. 139
Vaudeville du Bal de Strasbourg.
Notre Bonheur nous fait, &c. 143
Ronde ou Chanſon à Danſer.
L'autre jour le biau Colas, &c. 146
Vaudeville de la Coquette ſans le ſçavoir.
J'obtiens ta main ma chère Agate, &c. 149
Parodie nouvelle de Ragonde.
Jamais la nuit ne fut ſi noire, &c. 153
Parodie de la Mariniere.
Quoique l'onde fremiſſe, &c. 156
Air de Ragonde.
L'Amour chérit, &c. 160
Le Carillon de Dunkerque.
Allons vite Fanchon, &c. 163
Le Carillon tel qu'il a été danſé à l'Opera.
Revenu de l'erreur, &c. 165
Nouvelle Parodie ſur la Chaconne de Pirame & Thisbé.
C'eſt ici le ſéjour, &c. 167
Vaudeville du Balet de la Nature de l'Art,
L'or & l'éclat pompeux, &c. 185

TABLE DES CHANSONS.

Menuet en Rondeau.
Du Dieu des Amours, &c. 187
Airs Chanté par Mr. Jeliotte.
Vôtre Cœur aimable, &c. 189
Les Amours de Colin & de Colette.
Un jour Colin & Colette, &c. 190
Titon.
Que l'Aurore tarde, &c. 192
L'Aurore Titon, Duo.
Regné, Regné, Amour, &c. 194
Tïton.
Vôtre Cœur doit être flatté, &c. 200
Ariette.
Du Dieu des Cœurs, on adore, &c. 201
De Tïton & d'Aurore.
Venés, venés, ſous ces riant, &c. 205
La Tourterelle tendre, &c. 209
Petits Airs, du Devin de Village.
Quand on ſçait aimer, &c. 211
Airs Choiſis de Nais.
Brillez de mille attraits, &c. 215
Muſette des Fêtes de l'Himen & de l'Amour.
Ma Bergére fuioit l'Amour, &c. 234
Vaudeville.
Climene avant ſon Mariage, &c. 237
Vaudeville du Devin de Village.
Non, non, Colette n'eſt point, &c. 240
Ronde Nouvelle de l'Opera Comique des Boulevards.
J'étois au Logis ſeulette, &c. 245
Air de Mr. la Ruette.
Auprès d'une aimable fille, &c. 248
Ronde à Danſer.
Un beau jour ſur le bord de l'Eau, &c. 251

TABLE DES CHANSONS.
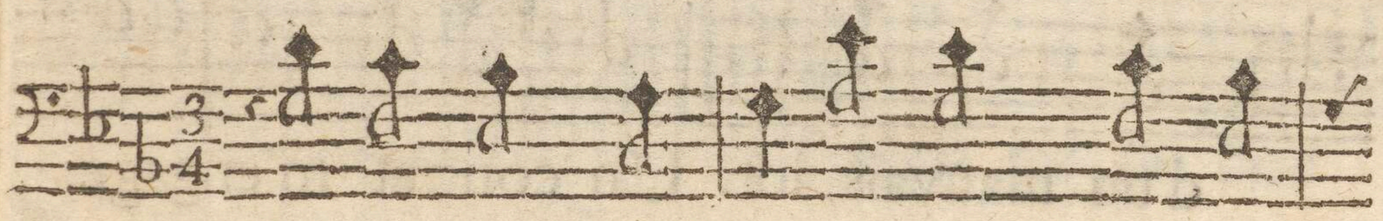
Air du Devin de Village.
L'Amour croit s'il s'inquiete, &c. 254
Etrennes Galantes. Air de Mr. le Febure.
Rapide tems d'une viteſſe extrême, &c. 256
Romance.
L'Amant frivole & Volage, &c. 259
Airs de la Nouvelle Baſtienne.
Tant qu'on verra la Riviere, &c. 261
Airs Chantans de la Fontaine de Jouvence.
Tendre Amour reçois l'homage, &c. 274
Contredance de l'Amour Impromptu.
Prenés au village une Maîtreſſe, &c. 287
Vaudeville des Nimphes de Diane.
Je voulois vaincre l'Amour, &c. 292
Ronde de Jerôme & Fanchonnette.
L'Amour a ſur la Riviere, &c. 296
Ariette de Folette ou l'enfant gâté.
Une jeune Danſeuſe, &c. 300
Airs Détachés des Fêtes de l'Hymen, & de l'Amour.
Volés plaiſirs célébrés, &c. 305
Airs choiſis de Nicaiſe.
Pour d'autres inſtans gardez la, &c. 343
Airs choiſis du Confident Heureux.
Qu'importe à quel prix je faſſe briller ma flamme, &c. 350

Fin de la Table.
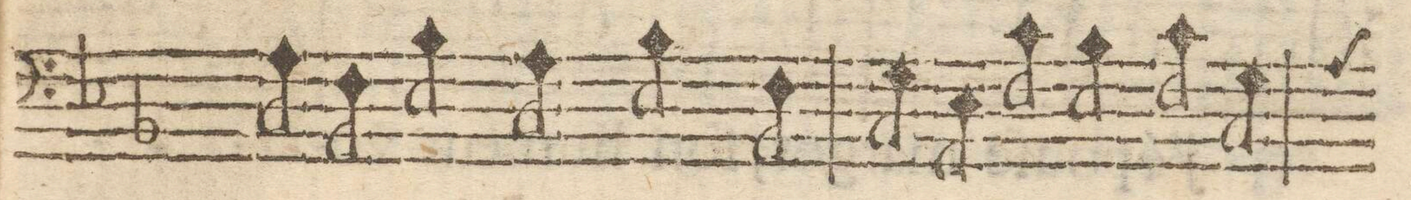
S.
254
&c. 256
259
261
xc. 274
xc. 287
292
296
300
Amour.
305
. 343
ller
350

AIRS CHOISIS DES TROQUEURS
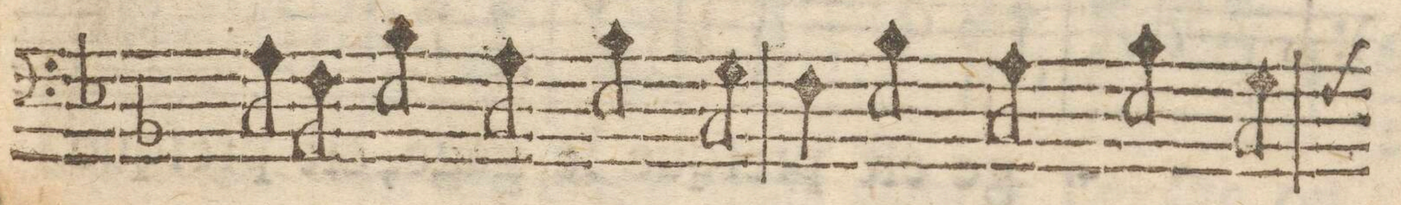
OPERA COMIQUE.
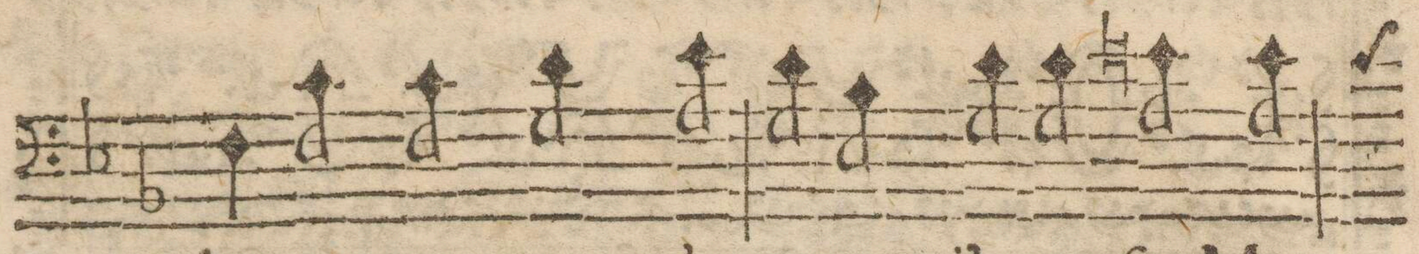


On ne peut trop tôt ſe mettre en mé-
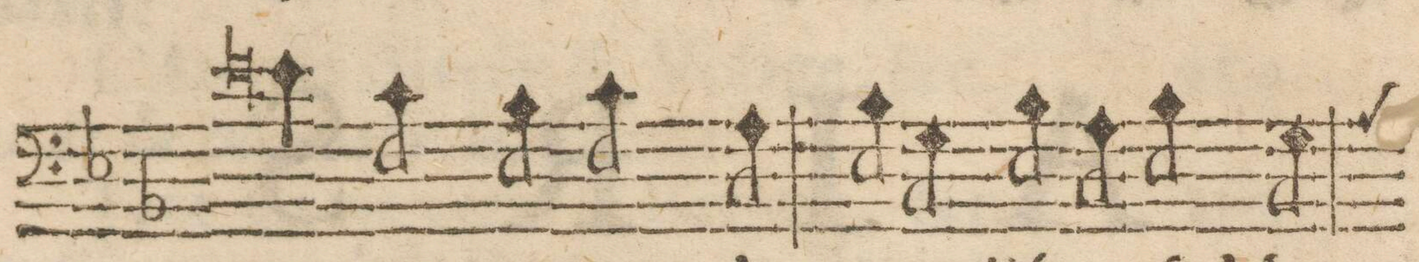


nage, j'ai beaucoup d'ouvrage & le mari-
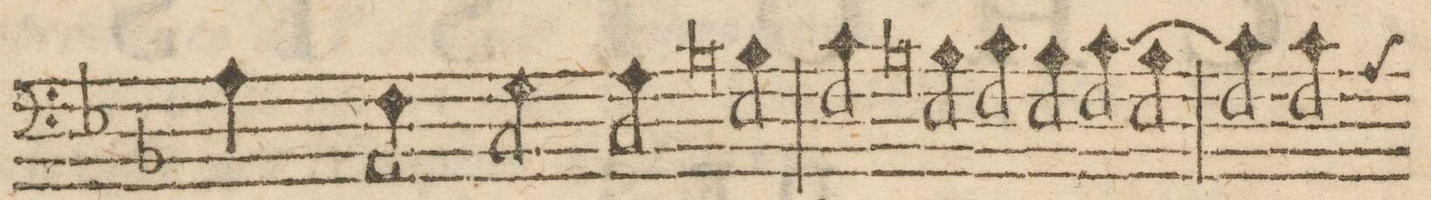


age eſt mon vrai balot, eſt mon vrai ba-
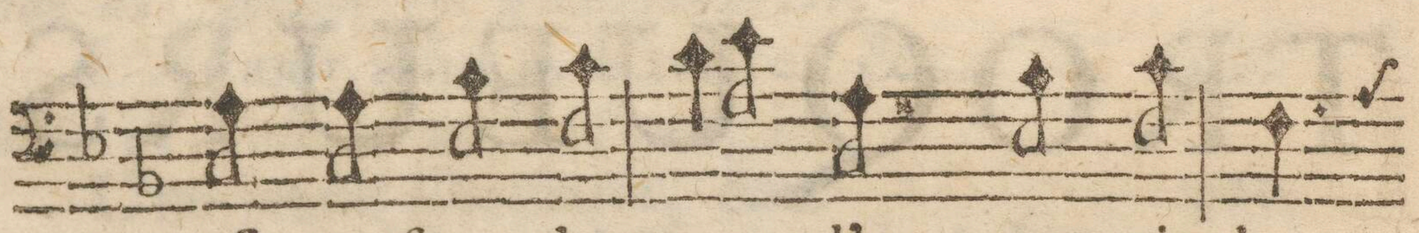


lot, un contrat m'engage, j'epouſe Mar-
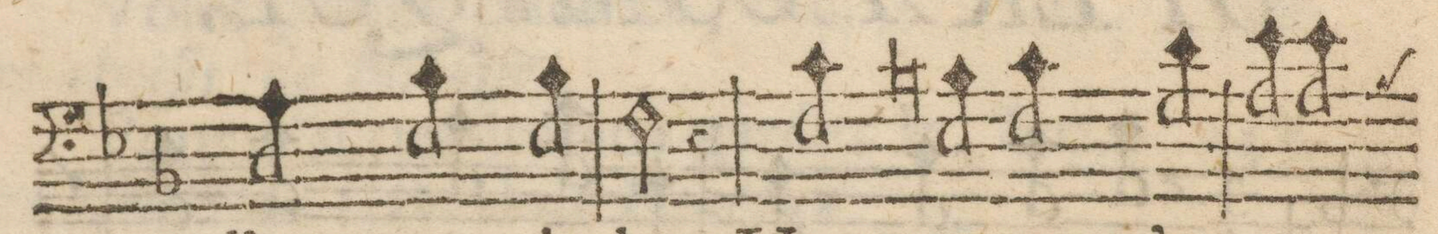


got, un contrat m'engage, j'épouſe Mar-
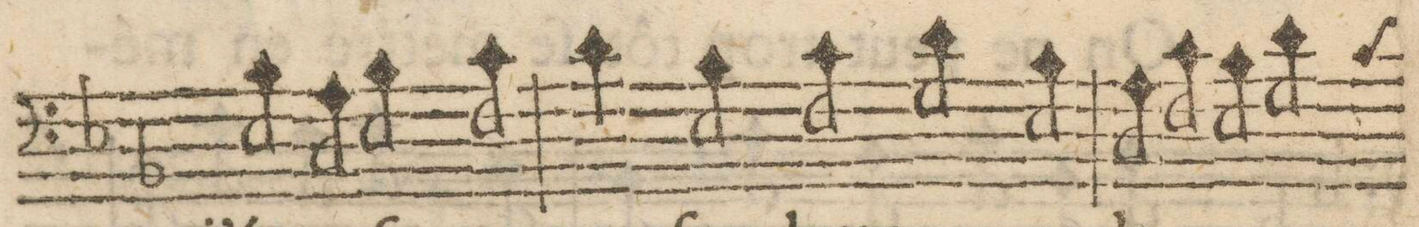


got, ſon humeur vo-la - - - - ge
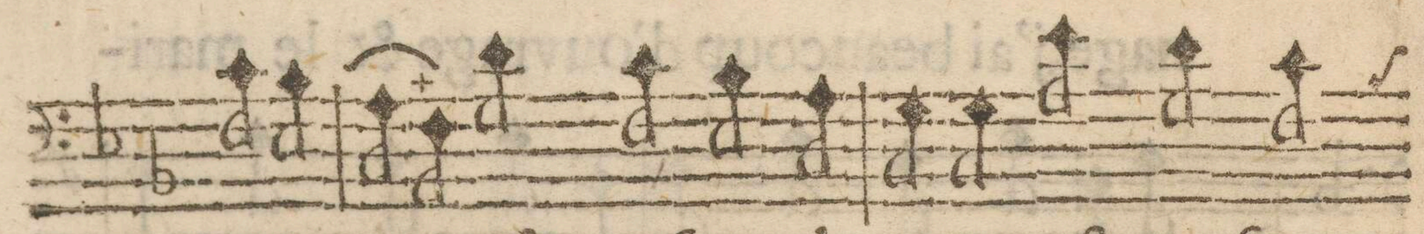


eſt preſque le gage d'un mauvais lot,
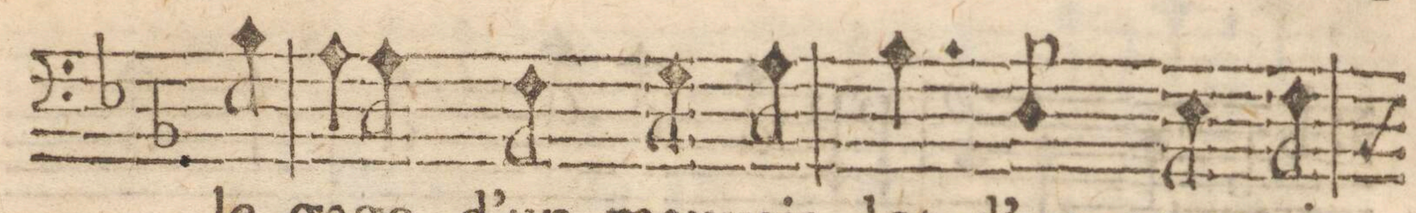


d'un mauvais lot. Un contrat m'engage



j'épouſe margot, ſon humeur vo-la- - -
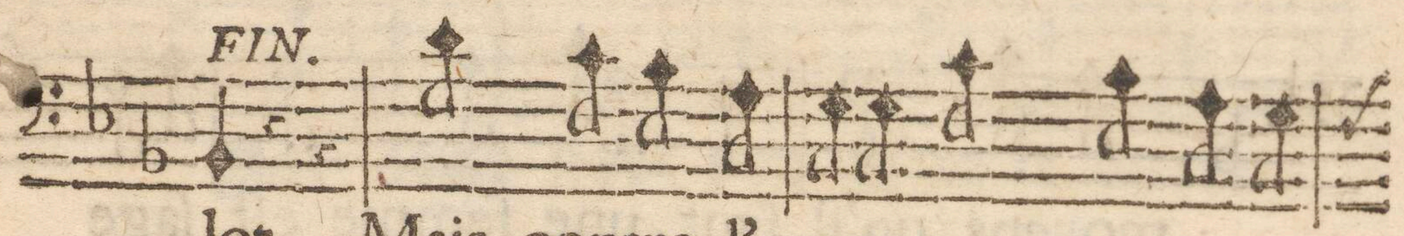


- - ge eſt preſque le gage, eſt preſque
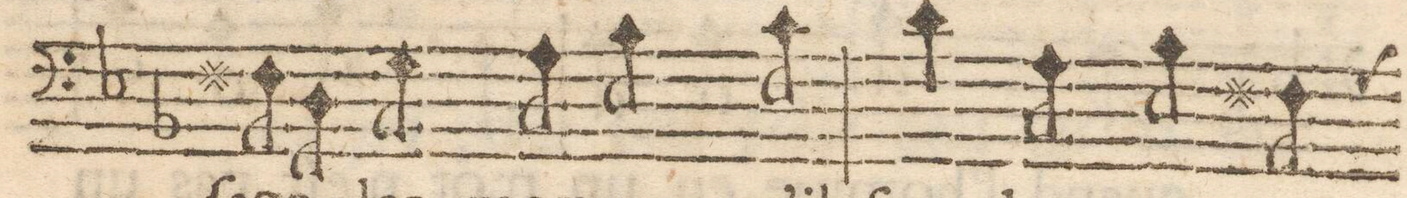


le gage d'un mauvais lot d'un mauvais
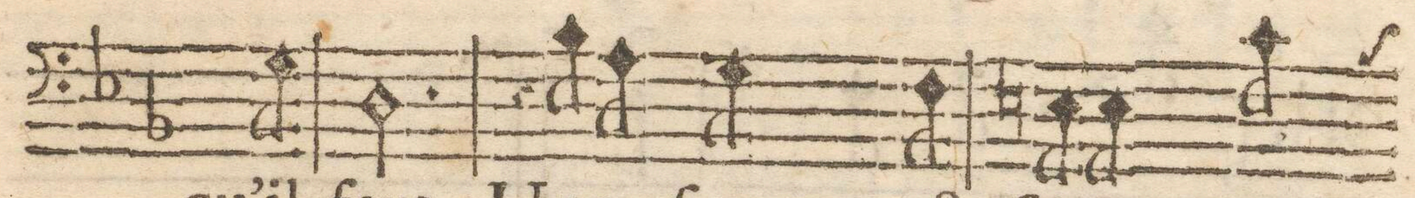
FIN.



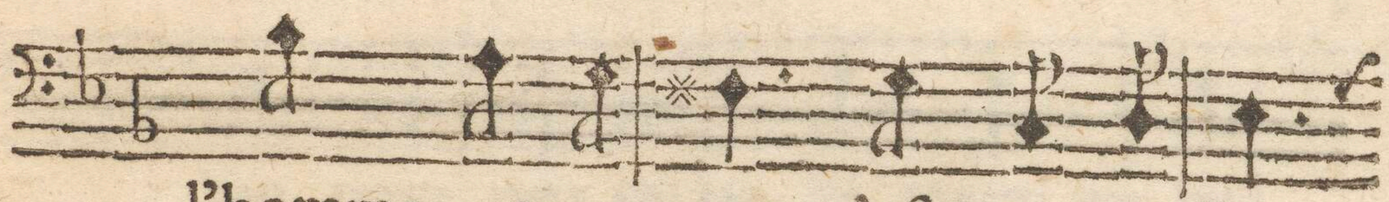
lot. Mais contre l'orage on met en u-
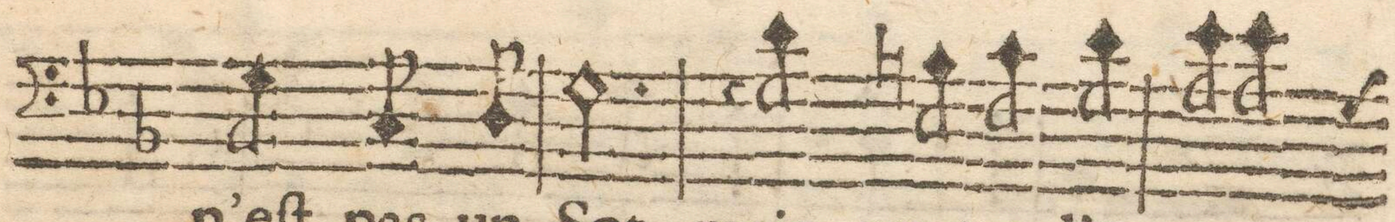


ſage les moyens qu'il faut, les moyens



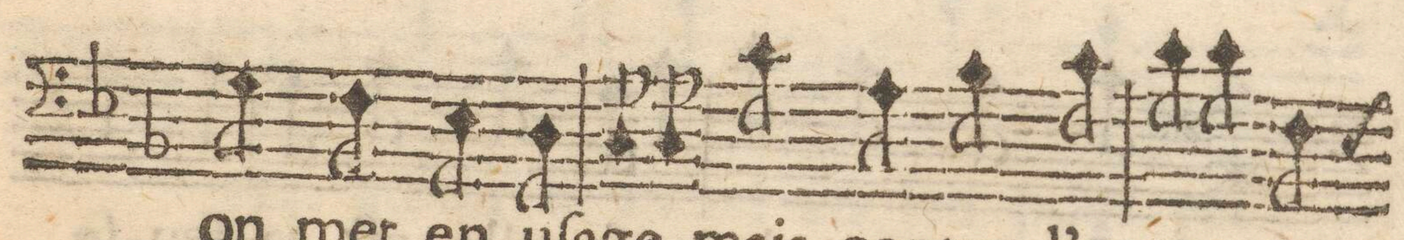
qu'il faut. Une femme eſt ſage quand
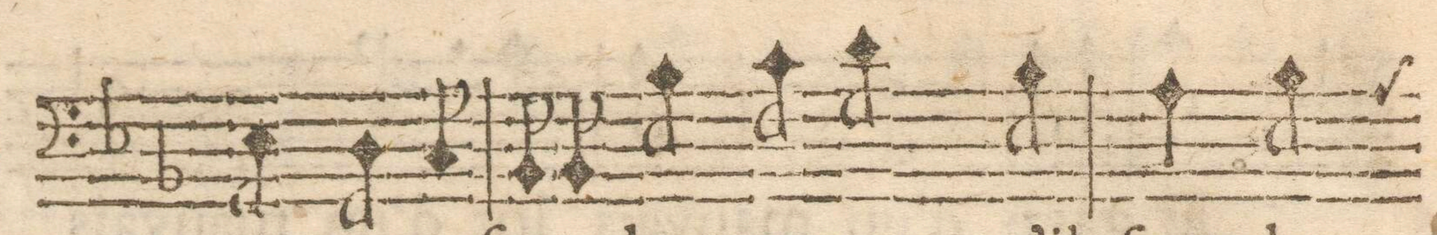


l'homme en un mot n'eſt pas un Sot
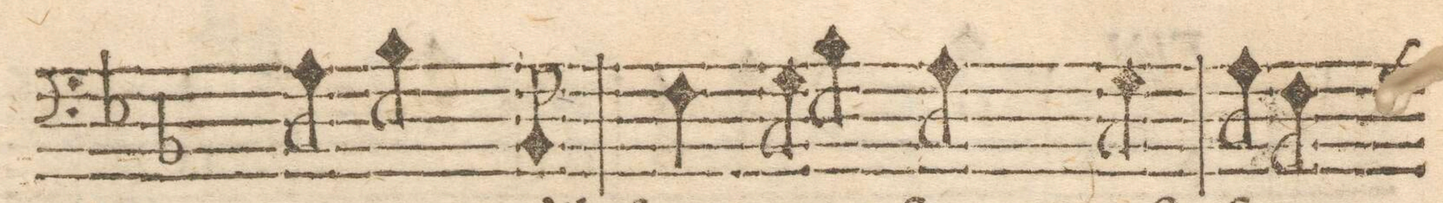


n'eſt pas un Sot, mais contre l'o-rage
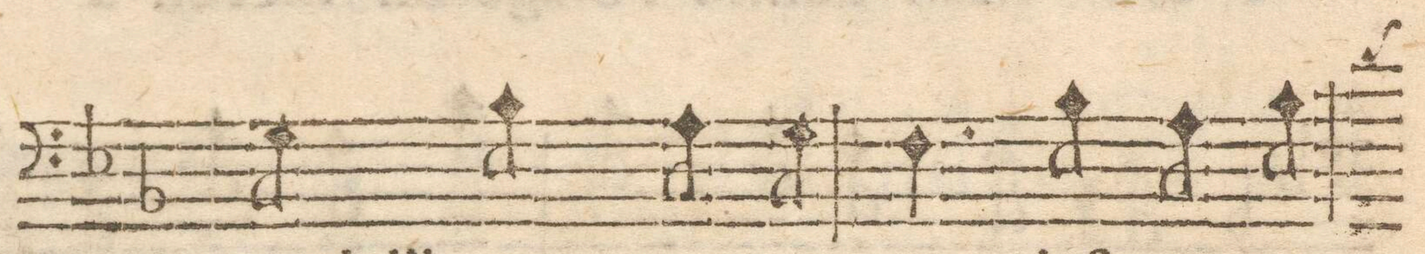


on met en uſage mais contre l'orage on
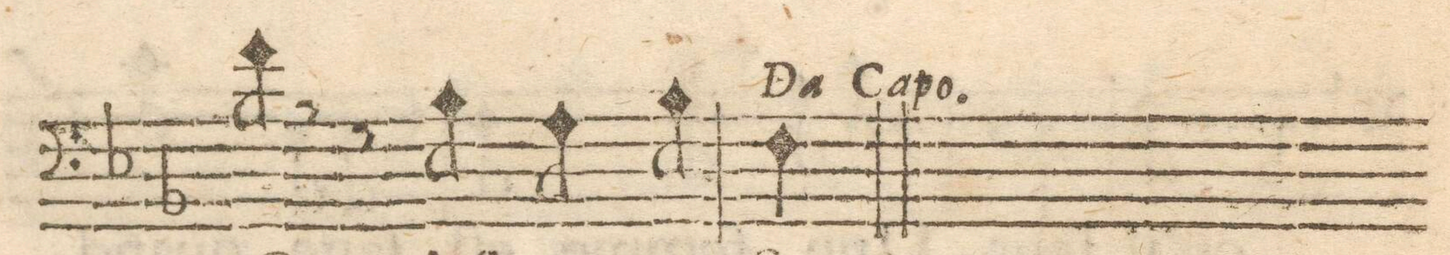


met en uſage les moyens qu'il faut les



moyens qu'il faut, une femme eſt ſage
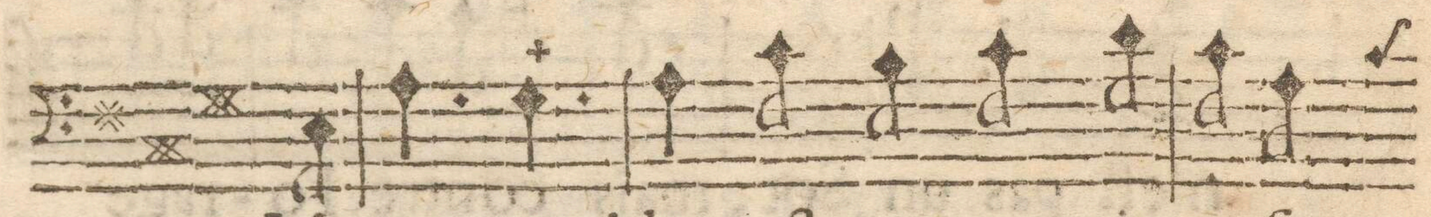


quand l'homme en un mot n'eſt pas un
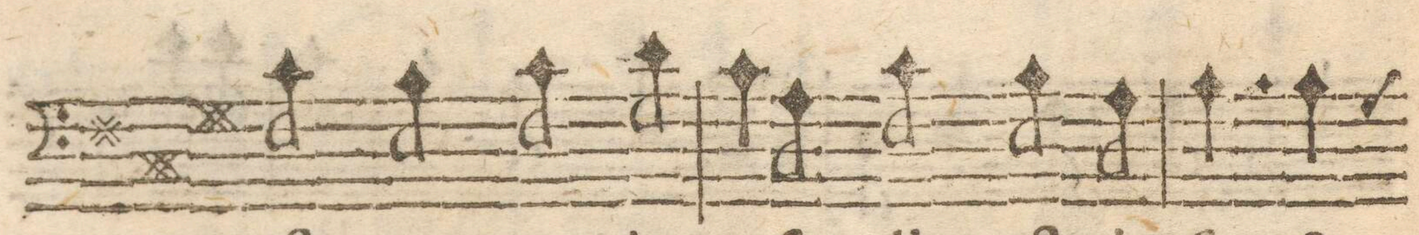


Sot n'eſt pas un Sot.

2. ARIETTE.
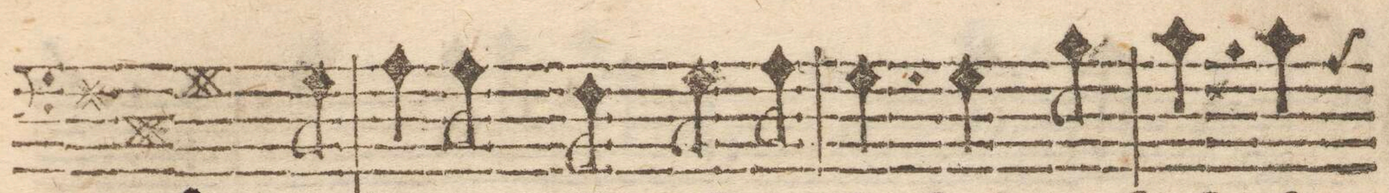


Margot morbleu eſt par trop joyeuſe
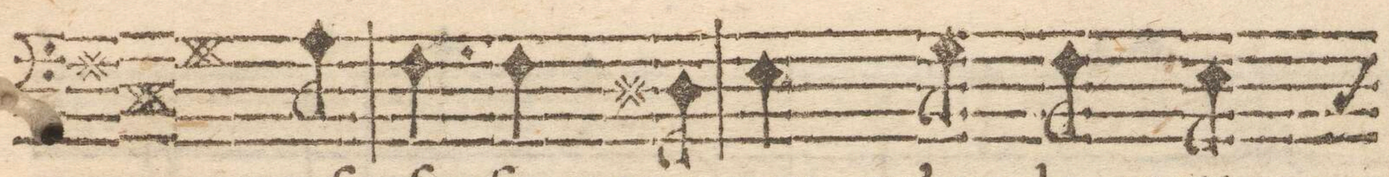


eſt par trop joyeuſe elle eſt ja-ſeu-ſe
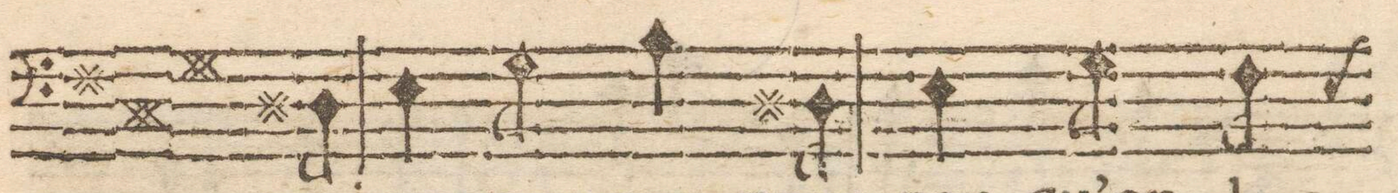
gauf-
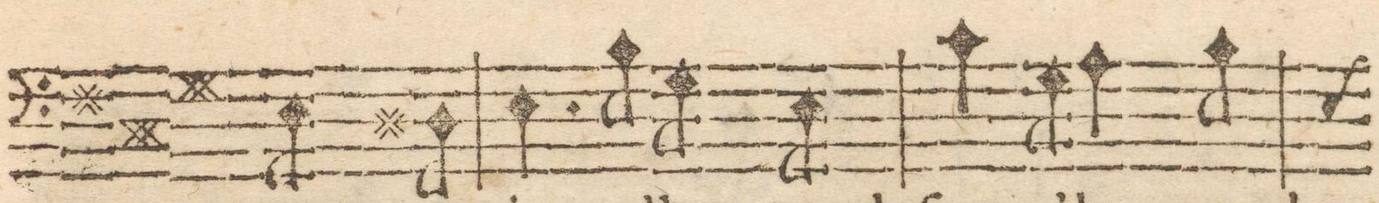


gauſſeuſe, elle eſt ja-ſeuſe, gauſ- ſeuſe
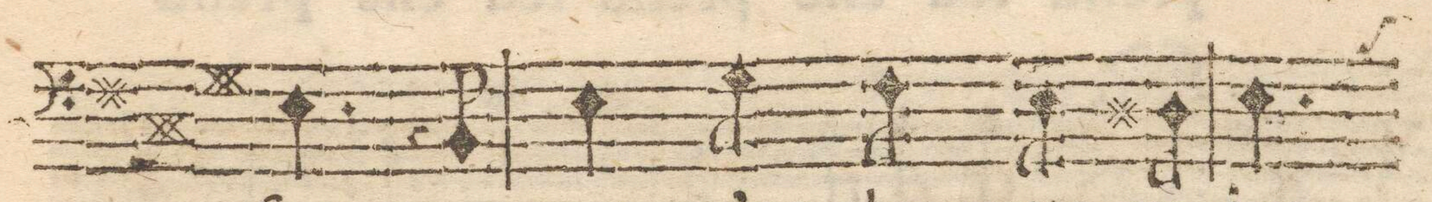


gauſ- ſeuſe pour peu qu'on la mette
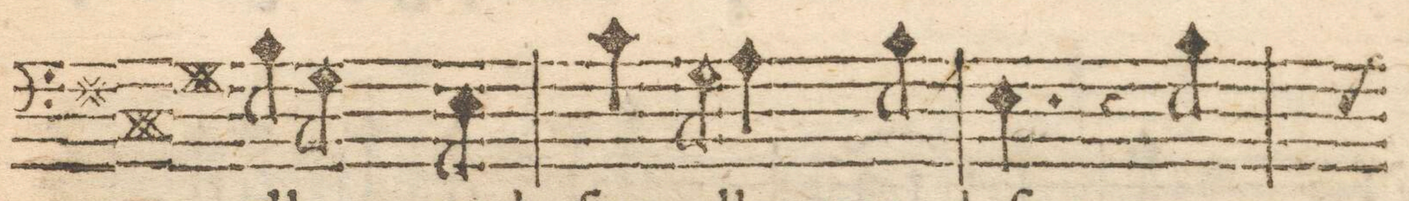


en jeu pour peu pour peu qu'on la
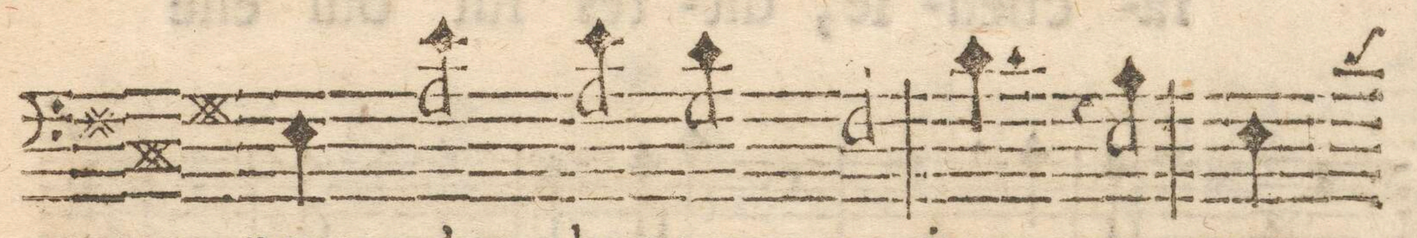


mette en jeu elle prend feu elle prend
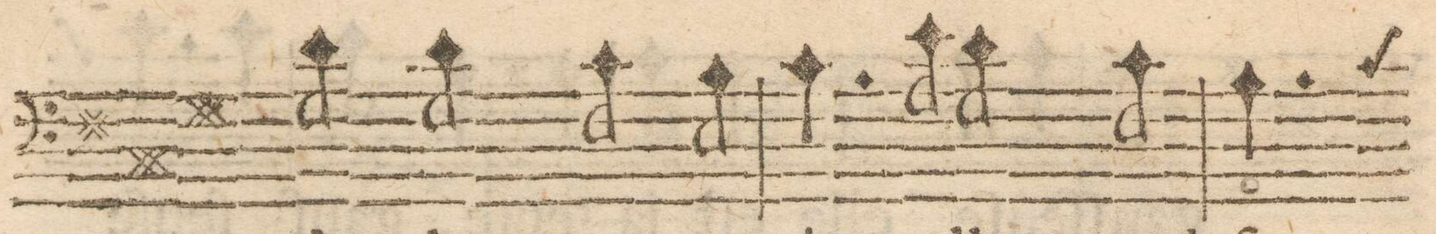


feu pour peu qu'on la mette en jeu
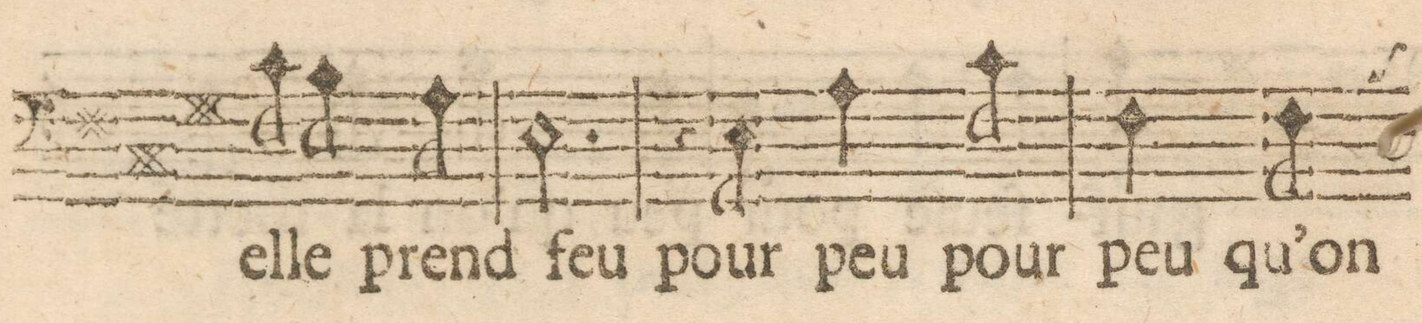


elle prend feu elle prend feu pour
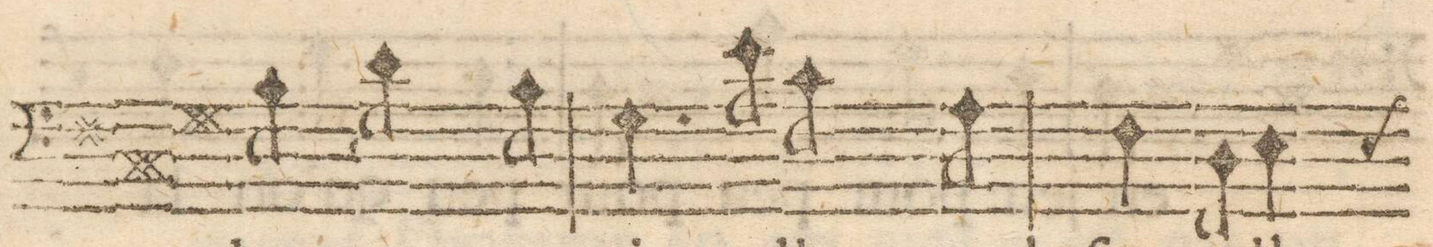


peu qu'on la mette en jeu pour peu
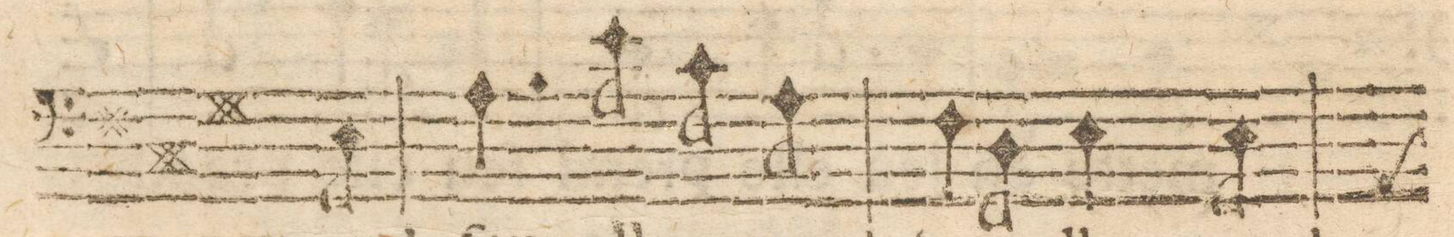


qu'on la mette en jeu elle prend feu
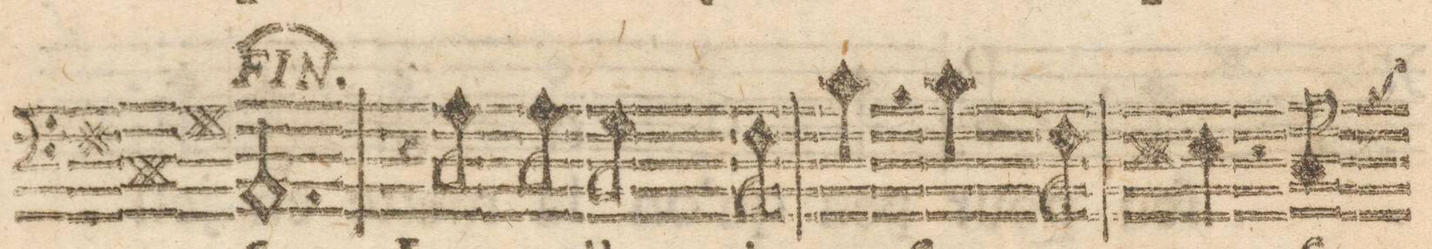


elle prend feu pour peu pour peu qu'on
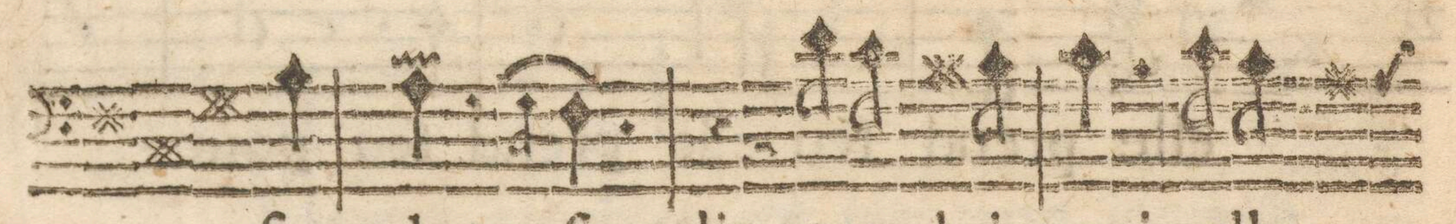


la mette en jeu elle prend feu elle
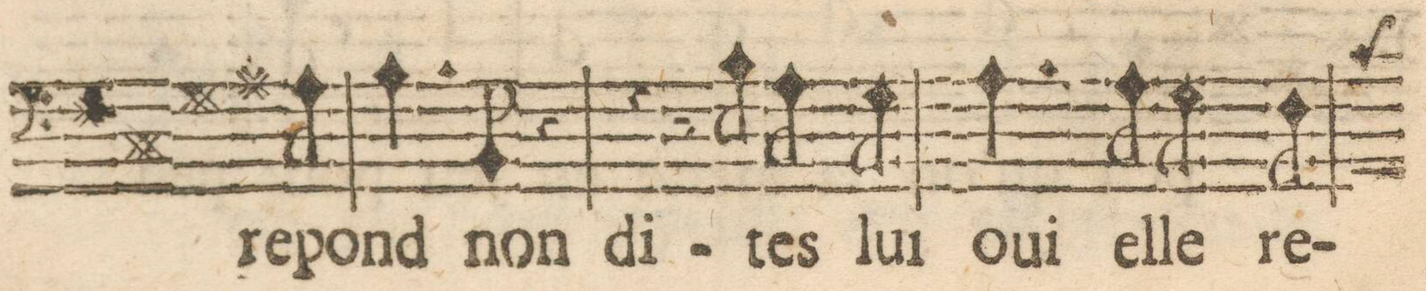


prend feu elle prend feu elle prend



feu. La voila quin teuſe, gro- gneuſe,
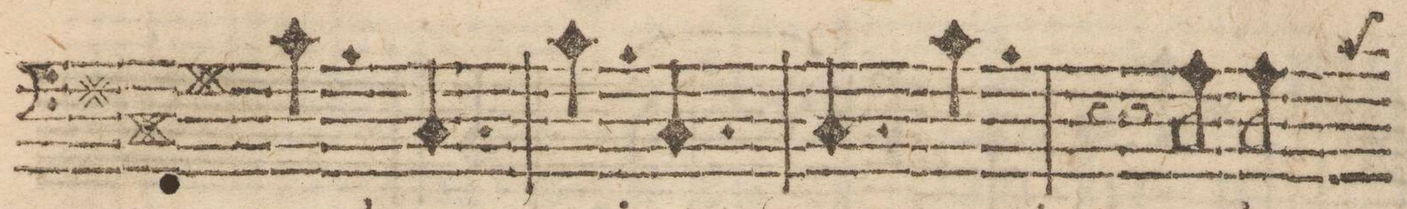


fa- cheu- ſe, dit- tes lui oui elle
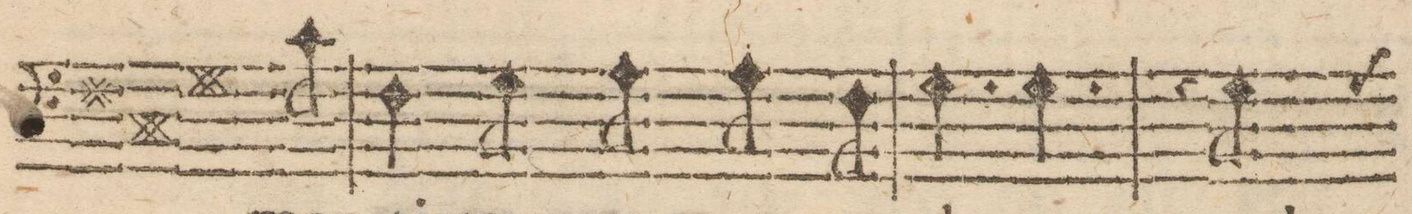


repond non di - tes lui oui elle re-
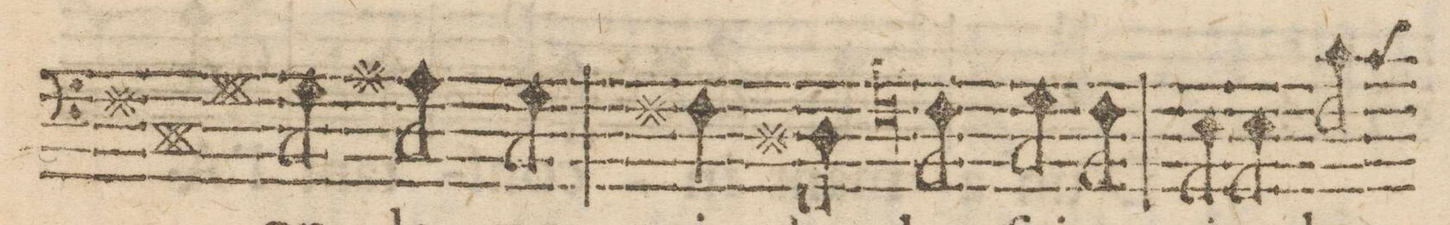
pond
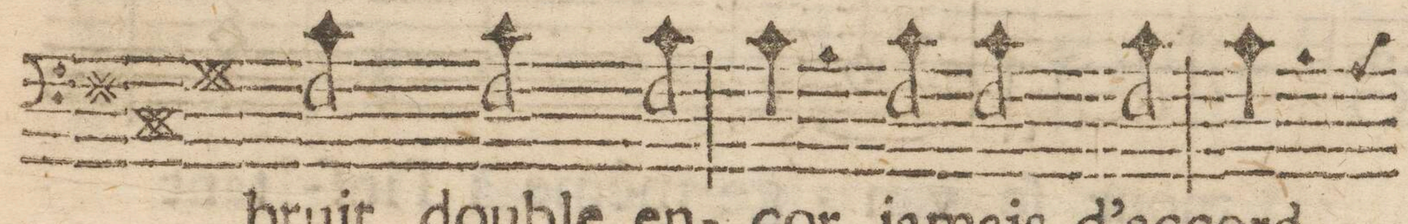


pond non oui non non oui, un de-
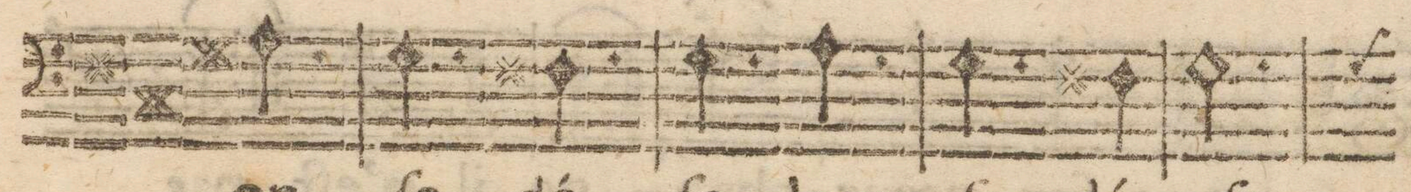


men-ti vous met en co- le- re, prend
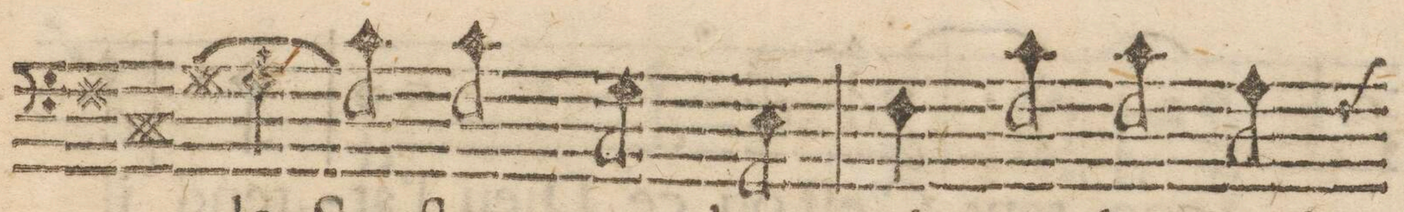


on le par- ti de la faire taire le
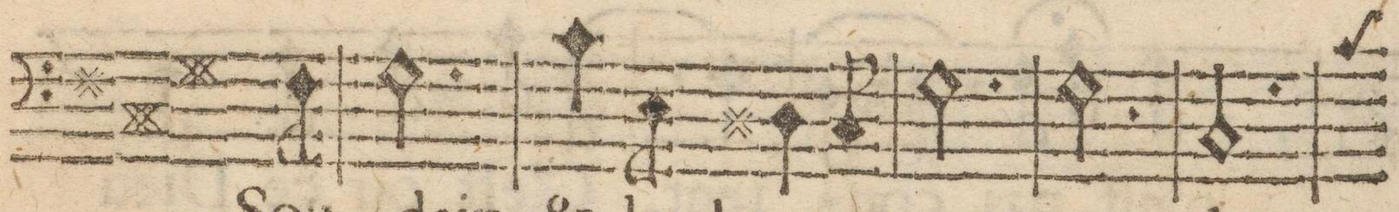


bruit double en- cor, jamais d'accord
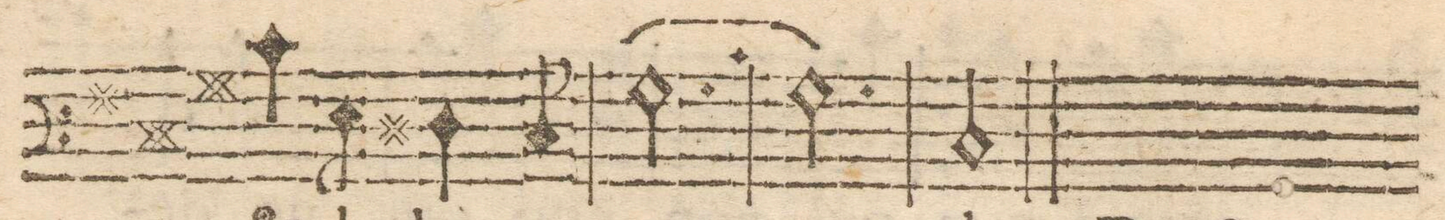


on ſe dé - ſo- le on ſe dé- ſo-



le, Souflets vont leur train, on les rend
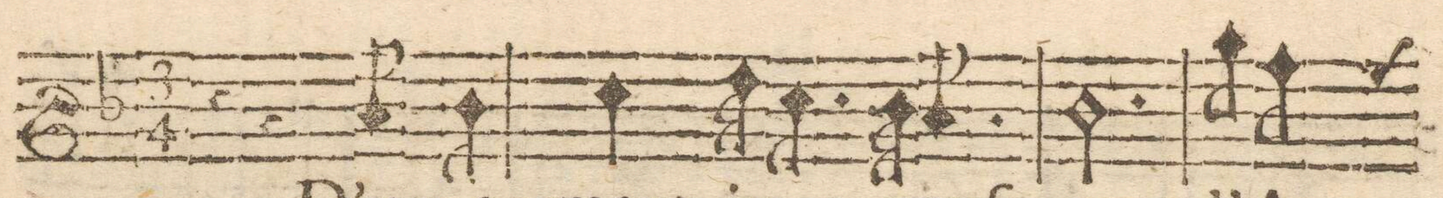


Sou- dain & le bonnet vo- - le
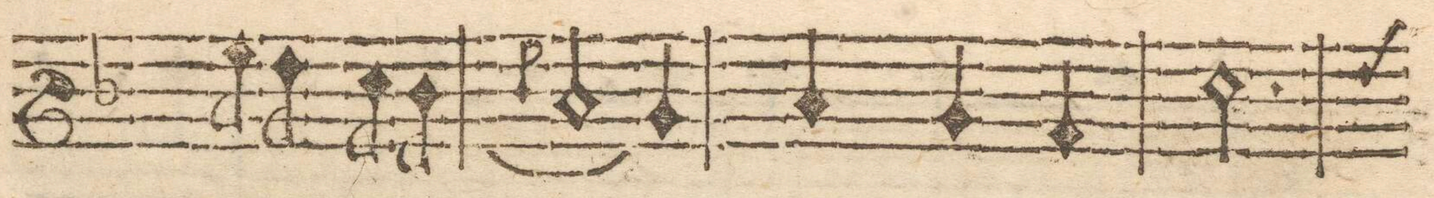


& le bonnet vo- le. *Da Capo.*
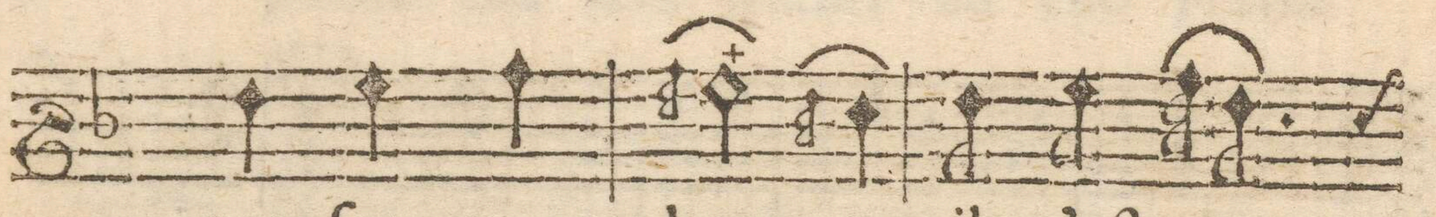
3. ARIETTE.
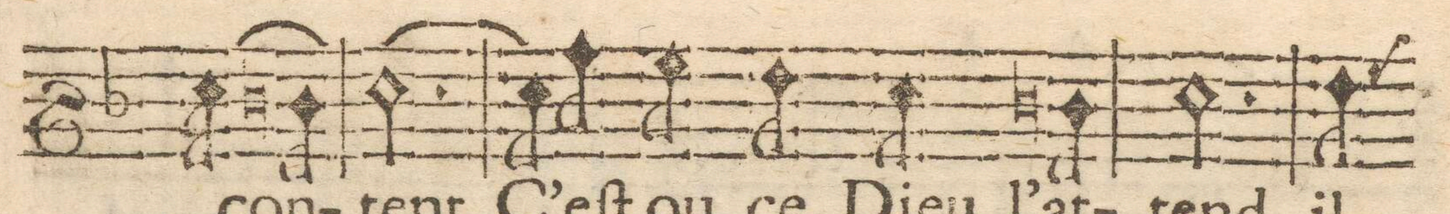


D'un a- mant in - conſ- tant l'A-
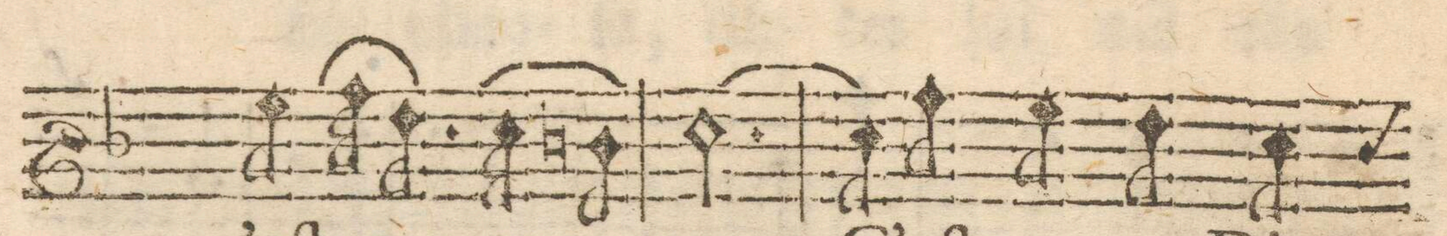


mour ſe van - ge même à l'inſ- tant



que ſon cœur chan - ge il n'eſt pas
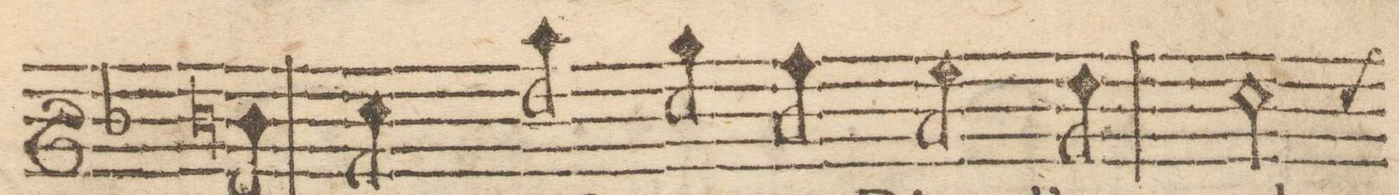


con- tent. C'eſt ou ce Dieu l'at- tend il
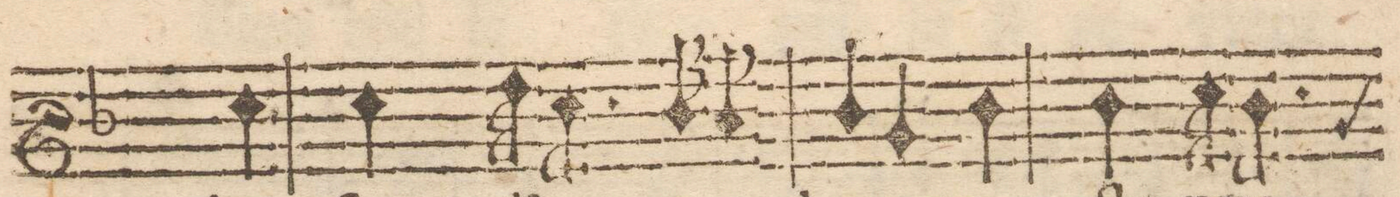


n'eſt pas con- tent. C'eſt ou ce Dieu
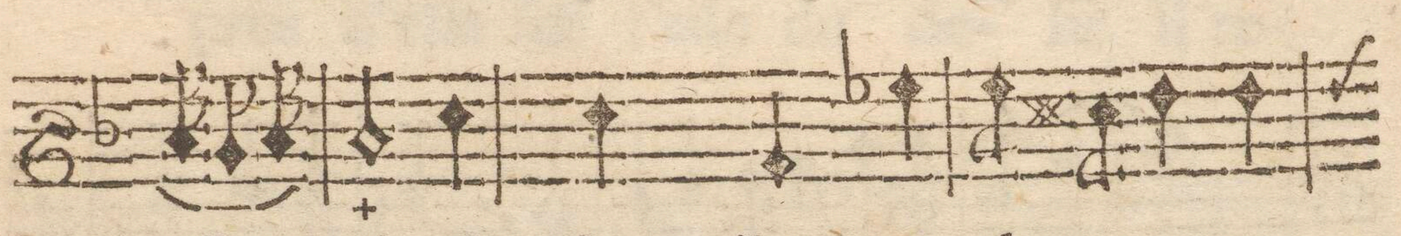
l'at-



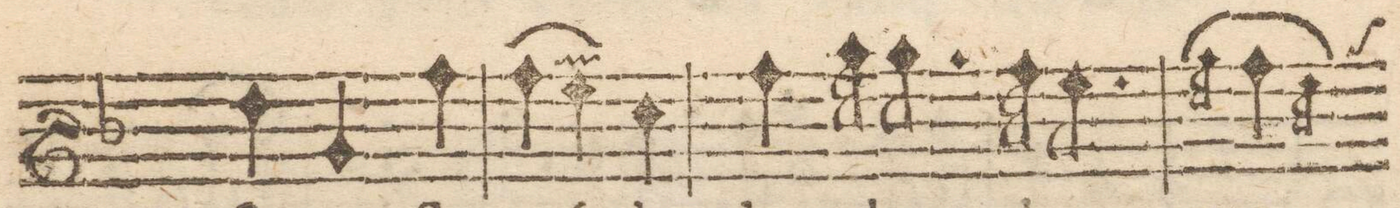
l'a- tend c'eſt ou ce Dieu l'at- tend:
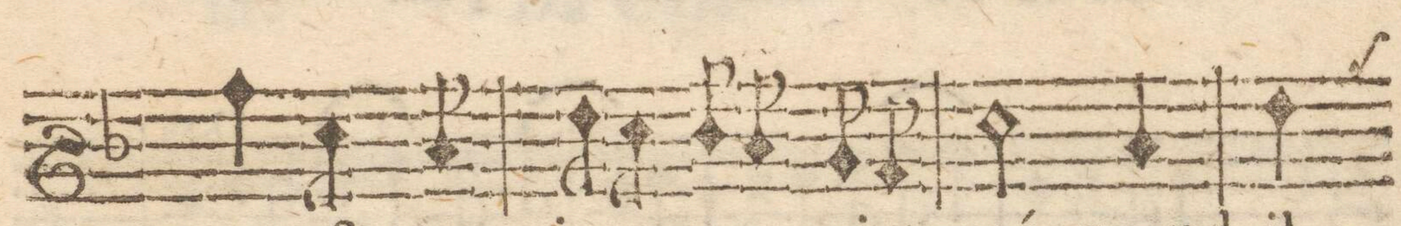


des feux d'un vo- lage on eſt peu
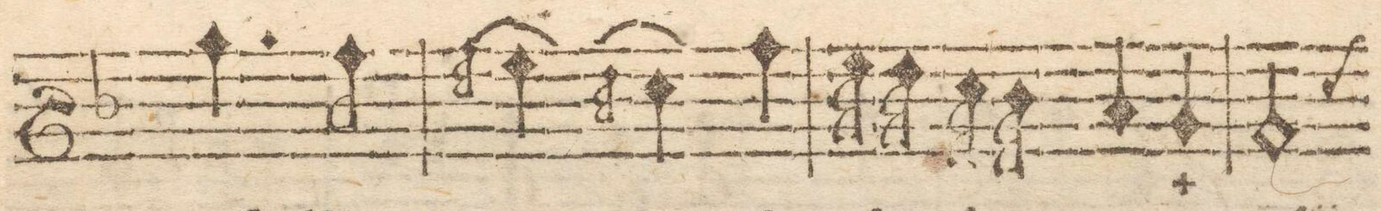


flat- té, des feux d'un vo- la - ge on
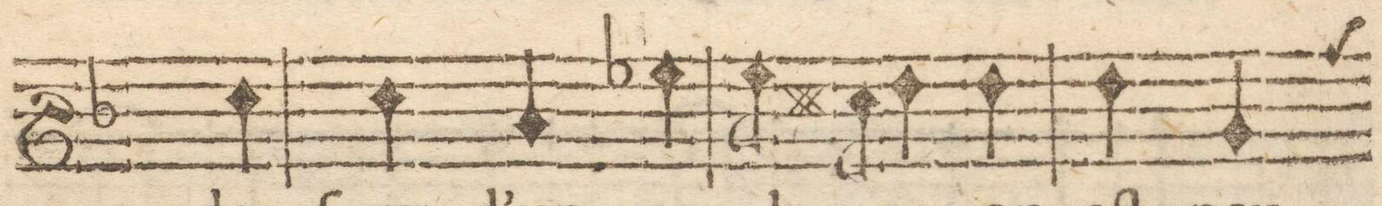


eſt peu flat- té, le plus doux lan- - ga-
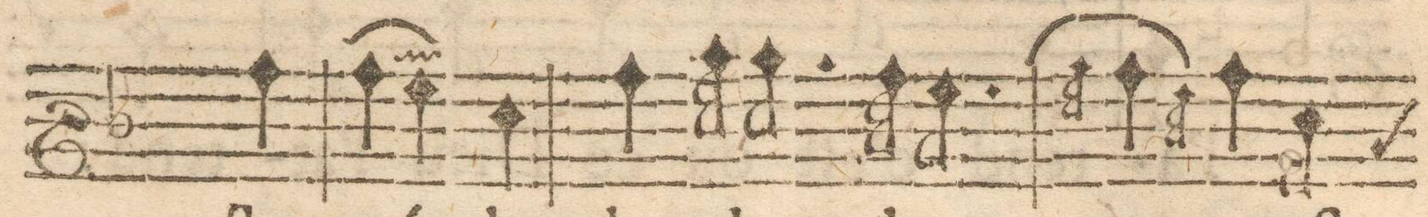


ge eſt tou- jours re - jet - té quand il
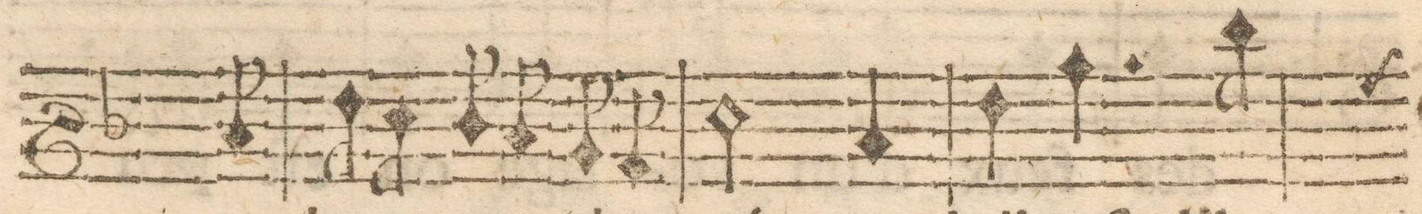


eſt l'ho- ma - ge de la le - gere- té
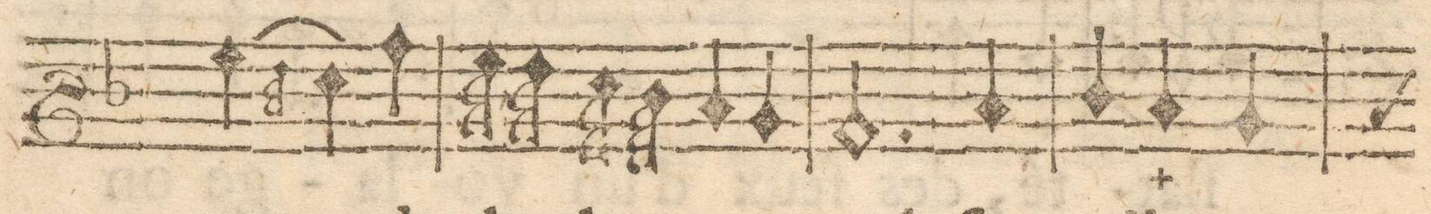


des feux d'un vo- la- ge on eſt peu
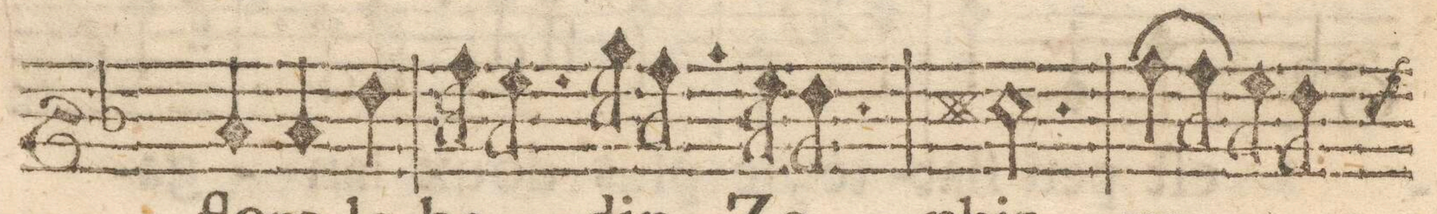


flat- té, le plus doux lan - ga- ge eſt
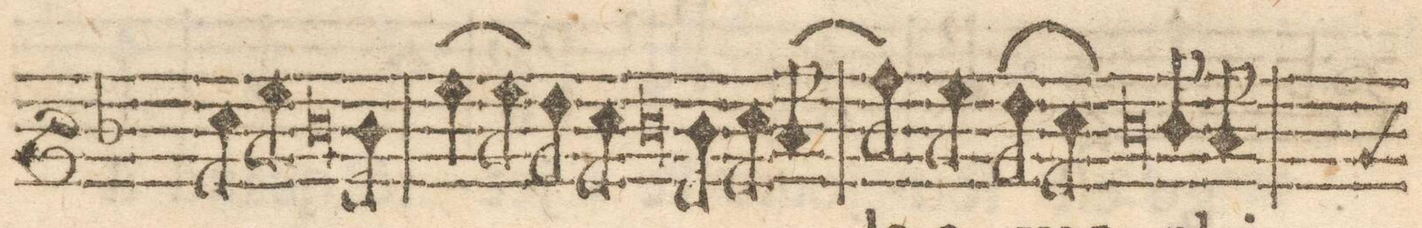


toujours re- jet- té quand il eſt l'ho-
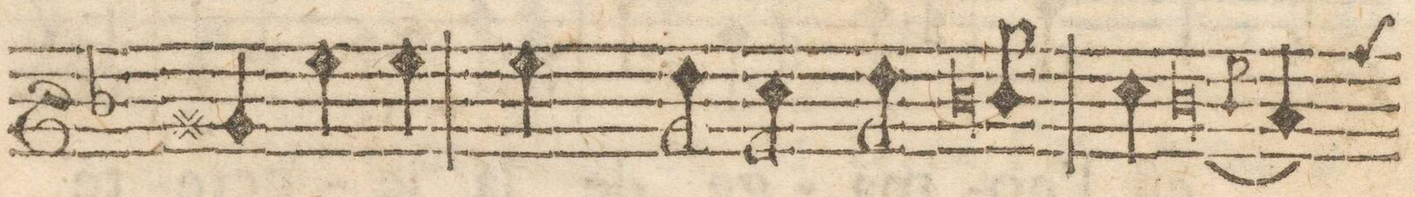


mage de la le- gere- té ſans allarmer
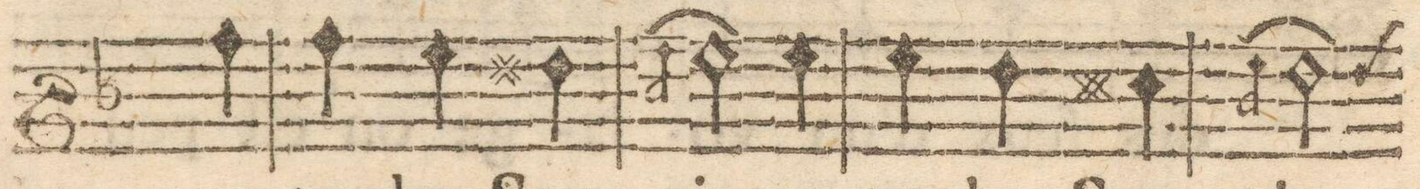


flore le ba - din Ze - phir vo -



- - - le a- vec plai-
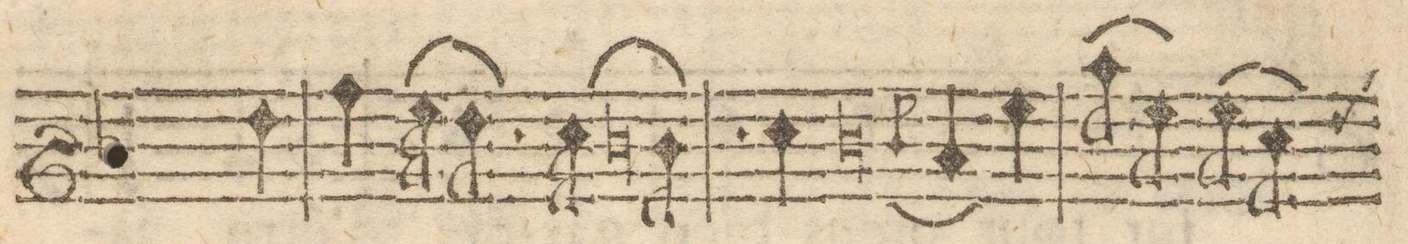


ſir ſur les fleurs qu'elle fait é- clo- re
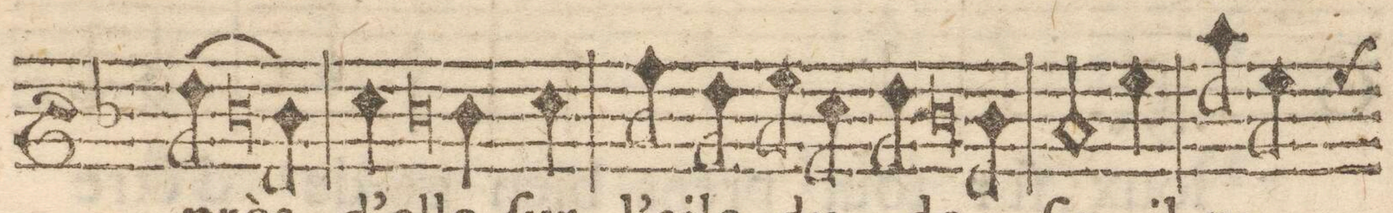


un tendre Sou- pir un tendre Sou- pir
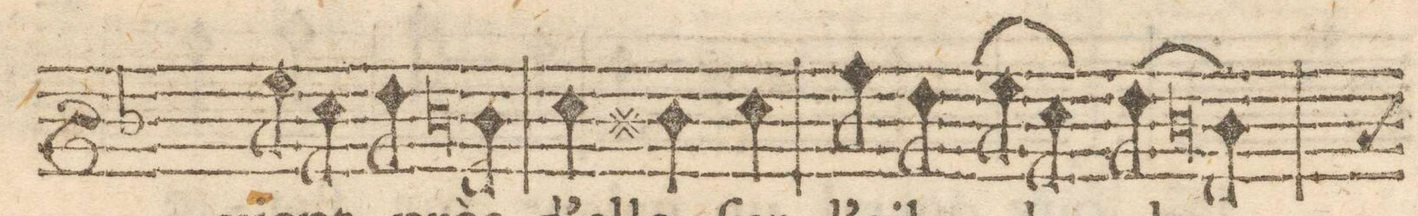
bien



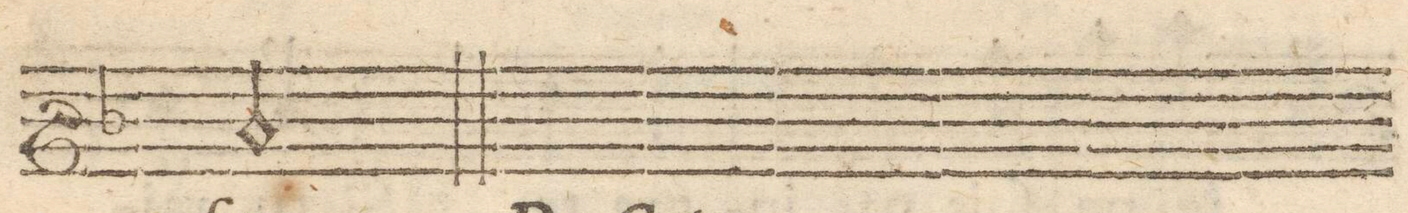
bien tôt le ra - pel- le il re- vient



près d'elle ſur l'aile du de- ſir, il re·

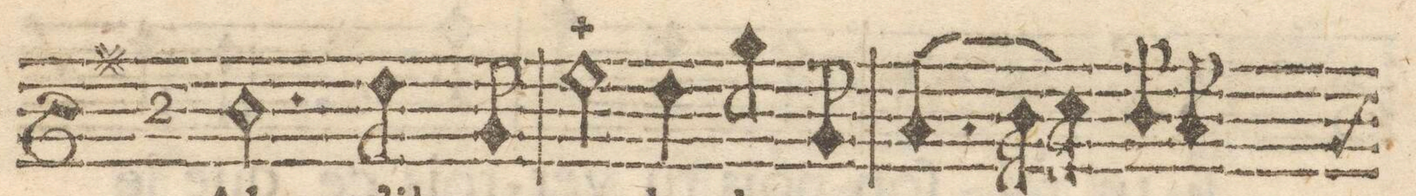


vient près d'elle ſur l'aile du de-
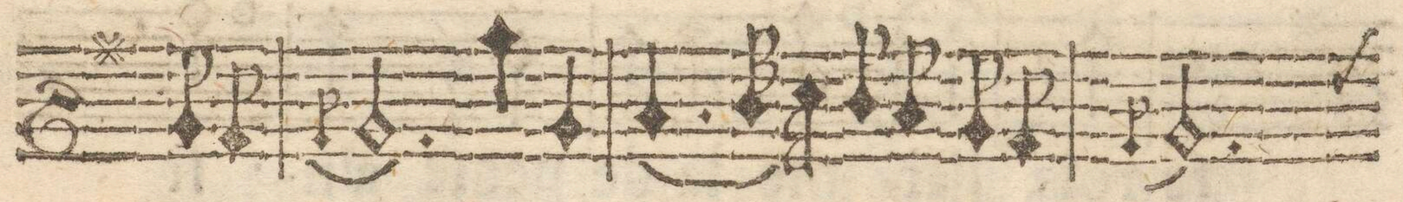


ſir. *Da Capo.*
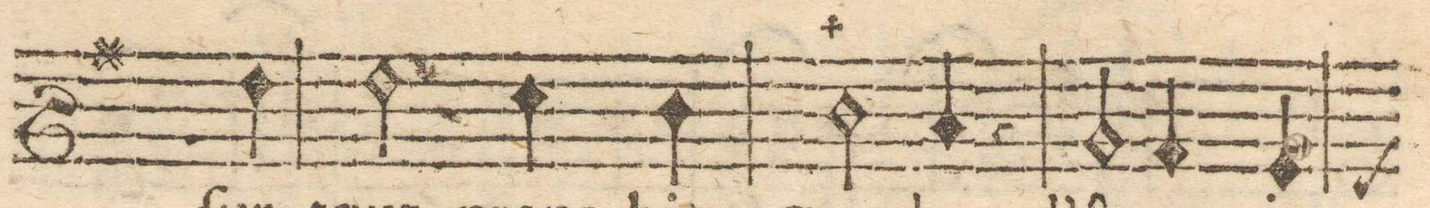
4. ARIETTE.
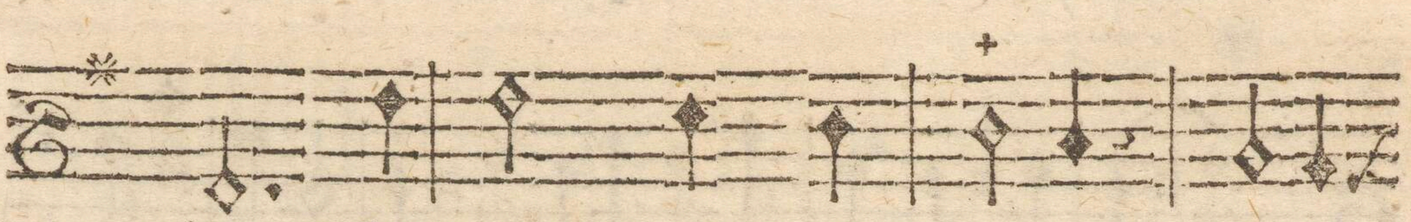


Ah qu'il me tarde de te voir mon



é- poux de te voir mon é - poux,
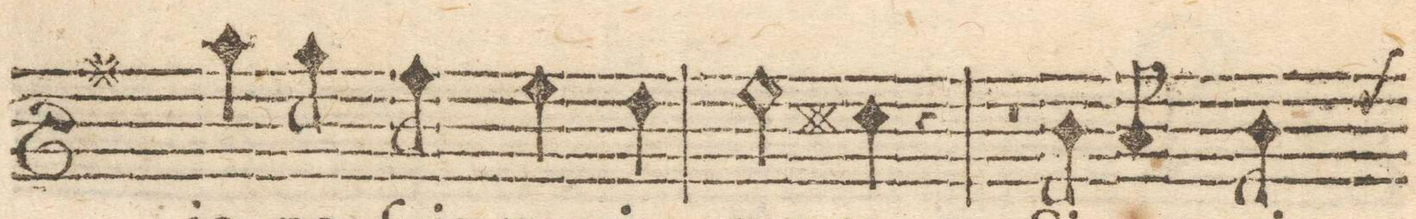


ſur tout prens bien gar-de d'être ja-
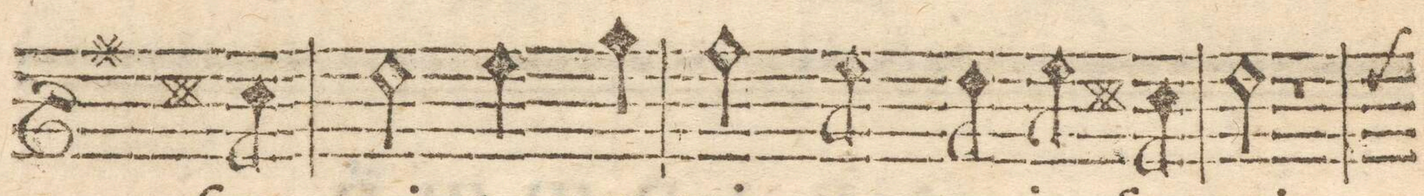


loux, ſur tout prens bien garde d'être
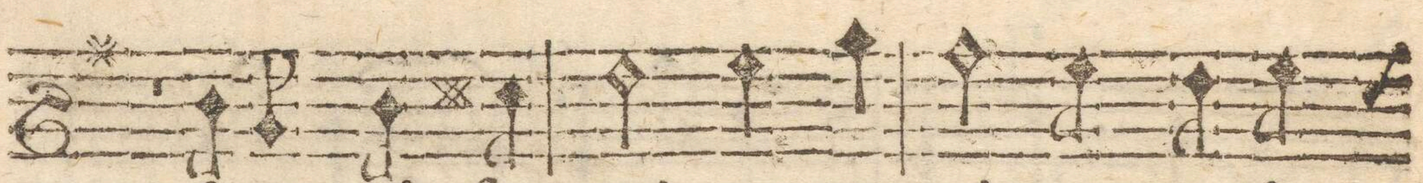


ja- loux quand un galant me flat-te
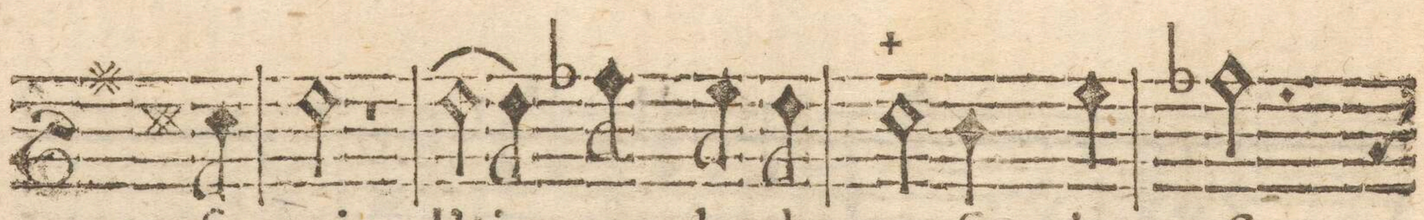


je ne ſuis pas in- gra-te. Si tu rai-



ſon-nois tu ver-rois ce que je fe- rois,
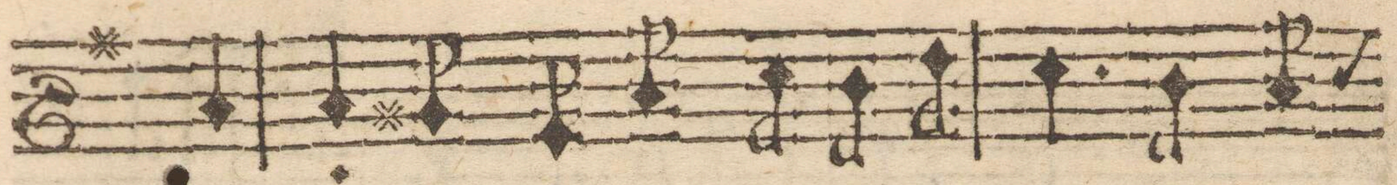


ſi tu rai- ſon-nois tu ver-rois ce que je
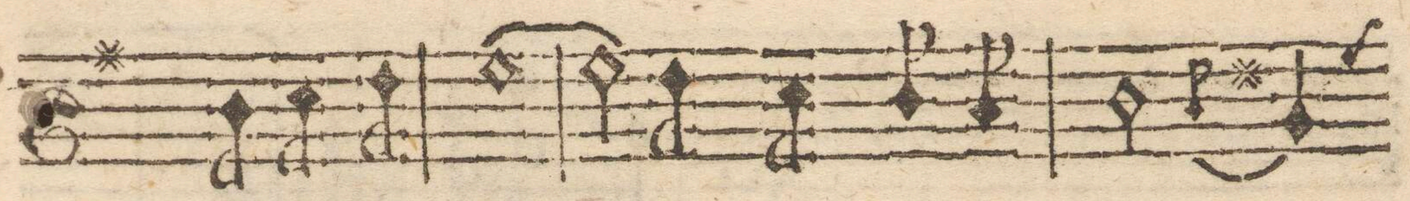


fe rois. J'ai- me la de-penſe ain- ſi
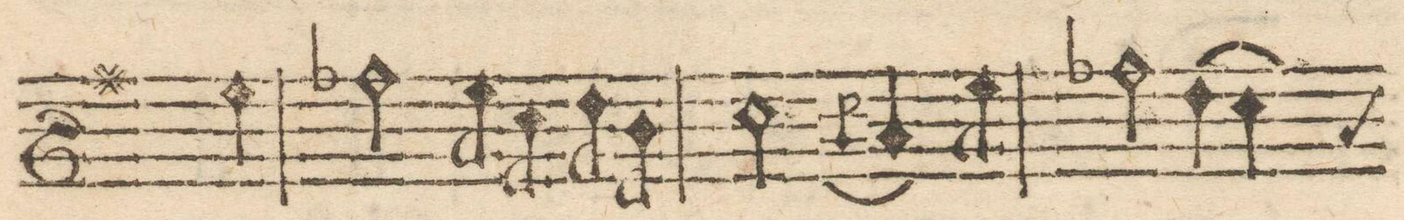
je



je pen- ſe que tu ſçauras ga-gner de quoi
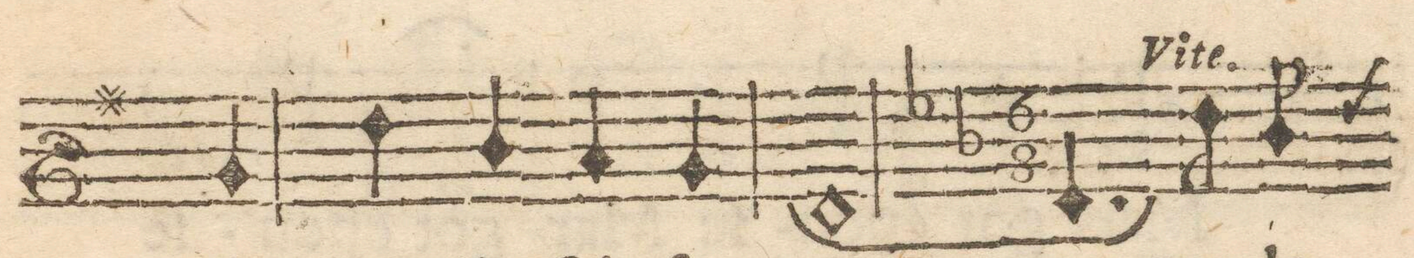


faire re- gner chez moi l'abon-dan- ce,



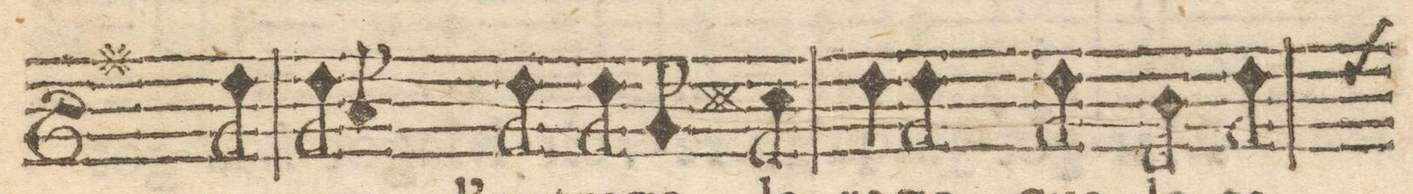
les jeux & la dan- ſe, les jeux &
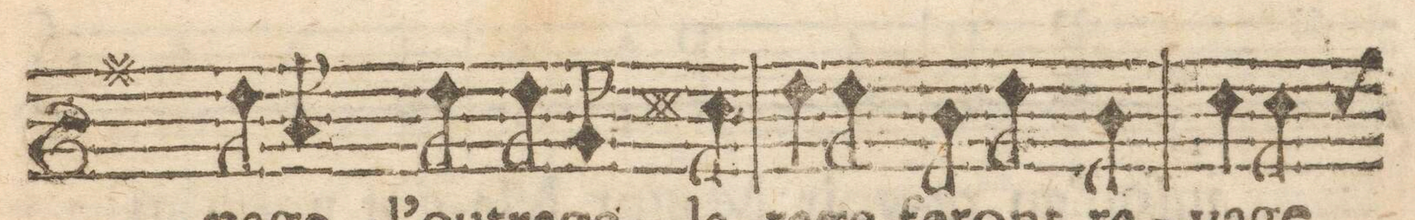


la dan- ſe, car autre- ment je fais
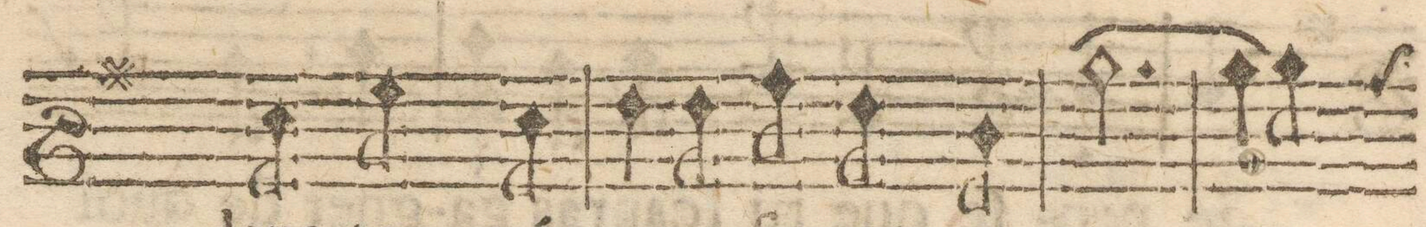


ſer-ment je fais ſer- m-e-n-t que le
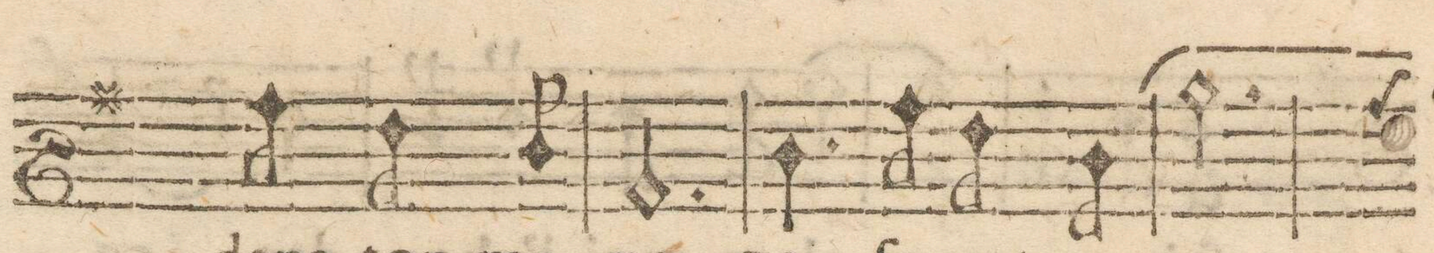


ta-page, l'outrage, la rage, que le ta-
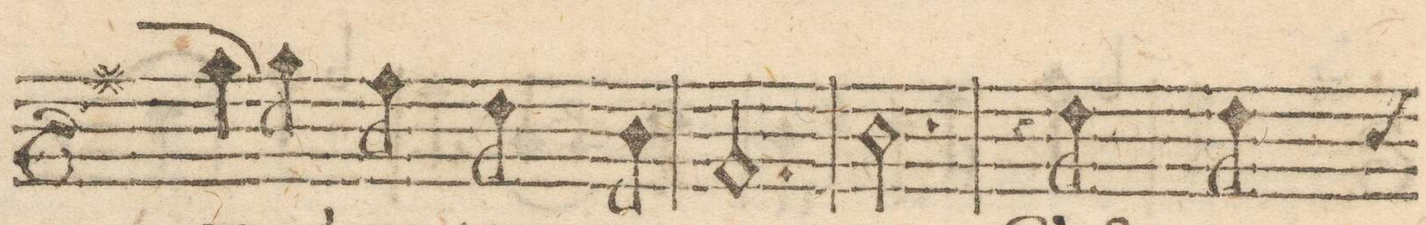


page, l'outrage, la rage feront ra-vage
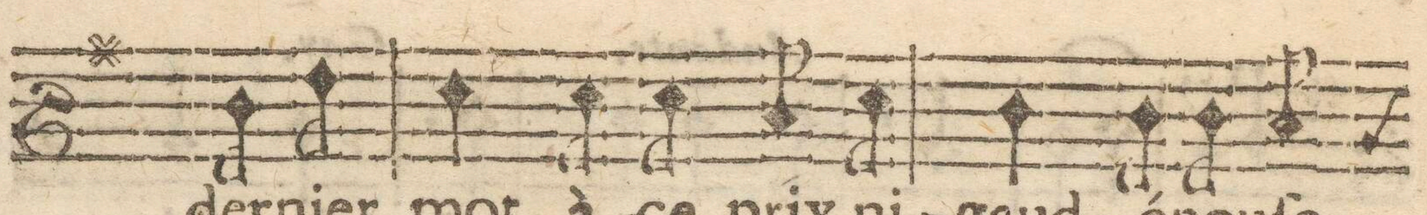


dans ton mé- nage, feront ra- va- - ge
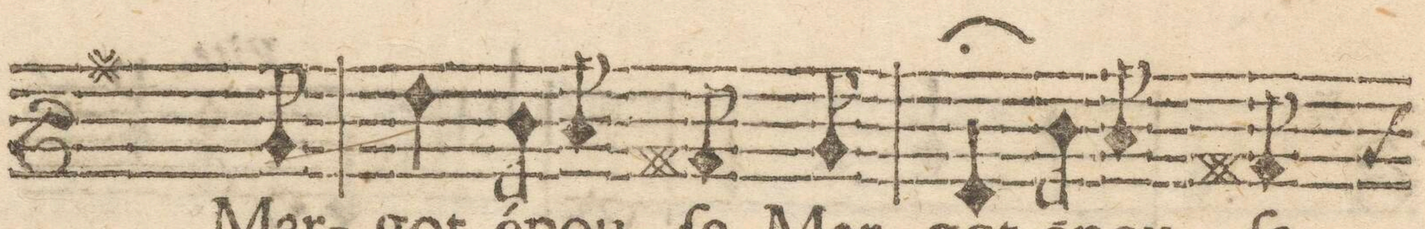


dans ton me- na- ge feront ra- va-
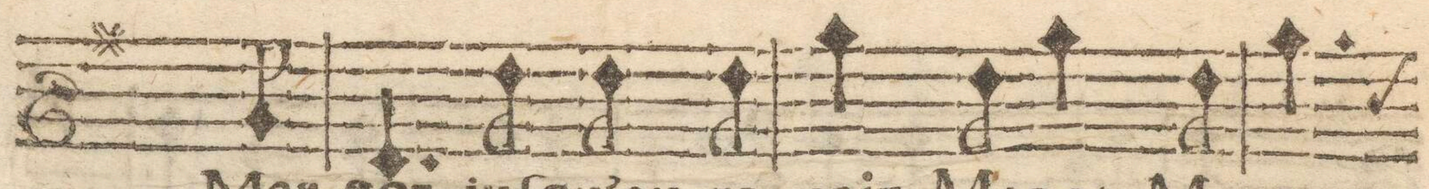


ge dans ton me- na- ge. C'eſt mon
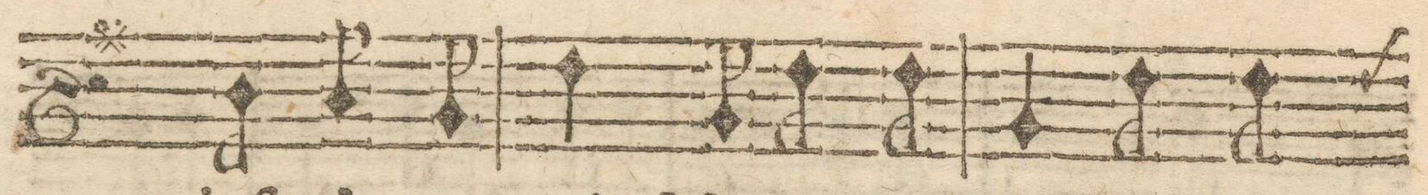


dernier mot, à ce prix ni- gaud épouſe



Mar- got épou- ſe Mar- got épou - ſe
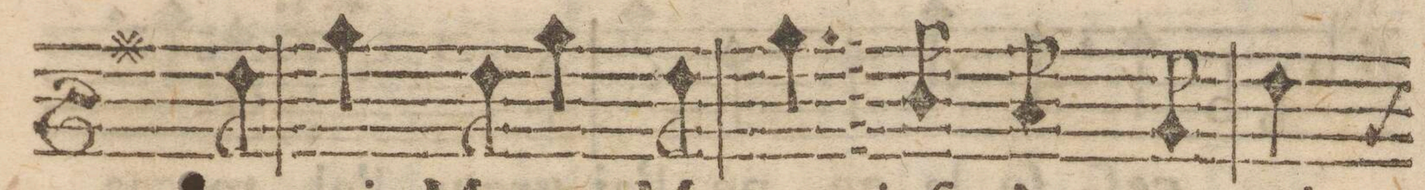


Mar-got juſqu'au re-voir Magot Ma-got

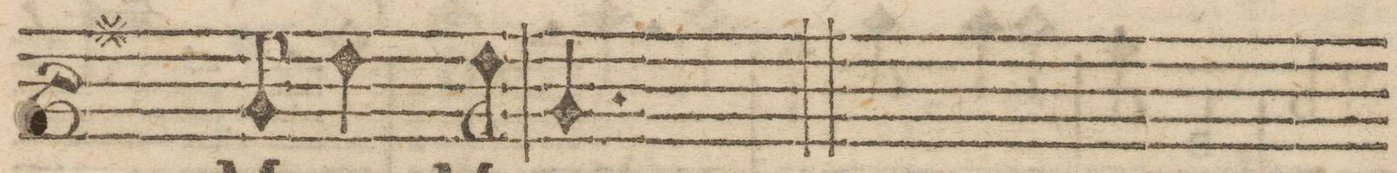


juſqu'au re-voir Magot Ma-got juſqu'au

re-
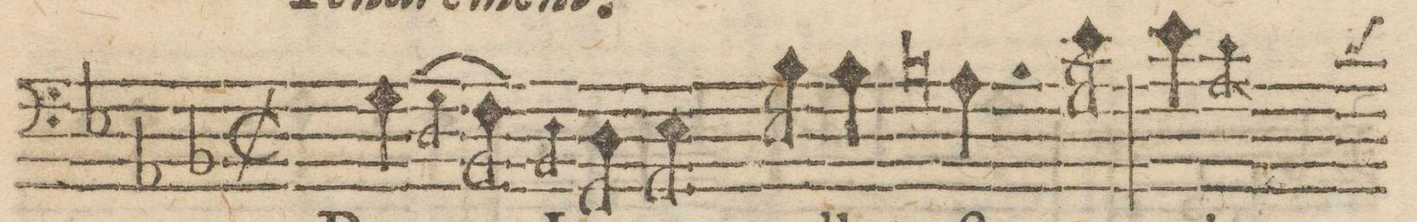


re voir Magot Ma-got, juſqu'au re-voir
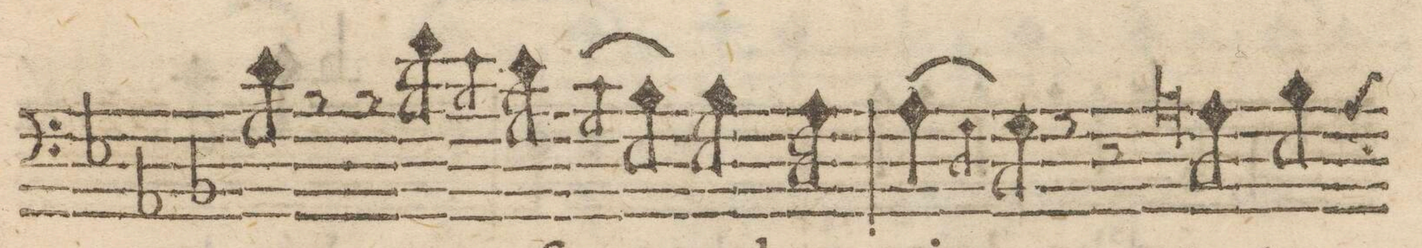


Magot Ma-got.

5. ARIETTE.
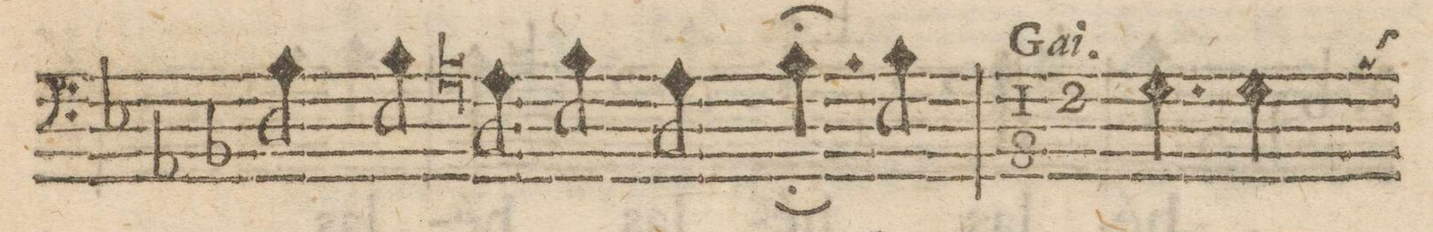
Tendrement.
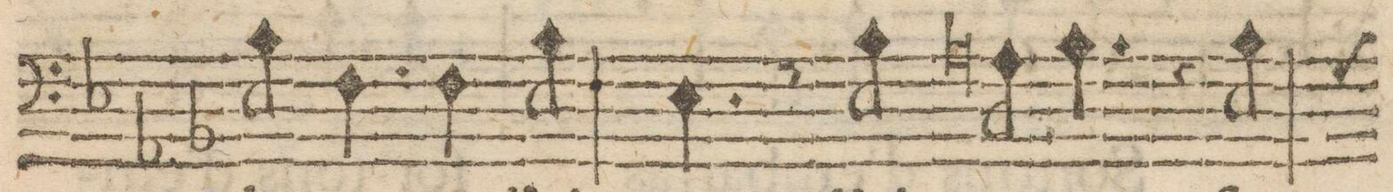


Pauvre Lucas quelle eſt ta pei-



ne, une femme hau-tai- ne ne te
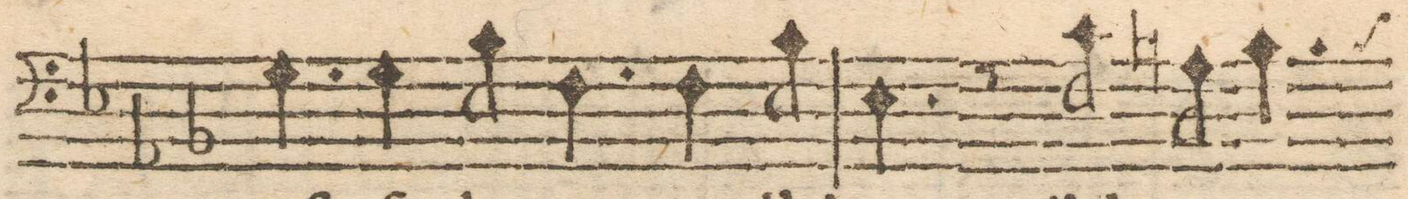


va pas ne te va pas. Sans ceſ-ſe
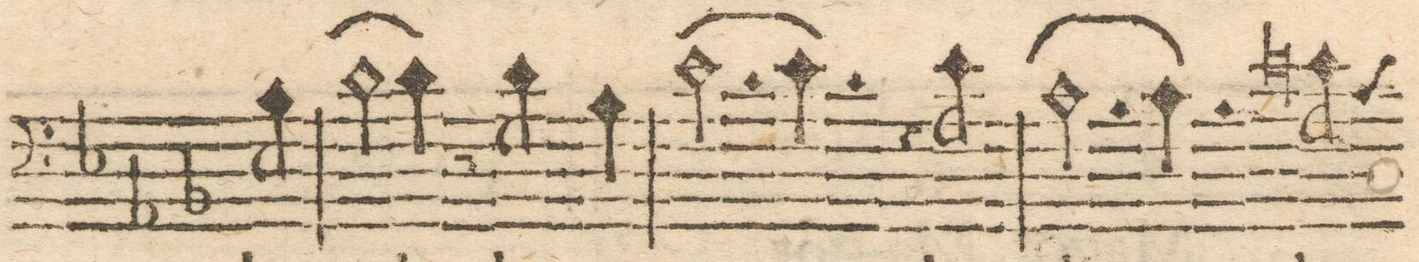


la ge-ne, l'ai-greur, l'al- tercas, ſans
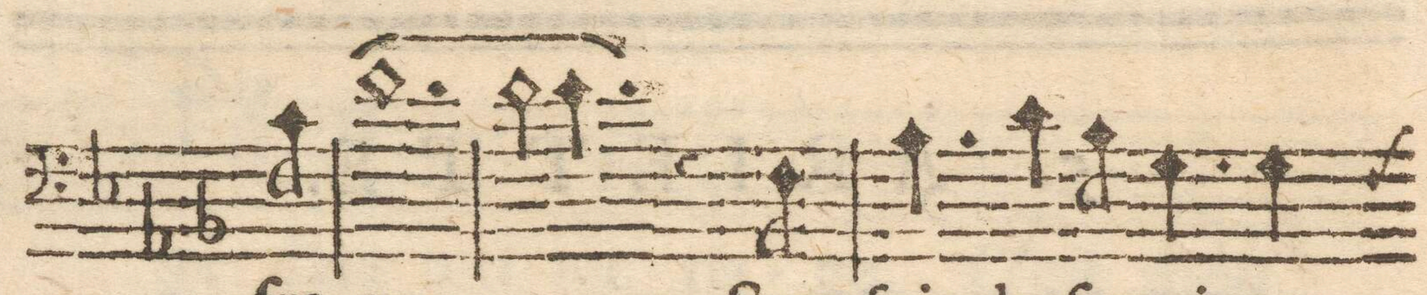
ceſ-
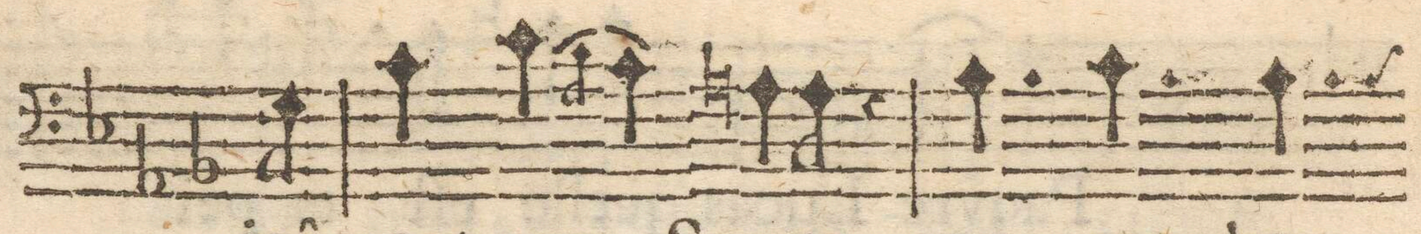


ceſ- ſe la ge- ne, l'ai-greur, l'al- ter-cas,
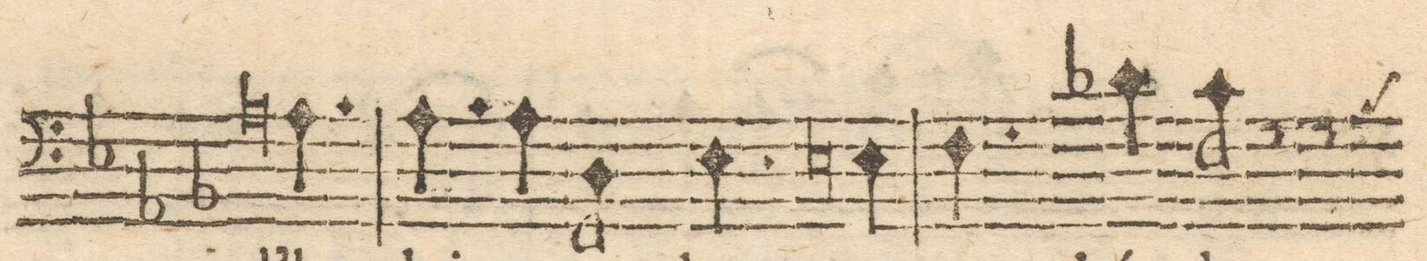


les cris, le tra-cas, les pleurs, le
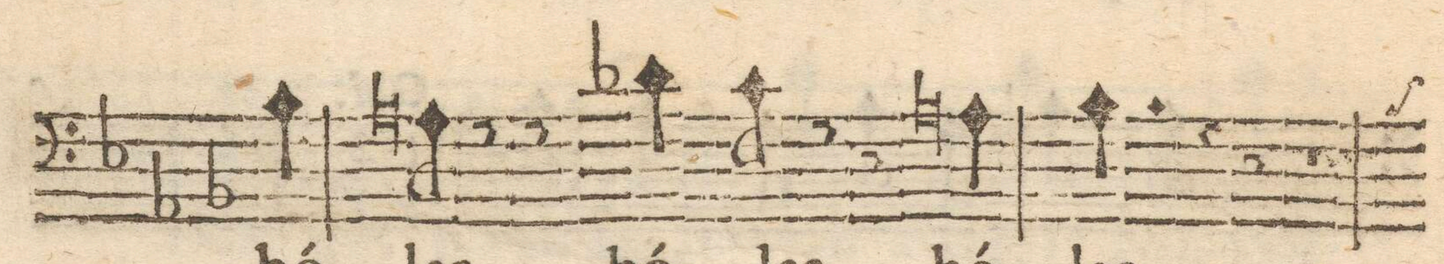


fra-cas. Sept fois la ſemai-ne
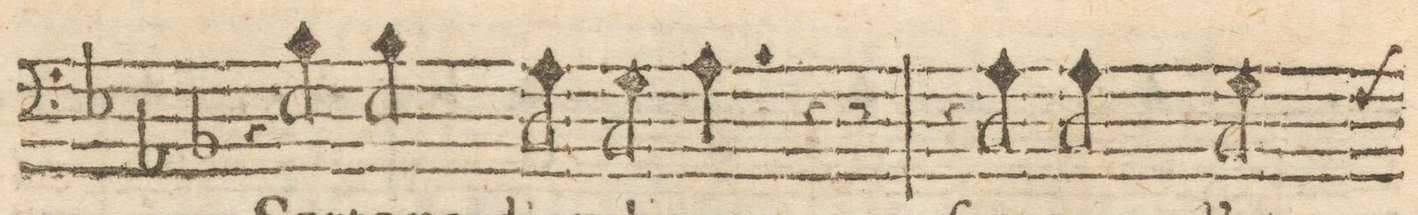


joû-ront une Sce-ne ou tout hors



d'ha- leine, tu chan- te- ras hé- las
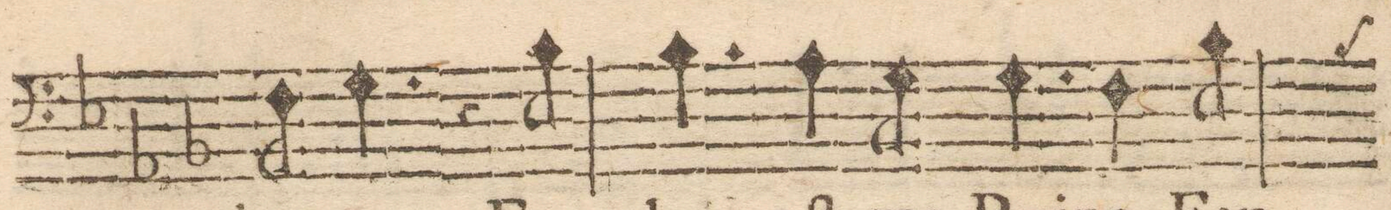


hé- las hé- las hé- las
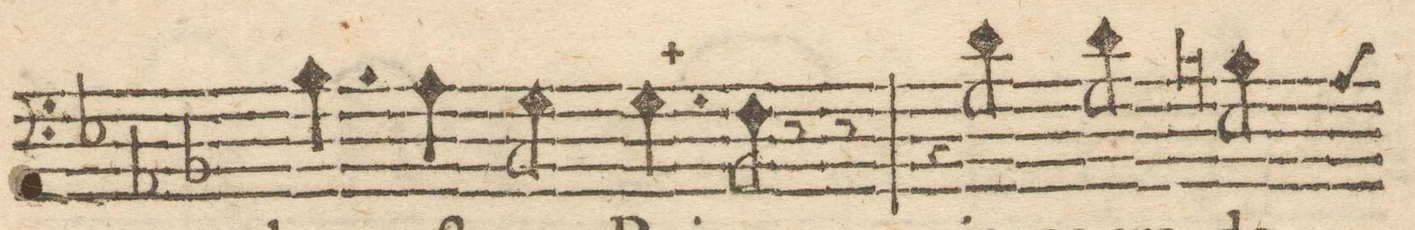


Sortons d'embarras ſor-tons d'em-
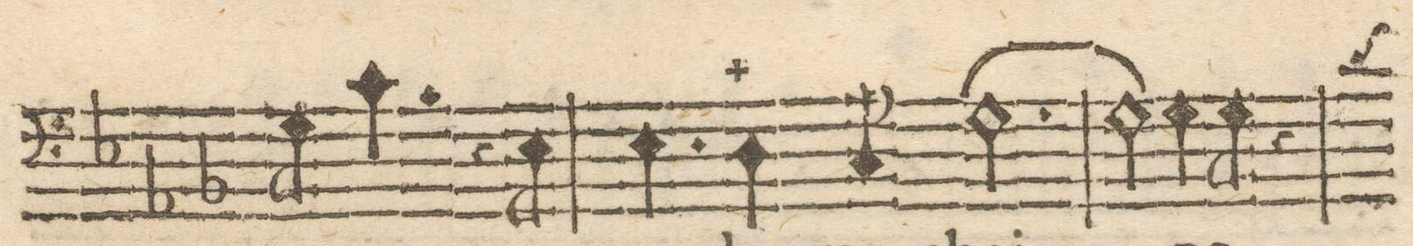


bar-
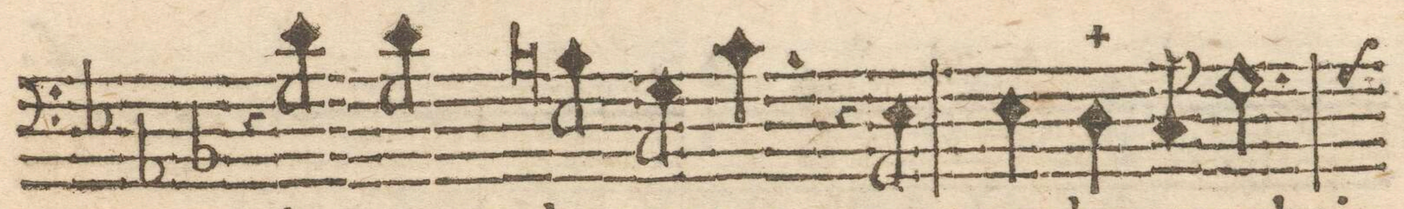


barras. Fan-chon eſt ma Reine, Fan-
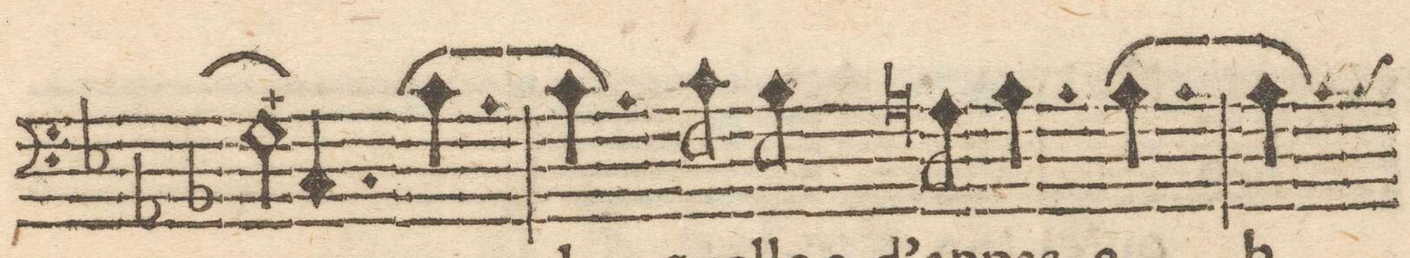


chon eſt ma Reine, je cours de
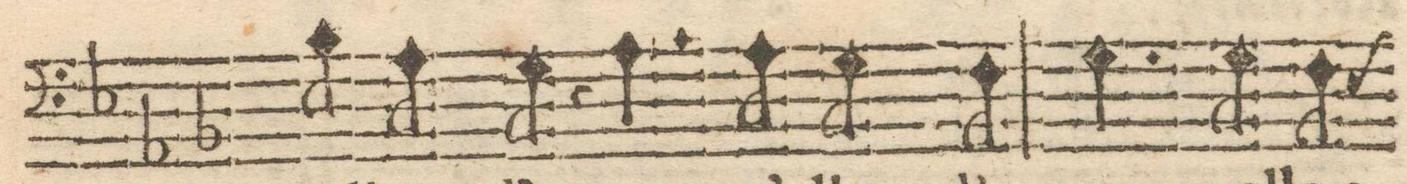


ce pas re-prendre ma chai - - ne
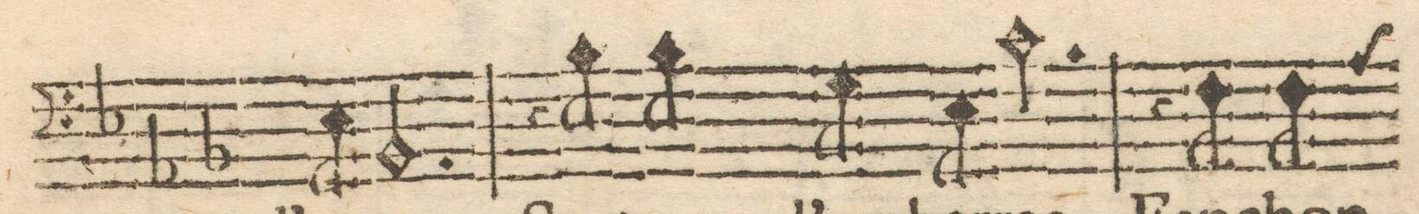


je cours de ce pas re-prendre machai-



- ne a - h quelle a d'appas a - h
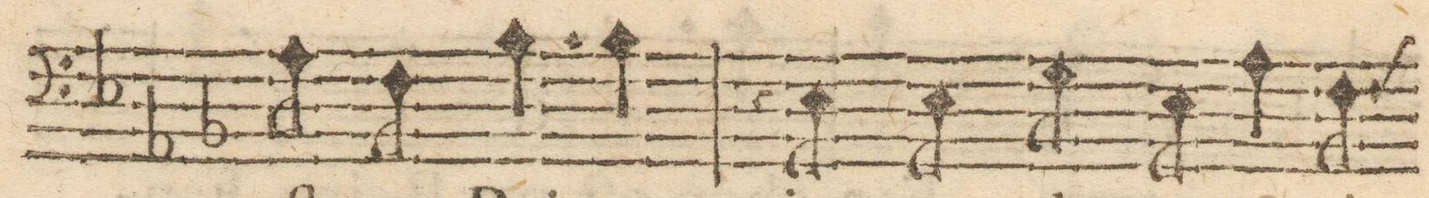


quelle a d'appas qu'elle a d'a- pas quelle a
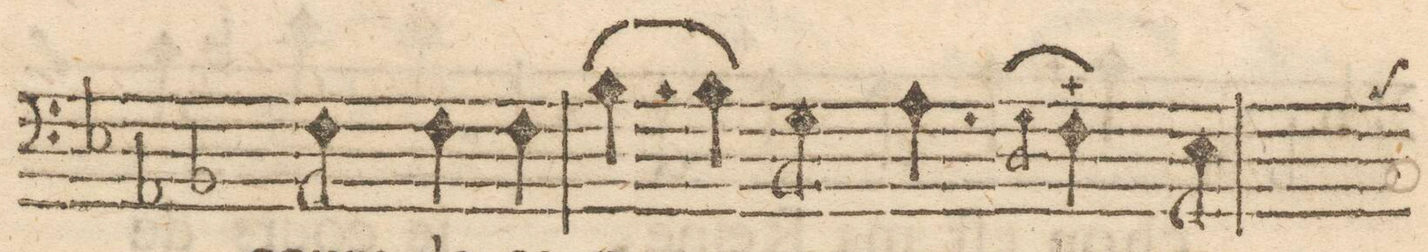


d'appas. Sortons d'embarras, Fanchon
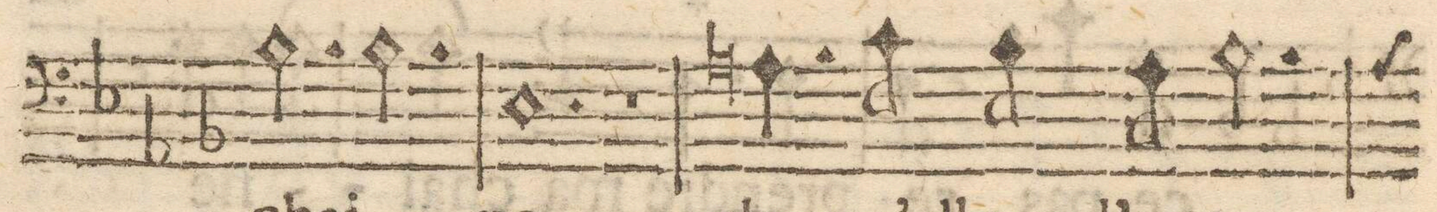
eſt
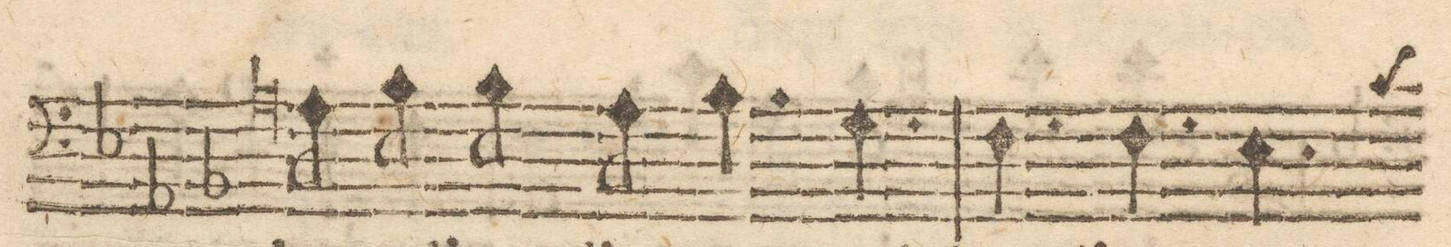


eſt ma Rei-ne je cours de ce pas je



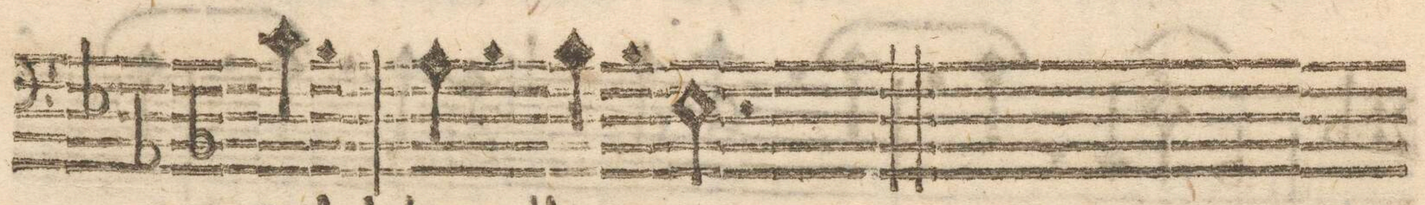
cours de ce p-a-s repren- dre ma



chai- ne ah qu'elle a d'appas

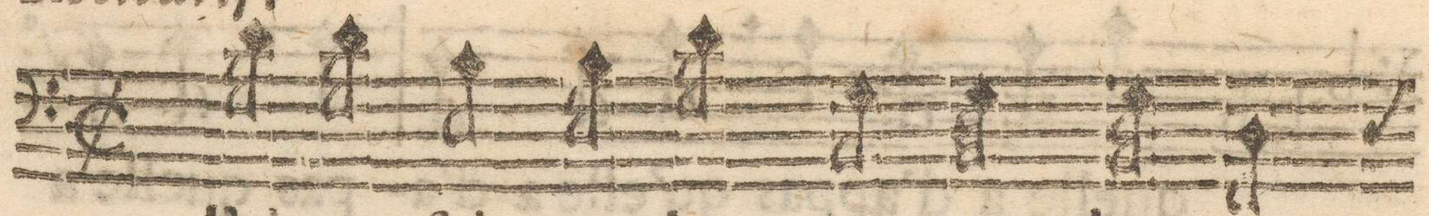


ah quelle a d'appas quel-le a d'ap- pas

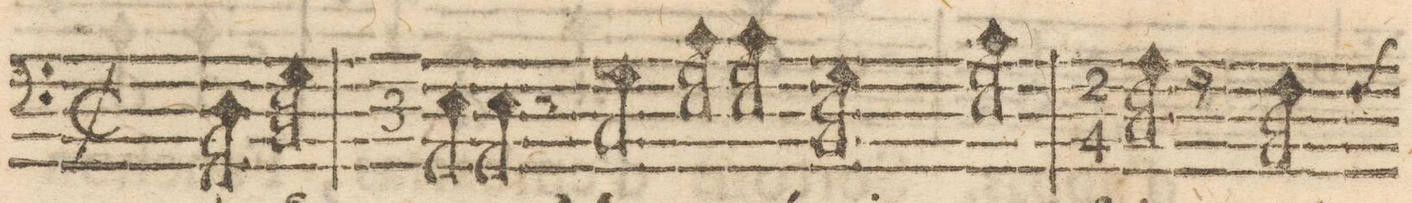


qu'el-le a d'ap-pas.

Recitatif.
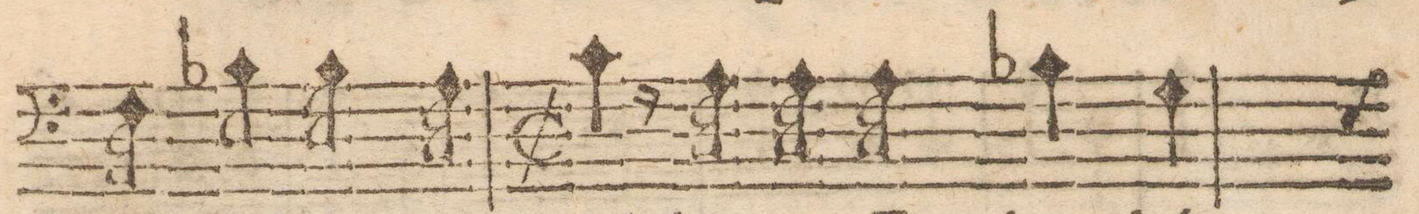


J'ai cru faire un bon coup en changeant
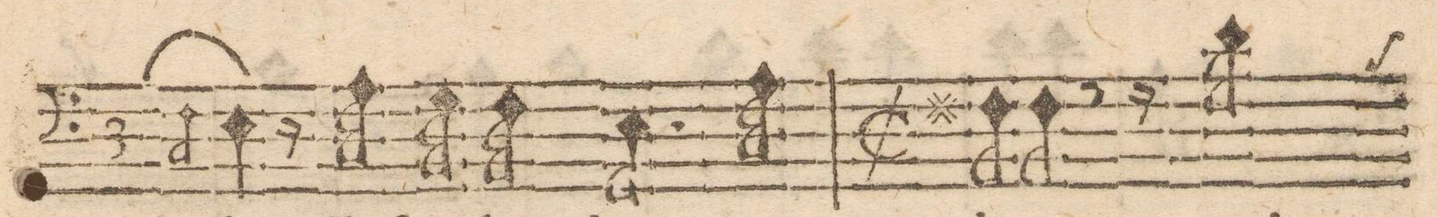


de fu- tu-re Margot étoit mon fait, pef-
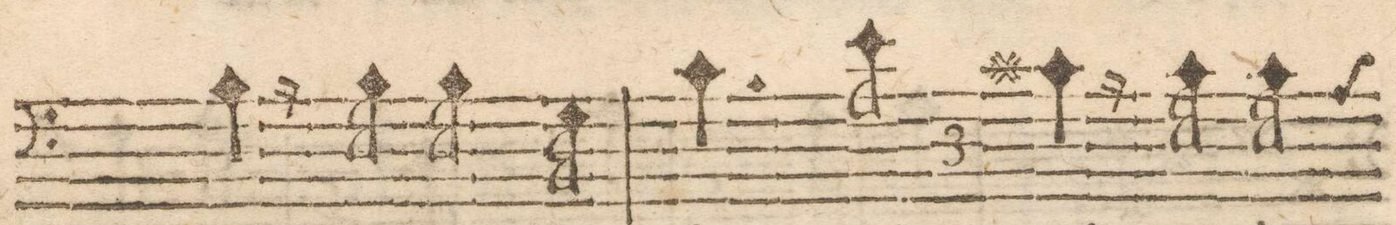
te
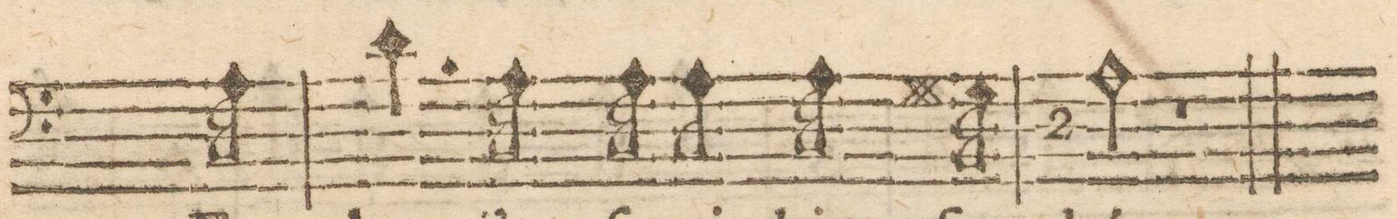


te ſoit du mar - ché avec Fanchon hé-



las il faudra donc con- clure qui
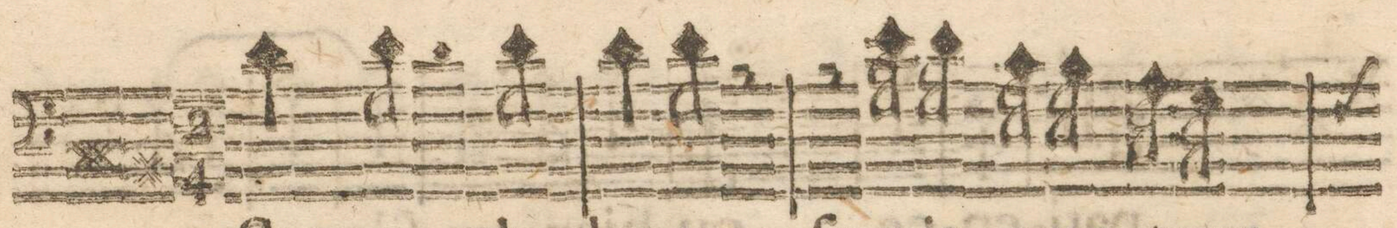


moi garder Fan-chon qui moi garder
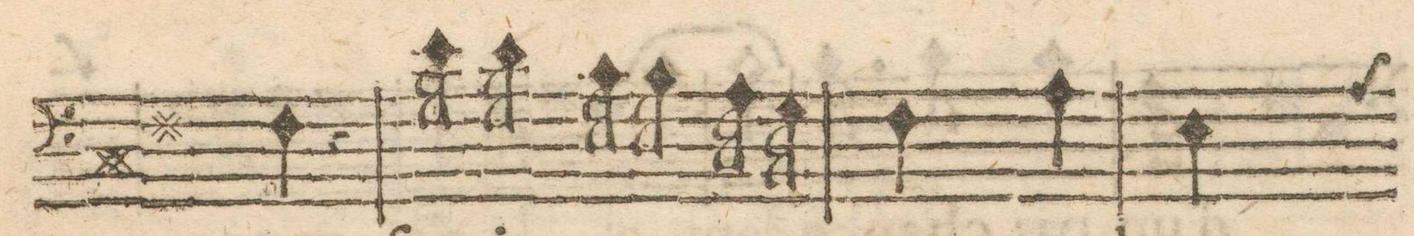


Fan chon j'en ſerois bien fa- ché.
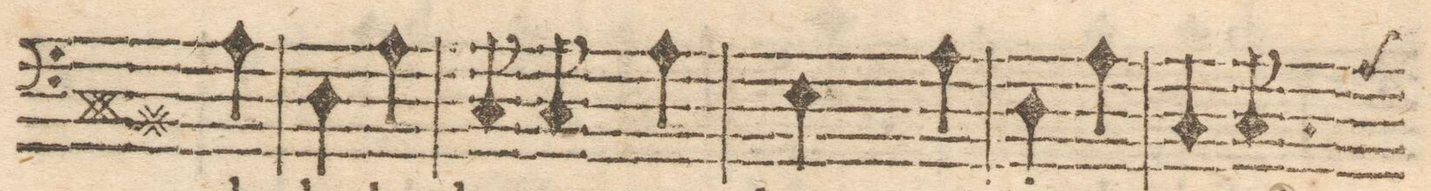
6. ARIETTE.
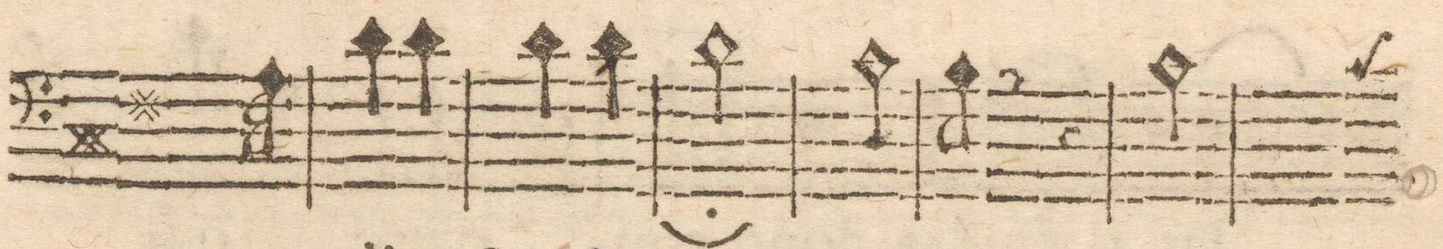


Sa non cha-lance feroit mon tour-
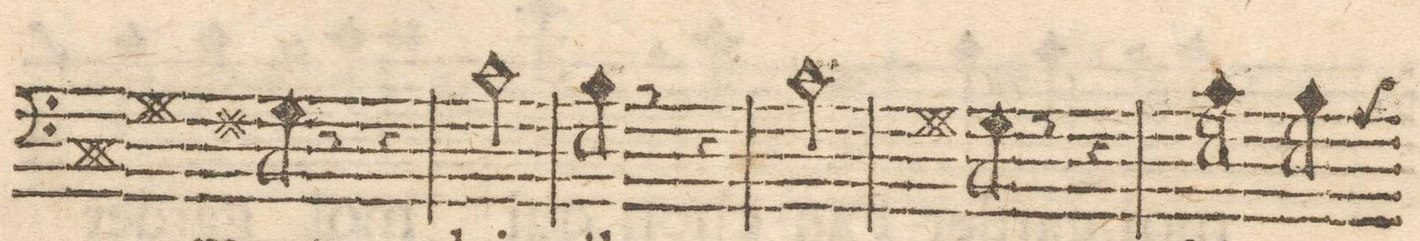


ment feroit mon tour-ment une heure
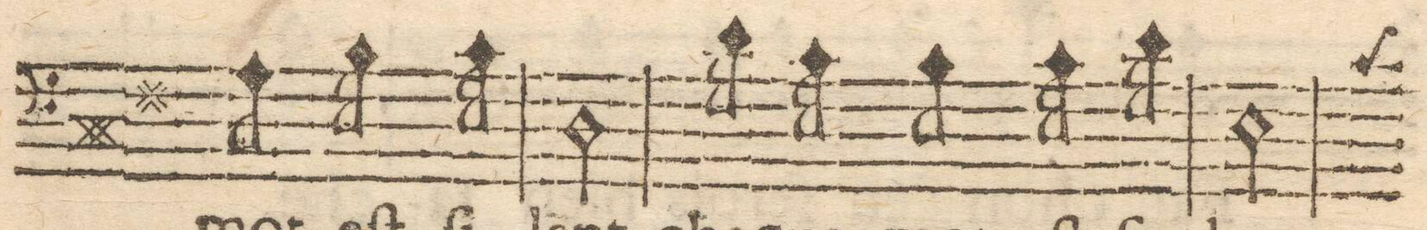


el- le ba-lance une heure el-le ba-lance
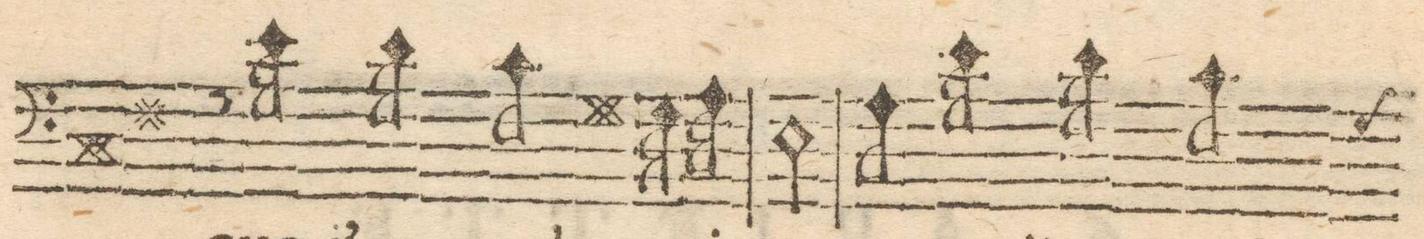


pour dire froide-ment oui da vrai-
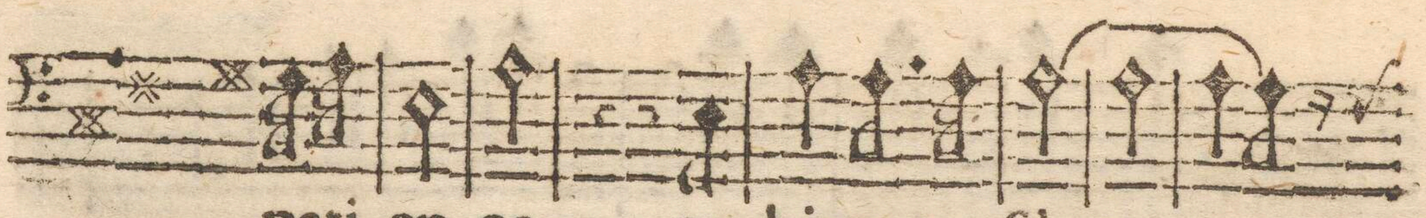


ment plait-il com- ment chaque
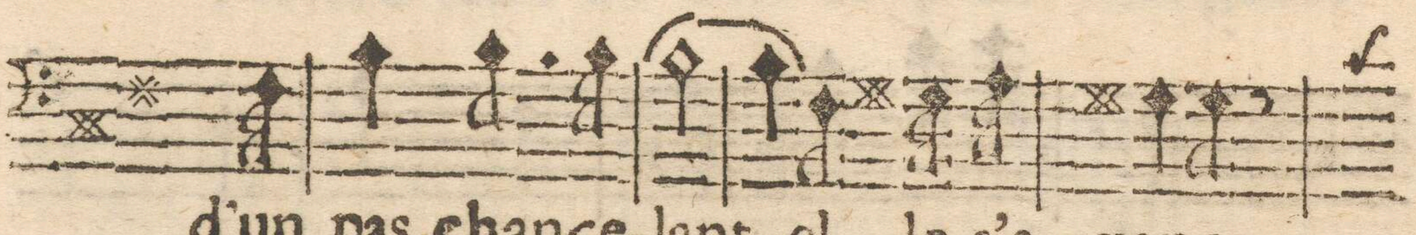


mot eſt ſi- lent chaque mot eſt ſi- lent



que j'en perds patien-ce que j'en perds
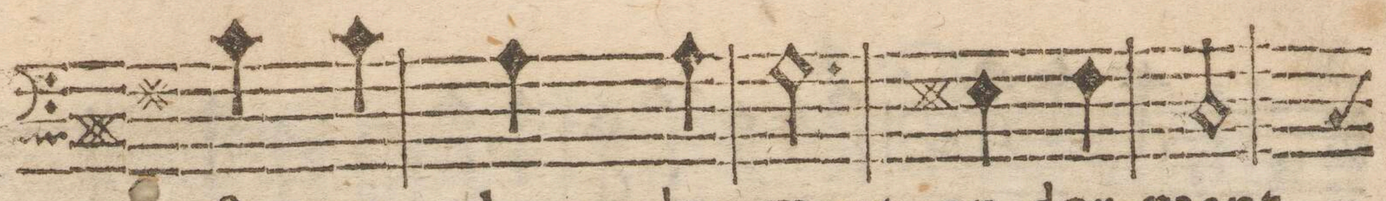


pati-en-ce ou bien en ſilen-ce
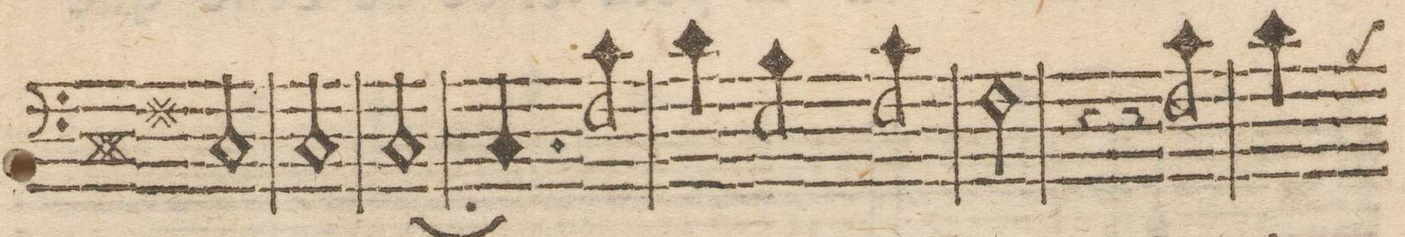


d'un pas chance-lant el- le s'a- vance
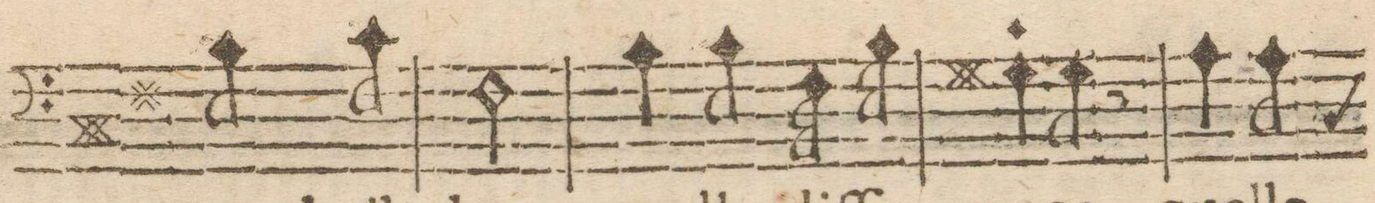
&



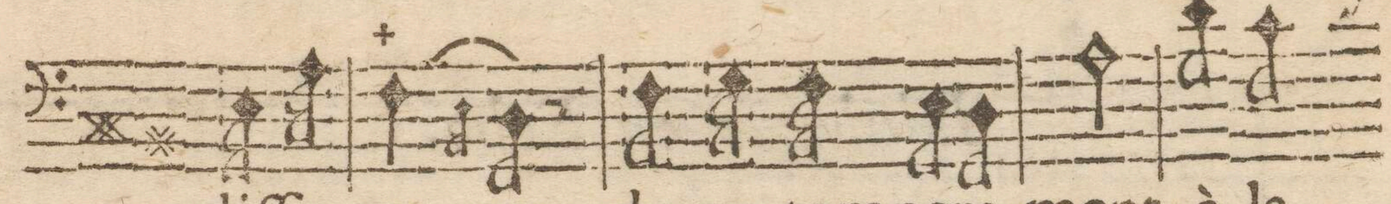
& mar- che en dor-mant en dor-mant
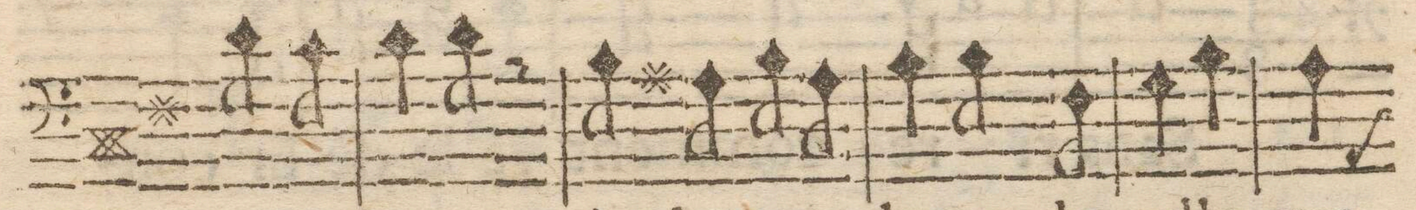


- - - - & rit en bail-lant & rit
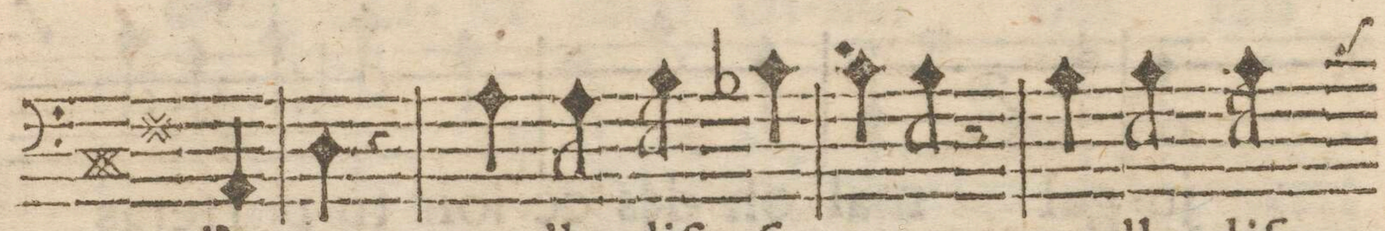


en bail lant, quelle diffe- rence quelle
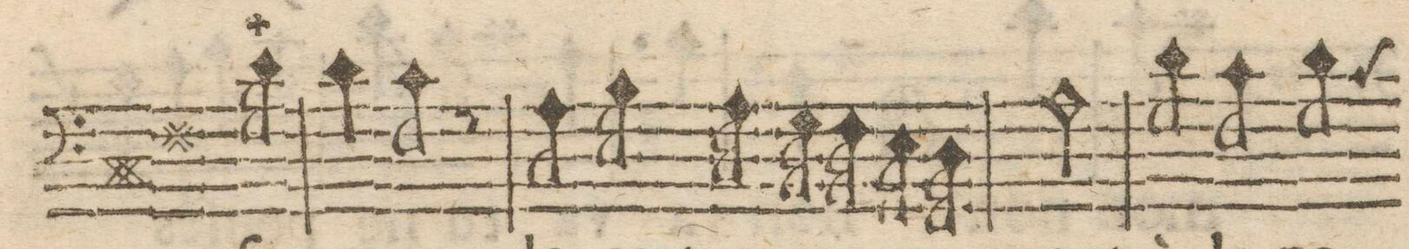


diffe-ren- ce de ce tempera-ment à la



petu-lence à la petu-lence de celle que
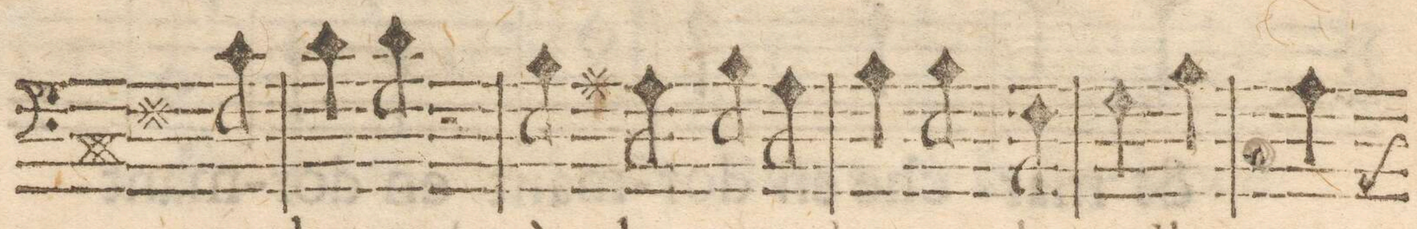


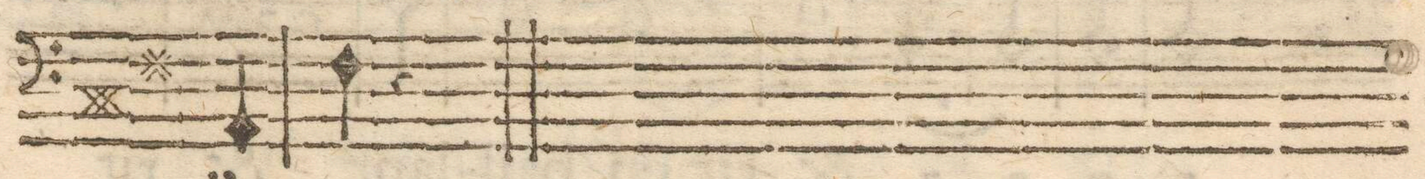
j'at-tens quelle dif- fe-rence quelle dif-



fe-rence de ce tem-pe-ra- ment à la pe-
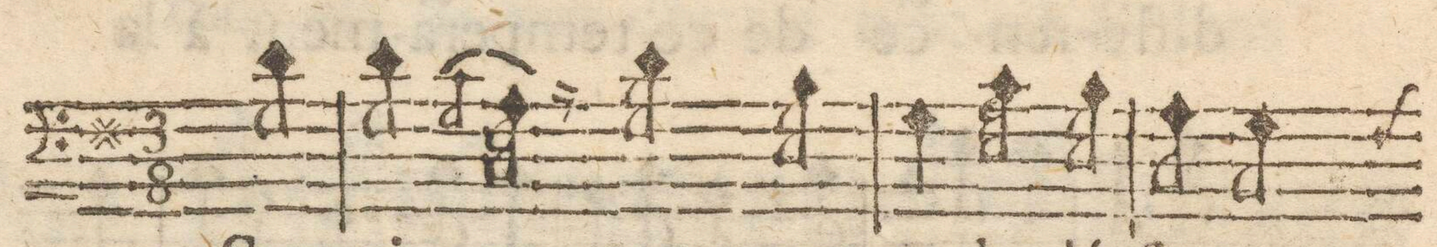
tu-
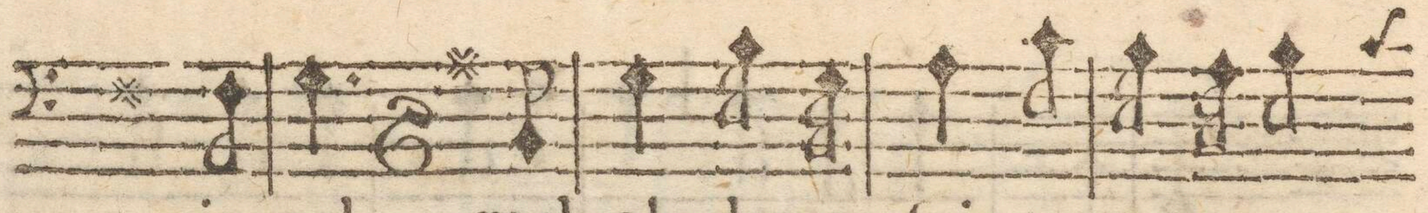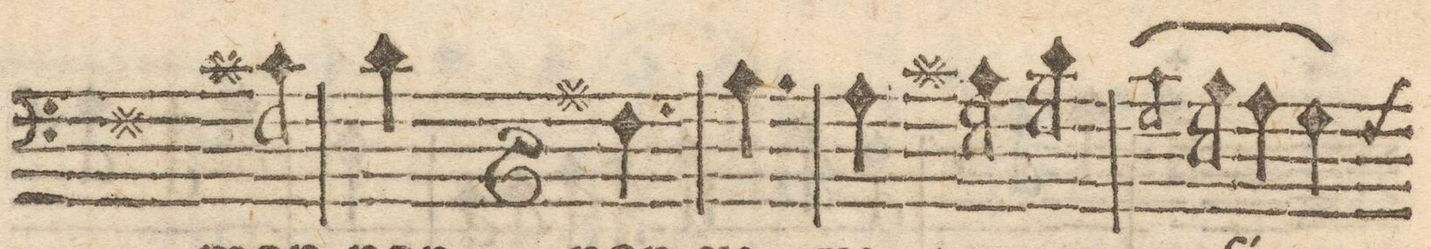




7. ARIETTE.
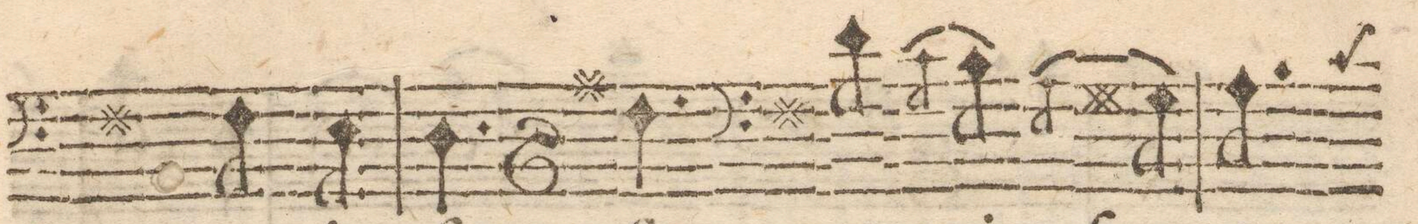
Dialogue en Echo.
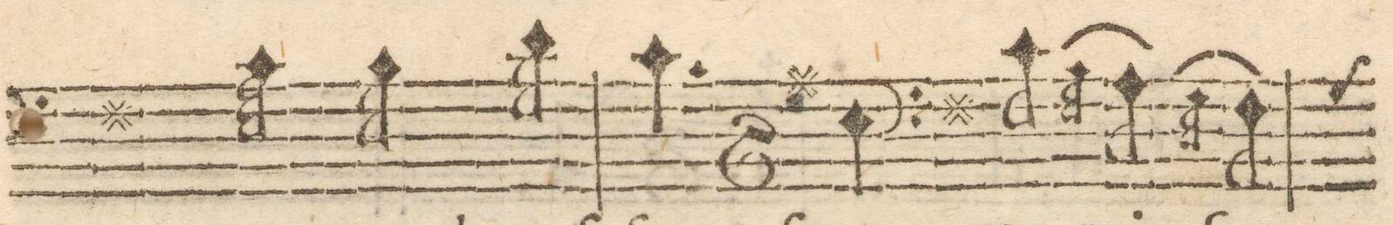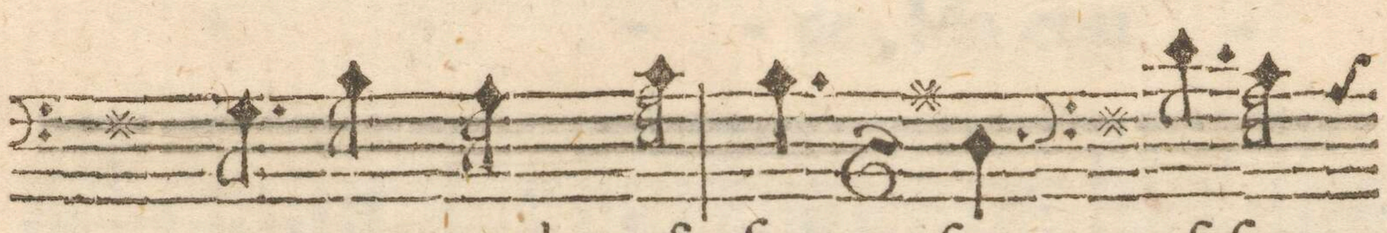






pas
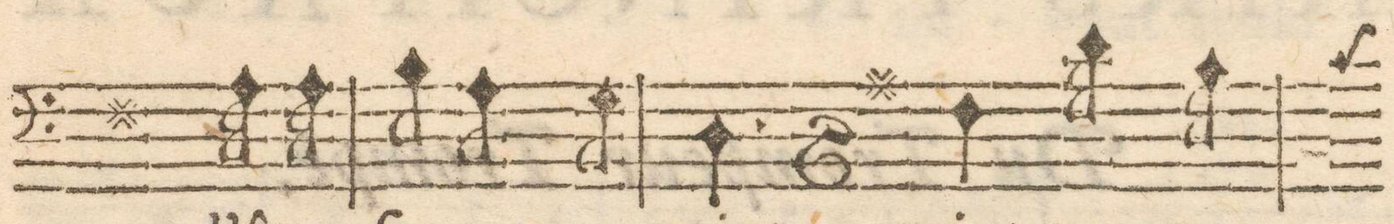


pas ain- ſi ſi me pri- ſe tu
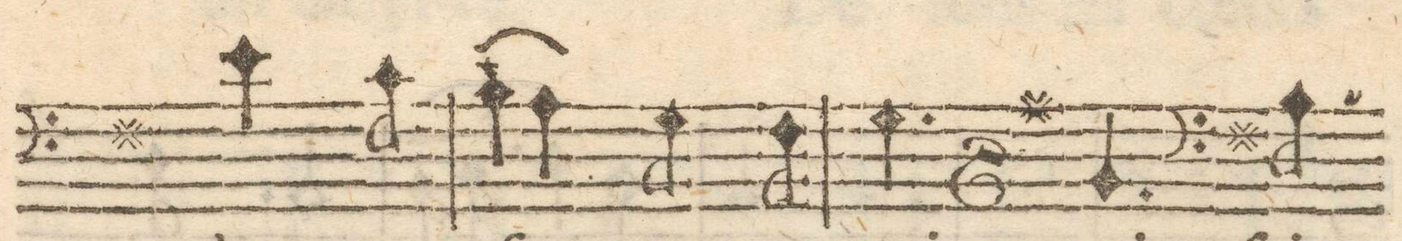


mon tendre ef-fort fort me-pri- ſe
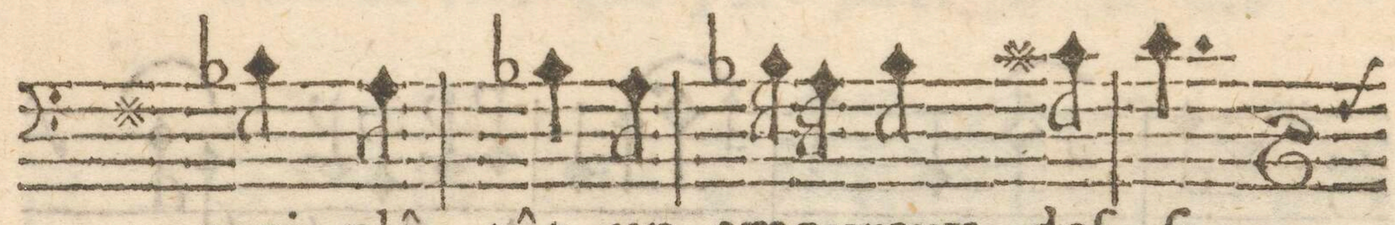


tu mon tendre ef- fort fort ceſ-ſe
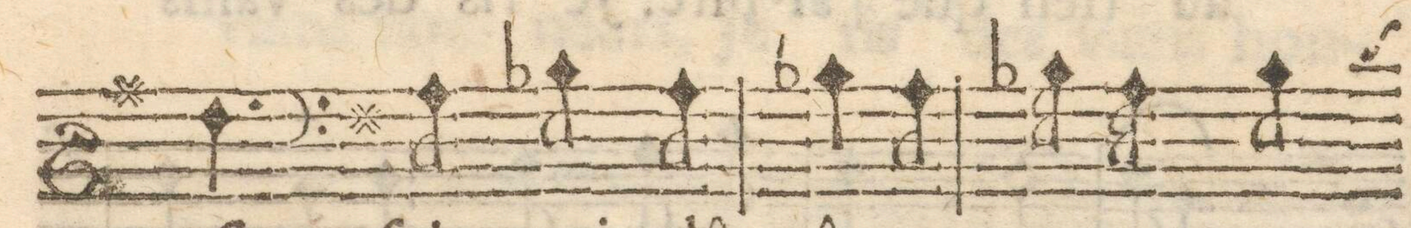


d'être fiere a ce point point tu veux
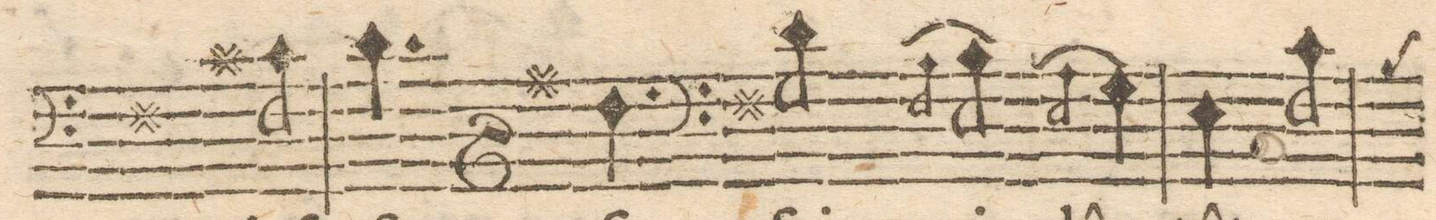


donc cau- ſer mon en-nui oui fais
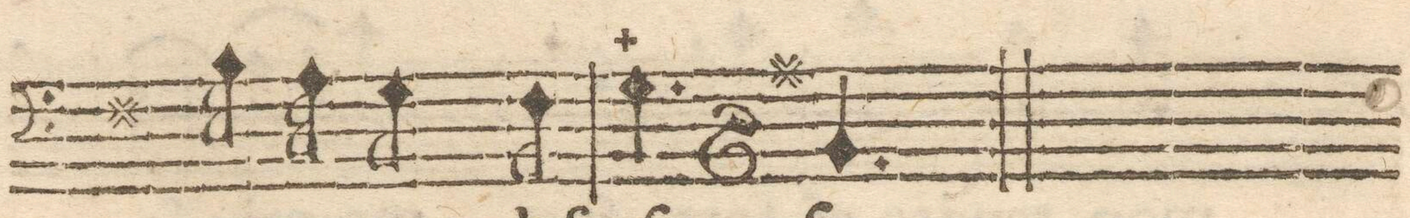


moi plû- tôt un amoureux def- fi



fi fais moi plû- tôt un a-moureux
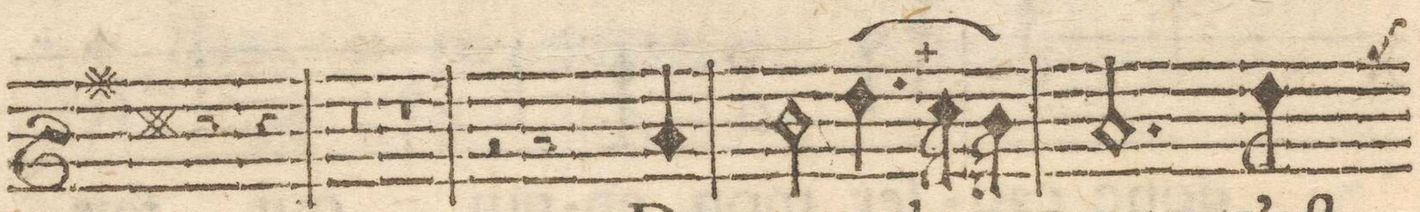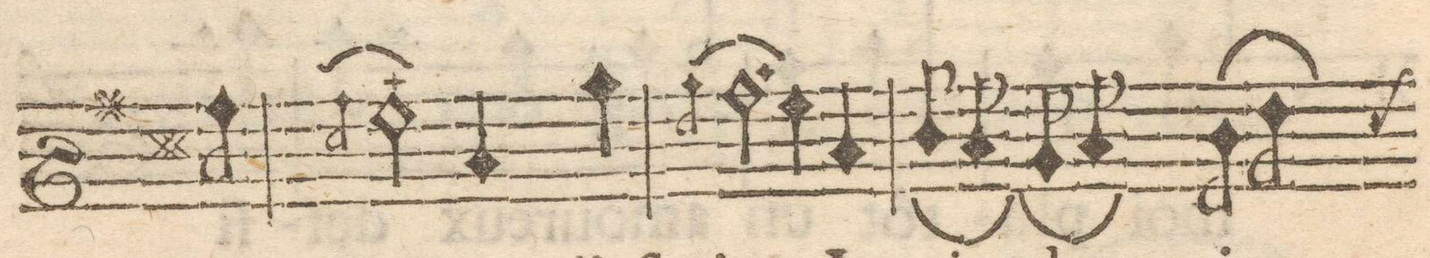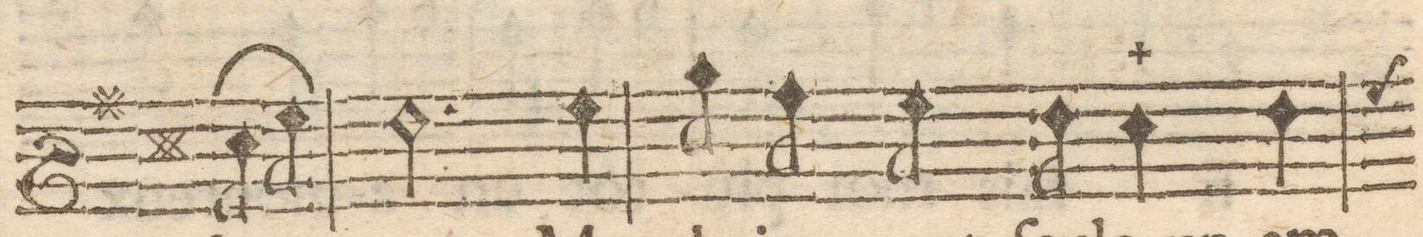




AIRS PRINCIPAUX
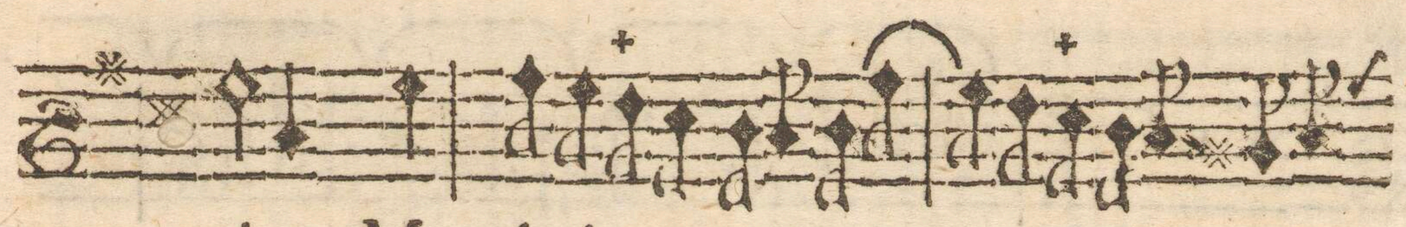
Du Trompeur Trompé.

I. AIR.
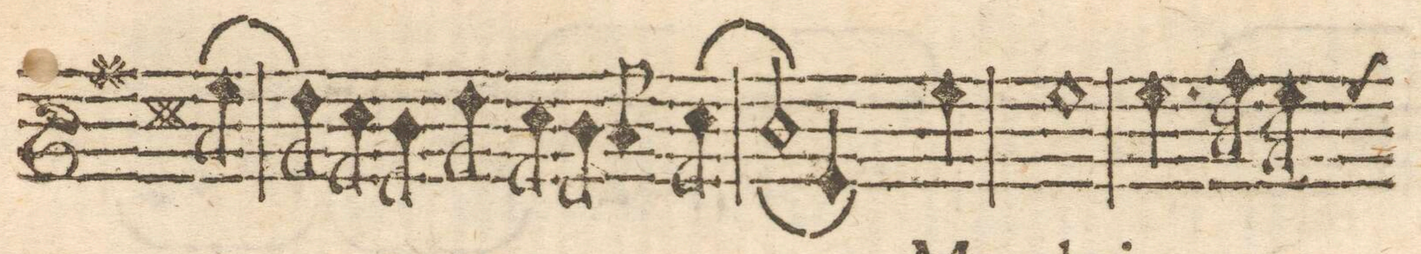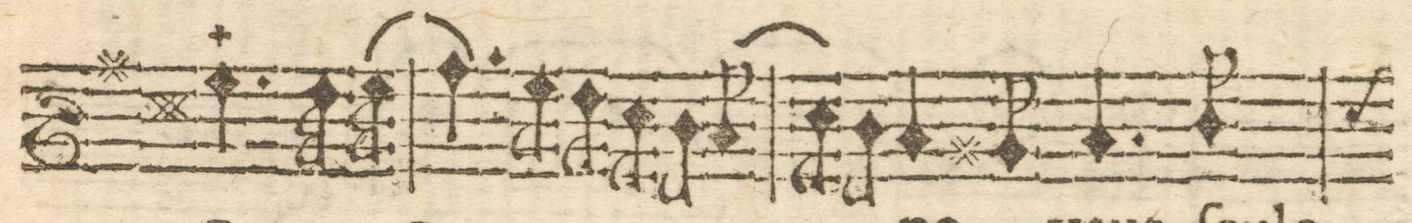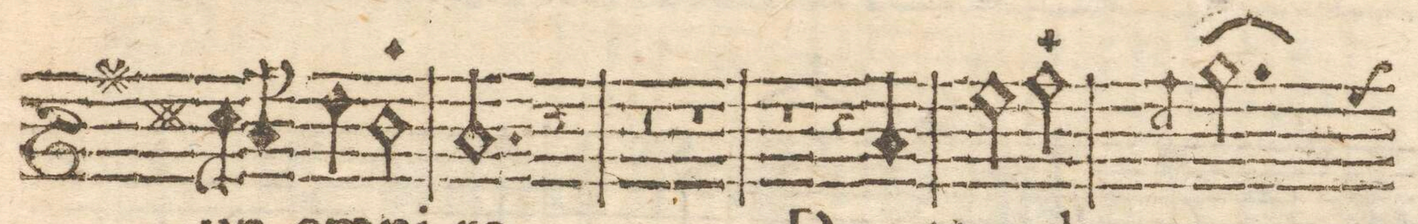








pire. Ma chai - - -
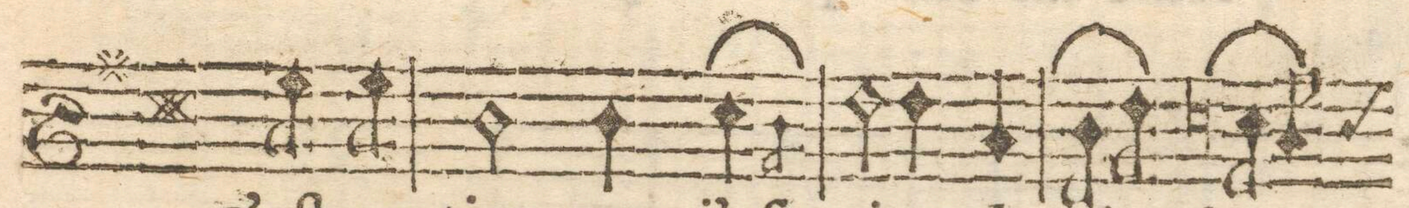


- - - - ne, Ma chai -
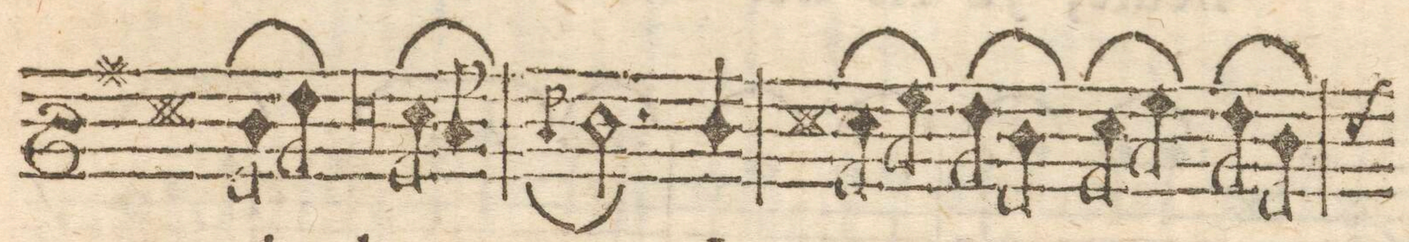


- - - - ne - vaut ſeule



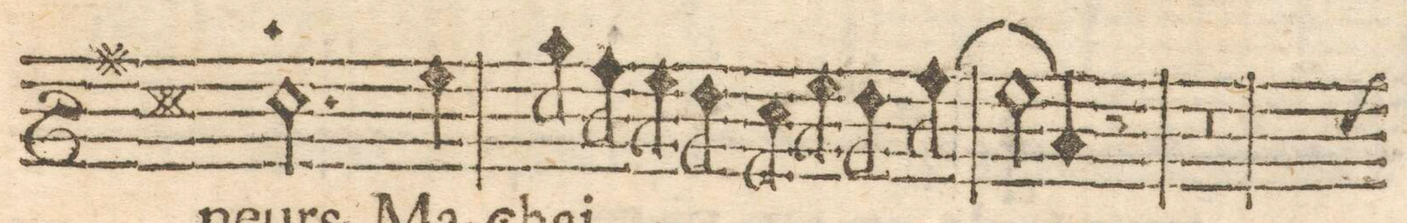
un empi-re. De tous les cœurs
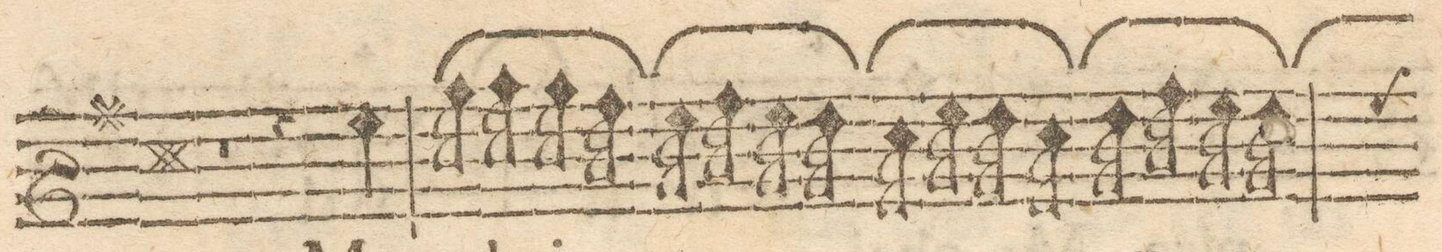


c'eſt au tien que j'aſ- pire. Je ris des
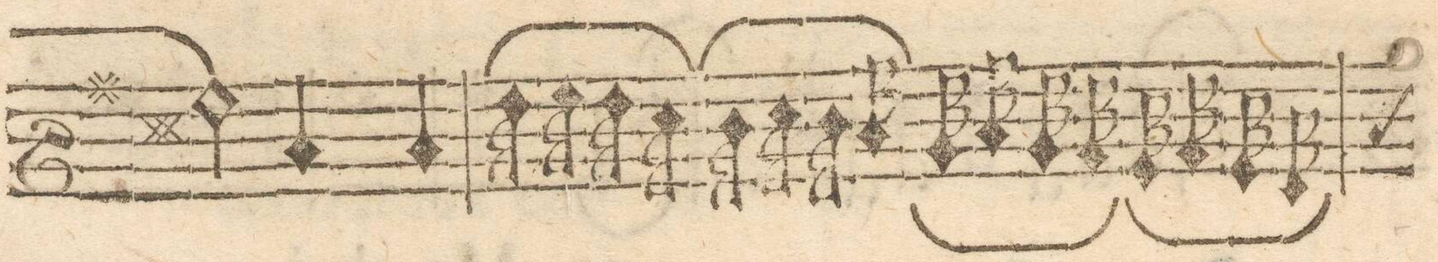


vains hon- neurs, Je ris des vains hon-
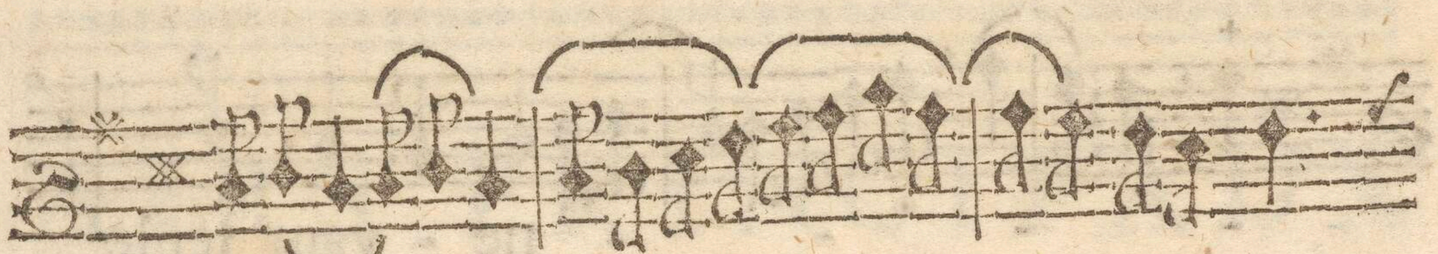


neurs. Ma-chai - - - ne -
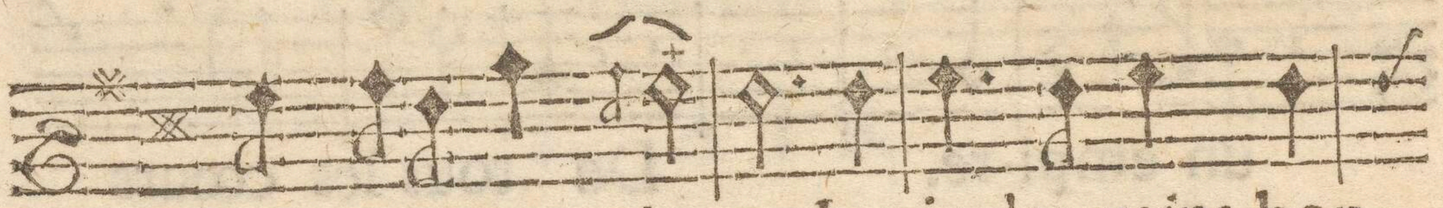


- Ma- chai - - - - - -
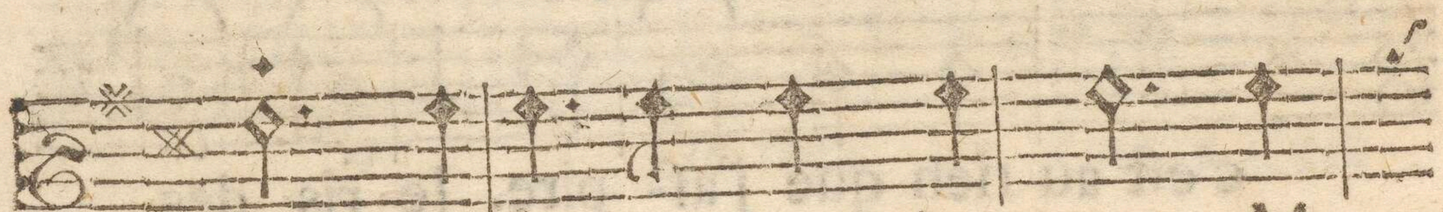


- ne Ma-chai - - - - -
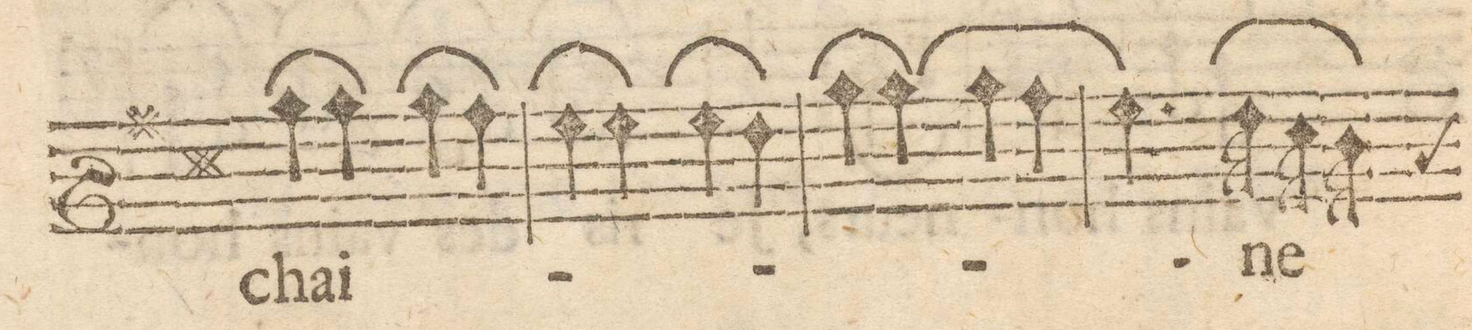


- - - - - - - - - ne vaut
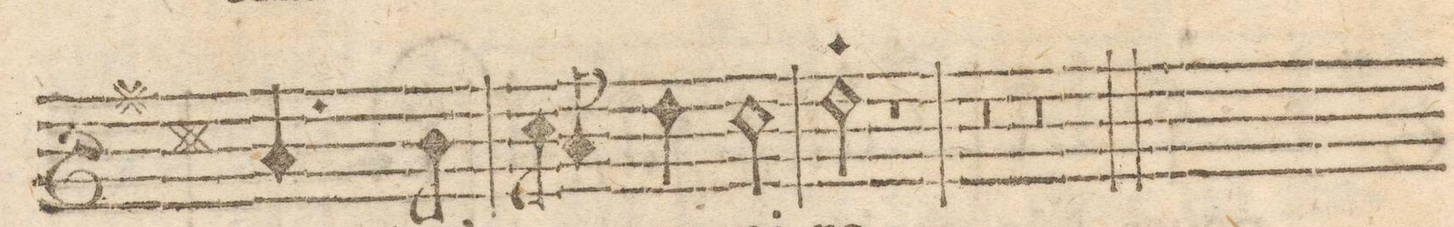


ſeule un em- pi- re. Je ris des vains hon-



neurs, Je ris des vains hon-neurs. Ma
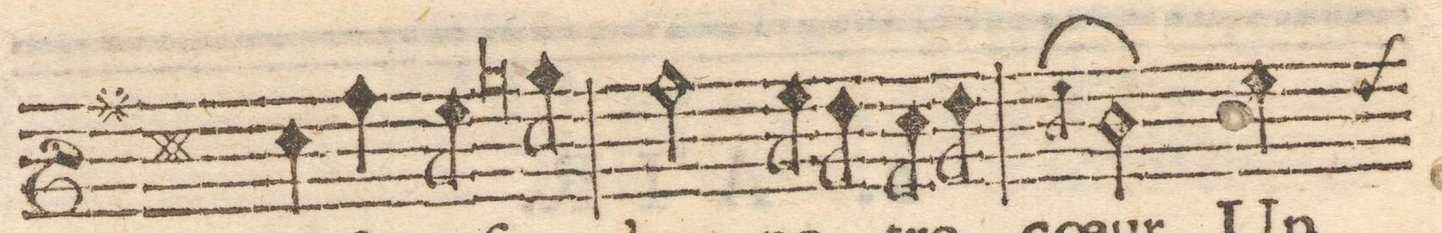


chai - - - - ne
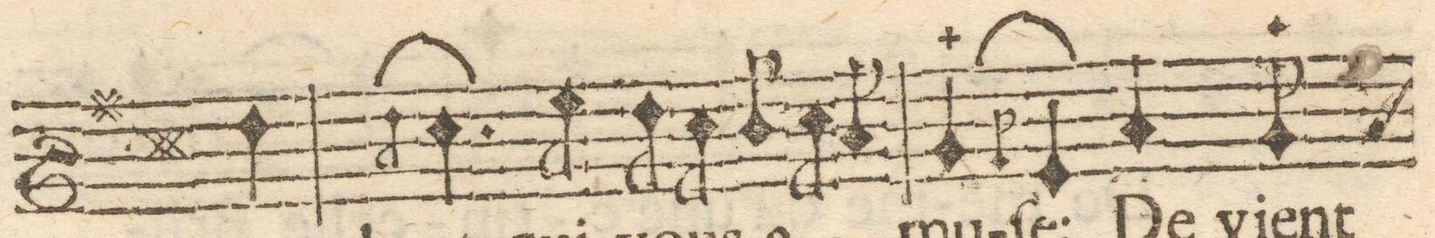


vaut ſeule un em-pi-re.

2. AIR.
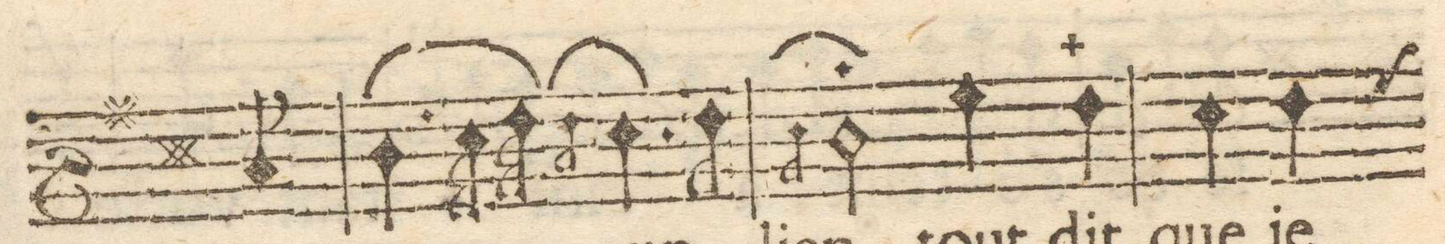

De mê-me qu'une é - tin - celle Bril-
le & s'é - teint à l'inſ - tant votre
fla - me peu fi - dè - le s'annon - ce &
meurt en naiſ- ſant, vous ſe- dui- ſez a-
vec gra-ce a peine é - tes vous vain-
queur, Que chez vous l'amour s'ef-fa-
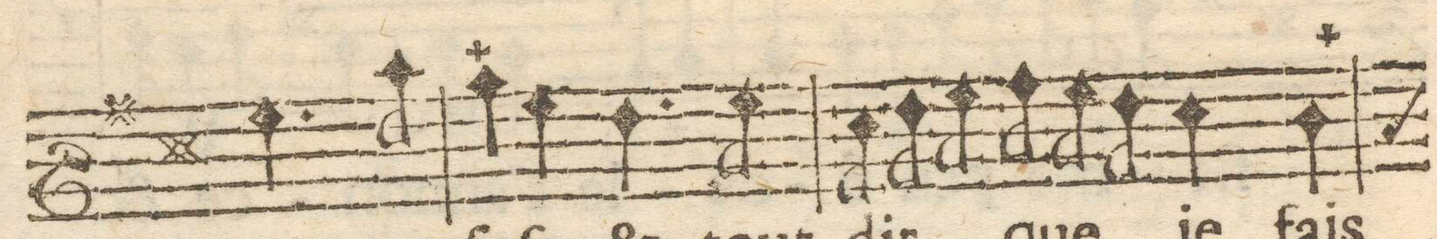


ce & reſ-te dans no- tre cœur. Un



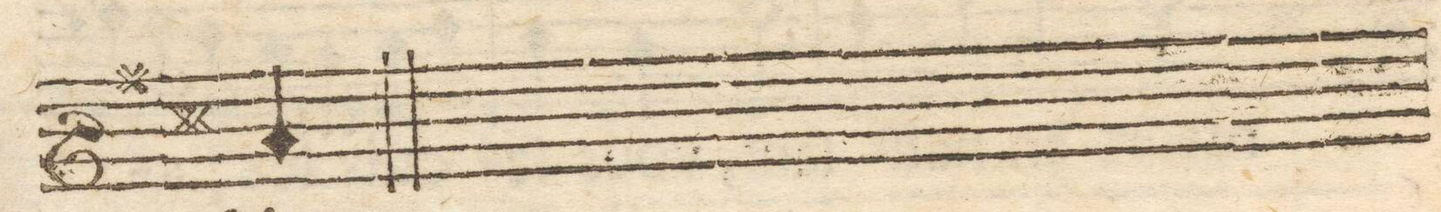
pen-chant qui vous a - mu-ſe; De vient



pour nous - un lien, tout dit que je
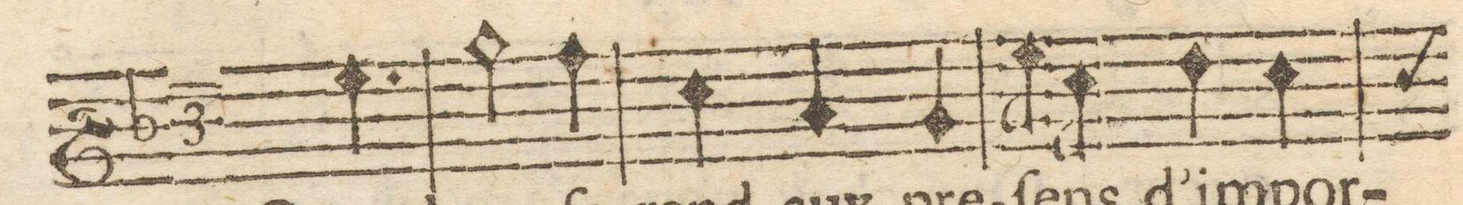


vous re-fuſe & tout dit - que je fais
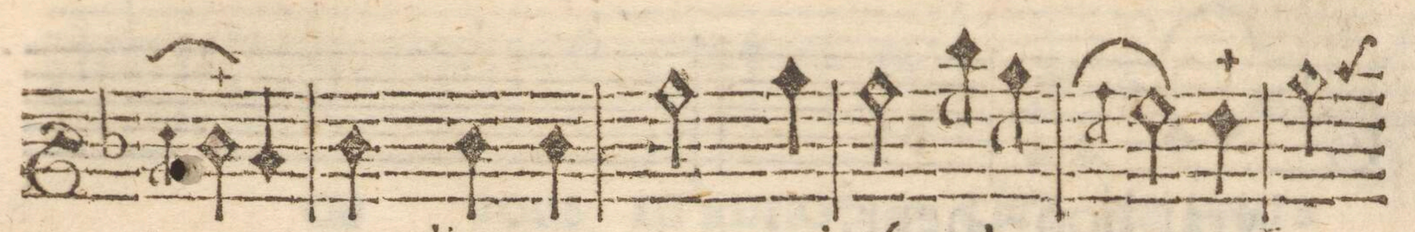


bien.

3. AIR.
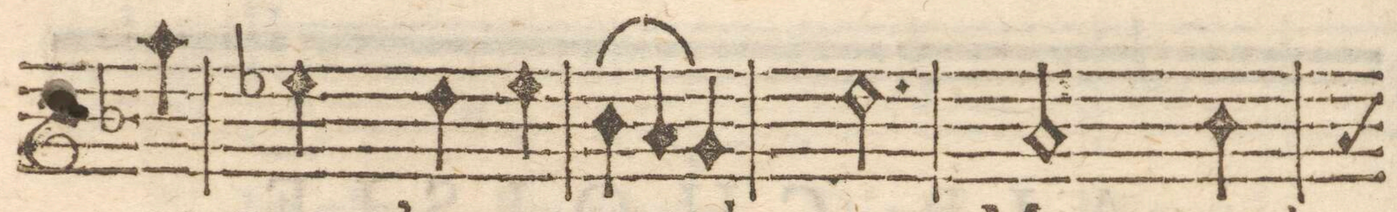


Quand on ſe rend aux pre-ſens d'impor-
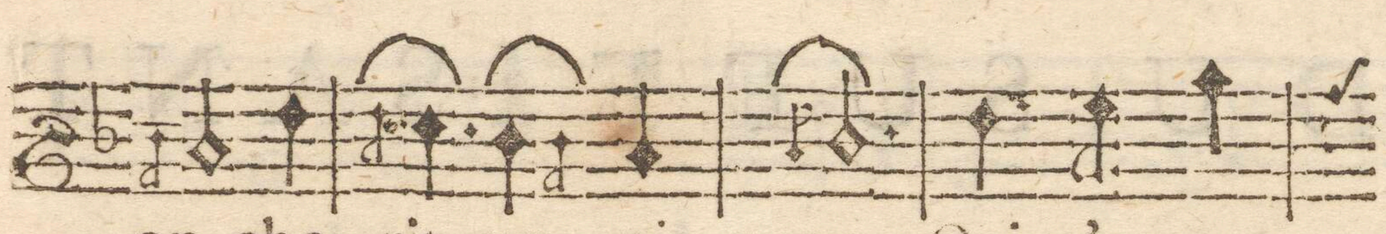
tance
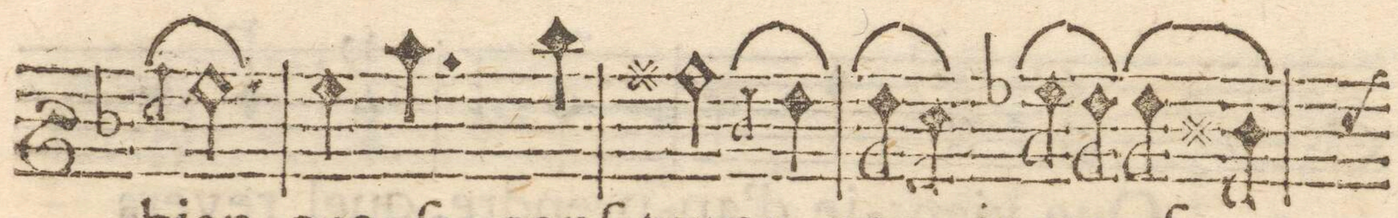


tan-ce a-dieu re-pos, gai-té, de-cen-ce. Les
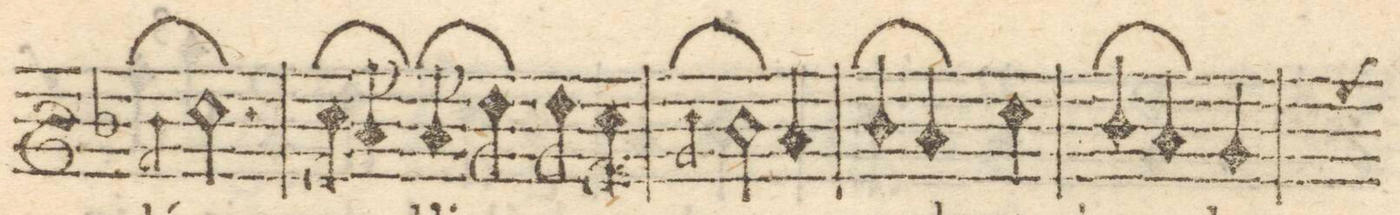


re-grets s'empa-rent du cœur. Mais quand
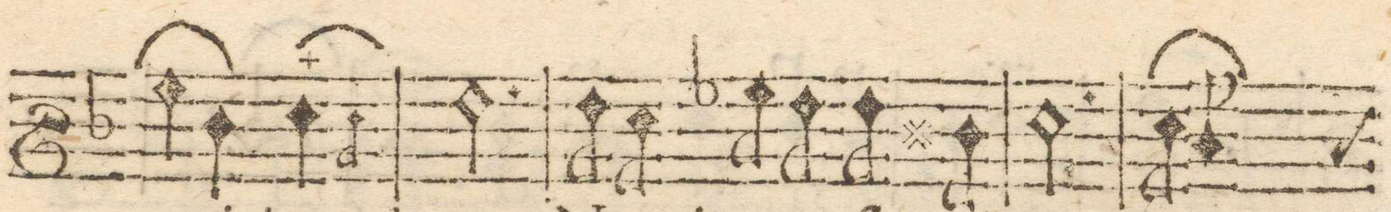


on che- rit un vain-queur. Qui n'a pour
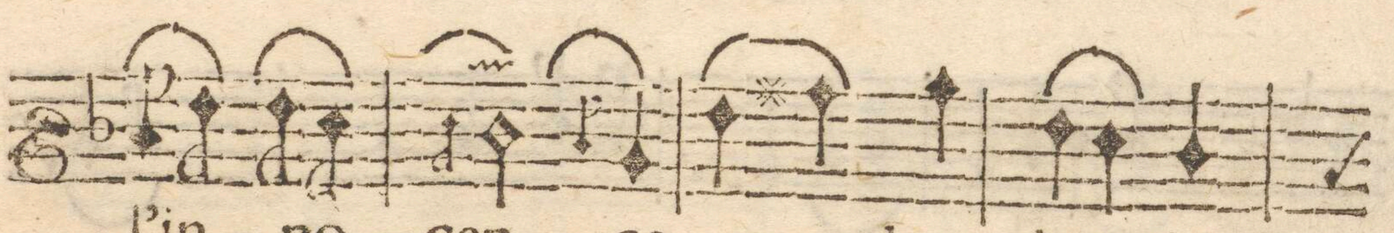


bien que ſa conſ-tance, nos jours ſi -
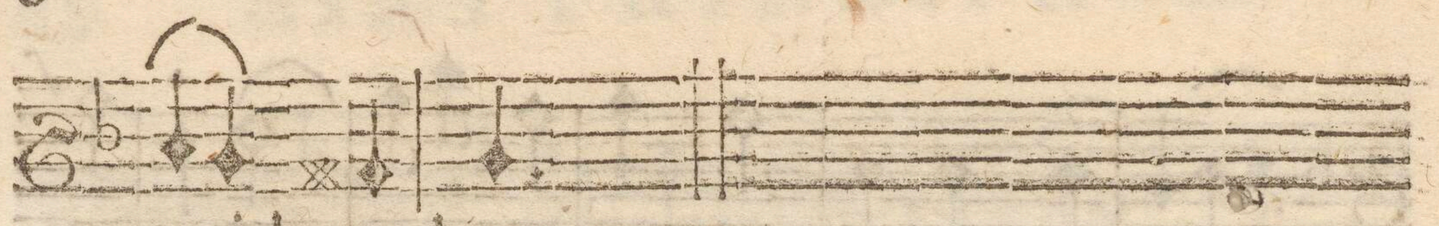


lés - par l'in-no-cen-ce, coulent dans le
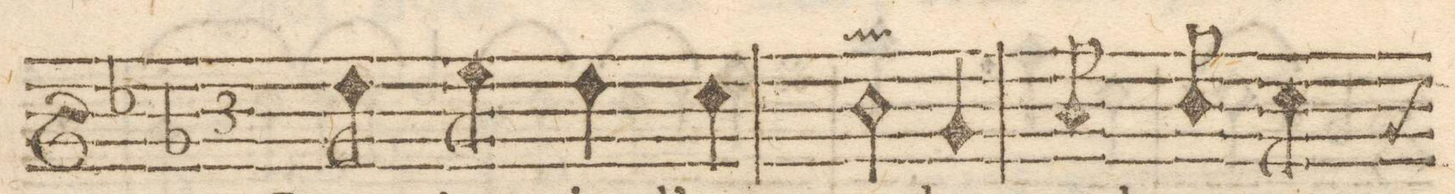


vrai bon-heur. Nos jours ſi - lés par

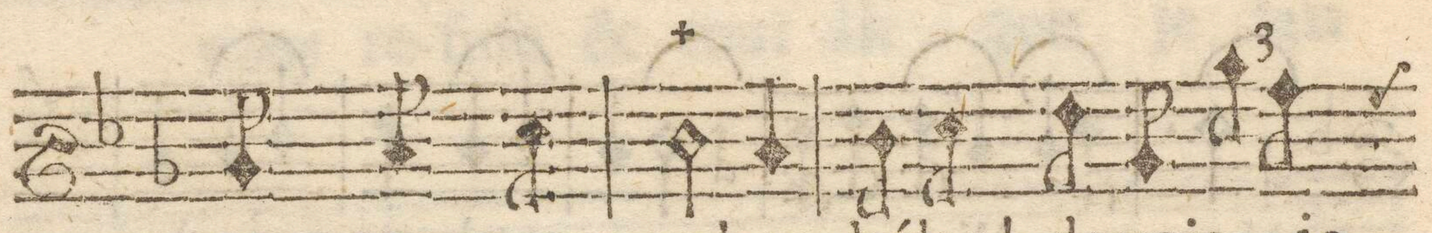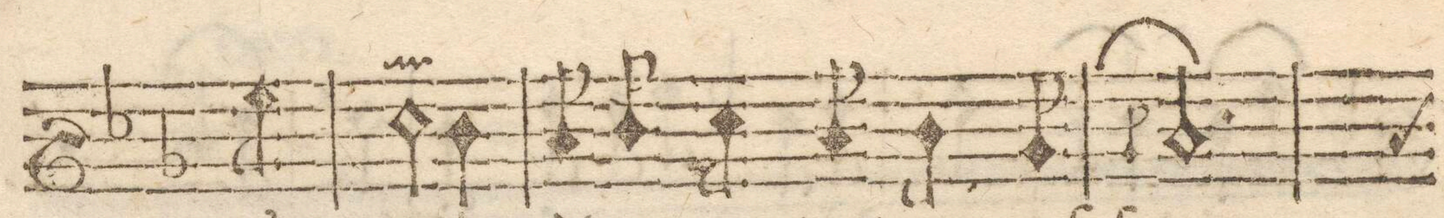


l'in - no - cen - ce, cou- lent dans le
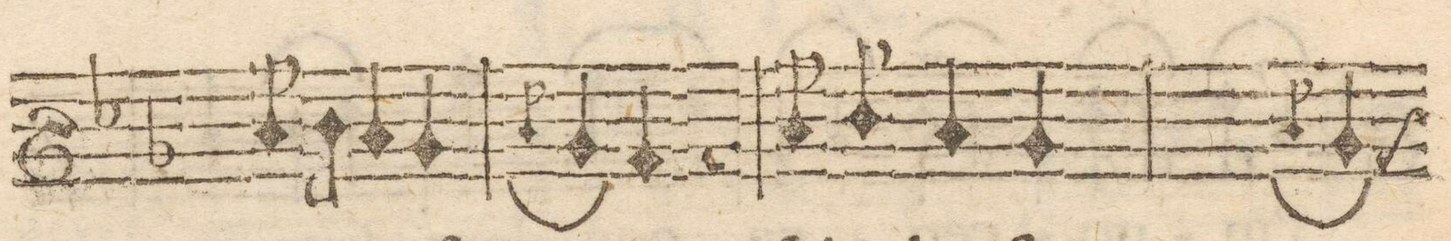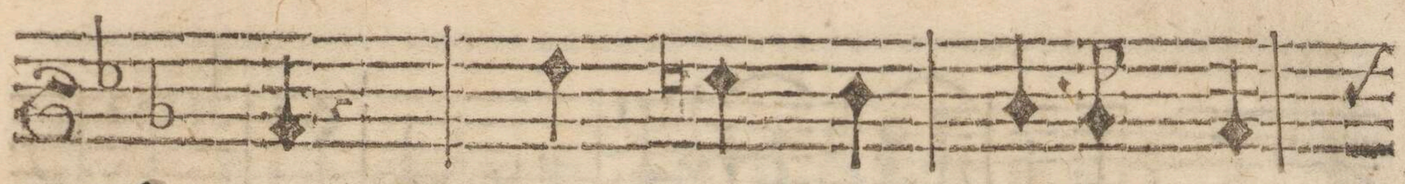


AIR CHOISIE
DU SUFFISANT
OPERA COMIQUE.



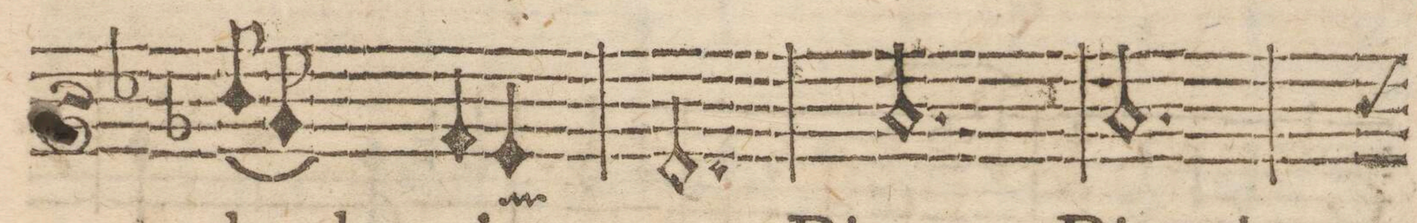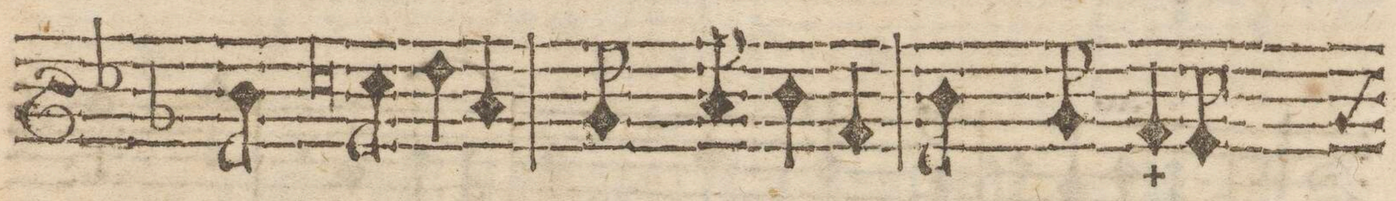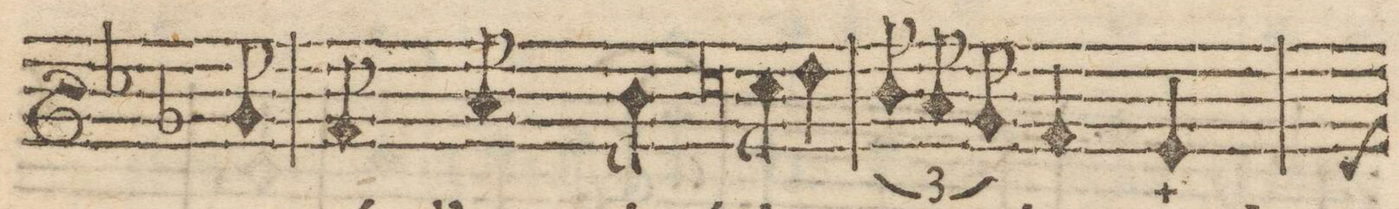








ce vous m'annon - ciez les jours
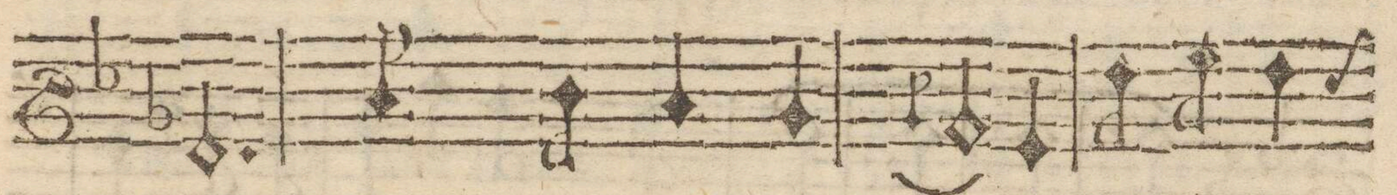


les plus heureux, Dieux, Dieux!
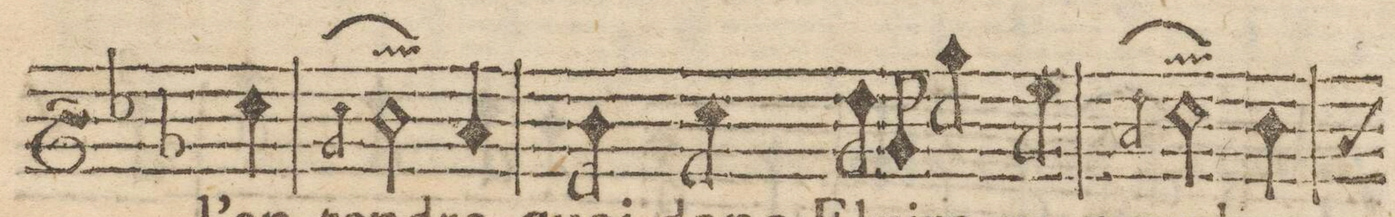


quel outrage quel partage on m'engage
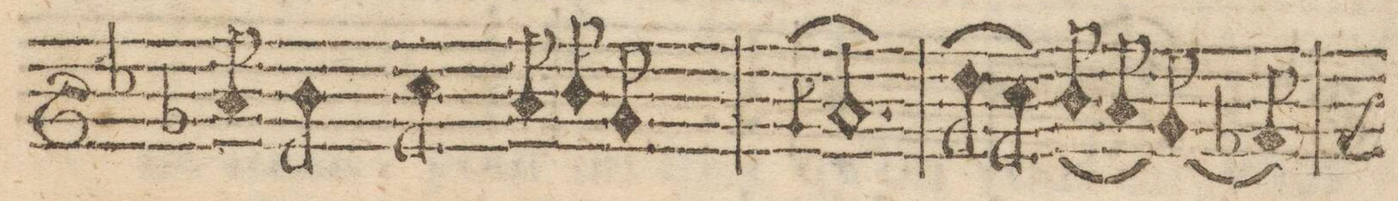


au gré d'un vain éclat au plus grand
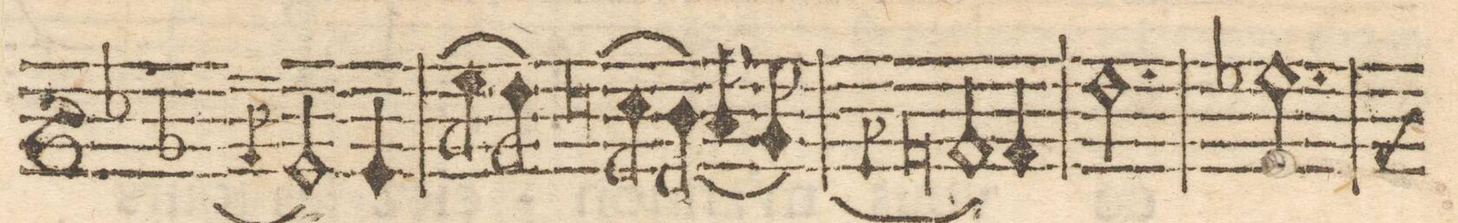


fat! Que viens-je d'ap-prendre ai-je pu
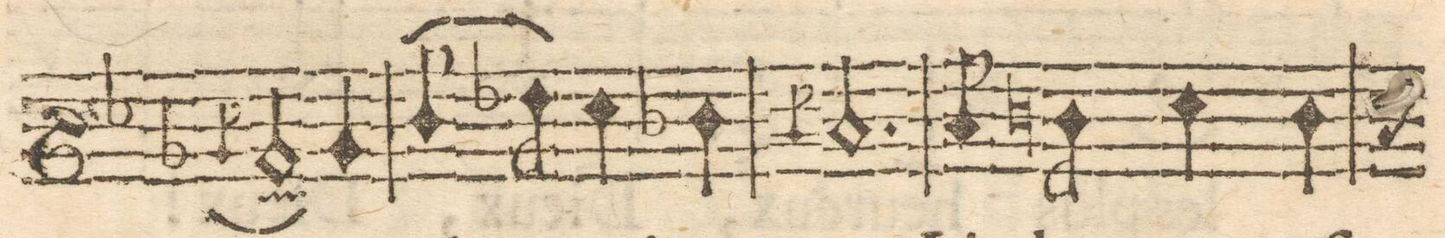


l'en-tendre, quoi donc Elvire va prendre
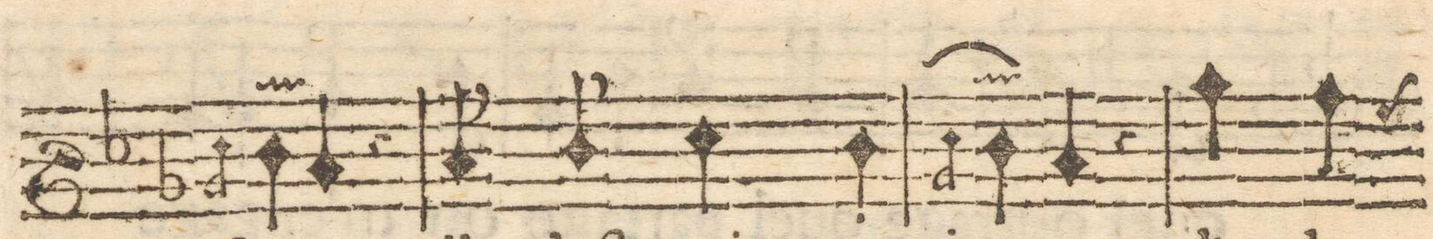


celui que j'adore; hé-las! hi- men é-
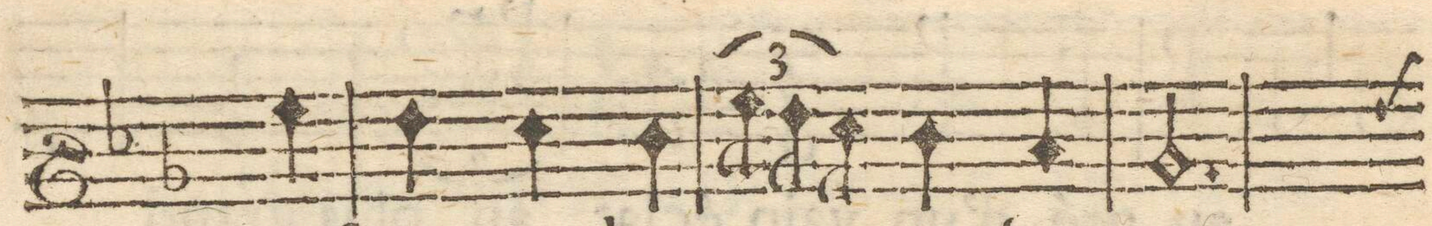


trange fa - tal é- chan-ge, non, non,
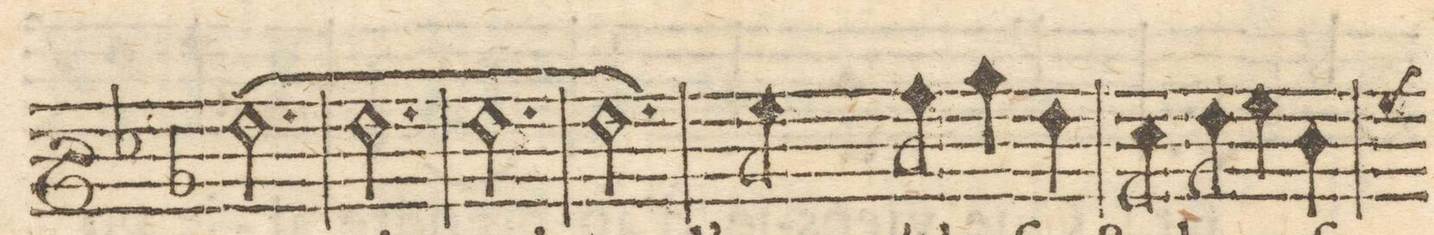


je ne le crois pas. Lindor me raſ-
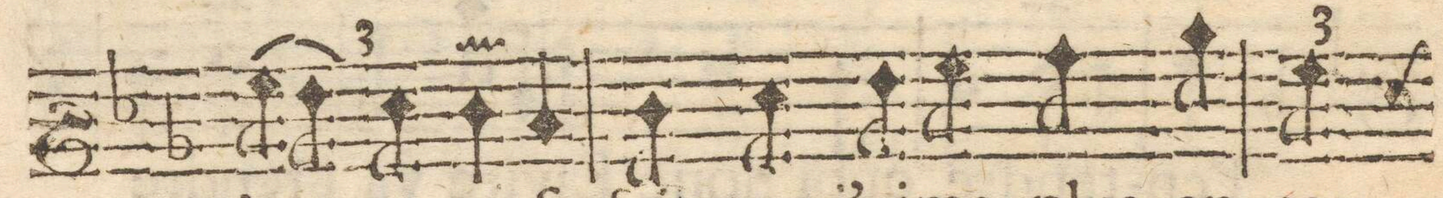


ſu- re il n'eſt point par ju - re, la plus
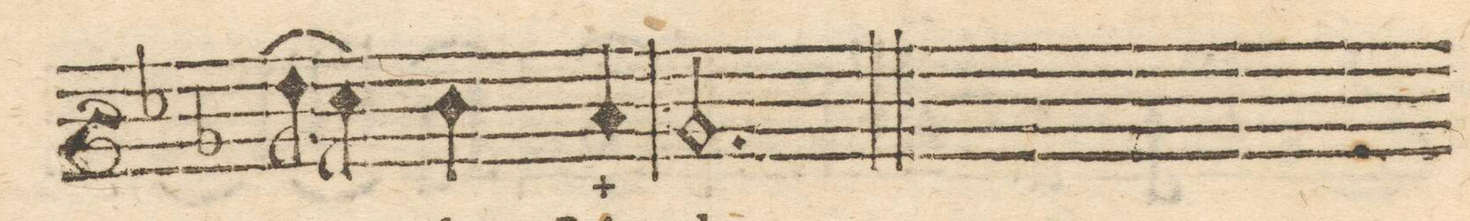


conſ-tante ardeur regne en ſon cœur,



oui, oui, l'on m'abuſe & la ruſe
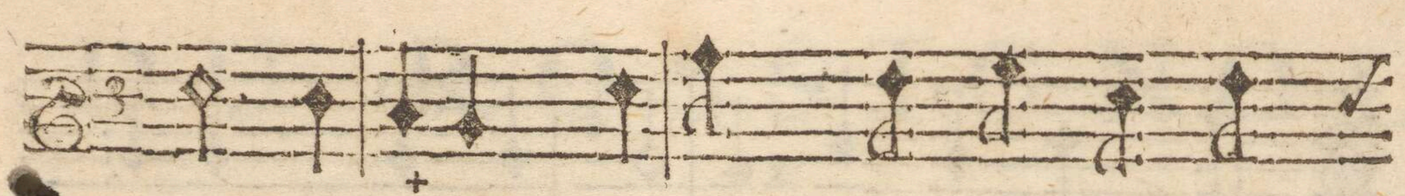


dont on u-ſe, fait que j'aime plus en-cor
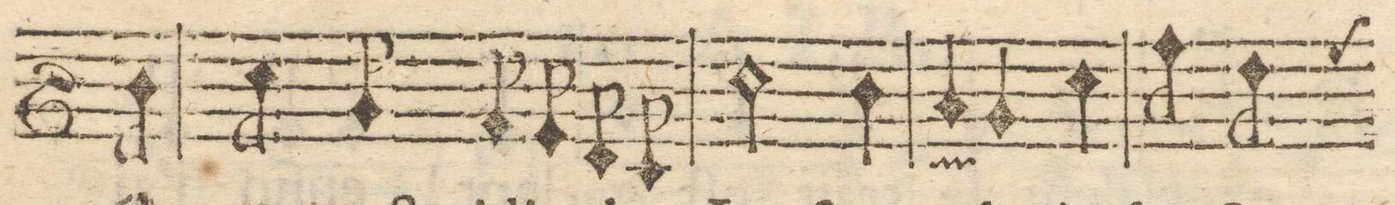


mon cher Lin-dor,

MENUET EN RONDEAU.
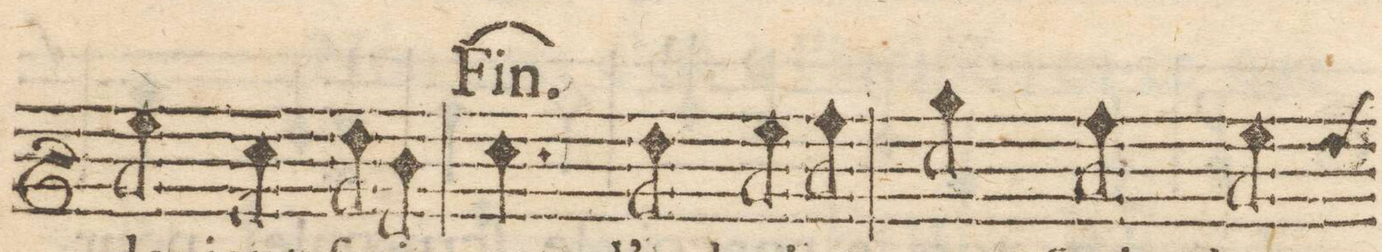


Le ſcrupule, Lin-dor, dans un homme
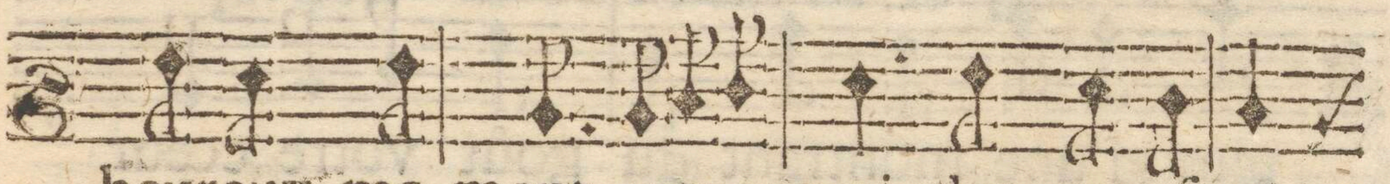


éle-gant, eſt ridicule: Le ſcrupule à la fin
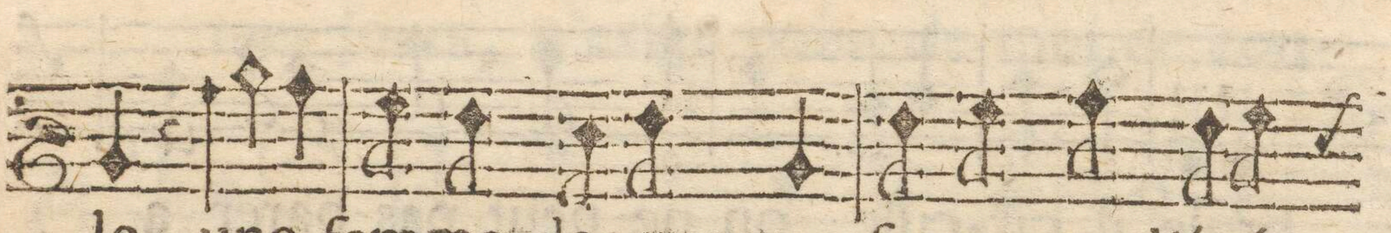
Fin.



devient fatiguant, l'a-droit amant ſçait d'un
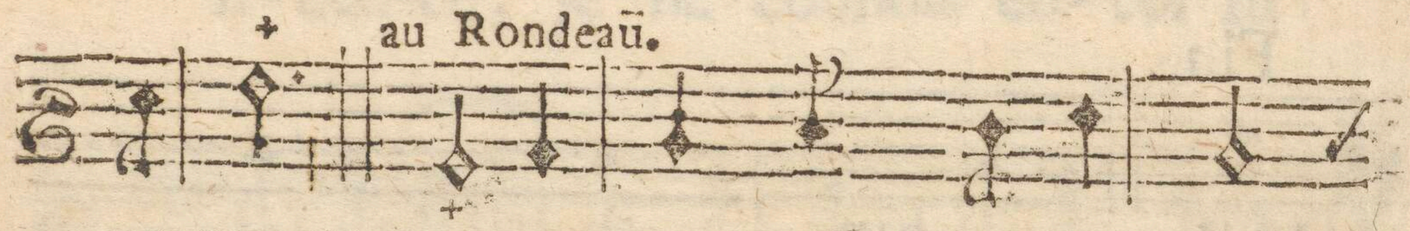


heureux mo-ment aperce-voir le crepuſ-cu-

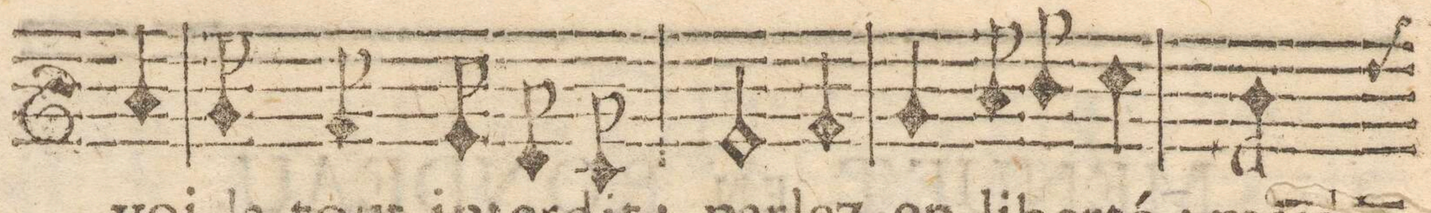


le, une femme decemment ſe prete a l'évé-
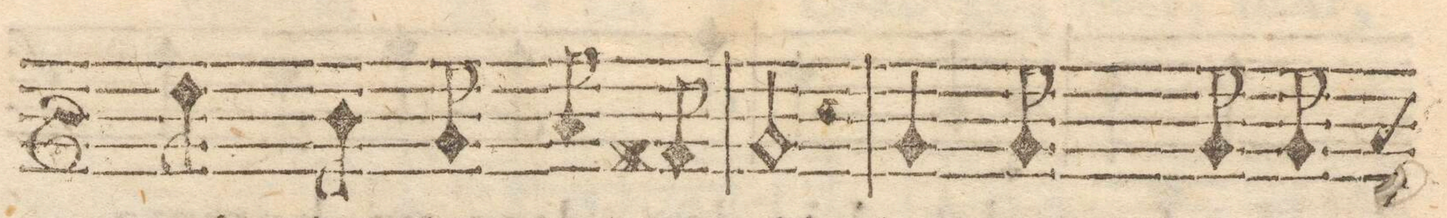
+ au Rondeaü.
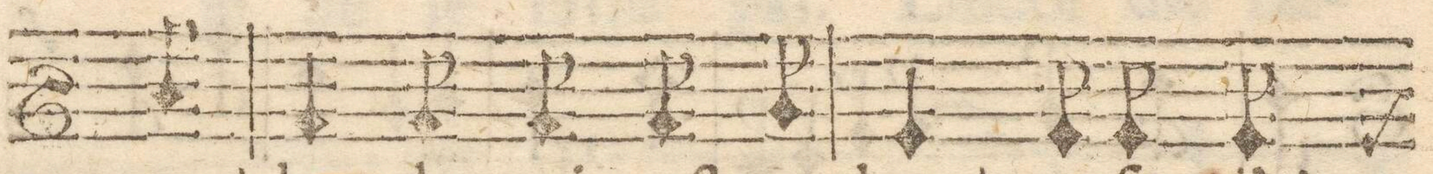


ne-ment: pour un mot qu'on vous dit, vous
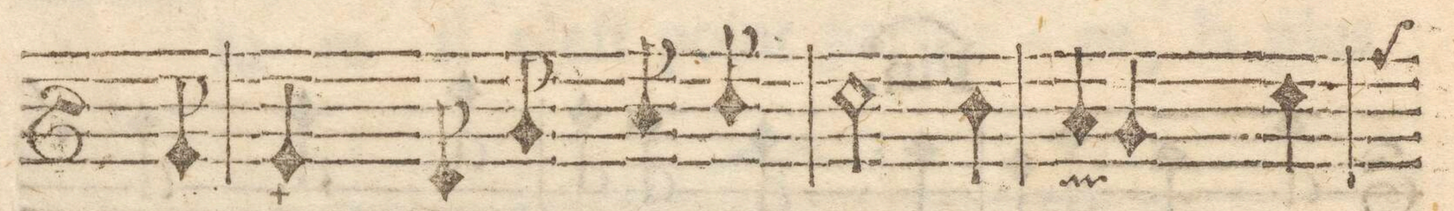


voi-la tout interdit : parlez en liberté ; mais
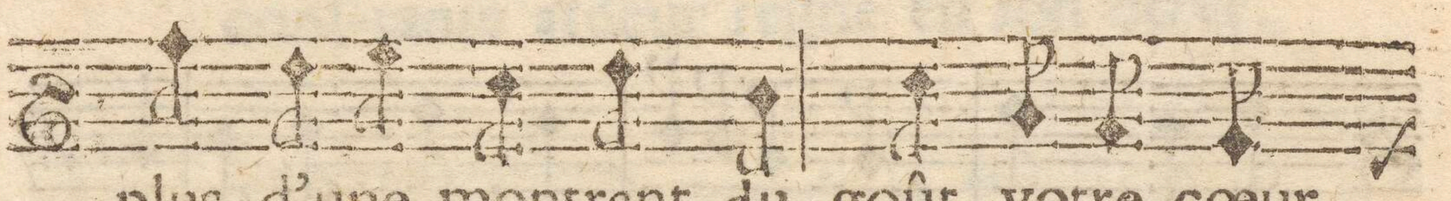


quel air de concer-té ! je vous trouve
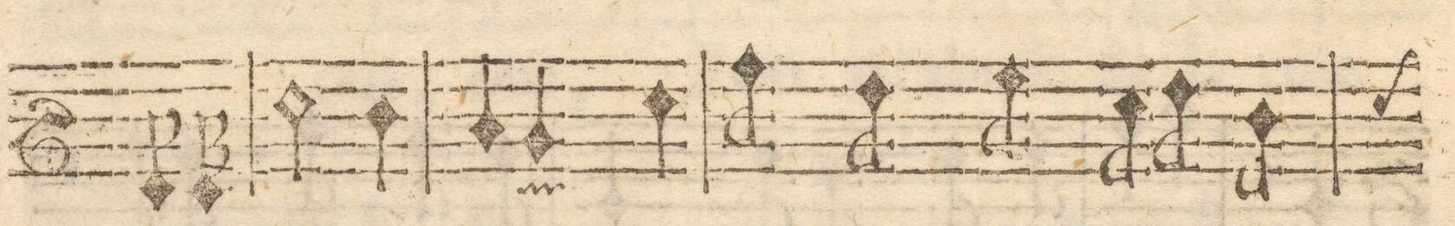


excel-lent, le trait eſt ga-lant ! enfin j'ai



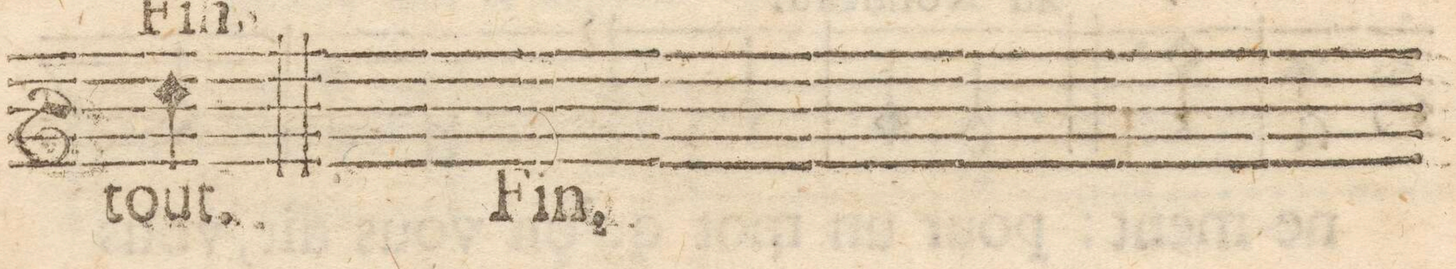
Lin-dor tort je conçois le ſcru-pule, pour



plus d'une montrant du goût votre cœur
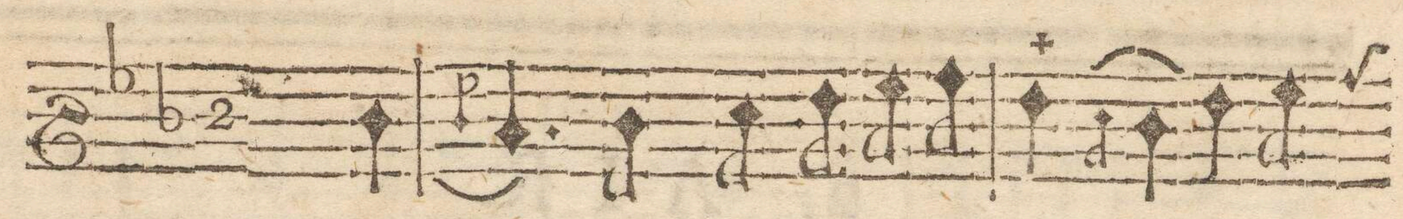


brule il cir-cule, on ne peut pas parer a
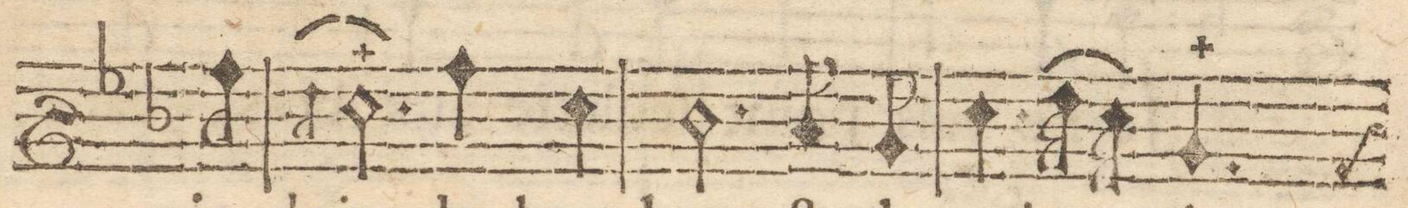


AIRS CHOISIS
DU ROSSIGNOL
OPERA COMIQUE.
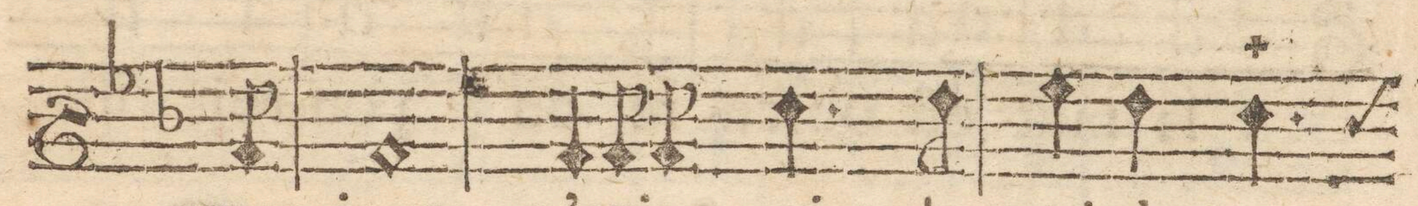
I. AIR.
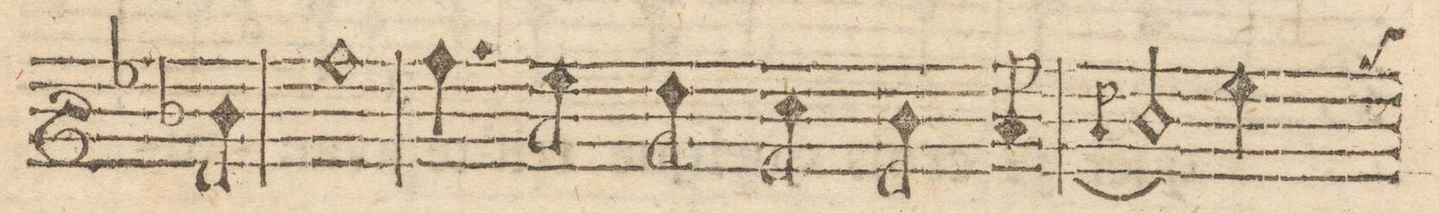


Non non c'eſt à l'indiffé-ren-ce que
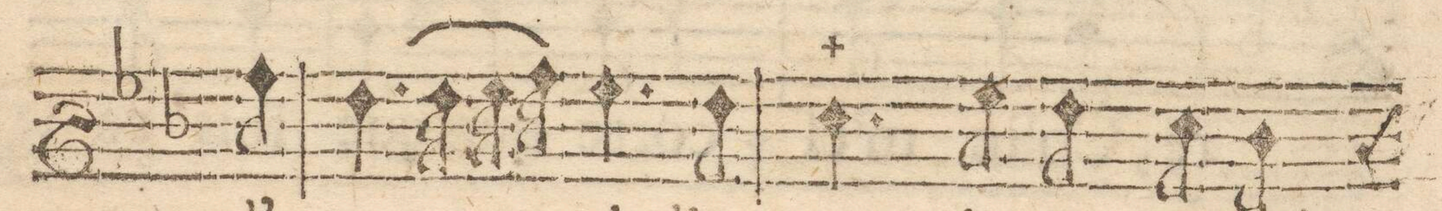


je dois le bon-heur & la paix - de
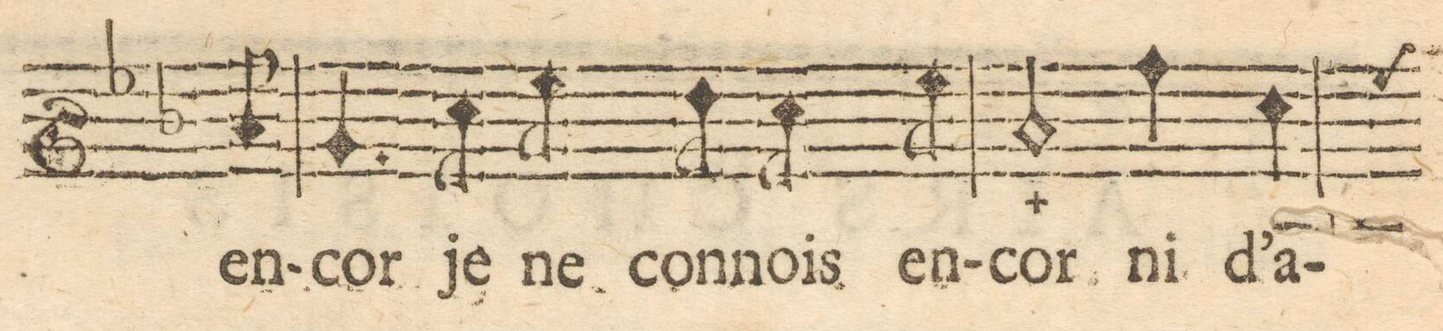


mes jours, n'exige point de moi de con-
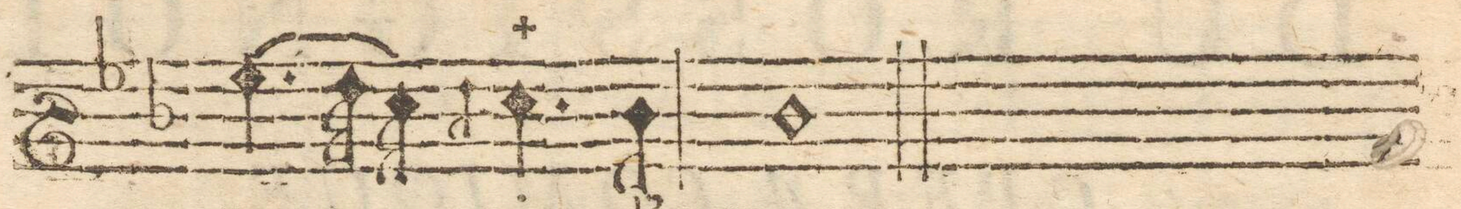


fi-den-ce, je ne connois en-cor ni

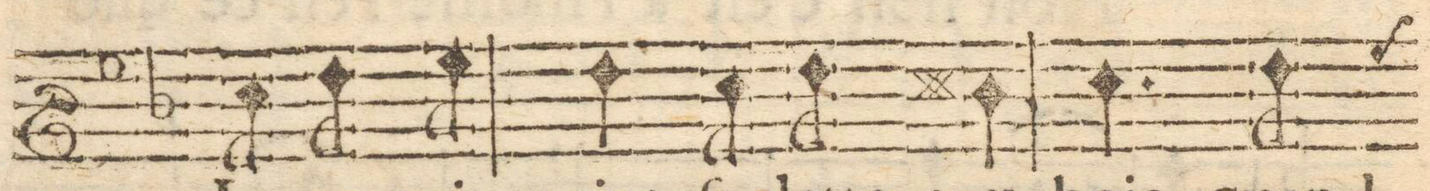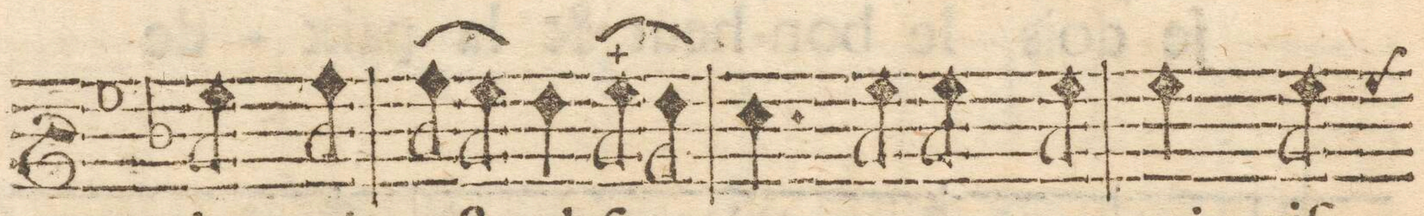


d'a-mant ni d'a mours, je ne connois
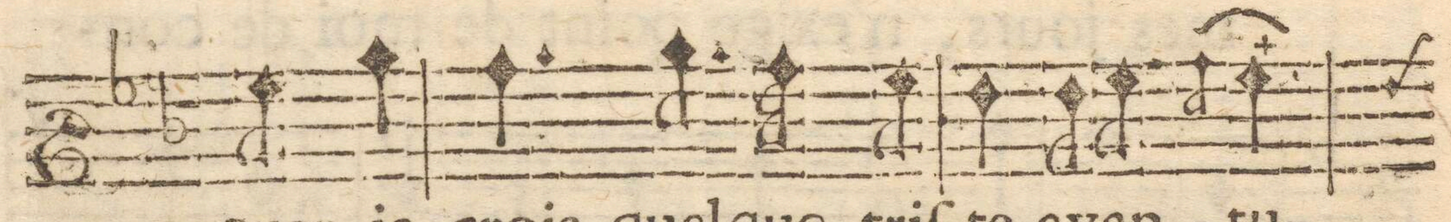

en-cor je ne connois en-cor ni d'a-
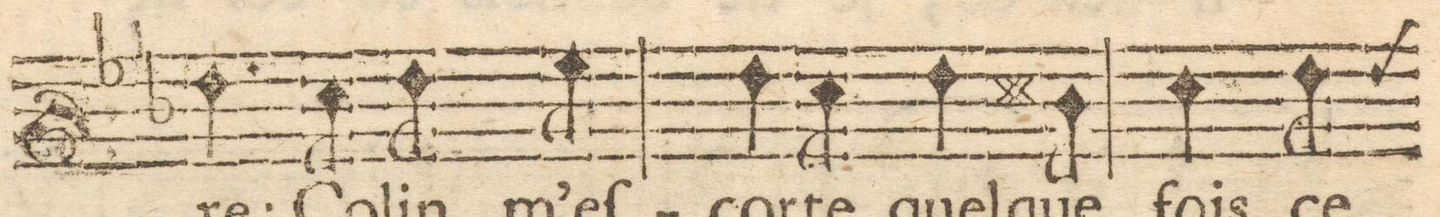

mans - ni - d'a-mours.

