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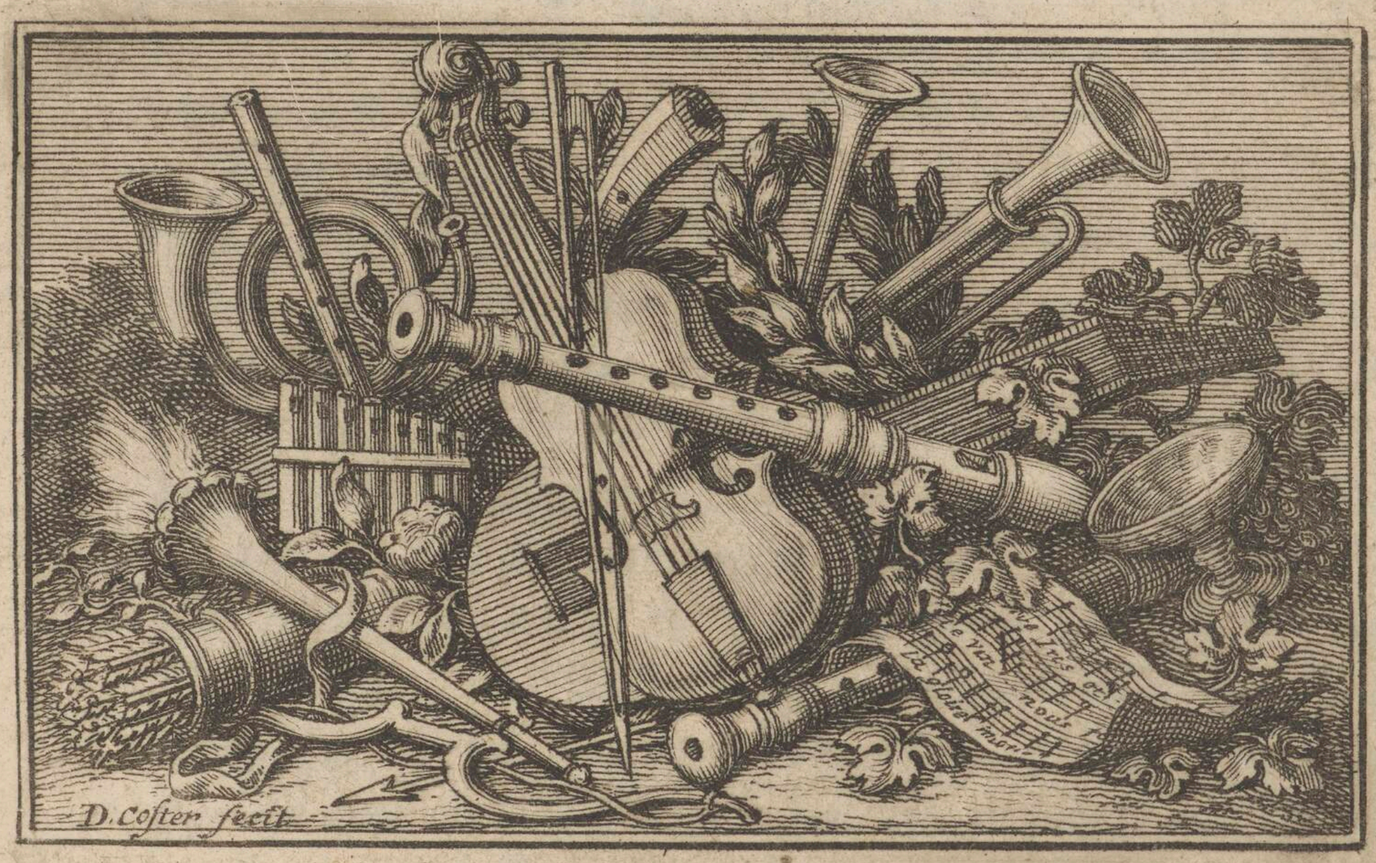
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259

NOUVEAU
RECUEIL
DE
CHANSONS
CHOISIES.

TOME SECOND.

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XX
CARTHUYSER



A LA HAYE,
Chez JEAN NEAULME.

MDCCXXIV.

100694

AVERTISSEMENT

DU

LIBRAIRE.

M'Etant engagé envers le Public à lui donner de tems en tems un nouveau Volume de Chanſons Choiſies, *je m'acquitte aujourd'hui de cette Promeſſe; & je le fais avec d'autant plus d'Agrément, que ce m'eſt une Occaſion fort naturelle de lui témoigner ma Reconnoiſſance du bon Accueuil dont il a honoré le prémier.*

J'ôſe me flatter, qu'on ne ſera pas moins content de celui-ci; & que les Connoiſſeurs y trouveront, de même que dans le précédent, ce Choix & cette Variété qui ont paru ſi fort de leur Goût. On a eu ſoin de ſatisfaire ceux qui ont paru ſouhaiter plus de Duo: *&, dans la ſuite, on aura le même égard pour ceux qui ont témoigné qu'un plus grand nombre de* Vaudevilles *leur ſeroit plaiſir: mais, ce ſera toujours ſans m'éloigner du Plan que je me ſuis propoſé; c'eſt-à-dire, ſans perdre de vue le Caractere eſſenciel à ces ſortes de Recueils, qui ſe font pour tout le Monde, & où chacun s'attend à trouver quelque choſe qui lui plaiſe.*

AVERTISSEMENT.

*Je ne répête point ici ce que j'ai dit, tant de mes Correſpondans, que du Soin auquel je me ſuis engagé de ne laiſſer mettre aucune Piéce qui puiſſe choquer la Modeſtie. Les Lecteurs pourront le voir dans l'*Avertiſſement *que j'ai mis à la tête du prémier Volume.*

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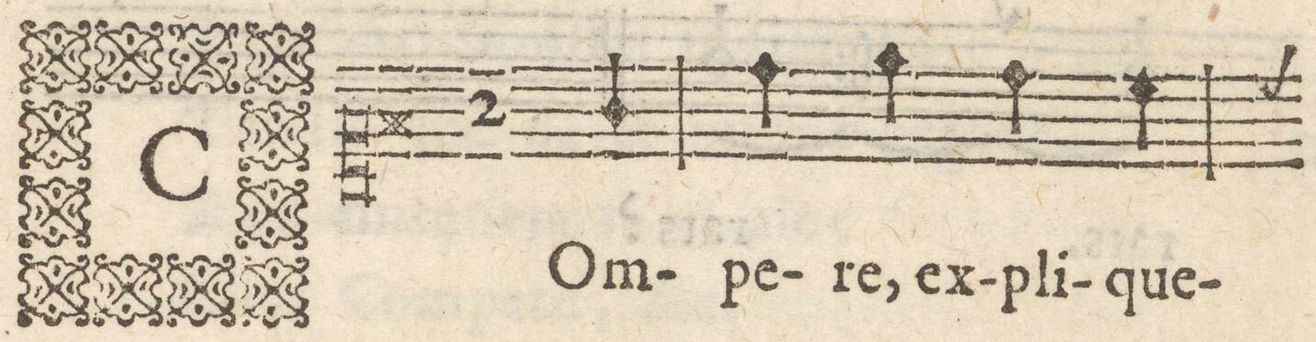
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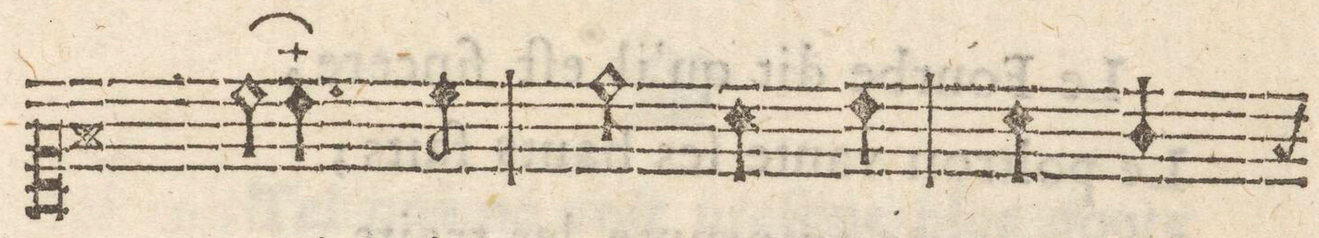
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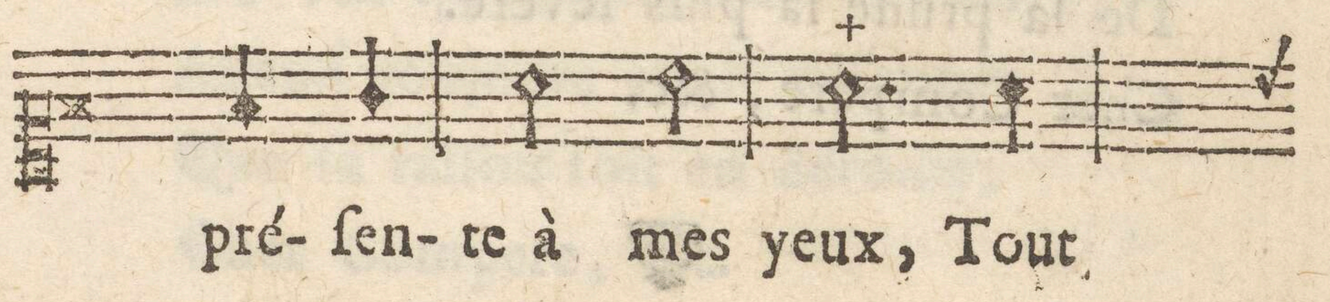
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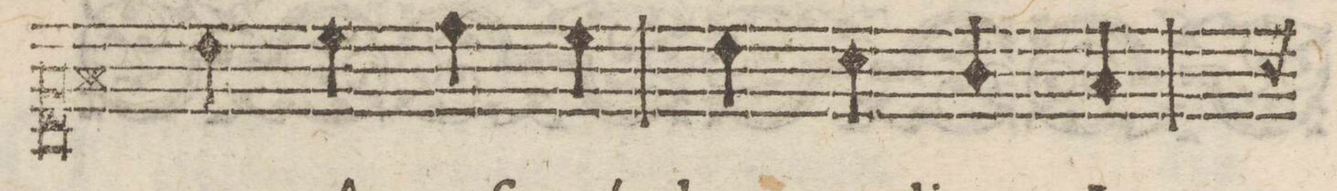


Om- pe- re, ex-pli- que-
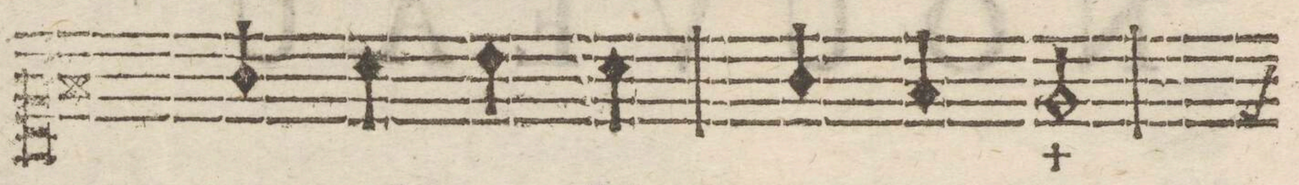


moi de gra- ce, Ce qui ſe
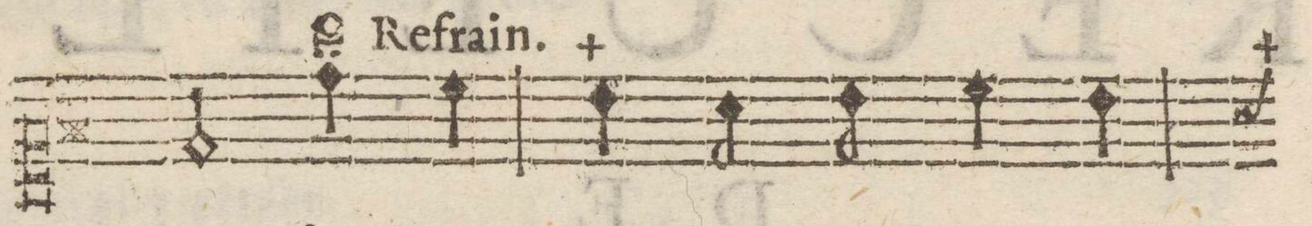


pré- ſen- te à mes yeux, Tout
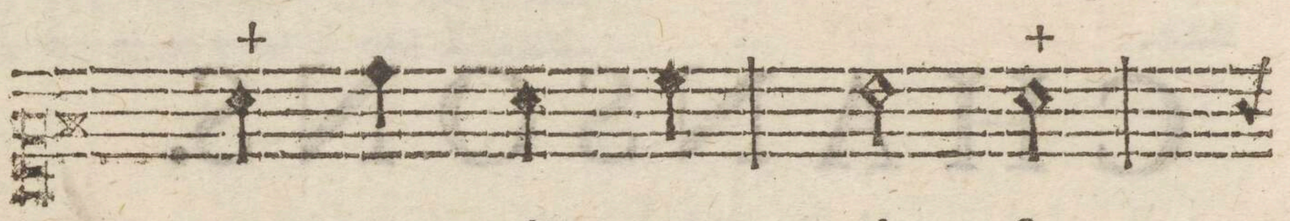


pa- roît maſ-qué dans ces lieux, Je



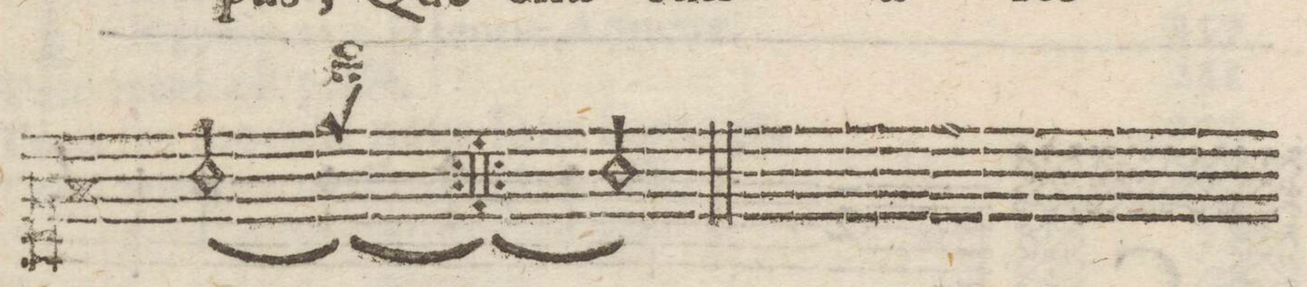
ne vois que fein- te & gri- ma-



ce. Cher Com- pe- re, ne vois- tu



pas, Que cha- cun à ſes



rats. rats?

Le Fourbe dit qu'il eſt ſincere,
Le poltron vante ſes hauts faits;
La coquette emprunte les traits,
De la prude la plus ſevere.
Cher Compere, &c.

Sur le ton le plus dogmatique,
Parle l'Aprentif-Magiſtrat;
Et l'oiſif à petit rabat,
En termes amoureux s'explique.
Cher Compere, &c.

Un Gaſcon dit, que comme un Prince
Il peut briller dans ſon Païs;
Pour l'honneur d'être ici Commis,
Il abandonne ſa Province;
Cher Compere, &c.

Souvent la vieille liberale,
Paye un Cavalier indigent,
Tandis que de ce même argent,
Il en entretient ſa rivale;
Cher Compere, &c.

Tel qui ne voit preſque plus goute
Du Vin qu'il vient de s'entonner,
Attend toujours pour raiſonner
Que ſa raiſon ſoit en déroute;
Cher Compere, &c.

Un vieux Epoux d'amour jalouſe,
Toujours prêt à ſe gendarmer,
S'aviſe pour ſe faire aimer,
De tourmenter ſa jeune Epouſe;
Cher Compere, &c.

Telle qui dans le Mariage,
N'a jamais eu que du tourment,
Aime une Fille tendrement,
Et voudroit la mettre en menage;
Cher Compere, &c.

Un Vieillard fait groſſe dépence;
Paye Dentelles & Galons,
Mene ſouvent les Violons;
Mais c'eſt un plus jeune qui dance.
Cher Compere, &c.
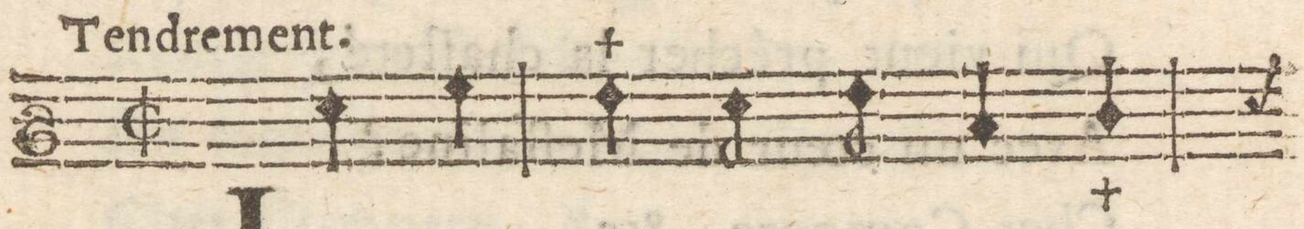
Un Moine .... Paix! qu'allez vous dire!
Sur ce ſujet doit-on parler!
Oh! Ciel! qu'alliez vous reveler!
Contentez-vous tout bas d'en rire;
Cher Compere, &c.

Voiez-vous cette pâle mine,
Et cet air prude concerté,
Qui vient prêcher la chaſteté,
Avec un cœur de Meſſaline?
Cher Compere, &c.
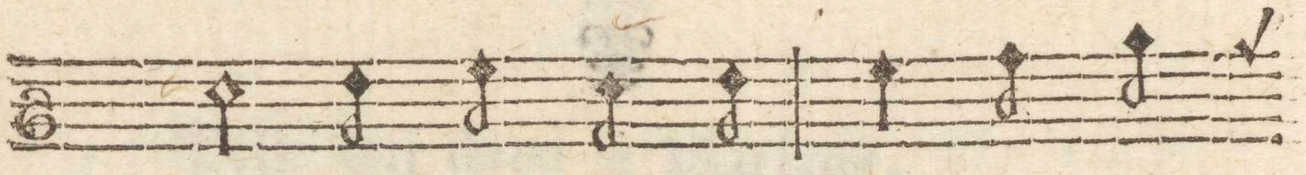
Un Auteur qui croit être habile,
S'amuſe à faire des Couplets;
Mais celui qui fait des ſifflets,
Sait un Art encor plus utile.
Cher Compere, &c.

MUSETTE.
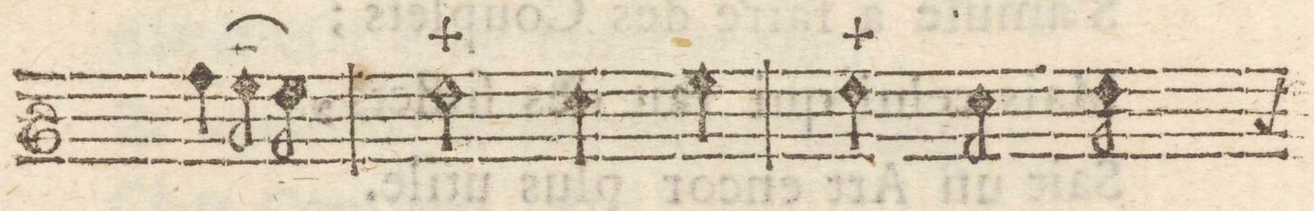
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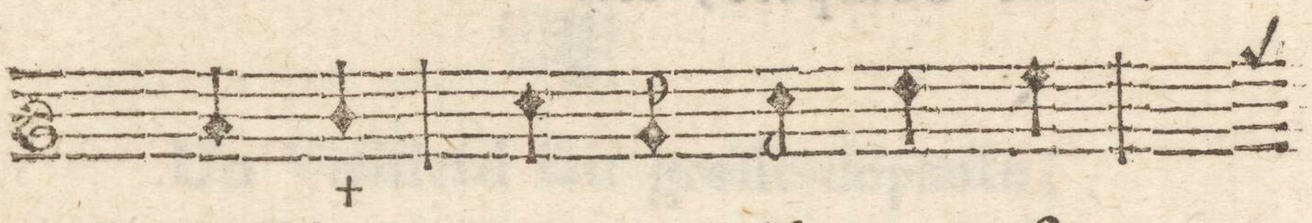


LE Ber- ger qui ſui- voit mes
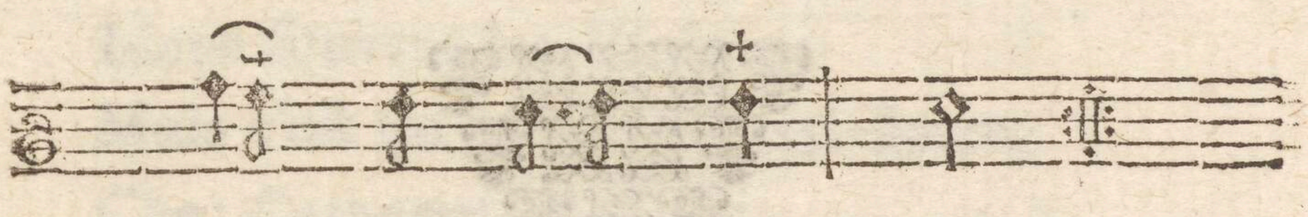


Loix, Se dé- ro- be en- fin à ma
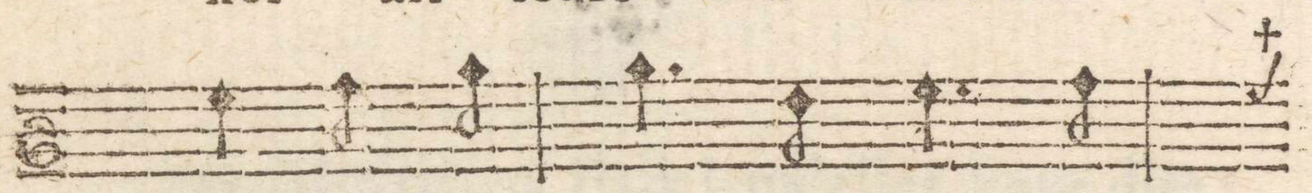


chai- ne; Pour me croi- re trop
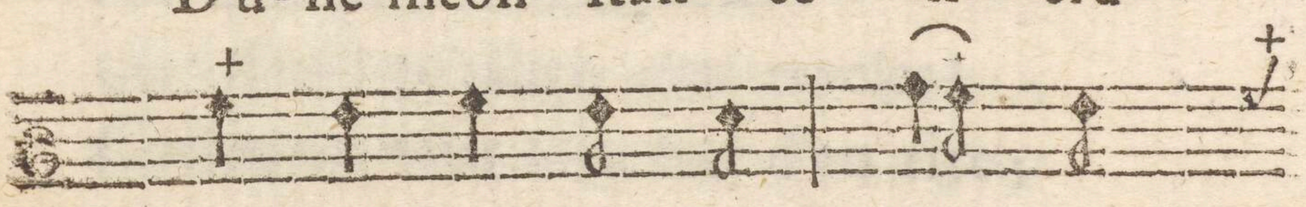


in- hu- mai- ne, Il va fi-
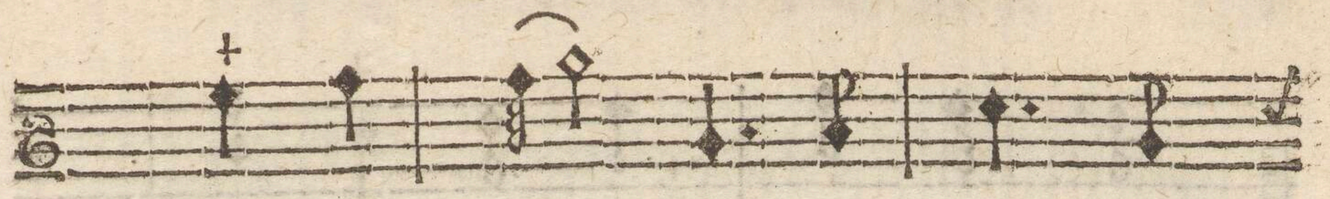


xer ail- leurs ſon choix:
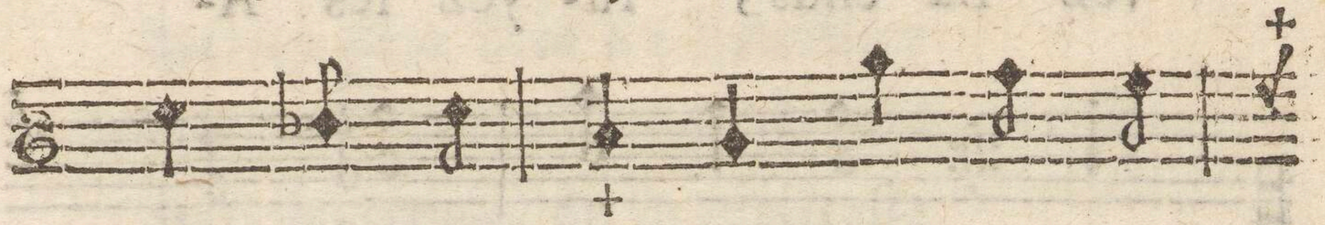


D'u- ne incon- ſtan- ce ſi cru-
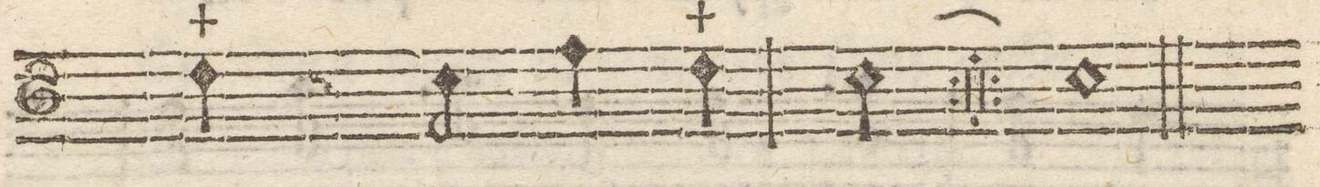


el- le, Je me plain- drois a-
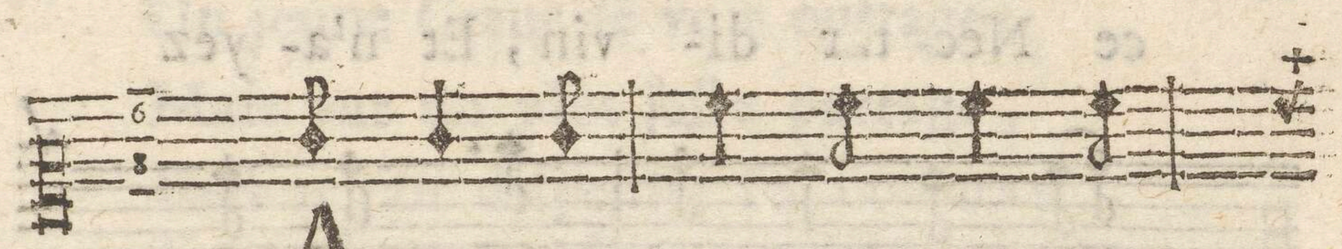


vec é- clat, Si Tir- cis n'é-
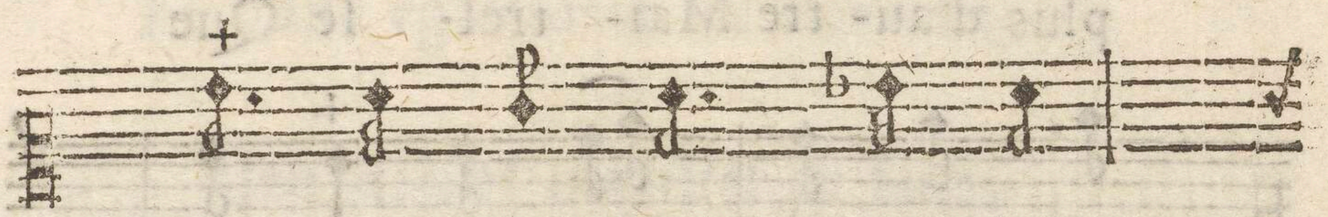


toit qu'in- fi- del- le; Mais par mal-
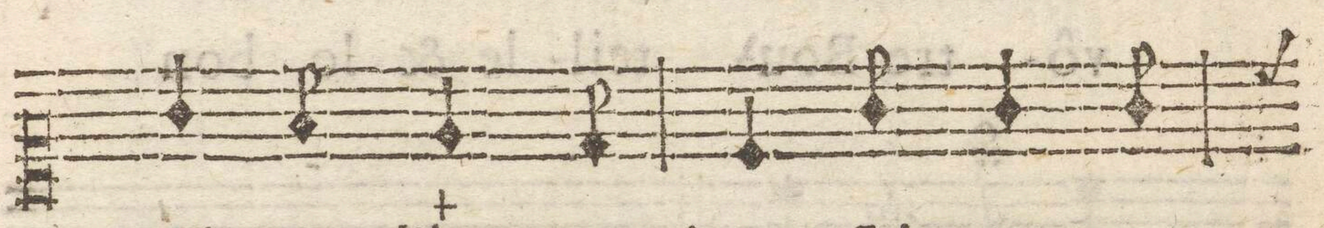


heur, il eſt in- grat. grat.
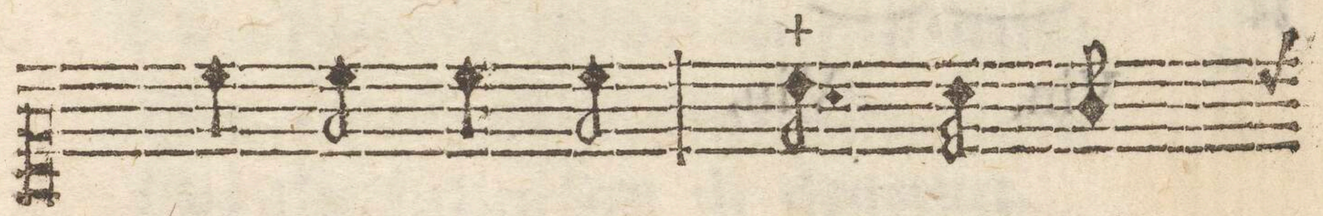


AMis, ſi vous vou- lez m'en
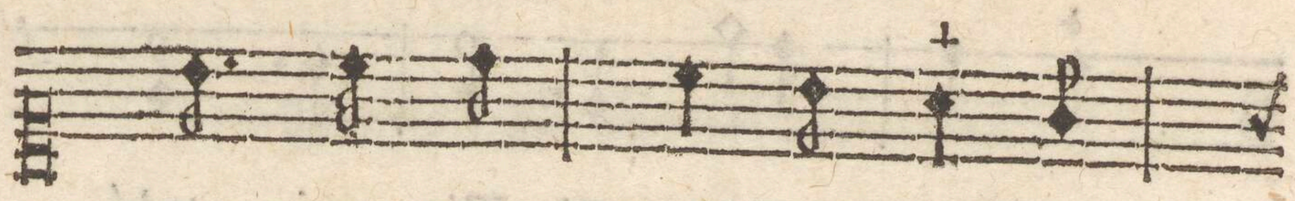


croi- re, Vous n'au- rez ja-
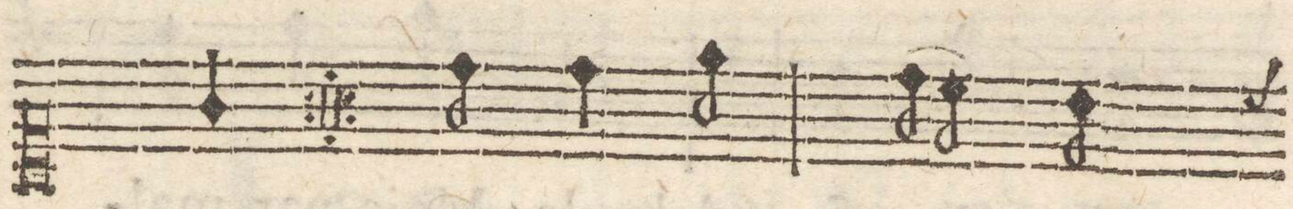


mais que d'heu-reux jours, Li- vrez-vous
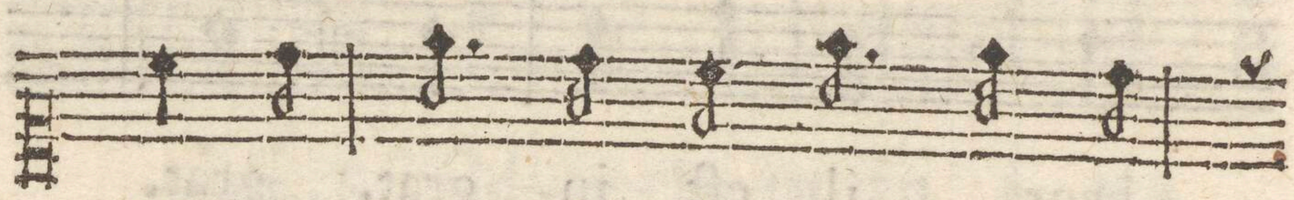


au plai- ſir de boi- re, Sui-
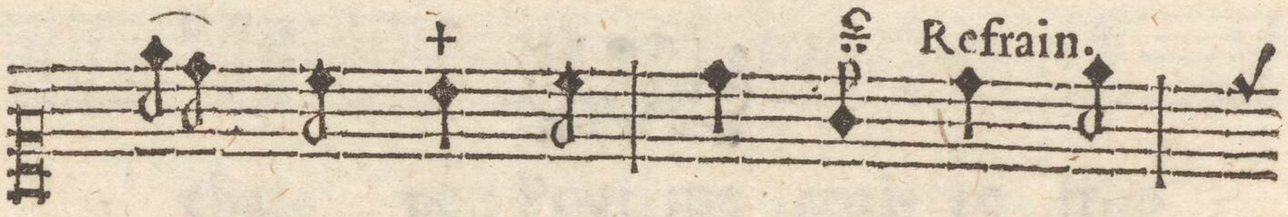


vez Ba- chus, fu- yez les A-
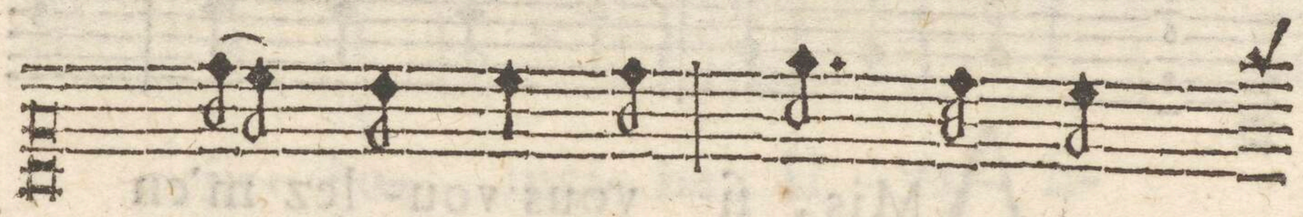


mours: No- yez l'im- por- tu-
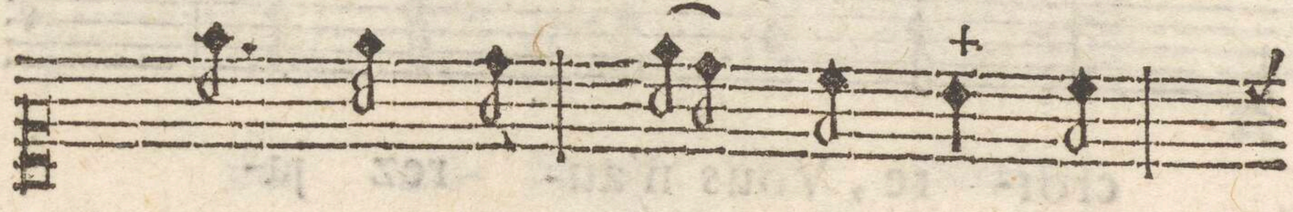


ne ten- dref- fe, Dans les flots de



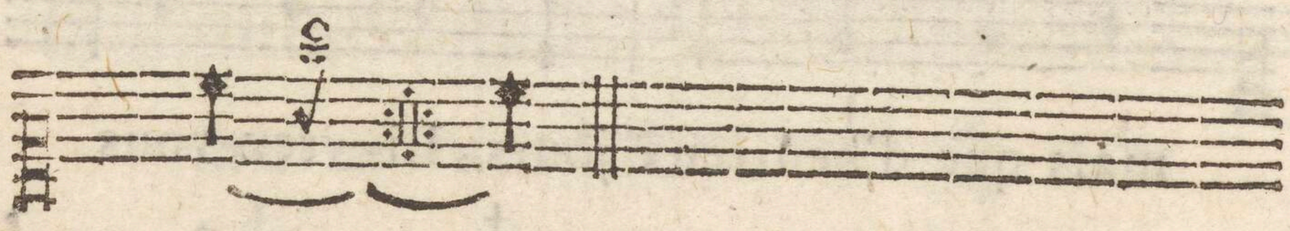
ce Nec- tar di- vin, Et n'a- yez



plus d'au- tre Mai- treſ- ſe Que



vô- tre Bou- teil- le & le bon
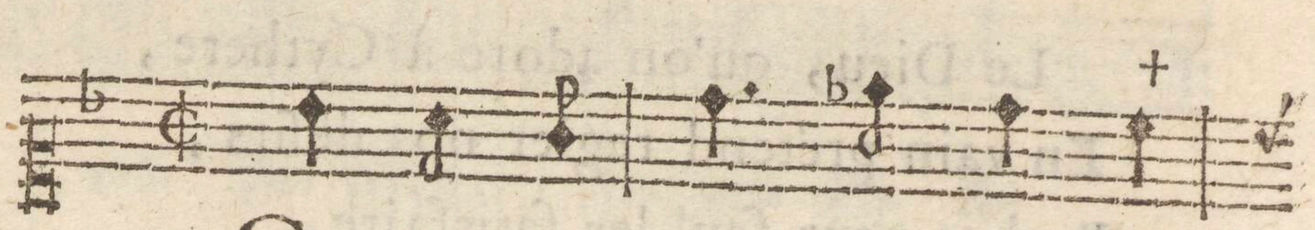


Vin, Vin,
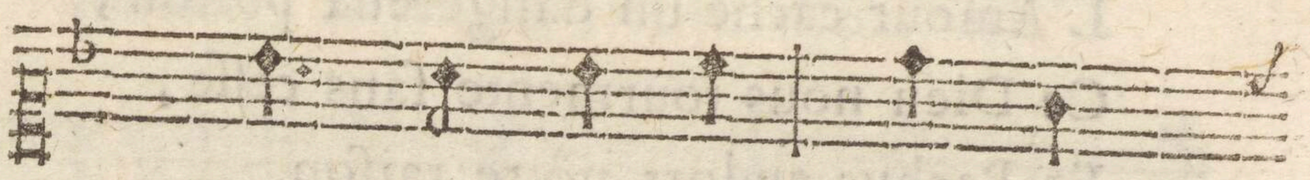
Le Dieu, qu'on adore à Cythere,
En vain prétend regler nos déſirs,
Bachus peut ſeul les ſatisfaire,
Et nous veut procurer de vrais plaiſirs:
Sous les appas de la tendreſſe
L'Amour cache un dangereux poiſon;
Ce Dieu nous tourmente ſans ceſſe,
Et Bachus endort nôtre raiſon.

Souvent pour toute récompence,
Pour prix de n'avoir jamais changé
Par une juſte préference,
Un jeune Cœur ſe voit outragé:
Mais par un plus juſte partage,
Bachus ſait diſpenſer ſes faveurs;
Il fait à tous même avantage,
Et traite également les Buveurs.
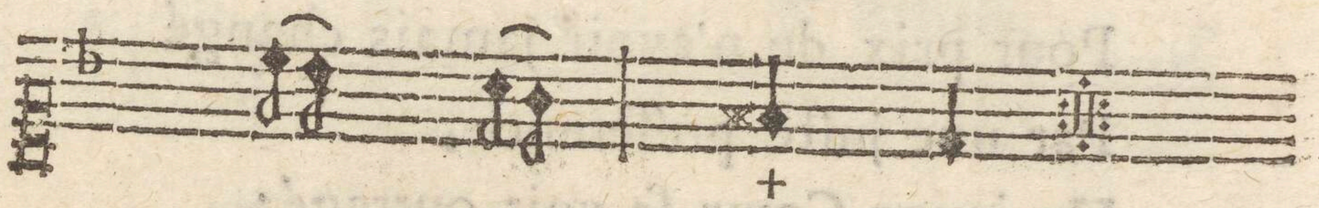
Une beauté coquette & fiere,
Nous fait reſſentir mille tourmens,
Le Caprice pour l'ordinaire,
Eſt la regle de ſes ſentimens:
Mais quand on chérit la bouteille,
On n'éprouve jamais ces malheurs;
Plus on eſt aſſidu pour elle,
Plus elle fait goûter de douceurs.
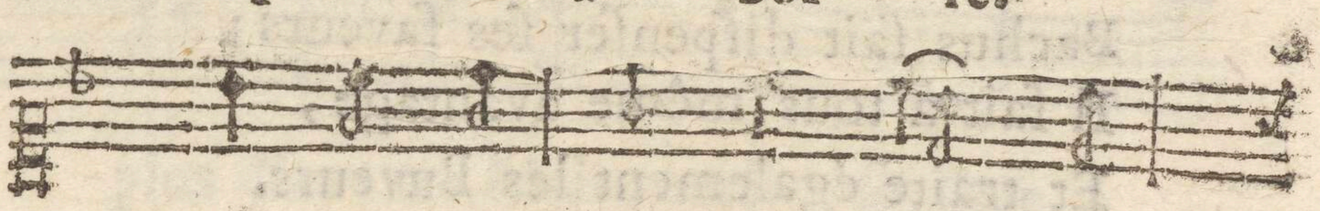


SI vous vou- lez vi- vre con-
Il n'eſt point de plus doux inſ-
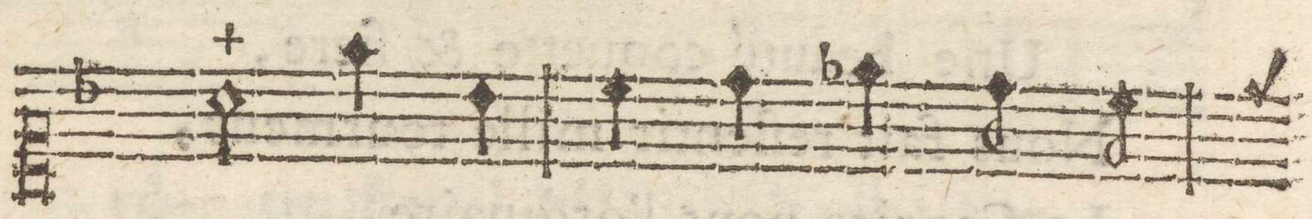


tens, Bu- vez, A- mis, dai-
tans, Que les inſ- tans qu'on
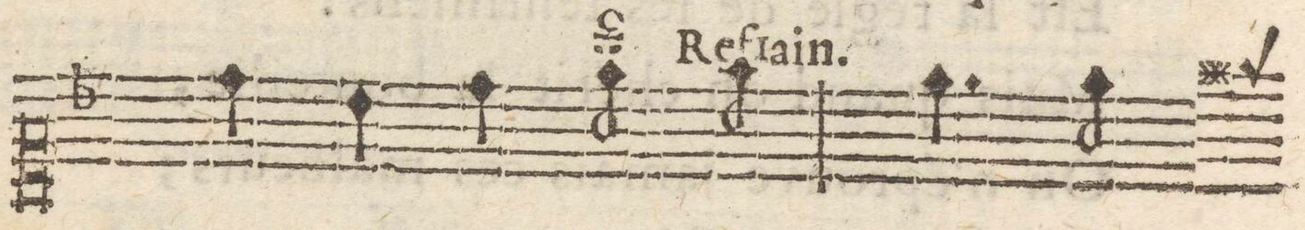


gnez m'en croi- re;
paſ- ſe à boi- re.
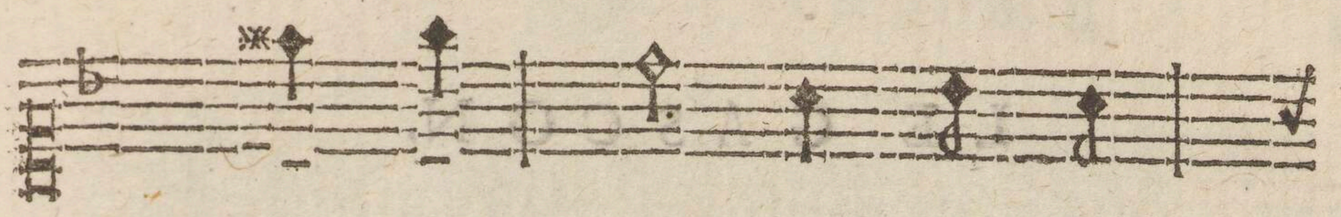


E- par-gnons-nous le triſ- te
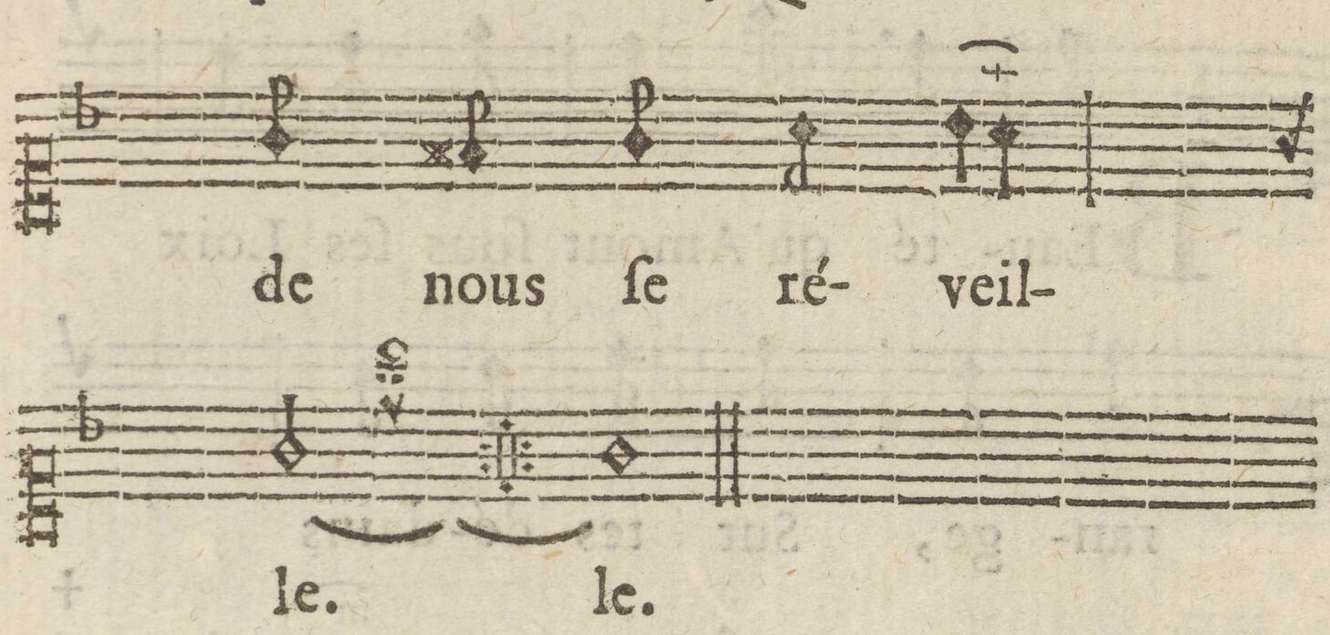


ſort D'un mor-tel oi- ſif qui ſom-
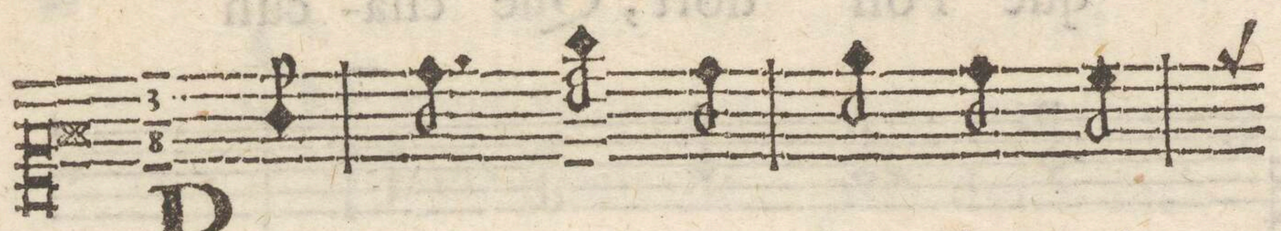


meil- le, On ne boit point lorſ-



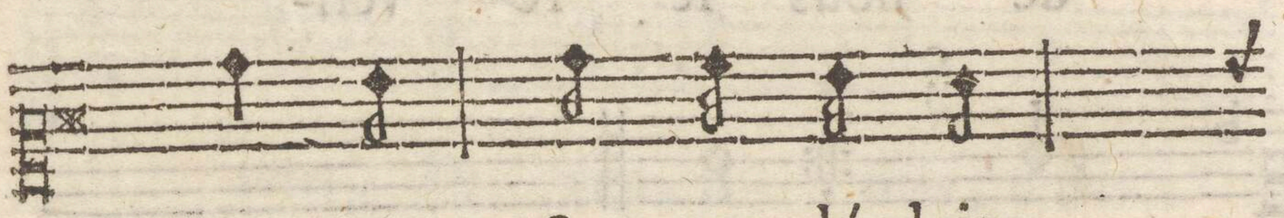


Si le ſommeil par ſes pavots,
Dans ce reduit nous vient ſurprendre,
Le bruit des verres & des pots,
Peut aiſément nous en deffendre:
S'il calme les maux d'un Amant,
Que l'amour contraint à ſe plaindre,
Pour les jaloux il eſt charmant,
Pour les Buveurs il eſt à craindre.

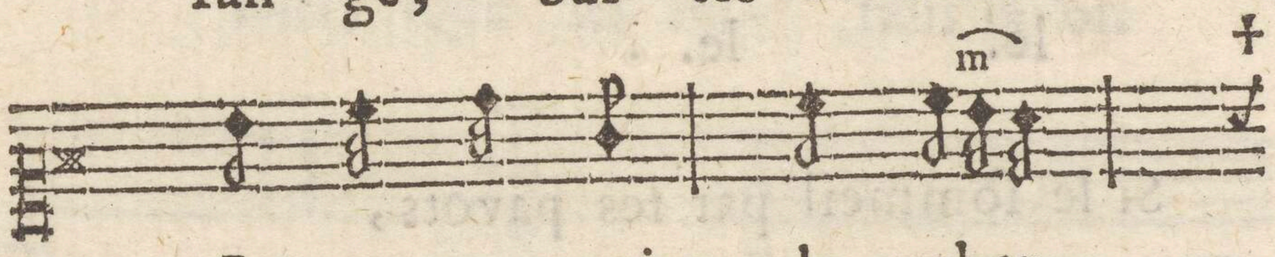
LE GASCON.
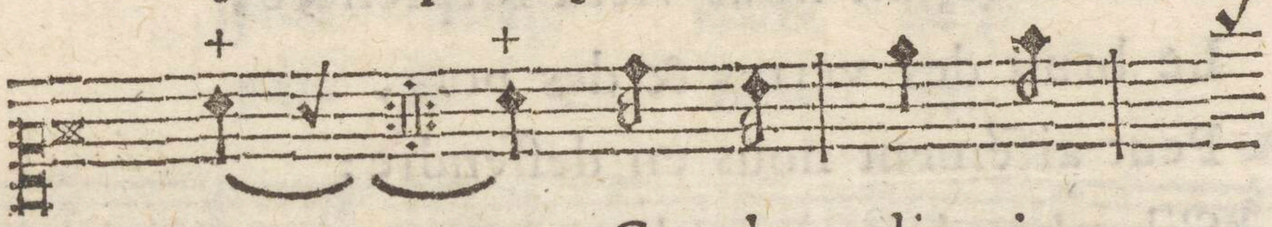


BEau- té qu'Amour ſous ſes Loix
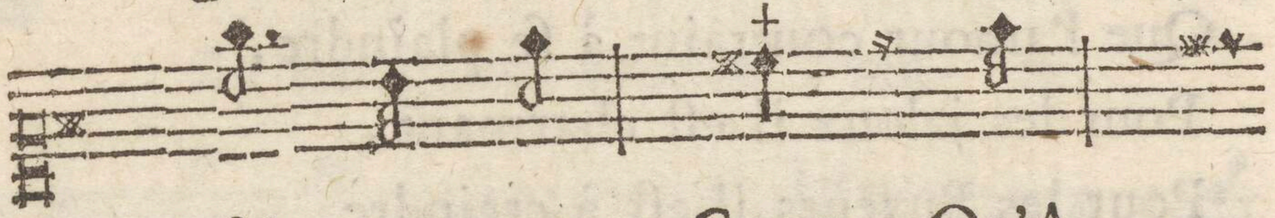


ran- ge, Sur tes dé- dains
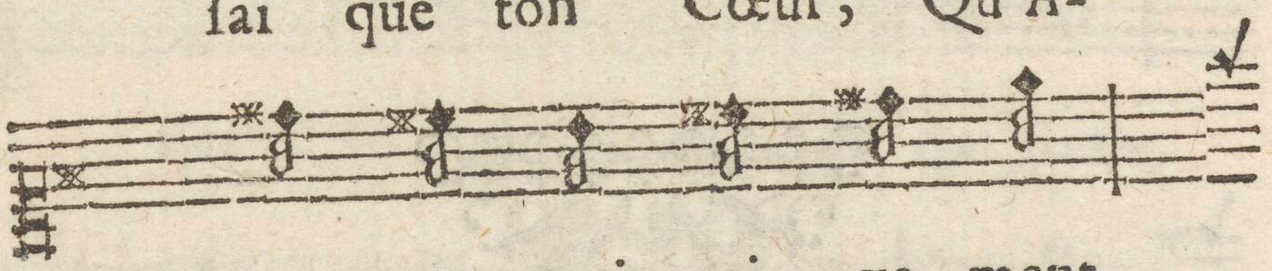


Je ne prens point le chan-
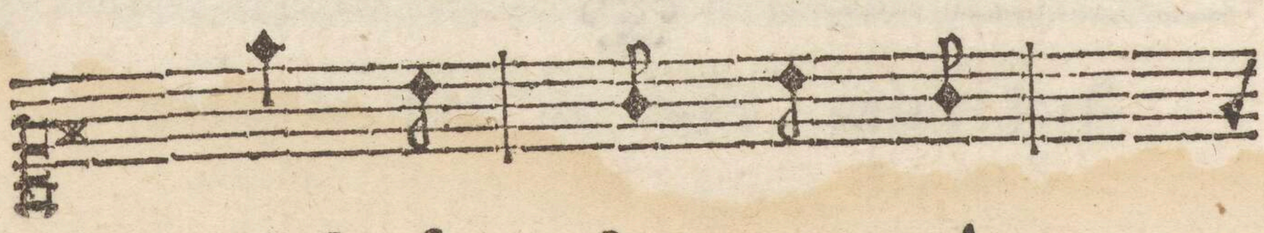


ge: ge: Ca- de- dis, je
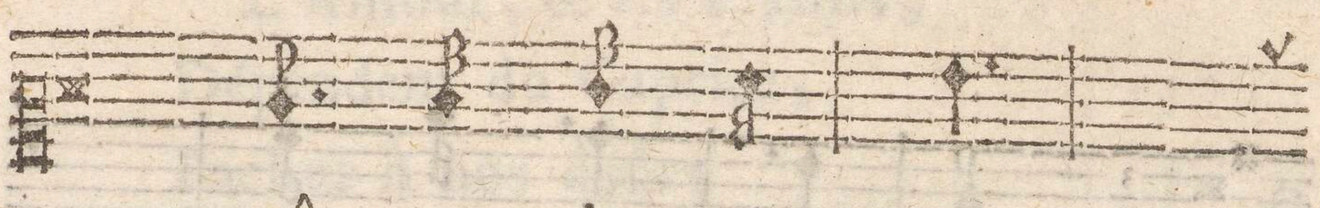


ſai que ton Cœur, Qu'A-
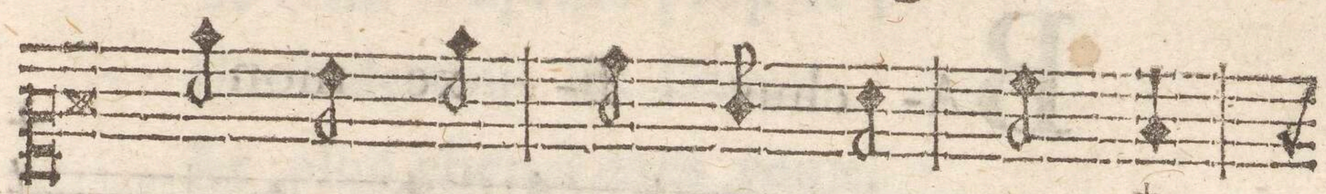


mour pour moi vi- ve- ment
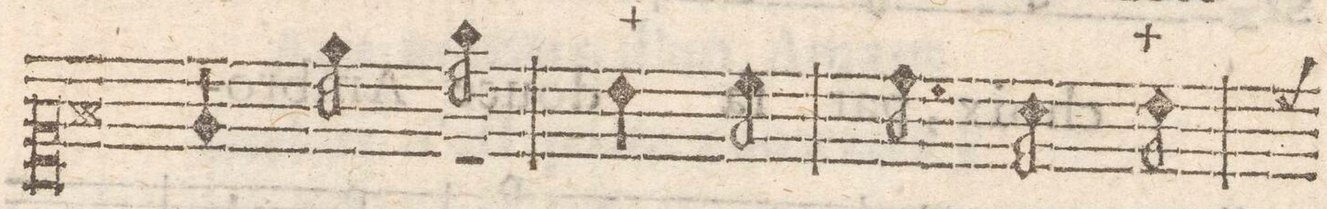


preſ- ſe, Sous un A-
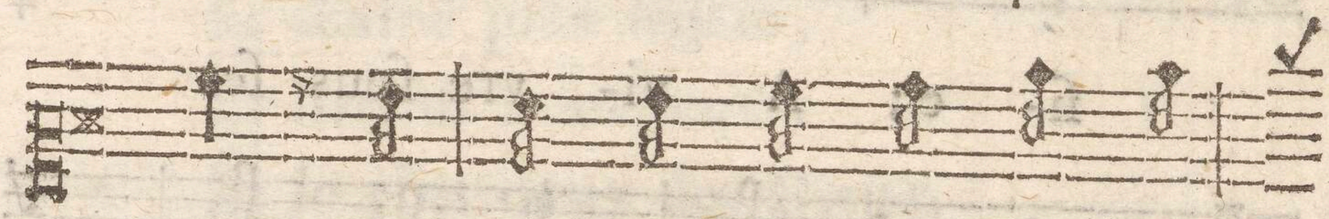


tô me de ri- gueur,
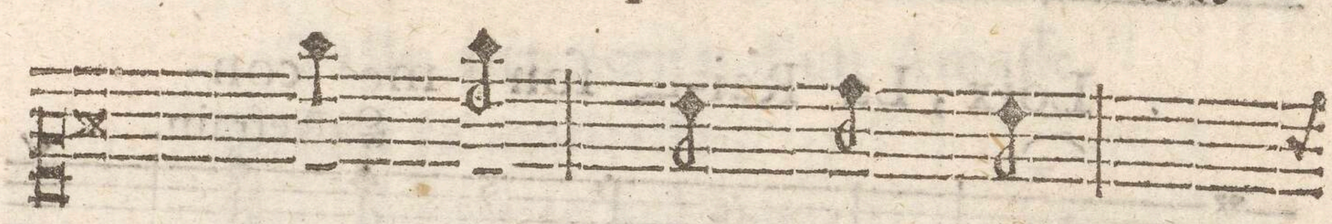


Me cache un Mon-de de ten- dref-
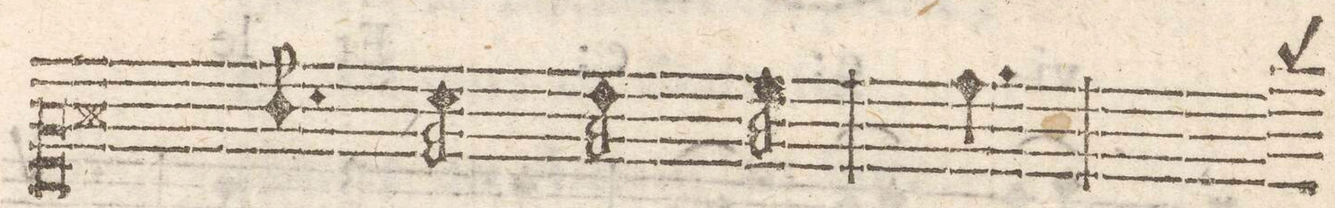


se. Ca- de- dis, je sai que ton
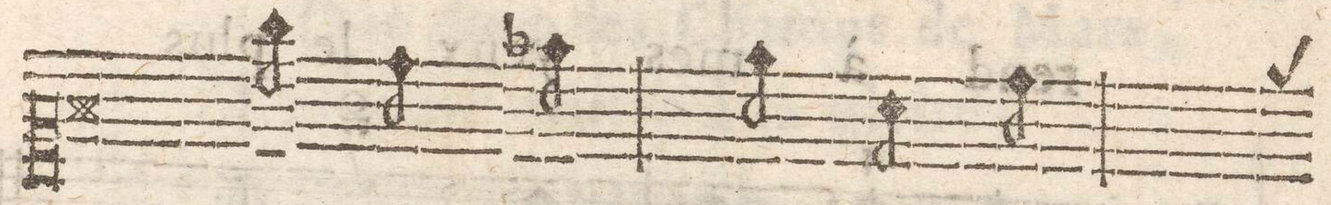


cœur, Qu'Amour pour moi vi- ve-ment



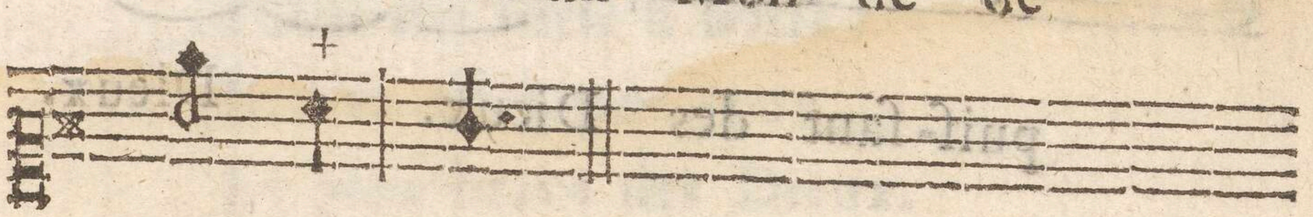
pref- se, Sous un A-



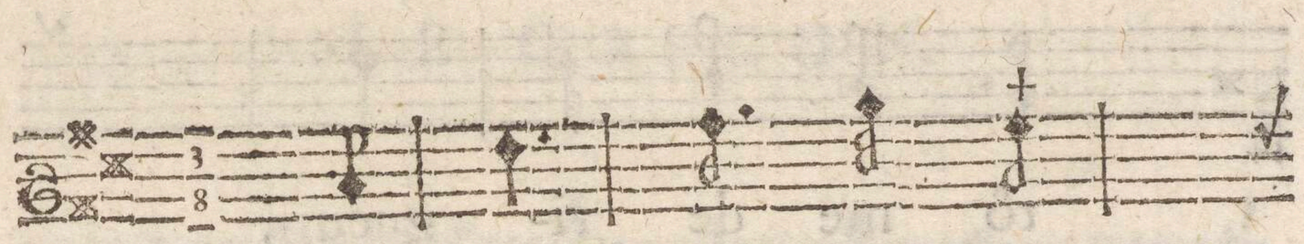
tô- me de ri- gueur,



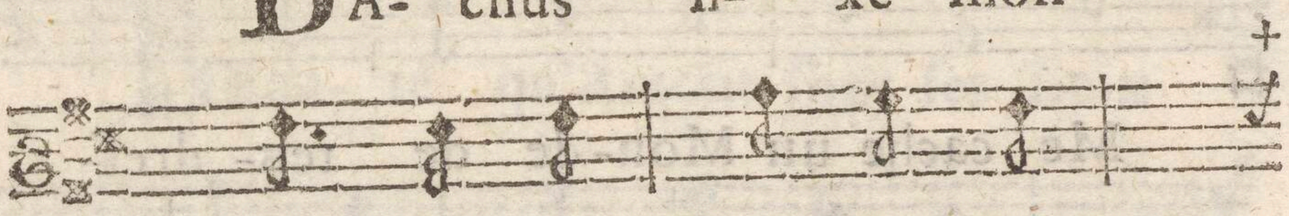
Me ca-che un Mon- de de
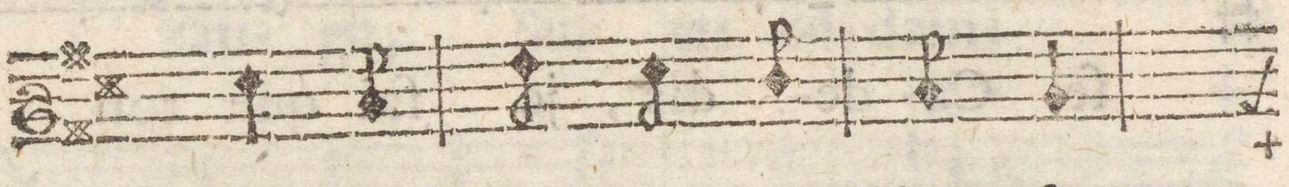


ten- dref- se.
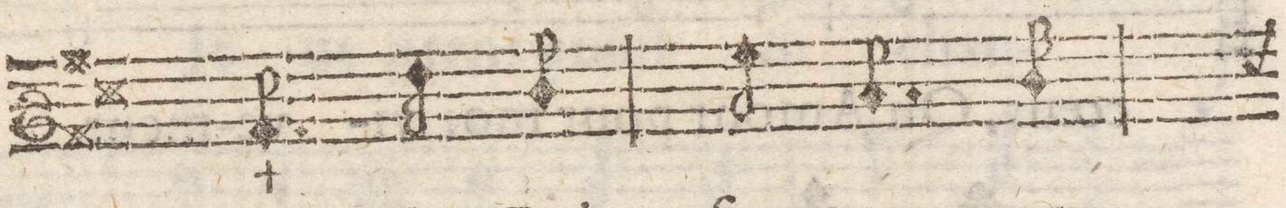


BA- chus fi- xe mon



choix, par ſa douce Ambro-

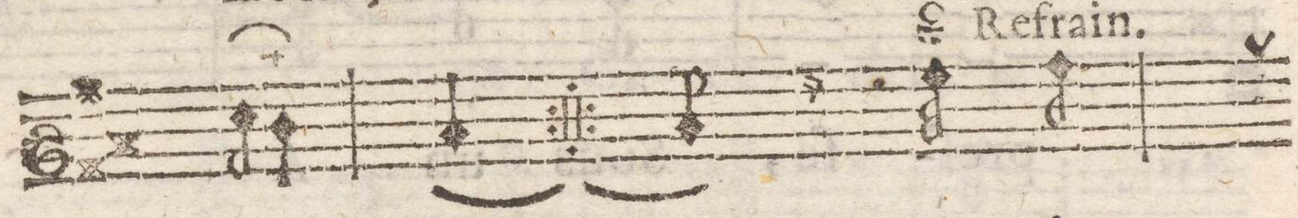


ſi- e; A vi- vre ſous ſes
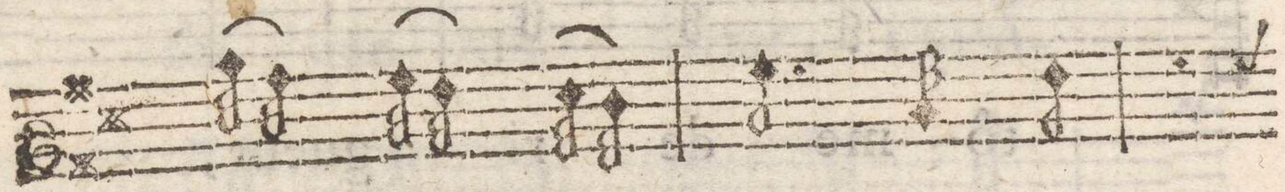


Loix, La Rai- ſon me con-
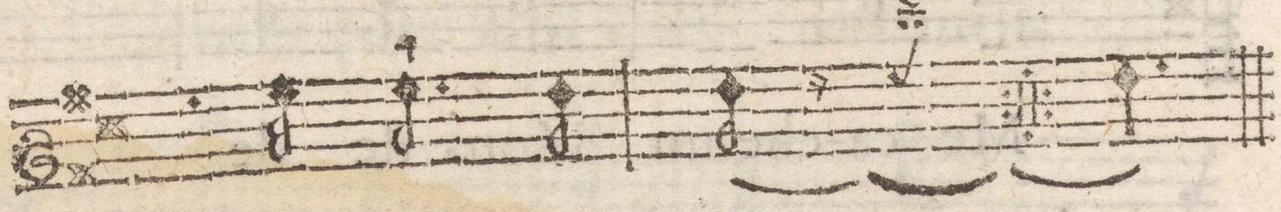
Refrain.



vi- e: e: Et le



rend à mes yeux le plus



puiſ-ſant des Dieux. Dieux.

L'Amour, & les Plaiſirs,
Dépendent du Caprice,
Bachus à nos déſirs
Se rend toujours propice ;
Il eſt de tous les Dieux
Le plus cher à mes yeux.

Aux ardeurs d'un Amant
Bachus n'eſt point contraire ;
Ce Dieu rend ſeulement
Sa chaine plus legére ;
Et Bachus à ſes yeux,
Et le plus doux des Dieux.
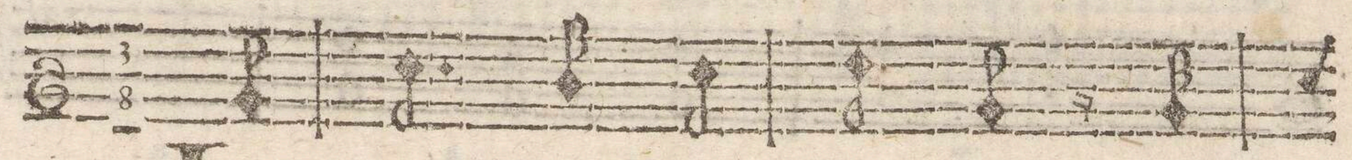
Telle aux vœux d'un Amant
Refuſe ſa tendreſſe,
Qui l'accorde aiſément,
Lors que Bachus l'en preſſe ;
Et toûjours ce Dieu ſut
Mettre un Amant au but.

Que dans les Champs de Mars,
L'homme courre à la gloire ;
A l'abri des hazards,
Philis me verſe à boire :
Bachus eſt à nos yeux
Le plus brave des Dieux.

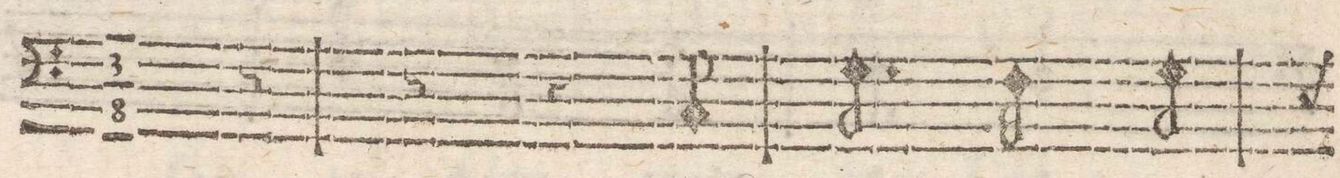
L'Avare plaint l'argent,
Et le cache ſous terre ;
Mon bien eſt évident,
Il brille dans mon verre:
Bachus eſt à mes yeux
Le plus riche des Dieux.

Vous autres, beaux Eſprits,
Vôtre Science eſt vaine,
Si vous n'avez apris,
A boire à taſſe pleine:
Bachus plus qu'Apollon
Flatoit Anacréon.
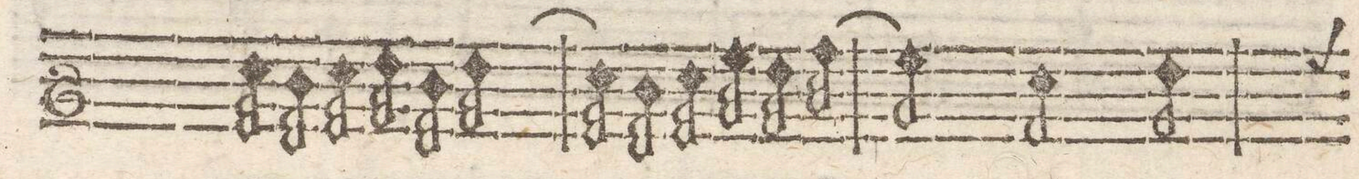
Pour donner du Caquet
A leur fine Sageſſe,
Il falut un Banquet
Aux Sages de la Grece:
Bachus fut à leurs yeux
Le plus ſage des Dieux.
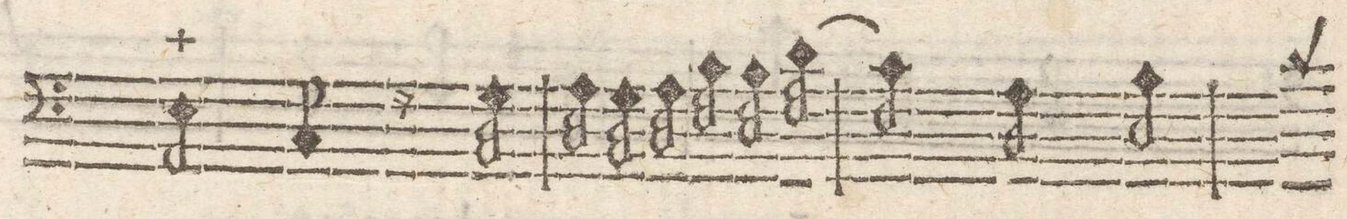


LE jus de la treil- le, Ré-
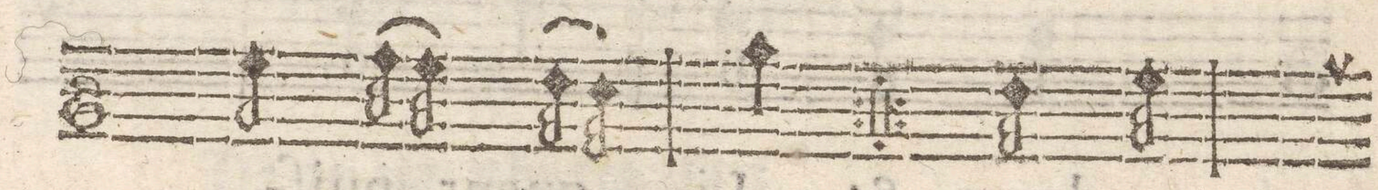


Le jus de la
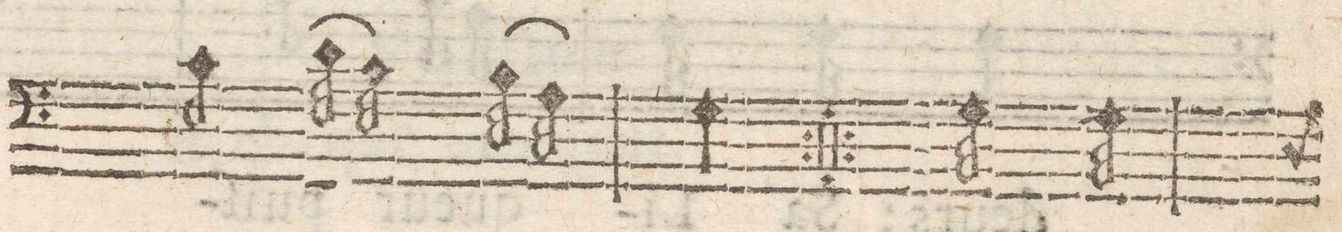


veil- - - - le L'A-
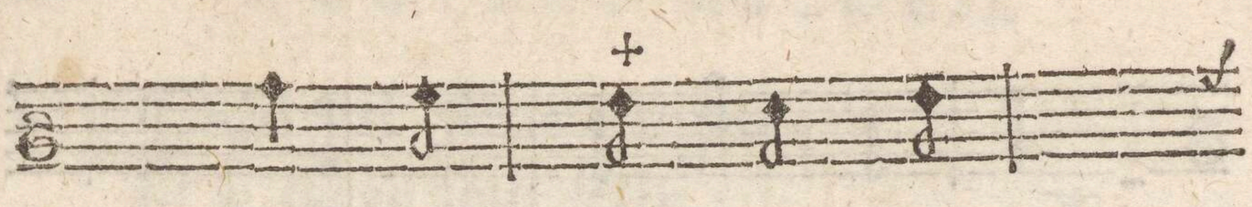


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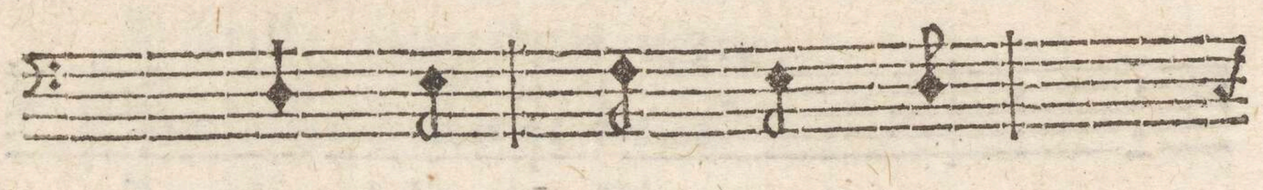


mour dans les cœurs: Sa Li-
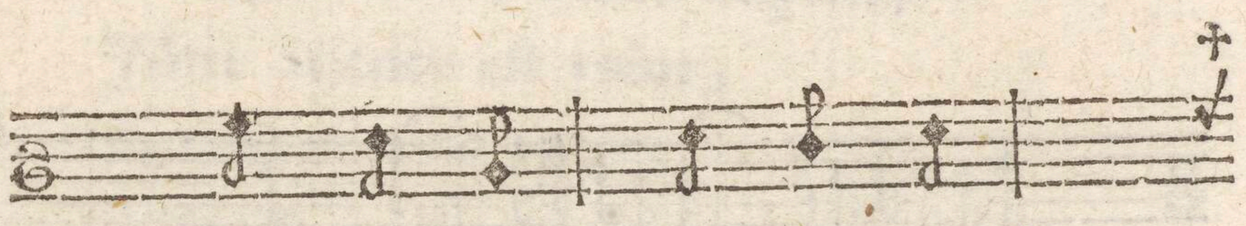


mour dans les cœurs: Sa Li-
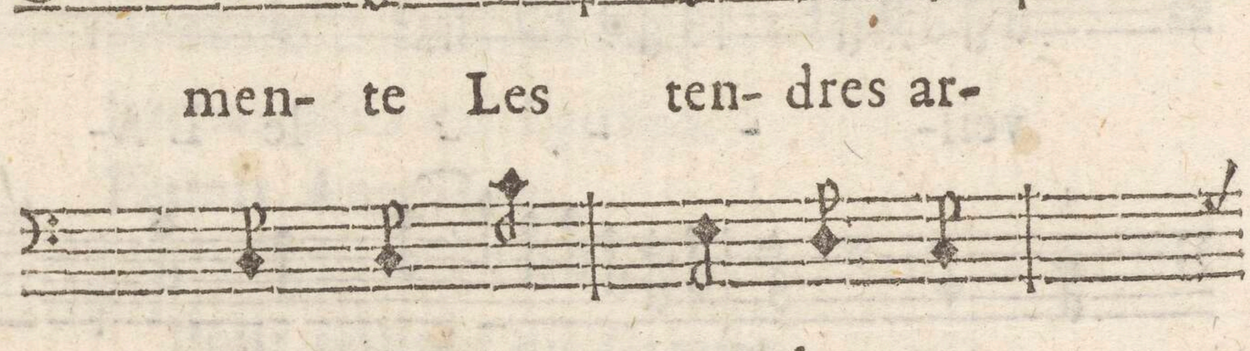


queur puiſ- ſan- te Aug-
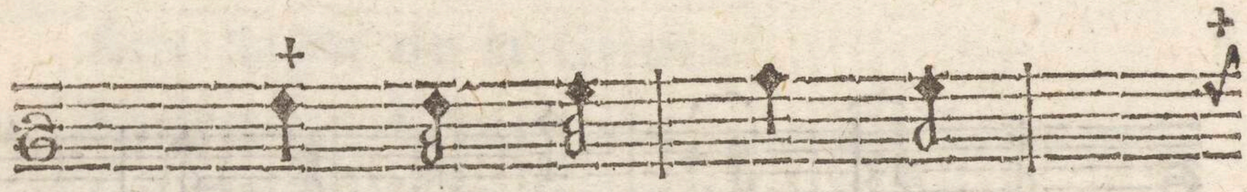


queur puiſ- ſan- te Aug-



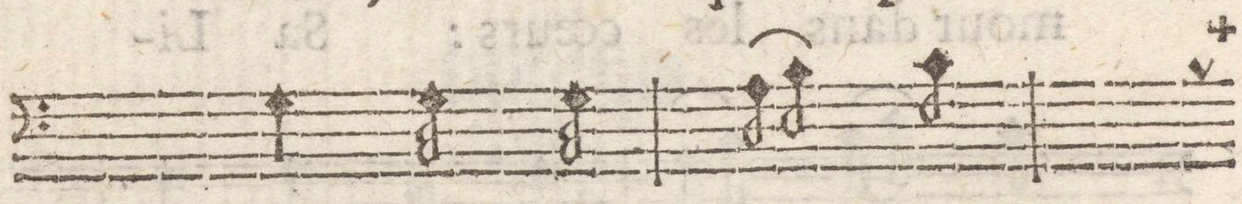
men- te Les ten- dres ar-



men- te Les ten- dres ar-
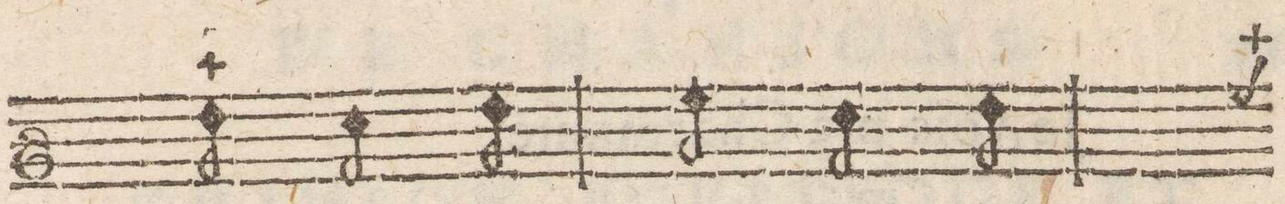


deurs ; Sa Li- queur puiſ-
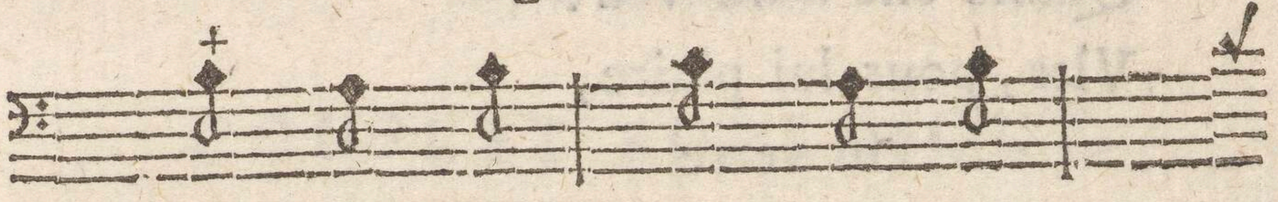


deurs; Sa Li- queur puiſ-
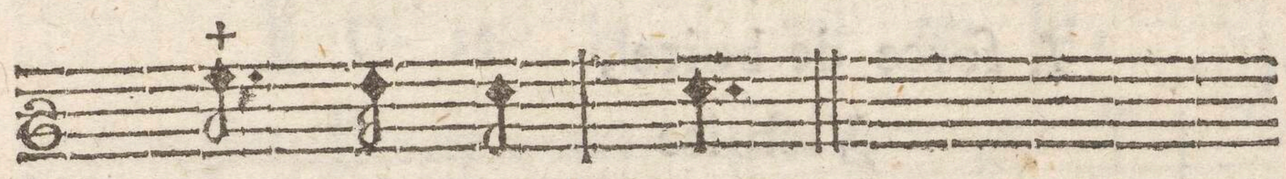
ſante,
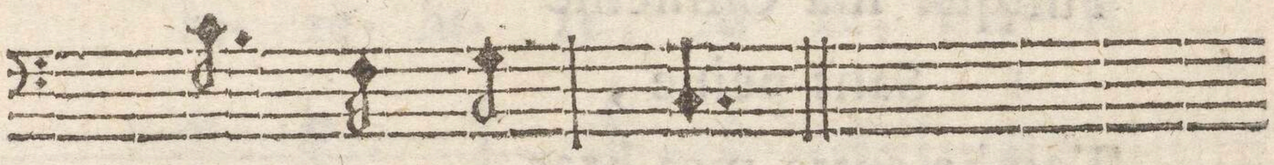


ſan- te Aug- men- te Les



ſan- te Aug- men- te Les



ten- dres ar- deurs.



ten- dres ar- deurs.
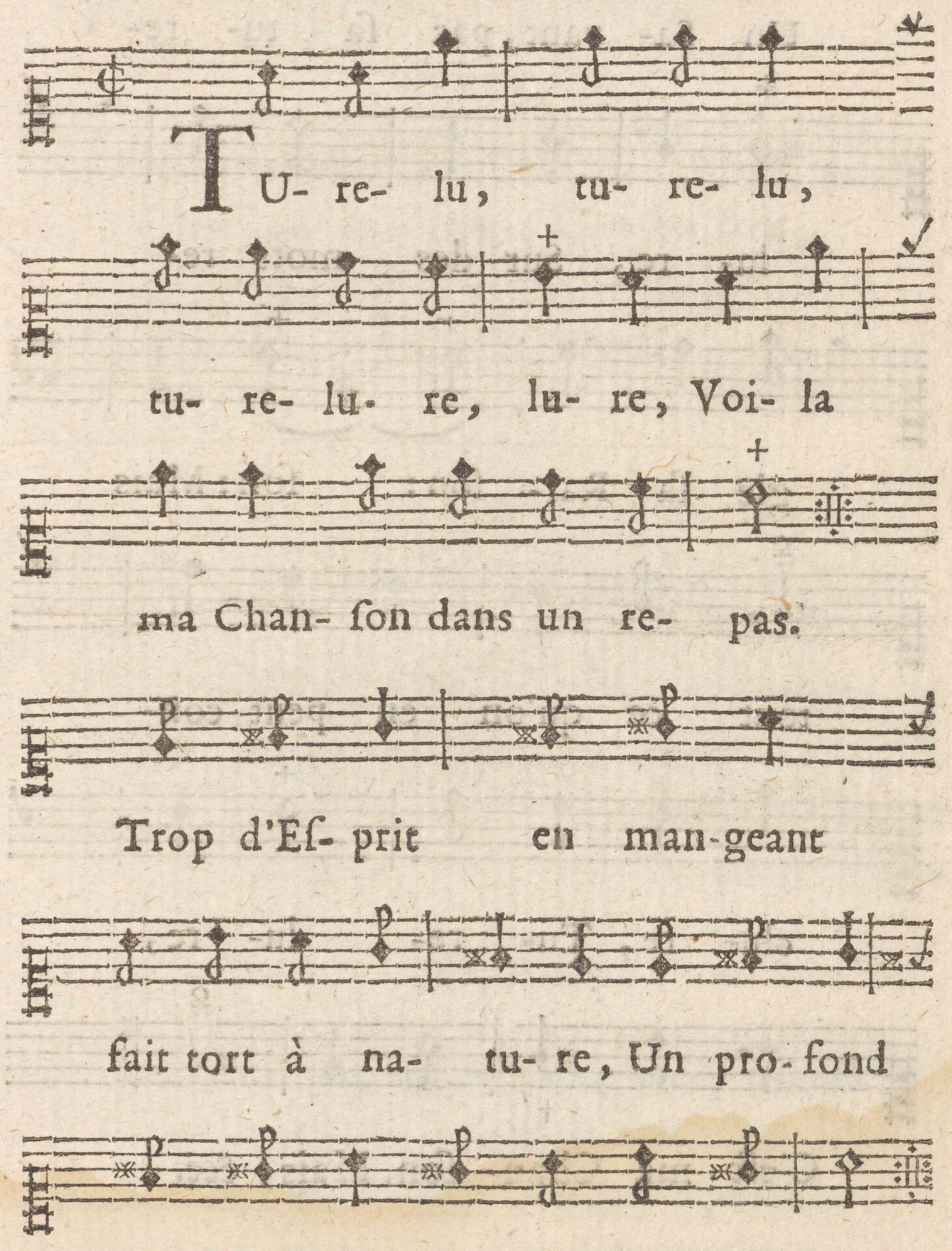
Verſe, Ami Grégoire,
A boire
De ce jus charmant :
Je ſens que mon ame
S'enflâme
A chaque moment.

Je vois ma Charmante
Riante,
Quand elle a du Vin:
Vîte, pour lui plaire,
Un verre
De ce jus divin.

A force de boire,
Victoire
Marche ſur mes pas:
Puiſque ma Climeine
Sans peine,
Tombe entre mes bras.
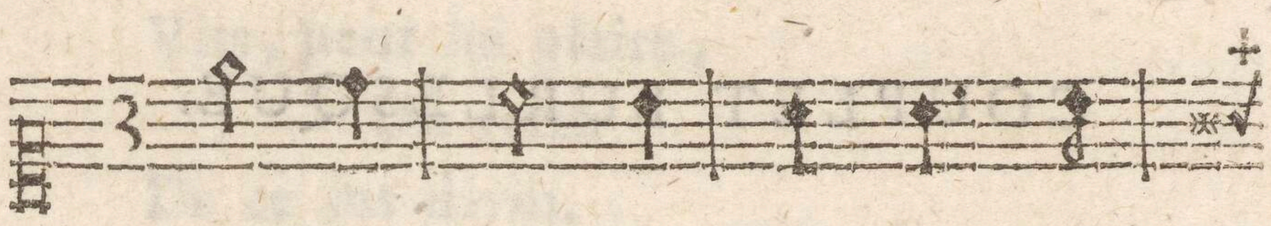
CHANSON BURLESQUE ET MORALE.

COUPLET BURLESQUE.
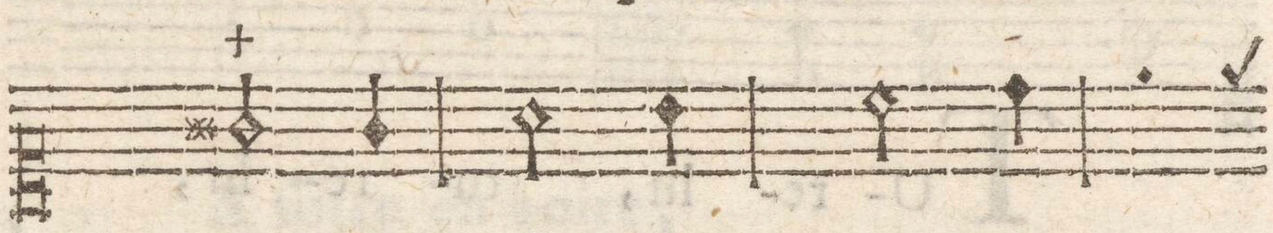


COU-

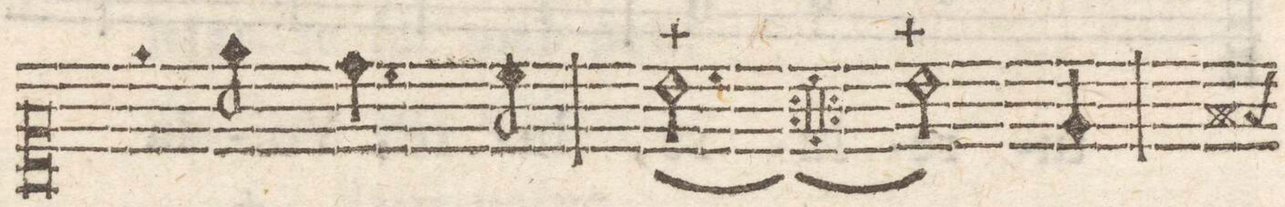
COUPLET MORAL.
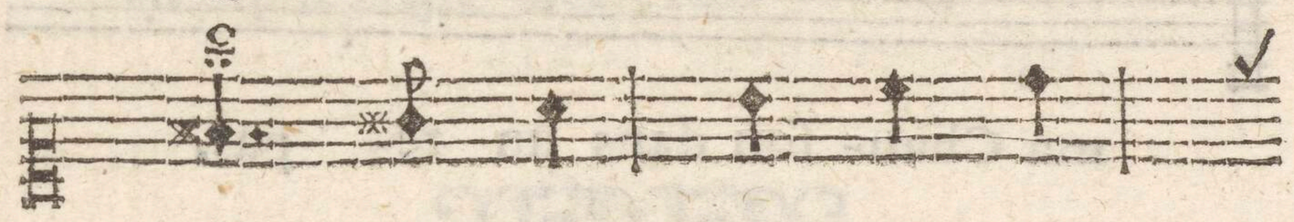


Un Sa- vant, par ſa tu- re-
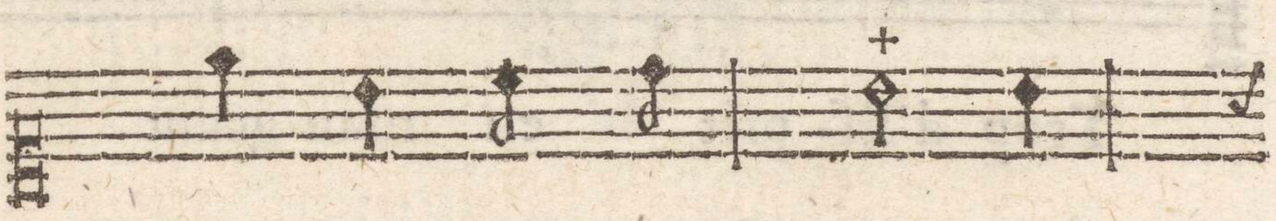


lu- re, Sur des mots re-



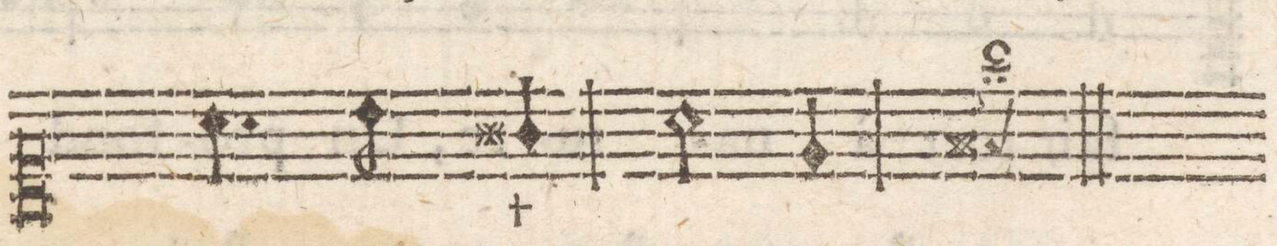
gle ſa Rai- ſon: ſon: Mais



tout ce qu'on en peut con-



clu- re, Tu- re- lu- re,



C'eſt ma Chan- ſon. Mais, &c.

BURLESQUE.

En tapinois, quand les nuits ſont brunes,
Au Jardin, ma Femme va ſans moi;
Mais ſans doute elle y va pour cueillir des prunes:
Elle-même le dit, & moi je la croi.

MORAL.

O! crédulité déſirable,
Ceux qui te blâment ſont les Sots;
Croyons juſques à l'incroyable,
Qui nous procure le repos.

BURLESQUE.

Faiſons tant, tant, tant de tope & tingue,
Que Bachus augmente mon tréſor,
Quand j'ai bû, mon œil trouble à peine diſtingue,
Si mes ſols, mes deniers, ſont de cuivre ou d'or.

MORAL.

Que ce trouble heureux puiſſe encore
Me cacher le monde & ſon train;
Il faut qu'un ſage yvrogne ignore,
Tout le mal que fait ſon prochain.

BURLESQUE.

Au tric-trac petit coup deſeſpere,
Par les grands coups, nous nous enfilons,
J'ai le dé malheureux, tout coup m'eſt contraire;
J'ai le Vin plus heureux, tous coups me ſont bons.

MORAL.

Pour nous recréer, dit le Sage,
Uniſſons les Jeux & les Ris;
Les jeux unis avec la rage,
Sont pourtant nos jeux favoris.

BURLESQUE.

Tic, toc, choc, eſt bon à coups de verre,
A coups de Mouſquet il n'eſt pas ſain:
Ce Guerrier eſt mort brave, on le met en terre;
Ce Buveur eſt mort yvre, il boira demain.

MORAL.

Lucifer, d'affreuſe mémoire,
Dans nos Cœurs grava de ſa main,
Que les humains mettroient leur gloire,
A détruire le Genre-Humain.

BURLESQUE.
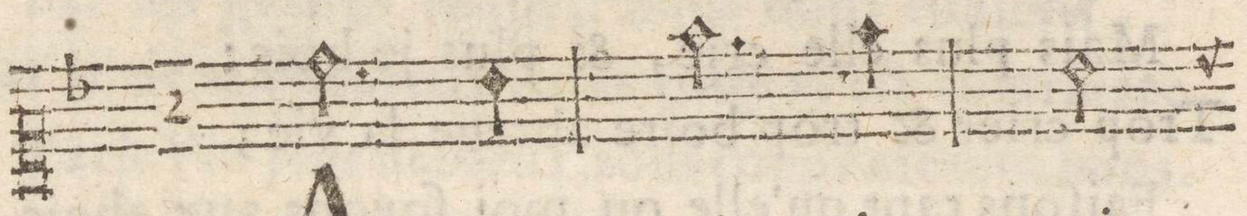
Plus je bois, & plus ma Femme crie ;
Mais plus elle crie, & plus je bois :
Trop crier & trop boire abrege la vie ;
Faiſons tant qu'elle ou moi ſoyons aux abois.

MORAL.

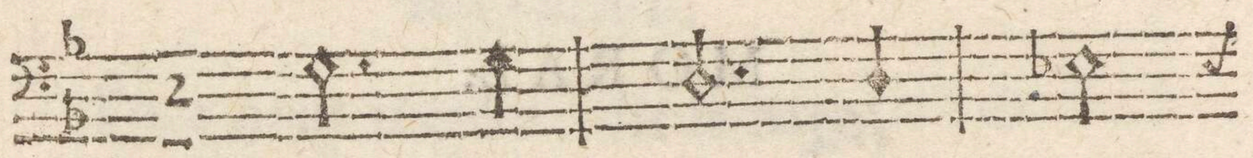
Deux Epoux, dit un grand Oracle,
Tout-à-coup deviendront heureux,
Quand deux Epoux par un Miracle,
Pourront devenir Veufs tous deux.

DIVERTISSEMENT BACHIQUE.

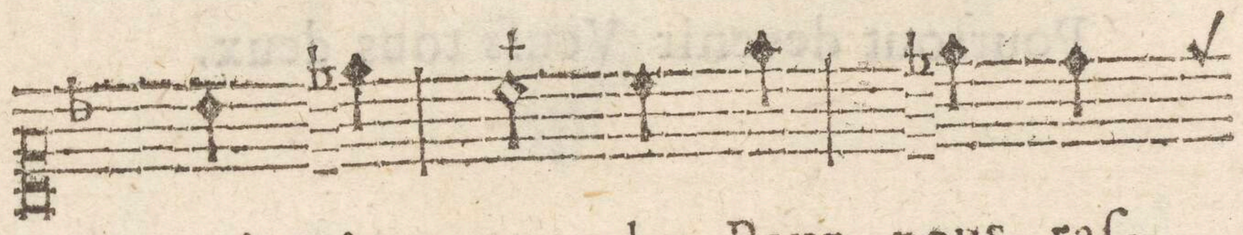
DEUX BUVEURS.



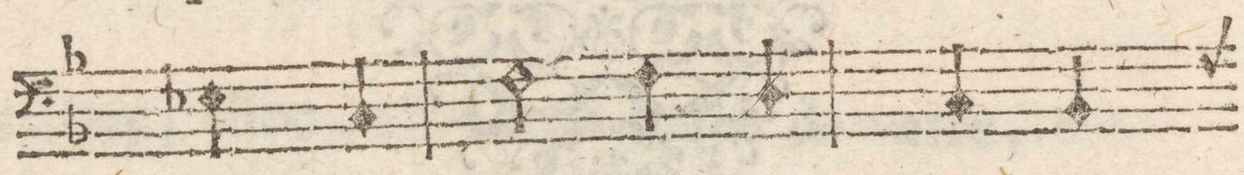
AH! je voi la nuit



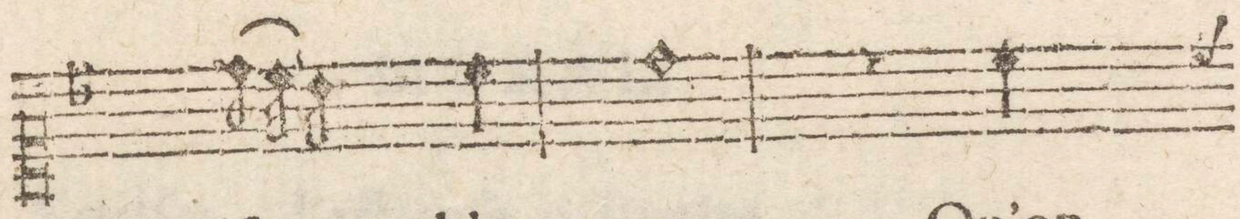
Ah! je voi la nuit
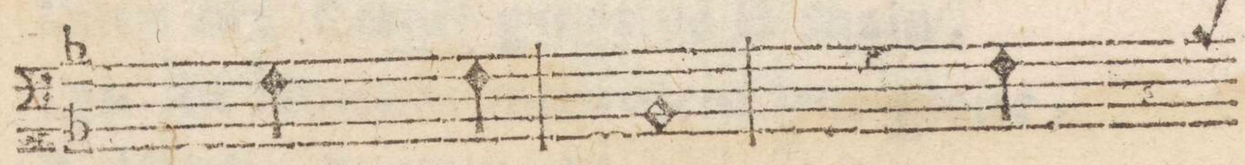


qui s'a- pro- che, Pour nous raſ-
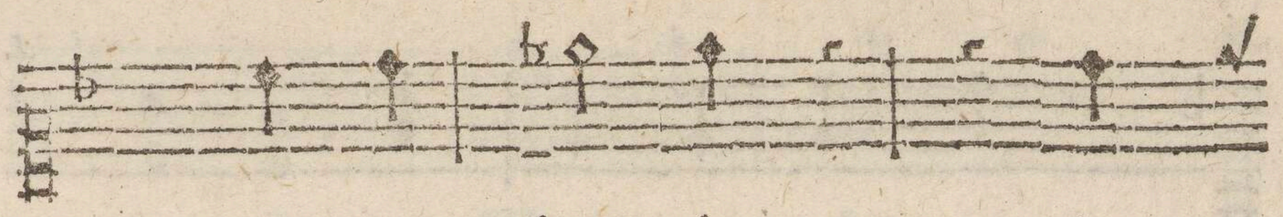


qui s'a- pro- che, Pour nous raſ-
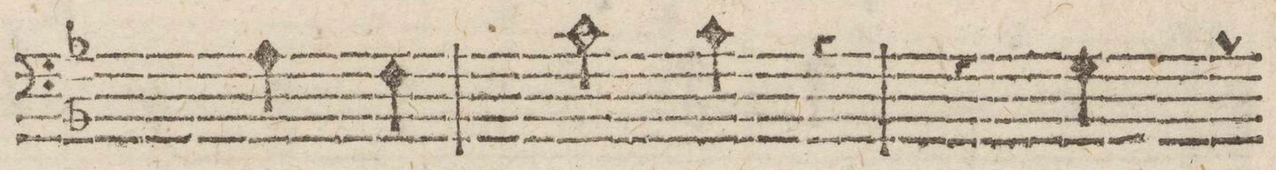


ſem- bler tous; Qu'on
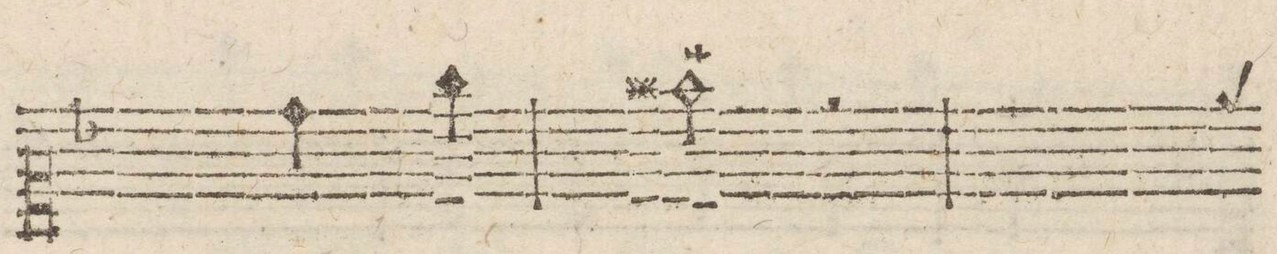


ſem- bler tous; Qu'on



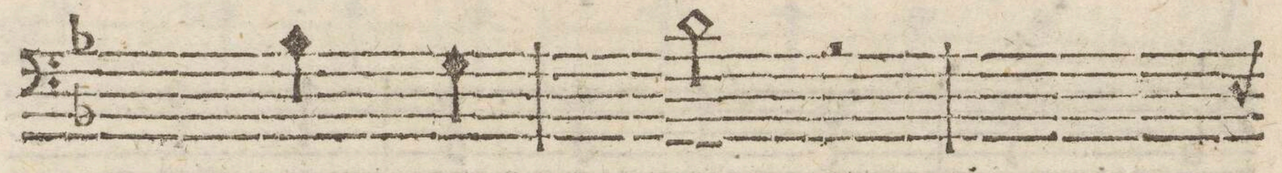
met-te en bro- che, At-
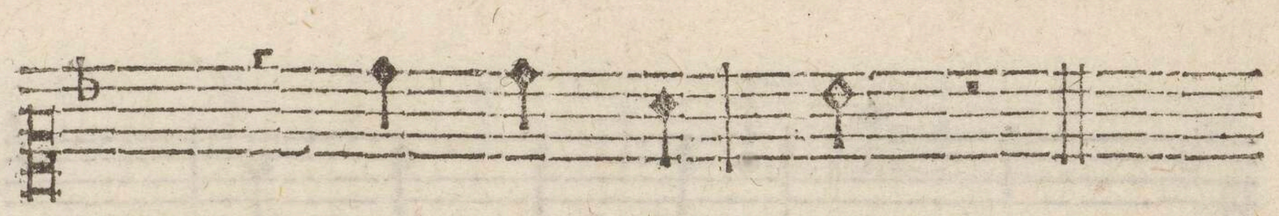


met-te en bro- che, At-
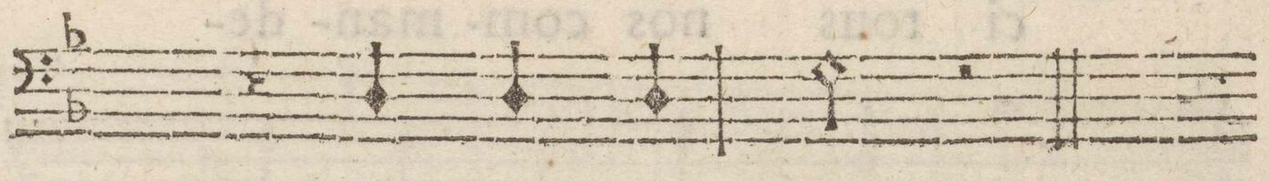


ta- blons - nous,



ta- blons - nous,
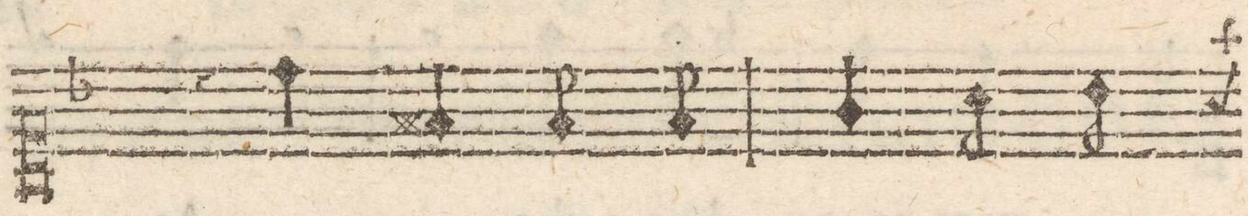


At- ta- blons-nous.
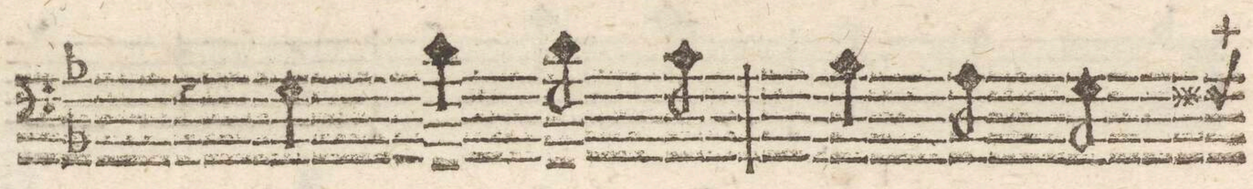


At- ta blons nous.
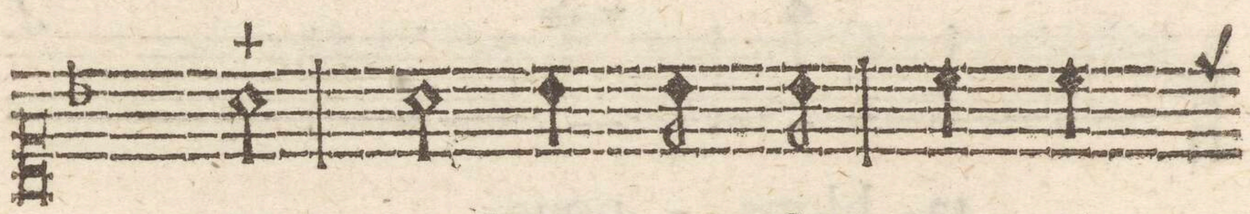
Le Chœur repete ceci.
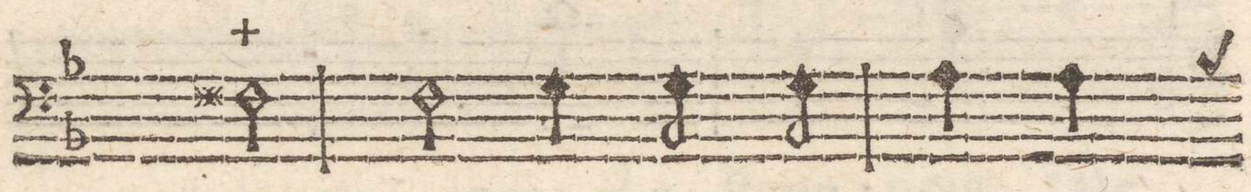


Gar- çons em-preſ- ſez à nous
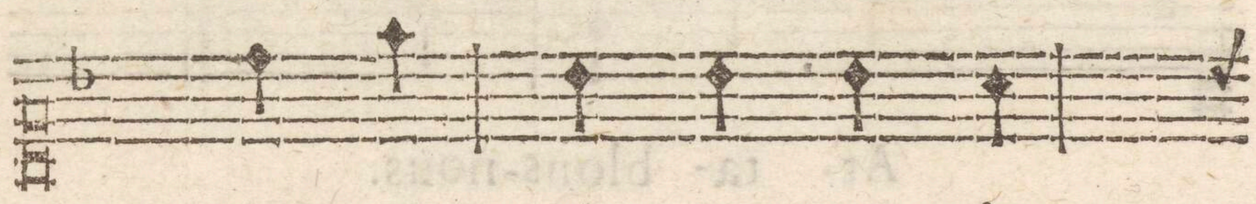


Gar- çons em-preſ- ſez à nous
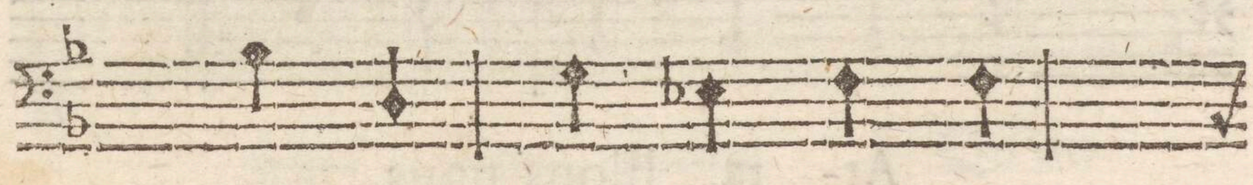


plai- re, Vous qui ſui- vez i-



plai- re, Vous qui ſui- vez i-
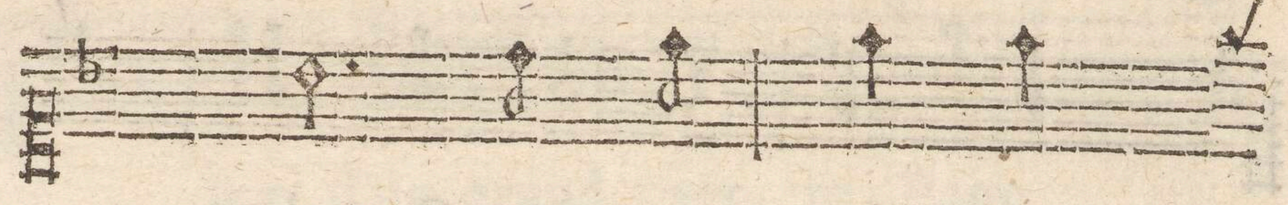


ci tous nos com- man- de-

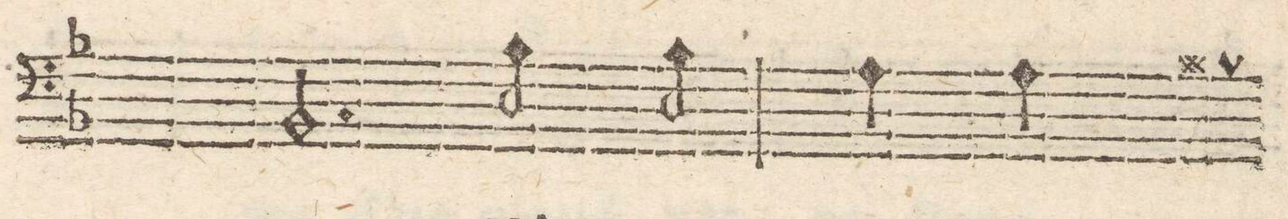


ci tous nos com- man- de-
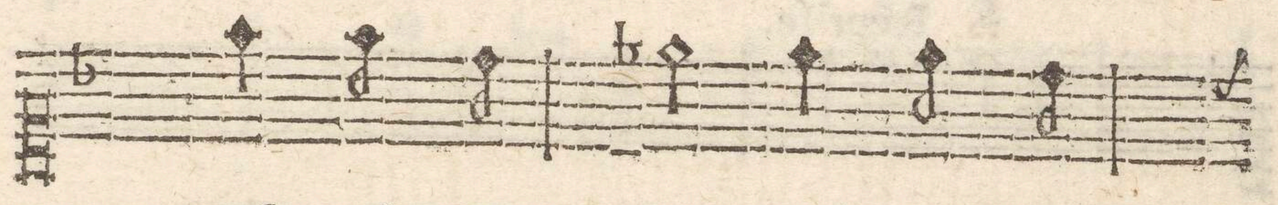
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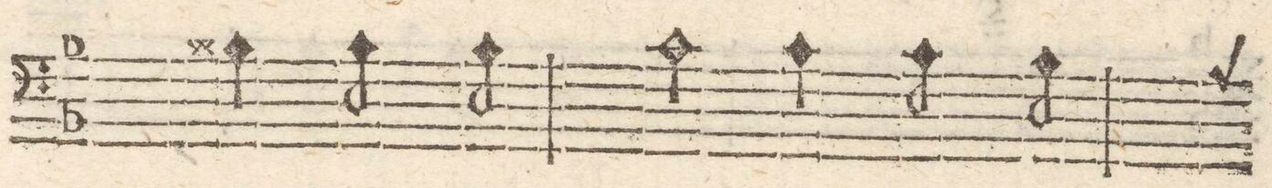


mens, Vô- tre ſoin nous
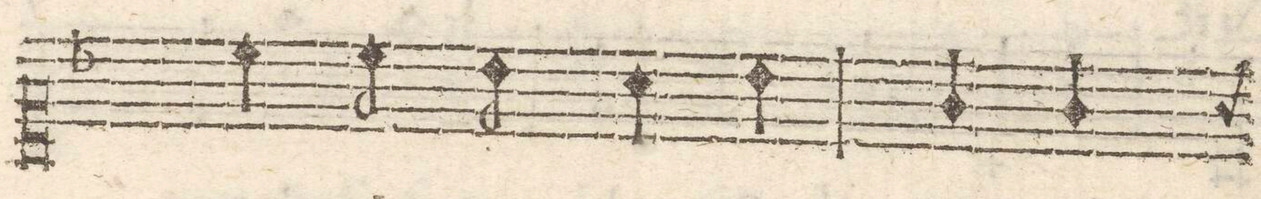


mens, Vô- tre ſoin nous
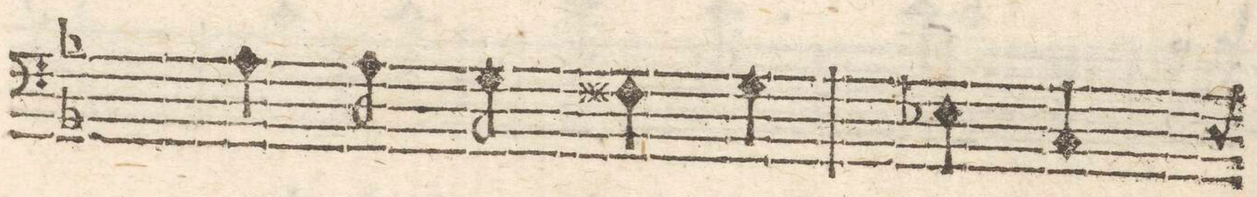


eſt né- ceſ- ſai- re, Commen-



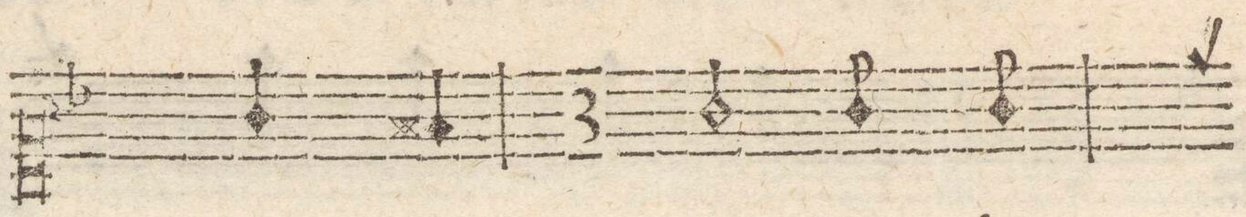
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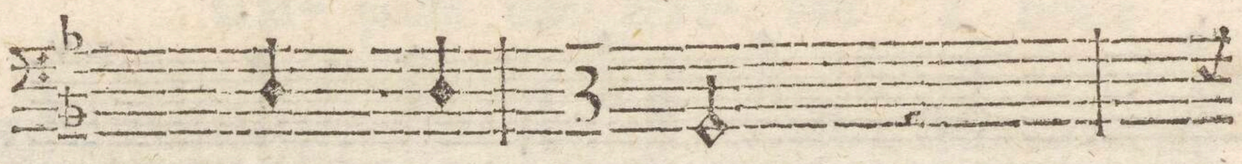
cez à ver- ſer à boi-re à
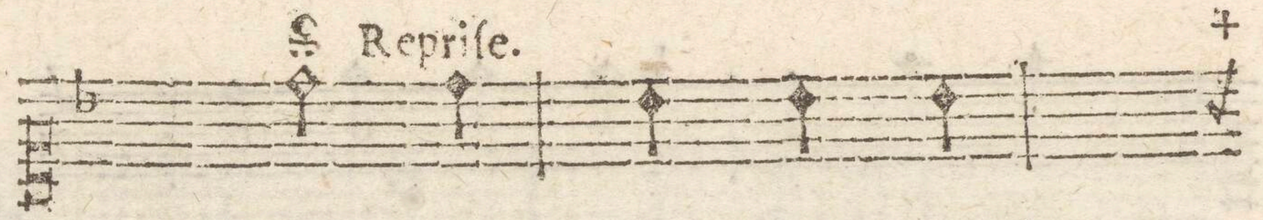


cez à ver- ſer à boi- re à



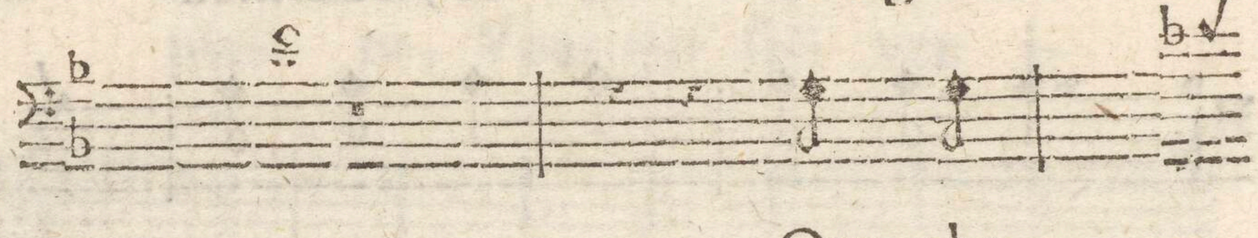
tous mo- mens. Que cha-
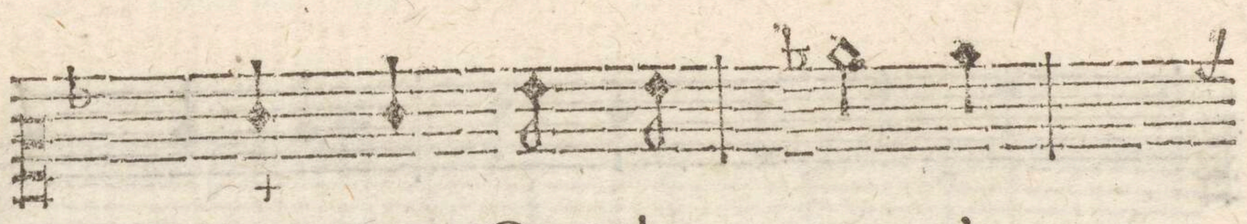


tous mo- mens.
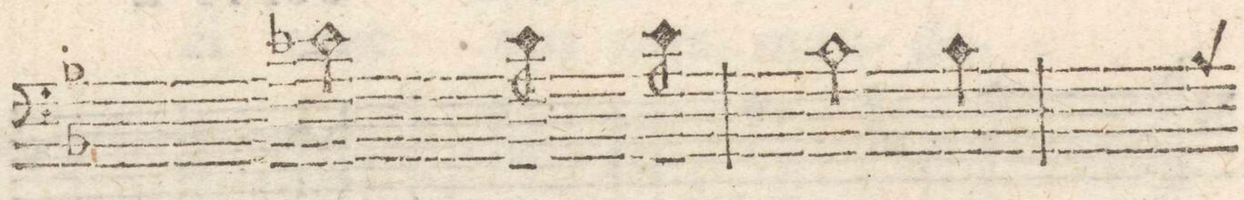


cun s'ar- me d'un grand



Que cha-
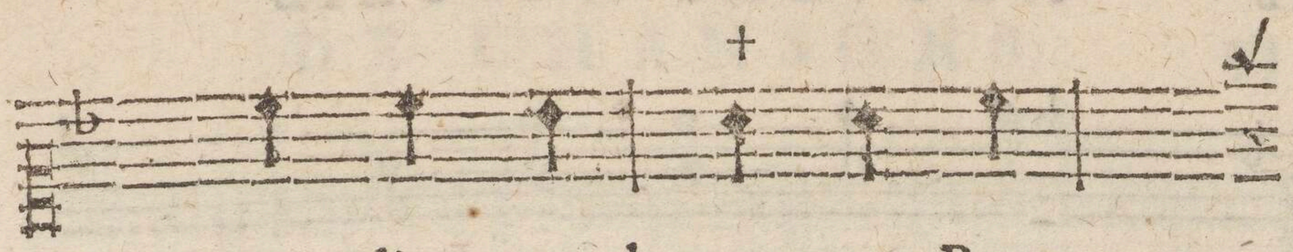


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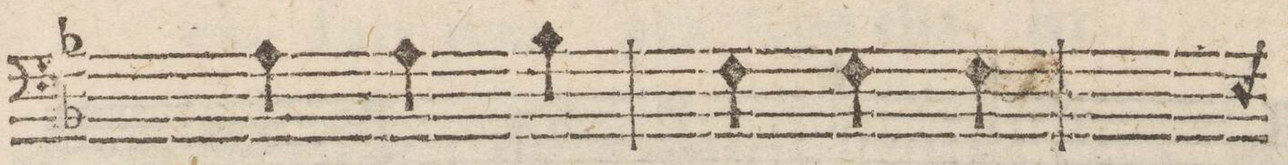


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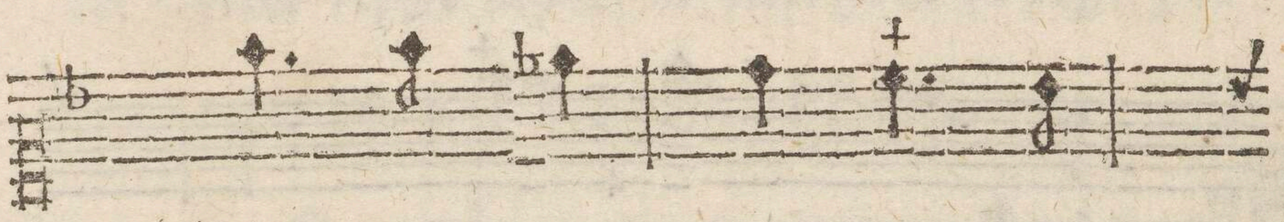
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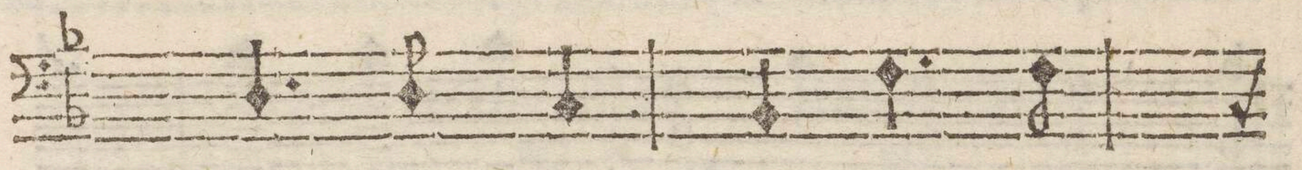


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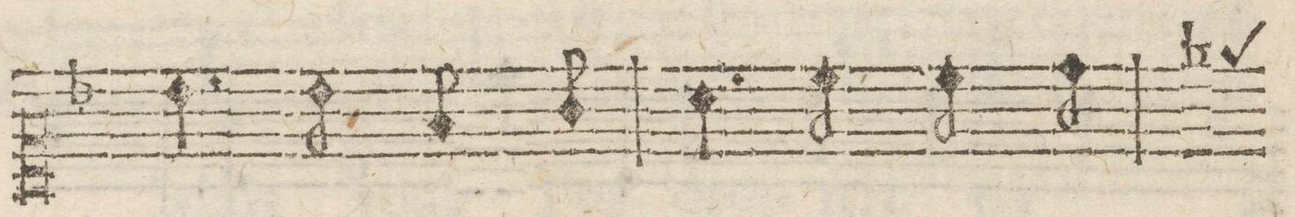


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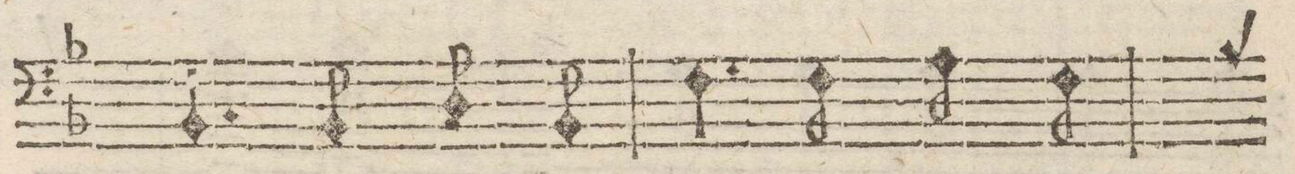
bien com- men-, cer ce re-



bien com- men- cer ce re-

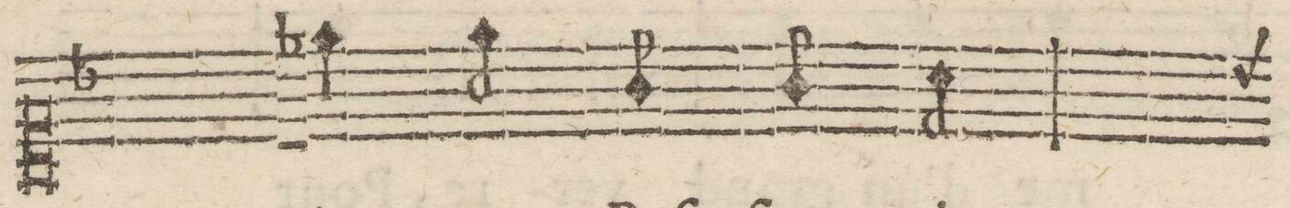


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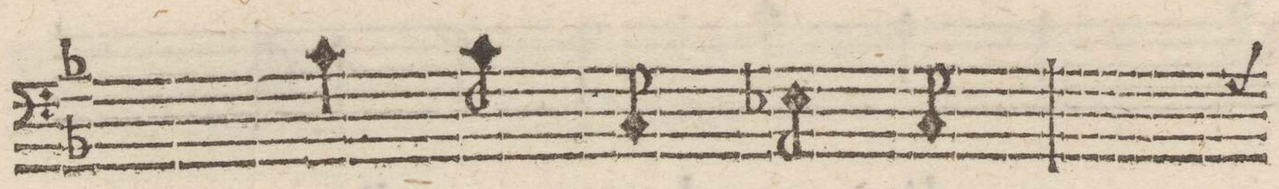


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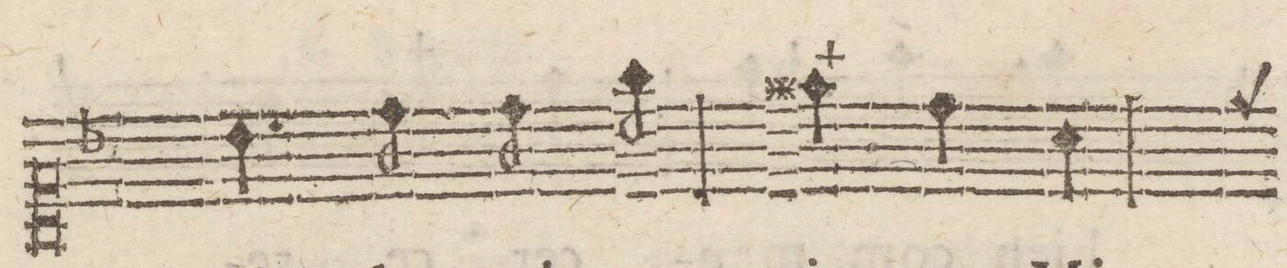
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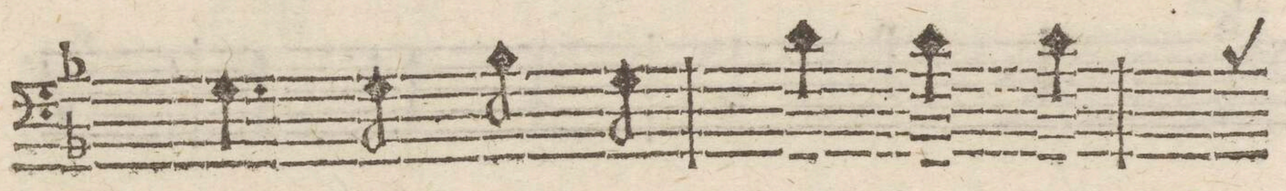


tie- re, Paſ- ſons i-



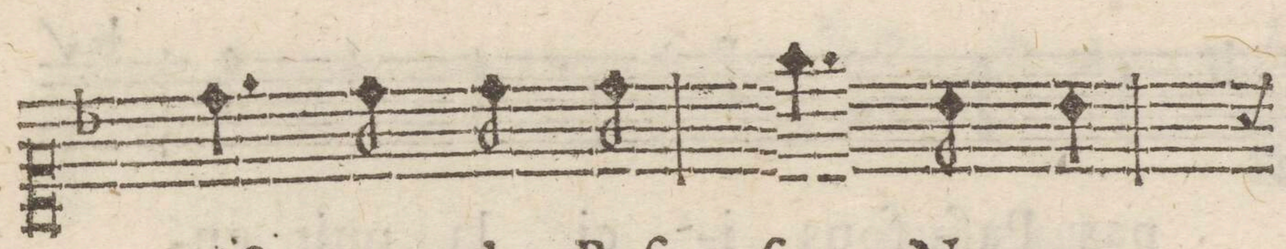
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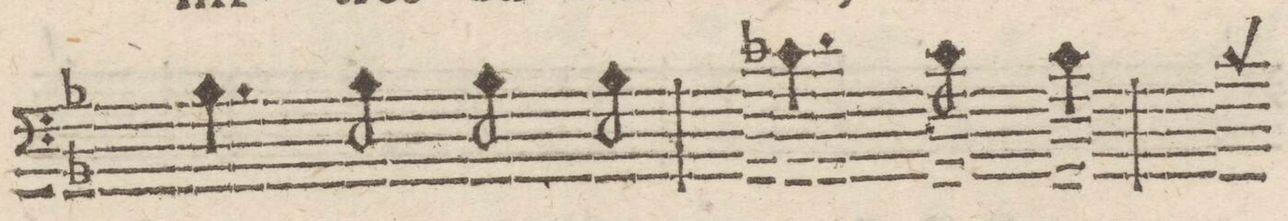


ci la nuit en- tie- re, Mi-



ci la nuit en- tie- re, Mi-
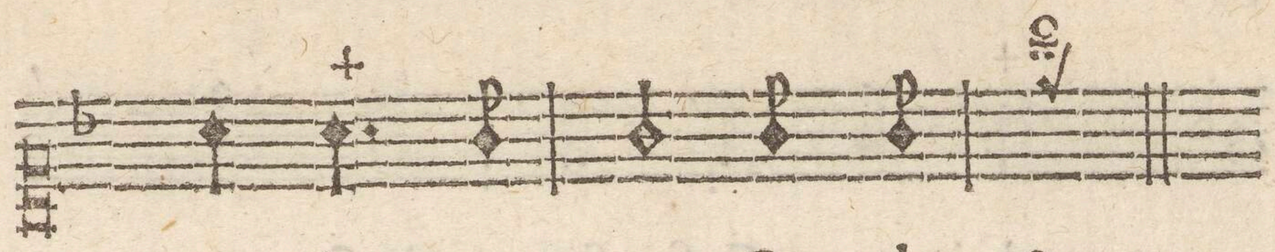


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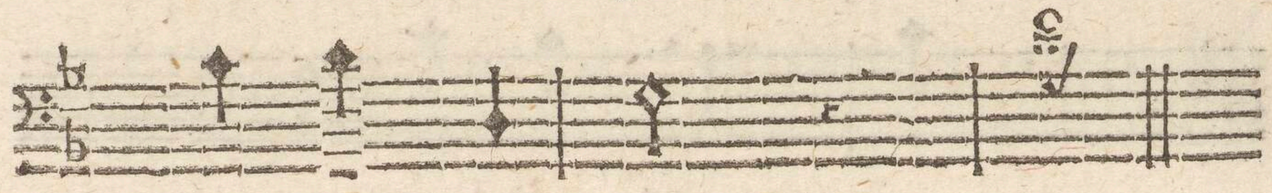


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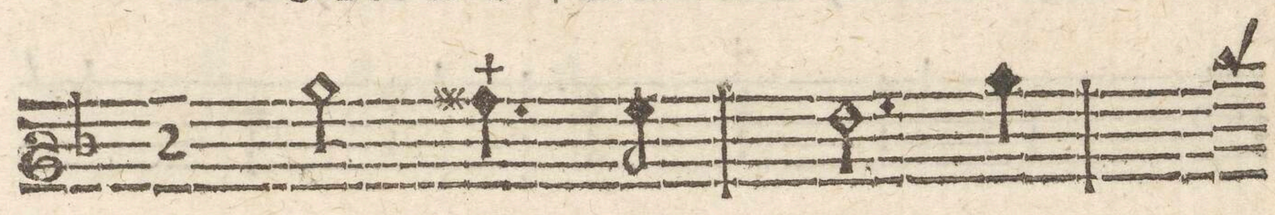


en- dor- mez pas. Que cha- &c.
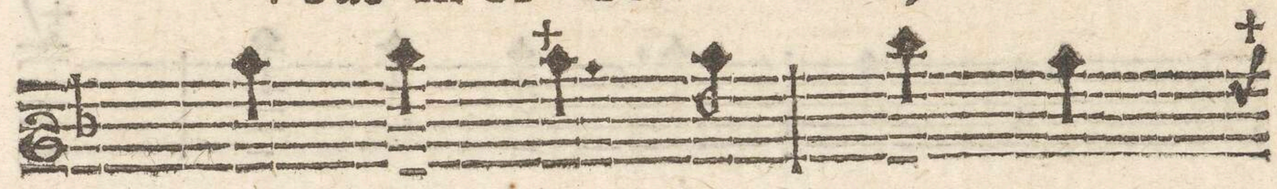


en- dor- mez pas. &c.

Le Chœur repete depuis la Repriſe à la page 30.
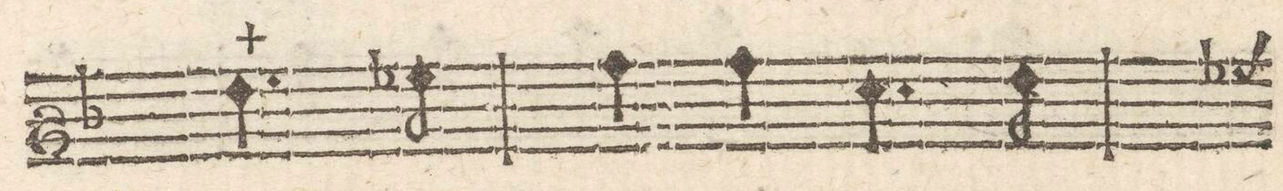
UN BUVEUR SEUL.
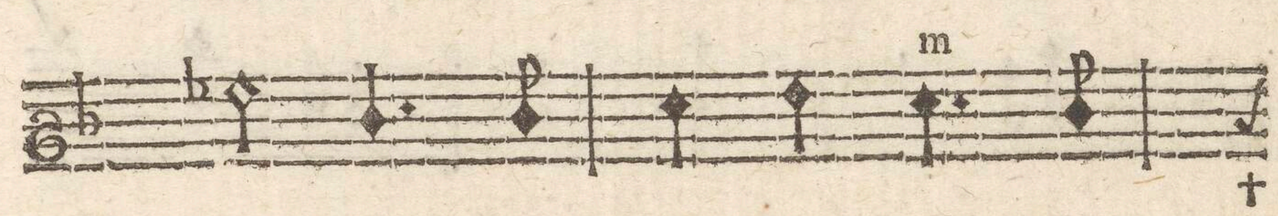


Vous m'or- don- nez, I-
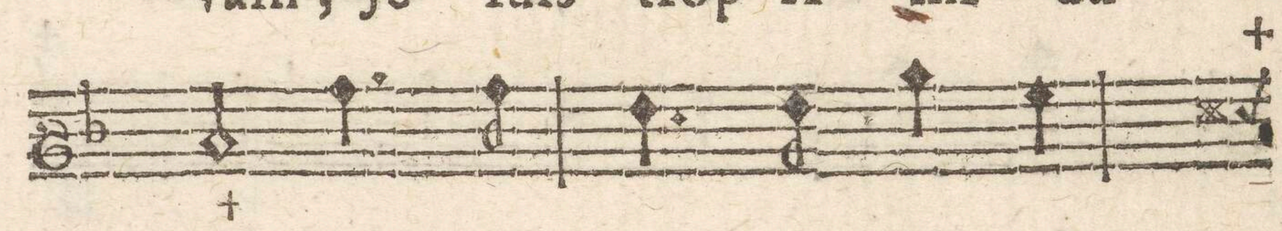


ris, de ne plus boi- re,



Mais vous l'or- don- nez en



vain, Je ſuis trop A- mi du
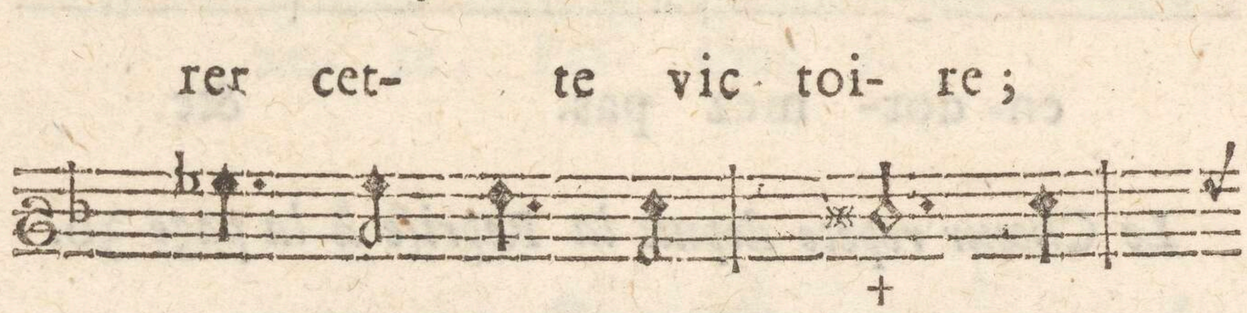


Vin, Il y va trop de ma

gloi-

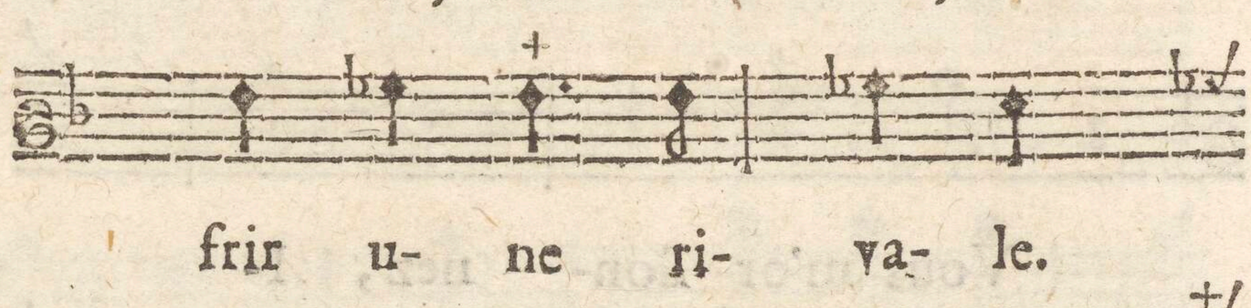


gloi- re, Ceſ- ſez d'eſ- pe-
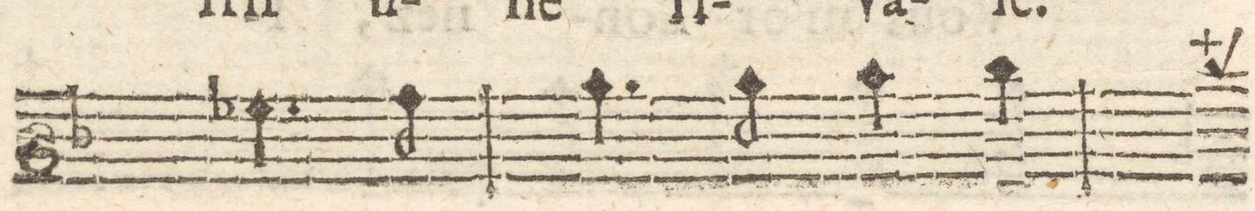


rer cet- te vic toi- re;
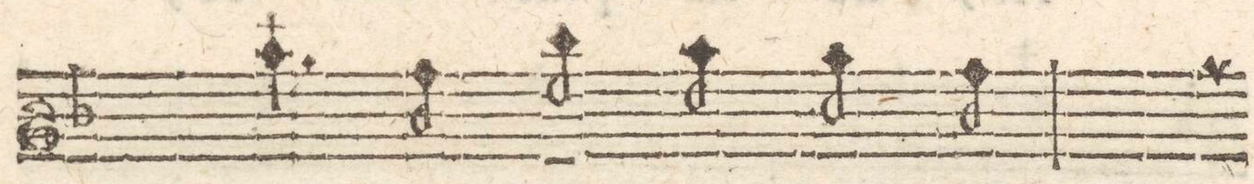
Il faut, bel- le I- ris, ſouf-
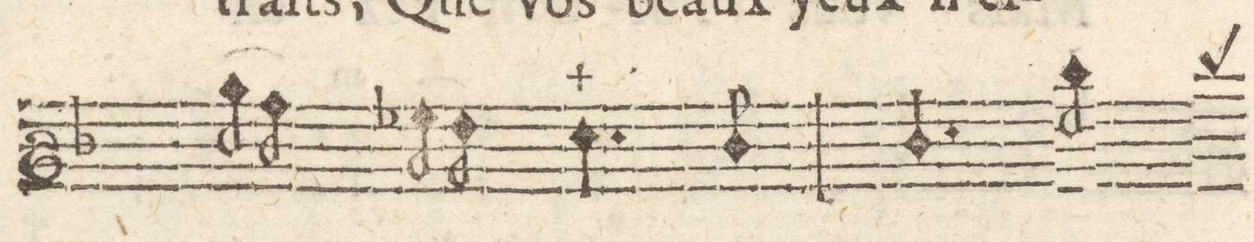


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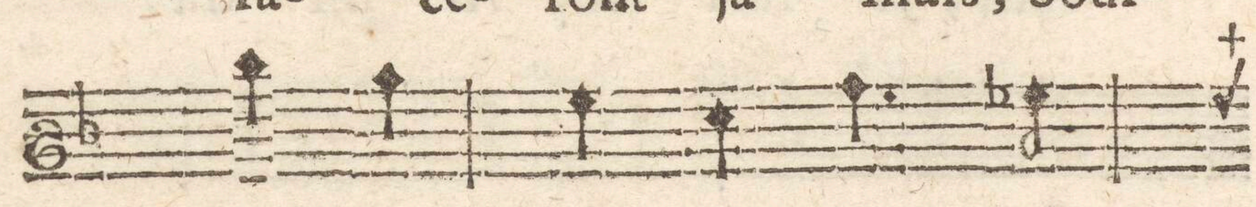


La bou- teil- le a des at-



traits, Que vos beaux yeux n'ef-
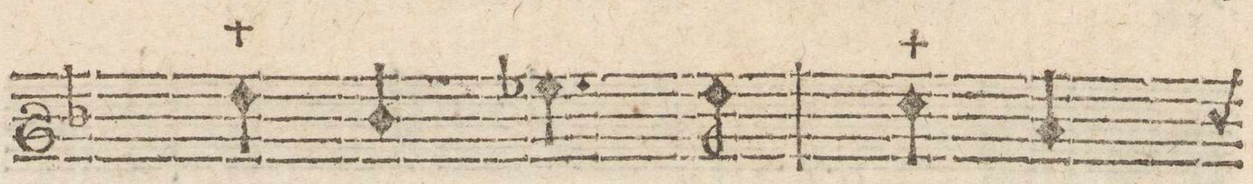


fa- ce- ront ja- mais; Souf-
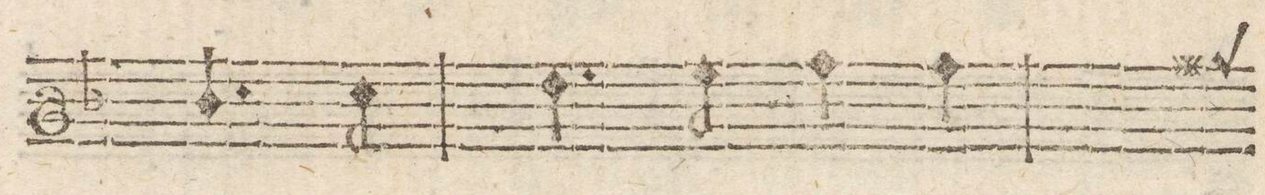


frez donc qu'el- le vous é-
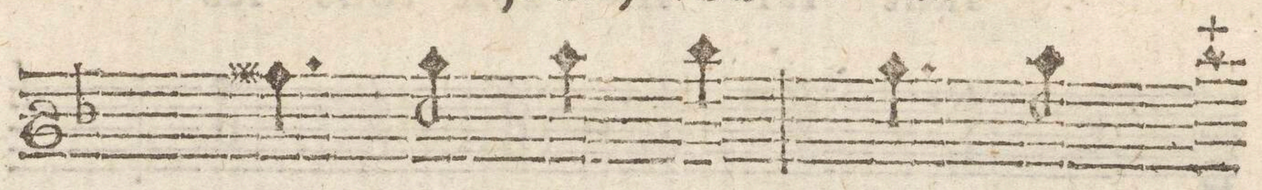
gale;
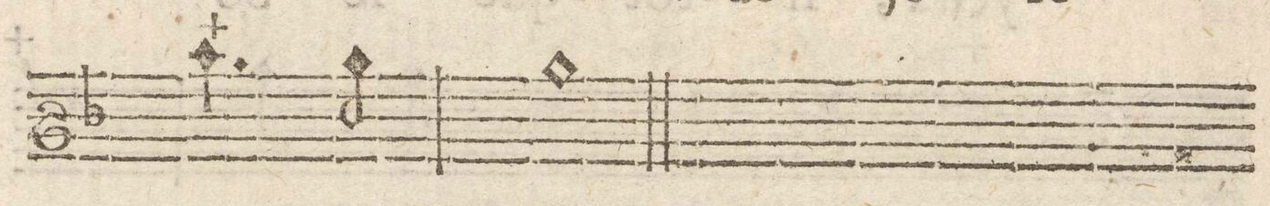


ga- le; Bu- vez a- vec



moi le jour, Tou- te la
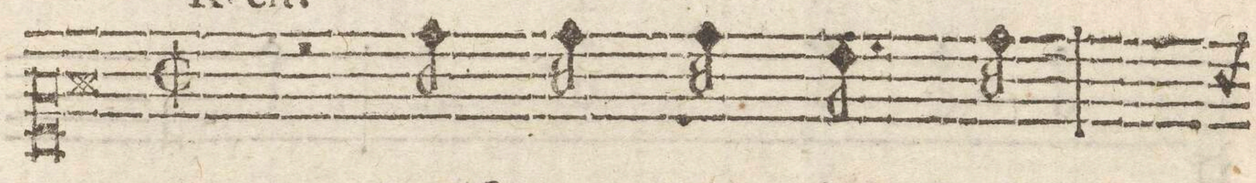


nuit a- vec vous je fe-



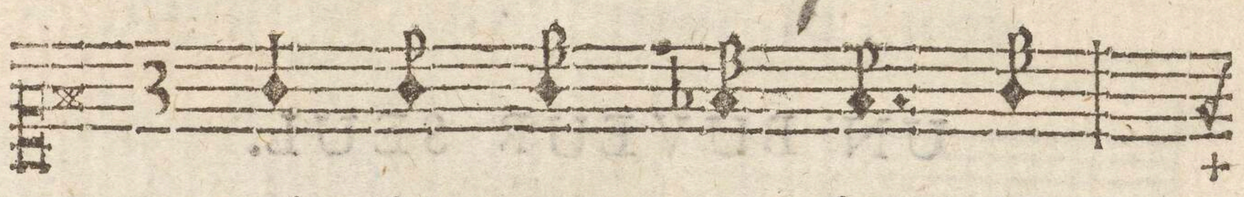
rai l'A- mour.

UN BUVEUR SEUL.

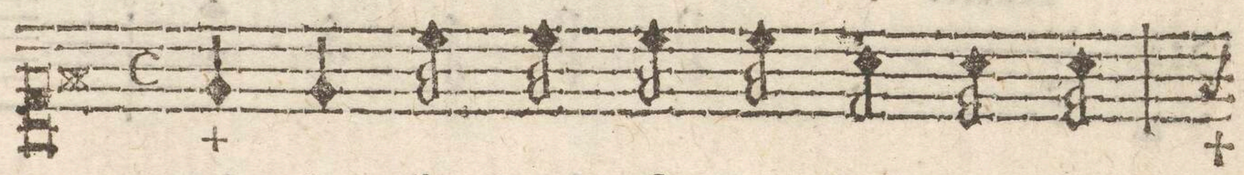
Recit.



