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BIBLIOTECA
CENTRAL

NOUVEAU
RECUEIL
DE
CHANSONS
CHOISIES.

TOME TROISIEME.

BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH



A LA HAYE,
Chez JEAN NEAULME.
M. DCC. XXVI.

100695

TABLE
DES
AIRS DE CE RECUEIL,
SELON LES SUJETS DONT ILS TRAITENT.

CHANSONS TENDRES.

A Mille ſoins jaloux. 150
Amour oubliez ma fierté. 310
Aſſis ſur l'Herbette. 57
Au temple de l'Amour. 108
Bergères, voulez-vous m'en croire. 337
Ce n'eſt que pour aimer. 146
C'eſt peu d'être belle. 318
C'eſt pour vous adorer toujours. 345
Cher Silvandre, mon air tendre. 296
Dans cet aimable jour. 114
Dans nos beaux ans. 262
Du Dieu qui ſe fait entendre. 40
Hélas! hélas! quel fruit. 328
J'ai perdu Climene. 236
Je vous aime toujours. 154
J'étois Amant vif & ſincère. 343
Jeunes Beautez, cedez à la tendreſſe. 372
La Beauté que je ſers. 348
La Raiſon n'eſt pas raiſonnable. 299
La jeune Hylas. 273

TABLE

Le Papillon volage. 271
L'Eſprit vous plait. 152
Les yeux d'Iris vous prêtent. 104
Lorſque vous me changez. 325
Par le couroux de ſa Liſette. 209
Plus brillante que n'eſt l'Aurore. 282
Pourquoi ſoupirez-vous. 94
Pour un baiſer que j'ai reçu. 301
Que l'on goute un bien ſuprême. 351
Reveillez comme moi. 335
Si jamais je trouve Annette. 288
Sur les bords d'un coulant Ruiſſeau. 304
Tircis, votre langueur extrême. 302
Tout Cithère eſt dans ce beau ſéjour. 97
Tu te plains que j'ai peu d'Amour. 339
Viens encor, tendre Amour. 242
Un Berger tendre & conſtant. 101

CHANSONS GALANTES.

AVec plaiſir, Liſette. 70
Aux plus Amoureux on n'eſt pas. 212
Dieu d'Amour éclaire. 119
Entre l'Amour & la Raiſon. 228
Filette ſeulette. 14
Ha! que la Forêt de Cithère. 233
Heureuſe innocence. 54
Je veux garder ma Liberté. 47
Jeune Fillette, toujours folette. 226
La jeune Nanette. 116
Laiſſe tes Agneaux errer. 332
L'Amour diſoit à ſa Mère. 76
L'autre jour l'aimable Tircis. 81
L'autre jour Liſette ſe pamoit. 264
L'Autre jour au jeune Colin. 355

Le gros Lucas ſur l'Herbette. 29
Les Plaiſirs de notre Village. 369
Ma Voiſine eſt très jolie. 330
Mes yeux m'ont ſoumis un Amant. 140
On ne peut quoique l'on faſſe. 266
Pendant l'heureux cours. 362
Pour aimer nous n'avons qu'un tems. 213
Que l'Hymen & l'Amour. 127
Venez Blonde & Brune. 42
Veux tu me plaire, jeune Bergère. 266

CHANSONS BACHIQUES.

AMi, la nuit étend ſes voiles. 134
Amis n'êtes vous pas étranges. 239
Ce n'eſt qu'à la Taverne. 220
C'eſt dans un verre plein. 149
Du revers le plus étrange. 38
Gregoire à jeun, Gregoire à table. 315
La Fable entre mille plaiſirs. 323
L'Amour juſqu'aux Enfers. 131
Le Dieu de la Treille. 193
Pardonnez, chers Amis. 32
Tandis que l'Onde errante. 20
Tu dis qu'en buvant razade. 96

RONDES DE TABLE.

BUvons, Amis, Buvons. 247
Reveillez-vous, Amans. 85
Un jour le Bachique Gregoire. 11

CHANSONS MELEES DE TENDRE ET DE BACHIQUE.

AU pied d'un Côteau ſolitaire. 186
Autrefois pour Climène. 1

Bacchus, j'ai célébré ta gloire. 217
Bacchus m'avoit promis d'éfacer. 162
Buvons, Amis, cinq ou ſix coups. 366
C'eſt l'Amitié qui nous raſſemble. 244
De ta main quand je bois. 223
Je m'enivre, Liſette. 138
Iris, pour aſſurer mon cœur. 309
La ſaiſon des Amours. 123
Pour toucher des Beautez cruelles. 50
Quoi juſqu'à Table. 129
Ruiſſeau combien de fois. 278
Si j'aime le Vin, ma Silvie. 36
Si nous n'aimons que la Table. 78
Un jour le Bachique Gregoire. 11
Un petit doît de ce bon Vin. 191

PLANS DE MORALE GALANTE ET BACHIQUE.

DE ta main quand je bois. 223
Forme qui voudra des deſirs. 279
Fortune après toi qui ſoupire. 52
Garde ta Raiſon. 291
Le ſuperflu rend l'Homme eſclave. 165
Loin d'ici la triſteſſe. 185
Maturin boit tout le jour. 67
Ne fixons jamais notre choix. 83
Qu'attendons-nous faiſons un doux uſage. 293
Si l'Amour te fit adorable. 313
Suivons, ſuivons tour à tour. 106

CHANSONS GROTESQUES.

DEpuis plus de ſix mois. 124
D où vient, diſoit Lucas. 60

Sans les Bourgeons. 9

CHANSONS CRITIQUES.

AUſſi-tôt qu'on cherche à nous plaire. 358
Ceſſez de me croire Amant. 368
C'eſt le plaiſir qui juſtifie. 199
Ciel qu'eſt-ce que je vois. 188
Du Revers le plus étrange. 38
En Amour on ne rend point raiſon. 353
Enroler chez ſoi tout le monde. 63
Gens de bien prêtez ſilence. 26
Haïr n'eſt point de tout mon fait. 196
Les Filles de notre Village. 23
L'Himen eſt un Chaſſeur. 231
Loin d'ici la triſteſſe. 185
Qu'il eſt doux, ô Troupe Calotine. 180
Si toute Maitreſſe eſt Jeanne. 268
Tant qu'en faveur Cléon ſera. 257
Tu dis qu'en buvant razade. 96

DANSES RONDES.

AUprès d'un Buiſſon. 320
Dans un Pré trois Demoiſelles. 202
Je veux garder ma Liberté. 47
Le gros Lucas ſur l'Herbette. 29
Morgué Colin, diſoit Liſette. 5

TABLE ALPHABETIQUE
DES AIRS DE CE RECUEIL.

A.

A Mille ſoins jaloux. 150
Ah ! que la Forêt de Cithère. 233
Amis, la nuit étend. 134
Amis n'étes vous. 239
L'Amour diſoit. 76
L'Amour juſqu'aux Enfers. 131
Amour oubliez. 310
Avec plaiſir, Liſette. 70
Aſſis ſur l'Herbette. 57
Au pied d'un Côteau. 286
Auprès d'un Buiſſon. 320
Auſſi-tôt qu'on cherche à nous plaire. 358
Autrefois pour Climene 1
L'Autre jour l'aimable 81
Au Temple de l'Amour. 108
Aux plus amoureux. 212

B.

B Acchus m'avoit promis. 162
Bacchus j'ai célébré ta gloire. 217
Bergères voulez-vous m'en croire. 337
Buvons, Amis. 247
Buvons, Amis, cinq ou ſix coups. 366

C.

CE n'eſt que pour aimer. 146
Ce n'eſt qu'à la Taverne. 220
Ceſſez de me croire Amant. 368

C'eſt dans un verre plein. 149
C'eſt le plaiſir. 199
C'eſt l'Amitié. 244
C'eſt peu d'être belle. 318
C'eſt pour vous adorer toujours. 345
Cher Silvandre, mon air tendre. 296
Ciel, qu'eſt-ce que je vois. 188

D.

DAns cet aimable jour. 114
Dans nos beaux ans. 262
Dans un Pré. 202
Depuis plus de ſix mois. 124
De ta main quand je bois. 223
Dieu d'Amour. 119
D'où vient, diſoit Lucas. 60
Du Revers le plus étrange. 38

E.

EN Amour on ne rend. 355
Enroler chez ſoi. 63
Entre l'Amour & la Raiſon. 228
L'Eſprit vous plait. 152

F.

FIllette ſeulette. 14
Forme qui voudta. 279
Fortune après toi. 52

G.

GArde ta Raiſon. 291
Gens de Bien. 26
Gregoire à jeun. 315

H.

HAïr n'eſt point. 196
Ha! que la Forêt de Cithère. 233
Hélas! hélas! quel fruit. 328
Heureuſe innocence. 54

TABLE

I.

J'Ai perdu Climene. 236
Je m'enivre, Liſette. 138
J'étois Amant vif & ſincère. 343
Je veux garder ma Liberté. 47
Je vous aime toujours. 154
Jeunes Beautez cedez. 372
Jeune Fillette. 226
Iris pour aſſurer mon cœur. 309

L.

LA jeune Nanette. 116
La ſaiſon des Amours. 123
L'autre jour Liſette. 264
La Raiſon n'eſt pas raiſonnable. 299
La Fable entre mille. 323
Laiſſe tes Agneaux. 332
La Beauté que je ſers. 348
L'autre jour au jeune Colin. 355
Le Dieu qui ſe fait entendre. 40
Le ſuperflu rend l'homme eſclave. 165
Le Dieu de la Treille. 193
Le gros Lucas ſur l'Herbette. 92
Le Papillon volage. 271
Le jeune Hylas. 273
Les Filles de notre Village. 23
Les yeux d'Iris. 104
Les Plaiſirs de notre Village. 369
L'Himen eſt un Chaſſeur. 231
Loin d'ici la triſteſſe. 185
Lorſque vous me changez. 325

M.

MAturin boit tout le jour. 67
Ma Voiſine eſt trop jolie. 330
Mes yeux m'ont ſoumis. 140
Morgué Colin, diſoit Colette. 5

N.

NE fixons jamais. 83

O.

ON ne peut quoique l'on ne faſſe. 260

P.

PArdonnez chers Amis. 32
Par le couroux. 209
Pendant l'heureux cours 362
Plus brillante que. 282
Pour toucher des Beautez. 50
Pourquoi ſoupirez-vous. 94
Pour joüir à l'écart. 113
Pour un Baiſer. 301
Pour aimer nous n'avons qu'un tems. 213

Q.

QU'atendons-nous. 293
Que l'Himen. 127
Quelle ardeur. 160
Que je ſuis à plaindre. 327
Que l'on goute un bien. 351
Qu'il eſt doux. 180
Quoi deux ans. 157
Quoi juſqu'à Table. 129

R.

REveillez comme moi. 335
Reveillez-vous Amans. 85
Ruiſſeau combien de fois. 278

S.

SAns les Bourgeons. 9
Si j'aime le Vin. 36
Si jamais je retrouve. 288
Si l'Amour te fit adorable. 313
Si nous n'aimons. 78
Si toute Maitreſſe. 268
Suivons, ſuivons tour à tour. 106
Sur les bords d'un Ruiſſeau. 304

T.

TAndis que l'Onde. 20
Tant qu'en faveur Cleon ſera. 257
Tircis votre Langueur. 302
Tout Cithère. 97
Tu dis qu'en buvant. 96
Tu te plains que j'ai peu d'Amour. 339
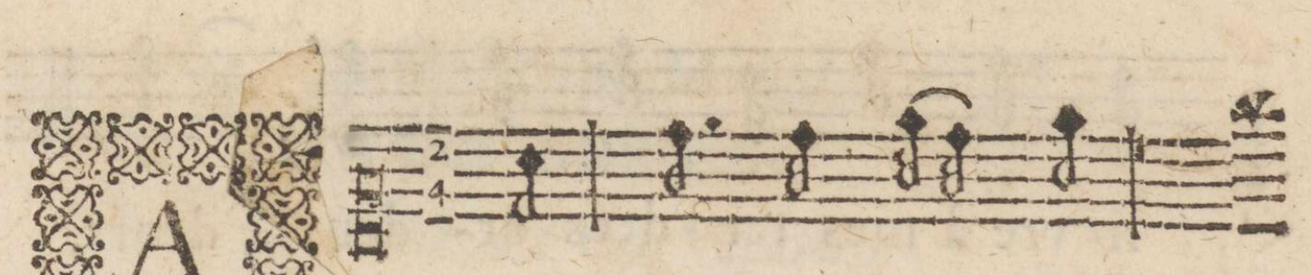
V.

VEnez & Blonde & Brune. 42
Veux-tu me plaire. 264
Viens encor tendre Amour. 242
Un Berger tendre. 101
Un jour le Bachique Gregoire. 11
Un petit doît de ce bon Vin. 191
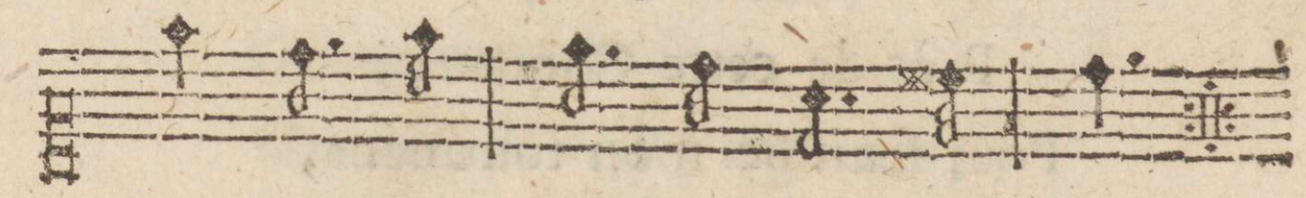
NOUVEAU
RECUEIL
DE
CHANSONS.

LA PETITE CLAUDINE.
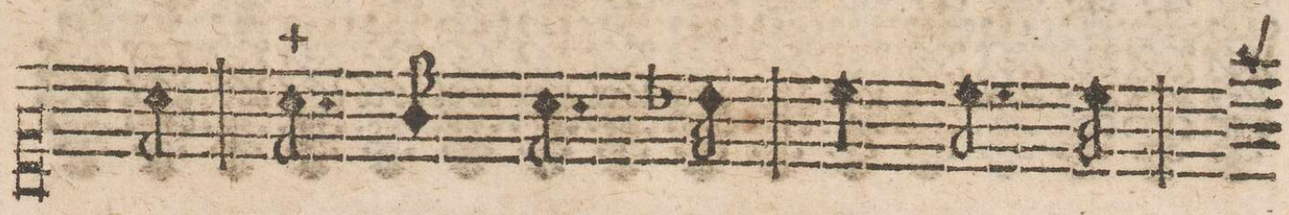
Vaudeville à boire.



A- U- tre fois pour Cli-
Pour plai-re à l'in- hu-
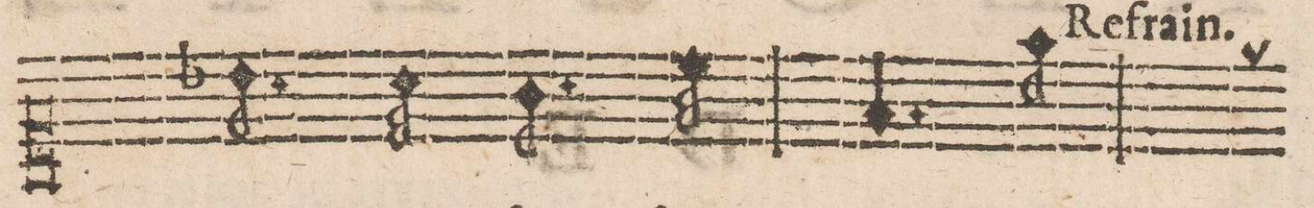


me- ne, Je ſou- pi- rois en vain,
mai- ne, J'a- ban- don-nois le vin:
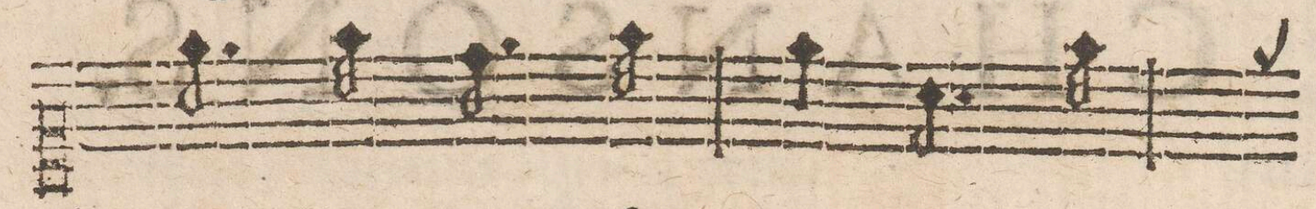


Mais la jeu- ne Clau- di- ne Sans



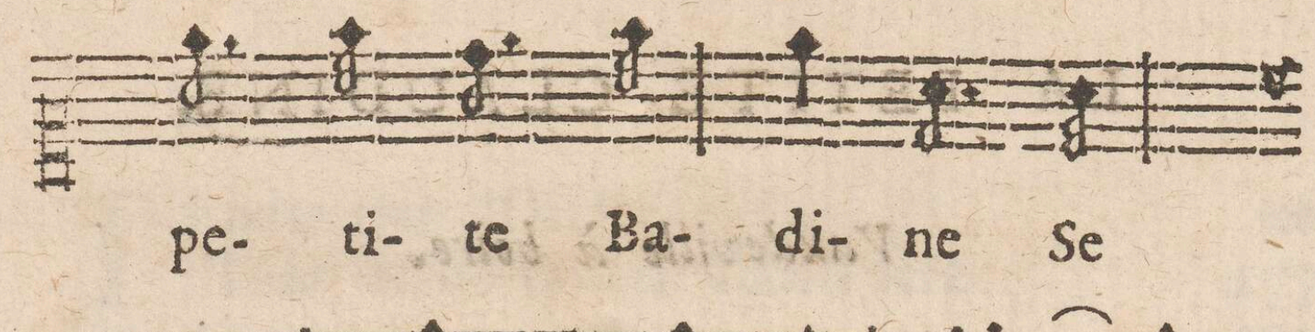
fai - re la lu - ti - ne, En
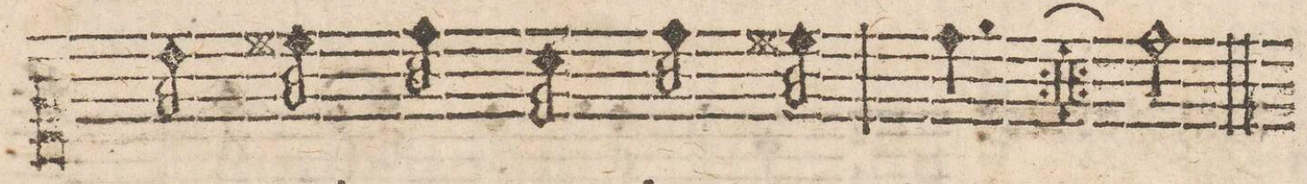


gou- te les dou- ceurs. Puiſ-



qu'en bu- vant Cho- pi- ne, La



pe- ti- te Ba- di- ne Se



li- vre à mes ten- dres ar- deurs. deurs.