2. AIR.
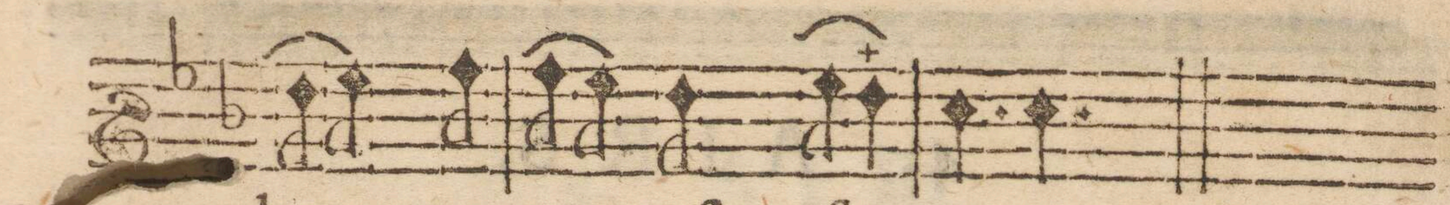

Je ne vais point ſeulette aux bois, quand


la nuit eſt obſcu- re on y pou-roit riſ-
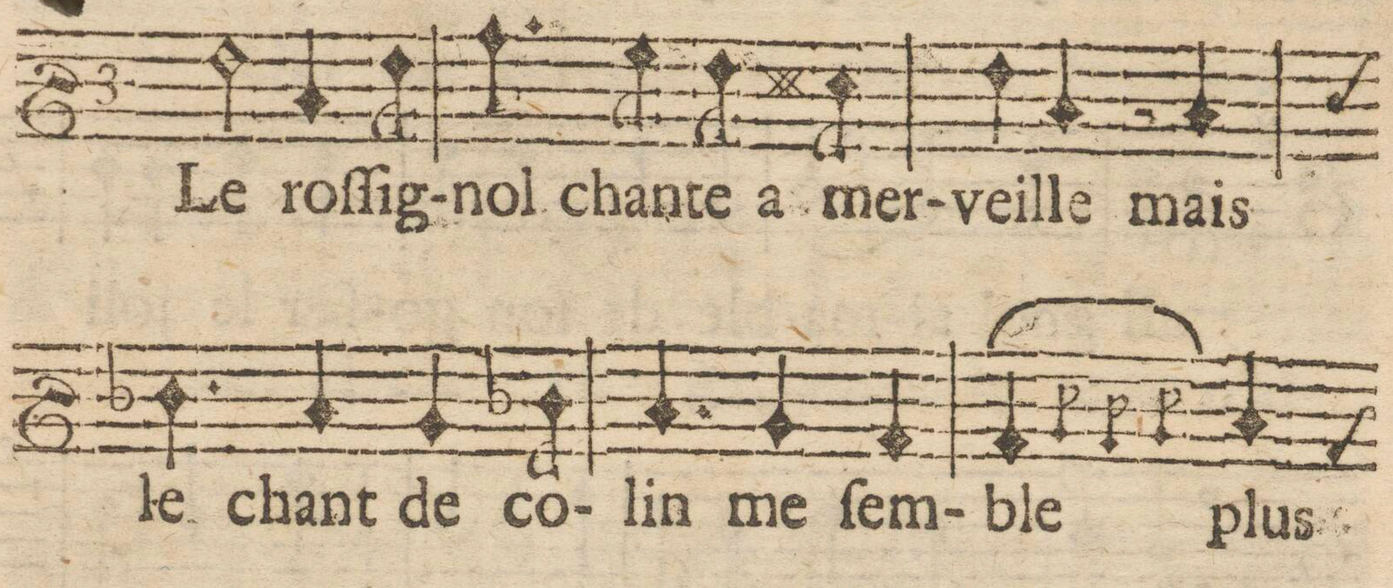

quer je crois quelque triſ-te avan - tu-


re; Colin m'eſ - corte quelque fois ce
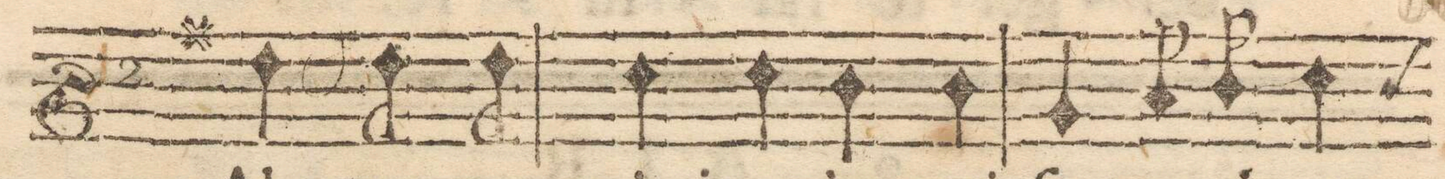

ber-


ber - ger te raſ - ſu - re.
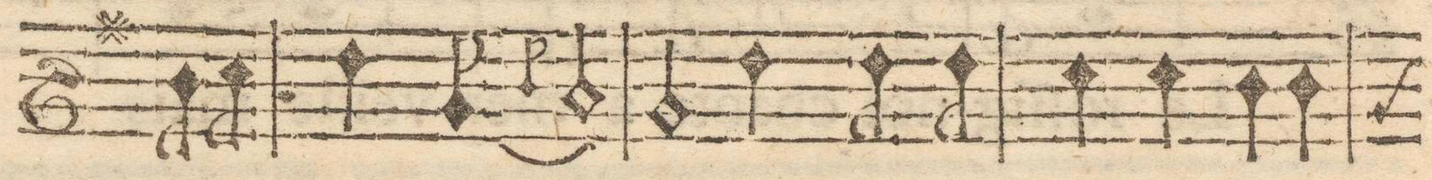
3. AIR.


Le roſſig-nol chante a mer-veille mais
le chant de co- lin me ſem- ble plus
fla - teur ; le chant du roſ- ſig- nol eſt
ſi plein de dou-ceur ſes ſons me ſe-duiſent
l'o-reille, mais ceux de co-lin vont au
cœur.
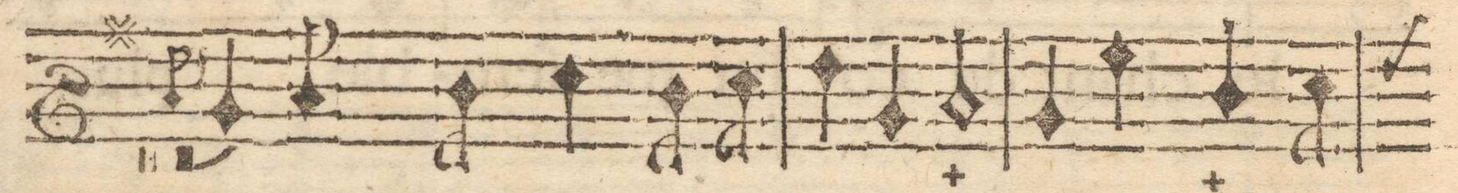
4. AIRS.
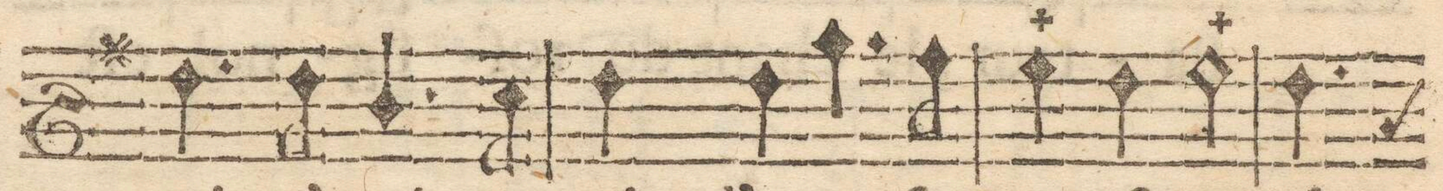


Ah que ne puis je a la mai-ſon tenir ce
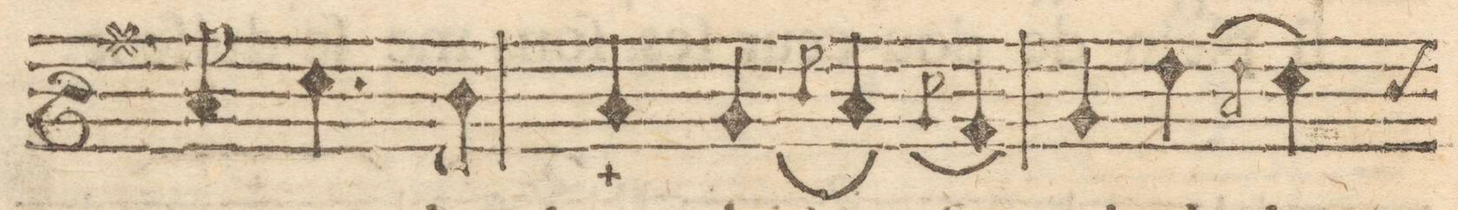


roſſi-gnol ai-ma-ble de ſon go-ſier le joli
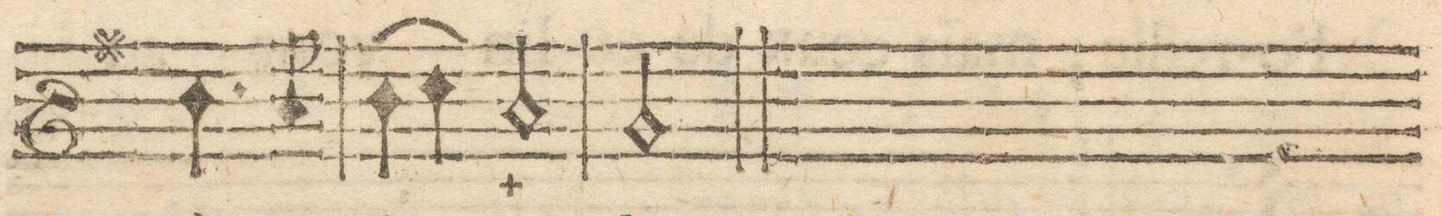


ſon me rendrois la vie agrea-ble, il chante-



roit s'a-ni-me-roit d'une fa-çon ſi ten-dre
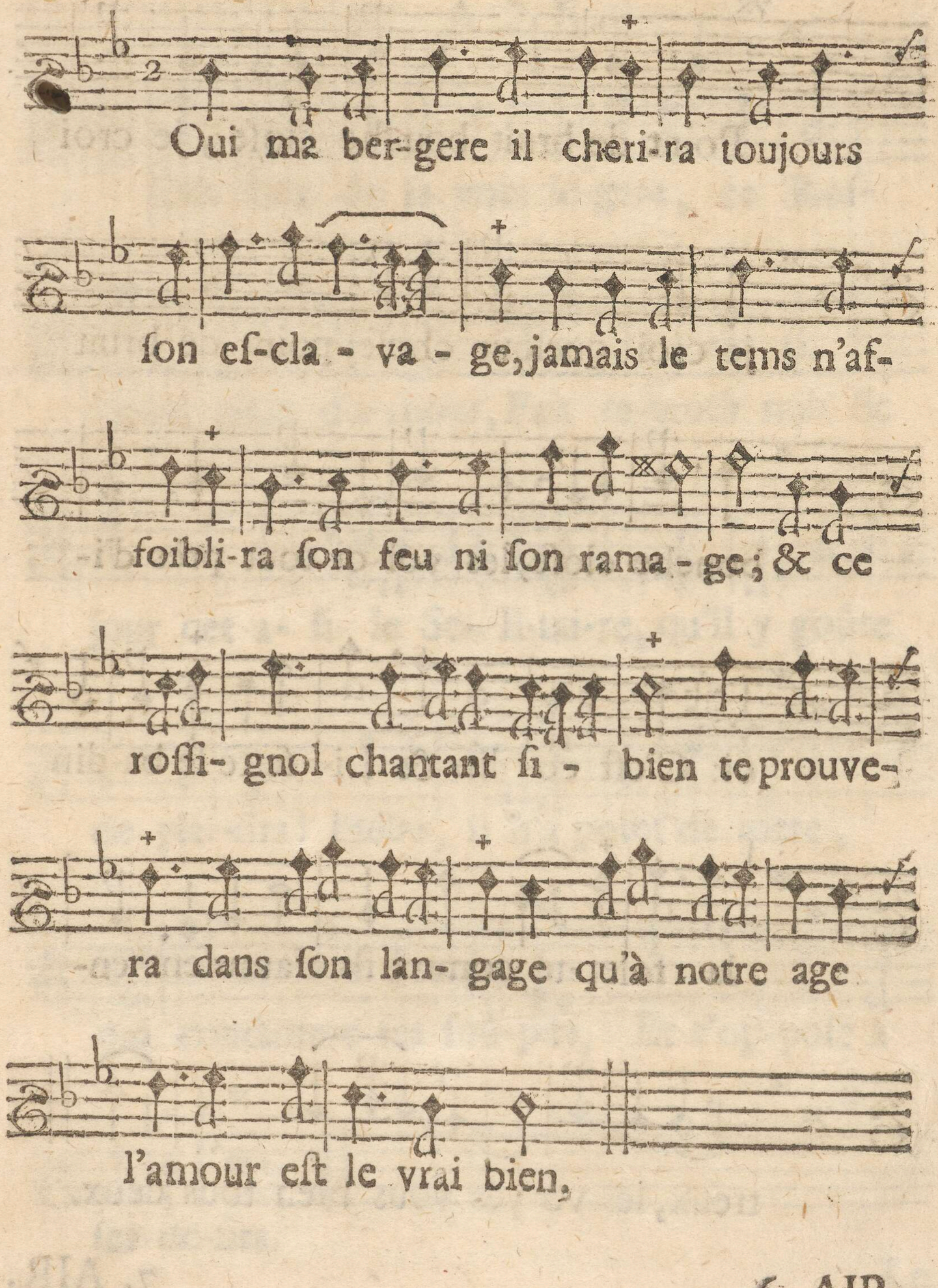


que ton plus doux plaiſir ſe- roit de le
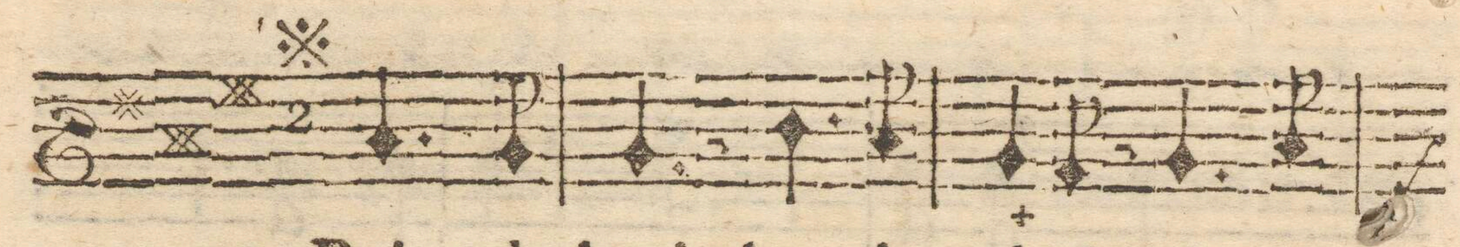


voir & l'en-ten-dre,
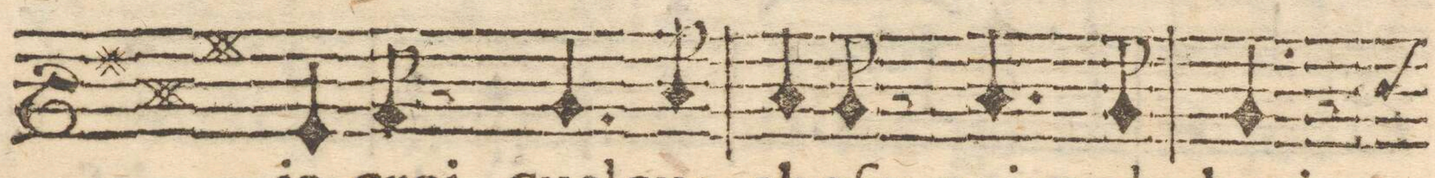
5. AIR.


Oui ma ber-gere il cheri-ra toujours
ſon eſ-cla - va - ge, jamais le tems n'af-
foibli-ra ſon feu ni ſon rama - ge; & ce
roſſi- gnol chantant ſi - bien te prouve-
ra dans ſon lan- gage qu'à notre age
l'amour eſt le vrai bien,
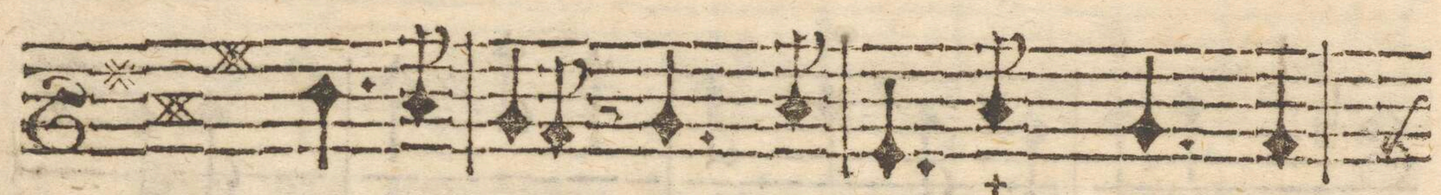
6. AIR.
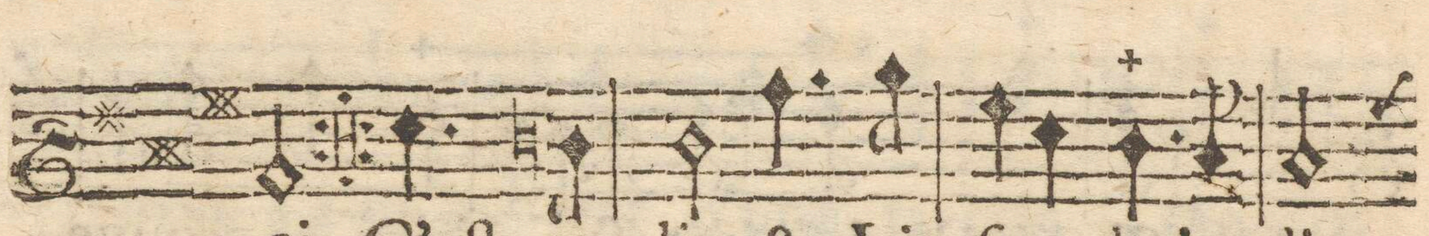


Point de bruit bouche cloſe, je croi
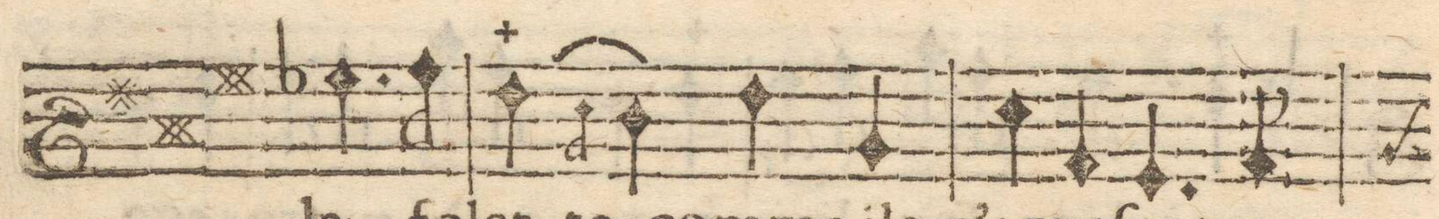


je croi quelque choſe; point de bruit
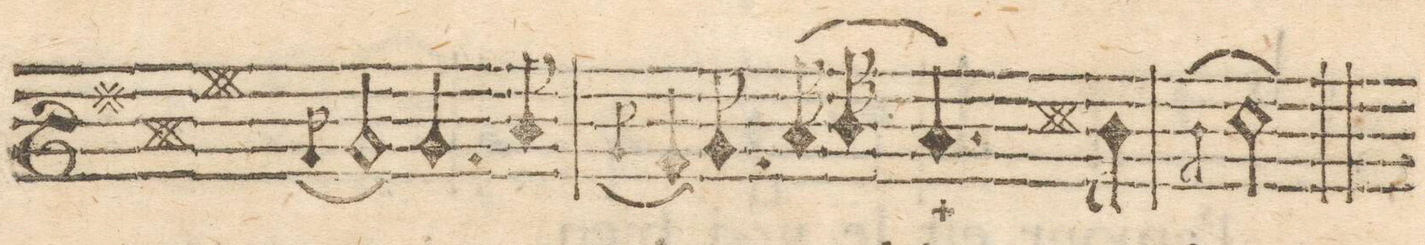


bouche cloſe, les voi-ci tout près d'i-



ci: C'eſt co- lin & Li- ſette le ba-din



la folet-te comme ils s'amuſent en-

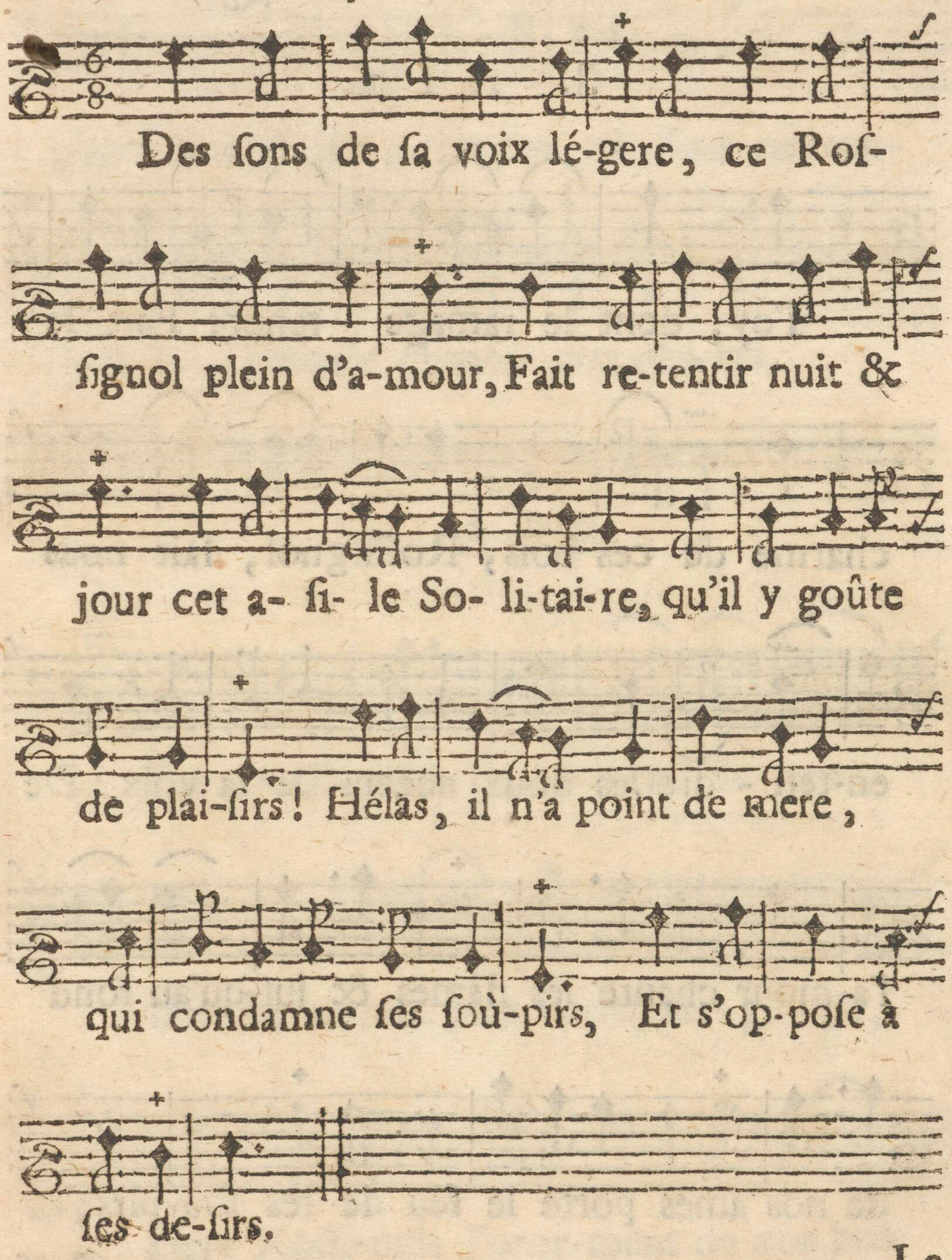


treux, les vo-yés vous bien tous deux.

7. AIR.

AIR DU ROSSIGNOL.
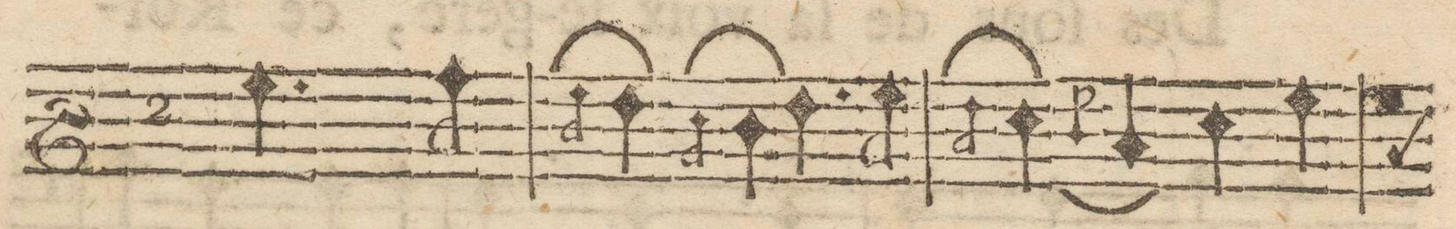
7. AIR.
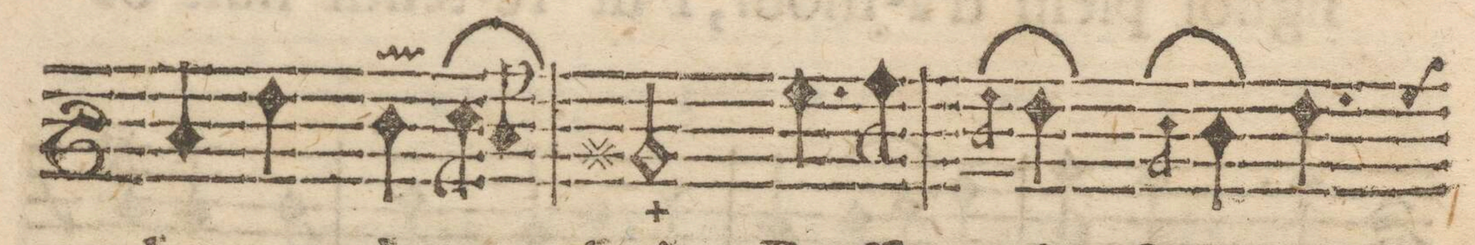


Le

LE ROSSIGNOL
DE L'OPERA COMIQUE.
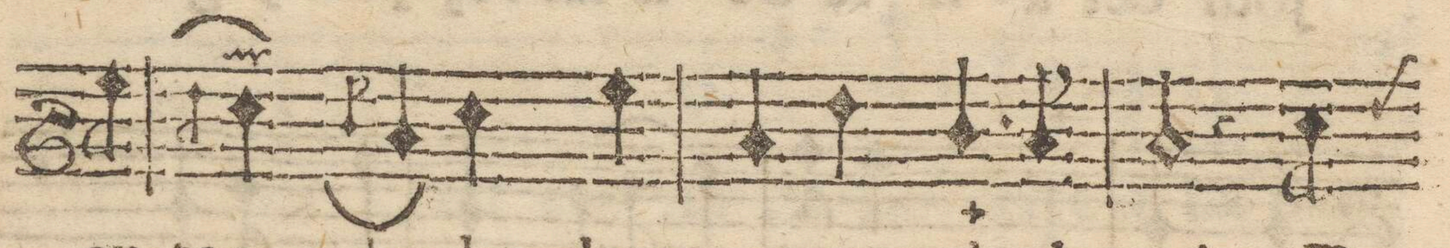
8. AIR.
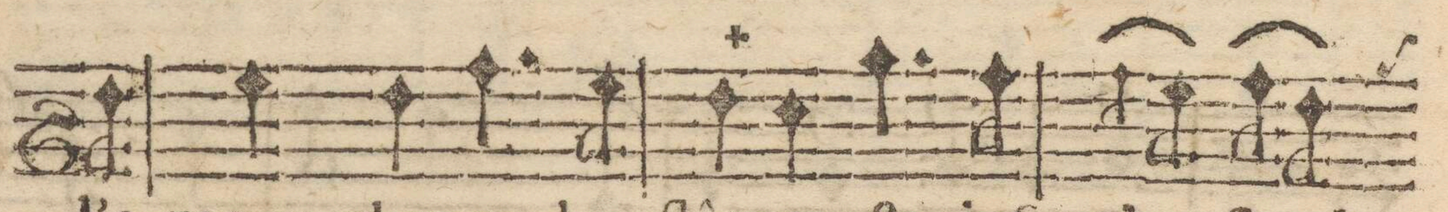


Toy, dont le ramage tendre Fait le
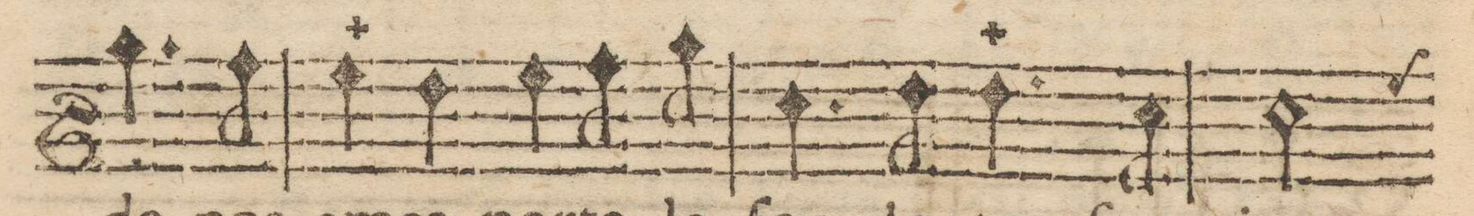


charme de ces bois, Roſſi-gnol, fait nous



en-ten - dre les doux accens de la voix ; De
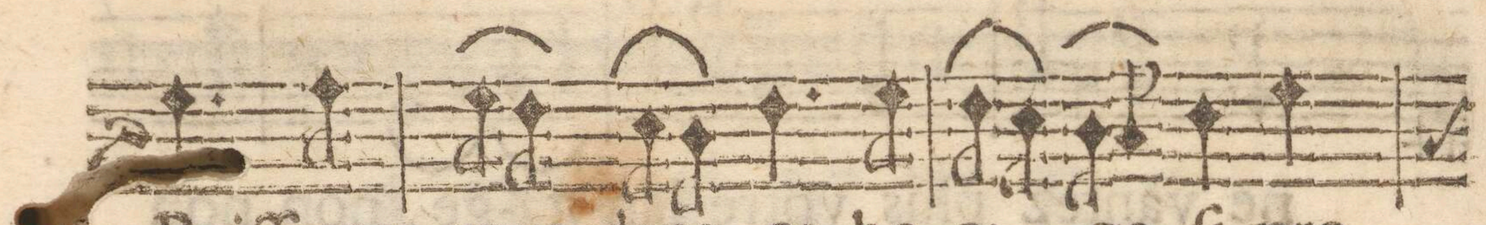


l'a-mour chante les flâmes & juſ-qu'au fond
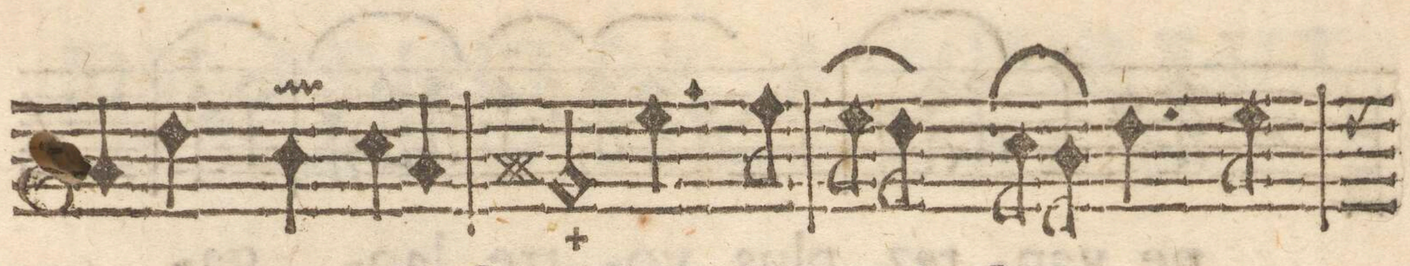


de nos ames porte le feu de tes ſou-pirs;
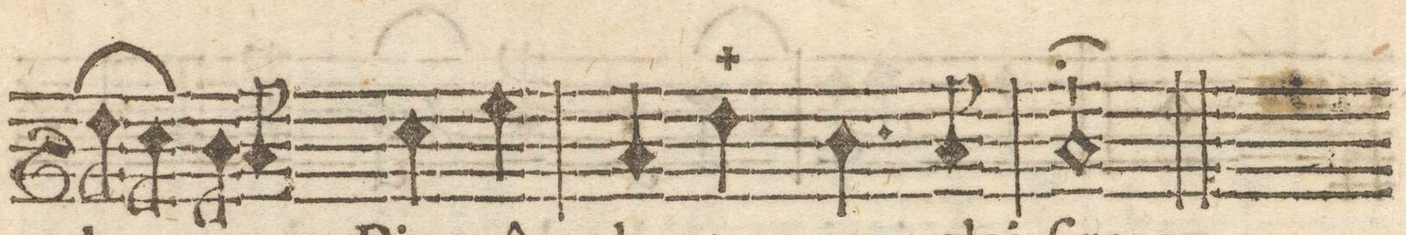
Puiſ-



Puiſſions nous dans ce bo-ca - ge ſi pro-
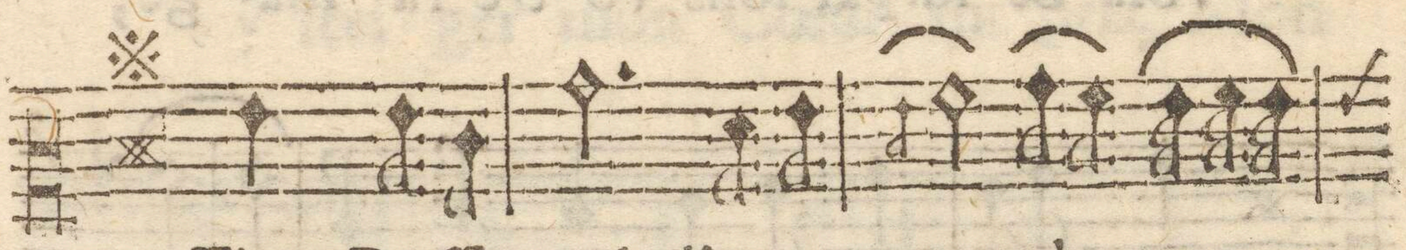


pice à nos de-ſirs, comme toi ſous cet om-
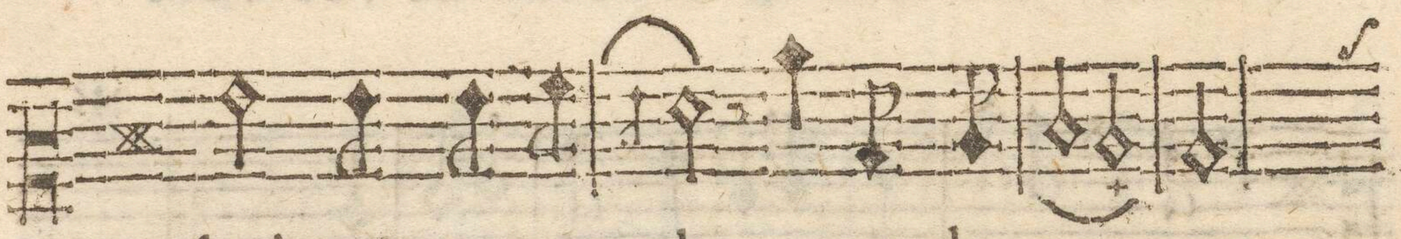


bra- ge, Bientôt chanter nos plai-ſirs.
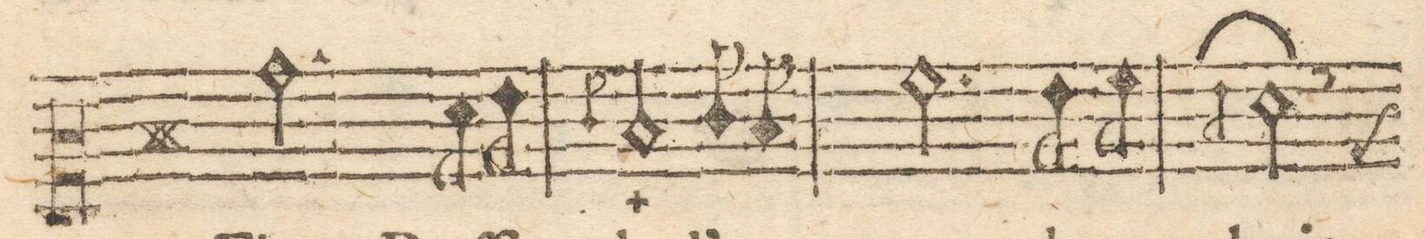
9. AIR.



Fiers Roſſi-gnols l'orne-ment de nos
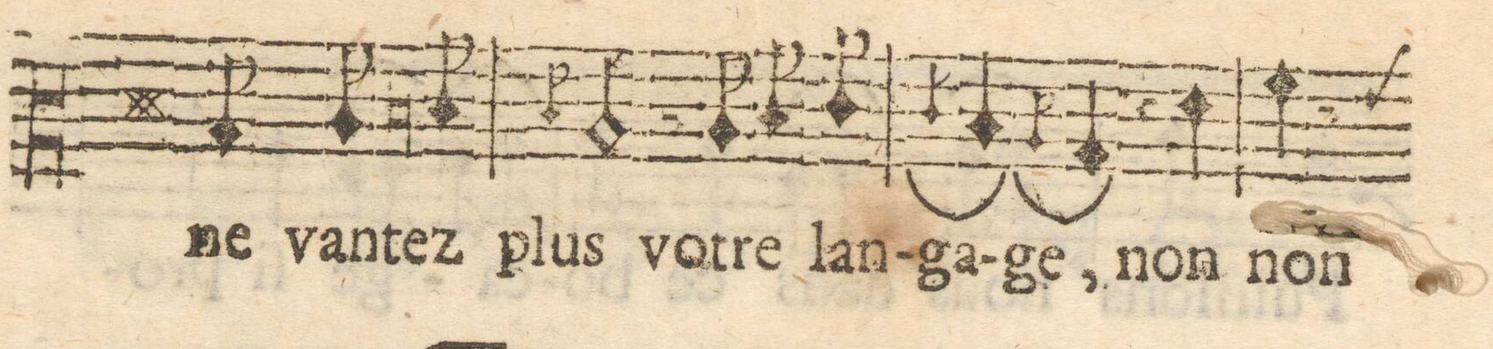


bois ne vantez plus votre lan - ga - ge,
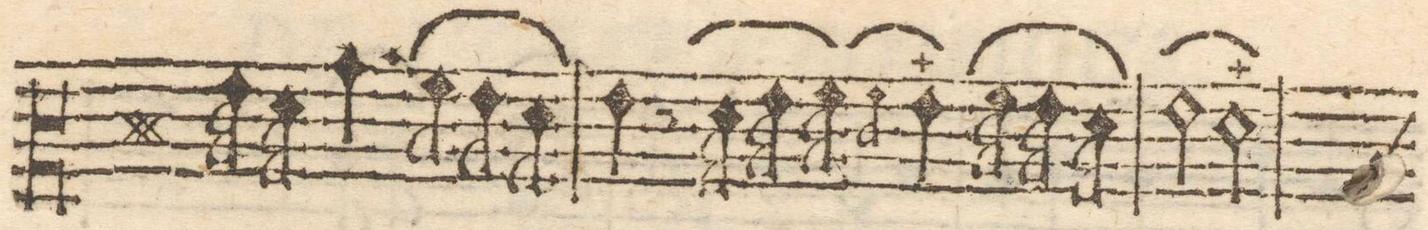


Fiers Roſſi-nols l'orne-ment de nos bois
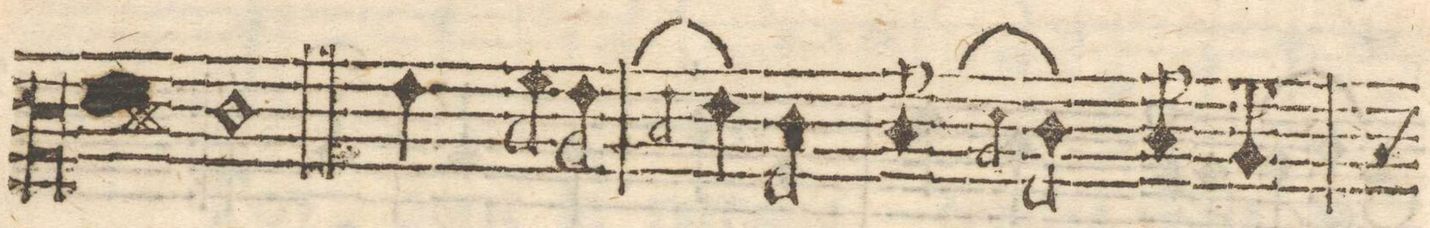
ne
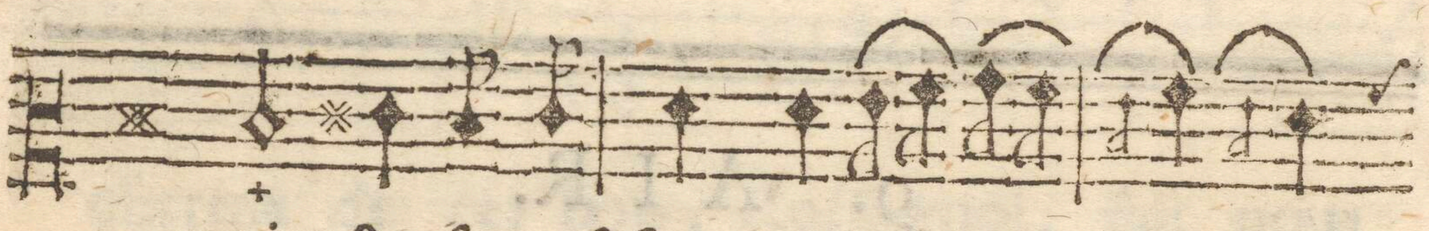


ne vantez plus votre lan-ga-ge, non non
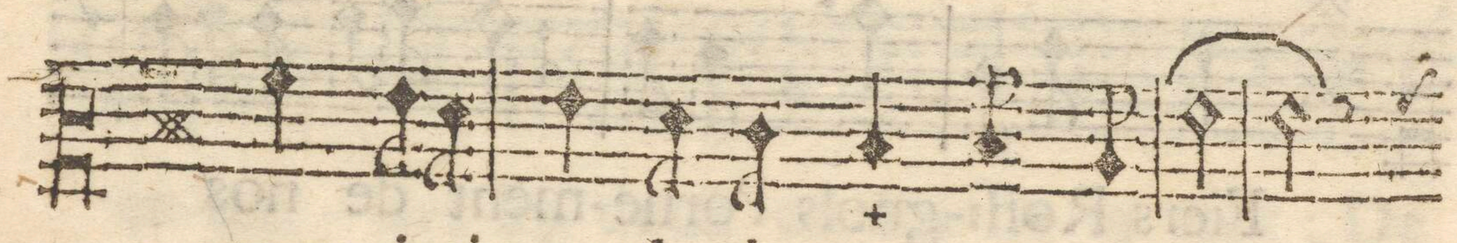


ne van- tez plus vo- tre lan- ga-
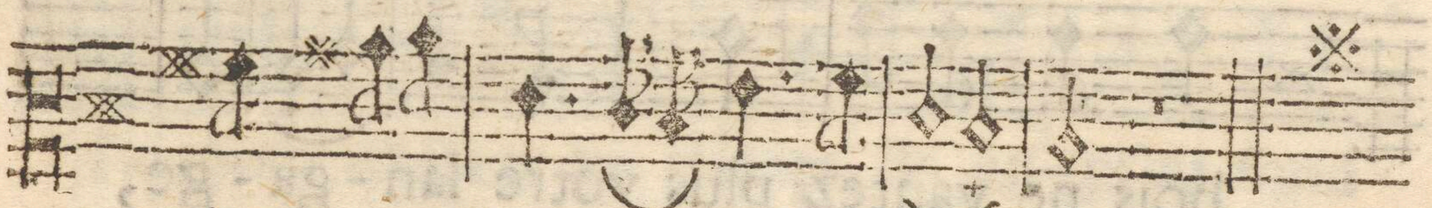


ge; nous imi-tons la douceur de vos



voix & ſurpaſ-ſons vo- tre ra. ma- ge,



nous imi-tons la douceur de vos voix



& ſurpaſ-ſons vo-tre ra-ma- ge. Fiers Roſ.

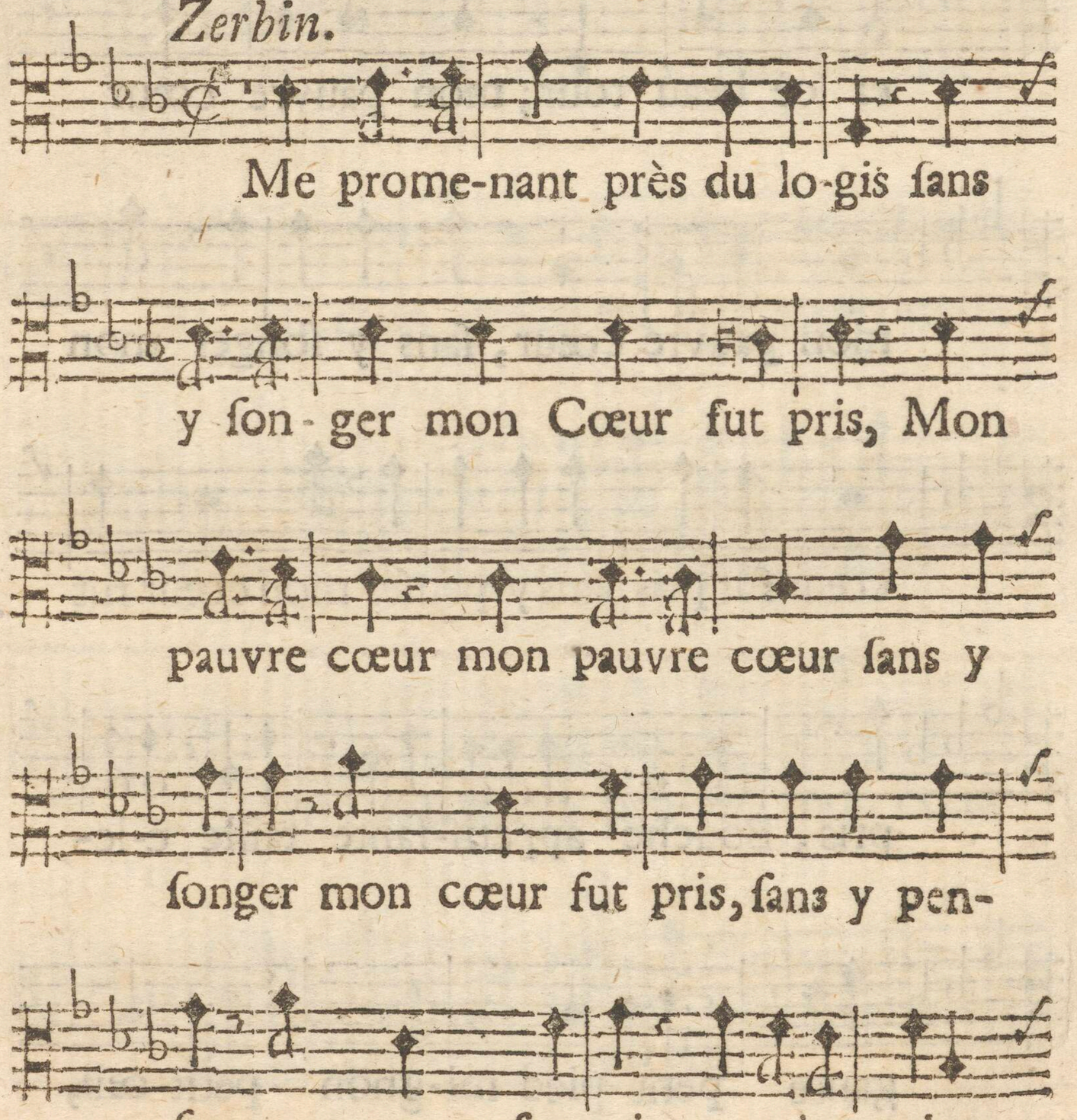
BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH

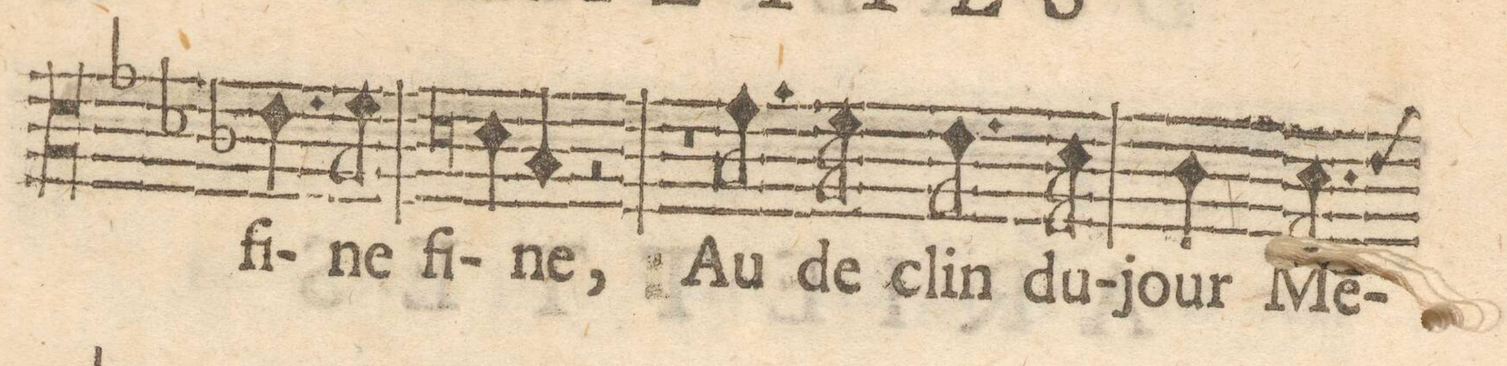
ARIETTES

DU PEINTRE AMOUREUX DE SON MODELE.
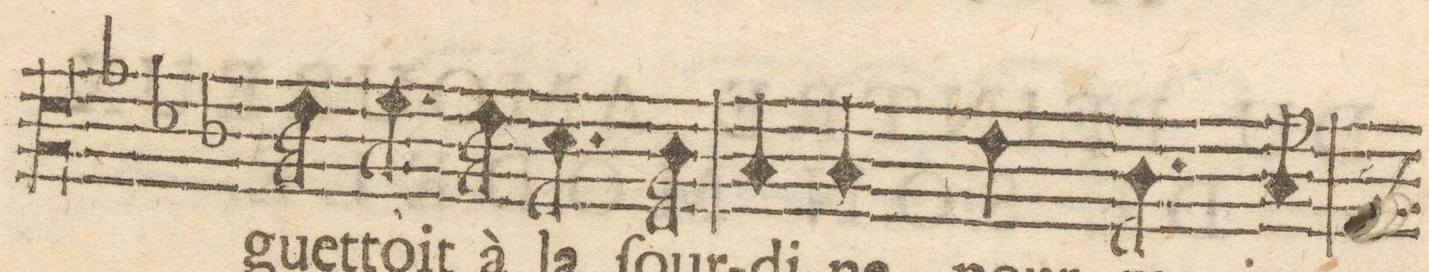
1. ARIETTE.

Zerbin.
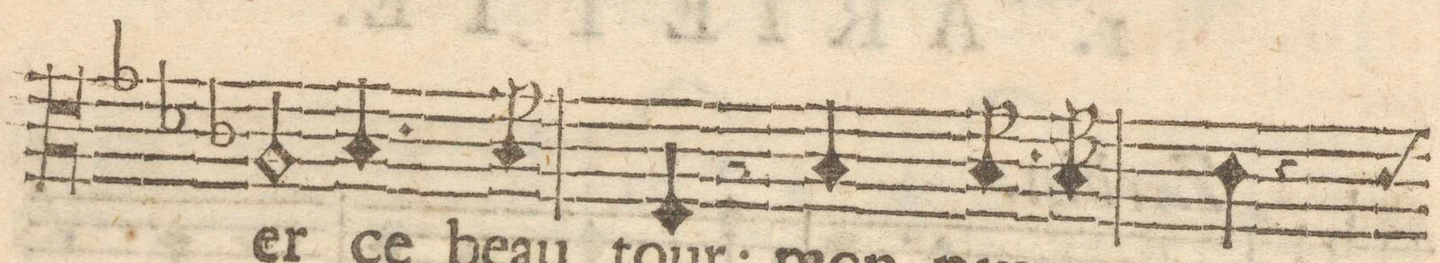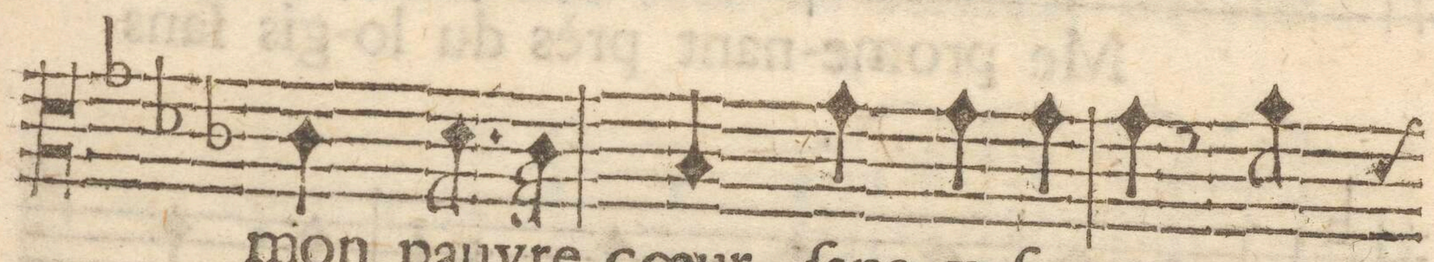




fi- ne fi- ne, Au de clin du-jour Me-



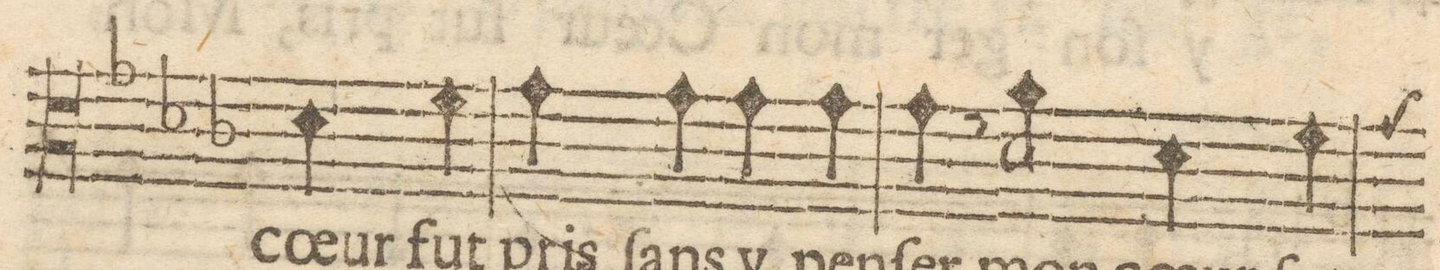
guettoit à la four-di-ne, pour me jou-
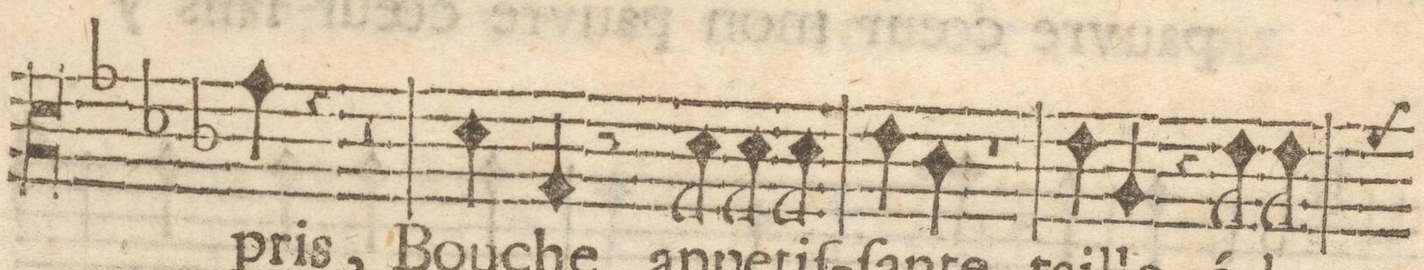


er ce beau tour; mon pauvre cœur
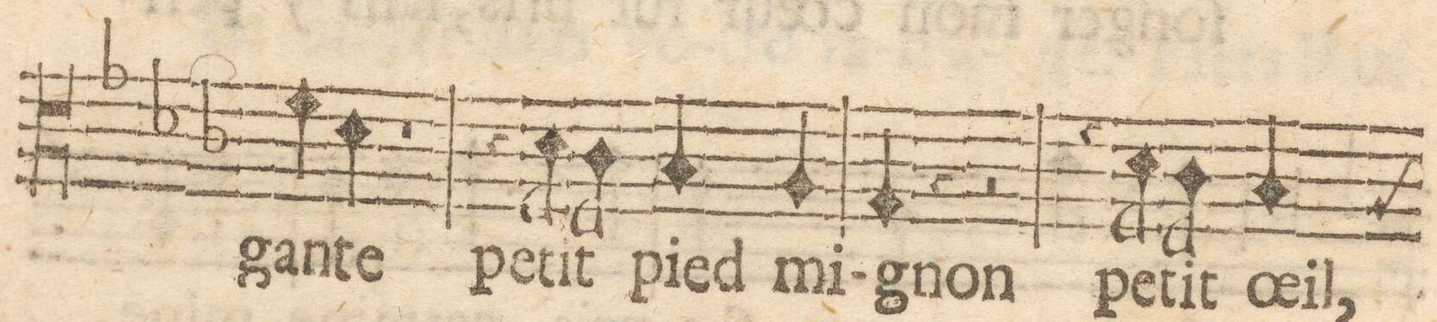


mon pauvre cœur, ſans y ſonger mon



cœur fut pris ſans y penſer mon cœur fut
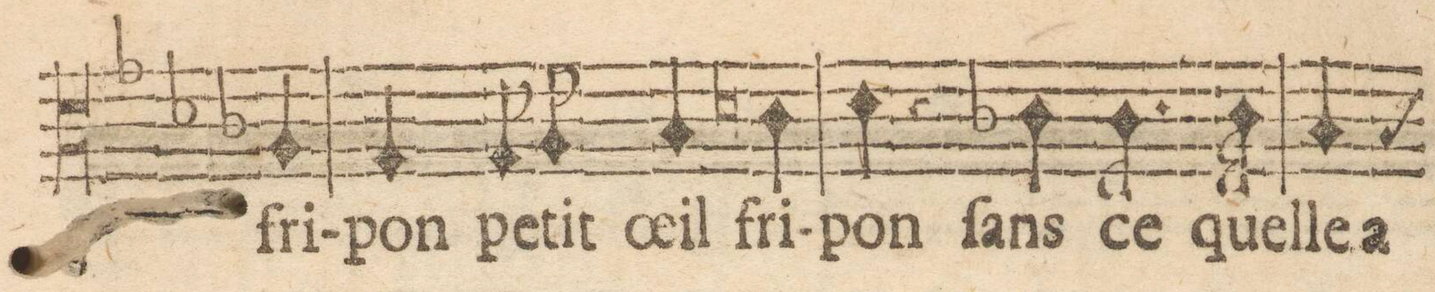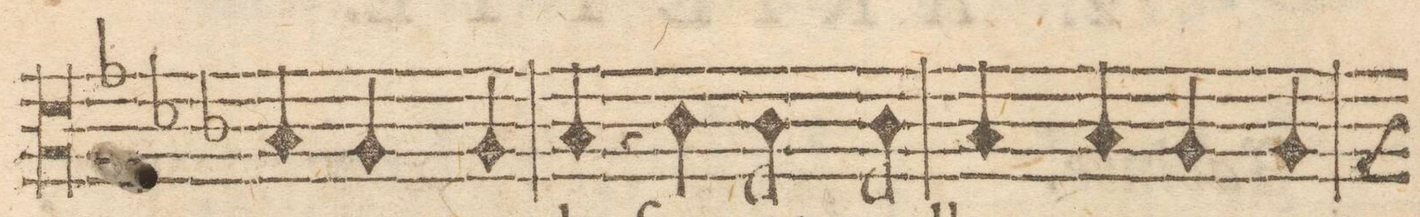


pris, Bouche appetiſ-ſante taille é-le-
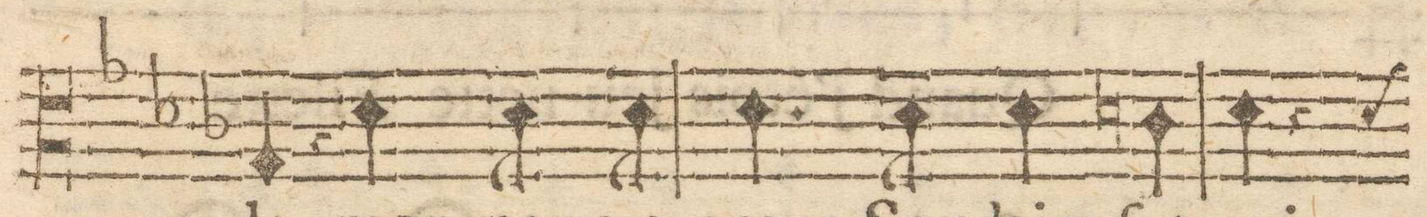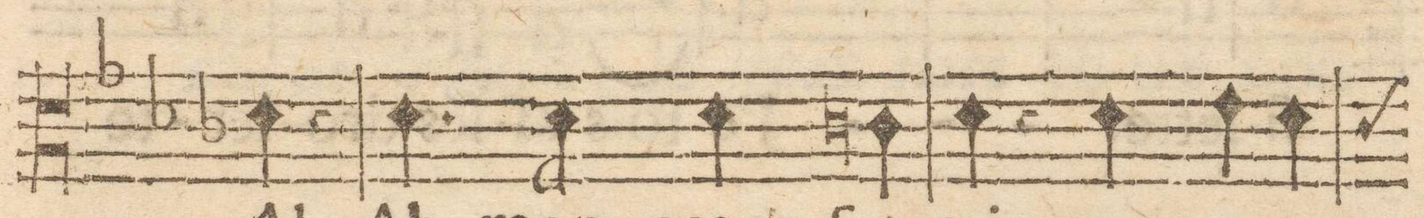


gante petit pied mi-gnon petit œil,
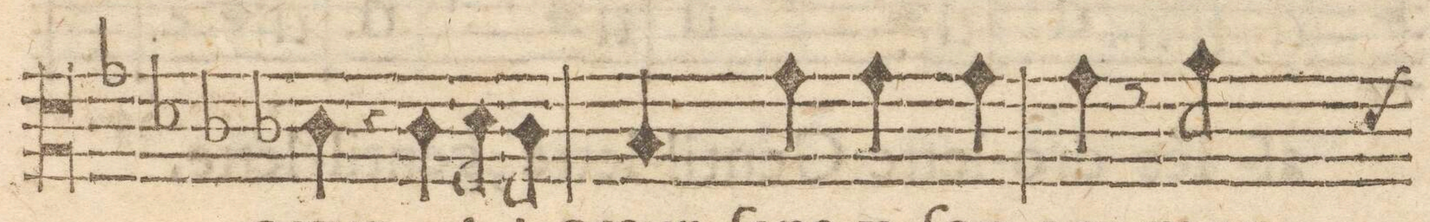
fri-
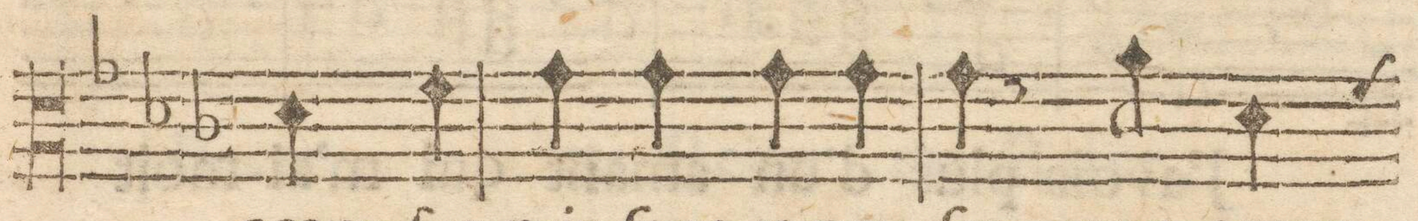

fri-pon petit œil fri-pon ſans ce quelle a
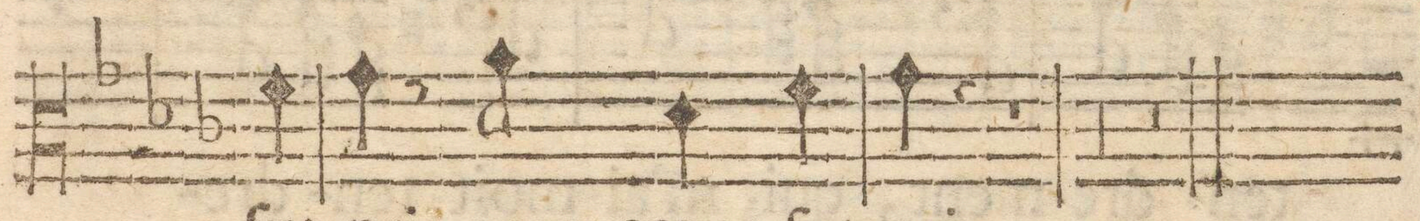

par cy par la ſans ce quelle a par cy par


la mon pauvre cœur Soudain fut pris.


Ah Ah mon cœur fut pris, mon pauvre
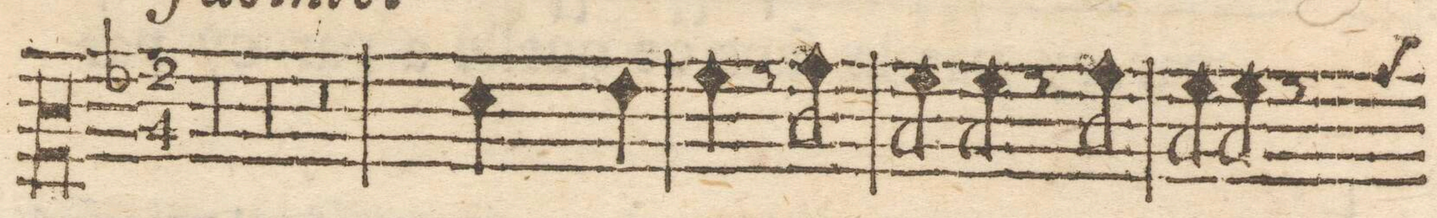

cœur / / cœur ſans y ſon-ger mon


cœur fut pris ſans y pen-ſer mon cœur
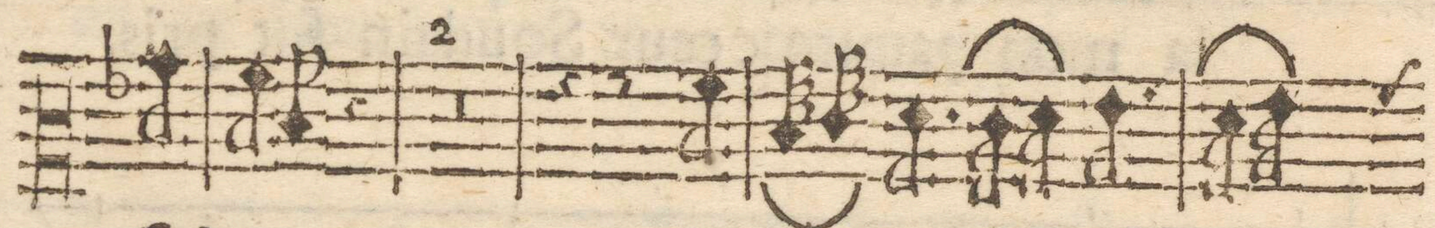

fut pris mon cœur fut pris.

2. ARIETTE.
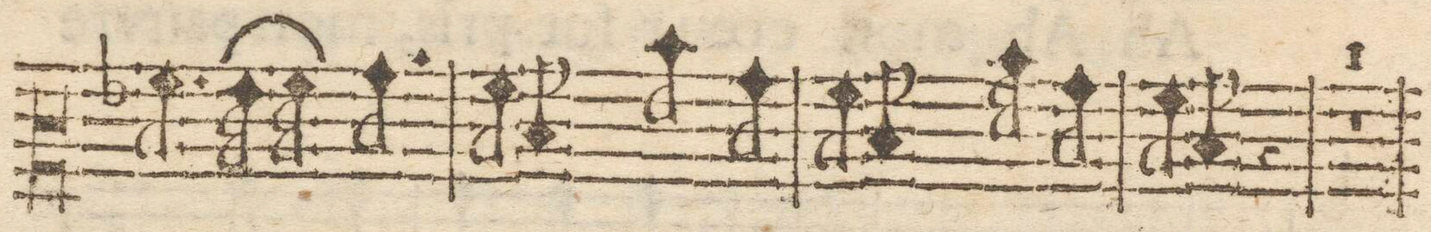
Jacinte.
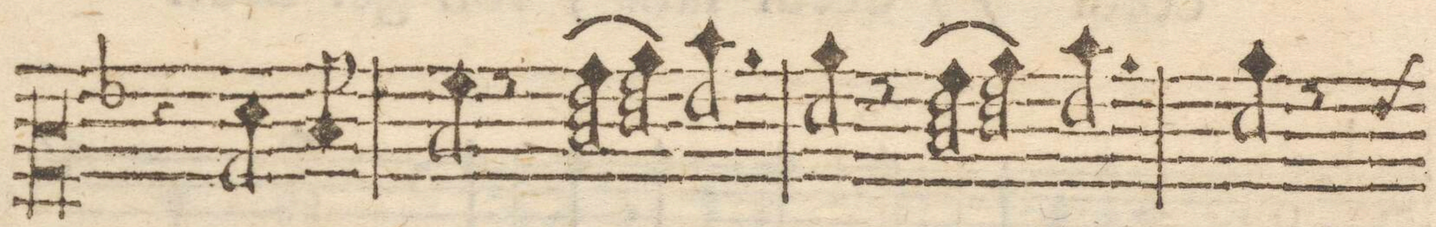


Quand j'étois jeu-nette Filette
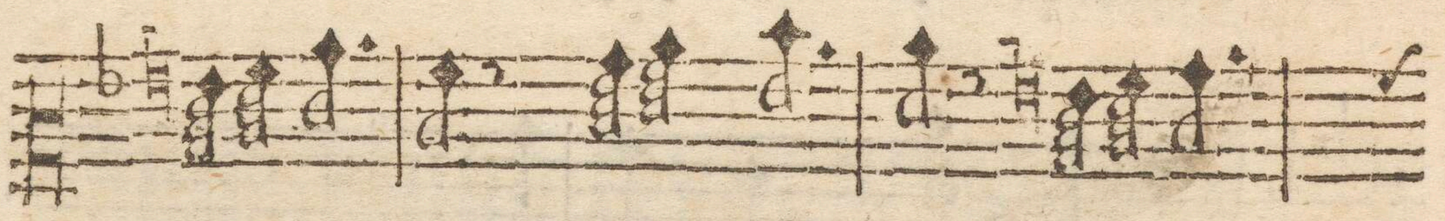


fi-lette. - - - J'é-tois af-ſés dro-let-te



af- ſés dro-lette Gentil-lette, gentil-lette.
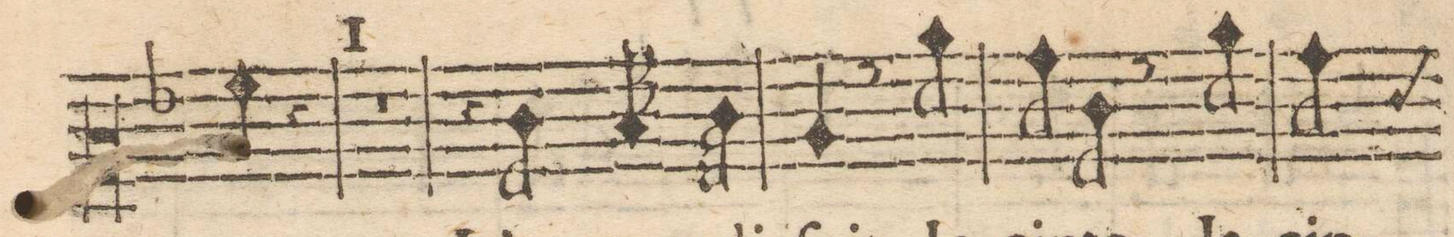


J'avois plus d'un amant qui m'ai-moit
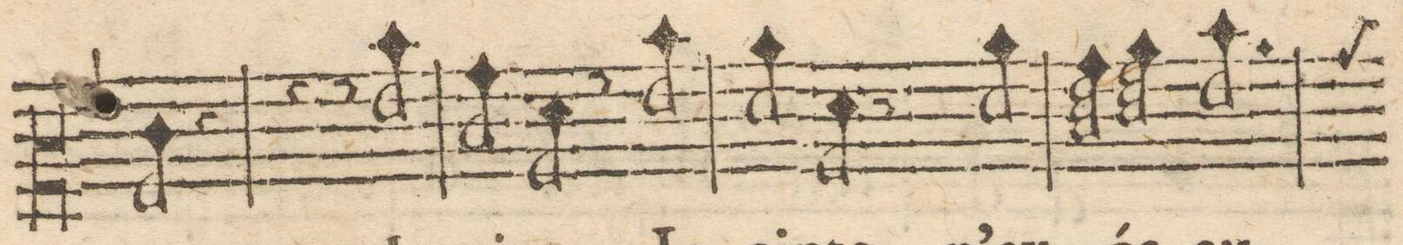


ten- dre-ment, qui m'ai-moit ten- dre-
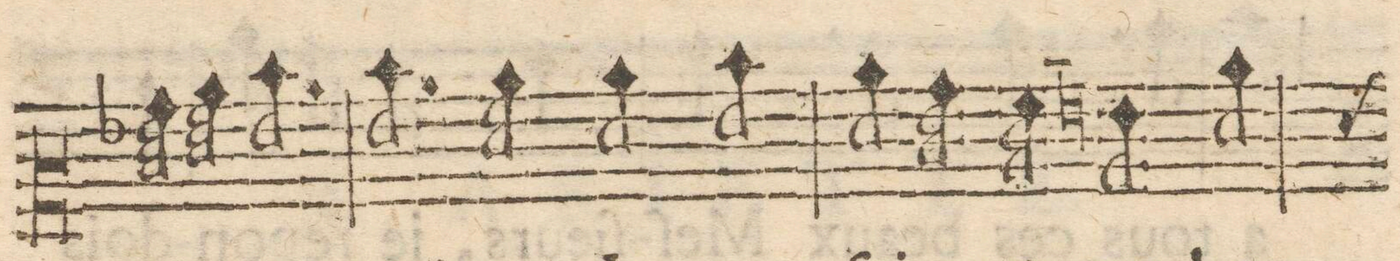
ment.
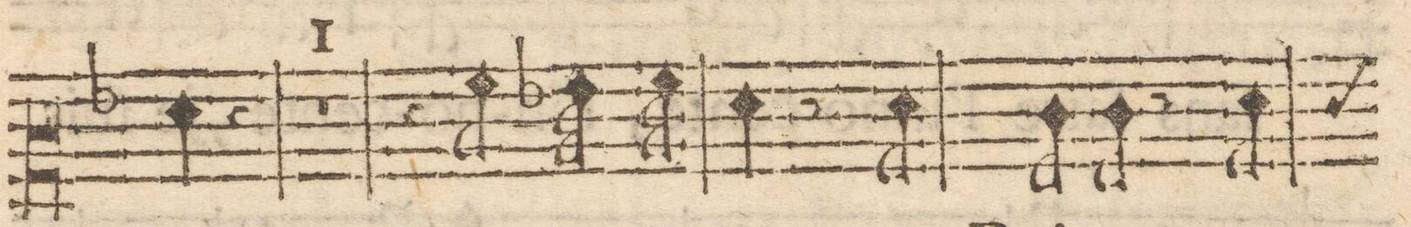


ment. L'un me di-ſoit Ja-cinte, Ja-cin-
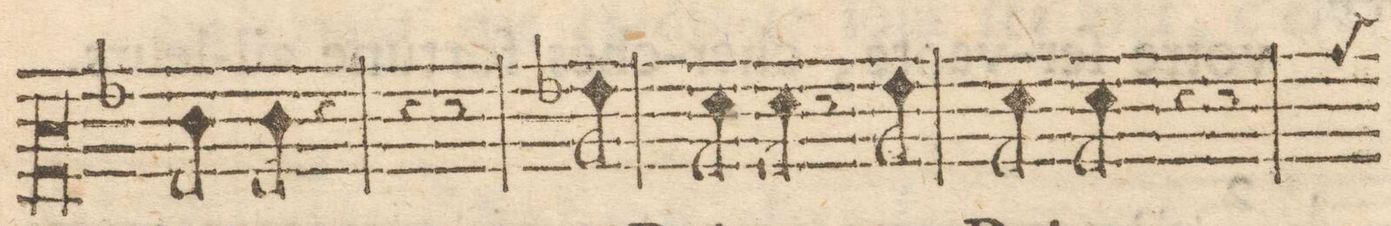


te, Ja cinte, Ja cinte, n'ay- és au-
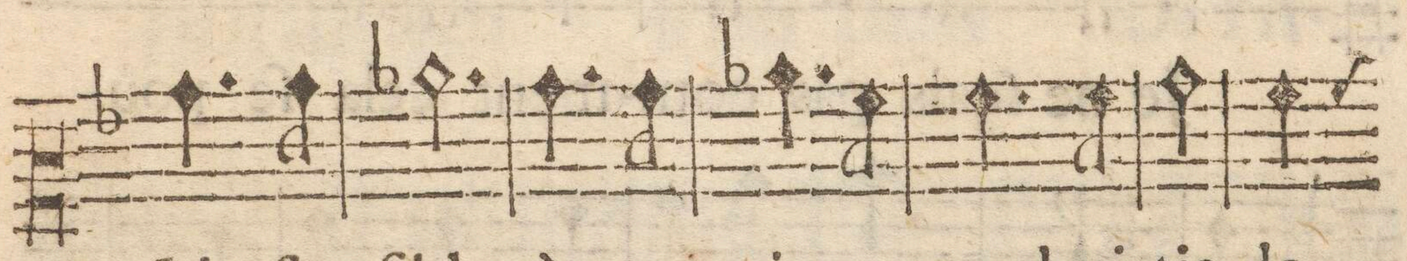


cu-ne crainte, Je veux faire vo tre bon
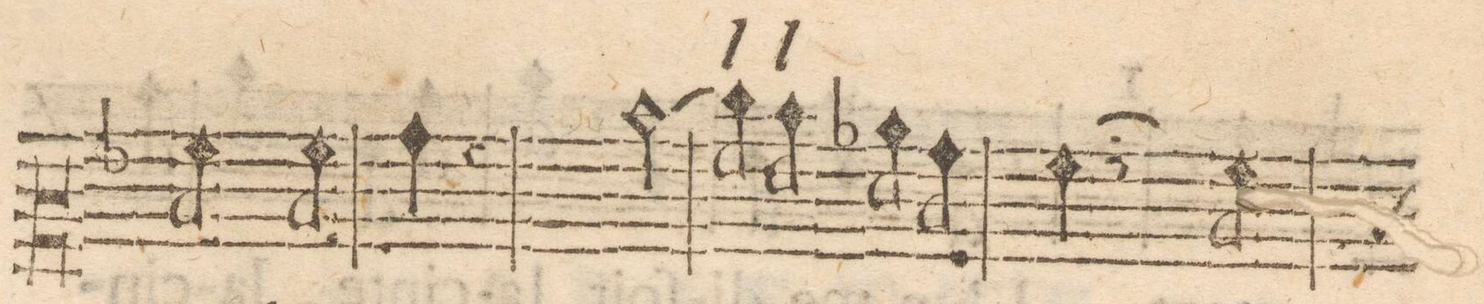


heur. L'autre di-ſoit, ma Reine, ma
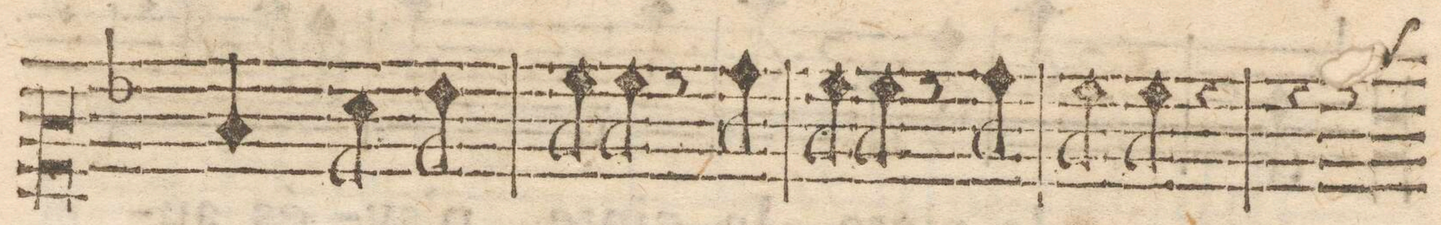


Reine, ma Reine, ma Reine,
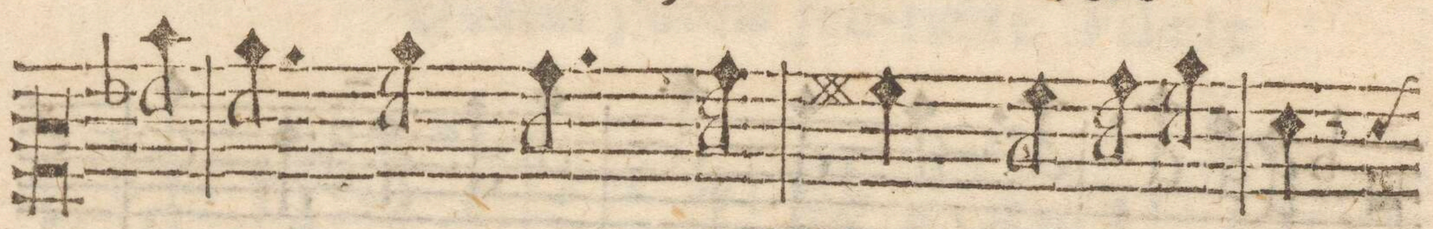


ſois ſen-ſible à ma peine, prend pi-tie de
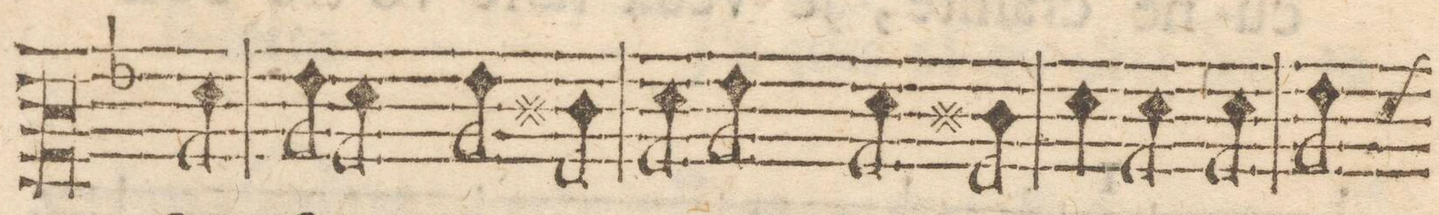


ma langueur, Cher - petit Cœur; Mais
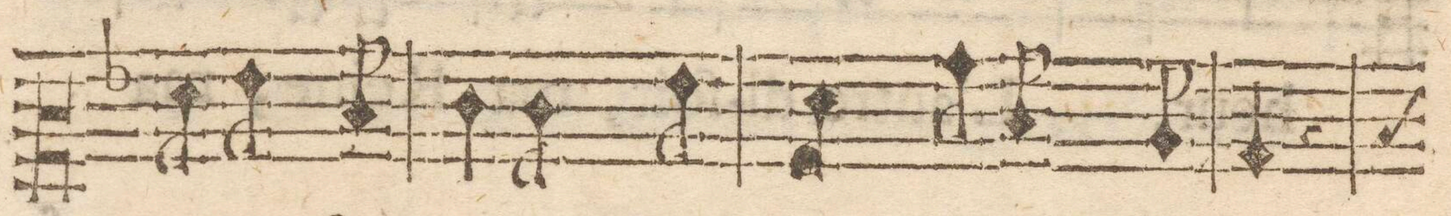


moi toujours fiere, Sé-vere Sé-vere - -
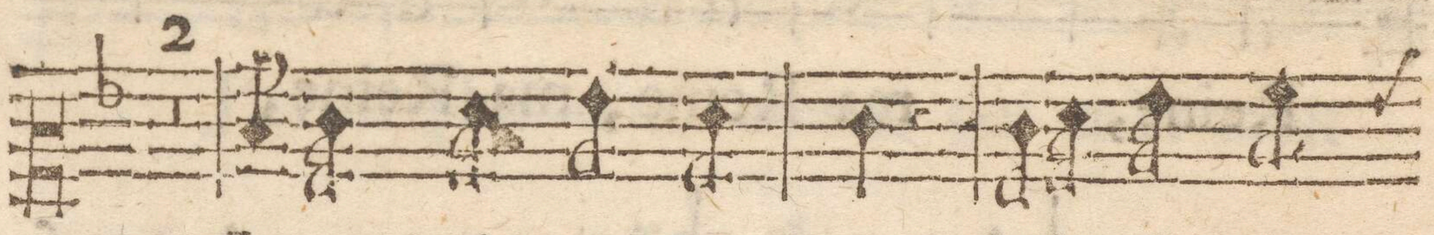


a tous ces beaux Meſ-ſieurs, je repon-dois
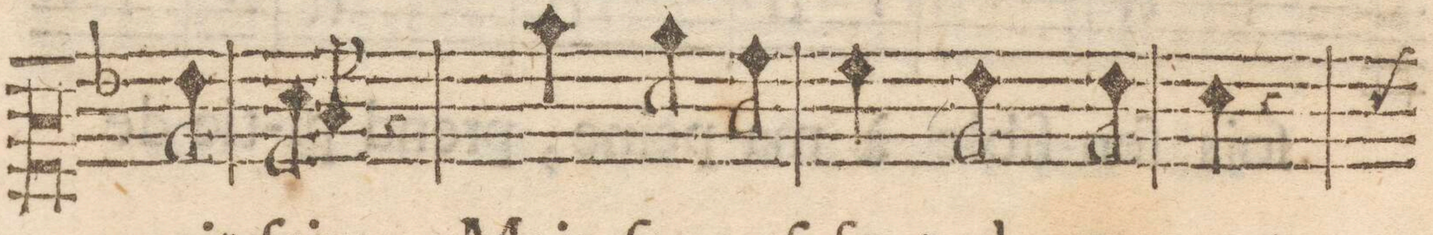


ſans faire l'inno-cente, l'in-no-cente, je ſuis



votre ſer-vante, cher-chés fortune ail-leurs.
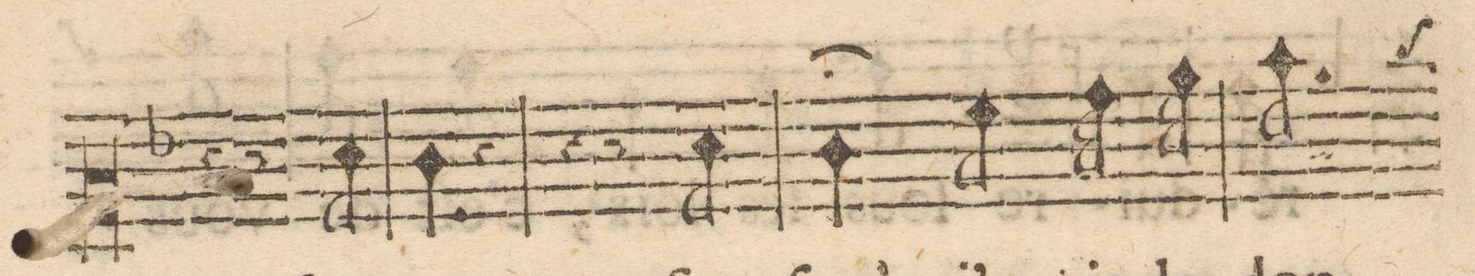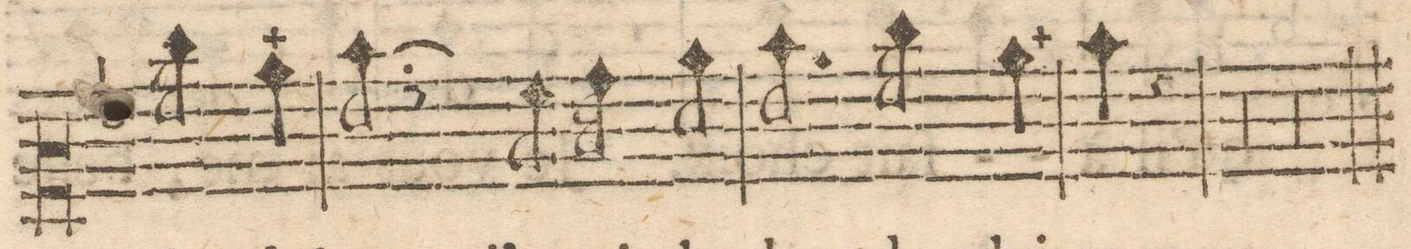


Je ne ſçais pas com-ment cela ſe pou-
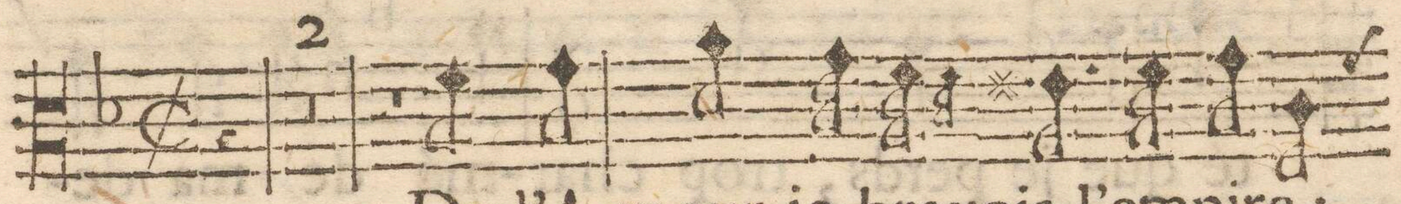


roit faire. Mais ſans ef-ſort de ma part,
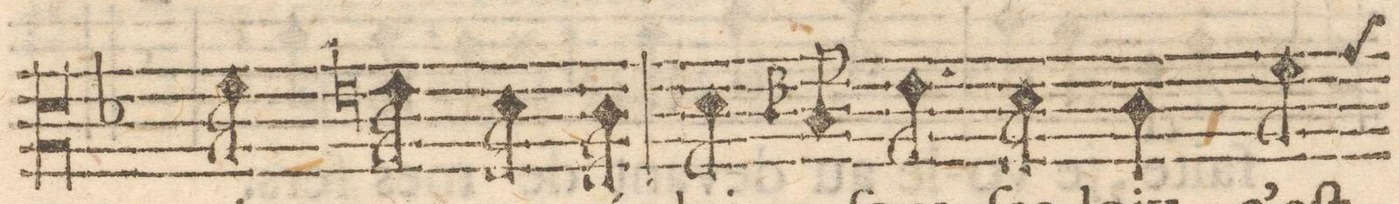
ſans
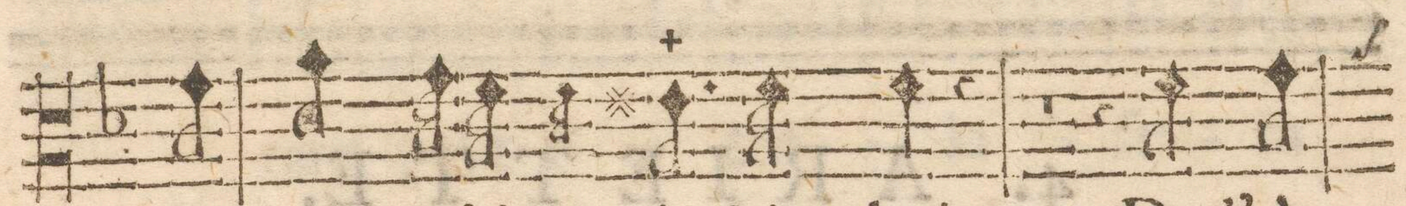

- ſans art, - - ſans fard, j'avois le don

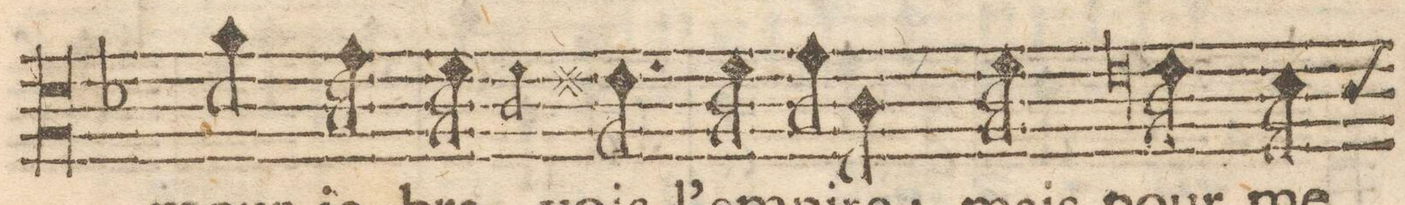

de plai-re, j'avois le don de plai-re.
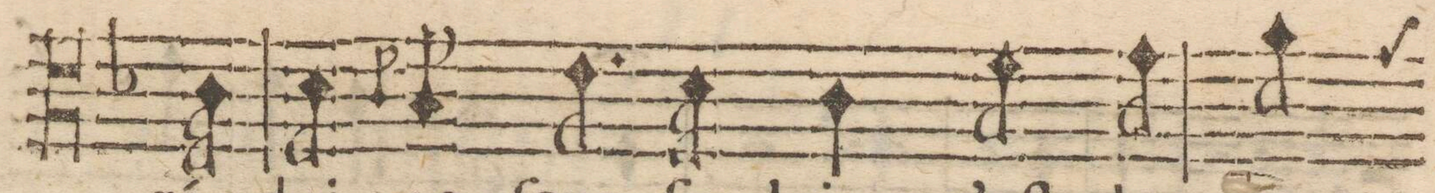
3. ARIETTE.


De l'A-mour je bravois l'empire ;
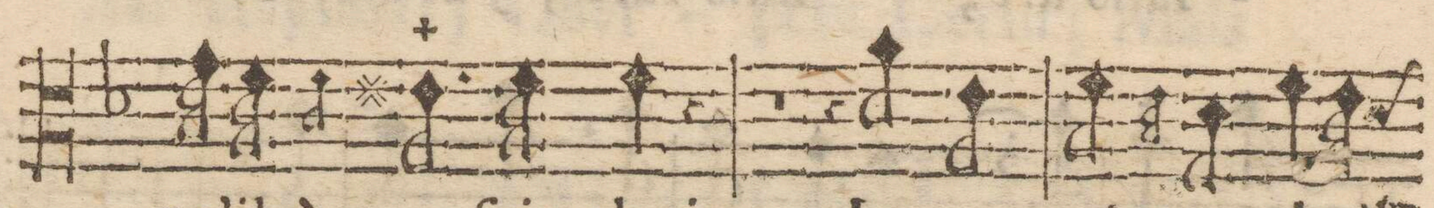

mais pour me ré-dui-re ſous ſes loix, c'eſt


de vous qu'il - à fait choix. De l'A-

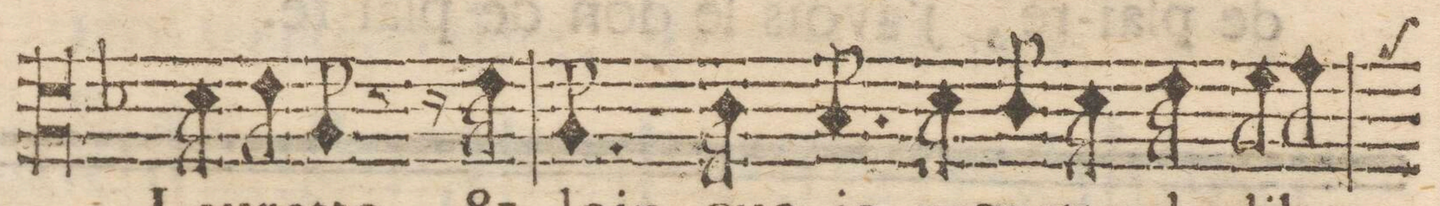

mour je bra- vois l'empire ; mais pour me
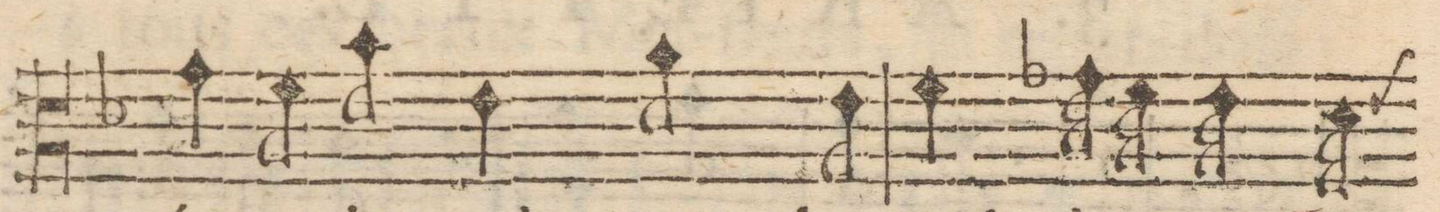


ré-dui- re ſous ſes loix, c'eſt de vous
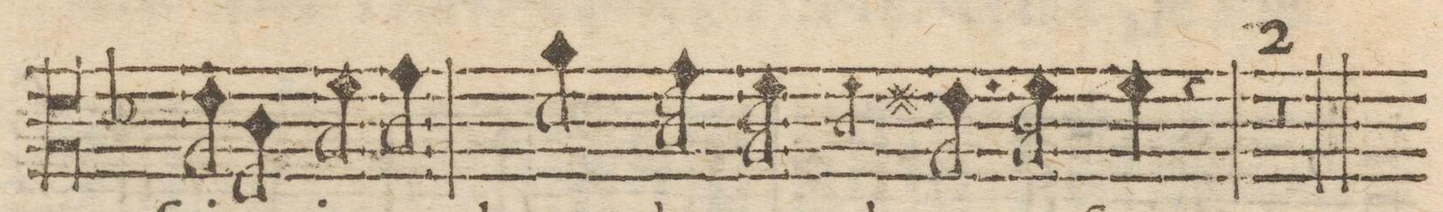


qu'il à - - fait choix. Je vous ai-me, belle



Laurette & loin que je regrette la liber-
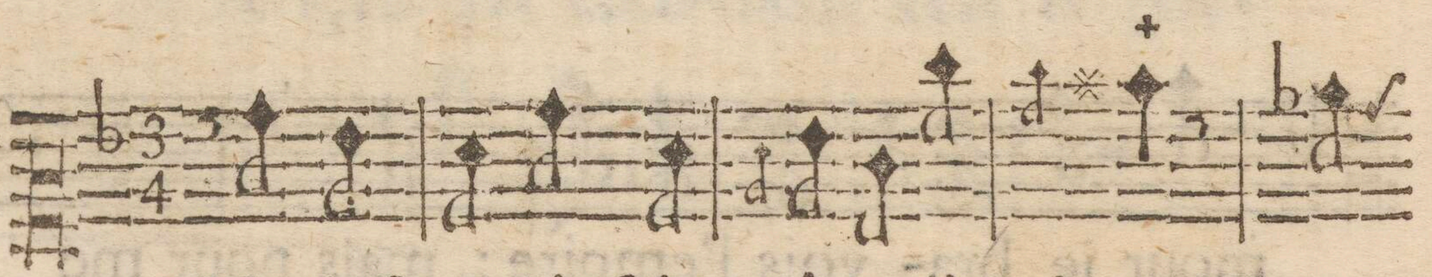


té que je perds, trop char-mé de ma de-
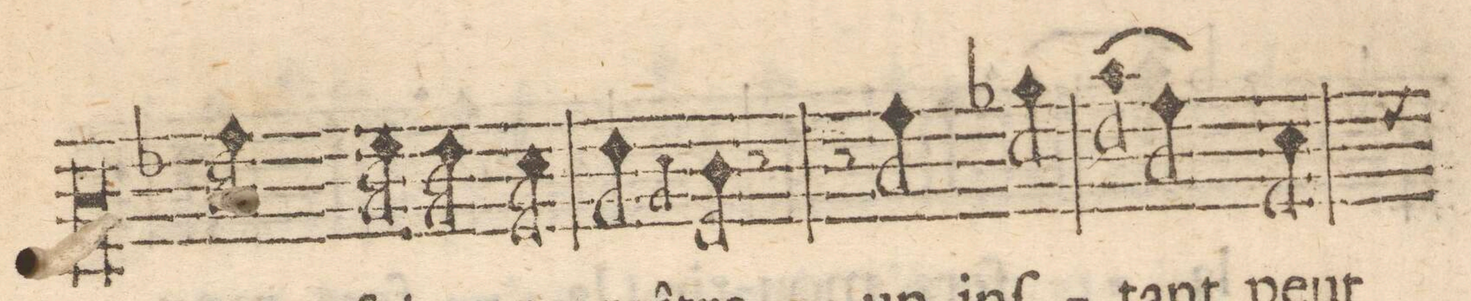


faite, je vo-le au devant de mes fers.
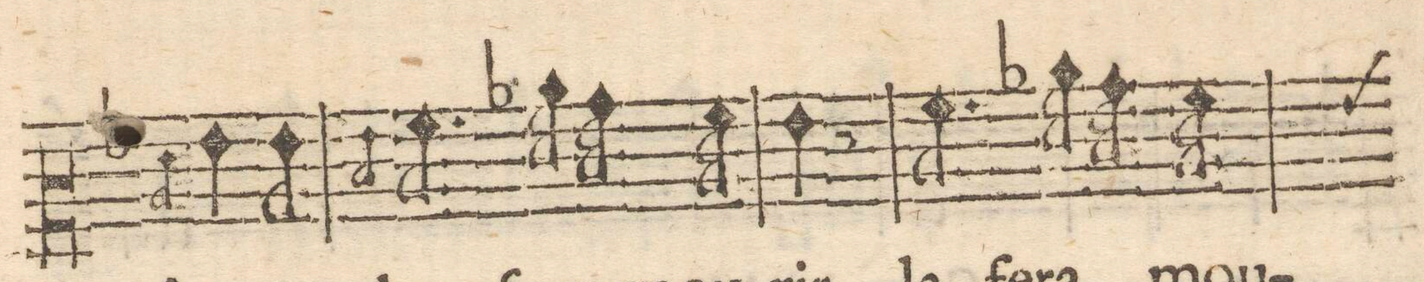
4. ARIETTE.
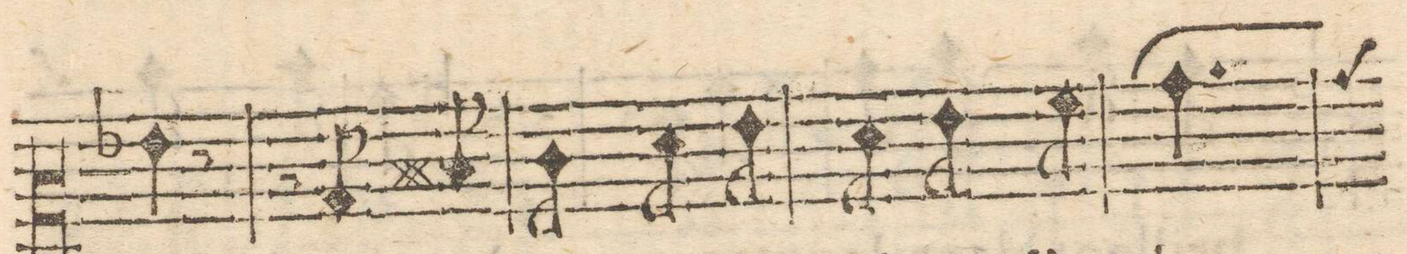


Un inſ-tant à fait naître l'ar-deur - que
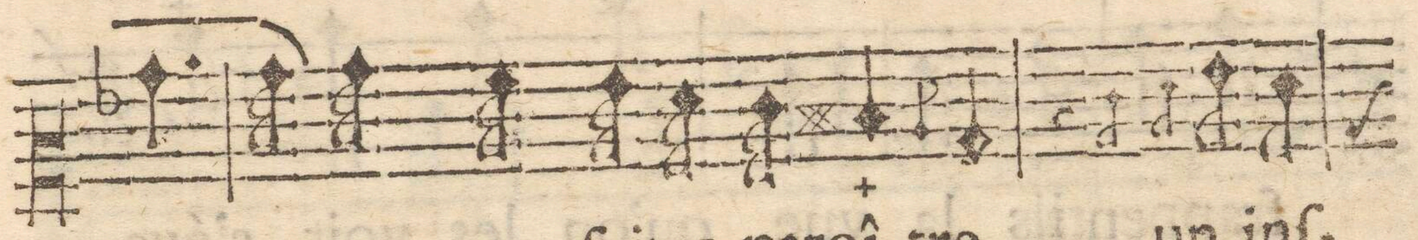


vous faites pa-roître , un inſ - tant peut



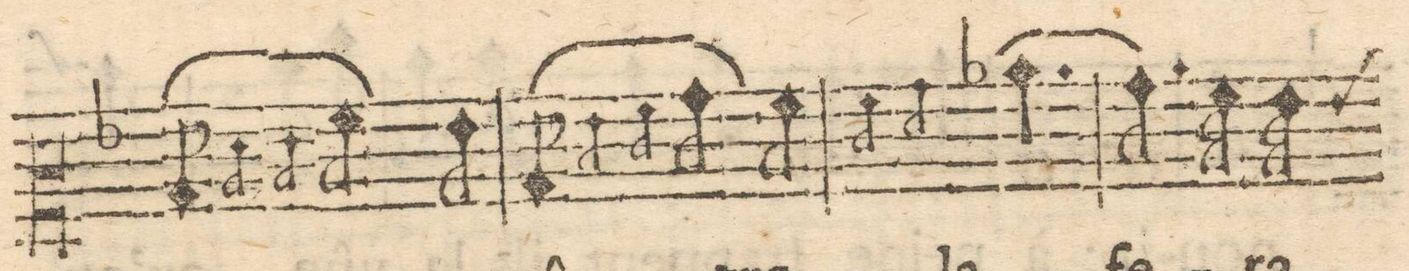
ê- tre la fera mou-rir, la fera mou-
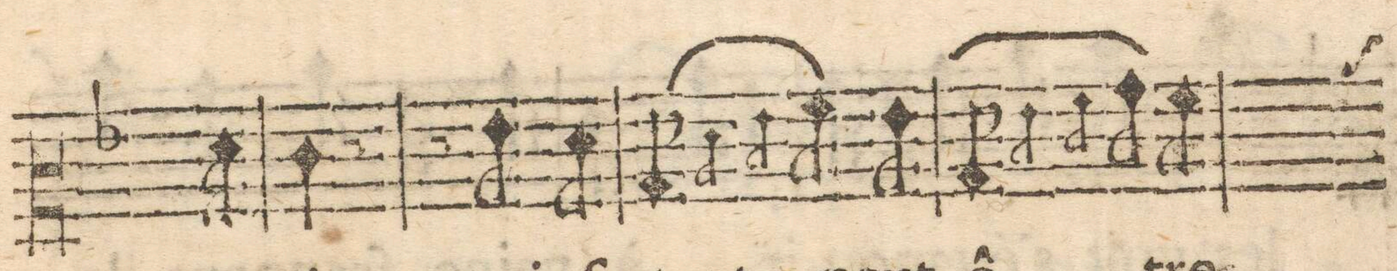


rir , un inſ-tant a fait naître l'ar-deur
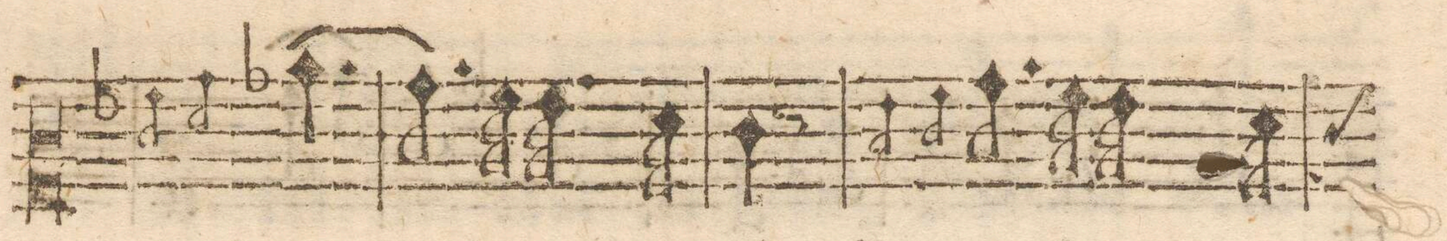


que vous faites paroî-tre , un inſ-
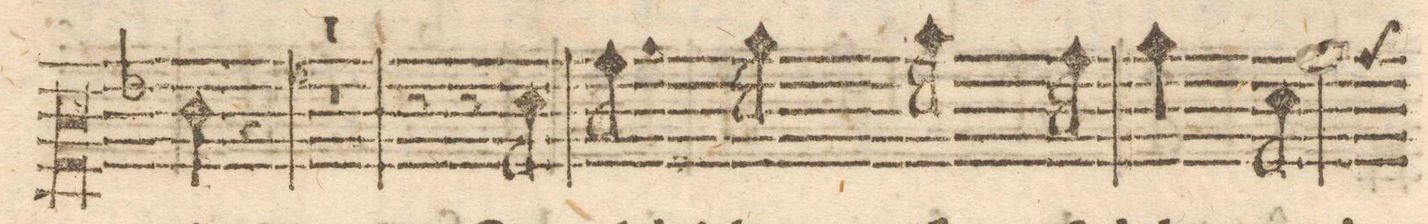


tant peut ê - tre - la - fe - ra
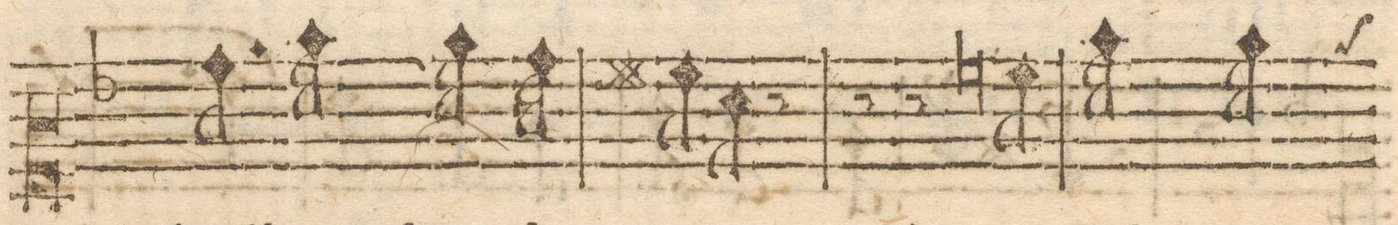


mou rir , un inſ- tant peut ê - tre
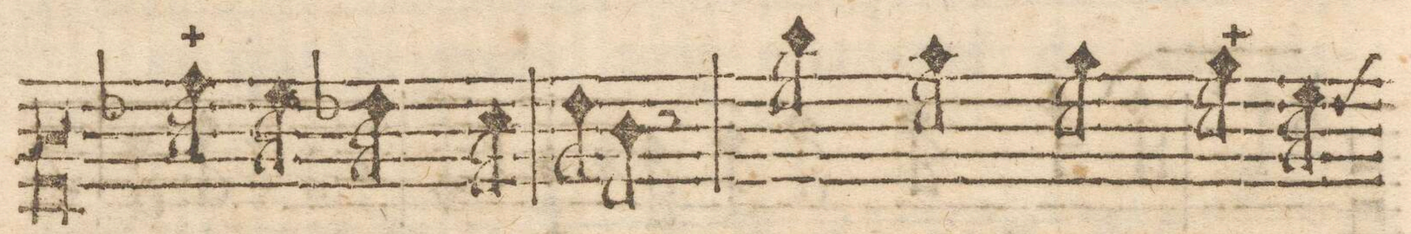


la - fera mou-rir la - fera mou-
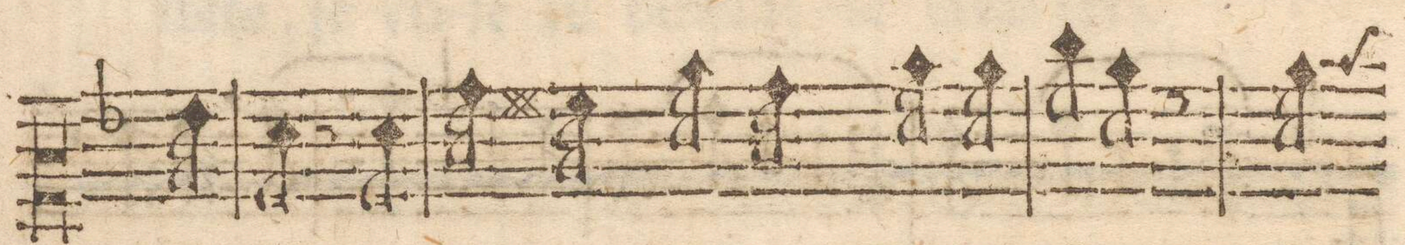


rir. Sem-blable aux feux fol-lets qui
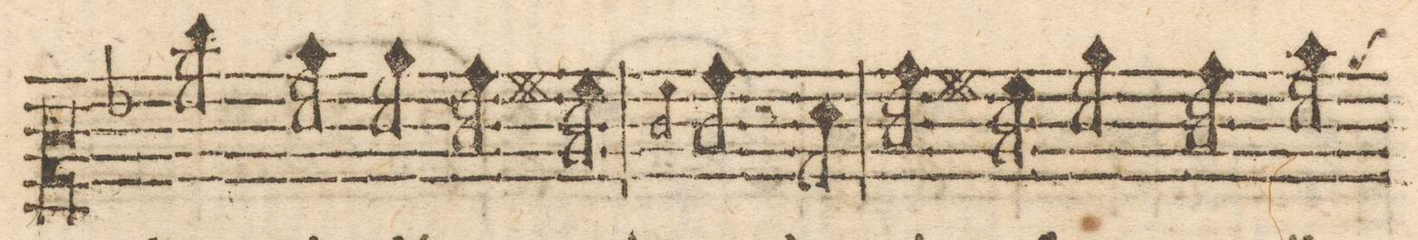


brillent dans la nue - à pei - ne
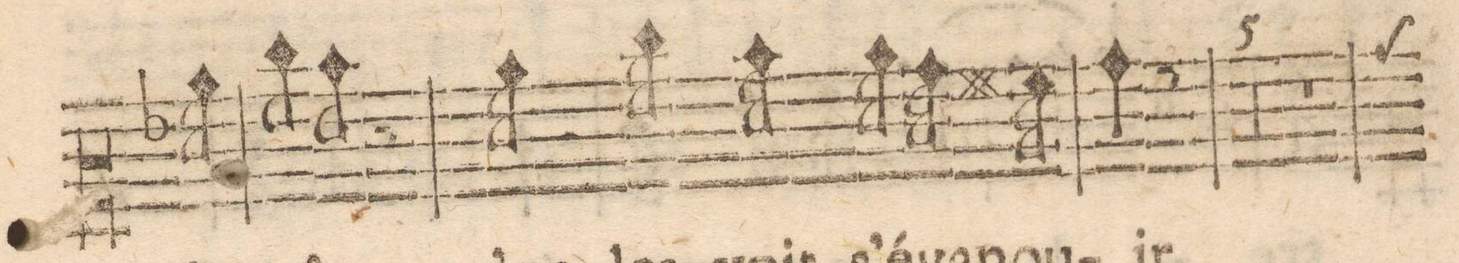


frappentils la vue qu'on les voit s'éva-
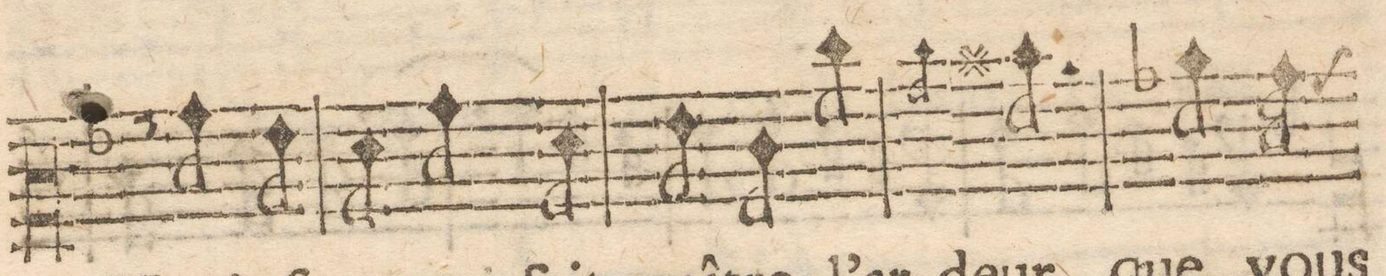


nou-ir: à peine frappent ils la vûe qu'on



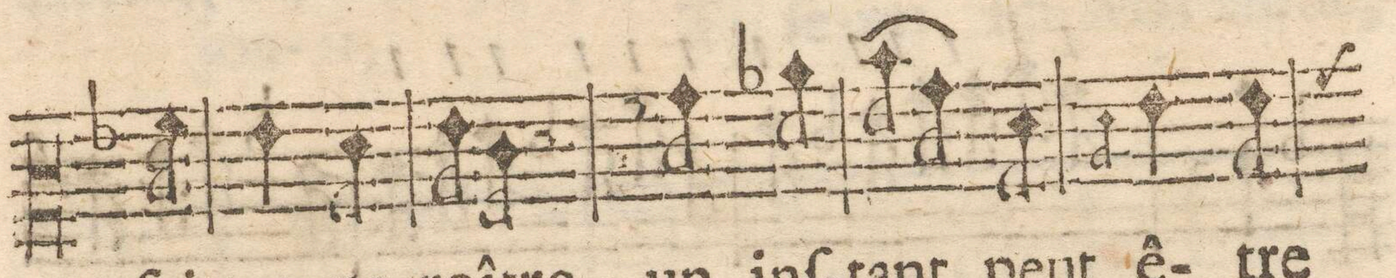
les voit s'évanou-ir, à peine frappent ils



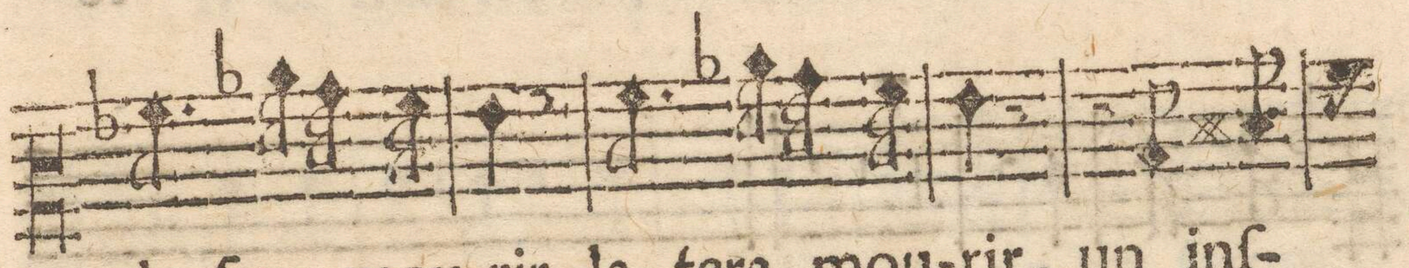
la vûe qu'on les voit s'évanou- ir.
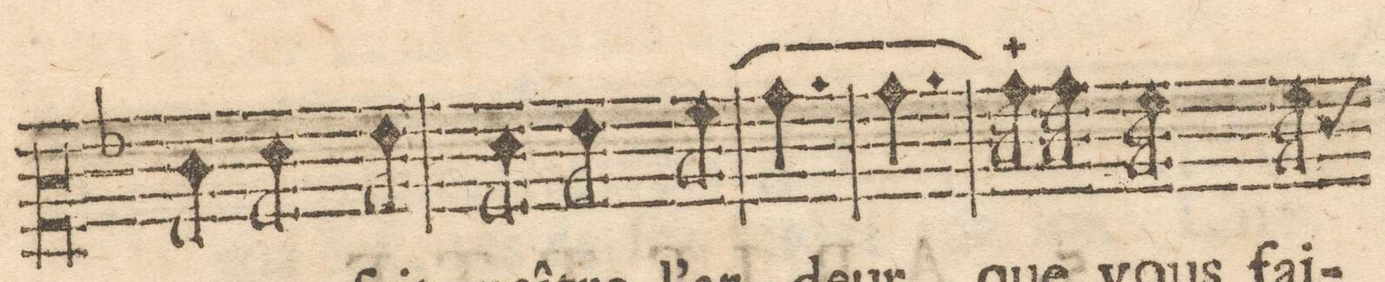


Un inſ-tant a fait naître l'ar-deur que vous
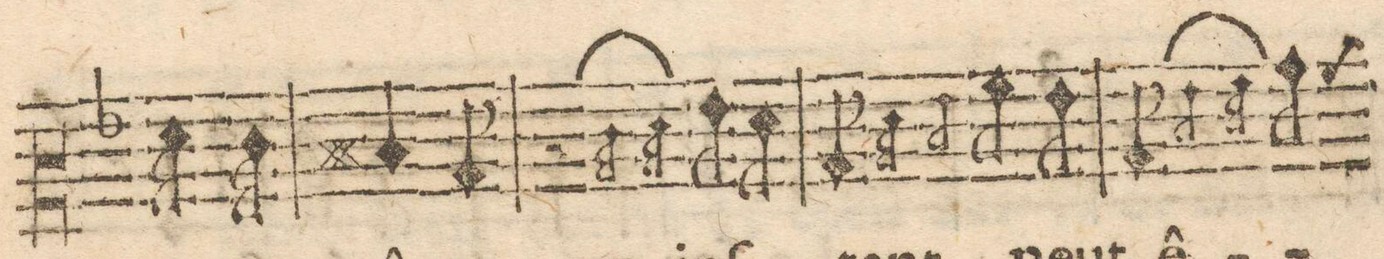


fai-tes pa-roître, un inſ-tant peut ê- tre
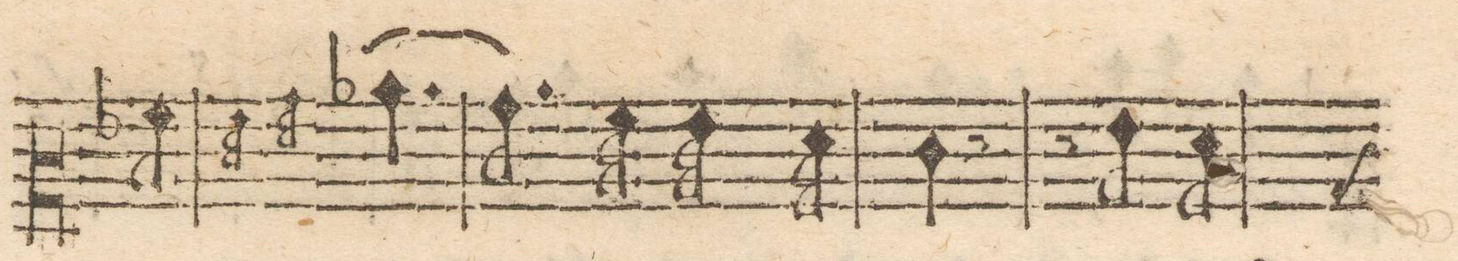


la fera mou-rir la fera mou-rir, un inſ-
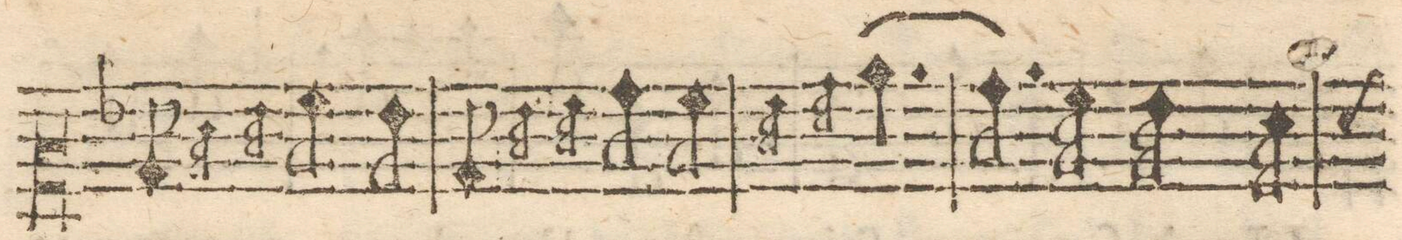


tant a fait naître l'ar-deur que vous fai-
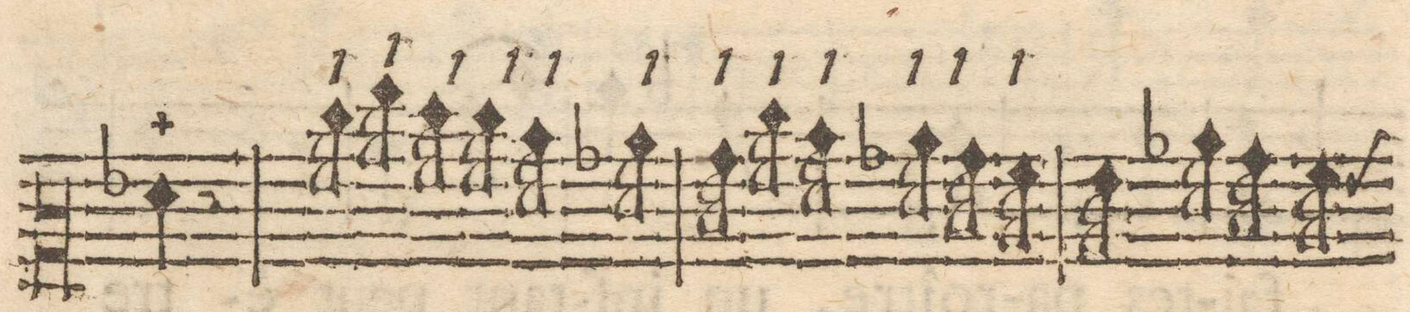


tes pa-roî-tre, un inſ-tant peut ê- -
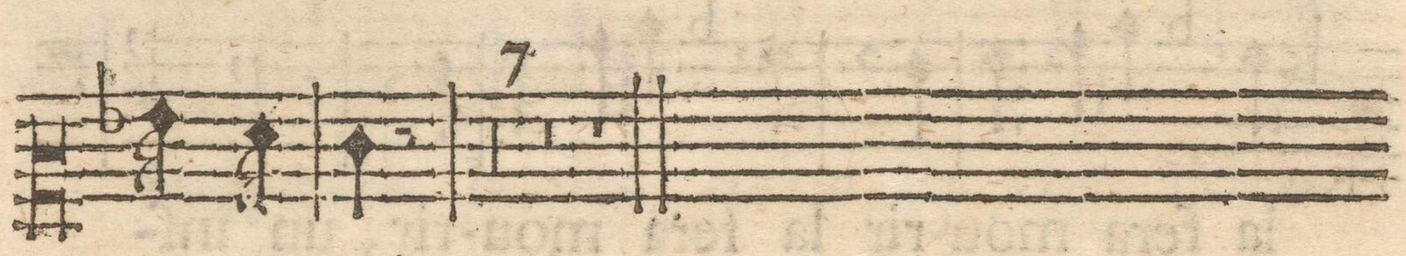


tre - la - fe-ra mou-rir, un inf-



tant peut ê - tre la - fe-ra mou-
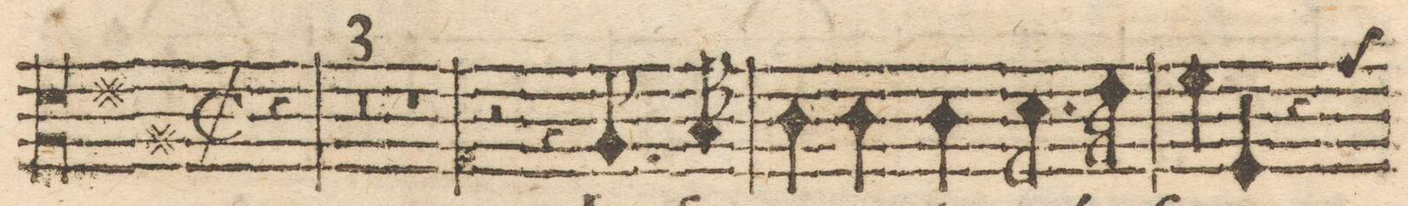


rir, la - - - - - - - - fe-
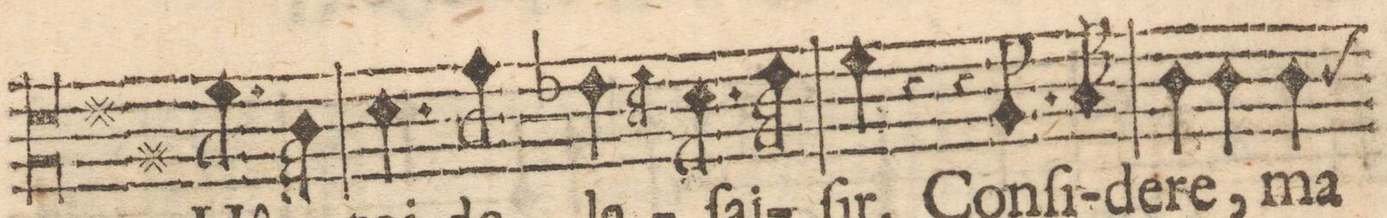


ra mou-rir.

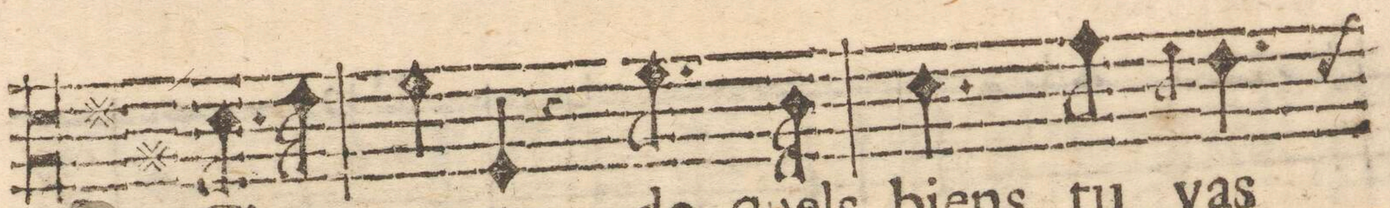
5. ARIETTE.
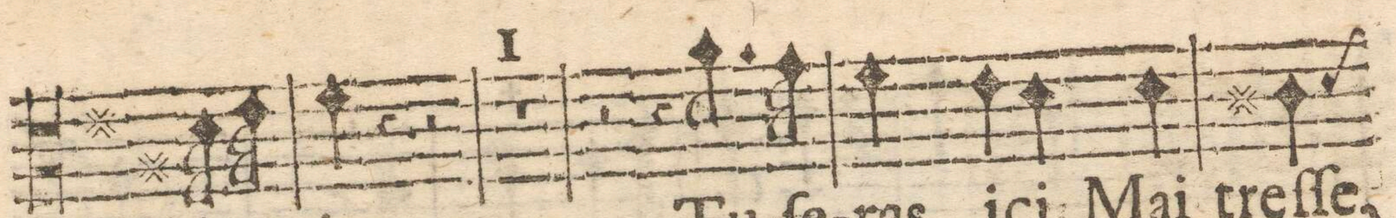


La for-tune le pré- ſente.
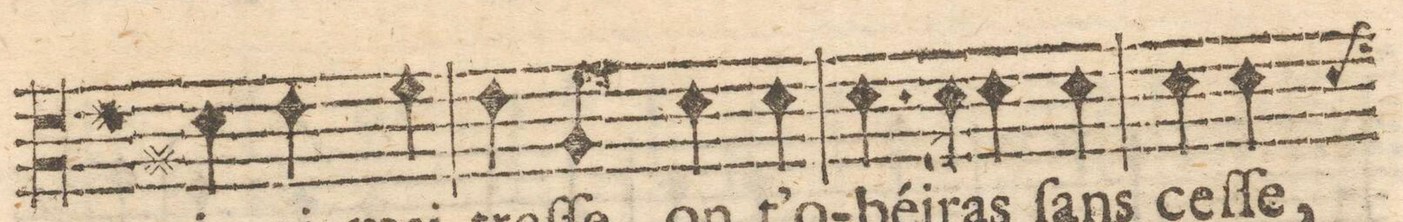


Hâte toi de - la - ſai- ſir. Conſi-dere, ma
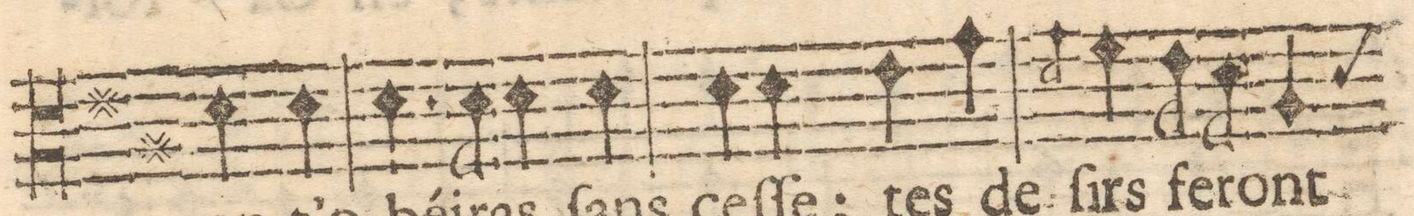


Char- mante, de quels biens tu vas
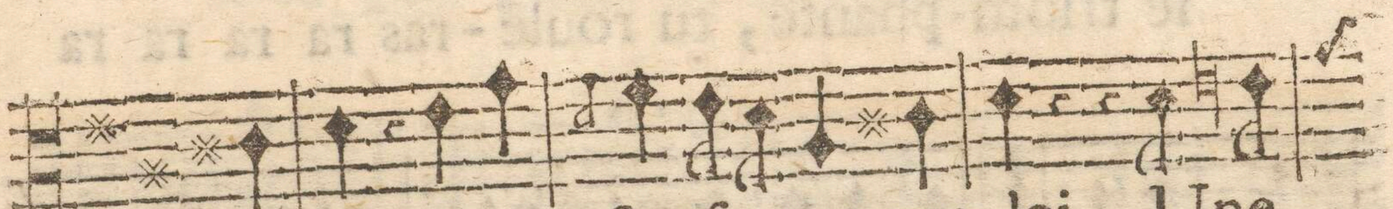


jou- ir. Tu ſe-ras ici Mai treſſe,



i- ci mai-treſſe, on t'o-béiras ſans ceſſe,



on t'o-béiras ſans ceſſe; tes de-ſirs feront



ma loi, tes de-ſirs feront ma loi. Une
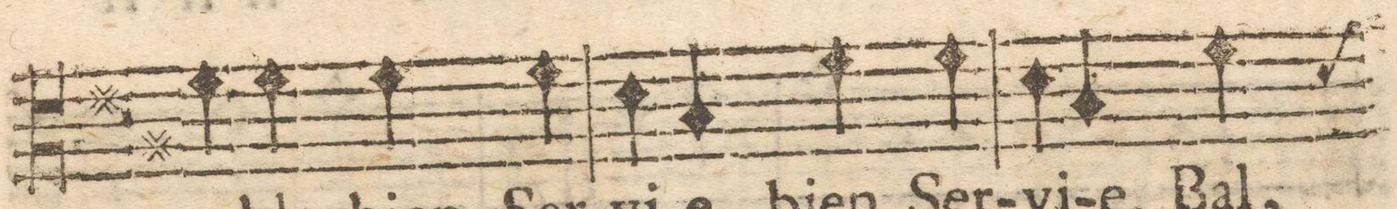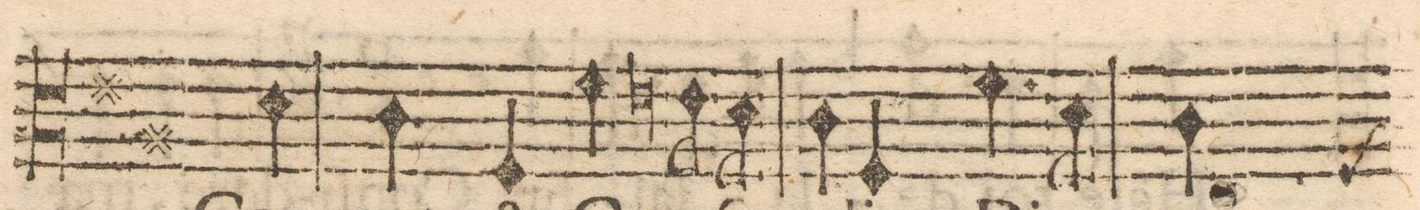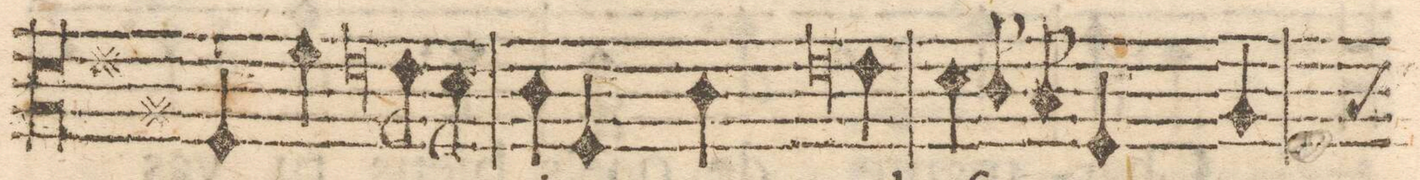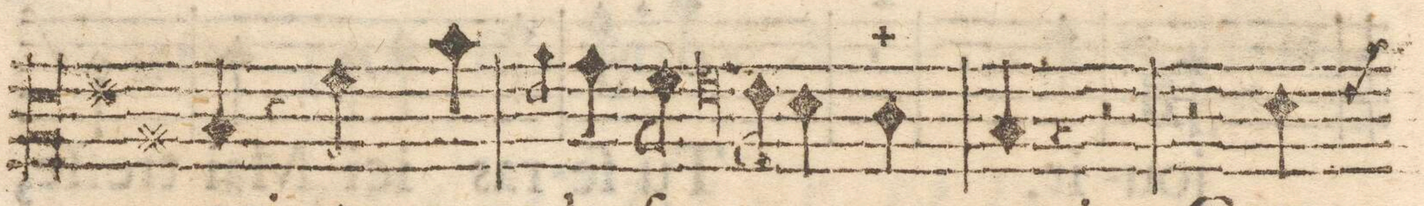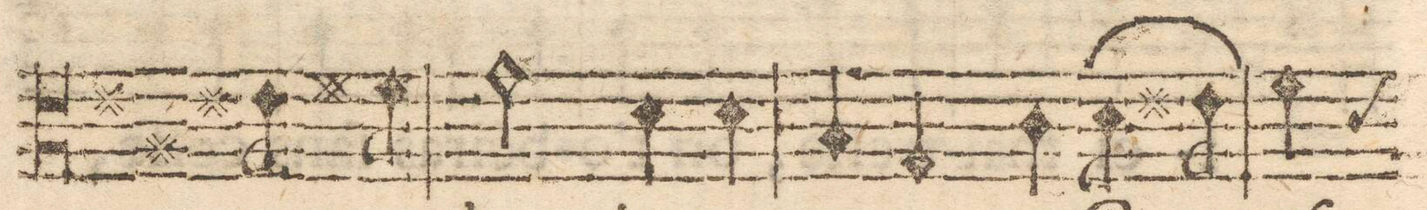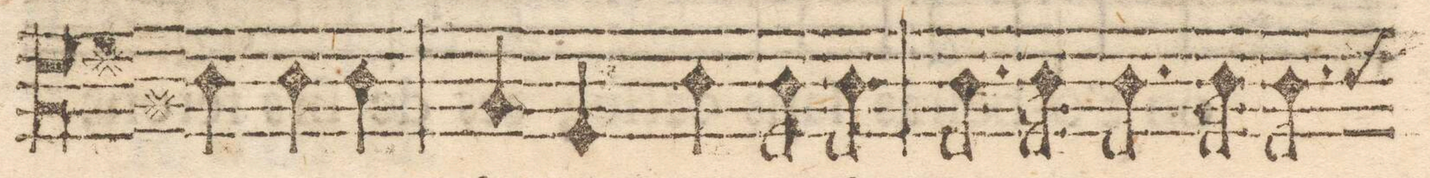


table bien Ser-vi-e, bien Ser-vi-e. Bal,
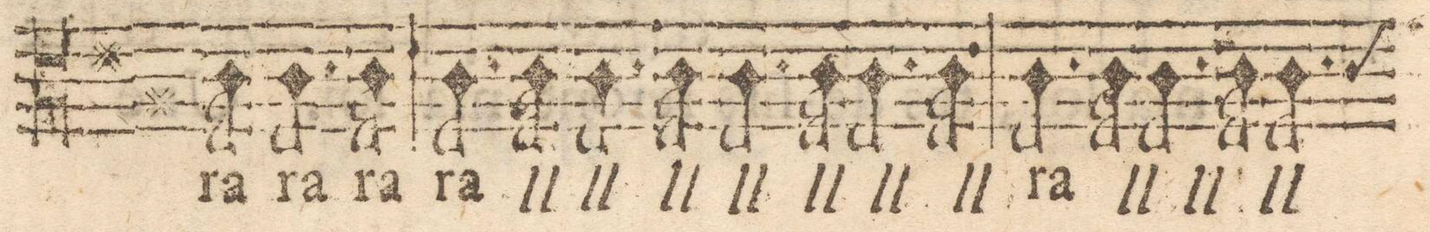

Con-certs & Comé - die, Dia-mans,
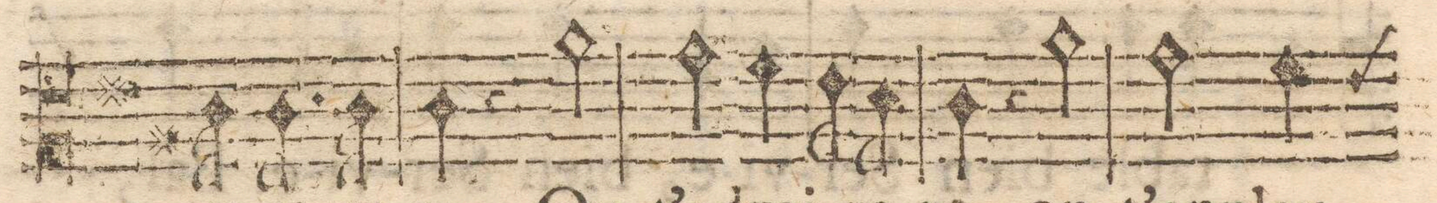

argen - te-ri-e, tout ce-la ſe - ra pour


toi, tout ce-la ſe - ra pour toi. Com-
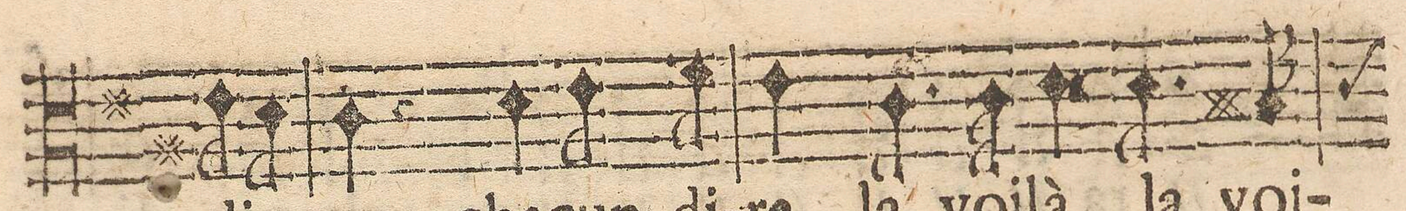

me une dame impor-tante, en Ca - roſ-


ſe triom-phante, tu roule-ras ra ra ra ra
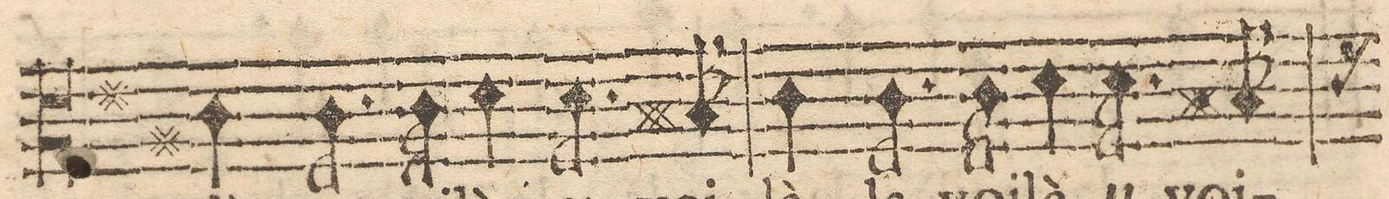

ra ra ra ra ll ll ll ll ll ll ll ra ll ll ll


ll ll ll ra.. On t'admi-re-ra, on t'applau-
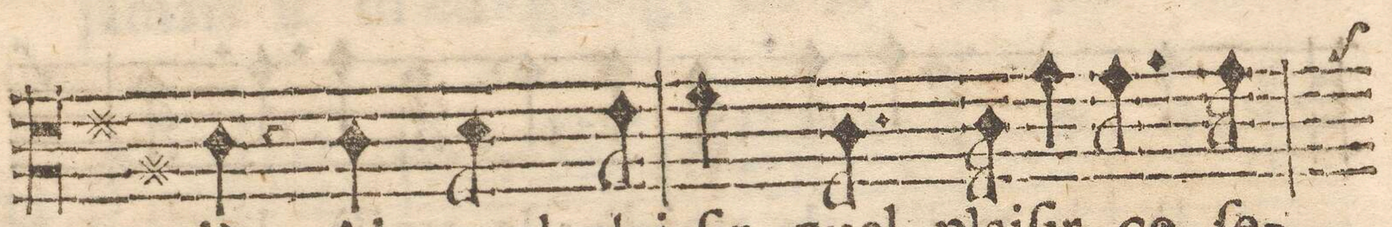
dira;..



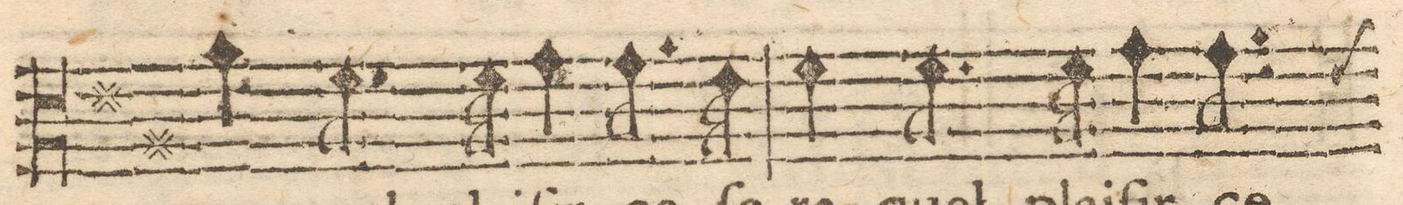
di - ra, chacun di-ra, la voilà, la voi-
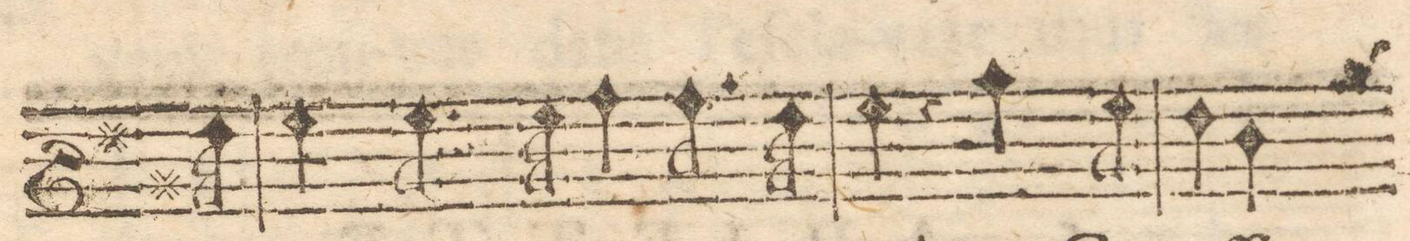


là, // voilà, // voi-là, la voilà // voi-
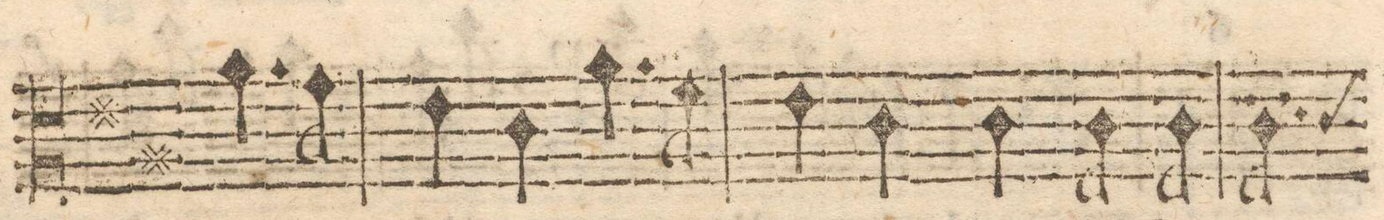


là. Ah quel plai-ſir quel plaiſir ce ſe-
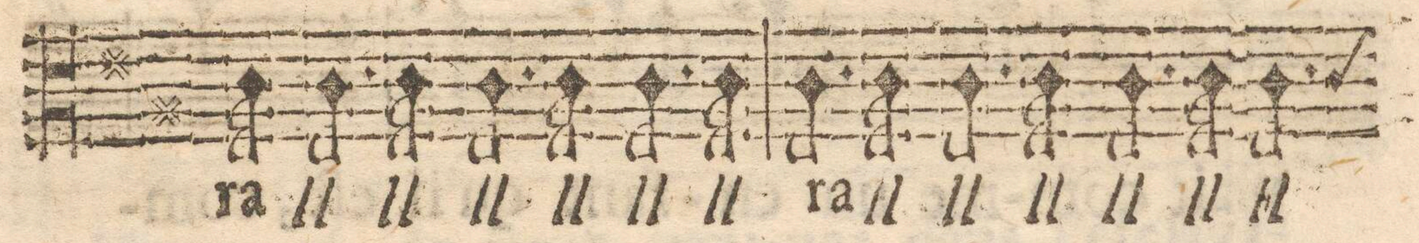


ra quel plaiſir ce ſe-ra quel plaiſir ce
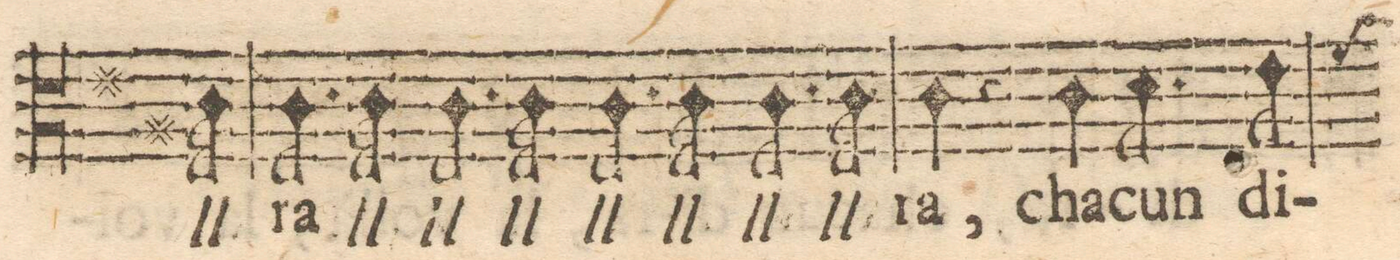


ſe-ra quel plaiſir ce ſe-ra ! en Ca-roſſe
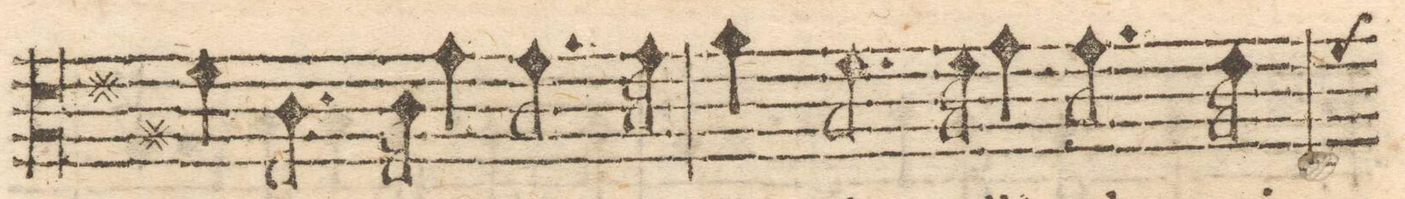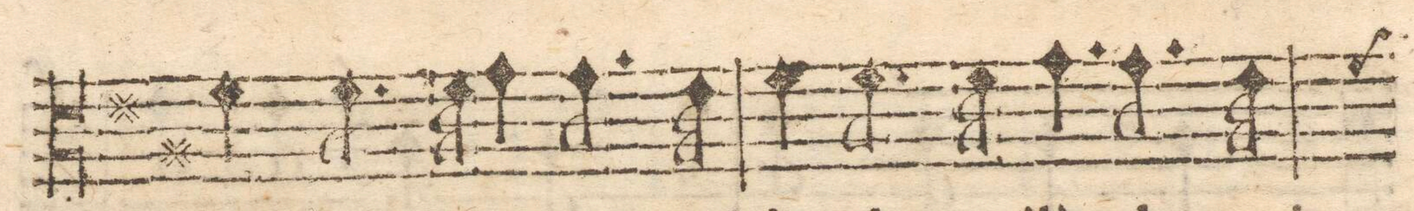


triom-phante triomphante, tu roule ras

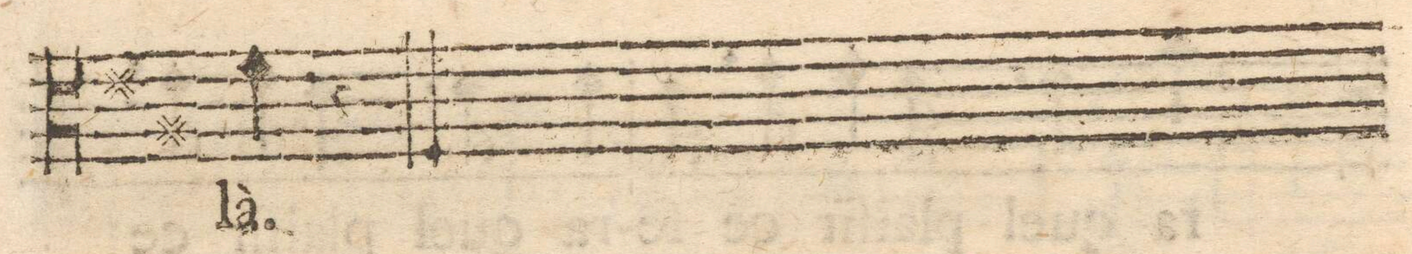


ra // // // // // // ra // // // // // //
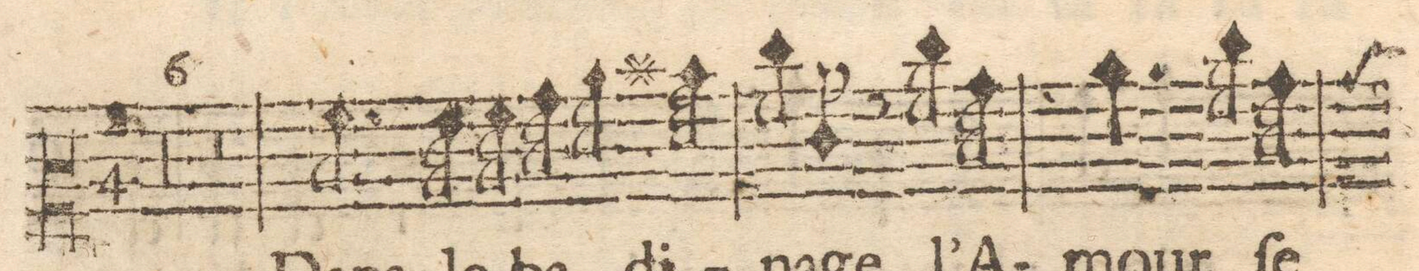

ra ra, chacun di-

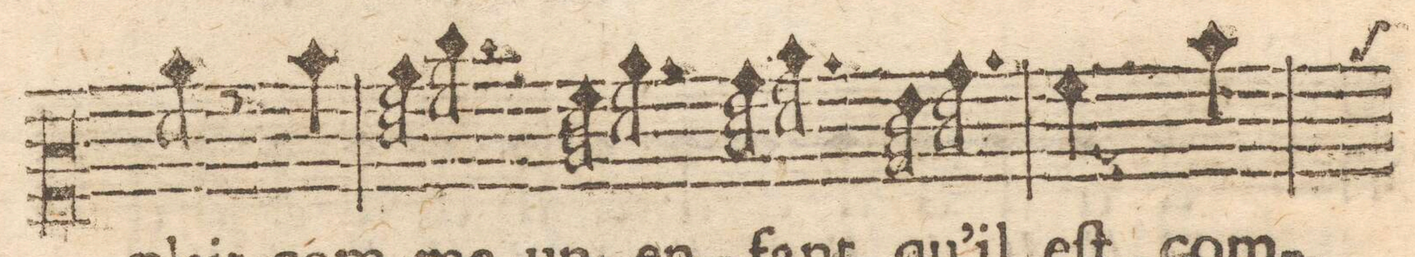

ra la voilà, la voi-là, la voilà, la voi-
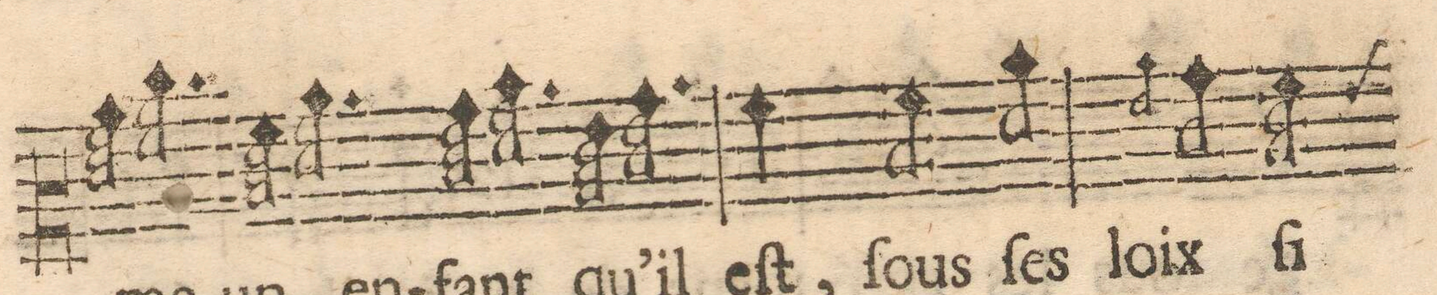

là, la voilà, la voi-là, la voilà, la voi-


là.
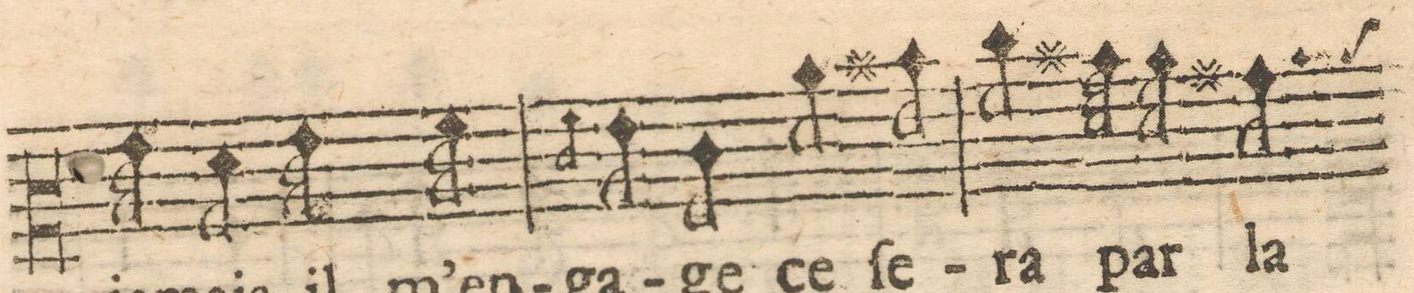
6. ARIETTE.


6
4
Dans le ba di - nage l'A- mour ſe
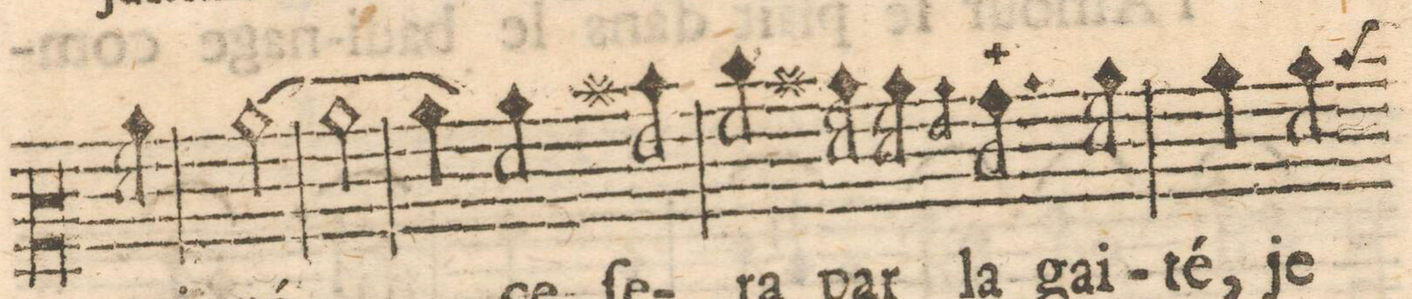

plait com-me un en - fant qu'il eſt, com-
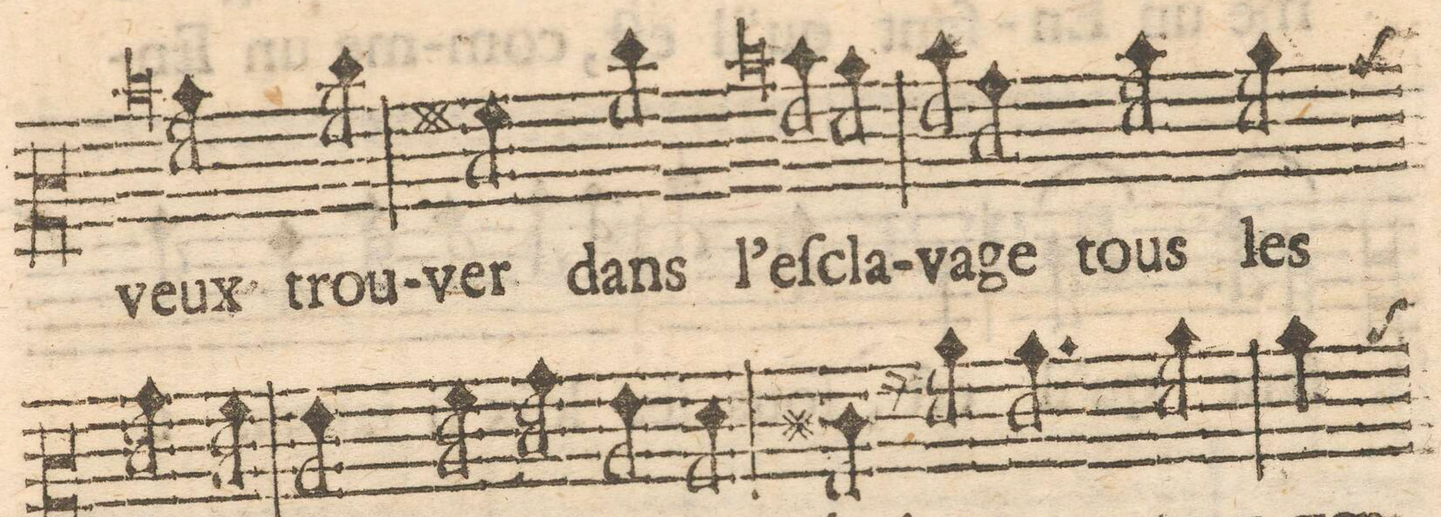


me un en-fant qu'il eſt, ſous ſes loix ſi



jamais il m'en-ga-ge ce ſe-ra par la
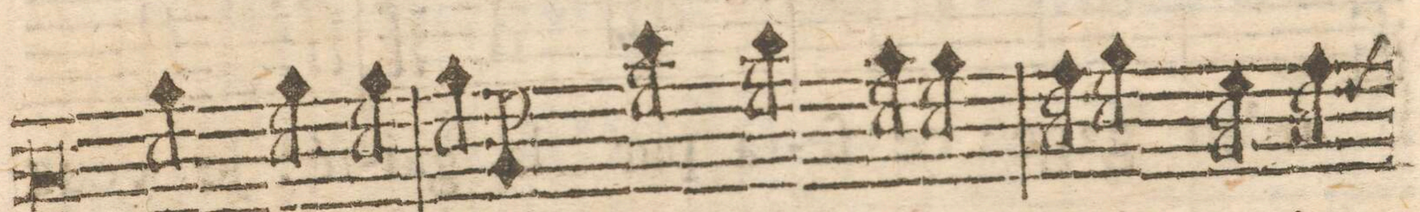


gai- té, ce ſe- ra par la gai-té, je
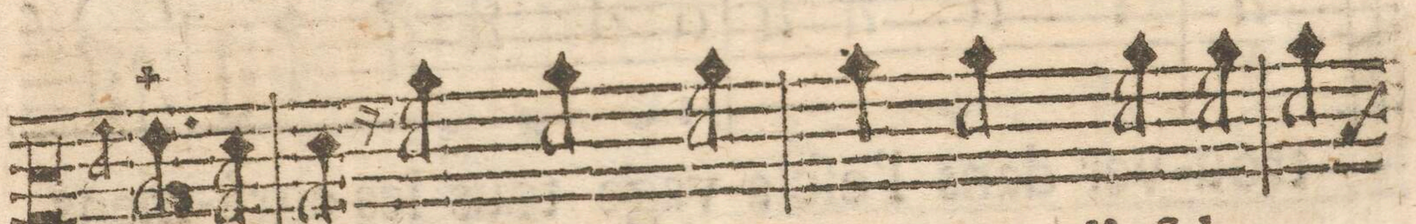


veux trou-ver dans l'eſcla-vage tous les
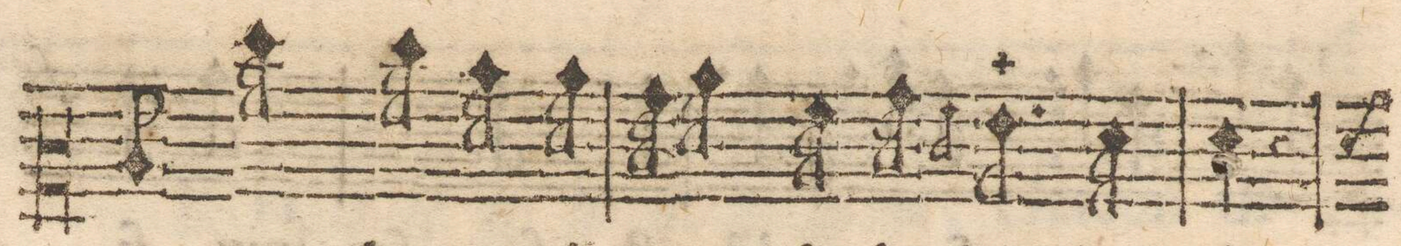
agré-mens de la liber- té, je veux trou-ver
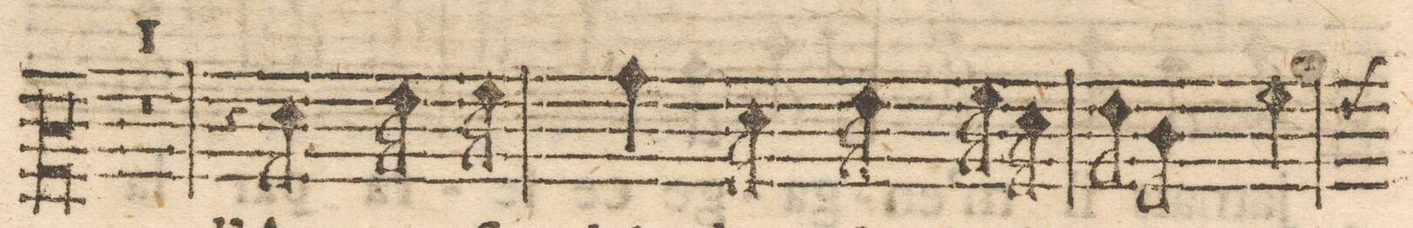


dans l'eſcla-vage tous les agré-mens de la
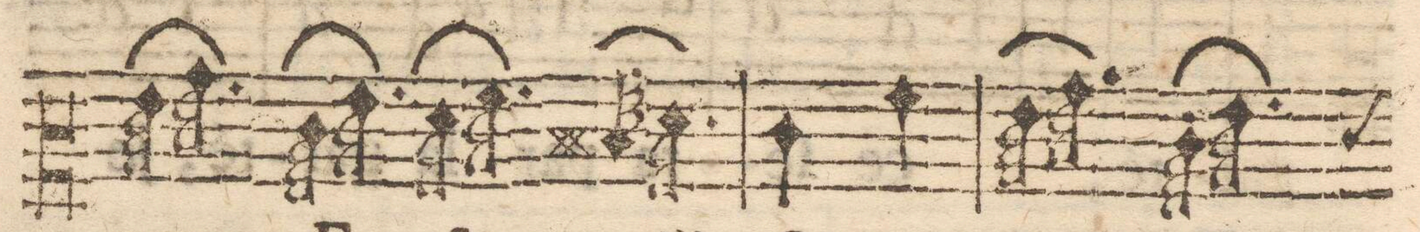


liber - té, je veux trou-ver dans l'eſclava-
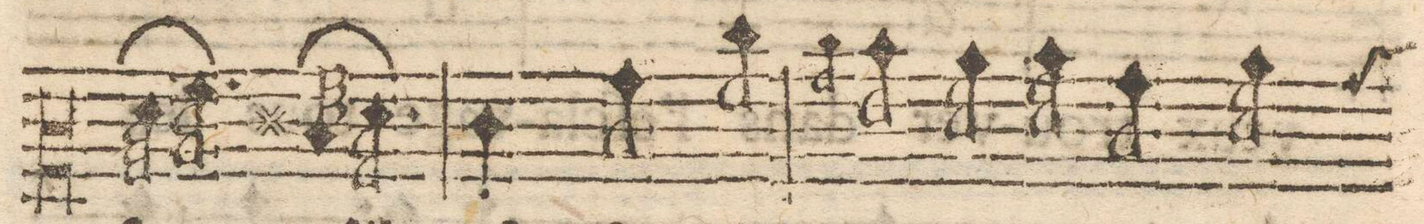


ge tous les agré-mens de la li - ber té.
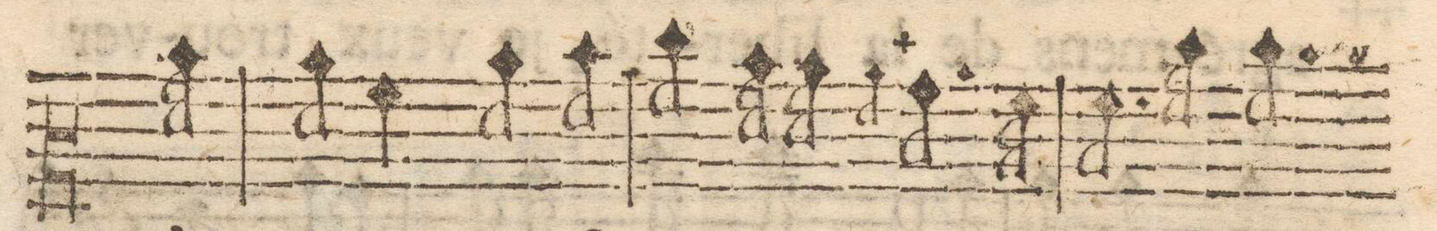


l'Amour ſe plait dans le badi-nage com-
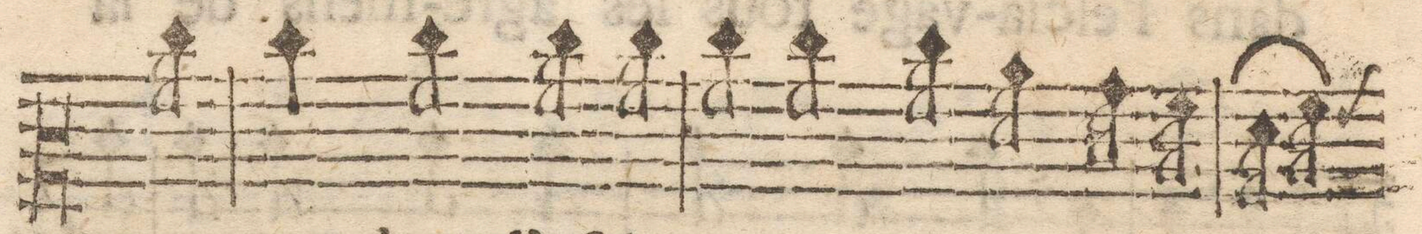


me un En - fant qu'il eſt, com-me un En-



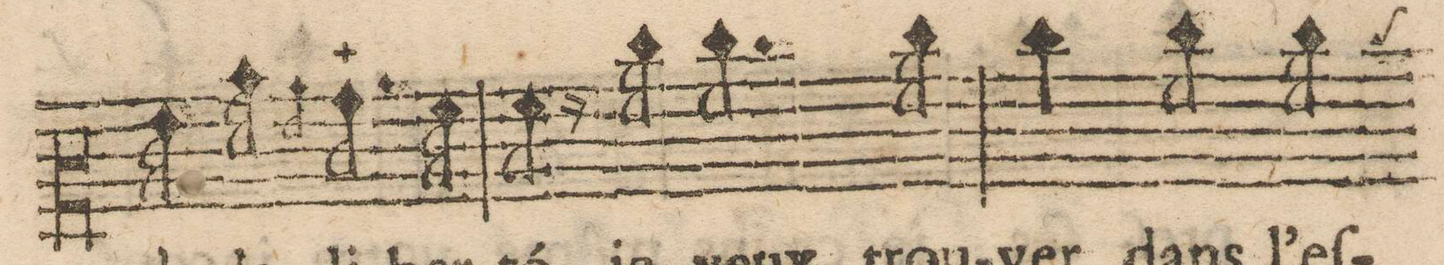
fant qu'il eſt, ſous ſes loix ſi jamais il
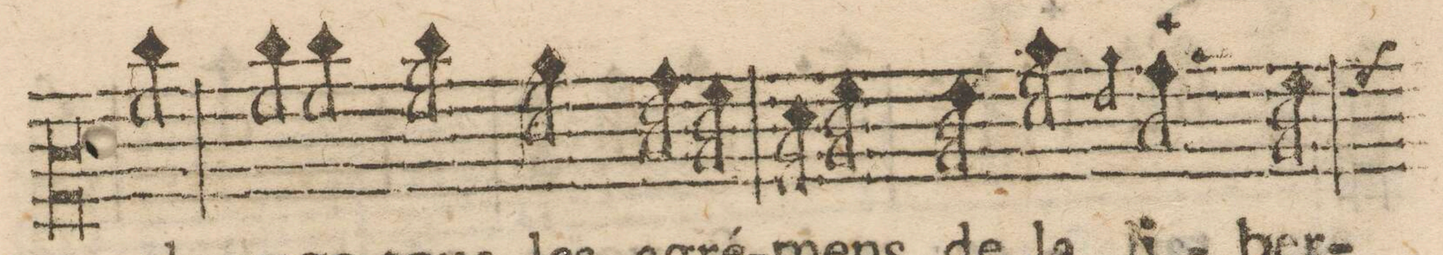


m'en gage: ce ſe-ra par la gai-té: je veux



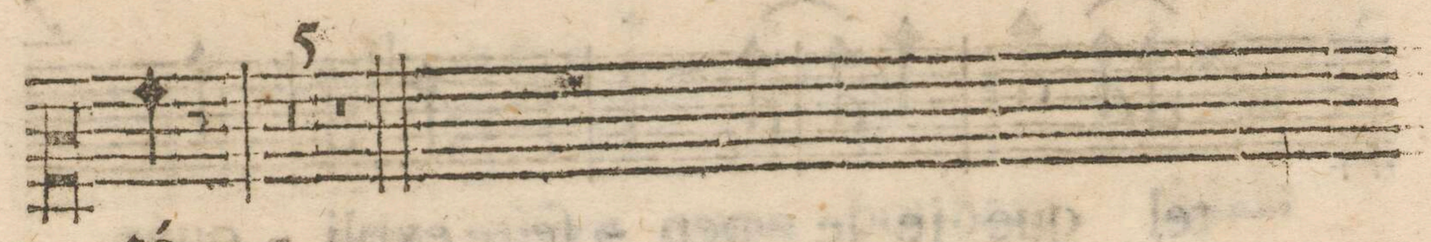
trou-ver dans l'eſcla-vage tous les agré-mens



de la li-ber-té, je veux trou-ver dans l'eſ-
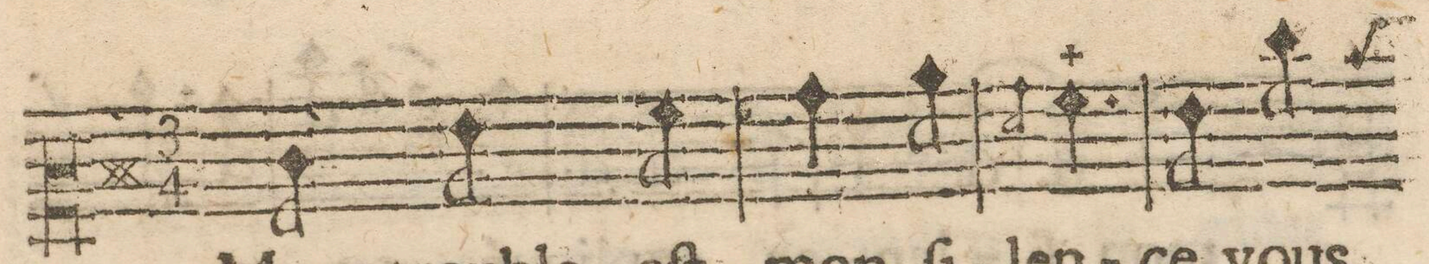


cla-vage tous les agré-mens de la li- ber-
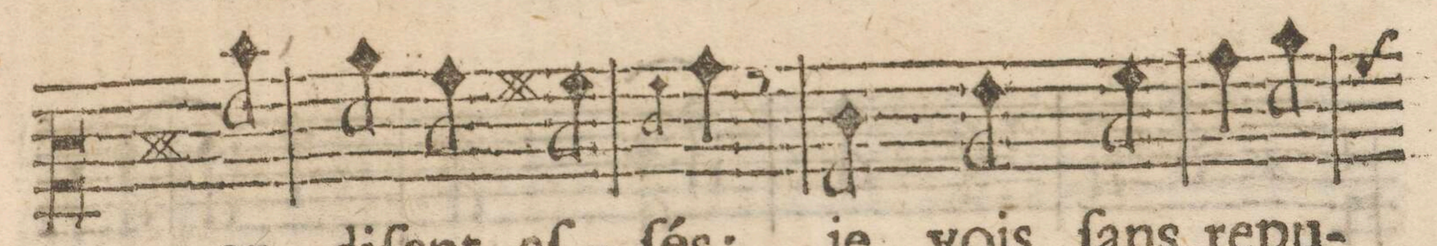


té.
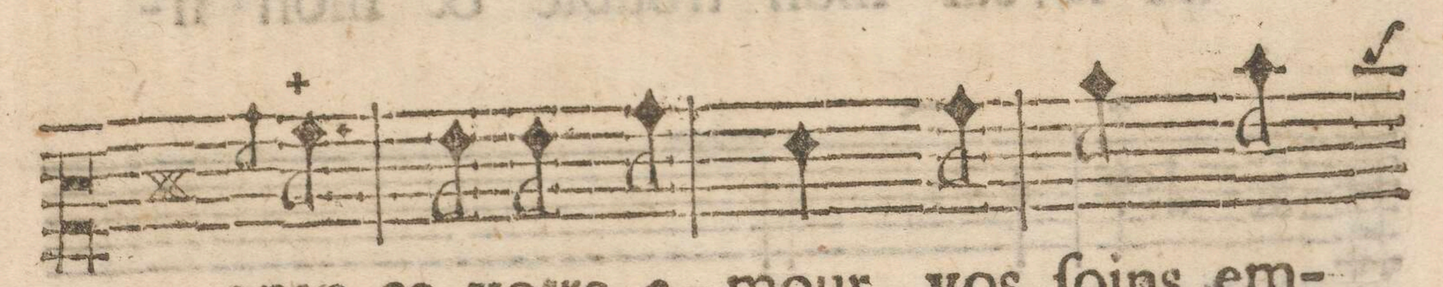
7. ARIETTE.



Mon trouble eſt mon ſi-len-ce vous
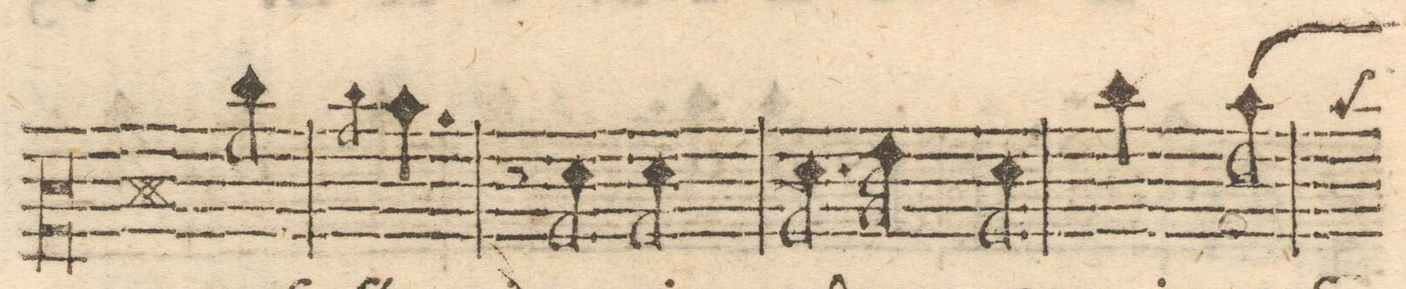


en diſent aſ-ſés; je vois ſans repu-

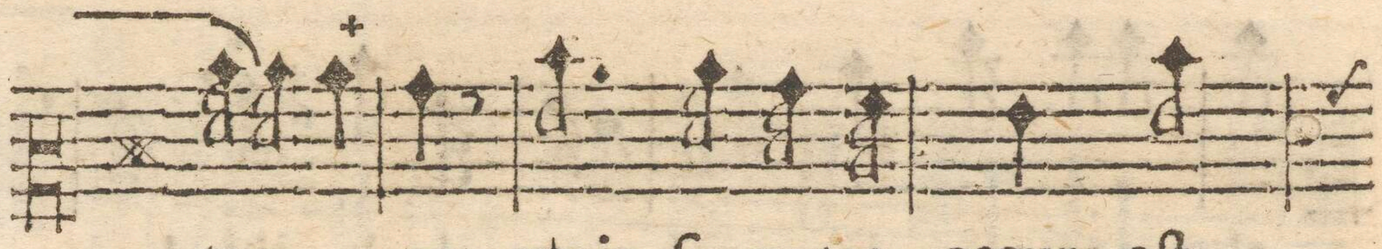


gnan-ce votre a-mour, vos ſoins em-
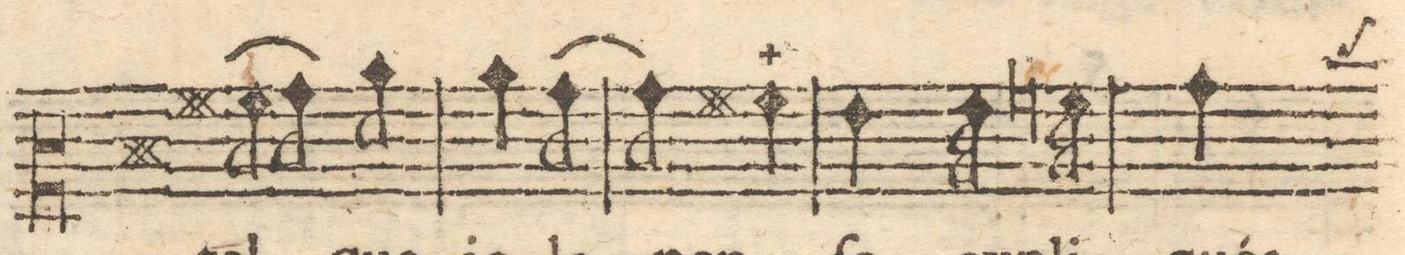
preſ-
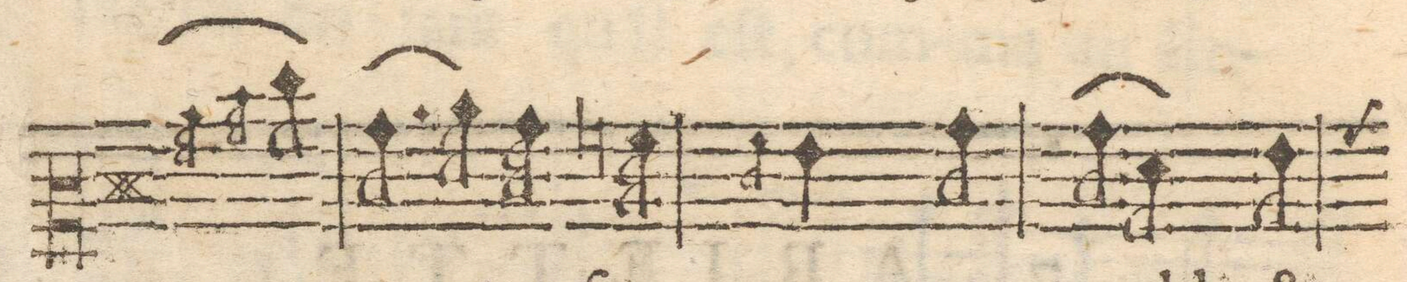


pref- ſés, je crains même votre inconſ-
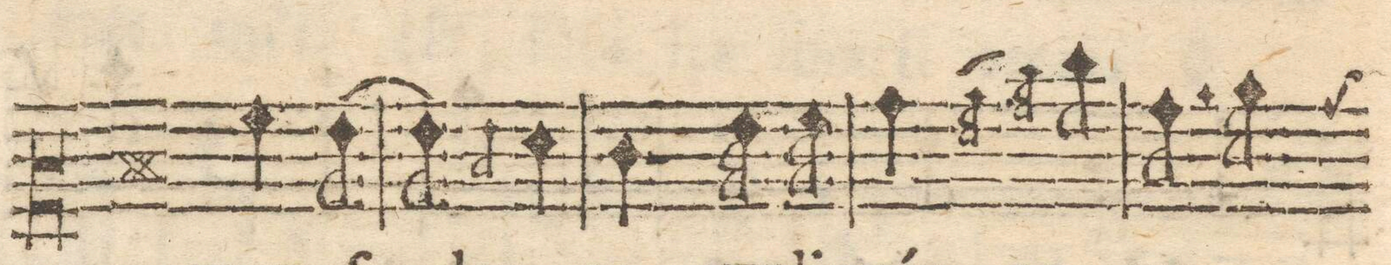


tan - ce; mais ſi votre cœur eſt
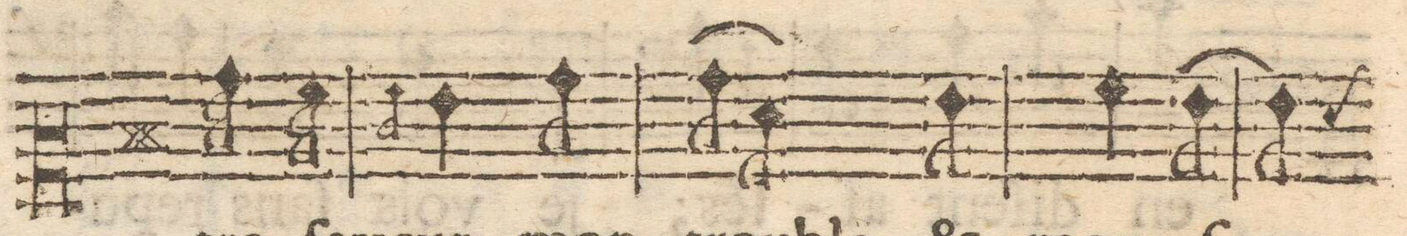


tel que je le pen - ſe, expli - qués
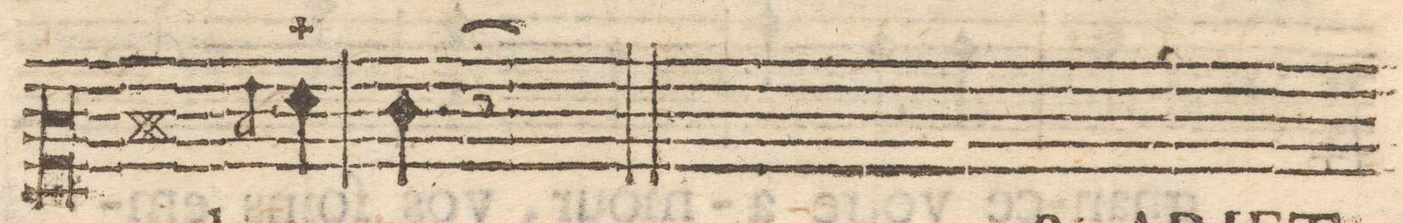


en vo - tre fa - veur, mon trouble &



mon ſi - len - ce, expliqués en vo-

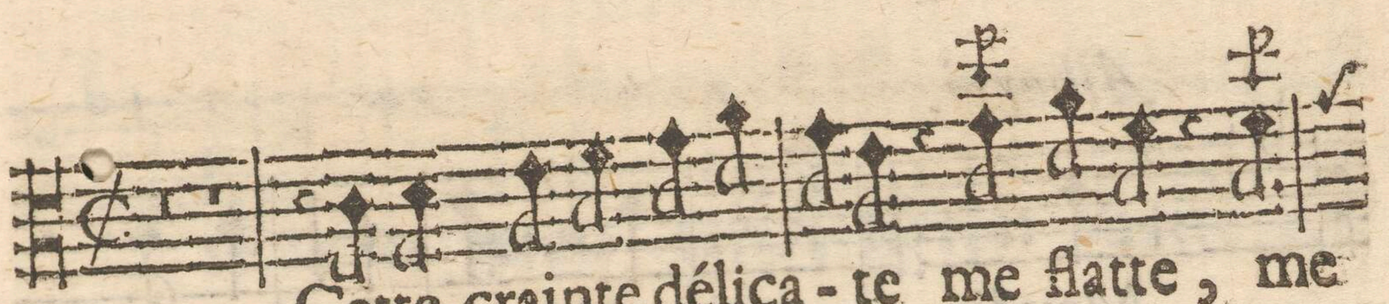


tre faveur mon trouble & mon ſi-
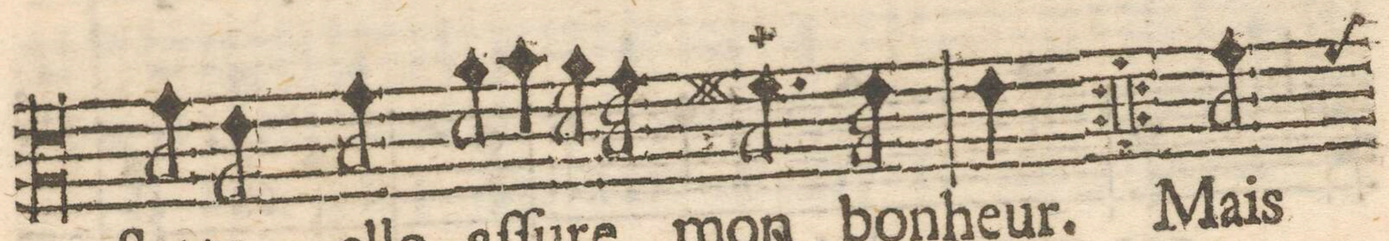


len - ce.

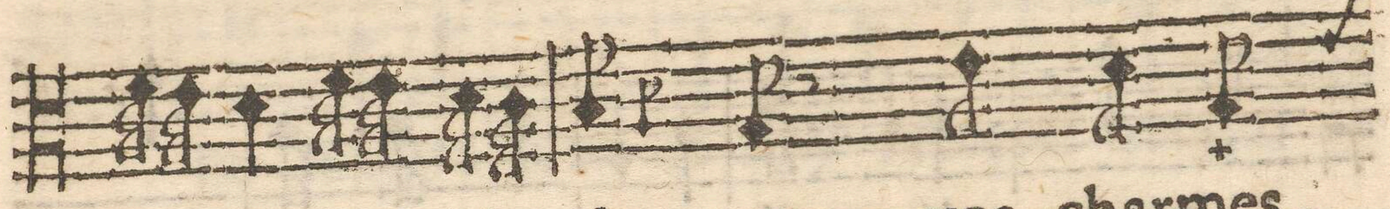
8. ARIETTE.
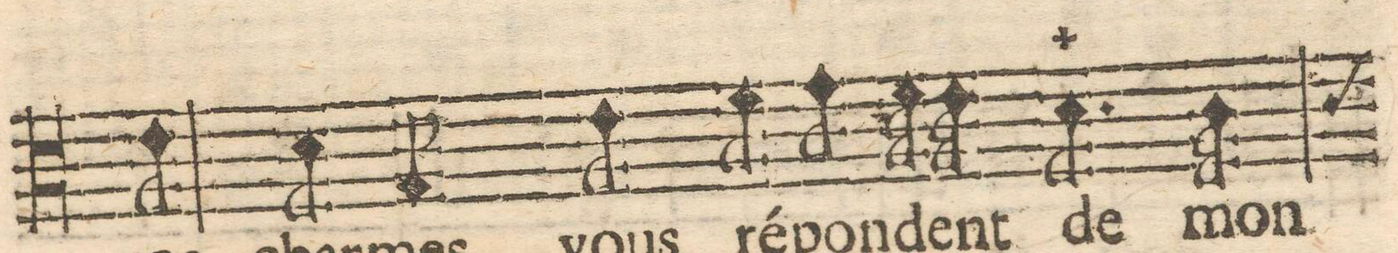


Cette crainte délica - te me flatte, me



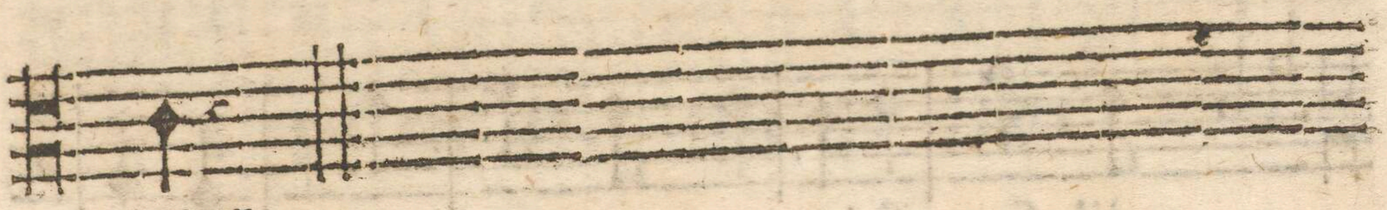
flatte, elle assure mon bonheur. Mais



dissipés ces al - lar - mes, vos charmes,



vos charmes, vous répondent de mon
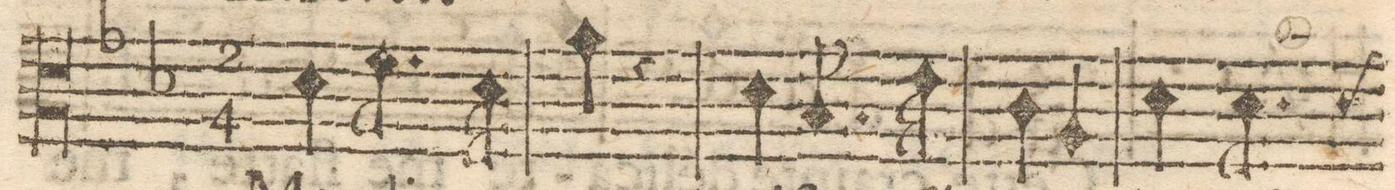


cœur.
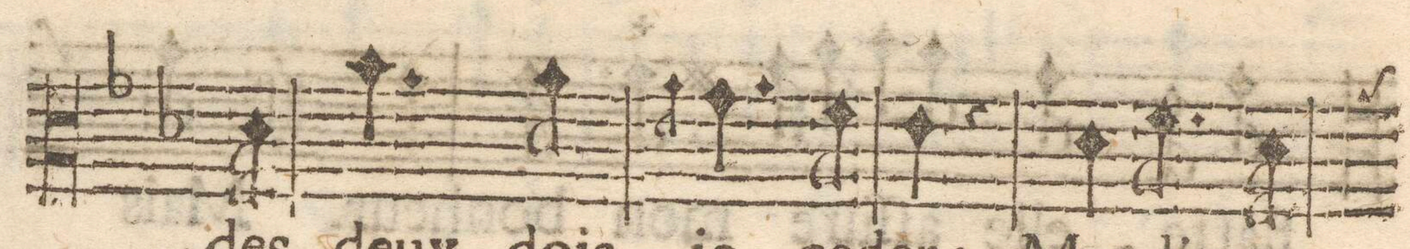
9. ARIET-

9. ARIETTE.
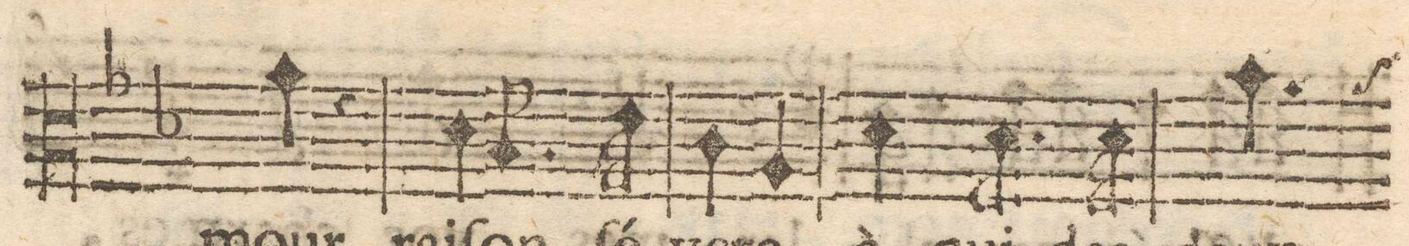
Alberti.
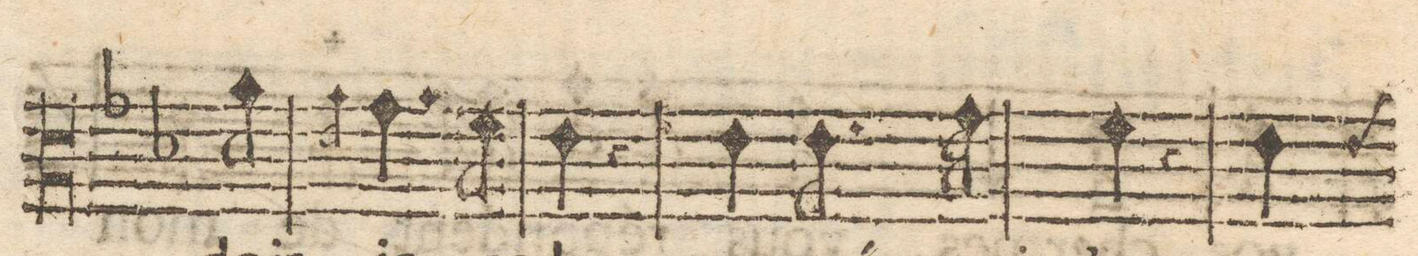


Maudit a-mour raiſon ſévere, à qui
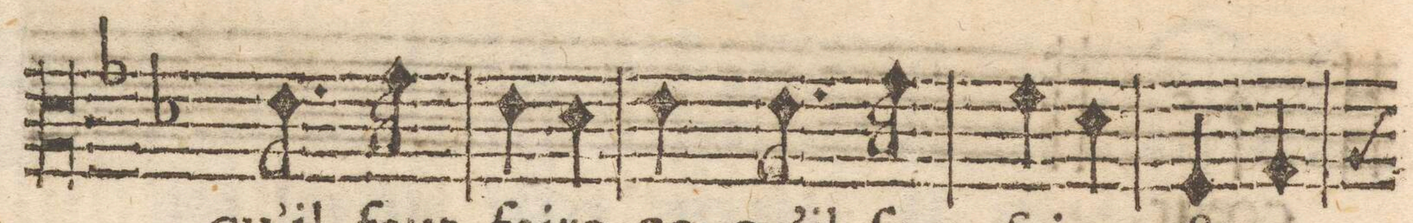


des deux dois-je ceder: Maudit a-
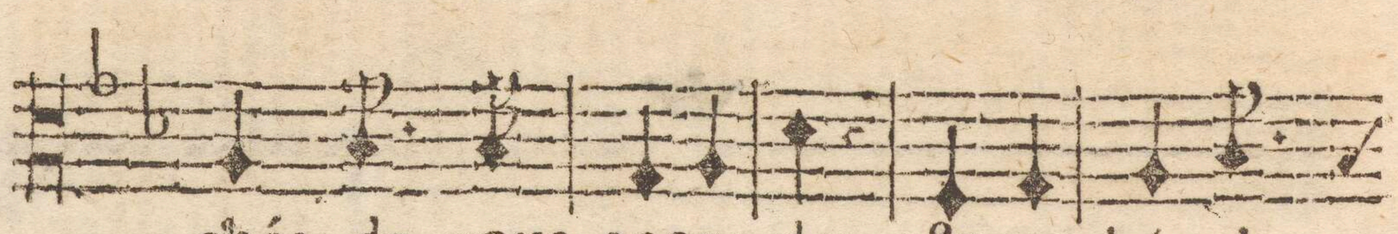


mour raiſon ſé-vere, à qui des deux



dois-je ceder: montrés moi donc ce
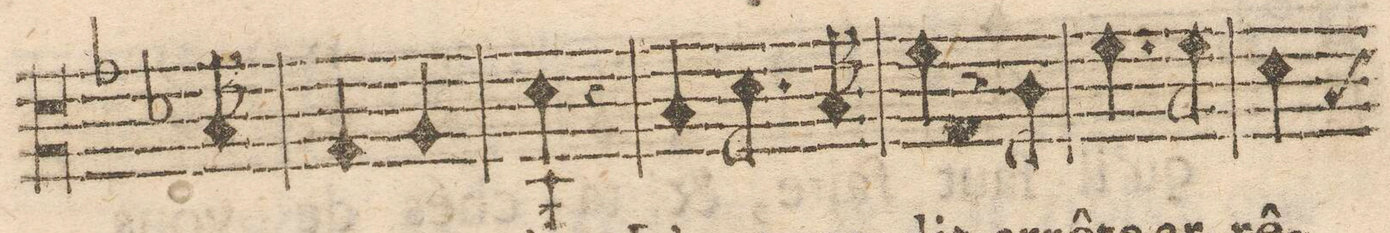


qu'il faut faire ce qu'il faut faire, & ta-
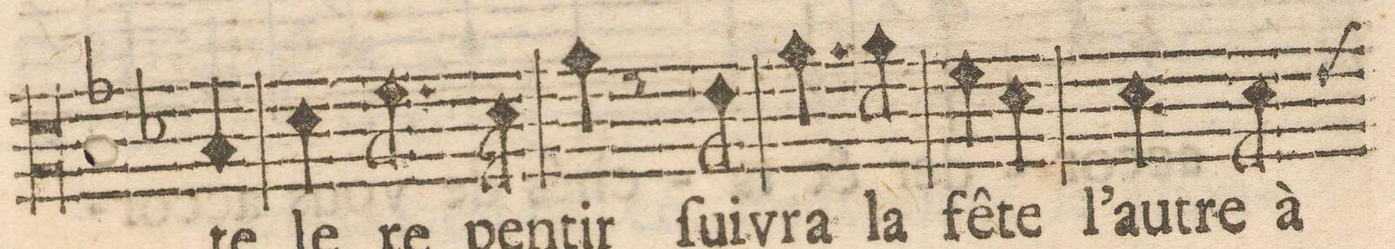


chés de vous accor-der & tachés de
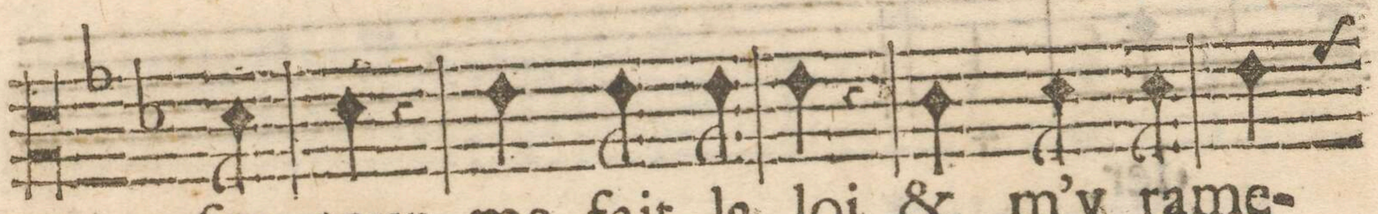
vous



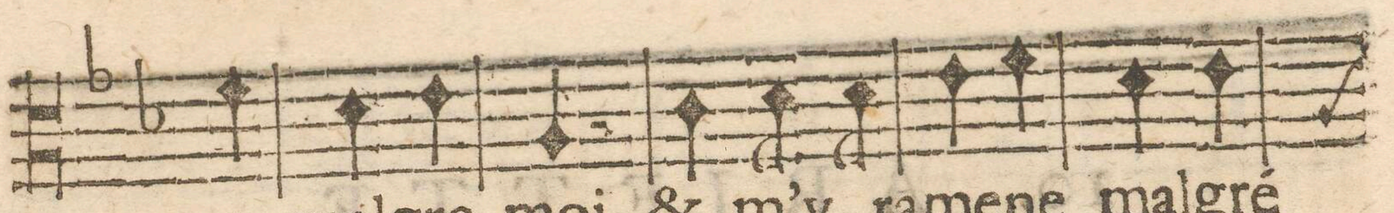
vous jaccor - der. L'une me dit arrête ar- rê-
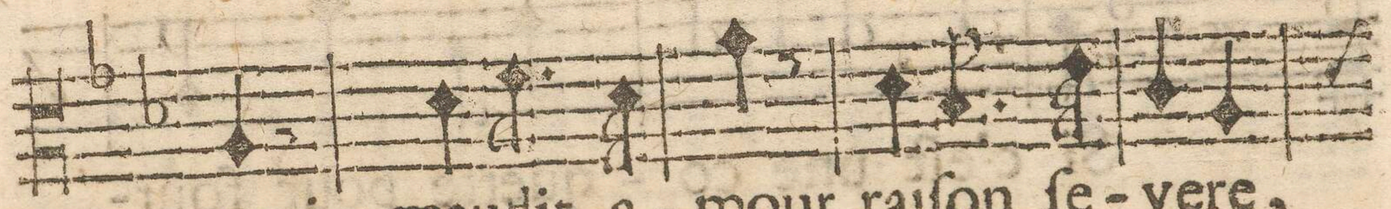


te le re pentir ſuivra la fête l'autre à



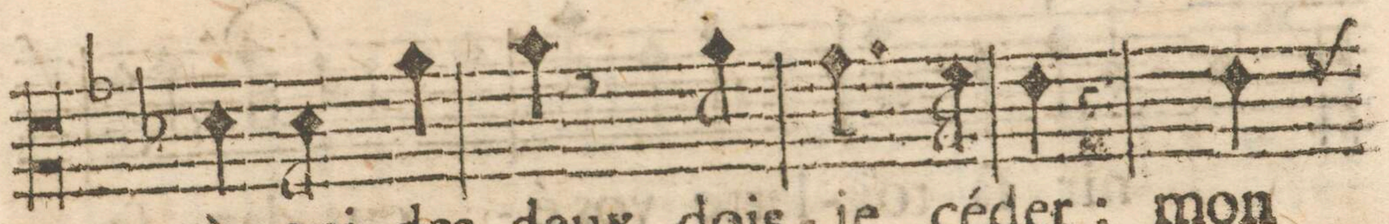
ſon tour me fait la loi & m'y rame-
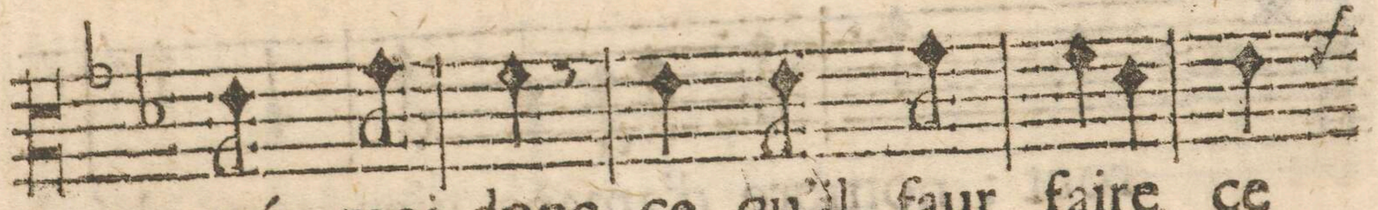


ne malgre moi & m'y ramene malgré



moi, maudit a - mour raiſon ſe - vere,
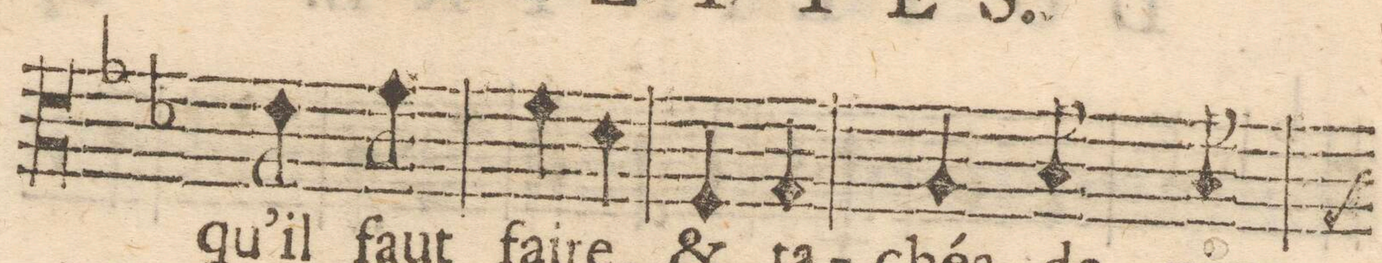


à qui des deux dois - je céder : mon
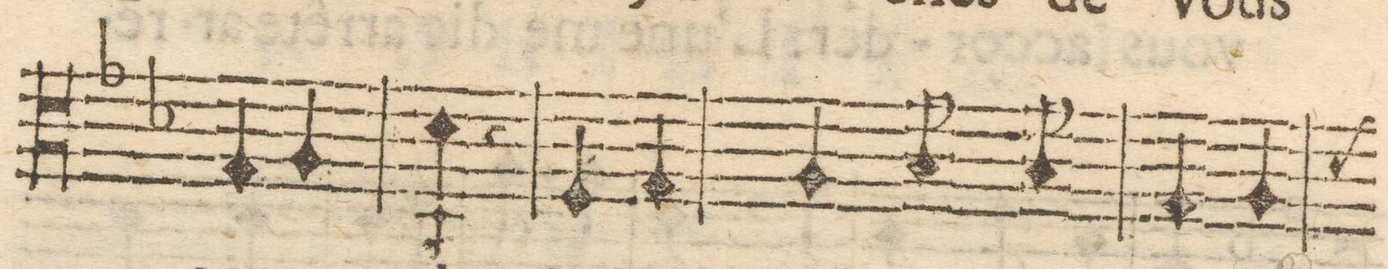


trés moi donc ce qu'il faur faire ce

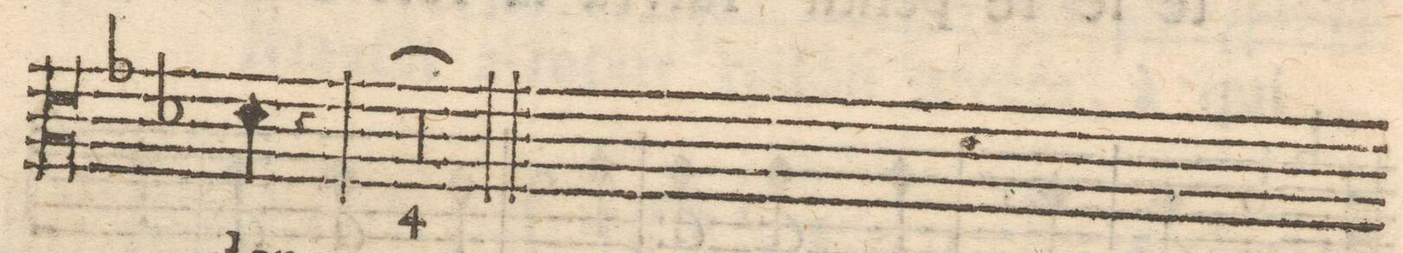
qu'il



qu'il faut faire, & ta-chés de vous
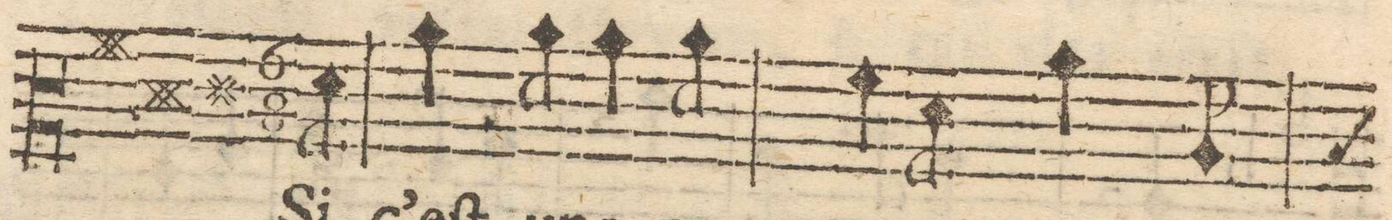


accor-der & ta-chés de vous accor-
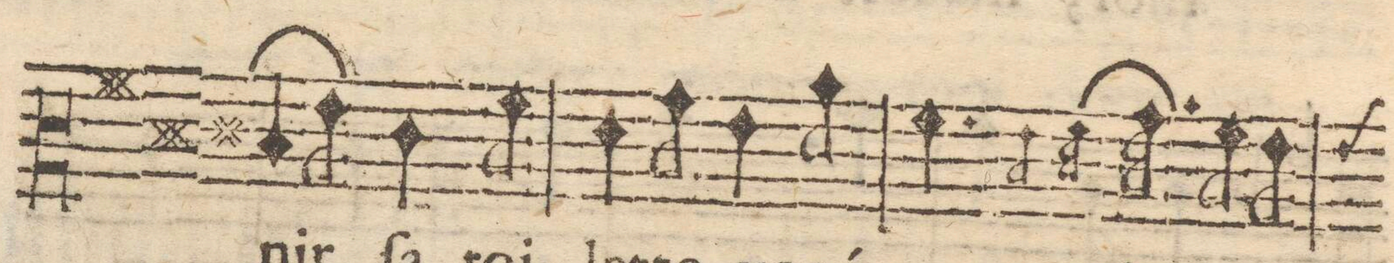


der.
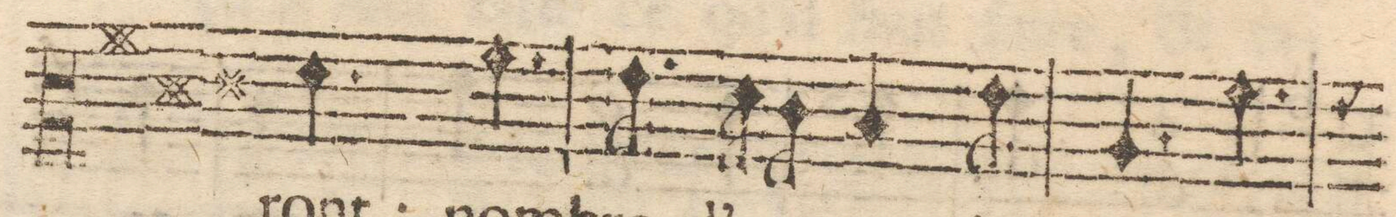
10. ARIETTE.
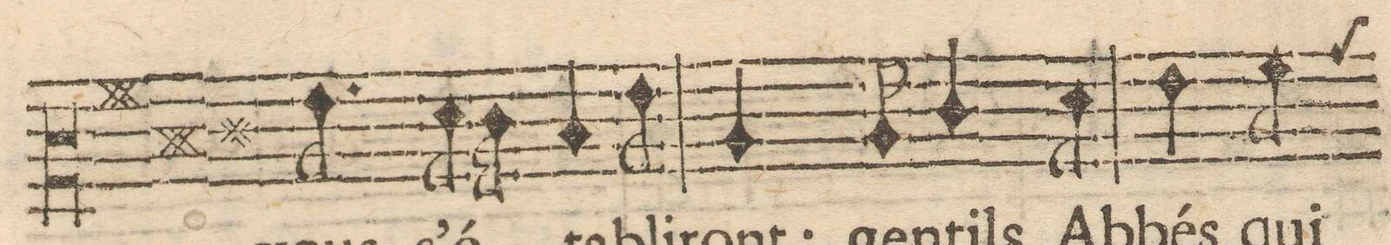


Si c'eſt une co-quette pour four-
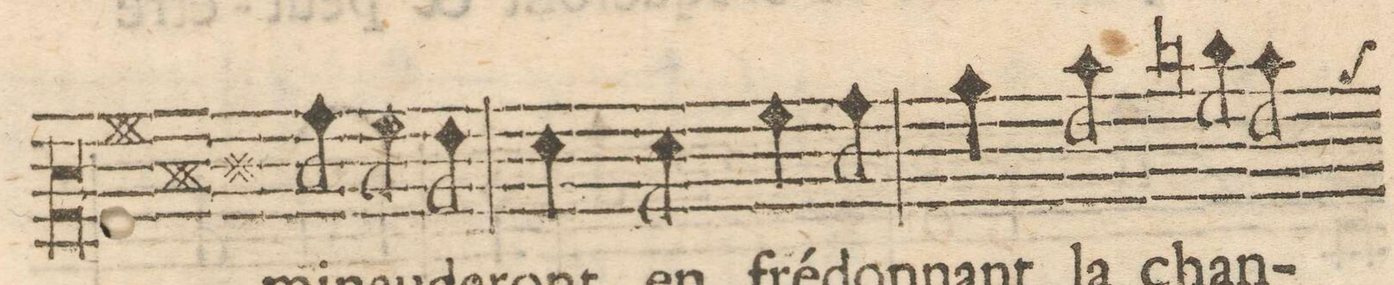


nir ſa toi-lette vos é- cus dan- ſe-



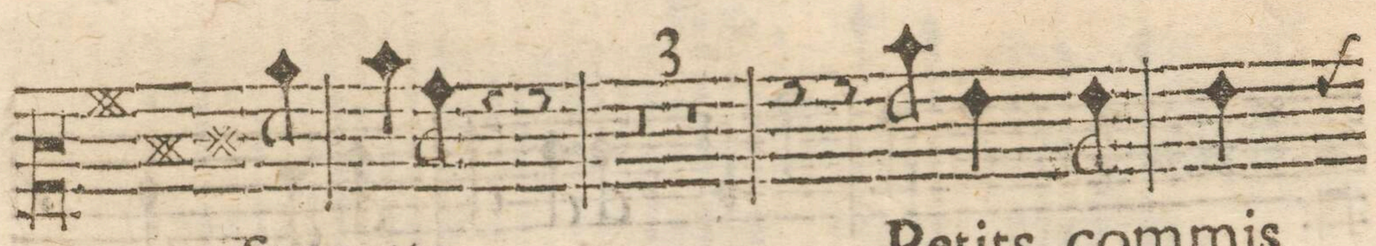
ront : nombre d'amans viendront chés
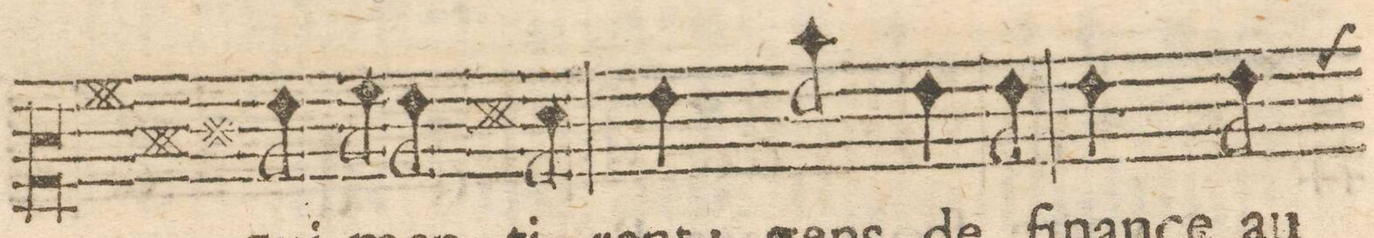


vous s'é - tabliront : gentils Abbés qui



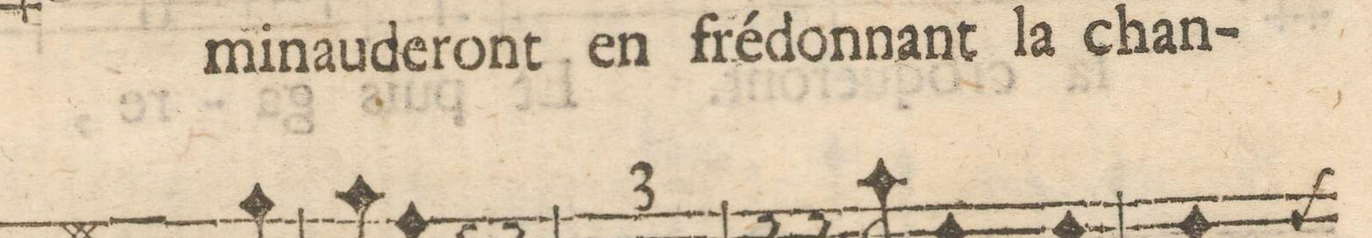
minauderont en frédonnant la chan-



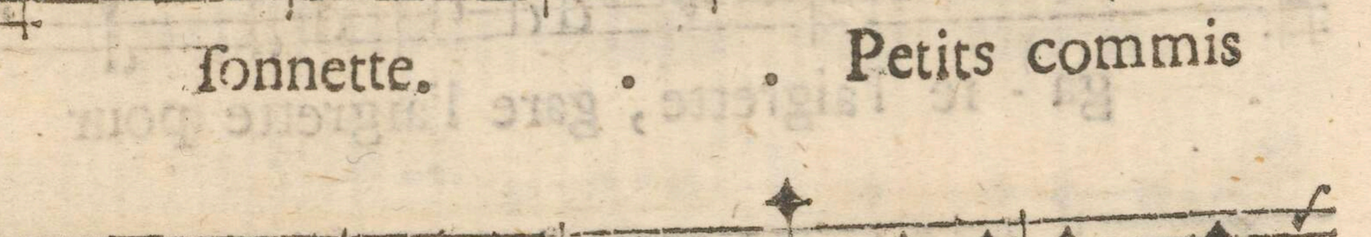
sonnette. Petits commis



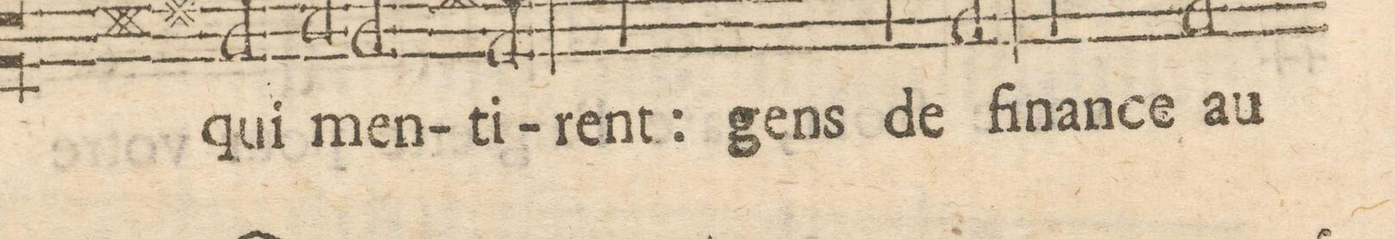
qui men- ti - rent : gens de finance au
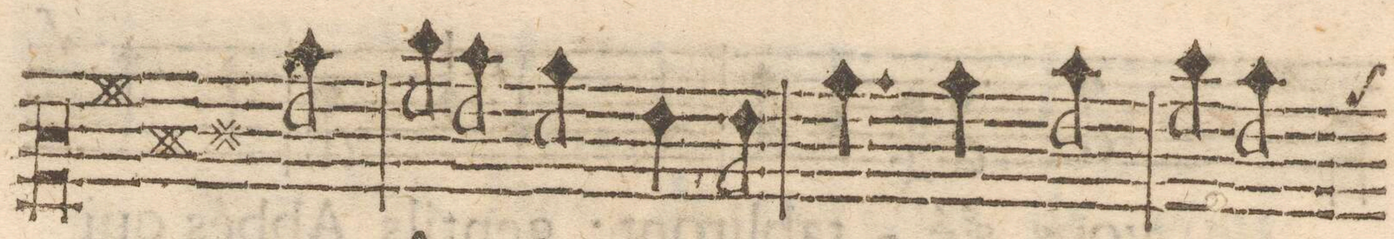


ven - tre rond gens de fi - nance au



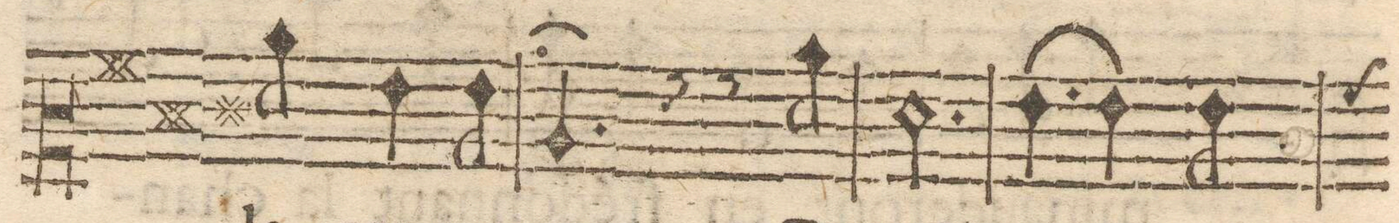
ventre rond de toutes parts assiége-
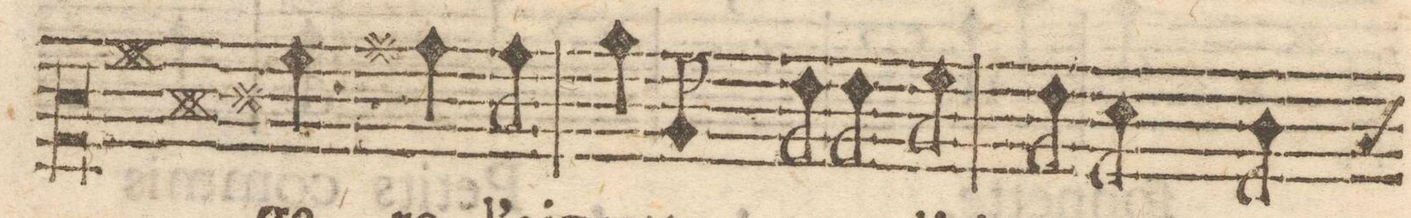


ront la Pou - lette la Pou - lette. Et peut
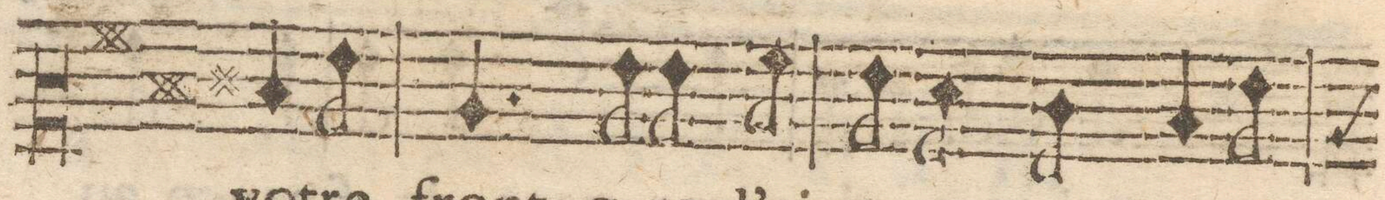


peut-être la croqueront & peut-être
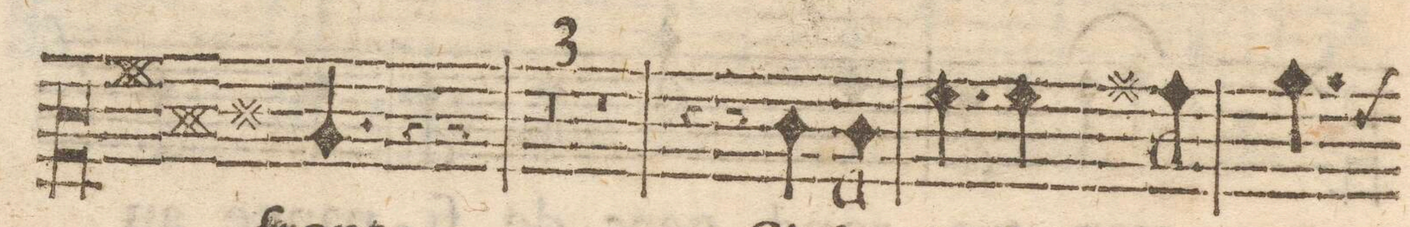


la croqueront. Et puis ga-re,
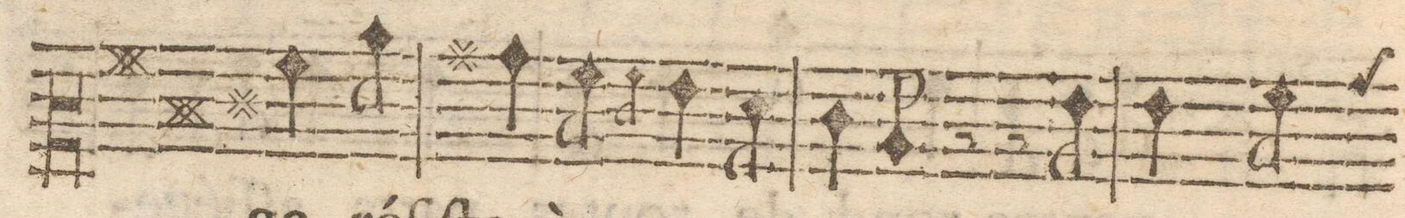


ga-re l'aigrette, gare l'aigrette pour
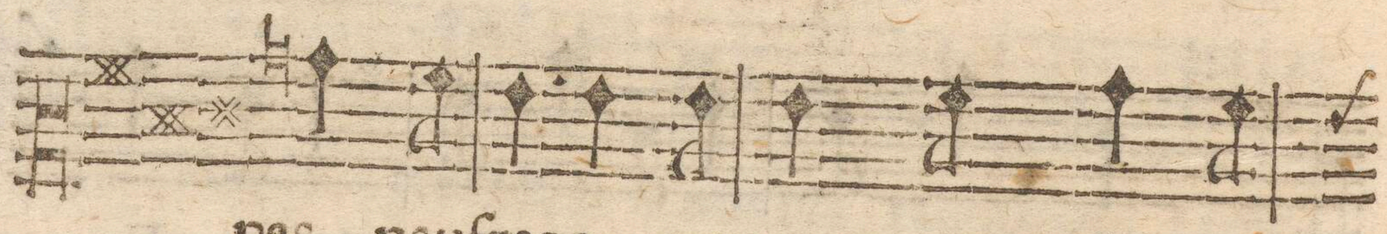


votre front, gare l'aigrette pour votre



front. Si la belle trop ſa-
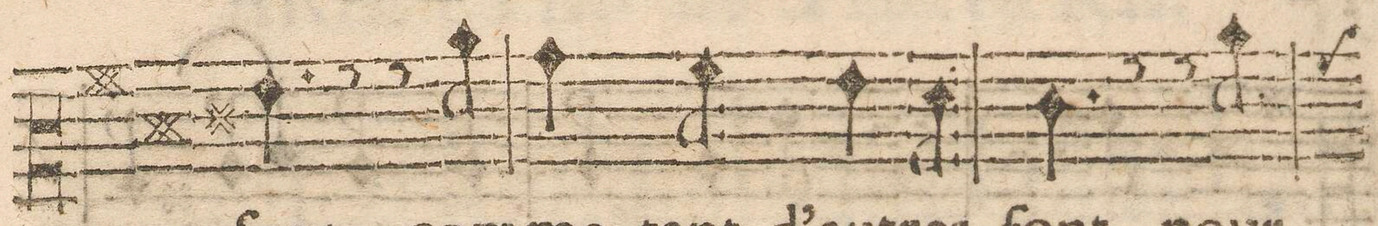


ge réſiſte à cet o-rage, & ne fait
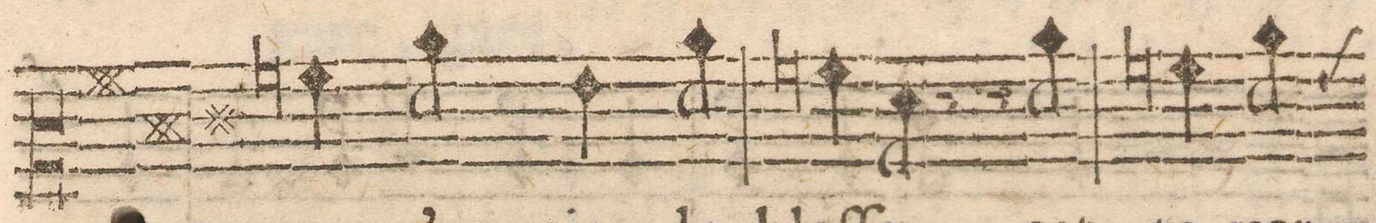


pas naufrage, comme tant d'autres
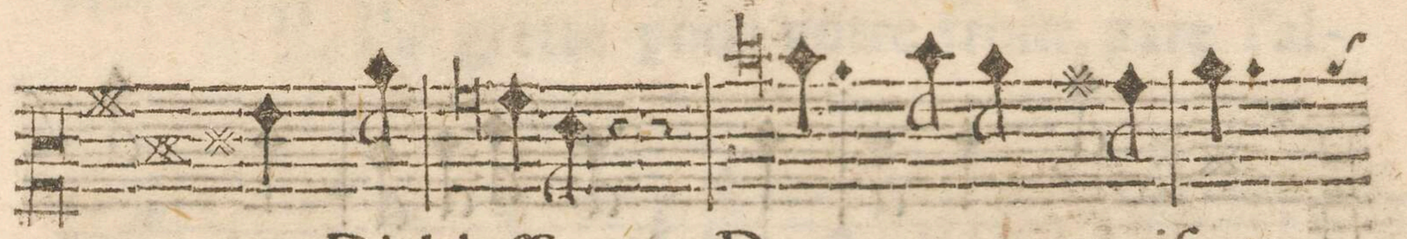
font
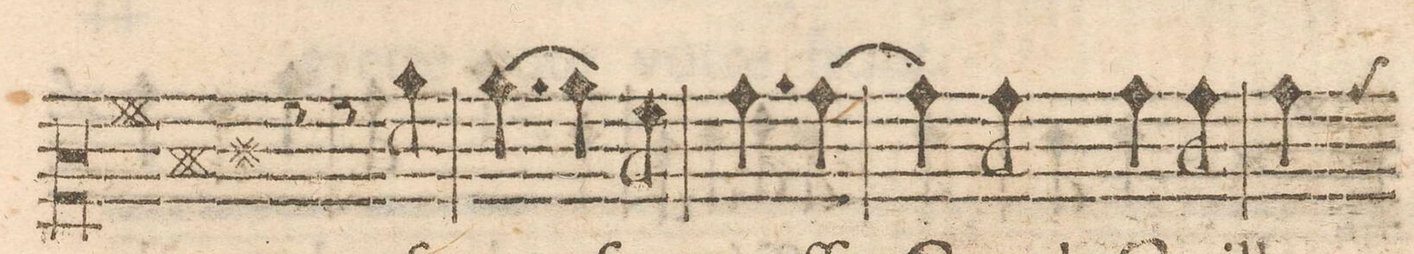


font comme tant d'autres font, pour
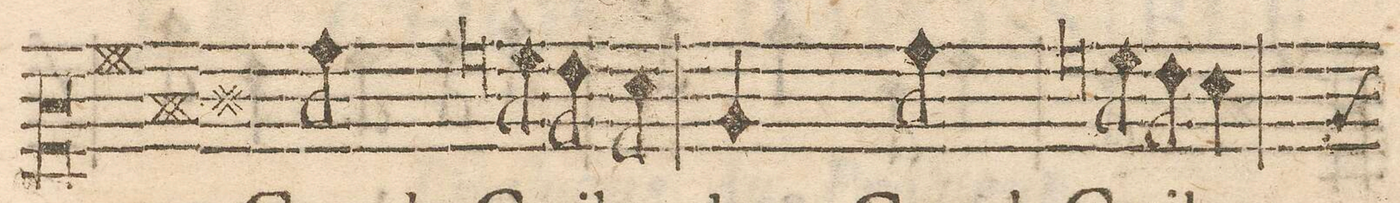


peu qu'un rien la bleſſe, cet- te ver-
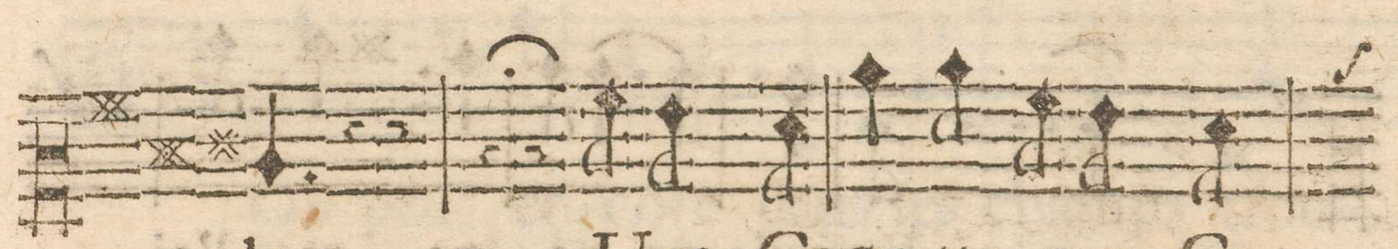


tu Diableſſe. Dans votre maiſon:
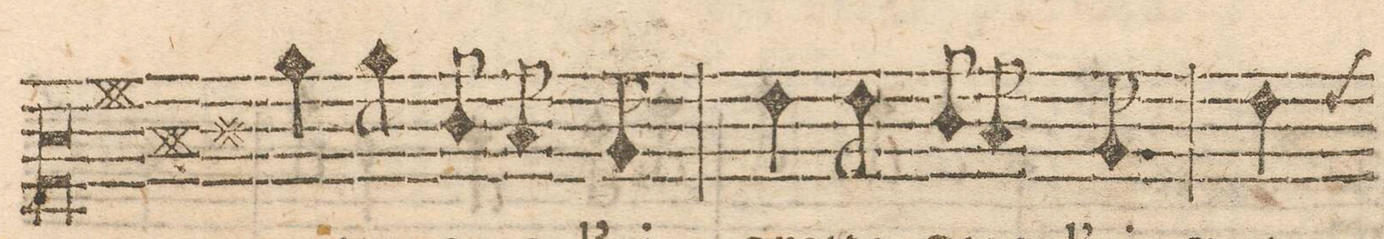


fera ſans ceſſe Grand Carillon,



Grand Caril - lon, Grand Caril -
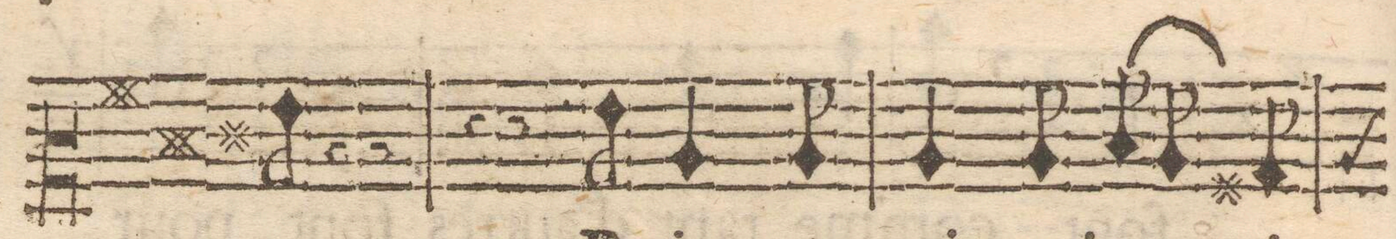


lon. Une Coquette une Co-
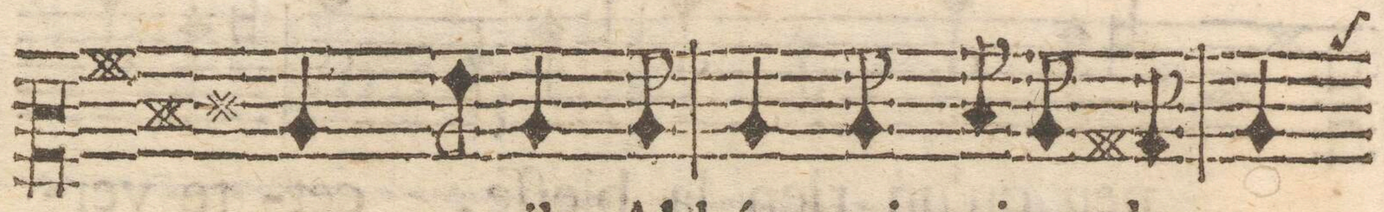


quette gare l'ai - grette gare l'ai - gret-
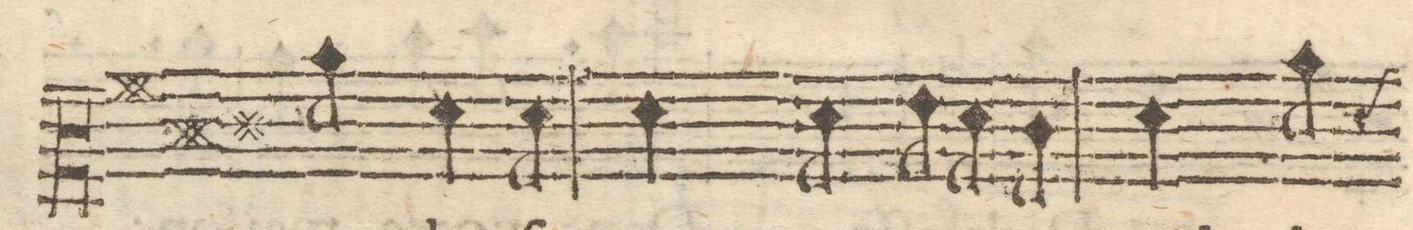
te
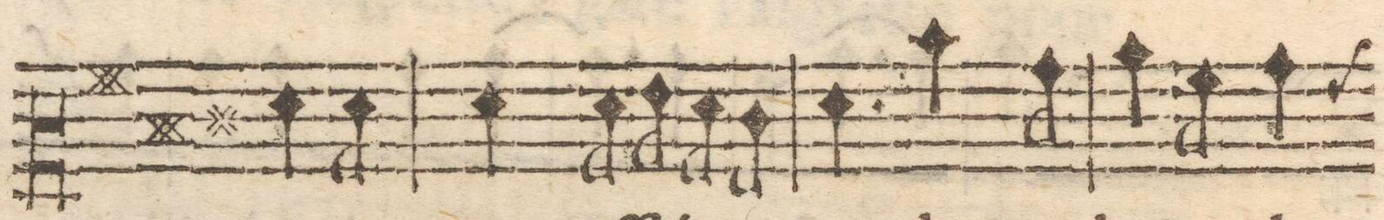


te. Petits commis qui menti-
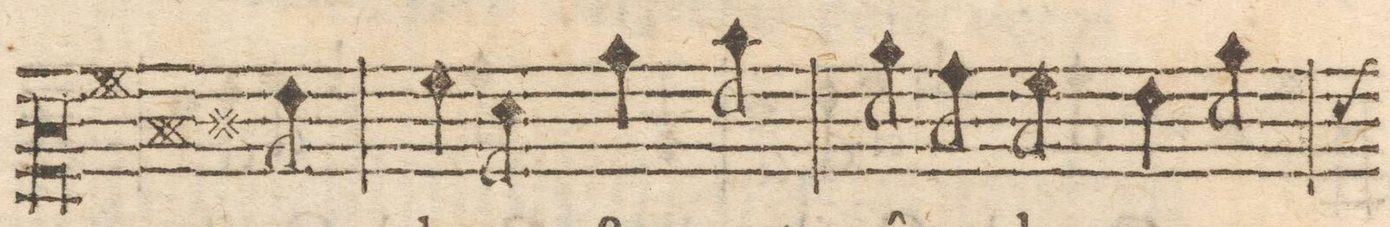


ront; gentils Abbés qui minauderont
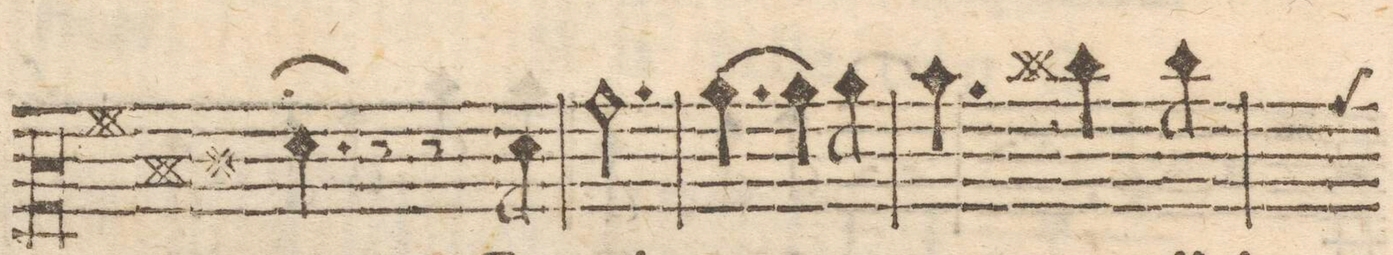


gens de fi-nance au ventre rond, de
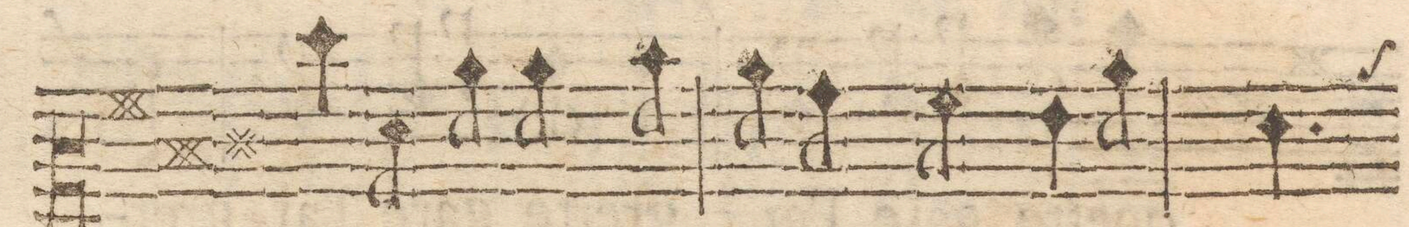


toutes parts affiége-ront la poulette, la



pou-lette, & peut-êrre la croque-
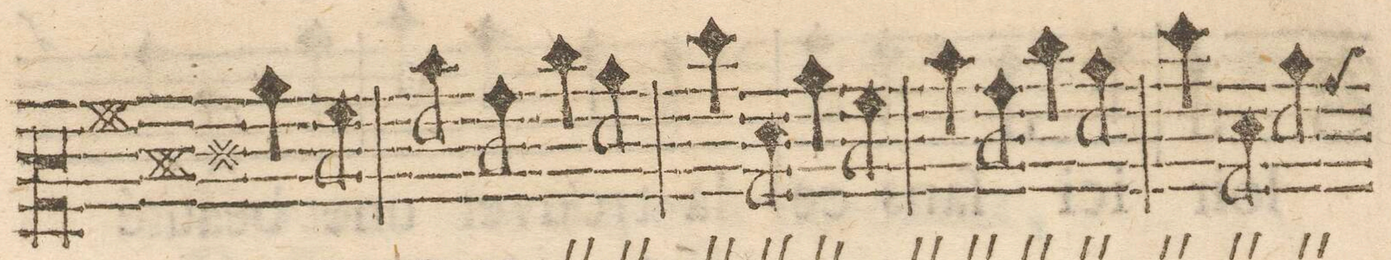


ront: Et puis ga-re, ga-re, l'ai-
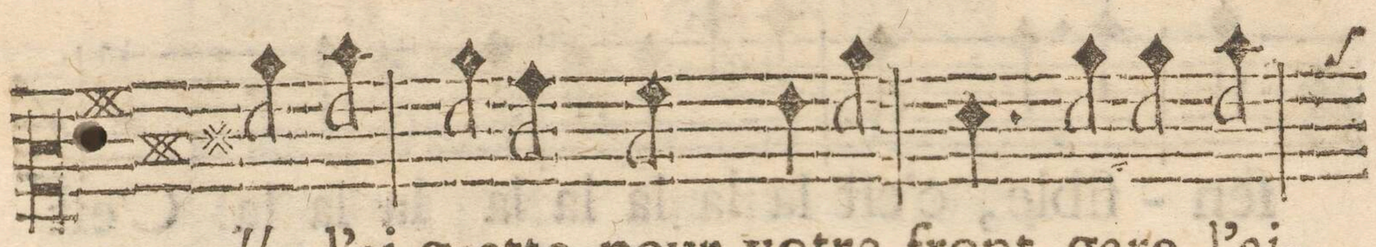


grette gare l'ai-grette pour votre front:
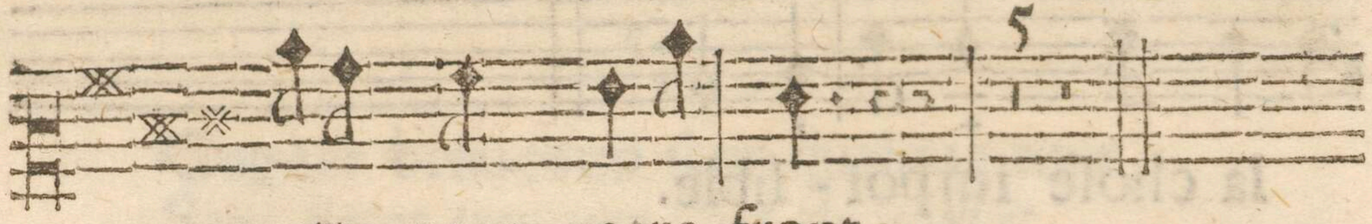
gare,



gare, gare,
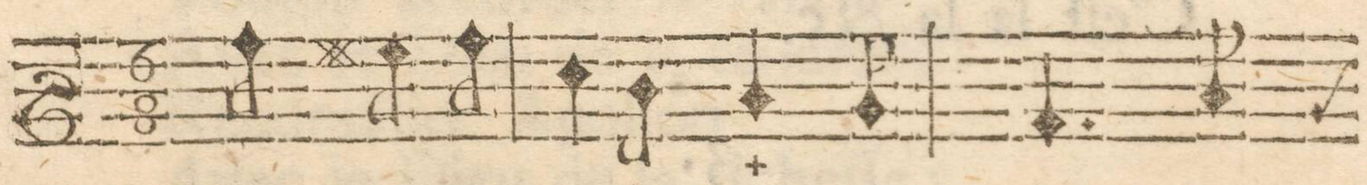


". l'ai grette pour votre front, gare l'ai-
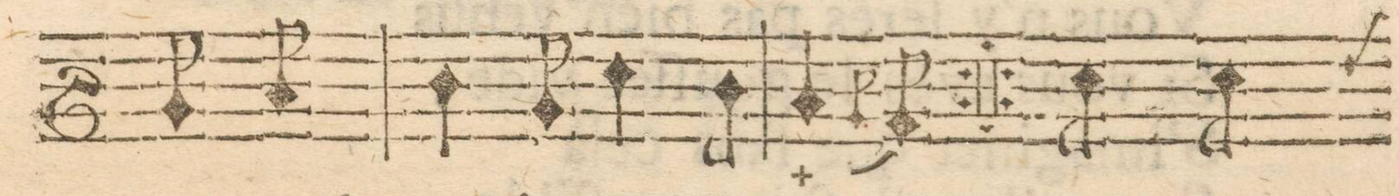


grette pour votre front.