Lorſ- que Ba- chus é-
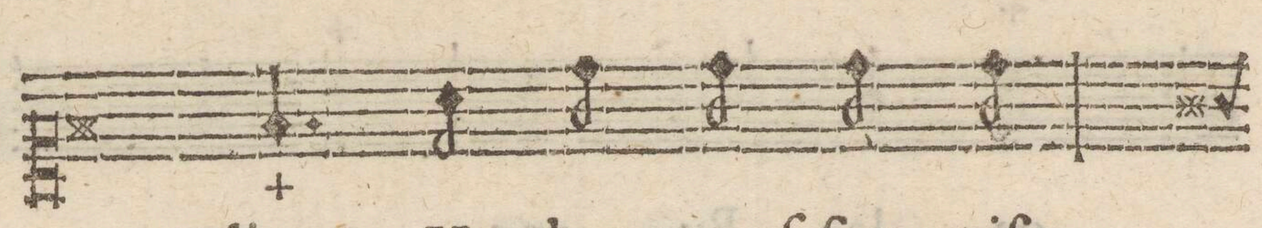


toit in- con- nu dans le

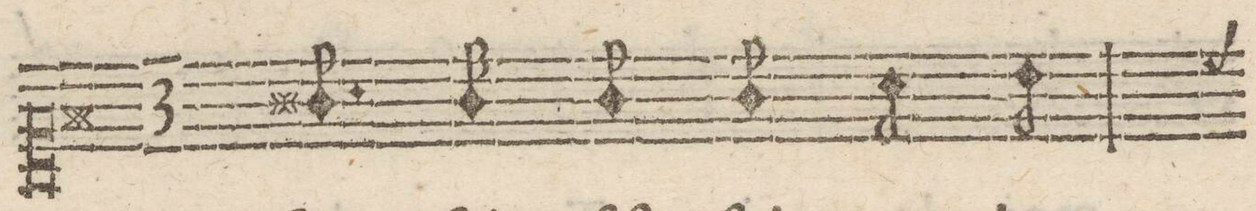


mon-de, Cha- cun ſe cou-choit en tous
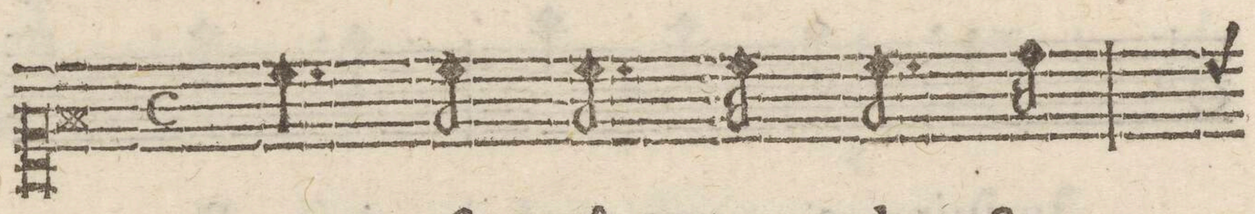
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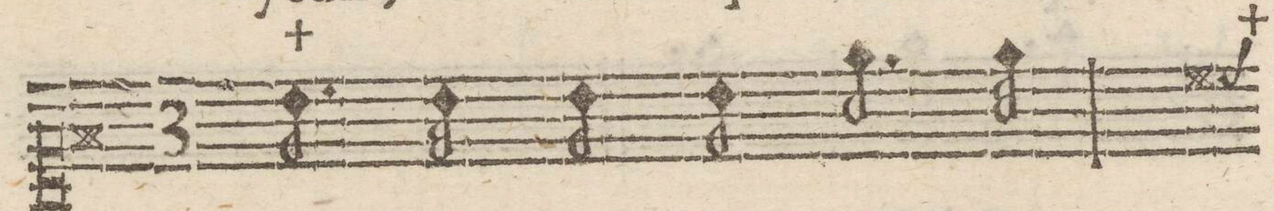


lieux, Un char-me aſ-ſou- piſ-
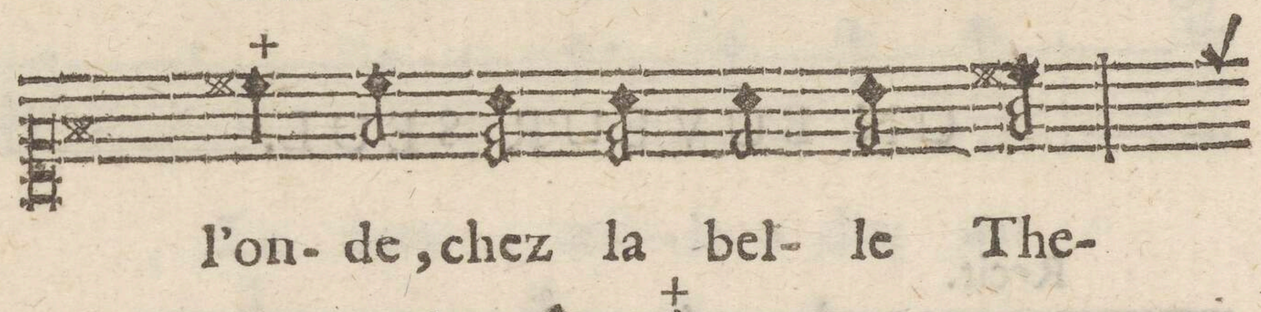


ſant ſai- ſiſ- ſoit tous les
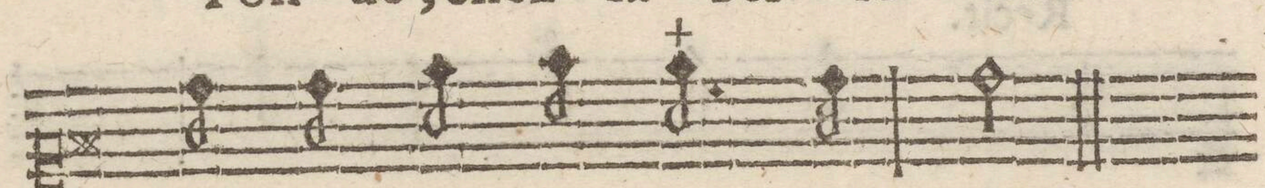


yeux, ſi - tôt que le So-



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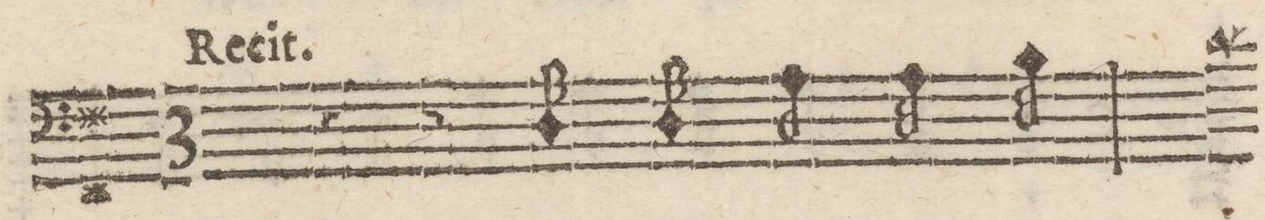


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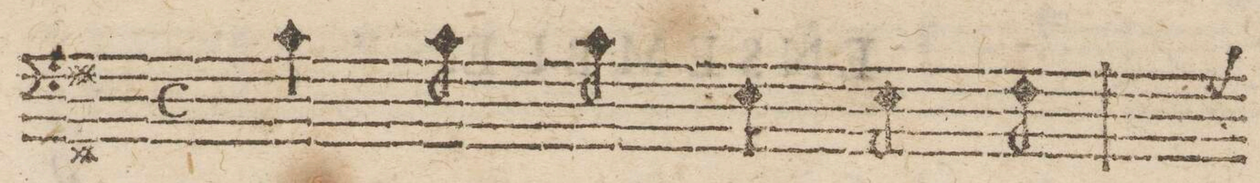


tis, Dor-mir ou fai- re mieux.
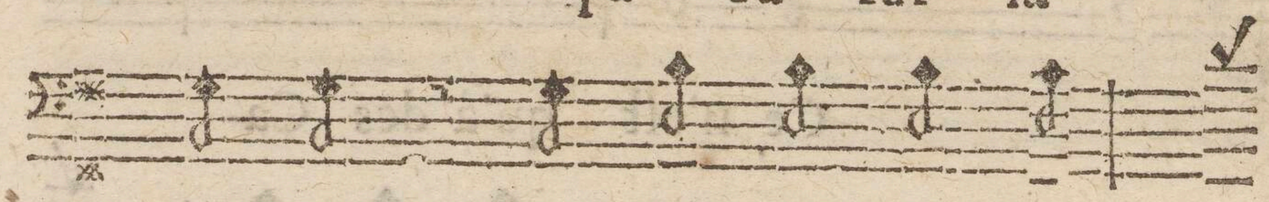
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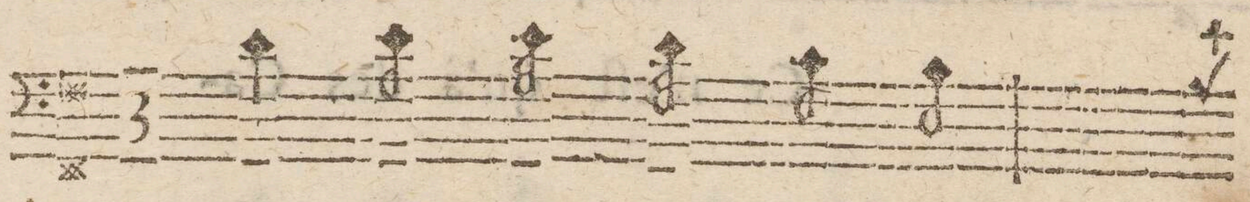


Mais, de- puis que le
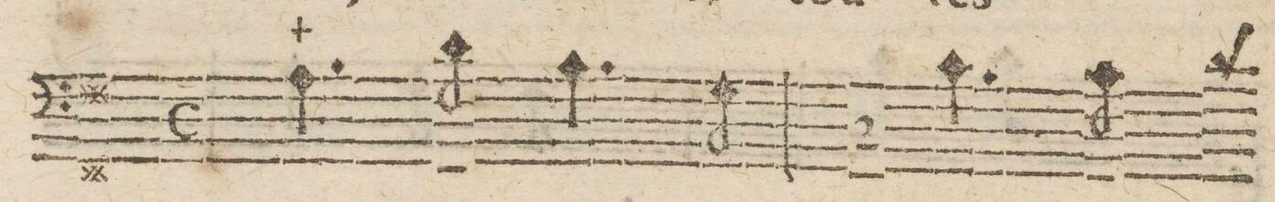


Vin a pa- ru ſur la
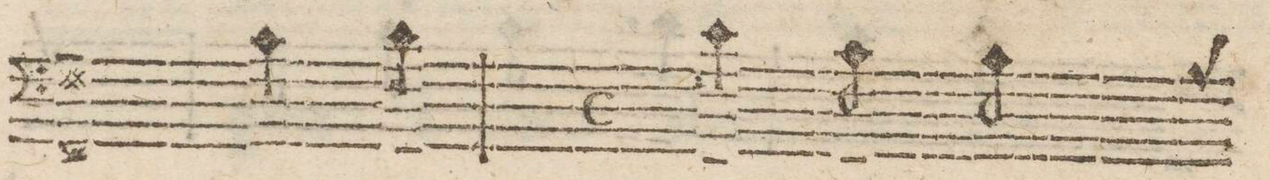


Ter- re, Au lieu de s'en- dor-
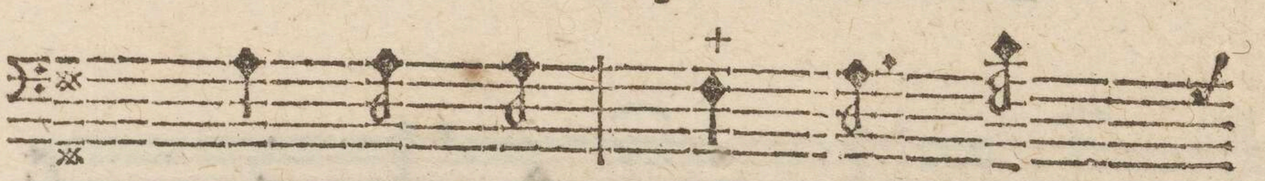


mir, On boit de tou- tes



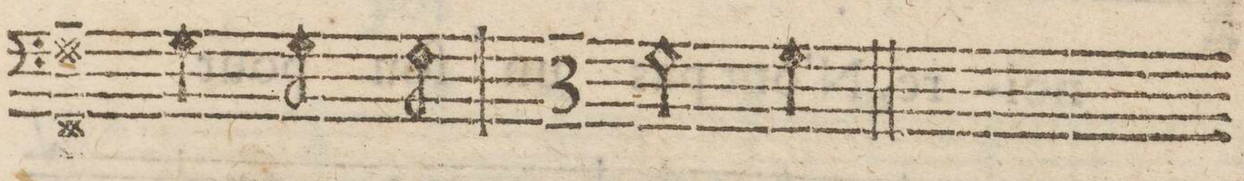
parts; Par tout mil- le Bu-



veurs é- pars, A- vec
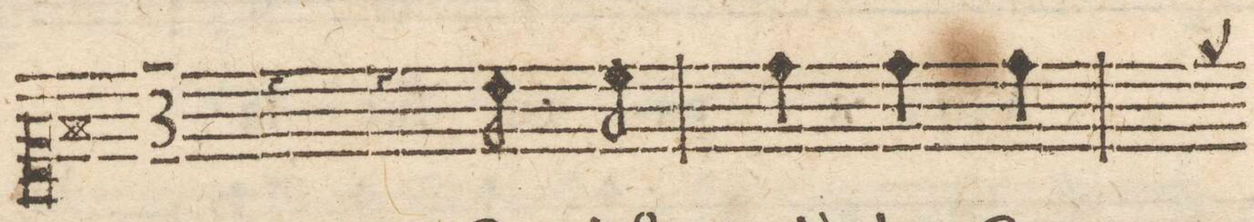


cet- te Li- queur au ſom-
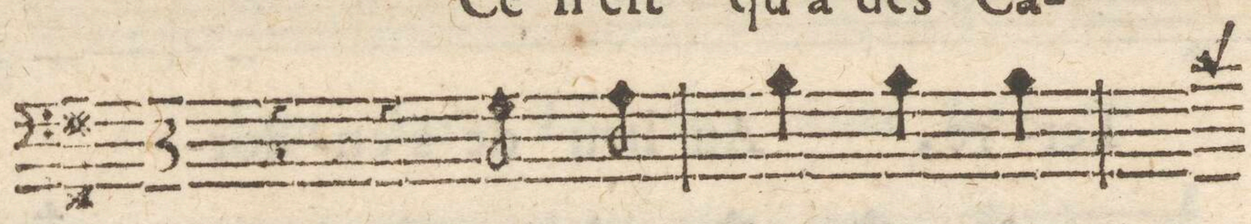


meil font la guer- re.
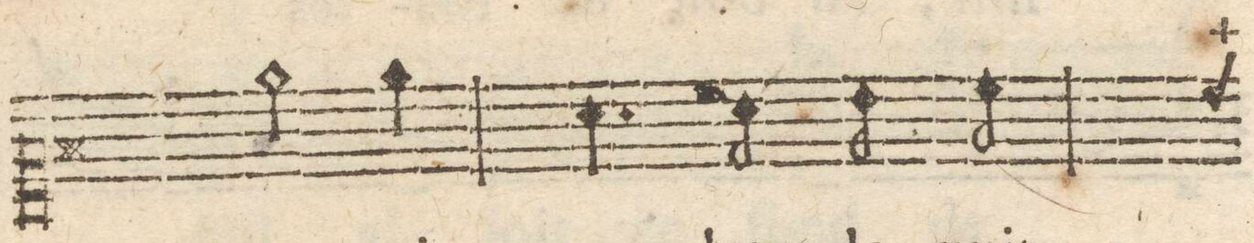
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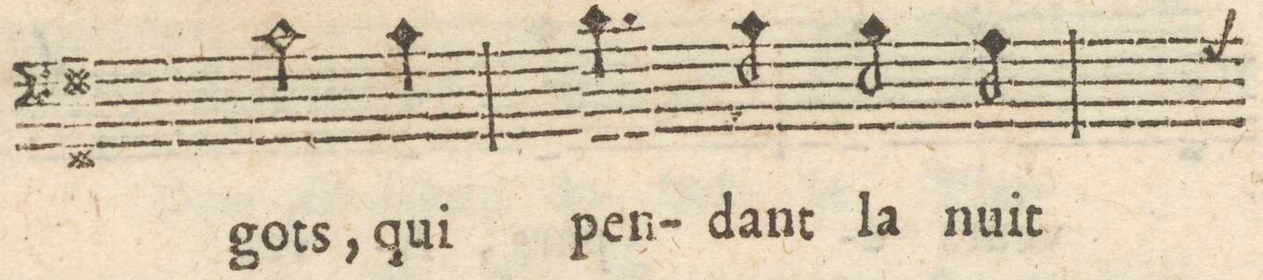


Ce n'eſt qu'à des Ca-
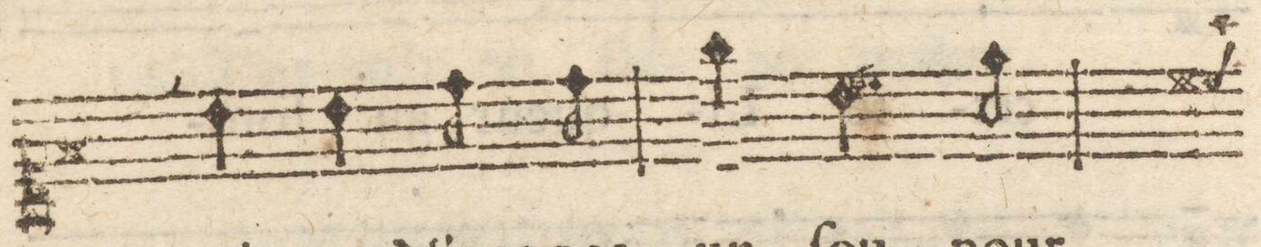


Ce n'eſt qu'à des Ca-
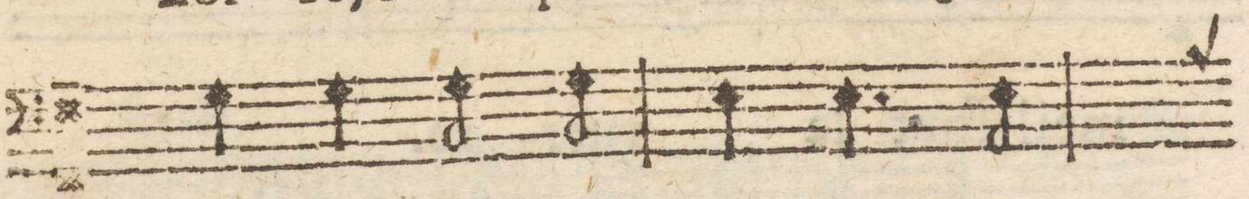


gots, qui pen- dant la nuit



gots, qui pen- dant la nuit
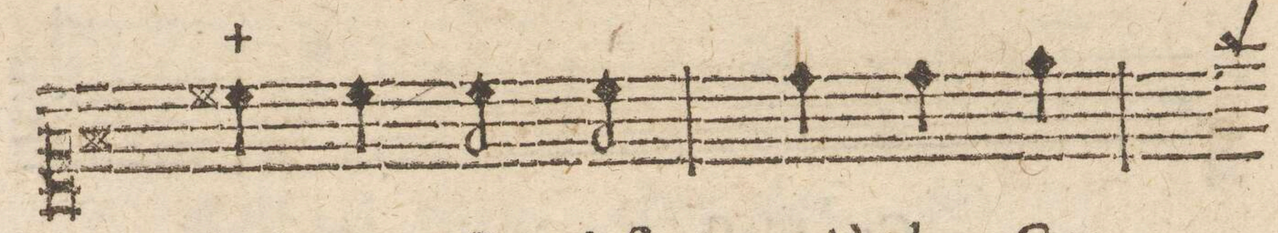


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noi- re, N'ont pas un ſou pour
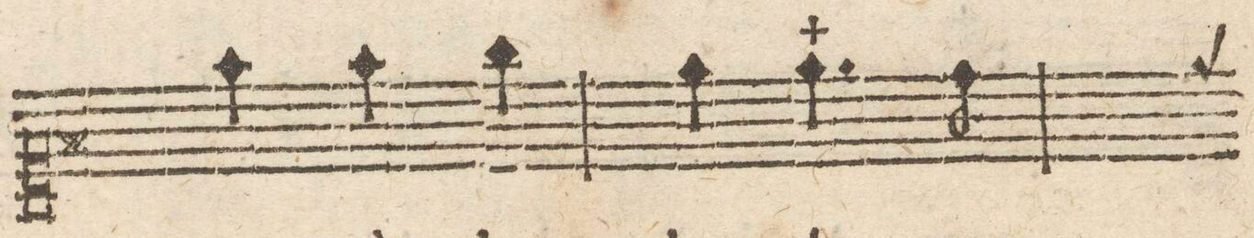
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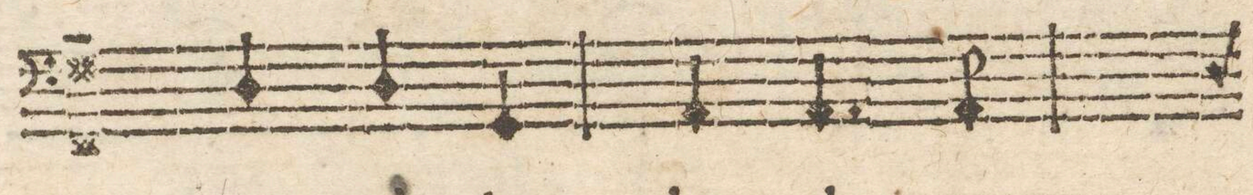


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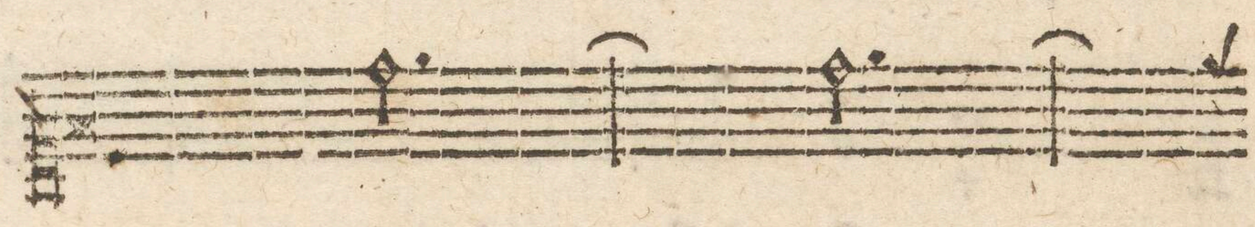


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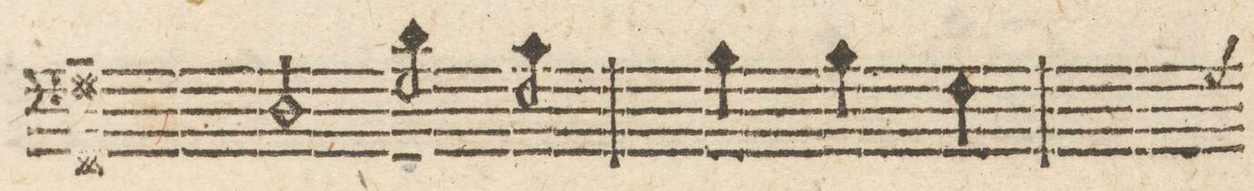


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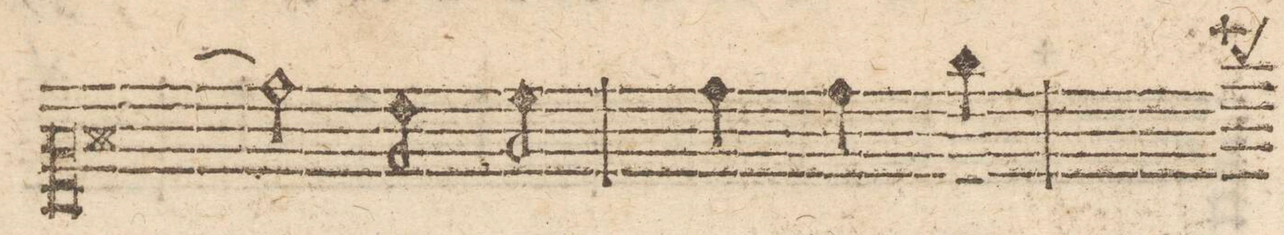


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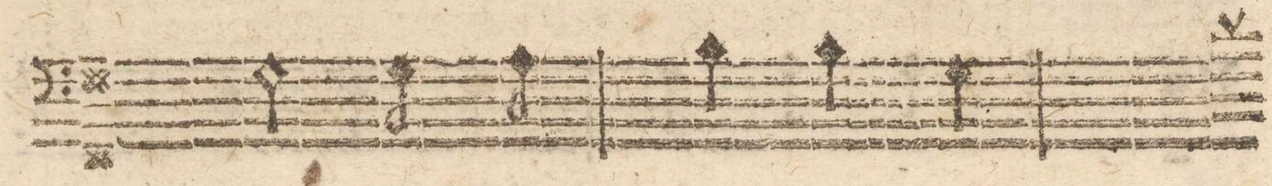


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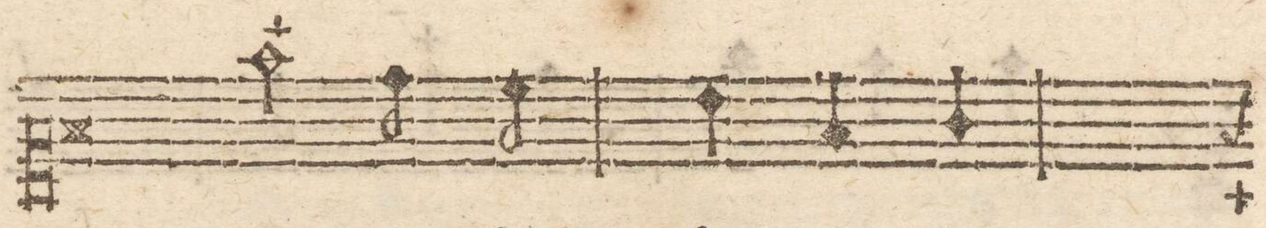


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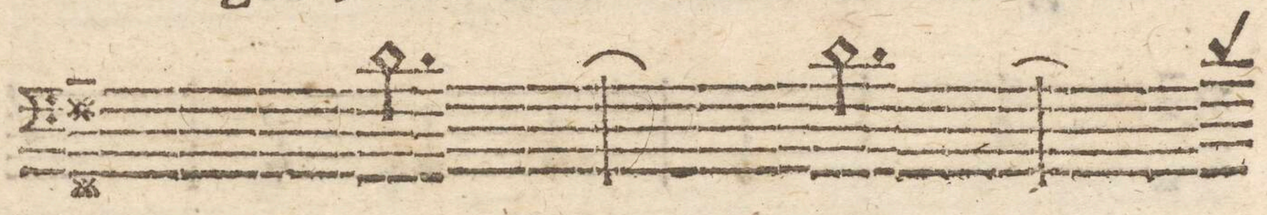


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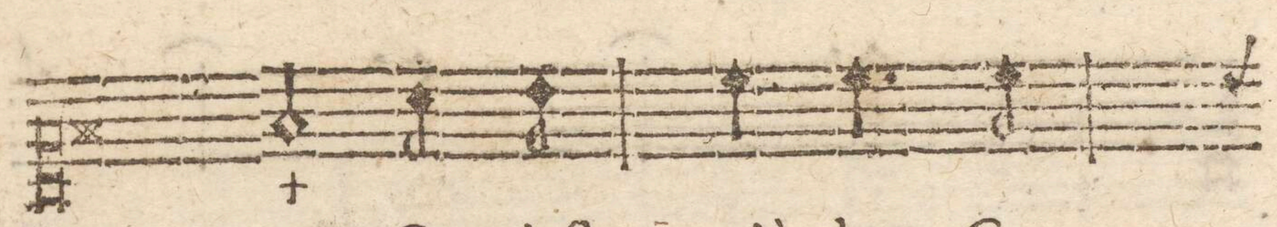


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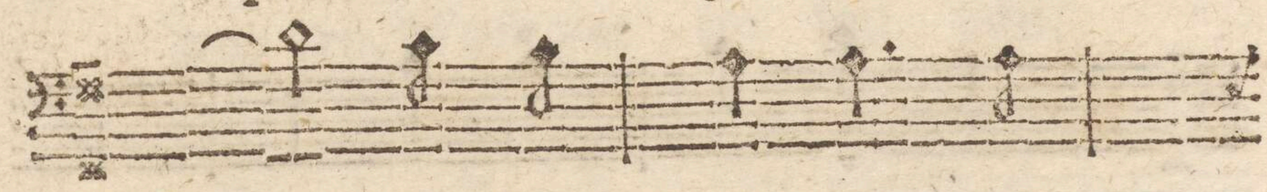


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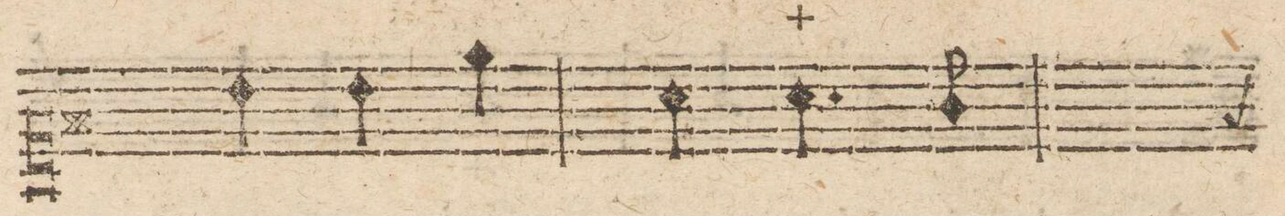


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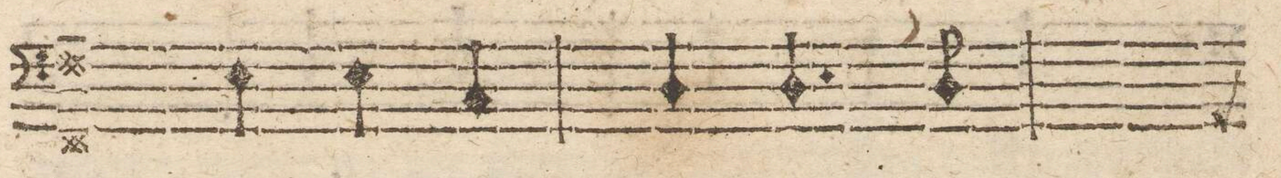


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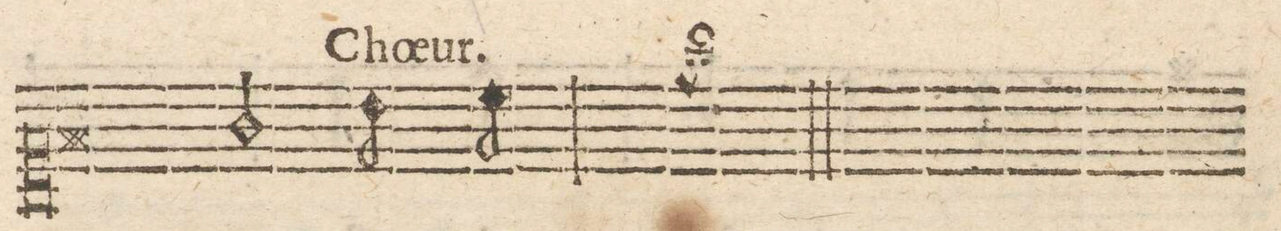
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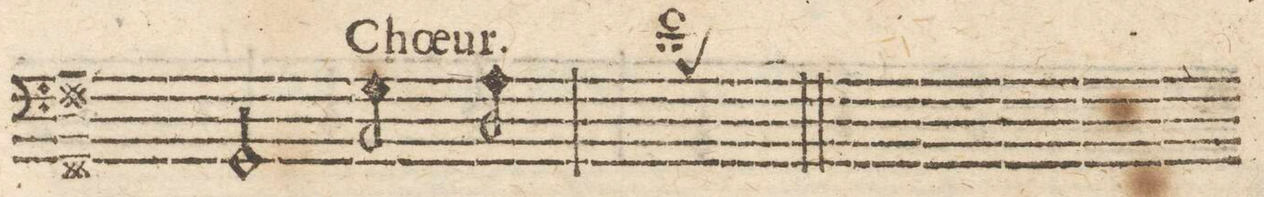
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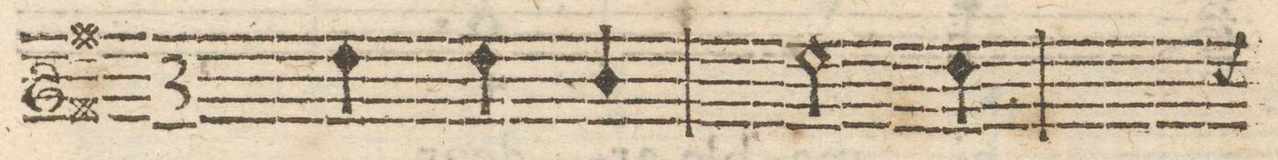


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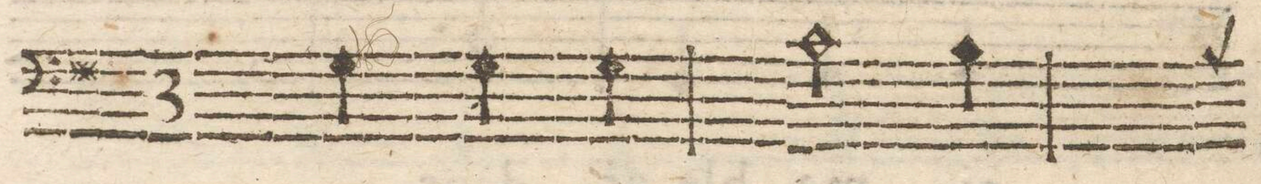


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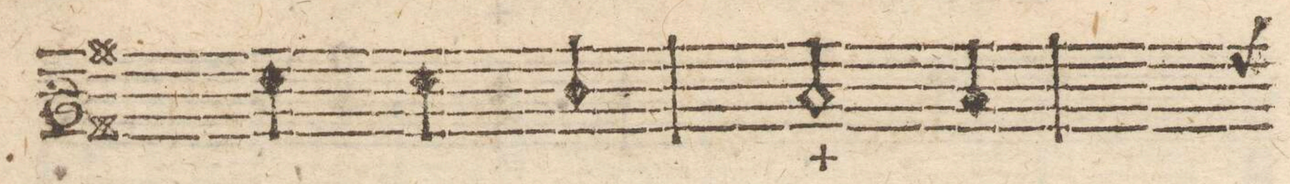
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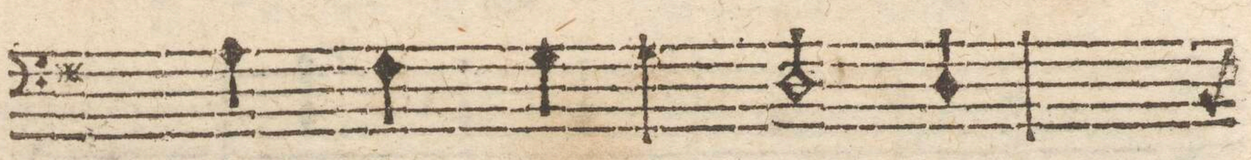


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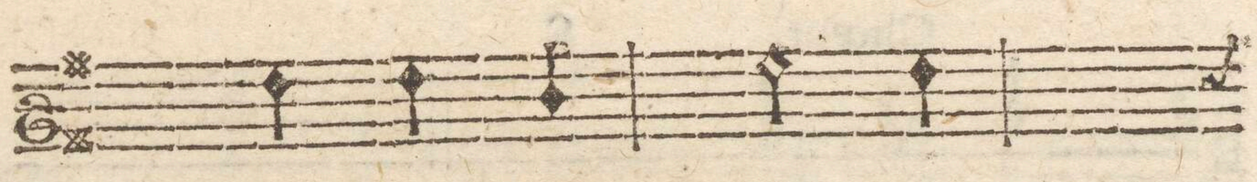


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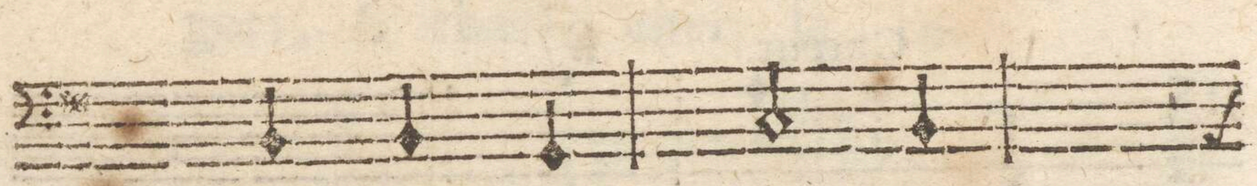


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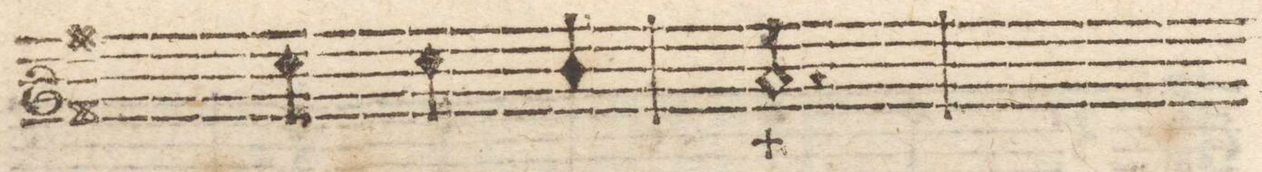


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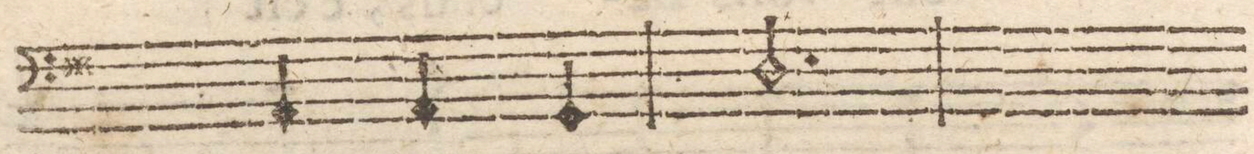


Tout doit ſen- tir ſon



Tout doit ſen- tir ſon
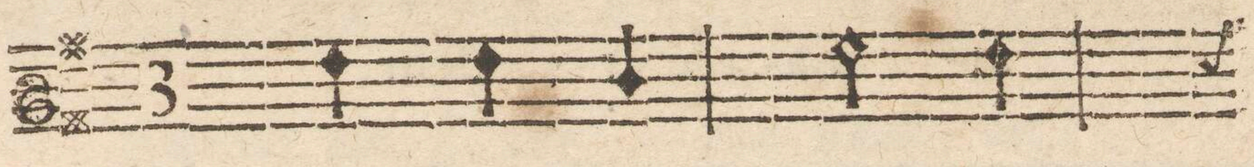


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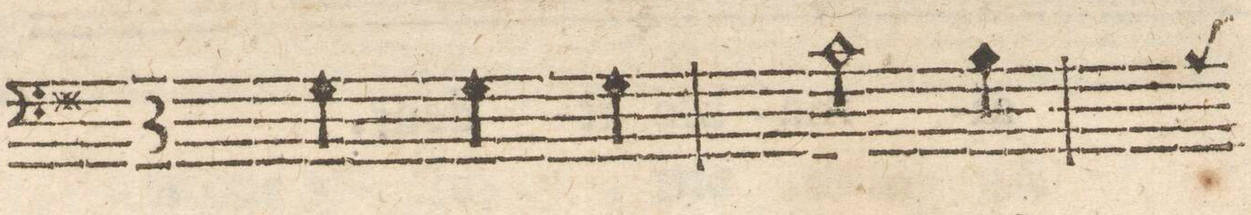


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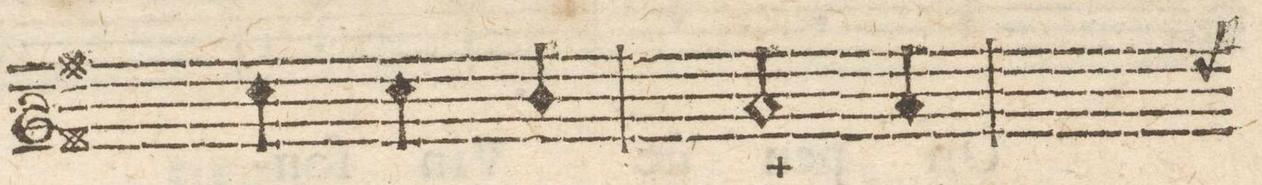
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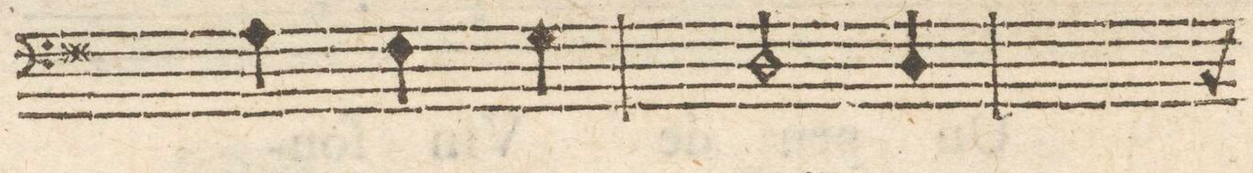


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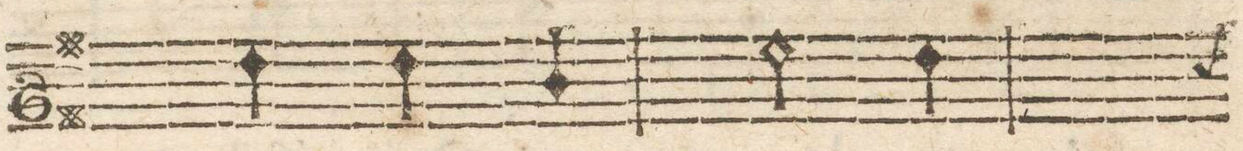


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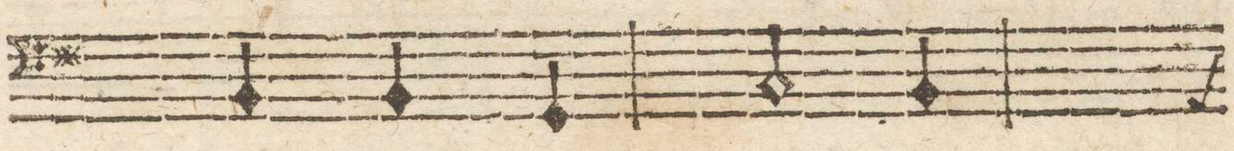


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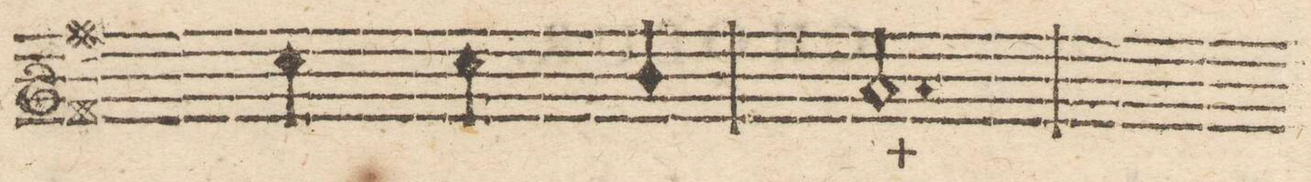


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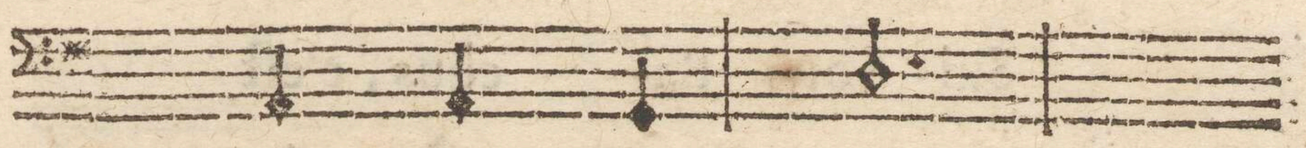


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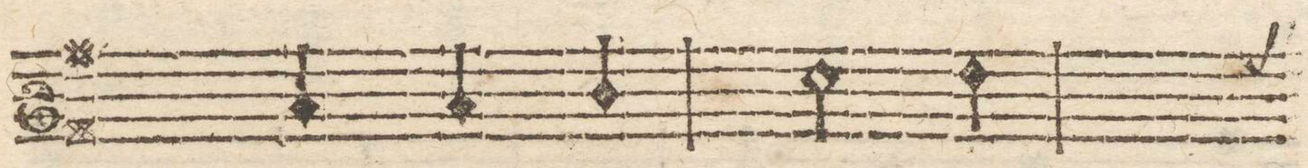


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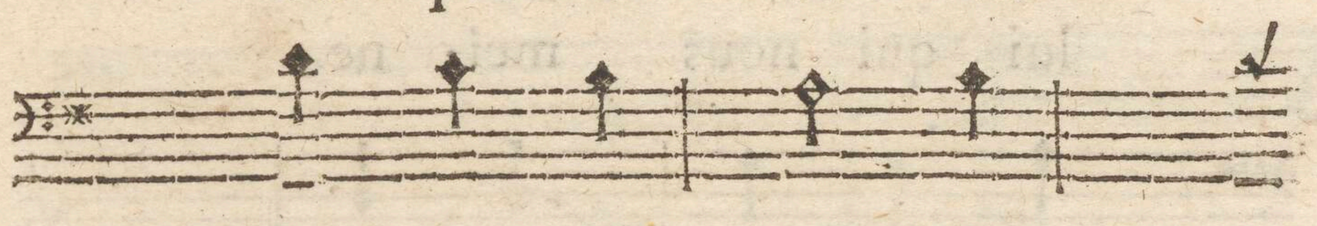


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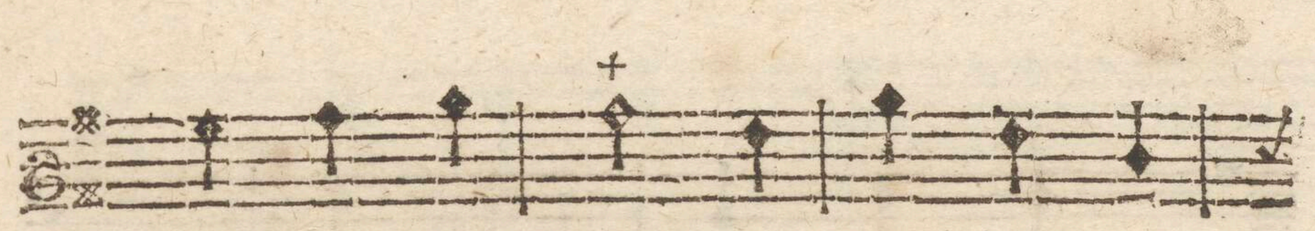
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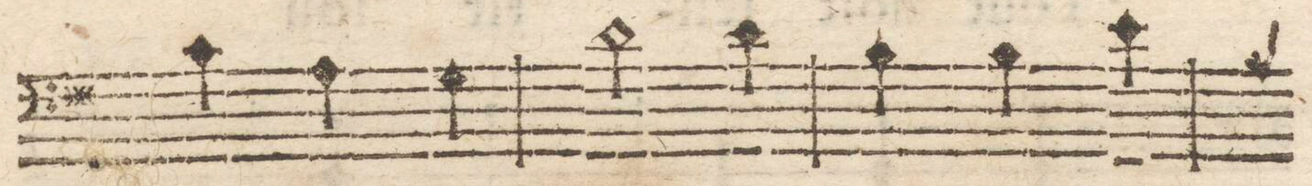


Un peu de Vin ſou-



Un peu de Vin ſou-
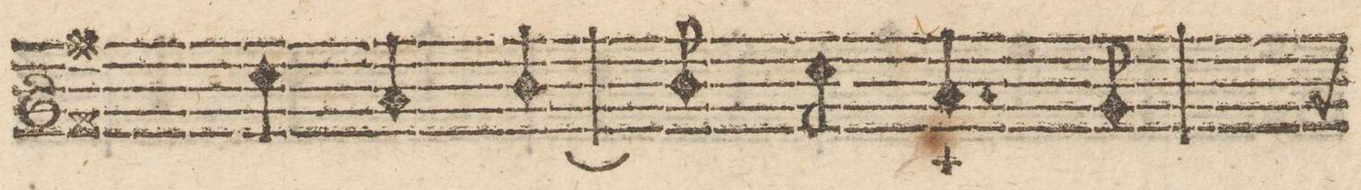


la- ge la pei- ne, Qu'un fol A-
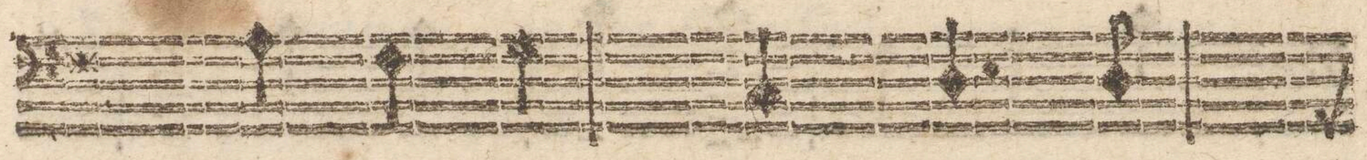


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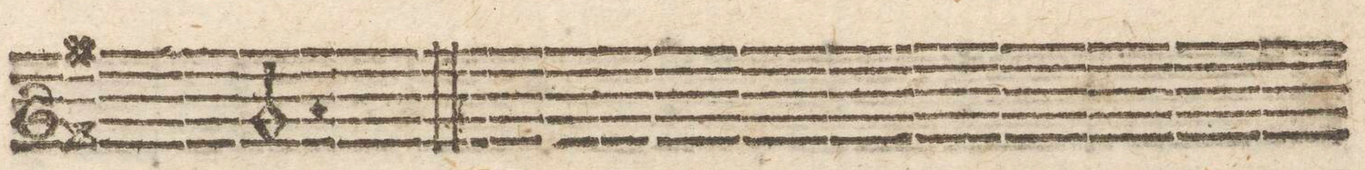
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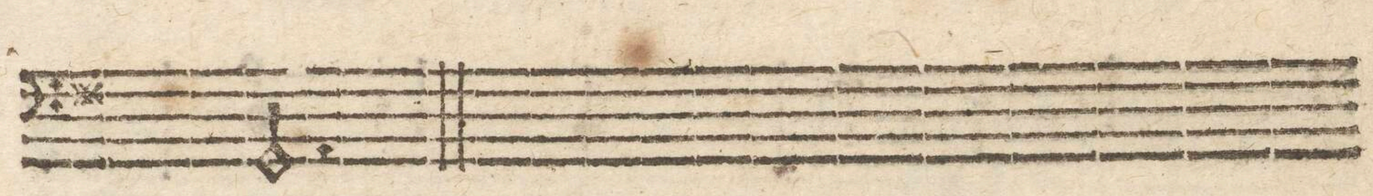


mour al- lu- me dans un



mour al- lu- me dans un
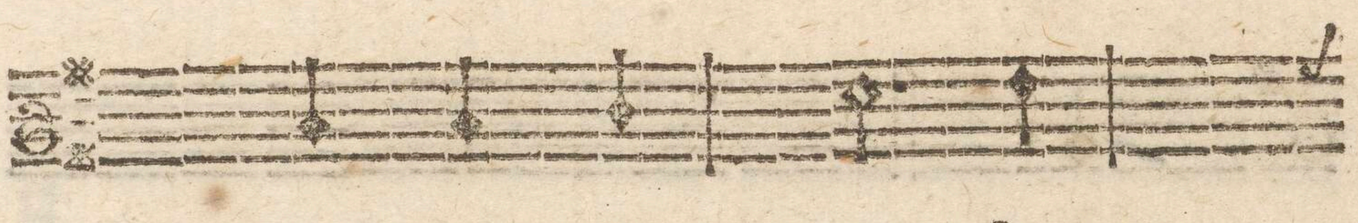


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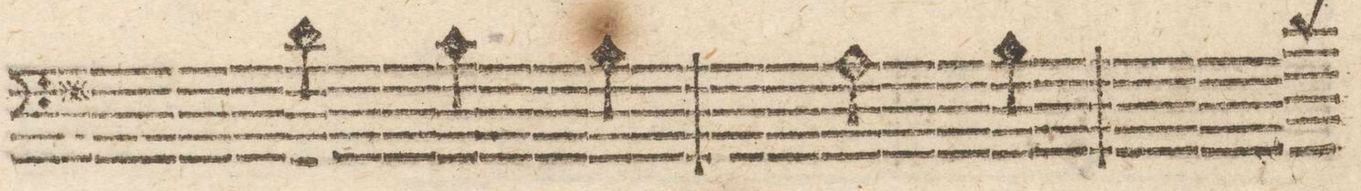


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CHOEUR.

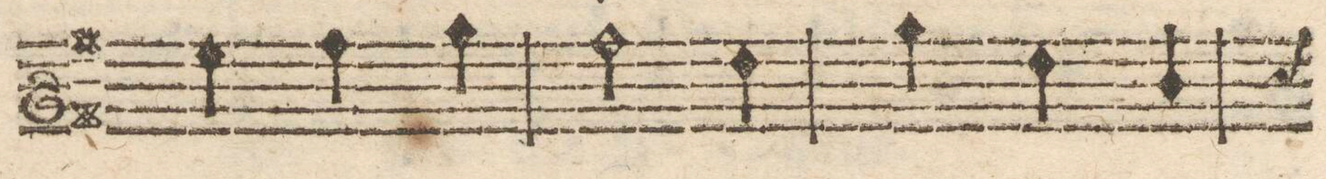


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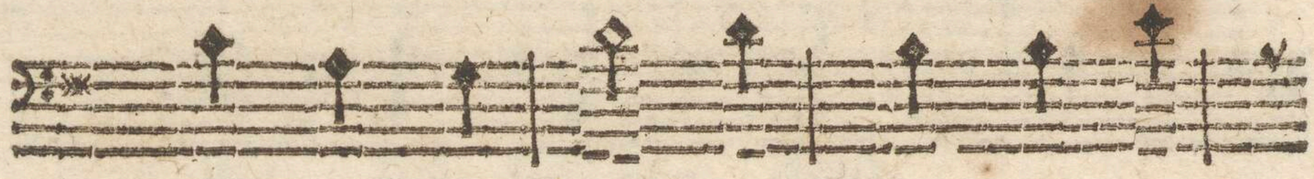


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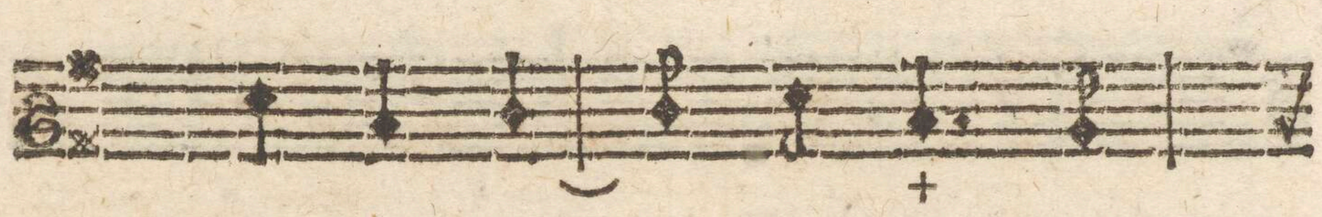
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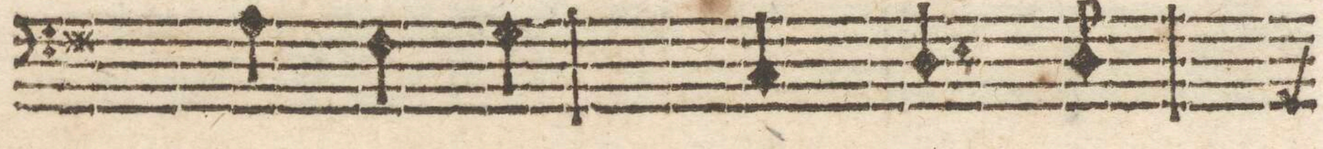
la- ge la pei- ne, Qu'un fol A-



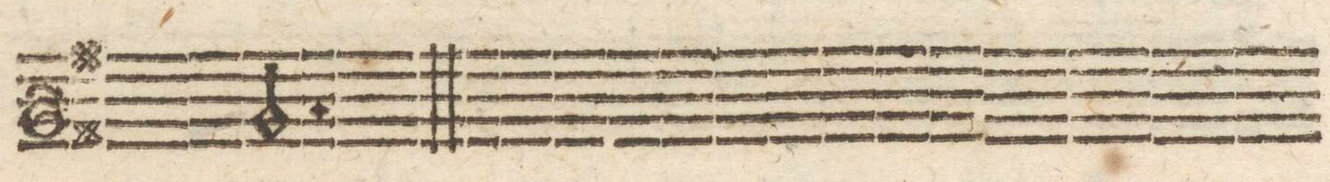
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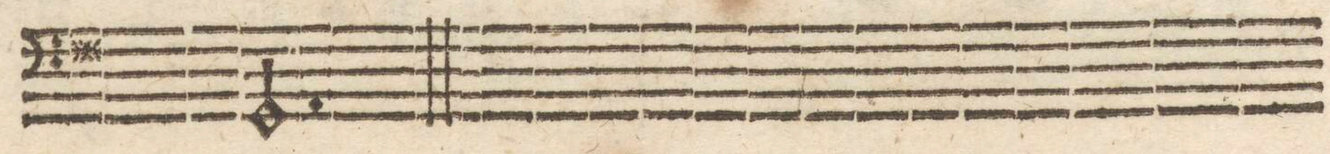
mour al- lu- me dans un



mour al- lu- me dans un



cœur.



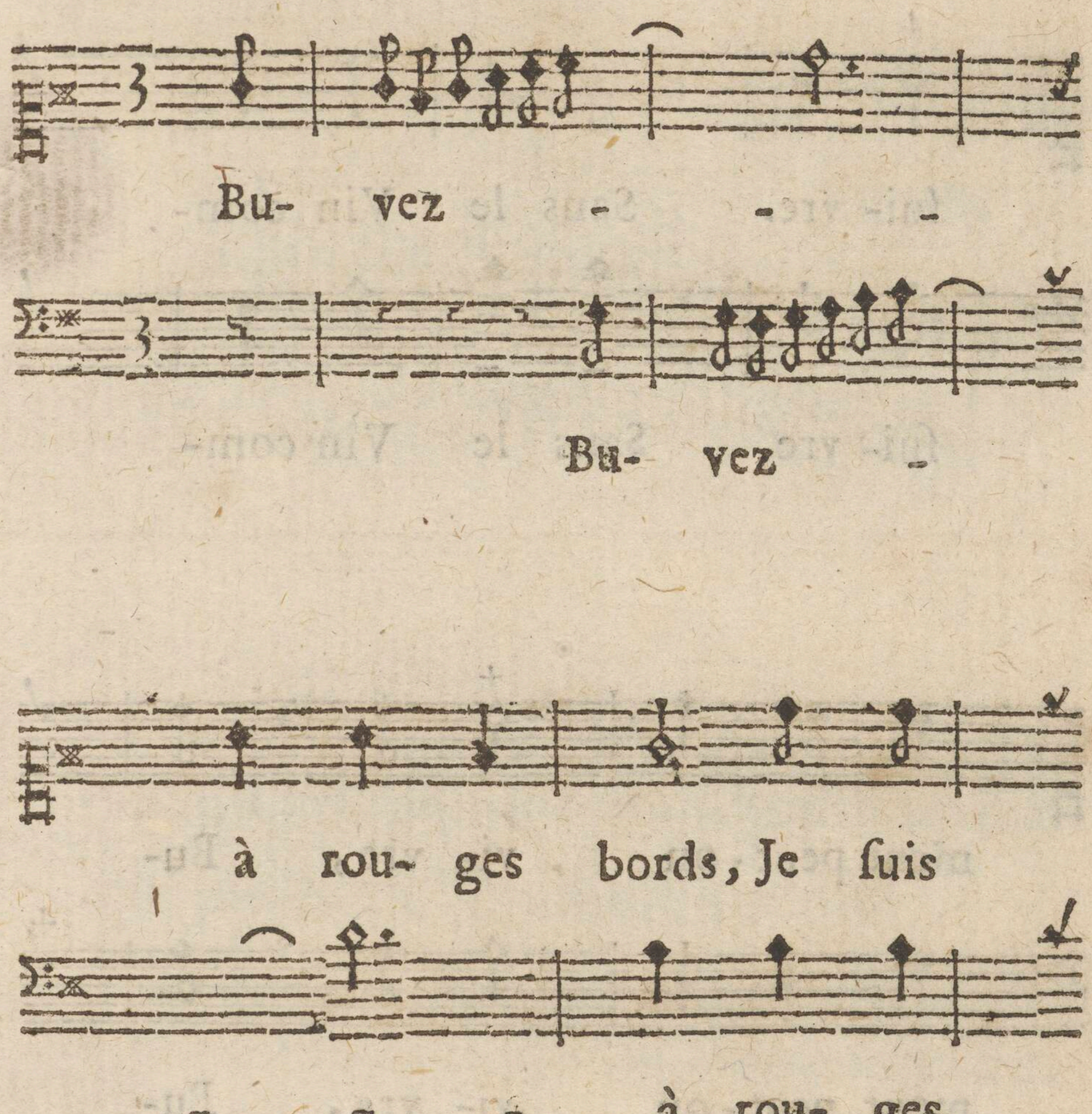
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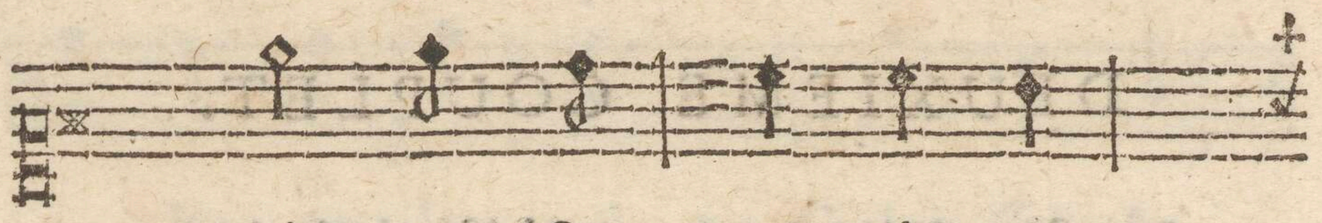
DEUXIEME COUPLET.

Lorſque l'Amour nous défend de boire,
N'en croyons pas ſes Conſeils trompeurs ;
Un peu de Vin noye la mémoire
De tous les maux que cauſent ſes rigueurs.
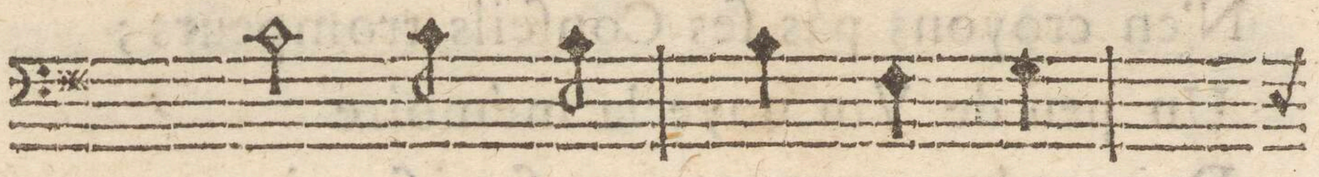
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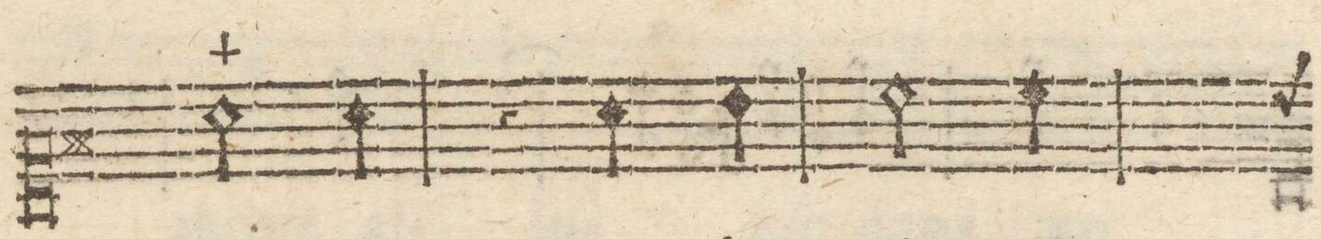


prêt
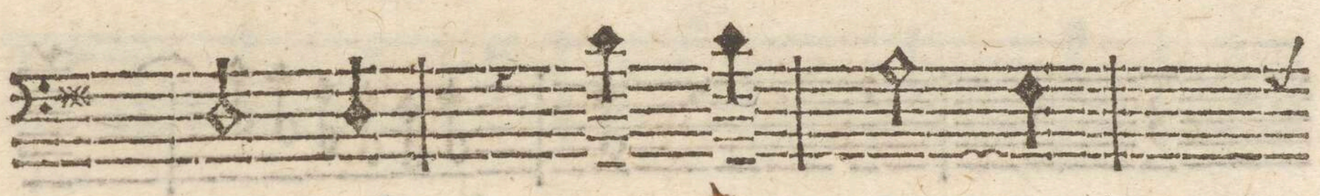


prêt, je ſuis prêt, à vous
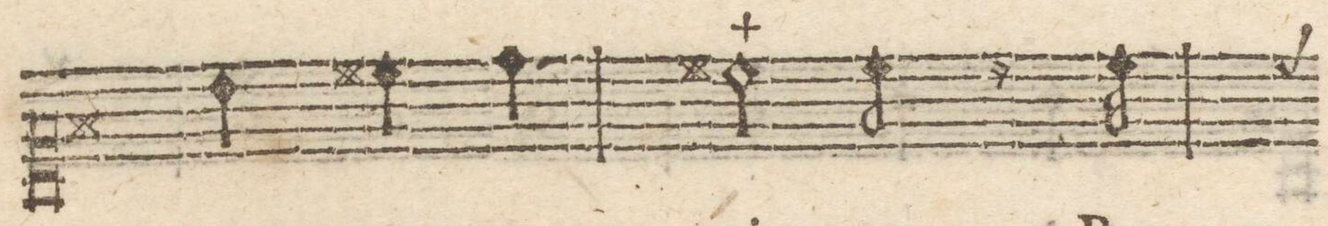


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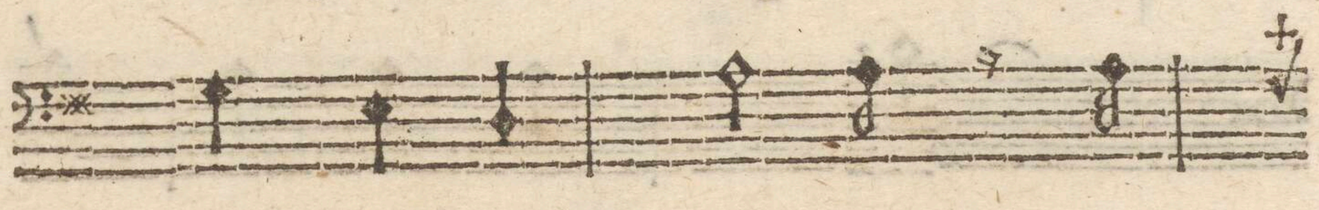


ſui- vre. Sans le Vin com-



ſui- vre. Sans le Vin com-
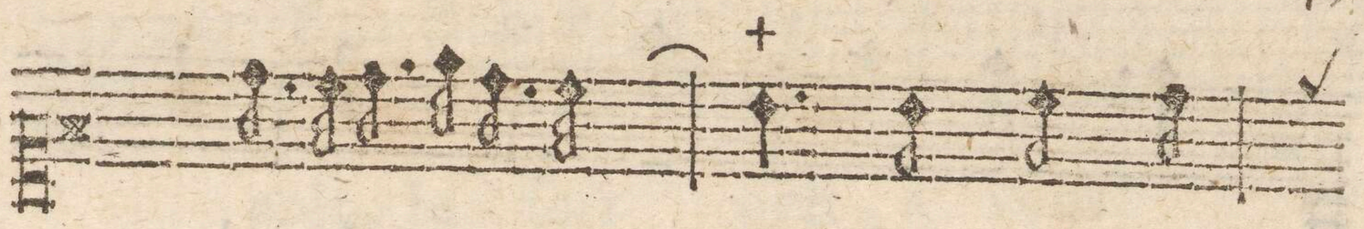


ment peut-on vi- vre, Bu-
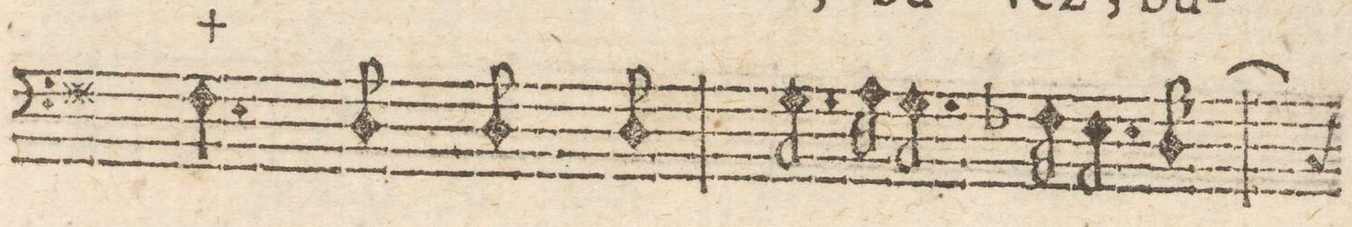


ment peut-on vi- vre, Bu-
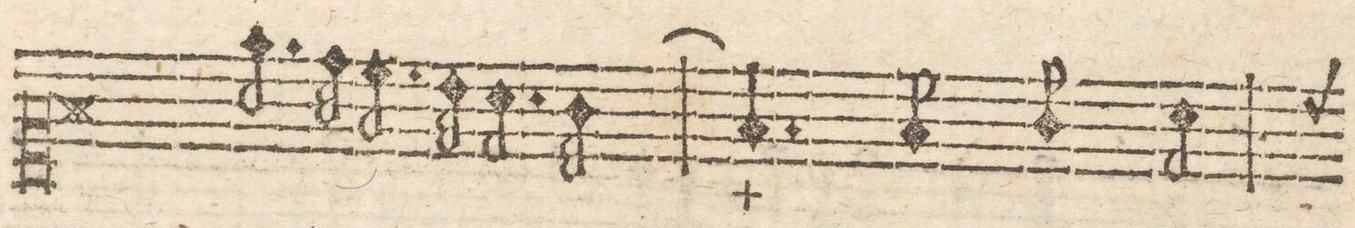
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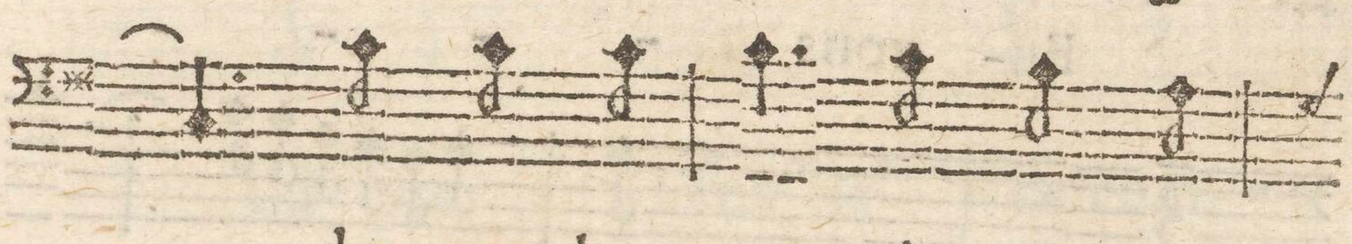


vez - - -, bu- vez, bu-



vez, bu- vez, bu- vez - -
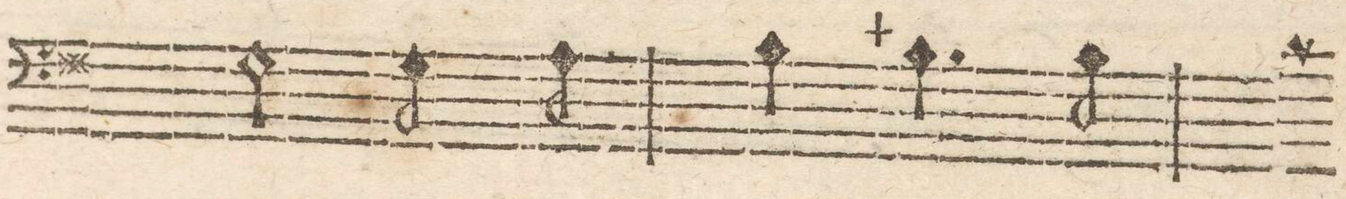


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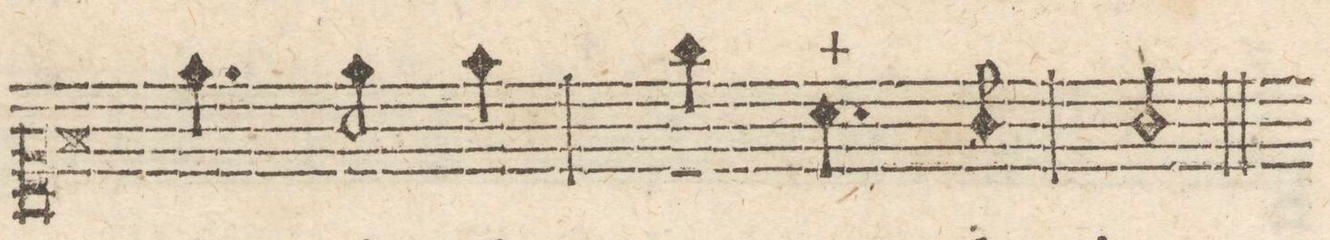


-, bu- vez, bu- vez à rou- ges
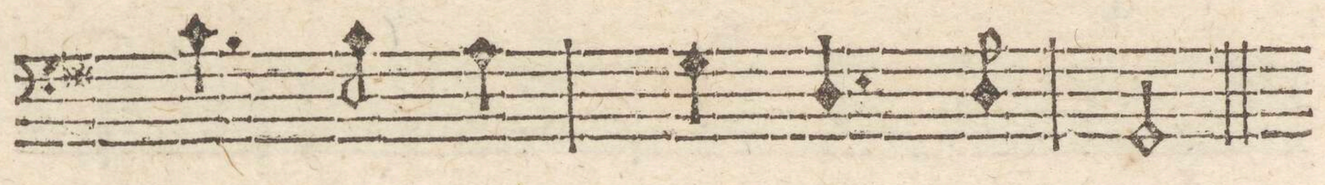


bords: Si quel- qu'un s'en dé-



bords: Si quel- qu'un s'en dé-
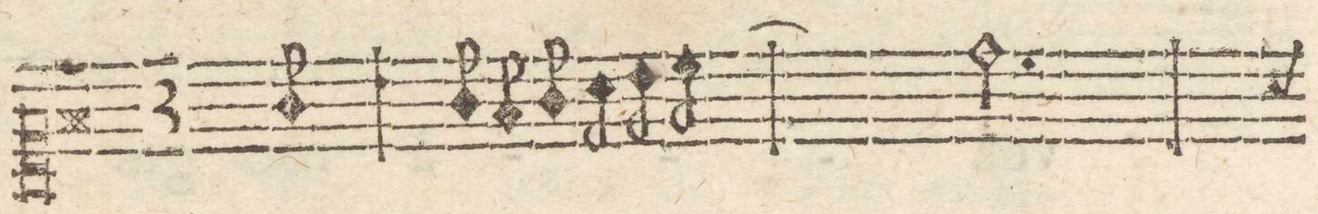


dit, qu'on le mêt- te de- hors.
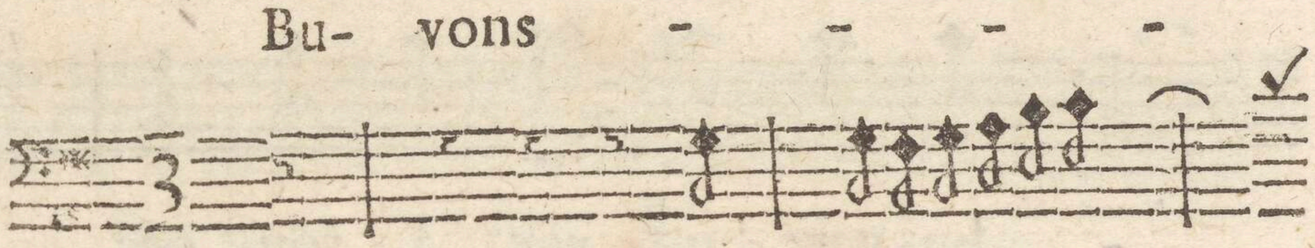


dit, qu'on le met- te de- hors.
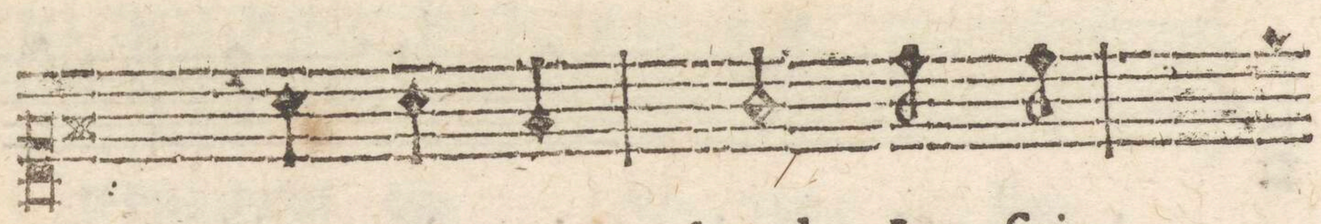
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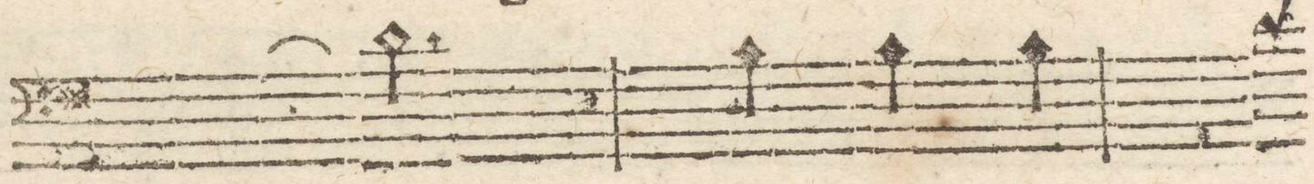


Bu- vons - - - -



Bu- vons -
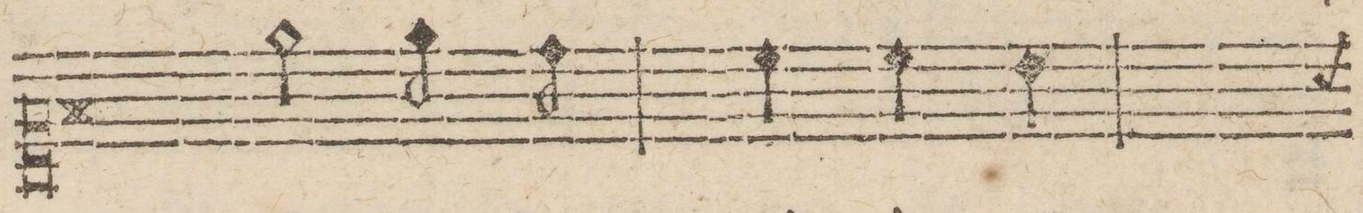


à rou- ges bords, Je ſuis
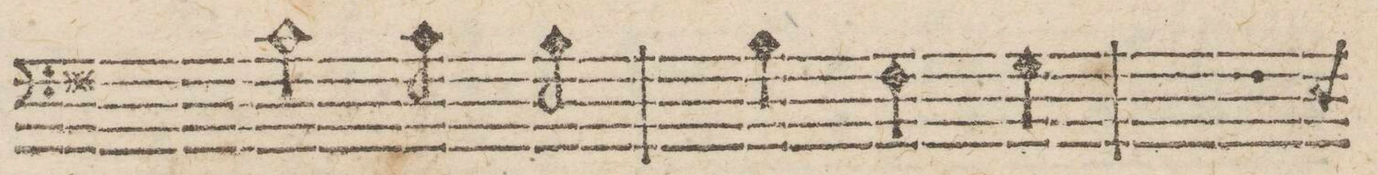


- - - à rou- ges

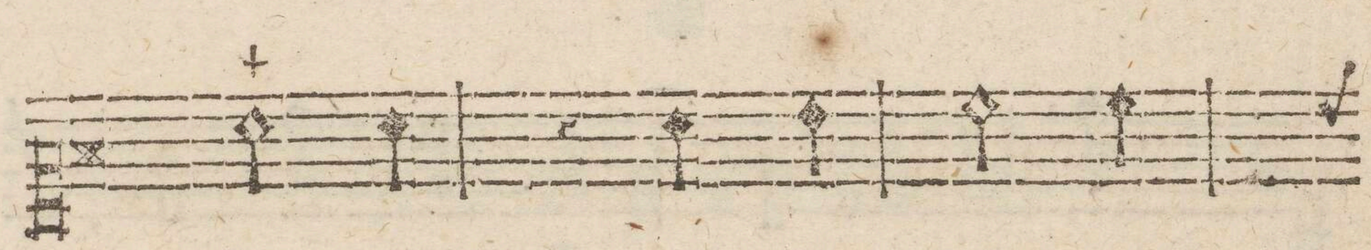
prêt



prêt, Je ſuis prêt, à vous
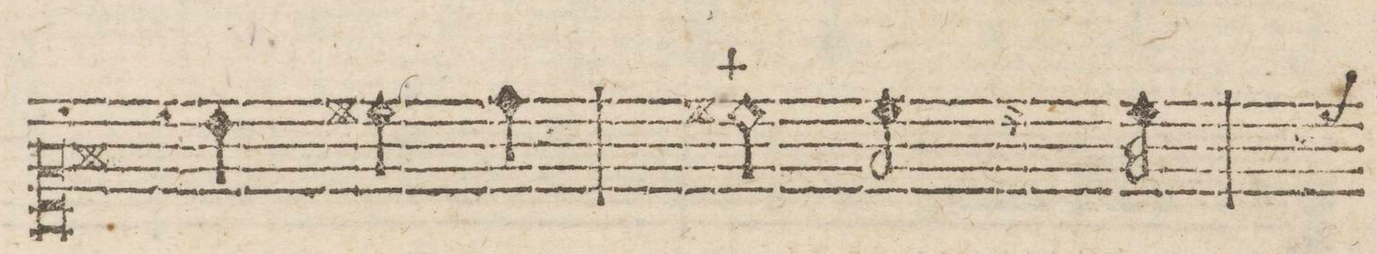


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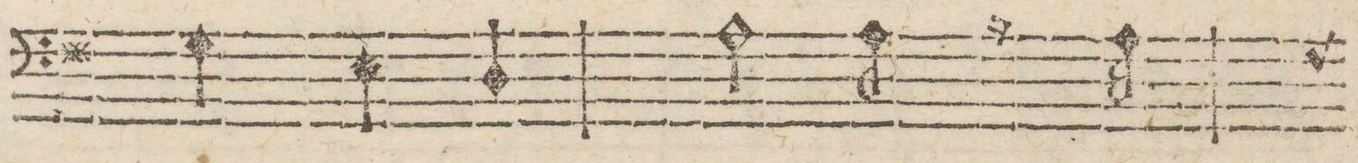


ſui- vre. Sans le Vin com-



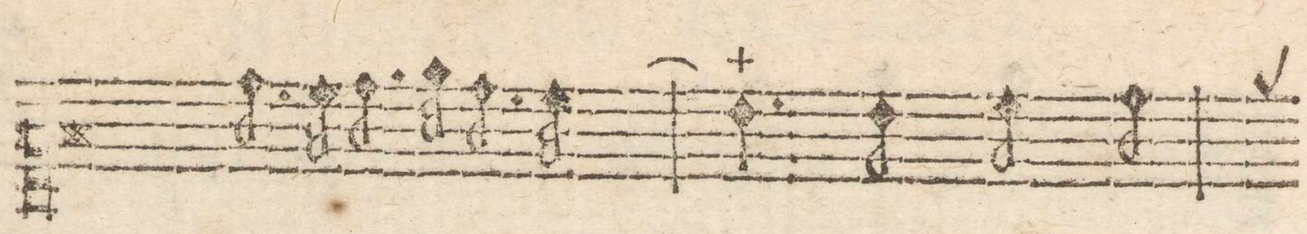
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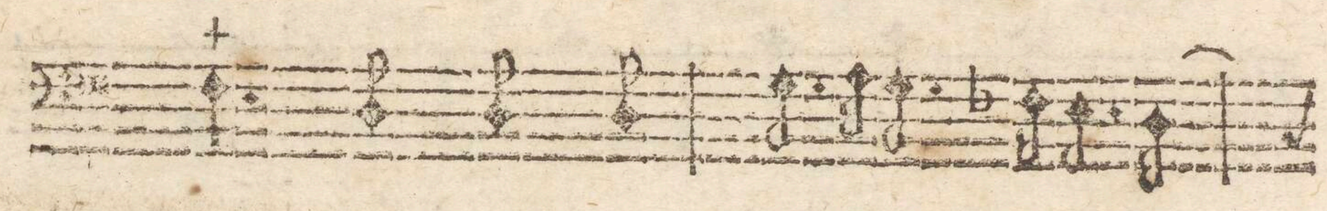


ment peut-on vi- vre? Bu-



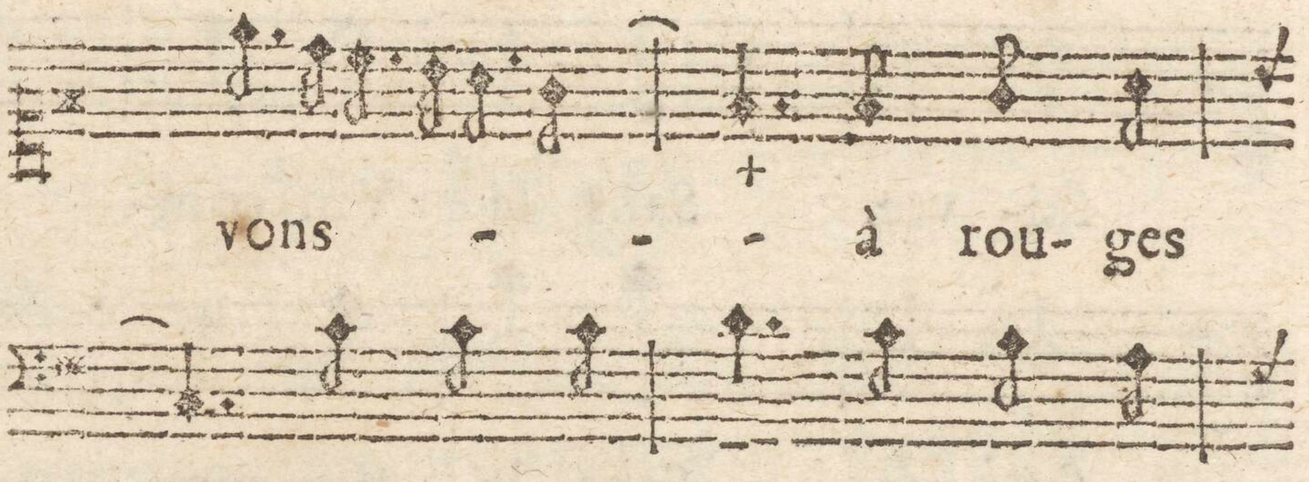
ment peut-on vi- vre? Bu-
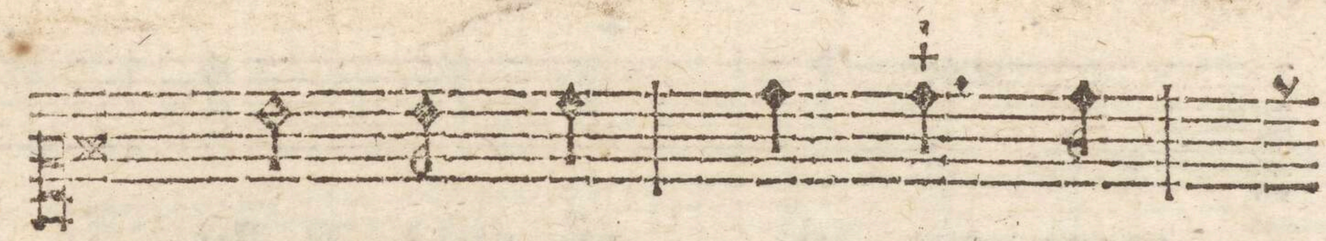


vons - - -, bu- vons, bu-
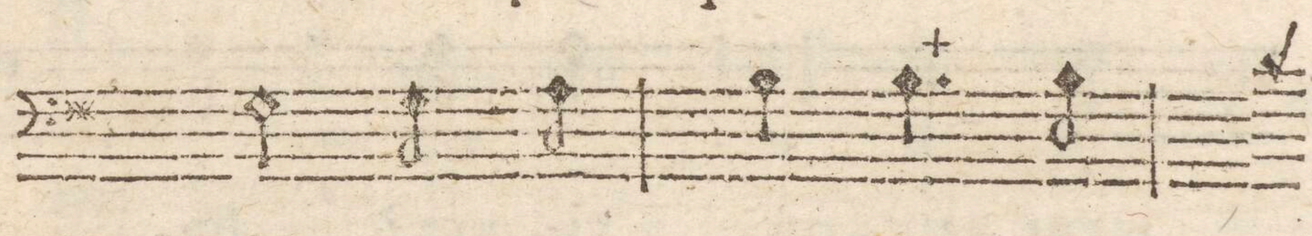


vons, bu- vons, bu- vons - -



vons - - - à rou- ges



- -, bu- vons, bu- vons à rou- ges

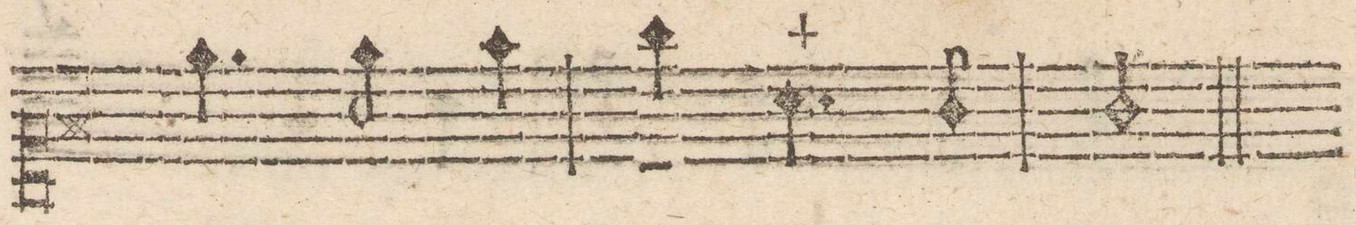


bords, Si quel- qu'un s'en dé-
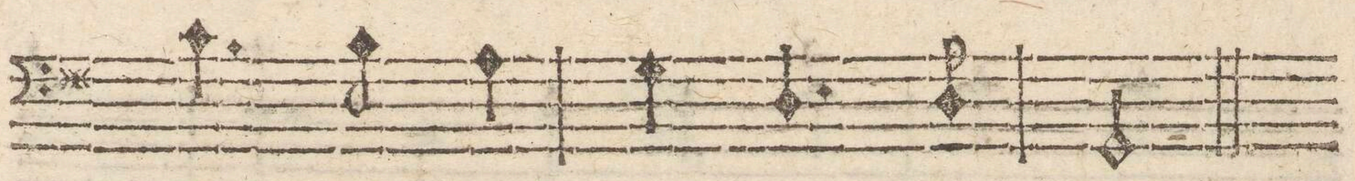


bords, Si quel- qu'un s'en dé-

dit
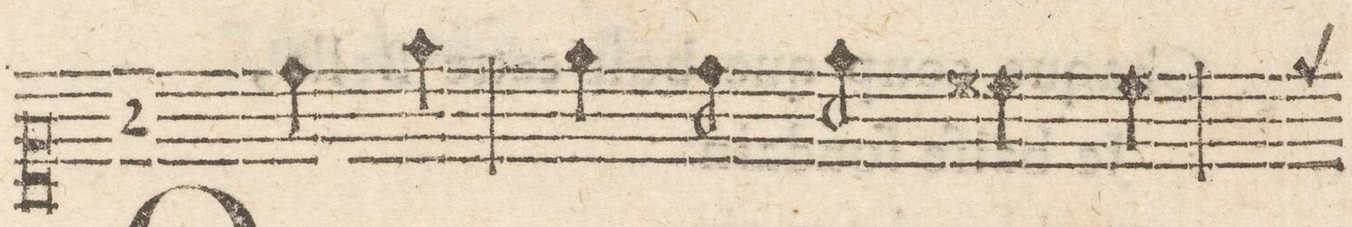


dit, qu'on le met- te de- hors.
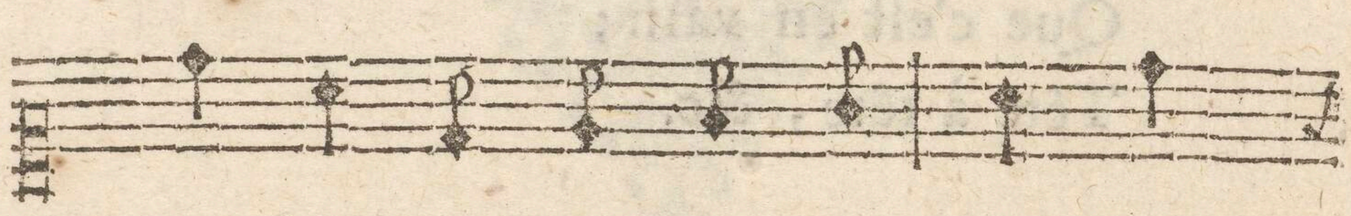


dit, qu'on le met- te de- hors.

VAUDEVILLE.
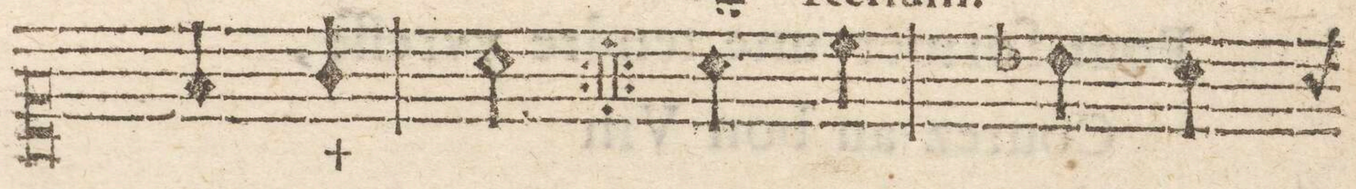


QUel plai- ſir quand je ſuis à
Dans ce lieu tout m'eſt fa- vo-

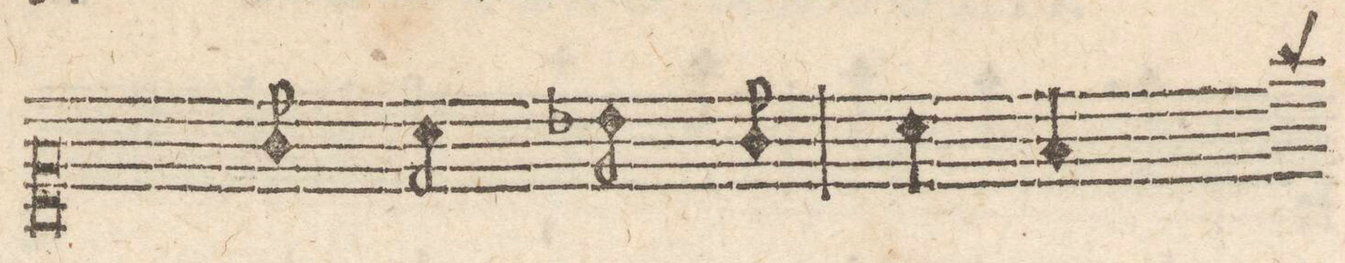


ta- ble, Seul a- vec Ca- tin, Le
ra- ble, Et je ſuis cer- tain De
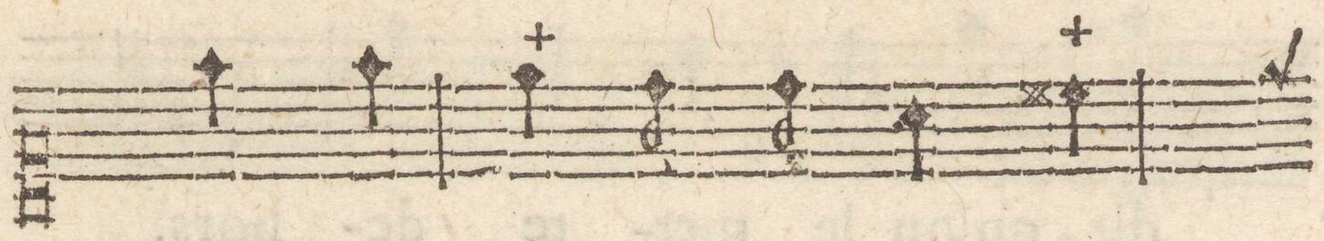
℔ Refrain.
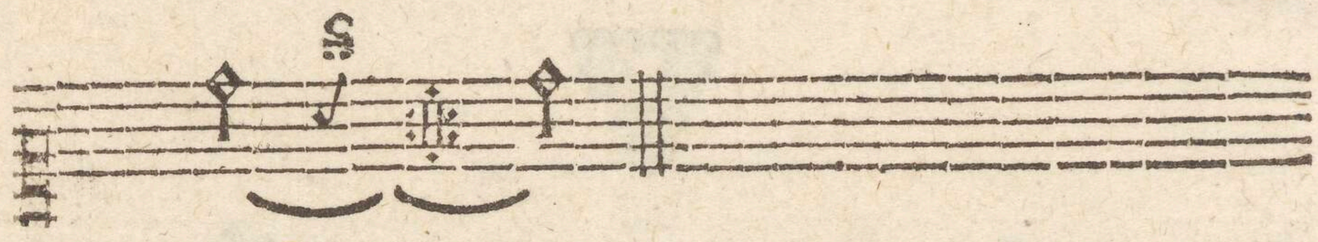


verre en main:
mon deſ- tin: Tê-te à tê- te



Pour fi- nir la Fê- te,



Nous chan-tons l'A-mour & le



Vin. Vin.

Chaque coup que boit cette Belle,
Je baiſe ſoudain
Sa blanche main.
Souvent elle fait la cruelle;
Mais voyant enfin,
Que c'eſt en vain;
Tête à tête, &c.

Pour former une tendre yvreſſe,
Courez au bon Vin
Soir & matin;
Sur ce jus flote la tendreſſe,

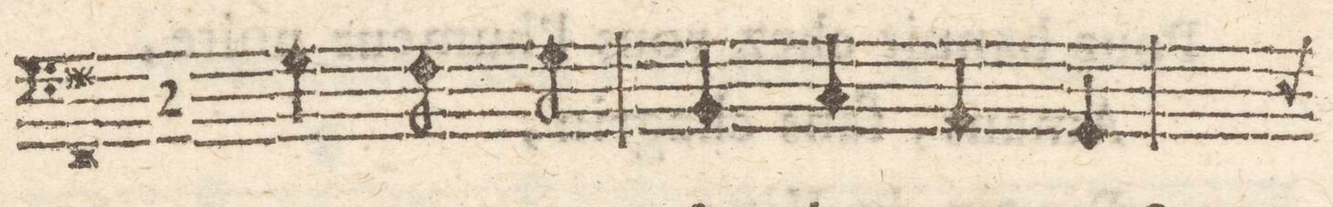
Puiſqu'avec Catin,
D'un air badin,
Tête à tête, &c.

Pour bannir chez vous l'humeur noire,
Amans, ſans chagrin,
Prenez du Vin;
Vous voyez, qu'à force de boire,
Ce Nectar divin
Fait que ſans fin,
Tête à tête, &c.
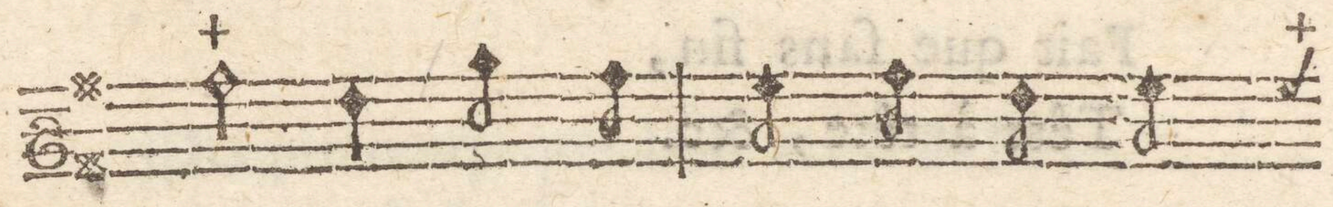
DUO.
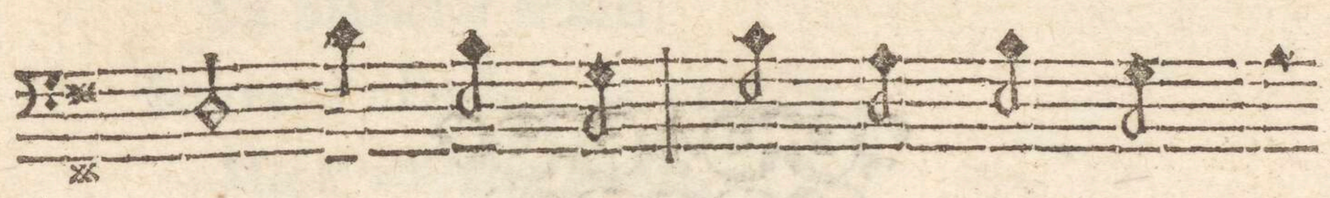


LE Vin a des char-mes puiſ-
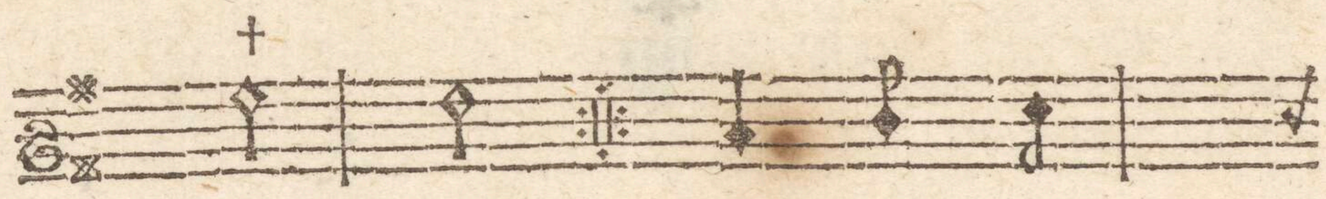


Le Vin a des char-mes puiſ-



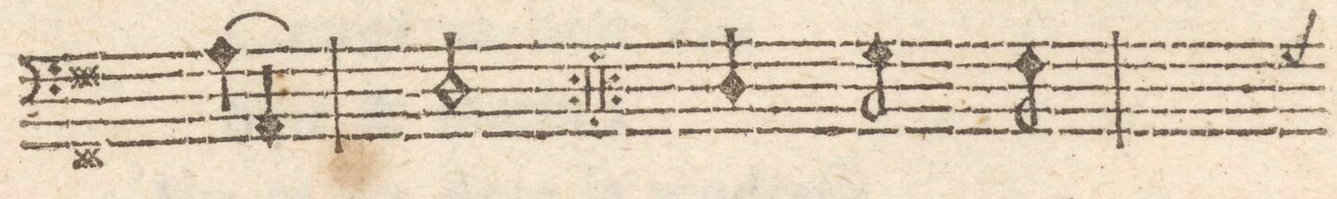
ſans, Et ma Mai- treſſe eſt jeu-ne &



ſans, Et ma Mai- treſſe eſt jeu-ne &
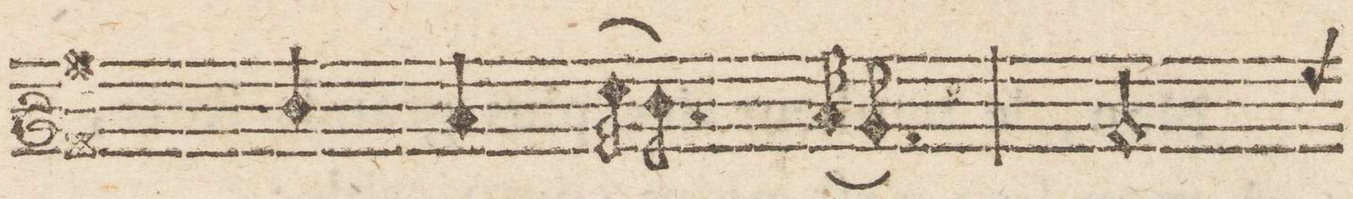


bel- le: Je don-ne à

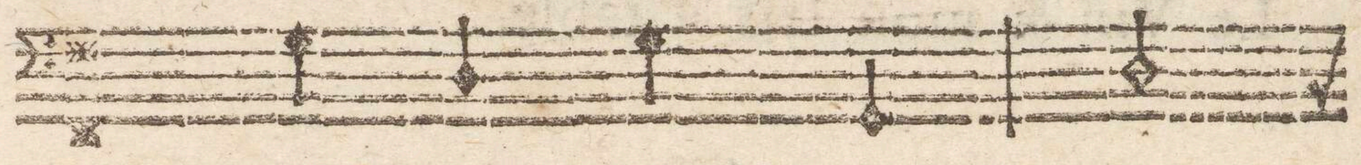


bel- le: Je don- ne à
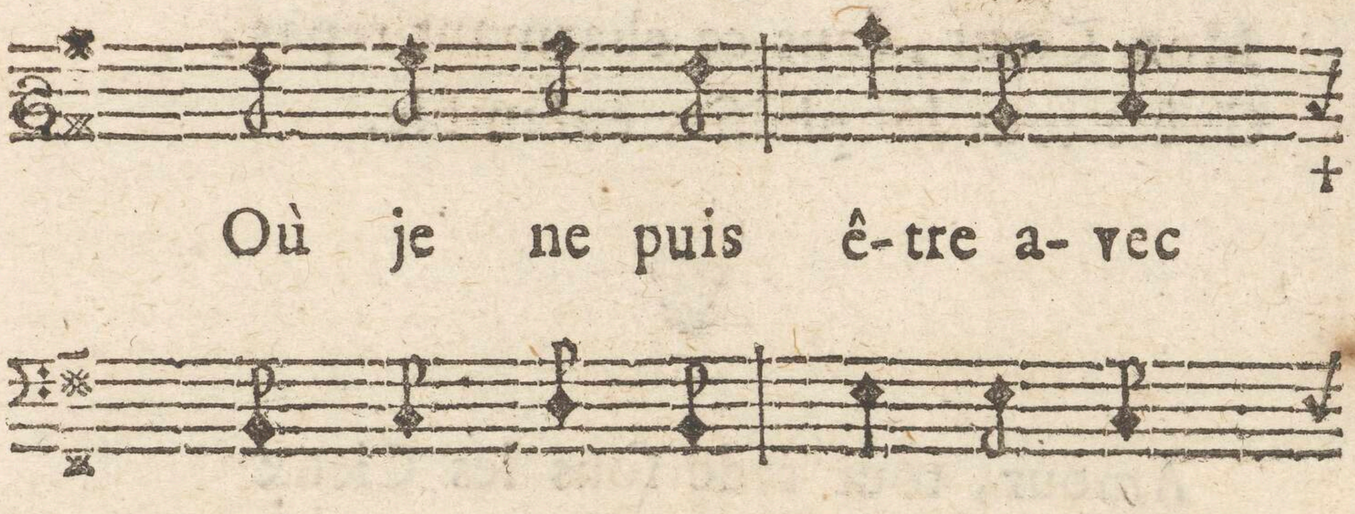
Ba-



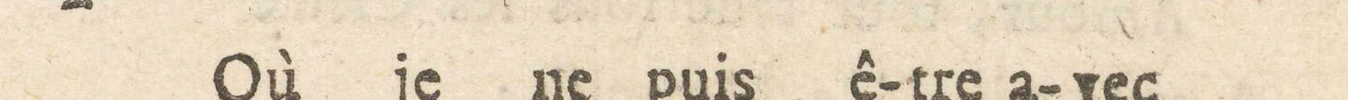
Ba- chus les mo- mens,
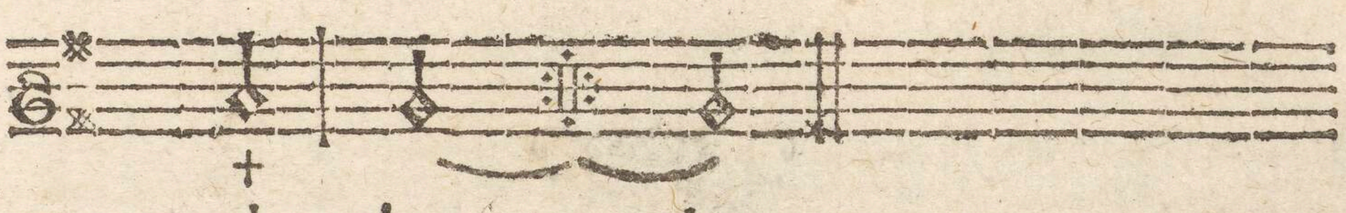


Ba- chus les mo- mens,
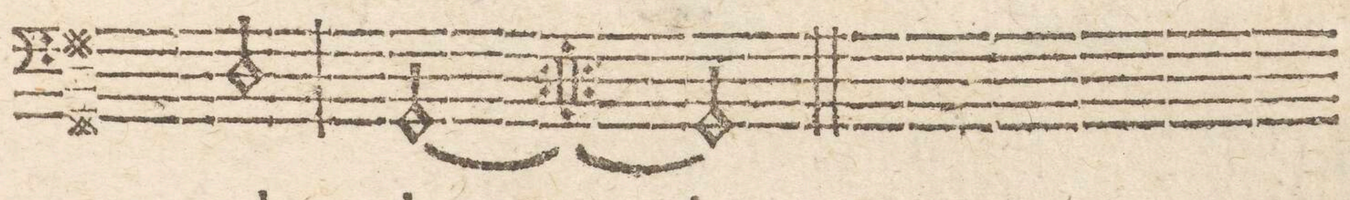


Où je ne puis ê-tre a- vec



Où je ne puis ê-tre a- vec



el- le. le.



el- le. le.
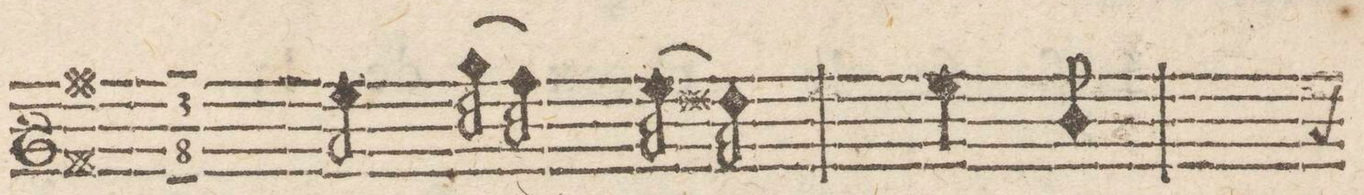
Non

Non, le bonheur des plus grands Rois,
A mon ſort n'eſt point comparable :
Quand je vois briller à la fois
Le Vin & mon Iris à table.

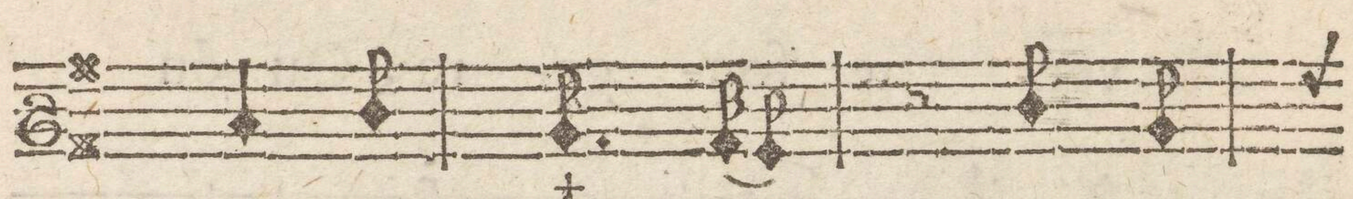
Objet divin, jus plein d'appas,
Quel heureux deſtin vous raſſemble !
Mon Cœur, dans ce charmant repas,
Goûte tous les plaiſirs enſemble.

Amour, tout cede ſous les Cieux
A cette adorable Merveille ;
Cher Bachus, le Nectar des Dieux
Ne vaut pas ta Liqueur vermeille.

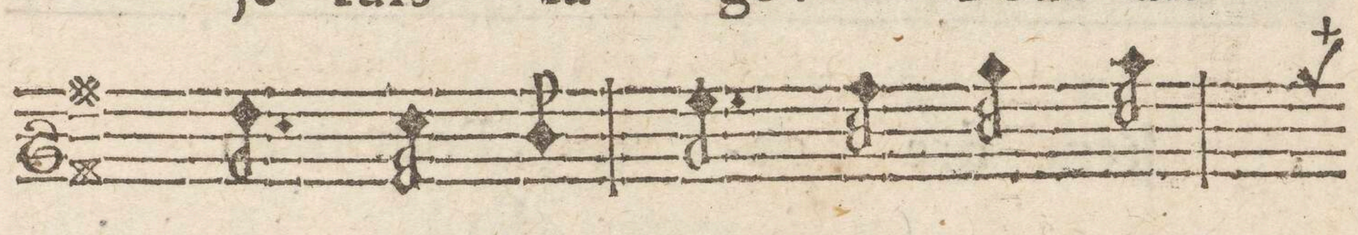
LE DEFFI.
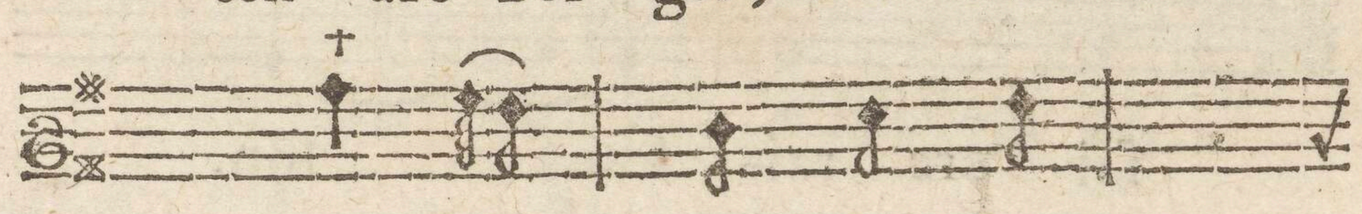


TU dis par tout, que
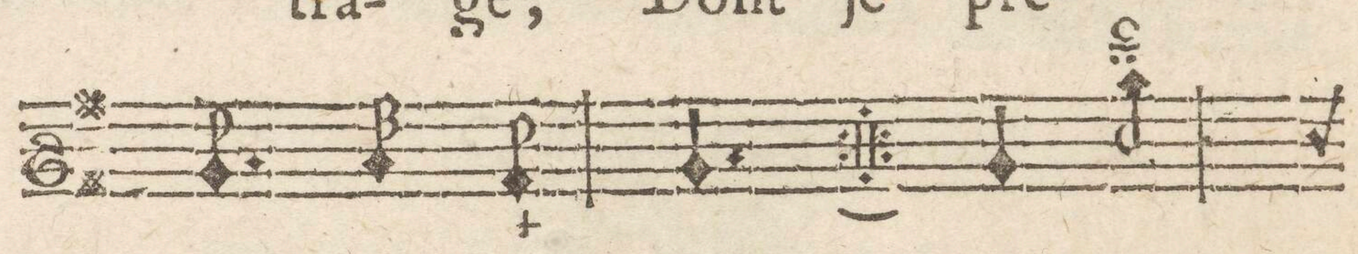


je ſuis ſa- ge: Pour un
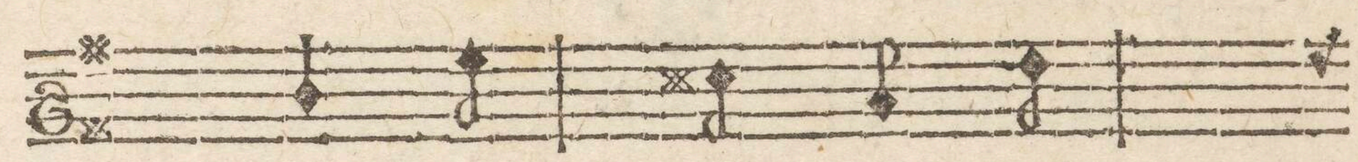


ten- dre Ber- ger, C'eſt un ou-
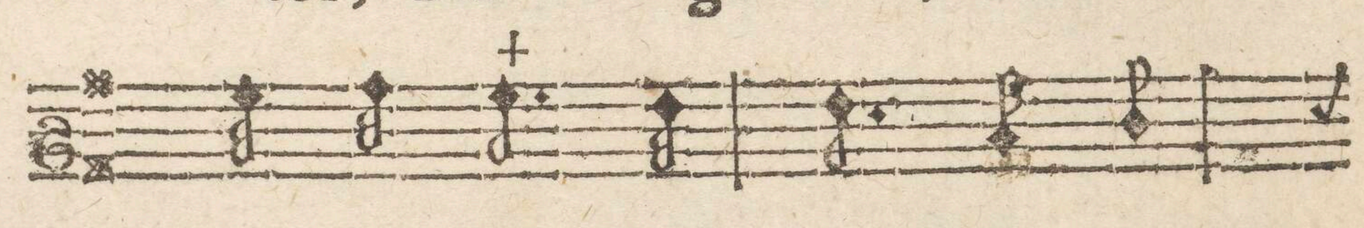


tra- ge, Dont je pré-



tens me van- ger: ger. Rens-
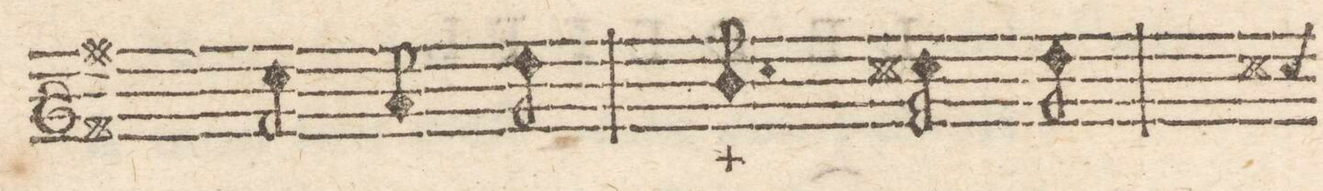


toi, Ber- ge- re, Dans
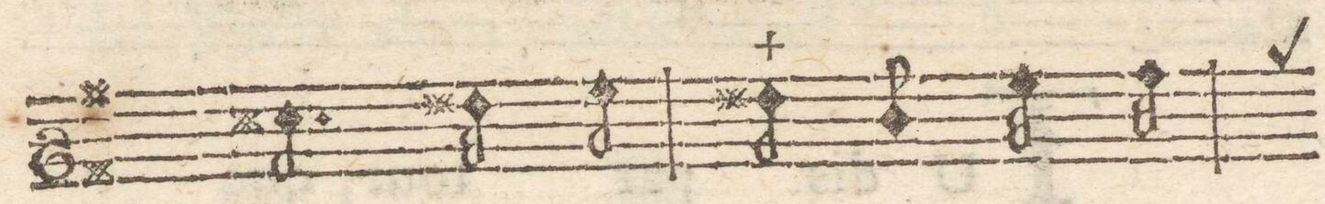


le pro-chain Ver- ger : Je te
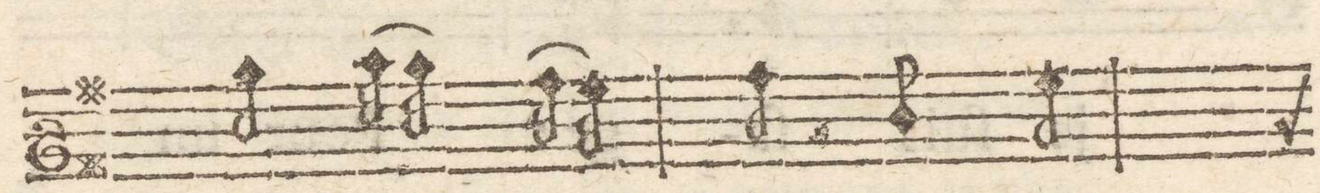
laiſſe



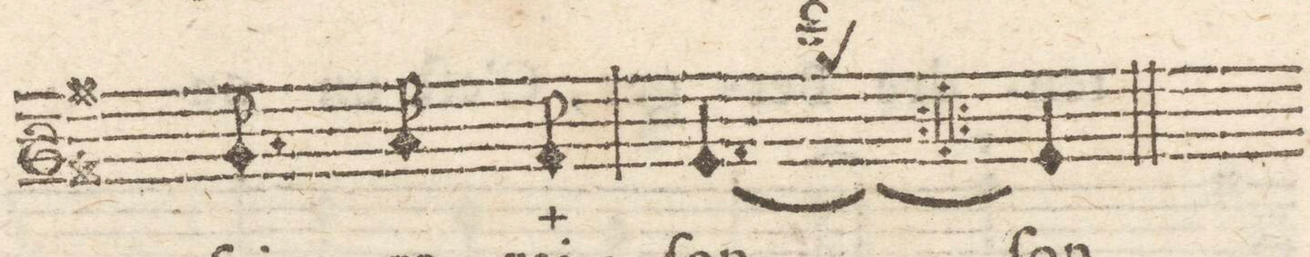
laiſ- ſe le choix de la



ver- te fou- ge- re, Ou du

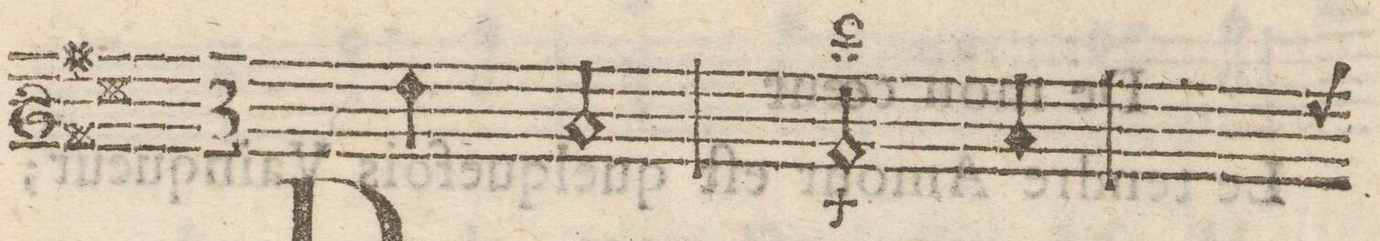


ſten- dre ga- zon, Pour m'en
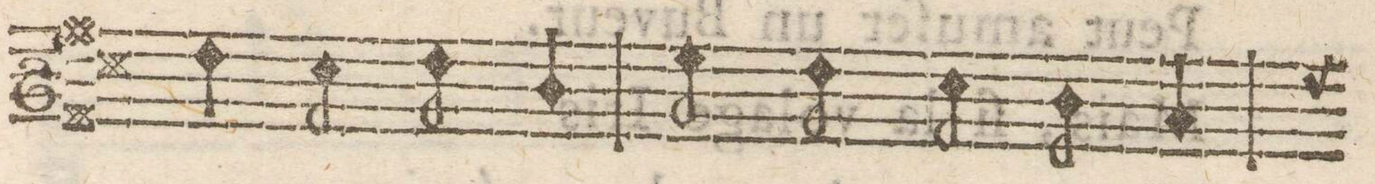


fai- re rai- ſon. ſon.
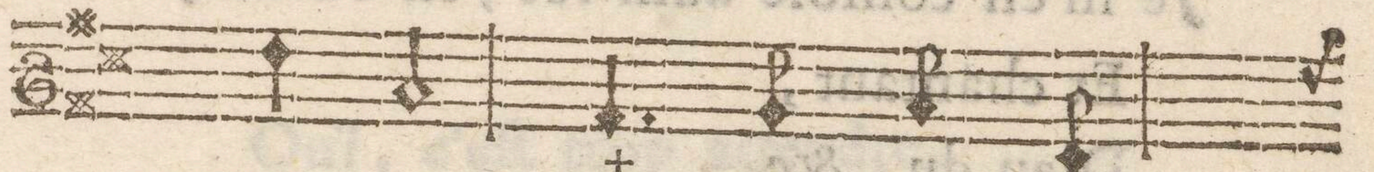
Dieu



Dieu du Vin, Qui
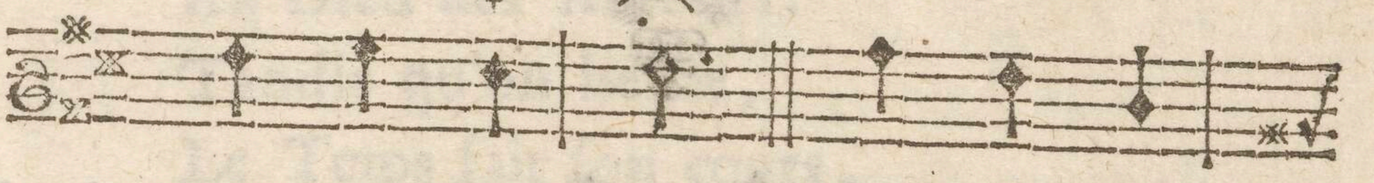


t'ai- me jou- ït d'un heu-reux deſ- tin,
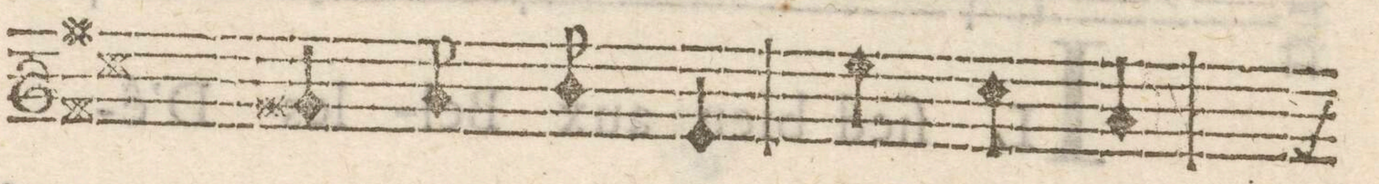


Le cha- grin N'ha- bi- te
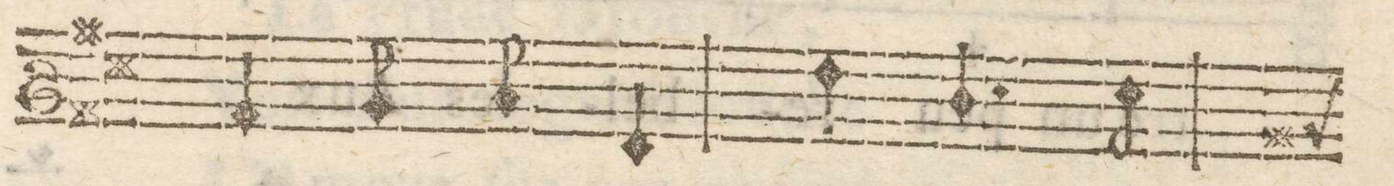
Fin.
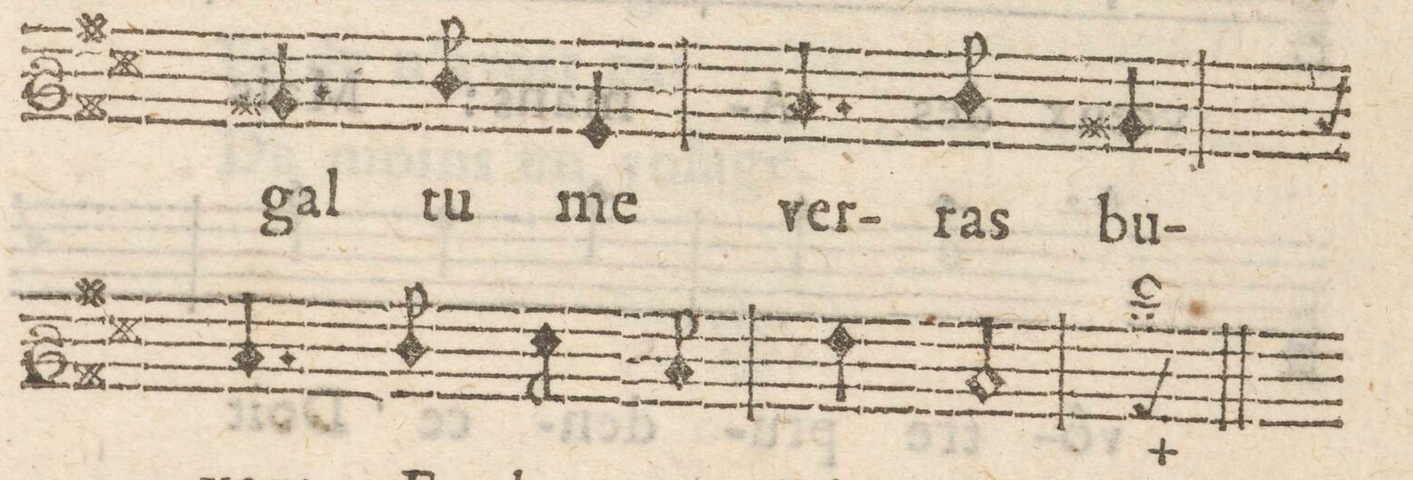


point dans ſon ſein. For- tu- ne,



fais des ja- loux : Pour moi, je
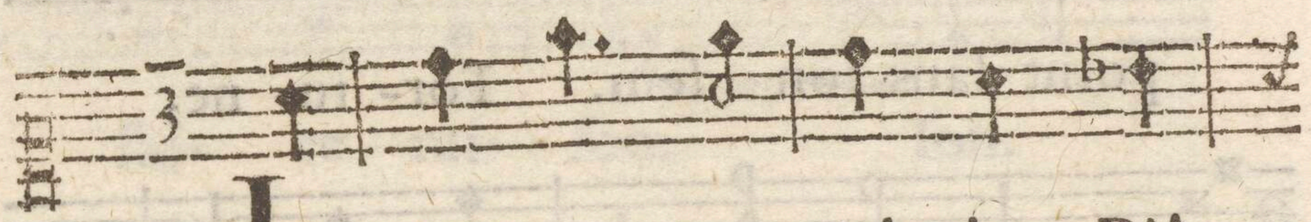


ris de tes coups, Toû-jours é-



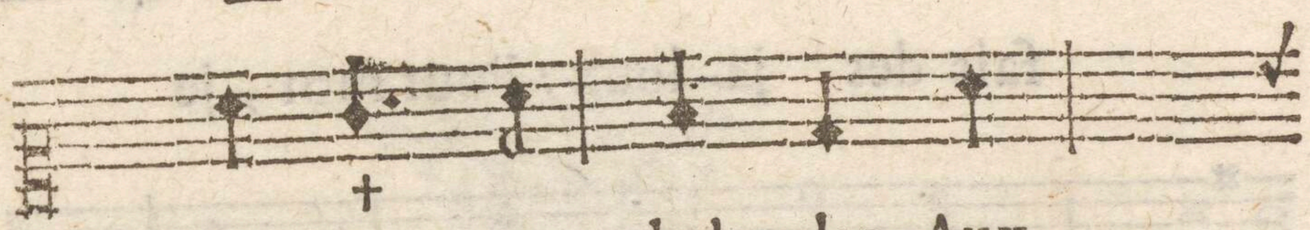
gal tu me ver- ras bu-

vant, Et chan-tant, Dieu du, &c.
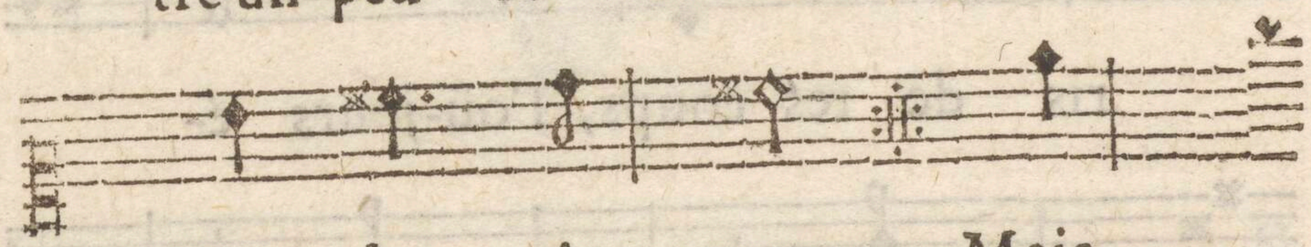
De mon cœur
Le tendre Amour eſt quelquefois Vainqueur;
Son ardeur
Peut amuſer un Buveur.
Mais, ſi la volage Iris
N'a pour moi que des mépris;
Je m'en conſole auſſi-tôt, en buvant,
Et chantant,
Dieu du, &c.
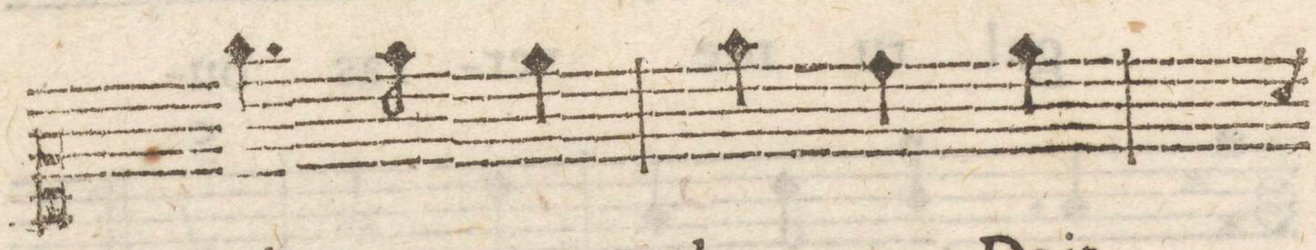


IL ſied bien aux Bel- les D'ê-



tre un peu re- bel- les Aux
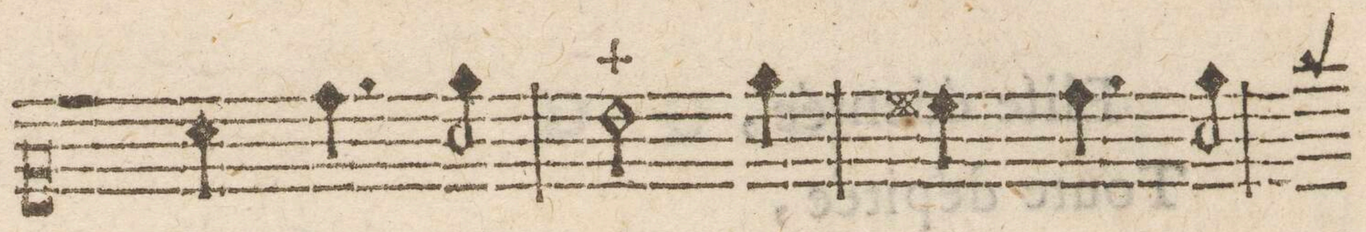


vœux des A- mans: Mais



vô- tre pru- den- ce Doit

bor-



Ouï, c'eſt trop attendre,
Philis, à vous rendre
Au Dieu des Amours:
Tandis qu'on héſite,
Le Tems fait ſon cours,
Et l'Amour nous quitte.
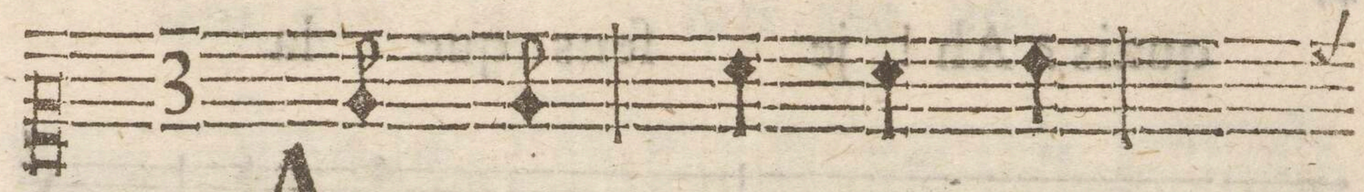
La Prude farouche,
Voit d'un regard louche
L'Amour ſur vos pas;
Triſte d'être ſage,
Et de n'avoir pas
Du moins un volage.

Eliſe édentée,
Toute dépitée,
Pleure ſes beaux jours;
Coquette élimée
Du feu des Amours,
N'a que la fumée.

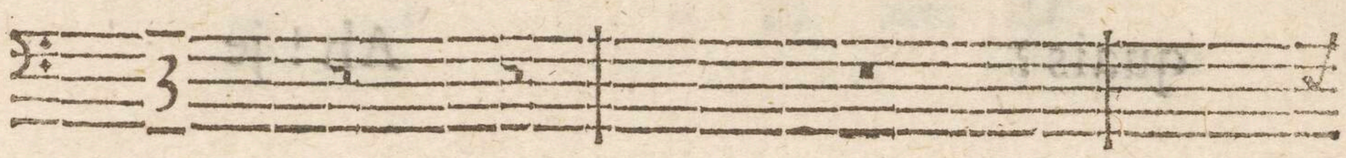
En vain deux Déeſſes
Flattoient de promeſſes,
Le Berger Paris:
Venus leur cadette,
Avec un ſouris,
Eut pomme & houlette.
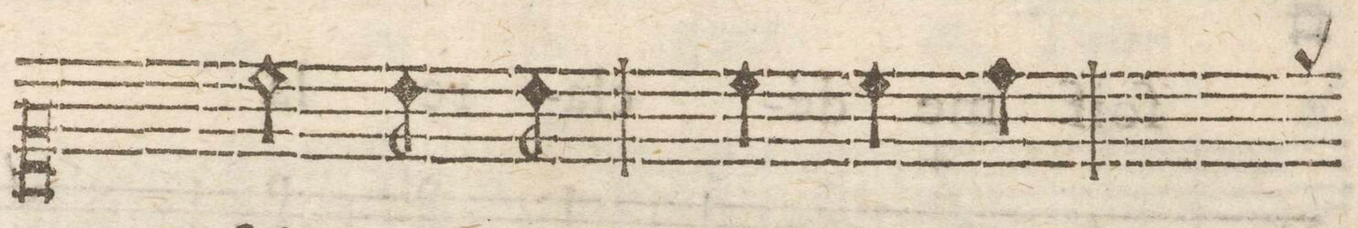
C'eſt dans le bel âge,
Qu'il faut faire uſage
De tous vos attraits:
Cent ans de vieilleſſe
Vaudront-ils jamais
Un jour de jeuneſſe?

DUO.
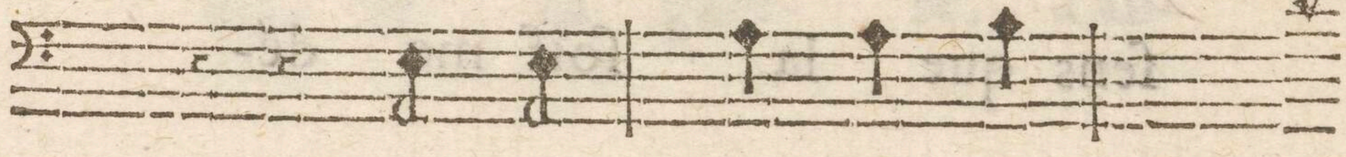


AU- ras - tu bien-tôt
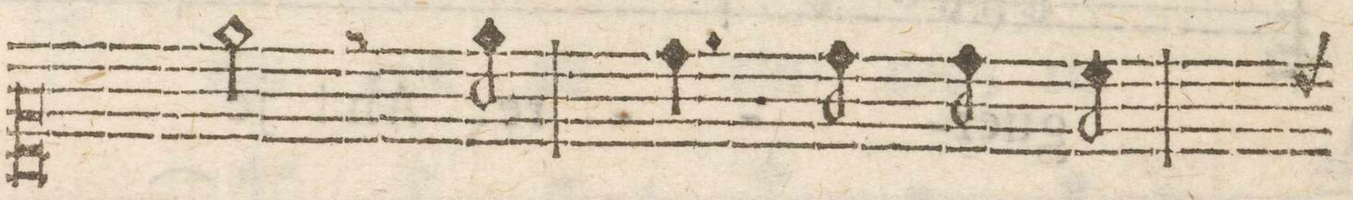




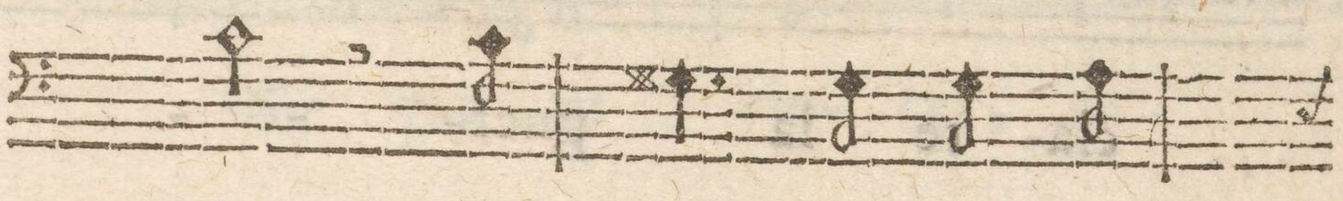
fait, Au- ras - tu bien-tôt
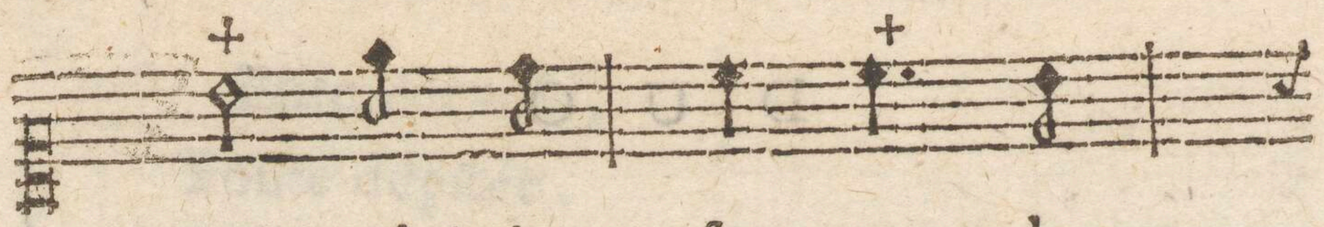


Au- ras - tu bien-tôt



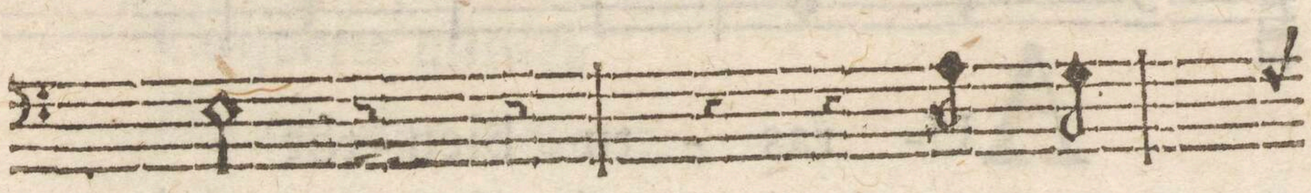
fait, La- quais, mau-dit La-
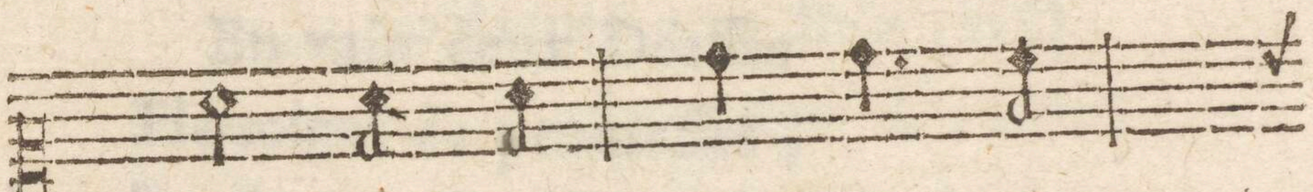


fait, La- quais, mau-dit La-



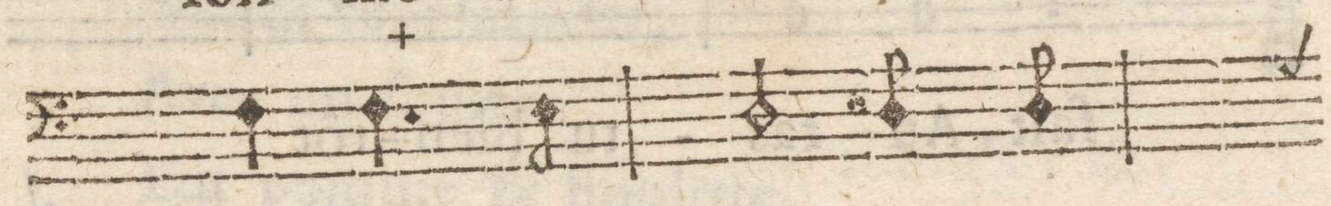
quais ? Ah ! je ſens que la
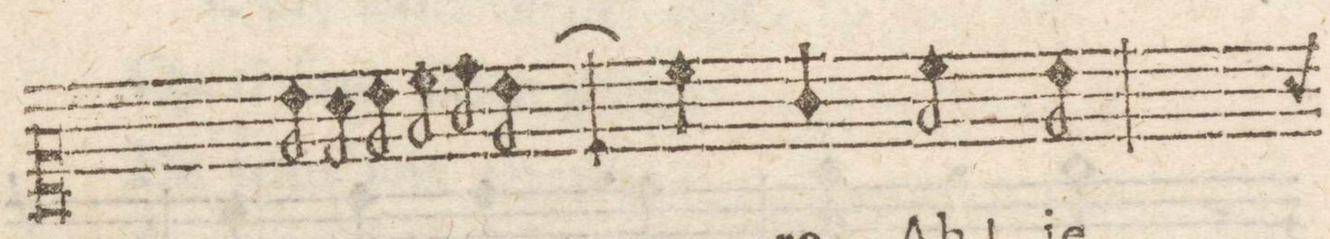


quais ? Ah ! je
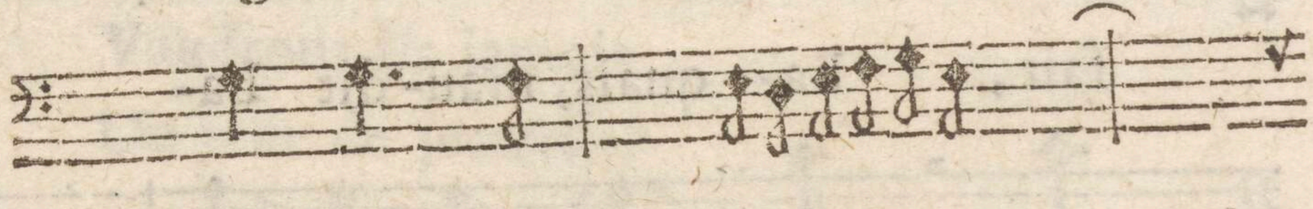


ſoif me dé- cla- re la



ſens que la ſoif me dé-
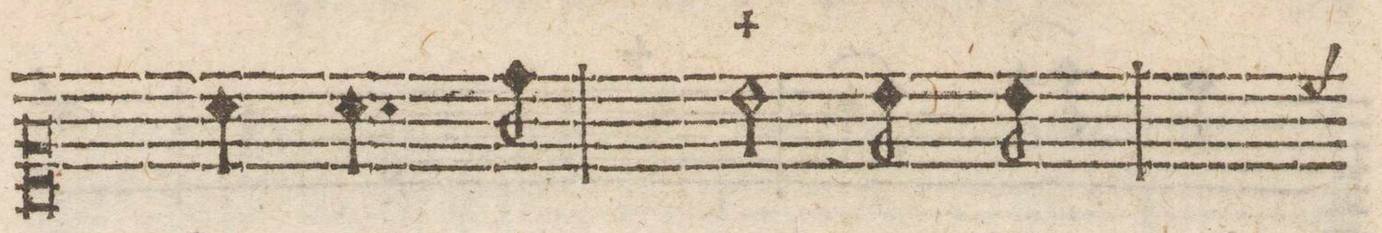


guer- - - re. Ah ! je
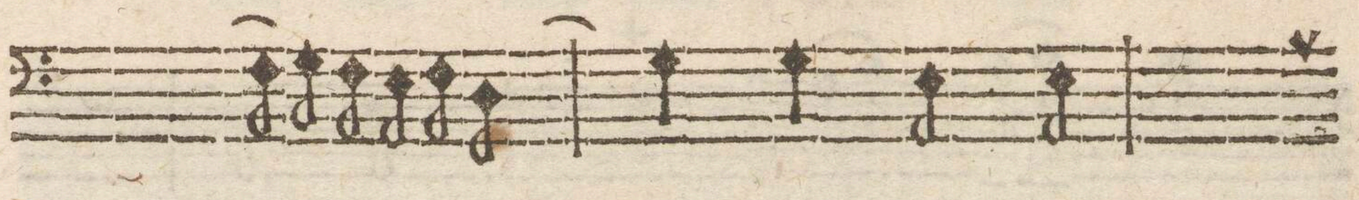


cla- re la guer- - -
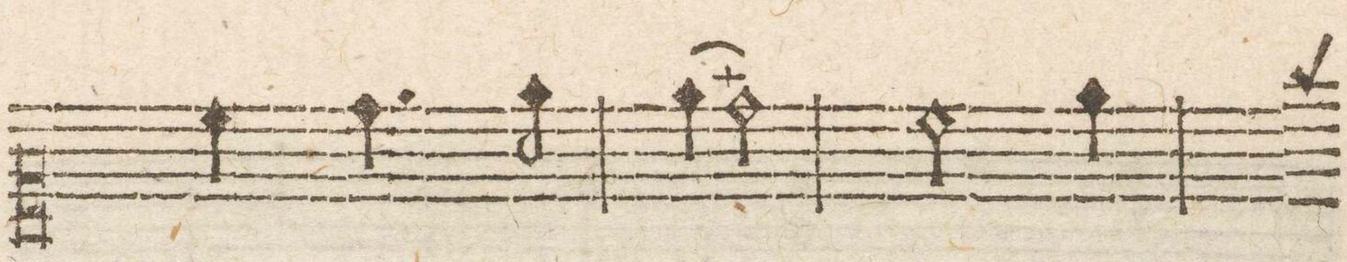
ſens



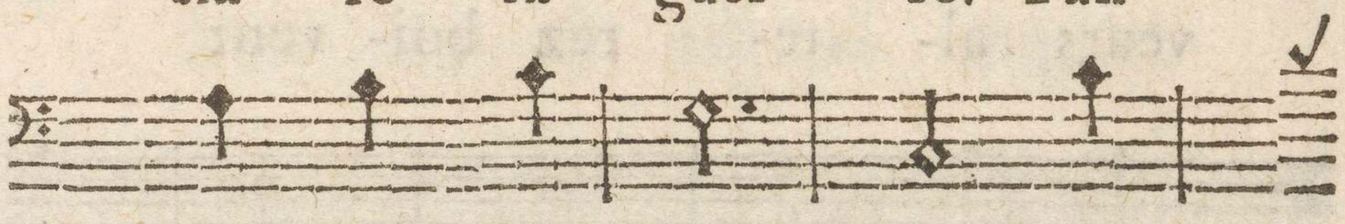
ſens que la ſoif me dé-
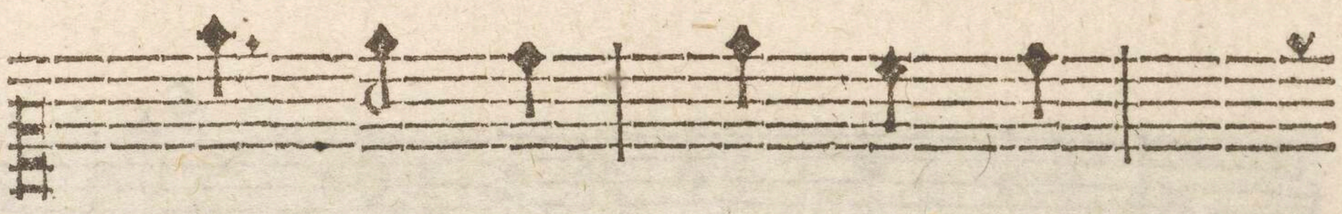


- - - - re me dé-
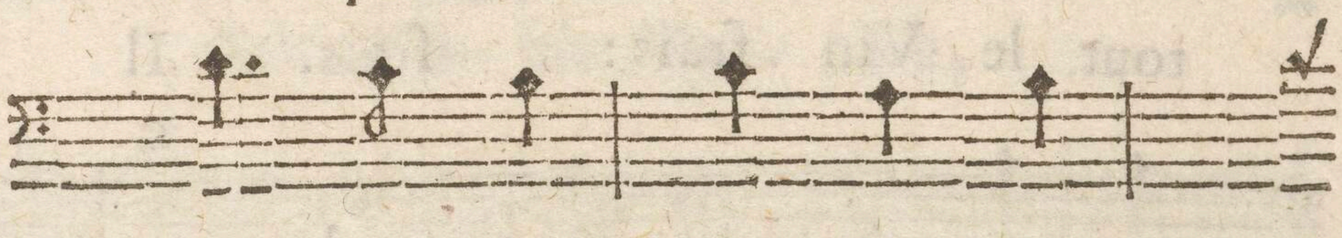


cla- re la guer- re. Tan-
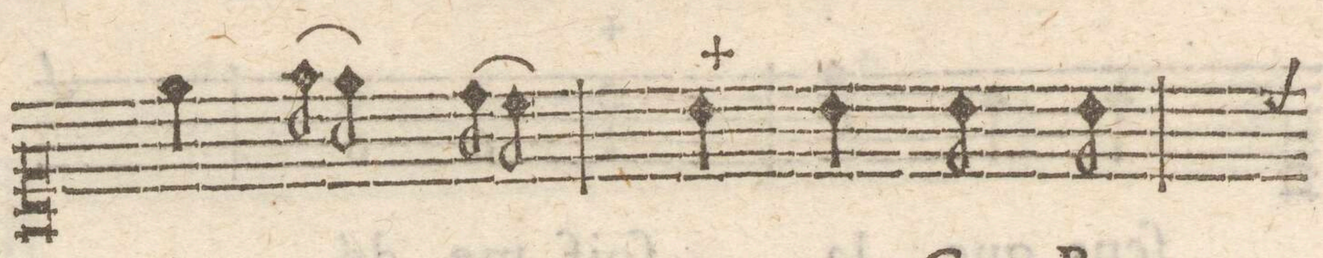


cla- re la guer- re. Tan-



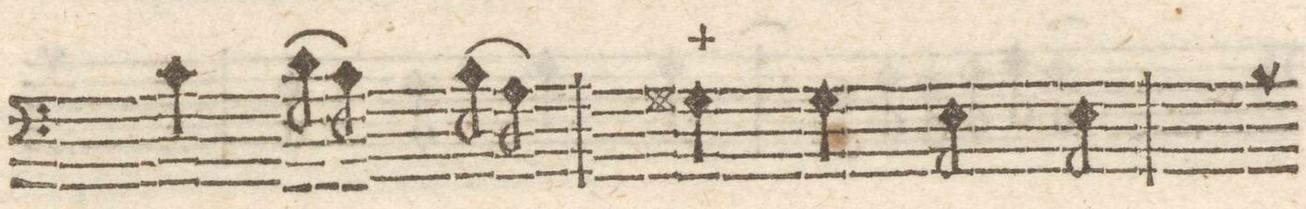
dis que tu rin- ces, tu
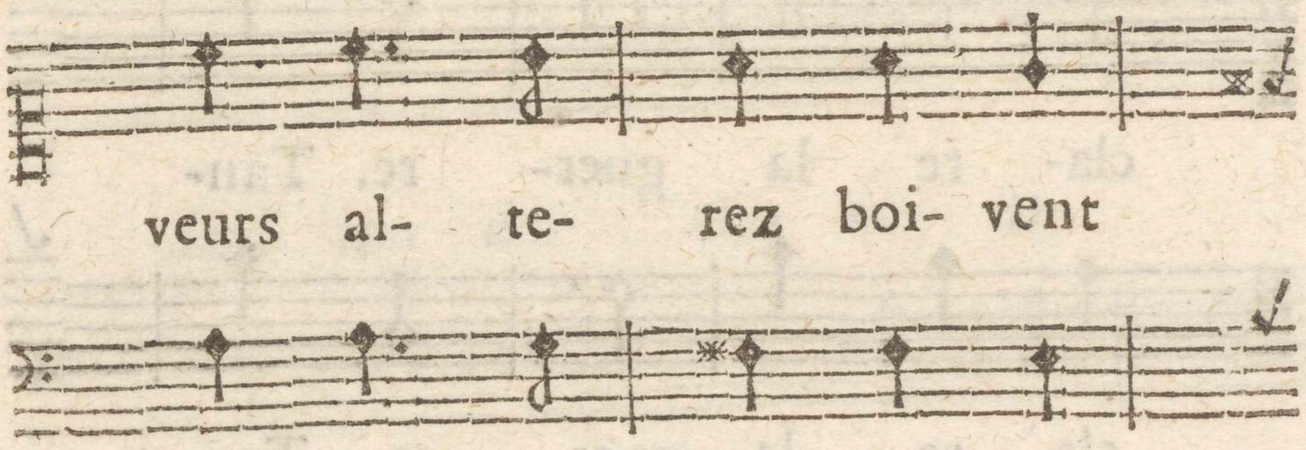


dis que tu rin- ces, tu



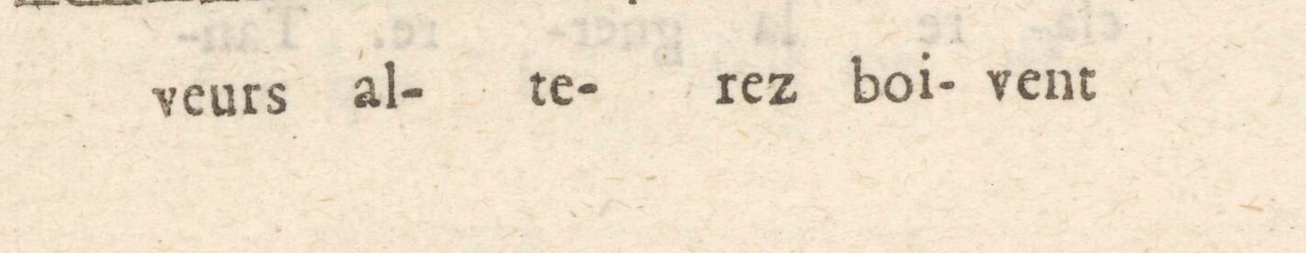
rin- ces mon ver- re, Ces Bu-
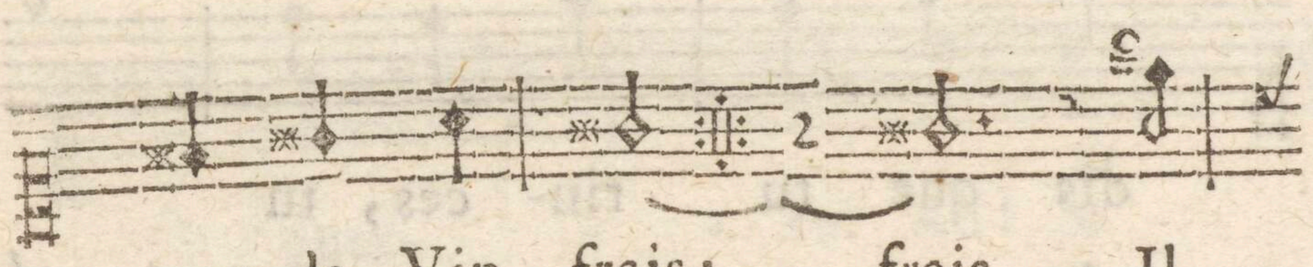


rin- ces mon ver- re, Ces Bu-
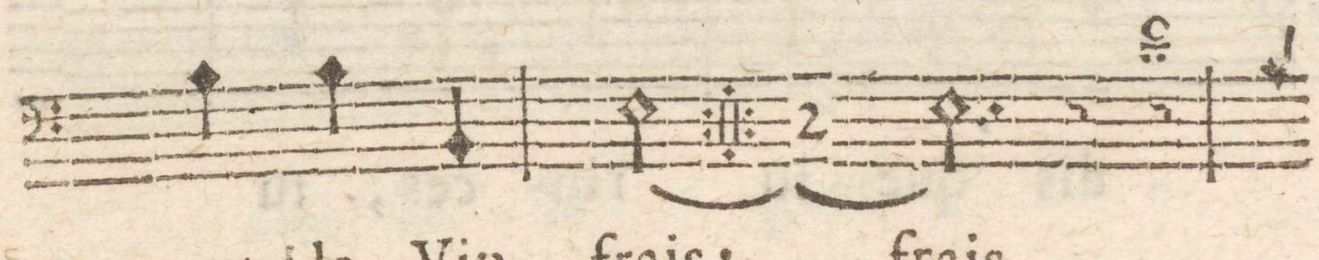


veurs al- te- rez boi- vent
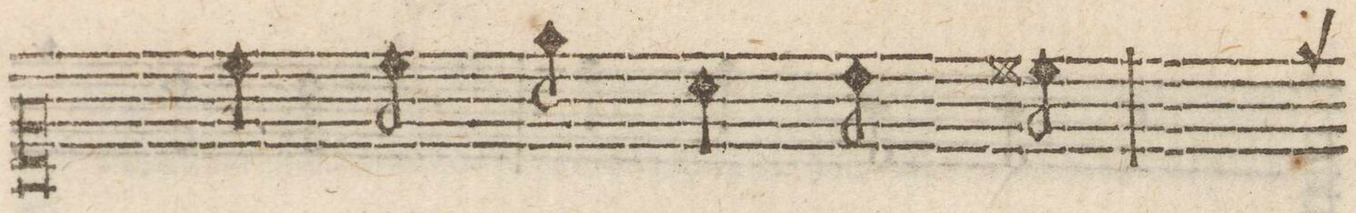


veurs al- te- rez boi- vent
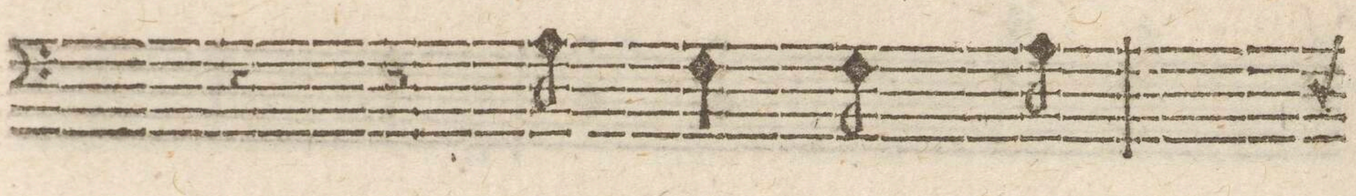


tout le Vin frais: frais. Il
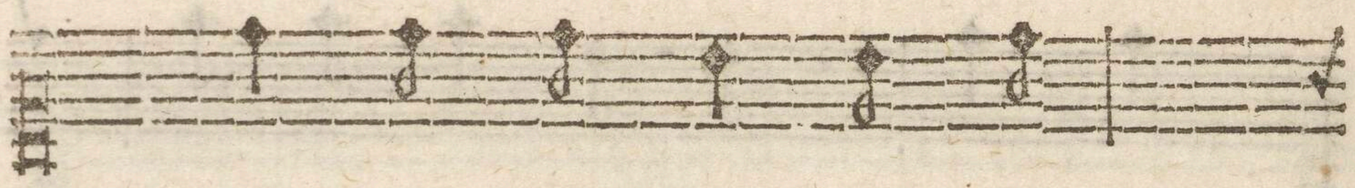


tout le Vin frais: frais.
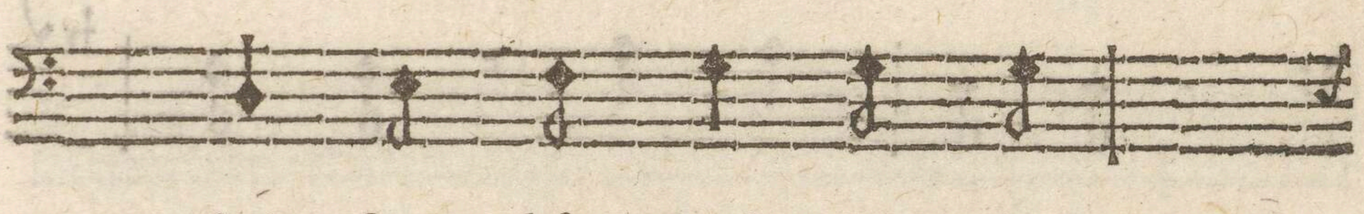


eſt aſ- ſez clair, dou- ble
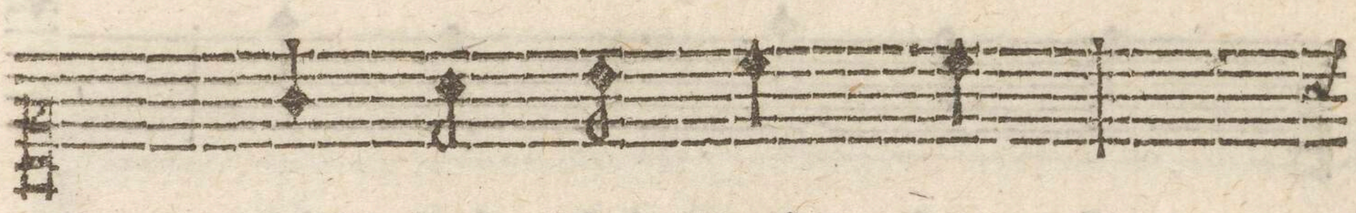


Il eſt aſ- ſez
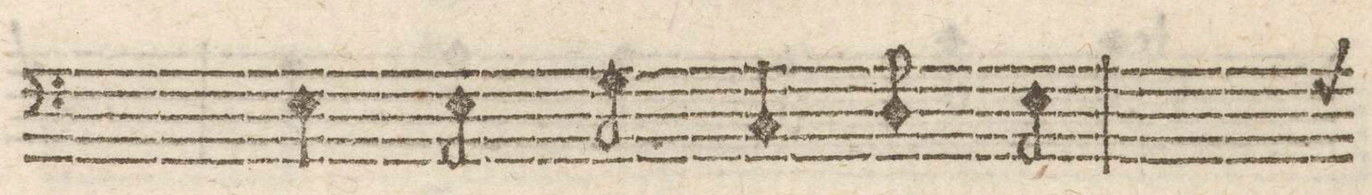


Trai- tre, Il eſt aſ- ſez



clair, dou- ble Trai- tre, Il
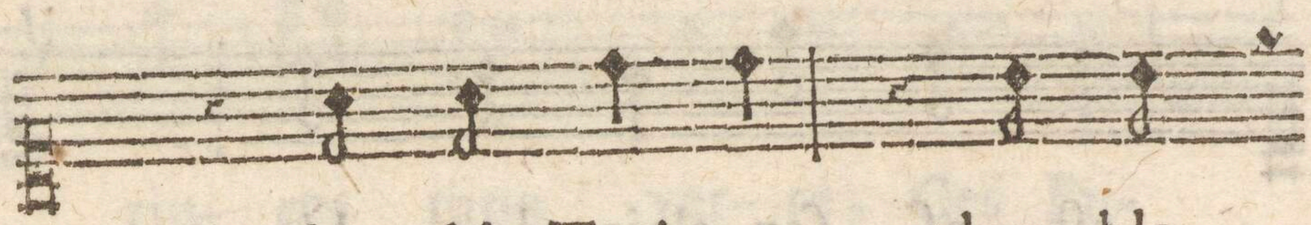


clair, dou- ble Trai- tre,
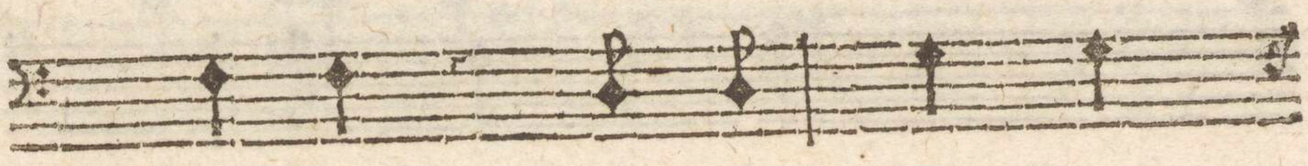


eſt aſ- ſez clair, dou- ble
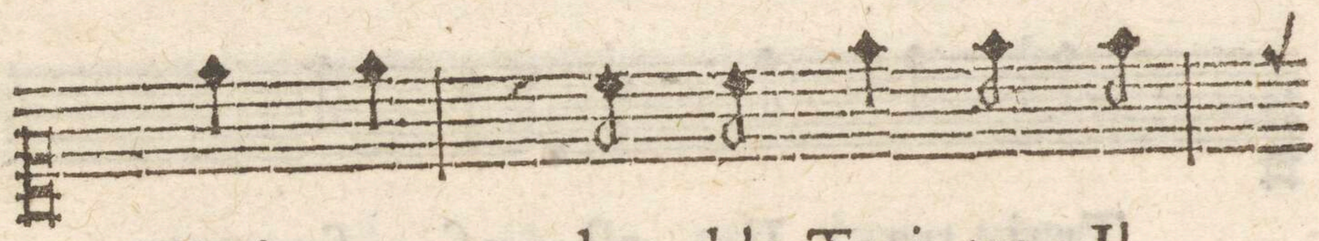
dou-
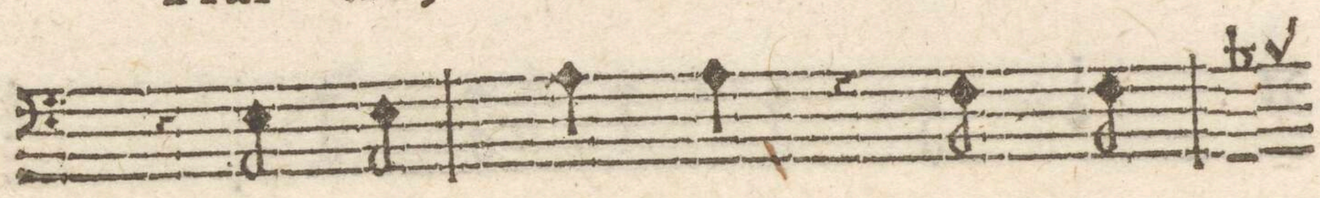


dou- ble Trai- tre, dou- ble
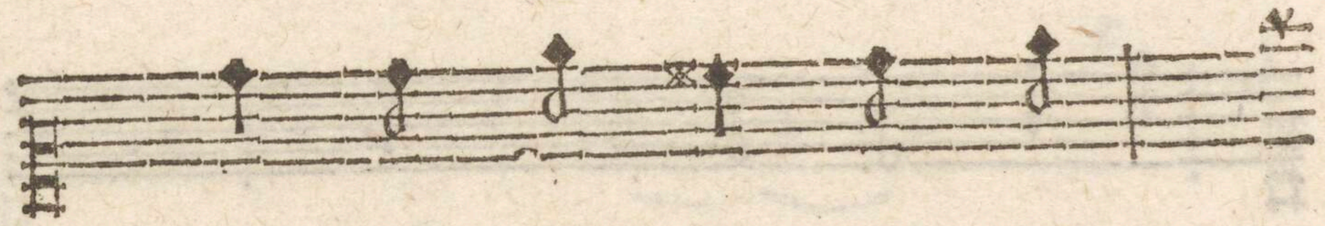


Trai- tre, dou- ble Trai- tre,
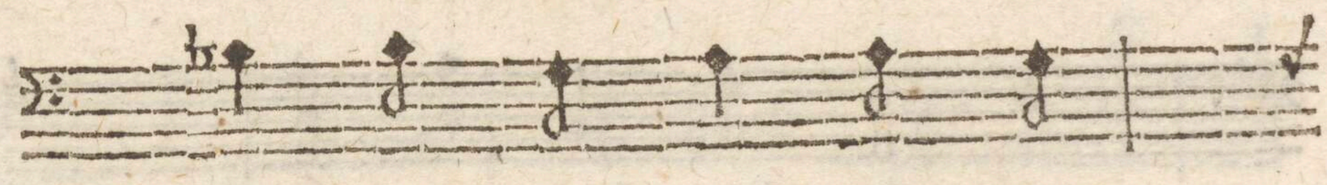


Trai- tre, dou- ble Trai- tre ; Il



dou- ble Trai- tre, dou- ble
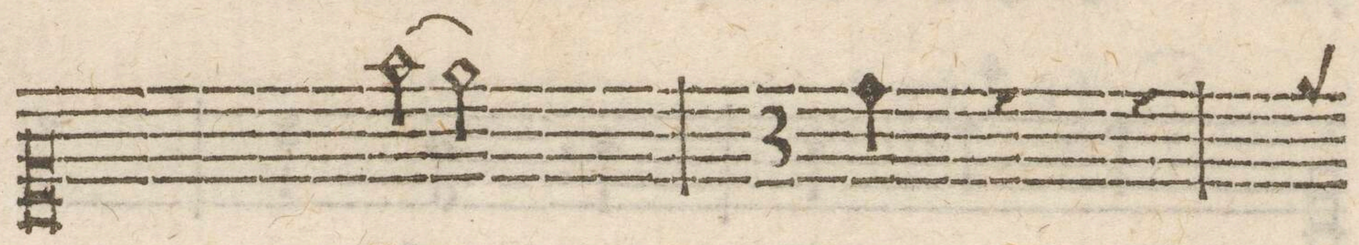


eſt aſ- ſez clair, dou- ble

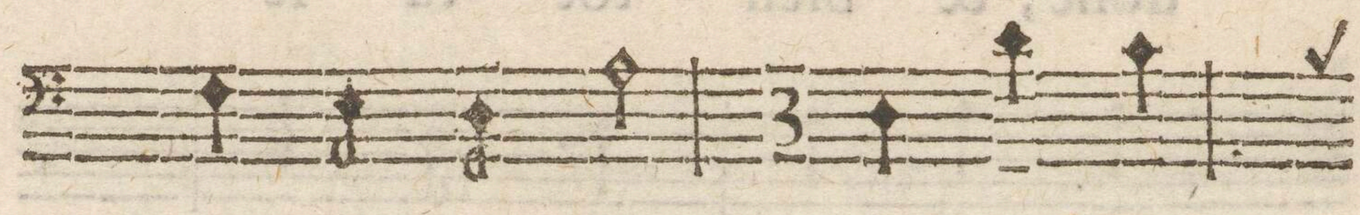


Trai- tre ; Il eſt aſ- ſez
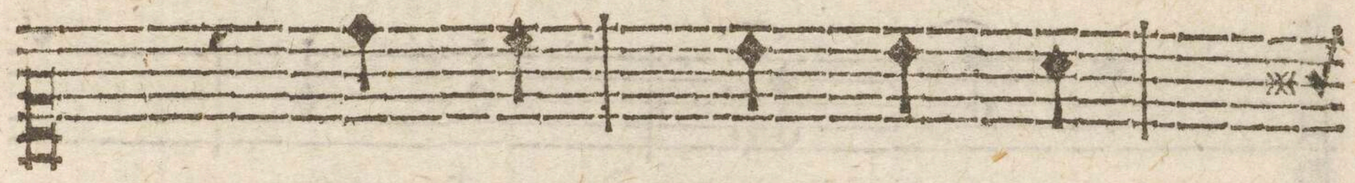
Trai-
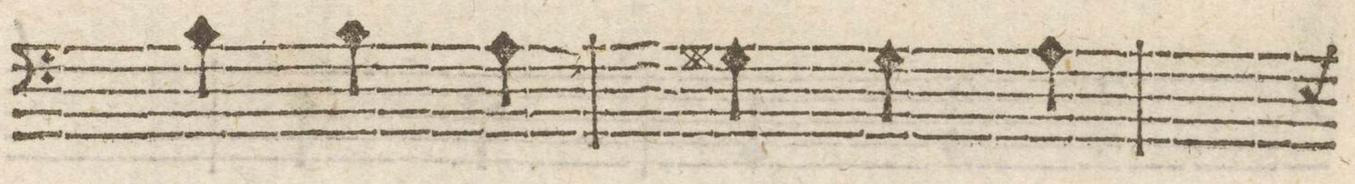


Trai- tre.
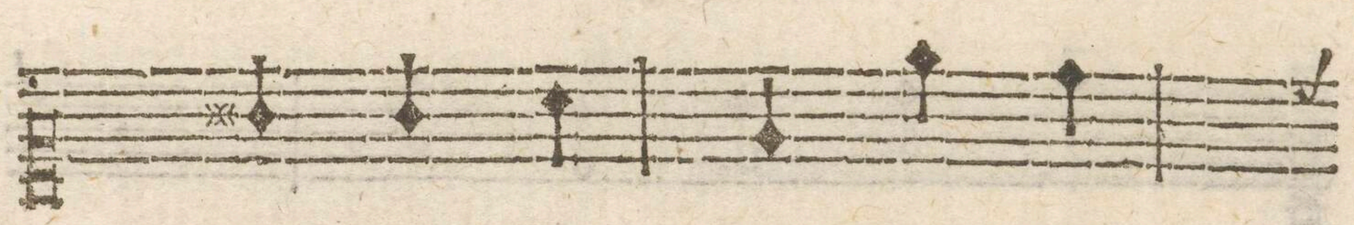


clair, dou- ble Trai- tre. Ver- ſe
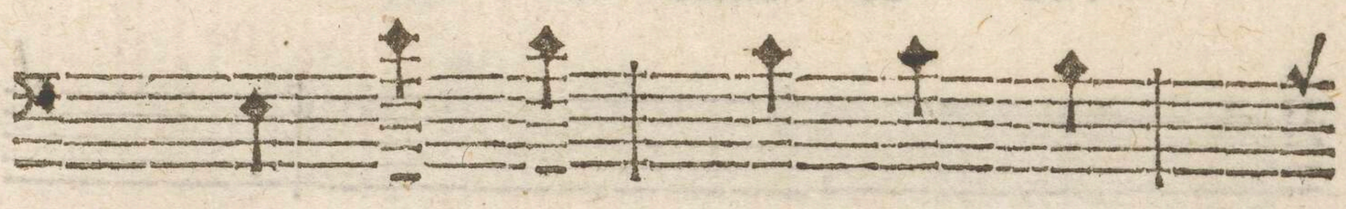


Ver- ſe donc, & bien-



donc & bien - tôt, ver- ſe
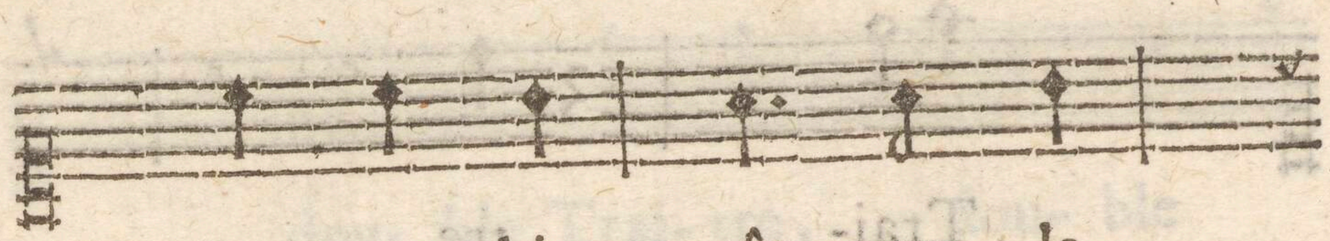


tôt, ver- ſe donc, ver- ſe
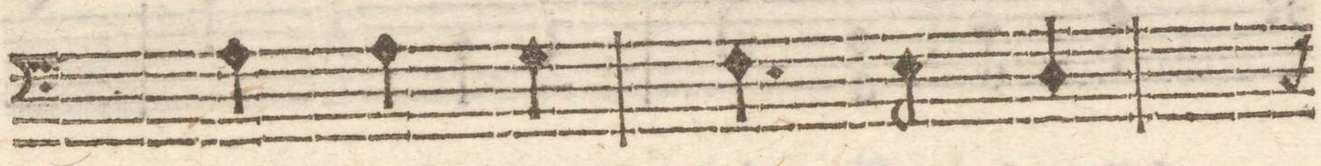


donc, ver- ſe donc, & bien-
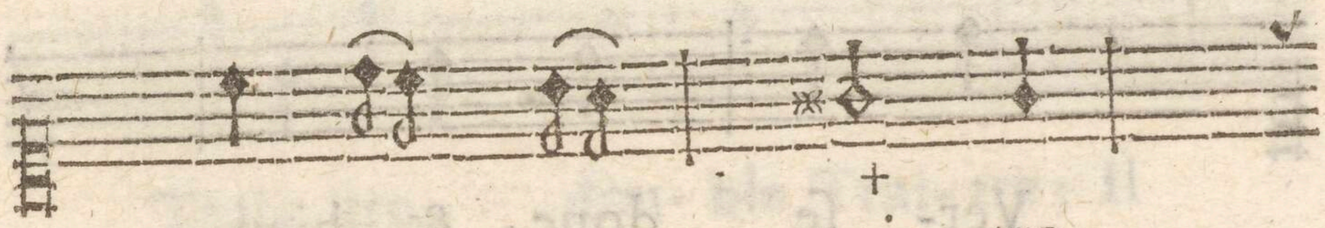
donc
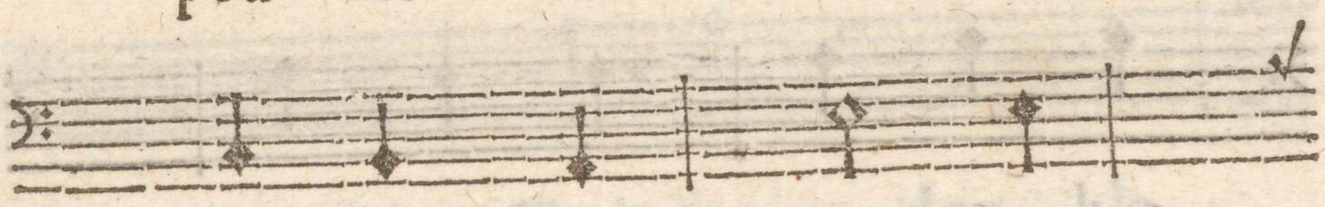


donc, & bien - tôt tu le
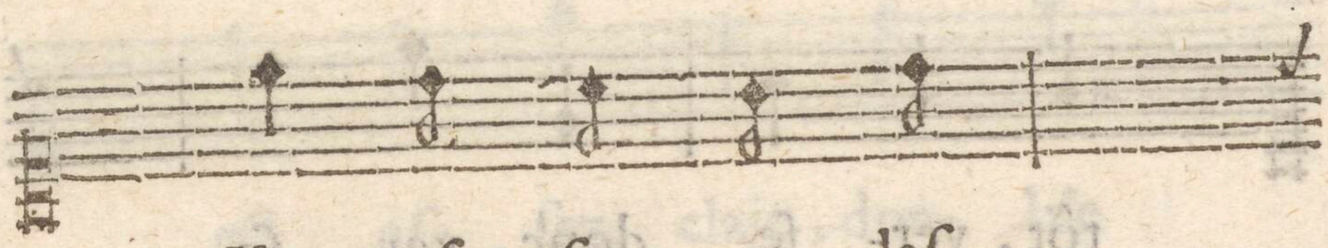


tôt, & bien - tôt tu le



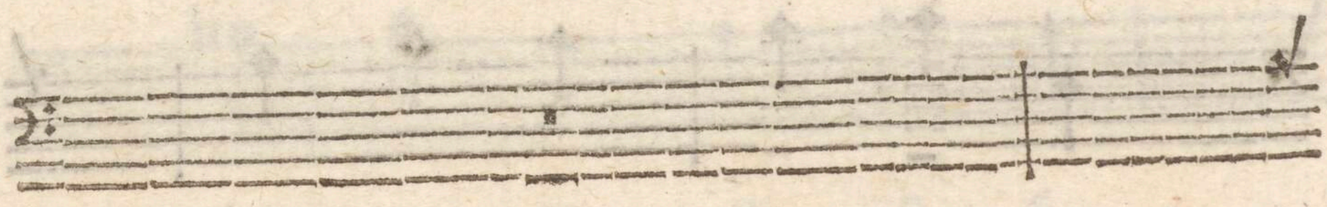
pou- ras con- noi- tre.