Près de cette Coquette,
Pour fruit de mon tourment,
Ie n'avois ſur l'herbette,
Qu'un regard ſeulement,

Mais

Mais ma jeune Maitreſſe,
Par excès de tendreſſe,
Me comble de faveurs;
Puiſqu'en, &c.

Au bord d'une fontaine,
On ne me verra plus,
Sous le poids de ma chaine,
Reſiſter à Bacchus;
De ma naiſſante flame,
Je goute dans mon ame
Des plaiſirs ſans langueurs;
Puiſqu'en, &c.

Le ſon d'une Muſette,
M'eſt fort indifferent,
Pour flêchir ma Brunette,
C'eſt un ſot inſtrument;
Mais la liqueur divine;
Calme cette Badine,
Quand elle a des rigueurs;
Puiſqu'en, &c.

Les Echos de mes plaintes,
Ne raiſonneront plus;
Sans allarmes ni craintes,
Je bois de ce doux Jus,
Son gout eſt délectable,
Sa vertu préférable
Sur toutes les liqueurs;
Puiſqu'en, &c.

Le plus tendre ramage
Des Oiſeaux amoureux,
Ne peut dans un boccage,
M'inſpirer d'autres feux,
Mais les plaiſirs de table,
Près d'un objet aimable,
Fixent les jeunes cœurs;
Puiſqu'en, &c.
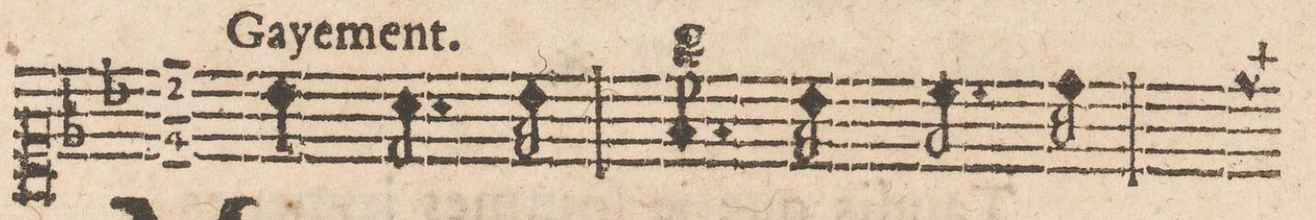
Je ſuis Buveur fidelle,
Comme fidelle Amant,
Je careſſe ma Belle,
Et bois inceſſamment.

L'A-
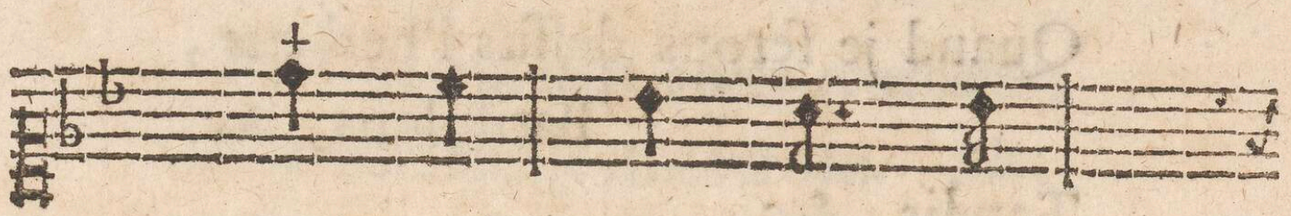
L'Amour nous verſe à boire;
Et Bacchus plein de gloire,
S'empare de nos cœurs;
Puiſqu'en, &c.

VAUDEVILLE A DANCER.

Gayement.
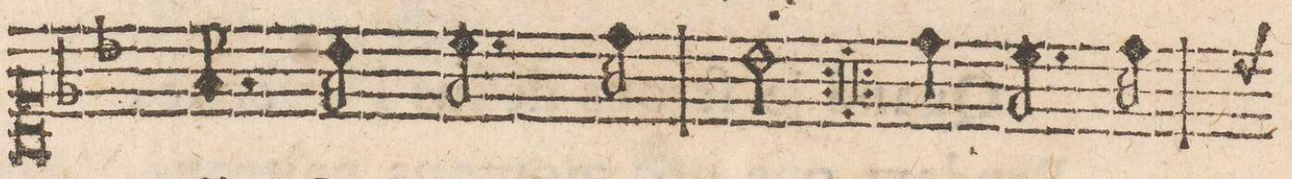


MOr-gué Co- lin, di- ſoit Co-
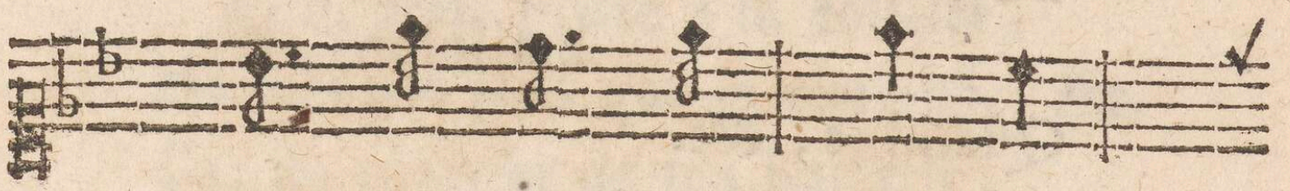


let- te, Vian te bau-
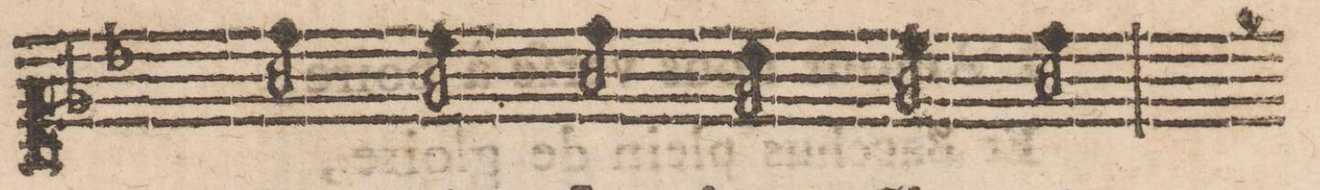
Fin.
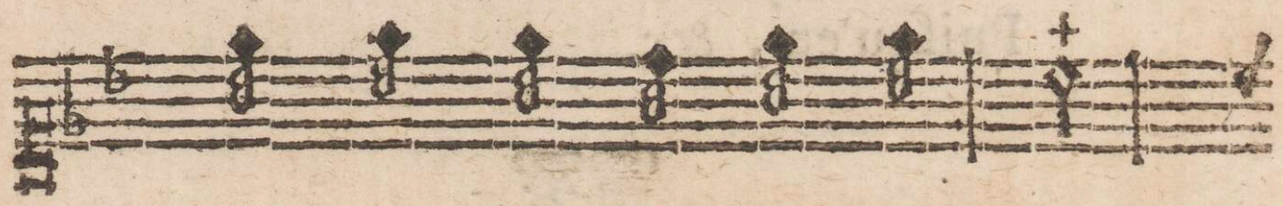


dir ſur ces ga- zons : Tandis que



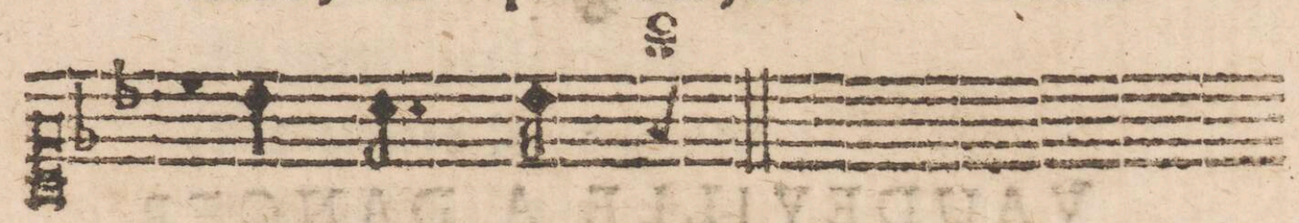
je ſom-mes jeu- net- te,



Ba- ti- fo- lons, Cho- pi-



nons, Ca- que-tons, Fo- la- trons.



Mor- gué Colin, &c.

Tandis que je ſommes jeunettes,
Il faut boutre à bas nos raiſons. *Fin.*
Quand je ſerons deſſus l'herbette,
Batifolons, &c.
Tandis, &c.

Quand je ſerons deſſus l'herbette,
Pendant que nos moutons paîtrons. *Fin.*
Tu chanteras ſur ta Muſette,
Batifolons, &c.
Quand je, &c.

Tu chanteras ſur ta Muſette,
Les Amours que je nous faiſons. *Fin.*
Tu diras dans ta Chanſonnette,
Batifolons, &c.
Tu chanteras, &c.

Tu diras dans ta Chanſonnette,
Buvons à nous deux qui s'aimons. *Fin.*
Puis en vuidant notre cruchette,
Batifolons, &c.
Tu diras, &c.

Puis en vuidant notre cruchette,
Gaillardement je dancerons. *Fin.*
Ainſi pour plaire à ta collette,
Batifolons, &c.
Puis en, &c.

Ainſi pour plaire à ta collette,
Ne fais pas plus que je voulons. *Fin.*
Car du manche de ma houlette,
Batifolons, &c.
Ainſi pour, &c.

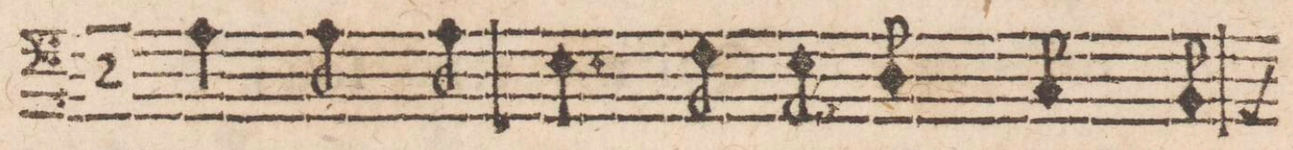
Car du manche de ma houlette,
Bravement je te gaulerons. *Fin.*
Mais ſi ta manière eſt doucette,
Batifolons, &c.

Car du, &c.
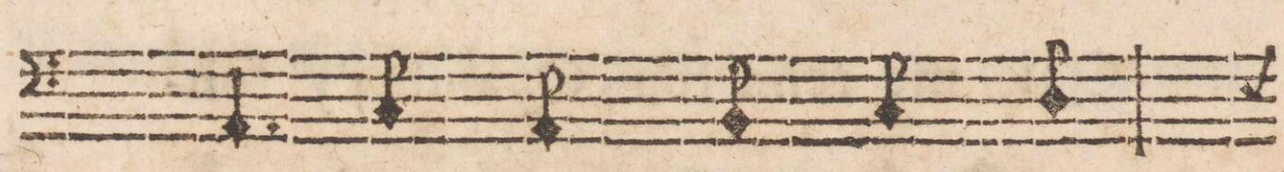
Mais ſi ta manière eſt doucette,
Mille plaiſirs je gouterons. *Fin.*
Pour que la Feſte ſoit complette,
Batifolons, &c.

Mais ſi ta, &c.
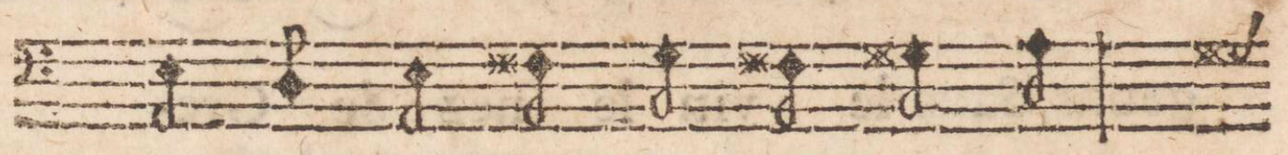
RECIT DE BASSE.
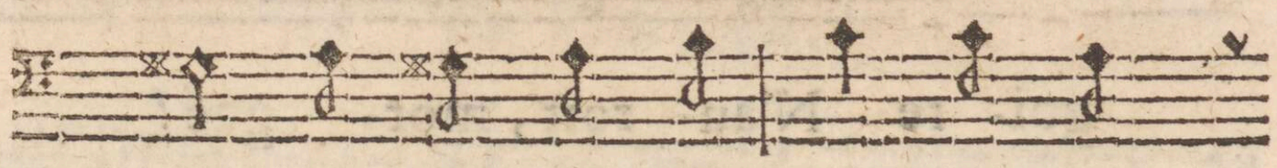


SAns les Bourgeons je n'aurions point de
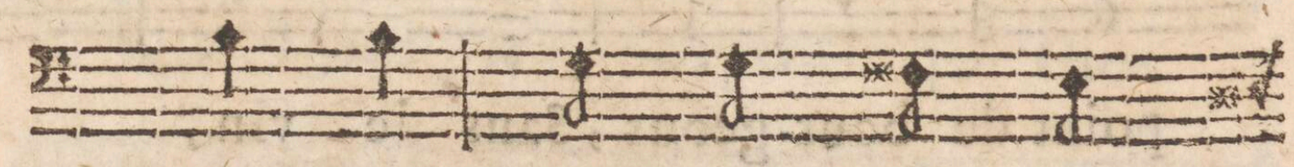


vin, Je n'en pou- vons dou-
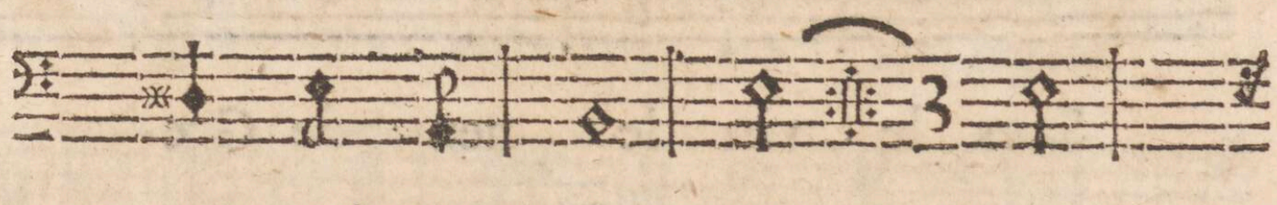


ter, Je n'en pou-vons dou- ter, Cou-



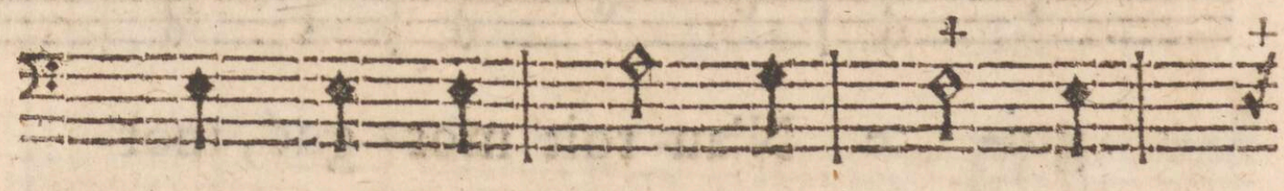
fin, Et j'a- vons eu pei- ne à le



croi- re, Et j'a- vons eu
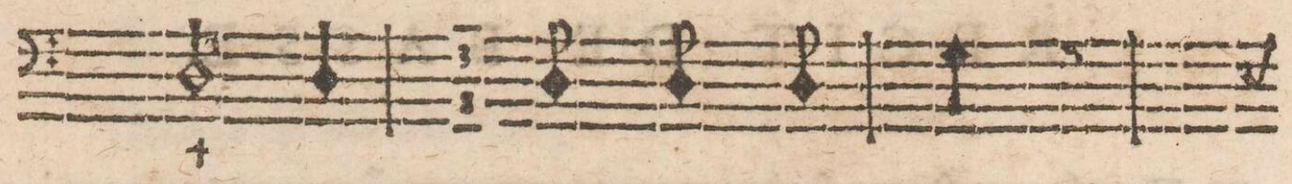


pei- ne à le croi- re. re.
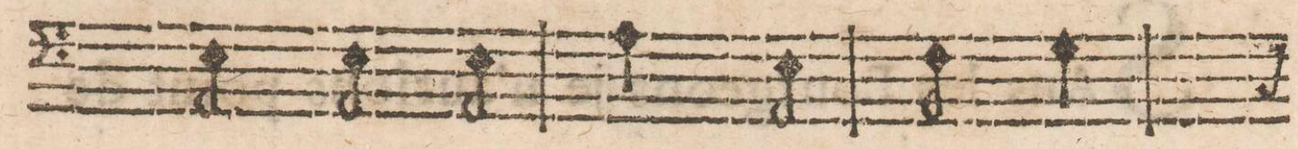


Mais ſais - tu bian u- ne autre hiſ-
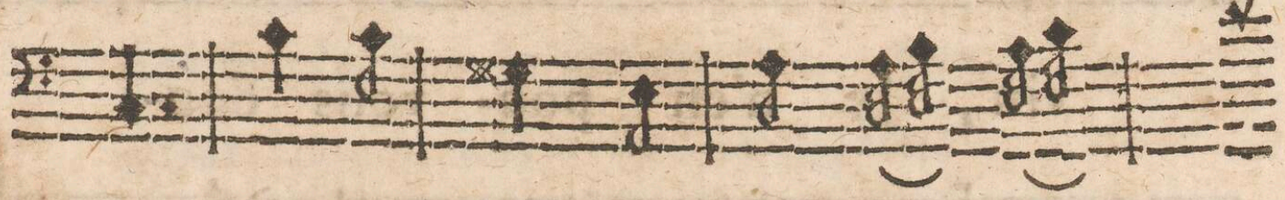
toire,