LA CHOSE IMPOSSIBLE,

Dialogue du Prologue.
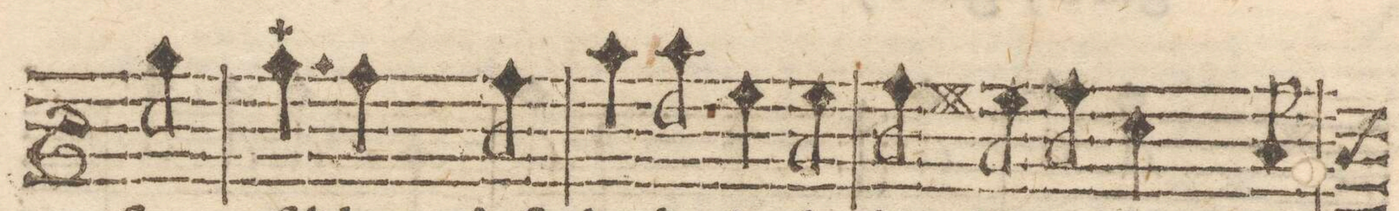


On peut en-core dans les champs trou-
Qui dans le ſe cours des preſents ſçait
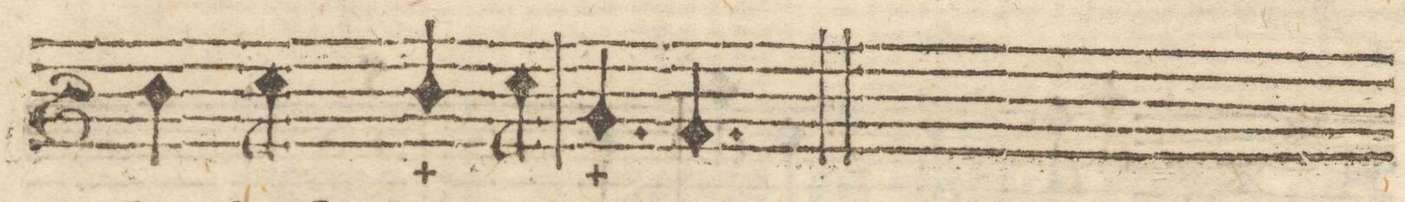


ver quel- que jeune Ber-gere.
aimer d'un amour ſin-cere. Mais vou-



loir ici ſans ce-là trouver une beauté



ſen-ſible, c'eſt la la la la la la la la. C'eſt



la choſe impoſ-ſible.

2.

Rendre un Pariſien conſtant,
Rendre un Italien ſincere,
Guerir la ſoif d'un Allemand,
D'un Breton vaincre l'humeur noire
Avec un Suiſſe ſans cela *
Vouloir ſe rendre intelligible
C'eſt la la &c.

3.

Chés Themis comme chés Venus
L'intérêt aujourd'hui preſide,
Vous n'y ſerés pas bien venus
Si vous avés le gouſſet vide,
S'imaginer que ſans cela
Son tribunal ſoit acceſſible,
C'eſt la la, &c.

4. Trou-

4.

Trouver des dupes à Bordeaux,
De fins matois en Picardie;
Dans la Sologne des Nigauds,
De bonnes gens en Normandie:
Voir à Madrid quelque Douegna
Dont la rigueur ſoit invincible,
C'eſt la la, &c.

5.
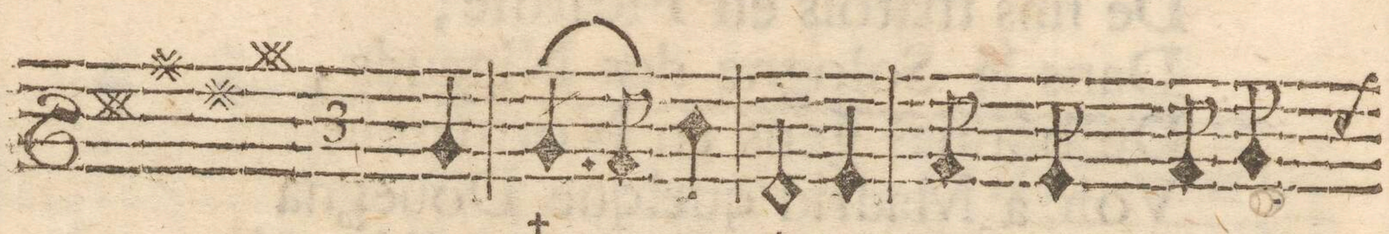
Gagner beaucoup ſans quelque tour
Sans flater trouver l'art de plaire,
Faire ſa fortune & l'amour
Avoir des faveurs & les taire:
D'un grand, lors qu'on s'avoiſina
Dans ſon domaine être paiſible,
C'eſt la la, &c.

6.
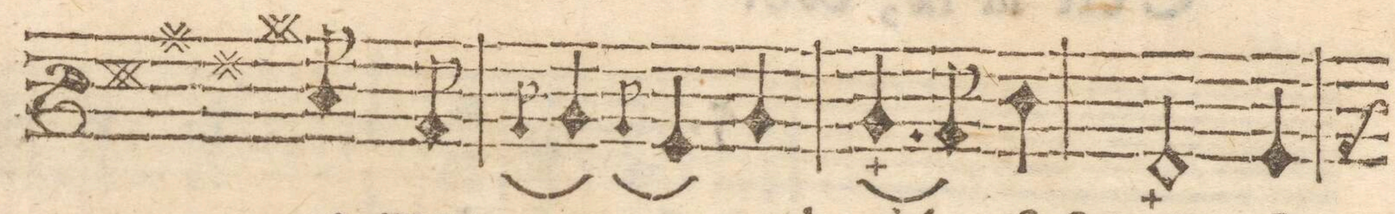
Vouloir accorder la raiſon
Avec le Dieu de la tendreſſe!
Reconcilier Apollon
Avec le Dieu de la richeſſe:
Avec un moderne Opera
Rendre le bon ſens compatible,
C'eſt la la, &c.

FIN.
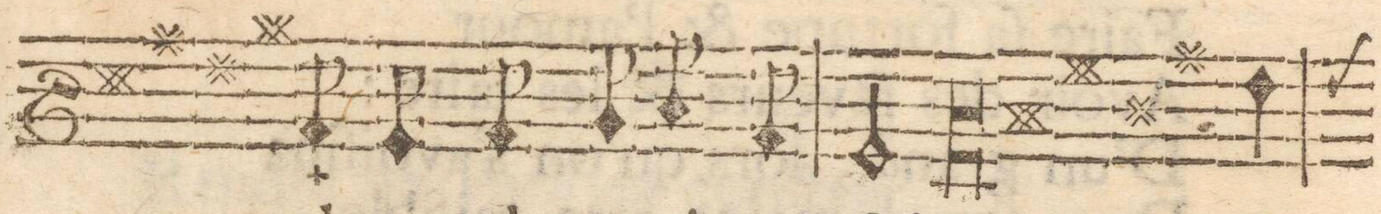
Parodie ſur la Muſette des Fêtes d'Hebé.
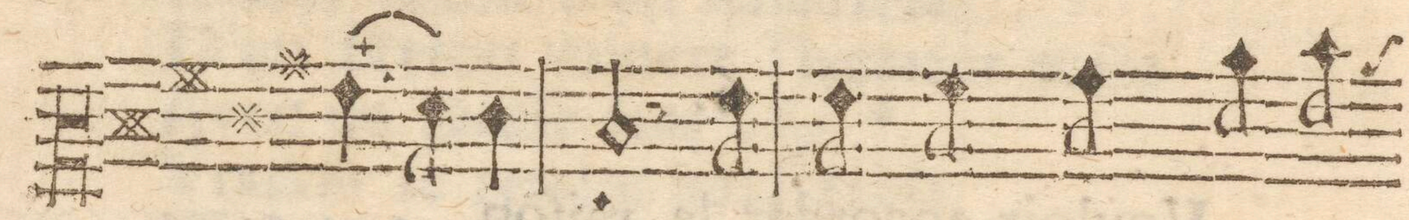


Quel déſeſpoir, d'ê-tre ſans Eſprit
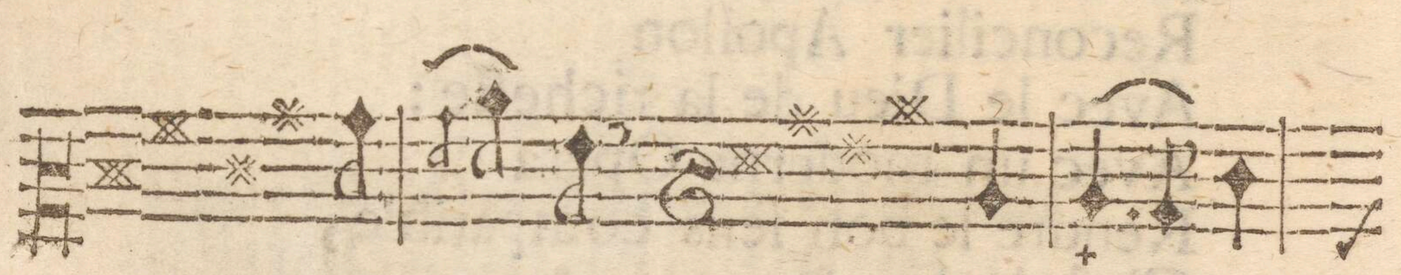


a-mon age, quel dé-ſeſ-poir, Je
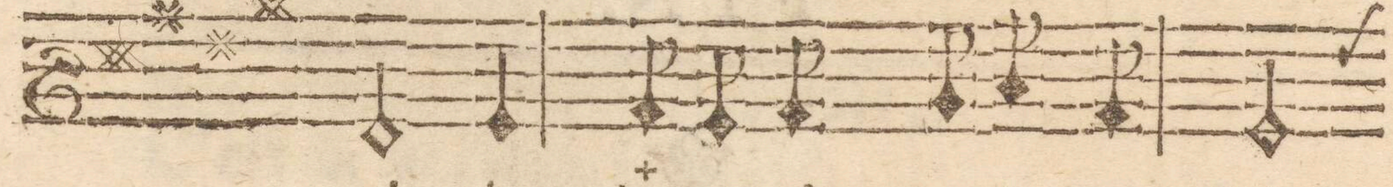


pleure du matin au ſoir, Il



fau-dra voir. Si l'on en vend dans le
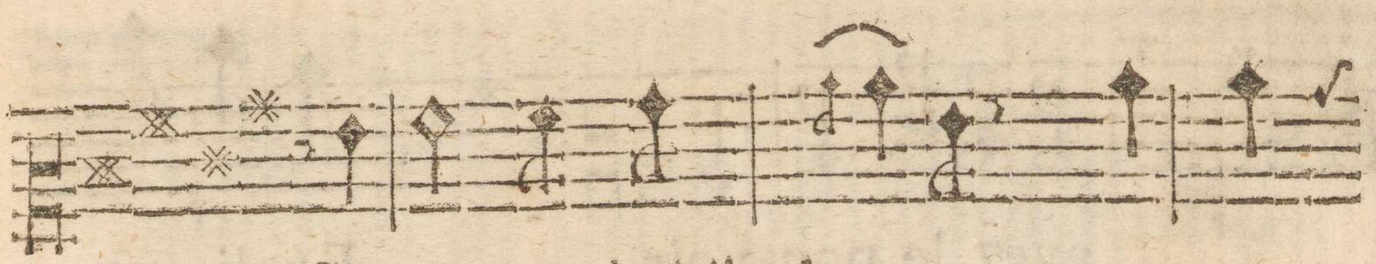


vil-la-ge. Quel dé-ſeſ-
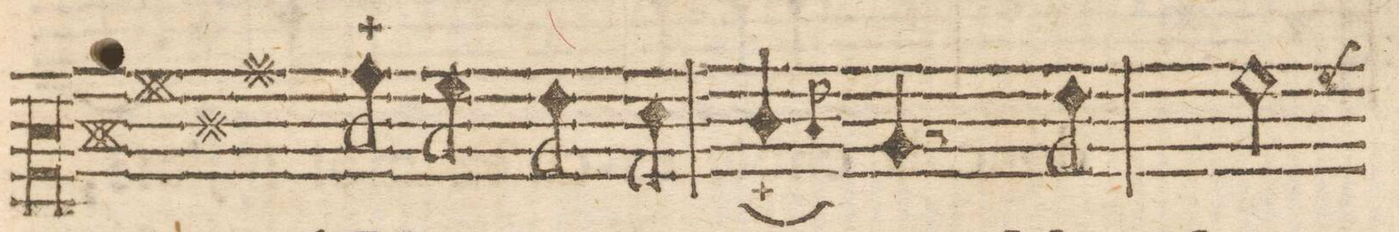


poir, je pleure du matin au ſoir.
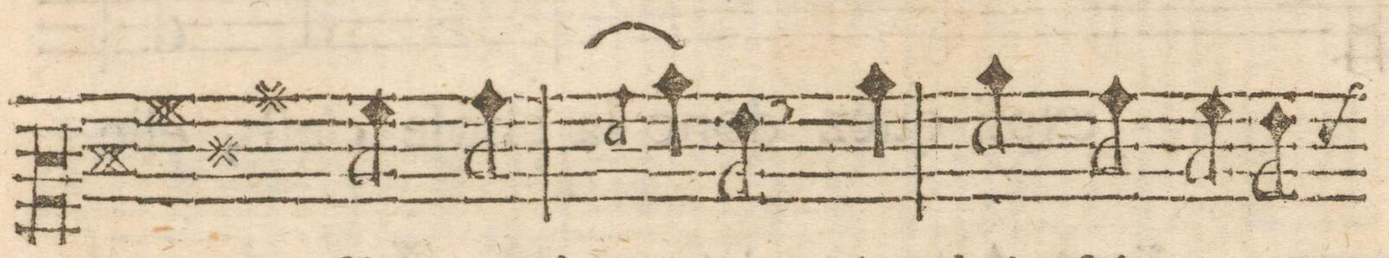
Je
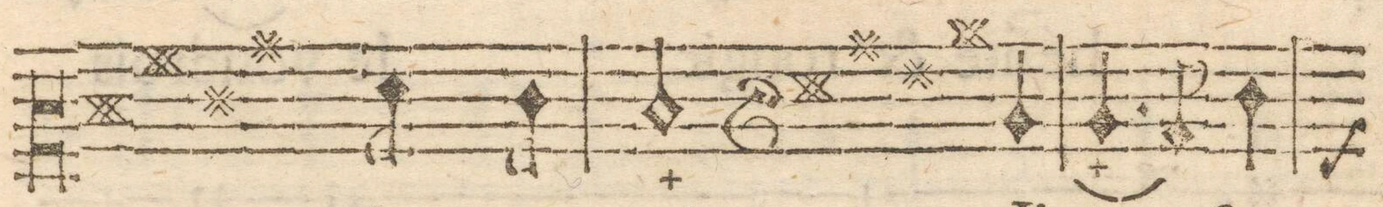


Je vois un habile homme, que pour
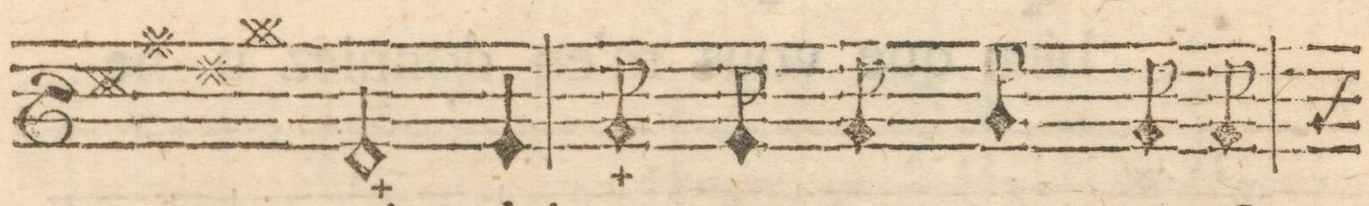


l'Eſprit on re-nomme, Mon-ſieur
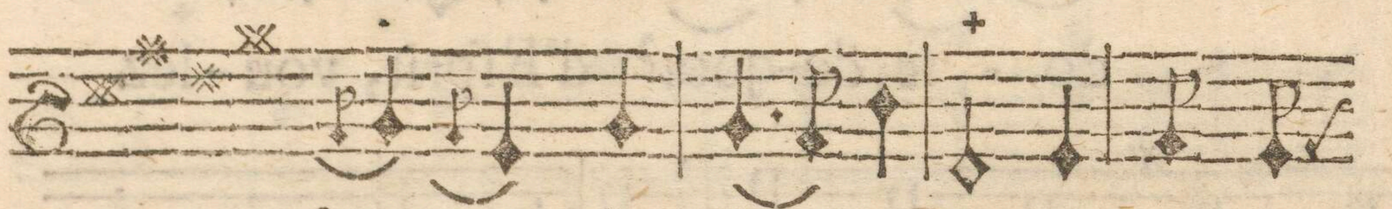


dites moi comme, je dois faire pour



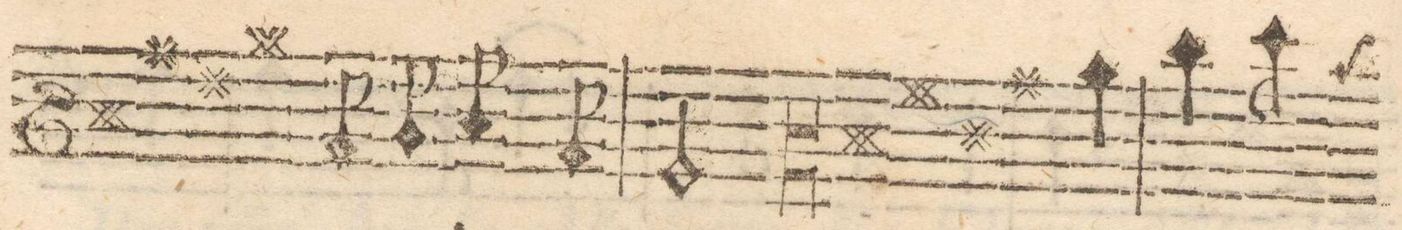
m'en pour-voir. Il faut ſça-
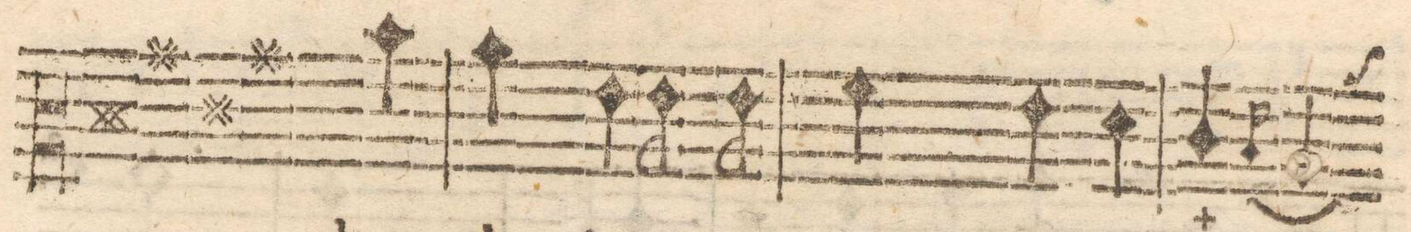


voir, daignez non pas pour groſſe
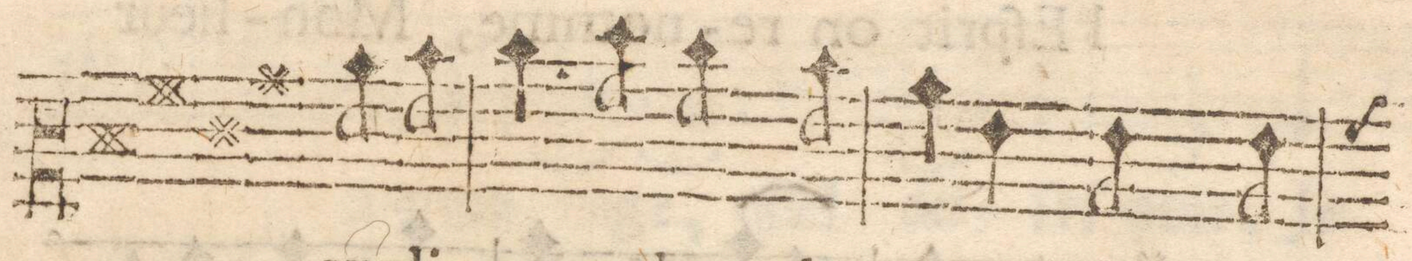


ſomme, m'en faire avoir, ſi vous en
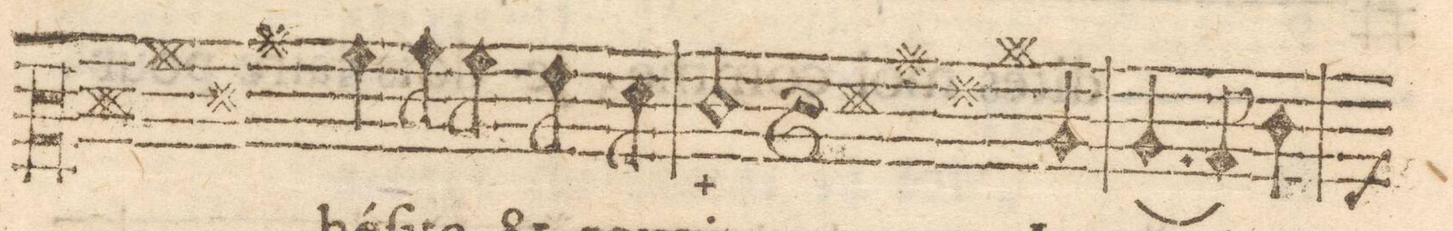


avez le pou-voir. Expliquez
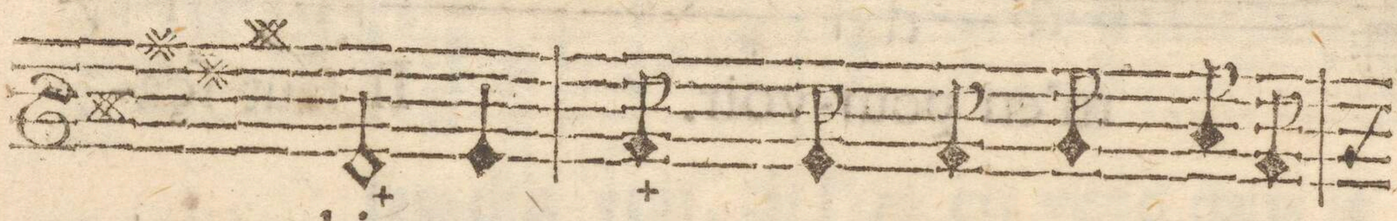


donc la choſe ex-cuſez moi ſi j'oſe,
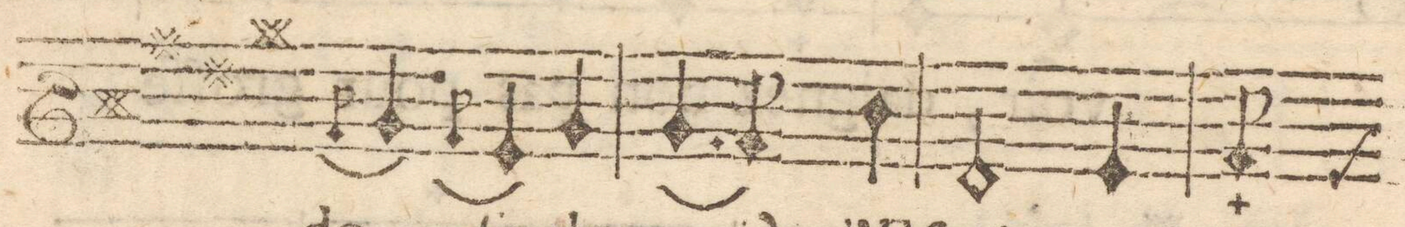


expli-quez donc la choſe c'eſt, elle



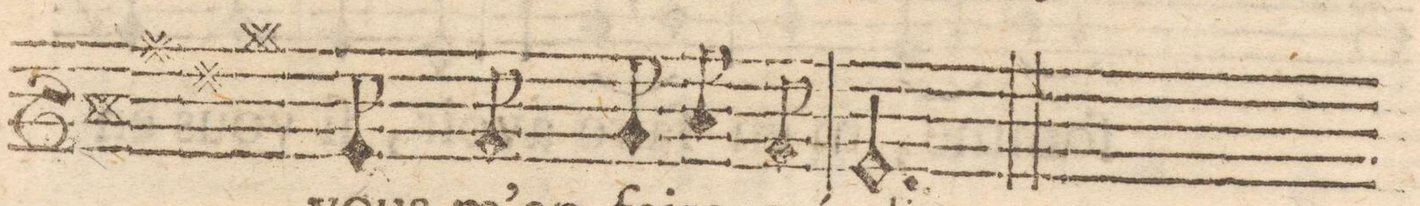
héſite & rougit. Je voudrois



bien que vous m'en donniez u-ne



do-le, de-quoi? d'Eſprit, vou-lez
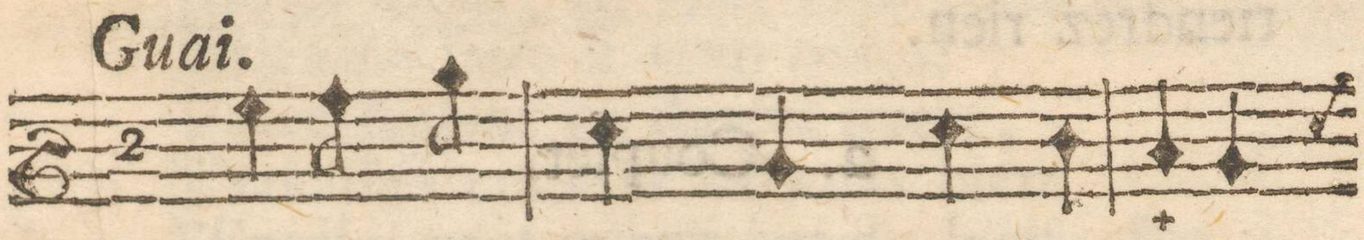


vous m'en faire cré-dit.

A C-
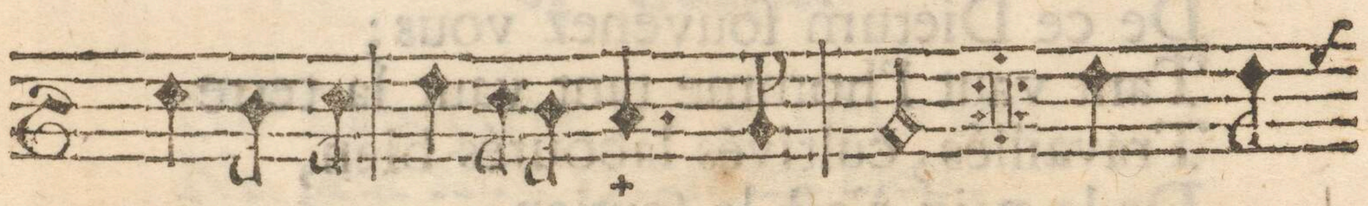
ACTE PREMIER.

PREMIER VAUDEVILLE.
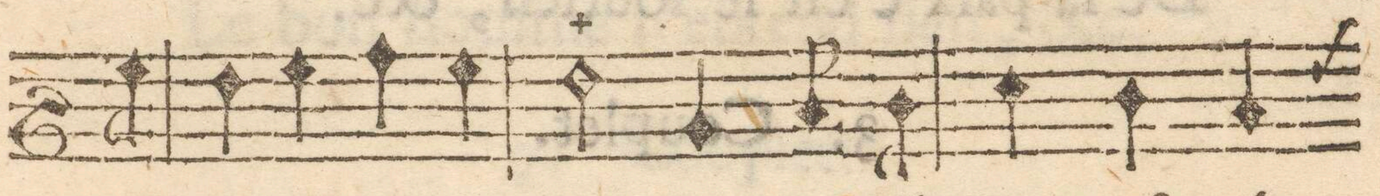
Guai.
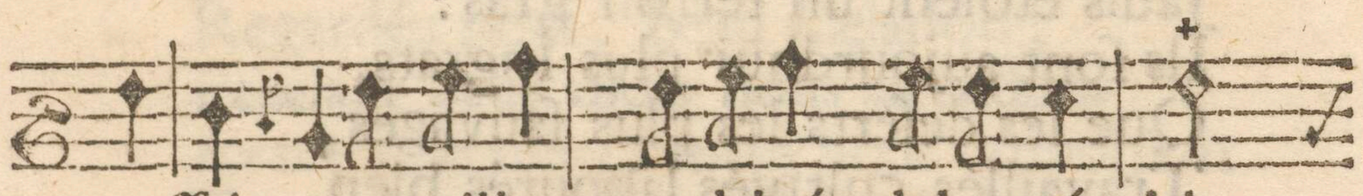


Voulez vous aux champs de Citherre,
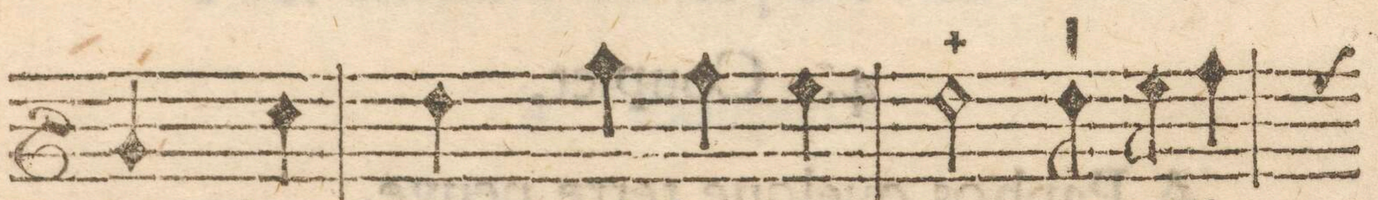


trouver u-ne ri-che moiſ-ſon, quoi-que
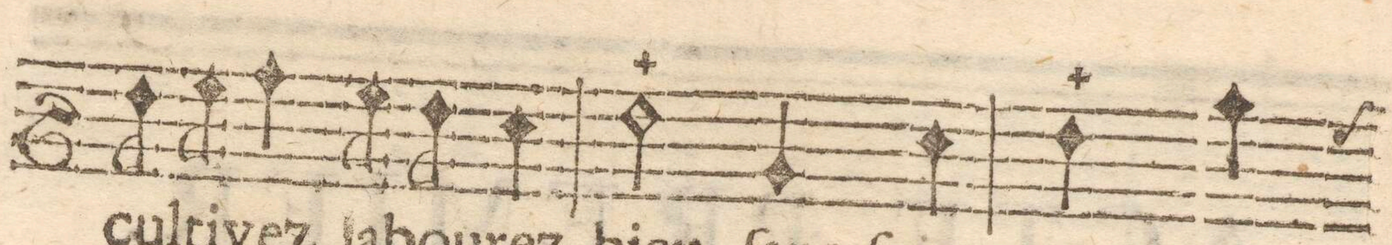


le terroir y ſoit bon, le travail vous eſt né-



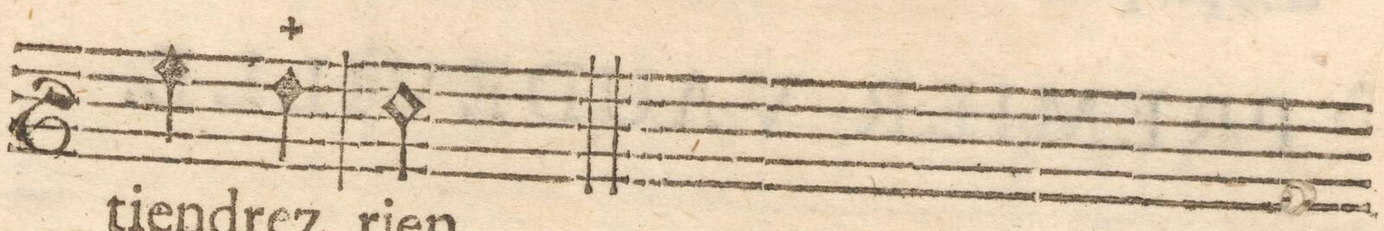
ceſſaire travailles, cultivés labourés bien,



ſans ſoins vous n'obtiendrez rien, travaillez



cultivez labourez bien, ſans ſoins vous n'ob-



tiendrez rien.

2. Couplet.

Avec vos Femmes point de Guerre.
Soyez bons, Meſſieurs les Epoux:
De ce Dietum ſouvenez vous;
Tant vaut l'homme tant vaut la terre
Travaillés, cultivés labourés bien,
De la paix c'eſt le ſoutien
Travaillés cultivés labourés bien,
De la paix c'eſt le ſoutien, &c.

3. Couplet.

Du Parnaſſe les beaux rivages,
Jadis étoient un terroir gras:
Ils ſont aujourdhui plus Ingrats,
Que les deſerts les plus ſauvages,
Travaillés cultivés labourés bien.
Tout cela ne produit rien? &c.

4. Couplet.

A Paphos quelque terre neuve.
Peut ſe trouver par-ci par-là;
Mais il faut que ce qui tomba:

Chez Danaé, ſouvent y pleuve,
Travaillés cultivés labourés bien,
Sans Argent vous n'aurés rien, &c.

5. Couplet.

Sur l'héritage de vos Peres;
Jeunes Gens, en vain vous comptés
Sans rien faire ſi vous reſtés!
Votre Argent ne durera guere,
Travaillés cultivés labourés bien:
l'Emploi vaut mieux que du bien, &c.

6. Couplet.

Un Laboureur ſur le vieux age;
Ne peut faire valoir un bien:
Tous les jours j'ai beau dire au mien,
Travaillés cultivés labourés bien:
Le bon homme n'entend rien, &c.

7. Couplet.

Vous que les peines de confortent,
Regardés nous, beau Celadon;
Pendant neuf mois nous attendons:
Avant que nos champs nous rapportent
Travaillés, cultivés labourés bien:
Pour attendre on ne perd rien:
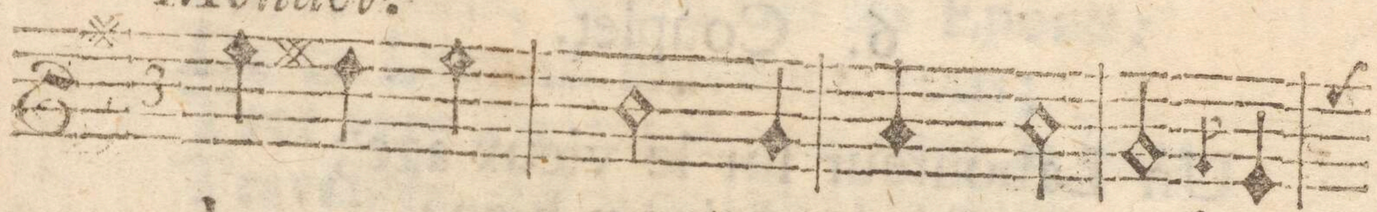
8. Couplet.

Pour moiſonner mes chers confreres,
Nous n'avons que très-peu de temps,
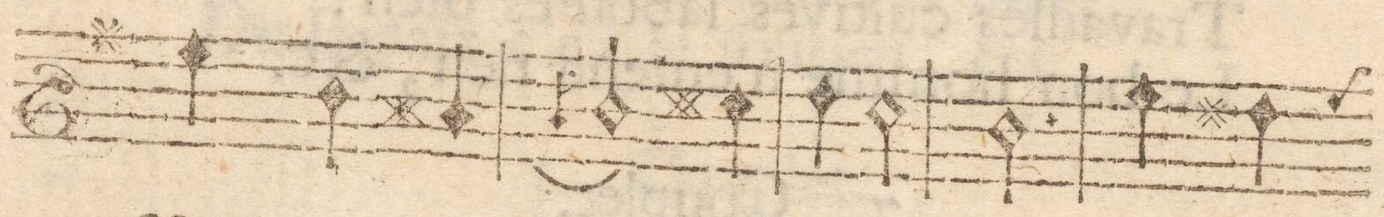
Mettons a profit cet inſtant :
Et rendons nous le ſalutaire,
Travaillés cultivés labourés bien,
Vous trouverés du ſoutien.
Travaillés cultivés, labourés bien ,
Vous trouverés du ſoutien.

DERNIER VAUDEVILLE.
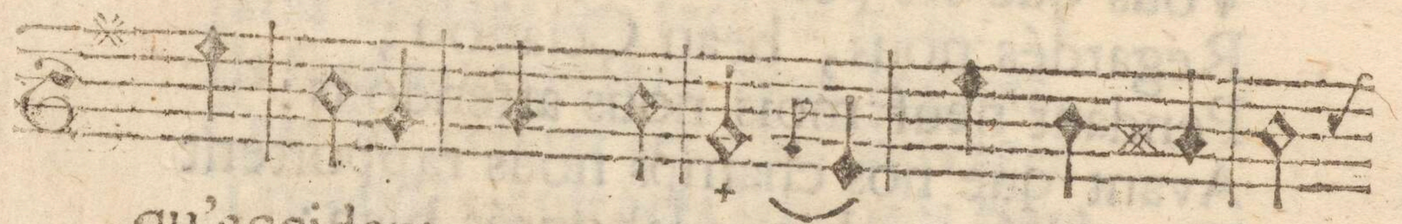
Menuet.



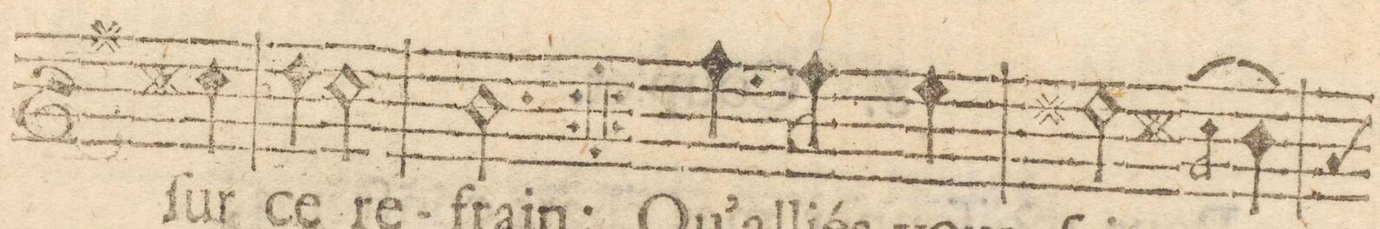
Jeunes gens dont l'ar-deur trop vi-ve



court en tous lieux ſans aucun frein ſi quel-
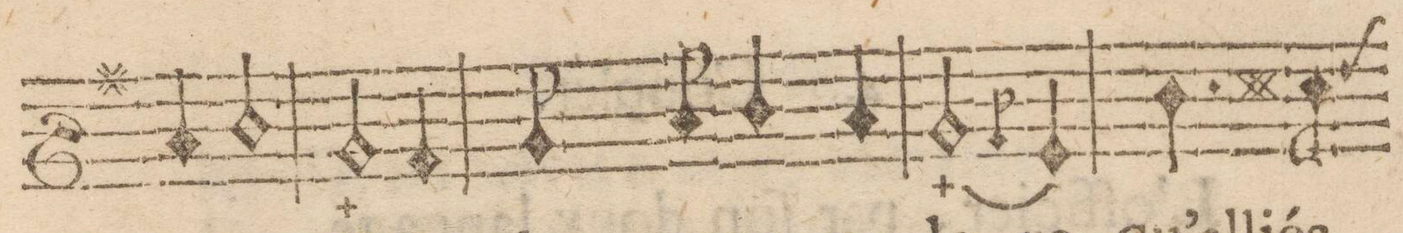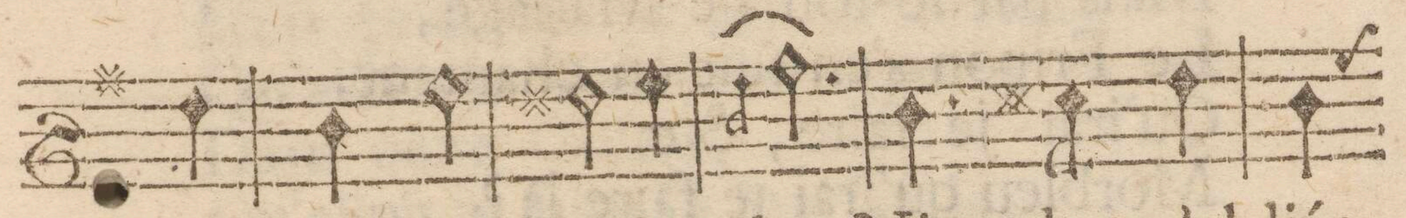


qu'accident vous ar - rive, l'on en ri - ra

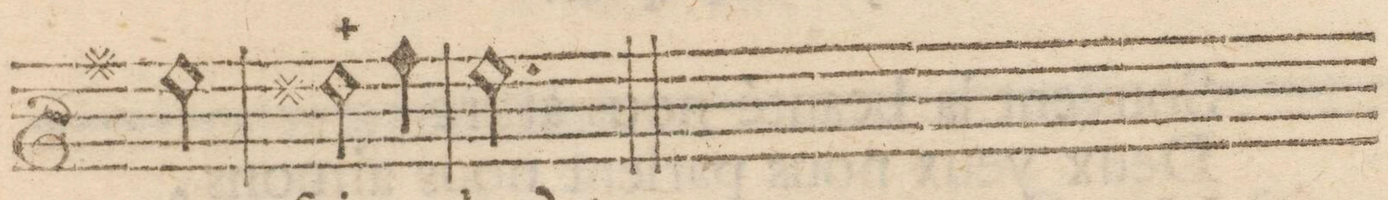


ſur ce re - frain; Qu'alliés vous fai - re

l'aire







2. Couplet.

Certain Mari s'exagenaire
Se ſentent attaqué par là
Fut porter ſa plainte a Cithere,
L'Amour lui repondit celà
Qu'allois tu faire, &c.
Dis moi qu'allois tu faire là ?

3. Couplet.

Craignés qu'Amour ne vous arrête;
Seul a ſeul avec un medor:
Six mois après un tête;
Ma grande ſœur chantoit encor,
Qu'allois tu faire, &c.
Hélas! qu'allois tu faire là?

4. Couplet.

L'officier, par ſon doux langage,
Nous ſollicite a chaque inſtant,
Mais par-le-ton de Mariage,
Le Fripon s'en fuit en chantant.
Qu'irai-je faire, &c.
Morbleu qu'irai je faire là?

5. Couplet.

Souvent la beauté nous attire
Deux yeux nous parlent nous aimons,
Mais bientôt un ſecret Martire
Fait que tout bas nous nous diſons;
Qu'allions nous faire, &c.
Morbleu qu'allions nous faire-là?

6. Couplet.

L'Amour dormoit ſur la fougere.
La jeune Iris le reveilla;
Ce Dieu s'en vangea de maniere
Que la Belle bientôt chanta,
Qu'allois je faire, &c.
Hélas! qu'allois je faire là?

7. Couplet.

Un jour j'apperçus Leonore,
Qui d'un bois, en tremblant ſortoit:
Ce qui lui fit peur je l'ignore;
Mais je l'entendis qui chantoit,
Qu'allois je faire, &c.
Hélas! qu'allois je faire là?

8. Couplet.

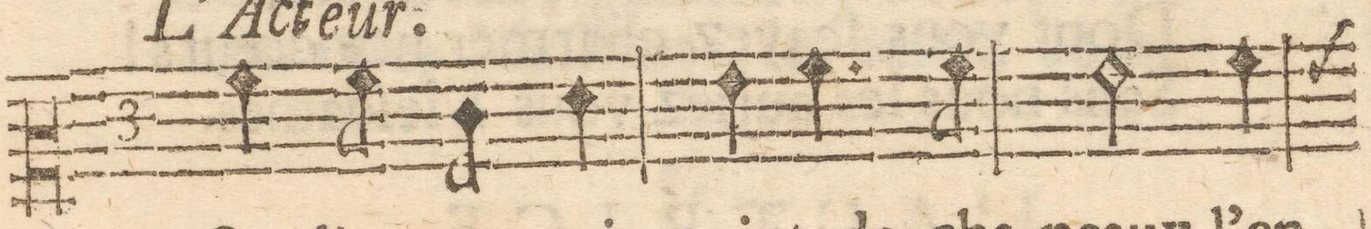
Meſſieurs juſqu'a cette ſemaine,
De nous on a paru content
Continués que chacun vienne,
Mais qu'aucun ne diſe en ſortant;
Qu'allois je faire l'aire, l'aire,
Dans cette Galere,
Qu'allois je faire O lon lan la,
Hélas! qu'allois je faire là?

FIN.
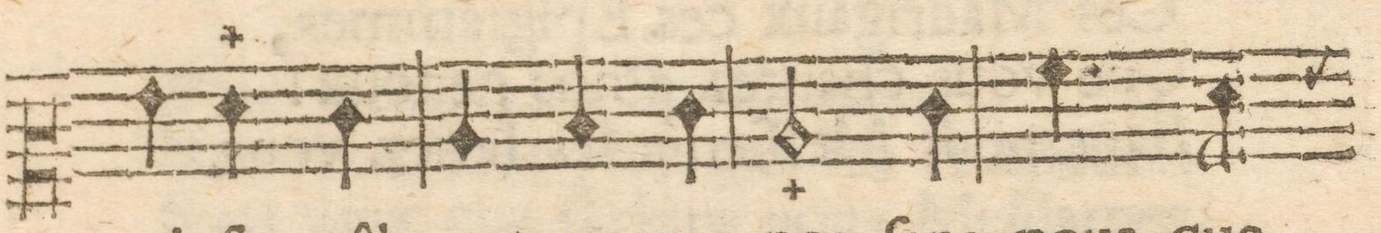
L'APOLOGIE, des deux Sexes, Vaudeville.

DIALOGUE, chanté ſur le Théatre de l'Opera Comique.

L'Acteur.
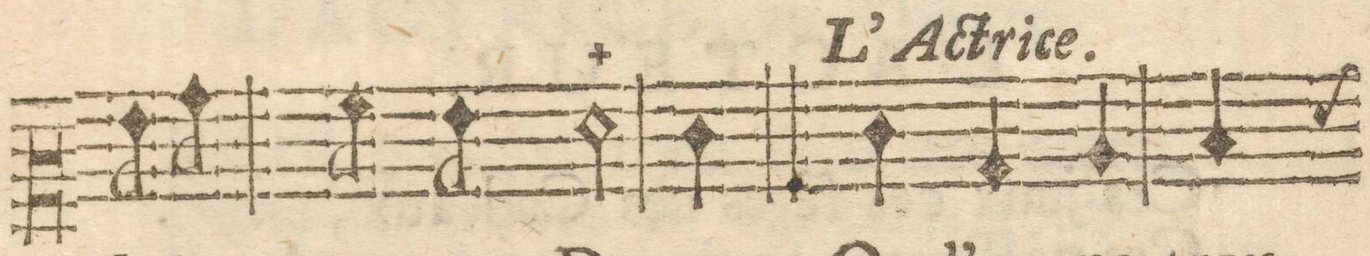


Ou l'on ne voit point de cha-peaux l'en-
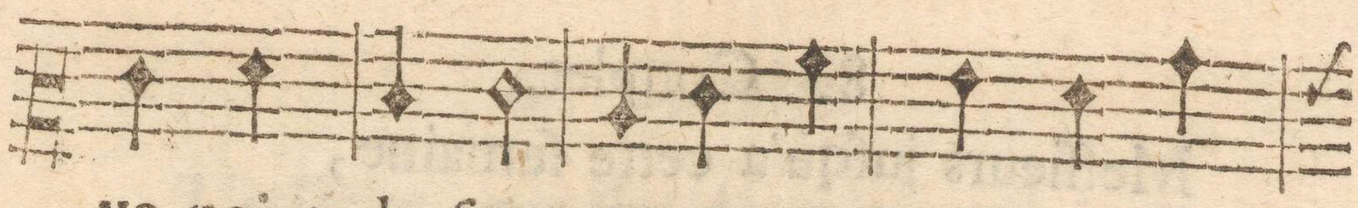


nui ſe mêle a tous pro-pos ſans nous que
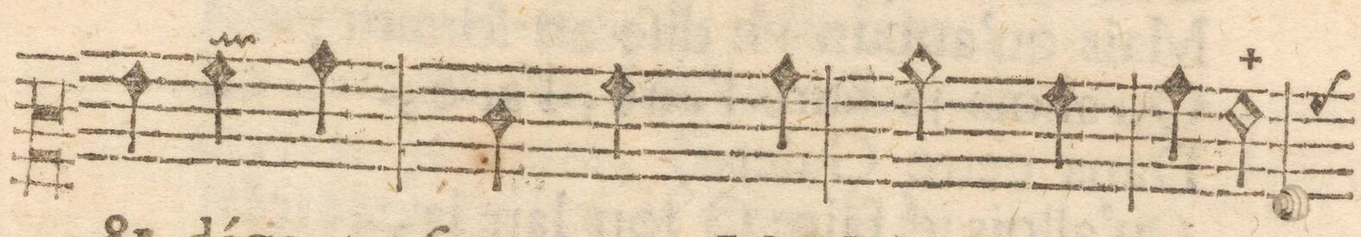
L'Actrice.



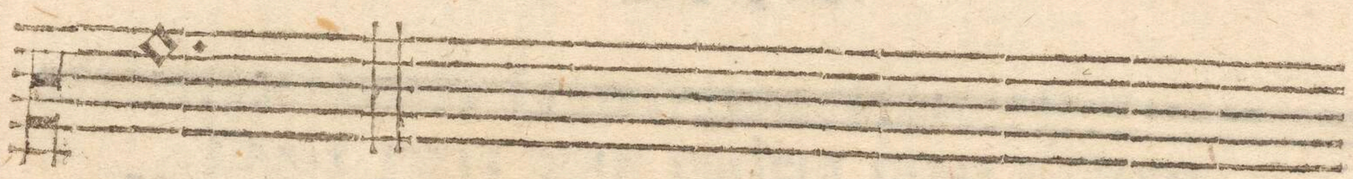
feriez vous mes Dames. Ou l'on ne trou-



ve point de femmes ce n'eſt que langueurs



& dégouts ſans nous Meſſieurs que feriez



vous.

2.

L'ACTEUR.

Cet Eſprit fin, ces mots flateurs,
Dont vous ſçavez charmer nos cœurs!
Sans nous les auriez vous Meſdames.

L'ACTRICE.

Ces Madrigaux ces Epigrammes,
Que vous chantez a nos genoux!
Sans nous Meſſieurs les feriez vous.

3.

L'ACTEUR.

Ces jeux ces fêtes ces Cadeaux,
Ces paſſetems toujours nouveaux!

Sans

Sans nous les auriez vous Meſdames.

L'ACTRICE.

Ce feu charmant ces vives flames.
Qui ſemblent vous raminer tous!
Sans nous Meſſieurs les auriez vous,

4.

L'ACTEUR.

Tant de peine que tous les jours,
Vous vous donnez pour vos attours!
Sans nous les auriez vous Meſdames,

L'ACTRICE.

Tant de ſoins pour toucher nos ames,
Ces airs polis, galants & doux,
Sans nous Meſſieurs, les auriez vous.

5.

L'ACTEUR, aux Loges.

Pour attirer des Spectateurs,
Vos yeux font plus que les Autheurs:
Sans vous que ferions nous Meſdames,
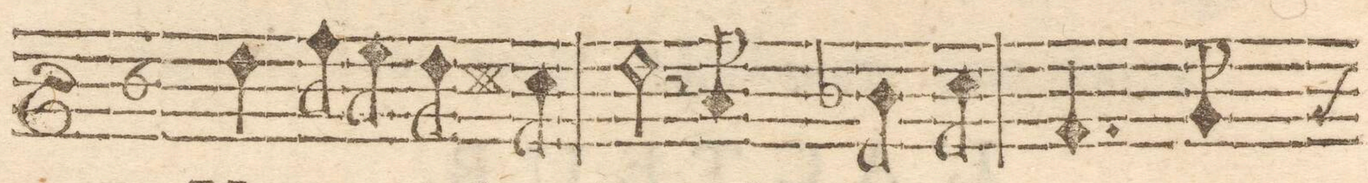
L'ACTRICE, au Théatre.

S'il eſt quelques traits dans nos ames,
Nous les tenons de vos bons goûts:
Sans vous Meſſieurs que ferions nous.
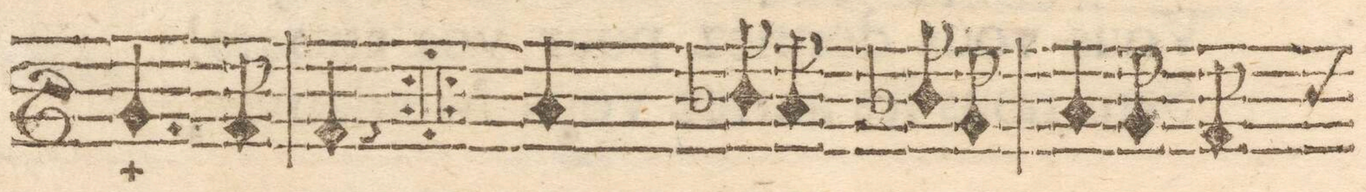
FIN.

VAUDEVILLE
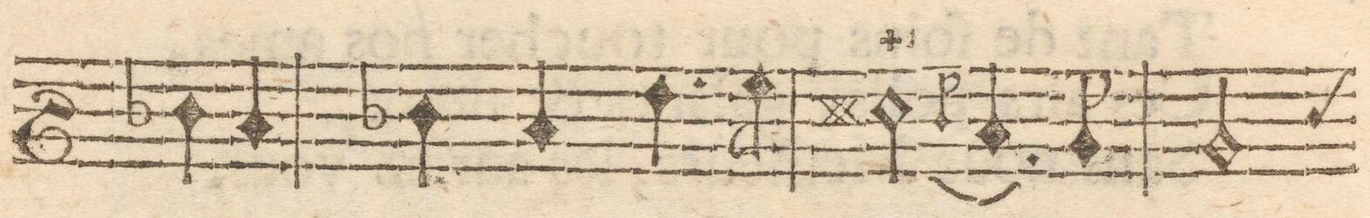
Des Recrues de l'Opera Comique.
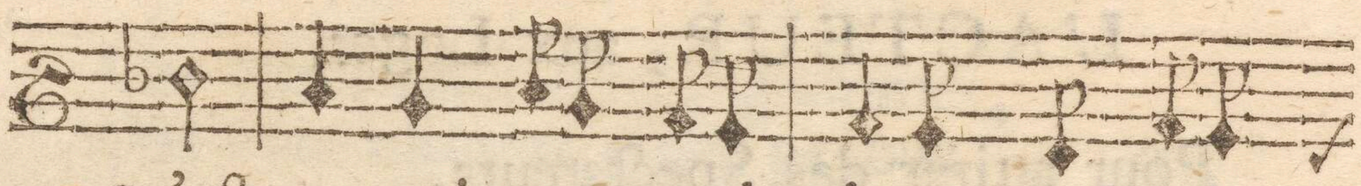


Un pe - tit rien eſt quelque fois no-



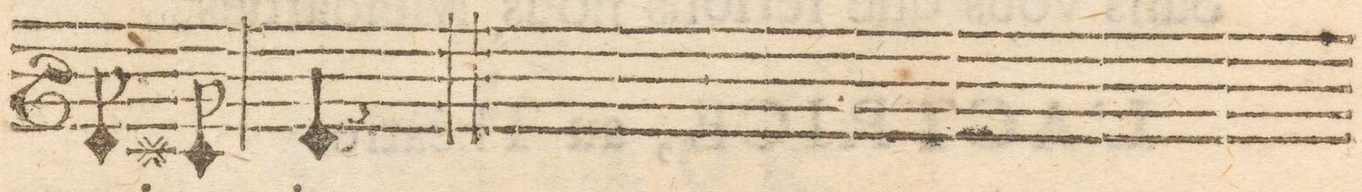
tre ſoutien. Quand on dé - bute, a



tous les traits, on eſt en bute, ſou-vent



qu'eſt ce qui nous cul - bute, un pe-



tit rien.

2. Couplet.

Un petit rien
De deux amans fait l'entretien:
Une fillette
S'amuſe d'une chanſonnette:
Il faut pour plaire en amourette
Un petit rien.

3. Couplet.

De petits riens
Bien ſot qui fait ſes entretiens:
C'eſt être buſe
En amour d'exercer ſa Muſe:
Croit on qu'une belle s'amuſe
De petits riens.

4. Couplet.

Un petit rien,
Produit le mal comme le bien
Dans le ménage,
Un rien éxcite du ravage,
Il faut pour appaiſer l'orage
Un petit rien.

5. Couplet.

Qu'un petit rien,
Eſt en amour un fort lien!
Mon cœur prefere
Souvent une ſimple bergere,
Qui n'a d'autres charmes pour plaire,
Qu'un petit rien.

6. Cou-

6. Couplet.

D'un petit rien,
L'Amour prepare ſon lien:
Ce petit drôle
D'un rien nous flate nous engeole
Et bien ſouvent l'honneur s'envole
D'un petit rien.

7. Couplet.

Un petit rien,
Souvent produit beaucoup le bien.
Dans la finance.
Comis, un Zero vous avance;
D'ou n'ait votre promte opulence,
D'un petit rien.
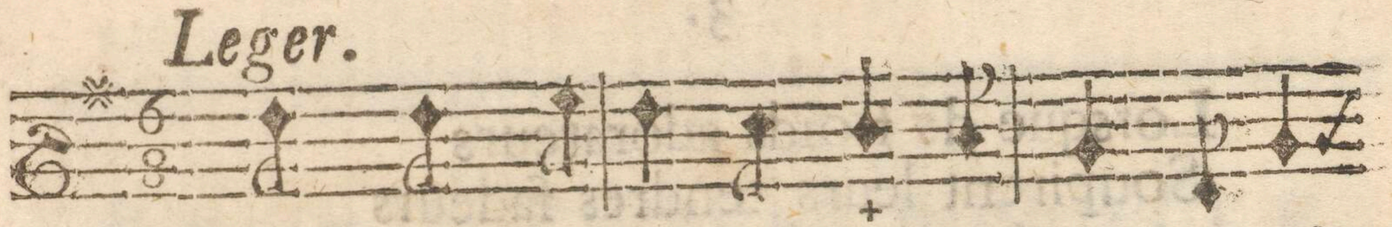
8. Couplet.

De petits riens
Font les ſuccès Italiens.
Notre comique
Se prend dans la même boutique:
Exemples de votre critique
Nos petits riens.
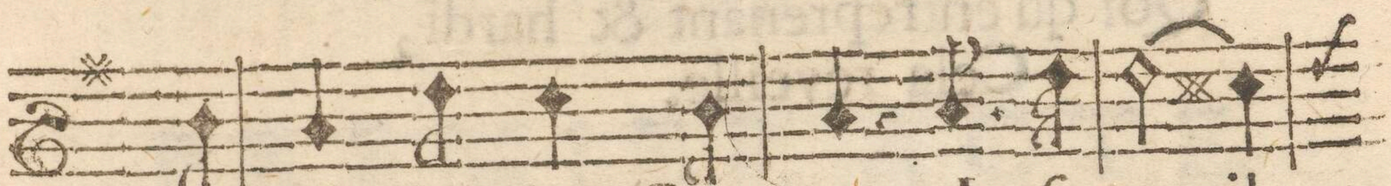
FIN.

PREMIER VAUDEVILLE
DU
PREMIER ACTE.
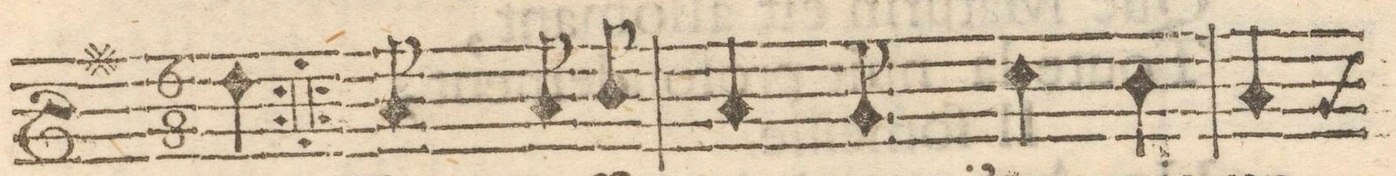
Leger.
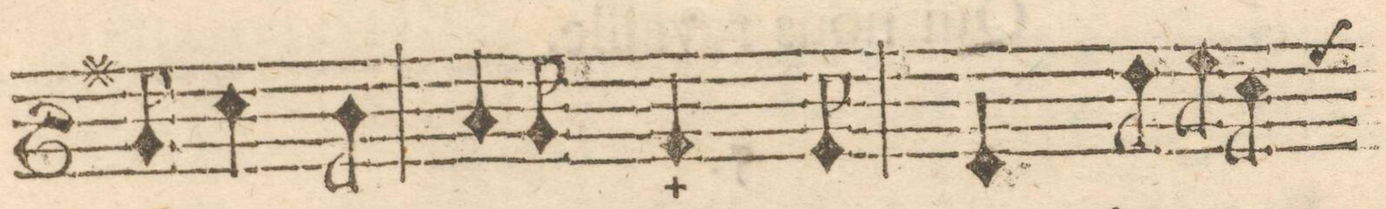


Quand ma Me-re dans ſes le-çons, me dit
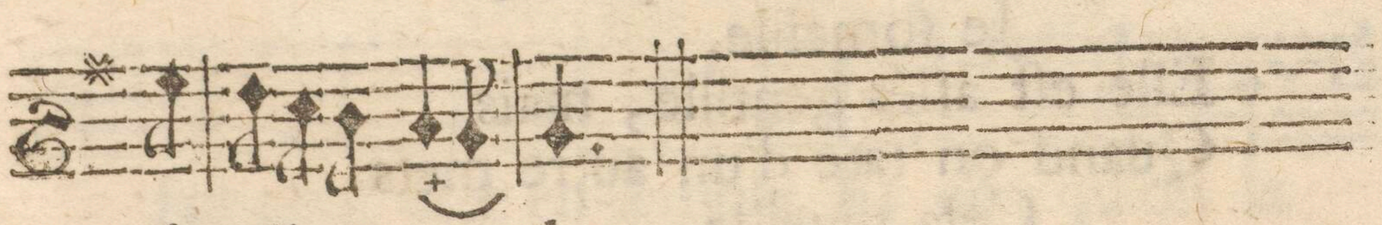


qu'il faut fuir les Gar-çons, Je ſo-meil



le. Tout auſſi-tot que j'en vois un,



Je ſens un trouble peu com-mun, je me



ré-veil - - - - le.

2.

Lors qu'au bois je fille mon lin,
Souvent a côté de Colin
Je ſommeille.
Il me fait niche en ces inſtants
Et toujours quand il n'eſt plus tems
Je me reveille.

3.

Lorsque de froids adorateurs
Soupirent leurs tendres fadeurs
Je ſomeille.
J'aime mieux un jeune étourdi
Qoi qu'entreprenant & hardi,
Cela reveille.

4.

Que Maturin eſt aſſomant,
Toute la nuit profondement,
Il ſomeille.
Un Amant qui devient Epoux
Perd cet empreſſement ſi doux
Qui nous reveille.

5.

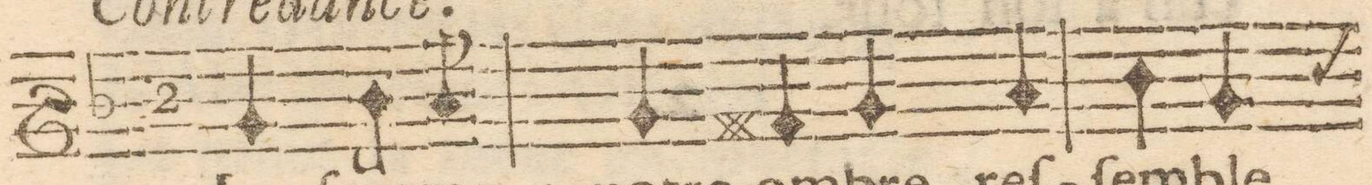
Matureine a beau m'agacer
Me careſſer & me pincer
Je ſomeille.
Elle eſt aſſés gentille, mais
Quand on tate d'un autre mets
Cela réveille.

6.
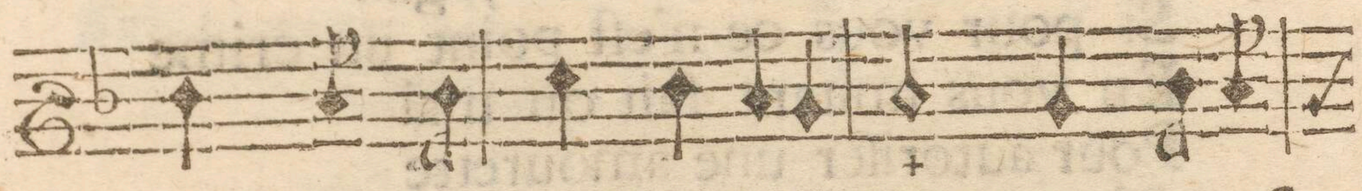
Avant l'age de nos beaux jours,
Sans ſoins ſans ſoucis des Amours
Je ſomeille:
Toute la nuit paſſé quinze ans
On a certains objets préſents
On ſe réveille.

DEUXIEME VAUDEVILLE DU PREMIER ACTE.
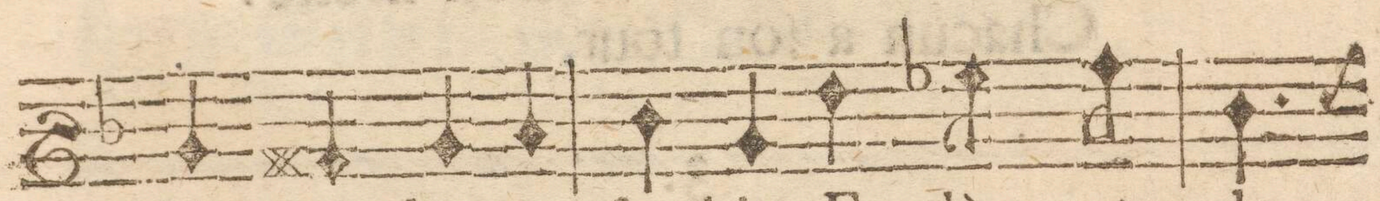
Contredance.



La femme a notre ombre reſ-ſemble
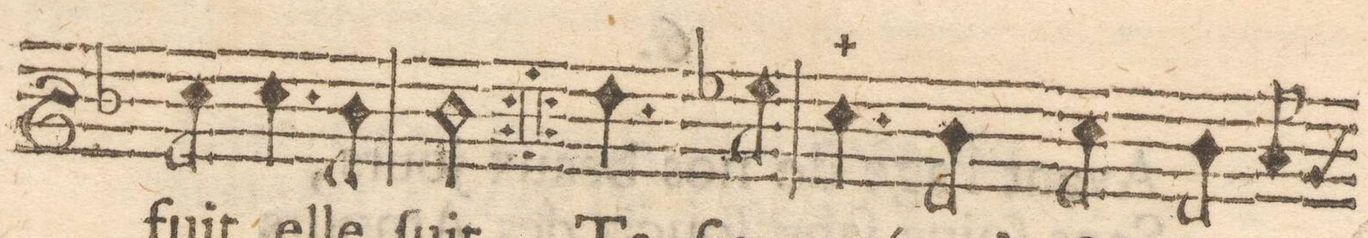


dès qu'on la pourſuit elle fuit, mais on eſt
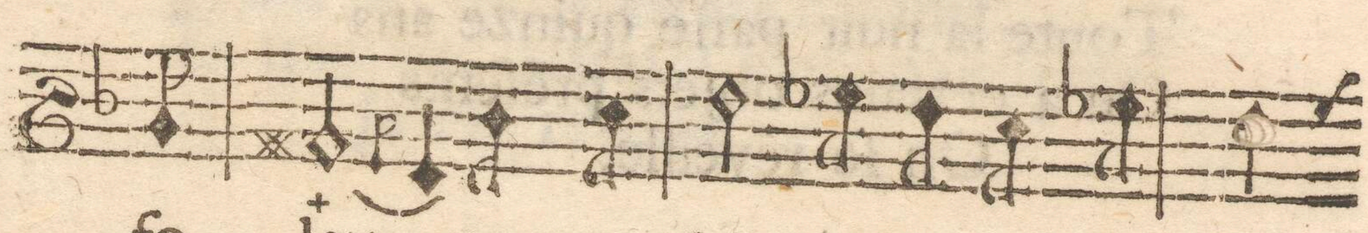


fait pour être en-ſemble. Et dès qu'on la
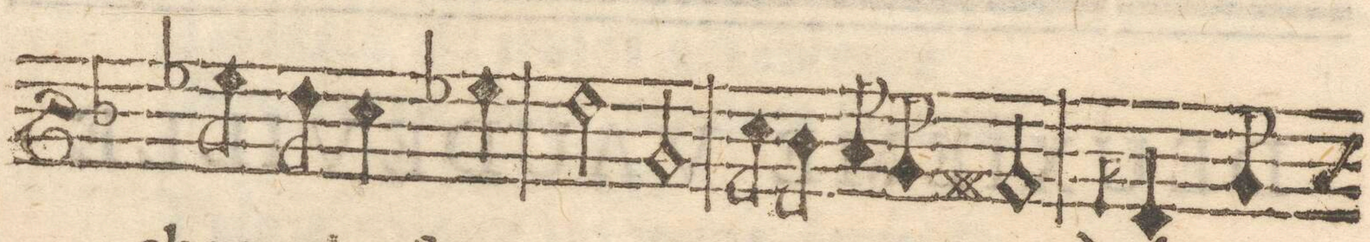
fuit
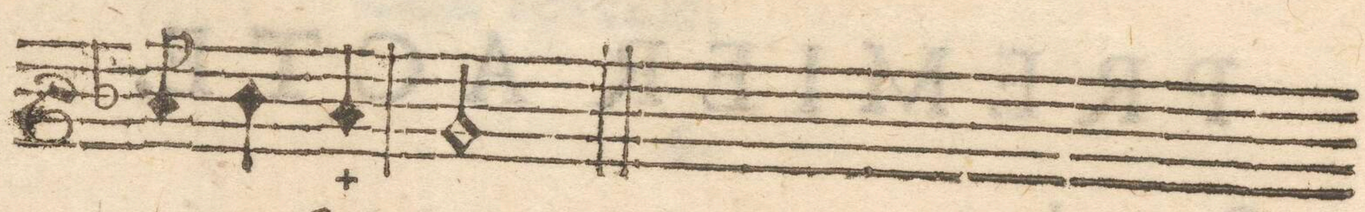


fuit elle ſuit. Ta fier - té m'a fait languir



fo - lette tu me fais a préſent la cour



chacun a ſon tour li-ron li - ret- te, cha-



cun a ſon tour.

2.

Epoux quelle eſt votre maxime
En fauſſant l'Amour conjugal!
Si pour vous ce n'eſt point un crime
En vous imitant fait on mal
Pour autoriſer une amourette
Ne peut on vous chanter un jour!
Chacun a ſon tour liron lirette:
Chacun a ſon tour.

3.

Pourquoi me grondés vous ma mere

Si

BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH

Si l'Amour m'impoſe des loix :
Hélas permettés moi de plaire
Comme vous fites autrefois,
Votre tems n'eſt plus je ſuis jeunette
Mon cœur s'ouvre aux traits de l'Amour,
Chacun, &c.

4.

Qu'elle eſt ſotte ma ſœur ainée,
A quinze ans elle n'aime pas
Pour ſubir le joug d'Himenée
Sur elle que n'ai-je le pas,
Quoique de cinq ans je ſois cadette
J'aime un jeune Amant fait autour
Et j'aurai, &c.

5.

Chés Dorimene ſans obſtacle
L'Abé precéde l'Officier
Le robin la mene au ſpectacle,
Le ſoir eſt pour le financier
A tous ſes Amans une Coquette
Sait partager ainſi le jour
Chacun, &c.

6.

Lucas ſoupiroit pour Colette,
Sans être payé de retour,
Il la ſuit aux champs il la guette,
Et la ſurprend dans un détour,
Vainement les cris de l'indiſcrette

Frape les rochers d'alentour
Chacun, &c.

7.

Fille qui cede à la fleurette
Se trouve ſotte & ne dit mot
Mais qu'une femme ſoit coquette
C'eſt l'Epoux qui ſe trouve ſot,
Un garçon attrape une fillette
L'Himen le punit quelque jour
Chacun, &c.

8.

Pour en conter a ſa voiſine
Damon s'eſquive le matin,
Sa femme qui n'eſt pas moins fine
Chés elle introduit le voiſin,
Qu'il eſt doux en écoutant fleurette
D'unir la vengeance & l'Amour,
Chacun, &c.

9.

Un Traitant que la ferme engraiſſe
Eſt dégraiſſé par ſa Lays;
Un Gascon plume la Déeſſe,
Le jeu la vange du Couſis
Des émoluments de la baſſette
Themis enfin s'empare un jour
Chacun, &c.

10.

Un Auteur dit que la jeuneſſe,
En fait de miſtere amoureux
En ſait autant que la vielleſſe
Et l'execute beaucoup mieux:
Maman cédés a votre filette
Quand vous venés ſur le retour
Chacun, &c.

11.

Tant que Margot fut au village
Un ſeul Amant combla ſes vœux,
L'air de Paris la rend volage
Elle en quitte un, elle en prend deux
Par degré elle devient coquette
Aujourd'hui qu'elle eſt a la cour
Chacun, &c.

12.

MATURIN.

J'us un enfant avant ma noce
Ma femme élevons le cheux nous,

MATURINE.

Moi j'us de même un fruit precoce,
Faiſons le venir, cher Epoux;

MATURIN.

Que viens-je d'aprendre ! ah quelle aigrette.

MATURINE.

Je t'en fais l'aveu ſans detour
Chacun, &c.

13.

De tous plaiſirs je fais uſage
Mais aucun ne me fait la loi
A la beauté je rend hommage
Et chaque belle a droit ſur moi
Je courtiſe Iris, Fanchon, Liſette,
Et Bachus ſuccede a l'Amour
Chacun a ſon, &c.
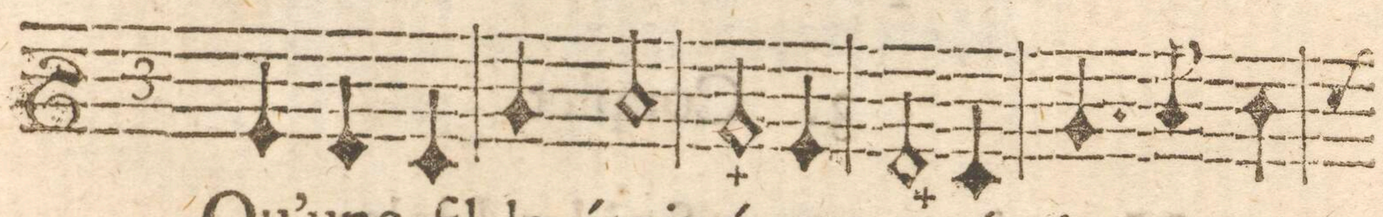
14.

Tout dans le monde ſe ſuccede
Ce gros commis ſe croit un roi,
Mais un revers ſurvient il cede
Et ſon laquais à ſon emploi,
Ce dernier au gré d'une Coquette
Se verra revoquer un jour,
Chacun, &c.
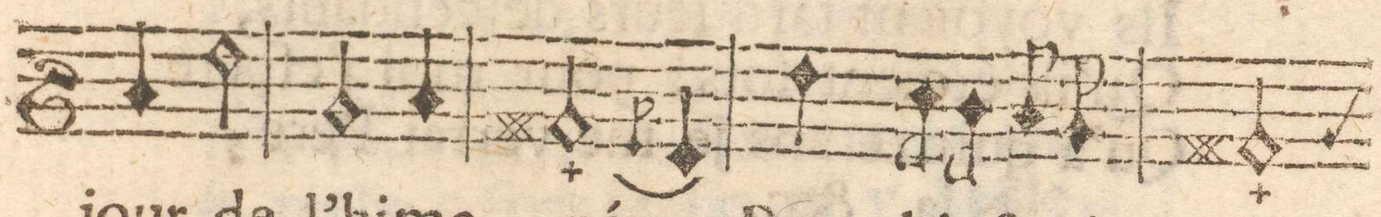
VAUDEVILLE

DU
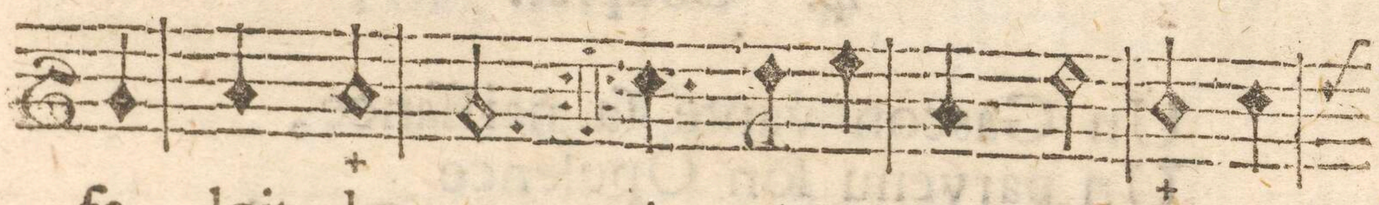
DEUXIEME ACTE.



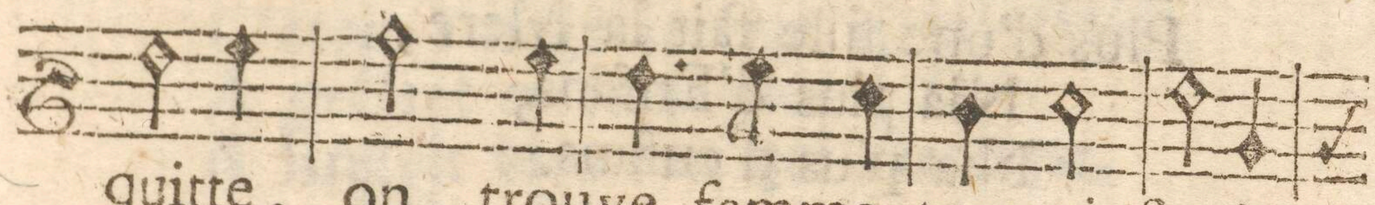
Qu'une fil-le étoit éton - née le premier
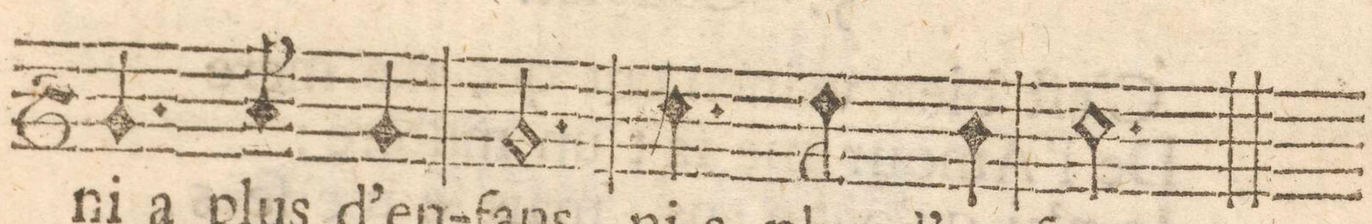


jour de l'hime - née. Pour l'inſtrui - re il



fa - loit du tems. A préſent de peine on eſt



quitte, on trouve femme toute inſtruite



ni a plus d'en-fans, ni a plus d'en-fans.

2. Couplet.

A trente ans jadis une fille
Songeoit a ſe mettre en famille,
Ah! combien on perdoit de tems
On en fait un meilleur uſage,
Des douze ans on entre en menage,
Nia plus d'enfans,
Nia plus d'enfans.

3. Couplet.

Nos vieux ayeux froides Idoles,
A vingt ans alloient aux écoles,
Ils voyoient tard leurs deſcendants,
Qu'ils étoient ſots! pour moi j'eſpere
Qu'à quinze ans je me verrai Pere,
Nia, &c.

4. Couplet.

Un Gascon vante ſa naiſſance,
Un parvenu ſon Opulence
Chacun ſe met au rang des Grands,
Le Breteur fait l'homme de Guerre,
Plus d'une fille fait la Mere,
Nia plus d'Enfans,
Nia plus d'enfans.

5. Couplet.

C'eſt bien vainement que ma mere
De l'Amour me fait un miſtere:
Je n'ai qu'onze ans, mais je me ſens,
Et quand mon petit cœur ſoupire

J'en-

J'entens bien ce qu'il me veut dire,
Nia plus d'enfans,
Nia plus d'enfans.

6. Couplet.

Du tems que vivoit mon grand Pere
Dans l'excès on ne donnoit guerre
On étoit jeune a cinquante ans:
A preſent dès l'adoleſcence
Hélas! la vielleſſe commence,
Nia, &c.

7. Couplet.

Avant de ſavoir l'art profane,
Qu'au Palais on nomme chicane,
Un Procureur paſſoit trente ans
A preſent fort jeune on y brille,
Le moindre petit Clerc vous pille,
Nia, &c.

8. Couplet.

Aimer ſans perdre l'innocence,
Secher dans la perſeverence,
C'étoit l'uſage au bon vieux tems;
A préſent on n'eſt plus ſi dupe
A languir bien fou qui s'occupe,
Nia, &c.
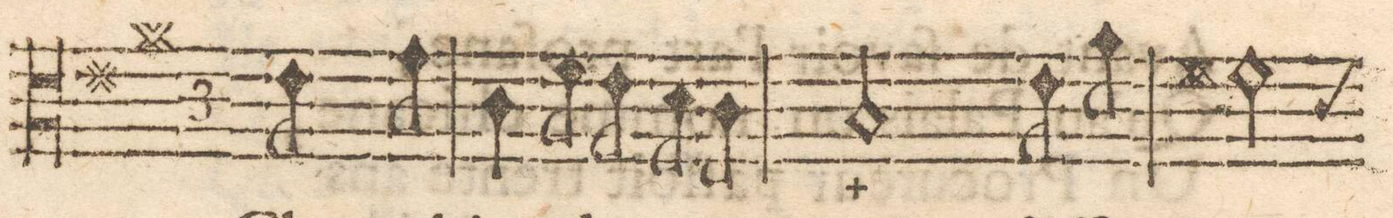
9. Couplet.

Jadis l'ignorante jeuneſſe
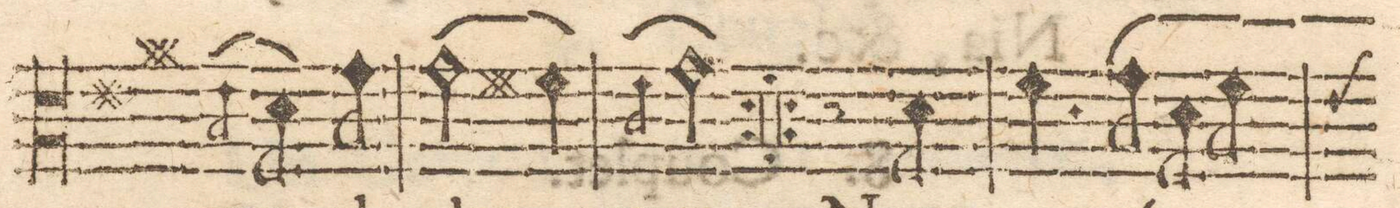
N'osoit décider d'une Piéce,
C'étoit l'emploi des vieux savans,
Aujourd'hui le gout prévient l'age
Chacun peut juger d'un Ouvrage,
Nia plus d'enfans,
Nia plus d'enfants.

AIR.

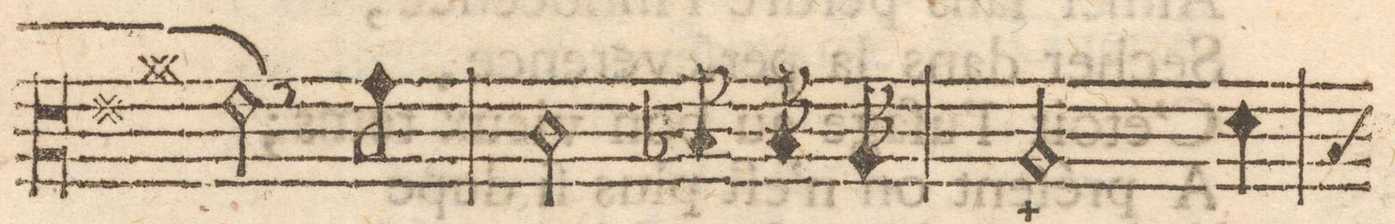
Détaché des Recrues Chanté par Mr. VARQUIN.



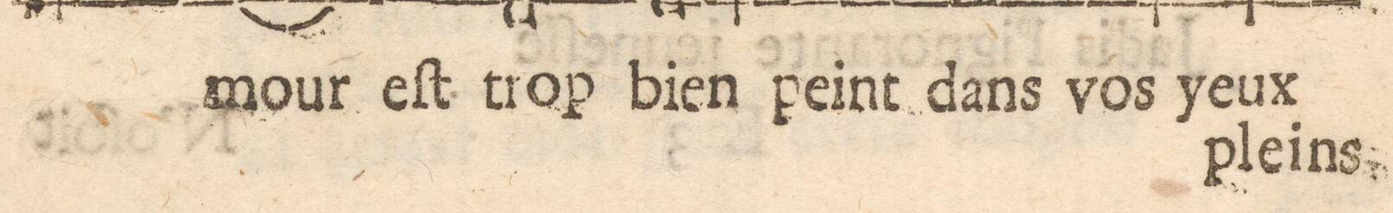
Cher objet de mes vœux, dissi - pés



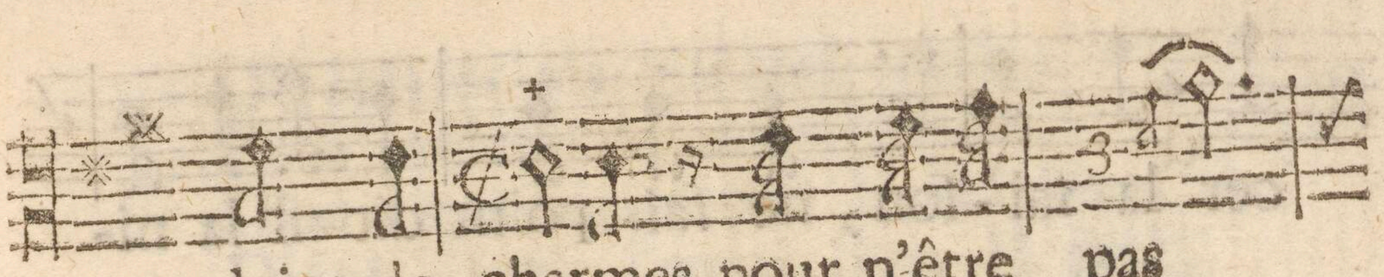
mes al - lar - mes; Nom - més - -
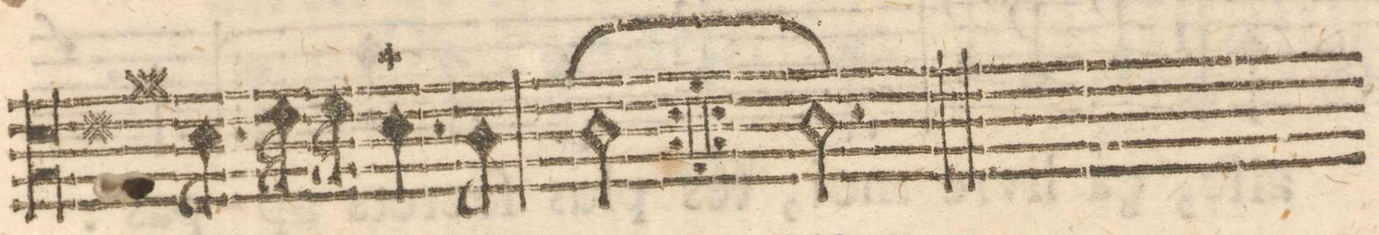


- - Nom - més votre vain - queur, l'A-



mour est trop bien peint dans vos yeux pleins.
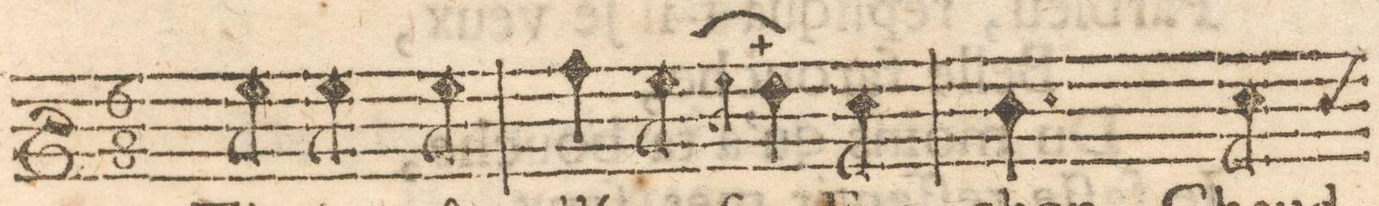


pleins de charmes pour n'être pas
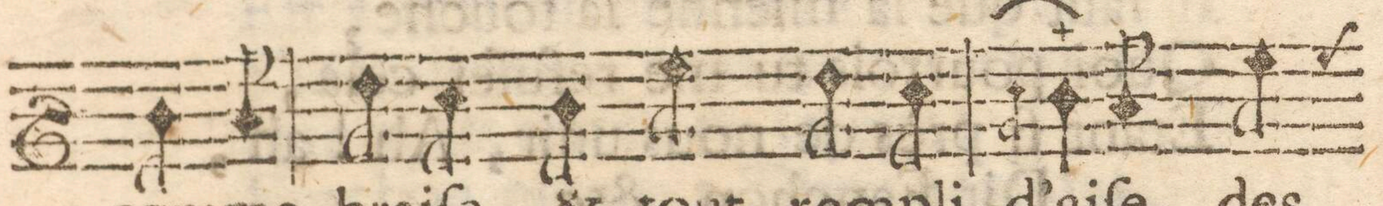


dans votre cœur, cœur.

LE FINANCE.
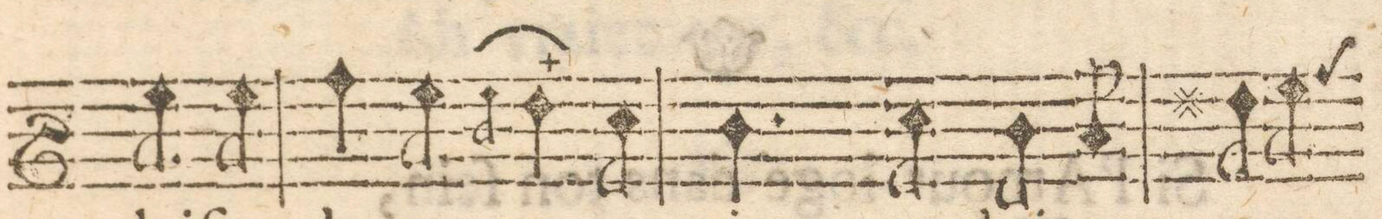
Nouvelle Parodie des Pierrots.
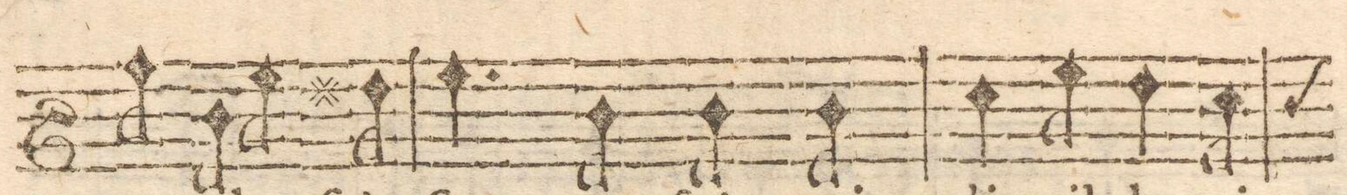


Tircis prêt d'épouser Fan-chon, Chaud
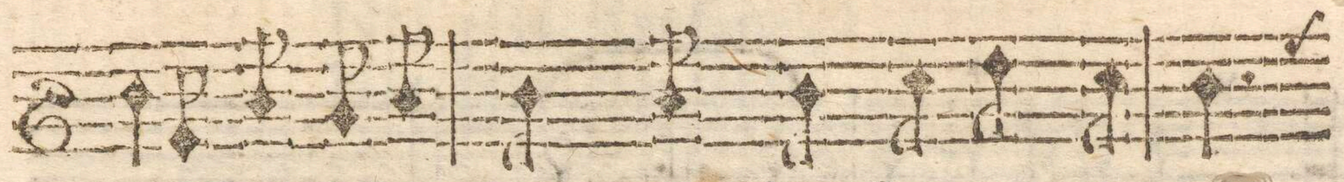


comme braise, & tout rempli d'aise, des



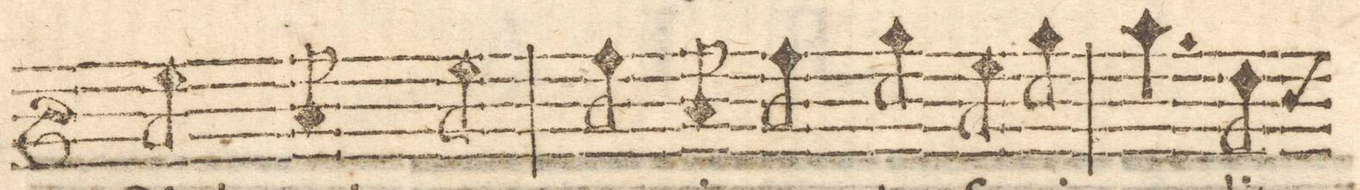
plaisirs de cet-te u-nion, vouloit a-van-
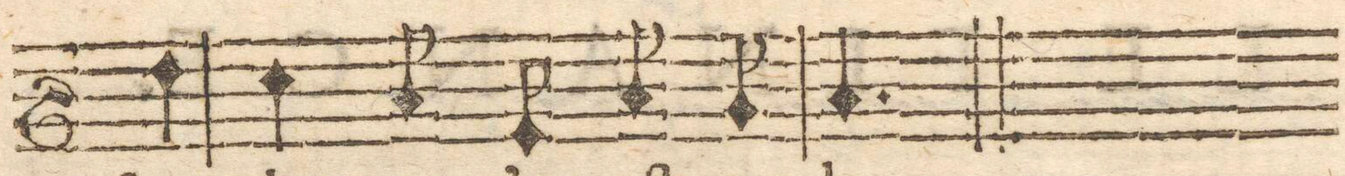


cer la ſai-ſon, ne fais point dit-il la ni-



aiſe, ça livre moi, tes plus ſecrets ap-pas:



Oh! vraiement non je ne le ferai pas dit



fan-chon tu n'en eſt pas la.

Parbleu, repliqua-t-il je veux,
Belle farouche,
Du moins qu'a ta bouche,
Je faſſe reſſentir mes feux,
Par mille baiſers amoureux:
Il faut que la mienne la touche,
Quoi pourrois tu me refuſer cela,
Etant ſi près de nous unir, Ah! ah,
Dit Fanchon, &c.

Si l'Amour loge dans ton ſein,
Eh! que je mette
Sous ta colerette,

Un inſtant ma brulante main,
Pour prélude de notre hymen,
D'ou viens fais tu tant la diſcrete
Diſoit Tircis; j'aurois bien dû déjà,
Avoir de toi d'autres faveurs, Ah! ah,
Dit Fanchon, &c.
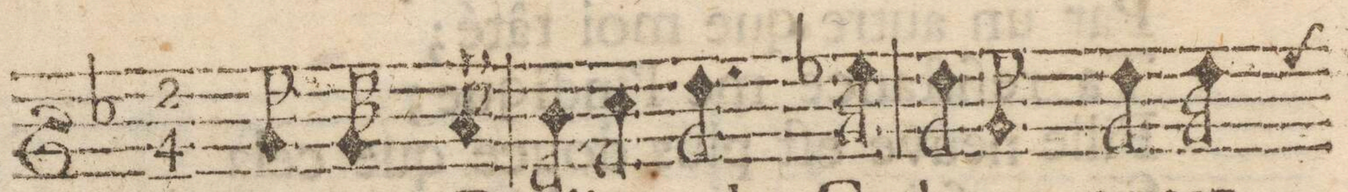
Tircis fut alors irrité,
Et lui replique
Oh, oh, politique,
Ton ſein aura peut être été,
Par un autre que moi tâté;
Ta reſiſtance me l'indique;
Fille neuve eſt plus douce que cela
Sur ce ſujet je veux m'inſtruire, Ah! ah,
Dit Fanchon, &c.

De plus en plus étant jaloux,
Il dit je gage
Que ton Pucelage
Eſt à preſent bien loin de nous,
S'il étoit vrai, dans mon courroux
Que je te ferois de tapage!
Fanchon piquée a Tircis repliqua,
Plus fin que toi ne voit goûte a cela
Ah vraiement, &c.
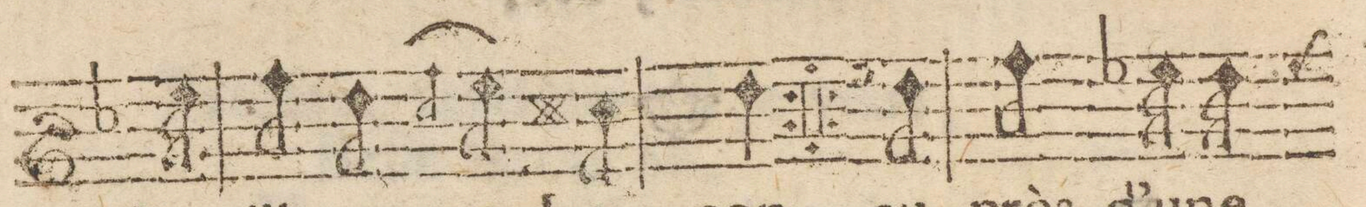
Un Amant revient à l'inſtant

De ſa colere:
L'objet qui ſçait plaire
Le voit bientôt très repentant,
Demander pardon tendrement
Auſſi Tircis de ſa bergére
Baiſant la main, humblement s'excuſa,
Voulant encor pouſſer plus loin, Ah! ah,
S'écria Fanchon, alte là.
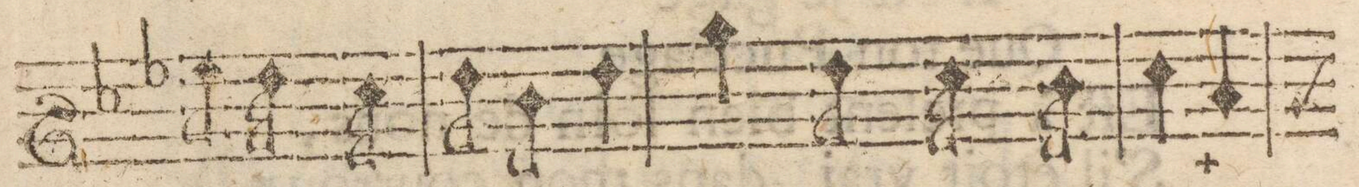
Le Precepteur d'Amour.



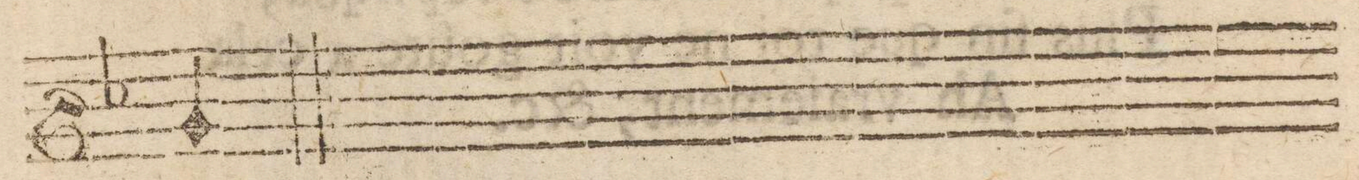
Tendres Ecoliers de Cythere pretez



l'oreille a ma Le - çon, au près d'une



jeune ber - gere, le tout eſt de prendre le



ton.

Dites lui faut il que j'expire,
De voire cœur faites moi don,

Sou-
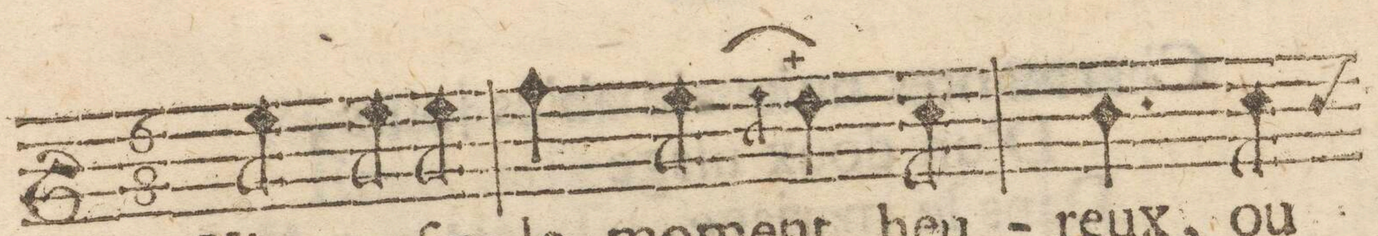
Soulagez mon tendre martire
Le tout, &c.
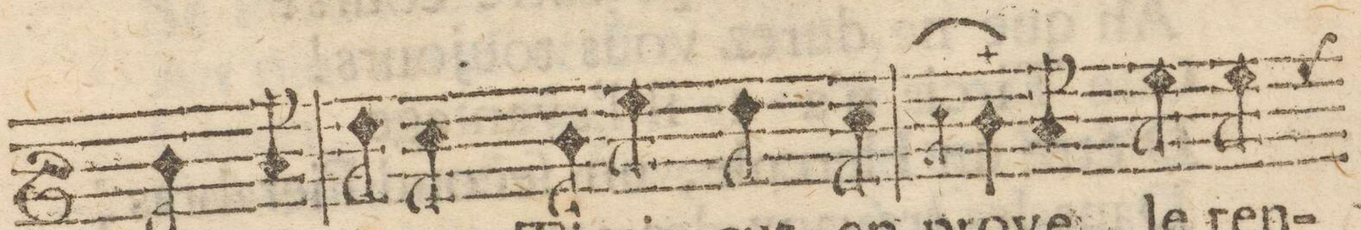
Si la belle fait la ſevere,
Prenez un air badin fripon,
Feignez quelle vous déſeſpere,
Le tout, &c.
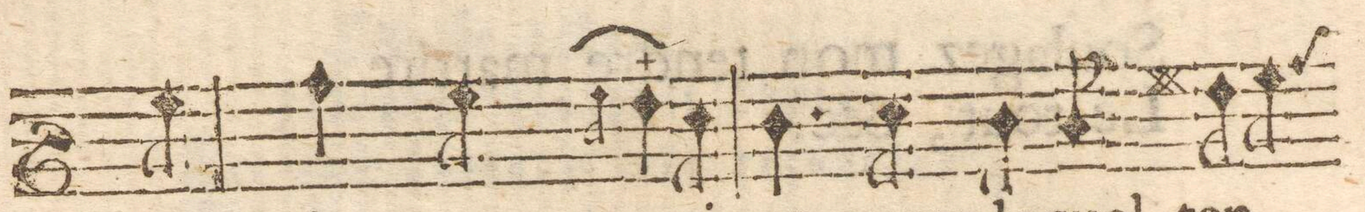
Quand vous verrez molir la belle,
Gardez vous de faire l'Oiſon,
L'heure du berger vous appelle,
Le tout, &c.

LE MARIE.
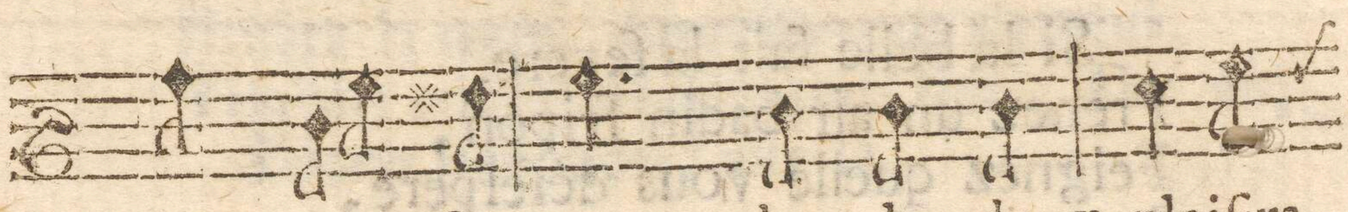
Nouvelle Parodie des Pierrots.
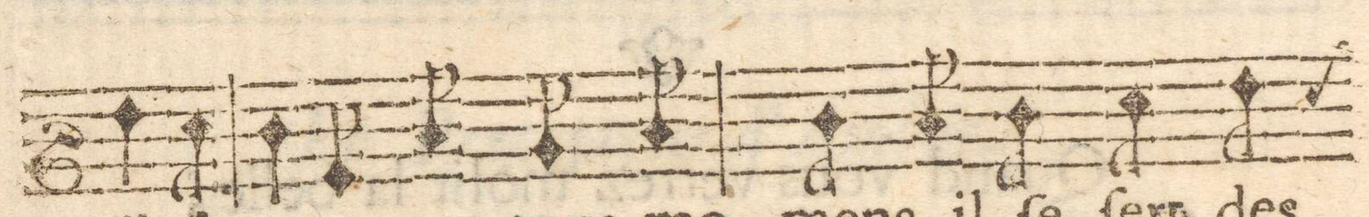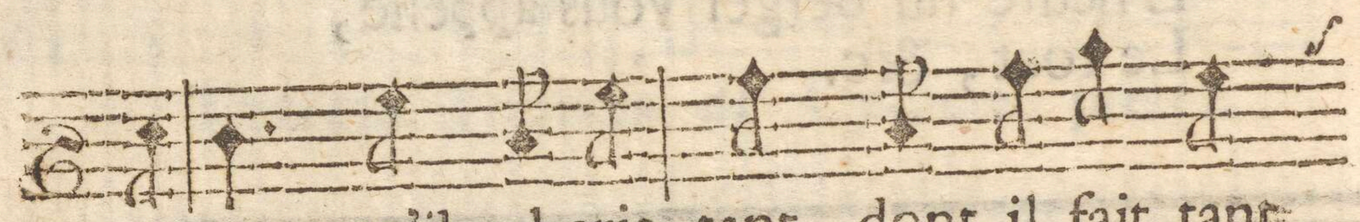






dron charmant gracieux, vers lequel ten-



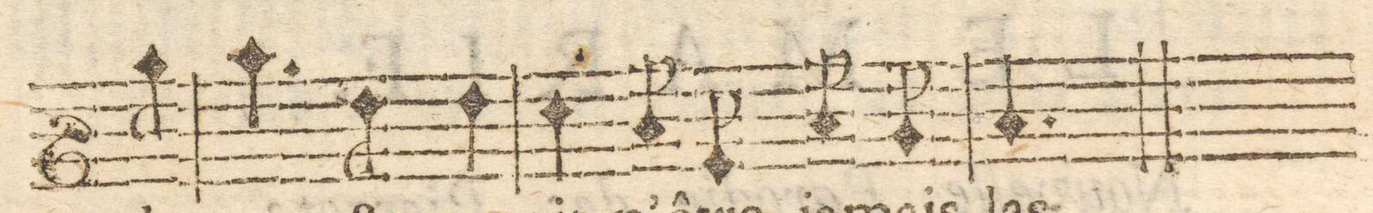
doient tous ſes vœux, dans les doux plaiſirs



il ſe noye, a tous mo-mens il ſe ſert des



ap-pas, qu'il cherit tant, dont il fait tant



de cas, & paroit n'être jamais las.

Charmantes nuits aimables jours,
D'un doux uſage
Dans le mariage,
Quel ſort interrompt votre cours?
Ah que ne durez vous toujours!
Que Tircis n'a-t-il l'avantage
D'être un Hercule, un ſecond Fierabras,
Dans les travaux des amoureux combats,
Enfin pourquoi devient il las!

Sur-
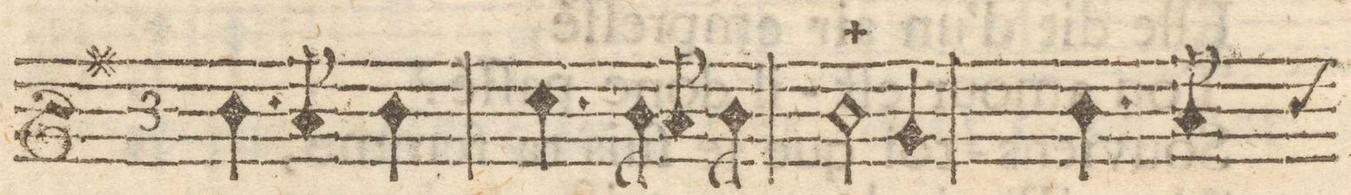
Surpriſe que ſa tendre ardeur
Si vite ceſſe,
Sa Panchon le preſſe,
Et lui redit cent fois, mon cœur
Qu'as tu donc fait de ta valeur:
Vainement elle le careſſe,
Elle offre envain ſes plus touchants appas,
Le froid Tircis lui repond d'un ton bas.
Par ma foi, Fanchon je ſuis las.

Plus ſon Epoux paroît glacé,
Et plus ſon ame,
S'agite, s'enflamme:
Elle dit d'un air empreſſé
Ton amour eſt-il donc paſſé?
Souviens-toi que je ſuis ta femme,
Alors Tircis dans un triſte embarras,
Languiſſamment lui repond d'un ton bas.
Reſſouviens toi que je ſuis las.
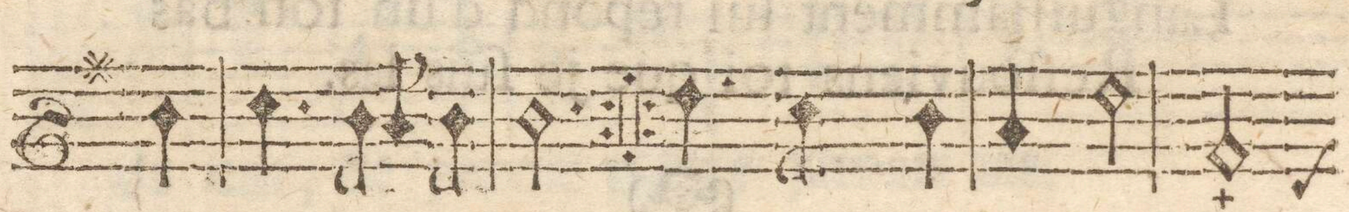
Fanchon dans le même moment
Etant ſaiſie,
Par la jalouſie,
Se livre avec emportement,
Au plus cruel reſſentiment,
Chien, dit-elle, ôte-moi la vie
Ou ceſſe enfin d'avoir entre tes bras
Liſette, Iris & la femme à Colas,
Qui plus que moi t'ont rendu las.

Mais Tircis l'arrêtant tout court
Lui dit m'amie,
Borne ton envie;
Il faut que chacun ait ſon tour
Lorſque je te faiſois l'Amour,
Tu fis Fanchon, la rencherie
A mes déſirs toujours tu réſiſtas
Et ſans pitié toujours tu repetas,
Ah, Tircis tu n'en eſt pas la.
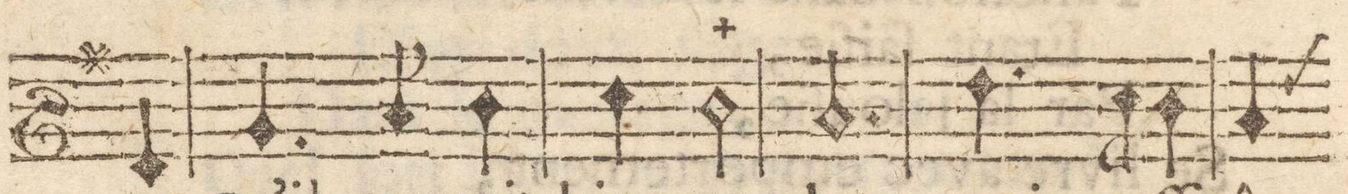
Muſette Nouvelle.
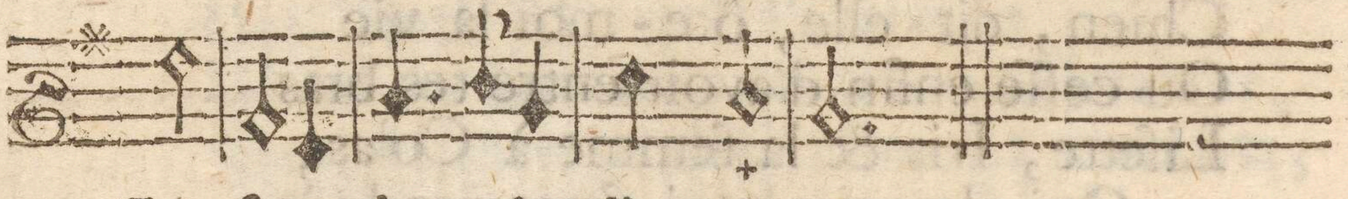


Colin deſ - ſus l'her - bette, montroit



ſans y pen - ſer Le bout de ſa mu-ſet-



te qu'il croyoit bien ca-cher, mais auſſitôt



Ly-ſette le pria d'en jouer,

Mais

Mais Colin ſans attendre
Se faiſant peu prier
Prit ſitôt ſa muſette
Et ſe mit a jouer,
Tout auſſitôt Liſette
Le fit recommencer.
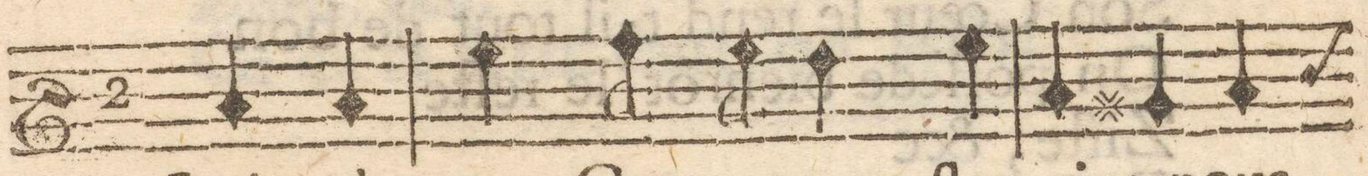
Il ſçut lui ravir l'ame
Avec ſon inſtrument,
Ah! dit elle je pame
Colin mon cher amant.
Mon cœur eſt tout en flamme,
Par tes ſons ſi touchants.

L'ISLE FORTUNEE,

OU
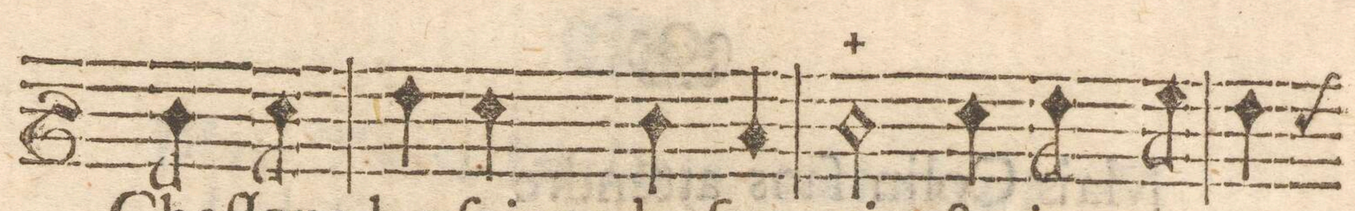
L'AGE D'OR.

Nouvelle Parodie des Bateliers de St. Cloud.
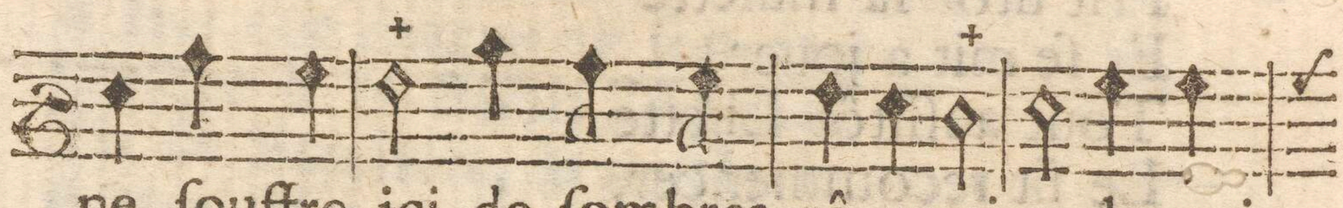


Loin de nos Campagnes fleu-ries nous
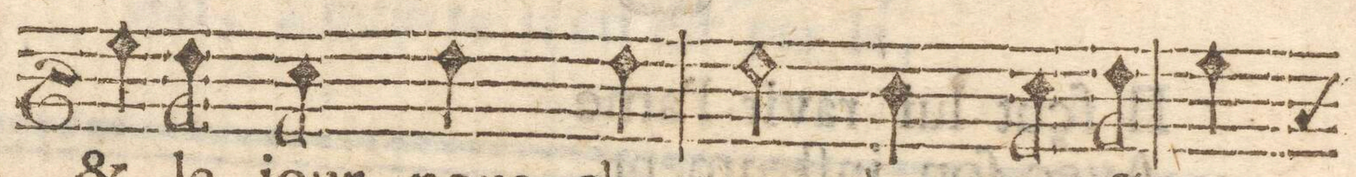
Chaſ-
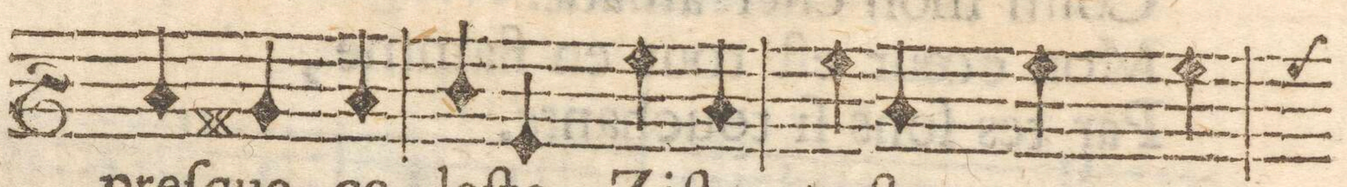


Chaſſons les ſoins, le ſou-ci, & jamais on
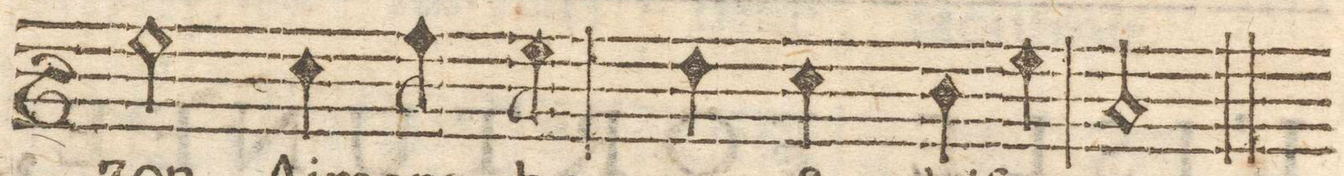


ne ſouffre ici de ſombres rê-ve-ri-es la nuit



& le jour nous chantons dans ce ſéjour



preſque ce-leſte, Ziſte, zeſte, zon, zon,



zon, Aimons, bu-vons & plaiſan-tons.

2.

Dès qu'on chérit une Bergere,
On lui découvre ſon Amour
Et la Belle annonce à ſon tour,
Si l'on a ſçu lui plaire,
Son Cœur ſe rend t-il tout de bon
On poſſede bienrôt le reſte
Ziſte, &c
Et l'on vit tous deux ſans façon.

3. L'Hy-

3.

L'Hymen ici n'a point affaire,
D'actes publics ni de contrats,
Pour éviter ces embarras,
L'Amour sert de Notaire,
Un serment fait par Cupidon,
Ou bien Venus que l'on atteste,
Ziste, &c.
Est une sûre Caution.

4.

Les Amants ne se plaisant gueres,
A la présence des témoins,
On évite avec de grands soins,
De troubler leurs misteres,
Nous usons de discretion,
Ils doivent s'acquiter du reste,
Ziste, &c.
Et bien faire leur fonction.

5.

Loin qu'ici des parents sévéres,
Veuillent deffendre à leurs enfants,
Les plus gracieux passe tems
Par des leçons austéres,
Ils leur content d'un joyeux ton,
Avec un agréable geste,
Ziste, &c.
Ce qu'ils firent dans leur saison.

6.

Pour mieux conſerver ſa conſtance,
Et pouvoir ne jamais changer,
On évite de s'obliger,
A la perſeverence;
Car la contrainte eſt un poiſon
Pour les Amours toujours funeſte
Ziſte, &c.
Qui jamais aima ſa priſon.

7.

A l'Amour ſi l'ennui ſuccéde,
On ſe mocque du triſte honneur.
De montrer une fauſſe ardeur,
On court vite au remede:
La fille change de garçon,
Le garçon change de fillette
Ziſte, &c.
Et l'on ſe quitte ſans façon.

8.

Chez nous une amitié durable,
Unit les hommes de bon ſens:
Elle eſt de tous les agrémens
Le plus conſidérable:
Elle eſt le plus précieux don
Que nous ait fait l'Auteur celeſte:
Ziſte, &c.
Des chagrins c'eſt la gueriſon.

9.

Menant une vie innocente,
Toujours exemte de débats,
On ne craint point des Magiſtrats,
La face ménaçante,
Thémis n'a point dans ce canton,
En ſes mains un glaive funeſte,
Ziſte, &c.
Toutes nos loix c'eſt la raiſon.

10.

Point de Chimerique Nobleſſe,
De petits maîtres, de Pédants,
Ni de profeſſeurs impudents,
D'une fauſſe ſageſſe;
Fabricateurs d'opinions,
Nous vous fuyons comme la peſte:
Ziſte, &c.
Allez chez d'autres nations.

11.

Cher Bacchus, tu fais en partie,
Nos plaiſirs & notre bonheur,
Et tu ſoutiens par ta liqueur,
Notre Philoſophie,
C'eſt au moyen de tes flaçons,
Que nous ſommes ardents & preſtes,
Ziſte, &c.
Quand pour l'Amour nous combattons.

12.

Nous n'envoyons point de navire,
Chercher l'Or & les Diamants:
Les fleurs ſont nos ſeuls ornemens
Et nous ſemblent ſuffire:
Et la Vendange & les moiſſons
Nous tiennent lieu de tout le reſte:
Ziſte, &c.
Dès autres biens nous nous paſſons.

13.

Climats à nos vœux ſi propices
Nous joignons au chant des oiſeaux,
Le doux ſon de nos Chalumeaux
Pour louër vos délices:
Heureux, ſi chez vous nous paſſons
Tout ce que de jours il nous reſte,
Ziſte, &c.
En réiterant nos Chanſons.
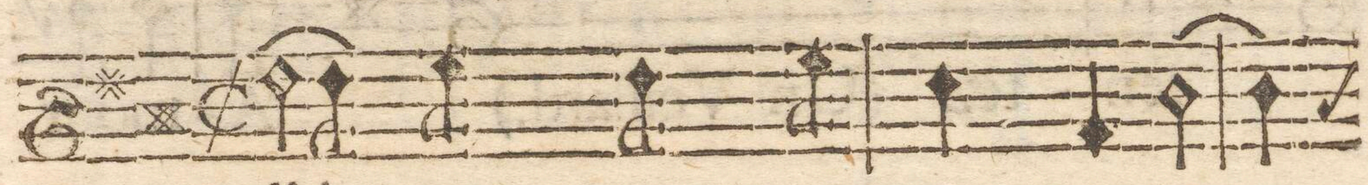
FIN.

LES CARACTERES

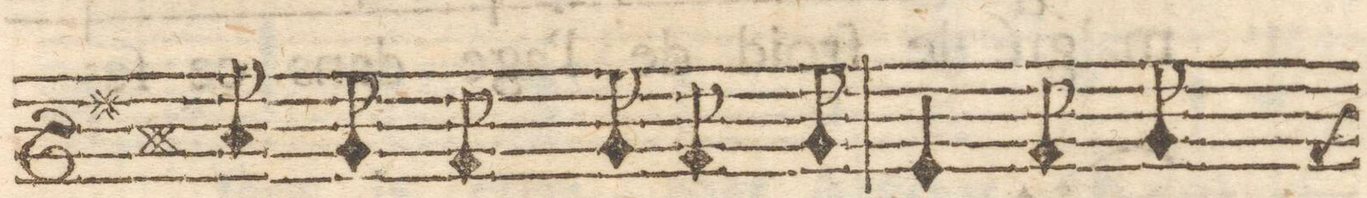
DE LA DANSE

Et des Amans.
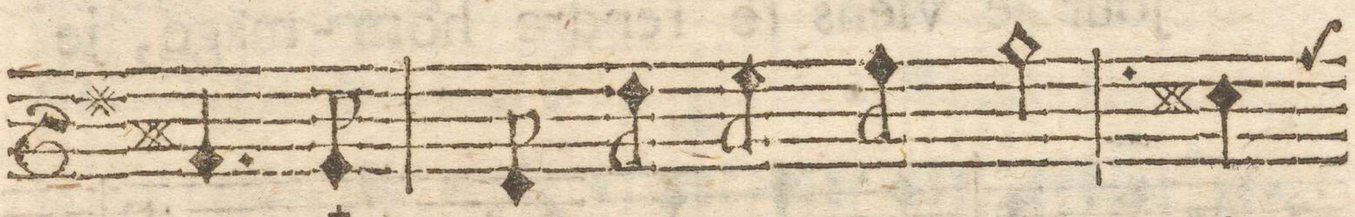
Ouverture.
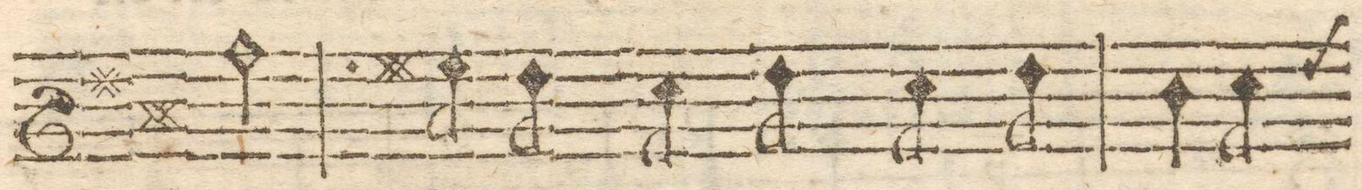


l'Amour.
Dans un Temple un jour l'Amour
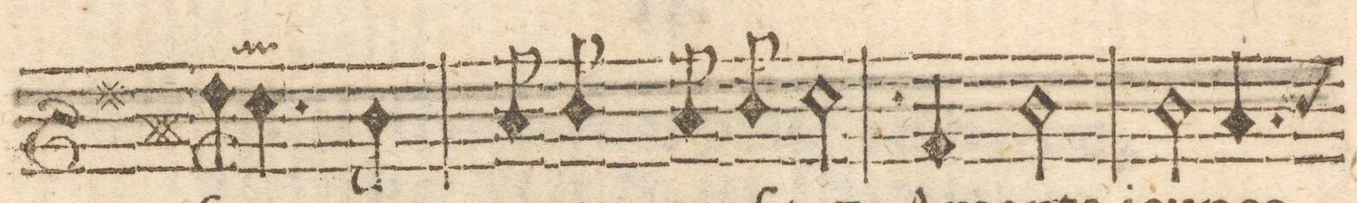


vint dire aux mortels qui lui dreſſoient
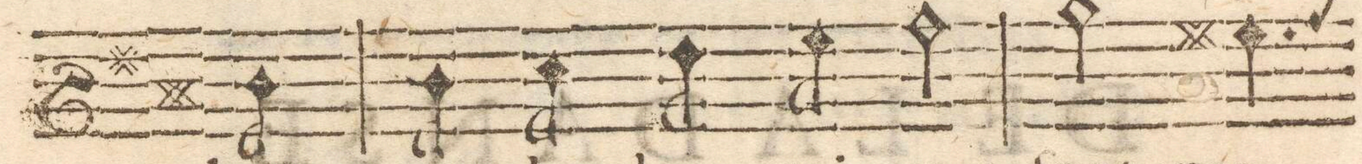


des au - tels formez des vœux, je



veux voir ſi votre ame inconſ - tante

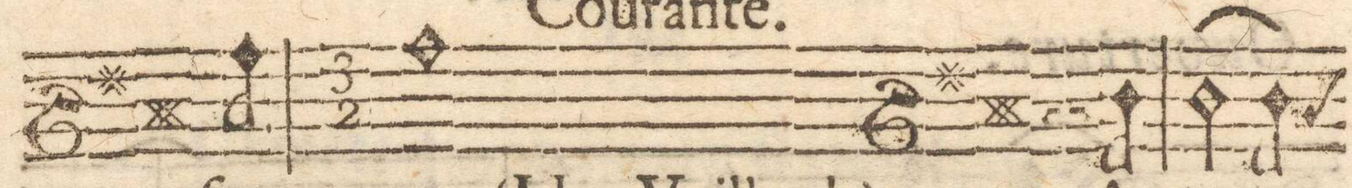


ſera con-tente profitez Amants jeunes

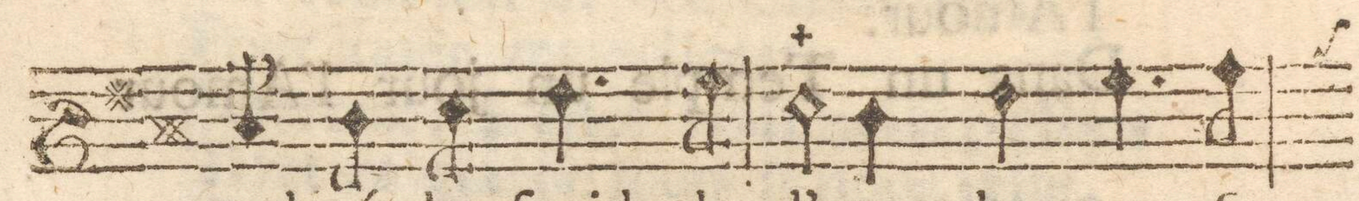


beau-tez des dons qui vous ſont pre-
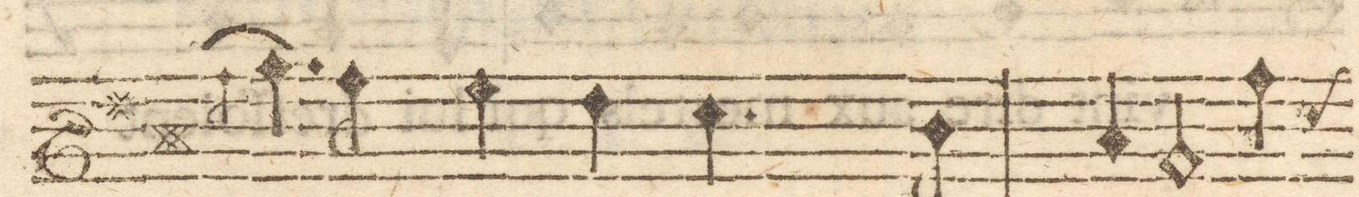
Courante.
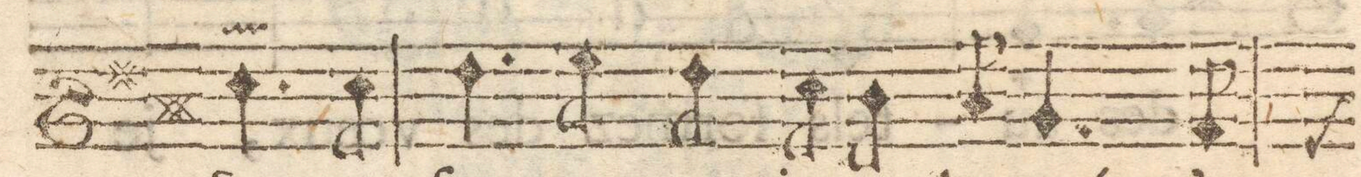


ſen-tez. (Un Veillard.) A-mour
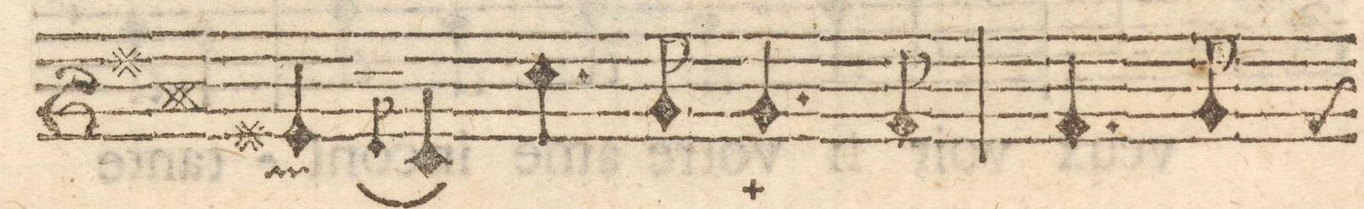


malgré le froid de l'age dans ce ſe-
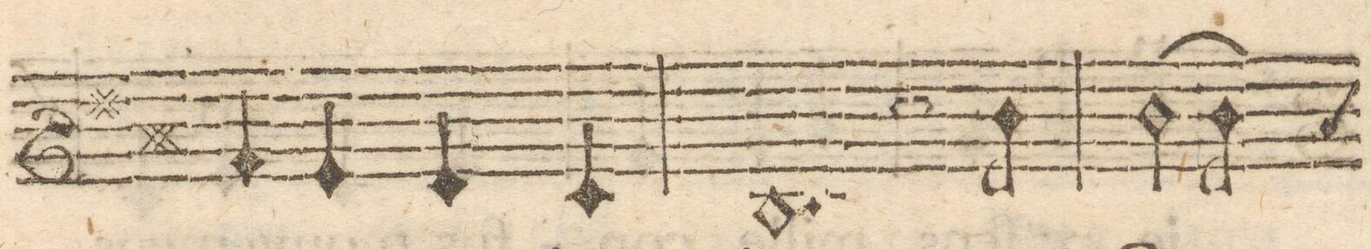


jour je viens te rendre hom-mage, je
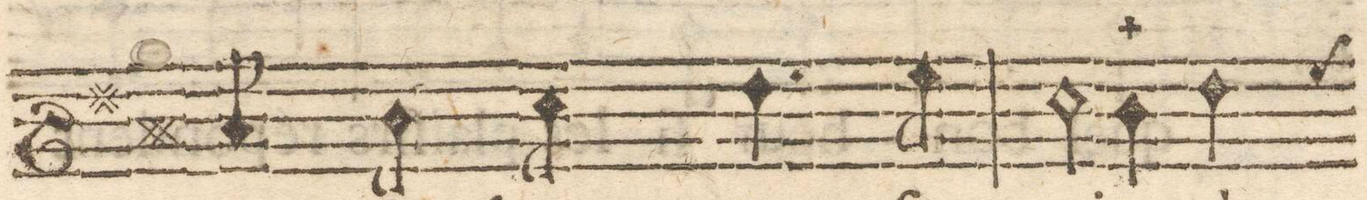


ſens tes feux u-ne jeune beauté m'en-
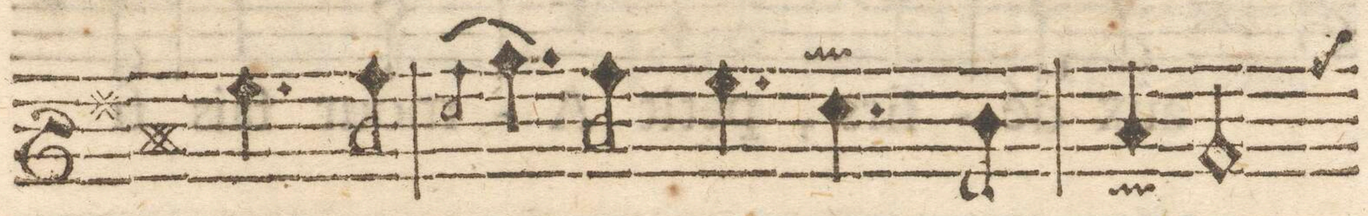


ga-ge, & je ſuis joy-eux quoi-
que
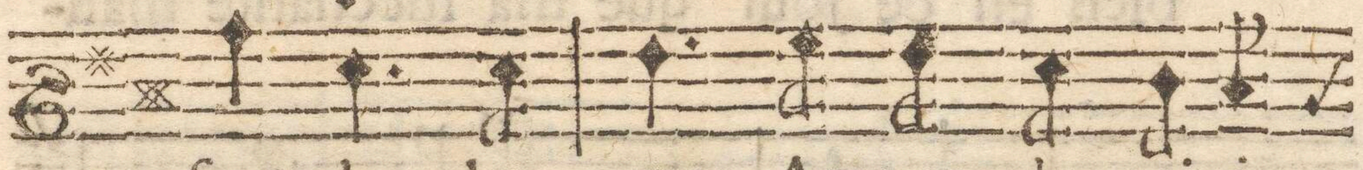


que je ſois bien vieux, mon Cœur
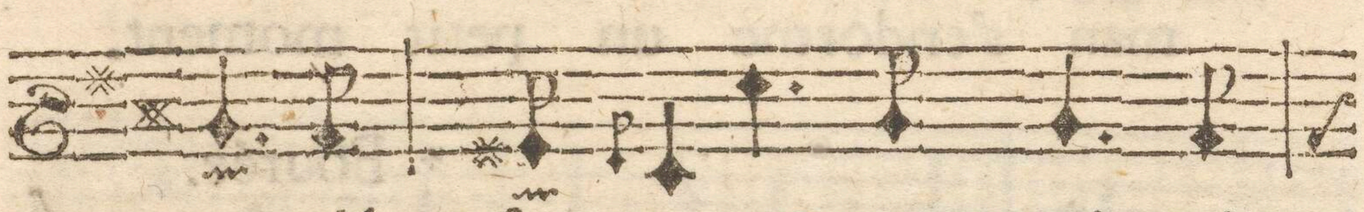


pour ſes beaux yeux ſou - pire de



mon ardeur elle ne fait que ri - re

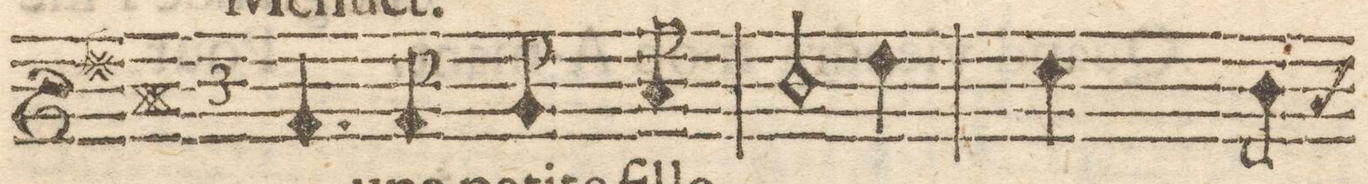


ſans la char - mer Amour de toi je



ne dé - ſi - re que me croire ai-
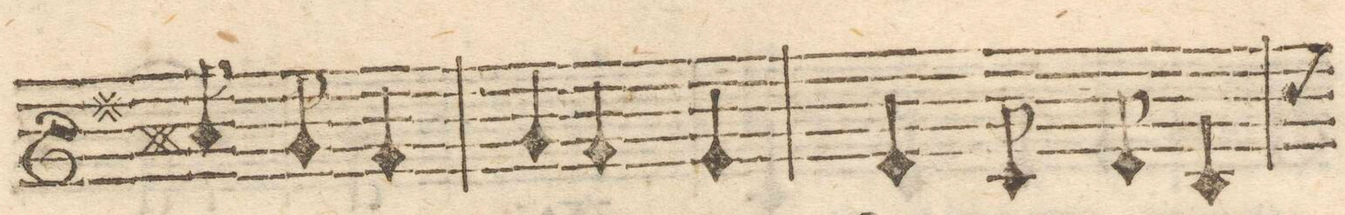
Menuet.
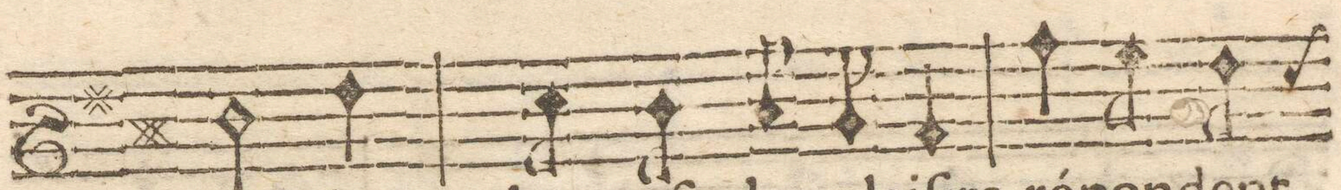


une petite fille.

mer, à peine ai - je dou - ze ans que

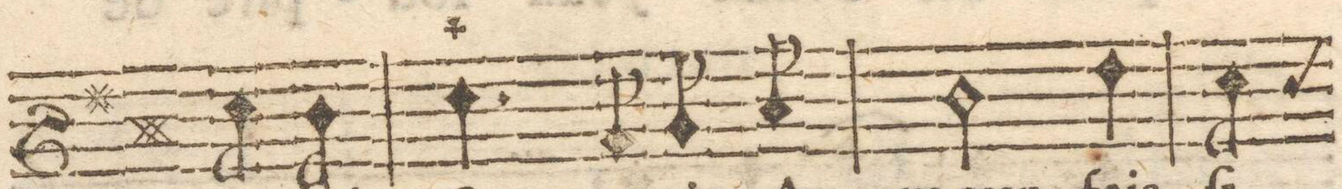
je
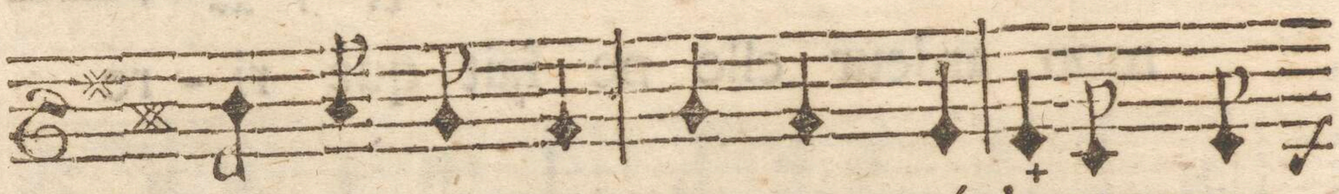


je reſſens mille con - fus mouvemens,
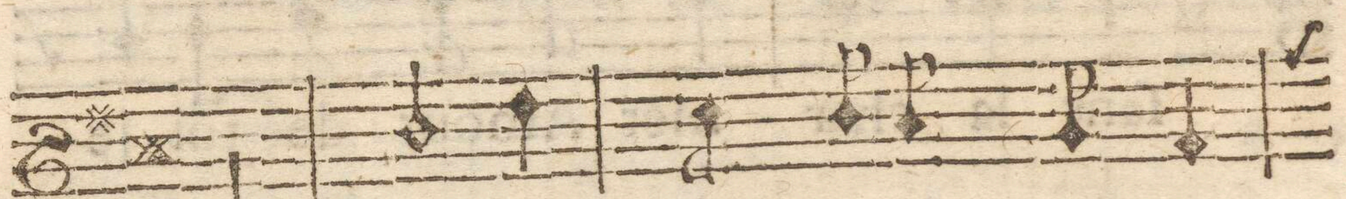


quel bon - heur ſi les plaiſirs répondent



aux dé - ſirs, petit A - mour fais ſi
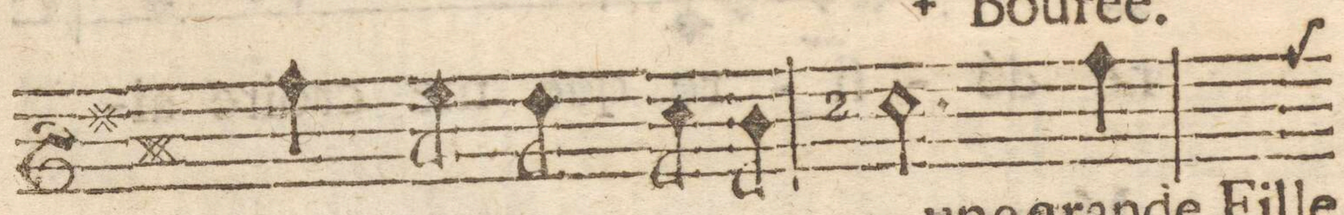


bien en ce jour que ma méchante man-
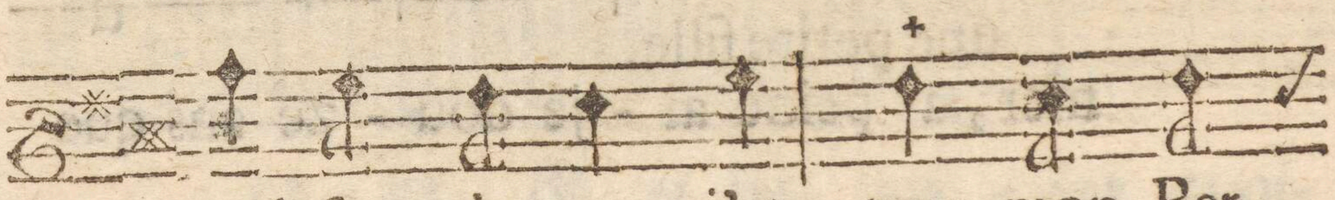


man s'endorme un petit moment.

+ Bourée.
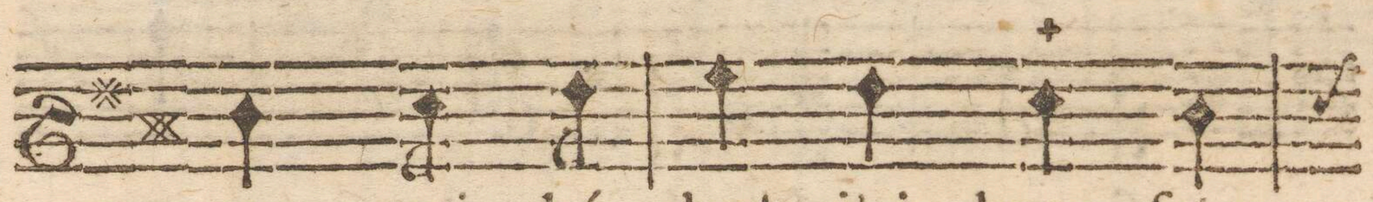


une grande Fille

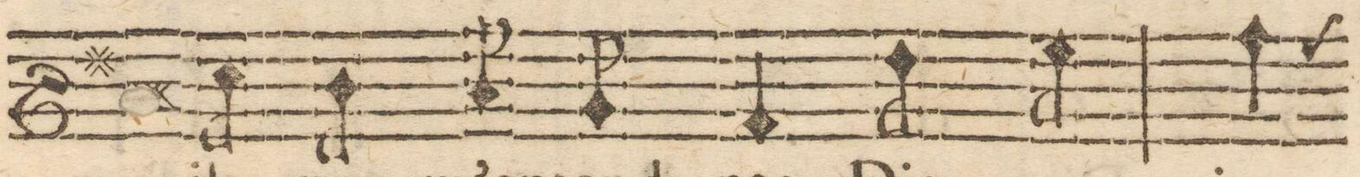
Quand viendra mon A-mant. Pour
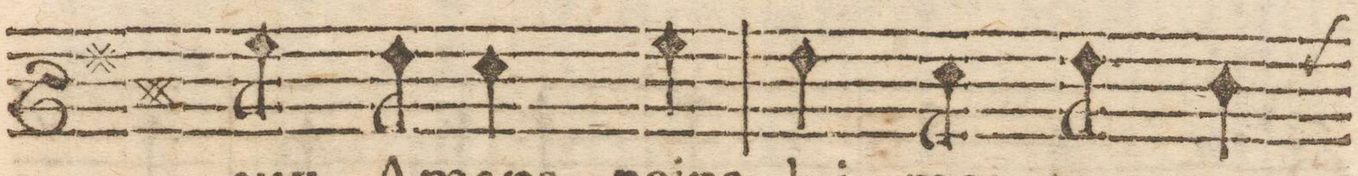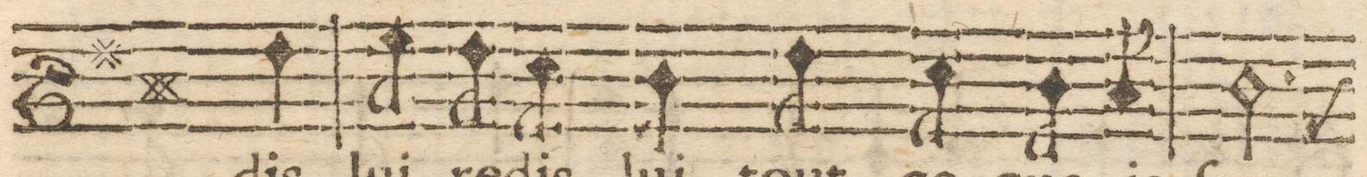


moi ſans danger, j'at - tens mon Ber-
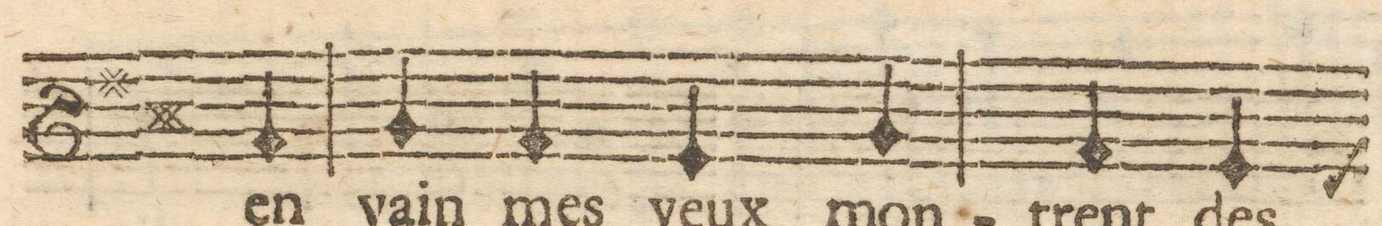
ger,
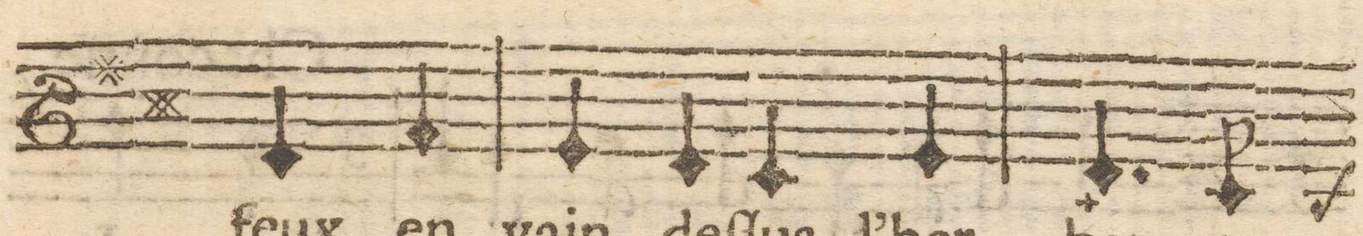

ger, mais hé - las! j'ai beau faire
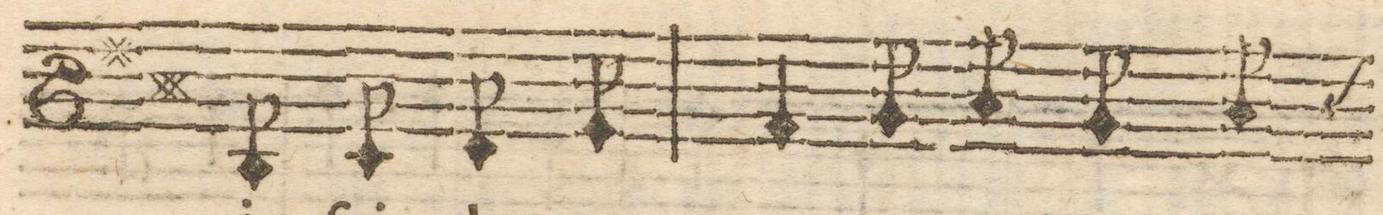

il ne m'entend pas, Dieu pro - pice
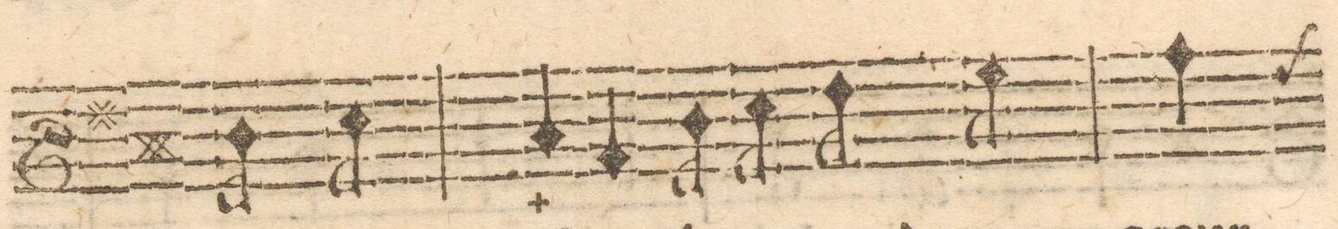

aux Amans peins lui mes tourmens


dis lui redis lui tout ce que je sens,
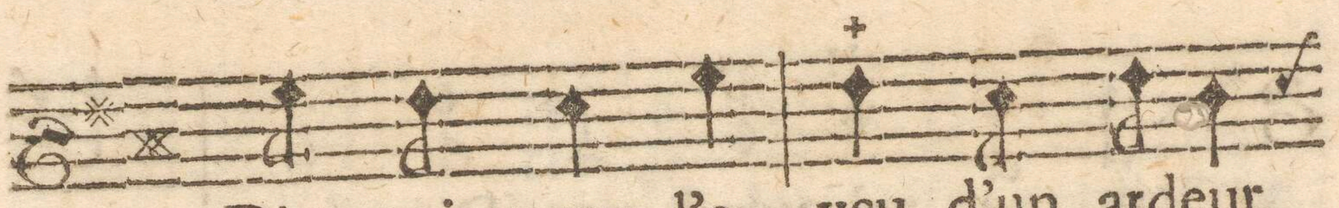

en vain mes yeux mon - trent des


feux en vain deſſus l'her - bet - te
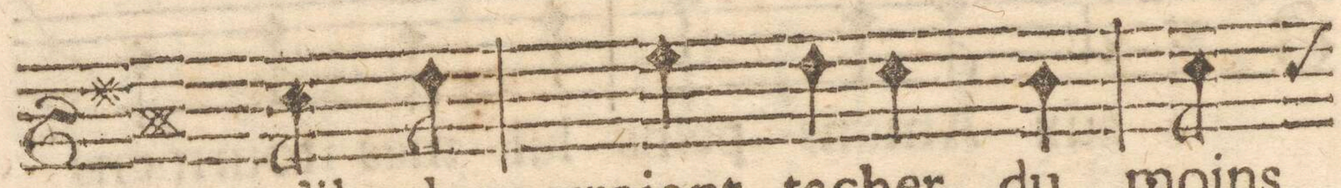

je fais de mon mieux il ne voit point
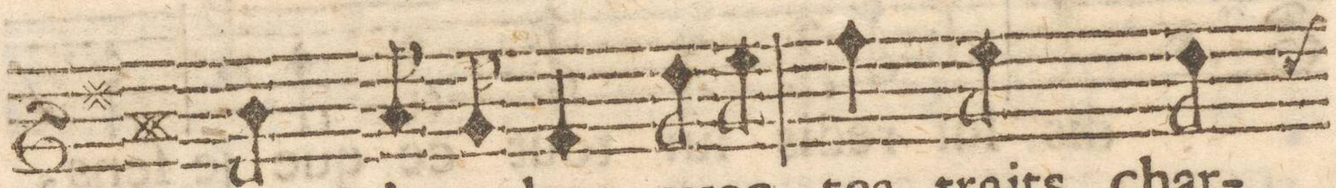


ſa con - quête, épargne à mon cœur
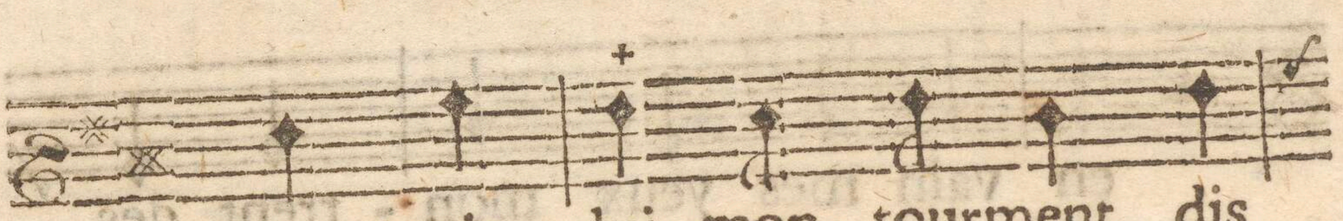


Dieu vainqueur l'a - veu d'un ardeur



qu'ils de - vroient tacher du moins
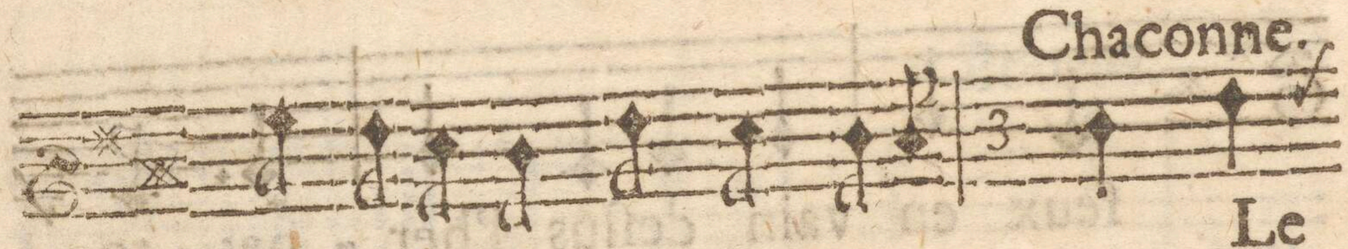


de m'arracher avec tes traits char-

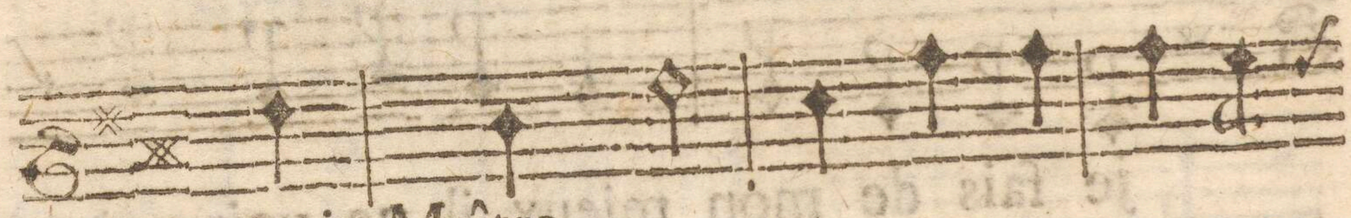


mans peins lui mon tourment, dis
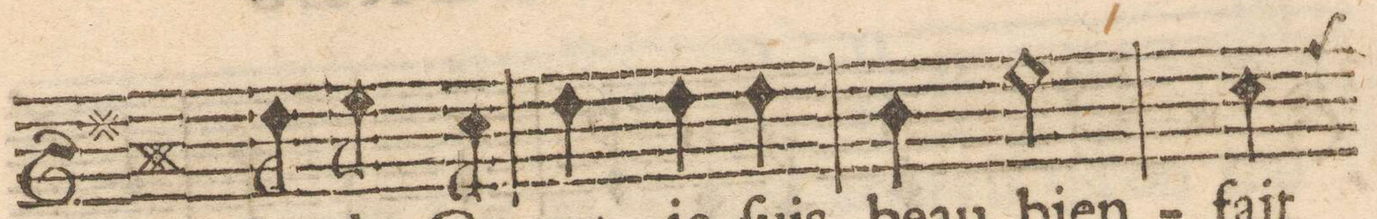
Chaconne.
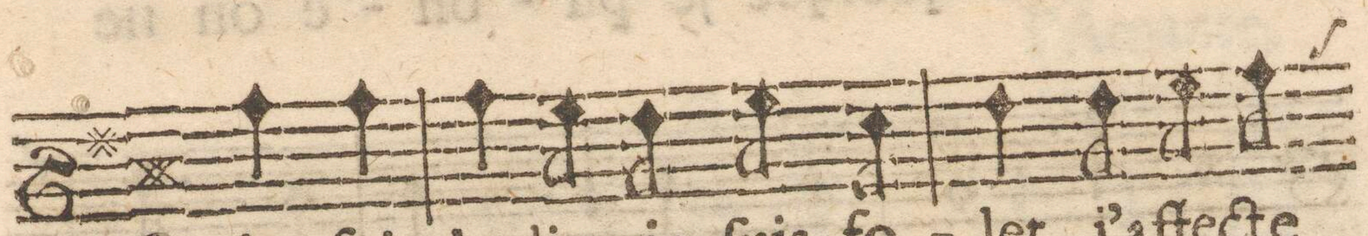


lui redis lui tout ce que je ſens. Je Le



petit Maître
ſuis - beau bien fait j'ai de l'eſprit &
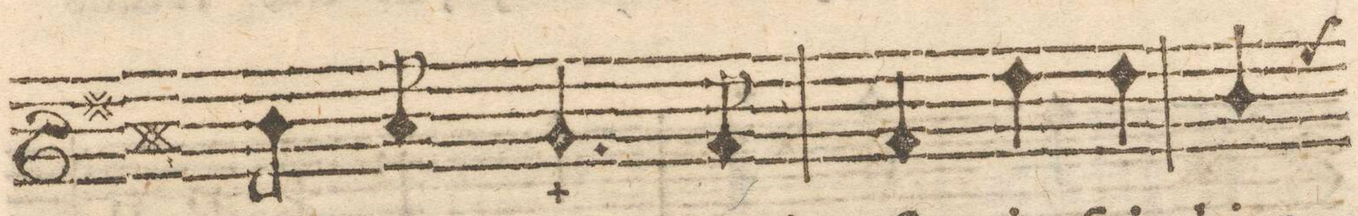


& du Caquet, je ſuis beau bien - fait
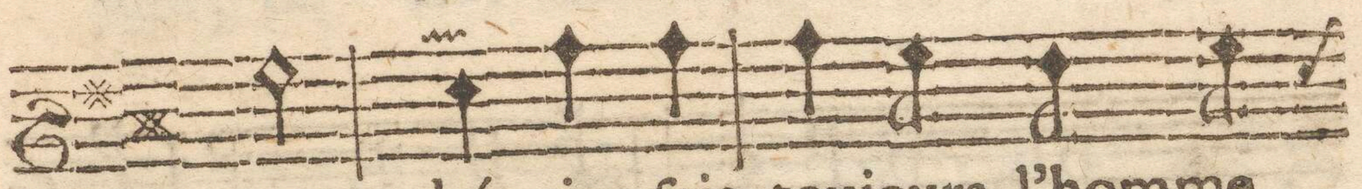


je ſuis badin je ſuis fo - let, j'affecte



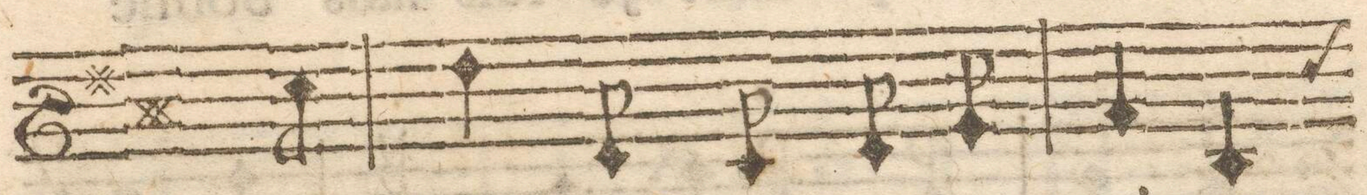
des airs étour - dit mes habits ſont
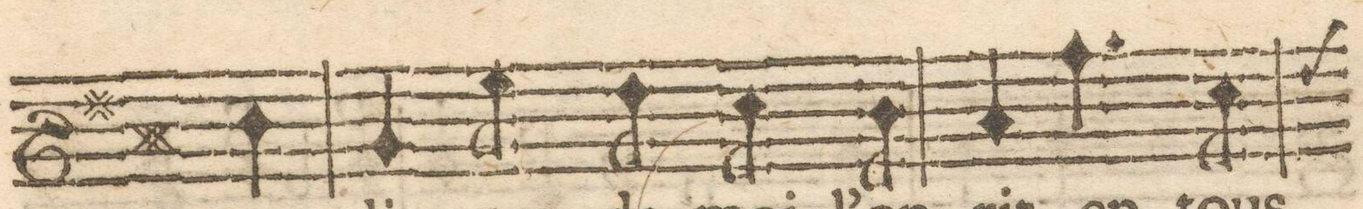


tout des mieux choi - ſis, je ſuis bien



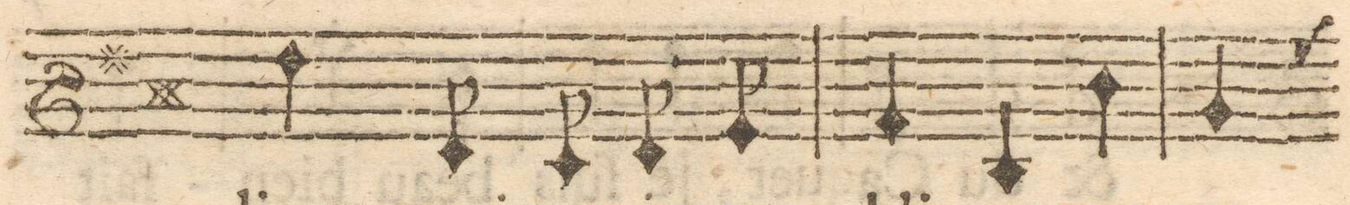
pou - drés je fais toujours l'homme
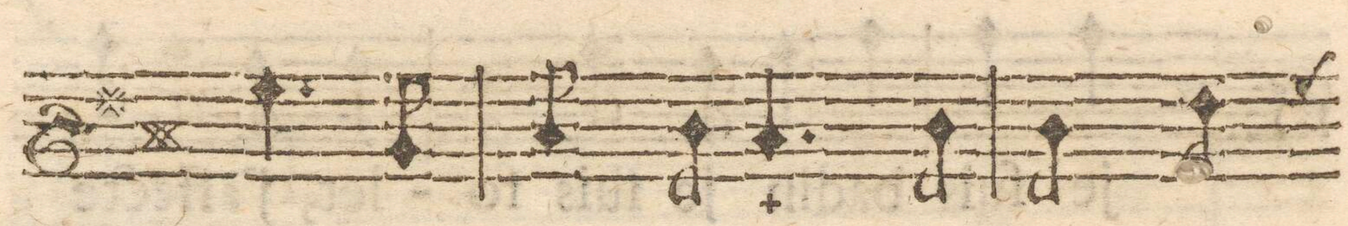


affai - ré, pour tant par en - vi - e
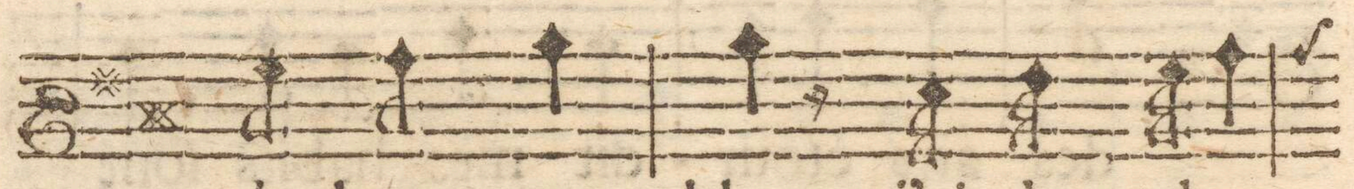


on dit que de moi l'on rit en tous
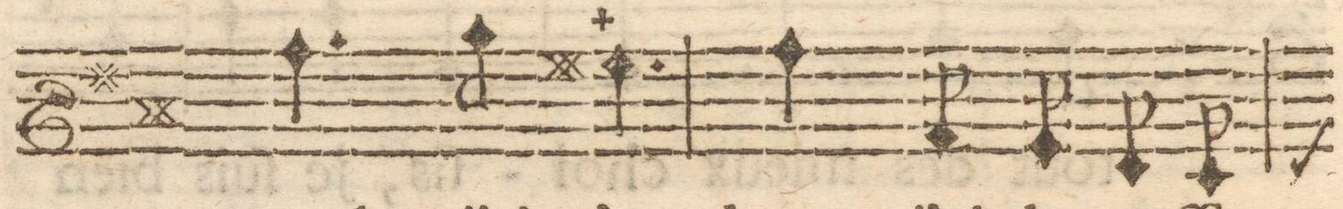


lieux quoique je pu - bli - e on ne
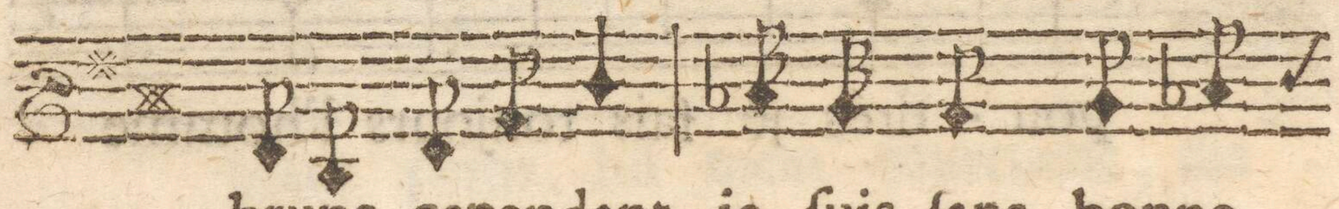


me crois pas toujours heureux, j'ai
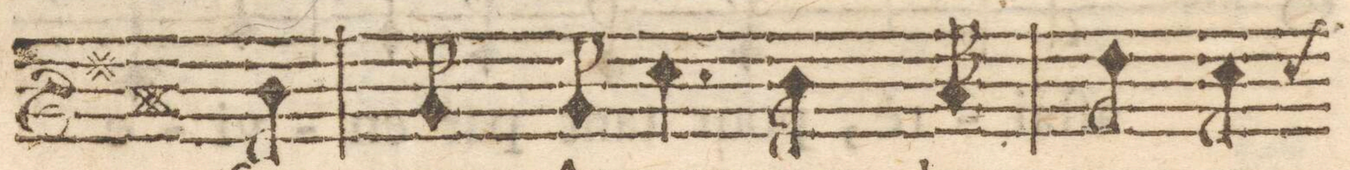


de beaux yeux bleux, j'ai des talens



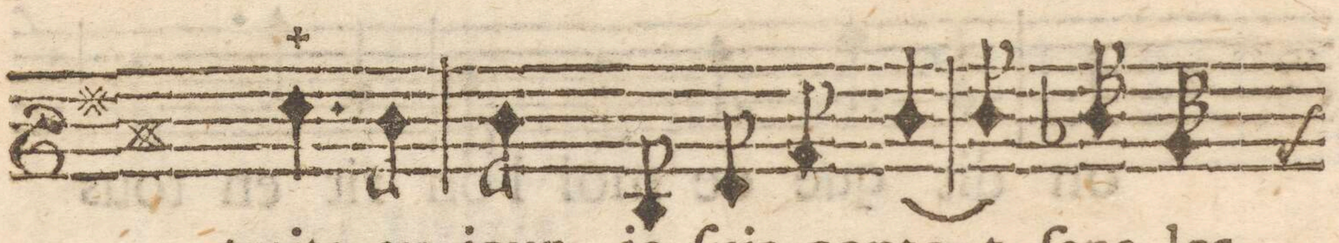
grands, j'ai des dents, j'ai la treſſe



brune cependant je ſuis ſans bonne

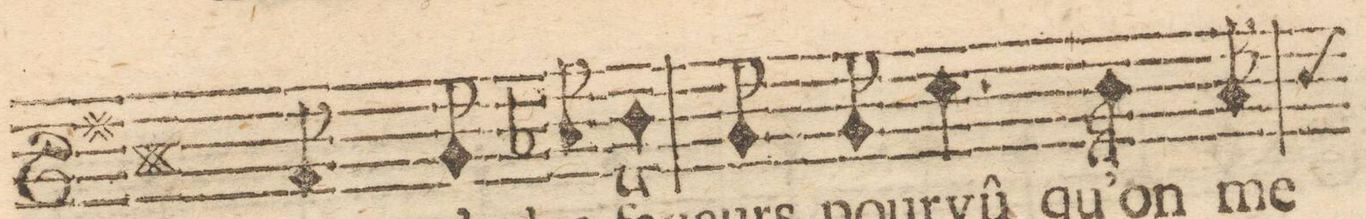


for - tune, Amour met donc mes at-



traits au jour, je ſuis content ſans les

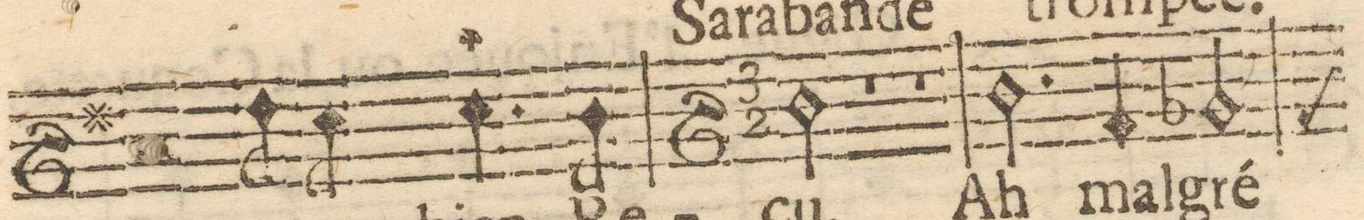
cœurs



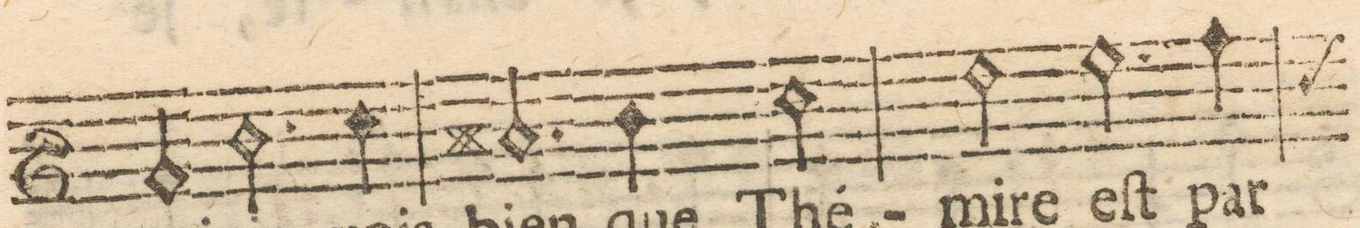
cœurs n'y les faveurs pourvû qu'on me

l'Amante,
trompée.
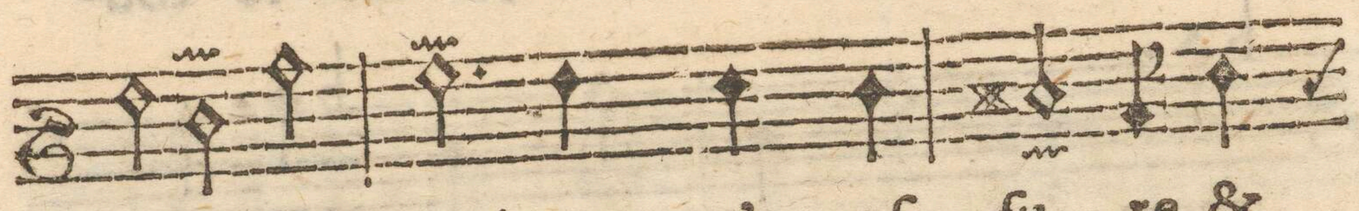
Sarabande
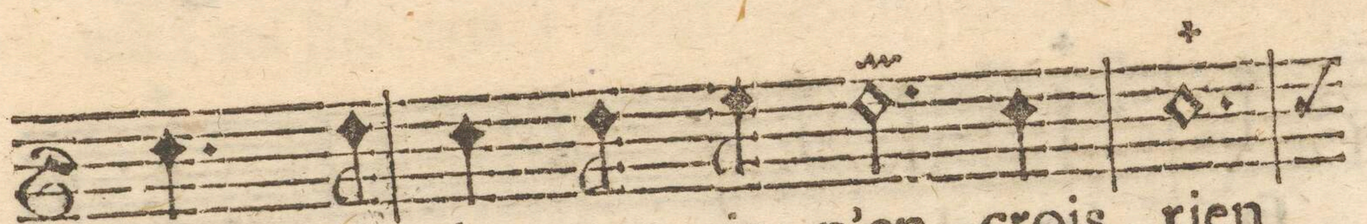


croye bien Re - çu. Ah malgré
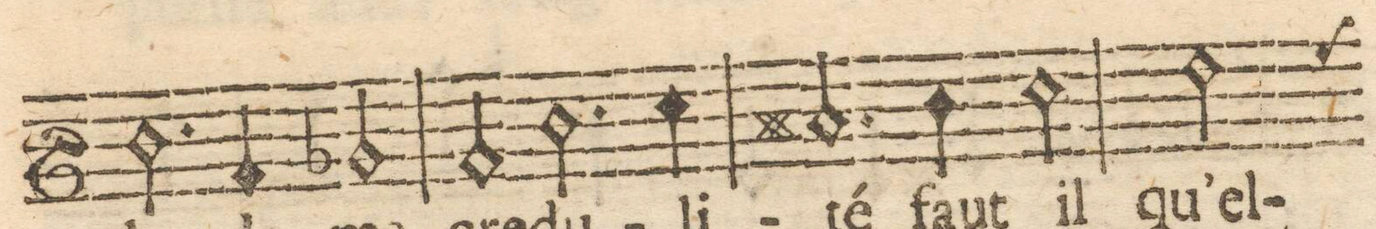


moi je vois bien que Thé - mire eſt par
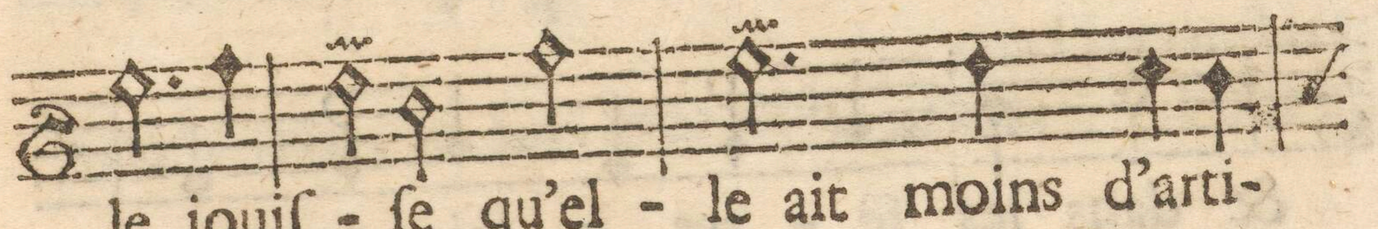


jure ; hé - las ! tout m'en aſ - ſu - re &



quand el - le veut je n'en crois rien
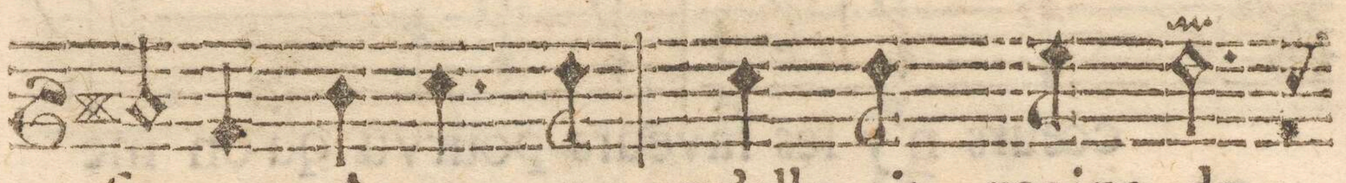


ha de ma credu - li - té faut il qu'el-
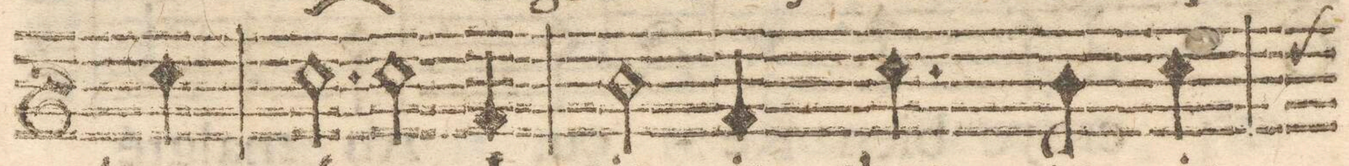


le jouiſ - ſe qu'el - le ait moins d'arti-

fice,
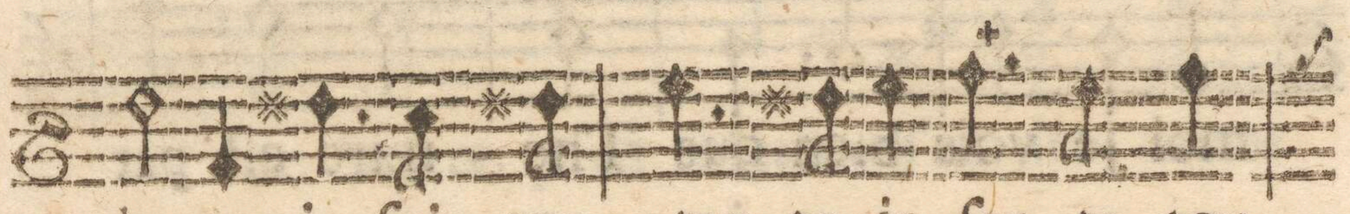


ſi - ce, Amour ou qu'elle ait moins de
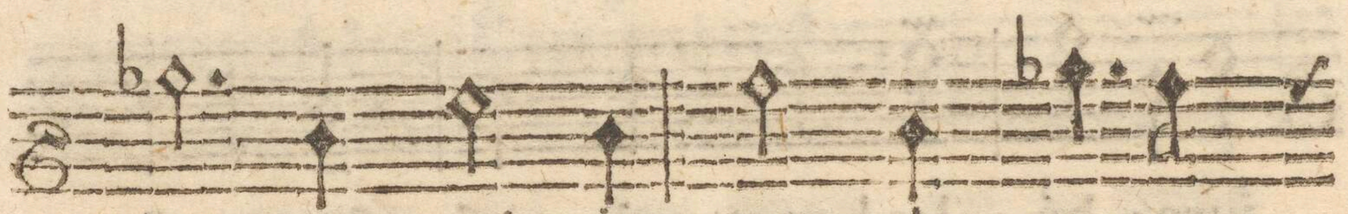
Gigue. l'Enjouée ou la Coquette.
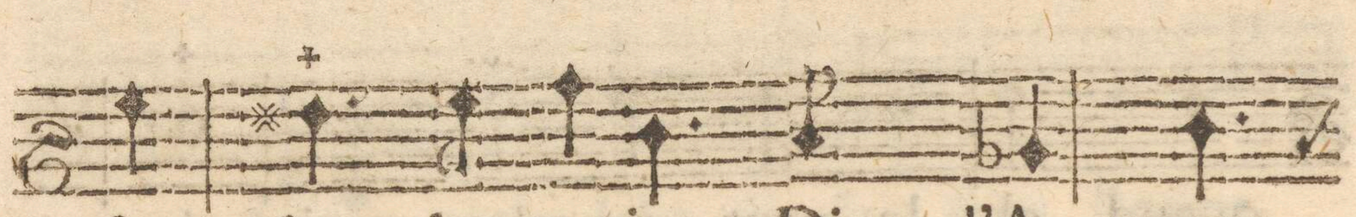


beau - té. - - Je ris, je chan - te, je
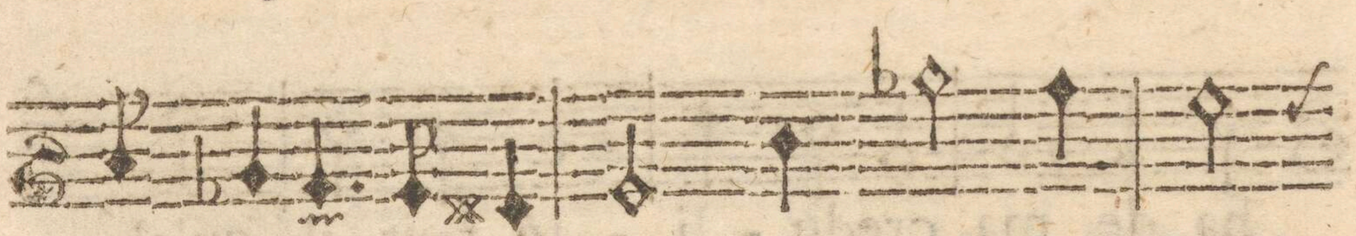


dance, je ſuis con - ten - te, je ſau - te tou-



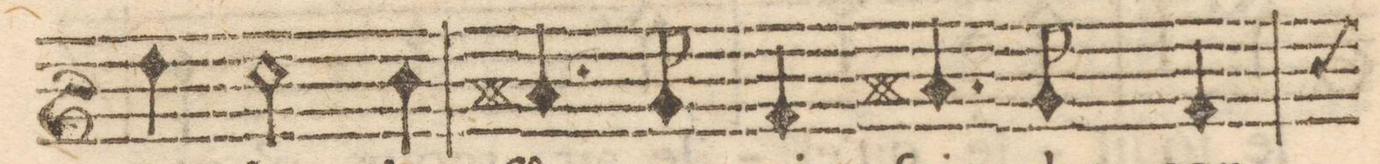
jours je vais je cours de nouveau



ſu - jet chaque jour Dieu d'A - mour
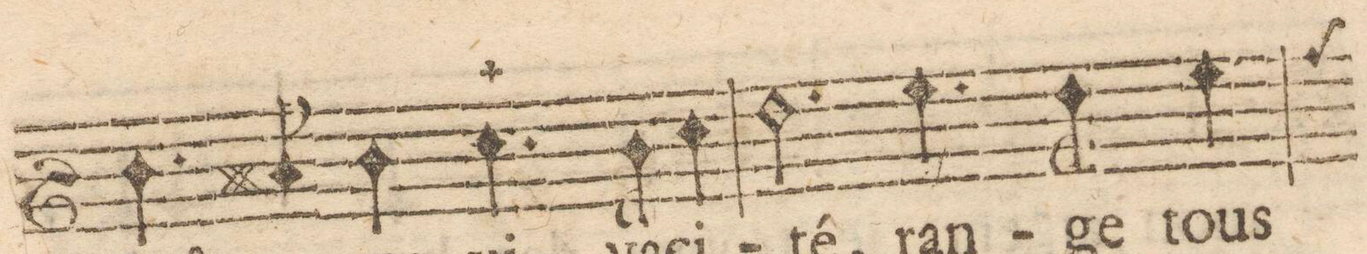


je groſſis ta Cour, dans les plai - ſirs
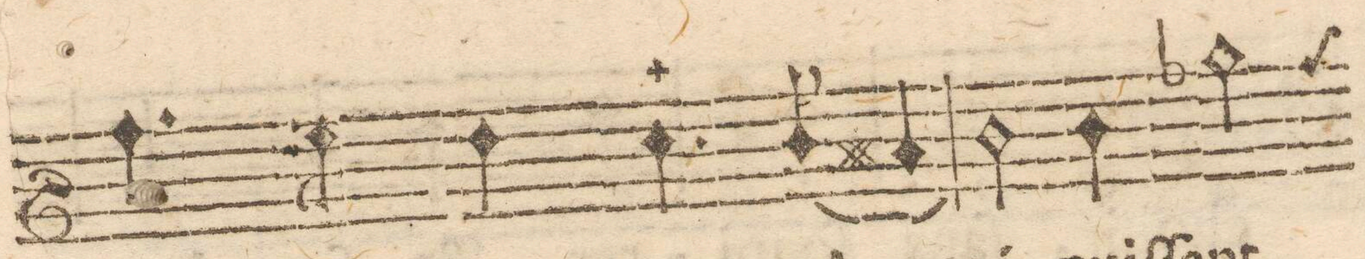


& dans les fê - tes je fais des con-
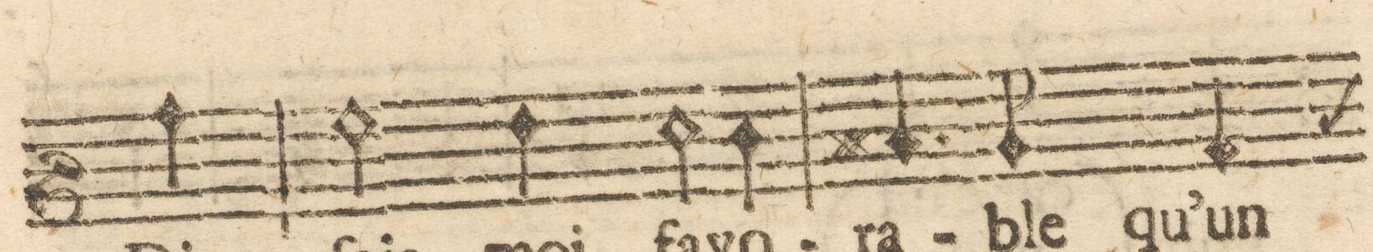
quê-
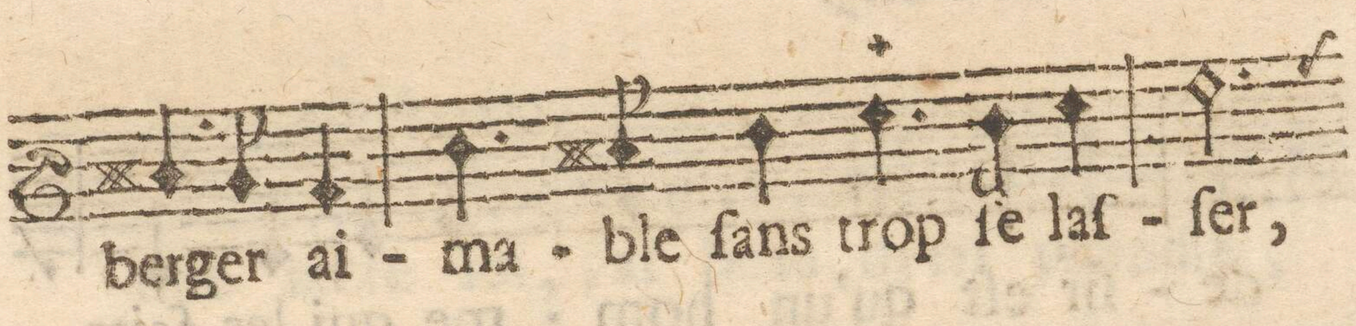


quê - tes ma vi - vaci - té, ran - ge tous



les cœurs de mon cô - té, puiſſant



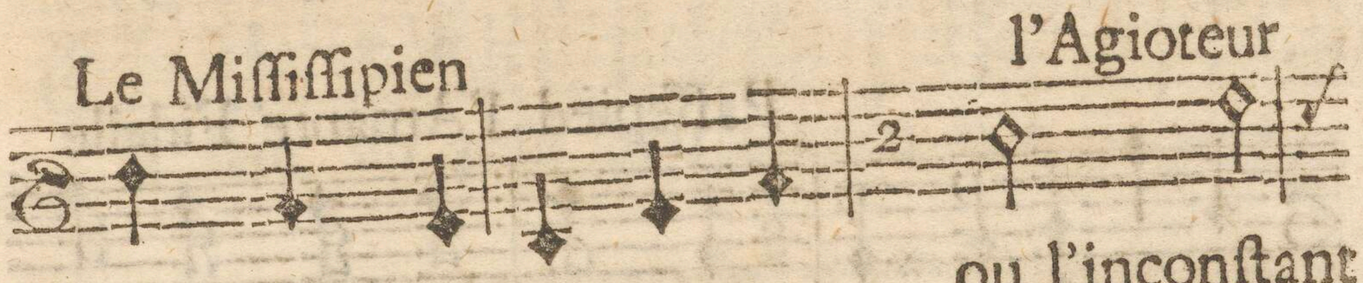
Dieu ſois moi favo - ra - ble qu'un
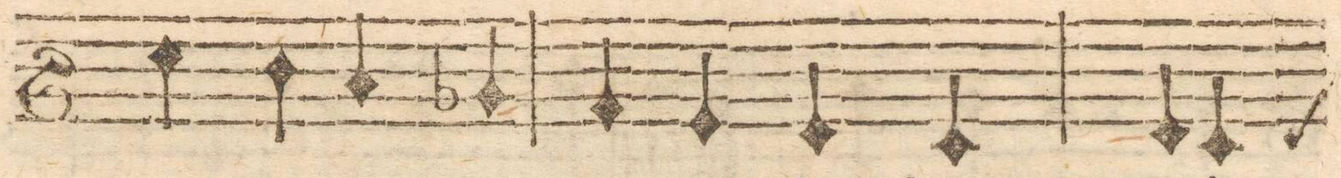


berger ai - ma - ble ſans trop ſe laſ - ſer,
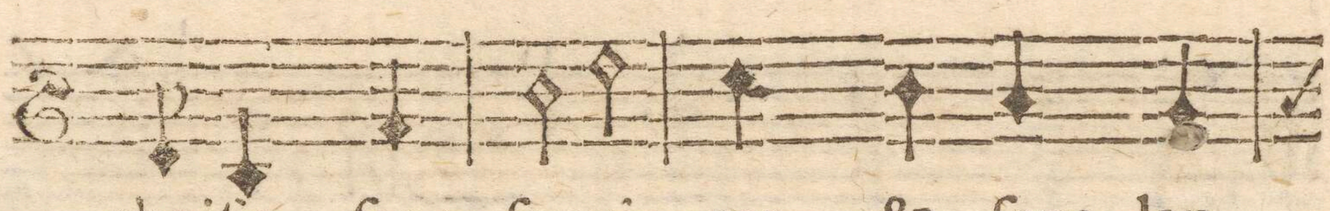


puiſſe auſſi long tems que moi dan-
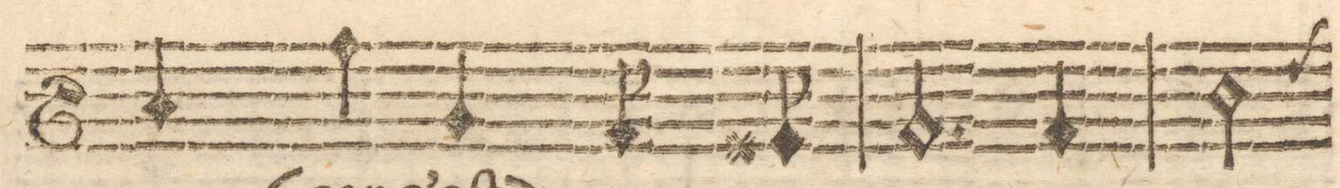


cer, moi, je ſuis très con - tens. Pour ou l'inconſtant
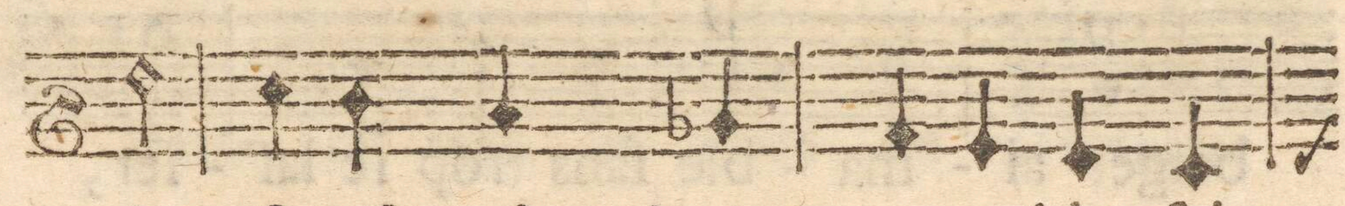


mon argent je trouve des beau - tez à
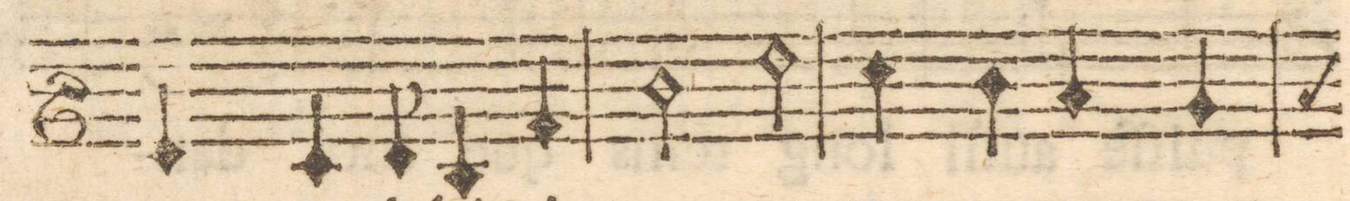


choiſir, ſans ſoupi - rer, & ſans lan-



guir (car c'eſt / voila / & c'eſt) mon plai - ſir mon ſeul
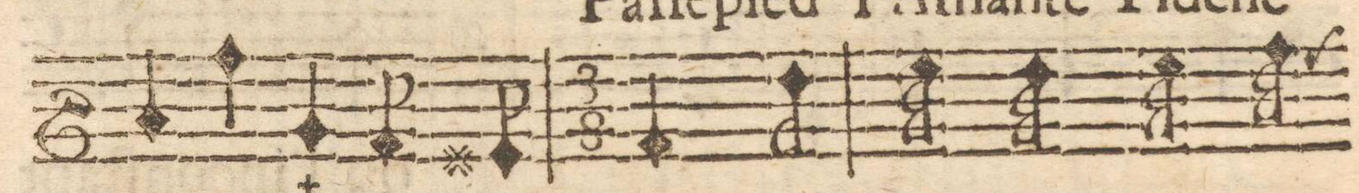


de - ſir eſt qu'un hom - me qui les faits
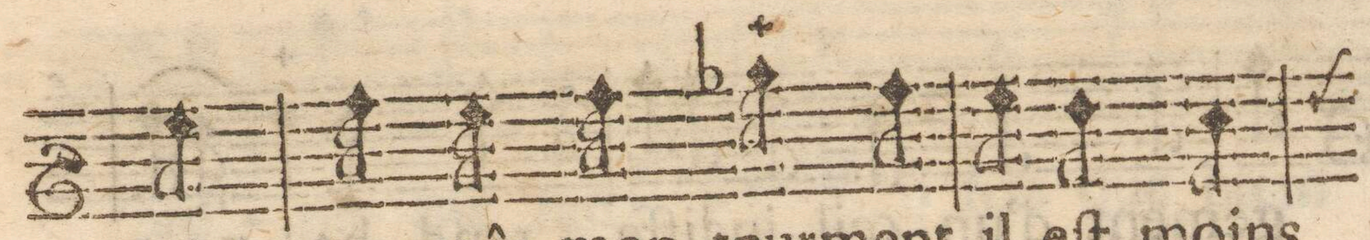


trop renchérir, Amour par ton moyen trom-

Paſſepied l'Amante Fidelle
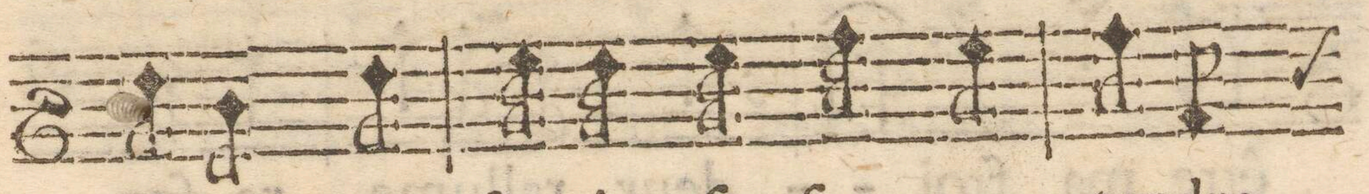


pé y ſoit a - tra - pé: De - puis que mon A-
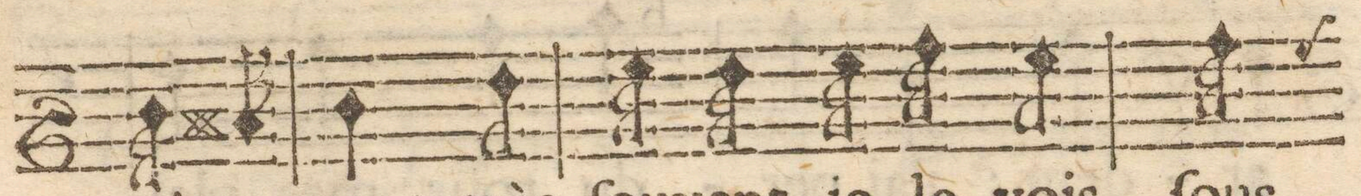
mant;



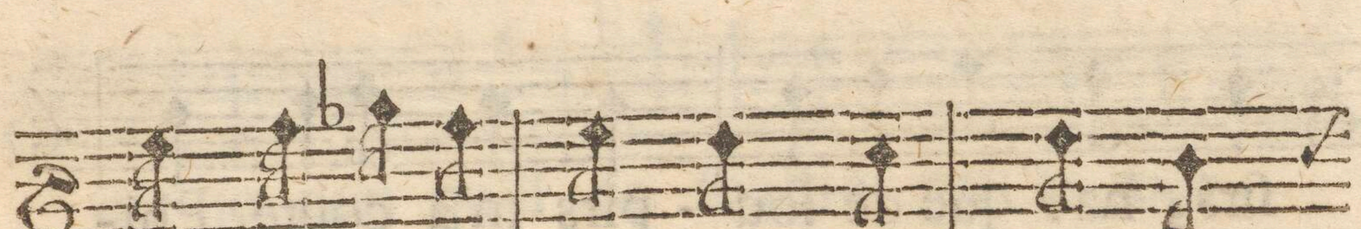
mant; connoît mon tourment il eſt moins
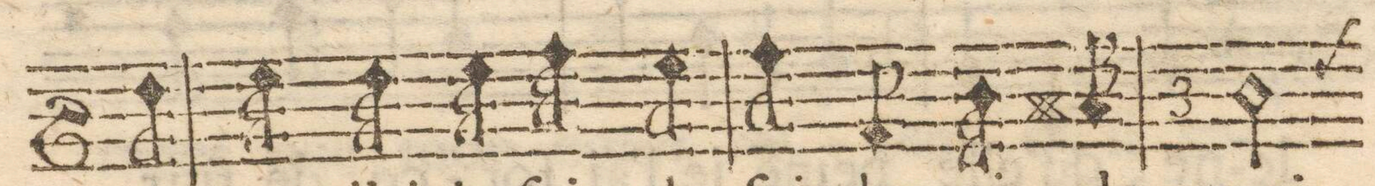


tendre mes ſoupirs ſe font en - tendre



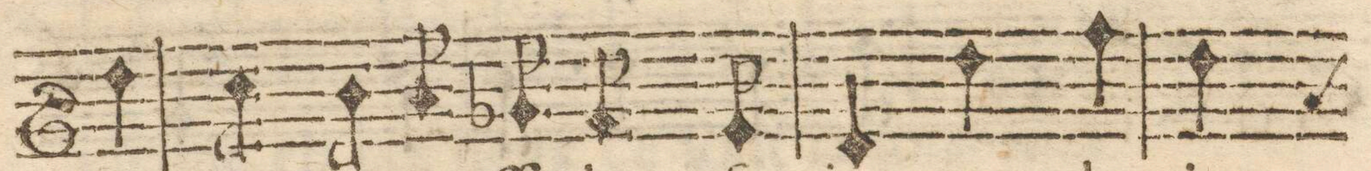
vaine - ment très ſouvent je le vois, ſous
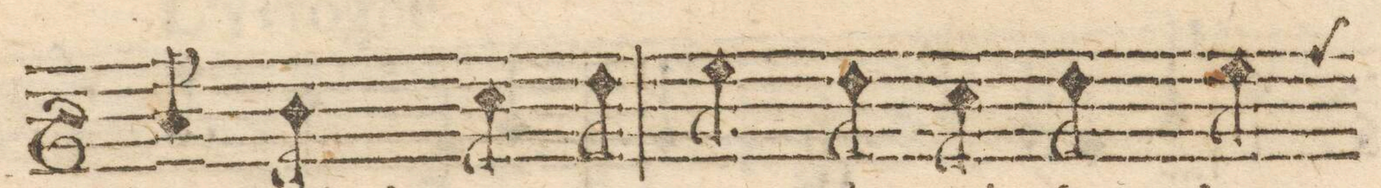


une autre loi, j'ai beau m'en plaindre,



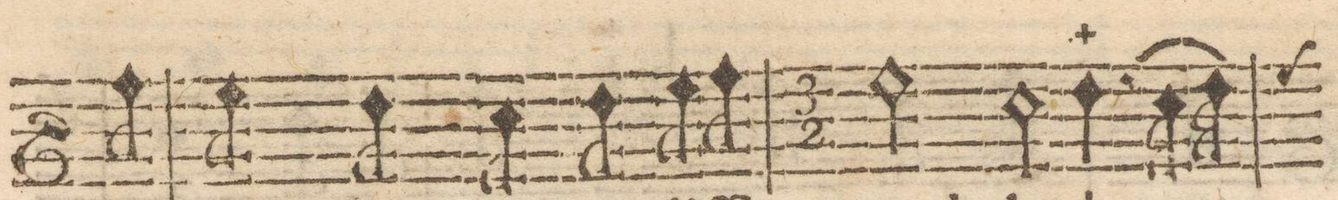
Amour j'ai beſoin de feindre ai - de moi
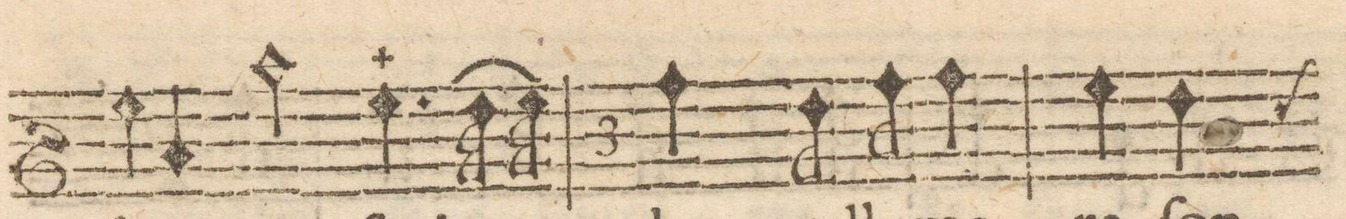


il faut un auſſi bon ſoutien que le tien



pour feindre un moment de voir ſon chan-
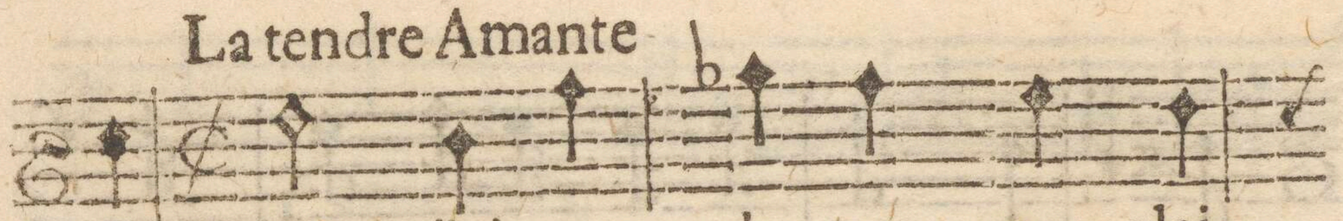


gement d'un œil indiffe - rend, ha ! peut
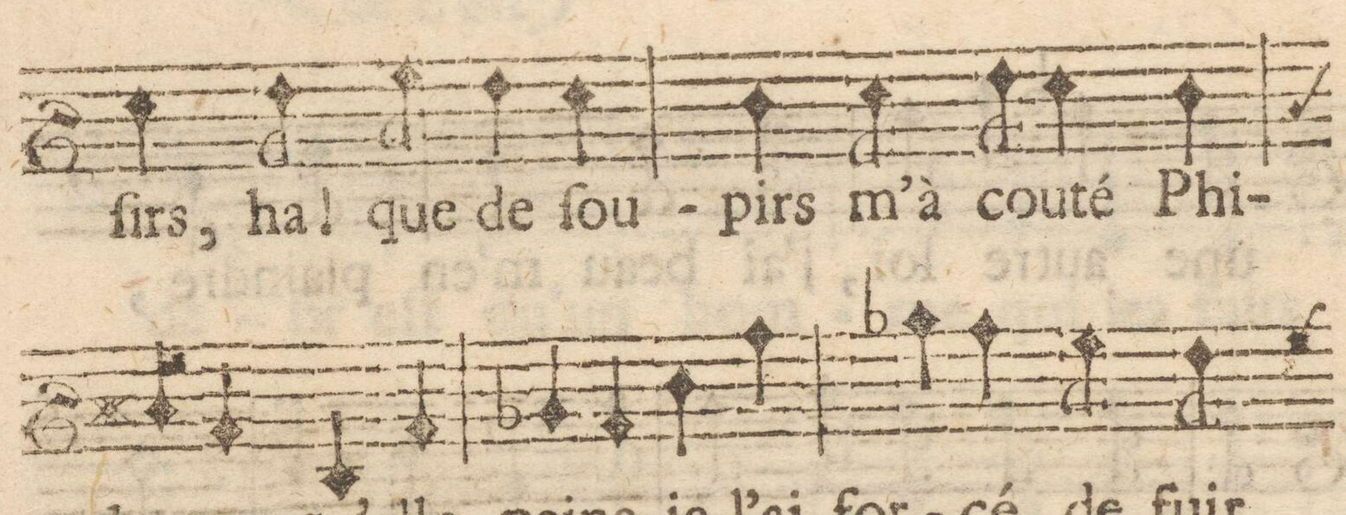


être ma froi - - deur rallume - ra ſon

La tendre Amante
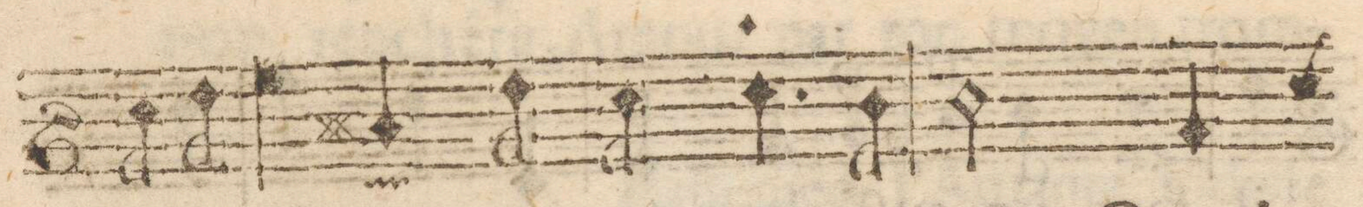


ar - deur : j'ai per - du tous mes plai-
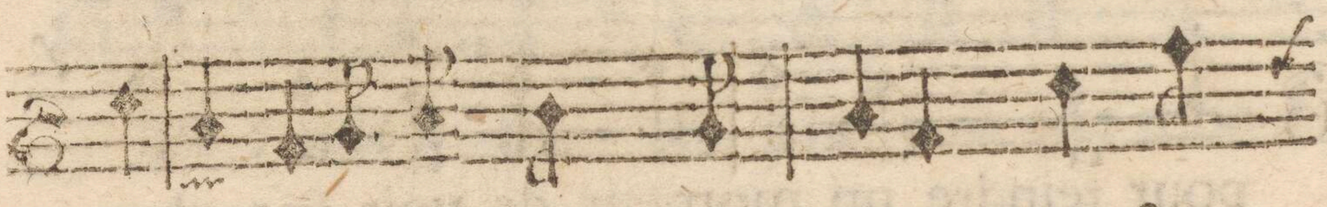


ſirs, ha ! que de ſou - pirs m'à couté Phi-

le-ne, qu'elle peine je l'ai for - cé de fuir

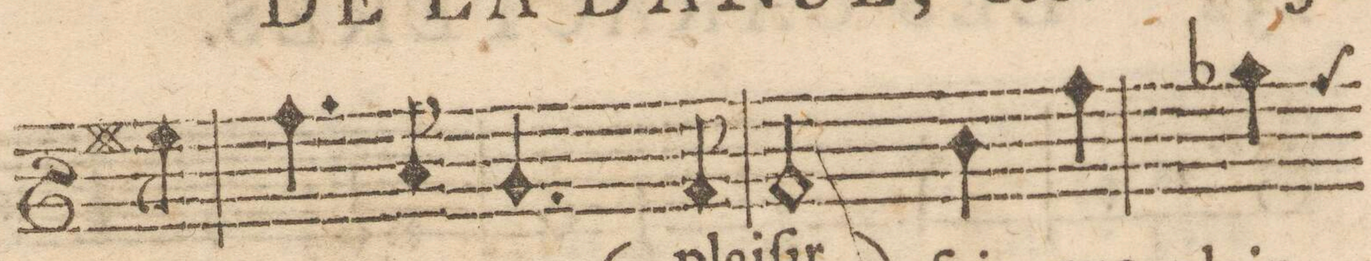


ce ſé - jour craignant ſon amour. Quand



je penſe a ſa longue ab - ſence, ce ſou-
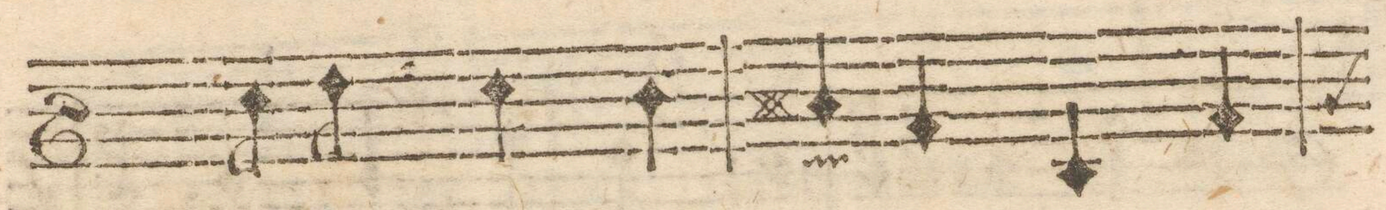
ve-
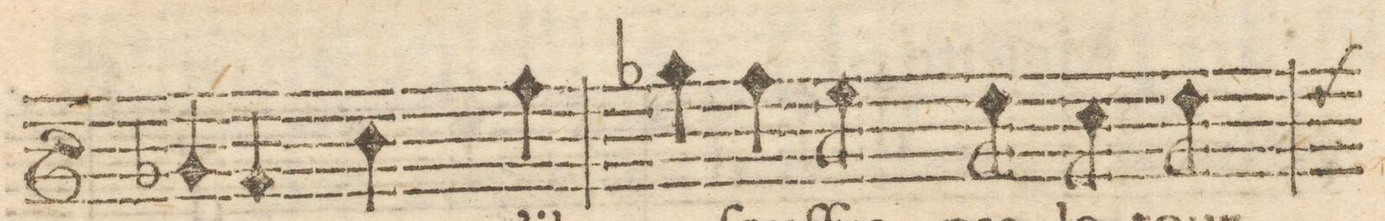


ve - nir me fait (plaiſir / mourir) fais que plein
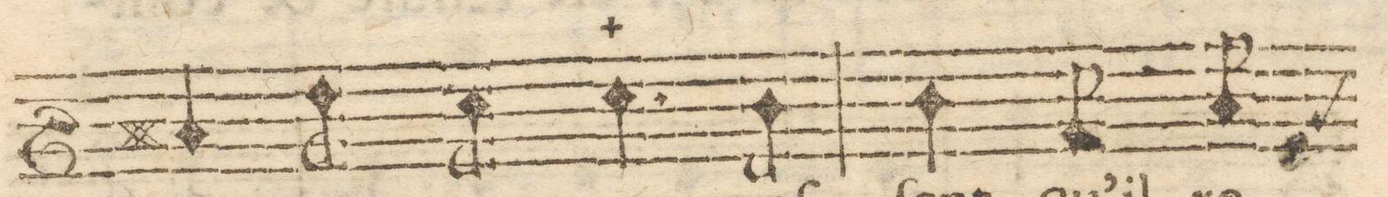


de mêmes feux Phi - lene amou - reux,



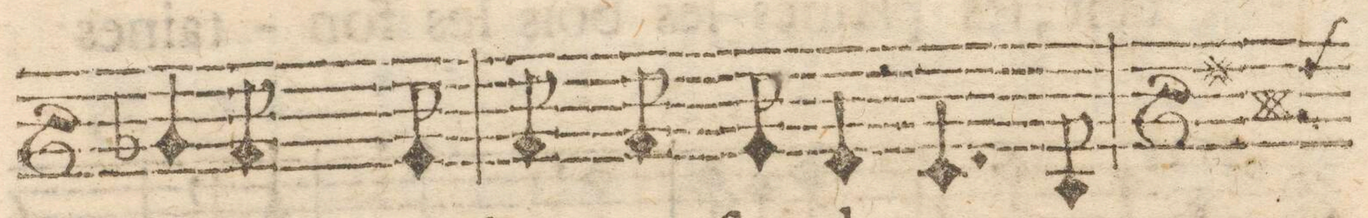
(comme / Loin de) moi s'af - fli - ge, mais que



dis - je non qu'il ne ſouffre pas le tour-
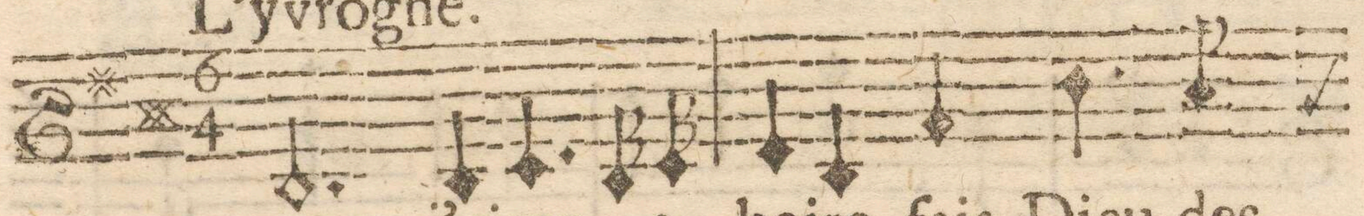


ment que mon cœur reſ - ſent qu'il re-
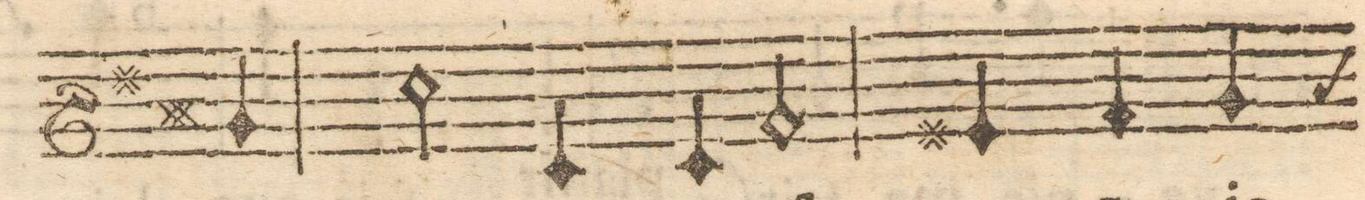


vienne en ces lieux ce ſont la tous mes
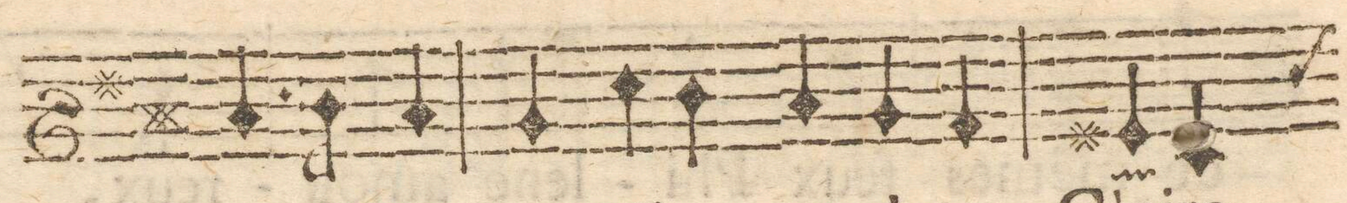
L'yvrogne.
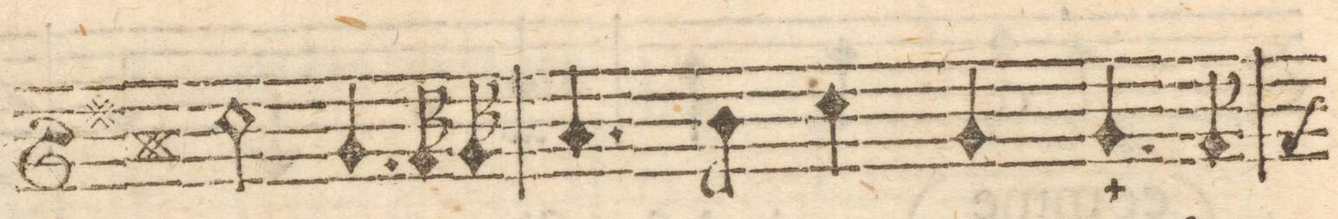


vœux; j'aime a boire ſais Dieu des



A - mours par ton ſe - cours que je
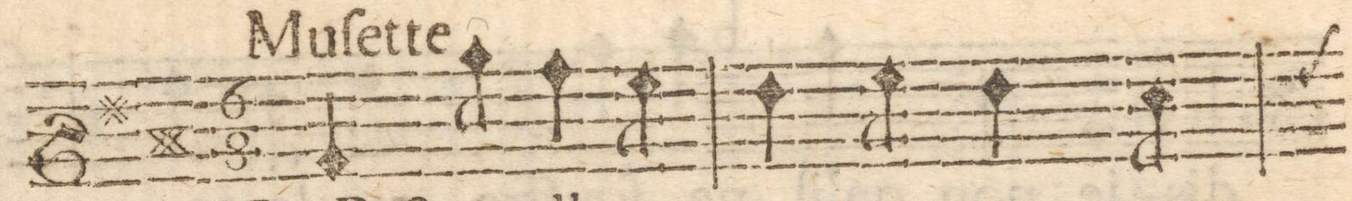


boive toujours, il y va de ta Gloire
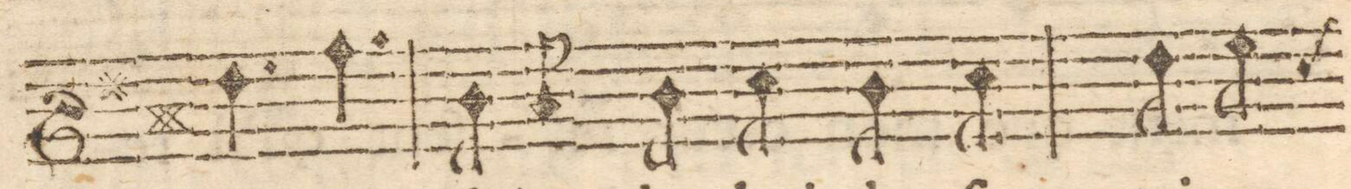


bien ſou - vent l'Amour vient en bu-

Muſette.
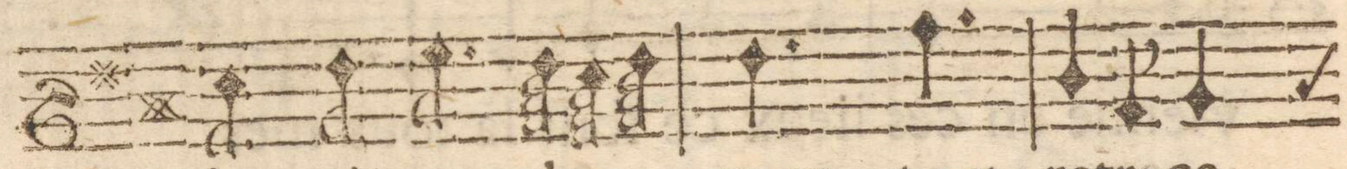


La Paſtourelle.
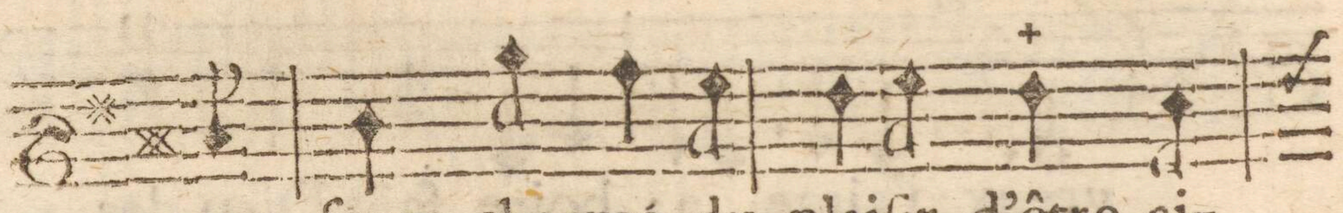
vant mon amant eſt tendre & conſ-



tant, les plaines les bois les fon - taines
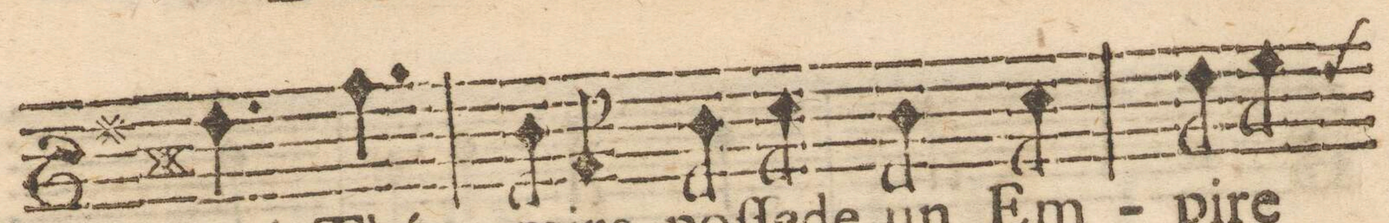


les oiſeaux heu - reux, tout retrace
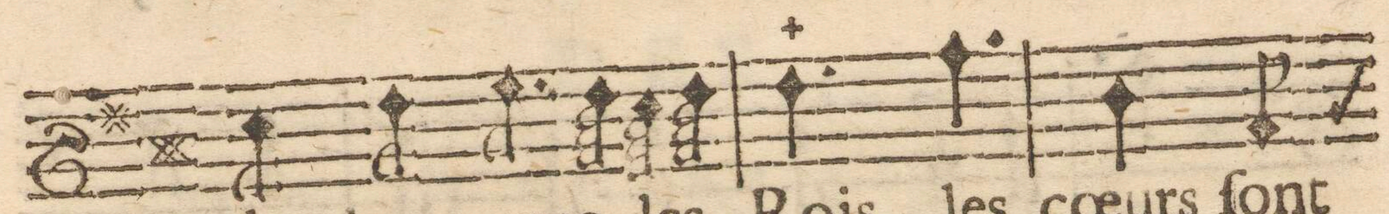


nos feux, charmé du plaiſir d'être ai-

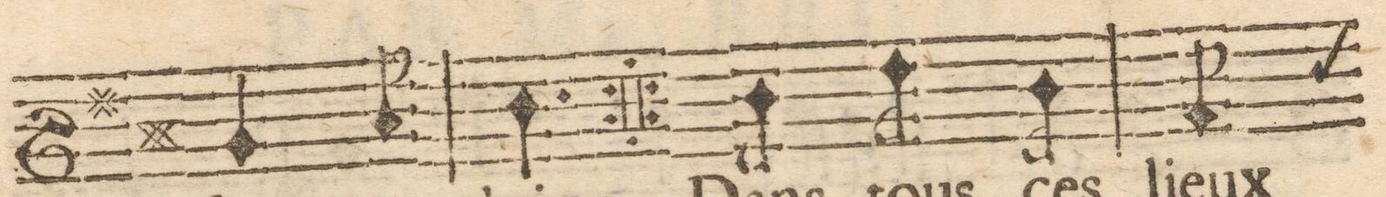
mé
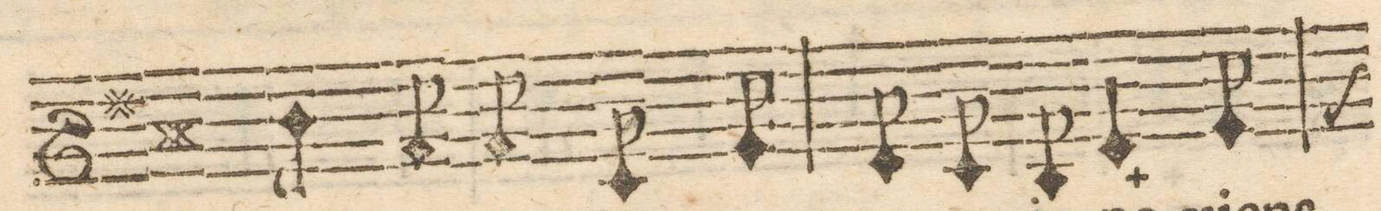


mé Thé - mire poſſede un Em - pire
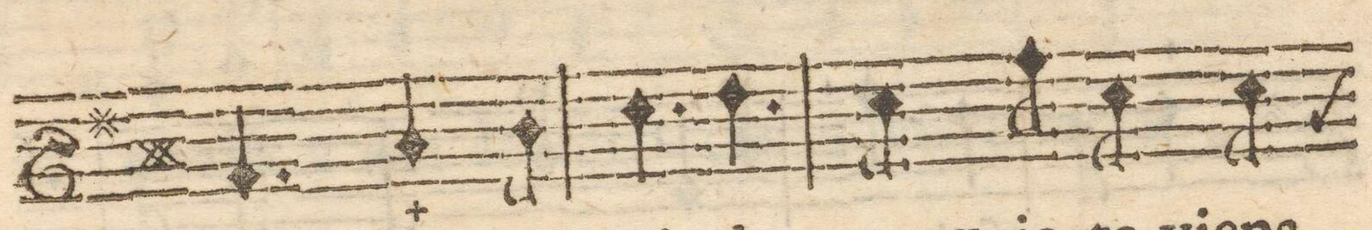


plus beau que les Rois, les cœurs ſont



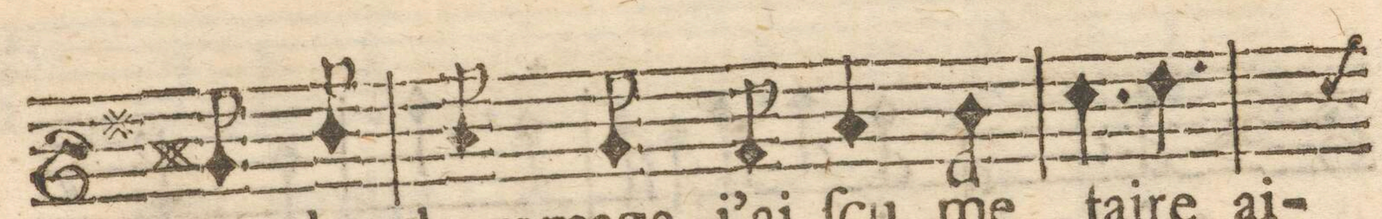
ſous ces loix: Dans tous ces lieux
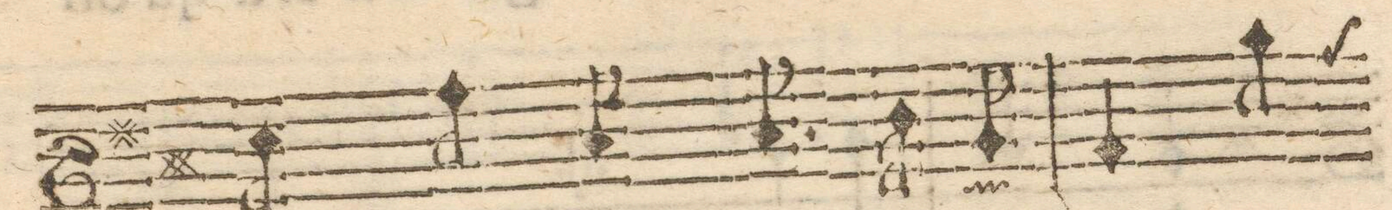


mon Berger ſuit mes traces je ne viens



point faire i - ci des vœux je te viens
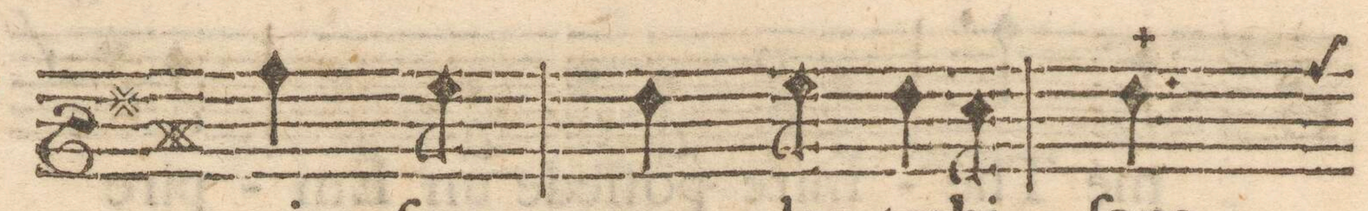


rendre hommage j'ai ſçu me faire ai-
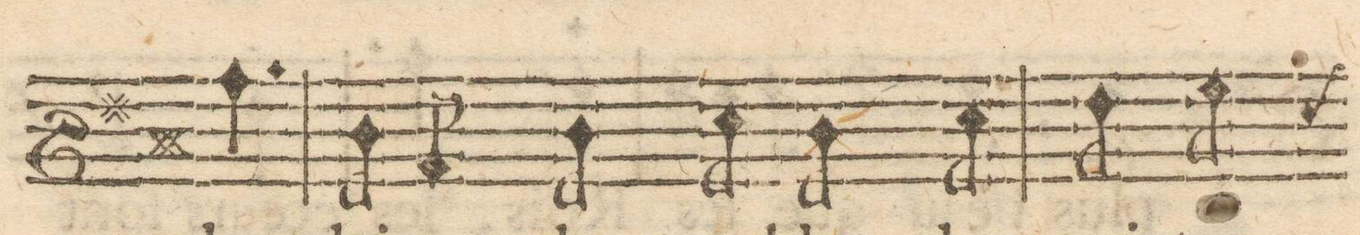


mer qu'els vœux puis je former ; les
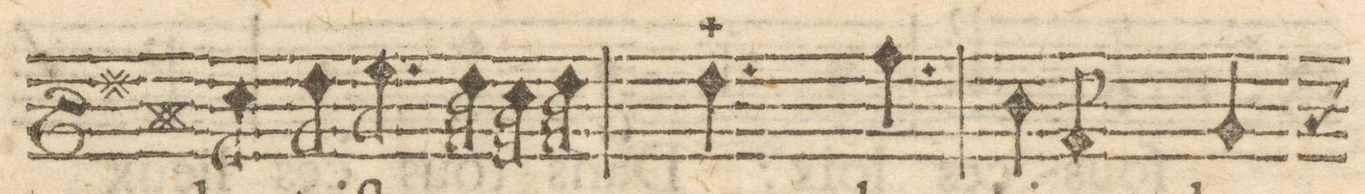
noire
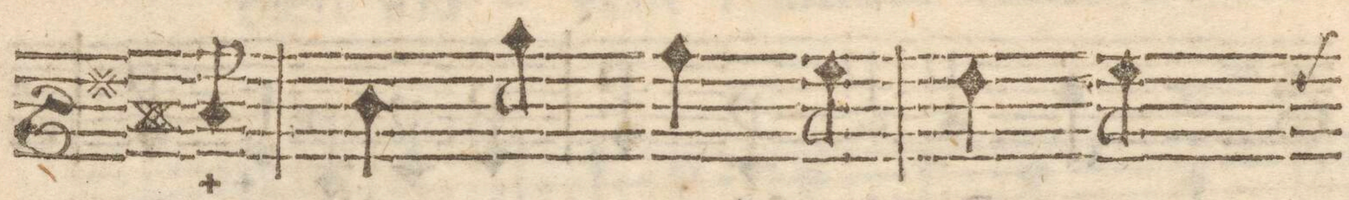


noirs ſoup - çons, les trahi - ſons,
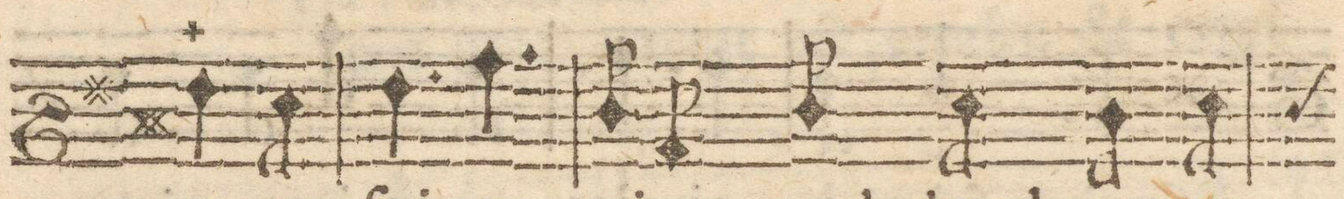


les plaintes, les troubles, les craintes,
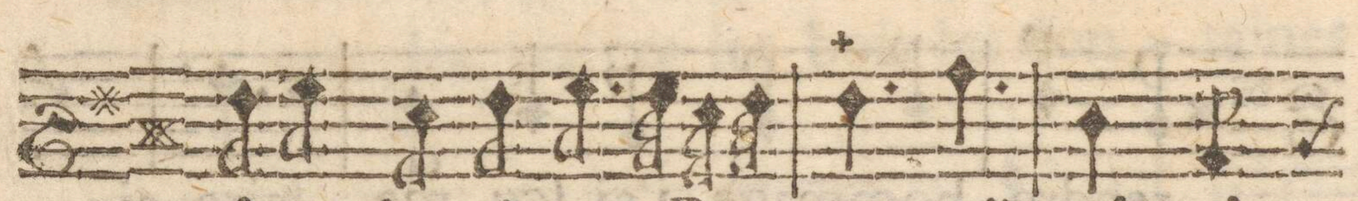


les triſtes re - grets, ha - bitent les
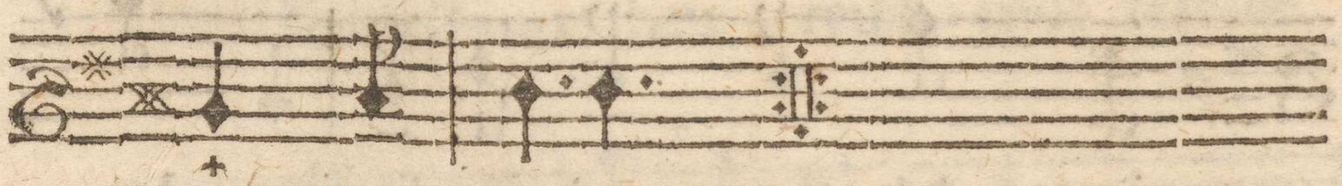


Pa - lais, mais dans nos bois quand



u - ne fois on aime quel bonheur ex-



trême, jamais un Ber - ger n'à crû qu'on



put chan - ger.
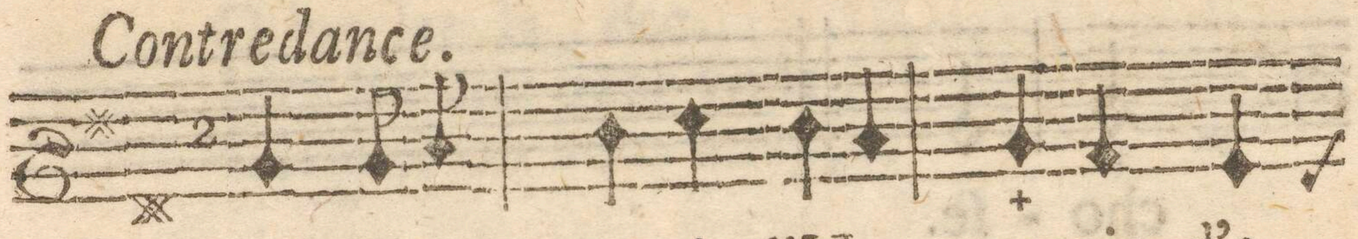
F I N.