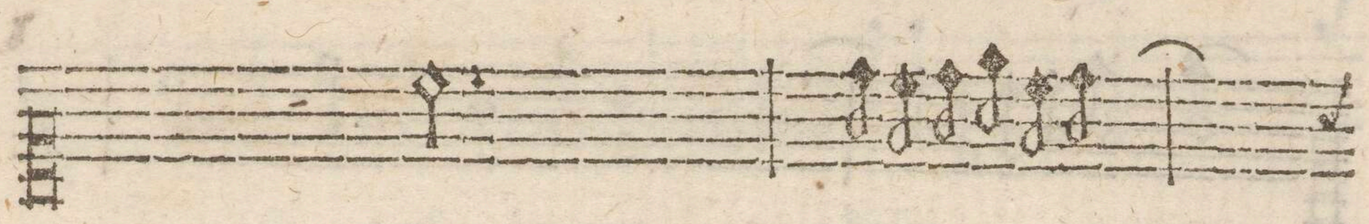
pou- ras con- noi- tre.
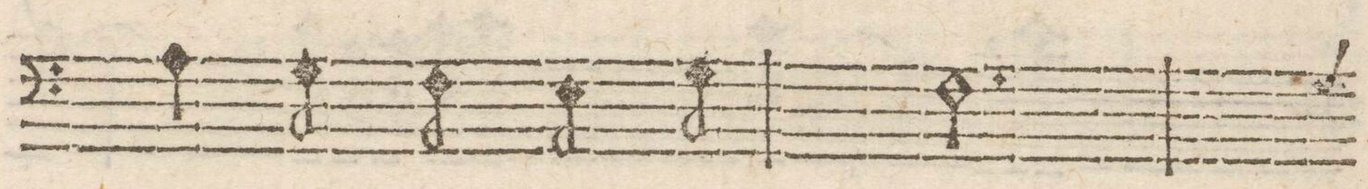


Ver- ſe ſans te laſ-
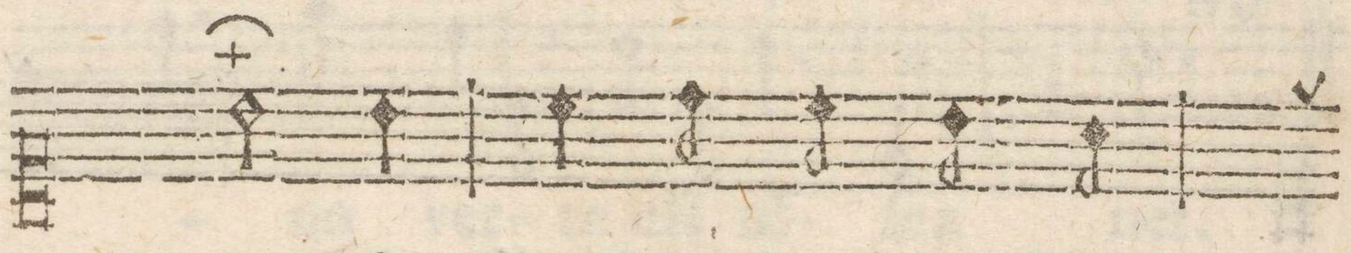


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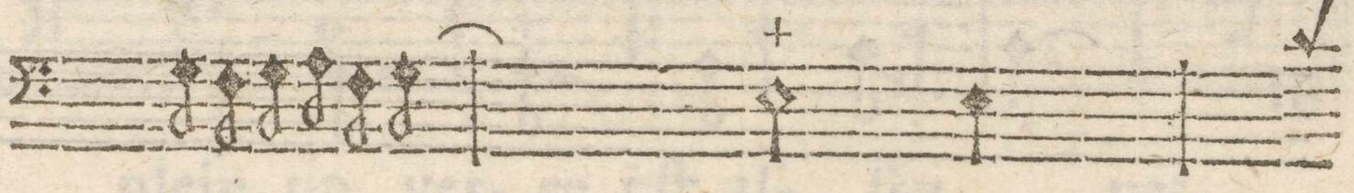


ſer, Ver- -



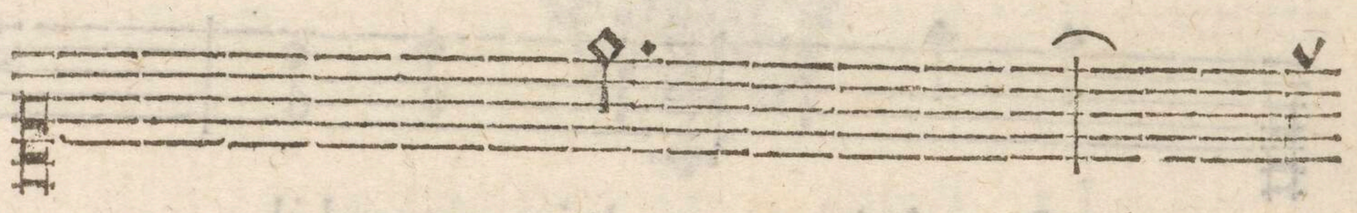
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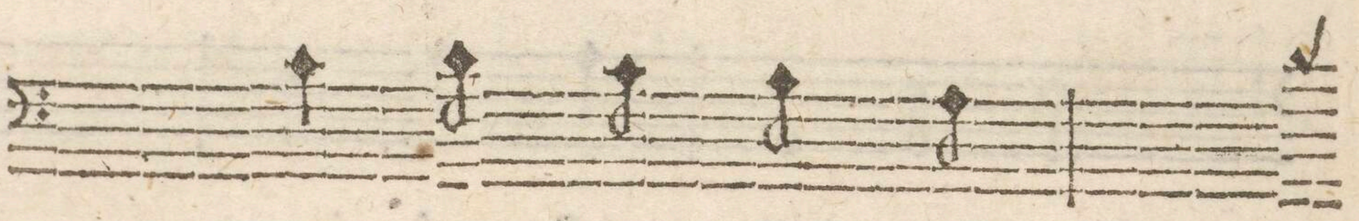
- ſe, ver- ſe du Vin clai-
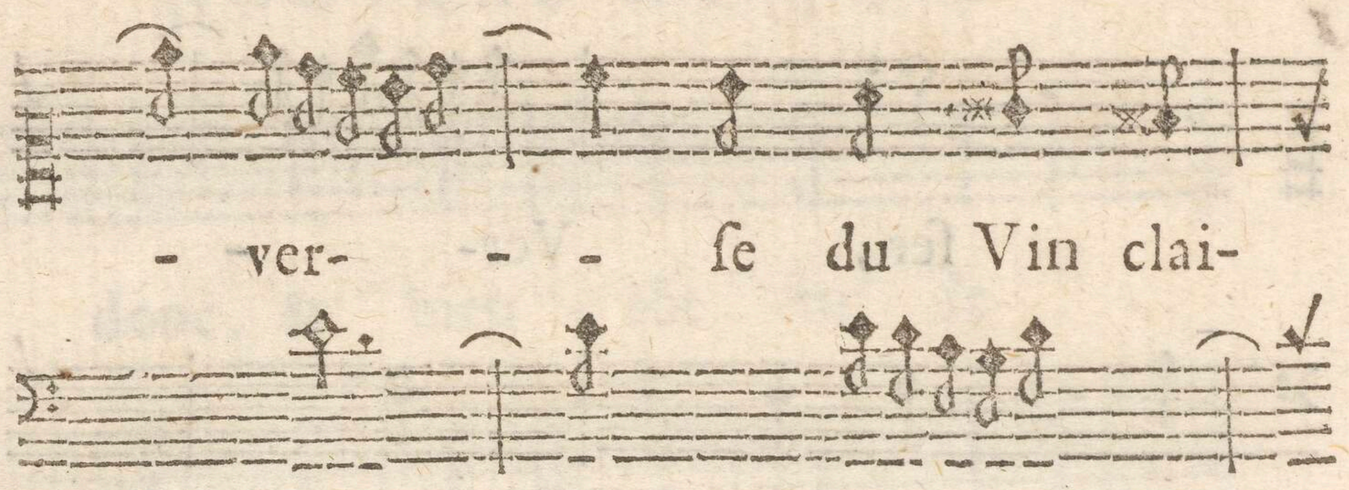


Ver- - - - ſe,
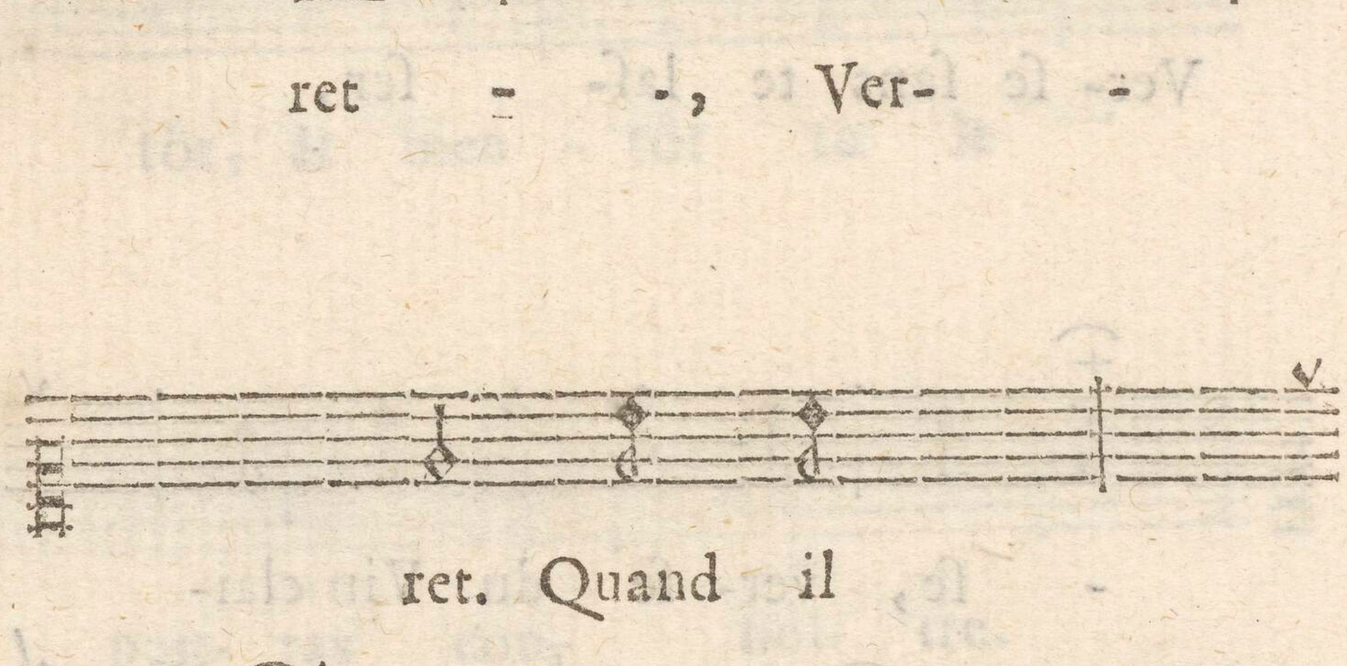


ret - - -
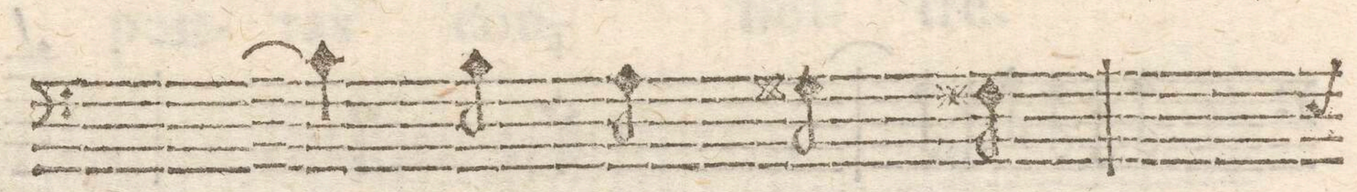


ver- ſe du Vin clai-



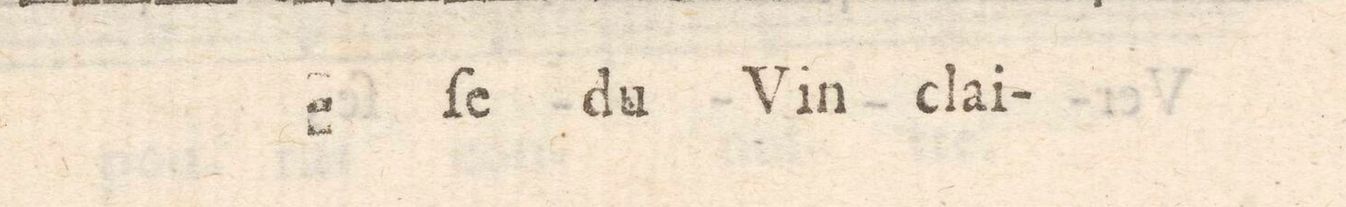
- ver- - - ſe du Vin clai-



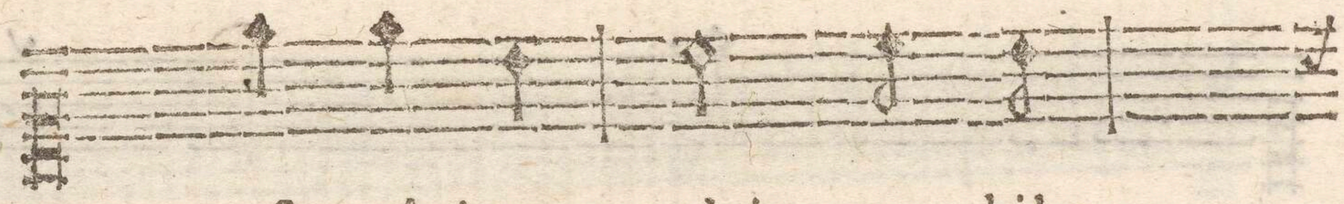
ret - -, Ver-



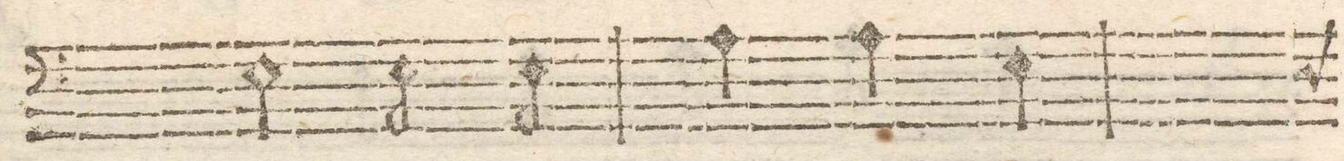
ret. Quand il



e ſe du Vin clai-

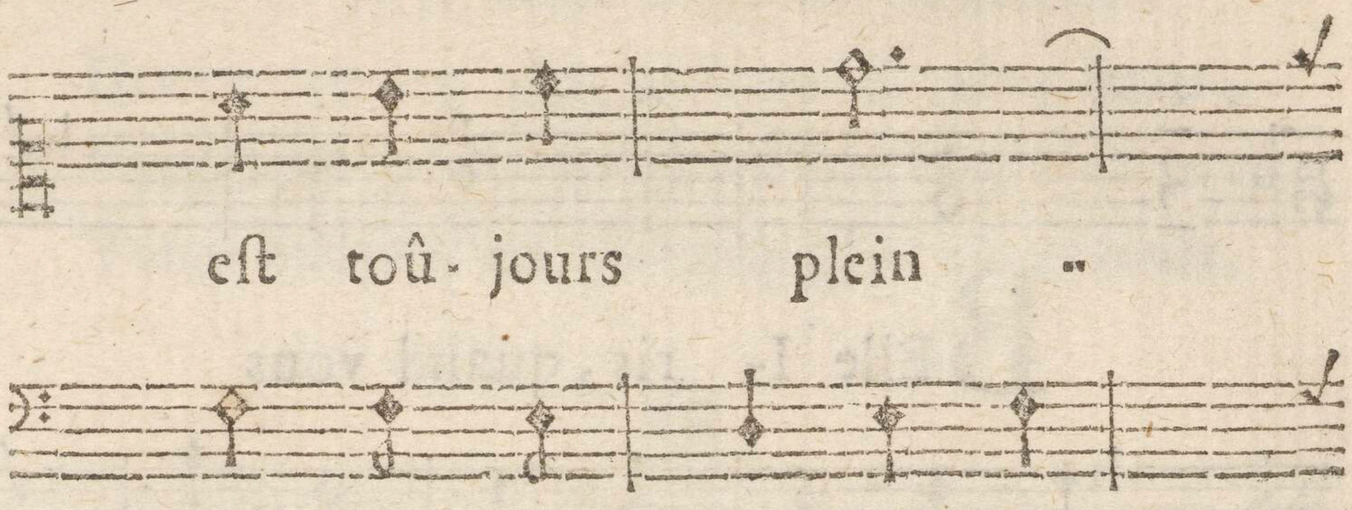


eſt toû-jours plein, quand il

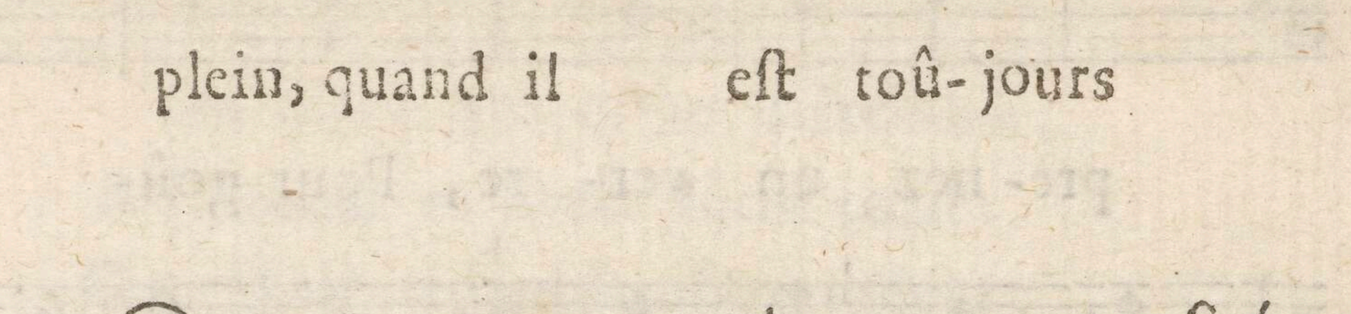


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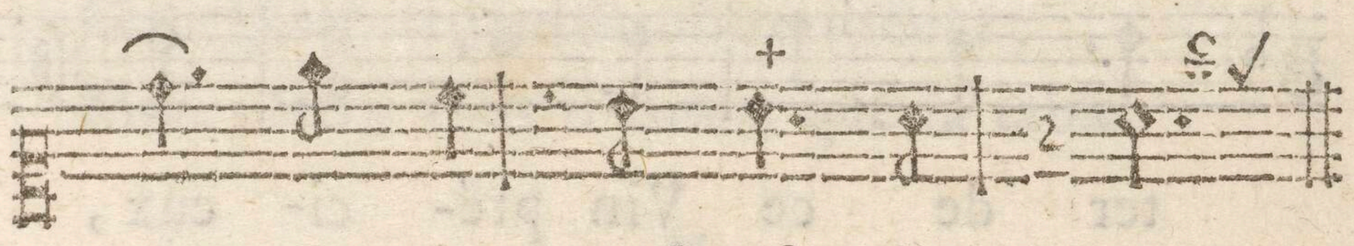
eſt
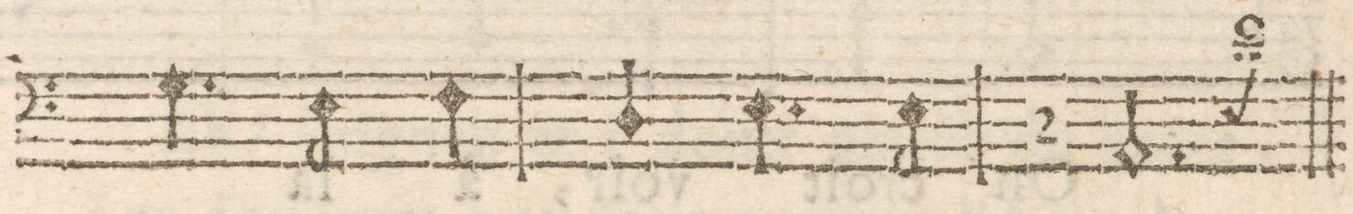


eſt toû- jours plein
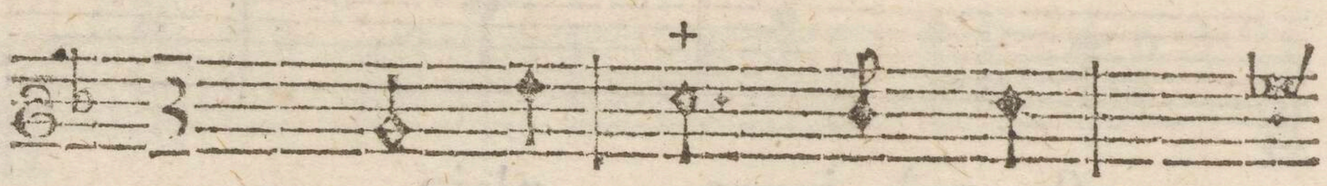


plein, quand il eſt toû- jours
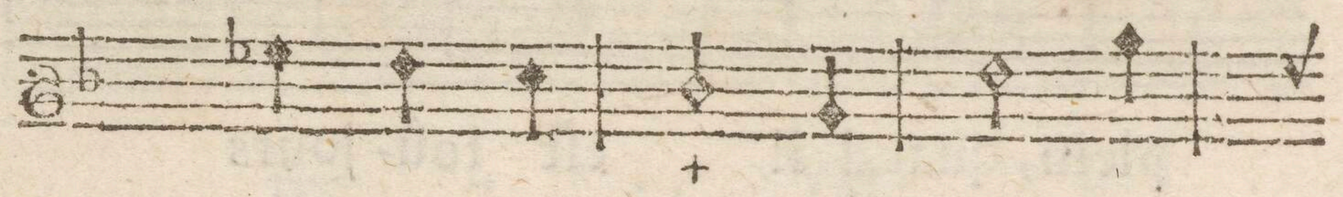


- un ver- re eſt aſ- ſez net.
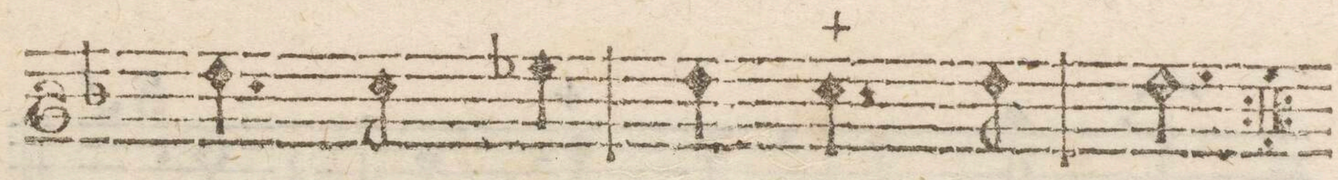


plein, un ver- re eſt aſ- ſez net.
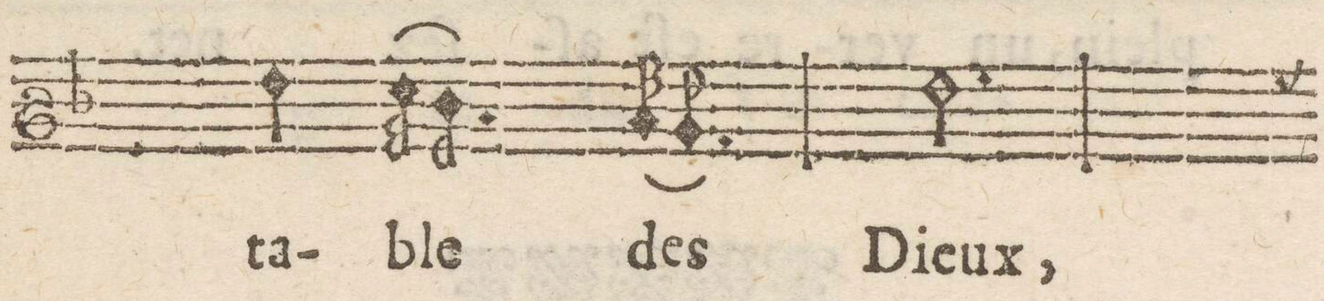


BElle I- ris, quand vous
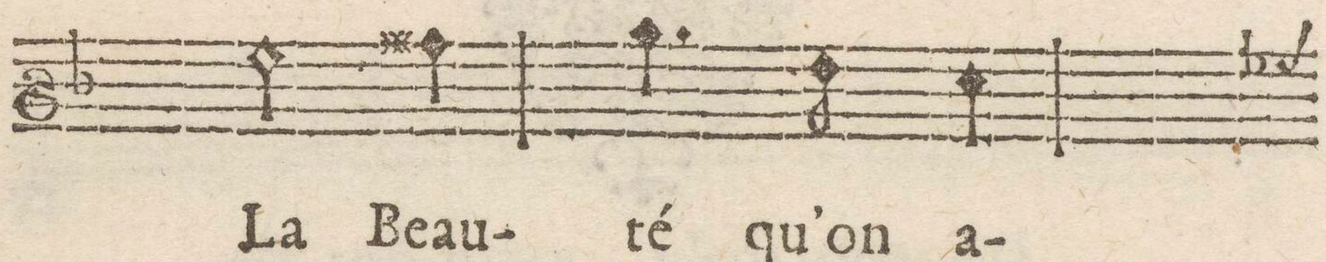


pre- nez un ver- re, Pour goû-



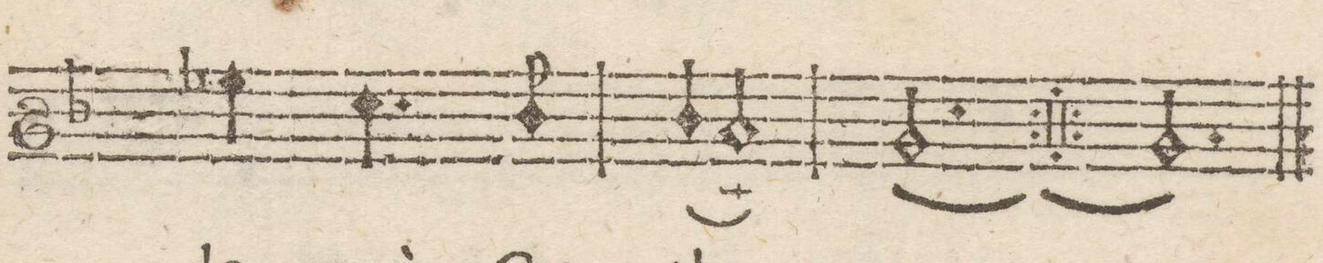
ter de ce Vin pré- ci- eux,



On croit voir, à la



ta- ble des Dieux,



La Beau- té qu'on a-



do- re à Cy- the- re. re.
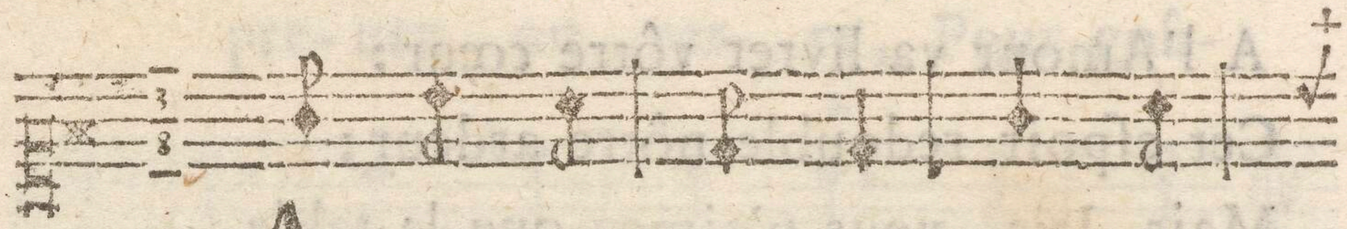
A vos yeux cette Liqueur puiſſante,
Donne un feu plus brillant & plus beau;
Vôtre tein prend un éclat nouveau.
Votre humeur en devient plus charmante.

On diroit que ce jus délectable,
A l'Amour va livrer vôtre cœur:
Cet eſpoir redouble nôtre ardeur;
Mais, Iris, vous n'aimez que la table.
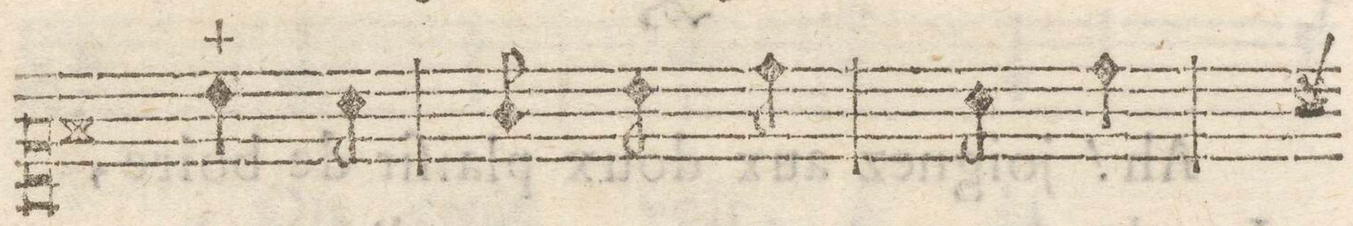
Ah! joignez aux doux plaiſir de boire,
Les douceurs que vous promet l'Amour:
Que ce Dieu vous engage à ſon tour;
Que Bachus n'ait pas toute la gloire.

Mais, hélas! c'eſt en vain qu'on vous preſſe,
De laiſſer enflammer vôtre cœur;
La fierté, les mépris, la rigueur,
Sont chez vous le prix de la tendreſſe.
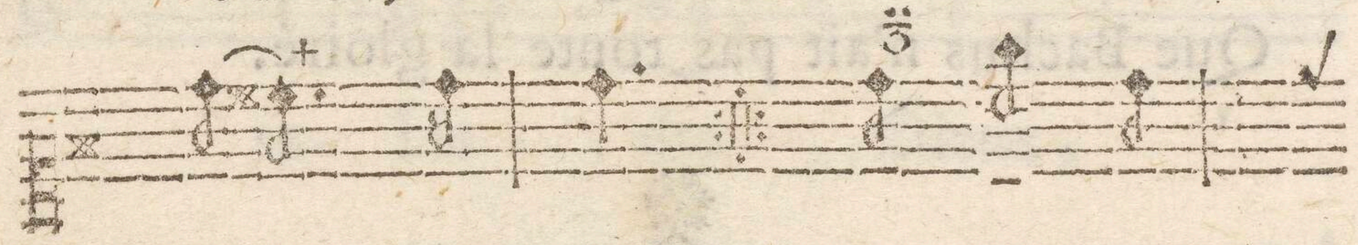
Chers Amis, pour plaire à cette Belle,
Banniſſons les langueurs, les ſoupirs;
Et bornons ici tous nos plaiſirs,
A chanter, rire, & boire avec elle.
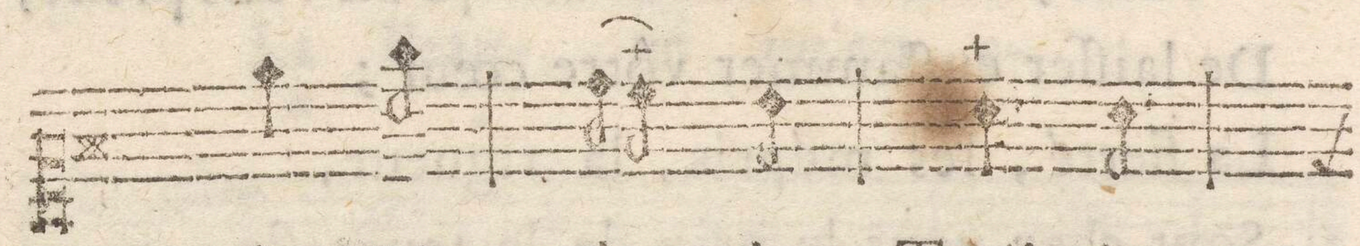


AR-mé d'u- ne tri- ple Bou-
Lors qu'Amour, qui ſans ceſ- ſe
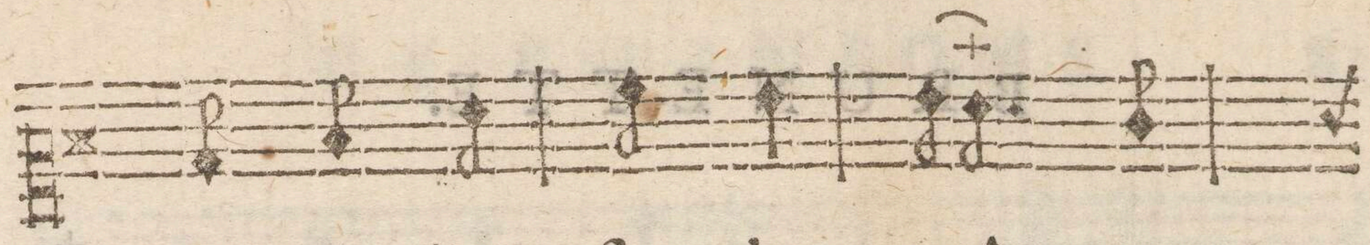


veil- le, D'I- ris, je bra- vois
veil- le, La ren- ver- ſa d'un



les at- traits,
de ſes traits. Pour ven-ger

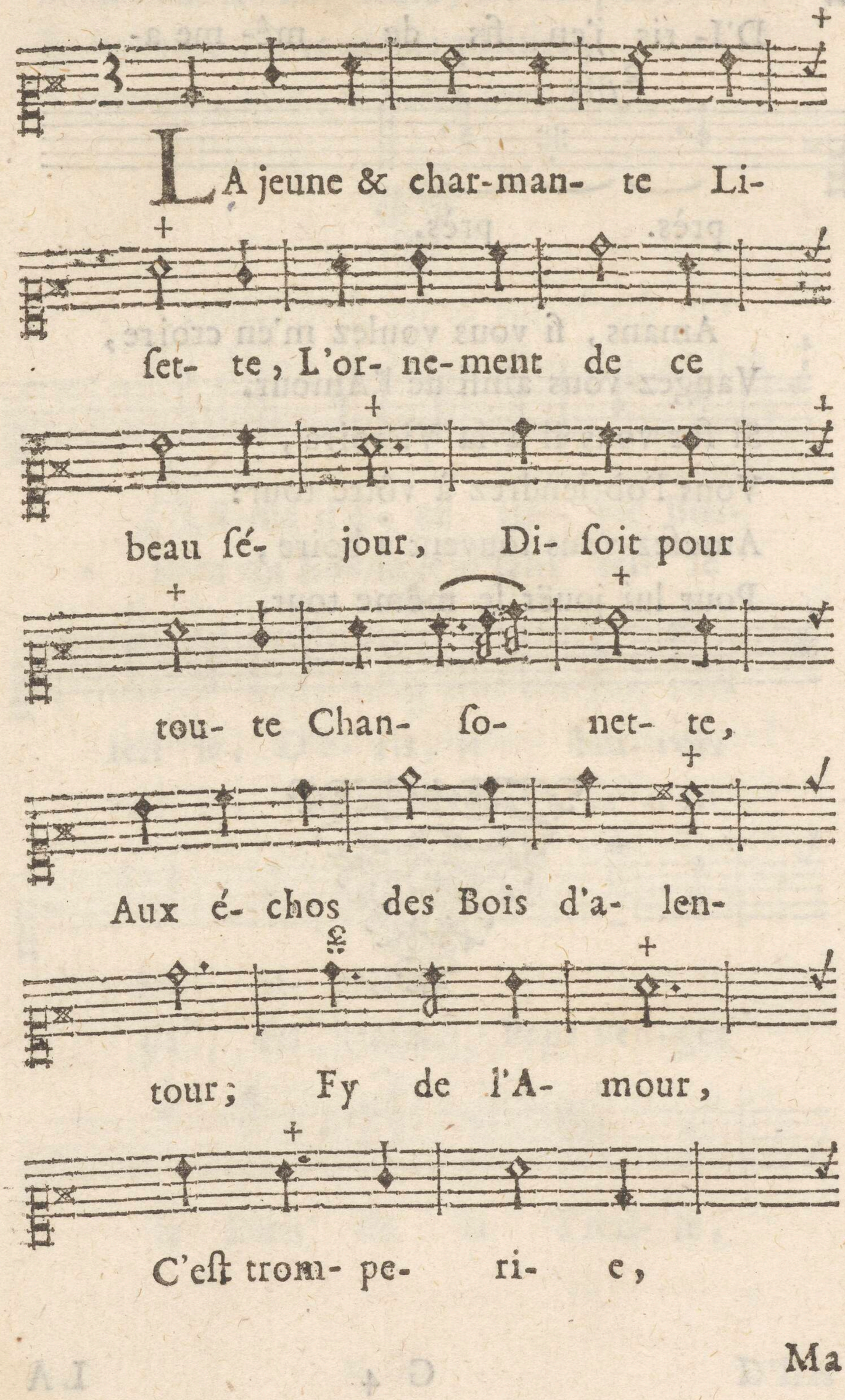


le Dieu de la Treil- le,
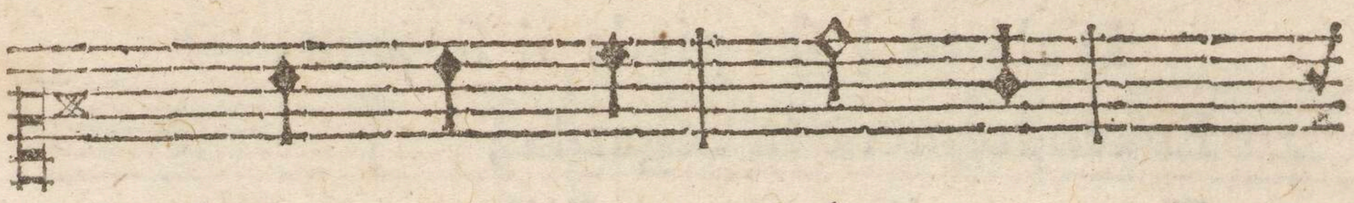


Amans, ſi vous voulez m'en croire,
Vangez-vous ainſi de l'Amour.
Si ſur vous il a la Victoire,
Vous l'obtiendrez à vôtre tour:
Amuſez-vous ſouvent à boire,
Pour lui jouër le même tour.
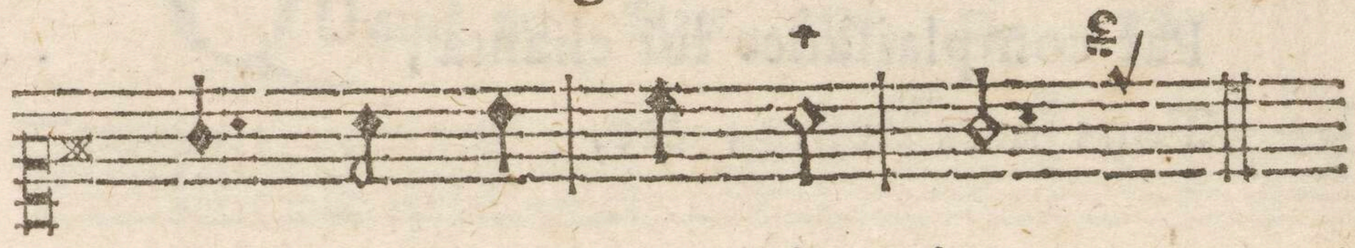
BRUNETTE.


LA jeune & char-man- te Li-
set- te, L'or- ne-ment de ce
beau sé- jour, Di- soit pour
tou- te Chan- so- net- te,
Aux é- chos des Bois d'a- len-
tour; Fy de l'A- mour,
C'est trom- pe- ri- e,

Ma



Ma Ber- ge- ri- e,



M'oc- cu- pe tout le jour.

Tircis, la rencontrant ſeulette,
S'aprocha d'elle doucement,
En joüant deſſus la Muſette,
Ce petit Air qu'elle aimoit tant:
Fy de l'Amour, &c.

Un moment après il lui chante
Des paroles qu'il avoit fait,
Et d'une voix douce & touchante,
Redit pluſieurs fois ce Couplet:
Tous mes deſirs, c'eſt la Conſtance;
L'Indifference vaut-elle ſes plaiſirs?

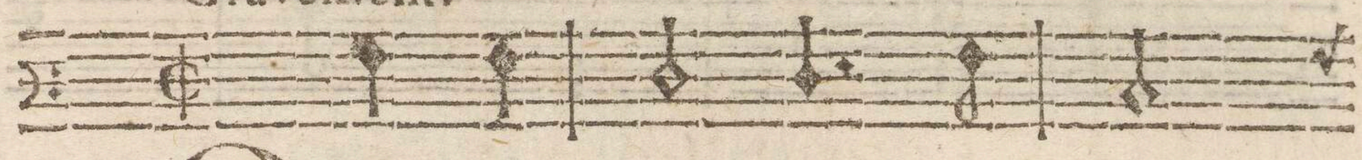
Taiſez-vous, Tircis, lui dit-elle;
J'aime mieux ma vieille Chanſon.
Mais ſans y ſonger cette Belle
Repeta ſur le même ton,
Tous mes deſirs, &c.

D'abord à ſes pieds il ſe jette,
Et tendrement la regarda ;
Tant que l'innocente Fillette
Par complaiſance lui chanta,
Tous mes deſirs, &c.
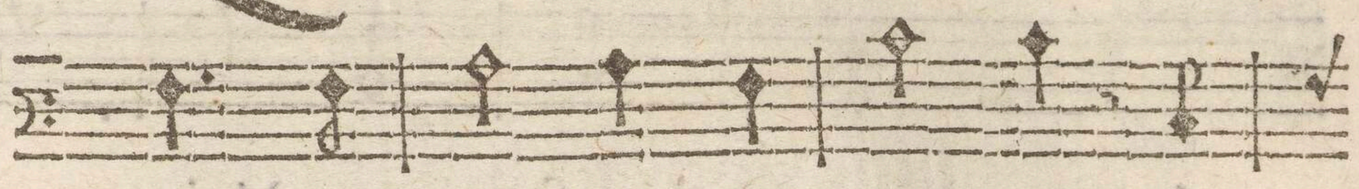
Depuis cet inſtant, dans la plaine,
On les a vu cent & cent fois
Aſſis au bord d'une Fontaine,
Tous deux chanter à haute voix,
Tous mes deſirs, &c.

Quand

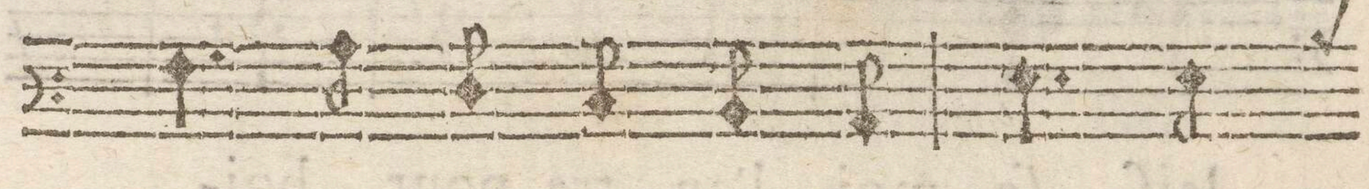
Gravement.



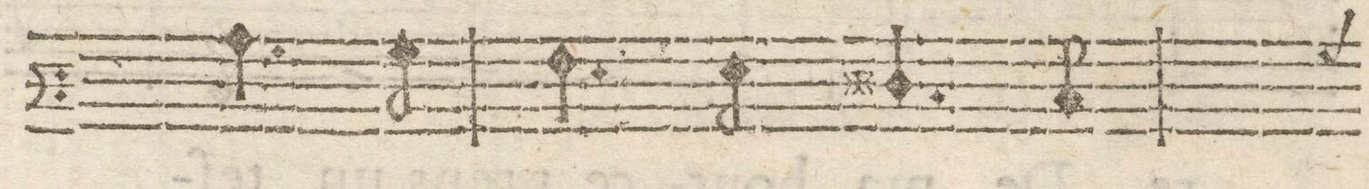
QUand au Stix ar- ri- va
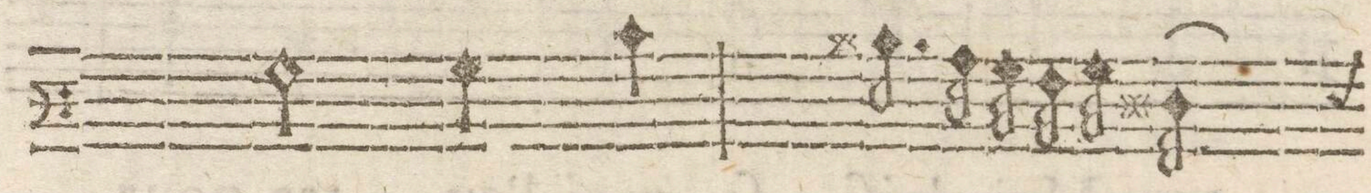


le ce- le- bre Gré- goi- re, Ca-
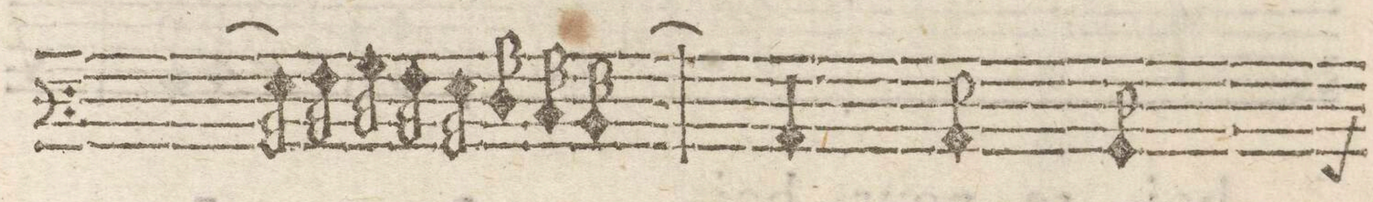


ron, l'a- va- re Nau- to- nier, Lui
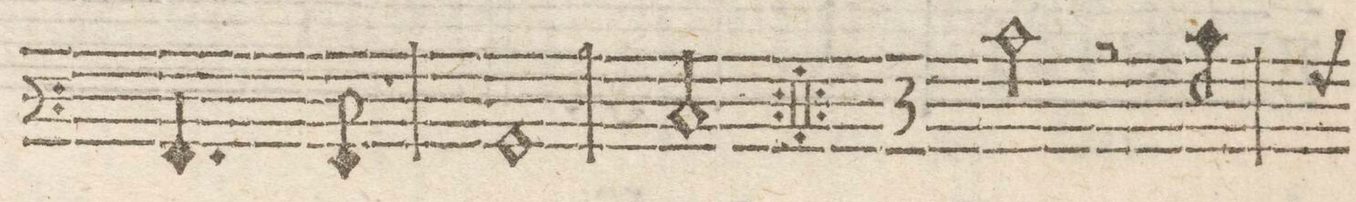


dit, As - tu de quoi pa-
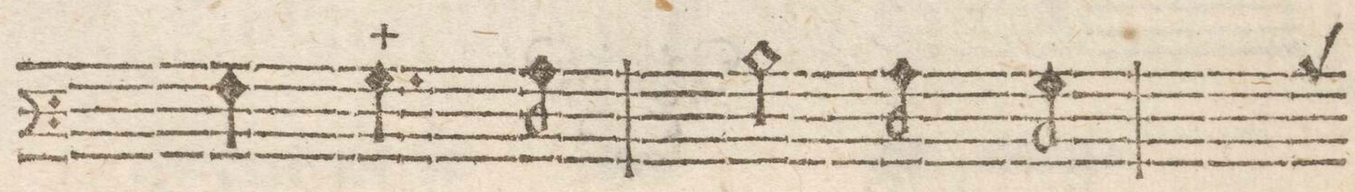


yer Le paſ- ſa- -



- - - ge de
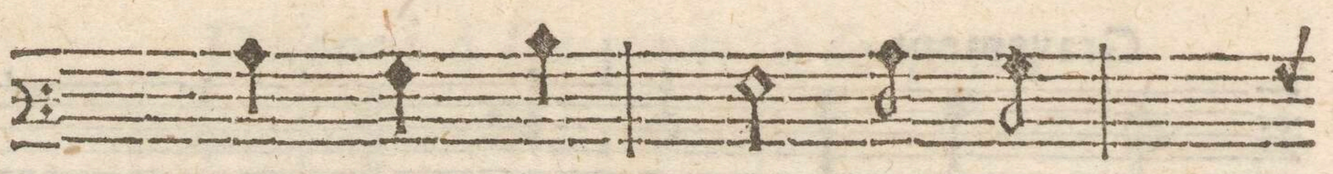


l'on- de noi- re? Oui, re-

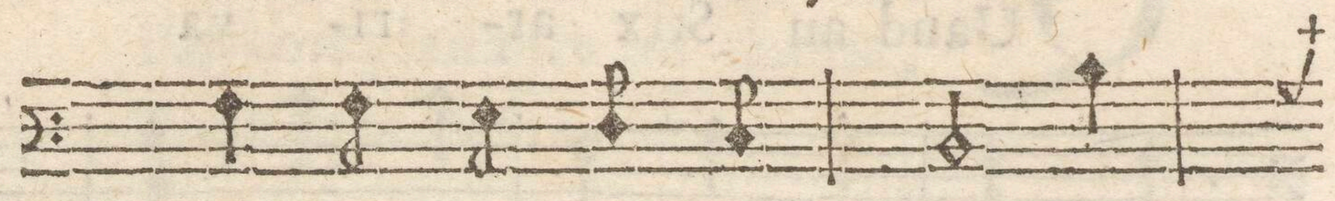


prit le Bu- veur, en quit-

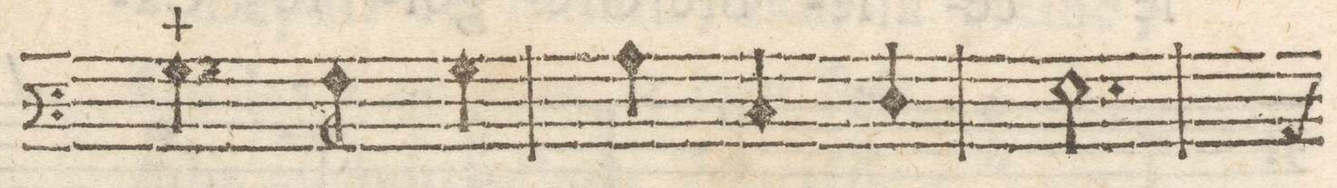
tant



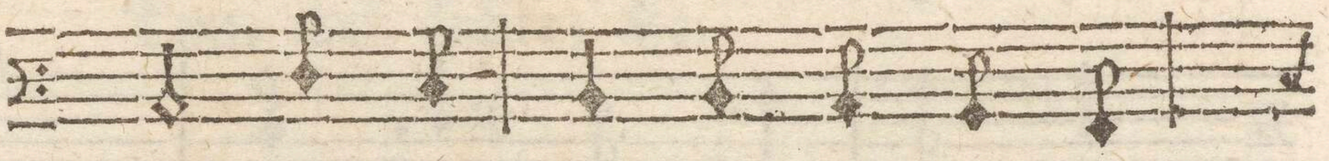
tant ſon bâ- ton, De ma
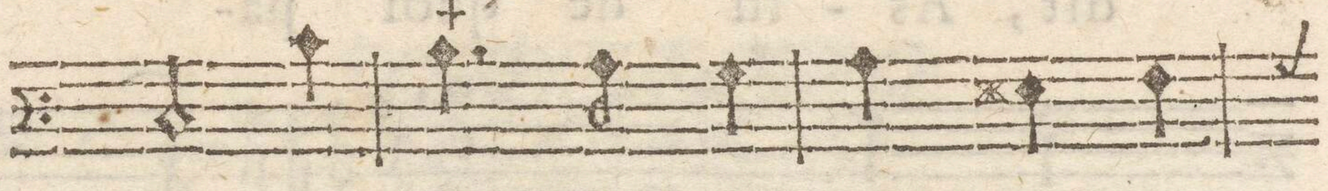


bour- ce prens un teſ- ton; Mais
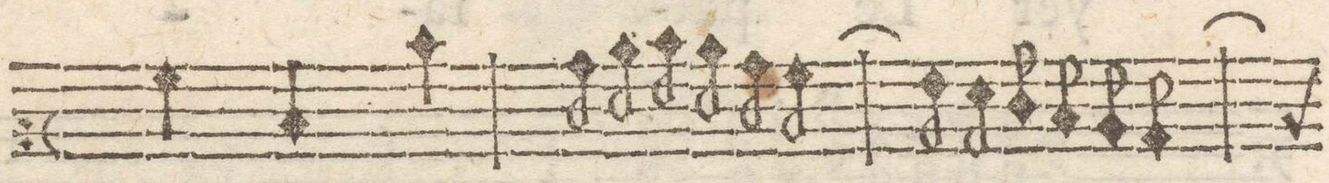


laiſ- ſe-moi l'au- tre pour boi-
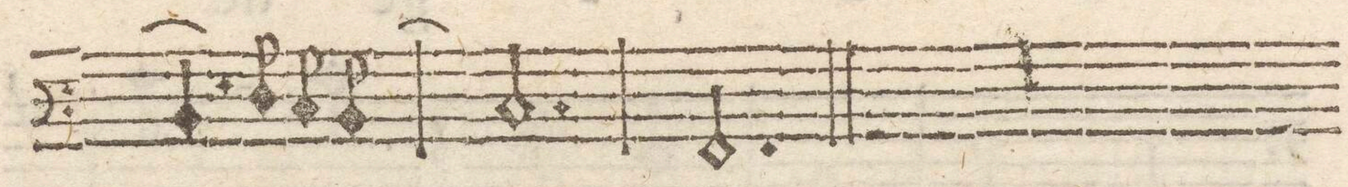


re. De ma bour- ce prens un teſ-



ton; Mais, laiſ- ſe-moi l'au- tre pour
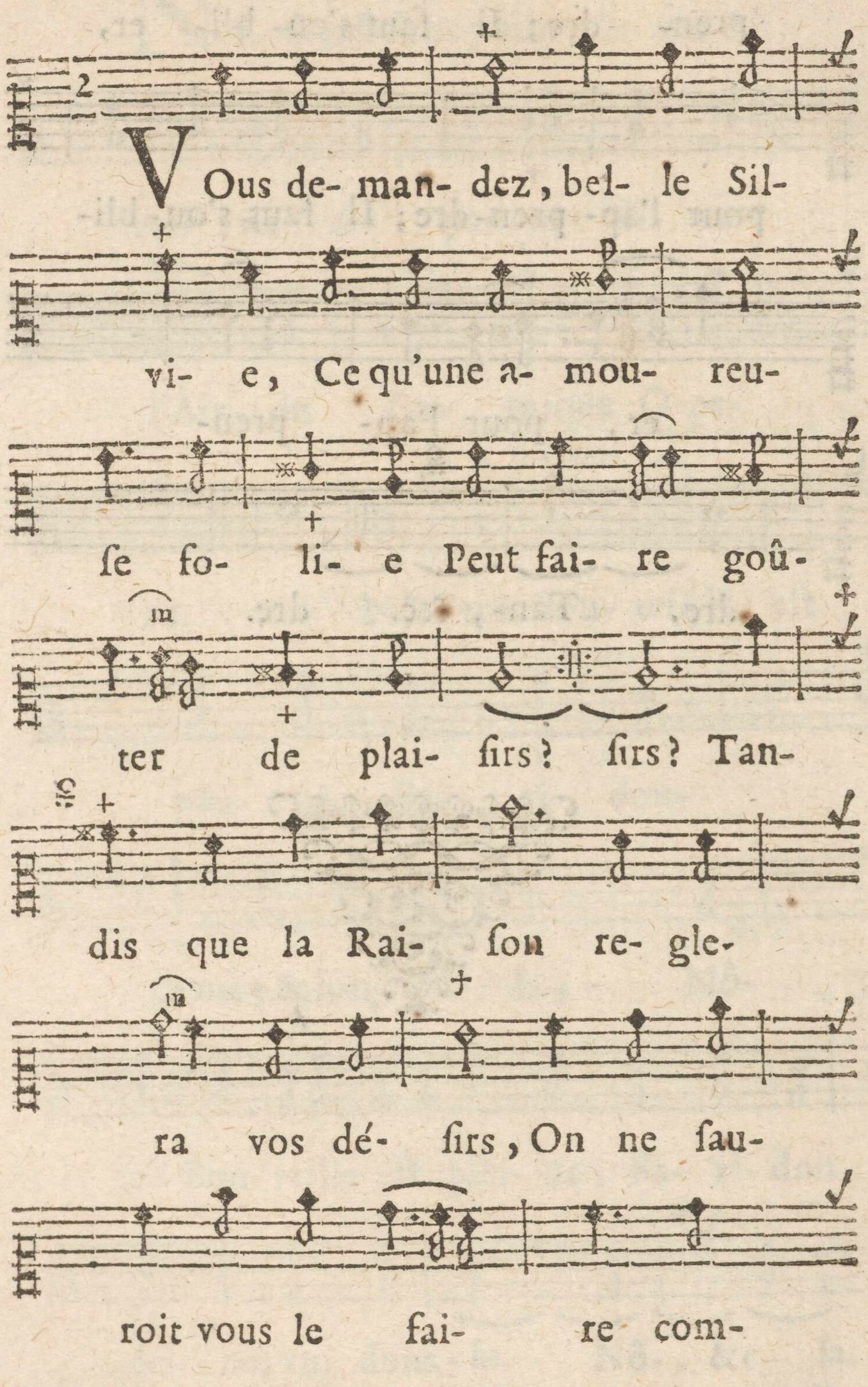


boi- re, pour boi- - -



- - re.

AIR

AIR TENDRE.



Vous de- man- dez, bel- le Sil-

vi- e, Ce qu'une a- mou- reu-

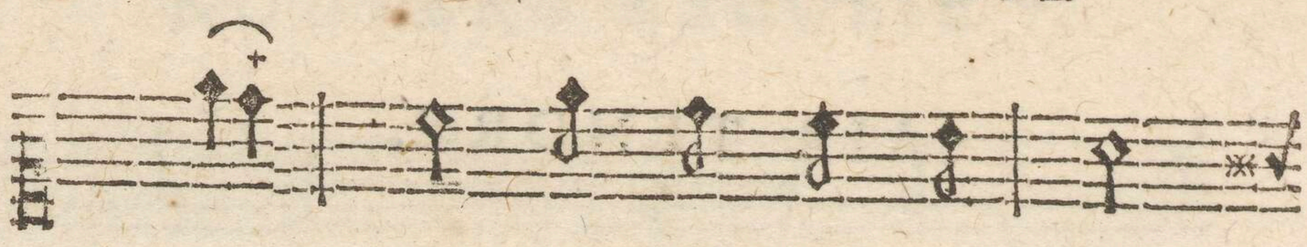
ſe fo- li- e Peut fai- re goû-

ter de plai- ſirs? ſirs? Tan-
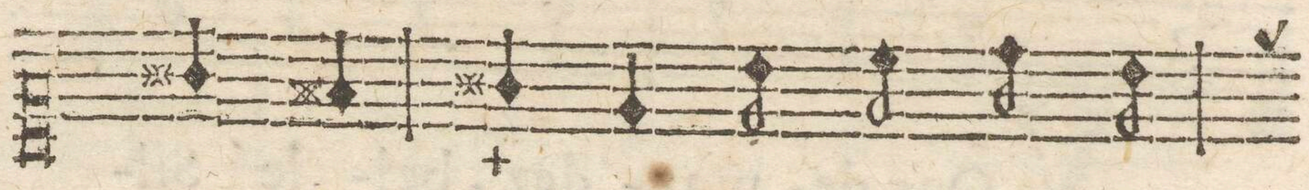
dis que la Rai- ſon re- gle-

ra vos dé- ſirs, On ne ſau-
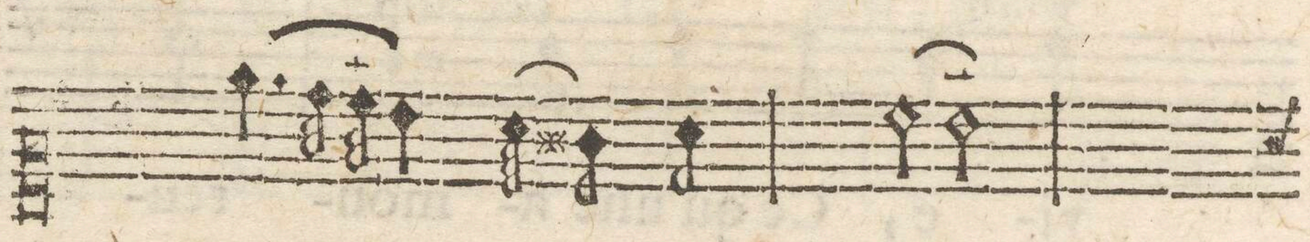
roit vous le fai- re com-



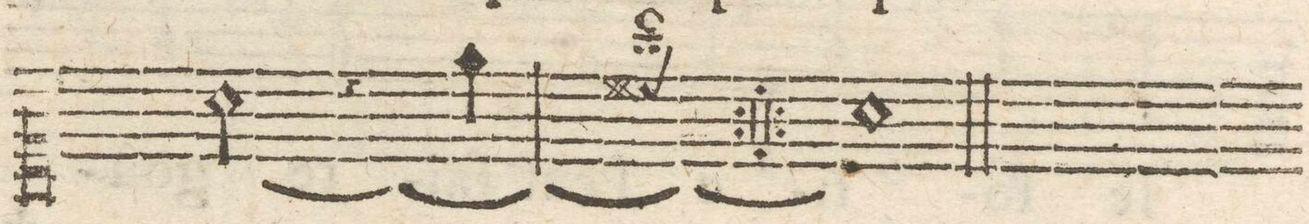
pren- dre; Il faut s'ou- bli- er,



pour l'ap- pren-dre; Il faut s'ou-bli-
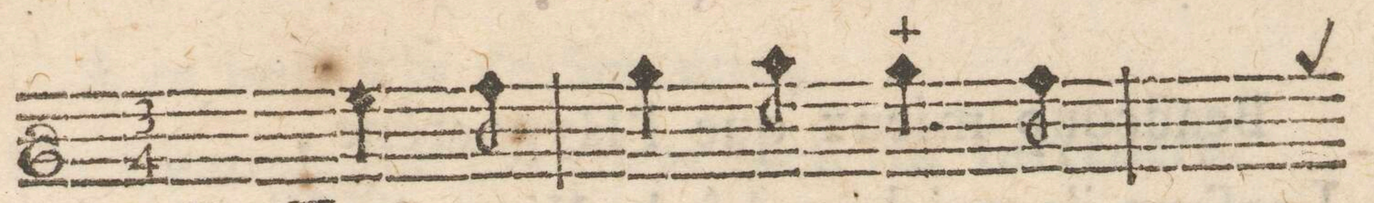


er, pour l'ap- pren-



dre. Tan-, &c. dre.
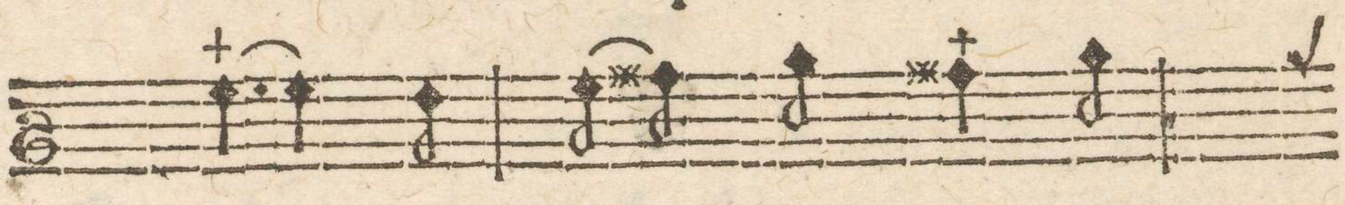
N'E-
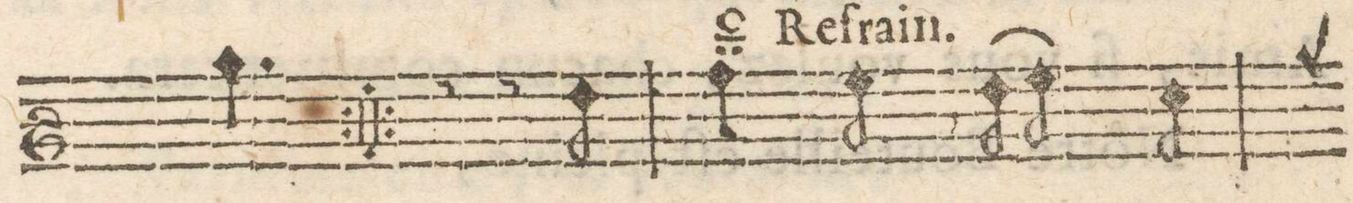


N'E-chauf-fons point nô- tre
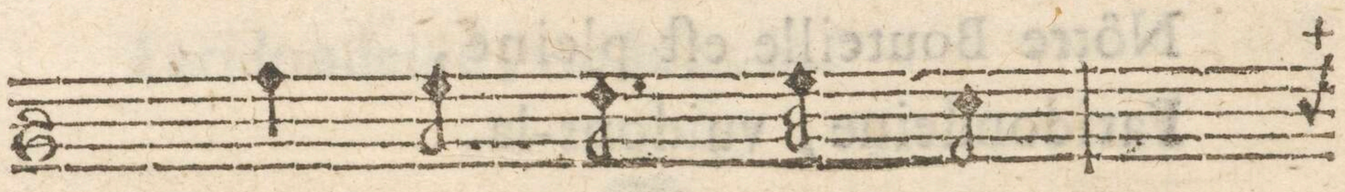


vei- ne A pa- ro- di- er
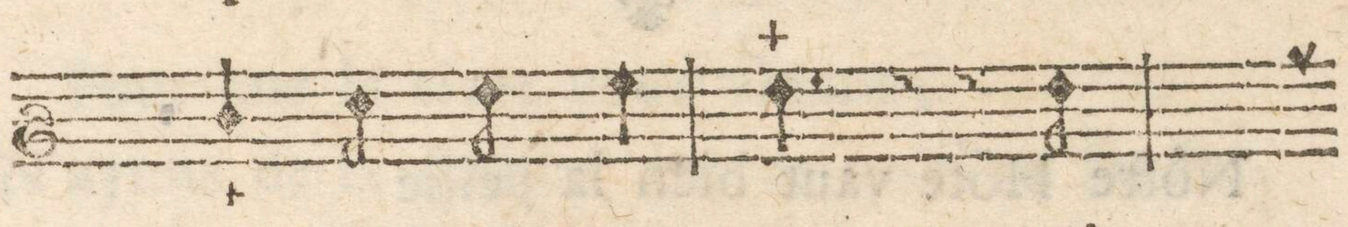


l'Air du Co- mique O-pe-
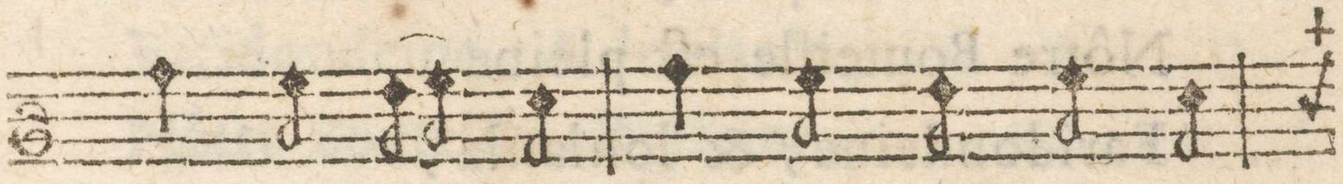


ra. Nô- tre Bou- teil-le eſt
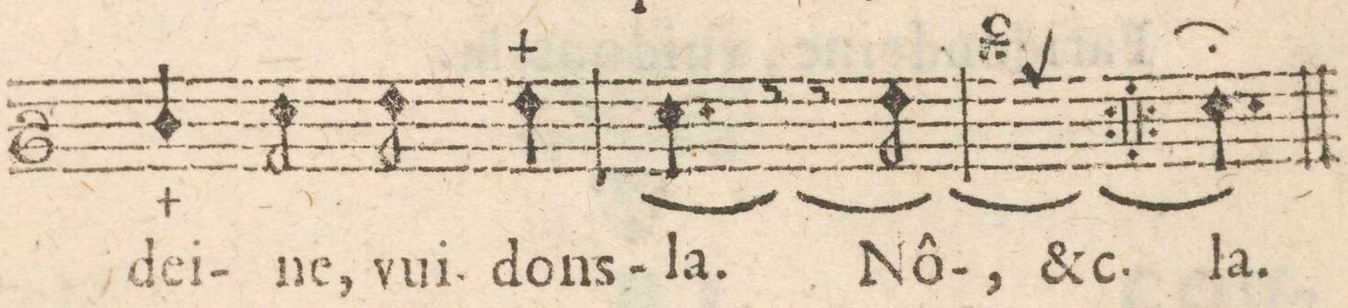


plei- ne, Fa- ri- don-



deine; & lon- lan- la, Nô-



tre Bou-teille eſt plei- ne, Fa- ri- don-



dei- ne, vui- dons-la. Nô-, &c. la.

Beaucoup mieux que l'Hypocrêne,
Lorſque j'aurai bien bû le Vin m'inſpirera.
Nôrre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, & lonlanla,
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, vuidons-la.

Par la ſanté de Climene,
Amis, ſi vous voulez, chacun commencera.
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, & lonlanla,
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, vuidons-la.

Nôtre Hôte vaut bien la peine
D'avoir ſon tour après; raiſon il nous ſera.
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, & lonlanla,
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, vuidons-la.

A ce bon Vin de Surenne,
Un Champagne excellent bien-tôt ſuccedera.
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, & lonlanla,
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, vuidons-la.

Que chacun prenne la ſienne,
Et nous verrons après, qui mieux la ſablera.
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, & lonlanla,
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, vuidons-la.

Pour que la rime nous vienne,
N'ayons de la Raiſon que ce qu'il en faudra.
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, & lonlanla,
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, vuidons-la.

COUPLETS TENDRES

Sur l'Air précédent.

PHILENE.

QUoi que tu faſſes ma peine,
Jamais de t'adorer mon cœur ne ceſſera:
Toûjours ton cher Philene,
Faridondeine & lonlanla,
Toûjours ton cher Philene,
Faridondeine, t'aimera.

ISMENE.

Je ne ſuis plus incertaine;
Parle de ton Amour, mon cœur l'aprouvera.
Toûjours ta chere Iſmene,
Faridondeine & lonlanla,
Toûjours ta chere Iſmene,
Faridondeine, t'aimera.

PHILENE.

Tu ceſſes d'être inhumaine,
L'Amour de mille biens te recompenſera.
Toûjours ton cher Philene,
Faridondeine, & lonlanla,
Toûjours ton cher Philene,
Faridondeine, t'aimera.

ISMENE.

Que ta flamme s'entretienne,
Malgré tous les plaiſirs qu'Amour te donnera.
Toûjours ta chere Iſmene,
Faridondeine & lonlanla,
Toûjours ta chere Iſmene,
Faridondeine, t'aimera.

PHILENE.

Quelque faveur que j'obtienne,
De mes vœux ſatisfaits un nouveau feu naîtra.
Toûjours ton cher Philene,
Faridondeine & lonlanla,
Toûjours ton cher Philene,
Faridondeine, t'aimera.

ISMENE.

Quoique Tircis entreprenne,
Mon cœur avec plaiſir te le ſacrifira.
Toûjours ta chere Iſmene,
Faridondeine & lonlanla,
Toûjours ta chere Iſmene,
Faridondeine, t'aimera.

PHILENE.
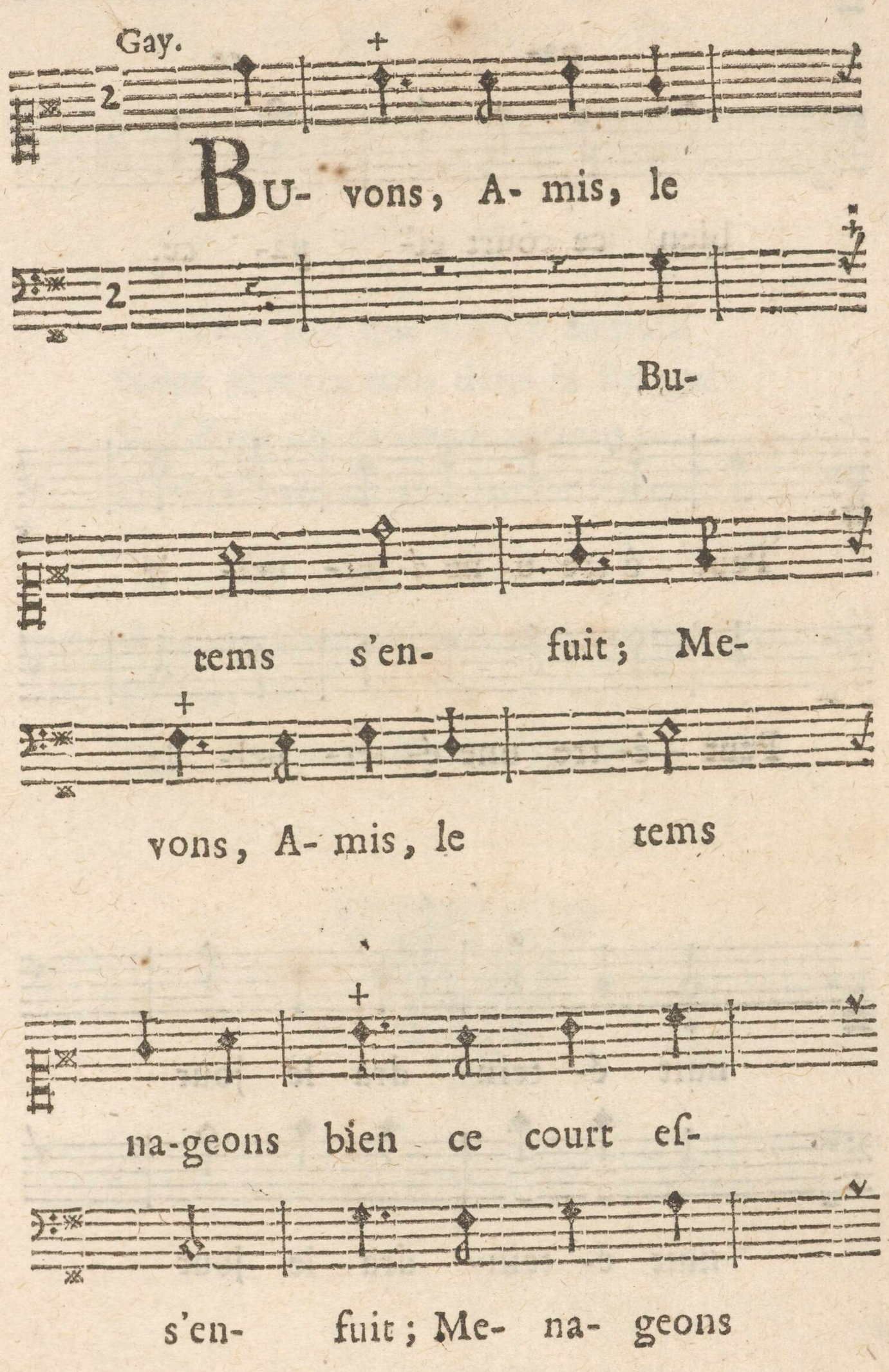
Ne crains point qu'on me ſurprenne ;
Doris à m'engager en vain s'obſtinera.
Toûjours ton cher Philene,
Faridondeine & lonlanla,
Toûjours ton cher Philene,
Faridondeine, t'aimera.
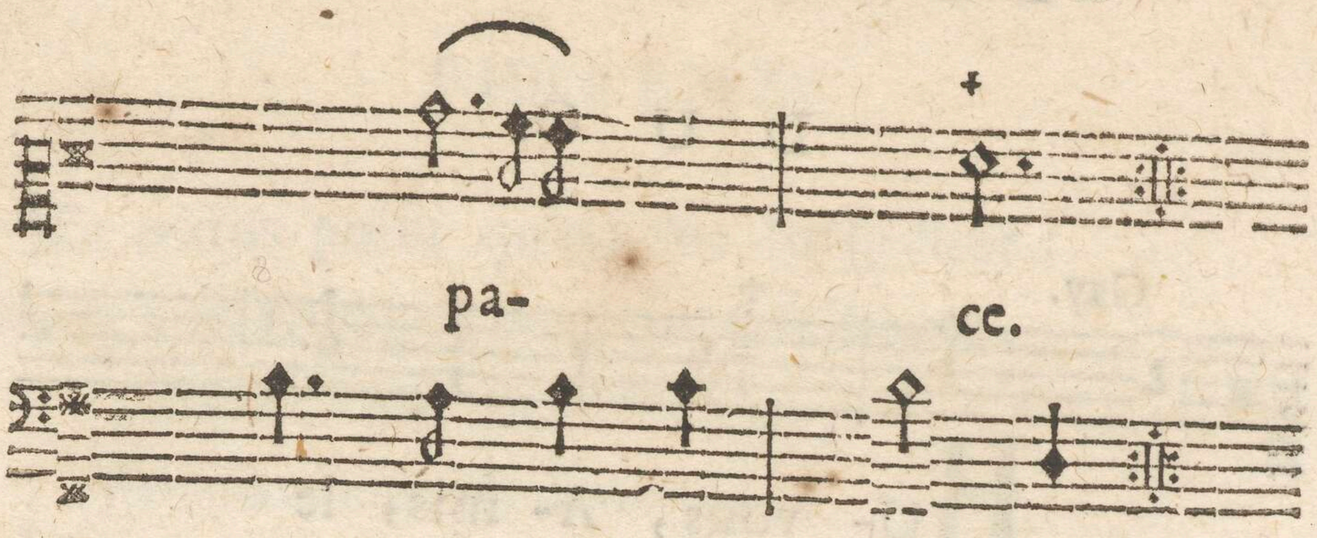
PHILENE & ISMENE, enſemble.
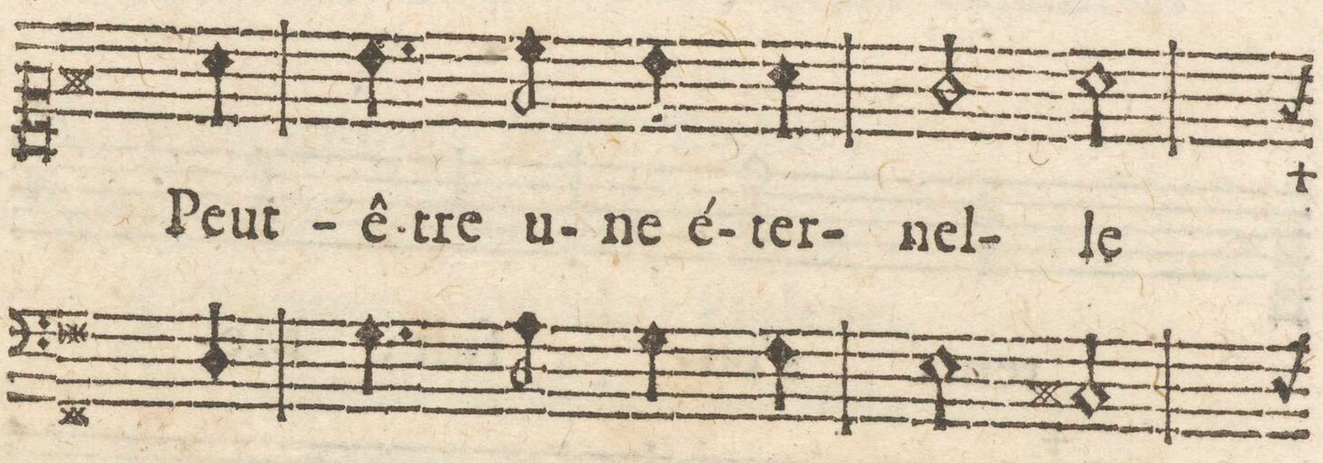
Rien ne rompra nôtre chaîne,
Nôtre fidelité nous éterniſera.
{ Toûjours ton cher Philene,
{ Toûjours ta chere Iſmene,
Faridondeine & lonlanla,
{ Toûjours ton cher Philene,
{ Toûjours ta chere Iſmene,
Faridondeine, t'aimera.
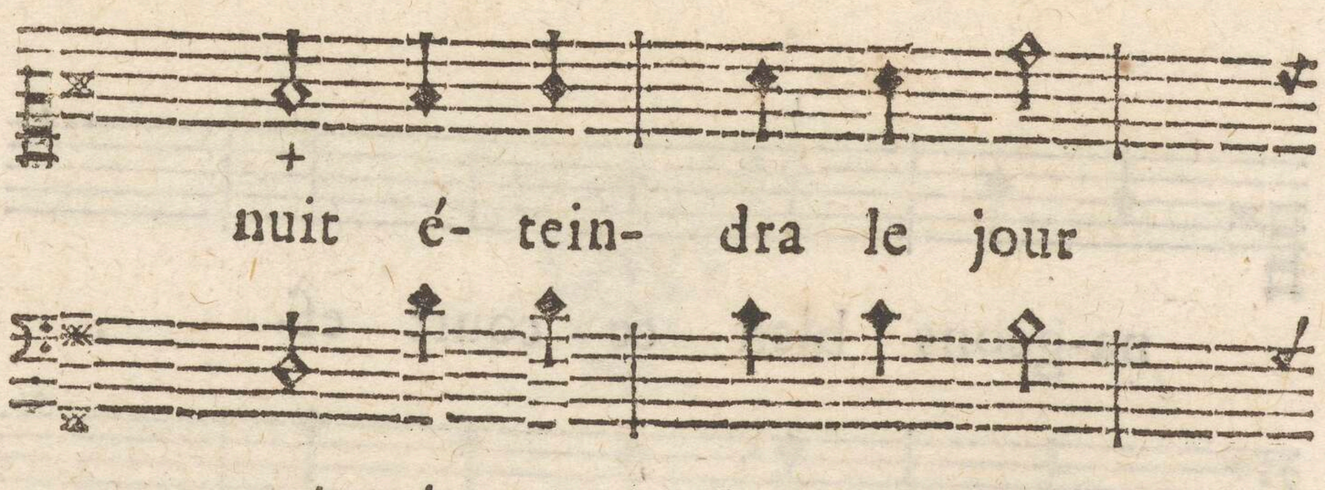
BU-

DUO.


Gay.
BU- vons, A- mis, le
Bu-
tems s'en- fuit; Me-
vons, A- mis, le tems
na-geons bien ce court es-
s'en- fuit; Me- na- geons
pace.
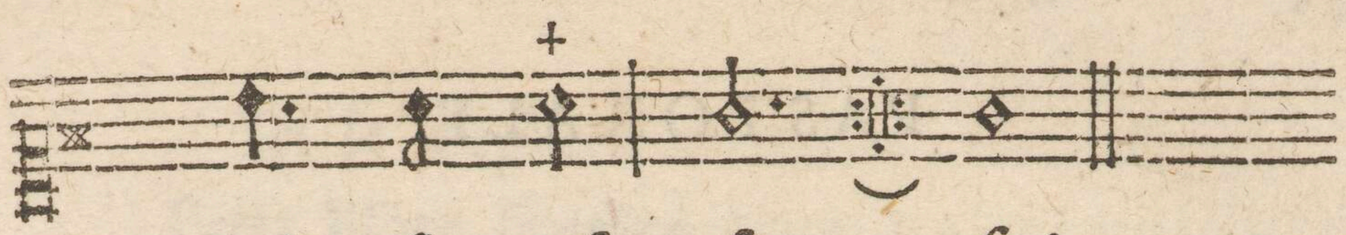




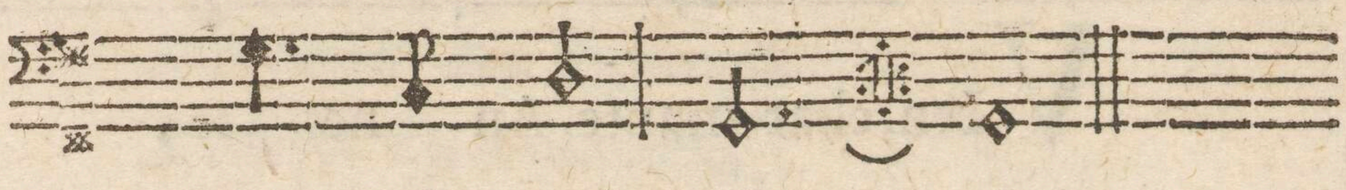


BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH

qui



qui ſe paſ- ſe. ſe.

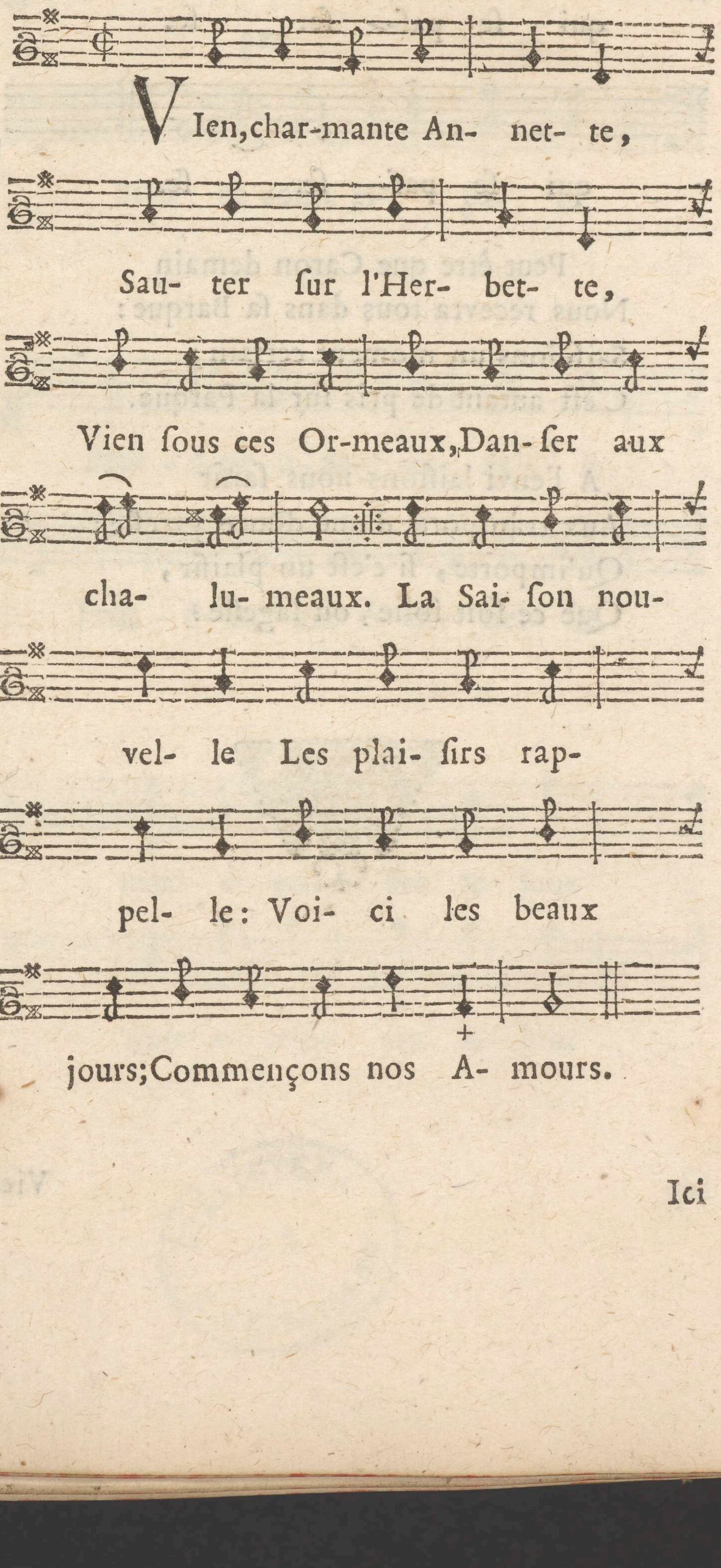


qui ſe paſ- ſe. ſe.

Peut-être que Caron demain
Nous recevra tous dans ſa Barque:
Saiſiſſons un moment certain;
C'eſt autant de pris ſur la Parque.

A l'envi laiſſons-nous ſaiſir
Aux tranſports d'une douce yvreſſe:
Qu'importe, ſi c'eſt un plaiſir,
Que ce ſoit folie, ou ſageſſe?

PASTORALE.


Vien, char-mante An- net- te,
Sau- ter ſur l'Her- bet- te,
Vien ſous ces Or-meaux, Dan-ſer aux
cha- lu- meaux. La Sai- ſon nou-
vel- le Les plai- ſirs rap-
pel- le: Voi- ci les beaux
jours; Commençons nos A- mours.

Ici le Zéphire
Pour Flore ſoupire,
Sur des lits de Fleurs,
Lui conte des douceurs:
Parlons d'amourette,
Contons la fleurette;
Ces tapis charmans
Sont faits pour les Amans.

Sous ce verd feuillage,
J'entens le ramage,
D'Oiſeaux amoureux,
Qui parlent de leur feux;
J'entens Philomelle,
Son chant nous appelle;
Viens à nôtre tour,
Celebrer nôtre Amour.

Vois-tu, ma Bergere,
Vois-tu ce Liere,
D'un lien nouveau
Embraſſer cet ormeau?
Et cette prairie,
D'un ruiſſeau cherie,
Qui par ces détours
Y prolonge ſon cours?

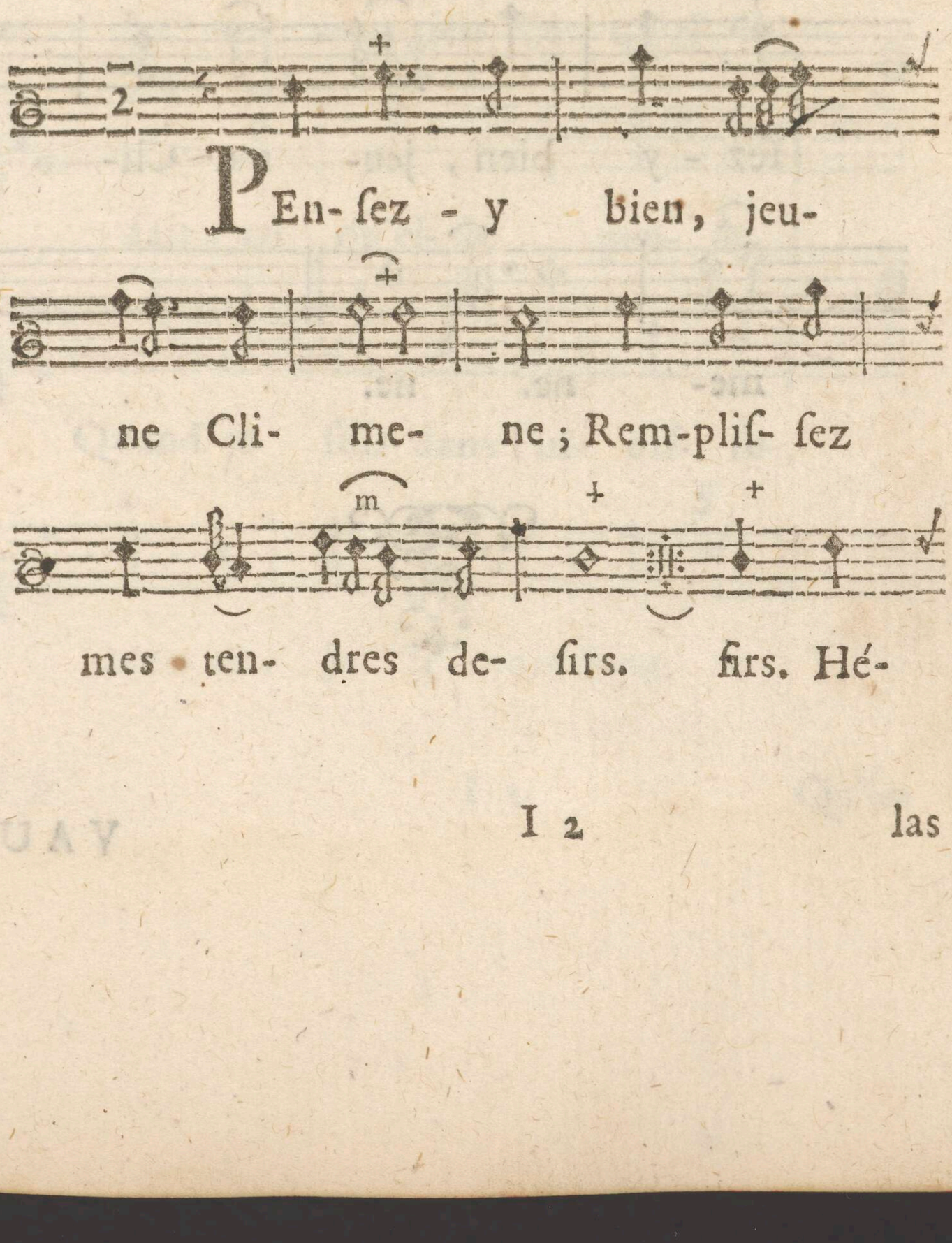
Par tout la Nature,
Reprend ſa parrure,
Les triſtes frimats,
Ont quitté nos Climats.
Puiſqu'ici tout aime,
Faiſons en de même;
De ton jeune cœur
Diſſipe la froideur.
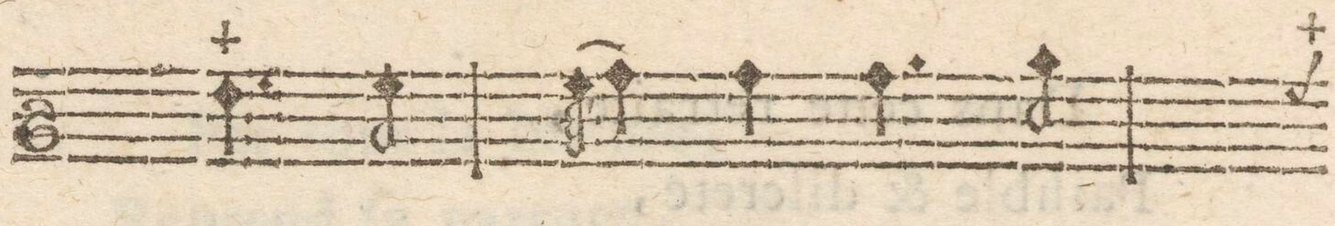
Mêle en ta coiffure,
L'aimable parrure,
Des vives couleurs,
Qui brillent ſur ces fleurs.
La riante Flore,
Les a fait éclore
Dans ſon ſein exprès,
Pour te prêter ſes traits.

Tu ſerois plus belle,
Si ton cœur rebelle
Partageoit l'ardeur
Qui regne dans mon cœur;
Toi ſeule au Village,
Porte un cœur ſauvage;
Quand on ſait charmer,
Ne doit-on pas aimer?
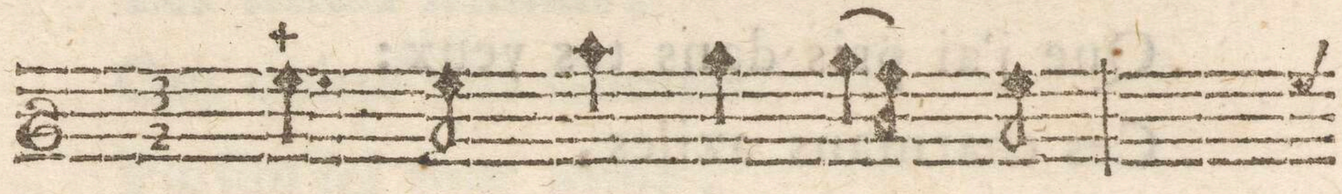
Dans cette retraite,
Paiſible & diſcrete,
Eteins donc les feux
Que j'ai pris dans tes yeux:
Ces charmans aziles,
Ces Moutons dociles,
Savent nos ſecrets;
Mais ils ſeront diſcrets.

PETIT AIR TENDRE.

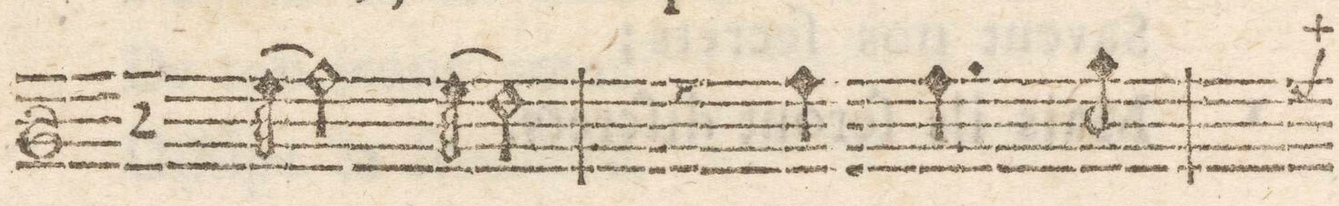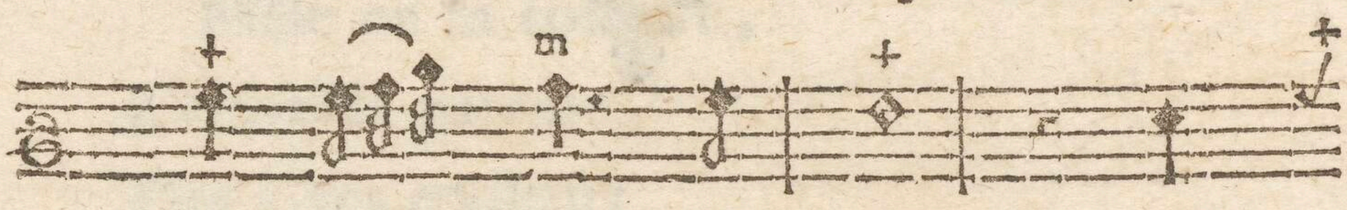




las! hé- las! ſi, près de
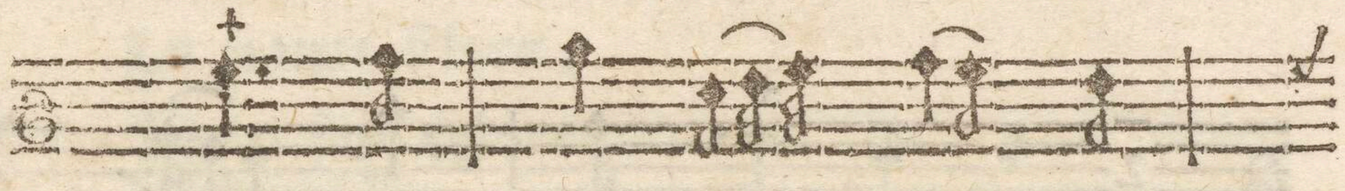


vous, j'al- łois per- dre ma
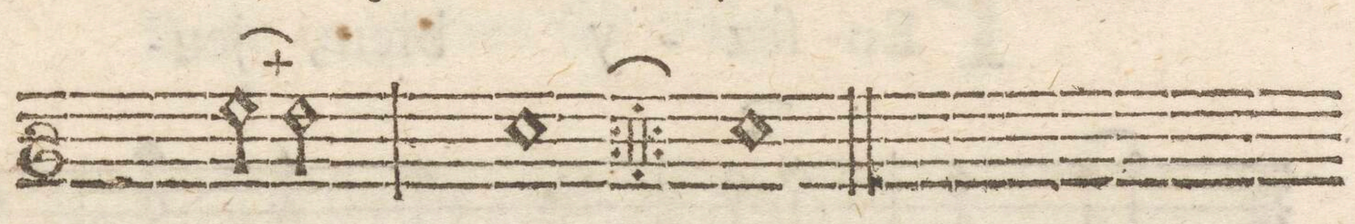


pei- ne, Vous per- dri-



ez mil- le plai- ſirs: Pen-



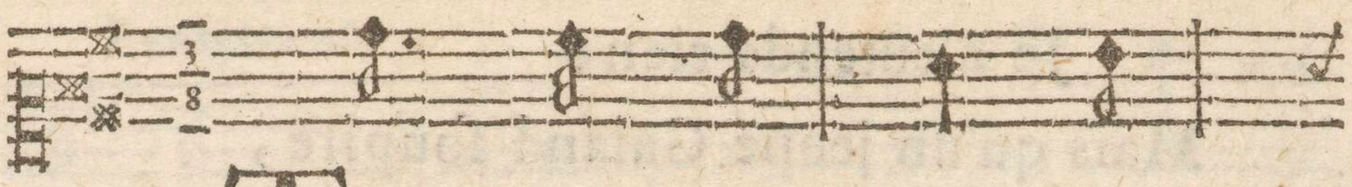
ſez - y bien, jeu- ne Cli-



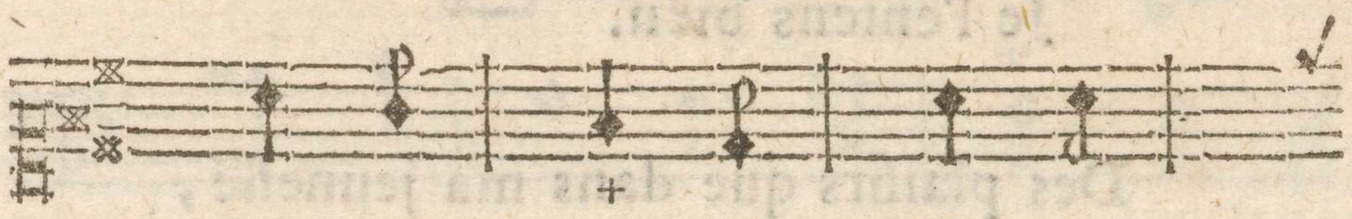
me- ne. ne.

VAU-
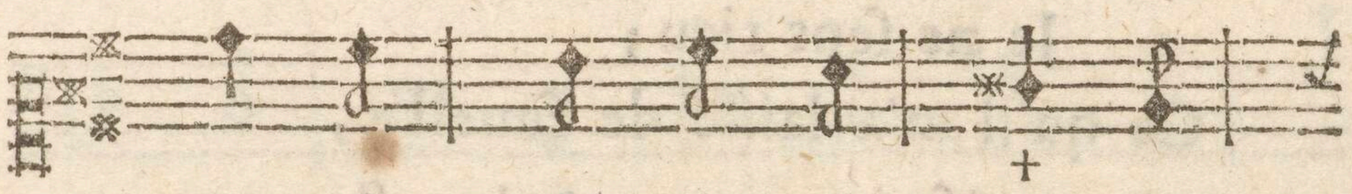
VAUDEVILLE.
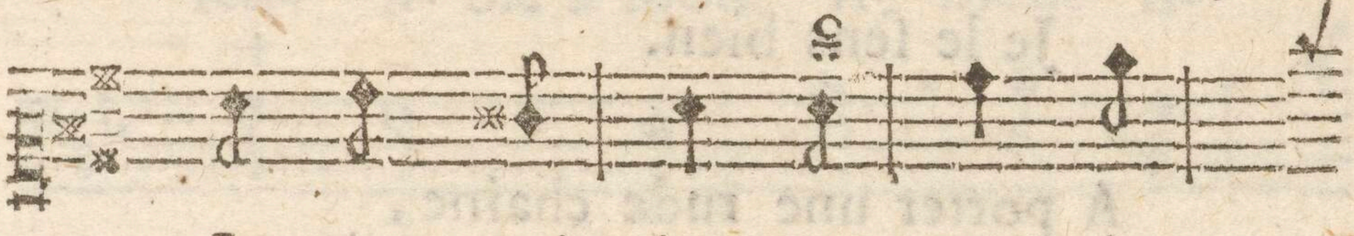


TRop a- mou- reux d'u-
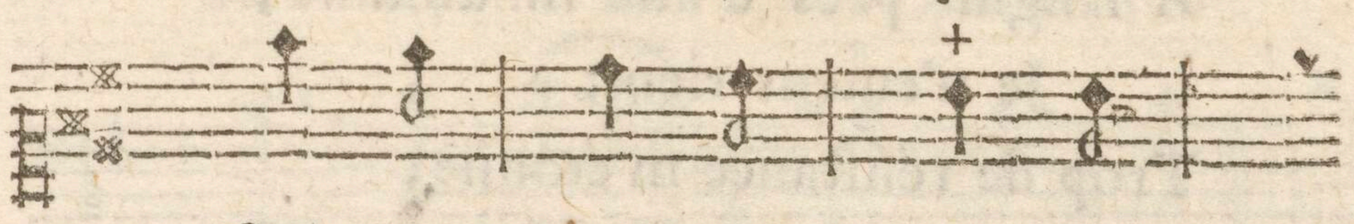


ne Mai- treſ- ſe, Qu'el- le
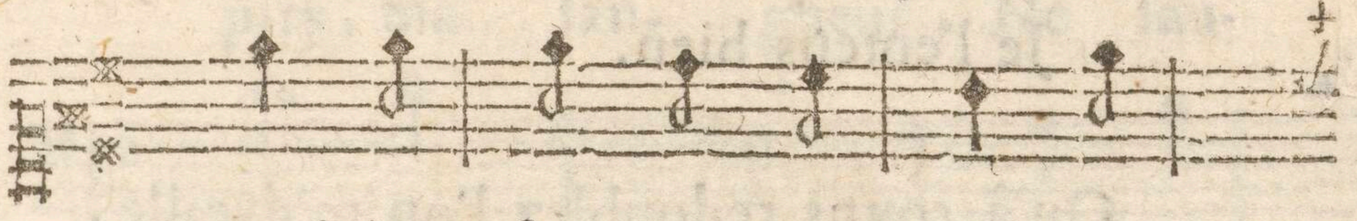


ſoit fi- del-le ou trai- treſ- ſe,
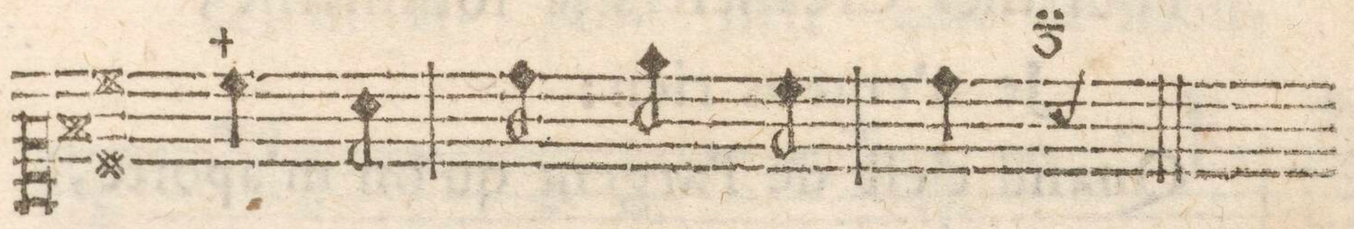


Je ne vois rien. Ce qu'el- le



fait, ce qu'el- le pen- ſe,



Quand je ſuis dans l'in- dif- fe-



ren- ce, Je le vois bien.

Qu'un vieux ſoupirant à lunettes,
S'amuſe à me conter fleurettes,
Je n'entends rien;
Mais qu'un jeune Galand ſoupire,
Qu'il me regarde ſans rien dire,
Je l'entens bien.
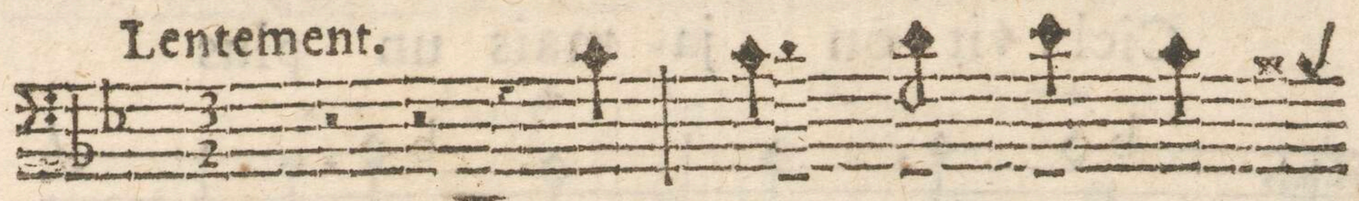
Des plaiſirs que dans ma jeuneſſe,
L'Amour me prodiguoit ſans ceſſe,
Je ne ſens rien;
Ce qu'il m'a laiſſé de funeſte,
Rhumatiſme, goute, & le reſte,
Je le ſens bien.

A porter une rude chaine,
A languir près d'une inhumaine,
Je n'entens rien;
Trop de réſiſtance m'étonne;
Mais, quand l'heure du Berger ſonne,
Je l'entens bien.
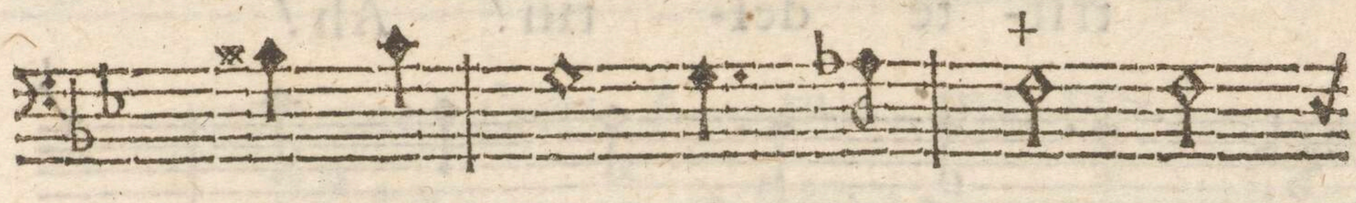
Qu'à coups redoublez l'on m'éveille,
Pour mes Créanciers je ſommeille,
Je n'entens rien:
Quand c'eſt de l'argent qu'on m'aporte,
Pour peu que l'on grate à ma porte,
Je l'entens bien.

RECIT DE BASSE.
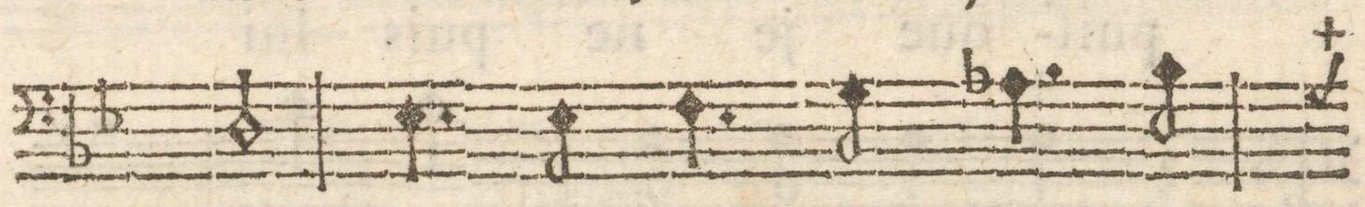
Lentement.
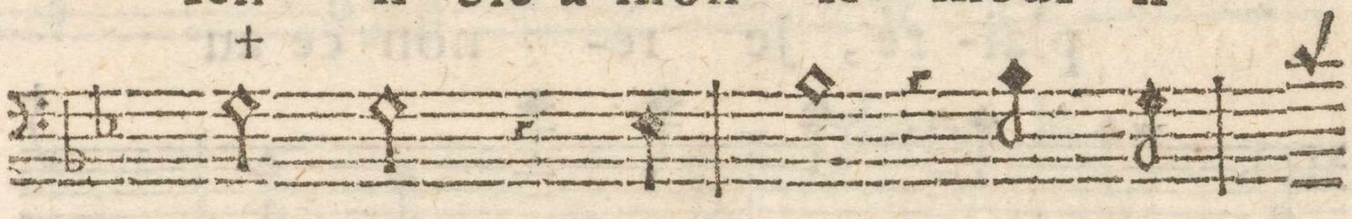


L'Ob- jet, qui re- gne
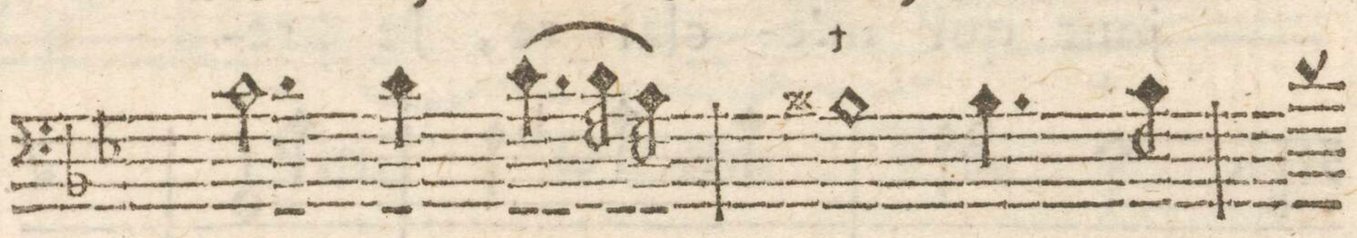


dans mon cœur, Eſt toû- jours in-
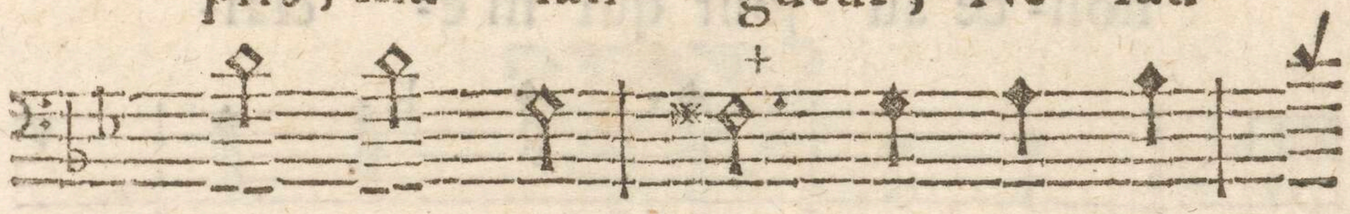


ſen- ſi- ble à mon A- mour fi-



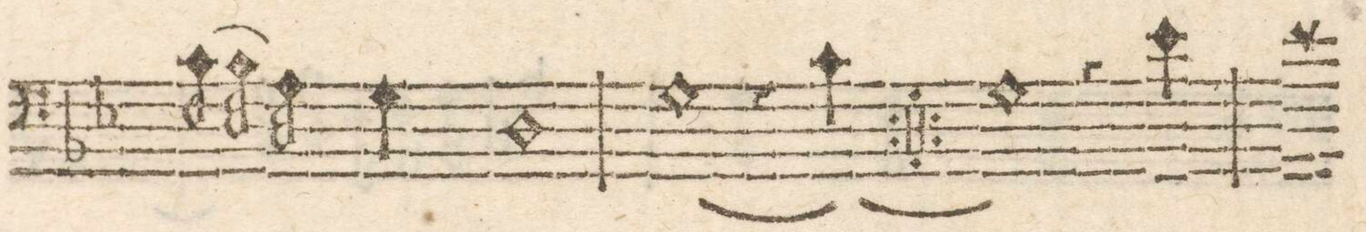
del- le; Mes ſoins, mes ſoû-



pirs, ma lan- gueur, Ne ſau-
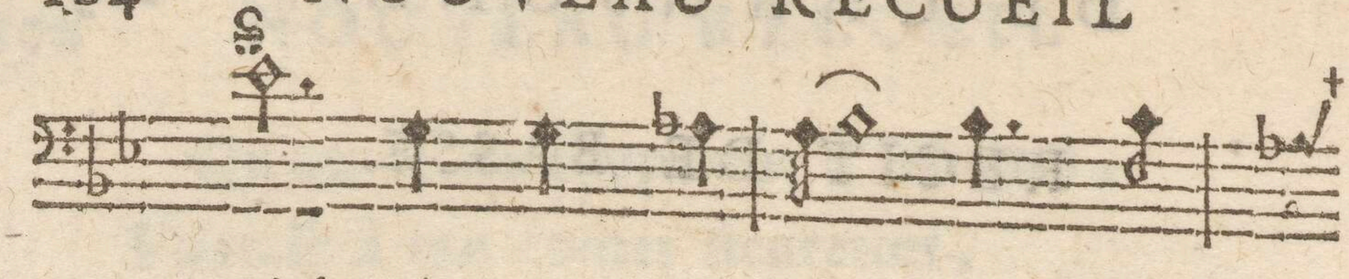


roient at- ten- drir cet- te Beau-
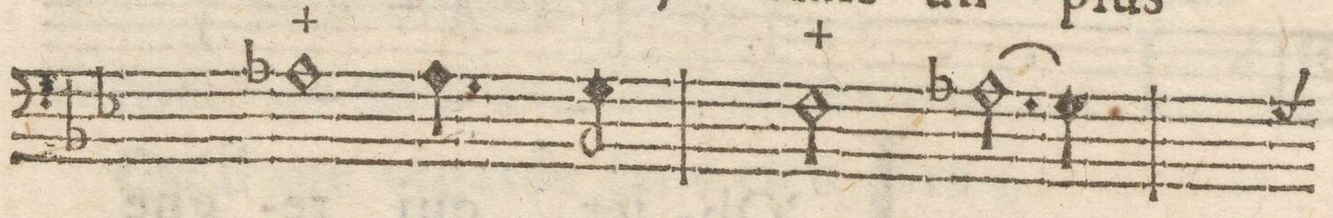


té cru- el- le: L'ob-&c. le: O
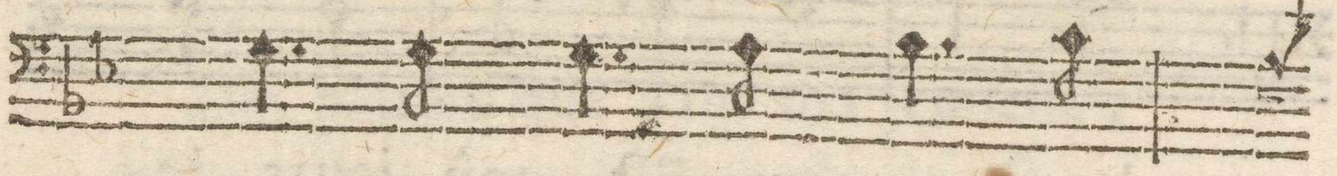
Ciel!
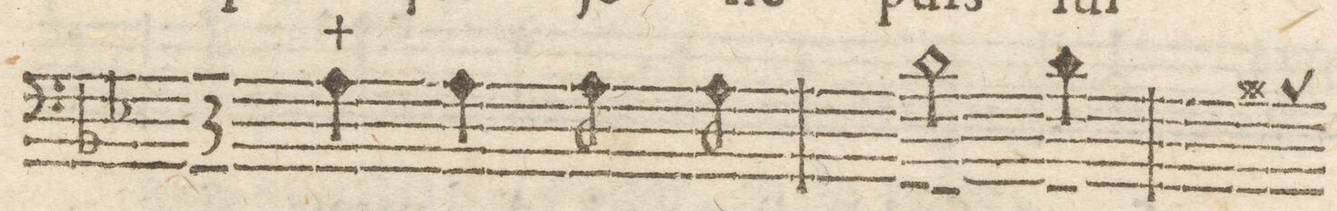


Ciel ! vit-on ja- mais un plus
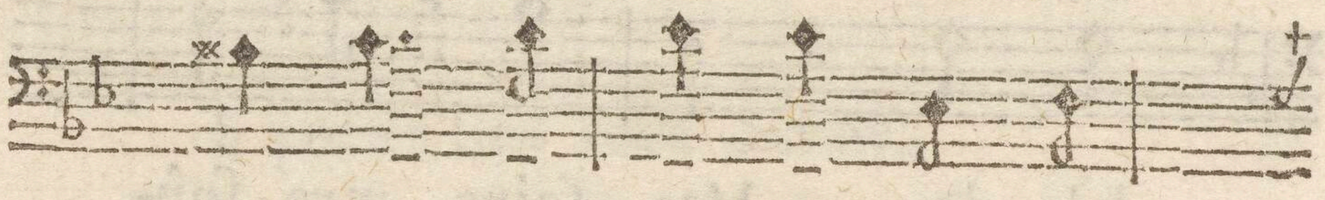


trif- te deſ- tin ! Ah !
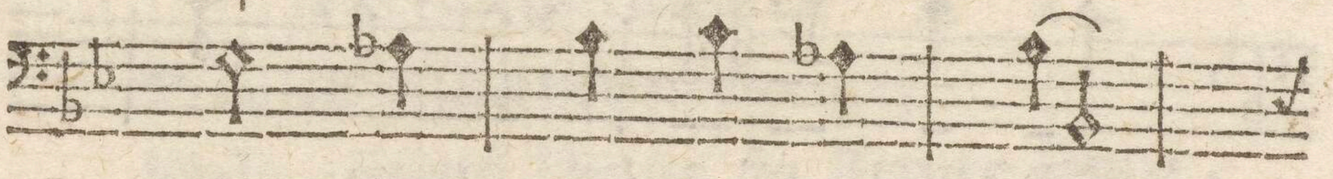


puiſ- que je ne puis lui
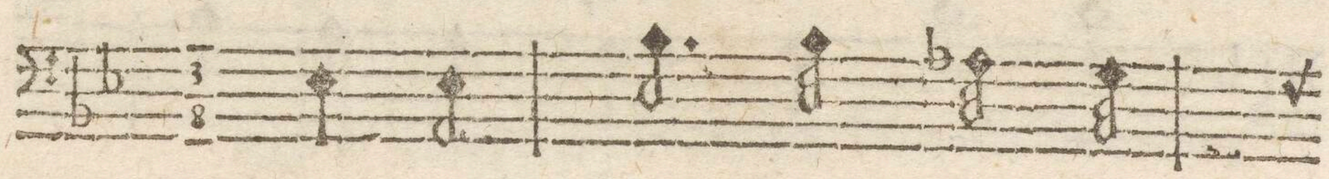


plai- re, Je re- non-ce au
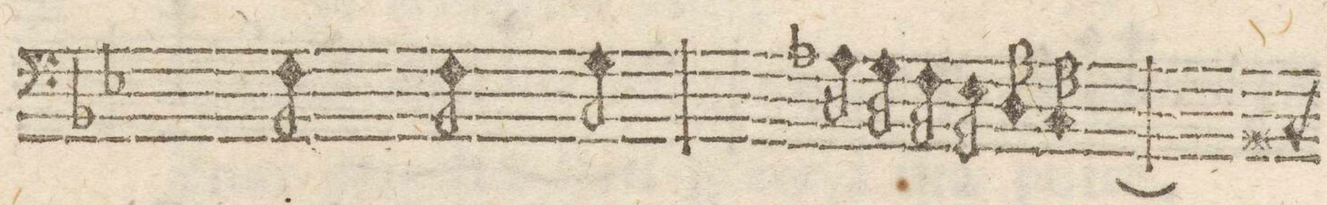


jour qui m'é- clai- re, Je re-
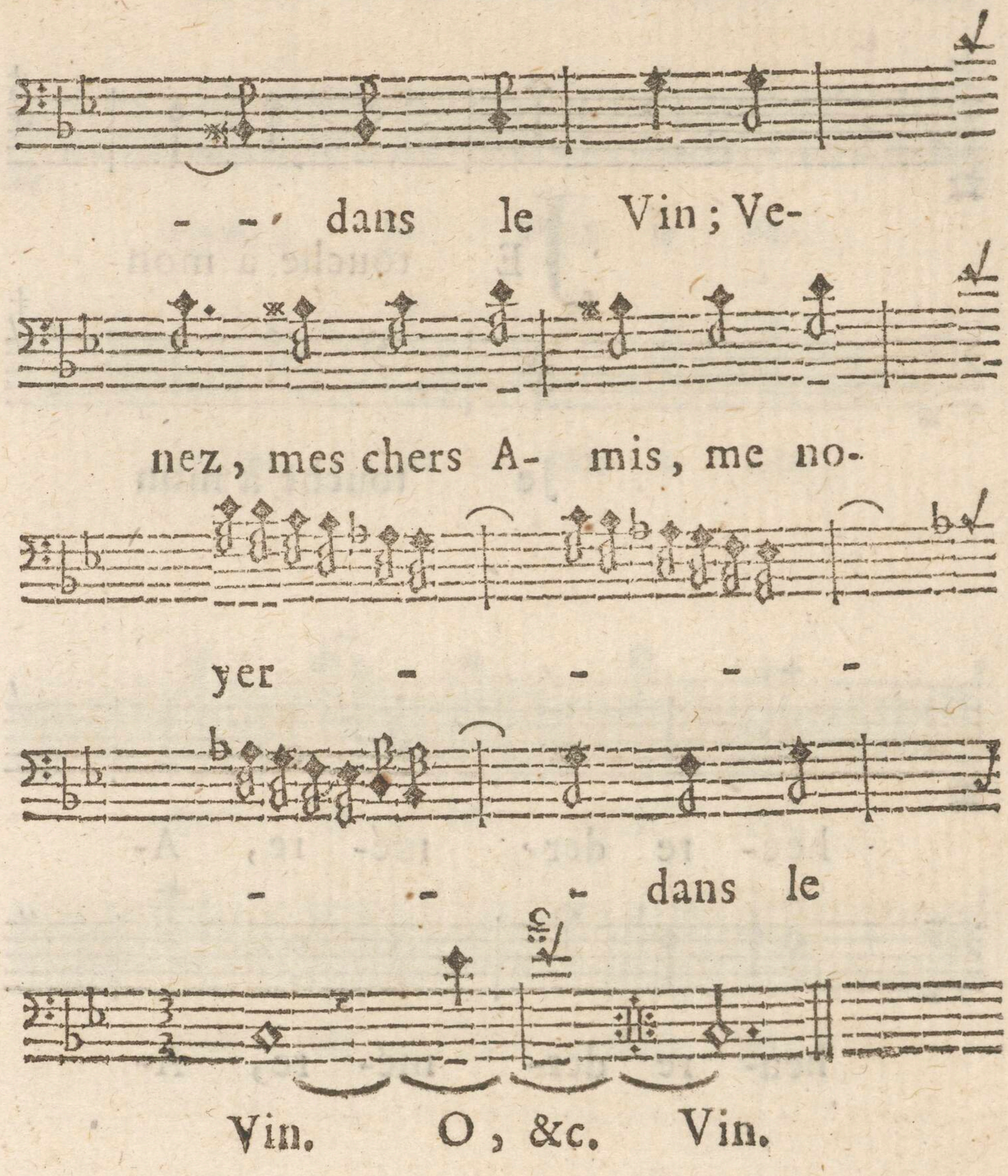


non- ce au jour qui m'é- clai-
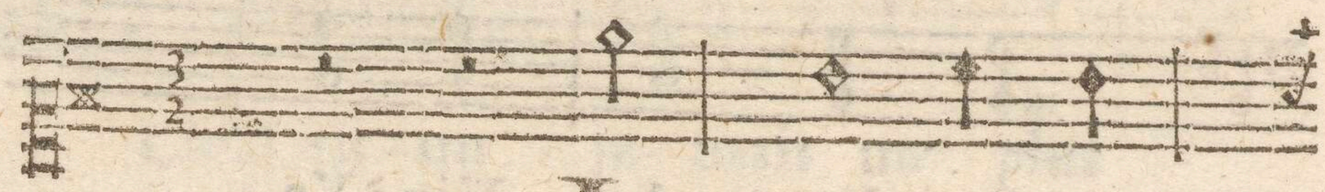


re: Ve- nez, mes chers A-
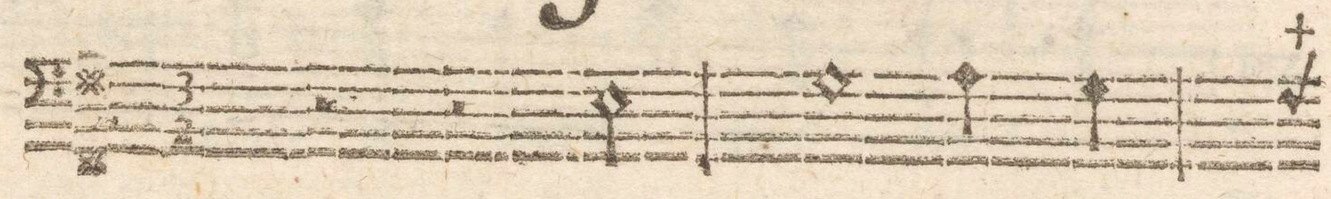


mis, me no- yer -

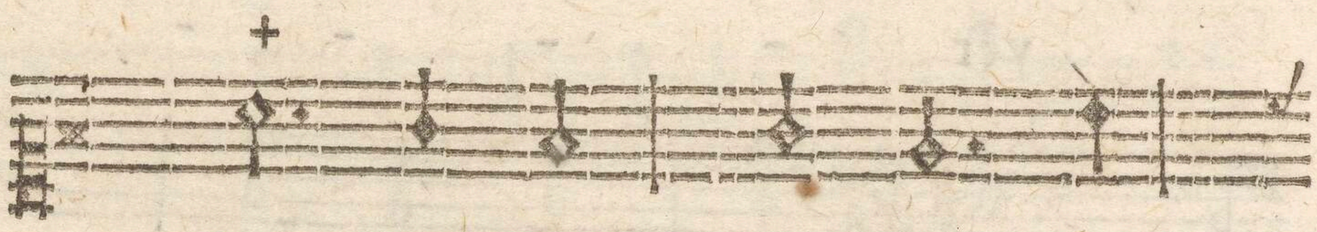

- - dans le Vin; Ve-
nez, mes chers A- mis, me no-
yer - - - -
- - - dans le
Vin. O, &c. Vin.
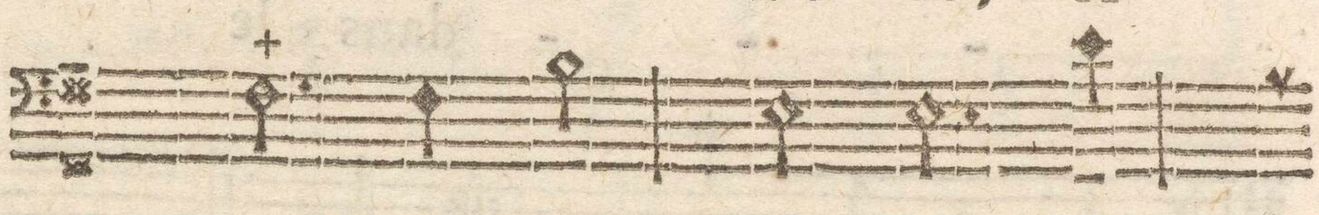


JE touche à mon
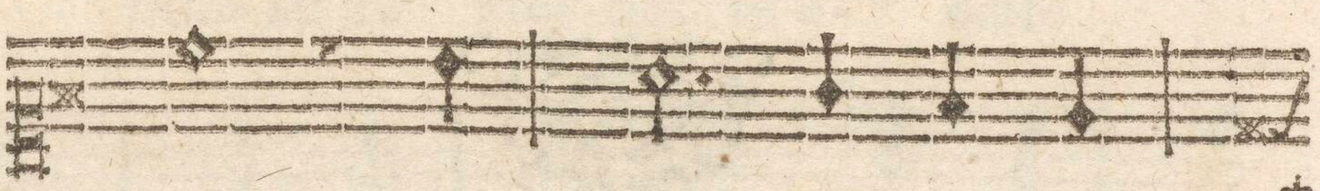


Je touche à mon
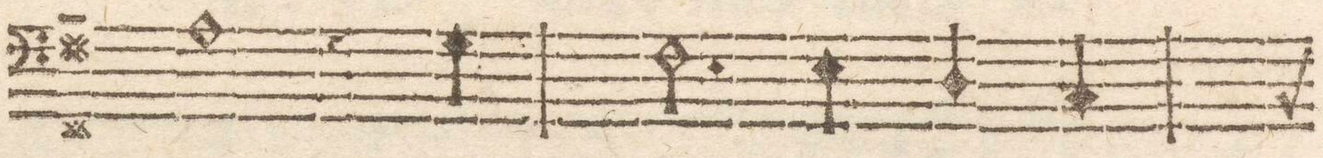


heu- re der- nié- re, A-



heu- re der- nié- re, A-
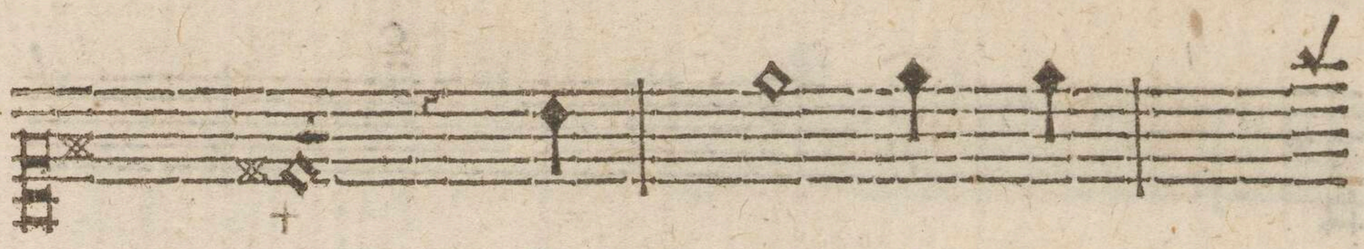


mis, Je vais au mo- nu-
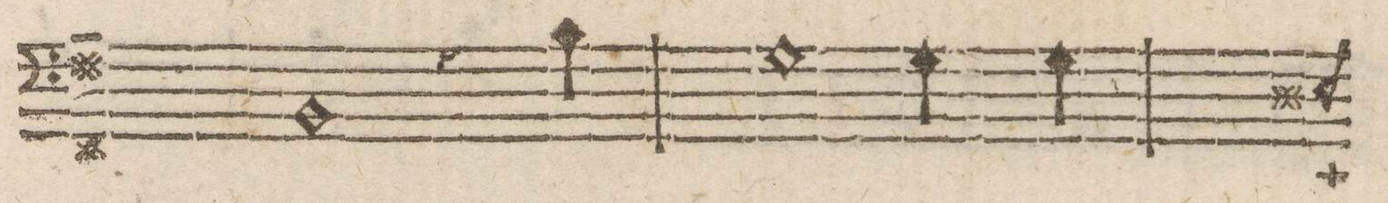


mis, Je vais au mo- nu-
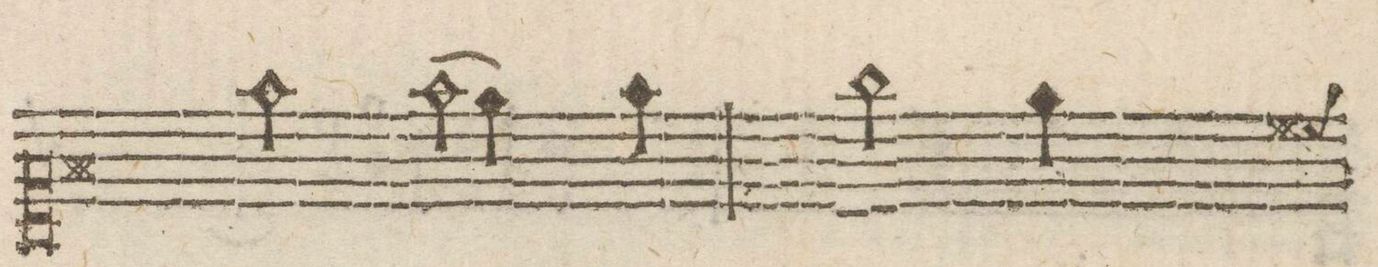
ment,



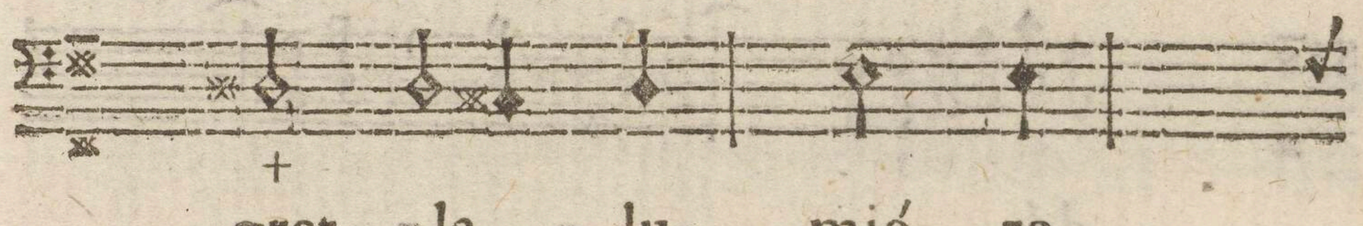
ment, Je vois à re-
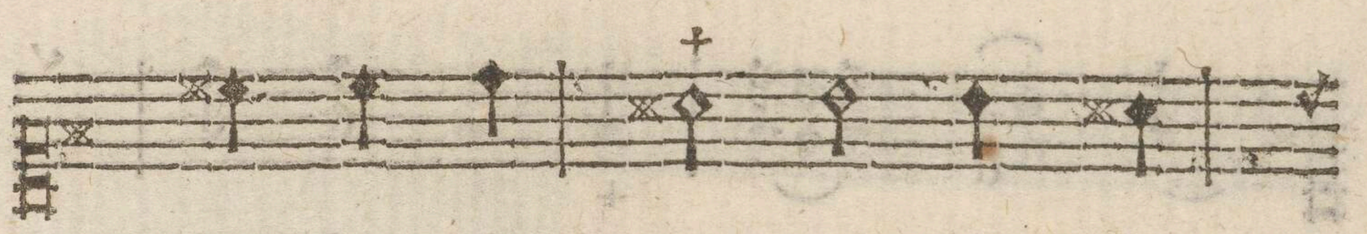


ment, Je vois à re-



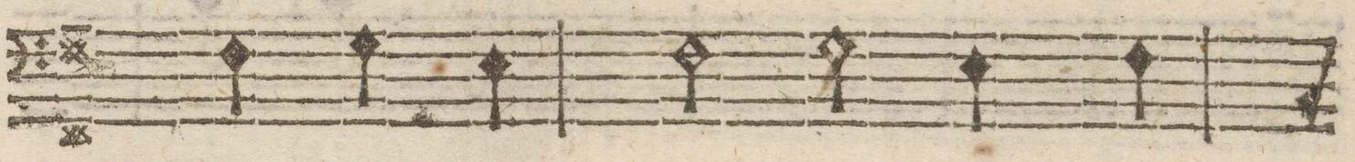
gret la lu- mié- re,



gret la lu- mié- re,
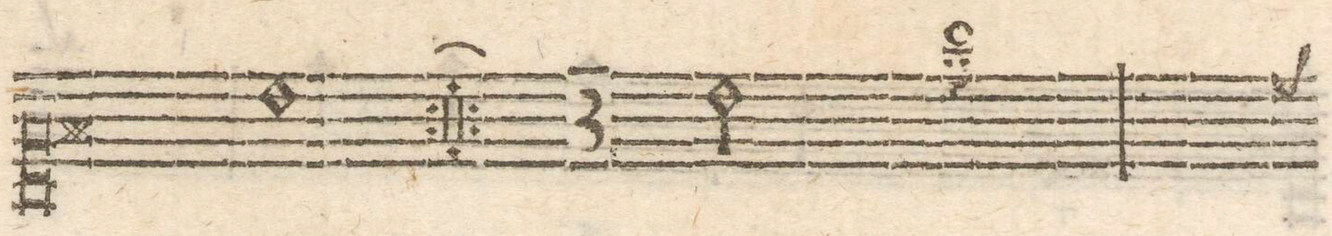


Je ſuis ſans Vin & ſans ar-

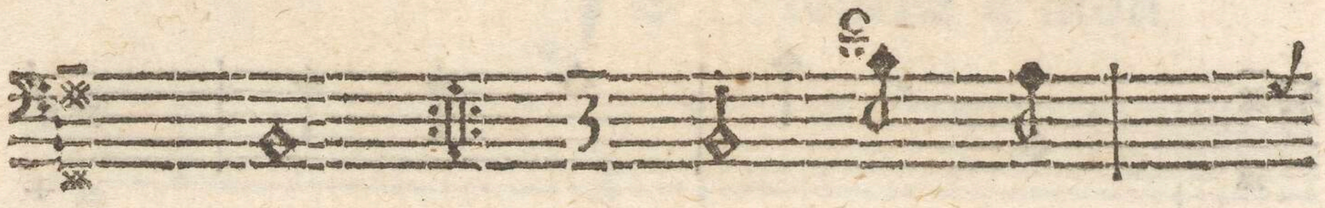


Je ſuis ſans Vin & ſans ar-
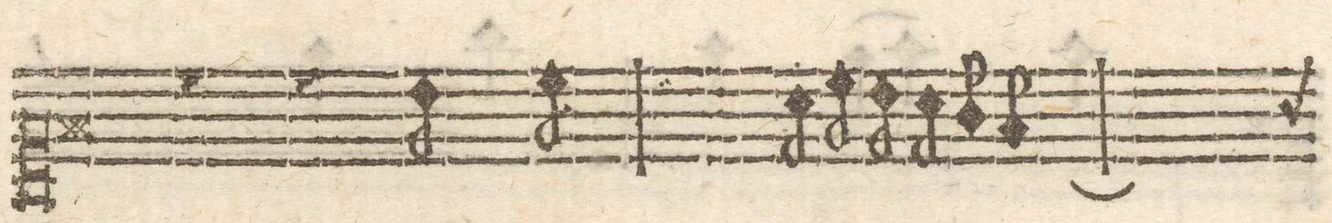
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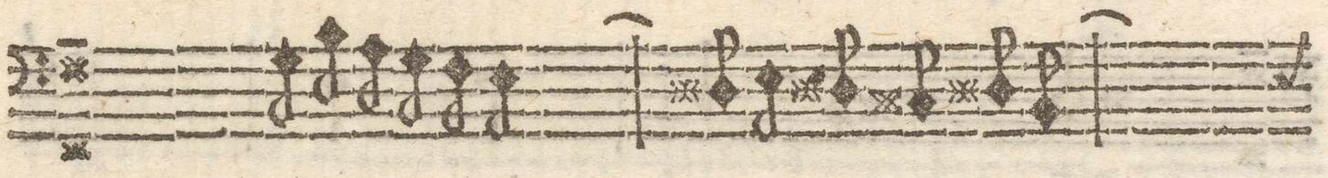


gent: gent:



gent: gent: J'ai vui-



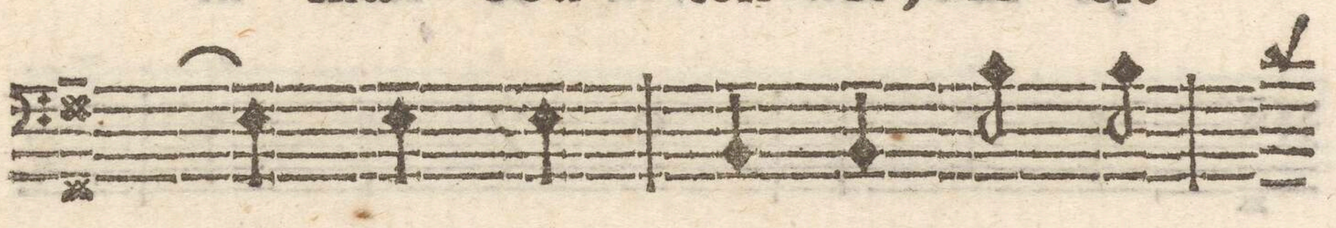
J'ai vui- dé - -



dé - - - -
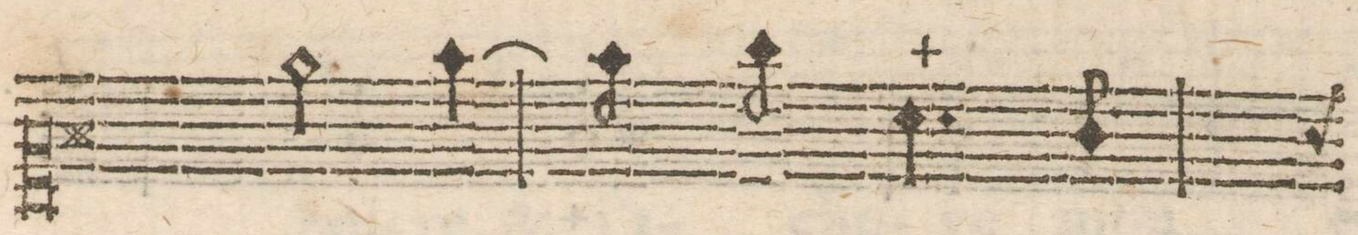


- ma bou- teil- le, Il eſt
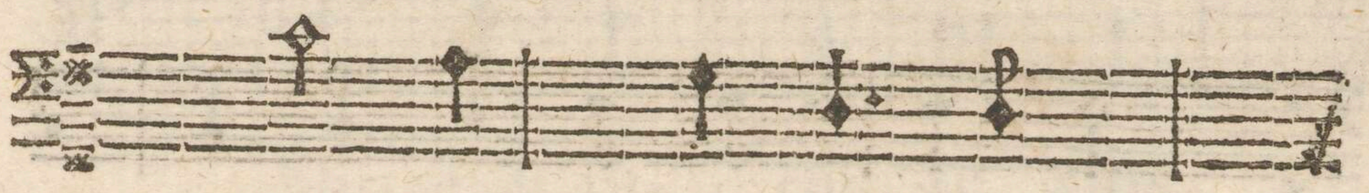


- ma Bou- teil- le, Il eſt
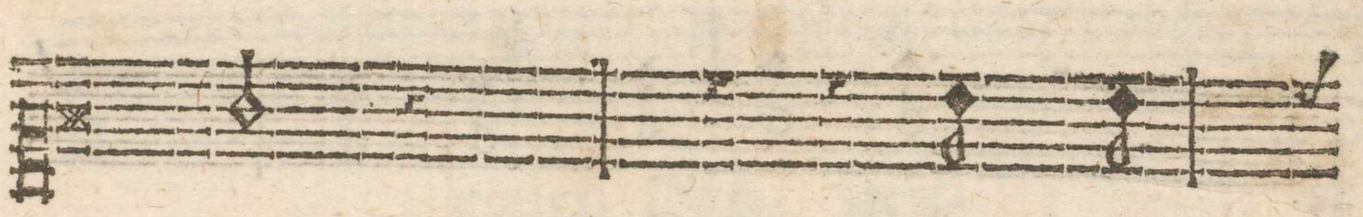
tems
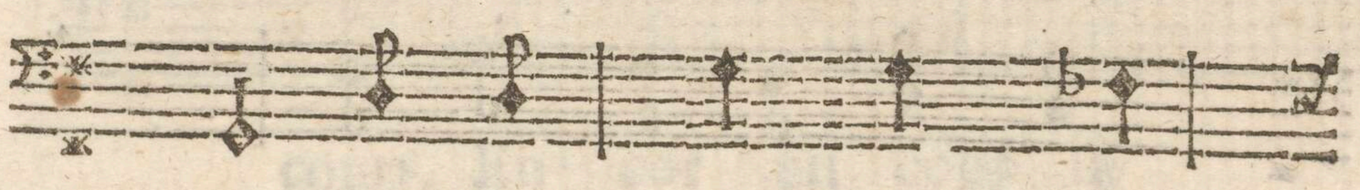


tems de fi- nir mes
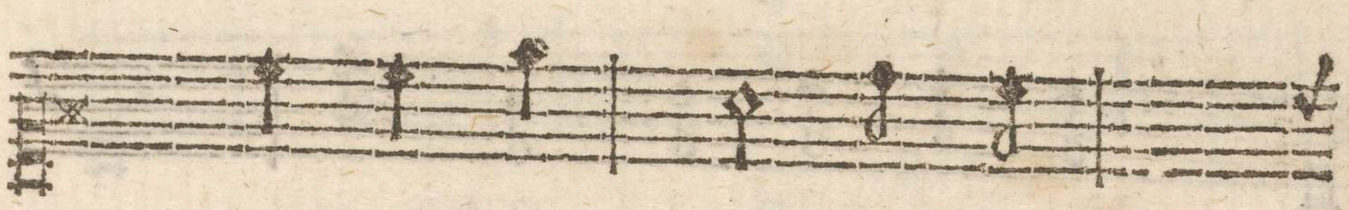


tems de fi- nir mes



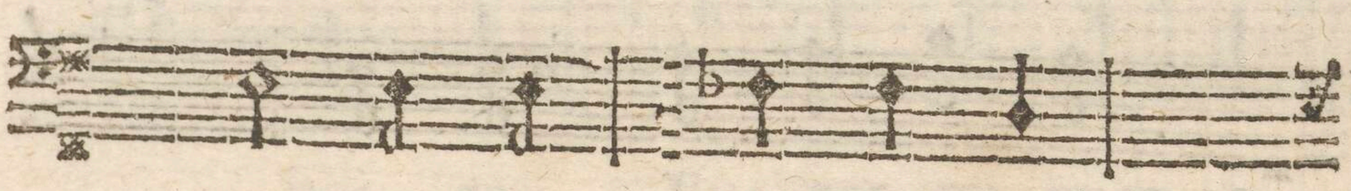
jours; Don- nez-
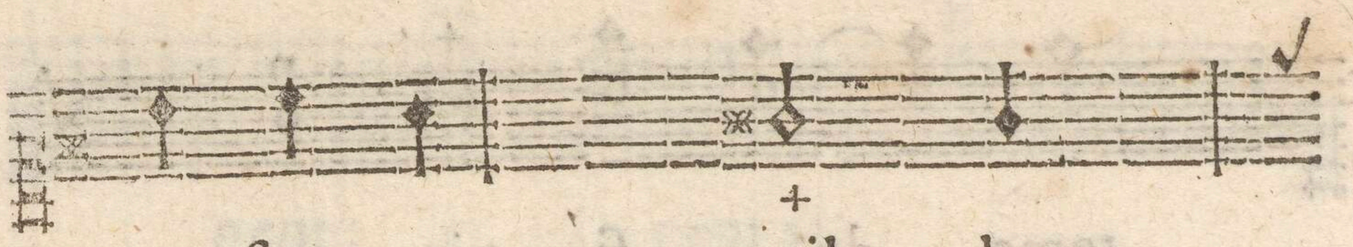


jours; Donnez - moi pour cal-
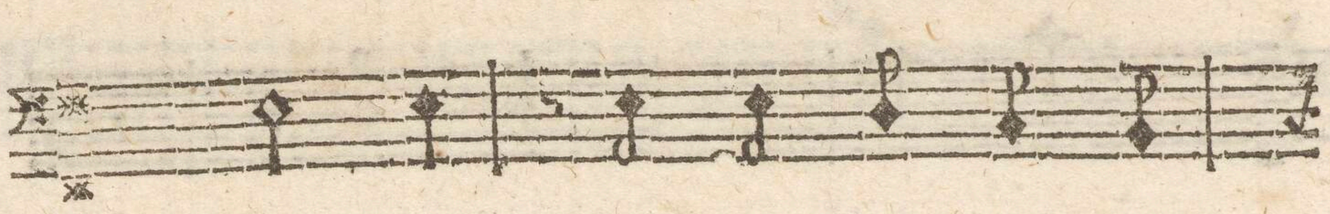


moi pour cal- mer ma dou-
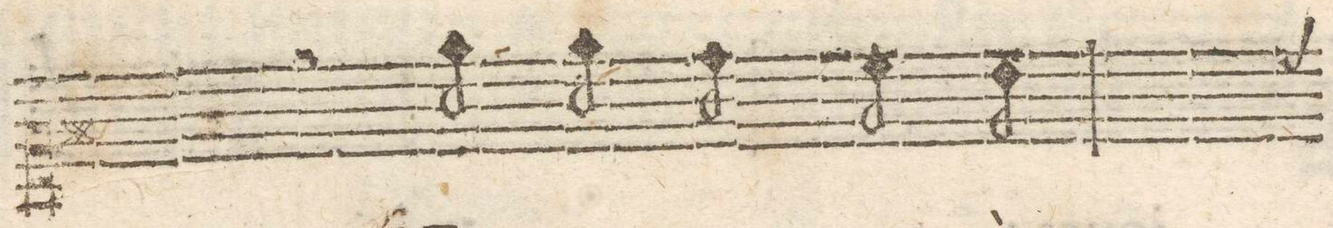


mer ma dou- leur ſans pa-
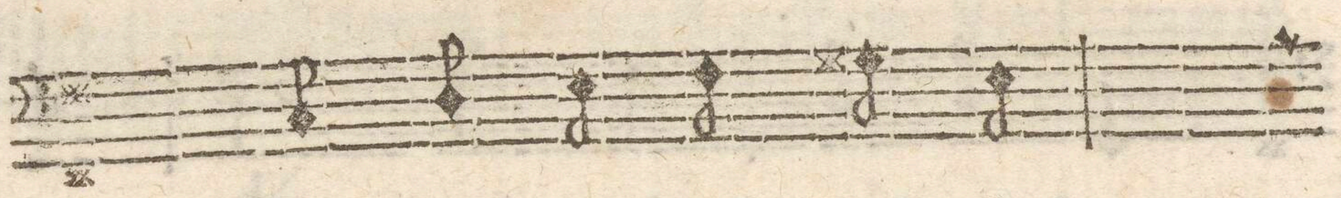


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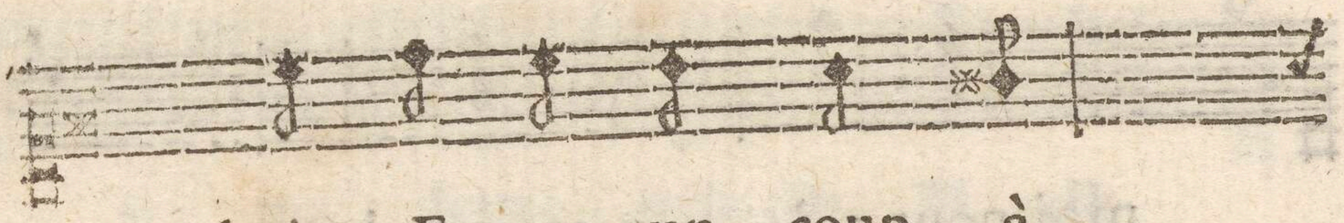


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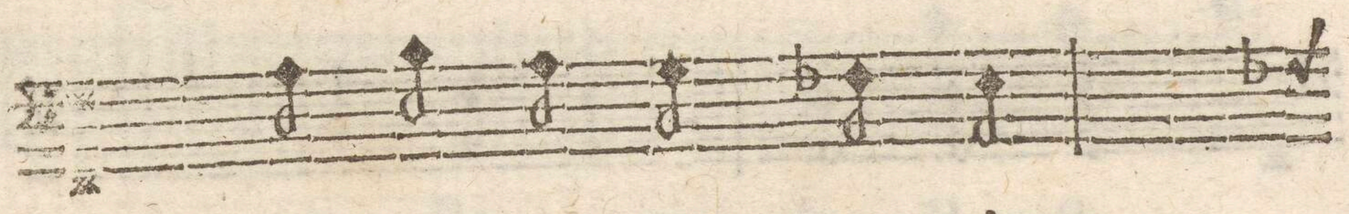


En- cor un coup à



boi-re, Encor un coup à
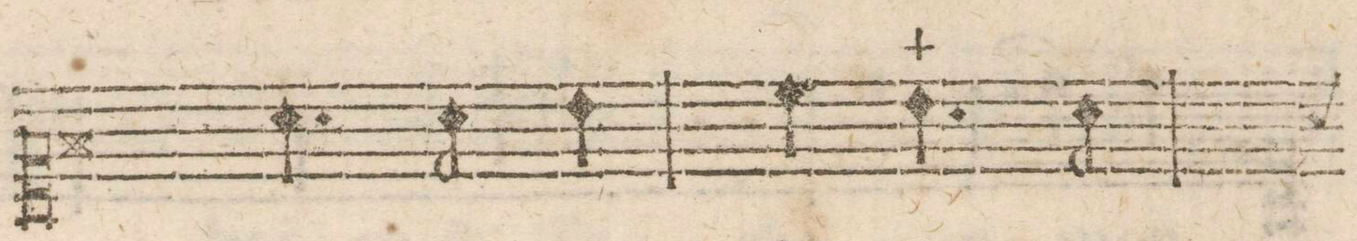


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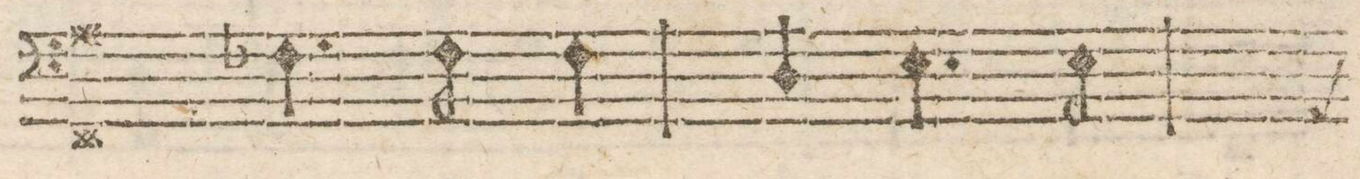


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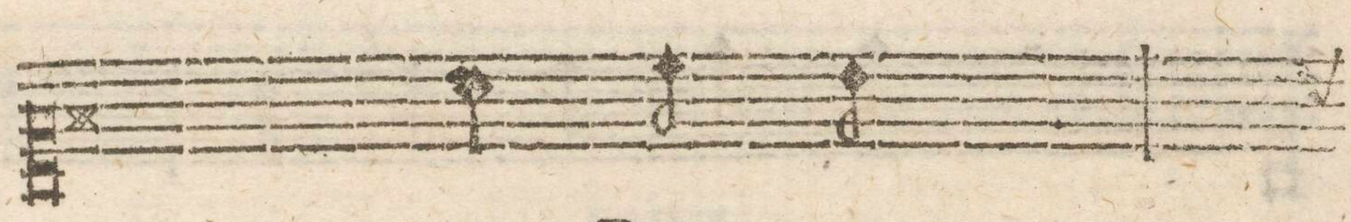
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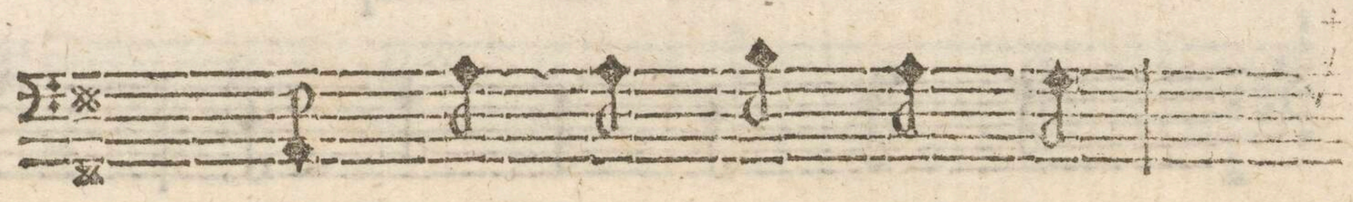


boi- re, & j'a- che- ve mon
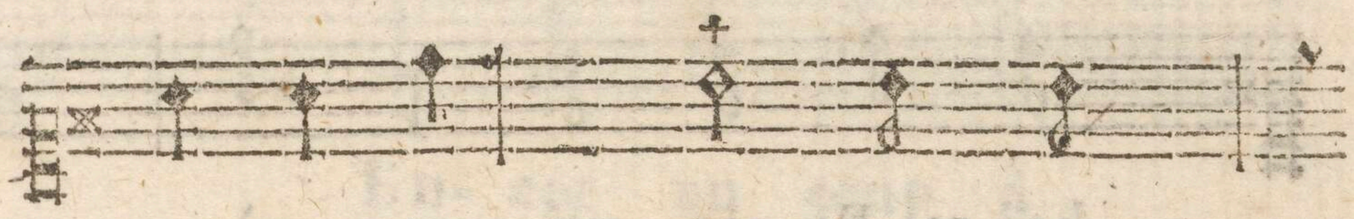


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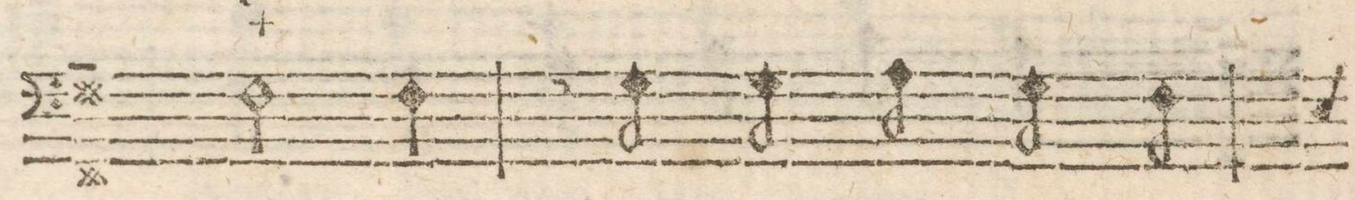


cours. Don- nez-



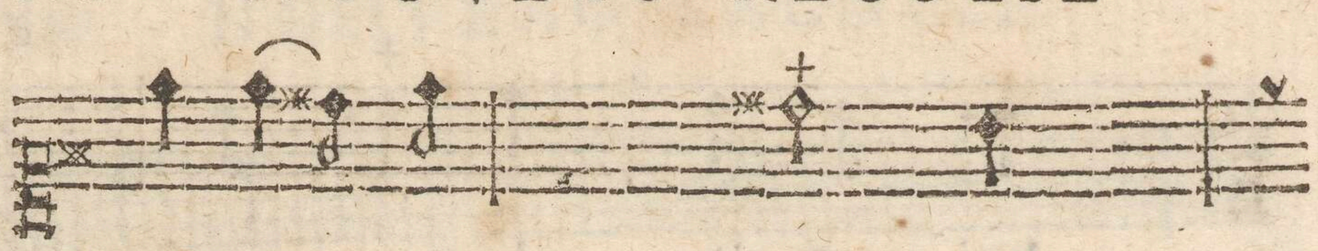
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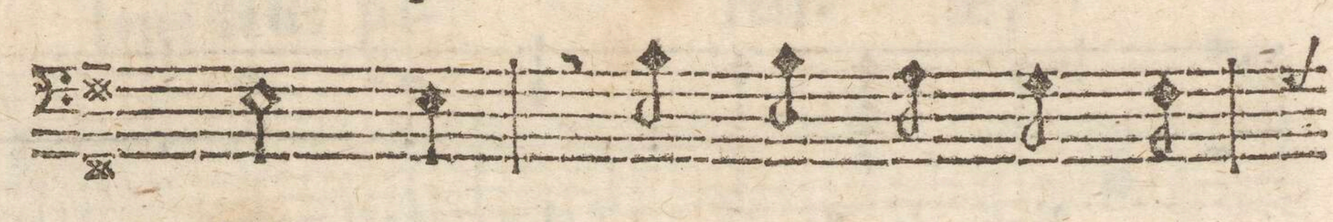


moi pour char- mer ma dou-
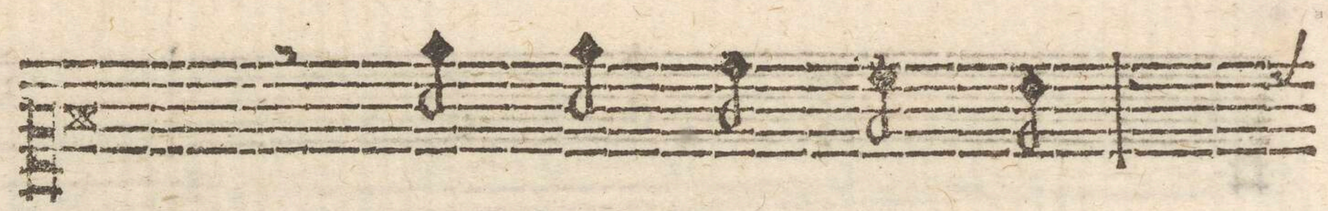


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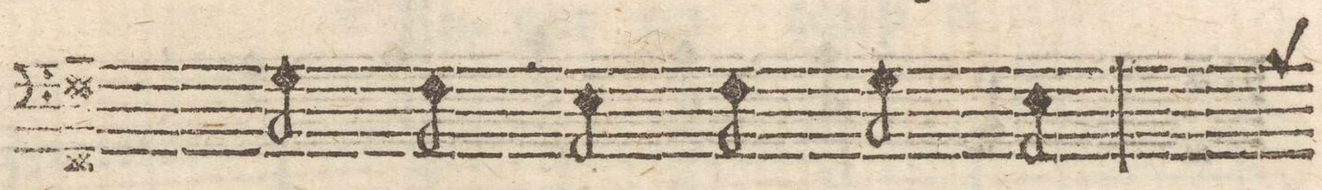


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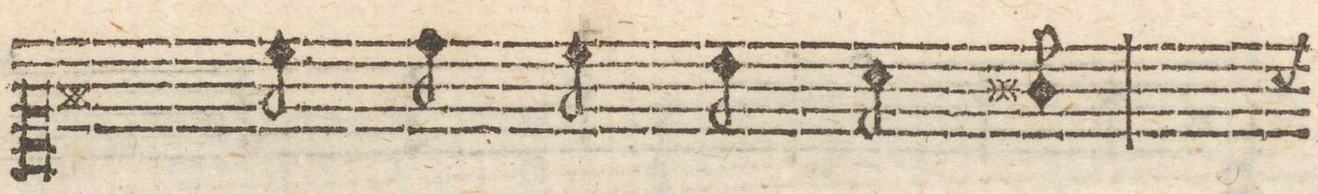


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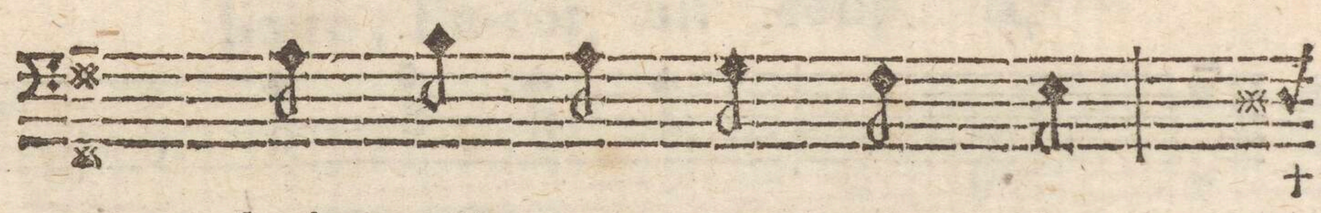


En- cor un coup à



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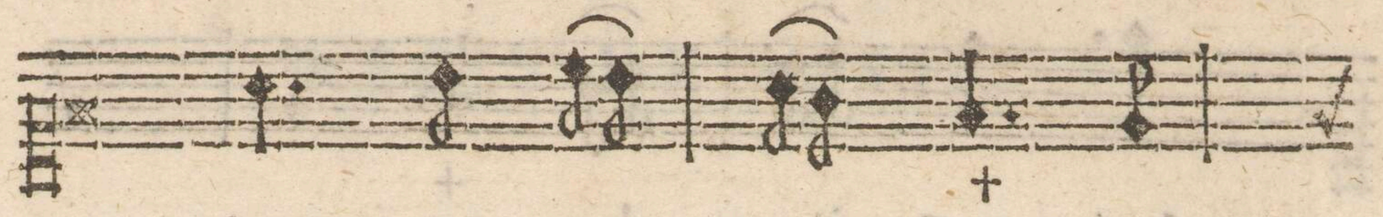


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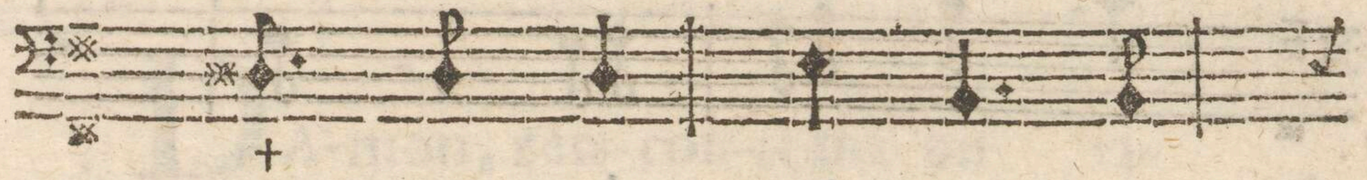


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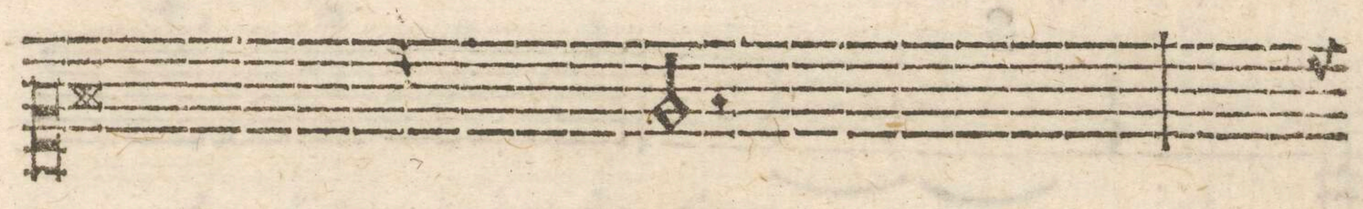
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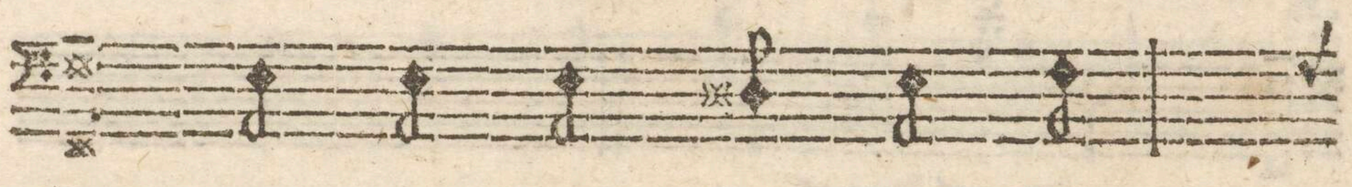


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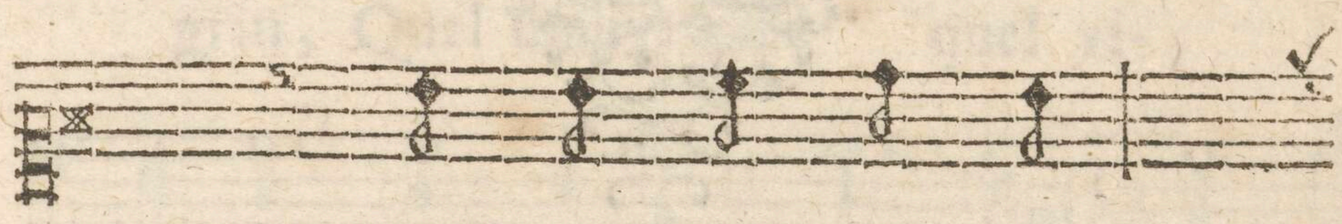


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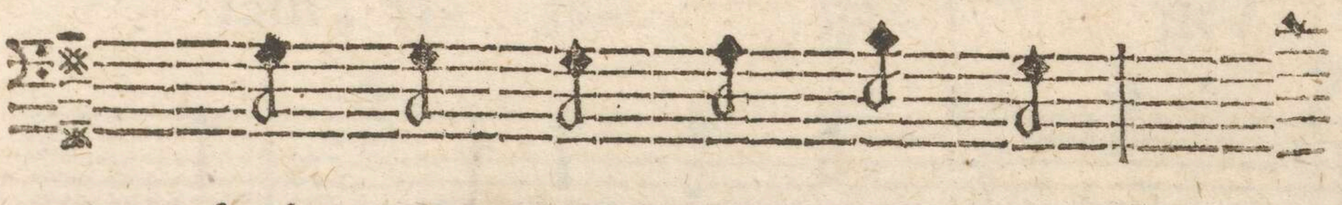


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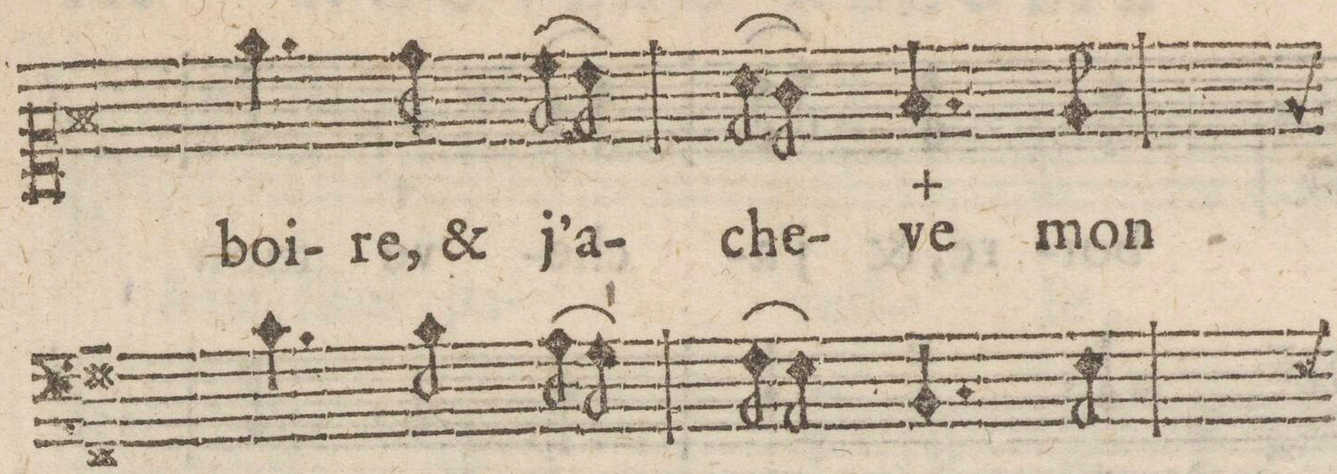


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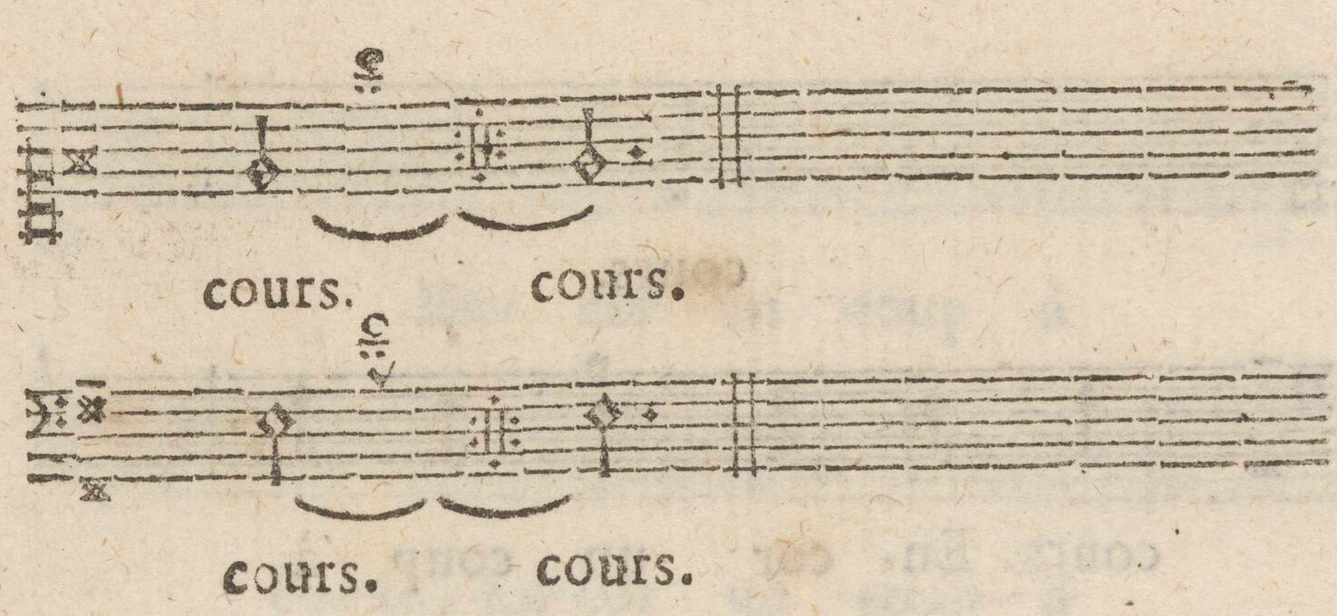


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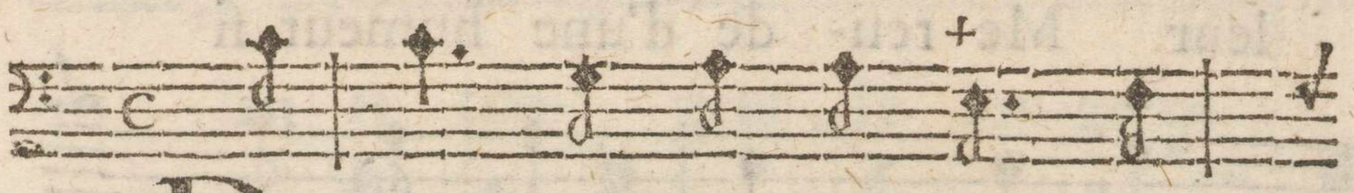


boi-re, En-cor un coup à


boi- re, & j'a- che- ve mon
boi- re,& j'a- che- ve mon

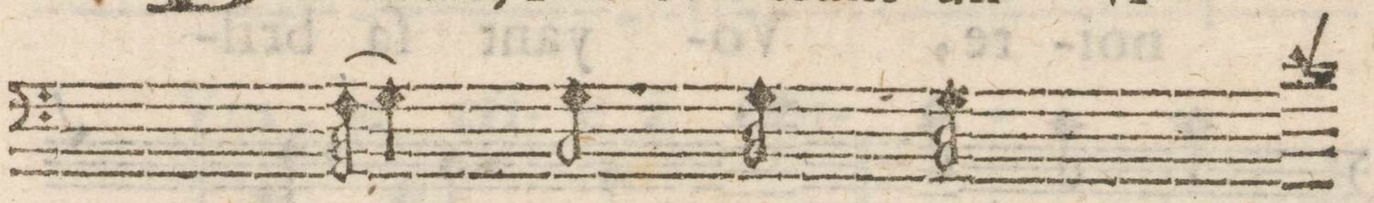

cours. cours.
cours. cours.