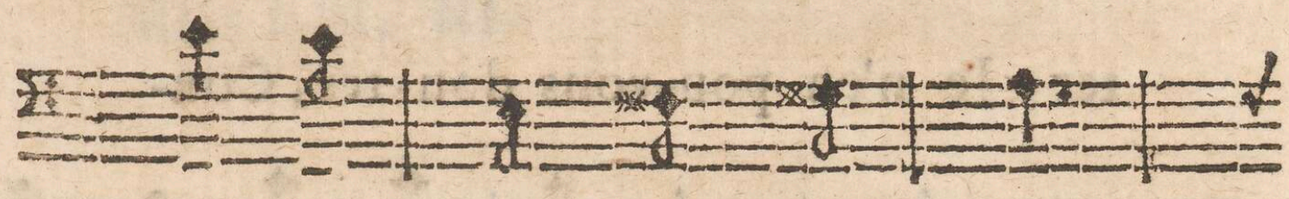
toi - re, Qui me rend fou,
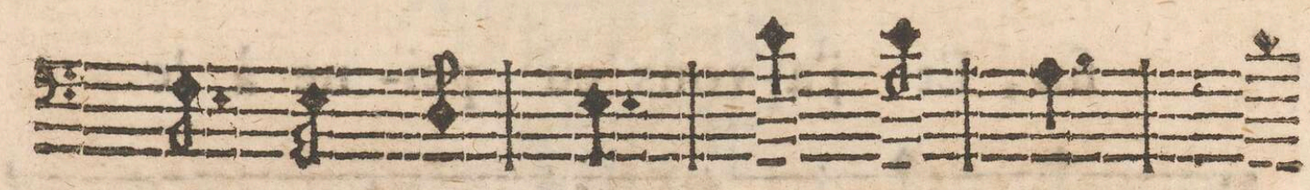


Qui me rend fou, Quand j'y ſon-
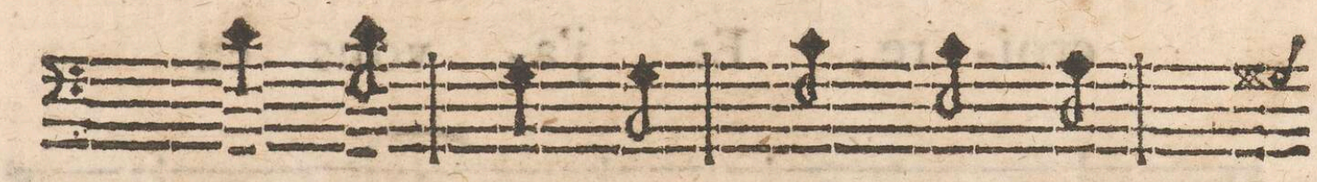


geons. Sans le vin le nez de Gre-
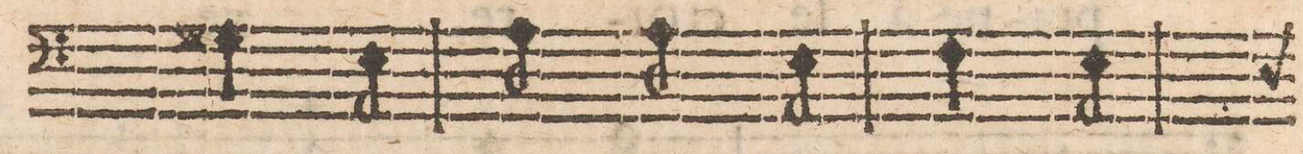


goi- re N'au- roit, mor- gué!



point de bour-geons, Sans le vin,
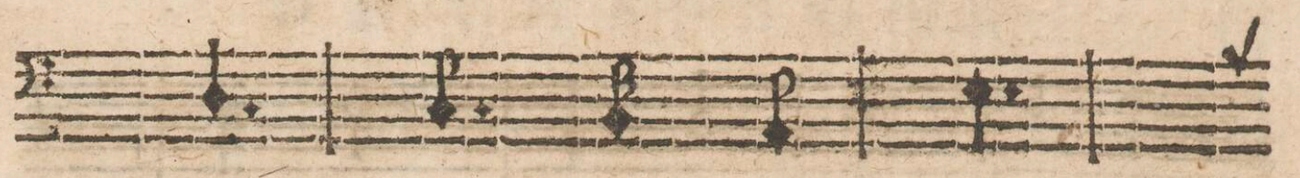


Sans le vin le nez de Gre-
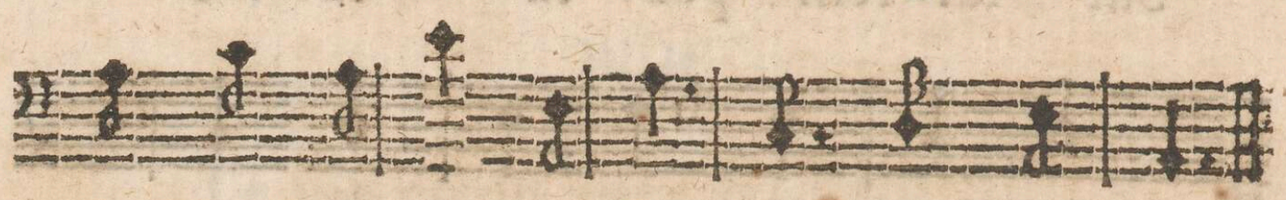


goi- re N'au-roit mor- gué, mor-

gué
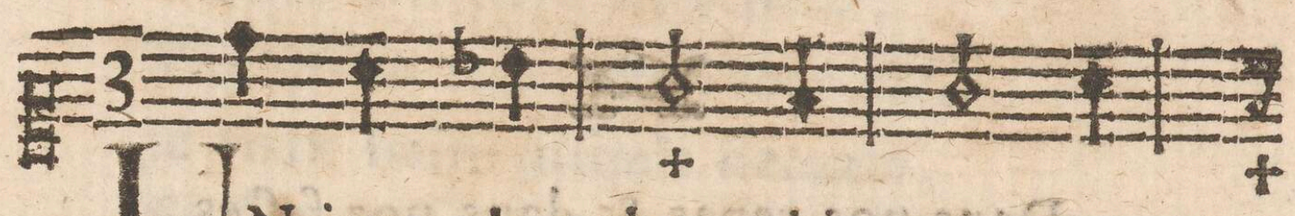


gué point de bour- geons,
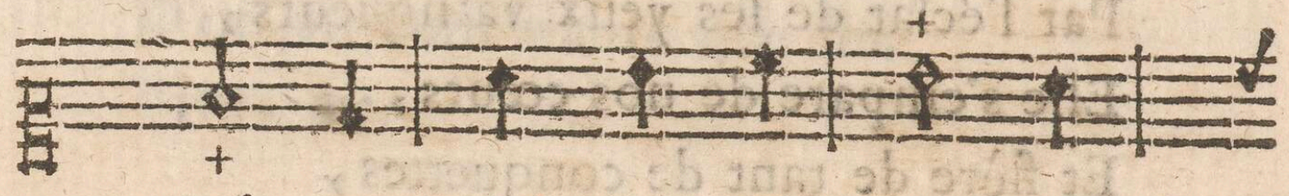


N'au- roit morgué, morgué point de bourgeons.

RONDE DE TABLE.

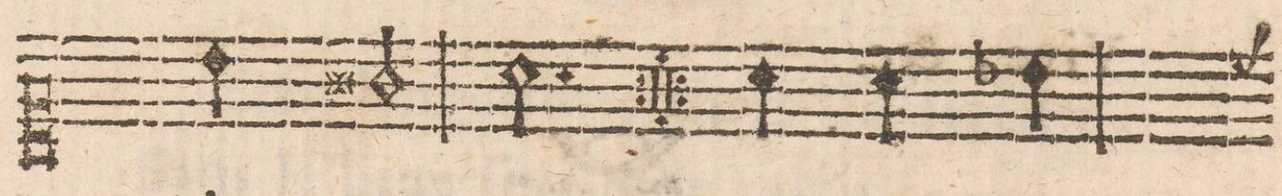
En Vaudeville.
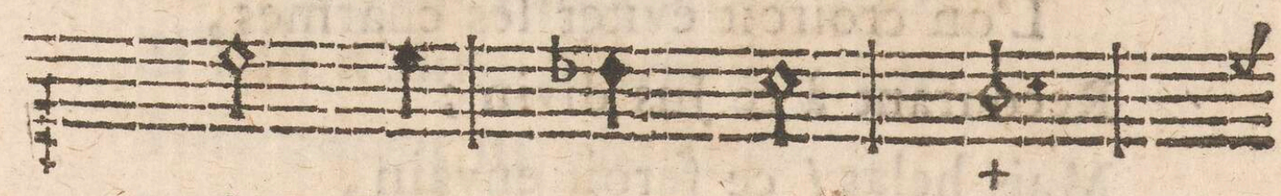


UN jour le ba- chi- que Gre-



goi- re, Fui- oit les at- traits
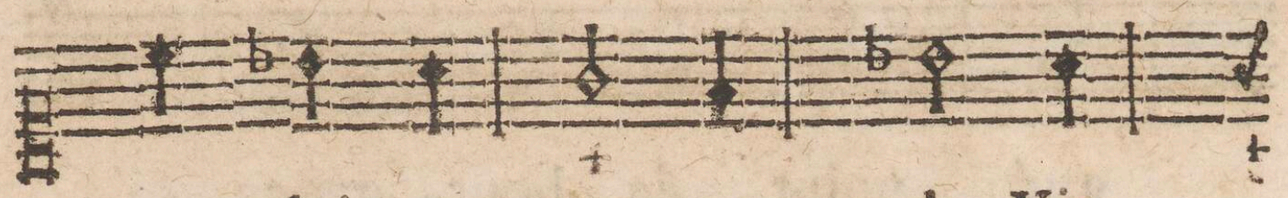


de Ca- tin. Quand la Bel-

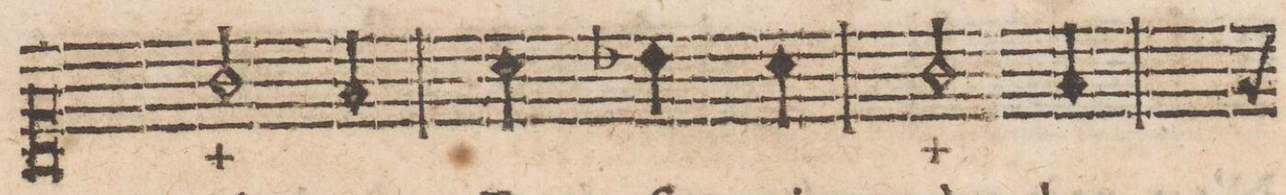


le d'un ris ma- lin,
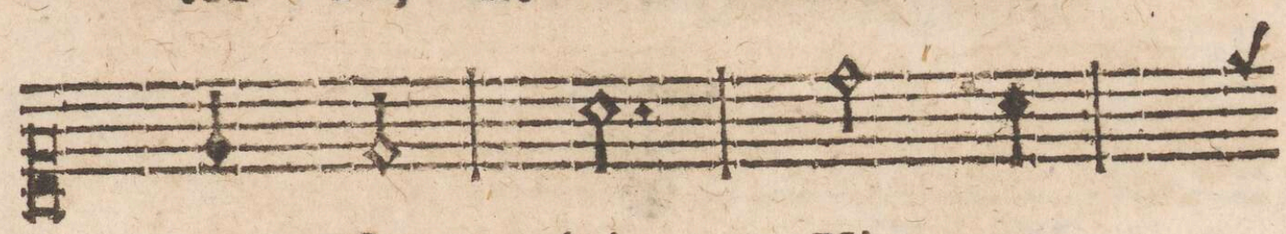
Sur
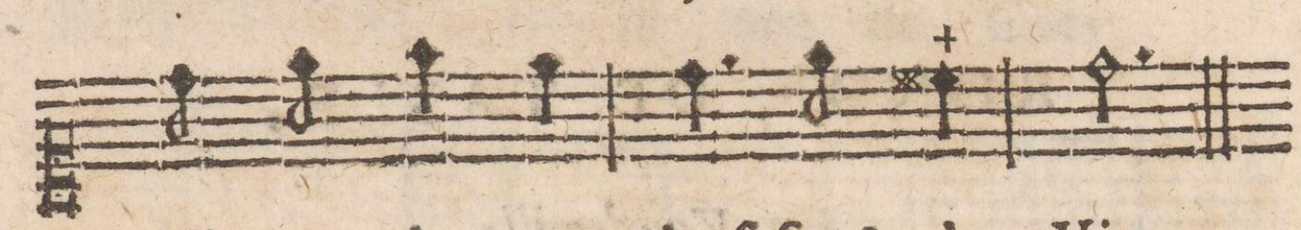


Sur lui rem- por- ta la Vic-



toi- re, Et ſe mit à chan-



ter ſou- dain, Vi- ve,



Vi- ve la ten- dreſ-ſe & le Vin.

Dans nos repas & dans nos feſtes,
Par l'éclat de ſes yeux vainqueurs,
Elle s'empare de nos cœurs,
Et fière de tant de conquettes,
Elle chante d'un ton badin,
Vive, &c.