VAU-
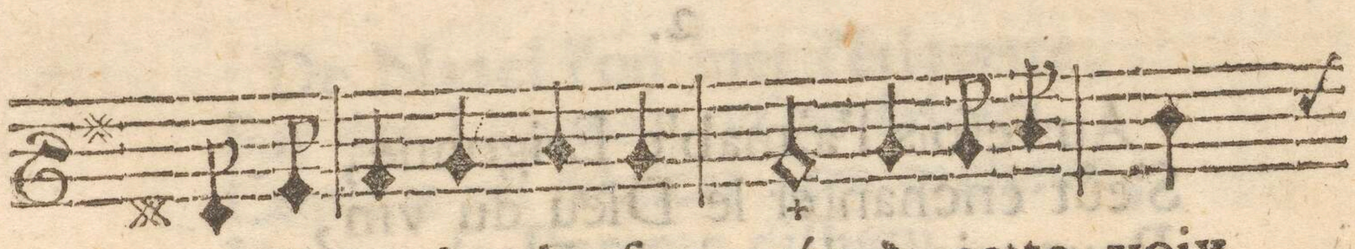
VAUDEVILLE
DES
FAUX NIAIS

PAR Mr. BROU.

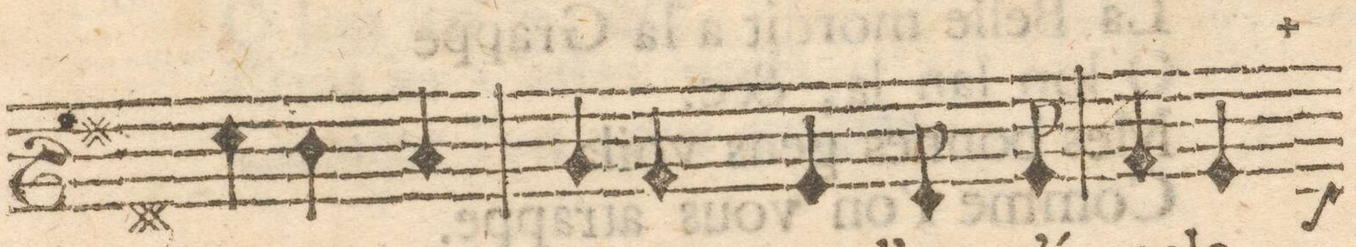
Contredance.
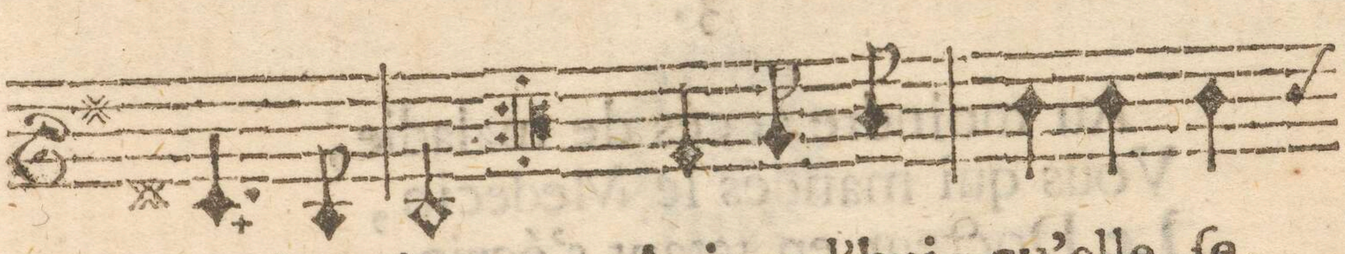


Le Théa - tre de l'Har - monie d'a-



madis a dut le ſuc - cés à cette voix
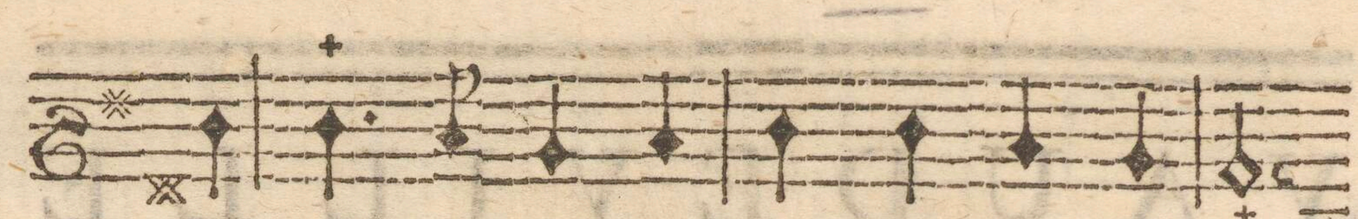


tant applau - di - e, que l'on n'é - gale-
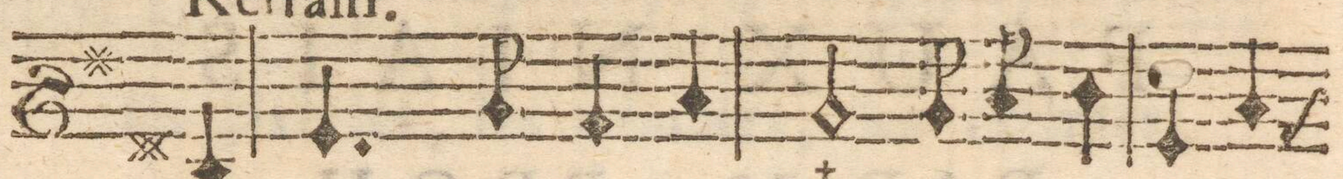


ra jamais. Aujourd'hui qu'elle ſe re-

+ Mlle. le Maure.

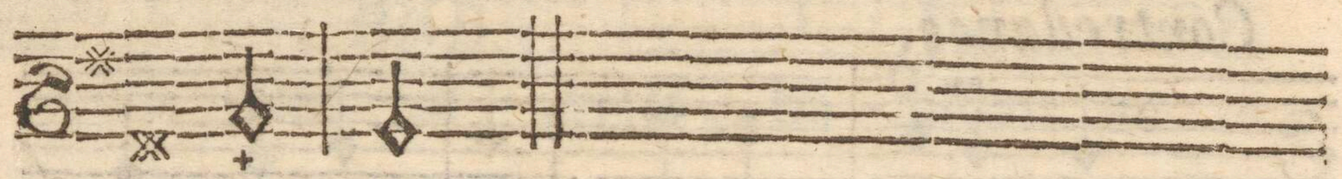


repoſe O lon lan la, O lon lan la

Refrain.



je crains que l'Ope - ra, ne faſſe même



cho - ſe.

2.

Autrefois l'aimable Erigonne,
S'eût enchanter le Dieu du vin,
Pour triompher de la Fripponne
Il prit la forme du Raiſin,
La Belle mordit a la Grappe
O lon lan la, &c.
Mes bonnes gens voila
Comme l'on vous atrappe.

3.

Au moindre accés de maladie,
Vous qui mandés le Medecin,
Le Docteur en tatant s'écrie
Saignée ce ſoir ſaignée demain,
Vous en croyés cette Eſculape

O lon lan la, &c.
Vous crevez & voilà
Comme l'on vous atrappe.

4.
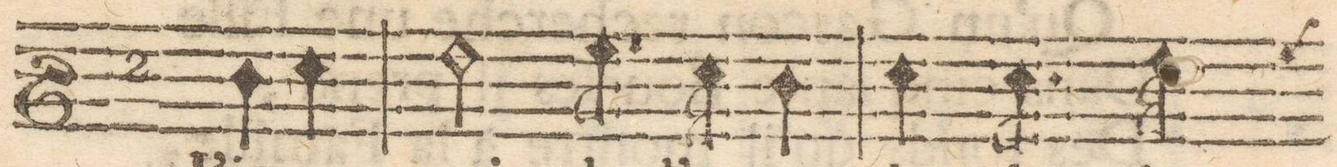
Qu'un Gascon recherche une Fille
Dans cinquante Bourses il prend,
Des fonds qu'il montre à la Famille,
Le Marché fait adieu l'Argent
Il n'a que l'Epée & la Cape,
O lon lan la, &c.
Mes bonnes gens voila,
Comme on vous atrappe.

5.
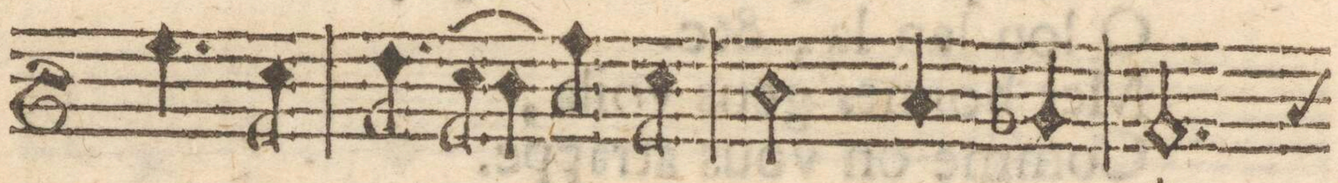
De Nanci l'on met l'étiquette,
Sur des Liqueurs qu'on fait ici,
Comme un Muscat l'on cachette,
Du jus de Pomme dissigni,
L'empoisonneur en rit sous cape,
O lon lan la, &c.
Dans les Caffez voilà,
Comme l'on vous atrappe.

LE NOVICE,
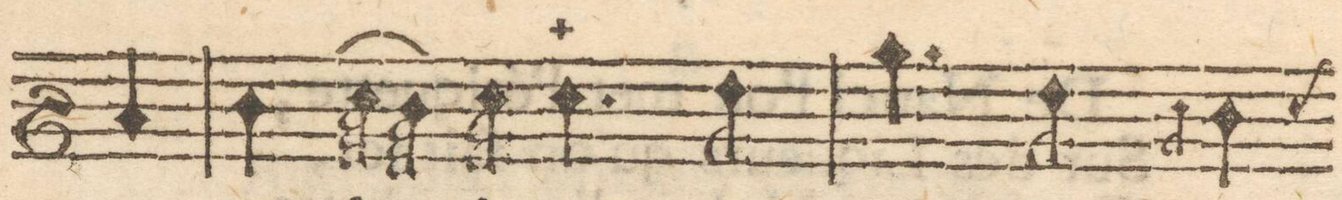
EN AMOUR.
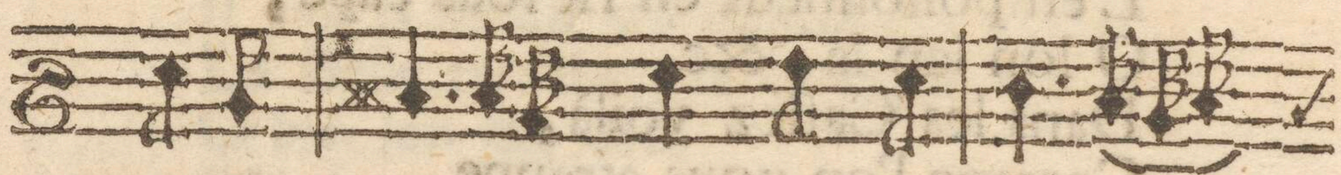


J'igno - rois de l'amour le plus char-



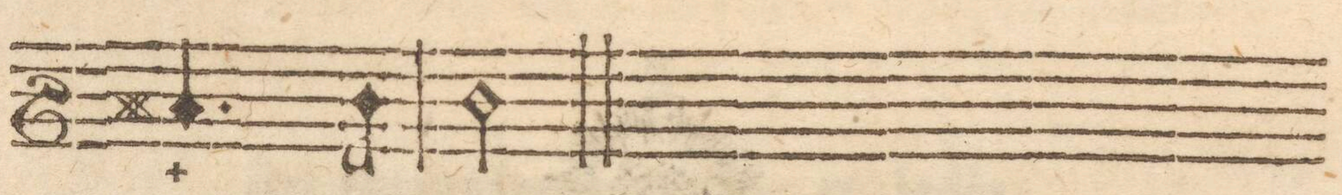
mant u - ſage, avant que ma Clo - ris



eut en - chanté mon cœur, Ah ! quel ten-
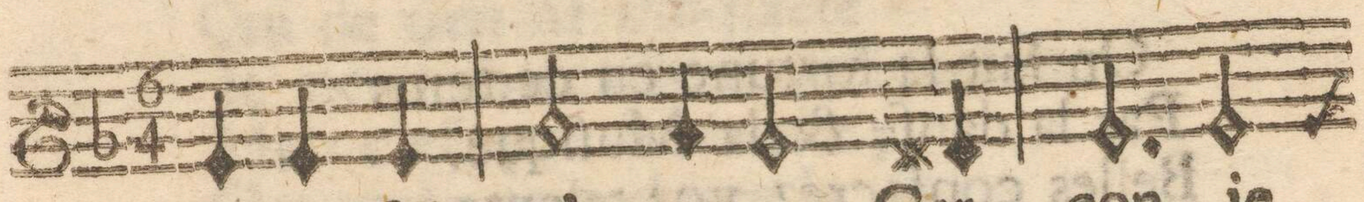


dre par - ta - ge, que d'aimer un fi - -



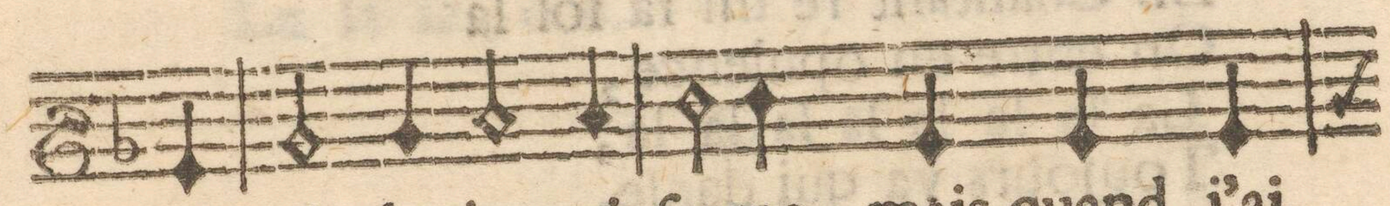
beau vainqueur.

LES FÊTES VILLAGEOISES,
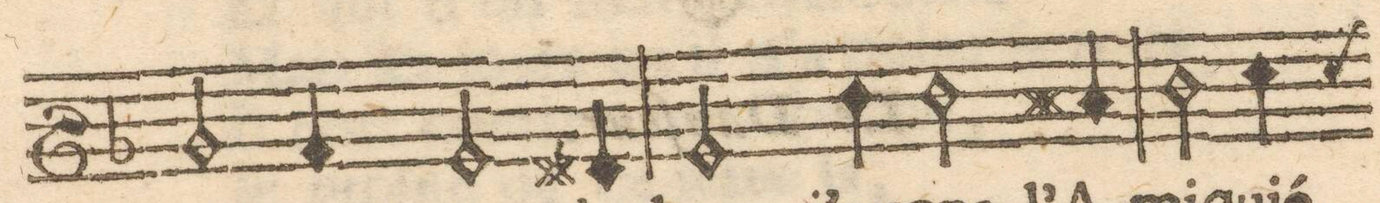
Nouveau Divertiſſement Opera Comique.
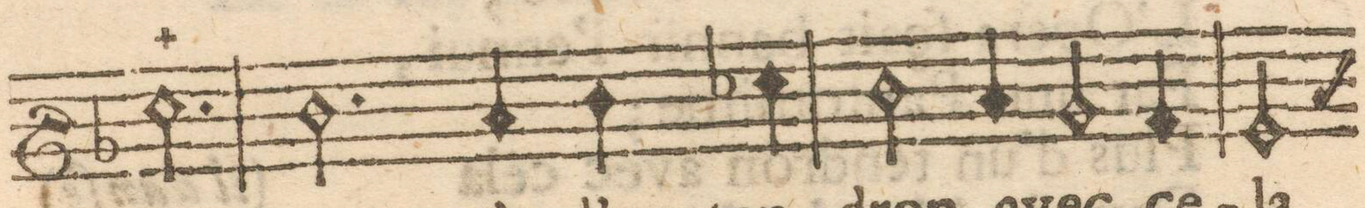


Je ne ſuis qu'un pauvre Gar - çon, je



n'ai ni chatiau ni farme, mais quand j'ai
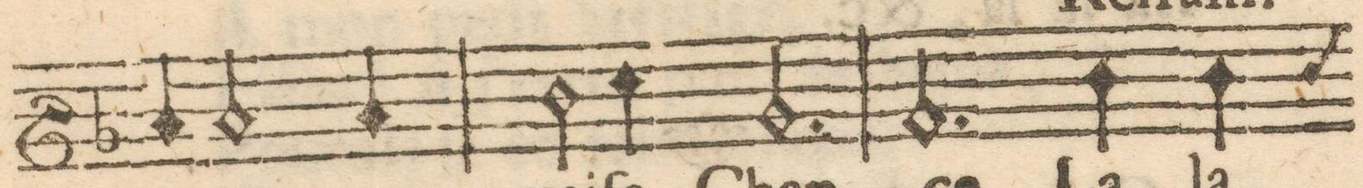


me c'eſt tout de bon, j'avons l'A miquié
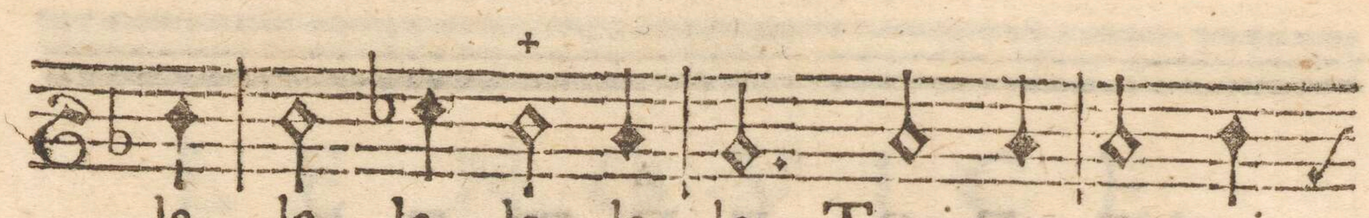


ſar - me, près d'un ten - dron avec ce - la

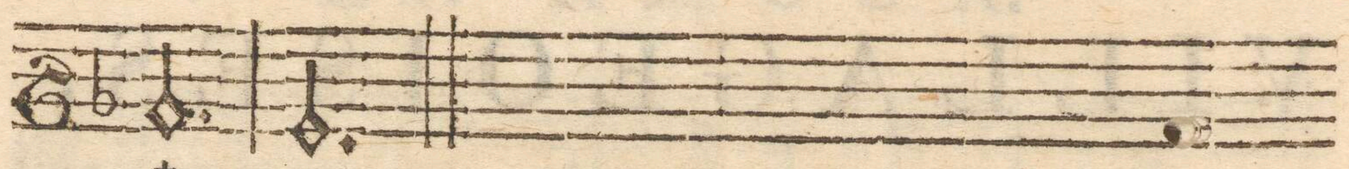
Refrain.



a ton mau - vaiſe Chan - ce, La, la,

la,





On fait ſa fortune en ce tems
Par la danſe & la Muſique.
Belles conſacrez vos talents,
Au Théatre Lirique,
En Chantant re mi fa ſol la
On entre en opulence,
La la la la la la la,
Toujours va qui danſe.

Le Danſeur.

Plus d'un par mon art aujourd'hui,
Dans une Caleche Prime,
L'Opera ſçait bannir l'ennui,
Par une Pantomime;
Plus d'un tendron avec cela (*il danſe*)
Dans le Monde s'avance
La la la, &c.

Colin n'eſt pas trop circonſpect

Et

Et je crains ſa petulance,
Blaiſe ſoupire avec reſpect,
Trop de reſpect offenſe,
Tout bien péſé Colin aura
Je croi la preference,
La la la, &c.

Mon homme eſt un fort bon grivois
Qui de rien ne s'inquiete
Je nous chamaillous quelquefois
Mais c'eſt par Amuſette,
Car après ce grabuge la
On eſt d'intelligence,
La la la, &c.

J'ai pour Epoux un vieux jaloux
Et qui d'un rien s'effarouche
Mais les jours qu'il n'a point ſa toux,
Il dort comme une ſouche,
Je profite de ce tems la,
Pour me donner licence,
La la la, &c.

Sans Ambition je m'en tiens,
A mon petit heritage,
Hélas! ſi j'avois plus de biens,
Pourois-je en faire uſage;
Ce petit tendron que voila,

Me tiens lieu d'opulence,
La la la, &c.
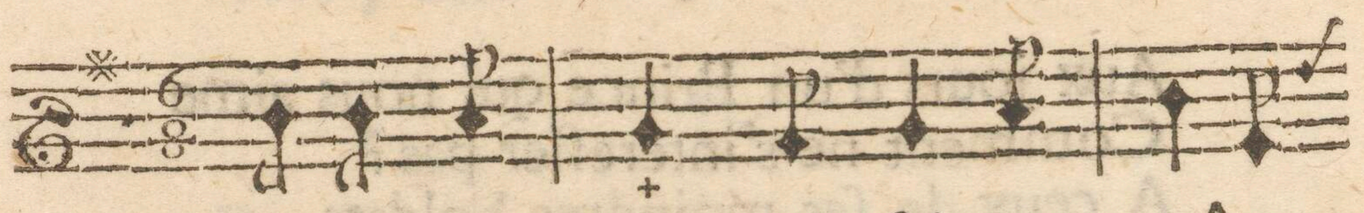
Je ſommes d'aſſez bonnes gens,
Mais je n'ons ni ſou ni maille
Souvent il nous viant des ſergens
Nous preſſer pour la Taille,
Je ſont joyeux avec cela,
Plus que gens d'importance,
La la la, &c.

Tant qu'on eſt dans le Celibat
On eſt ſans ceſſe contrainte,
Une Amourette fait cela,
On vit toujours en crainte,
Mais avec un Epoux on à
Une entiere licence,
La la la, &c.
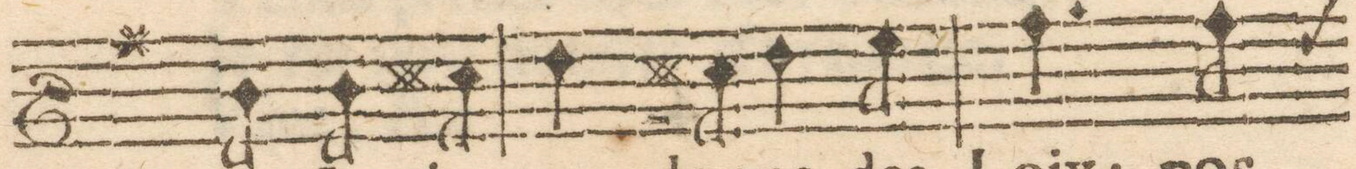
A Paris on s'eſt fait un art,
De debiter la fleurette,
Mais pour nous qui ſommes ſans fard
J'allons a la franquette
Me veux tu bien, oui tien me voila,
Sans tant de Manigance,
La la la la la la la,
Toujours va qui danſe.

FIN.
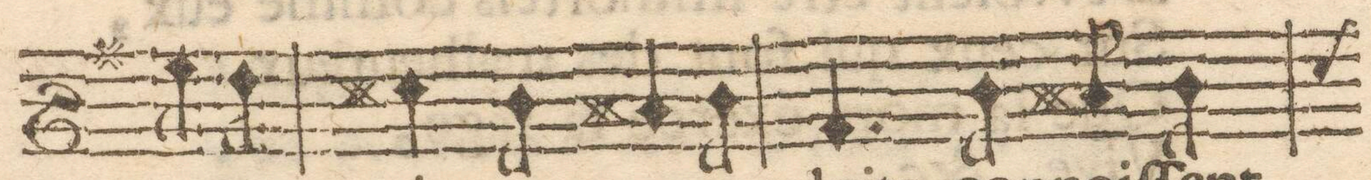
VAUDEVILLE
DU
BAL DE STRASBOURG.
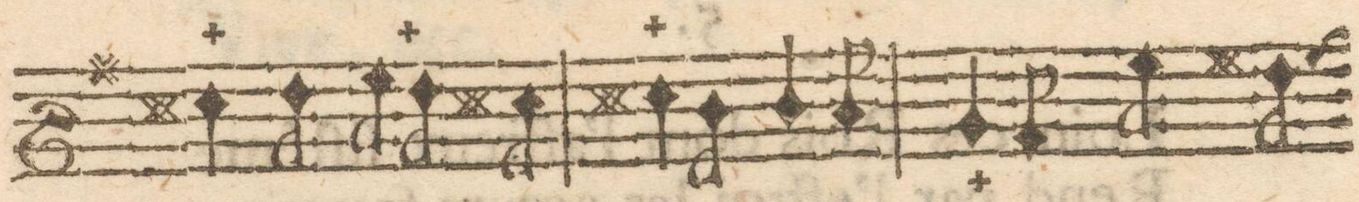


Notre bon-heur nous fait con-noître
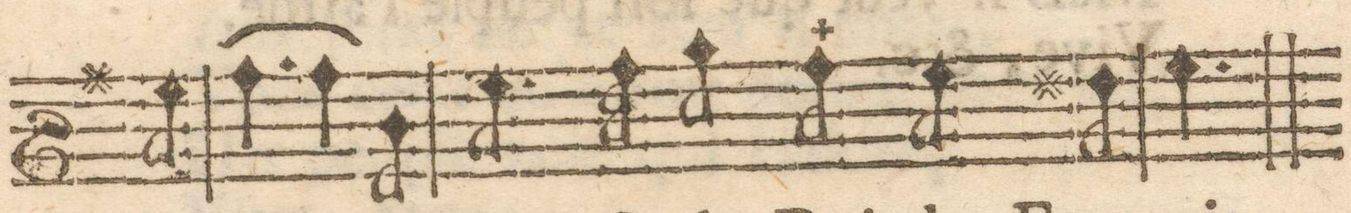


que Louis nous donne des Loix; nos



enne-mis par nos exploits connoiſſent



qu'il eſt notre maître vive, vive, vive a



jamais, le Pere & le Roi des François.

2.

C'eſt a lui, plus qu'au Diadême,
Que tous nos hommages ſont dus,
Il eſt plus grand par ſes vertus,
Qu'il ne l eſt par le rang ſuprême :
Vive, &c.

3.

Aux jours d'un Prince qui nous aime
Comment ne s'intereſſer pas ?
A ceux de ſes moindres Soldats,
Nous l'avons vu veiller lui même,
Vive, &c.

4.

Les Rois qui des Dieux ſont l'image,
Devroient être immortels comme eux,
Sur ceux qui font des malheureux
Que la mort éxerce ſa rage,
Vive, &c.

5.

Loin ces Rois dont l'affreux ſiſtême
Rend par l'effroi les cœurs ſoumis,
Louis eſt craint des ennemis ;
Mais il veut que ſon peuple l'aime,
Vive, &c.

BIBLIOTEKA
XX.
CZARTORYSKICH

6. Un

6.

Un Député,
Tenés recevés cette bourse,
Notre zèle en sera flaté;
Le Courier,
Du Roi j'annonce la sânté,
Je suis trop payé de ma course:
Vive, &c.

7.

On doit pour un si doux message,
Vous faire les plus riches dons,
Tenés prenés tous mes bonbons,
Je ne puis donner d'avantage.
Vive, &c.

8.
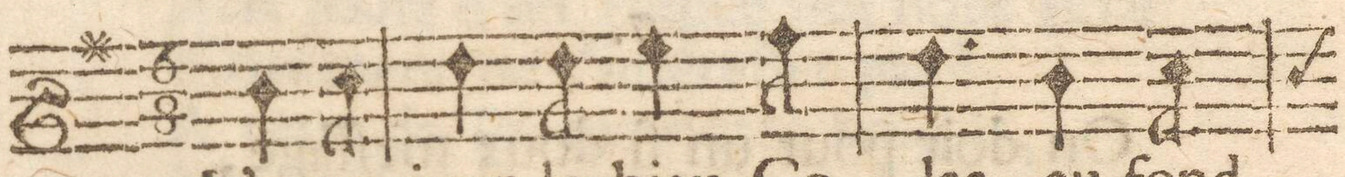
Maman dit qu'il n'est notre maître,
Que pour nous faire à tous du bien;
Dites lui que je l'aime bien,
Je voudrois qu'il put le connoître,
Vive, &c.

9.
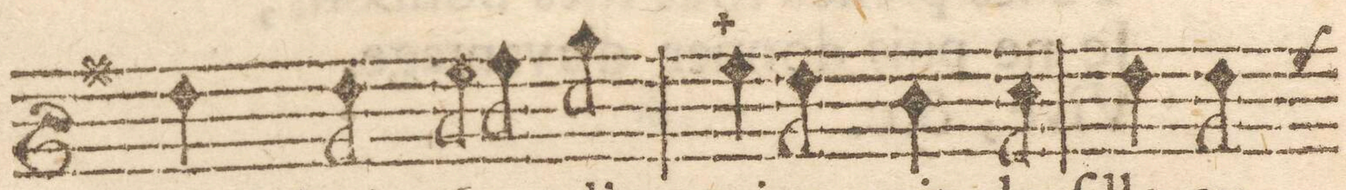
O Ciel! daigne ajouter encor
Aux jours de ce Roi si cheri,
Tous ceux qu'auroit donné pour lui,
Un peuple zèlé qui l'adore,
Vive, &c.

RONDE, OU CHANSON A DANSER, CHANTE'E PAR Mlle. DARIMATH,
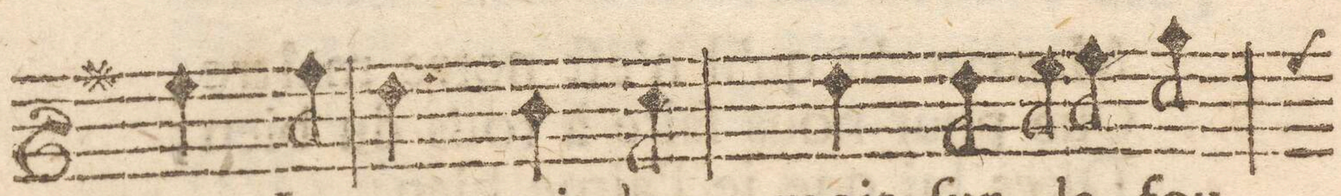
Dans le Balet des amours grivois.



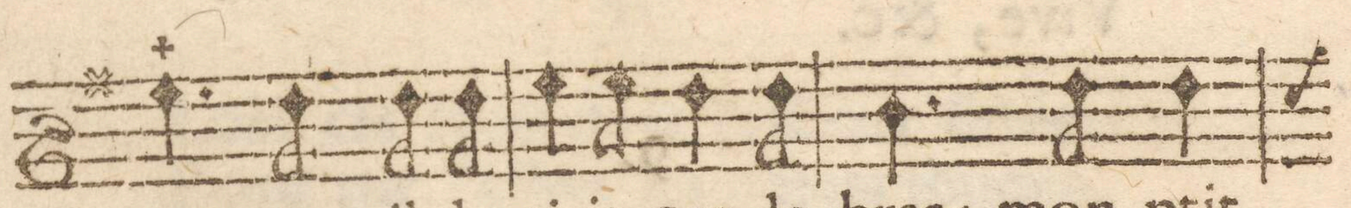
L'autre jour le biau Co - las, au fond
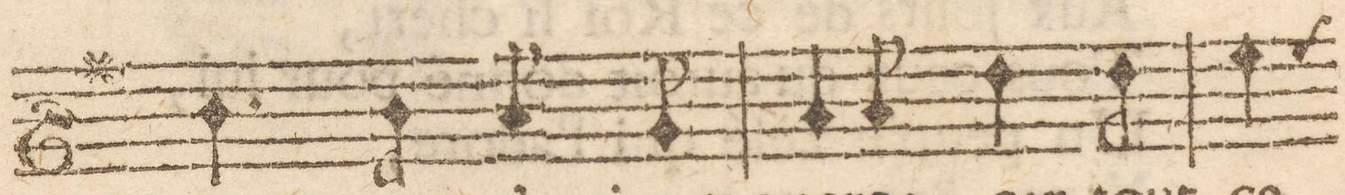


d'un bois ſo - li - taire, vit la fille au
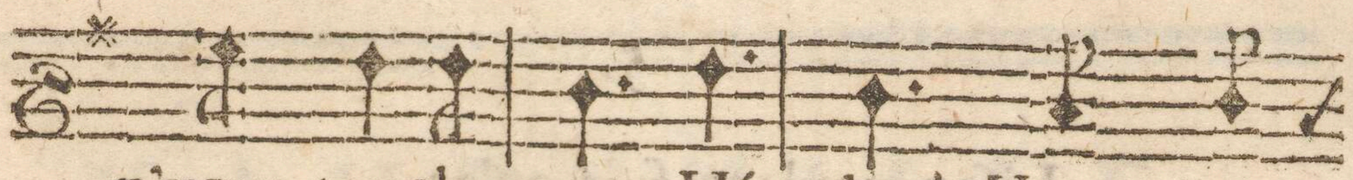


gros Lucas, qui dor - moit ſur la fou-



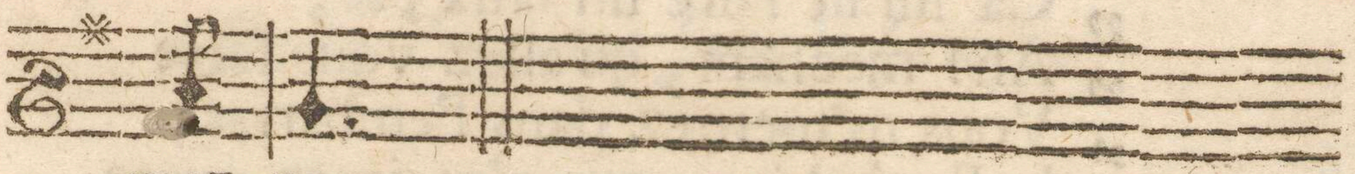
ge - re, il la tirit par le bras; mon ptit



cœur, vous n'maimez guere; „car tout ça



„ n'vous touche pas, Hé - las ! Vous n'mai-



„ mez pas.

2.

„ Je rotis pour vos appas,
„ Vous n'en êtes que plus fiere,
„ Mon cœur pouſſe des hélas !
„ Qui feroient fendre une piere ;
„ Vous m'reduirez au trépas,
„ Mon ptit cœur, &c.

3.

„ Quand vous allais tout la bas
„ Voir les champs de votre Pere,
„ Dœufs durs, de fromage gras,
„ J'emplis votre panetiere,
„ Je vous y donne le bras ;
„ Mon ptit cœur, &c.

4.

„ Je n'fais plus que tras repas,
„ Et devant votre chaumiere,
„ Tout d'bout comme un échalas,
„ Je paſſe la nuit enquiere,
„ Mes ſoupirs font peur aux chats,
„ Mon ptit cœur, &c.

5. „ Li-

5.

„ Liſon voulant fuir colas,
„ Sentit rompre ſa jarquiere,
„ Ca lui fit faire un faux pas,
„ Ah! mechant, qu'allez vous faire
„ Vous m'mettrez dans l'embarras,
„ Je l'vois bien vous n'maimez guere,
„ Car tout ça, &c.

6.

„ Finirez vous donc Colas?
„ J'irai l'dire a votre Mere.
„ Ouf! vous me tordez le bras,
„ Agit on de la magniere!
„ Quel tourment j'endure! hélas!
„ Aye, aye, aye, vous n'maimez guere;
„ Car tout ça, &c.
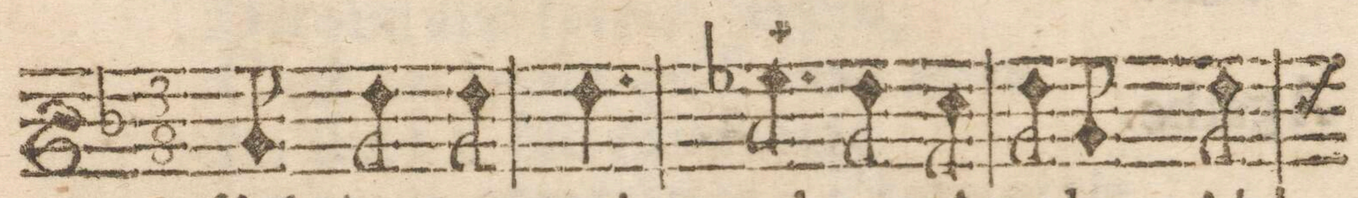
7.

„ Il prit deux baiſers ou tras,
„ Sur le ſein de la Bargere,
„ Puis il ſe croiſit les bras,
„ Et reſtit la ſans rien faire.
„ Vous êtes donc las Colas
„ Je l'vois bien vous n'maimez guere,
„ Car tout ça, &c.
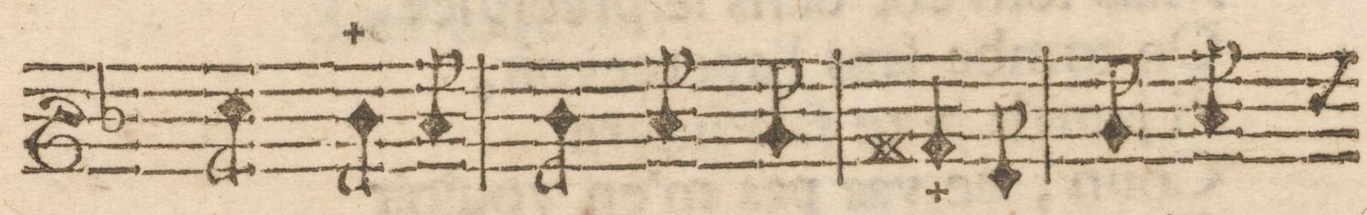
VAUDEVILLE.

De la Coquette ſans le ſavoir.
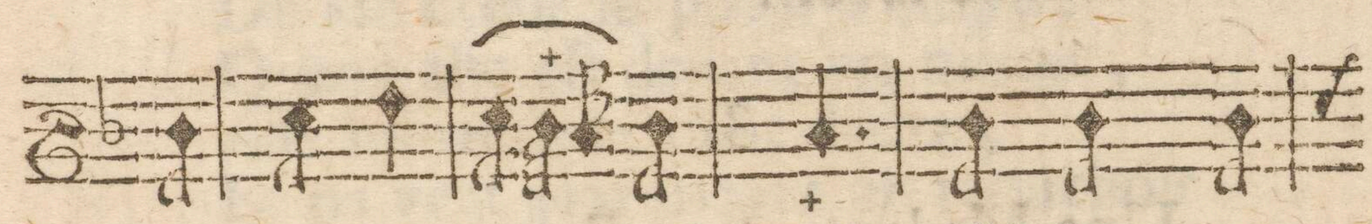
Colin.
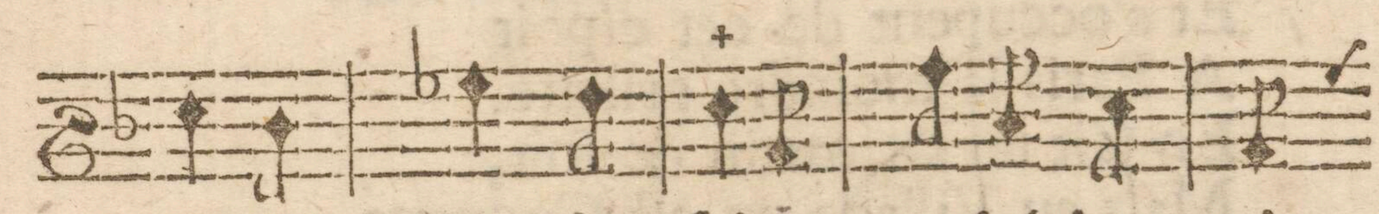


J'obtiens ta main machere Agathe, Ah!



qu'un pareil bonheur me fla-te; ce jour
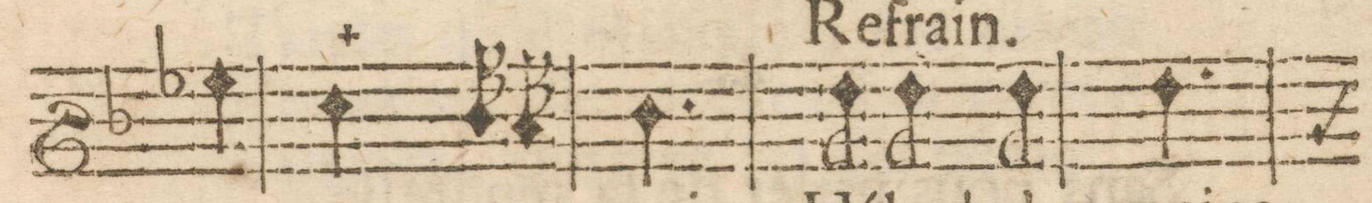


va combler mon eſ - poir, s'il faut que
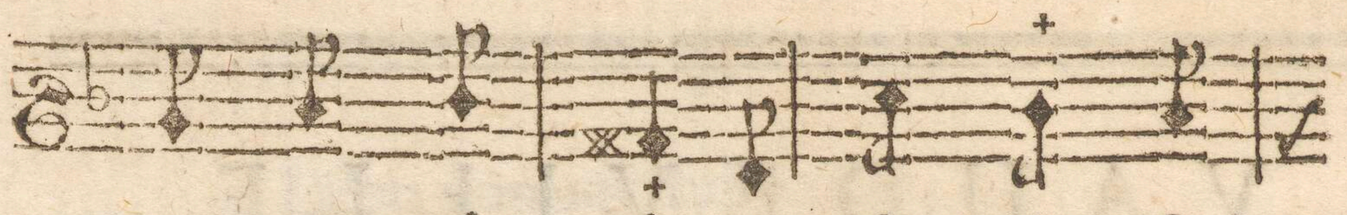


de l'hi - men s'en ſuive, quel échec qu'on

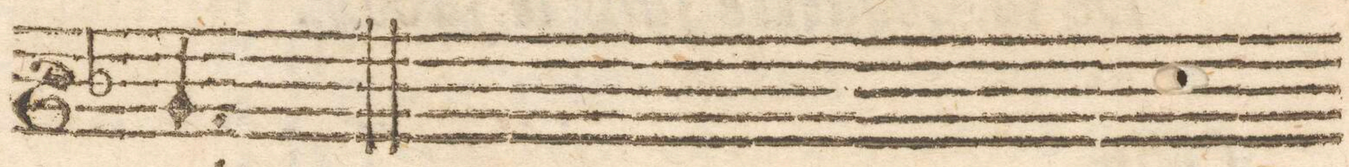
Refrain.



ne peut pre - voir, Hélas! du moins



que ça m'ar - ri - ve, ſans le ſa-



voir.

Agathe. 2.

Je fus toujours ſimple & novice
Mais ſouvent dans le précipice,
On tombe ſans l'apercevoir,
Si jamais je te fais injure
Colin, ne vas pas m'en vouloir
Car ce ſera je te le jure,
Sans le ſavoir.

3.

Une Madame, une Bergere,
Egalement cherchent a plaire
Et s'occupent de cet eſpoir
A Paris la moindre griſette.
En fait un an matin & ſoir,
Mais au Village on eſt Coquette,
Sans le ſavoir.

4.

Sans nous parler de ſa tendreſſe,
Un amant nous fait politeſſe,

Et

Et l'on s'accoutume a le voir,
Petit a petit ſon langage
Sur notre cœur prend du pouvoir,
Et c'eſt ainſi que l'on s'engage,
Sans le ſavoir.

5.

Un tendre Amant, a ſa Bergere,
Derobe une faveur legere,
C'eſt un baiſer qu'il veut avoir
En ſuite il ôſe davantage
Le cœur commence a s'émouvoir
La tête tourne & l'on s'engage,
Sans le ſavoir.

6.

Avant douze ans Gogo ſepare
De ſon cœur le plaiſir s'empare
Quand alle eſt devant un miroir,
Alle minaude ſe tiant drette,
Et ne veut plus mettre un mouchoir
Voila Gogo déja Coquette,
Sans le ſavoir.

7.

Plus d'un mari coquet volage,
Prétend que ſa femme ſoit ſage,
Tandis qu'il manque a ſon devoir
Epoux qu'elle erreur eſt la votre?
Dormez, dormez ſur cet eſpoir,

Mais vous ſerez tout comme un autre,
Sans le ſavoir.

8.

Je nous aimons ſans nul reproche,
Je n'achettons point chat en poche
Quand il s'agit de ſe pourvoir,
Mais a la Ville jarnombille,
On donne dans le pot au noir,
On prend ſouvent Veuve pour fille,
Sans le ſavoir.

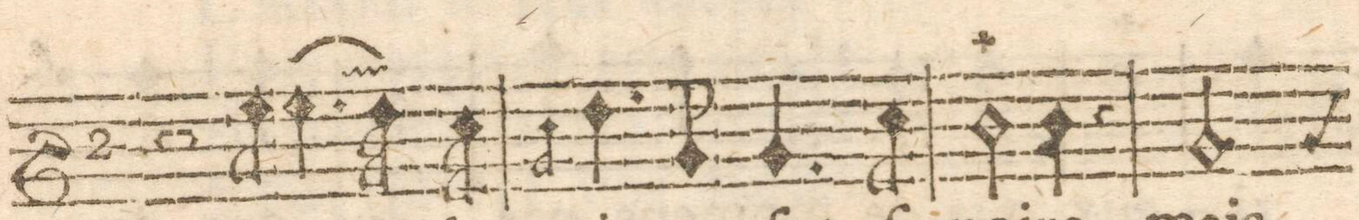
9. & dernier.

Iris dormoit ſur la fougere
Un jeune Berger temeraire
Voyoit voltiger ſon mouchoir,
L'occaſion me favoriſe
Faiſons dit-il notre devoir:
La pauvre enfant ſe trouva priſe,
Sans le ſavoir.
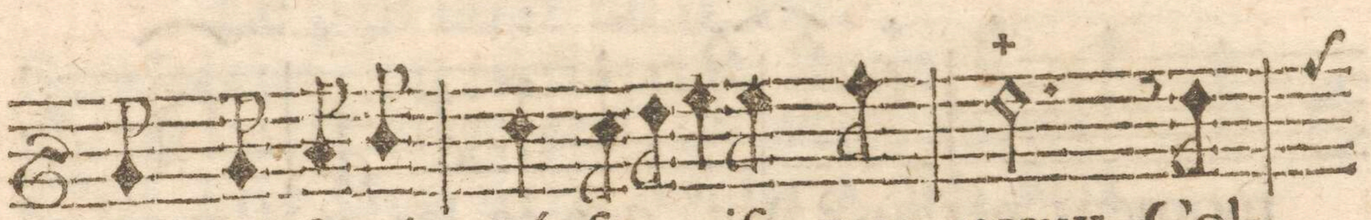
PARODIE NOUVELLE

DE RAGONDE,
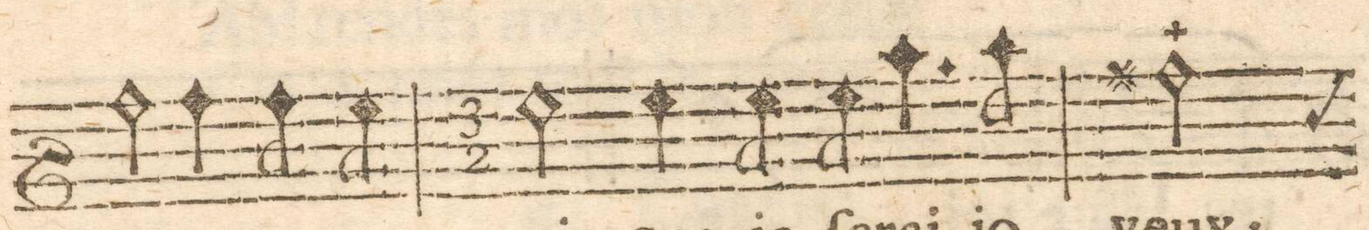
Avec la Reponce.



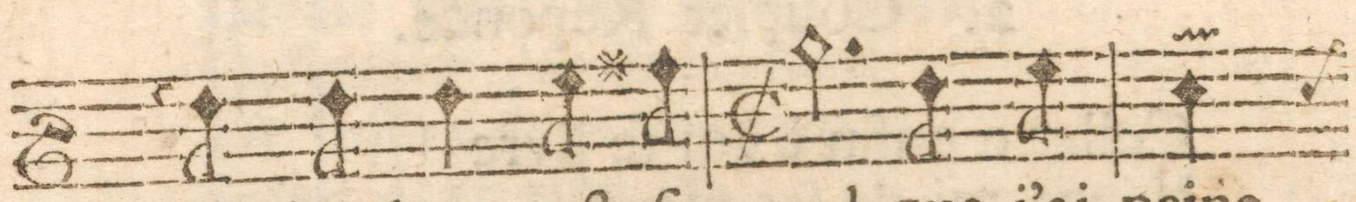
Jamais la nuit ne fut ſi noire, mais
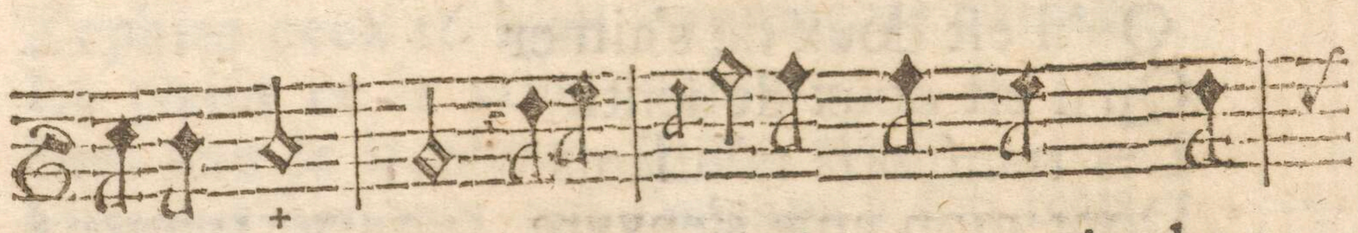


ſon obſcuri - té favoriſe mes vœux. Col-
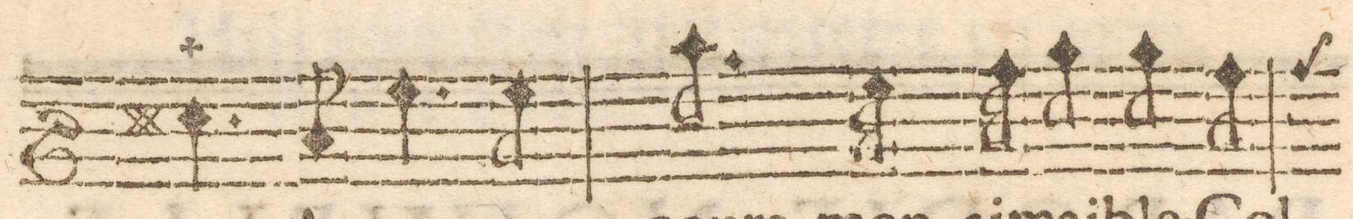


lette va ve - nir que je ſerai jo - yeux;
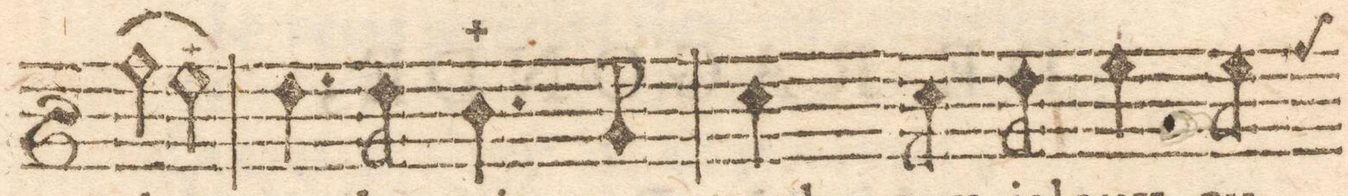


Mon bonheur eſt ſi grand que j'ai peine
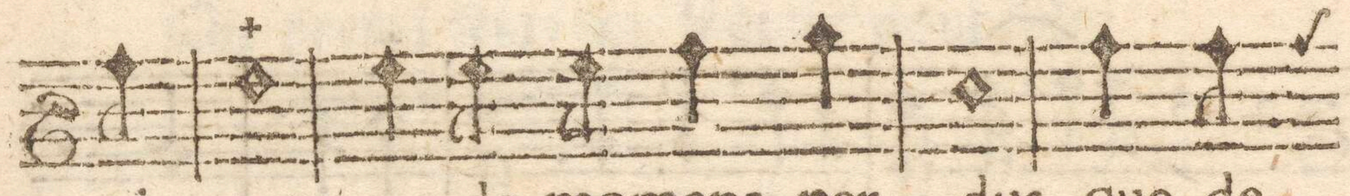


à le croi - re, Hâte toi de me rendre heu-
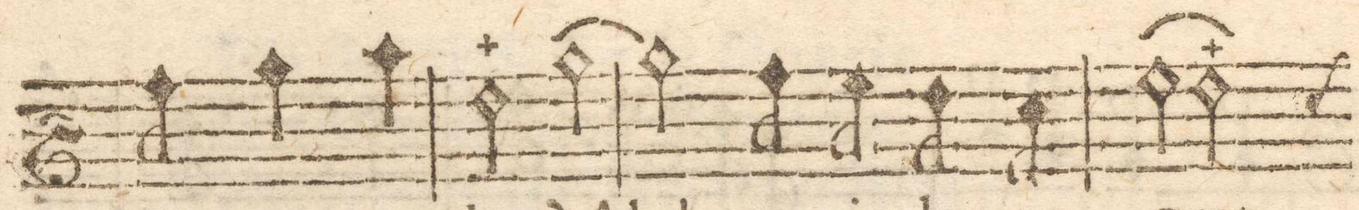


reux Accoursac - cours mon aimable Col-
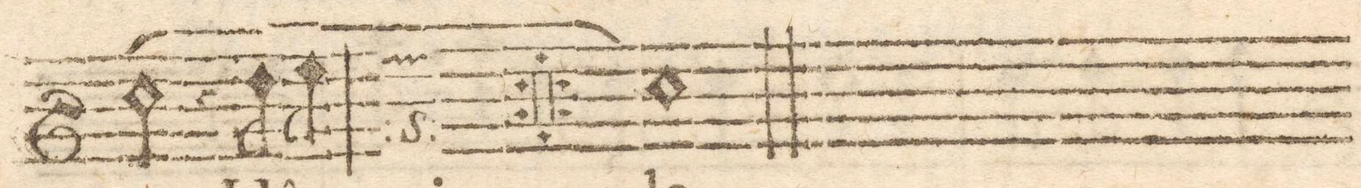


let - te la nuit nous cache aux jaloux cu-



ri - eux, que de momens per - dus, que de-



momens perdus ? Ah ! que je les re - gret-



te ; Hâte toi. le.

2. Couplet Réponce.

Collette enfin à toi ſe livre
Vange toi de ſes maux
Satisfait ton deſir
Qu'il eſt doux de s'aimer
Qu'il eſt doux de ſentir
Les tranſports raviſſants
Dont mon ame s'enyvre
Mais quel trouble agite mes ſens.

Colin

Colin Colin modere un peu ta flame
Mais non acheve en vain je me deffens
Delicieux momens
Delicieux momens
Cher amant je rends l'ame.

3. Couplet, Parodie.

Aimés aimés jeune Silvie,
L'amour le ſeul amour
Peut combler nos deſirs
A plaire à tous charmer
Vous bornés vos plaiſirs
Ce n'eſt pas la le ſort
Le plus doux de la vie.
Sans aimer l'on n'eſt point heureux
Cedés cedés ſoupirons l'un pour l'autre
C'eſt trop long tems reſiſter à mes feux
Ah! rendés moi mon cœur
Ah! rendés moi mon cœur
Ou donnés moi le votre.

4. Couplet.

Jamais Venus ne fut ſi belle
Qu'amour paroît content
De briller dans vos yeux
Soleil as tu rien vû
De ſi beau ſous les Cieux
Zephire peux tu bien être encore infidèle
Le plaiſir de la voir un jour
Sera ſera le bonheur de ma vie,
Heureux heureux qui s'engage à ſon tour
Qu'il a de doux momens

Qu'il a de doux momens
Ah! que je les envie.

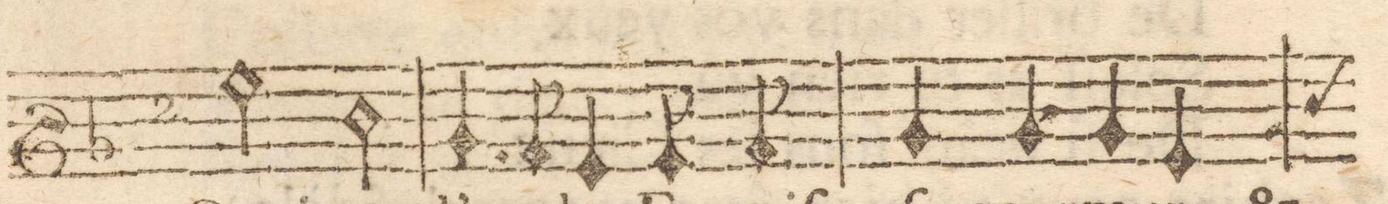
5. Couplet.

Jamais Venus n'eut tant de charme
Quel adorable objet vient captiver mon cœur
En voyant ſes attraits ſes graces ſa douceur,
Les Dieux ſeroient forcés de lui rendre les armes
Elle ſçait mon attachement
Ces yeux ces yeux du ſien ont du m'inſtruire
Mais qu'il eſt dure de s'aimer tendrement
Et de ne pas jouir
Et de ne pas jouir
Du bien de ſe le dire.
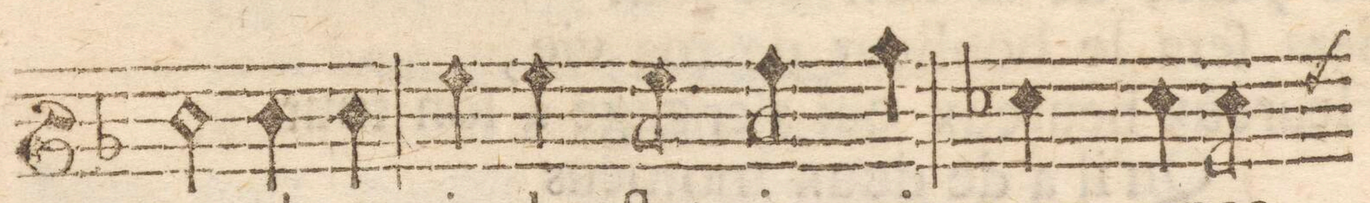
FIN.

PARODIE
DE LA MARINIERE.
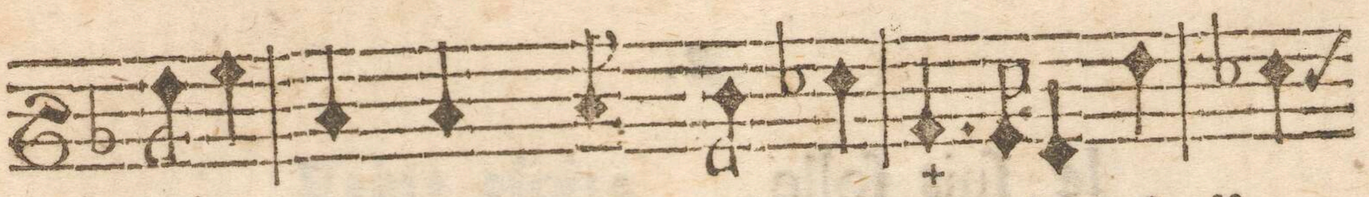
Contredanſe du Bal de l'Opera.
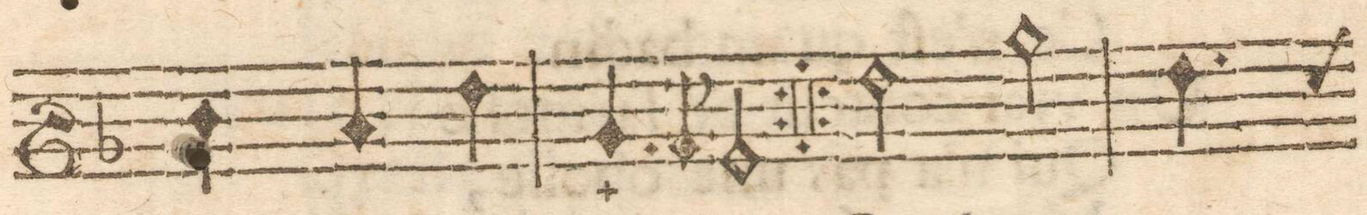


Quoique l'onde Fremiſ - ſe murmure &
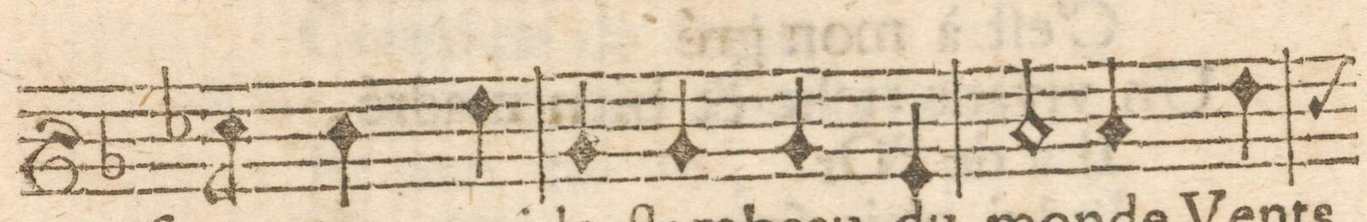


gronde je ris des flots je vois mon repos ſur
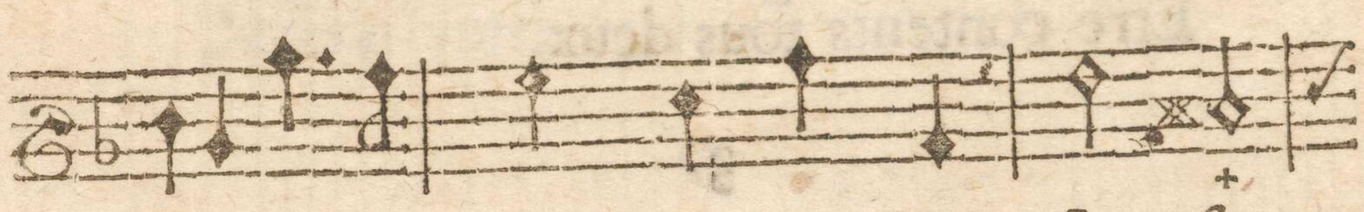


ſur le ſein charmant de ma blonde, & l'a-
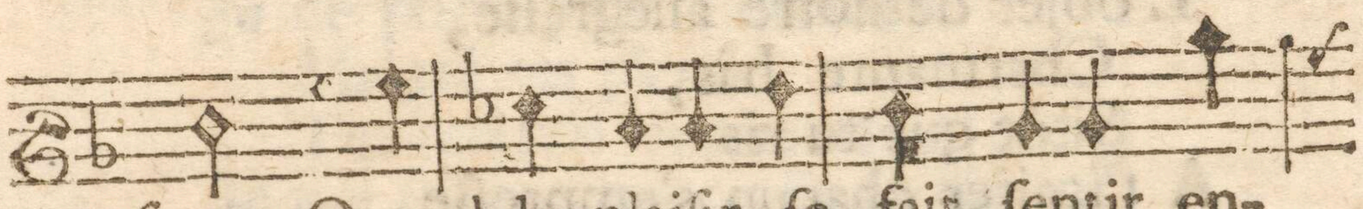


mour m'y ſé - conde: Ses beaux yeux
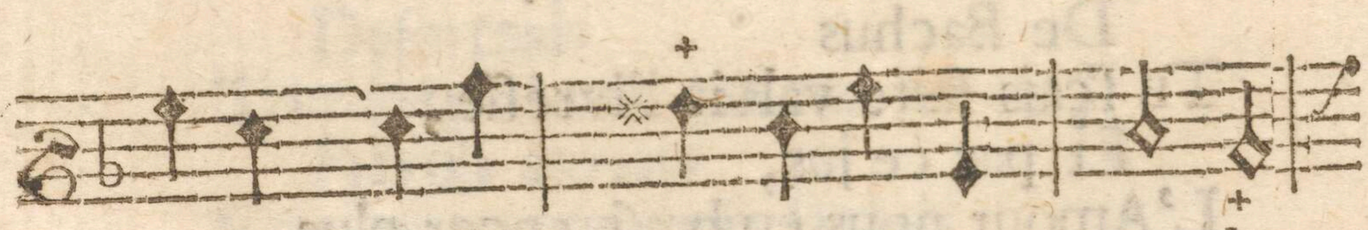


ſont pour moi le flambeau du monde Vents



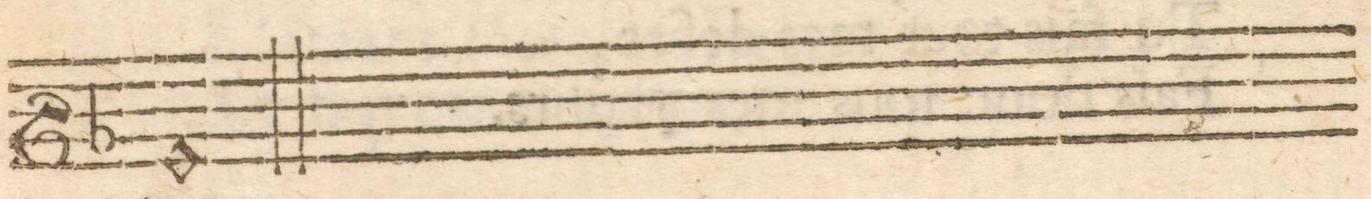
orageux je crains peu vos ſou - fles af -



freux; Quand le plaiſir ſe fait ſentir en-



tre de vrais a - mans on ſe mo - que du



tems.

2.

Je ſuis folle,
S'écrioit un jour Nicolle,
Servir Martin
Ce n'eſt qu'un badin
Un vrai conteur de faribolle
Qui n'a pas une obolle,
Mon curé
Me paroît être un meilleur drolle
C'eſt à mon gré
Un vivant riche & bien madré,
Il a de l'Or
Je lui plais fort
Nous pourons grace aux Cieux
Etre contents tous deux.

3.

Sois ſans ceſſe
L'objet de notre allegreſſe,
Charmante Iris,
Sitôt que tu ris
A t'imiter chacun s'empreſſe
Tu chaſſes la triſteſſe,
De Bachus
Tu ſçais faire valoir l'ivreſſe,
Et par ce jus,
L'Amour nous embraſe encor plus,
Acheve Iris,
Je ſuis épris
Tu fais tout mes deſirs,
Fais donc tous mes plaiſirs.

4.

Vaine gloire
Que de vivre en la mémoire
Illuſtres Rois
Malgré vos exploits
Vous avés paſſé l'onde noire:
Quelle eſt votre victoire?
Grands héros,
Avant d'être mis dans l'hiſtoire,
Combien de maux
Ont accompagné vos travaux?
Et moi qui vit,
Qui boit, qui rit
Sans être martial
Je ſerai votre égal.

5.
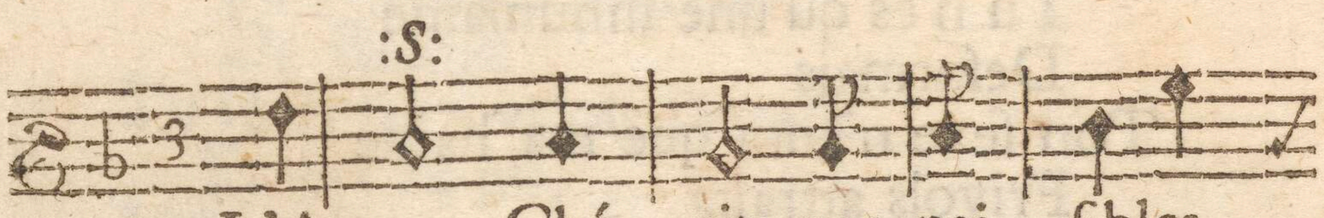
Non Climene
Je ne porte plus ta chaine
Malgré tes pleurs,
Tes tendres langueurs,
Je me moque encor de ta peine;
Tu n'es qu'une inhumaine
Deſormais
Ton ſexe n'aura que ma haine
Frivols attraits
Vous ne me tenterés jamais
L'amour ſéduit
Mais il détruit
L'amant toujours languit
Le buveur toujours rit.
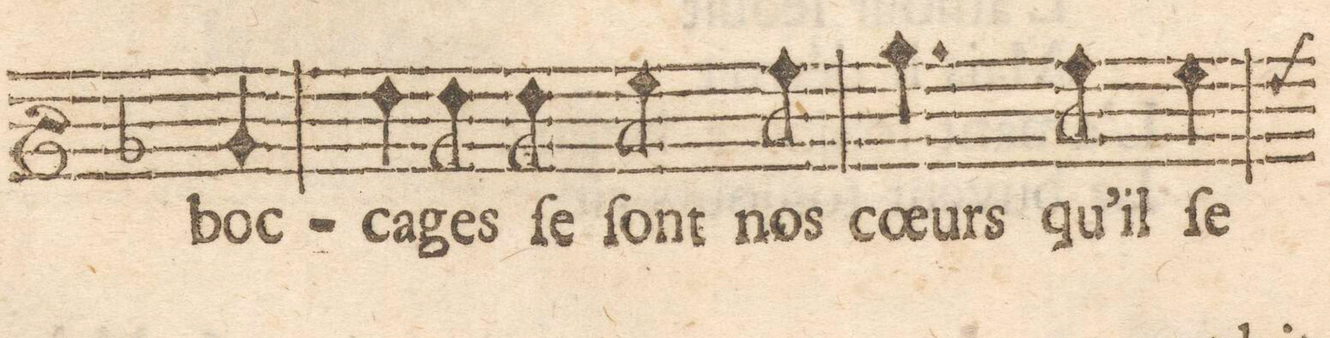
6.
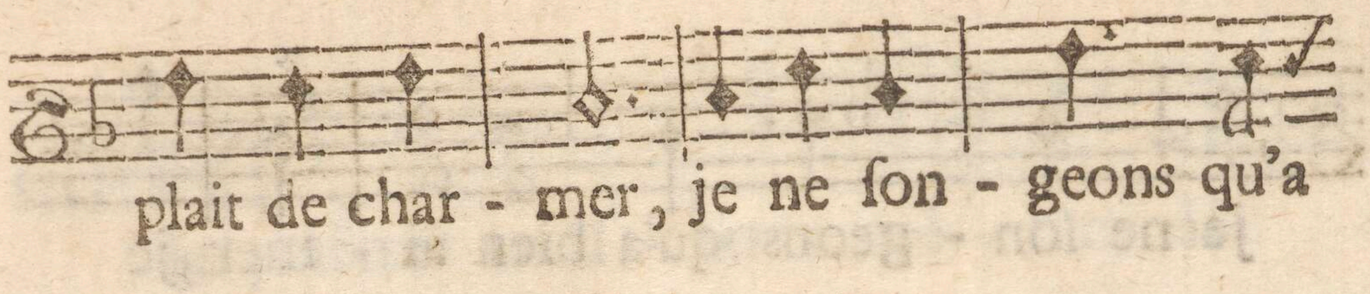
Maître Blaiſe
Calculoit tout à ſon aiſe
Tous les Cornus
Qui lui ſont connus
Qui vivent dans ſon voiſinage
Et qui font bon ménage
Il fait voir
A ſa femme qu'il croit fort ſage
Son repertoir
Ou tout eſt ſelon ſon ſçavoir
Elle le lit,
Et plus lui dit,
Recompte encor mon fils,
Le premier eſt obmis.
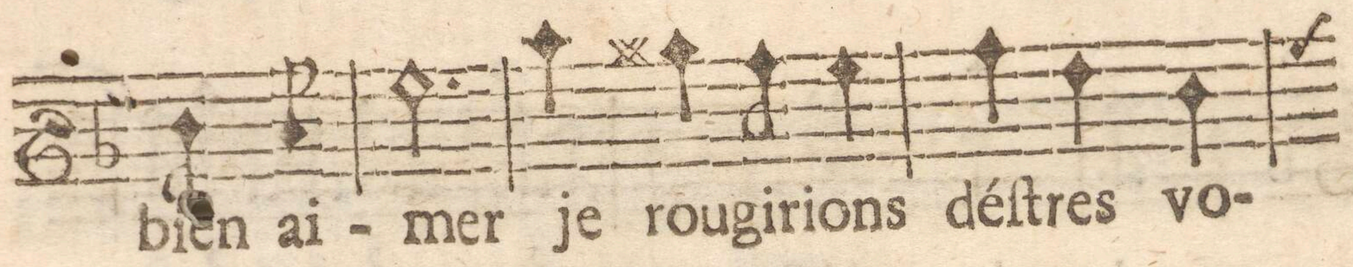
FIN.
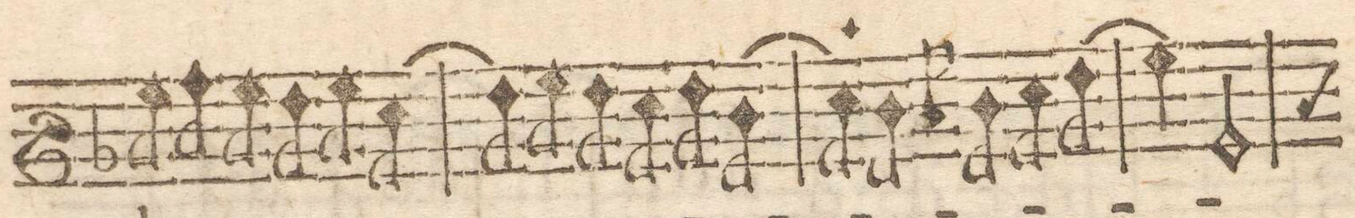
AIR DE RAGONDE.
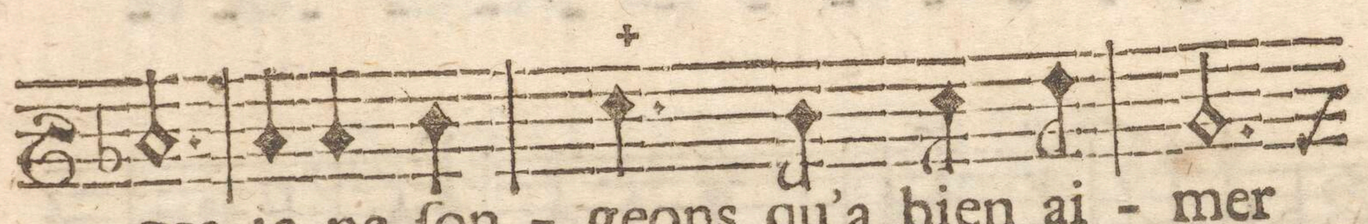


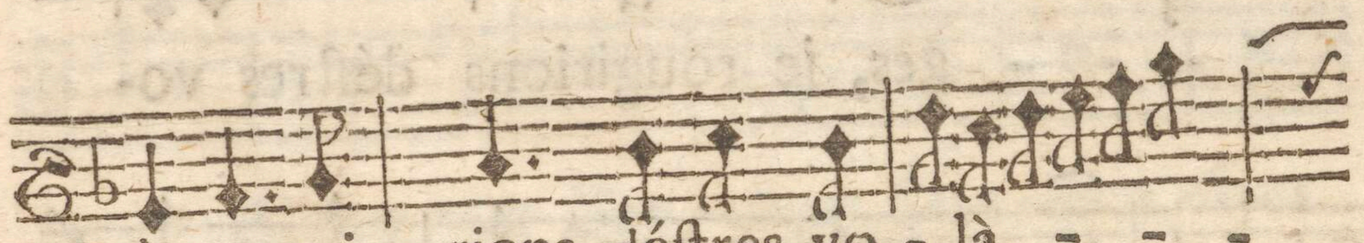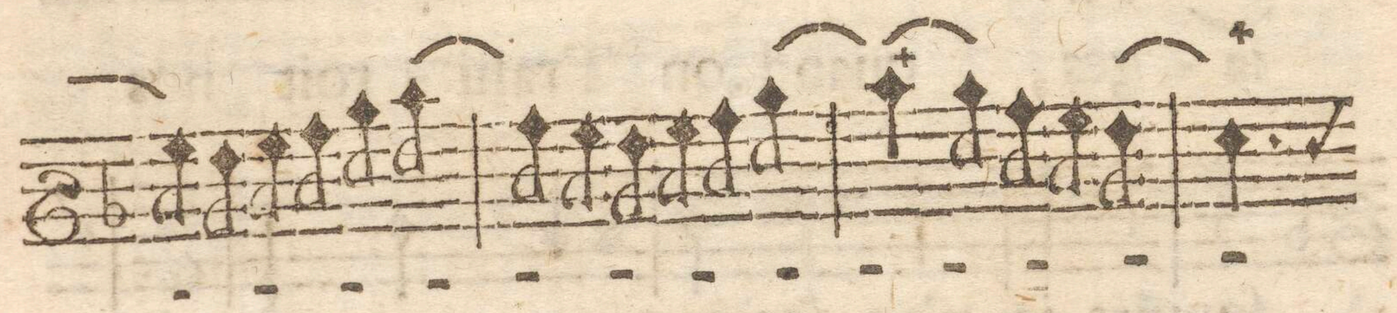



plait de char - mer, je ne ſon - geons qu'a
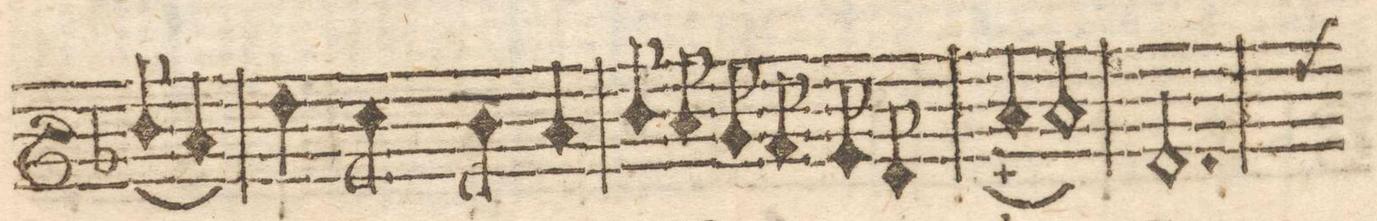

bien ai - mer je rougirions déſtres vo-


la - - - - - - - - - - - - -
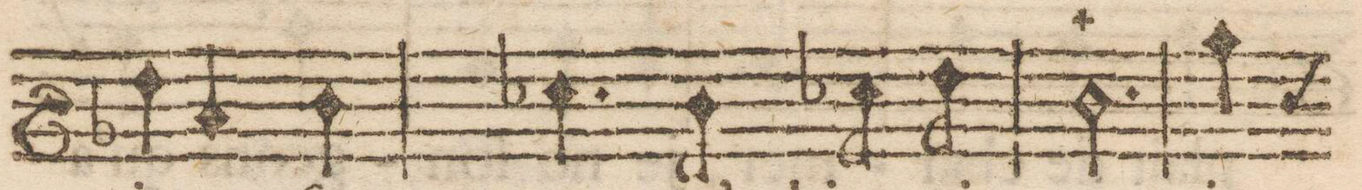

ges, je ne ſon - geons qu'a bien ai - mer


je rougi - rions déſtres vo - là - - -

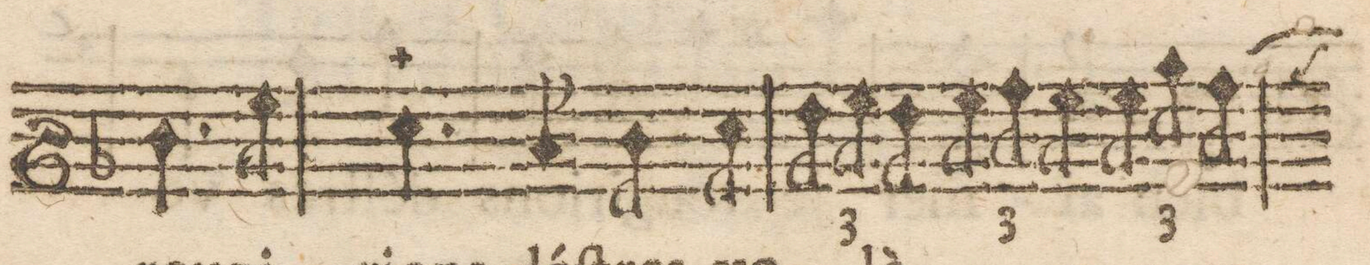

- - - - - - - - - - - - -


ges, je rougirions déſtres vo - la - ges,
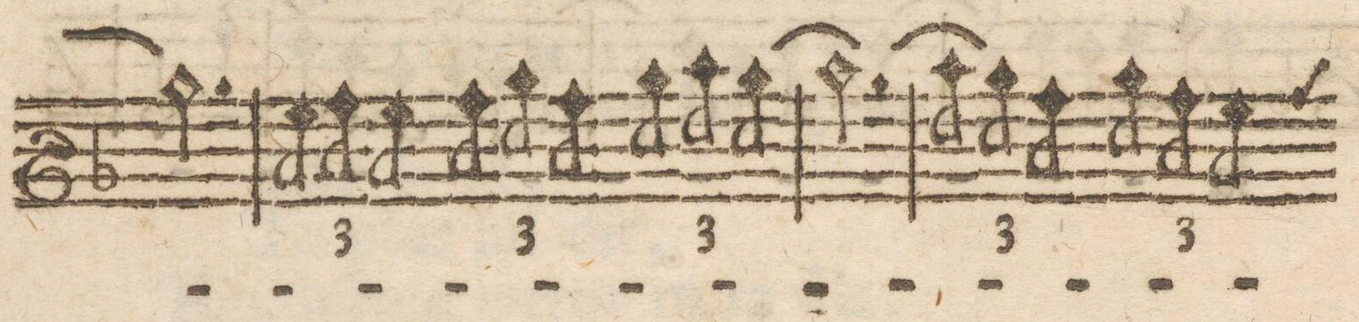
je
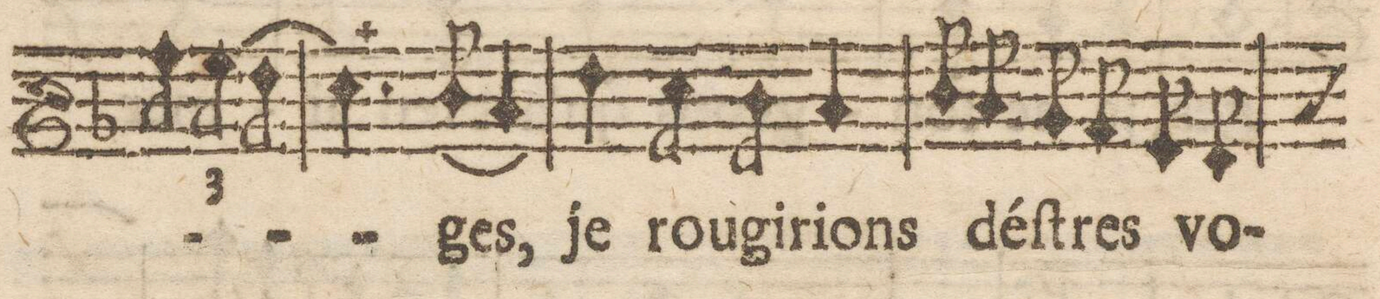


je ne ſon - geons qu'a bien ai - mer, je
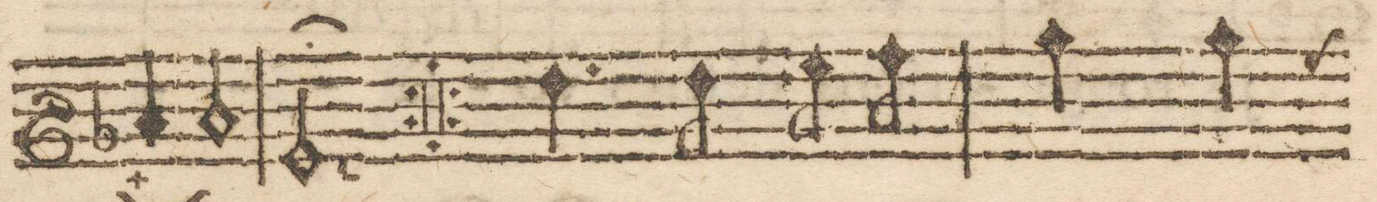


rougi - rions déſtres vo - là - - - -
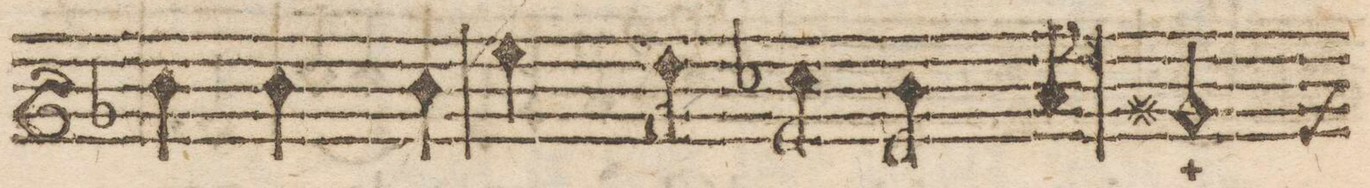


- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -



- - - ges, je rougirions déſtres vo-



ia - ges, quand on Trahi - roit nos
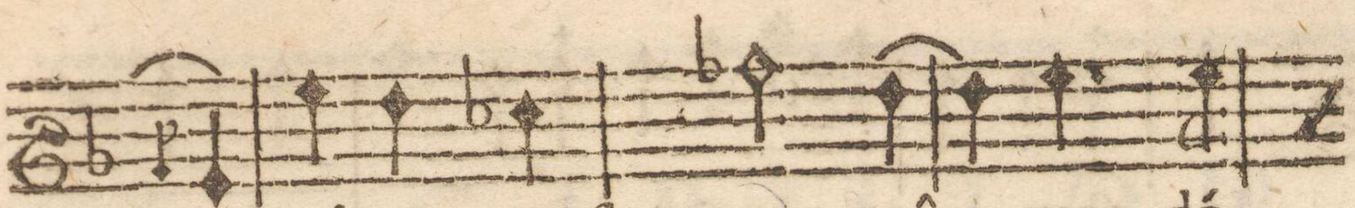


ſoupirs je n'en ſerions pas moins fi - del-
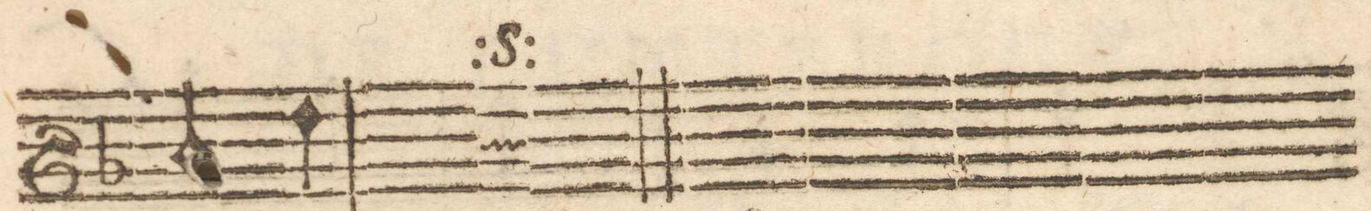


les j'ons encor pour les plus cru - el -

les
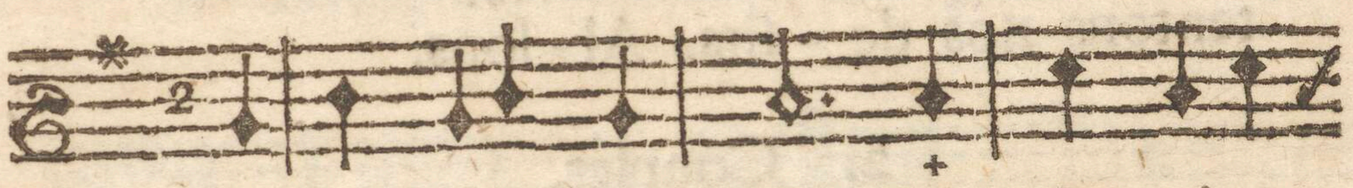


les, mêmes tranſ - ports mê - mes dé-
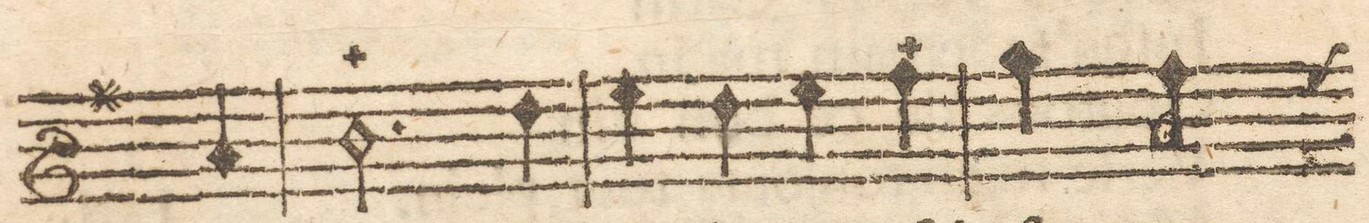


:S:

firs l'Amour cherit, &c.
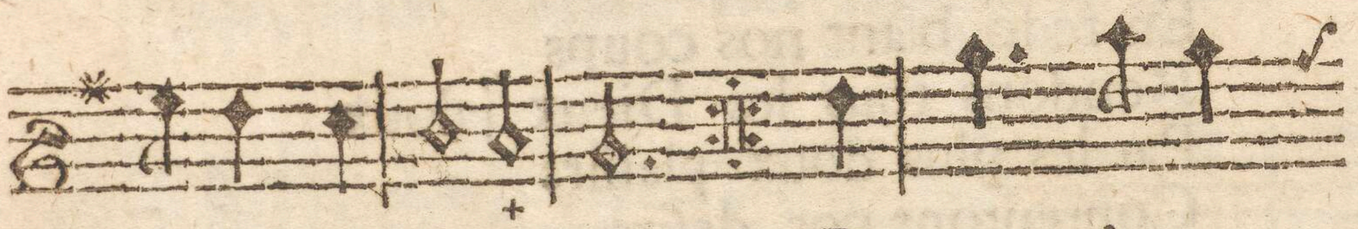
LE CARILLON DE DUNKERQUE.



Allons vite Fan - chon, Dan - ſons rions
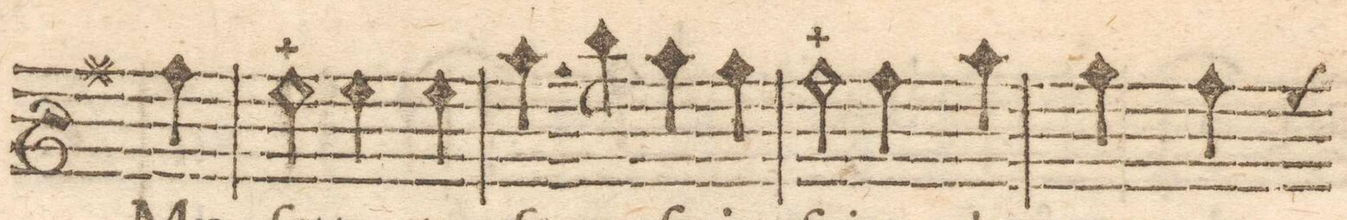


chan - tons; c'eſt la bonne ſai - ſon pour
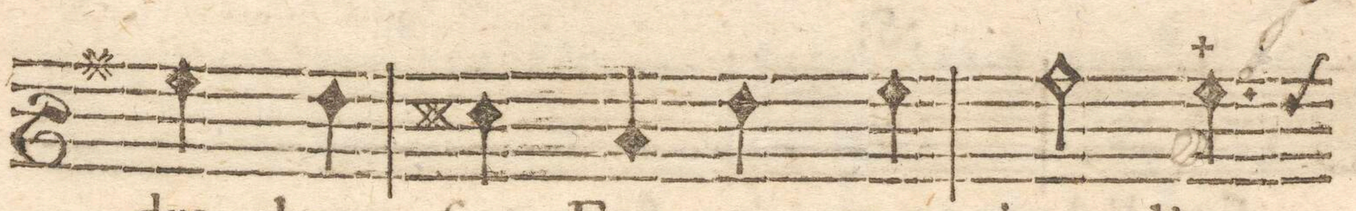


danſer un Caril - lon. Par ma douce
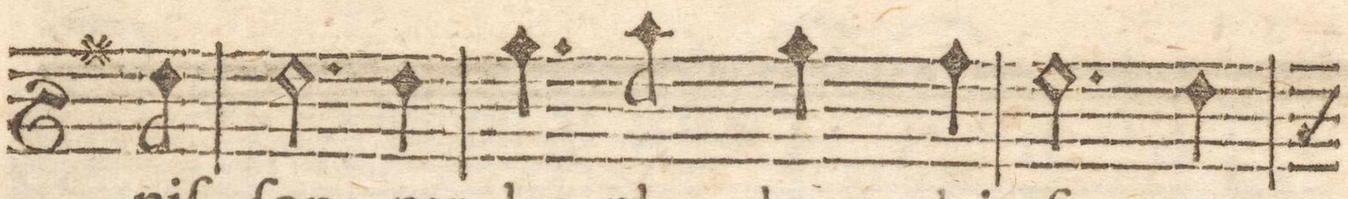
Mu-
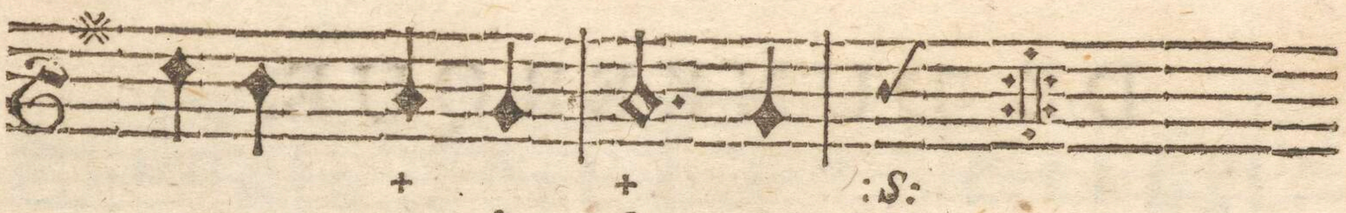


Mu-ſette, tu ſeras ſatis-faite de ma ten-



dre chan-ſon, Formons tous deux l'u-



niſ-ſons par les plus doux plai-ſirs, con-



tentons nos de-ſirs. Al-lons.

2. Couplet.

Buvons verſon Catin
Juſqu'à demain matin
Goutons de ce bon vin
Verſe m'en toujours tout plein.
Mettons nous ſur l'herbette
A ta ſanté brunette
En redoublant nos coups
Rendons tous les Dieux jaloux
Par les plus doux plaiſirs
Contentons nos deſirs.
Buvons, &c.
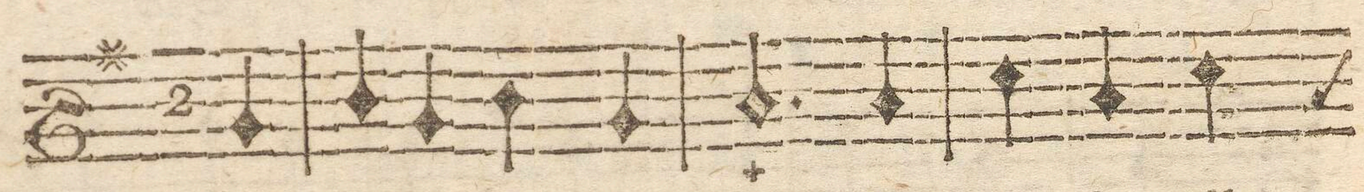
FIN.

FIN.
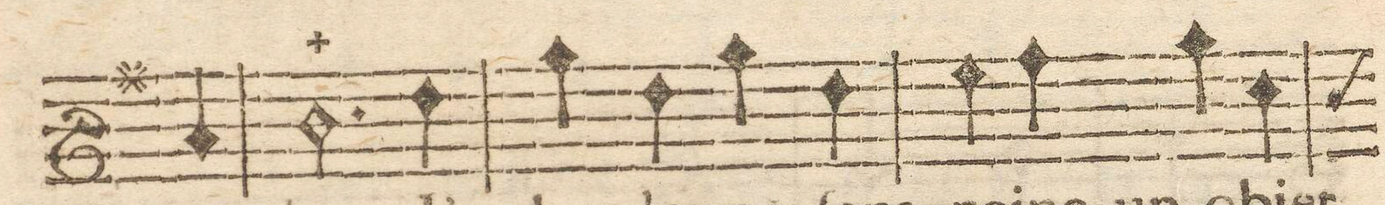
LE

LE CARILLON
DE DUNKERQUE,
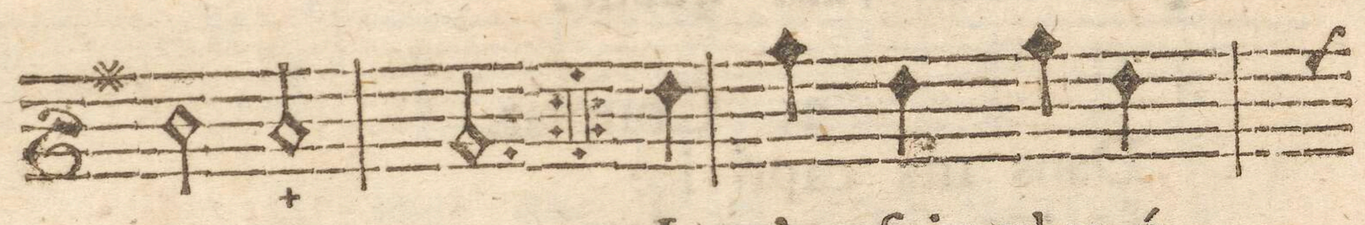
Tel qu'il a été danſé au Bal de l'Opera.
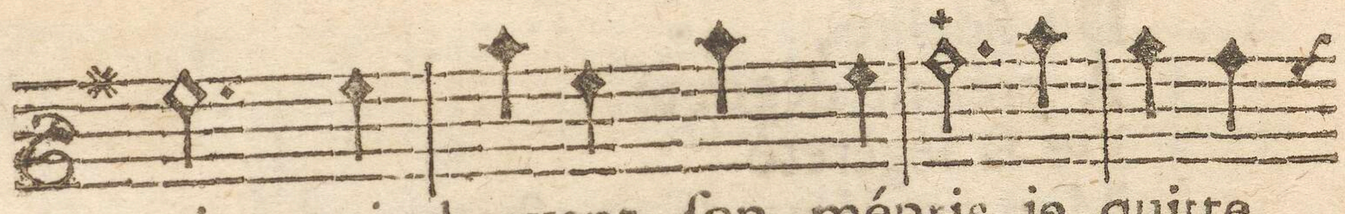


Re-venu de l'er-reur d'u-ne frivolle
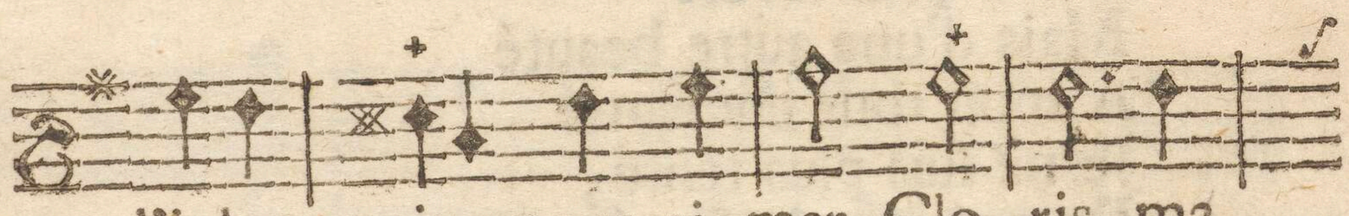


ar-deur, J'a-bandonne ſans peine un objet



ſi trom-peur. Je n'en ſuis plus é-
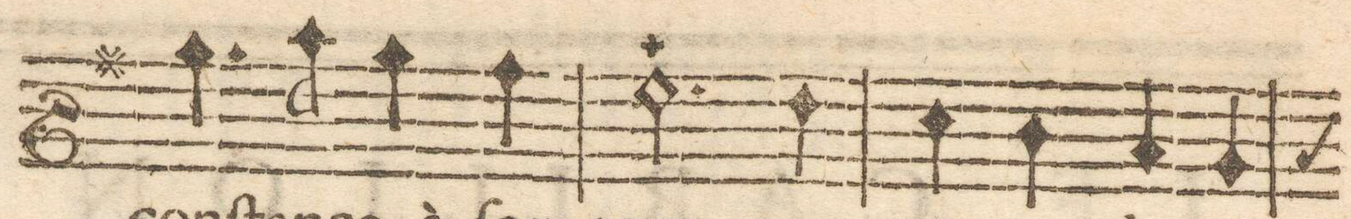


pris, mais bravant ſon mépris je quitte
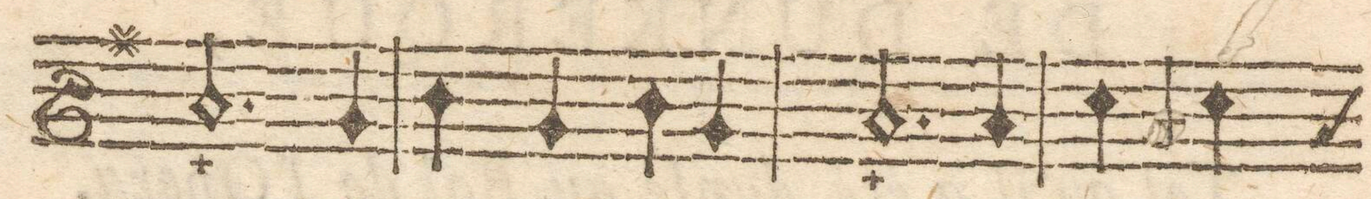


l'inhu-maine pour ai-mer Clo-ris ma
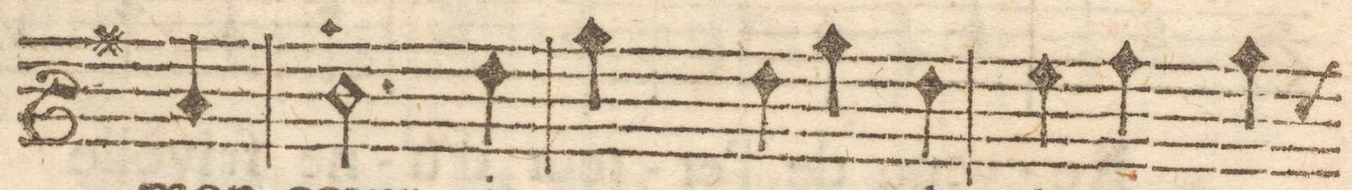
conſ-
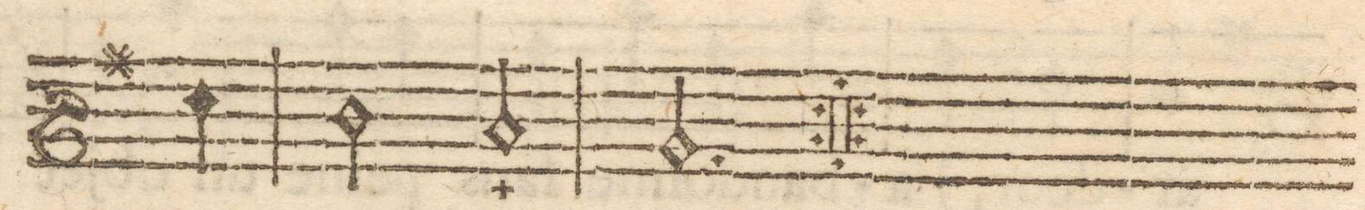


conſtance à ſon tour veut trouver du re-



tour, Manon par ſa ri - gueur à dégagé



mon cœur, je veux porter la chaine d'un



plus doux vain - queur.

2. Couplet.

Dans ma captivité
Je me ſuis trop flatté
D'une fauſſe apparence
De fidelité,
A préſent dégouté
De ſa legereté
Mon cœur par la conſtance
N'eſt plus arrêté
Mais d'une autre beauté
A mon tour enchanté
Je ne ſuis plus tenté,
De vaincre la fierté.
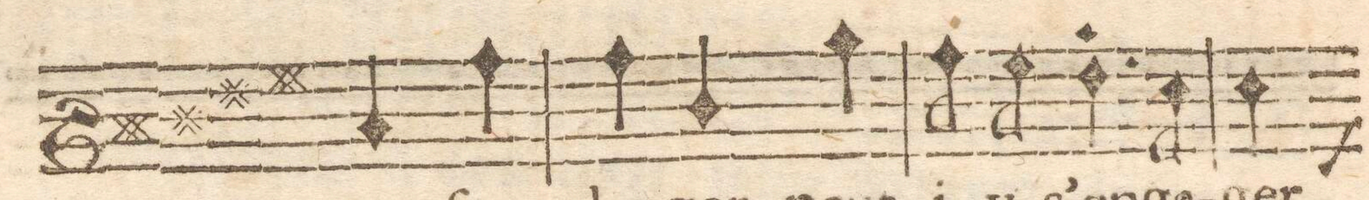
F I N.

NOU-
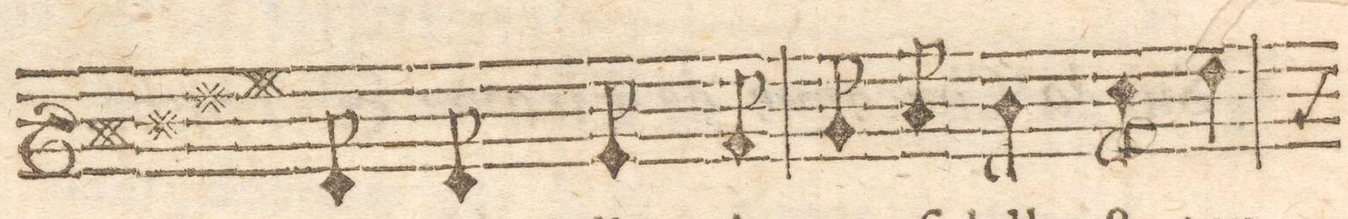
NOUVELLE PARODIE.

Sur la Chaconne de Pirame & Thisbé.
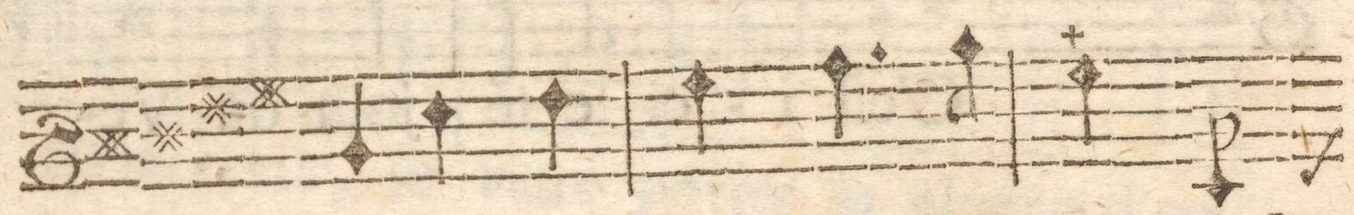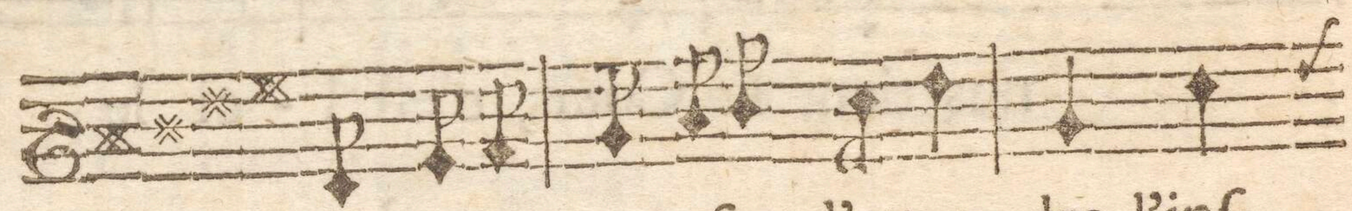




ger ſans danger peut i-y s'enga-ger
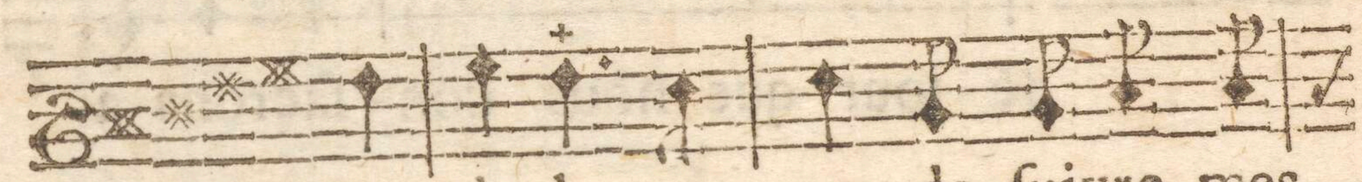


au choix d'un Amant fidelle & ten-
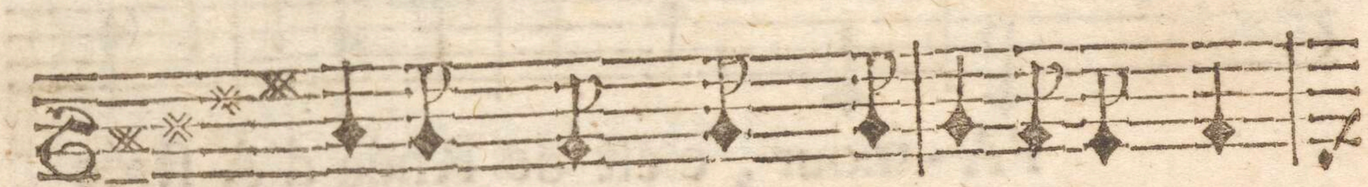


dre ſi l'on nous voit rê - ver, c'eſt
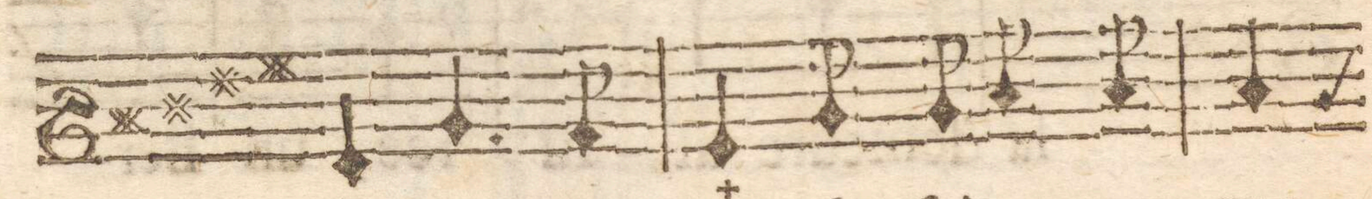


ſe mena - ger afin d'atten - dre l'inſ-
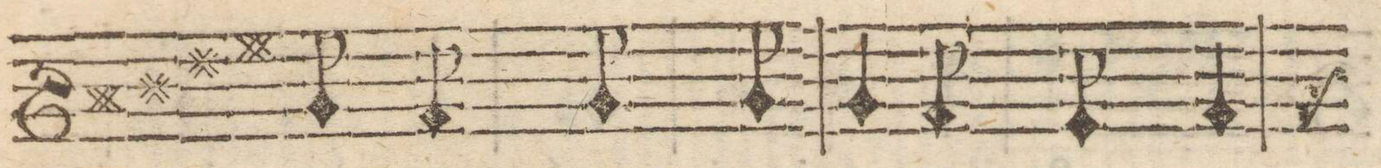


tant de le trou - ver de ſuivre mes
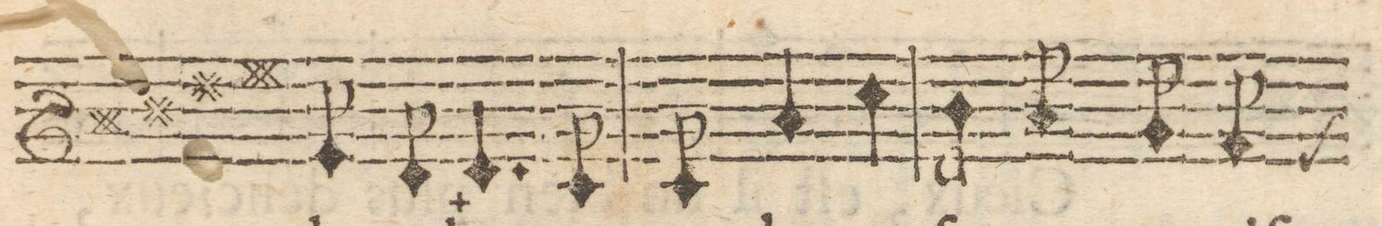


pas le mien n'eſt pas las il y trou-
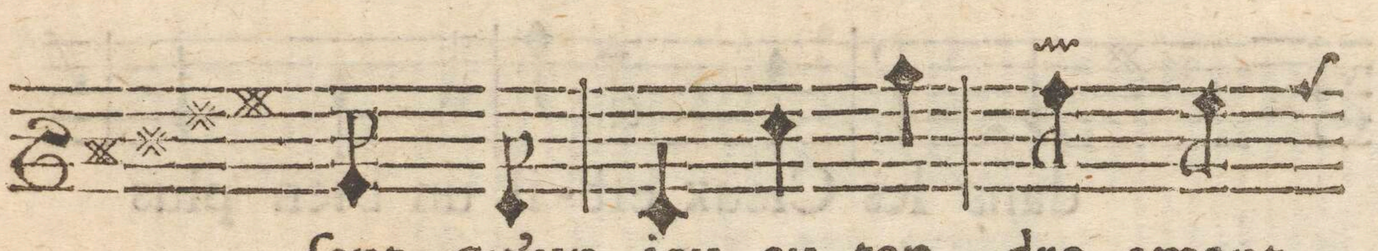


ve mille ap - pas de ſuivre mes pas, le
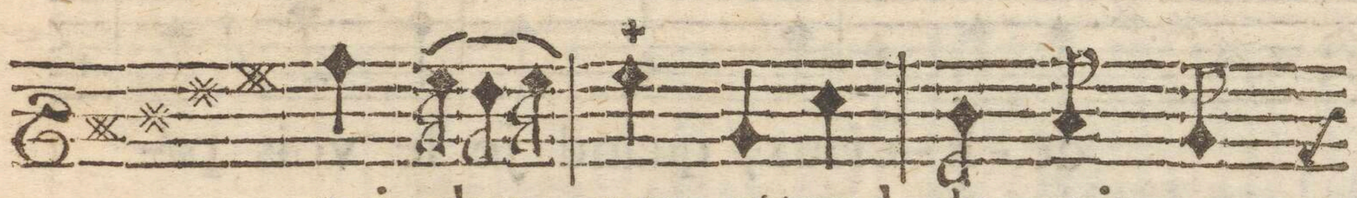


le mien n'eſt pas las les ſoins ne
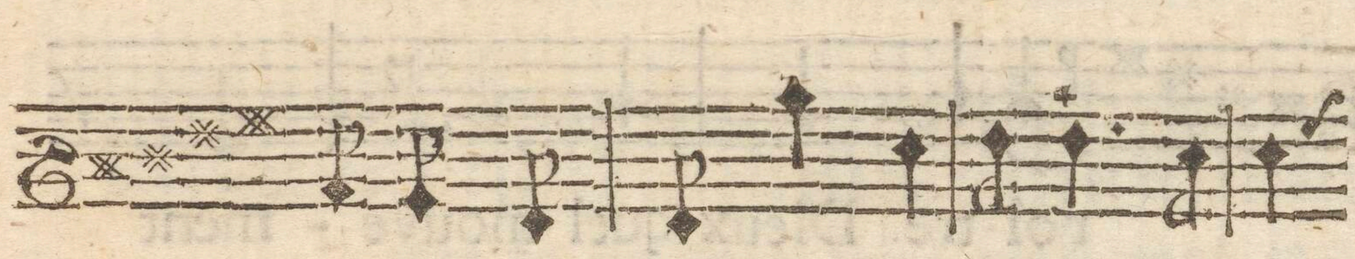


le rebutent pas les re-fus ne paroiſ-
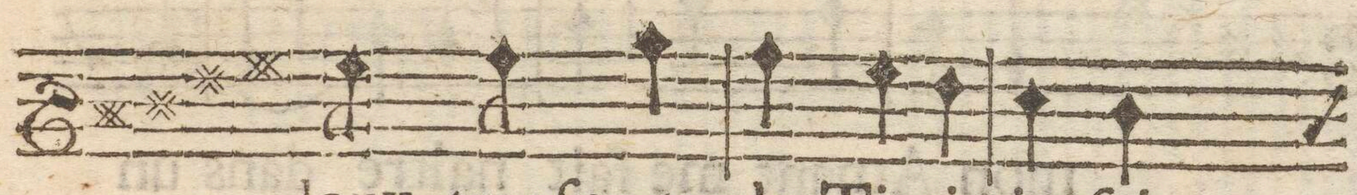


ſent qu'un jeu au ten - dre amant
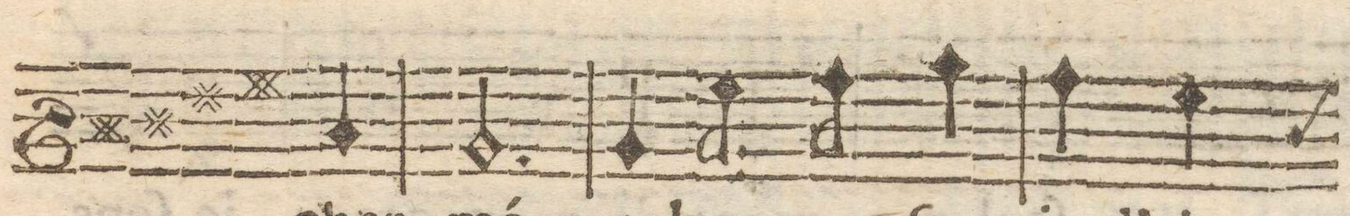


qui dans peu attend de voir cou-
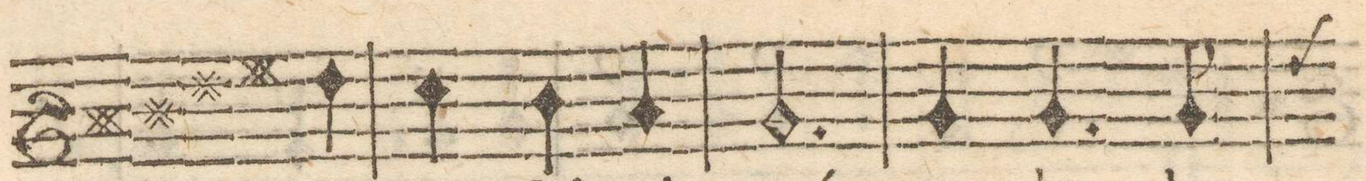


ronner ſon feu par un ſincere aveu:
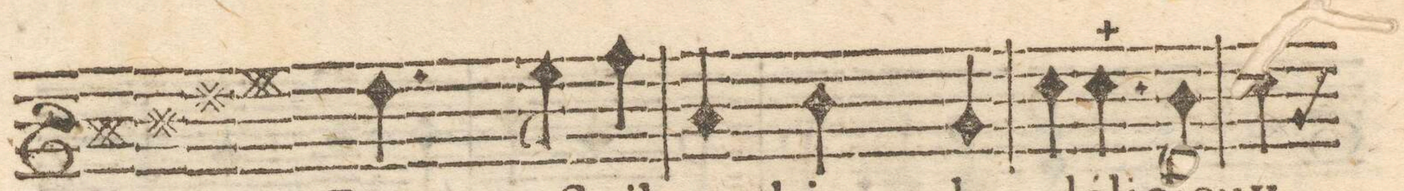


doux tranſports de Tircis je ſuis
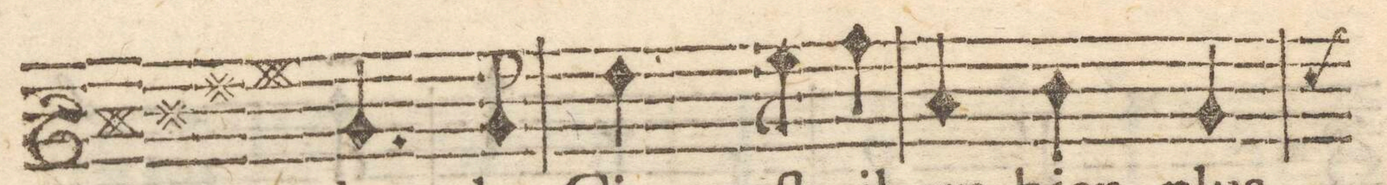


char - mé - e heureux ſort je l'aime
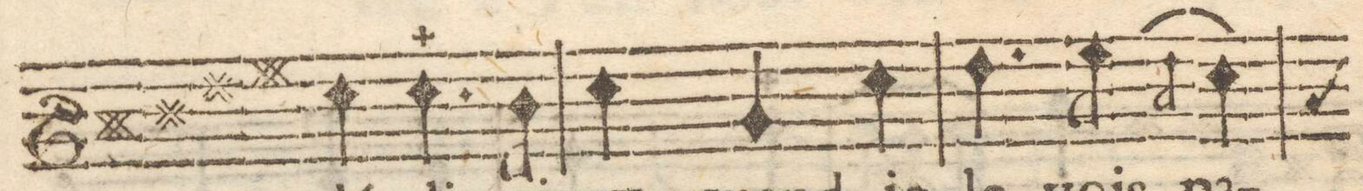


& j'en ſuis ai - mé - e, dans les
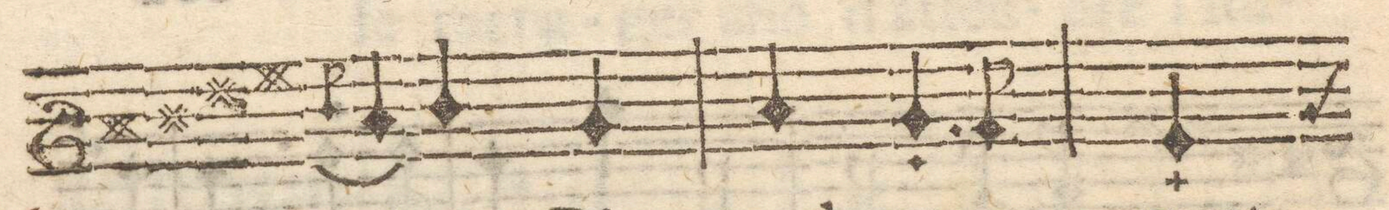


Cieux, eſt il un bien plus délicieux,



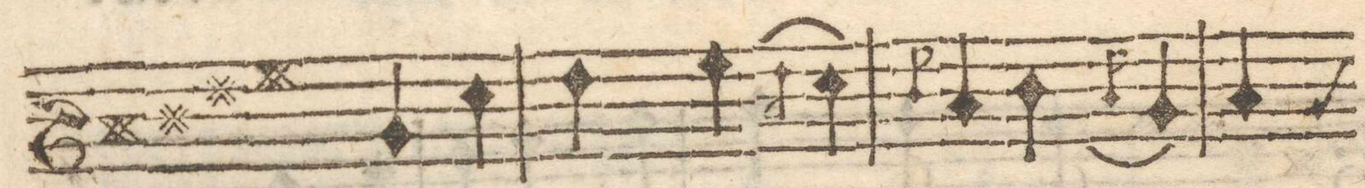
dans les Cieux eſt-il un bien plus
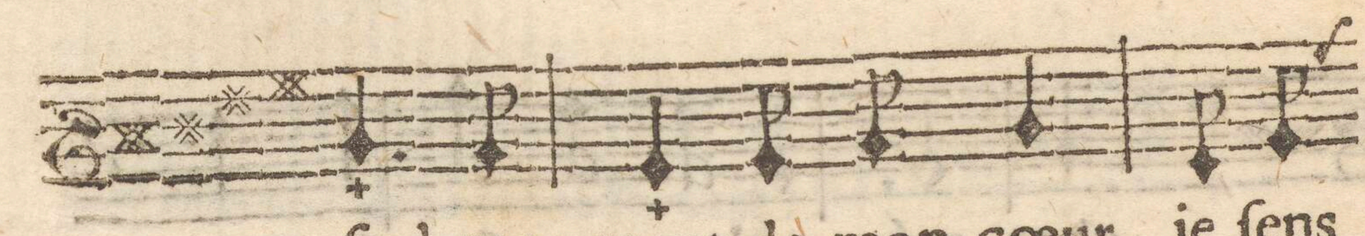


dé-li-cieux, quand je le vois pa-
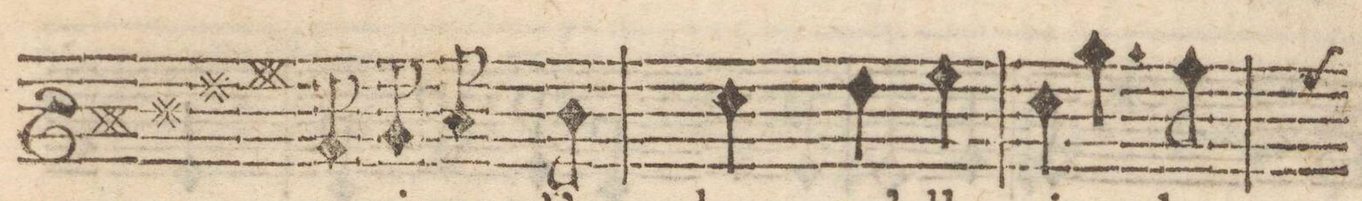


roî-tre Dieux quel mouve - ment
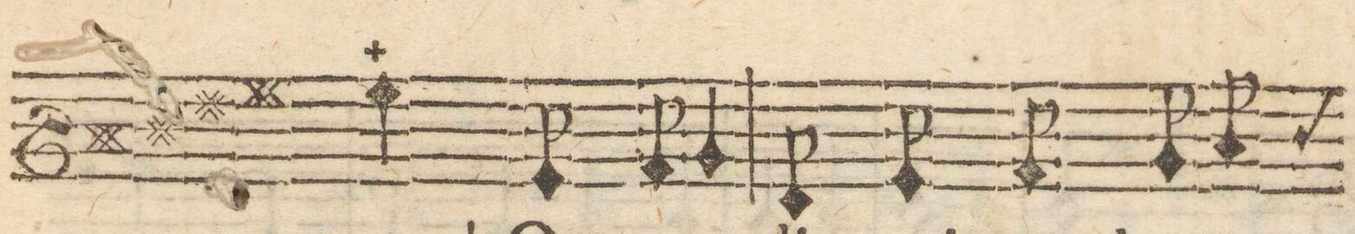


mon Amant me fait naître dans un
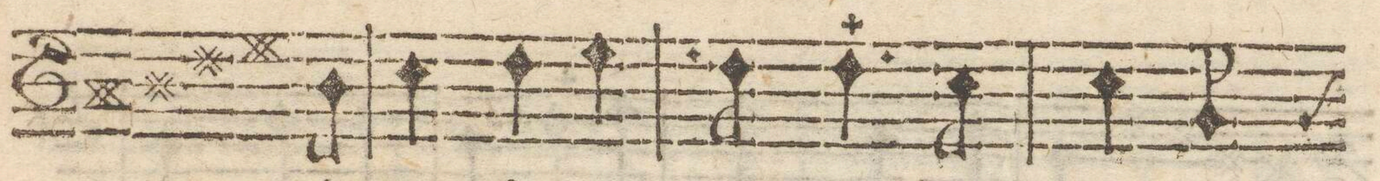


ſeul mo-ment de mon cœur, je ſens
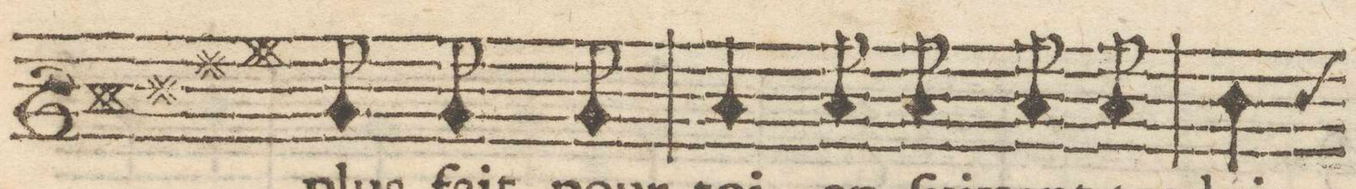


ranimer l'ar - deur qu'elle vive lan-
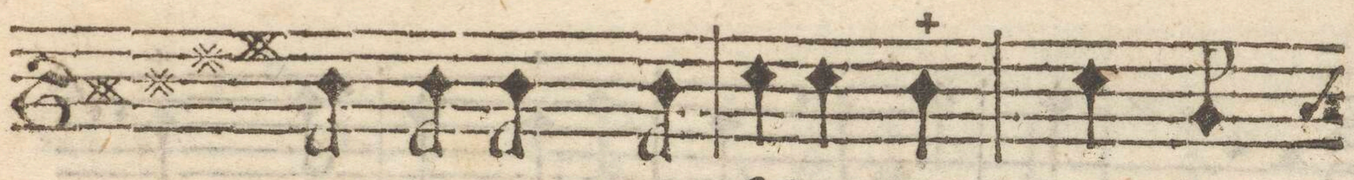


gueur ! O vertu dis moi que deman-
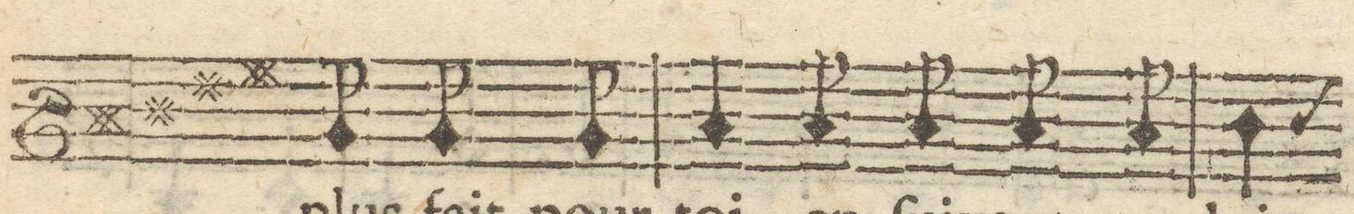


de tu n'ai - je pas combat - tu ! j'ai
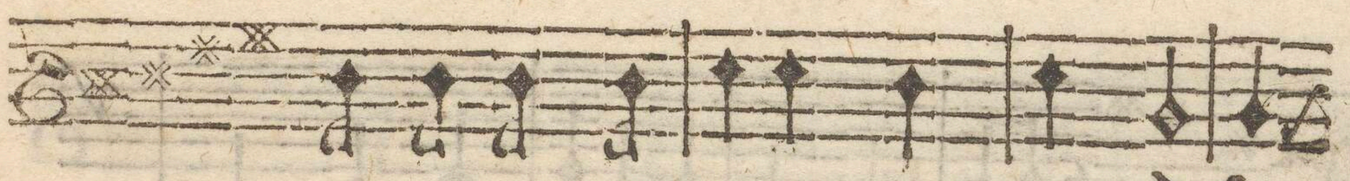


plus fait pour toi, en ſuivant tes loix
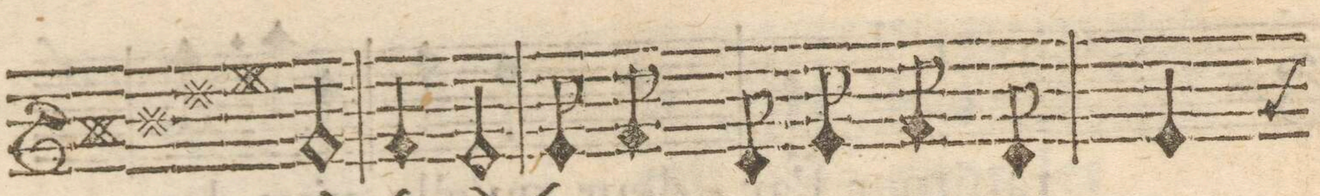


que tu ne peux faire pour moi, j'ai
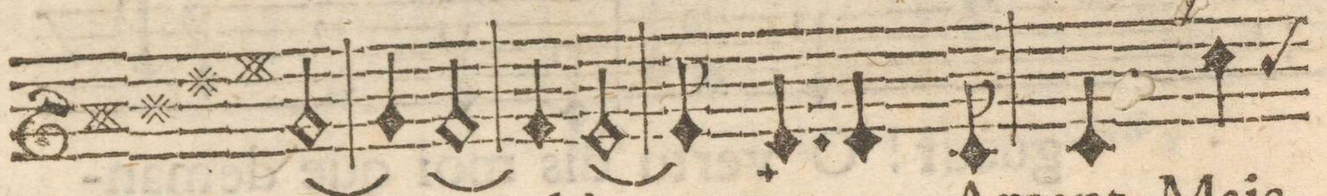


plus fait pour toi, en ſuivant tes loix
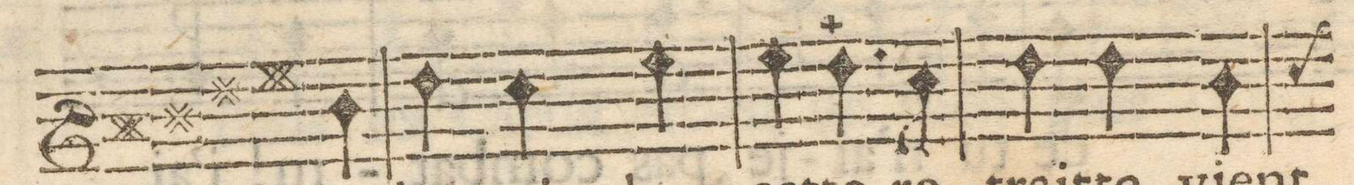


que tu ne peux faire pour moi. Ton
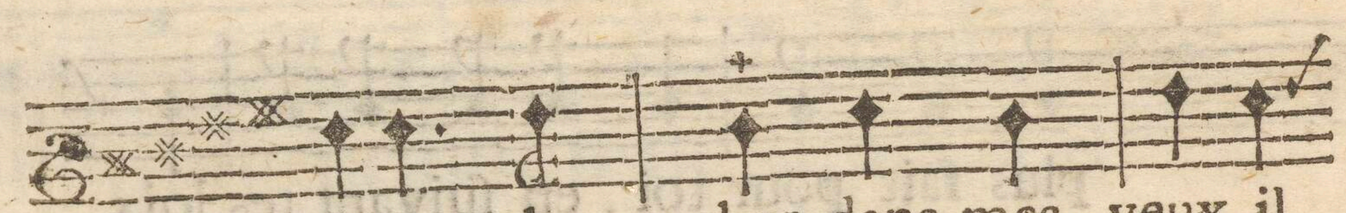


ſe - cours me paroît en ai - mant



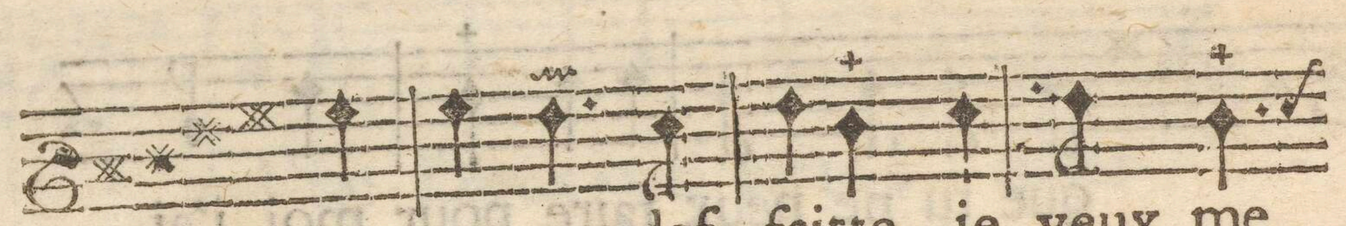
trop foi - ble contre un Amant. Mais
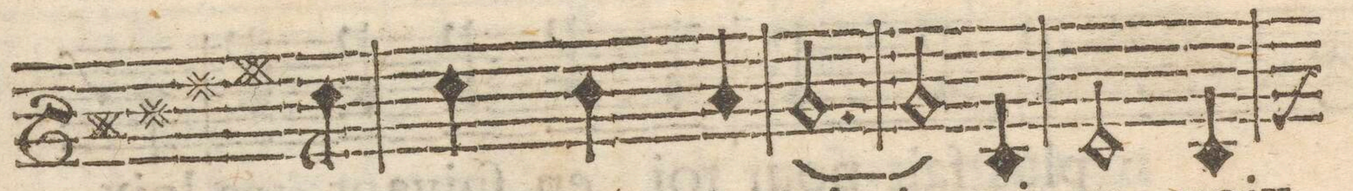


je le vois dans cette re - traitte, vient



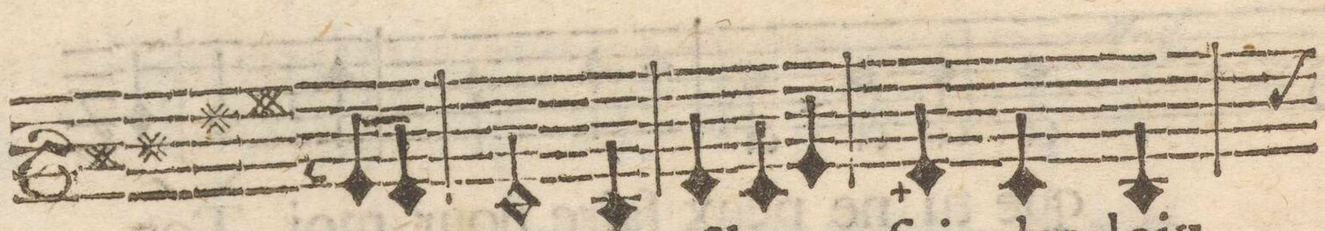
il me cher - cher dans mes yeux il
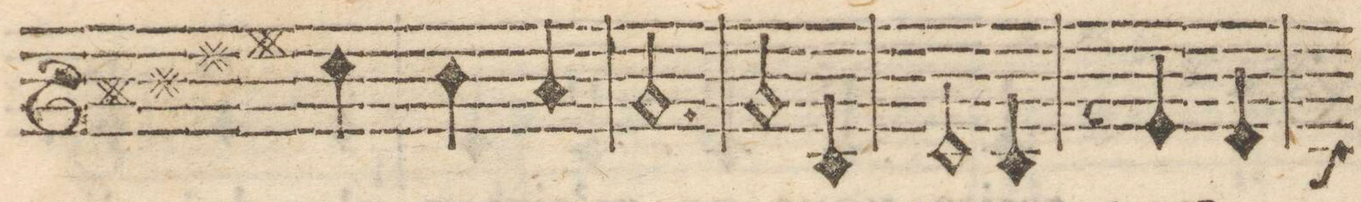


ver - ra ma def - faitte, je veux me
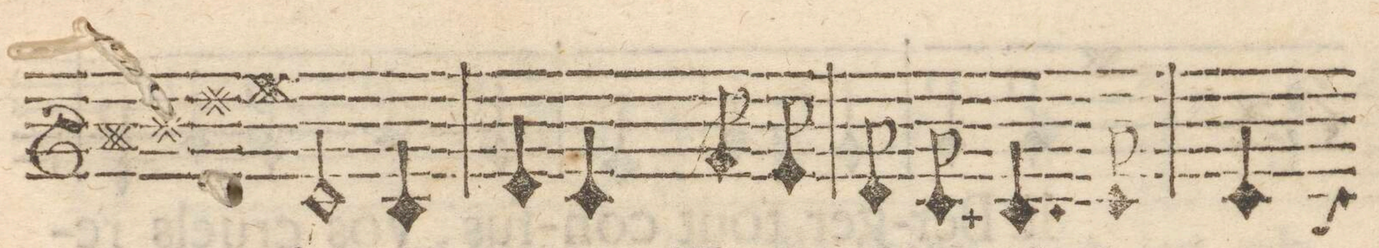


ca - cher dans les bois tais ma voix
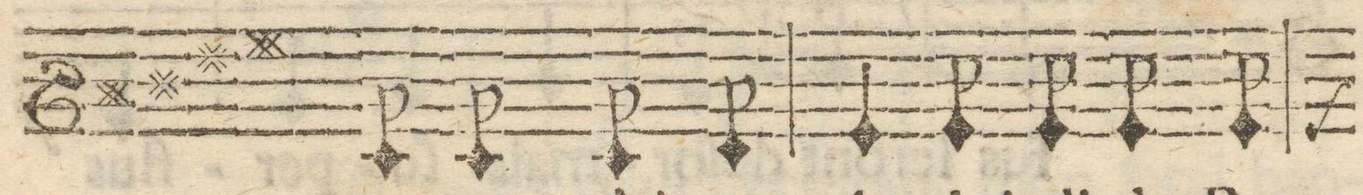


cette fois du ſilence ſuis les loix,
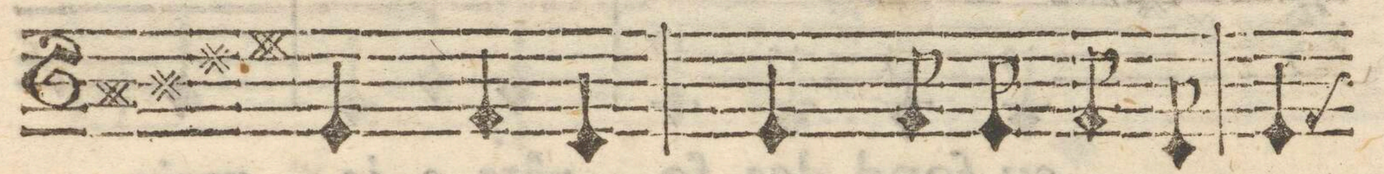


plus de pro- pos aux Echos laiſſons
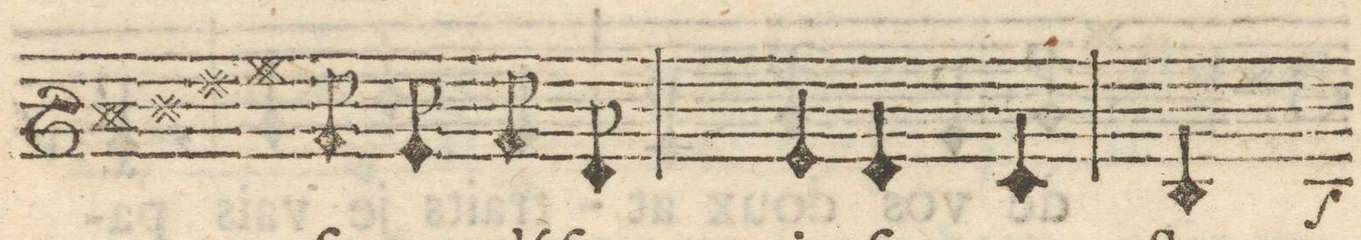


les en repos, Tircis entendit ces mots
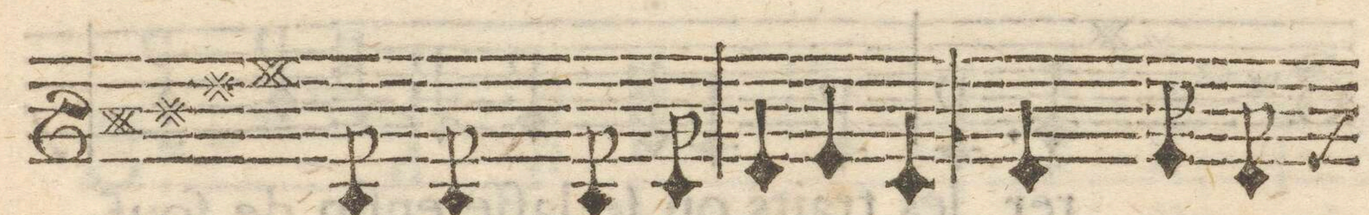


vous ne m'aimez plus lui dit le Ber-
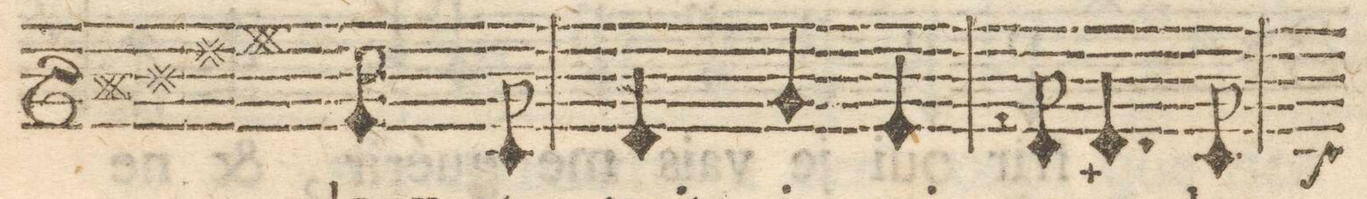


ger tout con - fus, vos cruels re-fus



ſeront déſor - mais ſu - per - flus,

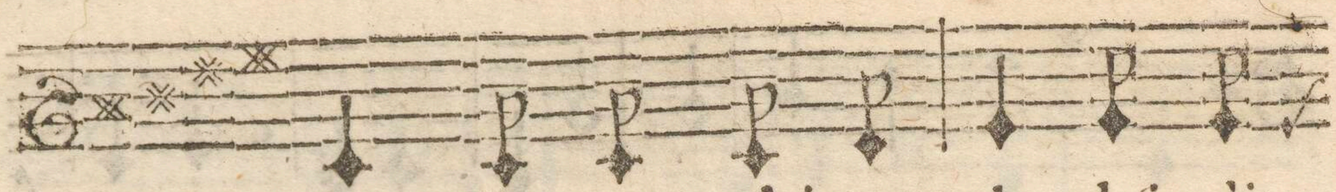


au fond des forêts a ja - mais de vos
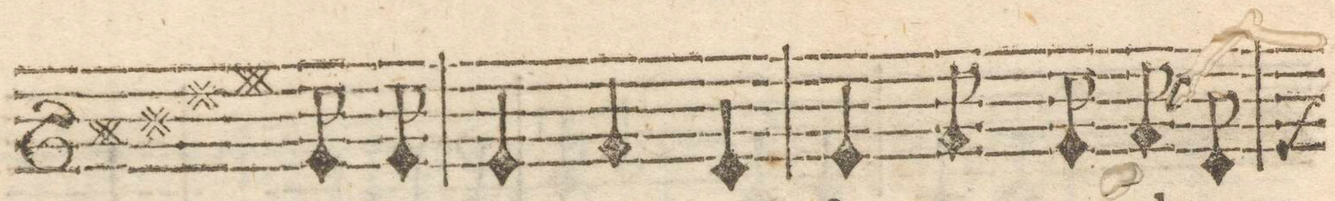


doux at - traits je vais parer les

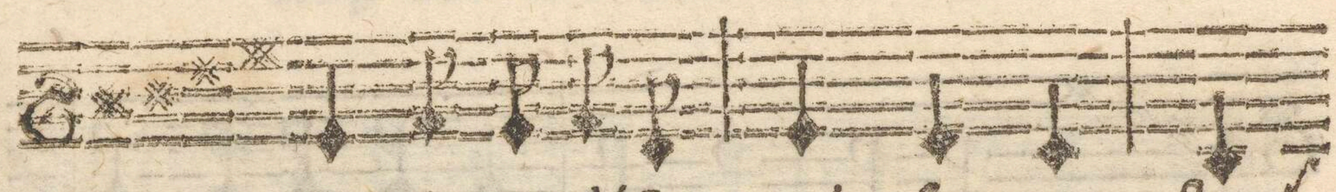
traits



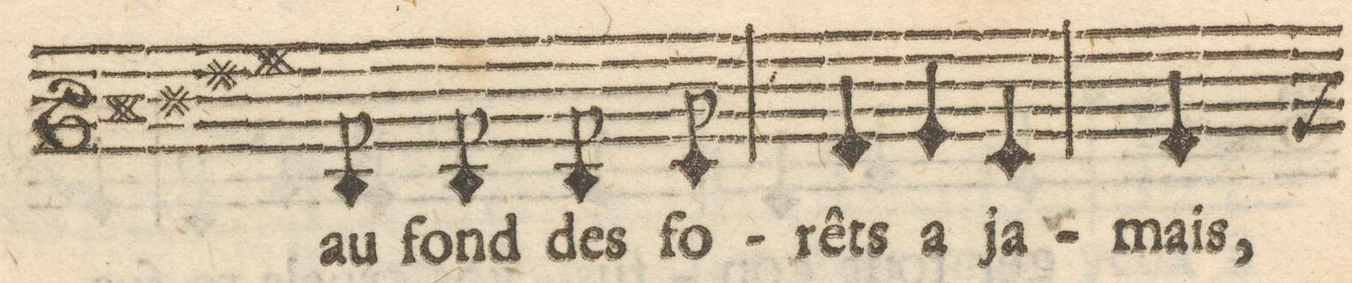
traits, vous ne m'aimez plus lui dit
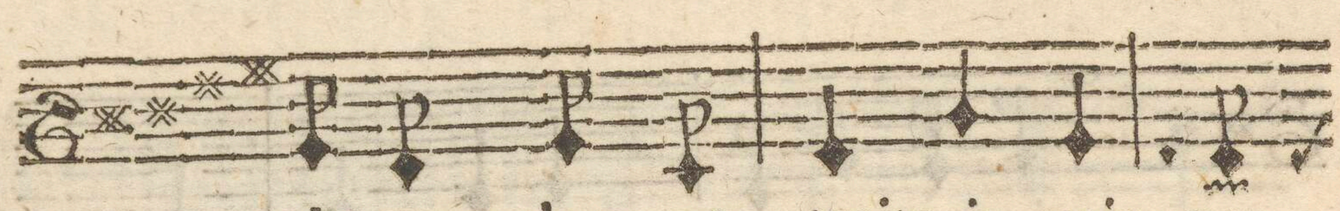


le Ber-ger tout con-fus, vos cruels re-



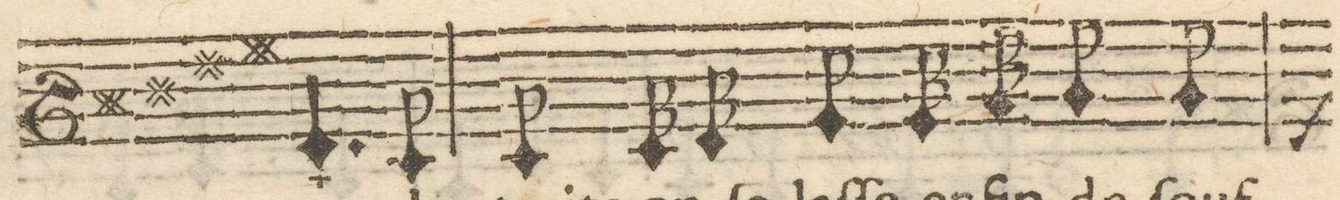
fus ſeront déſor - mais ſu - per - flus



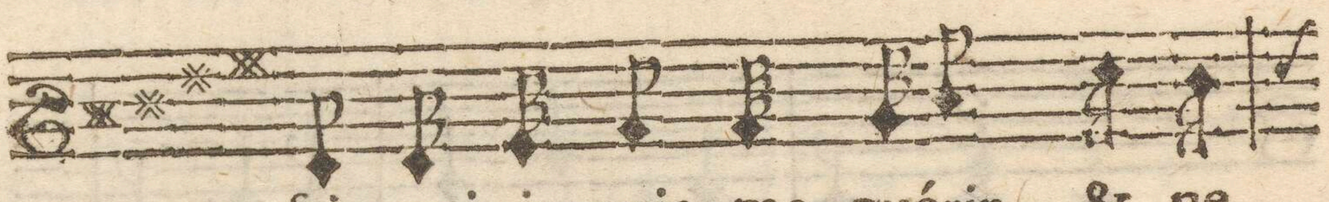
au fond des fo - rêts a ja - mais,



de vos doux at - traits je vais pa-
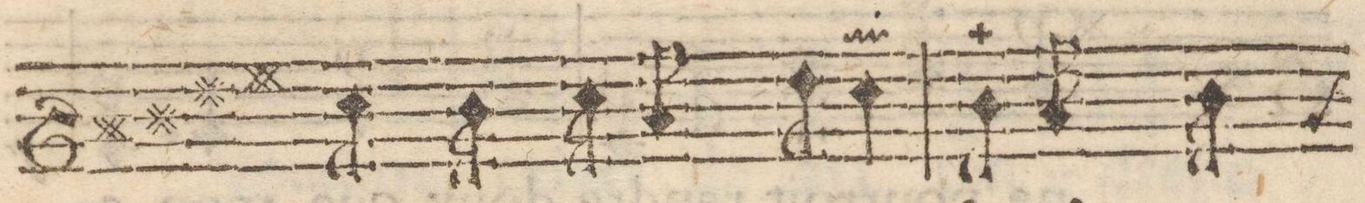


rer les traits on ſe laſſe enfin de ſouf-
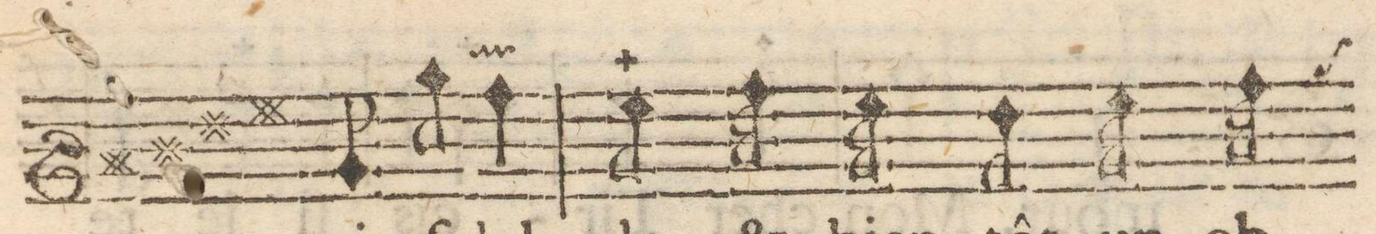


frir oui je vais me guérir, & ne
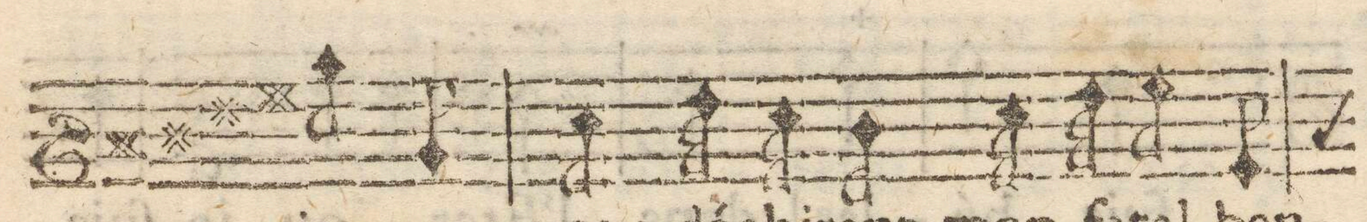
veux
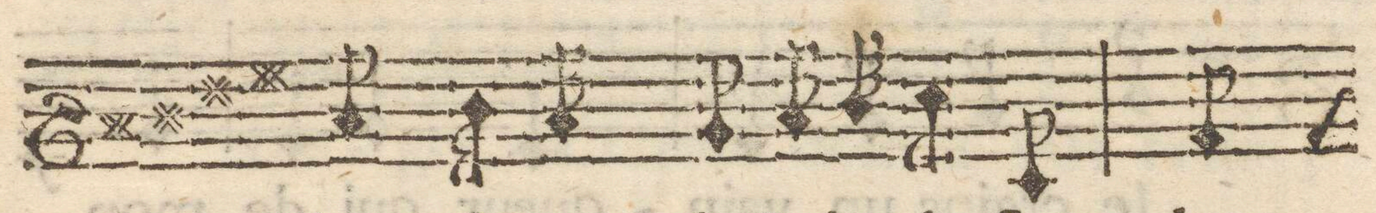


veux plus languir cruel - le n'y mou-



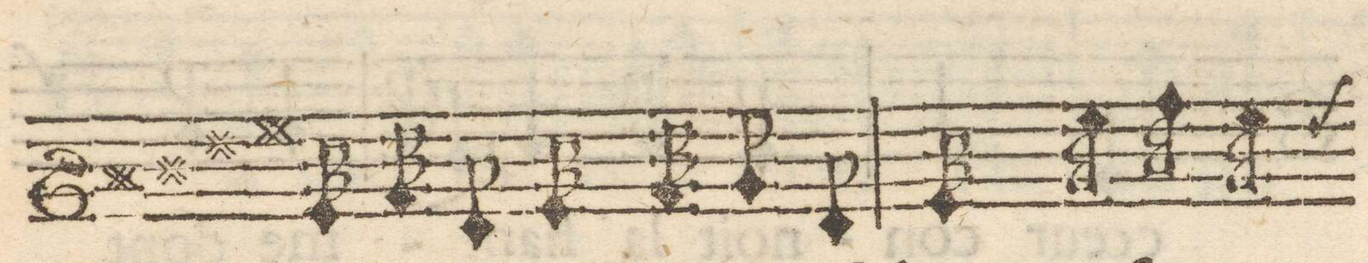
rir fidel - le, & bien - tôt un ob-
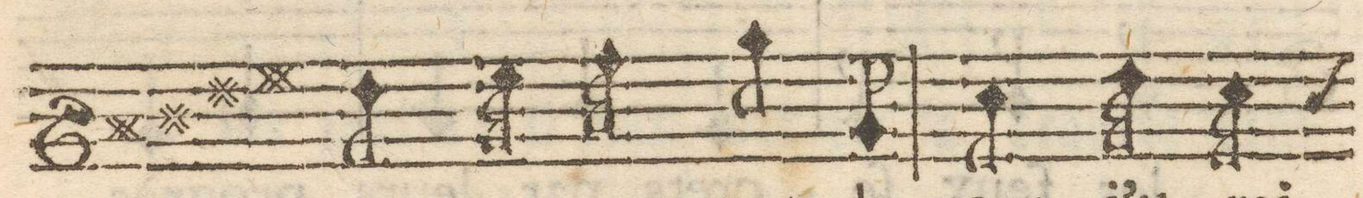


jet nou - veau déchirant mon fatal ban-
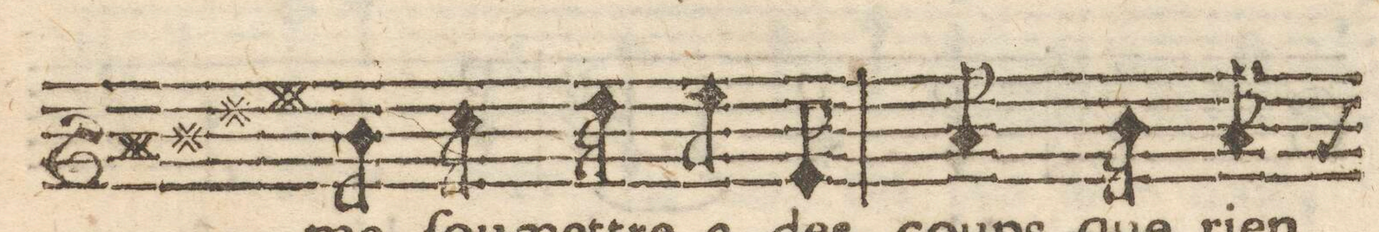


deau d'amour éteindra le flam - beau
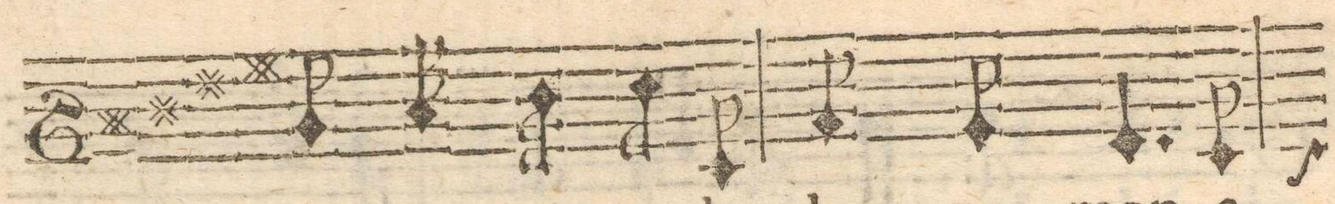


qui ranimoit un feu ſi beau, a ſes ge-
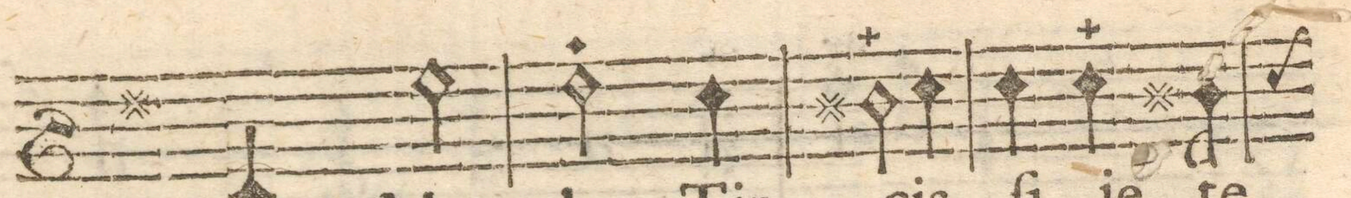


noux me vangeant de vous, j'y - rai
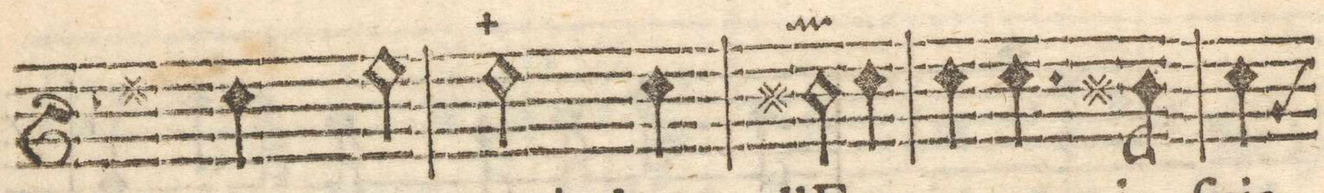


me ſoumettre a des coups que rien
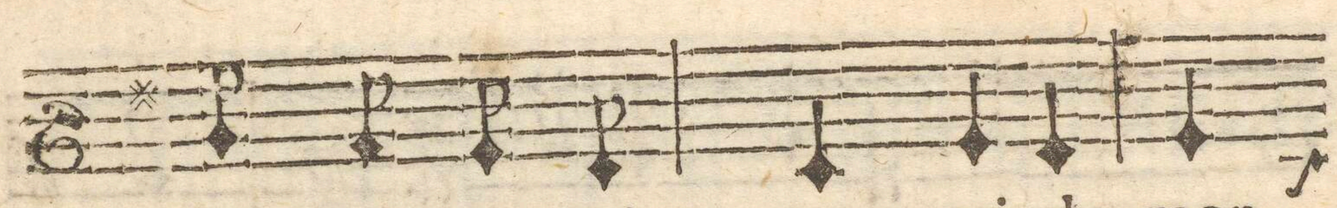


ne pourroit rendre doux que mon a-



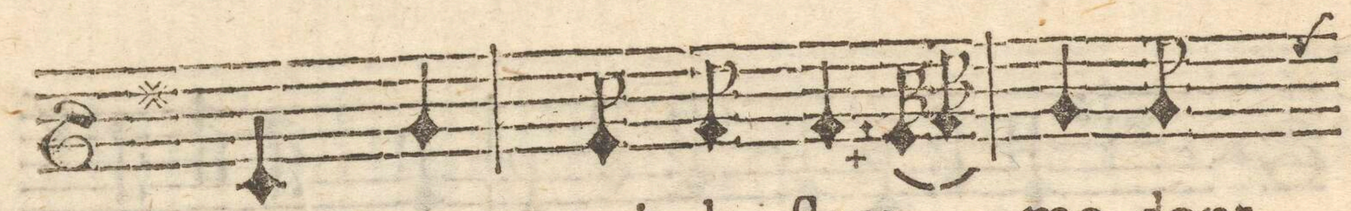
mour. Mon cher Tir - cis ſi je te
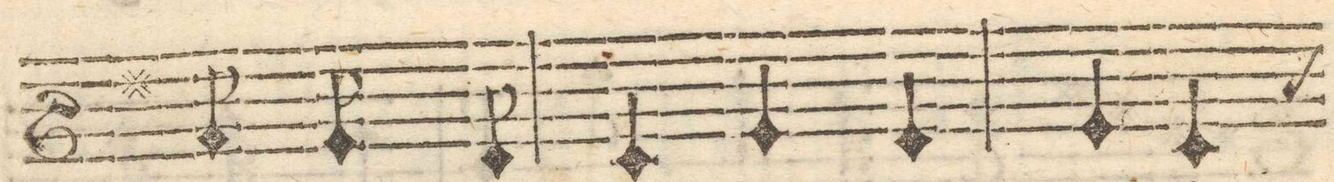


fuis, hé - las! dans l'Etat ou je ſuis,
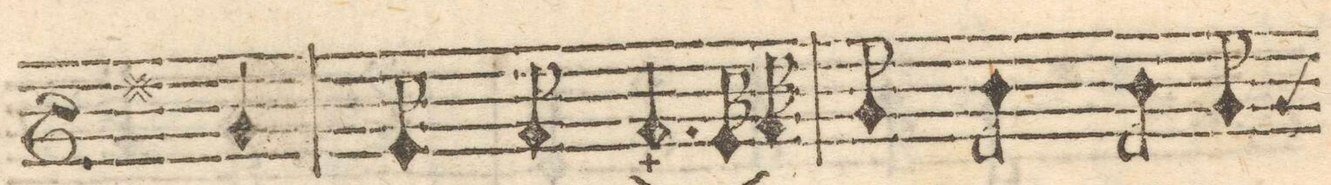


Je crains un vain - queur qui de mon



cœur con - noit la flam - me dont
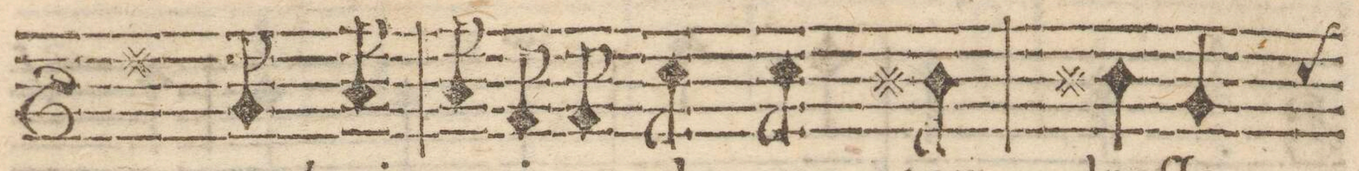


les feux ſe - crets par leurs progrès
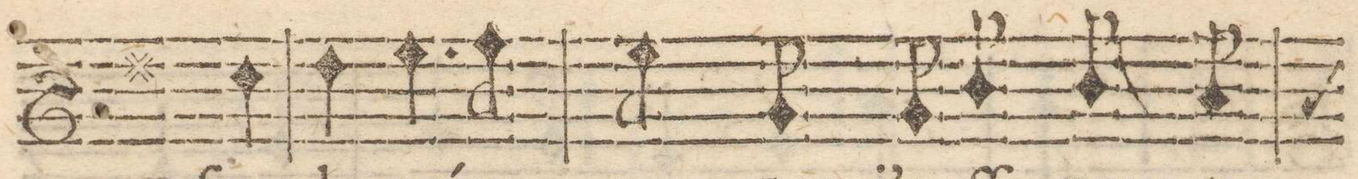


trou - ble mon a - me, bien - tôt tu
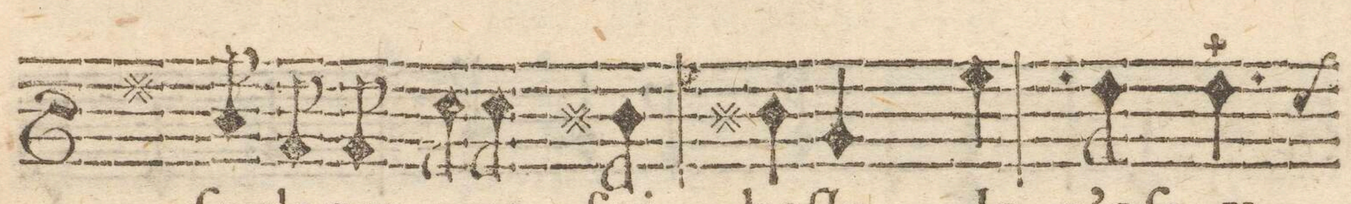
vou-
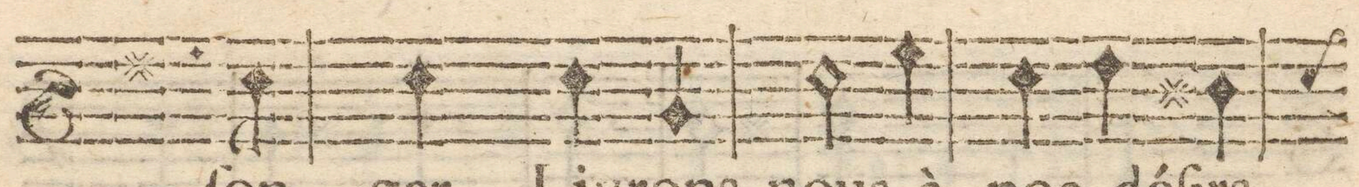


voudrois exiger de ma ten - dreſſe
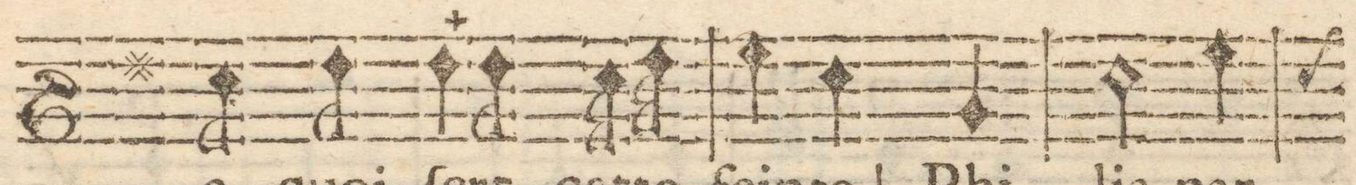


ſans la ména - ger, que j'euſſe pour te
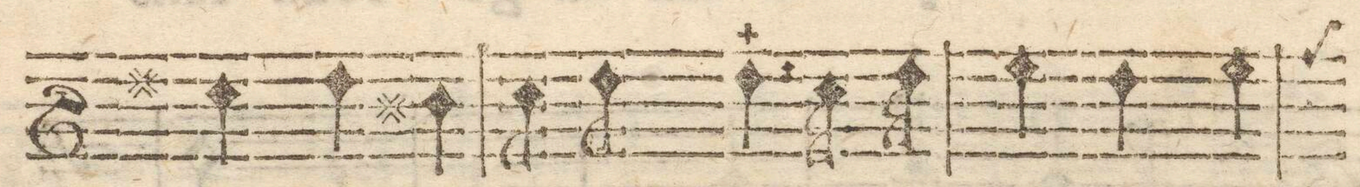


ſoulager une foi - bleſſe. Je n'oſe y
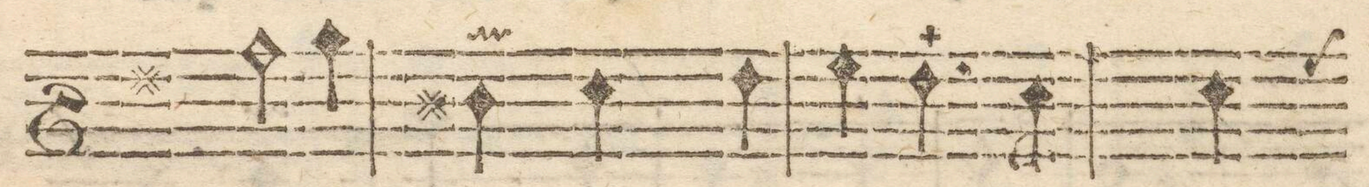


ſon - ger. Livrons nous à nos déſirs,
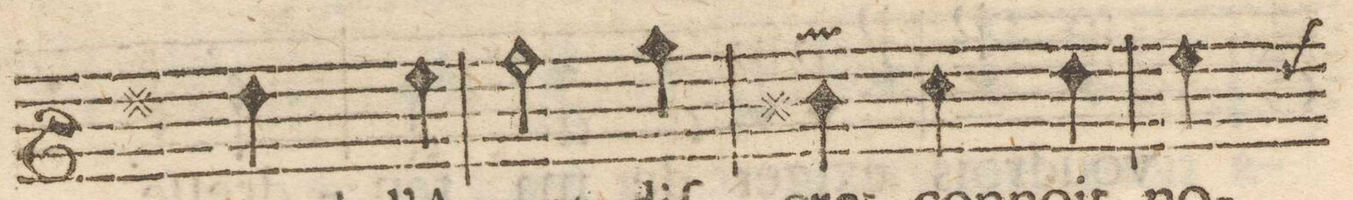


a quoi ſert cette feinte! Phi - lis par
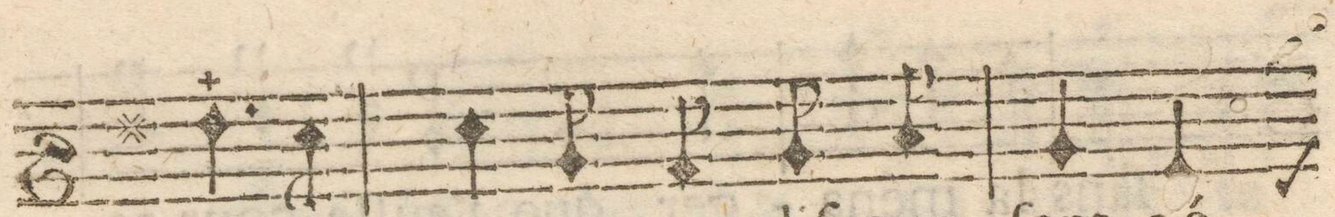


les plaiſirs il faut bannir la crainte ſans
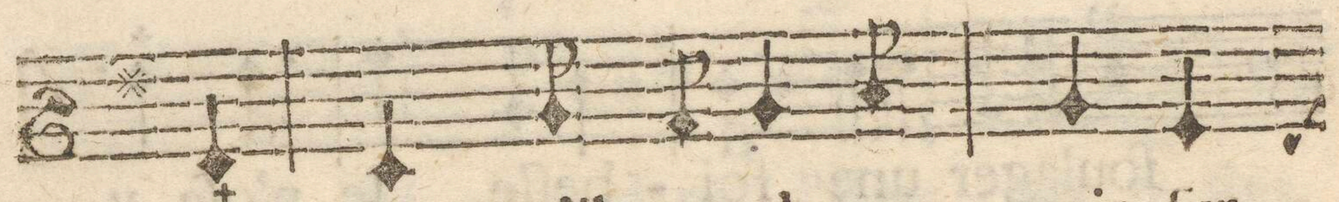


s'allar - mer, ne doit on pas ai - mer,
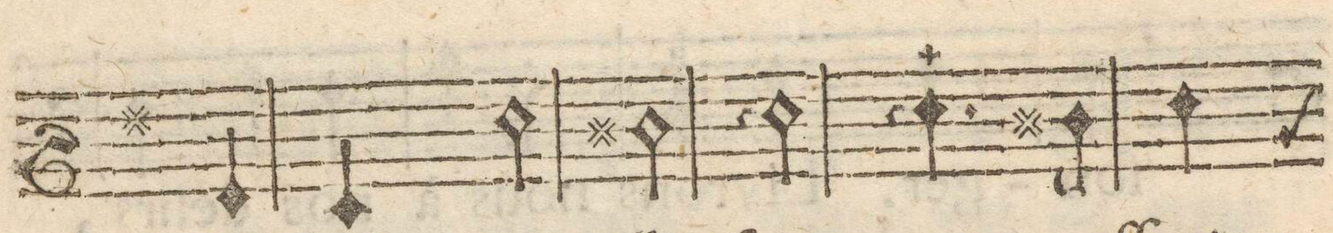


quand l'Amant dif - cret connoit no-
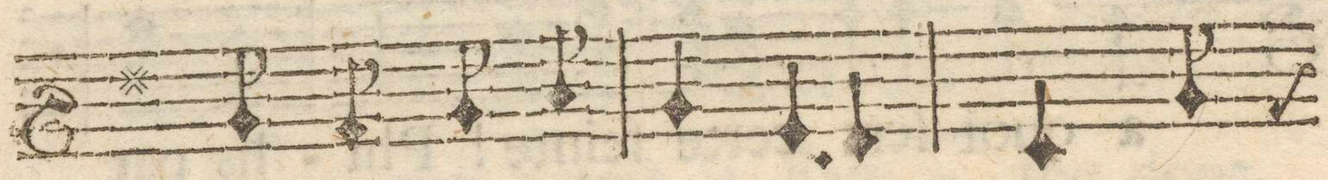


tre ſe - cret que tes diſcours ſont ſé-
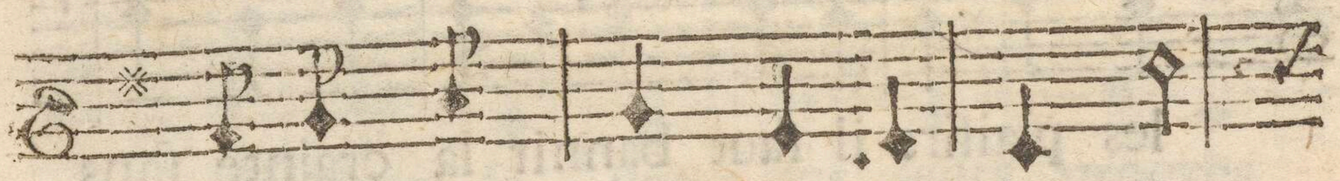


dui - ſants qu'ils ont de pou - voir ſur
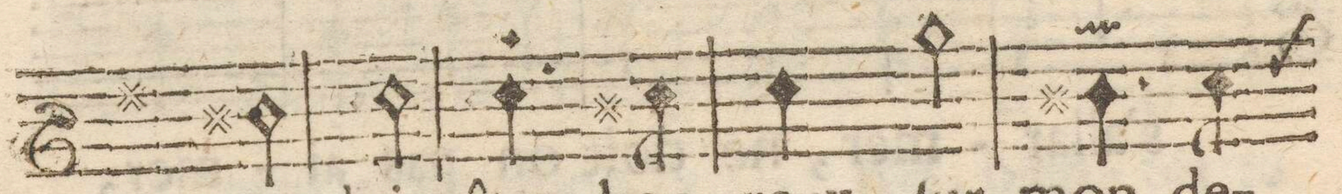


mes ſens, mais ils ſont trop preſſants



n'eſt tu pas aſ - ſez dange - reux ſans
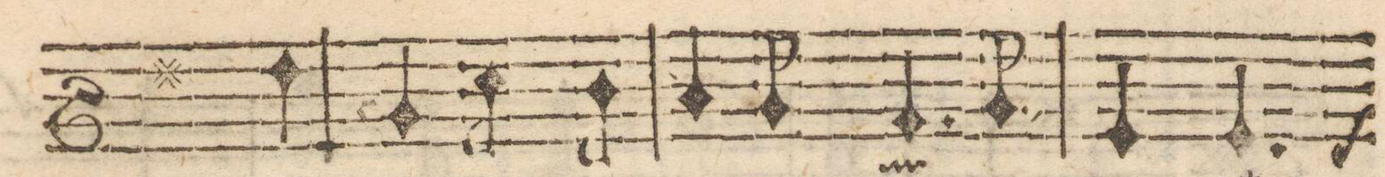


vouloir prou - ver par tes feux que
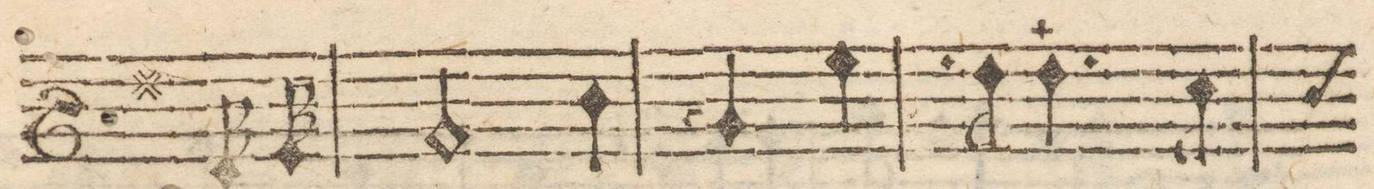


tu dois être heu - reux, ſur mon de-
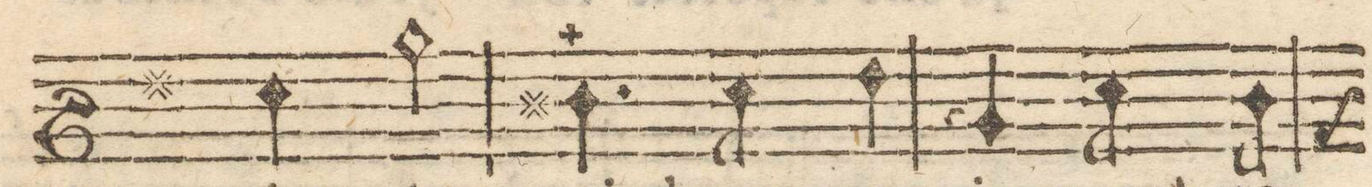
voir
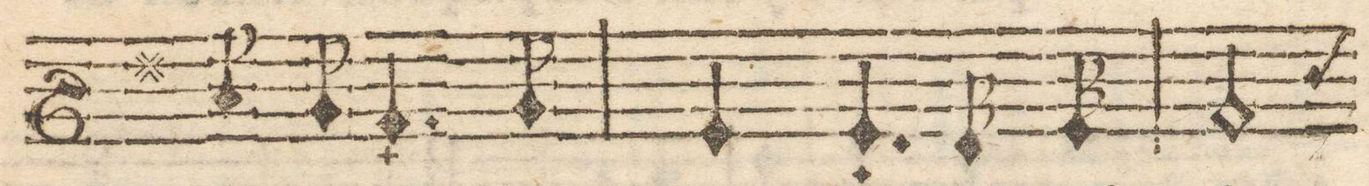


voir ton amour à trop de pouvoir plus
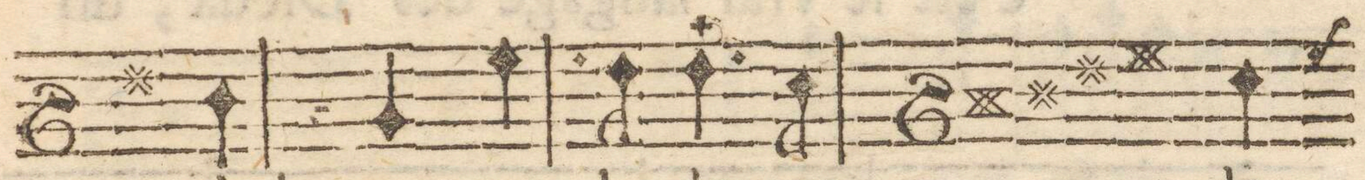


je te crains, & plus mes efforts ſont
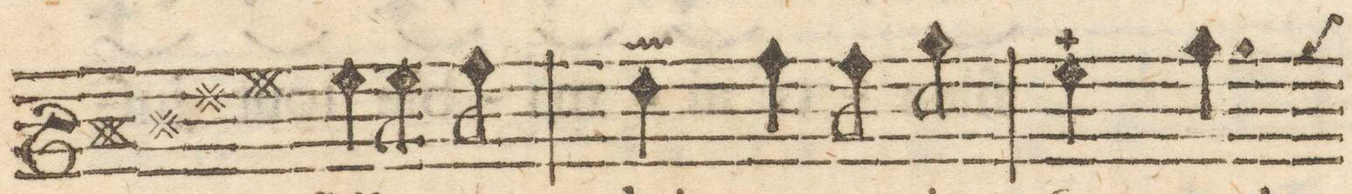


vains, de - puis long tems je combats
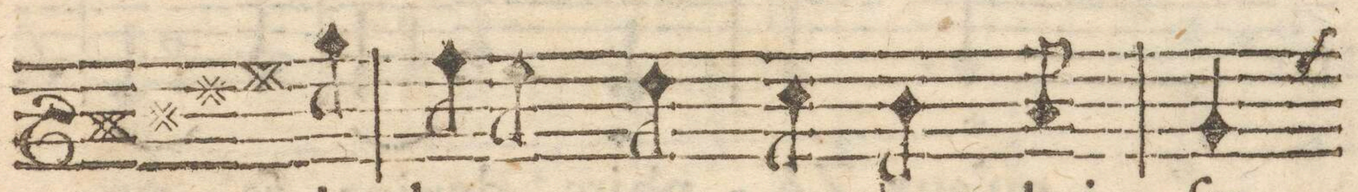


tes déſirs conſ - tants dois - je cé - der,
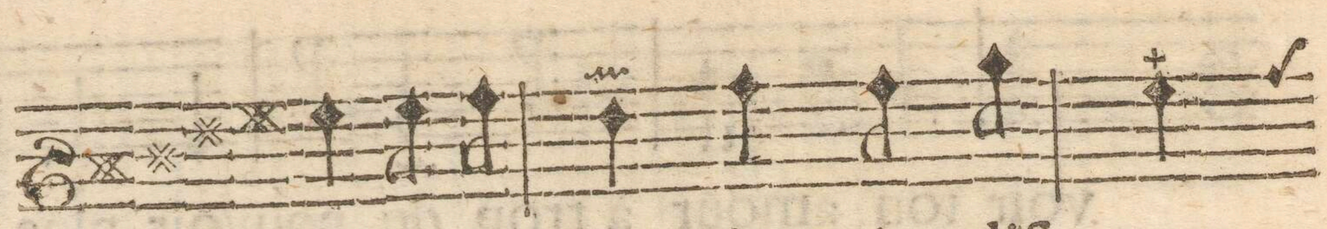


ah ! peux tu le deman- - - - der,
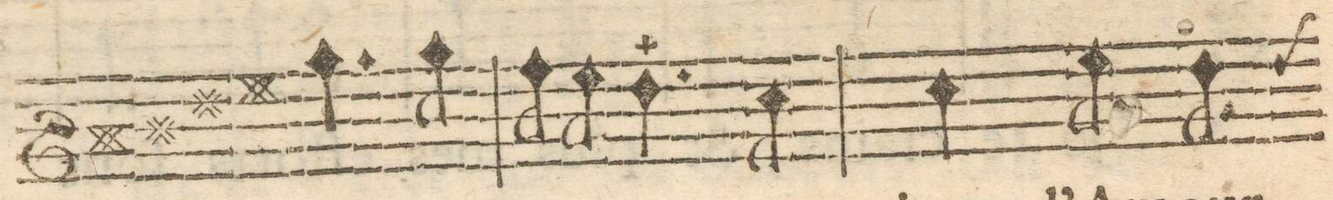


Elle vou - loit encor ja - ſer, mais
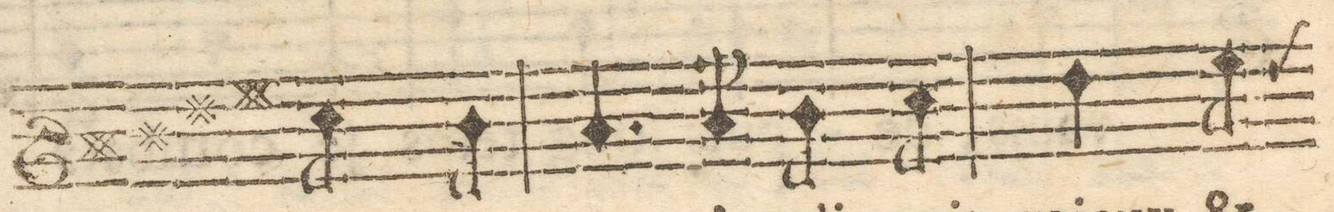


le berger par un doux bai - ſer
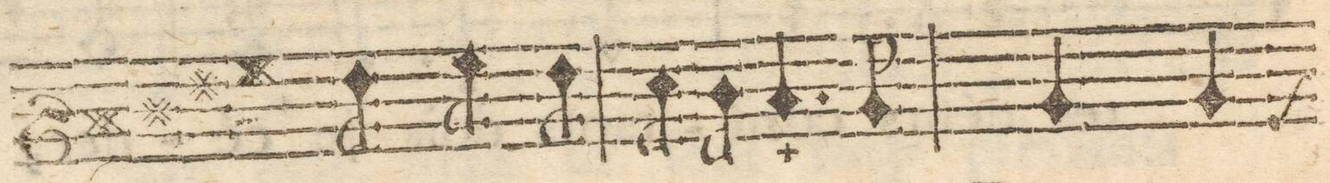


borna le cours des vains dif- cours
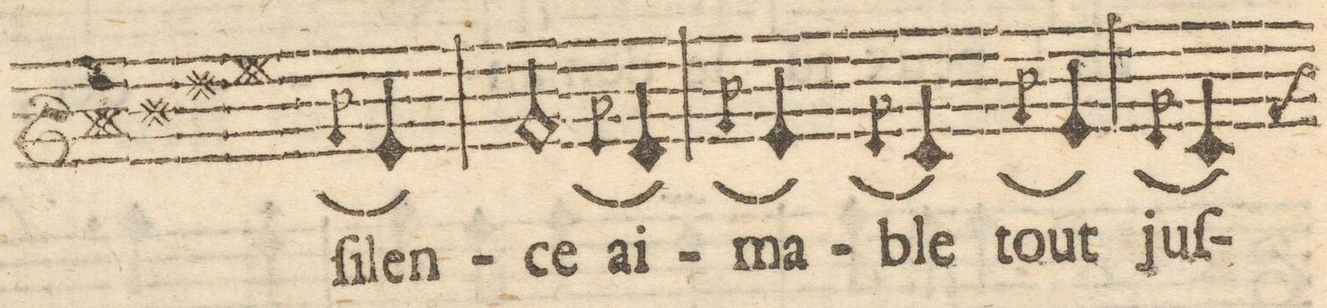


qu'elle repetoit tou - jours l'Amour
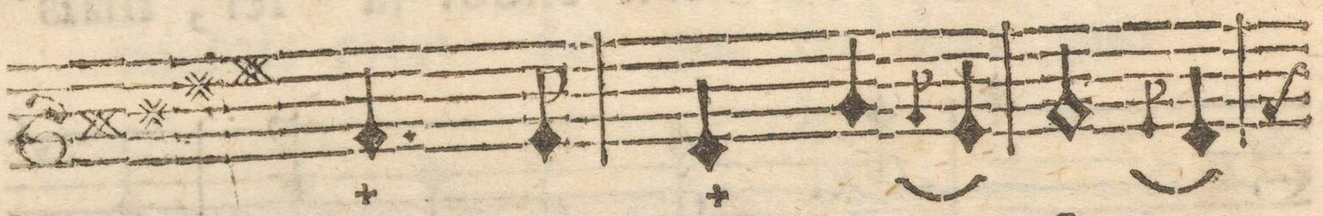


par leurs yeux s'expliquoit mieux &



c'eſt le vrai langage des Dieux, un
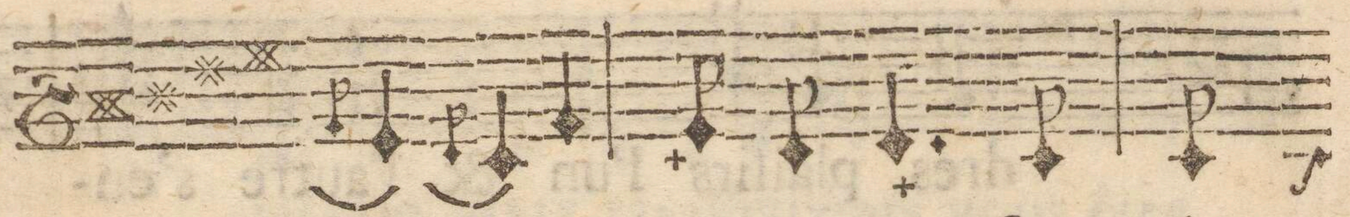


ſilen - ce ai - ma - ble tout juſ-

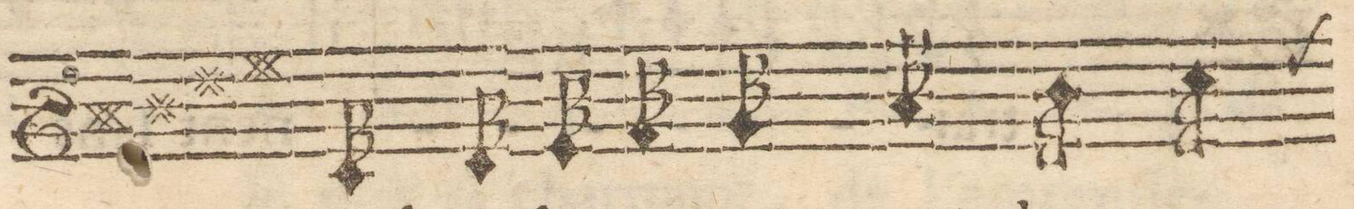


qu'aux Zé = phirs, devint fa = vo-
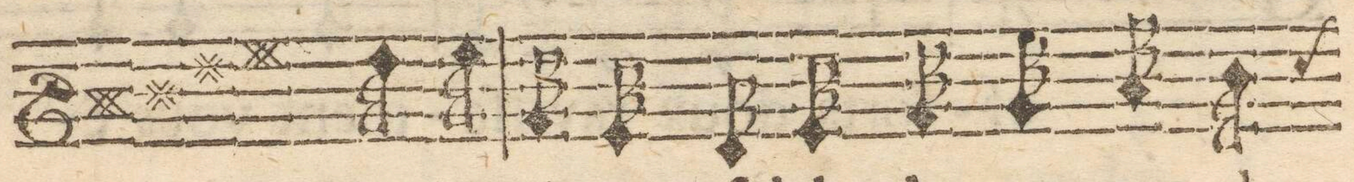
ra-
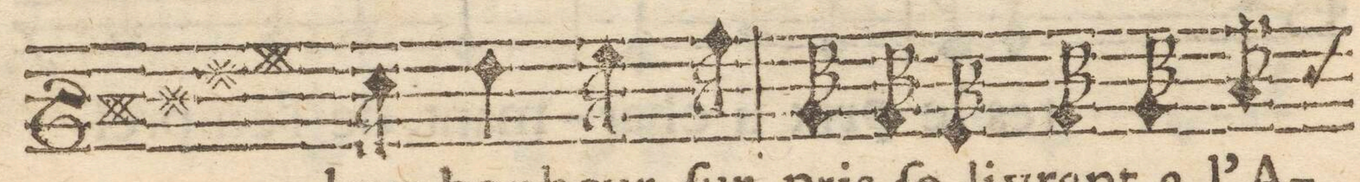


ra - ble a leurs tendres ſou - pirs,
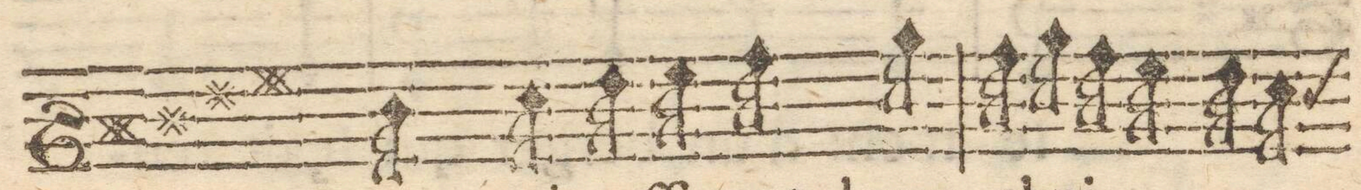


quel enchantement pour des cœurs



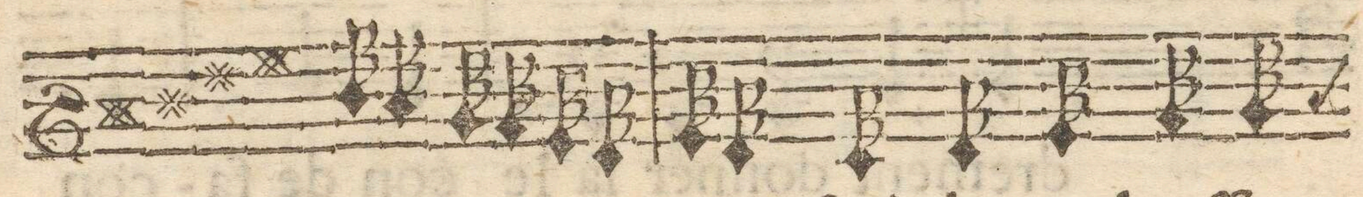
bien épris ces fidel - les amants de
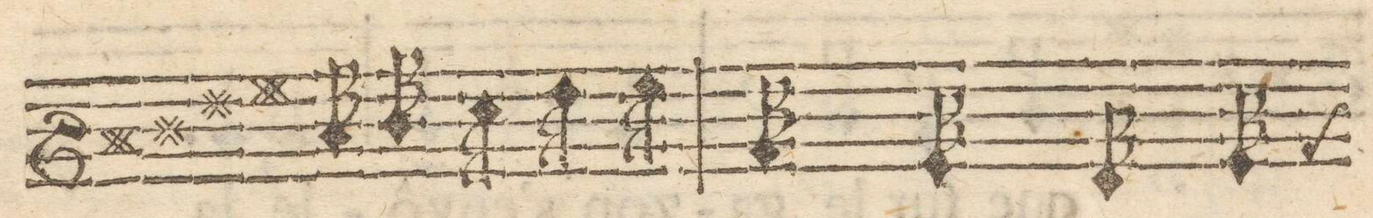


leur bonheur ſur pris ſe livrant a l'A-



mour qui reſſerant leurs chai- - -
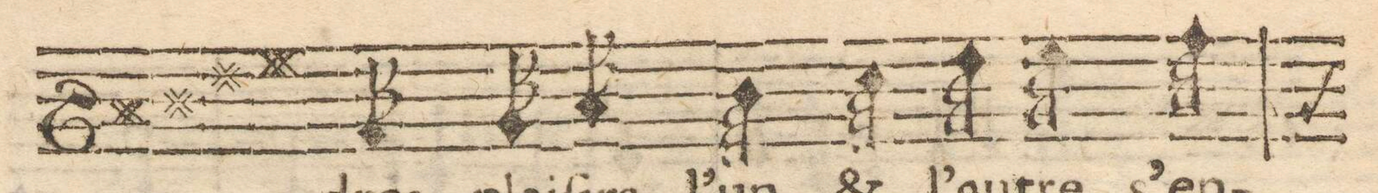


- - - - nes ſçait les embraſſer
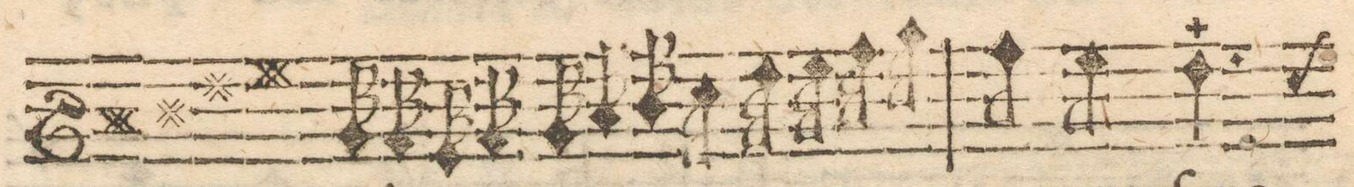


avec un tel ac - cord qu'aux plus ten-
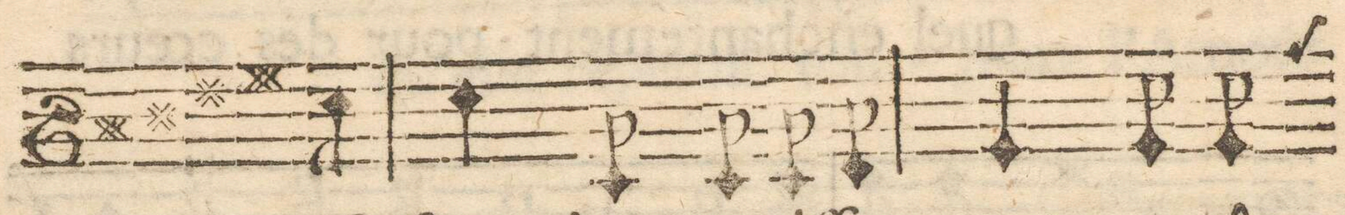
dres
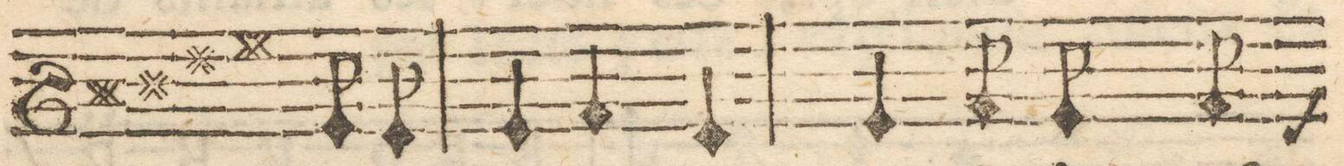


dres plaiſirs l'un & l'autre s'en-
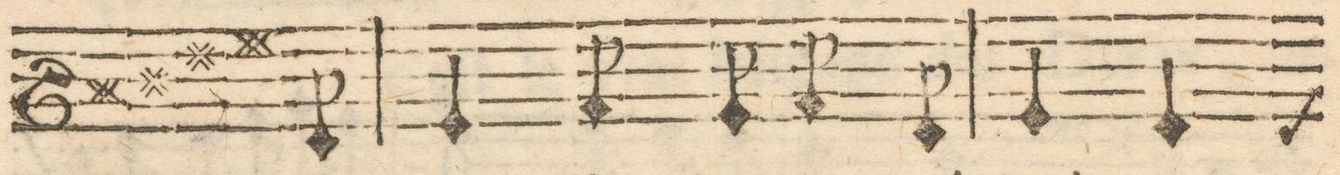


trai- - - - - - - nent ſans
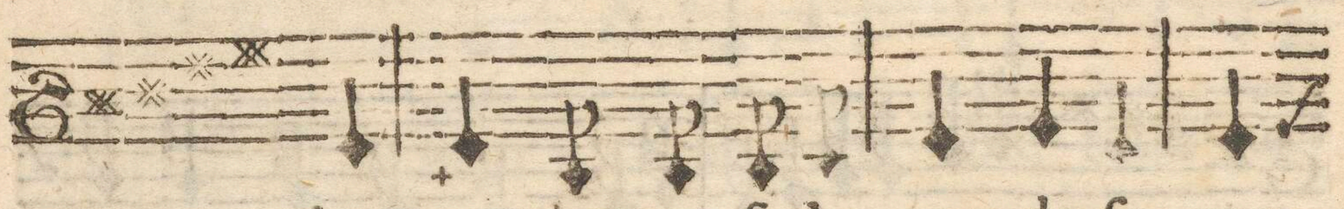


ef-forts doux raviſſe-ment vous ê-
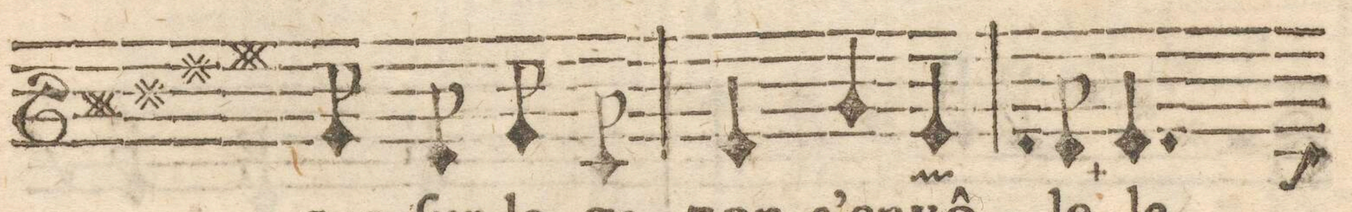


tes le prix ſi char-mant, de l'empreſ-



ſe-ment d'un berger qui ſçait ten-

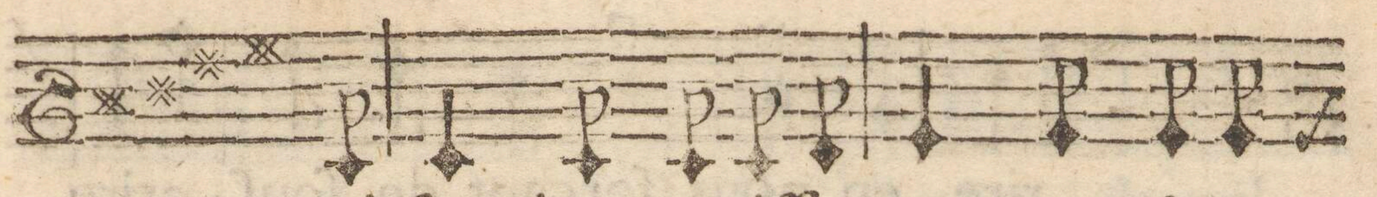


drement donner ſa le-çon de fa-çon
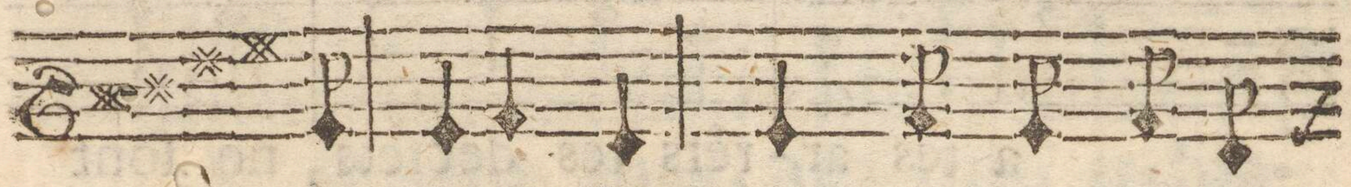


que ſur le ga-zon s'envô-le la

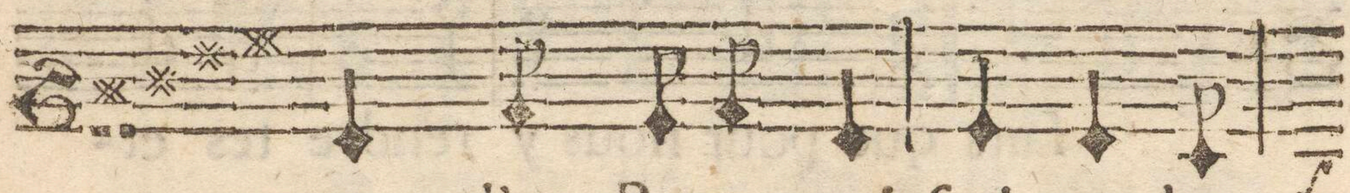
rai-
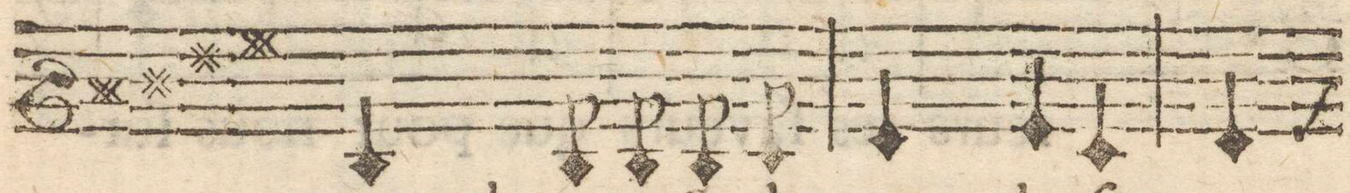


rai-ſon doux raviſſements vous êtes
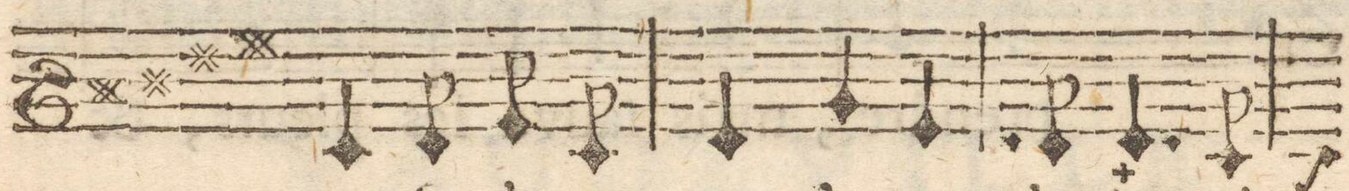


le prix ſi charmant, de l'empreſſe-
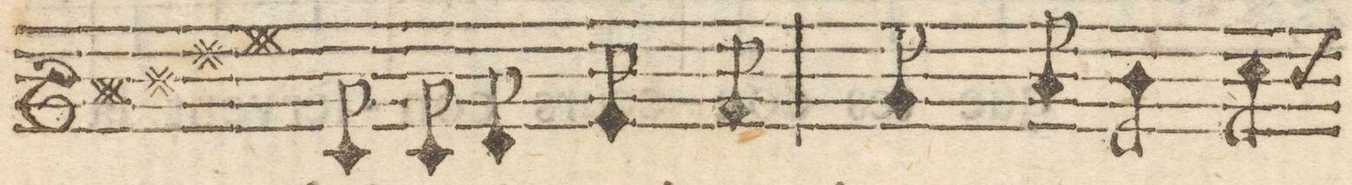


ment d'un Berger qui ſçait tendre-
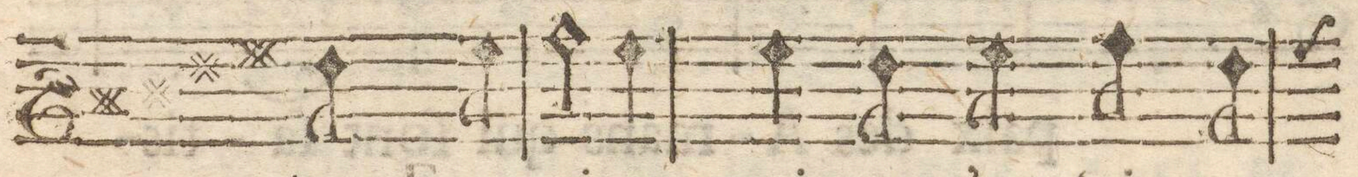


ment donner ſa le-çon de fa-çon



que ſur le ga-zon s'envo-le la rai-

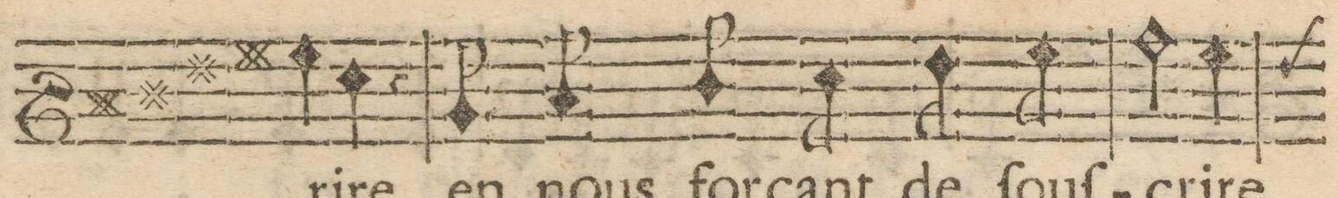


ſon on la perd tou-jours Amour dans
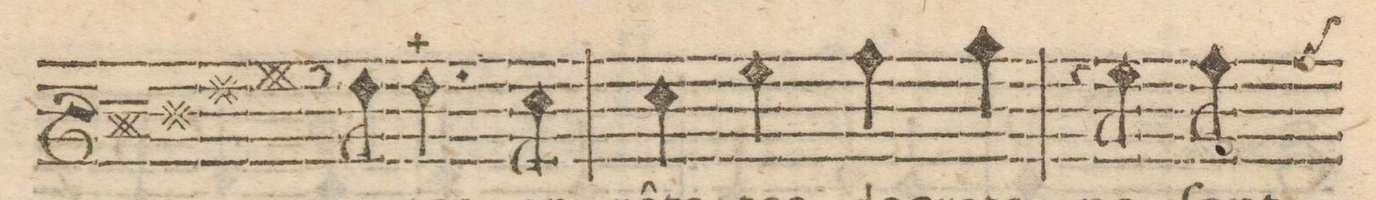


ton Em-pire, mais tu n'en fais que
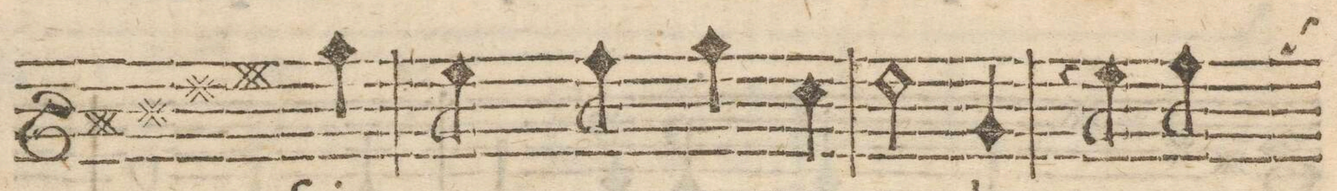
rire
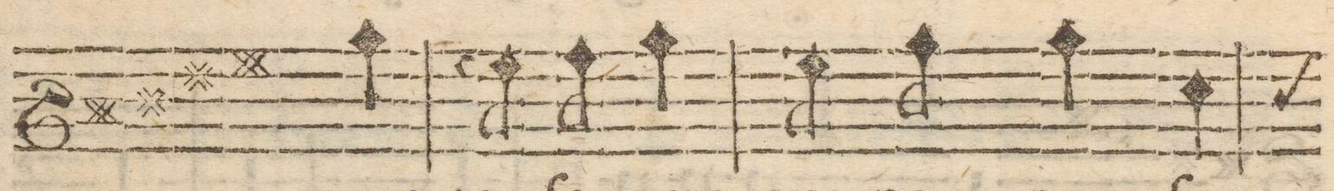


rire en nous forçant de ſouf-crire
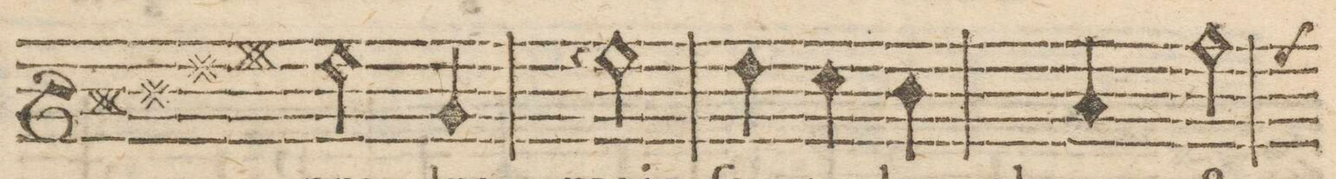


a tes ar-rêts tes decrets, ne ſont
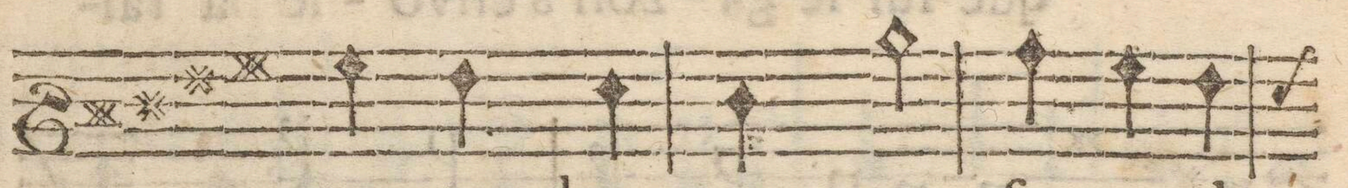


faits que pour nous y rendre tes er-
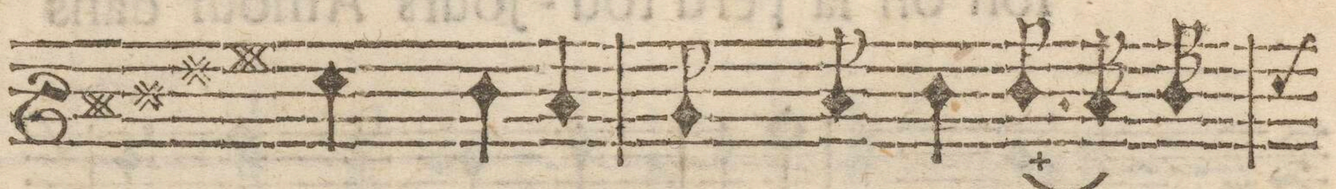


reurs tes faveurs que pour nous ſur-



prendre, mais ſauve les pleurs, &
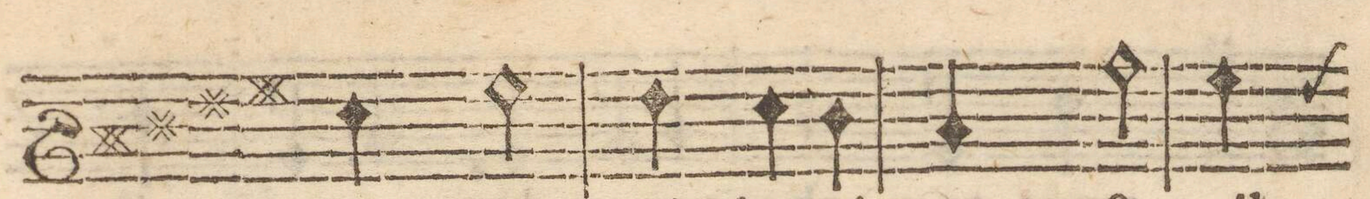


que tes dou-ceurs con-ſervent la
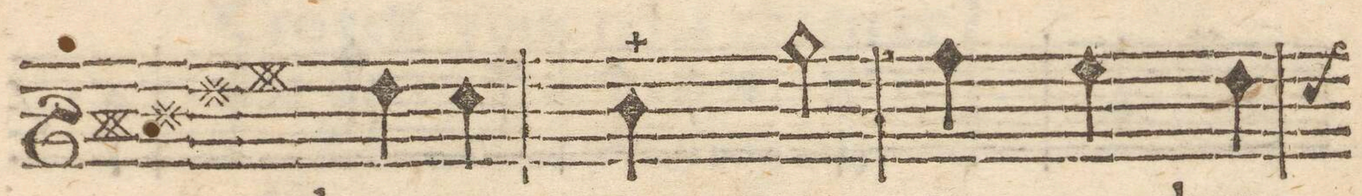


paix des A-mans qui ſont ſa-tis-
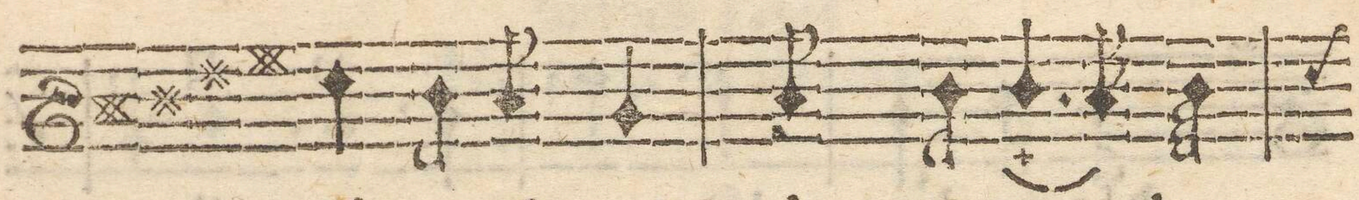
faits,



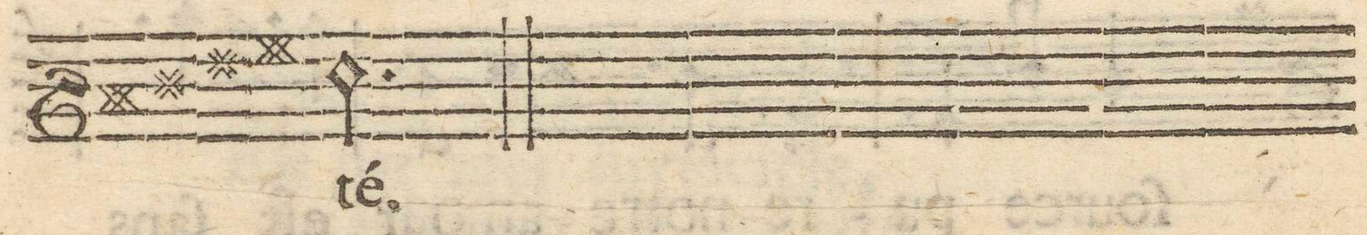
faits, ban - nis les ri - vaux, & mil-



le autres maux, mon cœur enchan-
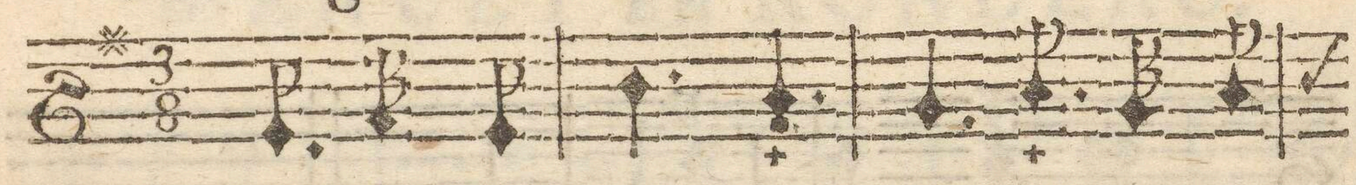


té va ſe ren - dre a ta vo - lup-



té.
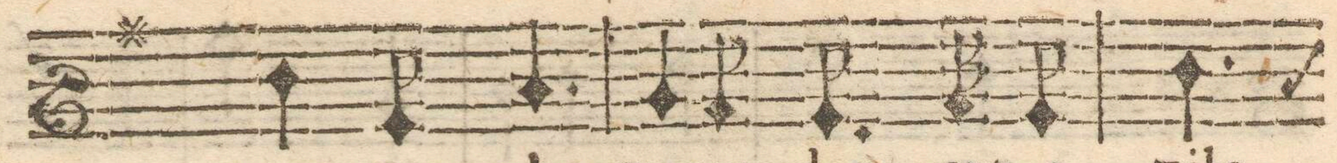
VAUDEVILLE
DU BALLET DE LA NATURE ET L'ART.