RE-
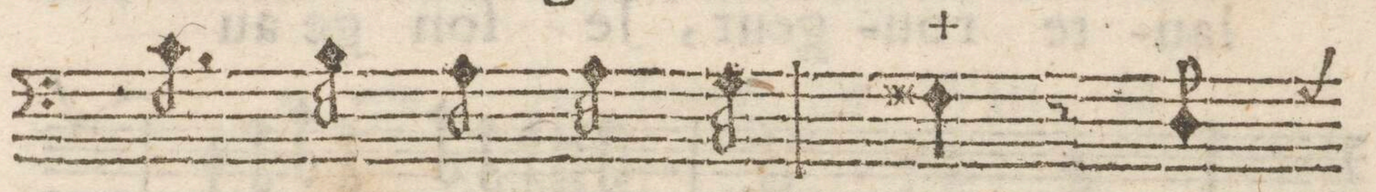
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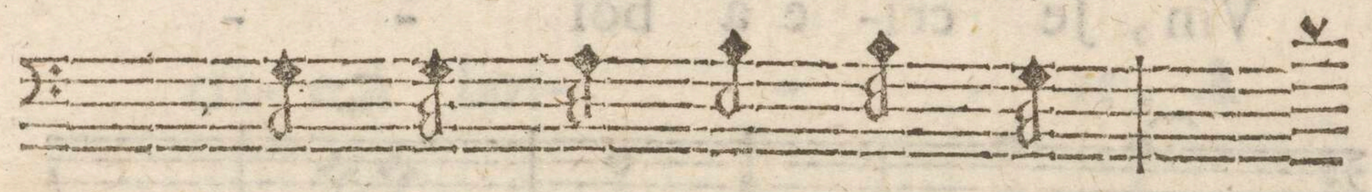


DA-mon, ren-con-trant un vi-
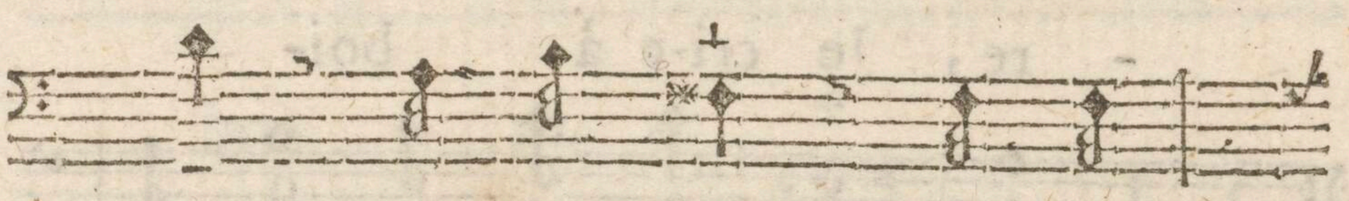


ſa- ge Re- le-



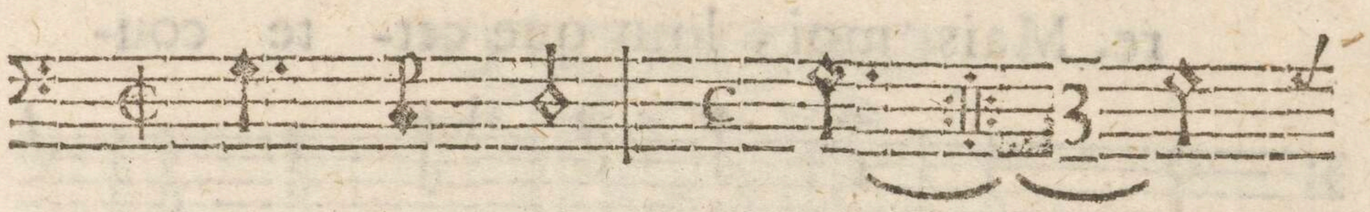
vé d'un doigt de Car- min, s'é-



cri- e d'un air tout cha-
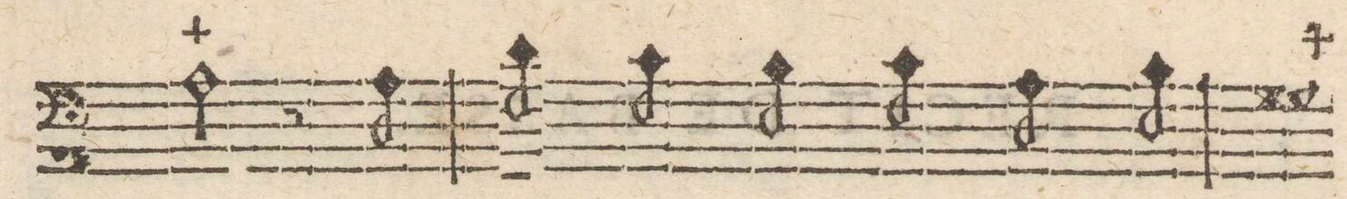


grin, Quel mau- dit, quel vi-
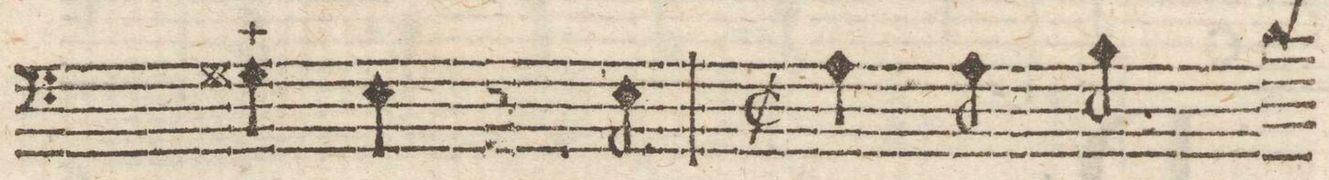


lain, vi- ſa- ge! ge!
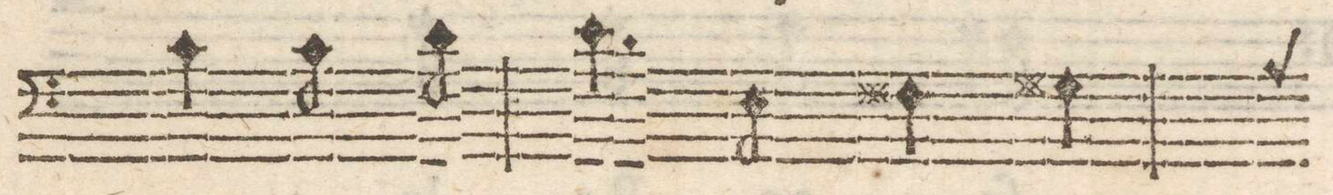


Mais moi, loin que cet- te cou-
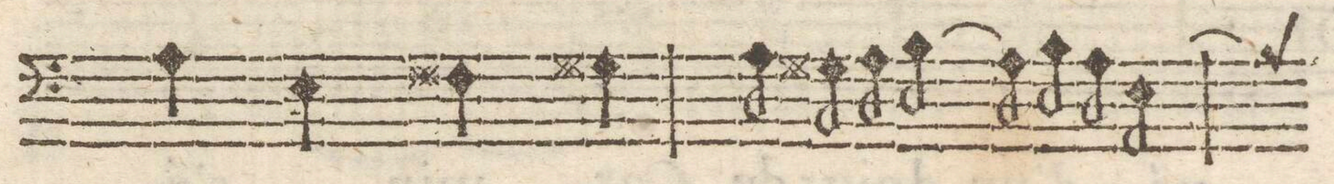


leur Me ren- de d'une humeur ſi



noi- re, Vo- yant ſa bril-
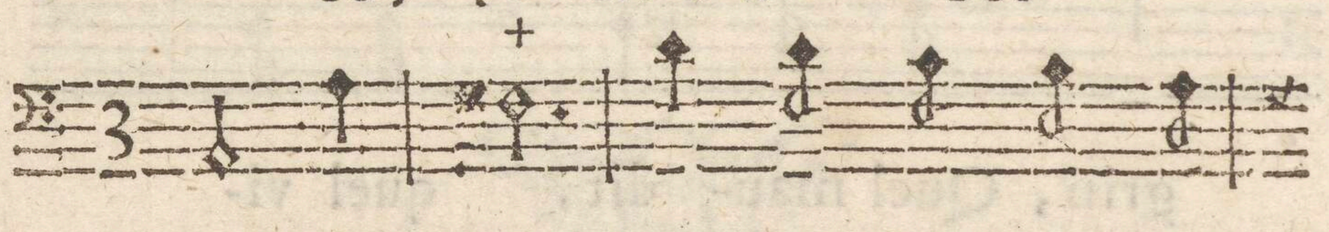


lan- te rou- geur, Je ſon ge au
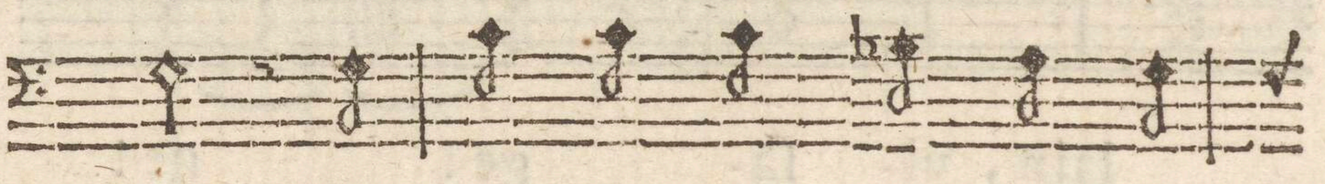


Vin, Je cri- e à boi - -
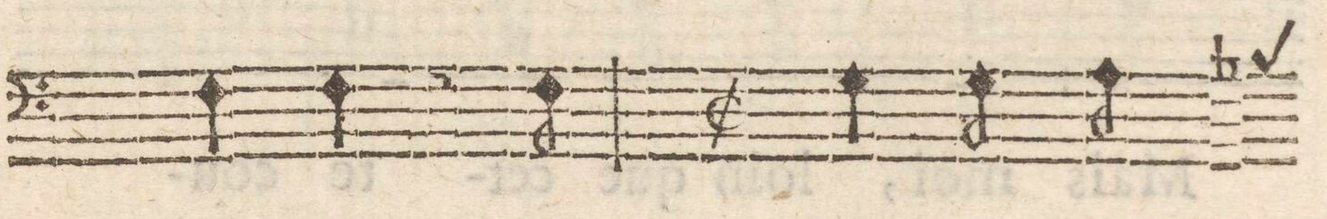


- re, Je cri-e à boi-



re. Mais moi, loin que cet- te cou-
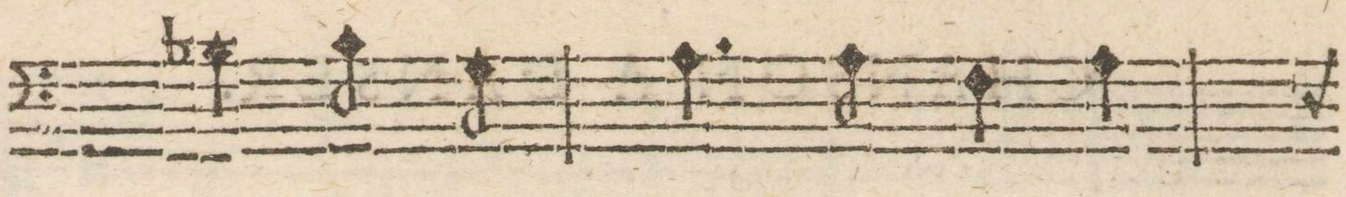


leur Me ren- de d'u- ne humeur ſi
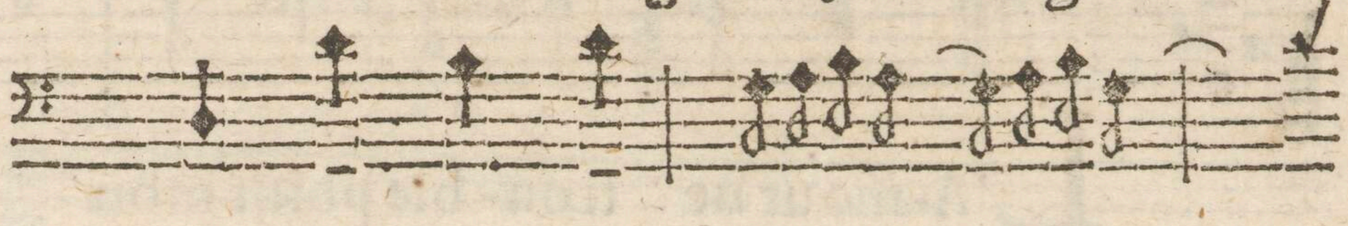


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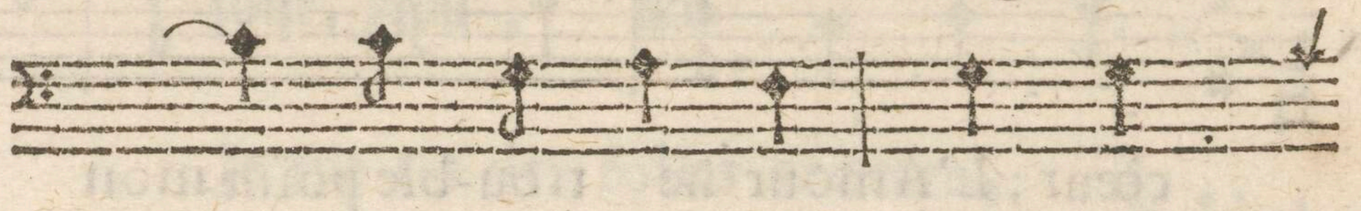
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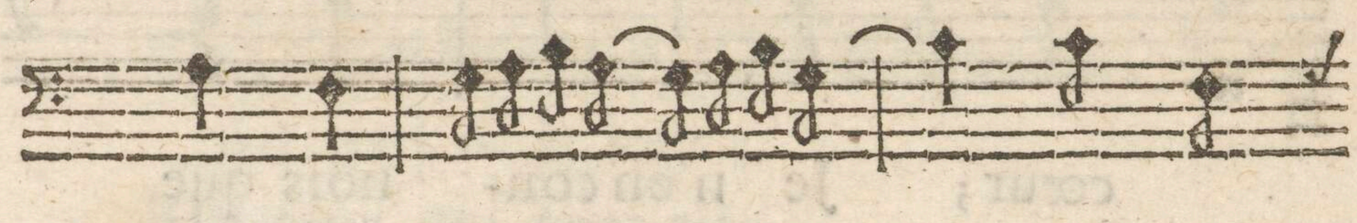


lan- te rou- geur, Je ſon-ge au
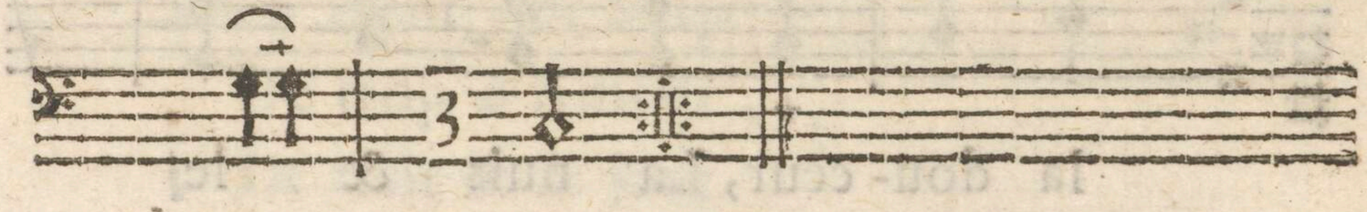


Vin, je cri- e à boi- - -



- re, Je ſonge au Vin, je

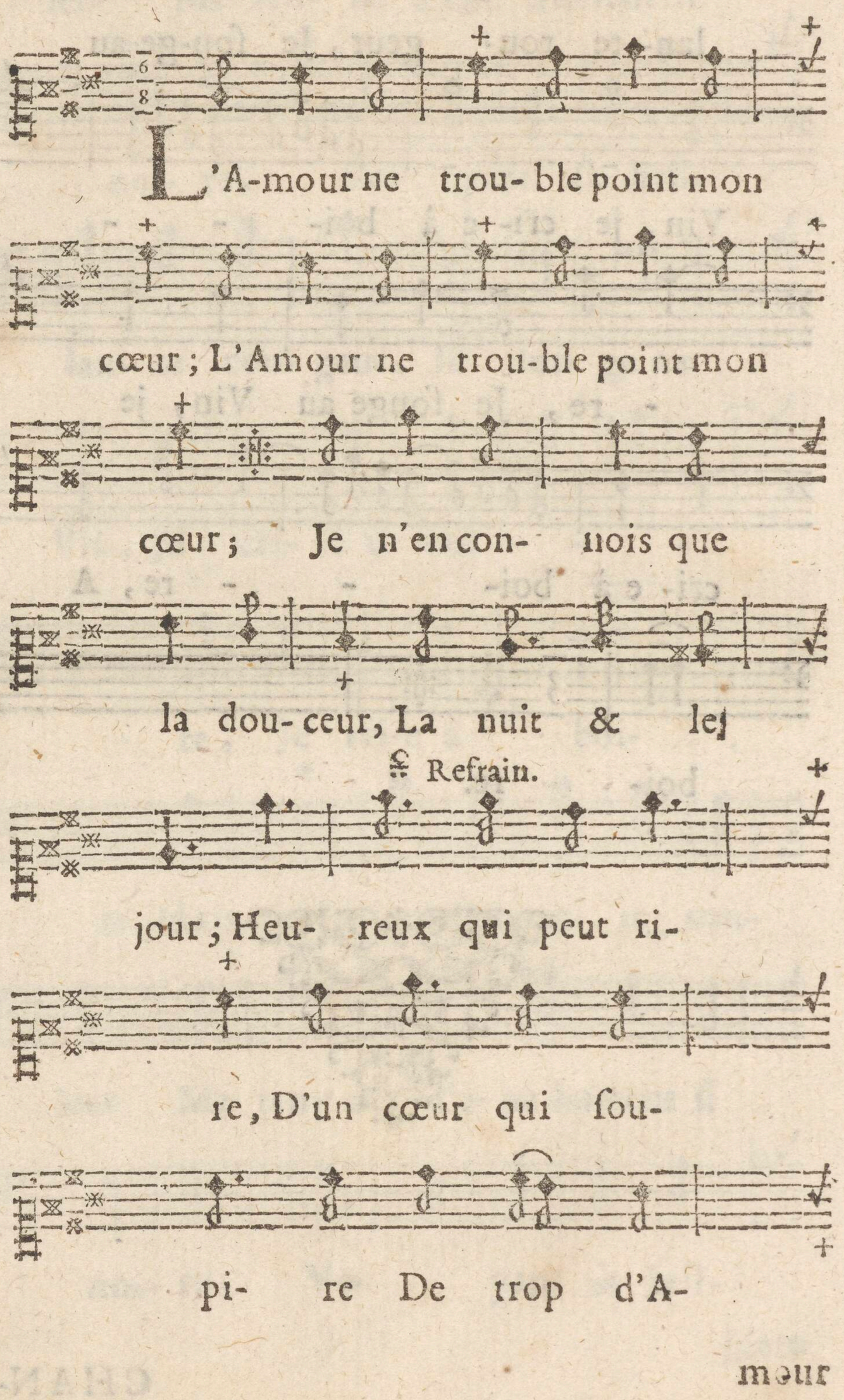


cri- e à boi- - - re, A



boi- re.

CHANSON A DANSER.



L'A-mour ne trou- ble point mon

cœur ; L'Amour ne trou-ble point mon

cœur ; Je n'en con- nois que

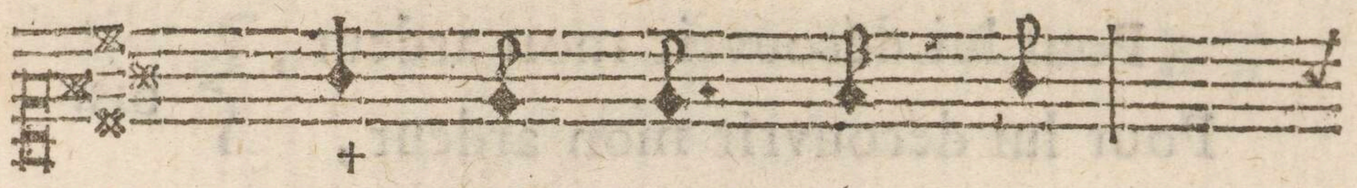
la dou- ceur, La nuit & le

jour ; Heu- reux qui peut ri-

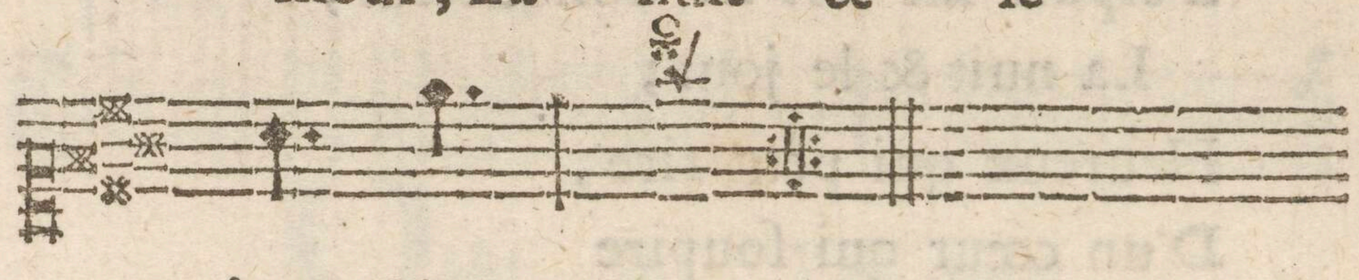
re, D'un cœur qui ſou-

pi- re De trop d'A-

mour



mour, La nuit & le



jour. Heu-, &c.

Je me ris des folles ardeurs, } bis.
Je me ris des folles ardeurs;
Qui s'expriment par les langueurs,
La nuit & le jour;
Heureux qui peut rire,
D'un cœur qui ſoupire
De trop d'Amour,
La nuit & le jour.
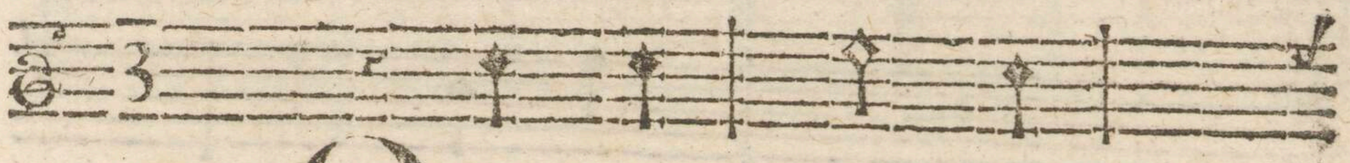
Quand une Belle a pris mon cœur, } bis.
Quand une Belle a pris mon cœur,
Je n'en deviens pas plus rêveur
La nuit & le jour;
Heureux qui peut rire,
D'un cœur qui ſoupire
De trop d'Amour,
La nuit & le jour.

Pour lui découvrir mon ardeur, } bis.
Pour lui découvrir mon ardeur,
L'eſpoir me ſert de Conducteur,
La nuit & le jour;
Heureux qui peut rire,
D'un cœur qui ſoupire
De trop d'Amour,
La nuit & le jour.

Lorſqu'on ſe pique de rigueurs, } bis.
Lorſqu'on ſe pique de rigueurs;
Je vais chercher fortune ailleurs,
La nuit & le jour;
Heureux qui peut rire,
D'un cœur qui ſoupire
De trop d'Amour,
La nuit & le jour.
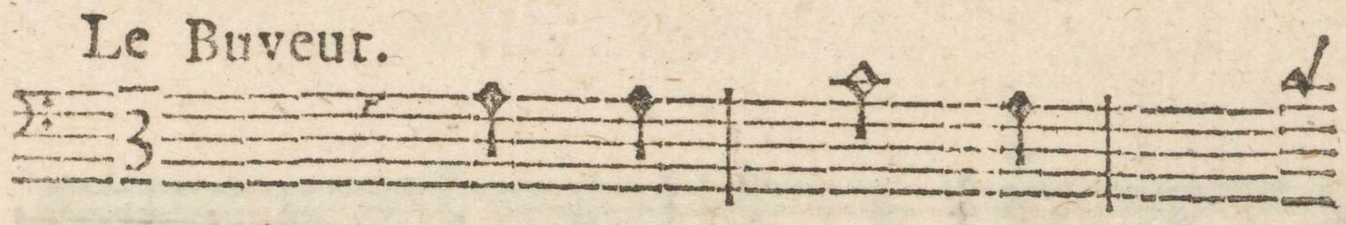
DIALOGUE TENDRE ET BACHIQUE.

L'Amant.
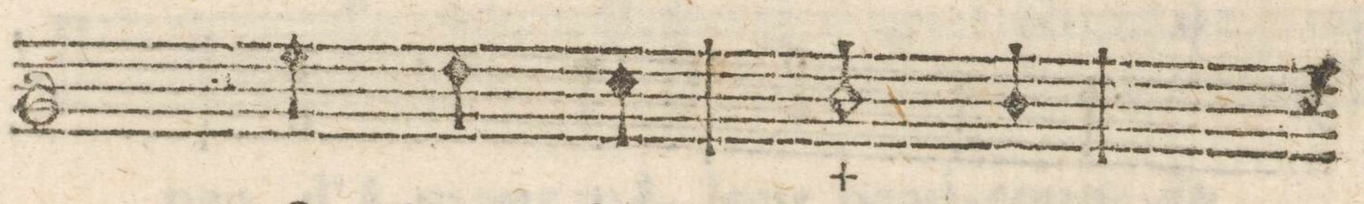


QUe les Par- ques
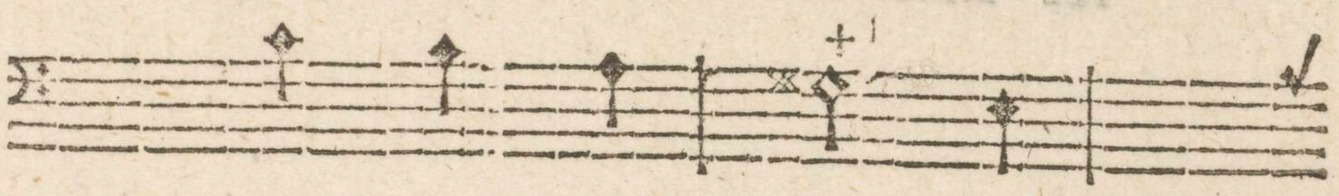
Le Buveur.
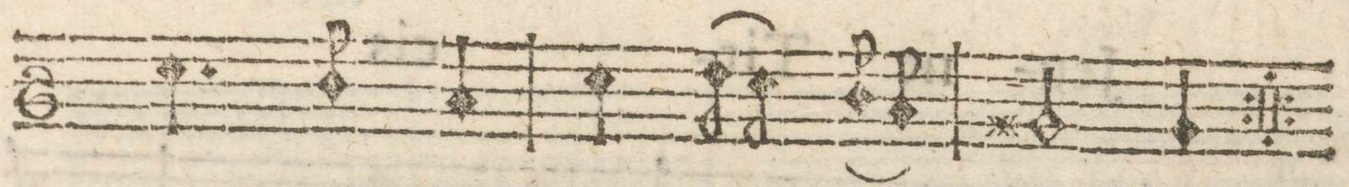


Que les Par- ques



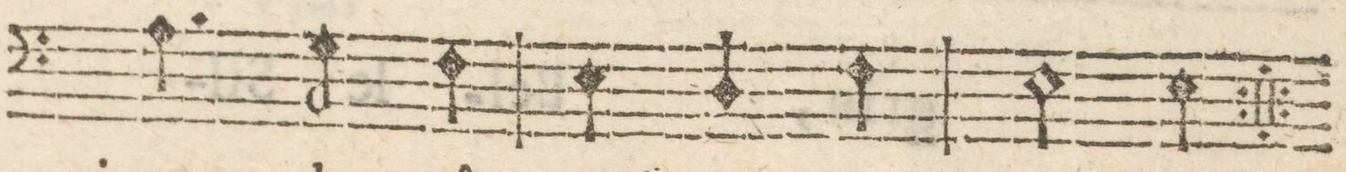
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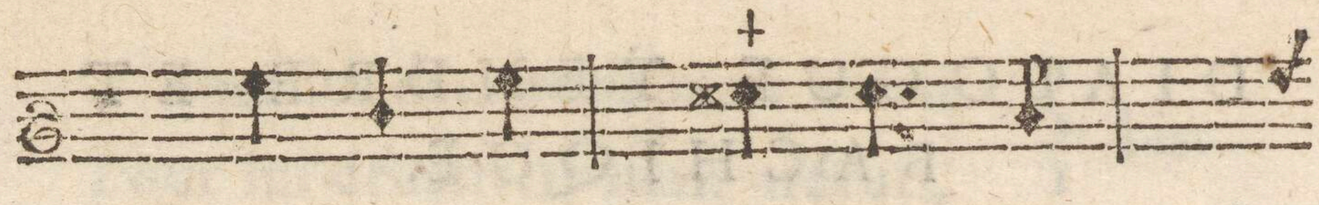


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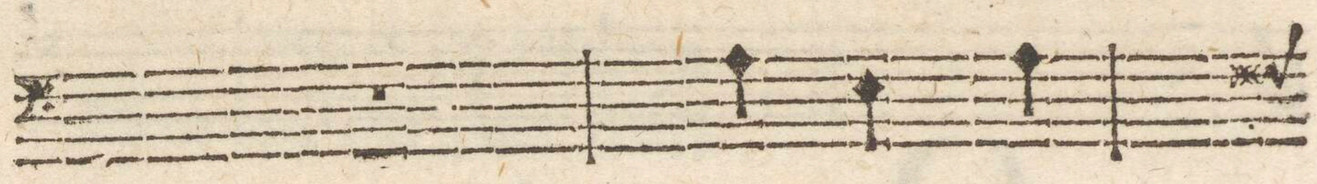


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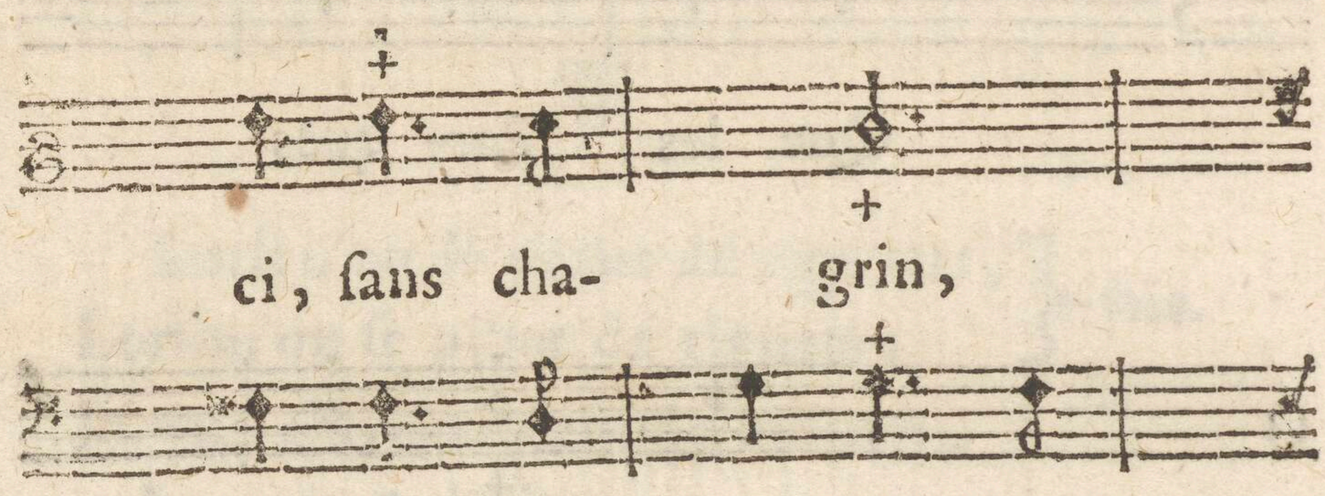
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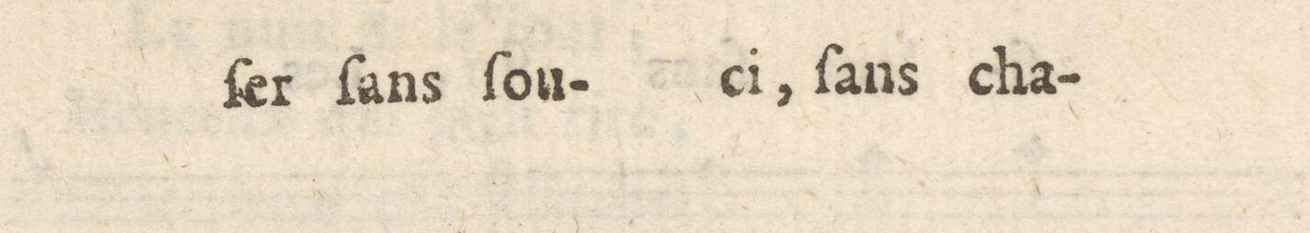
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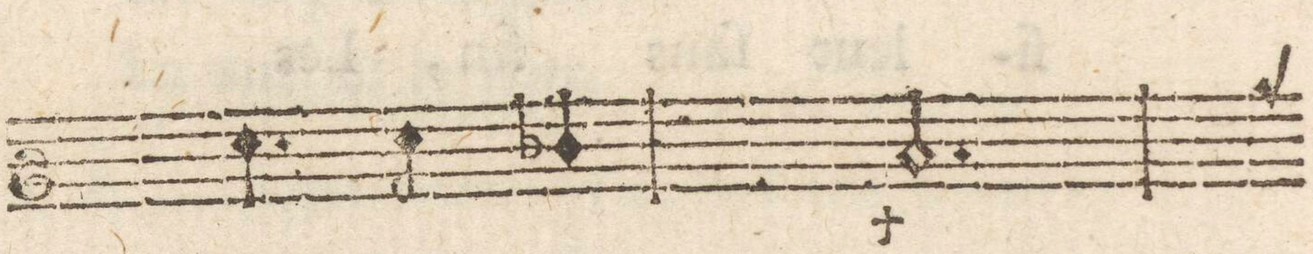


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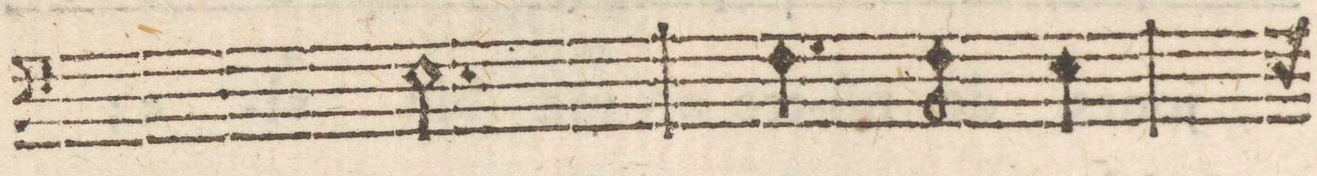


ci, ſans cha- grin,



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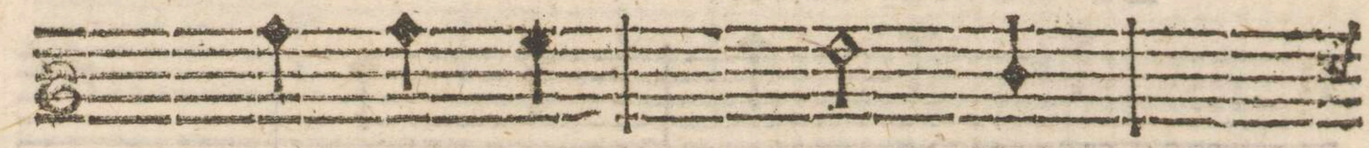


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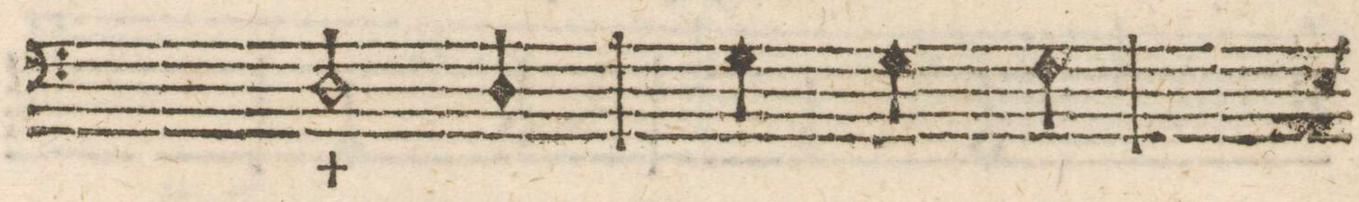


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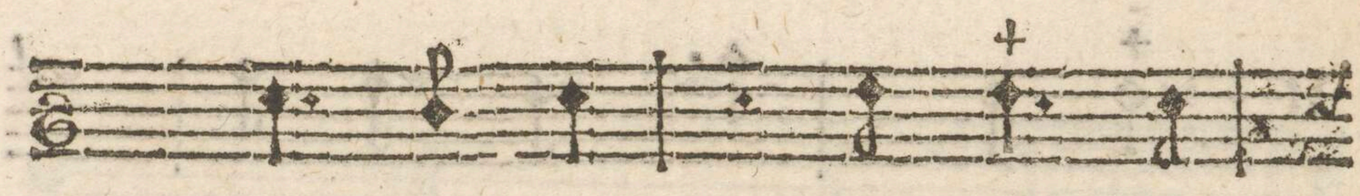
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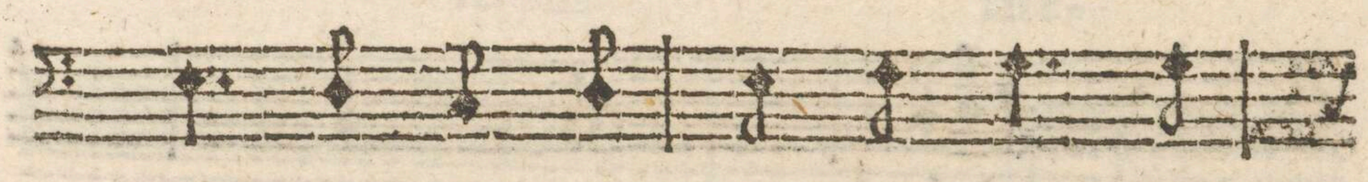


a- vec beau- coup d'A-



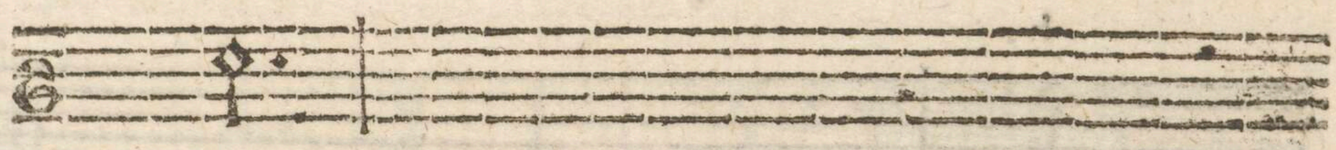
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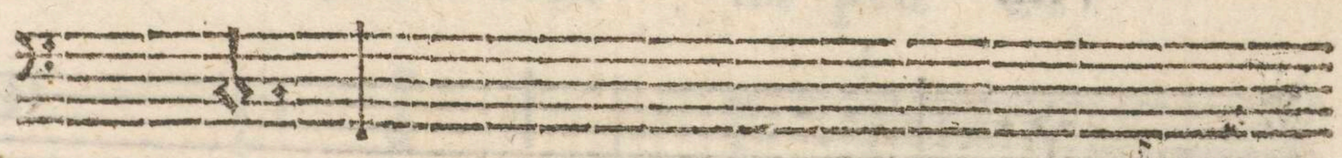
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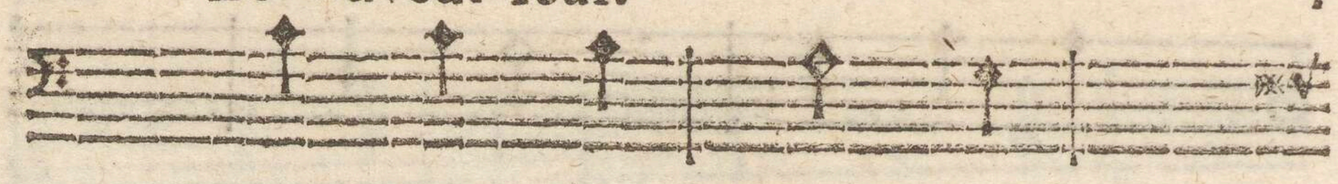


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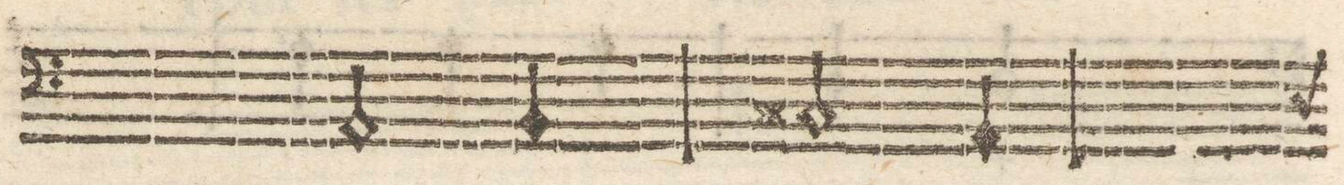


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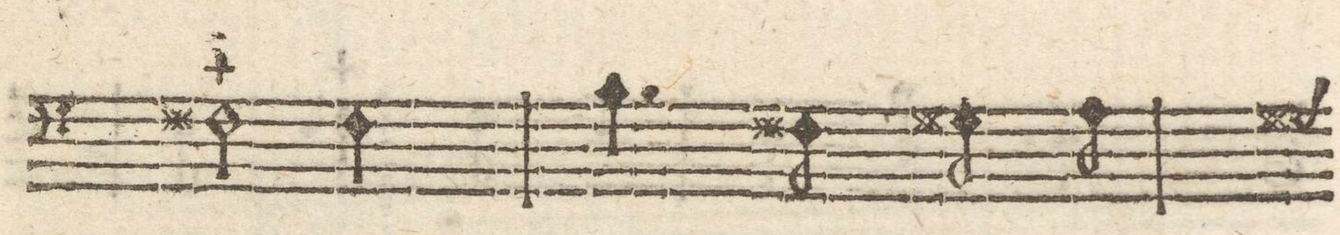
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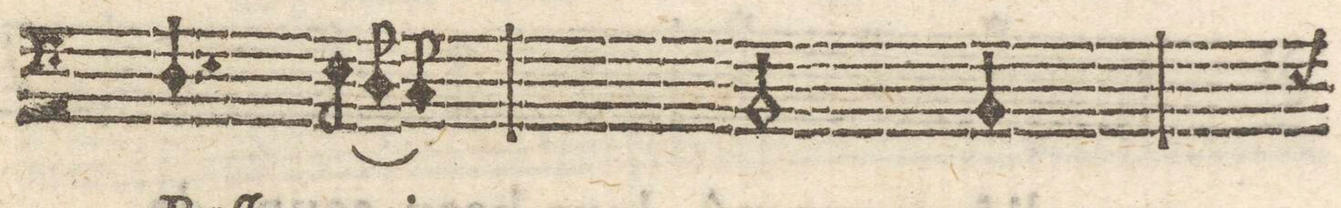


A- vec un peu d'A-



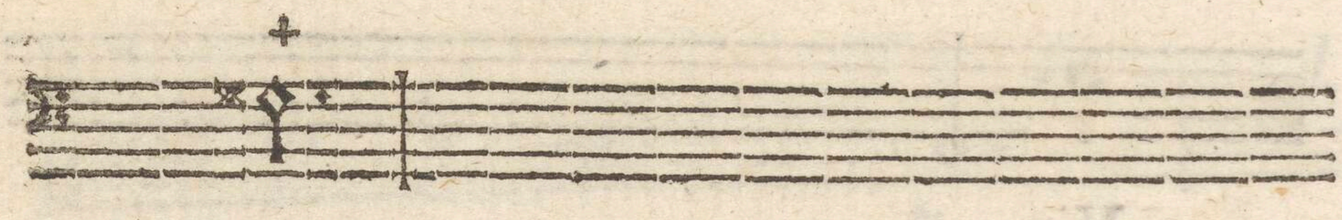
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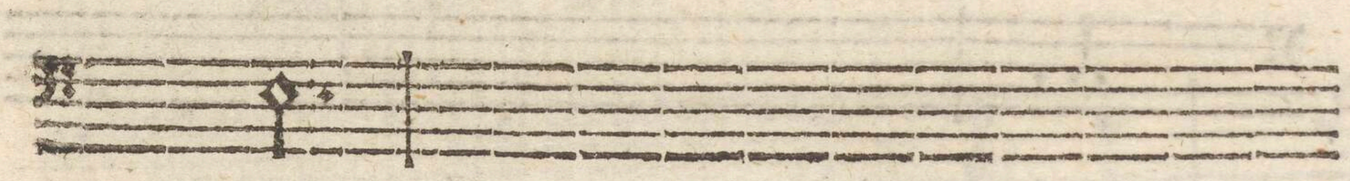
mour mê- lons beau-coup de



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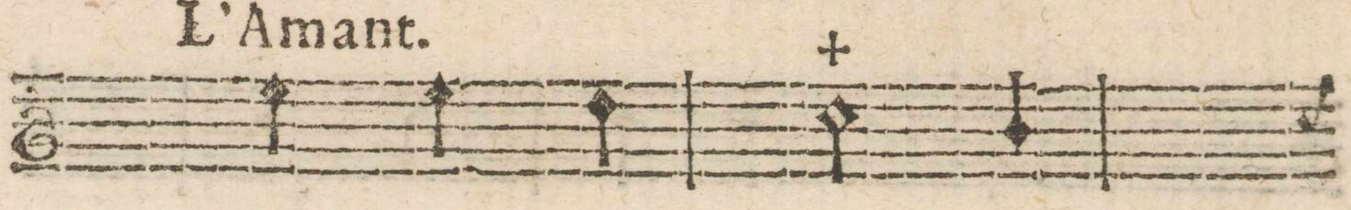


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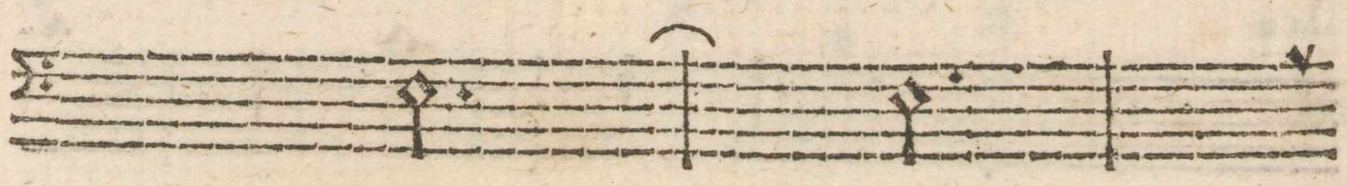


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Avec

L'Amant.

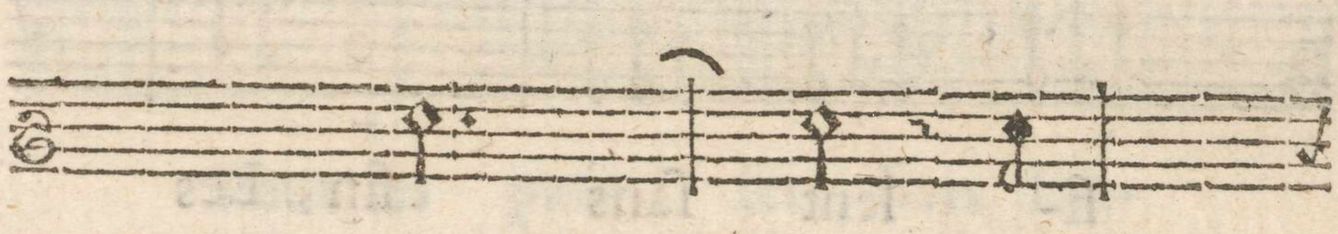


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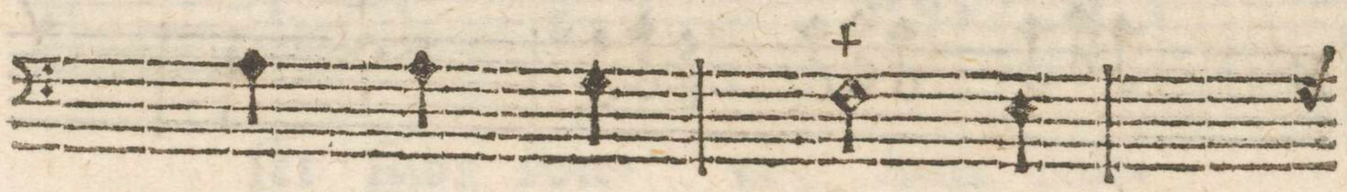


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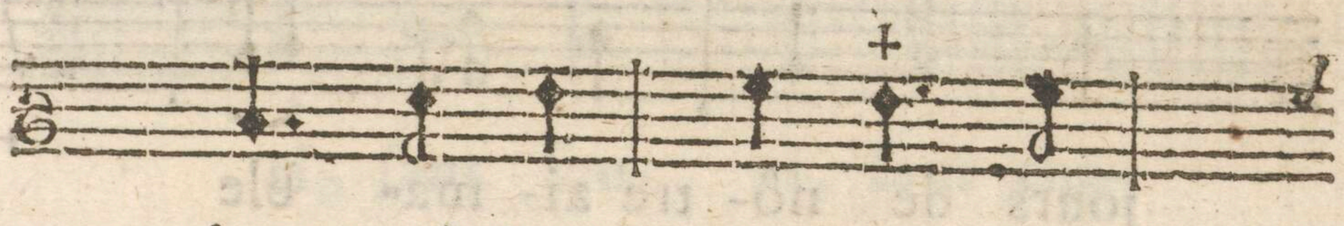
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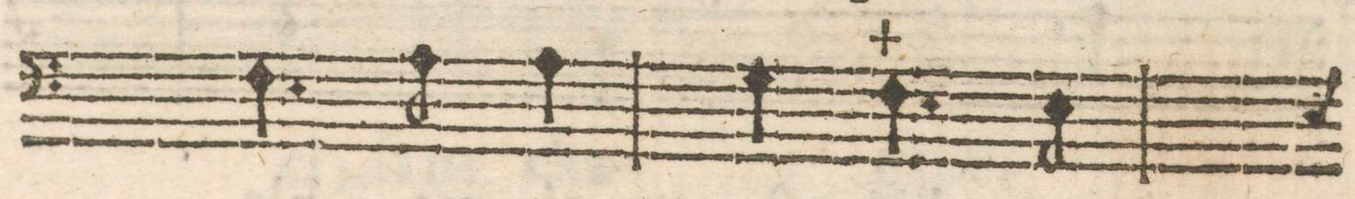


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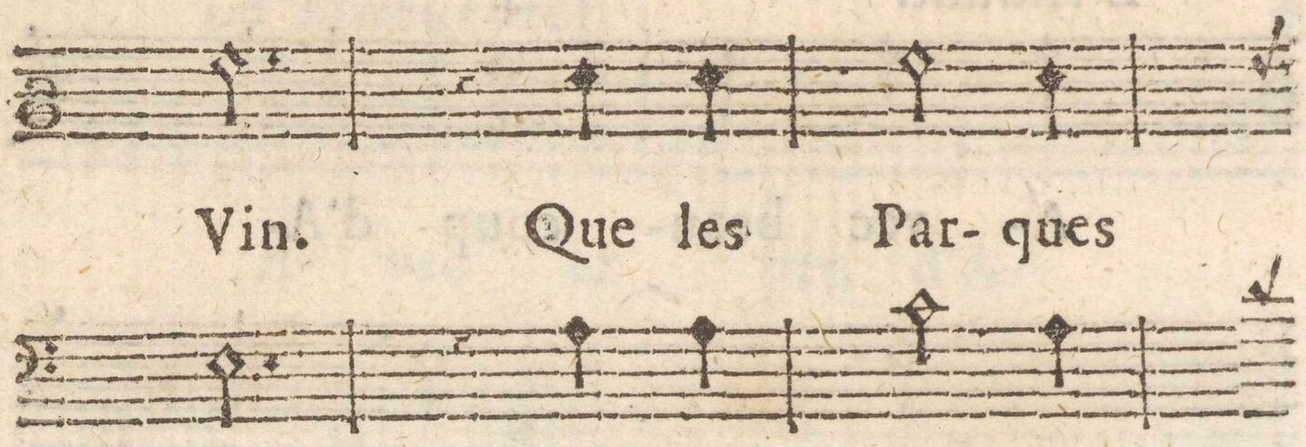


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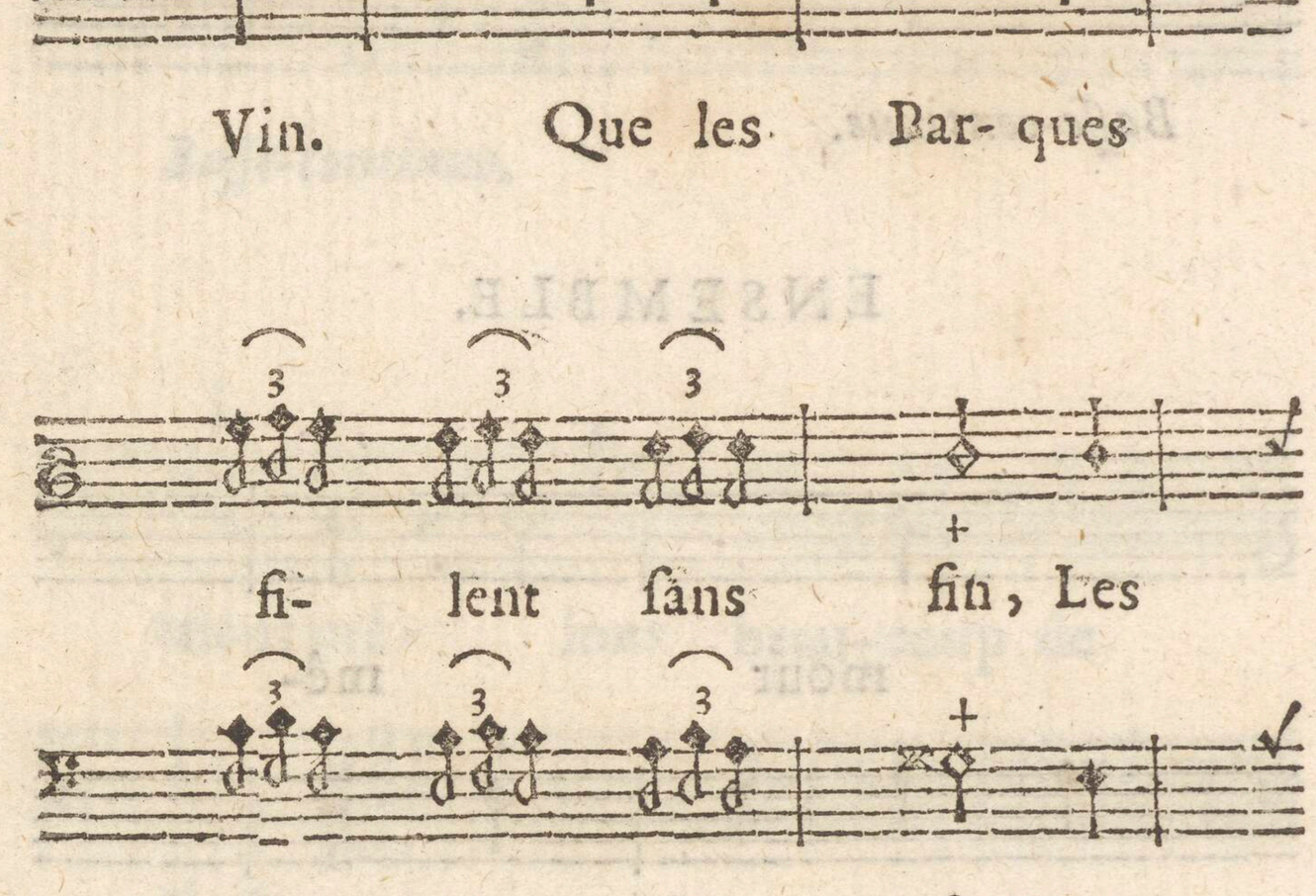
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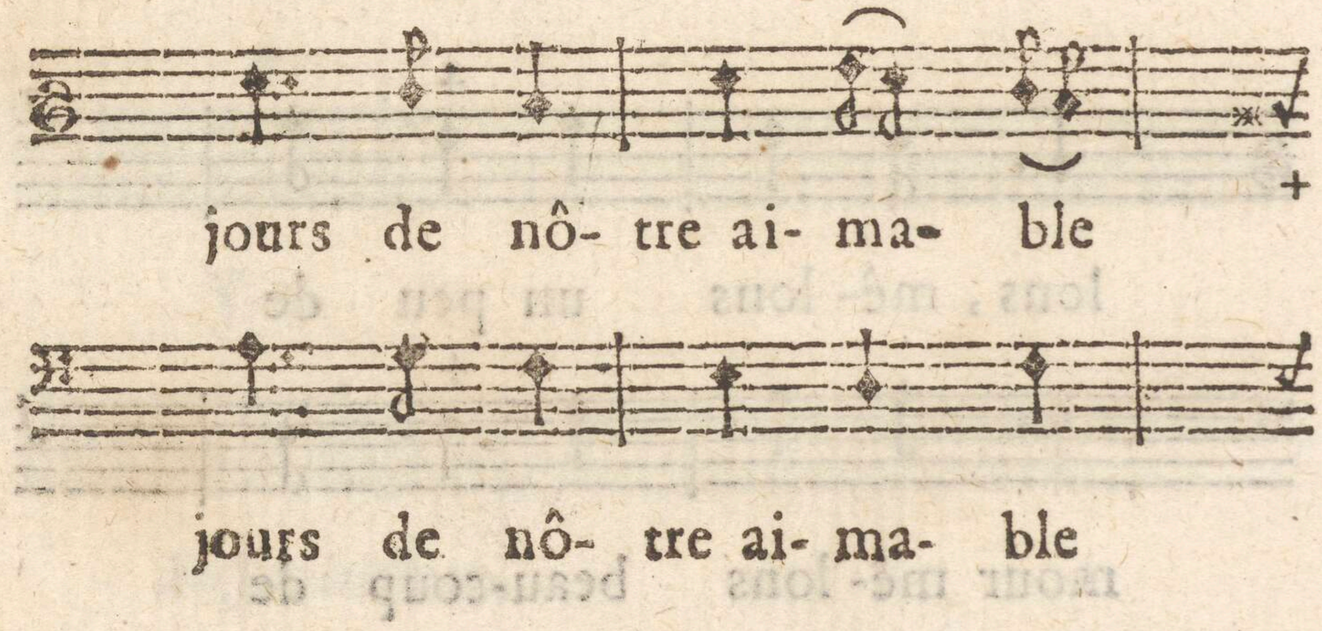


mour mê- lons beau-coup de



Vin. Que les Par- ques



Vin. Que les Par- ques



fi- lent ſans fin, Les

fi- lent ſans fin, Les
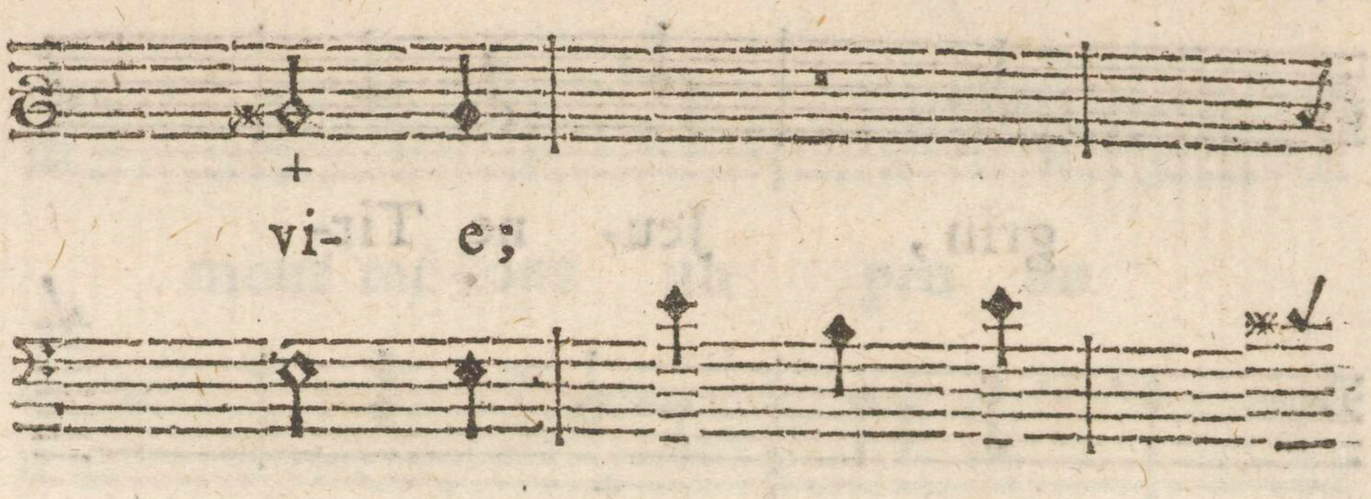


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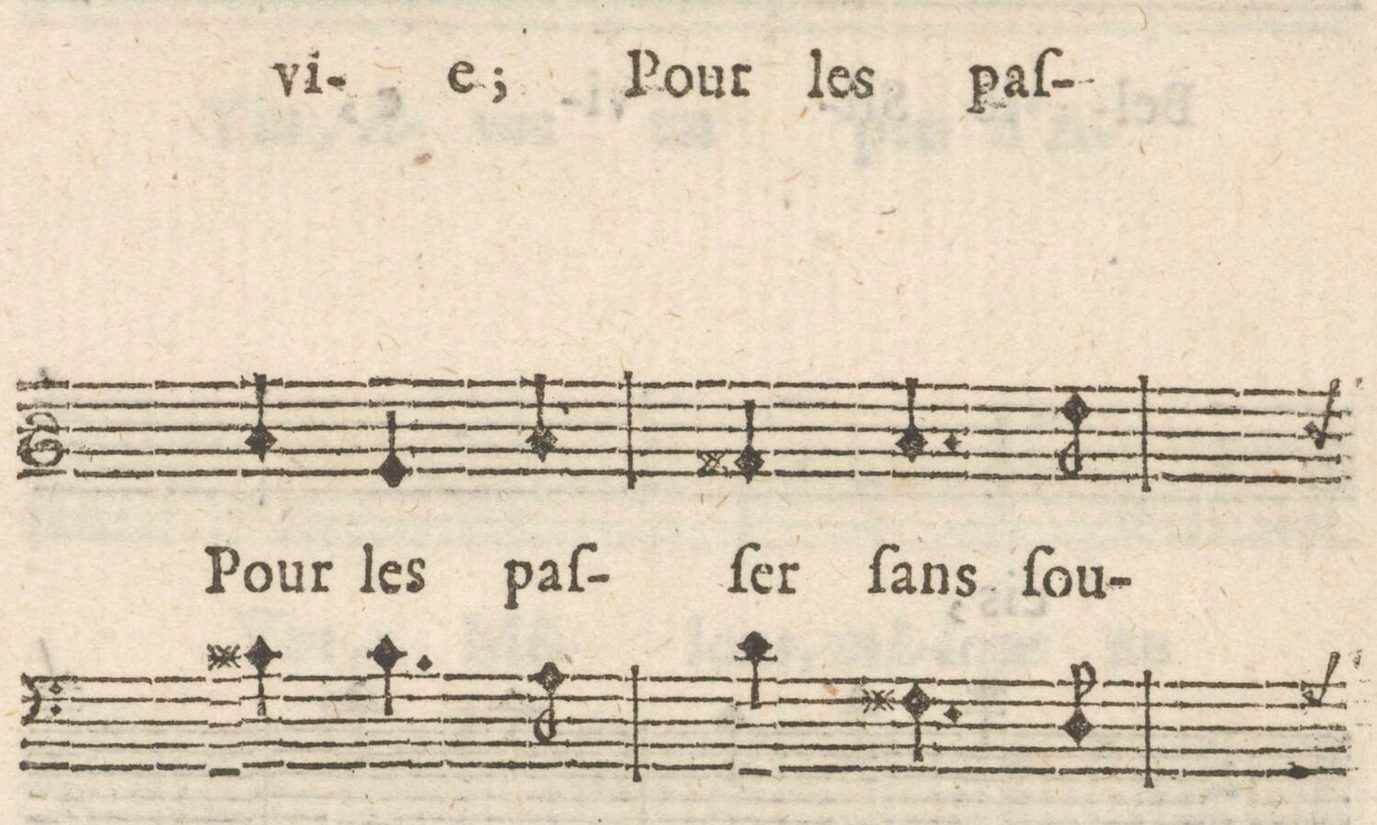


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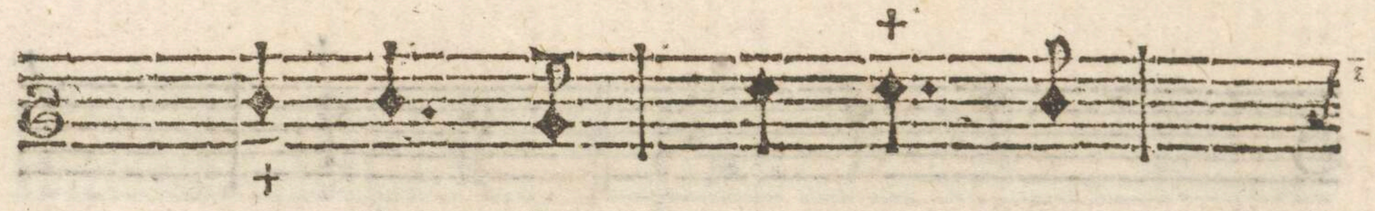
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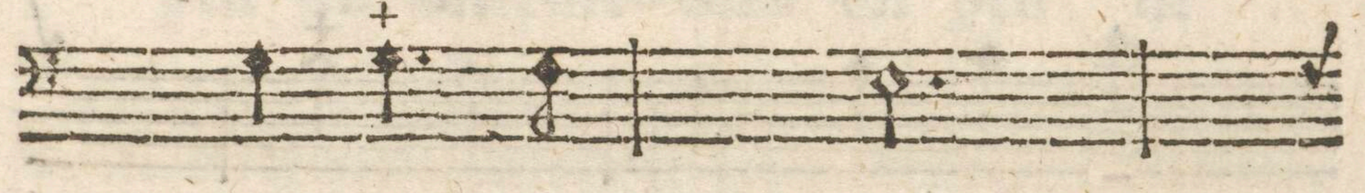


vi- e;



vi- e; Pour les paſ-
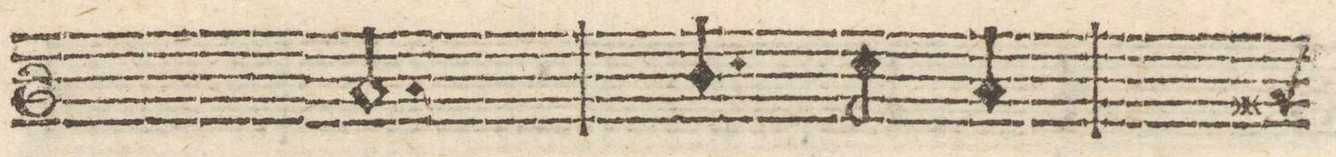


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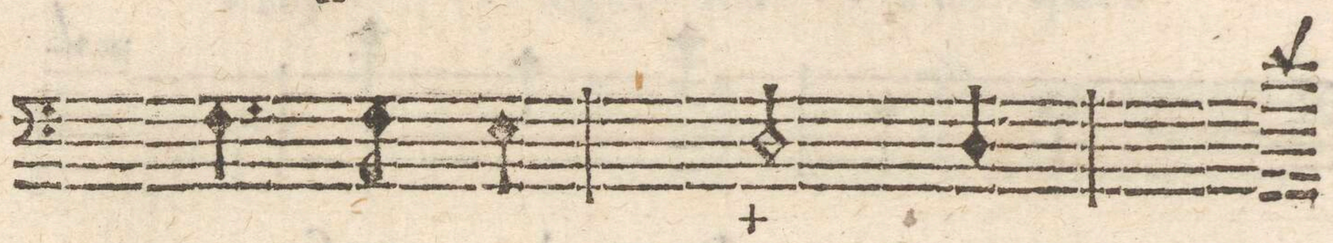


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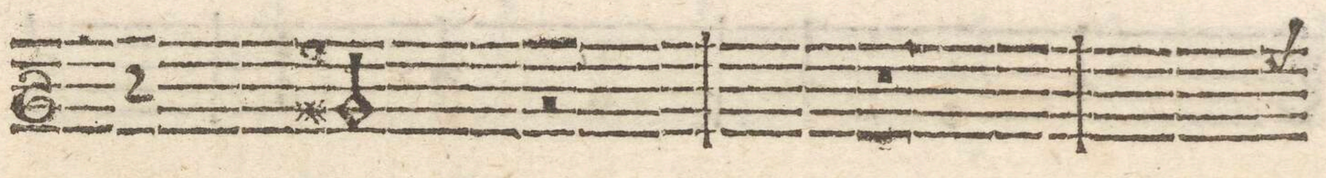
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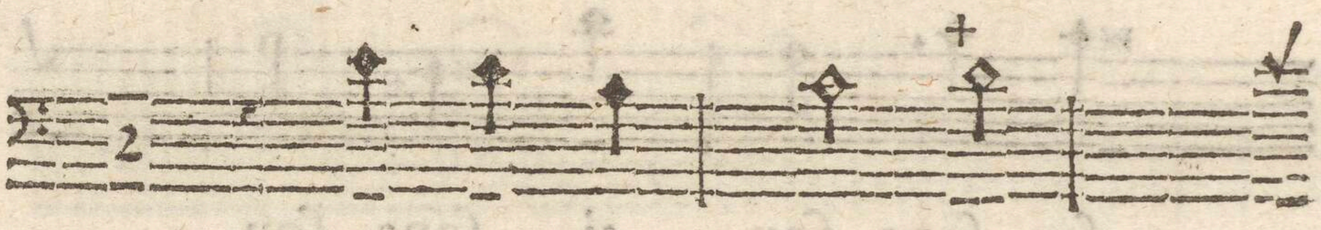


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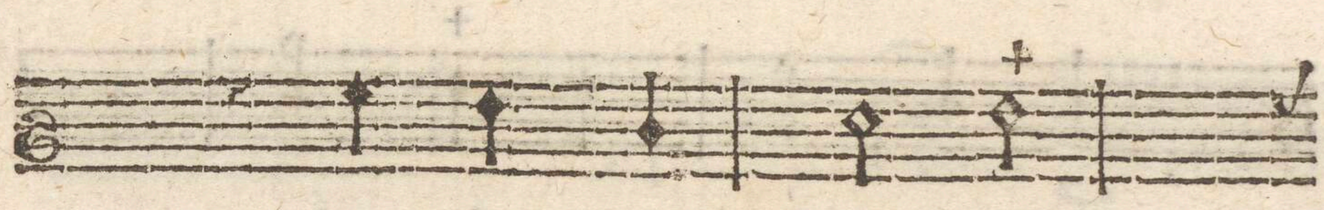


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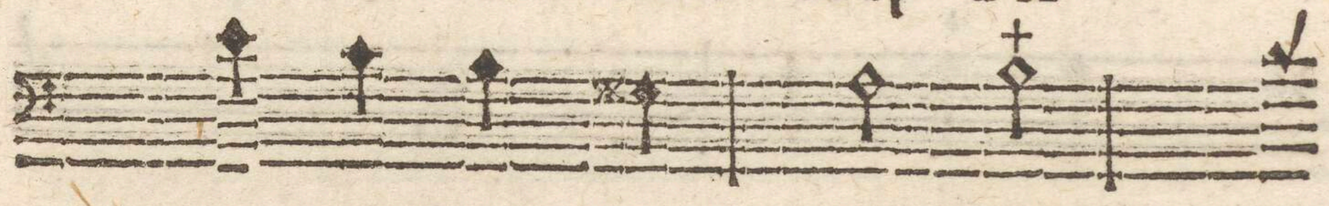


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A- vec un peu d'A-

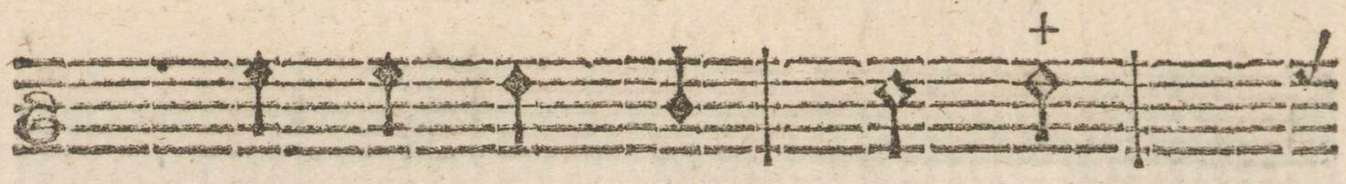


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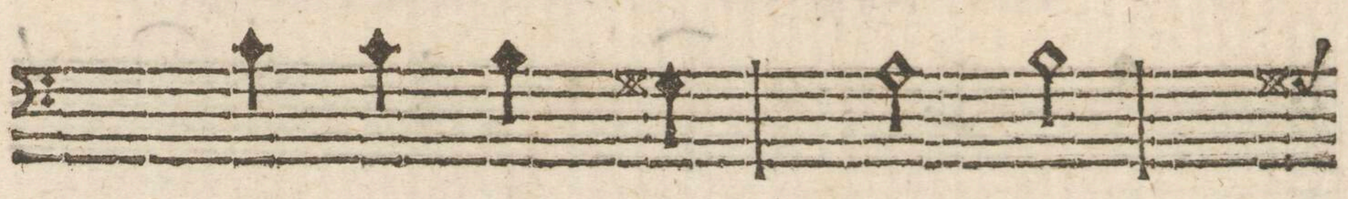


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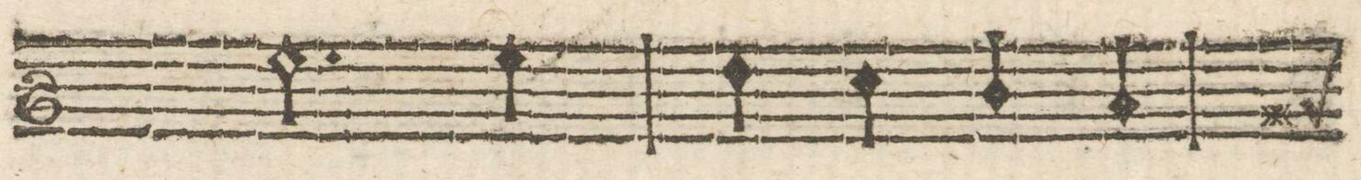
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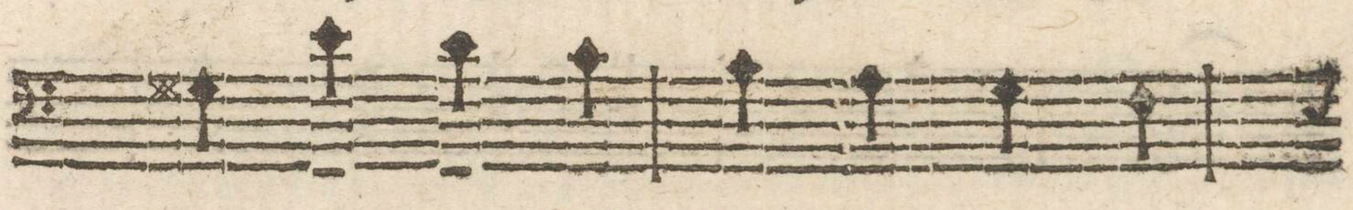


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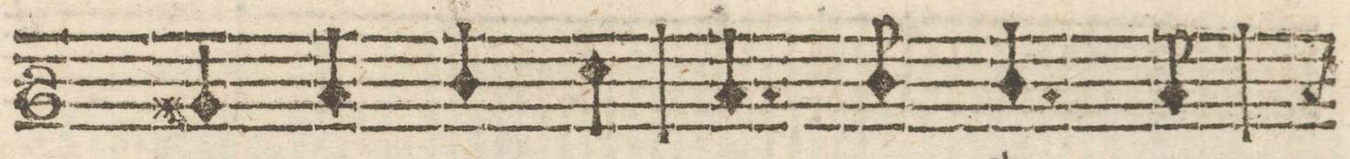


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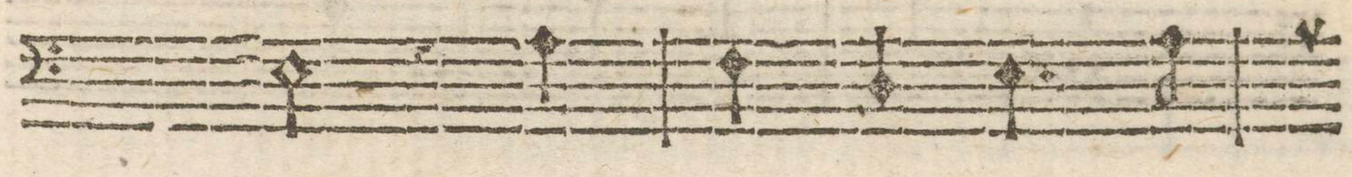


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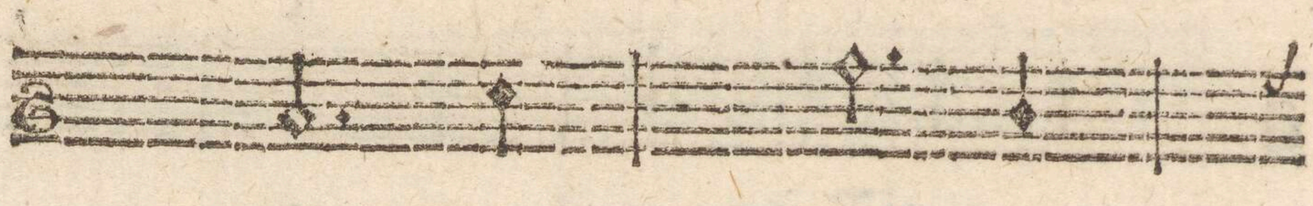


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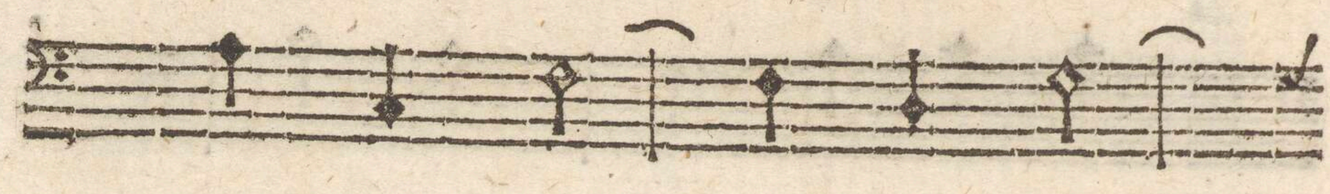


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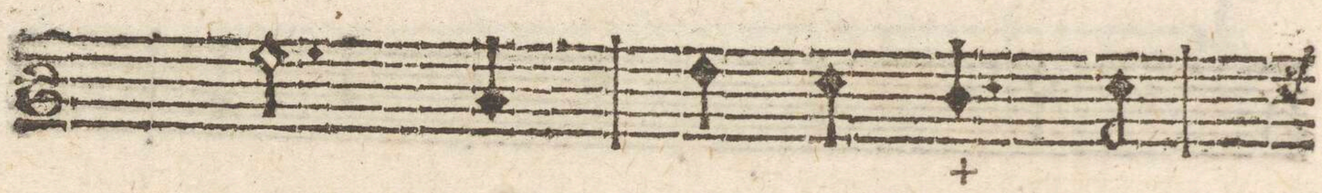
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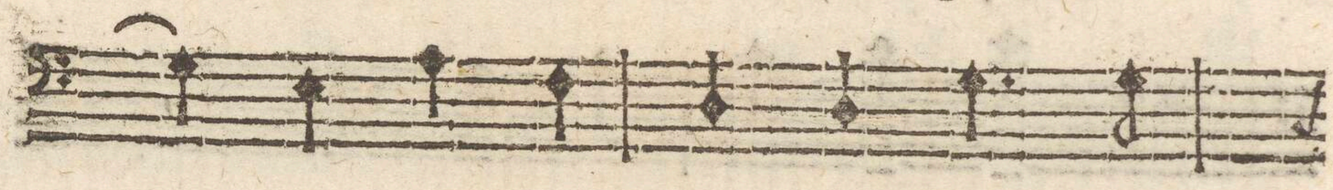


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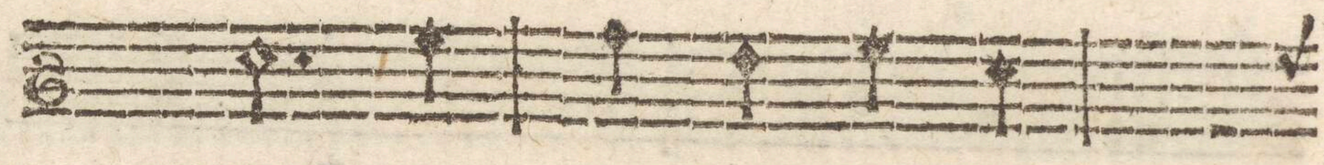


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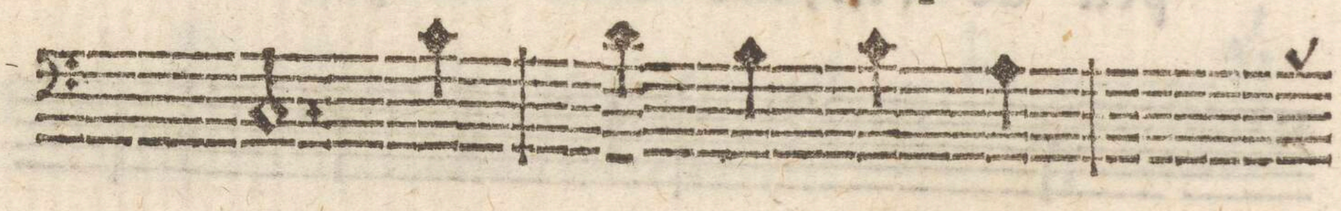


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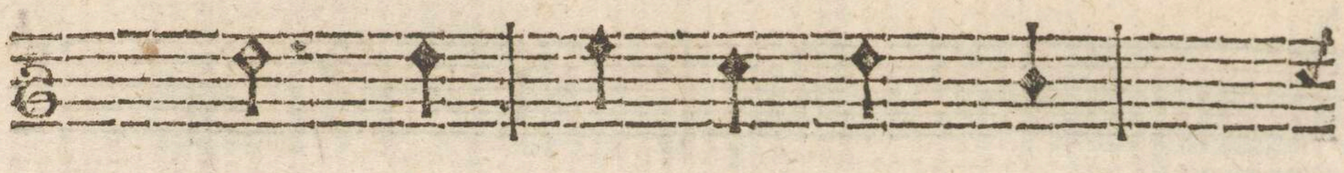


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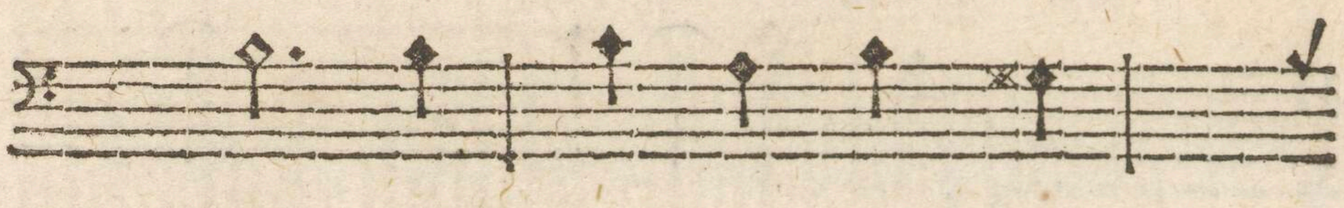


Vin, A- vec un peu d'A-
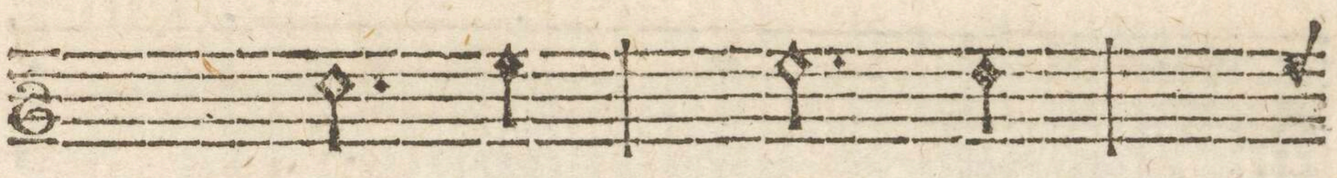
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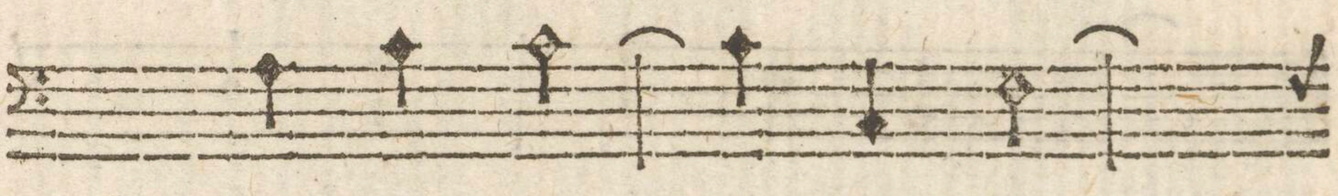


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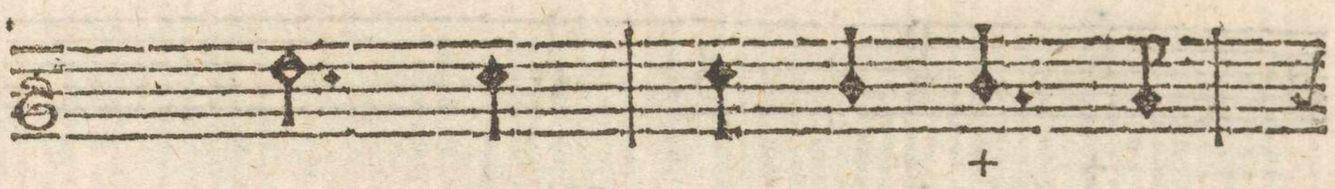


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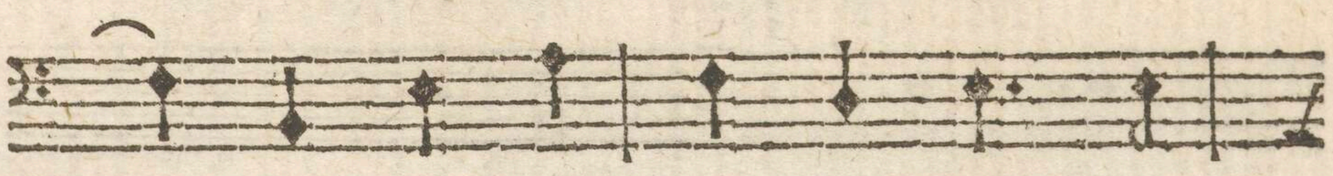


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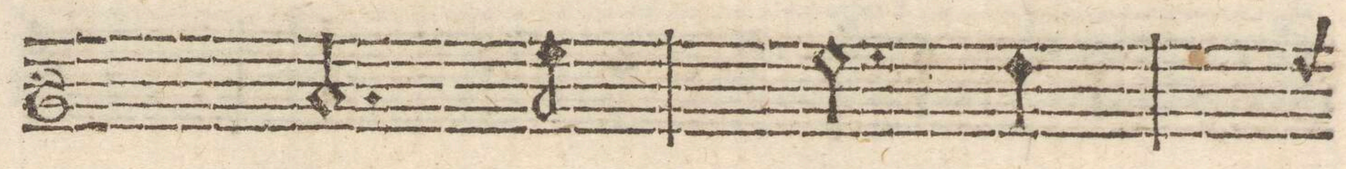


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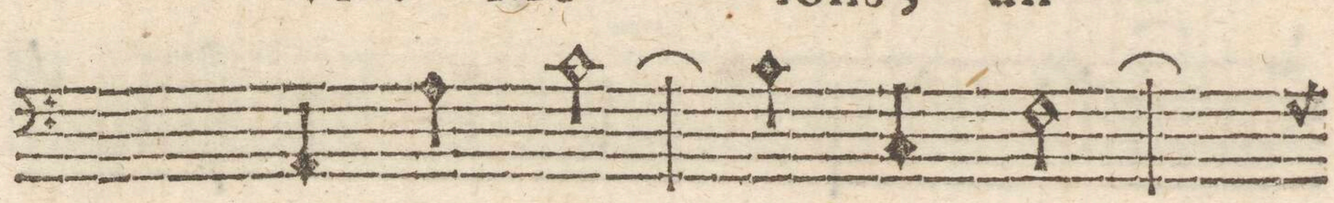


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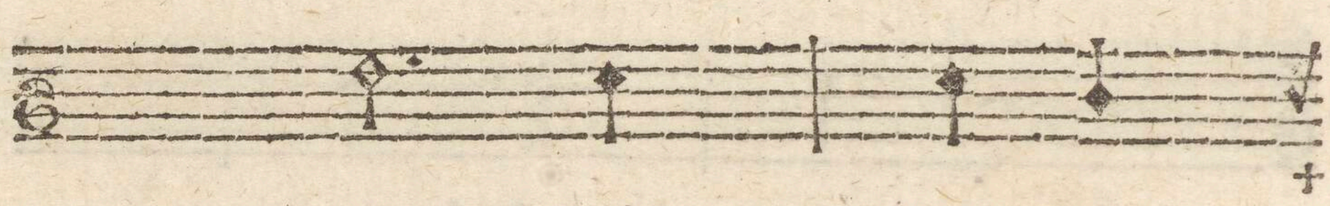


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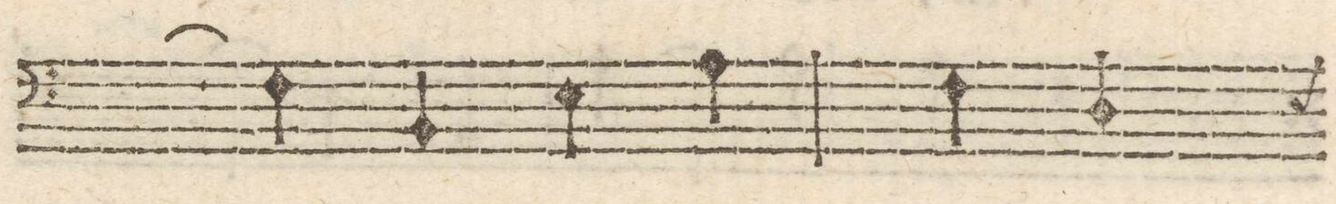


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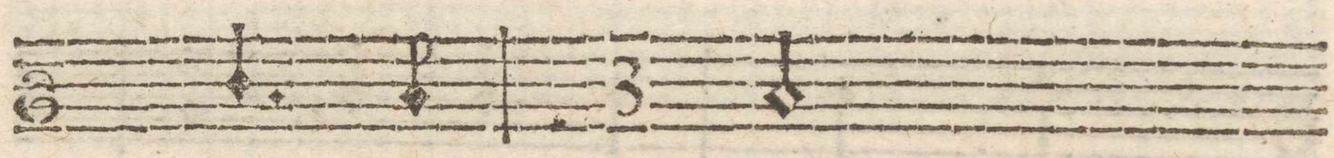
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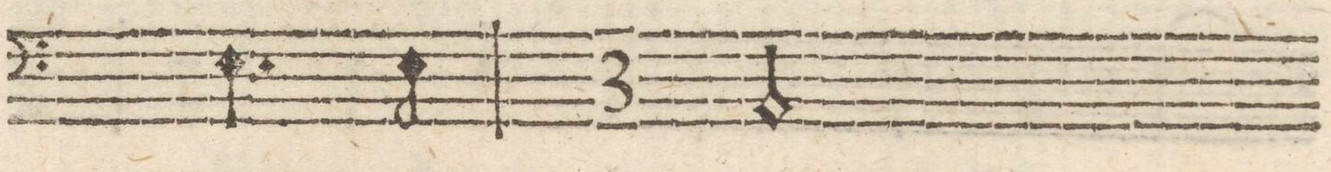
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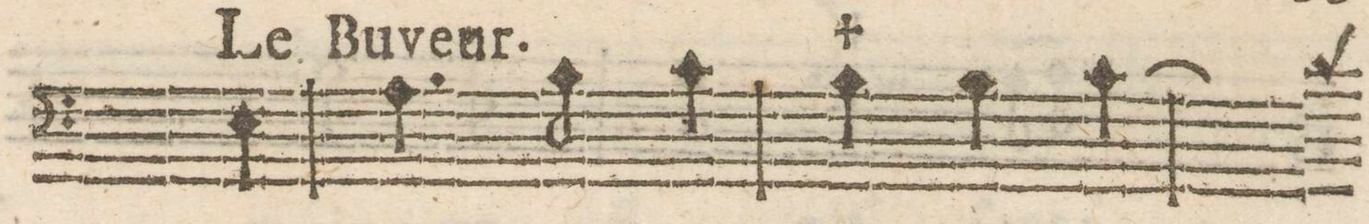


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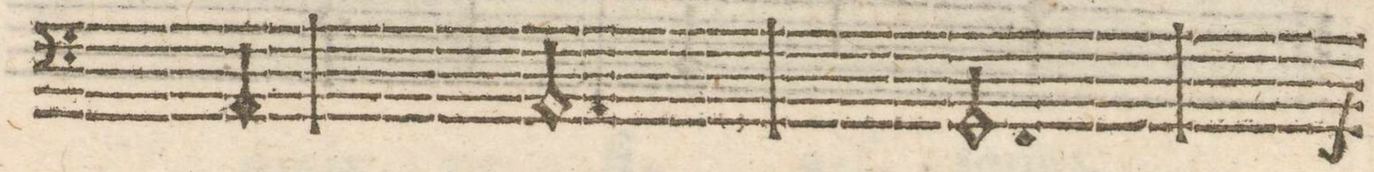


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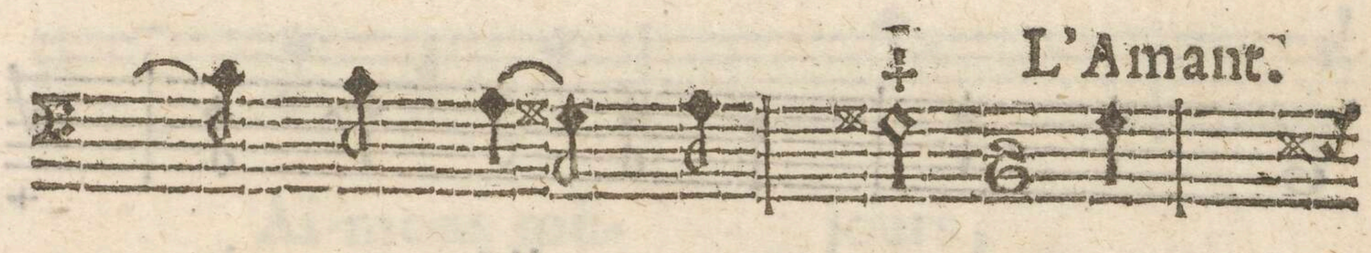


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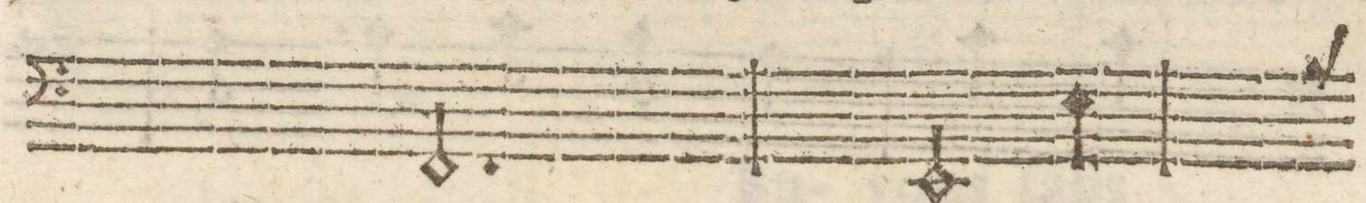


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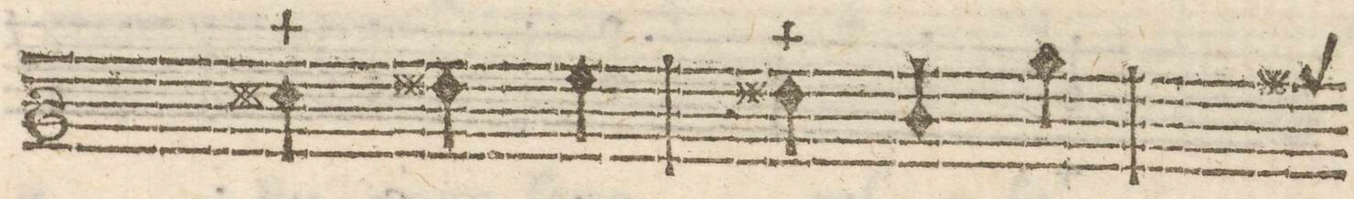
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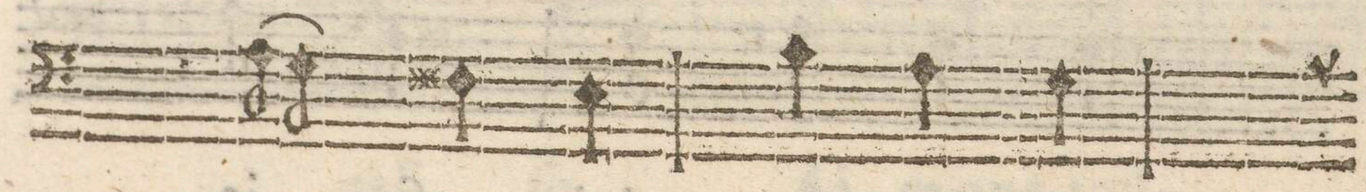


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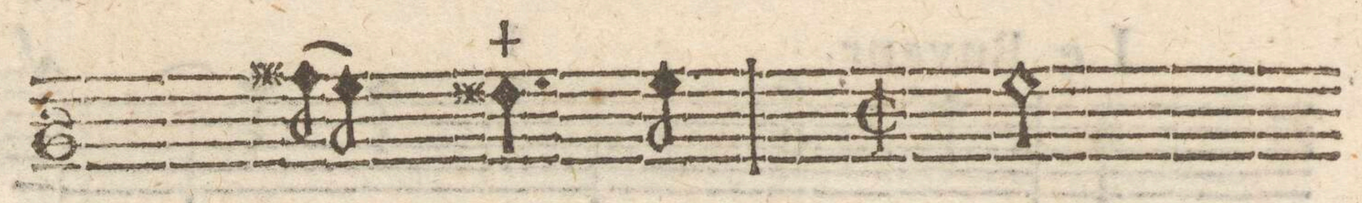


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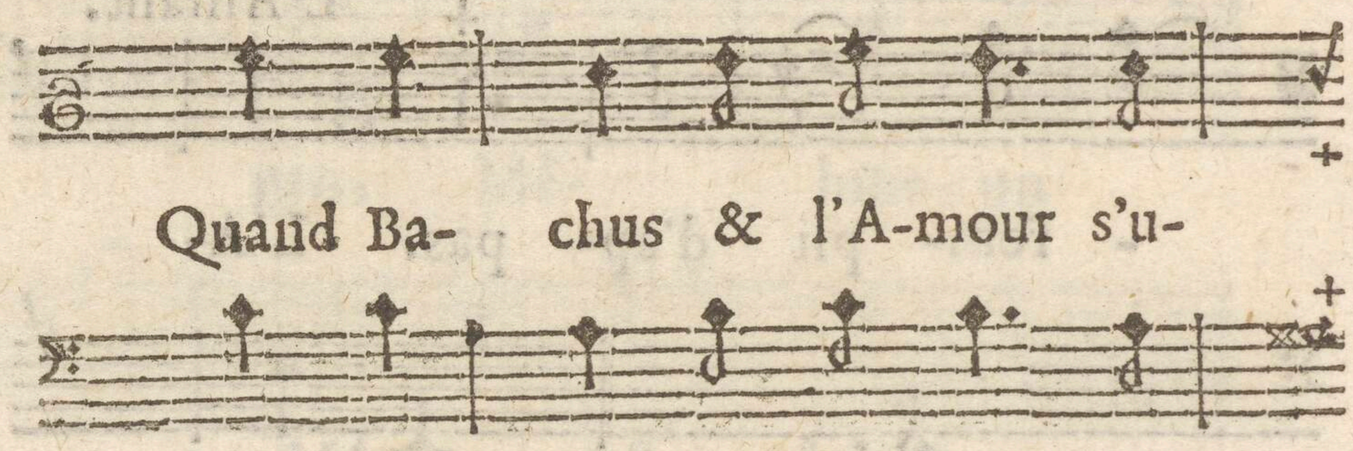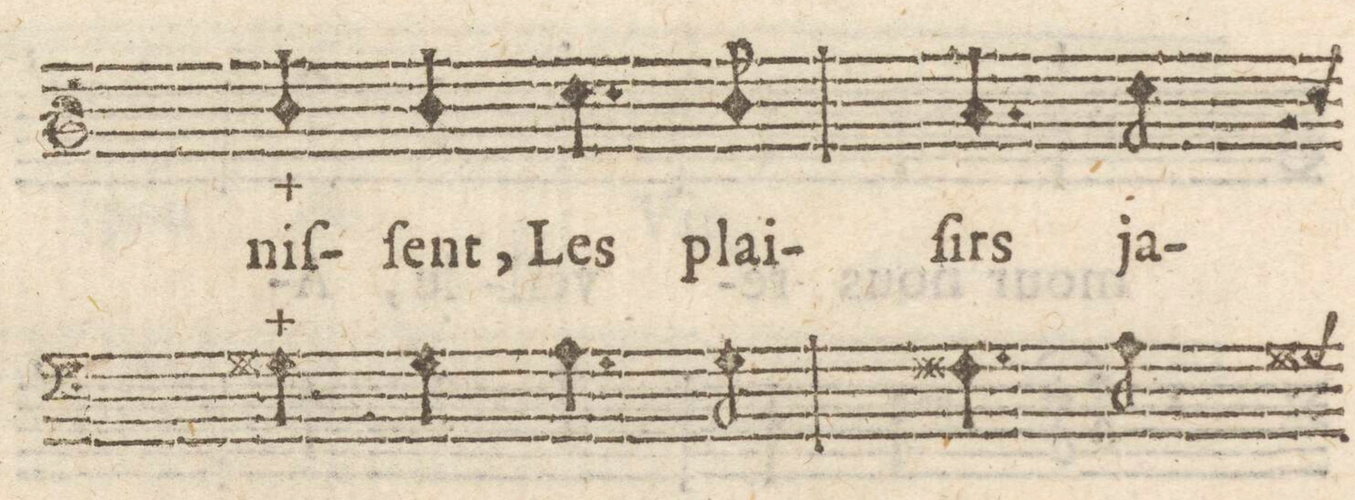


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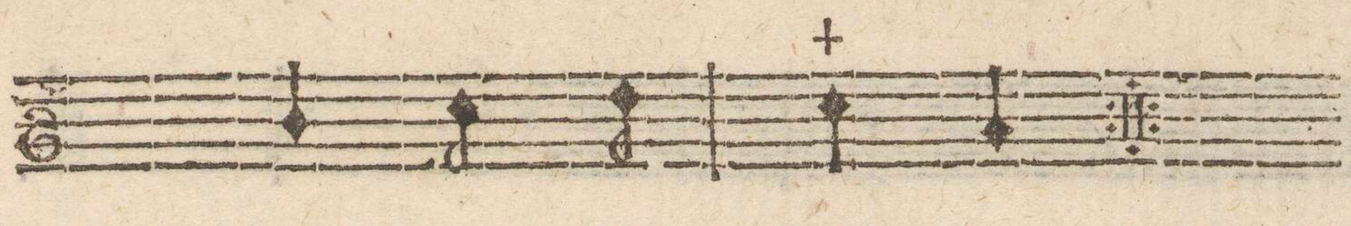


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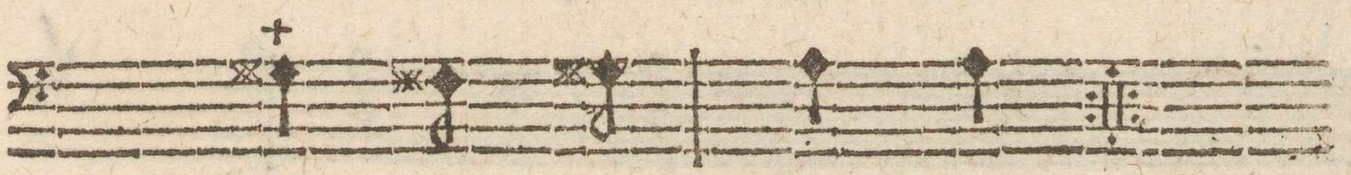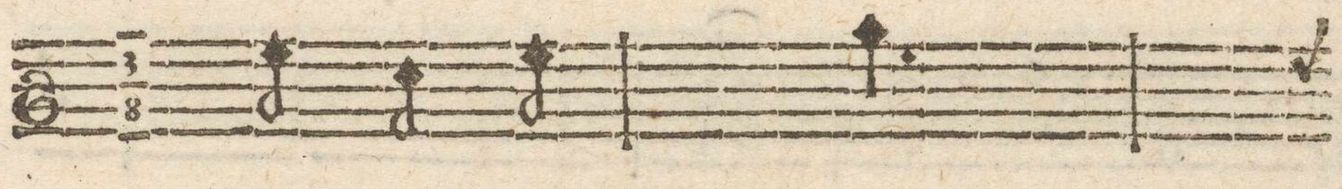




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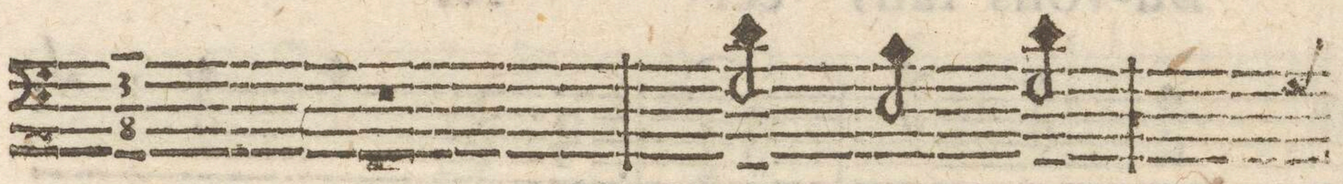


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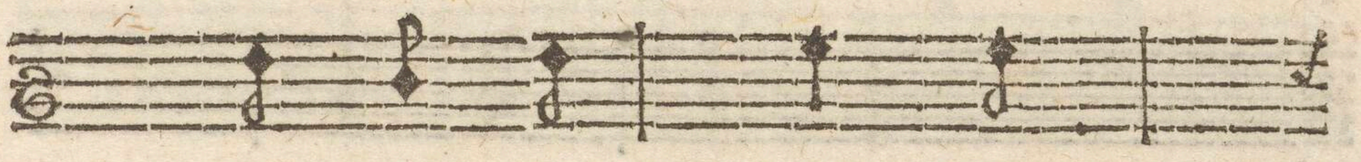


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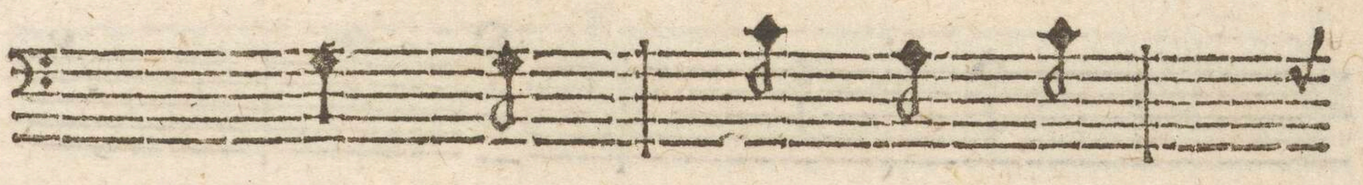


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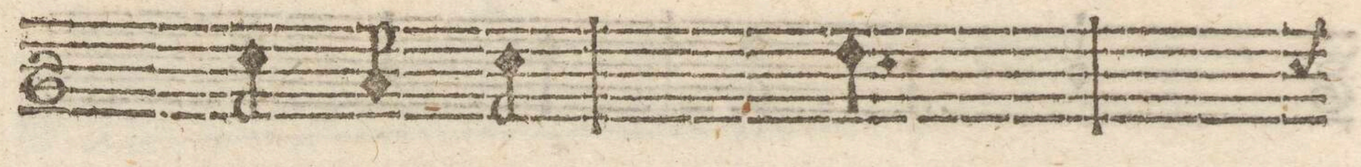
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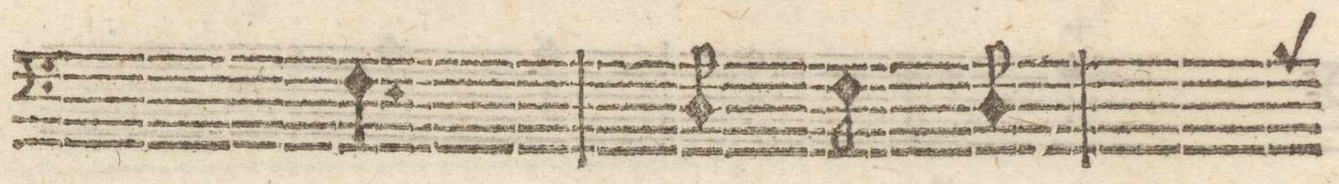


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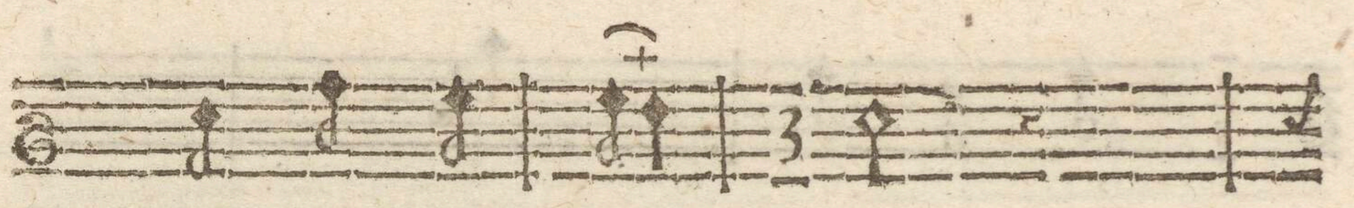


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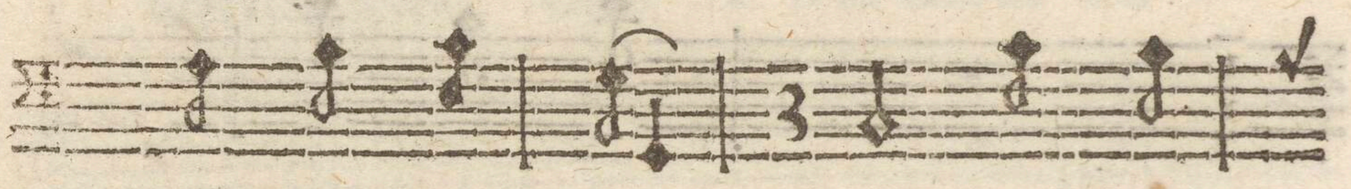


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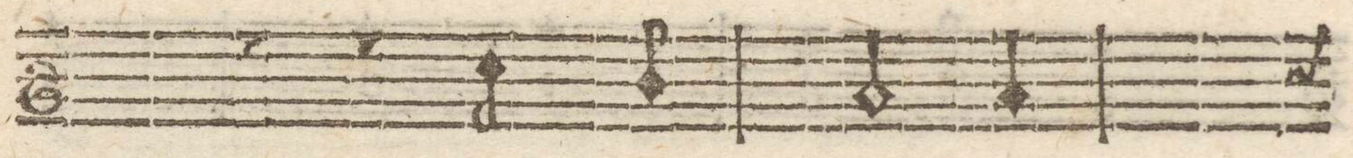


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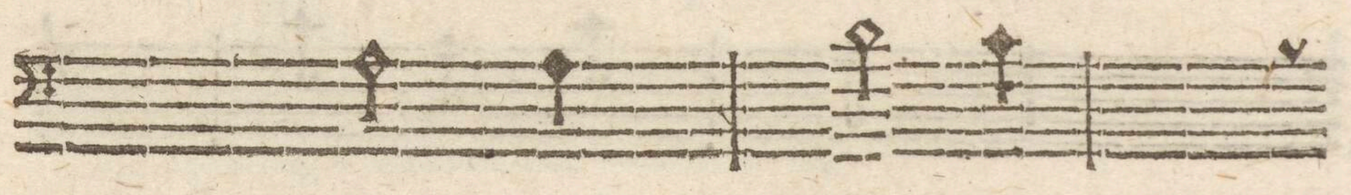


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ceſ- ſe, ſans ceſ- ſe. Pour- roit-
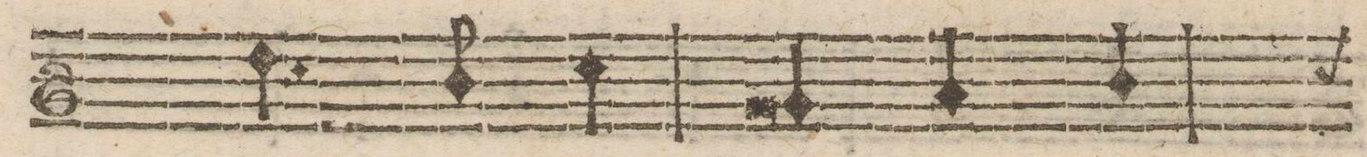


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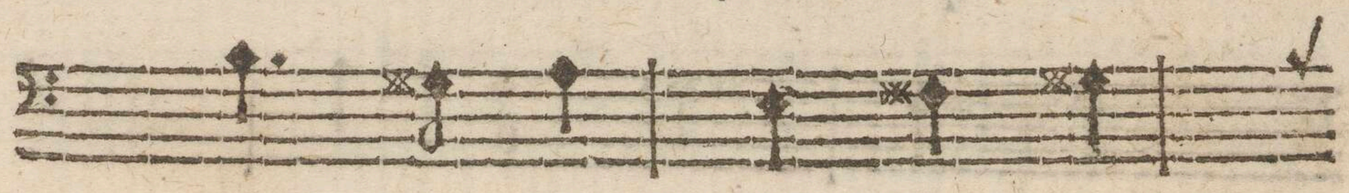


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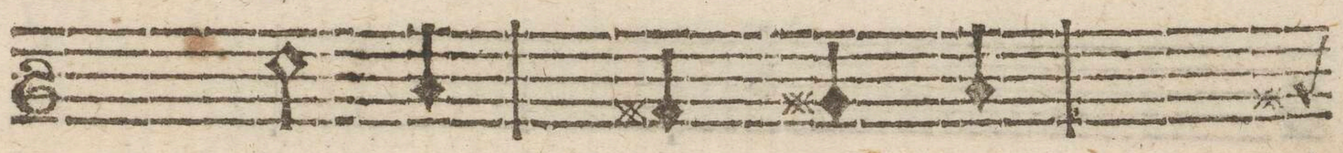
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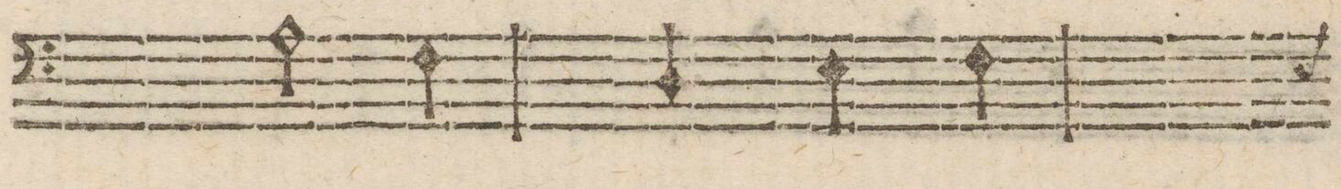


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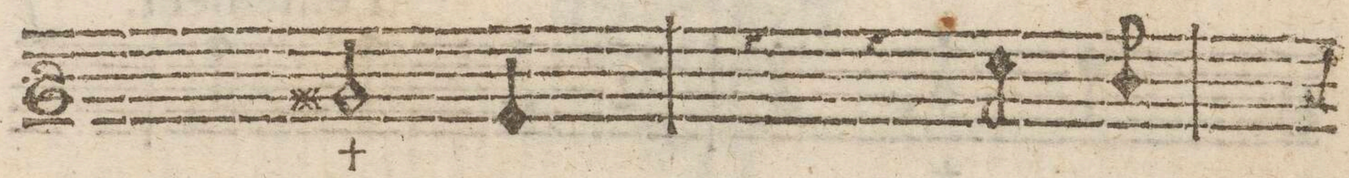


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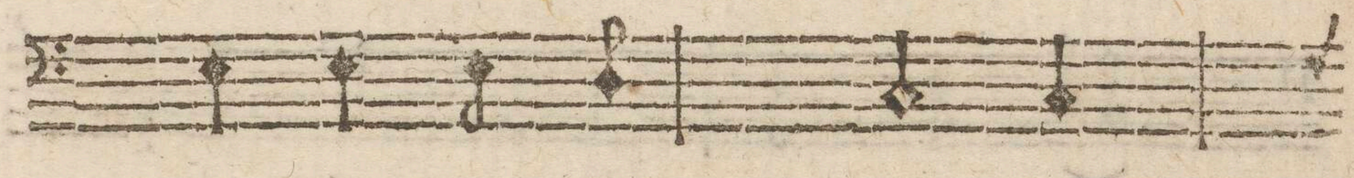


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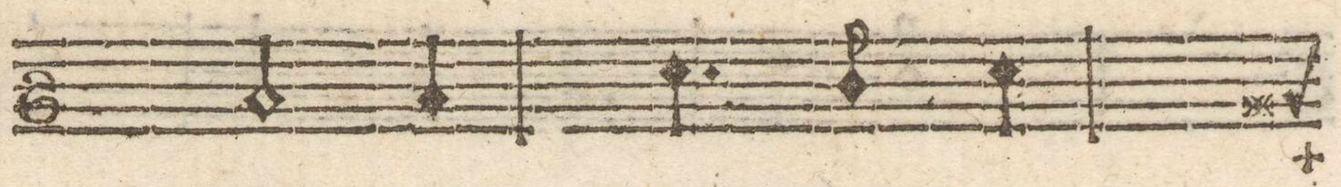


Vin & ſans la Ten-



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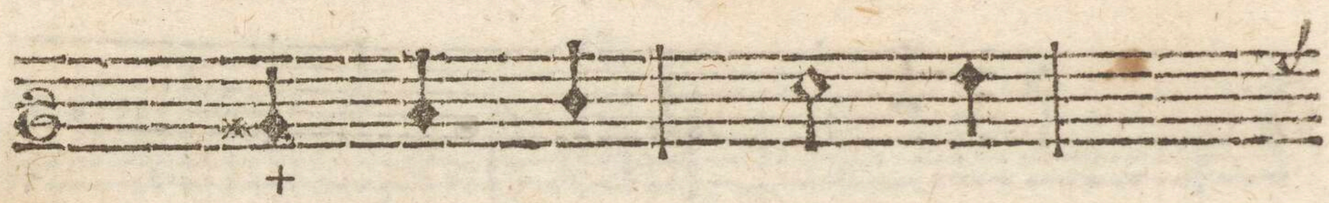


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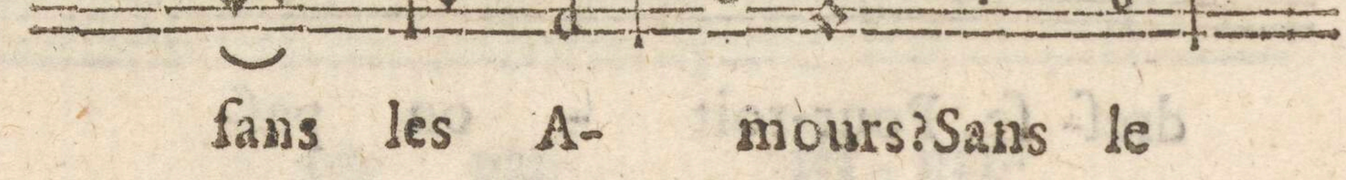
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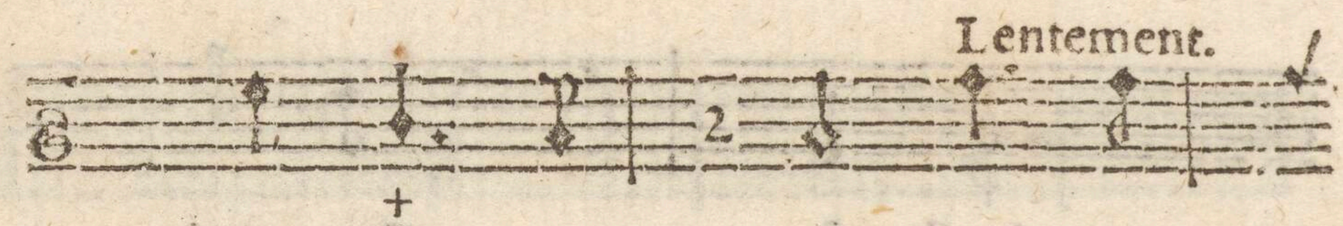
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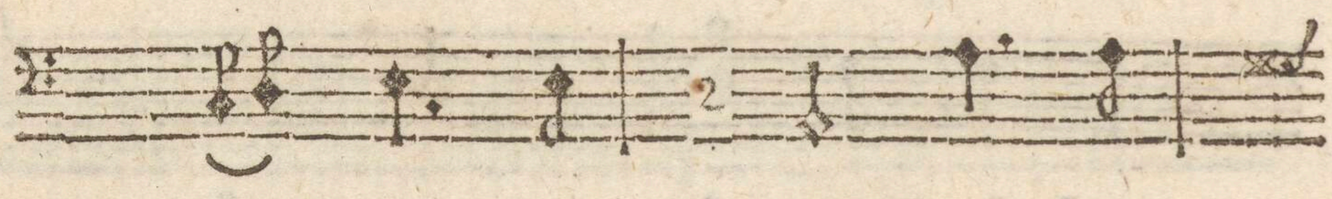
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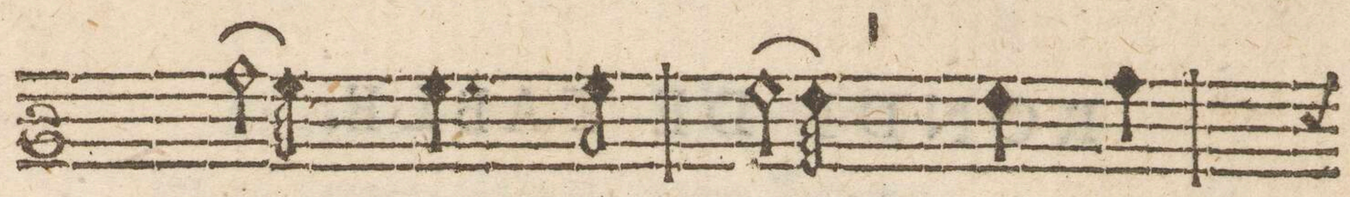


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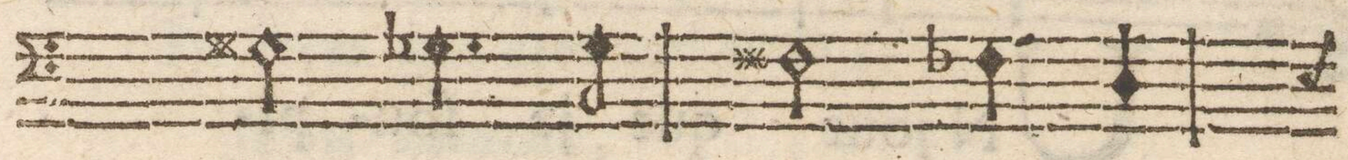


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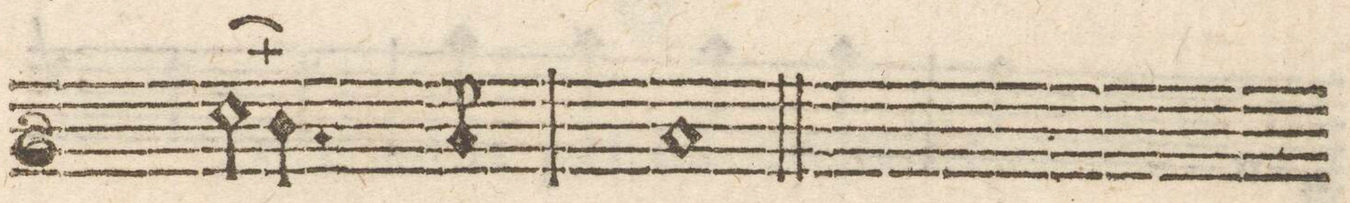


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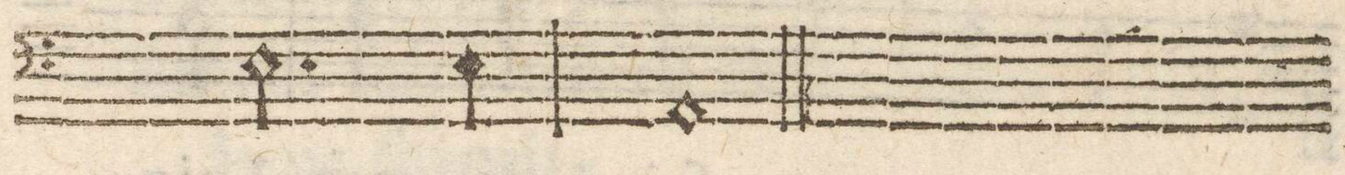
Vin, ſans le Vin, & ſans



Vin, ſans le Vin, & ſans
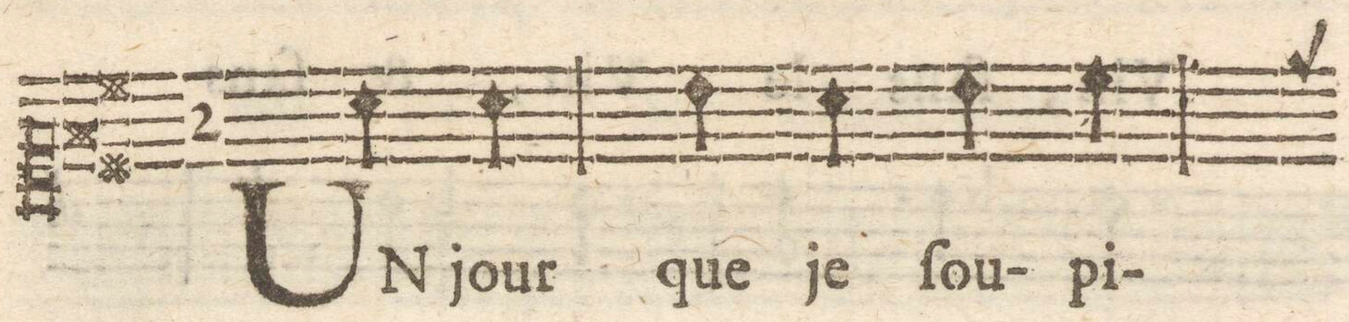


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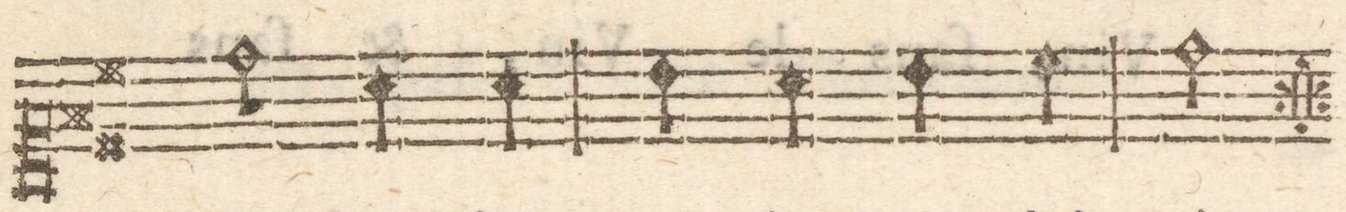


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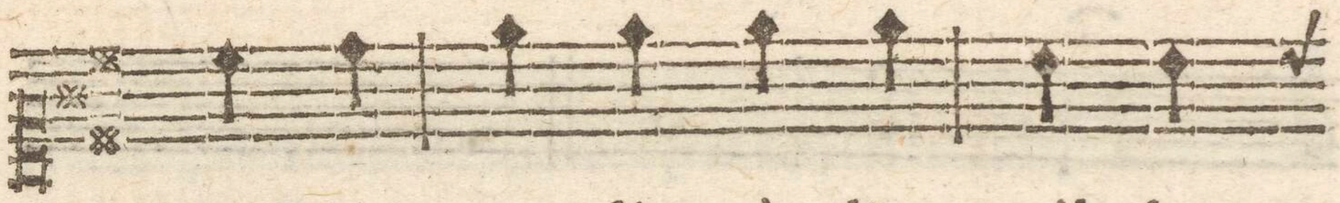
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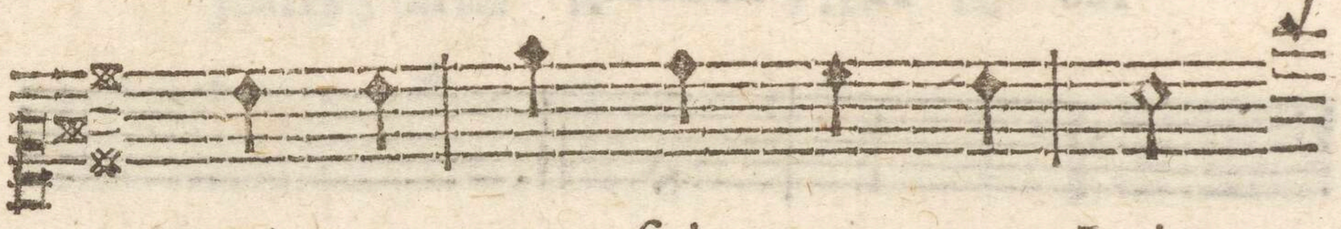


UN jour que je ſou- pi-



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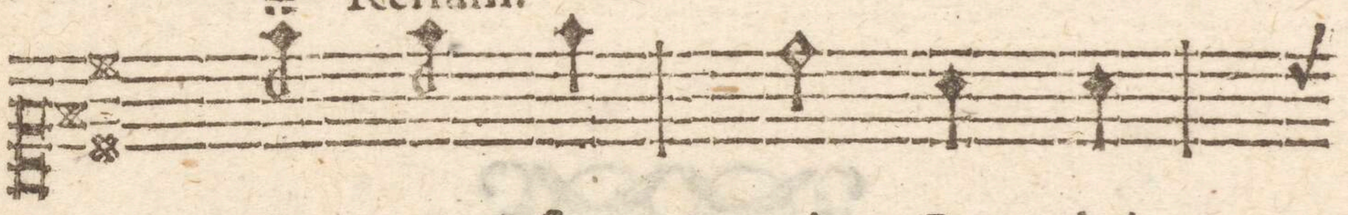


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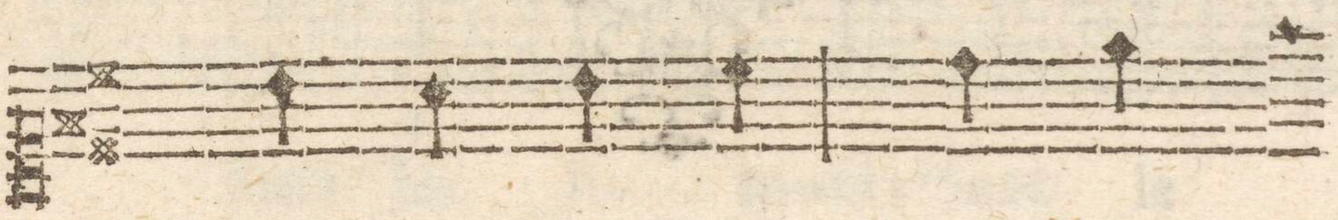


Si tu veux ſui- vre mes Loix;

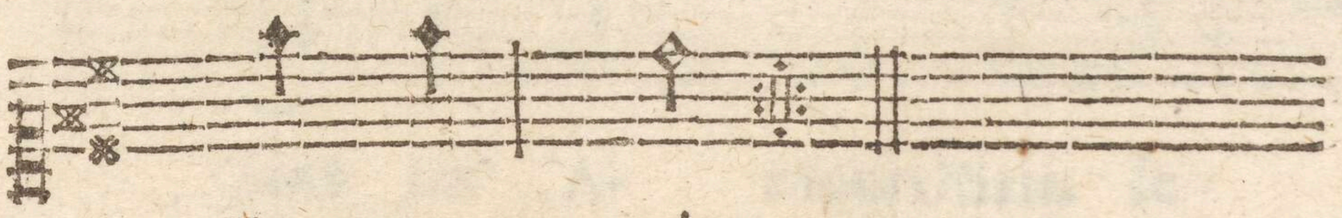
℟. Refrain.



Je ne ſau- rois, Je ché-



ris trop ma Bru- net- te,



J'en mour- rois.

Ba-

Bachus me dit à l'oreille,
Si tu veux ſuivre mes Loix;
Tu n'auras pas bû bouteille,
Tu ſeras gai comme moi;
Je ne ſaurois,
Je chéris trop ma Brunette,
J'en mourrois.

Tu n'auras pas bû Bouteille,
Tu ſeras gai comme moi,
Tu n'auras plus de foibleſſe,
Amour fuira loin de toi;
Je ne ſaurois,
Je chéris trop ma Brunette,
J'en mourrois.

Tu n'auras plus de foibleſſe,
Amour fuira loin de toi:
Loin d'accepter ſa promeſſe,
Je répondis plein d'effroi;
Je ne ſaurois,
Je chéris trop ma Brunette,
J'en mourrois.

Loin d'accepter ſa promeſſe,
Je répondis plein d'effroi,
Quoi! moi, j'oublierois ma mie,
Je lui manquerois de Foi!
Je ne ſaurois,
Je chéris trop ma Brunette,
J'en mourrois.

Quoi! moi, j'oublierois ma mie,
Je lui manquerois de Foi!
J'aurois plûtôt la pépie,
Je mourrois plûtôt de ſoif.
Je ne ſaurois,
Je chéris trop ma Brunette,
J'en mourrois.

J'aurois plûtôt la pépie,
Je mourrois plûtôt de ſoif;
Rien ne m'en fera dédire,
A moins d'un Ordre du Roi.
Je ne ſaurois,
Je chéris trop ma Brunette,
J'en mourrois.

Rien ne m'en fera dédire,
A moins d'un Ordre du Roi:
Même au Roi je dirois, Sire,
Sauf le reſpect qu'on vous doit;
Je ne ſaurois,
Je chéris trop ma Brunette,
J'en mourrois.

Même au Roi je dirois, Sire;
Sauf le reſpect qu'on vous doit,
Je voudrois ſuivre vôtre Ordre;
Mais en vain j'y tacherois;
Je ne ſaurois,
Je chéris trop ma Brunette,
J'en mourrois.

Je voudrois ſuivre vôtre Ordre;
Mais en vain j'y tacherois;
Mon cœur n'en ſauroit démordre,
Quand il s'attache une fois;
Je ne ſaurois,
Je chéris trop ma Brunette,
J'en mourrois.

Mon cœur n'en ſauroit démordre,
Quand il s'attache une fois;
M'en demandez vous la cauſe,
La raiſon, & le pourquoi?
Je ne ſaurois,
Je chéris trop ma Brunette,
J'en mourrois.

M'en demandez vous la cauſe,
La raiſon, & le pourquoi?
Je ne puis dire autre choſe,
Quand je ſerois aux abois;
Je ne ſaurois,
Je chéris trop ma Brunette,
J'en mourrois.

Je ne puis dire autre choſe,
Quand je ſerois aux abois.
Mais, j'eus beau dire & beau faire,
Fallut boire malgré moi;
Je ne ſavois,
Je croyois qu'aimer & boire,
Se nuiſoient.

BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH

Mais j'eus beau dire & beau faire,
Fallut boire malgré moi;
Je vis bien-tôt le contraire,
Plus je bûs, & plus j'aimois;
Je ne ſavois,
Je croyois qu'aimer & boire,
Se nuiſoient.

Je vis bien-tôt le contraire,
Plus je bûs &, plus j'aimois;
Ainſi je finis par dire,
Après avoir bû cent fois;
Je ne ſaurois,
Amour quitter ton Empire,
J'en mourrois.

Couplets ſur le même Air.
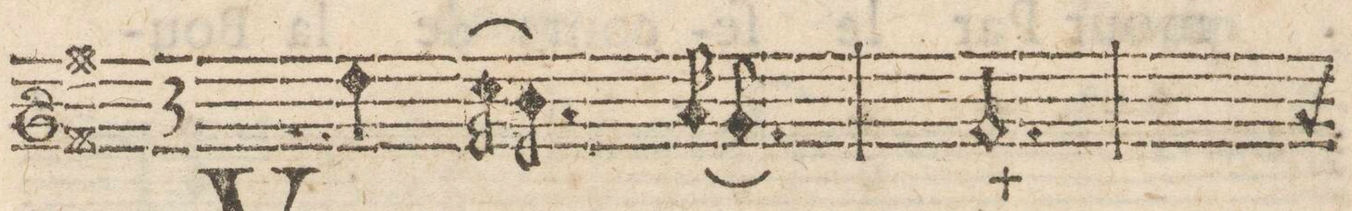
BAchus me ſert à merveille,
Il chaſſe tous mes ennuis;
Philis me dit à l'oreille,
Nous aurons de douces nuits;
Point de choix,
Si je quittois l'un pour l'autre,
J'en mourrois.

Je ne mets point de divorce,
Entre Bachus & l'Amour;
Tant que j'en aurai la force,
J'en uſerai tour à tour;
Point de choix,
Si je quittois l'un pour l'autre,
J'en mourrois.
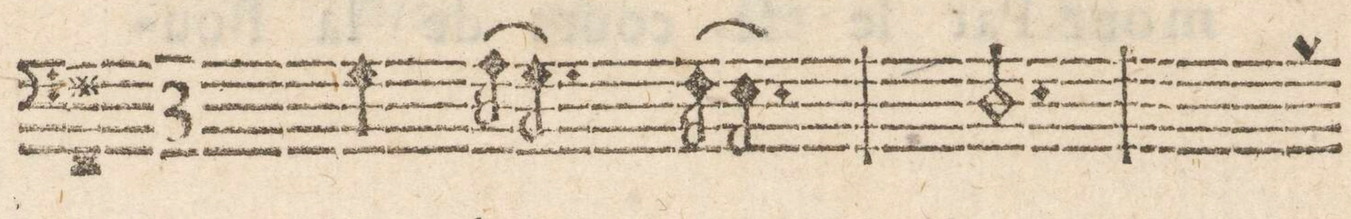
Je boirai, quoi qu'il en coûte,
Du Vin tant vieux que nouveau:
Cher Ami, tu crois ſans doute,
Que j'y vais mettre de l'eau;
Je ne ſaurois,
Si j'en mettois une goûte,
J'en mourrois.

DUO.
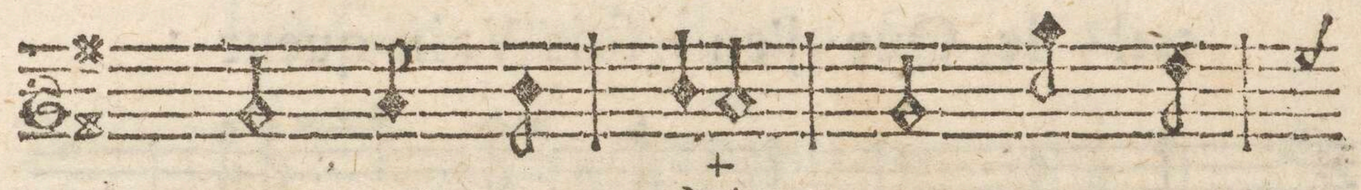
DUO.
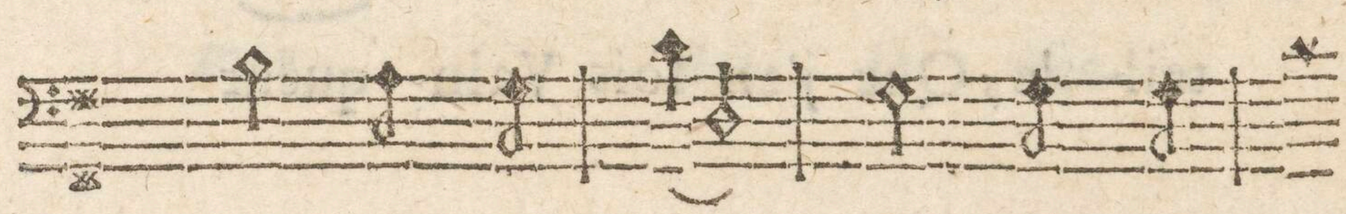


Vien dans mon cœur,
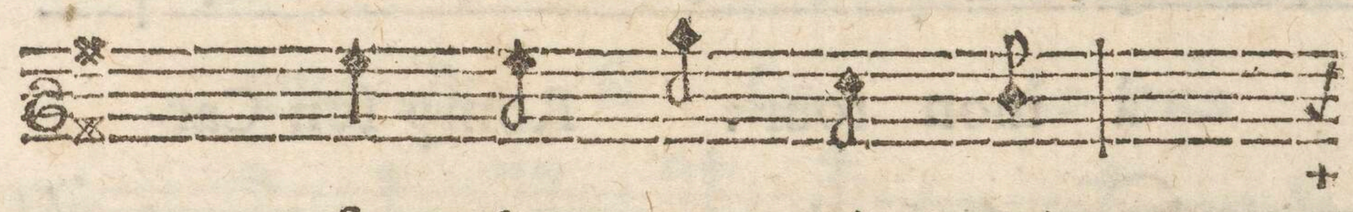


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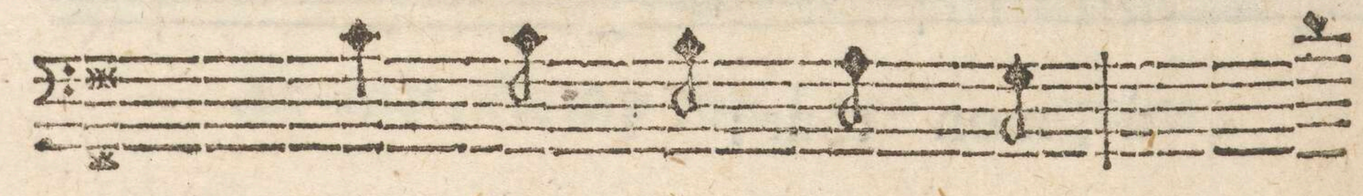


Dieu de la Treil- le, Vien chaſ-
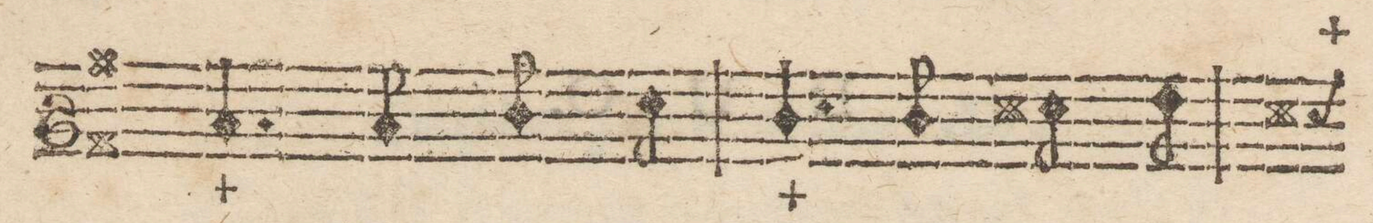


Dieu de la Treil- le, Vien chaſ-
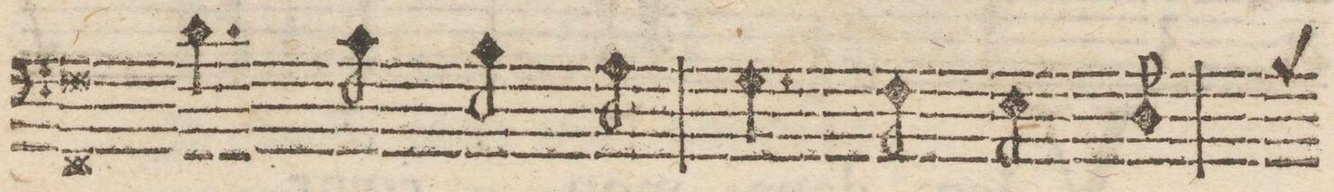


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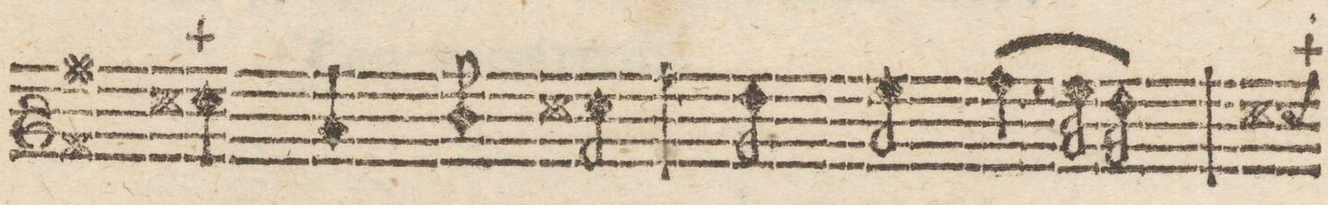


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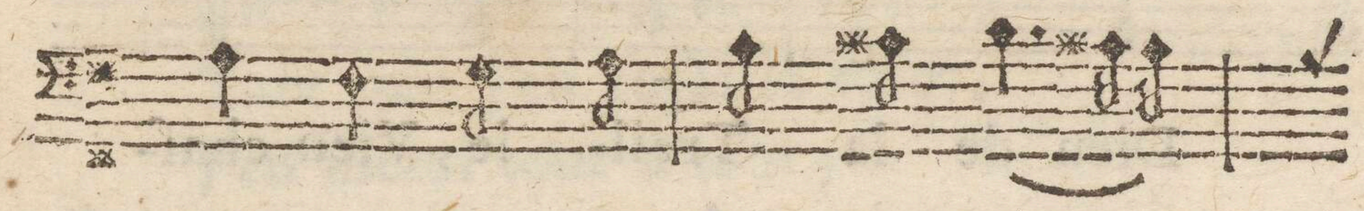


mour Par le ſe- cours de la Bou-



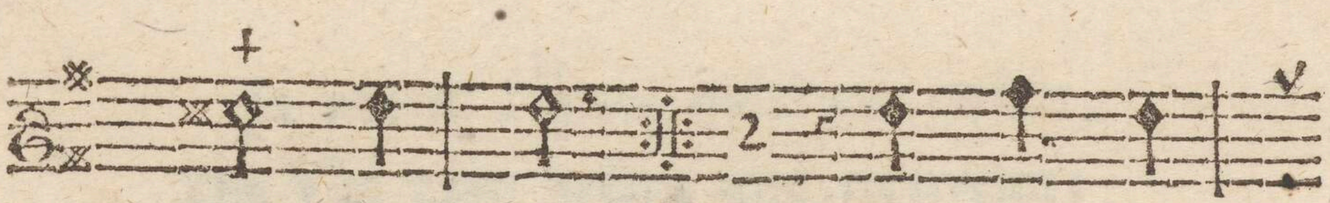
mour Par le ſe- cours de la Bou-
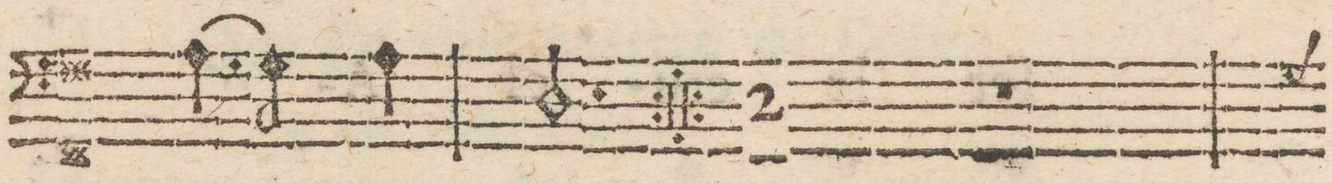


teil- le, Que j'en ſois Vain-queur



teil- le, Que j'en ſois Vain- queur
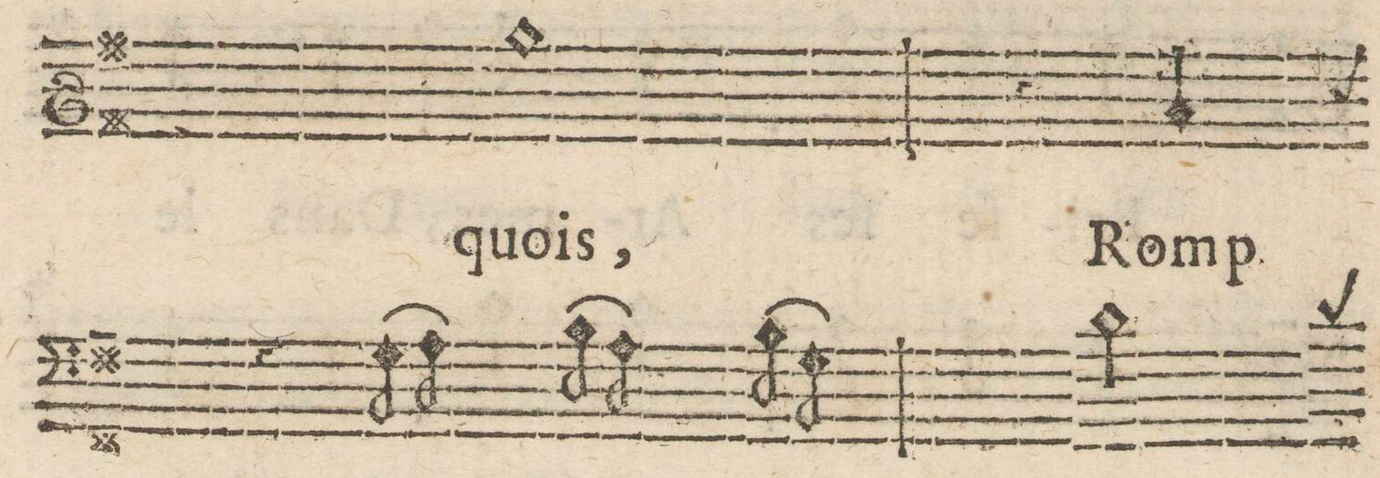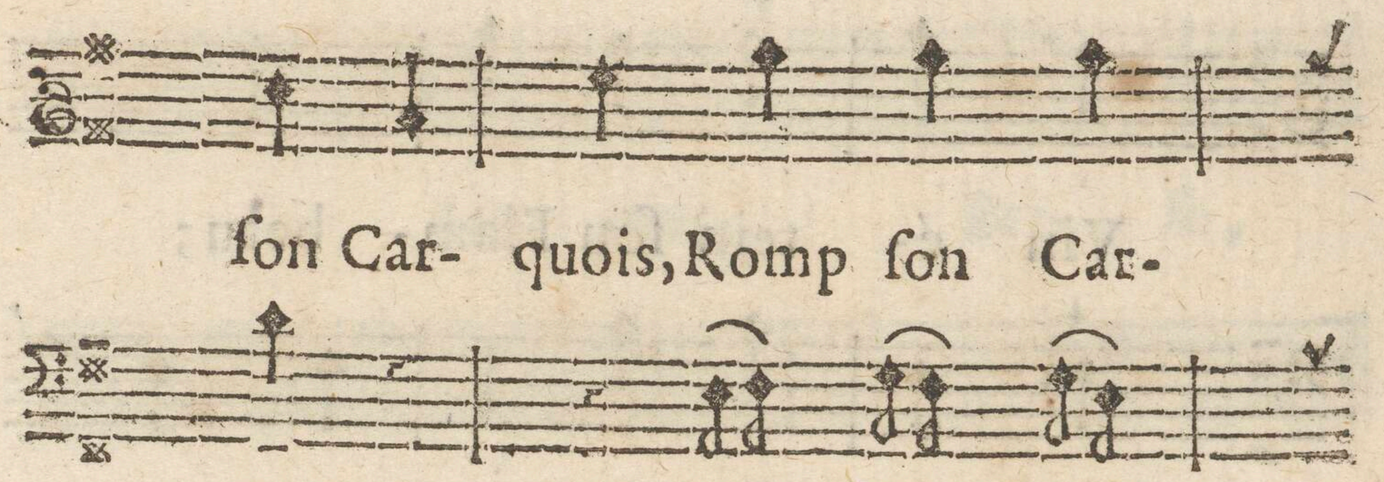


à mon tour: Romp ſon Car-
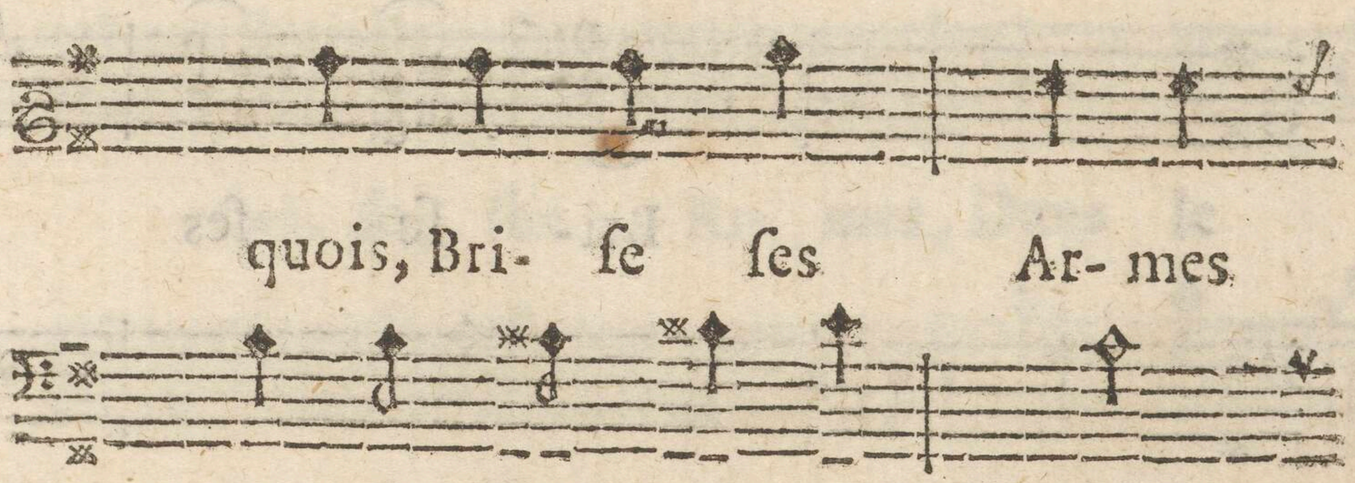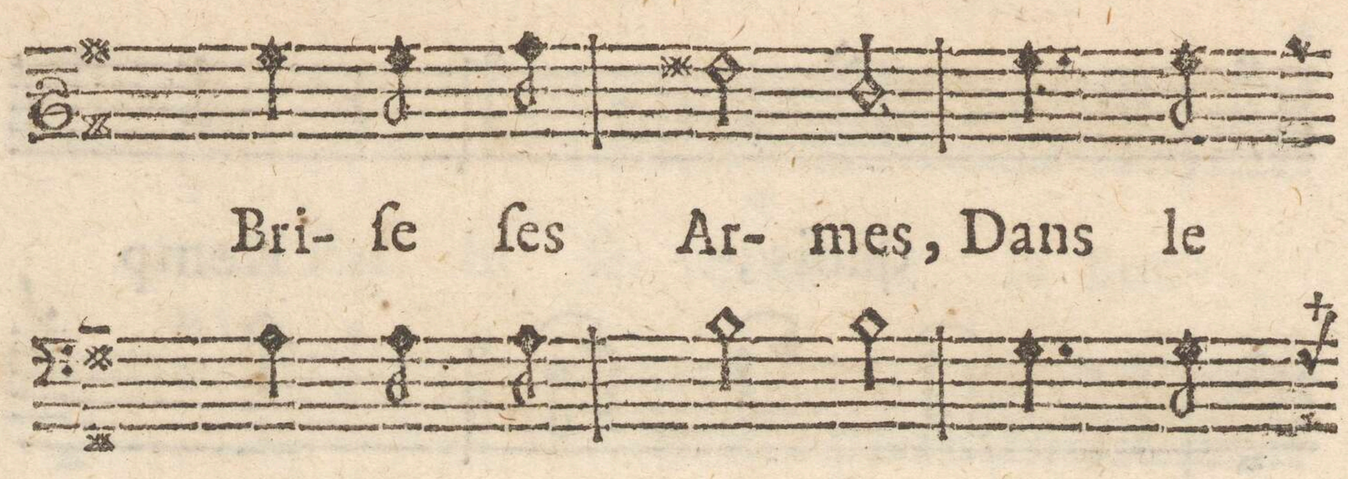


à mon tour:

quois,

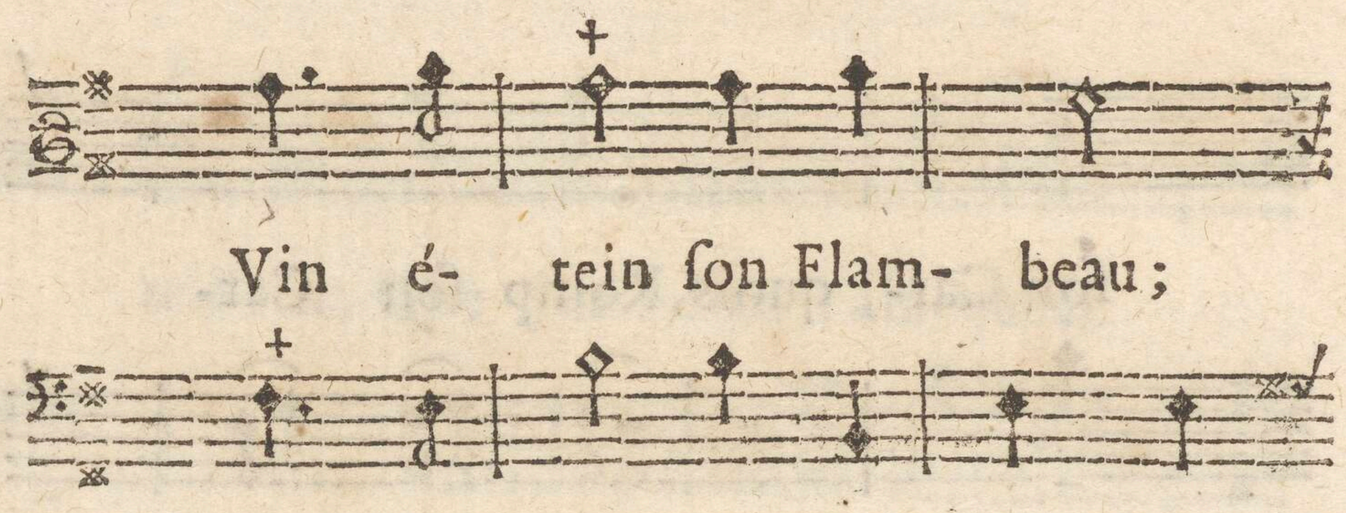

quois, Romp
Bri- ſe ſes Ar-


ſon Car- quois, Romp ſon Car-
mes, Bri- ſe ſes


quois, Bri- ſe ſes Ar- mes
Ar- mes, Romp ſon Car- quois,
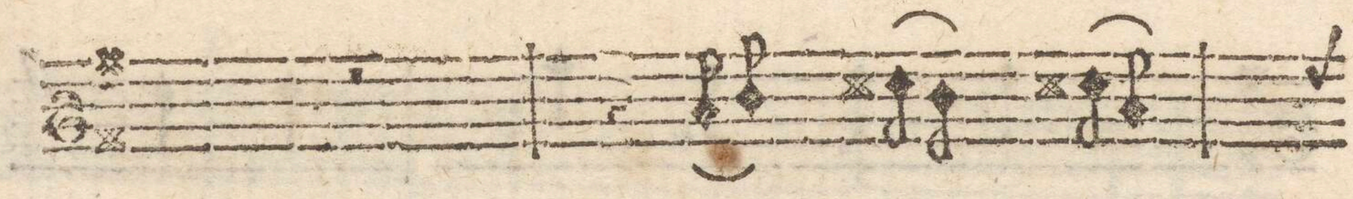


Bri- ſe ſes Ar- mes, Dans le

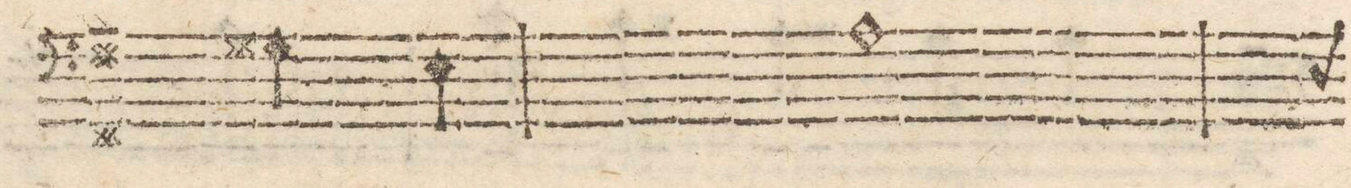


Vin é- tein ſon Flam- beau;

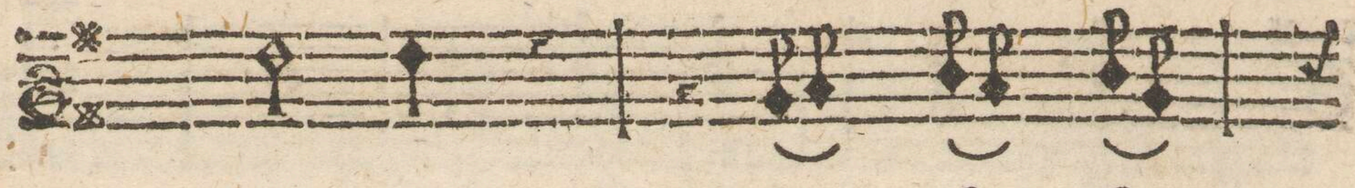
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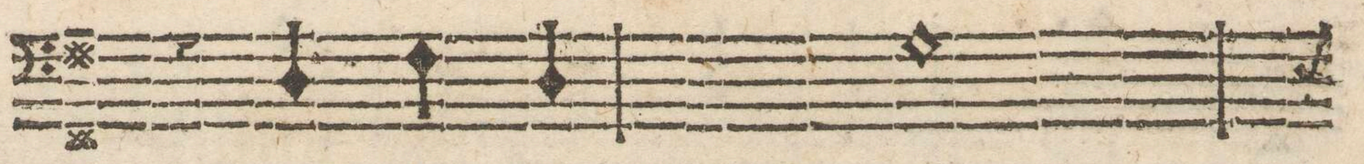


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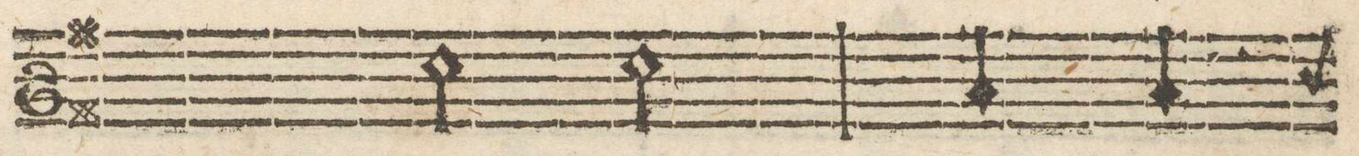


ſon Car- quois,



Ar- mes, Bri- ſe ſes
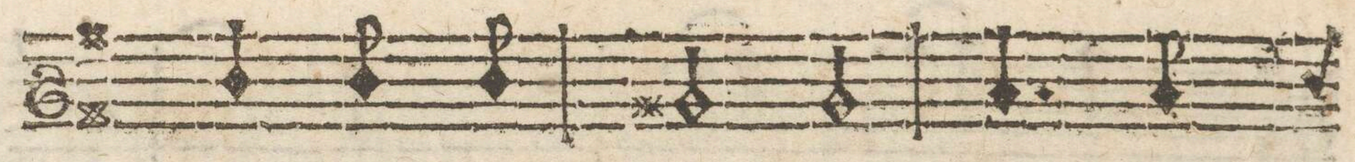


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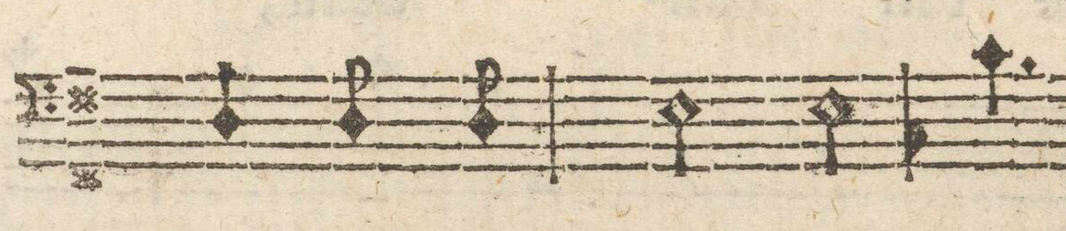


Ar- mes, Bri- ſe,



Romp ſon Car- quois,
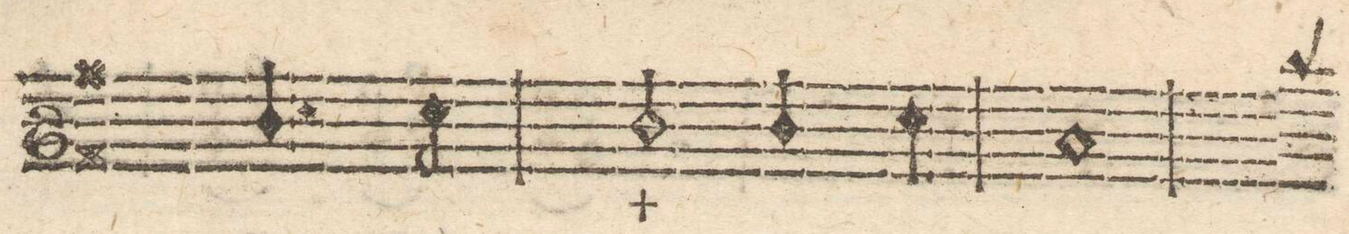


bri- ſe ſes Ar- mes, Dans le
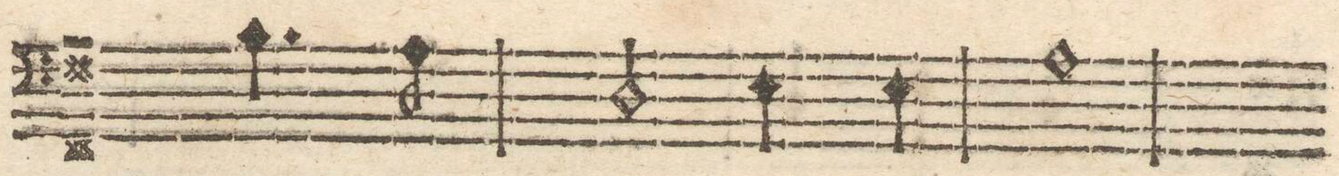


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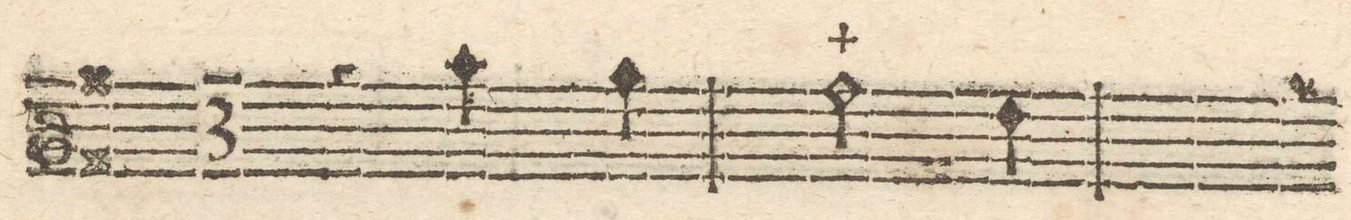
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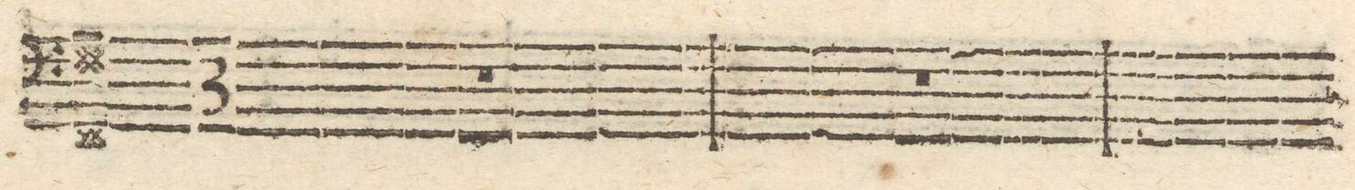


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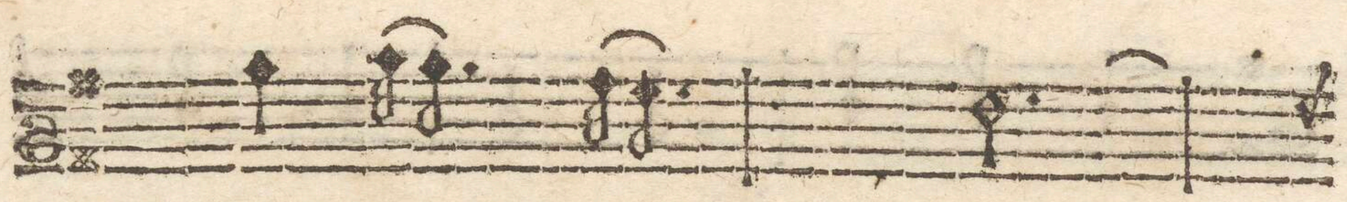


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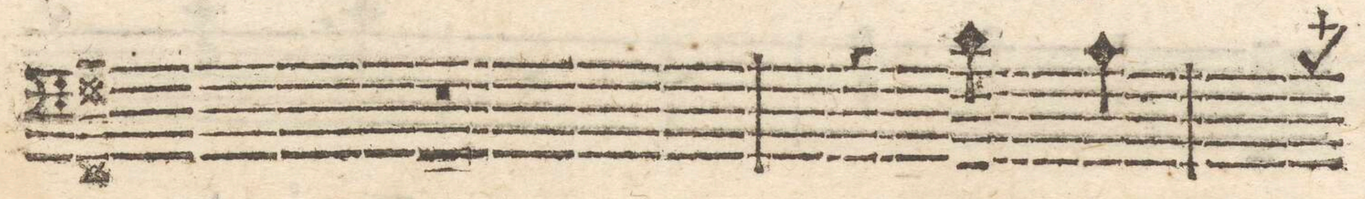


Ne lui laiſ- ſe
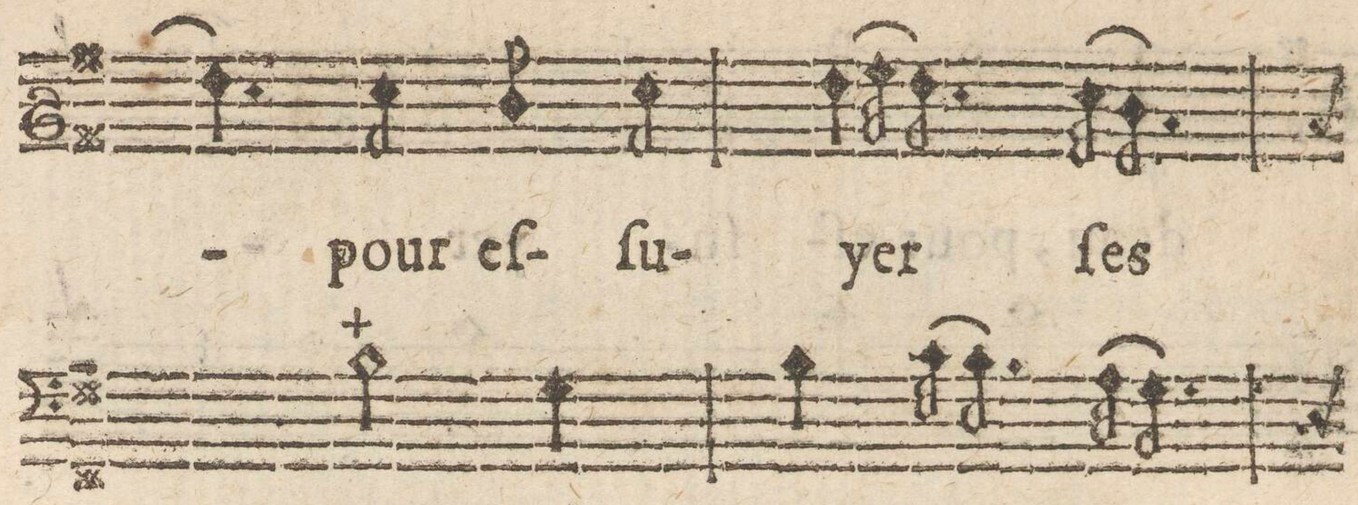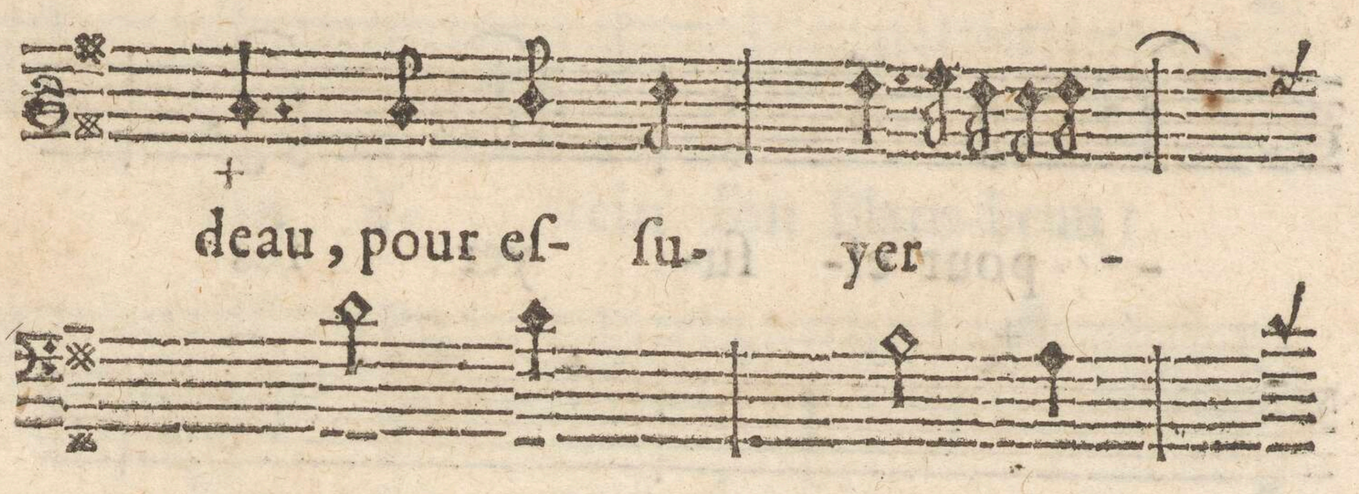




Que ſon Ban- deau,



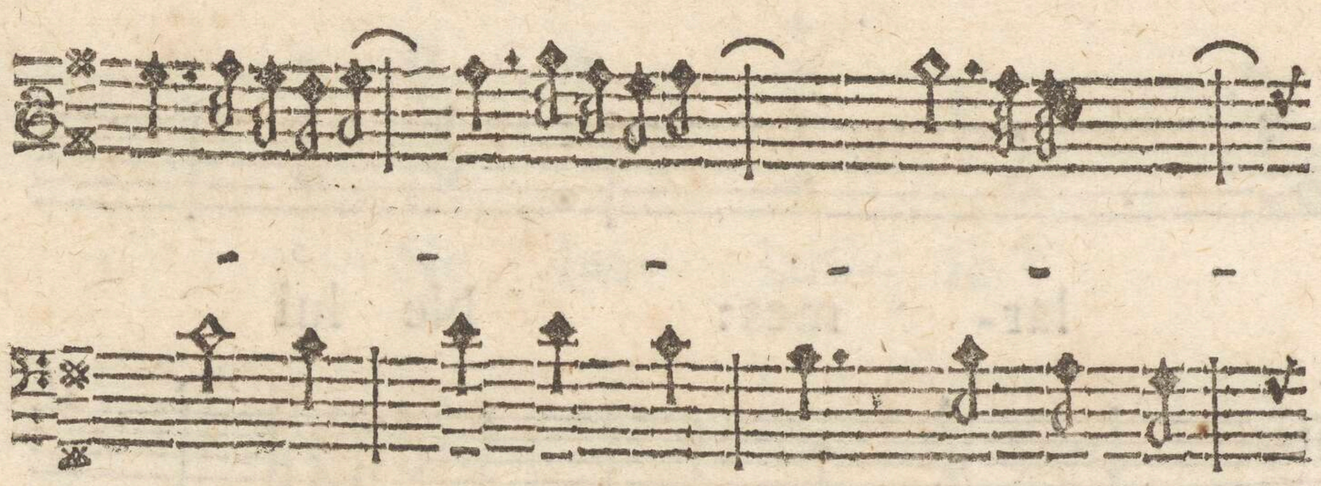
Ne lui


- pour eſ- ſu- yer ſes
laiſ- ſe que ſon Ban-
lar- mes: Ne lui
deau, pour eſ- ſu- yer
laiſ- ſe que ſon Ban-
- - - - ſes
deau,
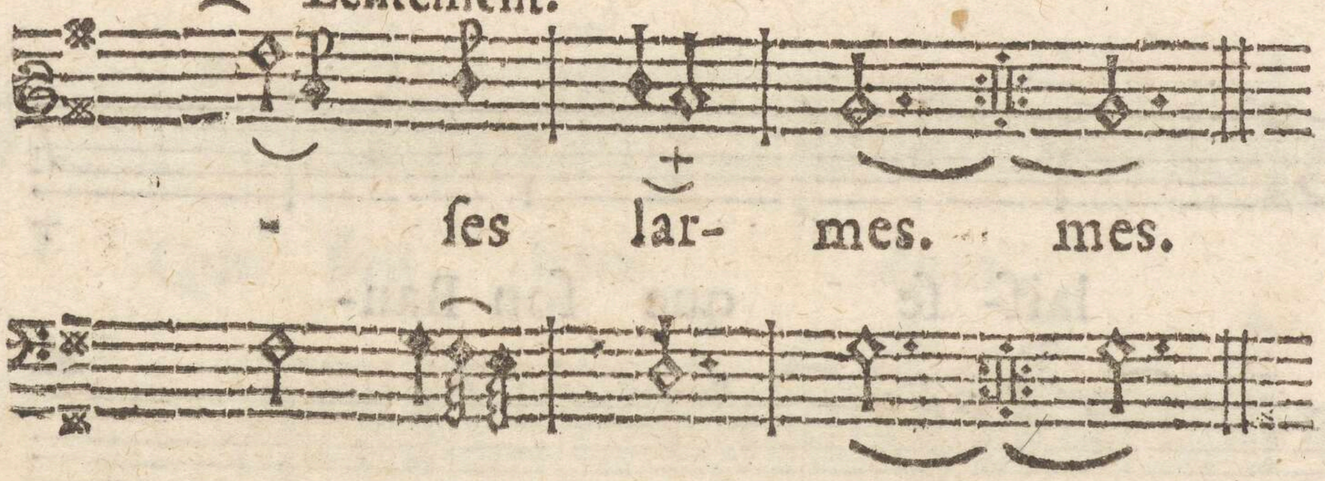


deau, pour eſ- ſu- yer -

lar- mes, Ne lui



laiſ- ſe que ſon Ban-deau, pour eſ- ſu-

Lentement.
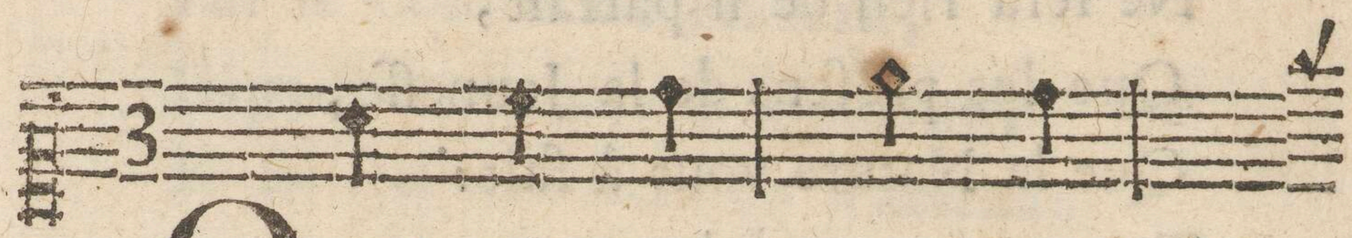


ſes lar- mes. mes.
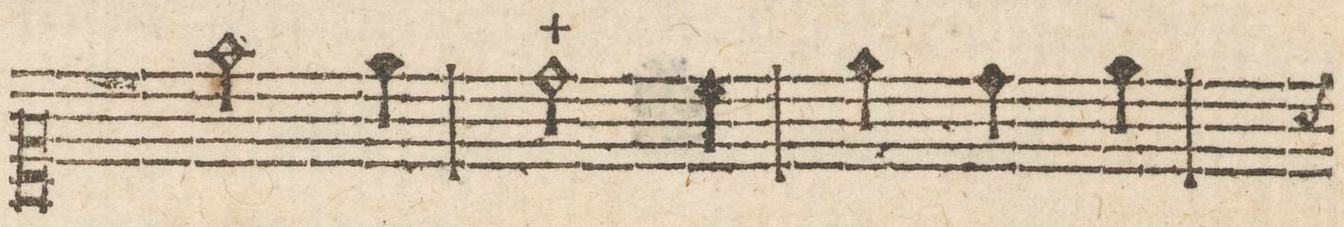
yer ſes lar- mes. mes.