L'on croiroit éviter ſes charmes,
Recourant à ce Jus divin ;
Mais helas ! ce ſeroit envain,
Chacun lui doit rendre les armes,

Et

Et près d'elle chanter ſans fin.
Vive, &c.
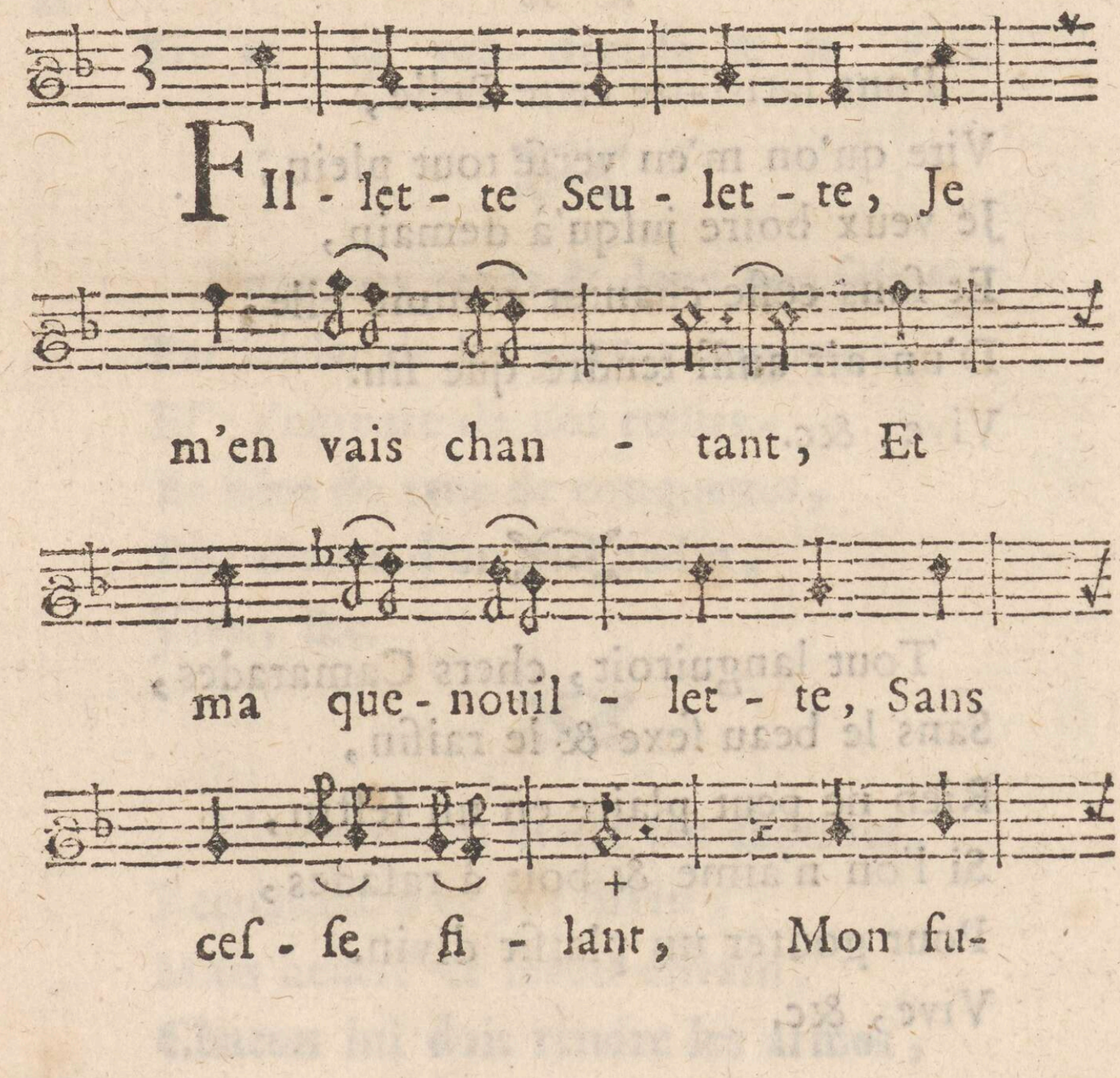
Le vin qu'on verſe dans ſon verre,
Releve l'éclat de ſon tein,
Et lorſque de ſa blanche main,
Elle nous en livre la guerre,
Peut-on ne pas chanter ſoudain.
Vive, &c.
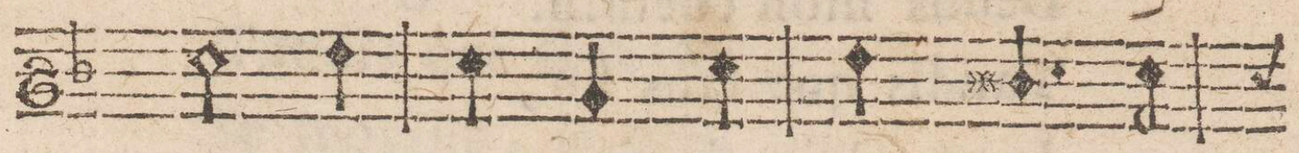
Pour ſatisfaire cette Belle,
Vite qu'on m'en verſe tout plein,
Je veux boire juſqu'à demain,
Et ſans ceſſe chanter comme elle,
D'un air auſſi tendre que fin.
Vive, &c.

Tout languiroit, chers Camarades,
Sans le beau ſexe & le raiſin,
Rien ne peut plaire en un feſtin,
Si l'on n'aime & boit à raſades,
Pour gouter un plaiſir divin.
Vive, &c.
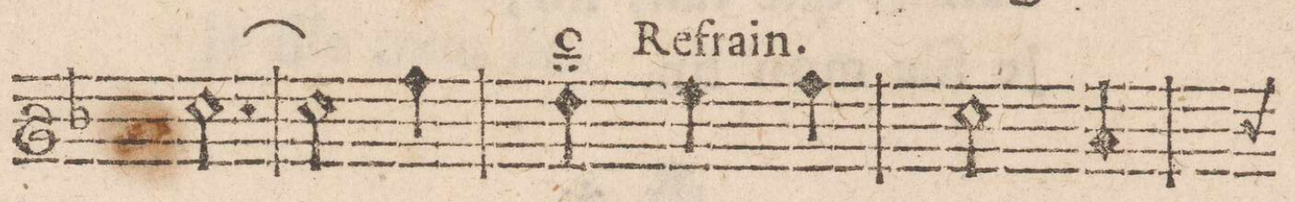
L'Amour triomphe à cette table,
Bacchus y règne également,
On n'y voit rien que de charmant,
Jeunes beautez, vin délectable,
Tout y comble notre destin.
Vive, &c.

LA BERGERE FILEUSE.
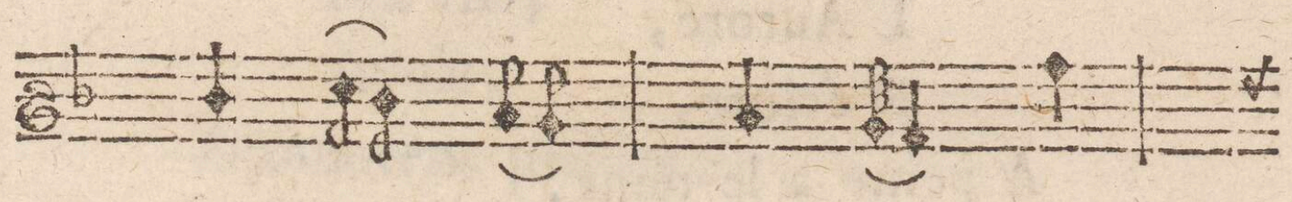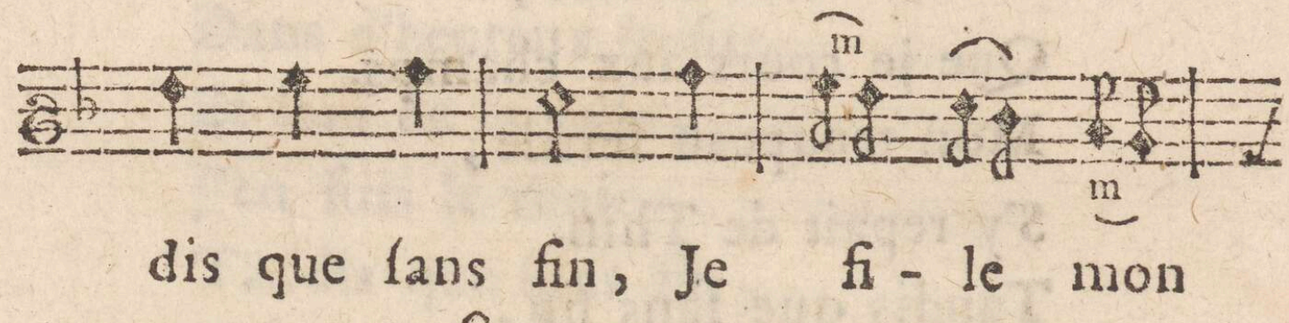




ſeau do - ci le ſuit mon doigt ba-



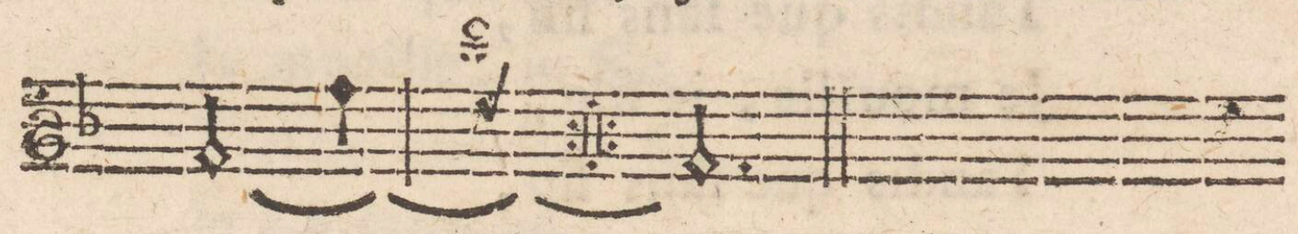
din. Tan - dis que ſans fin, Je



mouil - le, je fi- le, Tan-



dis que ſans fin, Je fi - le mon



lin. Tan-, &c. lin.

Zéphire,
Soupire,
Au ſon de ma voix,
L'oiſeau qu'elle attire,
Chante dans ces bois:
La jeune fleur brille,

Deſſus mon chemin.
Tandis que ſans fin,
Je mouïlle, je file,
Tandis que ſans fin,
Je file mon lin.

L'Aurore,
D'éclore,
A peine a le tems,
Et tout dort encore,
Que je cours aux champs.
Mon troupeau fertile,
S'y repait de Thin.
Tandis que ſans fin,
Je mouïlle, je file,
Tandis que ſans fin,
Je file mon lin.

Cet onde,
Qui gronde,
Tombant de ces monts,
Et qui vagabonde,
Roule en ces vallons;
Dans ſon lit tranquille,

Me baigne au matin.
Tandis que ſans fin,
Je mouille, je file,
Tandis que ſans fin,
Je file mon lin.

Ma vie,
Suivie,
D'innocens plaiſirs,
Coule ſans envie,
Dans d'heureux loiſirs,
Et loin de la ville,
J'en fuis le venin.
Tandis que ſans fin,
Je mouille, je file,
Tandis que ſans fin,
Je file mon lin.

Prairies,
Cheries,
Trop aimables lieux,
Campagnes fleuries,
Vous charmez mes yeux.
Mais d'être inutile,

Mon cœur eſt chagrin,
Faut-il que ſans fin,
Seulette, je file,
Faut-il que ſans fin.
Je file à mon lin.

La Roſe,
Ecloſe,
Se prête aux Zéphirs,
Je déſire, & n'oſe,
Suivre mes deſirs.
Je ſais d'Eriphile;
Qu'Amour eſt malin,
Il faut que ſans fin,
Je mouille, je file,
Il faut que ſans fin,
Je file mon lin.
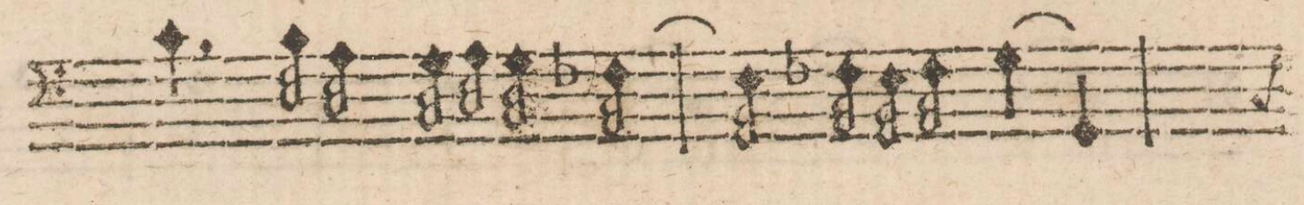
Timide,
Je guide,
Sans deſſein mes pas,
Mais l'amour perfide,
Me guétoit.... hélas!
Raiſon imbecile,

Fui, je vois Colin.
Il faut que ſans fin,
Seulette, je file,
Il faut que ſans fin,
Je file mon lin.
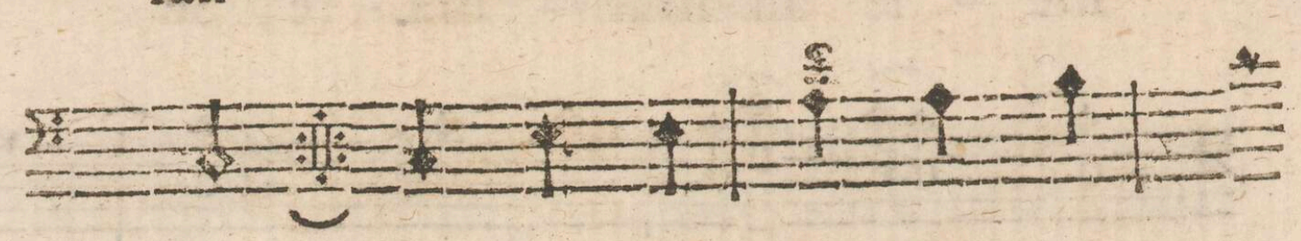
Liſette,
Jeunette,
Sortant du hameau,
Pour paitre l'herbette,
Menoit ſon troupeau,
Et dans cet Idile,
Chantoit ſon deſtin,
Tandis que ſans fin,
Son doigt mouïlle & file,
Tandis que ſans fin,
Il file ſon lin.

RECIT DE BASSE.
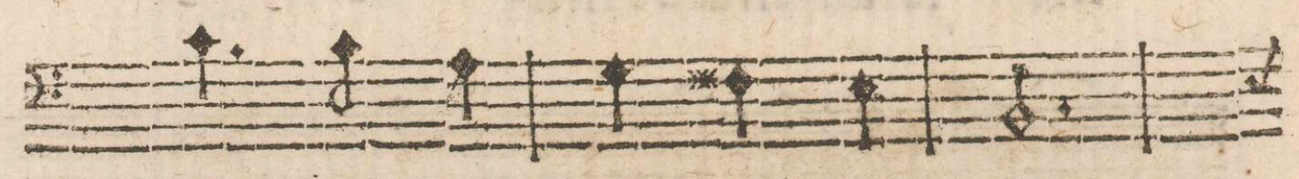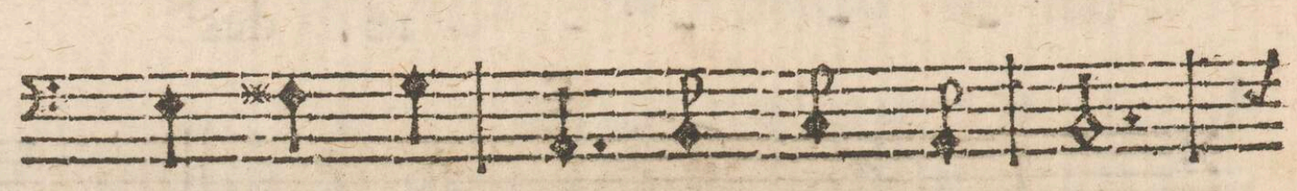