Un Berger.
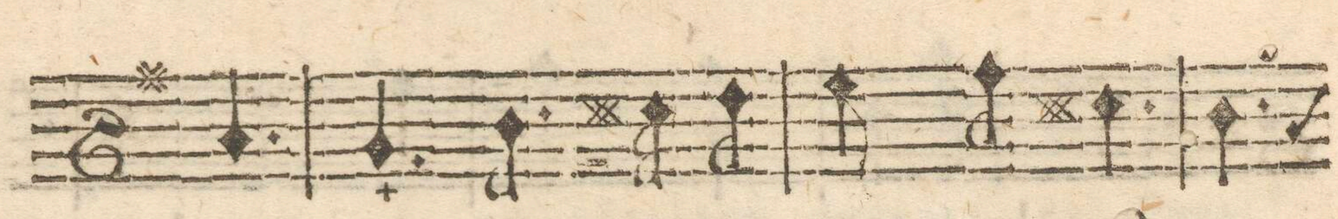


L'Or & l'é - clat pom - peux, i - ci ne

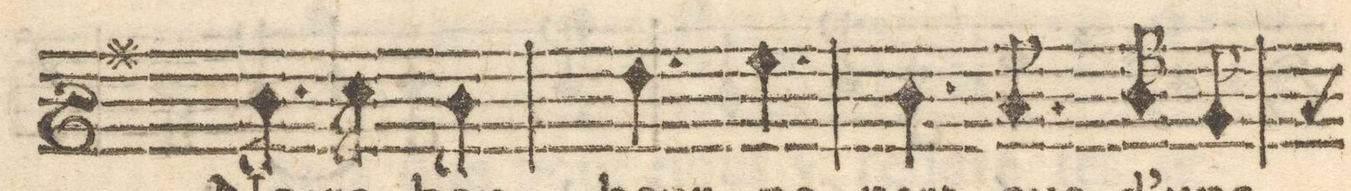
nous
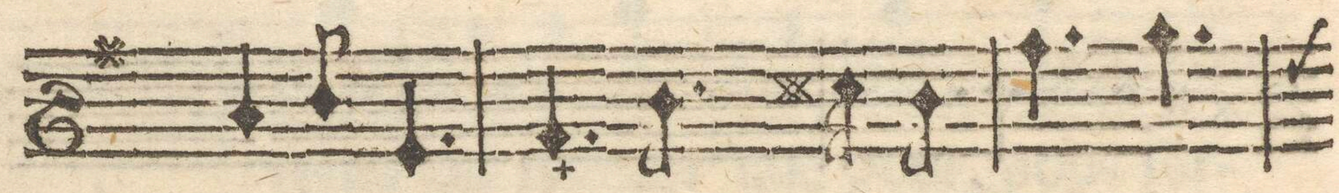


nous tou-che guere dans cet a - zile,
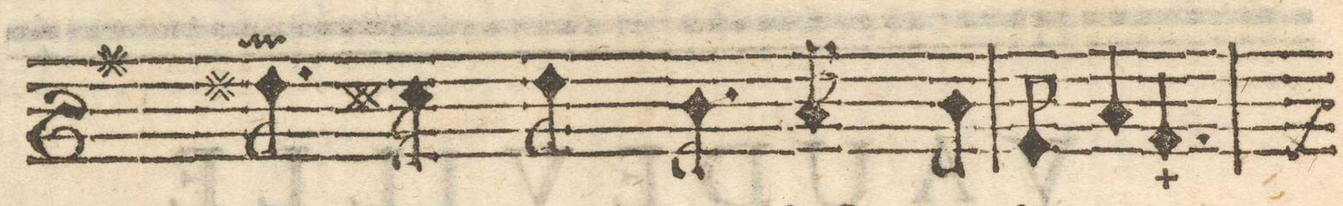


heu-reux on ne ſon-ge qu'a plai-re
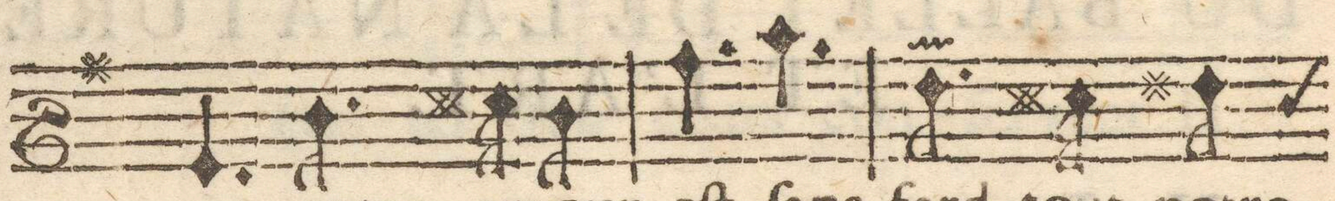


Notre bon - heur ne part que d'une



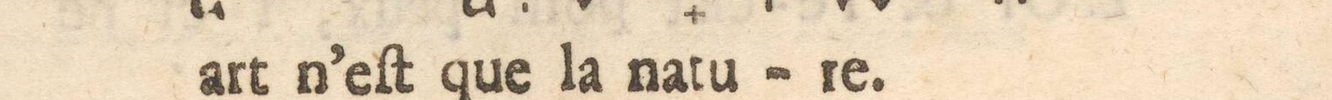
ſource pu = re notre amour eſt ſans



fard tout notre art n'eſt que la natu -



re, notre amour eſt ſans fard tout notre



art n'eſt que la natu = re.

2. Vous

2.
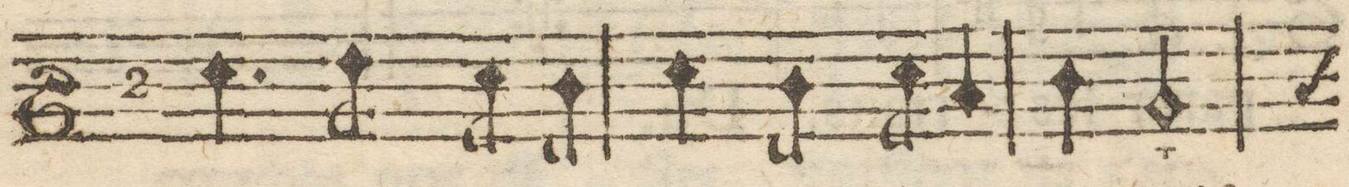
Vous qui feignez d'aimer,
Et ne chercher qu'à ſéduire,
Croyez vous nous charmer?
Le cœur ſçait nous inſtruire
Le ſerment le regard,
Chez vous tout eſt parjure
Bientôt on voit le fard,
Jamais l'Art
Ne rend la nature.

3.

Tandis que dans nos bois
Nous goutons un ſort paiſible
Le plus aimé des Rois
Eſt par tout invincible,
Sa grandeur eſt ſans fard
Sa valeur toujours ſure
Aſſervit le hazard,
Dompte l'Art,
Soumet la nature.
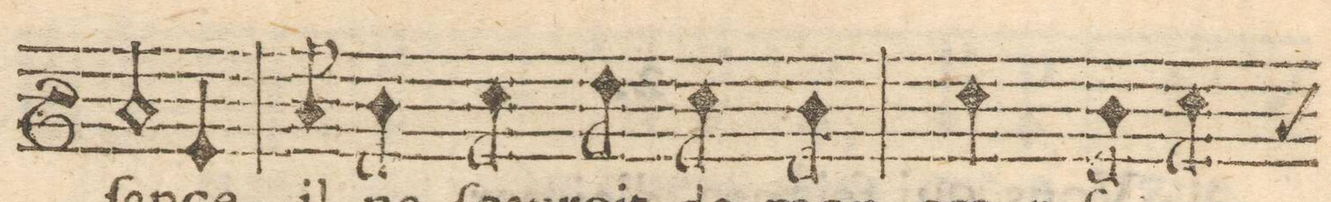
FIN.

MENUET EN RONDEAU.
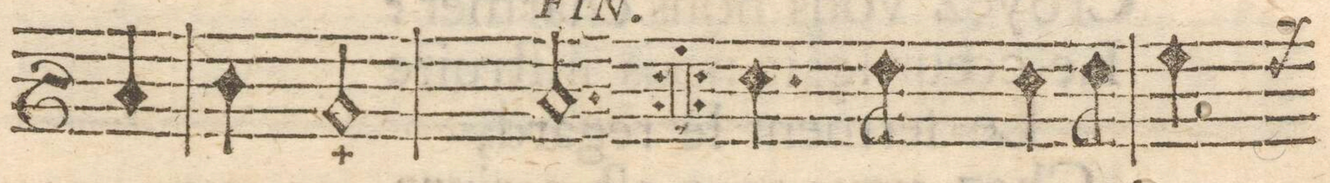


Du Dieu des amours je brave la puiſ

ſan-

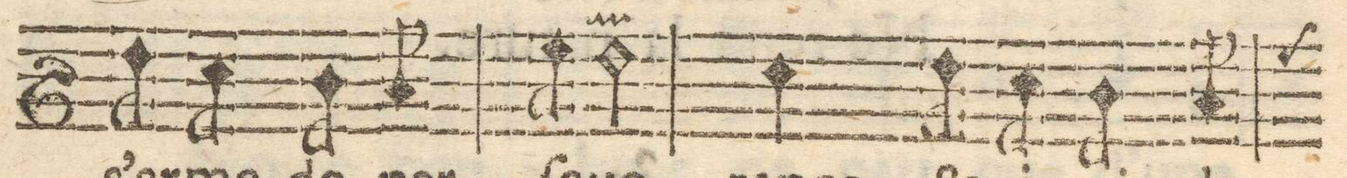


ſance, il ne ſçauroit de mon cœur ſe ren-
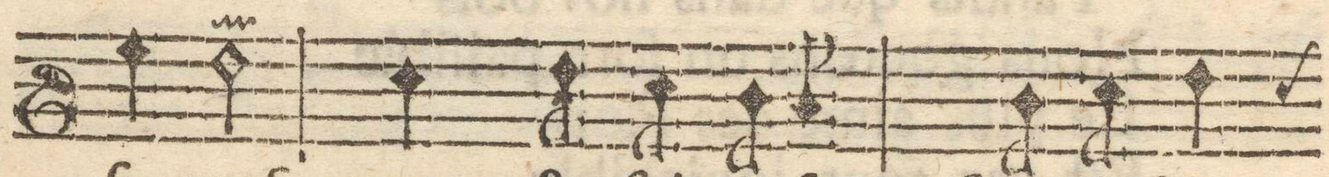
FIN.
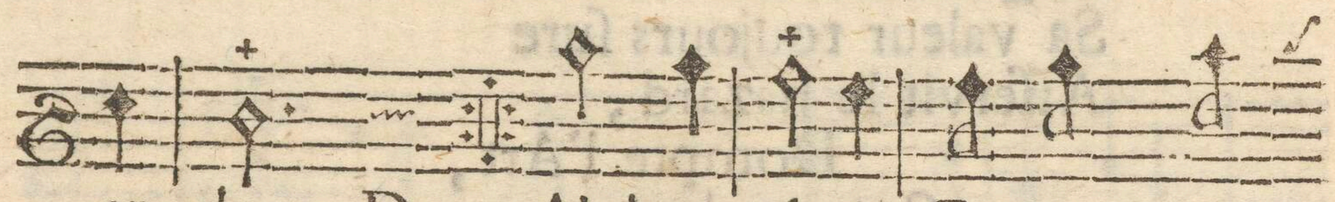


dre le vain - queur. En vain un amant
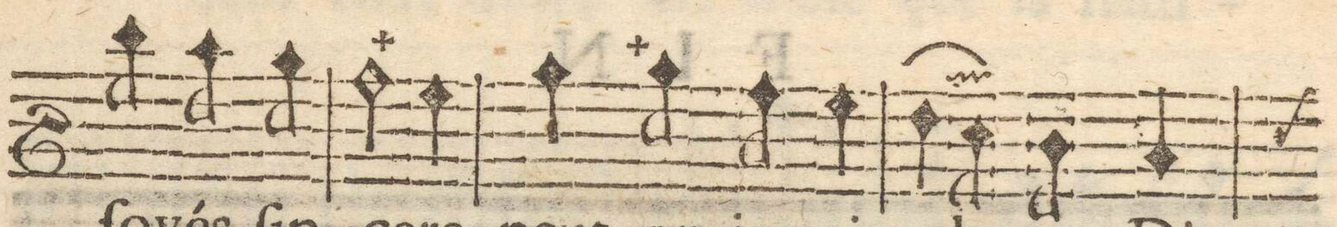


s'arme de per - ſeve - rance, & je ris de



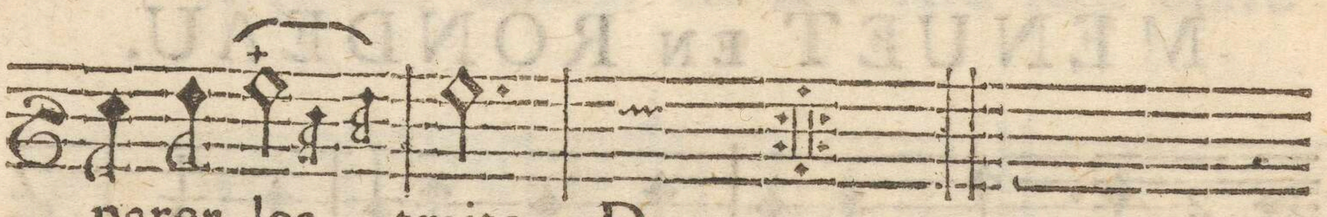
ſa conſ - tance & ſuis inſen - ſible à ſon



ar - deur. Du. Ah! ma chere Croyez moi



ſoyés ſin - cere peut on jamais de ce Dieu



parer les - traits. Du.

FIN.
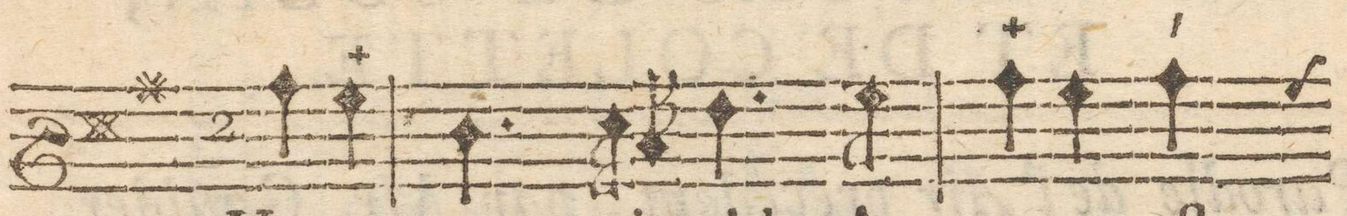
AIR

AIR CHANTE
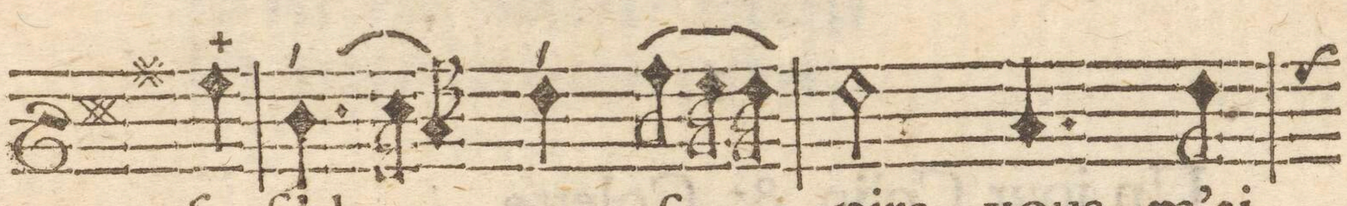
PAR

Mr. JELIOTTE.
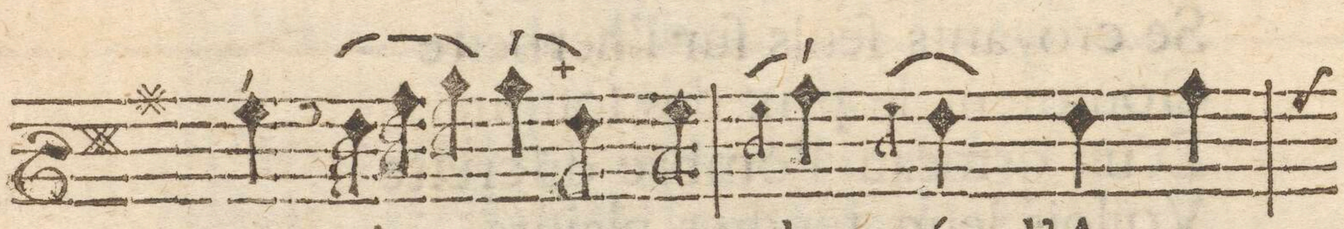
Dans l'Opera de Titon, & l'Aurore de Mr. Mondonville.
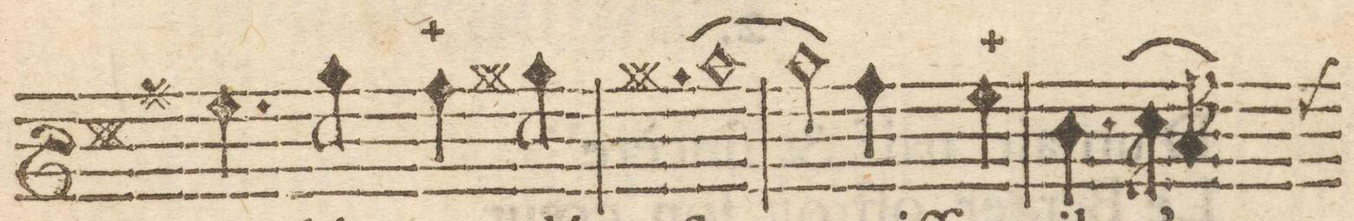


Votre cœur aimable Au - rore eſt



ſenſible a mes ſou - pirs, vous m'ai-
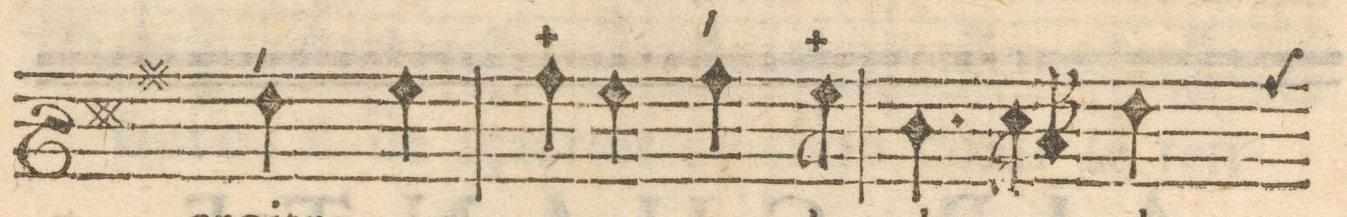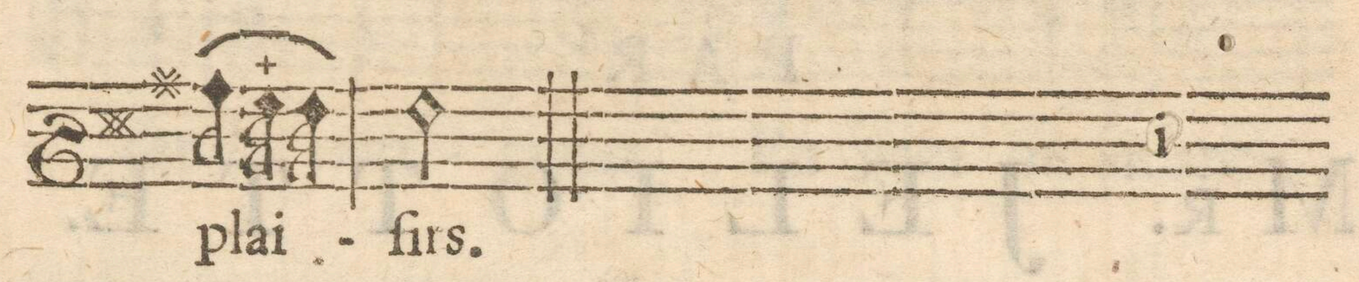


mez je vous a - do - ré, l'Amour



comble nos dé - ſirs, puiſſent ils s'ac-

croi-





LES AMOURS DE COLIN, ET DE COLETTE.

Parodie de l'Air précédent, par Mr. Gaubier, Ançien Valet de Chambre du Roi.

1.

Un jour Colin & Colette
Au comble de leurs déſirs,
Se croyants ſeuls ſur l'herbette
Goutoient le prix des ſoupirs
D'un ormeau l'ombre diſcrette
Voiloit leurs tendres plaiſirs.

2.

D'un air naif & ſincère'
Le Berger offroit ſon cœur
La volupté, le miſtere

Fa-

Favoriſoient ſon ardeur
Dans les yeux de la Bergere
Le Berger lut ſon bonheur.

3.

Dans les tranſports de ſa flamme,
Tiens diſoit l'heureux Berger,
Colette ſens tu mon ame
Vers toi prête a s'échaper,
Reçois la .... dieux je me pâme
Rends la moi par un baiſer.

4.

La trop ſenſible Colette
Le baiſoit & ſe taiſoit,
Dans une ivreſſe ſecrette
Son ame auſſi ſe perdoit,
Et ſur leur bouche muette
Le plaiſir les confondoit.

5.

Revenus de ce délire
Heureux & plus amoureux
Colin prend ſa main, ſoupire,
Hélas! dit-il tous mes vœux
Seroient de l'entendre dire
Oui je partage tes feux.

6.
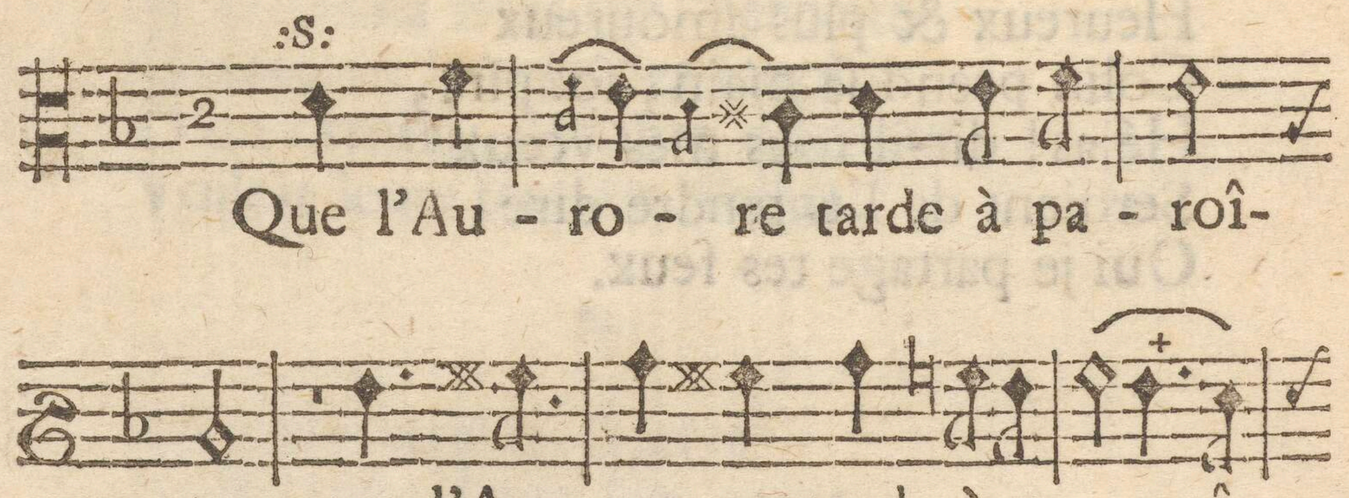
Oui mon cher Colin je t'aime
Pour Colin qu'elle faveur !
Lorſque l'amour eſt extrême
Le ſincère aveu d'un cœur
Eſt toujours un bien ſuprême,
Même au comble du bonheur.

7.
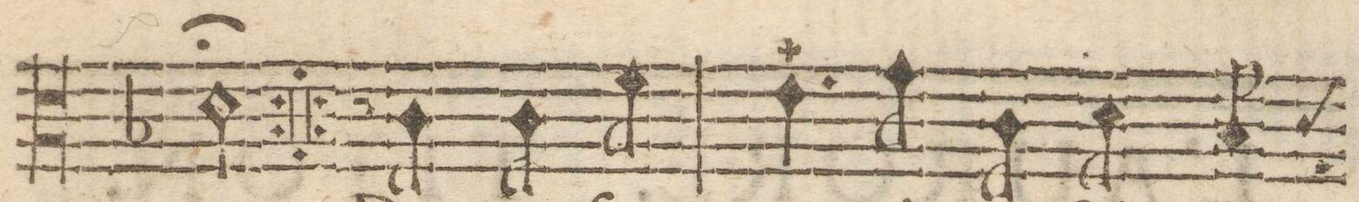
Enfin Colin & Colette
Epris de nouveaux déſirs,
Se croyants ſeuls ſur l'herbette
Repeterent leurs plaiſirs
Mais Echo, Nimphe indiſcrette
Repeta tous leurs Soupirs.

FIN.
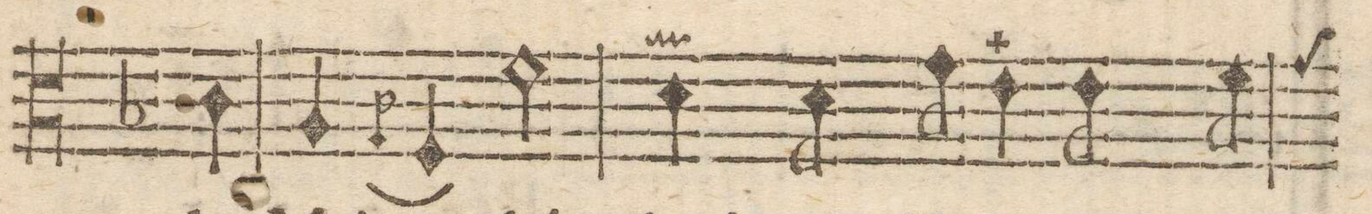
TITON.



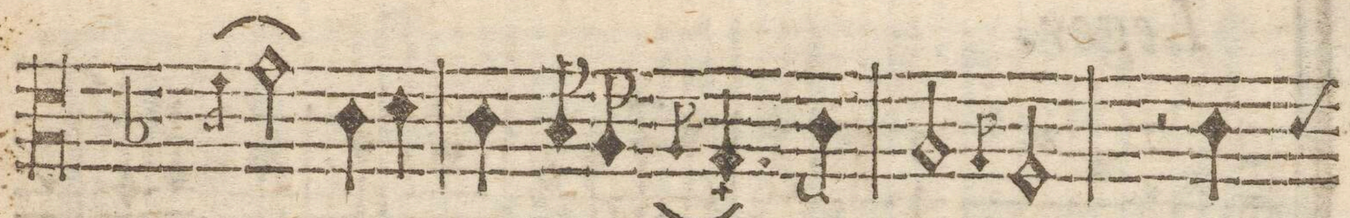
tre
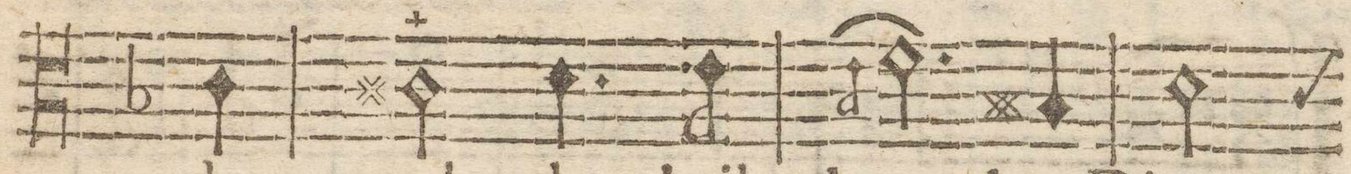


tre. De mes ſoup-çons je ne ſuis plus
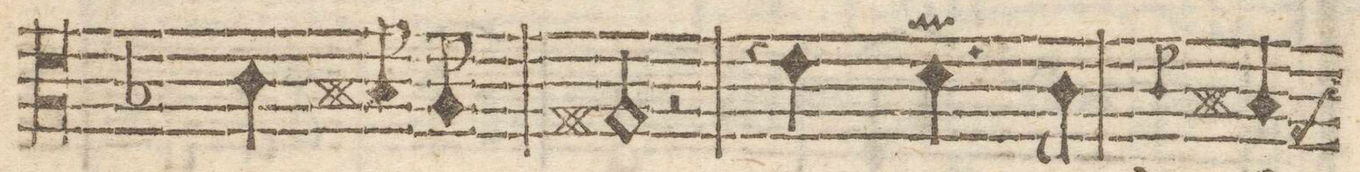


le Maitre, hé-las! tout l'invite à chan-
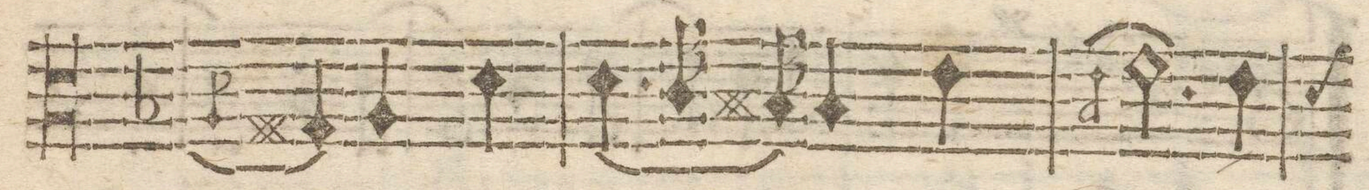


ger: elle va devenir lé-ge-re; dans
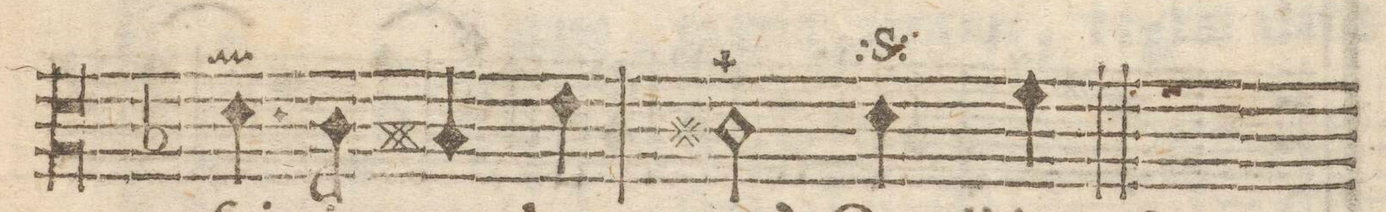


des nœuds plus bril-lans les Dieux



vont l'enga-ger, pourquoi n'eſt el-



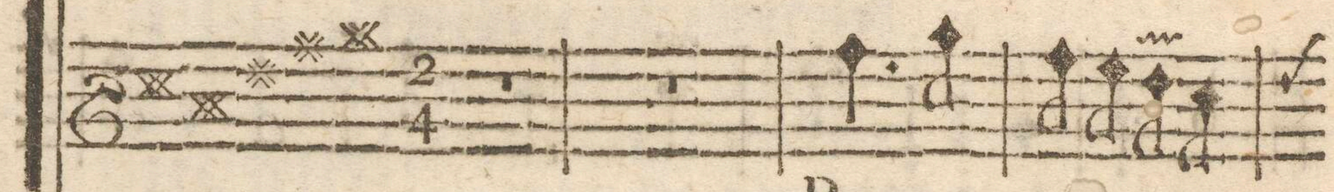
le pas ber-ge--re pour-quoi ne
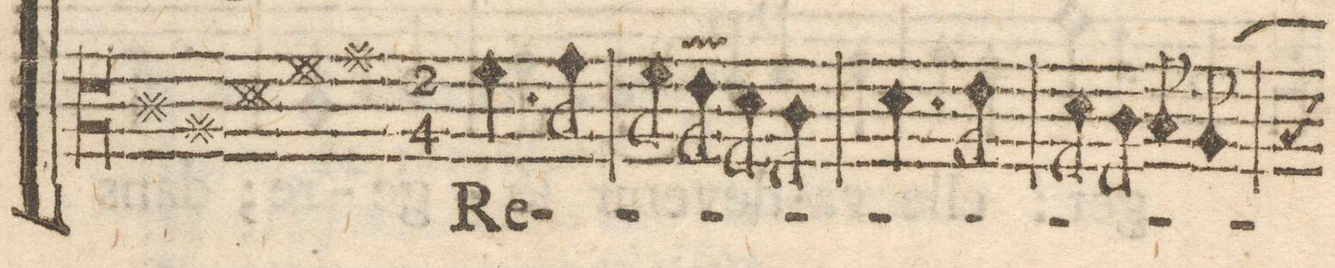


ſuis-je que ber-ger? Que l'Au: &c.

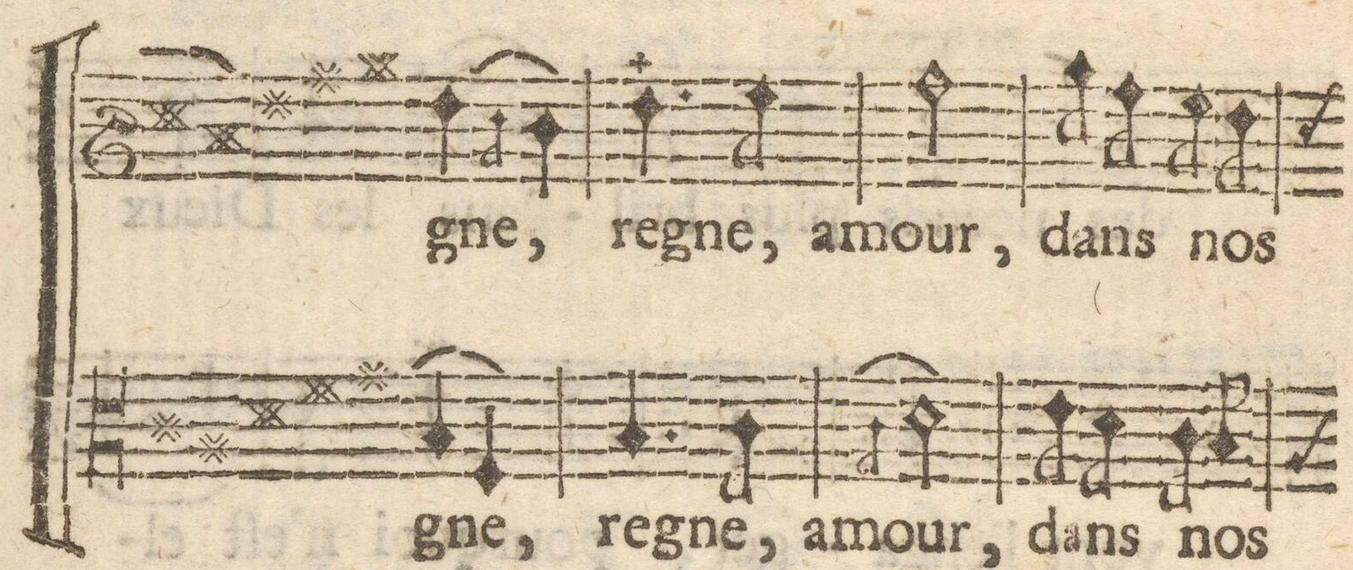
L'AURORE. TITON.
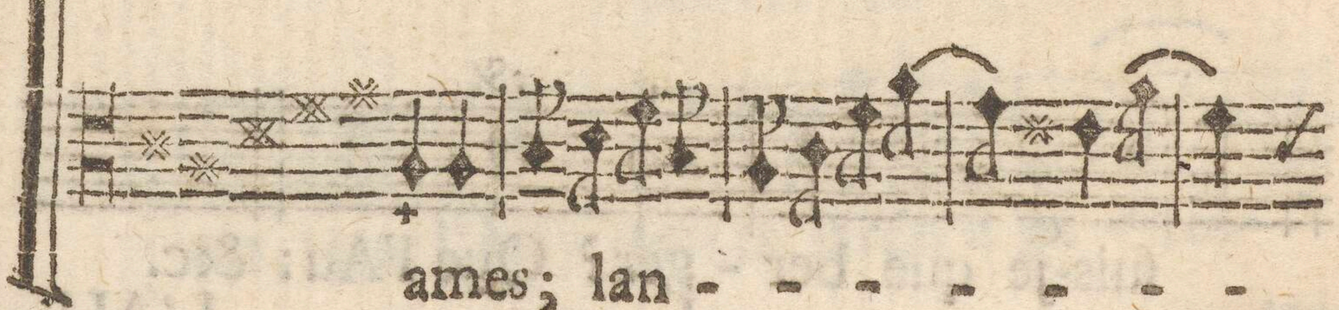
Leger.
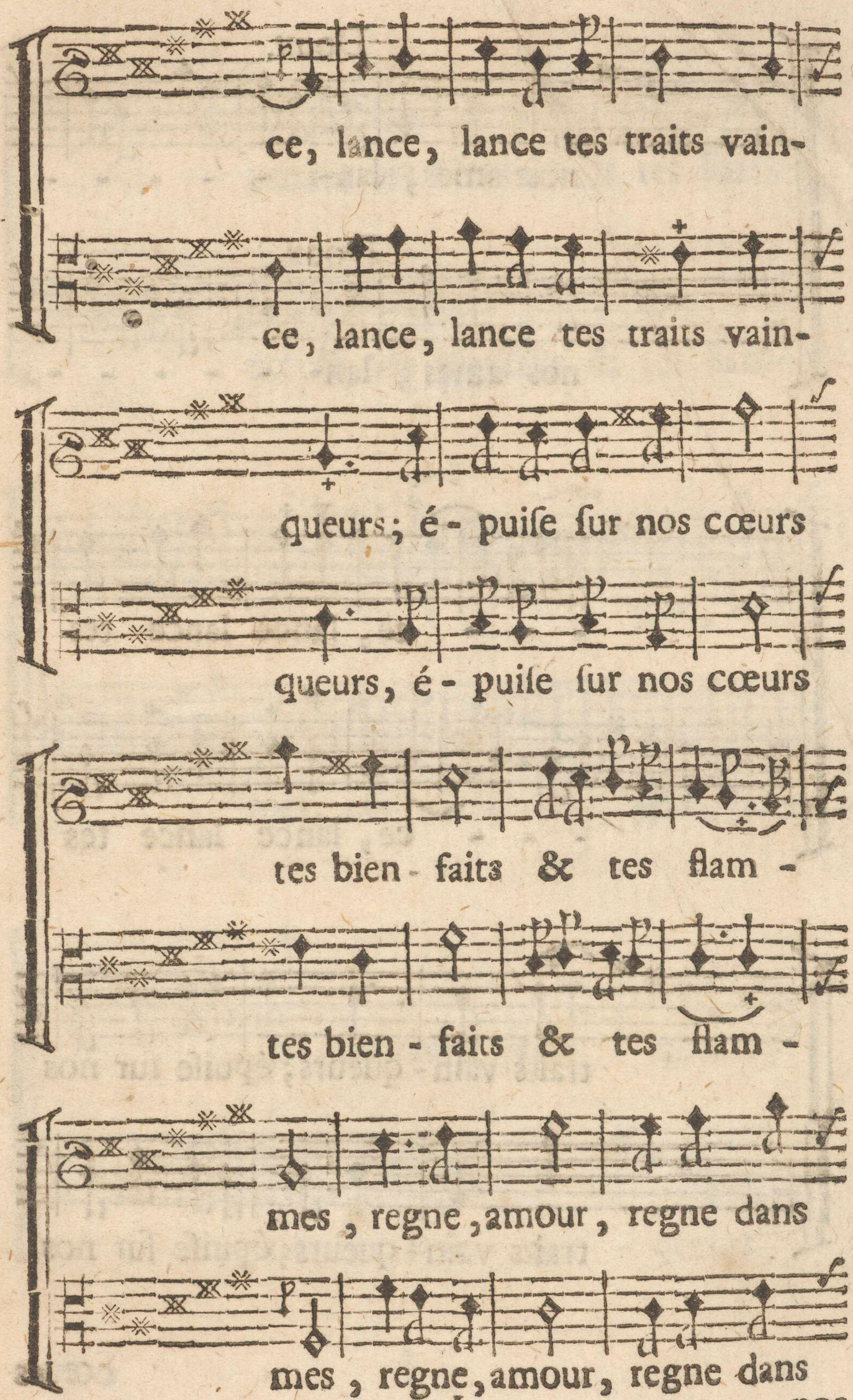


Leger.
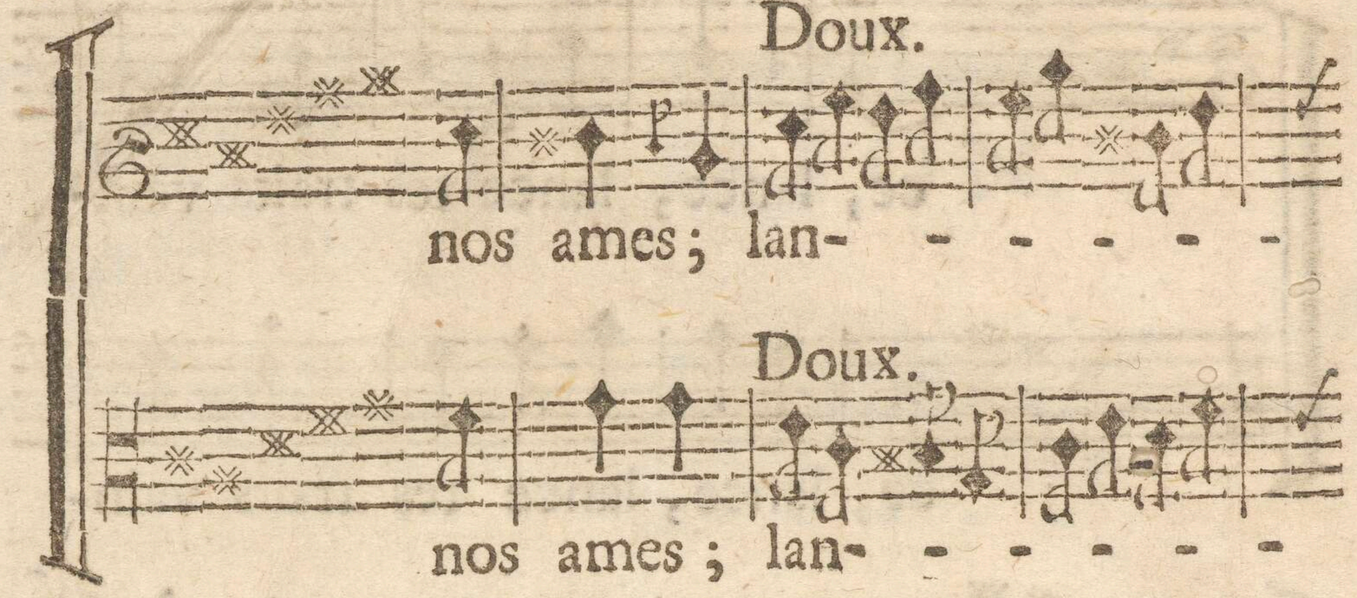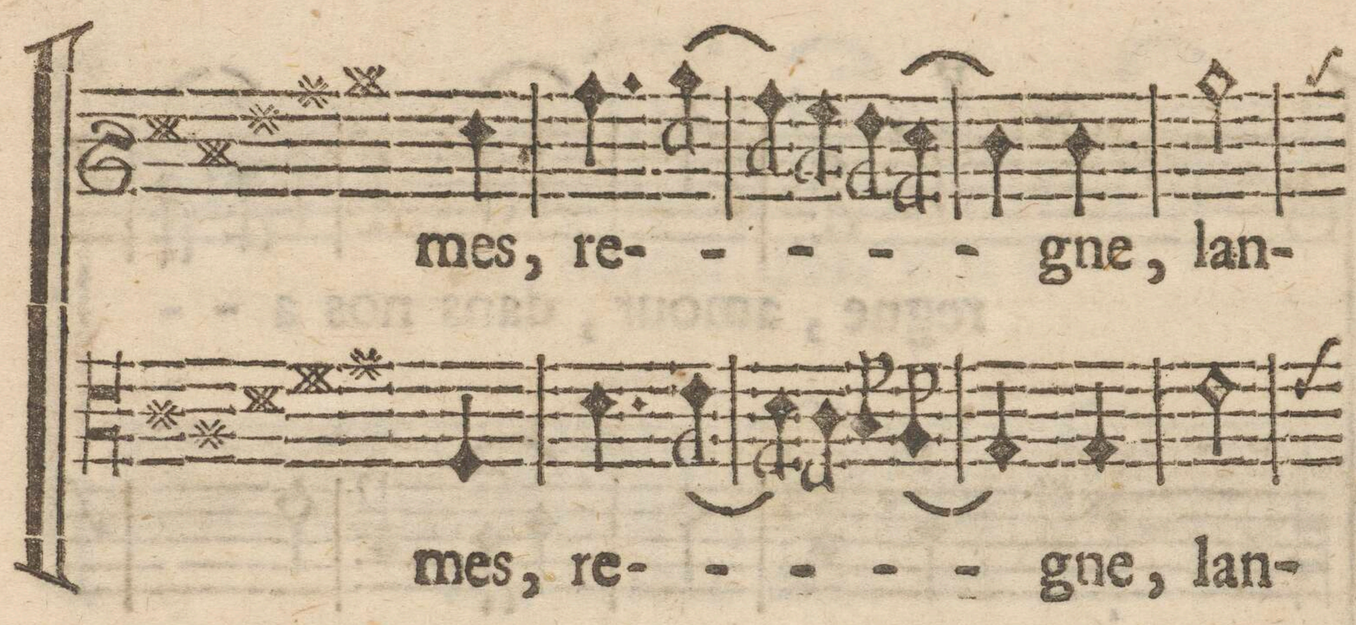






BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH
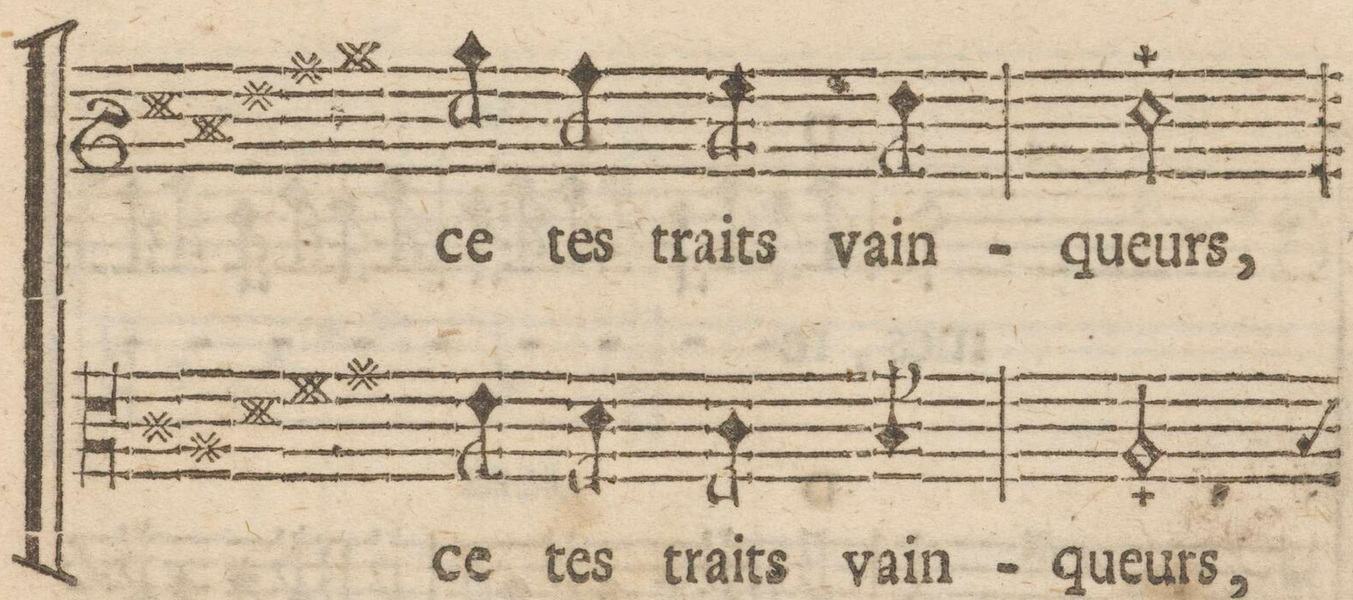

ce, lance, lance tes traits vain-
ce, lance, lance tes traits vain-
queurs; é- puiſe ſur nos cœurs
queurs, é- puiſe ſur nos cœurs
tes bien- faits & tes flam -
tes bien - faits & tes flam -
mes, regne, amour, regne dans
mes, regne, amour, regne dans
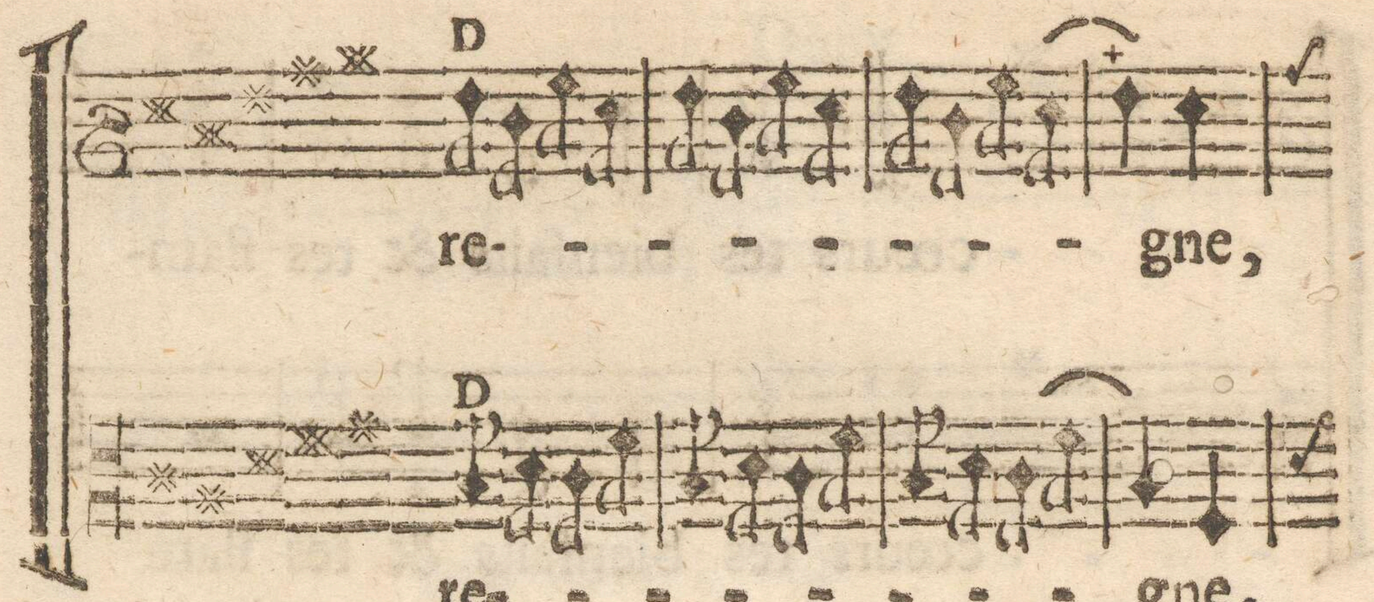

Doux.
nos ames ; lan- - - - - -
Doux.
nos ames ; lan- - - - - -
F
- - - ce, lance lance tes
F
- - - ce, lance lance tes
traits vain-queurs ; épuiſe ſur nos
traits vain-queurs ; épuiſe ſur nos
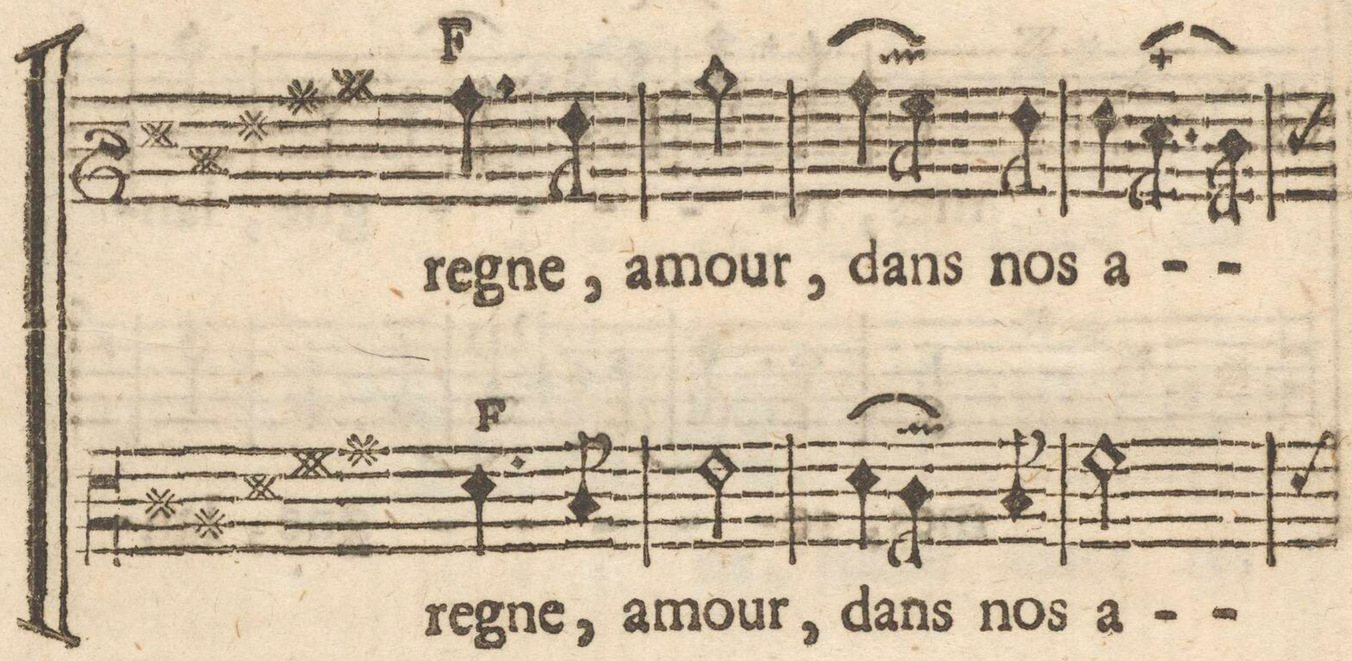
cœurs
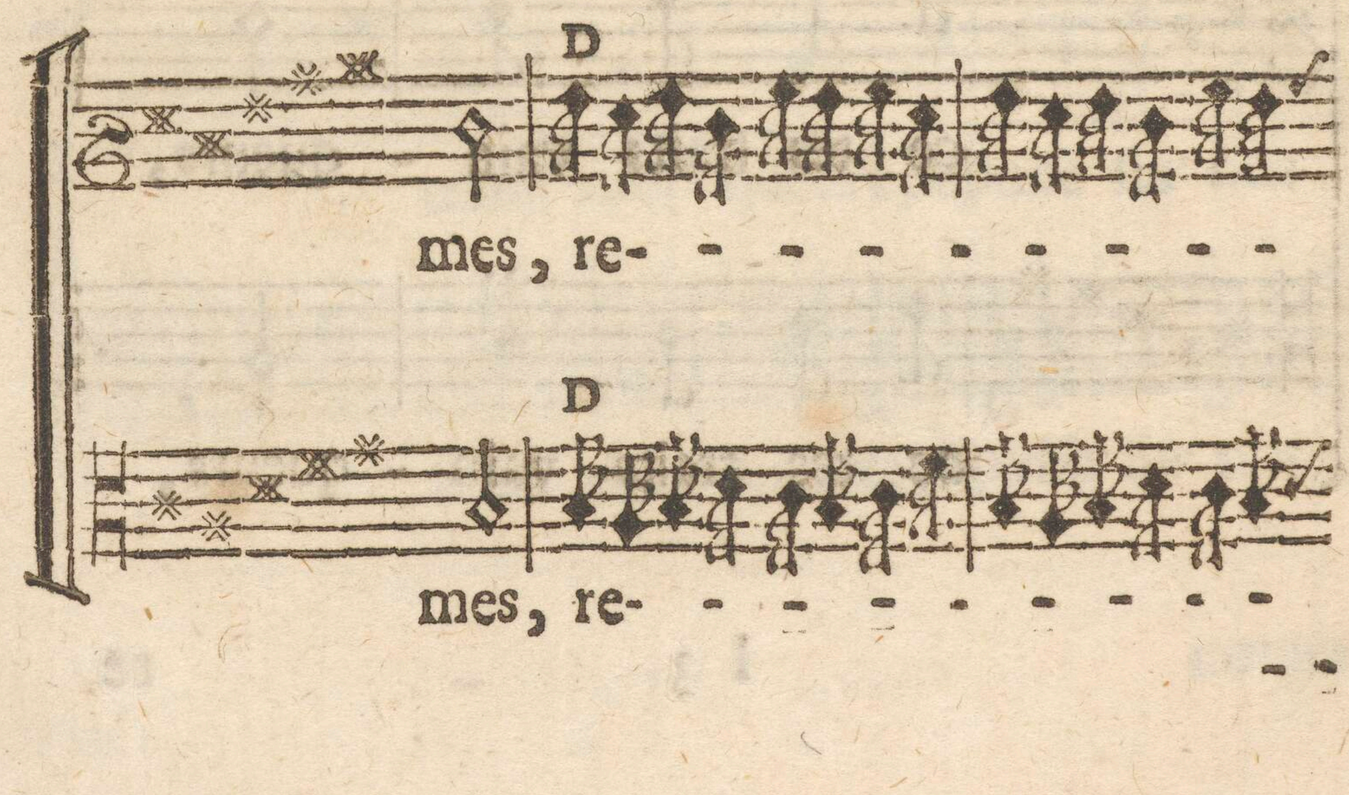

cœurs tes bienfaits & tes flam-
cœurs tes bienfaits & tes flam-

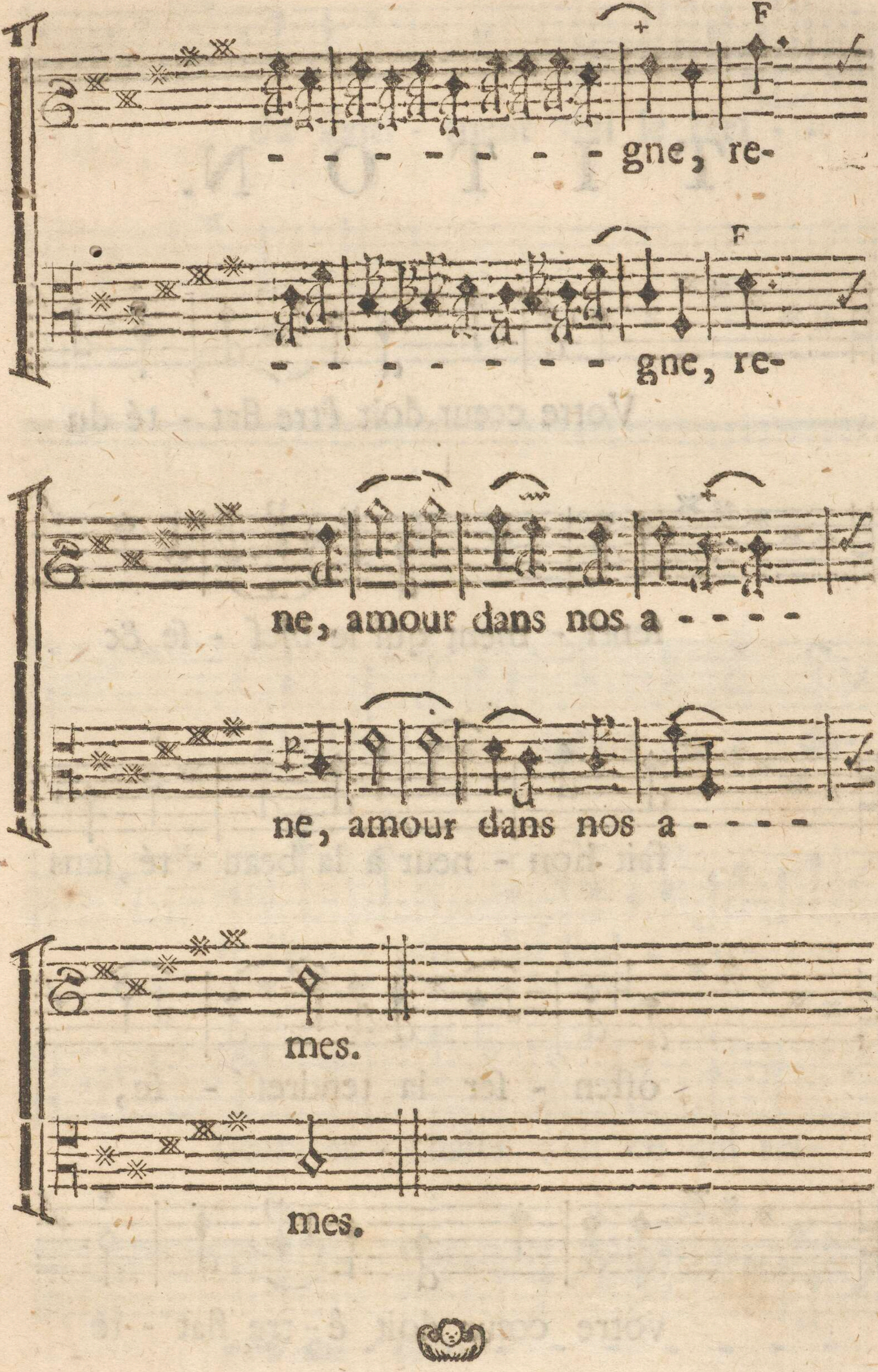

mes, re- - - - - gne, lan-
mes, re- - - - - gne, lan-


ce tes traits vain - queurs,
ce tes traits vain - queurs,
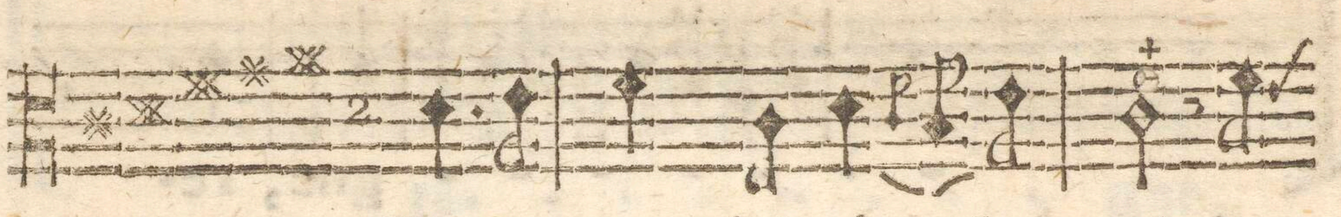

D
re- - - - - - - - - gne,
D
re- - - - - - - - - gne,


F
regne, amour, dans nos a - -
F
regne, amour, dans nos a - -
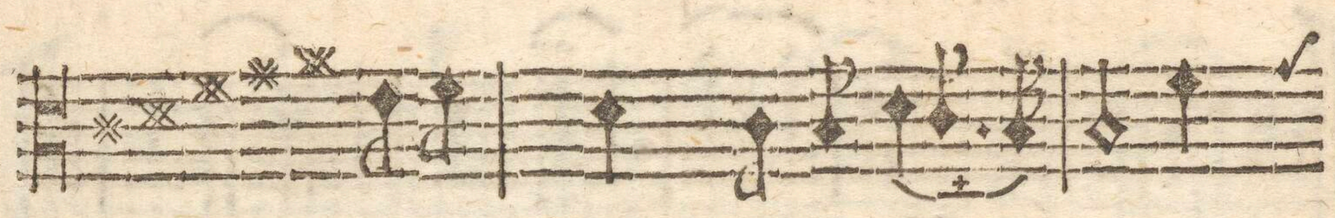

D
mes, re- - - - - - - - - -
D
mes, re- - - - - - - - - -


F
- - - - - - - - gne, re-
F
- - - - - - - - gne, re-
ne, amour dans nos a - - - -
p
ne, amour dans nos a - - - -
mes.
mes.
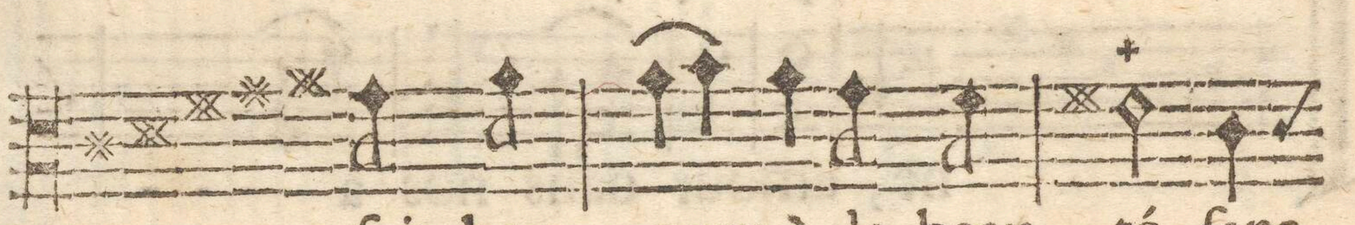
TITON.
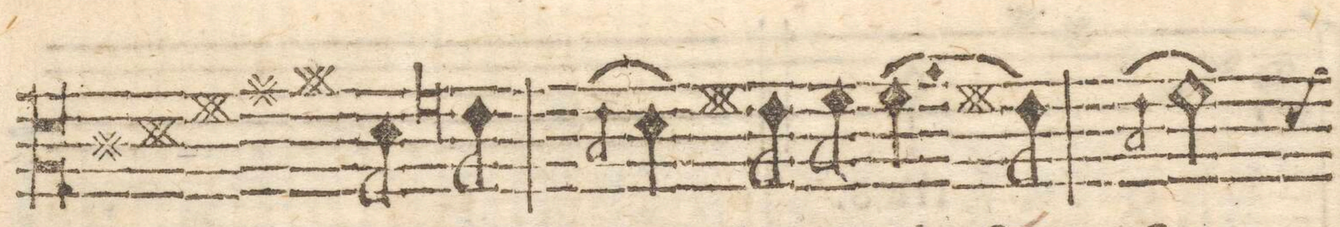


Votre cœur doit être flat - té du
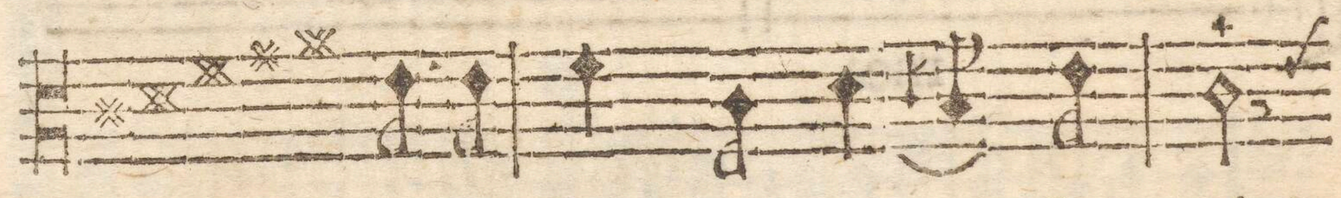


ſenti - ment qui le bleſ - ſe &



fait hon - neur à la beau - té, ſans
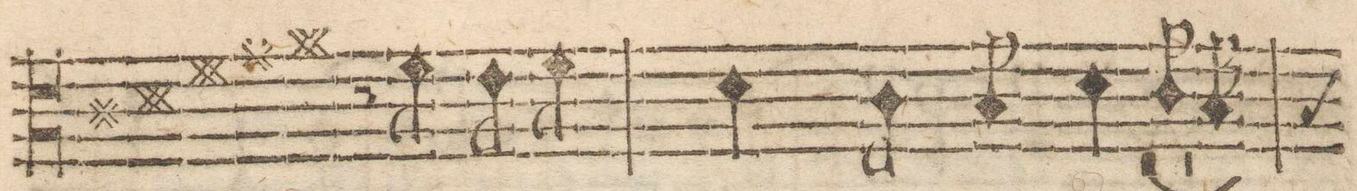


offen - ſer la tendreſ - ſe,

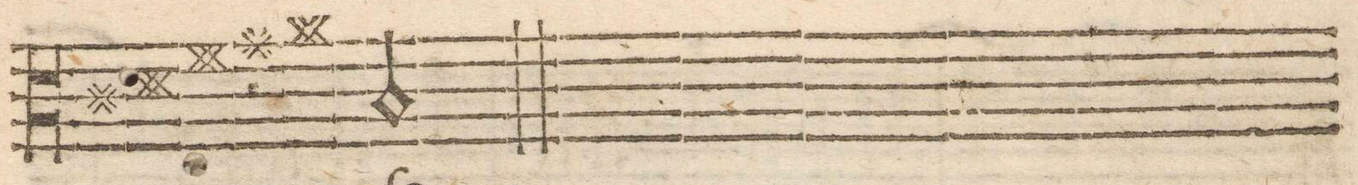


votre cœur doit ê - tre flat - té

du
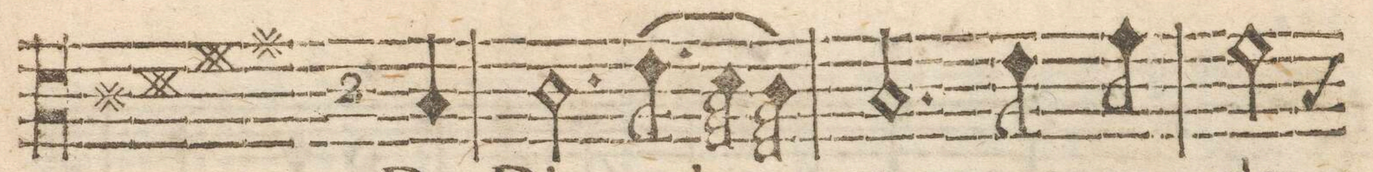


du ſenti - ment qui le bleſ - -
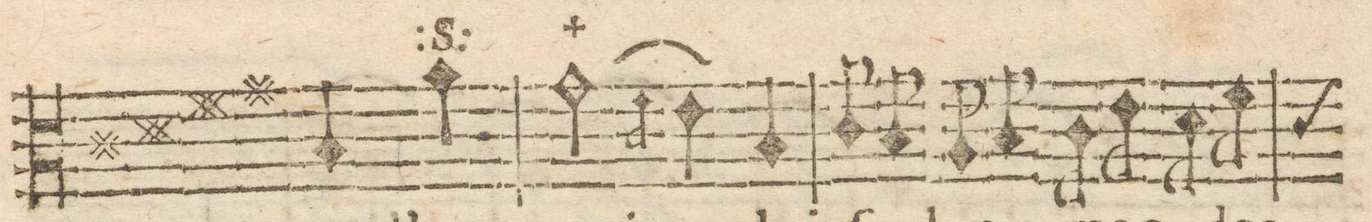


ſe.
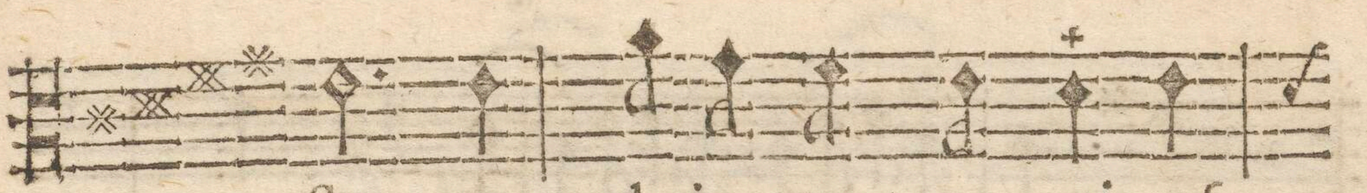
ARIETTE.
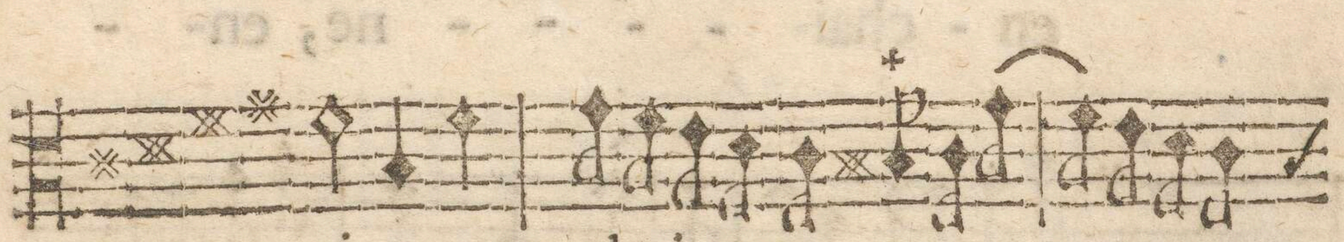


Du Dieu des cœurs on a - do-
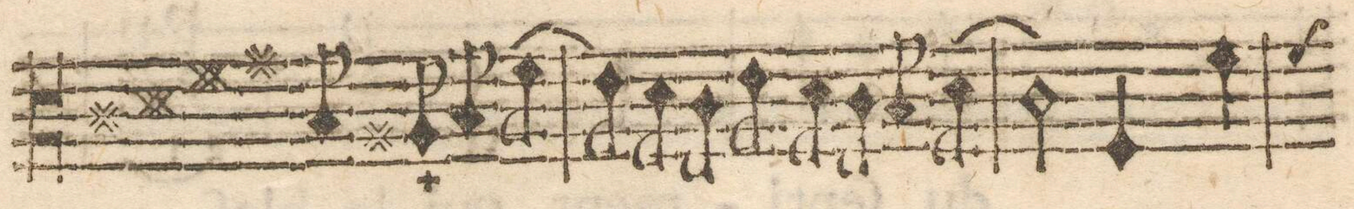


re l'em - pire ; lui ſeul a - vec des
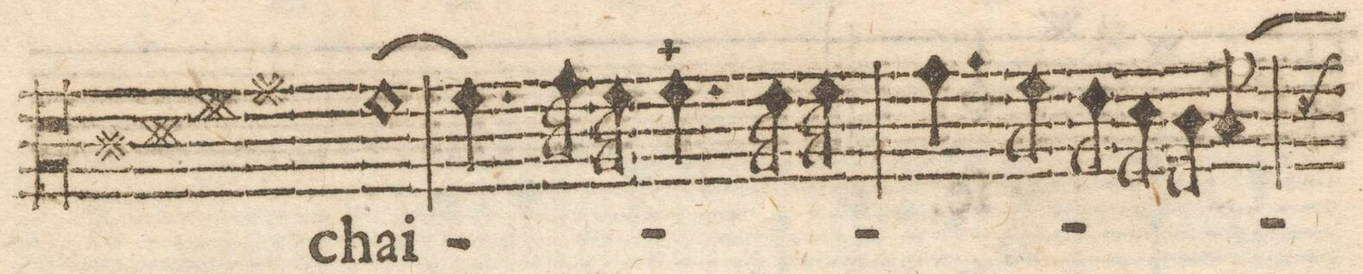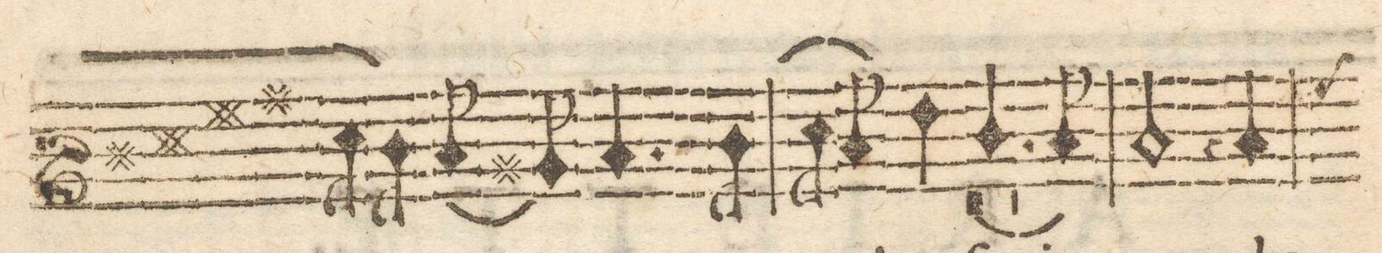


fleurs en - chaine tout ce qui reſ-
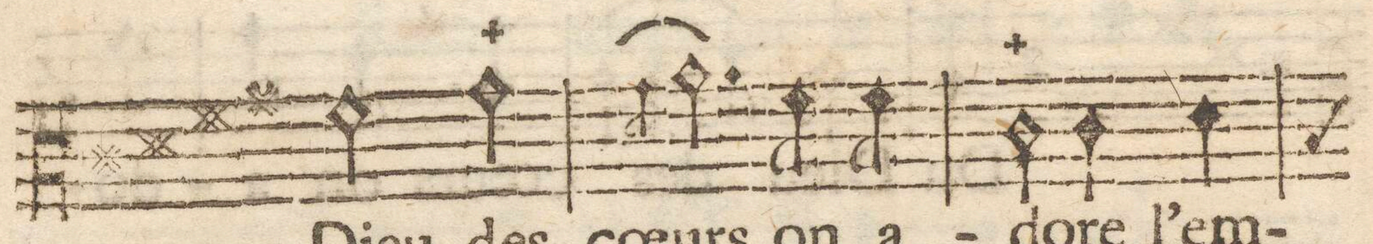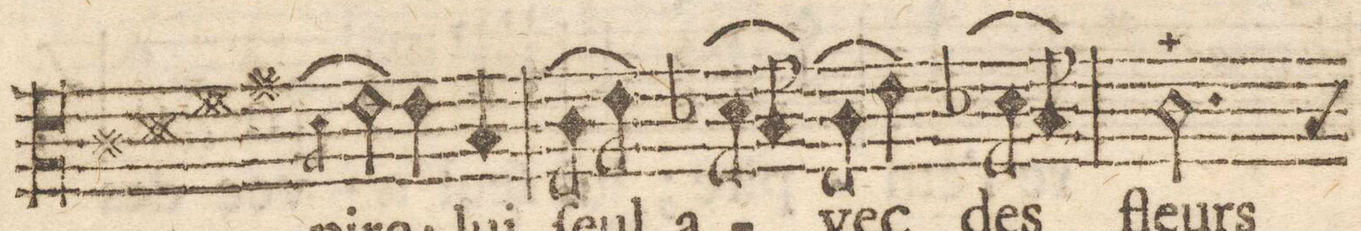


pire en - chai - - - - - - -
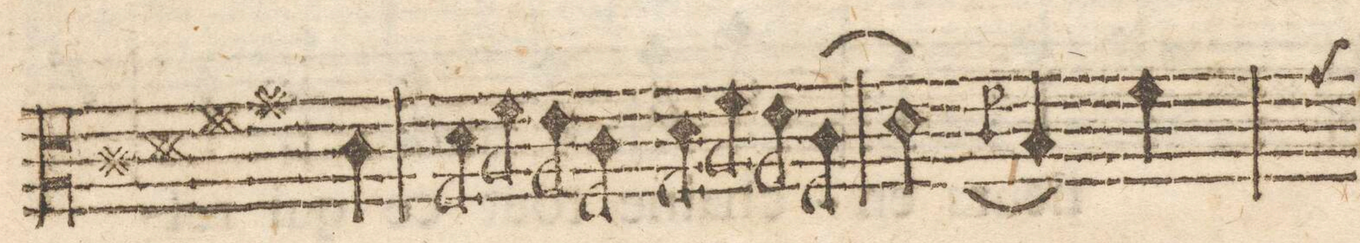

- - - - ne, en-
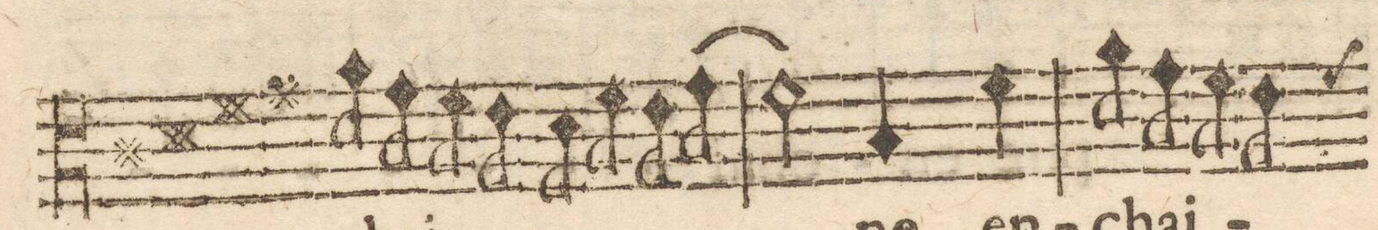

chai - - - - -
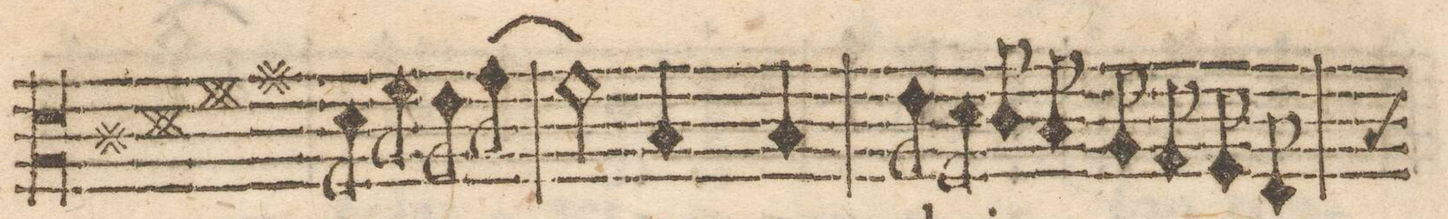

- - ne tout ce qui ref-pi - re, du


Dieu des cœurs on a - dore l'em-
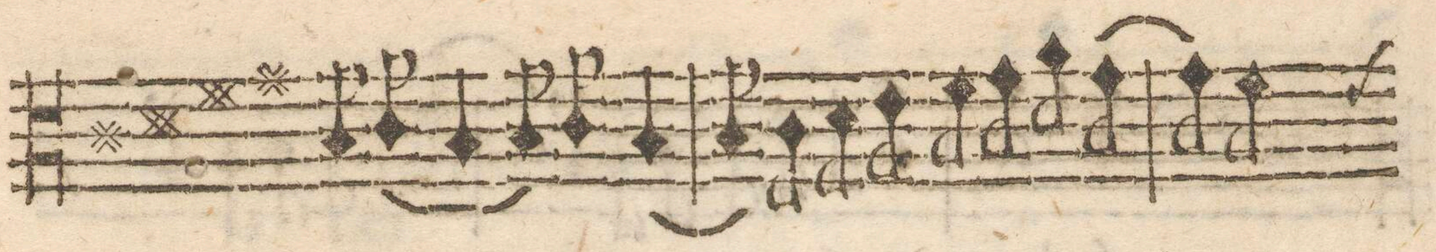

pire; lui ſeul a - vec des fleurs


en - chai- - - - - ne, en- -
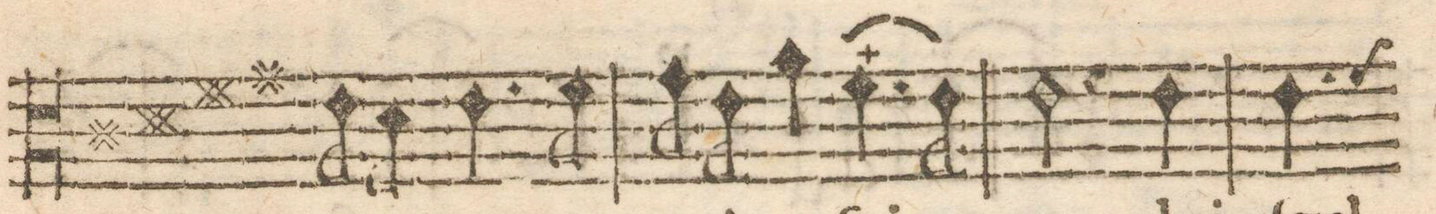

chai- - - - - ne, en - chai -
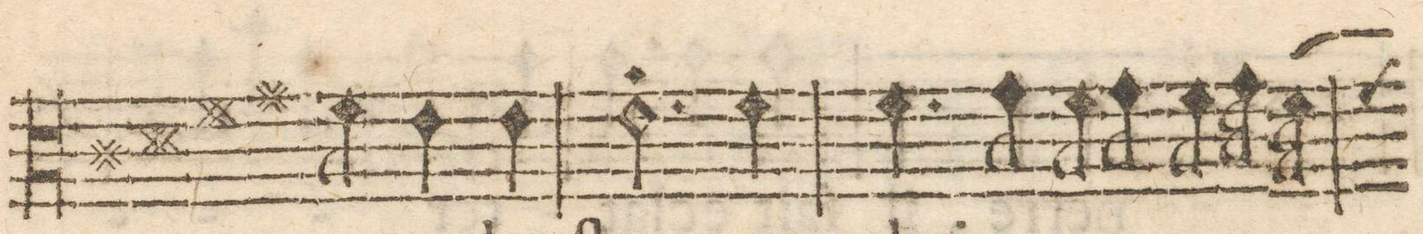


- - - - ne, en-chai - - - -
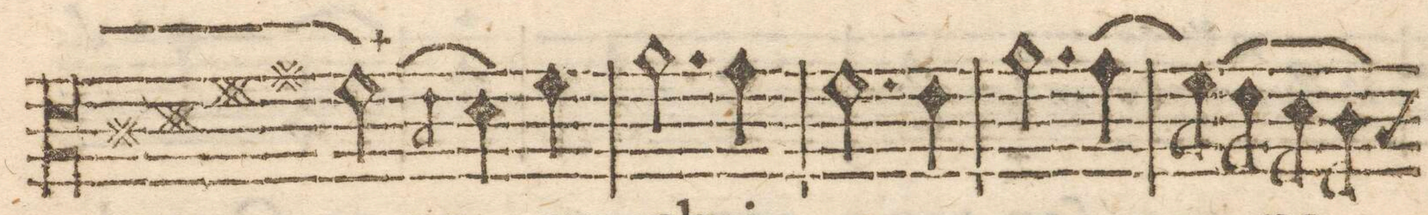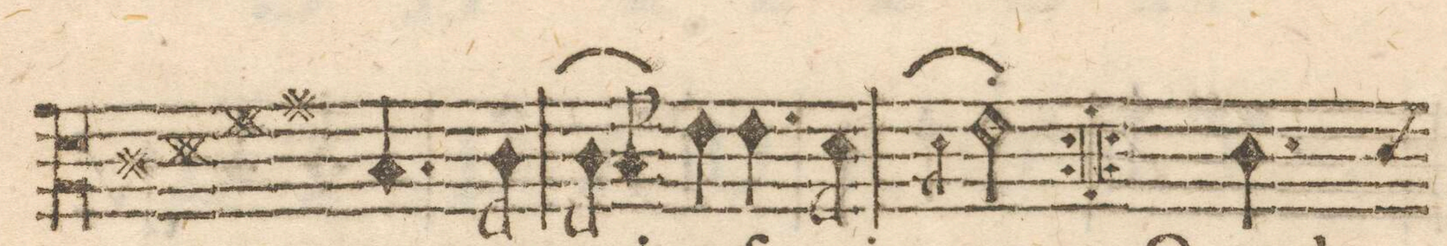


- - - - - - - -



ne tout ce qui reſpi - re : lui ſeul
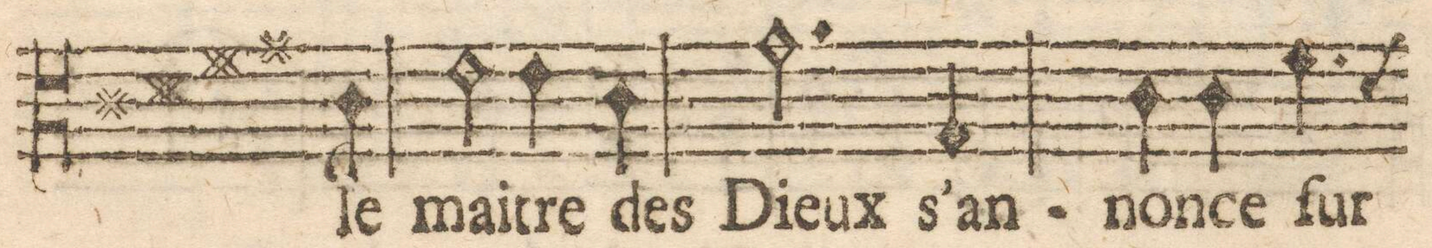


avec des fleurs en-chai- - - -



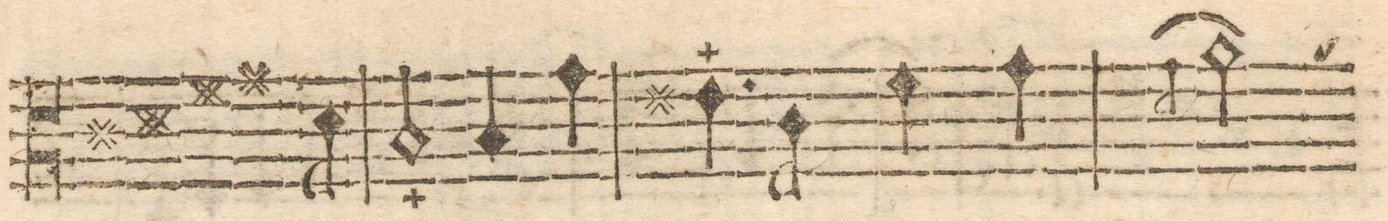
ne, en-chai- - - ne
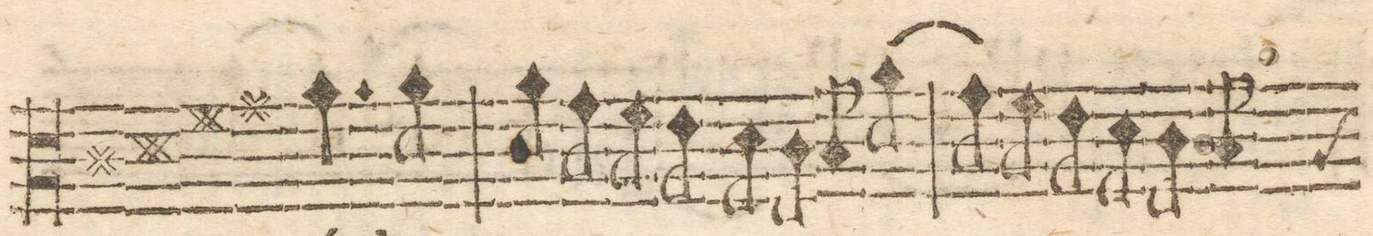


tout ce qui reſ - pi - re. Quand
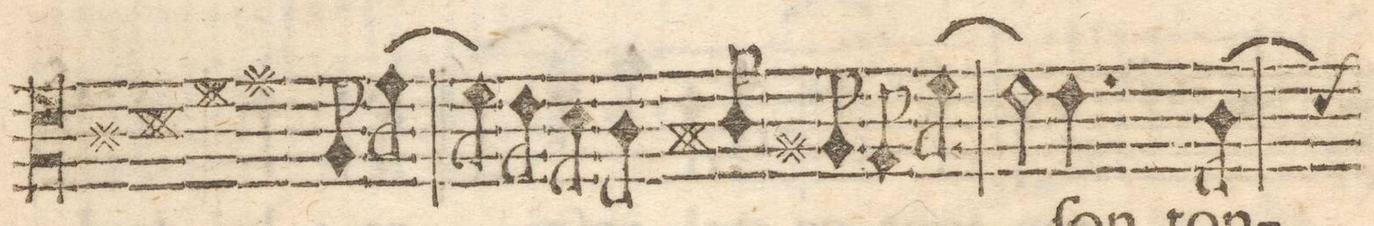


le maitre des Dieux s'an - nonce ſur
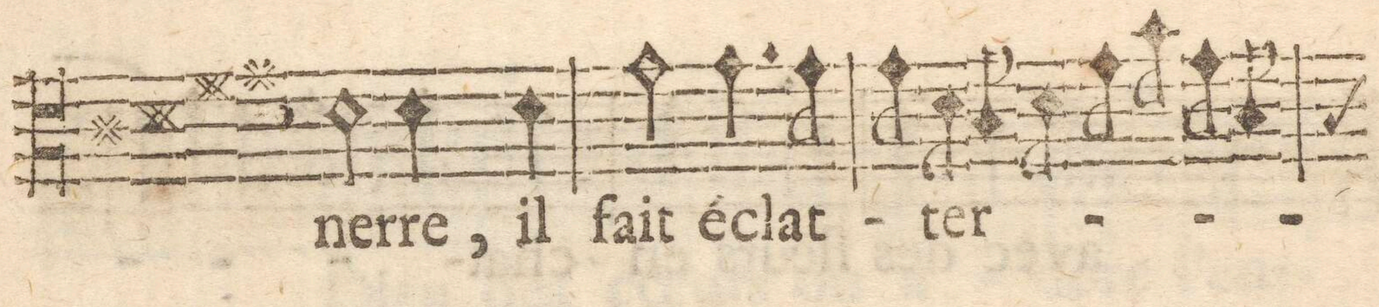


la terre, il fait du haut des Cieux
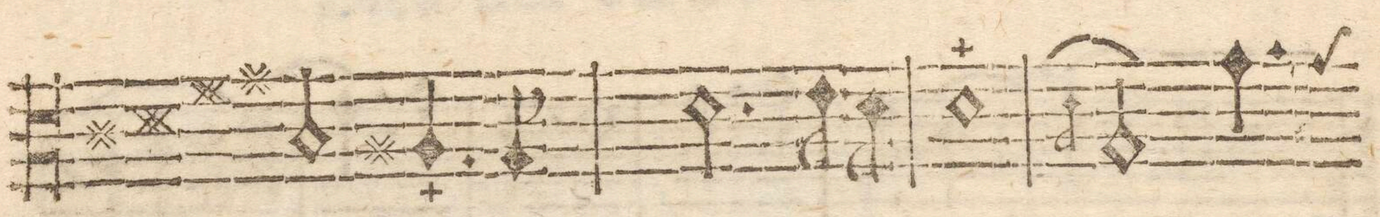


éclat - ter- - - - -



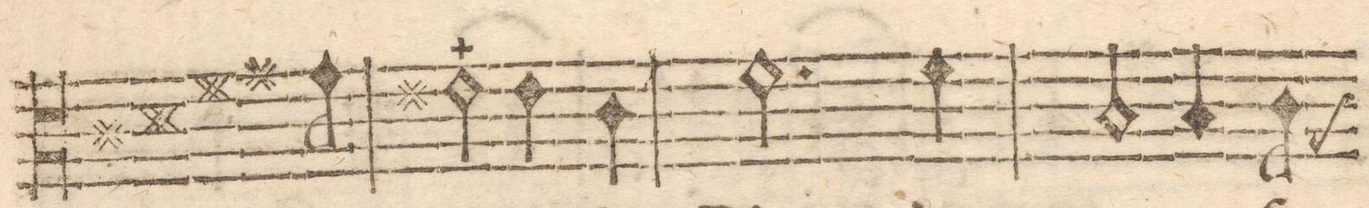
- - - - - son ton-



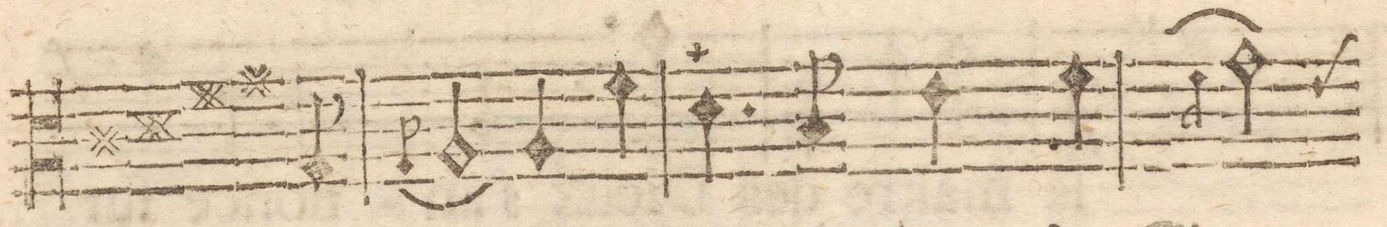
nerre, il fait éclat - ter - - -



- son ton - ner- - - - - re. Quand
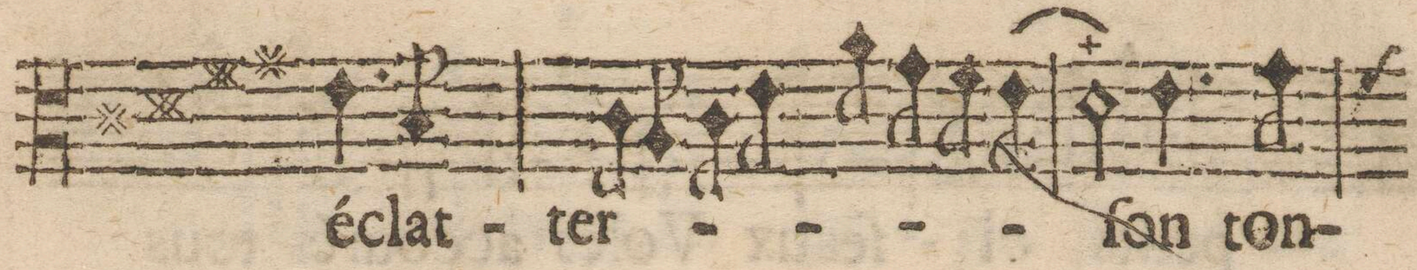


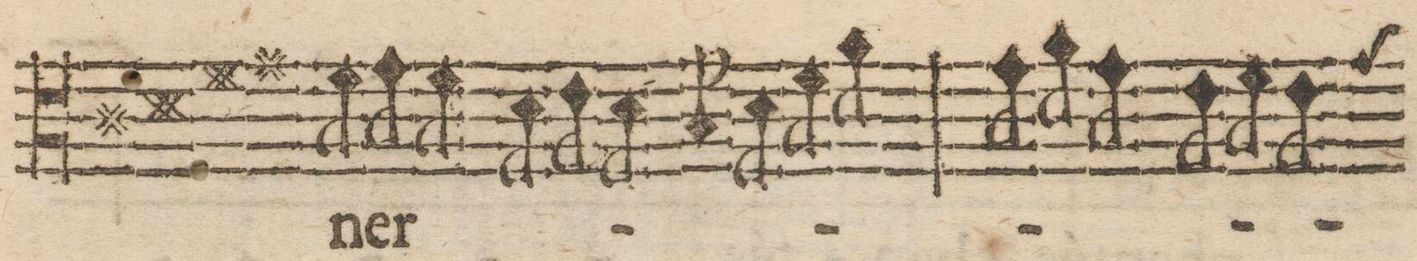
le maître des Dieux s'an - nonce sur
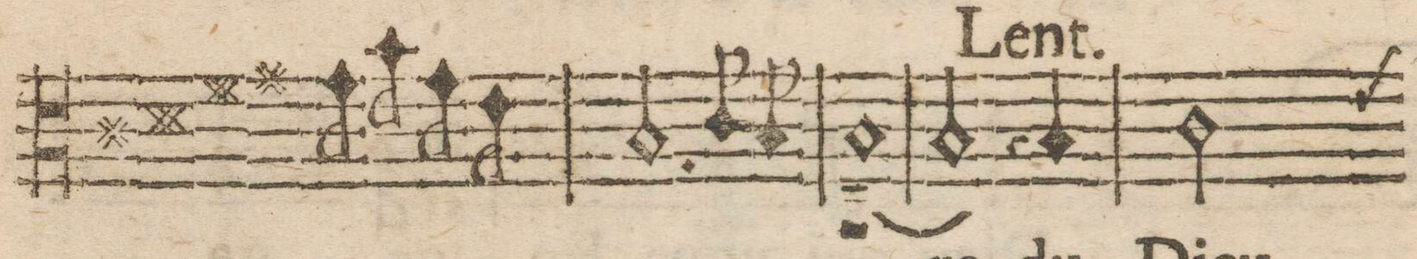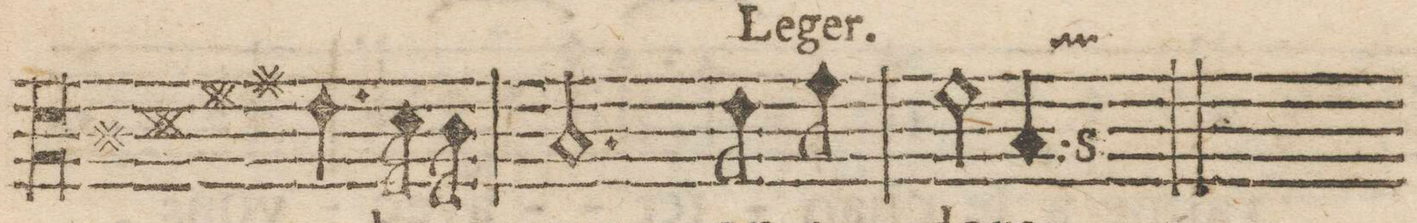


la ter - re, il fait du haut des Cieux

éclat-
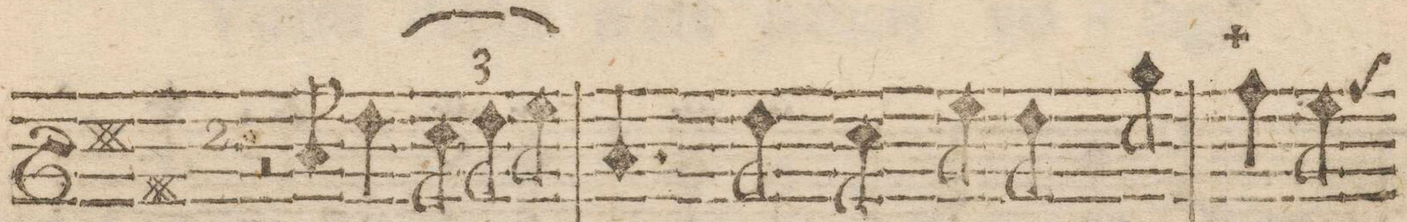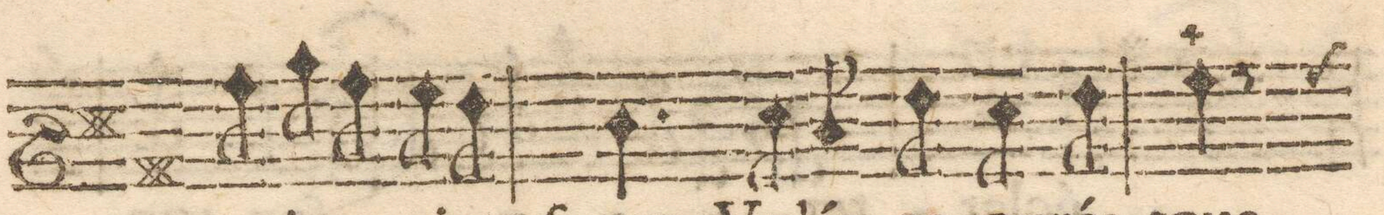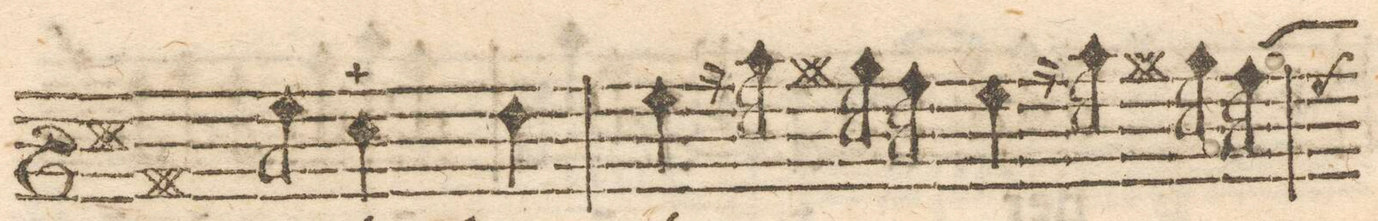








DE TITON ET L'AURORE.
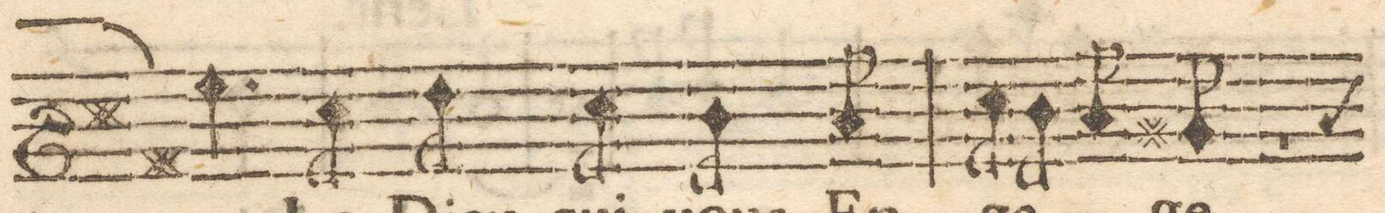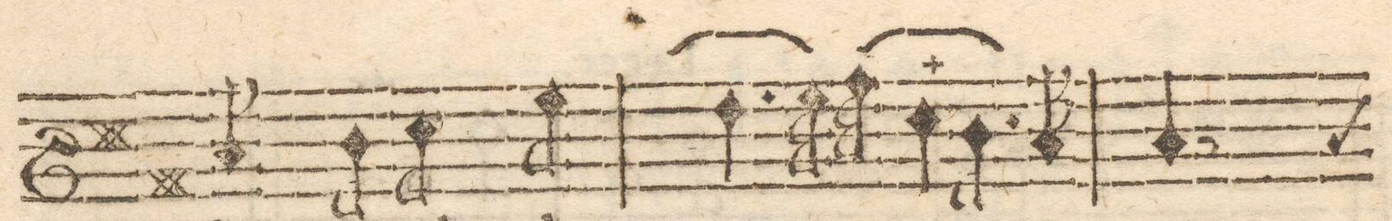




petits oi - ſeaux Volés accourés tous
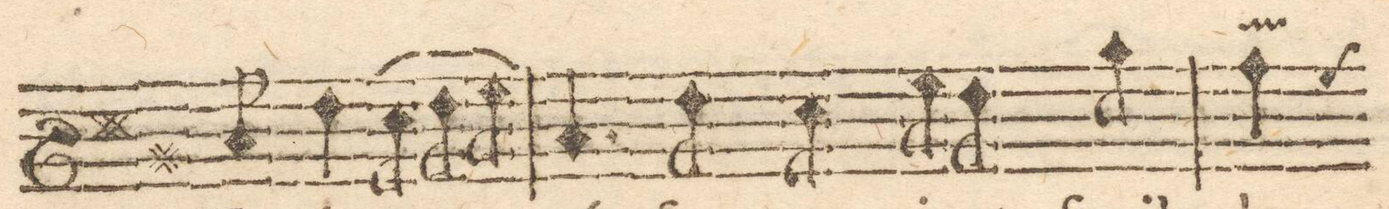


chantés chan - tés. - - - - - -
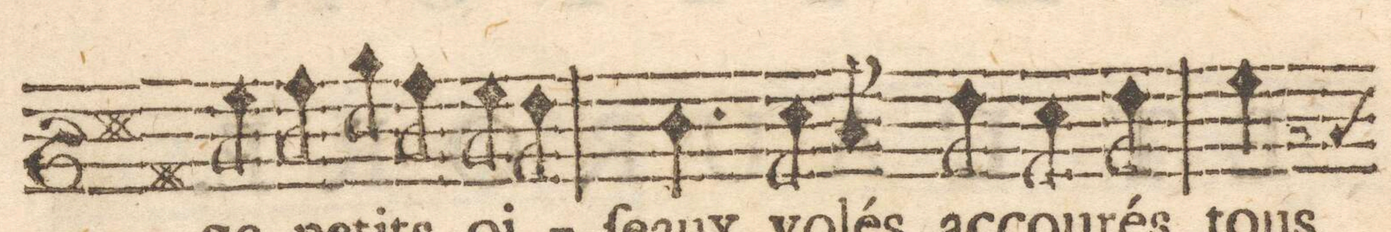


- Le Dieu qui vous En - ga - ge
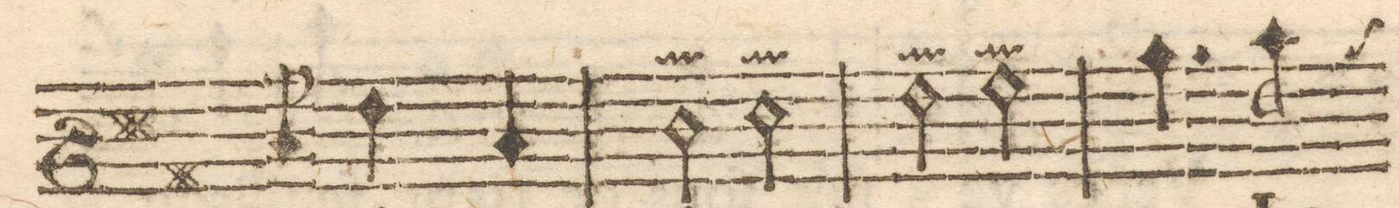


j'aime a le chan - ter - - avec - vous ,



Venés ve - nés ſous ce riant feuil - la-

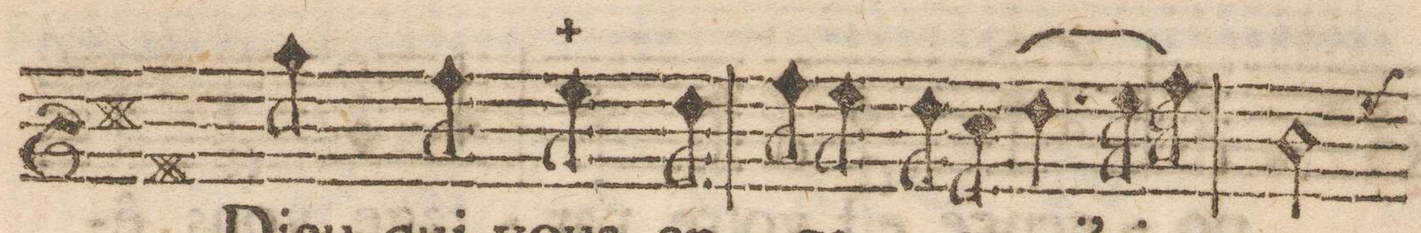


ge petits oi - ſeaux volés accourés tous
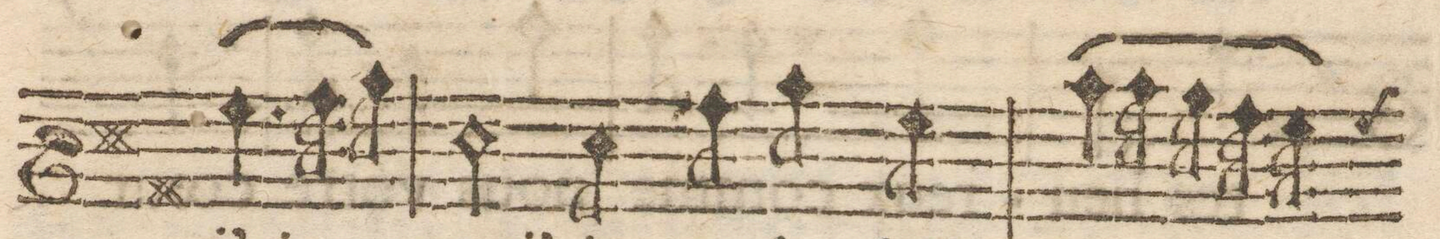


chantés chan - tés. - - - - - - Le
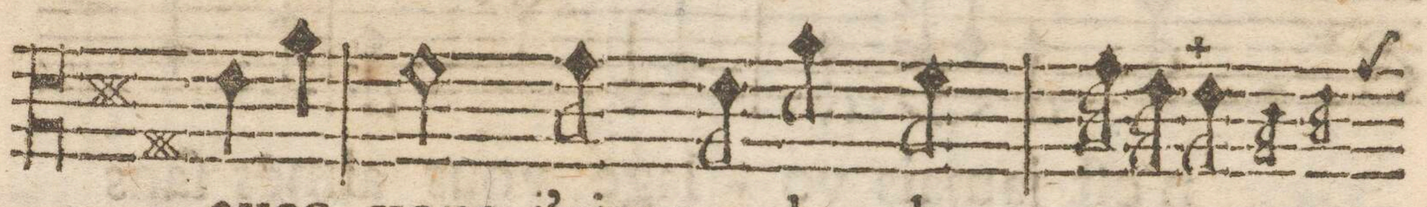
Dieu
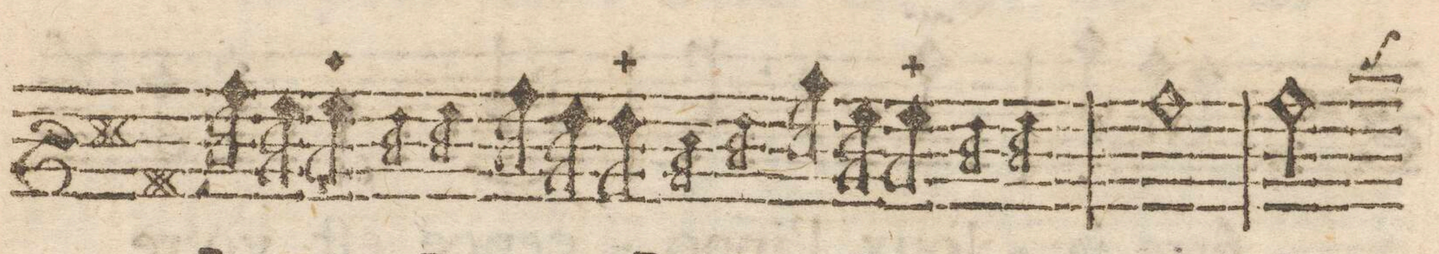


Dieu qui vous en - ga - ge j'ai - me
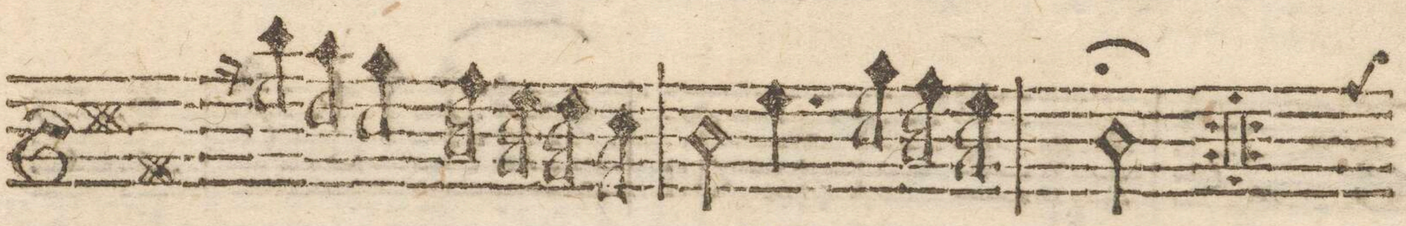


j'ai - me j'aime a le chan - ter - -
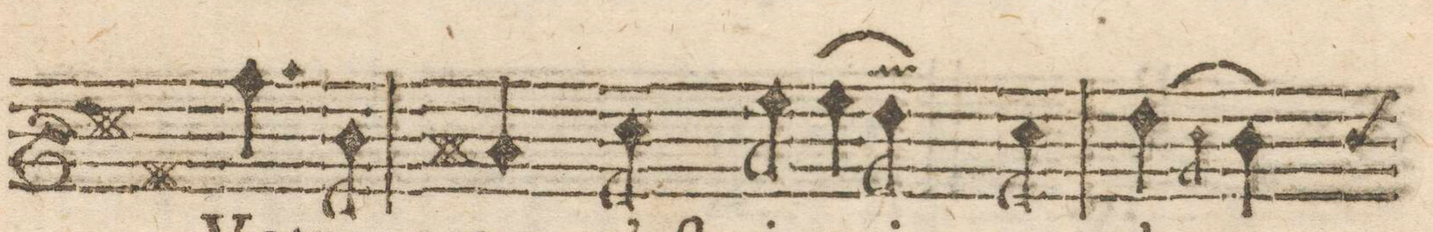


avec vous j'aime a le chan - ter - -



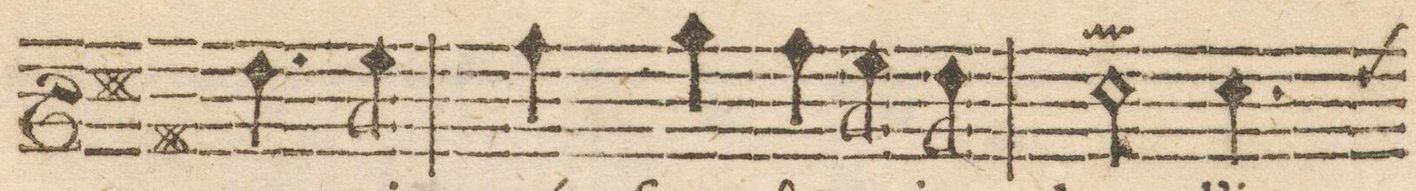
- - - - - -



- - - avec - vous,
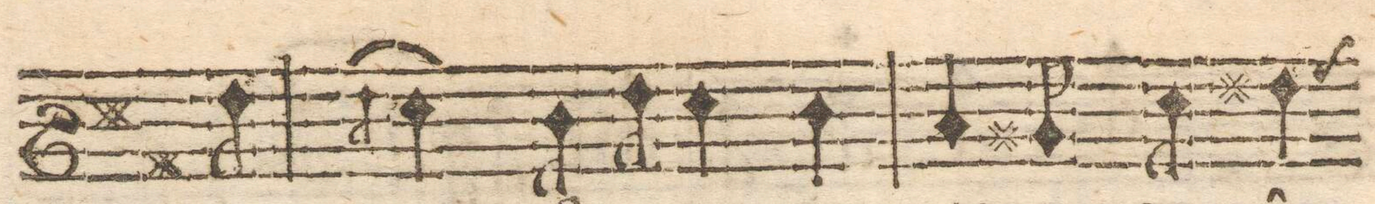


Votre cœur n'eſt jamais vo - lage
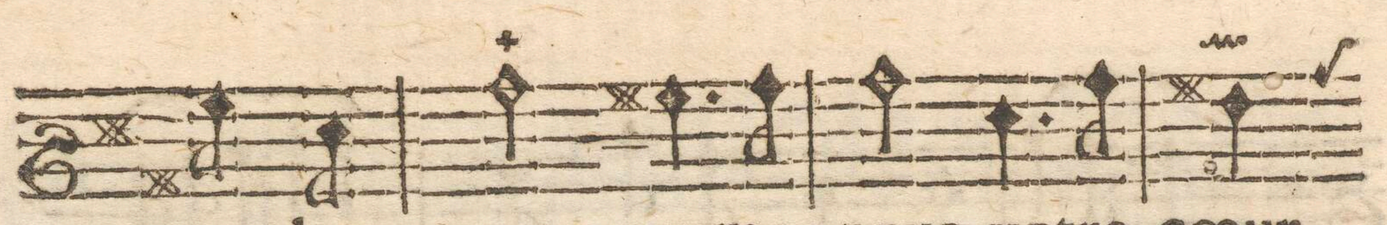


vous ai - més ſans être ja - loux l'in-
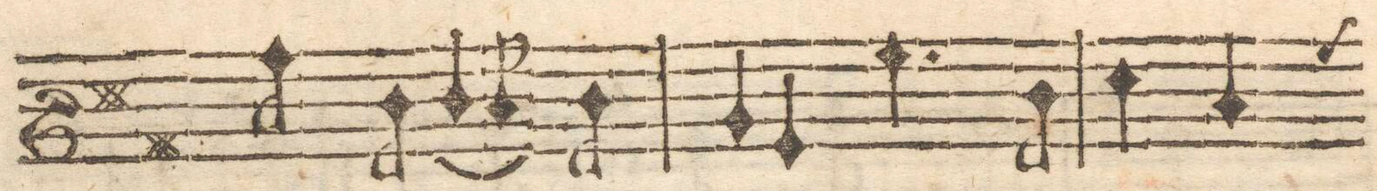
no-
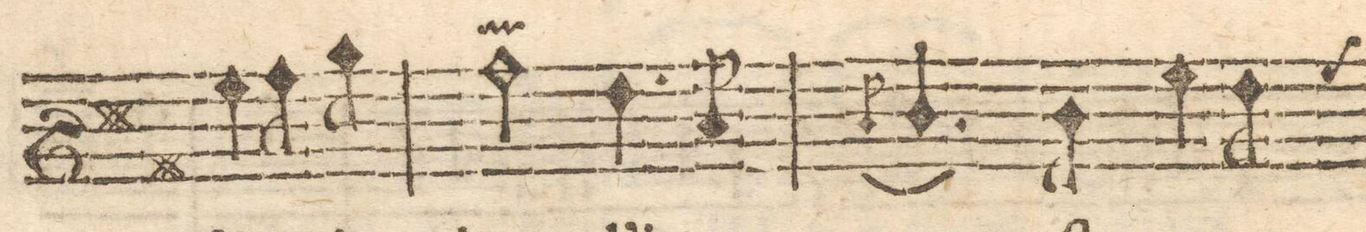


no - cence eſt votre par - tage vous ê-
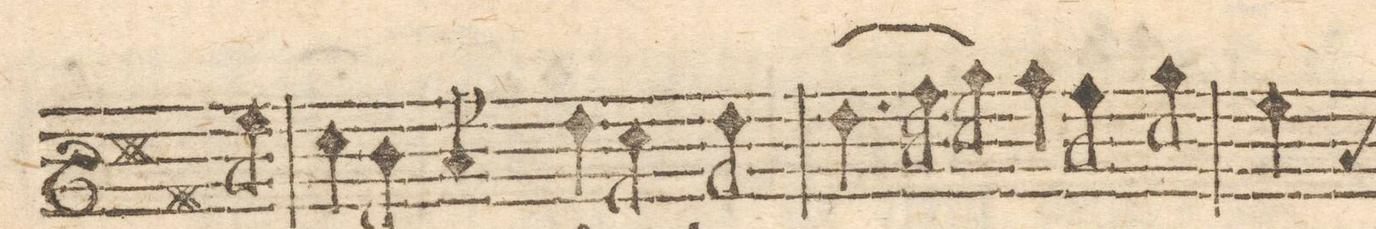


tes heu - reux comme nous votre cœur



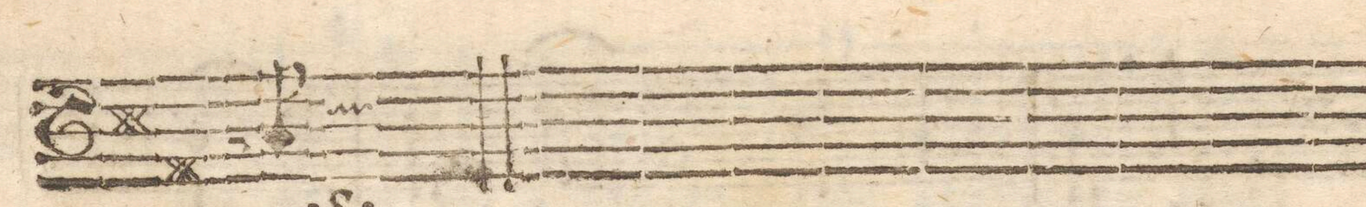
n'eſt jamais vo - lage vous aimés ſans



être ja - loux l'inno - cence eſt votre
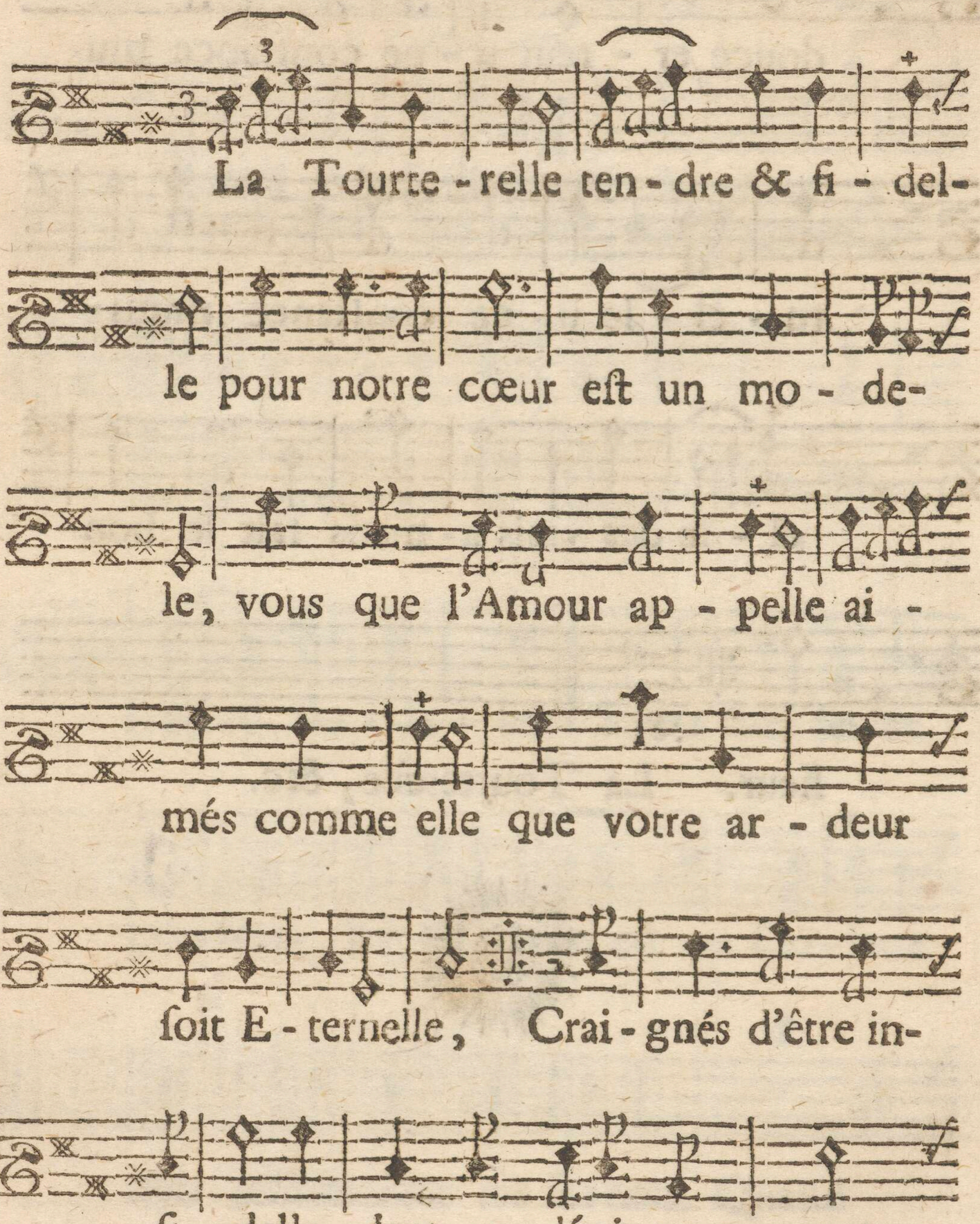


partage vous êtes heu - reux comme nous
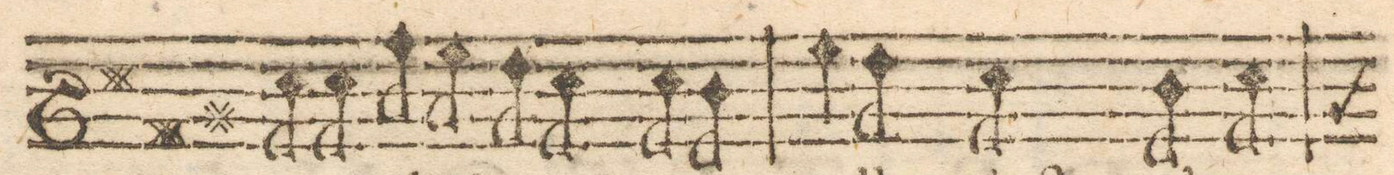


:S:

Venés,
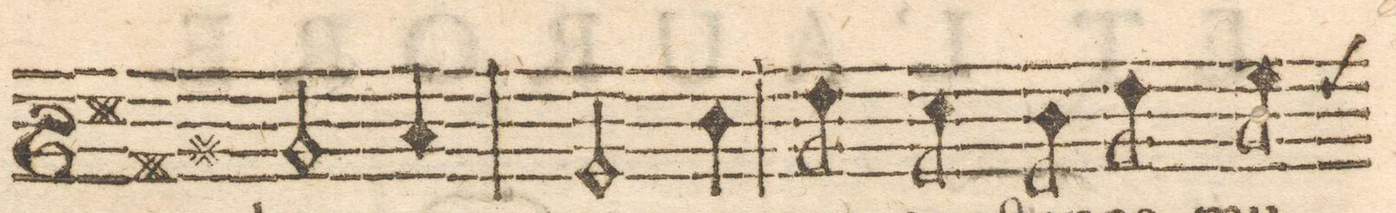
DE TITON ET L'AURORE.
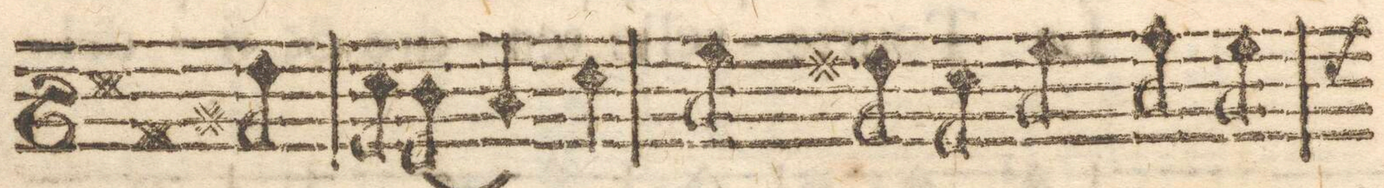


une
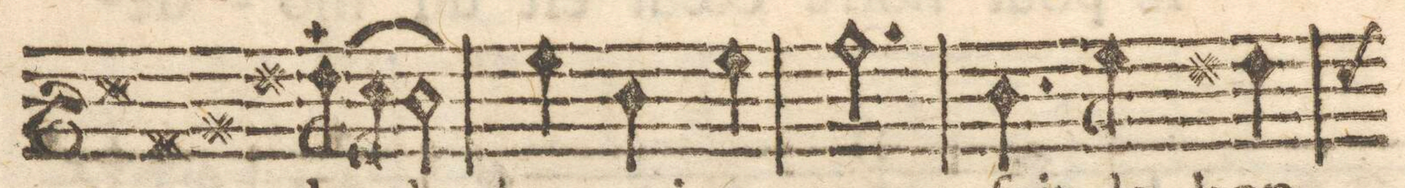


une chai-ne nou-velle n'eſt qu'une
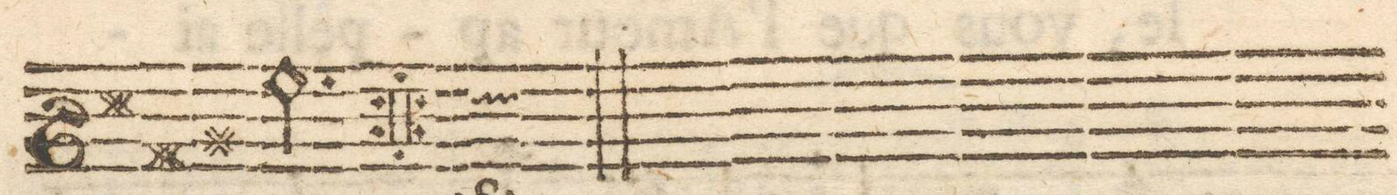


douce er - reur u - ne conſtance mu-



tu - el - le u - ne conſtance mutu-



el - le des vrais a - mans fait le bon-
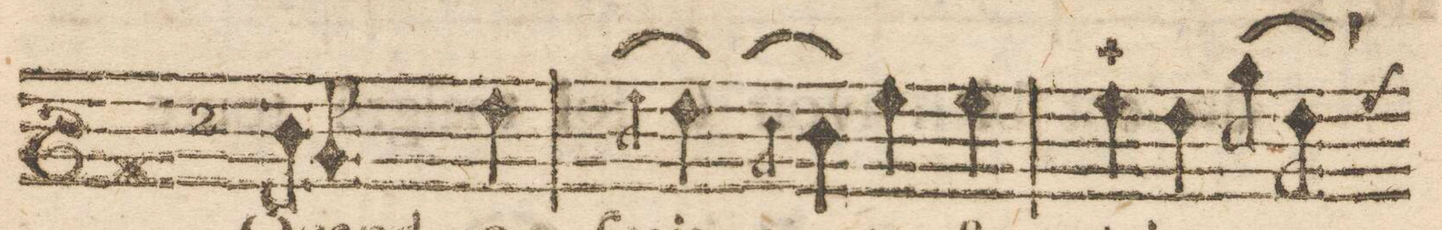


:S:

heur. La Tourterelle, &c.
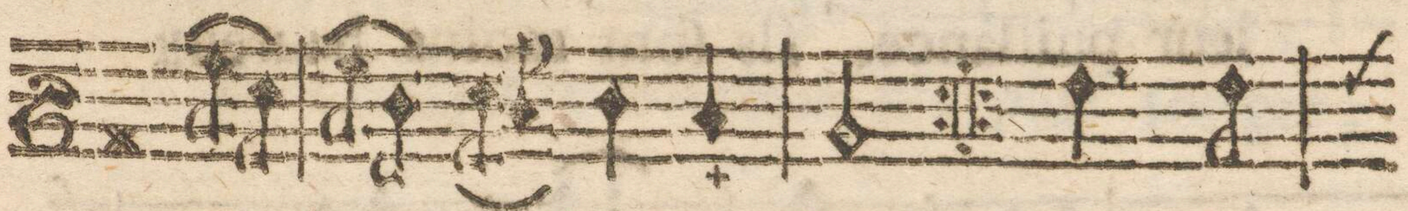
PETITS

PETITS AIRS

Chanté à Fontainebleau du Devin de Village.

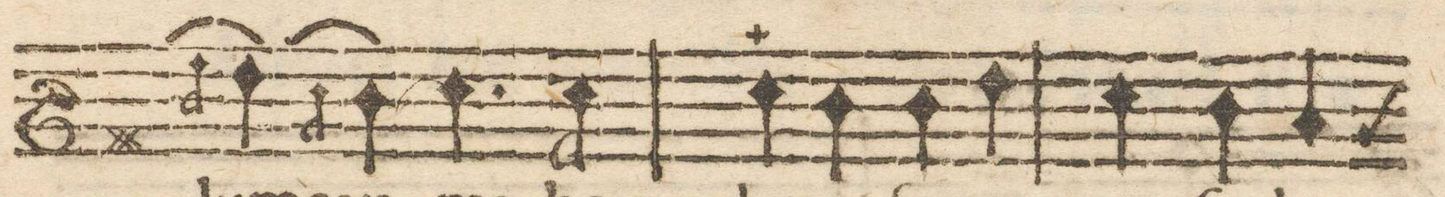


Quand on ſçait aimer & plaire a -
Rend moi ton cœur ma bergere Co-
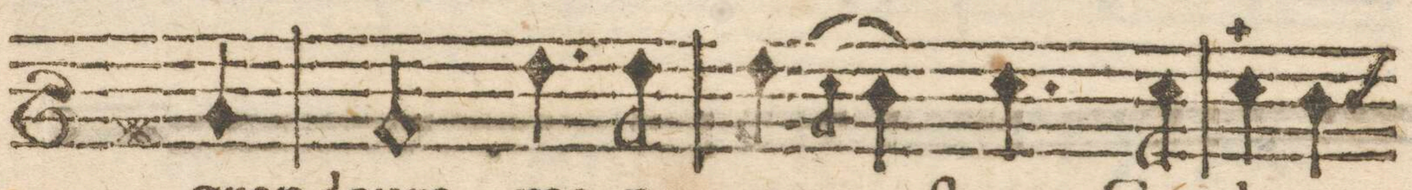


ton be - ſoin d'autre bien:
lin ta ren - du le ſien:
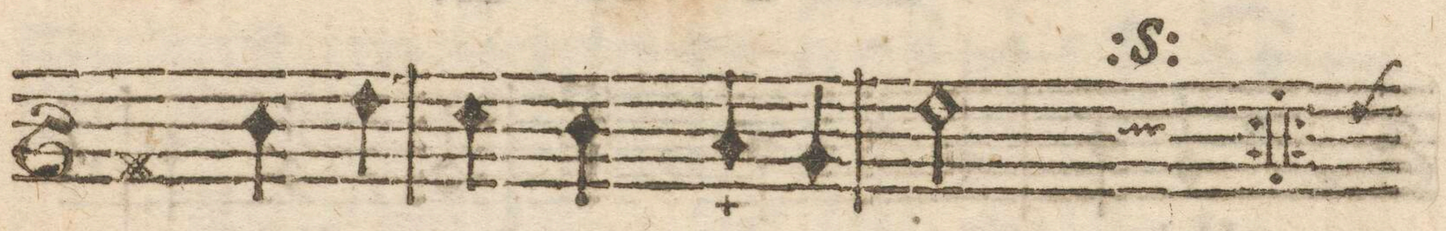
Mon Cha-



lumeau ma hou - lette ſoyez mes ſeules
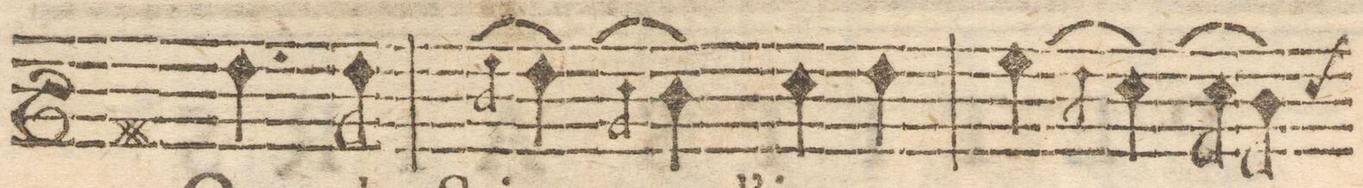


grandeurs, ma pa - rure eſt ma Co - lette
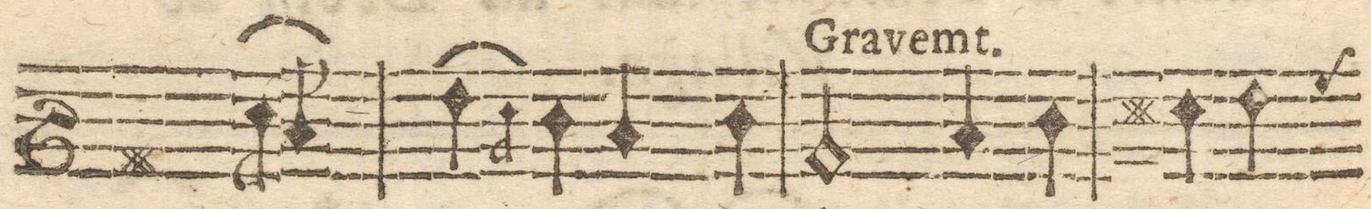


mes tréſors ſont ſes faveurs. Quand
on,
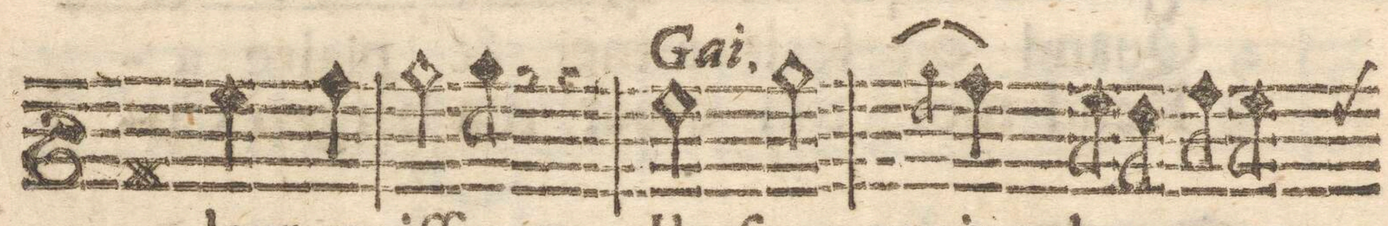
Que
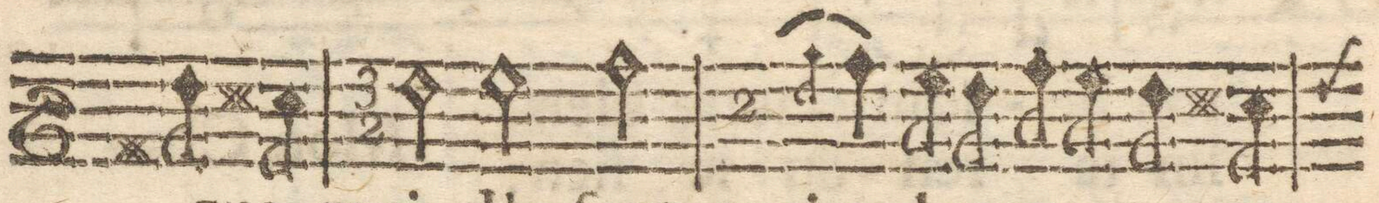


Que de Seigneurs d'impor-tance vou-
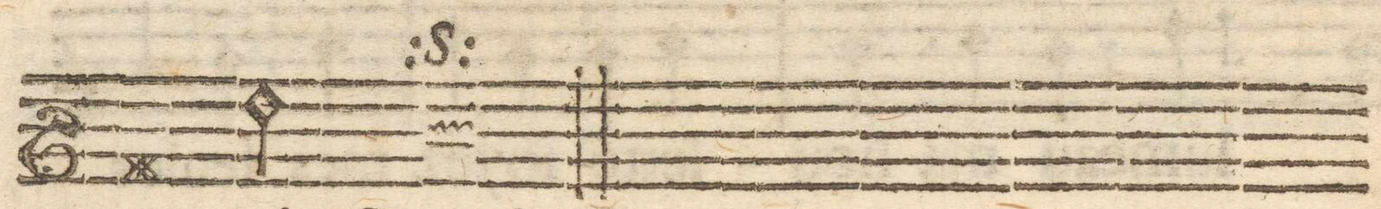


droient bien avoir ſa foi malgré toute



leur puiſſance. Ils ſont moins heureux
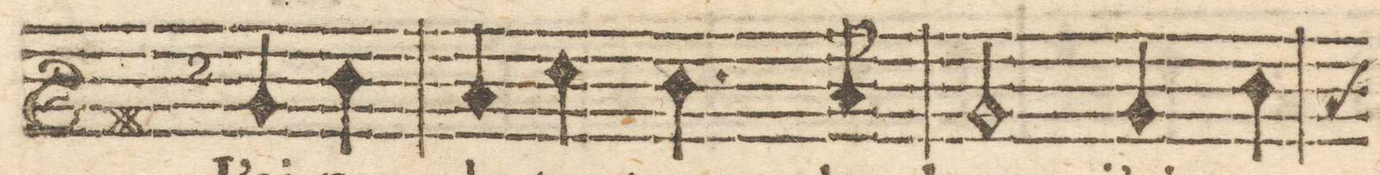


que moi. Ils ſont moins heureux que
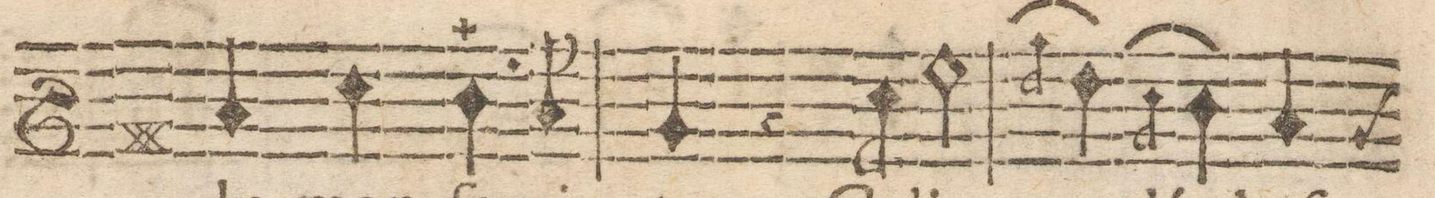


moi. Quand, &c.

AUTRE.
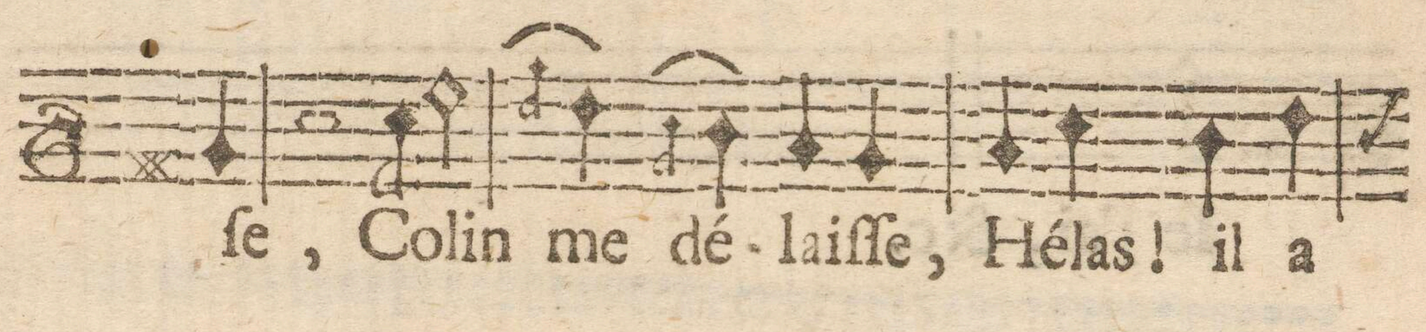


J'ai per-du tout mon bonheur, j'ai per-
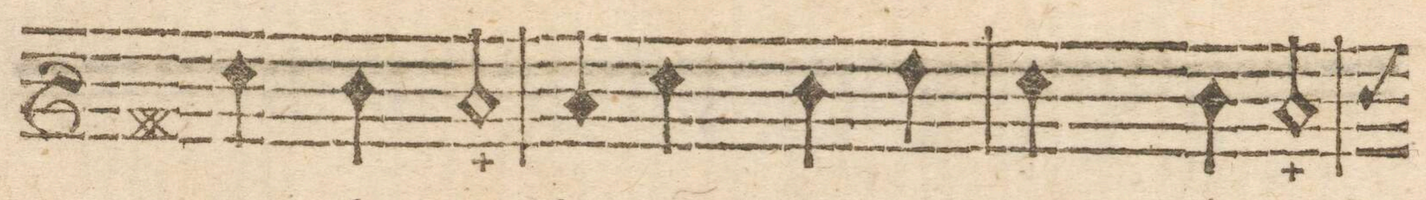
du
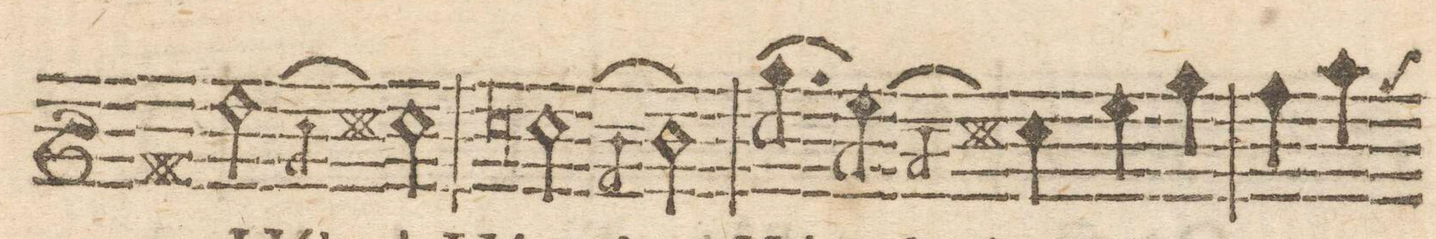


du mon ſervi - teur, Colin me dé - laiſ-
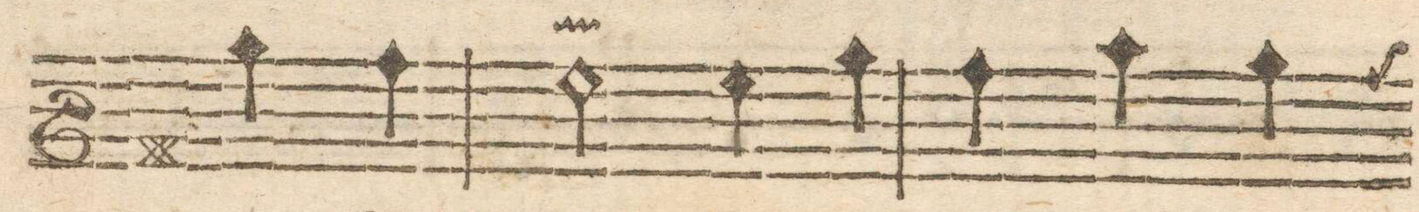


ſe, Colin me dé - laiſſe, Hélas! il a
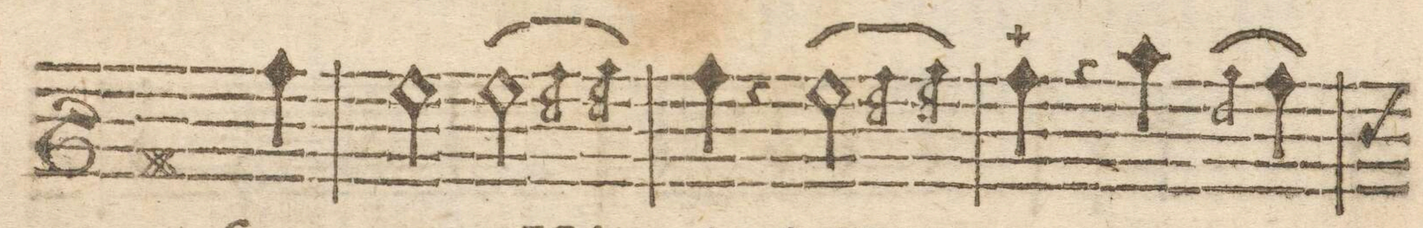


pu changer je voudrois n'y plus ſonger;



Hélas! Hé - las! Hé - las! Hélas! il a
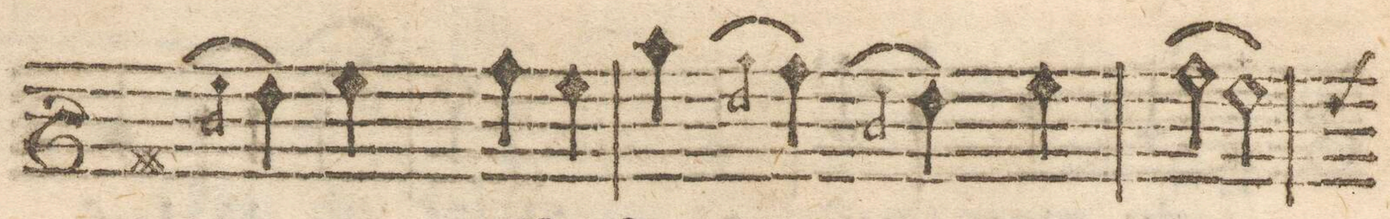


pu chan - ger, je voudrois n'y plus

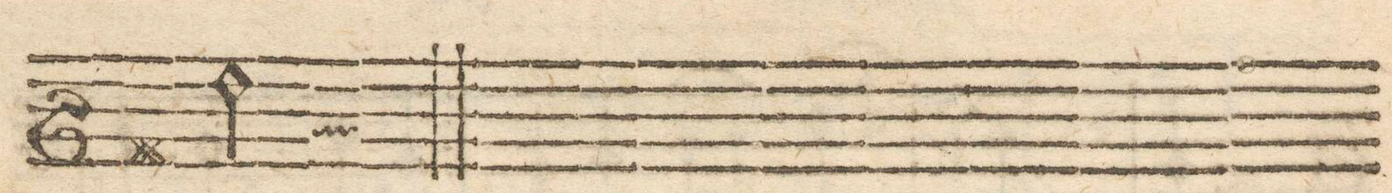


ſon - ger; Hé - las! Hé - las! j'y ſon-

ge
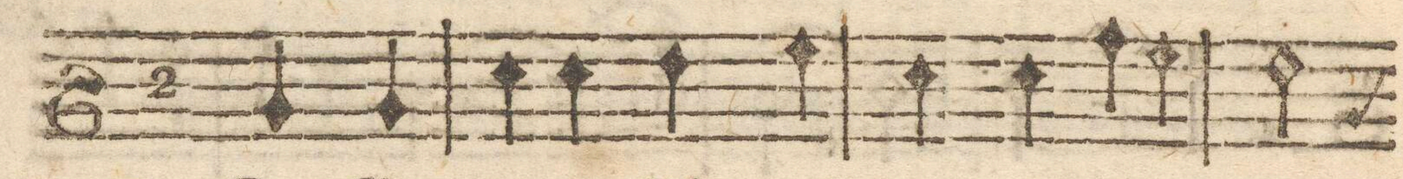


ge ſans ceſſe j'y ſon - ge ſans cei -
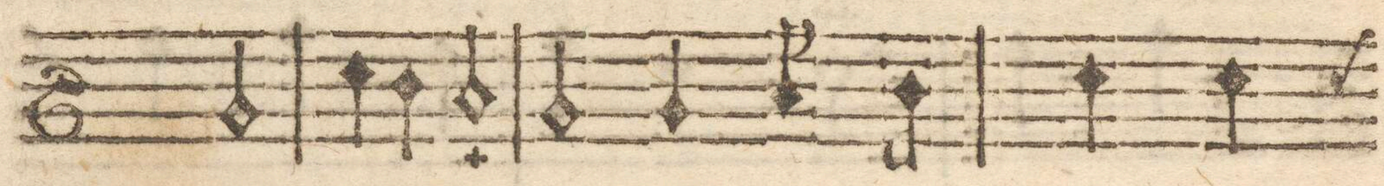


ſe j'ai, &c.
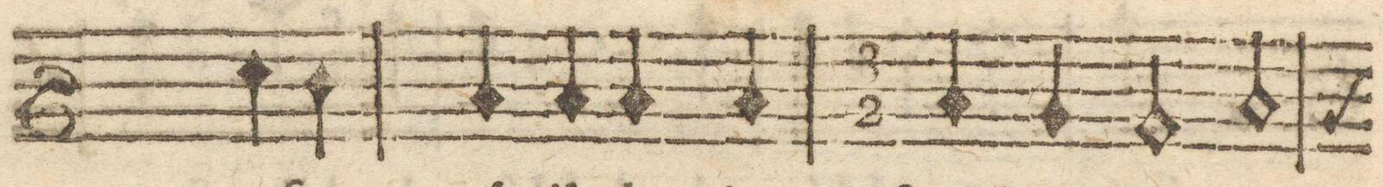
AUTRE.



On file avant d'être Epoux le tiſſu de
L'Amant eſt rempant & doux le ver a ſoye
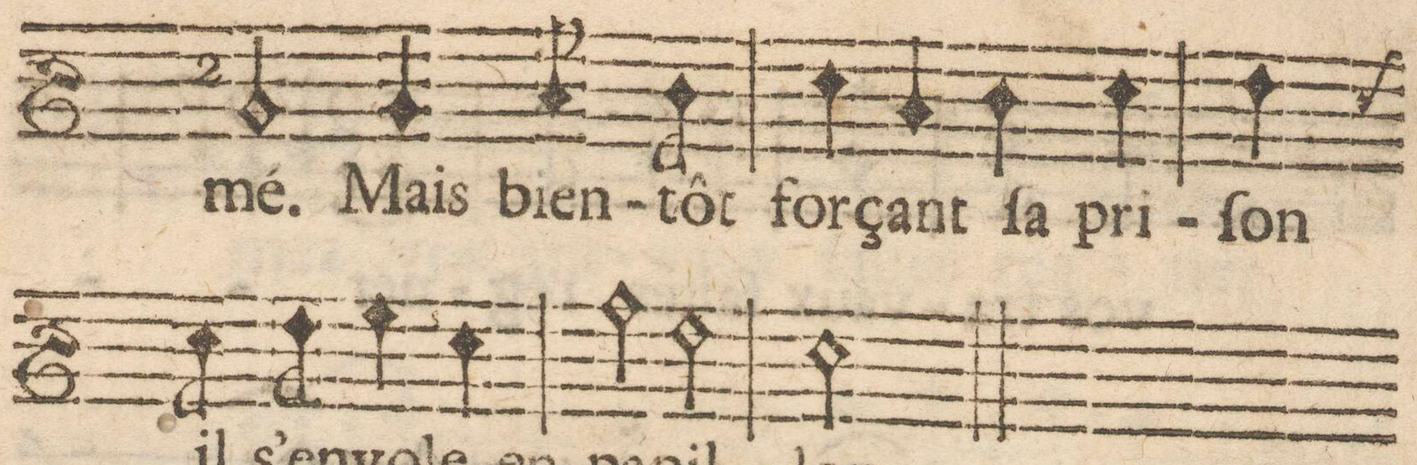


ſon eſclavage,
eſt ſon image, dans ſes pro - pres nœuds



renfer - mé il de vient froid i - na - ni-

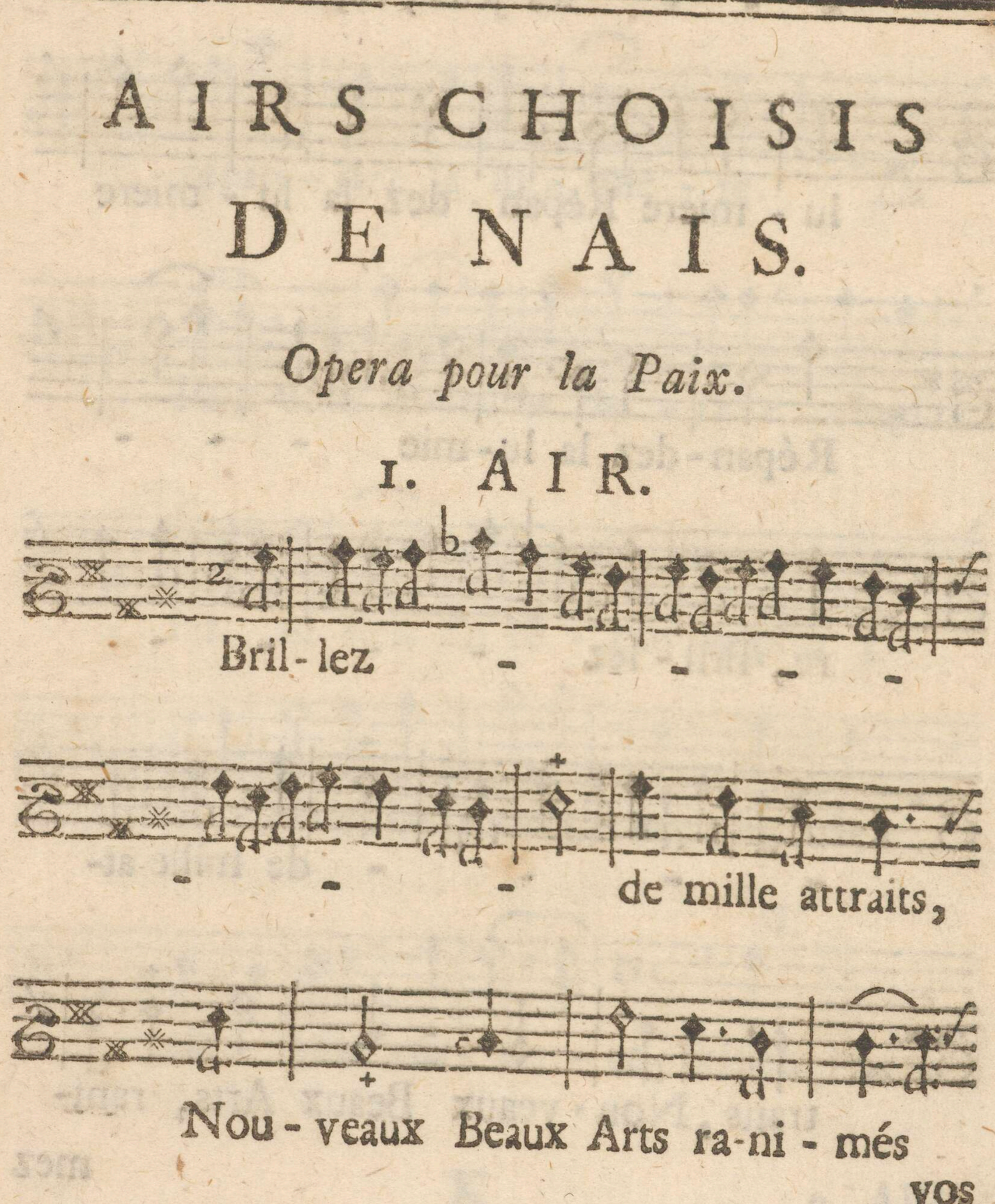
mé.
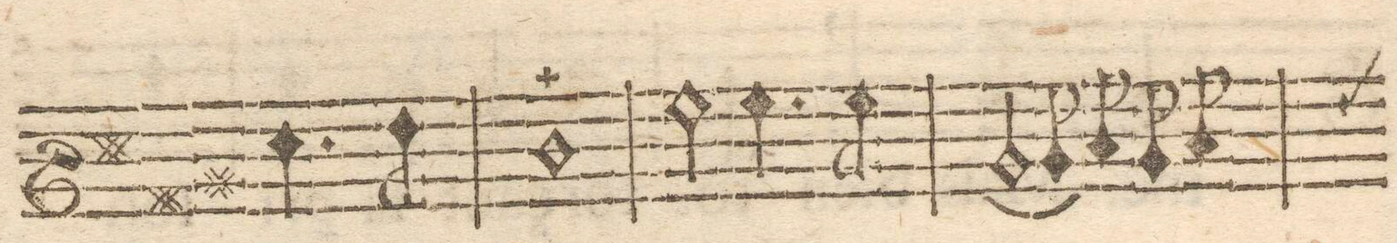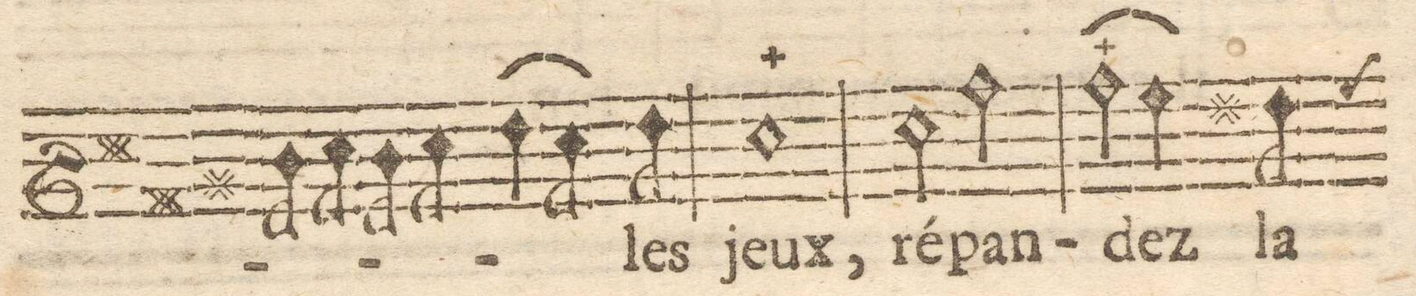


AIRS CHOISIS DE NAIS.
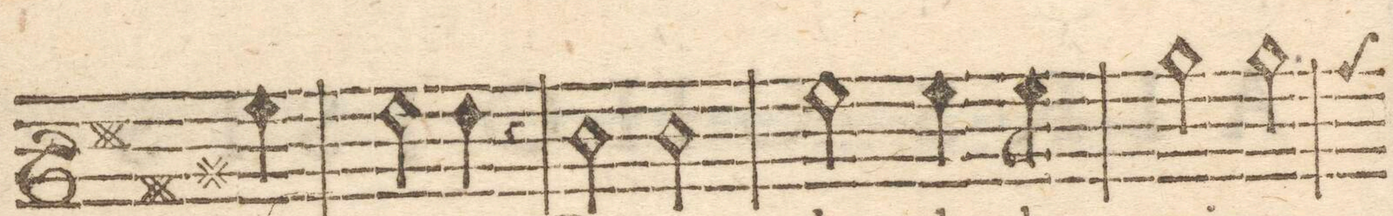
Opera pour la Paix.
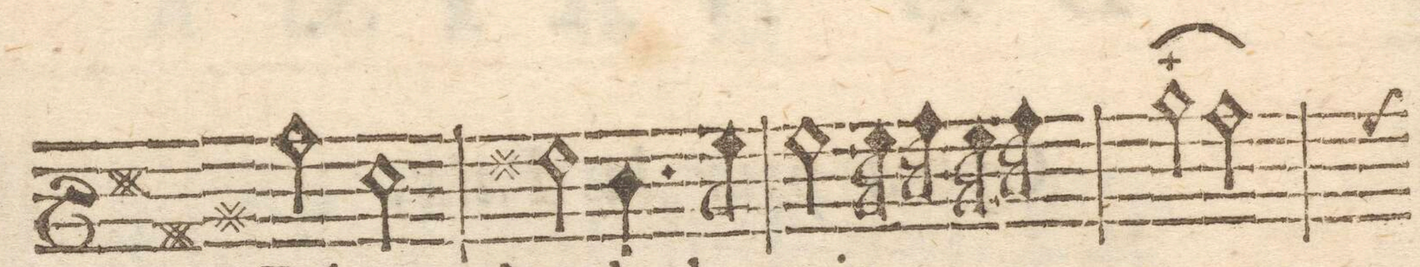
1. AIR.
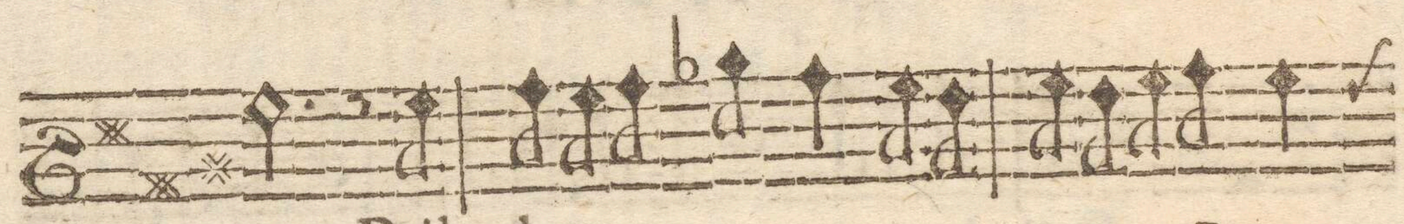


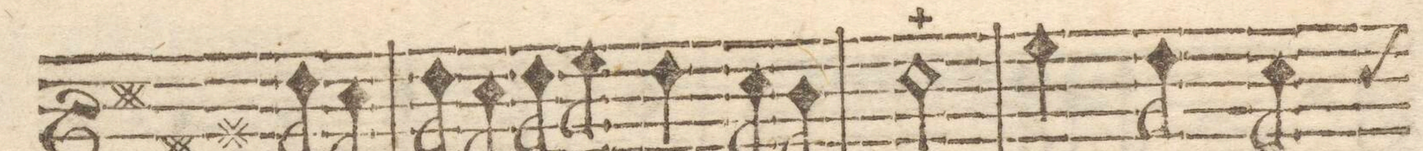

vos tra - vaux faites reg - ner - -
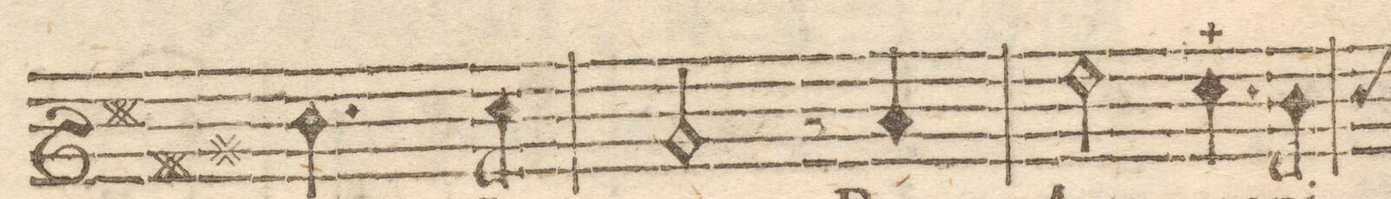

- - - les jeux, répan - dez la


lu - miere Répan - dez la lu - miere

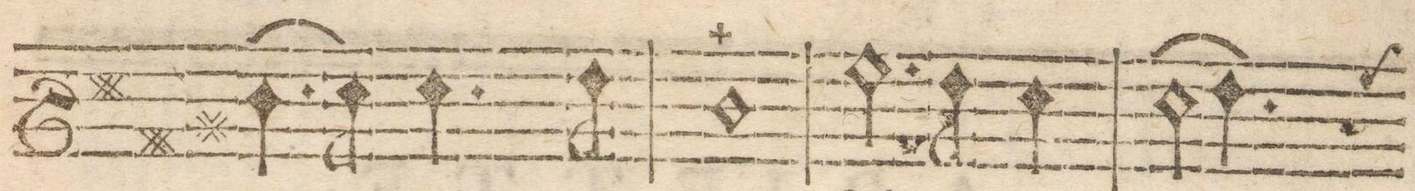

Répan - dez la lu - mie - - -


re, Bril - lez - - - -
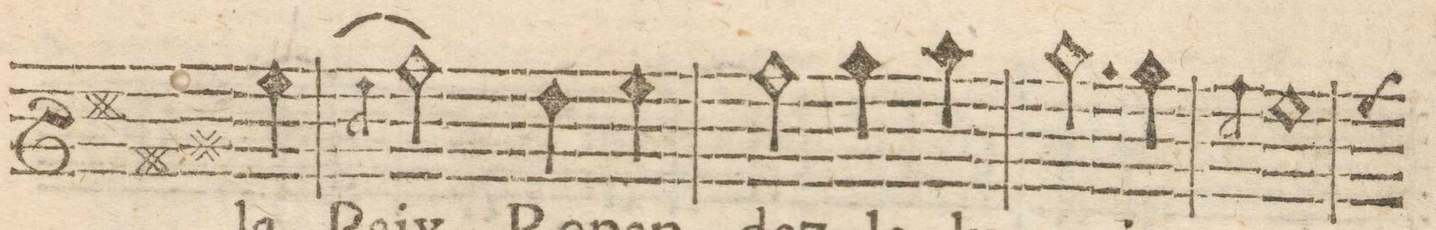

- - - - de mille at-


traits, Nou - veaux Beaux Arts, rani-
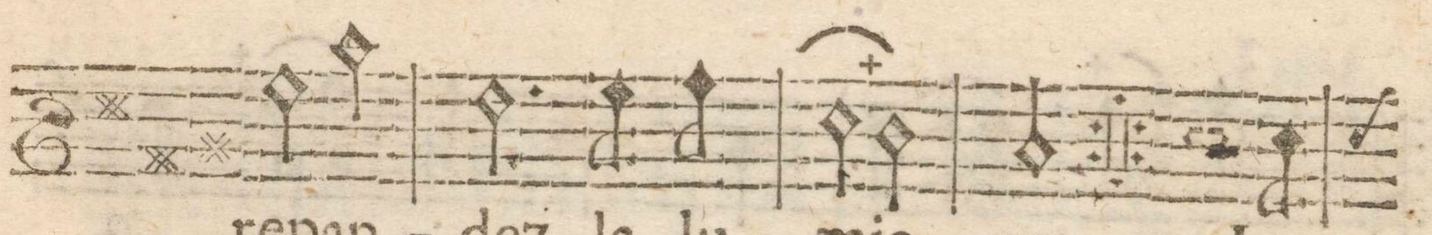
mez
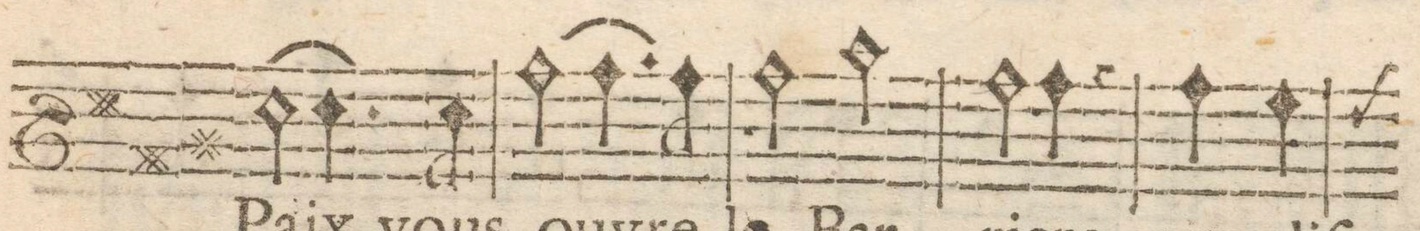


mez vos tra - vaux faites reg - ner
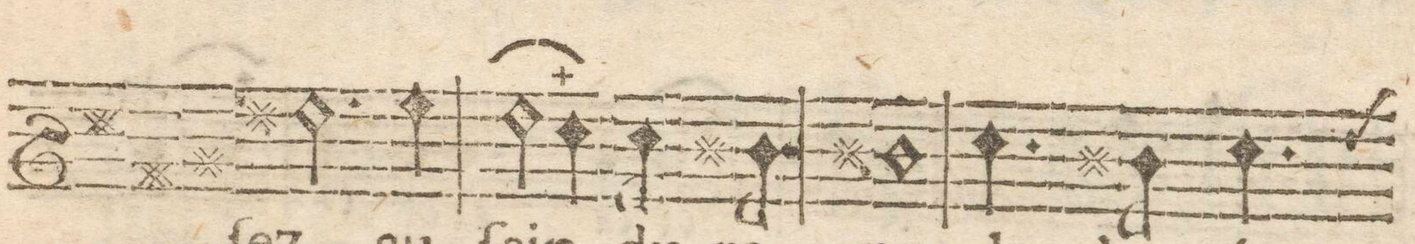


la Paix. Repan - dez la lu - mie - re
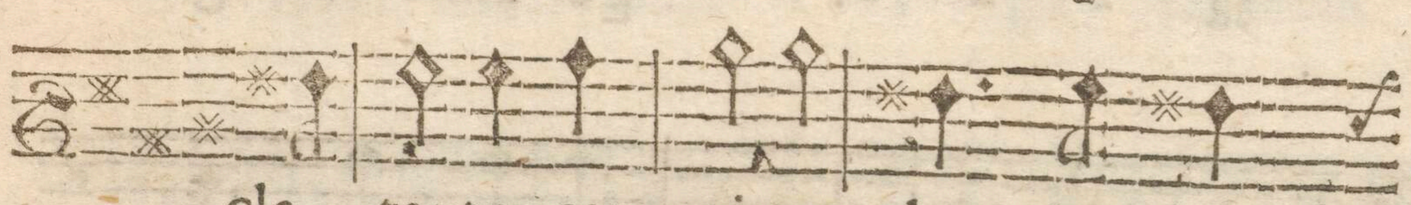


repan - dez la lu - mie - re. La
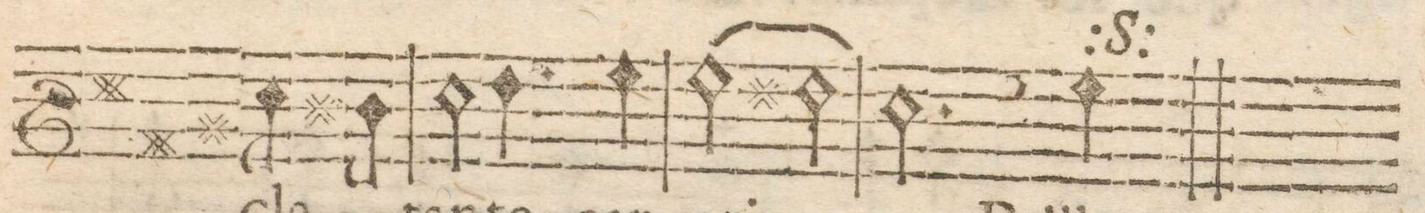


Paix vous ouvre la Bar - riere rempli-



ſez au ſein du re - pos la plus é-

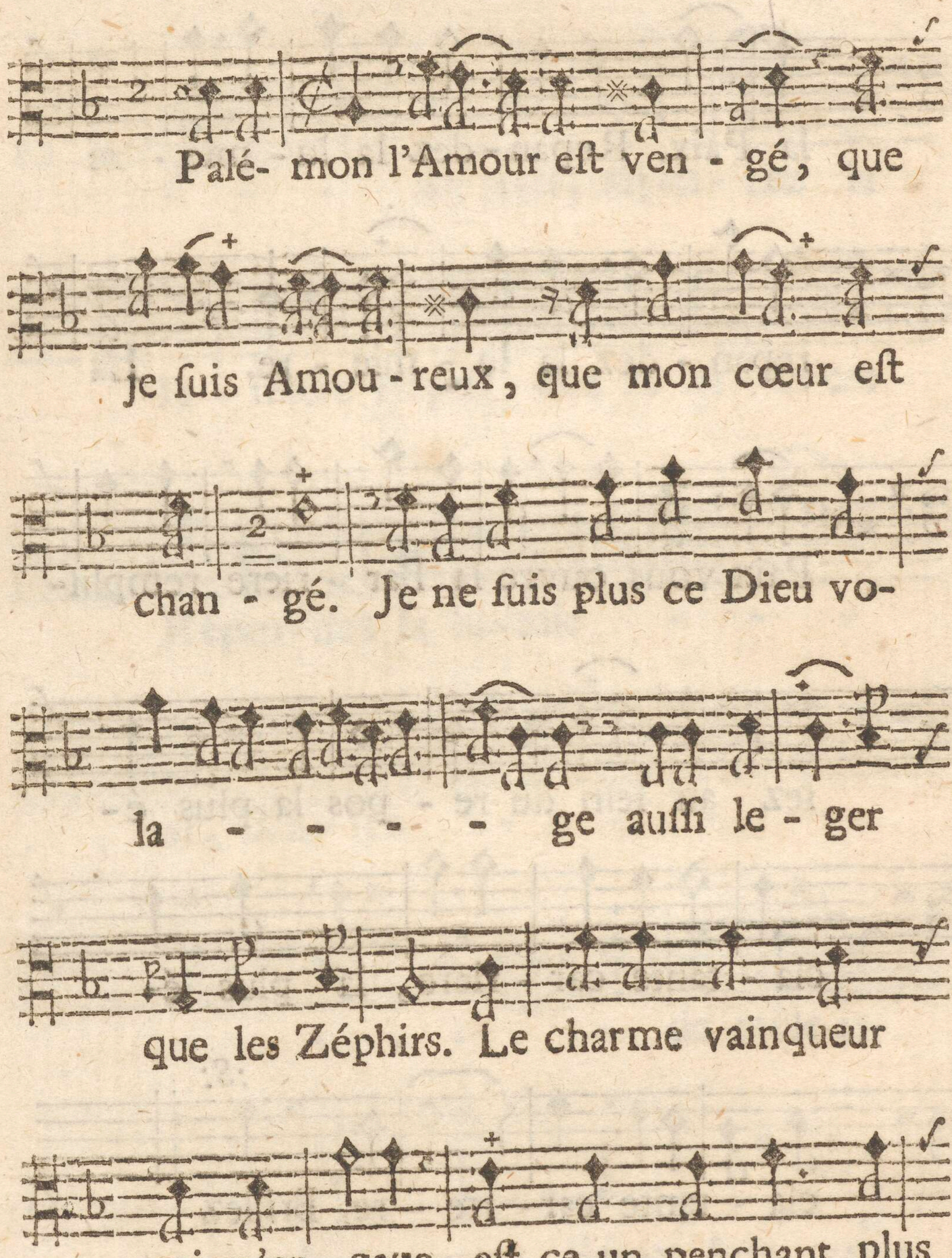


cla - tante car - riere, la plus é-
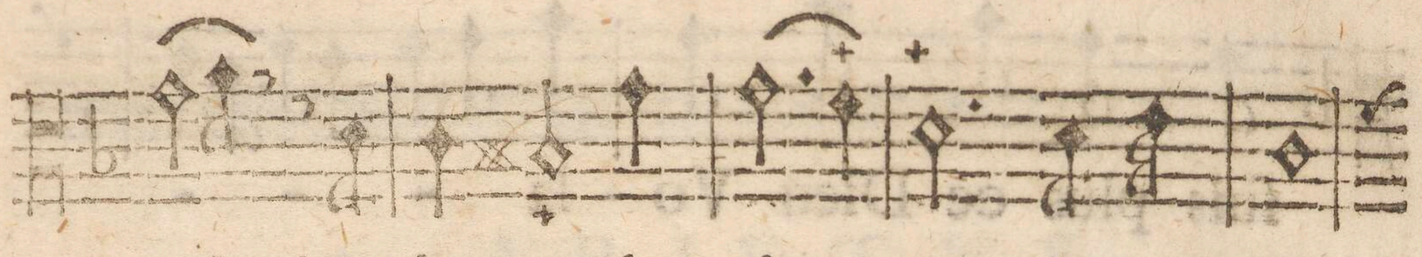


cla - tante car - rie - re. Brillez
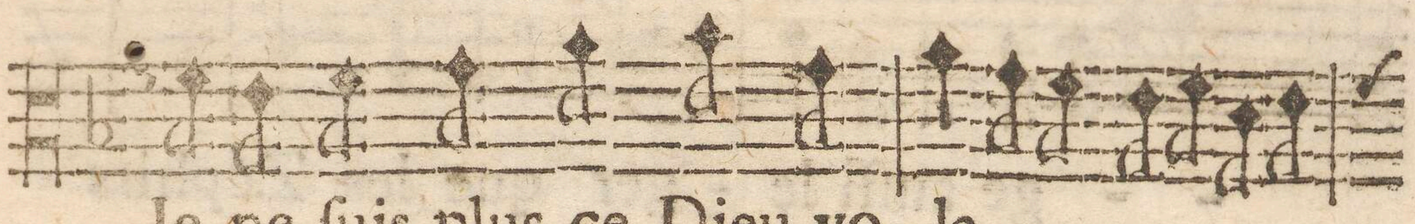
2. ARIETTE.
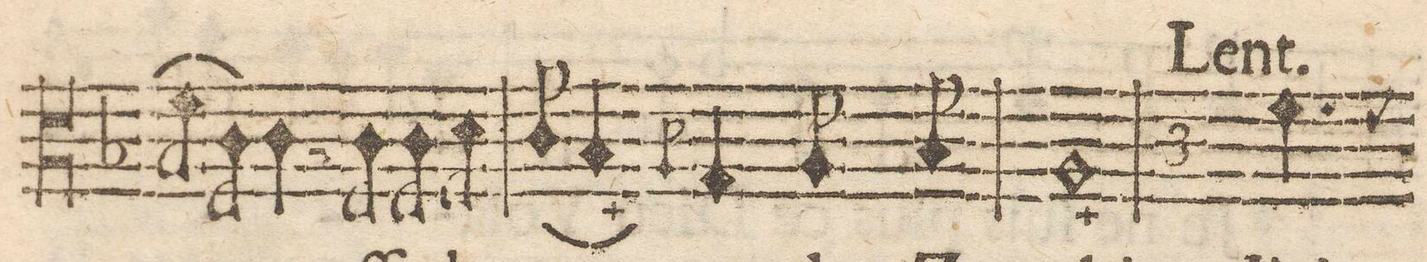


vif
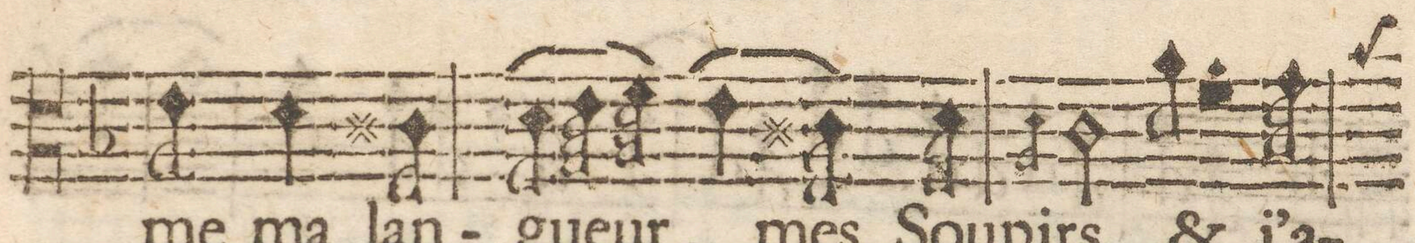


vif plus doux plus doux que les dé- ſirs,
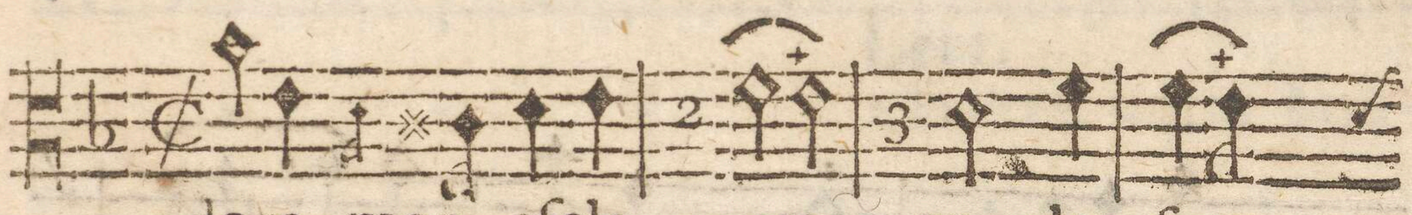


Je ne ſuis plus ce Dieu vo- la - -



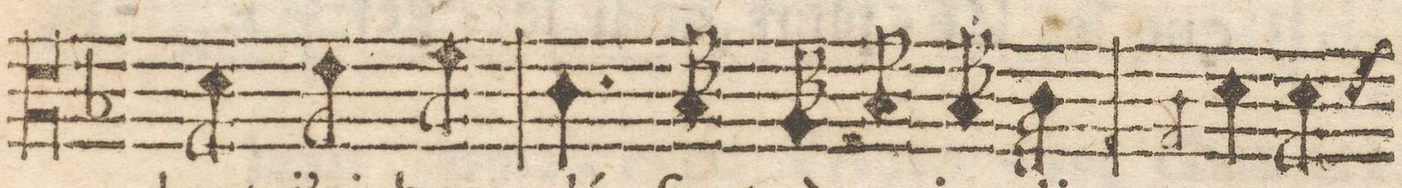
ge auſſi le- ger que les Ze- phirs J'ai-
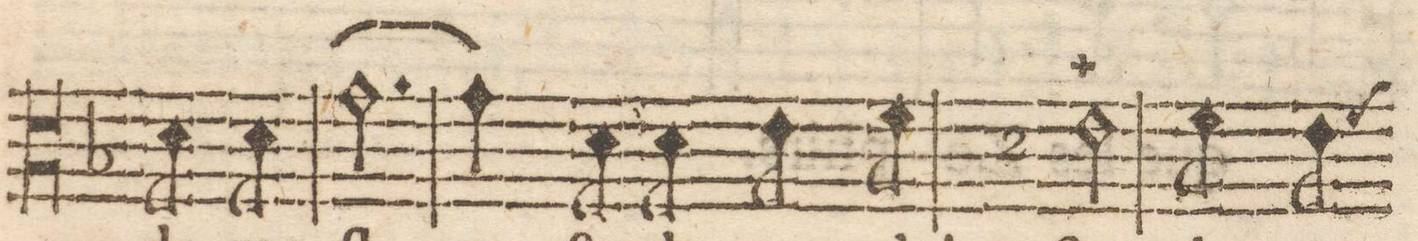


me ma lan- gueur, mes Soupirs, & j'a-
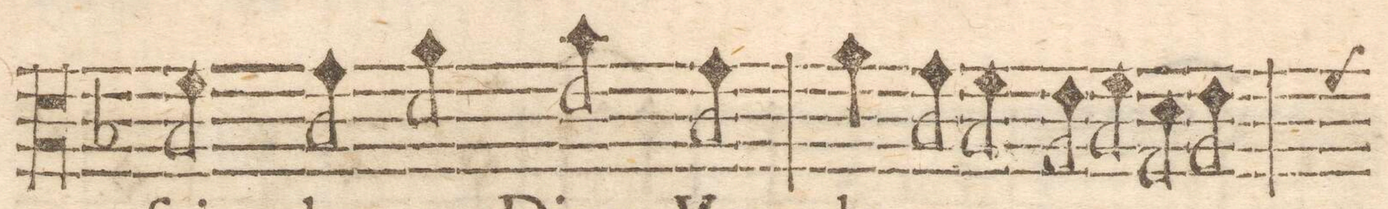


dore mon eſcla - va - ge, les feux



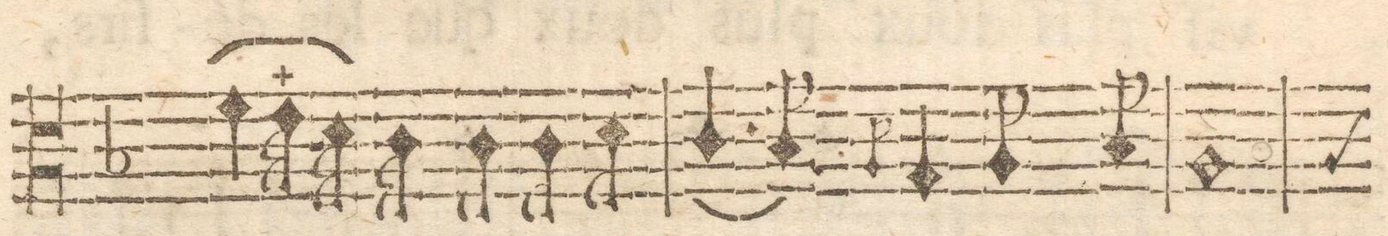
dont j'ai bru - lé ſont à peine li - mage
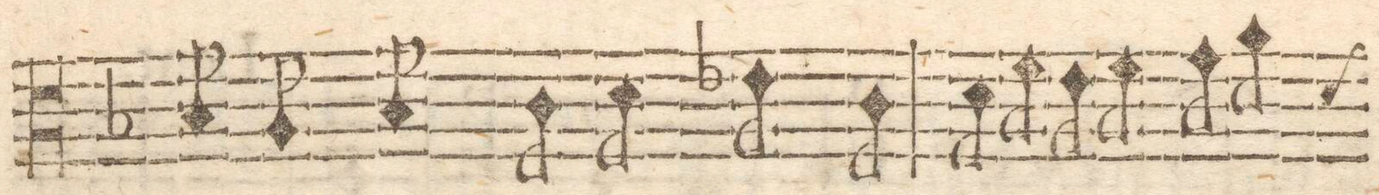


de ma fla- me & de mes plai - ſirs. Je ne
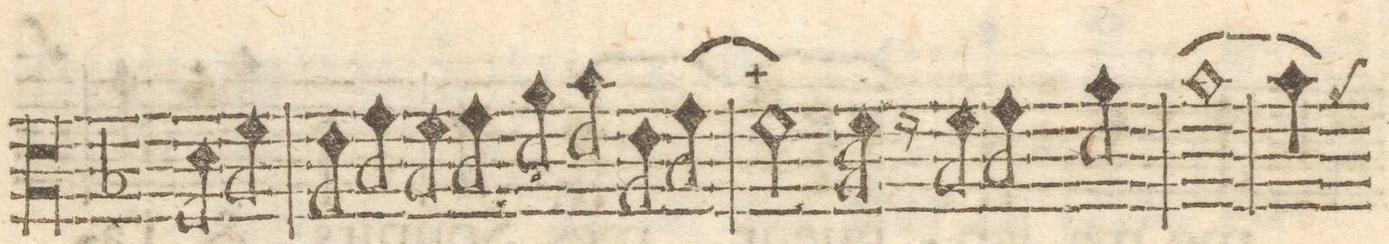


ſuis plus ce Dieu Vo - la - - -
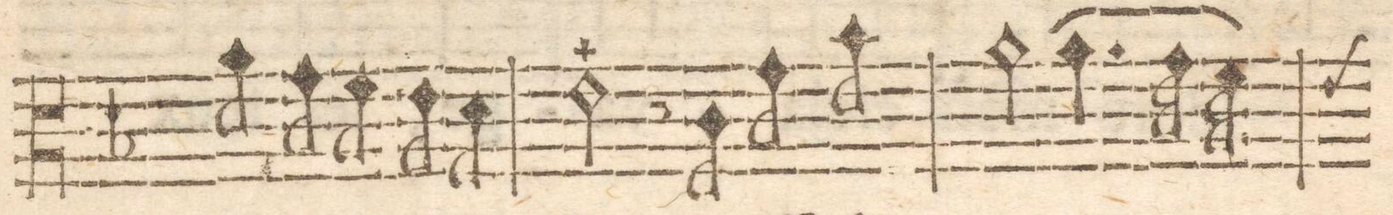


- - ge auſſi le - ger que les Zéphirs
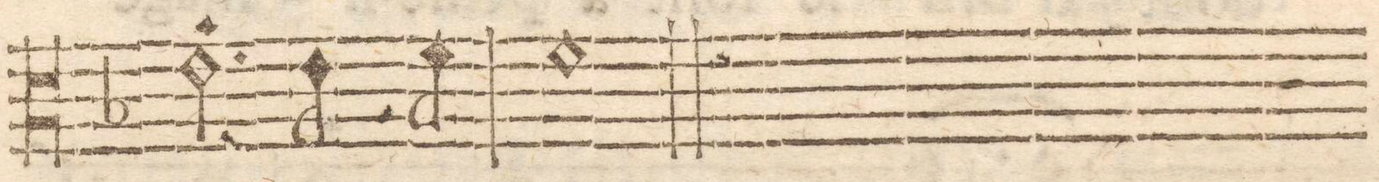


Je ne ſuis plus ce Dieu Vola- - -



- - - - ge auſſi le - ger
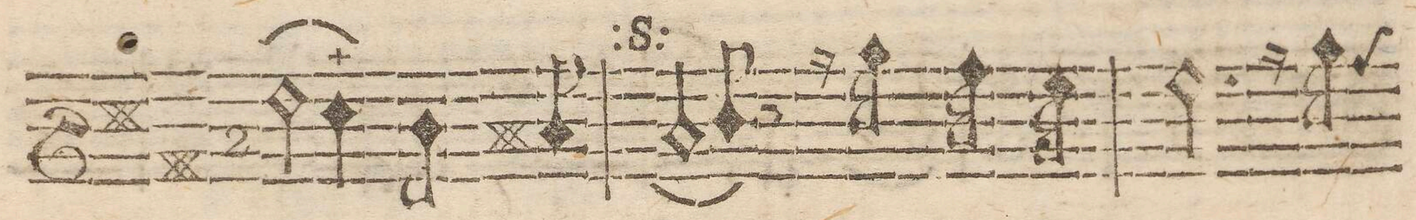


que les Zé - phirs, auſſi le - ger - -
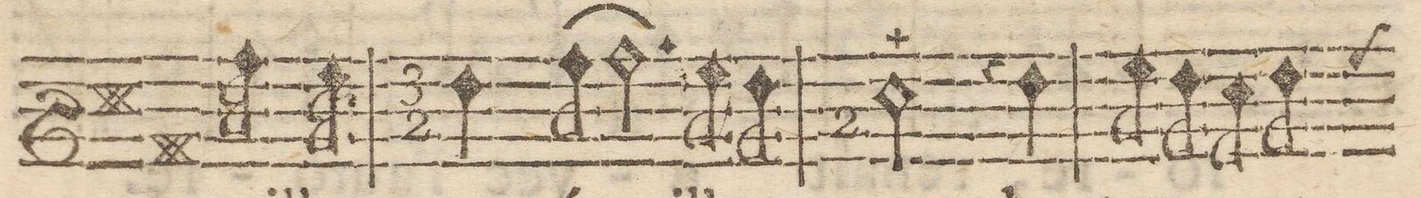


que les Zé - phirs.
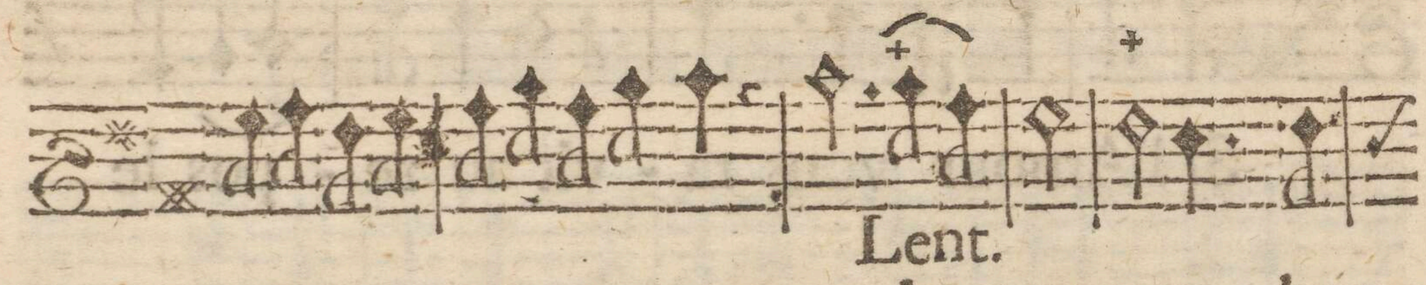
3. ARIETTE.



Tendres oi - ſeaux é - veillez vous é-
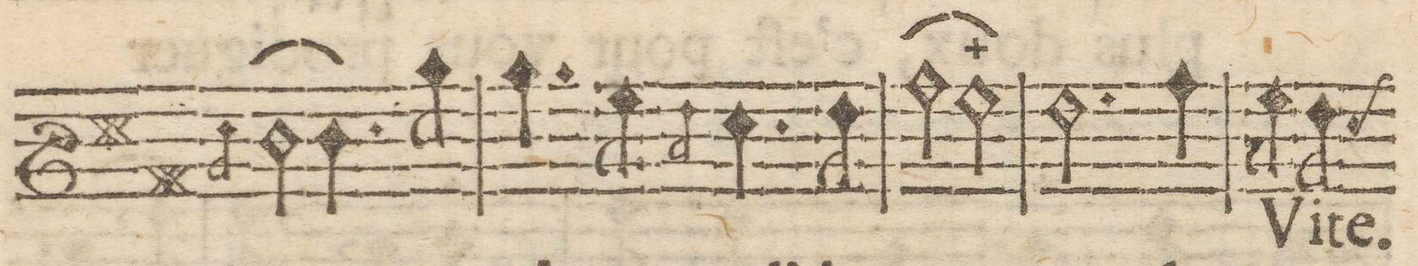


veillez vous é-veillez vous, chantez -
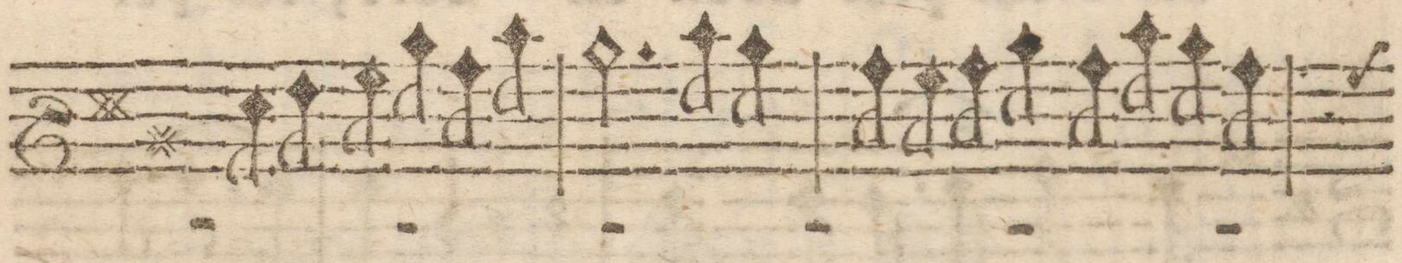


Lent.

- - - chantez votre bon-
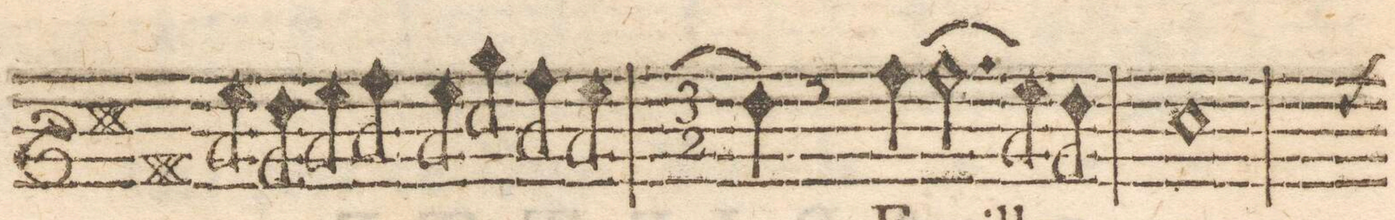


Vite.
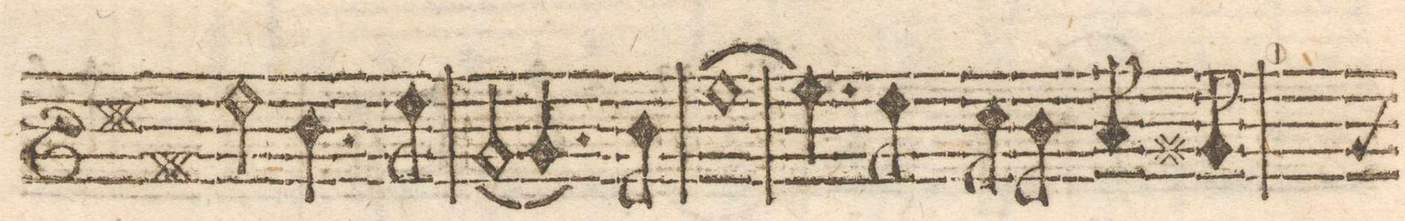
heur re-naît avec l'Auro - re, chan-tez
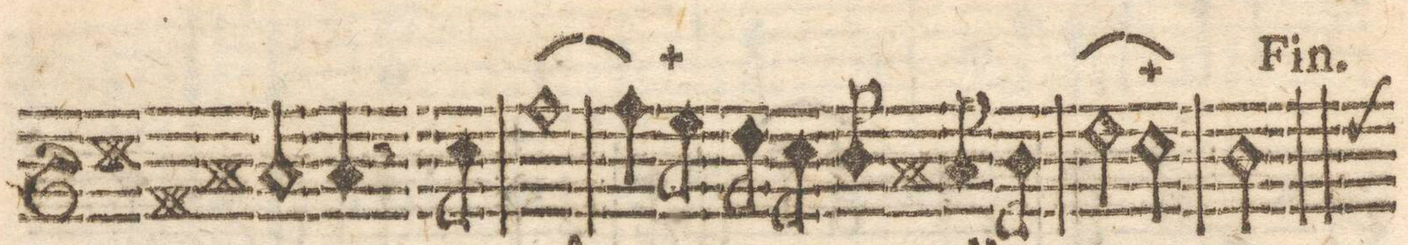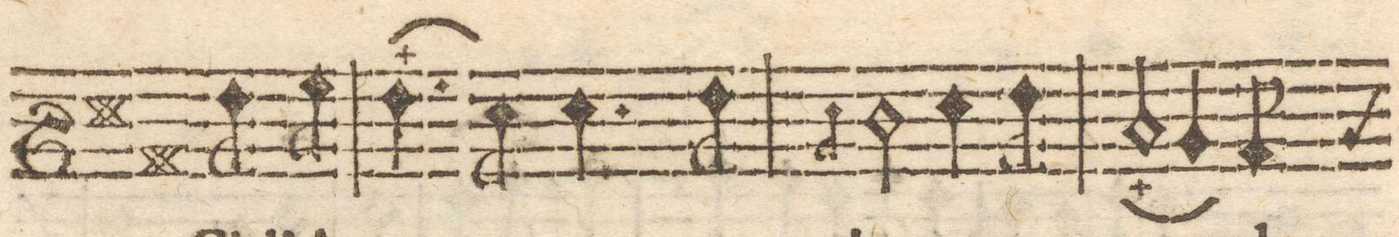


- - - - - -



- - - - Eveillez vous,
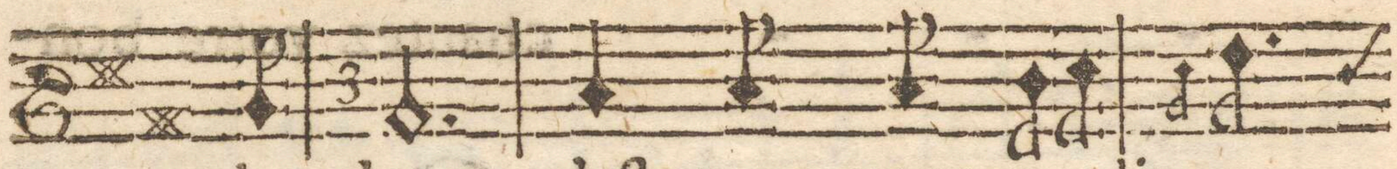


votre bonheur renaît a - vec l'au -
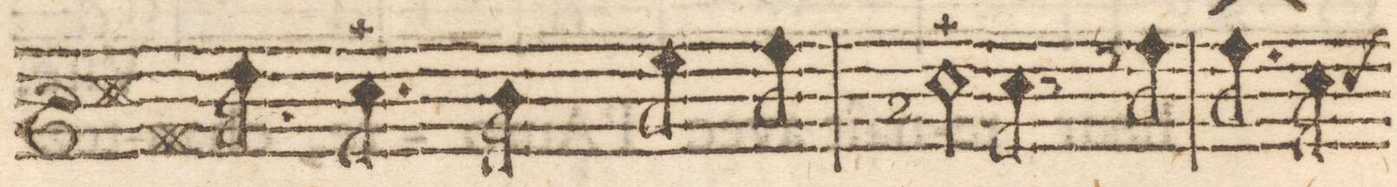


ro - re, renaît a - vec l'auro - re.
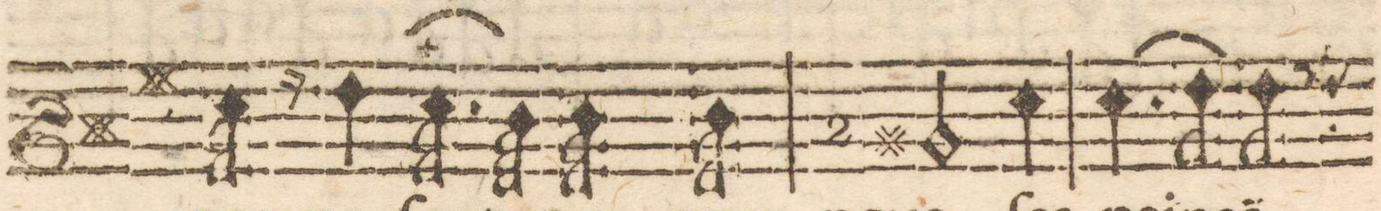


Si l'Amour vous ra - vit au re - pos le
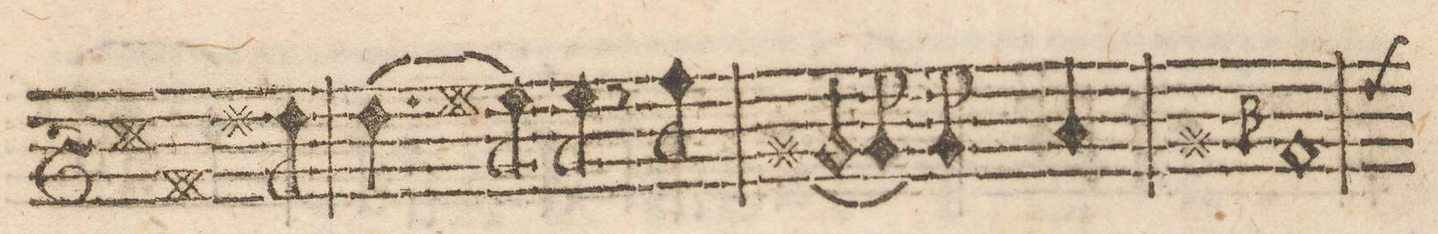


plus doux, c'eſt pour vous prodiguer
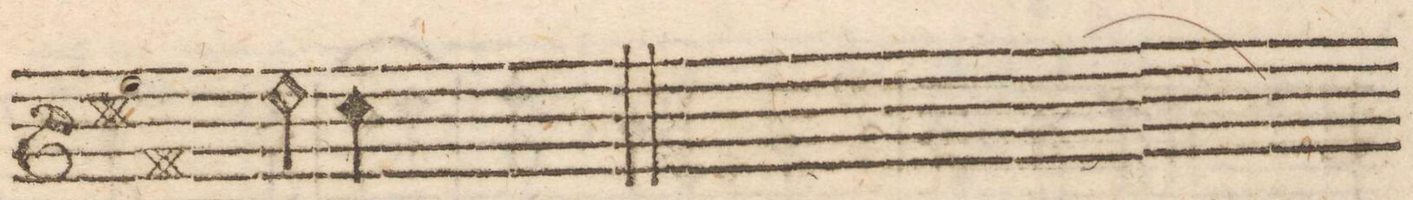


des biens plus doux en - core, ſes pei-



nes ne ſont que pour nous, ſes peines, ſes
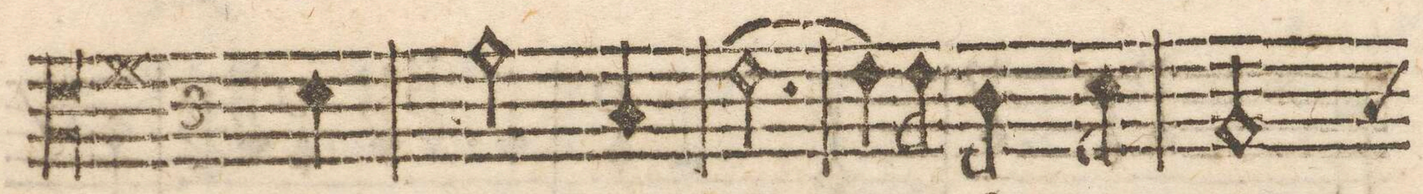


ſes pei - nes ne ſont que pour nous,
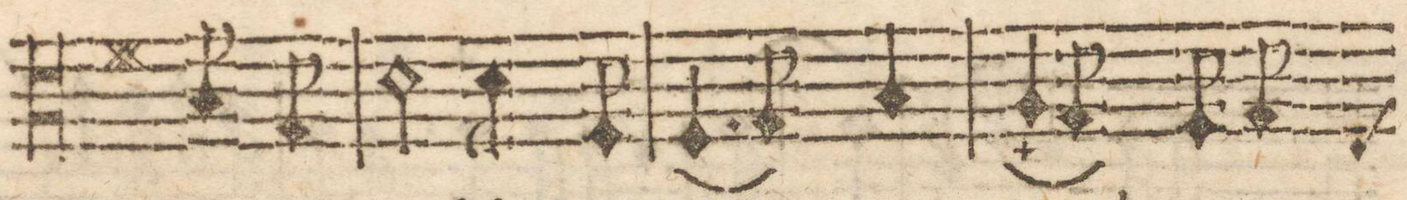


Tendres. :S:
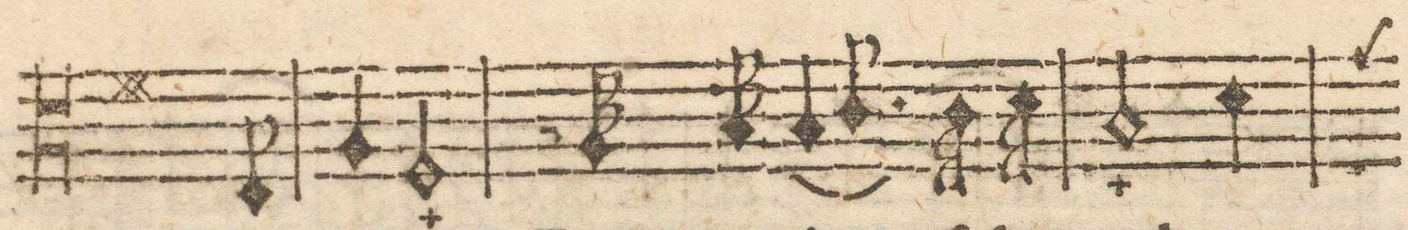
4. ARIETTE.
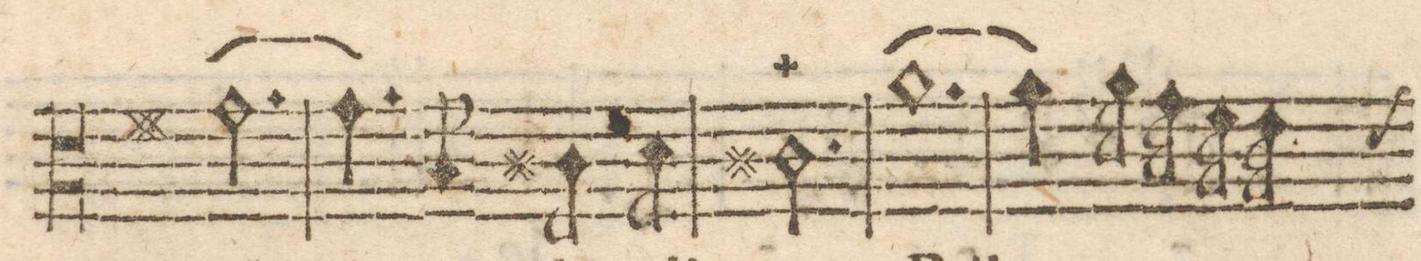


Tout cede aux charmes de vos yeux



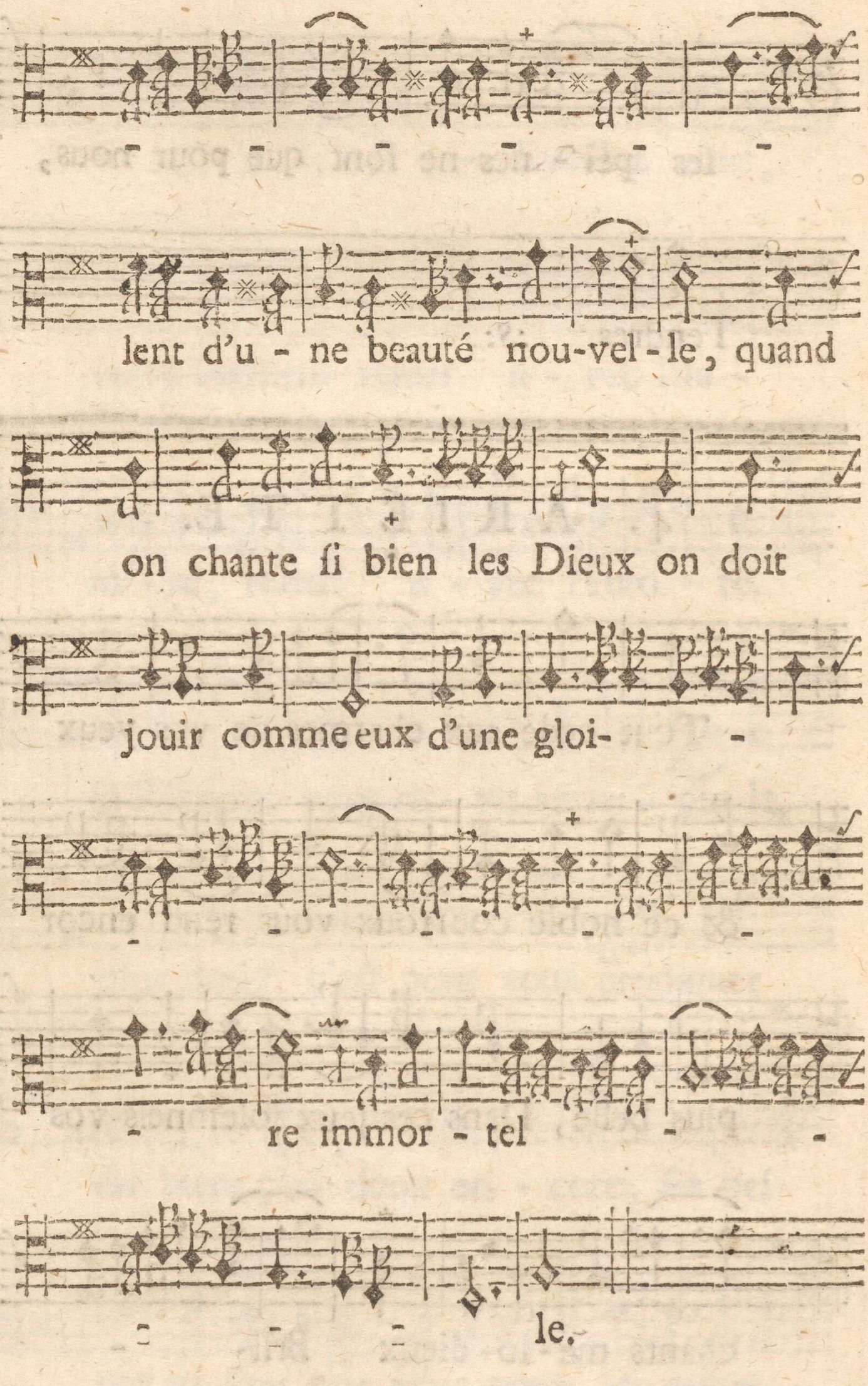
& ce noble courroux vous rend encor



plus belle, Dans ces jeux ſolemnels vos
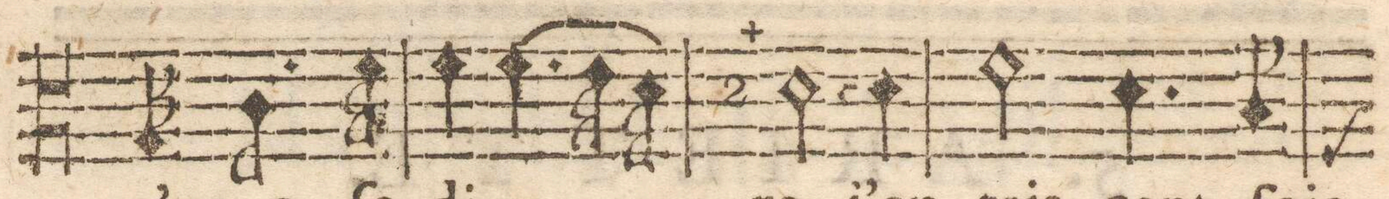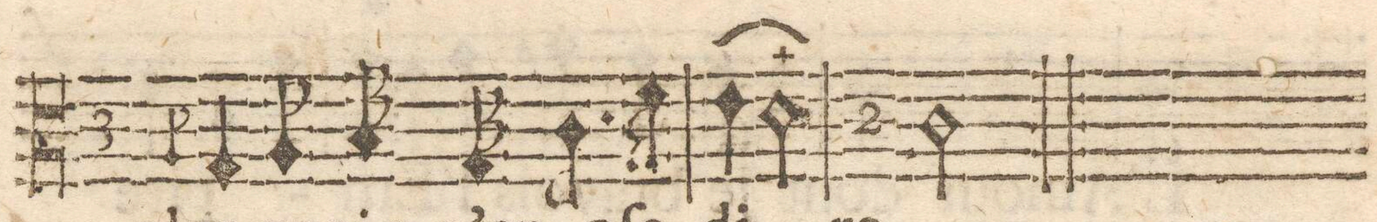


chants me-lo-dieux Bril- =


lent d'u - ne beauté nou-vel - le, quand
on chante ſi bien les Dieux on doit
jouir comme eux d'une gloi-
re immor - tel
le.