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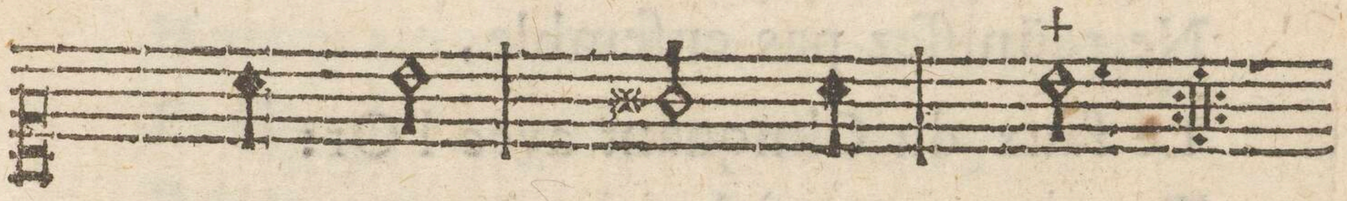
CRITIQUE DU ROUGE.



QUand par les mains de
Deſ- ſous des Ro- ſes
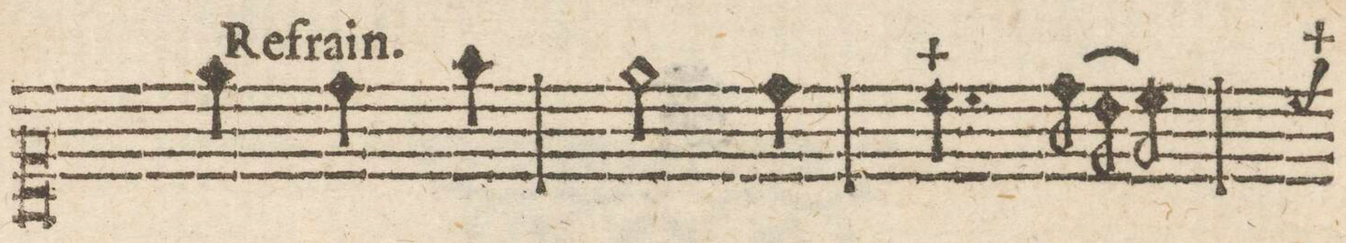


la Na- tu- re, Vos traits pa-
de pein- tu- re, Vous en- ſe-
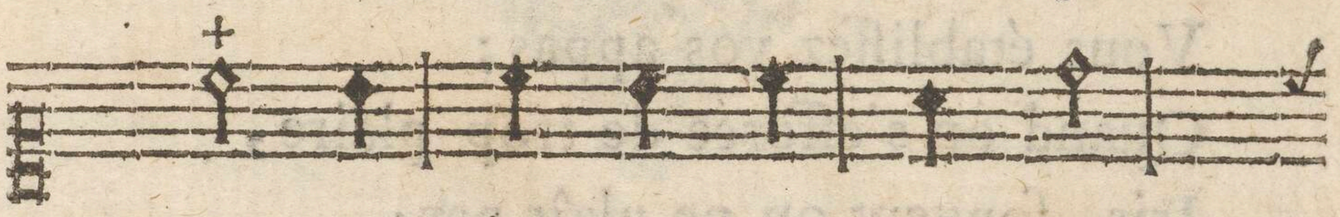


roiſ- ſent em- bel- lis,
ve- liſ- ſez vos Lis:
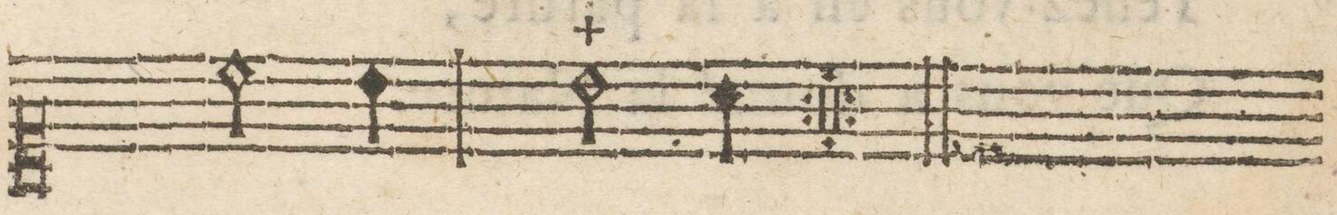
Refrain.



Te- nez-vous en à la pa-



ru- re, Que vous a don- né



la Na- tu- re.

L'Art avec toute ſon adreſſe,
Ne fera rien de ſi parfait,
Que les préſens de la Jeuneſſe,
Que la Nature vous à fait:
Tenez-vous en à la parure,
Que vous a donné la Nature.
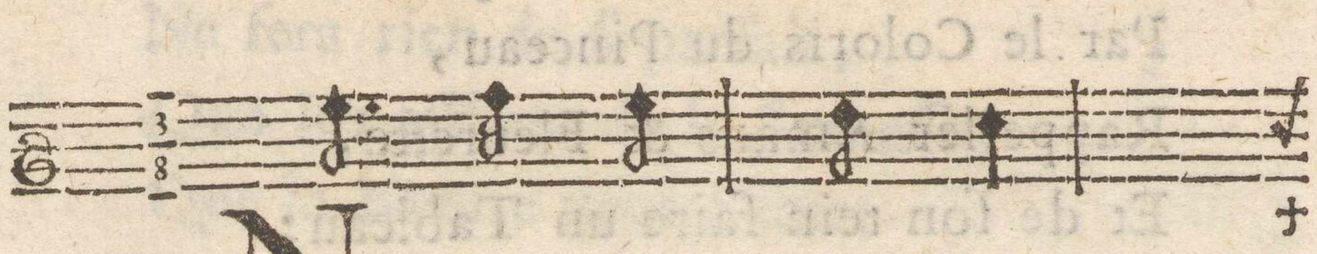
Lorſque l'Amour chez vous raſſemble,
D'appas un précieux tréſor,
Ne réüniſſez pas enſemble,
Le faux du Clinquant avec l'Or:
Tenez-vous en à la parure,
Que vous a donné la Nature.

Par cette parure étrangere,
Vous établiſſez vos appas;
Quand on s'efforce de trop plaire,
Iris, ſouvent on ne plaît pas;
Tenez-vous en à la parure,
Que vous a donné la Nature.
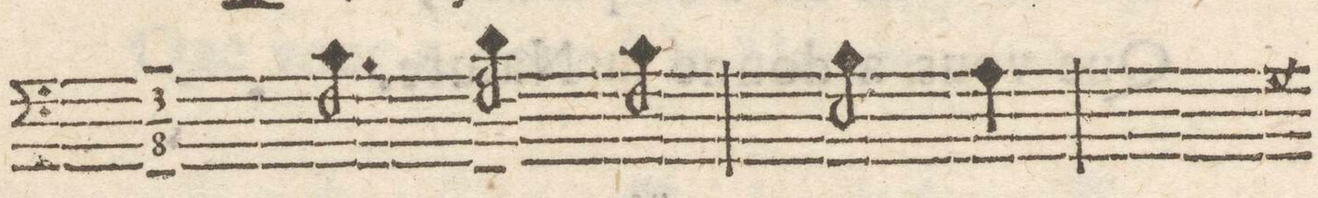
Laiſſez à la vieille Coquette,
Par le Coloris du Pinceau,
Rappeller Amans & Fleurette,
Et de ſon tein faire un Tableau:
Tenez-vous en à la parure,
Que vous a donné la Nature.

On peut avec délicateſſe
Ranimer ſes traits languiſſans;
Mais le trop grand excès nous bleſſe,
Et choque le goût & les ſens;
Tenez-vous en à la parure,
Que vous a donné la Nature.
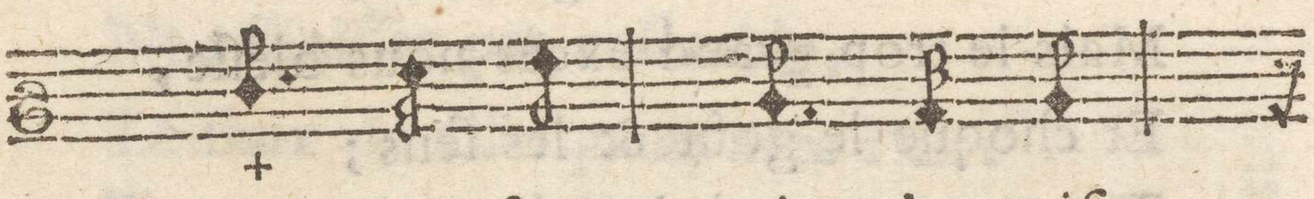
DUO.



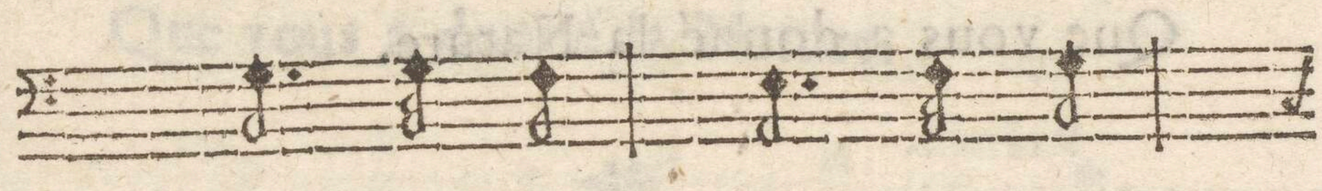
NO-yons dans le bon



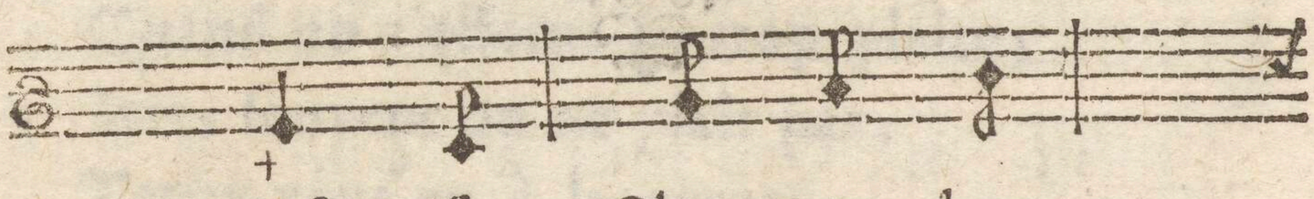
No- yons dans le bon
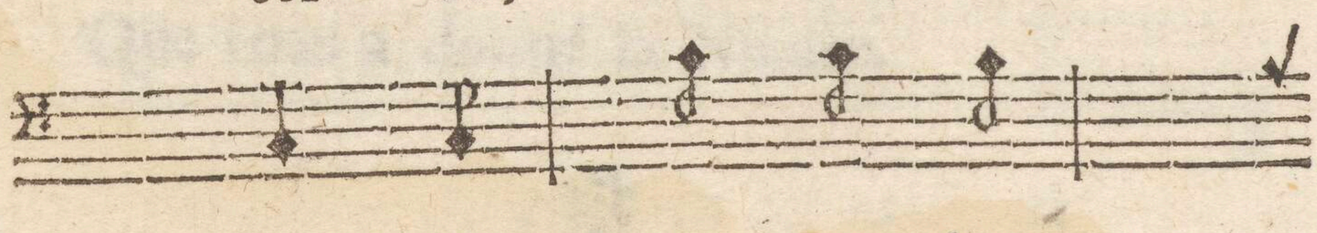


Vin, Le ſou- ci, la triſ-



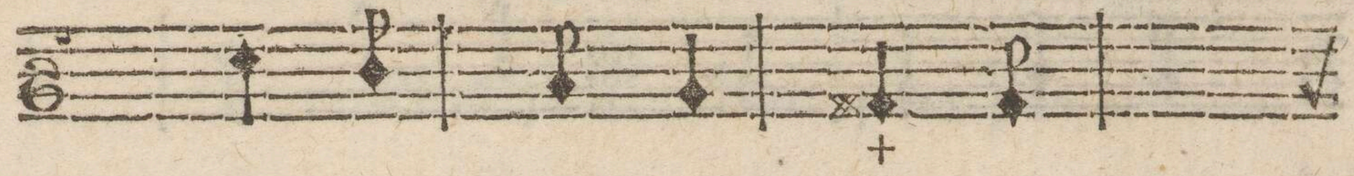
Vin, Le ſou- ci, La triſ-
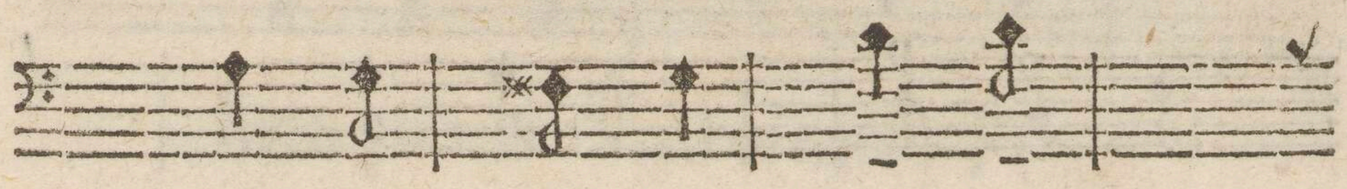


teſ- ſe, Chan-tons, chan-
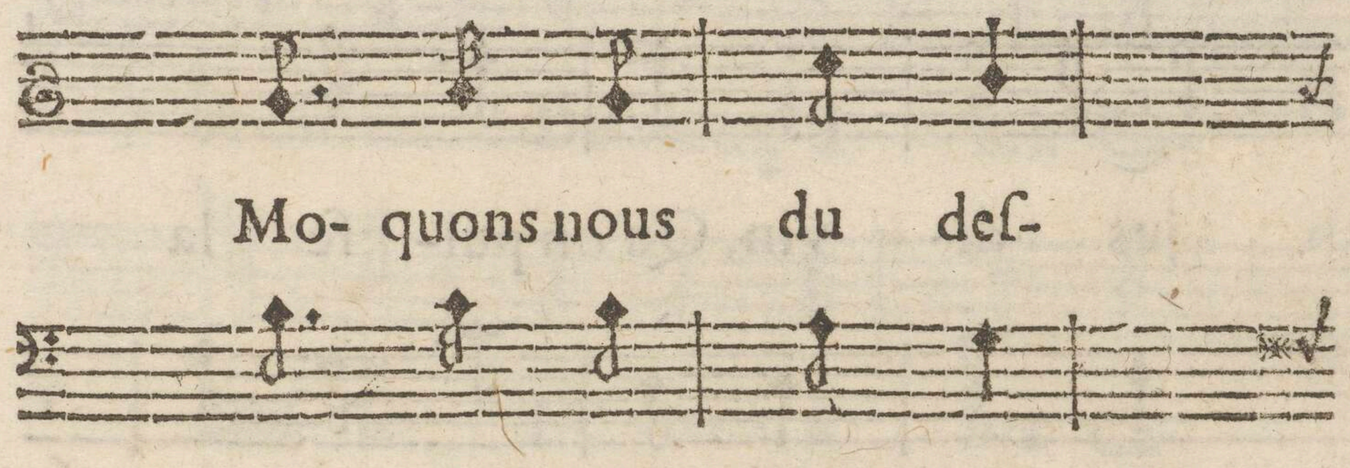


teſ- ſe, Chan-tons,chan-
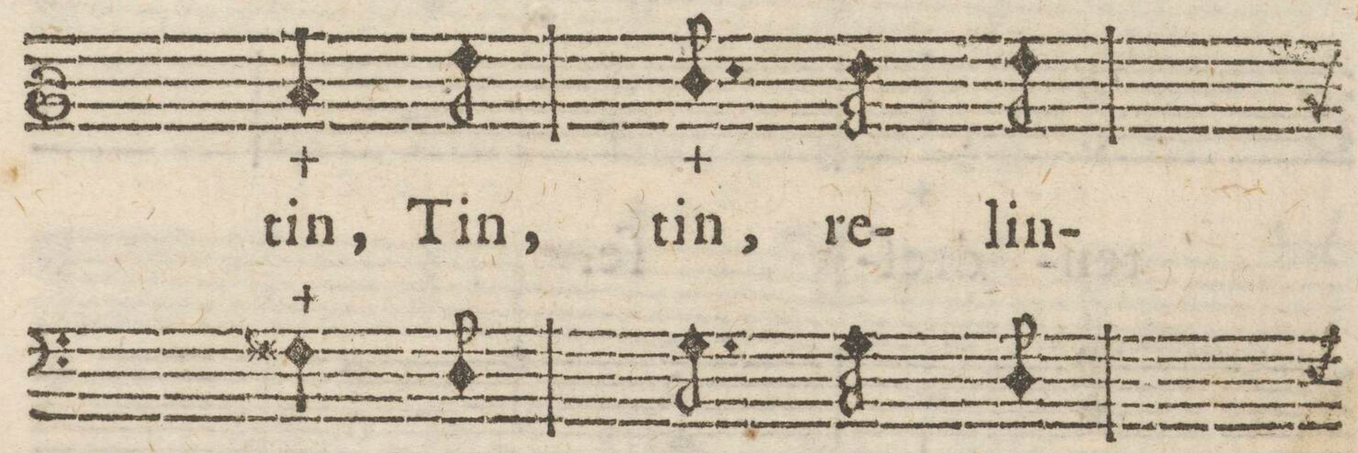


tons, Bu- vons ſans ceſ- ſe,



tons, Bu- vons ſans ceſ- ſe,
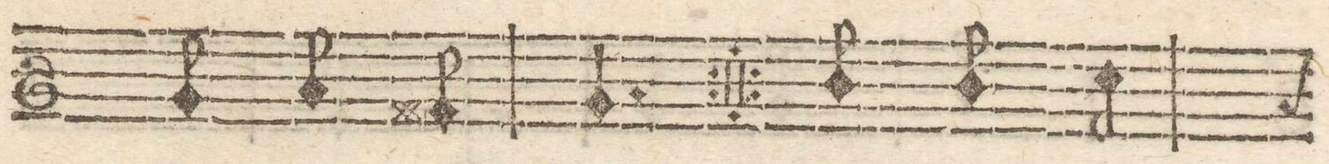


Mo- quons nous du deſ-
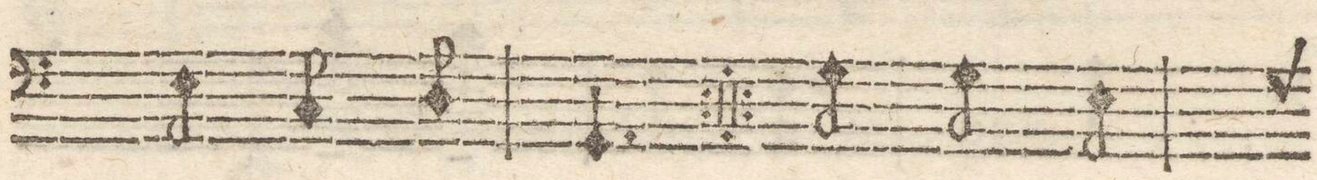


tin, Tin, tin, re- lin-
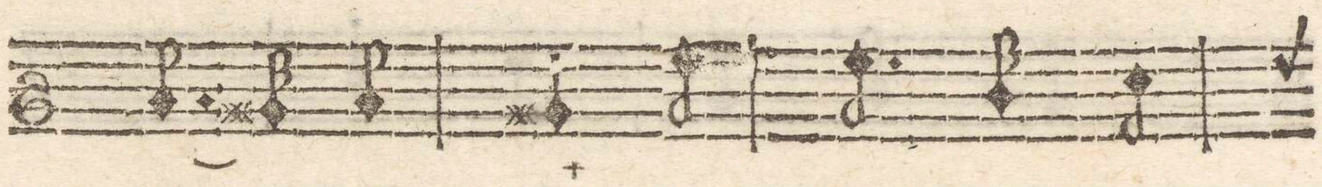
tin, Tin, tin, re- lin-
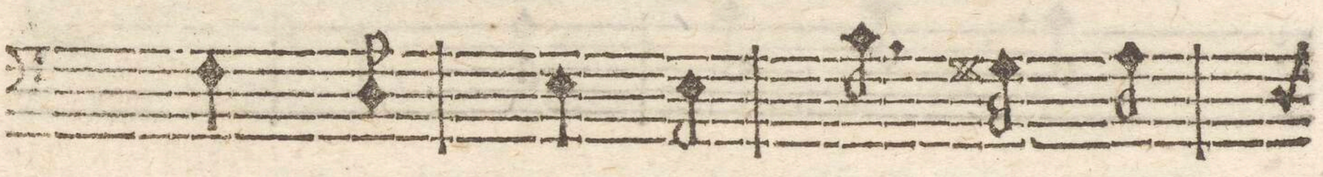


tin, tin, tin, tin: C'eſt dans ce
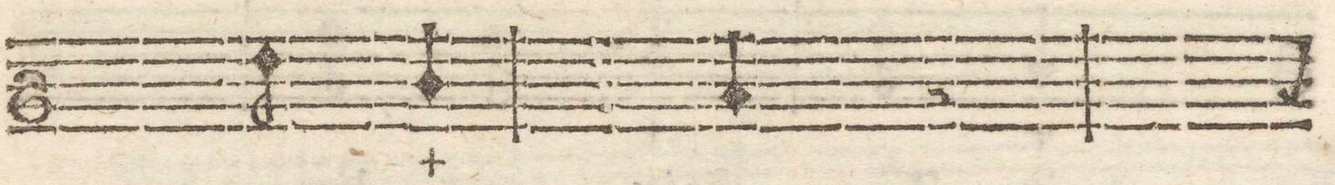


tin, tin, tin, tin. C'eſt dans ce
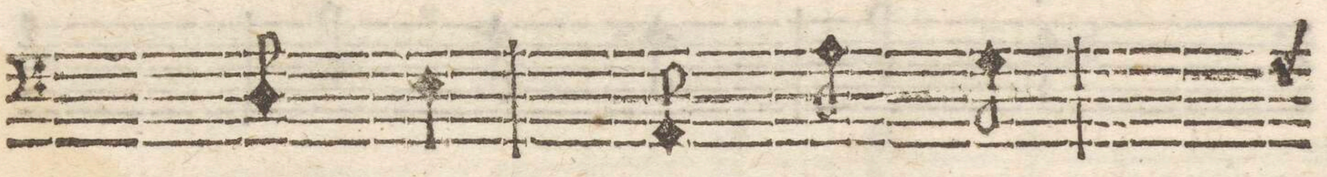


jus di- vin, Qu'on pui- ſe la
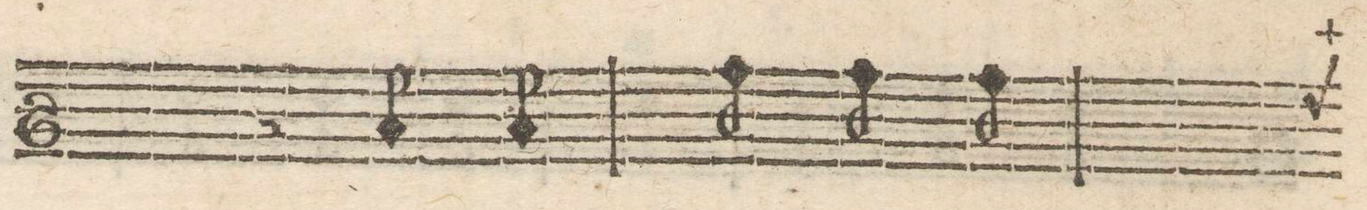


jus di- vin, Qu'on pui- ſe la
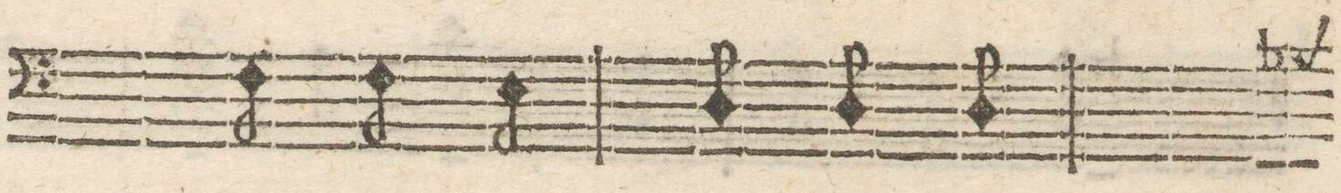


ten- dreſ- ſe.



ten- dreſ- ſe. Plus j'en
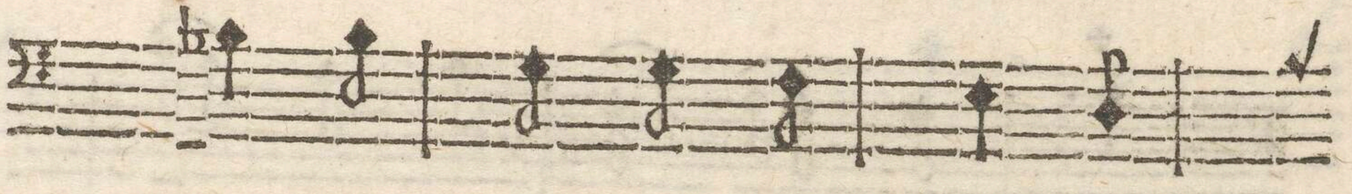


Plus j'en bois, plus j'a-



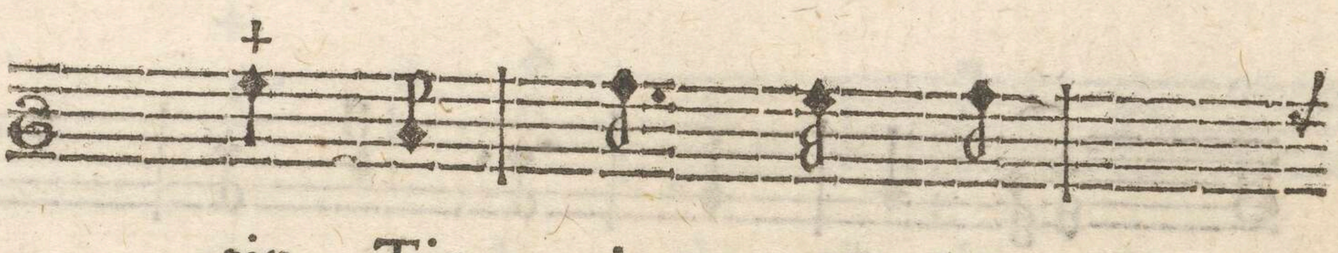
bois, plus j'en bois, plus j'a-
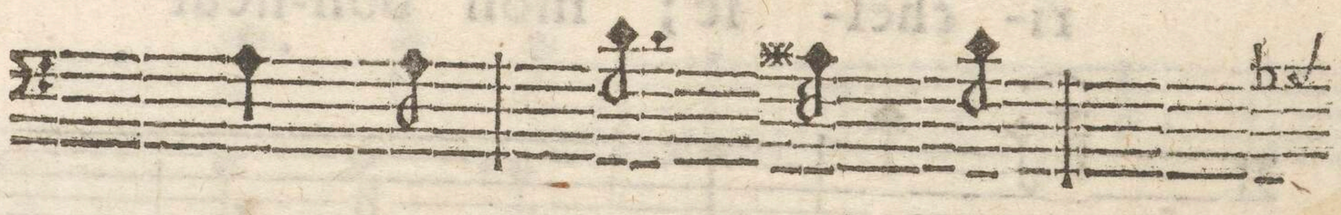


dreſ- ſe De vœux à ma Ca-
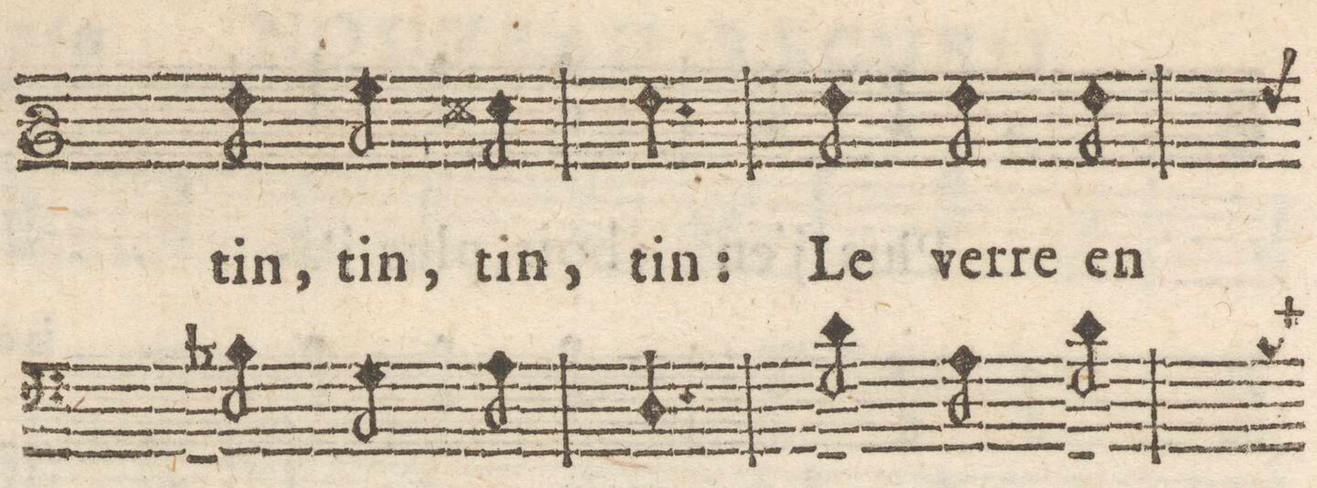


dreſ- ſe De vœux à ma Ca-



tin, Tin, tin, re- lin-



tin, Tin, tin, re- lin-
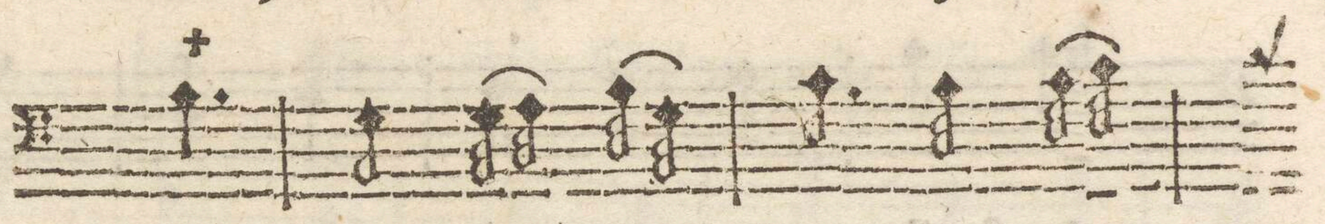


tin, tin, tin, tin: Le verre en
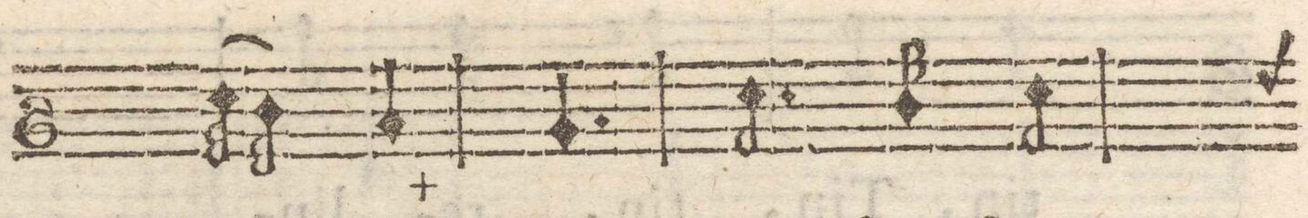
tin, tin, tin, tin: Le ver-re en
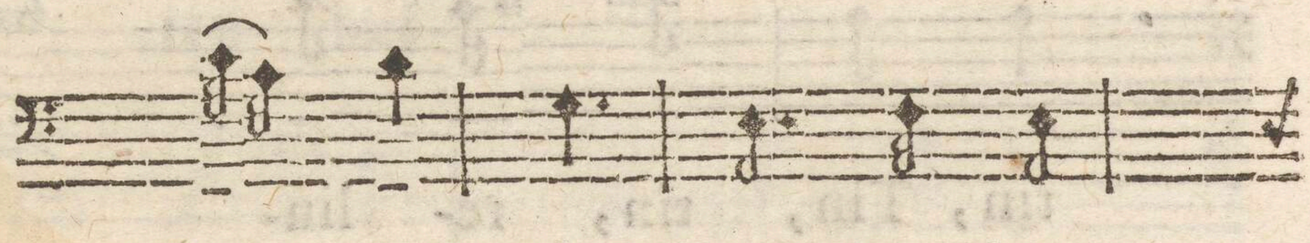


main, D'un Sou- ve- rain J'ai la



main, D'un Sou- ve- rain J'ai la
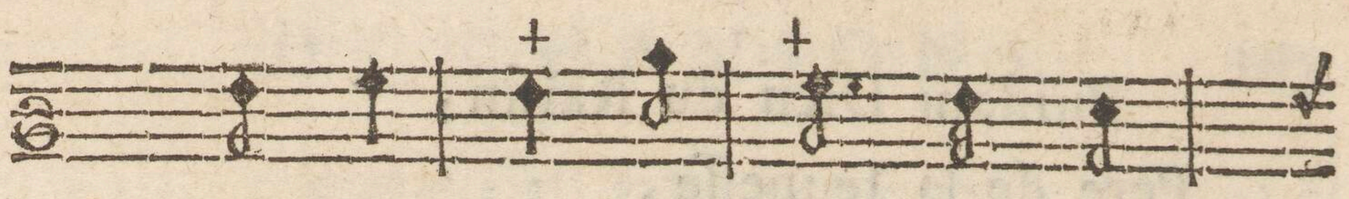


ri- chef- ſe; mon bon-heur
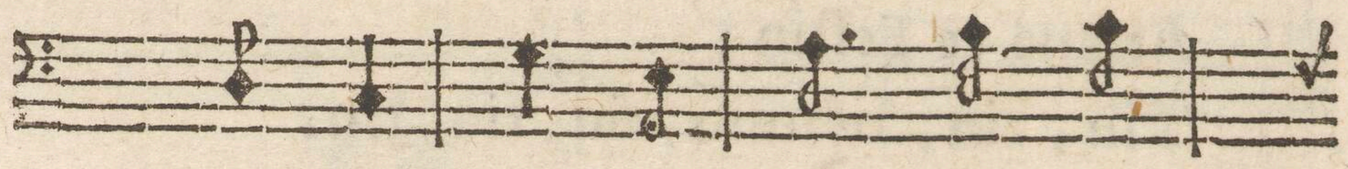


ri- chef- ſe; mon bon-heur
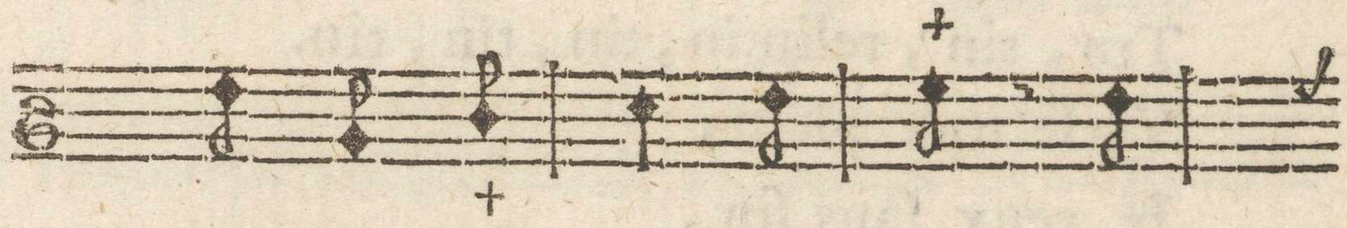
eſt
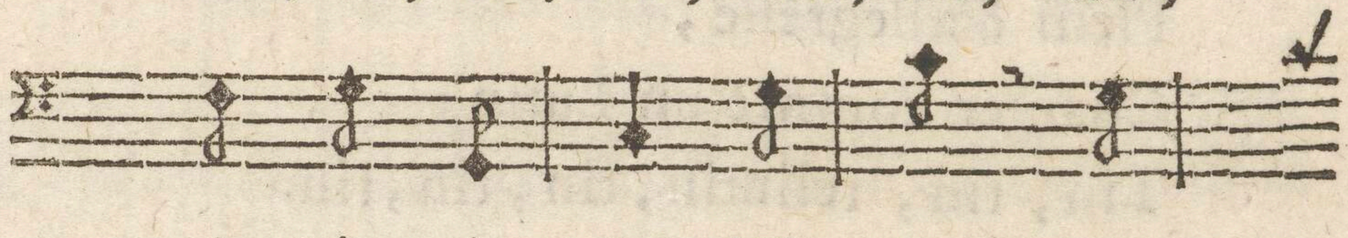


eſt cer- tain, Tin, tin, re- lin-
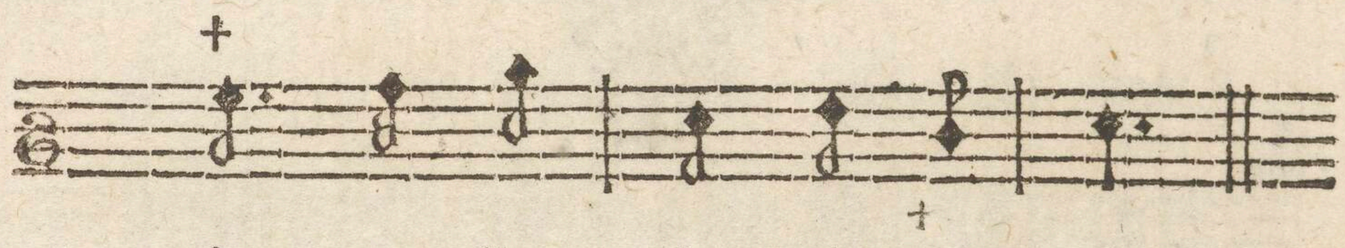


eſt cer- tain, Tin, tin, re- lin-
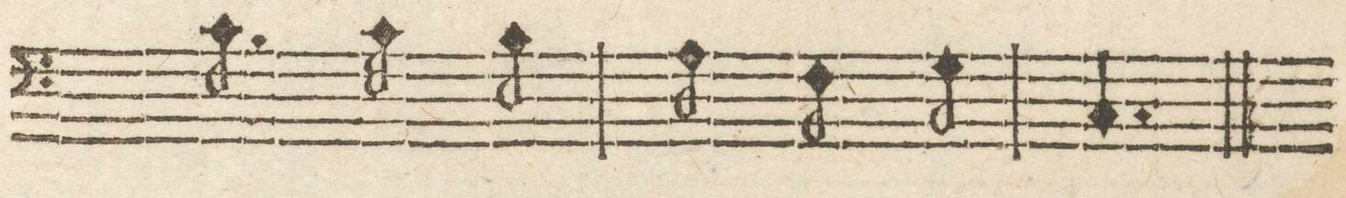


tin, tin, tin, tin; Tin, tin, tin,



tin, tin, tin, tin; Tin, tin, Tin,



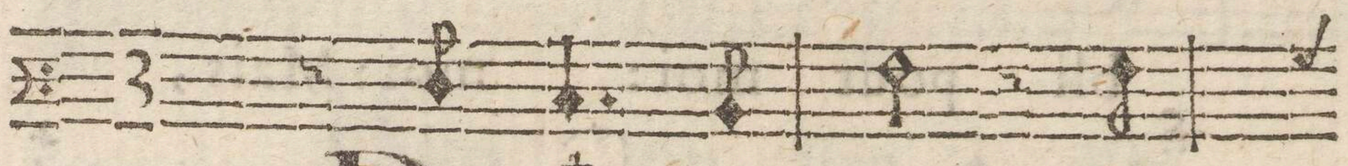
tin, re- lin- tin, tin, tin, tin.
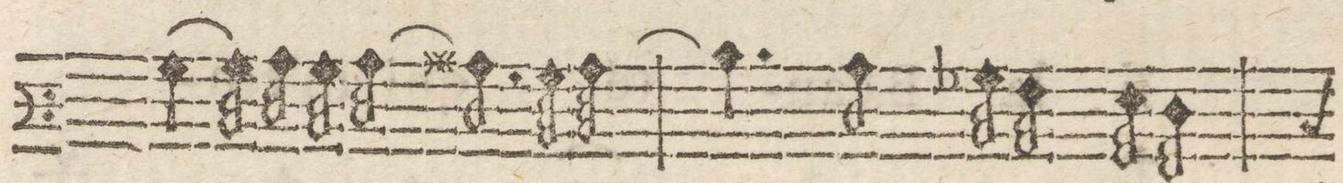


tin, re- lin- tin, tin, tin, tin.

Puiſſant Dieu du Raiſin,
Pere de la Jeuneſſe,
Soutien de la Vieilleſſe,
Anime ce Feſtin;
Tin, tin, relintin, tin, tin, tin.
Nous voici tous en train;
Amis, point de foibleſſe,
Ne craignons point l'Yvreſſe,
Buvons juſqu'au matin;
Tin, tin, relintin, tin, tin, tin.
Verſe tout plein,
Je veux ſans fin,
Plein d'allegreſſe,
Chanter comme un Lutin;
Tin, tin, relintin, tin, tin, tin.

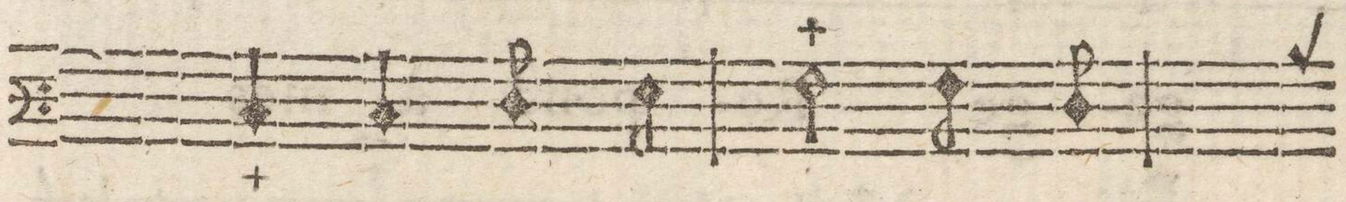
RECIT DE BASSE.
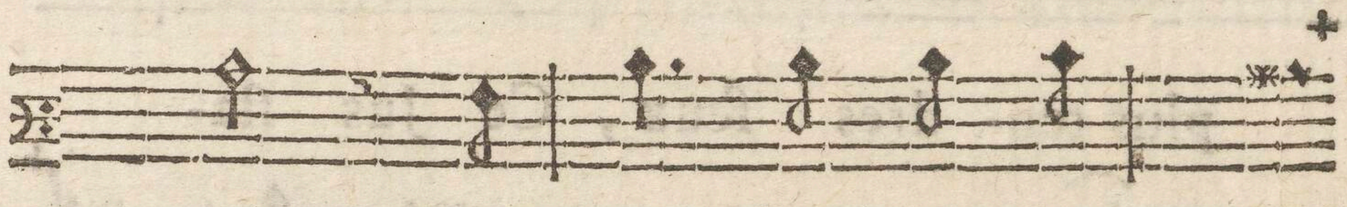


DU Vin char-mant, qui
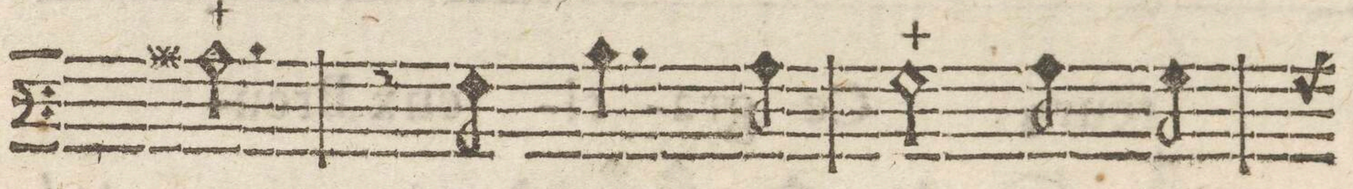


bril- - - le dans mon
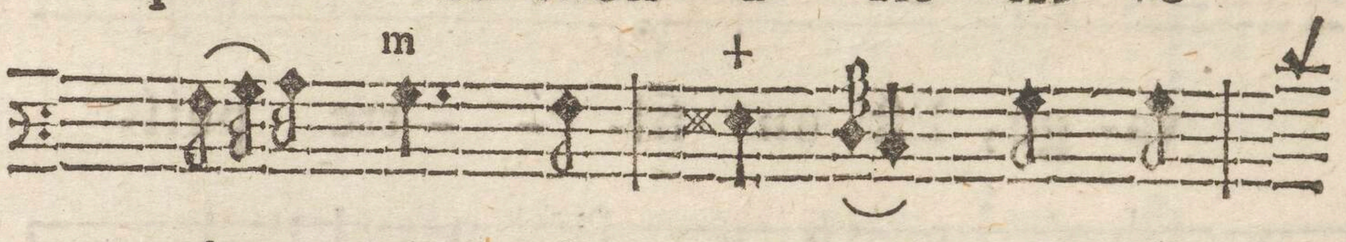


ver- re, Sa- vez-vous, chers A-
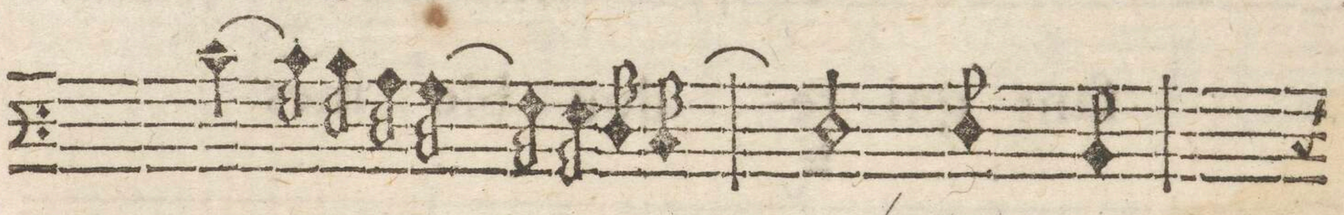


mis, Quel eſt le double em-



ploi? Si mon I- ris eſt vo-

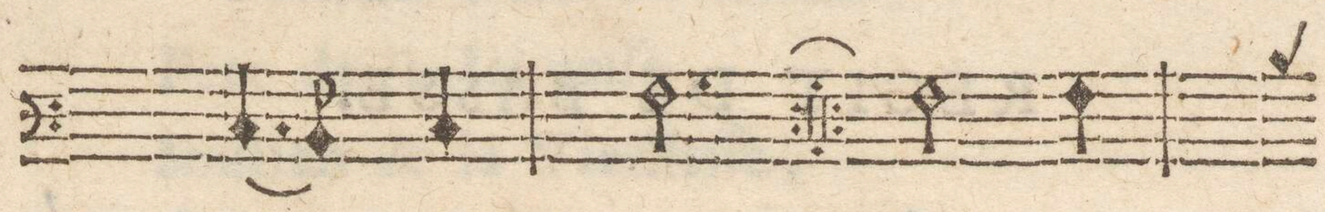


la- ge ou ſe- vé- re, C'eſt le
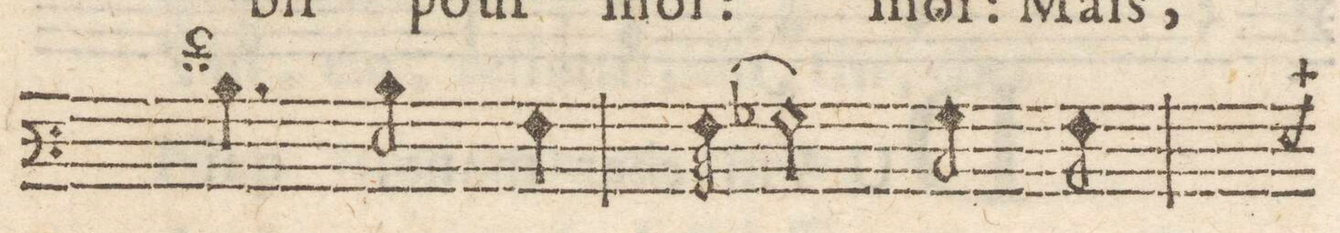


Fleu- - - ve d'Ou-
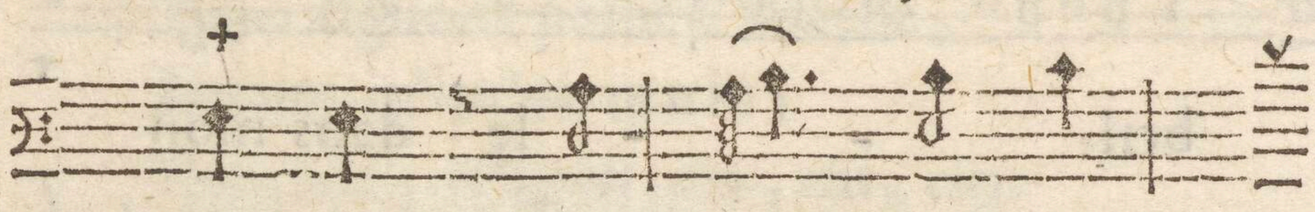
bli
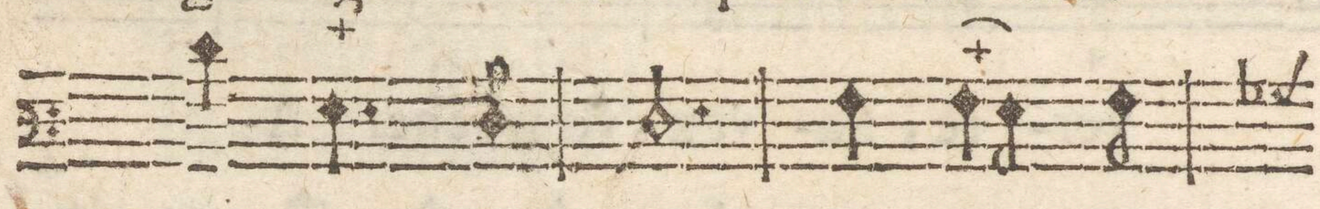


bli pour moi: moi: Mais,
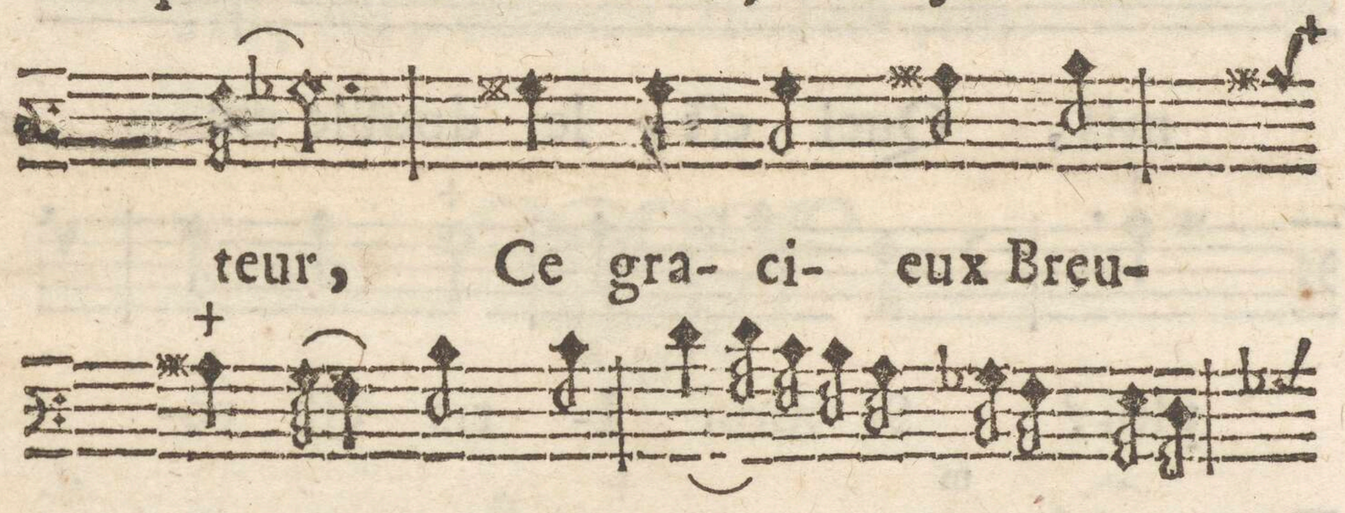


ſi la Beau- té qui m'em-
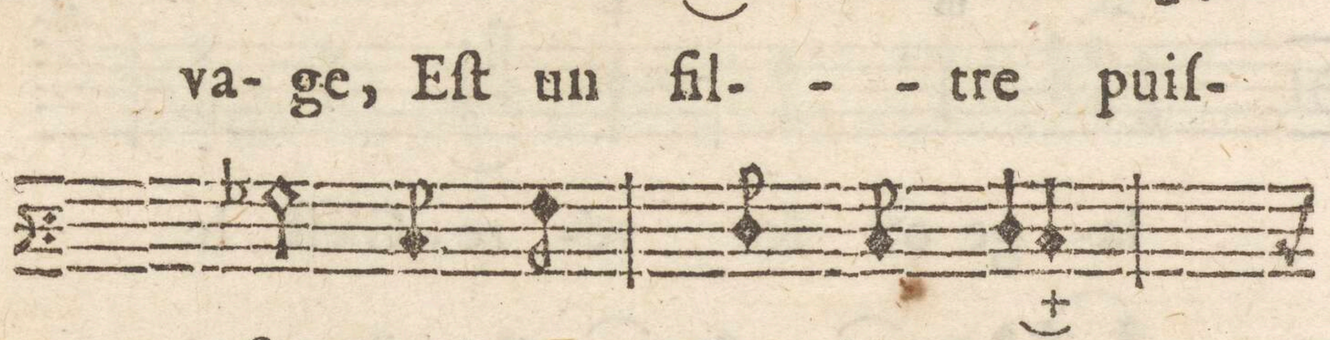


ga- ge Re- pond à mes
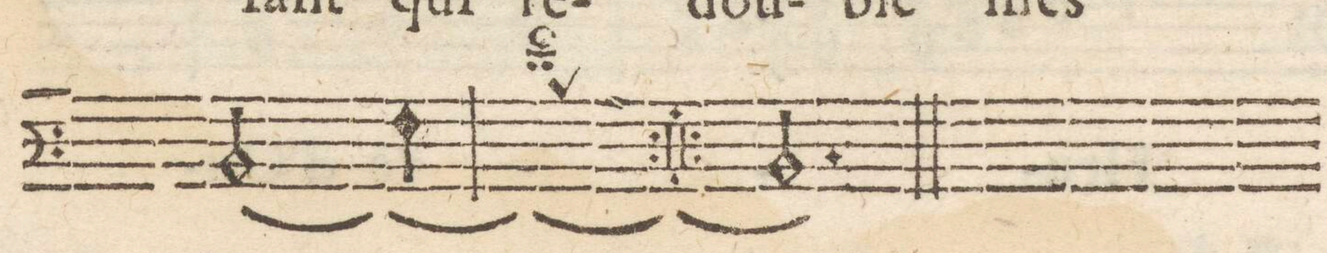


plus ten- dres feux, Ce Jus ſa-



teur, Ce gra- ci- eux Breu-



va- ge, Eſt un fil- - - tre puiſ-
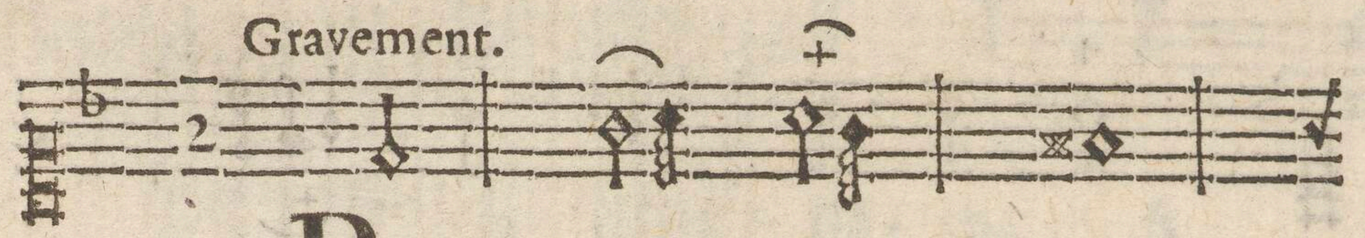


ſant qui re- dou- ble mes
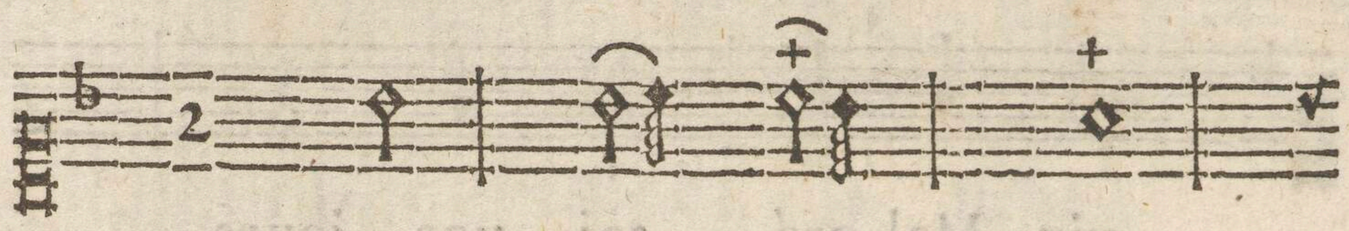


feux. Mais, &c. feux.

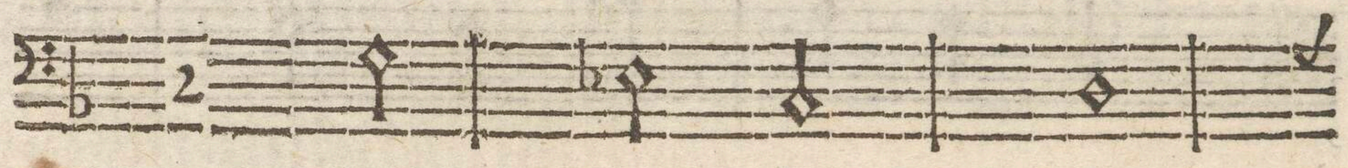
Bon
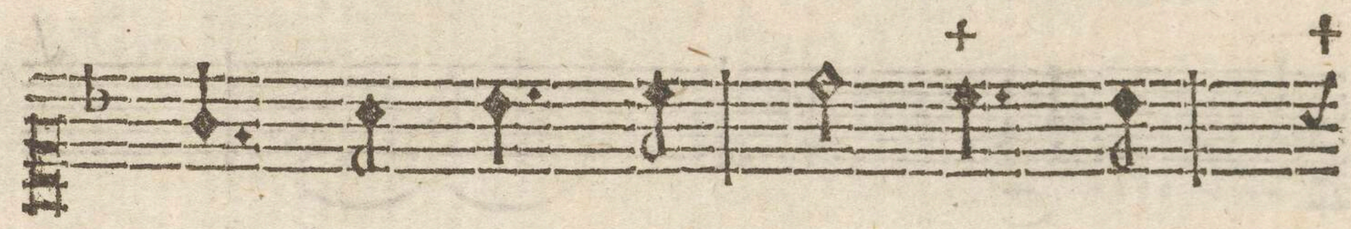


BOn Vin, bon Vin,
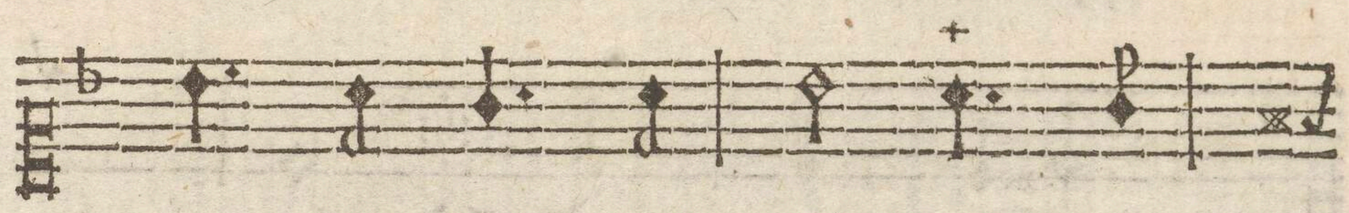


Bon Vin, bon Vin,
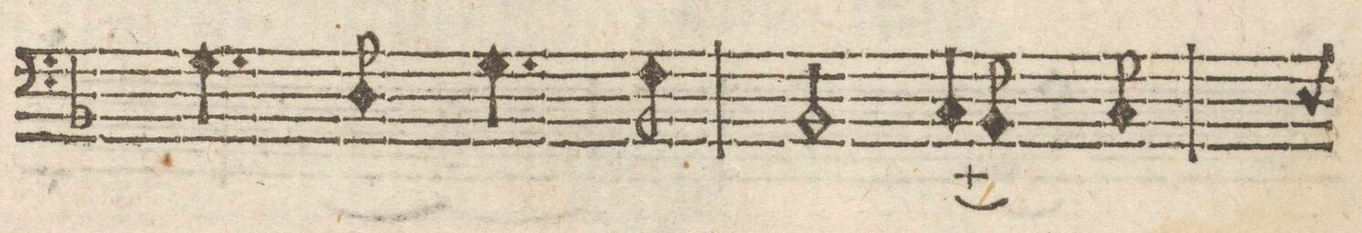


Bon Vin, bon Vin,



Quoi que ton pou- voir ſoit di-
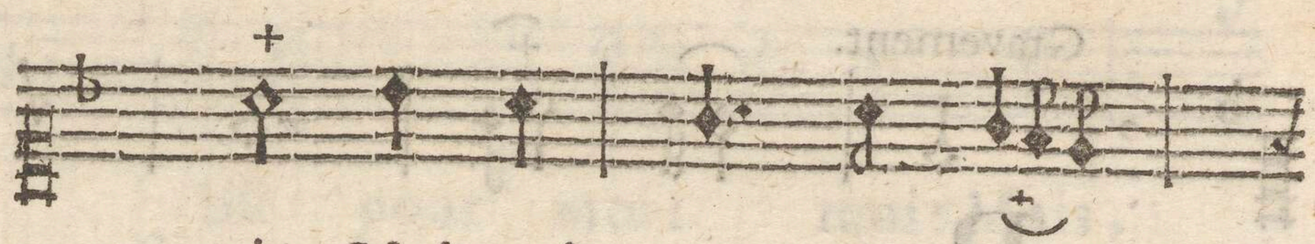


Quoi que ton pou- voir ſoit di-
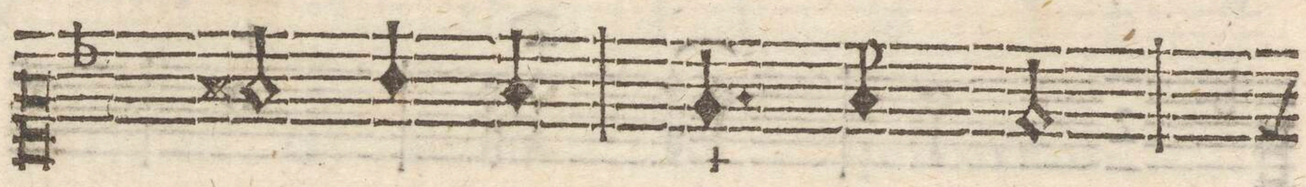


Quoi que ton pou- voir ſoit di-
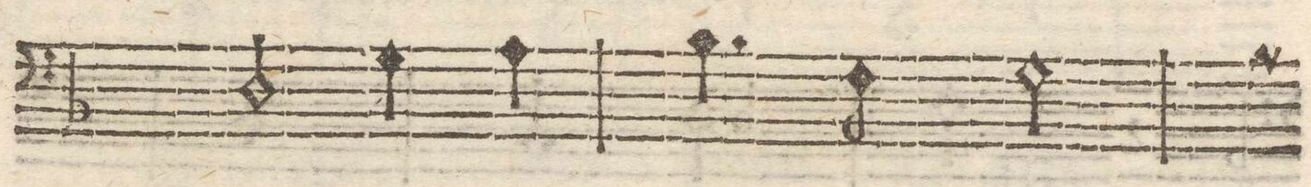
vin,



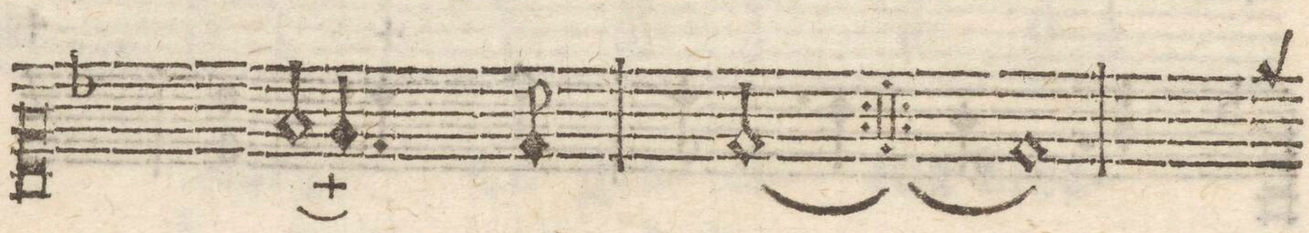
vin, Mal-gré toi nos jours



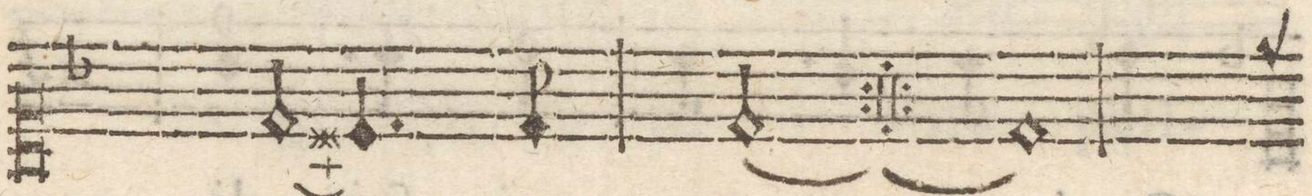
vin, Mal-gré toi nos jours
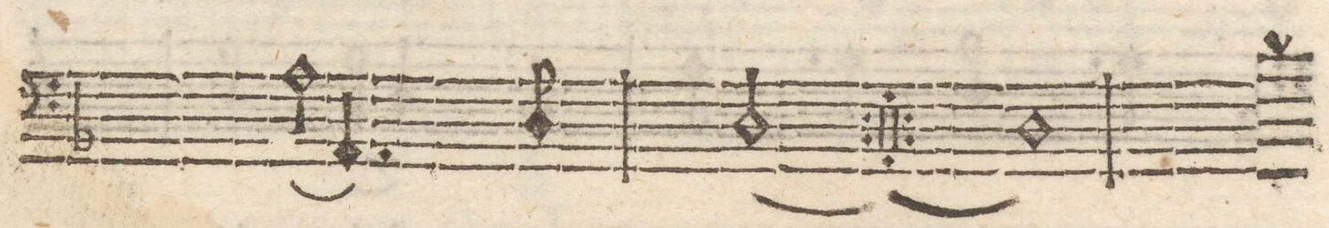


vin, Mal-gré toi nos jours
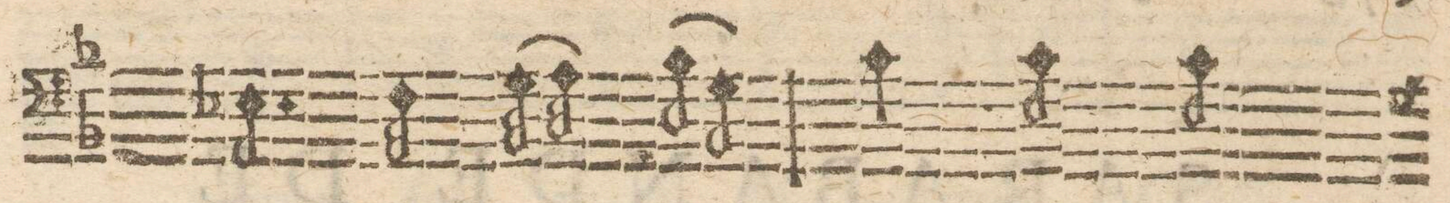


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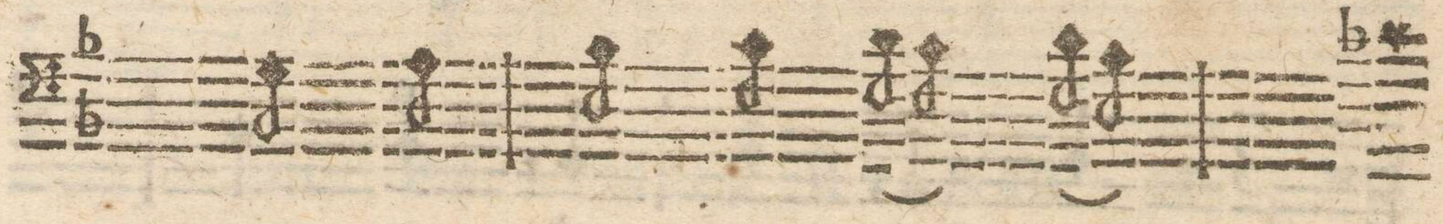


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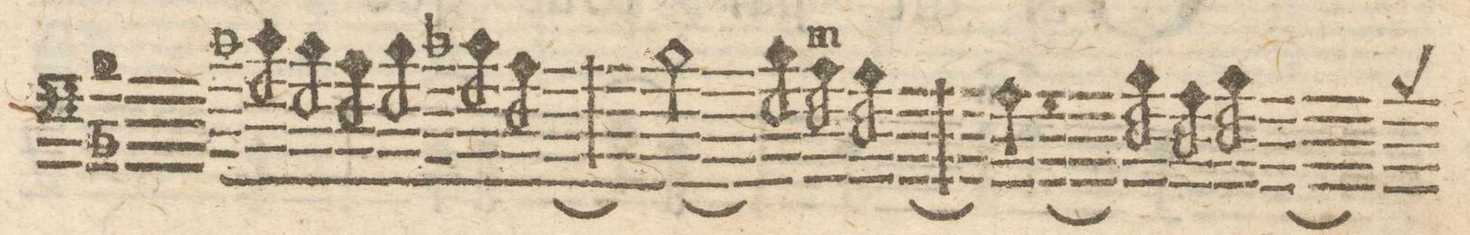


pren- dront fin: fin:



mens, El - le m'en - flâ - me, A



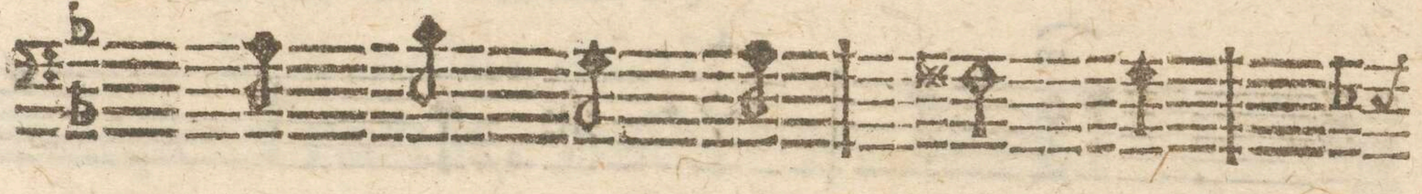
tout mo - ment, El - le m'en-



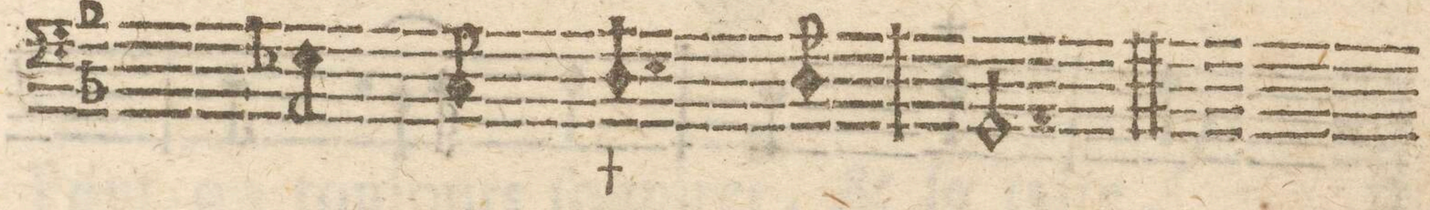
flâ- - - - -



- me, Pe - tits Oi - ſeaux Cha-
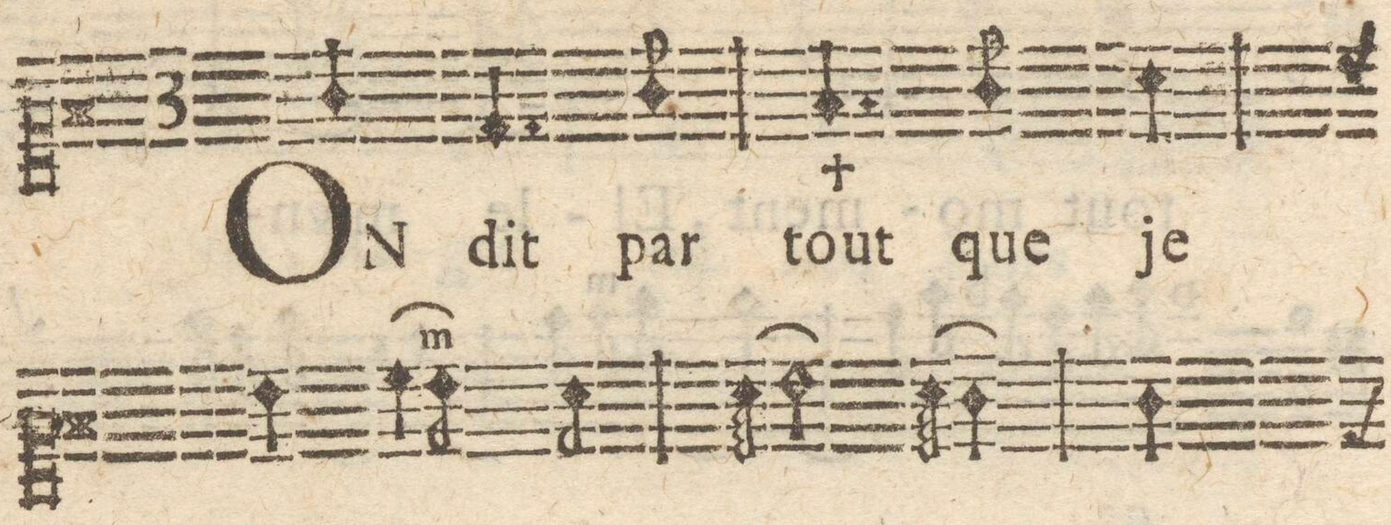


cun de mes inſ - tans, Vaut
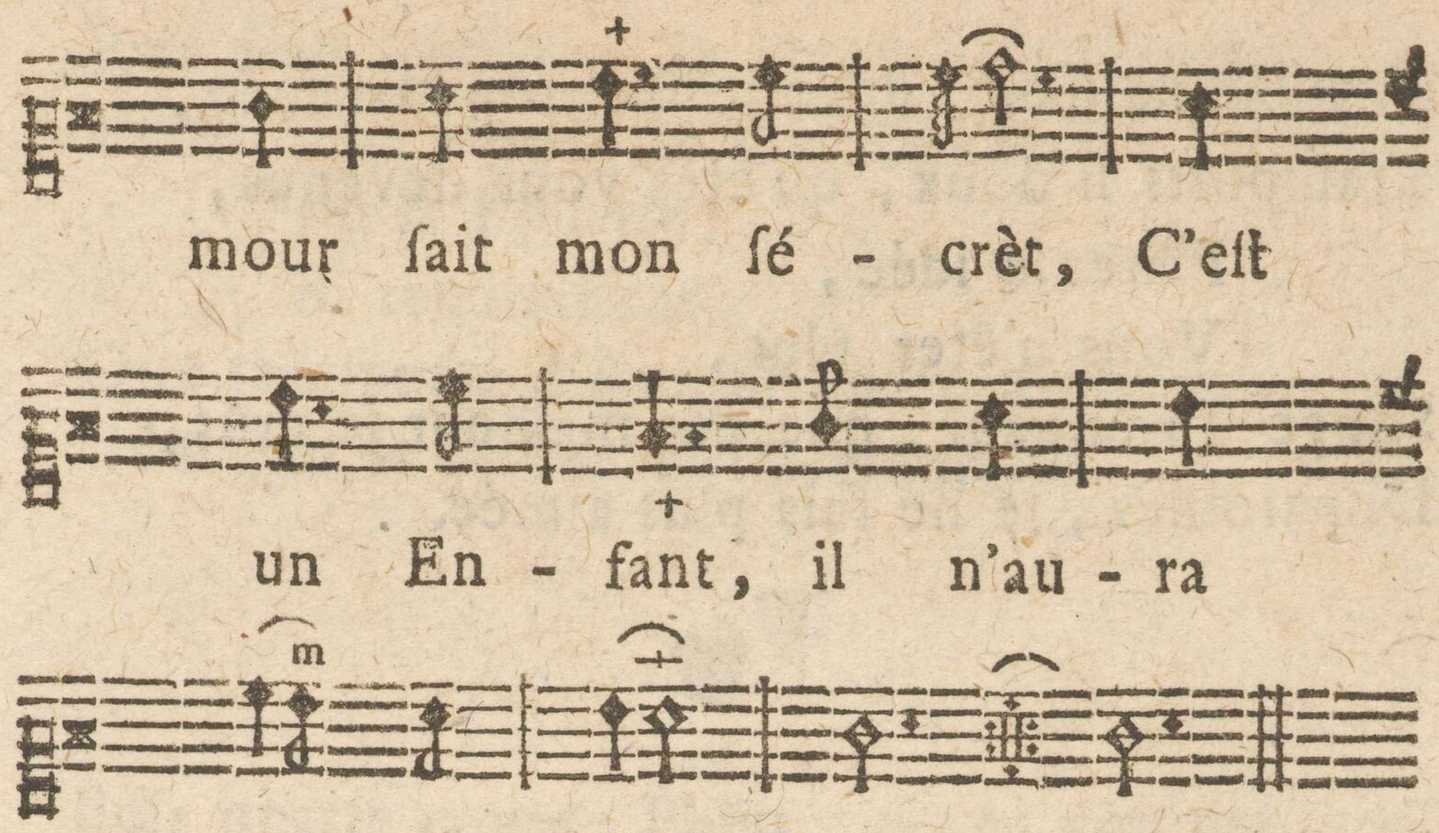


un de vos Prin - tems.

SARABANDE DE L'INCONNU.



ON dit par tout que je cherche à vous plai - re, Que de mes feux vous ſeu - le é-
tes l'Ob - jèt: C'eſt un Miſ - tè - re, Je ſuis diſ-
crèt; Mais, Bel - le I - ris, l'A-
mour



REPONSE.

S'il eſt bien vrai, que tu cherche à me plaire,
Que de tes feux, ſeule je ſois l'Objèt;
Plus de Miſtère,
Sois moins diſcrèt;
Puiſqu'un Enfant, poſſède ton ſécrèt,
Quelle raiſon t'oblige à me le taire.

Peut-on toujours ſoupirer, & ſe taire,
Je brûle Iris, pour vos divins attraits;
L'Amour pour plaire,
Vous fit exprès,
Et dans vos Yeux, il a mis tous les traits,
Qui ſur les Cœurs ont fait regner ſa Mère.

Trouble naiſſant, dont je fus trop charmée,
Tranſports ſi doux, qu'êtes vous devenus,
Flateuſe idée,
Vous n'êtes plus,
Songe Trompeur, que par malheur je crûs,
Diſparoiſſez, je ne ſuis plus aimée.

Vous ignorez, les Plaiſirs de vôtre âge,
L'Amour chez vous, eſt encor inconnu,
Ah! quel dommâge,
Quel tems perdu,
Heureux l'Amant, trop long-tems attendu,
Qui de ces biens vous aprendra l'uſage.

Les Hannetons commencent à paroître,
Ces Etourdis, Philis, troublent nos Jeux:
Voyez-vous croître,
Leur nombre affreux?
Pour les chaſſer, faiſons voler contre eux,
Tous les Amours, que vos beaux Yenx font naître.

Près

Près d'un Ruiſſeau, la charmante Nanette,
Etant aſſiſe auprès de ſon Amant,
Fit la Follette,
Si tendrement,
Que tranſporté d'Amour en ce moment,
Il lui prit le Ruban de ſa Houlette.

Bois quatre coups, Philis, je t'en conjure,
Bois quatre coups, de ce Jus précieux;
Et je te jure,
Par tes beaux Yeux,
Que quand la nuit aura voilé les Cieux,
Quatre autres coups, finiront l'avanture.

Quand on a bû juſques à la nuit noire,
Il faut aimer, juſques au point du jour:
Ah! quelle Gloire!
Quand tour à tour;
L'on peut ſervir, & Bachus, & l'Amour,
Sans qu'aucun d'eux, remporte la Victoire.

Auprès de vous, je me ſens tout de flâme,
Le Dieu du Vin, vous a livré mon Cœur:
Je le reclâme,
Ce doux vainqueur;
Puiſqu'en buvant, ſa divine Liqueur,
Redouble encor les tranſports de mon âme.

L'Enfant gâté de l'aimable Cythère,
Gronde, & fait bruit, quand il eſt près de vous:
Laiſſez-lui faire,
Un peu Jou-jou;
Et prêtez-lui, certain petit Bijou,
C'eſt du Bon-bon, propre à le faire taire.

BRUNETTE.

Tendrement.



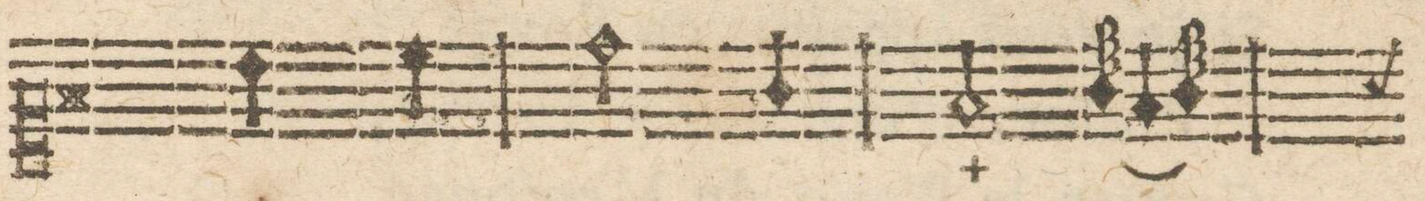
RE- veil - lez - vous, Bel - le



Dor - meu - ſe, Si ce Bai-



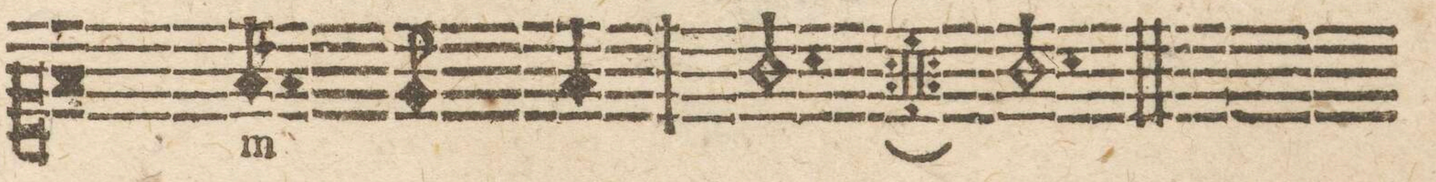
ſer, vous fait Plai - ſir; Mais



ſi vous ê - tes ſcru - pu-



leu - ſe, Dor - mez, ou fei-



gnez de dor - mir. mir.

Craignez, que je ne vous réveille,
Favoriſez ma Trahiſon;
Vous ſoupirez, vôtre Cœur veille,
Laiſſez dormir vôtre Raiſon.

Pendant que la Raiſon ſommeille,
On aime ſans y conſentir,
Pourvû qu'Amour ne nous réveille,
Qu'autant qu'il faut pour le ſentir.

Si je vous apparois en Songe,
Profitez d'une douce Erreur,
Goûtez le Plaiſir du Menſonge,
Si la Vérité vous fait peur.

SISTEME DE PLAISIR.

Sur le même Air.

FAiſons du tems un doux Uſage,
Vivons pour contenter tous nos vœux,
Belle Philis, c'eſt être Sage,
Que de ſavoir ſe rendre heureux.

Que la fin de la jouïſſance,
Rapelle de nouveaux déſirs,
Donnons tous deux nôtre Conſtance,
A l'uſage de nos Plaiſirs.

Et lorſque la fatale Parque,
Aura tranché de ſi beaux jours;
Que Caton même dans ſa Barque,
Avec nous paſſe nos Amours.

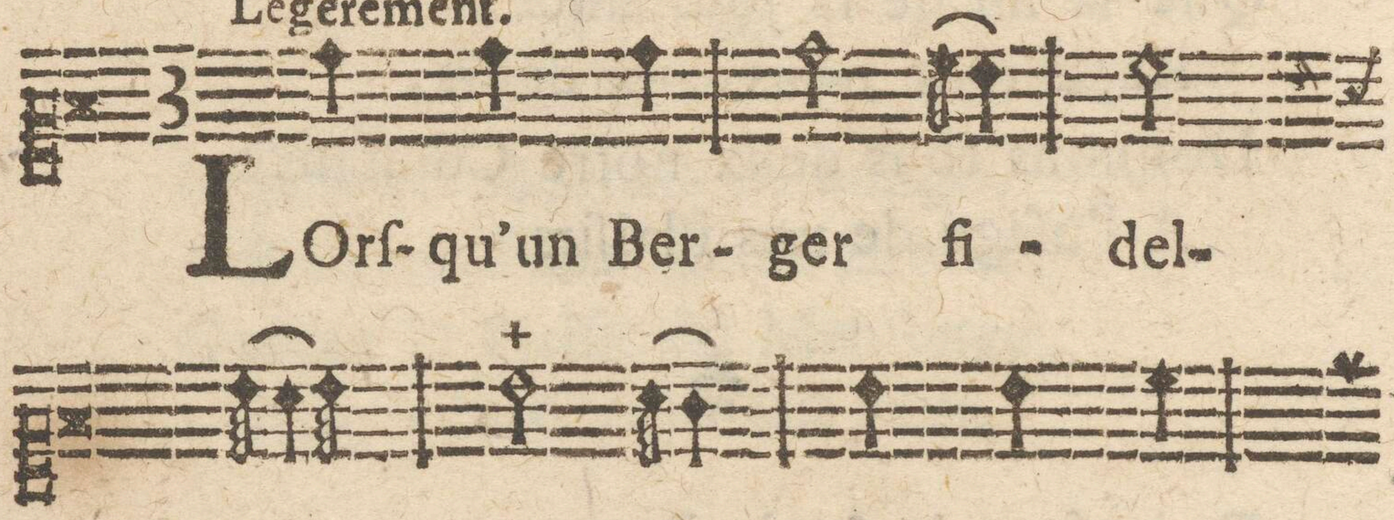
Dans cette agréable demeure,
Accordons Bachus, & l'Amour,
Iris, laiſſez-moi boire une heure,
J'aimerai le reſte du jour.

REPONSE.

C'eſt trop de différer une heure,
Quand on eſt preſſé par l'Amour,
Non, non, aimez-moi, tout à l'heure,
Vous boirez le reſte du jour.

LES SOTTES.

Légerement.



Lorſ-qu'un Ber- ger fi - del-
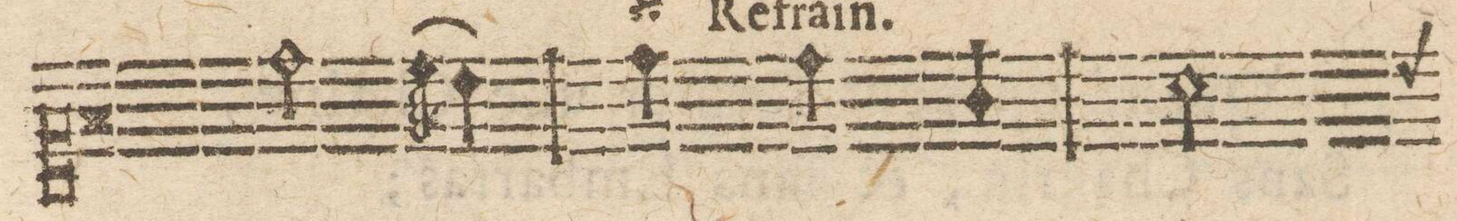
le & ten- dre, Nous ſert, &

s'at - tache à nos pas: Pour-
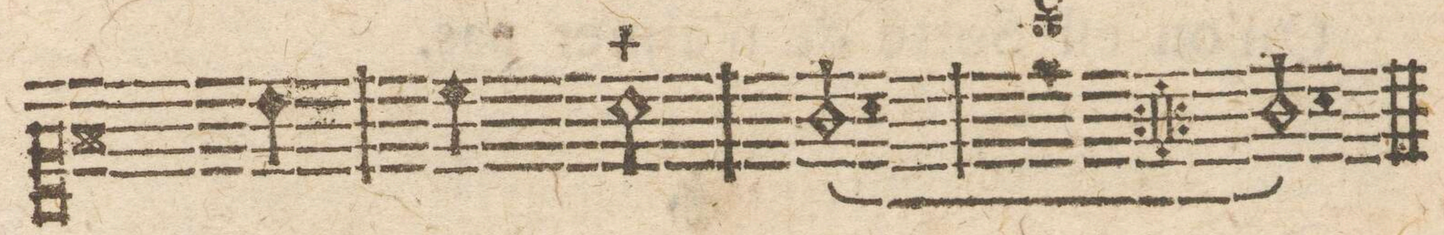
quoi cher- cher à ſe déf-

fendre,

Refrain.



fen - dre, Qu'on eſt Sot - te,



de n'ai - mer pas. &c. pas.

Mais pour peu que l'on ait à craindre,
Qu'on puiſſe ceſſer de charmer;
Où qu'un Berger, n'ait l'art de feindre,
Ah! que l'on eſt Sotte d'aimer.

Mais lorſqu'on voit un Infidelle,
Qu'on peut aiſément enflâmer,
Qui voltige de Belle en Belle,
Ah! que l'on eſt Sotte d'aimer.

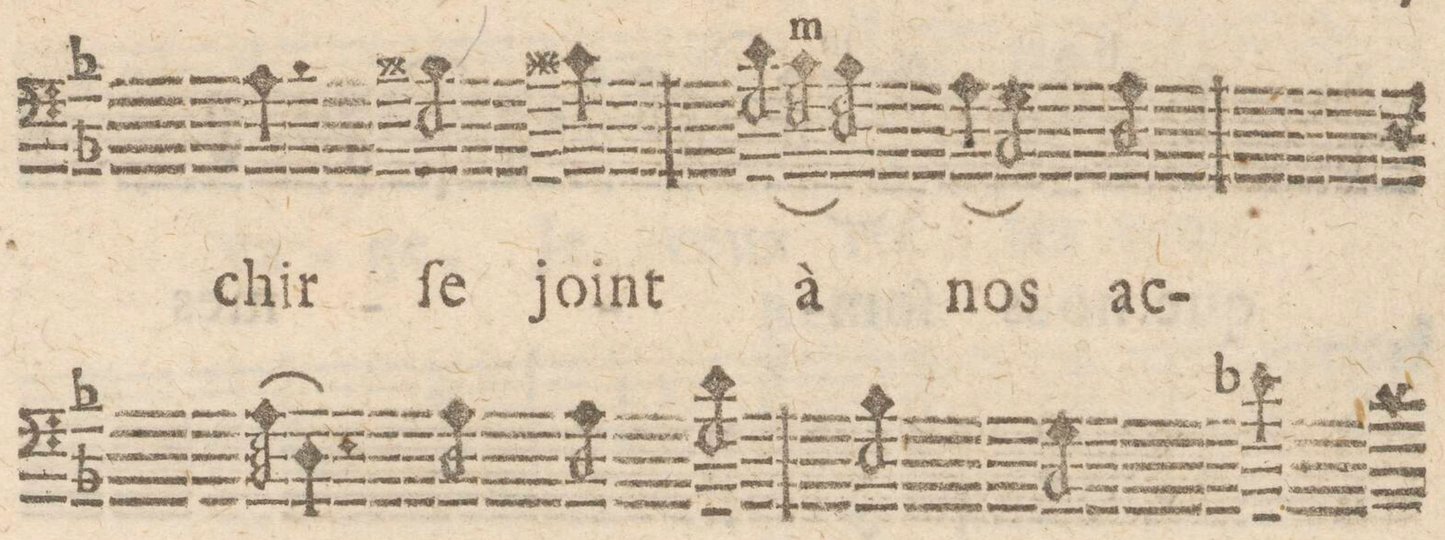
Quand un Berger, ſans la Conſtance,
Croit avoir droit de nous charmer;
Qu'il faut payer ſes ſoins d'avance,
Ah! que l'on eſt Sotte d'aimer.

Quand on peut former une Chaîne,
Sans Chagrin, & ſans Embarras;
Que l'Amour n'a rien qui nous gêne,
Qu'on eſt Sotte de n'aimer pas.

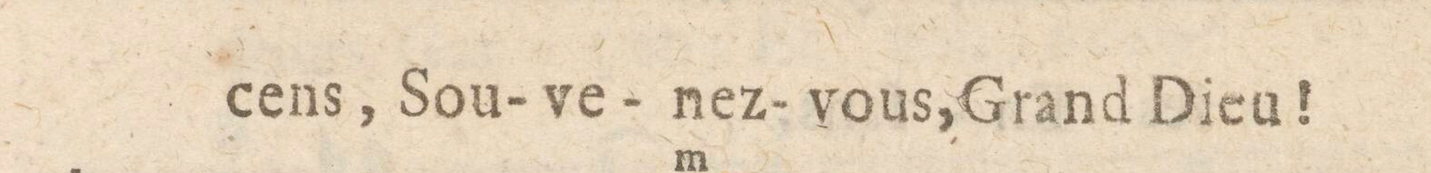
Lorſque pour nous tout s'intéreſſe,
A nous faire un ſort plein d'appas;
Que les Jeux ſuivent la Tendreſſe,
Qu'on eſt Sotte de n'aimer pas.

L'Amour fait ſeul le doux partage,
Des Bergères pleines d'appas;
Ce Dieu leur dit, dans le bel âge,
Qu'on eſt ſotte de n'aimer pas.
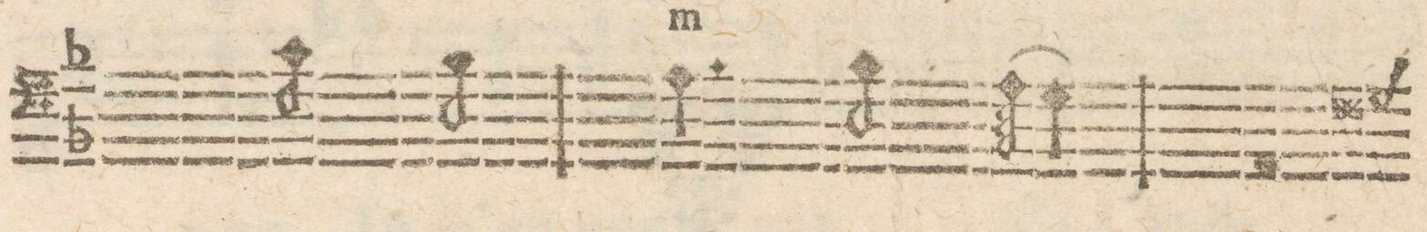
Mais, nous tient-il ſous ſon Empire,
Il ſe plaît à nous allarmer,
Et malgré tout ce qu'on peut dire,
Ah! que l'on eſt Sotte d'aimer.
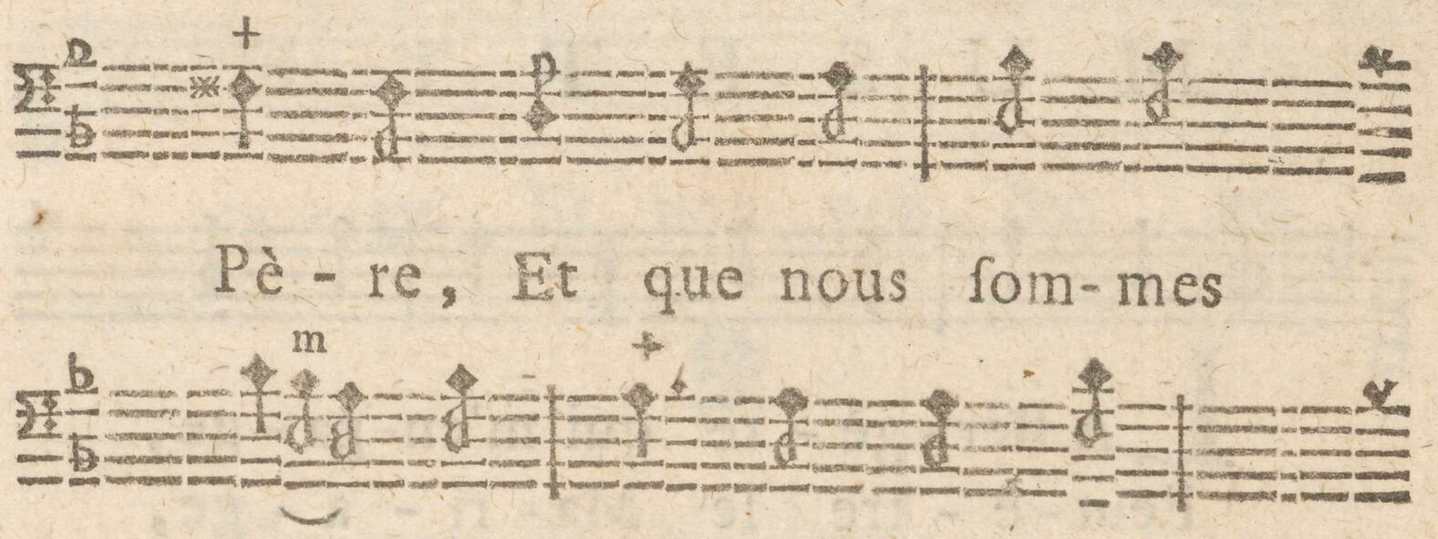


chir ſe joint à nos ac-



cens, Sou-ve-nez-vous, Grand Dieu!

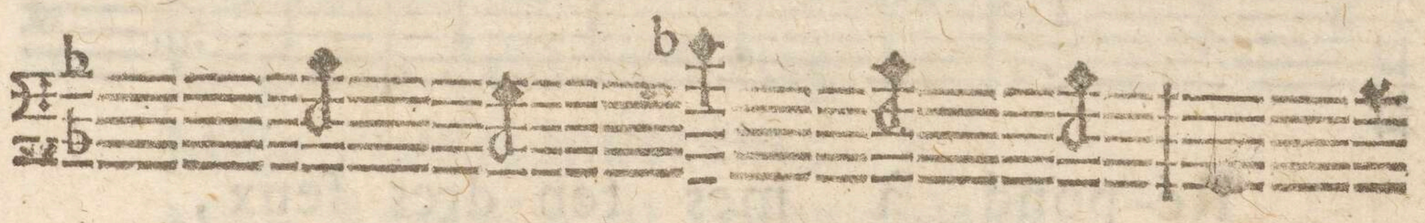


que vous ê-tes ſon

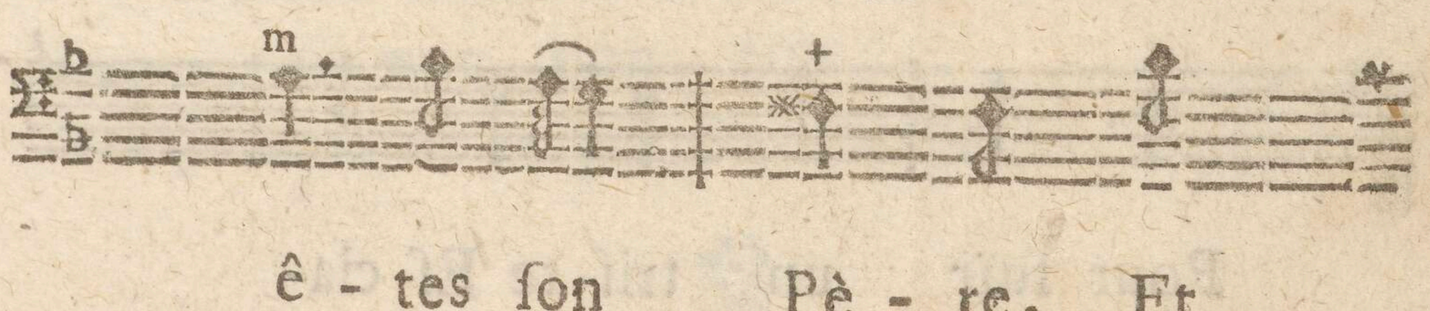


Pè-re, Et que nous ſom-mes
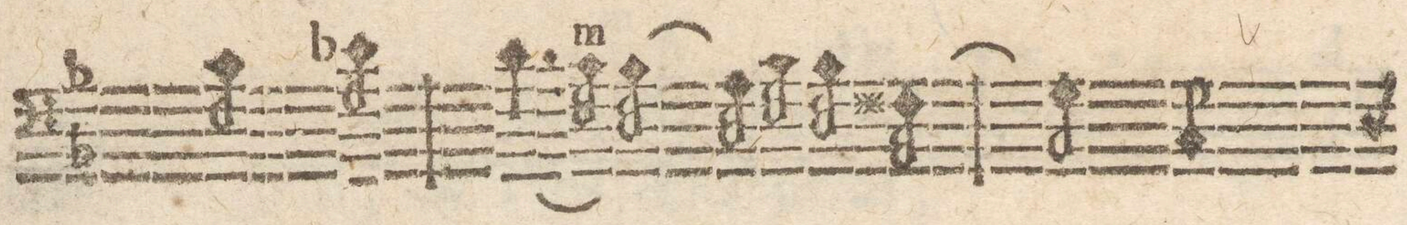
ſes En-fans, Sou-ve-nez-



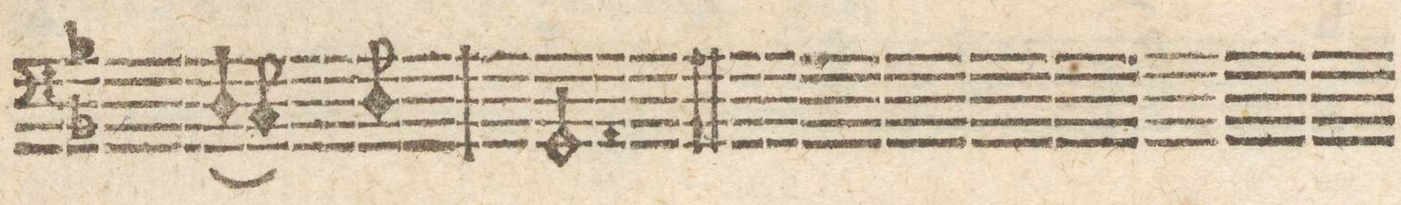
vous, Grand Dieu, que vous



ê-tes ſon Pè-re, Et

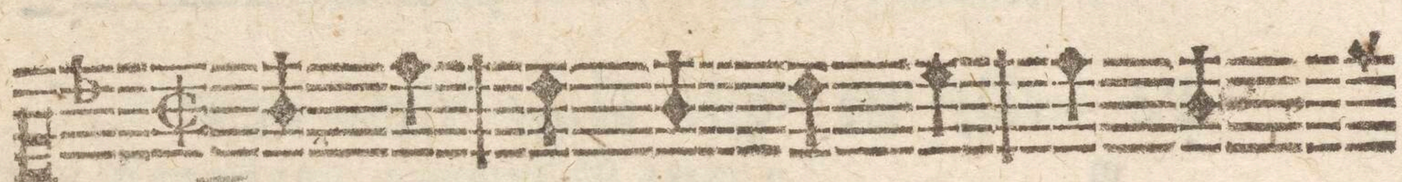


que nous ſom- - - mes
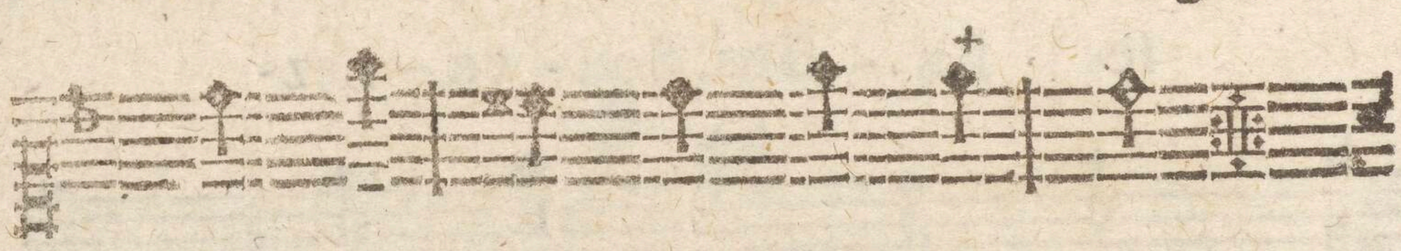


ſes En - fans.

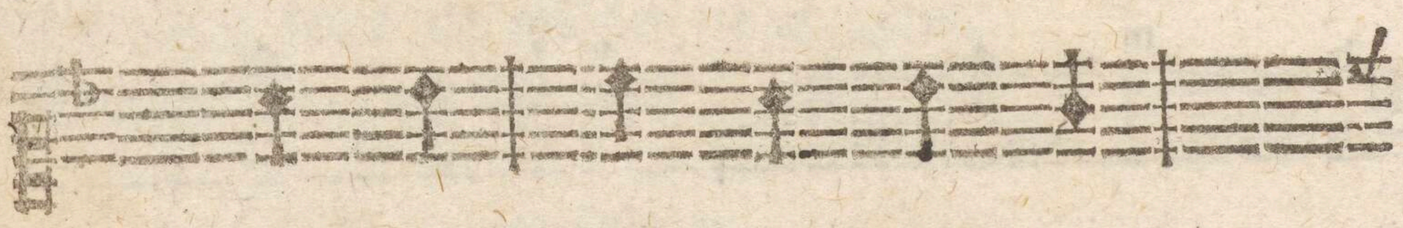
MUSETTE.



LA Ber - gè - re qui m'en - ga - ge,
Peut - ê - tre le Ma - ri - a - ge,
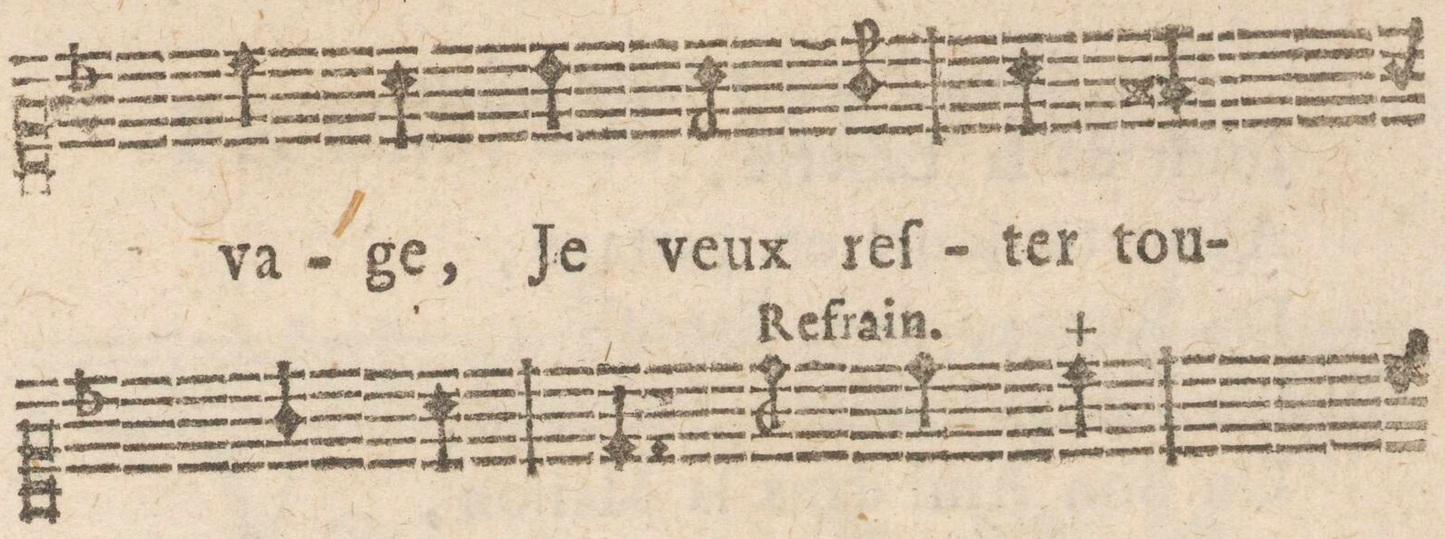


Ré - pond à mes ten - dres feux,
Me ren - droit plus mal - heu - reux:



Pour fuïr un triſ - te Eſ - cla -

vage;



Contente de l'Héritage,
Que m'ont laiſſé mes Parens,
Je goûte dans le Village,
Mille Plaiſirs innocens;
Mon Berger n'eſt point volage,
De ſon Cœur il m'a fait don,
Et non, non, non,
Je n'en veux pas d'avantage.

Des doux Plaiſirs faire uſage,
Jouïr de la Liberté,
Avoir toujours en partage,
Du Repos, de la Santé;
Un Epoux, diſcrèt, & ſage,
Un Bon Ami dans la Maiſon,
Et non, non, non,
Je n'en veux pas d'avantage.
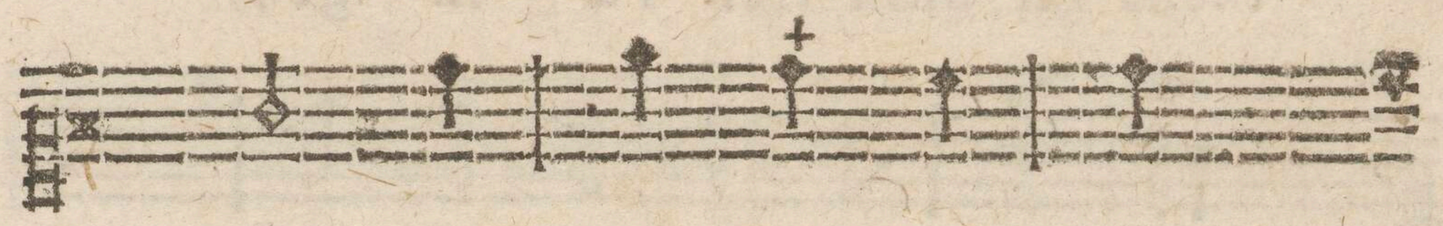
L'autre jour dans un Boccage,
J'entrai ſeule avec Colin,
Il me tint un doux langage,
Me baiſa cent fois la Main;
Vous aimez le Badinage,
Sortons, lui dis-je, mon Mignon,
Et non, non, non,
Je n'en veux pas d'avantage.

PRE-
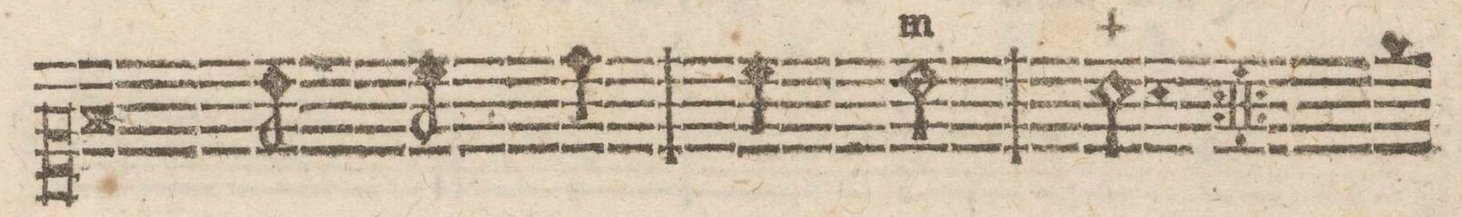
PREMIER MENUET.
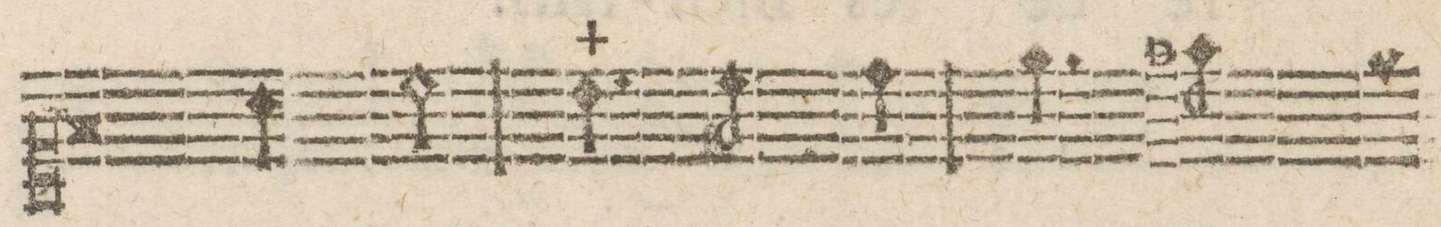


Vo- - - le dans ces



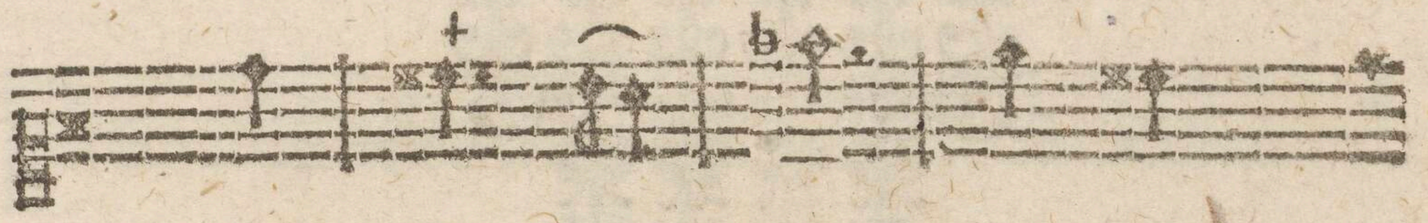
Lieux, Doux Vainqueur des Dieux,



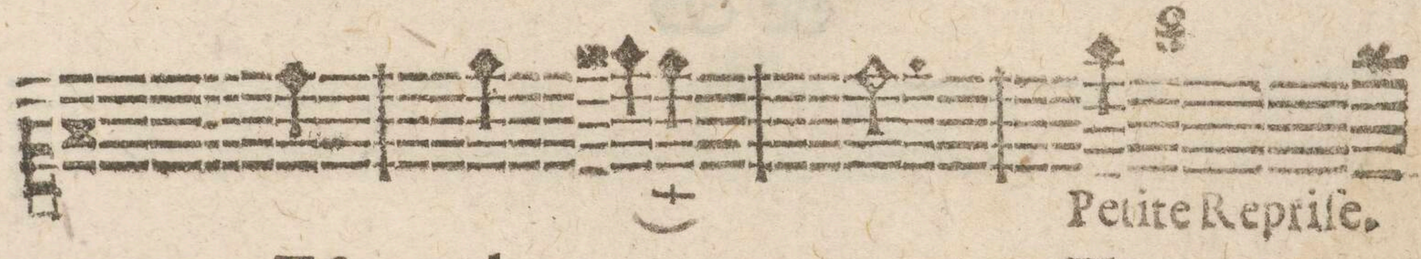
Lan- ce tes plus beaux feux:



La Beau- té qui re- çoit nô-



tre hom-ma- ge, Fuit, ton doux



Petite Reprise.
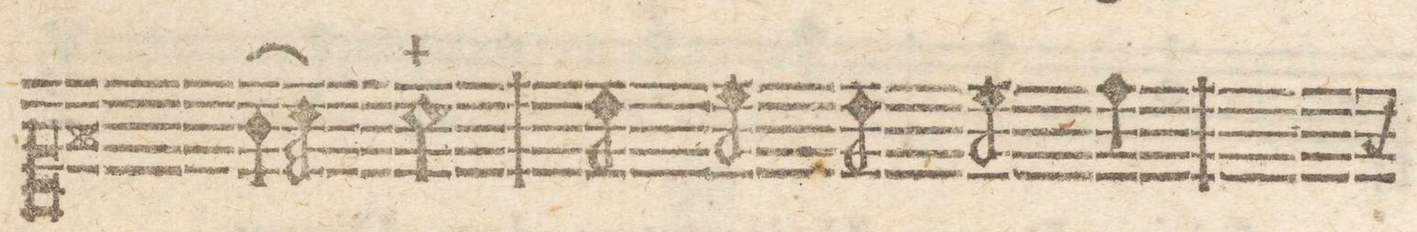
Ef- cla- va- ge; Tu
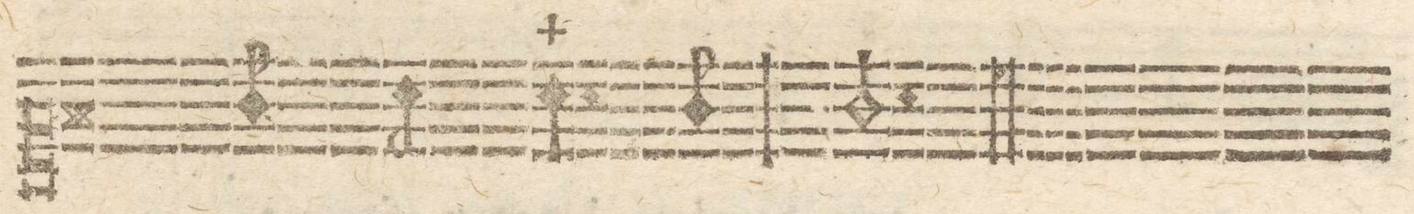


l'em - bel - lis de mil-le attraits,



Viens lui mon-trer l'u - ſa - ge,

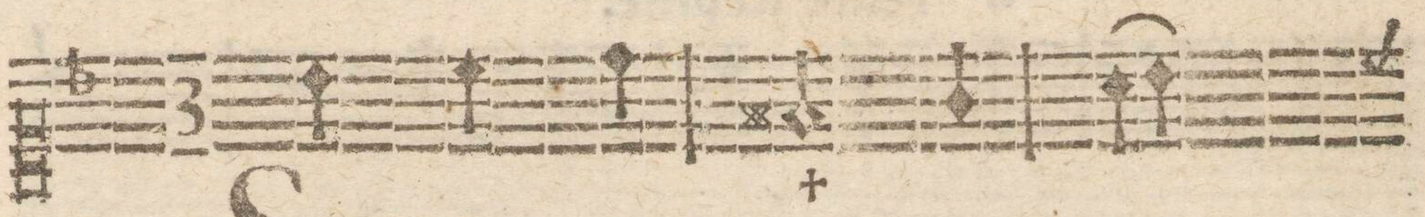


Qu'à ſon â - ge, L'on doit fai-

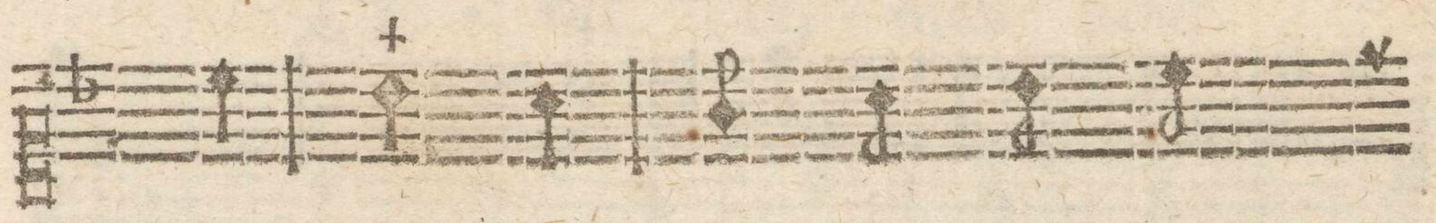


re de tes Bien - faits.

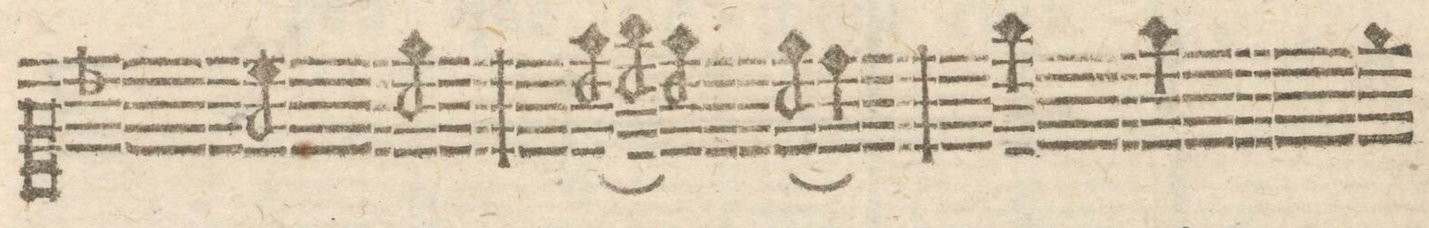
SECOND MENUET.



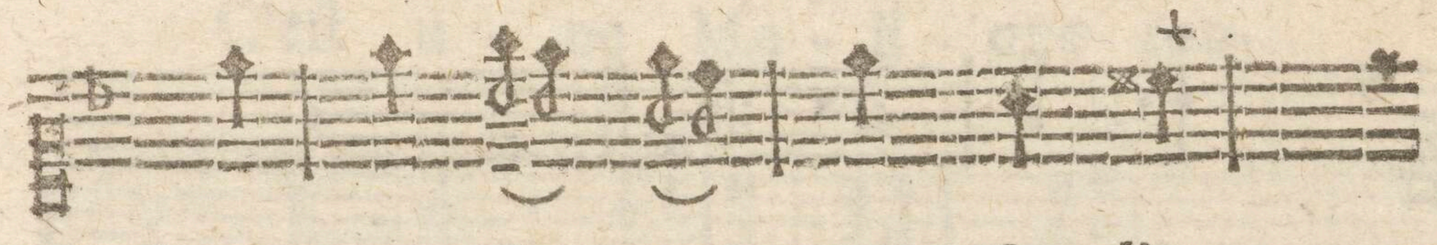
SUi-vez l'A-mour qui vous



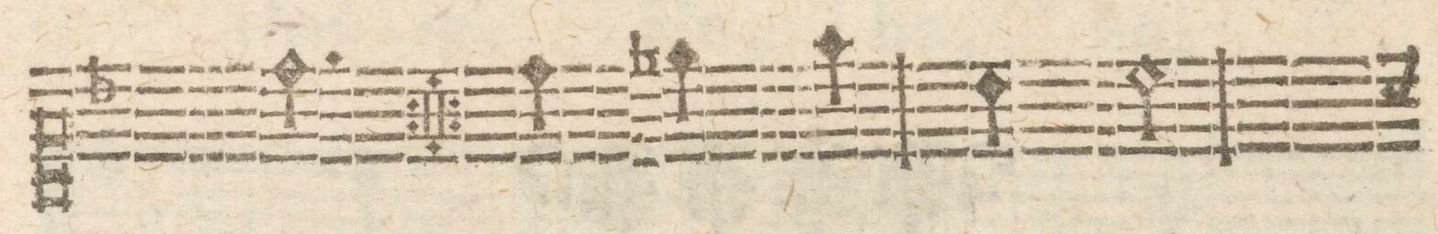
ap-pel-le, D'un A-mant ten-



dre & fi-del-le, Que vô-
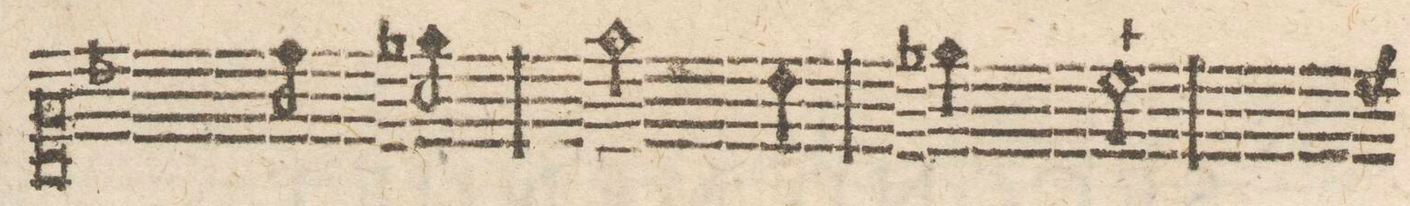


tre Cœur, Ré-com-pen-se l'ar-



deur: C'eſt ê-tre à vous mê-

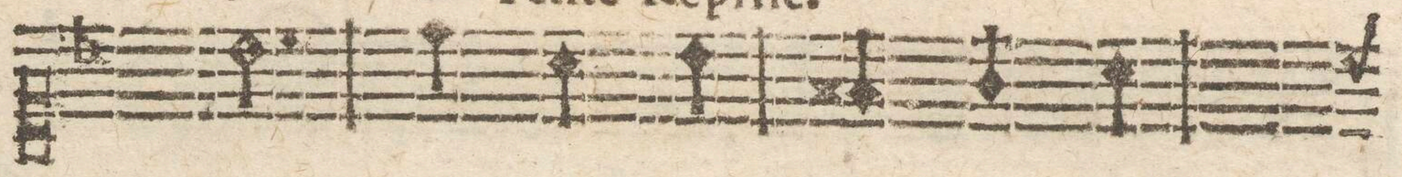


me in-hu-mai-ne, Que de ne
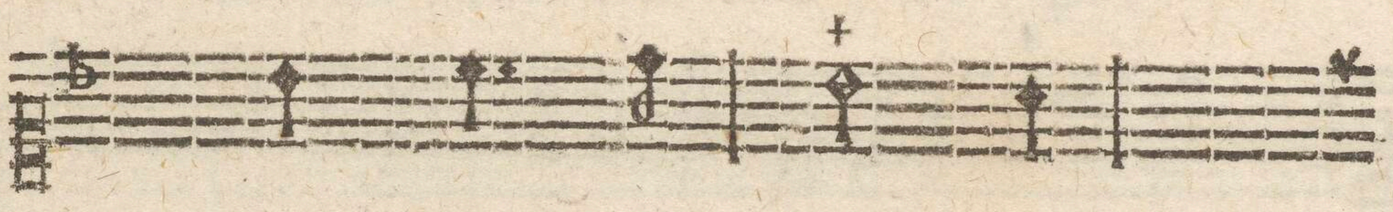


pas ré - pon dre à ſon dé-
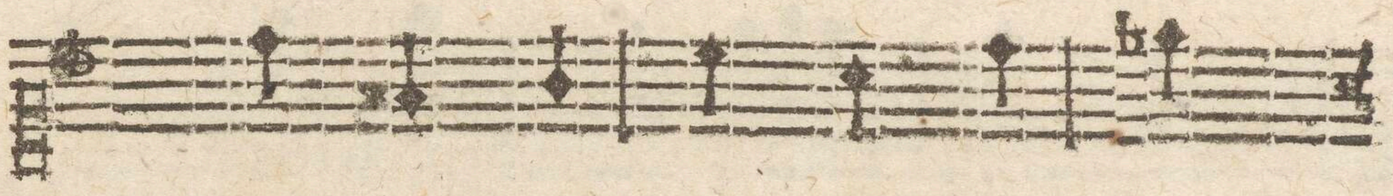
Petite Repriſe.
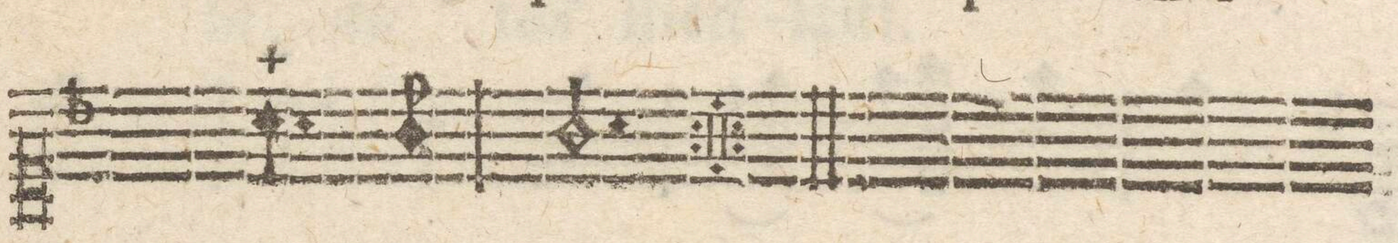


ſir; En lui cau - ſant la plus



cru - el - le pei - ne,



Vous vous pri - vez du plus char-



mant Plai - ſir.

LE

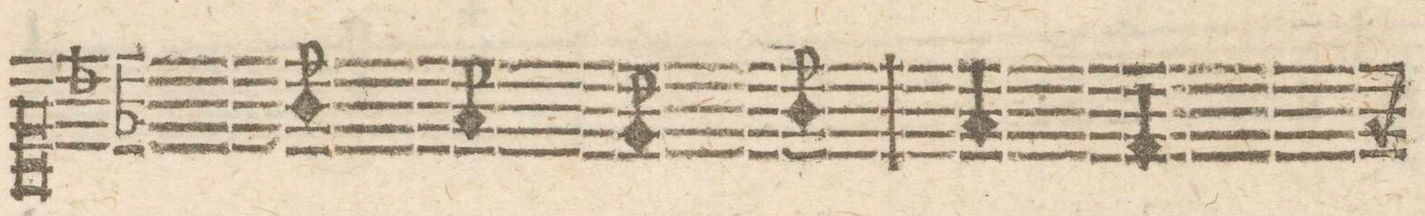
LE BON DUO.

VAUDEVILLE.

Gaiment.



A - vec l'Hy - men pour



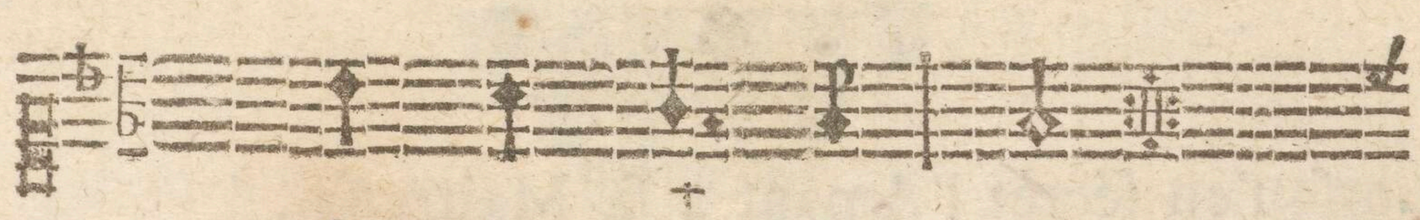
peu que l'A - mour chan - te,



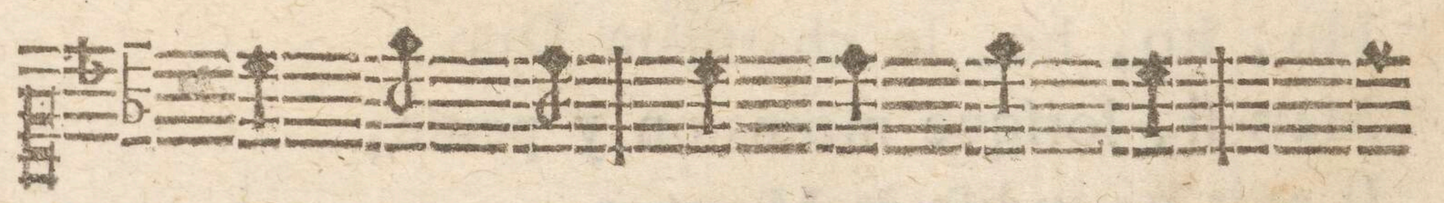
C'eſt u - ne Mu - ſi - que tou-



chan - te, Ho, ho, ho,
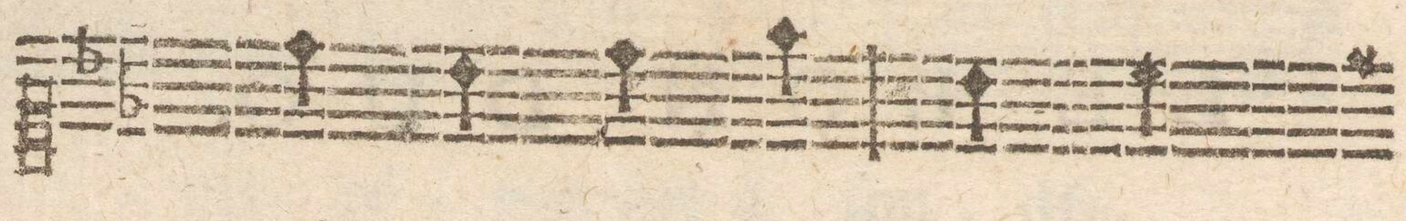


le char - mant Du - o:
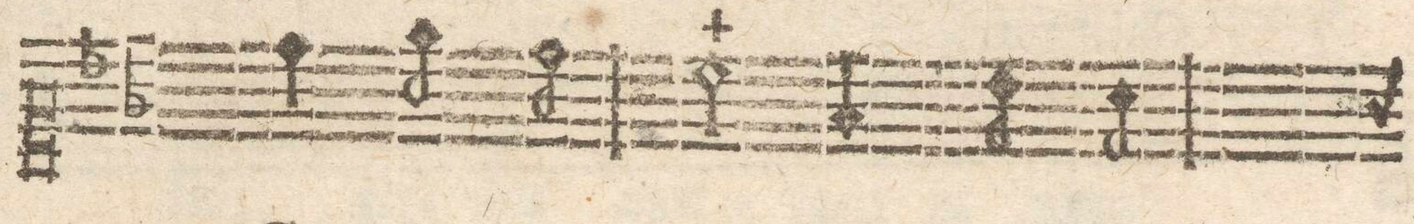


Mais pour en trou - bler l'Har-mo-
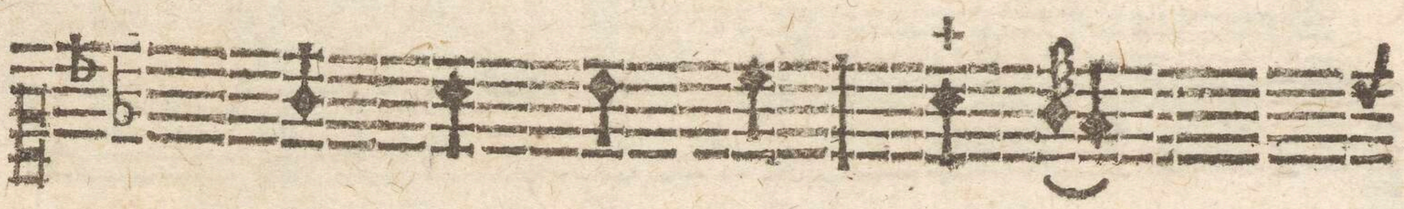
nie,
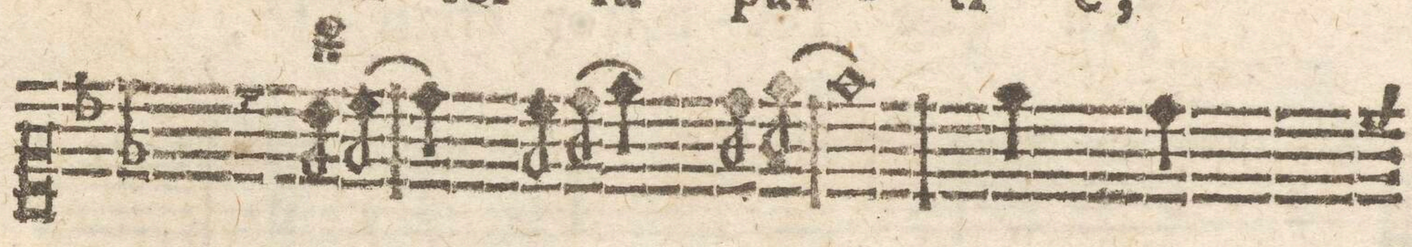


ni - e, S'il vient quel- que



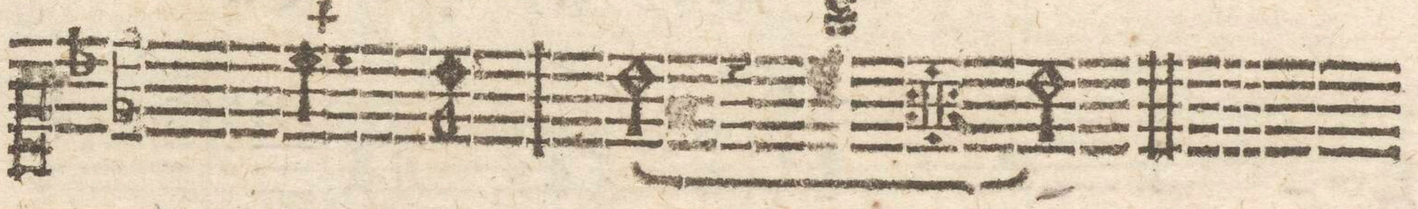
Go - de - lu - reau, Qui veuïl- le



chan - ter ſa par - ti - e,



Ho, ho, ho, le fâ-



cheux Tri - o. &c.. o.

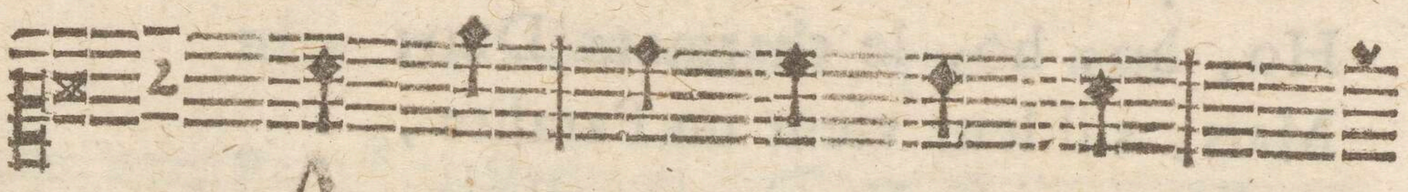
Lorſqu'en ſécrèt l'Amant à ſa Maîtreſſe,
Donne des Leçons de Tendreſſe,
Ho, ho, ho, le charmant Duo:
Mais ſi, lorſque moins on y penſe,
Il naît un indiſcrèt Marmot,
Ho, ho, ho, le fâcheux Trio.

Quand

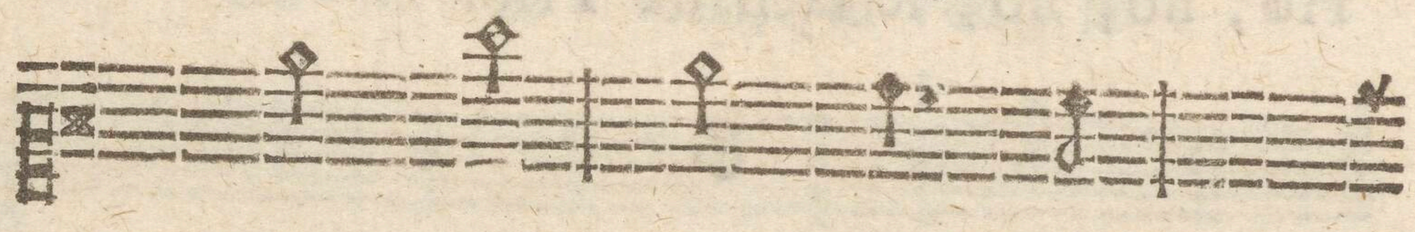
Quand deux Amis vuidant une Bouteille,
En repos chantent ſous la Treille,
Ho, ho, ho, le charmant Duo:
Mais, s'il leur vient un Paraſite,
Qui buvant le Vin à plein Broc,
Trouve encor ſa part trop petite,
Ho, ho, ho, le fâcheux Trio.

Quand un Traiteur, du Nuys, & du Coulange,
Fait un agréable mélange,
Ho, ho, ho, le charmant Duo:
Mais, lorſque par Supercherie,
Il joint un Auvernat nouveau,
Au Vin de Surenne & de Brie,
Ho, ho, ho, le fâcheux Trio.

VAUDEVILLE.



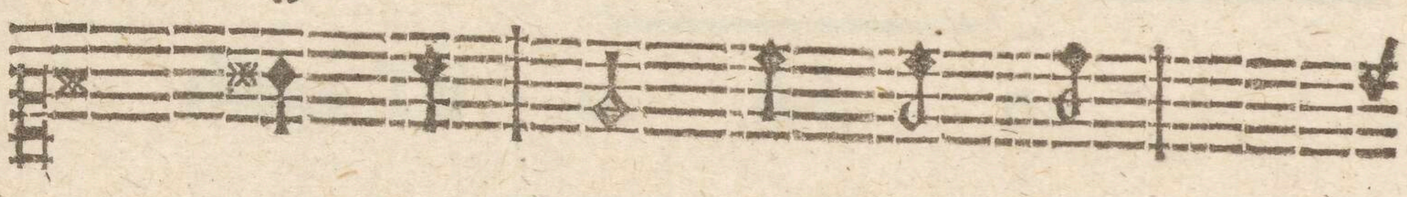
ASſis au-près d'un Ton-
Et n'y mê-lois ja-mais



neau, Ho, ho! Je bu-
d'Eau, Ho, ho! Que cel-



vois à Taſ-ſe plei-ne,
le de l'Hy-po-crè-ne:



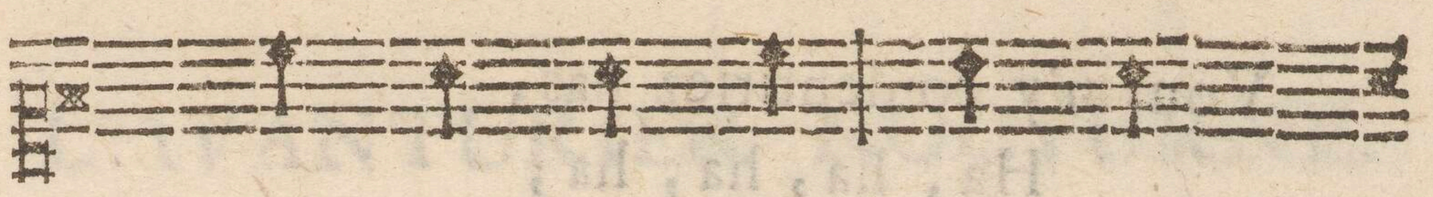
Mais l'A-mour em-poi-ſon-



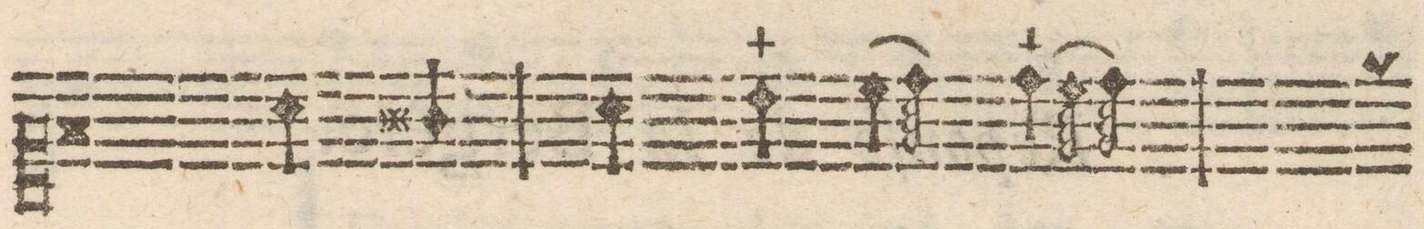
na cet-te Fon-tai-ne,



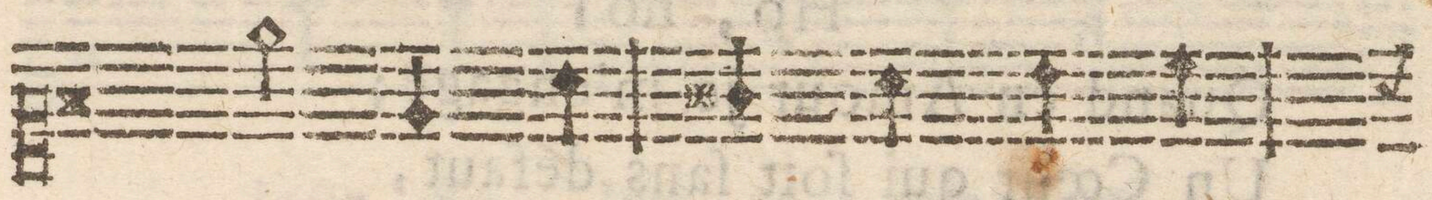
Il m'en-tê-te de Cli-
mène,



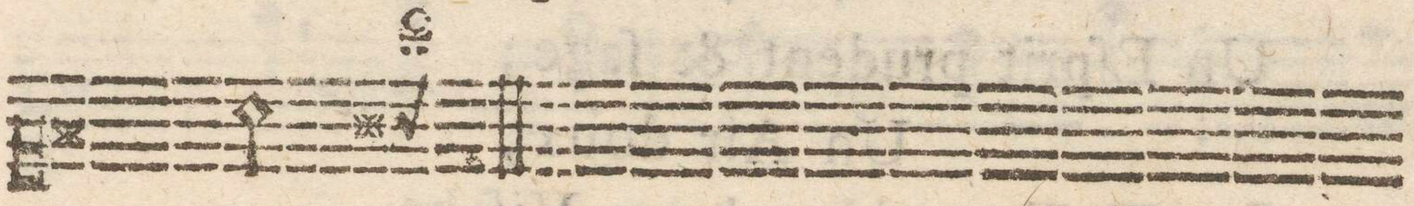
mè - ne, Plus que de toi



Vin nou - veau, Ho, ho, ho,



ho! Plus que de toi Vin nou-



veau. &c.

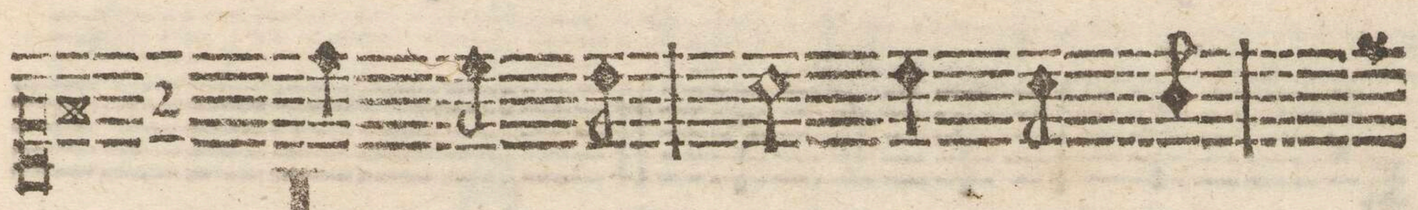
Climène de vos appas,
Ha, ha!
Comment peut-on ſe défendre,
Mon Cœur n'y réſiſte pas,
Ha, ha!
C'en eſt fait il va ſe rendre:
Mais hélas!
Le vôtre ne fut jamais tendre,
En vain voudroit-on vous le prendre,

Vous n'y conſentiriez pas,
Ha, ha, ha, ha;
Vous n'y conſentiriez pas.

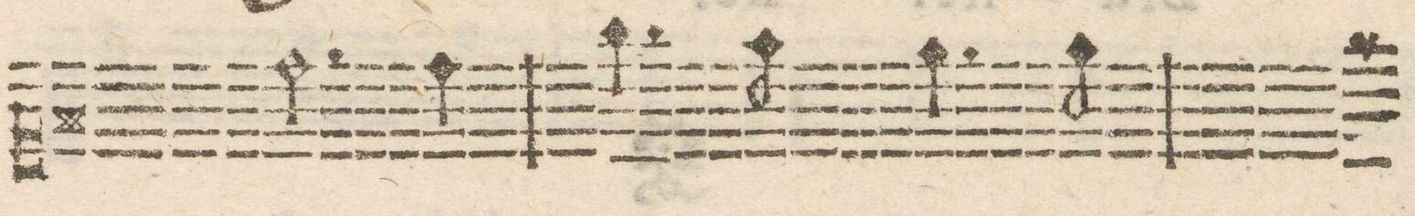
Reponſe de la Bergère.

Savez-vous ce qu'il me faut?
Ho, ho!
Quand en Amour je m'engage;
Un Cœur qui ſoit ſans défaut,
Ho, ho!
Un Eſprit prudent & ſage;
Un Air doux,
La Taille noble, beau Viſage,
Et quelque choſe d'avantage,
Que je ne dis pas tout haut,
Ho, ho, ho, ho!
Que je ne dis pas tout haut.

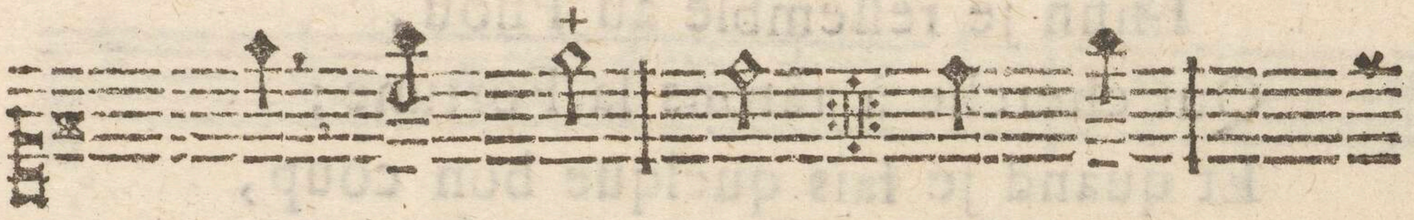
L'AVANTURIER NOCTURNE.



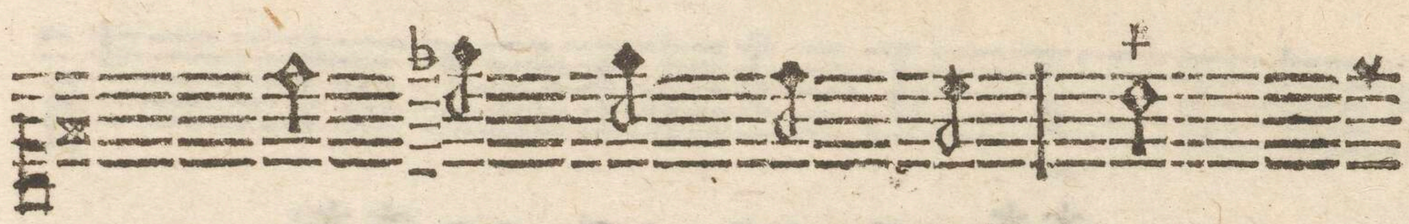
JE ne veux plus al- ler au



jour, So - leil ta clar- té



m'im-por - tu - ne: E- clai-
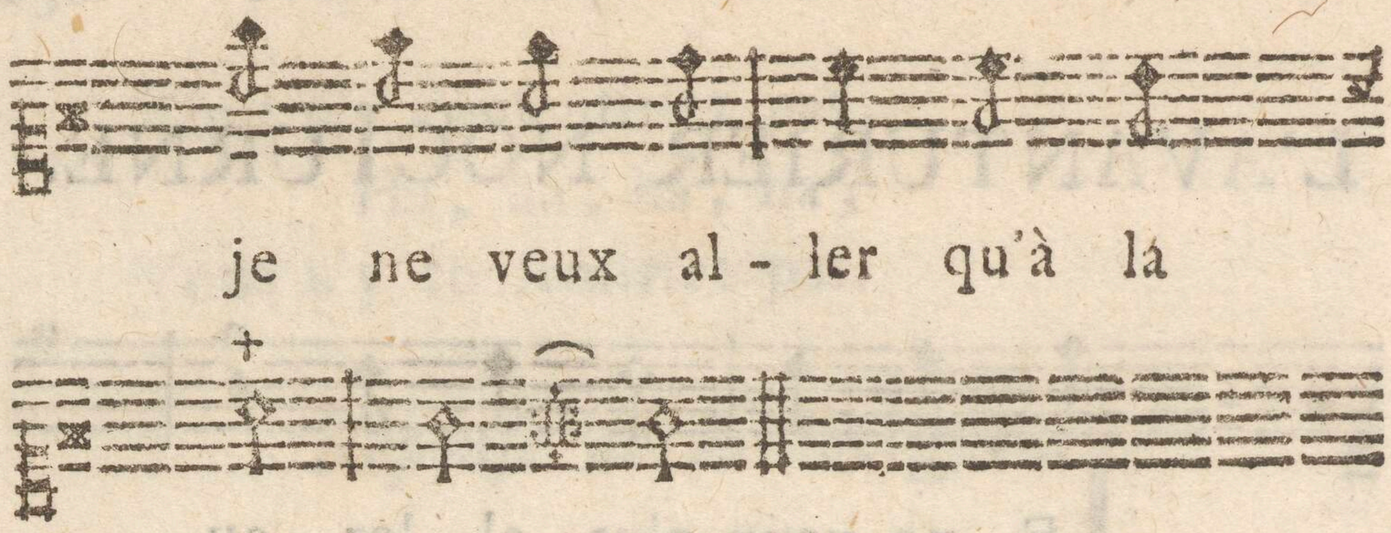


ré du Flam-beau d'A- mour,



Je ne veux al - ler qu'à la
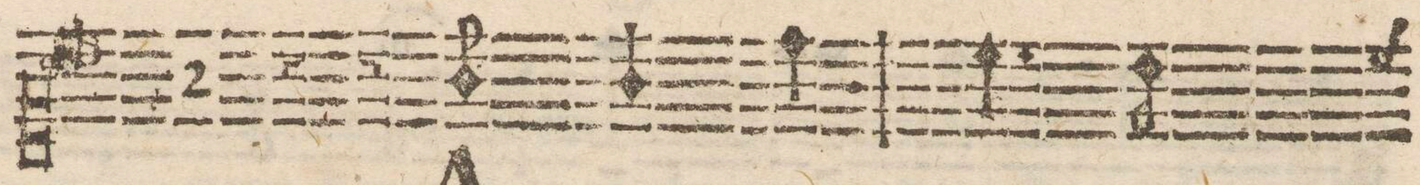


Bru - ne, Je ne veux,
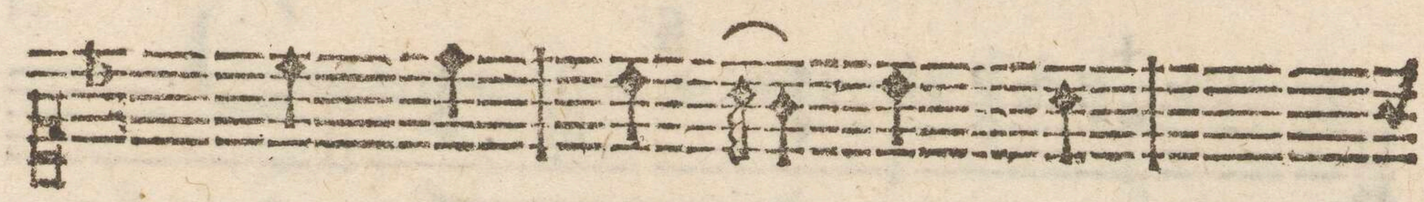


Enfin je reſſemble au Filou,
Qui cherche à tâtons la Fortune;
Et quand je fais quelque bon coup,
Je le fais toujours à la Brune.

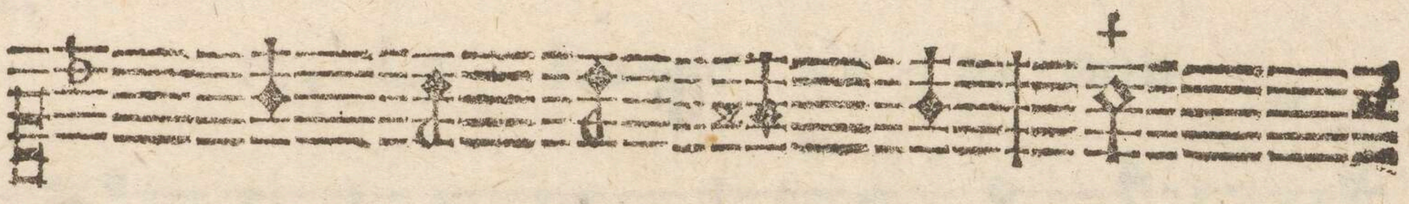
VAUDEVILLE DE TABLE.



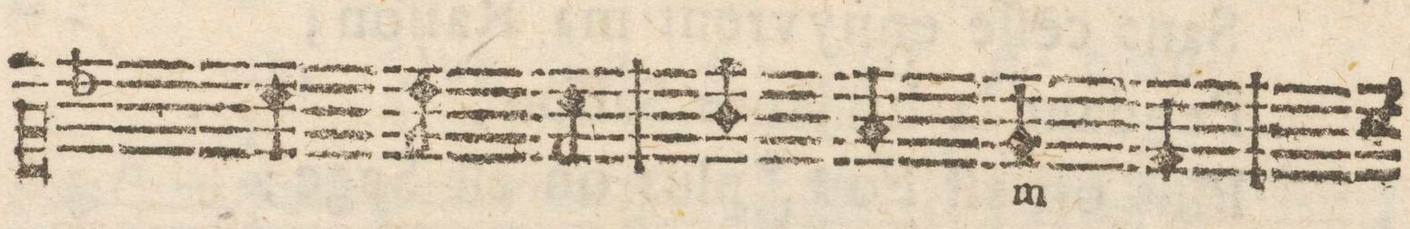
A - mi, dis - moi, fuis-



je blâ - ma-ble, Et peut-



on m'ac - cu - ser d'Er - reur,

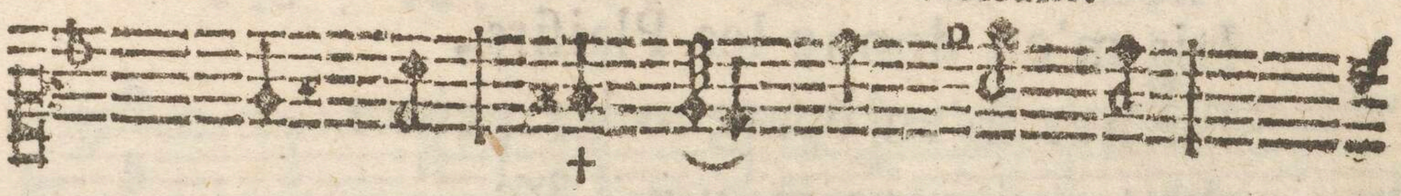


Je bois la plus dou - ce Li-

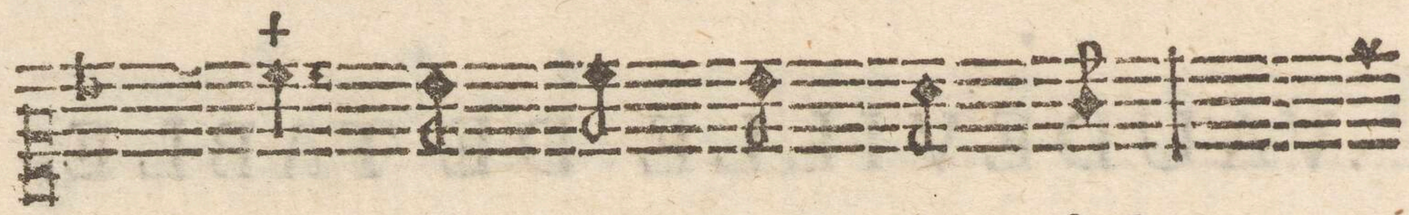


queur, J'ai - me l'ob - jèt le

§ Refrain.



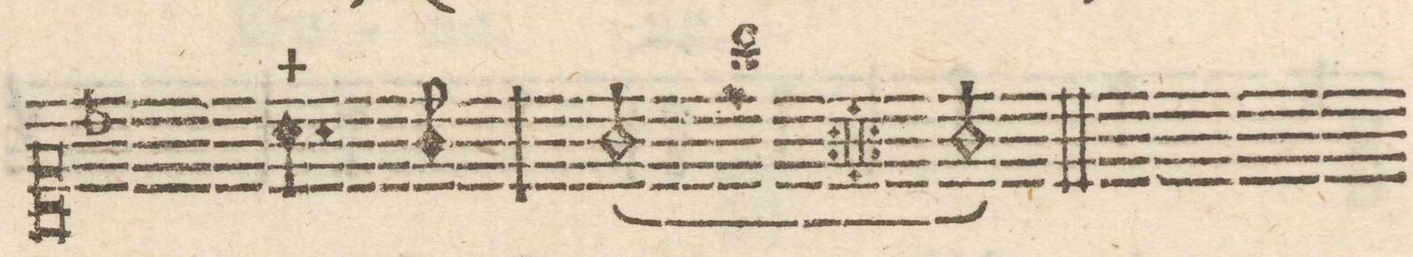
plus ai - ma-ble, Ah! qui peut



mieux fai-re un heu-reux def-



tin, Que deux beaux Yeux, &



de bon Vin. Vin.
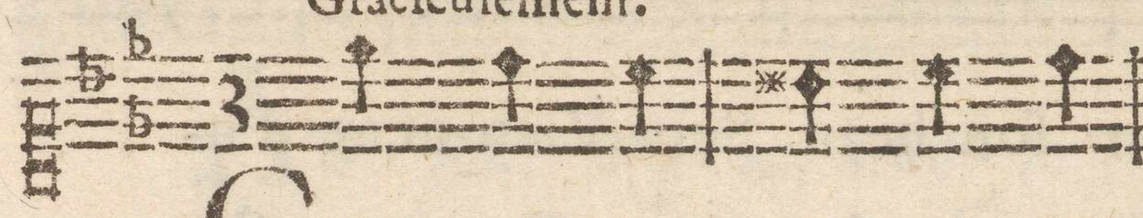
Iris, & ce divin Breuvage,
Sans ceſſe ennyvrent ma Raiſon;
Pendant la brillante Saiſon,
Plus on eſt Fou, plus on eſt Sage;
Ah! qui peut mieux, &c.

D'Amour, je ſais porter les Chaines,
Sans qu'il m'en coûte des ſoupirs;
Iris m'en donne les Plaiſirs,
Bachus m'en épargne les peines.
Ah! qui peut mieux, &c.
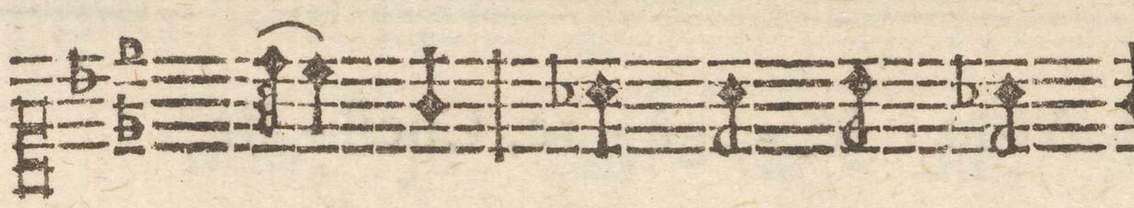
BRUNETTE.

Le Berger *Galant.*

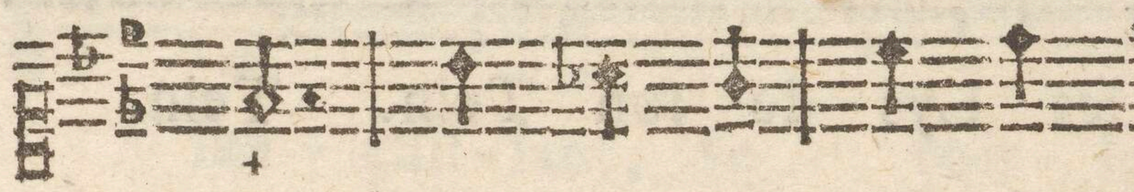
Gracieuſement.
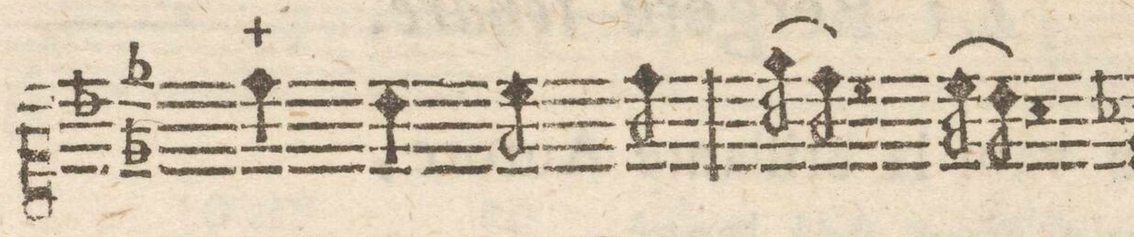


Comme au le - ver de l'Au - ro-
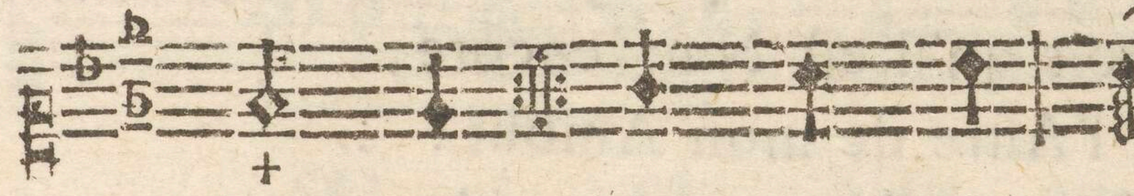


re, La Ro - ſe s'é - pa - nou-



ït, Que ſon é - clat é - blou-



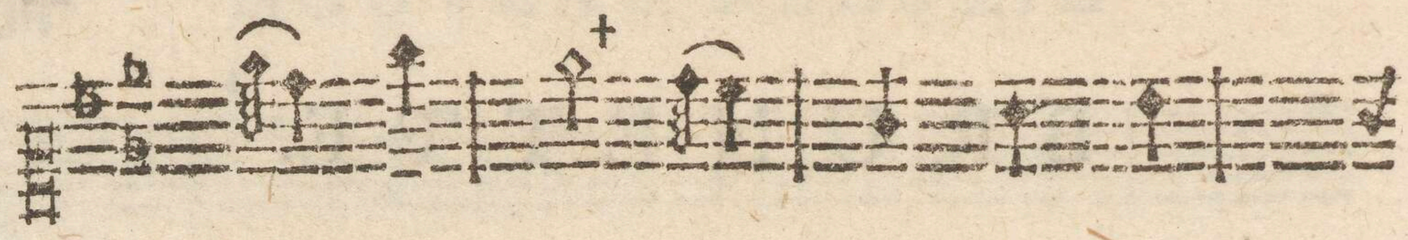
ït, Dans les Par - ter - res de
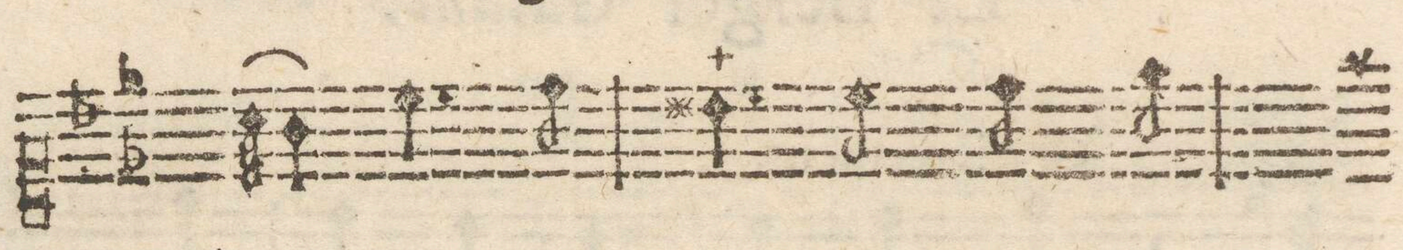


Flo - re: Tel - le ſe mon-
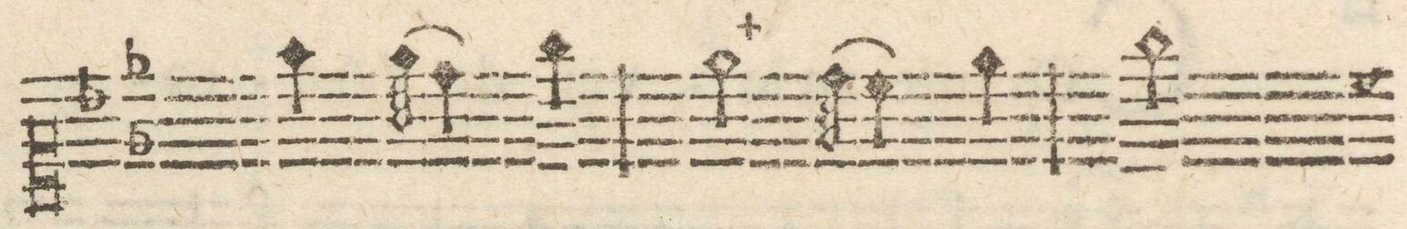


tre au ma - tin, Mon a - do - ra-



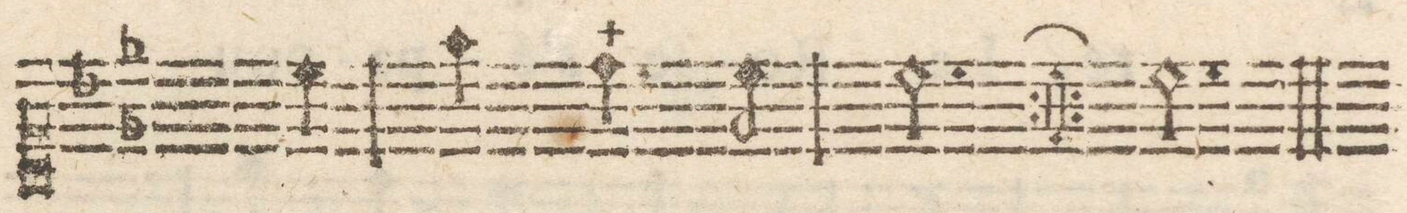
ble Ber - gè - re, Les A-mours



ſur ſon beau Sein, Vien-nent d'u-



ne Aî-le lé - gè- re, Cueil - lir

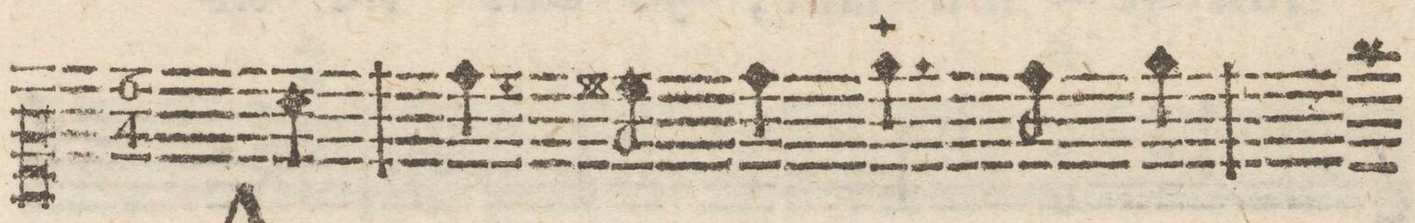


les Lys de ſon Tein. Tein.

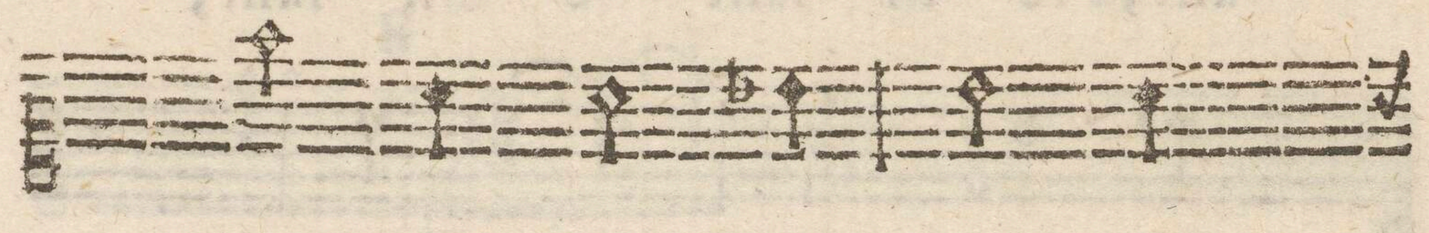
La Bergère *tendre.*

En vain la brillante Aurore,
S'éleve d'un vol leger,
Si je ne vois mon Berger,
Je crois qu'il eſt Nuit encore;
C'eſt l'Aſtre de mon Amour!
Lorſque ce Berger ſommeille,
Mon Soleil a fait ſon tour;
Et le moment qu'il s'éveille,
C'eſt pour moi le point du Jour.