lan- - - - -
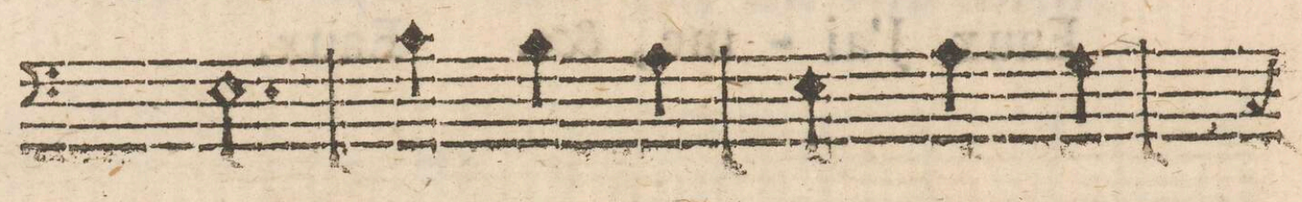


te: te: J'aime au-tant re - po-
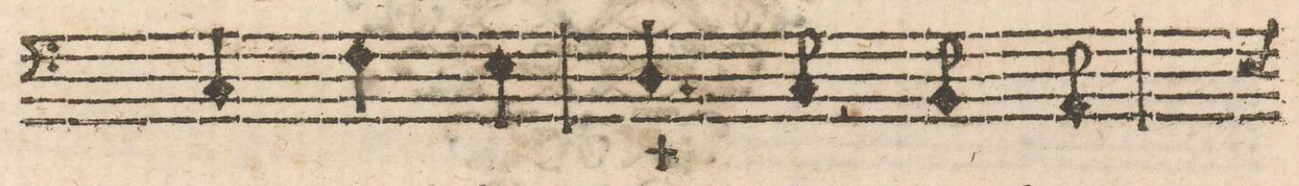


ſer à l'om-bre d'un or-meau,
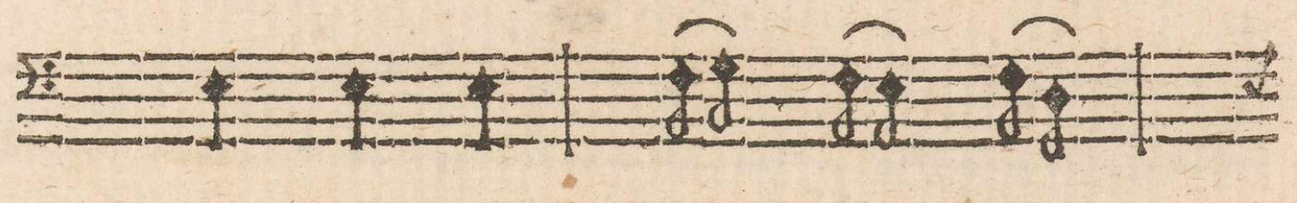


que ſous l'om-bra- ge d'u - ne treil-
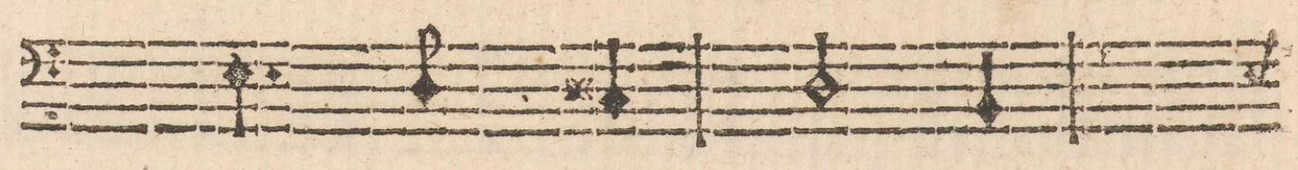


le, Quand le glou-glou, le glou-



glou, le glou-glou de ma bou-
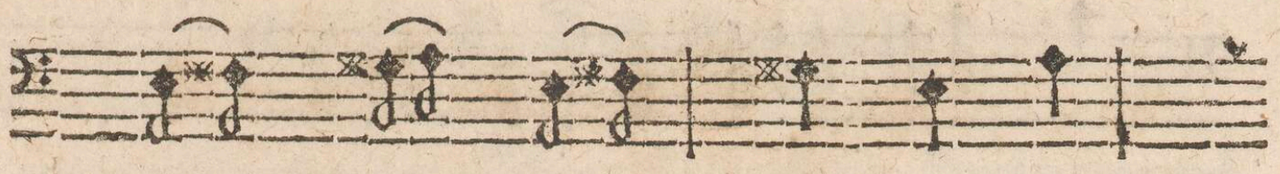


teil - le, Se mê - le au mur-
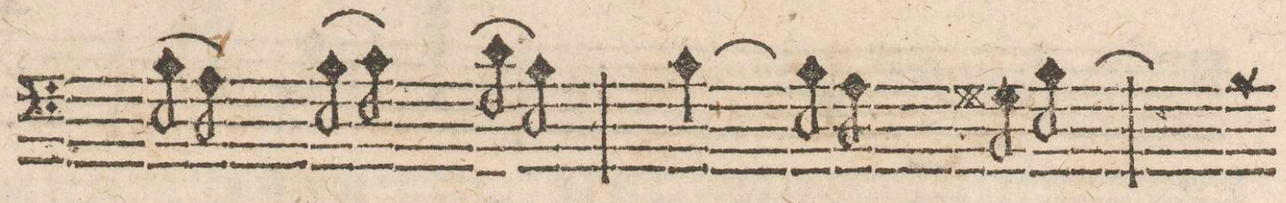


te: mu - re des Eaux, Se
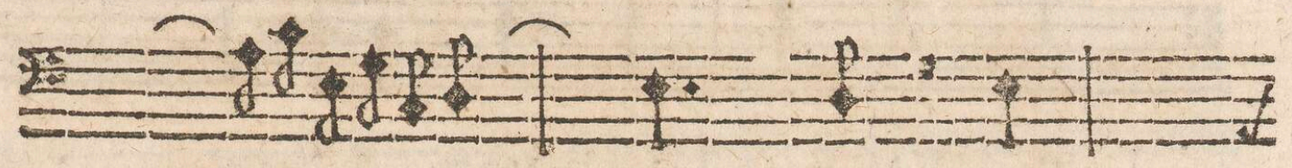
mêle
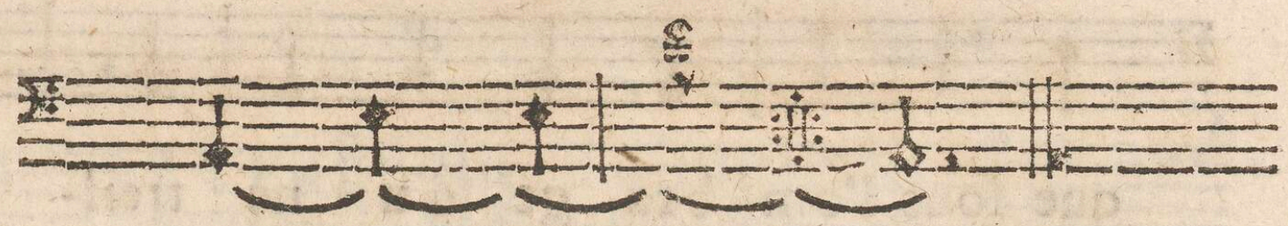


mê - le au mur - mu - re, Se



mê - le au mur- mu- - -



- - - - re des
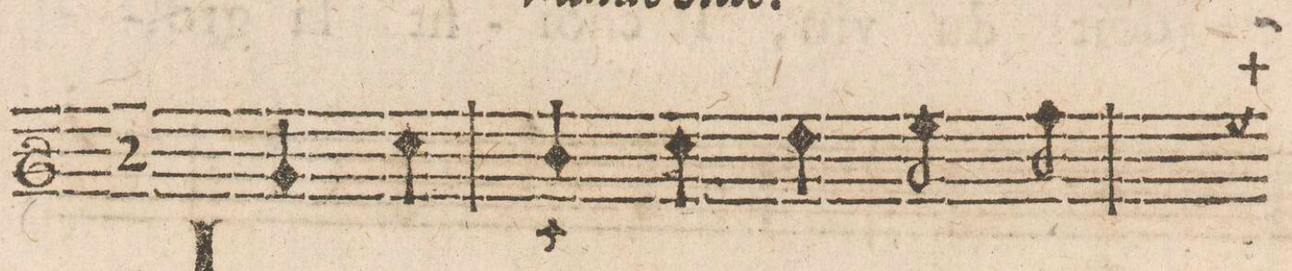


Eaux. J'ai - me, &c. Eaux.
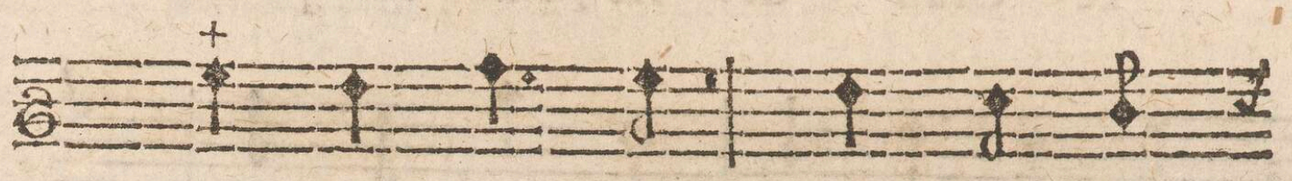


RE-

LE BUVEUR TROMPE'.
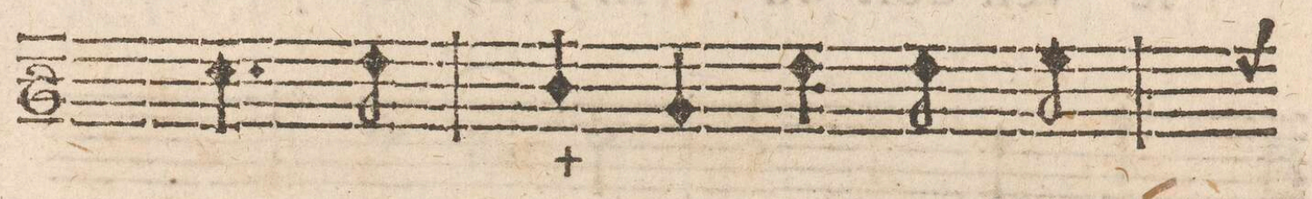
Vaudeville.
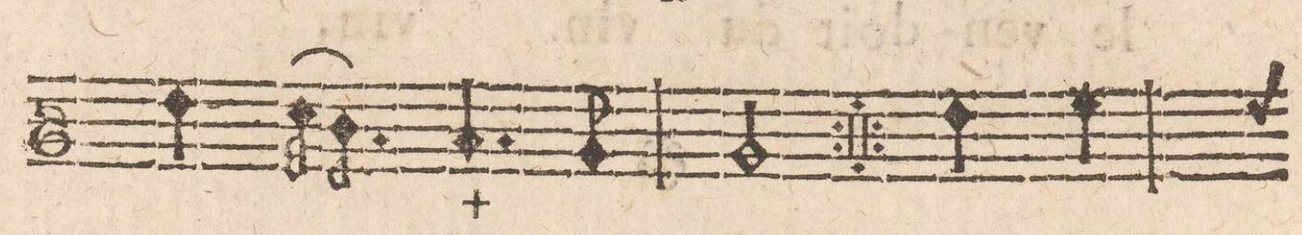


LEs fil - les de no- tre Vil-
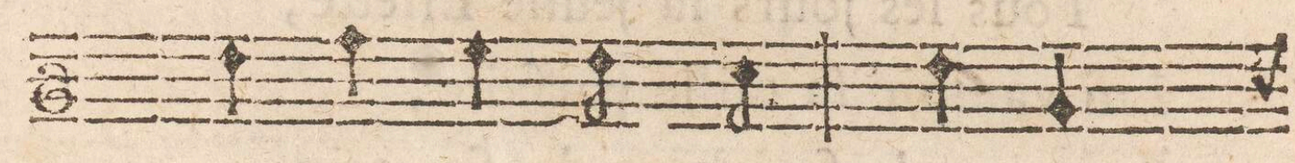


la - ge, Qui vou - loient ſe met-
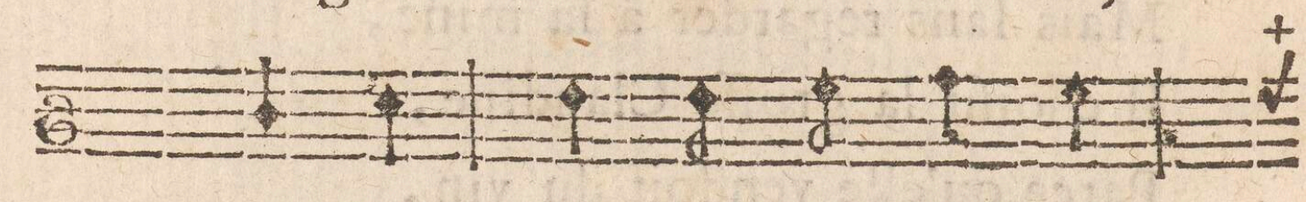


tre en me - na - ge, En vou-loient
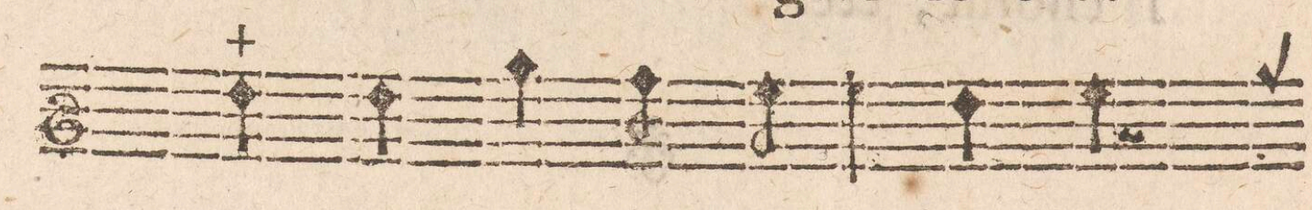


tou - tes à Co - lin: Mais ſans



re - gar-der à la mi - ne,
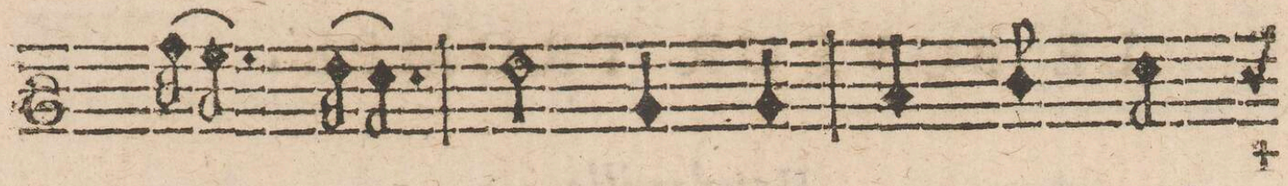


Il choi - ſit la groſ - ſe Clau-

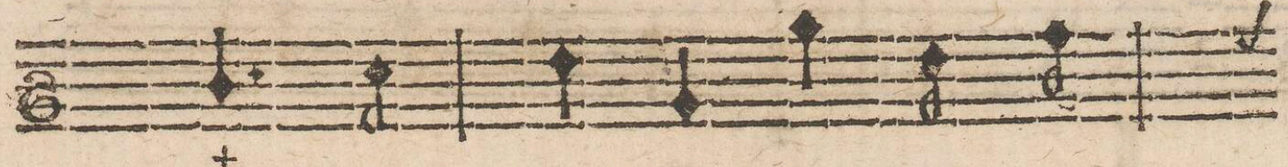


di - ne, Par - ce qu'el - le ven-

doit



doit du vin, Il choi - ſit la groſ-



ſe Clau - di - ne, Par - ce qu'el-



le ven-doit du vin, Par - ce qu'el-



le ven- doit du vin. vin.

Tous les jours la jeune Liſette,
Lui vantoit ſa taille parfaite,
Son air, la fraicheur de ſon tein:
Mais ſans regarder à la mine,
Il choiſit la groſſe Claudine,
Parce qu'elle vendoit du vin,
Il choiſit, &c.

Mathu-

Mathurine lui dit, je t'aime,
Tiens, mille fois plus que moi-même,
J'ai deux prez, un champ, un jardin;
Il ſe mocqua de Mathurine,
Et choiſit la groſſe Claudine,
Parce qu'elle vendoit du vin,
Il choiſit, &c.

Quatre ou cinq jours après la Nôce,
Ce fut un drôle de Negoce,
Quand Claudine dit à Colin;
Fache toi, jure, peſte, enrage;
Mais tu n'auras pour tout potage,
Par jour qu'un demi pot de vin,
Il choiſit, &c.
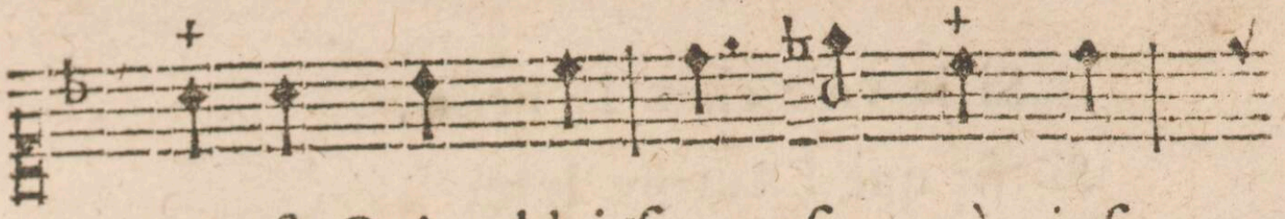
Outré de ce mince ordinaire,
Colin s'enflamma de colère,
Et voulut faire le lutin;
Mais la furibonde Claudine,
Qui ne veut pas qu'on la lutine,
Le fit taire à coups de gourdin;
Il choiſit, &c.

Quand on ſçut ce mauvais ménage,
On chanta dans tout le Village,
Rions tous du ſort de Colin;
Il n'a par repas que Chopine,
Lui qui n'a fait choix de Claudine,
Que parce qu'elle vendoit du vin;
Il choiſit, &c.

L'HOMME GRIS.

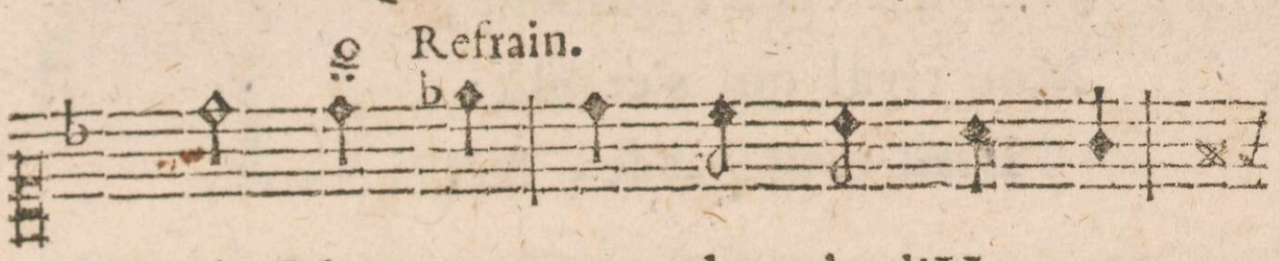
Chanſon à Danſer.

tenſe,

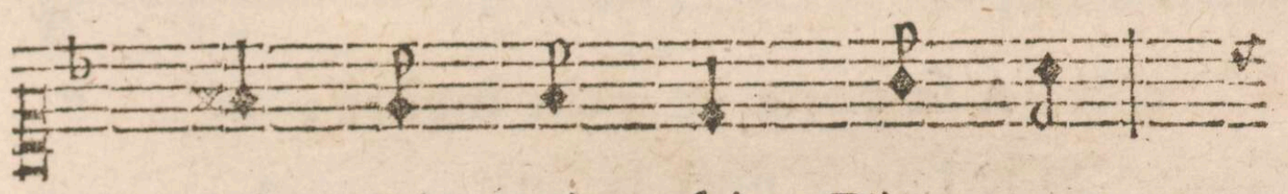


ten-se, Qu'un blai-se en se- crèt inf-
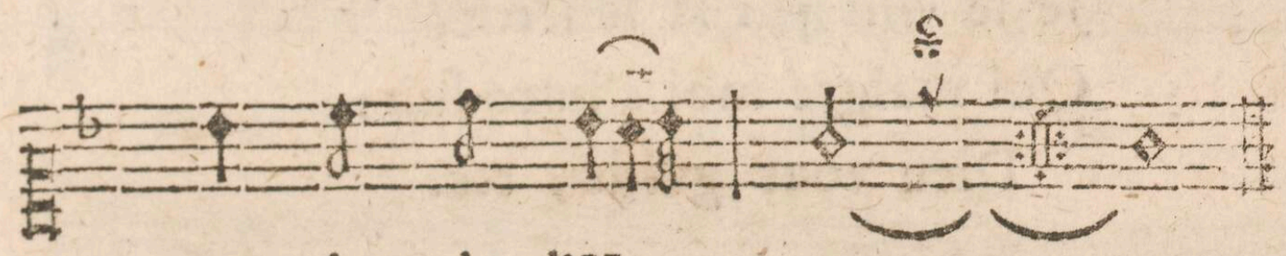
Refrain.



truit, Dieu vous gar-de de l'Homme-



Gris, Bi - ri - bi, Dieu vous



gar-de de l'Hom- me. me.