5. ARIETTE.
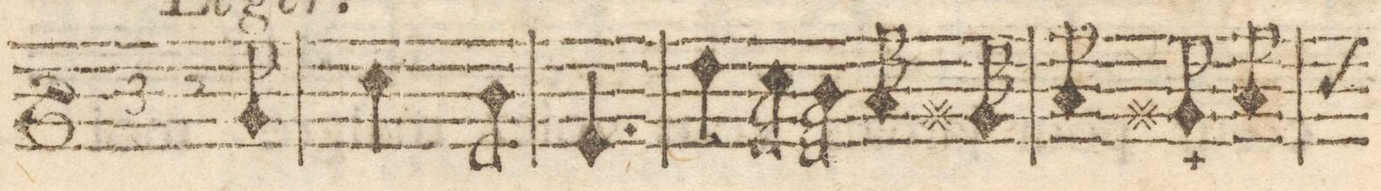

L'Amour dont je bravois l'Em - pire
enfla- - - me mon
cœur pour jamais vous voiez malgré moi
les tranſports qu'il m'inſpi- - re
je m'expoſe peut - être aux plus cruels re-
grets mais j'en tais cent fois plus que je
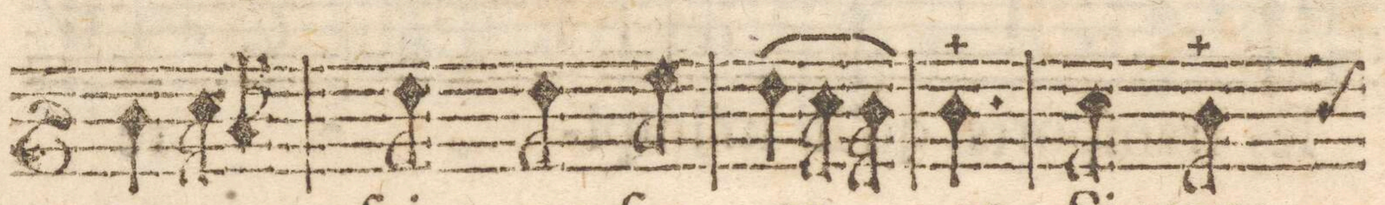


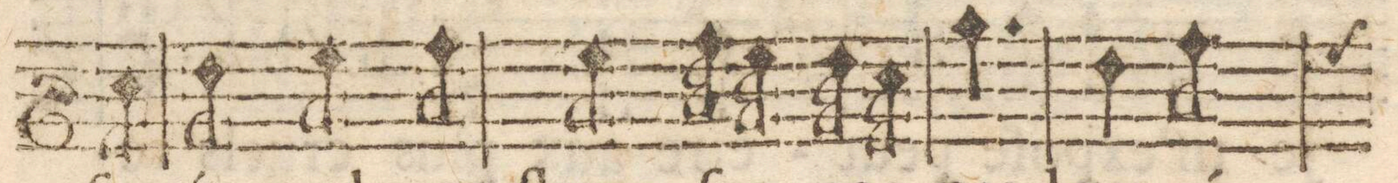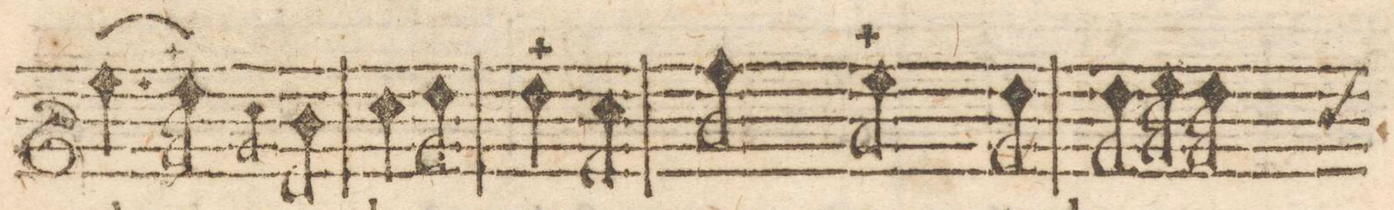


6. ARIETTE.

Leger.
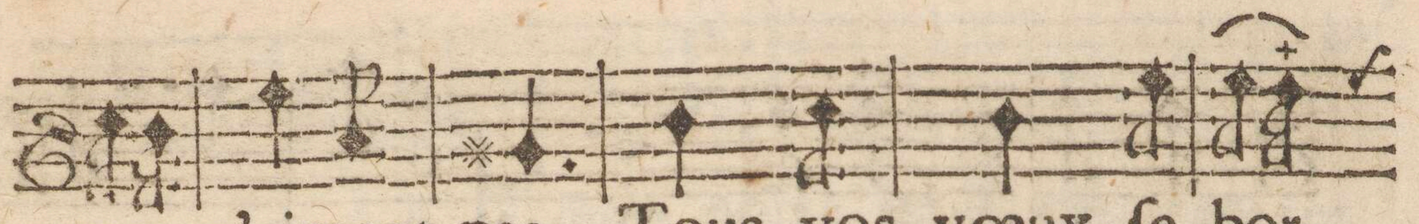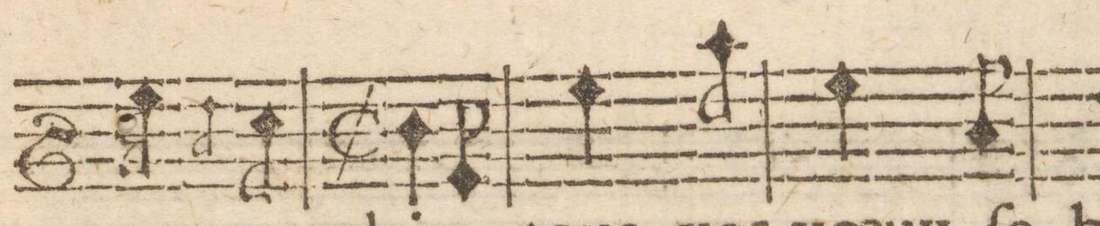








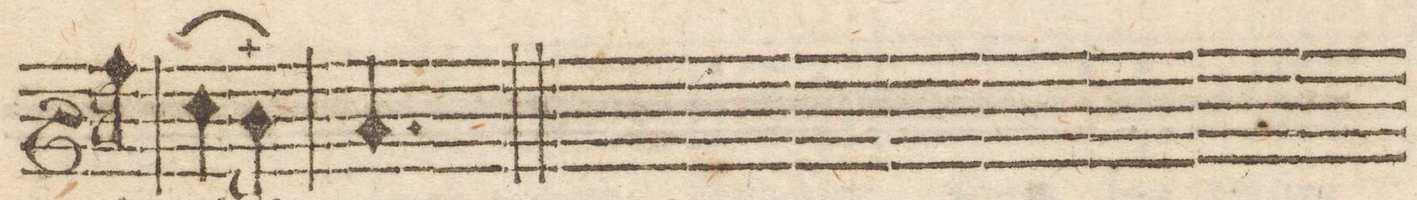
ges



ges n'aiment pas. Tous vos vœux ſe bor-
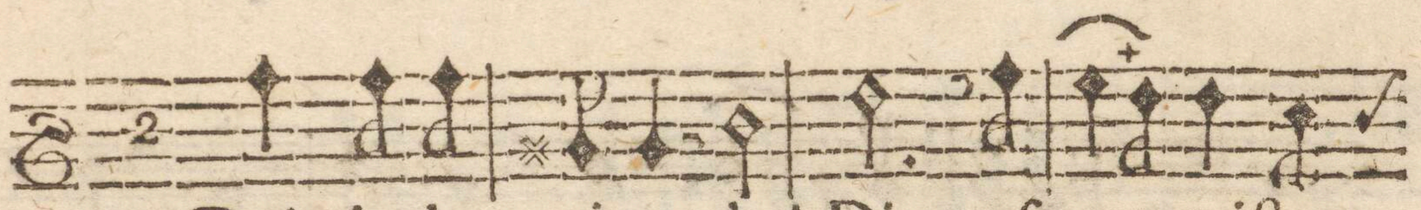


nent a plaire, tous vos vœux ſe bornent
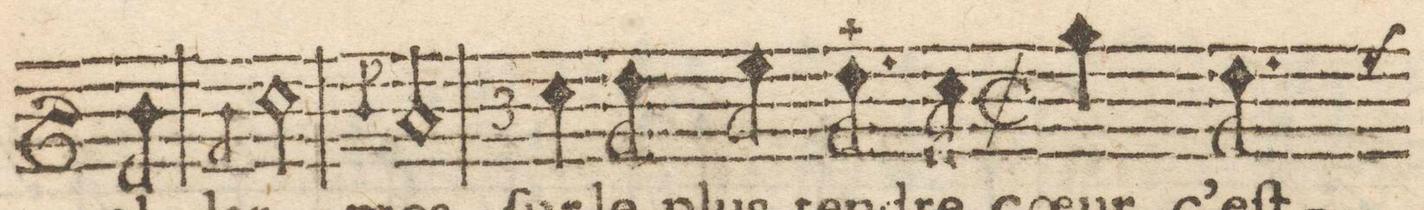


à plai - re.
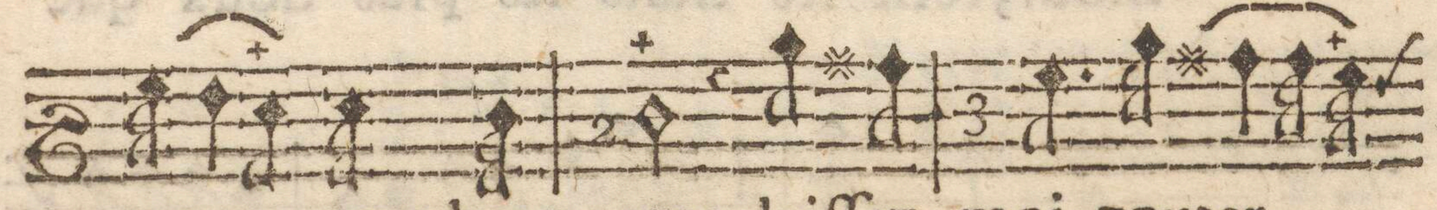
7. ARIETTE.
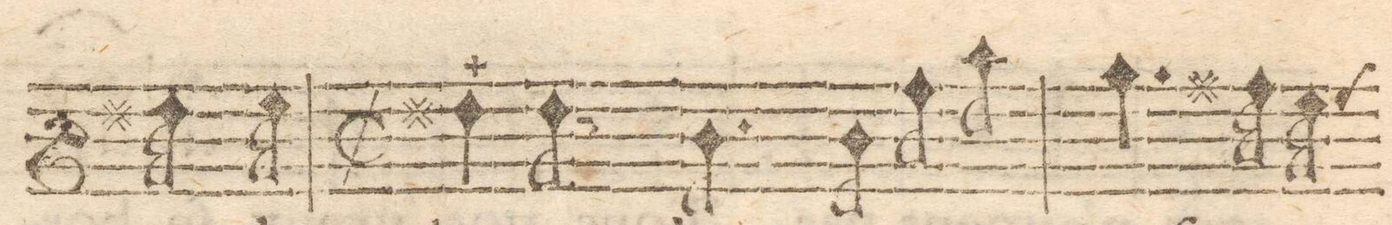


Dois je le croire, ah ! Dieux fuyez triſtes
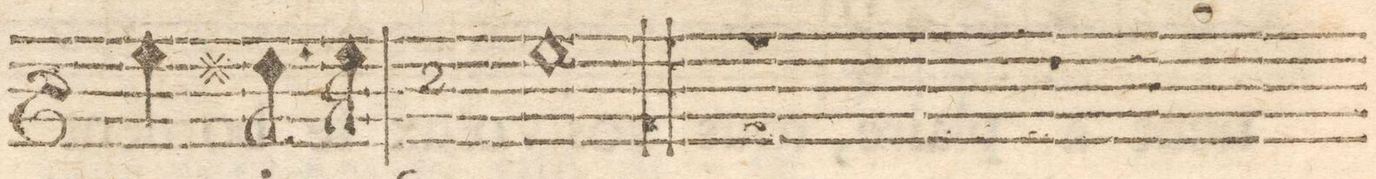


al - lar - mes ſur le plus tendre cœur c'eſt -
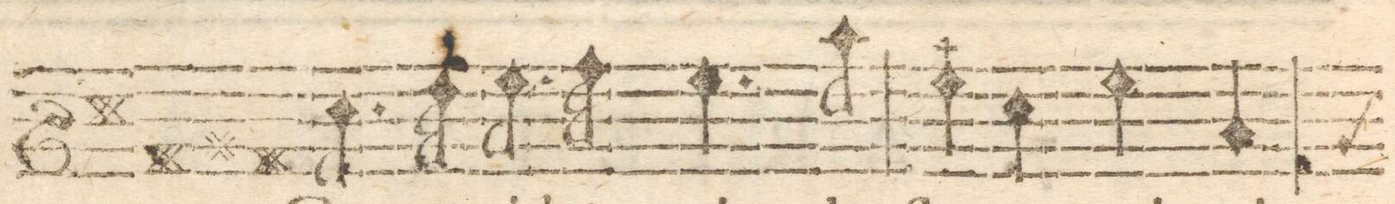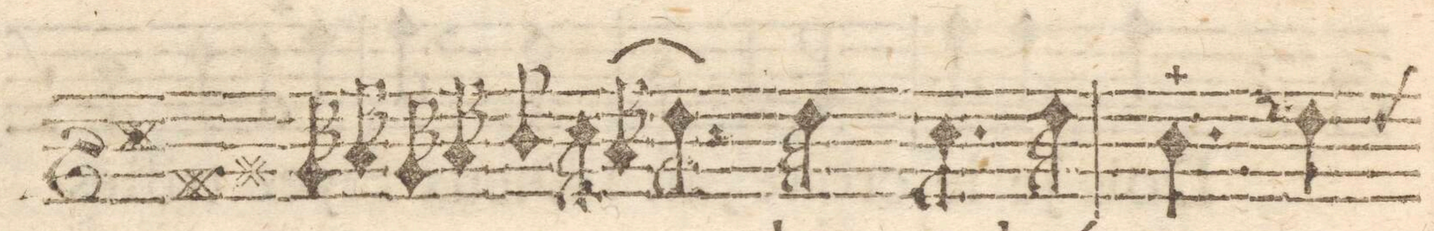


regner trop long tems laiſſez moi gouter
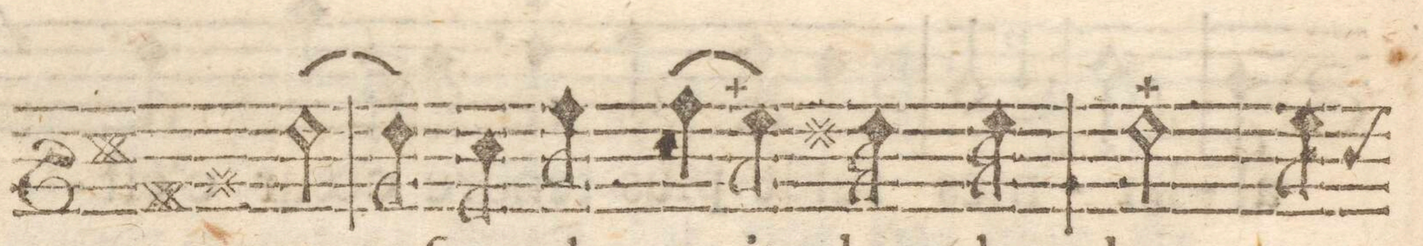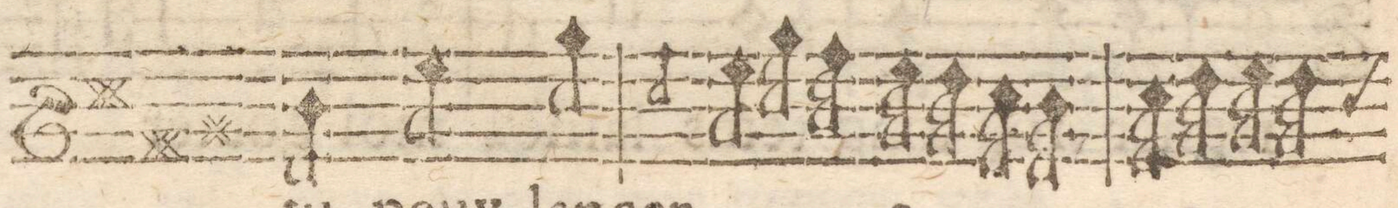




8. ARIETTE.

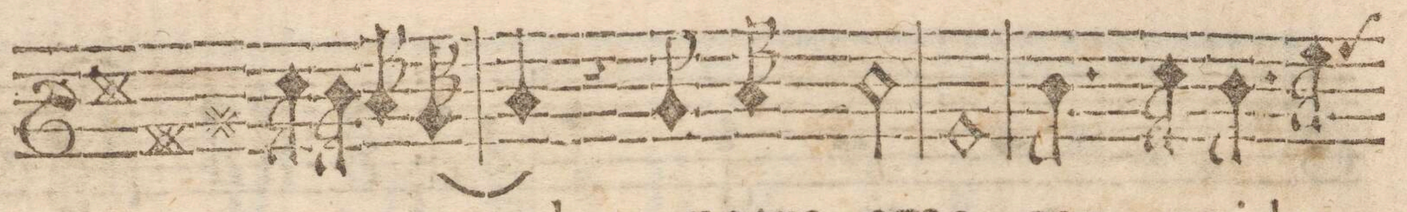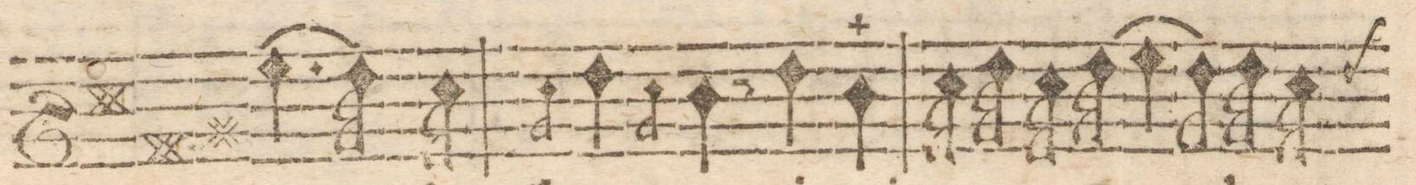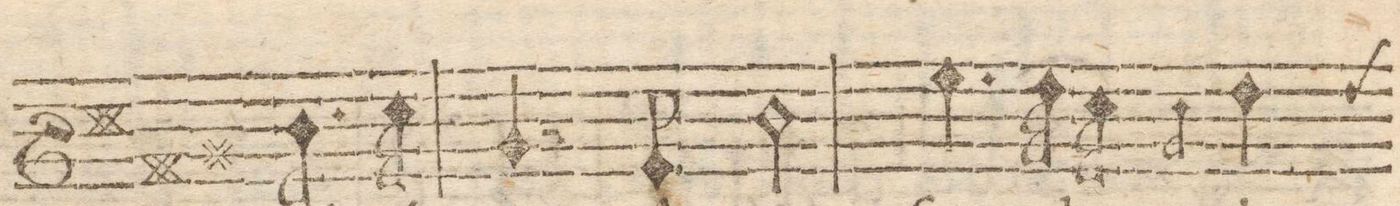








dans
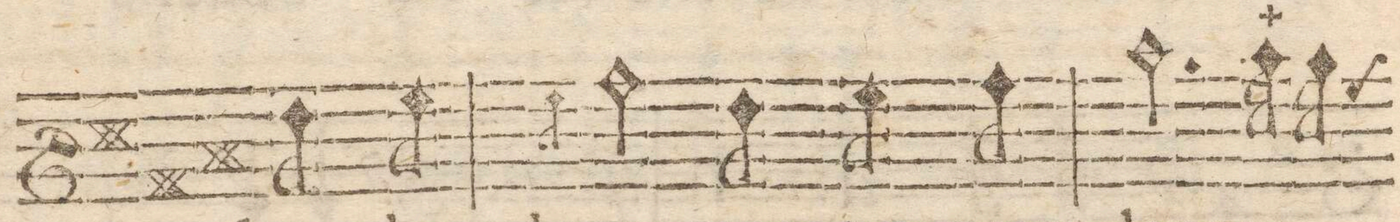


- - dans notre ame, ces rapides
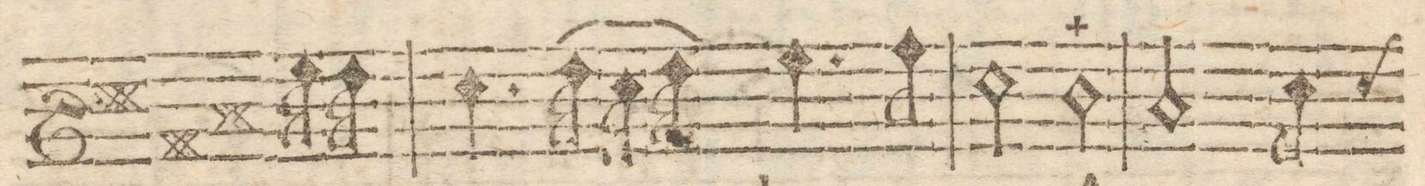


traits de flame qui triom - phent
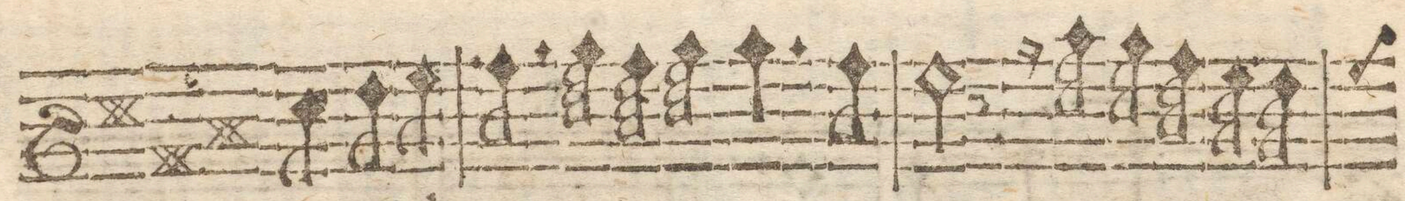


malgré nous, Amour, ſont les traits



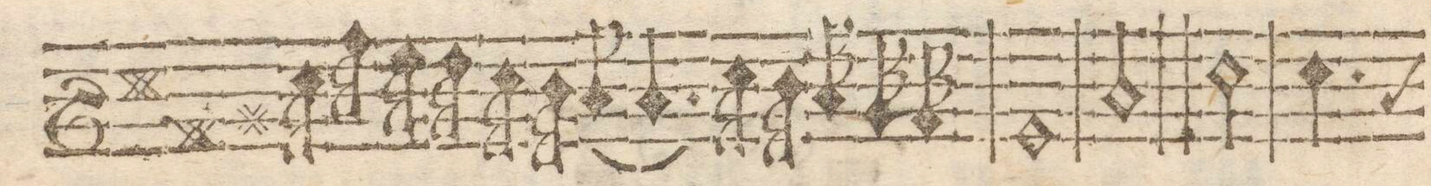
les plus doux que tu peux lancer
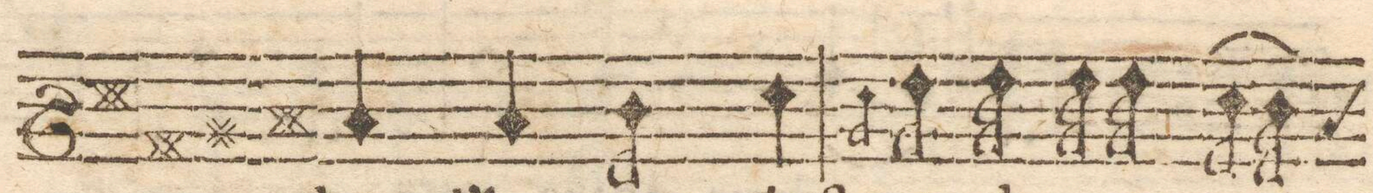


- dans notre Ame, que
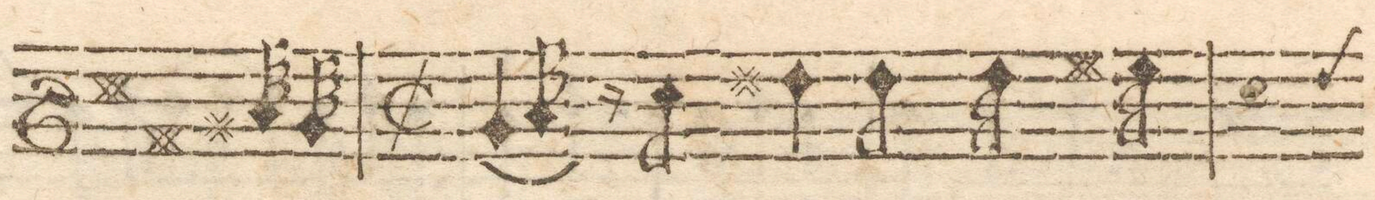


tu peux lancer. - - -
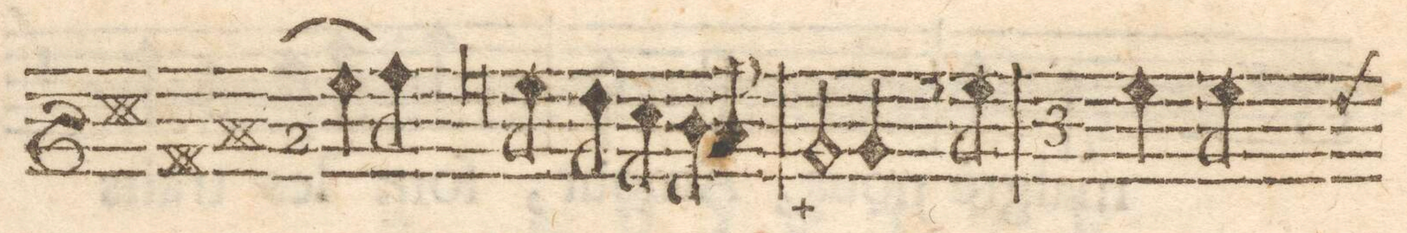


- - dans notre Ame. Quoi
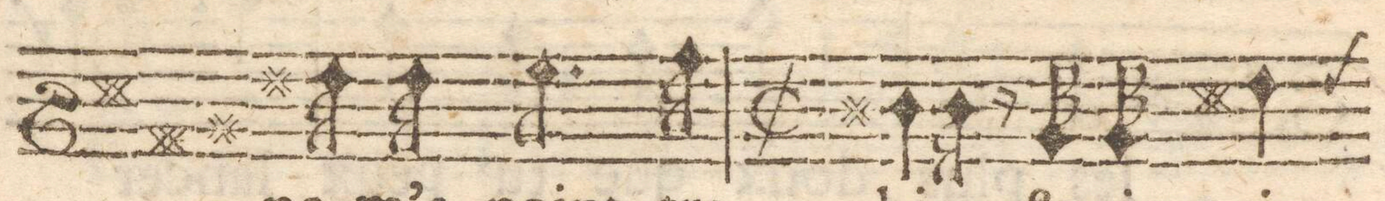


dans l'heureux inſtant de cet aveu
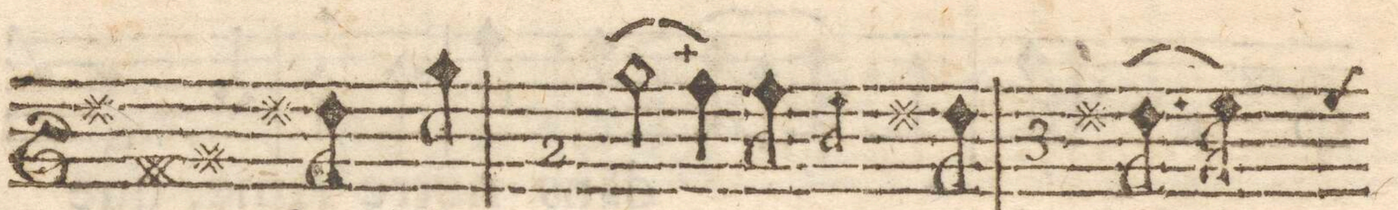


flat - teur qui ſemble me don -
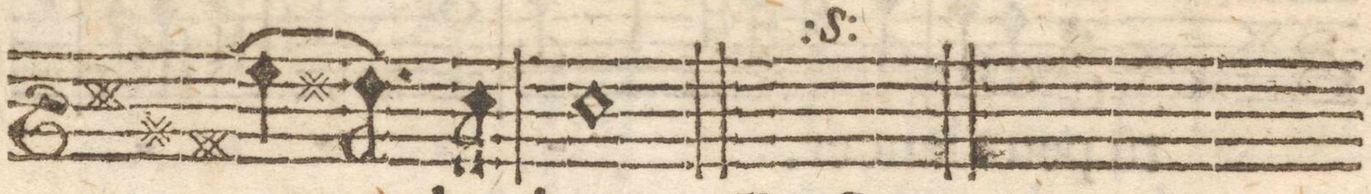


ner une n ouvelle vie ma bouche



ne m'a point tra - hie, & je puis
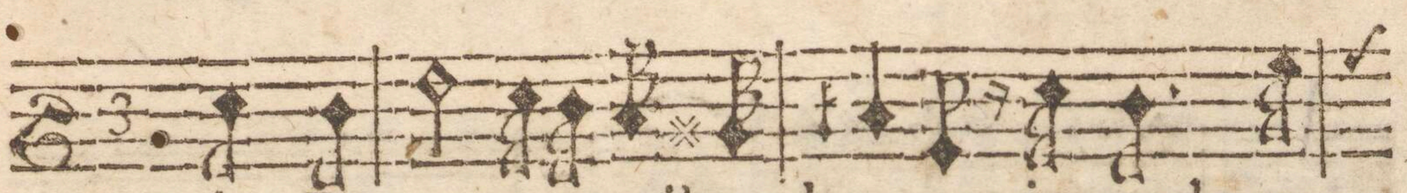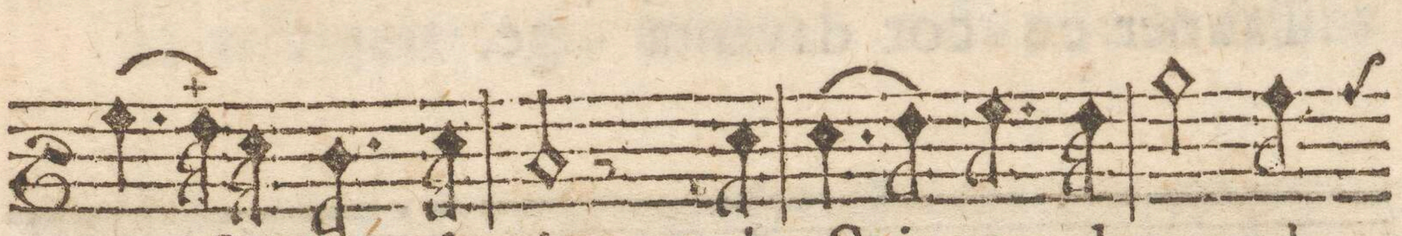


ſans dan - ger aſſu - - rer
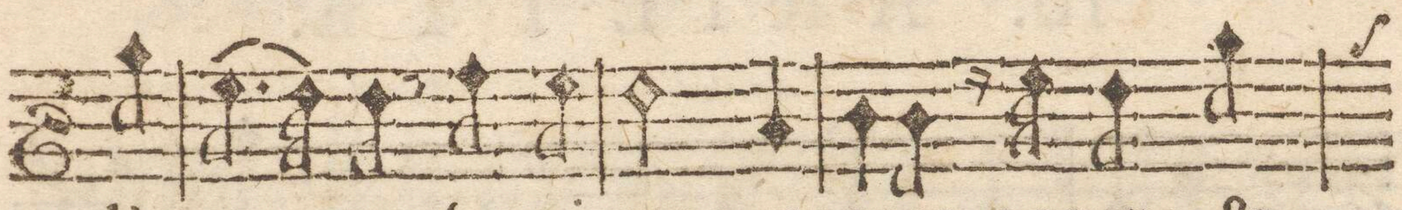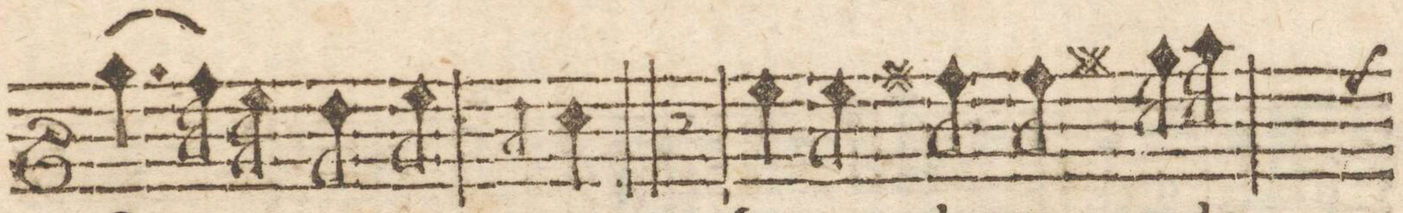


mon bonheur, *Da Capo.*
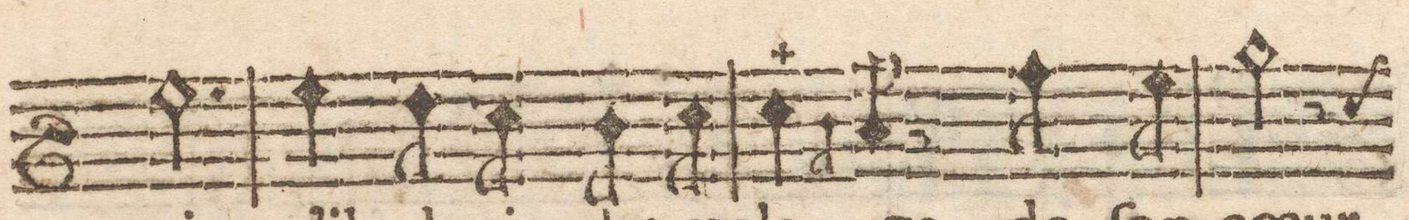
9. ARIETTE.
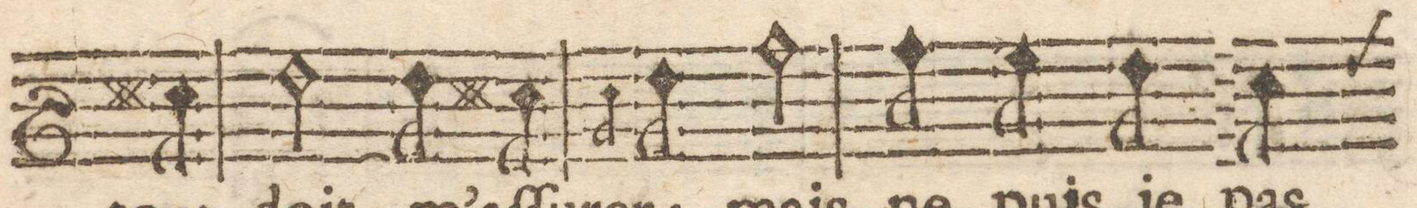

Au Berger que j'a - do - re je parle ou


penſe tout le jour, du Soir au lever de
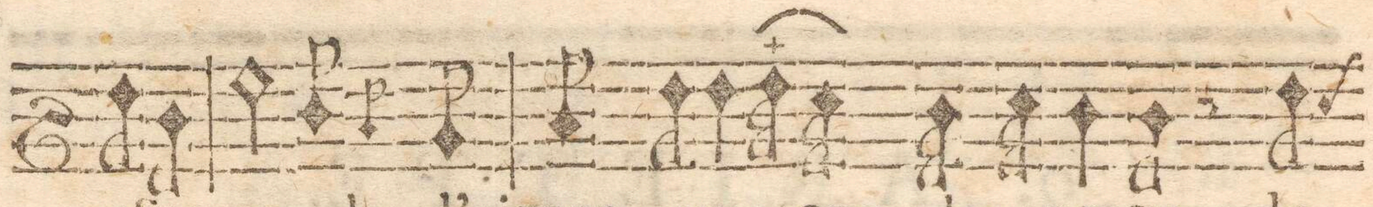

l'auro - re ſon image encore occupe &


flatte mon amour. Je ne deman - de
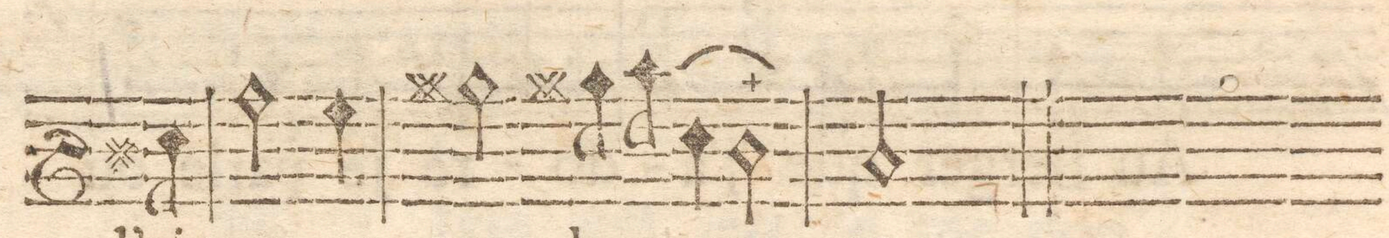

point s'il deviendra vola - ge, de ſon cœur


tout doit m'aſſurer; mais ne puis je pas


ef-
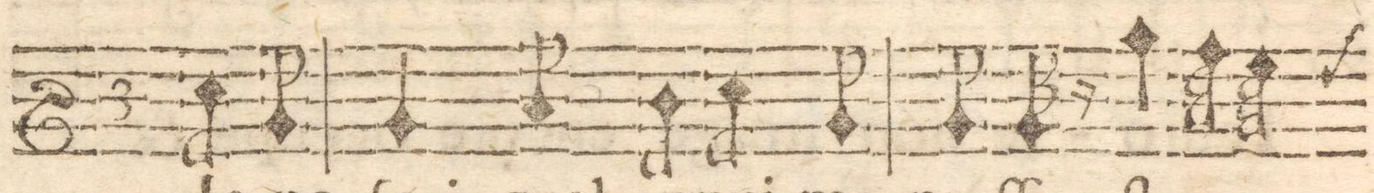


eſperer de l'aimer en-cor davantage, de
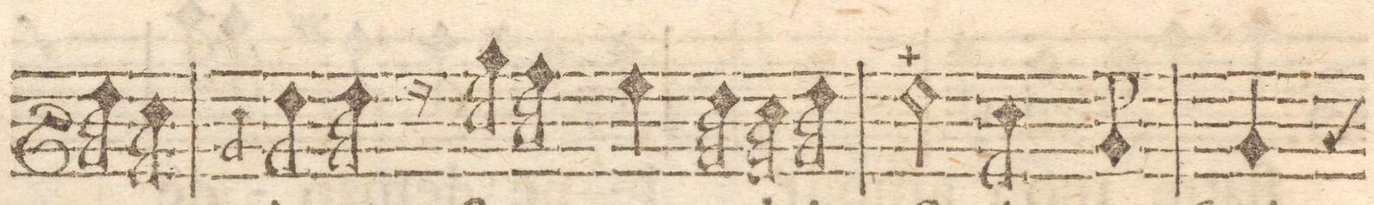


l'aimer en-cor davanta-ge.

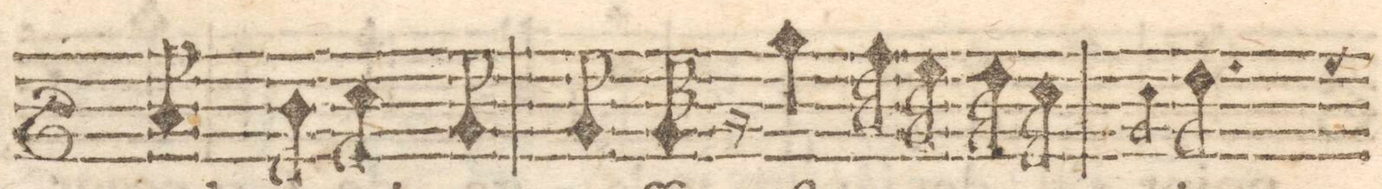
10. ARIETTE.
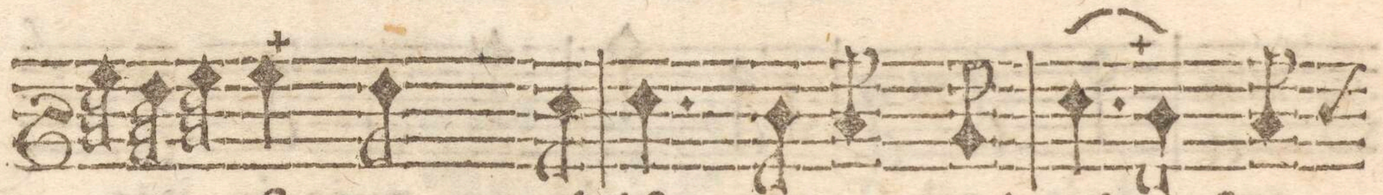


Je ne ſçai quel ennui me preſſe, eſt ce u-



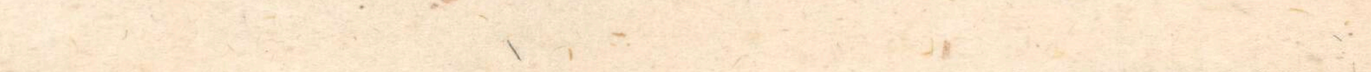
ne pei-ne eſt ce un plai-ſir, je ne ſçais
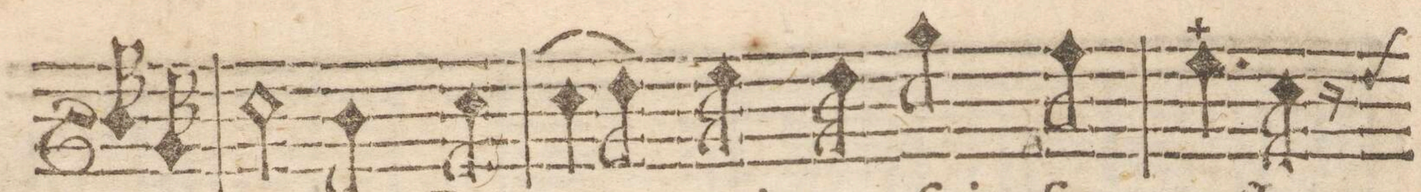


quel ennui me preſſe, eſt ce u-ne pei-
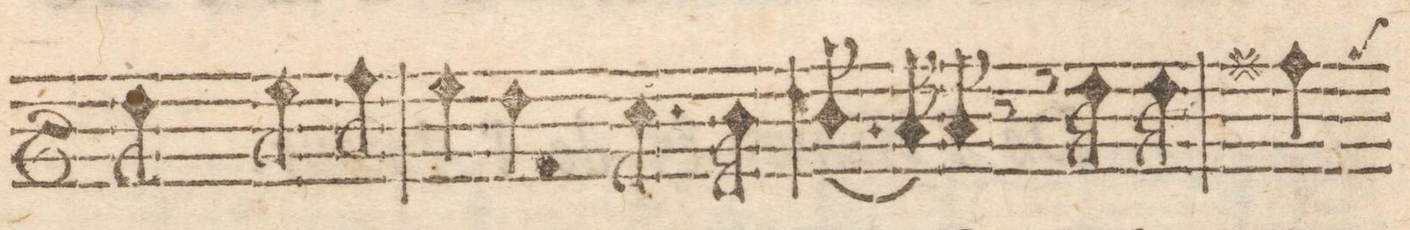


ne eſt ce un plaiſir, Je ne vois plus ſans



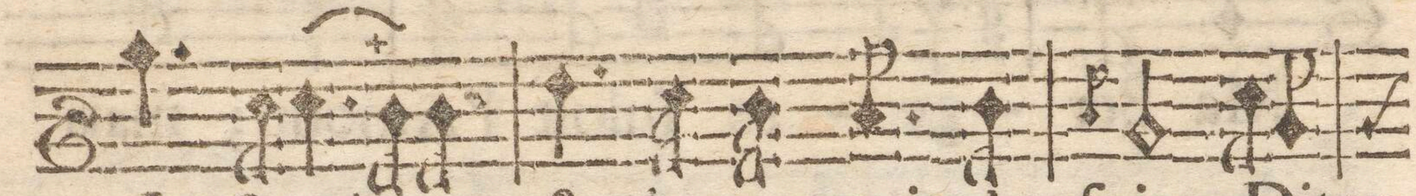
rou-



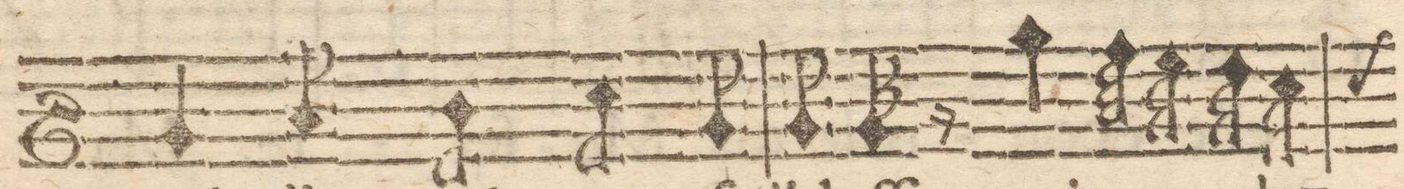
rougir un Ber- ger qui me ſuit ſans ceſſe.
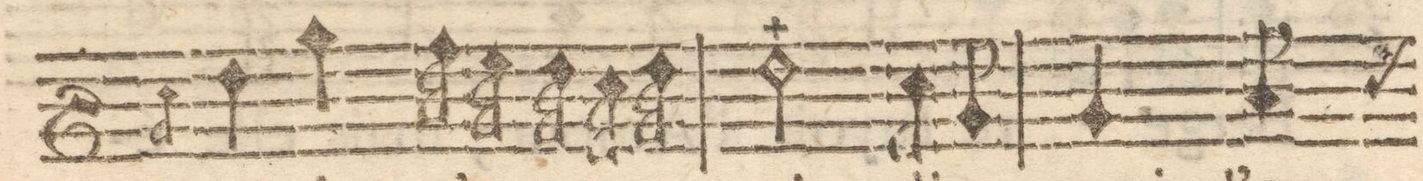


Il m'inquiette & m'inte - reſſe; Je le crains
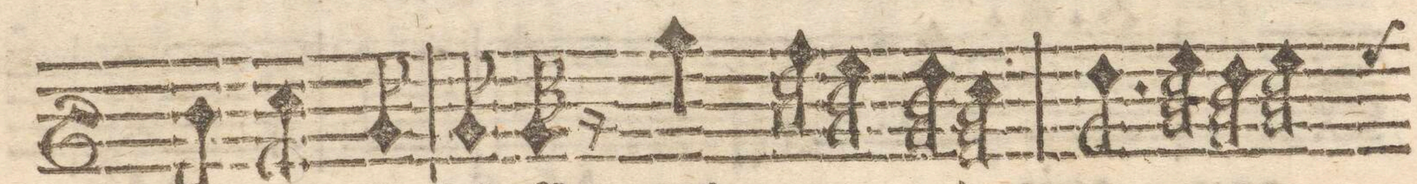


Je ſoupi - re & je ne puis le fuir. Dites
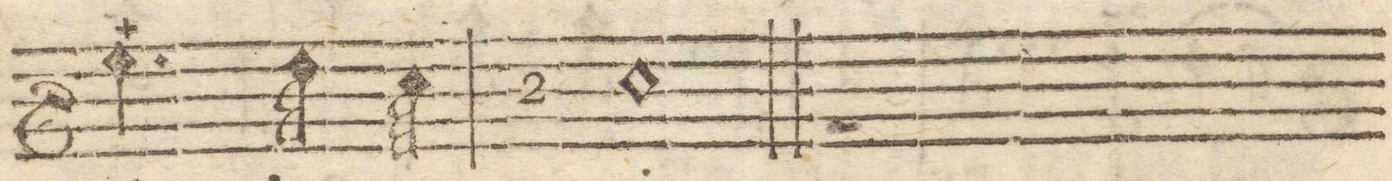


moi d'ou nait ma foibleſſe; mais gardez



vous de m'en gue - rir, dites, moi d'ou



nait ma foibleſſe; mais gar - dez vous

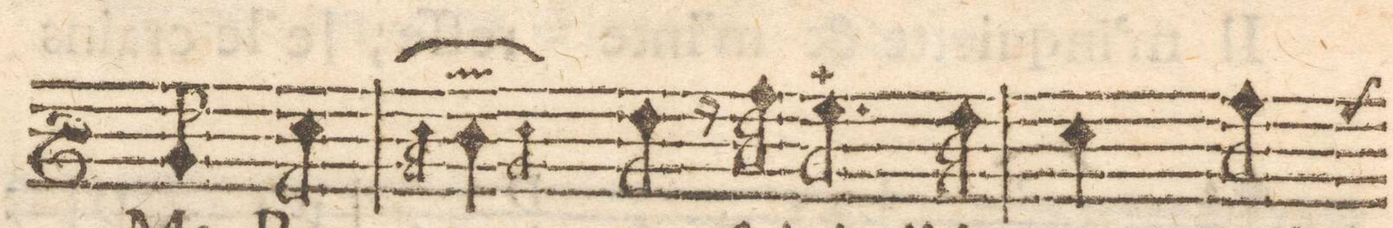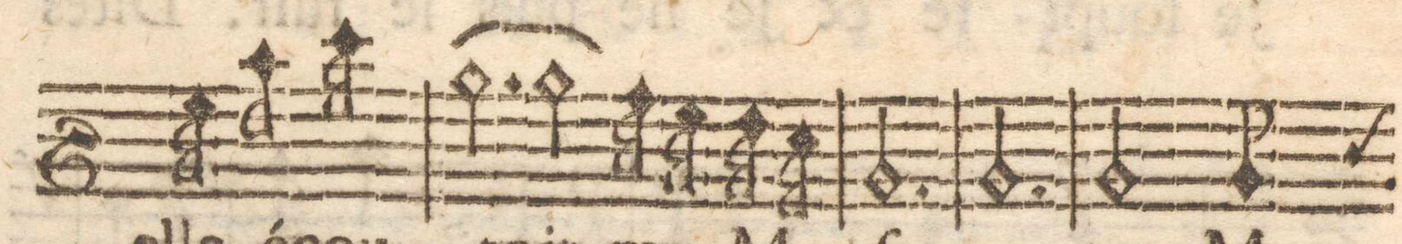


de m'en gue - rir.
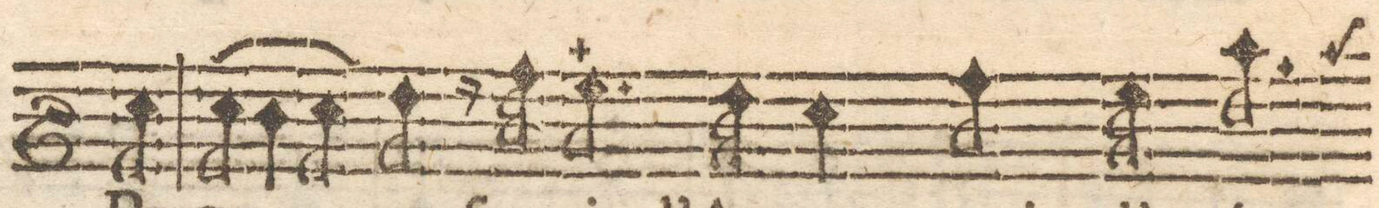
MU-
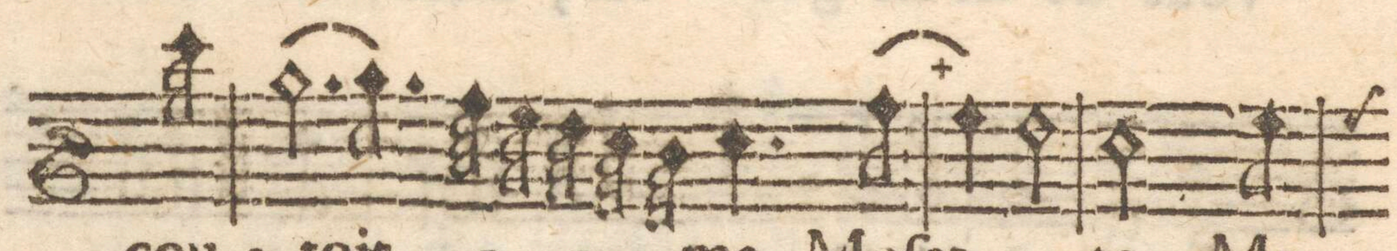
MUSETTE DES FÊTES
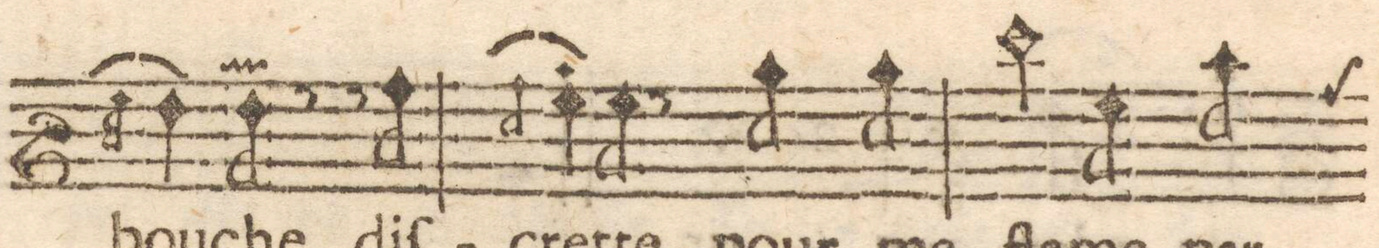
De l'Himen & de l'Amour.
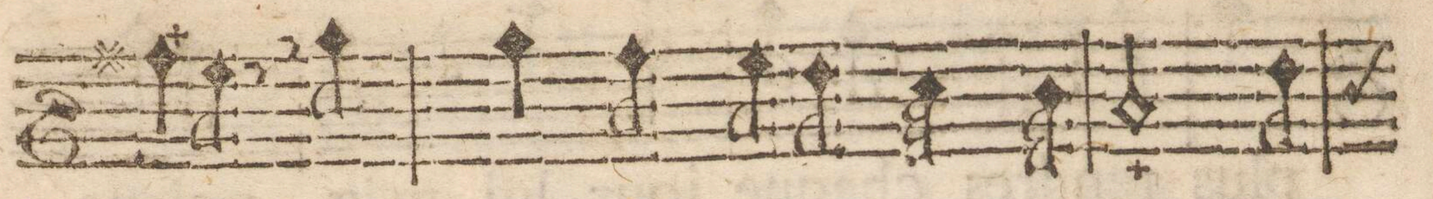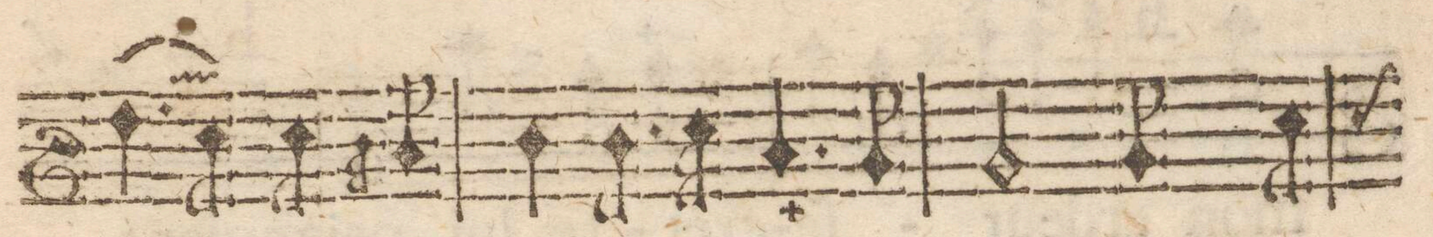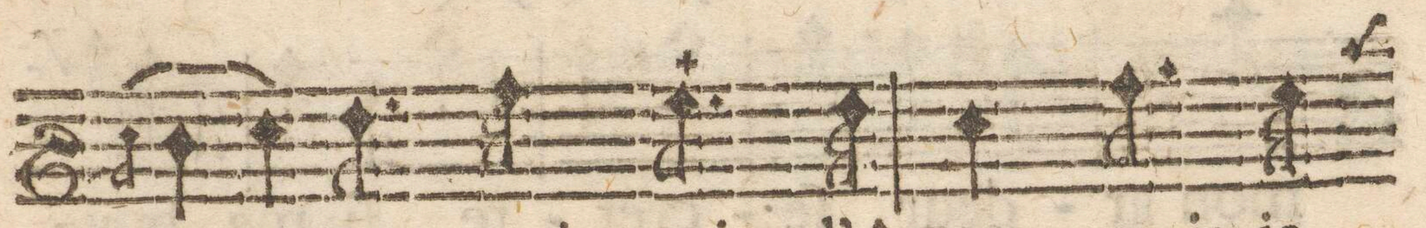










fai-
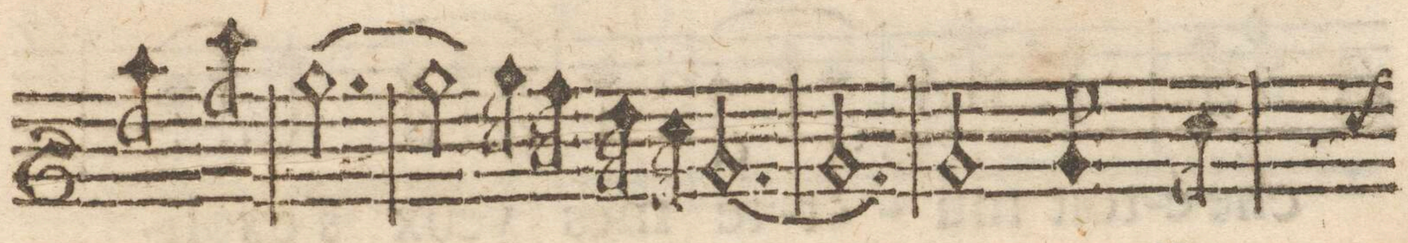


faite n'o - ſoit demander du retour n'o-
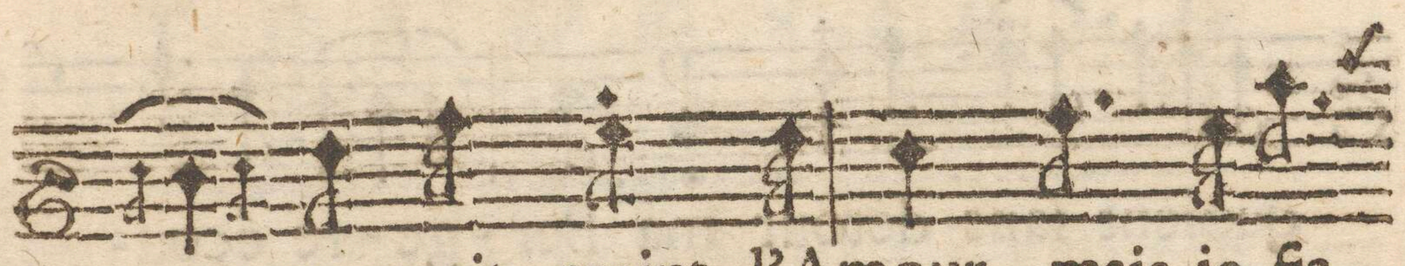


ſoit deman - der - du re - tour. Ma| Ber-
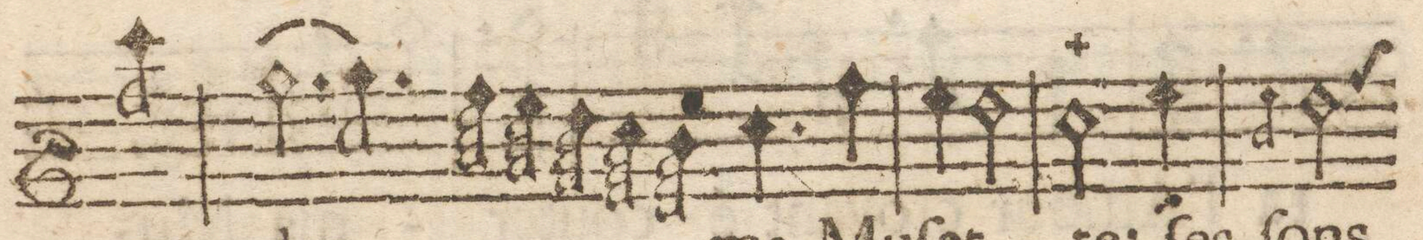


ge - re au - roit craint l'Amour, mais je



fis parler ma Muſet - te, ma Ber-
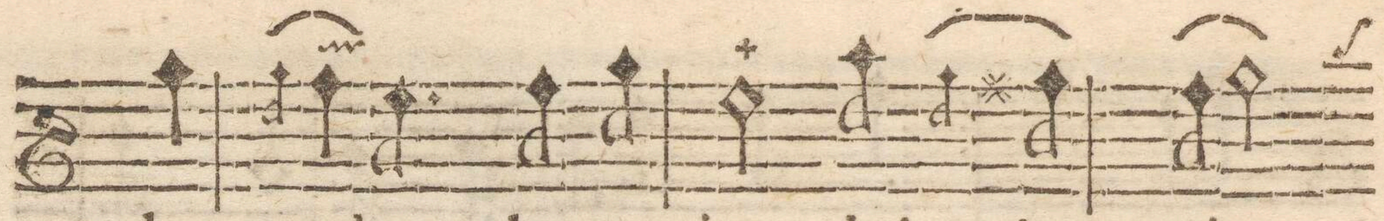


ge - re auroit craint l'Amour, mais je fis
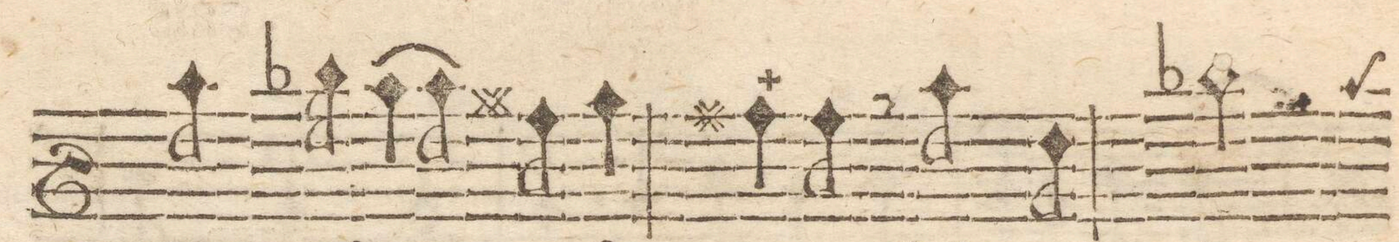


par - ler - - ma Muſet - te; ſes ſons
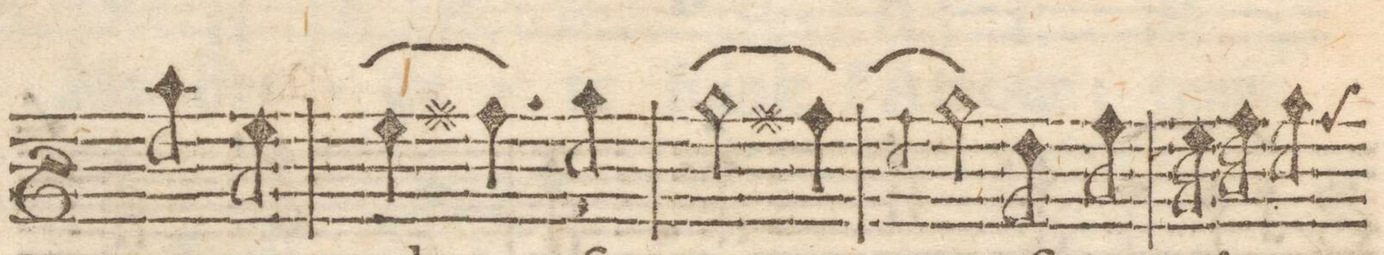
plus
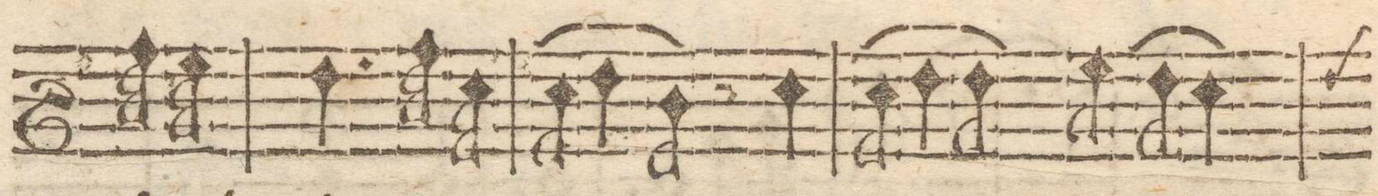


plus tendres chaque jour lui peig - noient
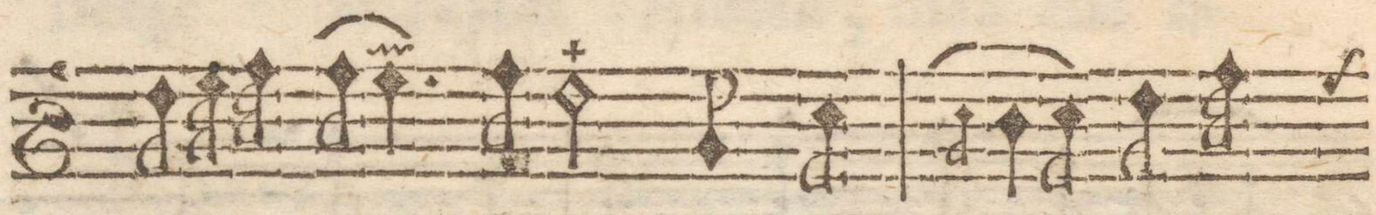


mon ardeur - ſe-cret - te lui peignoient
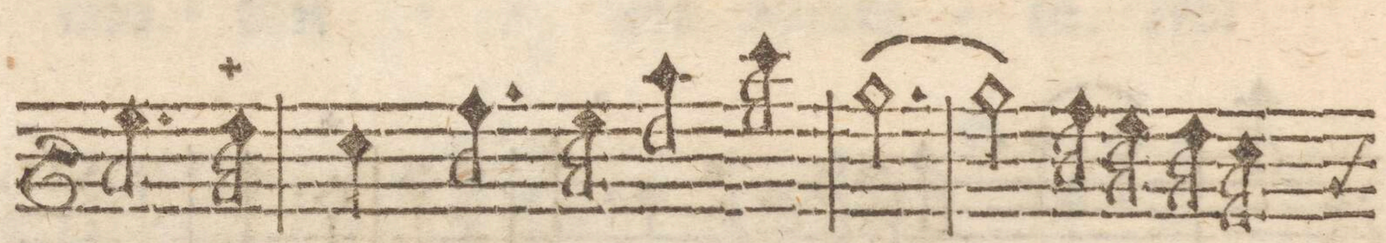


mon ar - deur ſe - cret - te, ſi ma bou-



che é-toit mu - et-te mes yeux s'expli-
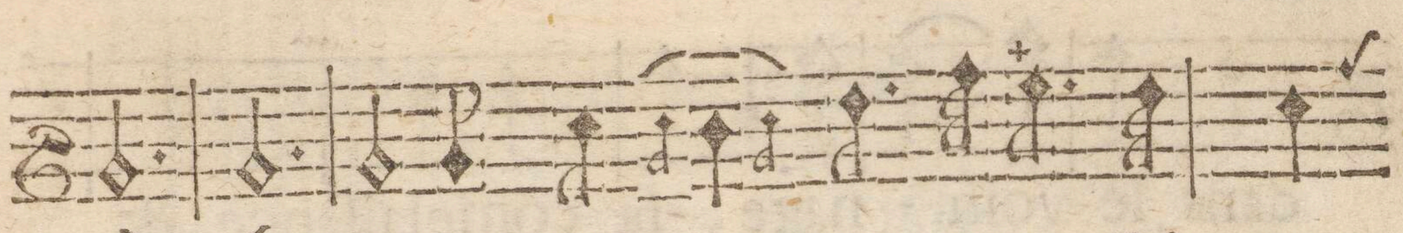


quoient ſans détour ma Ber - ge - re écou-
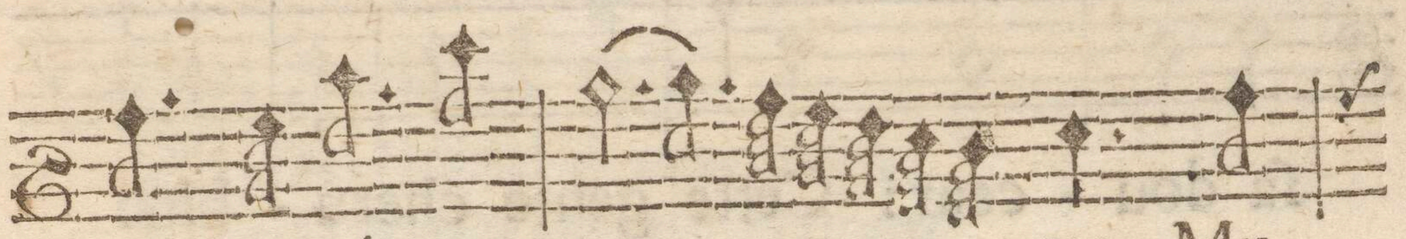


ta l'Amour, croyant é - couter - ma Mu-

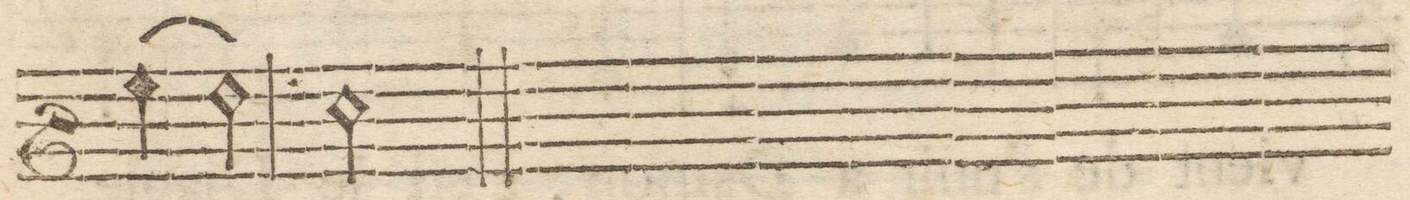
ſet-



ſet - te, ma Berge-re é-couta l'Amour
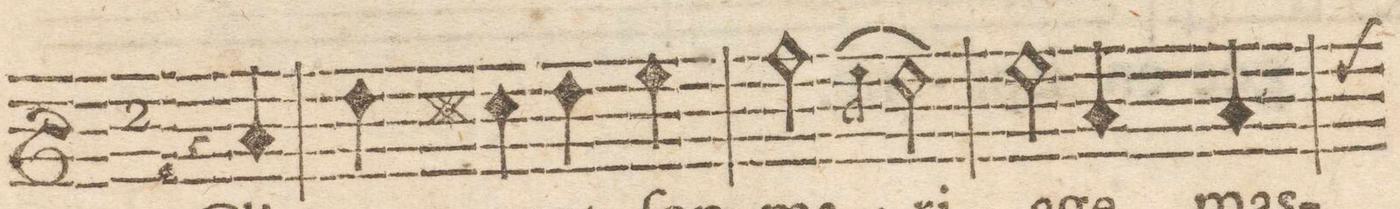


croyant é-cou-ter = ma Mu-
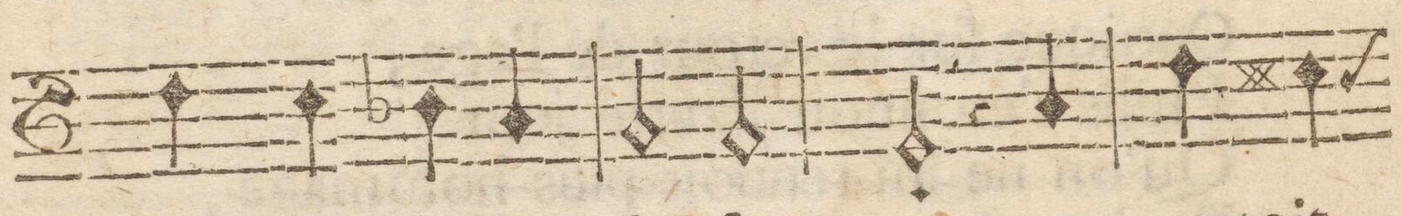


ſet - te.

FIN.

VAUDEVILLE
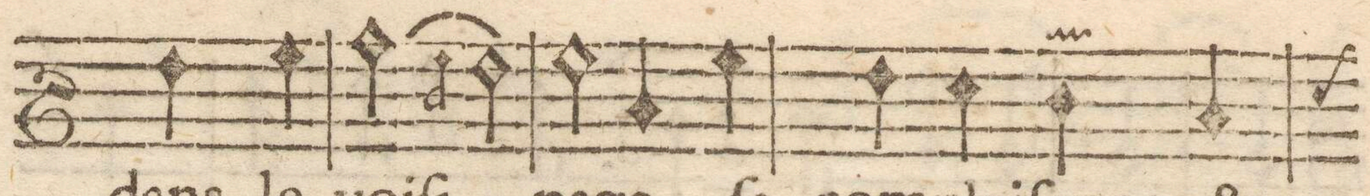


Climene avant ſon ma-ri-age, mas-
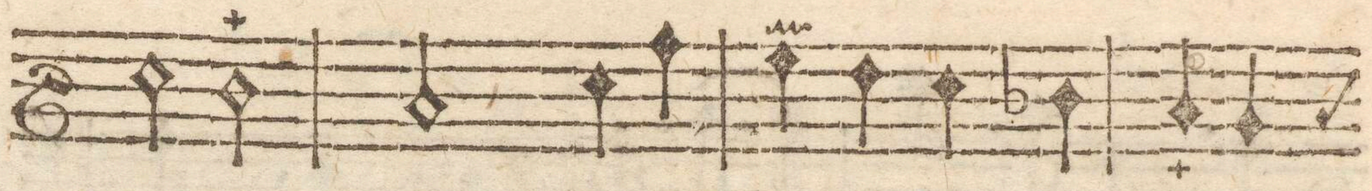


quoit les défauts de ſon cœur, on vantoit
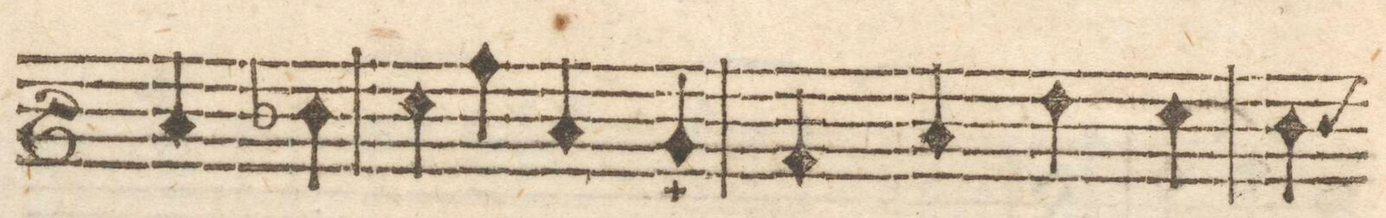
dans
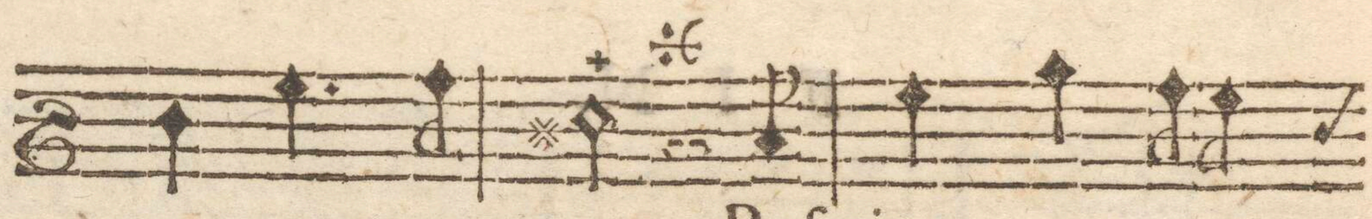


dans le voiſi - nage, ſa çomplaiſance &



ſa dou - ceur: Cette gente cheru - bine
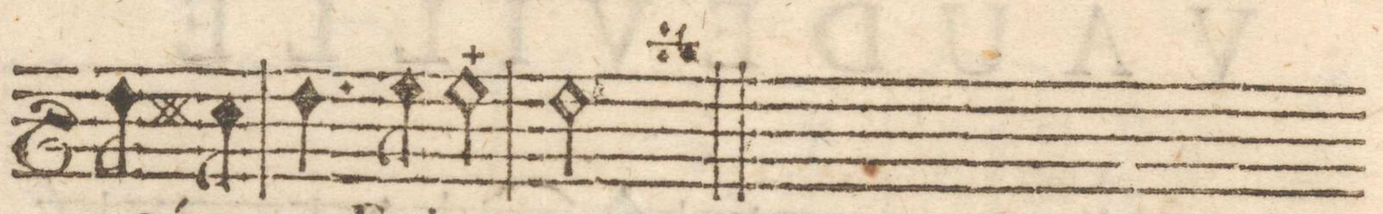


vient de s'unir a Damon, c'eſt le Diable



Refrain.

dans la mai - ſon. La Roſe eſt chan-



gée en Epi - ne.

2.

Quoique ſur le retour de l'age,
Philis s'étonnoit l'autre jour
Qu'on ne lui rendoit plus hommage,
Et s'en plaignoit au Dieu d'Amour:
Il prit d'une main badine

Un

Un miroir au même inſtant,
Voiés dit-il en s'envolant
La Roſe eſt changée en Epine.

3.

Hier a certaine filette
Que par hazard il rencontra,
Damon conta mainte fleurette
Et même ne s'en tint pas là:
Je gagerois à ſa mine
Qu'a préſent il s'en repend
En cas pareil on voit ſouvent
La Roſe changée en Epine.

4.
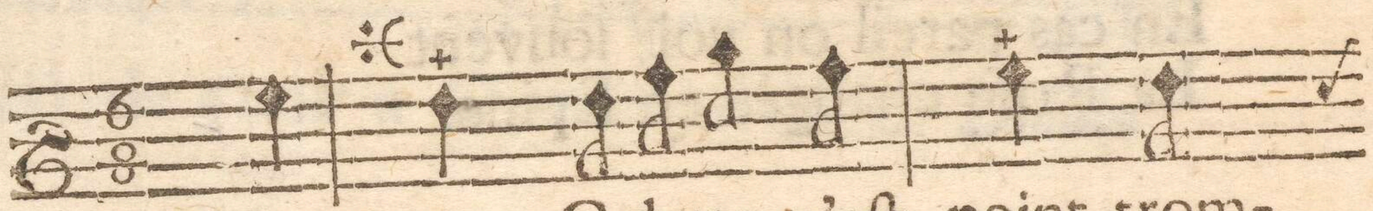
Jouiſſés aimable jeuneſſe
Le tems perdu l'eſt pour toujours,
N'attendés pas dans la vieilleſſe
A faire uſage de vos jours;
Si vous ſuivés ma doctrine
Cueillés des fleurs au Printemps,
L'hyver regne t-il dans nos champs
La Roſe eſt changée en Epine.

5.
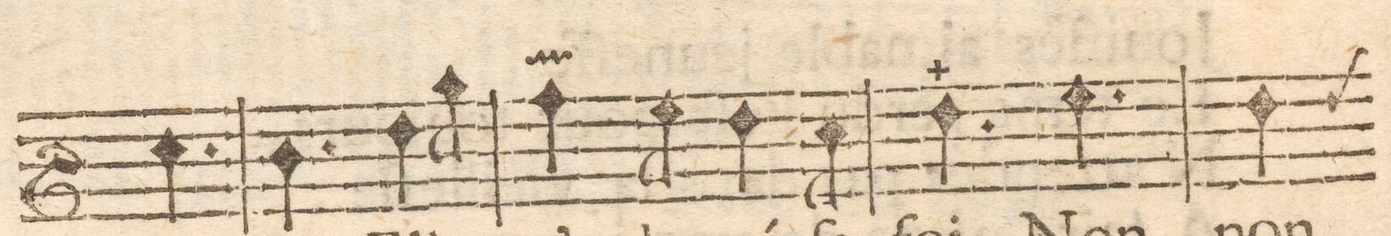
Quand ſur notre ſçene badine
Nous manquons de vous divertir
La Roſe ſe change en Epine
Pour nous, quel affreux de plaiſir:
Des jeux que l'on y propoſe
Quand le parterre eſt content

Et que chacun ſort en chantant,
Pour nous l'Epine devient Roſe.
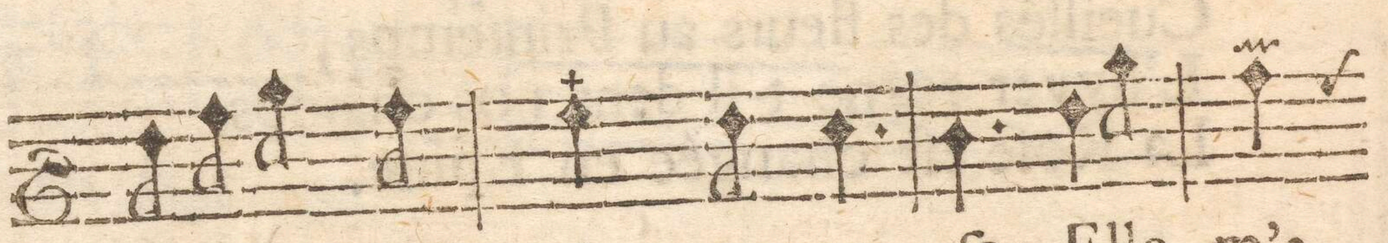
VAUDEVILLE
DU DEVIN DE VILLAGE.



Non, non, Colette n'eſt point trom-
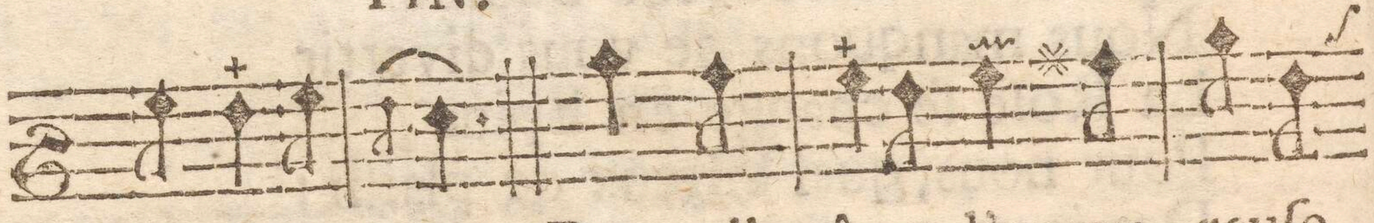


peu-ſe: Elle m'a donné ſa foi, Non, non,
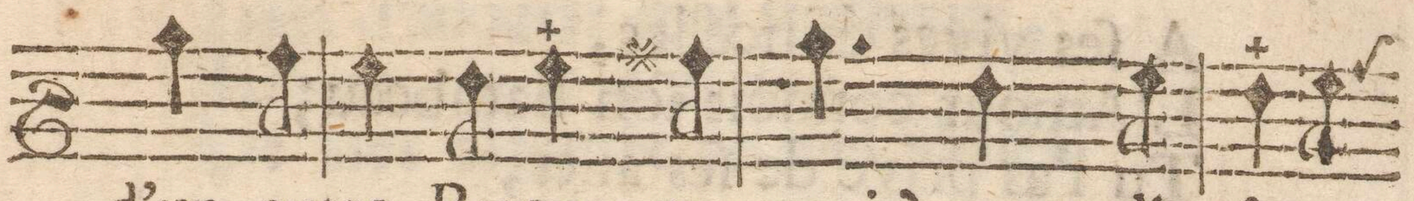


Colette n'eſt point trompeu-ſe; Elle m'a
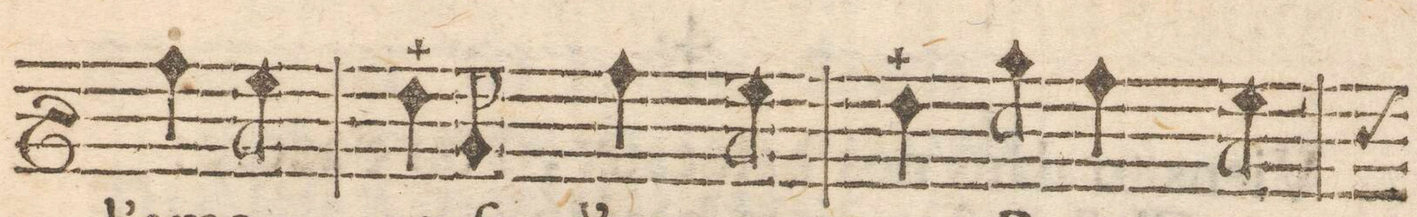
FIN.



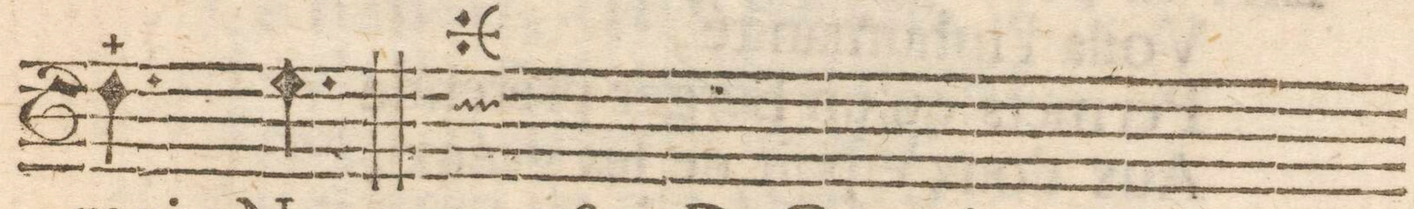
donné ſa foi. Peut elle être l'amou-reuſe



d'un autre Berger que moi ? peut elle être



l'amou - reuſe, d'un au - tre Berger que



moi. Non, non, &c. Da Capo, juſqu'au mot fin.

2.

Vénus, la plus aimable immortelle
Eut la pomme de Paris,
Qand ma Colette ſera près d'elle,
Vénus n'aura plus de prix.
Sur ſes pas l'amour s'attache;
Il l'accompagne en tous lieux:
Et toujours ce Dieu ſe cache
Dans mon cœur ou dans ſes yeux.

3.

Je lui dis ſouvent: tien, ma Bergére,
Sois la reine de mon cœur,
Un de tes regards, je le préfere
A l'éclat de la grandeur,

A ſes vives étincelles,
L'Amour connoit ſon flambeau;
Tu l'as privé de ſes ailes;
Et je le vois ſans bandeau.

4.

Viens tu dans nos hameaux, l'on t'adore:
C'eſt l'effet de ta beauté,
Eh! tu peux rebutter qui t'implore;
Voila l'inhumanité,
Permets qu'un Berger prétende
Aux doux eſpoir de ſes vœux,
Tu le peux; je te demande
Un ſeul regard de tes yeux.

5.

Quoi! ces fleurs, qui parent la verdure,
Ont parfumé les Zephirs;
De ce jour la lumiére eſt plus pure:
Tout s'abandonne aux plaiſirs,
Tout ranime la nature,
Quand je meurs de ma langueur,
Si tu plains ce que j'endure,
Le printems eſt dans mon cœur.

6.

Que deviens-tu, plaiſir de mon ame?
Vois les maux de ton Berger,
Vien, ſuis moi, cher objet de ma flamme,
Dans cet amoureux verger,
Loin de pleindre mon martire,

Loin d'adoucir mes malheurs,
Barbare, je te vois rire
De mes maux & de mes pleurs.

7.

Souvien toi, ſur la rive, fleurie
Que cette eau baigne toujours,
Tu diſois à mon ame ravie:
Pour jamais ſois mes amours,
Ce ruiſſeau, cœur infidele,
Roule ſes eaux conſtamment:
Rougis en voyant, cruelle,
Le témoin de ton ſerment.

8.

Dans les moindres tourmens que j'endure
Tu prouves ton amitié:
Voi, voi cette mortelle bleſſure;
Quoi, tu fuis, cœur ſans pitié!
Tu ne veux point voir, tigreſſe,
Le mal que font tes appas.
Quand mes yeux parlent tendreſſe,
Ton cœur ne m'entend donc pas.

9.

Pourrois tu craindre, objet adorable,
Que mon cœur fut inconſtant?
Quand le Berger eſt inpénétrable,
Quel impénétrable amant!
Ah! ne me ſois plus cruelle,
Et termine tes rigueurs:

Je ſçais taire de ma belle
Les ſoupirs & les faveurs.

10.

Dieux ! ſi j'étois l'éloquent Ovide,
Je t'apprendrois l'art d'aimer :
Dans l'art de plaire, deviens mon guide,
Puiſque tu ſçais tout charmer
Deviendrois-je ta victime,
En beniſſant mes ardeurs?
Si t'adorer eſt mon crime,
C'eſt celui de tous les Cœurs.

11.

Le Deſtin m'a donné pour partage
Eſpoir, larmes & ſoupirs :
Indifferent, ſoyés le vrai ſage;
Vous produiſés vos plaiſirs,
Victime de ma conſtance,
Témoin de votre bonheur,
Je vois votre indifference
Au deſſous de mon ardeur.

12.

Ainſi je parlois à ma Bergére;
Je voulois, fléchir ſon cœur,
Elle paya mon ardeur ſincére :
Fais, dit elle, ton bonheur,
Amour l'entend, bat des ailes,
Et ſourit à cet aveu;
Le ſort des amans fideles
Eſt d'être heureux, dit ce Dieu.

BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH

13.
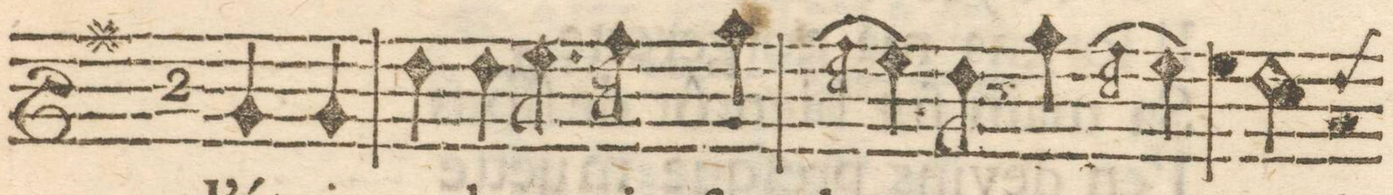
Je chante, ſous le nom de Colette
La Déeſſe de mon cœur:
Mes maux, mes larmes, je les repette,
Ces tributs de ſa rigueur,
Mais la plus tendre foibleſſe
Paya mes ardens ſoupirs. . . . .
Ah! quelle indiſcrette ivreſſe
Me fait chanter mes plaiſirs.

RONDE NOUVELLE,
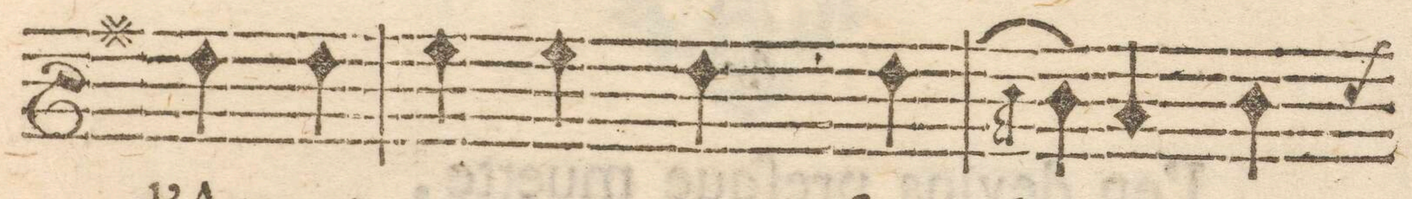
CHANTÉE PAR

Mlle. ROSALINE.
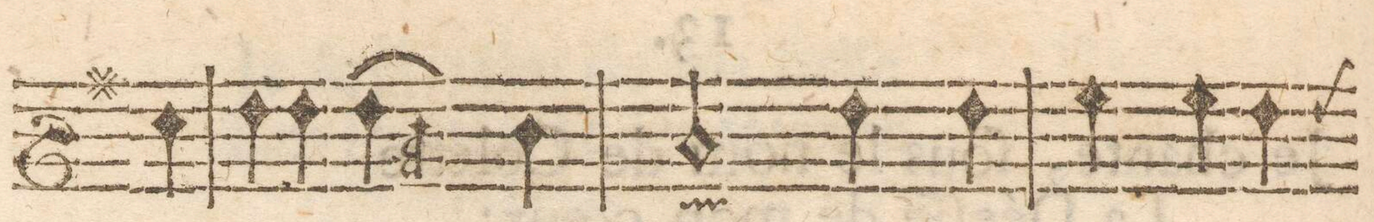
Dans l'Opera Comique des Boulevards.



J'étois au lo - gis ſeu - let - te voyez vous!
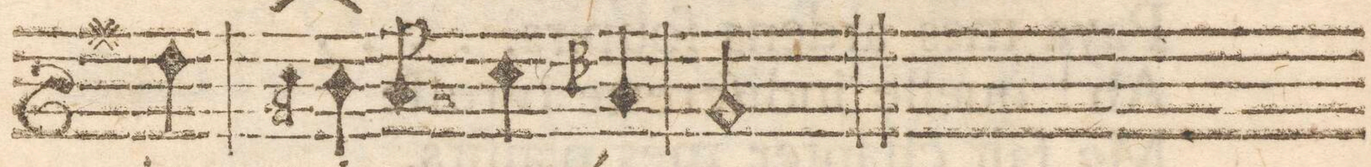


l'Amant que mon cœur ſou - haitte vint



me faire les yeux doux, & j'en fus toute

Bis.



in - quiete, voyés vous.

2.

Et j'en fus toute inquiete
Voyés vous.
Car il prit ma main blanchette
Et me ſerra les genoux,
En me parlant d'amourette
Voyés vous.

3.

En me parlant d'amourette
Voyés vous;
Il lorgna ma gorgerette,
Sa main fut bientôt deſſous
J'en devins preſque muette
Voyés vous.

4.

J'en devins preſque muette,
Voyés vous.
Je ſuis encor ſi jeunette,

Que

Que ſoit foibleſſe ou couroux
Je tombai ſur ma couchette
Voyés vous.

5.
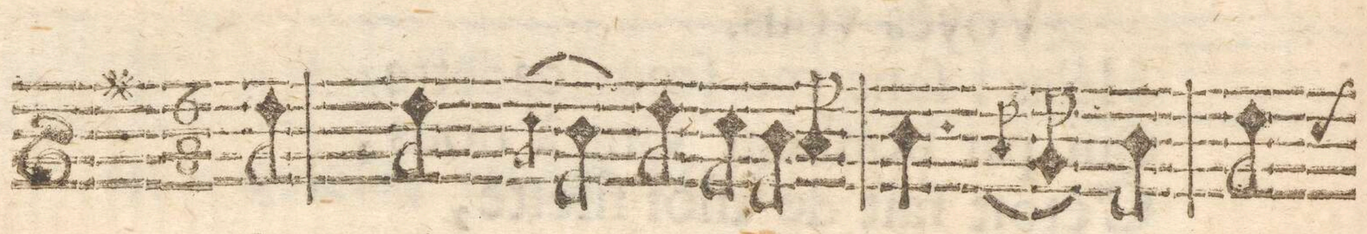
Je tombai ſur ma couchette
Voyés vous.
Hélas ! ſans ma ſœur cadette
Qui par bonheur vint à nous,
C'étoit fait de moi filette,
Voyés vous.

6.
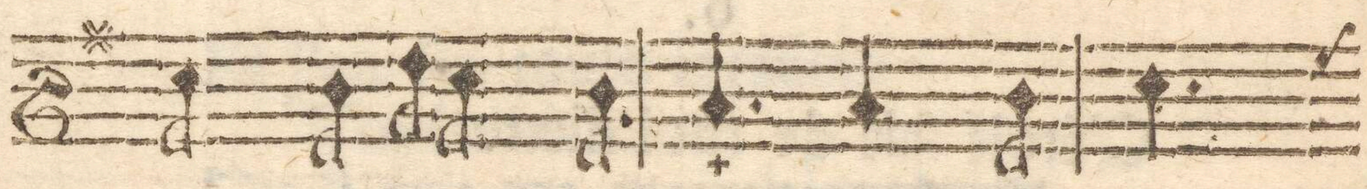
C'étoit fait de moi filette
Voyés vous.
Mais mon jeune Amant projette
De bien fermer les verroux.
S'il me retrouve ſeulette
Voyés vous.

Les paroles & la Muſique ſont de Mr. F.

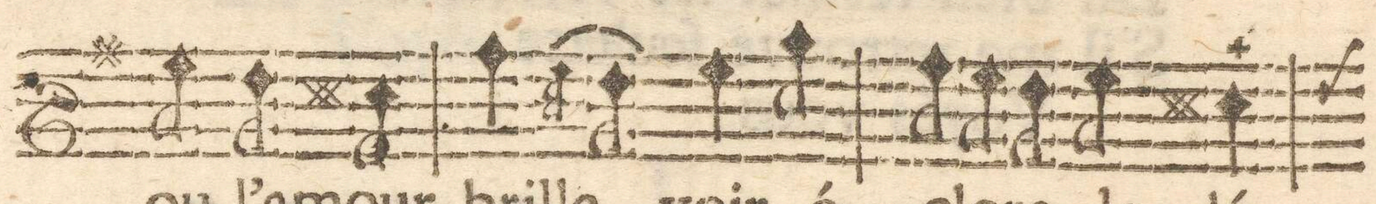
AIR
DE Mr. LA RUETTE.
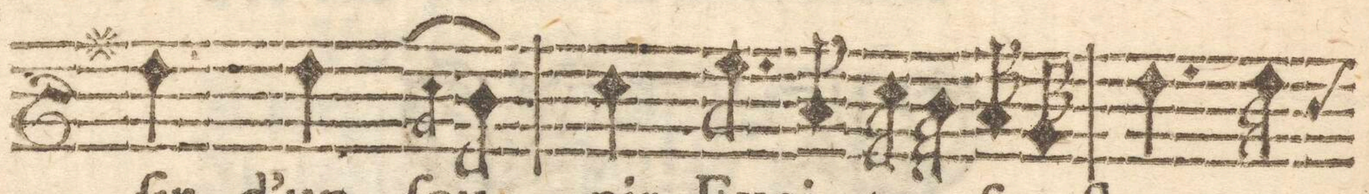


Au - près d'une aimable Fil - le Jou - ir
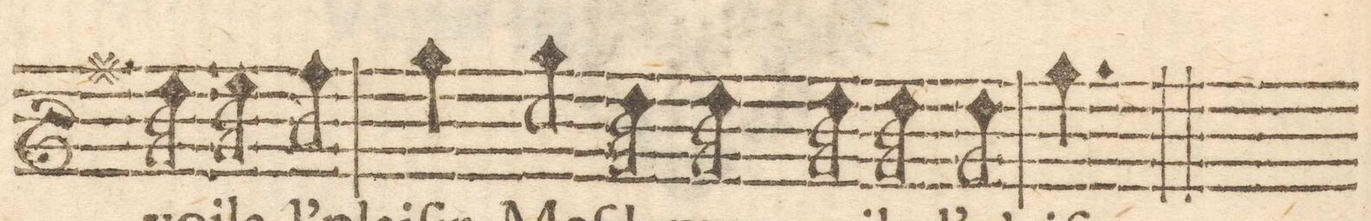


d'un heureux loi - ſir, dans ſes yeux,



ou l'amour brille, voir é - clore le dé-
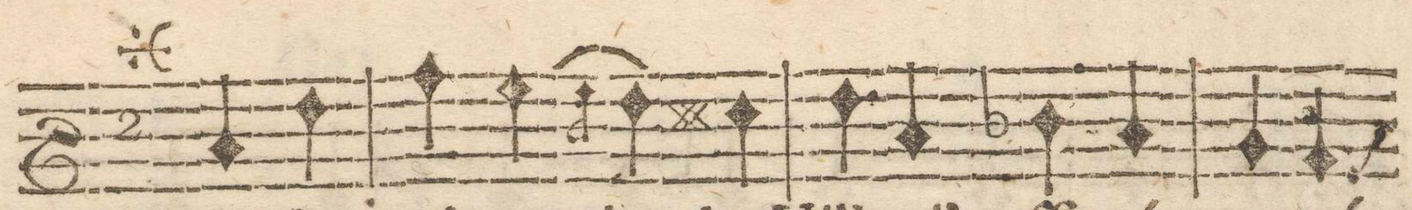


ſir d'un ſou - pir Exci - ter ſes flammes
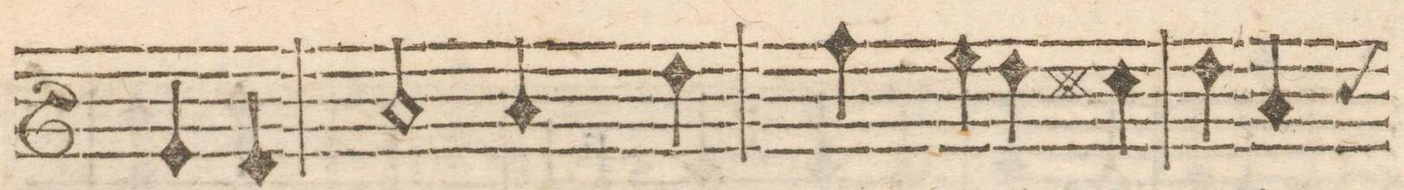


voila l'plaiſir Meſdames voila l'plaiſir.
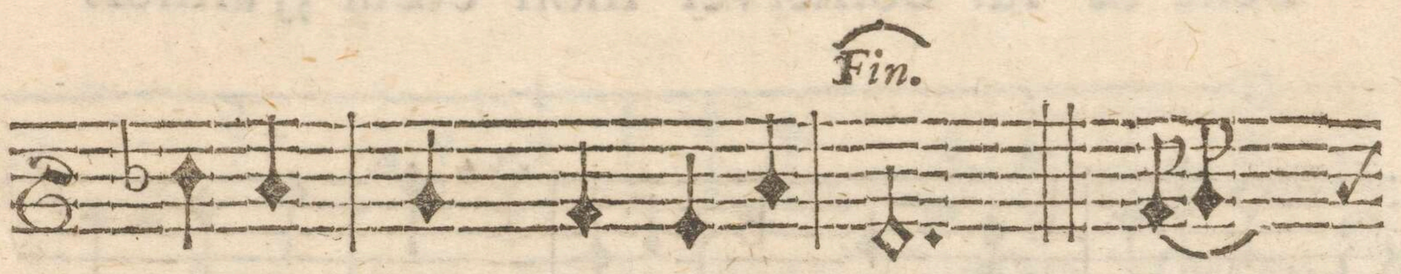
AIR DU DEVIN DE VILLAGE.



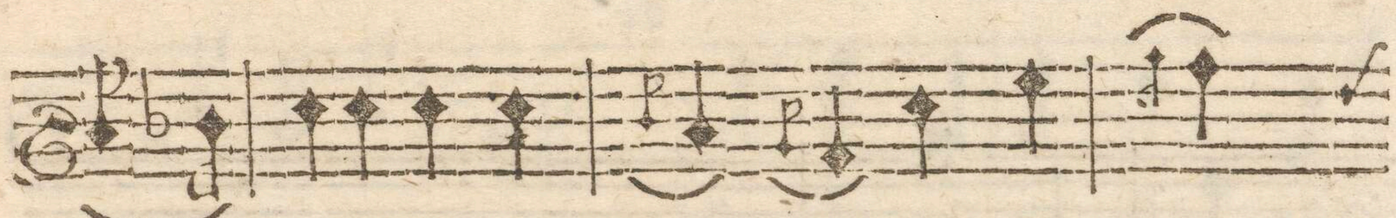
Si des galants de la Ville j'euſſe é - couté
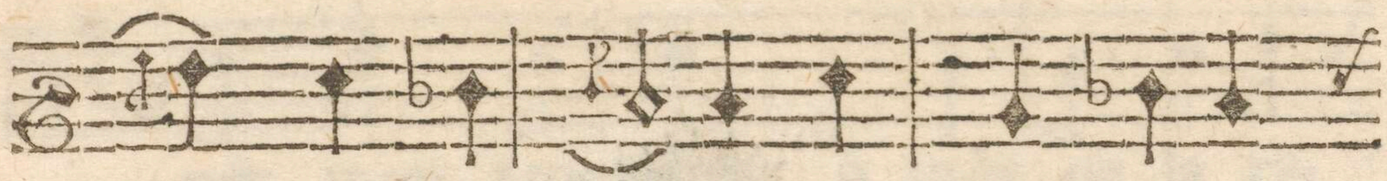


les diſcours, ah! qu'il m'eut été fa - cile
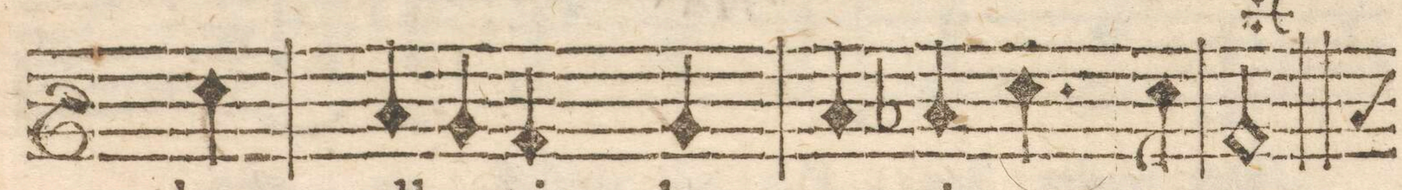


de for - mer d'autres amours. Miſe
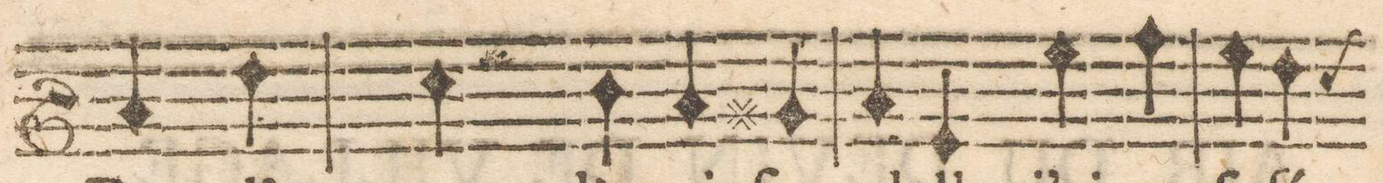


en riche Demoi- ſel - le, je bril - le-
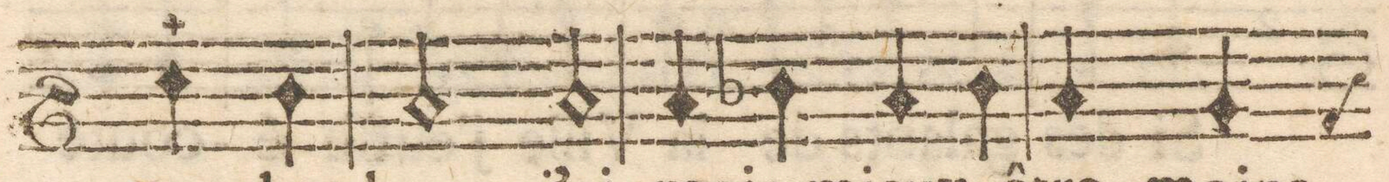


rois tous les jours de ru - bans & de
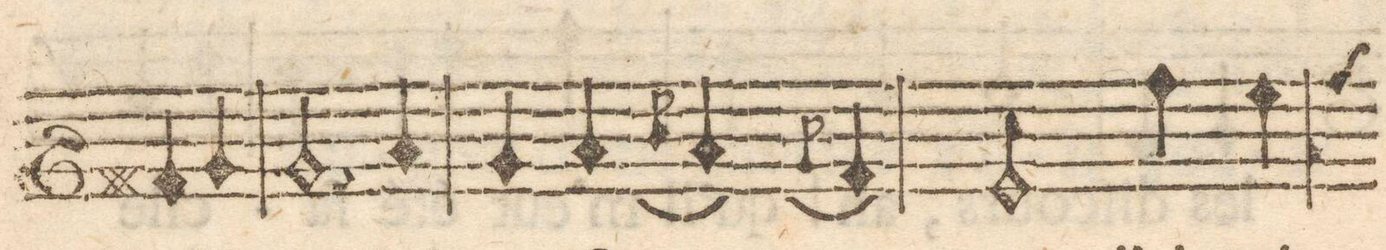


den - telles, je char - gerois mes atours.
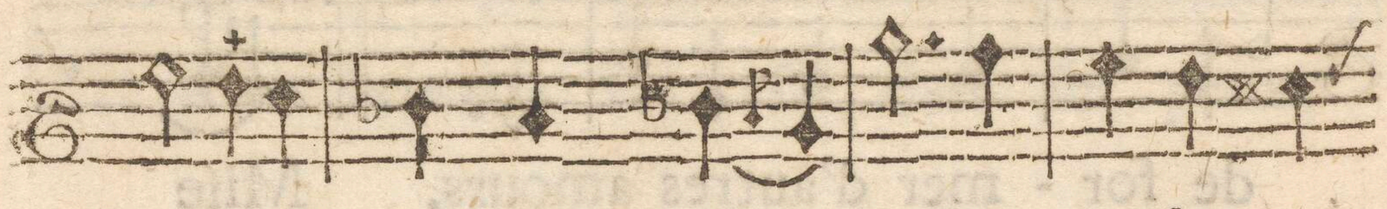


Pour l'a - mour d'un infi - delle j'ai re-fuſé
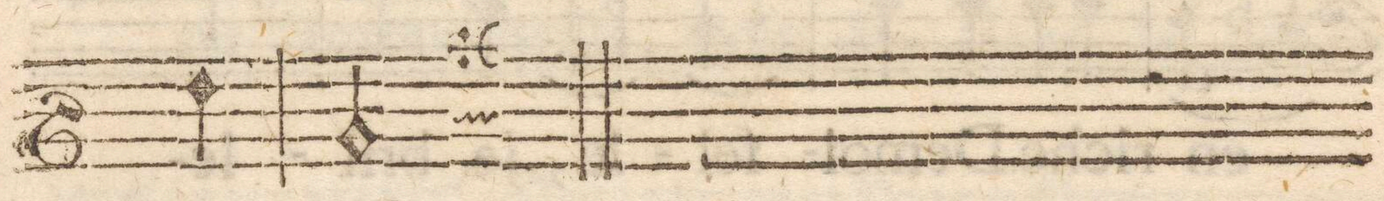


mon bonheur, j'ai- mois mieux être moins



belle & lui conſerver mon cœur, j'aimois



mieux être moins belle, & lui conſerver
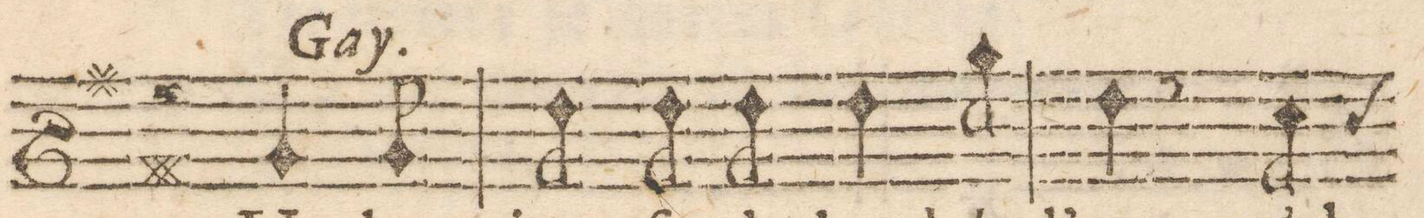


mon cœur.
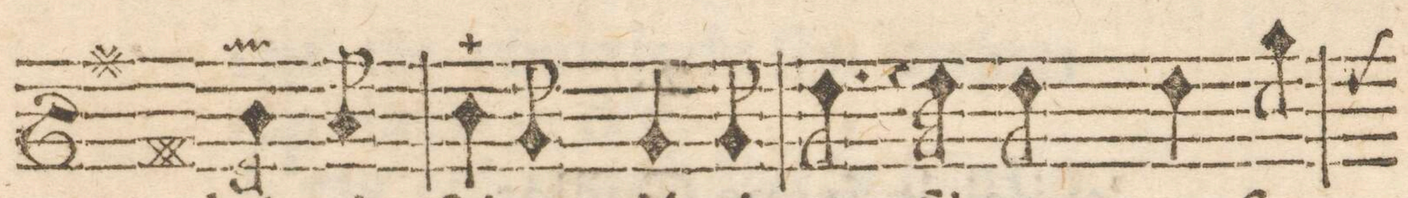
RON-

RONDE A DANSER.
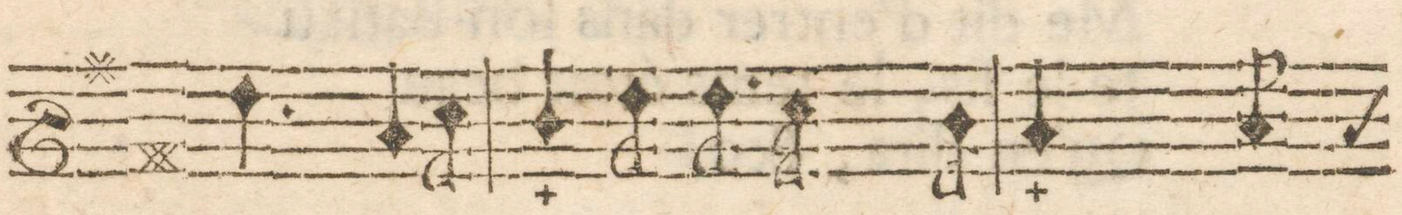
Gay.
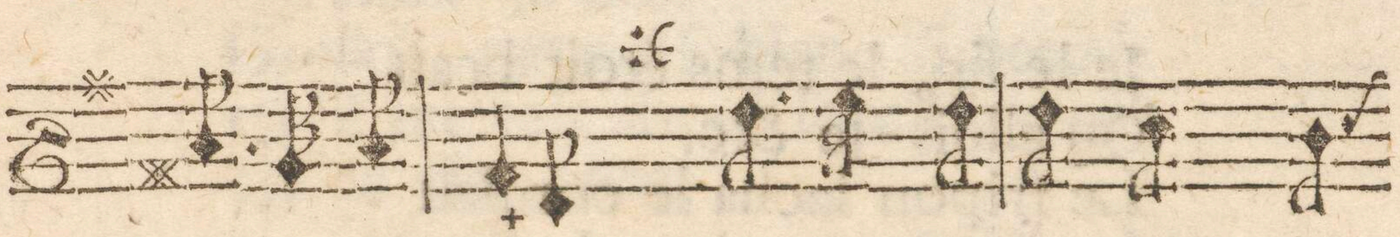


Un beau jour ſur le bord de l'eau, qu'al-
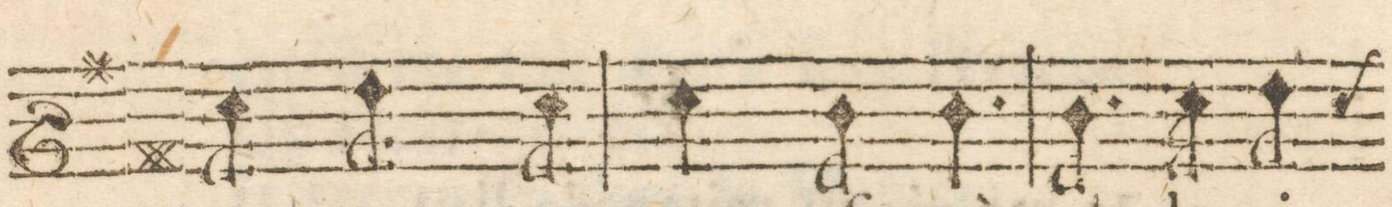


lois-je faire, c'étoit en filant mon fu-
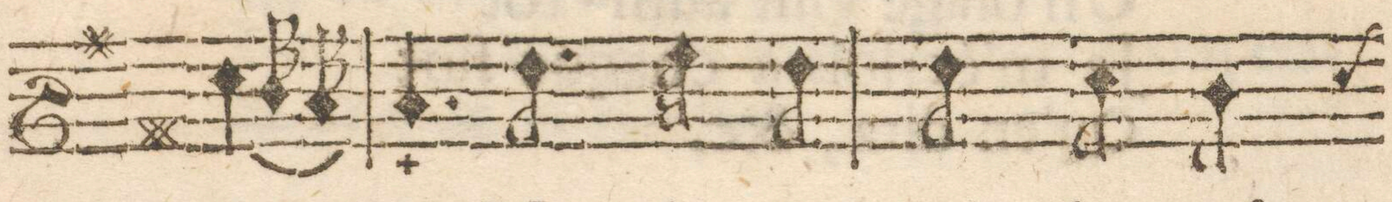


ſeau, j'avi-ſai le jeune Guillot, Qu'en-
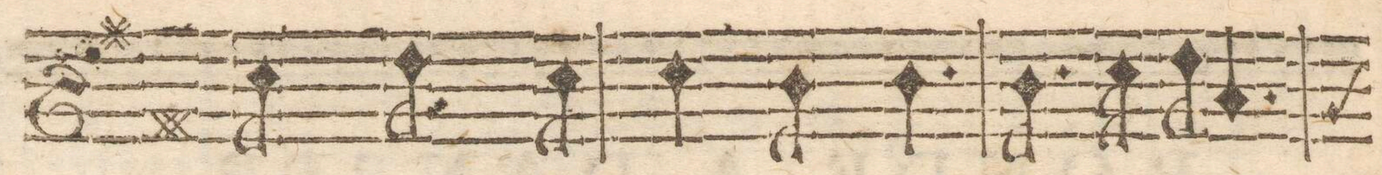


dira ma mere? Non je n'i-rai plus mê-



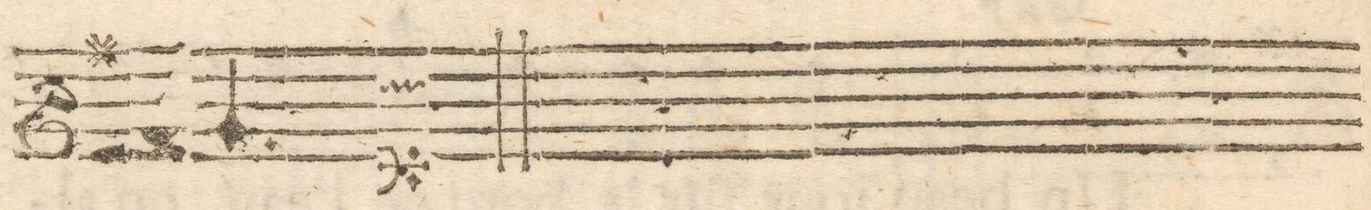
ner mon troupeau, ſi près de la ri-



vie-re, Non je n'i-rai plus mê-



ner mon troupeau, ſi près de la rivie-



re.

2.

'aviſai le jeune Guillot
Qu'allois je &c.
Me dit d'entrer dans ſon batiau
Je le fis, le tems étoit beau
Qu'en dira, &c.

3.

Je le fis, le tems étoit beau
Qu'allois-je &c.
Le fripon lacha le cordiau
Je me vis au mitan de liau
Qu'en dira, &c.

4.

Je me vis au mitan de liau
Qu'allois-je &c.
Un orage vint auſſi-tôt
Je m'écriois a chaque flot
Qu'en dira, &c.

5.

Je m'écriois a chaque flot,
Qu'allois-je &c.
De fraieur je ſerrois Guillot
Qui me couvrit de ſon manteau.
Qu'en dira, &c.

6,

Qui me couvrit de ſon mateau
Qu'allois-je &c.
L'eau qui rempliſſoit le battiau,
Moilla le Linde mon trouſſeau
Qu'en dira, &c.
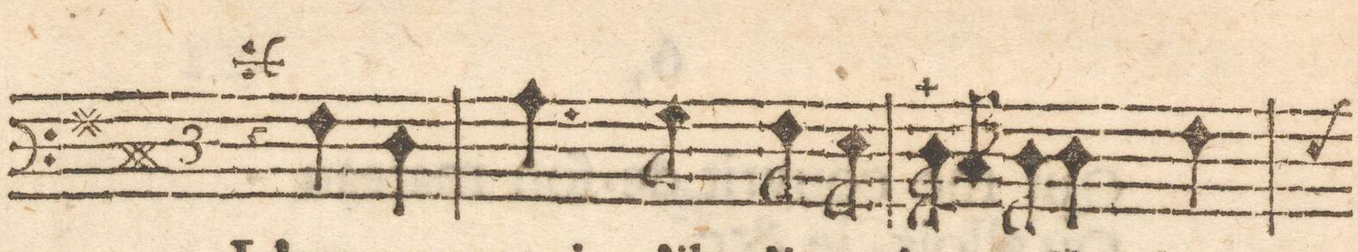
7.

Mouilla le Linde mon trouſſeau
Qu'allois-je &c.
Guillot, rama, ſi bien, ſi beau
Qu'il me mit abord ſous l'ormiau
Qu'en dira, &c.
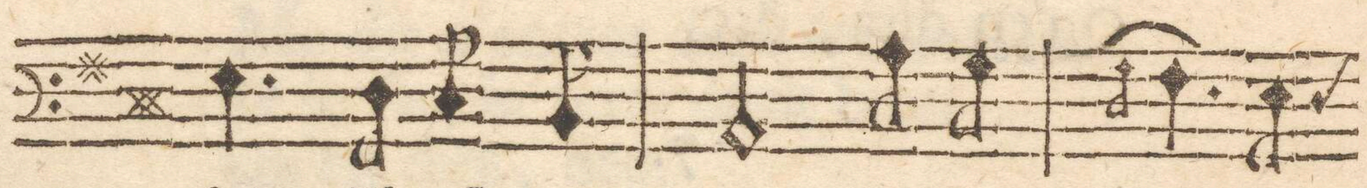
8.

Qu'il me mit abord ſous l'ormiau
Qu'allois-je &c.
Je retournai dans le Hamiau
Etourdie encor du battiau
Qu'en dira ma mere
Non je n'irai plus meiner mon troupeau
Si près de la Riviere.
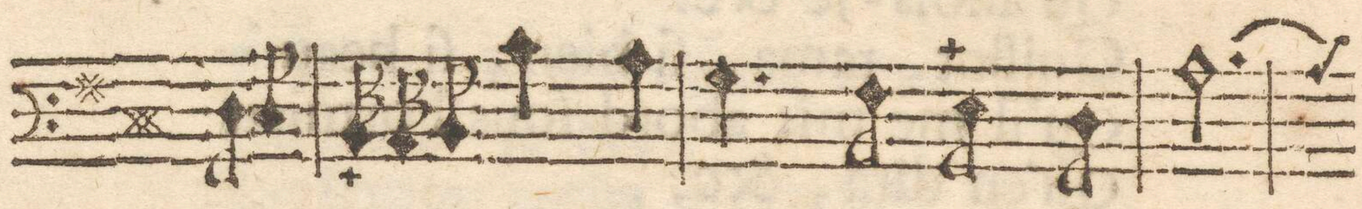
AIR DU DEVIN DE VILLAGE.
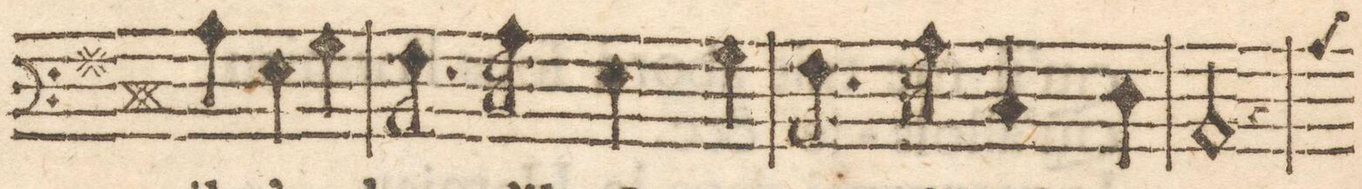


L'amour croit s'il s'inquiete, il s'en-
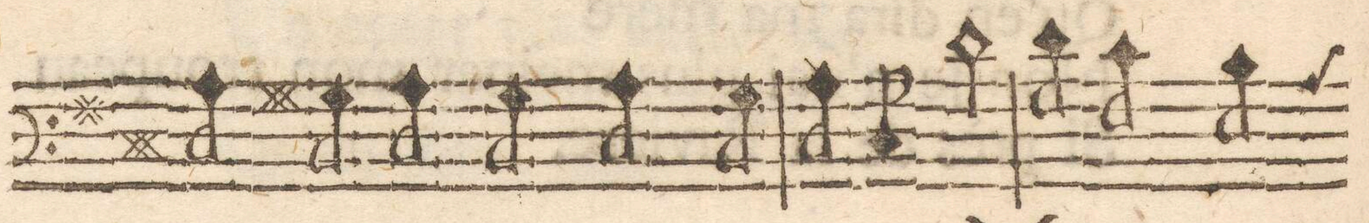


dort s'il eſt con-tent, l'amour croit s'il



s'inquiete, il s'endort s'il eſt content,
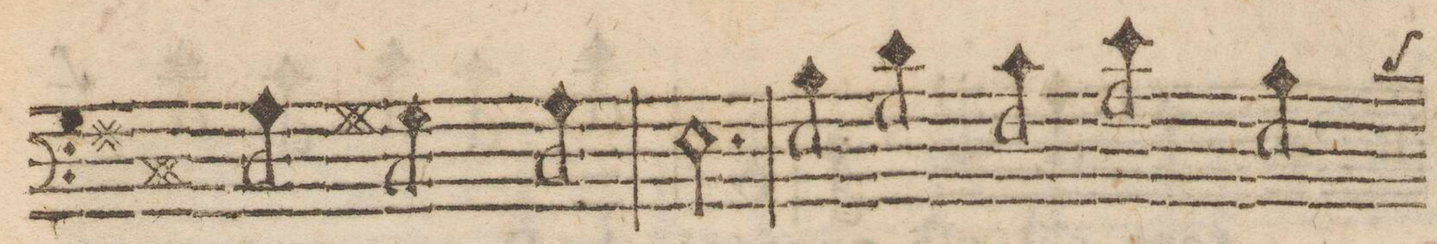


il s'endort s'il eſt content s'il eſt content.
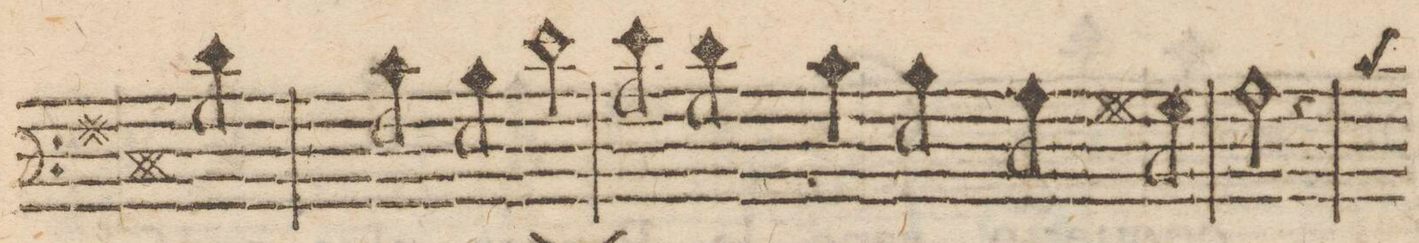


La Bergére un peu coquette rend le Ber-
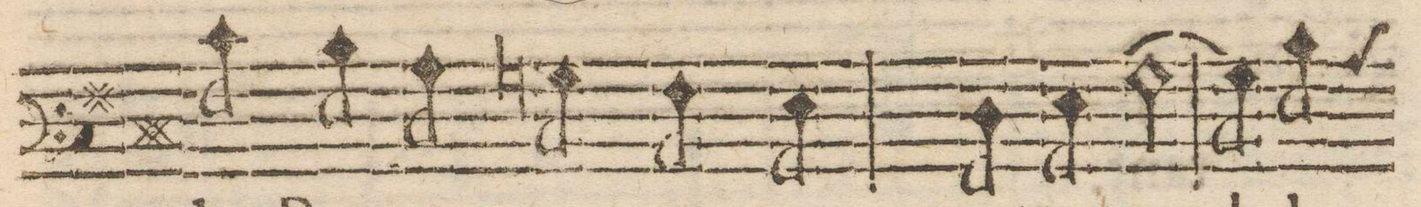
ger
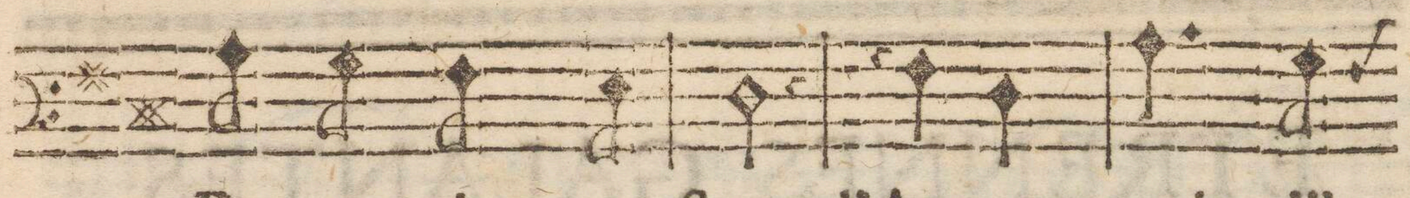


ger plus conſ - tant, la Bergére un peu



co - quette rend le Berger plus conſtant,



la Bergere un peu co - quette rend le
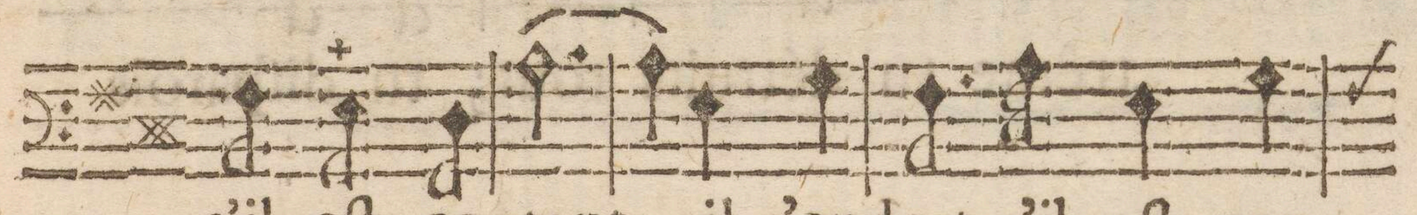


Berger plus conſtant. l'Amour croit s'il



s'inquete, il s'en-dort s'il eſt content,
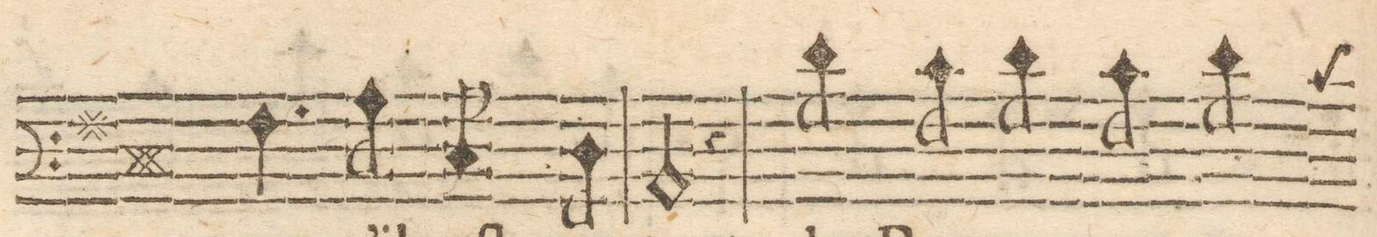


l'amour croit s'il s'inquiete, il s'endort
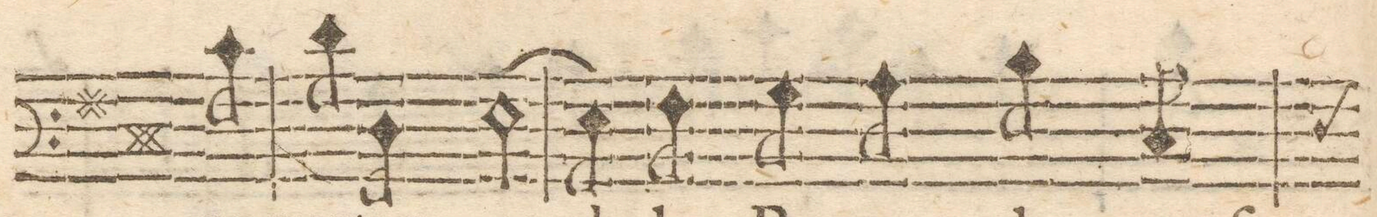


s'il eſt content, il s'endort s'il eſt con-

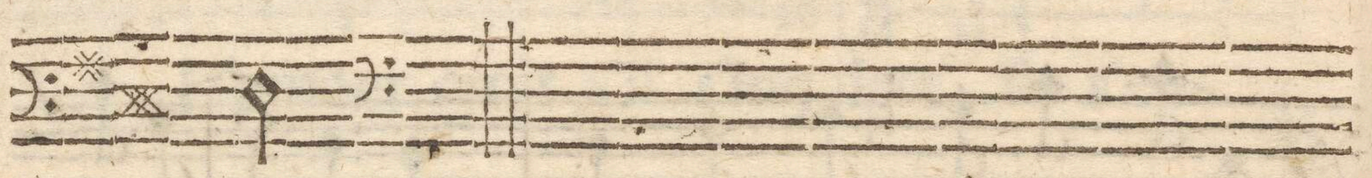
tent



tent s'il eſt content, la Bergere un peu
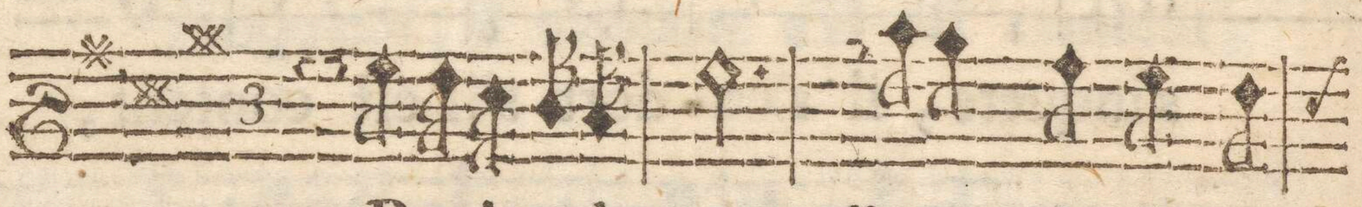


coquette rend le Berger plus conſ-
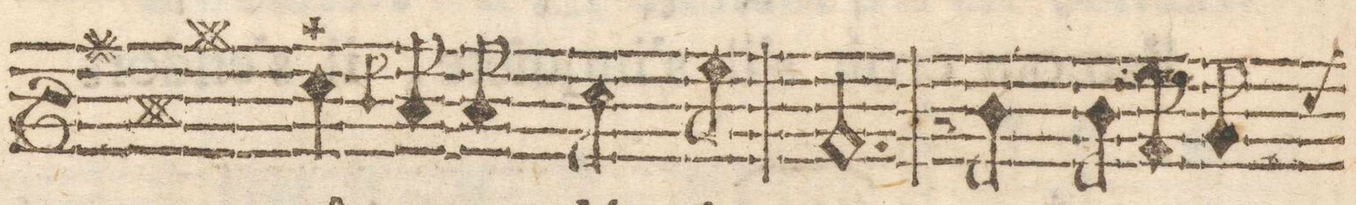


tant.

ETRENNES GALANTES,

AIR DE Mr. LE FEBURE.
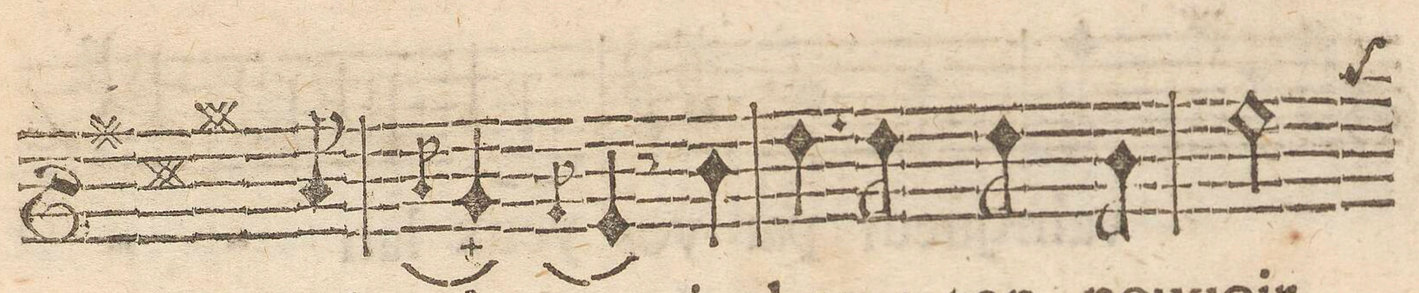


Rapi - de tems d'une viteſſe ex-
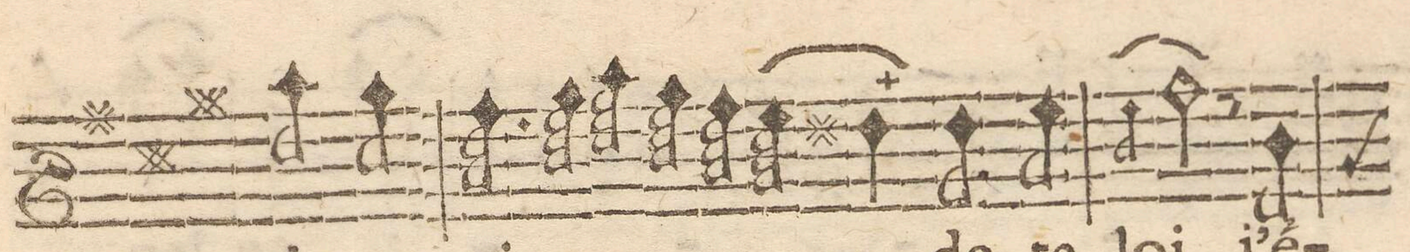


trême tu détruits tout; tu diſparois

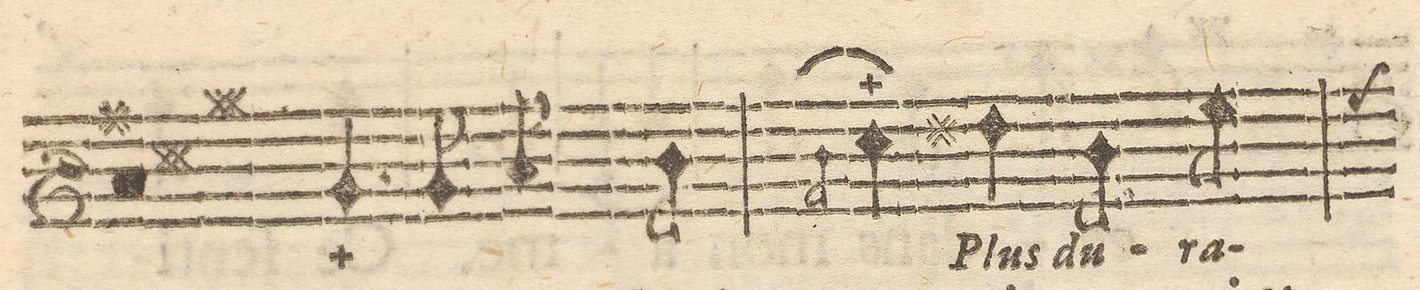
toi



toi mê - me je brave ton pouvoir,
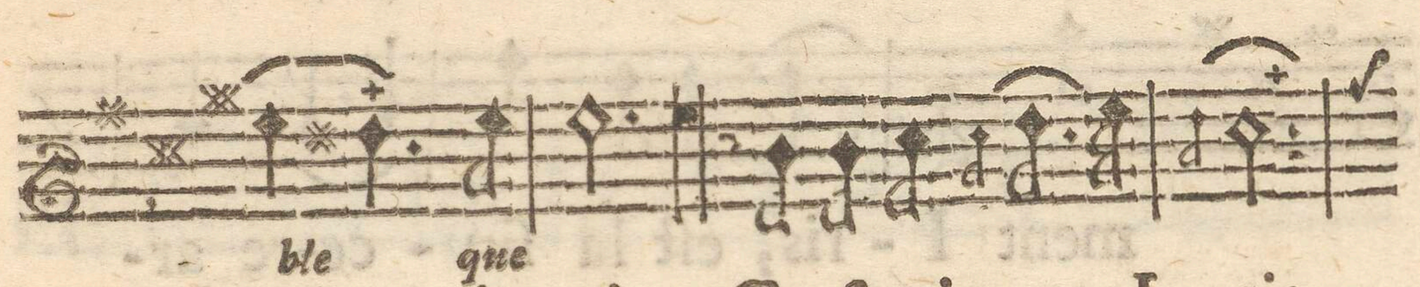


je me ris - - - de ta loi j'é-
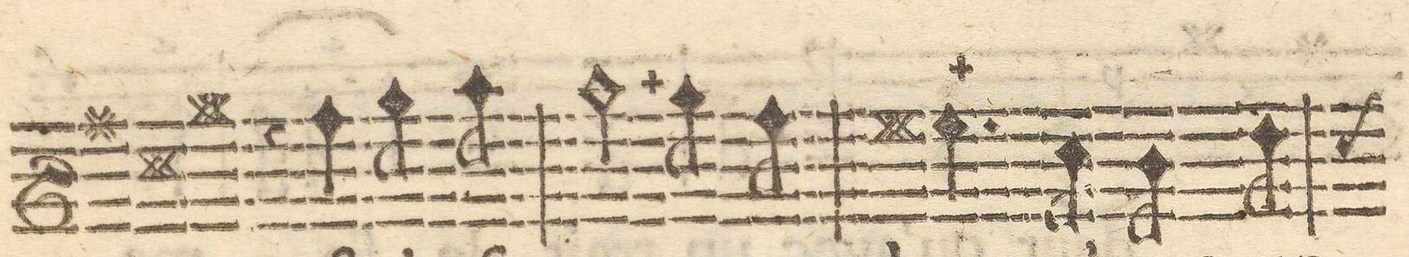


Plus du - ra-

prouve un ſenti-ment qui ne craint
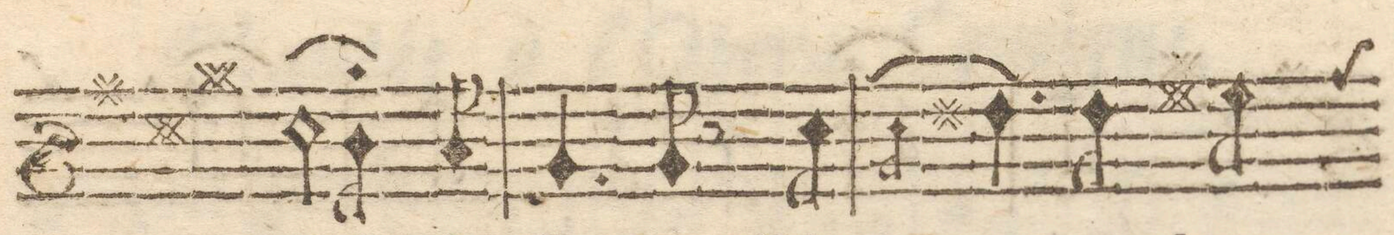


ble que

rien de toi. Ce ſentiment I- ris,
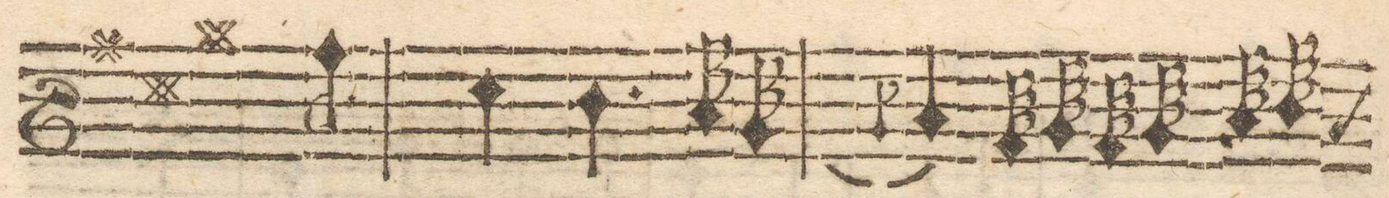


eſt la ſin-ce-re ar-deur qu'avec un
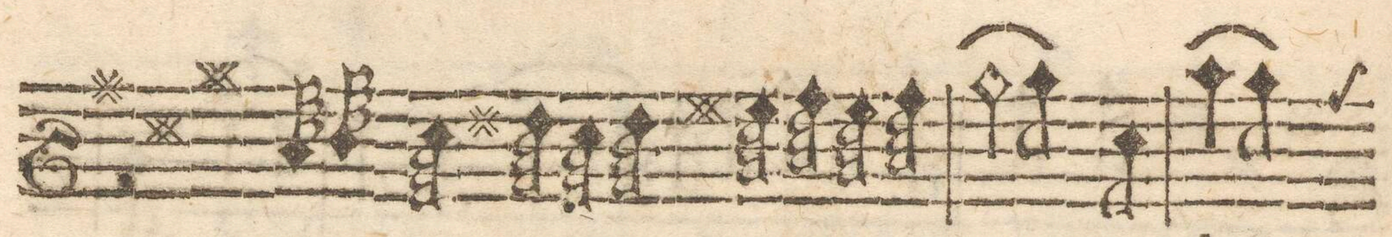


trait de fla-me l'A-mour ce doux
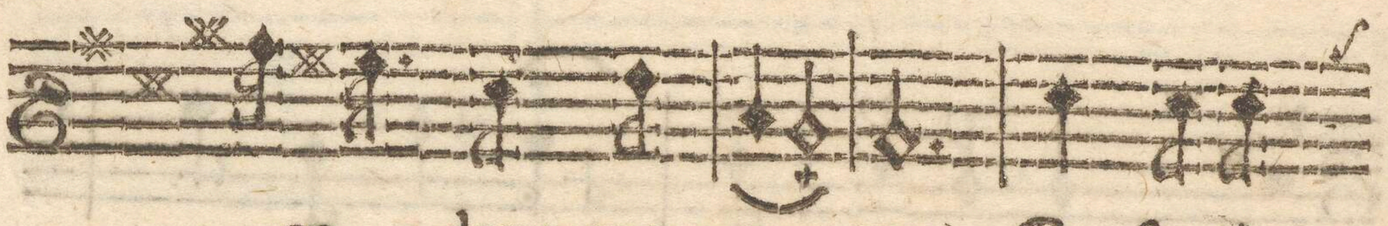
vain-



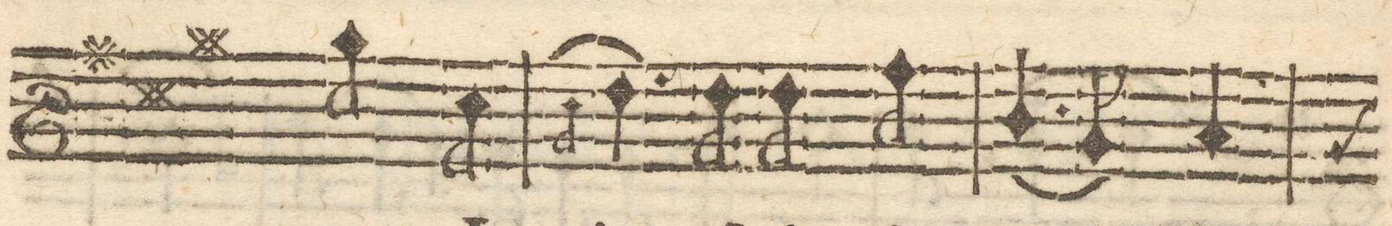
vainqueur par vos yeux lan - -
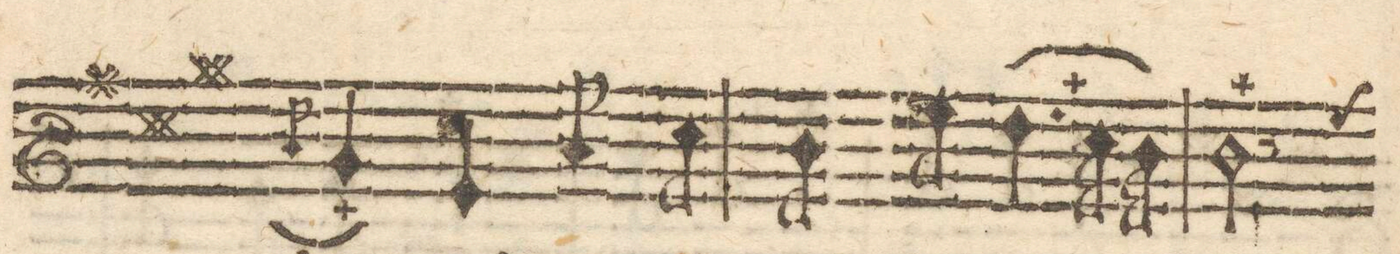


- - - - ce lan -
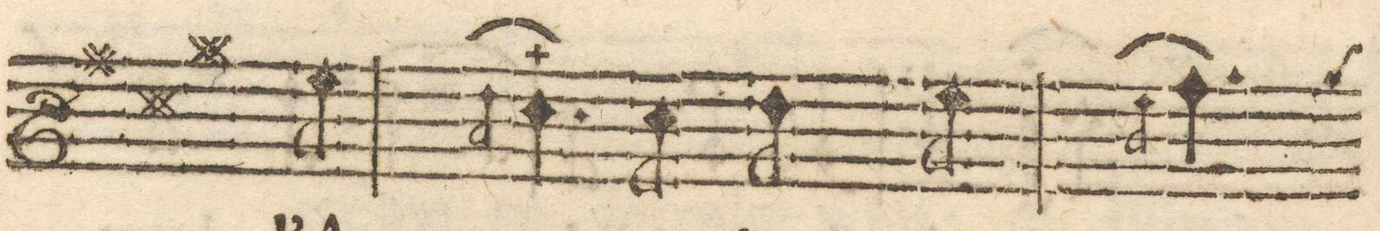


ce - dans mon a - me, Ce ſenti-



ment I - ris, eſt la ſin - ce-re ar-
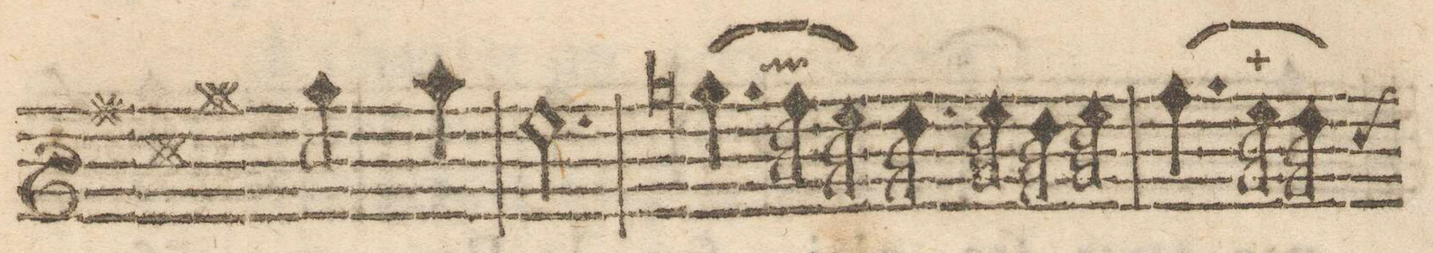


deur qu'avec un trait de fla - me
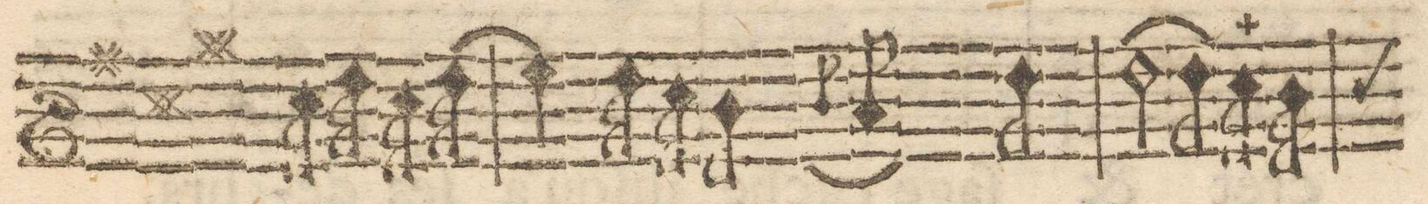


l'A - mour ce doux vain - queur
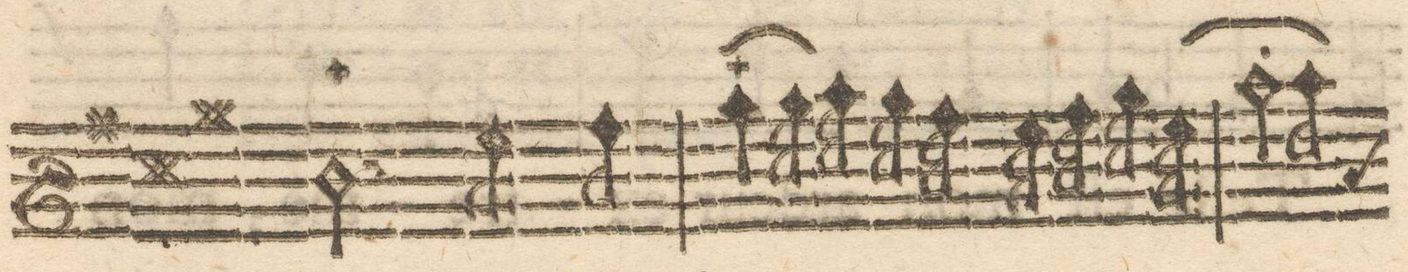
par
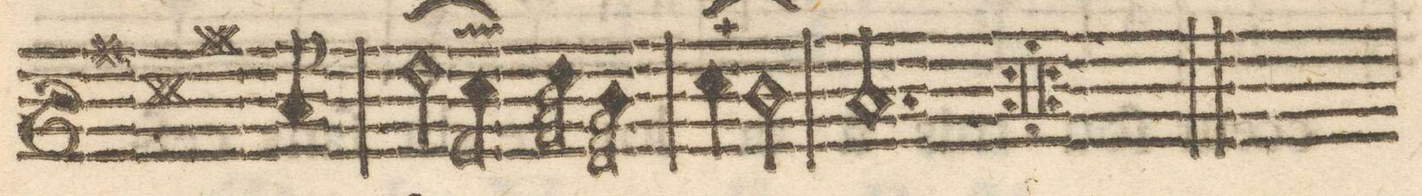


par vos yeux lan- - -



- - ce dans mon a -



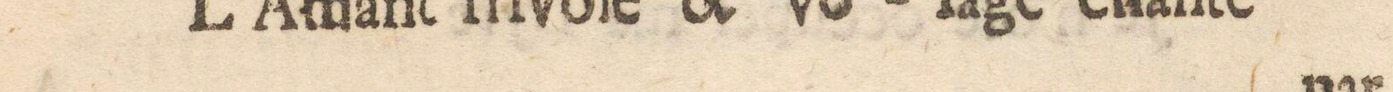
me, l'Amour lan- - -



ce dans mon a - me.
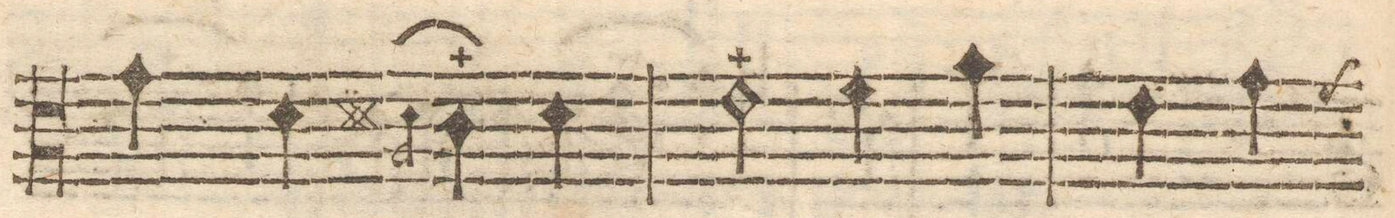
ROMANCE,

Chantée à l'Opera Comique.
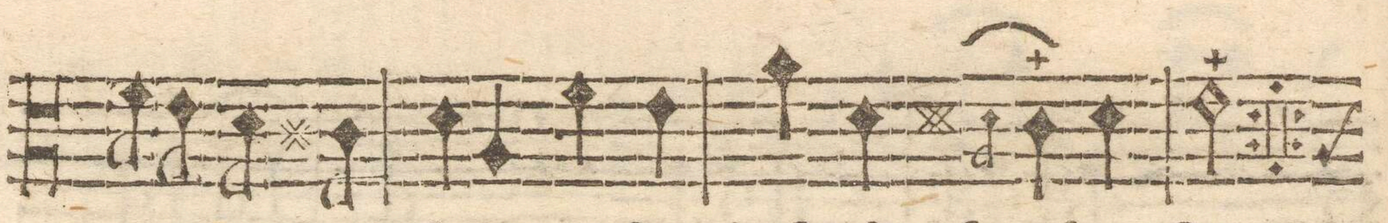


L'Amant frivole & vo - lage chante
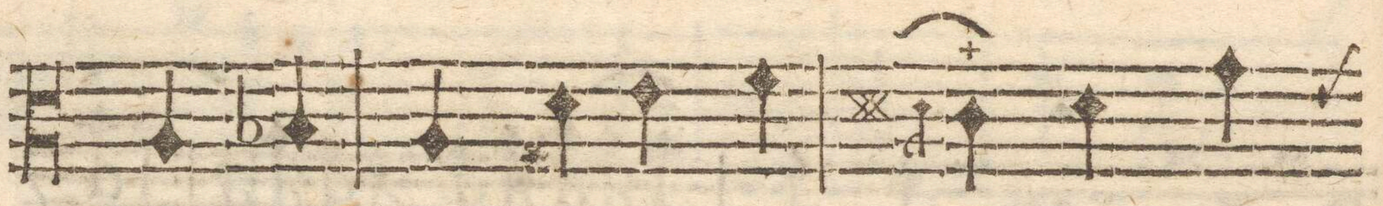
par
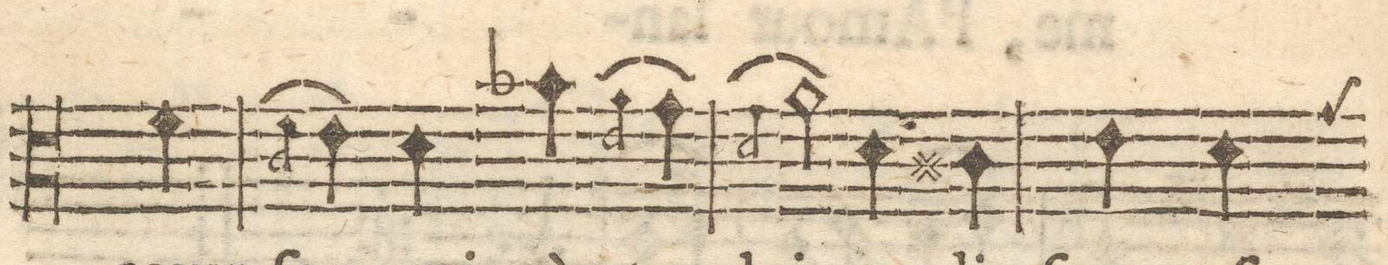


par tout ſes plai - ſirs, le Ber - ger diſ-
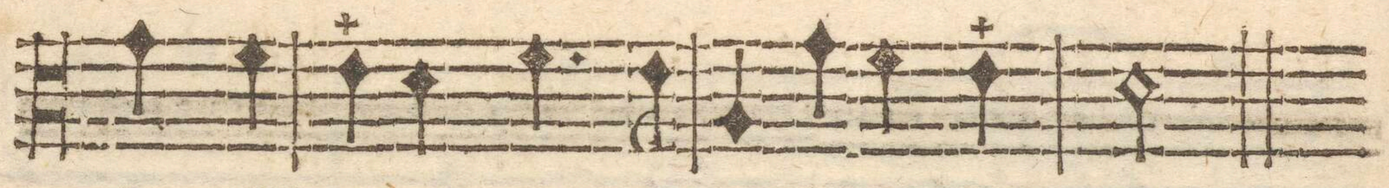


cret & ſage cache juſqu'a ſes de- ſirs.



Telle eſt mon ardeur ex - tre - me, mon



cœur ſou - mis à ta loi te dit ſans ceſ-



ſe qu'il aime pour ne le dire qu'a toi.

2.

Sur une écorce légere,
Amans tracés votre ardeur,
Le beau nom de ma Bergére
N'eſt gravé que dans mon cœur,
Je n'oſe occuper ma Lyre

A chanter un nom ſi doux,
Echo pourroit le redire
Et j'aurois trop de jaloux.

3.
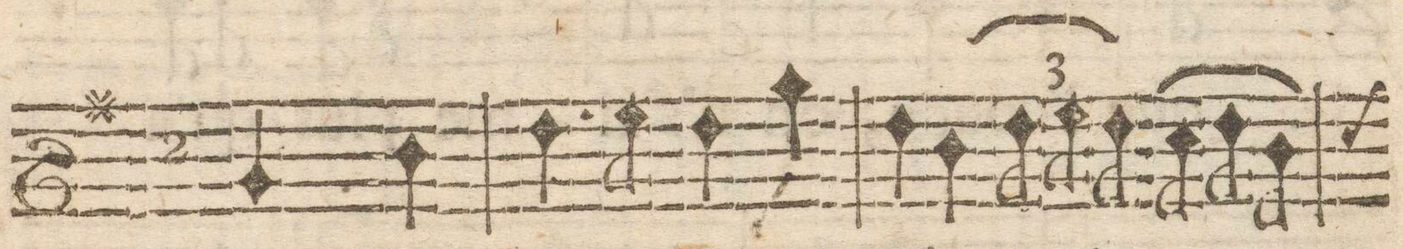
Vous qu'un fol amour inſpire
Connoiſſés mieux le plaiſir,
Vous n'aimés que pour le dire
Je n'aime que pour jouir;
Qu'un auſſi profond myſtère,
Dure autant que mes amours
L'Amant content doit ſe taire
Fais moi taire pour toujours.

AIRS
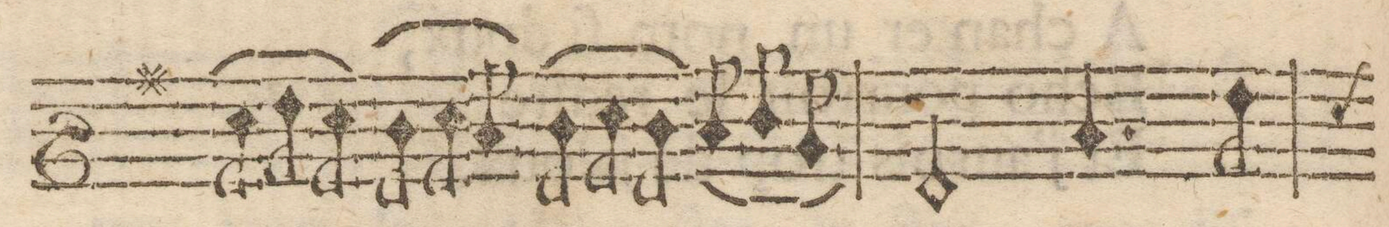
De la Nouvelle Baſtienne,

OPERA COMIQUE.
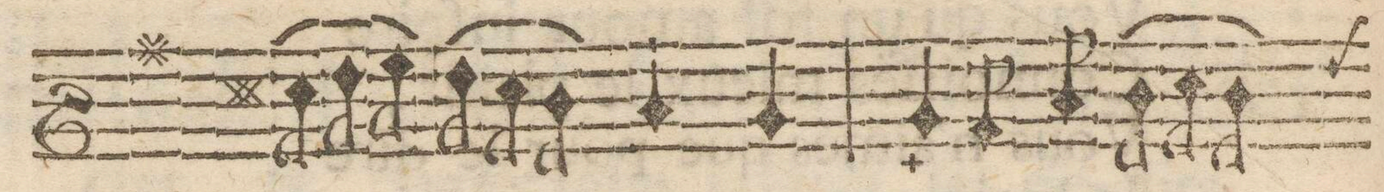
1. ARIETTE.
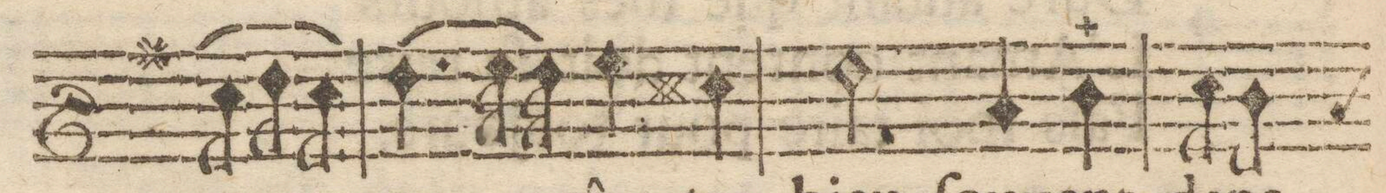


Tant qu'on verra la ri- viere à tout l'mon-
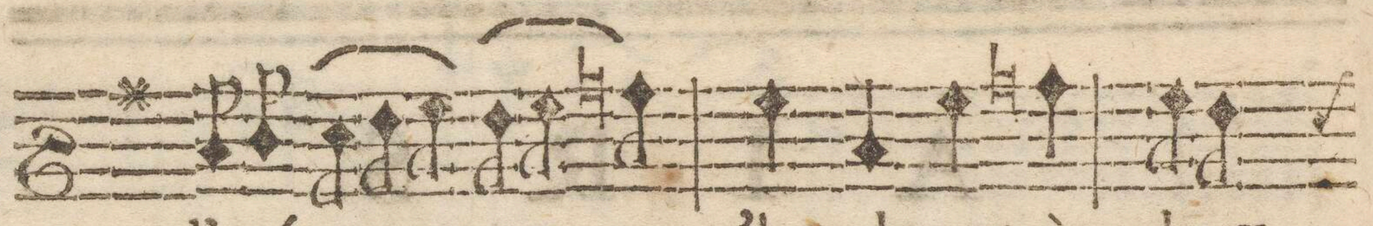


l'mon - de four - nir d'liau, ton mi-
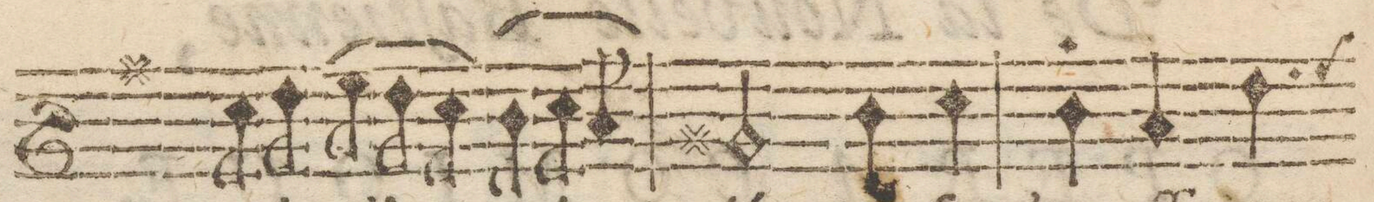


nois qui ſçait me plaire, a mes
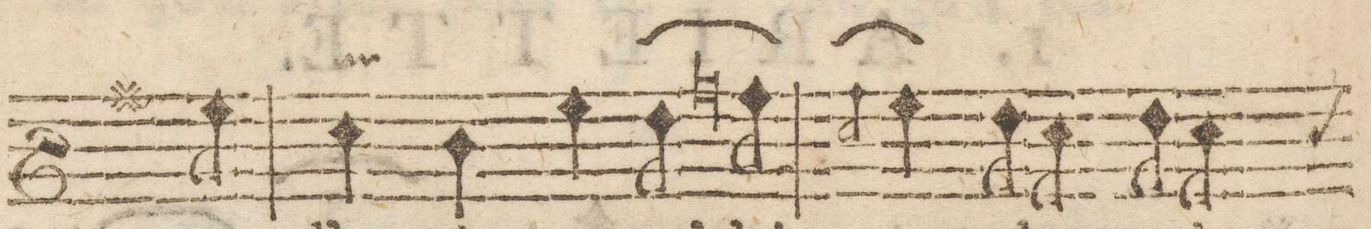


yeux pa - roî - tra biau ſouvent dans
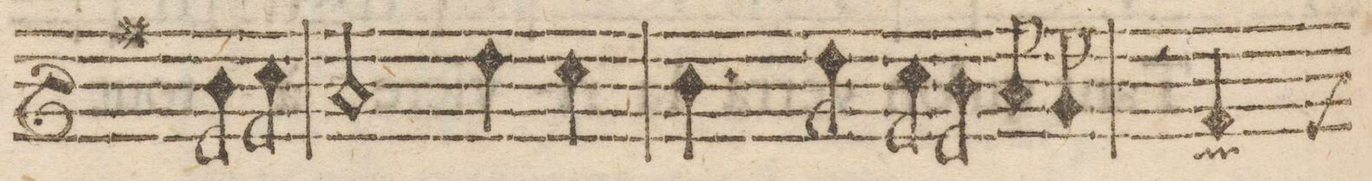


l'mé - na - ge on s'boude après deux



mois d'a - mi - quié, on ſe r'pouſſe ave-
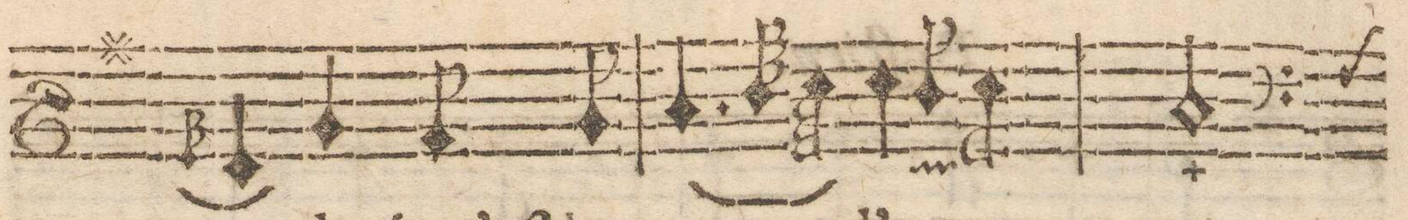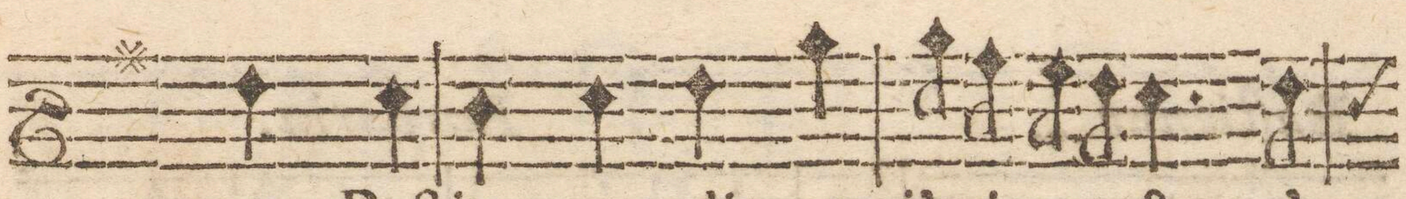


que l'coude, on n's'ai - me plus qu'a

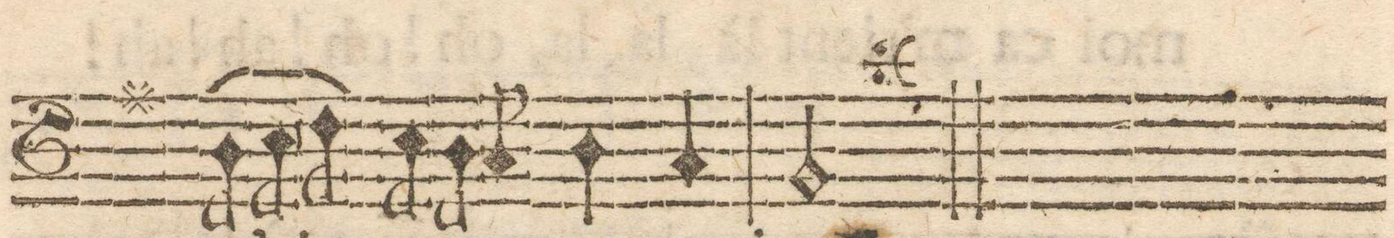


moitié, mais il n'en eſt pas de d'mê-

me
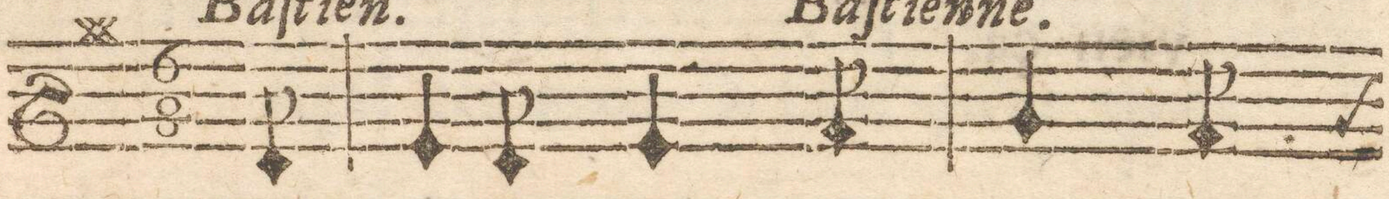






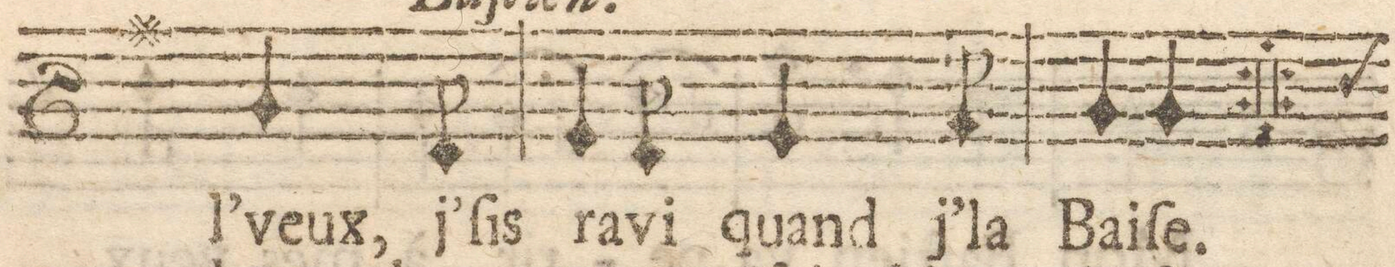
2. ARIETTE.

Baſtien. *Baſtienne.*
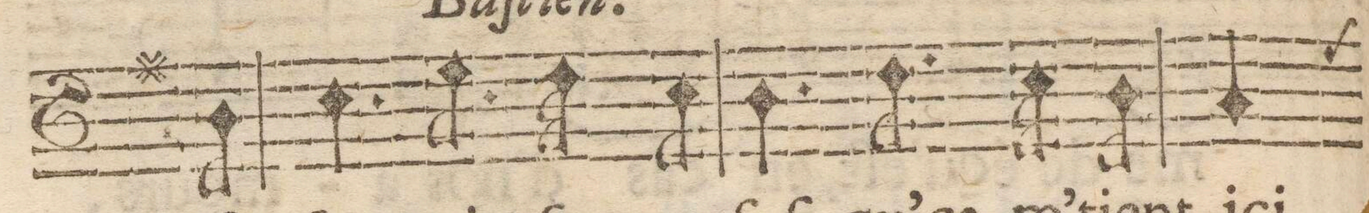


Baſtenne. Tien Baſtien bais' les tout les

Baſtien.
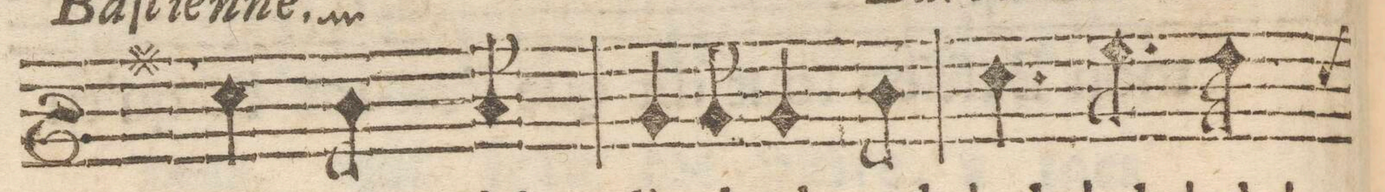


je

Baſtien.
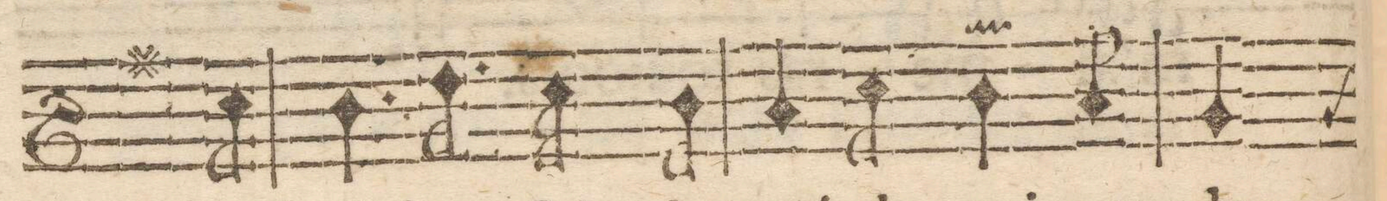


Je ſens, je ſens auſ- ſi qu'ca m'tient ici,

Baſtienne. *Barbarin.*

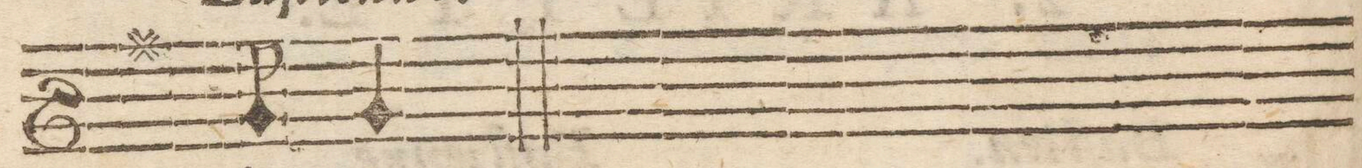


moi ca m'tient là, la, la, oh! oh! ah! ah!
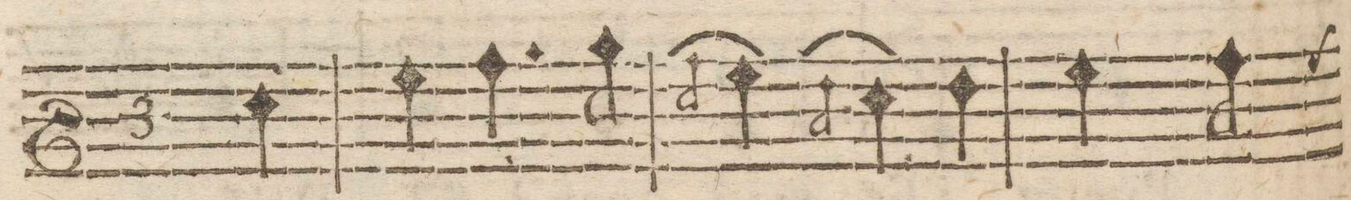


ah! ah! je ſuis charmé de voir ce-la,

Baſtienne.
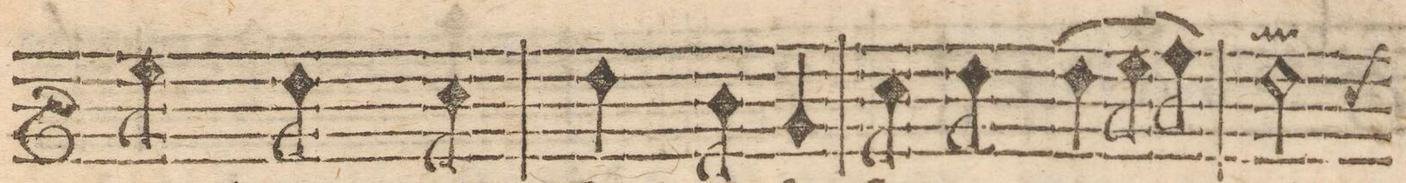


vien ça.

3. ARIETTE.
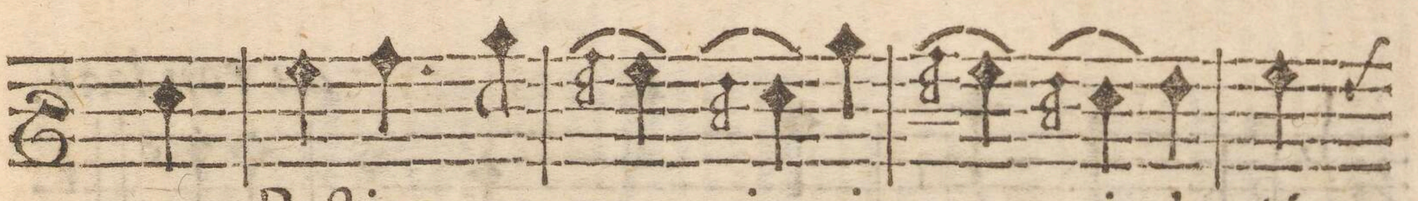


Mon Baſtien va pe - rir, à mes yeux
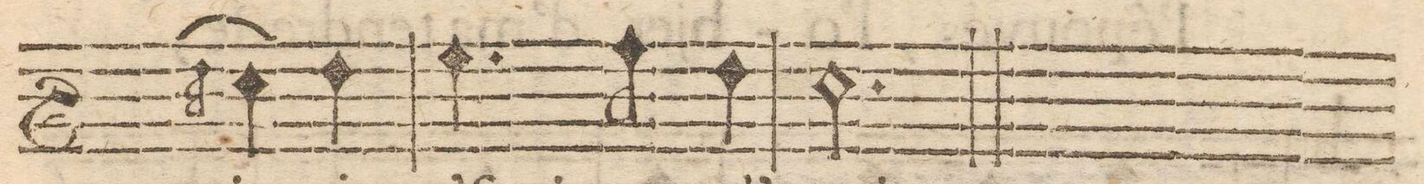
on



on l'vient d'fai-ſir, ils le feront mou-rir:
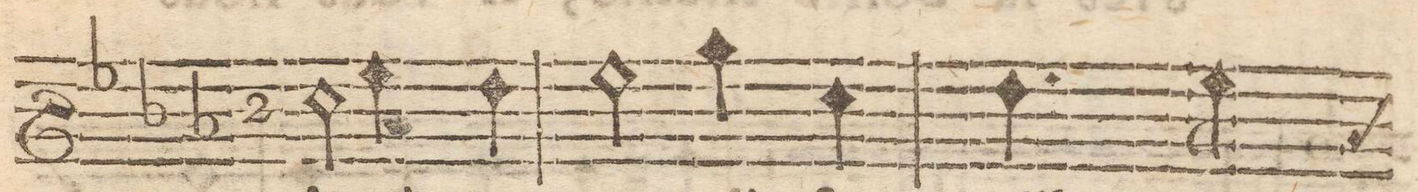


mon Baſtien va pe-rir, je ne puis le ſé-
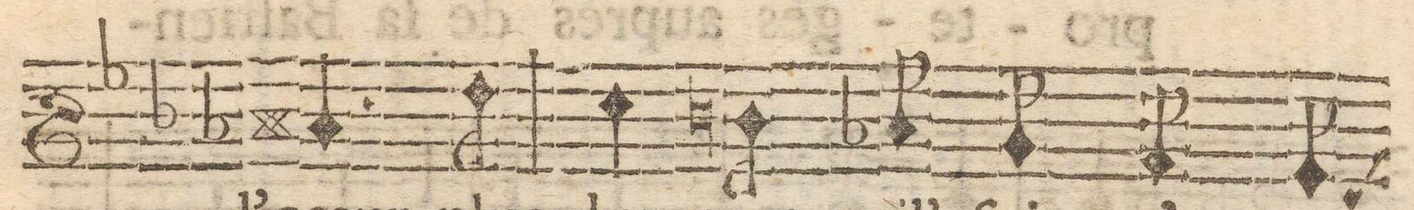


courir, je n'ſçai que d'venir.
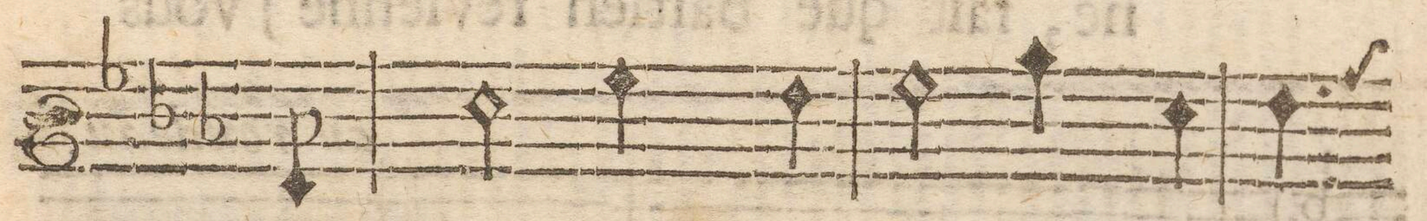
4. ARIETTE.



Aga! ces gens-là faut qu'ils ayent
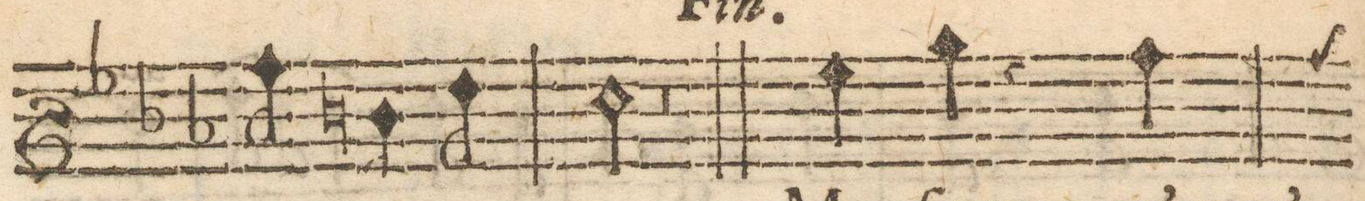


l'cœur plus dur cent mil' fois qu'un ro-
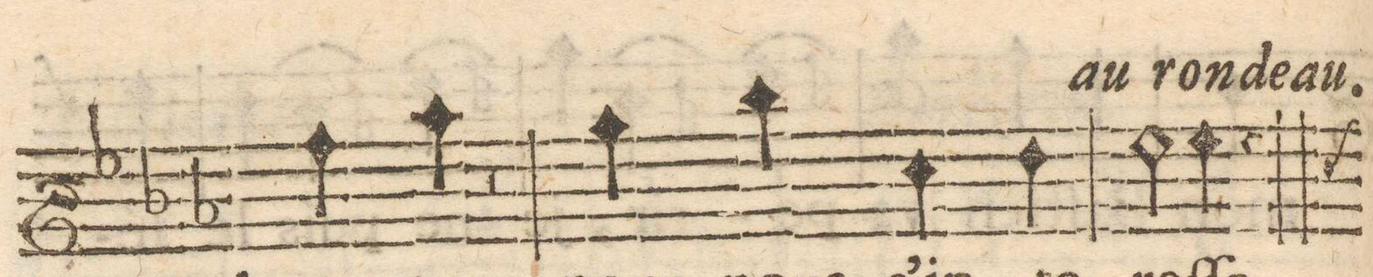


cher! mes pleurs mes douleurs, rien n'a

Fin.
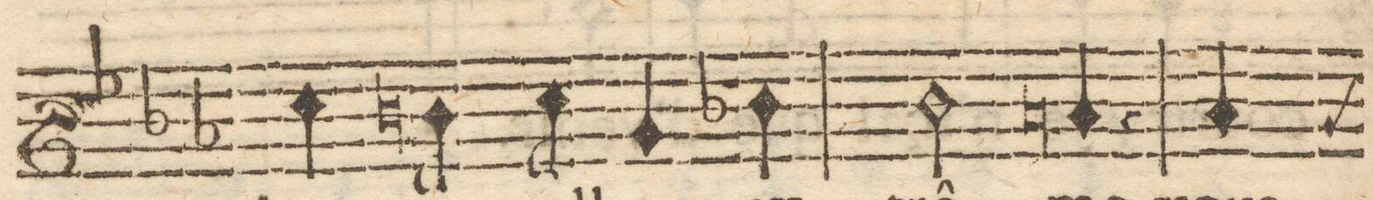


pu les tou - cher. Monſieur, qu'vou' Sauvés vous,
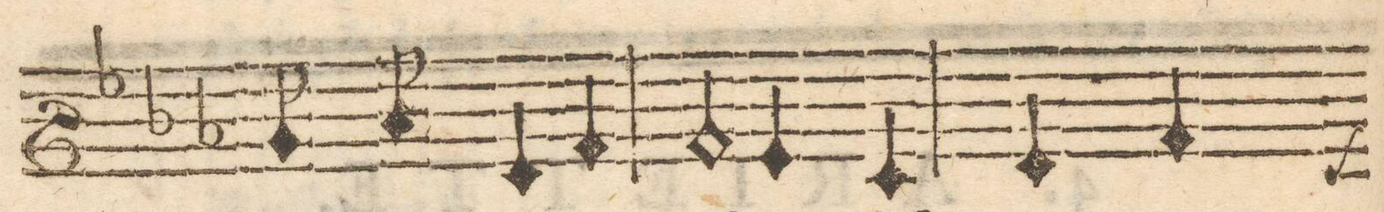
au rondeau.
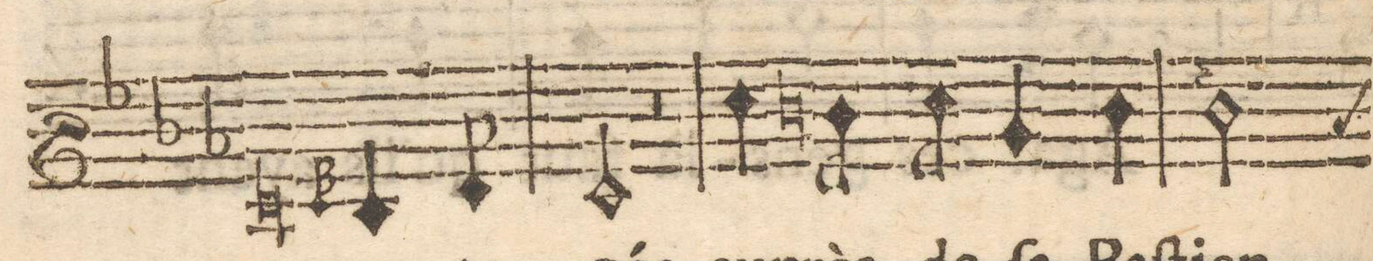


bon cœur pour nous s'in - te - reſſe, l'épouvés, l'o - bjet d'ma tendreſſe,
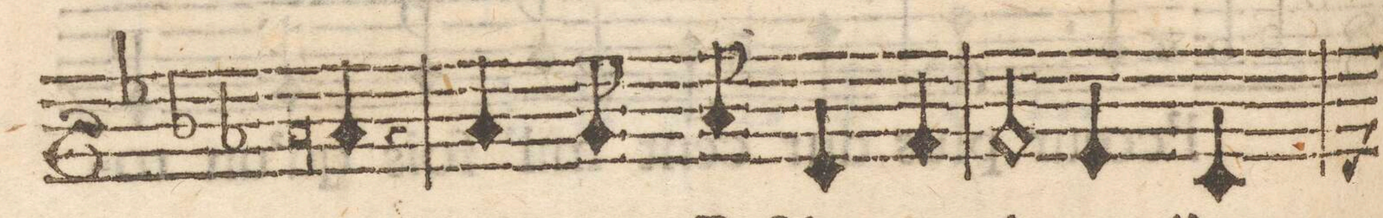


dans ce malheur ex - trê - me vous



s'rés la bonté même, ſi vous nous
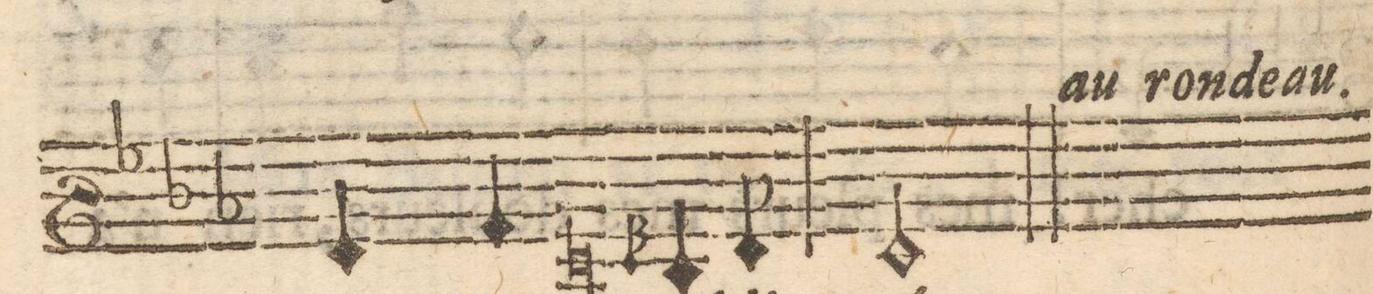


pro - te - gés auprès de ſa Baſtien-



ne, fait' que Baſtien revienne j'vous

au rondeau.
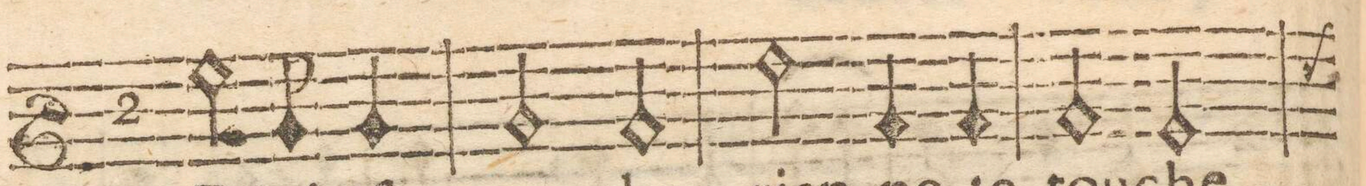


s'rons bien o - bli - gés.

5. ARIET.
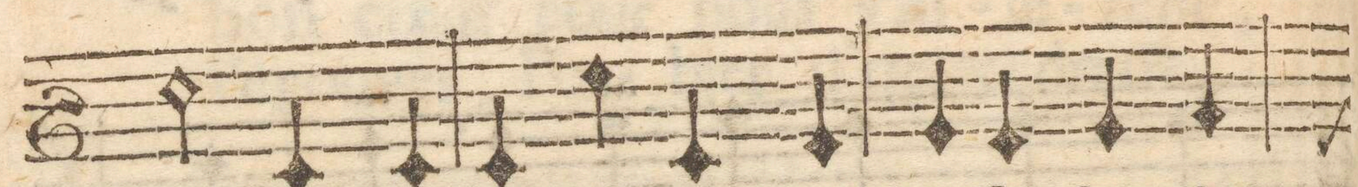
5. ARIETTE.


Ne vla t-il pas de bieaux ap - pas ! je
n'veux point d'vos richeſs' traitreſs', ſans
avoir d'rente, je vis contente, quand on
ſçait tourner un fuſeau, que l'on ſçait ſoi-
gner un troupeau, on peut fort b..n n'man-
quer de rien.
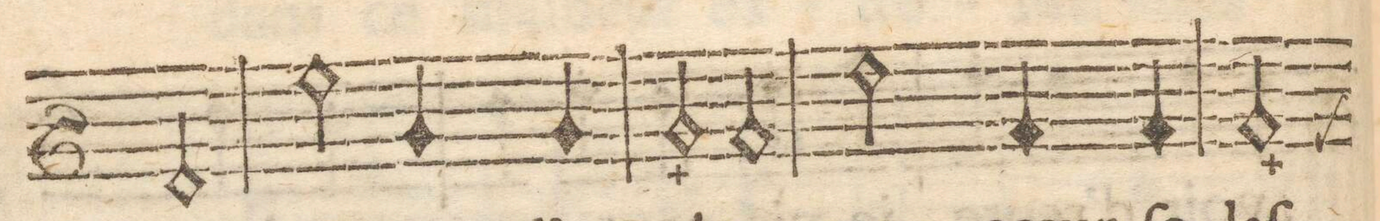
6. ARIETTE.
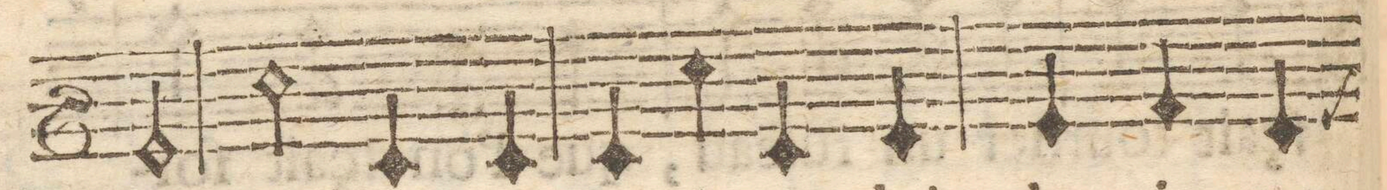


Eſprit fa - rouche, rien ne te touche,



quoi tes mepris de ma tendreſſe ſont le
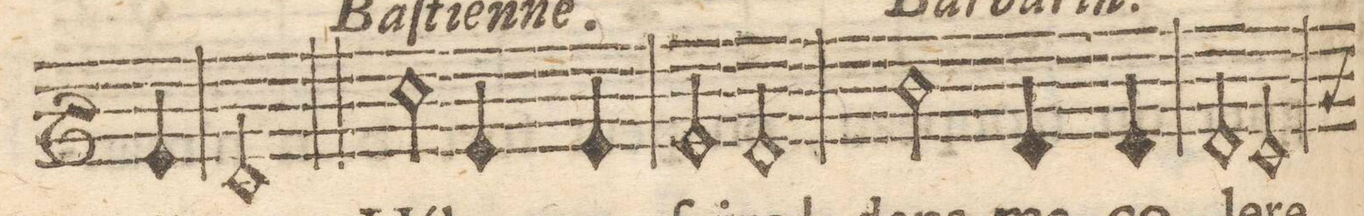


prix! de tant d'au-dace mon cœur ſe laſ-
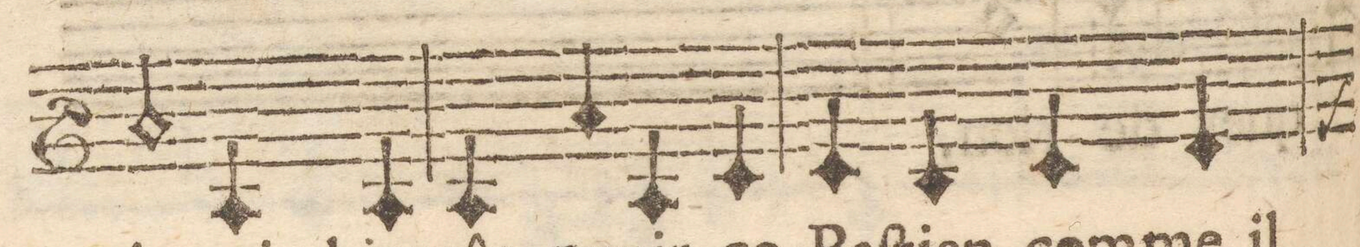


ſe, pour me vanger je ne dois plus rien ne-

Baſtienne. *Barbarin.*



gliger: Hélas que faire! dans ma co-lere,
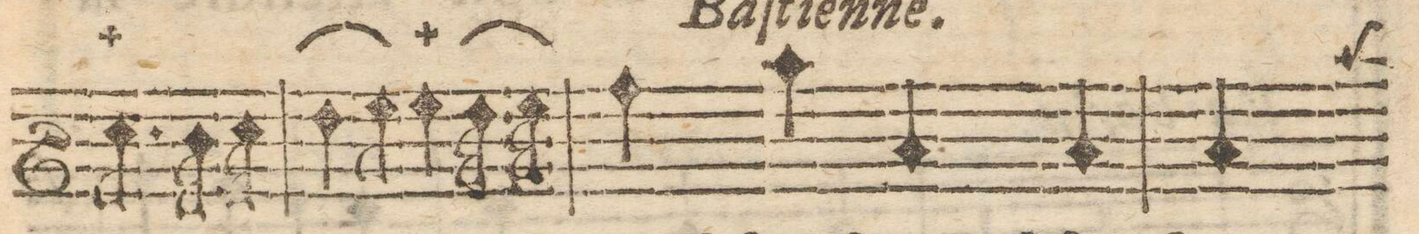


je vais bientôt punir ce Baſtien comme il faut
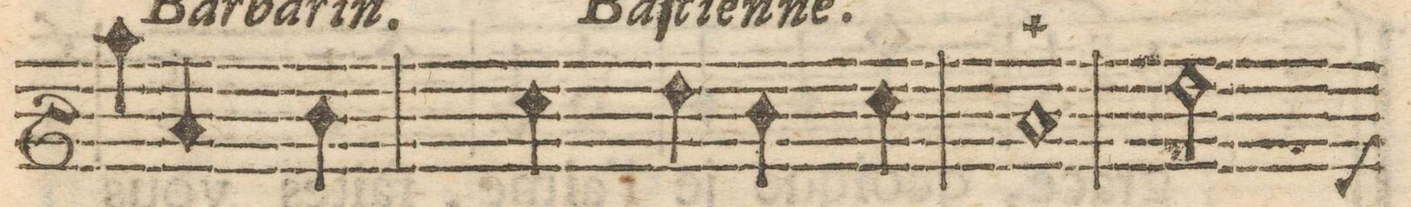


faut; oui ton re - fus à mon ri - val

Baſtienne.
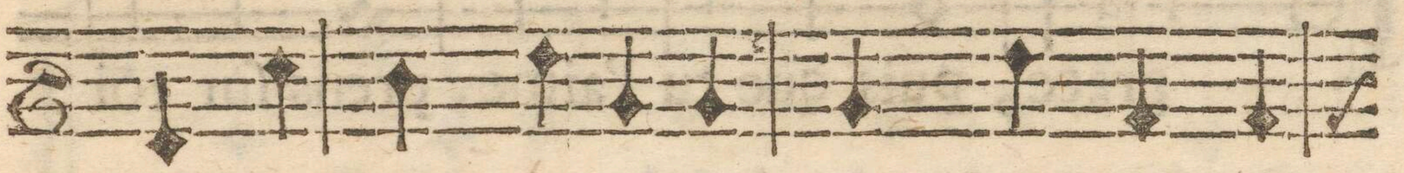


ſe - ra fa - tal. Monſieur, Monſieur,
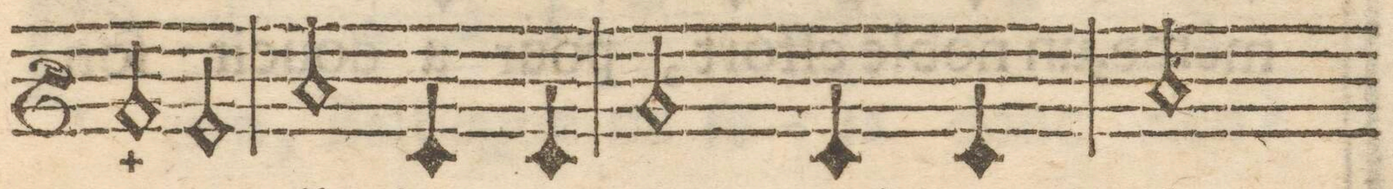
Barbarin. *Baſtienne.*



es tu d'ac - cord Baſtien eſt Mort, je'n

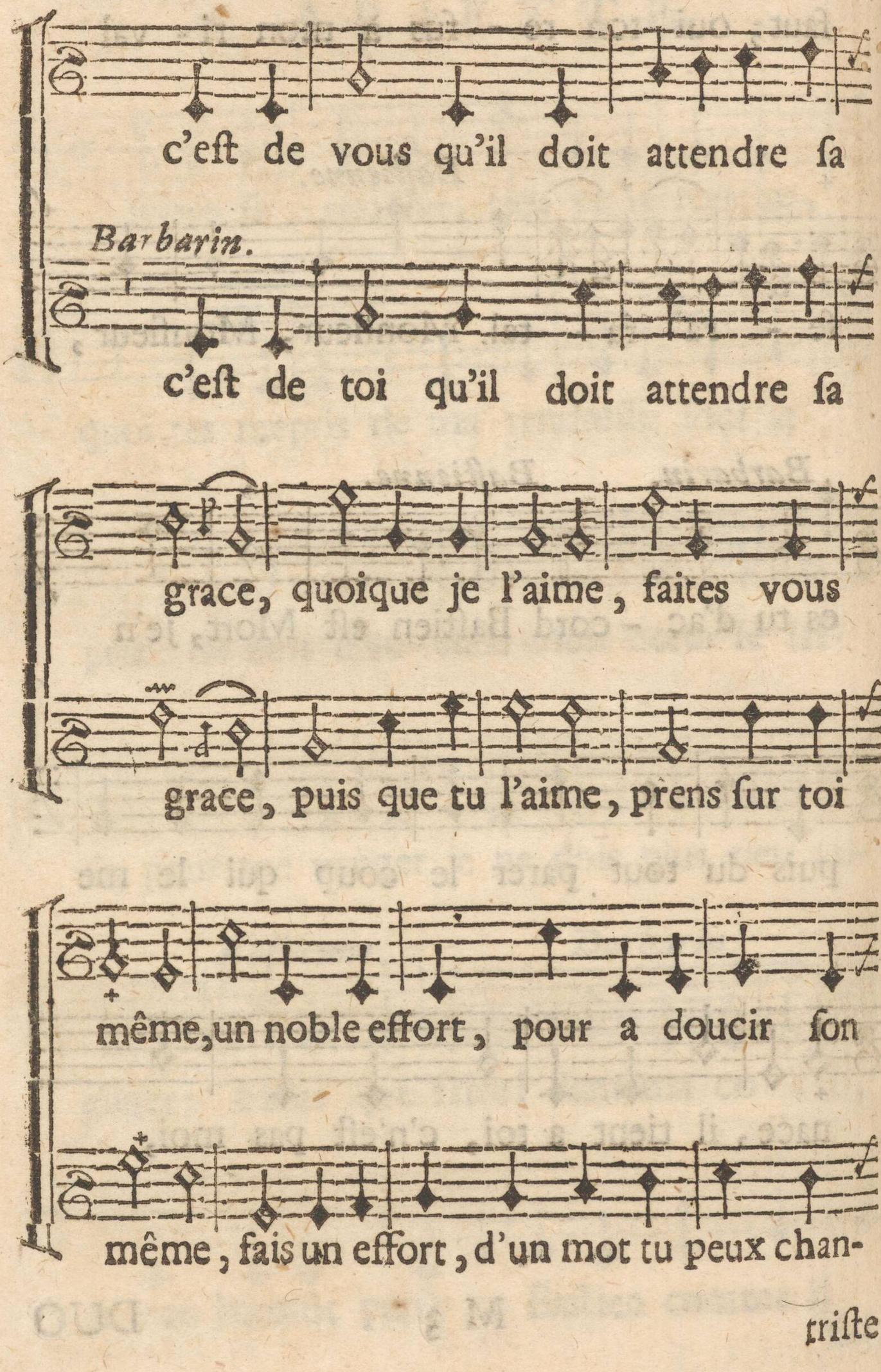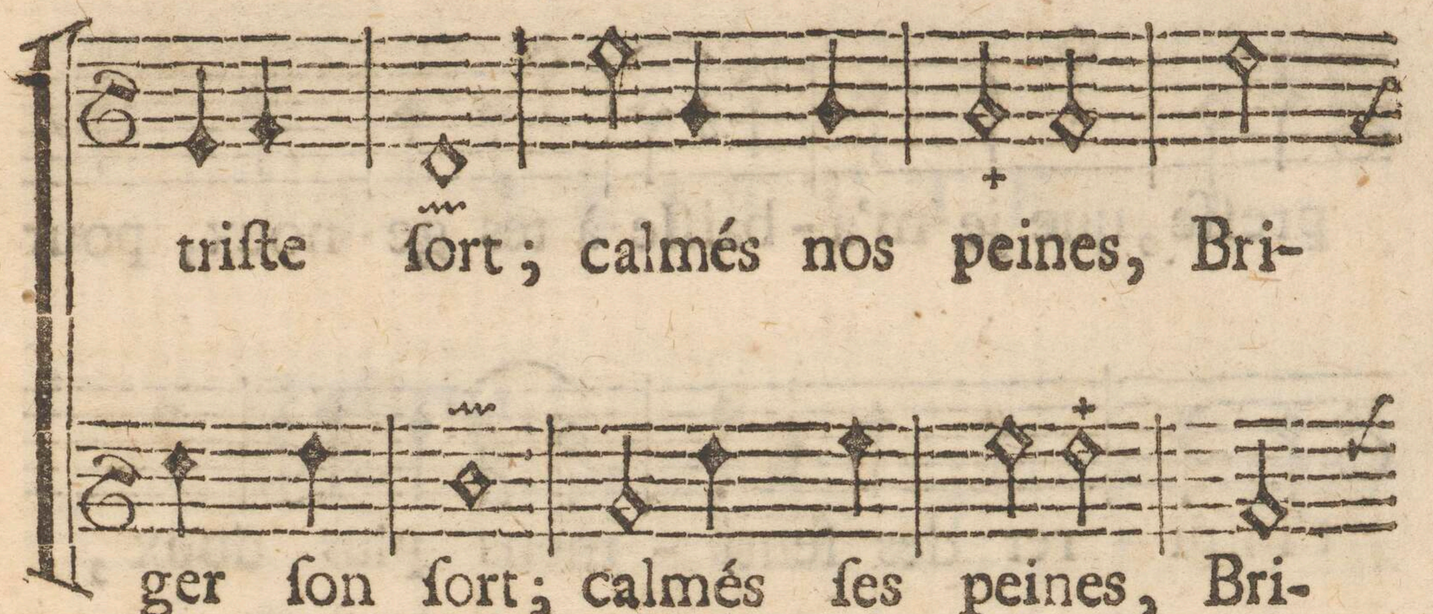


puis du tout parer le coup qui le me
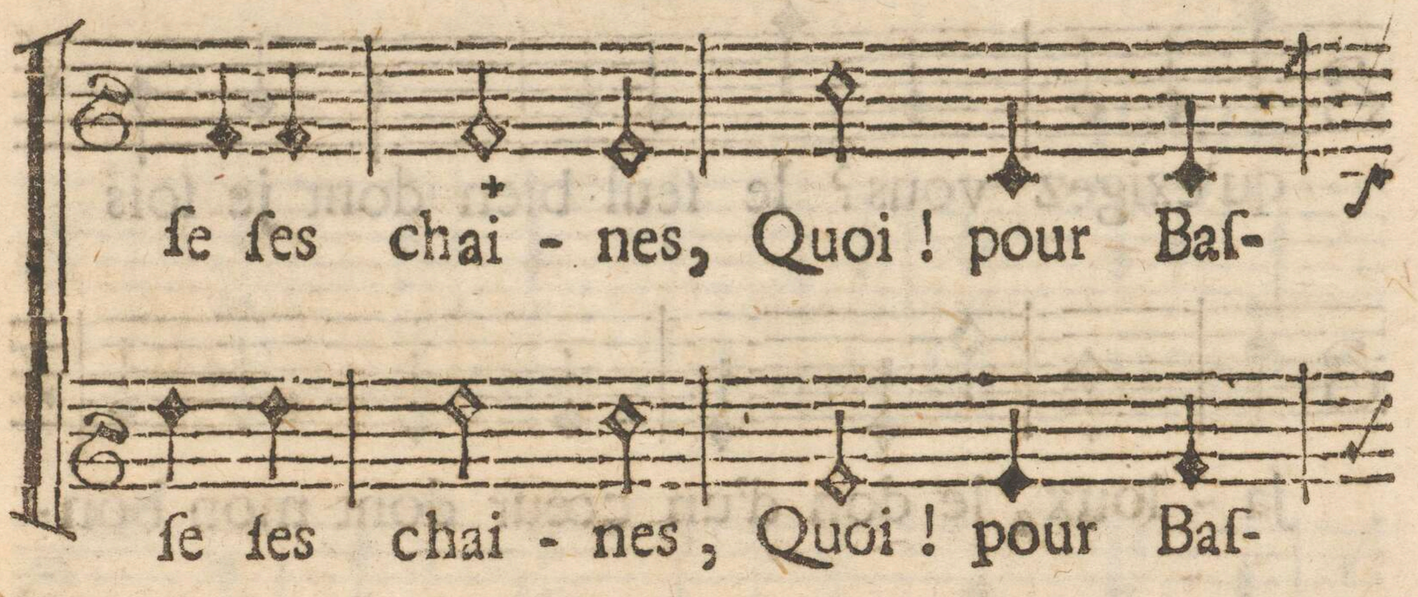


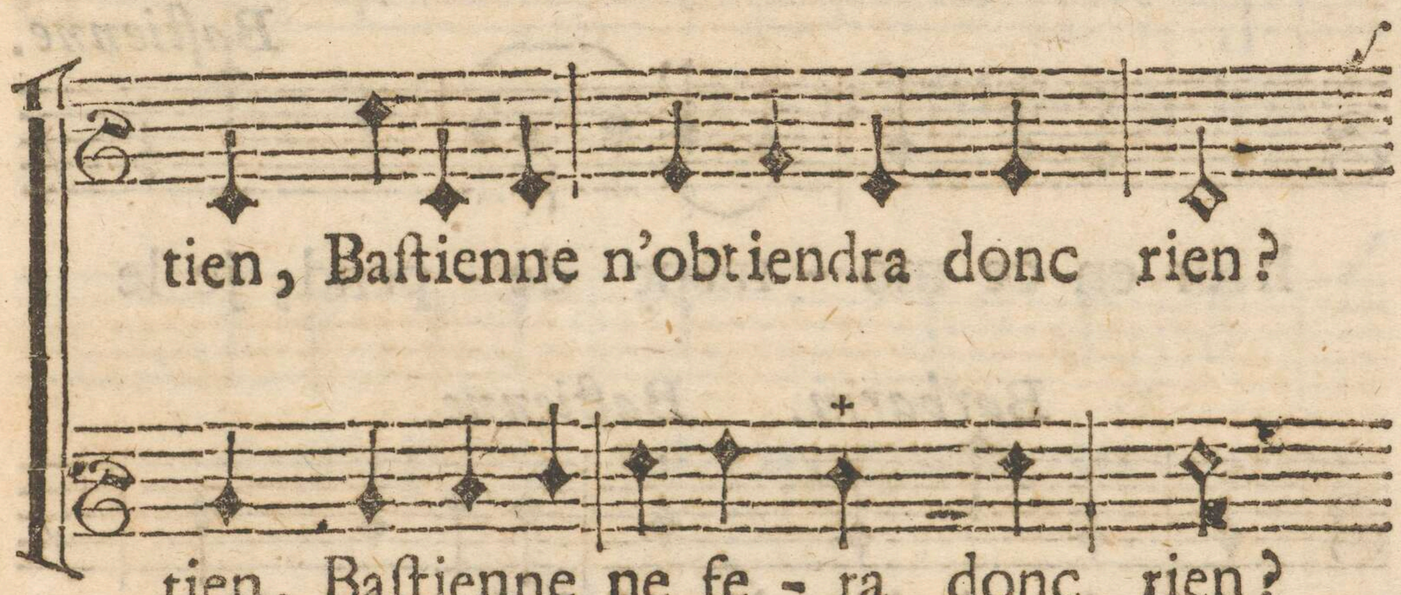
nace, il tient a toi, c'n'eſt pas moi,

DUO BASTIENNE.
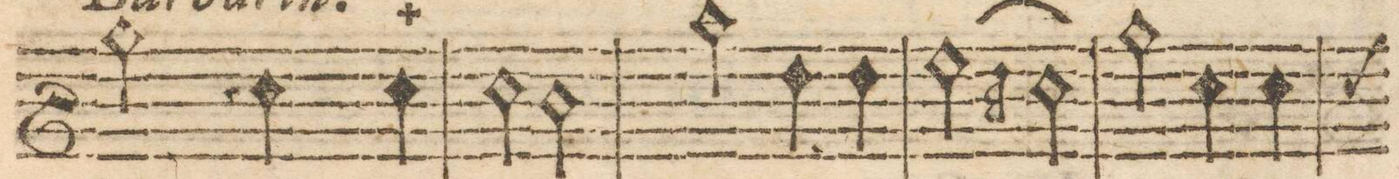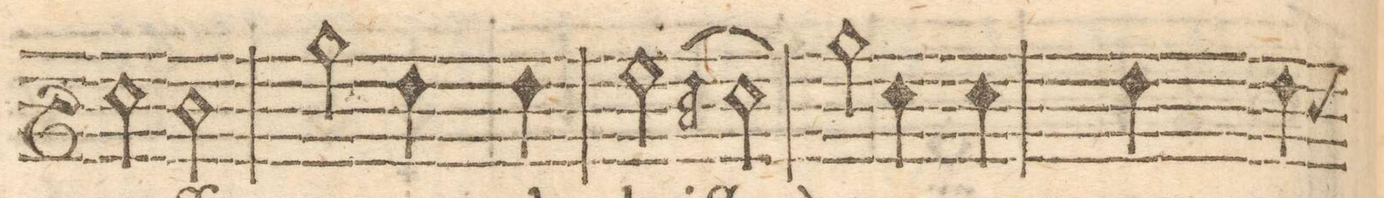



triſte ſort ; calmés nos peines, Bri-
ger ſon ſort ; calmés ſes peines, Bri-


ſe ſes chai - nes, Quoi ! pour Baſ-
ſe ſes chai - nes, Quoi ! pour Baſ-
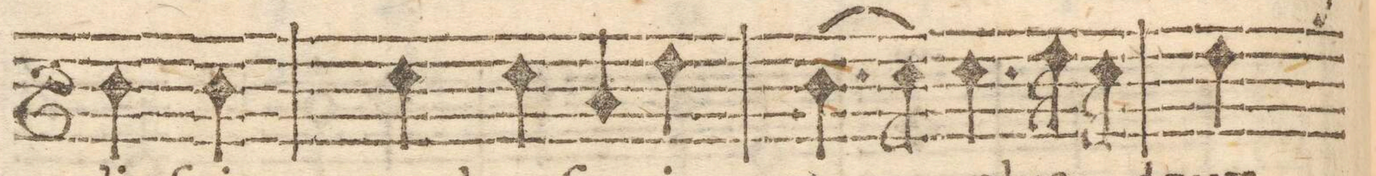

tien, Baſtienne n'obtiendra donc rien ?
tien, Baſtienne ne fe - ra donc rien ?

Barbarin.


ſois moins re - belle, faut il cruelle, que je te
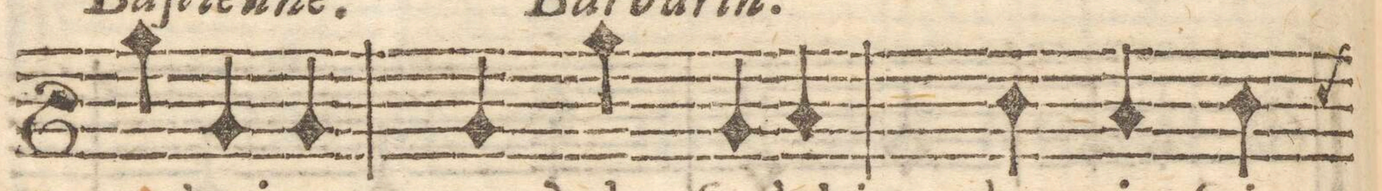


preſſe, que je m'a-baiſſe à tes ge-noux, pour
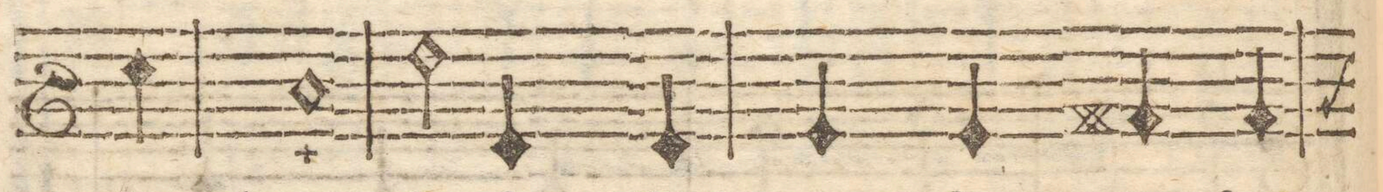


t'inſpi-rer des ſenti-mens plus doux,

Baſtienne. *Barbarin.*
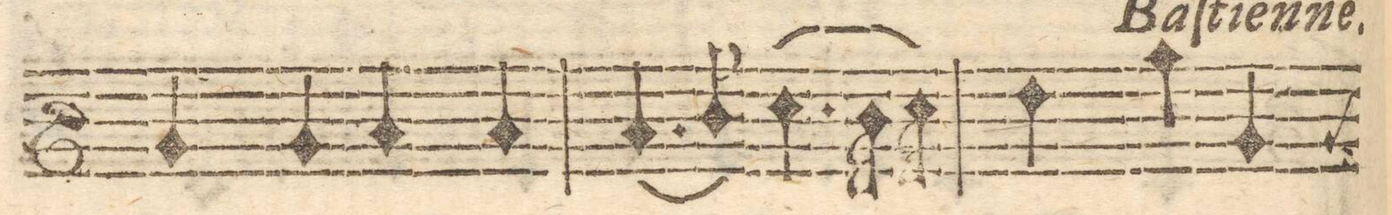


qu'exigez vous? le ſeul bien dont je ſois
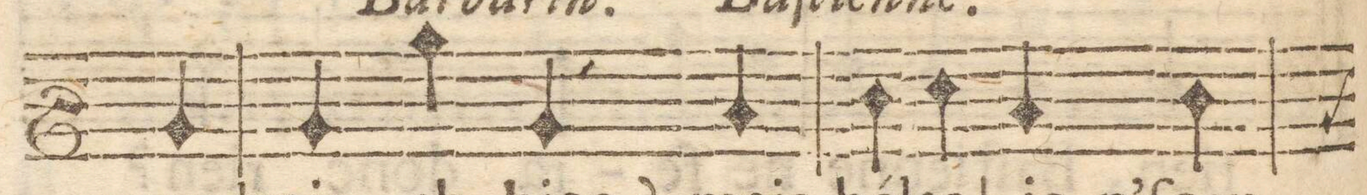


ja-loux, le don d'un cœur dont mon bon-

Baſtienne.

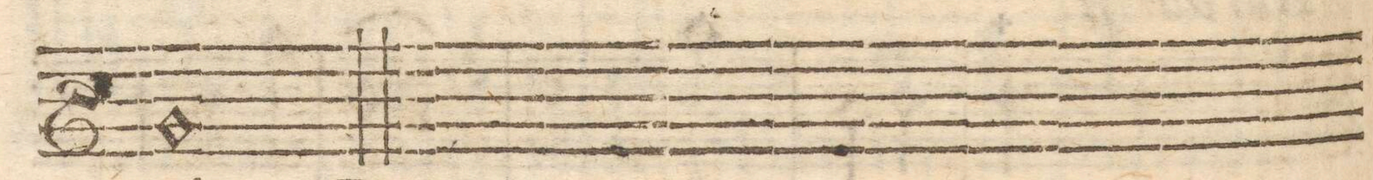


heur en ce mo-ment de-pend, je le

Barbarin. *Baſtienne.*
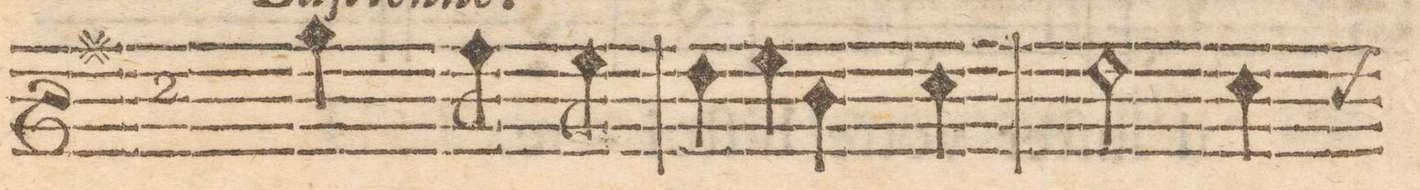


voudrois, eh bien? mais hélas! je n'ſçau-



rois. *Da Capo.*
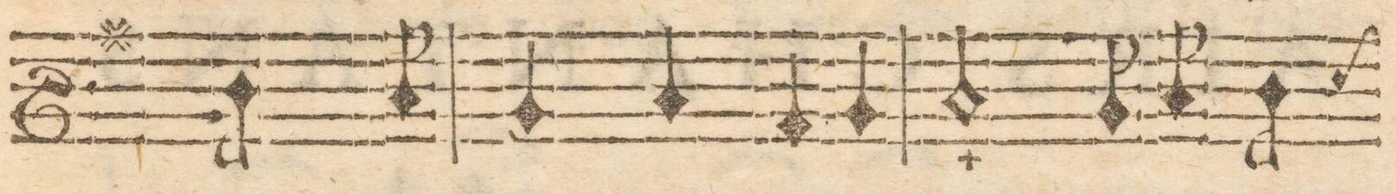
7. ARIETTE.

Baſtienne.
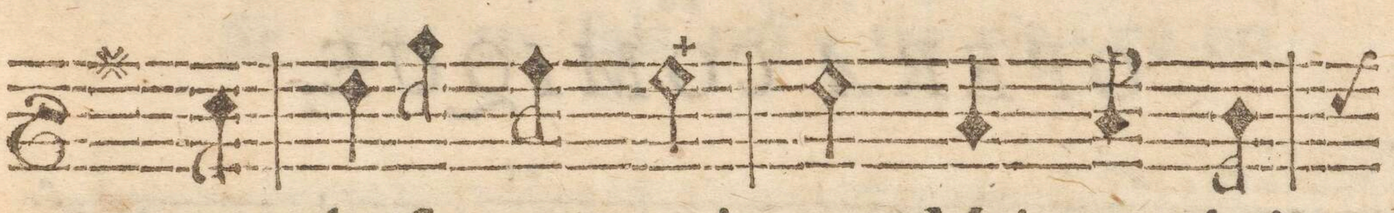


Quand j'avons engagé nor' foi n'y
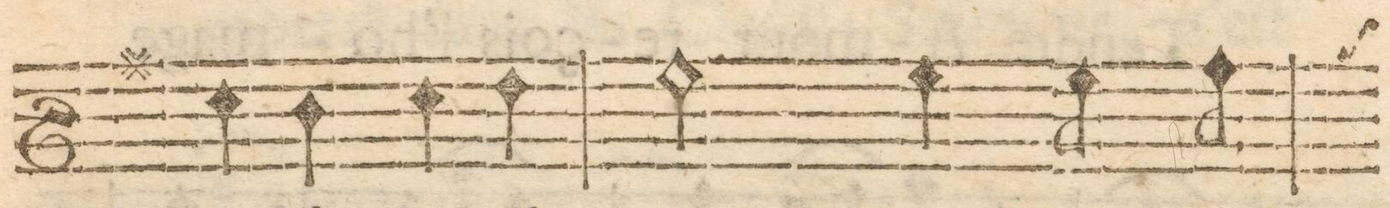
Frontin.
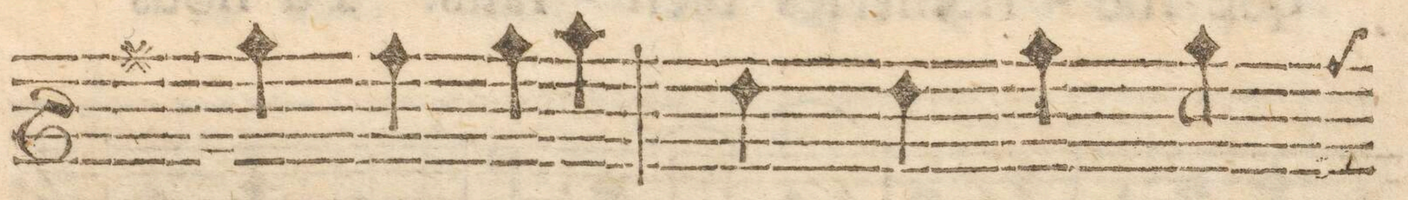


point manquer c'eſt note loy. Aiſement
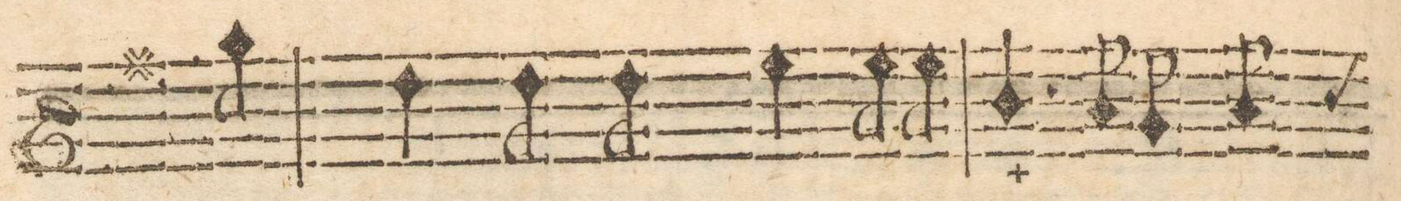


ce - la ſe peut croi - re: Mais on bri-
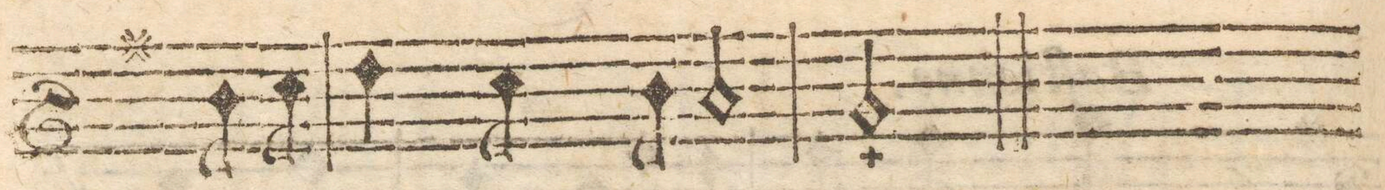


ſe de pareils nœuds, quand on trou-



ve à les placer mieux, & puis d'mieux



en mieux un Seigneur curieux finit par
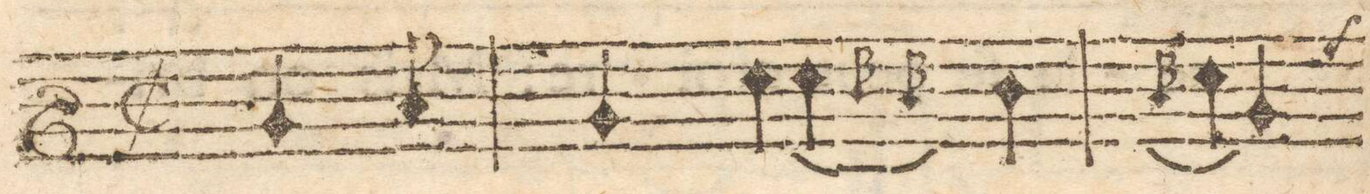


il luſter votre hiſtoi - re.
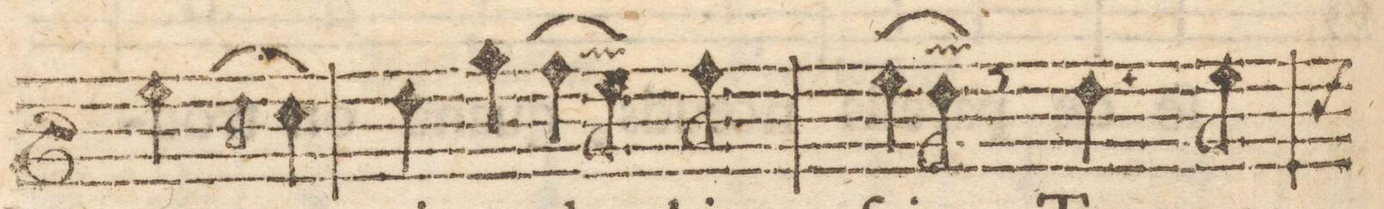
AIRS CHANTANS

De la Fontaine de Jouvence,
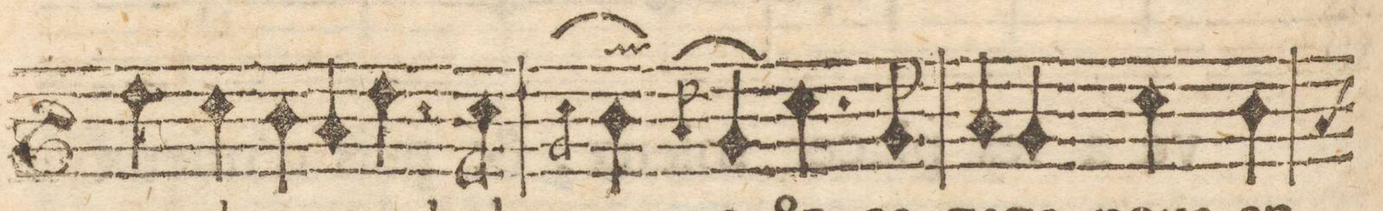
OPERA COMIQUE.



Tendre A - mour re - çois l'ho - mage
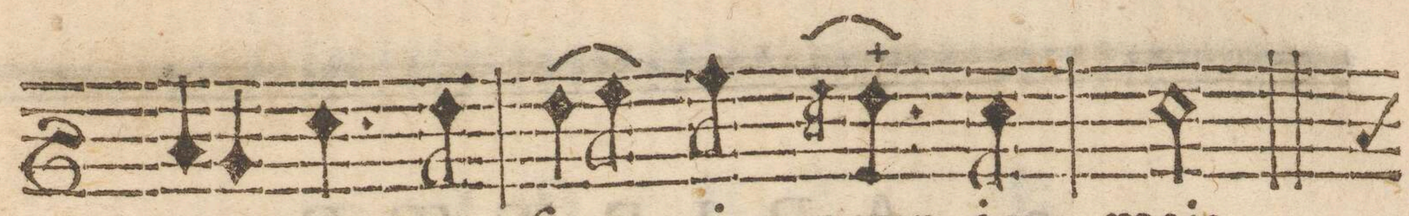


que me - ritent les bien - faits. Tu nous
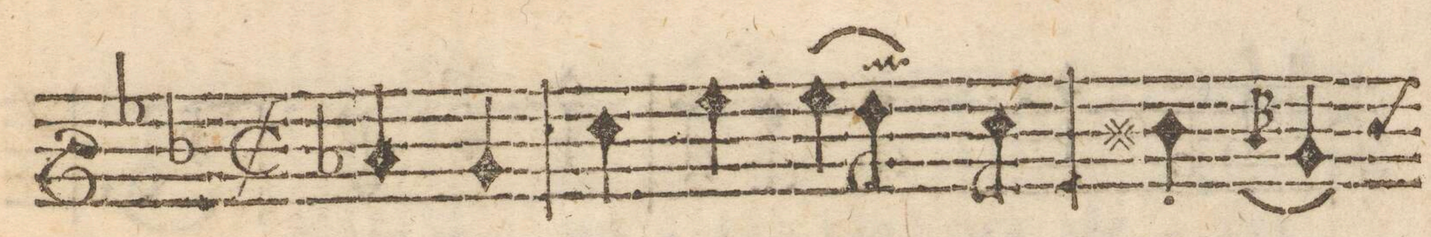


rends notre bel - a - ge & ce gage nous en
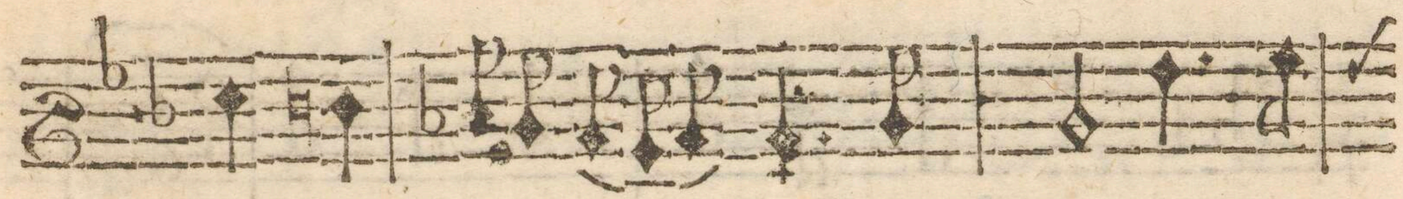
ga-
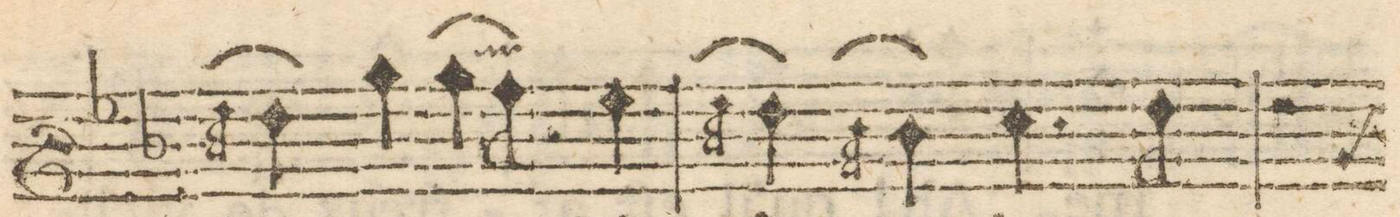


gage à te ſer - vir pour ja - mais.
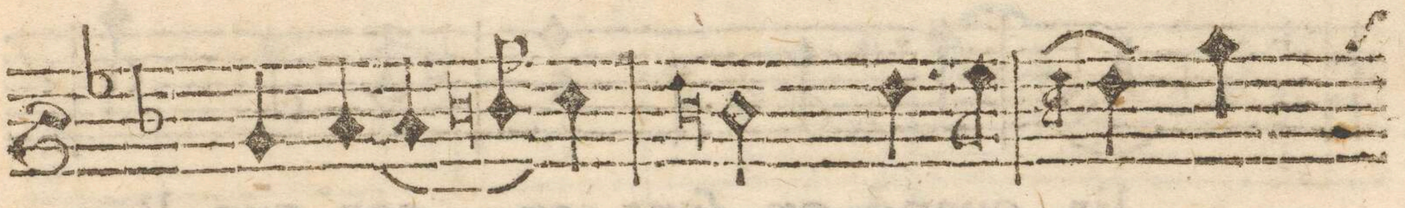


C'eſt de toi que tout tient l'E - tre
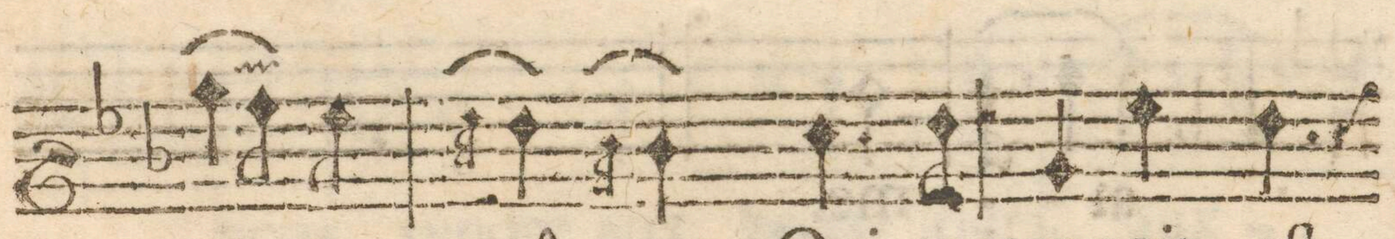


tu fais le bon - heur des dieux le plai-
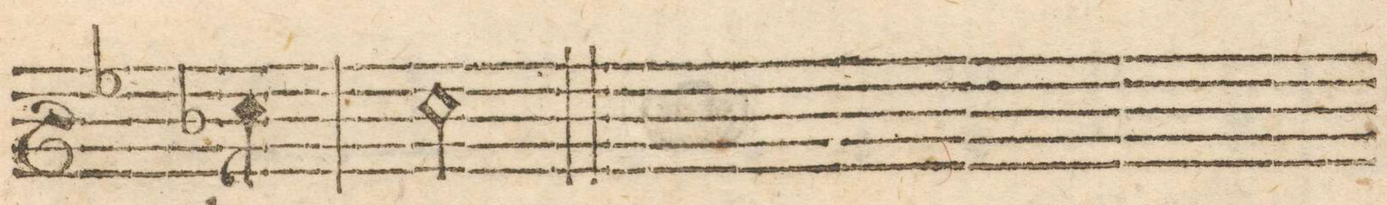


ſir que tu fais naî - tre pla - ce un



mortel dans les Cieux; Soupirer, c'eſt
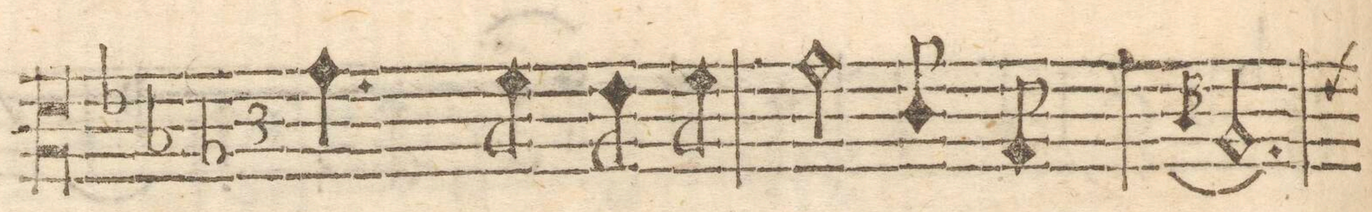


te con - noî - tre: Qui te connoit, eſt
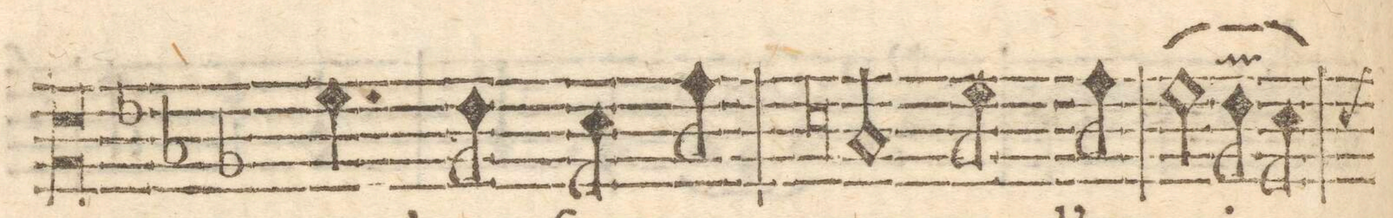


heu - reux.
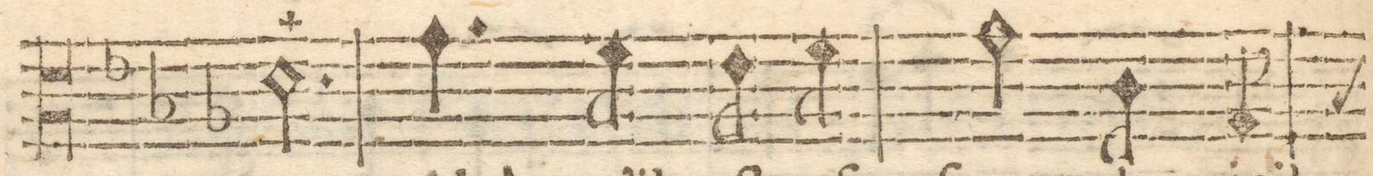
2. ARIETTE.
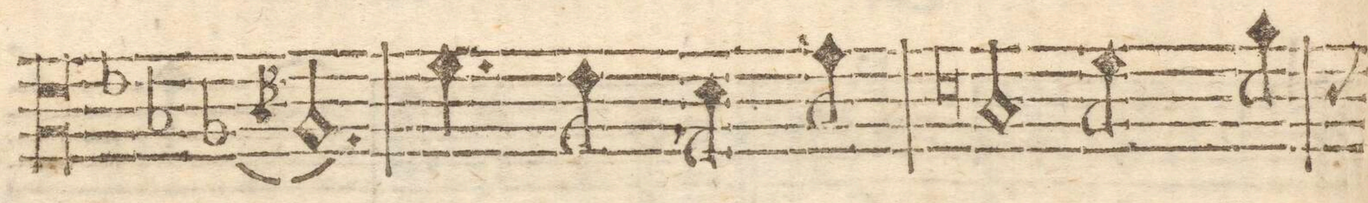


Ah! qu'il eſt affreux de vieil - lir,



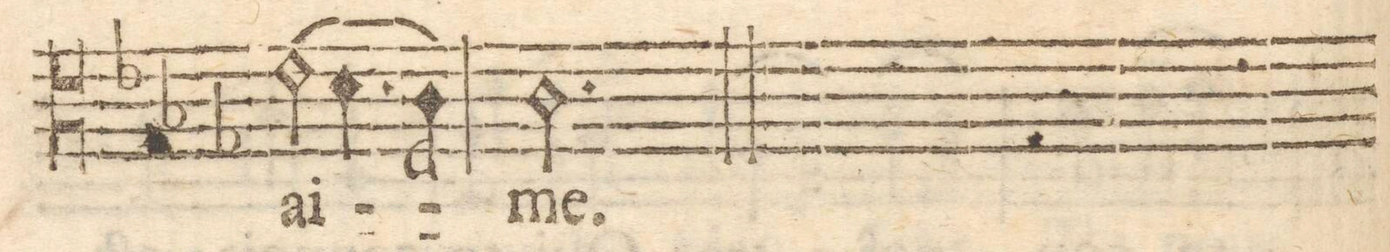
quand on ſent en - cor que l'on ai -



me. Ah! qu'il eſt af - freux de vieil-
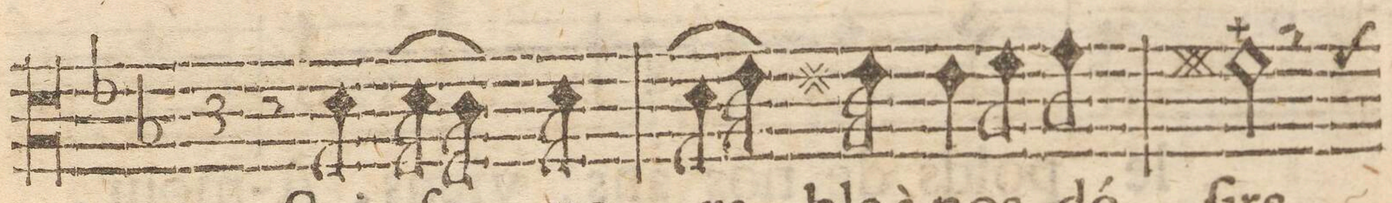


lir, quand on ſent en - cor que l'on
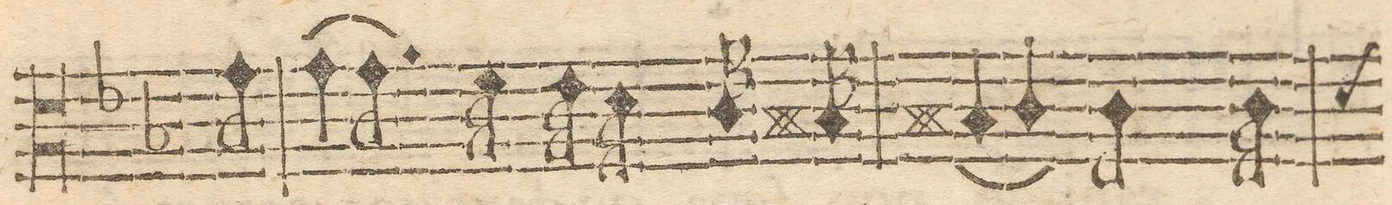


ai - - me.
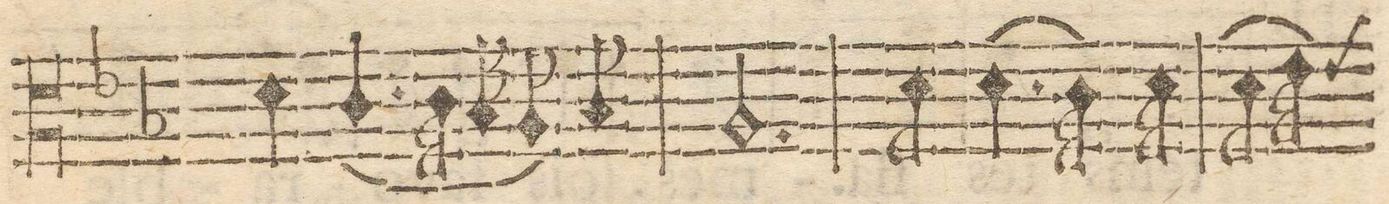
3. ARIETTE.