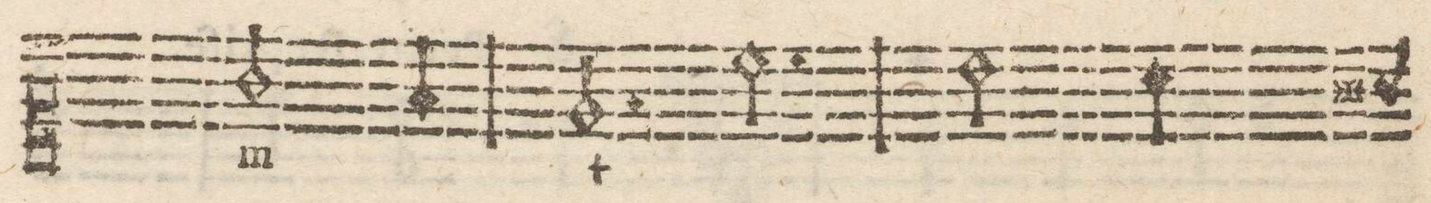
LE JEUNE VIEILLARD.



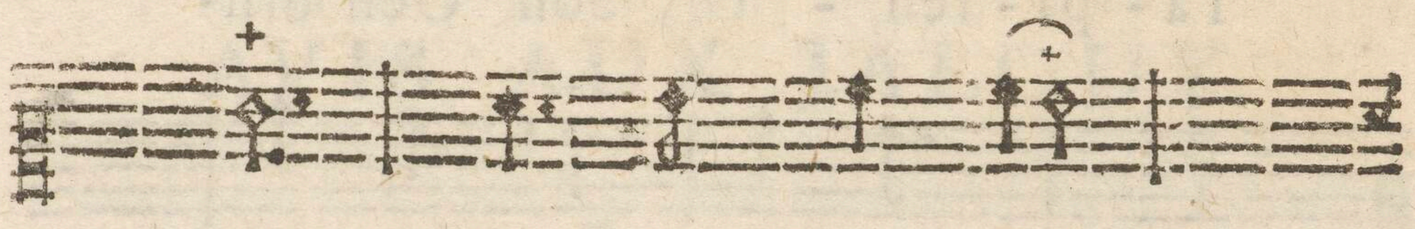
AU- près d'u- ne vieil- le Ma-



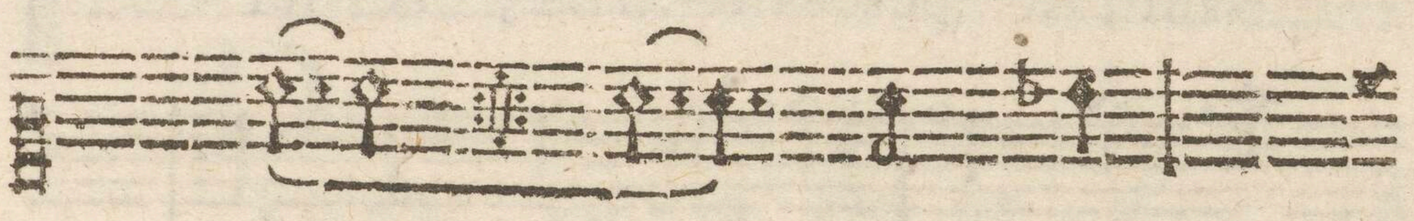
man, Je ſuis tar - dif, &



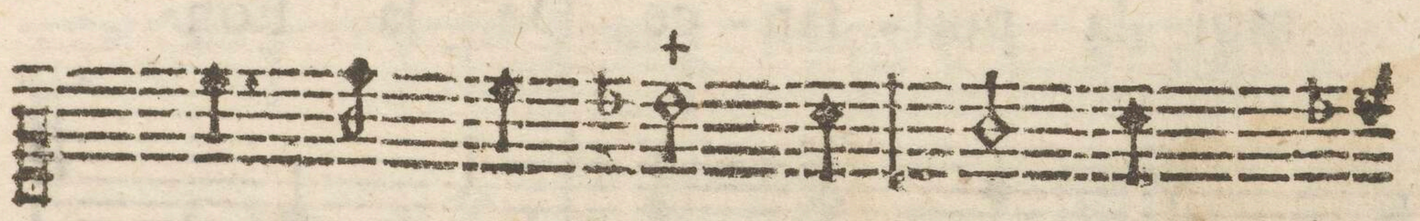
lan - guiſ-ſant, Je vois tou-



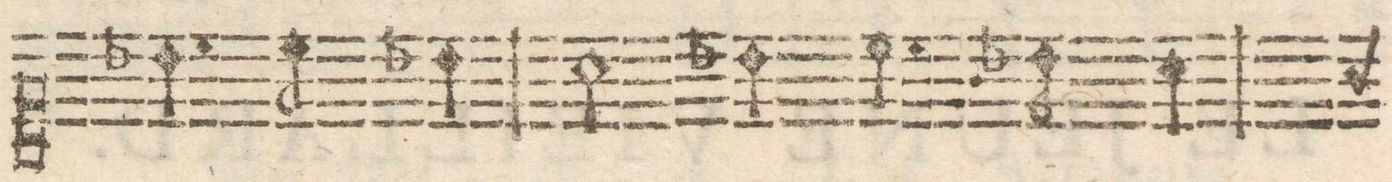
jours en dé - ca - den-



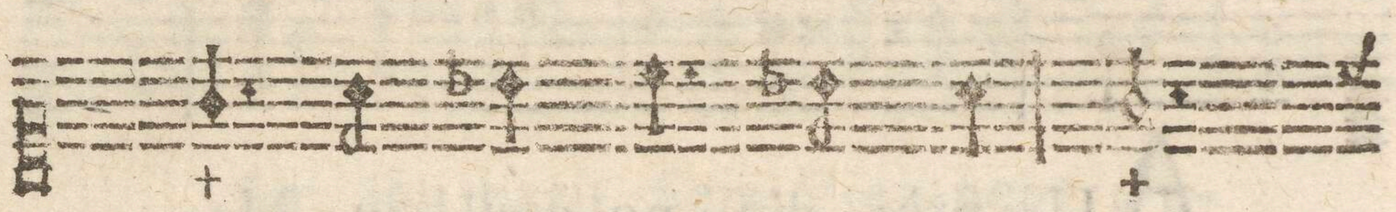
ce: ce: Mais, au-



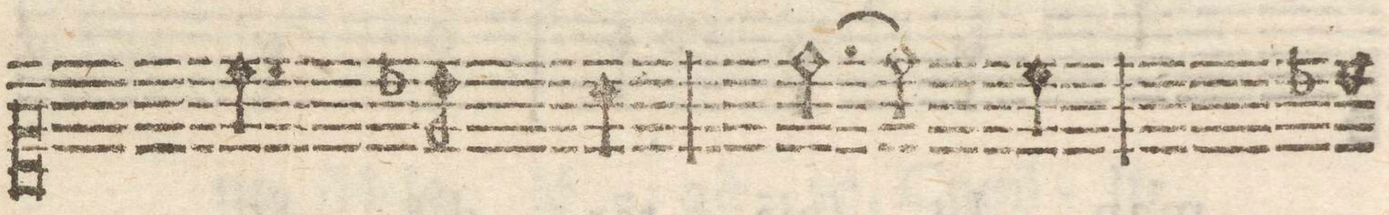
près d'u - ne jeu - ne En-fant, Je



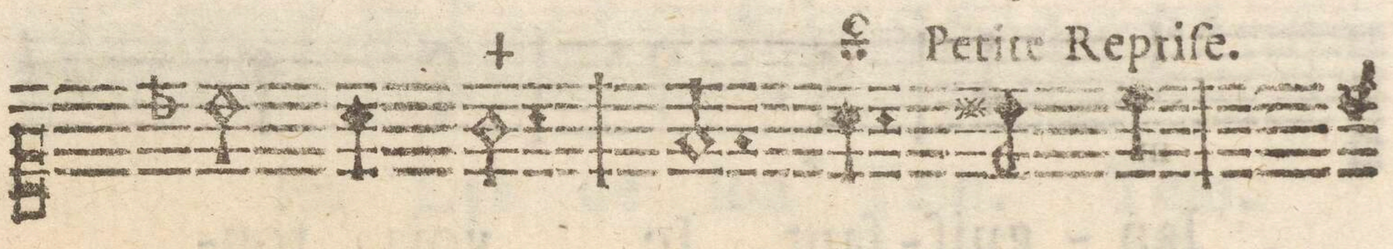
ſuis ſé- mil-lant, Je ſuis fré- til-



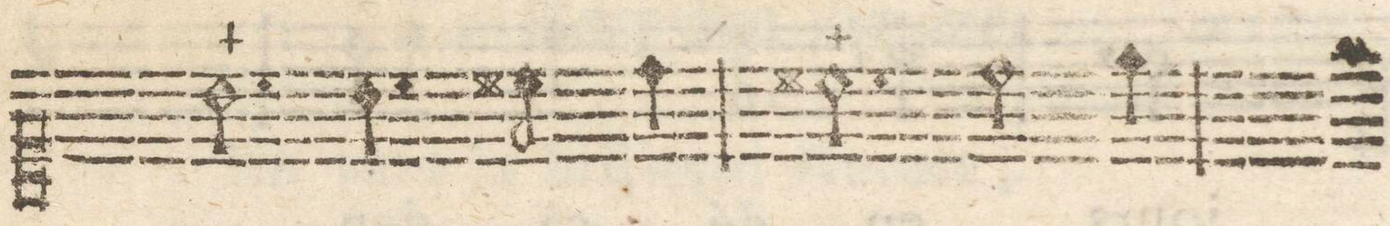
lant, Fré - til - lant ſe- mil - lant,
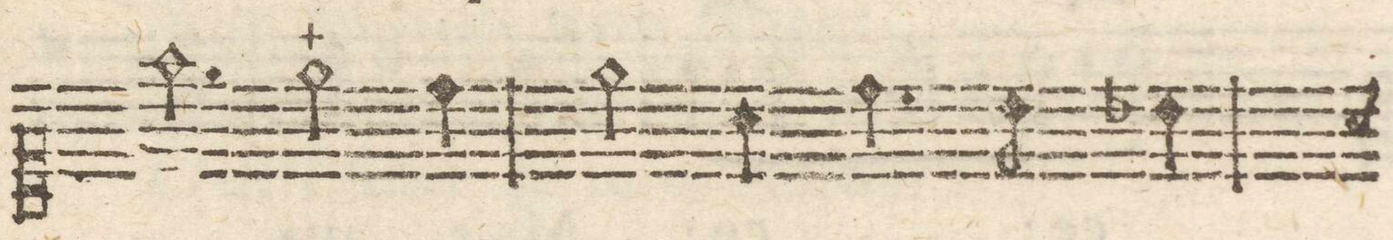


Je n'ai de vieux que



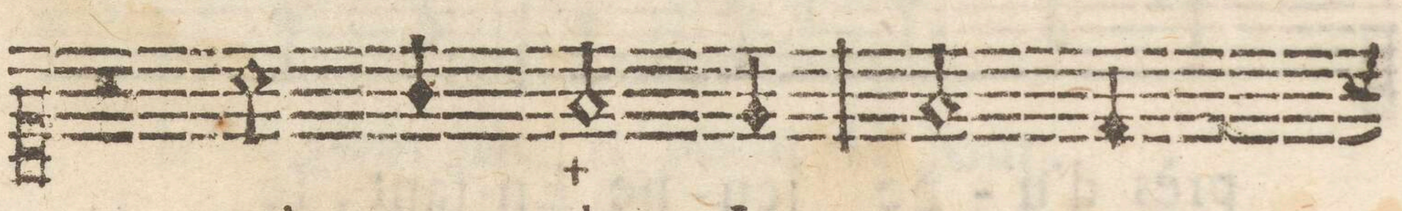
l'a- pa-ren - ce, Son Oeil bril-



lant, Et pert-til - lant, A ſur
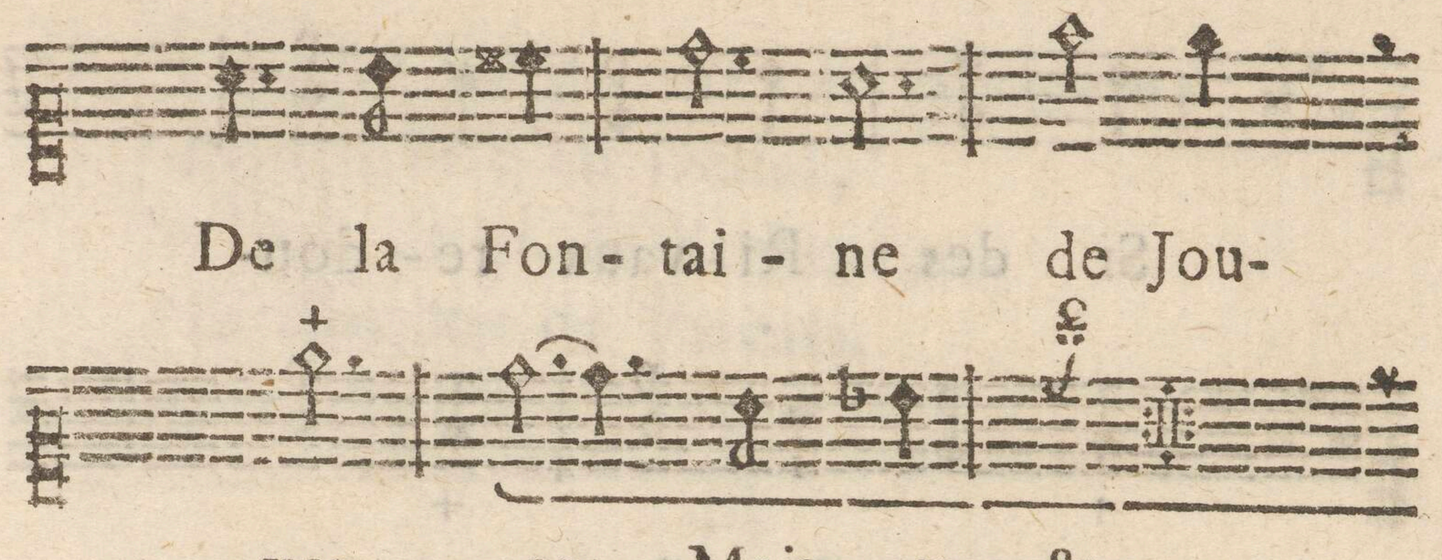


moi la puiſ- ſan- ce, De la Fon-
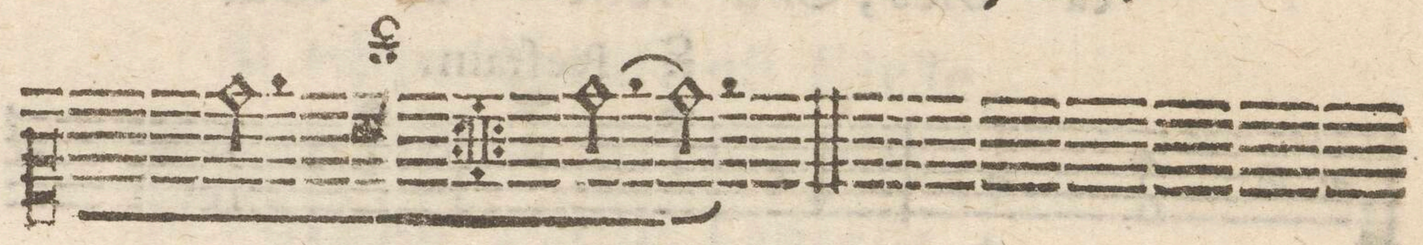


tai - ne de Jou - ven - ce,

De



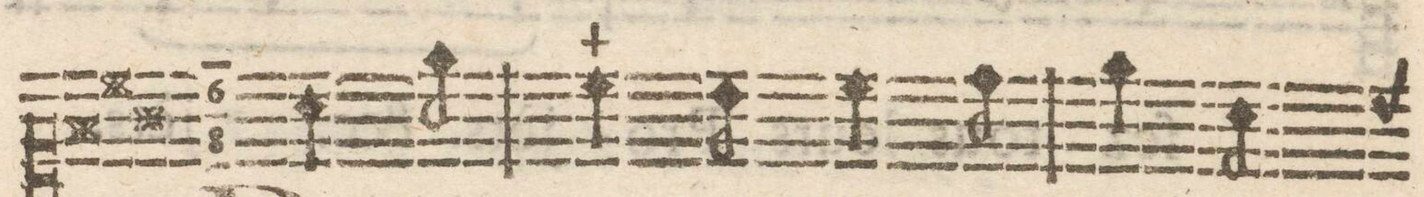
De la Fon- tai - ne de Jou-

ven - ce. Mais au-, &c.
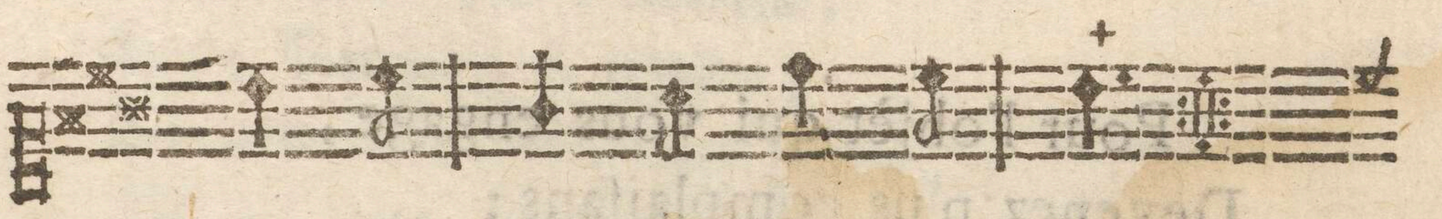


ce. &c. ce.

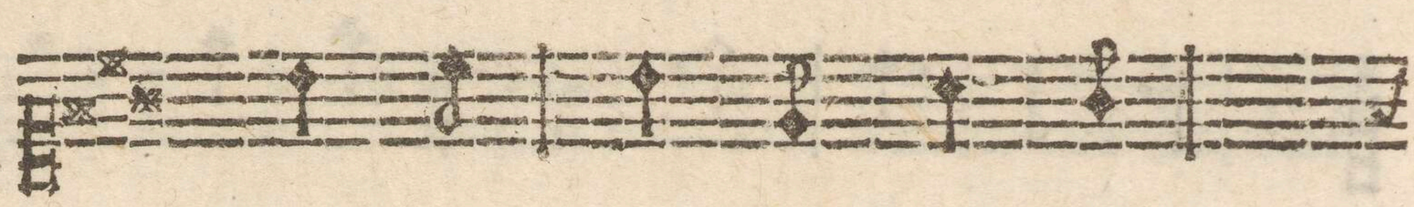
AVIS AUX JALOUX.
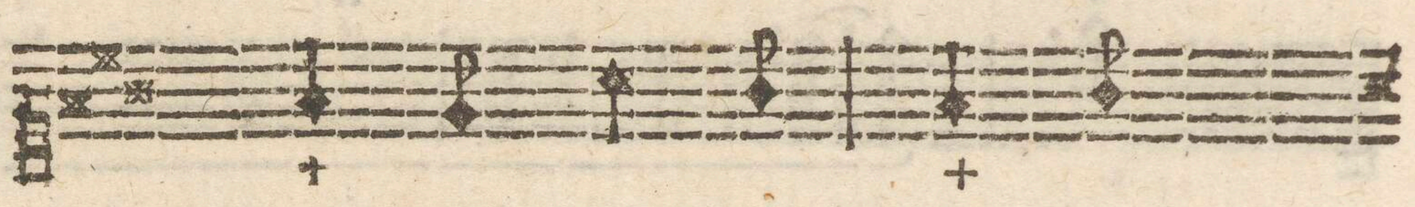


DE la ſom bre Ja-lou- ſi - e,
Cet- te noi- re Fré- ne - ſi- e,



Ma-ris, fuy-ez le Poi- ſon:
Vous pri - ve de la Rai- ſon;

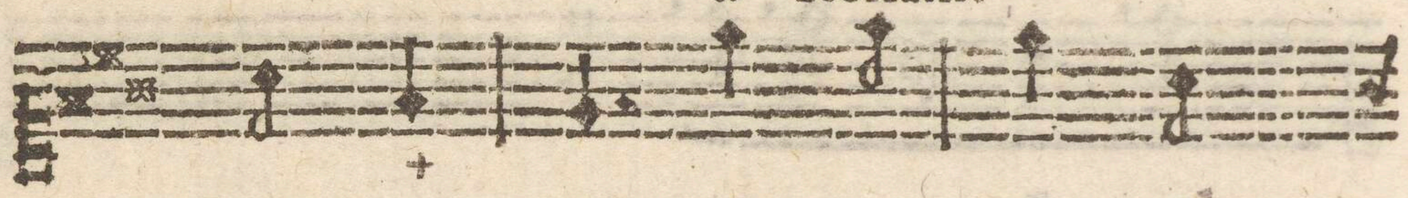


Si des Ri-vaux re-dou-

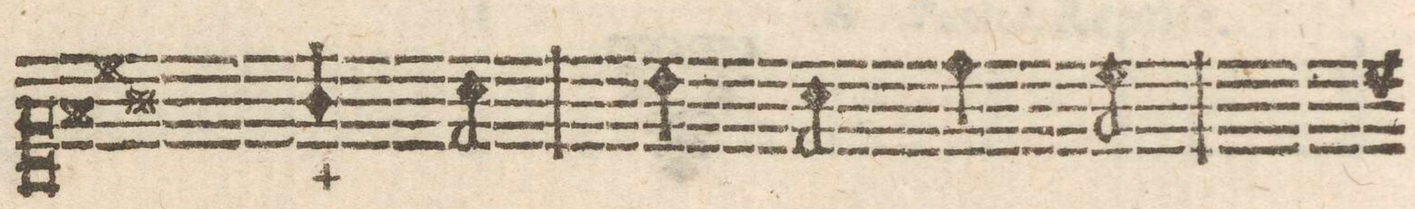


ta-bles, Cau-ſent vos tour-

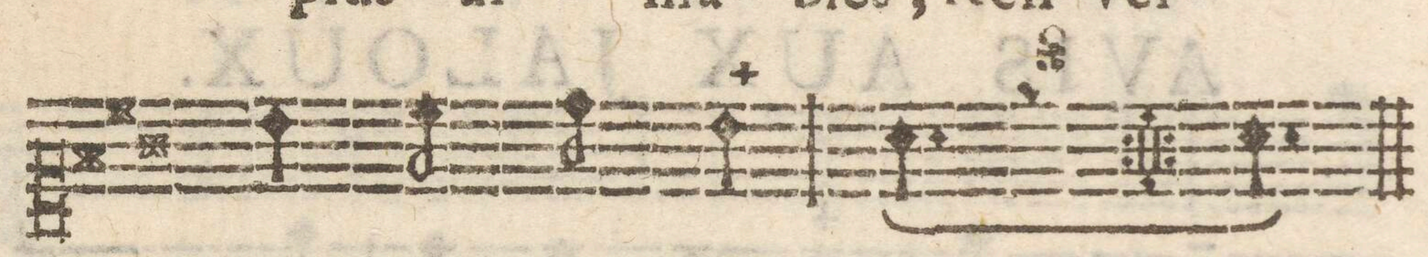
Refrain.



mens ſé-crèts; En vous ren-dant



plus ai-ma-bles, Ren-ver-



ſez tous leurs Pro-jèts. &c. jèts.

Pour l'objèt qui vous engage,
Devenez plus complaiſans;
Par un gracieux Langage,
Meritez des ſoins conſtans:

L'Epoux qui gronde, & murmure;
Sur le Livre du Deſtin,
Eſt mis en groſſe Ecriture,
Au Chapitre de Vulcain.

Si vôtre Epouſe eſt fidelle,
A tort, vous vous allarmez,
Si l'Amour ailleurs l'appelle,
En vain, vous vous gendarmez;
Par douceur vous pourriez être,
Exceptez du ſort commun,
Mais ſi vous parlez en Maître,
Je parîrai, cent contre un.

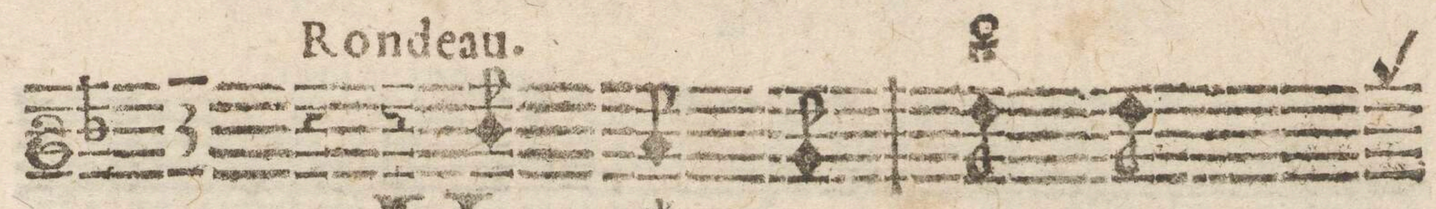
Argus, auprès d'une Belle,
Eut beau veiller nuit & jour,
Malgré ſa garde Eternelle,
Il fut dupé par l'Amour:
Si ce Gardien ſi ſévère,
Ne pût rien avec cent yeux,
Hélas! que pourrez-vous faire,
Vous, qui n'en avez que deux.

La Contrainte dont on Uſe,
Par un jaloux mouvement,
D'une Femme accroît la Ruſe,
Et les déſirs d'un Amant:
Souvent même on ne s'engage,
Dans un Commerce galant,
Que pour goûter l'avantage,
De tromper un Surveillant.
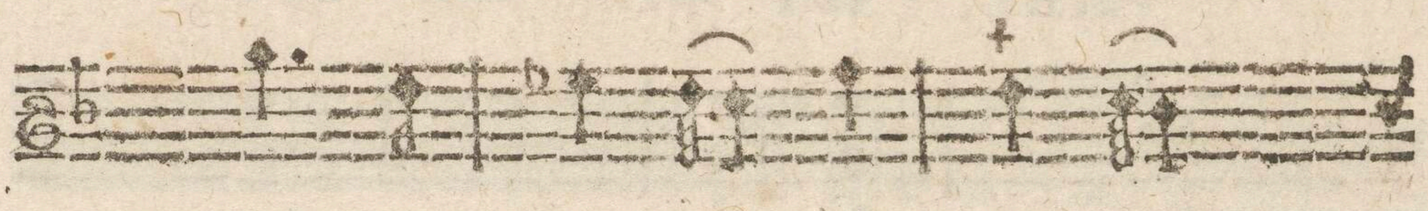
Pour trop uſer d'un Remède,
Bien ſouvent on ſe détruit;
De l'Erreur qui nous poſſède,
Jaloux, c'eſt-là tout le fruit:
Vos précautions ſévères,
Avancent l'inſtant fatal,
Et vos Peurs imaginaires,
Réaliſent vôtre mal.

LA MODE.

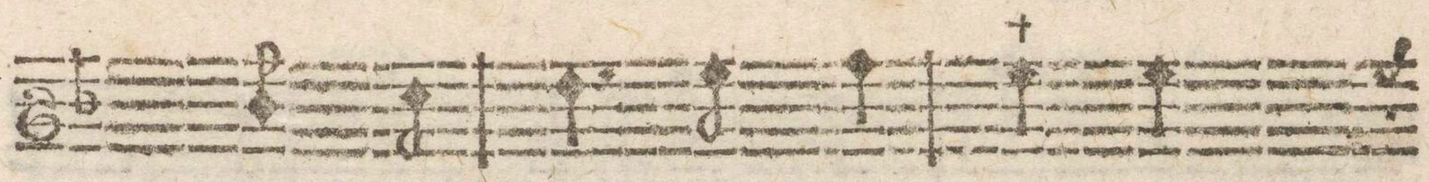
Rondeau.
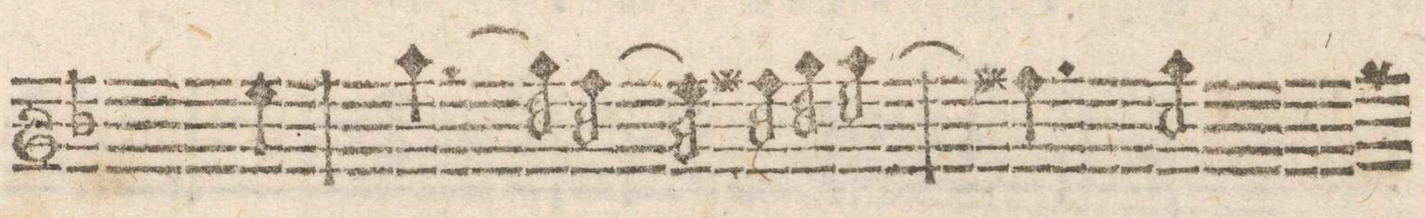


Vo - la - ge Mo - de,
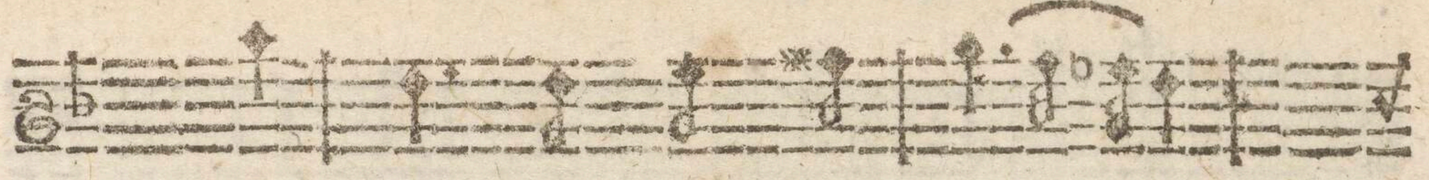


ah ! quel - le eſt ta puiſ - - ſan - ce,



Tu tri - om - phes par tout, Tu
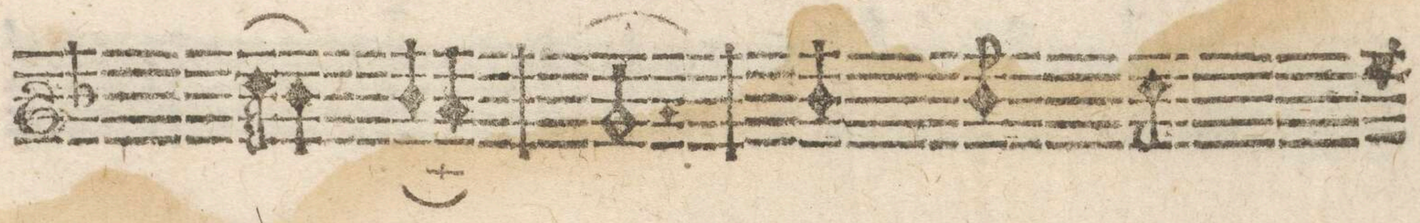


tri - om- - - phes



par tout, Et l'on t'a - do- -

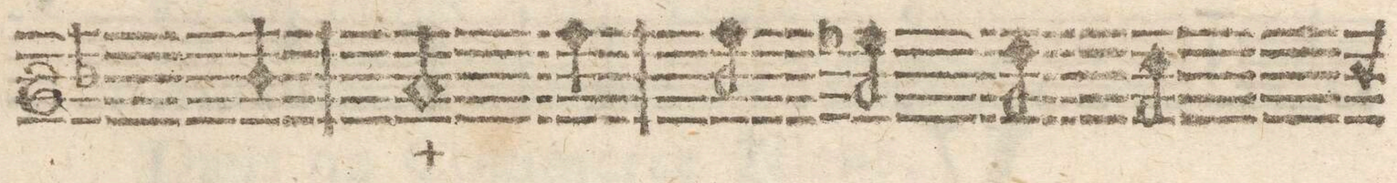
Fin.



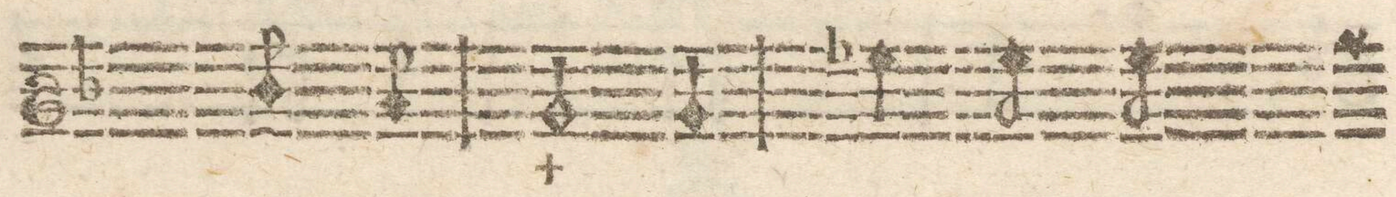
re en Fran - ce. Par tes en-



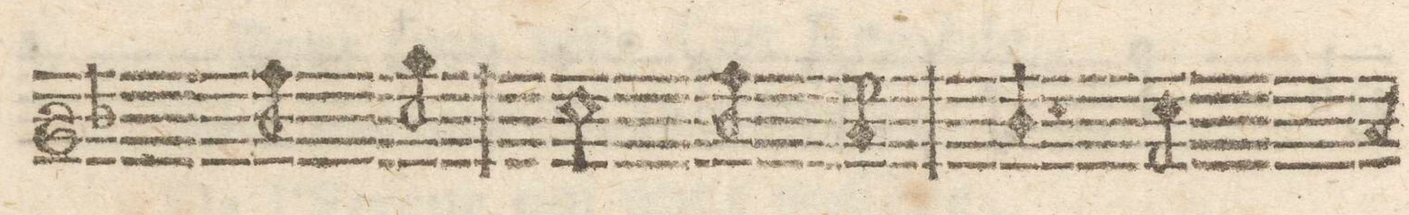
chan-te-mens, tu faſ-ci-nes
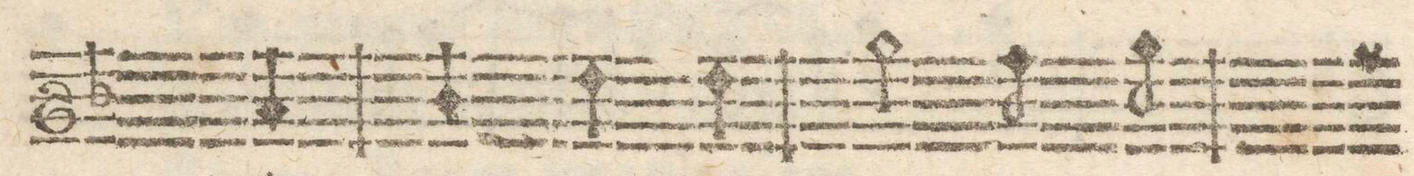


les yeux, Quoi-que nous di-ſe
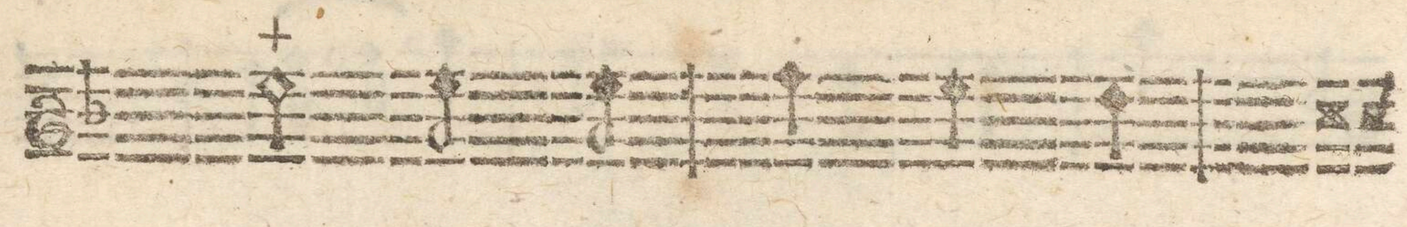


la Na-tu-re, Ce que tu



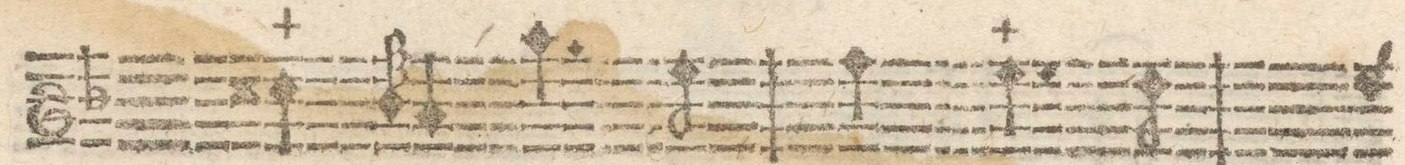
nous preſ-cris, nous pa-roît tou-



jours mieux; In-conſ-tans com-me



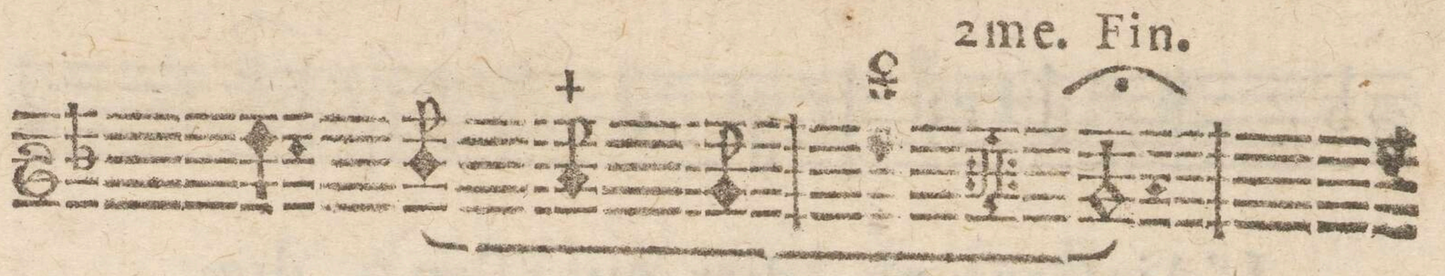
toi nous rail-lons la pa-



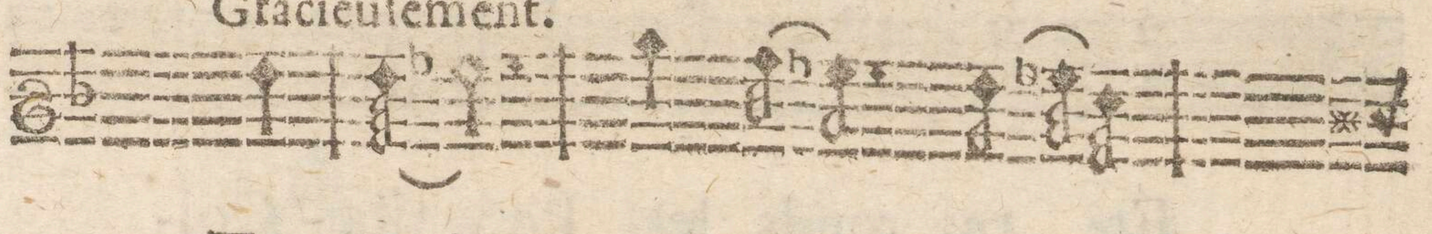
ru-re, Qui char-moit nos A-

yeux.

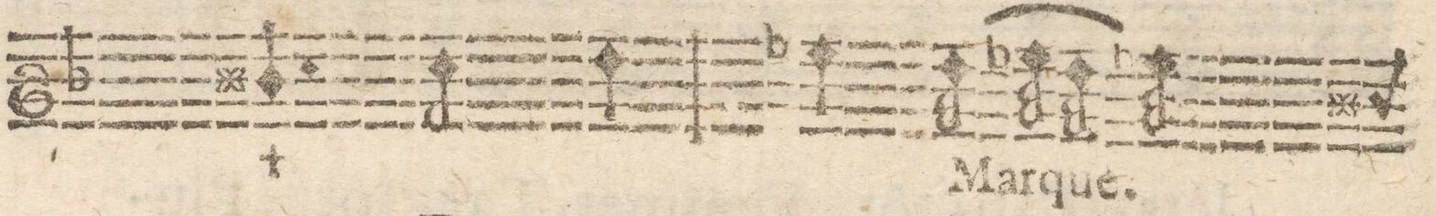
BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH



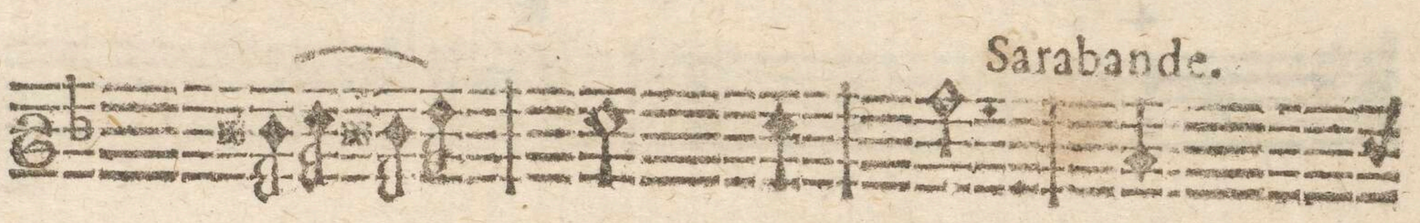
yeux. Vo - la - ge, &c. ce.



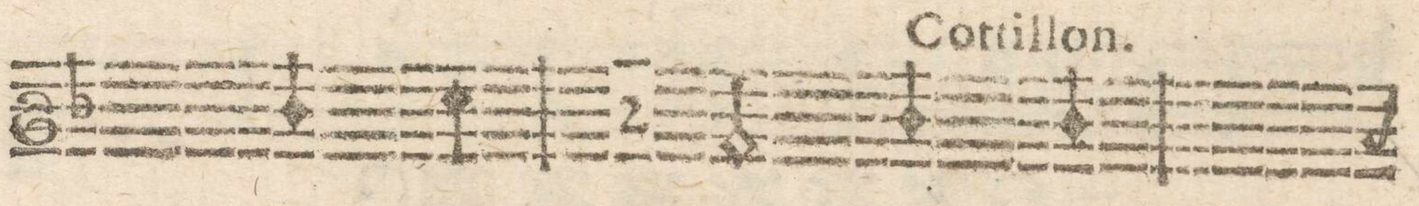
Tan - tôt tu fais chan-
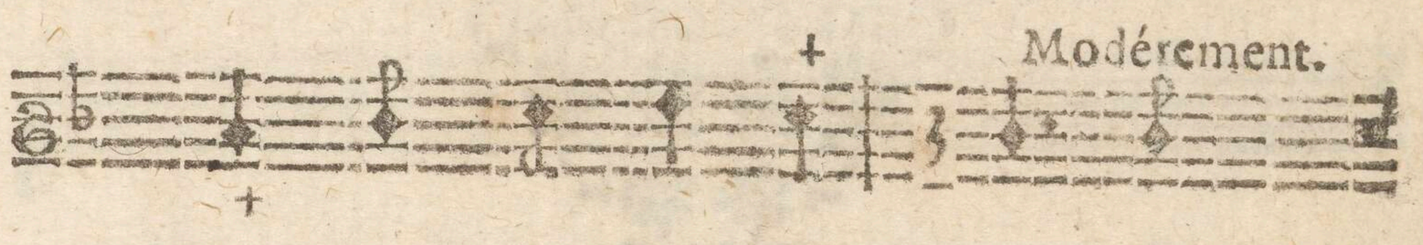


ter, Et tan - tôt Ga-



zouïl - ler; Tan - tôt, Tu
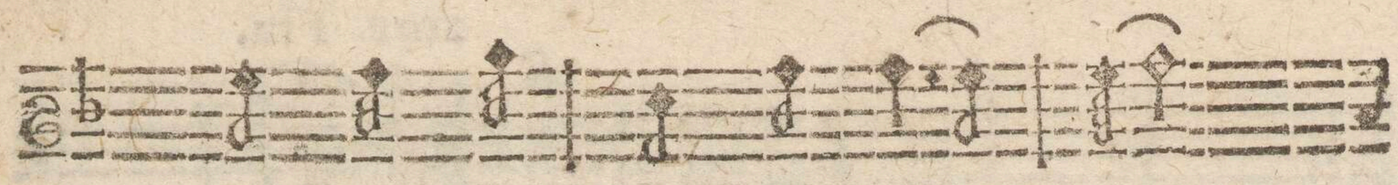


fais Dan - ſer, Et tan-



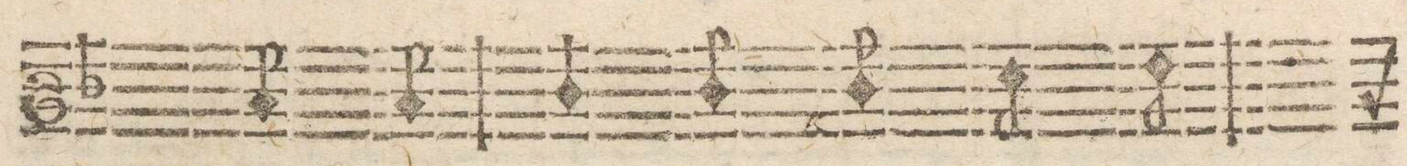
tôt tu fais Sau-til - ler; A
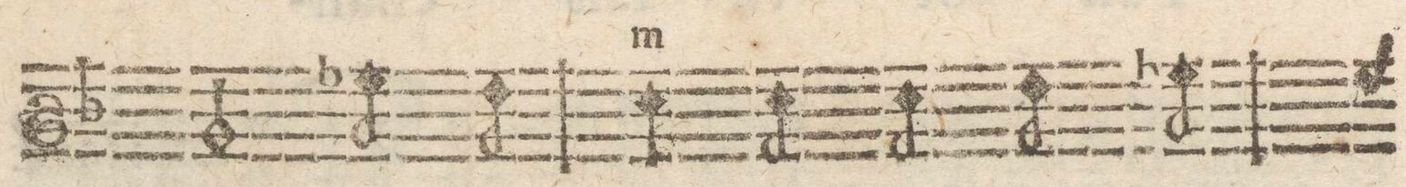


ton gré tu fais pren-dre,
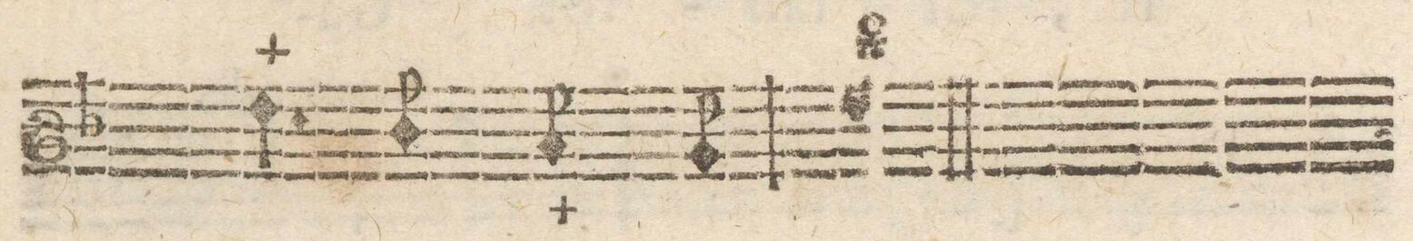


L'Air Gré - na - dier ou Ten - dre,



Et tu rends les Pe - tits - Col-



lèts, Tan-tôt Femmes, Tan-tôt Plu-

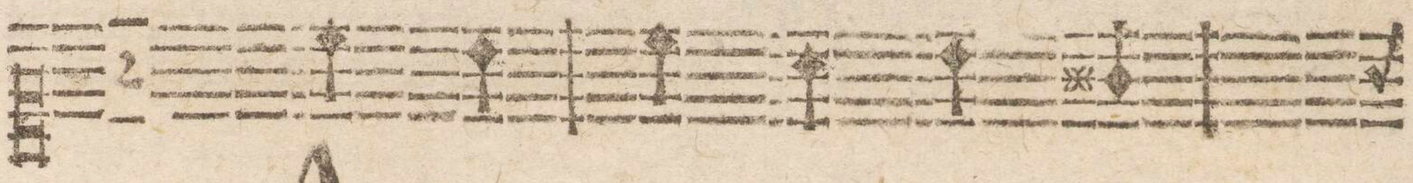


mèts. Vo - la - ge, &c.

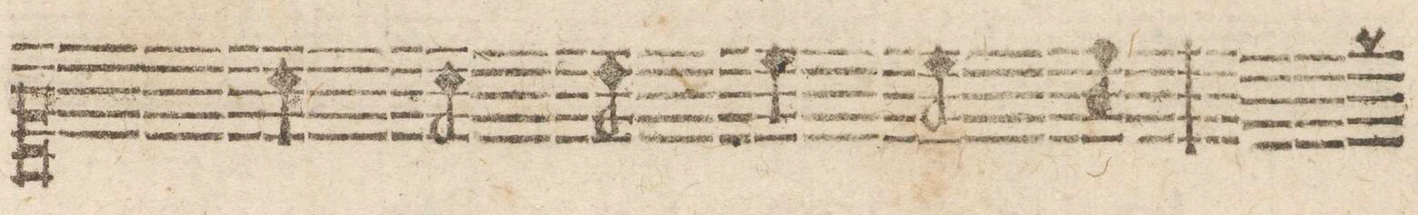
L'EM-

L'EMPIRE DU SEXE.

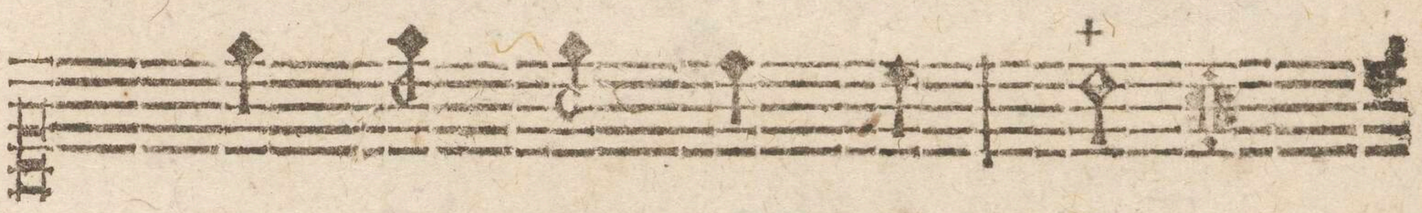
VAUDEVILLE.
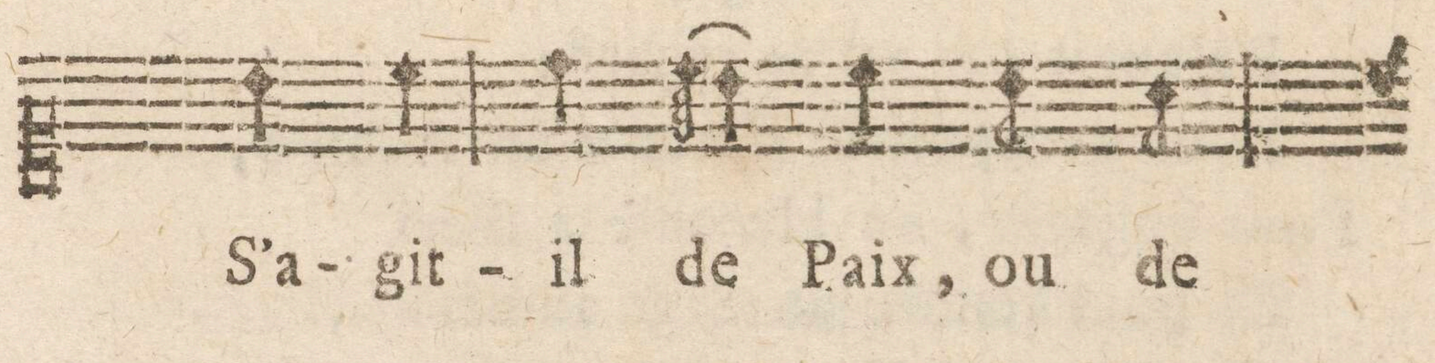


A - ma - ble Sè - xe vos
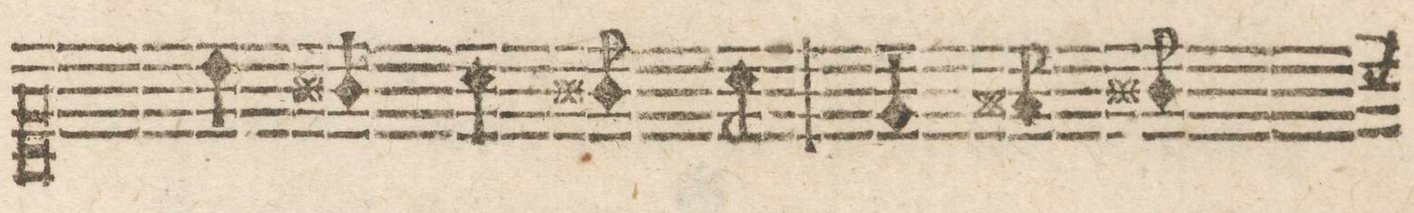


Loix, Ont des Droits, Sur les
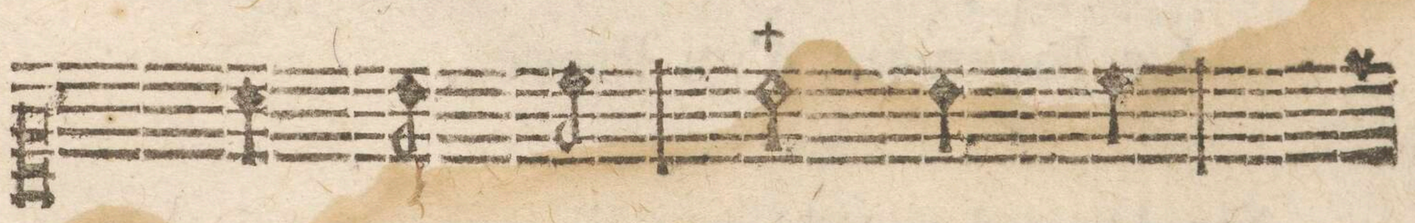


Dieux com - me ſur les Rois:



S'a - git - il de Paix, ou de



Guer - re, Sur vos a - vis nous ſa-



vons nous re - gler, Pour trou-



Tout eſt poſſible à vôtre Art,
Un Vieillard,
Rajeunit par vôtre régard;
Pour dompter le Cœur d'un Achille,
Pour engager, un Hercule à filer,
Et pour rendre un Sage imbécile,
Deux beaux Yeux n'ont qu'à parler.

Le Jugement d'un Procès,
Au Palais,
Ne dépend pas de nos Placets;

Que
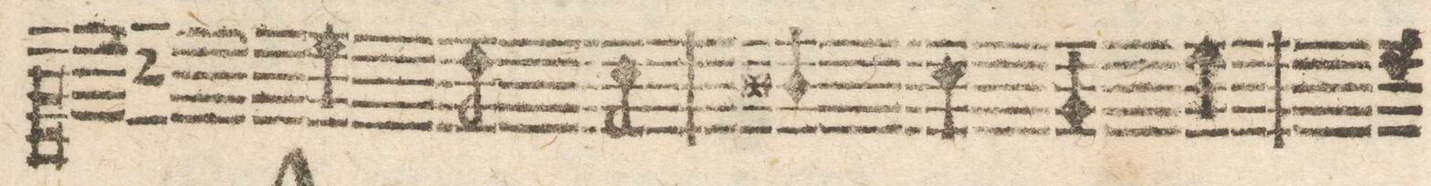
Que Philis, ſoit nôtre Refuge,
Nous entendons nôtre Cauſe appeller;
Pour faire prononcer un Juge,
Deux beaux Yeux n'ont qu'à parler.

Un Avocat bon Latin,
Cite en vain,
Et Bartole, & Jean de Moulin;
On eſt ſourd à ſon Eloquence,
Dès qu'au Bureau, Philis vient S'inſtaller,
Pour faire pancher la Balance,
Deux beaux Yeux n'ont qu'à parler.

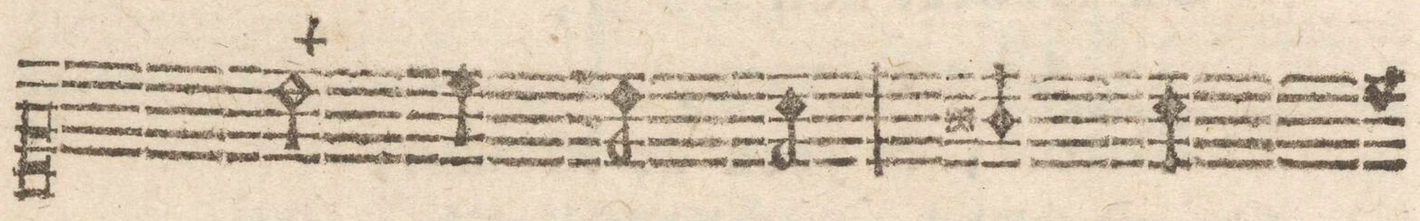
Je ne vais point au Vallon,
D'Appollon,
Quand je veux faire une Chanſon;
Le beau Feu qu'Aminte m'inſpire;
Vaut bien celui dont ce Dieu fait brûler;
Et pour faire parler ma Lyre,
Deux beaux Yeux n'ont qu'à parler.

LA PUISSANCE DE L'AMOUR.

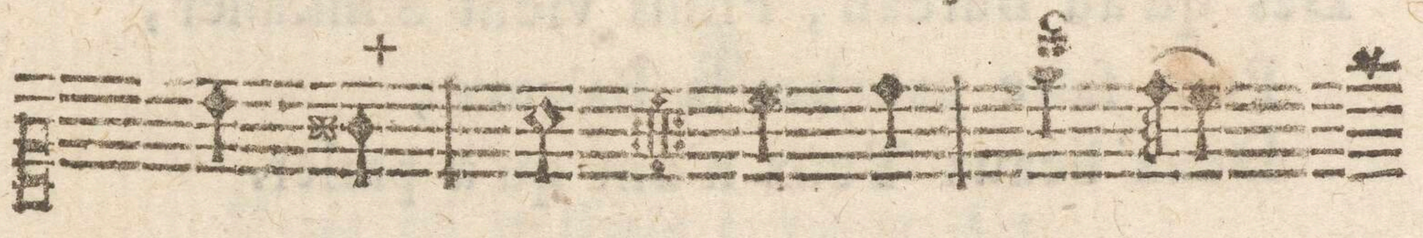
CHANSONNETTE.
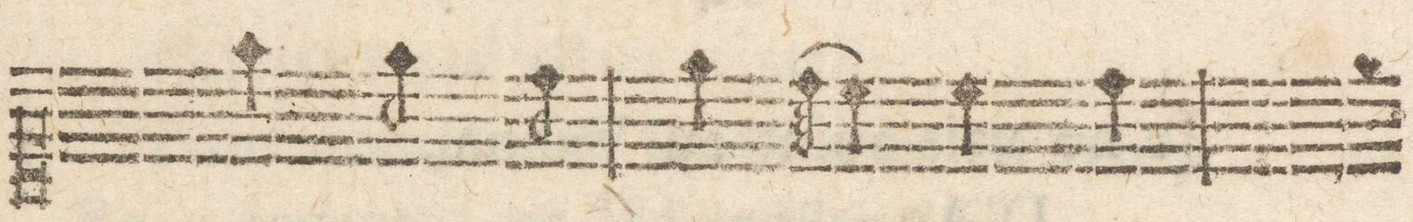


AH! que l'A-mour dans les A-



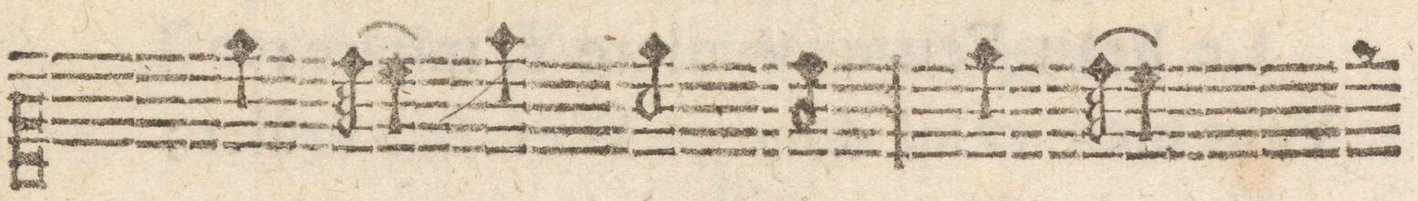
mans, Fait tous les jours de



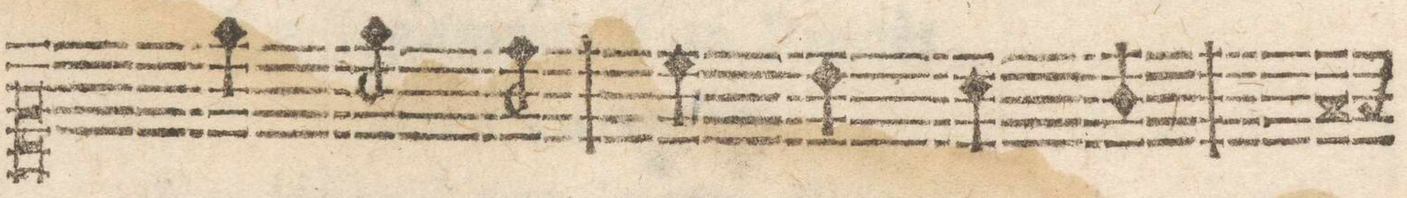
chan-ge-mens: Il inſ-pi-re



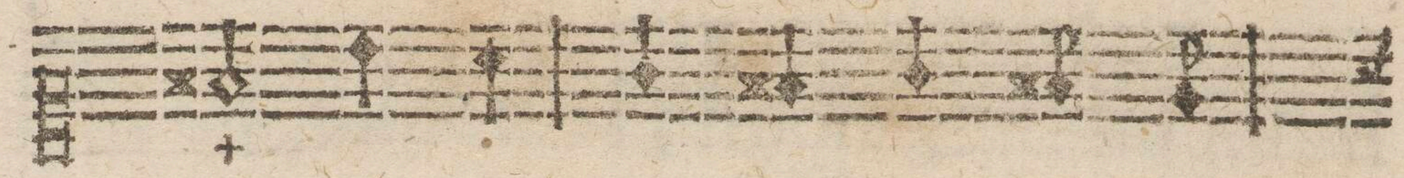
par ſa puiſ-ſan-ce, Aux Bre-
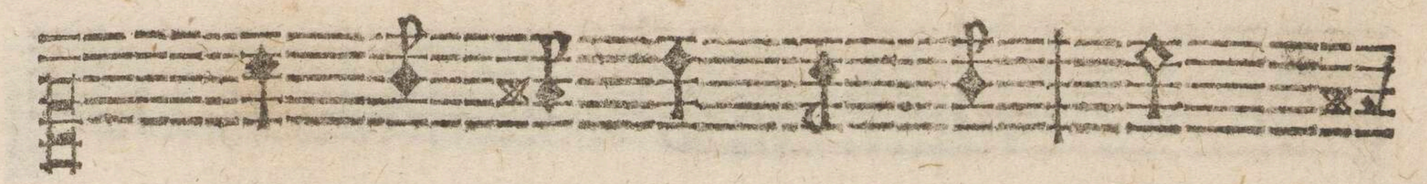


tons de la Tem-pe-ran-ce,
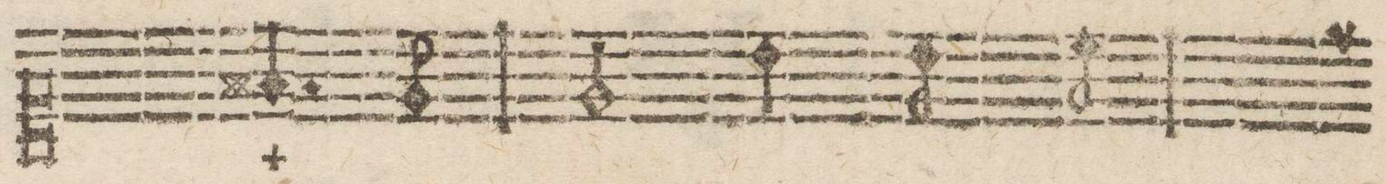


Il donne aux Ba-dauts de l'Eſ-
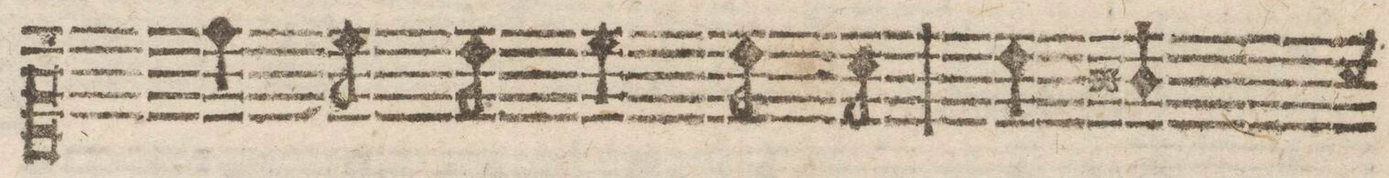


prit, Aux Nor-mands de la Conſ-ci-



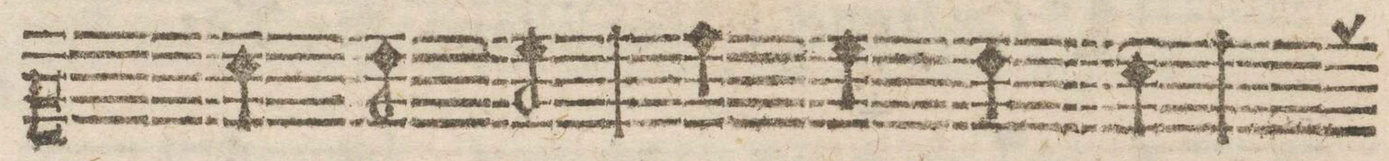
en - ce, Il ô-te aux Gaſ - cons



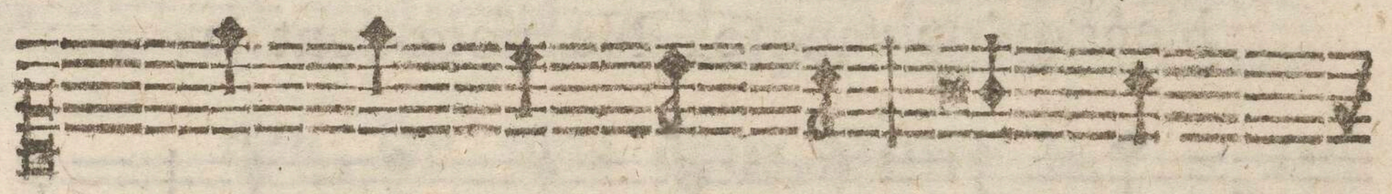
l'Ap - pe - tit. Pour ob - te-



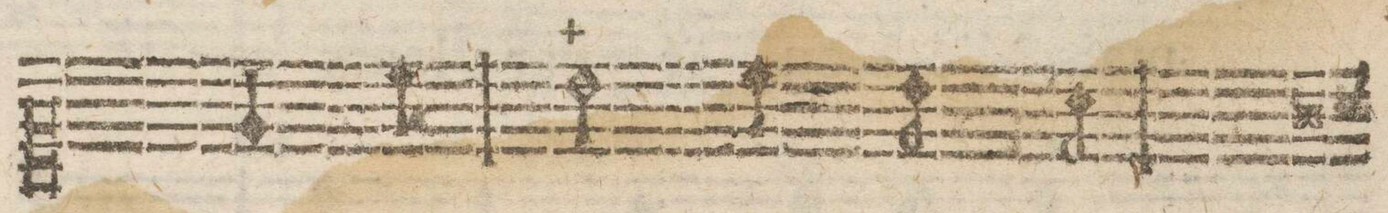
nir les Fa-veurs ſou-hai - té - es,



Tous les A - mans ſont des Pro-
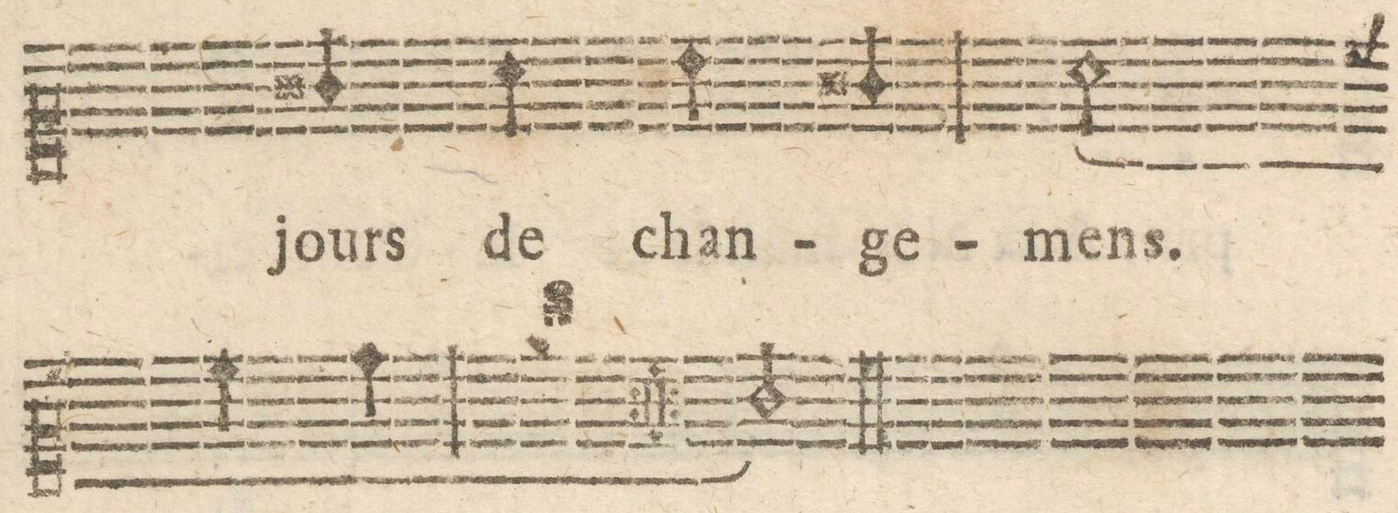


thé - es ; Ah ! que l'A - mour dans



les A - mans, Fait tous les

rit,

jours

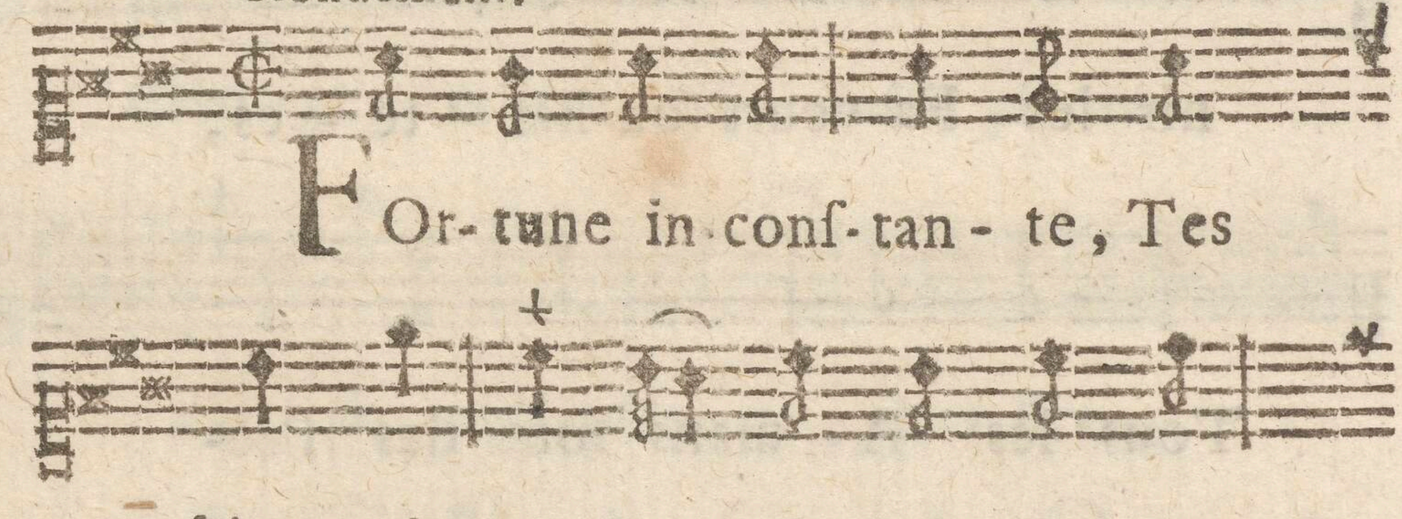


jours de chan - ge - mens.
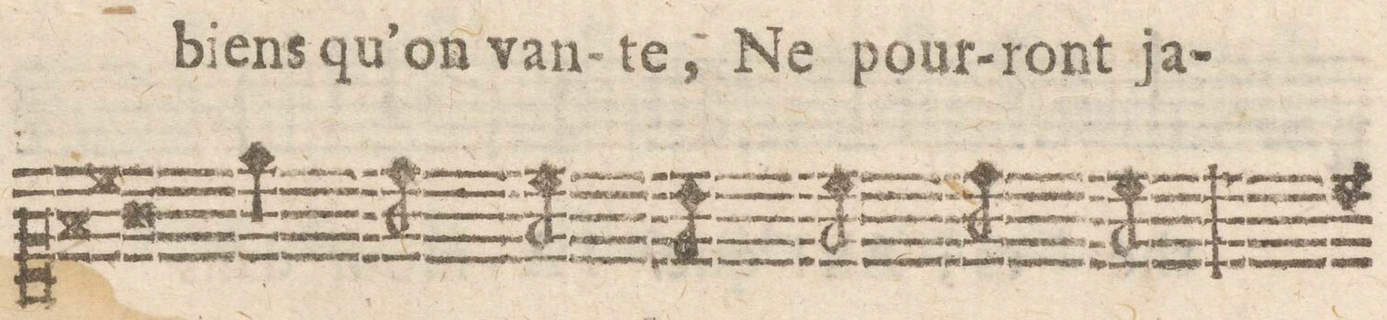
Il inſ-, &c. mens.

LA DOUCE FOLIE.
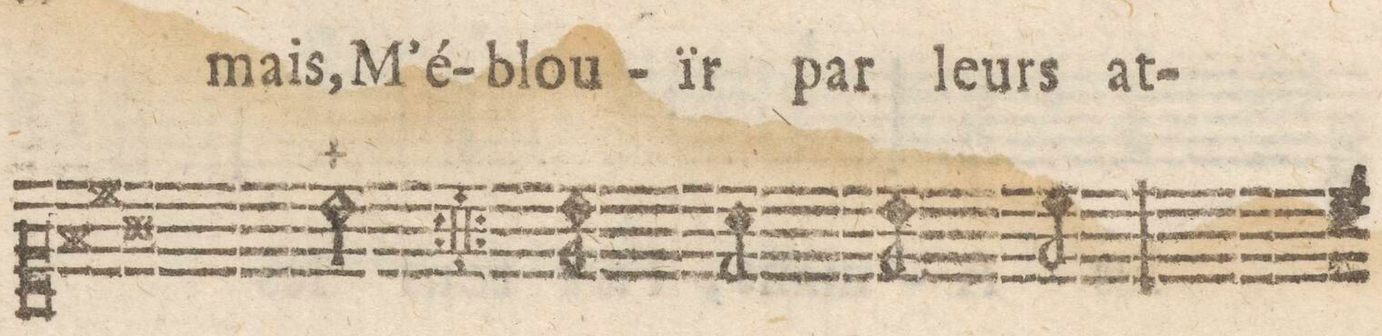
Rondement.



Or-tune in conſ-tan - te, Tes
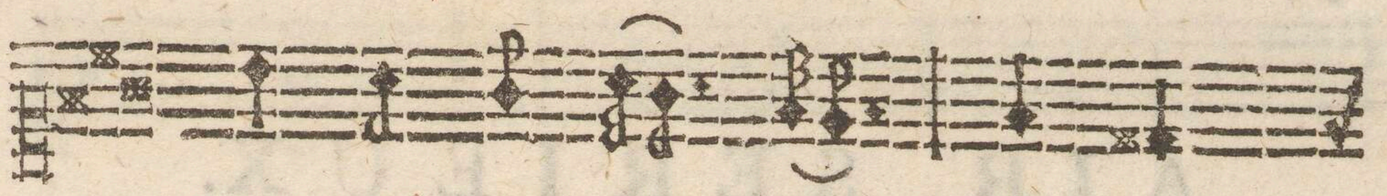


biens qu'on van-te, Ne pour-ront ja-



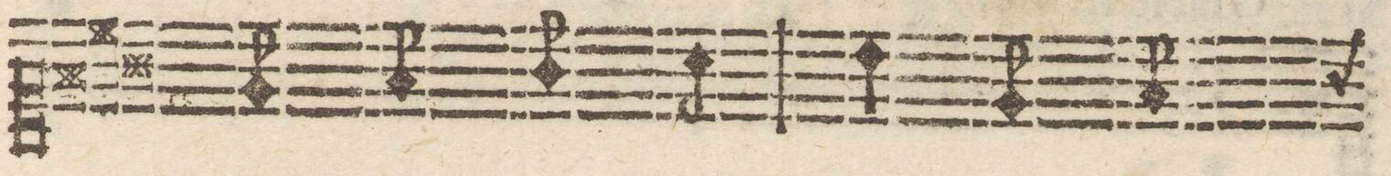
mais, M'é-blou - ïr par leurs at-

traits: A la dou-ce Y-
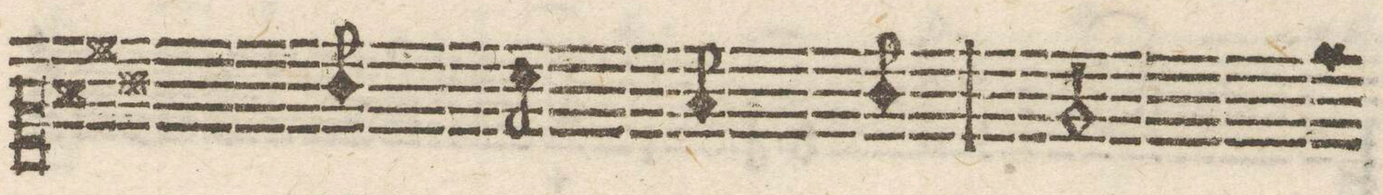
vreſſe,



vref-ſe, De la Ten - dref- ſe,

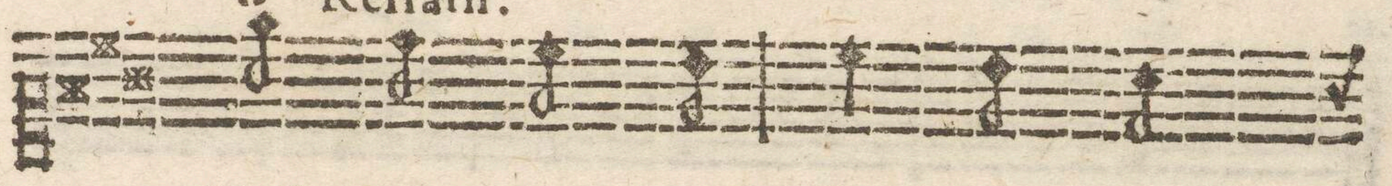


Je li - vre mon Cœur, Et j'en



fais tout mon bon - heur.

Refrain.



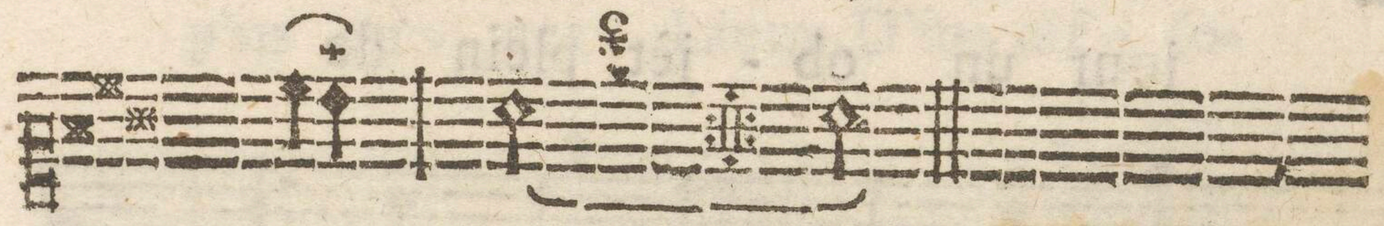
C'eſt u - ne Fo - li - e, Je



le ſai bien, Mais je ne ſai
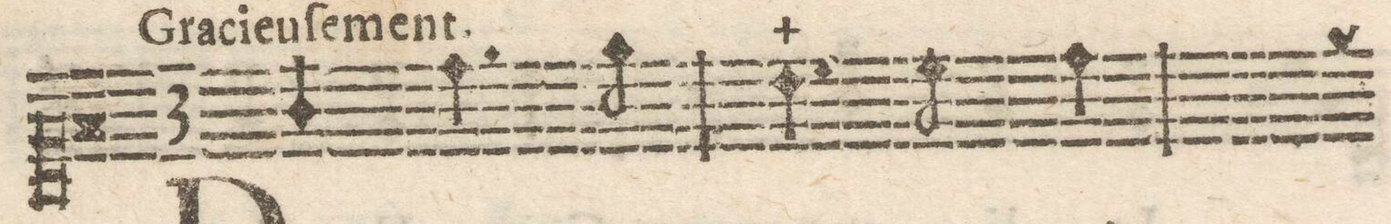


rien, De plus doux, Dans la



Vi - e. &c. e.

AIR SERIEUX.

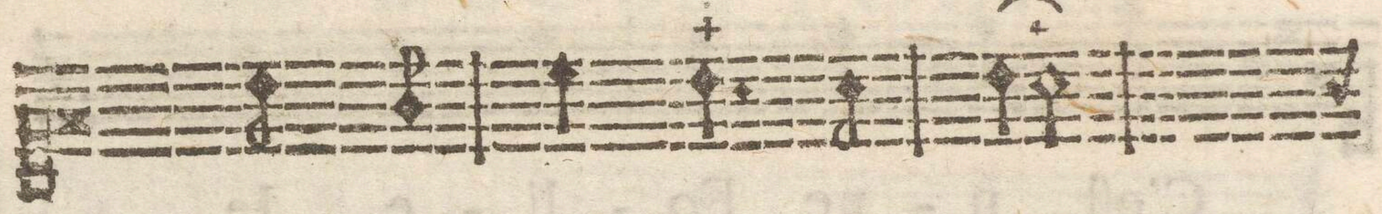
Gracieuſement.
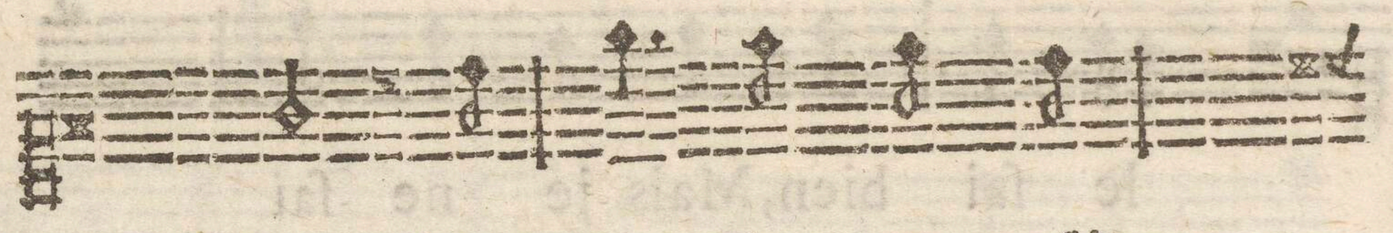


Dieu des A- mans, ne crains
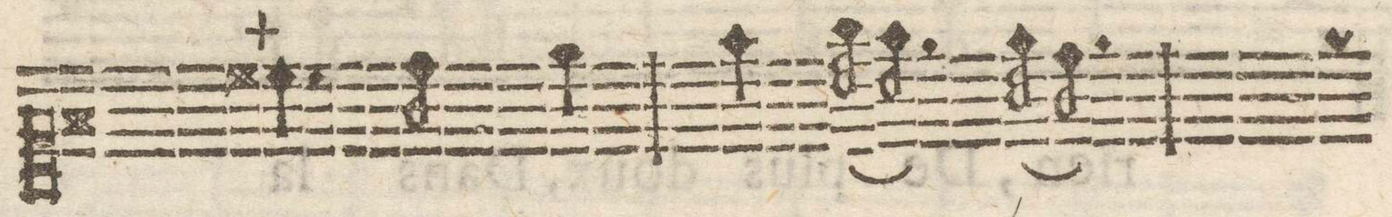


plus dé - ſor - mais, Qu'on puiſ-



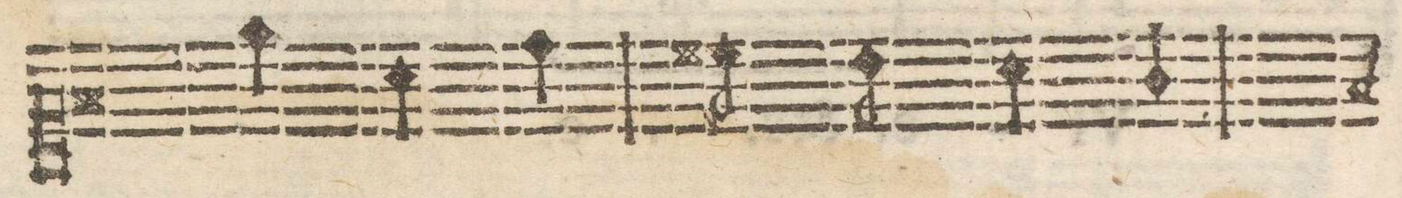
ſe é - cha - per à tes Ar-
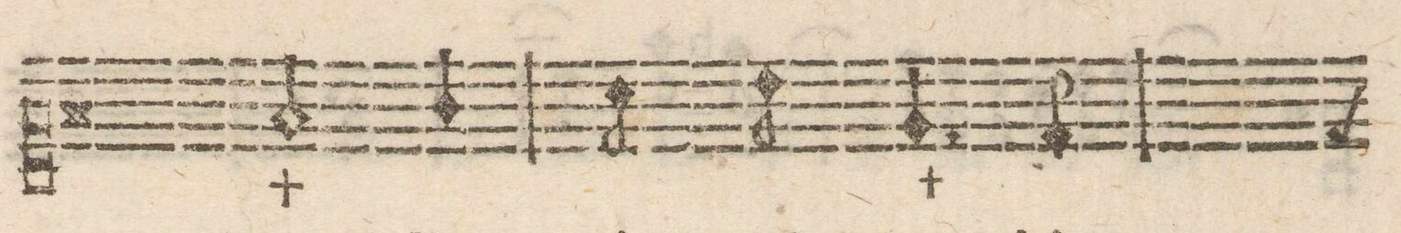


mes, Je vois dans ce ſé-



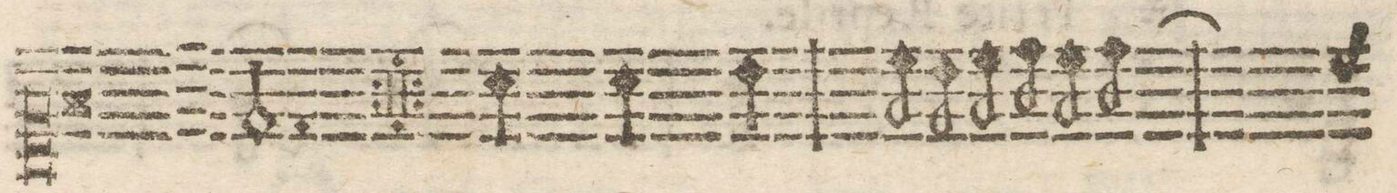
jour un ob - jèt plein de



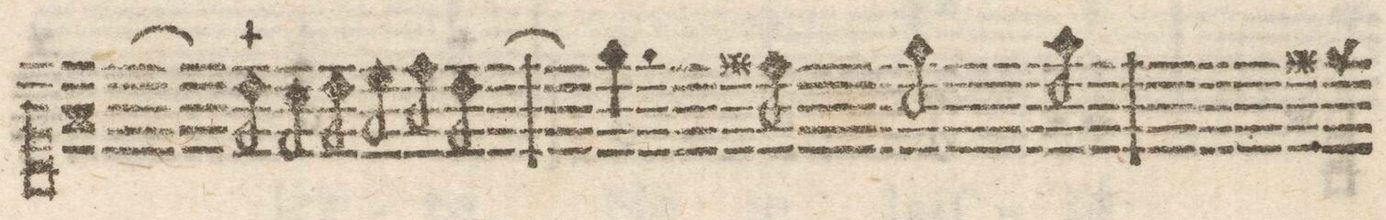
char-mes, Ou tu pour-ras trou-



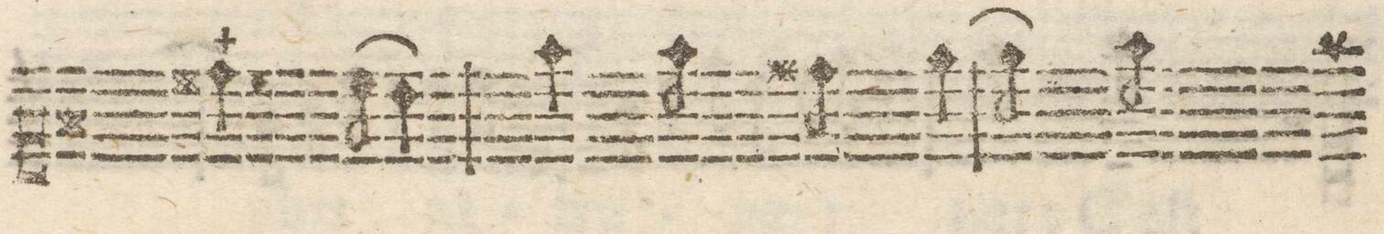
ver d'i - né - vi - ta - bles



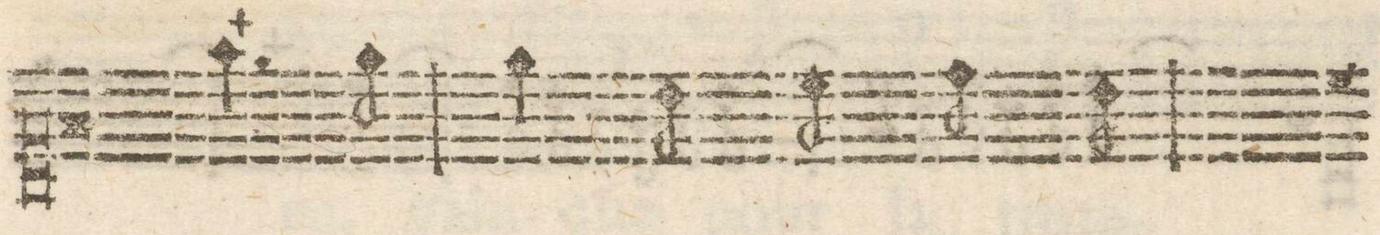
traits: Que de tri - om- -
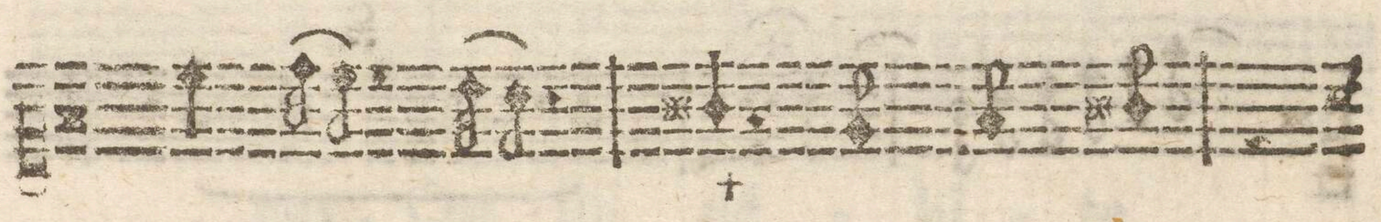


- - - phes & d'hom-



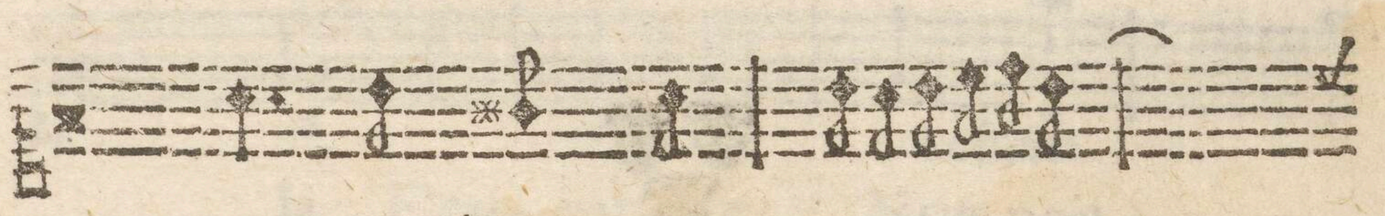
ma - ges, Tu vas de - voir à



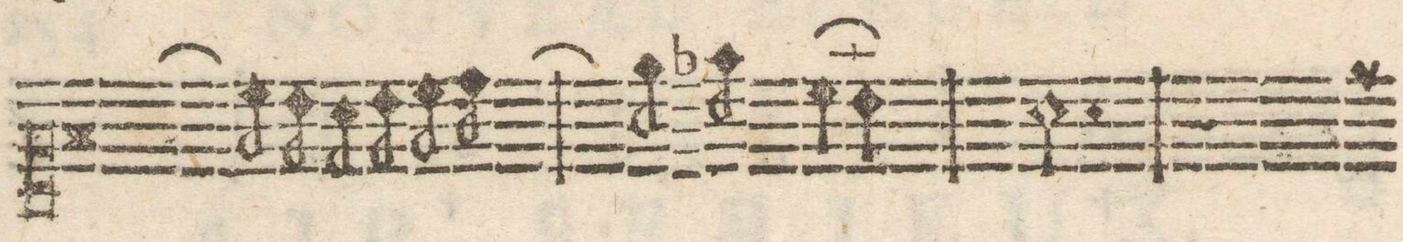
ſes beaux yeux ; On ne ver - ra



plus en ces Lieux, D'in - dif - fe-
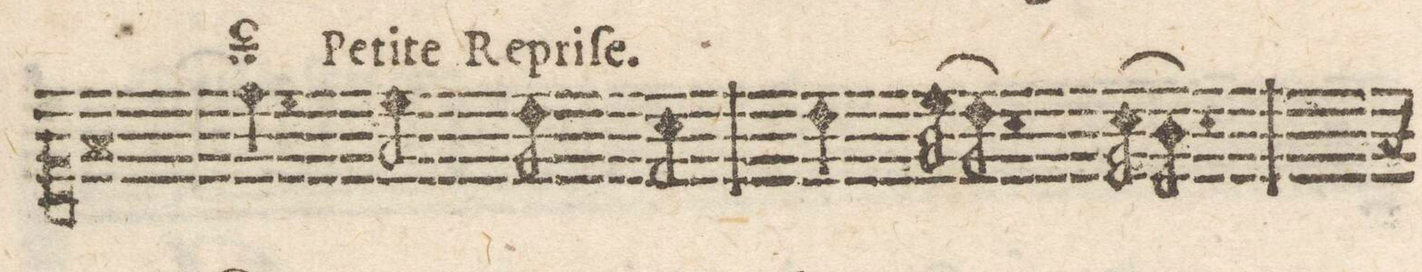


rens n'y de vo - la- -

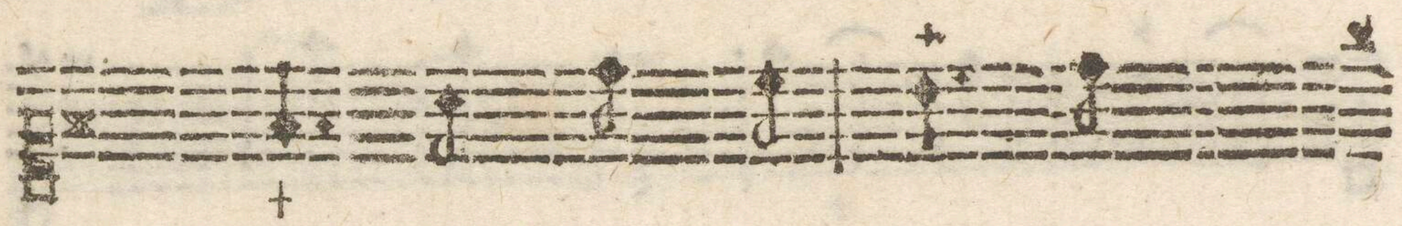


- - - ges.
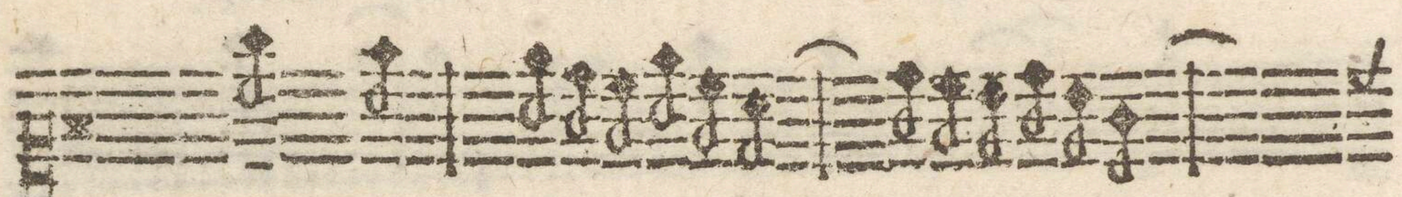
Petite Repriſe.



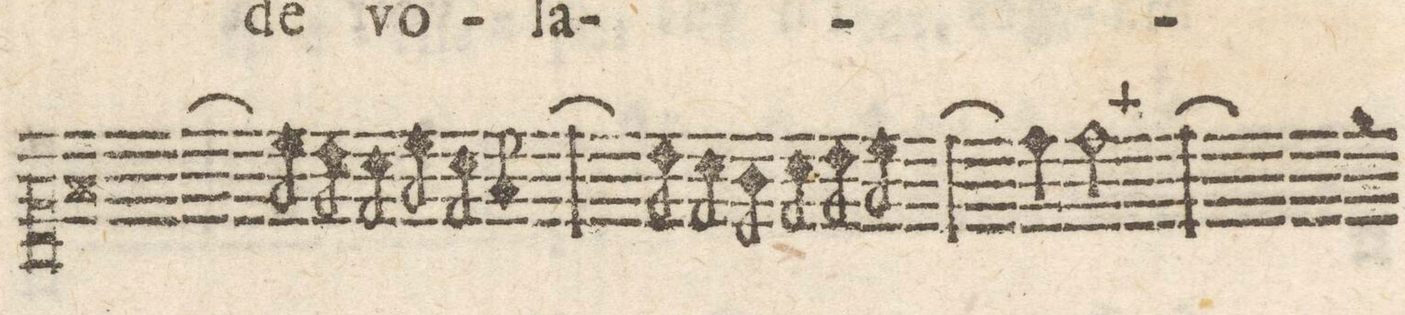
On ne ver- ra plus en ces
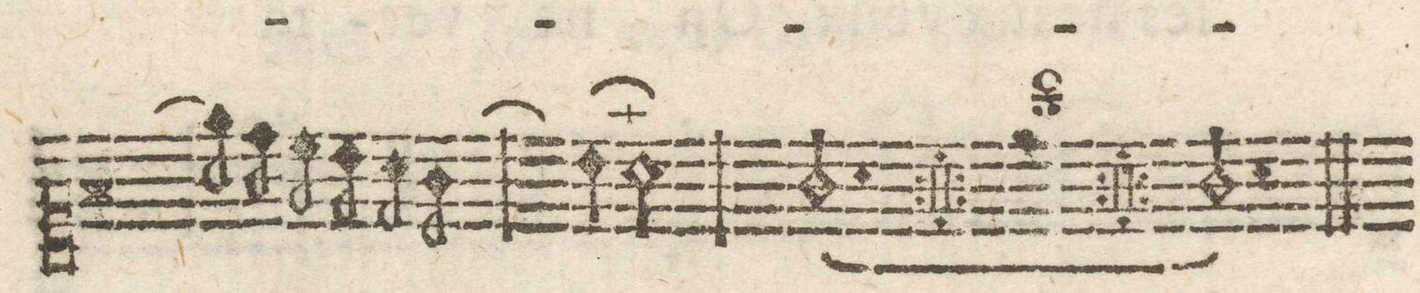


Lieux, D'in - dif - fé- rens n'y



de vo - la- - -
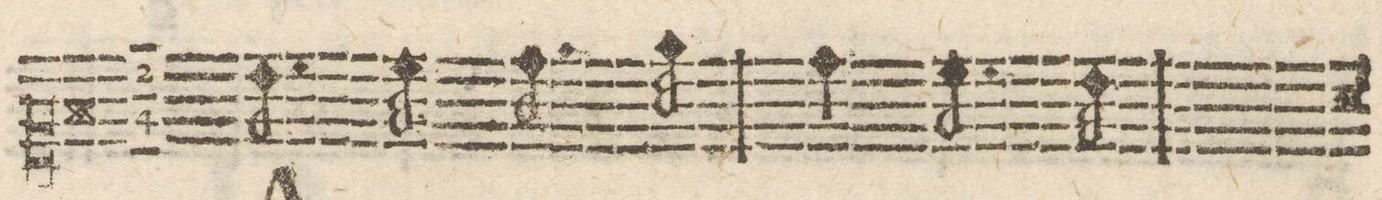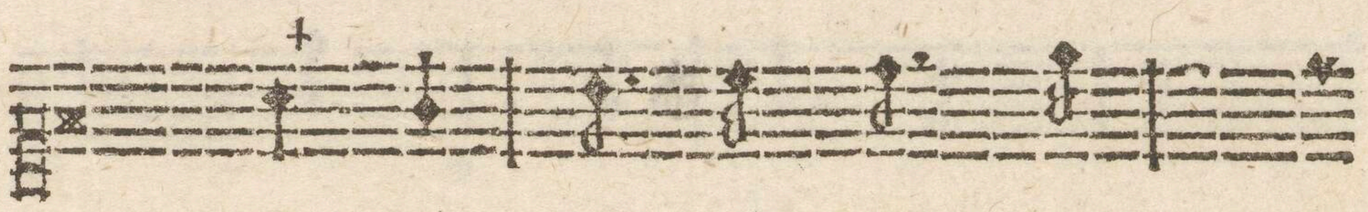


- - - - -



- - - ges. &c. ges.

VAU-
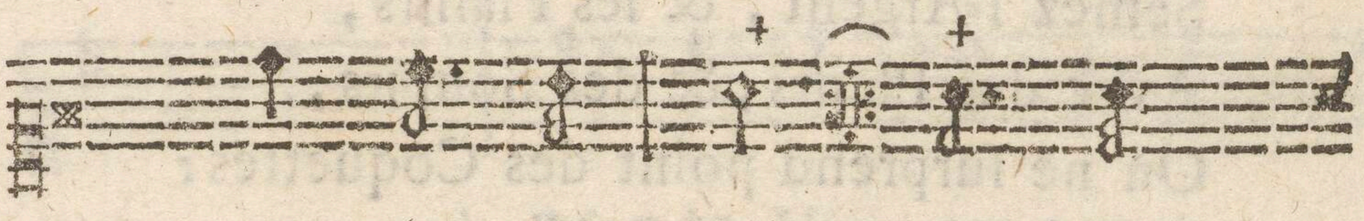
VAUDEVILLE.



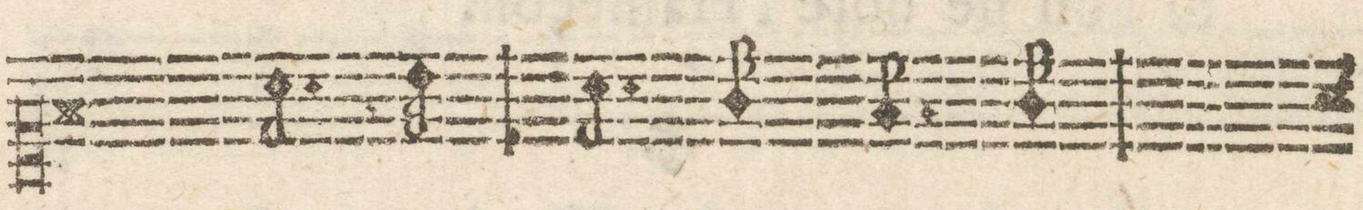
A pré-ſent la jeu-ne Fil-



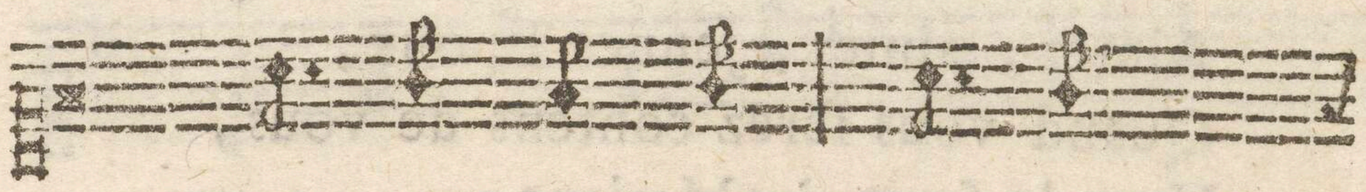
let-te, Ne ſe láiſ-ſe



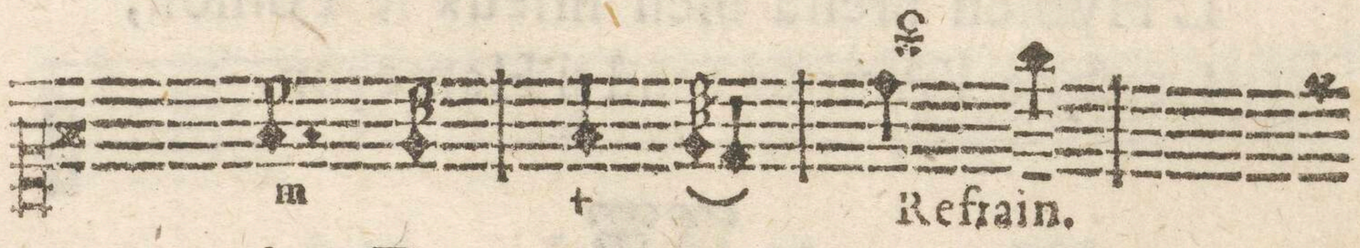
plus at-tra-per: per: C'eſt



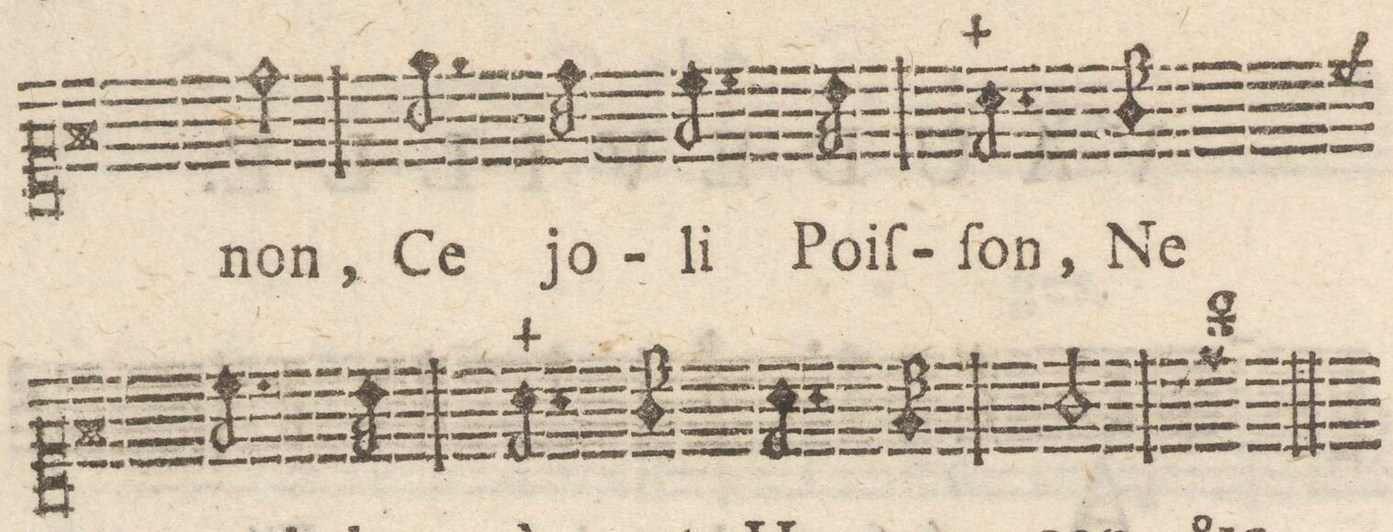
en vain que pour la trom-



per, On lui dé-bi-te



la Fleu-ret-te, Non, non,



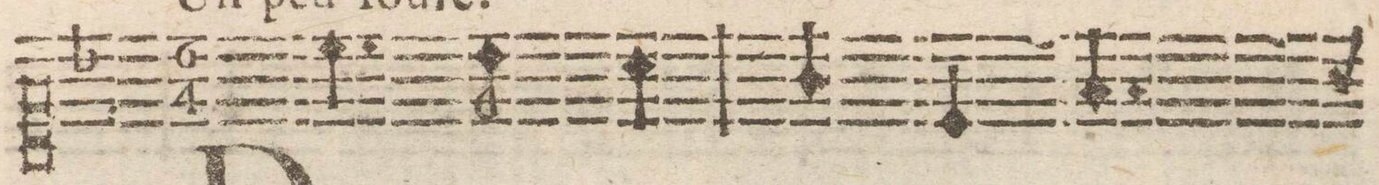
Pour payer le Cœur des Brunettes,
Semez l'Argent, & les Plaiſirs,
Avec des Pleurs, & des Soupirs,
On ne ſurprend point des Coquettes:
On n'a pas ce ruſé Poiſſon,
Si l'on ne dore l'Hameçon.

Avant de vous mettre en Ménage,
Aimez, aimez, jeunes Epoux,
Quand vous ſerez contens de vous,
Vous le ſerez du Mariage;
L'Hymen prend bien mieux le Poiſſon,
Lorſque l'Amour tend l'Hameçon.
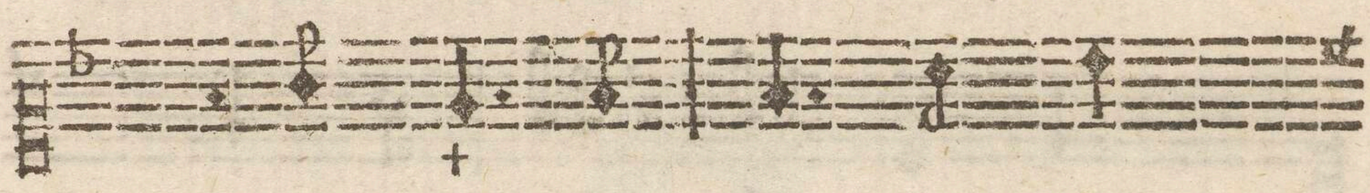
L'ES-

L'ESCLAVAGE.

Un peu louré.



DAns l'U - ni - vers, Rien n'eſt



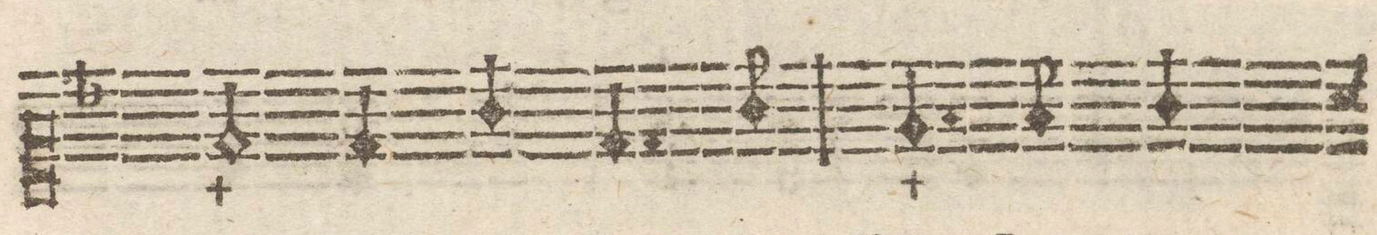
é - xempt de Fers; Un Hé-



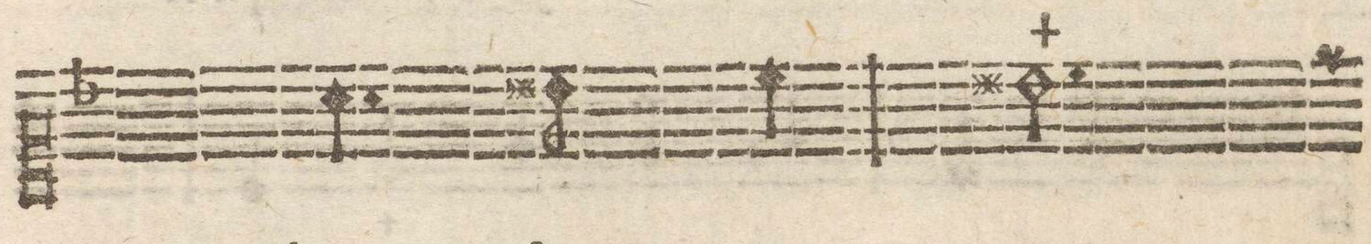
ros, qui ſuit la Vic - toi - re,
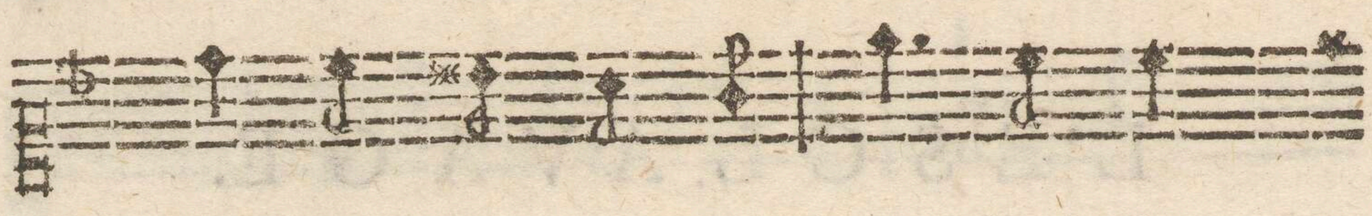


Se rend Eſ - cla - ve de la



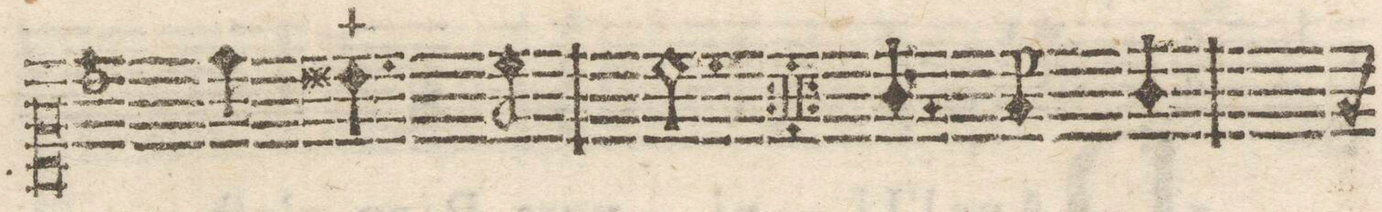
Gloi - re, Au Dieu de l'Or, Im - mo-
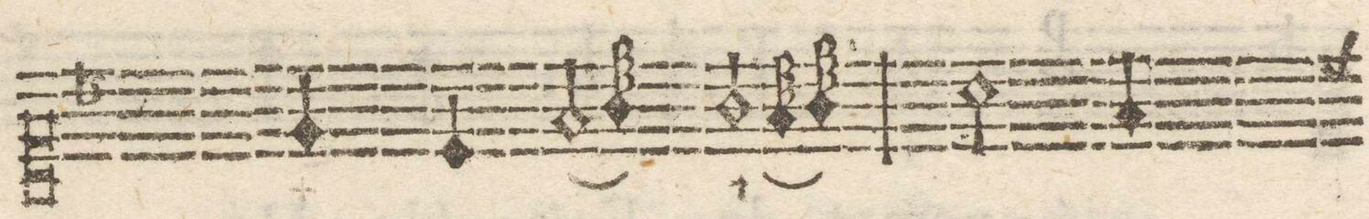


lant ſon re - pos,
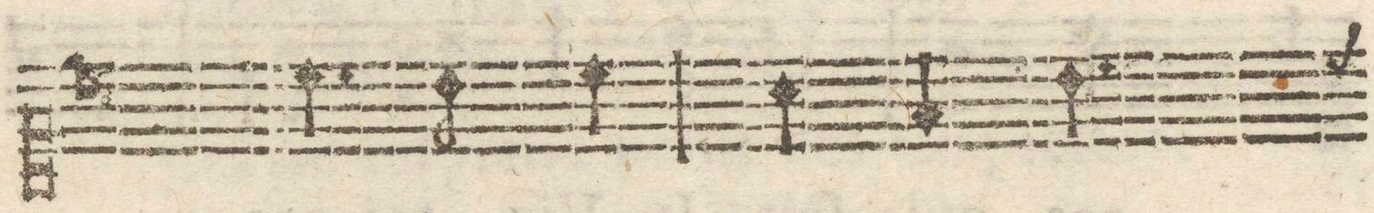


Le Com-mer-çant s'ex- po-ſe à la
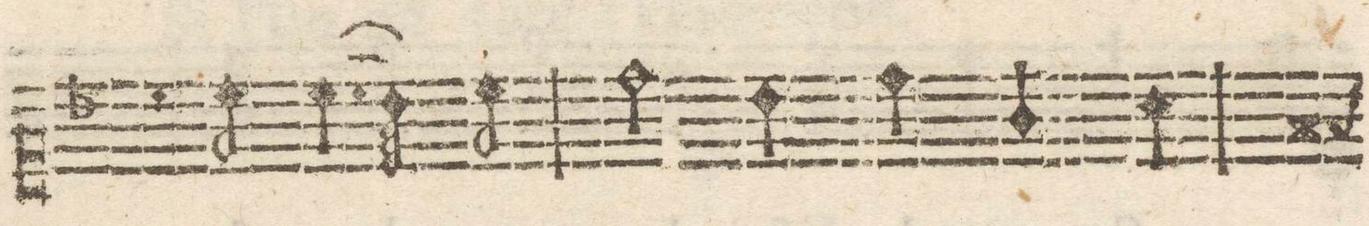


Fu reur des Flots: Le Mor- tel



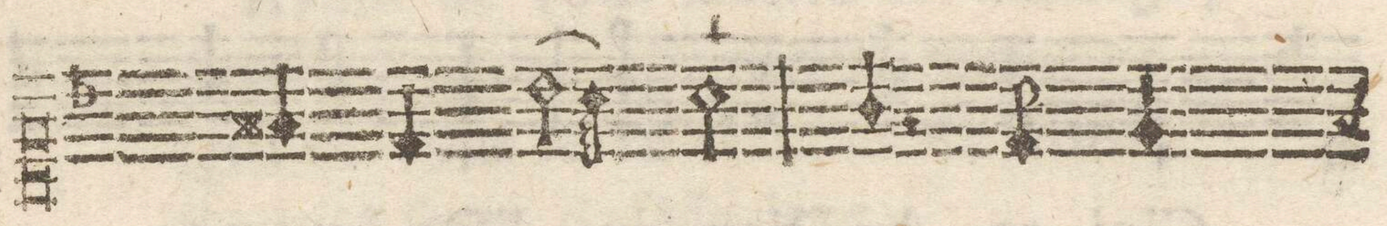
mê- me le plus Sa- ge,



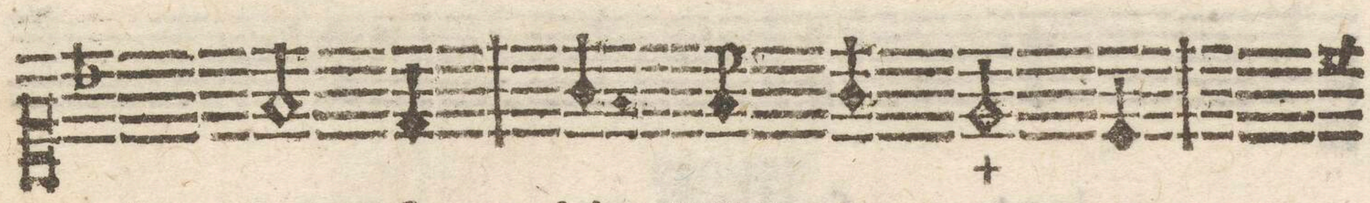
Dans les Li - ens de la



Rai- ſon ſau- va- ge, Souf-fre la
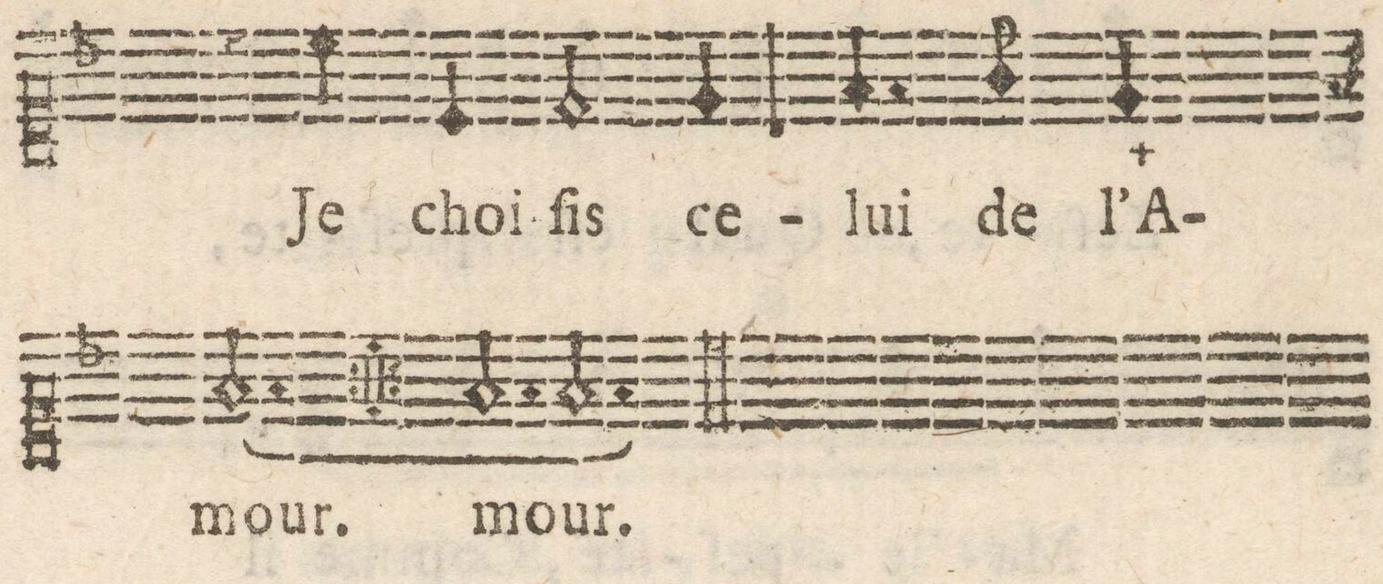


Gê- ne nuit & jour. Puiſ-qu'il



faut ſu - bir l'Eſ- cla- va- ge,

Je

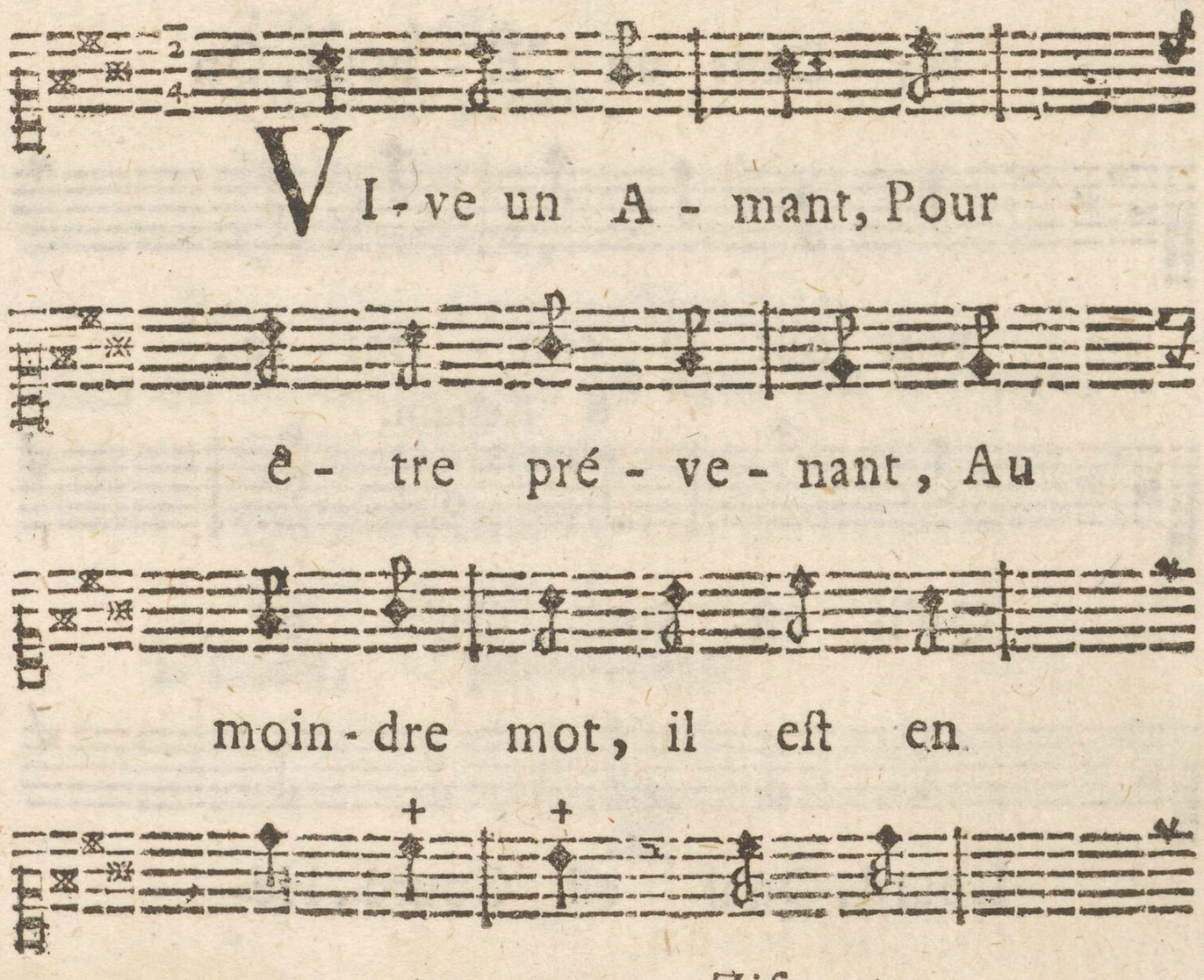


Je choi-fis ce - lui de l'A-

mour. mour.

L'ATTRAIT.

VAUDEVILLE.



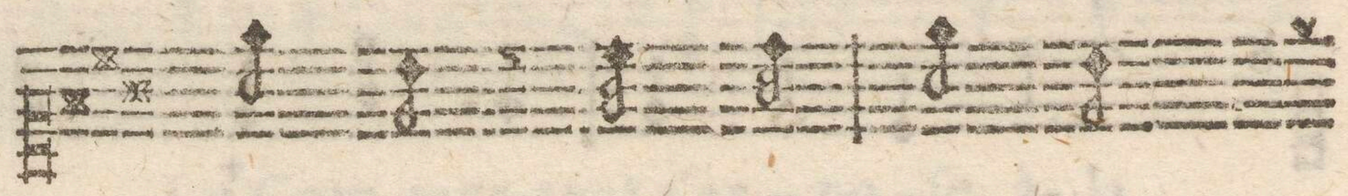
Vi-ve un A - mant, Pour

ê - tre pré - ve - nant, Au

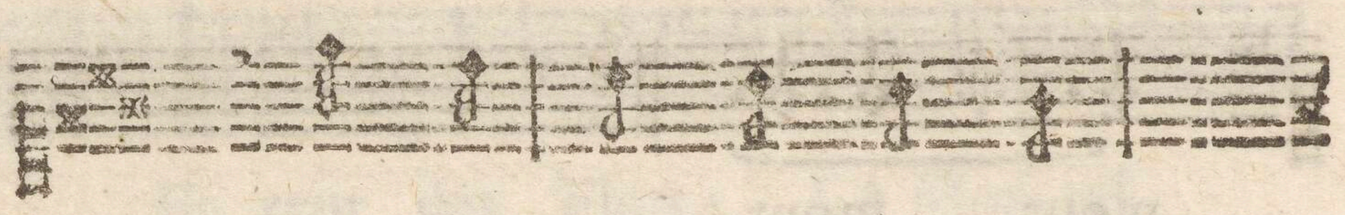
moin-dre mot, il eſt en

mou- ve- ment, Zif - te,

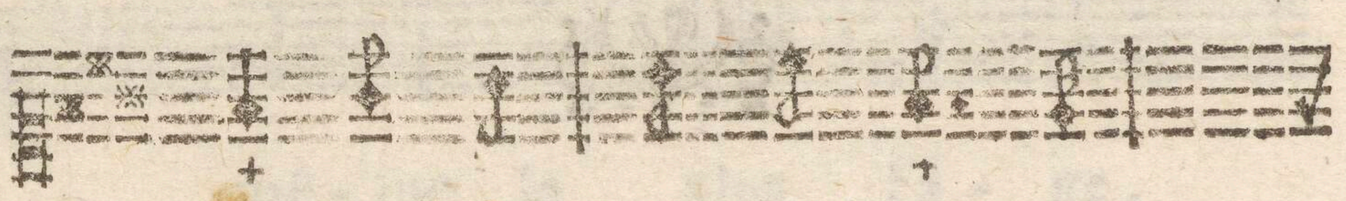
Zeſte,



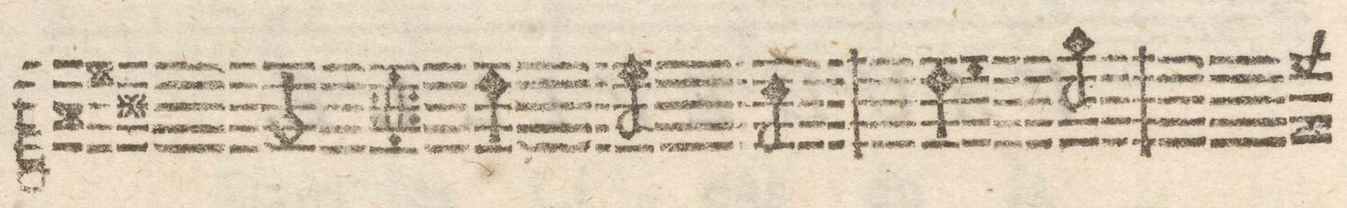
Zeſ - te, Qu'il eſt preſ - te,



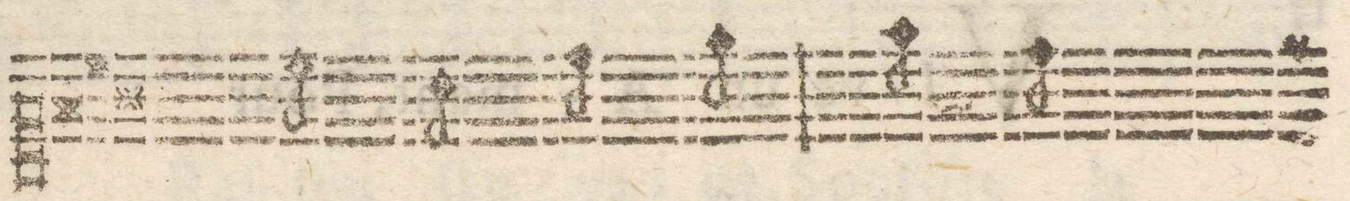
Ma - le - peſ - te, Comme il



va, C'eſt un char-me que ce-

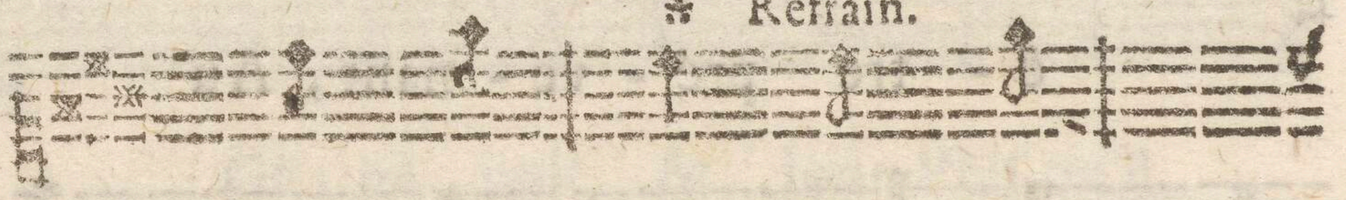


la; Dans un E - poux, On

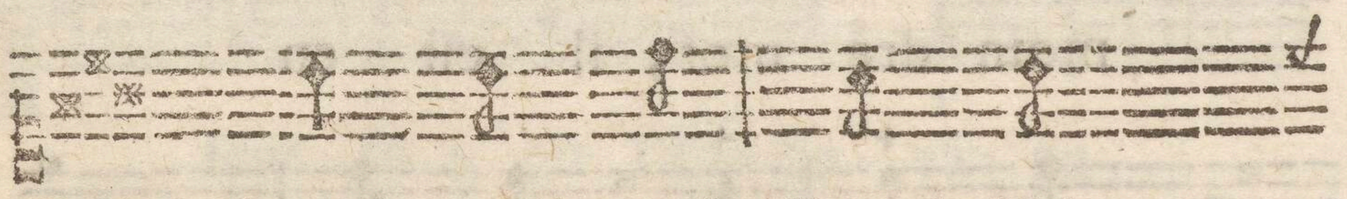


voit tout le con - trai - re,

℣ Refrain.

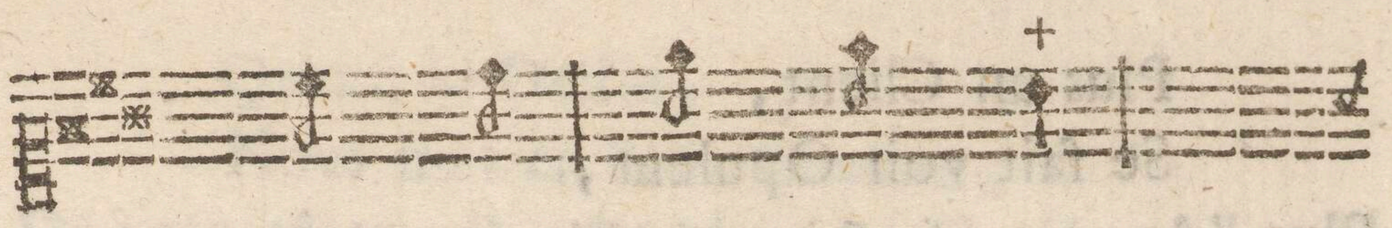


Qu'il eſt Sourd, Qu'il eſt
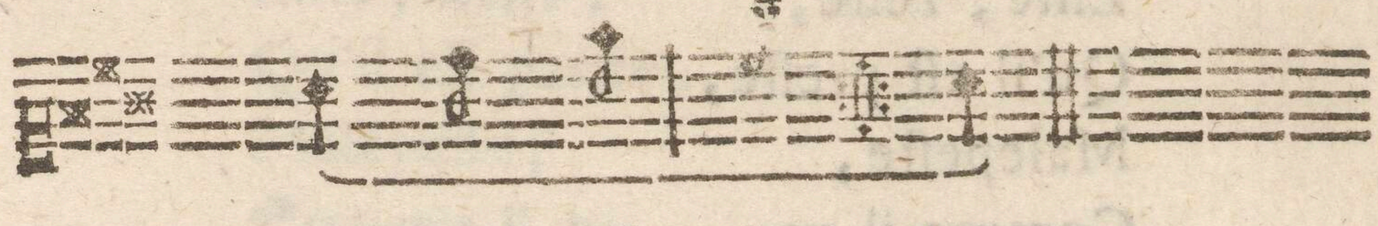


Lourd, Qu'il eſt Gourd, Hé-

las !



las! qu'en peut-on fai-



re. Qu'il eſt, &c. re.

Ah! qu'un Mari,
Paroît doux & poli,
Pour des Beautez qu'il voit hors de chez lui,
Ziſte, zeſte,
Qu'il eſt preſte,
Malepeſte,
Qu'il reſſent,
Pour elles d'empreſſement:
Mais du Moment qu'il eſt dans ſon Ménage,
Qu'il eſt ſourd,
Qu'il eſt lourd,
Qu'il eſt gourd,
L'Ennuyeux perſonnage.

Plus un Client,
Se fait voir Opulent,
Plus l'Avocat, ſe fait voir Eloquent,
Ziſte, zeſte,
Qu'il eſt preſte,
Malepeſte,
Comme il va,
Quand il voit briller cela:
Mais ſi quelqu'un l'aborde ſans finance,
Qu'il eſt ſourd,
Qu'il eſt lourd,
Qu'il eſt gourd,
Adieu ſon Eloquence.

Quand un Gaſcon,
Découvre la Maiſon,
D'un bon Patron qui prête ſans façon,
Ziſte, zeſte,
Qu'il eſt preſte,
Malepeſte,
Comme il va,
Dans un inſtant l'y voilà:
Mais quand il faut rendre ce qu'on lui prête,
Qu'il eſt ſourd,
Qu'il eſt lourd,
Qu'il eſt gourd,
Bonſoir, l'affaire eſt faite.

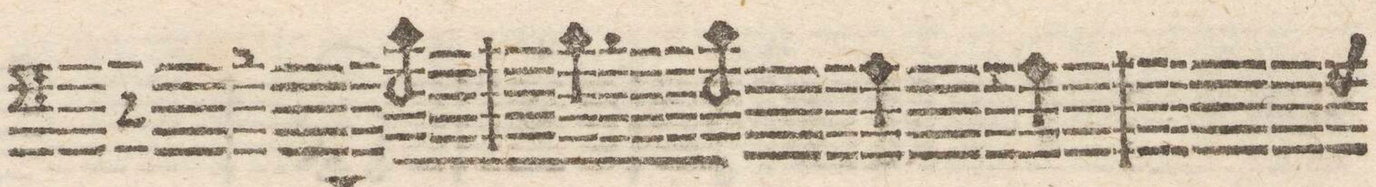
Quand le Deſtin,
Nous mèt en beau Chemin,
De tous côtez, il nous vient un Couſin,
Ziſte, zeſte,
Qu'il eſt preſte,
Malepeſte,
Comme il va,
Prôner par tout ce nom-là :
Mais s'il nous voit menacé de l'Orage,
Qu'il eſt ſourd,
Qu'il eſt lourd,
Qu'il eſt gourd,
Adieu le Parentage.

Leſte, & fringant,
Le Conſeiller Pimpant,
Dès qu'il aprend que ſa Nimphe l'attend,
Ziſte, zeſte,
Qu'il eſt preſte,
Malepeſte,
Comme il va,
Dans un inſtant l'y voila;
Mais quand il faut aller à l'Audience,
Qu'il eſt ſourd,
Qu'il eſt lourd,
Qu'il eſt gourd,
Plaideur, prens Patience.

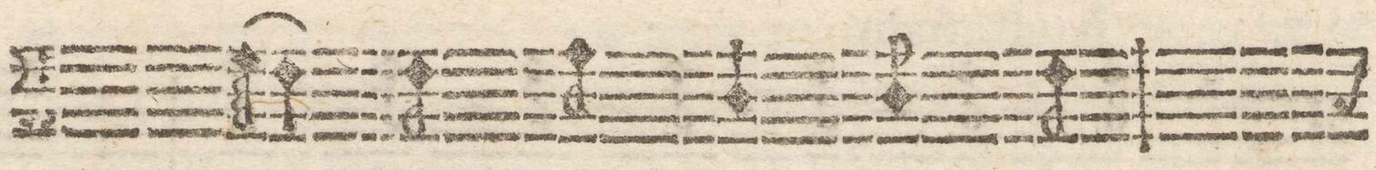
Lors que Colin,
D'un Air tendre & badin,
Veut me ſurprendre un amoureux Larcin;
Ziſte, zeſte,
Qu'il eſt preſte,
Malepeſte,
Comme il va,
C'eſt un charme que cela:
Si je lui dis un mot de Mariage,
Qu'il eſt ſourd,
Qu'il eſt lourd,
Qu'il eſt gourd,
Le Badin, devient Sage.

LA

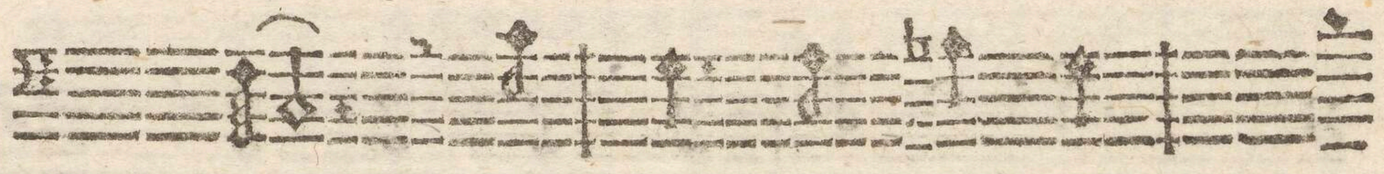
LA CRISE.



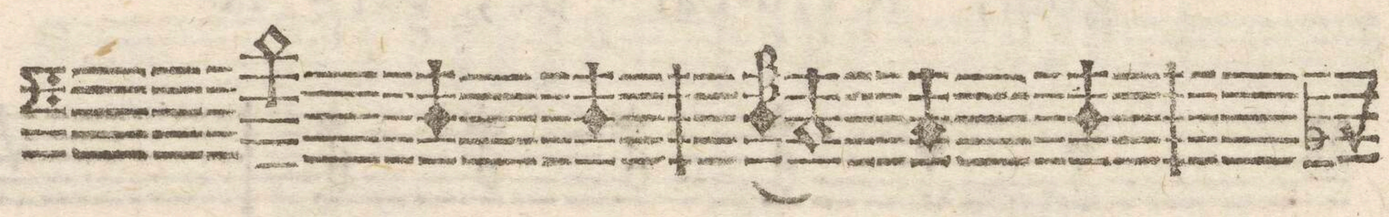
LA Fiè- vre dans mon



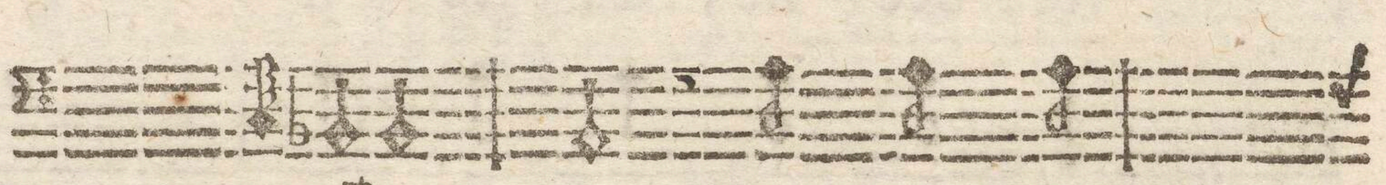
Sang ré - pan - dant ſon Ve-



nin, M'al - loit bien - tôt for-



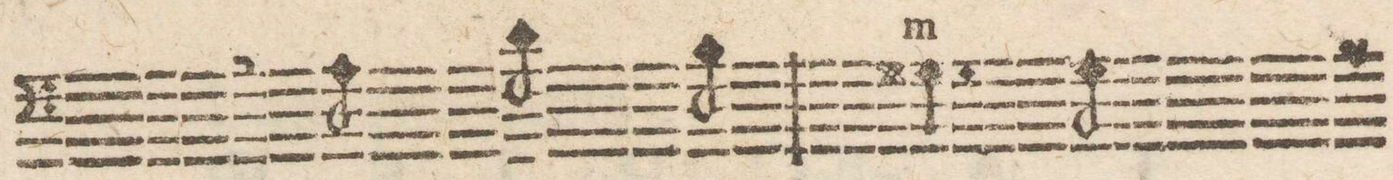
cer à dor - mir le grand



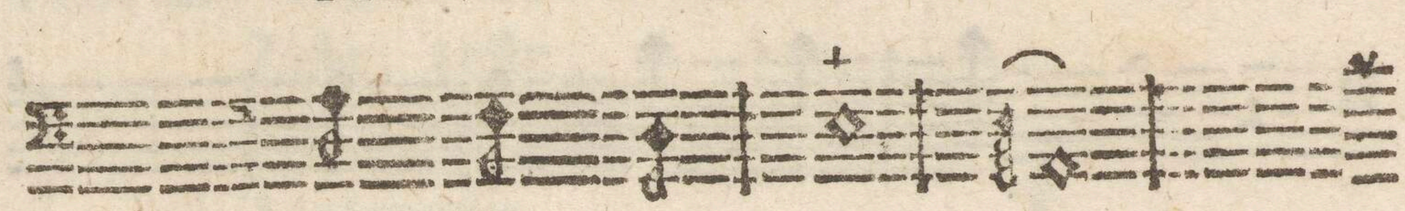
ſom - me, Mais un cé-



lè - bre Mé - de - cin,

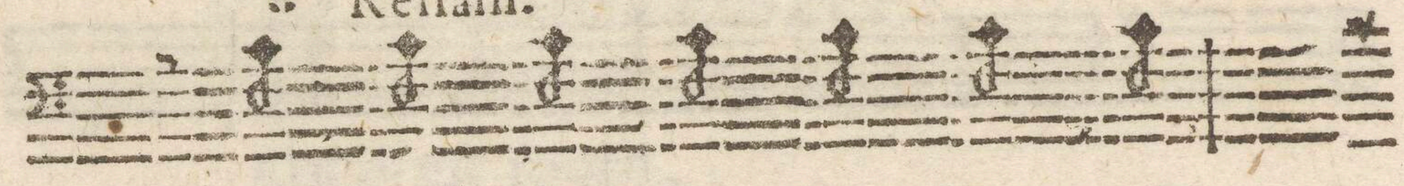


Me ren - dit l'A - me,



Et voi - ci com - me,

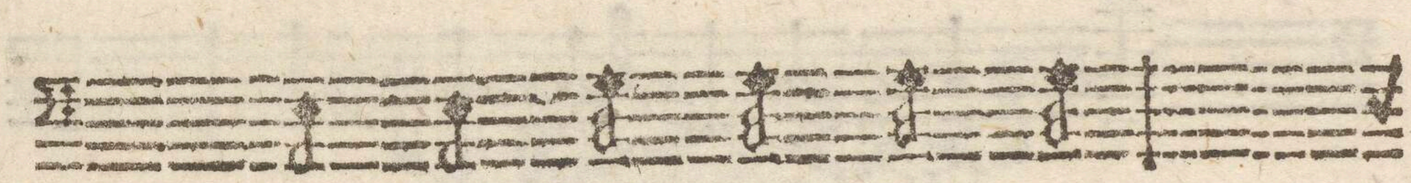
℄ Refrain.
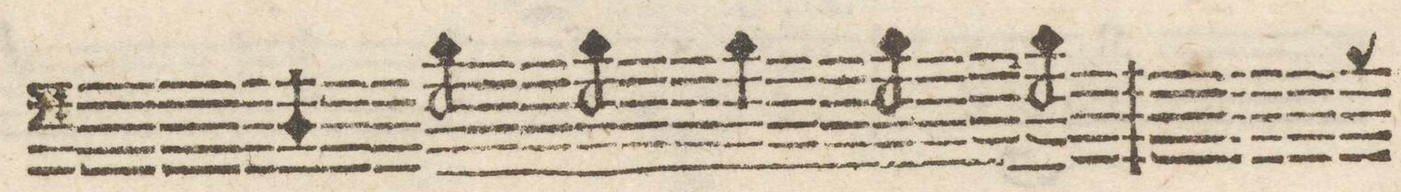


Il m'or - don - na dans ſon Jar-



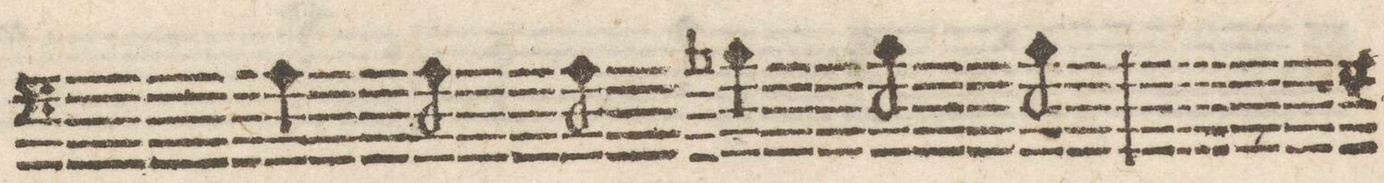
gon, R'Hu-bar - be, Sal - ſa-



fra, Scé - né, Ca - to - li-



con, A ces mots, que je

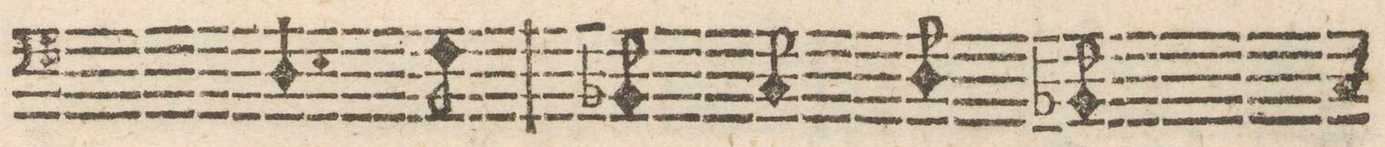


pris pour les noms du Gri-

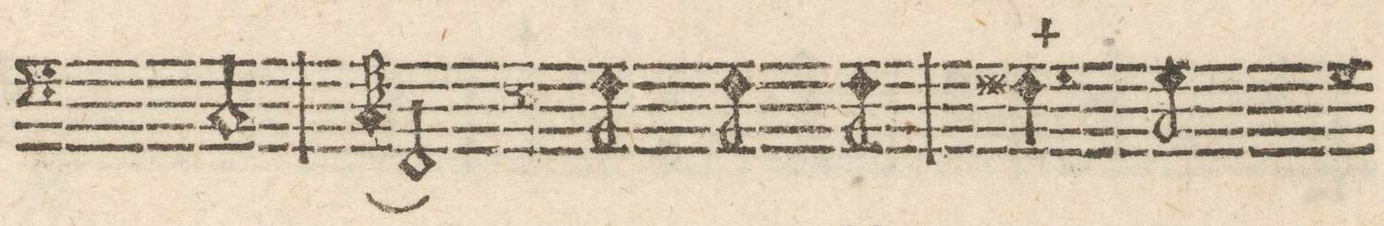
moire,



moi - re, Je crus voir Lu - ci-



fer A - vec ſa Ban - de



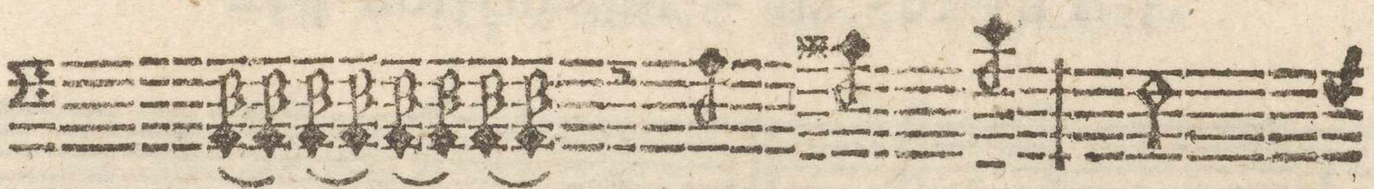
noi - re; D'un trem-ble-ment ſou-
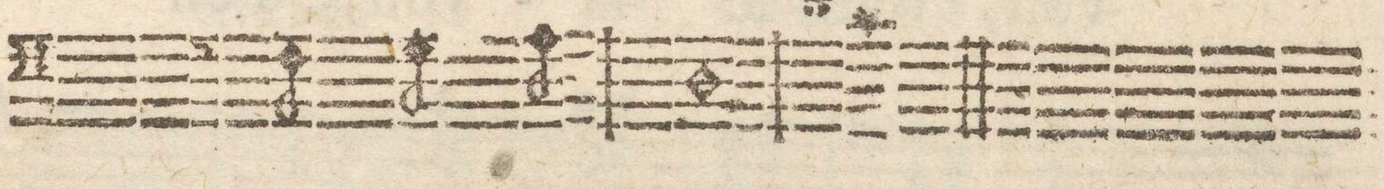


dain, Tout - mon -



Corps - fut - tran-



ſi -, La Cri - ſe vint,

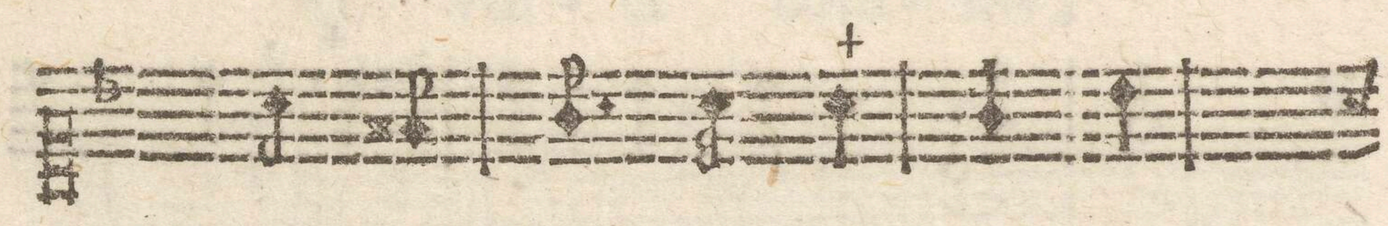


je fus gué - ri. &c.
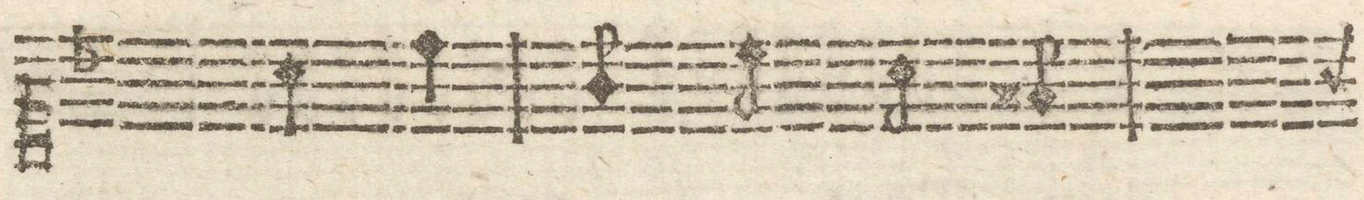
VAUDEVILLE.



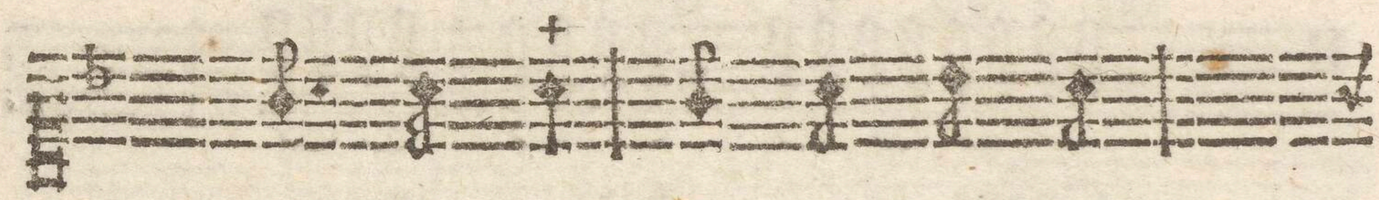
N'At - ten - dez pas qu'i-



ci l'on vous ré - vè - re, Si



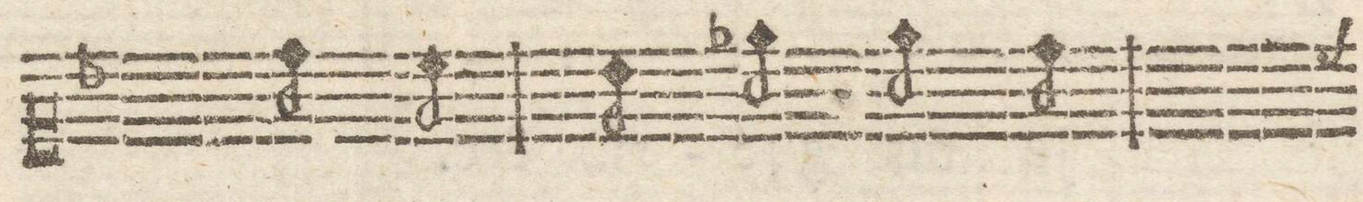
Plu - tus n'eſt vô - tre Dieu



Tu - te - lai - re, Sans ſon pou-

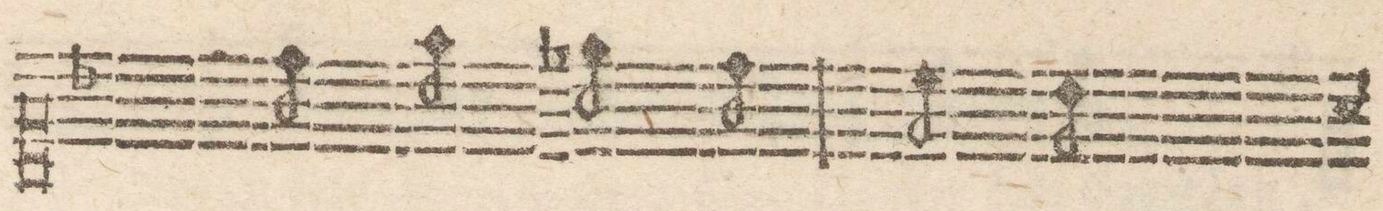


voir, Tout le ſa - voir, Qu'on

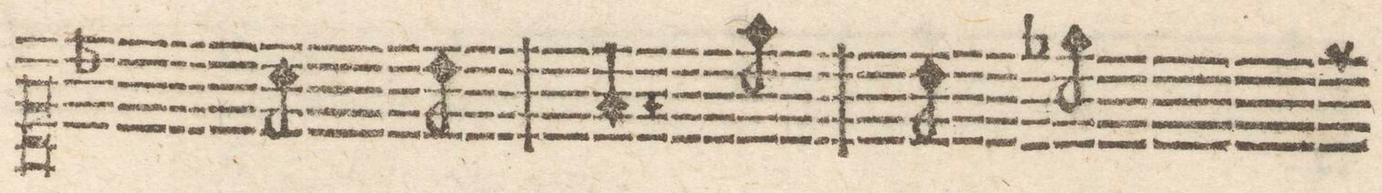


peut a - voir, Ne peut va-
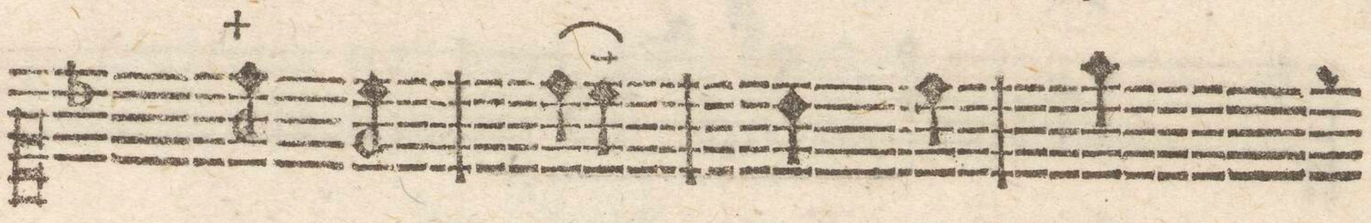
loir,



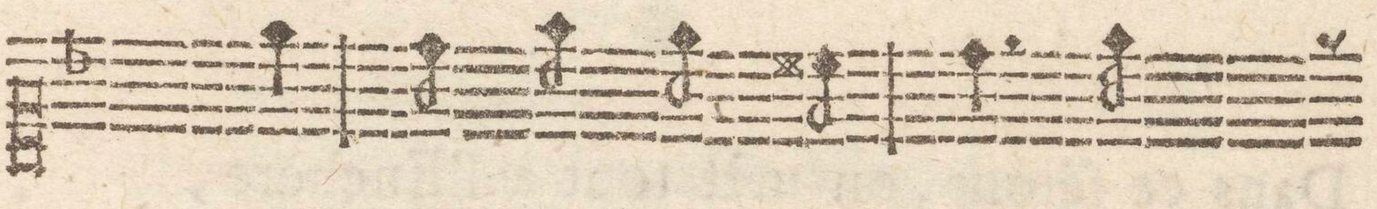
loir, Rien ne ré - pond à
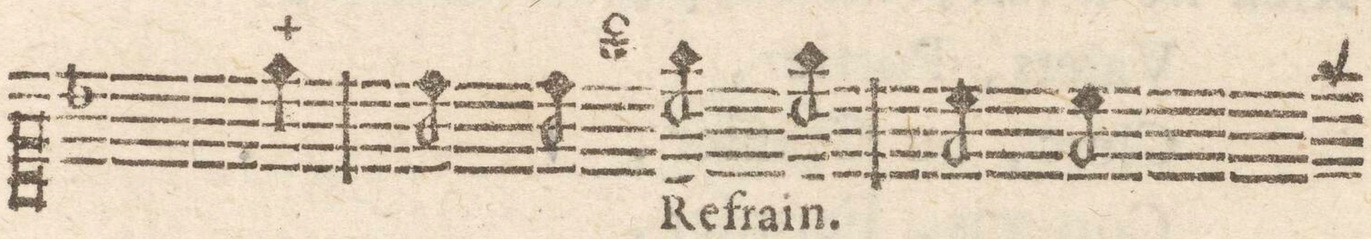


vô- tre Eſ-poir, Le tems n'y



peut rien fai - re; Mais quand

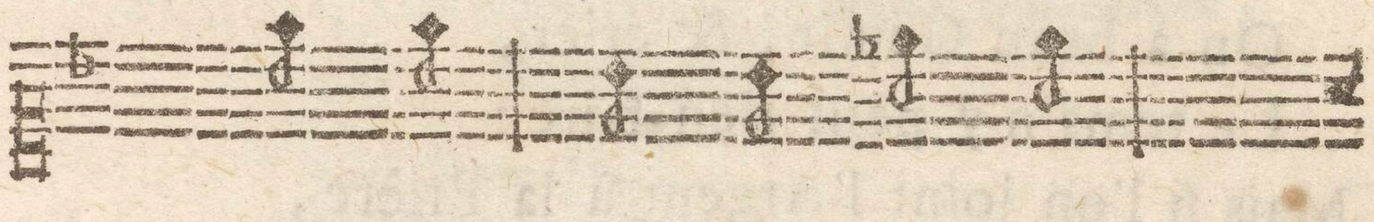


on tient ce Mé- tal Sa - lu-
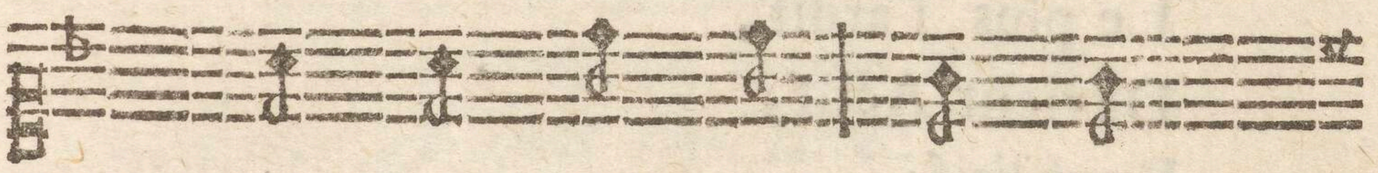


Refrain.

tai - re, Tout ce qu'on dit, Char-
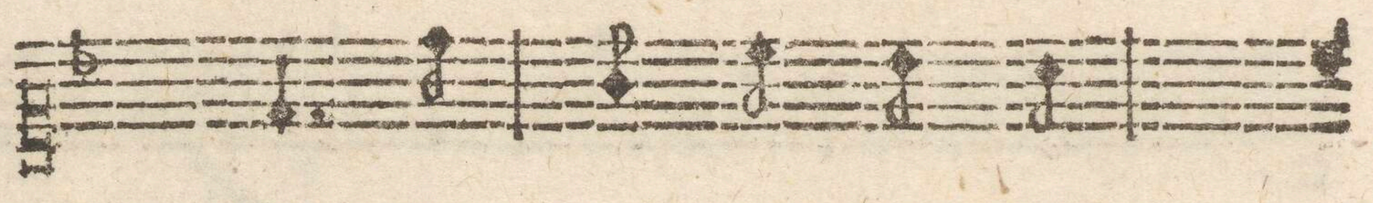


me & ra - vit, Tout ré - üſ-



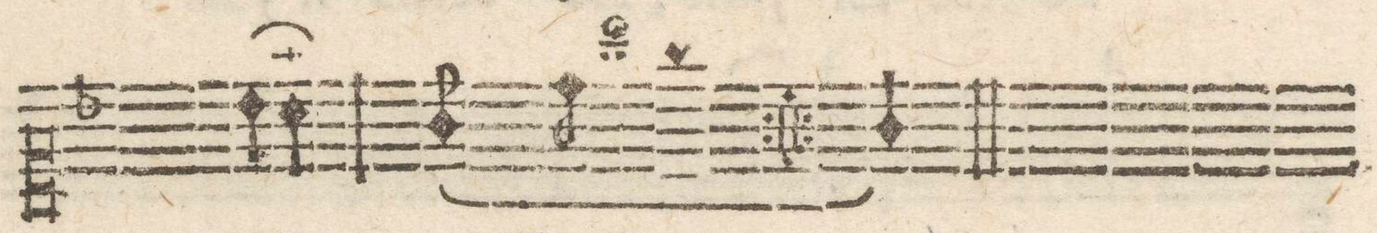
ſit, Cha- cun nous rit, Veut-



-on Char-ge, Honneur, ou Cré-



dit, Un jour en fait l'af-



fai - re. Tout, &c. re.

Dans ce ſéjour, on mèt tout à l'Enchère,
Rien ne ſi fait, ſans l'appas du Salaire,
Valets, Portier,
Clerc, ou Gréffier,
Commis, Fermier,
Sont ſans Quartier,
On a beau Gémir, & crier,
Le tems n'y peut rien faire:
Mais ſi l'on joint l'Argent à la Prière,
Le plus Rétif,
Le plus Tardif,
Devient Actif,
Expéditif;
Tout marche, tout eſt attentif,
Un jour finit l'affaire.

Loin

Loin de ces lieux, une tendre Bergère,
S'en tient au choix que ſon Cœur lui ſuggère,
Fut-ce un Midas,
Pour les Ducats,
S'il ne plaît pas,
Il perd ſes pas,
De tous ſes biens on ne fait cas,
Le tems n'y peut rien faire:
De nos Beautez la Maxime eſt contraire,
Fut-ce un Pallot,
Un Idiot,
Un Maître Sot,
Un Oſtrogot,
S'il eſt pourvû d'un bon Magot,
Un jour finit l'affaire.

Loin de ces lieux, une Riche Héritière,
N'eſt point l'Objèt qu'un Amant conſidère,
Sageſſe, Honneur,
Vertu Douceur,
Sont de ſon Cœur,
L'attrait Vainqueur,
Ses feux ont toujours même ardeur,
Le tems n'y peut rien faire:
De nos Amans, la Maxime eſt contraire,

Bons Revenus,
Contracts, Ecus,
Sur les Vertus,
Ont le deſſus,
De tels nœuds ſont bien-tôt rompus,
Un jour en fait l'affaire.

Sans dépenſer, c'eſt en vain qu'on eſpère,
De s'avancer au Païs de Cythère,
Mari Jaloux,
Femme en Courroux,
Ferment ſur nous,
Grille, & Verroux,
Le Chien nous pourſuit comme Loups,
Le tems n'y peut rien faire:
Mais, ſi Plutus entre dans le Miſtère,
Grille, & Reſſort,
S'ouvrent d'abord,
Le Chien s'Endort,
Le Mari ſort,
Femme, & Soubrette ſont d'accord,
Un jour finit l'affaire.

Tant

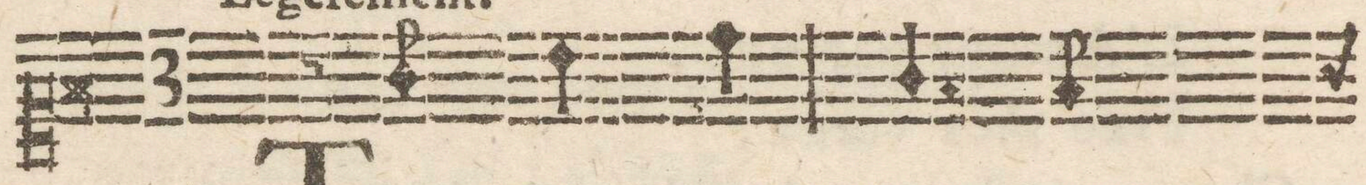
Tant que Philis, eut un deſtin proſpère,
Plus d'un Amant, lui dit d'un air ſincère,
Que vos beaux Yeux,
Sont Gracieux;
L'Amour par eux,
Fixe mes vœux;
Chaque inſtant redouble mes feux,
Le tems n'y peut rien faire:
Dès que Plutus, ceſſe de lui Complaire,
Plus de Tréſor,
Plus de Médor,
Flâme, & Tranſport,
Prirent l'Eſſort,
L'Amour s'enfuit & court encor,
Un jour finit l'affaire.

L'AI-

L'AIGUILLON.

DUO.

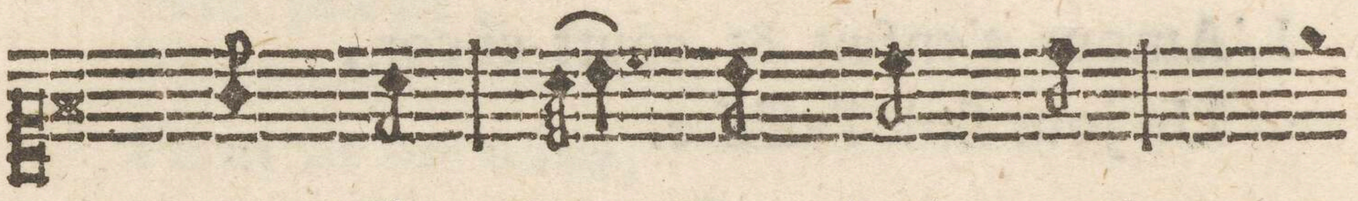
Légerement.



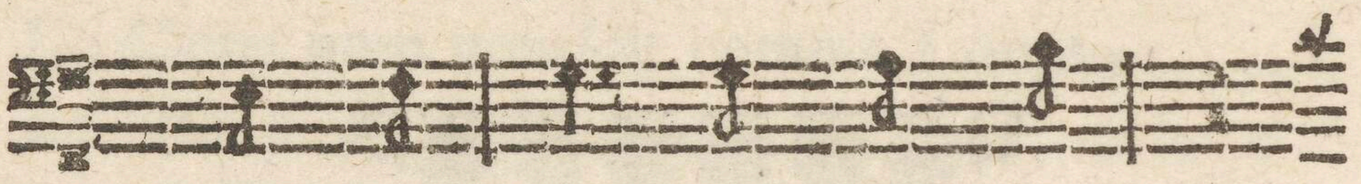
TOus les Ber - gers de



Tous les Ber - gers de



ce ſé - jour, Tou-jours conſ-



ce ſé - jour, Tou-jours conſ-
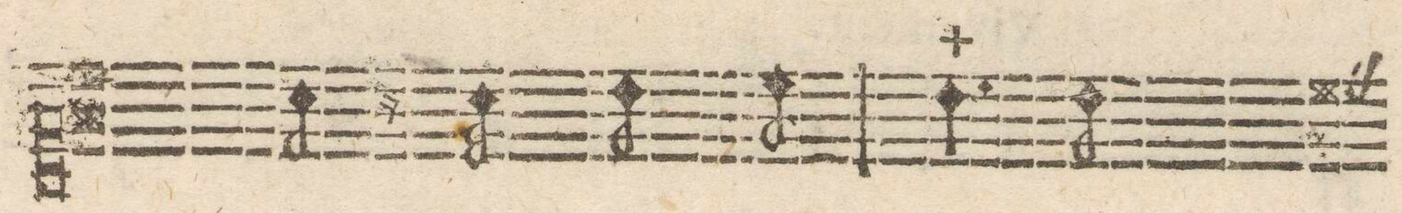


tans, tou-jours ſin - cè-



tans, tou-jours ſin - cè-

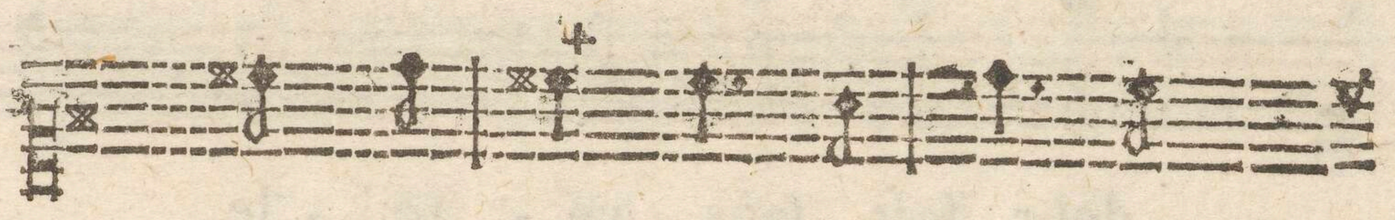
res,



res, Vont tous les jours, à
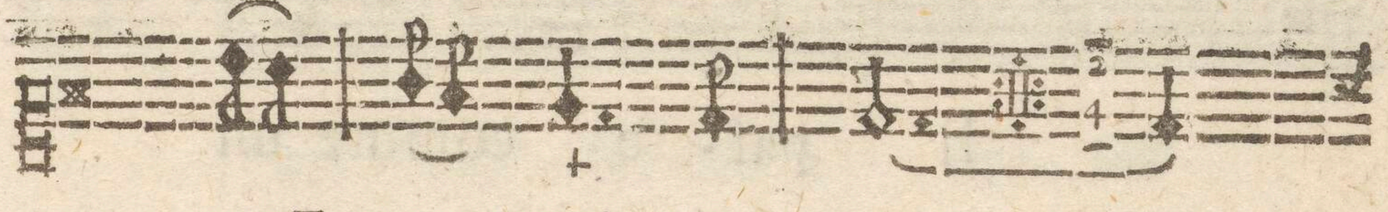


res, Vont tous les jours, à



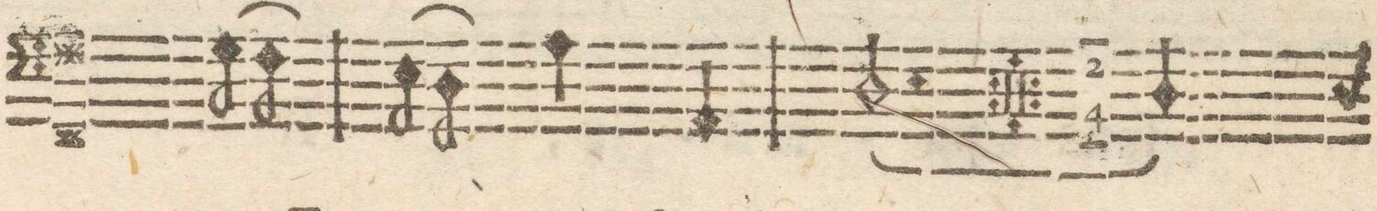
leurs Ber- gè - res, Ju - rer u-



leurs Ber- gè - res, Ju - rer u-
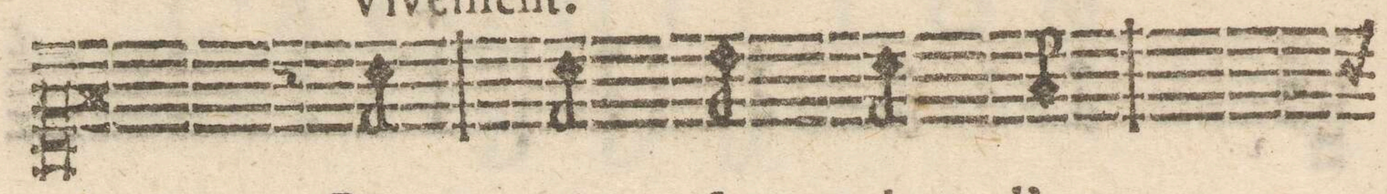


ne E- ter- nel-le A-mour. mour.