Si par mon bien je la tente,
Par mon rang, par mon crédit,
Lui plus modeſte ne vante,
Que ſon âge & ſon habit:
Dieu vous garde, &c.

Si je parle à la perfide,
L'Amour me rend interdit;
Mais lui d'un regard avide,
Accompagne ſon débit:
Dieu vous garde, &c.
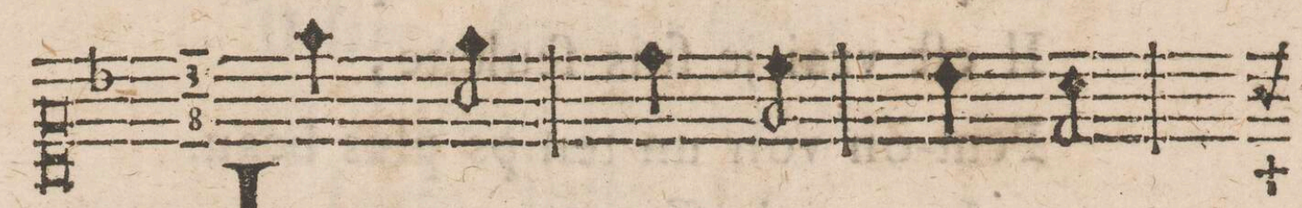
Si je vole chez la Belle,
Si-tôt que l'Aurore luit;
Je trouve chez l'Infidelle,
Mon rival qui s'établit:
Dieu vous garde, &c.

A ſa porte en petit maitre,
Si je fais le guèt la nuit,
Je le vois par la fénêtre,
Qui malgré moi s'introduit:
Dieu vous garde, &c.
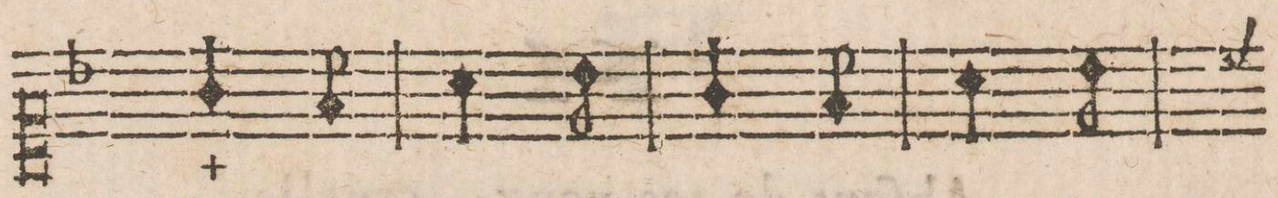
Si je cauſe à ſa ruelle,
Il s'aſſit deſſus ſon lit;
Et ſi je bois avec elle,
Quatre coups, il en boit huit:
Dieu vous garde, &c.

CHAN-
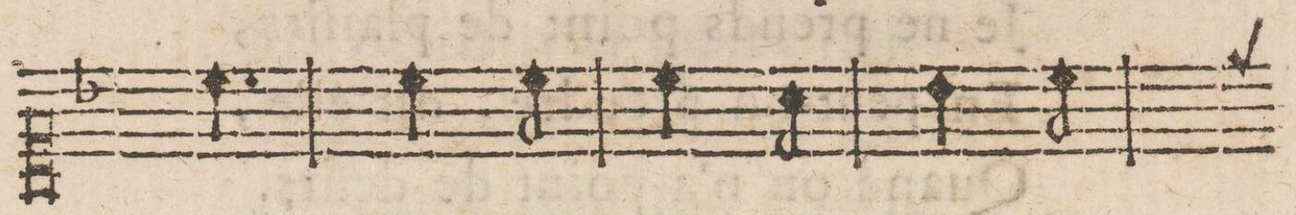
CHANSON A DANCER.
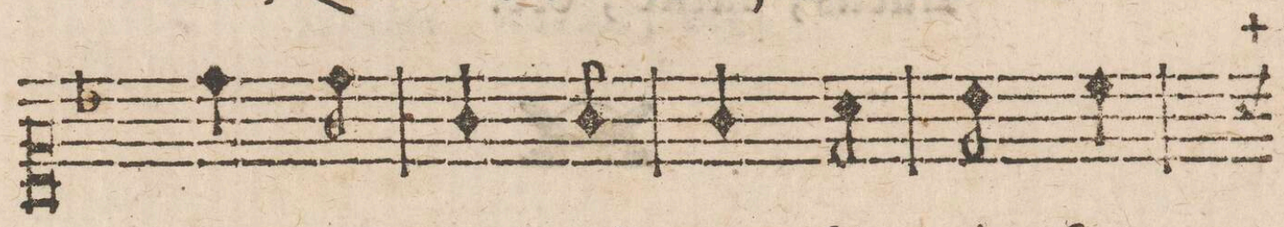


LE gros Lu-cas ſur l'her-



bet-te, A Phi-lis par-loit d'a-
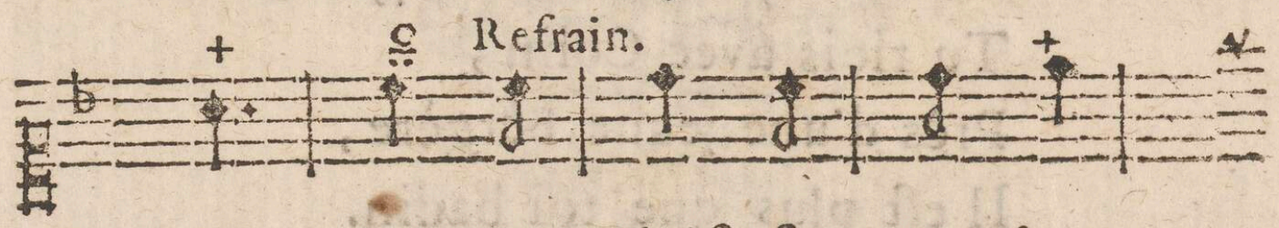


mour, Quand cet-te jeu-ne fil-
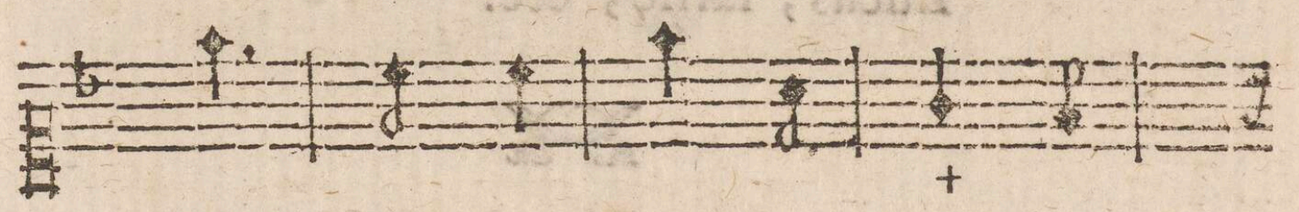


let-te, Lui ré pon-dit à ſon

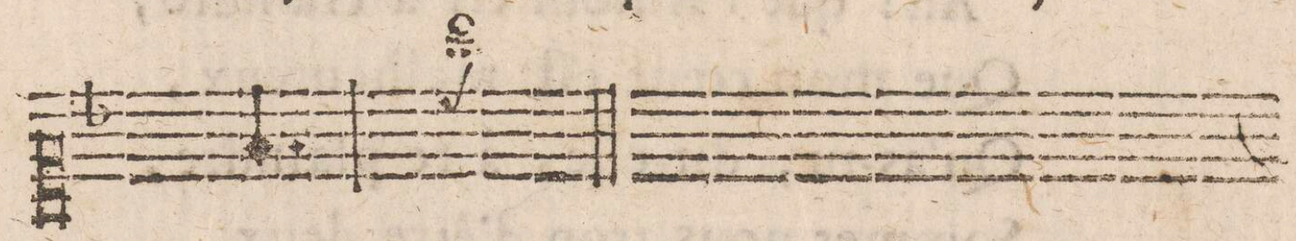
Refrain.



tour, Lu-cas, laiſ-ſe-moi dor-



mir, Tu ne peux me re-jou-



ir. &c.

Je t'ai donné ma houlette,
Je prens ſoin de ton troupeau,
Il eſt vrai je ſuis ſeulette,
Peut-on voir un temps plus beau.
Lucas, laiſſe, &c.

Abſent de tes yeux, cruelle,
Je ne prends point de plaiſirs,
En peut-on prendre, dit-elle,
Quand on n'a point de deſirs.
Lucas, laiſſe, &c.

L'autre jour ſur la fougère,
Tu riois avec Colin,
Près d'une jeune Bergère,
Il eſt plus que toi badin.
Lucas, laiſſe, &c.

Ah! que l'Amour eſt à craindre,
Que mon cœur eſt malheureux,
Qu'as-tu, dit-elle, à te plaindre,
Sommes nous trop d'être deux.
Lucas, laiſſe, &c.

Un doux ſommeil prit la Belle,
Elle revoit à Lucas,
Diſant, ſeras-tu fidelle,
Ne chantoit plus que tout bas.
Lucas, laiſſe, &c.

Ce qu'il fit eſt un miſtère,
Les échos n'en diſent rien;
Mais cette aimable Bergère,
Dit encor pour ſon refrain.
Lucas, laiſſe, &c.

LE GLOUTON.

Recit de Baſſe.



PAr - don - nez, chers A-

mis, mon hu-meur ſom-bre &
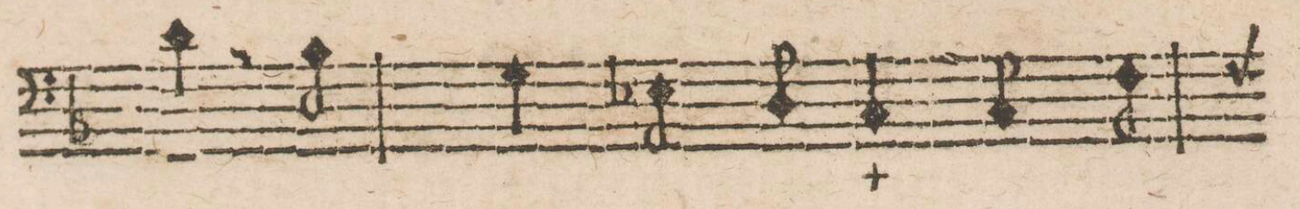
noi- - re, Je ne puis ſans re-

gret voir en - cor tant de
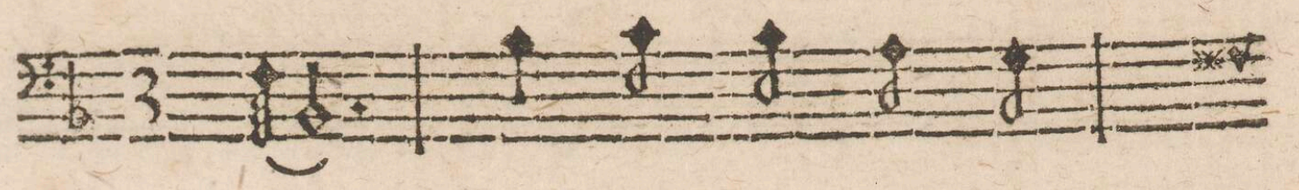
vin, Car j'ai tant bû qu'à for-ces d'ê-tre

plein, Je ne ſau-rois plus boi- - -
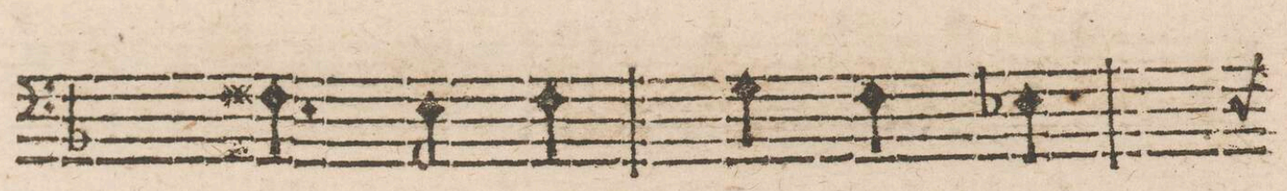
re. Pardonnez cher A-, &c. re. O
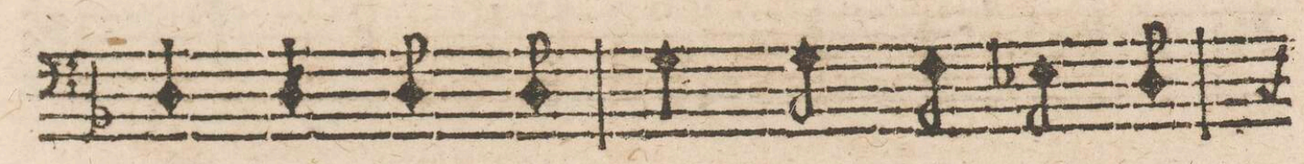