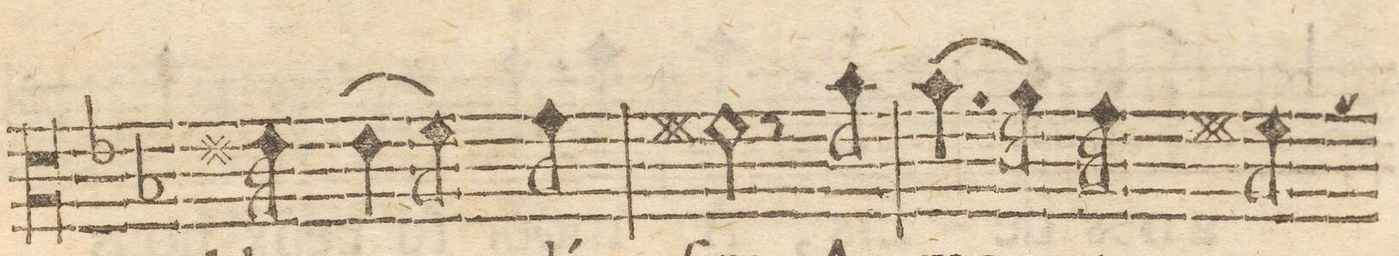
Sois fa - vo - ra - ble à nos dé - sirs,
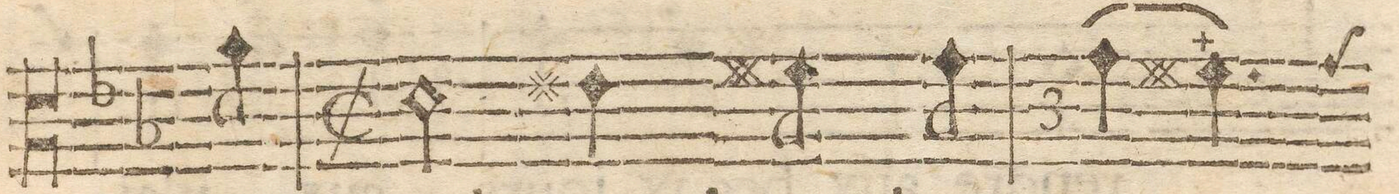


Amour, tu peux nous rendre aux beaux
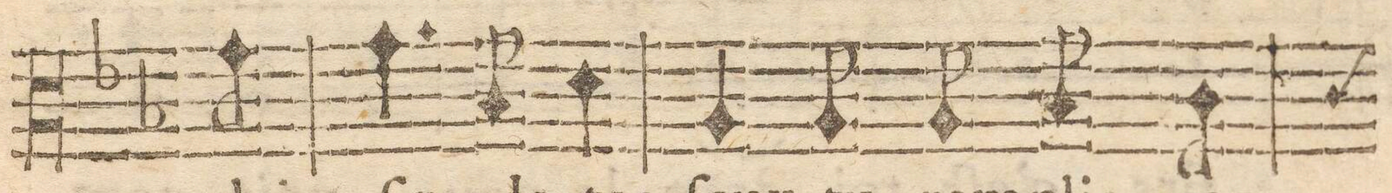


jours, aux plai - sirs. Sois fa - vo - ra-
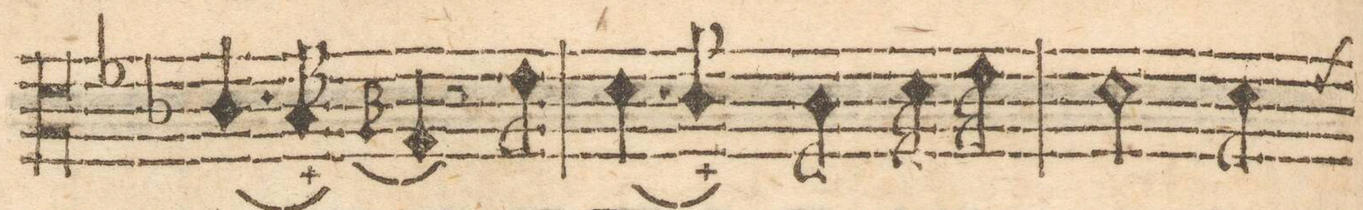


ble a nos dé - sirs, A - mour tu peux
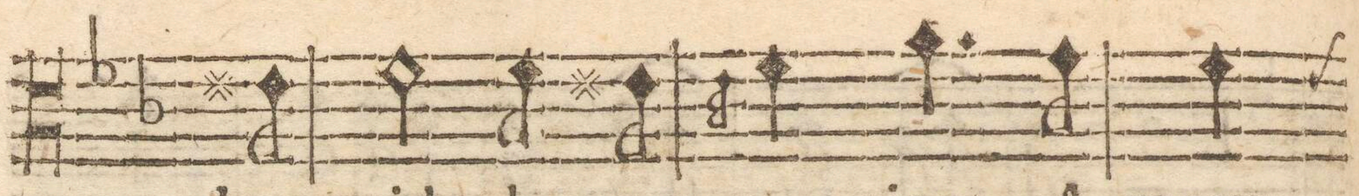


nous rendre aux beaux jours, aux -
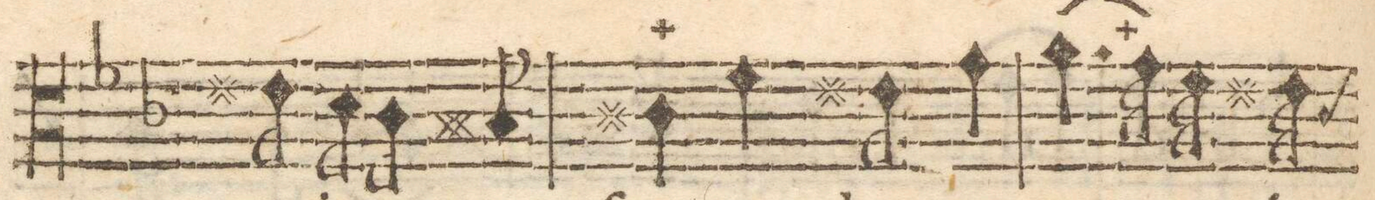


plai - sirs de tes feux tu remplis nos
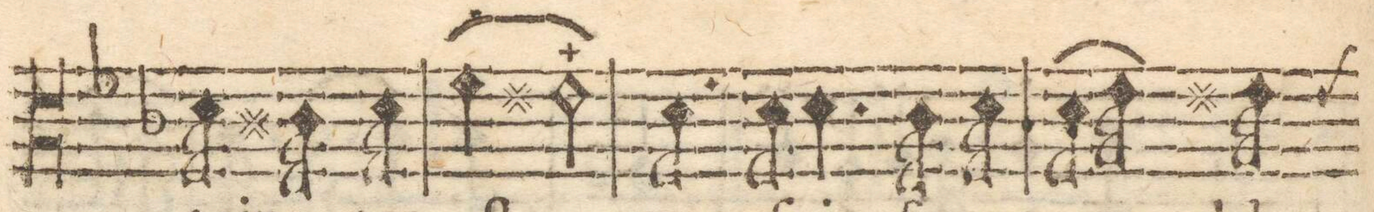


A - mes, nos Corps ſont abba - tus ſous
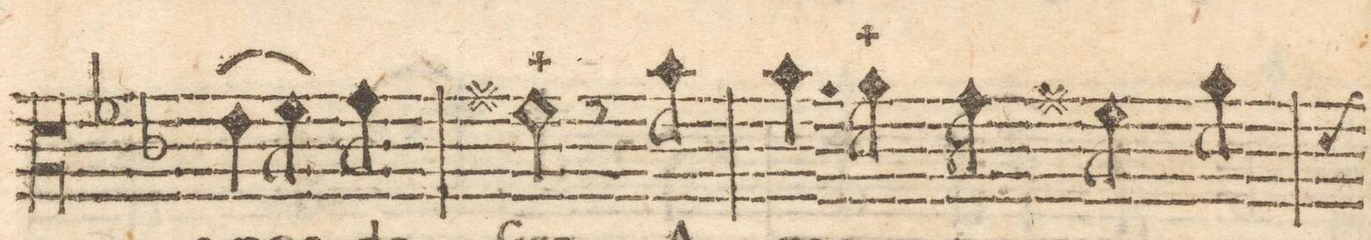


le poids de nos ans: viens, A-mour,
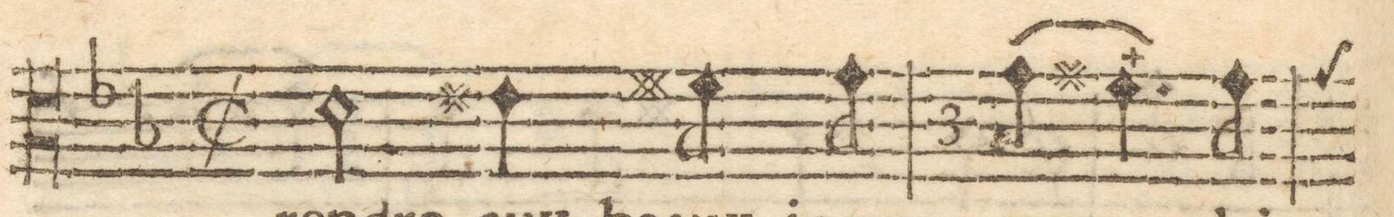


ranime nos ſens, ou dans nos cœurs é-
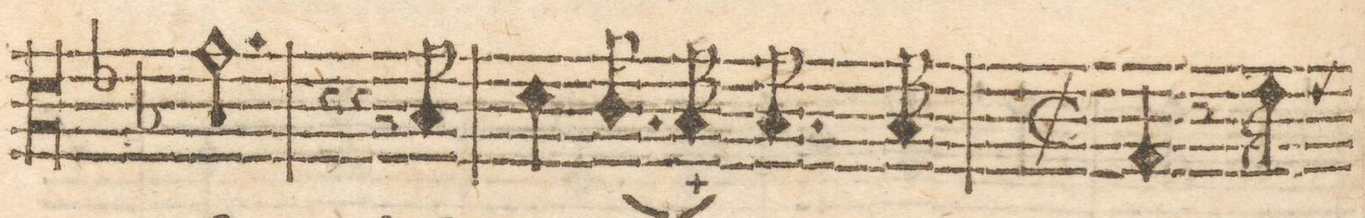


teins tes fla - mes, ſois favo - ra - ble



a nos de - firs, A - mour tu peux nous
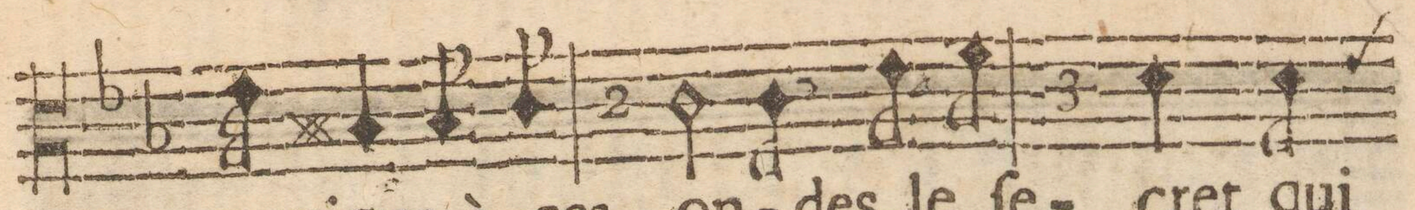


rendre aux beaux jours aux plai-
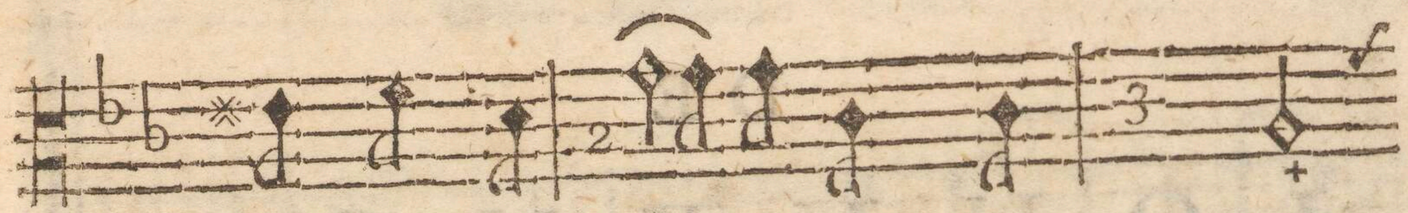


firs, c'eſt toi dont le pou - voir com-
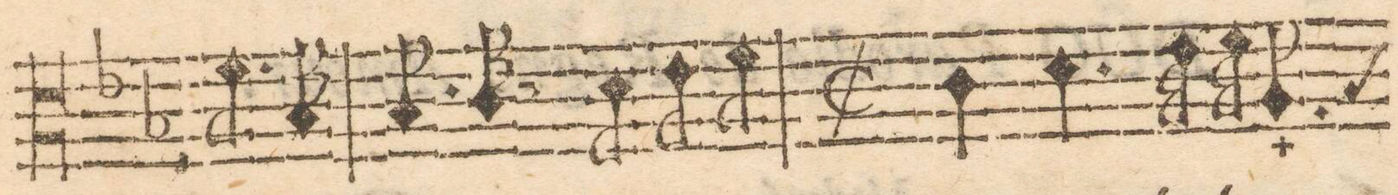
mu-
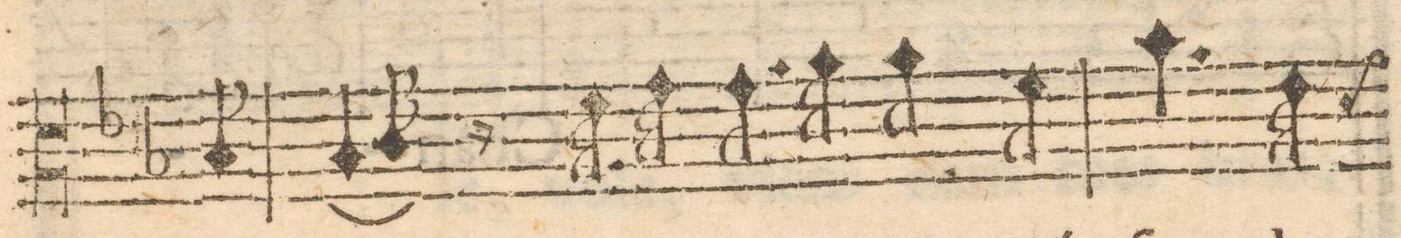


munique à ces on-des, le ſe- cret qui
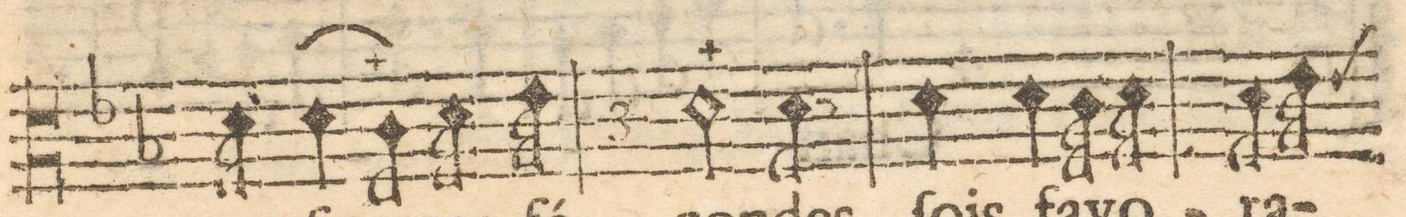


nous rend l'u-ſa-ge des beaux jours.
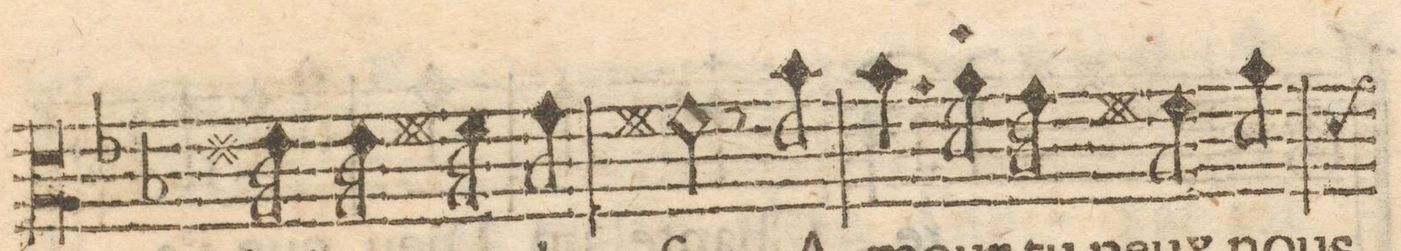


Hé - las ! accorde nous un généreux
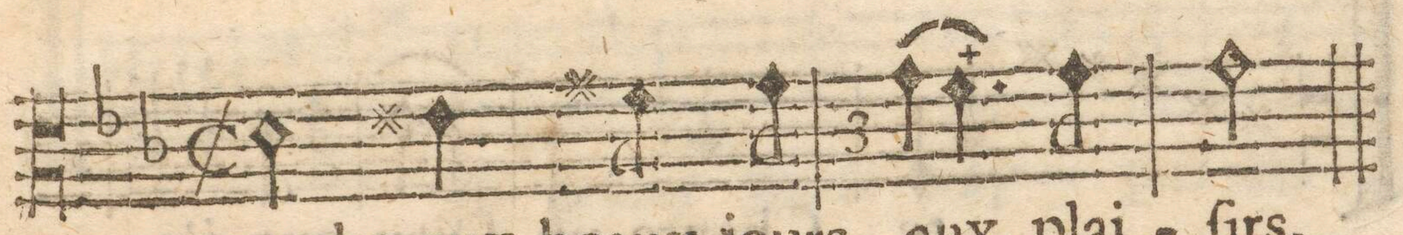


ſe - cour. Ouvre nous tes tré-ſors de



ces ſources fé- condes, ſois favo - ra-



ble, à nos de - ſirs, A-mour tu peux nous
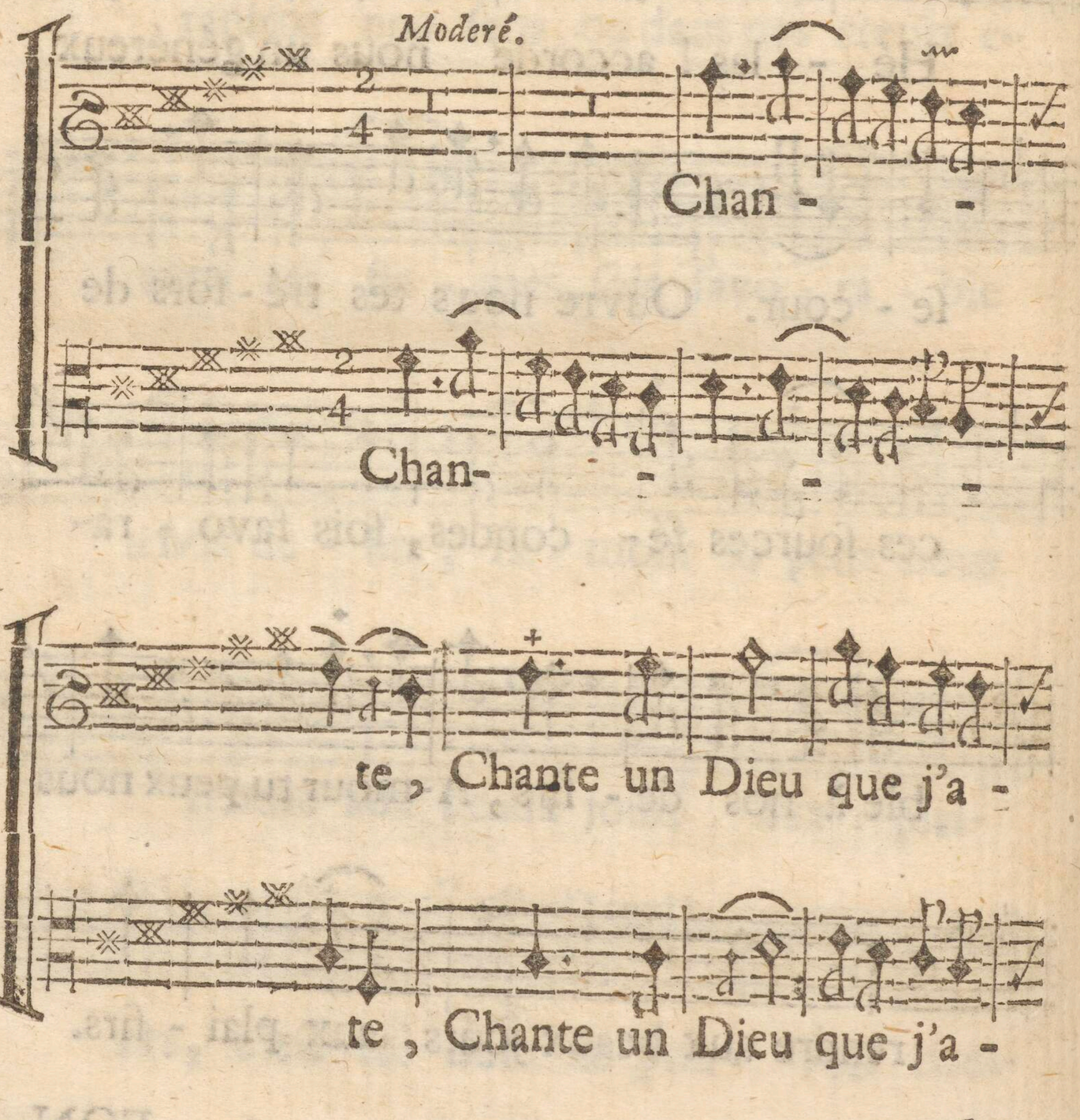


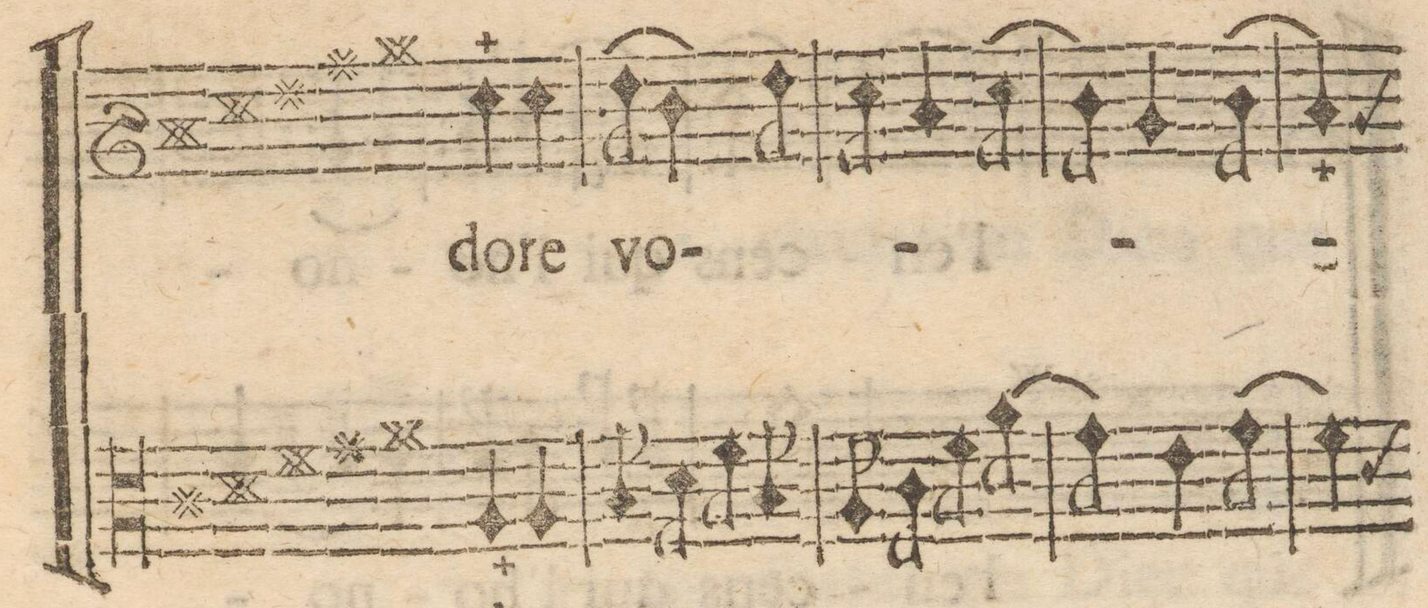
rendre aux beaux jours aux plai - ſirs.
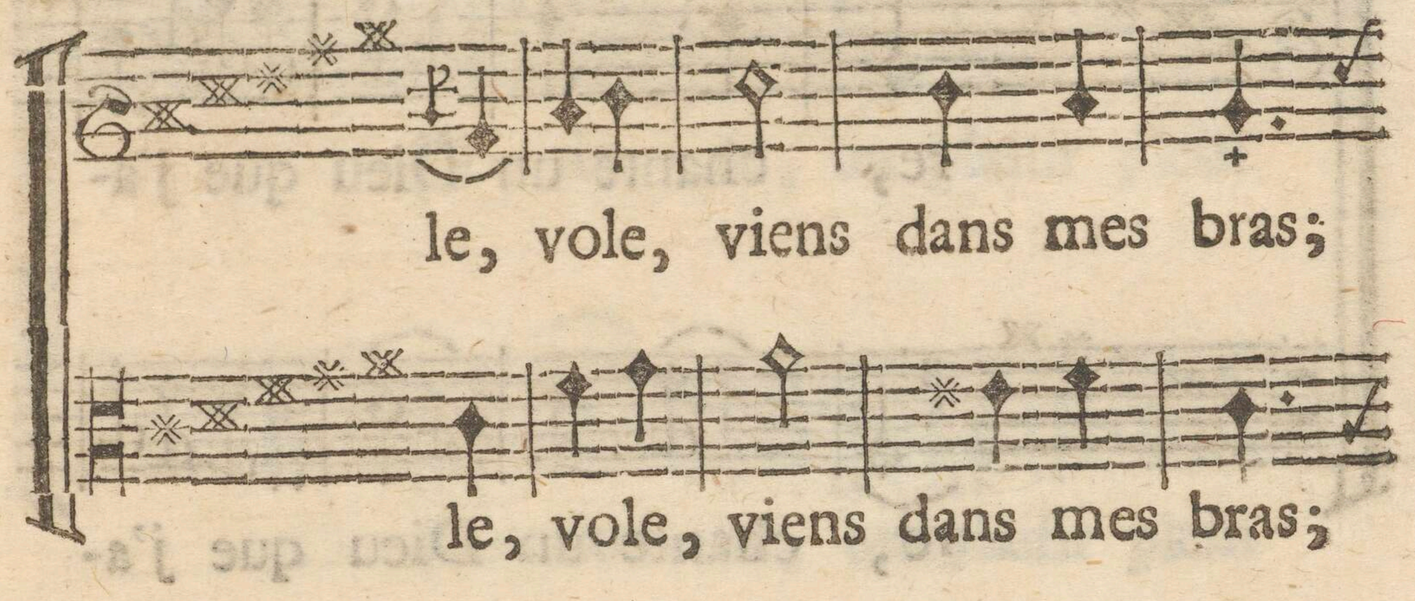
FON-
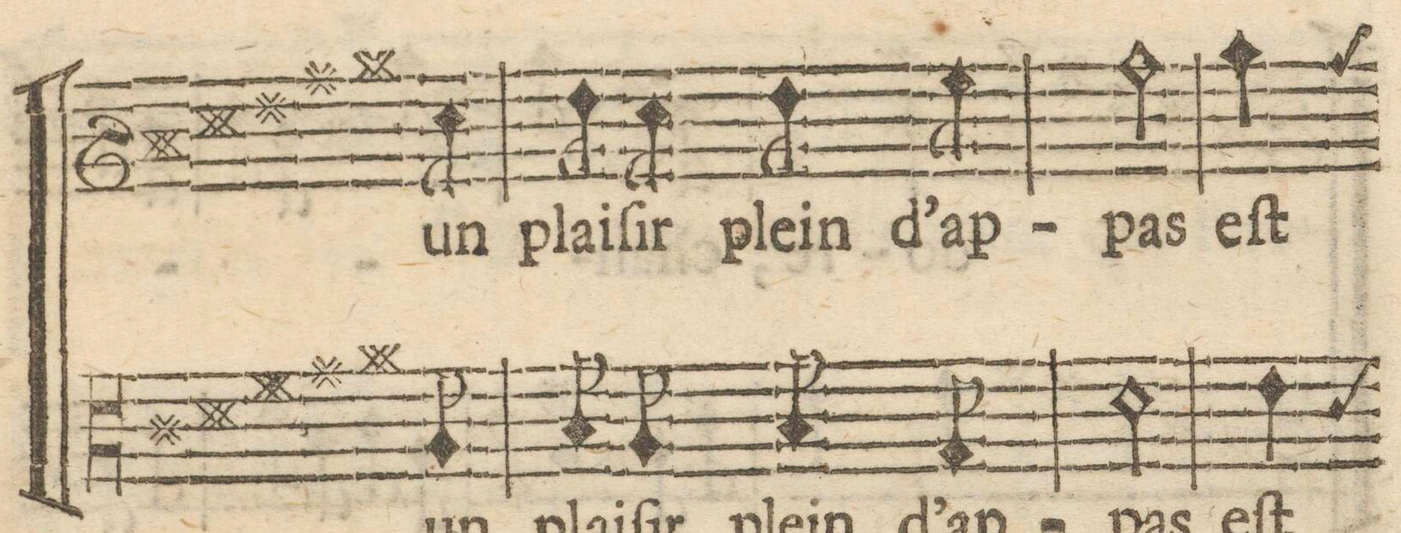
FONTAINE DE JOUVENCE.

DUO Parodie de Regne Amour.
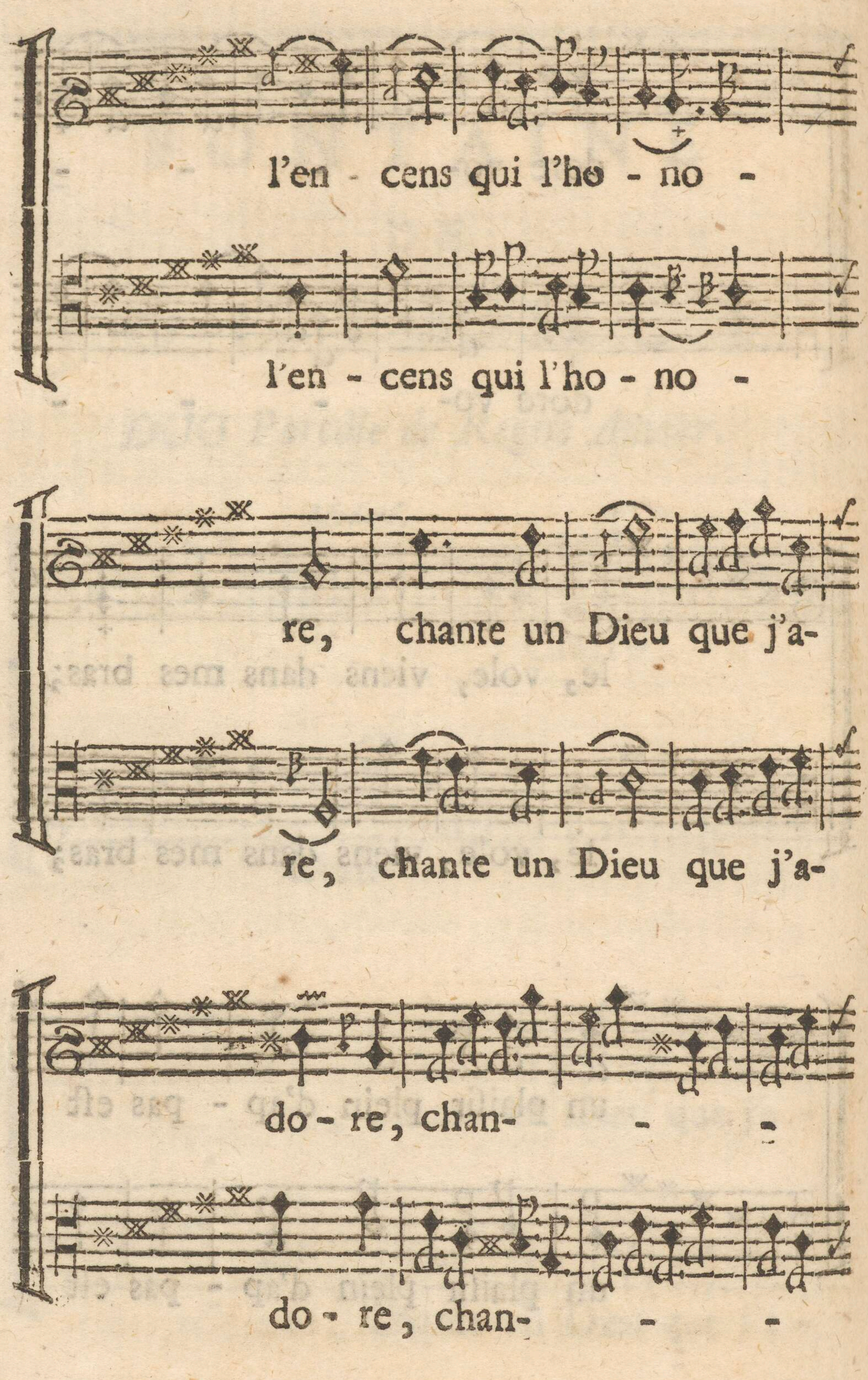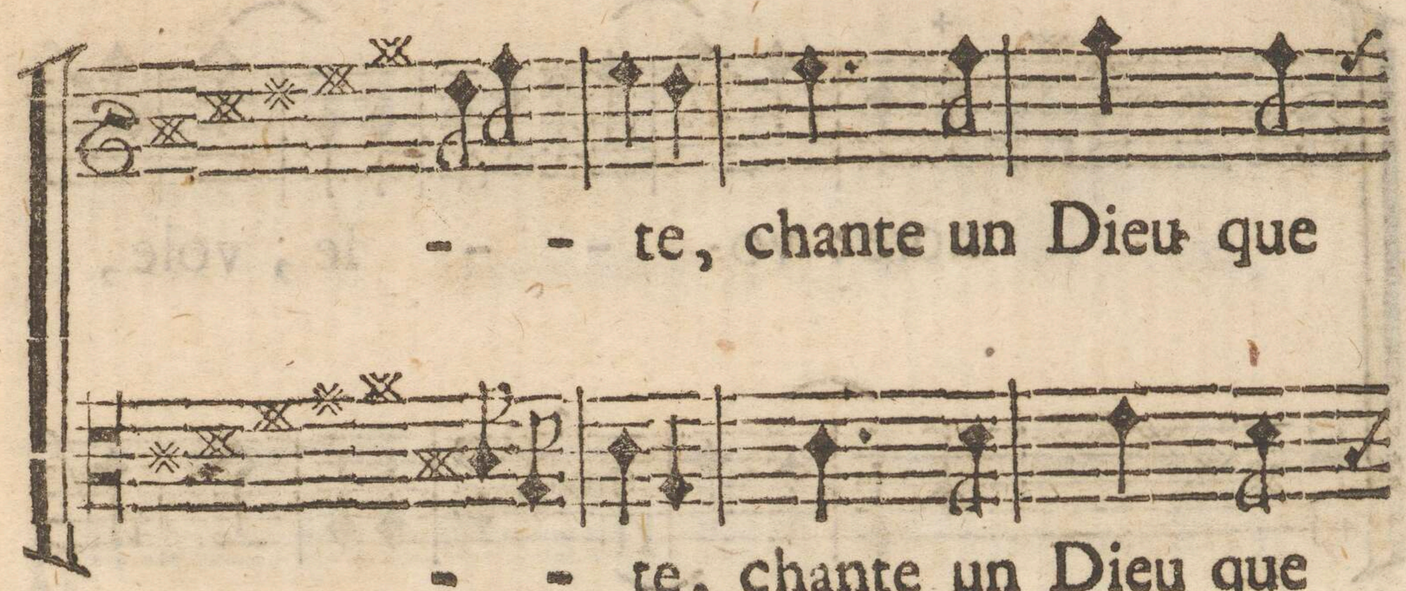



dore vo- - - -
dore vo- - - -

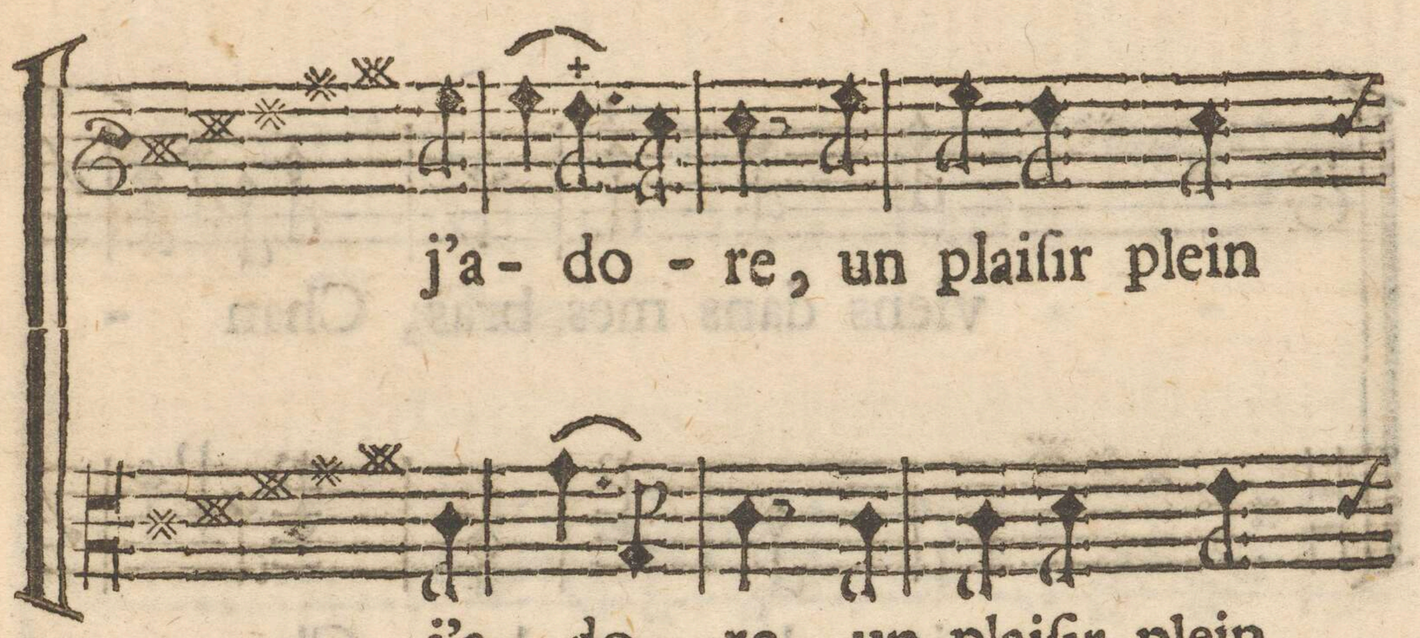

le, vole, viens dans mes bras;
le, vole, viens dans mes bras;
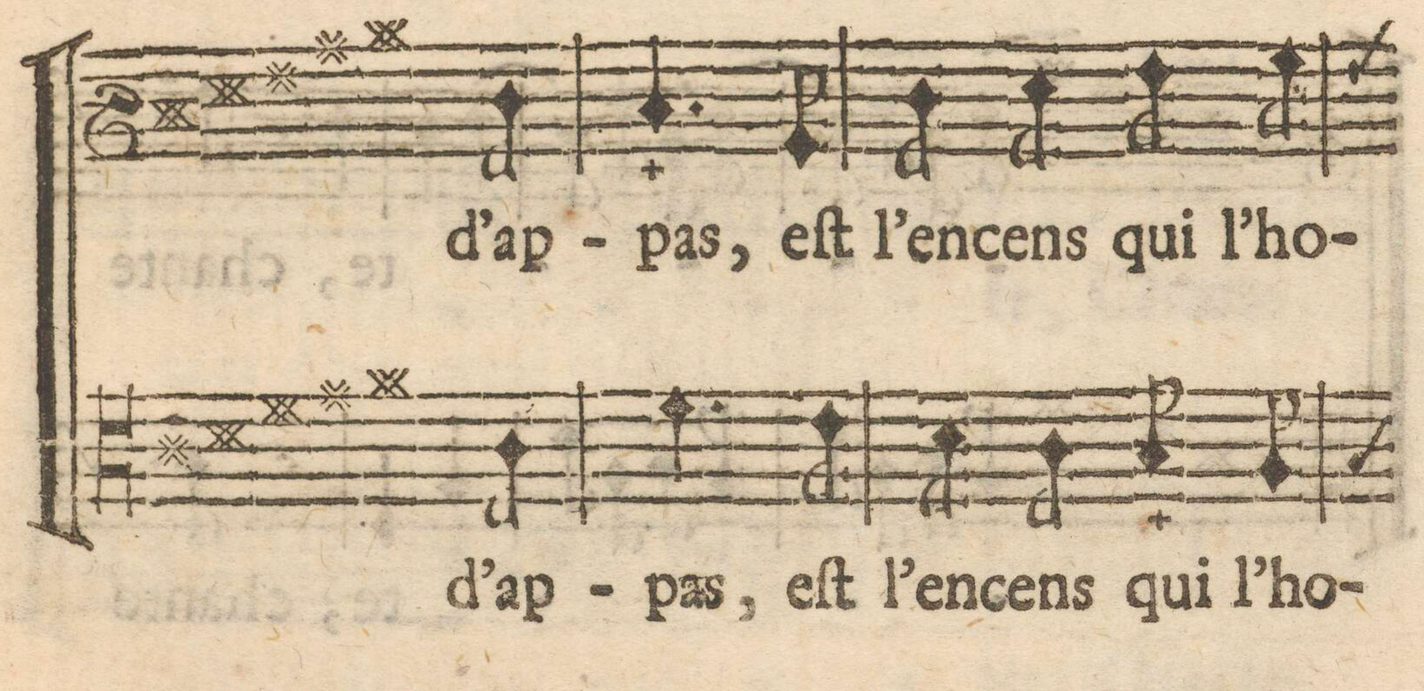

un plaiſir plein d'ap - pas eſt
un plaiſir plein d'ap - pas eſt

l'en-
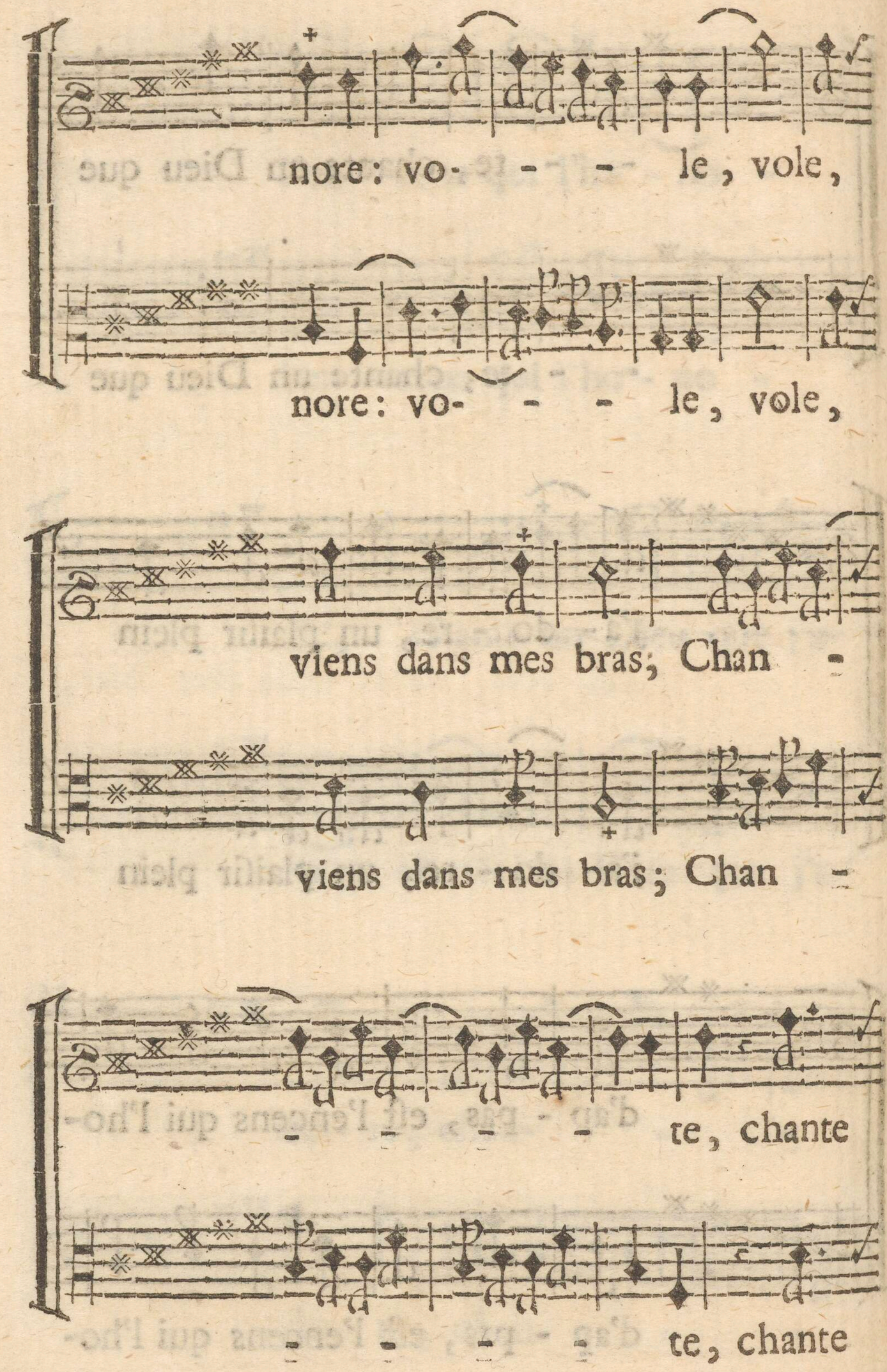

l'en - cens qui l'ho - no -
l'en - cens qui l'ho - no -
re, chante un Dieu que j'a-
re, chante un Dieu que j'a-
do - re, chan- - -
do - re, chan- - -
re,
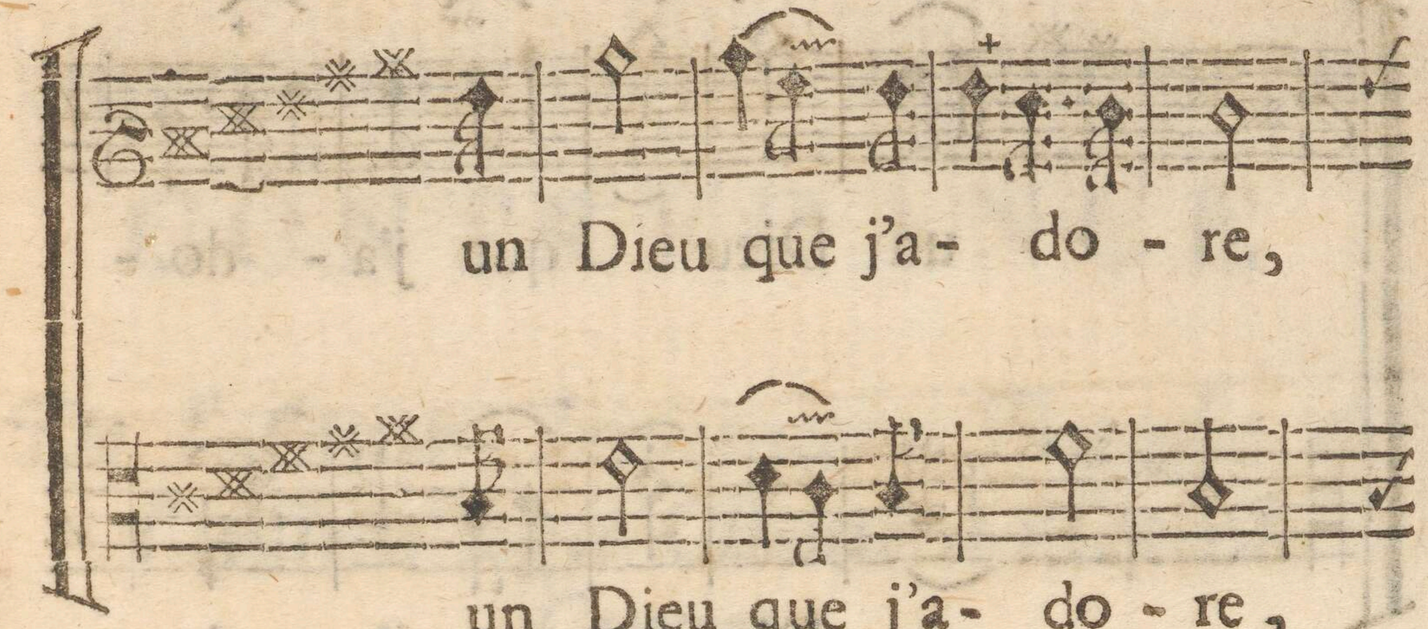

- - te, chante un Dieu que
- - te, chante un Dieu que
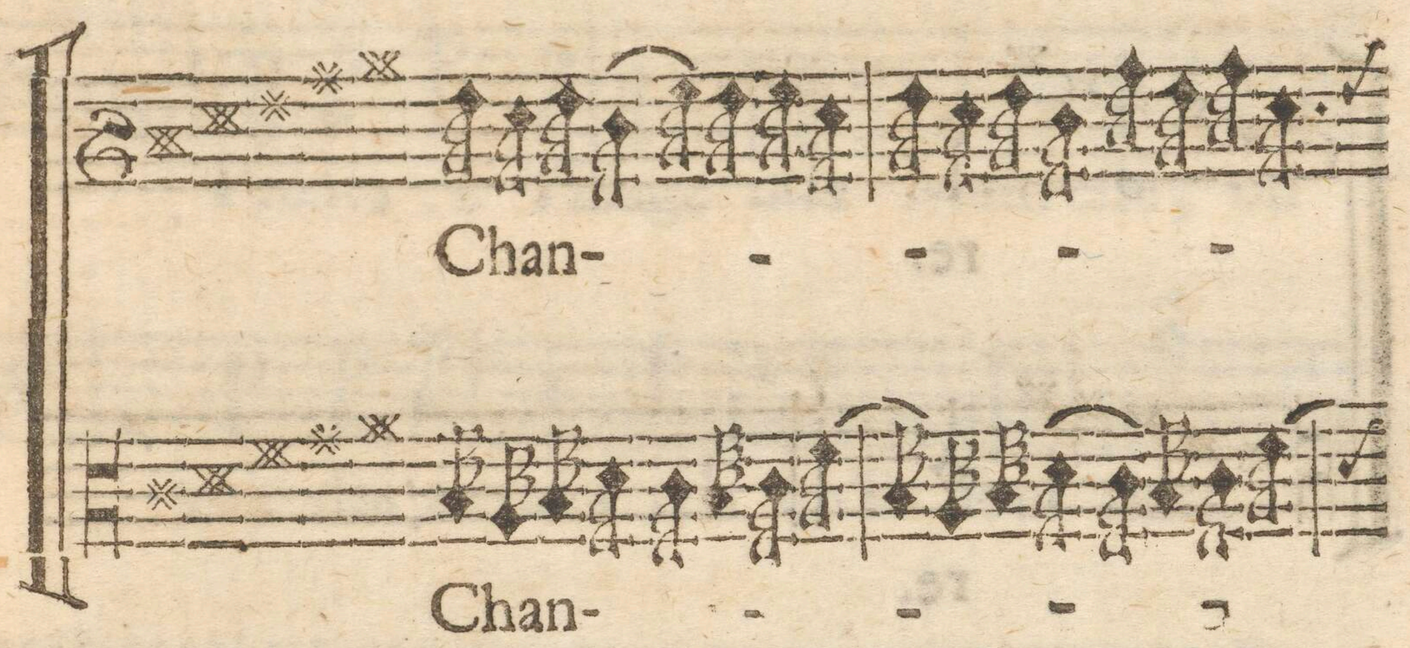

j'a- do - re, un plaiſir plein
j'a- do - re, un plaiſir plein
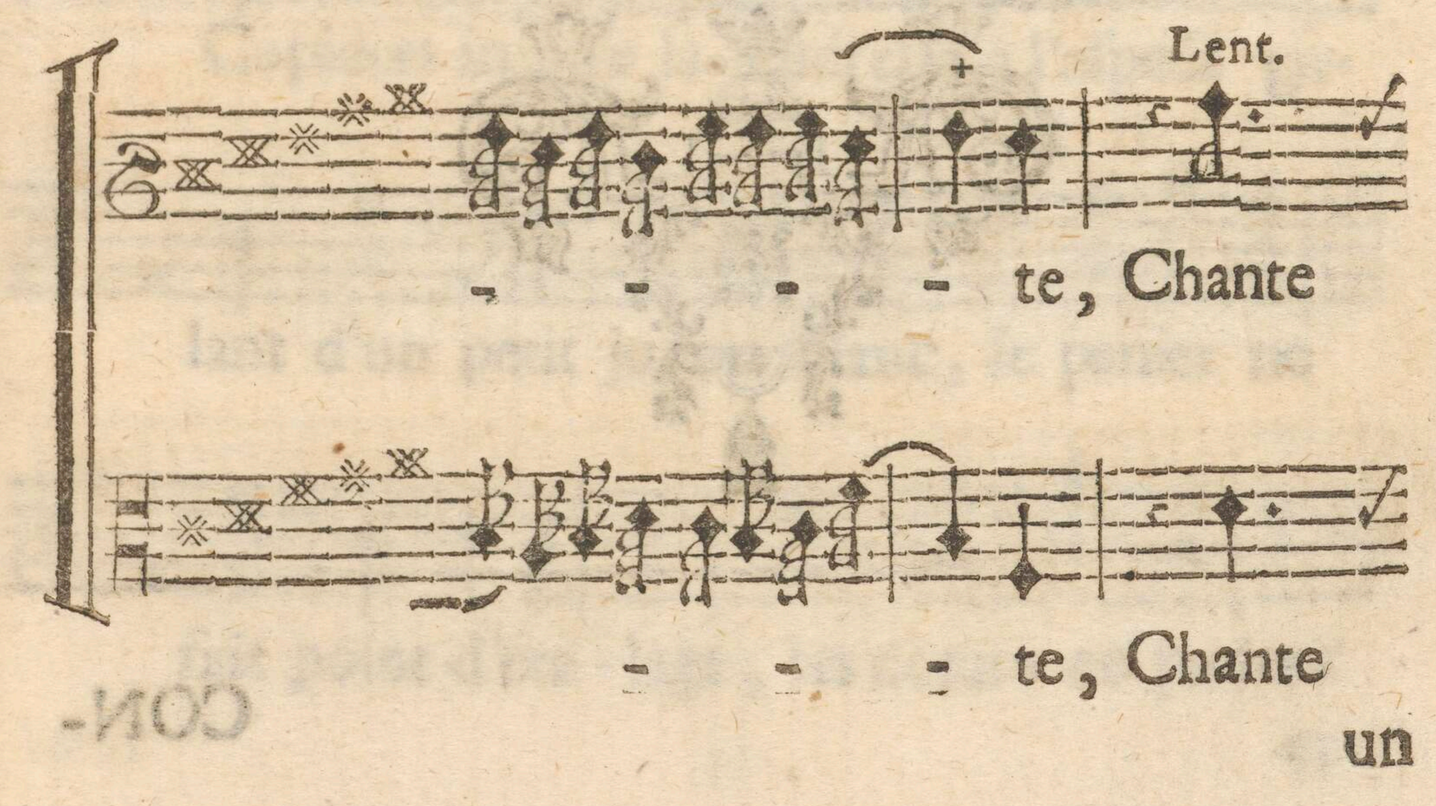

d'ap - pas, eſt l'encens qui l'ho-
d'ap - pas, eſt l'encens qui l'ho-
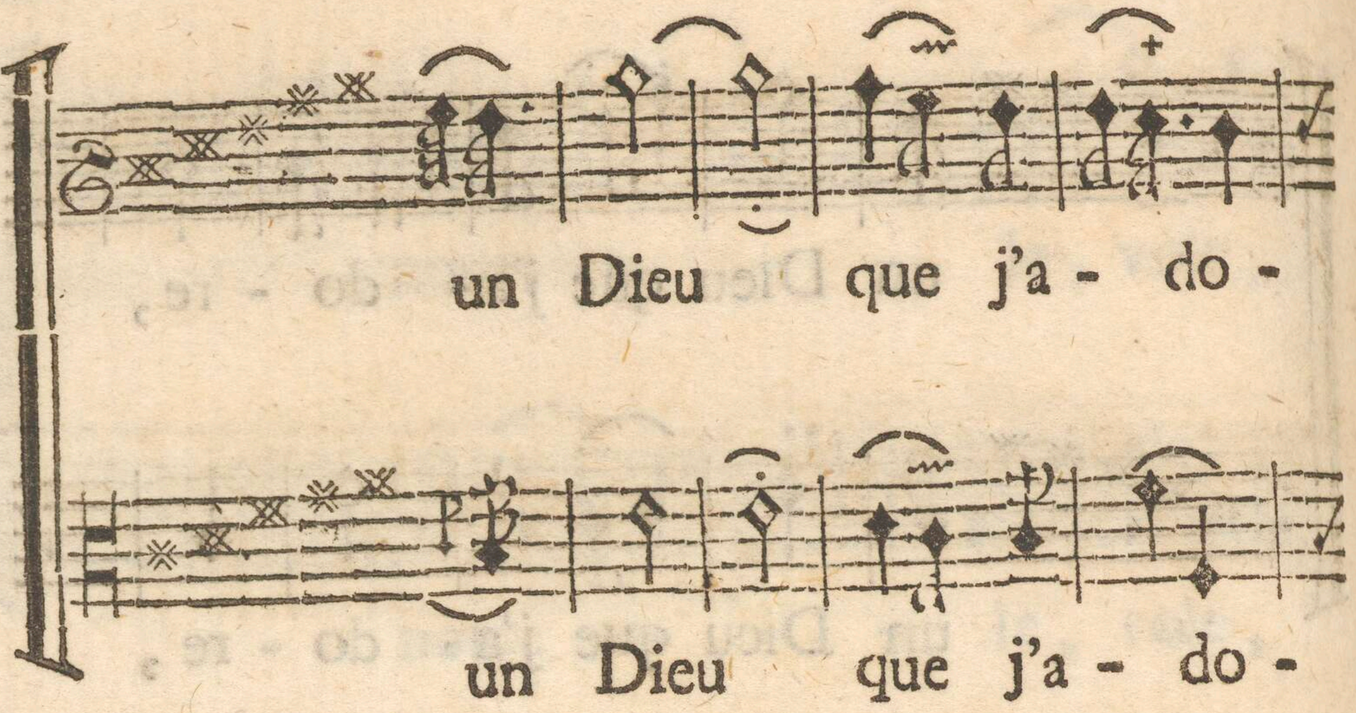
nore :
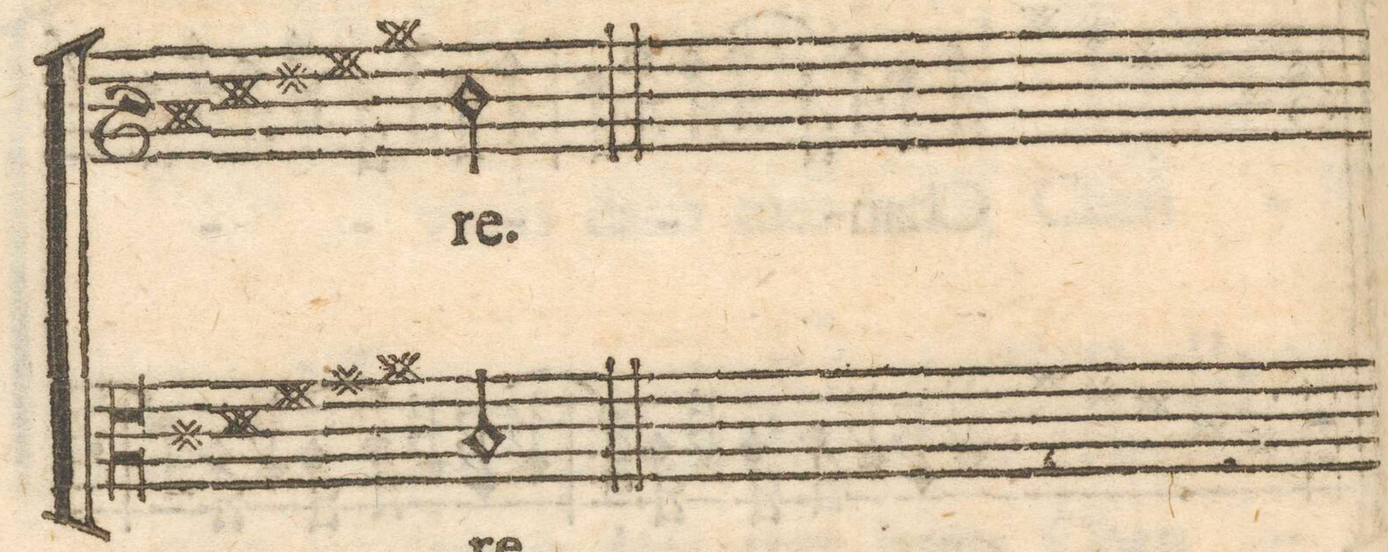

nore: vo- - - le, vole,
nore: vo- - - le, vole,
viens dans mes bras; Chan -
viens dans mes bras; Chan -
te, chante
te, chante
un


un Dieu que j'a- do - re,
un Dieu que j'a- do - re,


Chan- - - - -
Chan- - - - - -


Lent.
- - - - te, Chante
- - - te, Chante
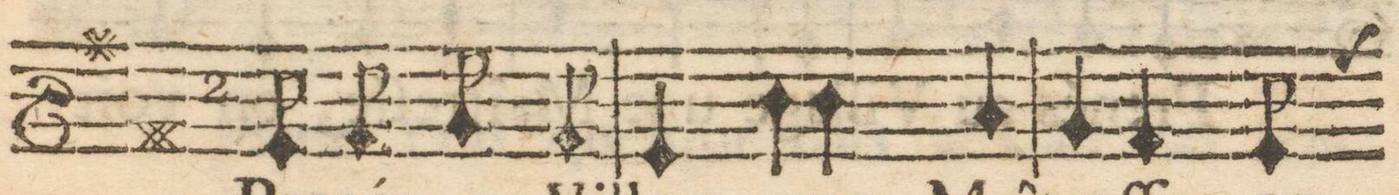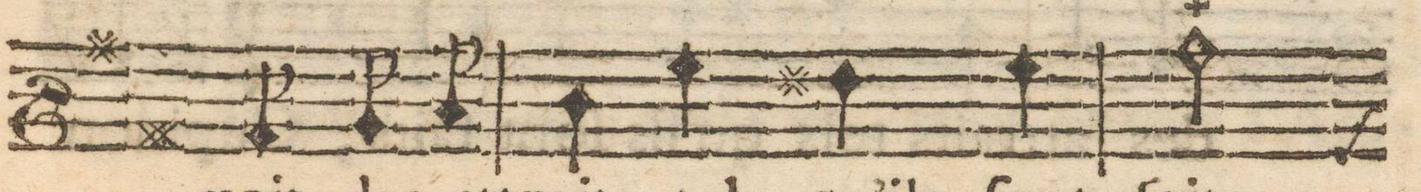




CON-

CONTREDANCE
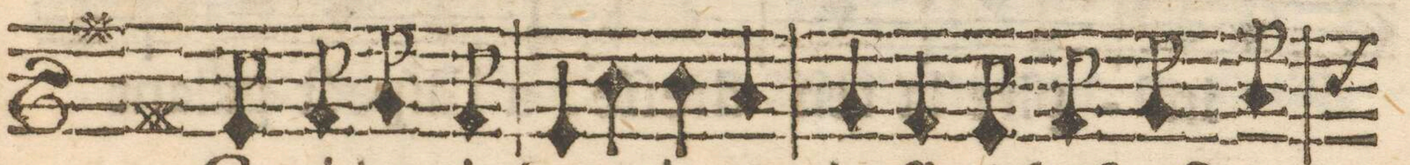
De l'Amour Impromptu Parodie de l'Acte d'Eglé Chanté à l'Opera Comique.
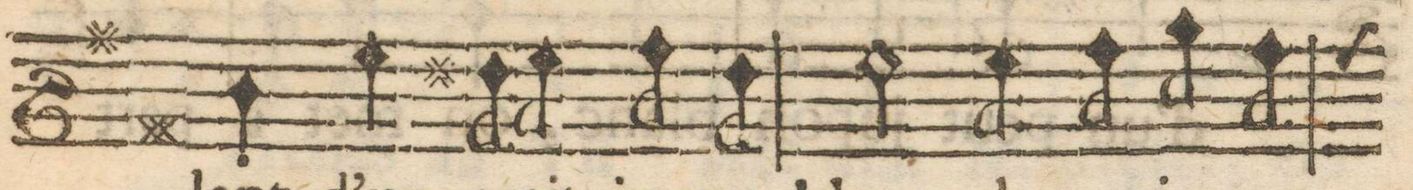


Prenés du Village une Maîtreſſe, on
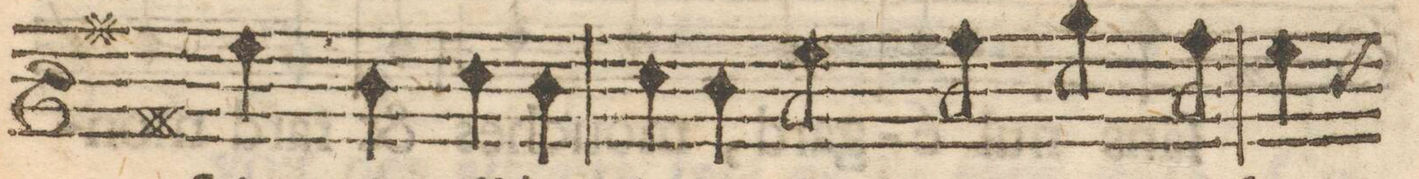


voit des attraits tels qu'ils ſont faits.



Cupidon inſpire la tendreſſe à l'aſpect ga-
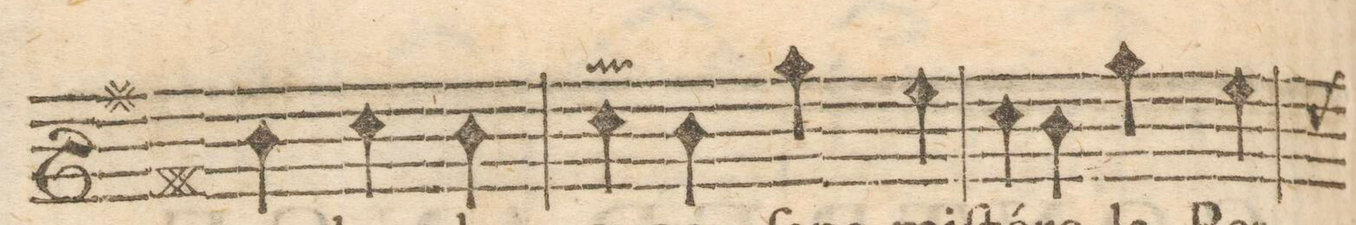


lant d'un petit jupon blanc, le panier ne
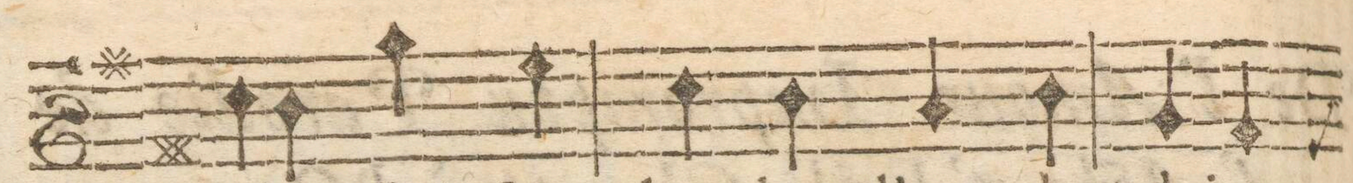


fait point d'éta-lage; les cœurs ne parlent
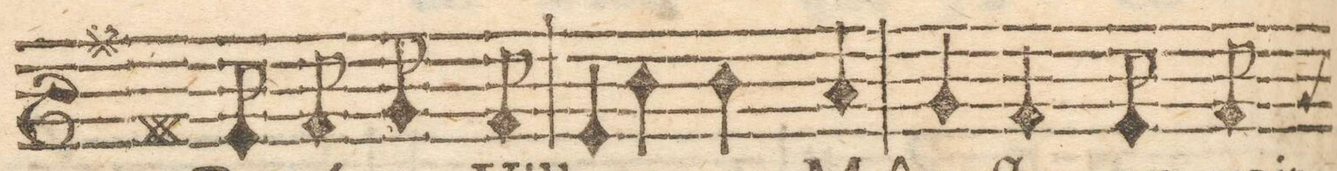
que
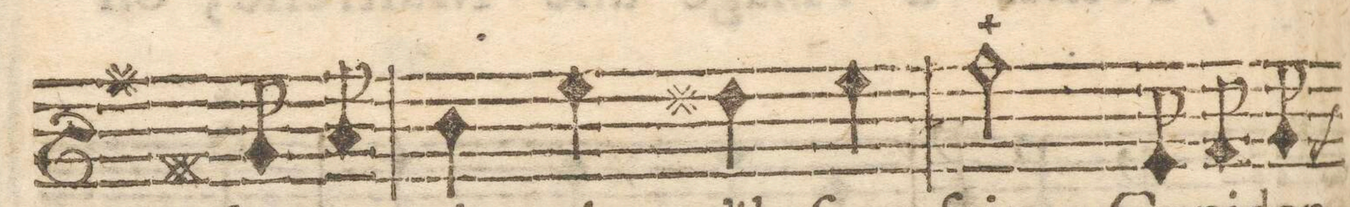


que leur lan-gage, ſans miſtére la Ber-
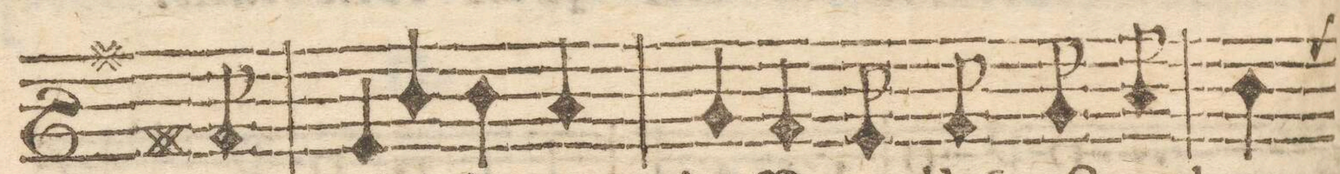


gére plait ſans chercher l'art de plaire,
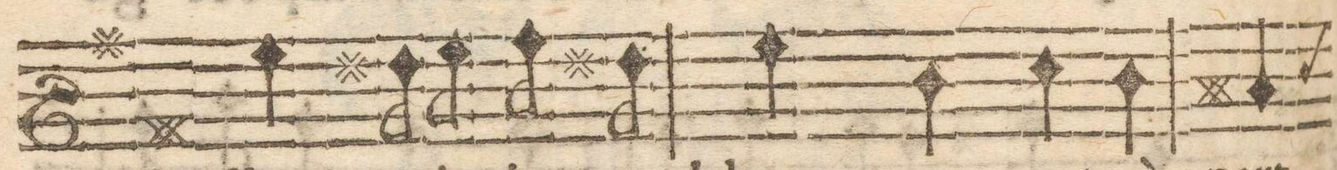


Prenés au Village une Maîtreſſe, on voit
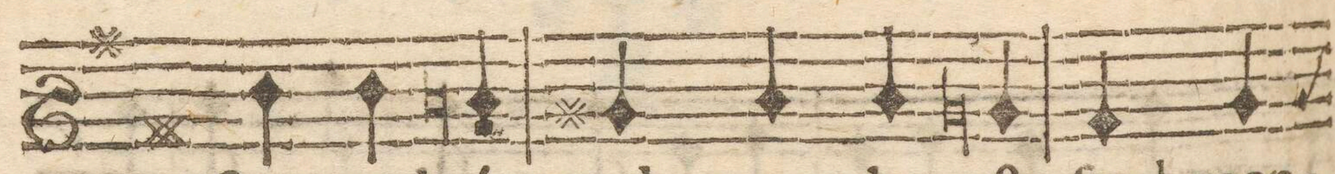


des attraits tels qu'ils ſont faits, Cupidon
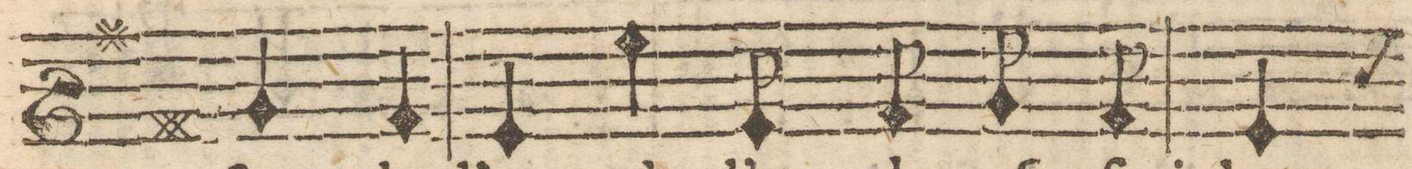


inſ-pire la ten-dreſſe, a l'aſpect galant
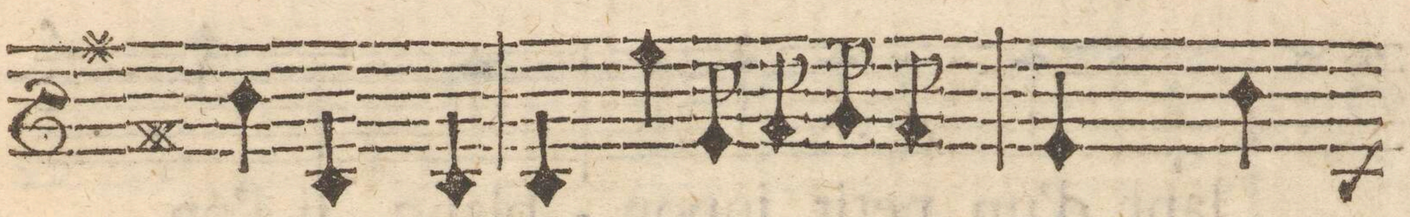


d'un petit jupon blanc, on met à part
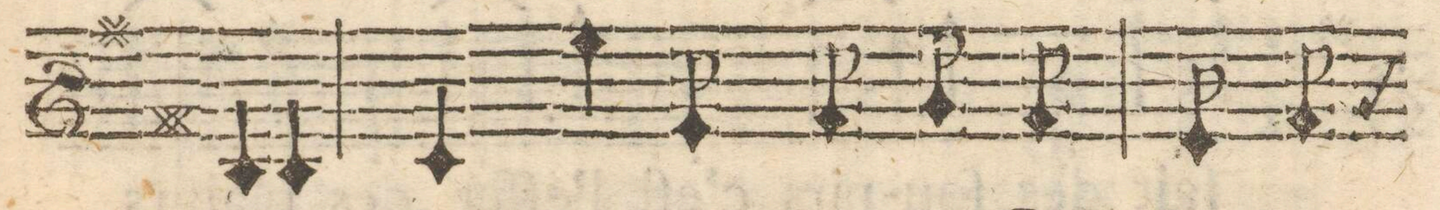


ſans nul é-gard, mouches & fard mon-
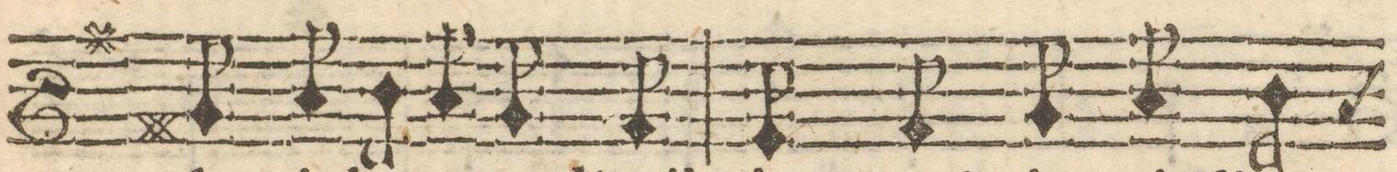


ſtres de l'art, de l'eau dans ſa fraicheur



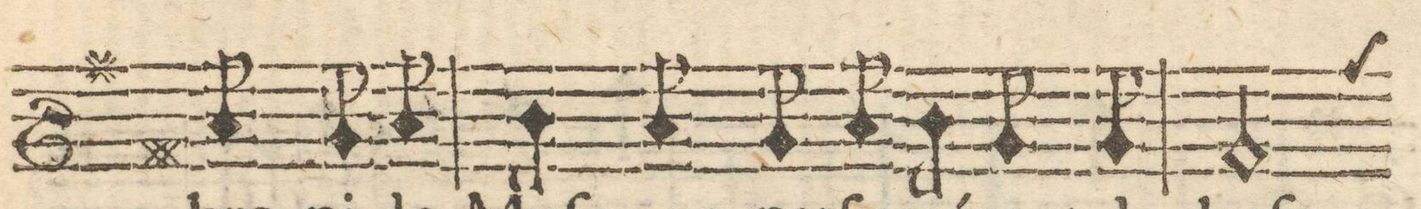
chaque matin épanouit la fleur d'un
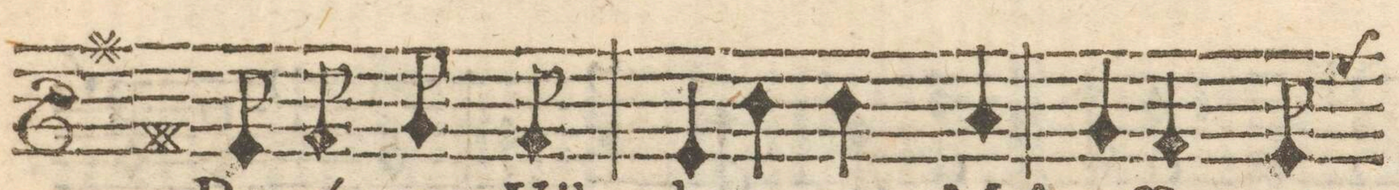


jeune t'un quelque fois le Cor-ſet ſent
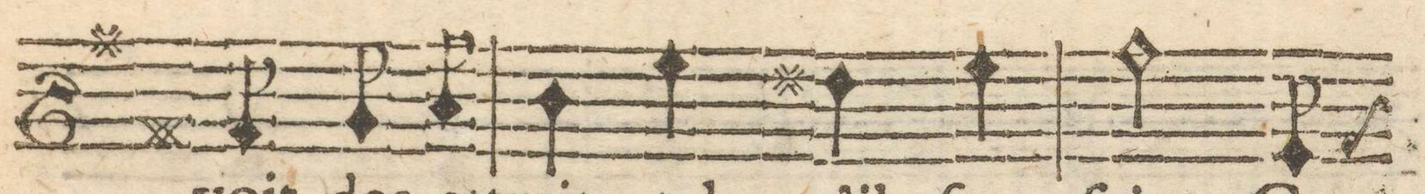


la viol-tte ou l'œil-let, mais jamais l'Am-
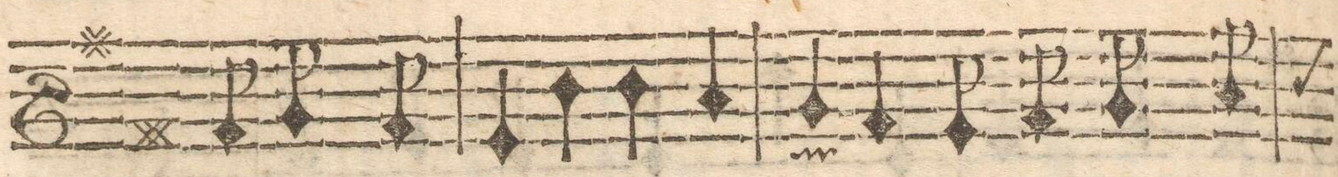


bre ni le Muſc ne parfumérent le buſc.
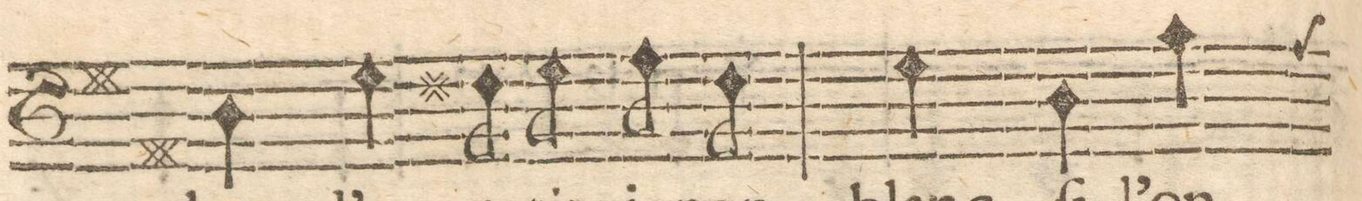


Prenés au Vil-lage une Maîtreſſe, on
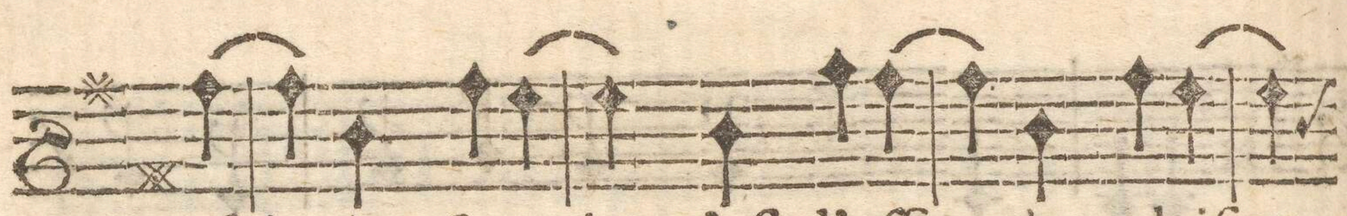


voit des attraits tels qu'ils ſont faits, Cu-
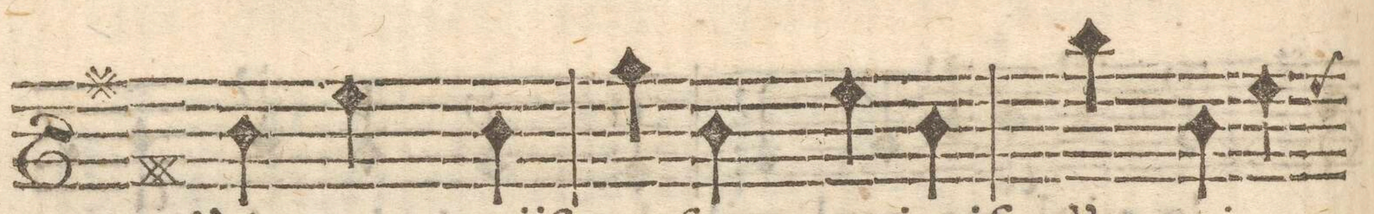


pidon inſ-pire la tendreſſe a l'aſpect ga-
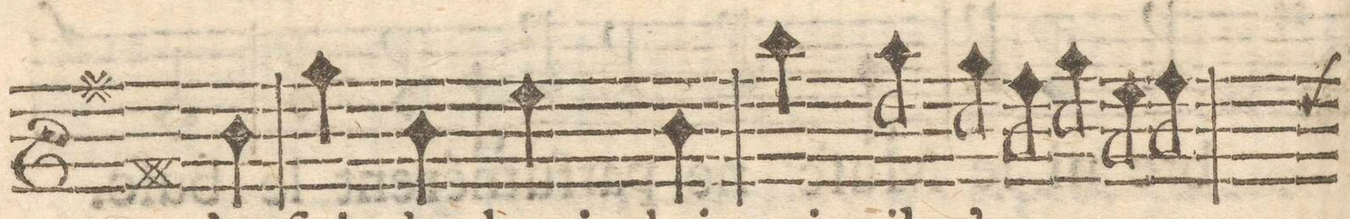


lant d'un petit jupon - blanc, ſi l'on
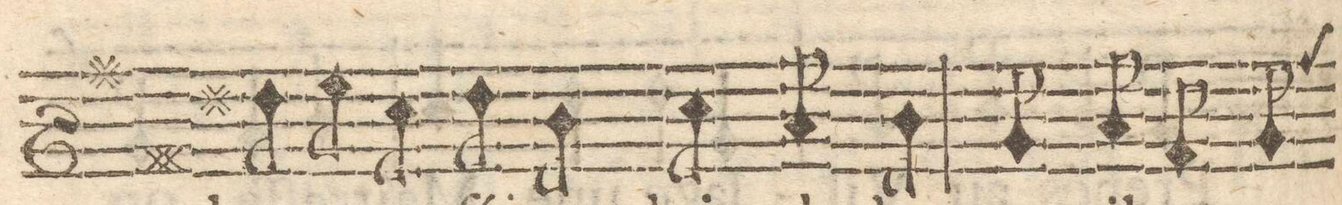


fait des ſou-pirs c'eſt l'effet des plaiſirs,



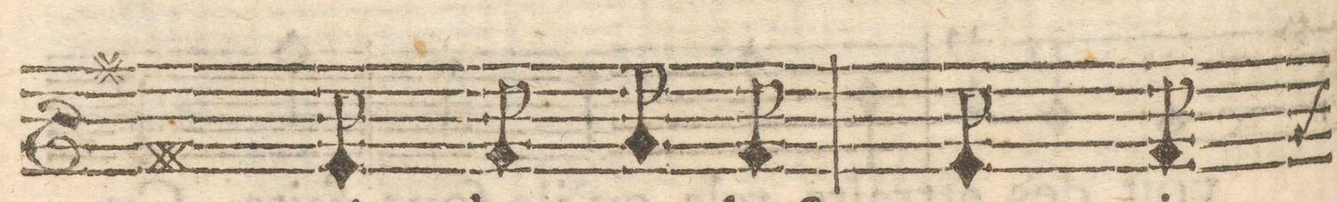
l'Amour naïf enfant craintif d'un rien



s'enfuit le bruit lui nuit il s'envo -
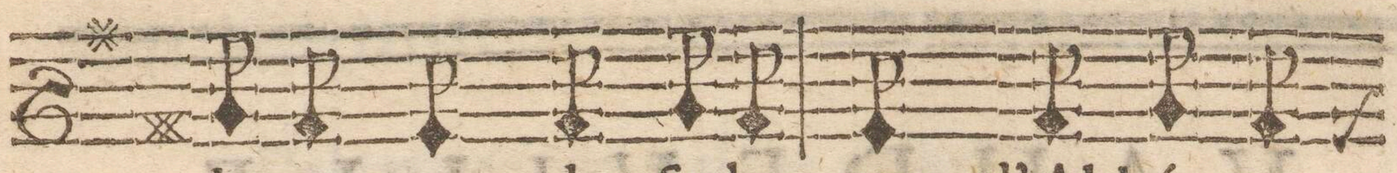


le en ce ſéjour loin de la cour il regne



en paix, dans nos boſ - quets, point

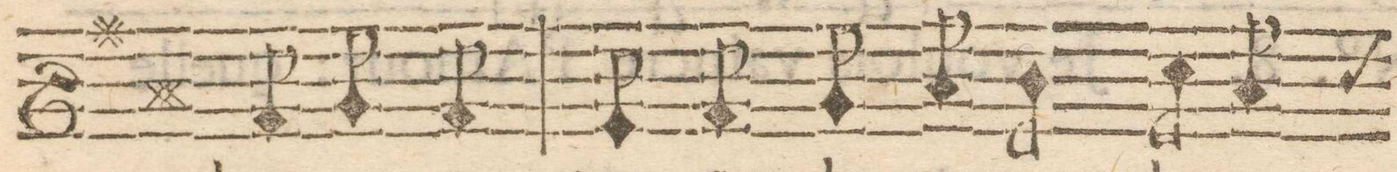
de
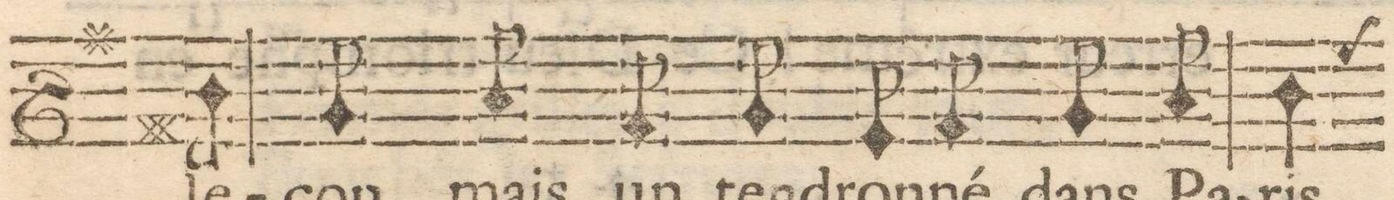


de caquets, de freluquets, d'Abbés co-
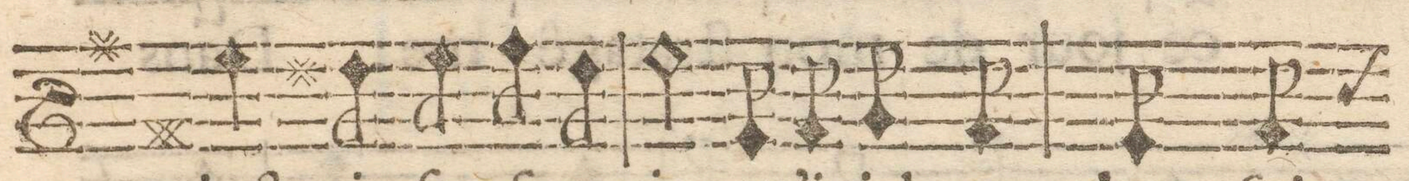


quets, ici l'Amant va ronde-ment, c'eſt
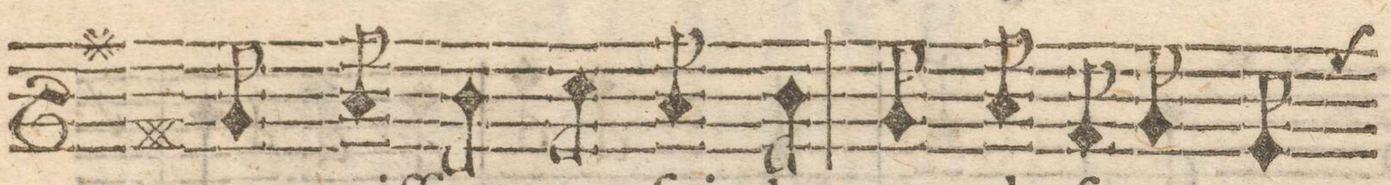


dans ce can-ton que le garçon donne
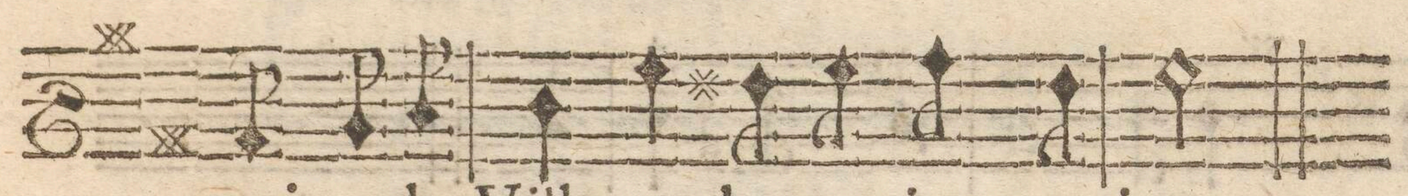


le-çon, mais un tendronné dans Pa-ris



inſtruit ſes favoris, qu'ici le penchant ſoit



trop puiſſant, on ſuit le cours de ſes amours:
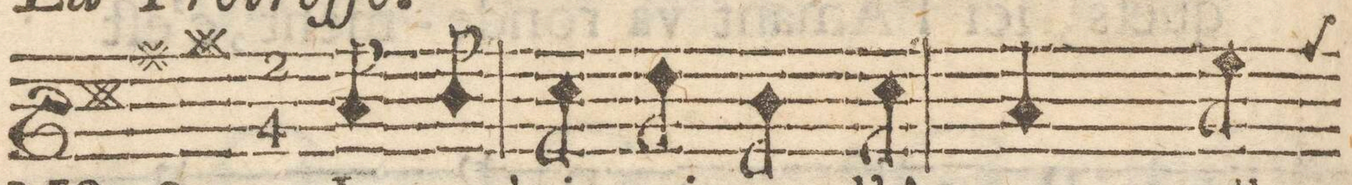


mais a la Ville on le previent toujours.
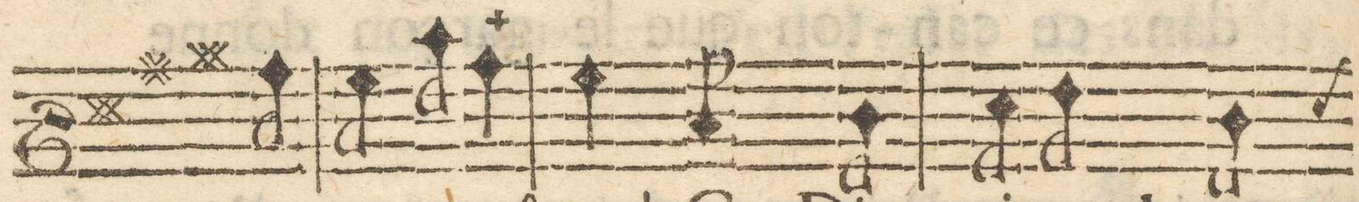
VAUDEVILLE

DES NIMPHES DE DIANE.
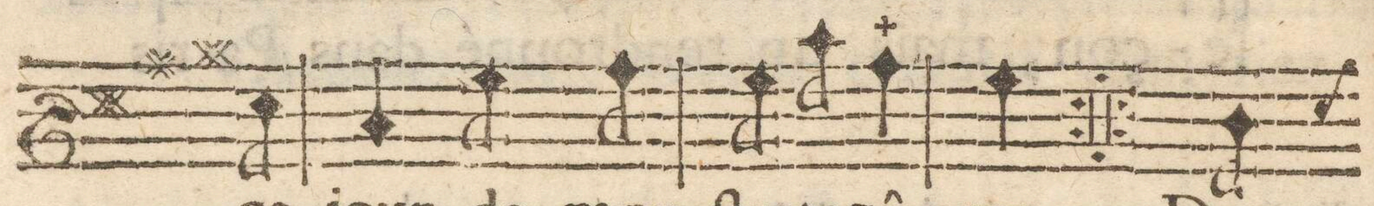
La Prêtreſſe.
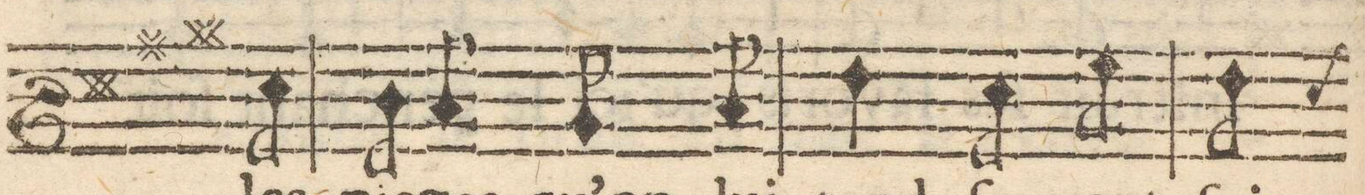


Nº. 8. Je voulois vaincre l'Amour: quelle
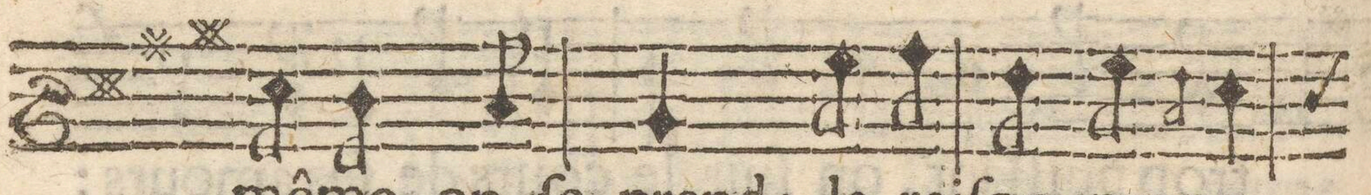


erreur extrême! Ce Dieu triomphe en
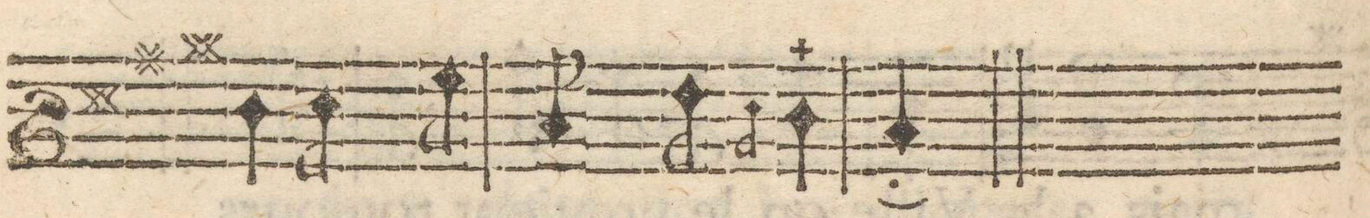


ce jour de mon ſtratagê-me: Dans



les pieges qu'on lui tend ſouvent ſoi



même on ſe prend: la raiſon propo-



ſe & l'Amour diſpo-ſe.

2.

J'ai trouvé ce traître enfant
Seul & ſans defenſe,
J'allois d'un bras triomphant
En prendre vengeance:
Pour éviter ma fureur,
Il s'eſt ſauvé dans mon cœur,
La Raiſon propoſe
Et l'Amour diſpoſe.

3.

L'AMOUR.

Il n'eſt point contre l'Amour
De retraites ſures;
Fermés grilles à double tour,
Bouchés les Serrures,
Vous ne parviendrés jamais.
A vous ſauver de mes traits;
La Raiſon propoſe
Et l'Amour diſpoſe.

4.

THEMIRE.

Ma bonne m'entretenoit
d'Un honneur ſauvage;
La Nature me tenoit
Un autre langage:
Le cœur ſeul m'a fait chercher
Ce qu'on vouloit me cacher.
La Bonne propoſe
Et l'Amour diſpoſe.

5.

CIANE.

Je vis l'Amour endormi
Je bravai ſes charmes;
J'approchai de l'ennemi
Pour prendre ſes armes;
En voulant briſer ſes traits,
Je m'en bleſſai pour jamais,
La raiſon propoſe
Et l'Amour diſpoſe.

6.

EGLE'.

J'avois juré ſur l'Autel
De notre Déeſſe,
Par un Serment ſolemnel,
De fuir la tendreſſe;
Mais j'oubliai mon ſerment
Dès que je vis un Amant,
La Raiſon propoſe
Et l'Amour diſpoſe.

7.

LA NIMPHE GANGAN.

Je fuyois un jeune Amant
De toute ma force;
Mais par malheur en courant
Hai! j'eus une entorſe:

Le

BIBLIOTEKA
XX.
CZARTORYSKICH

Le galant me releva ;
Qu'eſt-ce qu'il en arriva ?
La Vertu propoſe
Et l'Amour diſpoſe.

8.

LE SATIRE.
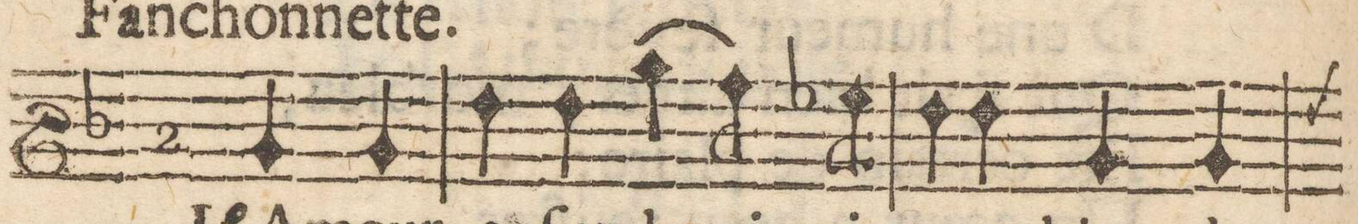
Je m'embarraſſe fort peu
D'une humeur ſevère ;
Qui ſçait bien aimer, morbleu,
Fst certain de plaire :
Un cœur a beau reſiſter,
Je n'ai qu'a me preſenter.
La Raiſon propoſe
Et moi je diſpoſe.

FIN.
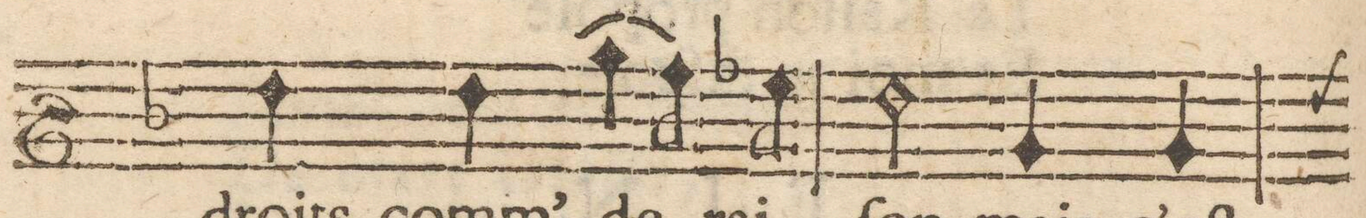
RONDE
DE JEROME ET FANCHONNETTE

Chantée à l'Opera Comique.
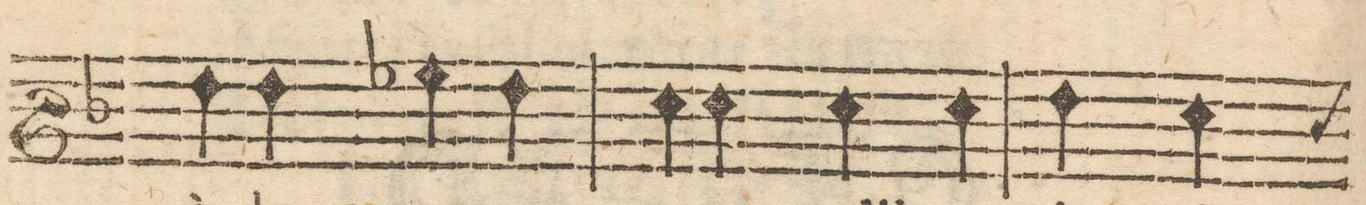
Fanchonnette.
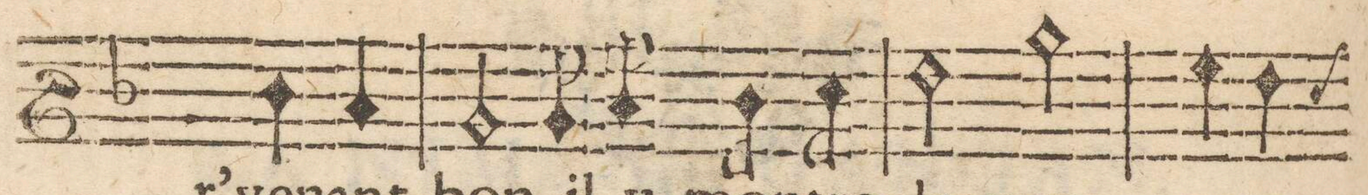


L'Amour a ſur la ri-vie-re bien des
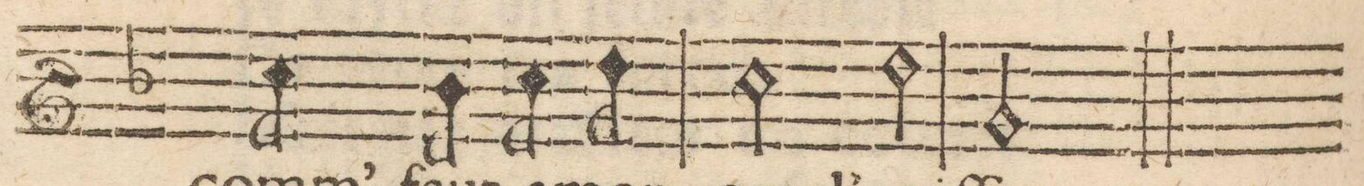


droits comm' de rai-ſon mais c'eſt



à la guernou-gere qu'il a plus de



r'venant bon il y montre la mag-nere



comm' faut amor-cer l'poiſſon.

JE-

JEROME.

Avec ſa jeune parſoniere
L'autre jour un vieux barbon
Fut une journée entiere
Sans pouvoir prendre un goujon,
Il n'ſçavoit pas la magnere
Comm' faut amorcer l'poiſſon.

3.

CADET.

Un brave guerrier à la guerre,
Eſt ſur de ſon mouſqueton
Et de r'tour ſur la riviere,
Il eſt ſur de ſon hamçon;
Dam' il entend la magnere
Comm' faut amorcer l'poiſſon.

4.

JEROME.

On ne peche dans l'eau claire
Qu' du fretin du barbillon,
C'eſt s'qui fait qu'les gens d'affaire
Pechent en eau trouble & vla l'bon,
Ils attrapont la magnere
D'endormir le gros poiſſon.

5.

CADET.

Une beauté riche & fière
N'trouvant aucun parti bon
Tumbit toute la premiere
Dans les filets d'un gaſcon,
La Garonne eſt une riviere
Ou ſe prend l'meyeur poiſſon.

6.

FANCHONNETTE.
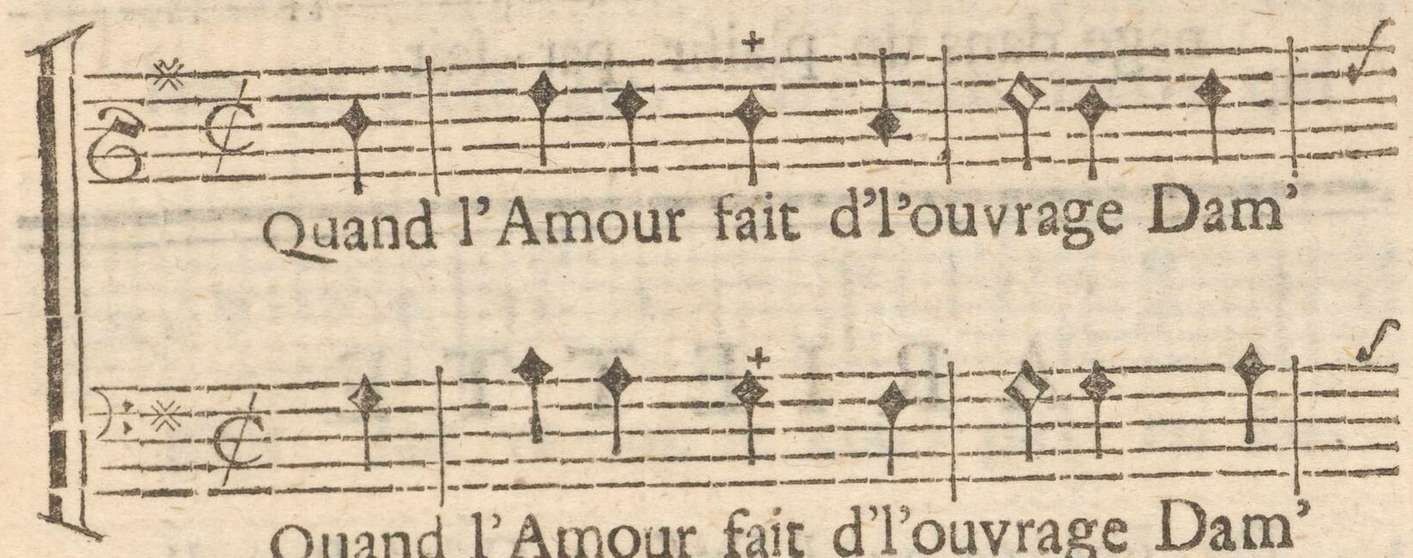
Liſe autrefois mariniere
Eſt groſſe Dame dit-on
S'qui d'vroit la rend' la derniere
Lui donn' du bien & du r'nom,
Ca s'appelle dans une orniere,
Savoir attirer l'poiſſon.
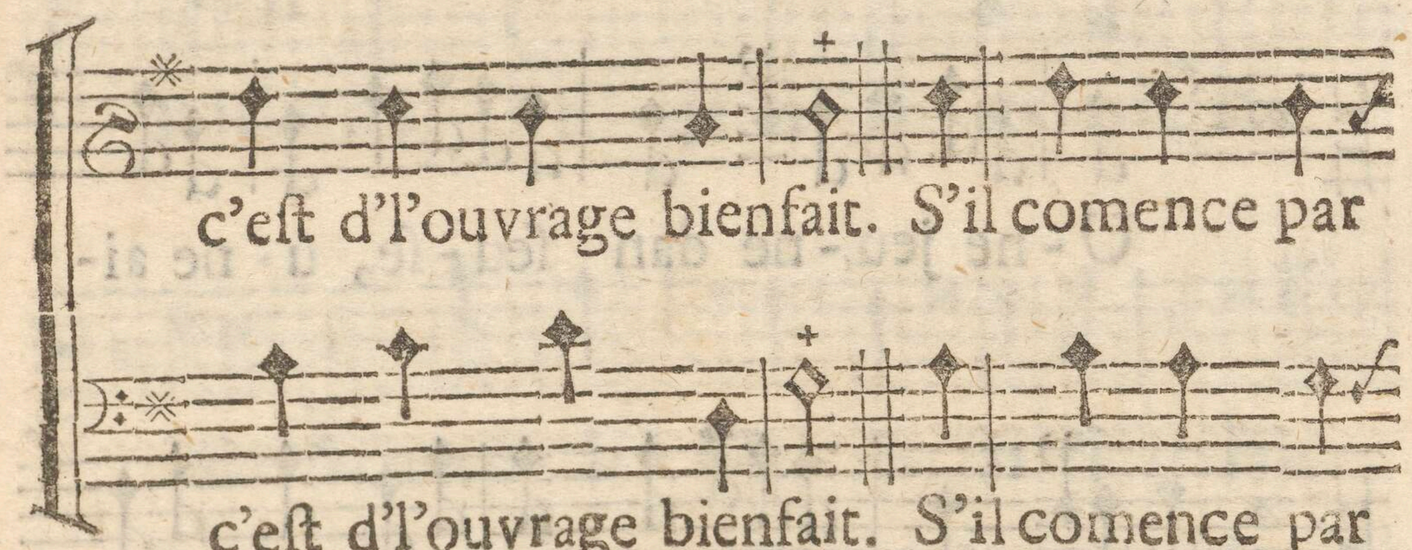
7.
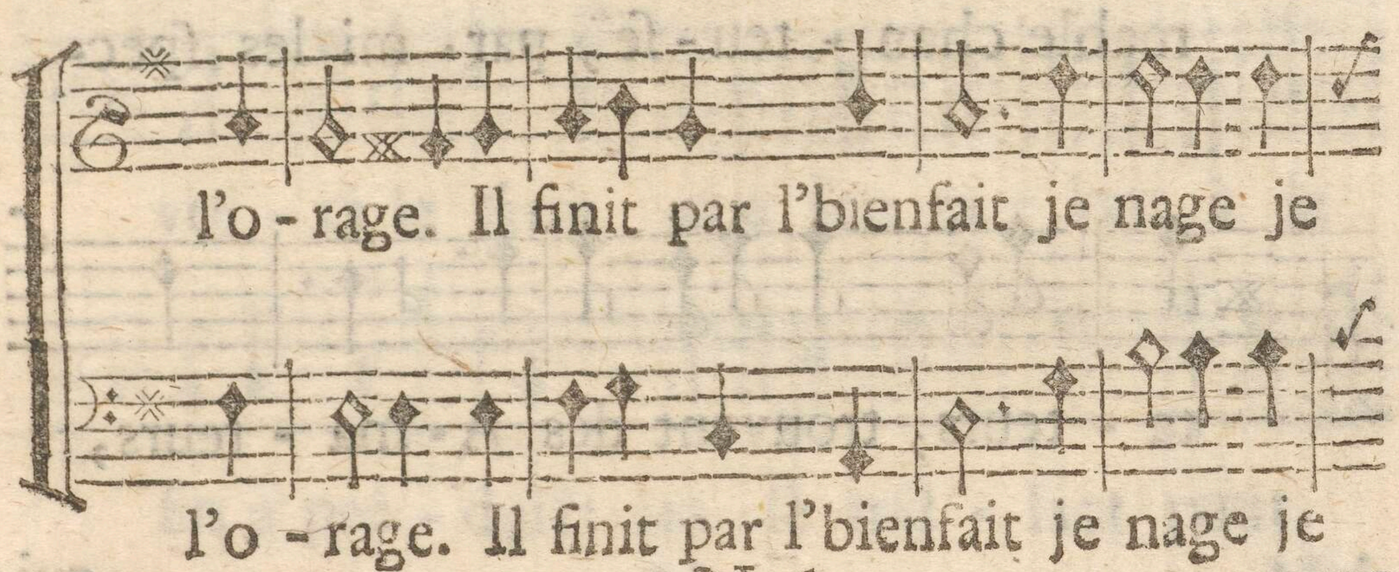
Heureux qui peut ſatisfaire
Vot goût de toute façon
Vot bonn'grace nous eſt plus chere
Qu'un battiau plein d'eſturgeon,
Le ſeul deſir de vous plaire
S'ra toujours nôtre aviron.

D U O
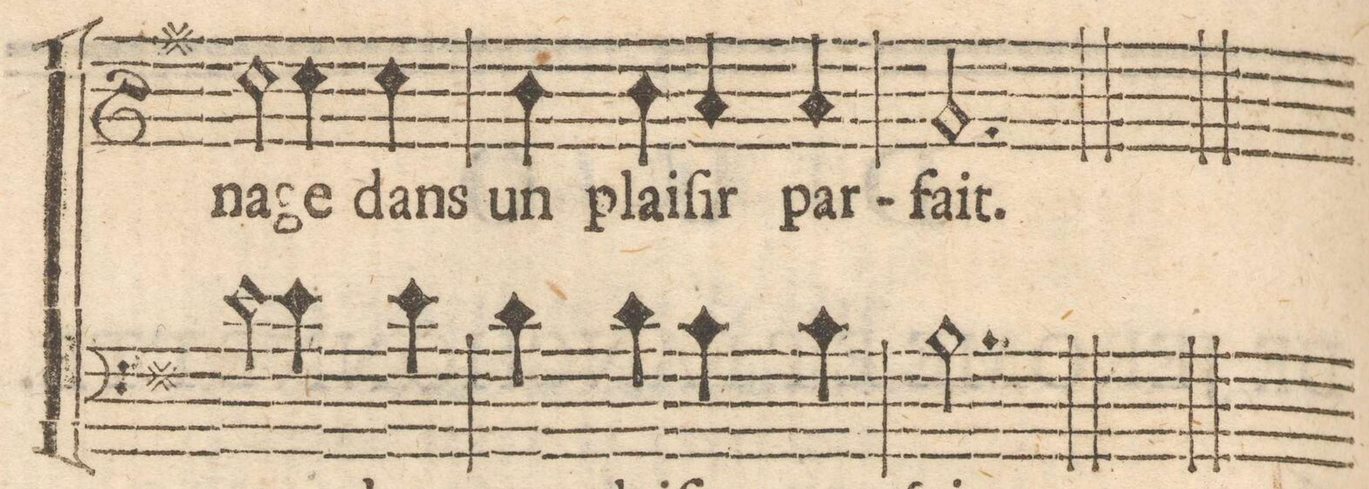
DE JEROME ET FANCHONNETTE.
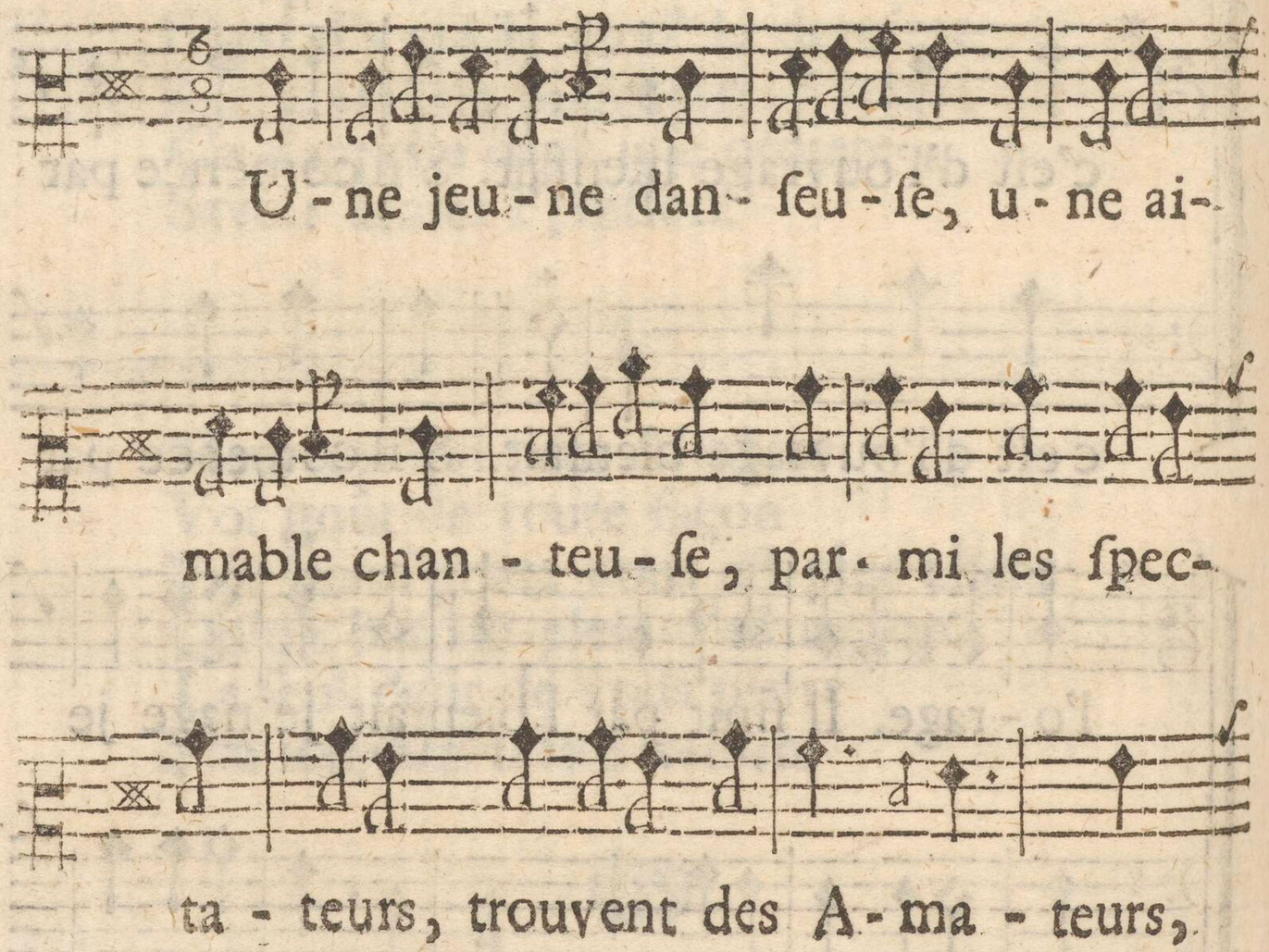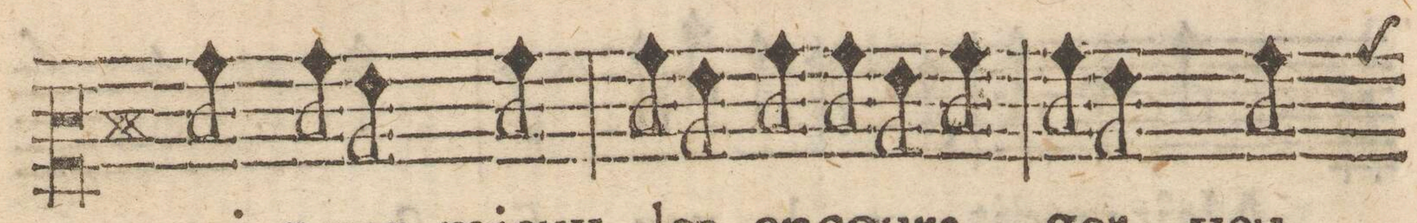






nage



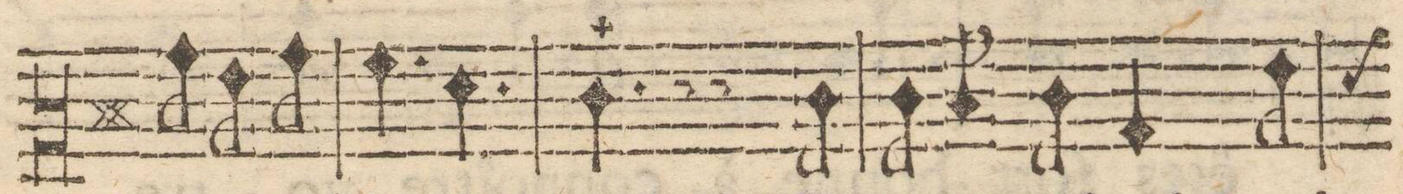
ARIETTE

De Folette ou l'Enfant Gâté Parodie.
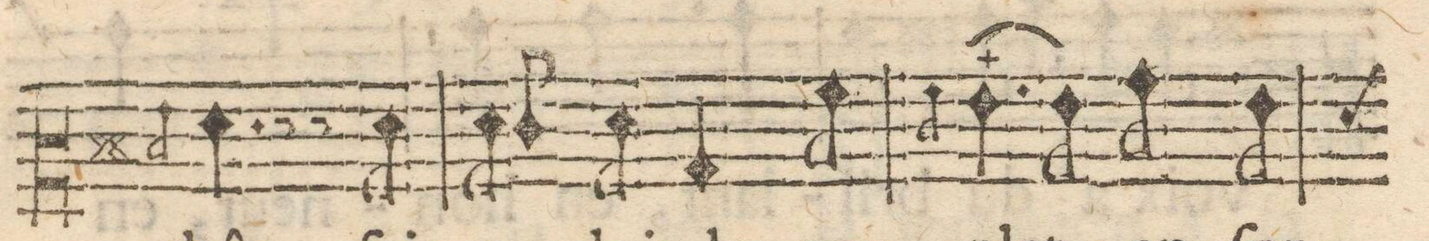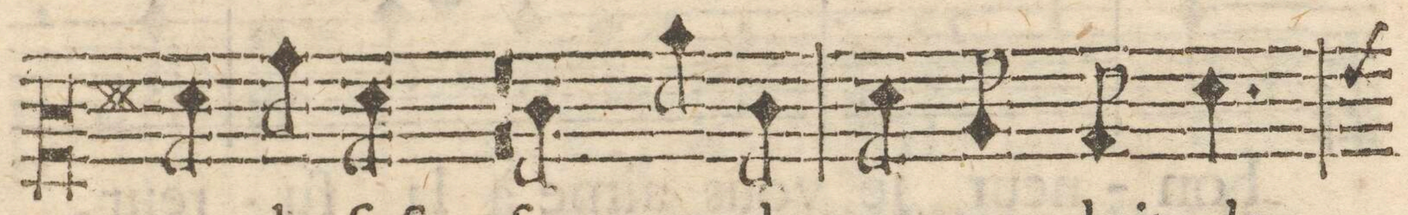




qui pour mieux les encoura - ger, veu-
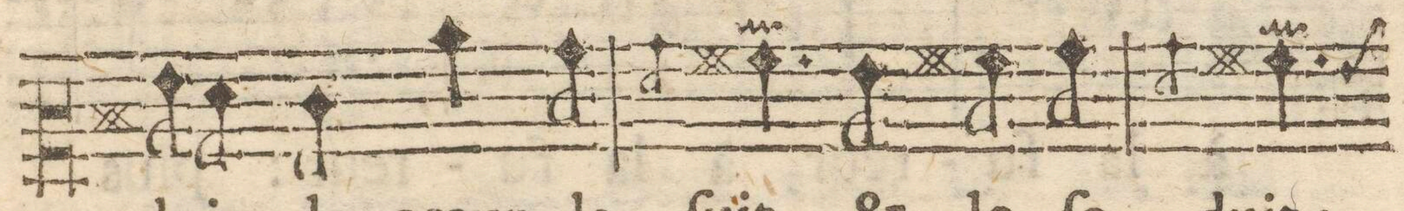


lent les proté - ger. Un petit minois qui
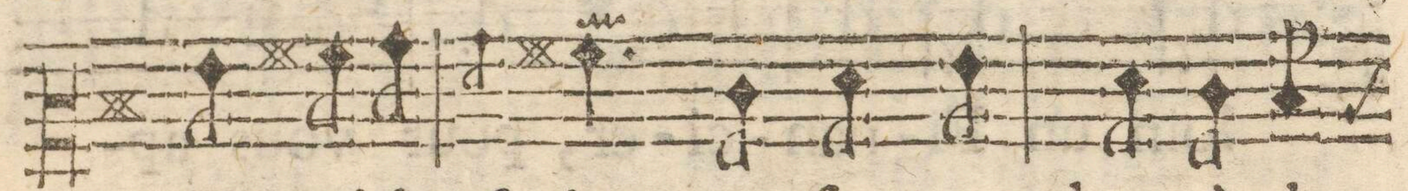


plaît fait va - loir le cou - plet en ſor-
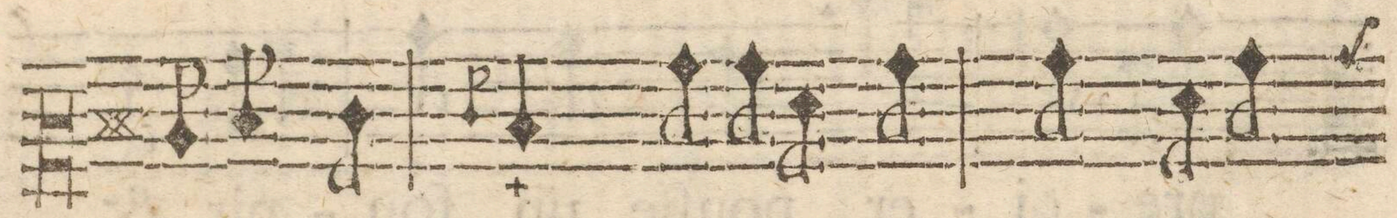


tant le ſuf - fra - ge la re - conduit de
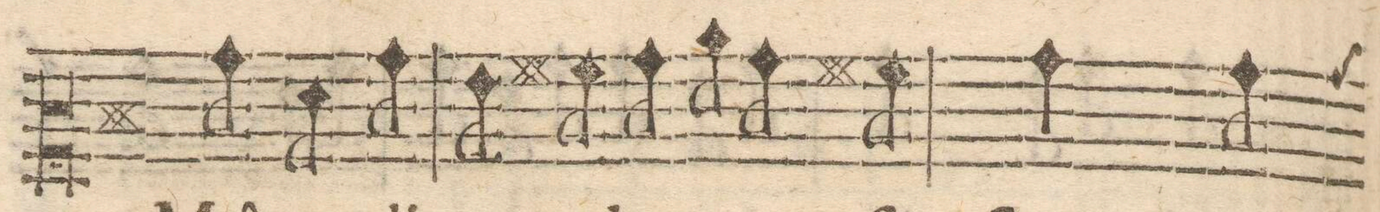


loin le cœur la ſuït & le ſe - duit:
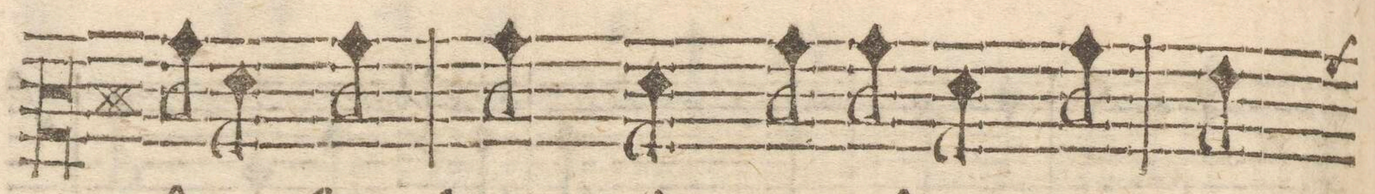


voi - ci le fruit que ſon ta - lent à la
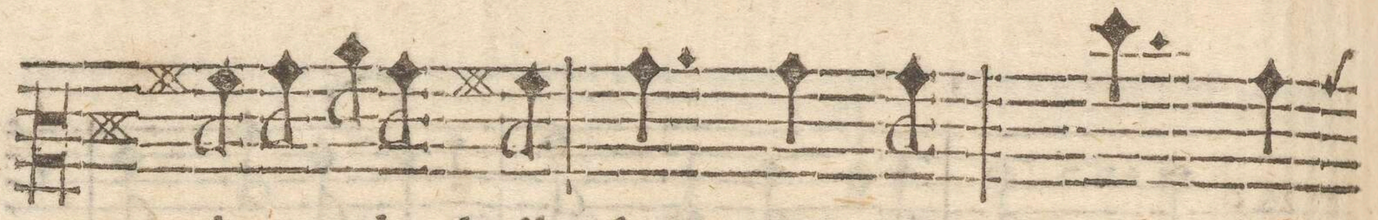


fin a pro - duit: un ſe mil - lant petit.
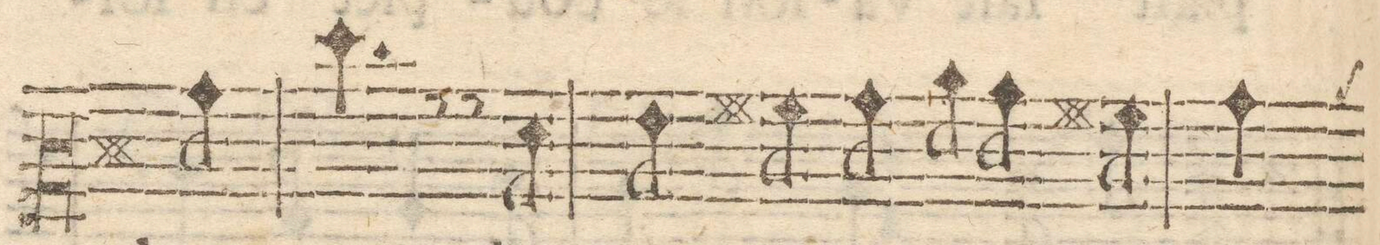


Maître dit en la per - ſi - ſtant: vous
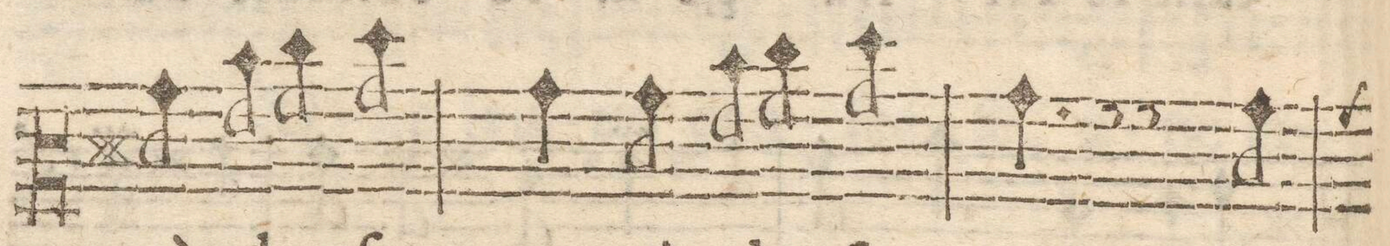


êtes fort bonne à connoître vo - tre
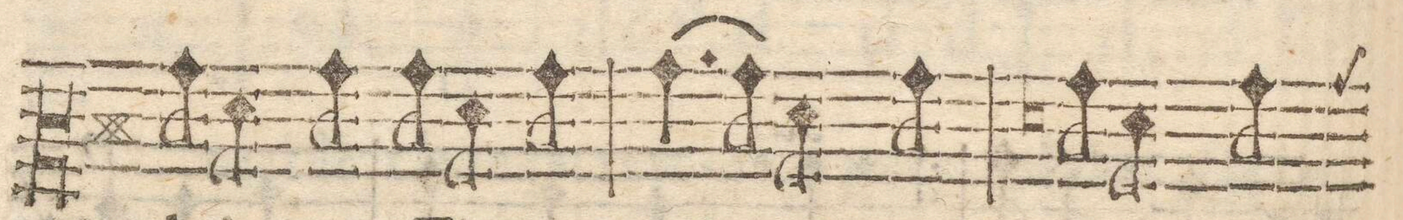


voix a du bril - lant, en hon - neur, en



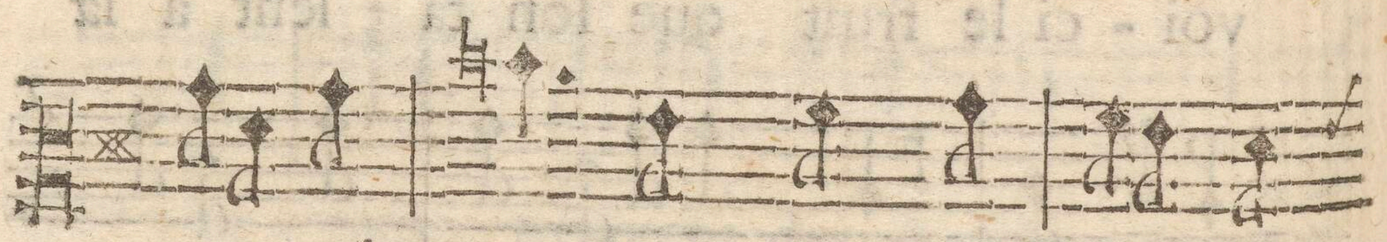
hon - neur je vous aime à la fu - reur,
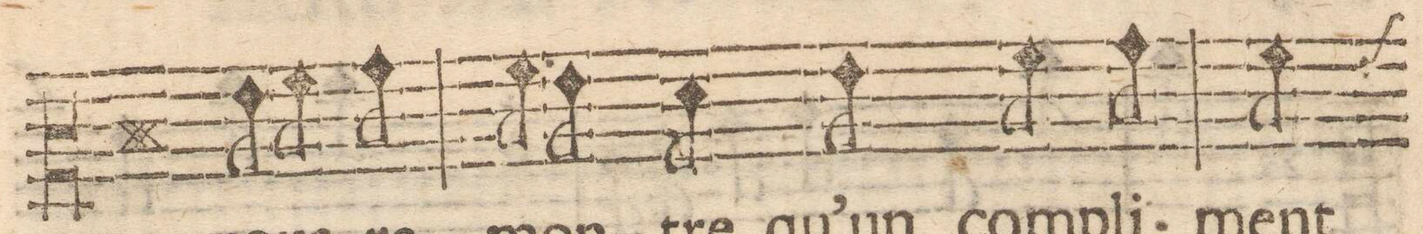


à la fu - reur, à la fu - reur: plus
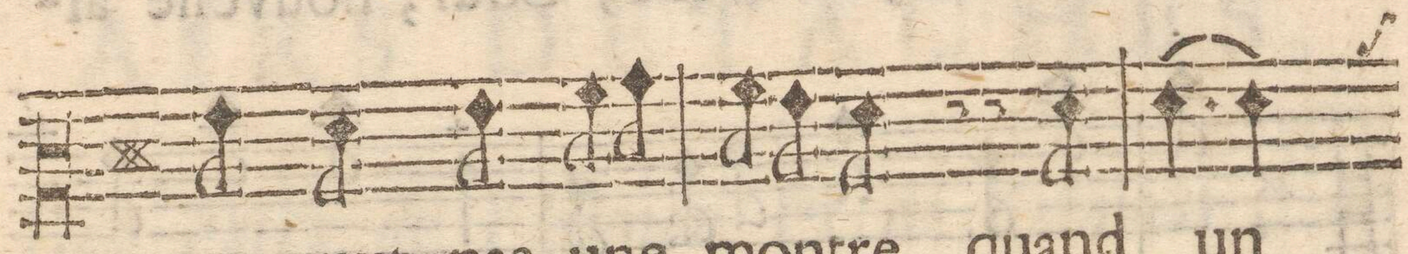


loin un Fi - nan - ci - er, pour vous ap-



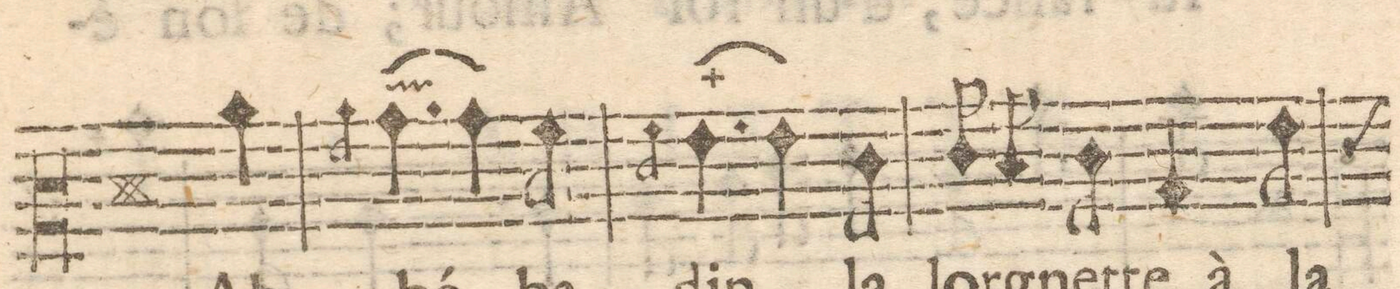
pre - ci - er, pouſſe un ſou - pir &
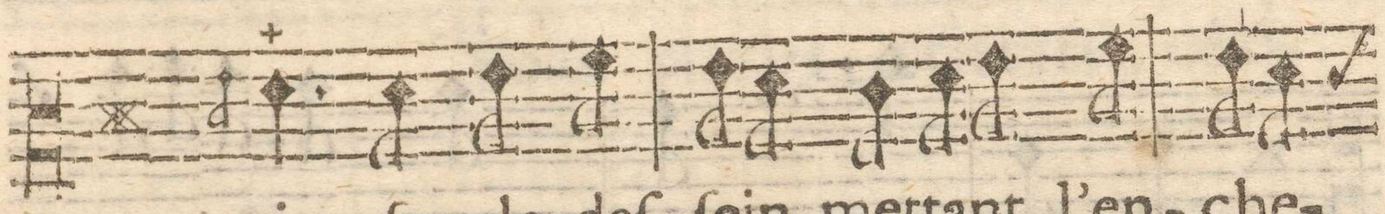


vous re - mon - tre qu'un compli - ment



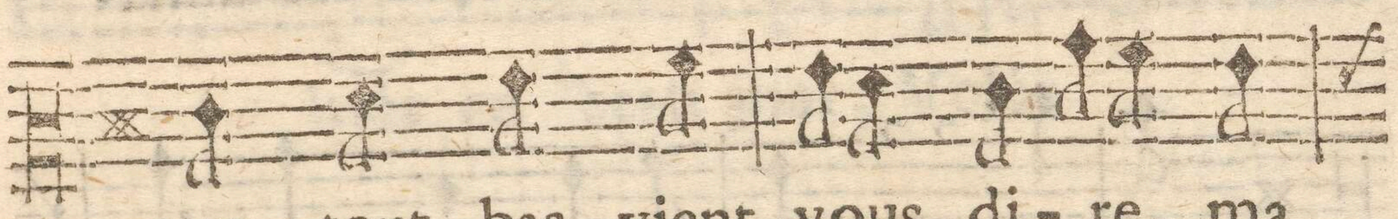
ne vaut pas une montre, quand un
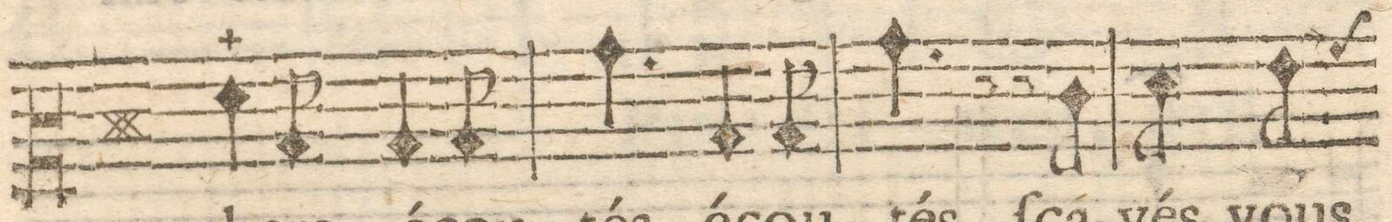


Ab - bé ba - din, la lorgnette à la
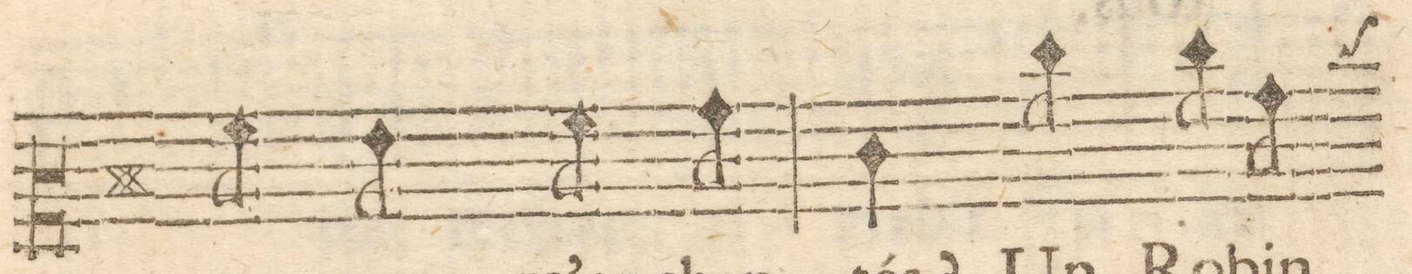


main, ſur le def - ſein mettant l'en - che-



re, tout bas vient vous di - re, ma
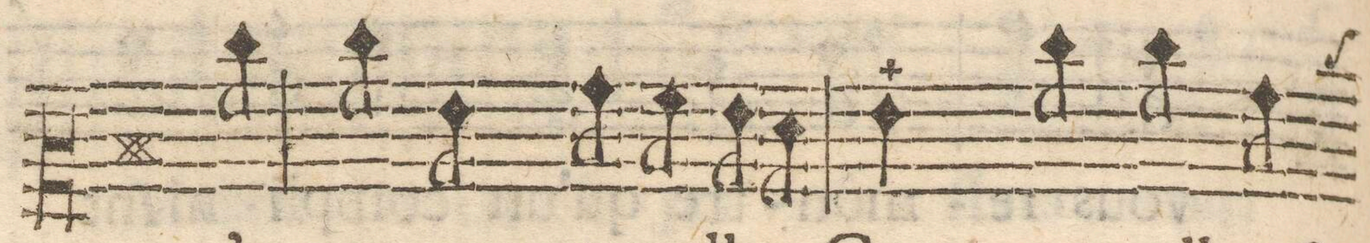


chere, écou - tés, écou - tés, ſça vés vous
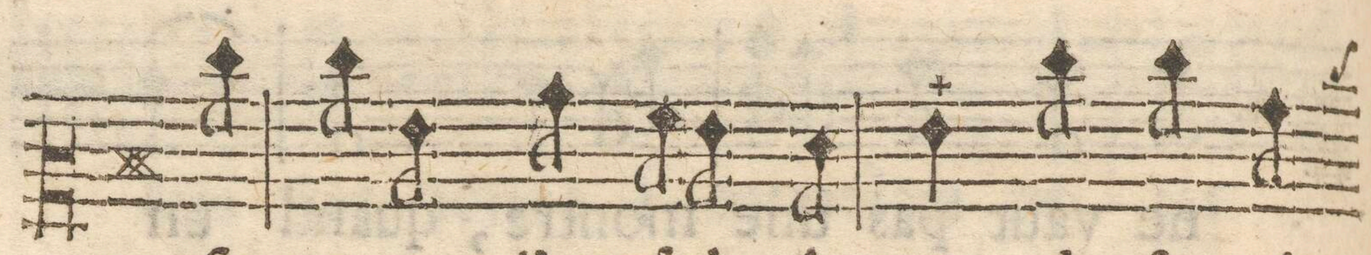


que vous m'enchan - tés? Un Robin
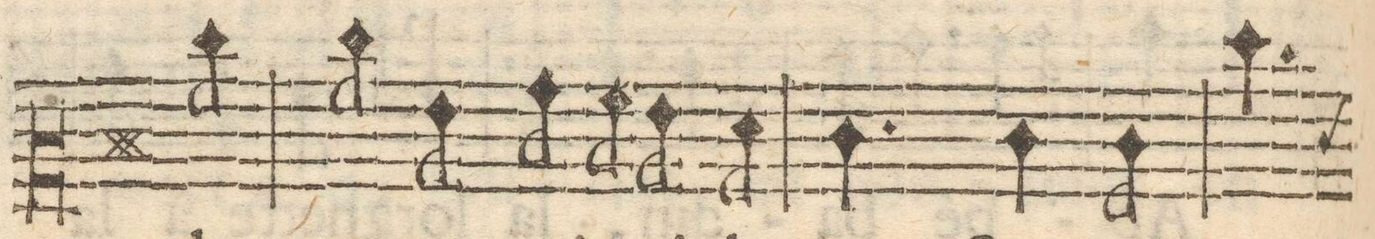
s'a-
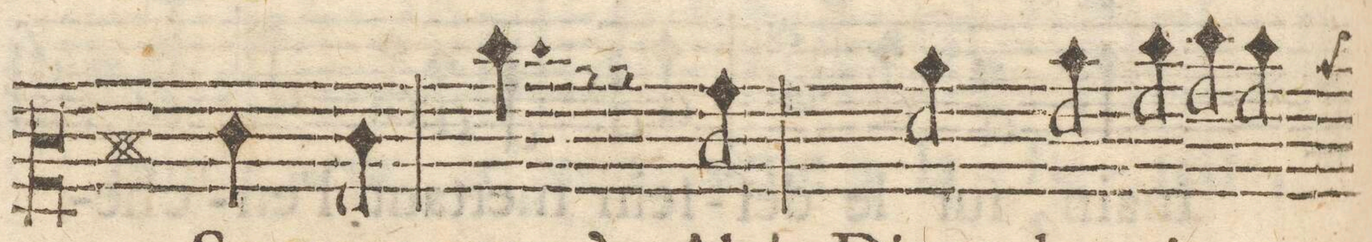


s'a - vance, nouvelle, Cour, nouvelle aſ-
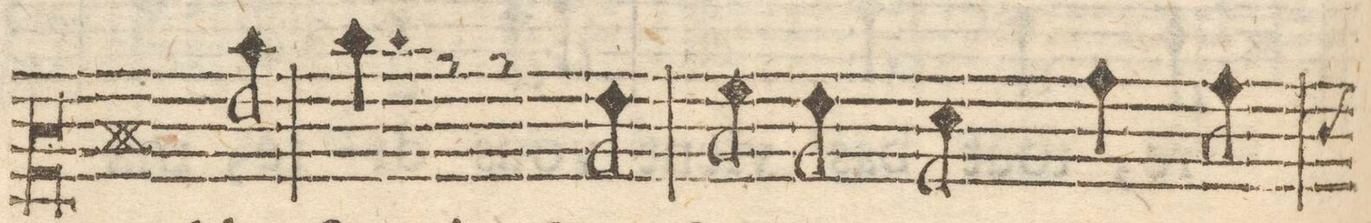


ſu - rance, d'un fol Amour; de ſon é-



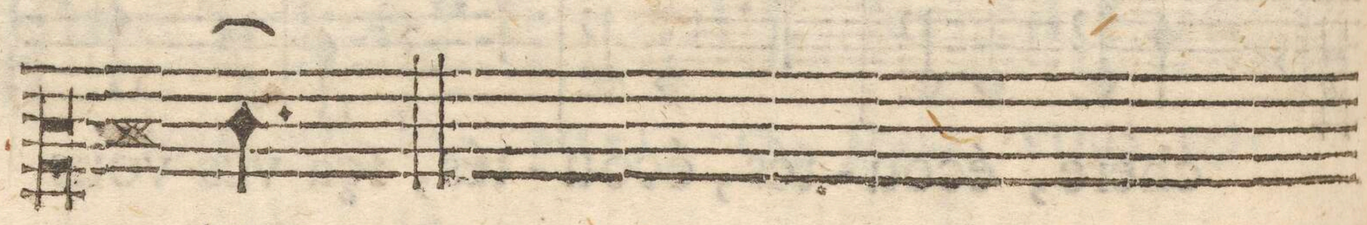
lo - quence voi - ci le tour. Soupons nous?



Soupons nous ? Ah! Dieux les aima-



bles fous ! Que ferions nous ſans eux

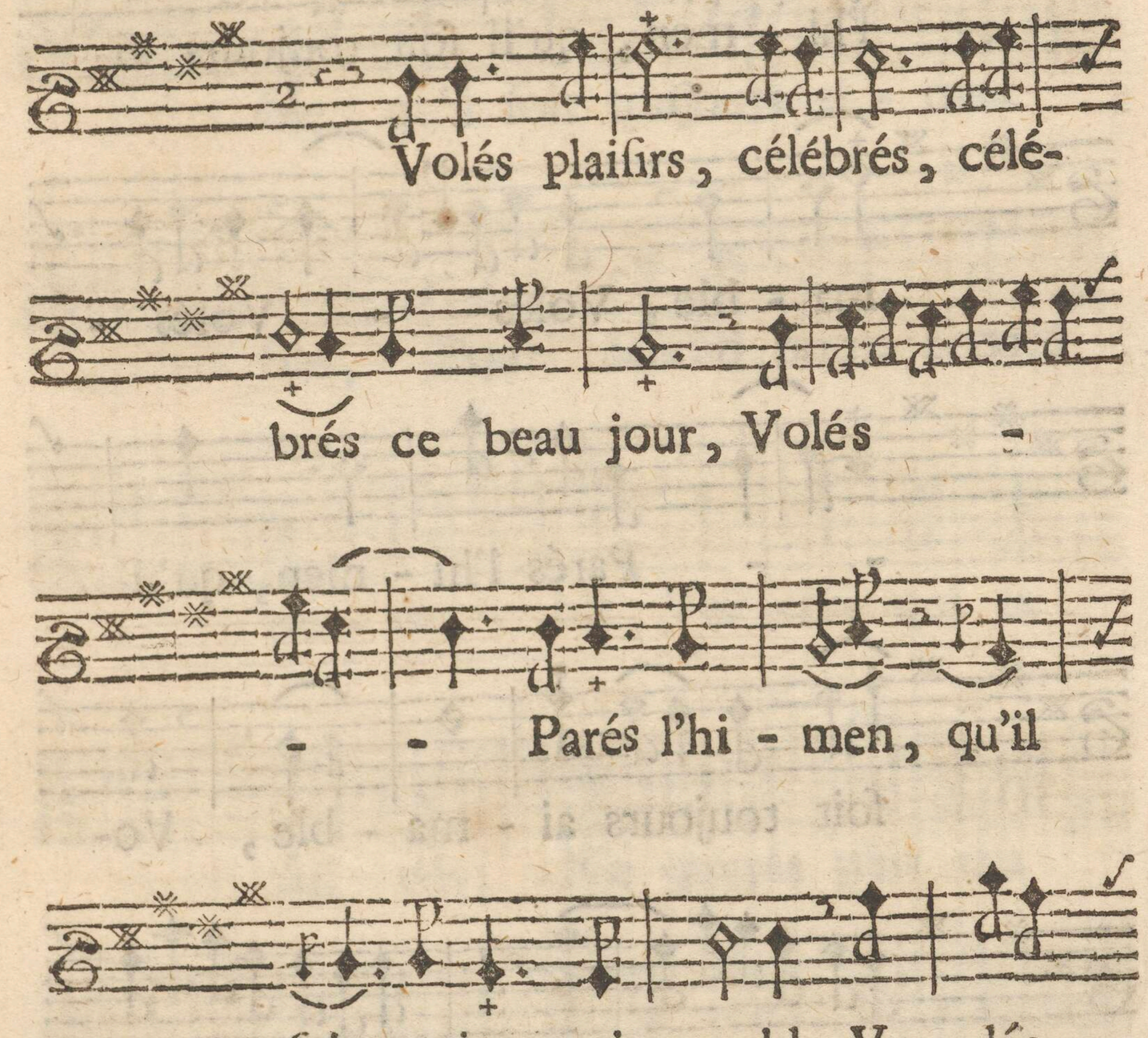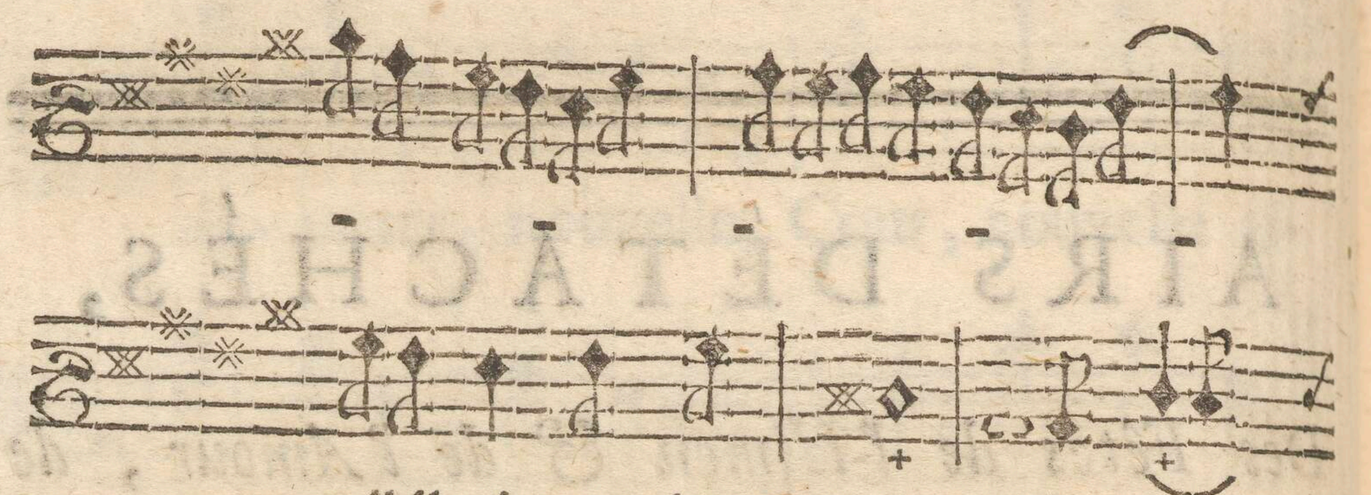


tous.

AIRS DÉTACHÉS,

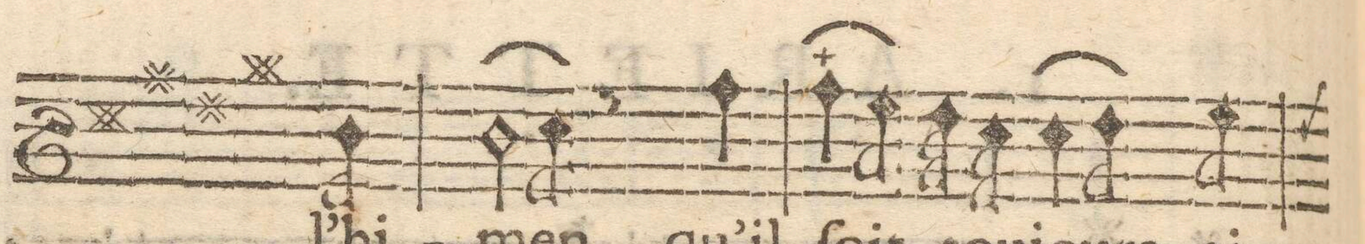
Des Fêtes de l'Himen & de l'Amour, de Mr. Rameau.

1. ARIETTE.
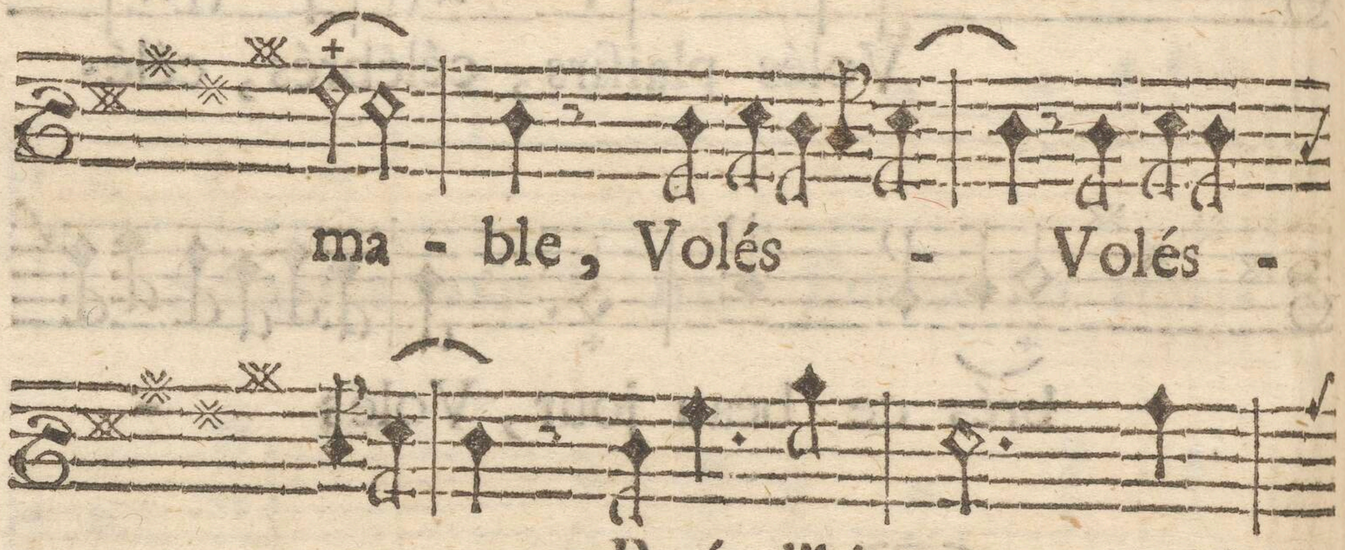




célébrés ce beau jour, Pa - rés
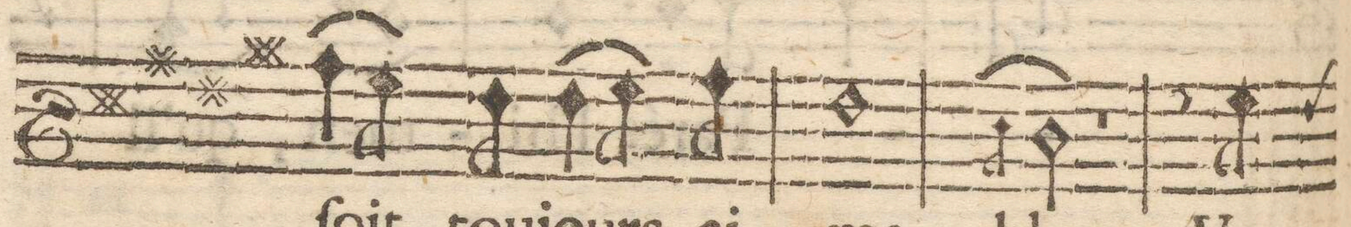


l'hi - men, qu'il ſoit toujours ai-
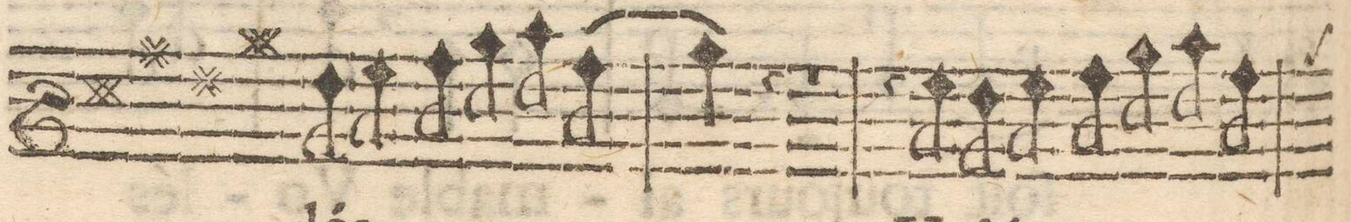


ma - ble, Volés - Volés -

- - Parés l'hi - men, qu'il
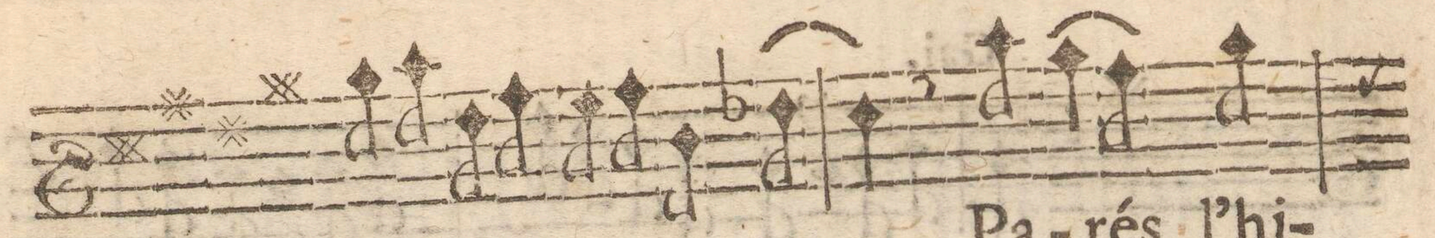


ſoit toujours ai - ma - ble, Vo-
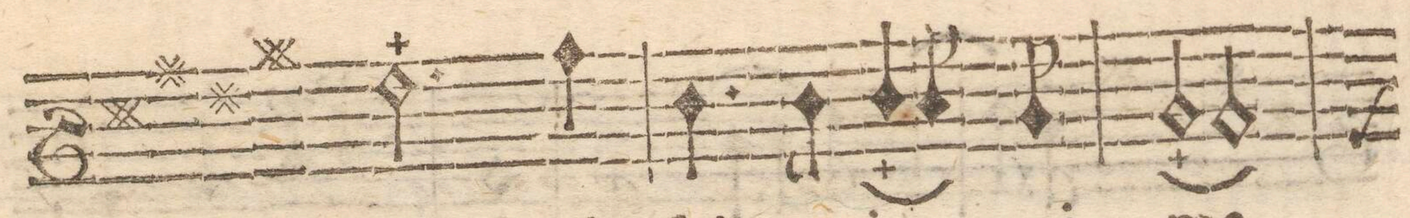


lés - - Volés -

Pa-
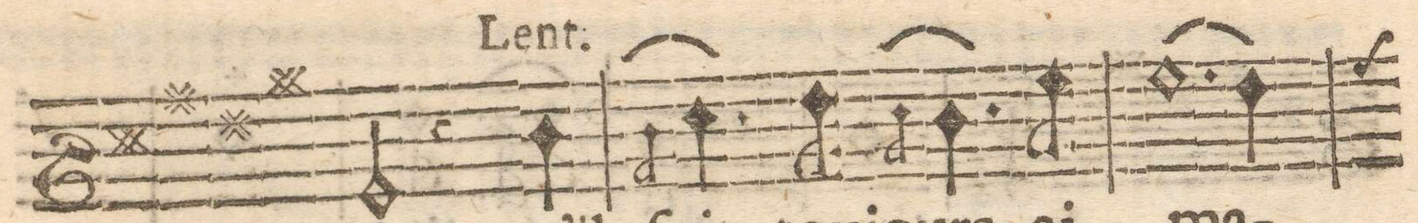


Pa-rés l'hi-
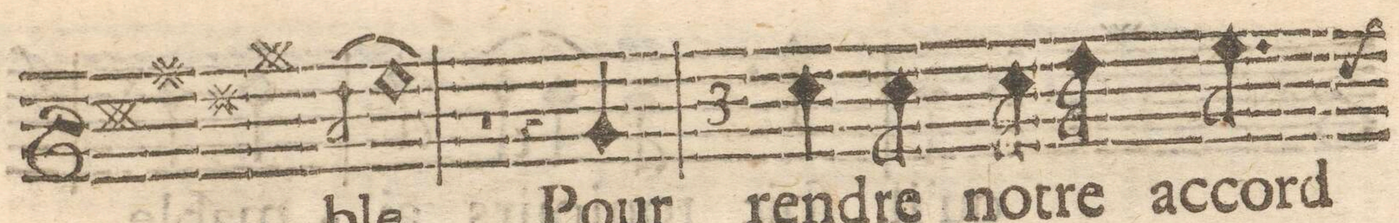


men, qu'il ſoit toujours ai - ma-
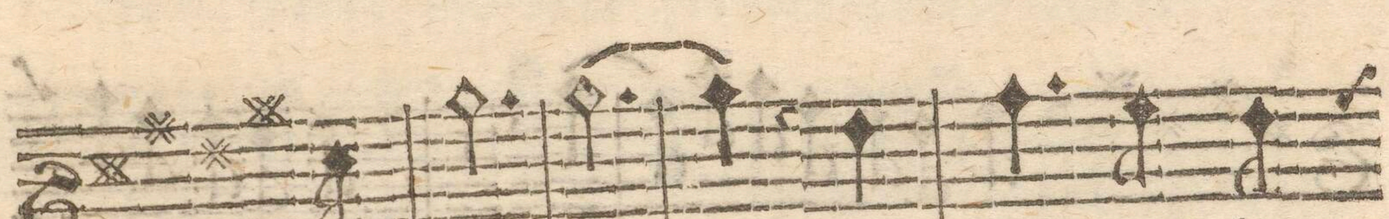
Lent.
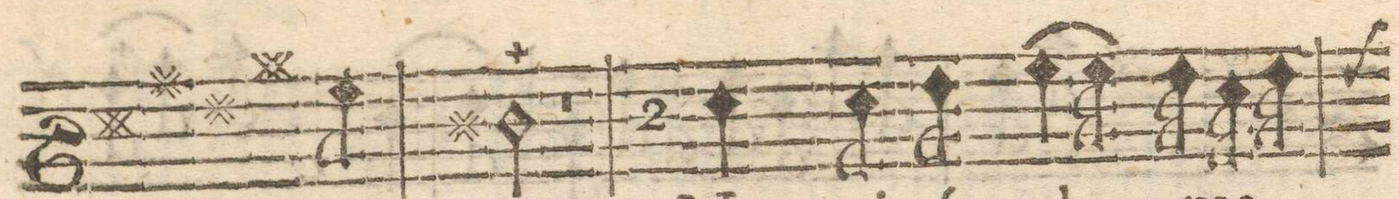


ble, qu'il ſoit toujours ai - ma-
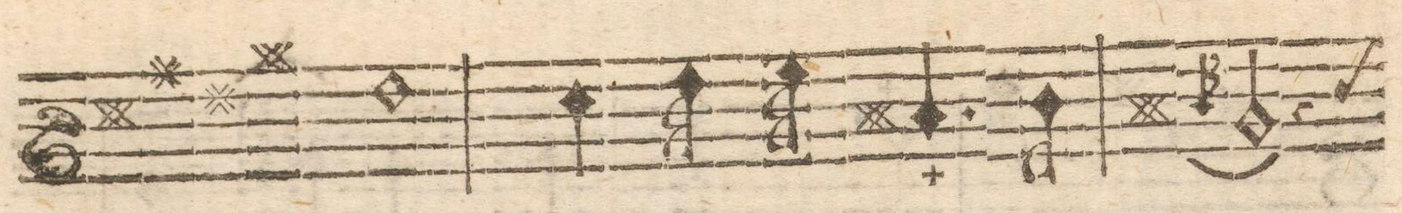


ble, Pour rendre notre accord



du - ra - ble, Ver - tus qui le
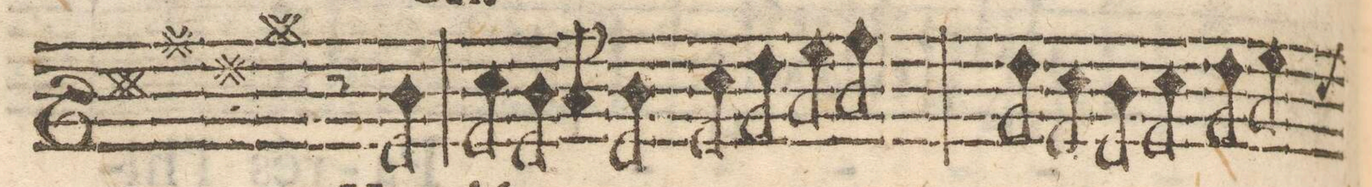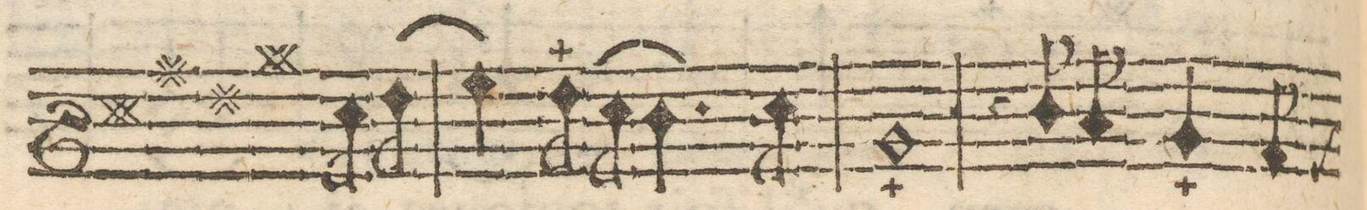


ſui - vés, Ne quittés plus ma
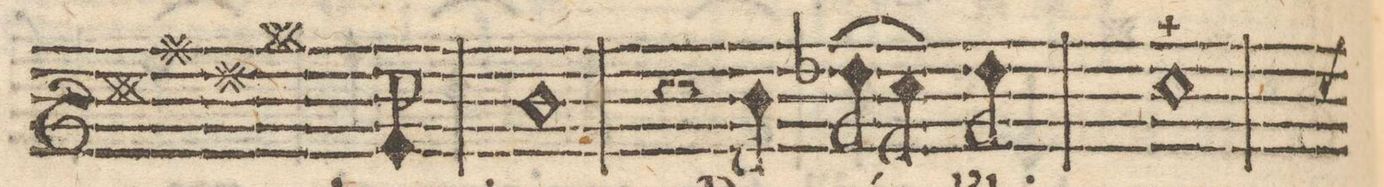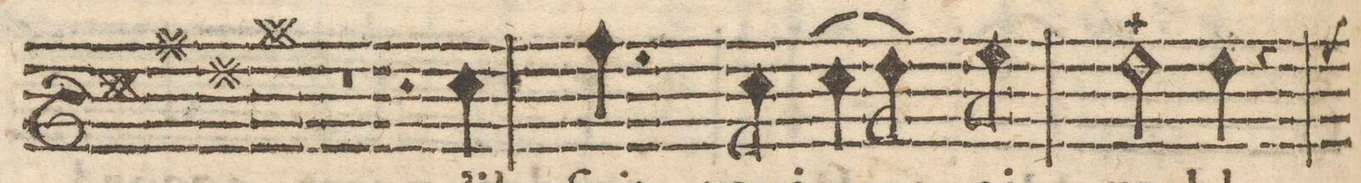


cour, Ne quittés plus ma cour, Vo-
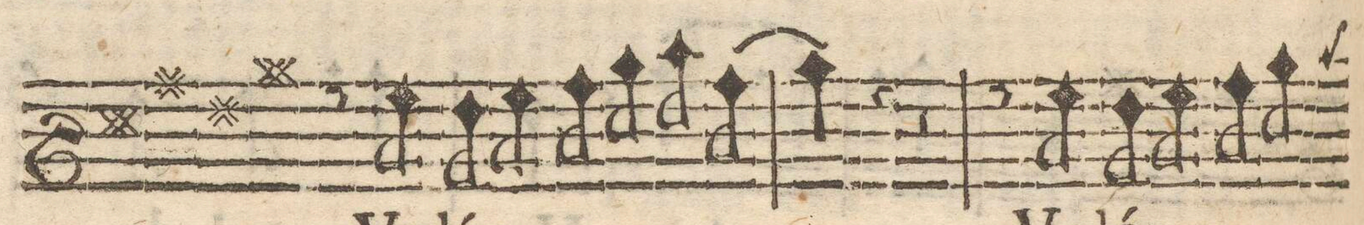
Gai.


Vo-lés - - -
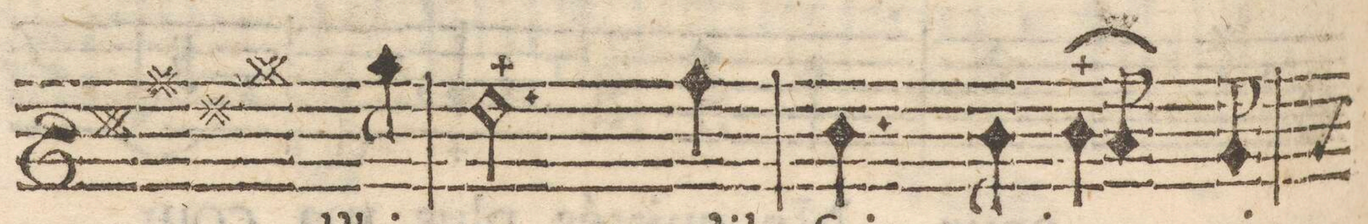

- - plai-firs, célébrés ce


beau jour, Pa-rés l'hi-men,
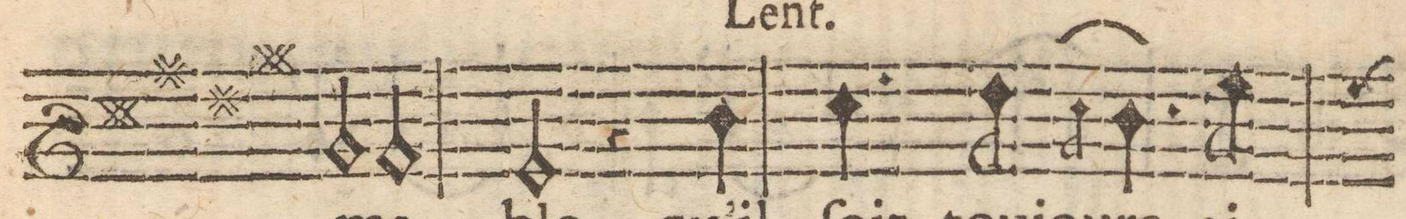

qu'il ſoit toujours ai-mable,

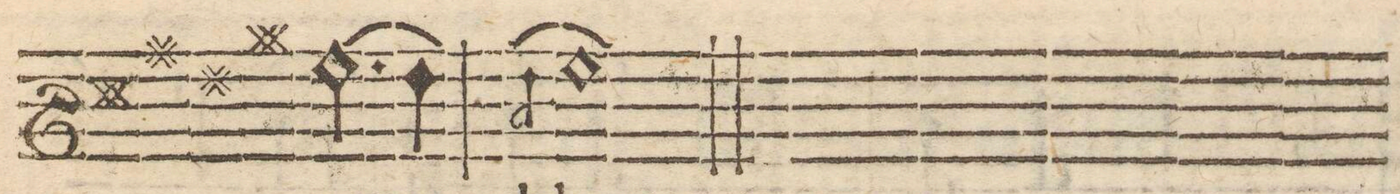

Volés - - Volés -


- - - - Parés
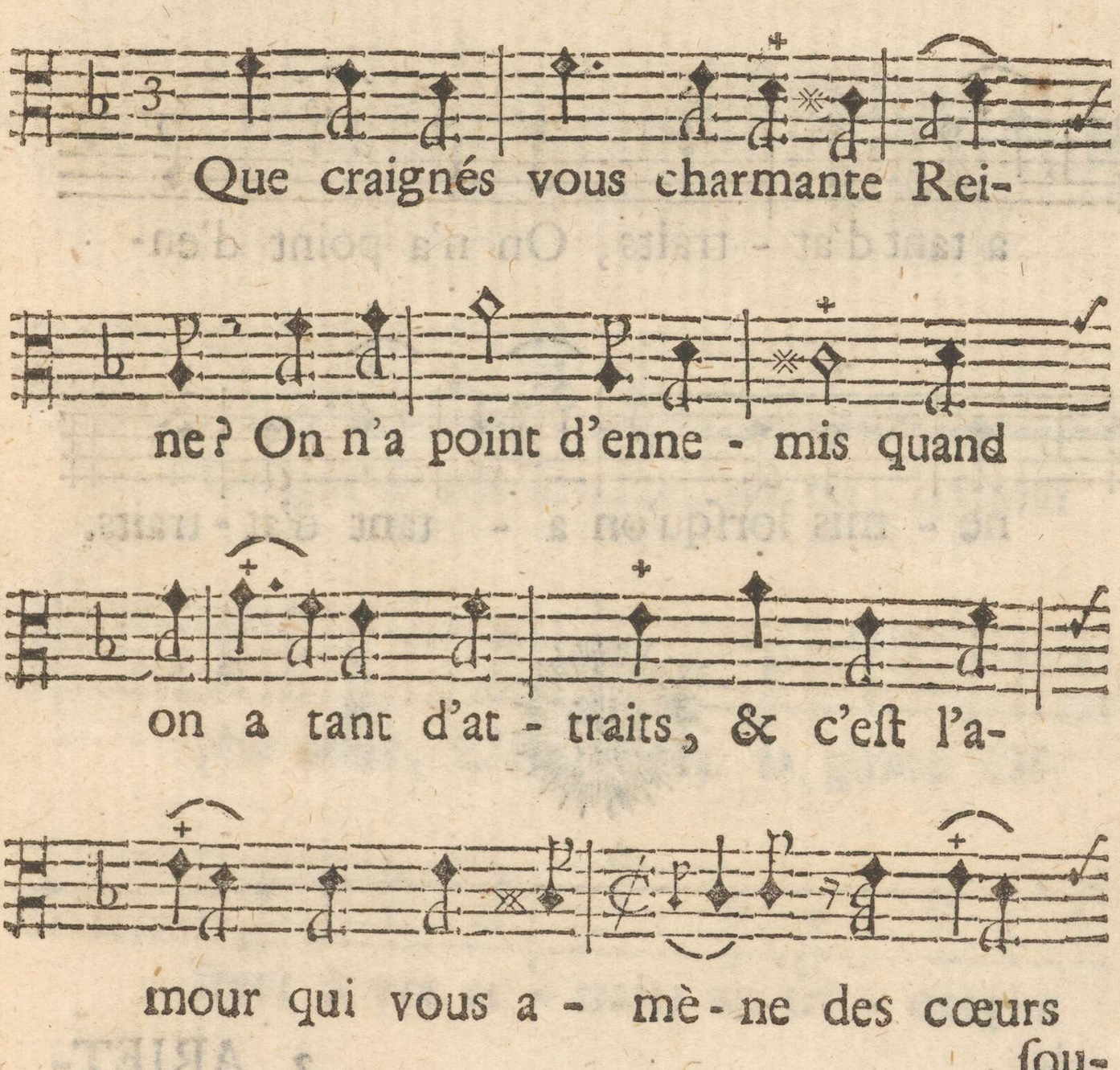

l'hi-men, qu'il ſoit toujours ai
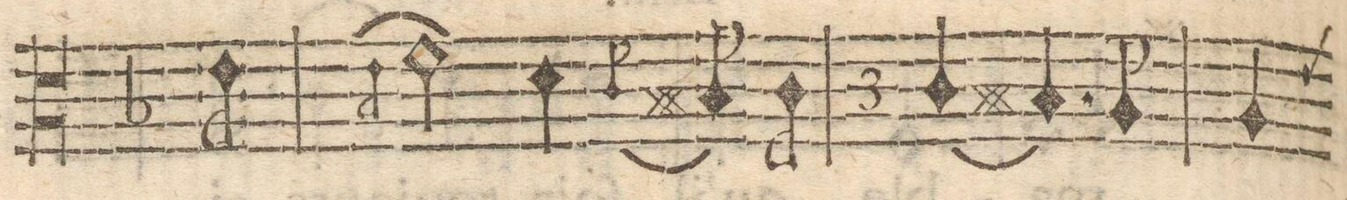
ma-


Lent.
ma - ble, qu'il ſoit toujours ai-
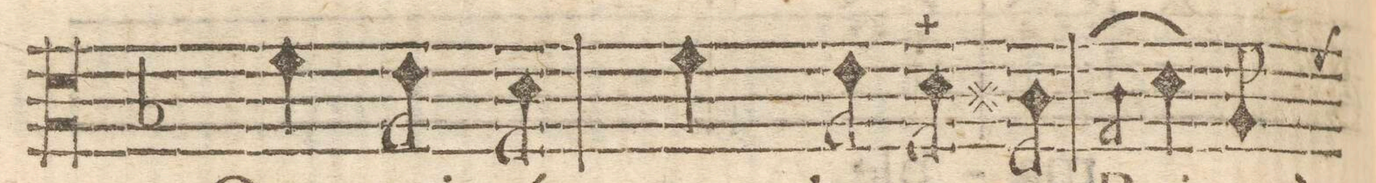

ma - ble.

2. ARIETTE.

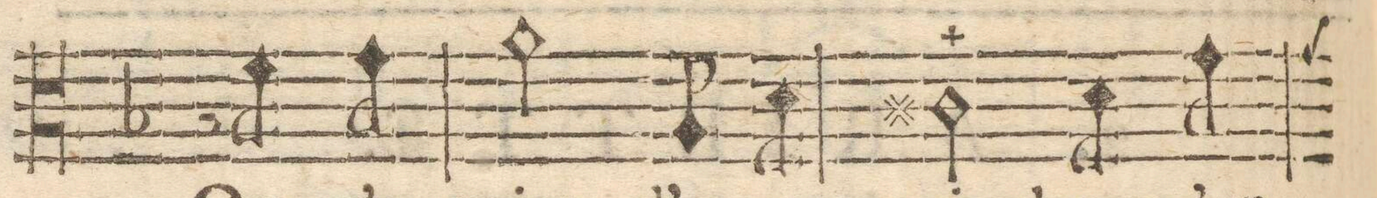

Que craignés vous charmante Rei-
ne? On n'a point d'enne - mis quand
on a tant d'at - traits, & c'eſt l'a-
mour qui vous a - mè - ne des cœurs
fou-



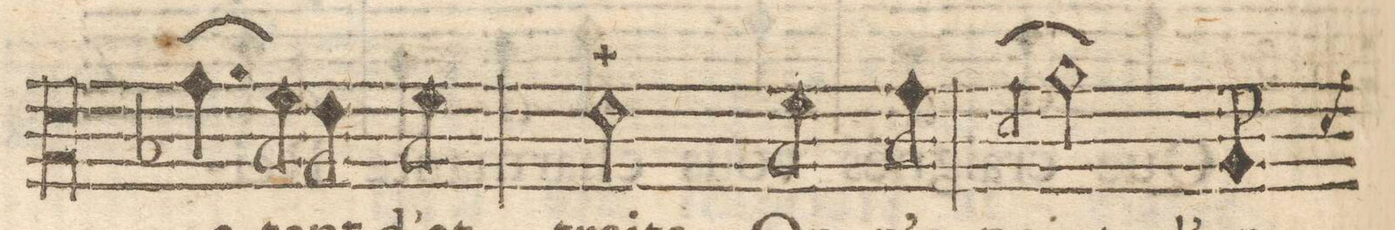
ſou mis, Et de nou- veaux ſu - jets,
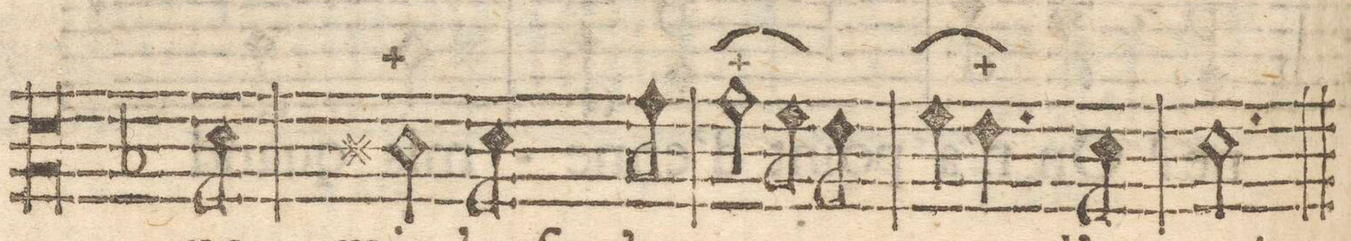


Que craignés vous charmante Rei- ne?



On n'a point d'enne - mis lorſqu'on



a tant d'at - traits, On n'a point d'en-
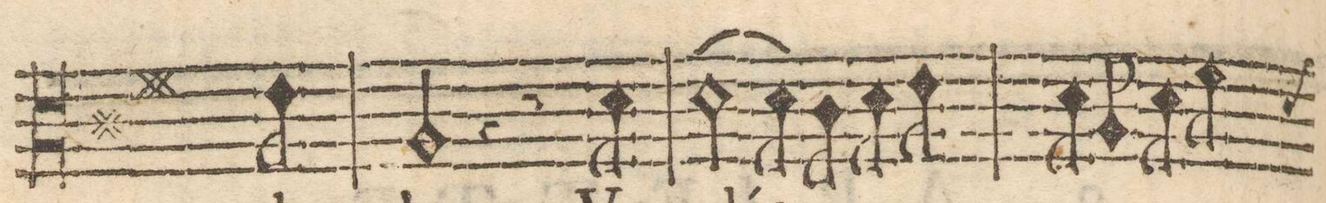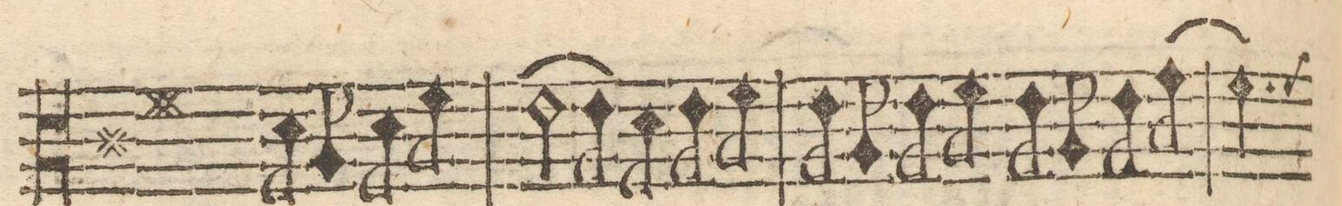


ne - mis lorſqu'on a - tant d'at - traits.
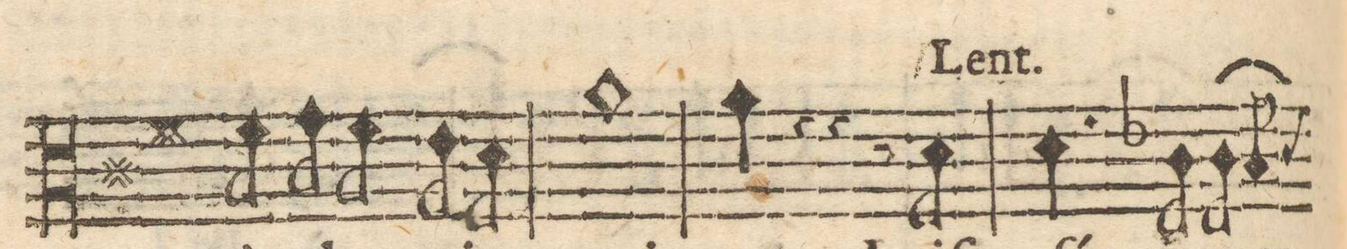
3. ARIETTE.
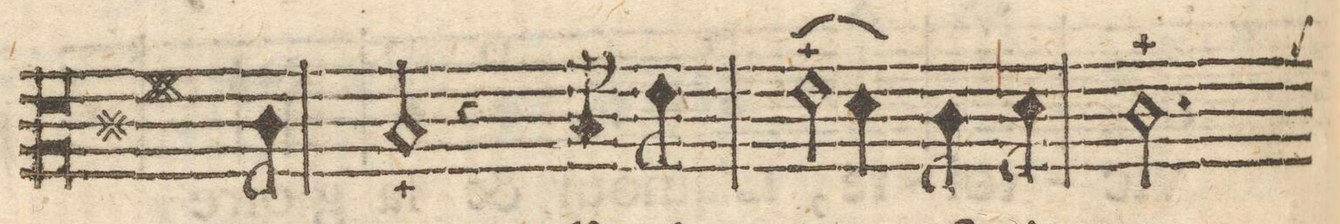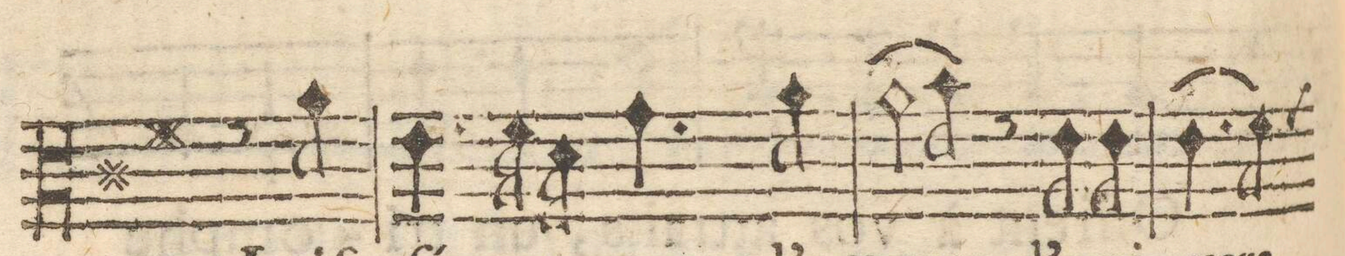


plus
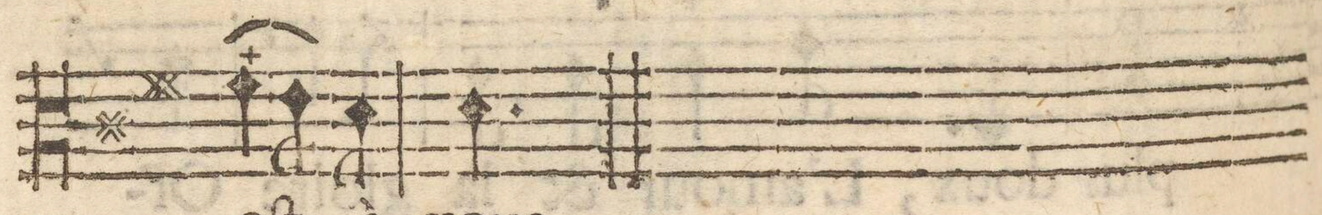

plus doux, Vo - lés




Lent.
à la vic - toi - re. Laif - fés regner
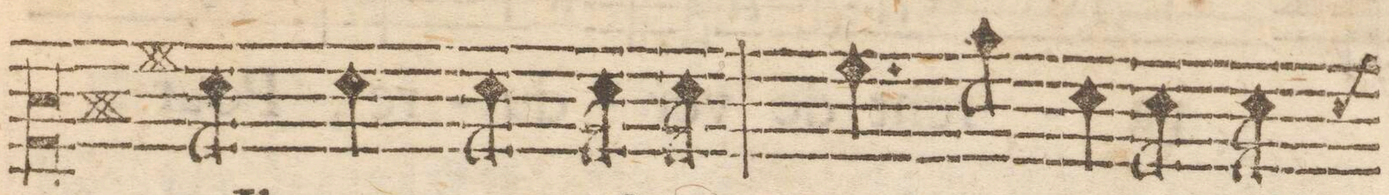

l'a - mour, l'uni - vers eſt à vous,


Laif - fés re - gner l'amour, l'uni - vers
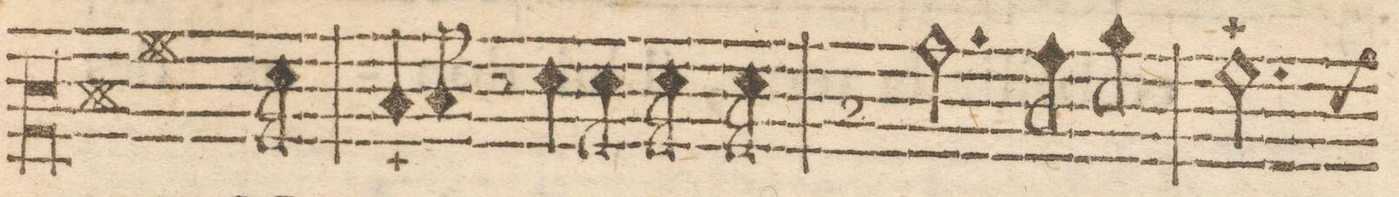

eſt à vous.

4. ARIETTE.
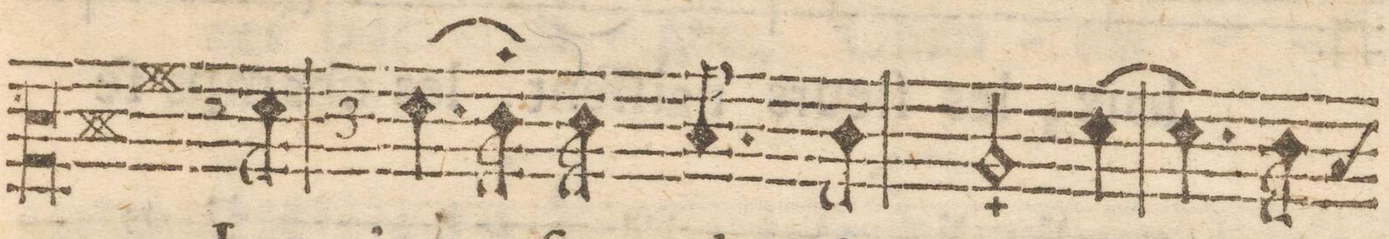
Majeſtueuſement.
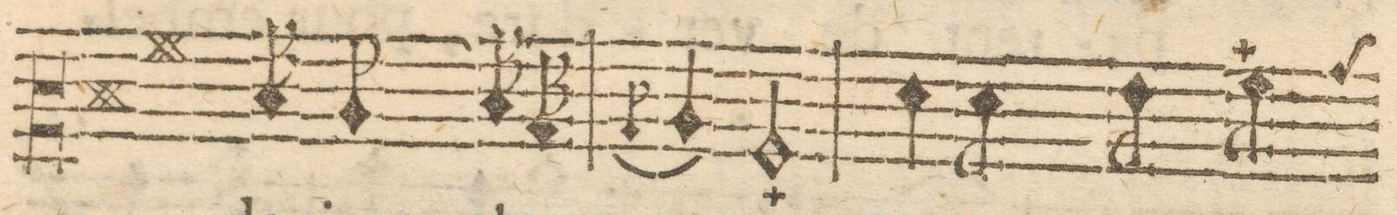


Il regne en ſouve - rain ſur toute la
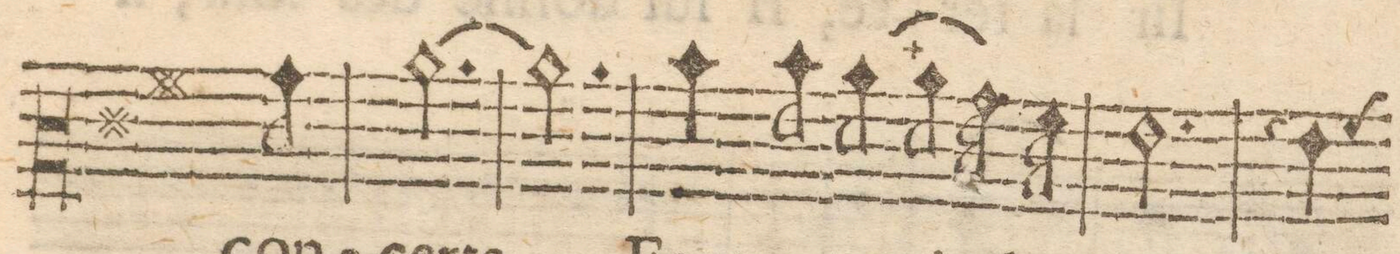


Na - ture. Elle ſe ra - nime à ſa voix,



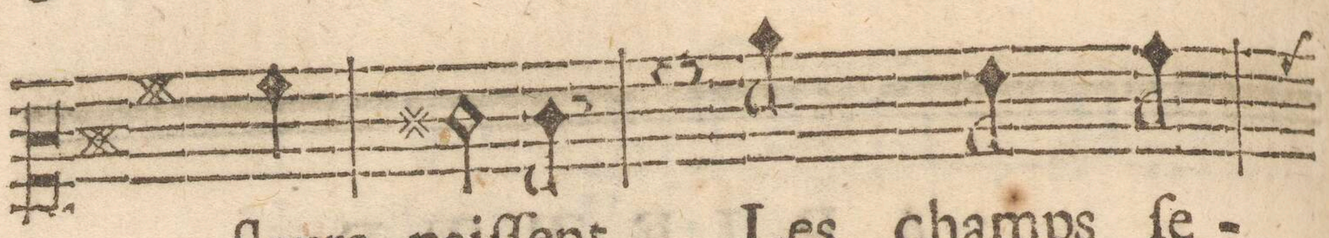
Les jours ſont plus ſe - rains l'on - de
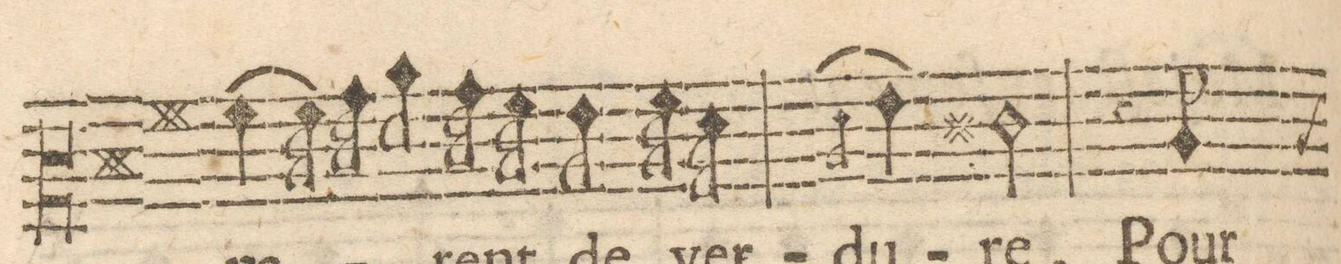


devient plus pu - re, Mille charmans
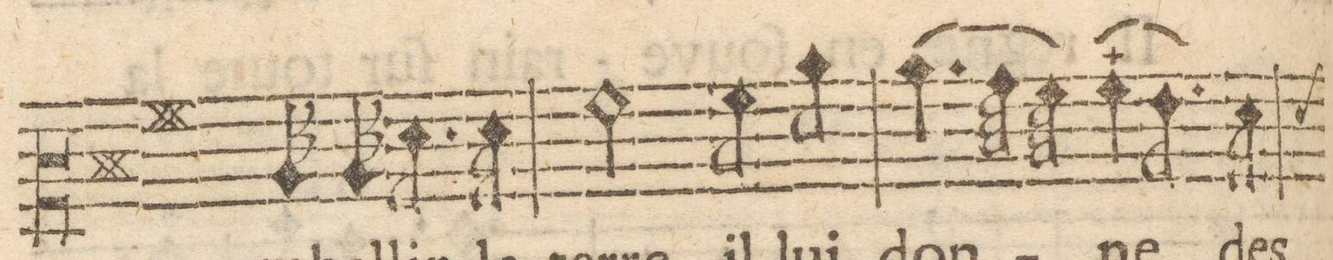


con - certs. Font retentir les bois, les
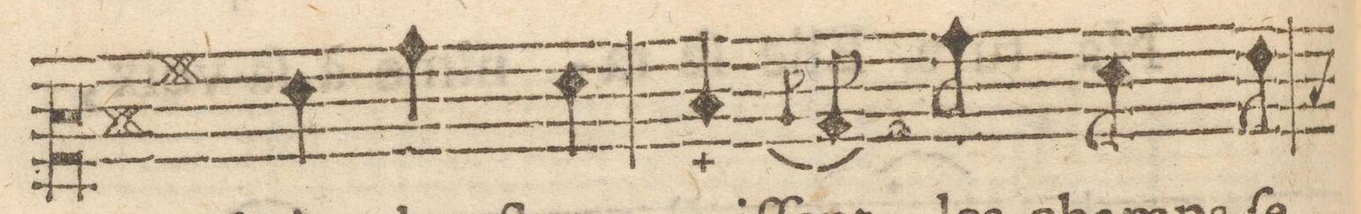


fleurs naiſſent, Les champs ſe-
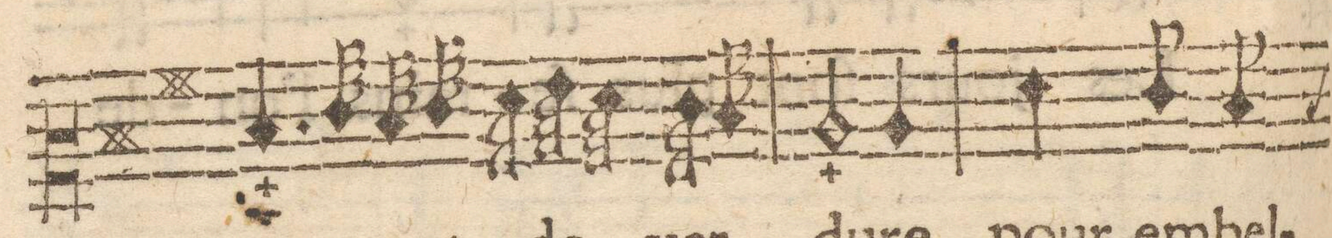


pa - rent de ver - du - re, Pour



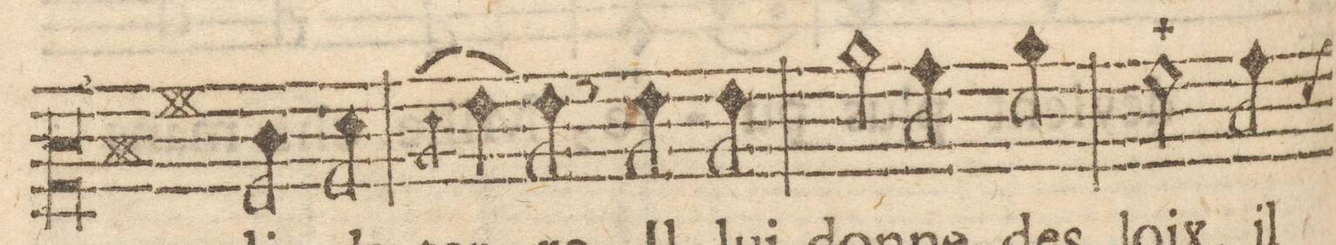
embellir la terre, il lui don - ne des
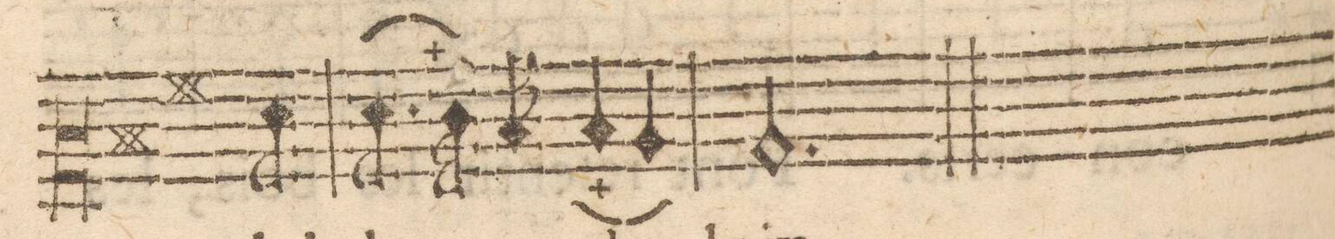


loix, les fleurs naiſſent, les champs ſe



pa- rent de ver - dure, pour embel-



lir la ter - re, Il lui donne des loix, il
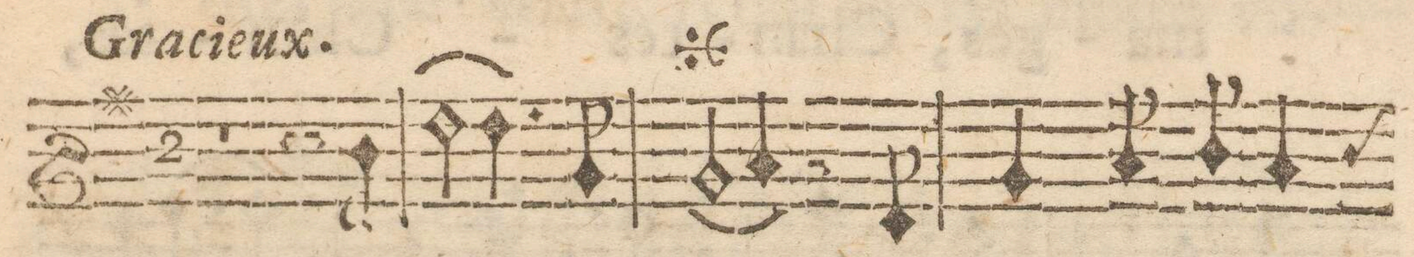


lui don - ne des loix.

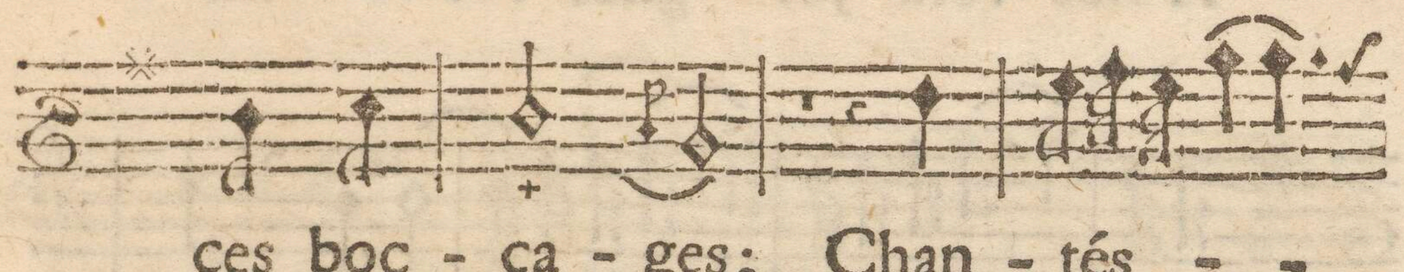
5. ARIETTE.

RONDEAU.
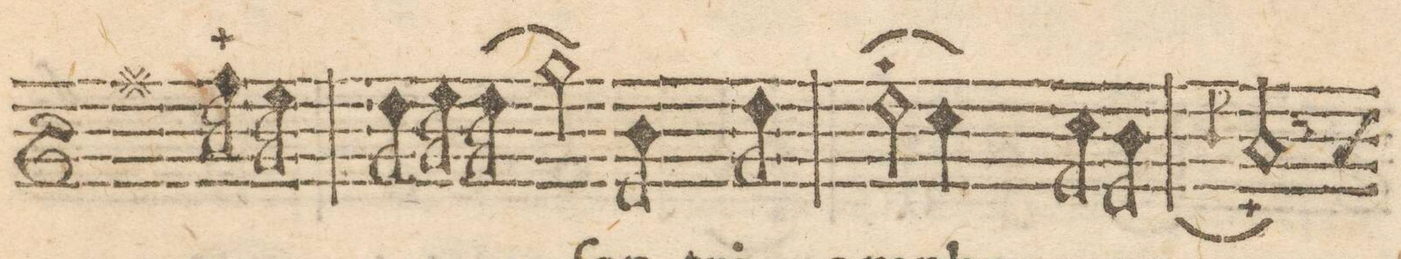
Gracieux.



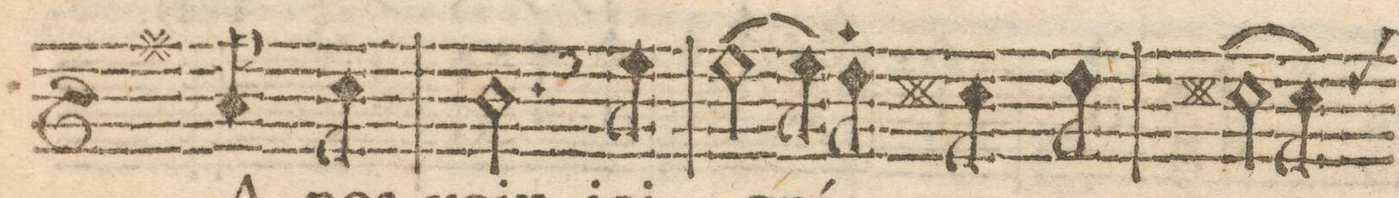
Heureux oi - ſeaux, l'amour embellit



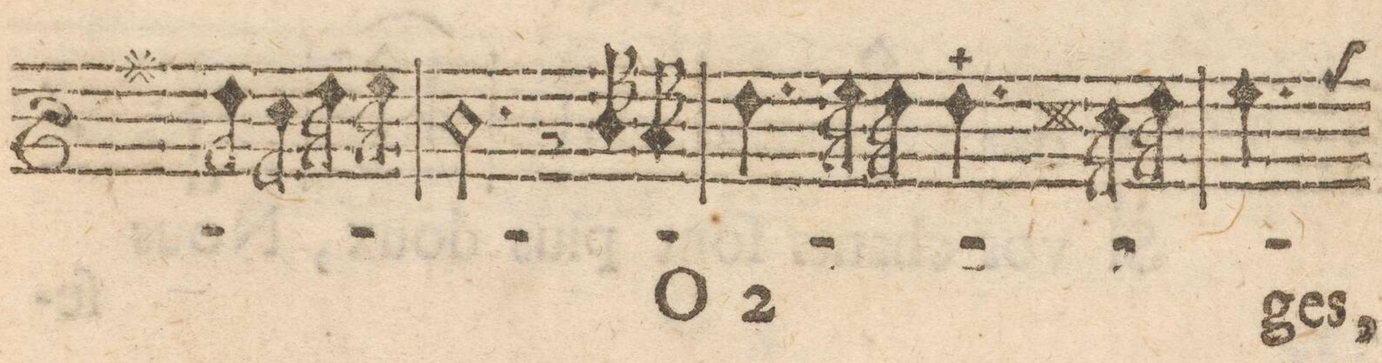
ces boc - ca - ges; Chan - tés - -



- - - ſon tri - omphe avec nous,
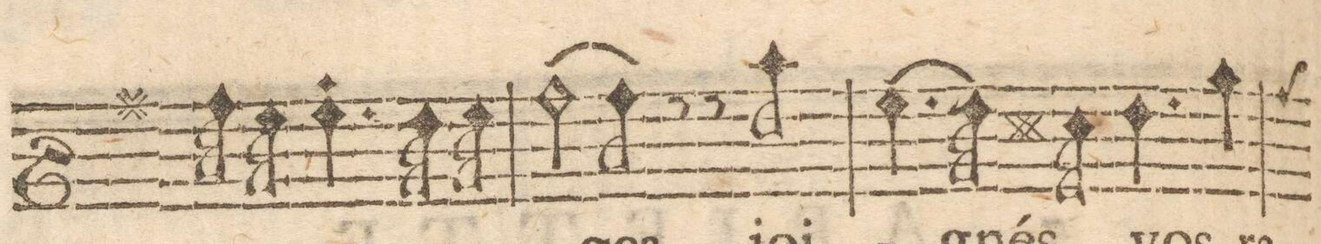


A nos voix joi - gnés vos ra - ma -
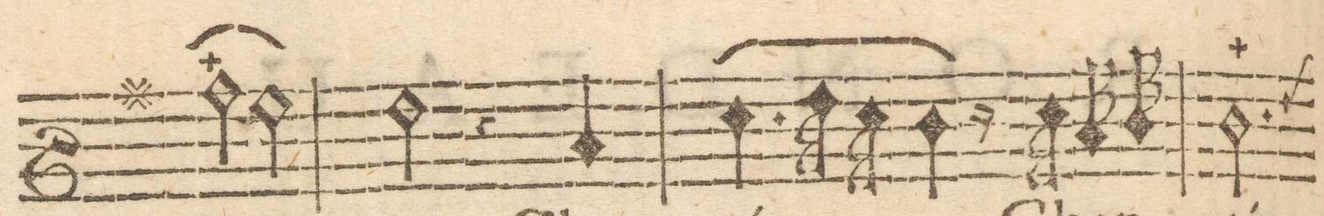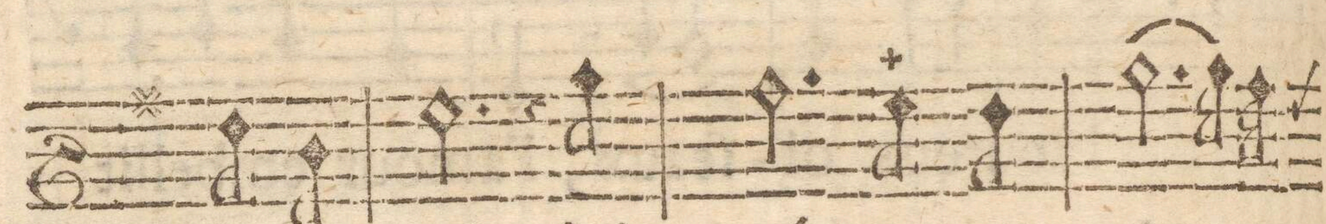


- - - - - - - - -

O 2 ges,
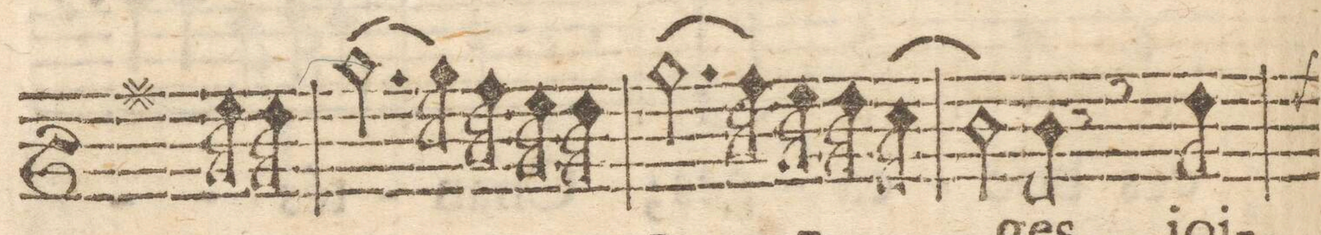


- - - ges, joi - gnés vos ra-
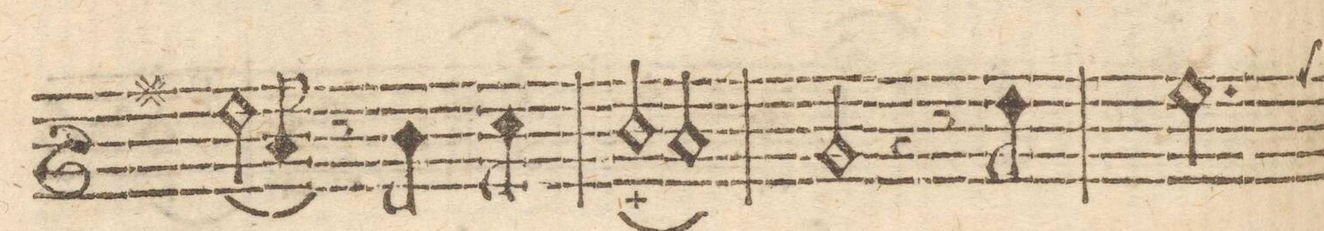


ma - ges, Chan - tés - Chan - tés,
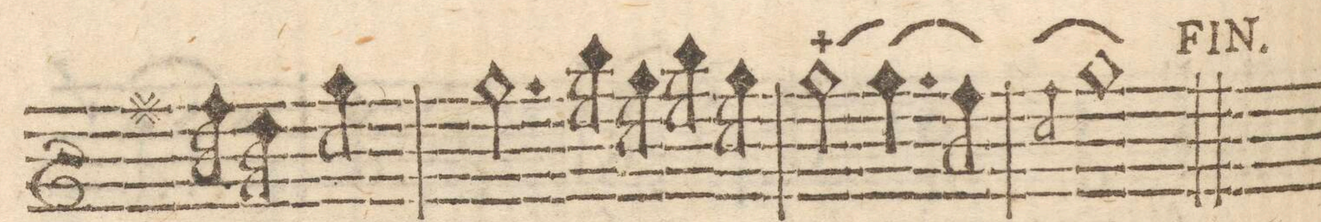


A nos voix joi - gnés vos ra - ma-
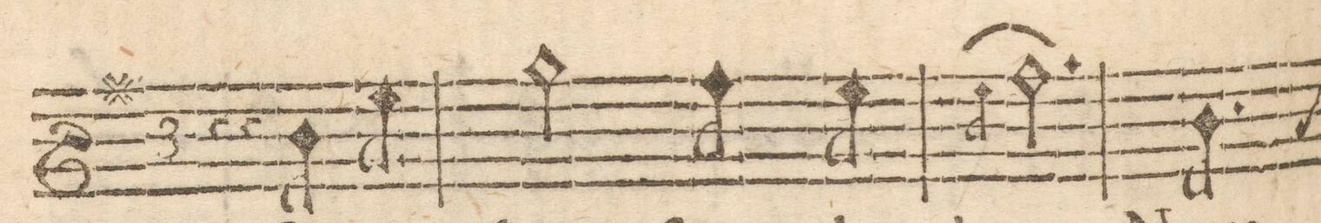


- - - - - ges, joi-



gnés vos ra - ma - ges, joi - gnés
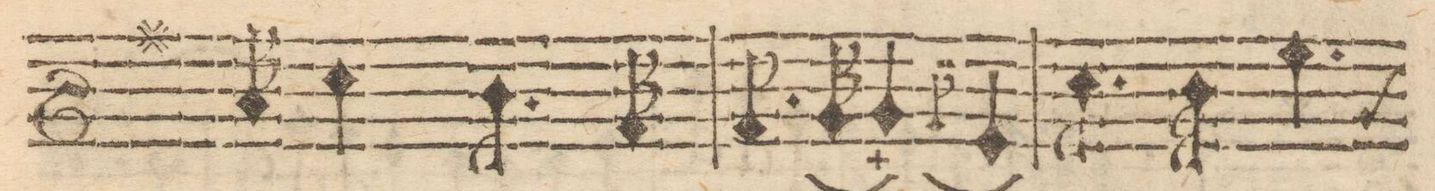


vos ra - ma- - - ges :
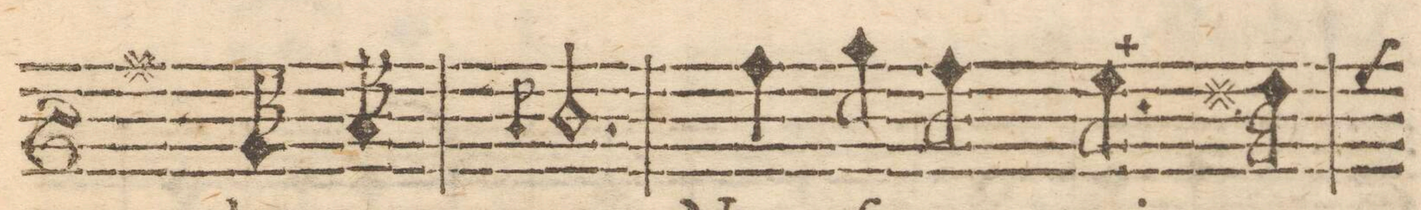


Si vos chants ſont plus doux, Nous
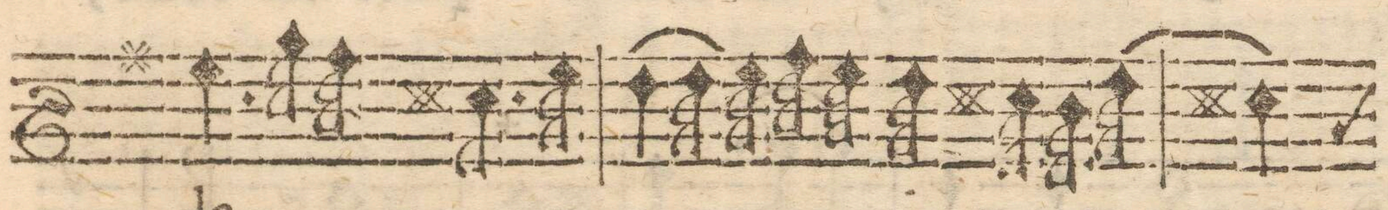
ſe-
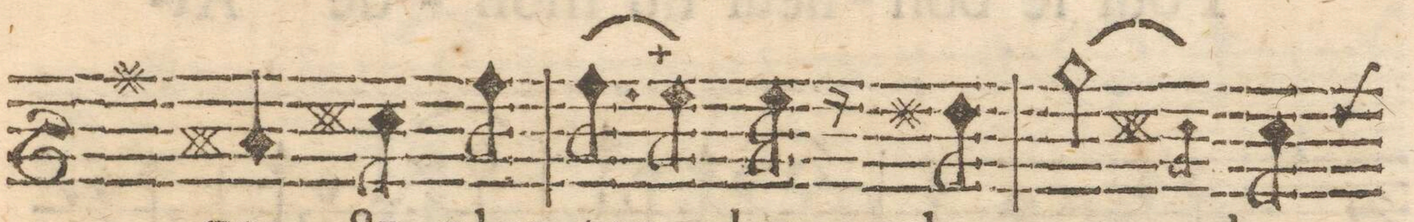


ſerons moins vo - la - ges, & plus ten-
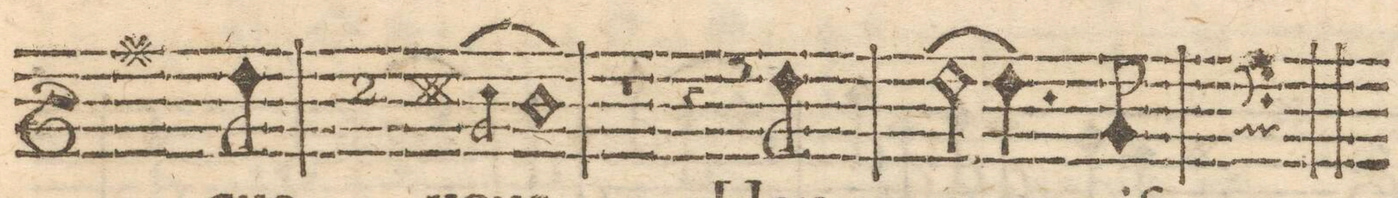


dres que vous, Nous ſerons moins vo-



la- - - - - - -
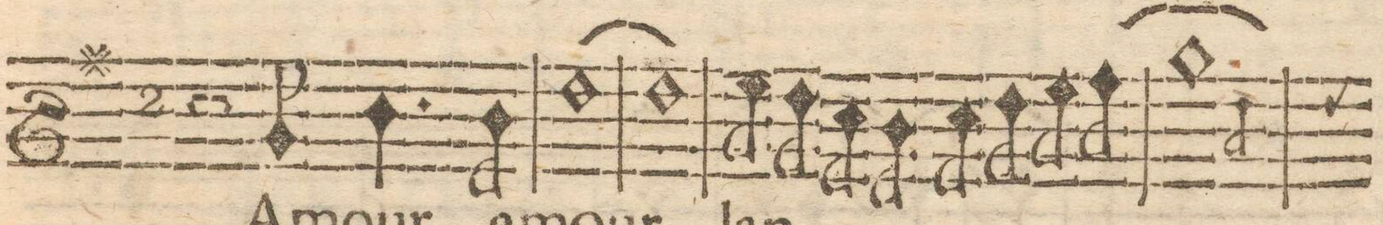


ges, & plus ten-dres, plus ten- dres
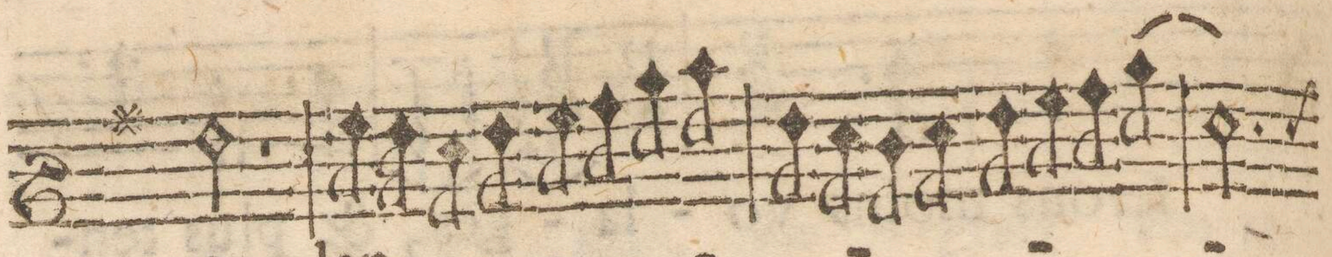


que vous. Heu - reux oiſeaux.
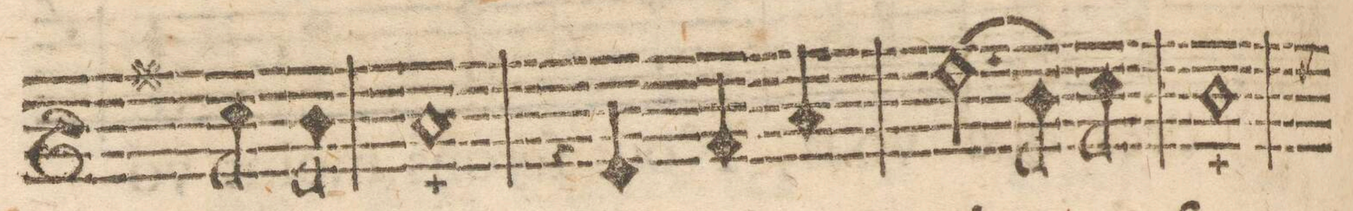
6. ARIETTE.
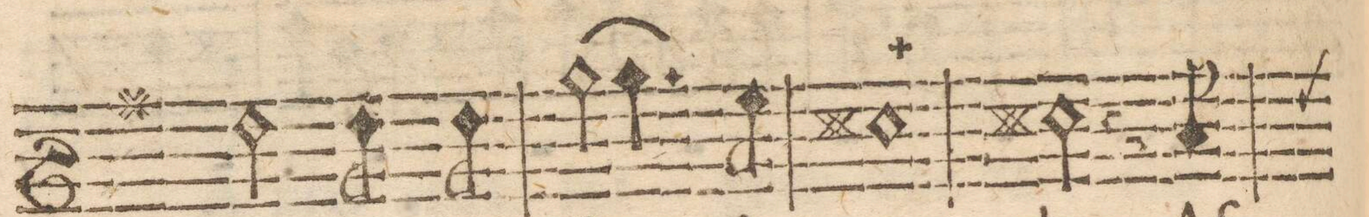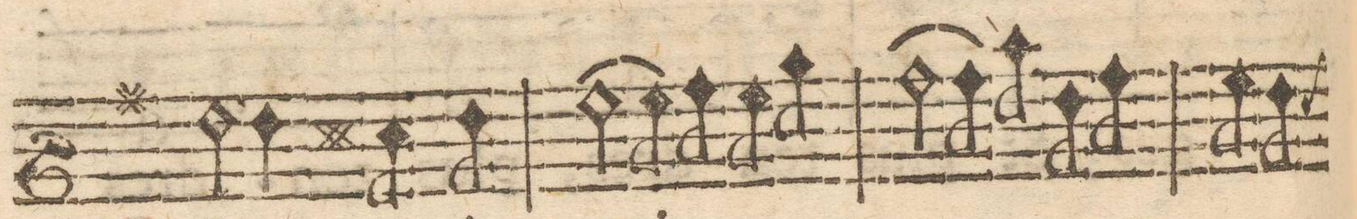


Amour, amour lan- - - -
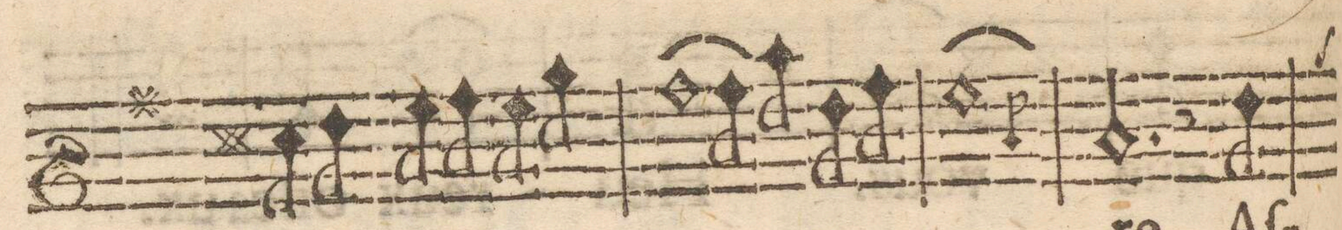
ſe-
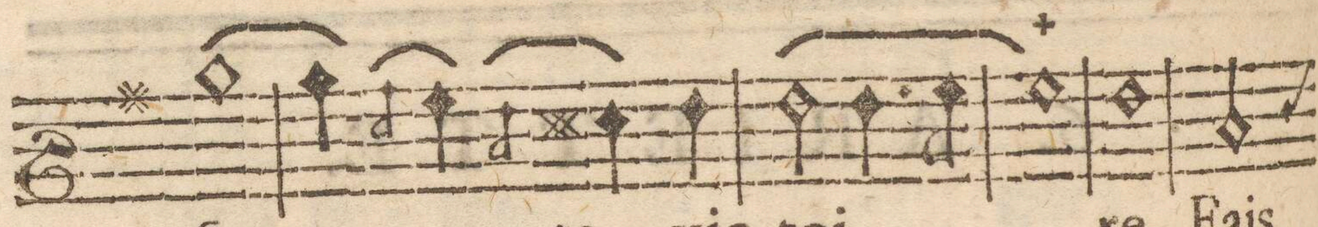

ce, lan- - - - - -
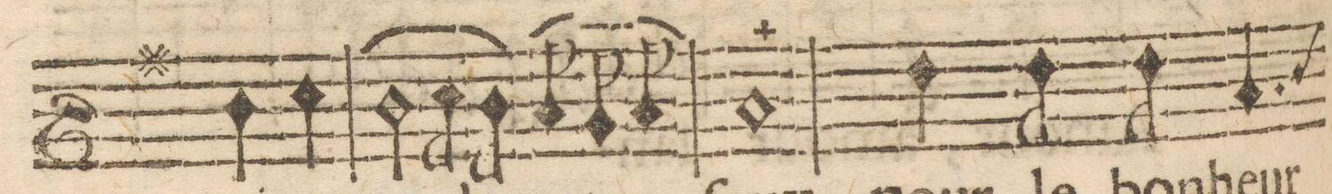

ce tes traits, Fais triom - pher tes feux;
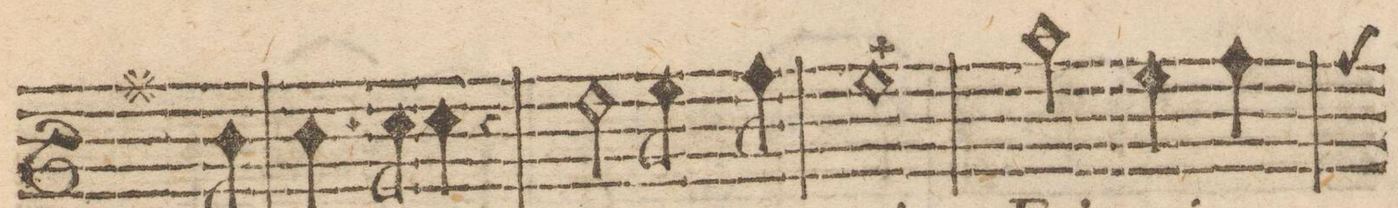

Pour le bon - heur du mon - de Af-


ſure ta vic - toi- - - -
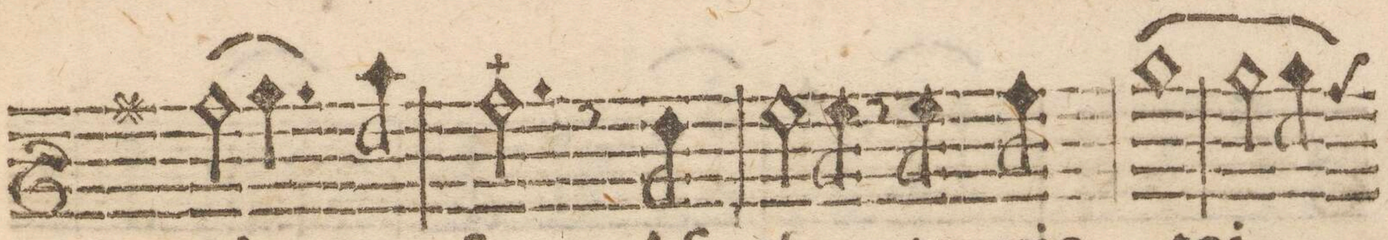

- - - - - - re, Af-


ſu - - re ta vic toi - - re. Fais


triom - pher tes feux, Pour le bonheur
du
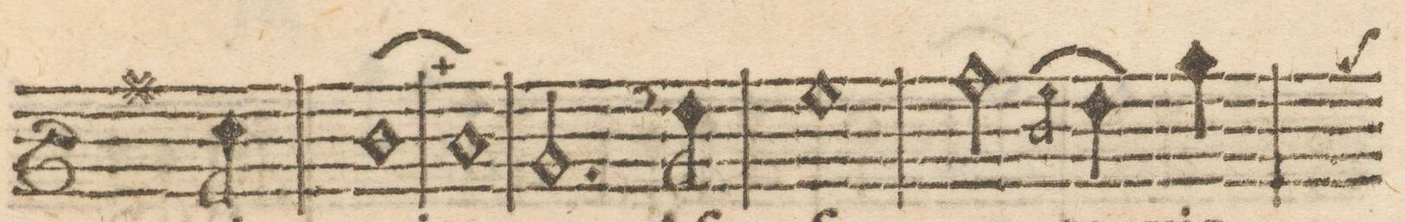


du monde Lance tes traits, Fais triom-
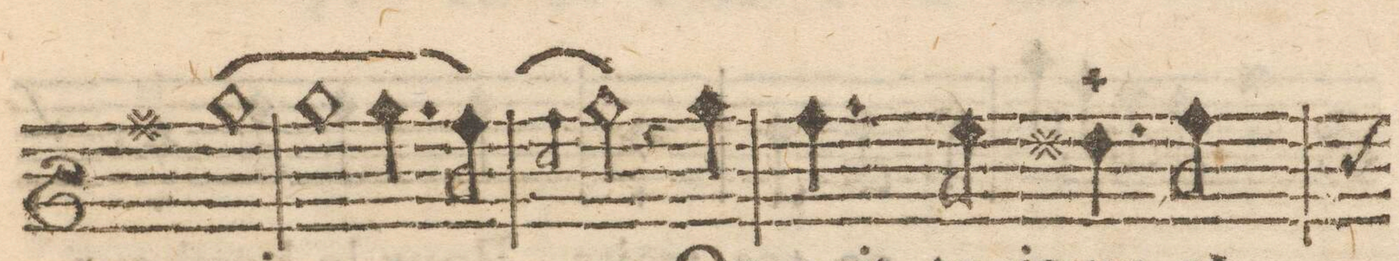


pher tes feux, Aſ - ſure ta vic - toi-
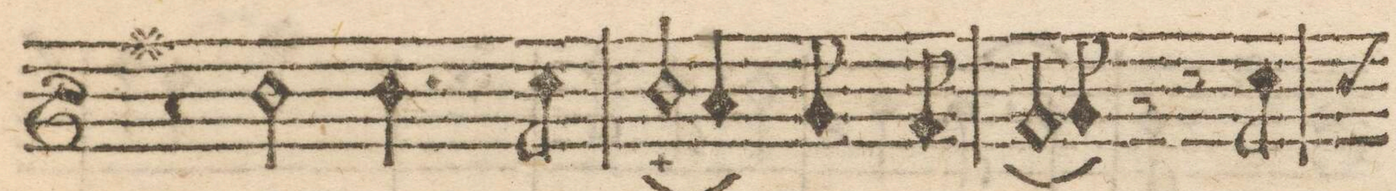


- - - - - - re, ta
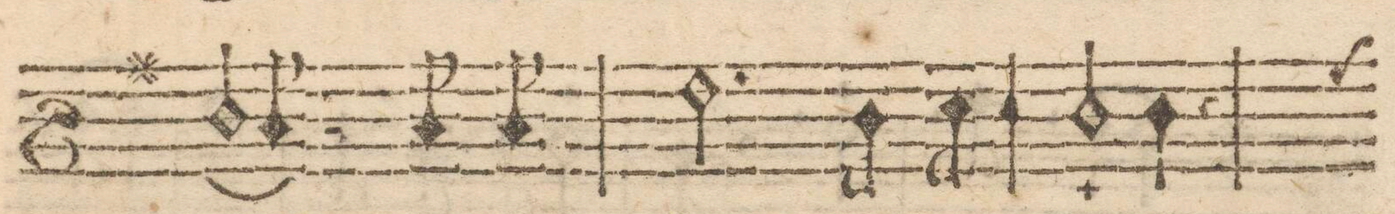


vic - toi - re, Aſ - ſu - re ta vic-
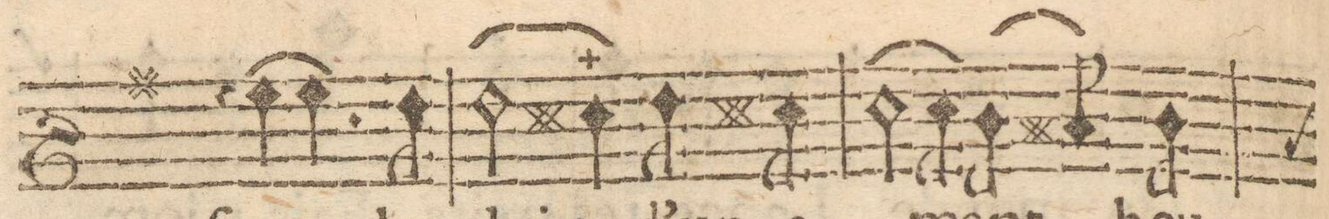


toi- - re. On voit toujours rē-
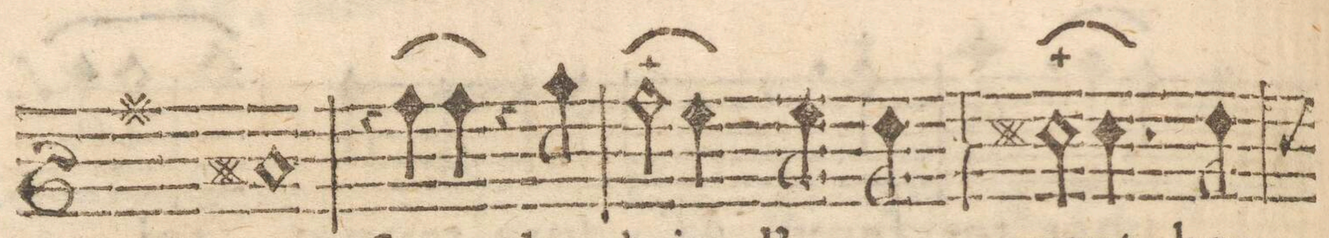


gner les plai - ſirs & les jeux, la
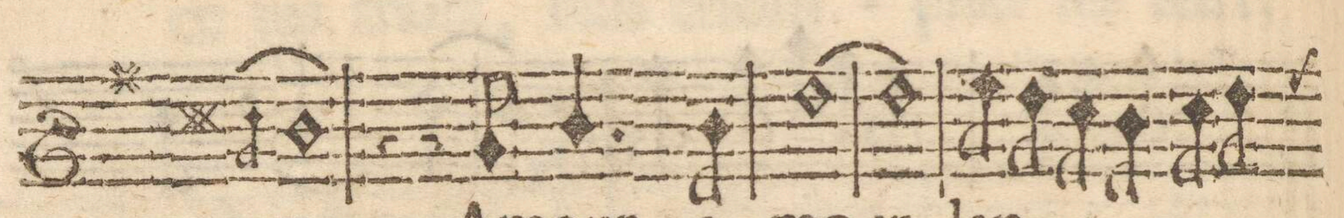


paix, l'abon - dance & la gloire
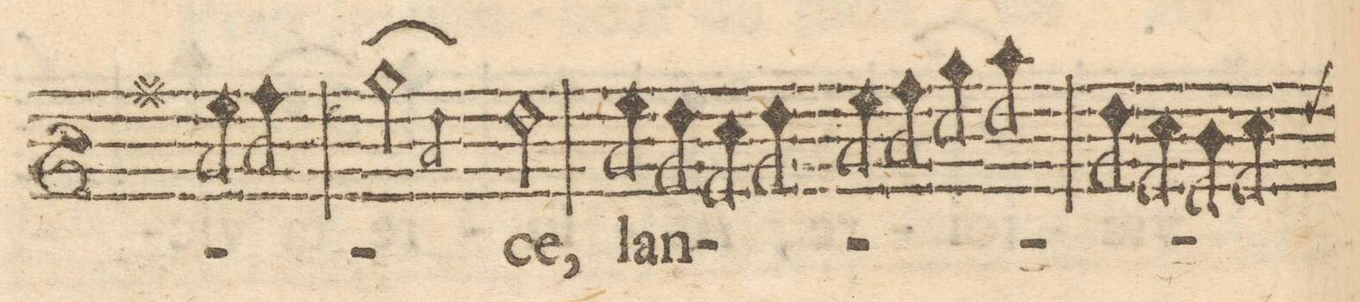


sous les loix d'un a - mant heu -



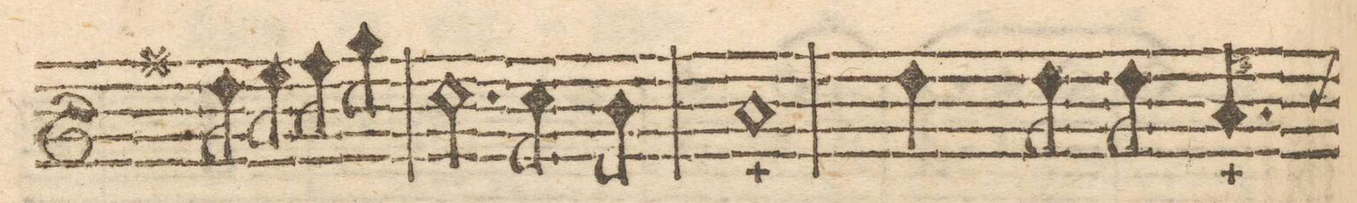
reux, sous les loix d'un a - mant heu-



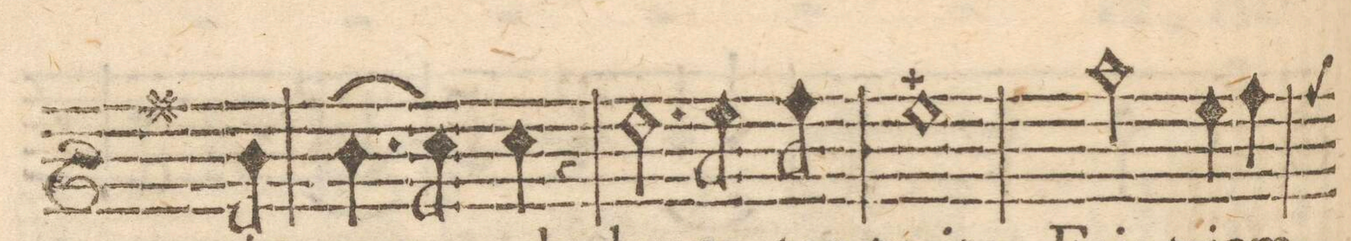
reux. Amour, a-mour lan- -
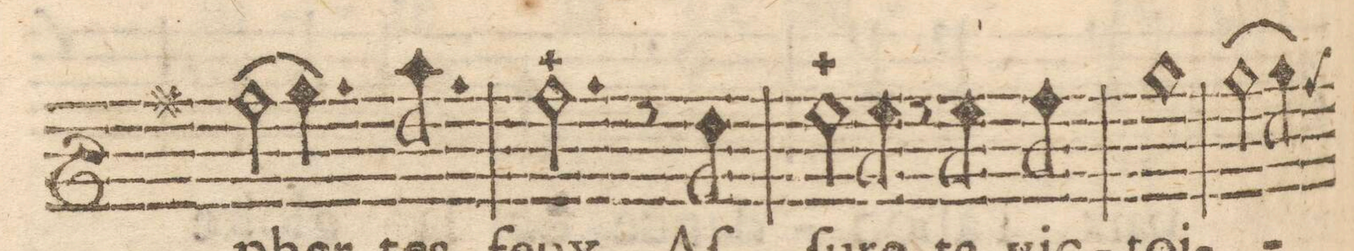


- - ce, lan- - - - -



- - ce tes traits, Pour le bonheur
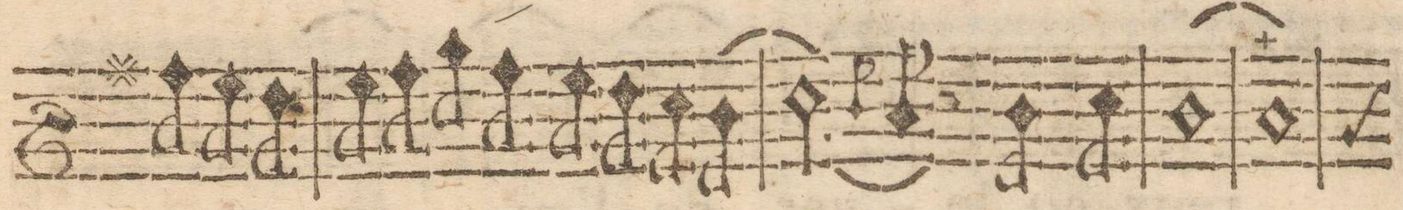


du mon - de lance tes traits. Fais triom-
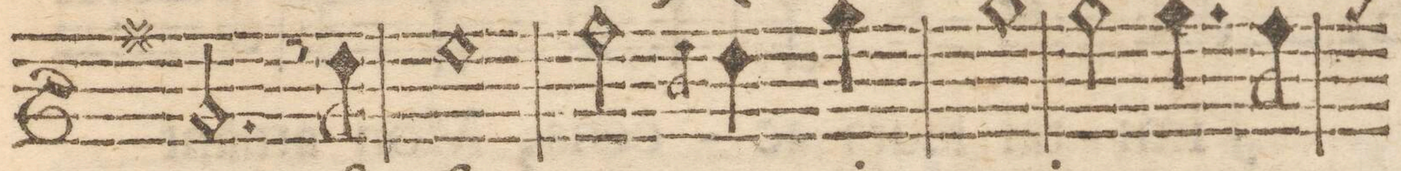


pher tes feux, Af - sure ta vic - toi- -

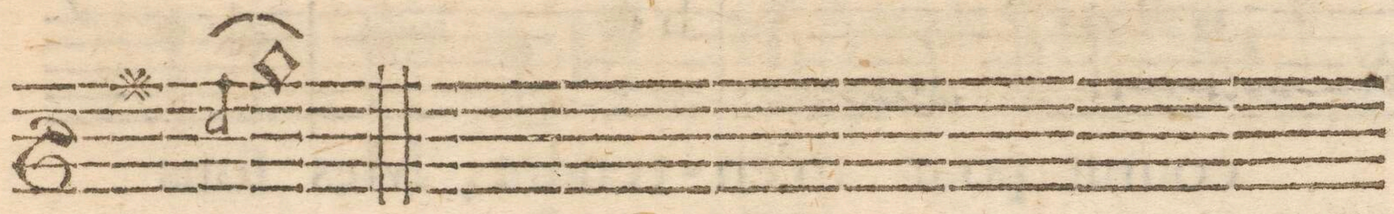
re,



re, ta vic - toi-
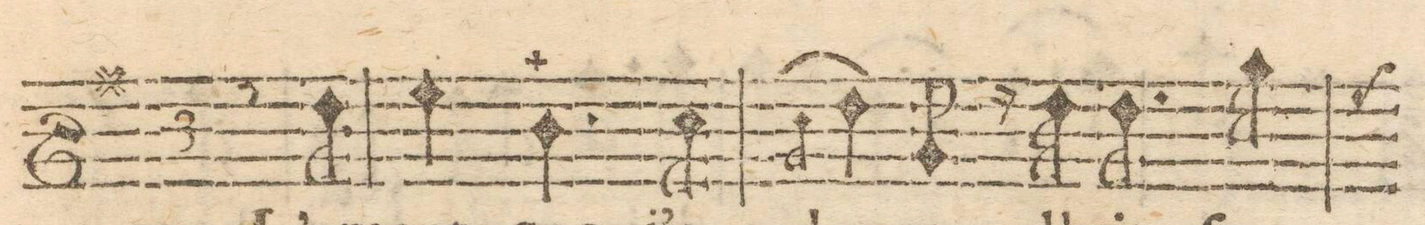


re, aſ - ſu - re ta vic - toi- - -
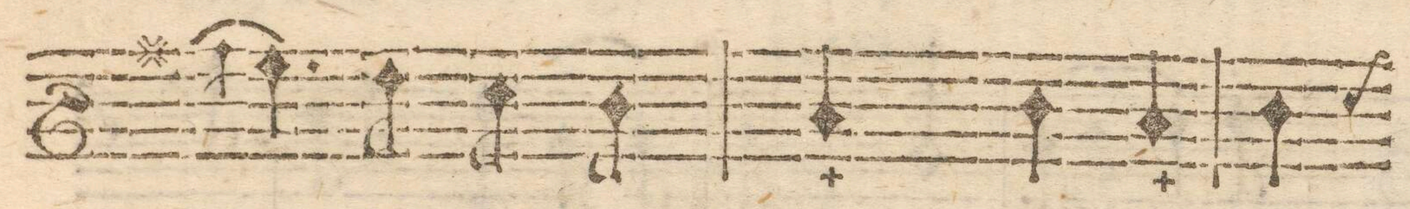


re.
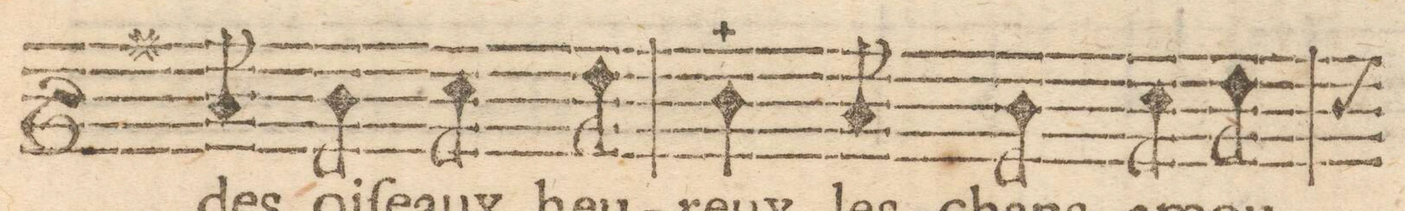
7. ARIETTE.
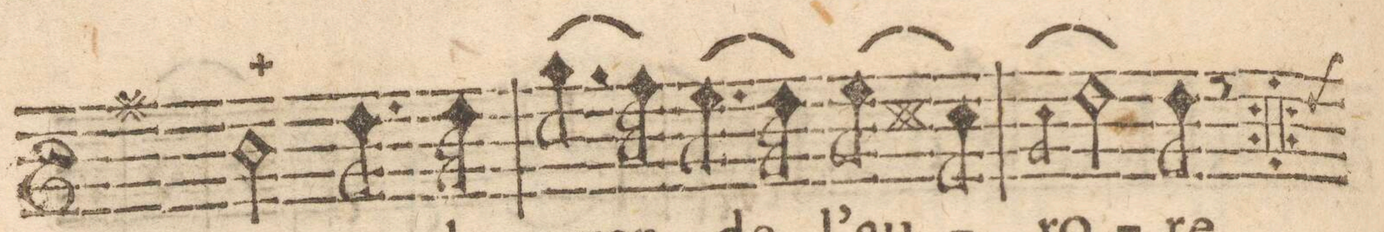


L'amant que j'a - do - re alloit for-
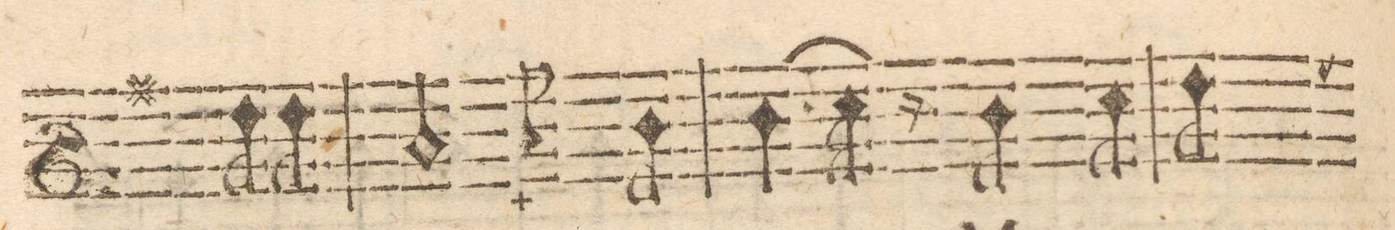


mer de nouveaux nœuds, J'enten - dis
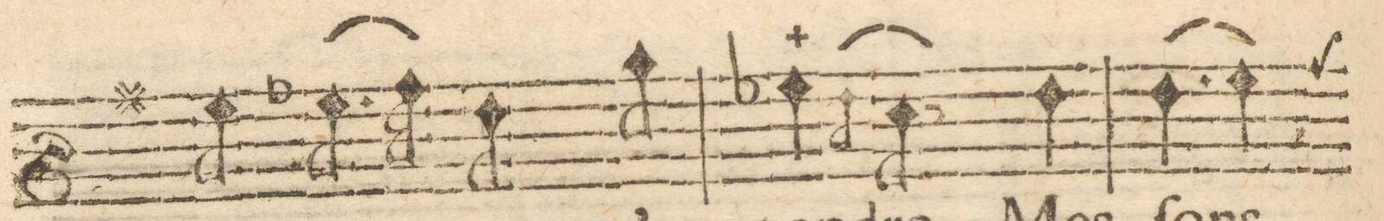


des oiſeaux heu - reux les chans amou-
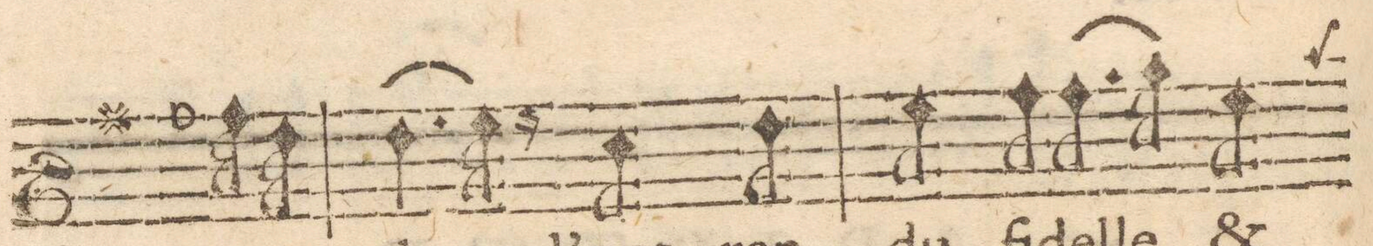


reux au le - ver de l'au - ro - re.
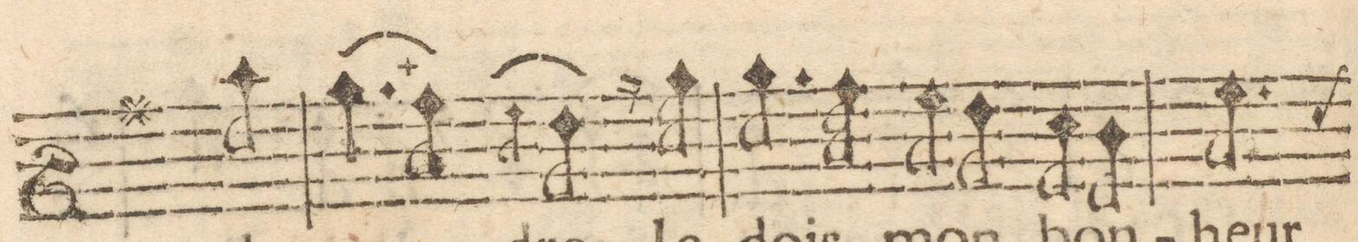


J'imi - tai leurs ac - cens, Mon amant
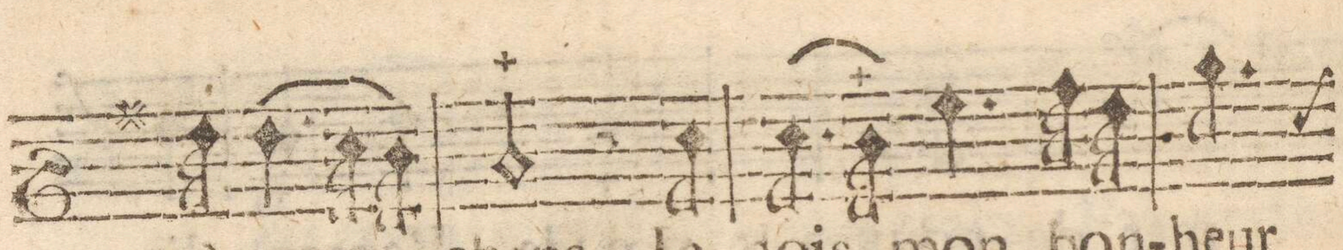


courut pour m'en - tendre, Mes ſons



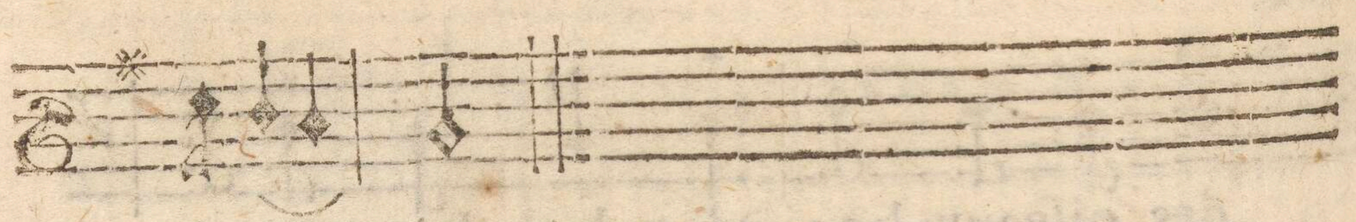
tou - chans l'ont ren - du fidelle &



plus ten - dre, Je dois mon bon - heur
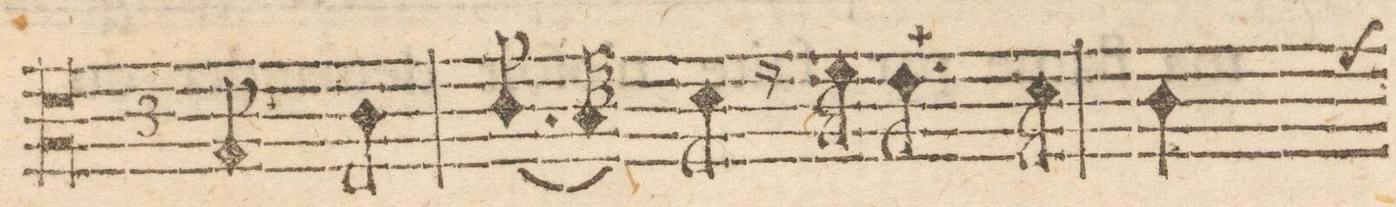


à mes chans, Je dois mon bon-heur
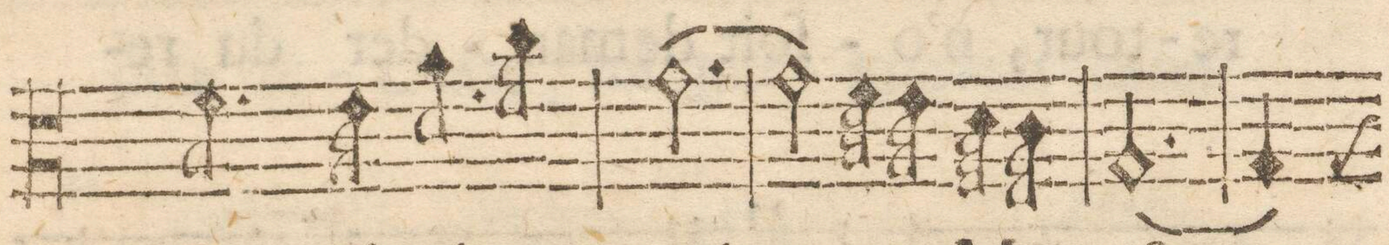


à mes chans.