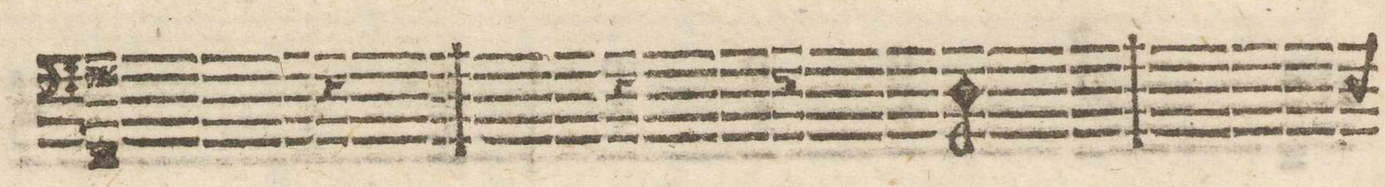


ne E- ter- nel-le A-mour. mour.

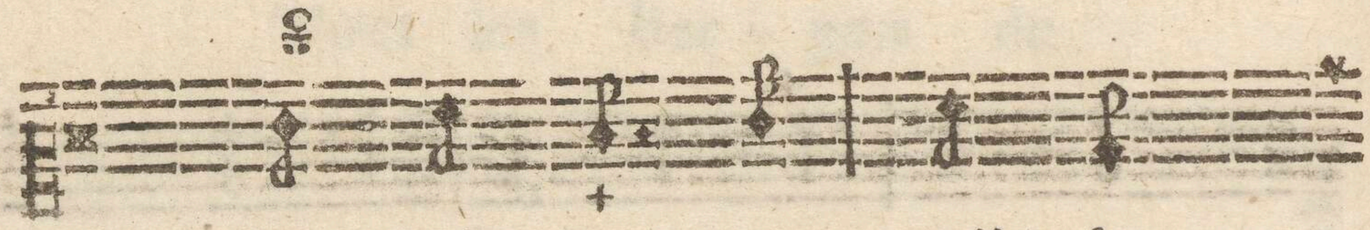
Vivement.



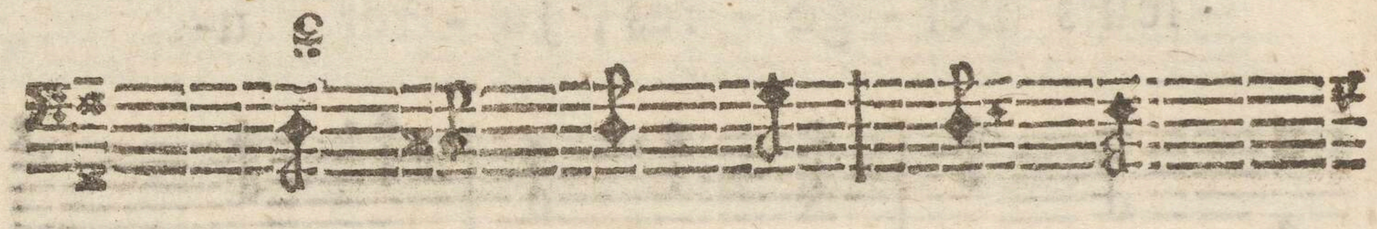
Bien que du mien l'ar-



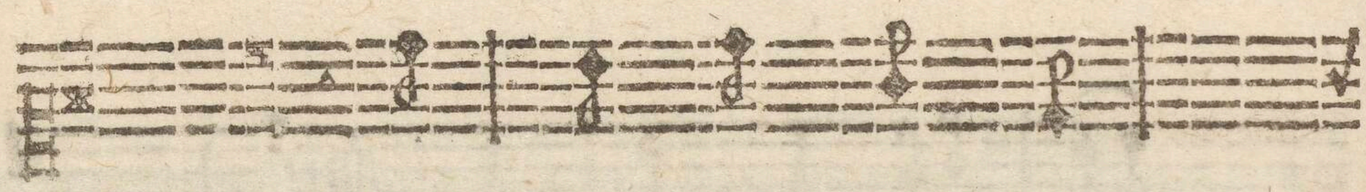
Bien



deur ſoit ſans pa - reil - le,



que du mien l'ar - deur ſoit
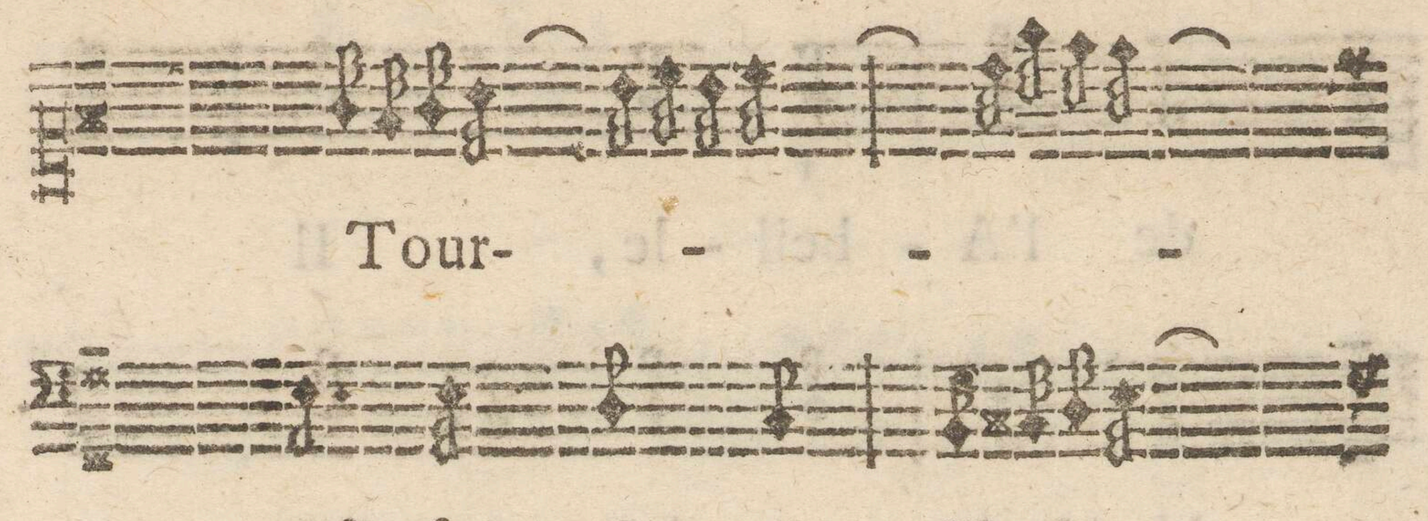


Il paſ- ſe comme un

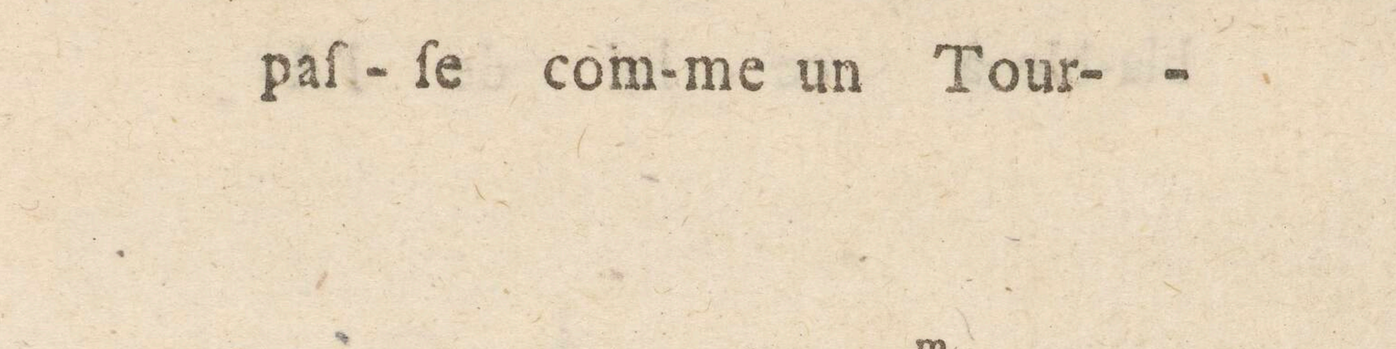


ſans pa - reil - le, Il

Tour-



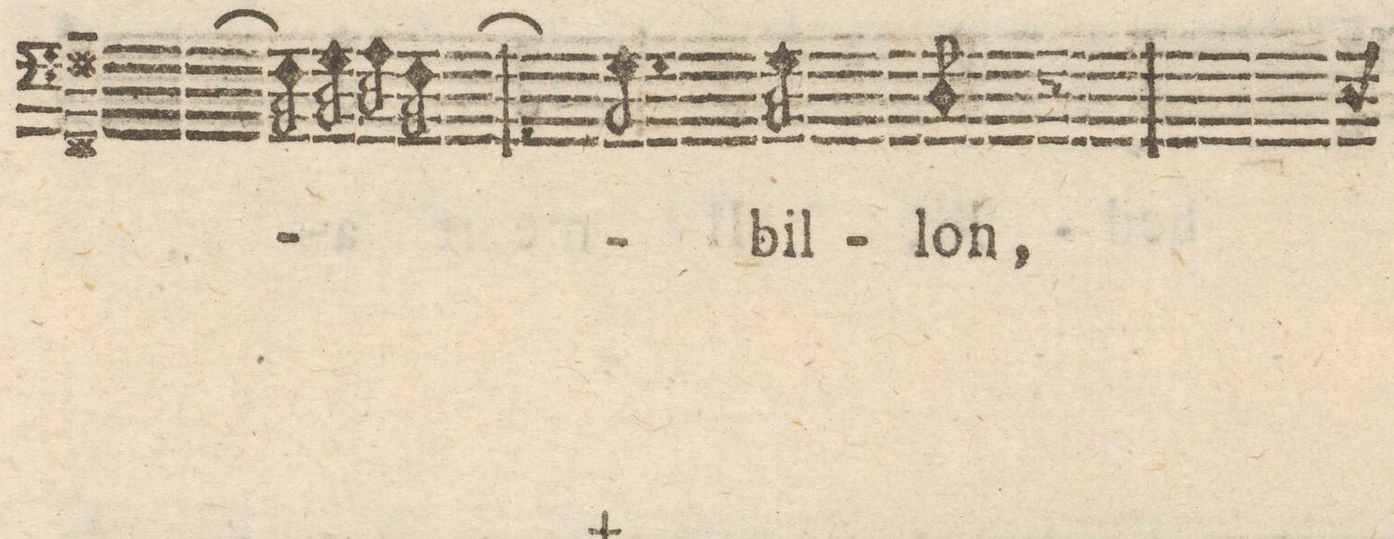
Tour- - - -



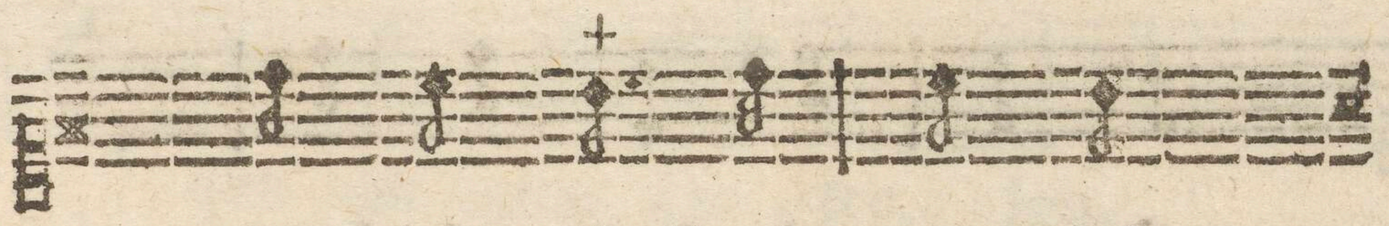
paſ - ſe com-me un Tour- -
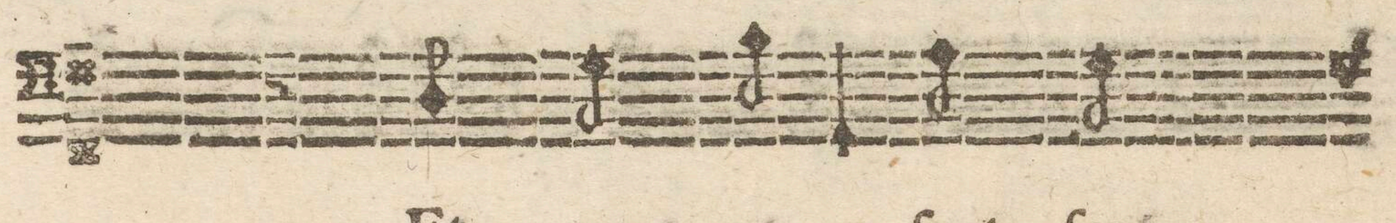


- bil - lon, Et par un



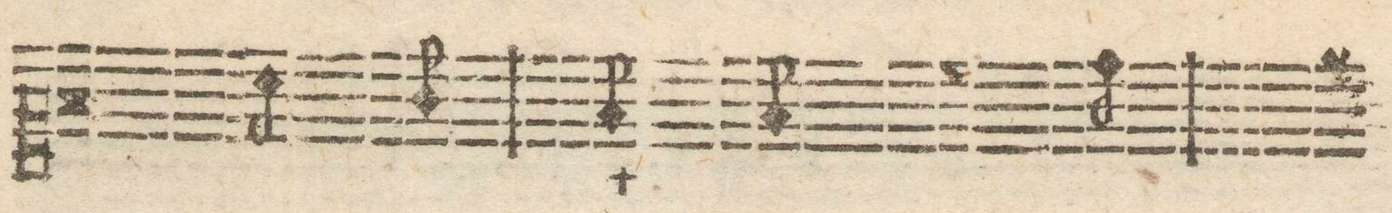
- - bil - lon,



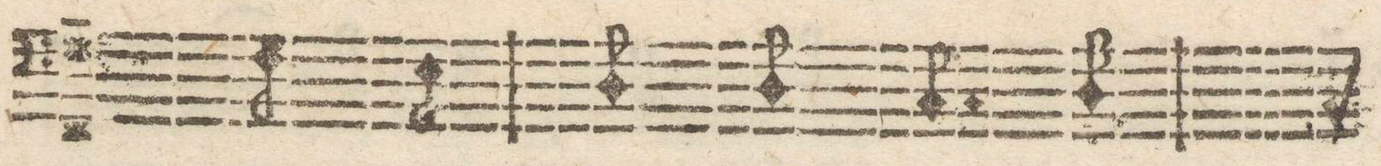
ſort ſem - bla ble à ce - lui



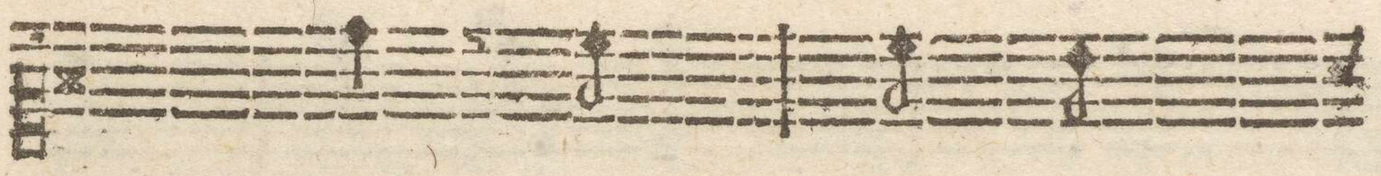
Et par un ſort ſem-



de l'A - beil - le, Il



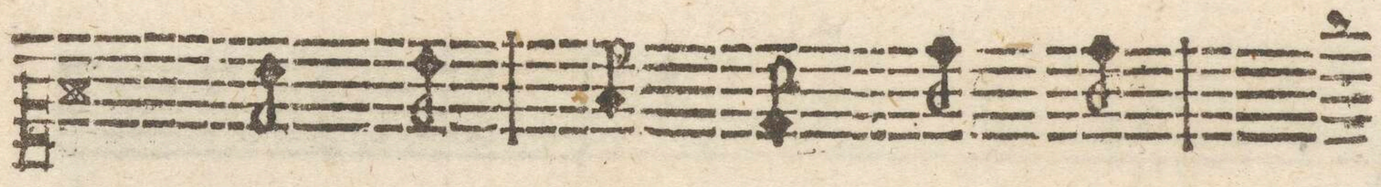
bla-ble à ce - lui de l'A-



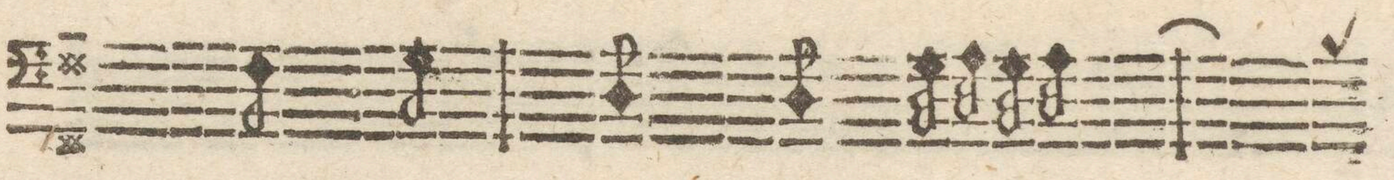
meurt, Il meurt a-



beil - le, Il meurt a-
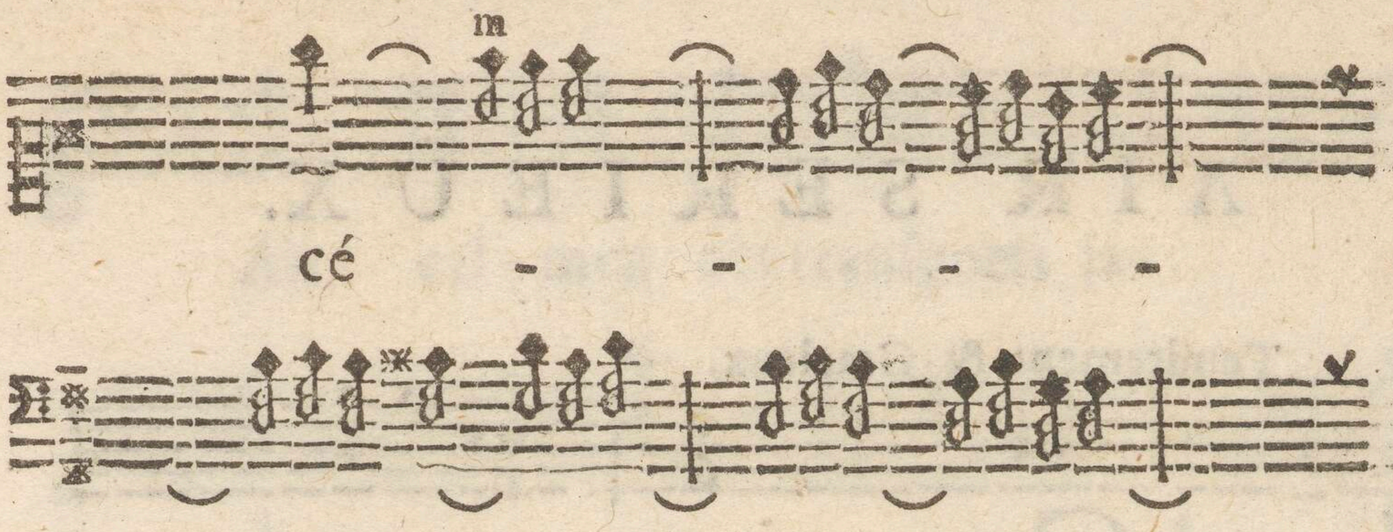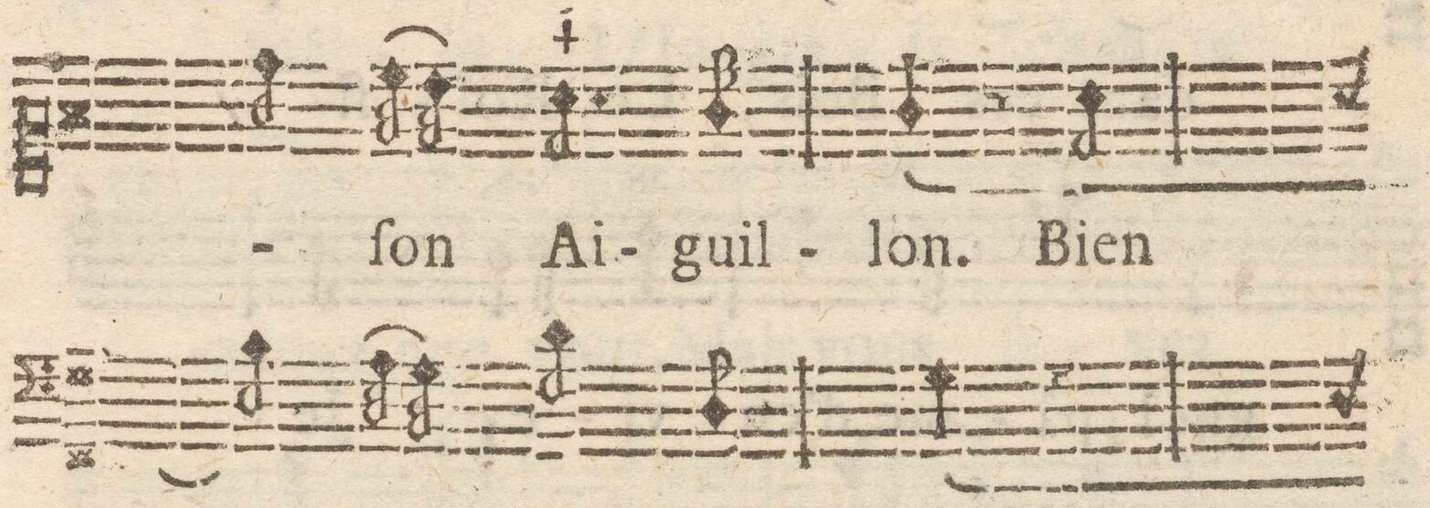


près a - voir Lan - cé, Lan-

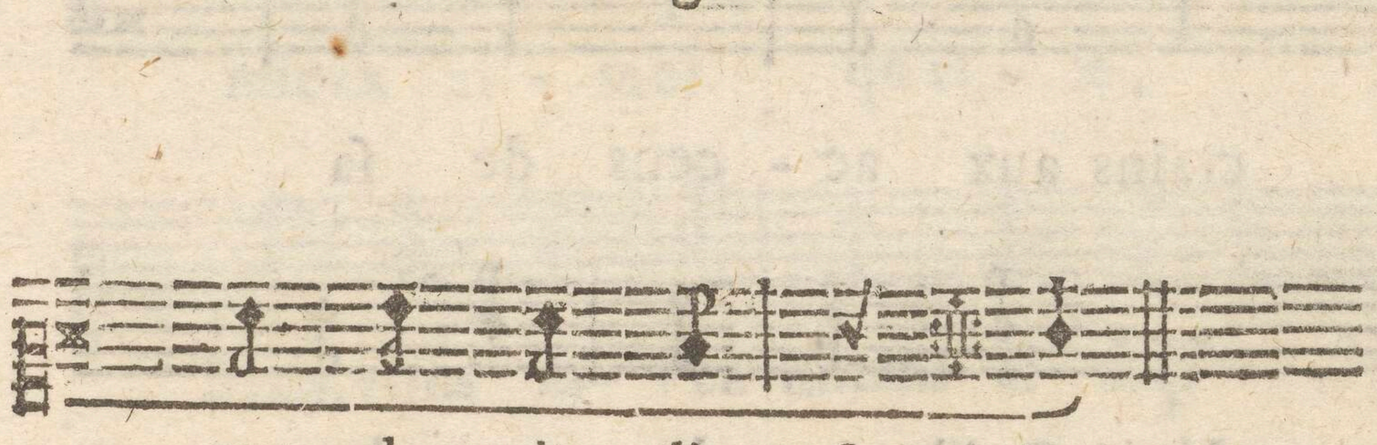


près a - voir Lan - cé -

cé

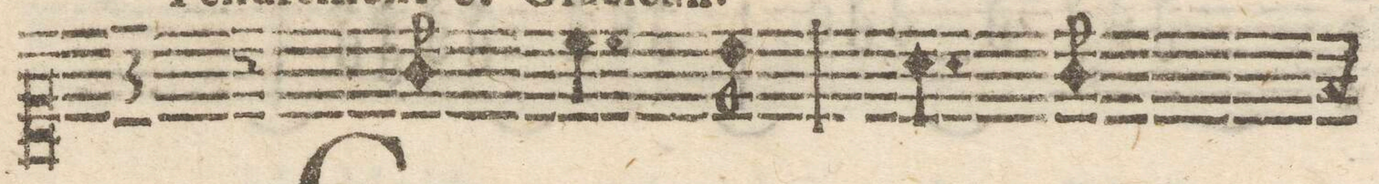

cé - - - -


- ſon Ai- guil - lon. Bien
- ſon Ai - guil - lon.

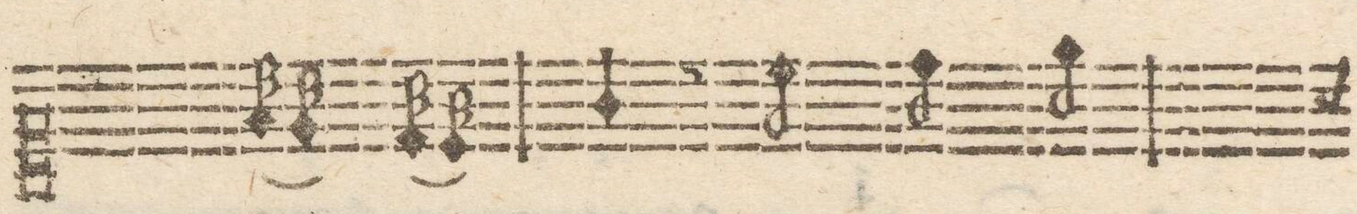

que du mien l'ar-, &c. lon.
Bien, &c. lon.

AIR SERIEUX.

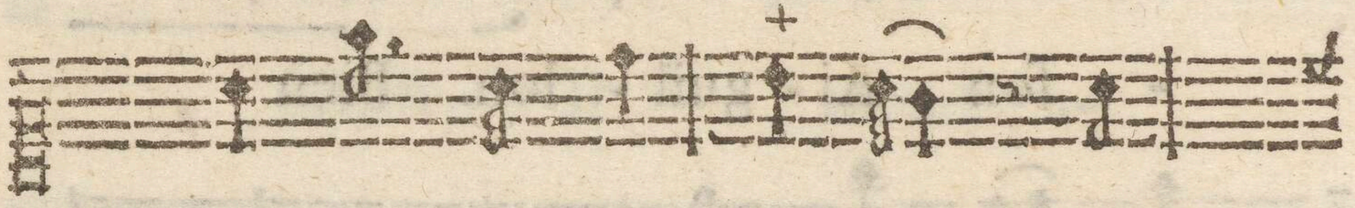
Tendrement & Gracieux.
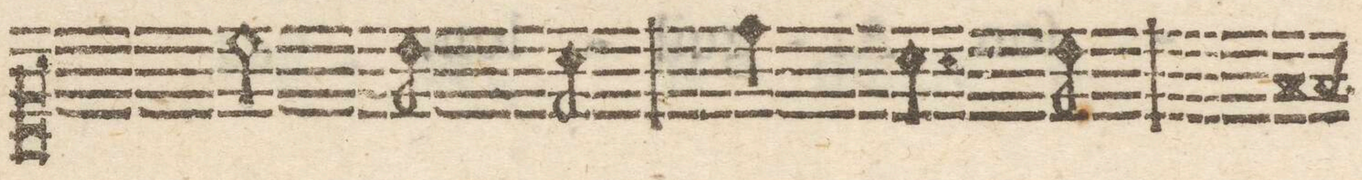


CLi- mei- ne chan- te



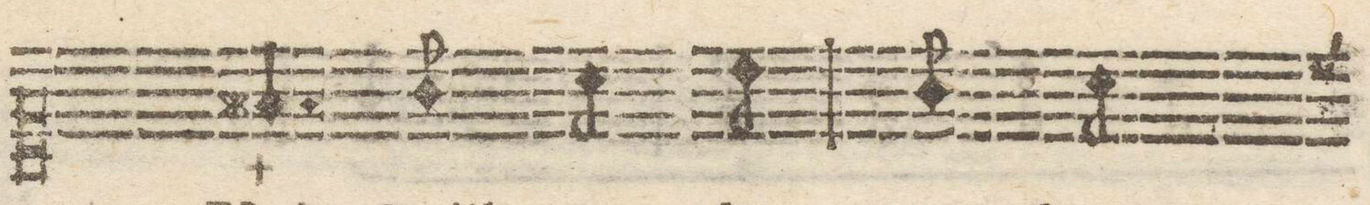
dans ces Bois, Le Roſ- ſi-
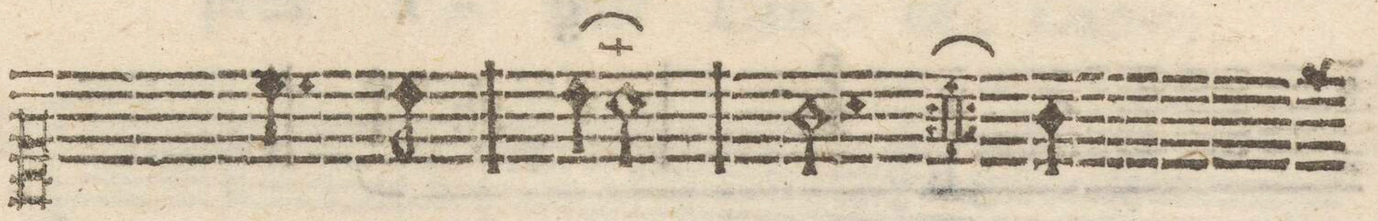


gnol, pâ- me d'en- vi- e, Je



crains aux ac- cens de ſa



Voix, Qu'il ne la per- de a-
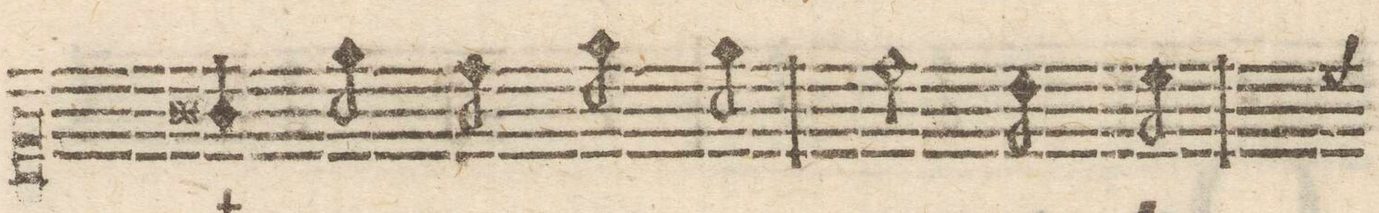


vec la Vi- e: e:
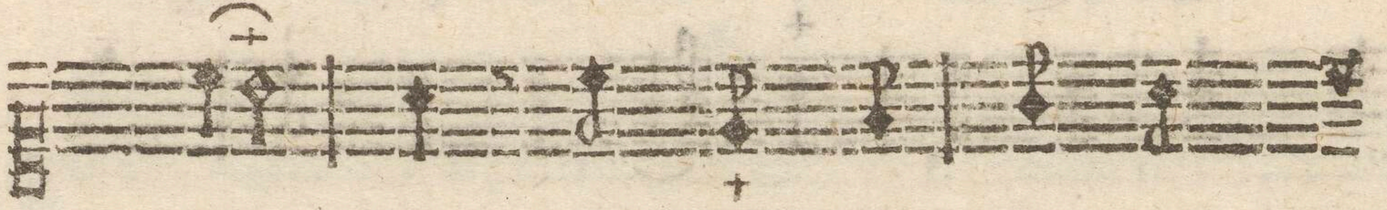
Ah!



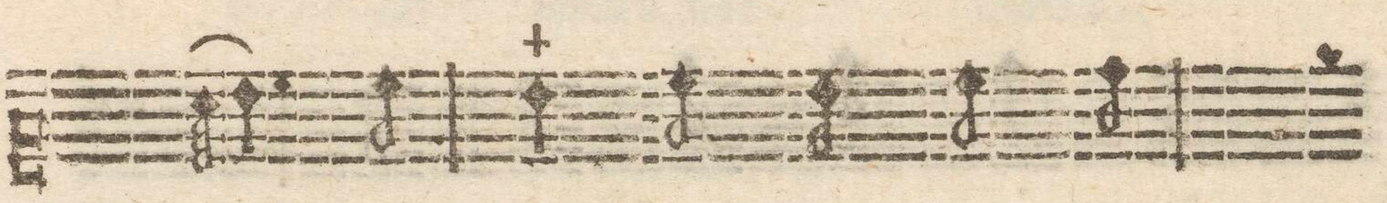
Ah! cal-mez ces tranſports ja-



loux, Et con-ſo-lez-vous; Phi-lo-
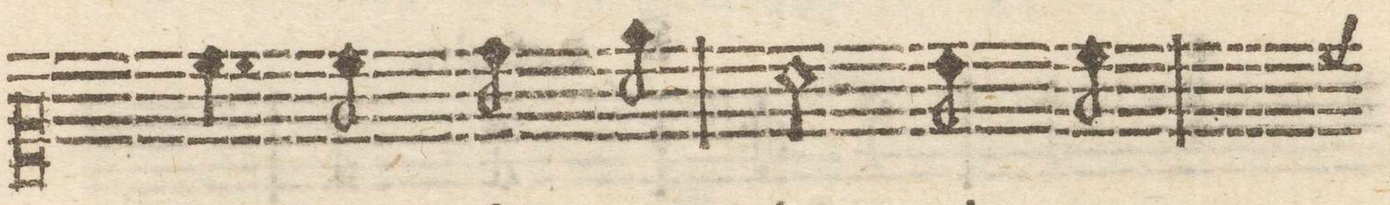


mê-le; L'In-gra-te chan-te
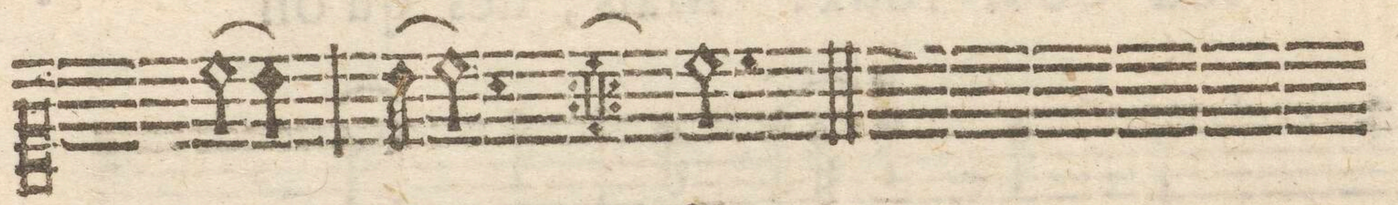


mieux que vous, Mais vous ſa-vez



mieux ai-mer qu'el-le,
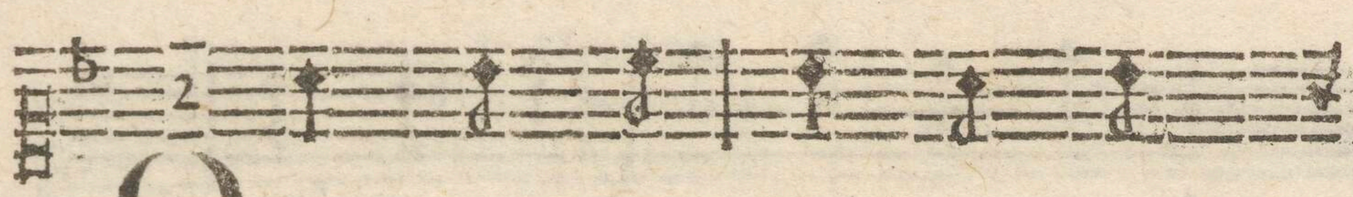


Mais, vous ſa-vez mieux ai-mer
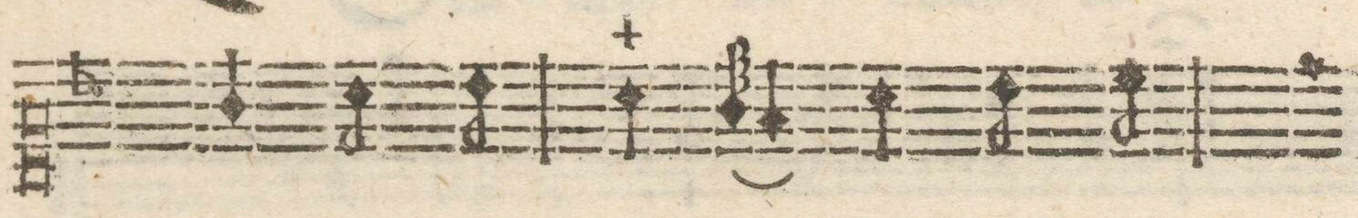


qu'el-le. le.

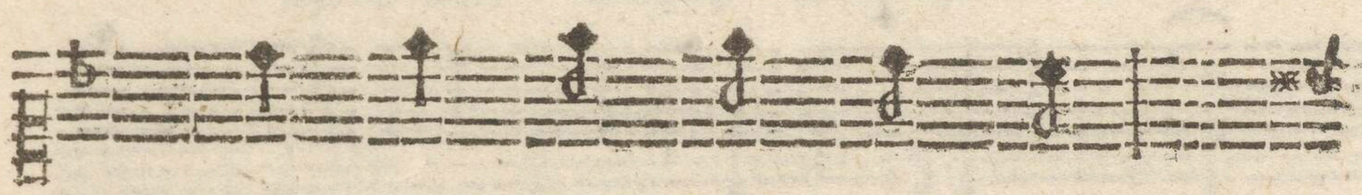
BRANLE.



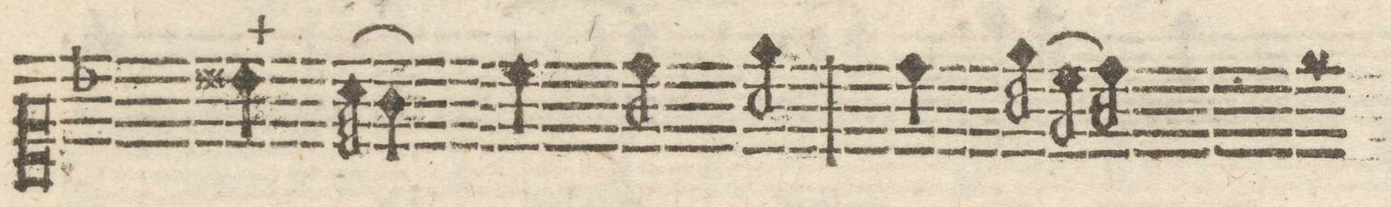
QUand d'u - ne Bel - le on croit



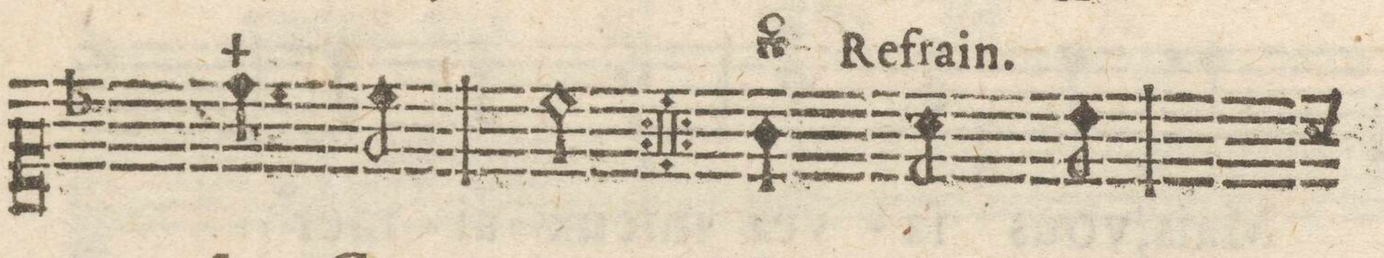
de voir ſe - plain-dre, Loin de ſes
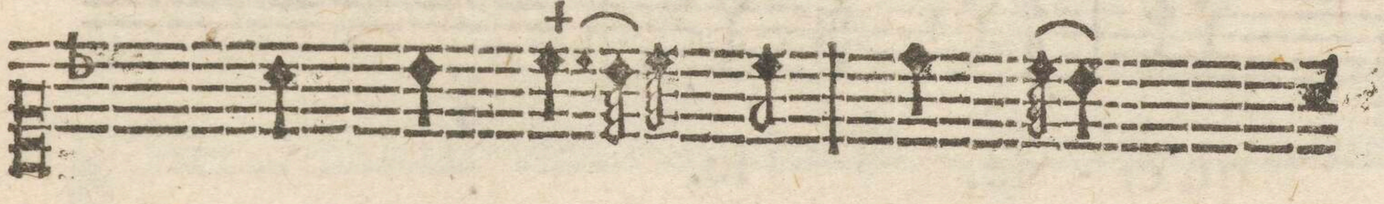


yeux, on ne peut ſe con-



train-dre, On laiſ-ſe é - cla - ter



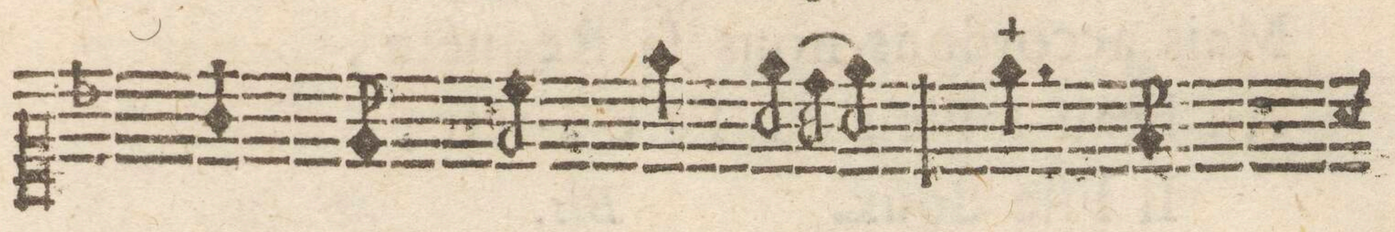
ſon Cour-roux: Mais, dès qu'on



re - voit ce qu'on ai - me,



Il re- prend ſon pou-voir ſu-



prê- me, On Fi - le doux, On



Fi - le doux, &c. doux.

Avant l'Hymen, l'Amour toujours ſoupire,
Toujours il preſſe, il demande, il déſire,
Il meurt, s'il ne devient Epoux:
Après l'Hymen, Mari facile,
Il laiſſe ſa moitié tranquile,
Il File doux, *Bis.*

Si par Hazard, on trouve une Cruelle,
Dans l'Opéra, verra-t'on la Rebelle,
D'Amour braver long-tems les coups:
Non, les Déeſſes de ce Temple,
Lui donneront bien-tôt l'Exemple,
De Filer doux. *Bis.*

Dans

Dans ſes Diſcours, un Barbon téméraire,
Fait le Cadèt, s'empreſſe de nous plaire,
Et d'obtenir un Rendez-vous!
Mais accordons-nous ſa Requête,
Au beau milieu du Tête-à-tête,
Il File doux. *Bis.*

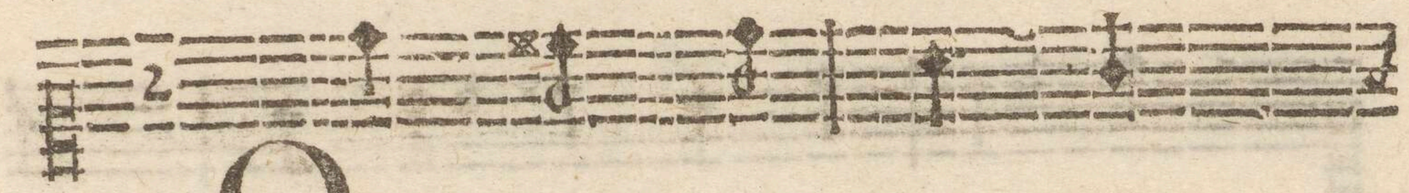
Une Payſanne.

Quand les Mamans, ſont par trop Rigulières,
Et qu'alles ont, des Filles Garçonnières,
Alles les aſſommont de coups:
Mais, les Mamans qui ſont Gaillardes,
Avec leurs Filles Egrillardes,
Filont bian doux.
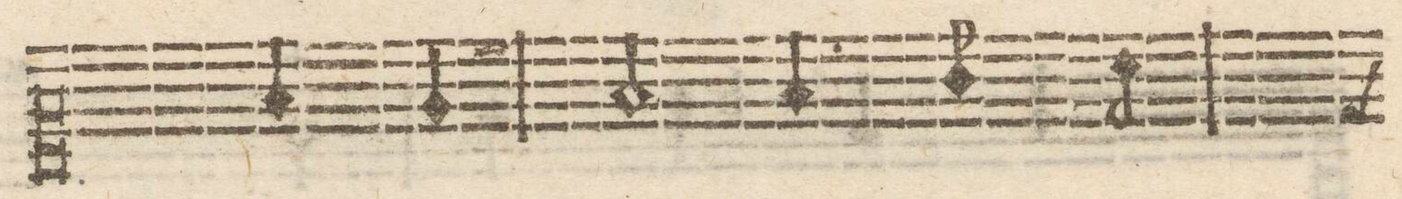
Certains Maris, ſongent à la Vengeance,
Lorſqu'un Galand, ne peut par la Finance,
Appaiſer leurs tranſports jaloux;
Mais, dès que chez eux l'Opulence,
Plante la Corne d'Abondance,
Ils Filent doux. *Bis.*

VAU-
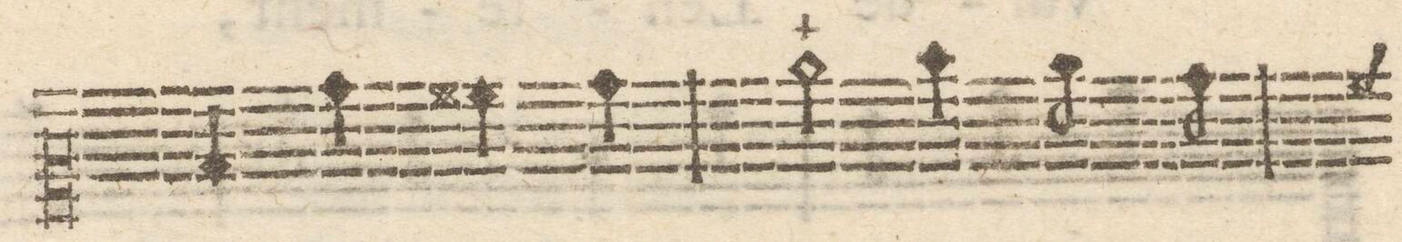
VAUDEVILLE.
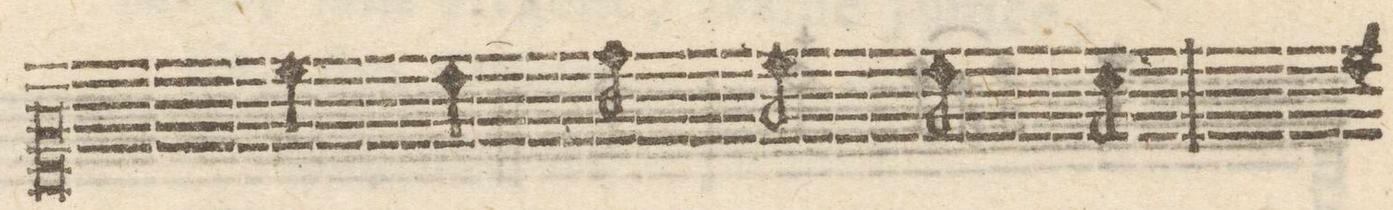


QU'on vous pré - ſen - te un-



-ne Li - queur, D'un goût pi-



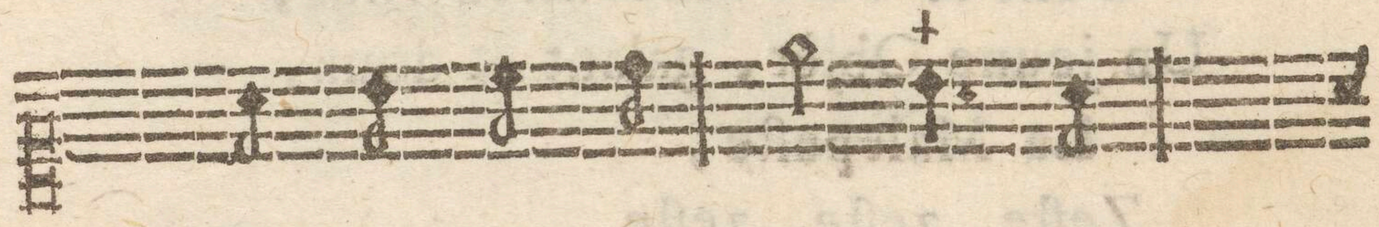
quant, d'un goût fla - teur, La Ma - le-



peſ - te, Zeſ - te, zeſ - te,
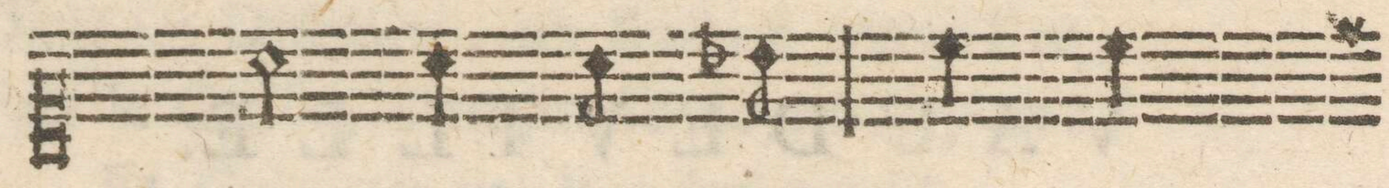


zeſ - te, Dans le mo - ment,



Vous ſa-blez ce - la très - gaî-

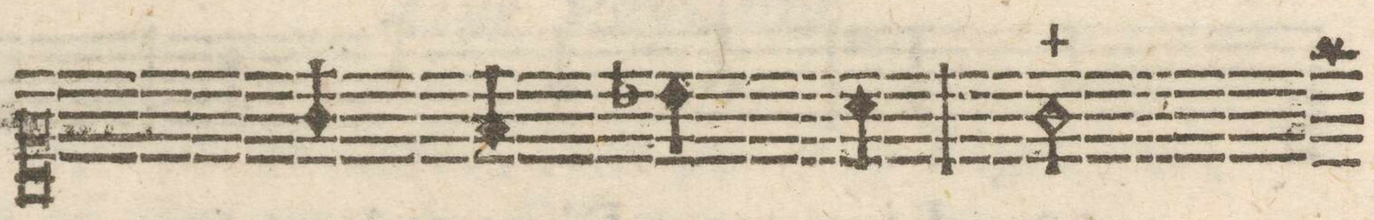
ment,
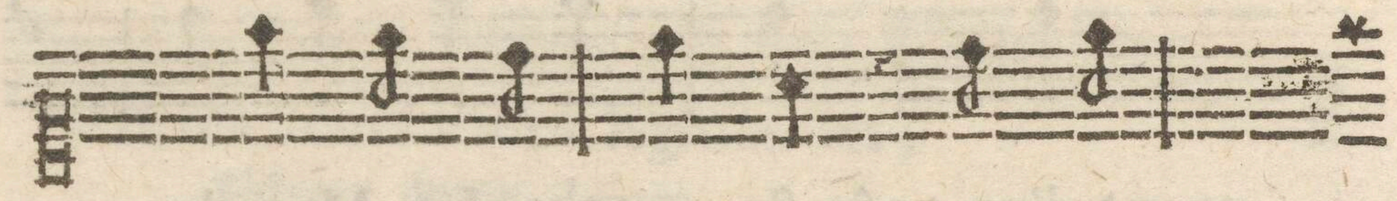


ment; Si la Boiſ - ſon, eſt
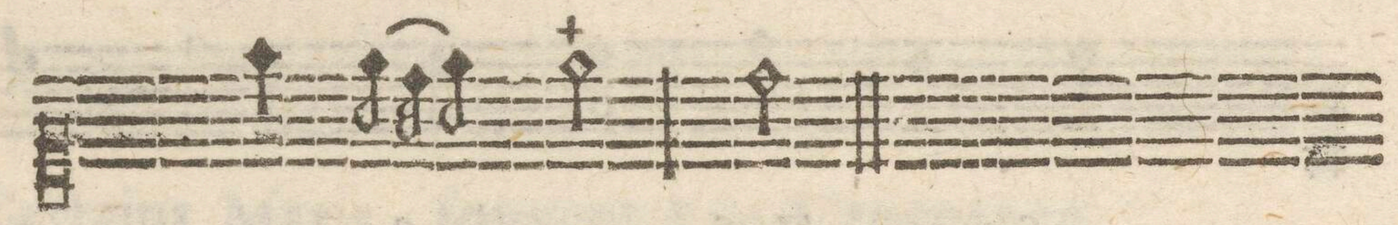


in - ſi - pi - de, Qu'el - le ſe



vui - de Len - te - ment,



Oh! vrai-ment Voi - re, C'eſt la



Mer à boi - re.

Dans la Ville rencontrez-vous,
Un jeune Objèt, galant & doux,
La Malepeſte,
Zeſte, zeſte, zeſte,
Dans le moment,
Vous ſablez cela très-gaîment:

Mais

Mais ſi la belle eſt du Village,
Qu'elle s'engage,
Lentement;
Oh! vraiment voire',
C'eſt la Mer à boire.

Si vous avez quelque Procès,
Payez très-graſſement les frais,
La Malepeſte,
Zeſte, zeſte, zeſte,
Dans le moment,
Vous ſablez cela très-gaîment:
Mais, ſans Argent, Dame Juſtice,
Fait ſon Office
Lentement;
Oh! vraiment voire,
C'eſt la Mer à boire.

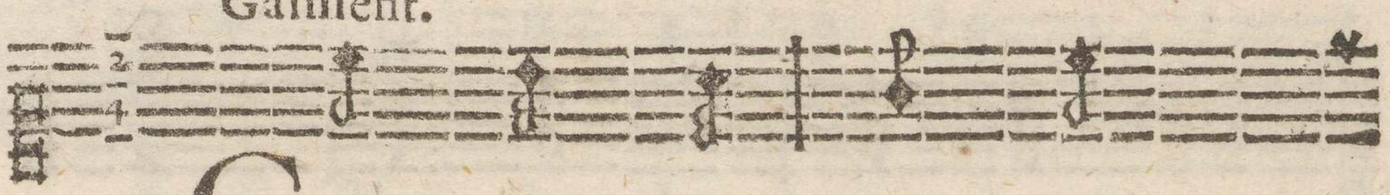
Cajolez après un Feſtin,
Le Tendron qui chérit le Vin,
La Malepeſte,
Zeſte, zeſte, zeſte,
Dans le moment,
Vous ſablez cela très-gaîment:

Mais, avant la Table, Silence!
L'Amour avance
Lentement;
Oh! vraiment voire,
C'eſt la Mer à boire.

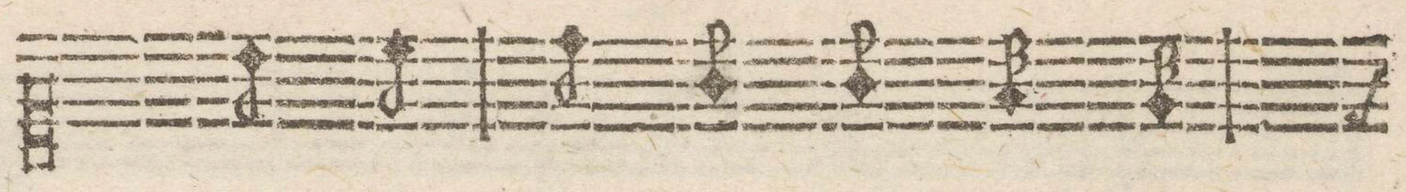
Lorſque l'Hymen, jeune Maris,
De vos feux, vous livre le prix,
La Malepeſte,
Zeſte, zeſte, zeſte,
Dans le moment,
Vous ſablez cela très-gaîment:
Mais, vieux Epoux que vôtre flâme,
Réchauffe un Ame,
Lentement,
Oh! vraiment voire,
C'eſt la Mer à boire.

VAUDEVILLE.

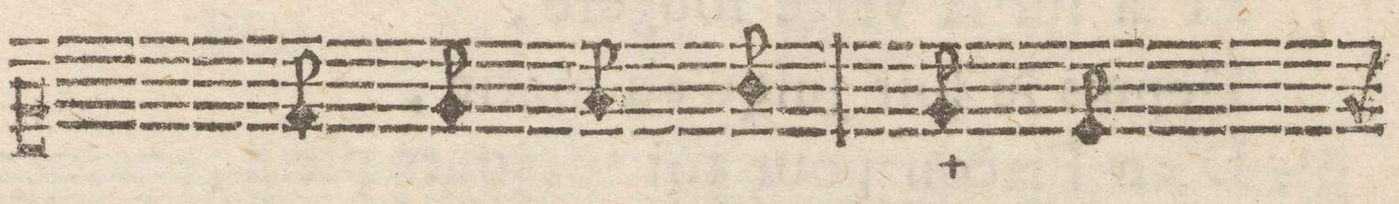
Gaiment.



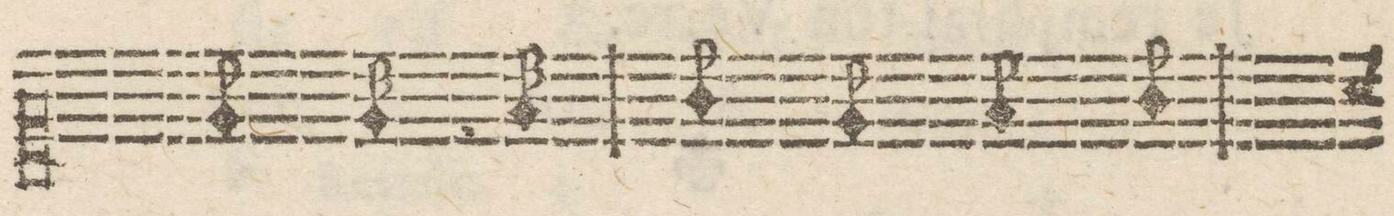
C'Eſt trop long-tems ê-



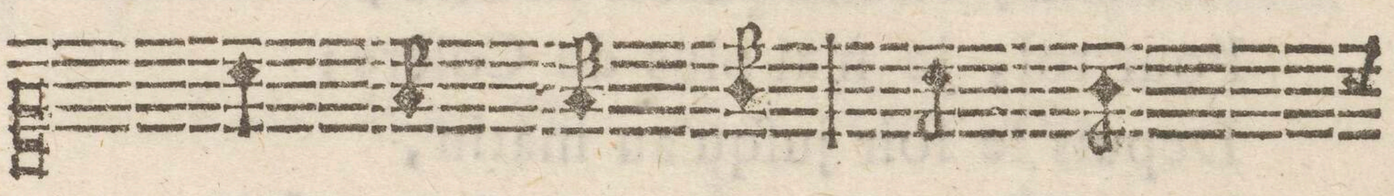
tre ſé- vè-re, Rens toi mon



ai-ma-ble Ber-gè-re,
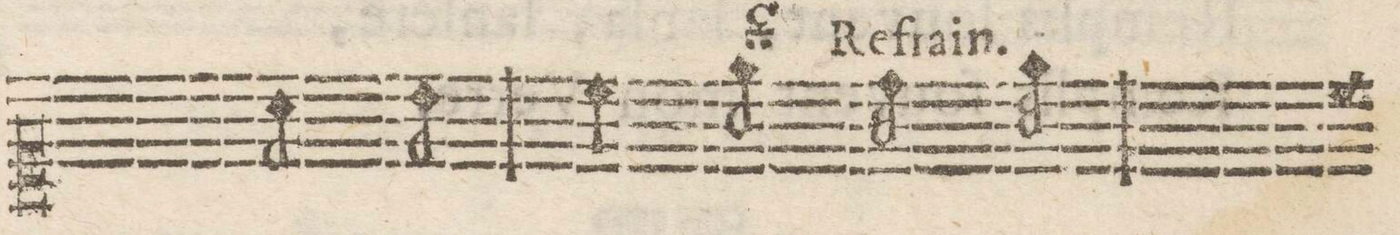


De-puis le ſoir juſ-qu'au ma-

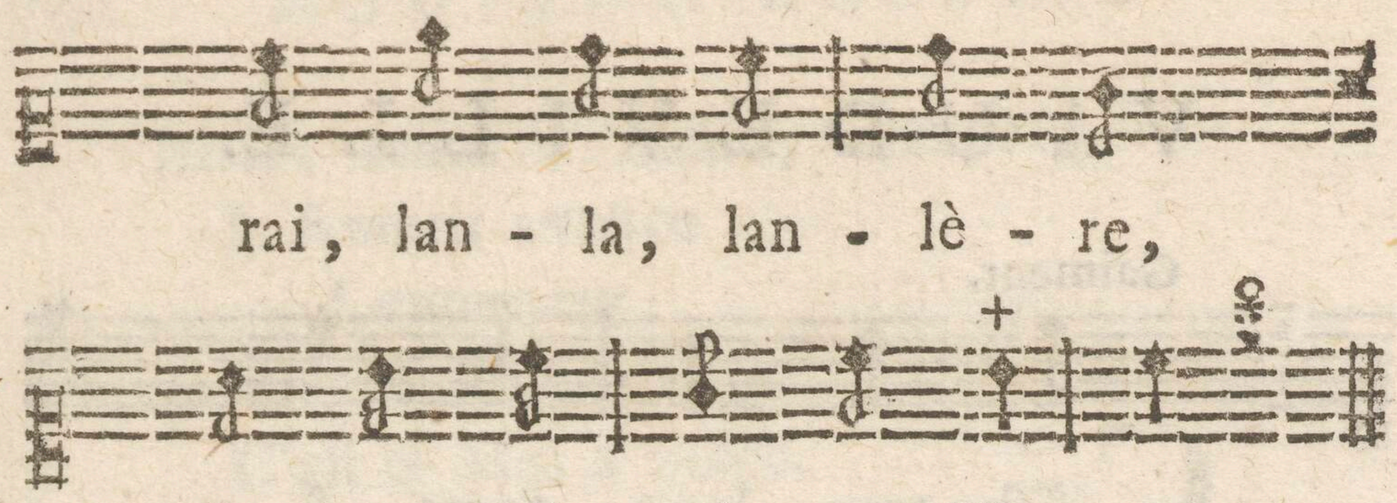


tin, D'un Fla-con pour toi

Refrain.



tou-jours plein; Je rem-pli-



Allons faire un tour à Cythère,
Et là ſur la verte fougère,
Depuis le ſoir juſqu'au matin,
D'un Flacon pour toi toujours plein,
Je remplirai, lanla, lanlère,
Je remplirai ton Verre.

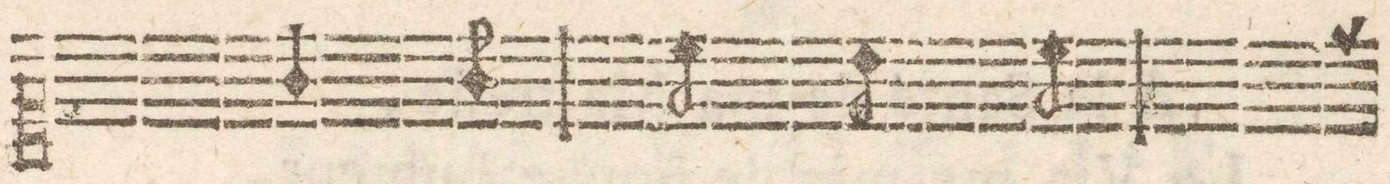
Colin, tu me parois ſincère,
Pour toi, je n'ai plus de Colère;
Depuis le ſoir juſqu'au matin,
D'un Flacon pour moi toujours plein,
Remplis ſouvent, lanla, lanlère,
Remplis ſouvent mon Verre.

RON-
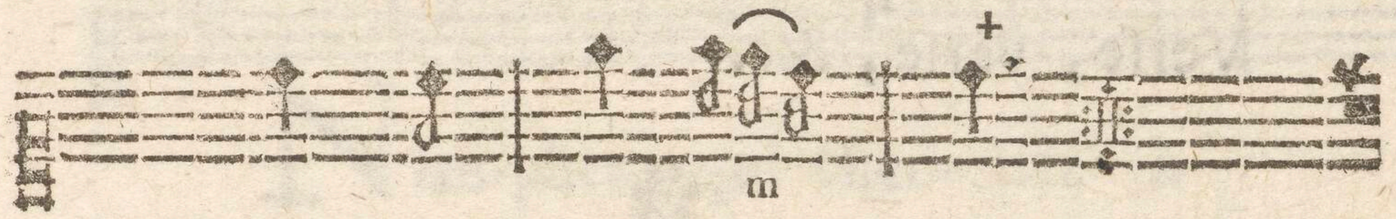
RONDE DE TABLE.



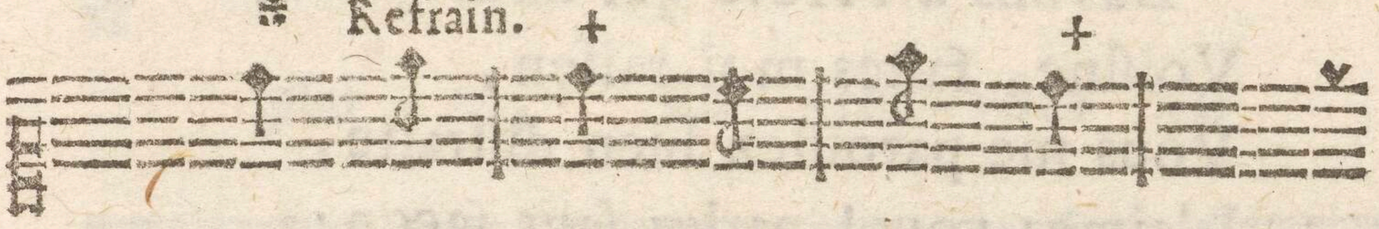
LE Plai- ſir de boi-re à la
On boit aux beaux Yeux de ſa
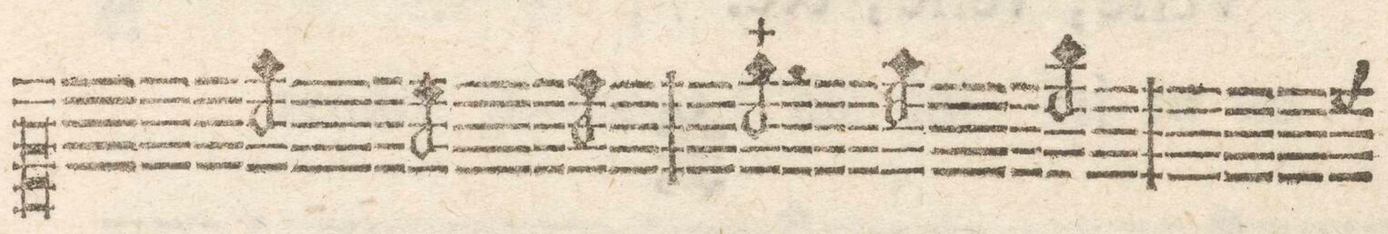


Ron - de, Eſt un Plai-
Blon - de, La Blon - de



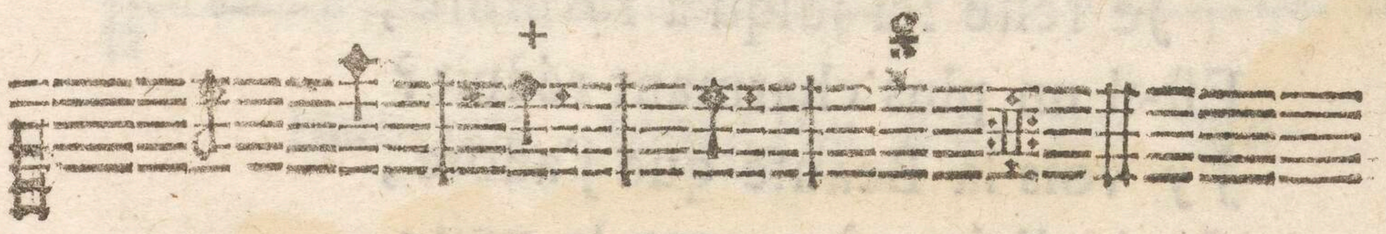
ſir vif & char - mant,
boit à ſon A - mant;



Ver - ſe, ver - ſe Voi- ſin,



ver - ſe, Nô-tre Hôte a du



Vin en Per - ce. &c.

Voi-moi boire cette Razade,
Et ſi tu peux, fais comme moi,
Prens ce Verre en main, Camarade,
Chacun doit boire, quand je boi;
Verſe, verſe, &c.

A la Santé de ma Maîtreſſe,
Le Vin me mèt de bonne humeur,
Plus je bois, mieux je la Careſſe,
Bachus lui répond de mon Cœur;
Verſe, verſe, &c.
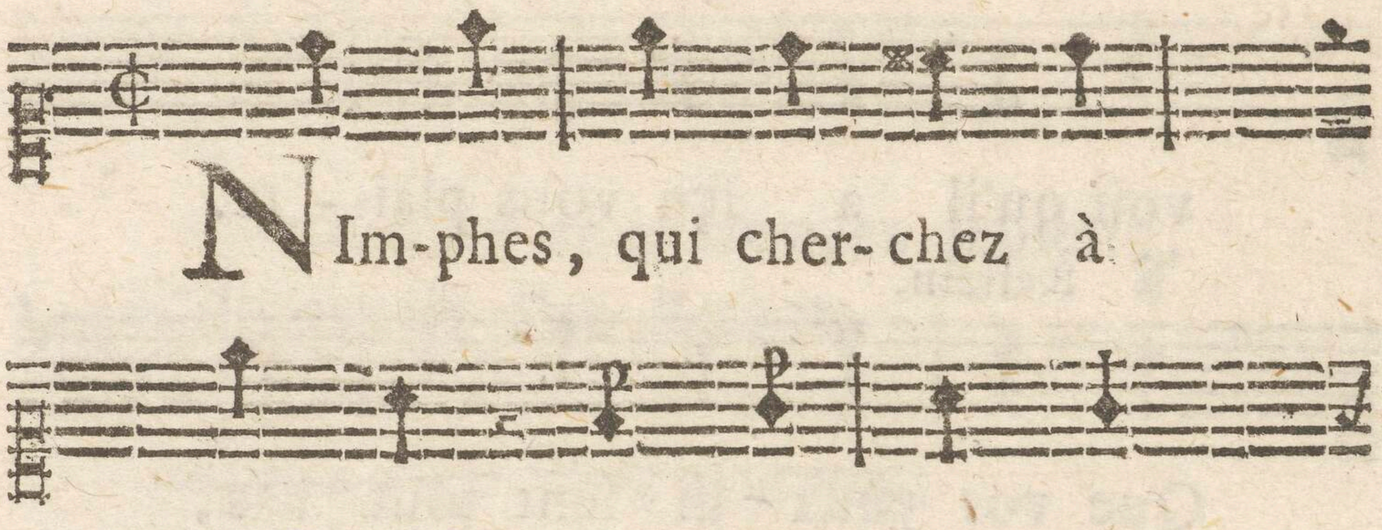
Buvons à l'Hôte qui nous traite,
Voiſine, faites moi raiſon,
Vous me paroiſſez bien diſtraite,
L'aimez-vous! parlez ſans façon;
Verſe, verſe, &c.

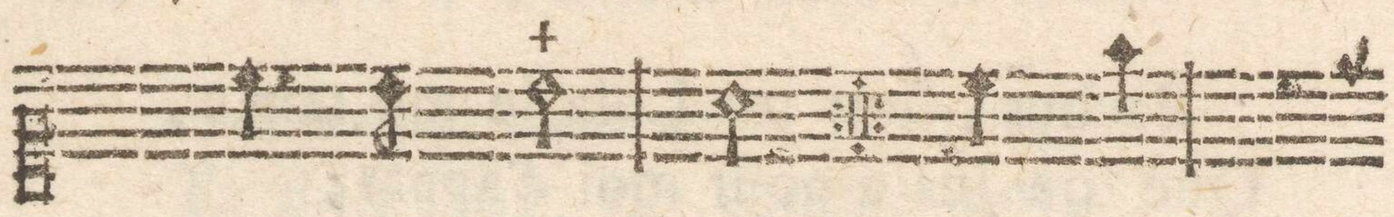
Je reſte ici juſqu'à l'Aurore,
Eſt-il un plus charmant réduit?
J'y vois la Beauté que j'adore,
Ami, j'aime à percer la nuit;
Verſe, verſe, &c.

BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH

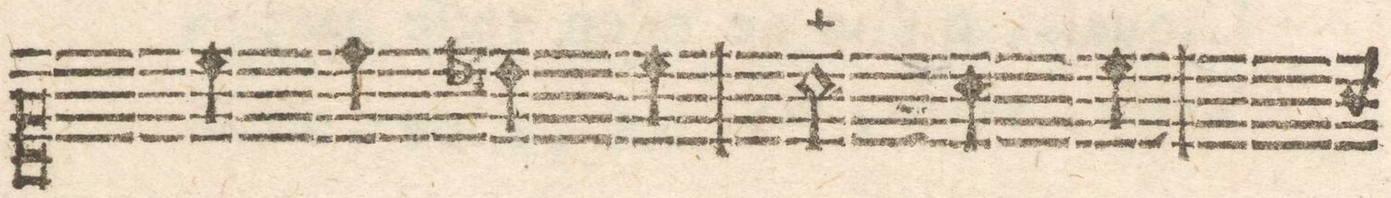
Bachus, ſous tes Loix je me range,
Que ton Jus a pour moi d'appas;
Point d'Eau! J'abhorre ce mélange,
Laquais, qu'on ne m'en verſe pas;
Verſe, verſe, &c.

L'AVIS UTILE.

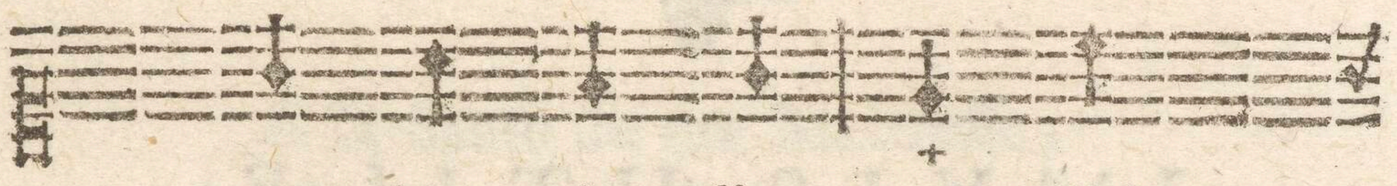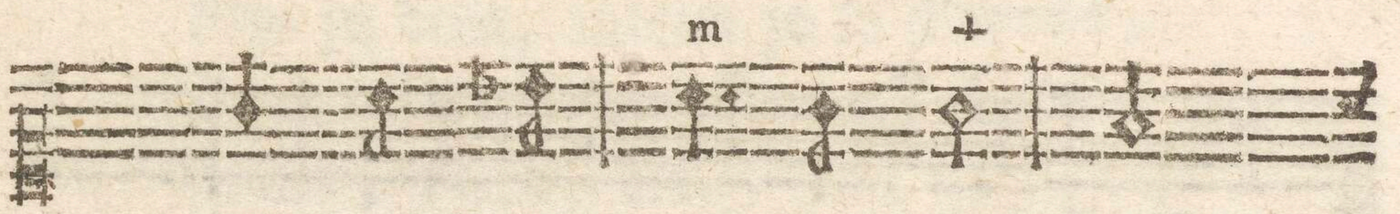




jours ſé - vè - re: Pour l'A-



mant qui ſuit vos pas, Vous au-

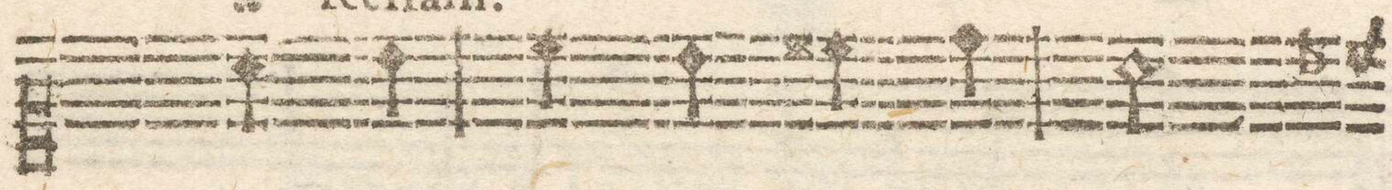


rez bien plus d'ap - pas, S'il

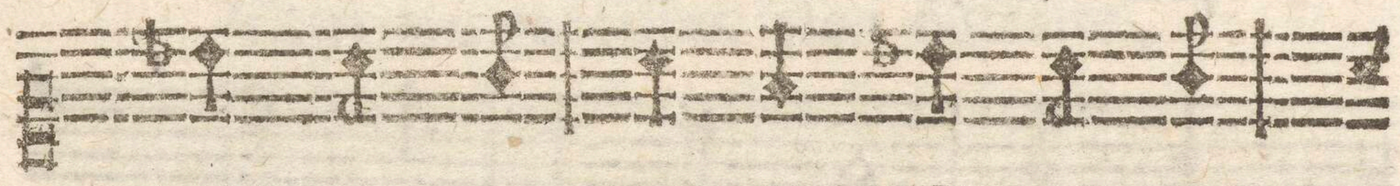


voit qu'il a ſçu vous plai - re.

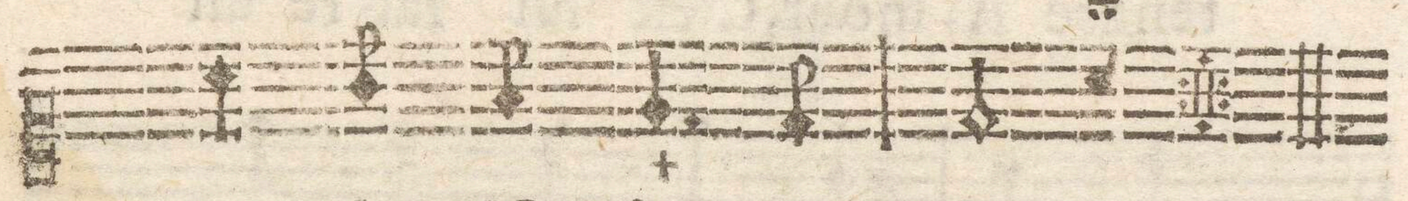
℣ Refrain.



Que vos yeux di - ſent tout bas,



Qu'Amour vous tou-che, Si vô - tre



Bou- che, Ne le dit pas. &c.

Pour

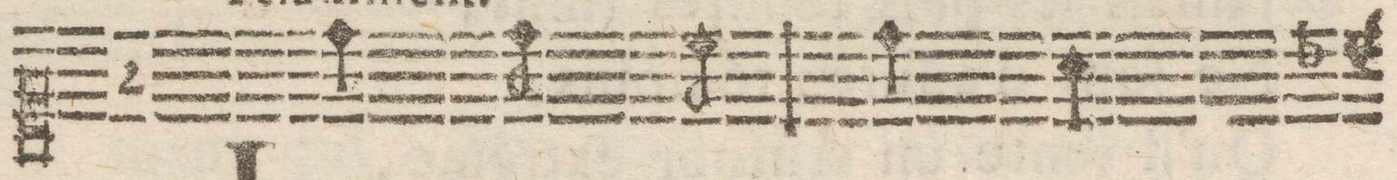
Pour déclarer que l'on aime,
Amans, il n'eſt qu'un moyen,
A celui qui ne dit rien,
Sa Nimphe répond de même;
Jamais les plus tendres ſoins,
Ne ſont d'aſſurez témoins,
Qu'il ſente un Amour extrême,
C'eſt toujours dire trop bas,
Qu'Amour le touche,
Lorſque ſa Bouche,
Ne le dit pas.

Quand vous vous trouvez Seulette,
Aſſiſe auprès d'un Amant,
Employez bien ce moment,
Craignez qu'il ne le regrette;
Mais, gardez-vous, ſeulement,
De faire trop librement,
L'aveu que ſon Cœur ſouhaite,
Qu'un ſoupir diſe tout bas,
Qu'Amour vous touche,
Car vôtre Bouche,
Ne le doit pas.

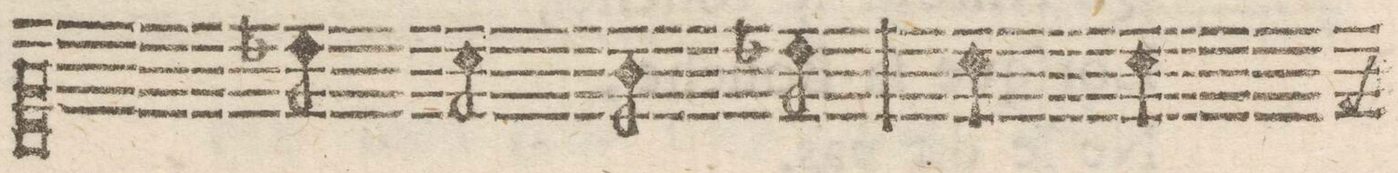
CHANSON PAYSANNE.

CARACTERE.

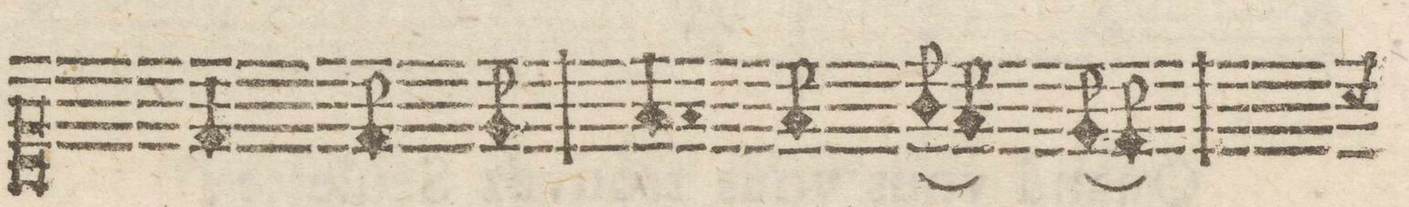
Pesamment.
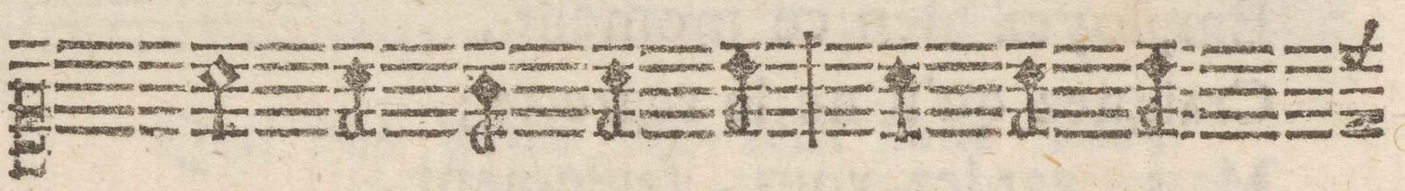


LOrs-que Pa - ret - te é-



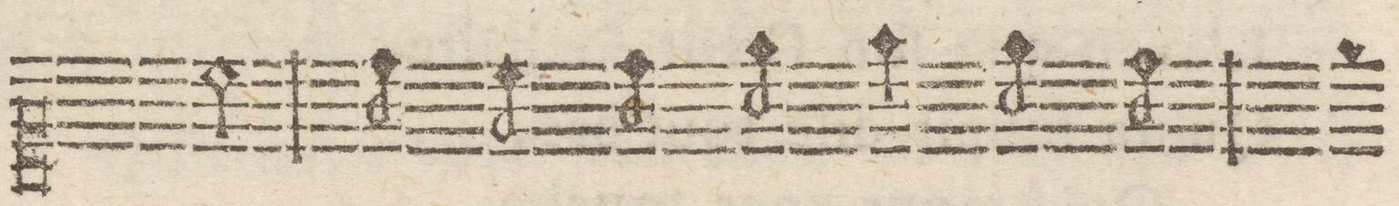
toit not-te A - mou - reu - se,
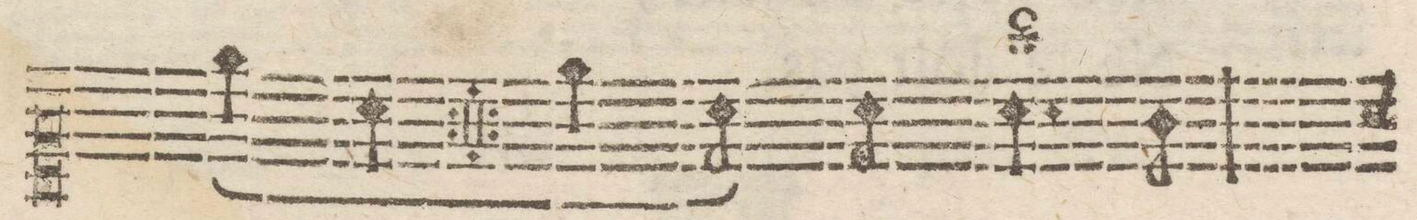


Quand j'en - ra - geois de ba - dei-



ner, Al - le m'envoy - oit pro - me-

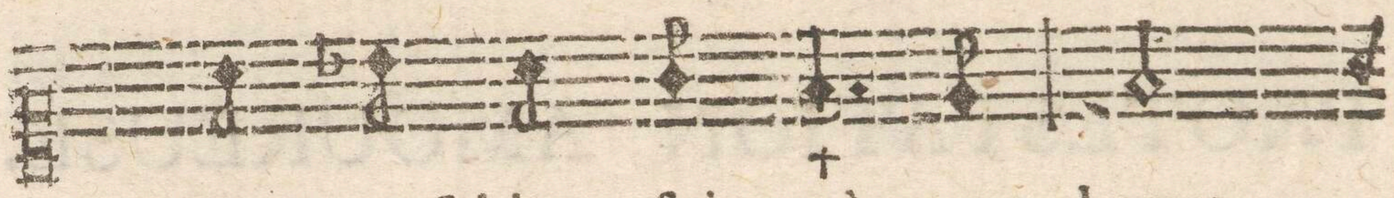


ner, Et fai - soit tou - jours la Gro-



gneu - se: gneu - se: Mor - gué! la
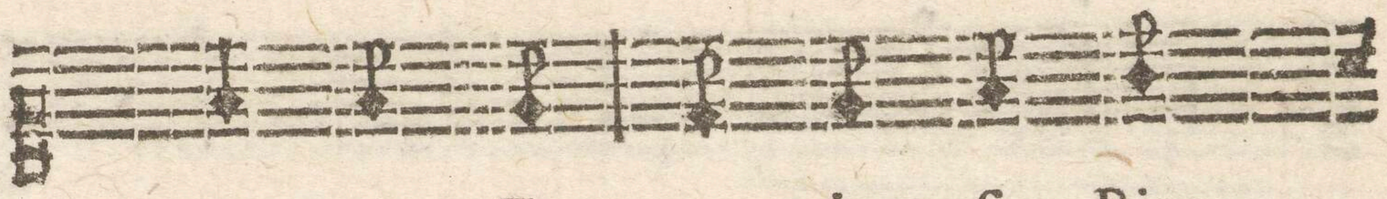
Fem-



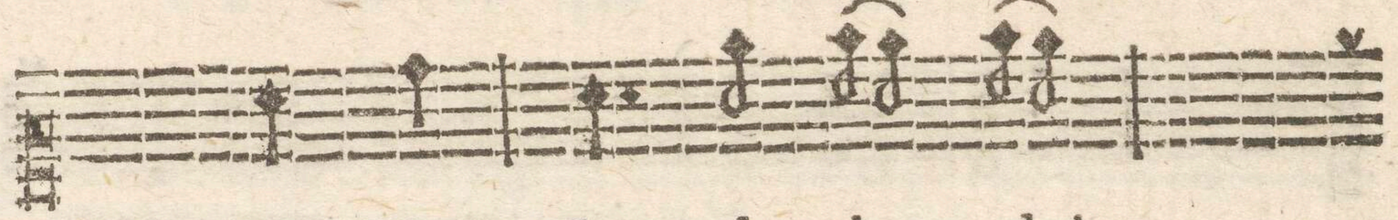
Femme eſt bian fai-te à re - bours,



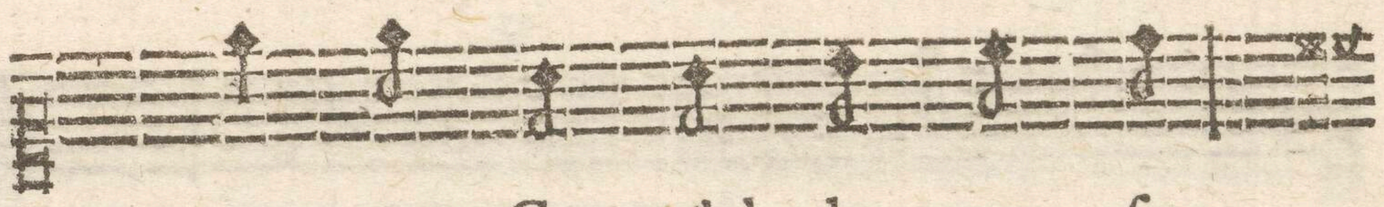
De - pis que je s'om' en - mi-



na - ge, Et que je ſis Bian-



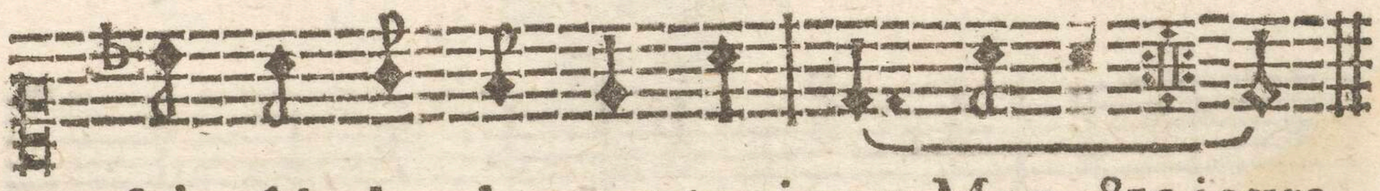
ſou, Bian - ſou, du ba - dei-



na - ge, Ce qu'al - le re - fu-



ſoit, Ce qu'al - le re - fu-

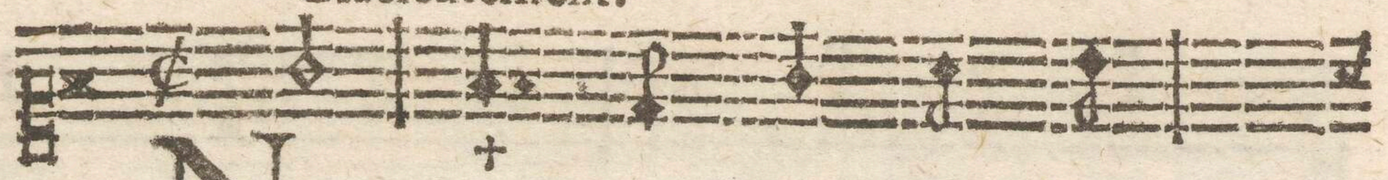


ſoit, Al - le le veut toujours. Mor-, &c. jours.
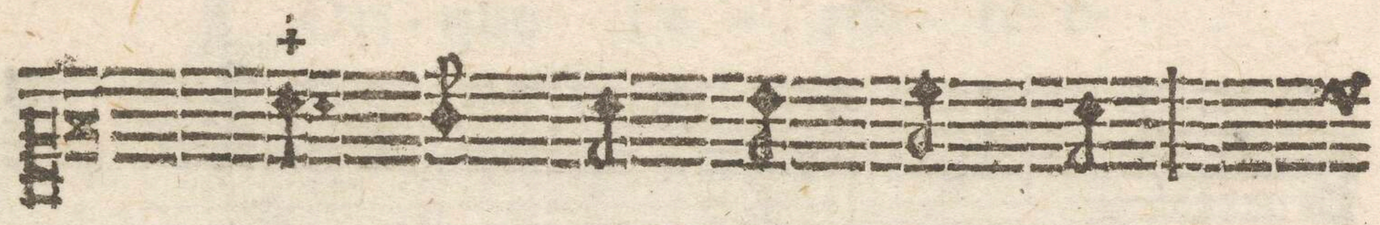
PRO-

PROTESTATION AMOUREUSE.

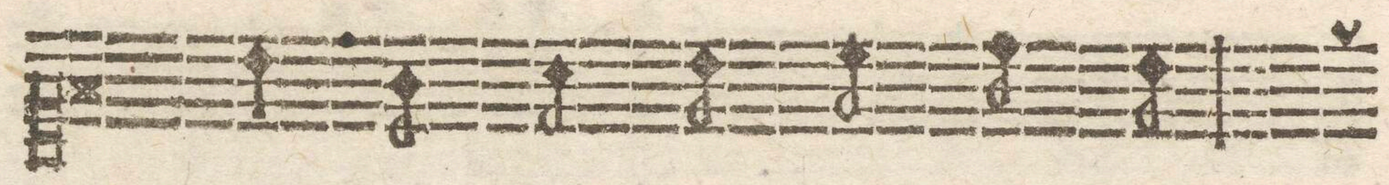
Gracieuſement.
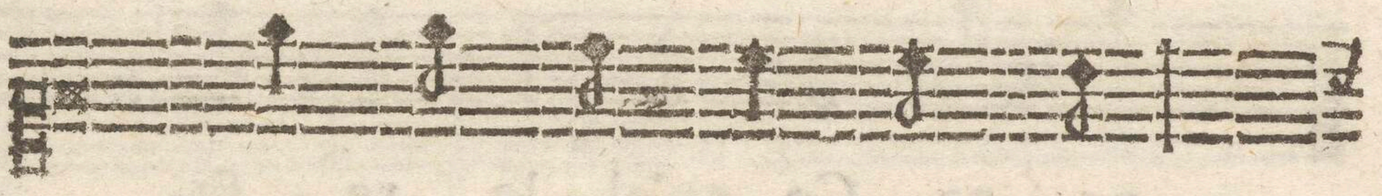


NOn, non, l'Hy-men ni le



tems, Ty- rans de la Ten-
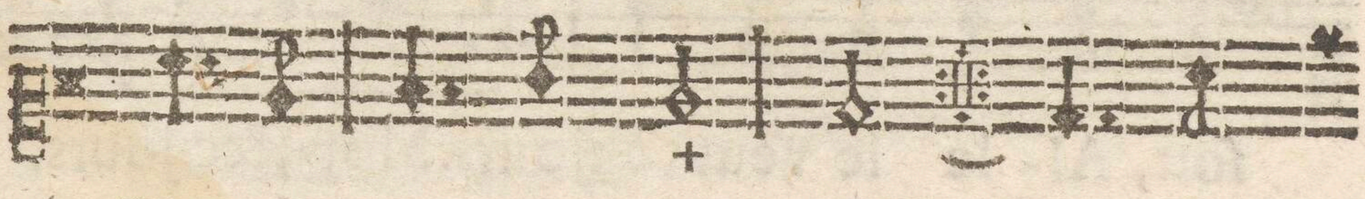


dref- ſe, Ne pour- ront ja- mais



rien ſur mon Cœur a- mou-



reux, Ils ten- te- ront en vain,



D'en é- tein- dre les feux: feux: La
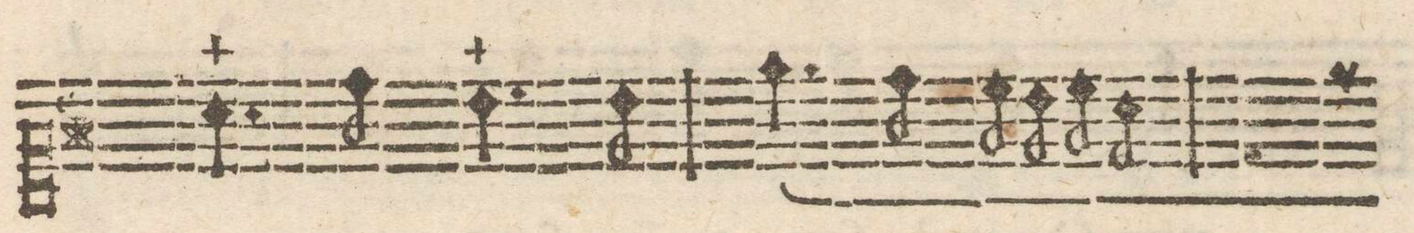
tendre



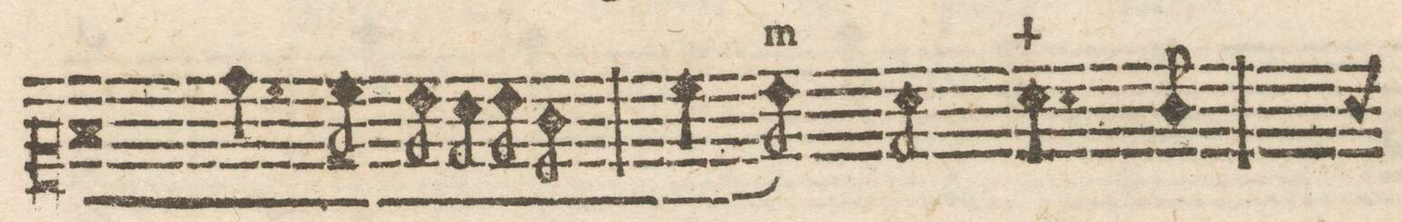
tendre ar-deur qui me preſ-ſe,



Se ral- lu- me- roit ſans ceſ-



ſe, Au feu qui bril- - -
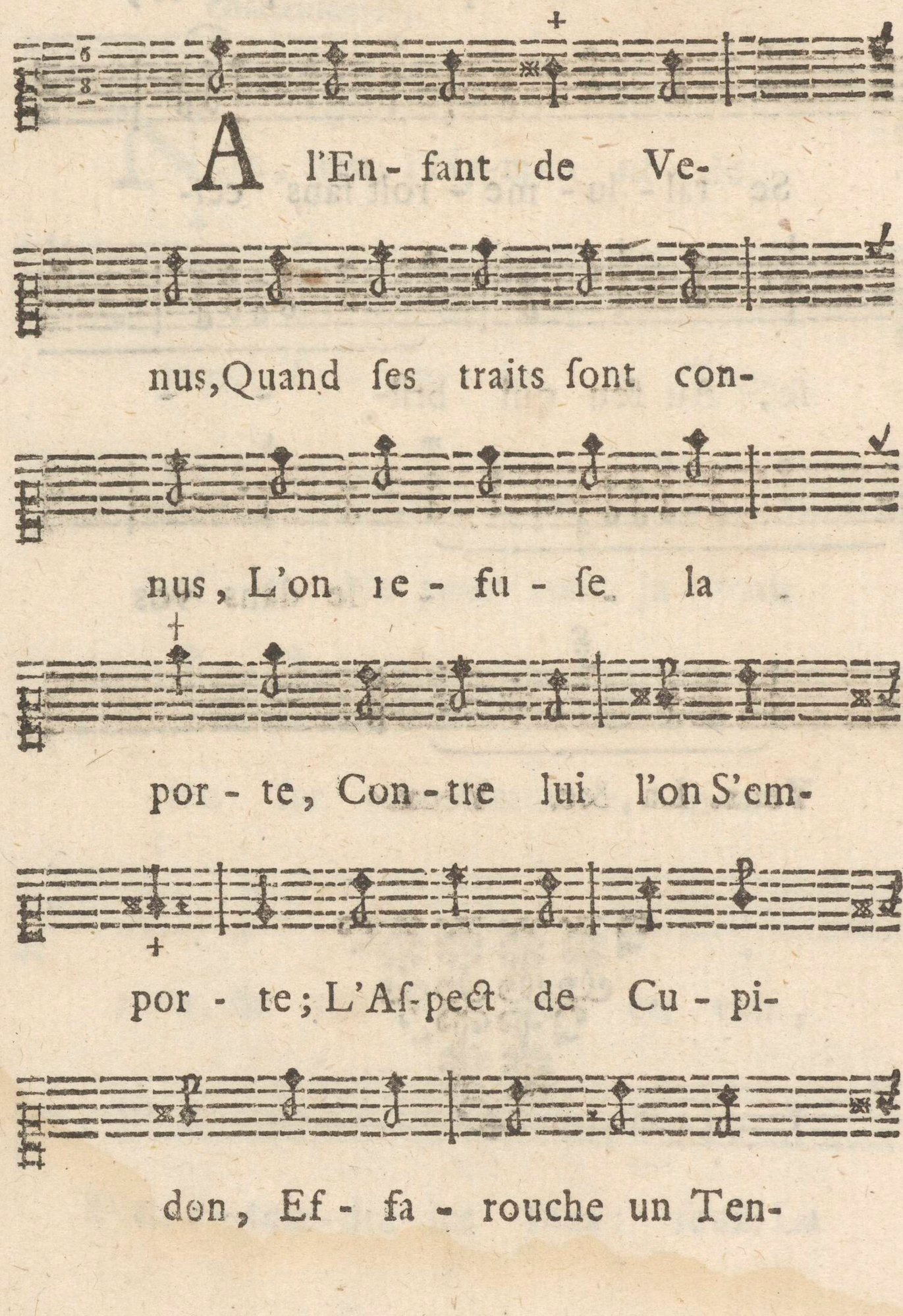


- - - le dans vos



Yeux. La, &c. Yeux.

LE MASQUE.



A l'En- fant de Ve-

nus, Quand ſes traits ſont con-
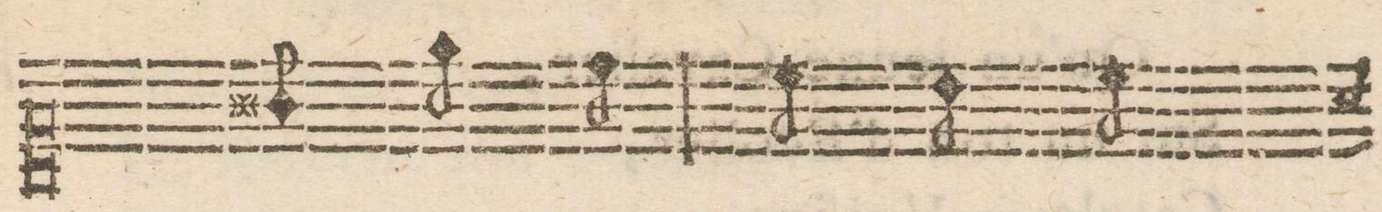
nus, L'on ſe - fu - ſe la

por - te, Con - tre lui l'on S'em-
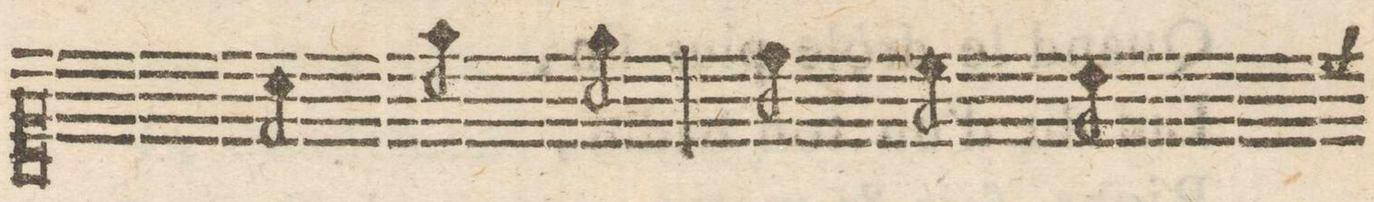
por - te; L'Aſ-pect de Cu - pi-

don, Ef - fa - rouche un Ten-
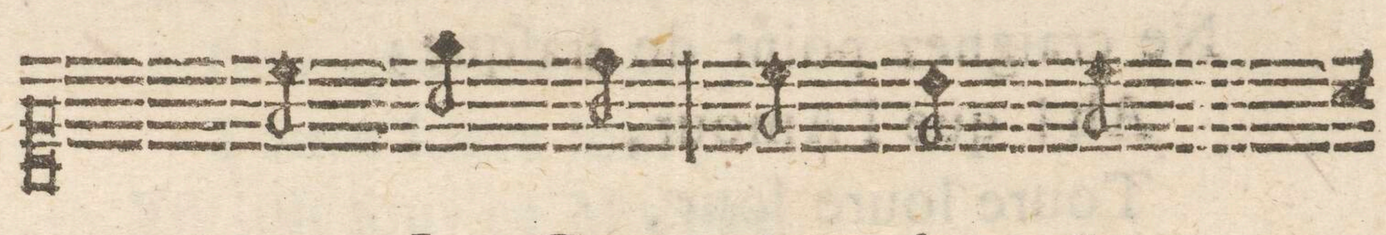
dron,



dron, Mais qu'il em-prun-te un
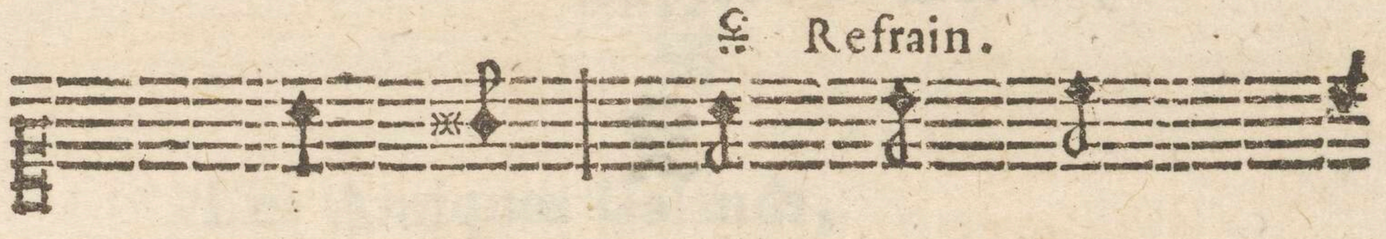


nom, U-ne Al-lu-re un Jar-
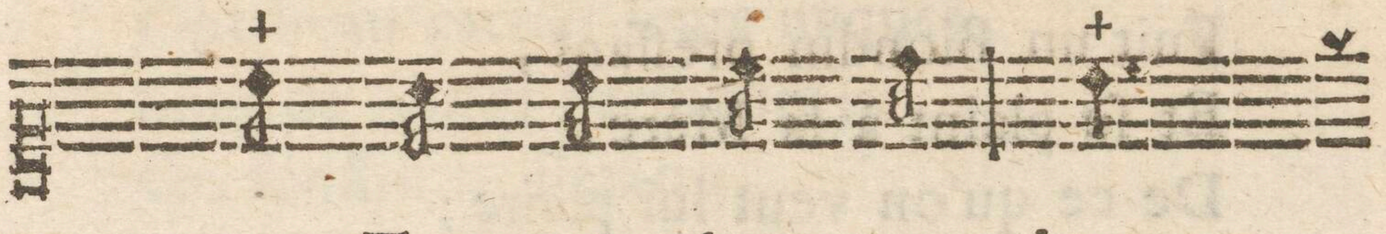


gon, Le Cœur le plus fan-

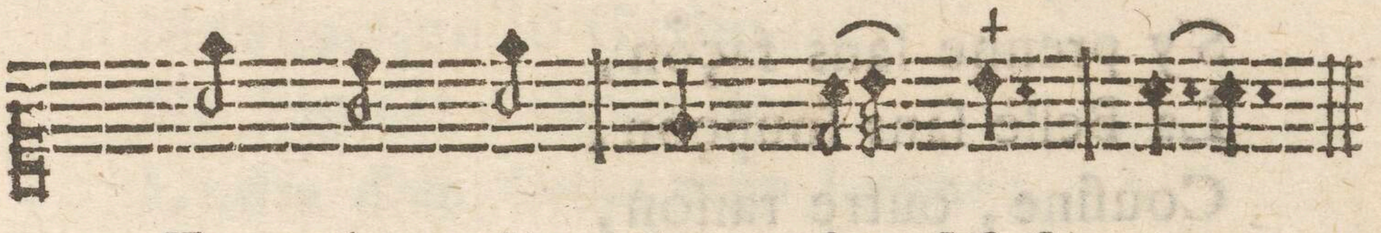
℄ Refrain.



taſ-que, Trou-ve l'A-



mour, Tou-re lou-re lour,



Fort jo-li ſous le Maſ-que.
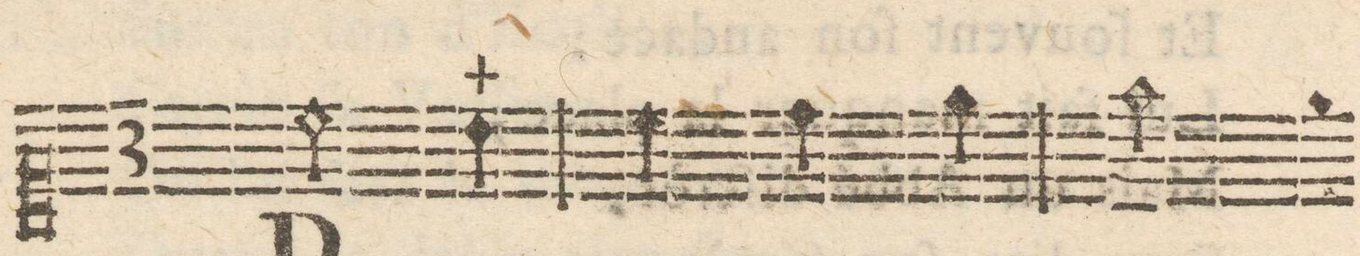
Qu'un jeune Cavalier,
Sur un ton d'Ecolier,
Cajole ſa Voiſine,
On lui fera la mine.
Quand le drôle plus fin,
Lui dit d'un ton badin,
Rions, ſoir & matin,
Je ſuis un bon Voiſin,
Ne craignez point de fraſque;
Ah! que l'Amour,
Toure loure lour,
Eſt joli ſous le Maſque.

Un Objèt innocent,
Fuit un Blondin preſſant,
Et ſe plaint à ſa Mère,
De ce qu'on veut lui plaire;
Mais qu'un Couſin bouffon,
S'y prenne ſans façon,
La Belle ſans ſoupçon,
Couſine, outre raiſon,
Son Cœur va comme un Braſque;
Ah! que l'Amour,
Toure loure lour,
Eſt joli ſous le Maſque.
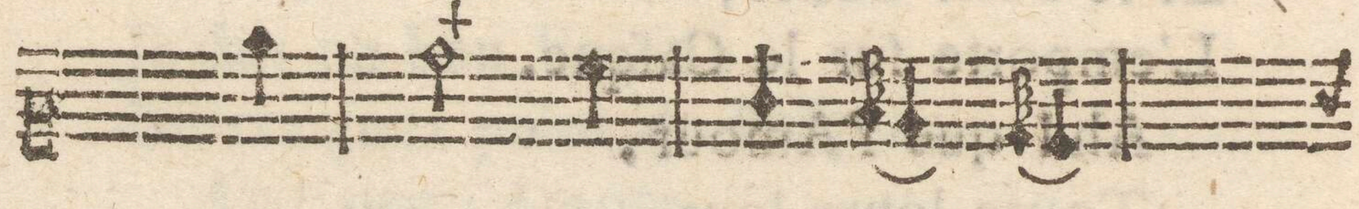
Le Guerrier en Amour,
Marche au bruit du Tambour;
Et ſouvent ſon audace;
Lui fait manquer la place;
Mais un Abbé diſcrèt,
Sans dire ſon ſécrèt,
Va doucement au fait;
Et le Petit-Collet,
L'emporte ſur le Caſque.
Ah! que l'Amour,
Toure loure lour,
Eſt joli ſous ce Maſque.

Les Antiques Galands,
Muguets à cheveux blancs,
Ont beau cacher leurs nuques,
Sous de noires Perruques;
On ſouffre le Barbon,
Qui lâche le Teſton;
Mais lorſque le Griſon,
Ne ſoutient d'aucun don,
L'offre d'un Cœur trop flaſque;
Ma Foi l'Amour,
Toure loure lour,
N'eſt pas beau ſous ce Maſque.
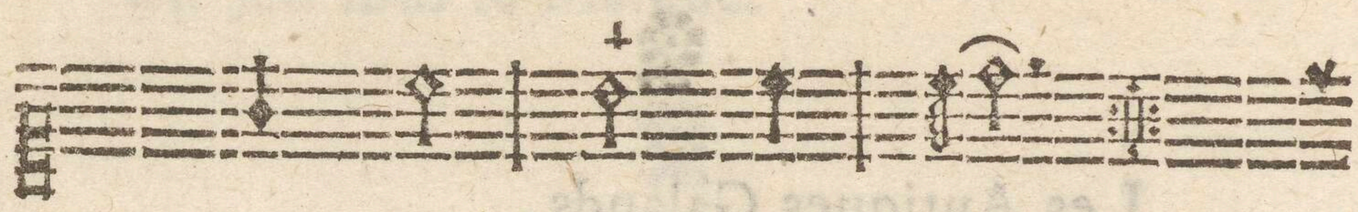
L'HEUREUX HAZARD.
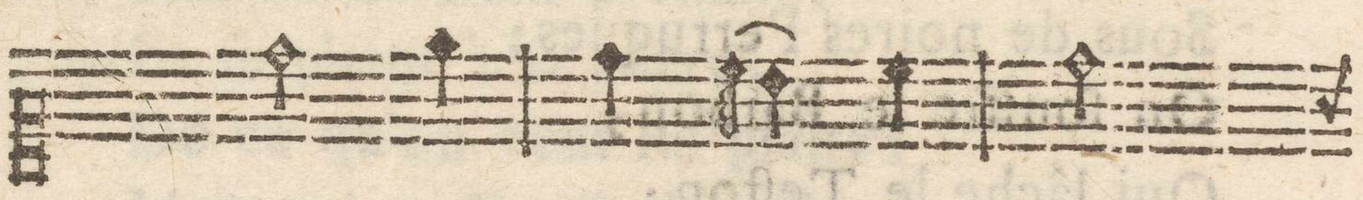


PAr Ha - zard l'au - tre jour
Le Ber - ger qui tou - jours



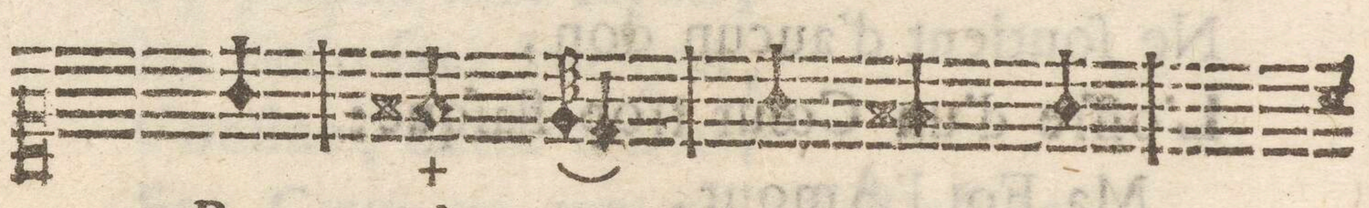
Li - ſet - te, Dans un Bois
la Guet - te, Y fut con-



rê - voit à l'E - cart;
duit par le Ha - zard;
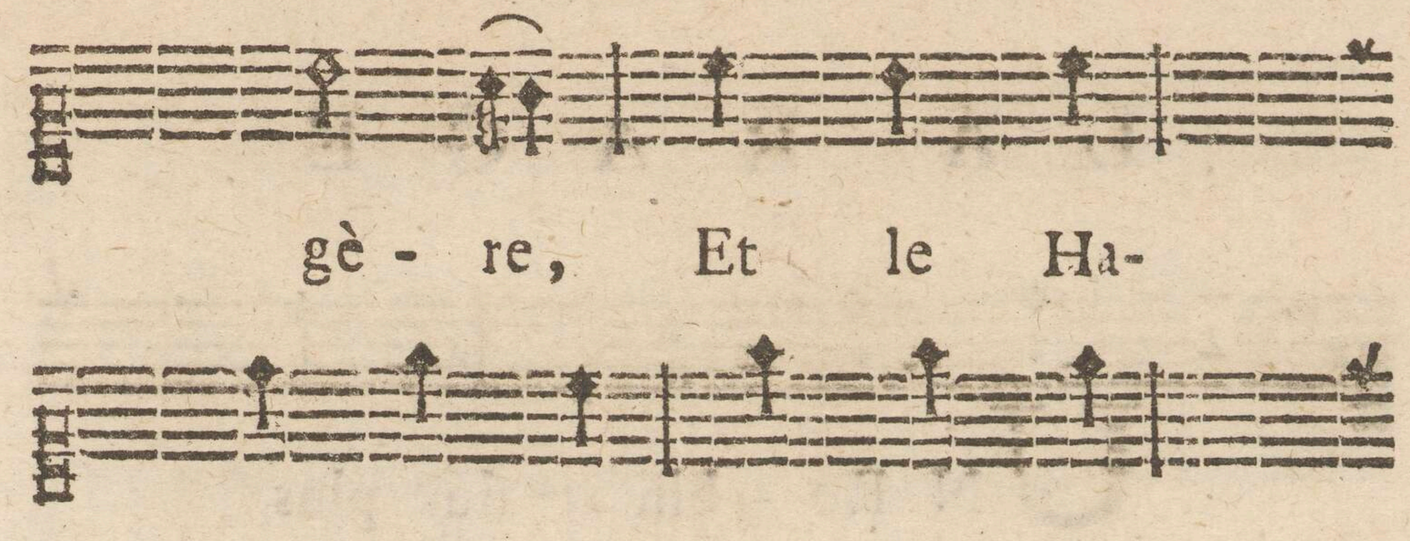


Le Ha - zard fit que la



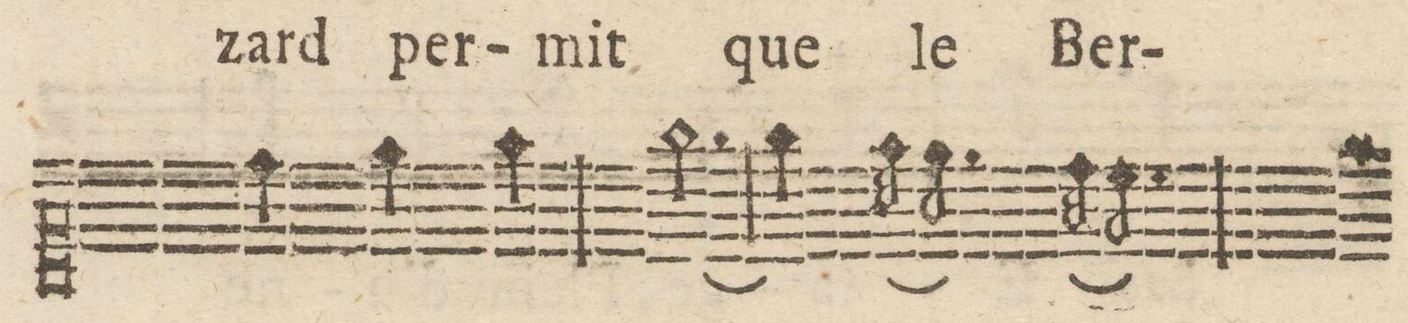
Ber - gè - re, Sans y pen-



ſer tom - ba ſur la Fou-
gère,
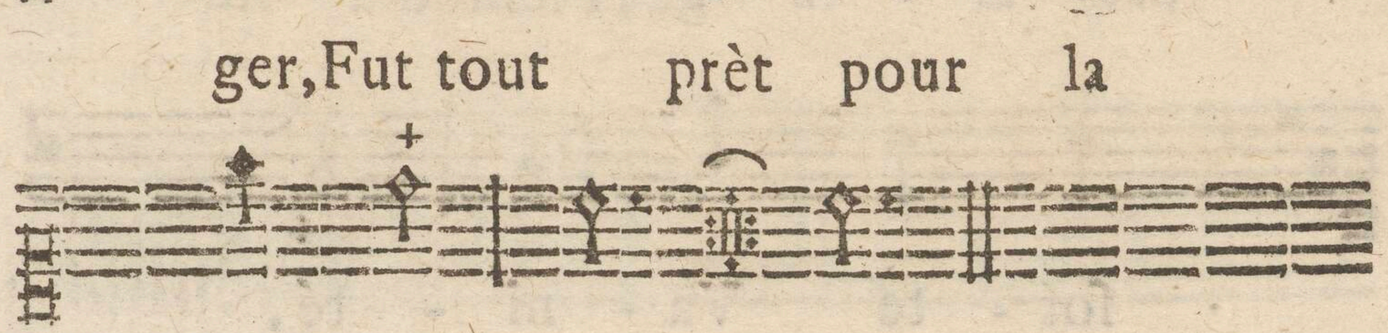


gè - re, Et le Ha-



zard per- mit que le Ber-

ger, Fut tout prèt pour la



ſou - la - ger. ger.

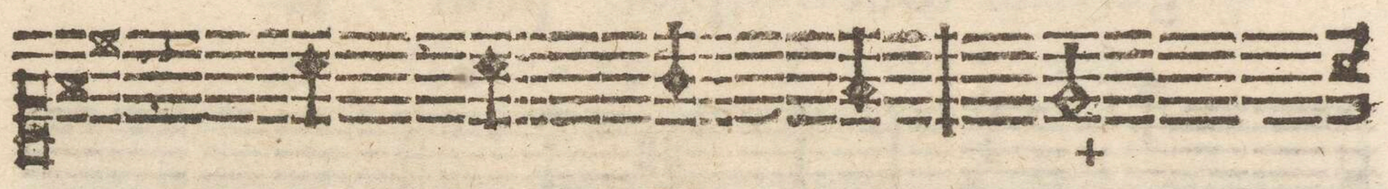
LA RAGE.
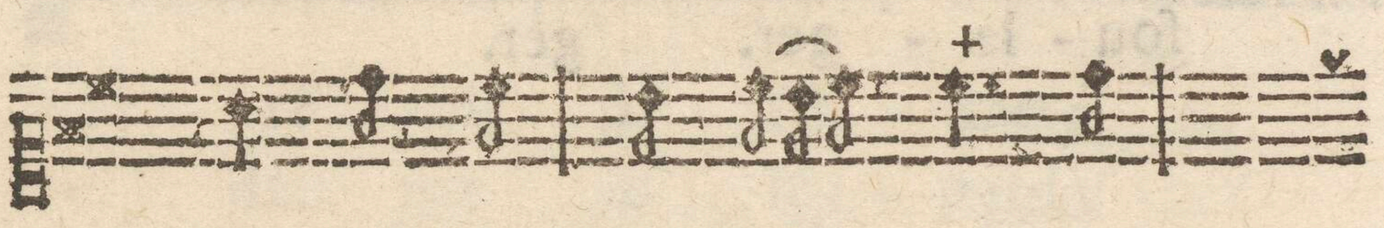


UN Ro - bin du plus
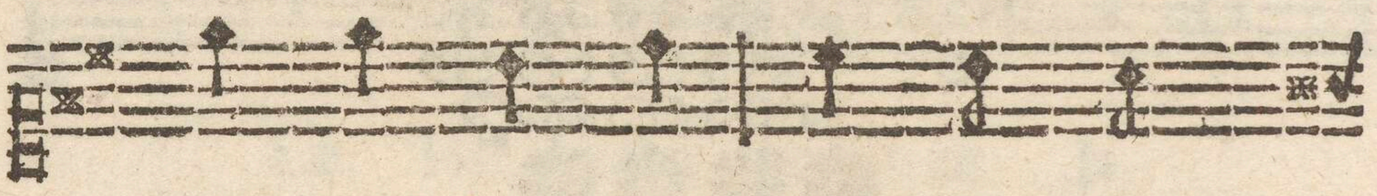


bas E - ta - ge, Plein d'u - ne



ſot - te Va - ni - té,



Laiſ - ſe ré - gner dans ſon mé-

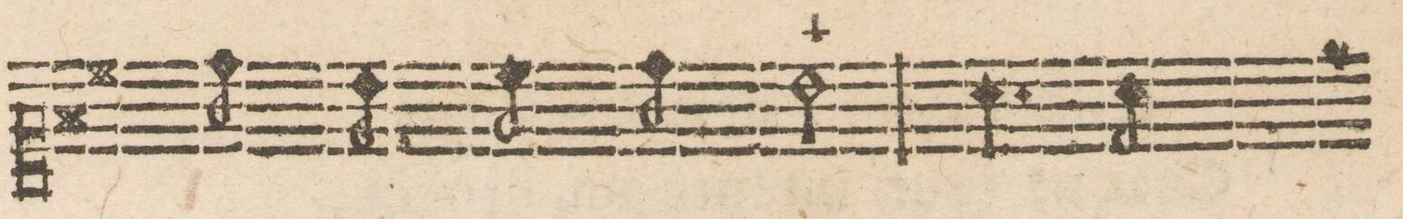


na - ge, Un peu trop de fru-



ga - li - té, Pour ſoû - te-

nir



nir un E - qui - pa - ge, Hé-
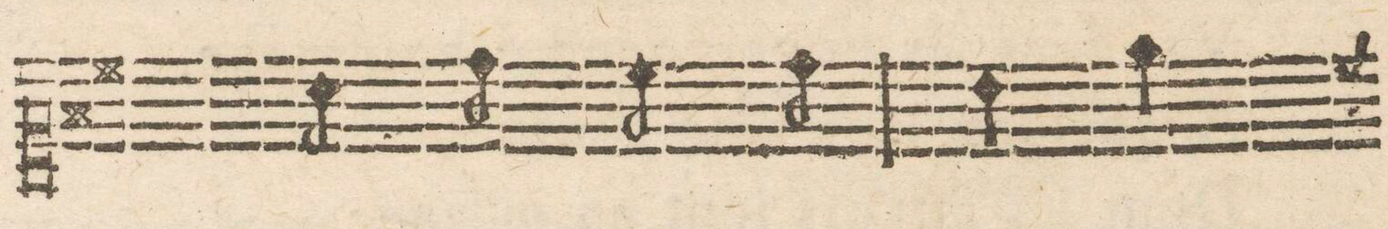
℣ Refrain.



li - ron - fa, Li - re,



li - re, la - ri - ré,



Cha - cun a ſa Ra-ge, O



gué, Cha-cun a ſa Ra - ge. Hé-,&c.

Un Bourgeois que l'Echevinage,
Et de Gros-Biens, ont Ennyvré,
Veut, pour illuſtrer ſon Lignage,
Se donner un Gendre Titré;
Il veut que ſa Fille ait un Page;
Hélironfa, &c.

Une Veuve, déja ſur l'Age,
Chaque jour intente un Procès,
À quelqu'un de ſon Parentage;
Et la Plaideuſe mange en frais,
Tous les fruits de ſon Mariage;
Hélironfa, &c.

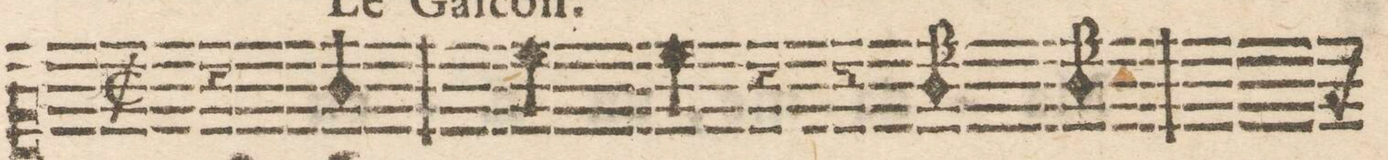
De ſon Epouſe Belle & Sage,
Un jeune Seigneur dégouté,
Va, dans les Foyers rendre hommage,
A quelque Romaine Beauté,
Dont les attraits ſont au pillage;
Hélironfa, &c.

LE

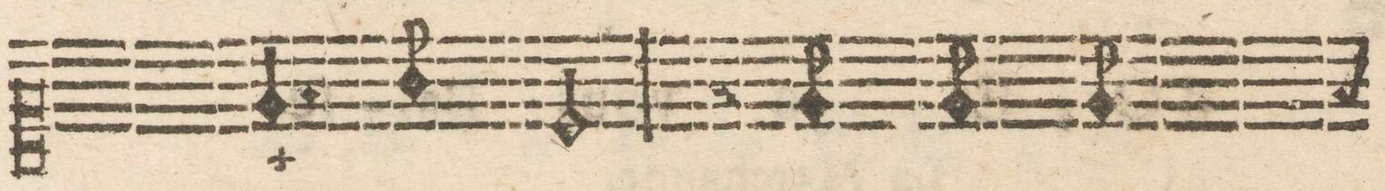
LE GASCON ET LA MARCHANDE.

DIALOGUE.

Le Gaſcon.

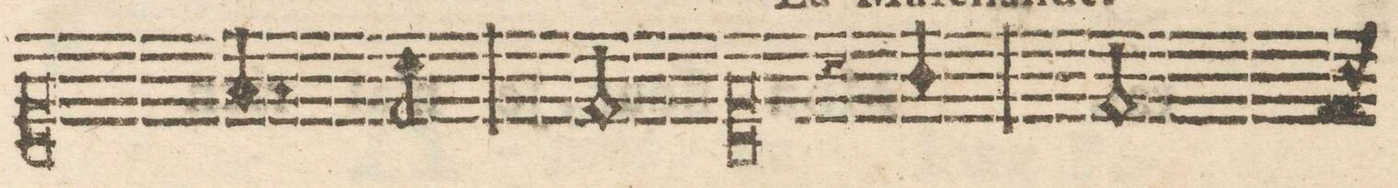


MA - da- me, mon- trez-

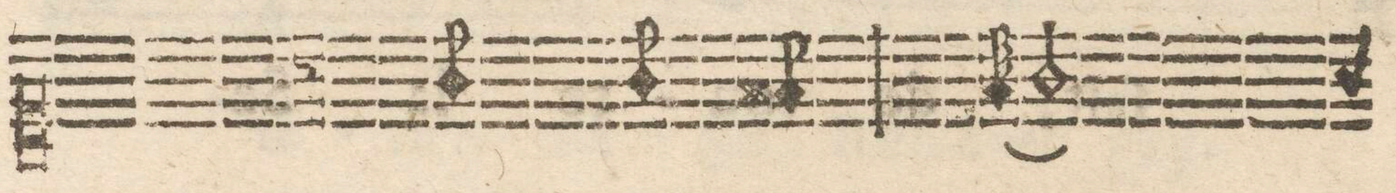


moi des Gands; Com-bien les

La Marchande.

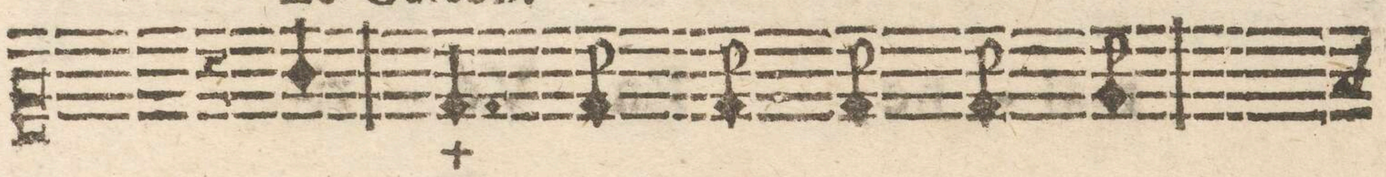


ven - dez - vous.... Mon - ſieur,



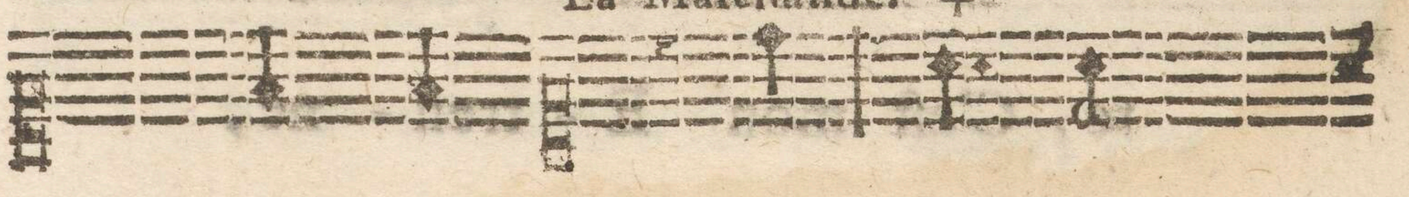
Rien que ſix Francs....

Le Gaſcon.



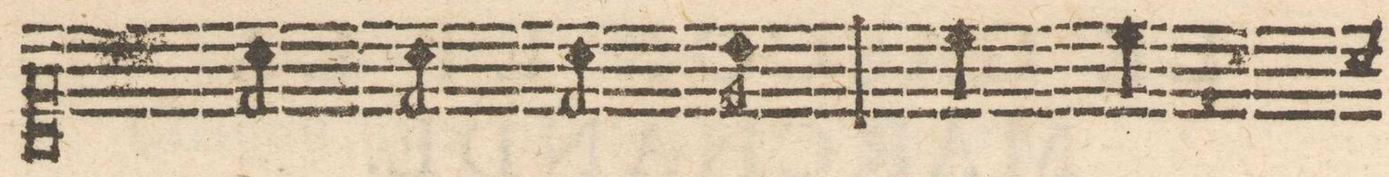
Ma - da- me, vous en au- rez

La Marchande. +



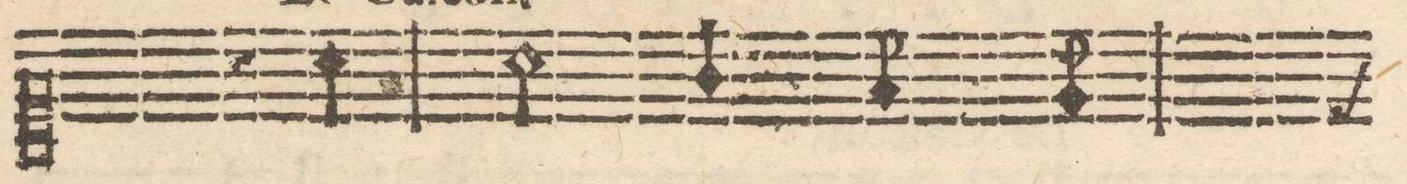
qua - tre.... Mon - ſieur, je

n'en

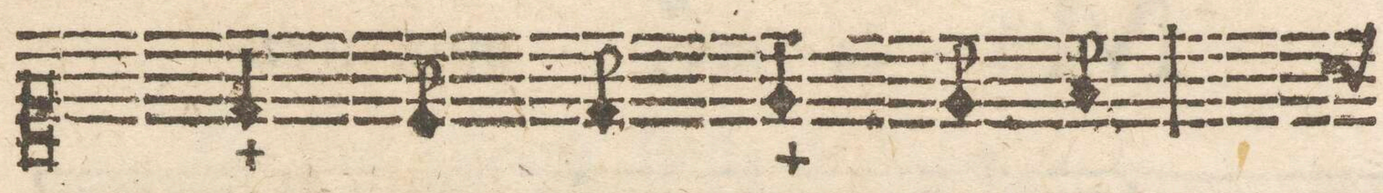


n'en puis rien ra - bat - tre.....

Le Gaſcon.

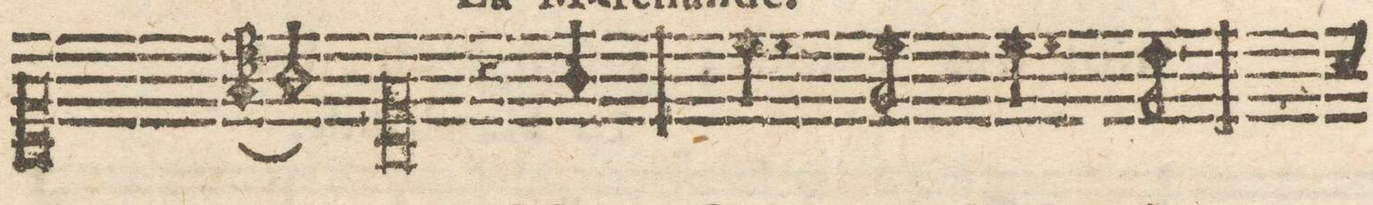


Ma - da - me, un E - cu

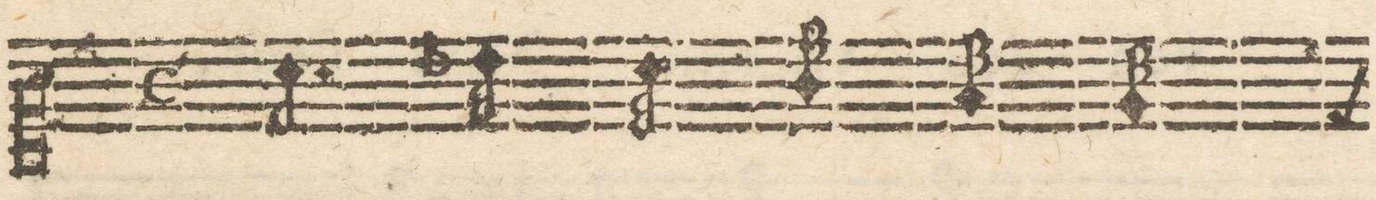


d'Or, Et je vous Bai - ſe-

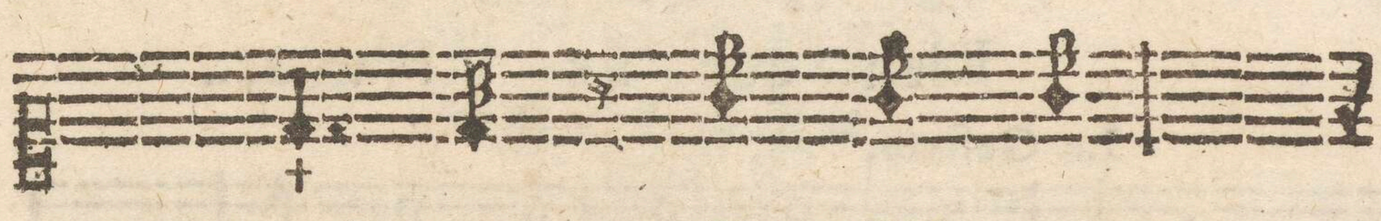
La Marchande.



rai. Mon - ſieur, je n'ai rien



fait, de tou - te la Se-

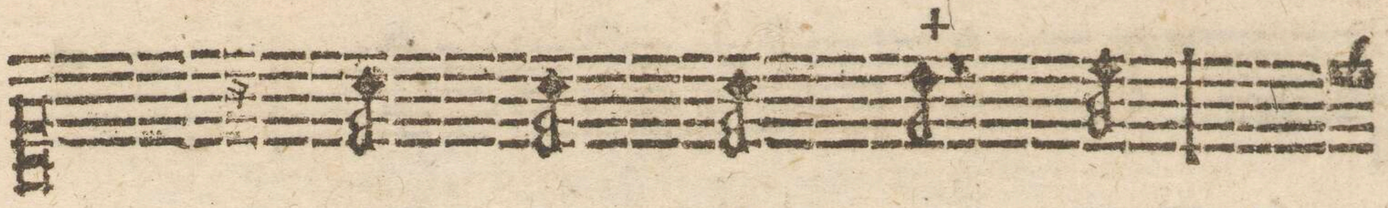


mai - ne, En Vé - ri-
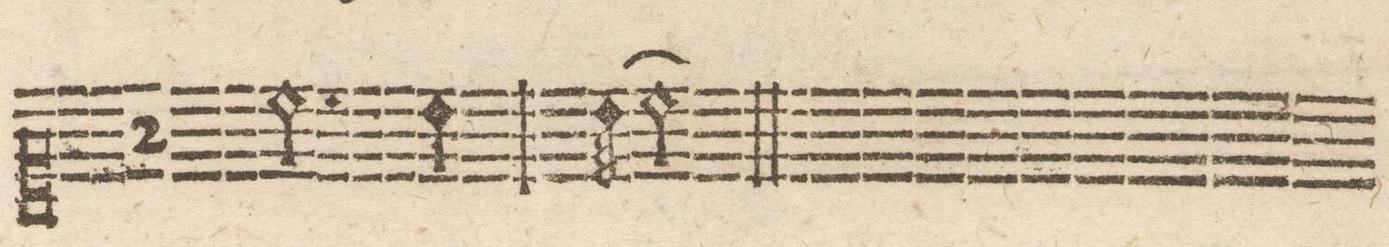


té, C'eſt mon E - tren - ne,

Je



Je ne ſau - rois vous
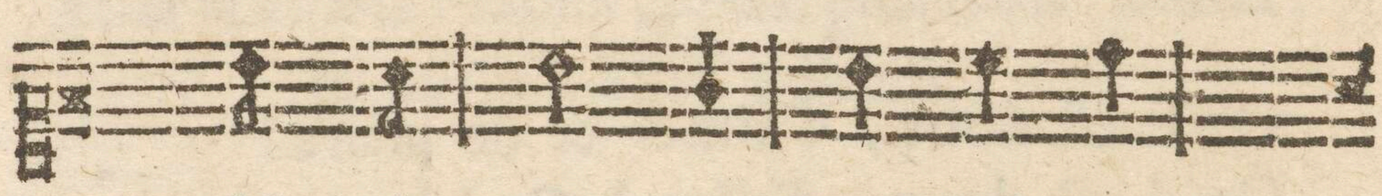


re - fu - ſer.

LE PELERIN.

Gaiment.



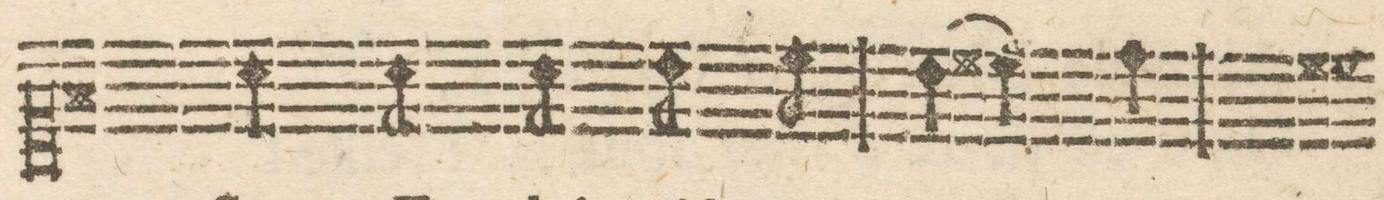
A - près un long Pé-



lé - ri - na - ge, Ren-trer gay-



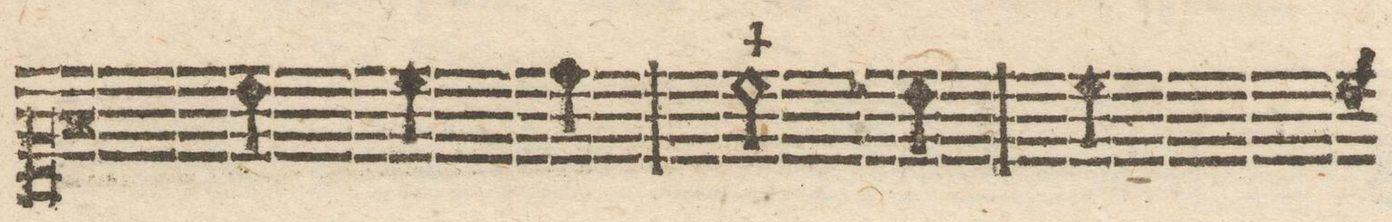
ment dans ſon Mé - na - ge,
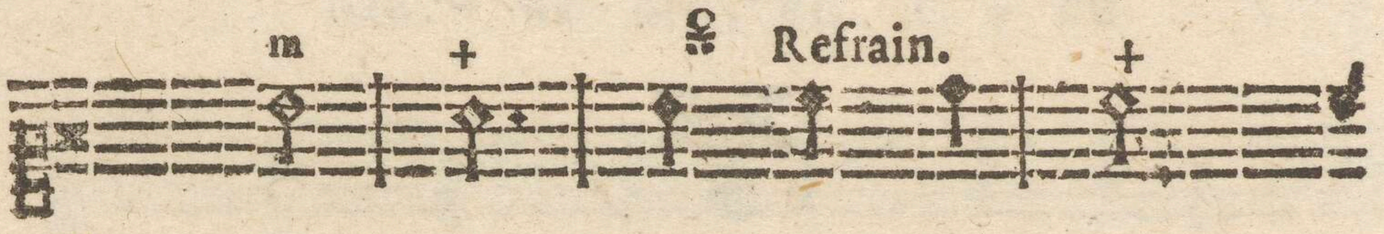


Sans E- clair-ciſ- ſe- ment, ſans
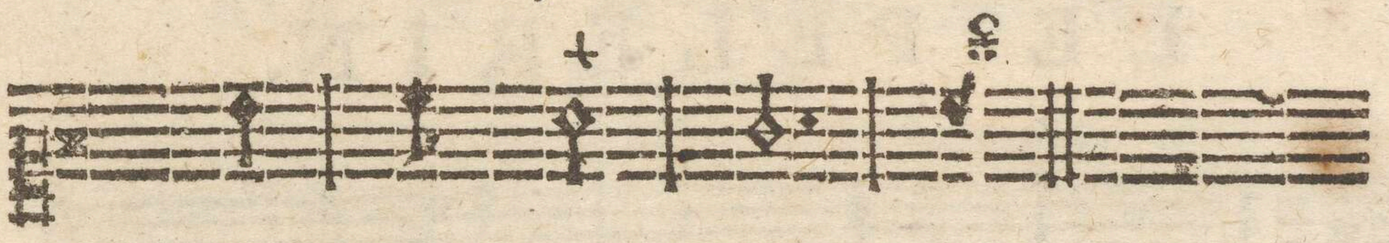


Bruit & ſans Cha - grin,



C'eſt - là le vrai bon Pé-



le - rin, C'eſt - là le vrai



bon Pe - le - rin, &c.

Qu'il eſt doux, d'aimer & de plaire!
Qu'il eſt doux, d'aller à Cythère!
Mon tendre Cœur ne veut ſavoir que ce chemin:
Amour, je ſuis ton Pélerin.

Aimable Dieu de la Bouteille,
Qu'il eſt doux d'aller ſous la Treille!
Non, je ne prétens plus ſavoir que ce chemin;
Bachus, je ſuis ton Pélerin.

L'A-

L'Amant piqué, dans ſa Colère,
Fuit la Maîtreſſe la plus chère;
Mais un regard flateur, un Souris Enfantin,
Fait revenir le Pélerin.

Celimène avec Confiance,
A ſes Galands donne Audience,
Quand ſon Mari les voit, il court chez le Voiſin,
O le commode Pélerin.

J'aime Suzon, Fanchon, Nanette,
Claudine, Charlotte, & Liſette;
Pour aller aux Plaiſirs, je ſais plus d'un chemin,
Je ſuis un Fûté Pélerin.

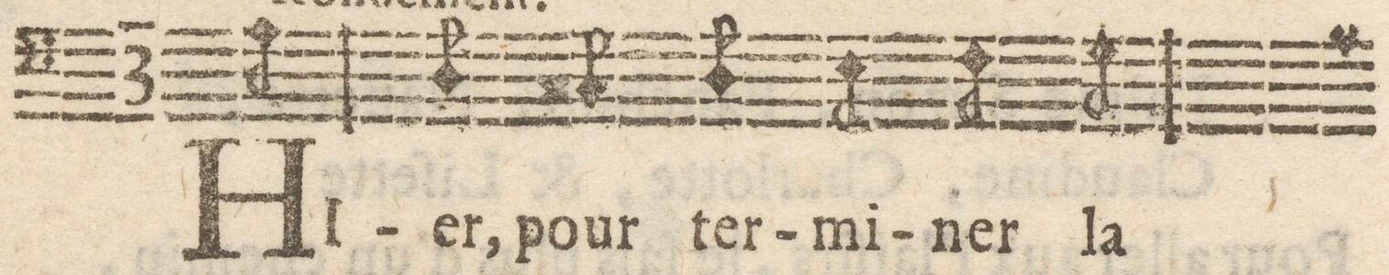
Avec l'Hymen, l'Amour s'engage;
Jour pris, il ſe mèt en voyage;
Mais ſouvent il ne va que juſqu'au lendemain;
Le méchant petit Pélerin.

Jadis, l'Amoureux ſans Finance,
Trouvoit par fois, heureuſe Chance,
A préſent on lui dit : Paſſez vôtre chemin ;
Hé, fy d'un pauvre Pélerin.
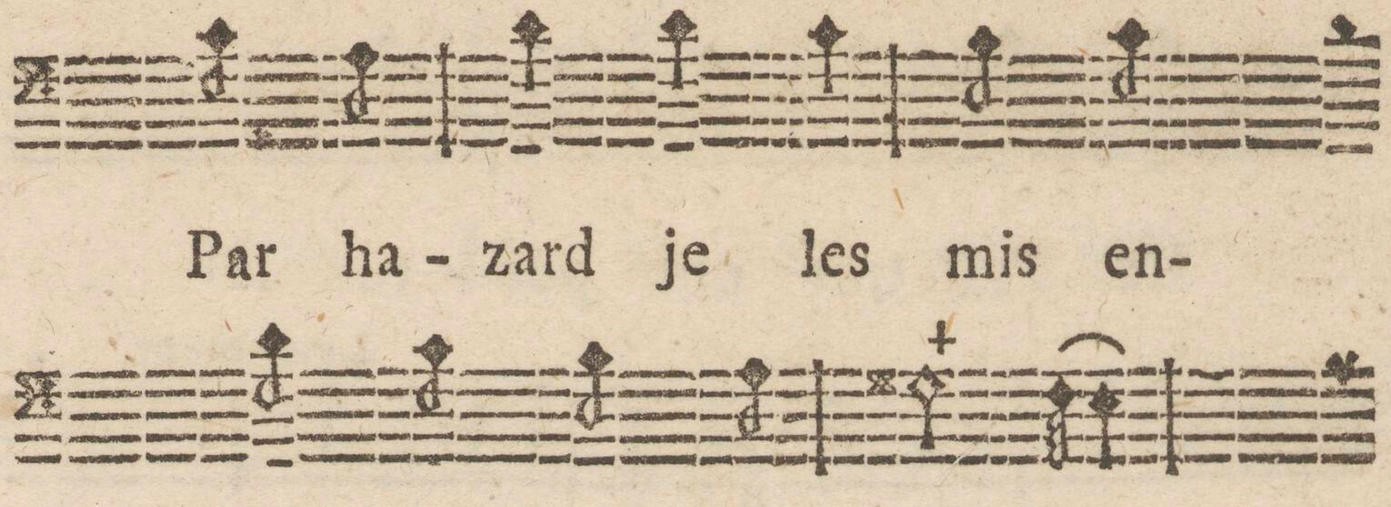
LA QUERELLE DES DEUX VINS.

RECIT DE BASSE.

Rondement.



Par



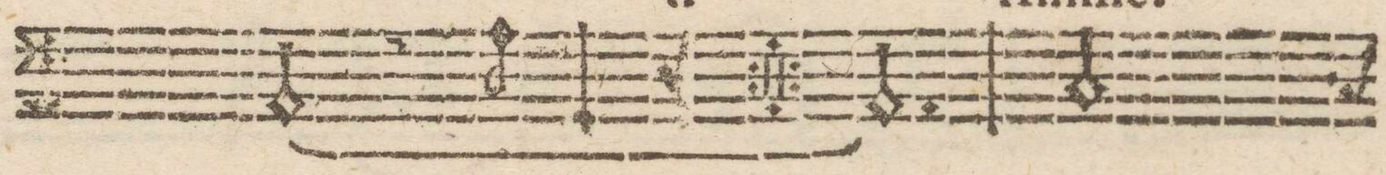
Par ha - zard je les mis en-

ſem - ble dans mon Ver - re,

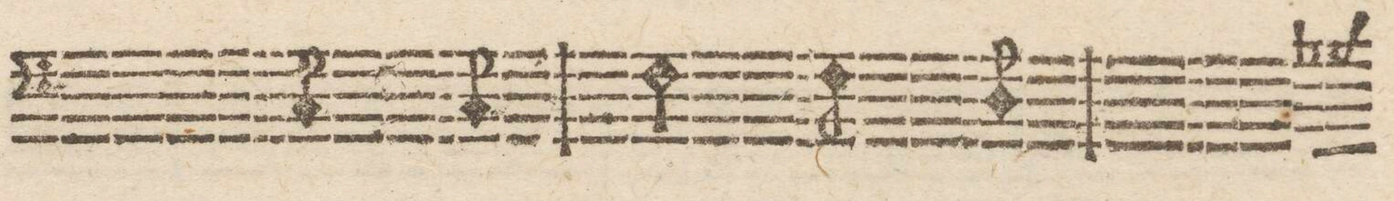


Et j'en bûs ſix Pin - tes ſans

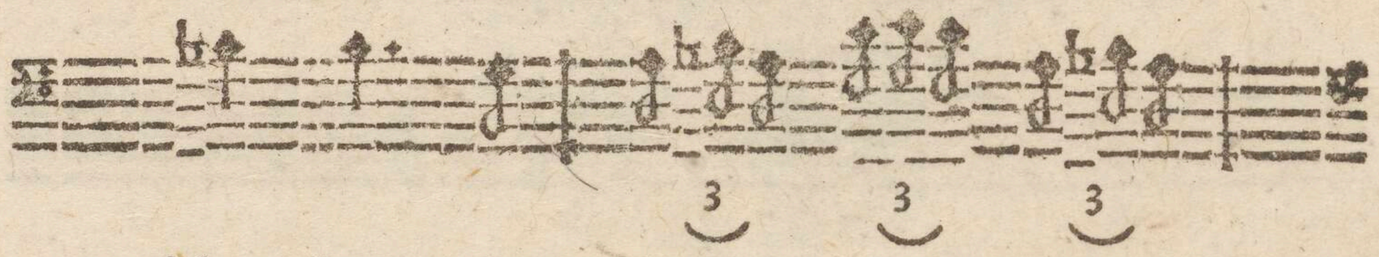
Animé.



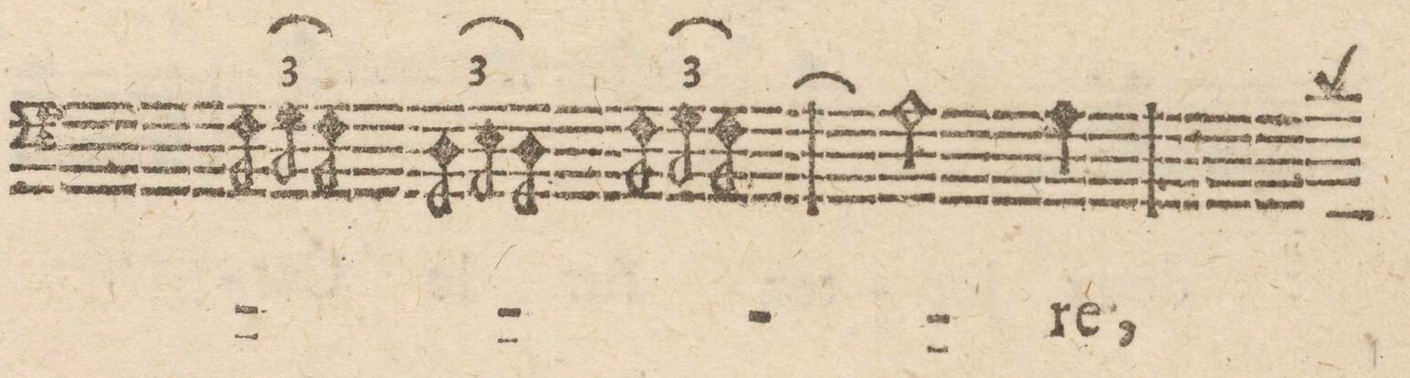
Eau: Hier, &c. Eau: Mais,



cet - te Nuit, re - dou-



blant leur Co - lè- - -
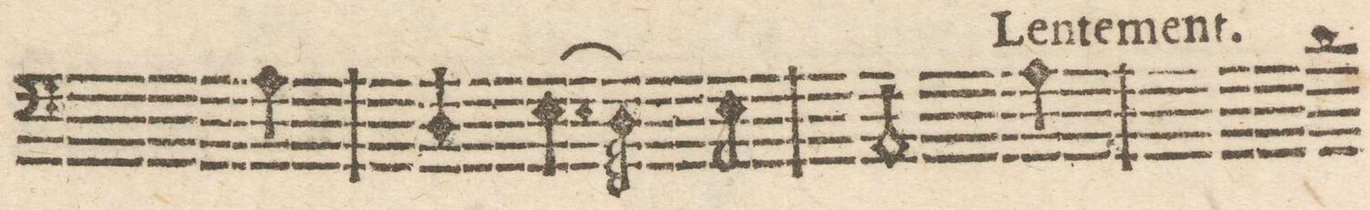


- - - - re,
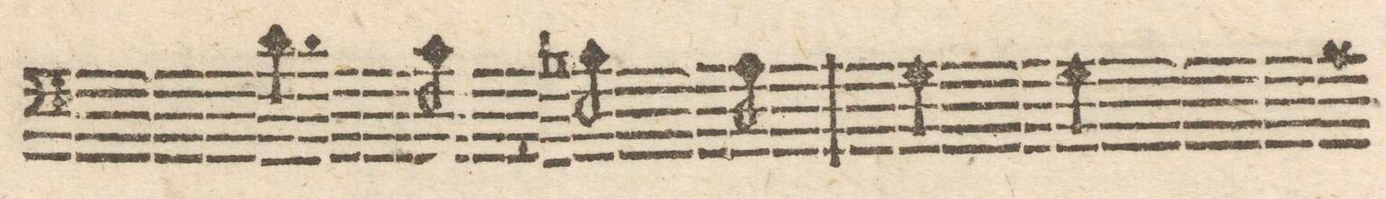


Les Trai-tres ont por-té le
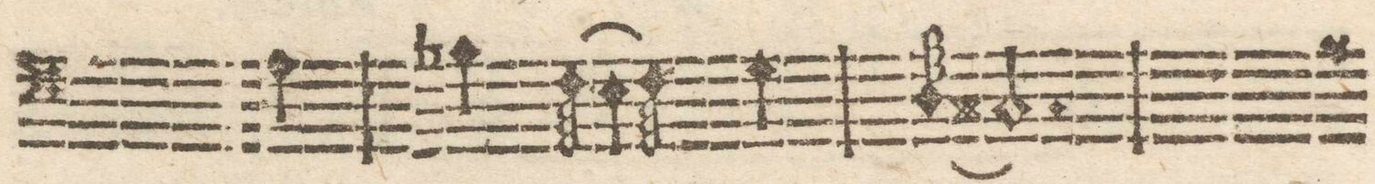
Lentement.



feu dans mon Cer-veau. Hé-



las! j'é-tois per-du, j'al-

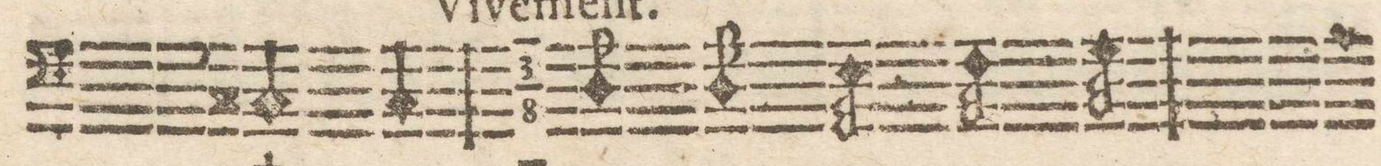


lois droit au Tom-beau,
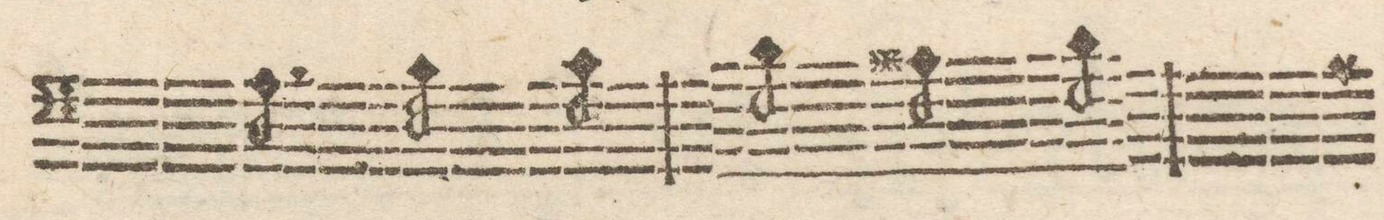


Si par un Hoc-quet Sa-lu-

Vivement.



tai-re, Je ne les eus tous

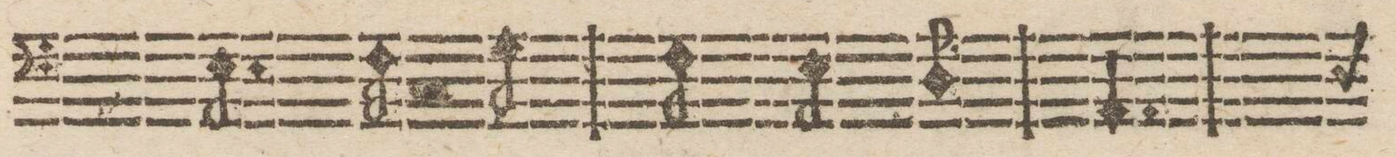


deux jet-tez ſur le Car-
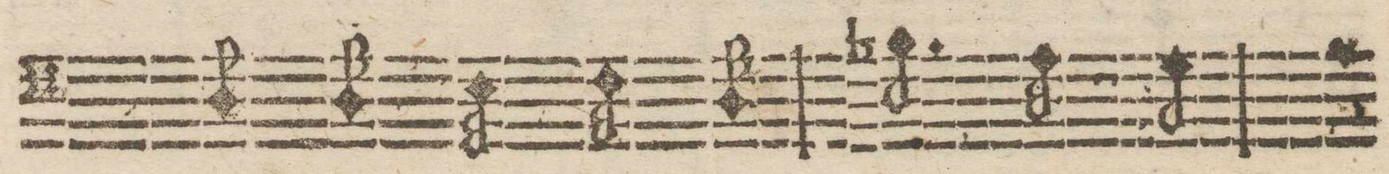
reau,



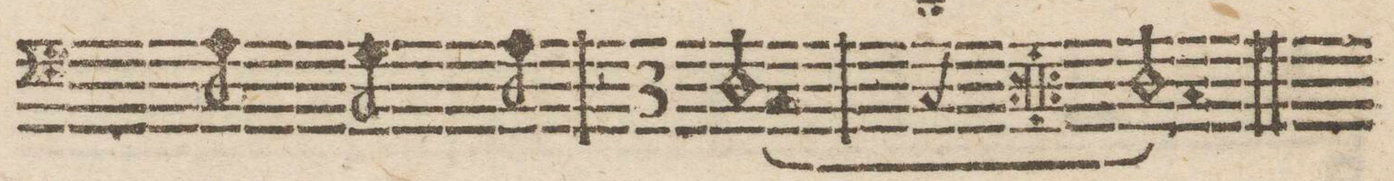
reau, Je ne les eus tous



deux jet-tez ſur le Car-reau,



Je ne les eus tous deux jet-tez

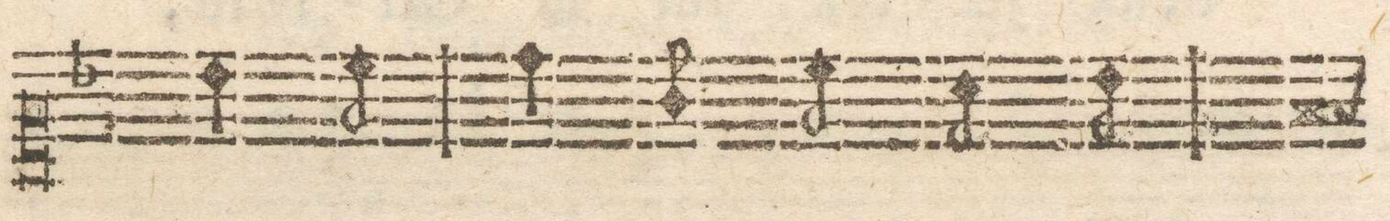


ſur le Car-reau. &c. reau.
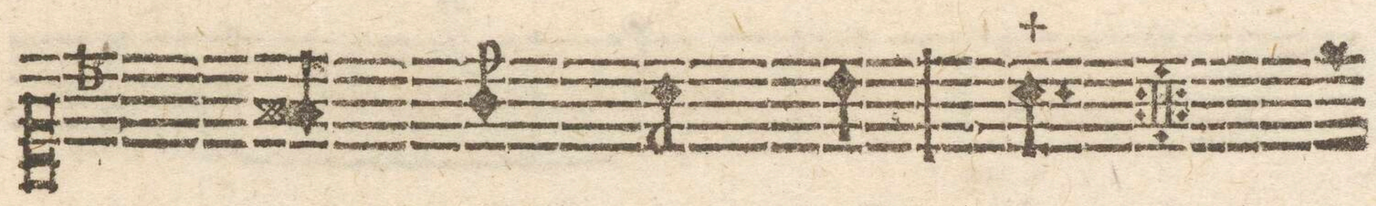
L'HOROSCOPE.
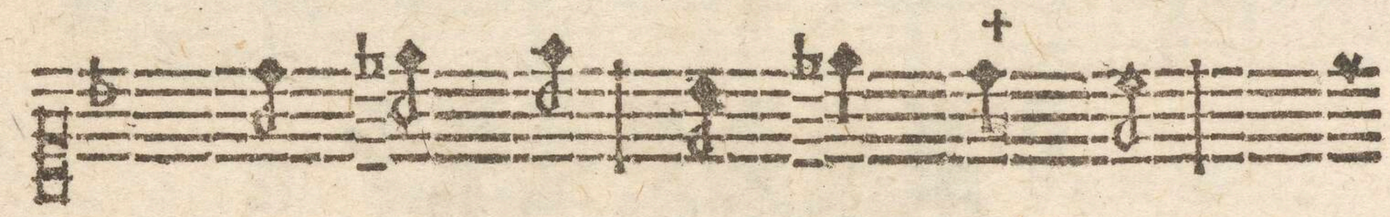


D'Un jeu - ne Plu - mèt
Fut à l'O - ra - cle



vif & ten - dre, Phi - lis vou-
pour ap - pren - dre, S'il au - roit



lant com - bler les vœux,
tou - jours mê - mes feux:



On lui dit que ſui - vant l'U-
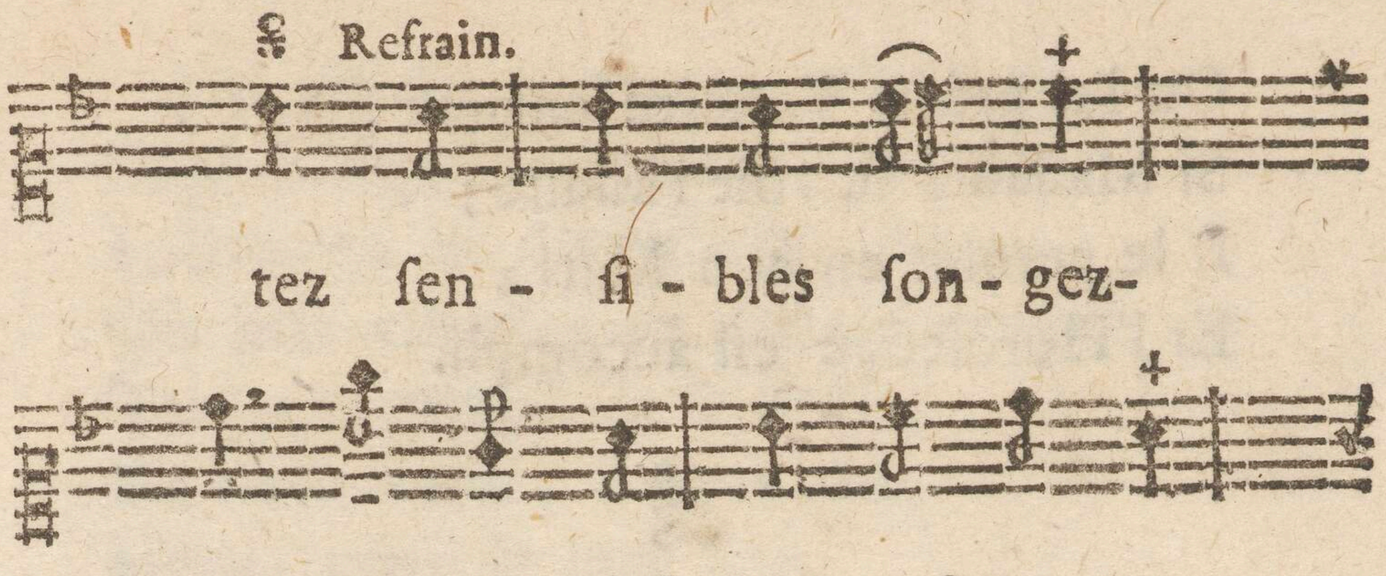


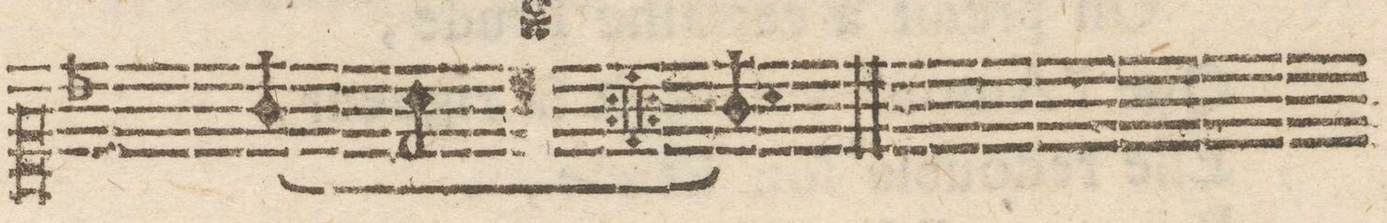
ſa - ge, Son bon - heur le ren-



droit vo - la - ge, Beau-

tez





Un Mari languiſſant, débile,
D'Héritiers étant dépourvû,
Alla conſulter la Sybille,
Voici ce qu'il fut répondu ;
Le grand Air te ſeroit utile,
Pour quelques mois, quitte la Ville,
Il eſt ſix jours hors de chez lui,
Et l'Horoſcope eſt accompli.

L'Epoux, d'une Femme jolie,
Fatigué par un long Procès,
Fut conſulter l'Aſtrologie,
Pour en apprendre le Succès;

On

On lui prédit Victoire entière,
Si Madame ſuivoit l'affaire;
Il le permèt en bon Mari,
Et l'Horoſcope eſt accompli.

On prédit à certaine Prude,
Que l'Amour vaincroit ſa rigueur,
Elle redouble ſon Etude,
Pour que l'Oracle fut Menteur:
Gens d'Elite, viennent chez Elle,
Aucun ne fléchit la Cruelle;
Il ſe préſente un Etourdi,
Voilà l'Horoſcope eſt accompli.

L'Epoux d'une Belle Joüeuſe,
Chez le Devin apprit un jour,
Que d'une Carte malheureuſe,
Il devoit craindre un mauvais tour;
Le jour qui ſuivit une perte,
Un Sous-Fermier, fringant, allerte,
Vint du matin; avant midi,
L'Horoſcope eſt accompli.

Un

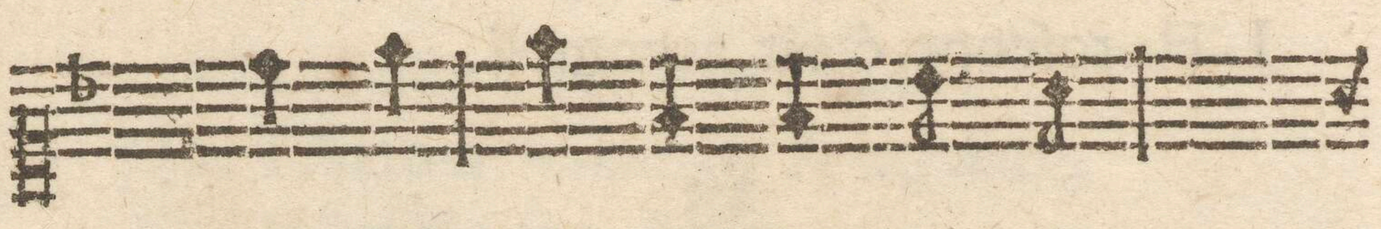
Un vieux, & grave perſonnage,
Dans L'Hymen voulant s'engager,
L'Oracle, lui dit qu'à ſon Age,
On doit craindre un certain danger;
Toujours rempli de ſa Folie,
Un beau matin, il ſe marie;
Hélas! avant le jour fini,
L'Horoſcope étoit accompli.