vous, grands Dieux, qui voi-ez mon cha-
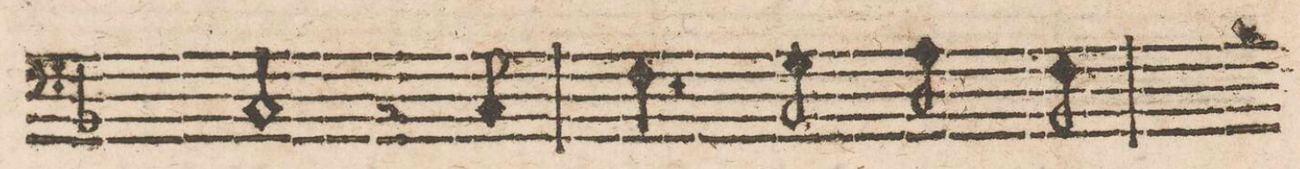


grin, Que ne me don-niez
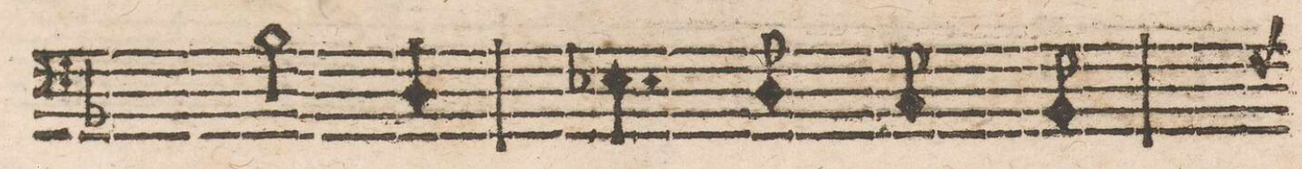


vous un ven-tre de ba-
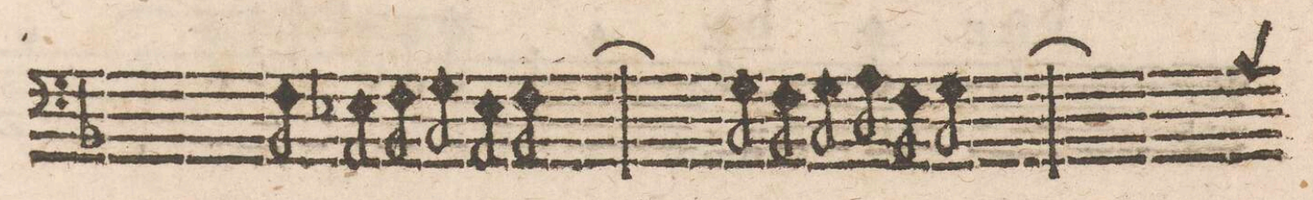


lei-ne, Pour pou-voir, quand je suis en



train, Vui-der à chaque inf-

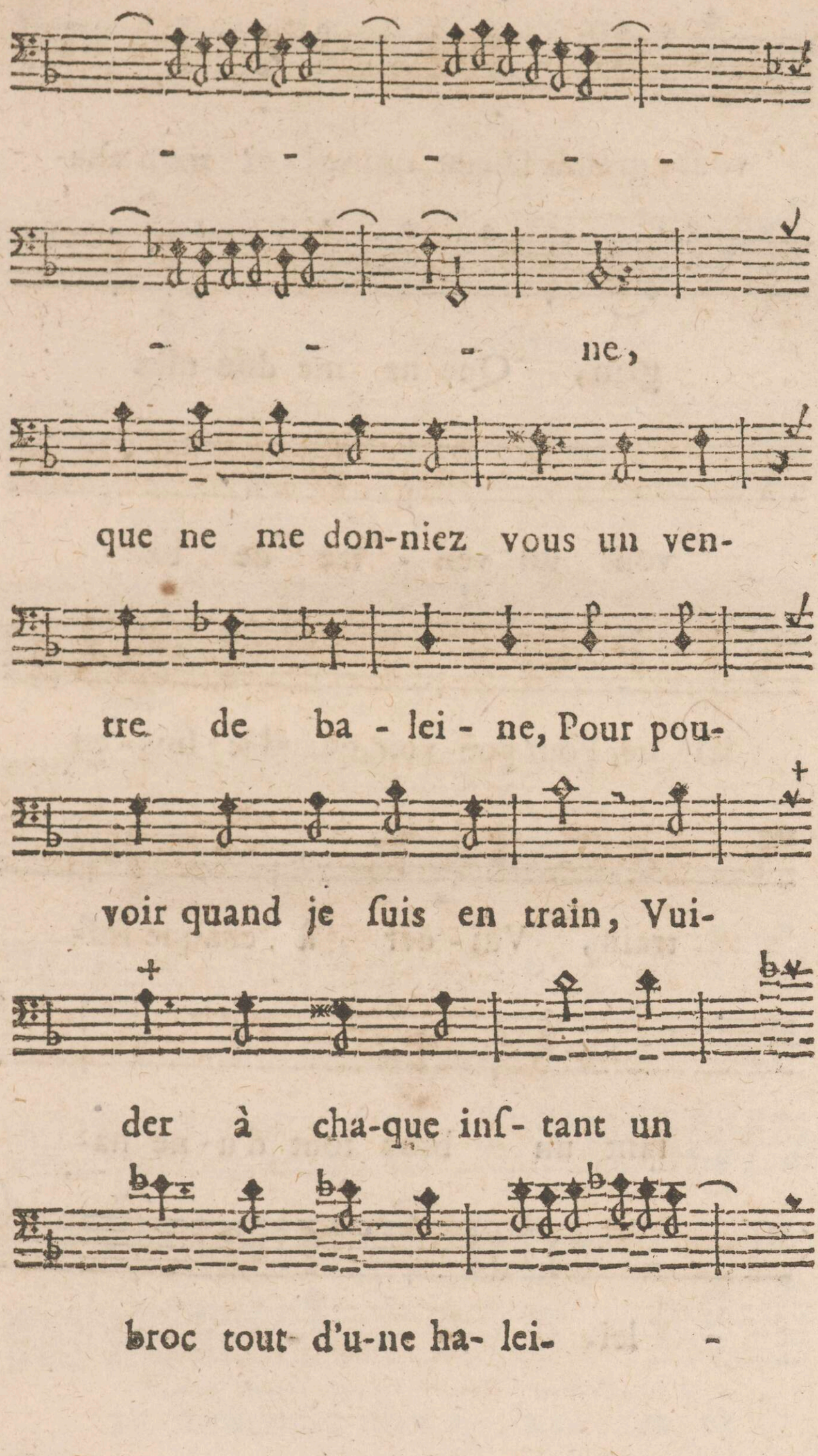


tant un broc tout d'u-ne ha-



lei- - -

me,



- - - - -

- - - ne,
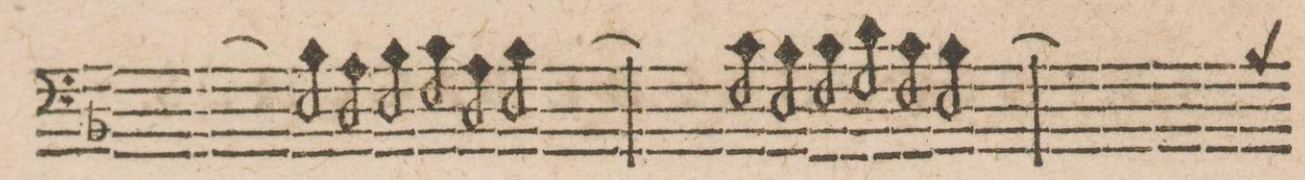
que ne me don-niez vous un ven-
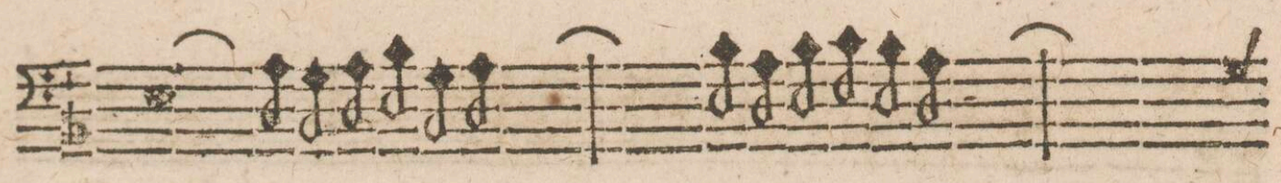
tre de ba - lei - ne, Pour pou-
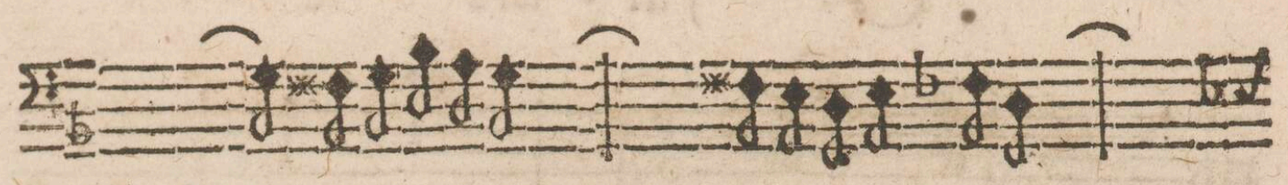
voir quand je ſuis en train, Vui-
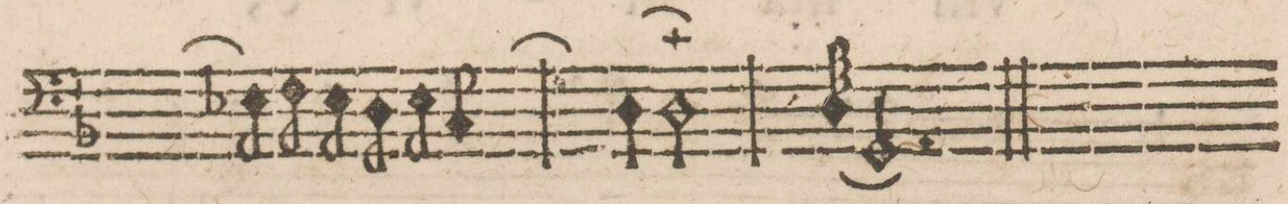
der à cha-que inſ- tant un

broc tout d'u-ne ha- lei- -
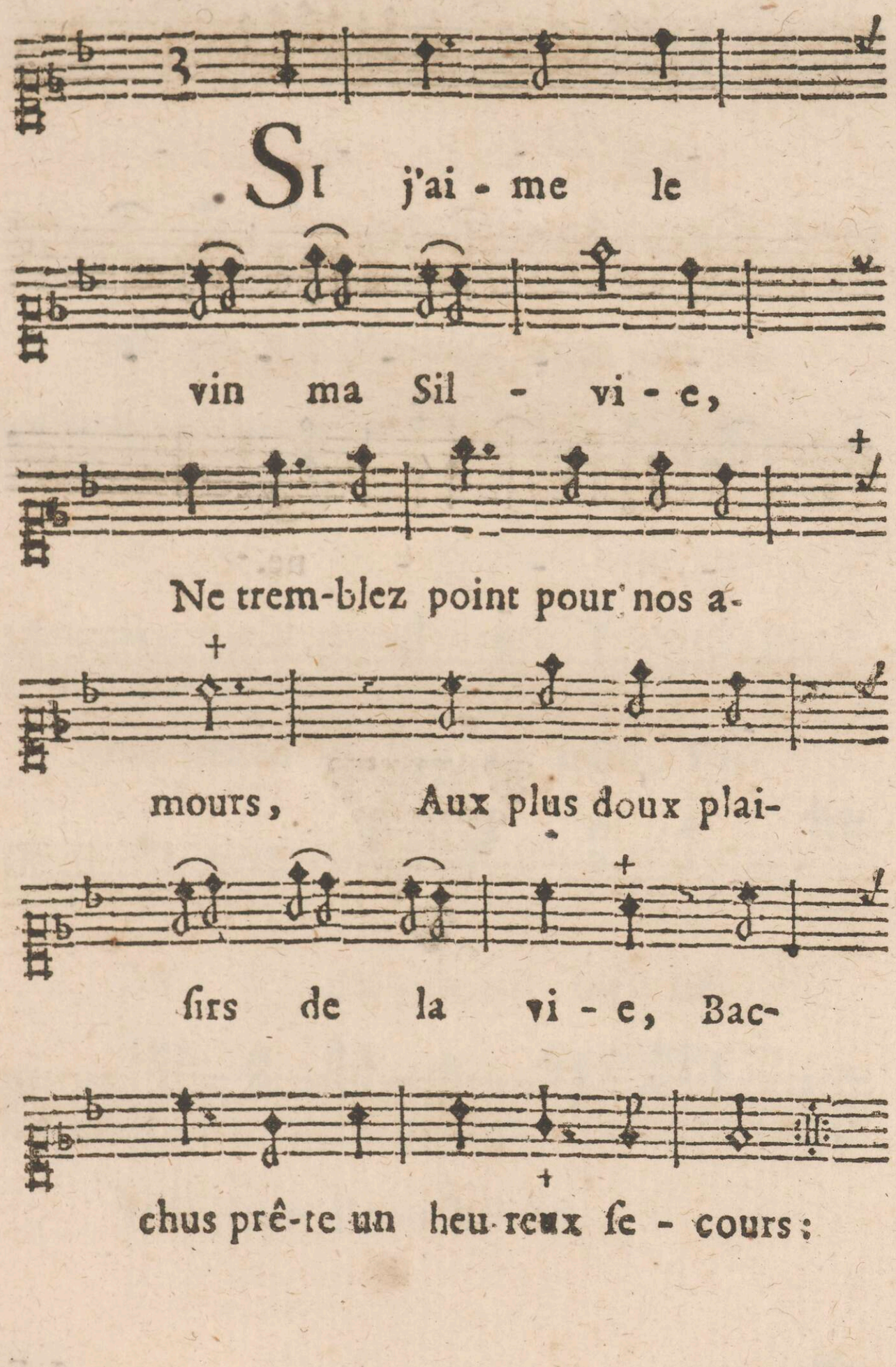








ne.

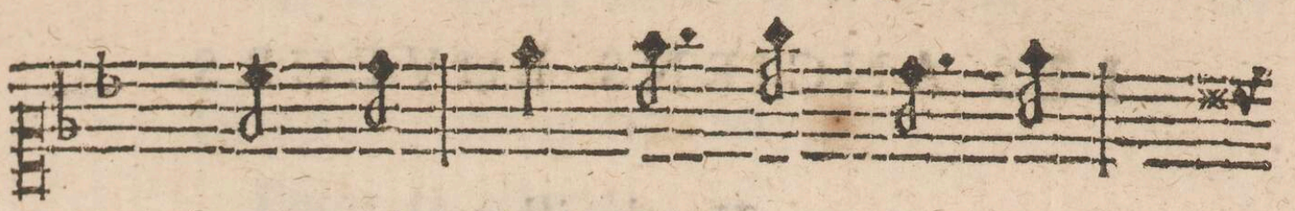
LES

LES SECOURS DE BACCHUS.
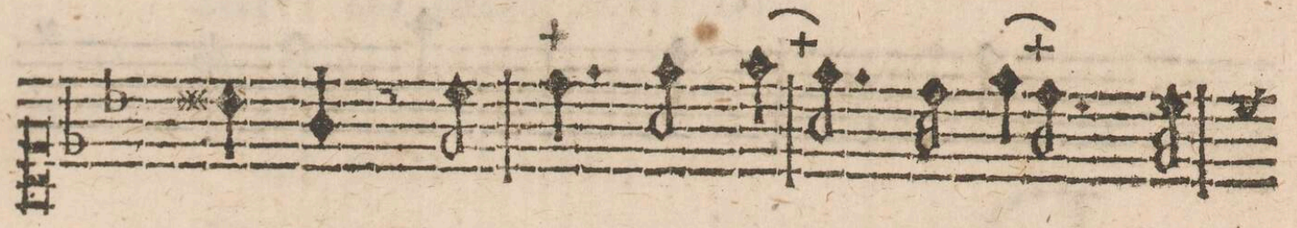
Ariette.
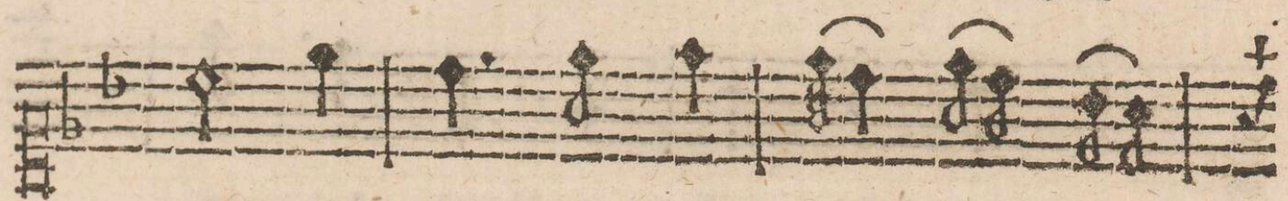


Des



Des ef - fets de ce Jus ai-
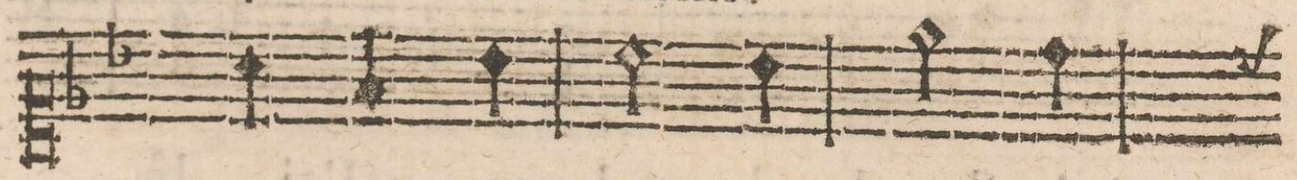


ma- ble, Vo - iez l'a-mour qui s'ap-plau-
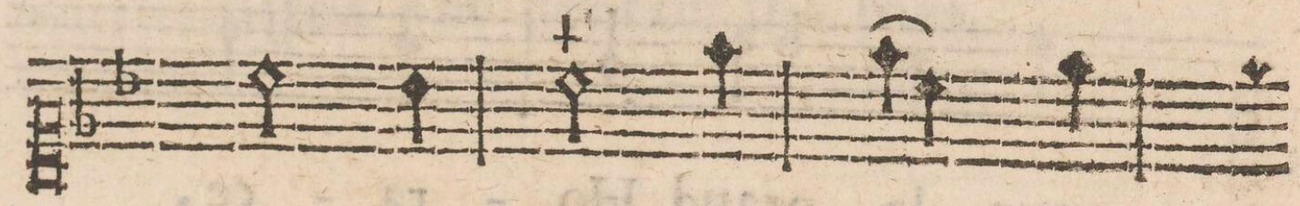


dit: Des coups que j'au - rai bus à
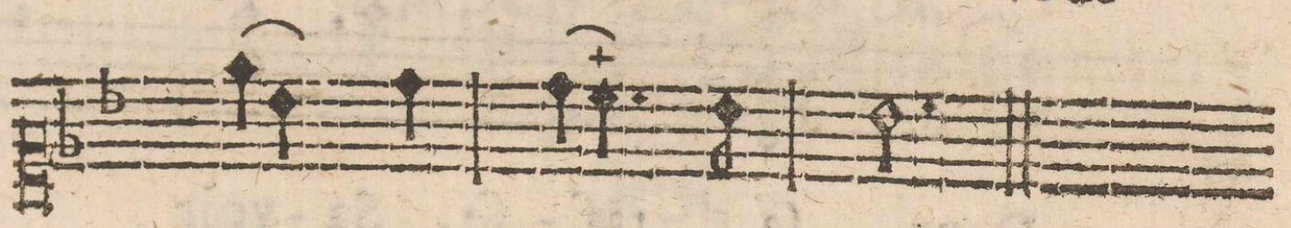
Tendrement.



ta- ble, Il ne vous fe - ra
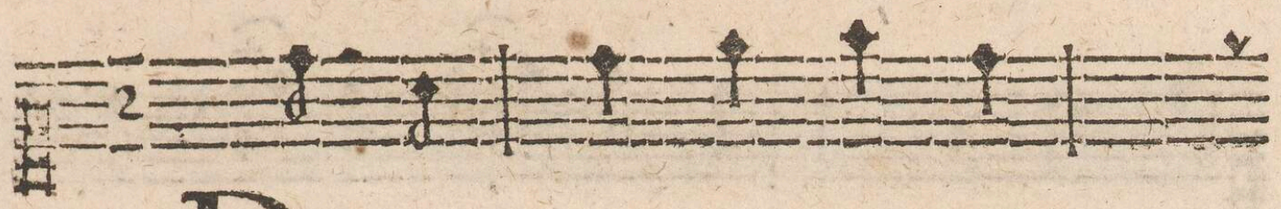


pas cré - dit, Il ne vous
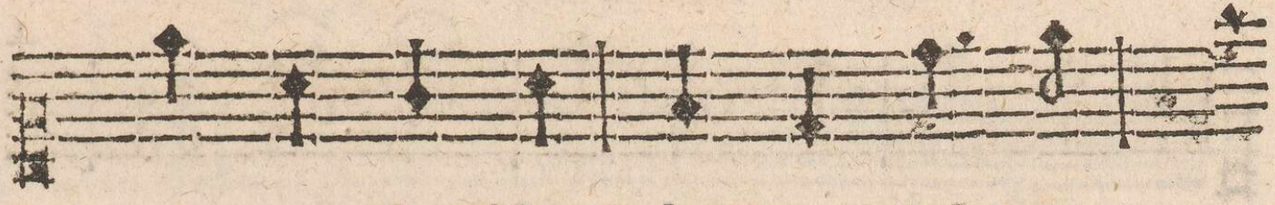


fe - ra pas cré - dit.