8. ARIETTE.
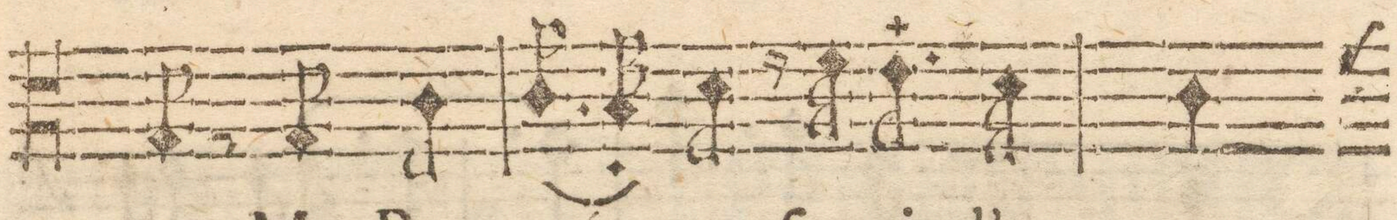
RONDEAU.
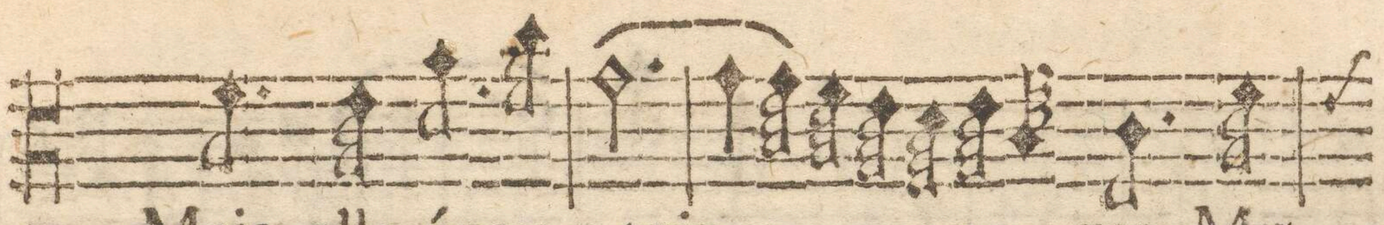


Ma Ber - gé - re fuyoit l'amour,
écouta
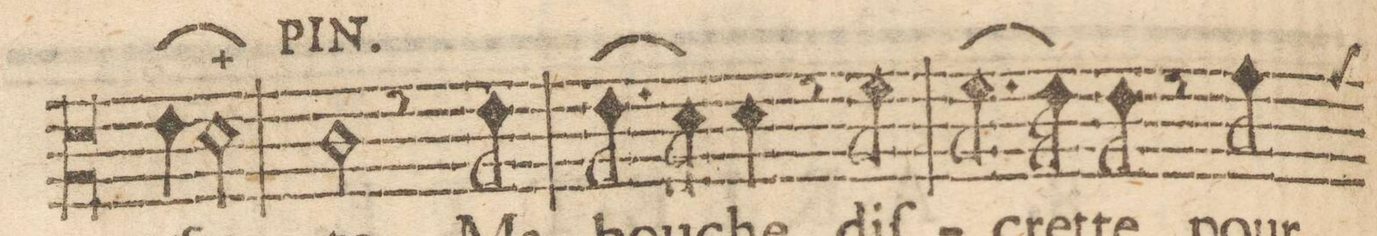


Mais elle écou - toit - ma Mu - ſet-
Croyant écou - ter



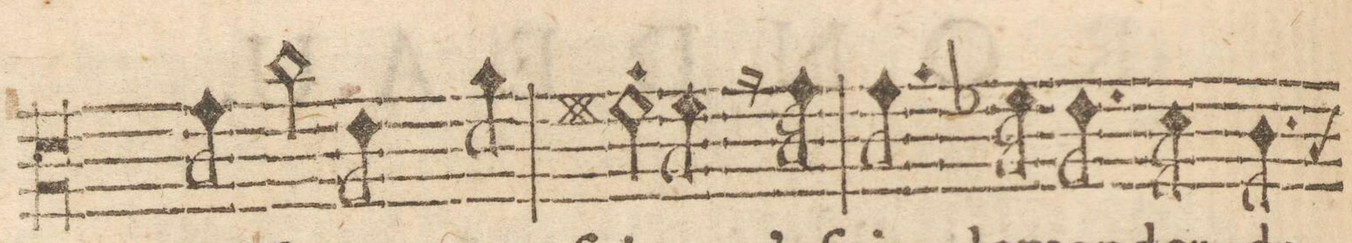
te, Ma Ber - gé - re fuyoit l'a - mour
écouta
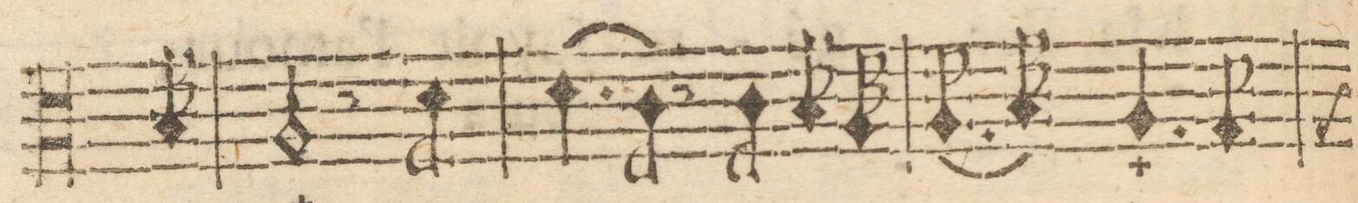


Mais elle écou - toit - - ma Mu-
Croyant écou - ter
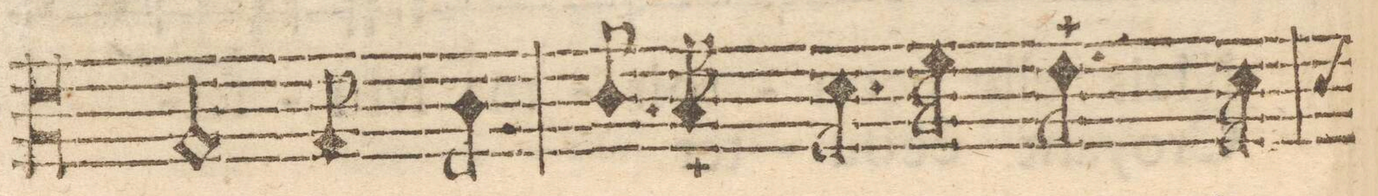


ſet - te. Ma bouche diſ - crette pour
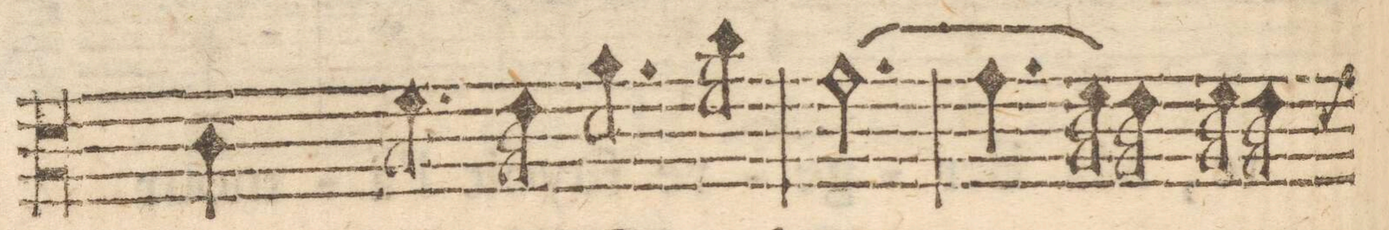


ma flame par - faite n'oſoit demander du
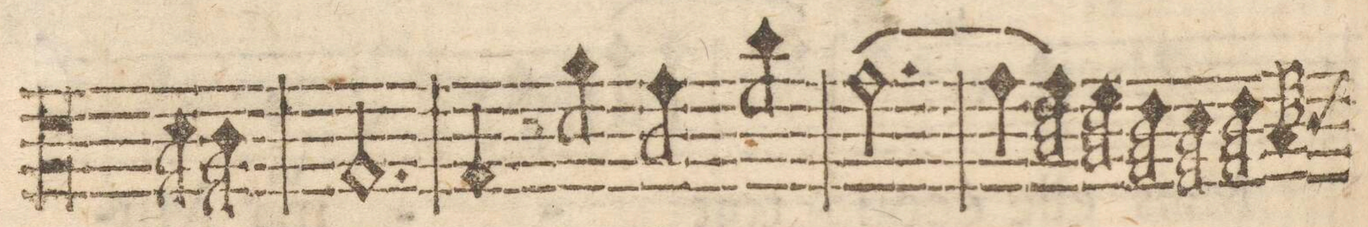


re - tour, n'o - ſoit deman - der du re-



tour. Ma Ber - ge - re auroit craint l'a-
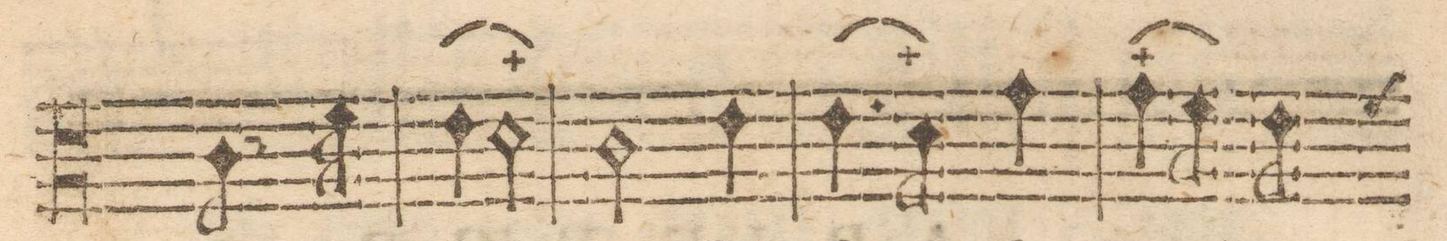


mour, Mais je fis parler - - ma
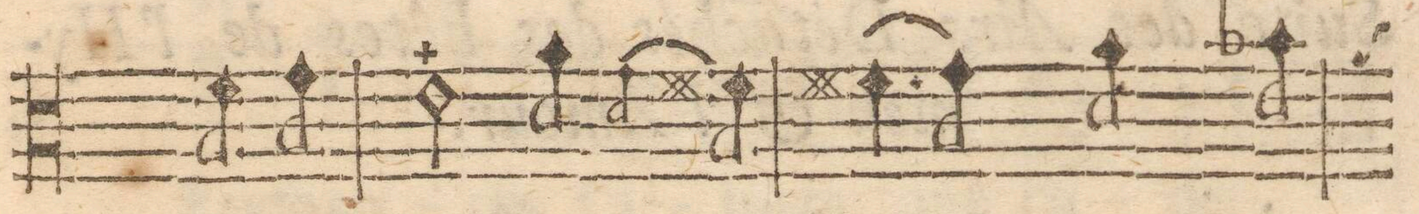


Mu - ſet - te, je fis par - ler - -
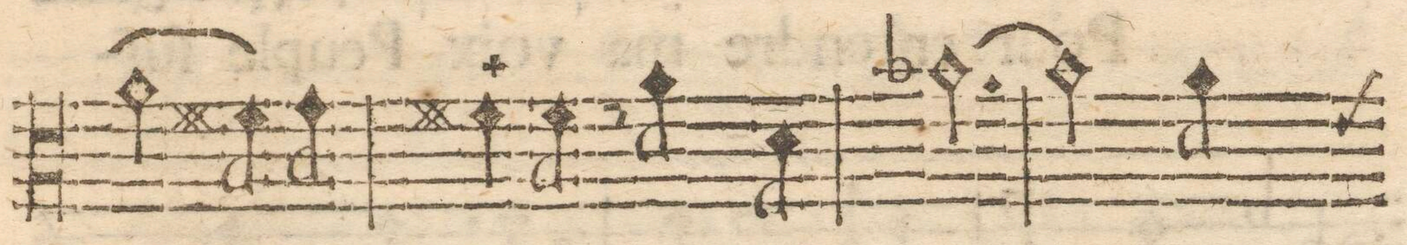
ma
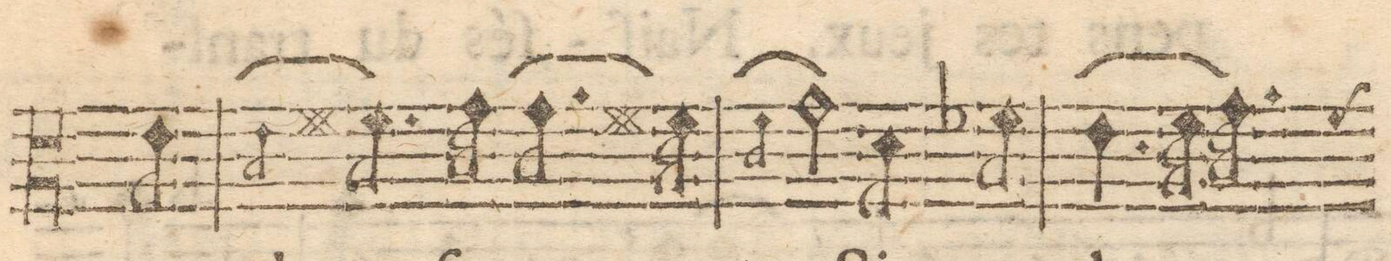


ma Mu - ſet - te. Ses ſons plus tendres
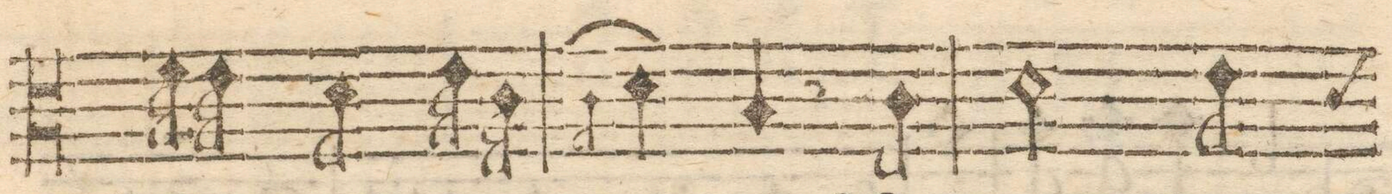


chaque jour lui pei - gnoient mon ar-
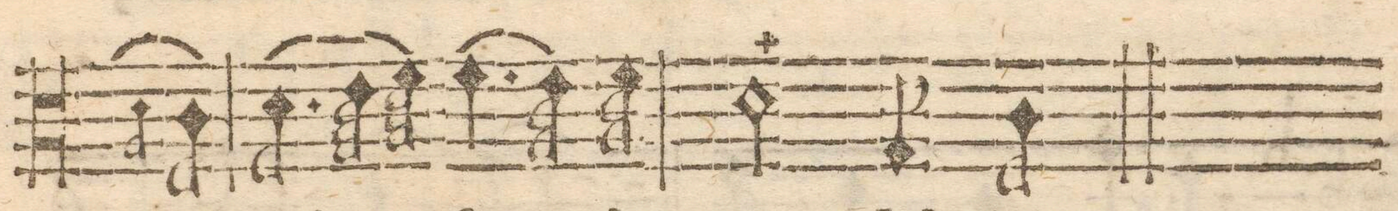


deur ſe - crette, lui pei - gnoient mon



ar - deur ſecret - te. Si ma bou -
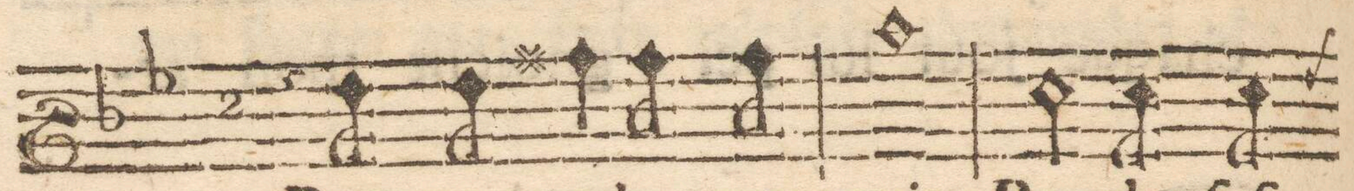


che étoit mu - et - te. Mes yeux s'ex-
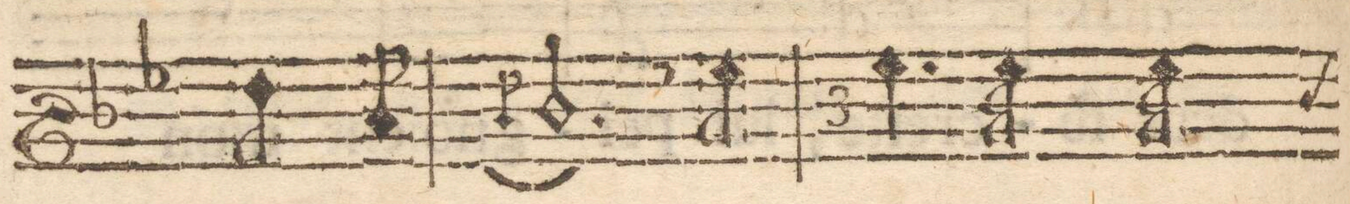


pliquoient ſans de - tour. Ma ber.

9. ARIETTE.
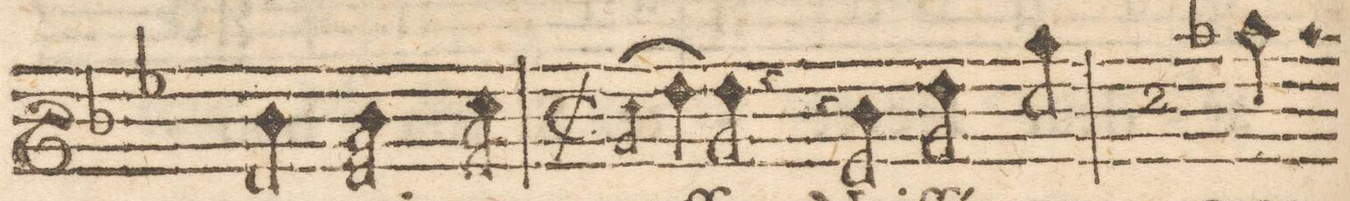
Suite des Airs Détachés des Fêtes de l'Hymen & l'Amour.
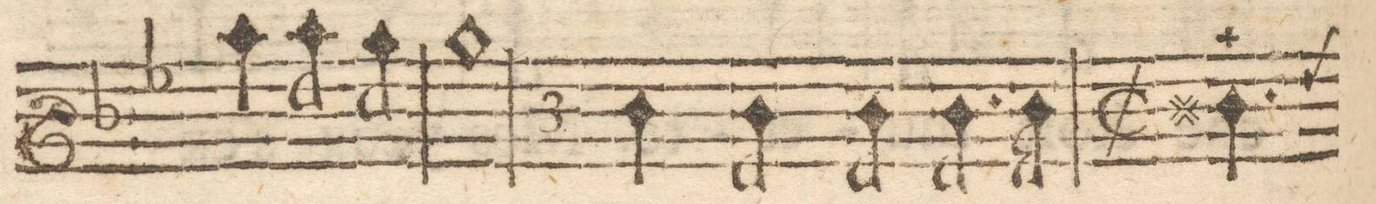


Pour entendre ma voix Peuple ſuſ-
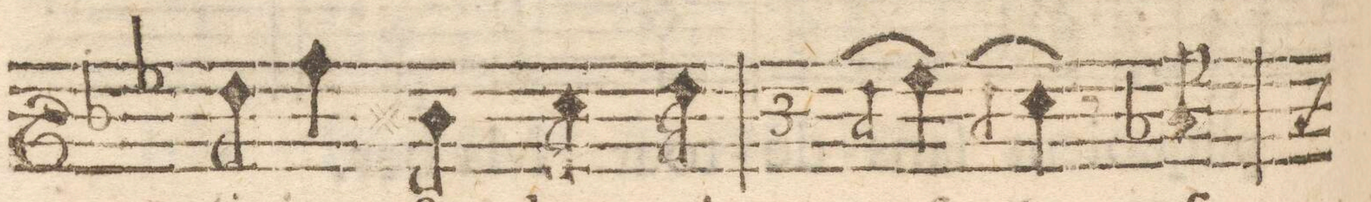


pens tes jeux. Naiſ - ſés du tranſ-
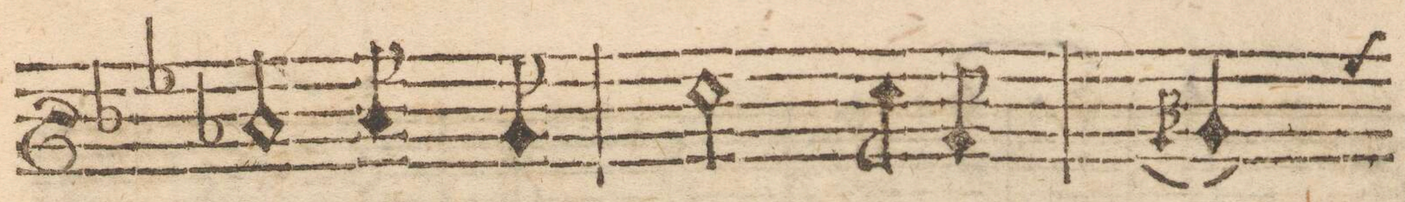


port qui me preſſe, Naiſſés ac - cens
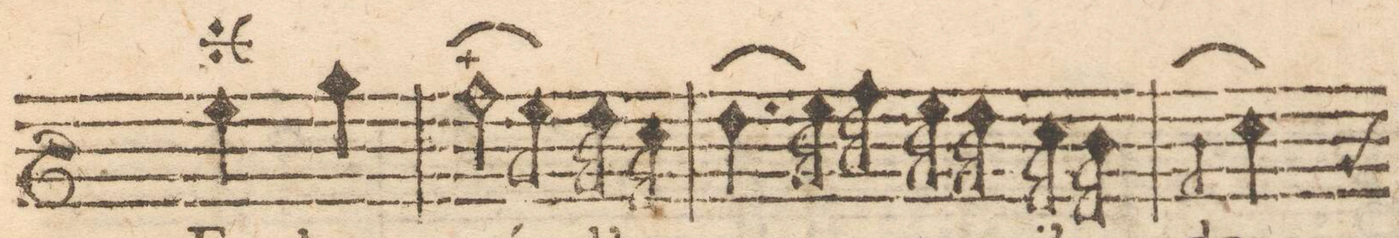


harmonieux Charmes du ſenti - ment,
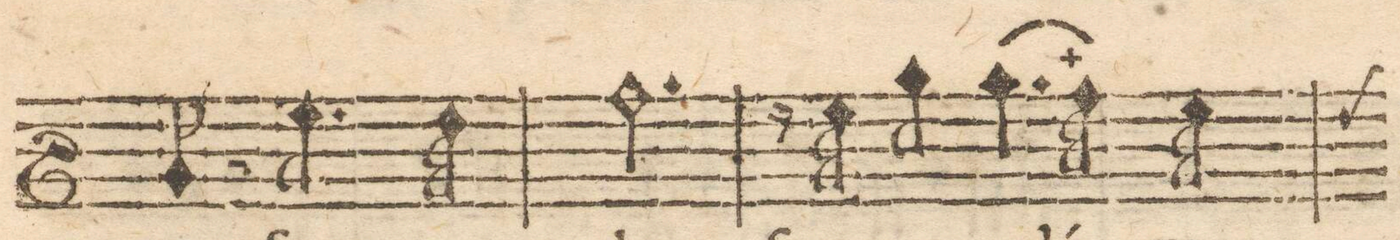


divine & douce i - vreſ - ſe paſ-
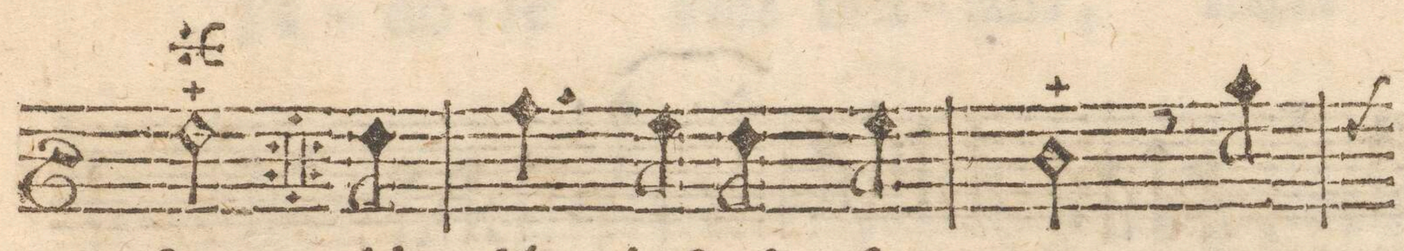


sés dans mes chants amou - reux.
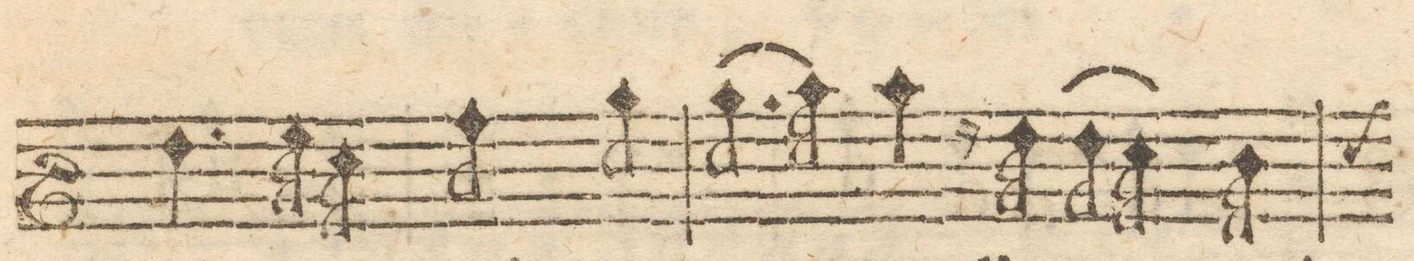


Enchan - tés l'a - mant que j'a - do-
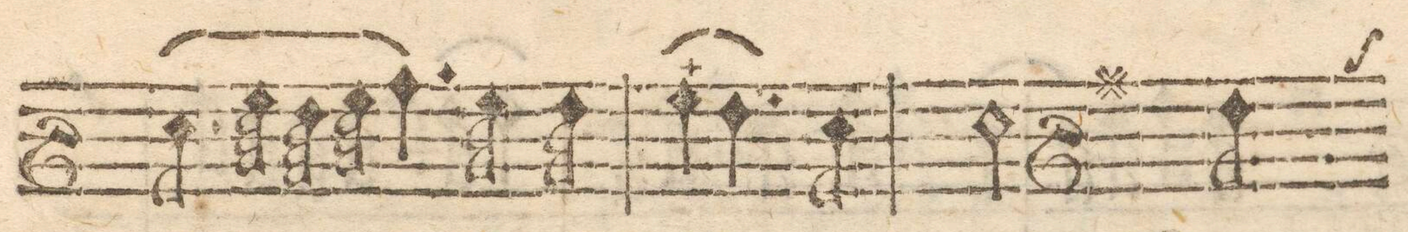


re, sons tou - chans se - con - dés mes



feux. Al - lés jusqu'a son cœur, ren-
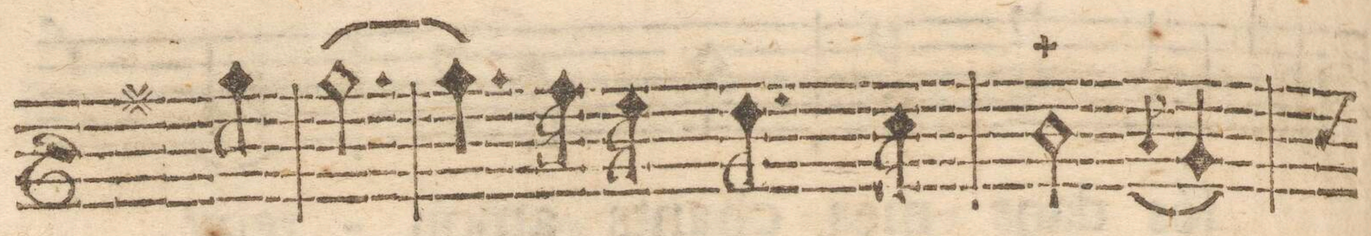


dés plus rendre en - co - re l'amour qui
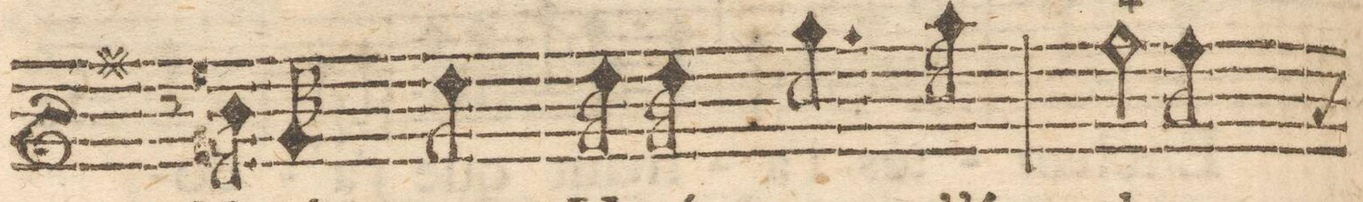


re- - gne dans ses yeux. Sons
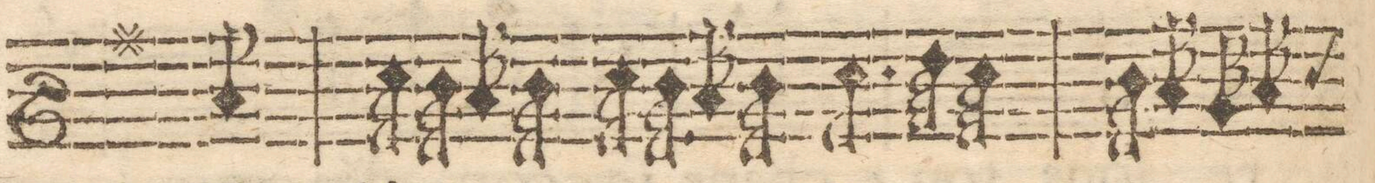
bril-
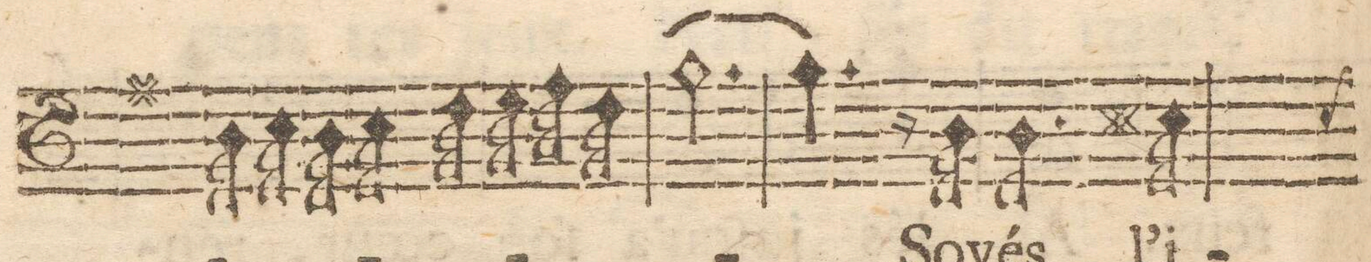


bril - lans hatés vous d'é - clo - re;



Hatés vous, Hatés vous d'é - clore,
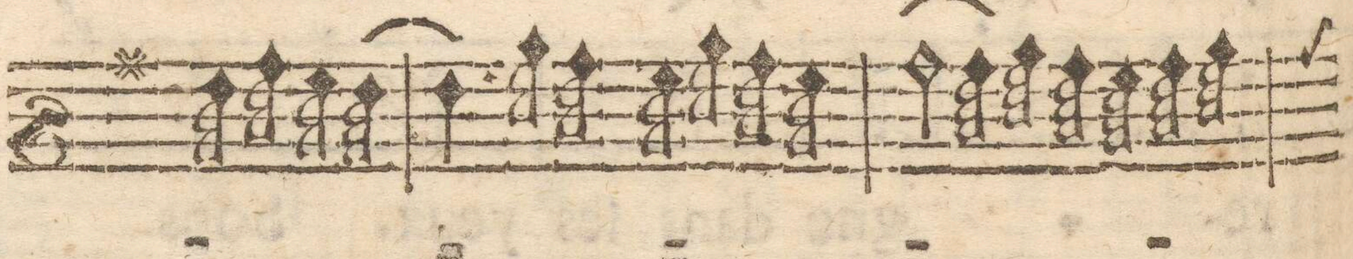


Vo - lés - - - -
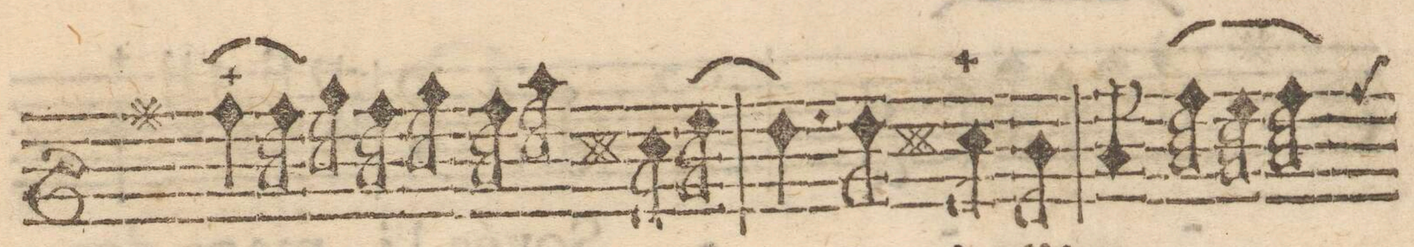


- - - - Soyés l'i -



ma - ge des Zé - phirs, Vo - lés -

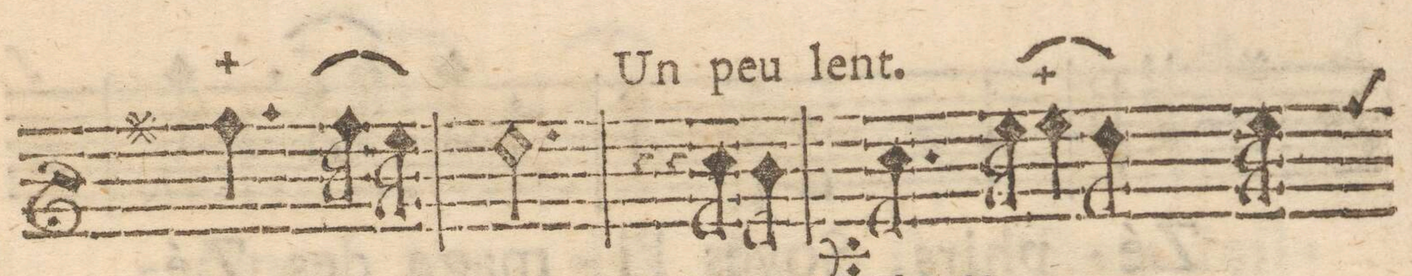


- - - - - Soyés
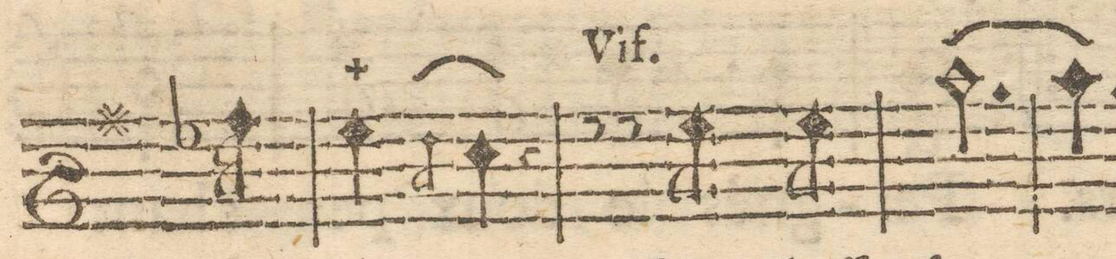


- - - - Soyés l'i- mage

Un peu lent.

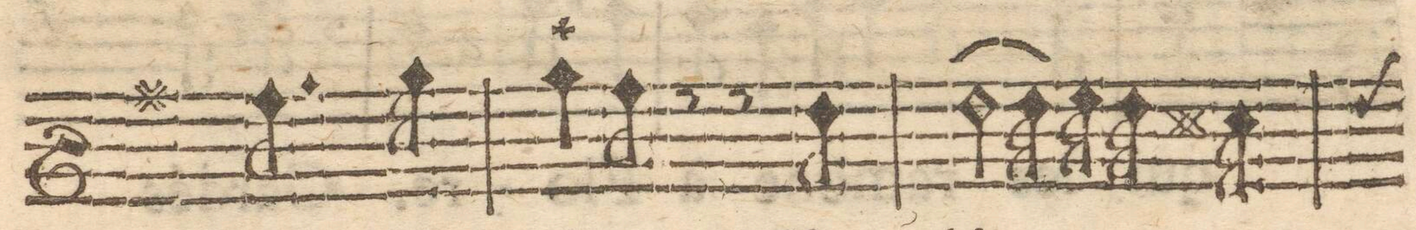


des Zé - phirs. Amu - sés l'amant que
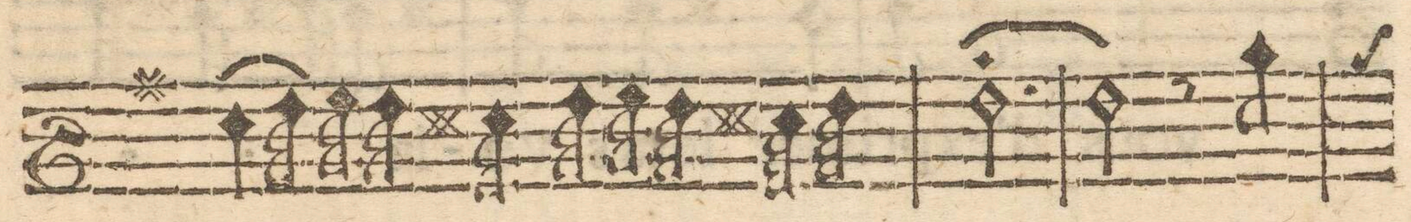
Vif.
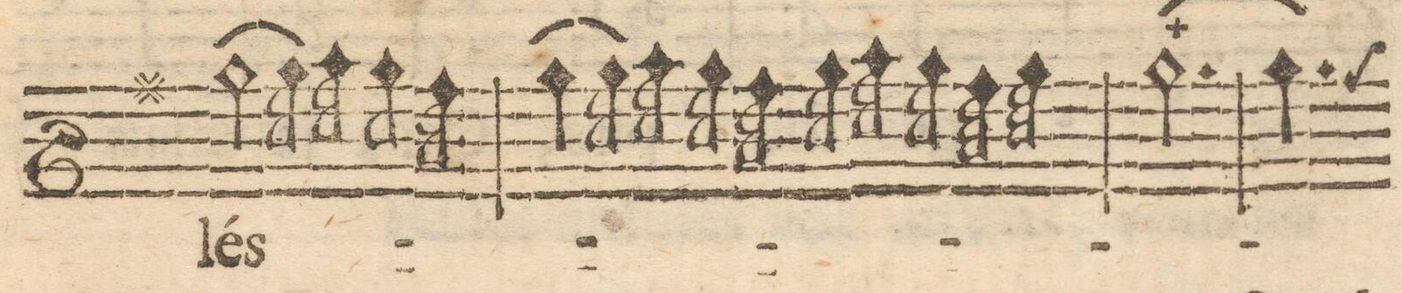


j'a - do - re ſons bril - lans, hatés



vous d'é - clore, Vo - lés - -

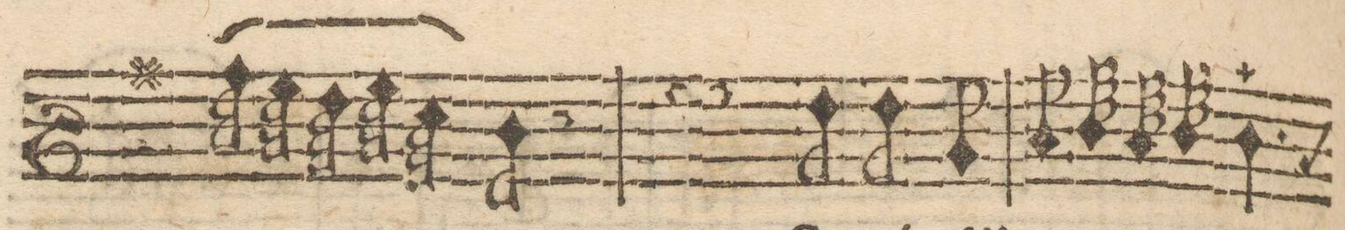


- - - - - - - Vo-
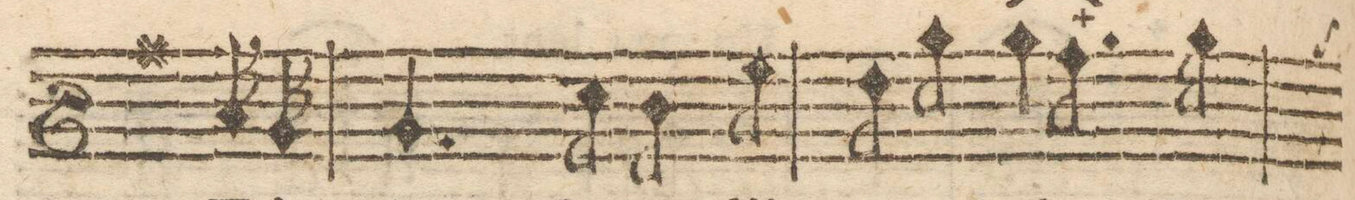


lés - - - - - -

Soyés
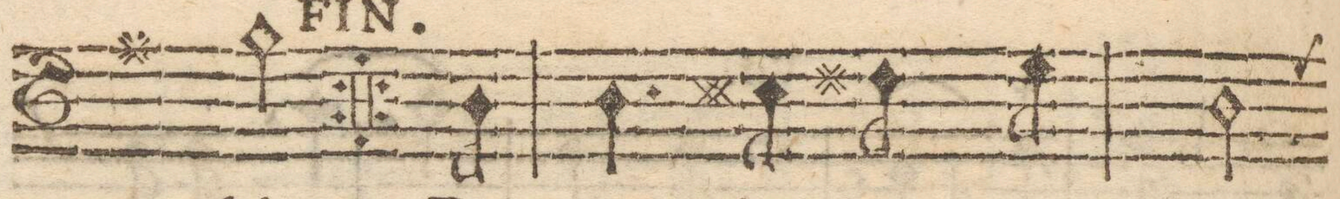


- - - Soyés l'i - mage des
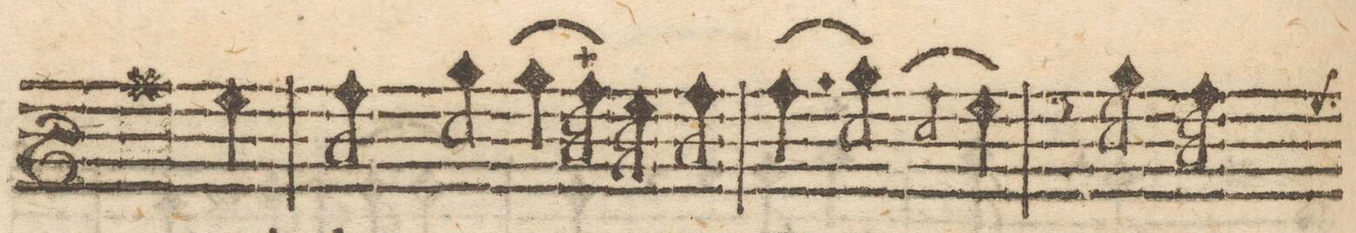


Zé - phirs, Soyés l'i - mage des Zé-
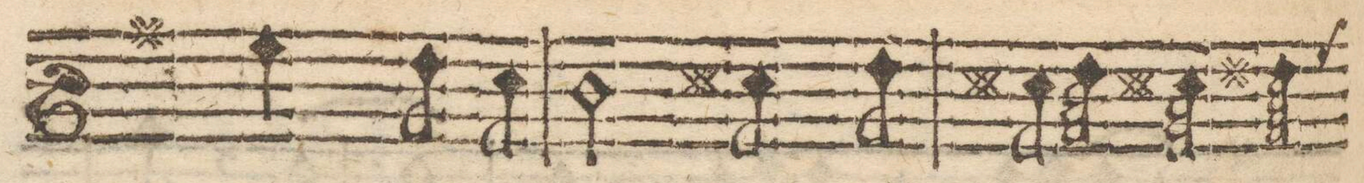
FIN.
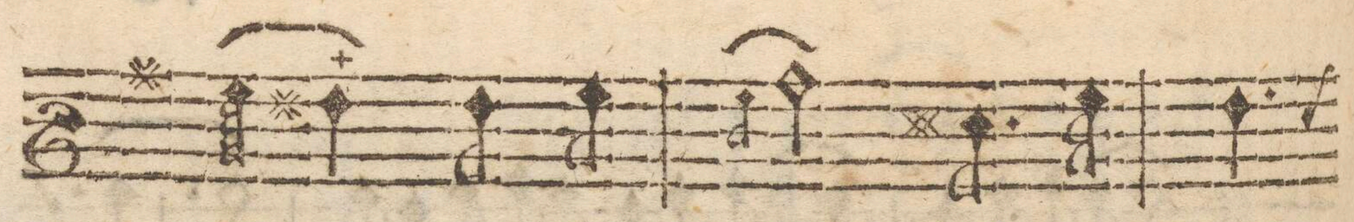


phirs. Pei - gnés le doux pen - chant



qui les ramène à Flo - re. Gardés
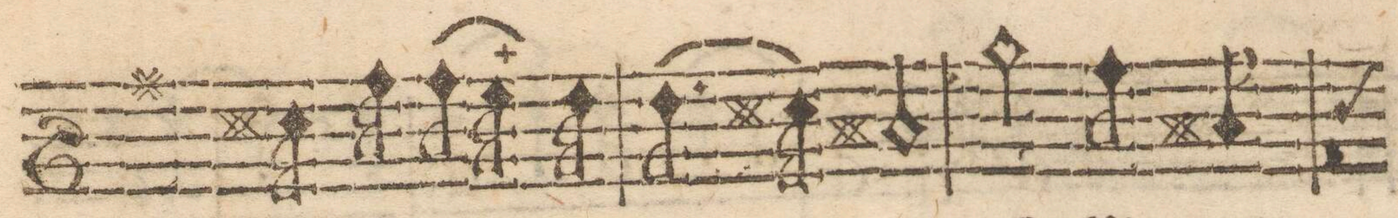


vous d'exprimer leurs vo - la - -
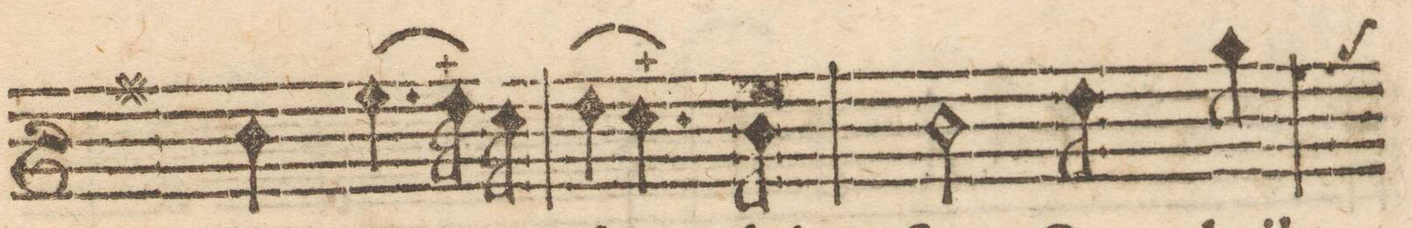


- - ges fou - pirs, Qu'à ja - mais
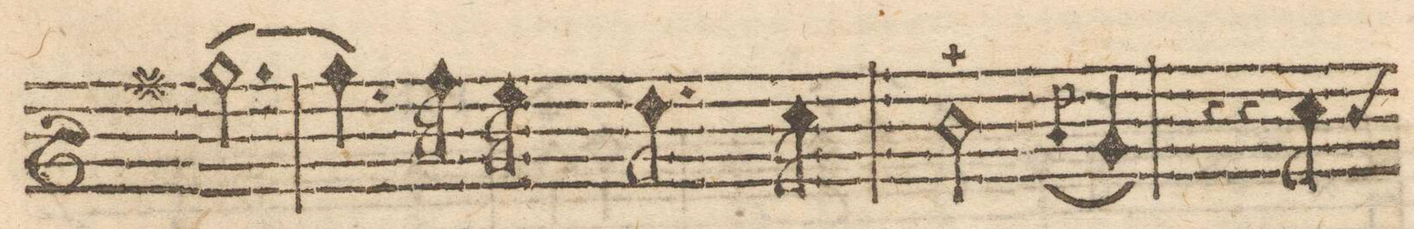
mon



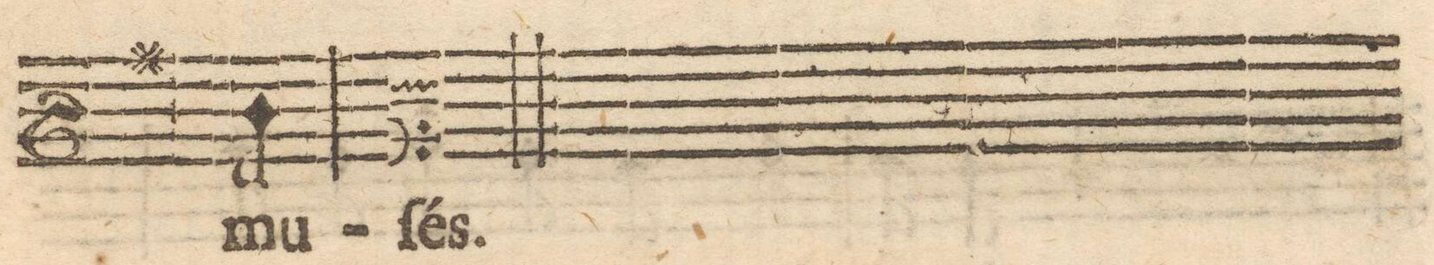
mon amant i-gno - re ſi l'incon-



tance a - des plai - ſirs. Sons bril-



lans hatés vous d'é - clo - re, A-



mu - ſés.
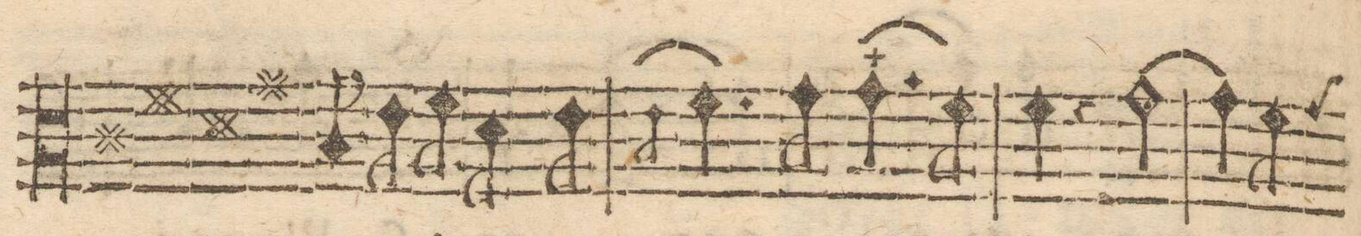
10. ARIETTE.

RONDEAU.
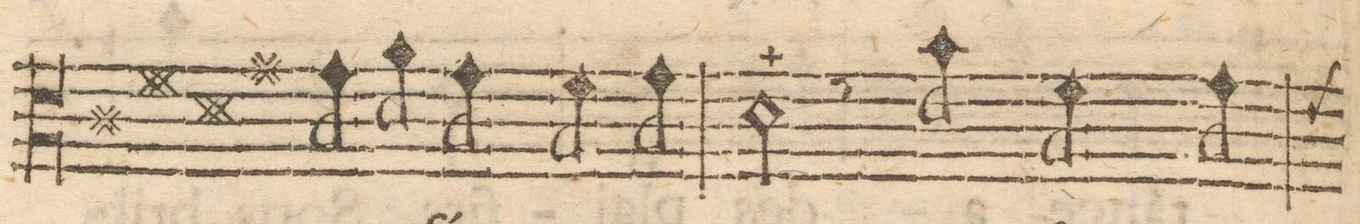


Belles amuſés vos amans, vous les
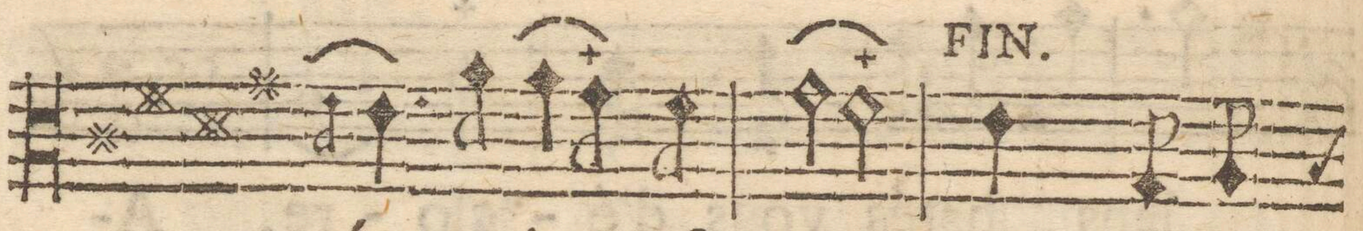
ver-
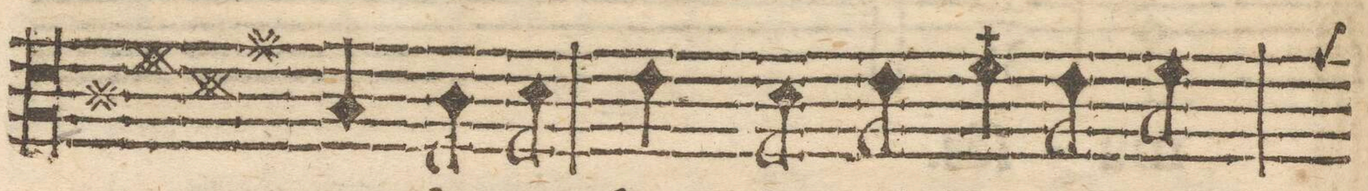


verrés toujours fi - del - les, Belles
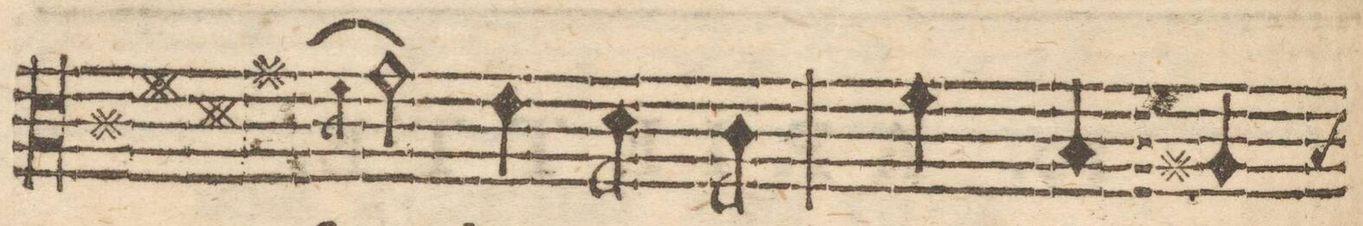


amufés vos amans, vous les ver-
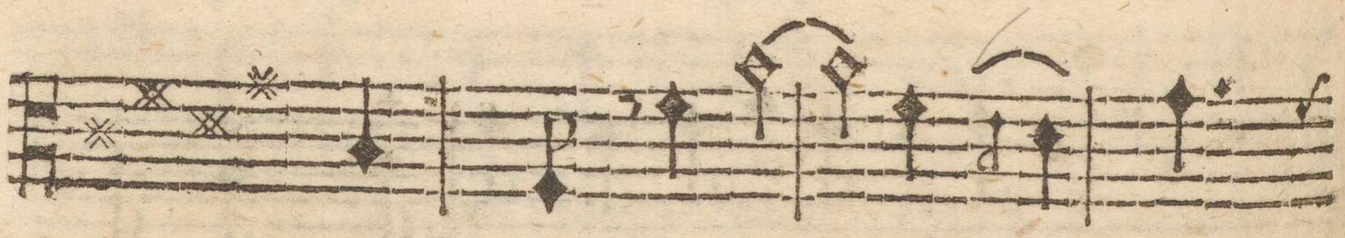


rés toujours fi - del - les. Sur les



pas des ta - lens les plaiſirs renaiſ-
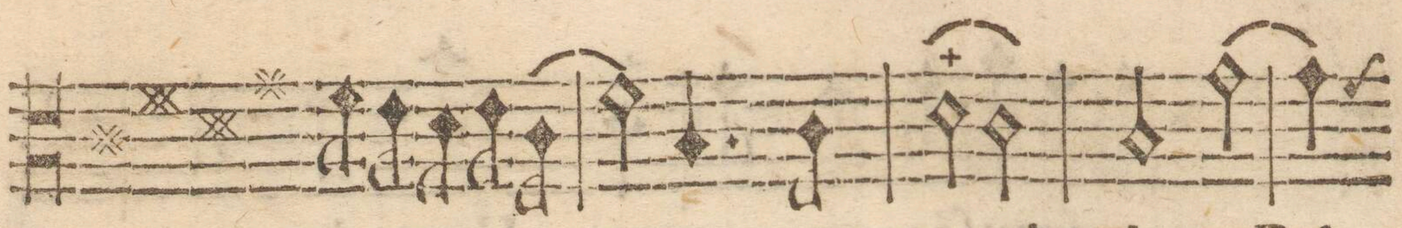


ſans donnent aux nœuds les plus
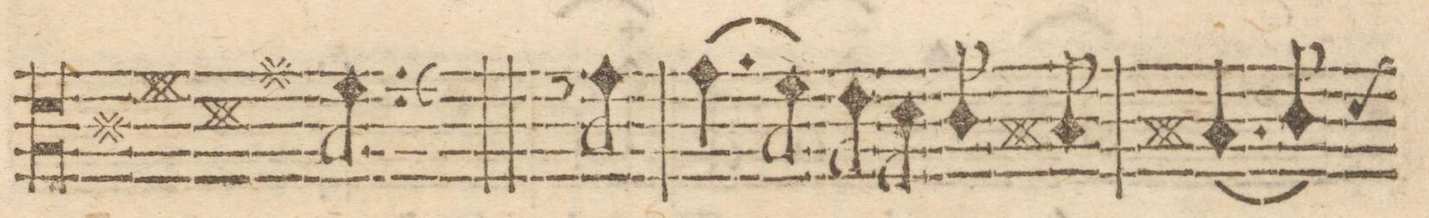


conſ - tans le charme des chai-

nes



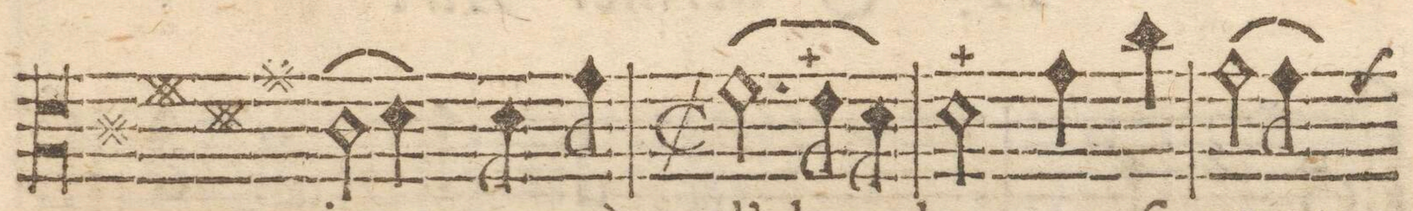
- - nes nou - vel - les; Bel-
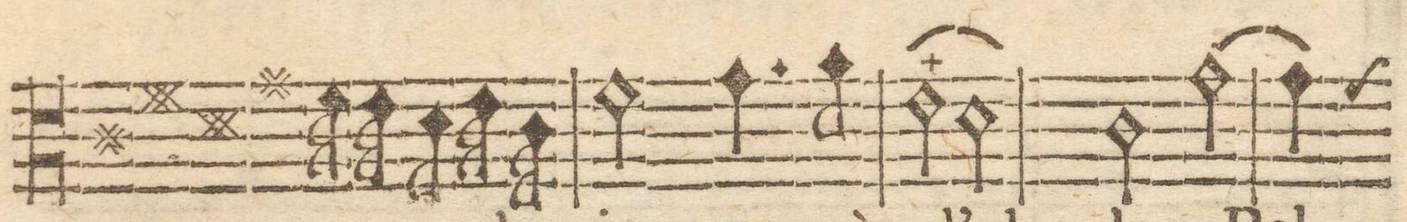


les a. Les gra - ces tri - om-
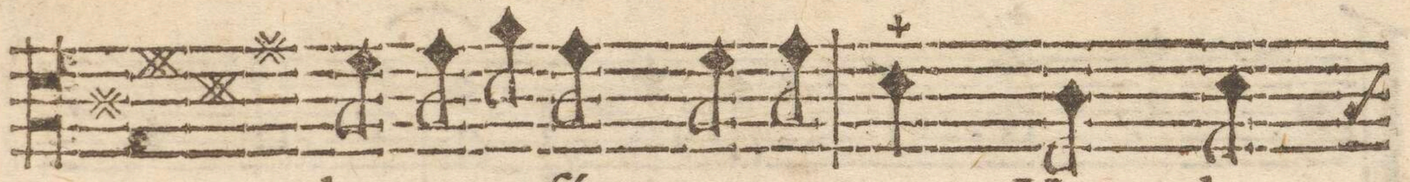


phent du tems en fi - xant les
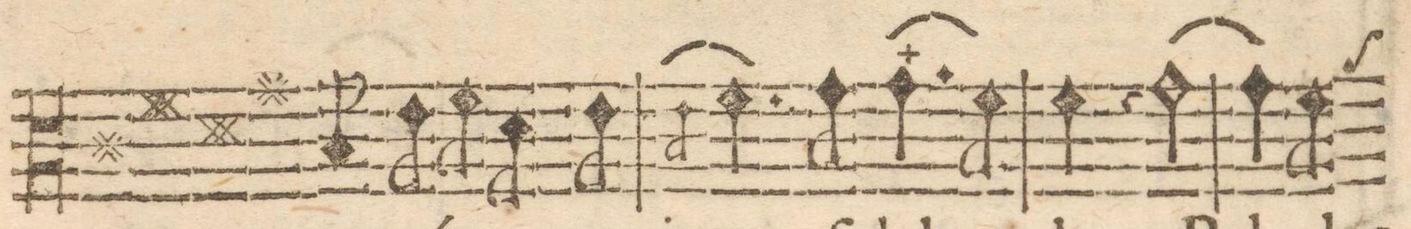


jeux auprès d'el - les, en fi - xant
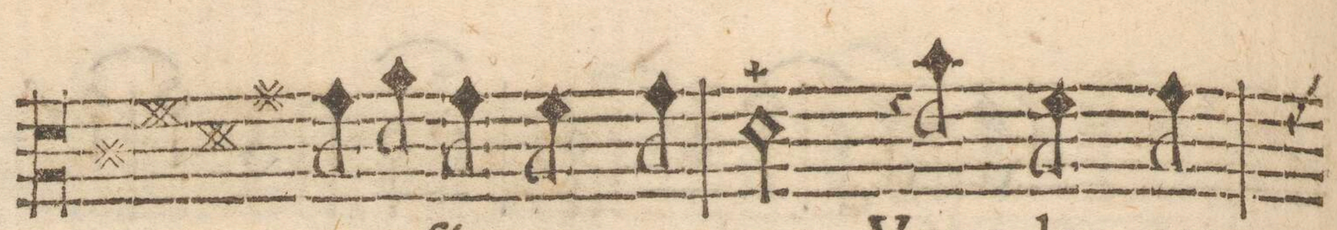


- - les jeux auprès d'el - les: Bel-
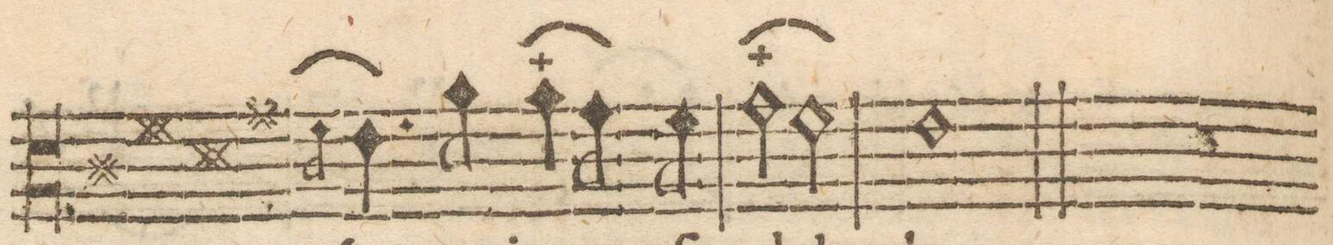


les amusés vos amans, Vous les



verrés toujours fidel - les, Bel - les amusés
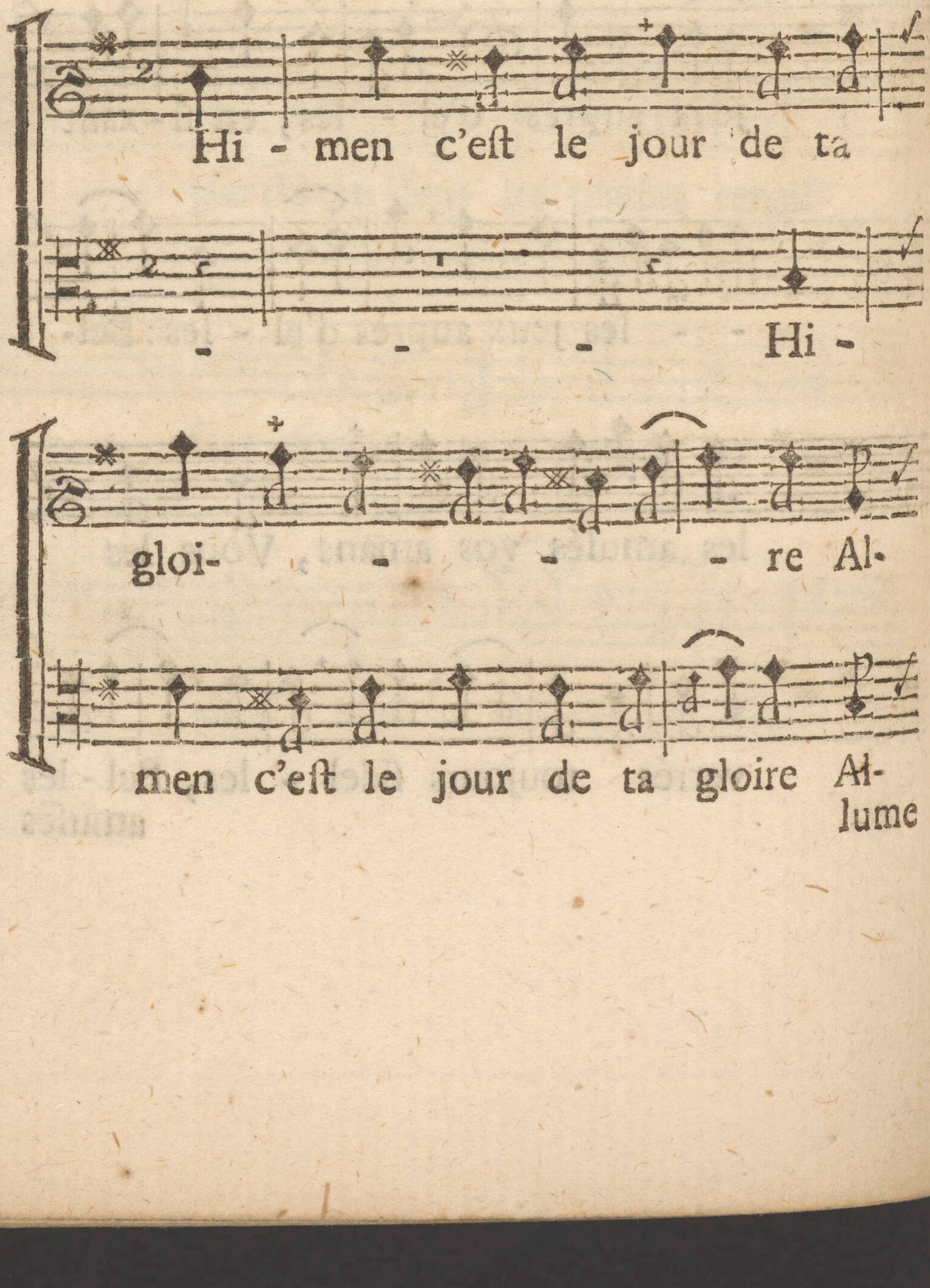


amuſés vos amans, Vous les ver-



rés toujours fi - del - les.

DUO.

II^me & dernier Air.



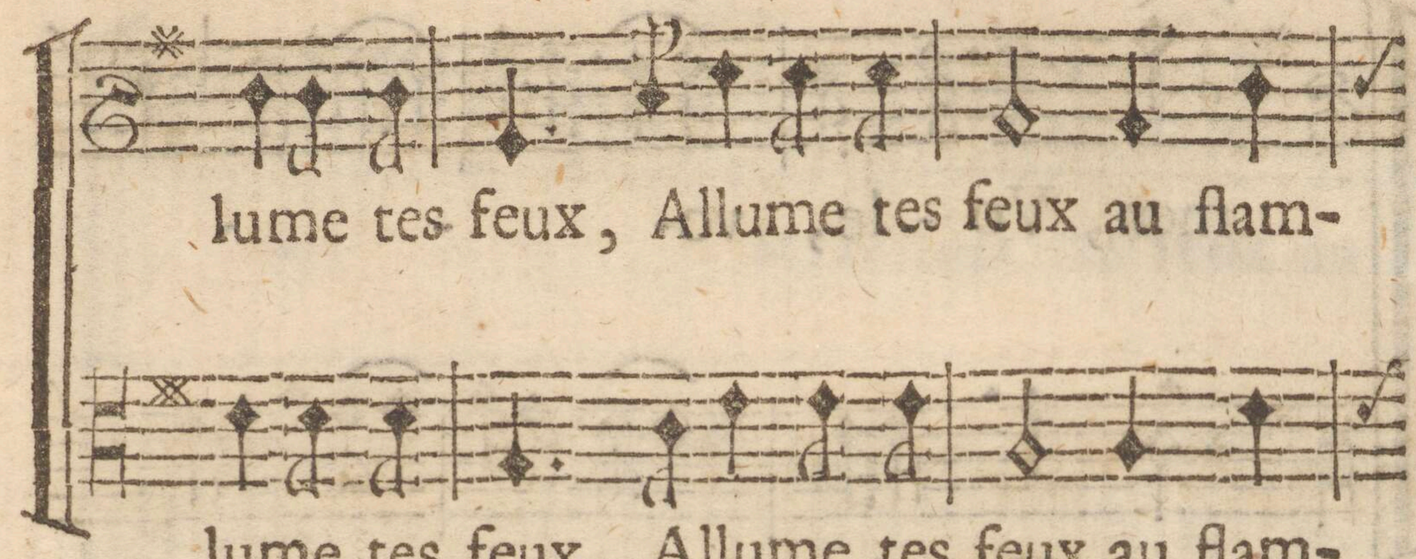
Hi - men c'eſt le jour de ta
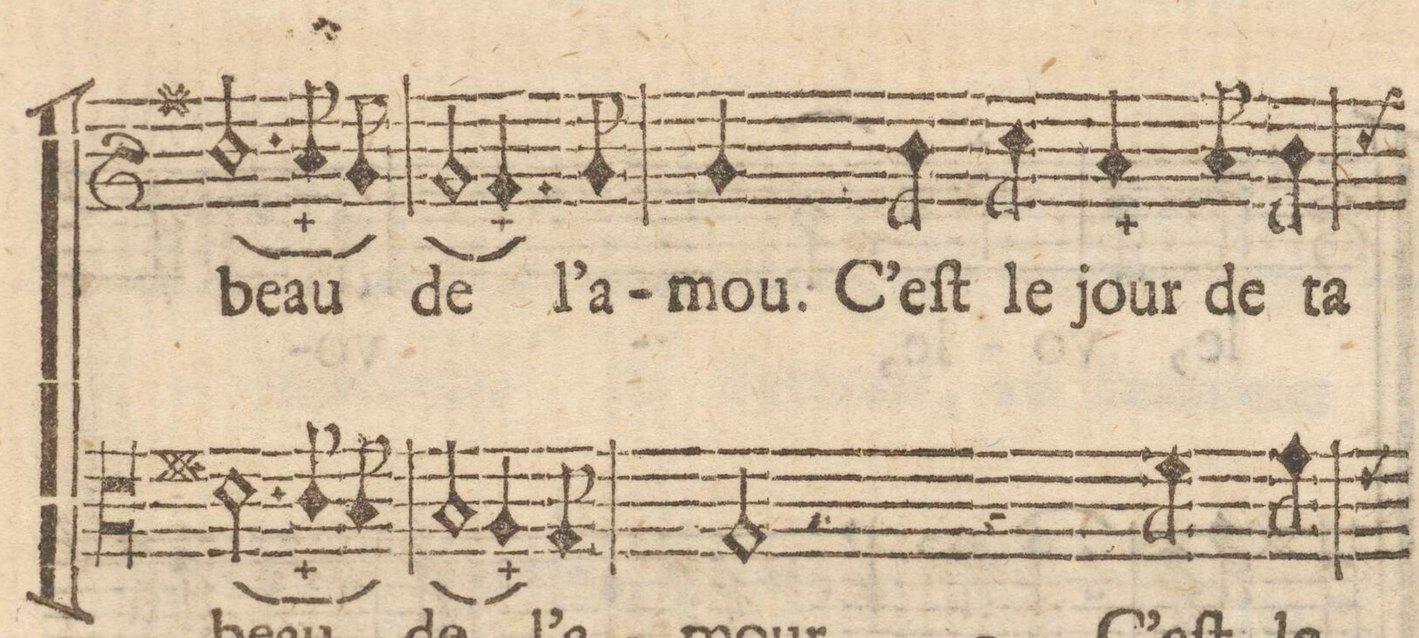
- - - Hi -
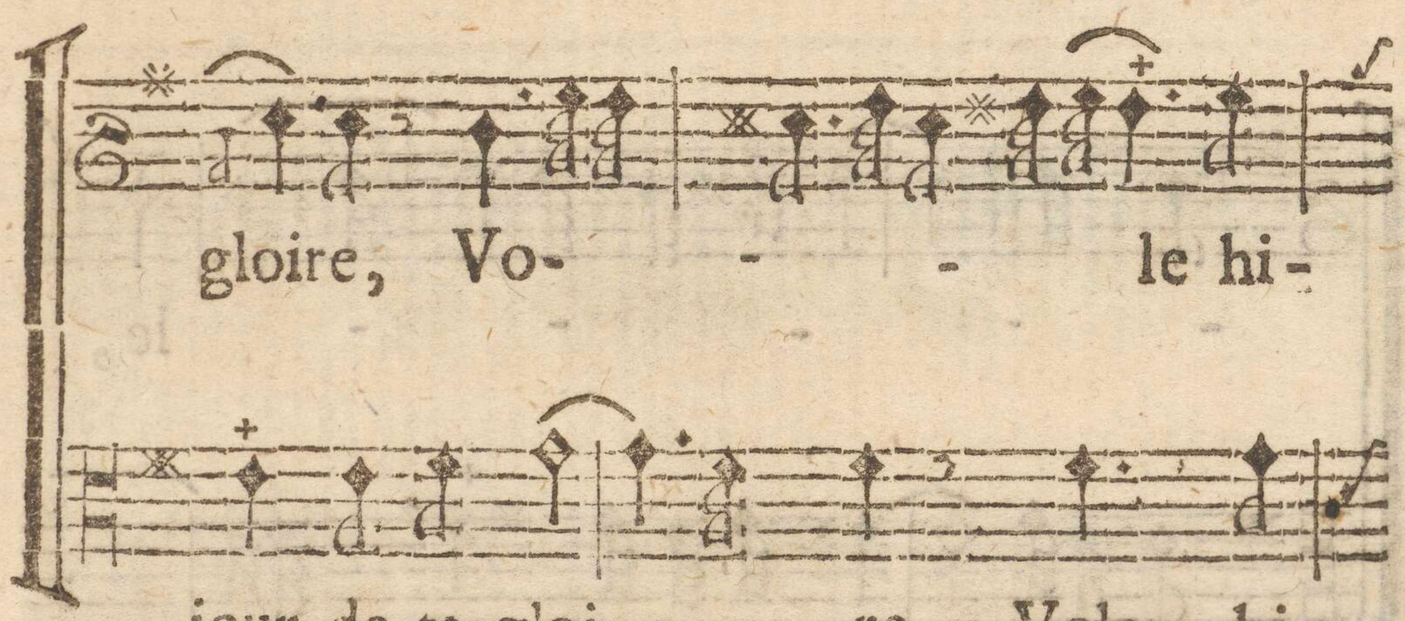
gloi- - - - re Al-

men c'eſt le jour de ta gloire Al-
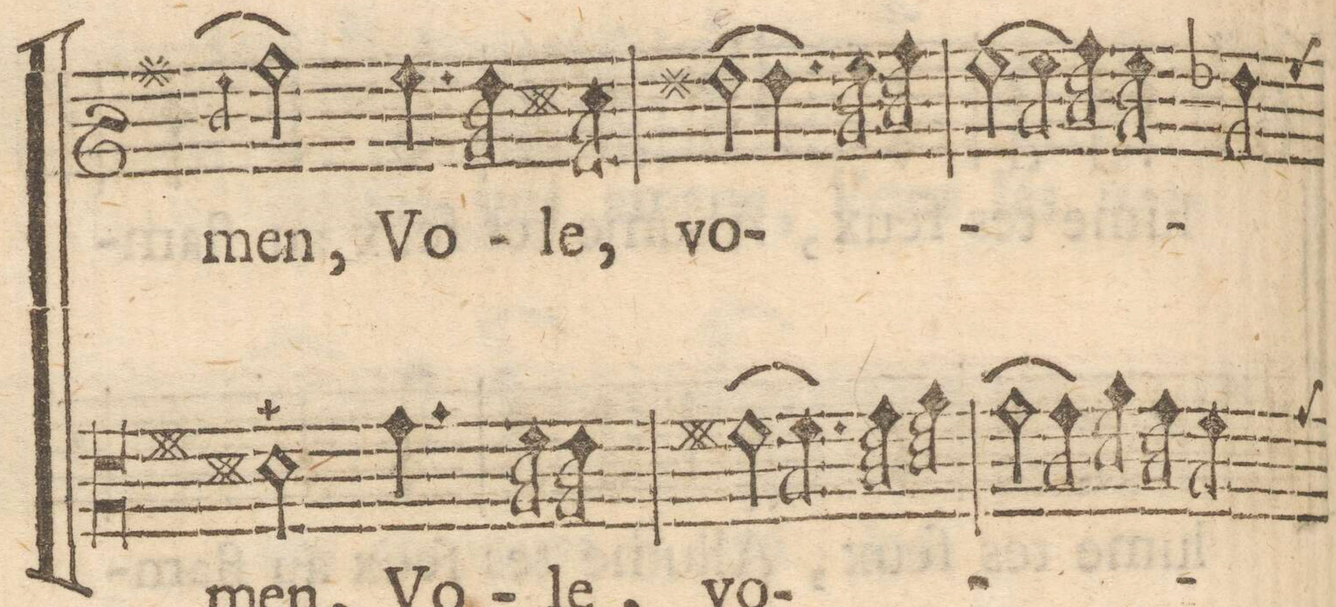
lume

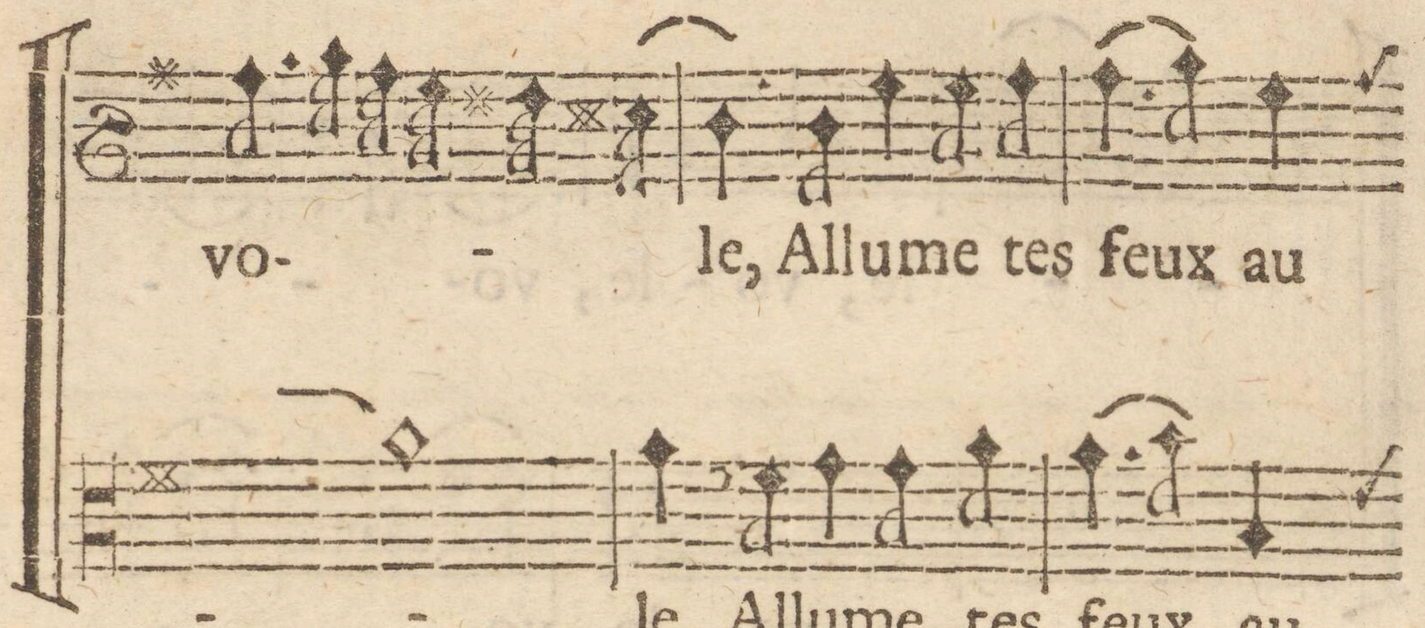

lume tes feux, Allume tes feux au flam-
lume tes feux, Allume tes feux au flam-


beau de l'a-mou. C'eſt le jour de ta
beau de l'a-mour. - C'eſt le

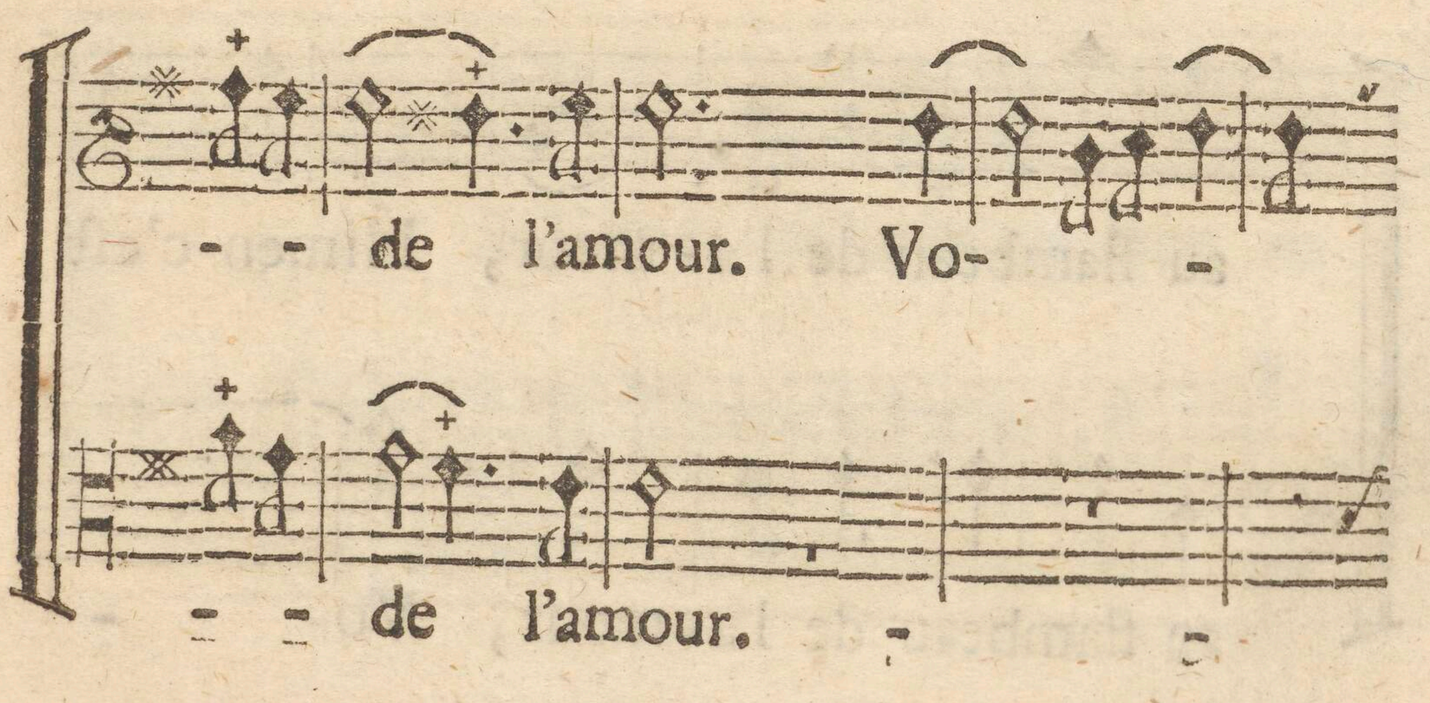

gloire, Vo- - - le hi-
jour de ta gloi - re Vole hi-

men,

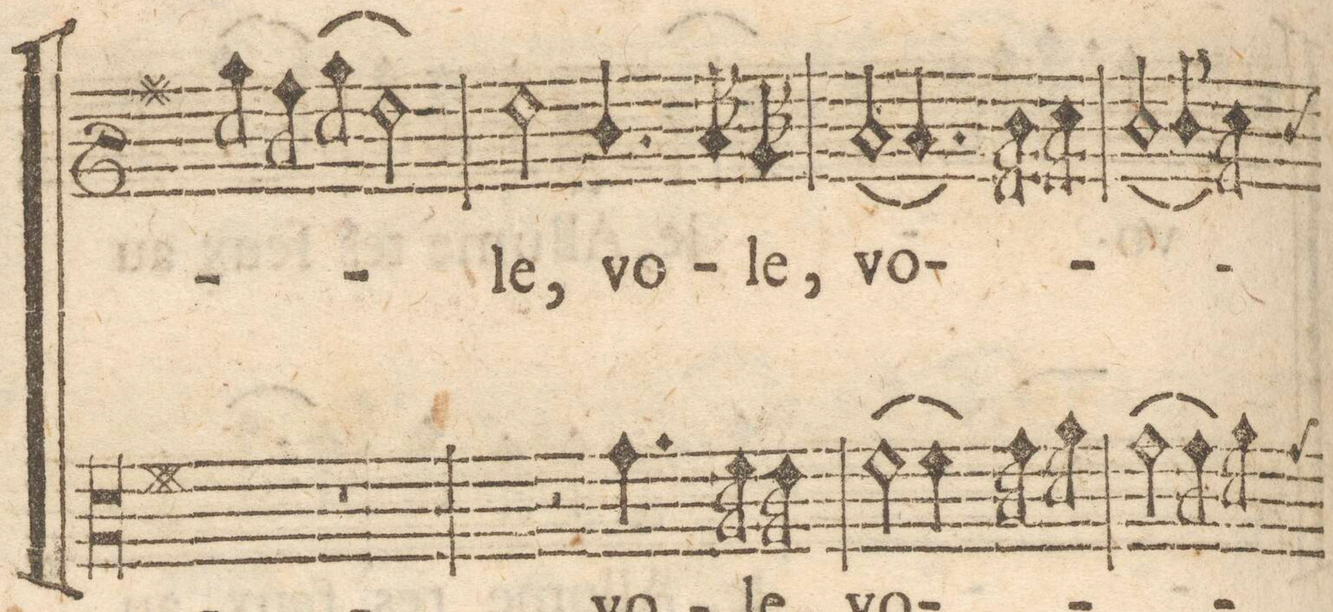

men, Vo - le, vo- - -
men, Vo - le, vo- - -
le, vo - le, - vo-
le, vo - le, vo- - -
- - - - - le,
- - - - -
vo-
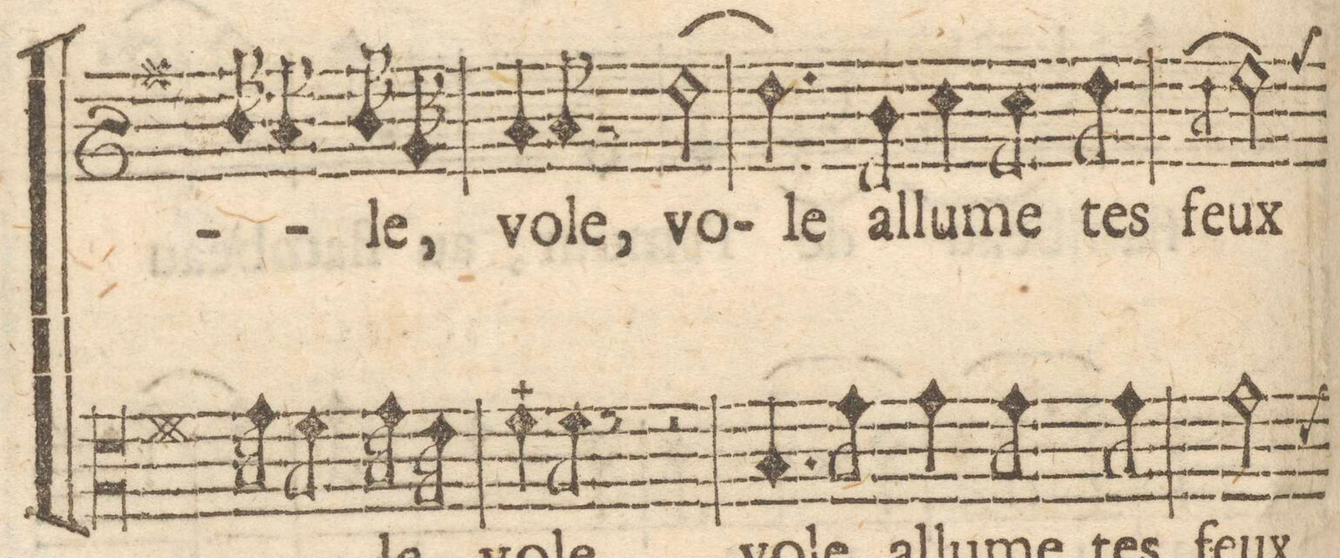

vo- - le, Allume tes feux au
- - le, Allume tes feux au
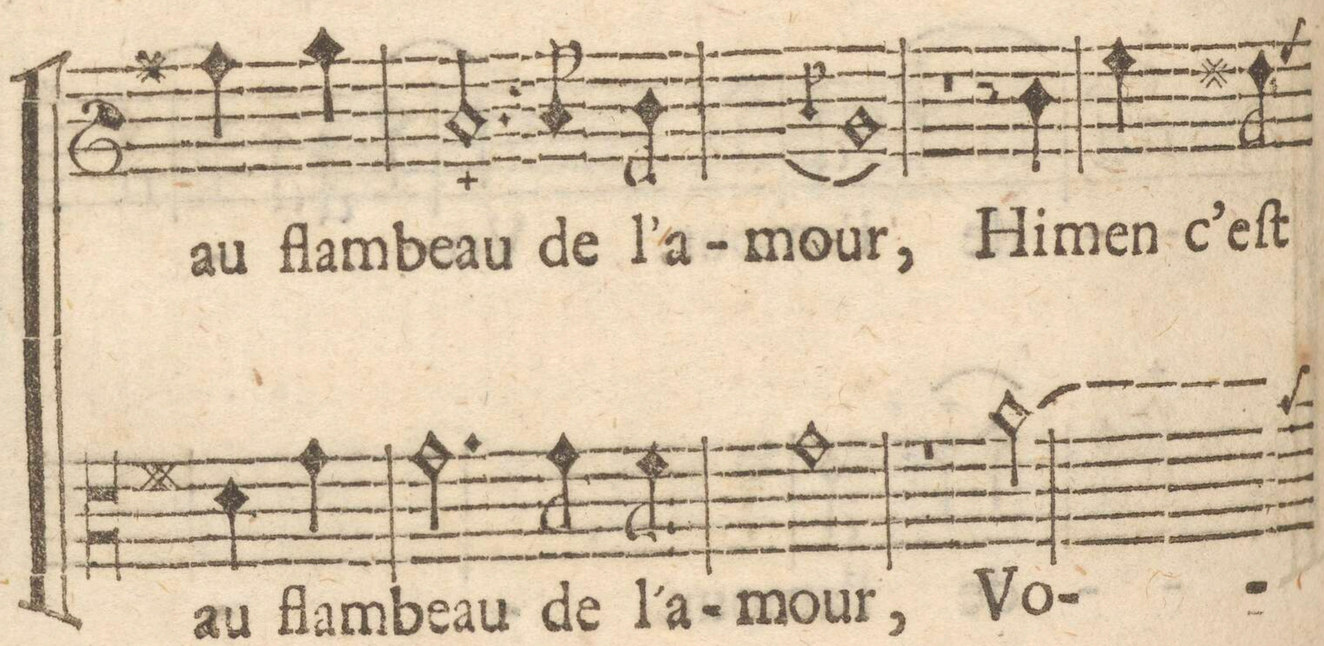

flambeau de l'amour, au flambeau
flambeau de l'amour, au flambeau


- - de l'amour. Vo- -
- - de l'amour. - -
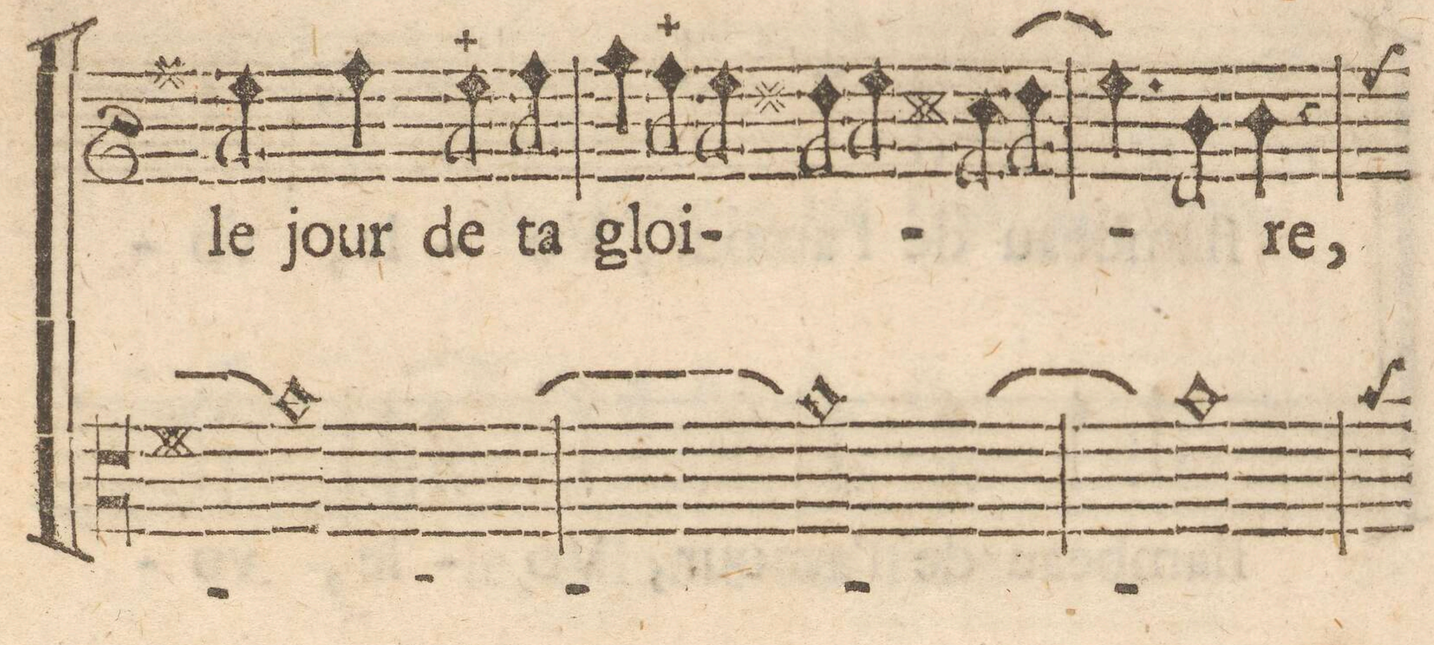
vo- P le,
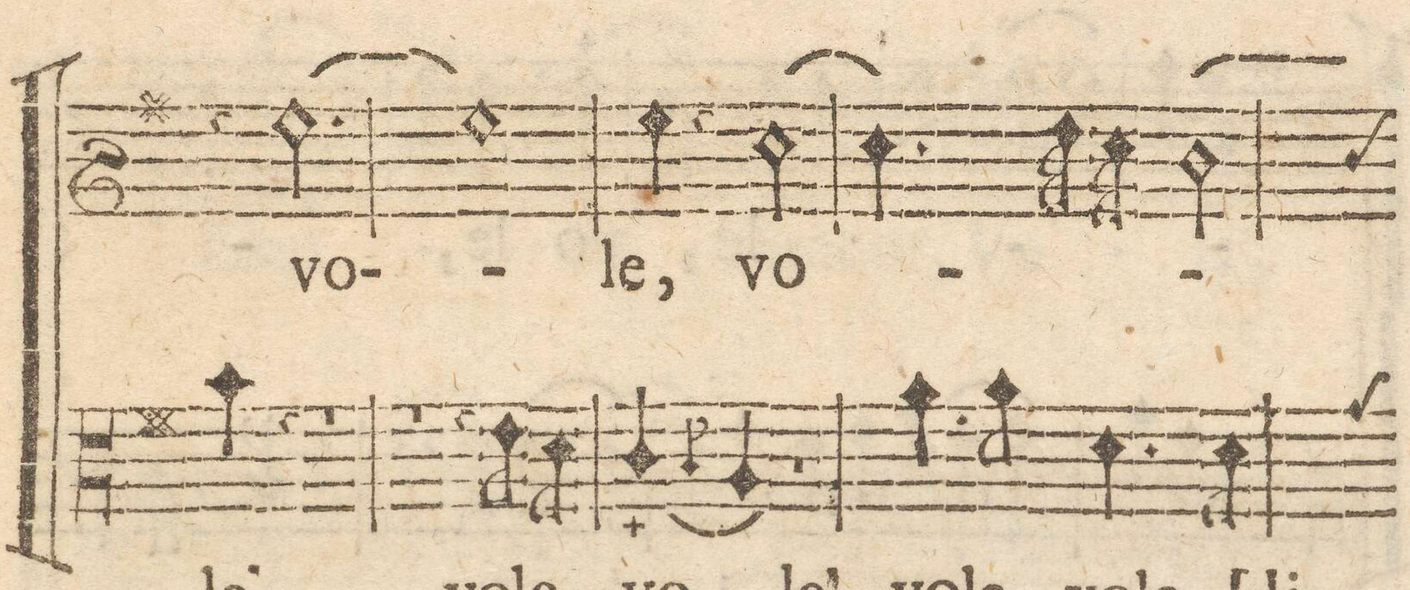

- - le, vo - le, vo- - -
- - vo - le, vo- - -

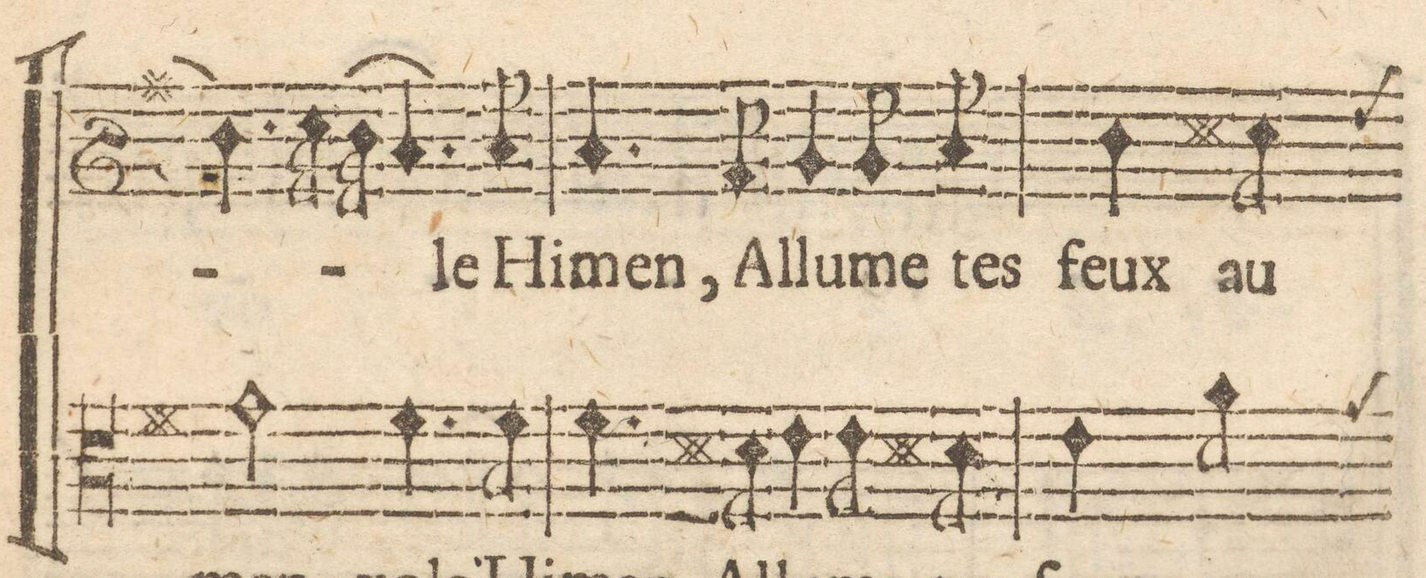

- - le, vole, vo- le allume tes feux
- - le, vole, vole, allume tes feux
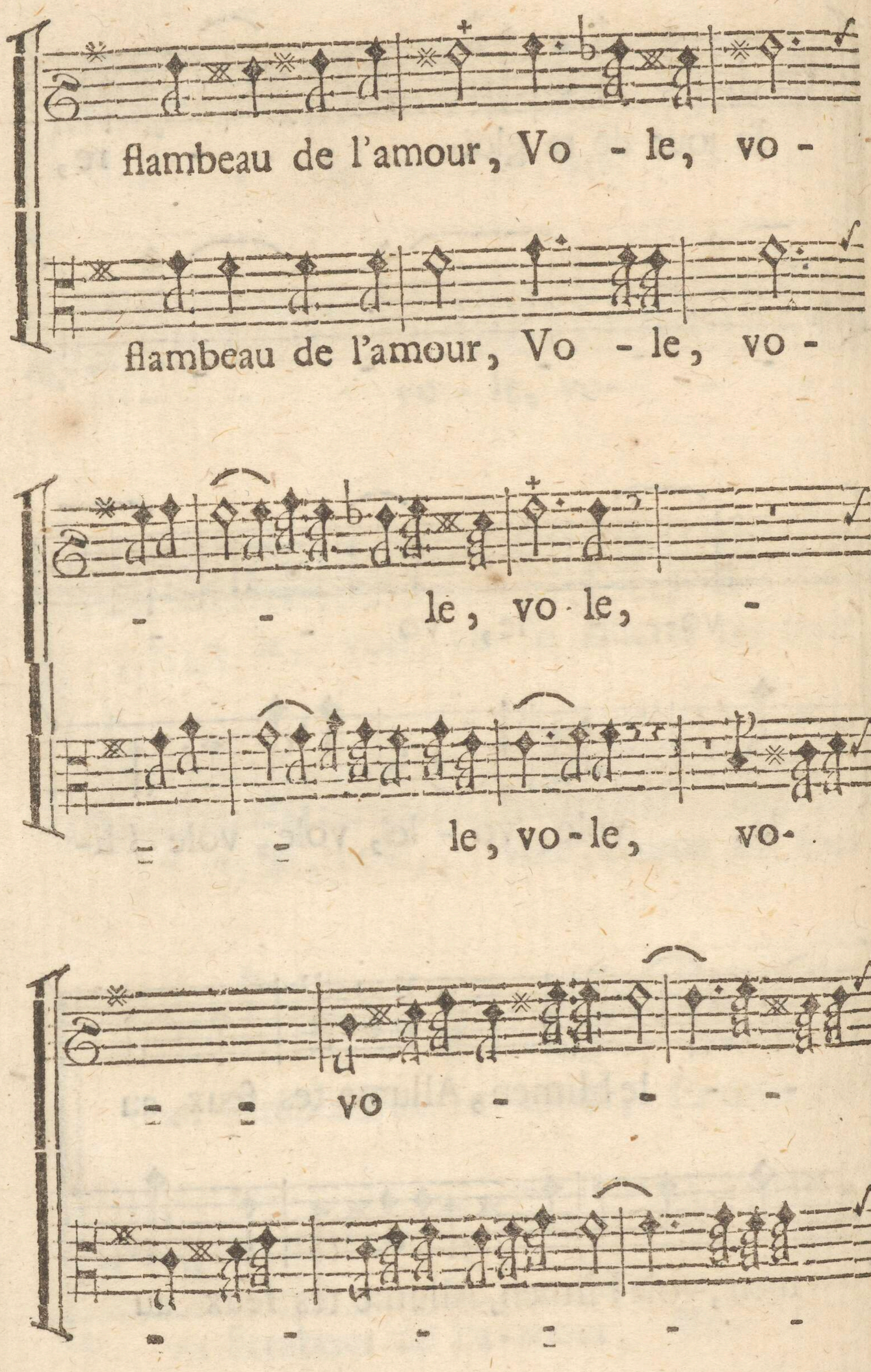

au flambeau de l'a - mour, Himen c'eſt
au flambeau de l'a - mour, Vo-

le
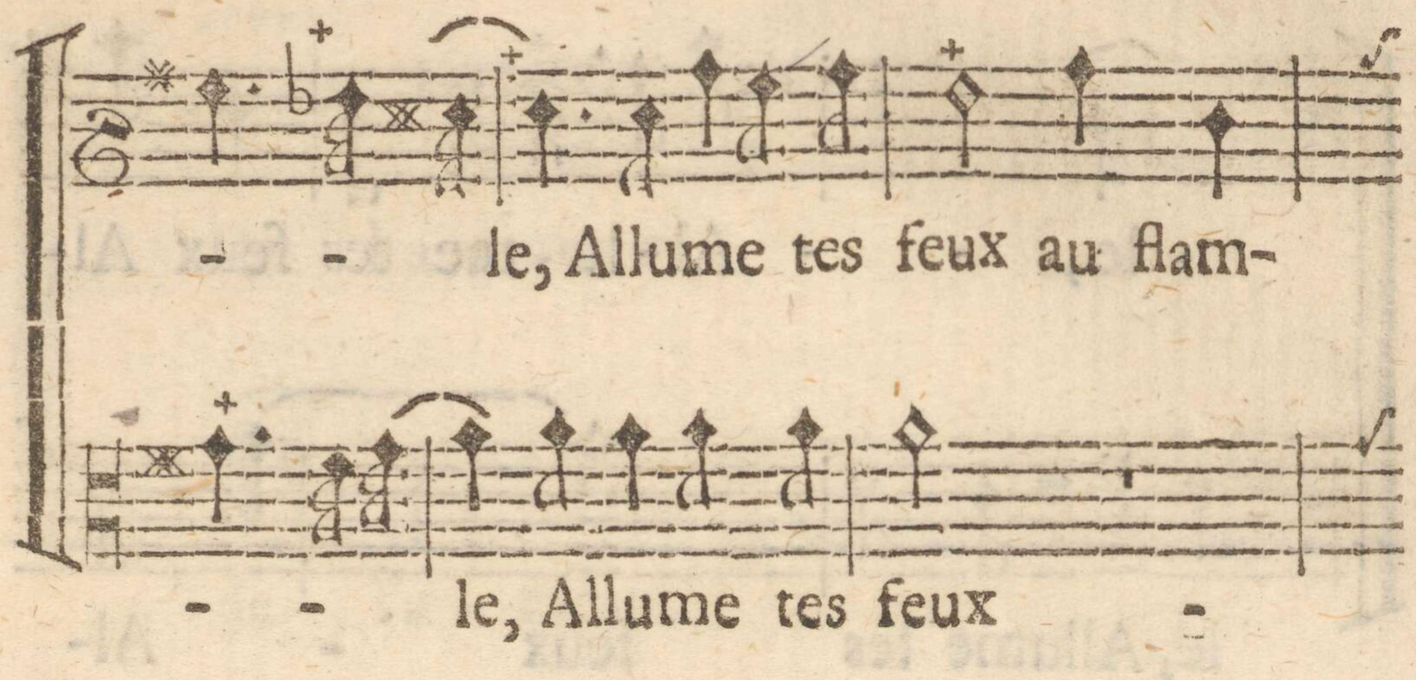

le jour de ta gloi- - - re,
- - - - -
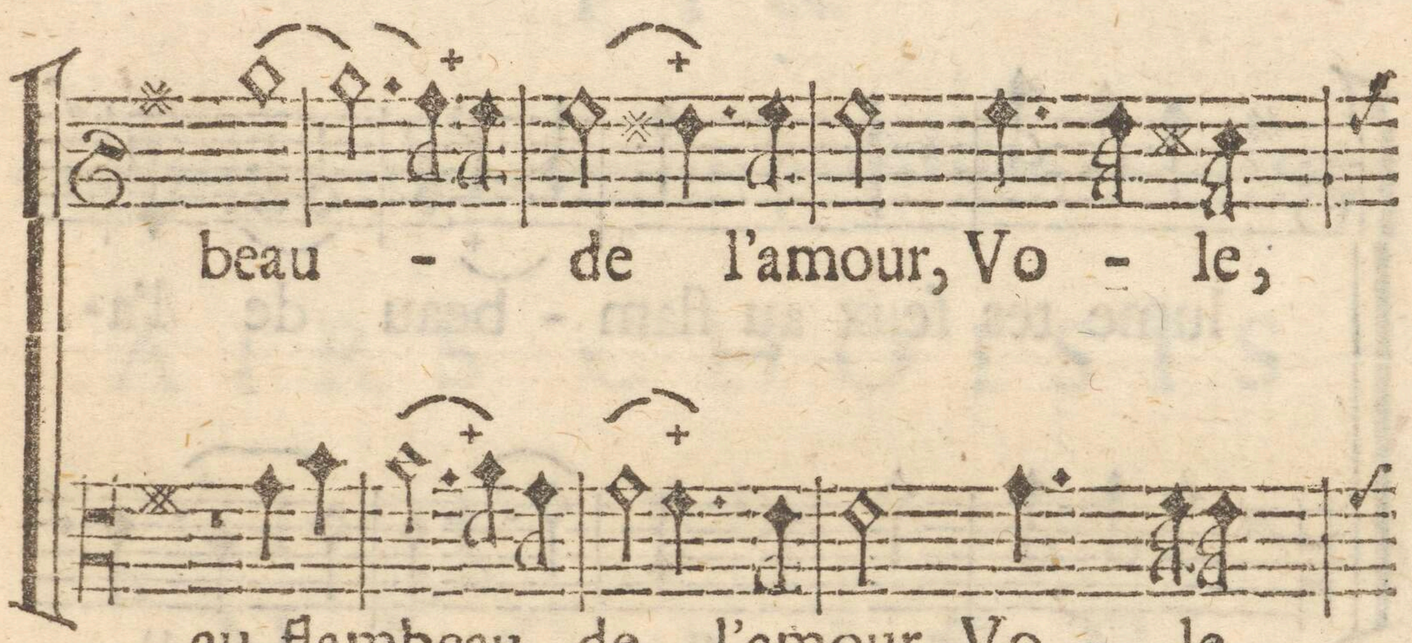

vo- - le, vo - -
le, vole, vo - le, vole, vole Hi-
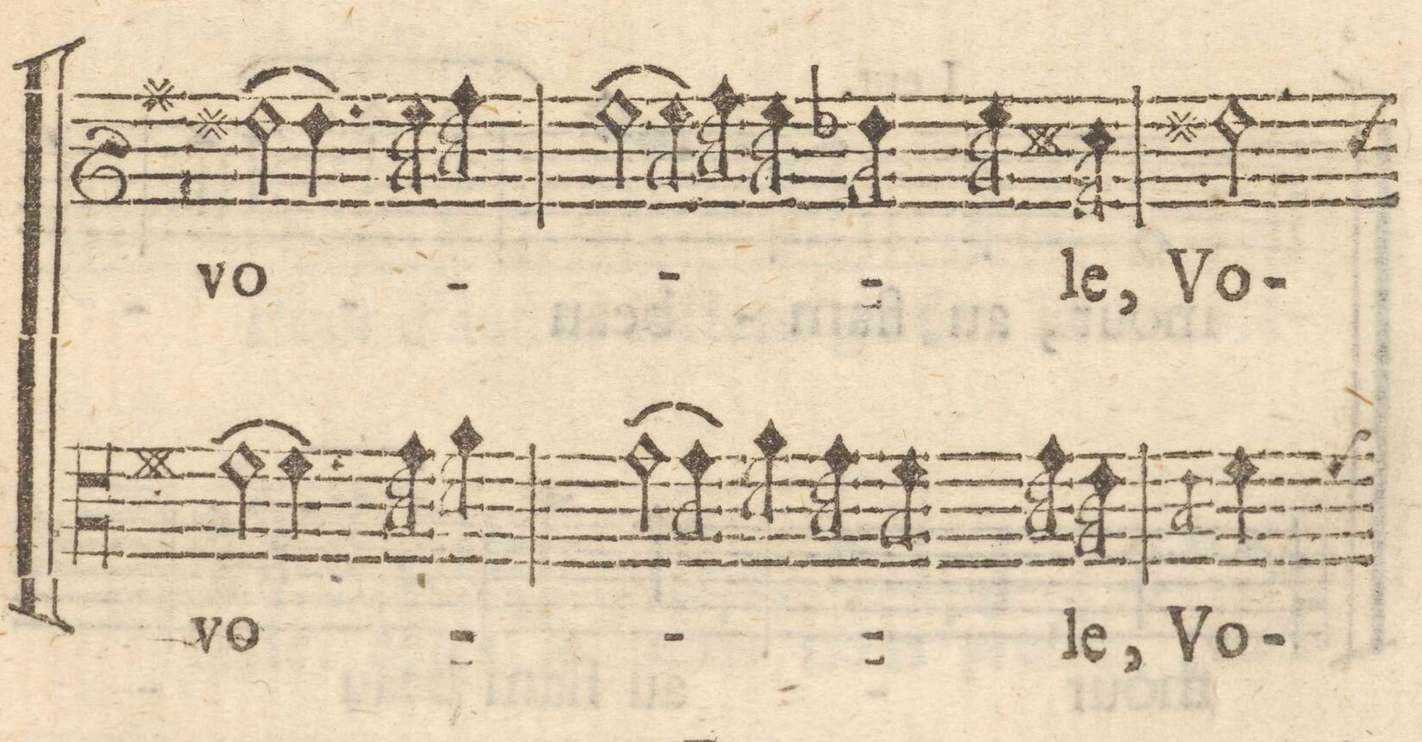

- - le Himen, Allume tes feux au
men, vole Himen, Allume tes feux au
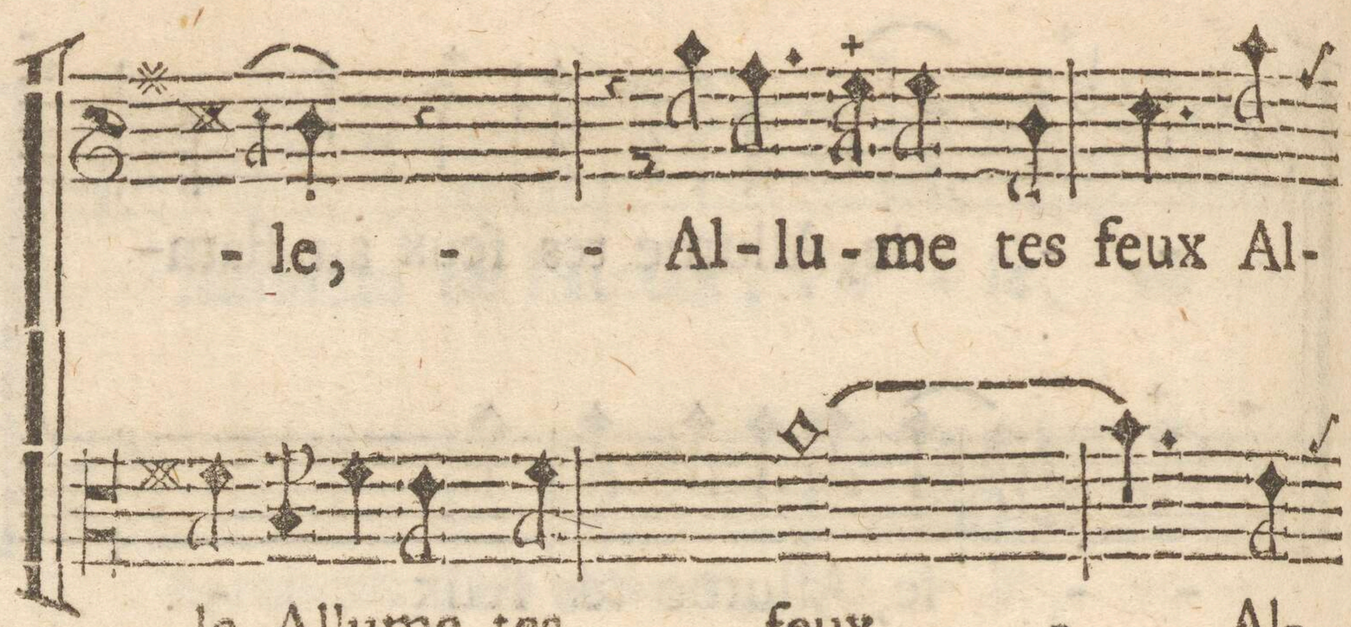

flambeau de l'amour, Vo - le, vo -
flambeau de l'amour, Vo - le, vo -
- - le, vo le, -
= = le, vo-le, vo-
= = vo - - -
- - - - -

le

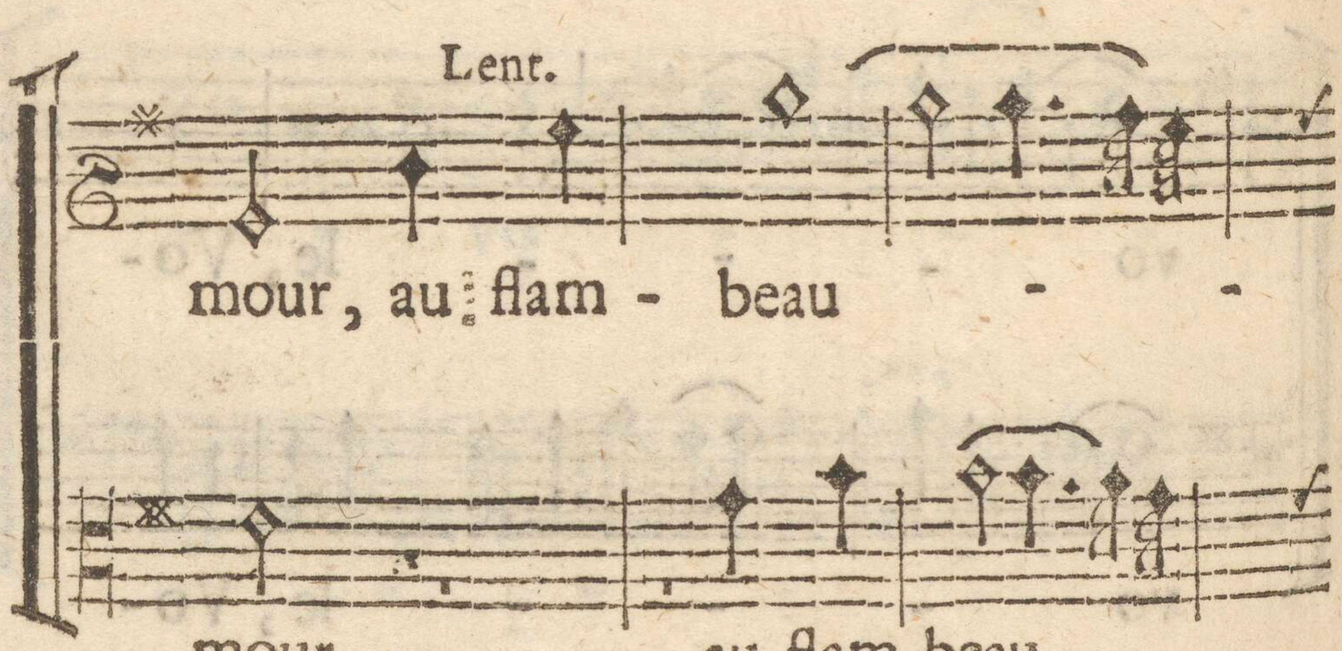

- - le, Allume tes feux au flam-
- - le, Allume tes feux -


beau - de l'amour, Vo - le,
au flambeau de l'amour, Vo - le,
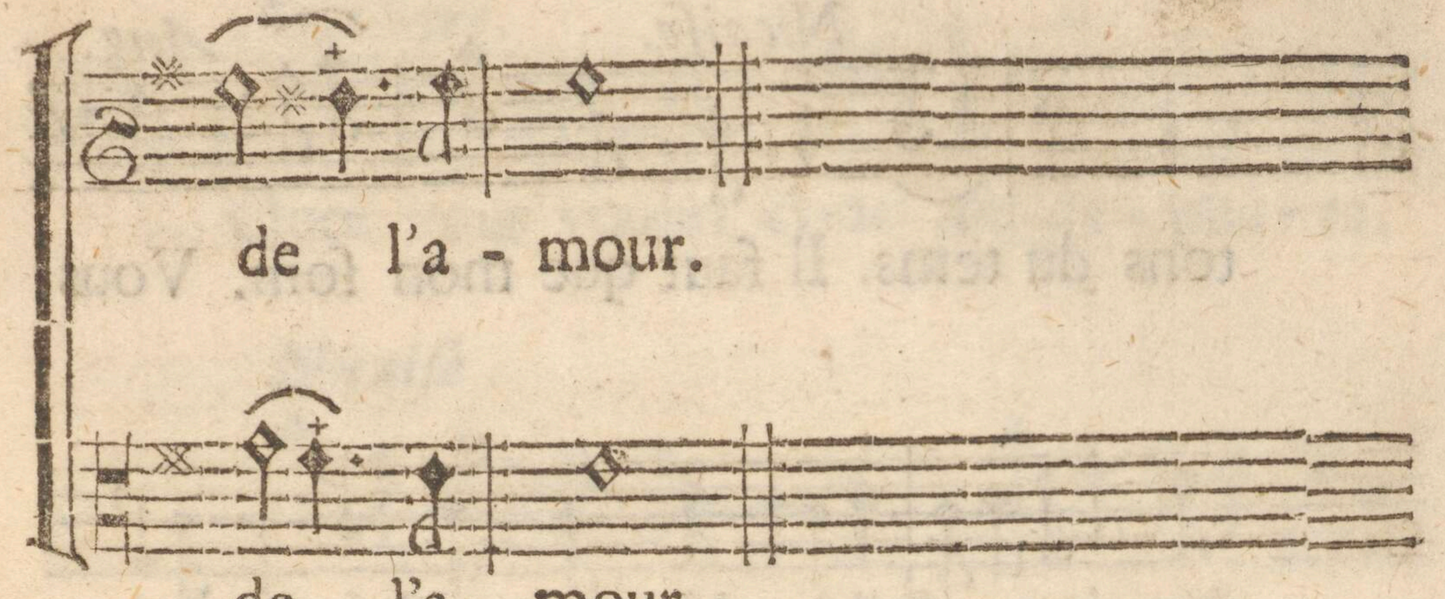

vo - - le, Vo-
vo - - le, Vo-


- le, - - Al-lu-me tes feux Al-
le, Allume tes feux - Al-


lume tes feux au flam - beau de l'a-
lume tes feux au flam - beau de l'a-


Lent.
mour, au flam - beau - -
mour - au flam-beau -

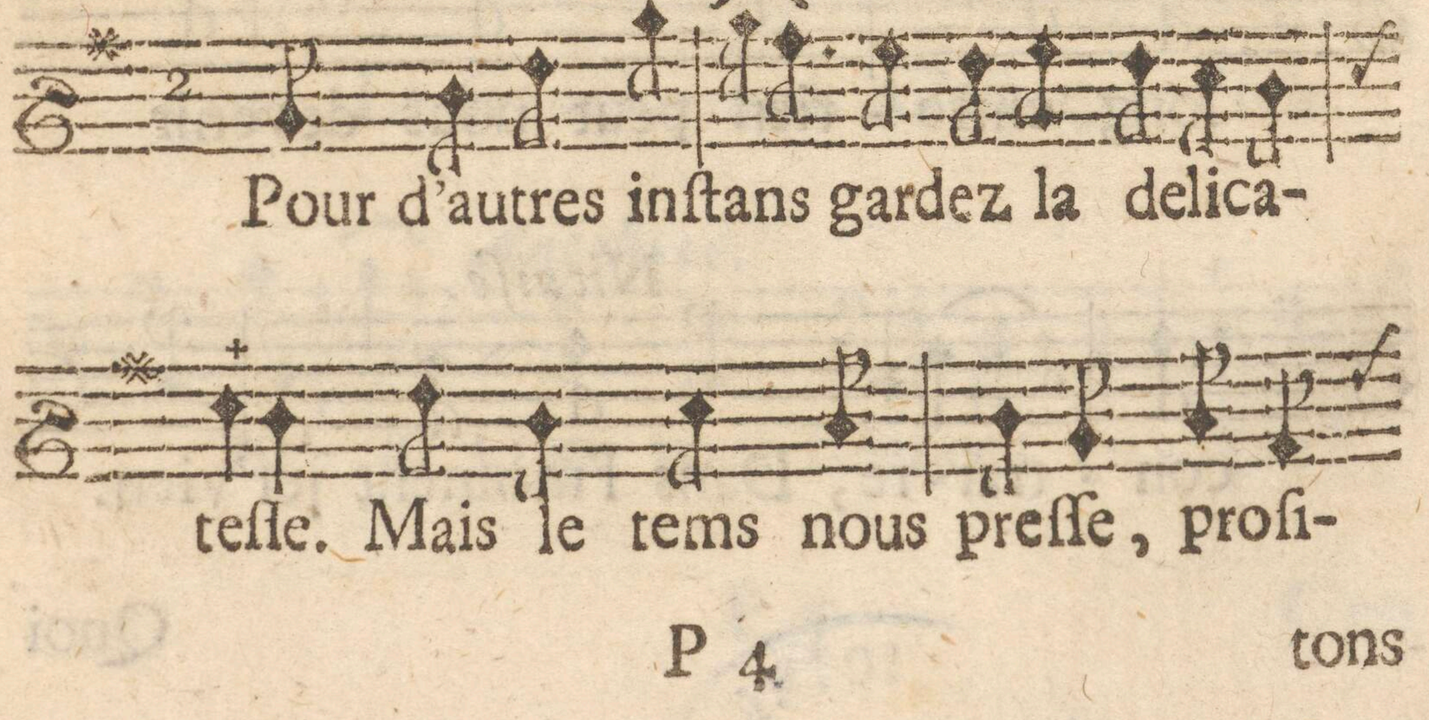
de
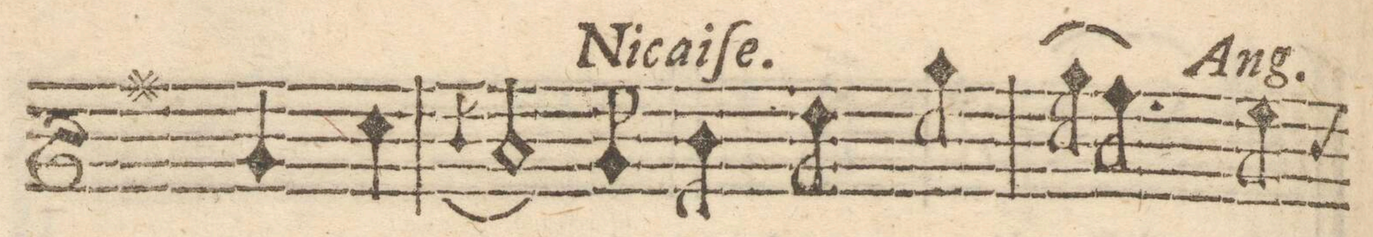


F I N.

AIRS CHOISIS DE NICAISE.
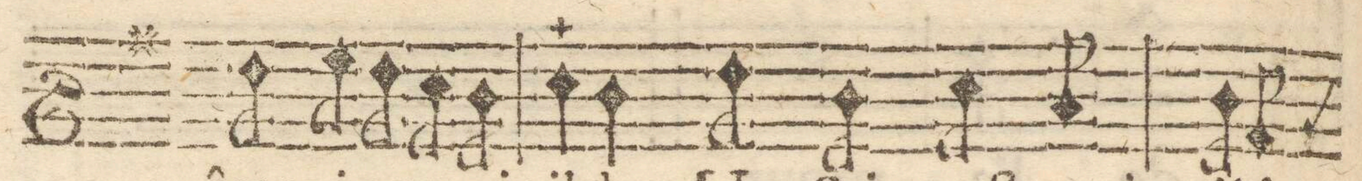
Angelique.



Nicaiſe. *Ang.*
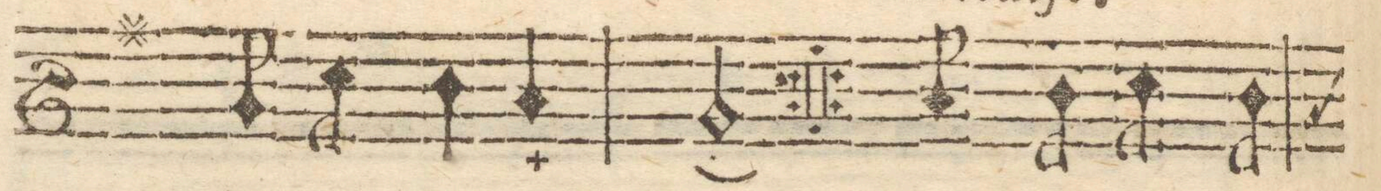


tons du tems. Il faut que mon ſoin. Vous



êtes incorrigible. Un ſoin eſt nui - ſible

Nicaiſe.
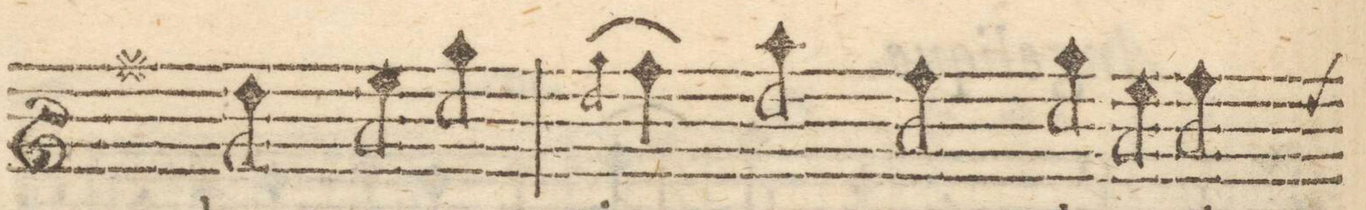


donné ſans be - ſoin. Tout ça n'y fait

Angelique.
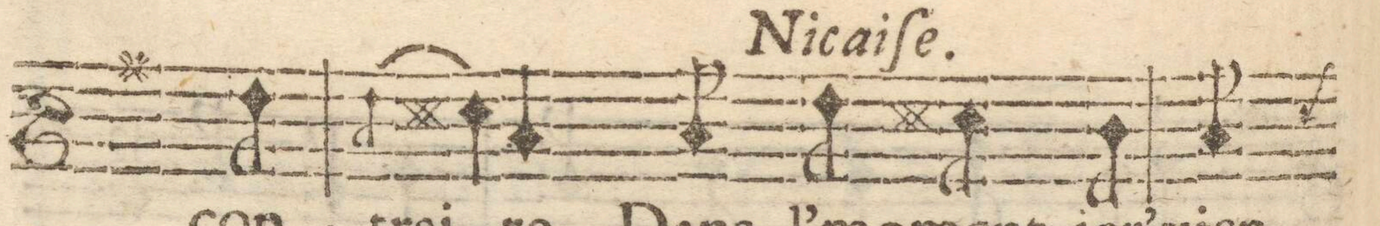


rien. Mais ſongez donc bien qu'un plus



long entre - tien peut nous devenir

Nicaiſe.
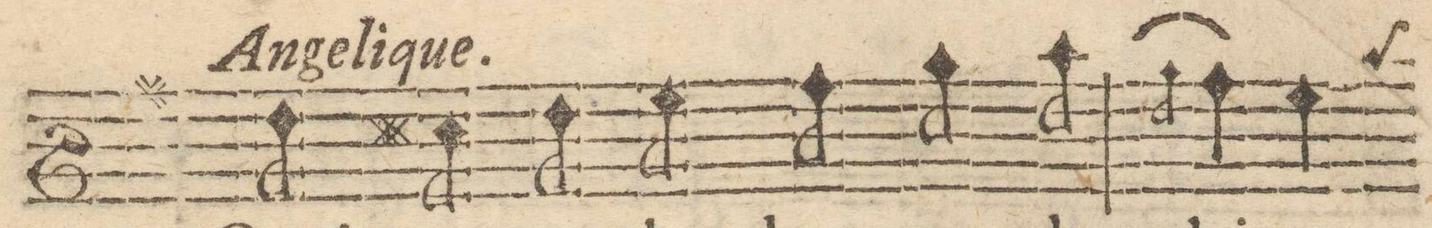


con - trai - re, Dans l'moment jer'vien.

Quoi

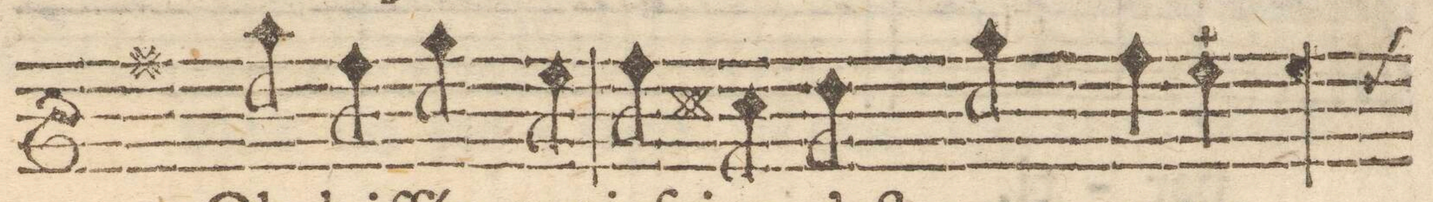
BIBLIOTECA
XX.
CANTORI SACRI

Angelique.
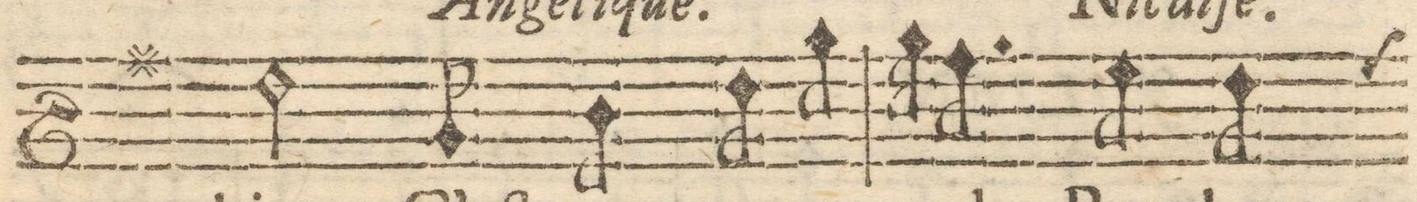


Quoi vous voulez donc me de-plai-re.

Nicaiſe
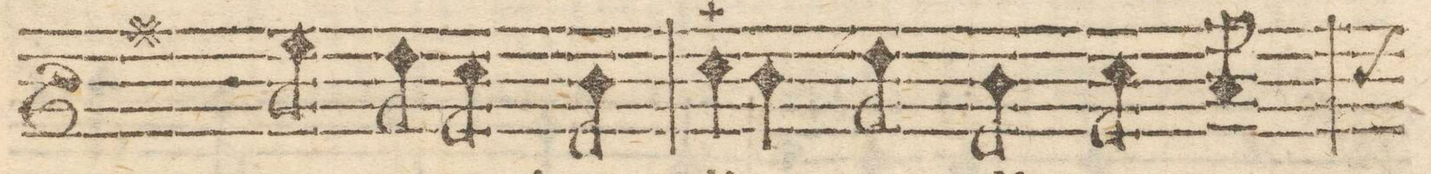


Oh laiſſés moi faire c'eſt pour votre

Angelique. *Nicaiſe.*
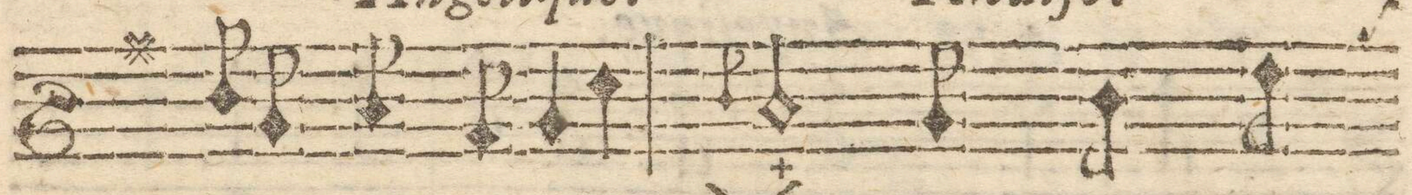


bien. C'eſt pour notre mal. Bon bon
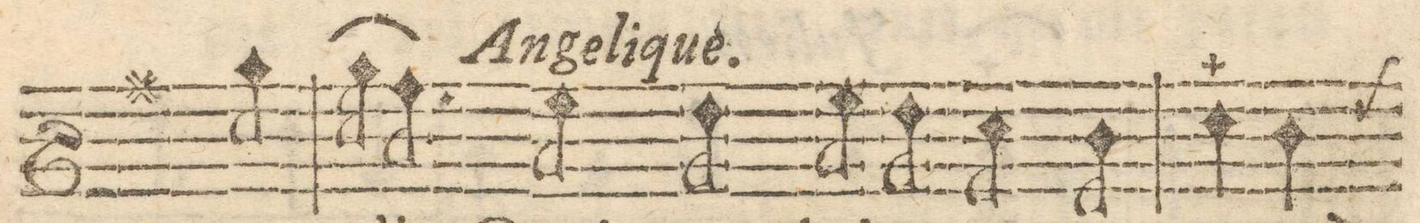


vous avez beau dire vous dit ça pour

Angelique. *Nicaiſe.*
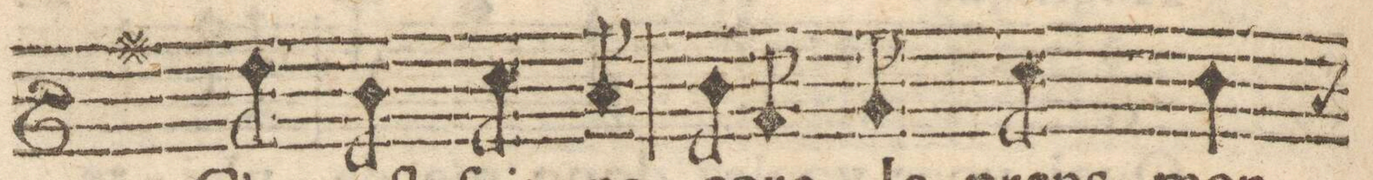


rire. Le ſot ani-mal. C'eſt que j'ſuis

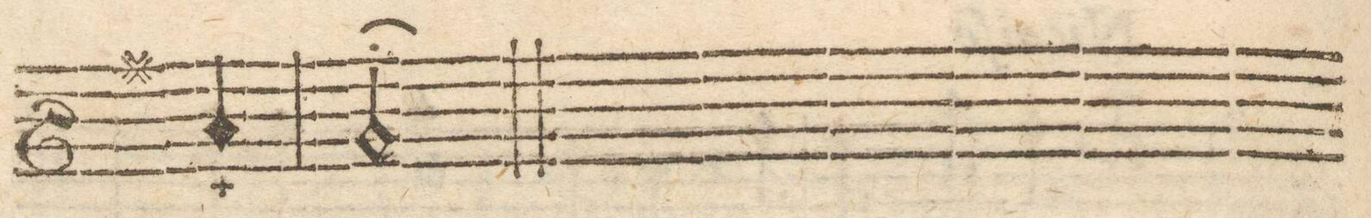
Angelique.



po-li. Quoi vous balancez en-core?
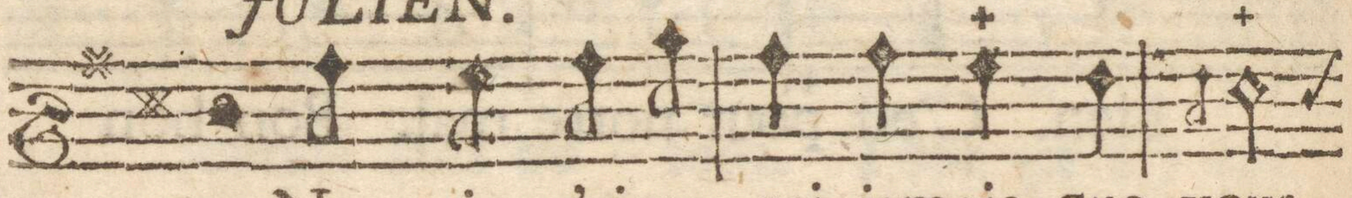


C'en eſt fait pe-core, Je prens mon
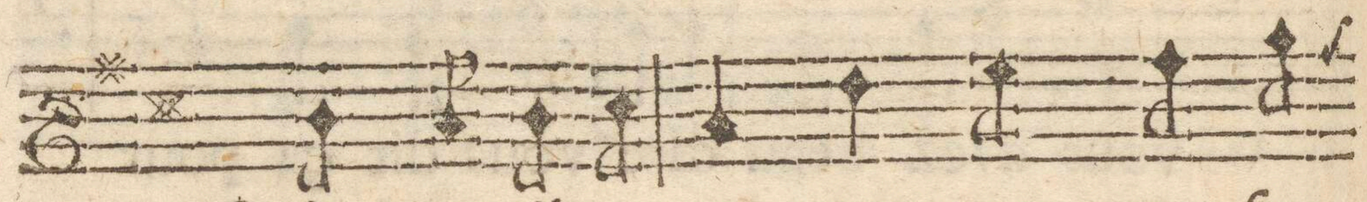


par - ti.

JULIEN.
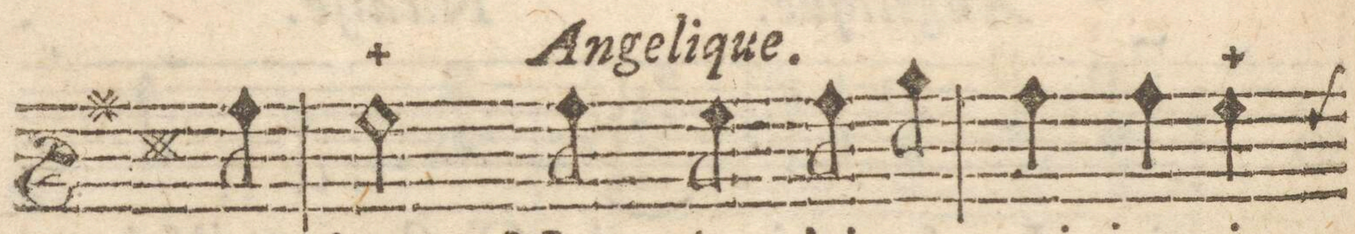


Non, je n'aime-rai jamais que vous,
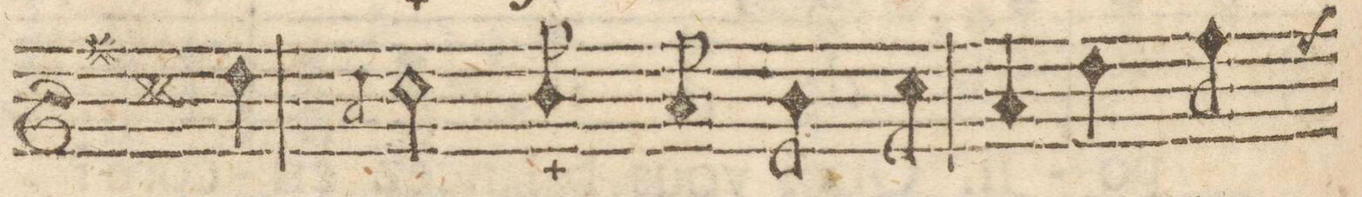


Qu'un pareil a veu pour mon cœur ſe-

Angelique.
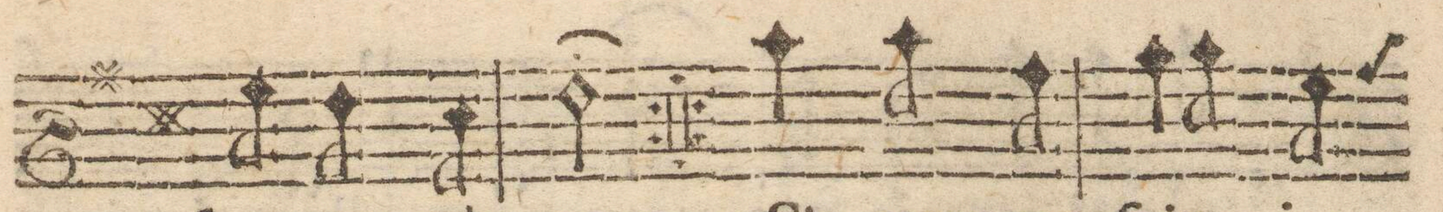


roit doux. Non, je n'aime-rai jamais

Julien.
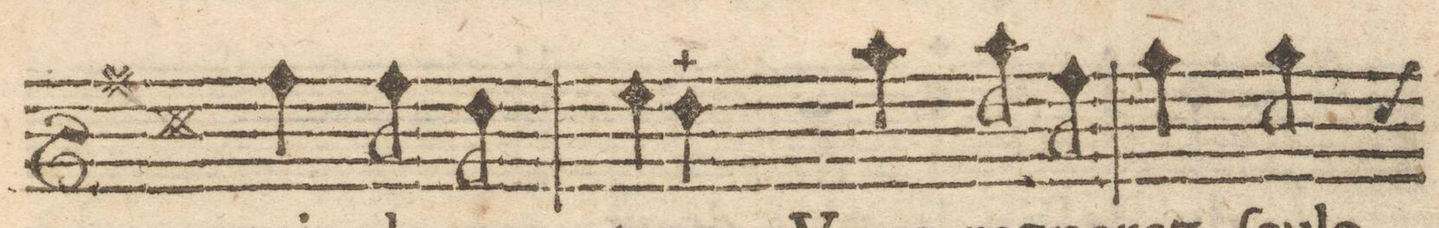


que vous. Des Amans, je ſuis le plus

heu-
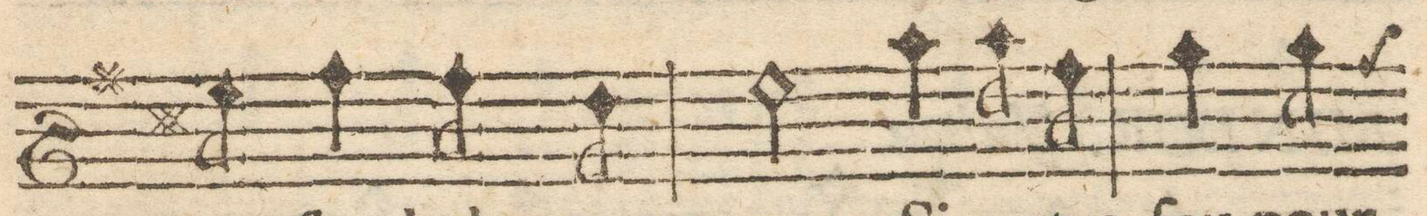


heureux de tous. Si vous ne faites ja-
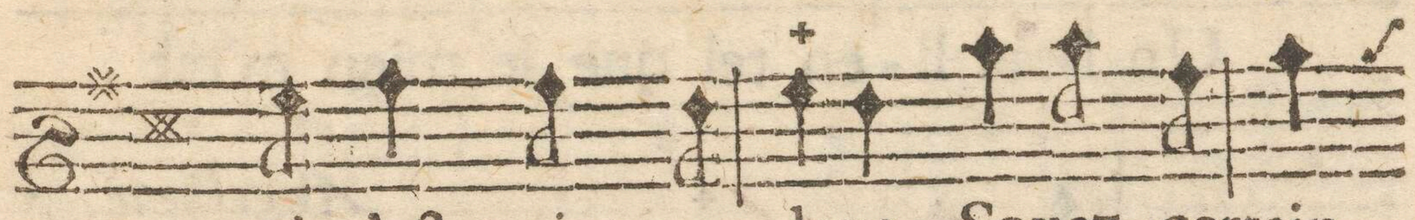


mais de par- tage. Vous regnerez ſeule

Angelique.
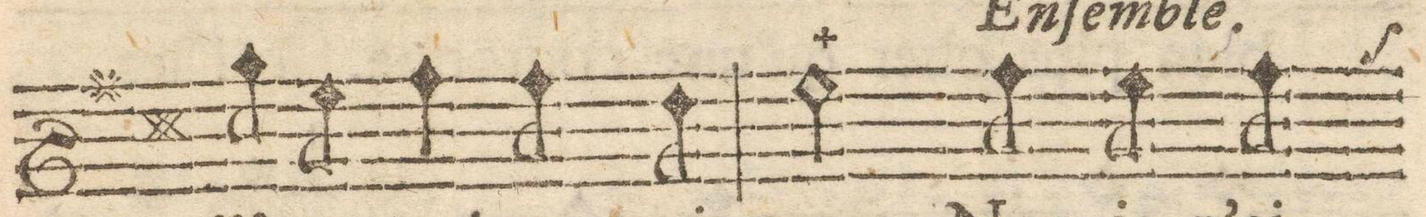


au fond de mon cœur. Si votre feu pour
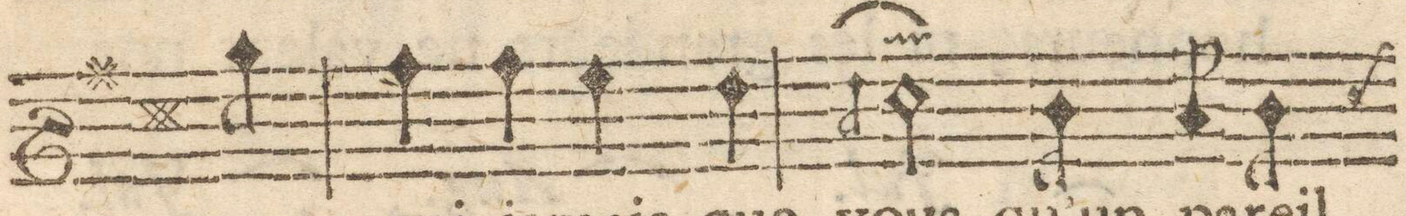


moi n'eſt point vo- lage, Soyez certain
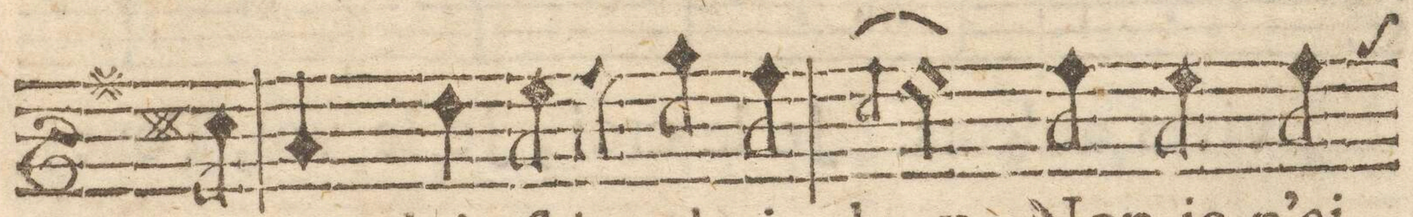
Enſemble.
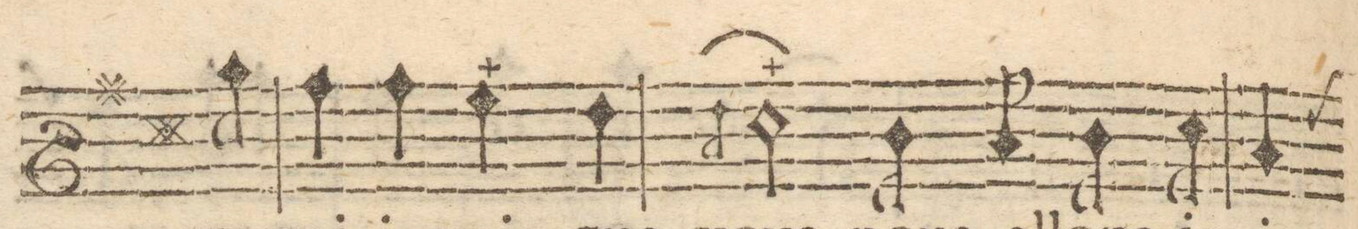


d'être toujours vainqueur. Non je n'ai-
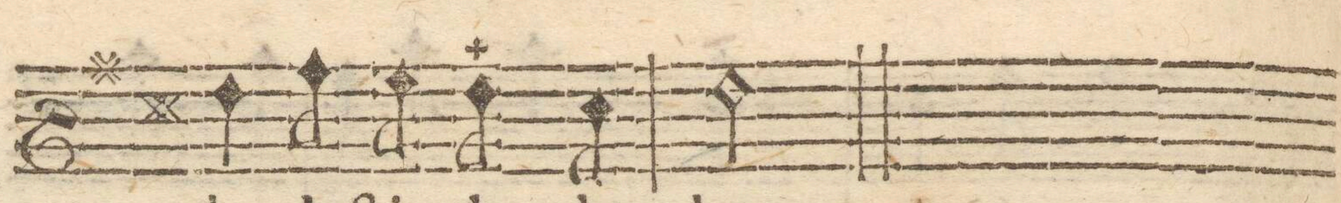


me - rai jamais que vous, qu'un pareil



a veu doit faire de ja- loux. Non je n'ai-
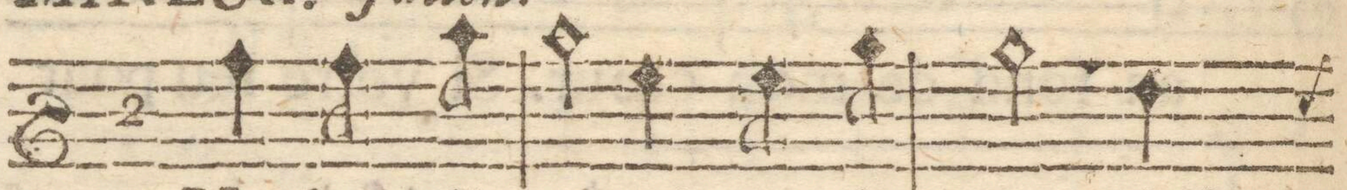


merai jamais que vous, nous allons jouir
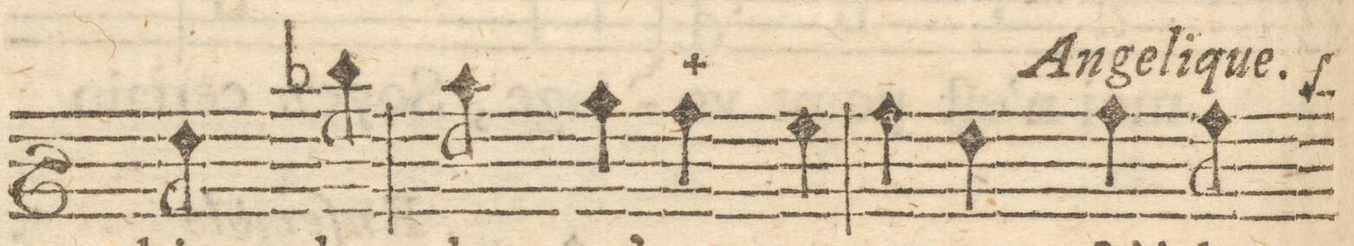


du deſtin le plus doux.
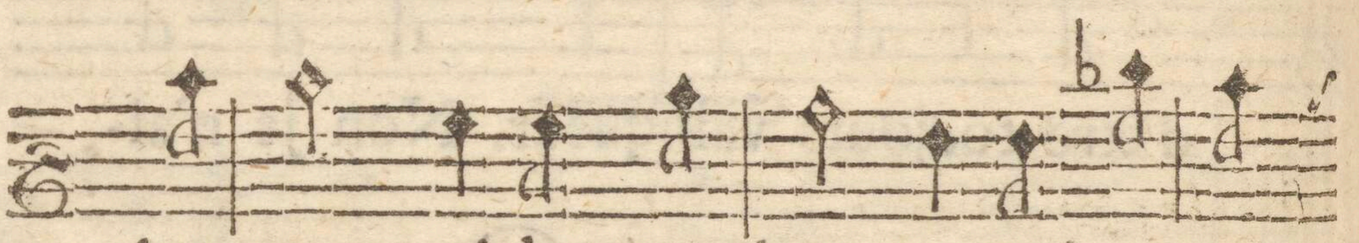
MINEUR. Julien.
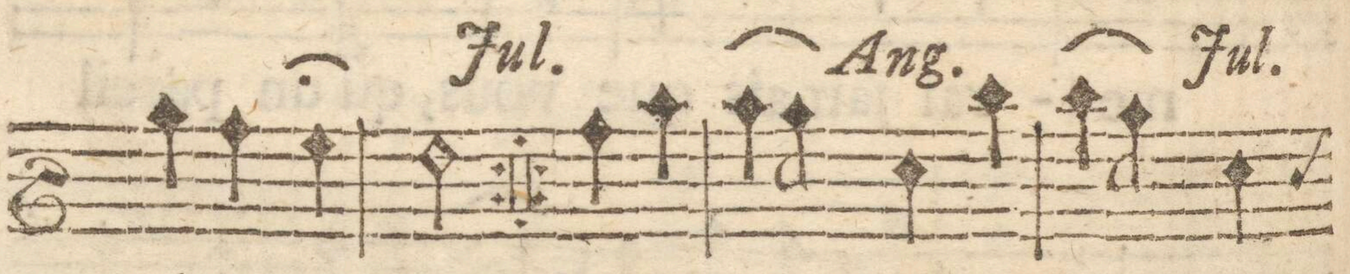


Un beau li-en tel que le mien m'eſt
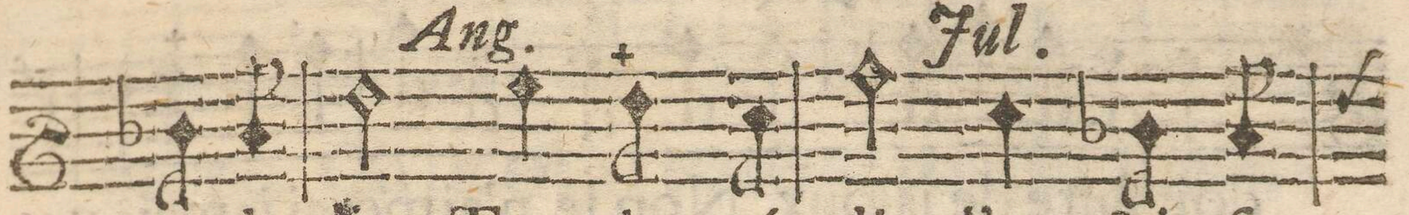


bien plus cher qu'une couronne. Ni les
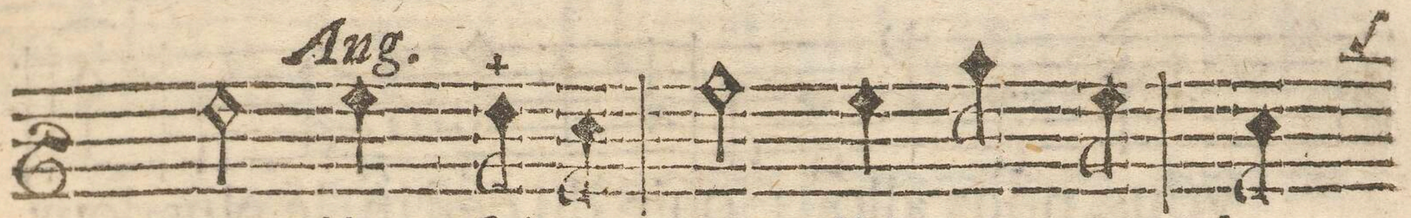


honneurs, ni les grandeurs ne valent nos
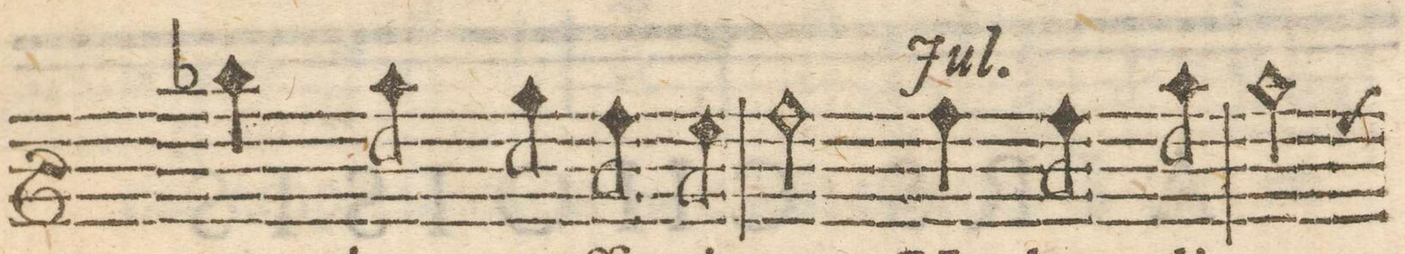


vives ardeurs. Je le croi, Je le voi, Tout
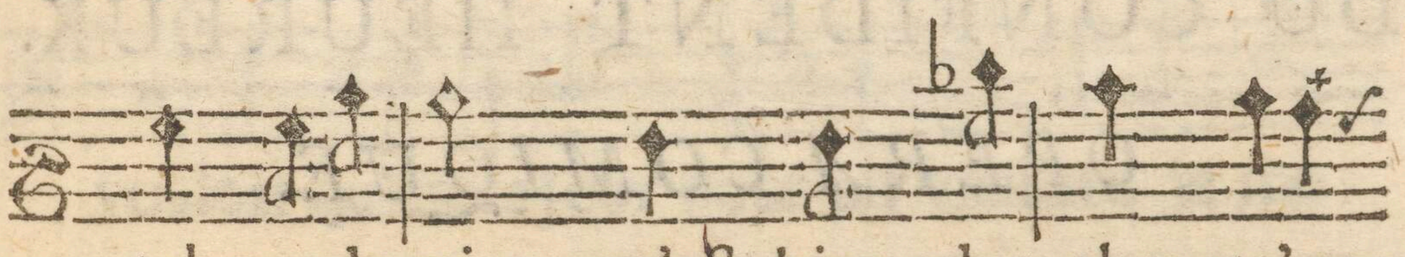


me le dit, Tout le pré-dit. J'en-fais fer-
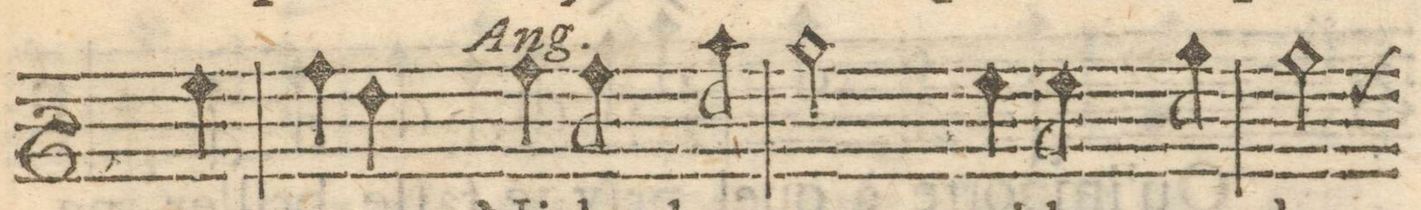


ment, J'en-fais au-tant l'Amour me don-
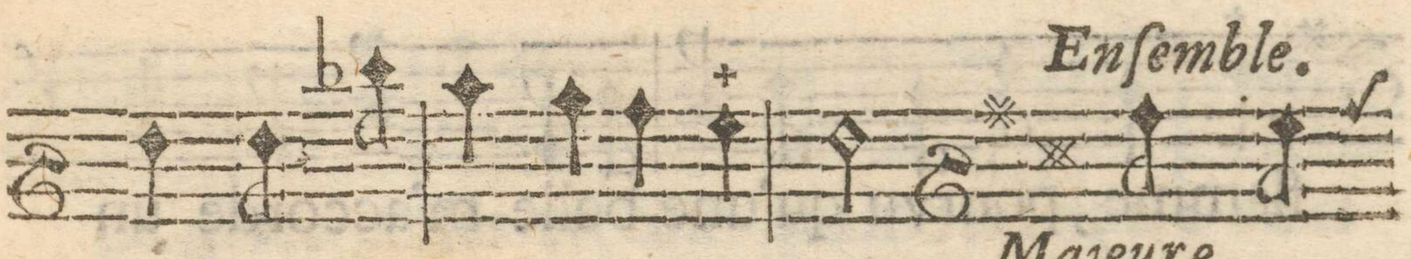


ne un doux preſſentiment. Un beau li-en
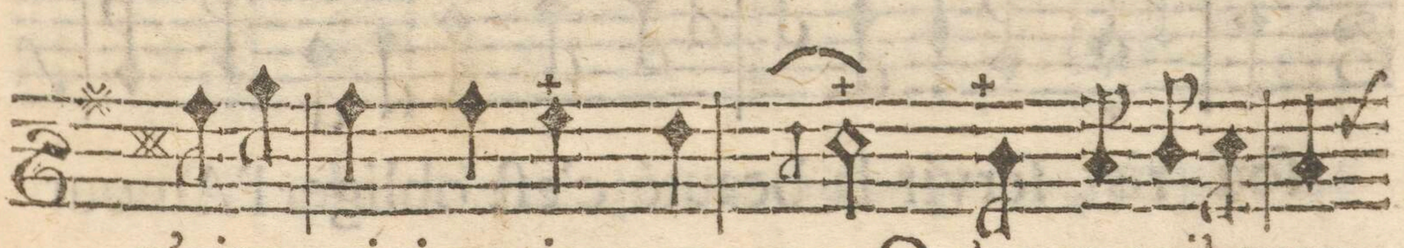


tel que le mien, m'eſt bien plus cher qu'une



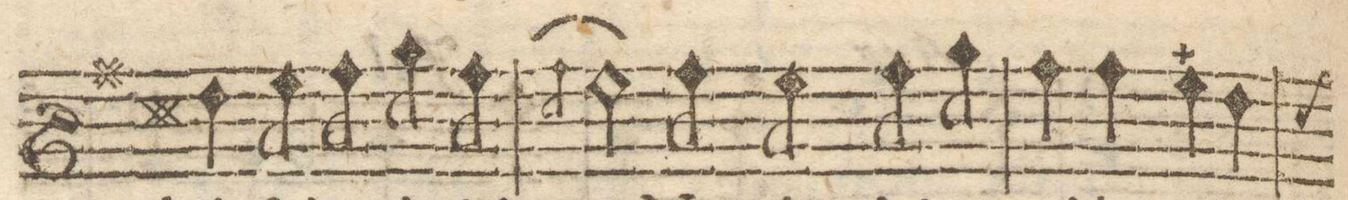
couronne, Ni les honneurs, ni les grandeurs
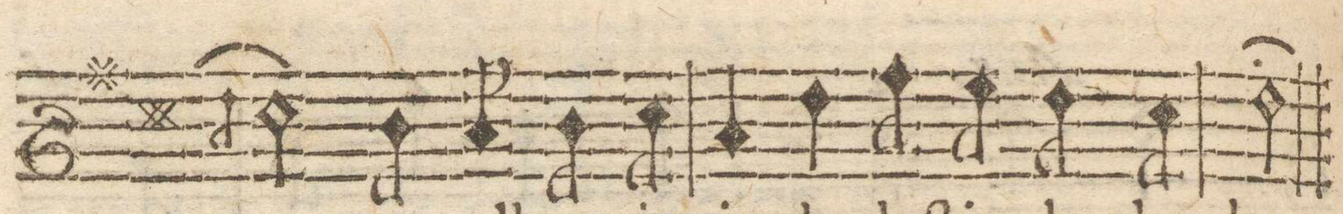


ne valent nos vives ardeurs. Non, je



n'aimerai jamais que vous, Qu'un pareil aveu doit
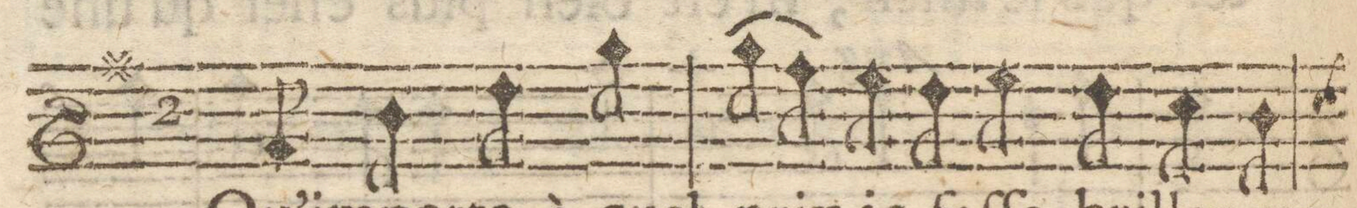


doit faire de jaloux. Non je n'aimerai jamais que
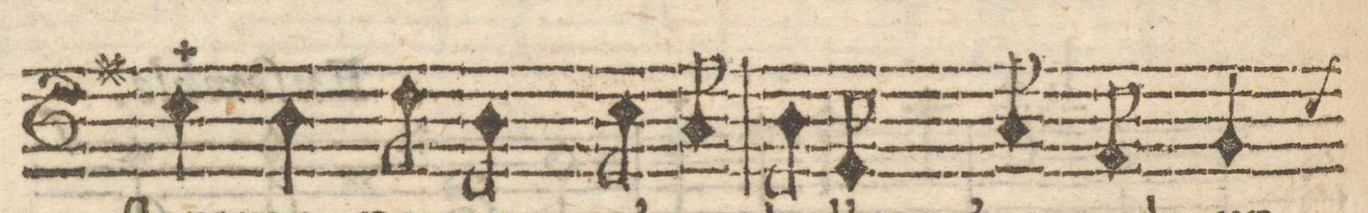


vous, nous allons jouir du deſtin le plus doux.
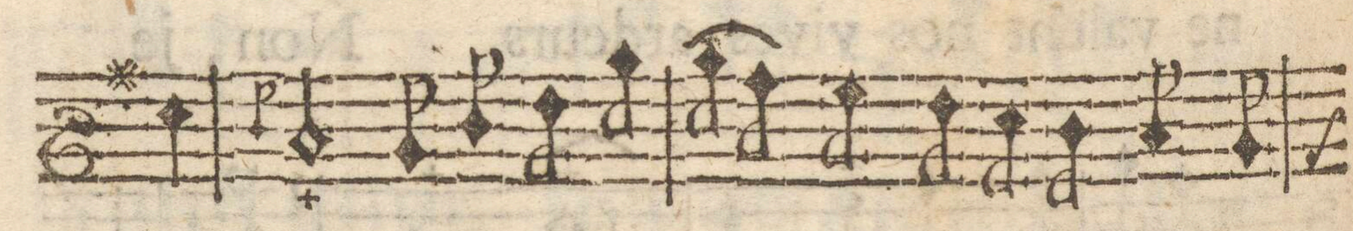
AIRS CHOISIS
DU CONFIDENT HEUREUX.
OPERA COMIQUE.



Qu'importe à quel prix je faſſe briller ma
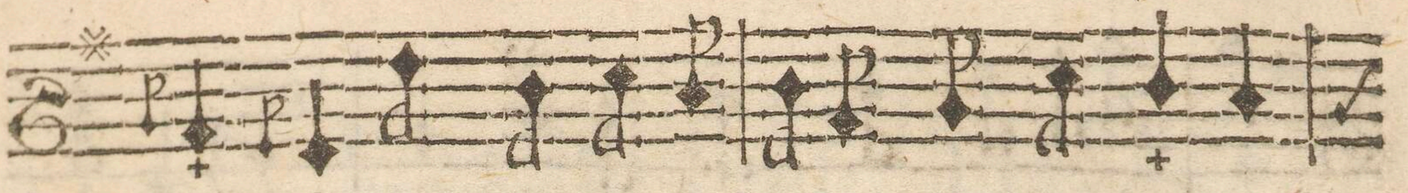


flamme, pourvu qu'une belle m'accorde un
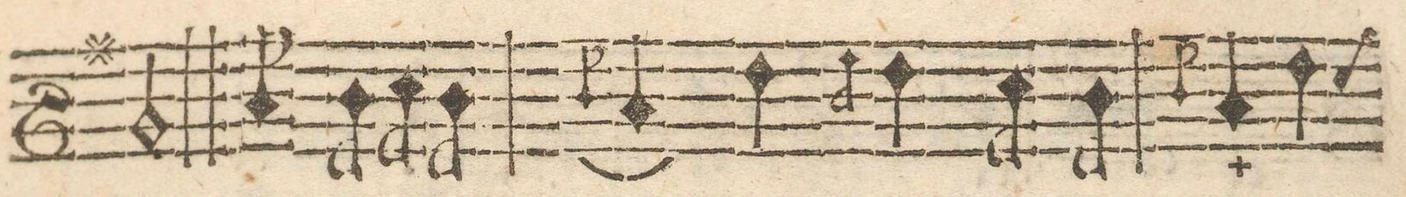


ſou-ris, ſervir la beauté c'eſt obliger l'Amour
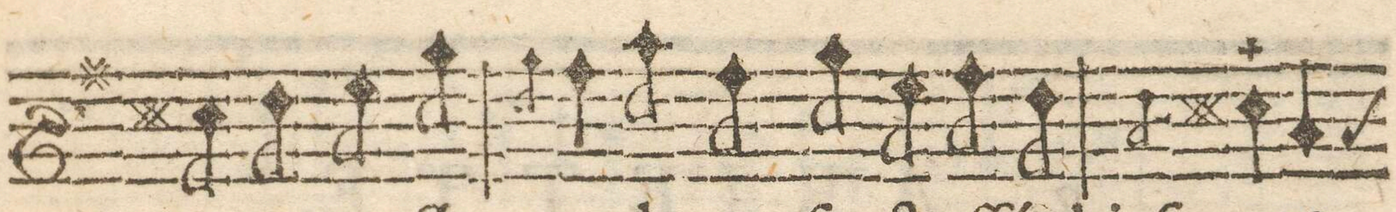
mê-
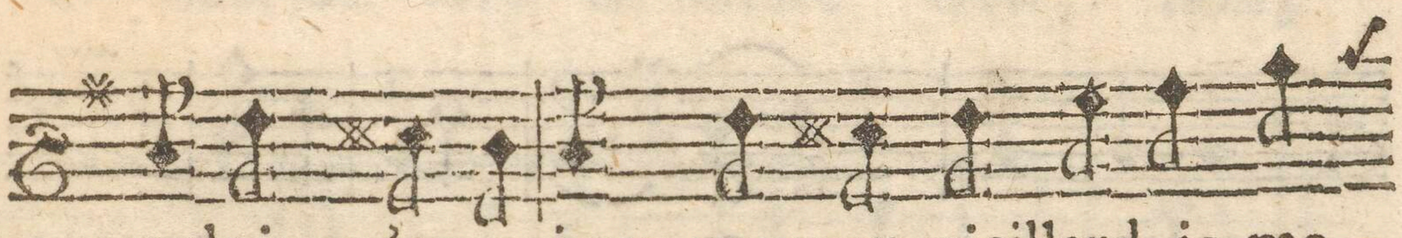


même. Oh ! c'eſt à l'extrême pouſſer la bon-
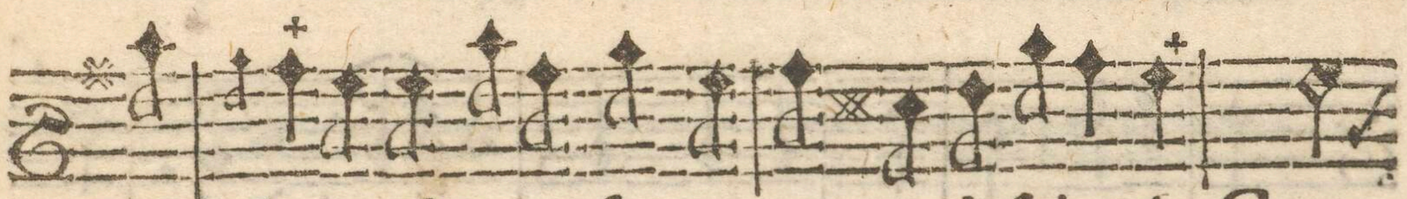


té ; mais aſſuré - ment rien n'eſt plus ga - lant de
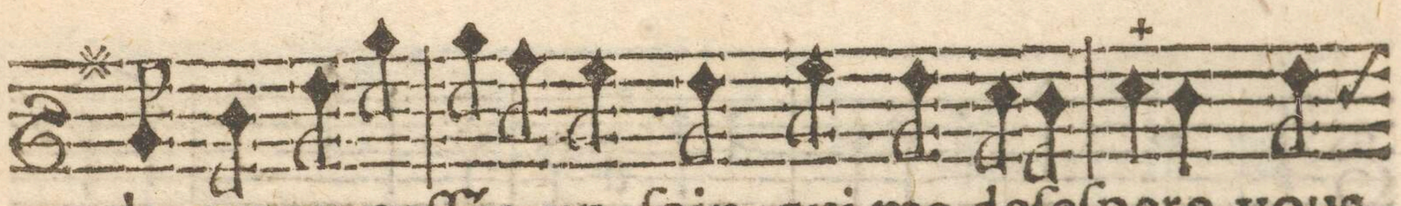


cet empreſſement la cauſe eſt aſſés bi-ſar- re
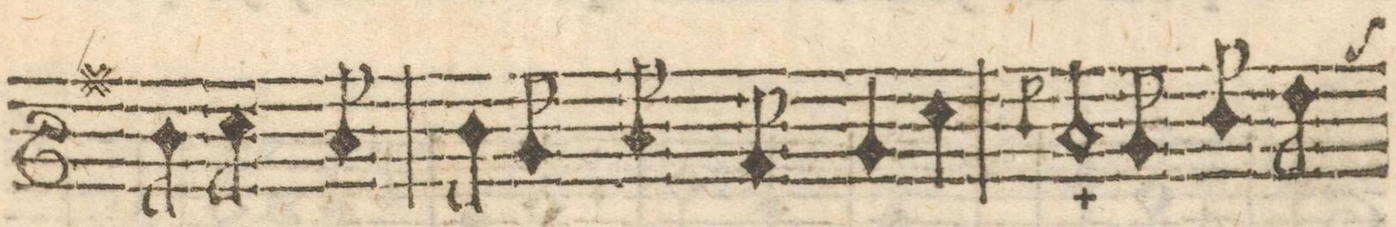


vouloir qu'en ce jour pour un vieillard je me



dé - clare eſt une façon rare defaire ſa Cour,
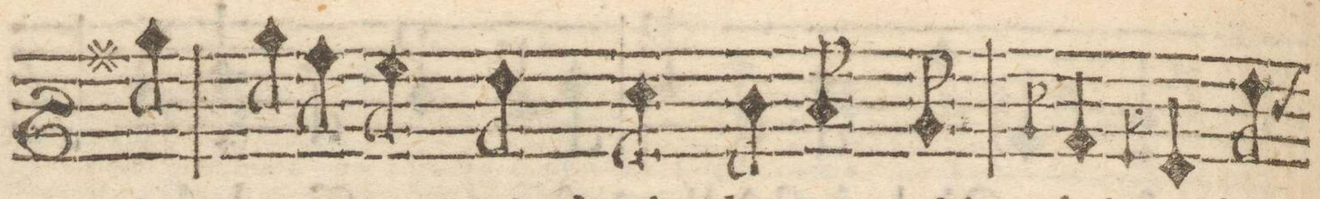


de grace ceſſés un ſoin qui me deſeſpere vous
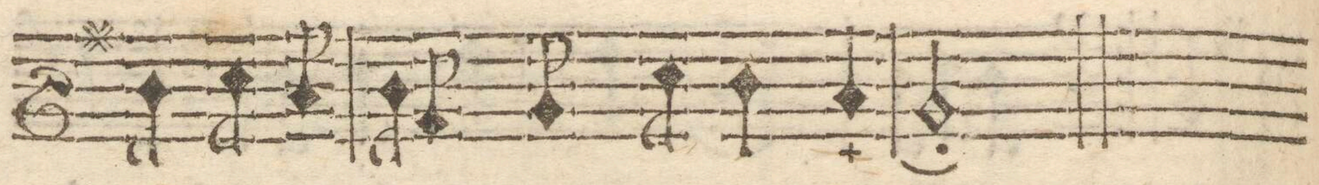


m'étes plus chere que vous ne penſes expliquer

ces
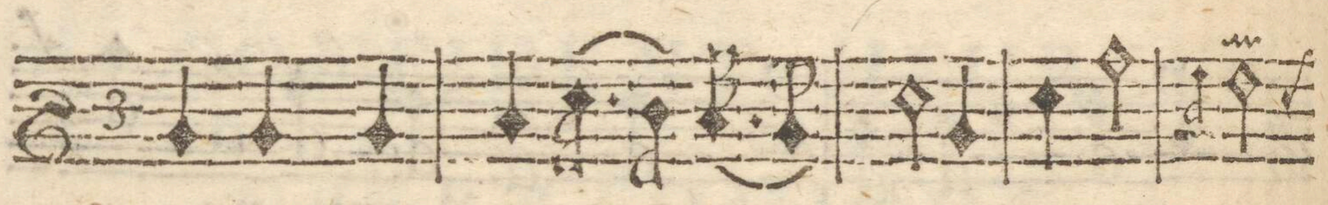


ces mots je craindrois de vous dé - plaire c'eſt
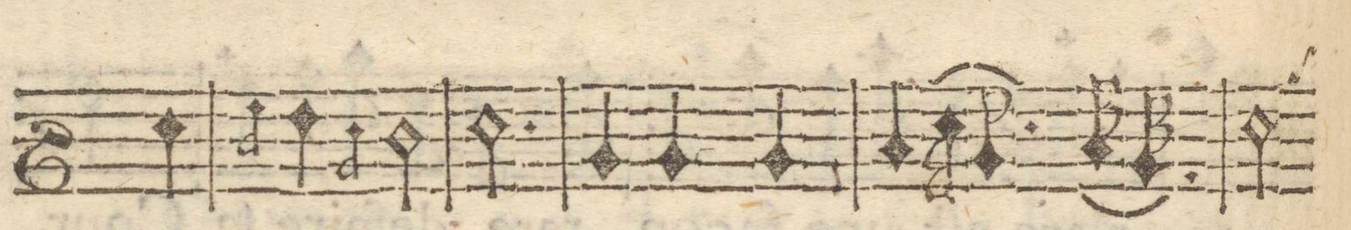


ſçavoir ſe taire fort mal à propos.
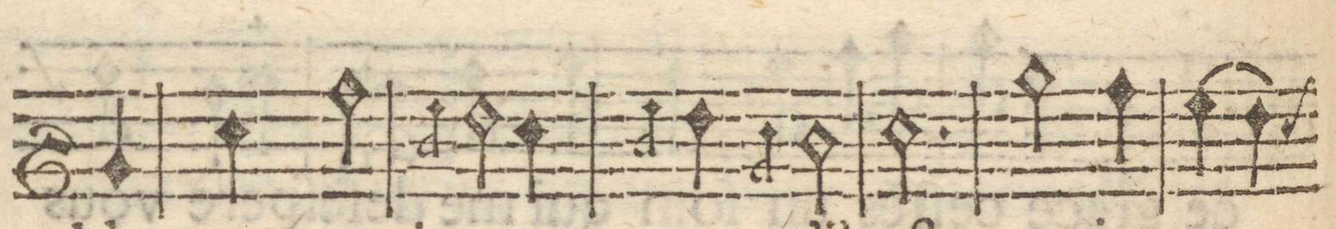
2. ARIETTE.
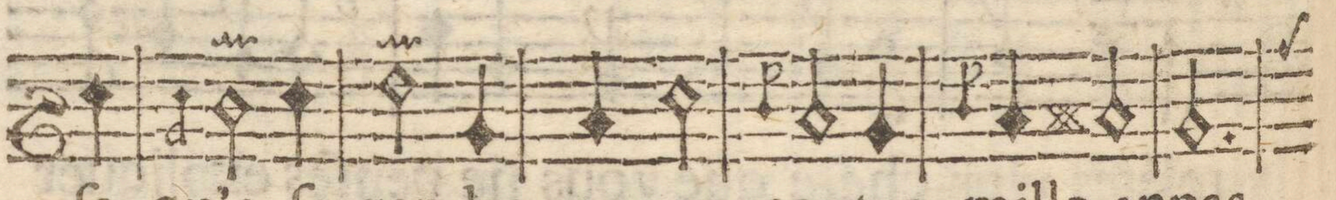


A l'Amour tout eſt poſ - ſible on ſe rend



quand il lui plaît il eſt doux d'être ſen - ſi-
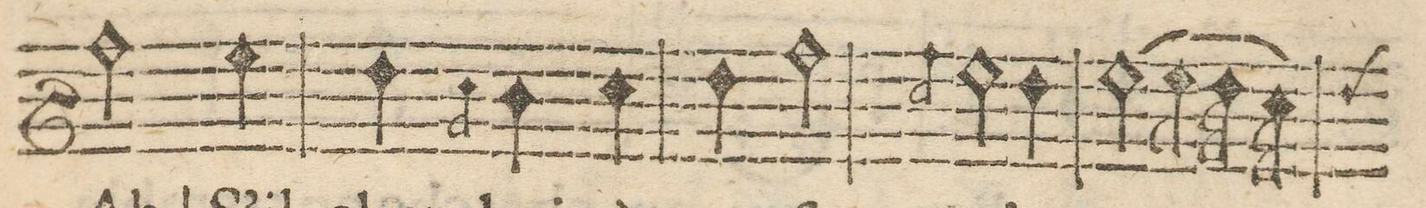


ble pour un jeune amant qu'il eſt ouy je pen-
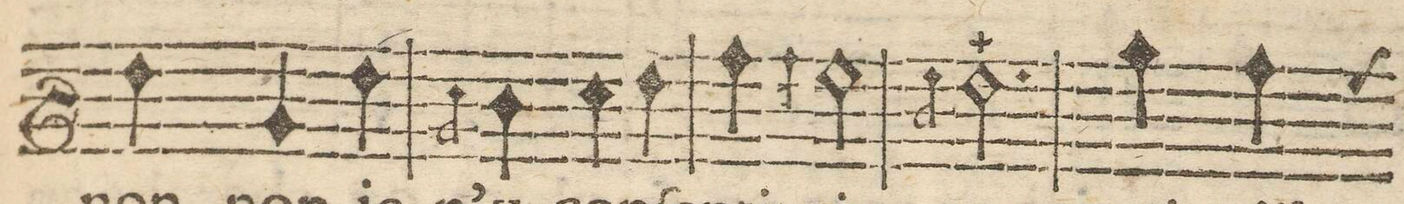


ſe qu'a ſe rendre on rencontre mille appas.
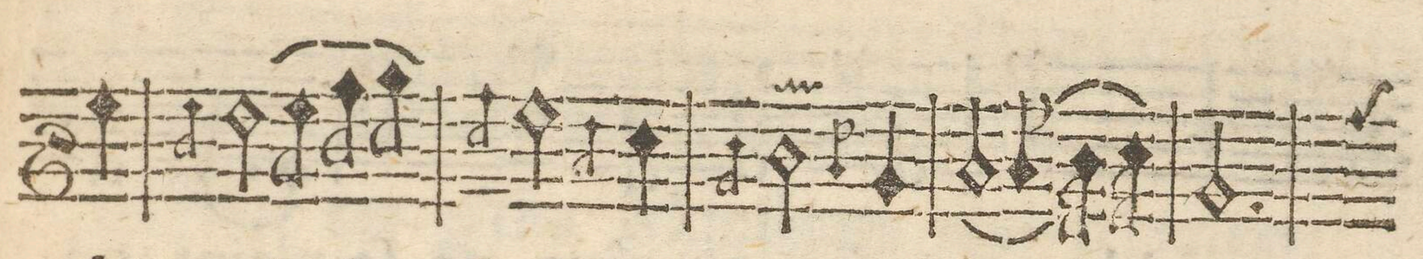
Ah!
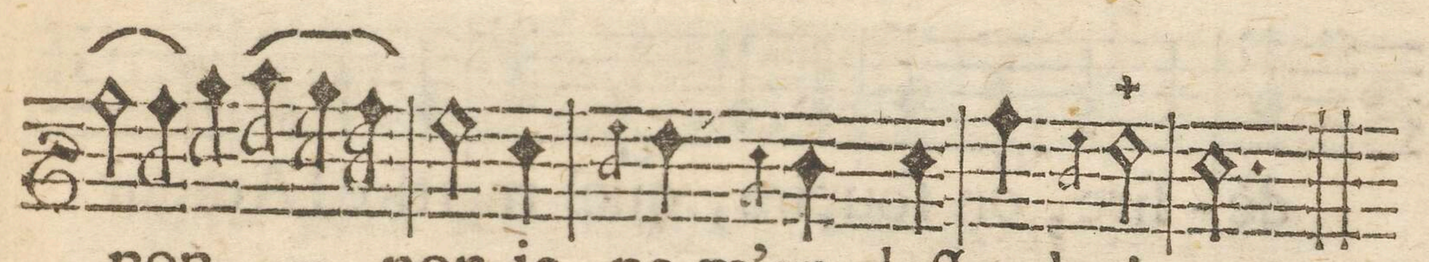


Ah! S'il cherchoit à me ſurprendre non,



non, non je n'y conſentirois pas; mais s'il
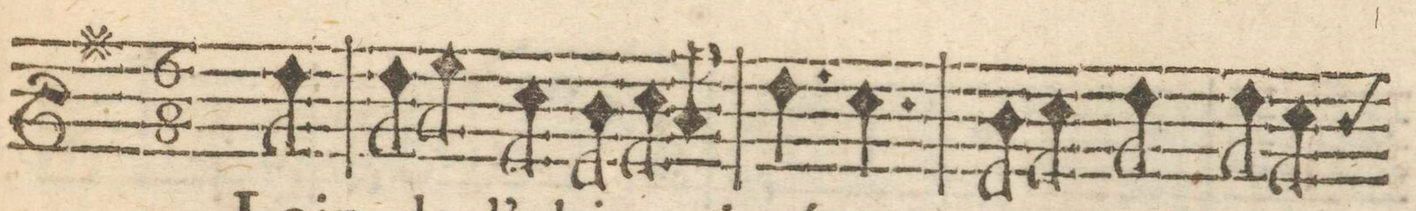


é- toit ſin-cere & tendre non, non,
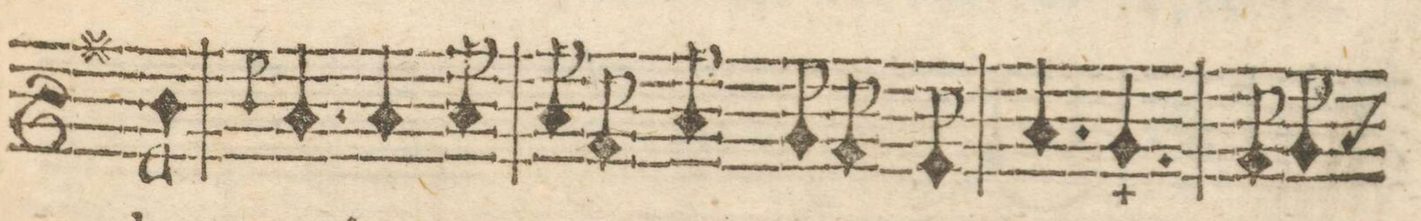


non, - non je ne m'en deffendrois pas.

3. ARIETTE.
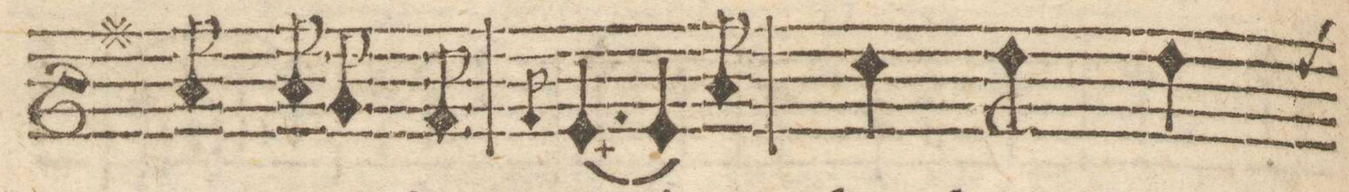


Loin de l'objet aimé un cœur eſt al-
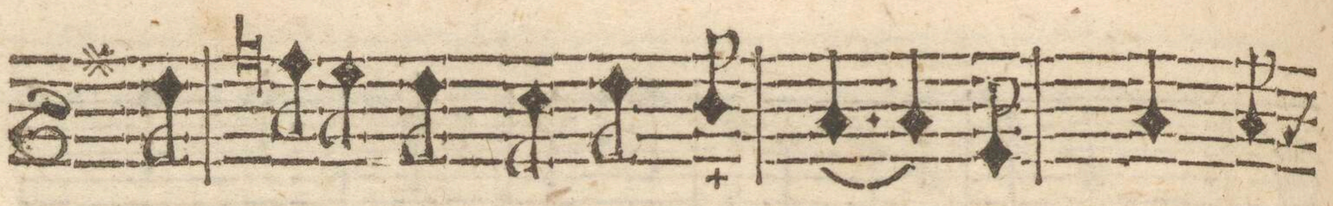


lar- mé tout ce qui n'eſt pas lui ne nous
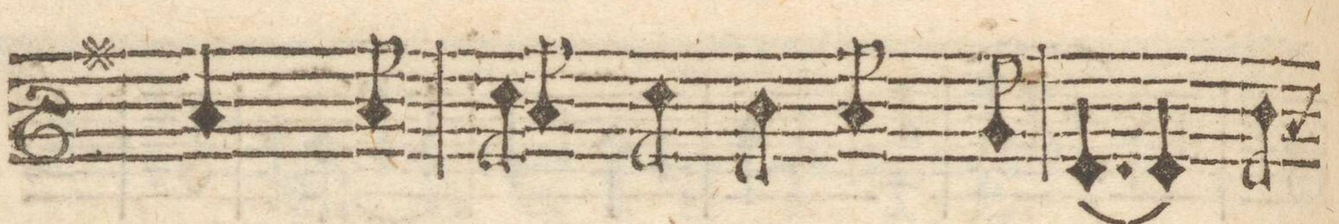
peut



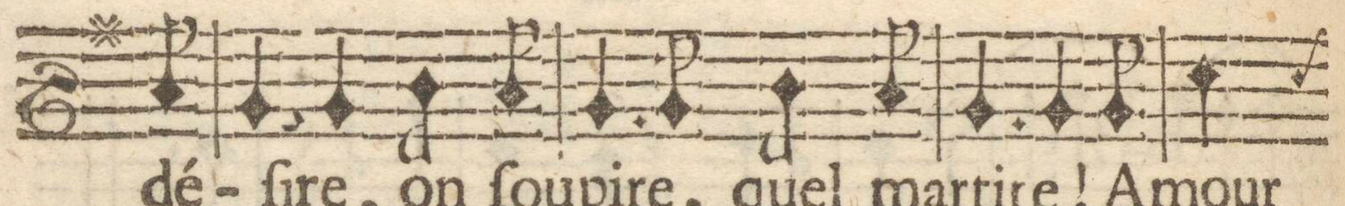
peut que l'en - nui, on cherche on tremble,
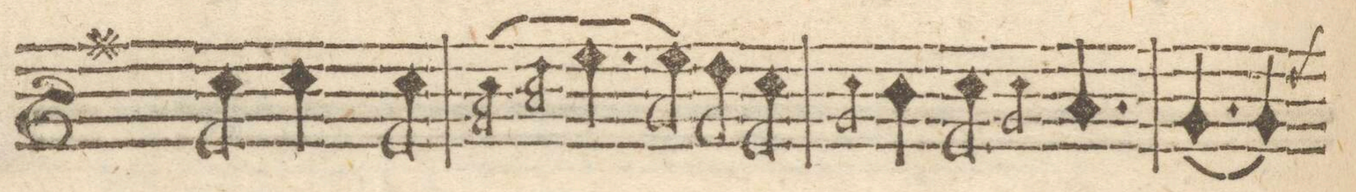


on craint, on reve, on ſe plaint, on cherche on
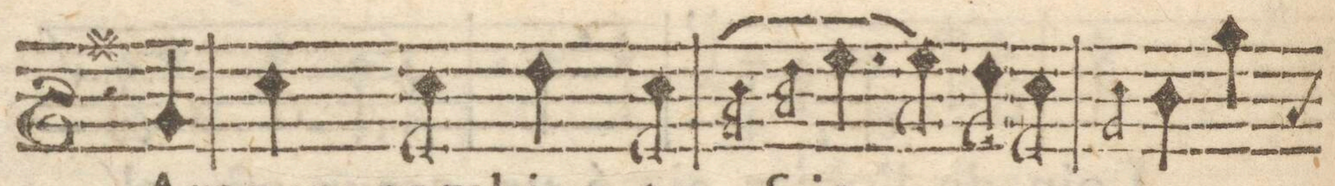


tremble, on craint, on rêve, on ſe plaint, on



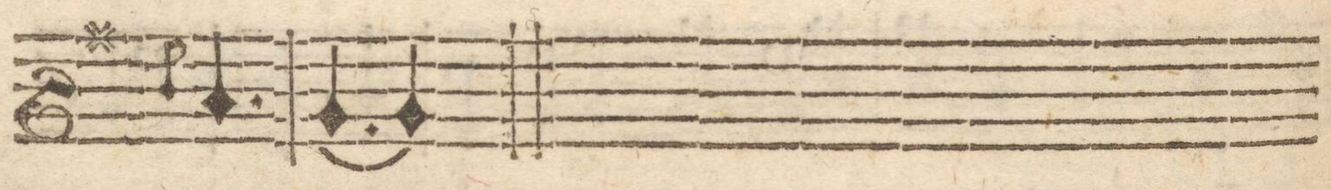
dé - ſire, on ſoupire, quel martire! Amour



combien tu fais pa - yer tes bien - faits?
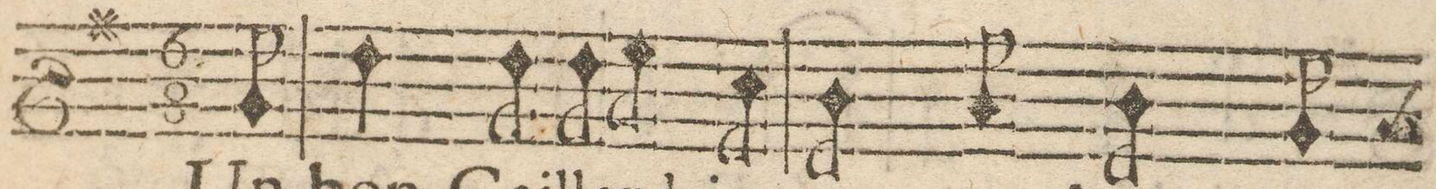


Amour combien tu fais pay - er tes
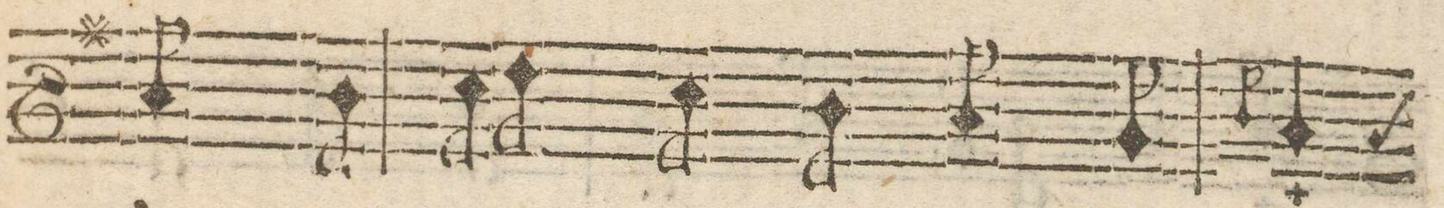


bien - faits?
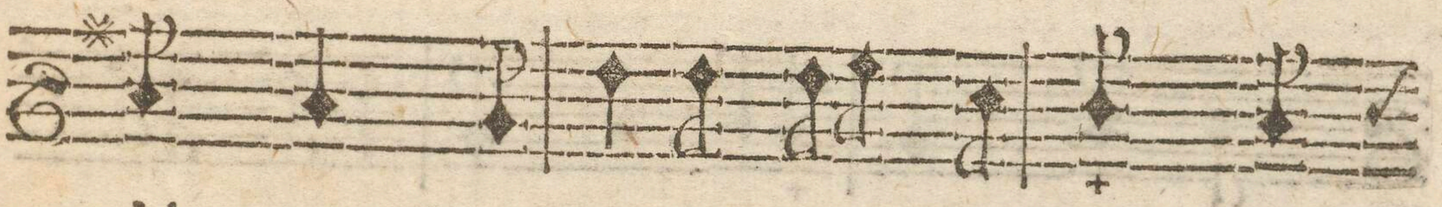
4. ARIETTE.
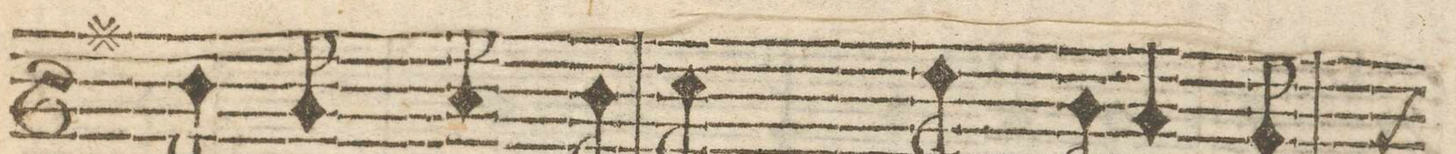


Un bon Gaillard joyeux vaut bien mieux
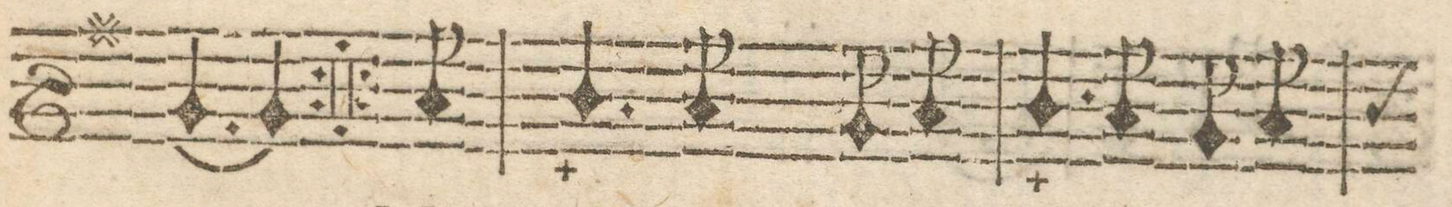


qu'tous ces p'tits Monſieurs qui n'parlont
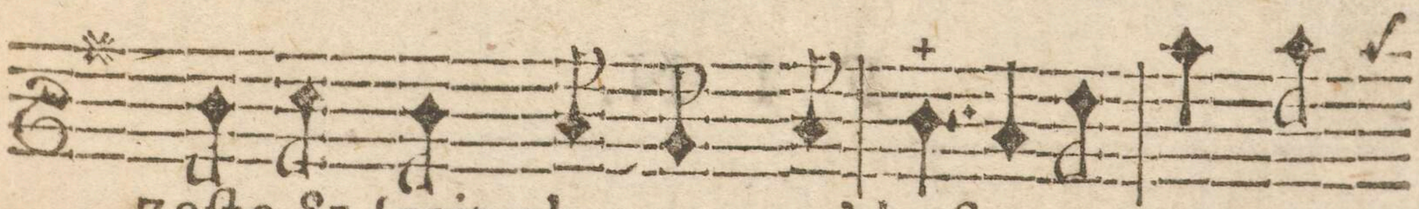


qu'des yeux leur ſoupir, leur douceur, leur



langueur ſuze avant que d'parvenir au
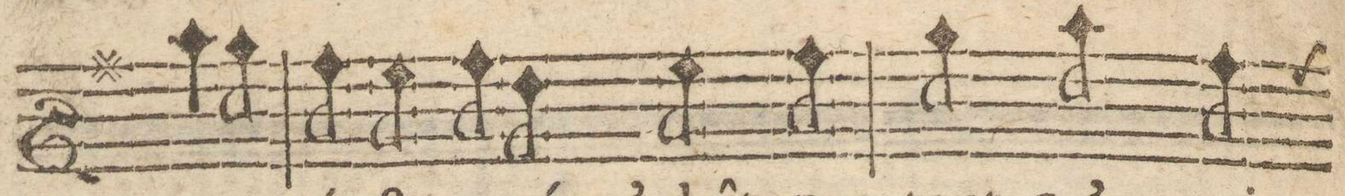


cœur. Mais peſte un vivant les te paroît
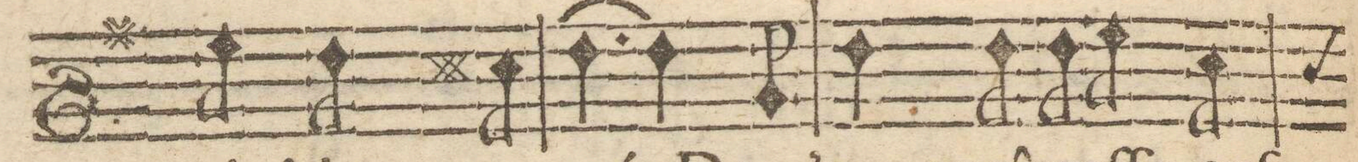


zeſte & ſçait charmer qu'dreſte un muguet
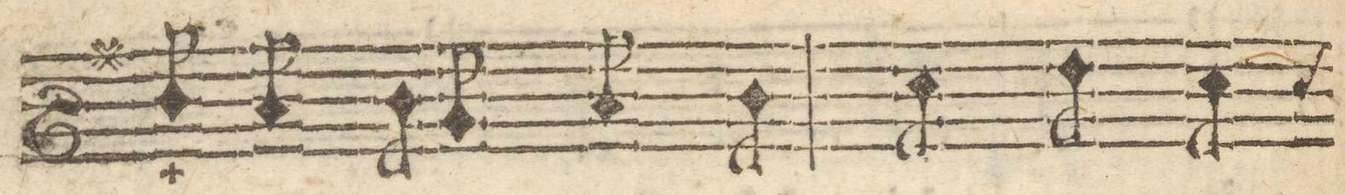
pre-
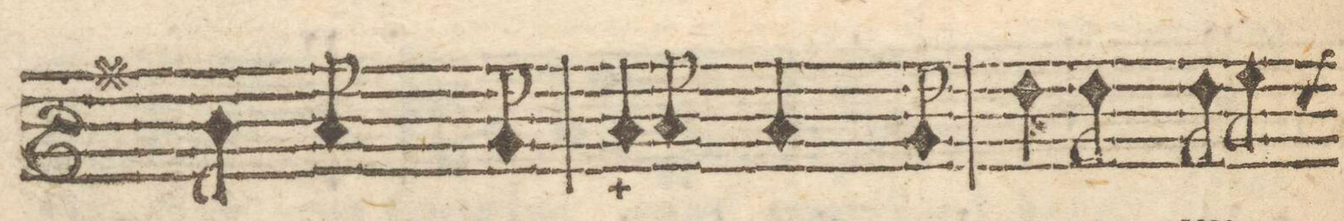


preparé & paré n'plaît pas tant qu'un gri-
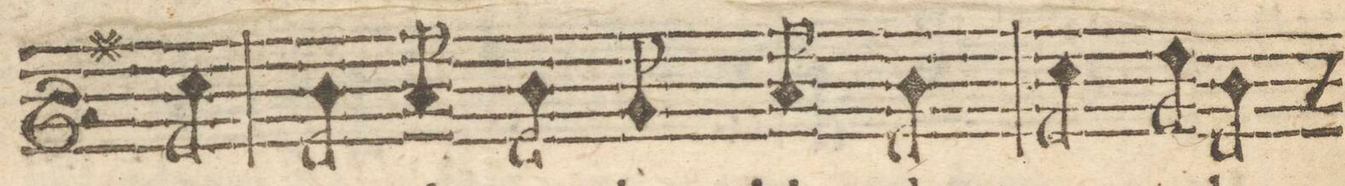


vois bien car - ré Dam'ma maîtreſſe auſ-
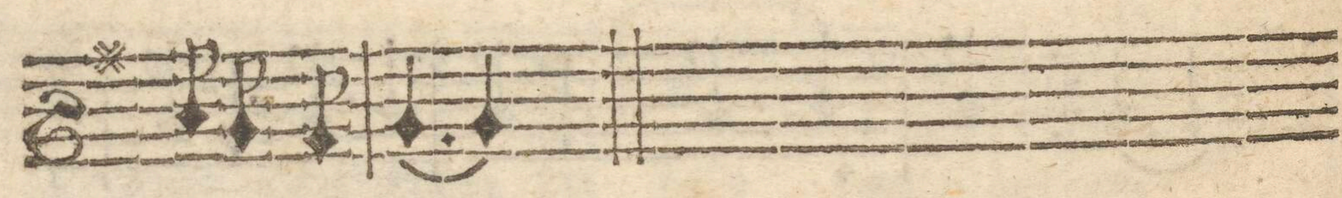


ſi ma choiſi al'm'aime mieux que d'l'ar-



gent c'eſt bien obligeant, car avec d'l'or



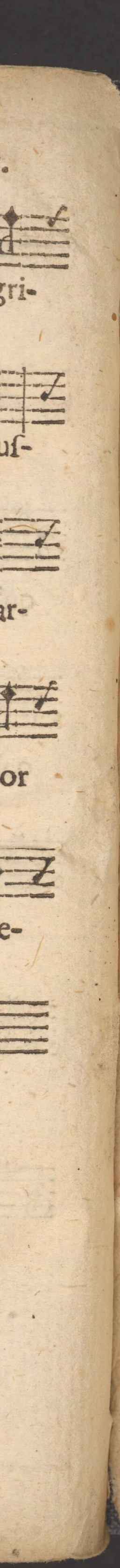
dit - on chaque jour bien des gens ache-



tent d'l'amour.

FIN.

BIBLIOTHEQUE ROYALE



BIBLIOTHECA CZARTORYSCIANA CRACOVIAE
100692 I
BIBLIOTHECA CZARTORYSCIANA CRACOVIAE
MNK
XVII-3752 Ex