Sur le point de faire un voyage,
Damon voulut être éclairci,
Si l'objèt de ſon tendre hommage,
Ne le mettroit point en Oubli:
On lui prédit, que ſa Climène,
L'oubliroit avant la Quinzaine;
Il part Dimanche, & le Lundi,
L'Horoſcope étoit accompli.

CHANSONNETTE.



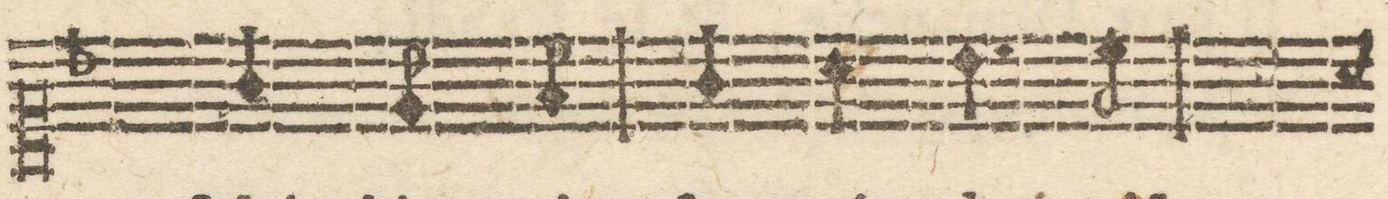
LE Jeu, le Vin, a-
Pour un tems laſ - ſé
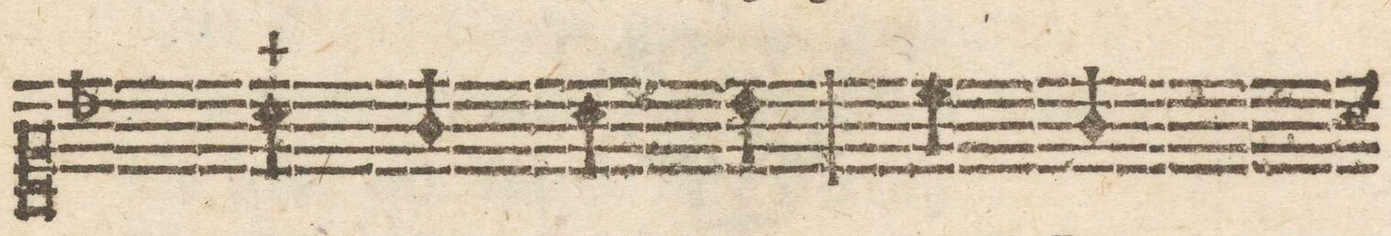


vec Sil - vi - e, Oc - cu-poient
de la Vi- e, Il fuit le
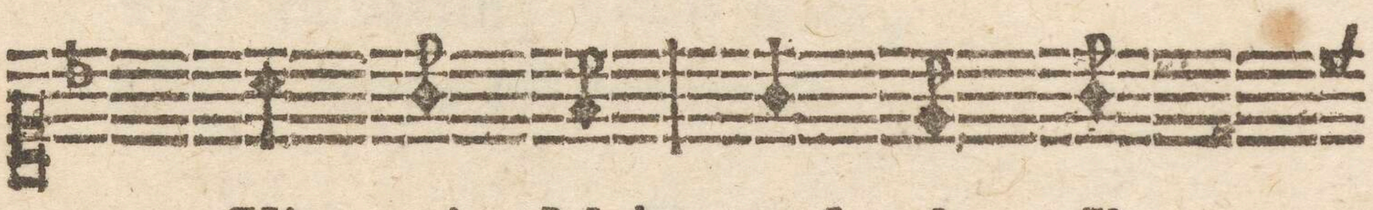


Clé - on tour à tour,
Vin, le Jeu, l'A - mour:



Mais bien - tôt frap-pé de triſ-
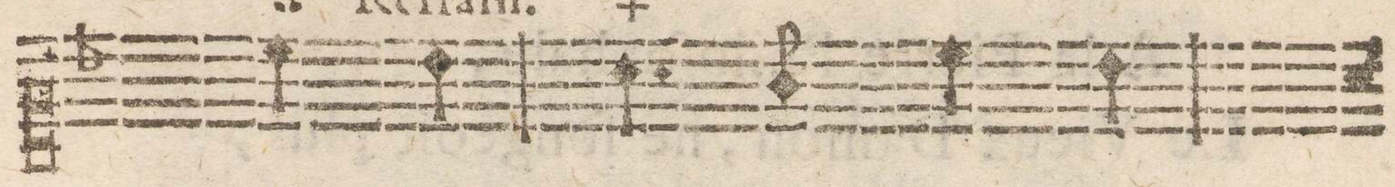


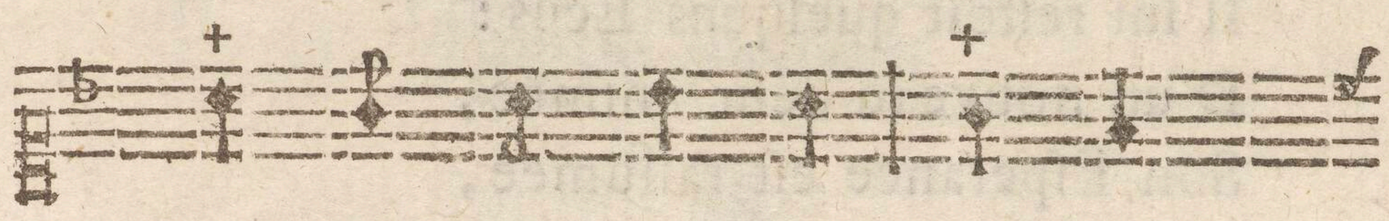
teſ - ſe, D'ê - tre ſans Jeu,

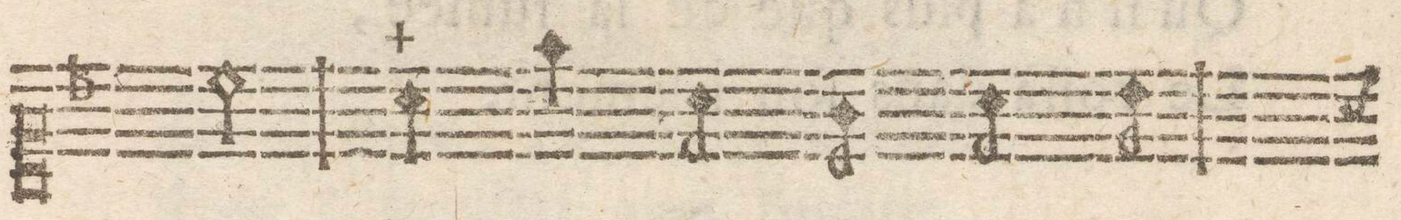


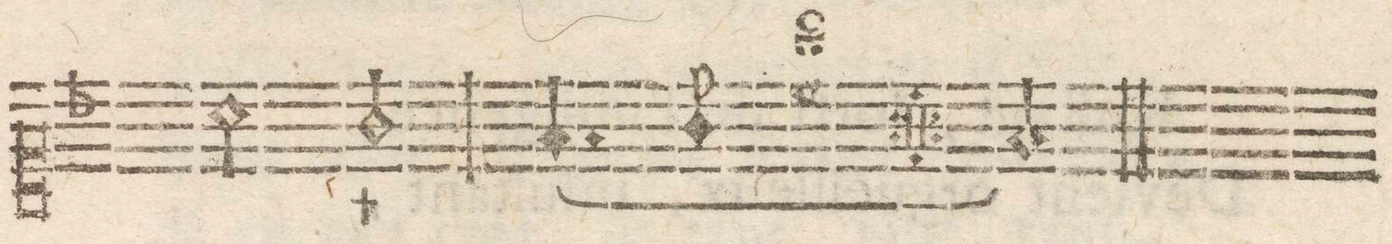
Vin, ni Mai - treſ - ſe, Il

en









Trahi, par un Sèxe volage,
Daphnis, pour le fuïr déſormais,
Dans le fond d'un Déſert ſauvage,
S'étoit renfermé pour jamais:
Le Hazard y mène une Belle,
Il la voit, il vole autour d'elle,
Il en fait tant, & tant, tant, tant,
Qu'il ſe brûle à la Chandelle,
Il rentre dans ſon Element.

A la Pierre Philoſophale,
Le Vieux Damon, ne ſongeoit plus,
Guéri de cette Erreur fatale,
Il lui reſtoit quelques Ecus:
D'un nouveau déſir animée,
Son Eſperance eſt rallumée,
Il en fait tant, & tant, tant, tant,
Qu'il n'a plus que de la fumée,
Le voilà dans ſon Element.

Ruſtaut, ſorti de l'indigence,
Devient orgueilleux, inſultant,
Il fait dépenſe, ſur dépenſe,
Son Equipage eſt éclatant:
Ses Gens, plus craints que le Tonnerre,
A tous ſes Voiſins font la Guerre,
Il en fait tant, & tant, tant, tant,
Qu'enfin il retombe à Terre,
Le voilà dans ſon Element.

De rien devenu peu de choſe,
Damis, offre à tout ſon Crédit,
A l'entendre, lui ſeul diſpoſe,
Des Emplois, juſqu'au plus petit:
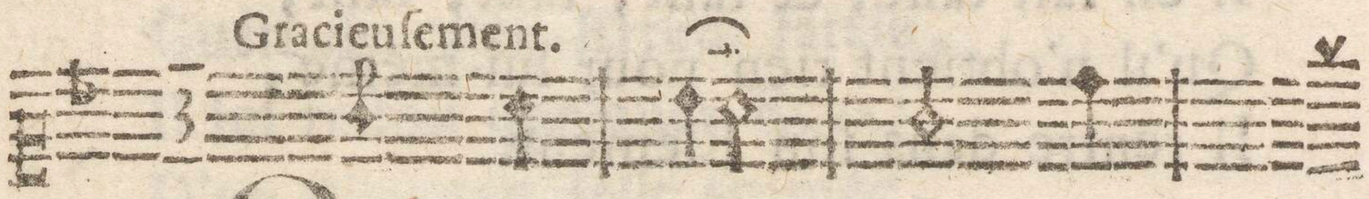
Mais

Mais ſa ſaveut, n'eſt qu'un Problème,
A la Cour importun extrême,
Il en fait tant, & tant, tant, tant,
Qu'il n'obtient rien pour lui-même,
Il rentre dans ſon Element.

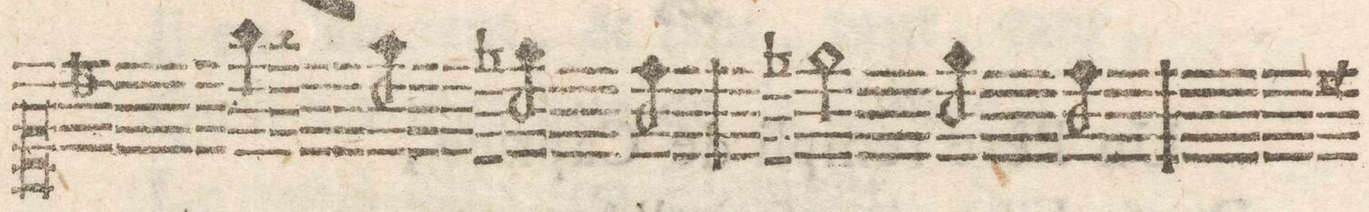
Un Père rempli de Caprice,
De ſa Fille, proſcrit l'Amant,
Pour la Bergère quel ſuplice,
Et pour le Berger quel tourment:
Il fait tout, pour s'aprocher d'Elle,
Sans ceſſe, il prend forme nouvelle,
Il en fait tant, & tant, tant, tant,
Qu'il épouſe enfin la Belle,
Le voila dans ſon Element.

CHANSONNETTE.

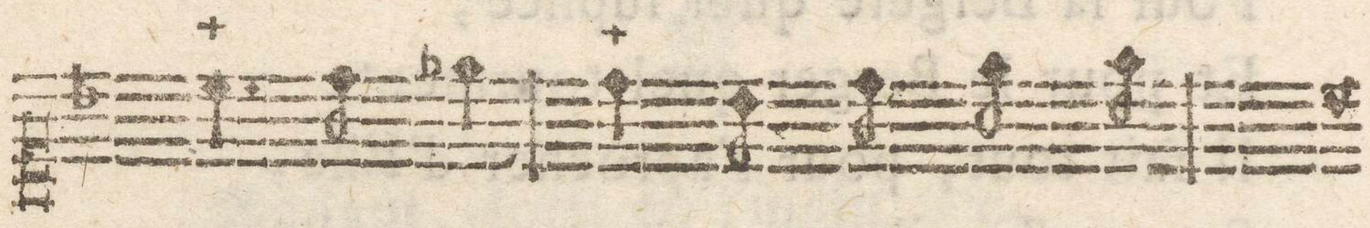
Gracieuſement.



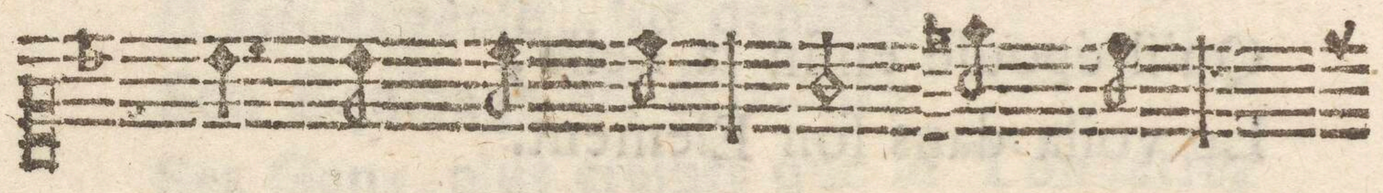
QUe vos Char - mes, en-
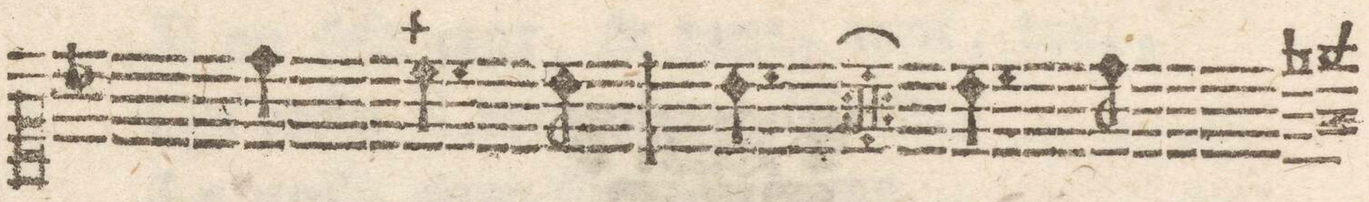


ga-gent mil- le Cœurs à vous



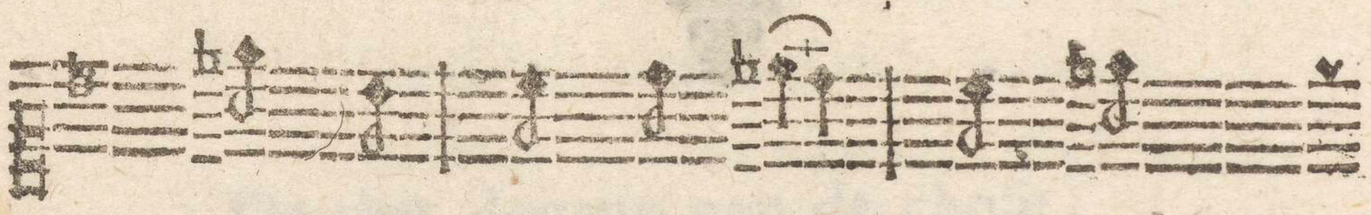
ren-dre les Ar-mes, Que tous s'em-



preſ-ſent tour à tour, A vous

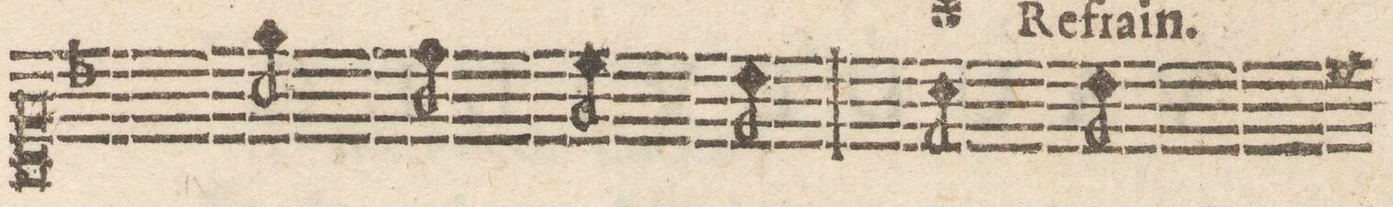


fai - re la Cour: Cour, Je

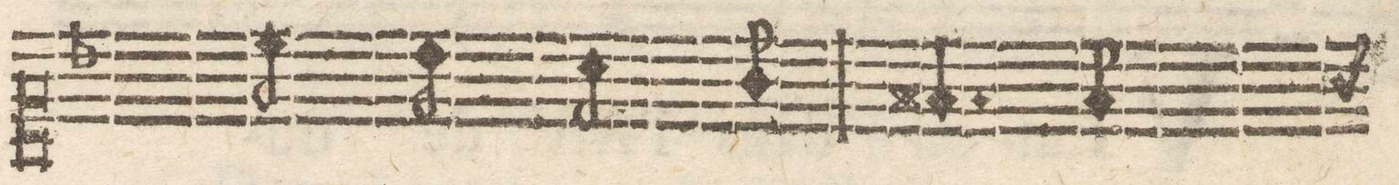


n'en ai point d'al - lar - mes; Si

Refrain.
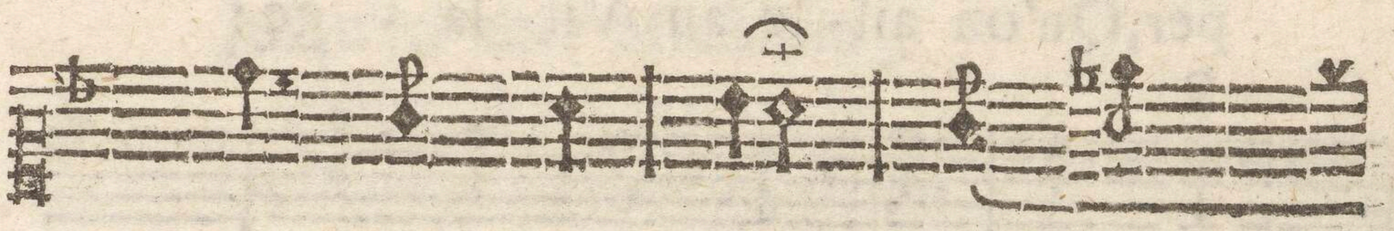


le plus a - mou - reux vous



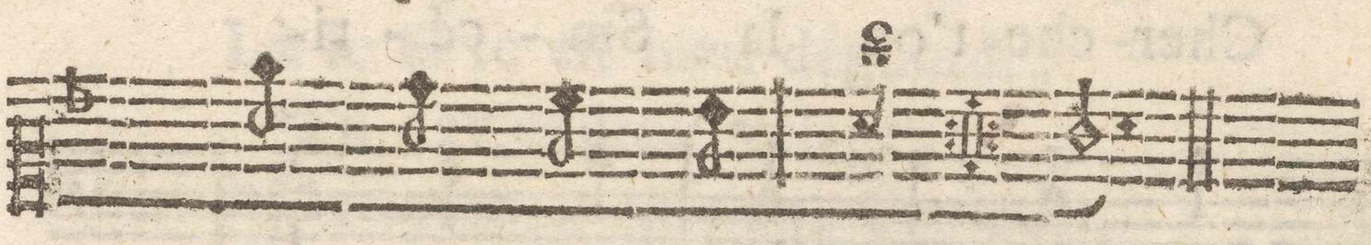
mé - ri - te en ce jour ; Rien



n'eſt é - gal à mon A-



mour, Que vos Char - mes. Si
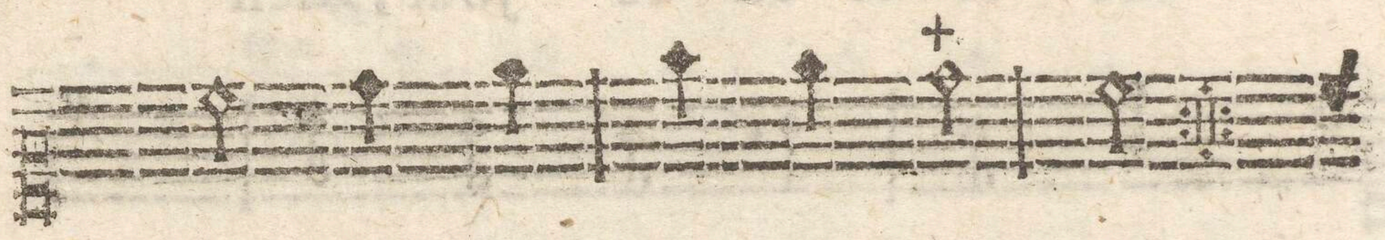


le plus a - mou-, &c. mes.

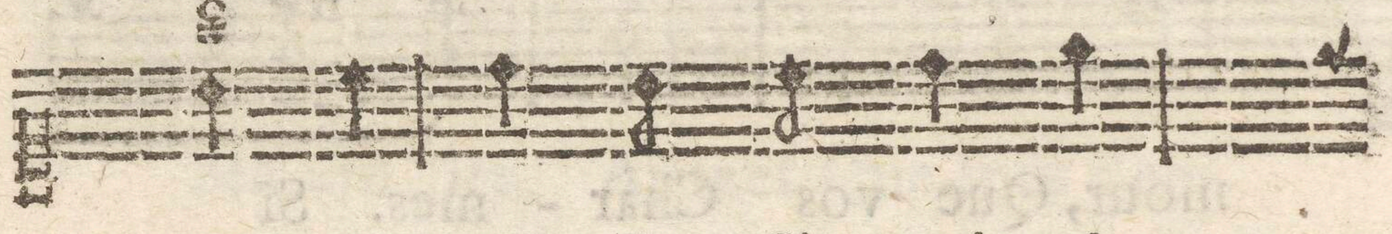
VAUDEVILLE.



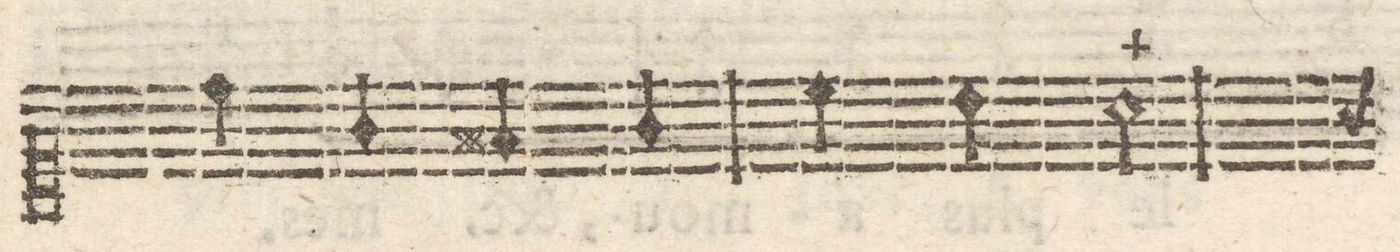
Veut-on dans l'Art de du-
Veut-on a-pren-dre à trom-



per, De-ve-nir ha-bi-le,
per, Qu'on ail-le au Vil-la-ge:



Cher-che-t'on la Sin-cé-ri-



té, Dont on doit fai-re U-sa-



ge, La na-ï-ve Sim-pli-ci-



té, Qu'on ail-le au Vil-la-ge. &c. ge.

Veut-

Veut-on trouver des Iris,
D'un accès facile,
Et de volages Maris,
Qu'on aille à la Ville:
Cherche-t'on dans une Beauté,
Un Air modeſte & ſage,
Dans l'Hymen, la fidélité,
Qu'on aille au Village.

Juſqu'ici cher Mathurin,
Nôtre Ame tranquile,
Goûtoit un heureux deſtin,
Mais gare la Ville:
Là le Sèxe eſt bien dégourdi,
Tu deviendrois volage,
J'y trouverois quelque Etourdi,
Reſtons au Village.

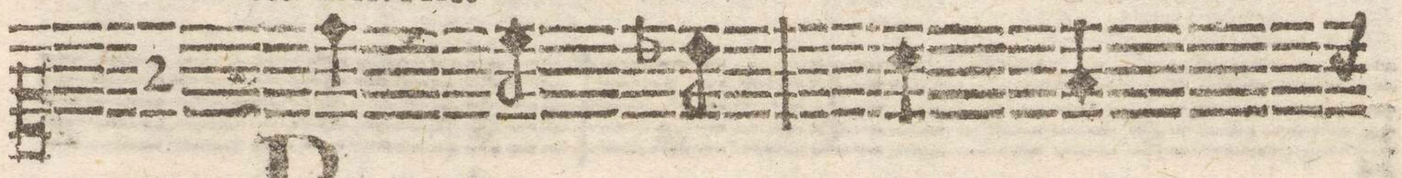
On voit rarement chez nous,
L'Epouſe fragile,
Les Maris ſont preſque tous,
Trahis à la Ville:

Mais, ſi tu veux être à Paris,
Toujours fidelle, & ſage,
Je ferai comme les Maris,
Font dans le Village.

Si l'on ne voit point chez nous,
La Femme fragile,
C'eſt que les Maris ſont tous,
Meilleurs qu'à la Ville;
Les Epoux ſeroient à Paris,
Heureux dans leur Ménage,
S'ils faiſoient comme les Maris,
Font dans le Village.

LA NAÏVE.

Pesamment.



BAi- se - moi donc, me



di - soit Blai - se, Nan-



nin, Nan - nin, Je ne suis pas si



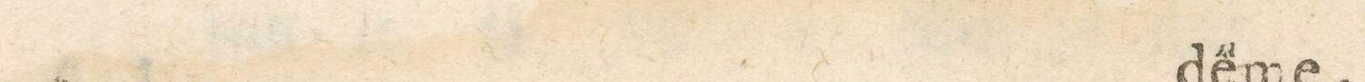
niai - se, Ma Mè - re



me le déf - fend bien:



Mais, voy - ez ce grand Ni - co-
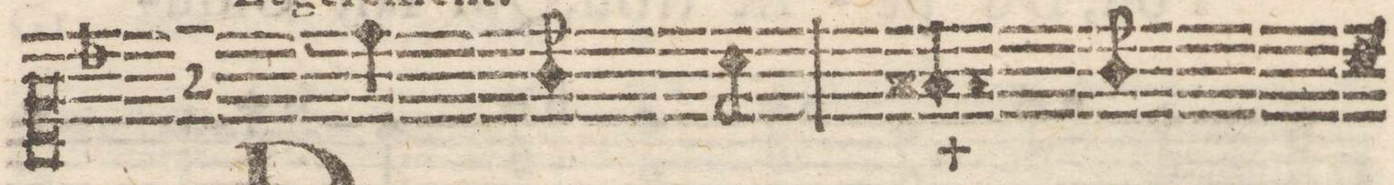


dême,
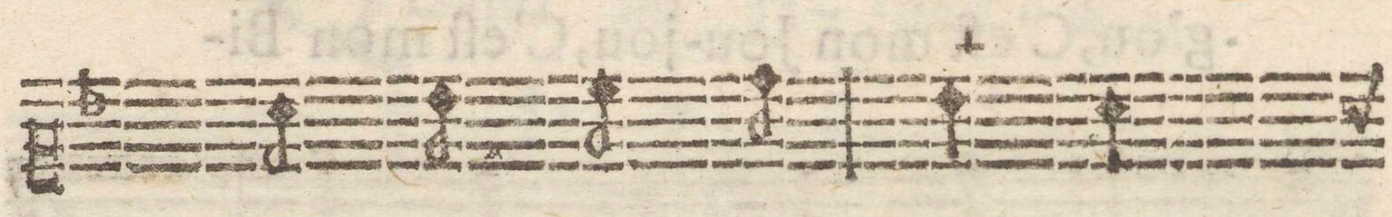

dê - me, La ſien - ne
ne lui déf fend rien, Que
ne me Bai - ſe - t'il lui-
mê - me. &c. me.

LA MAROTTE.
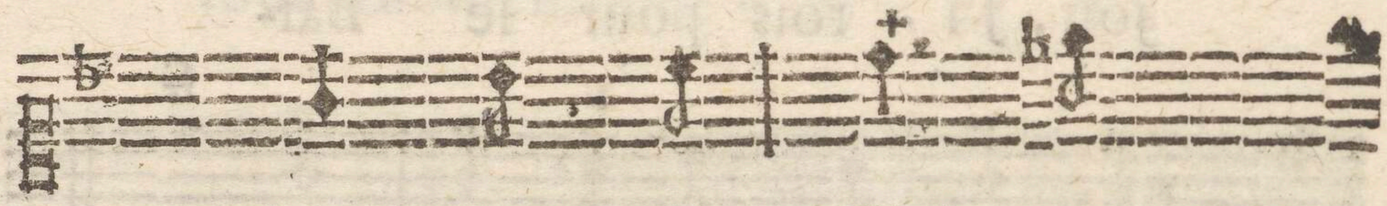
Légerement.



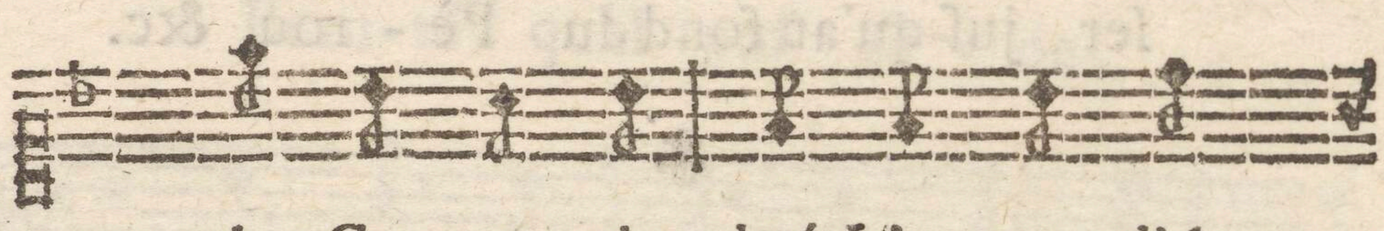
DAns ces beaux Lieux, cha-



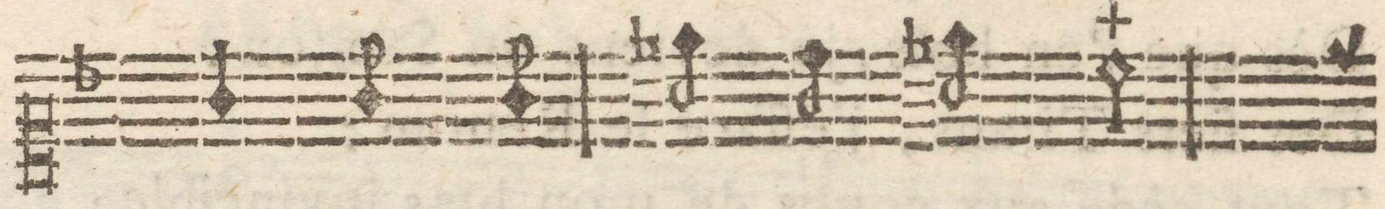
cun a ſa Fo - li - e,



L'un pour la Gloi - re a
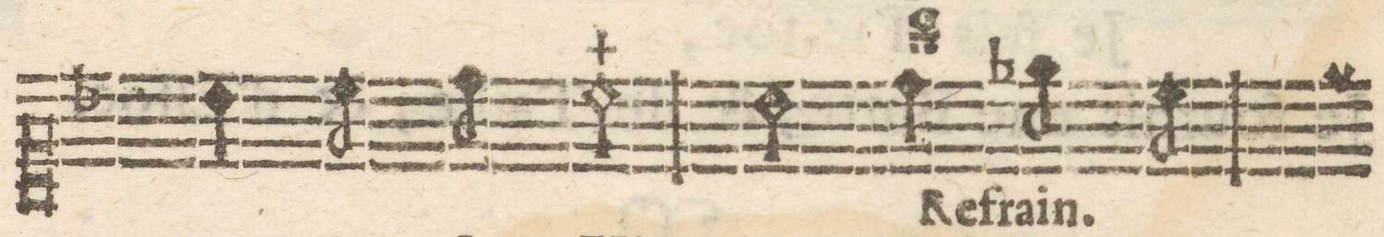


le Cer-veau tim - bré, L'au- tre d'A-



mour ſot - te - ment en - ny - vré,
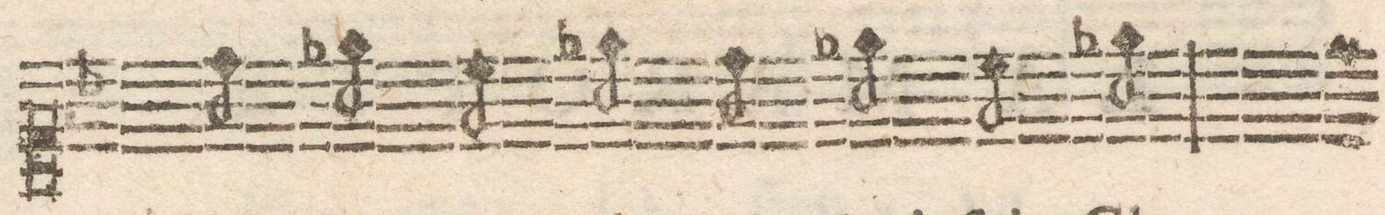


Dans le tour-ment paſ - ſe
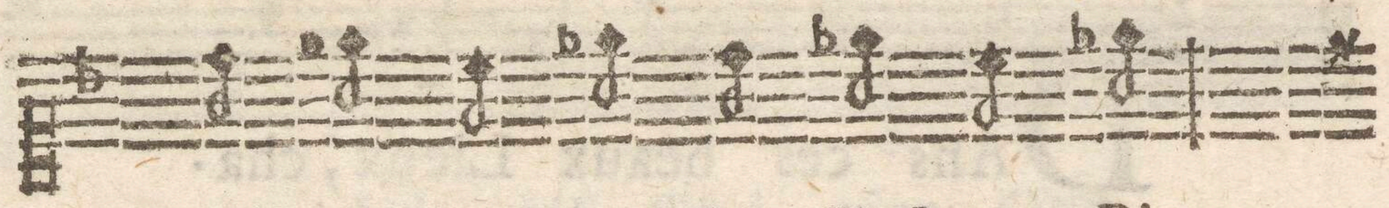


Refrain.

tou - te ſa Vi - e: Moi je ſuis
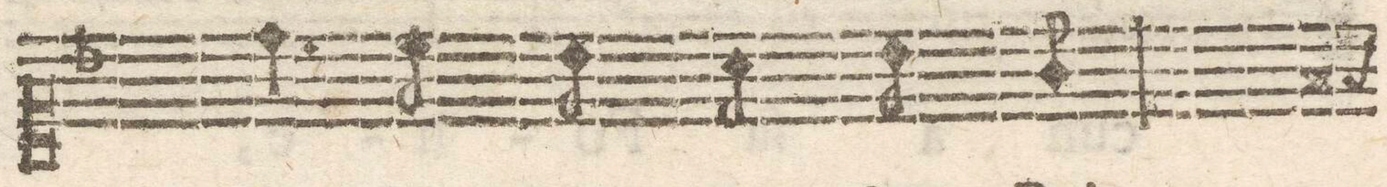
Fou,
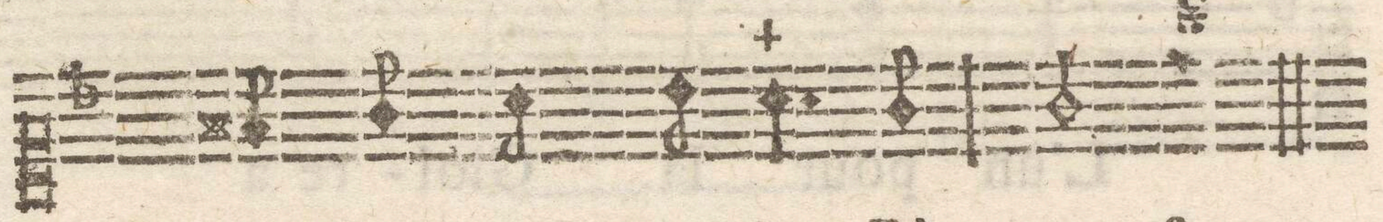


Fou, Du pe - tit trou, Qui fait Glou-



-glou, C'eſt mon Jou-jou, C'eſt mon Bi-



jou, J'i - rois pour le Bai-



ſer juſ-qu'au fond du Pè - rou, &c.

Avec du Vin, rien ne m'eſt impoſſible,
Dès que j'en bois, je deviens un Samſon;
Des fiers Tirans, j'efface le Renom;
Tout cède aux coups de mon bras invincible;
Armé d'un Broc,
Fier comme un Cocq,
Dur comme un Roc,
Je vais au Choc,
Je fais Tic-toc,
Je fournis une Botte, & de Taille, & d'Eſtoc.
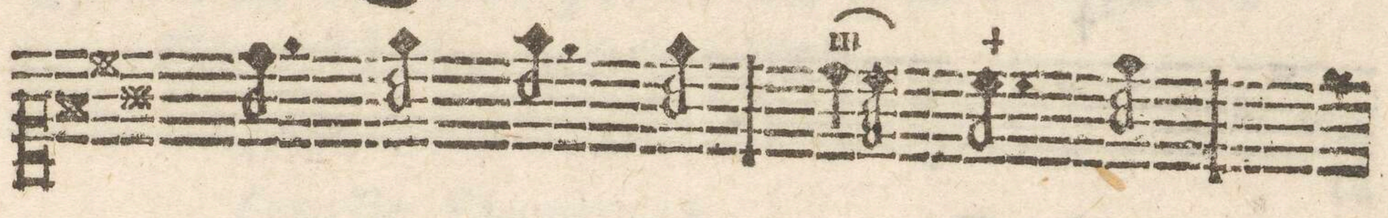
LE

LE CONTRASTE.

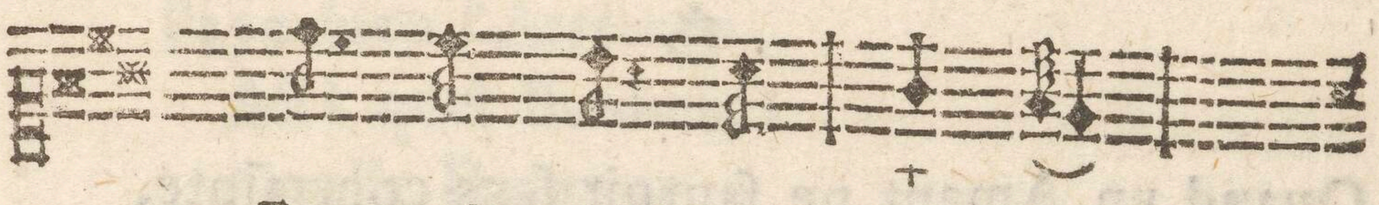
Gracieux & ſans Lenteur.



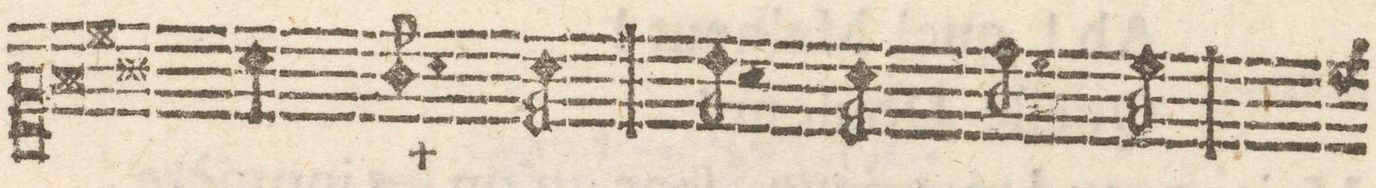
QUand un Ja- loux à



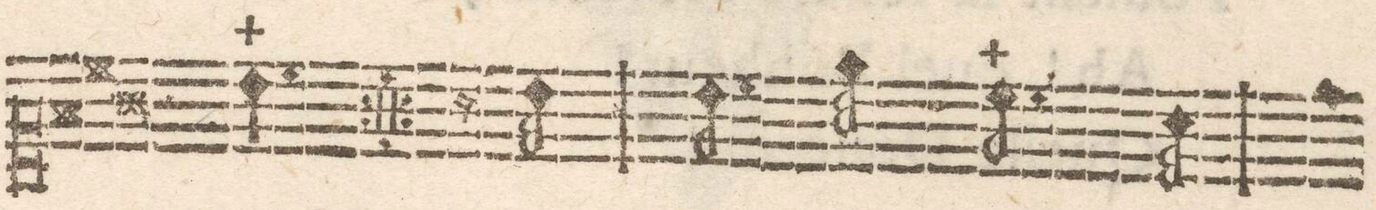
tout moment Ob - ſè - de, La



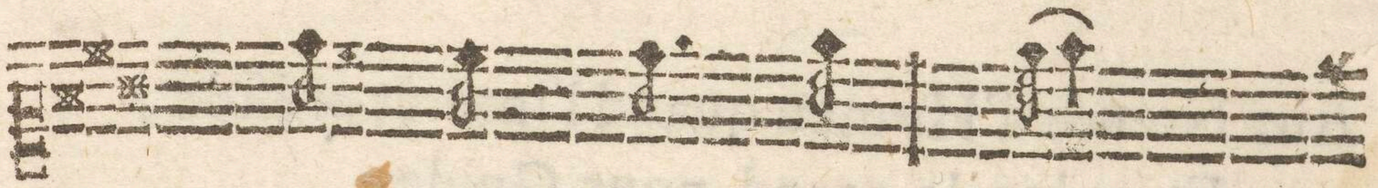
Beau- té qu'il poſ - ſè - de,



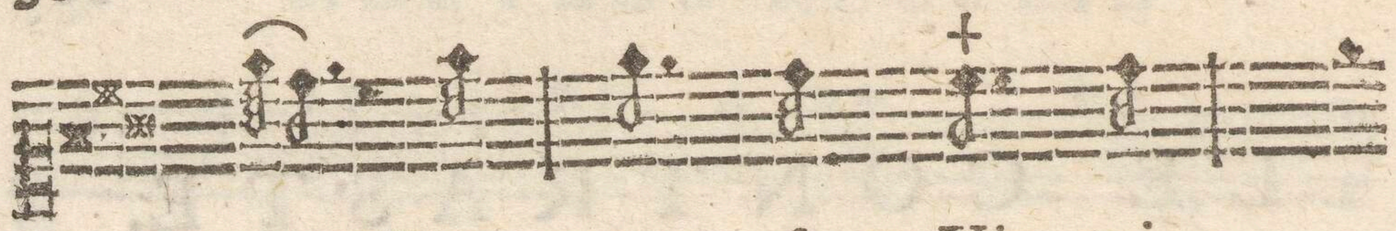
Ah! quel Mal- heur, Quel- le Dou-



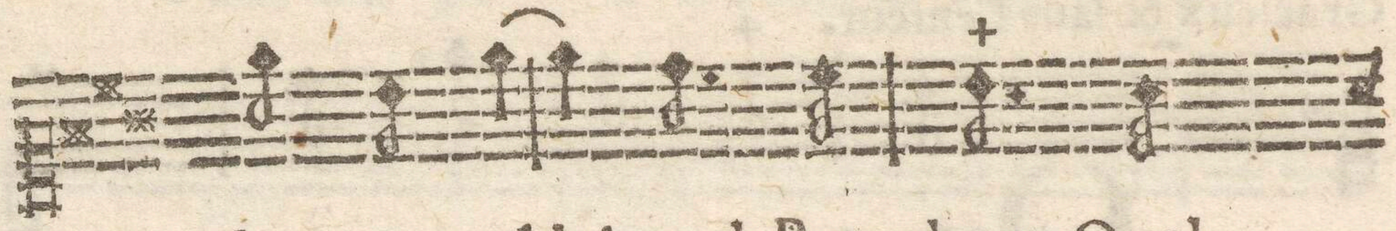
ceur; Mais, quand deux Cœurs par



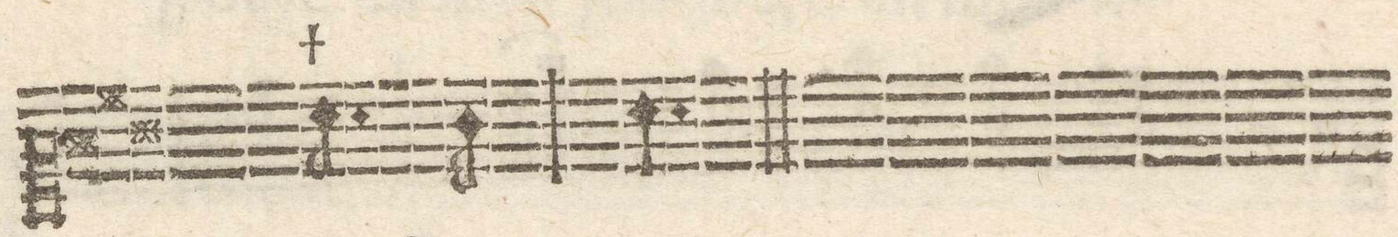
leur in - tel - li - gen-



ce, Trom-pent ſa Vi - gi-



lan-ce, Ah! quel Bon-heur, Quel-



le Dou- ceur.

Quand un Amant ne ſauroit ſans contrainte,
Careſſer ſon Aminte,
Ah! quel Malheur!
Quelle Douleur!
Mais, quand tous deux, ſans qu'on les inquiète,
Foulent la tendre Herbette,
Ah! quel Bonheur!
Quelle Douceur!
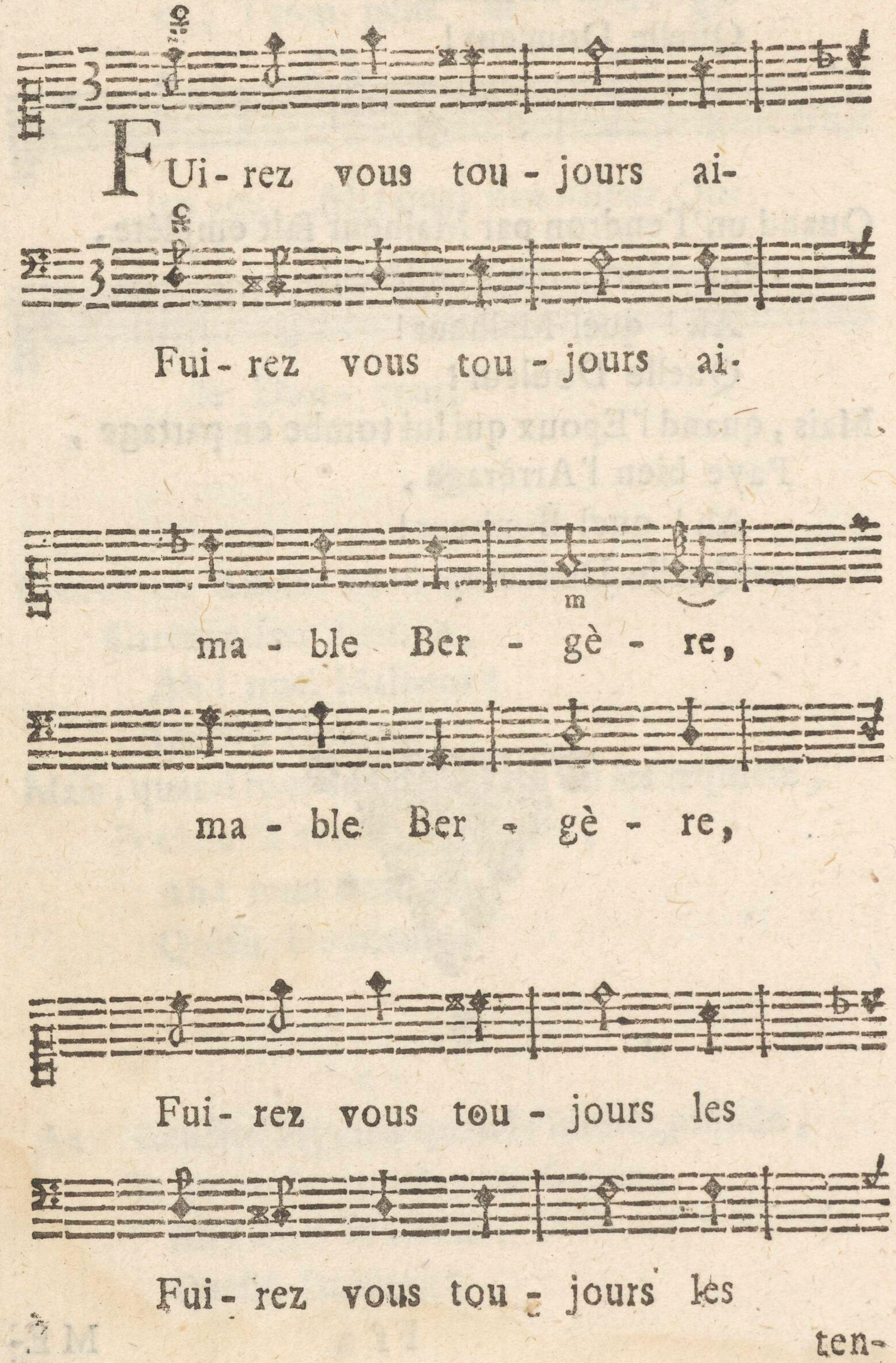
Aux Nœuds d'Hymen quand l'intérêt préſide,
Et qu'on le prend pour Guide,
Ah! quel Malheur!
Quellé Douleur!

Mais, quand deux Cœurs joints par la Simpathie,
S'uniſſent pour la Vie,
Ah! quel Bonheur!
Quelle Douceur!

Quand un Tendron par Malheur fait emplête,
D'un Mari, qui s'endête,
Ah! quel Malheur!
Quelle Douleur!
Mais, quand l'Epoux qui lui tombe en partage,
Paye bien l'Arrèrage,
Ah! quel Bonheur!
Quelle Douceur.

MENUET EN RONDEAU.

D U O.



Fui- rez vous tou - jours ai-

Fui- rez vous tou - jours ai-

ma - ble Ber - gè - re,

ma - ble Ber - gè - re,

Fui- rez vous tou - jours les

Fui- rez vous tou - jours les

ten-

Fin.
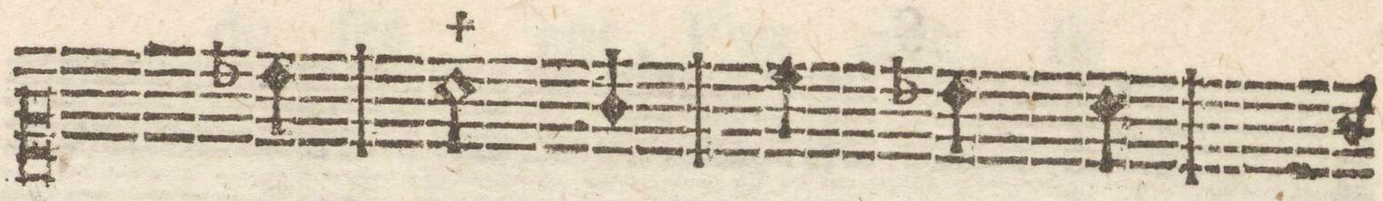


ten- dres A- mours, Quel- le
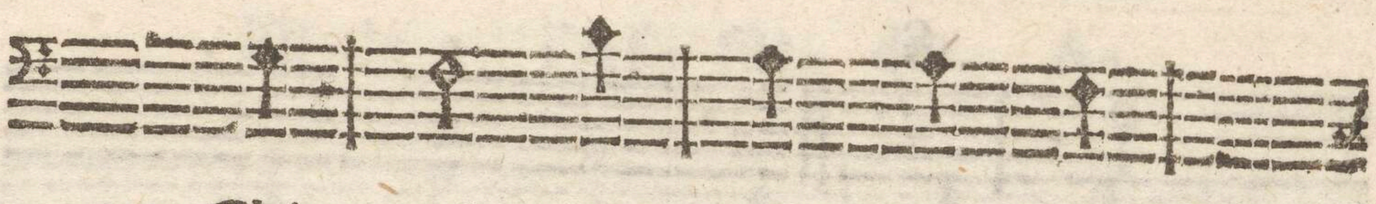
Fin.



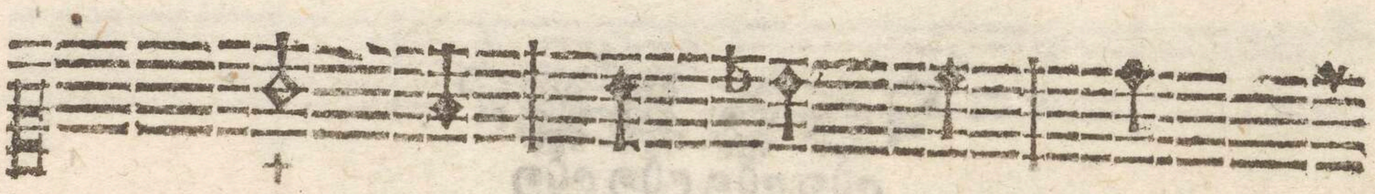
ten- dres A- mours, Quel- le



Chi- mè- re, D'ê- tre ſé-



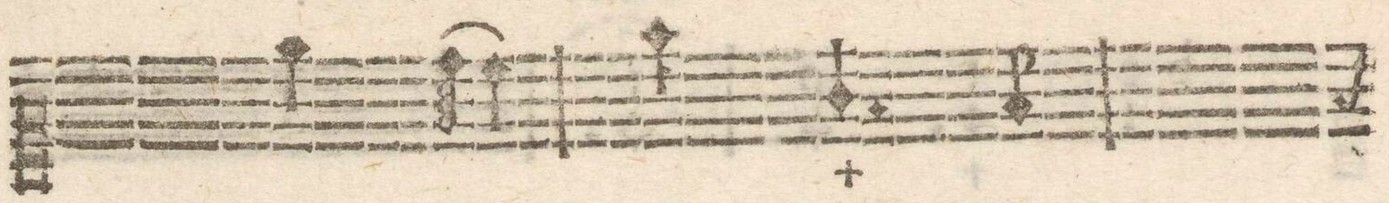
Chi- mè- re, D'ê- tre ſé-



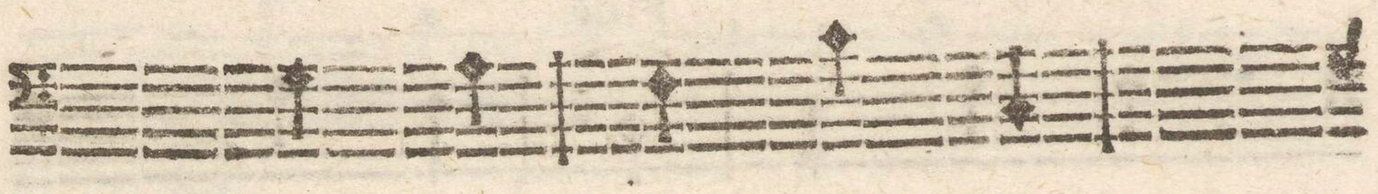
vè- re, Des doux Sou- pirs,
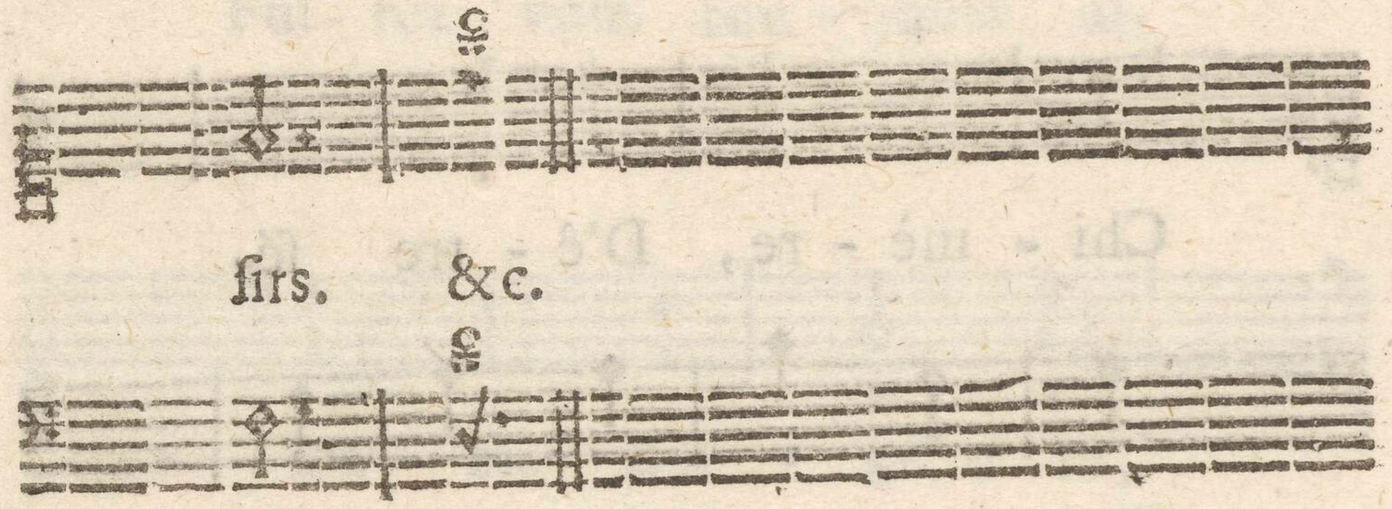


vè- re, Des doux Sou- pirs,



Naif - ſent les vrais Plai-



Naif - ſent les vrais Plai-



firs. &c.
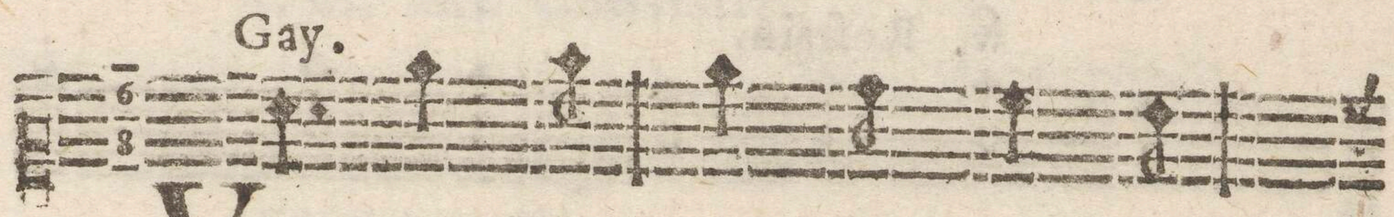


firs. &c.
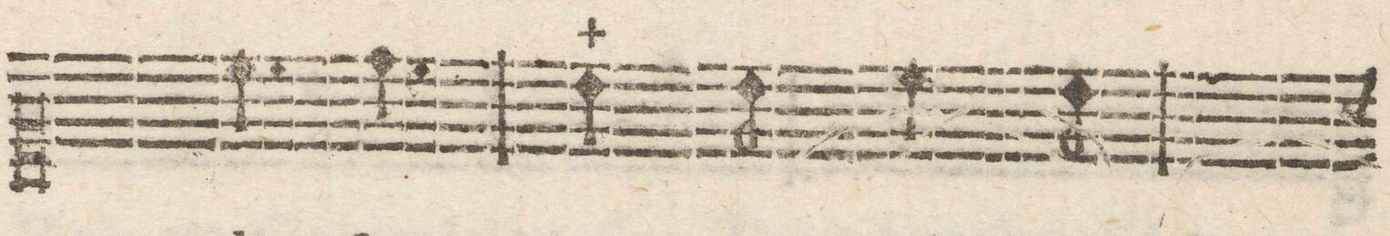
VAU-

VAUDEVILLE CRITIQUE.

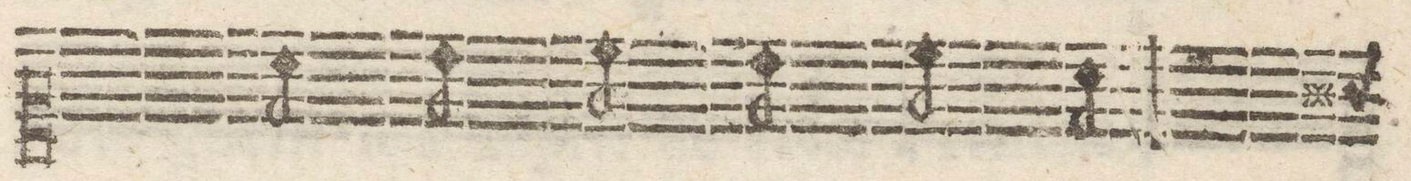
Gay.
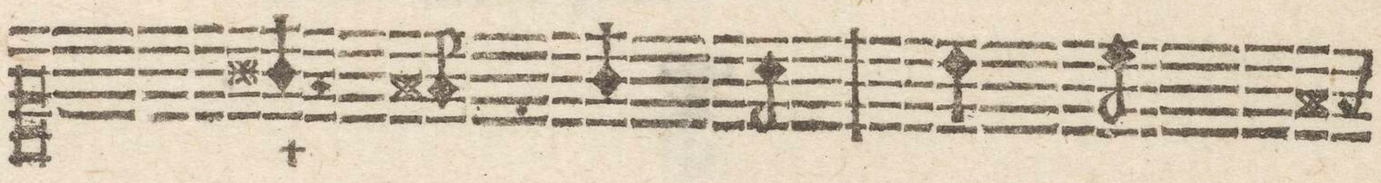


Voir u - ne Mè-re au Dé- clin



de ſes ans, Plus que ſa



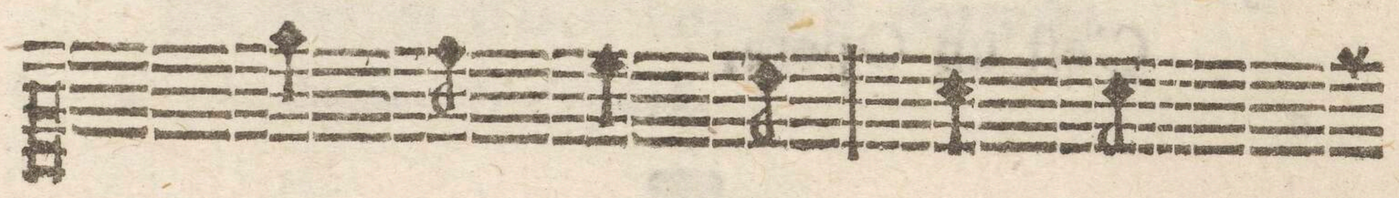
Fil-le a l'Af- fût des A-
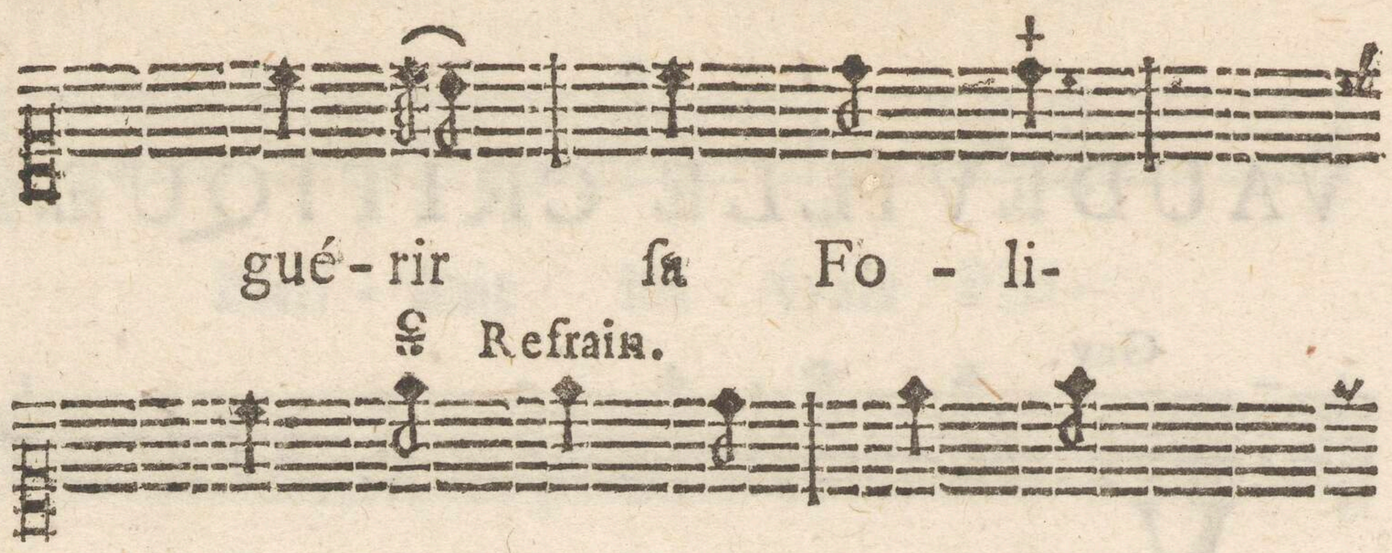


mans, C'eſt u - ne Co- mé-
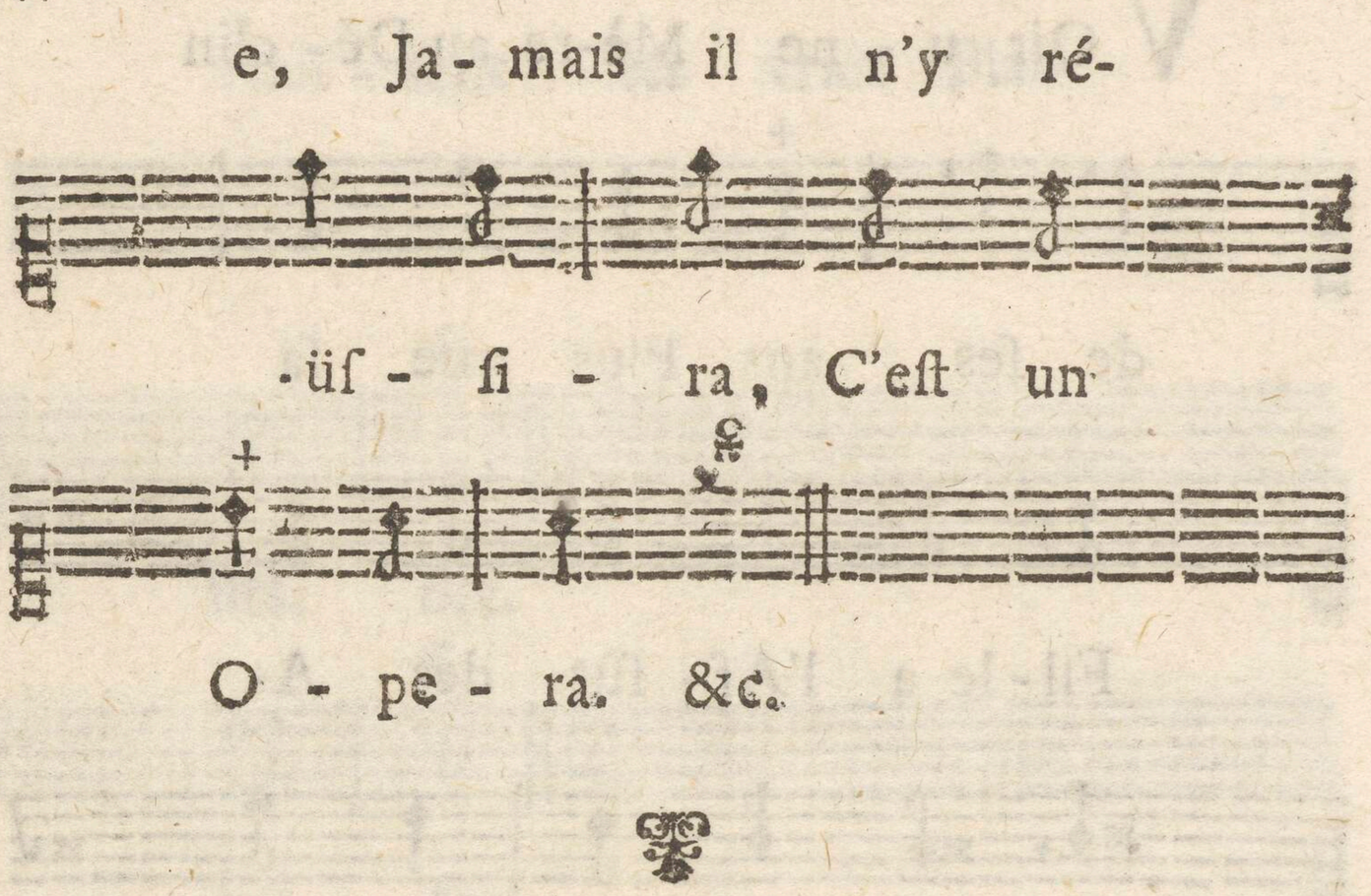


di - e: e: Si



quel-qu'un en - tre - prend de





Voir un Vieillard amoureux d'un Tendron,
S'adoniſer, faire le Céladon,
C'eſt une Comedie:
Qu'il ne s'expoſe à chanter en partie,
Jamais juſte, il n'entonnera,
C'eſt un Opera.

Voir

BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH

Voir une Nimphe en ſuperbes Atours,
De ſon Vernis faire Parade aux Cours,
C'eſt une Comedie:
Ne vous y trompez pas, ſa Beauté recrépie,
Avec le jour diſparoîtra;
C'eſt un Opera.

Voir un Commis en Sur-Tout broché d'Or,
Lorgnette en main, trancher du Matador,
C'eſt une Comedie:
Pour guérir ſon Eſprit de cette Frénéſie,
Vainement on le ſiflera;
C'eſt un Opera.

Voir un Tircis, privé de tout repos,
De ſes douleurs fatiguer les Echos,
C'eſt une Comedie:
Pour calmer ſes tourmens il faut qu'il ſe marie,
En moins d'une heure il dormira
C'eſt un Opera.

Lorſqu'un Amant ne forme que des vœux,
On le mépriſe, on ſe Rit de ſes feux;
C'eſt une Comedie:
Mais, ſi pour ſon Iris, ſa Bourſe ſe délie,
Juſqu'à la Couliſſe il viendra,
C'eſt un Opera.

Tant que deux Cœurs, ſont unis par l'Amour,
Ils ſe voudroient poſſèder nuit & jour;
C'eſt une Comedie:
Mais, ſi le Dieu d'Hymen par malheur les Allie,
Au ſecond Acte, on baillera,
C'eſt un Opera.

Voir une Femme, adorer ſon Epoux,
Le prevenir par les ſoin les plus doux,
C'eſt une Comedie:
Que cet Epoux ſi cher, vienne à perdre la Vie,
La Veuve en chantant, pleurera,
C'eſt un Opera.
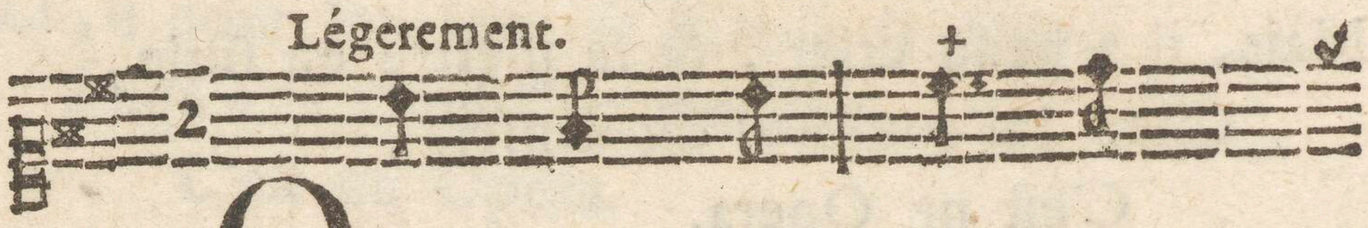
Voir un Jaloux, la Rage dans les Yeux,
Dans ſes tranſports gronder juſques aux Dieux,
C'eſt une Comedie:
Mais, il a beau crier, & ſe mettre en furie,
Chez lui toujours on danſera,
C'eſt un Opera.

Dans cent Climats l'Intrigue conduit tout,
De ce qu'on veut, par elle on vient a-bout,
C'eſt une Comedie:
Dès qu'on voit du Brillant, on Pâme, on s'Extaſie,
Le plus Sot réüſſit par-là,
C'eſt un Opera.
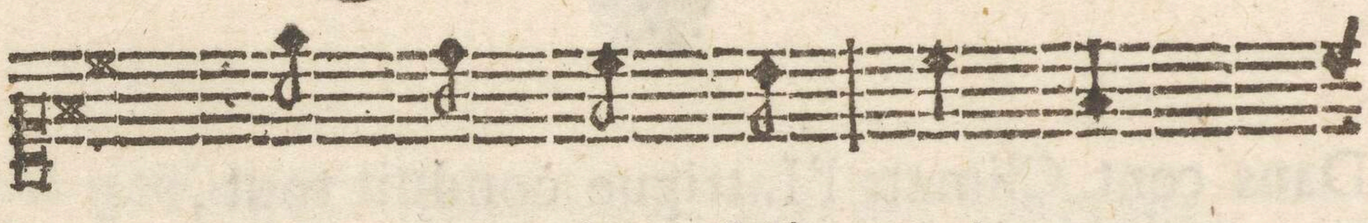
Chacun pour plaire, affecte un beau Jargon,
Change à ſon gré, de Viſage & de Ton,
Comme la Comedie:
La Raiſon vainement blâme cette Manie,
Toujours de mal en pis on va,
C'eſt un Opera.

VAUDEVILLE.

Légerement.



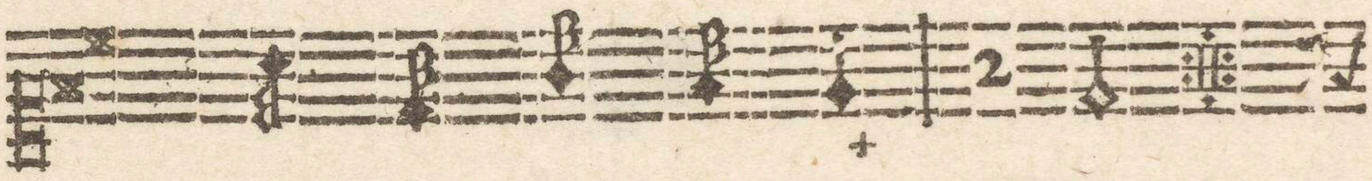
QUand un Ri - val vous



don - ne la Mi - grai - ne,



Bu - vez A - mans juſ-
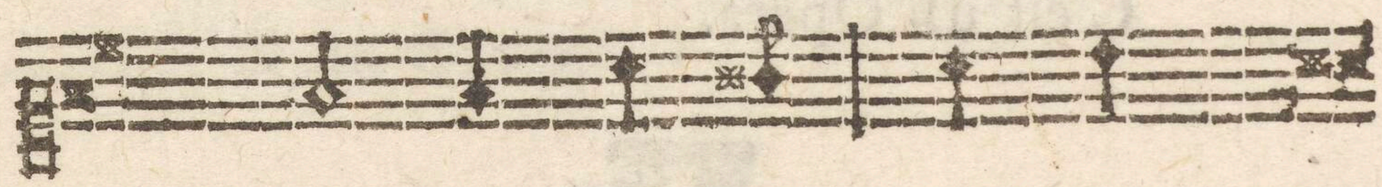


qu'à per - te d'ha - lei - ne:

℟ Refrain.
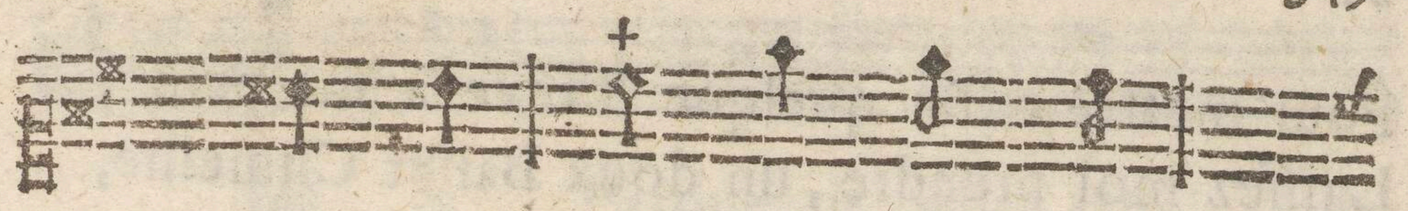


Vous fe - rez ce qu'il vous plai-

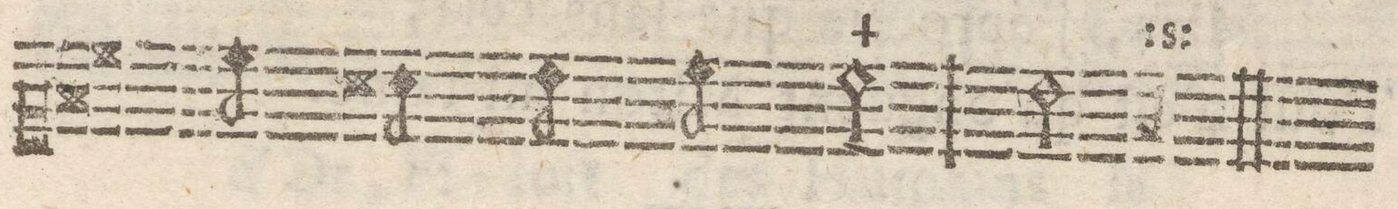


ra, Mais vous ver - rez que

ſans



sans ce - la, Tout n'eſt qu'On-



guent Mi- ton - mi - tai - ne. &c.

Si vous voulez, Maris, qu'Argent vous vienne,
Fermez les Yeux, laiſſez Liberté pleine;
Vous ferez, &c.

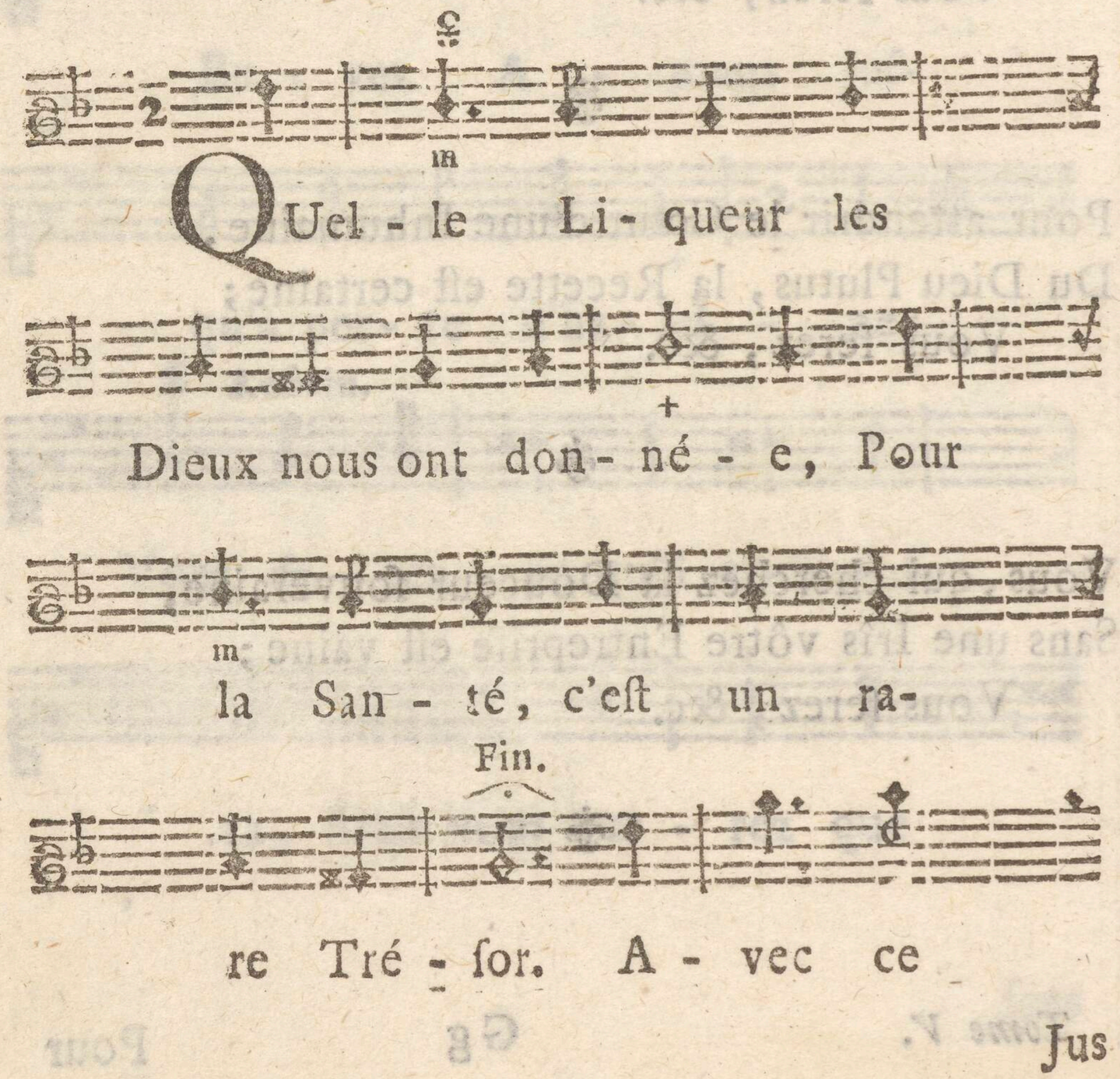
Pour attendrir le Cœur d'une Inhumaine,
Du Dieu Plutus, la Recette eſt certaine;
Vous ferez, &c.

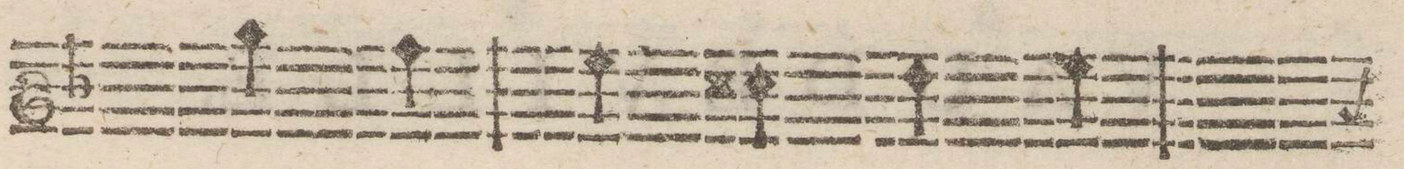
Vous, qui cherchez la Douceur ſouveraine,
Sans une Irîs vôtre Entrepriſe eſt vaine;
Vous ferez, &c.

Pour mettre enfin quelque Trêve à ma peine,
Laiſſez-moi prendre, un doux Baiſer Climeine,
Je Ris, je Bois, Et-Cetera,
Mais, j'éprouve que ſans cela,
Tout n'eſt qu'onguent Miton-mi-taine.
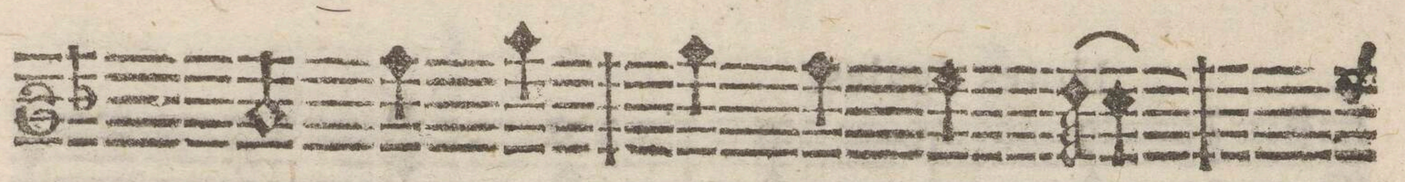
PARODIE.

RONDEAU.

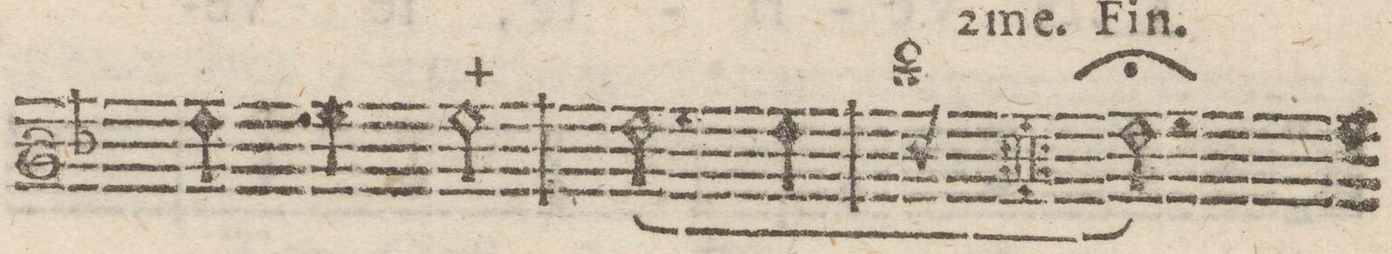




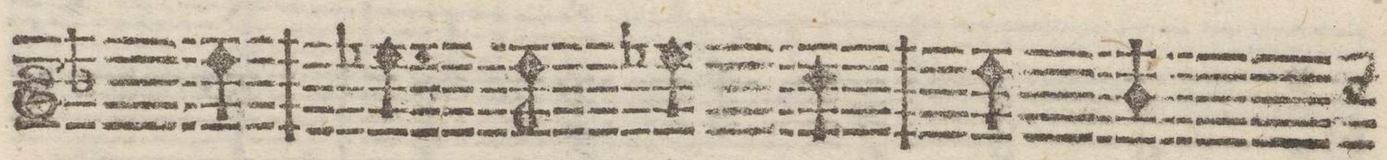
Jus la Parque au Siè - cle



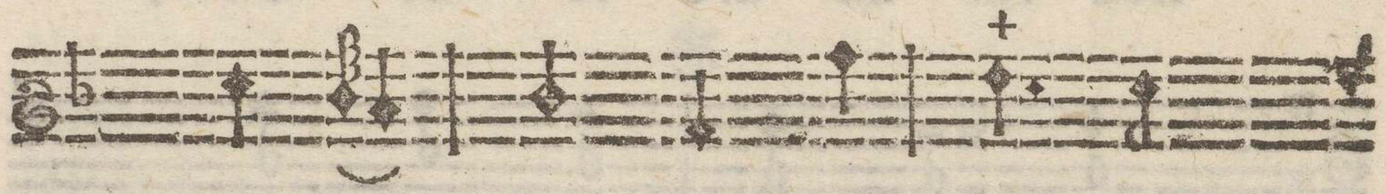
d'Or, Fi - loit des Humains la



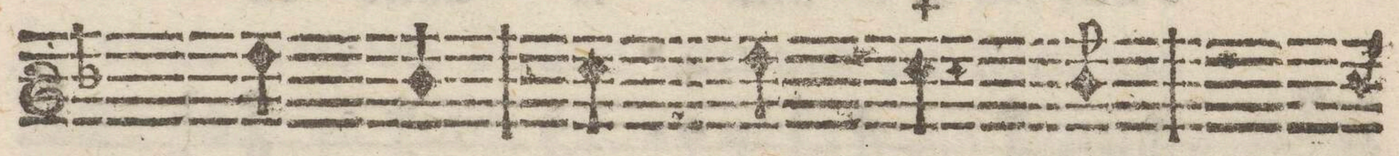
deſ - ti - né - e: Quel-,&c. e:



Cha - que Coup qu'on en boit vaut



u - ne an - né - e, Bu - vons i-



ci les ans du vieux Neſ-

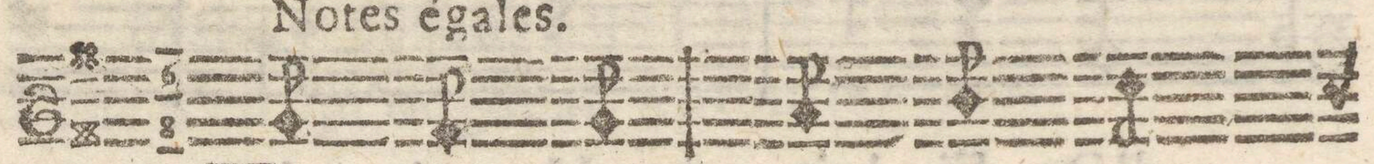


tor. Quel, &c.

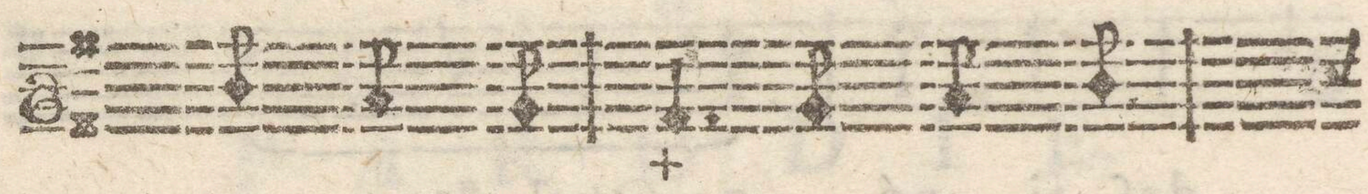
VAUDEVILLE.

DIALOGUE'.

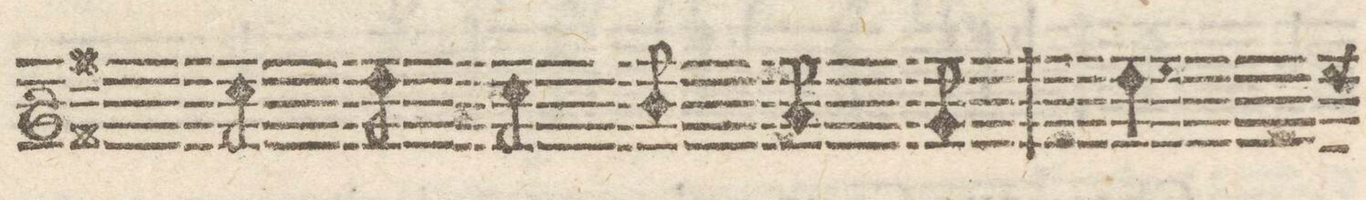
Notes égales.



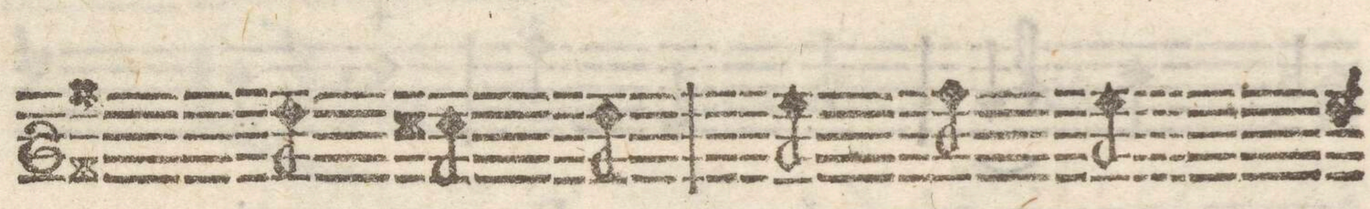
EN Vé - ri - té, ſé - vè-



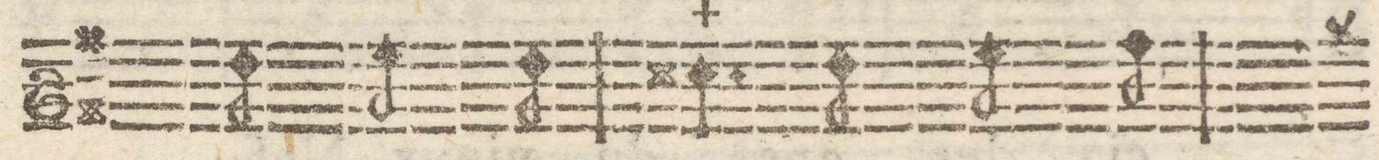
re Mar-go - ton, Vous le pre-



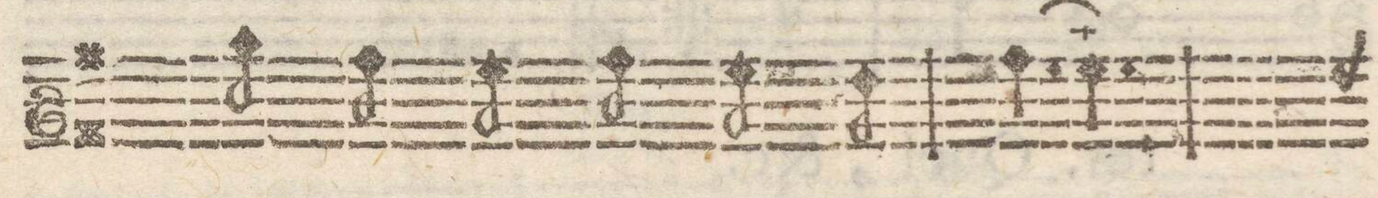
nez ſur un drô - le de Ton,



Faut - il ain - ſi dans la

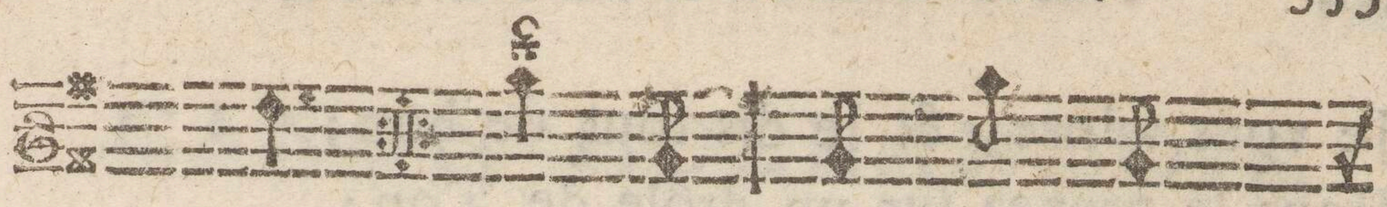


Jeu - ne Sai - ſon, A - vec fier-

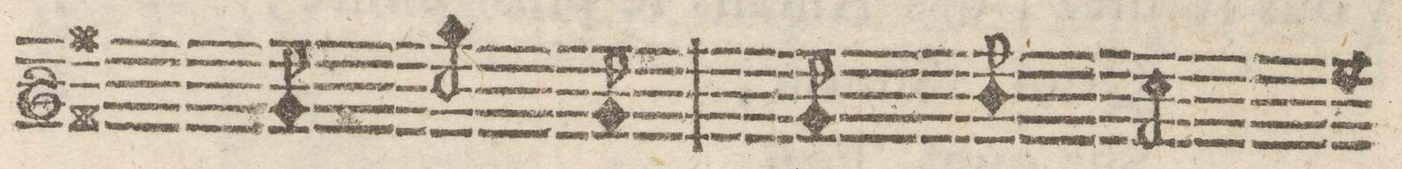


té de l'A-mour ſe déf - fen-

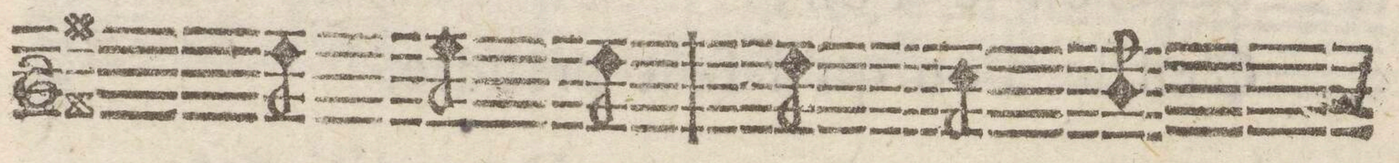
dre:



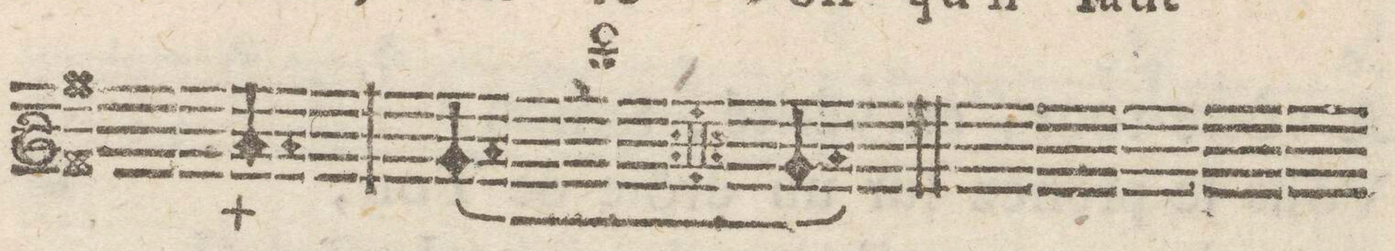
dre: Quoi, Si - mon, ſur quel



Ton, Com-ment donc... C'eſt le



Ton, C'eſt le Ton qu'il faut
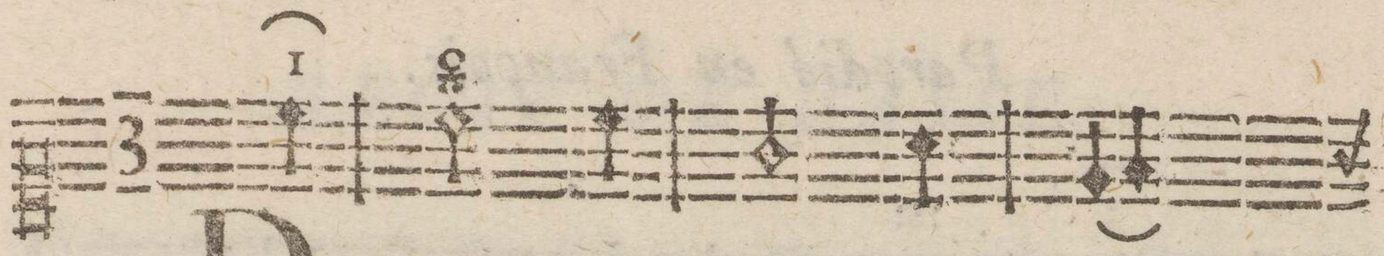


pren - dre. dre.

Quand de mon Cœur, je vous offre le don,
Vous le prenez ſur un drôle de Ton,
Je vous croyois douce comme un Mouton,
Mais pour le coup, je ne puis vous comprendre;
Quoi, Simon,
Sur quel Ton,
Comment donc....
C'eſt le Ton,
C'eſt le Ton qu'il faut prendre.
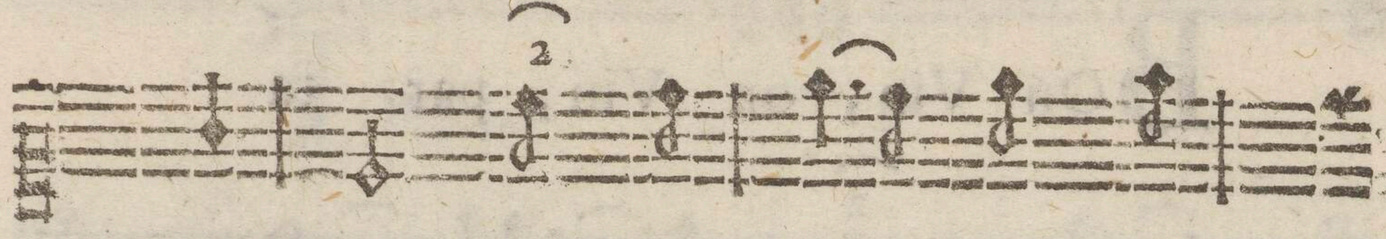
Je vous adore, & le dis tout de bon;
Vous le prenez ſur un drôle de Ton;
Vôtre Beauté de ma flâme répond,
Vous refuſez, des Amans le plus tendre;
Quoi, Simon,
Sur quel Ton,
Comment donc....
C'eſt le Ton,
C'eſt le Ton qu'il faut prendre.

A vôtre tour, en vérité, Simon,
Vous le prenez ſur un drôle de Ton,
Que dites-vous, j'entens peu ce Jargon,
Qui vous croiroit, ſe laiſſeroit ſurprendre;
Margoton,
Sur quel Ton,
Comment donc....
C'eſt le Ton,
C'eſt le Ton, qu'il faut prendre.

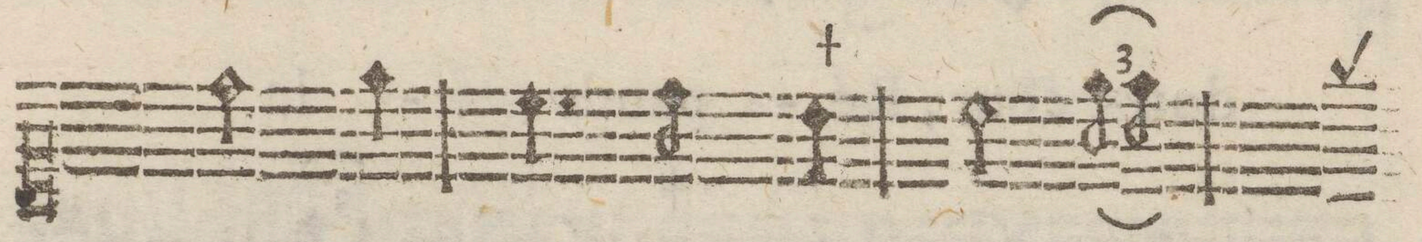
CANON HOLLANDOIS.
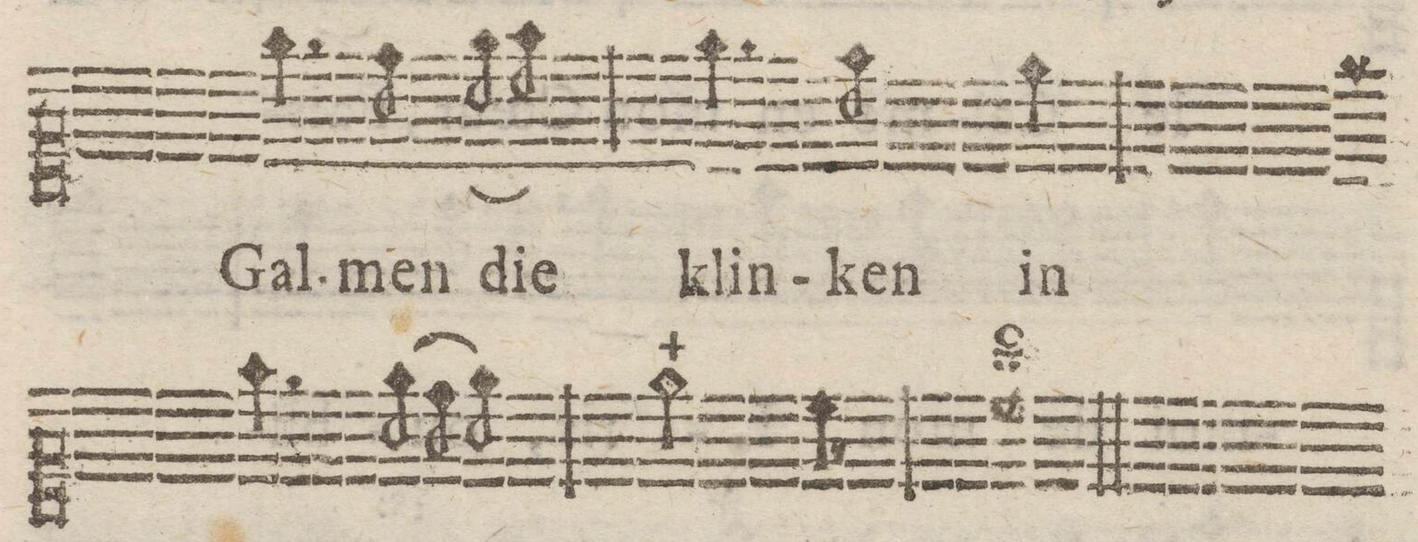


DE Nag - te - gaal, met foe-



ten Toon, O - ver Berg, o - ver



Dal, Singt hij der ſeer ſchoon, Zijn
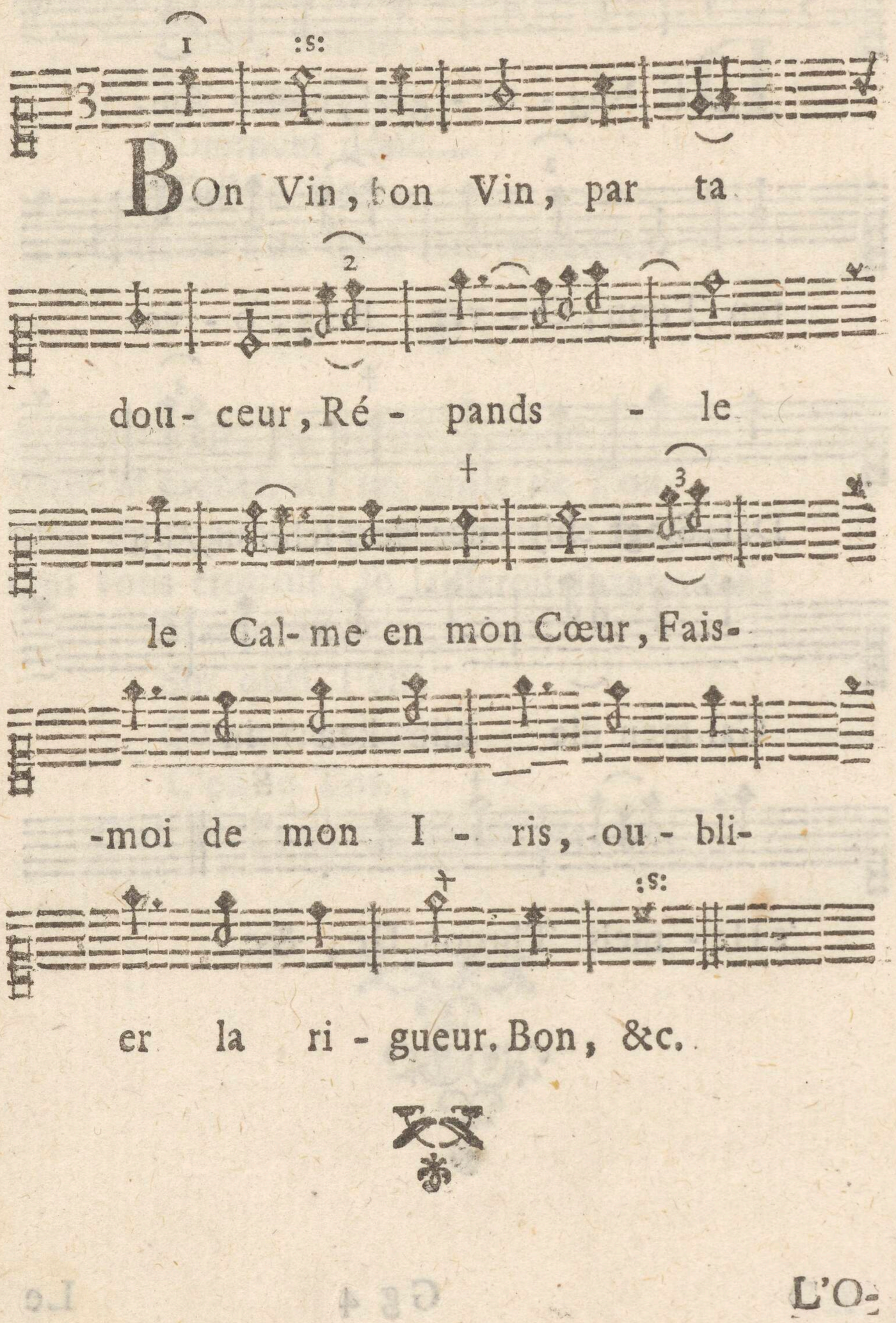


Gal-men die klin-ken in

's He - mels Throon. De, &c.

Le même CANON

Parodié en François.



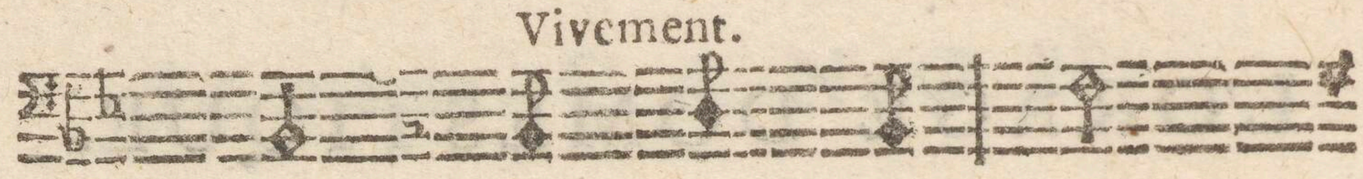
BOn Vin, bon Vin, par ta dou- ceur, Ré - pands - le le Cal- me en mon Cœur, Fais- -moi de mon I - ris, ou - bli- er la ri - gueur. Bon, &c.

L'O-
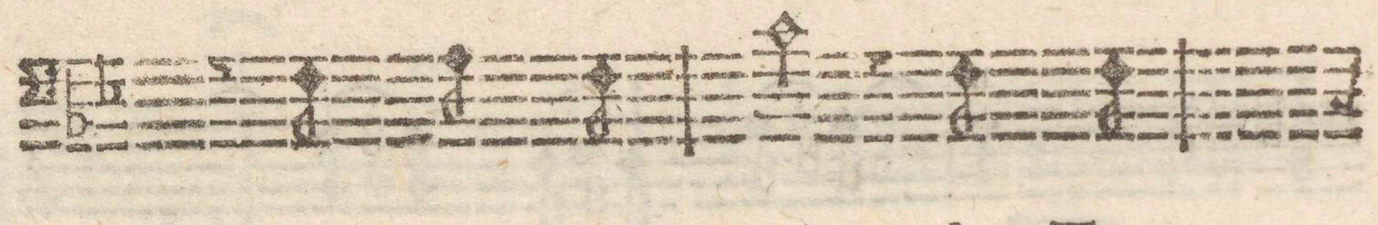
L'ORAGE DOMESTIQUE.

RECIT DE BASSE.
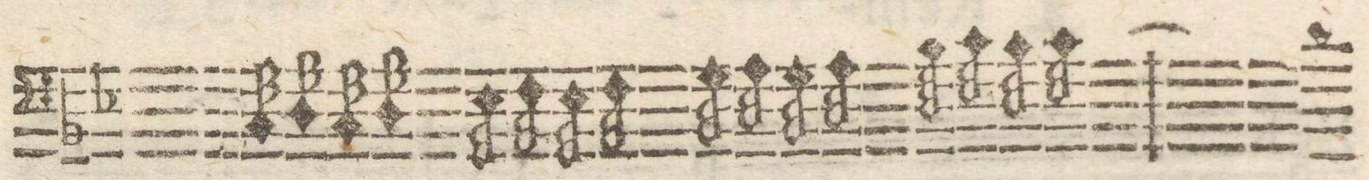
Vivement.
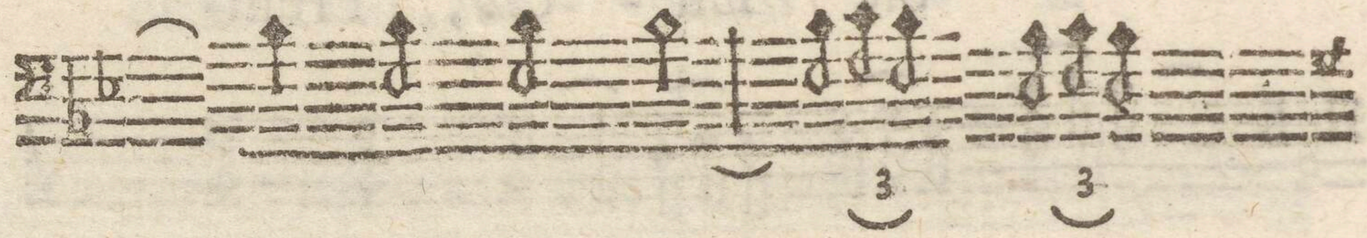


nuit, E - veil - le - toi,
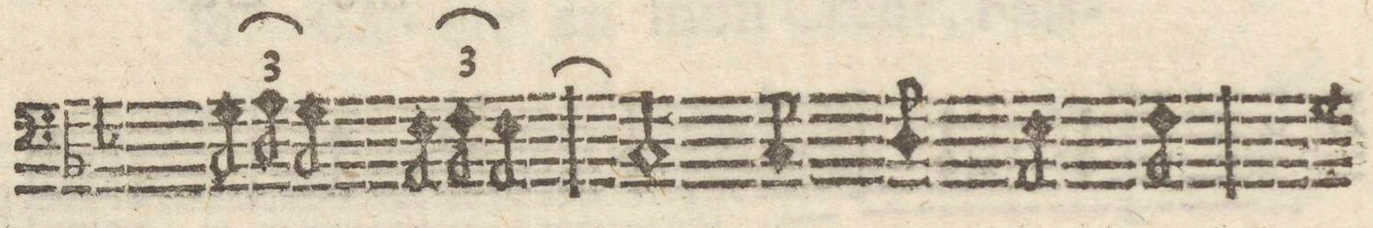


E- veil - le - toi, du Ton-



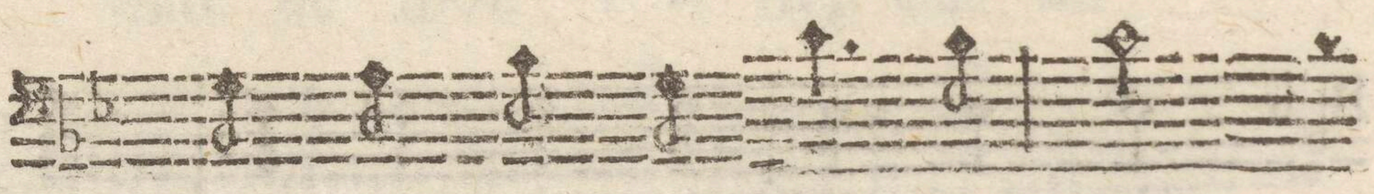
ner- - - -



- re qui gron- -



- - - de, N'en-tens-tu

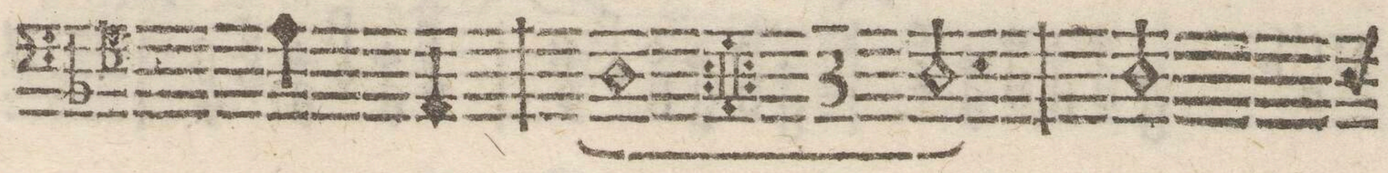


pas l'é- pou- ven - ta - ble bruit ?



N'en-tens - tu pas l'é- pou - ven-

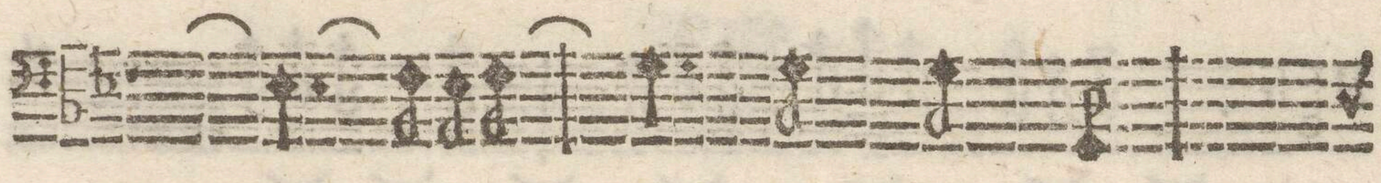
table-



ta - ble bruit? bruit? Laiſ-



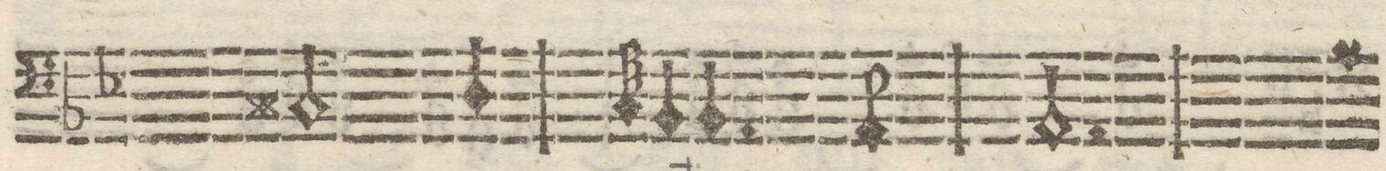
ſe, dit - il, gron - der -



- - - - l'af- freux Ton-



ner - re, Je ne ſuis point trou-



blé de ſon fra - cas;
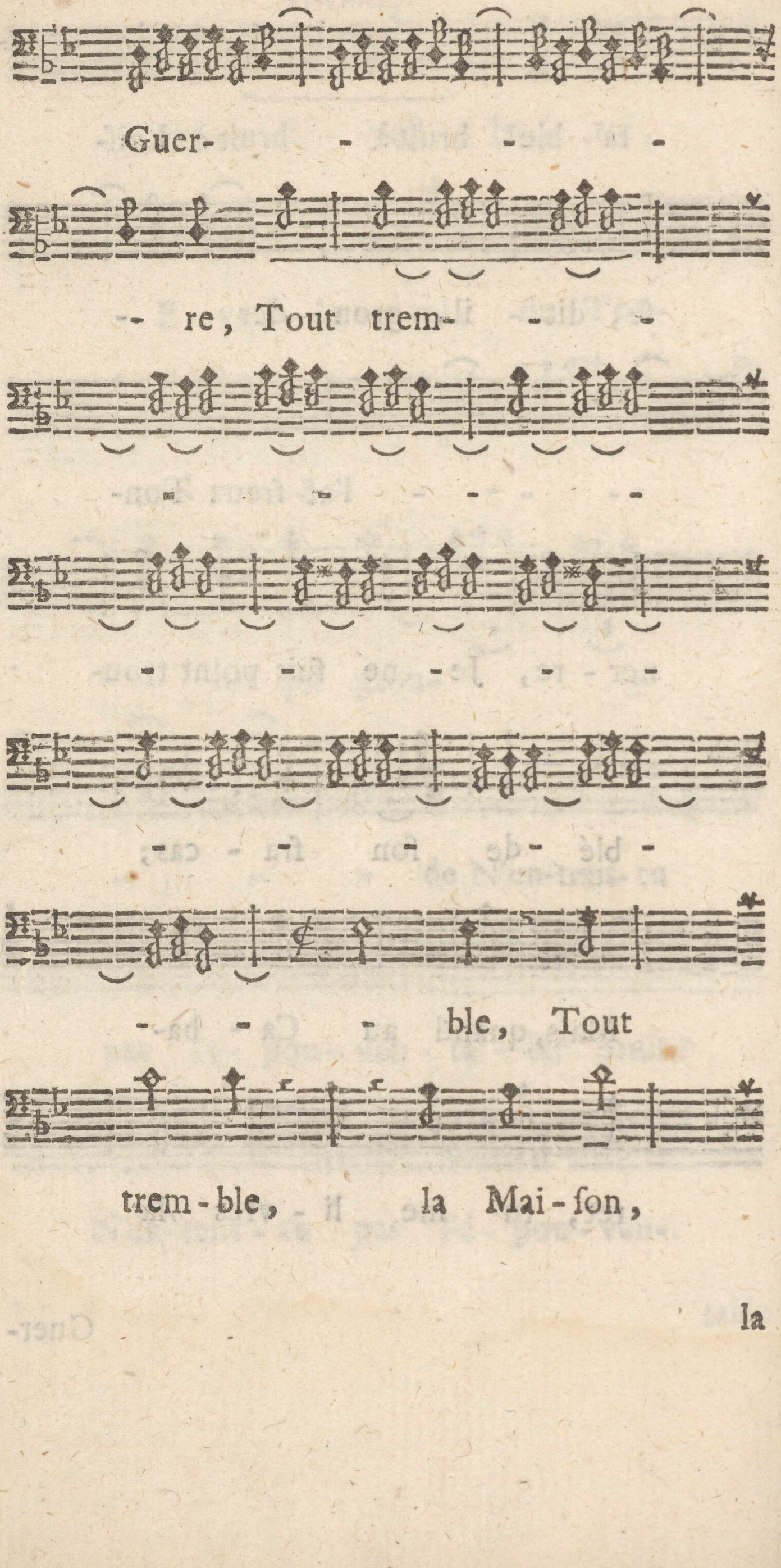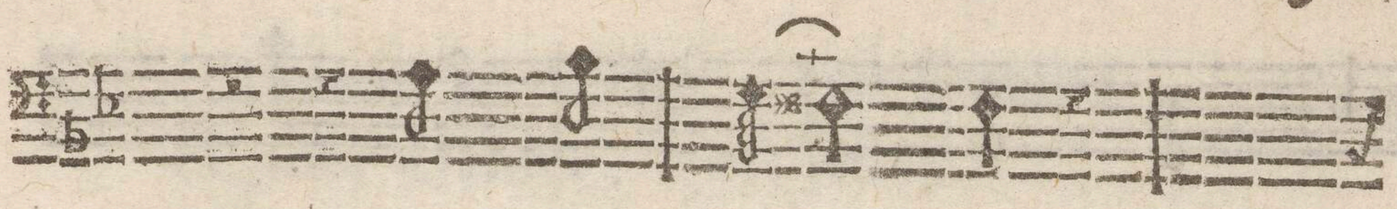


Mais, quand au Ca - ba-
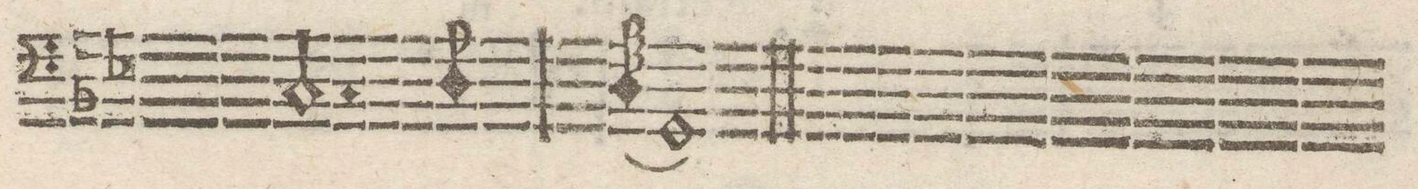


ret, tu me li - vres la

Guer-


Guer- - - -
- re, Tout trem- - -
- - - -
- - - -
- - - -
- - - ble, Tout
trem-ble, la Mai-ſon,
la



la Bou - teil - le,

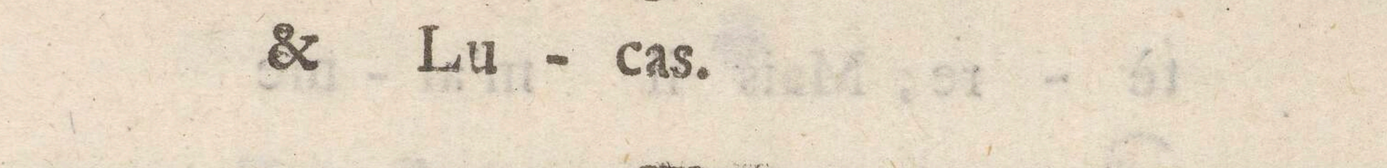


& Lu - cas.

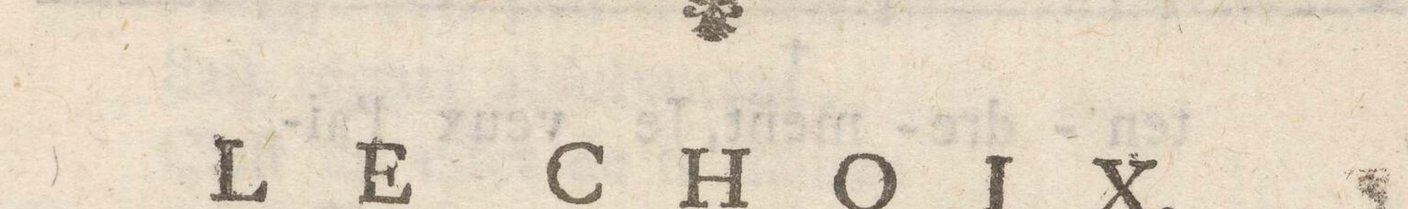
LE CHOIX.

VAUDEVILLE.

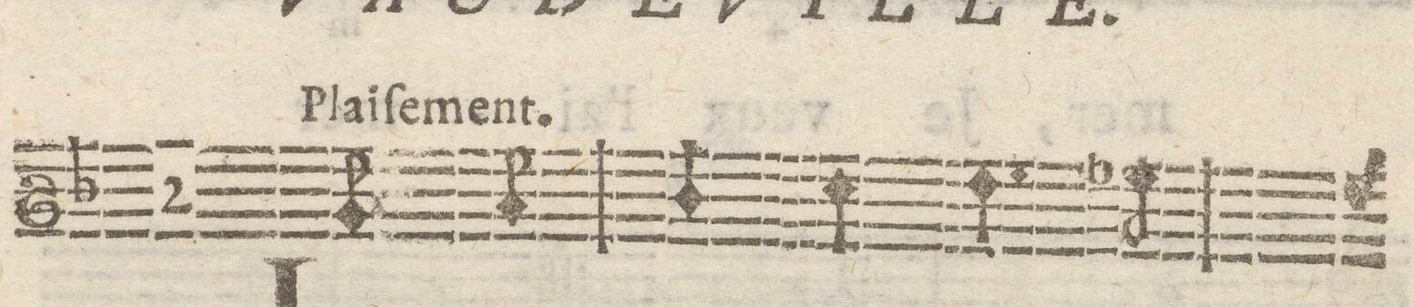
Plaiſement.



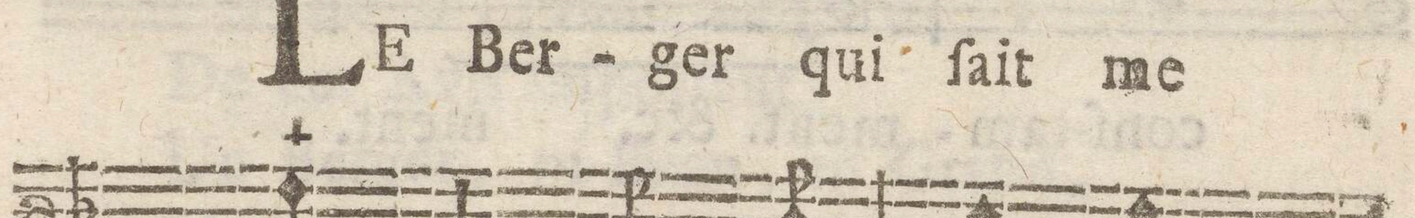
LE Ber - ger qui fait me



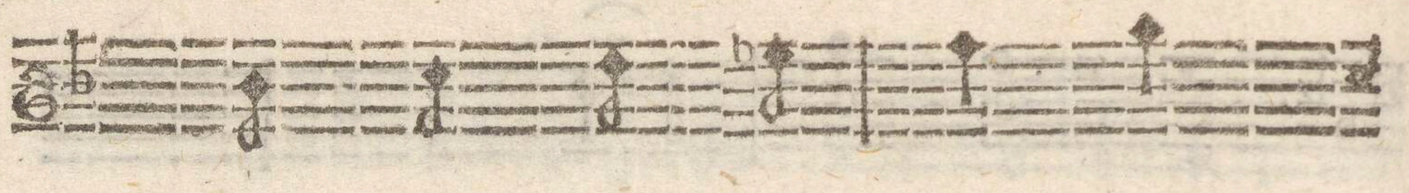
plai - re, N'eſt pas un char-
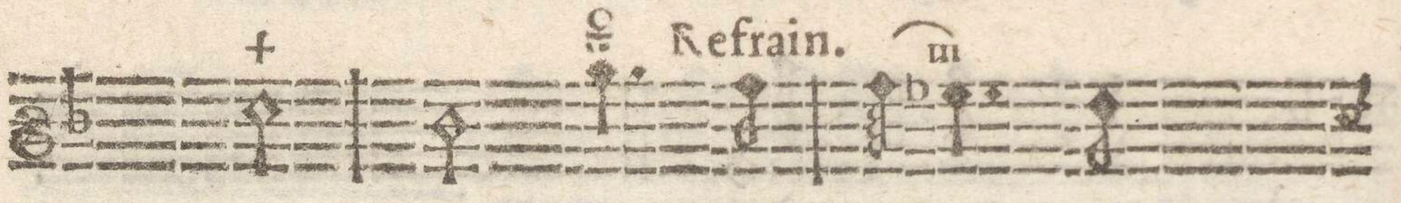


mant Ber - ger: Ses Traits,



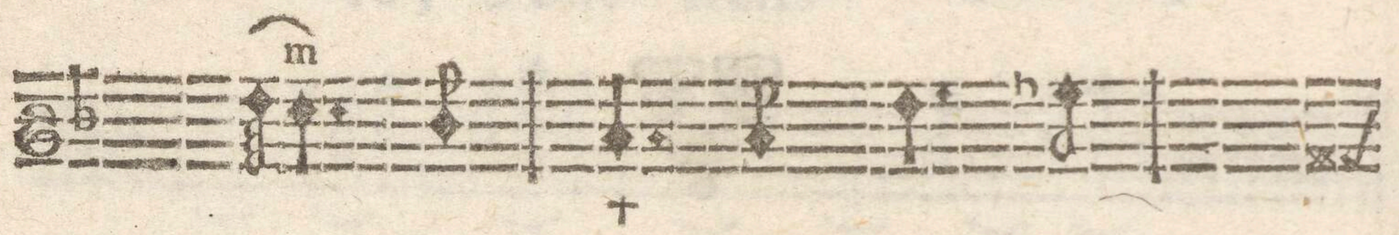
n'ont pû m'En - ga - ger,



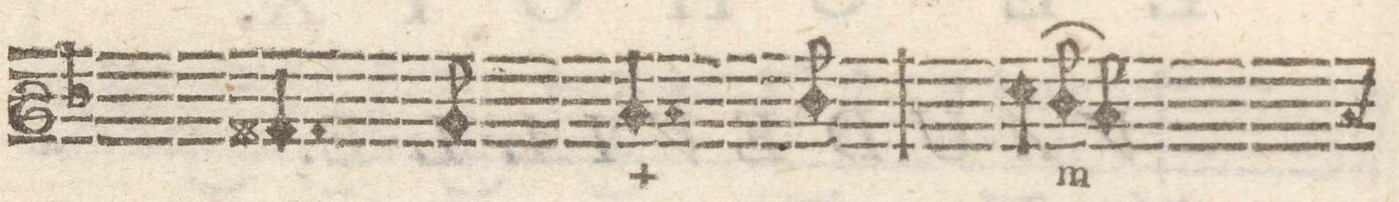
Je n'en fais point de Miſ-



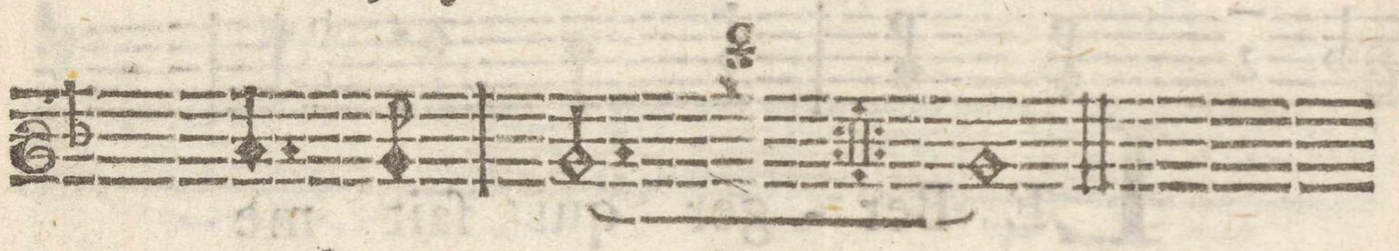
tè - re; Mais il m'ai - me



ten - dre- ment, Je veux l'ai-



mer, Je veux l'ai - mer



conſ-tam - ment. &c. ment.

Quand dans la Plaine riante,
Il m'apprend quelques Chanſons,
Il fait peur, à mes Moutons,
Car ſa Voix, n'eſt pas touchante;
Mais il m'aime, &c.
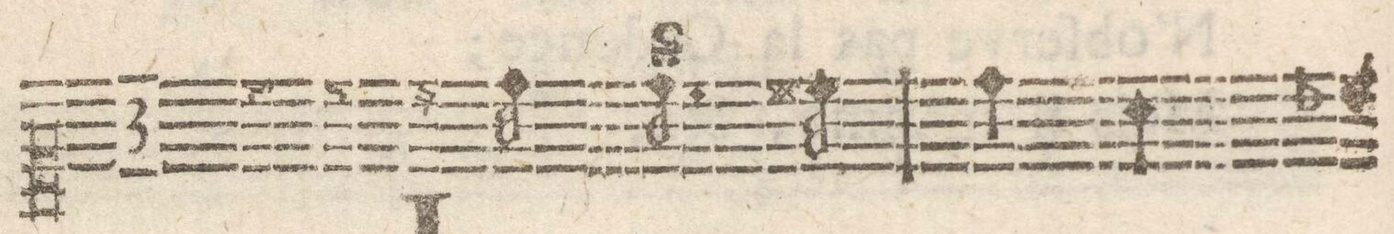
Quand

Quand au Village, l'on Danſe;
Si pour Danſer, il eſt prix;
Lui, qui n'a jamais appris,
N'obſerve pas la Cadence;
Mais il m'aime, &c,

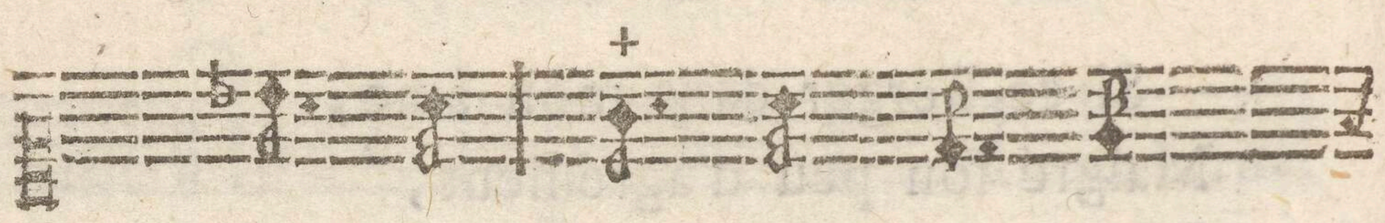
Si ce Berger dans mon âme,
Malgré ſon peu d'agrément,
Sait régner abſolument,
C'eſt un effet de ſa flâme;
Ah! qu'il m'aime tendrement,
Je veux l'aimer conſtamment.

Profitez, jeune Bergère,
De cet Avis important;
Un Berger, ni Beau, ni Grand,
N'en a pas moins, de quoi plaire;
S'il vous aime tendrement,
Il faut l'aimer conſtamment.

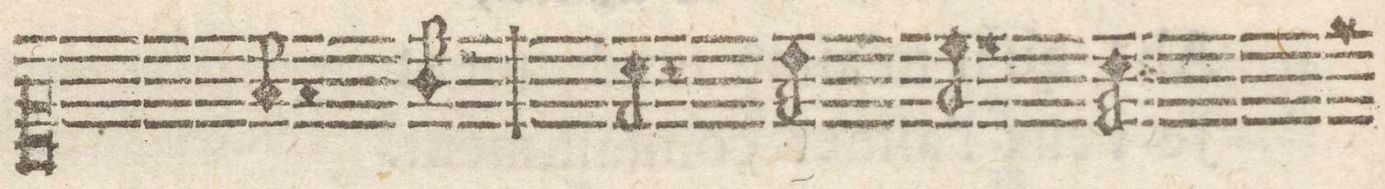
TENDRESSE BACHIQUE.



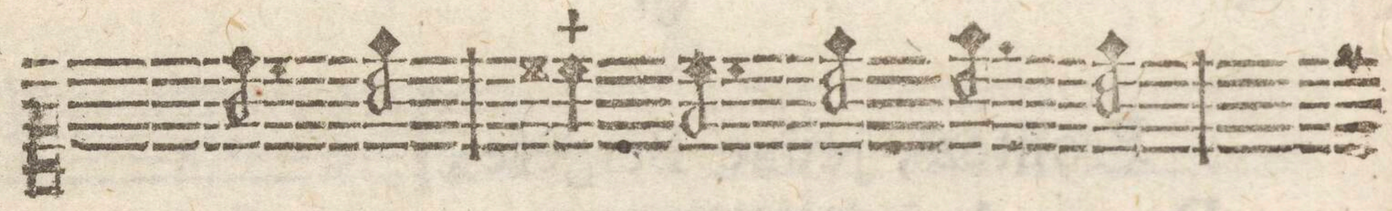
LA Bel-le I - ris, dans



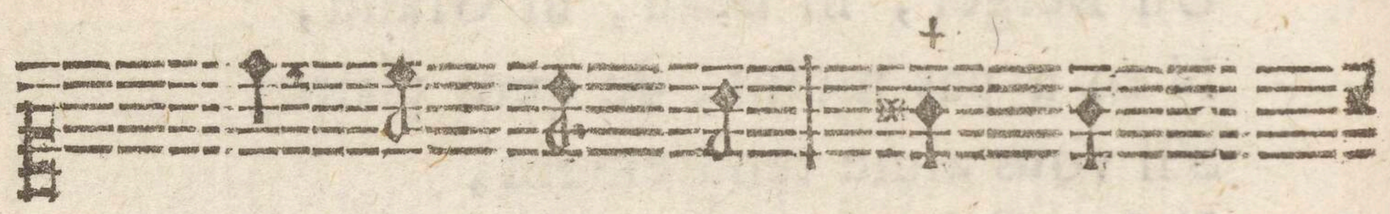
un Re - pas, Sans ceſ - ſe



me ver - ſoit du doux Jus



de la Treil-le, D'u-ne Ten-

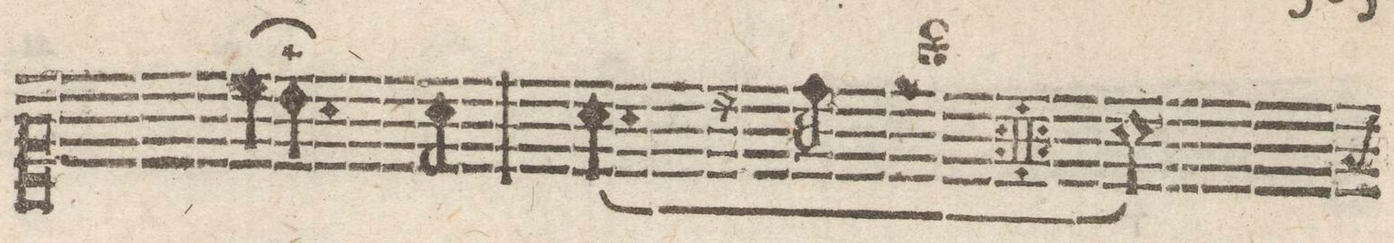


dreſ- ſe ſans pa - reil - le,



Je bu - vois à ſes
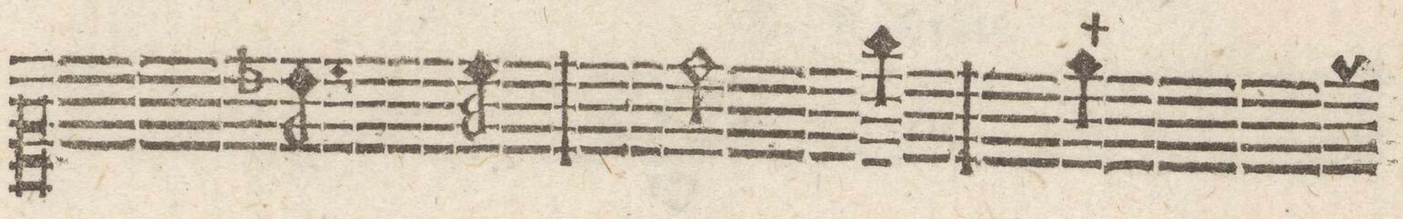
doux



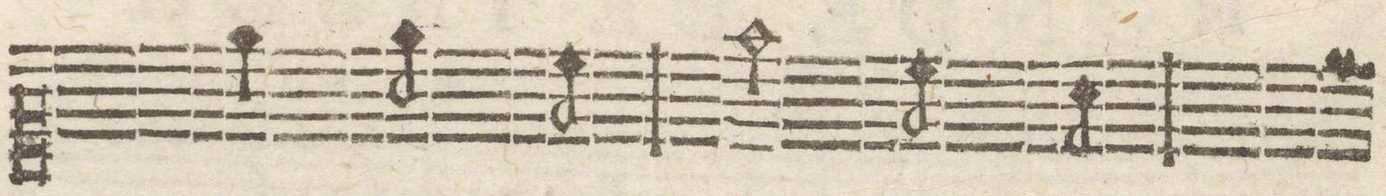
doux ap - pas: La, &c. pas:



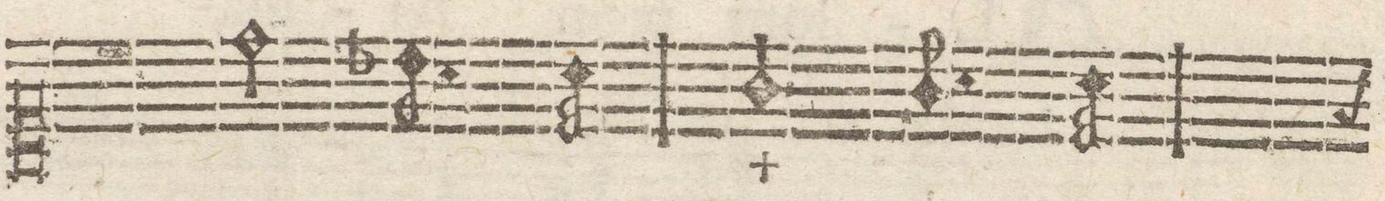
Je bus tant qu'à la fin, cet-



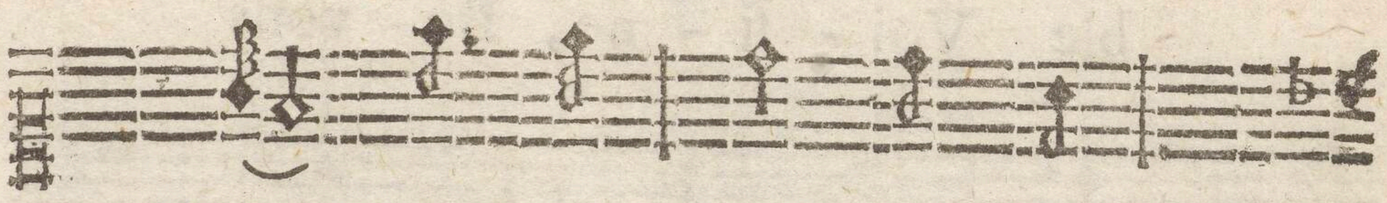
te Li - queur char - man-



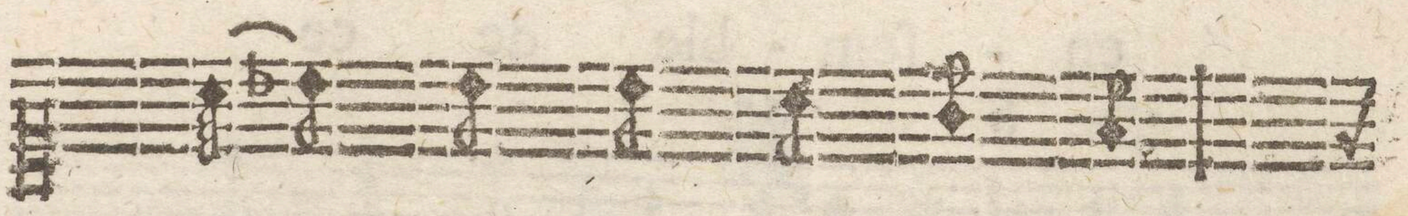
te, Tri - om - pha de mes
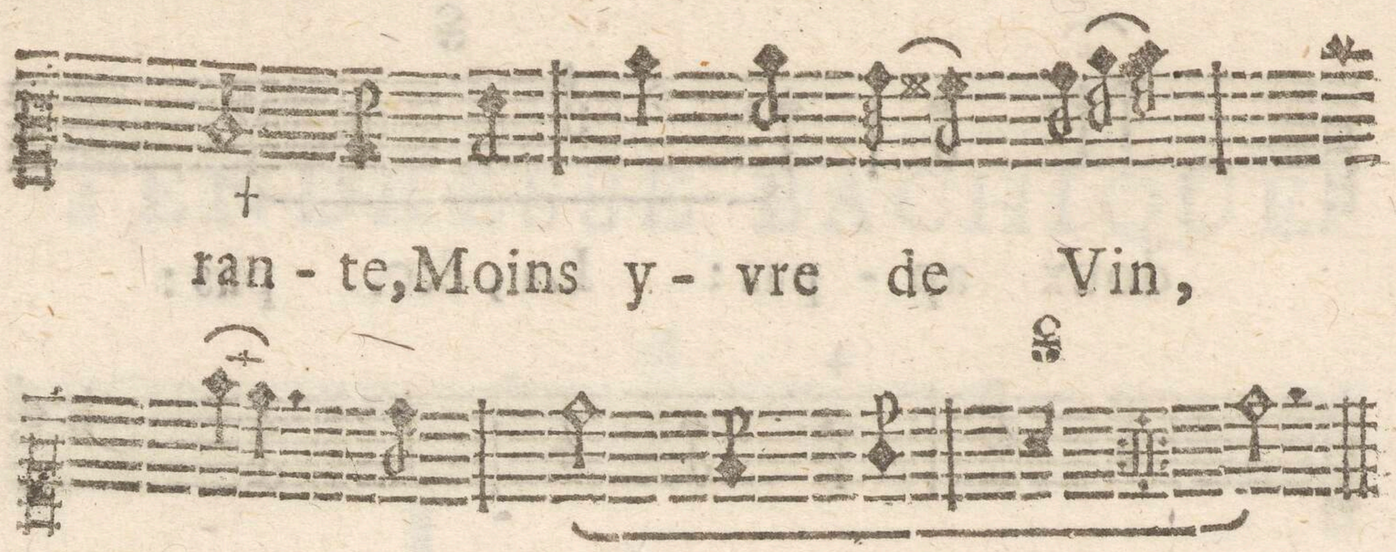


ſens tout le reſ - te du
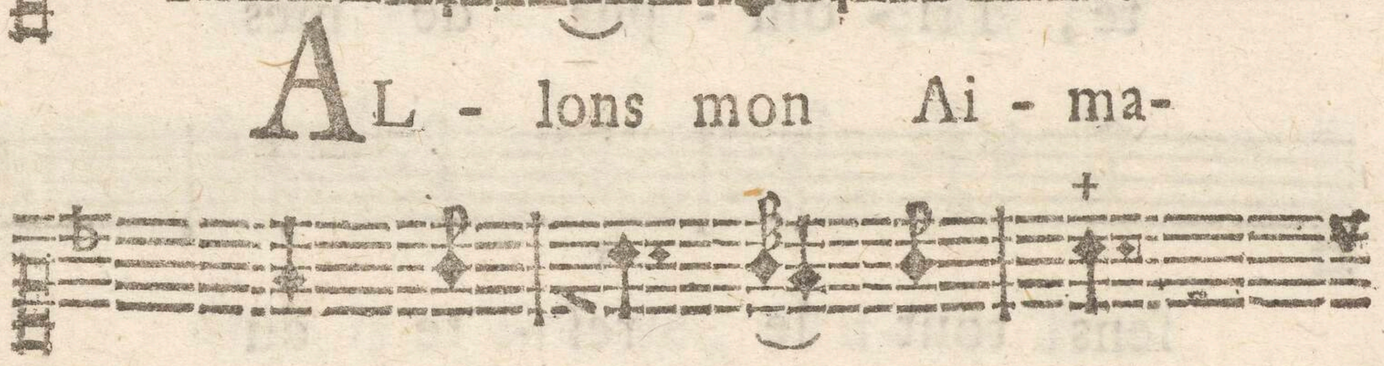


jour; Mais j'é - tois en dé-



pit de ma Rai - ſon mou-

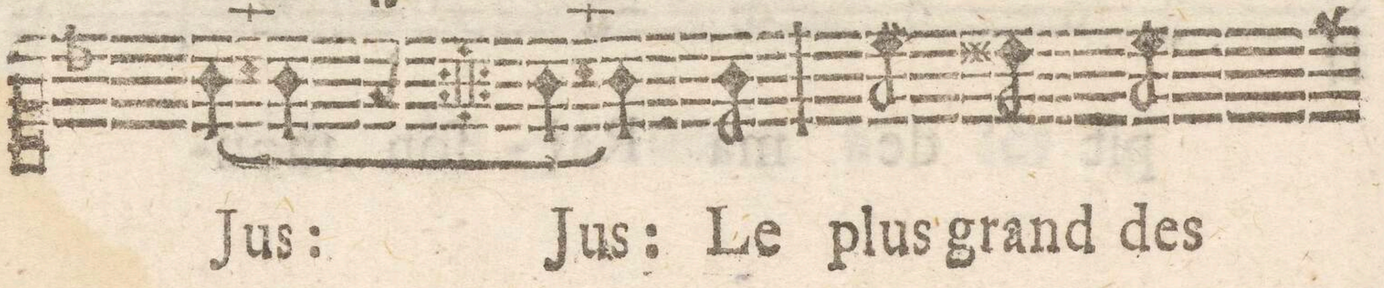


ran - te, Moins y - vre de Vin,

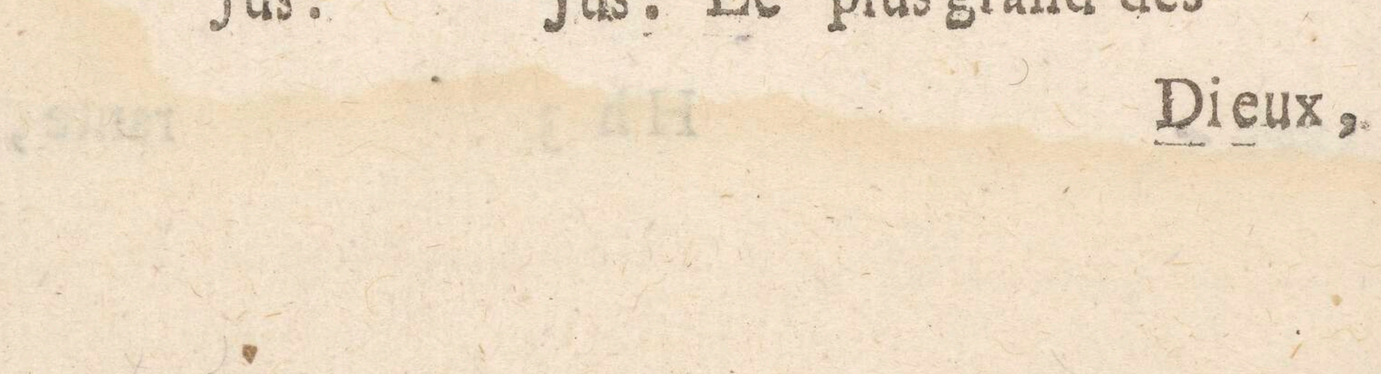


que d'A - mour. Je bus, &c. mour.

RONDE DE TABLE.



AL - lons mon Ai - ma-



ble Voi - ſi - ne, Bu - vons

en - ſem - ble de ce

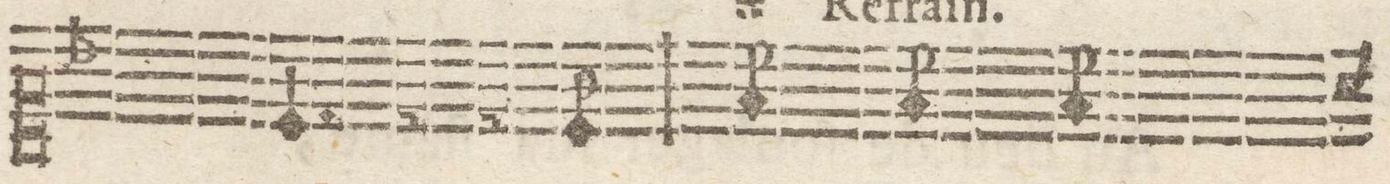
Jus: Jus: Le plus grand des
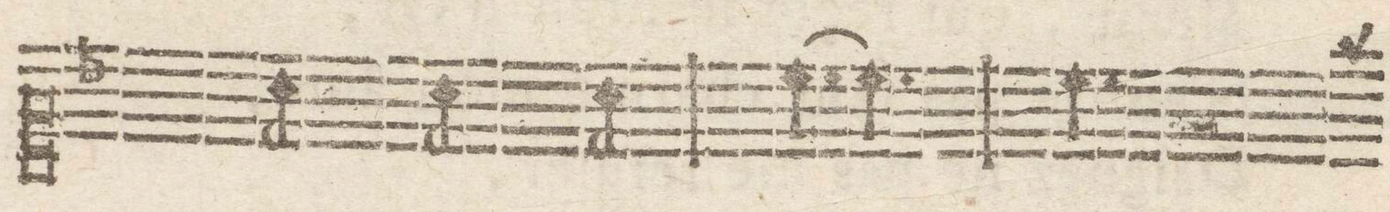
Dieux,

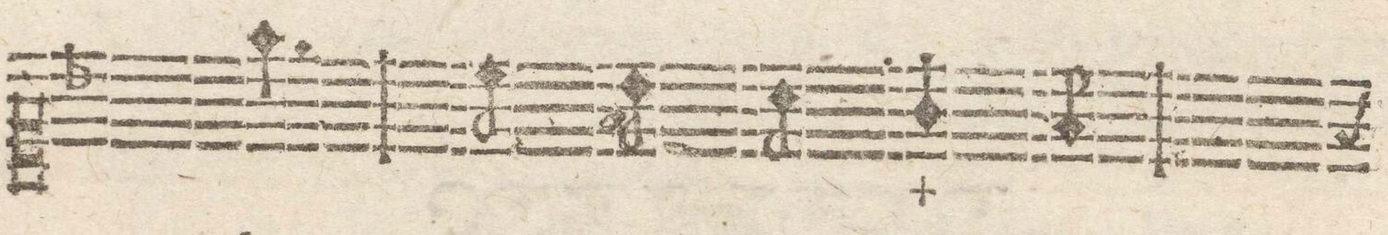

Dieux, c'eſt Ba - chus, J'en

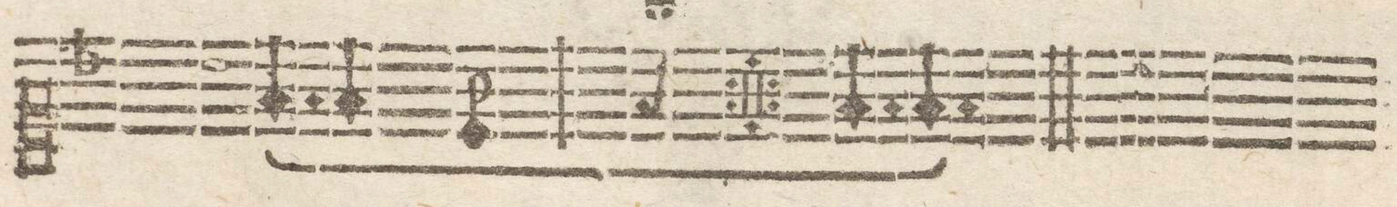

ju - ge à ſa Li - queur di - vi -

Refrain.


ne: Ar - mez - vous de


ce Ver - re plein, Et


chan - tons, Vi - ve le Rai -
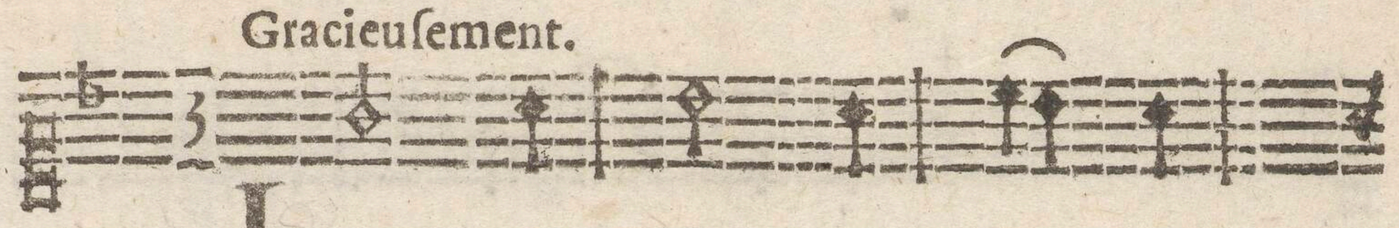

ſin. Ar -, &c. ſin.

Le Vin inſpire la Tendreſſe,
Mais vous l'inſpire a beaucoup mieux;
Un ſeul regard de vos beaux Yeux,
De mille Cœurs, vous rend Maitreſſe,
Je brûle d'un feu tout divin,
Eprouvez-le ſur vôtre main.

Au lieu de ſoulager ma flâme,
Cette faveur l'anime encor;
Vénus, qui reçut le Fruit d'Or,
N'auroit pas tant charmé mon âme,
Daignez ne pas me refuſer,
Sur vôtre Bouche un doux Baiſer.

MUSETTE.
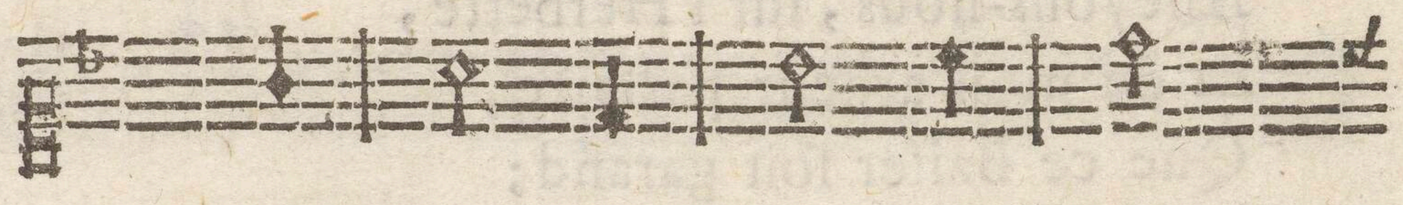
Gracieuſement.



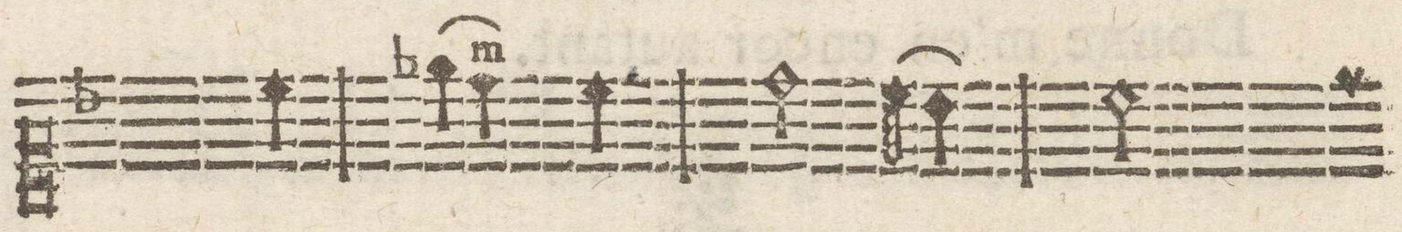
L'Au- tre jour en ba- di-
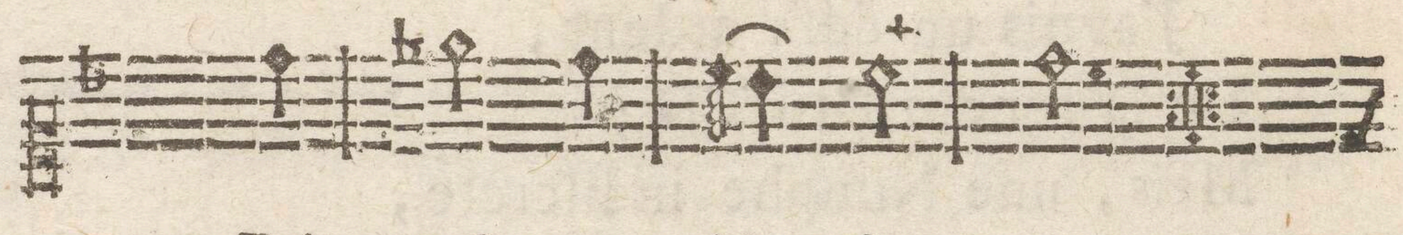


nant, A la Ber- gè- re



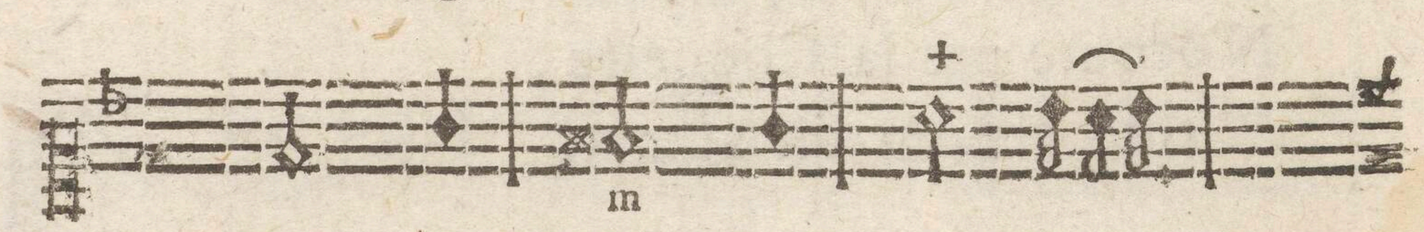
Na- net- te, Je don- nai



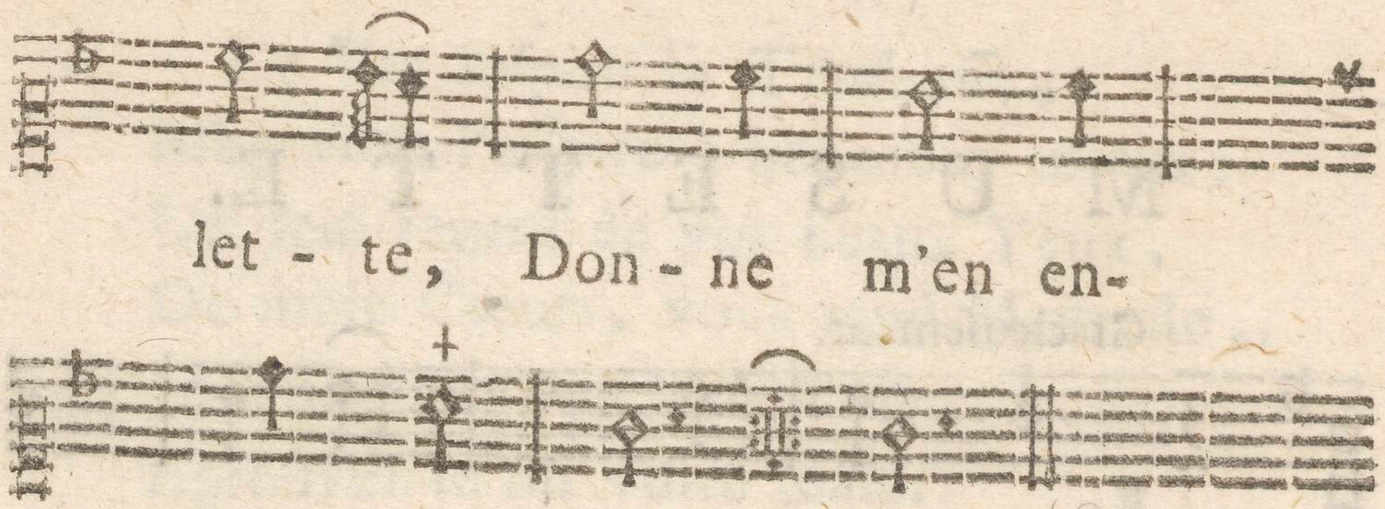
ſur ma Mu- ſet- te, Pour



Ré- gal un Air char- mant:



Don- ne m'en, dit la Fol-



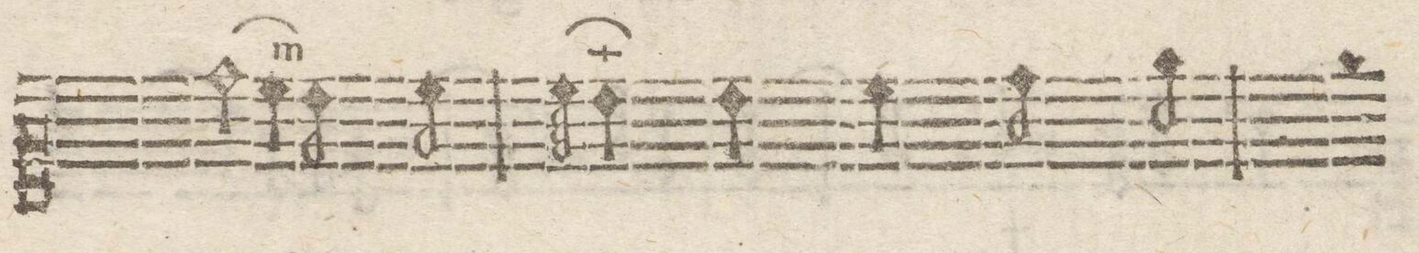
Je lui dis en l'embraſſant,
Aſſéyons-nous, ſur l'Herbette,
Et de mon ardeur parfaite,
Que ce Baiſer ſoit garand;
Donne m'en, dit la Follette,
Donne m'en encor autant.

J'avois un déſir ardent,
De la rendre ſatisfaite;
Mais, une Nimphe indiſcrète,
M'avertit, en ſoupirant;
N'écoute pas la Coquette,
A tous elle en dit autant.

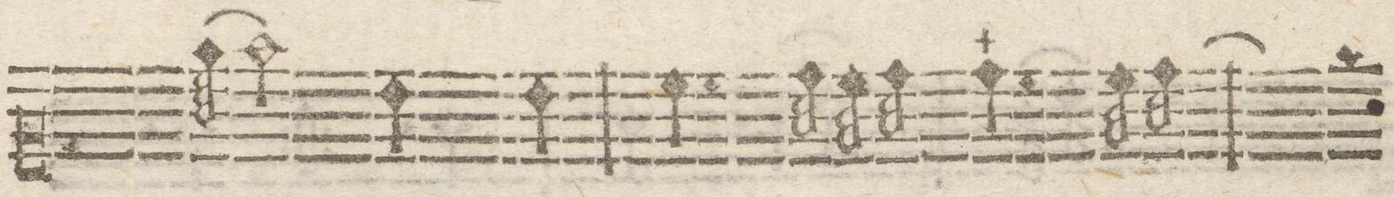
AIR TENDRE.
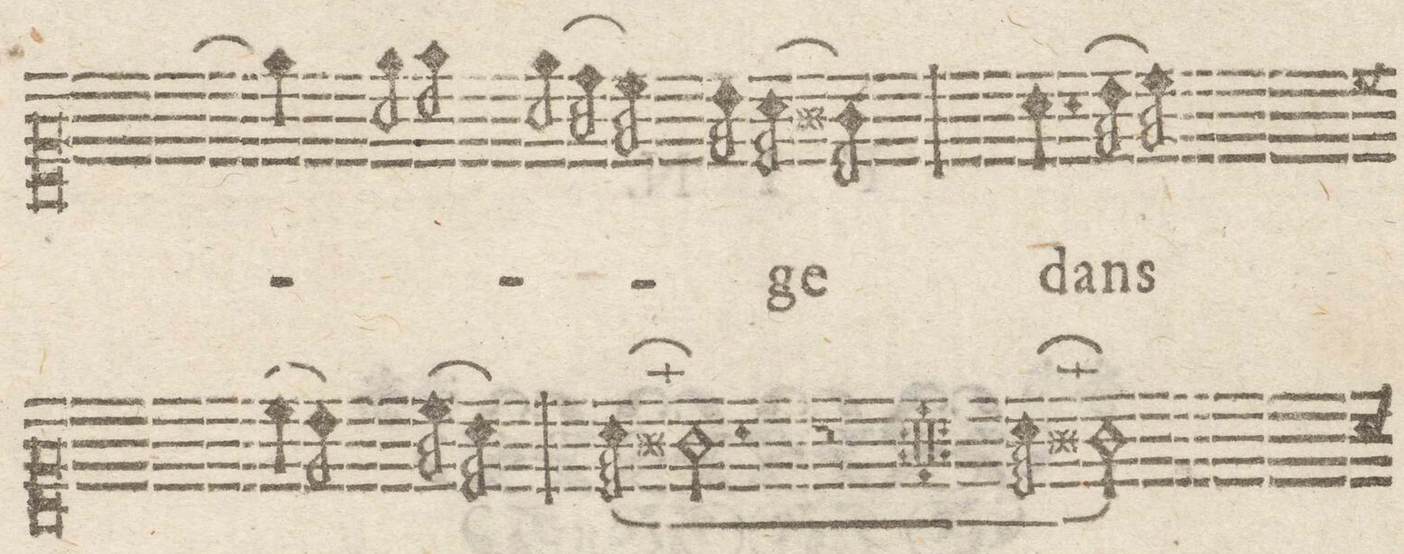


VOs beaux Yeux ont char-



mé mon â- me; Quand je les

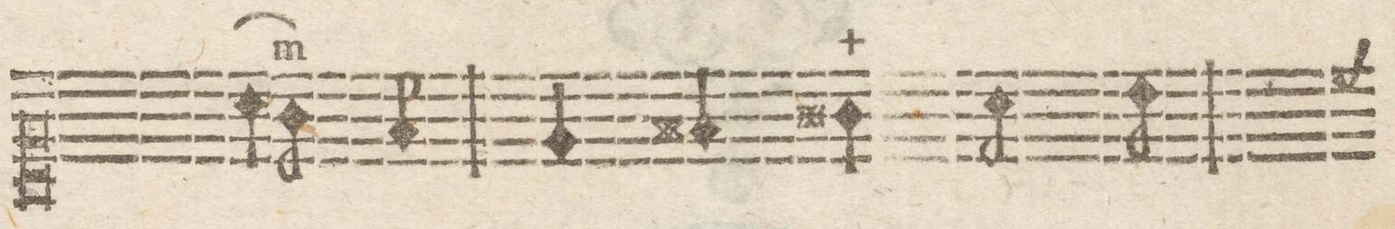


vois, mon Cœur na- - -



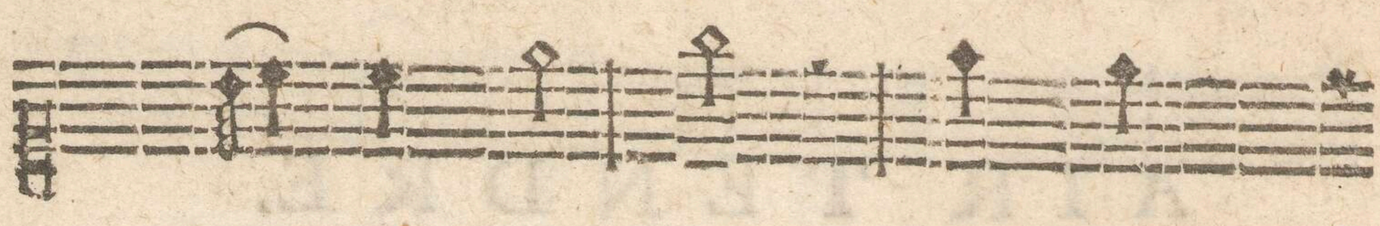
- - - ge dans

les dé - firs: firs:



Doux Ty- rans; Au- teurs de ma
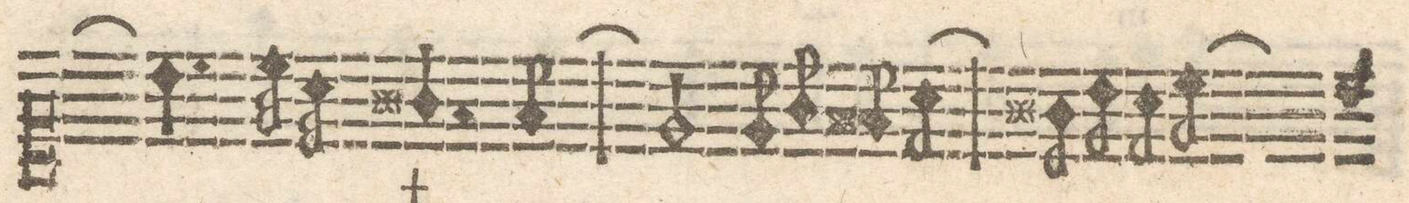
flâme,
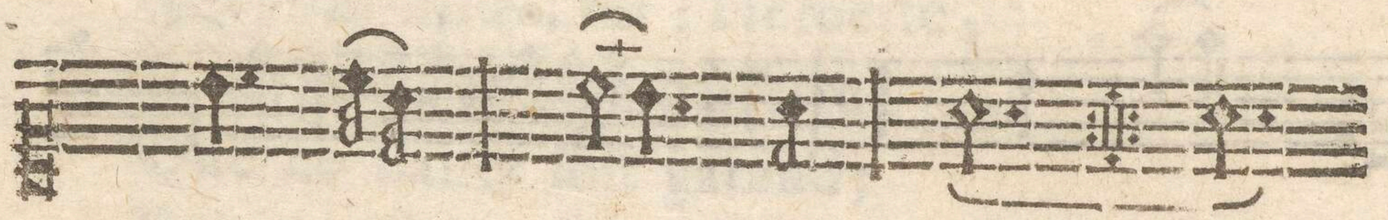


flâ- me, Ah! Ah! quand le



fe - rez- vous na - ger -



- - - - -



- dans les Plai - firs. firs.

FIN.

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