LES ANCIENS BUVEURS.
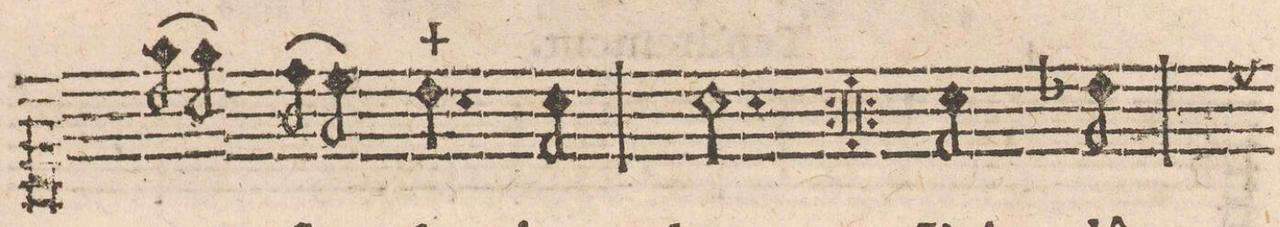
Vaudeville.



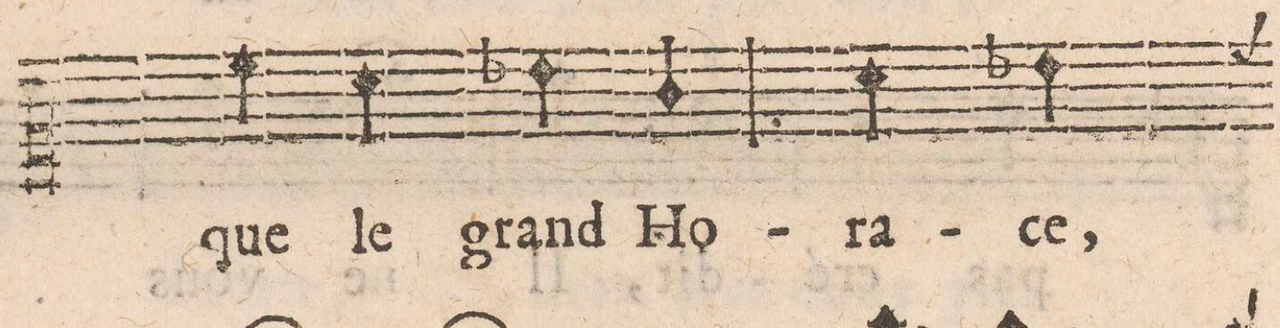
Du re - vers le plus é-
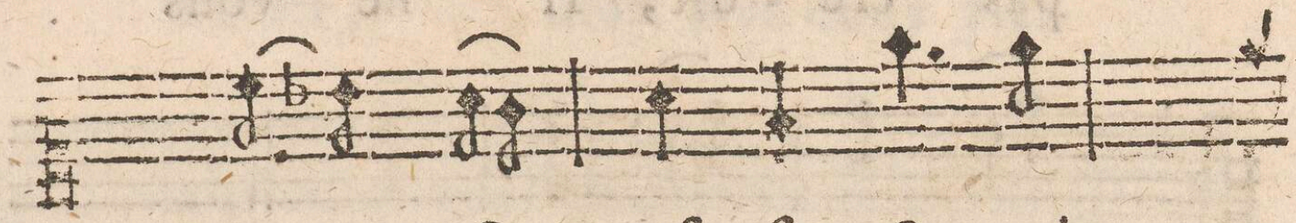


tran - ge, La Ven - dan - ge Sait ap-
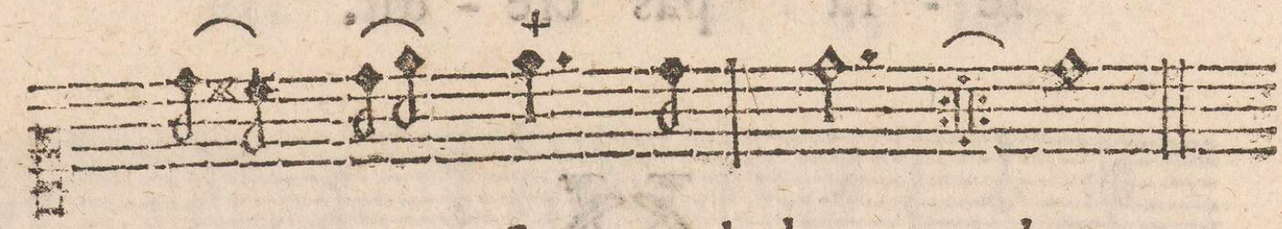


pai - ſer la dou - leur: J'ai lû



que le grand Ho - ra - ce,



Dans ſa taſ - ſe, Sa - voit
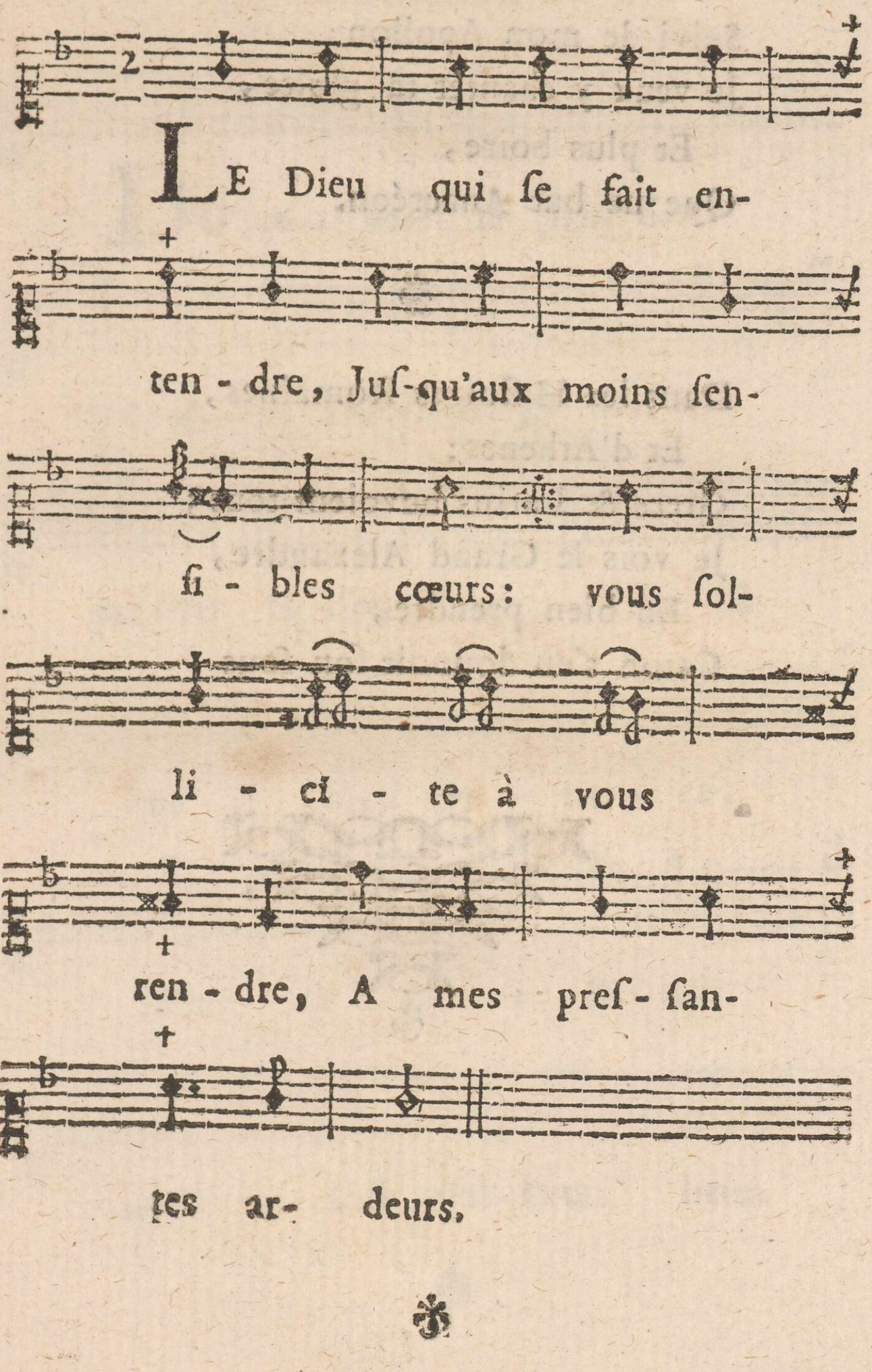


noï - er ſon mal - heur. heur,

Bacchus, mon ami insigne,
Dans ta vigne,
Suivi de mon Apollon;
Je veux y chanter ta gloire,
Et plus boire,
Que ne but Anacréon.

Dans les Histoires Romaines,
Et d'Athenes;
Grecs & Latins buvoient tous;
Je vois le Grand Alexandre,
En bien prendre,
Caton s'en donnoit son sous.

EXHORTATION.
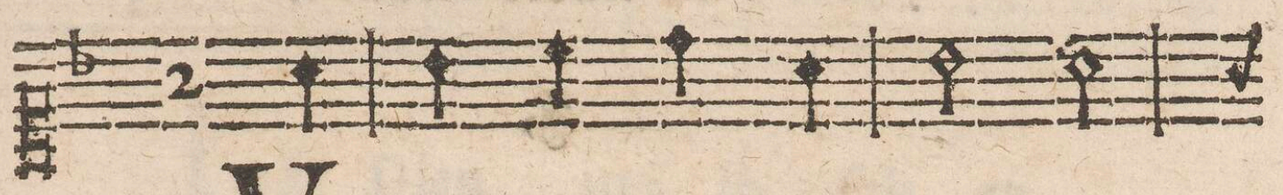


Iris, ſoiez moins cruelle,
Vous, dit-il, à tout moment,
Vous en paroitrez plus belle,
Aux yeux d'un fidèle Amant.

D'une maxime ſi ſage,
Profitez mieux, chère Iris;
Vos attraits, votre jeune âge,
Vous ſont donnez à ce prix.
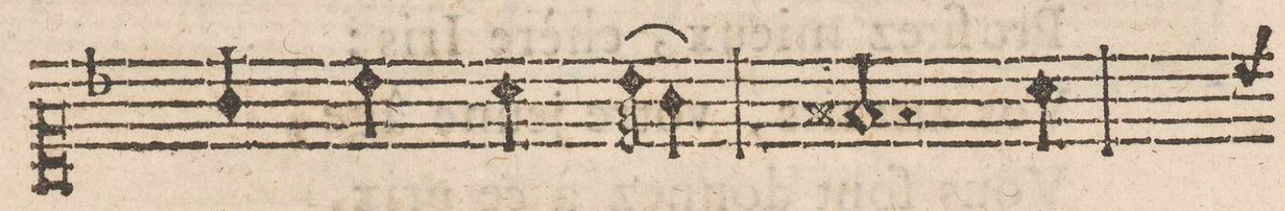
Et que pourriez vous mieux faire,
Que de bruler & charmer,
La beauté n'eſt que pour plaire,
Le cœur n'eſt que pour aimer.

LA NUIT.
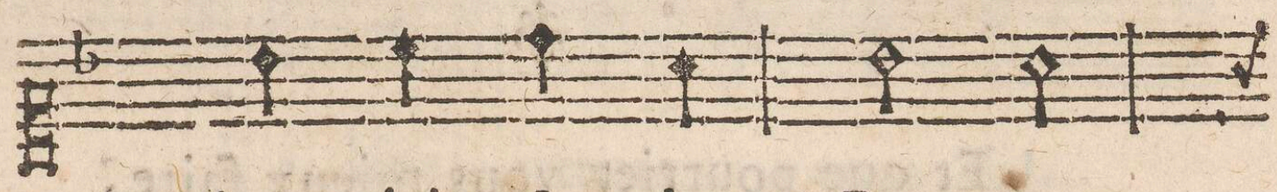
Chanſon à danſer.
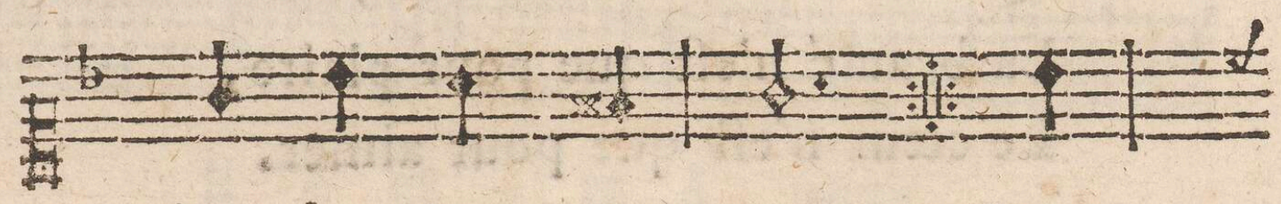


VE-nez & Blonde & Bru - ne,
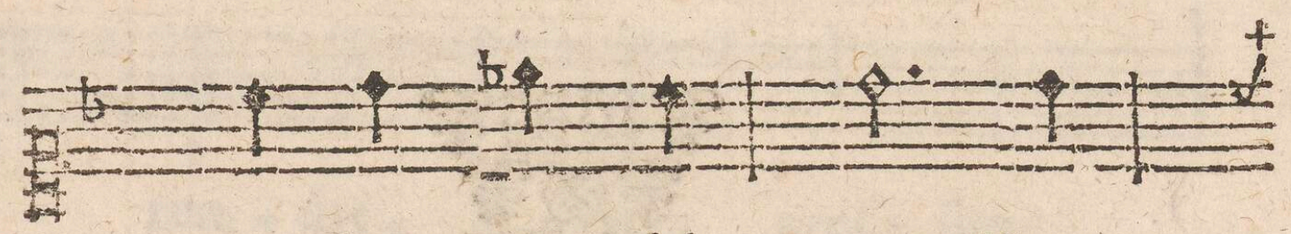


Ac - cou - rez au Cours, Au



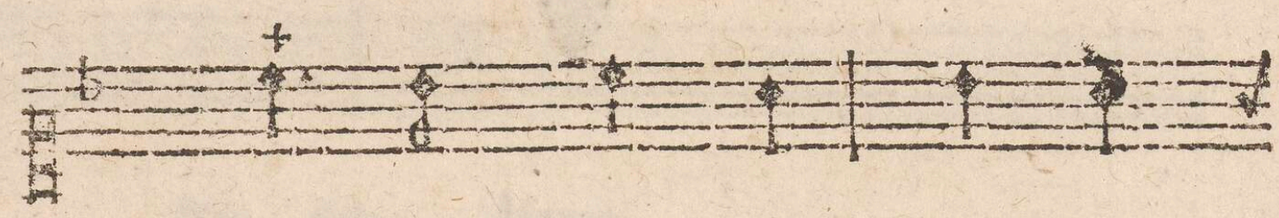
beau clair de la Lu - ne,



cher-cher les A- mours: Dans

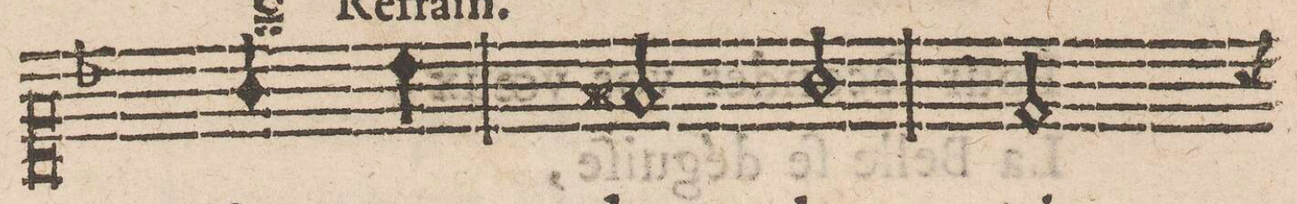


ces char-mans dé - tours, Vous
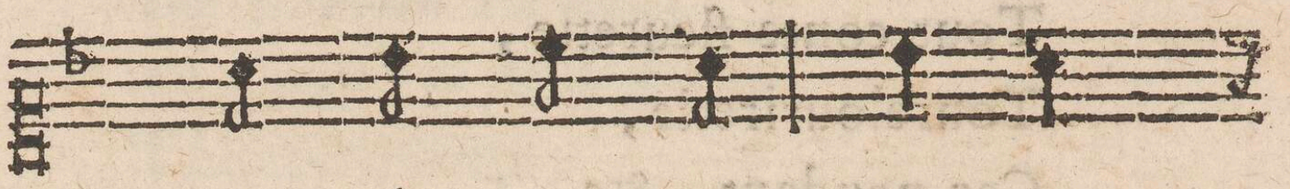


trou - ve - rez for - tu - ne;
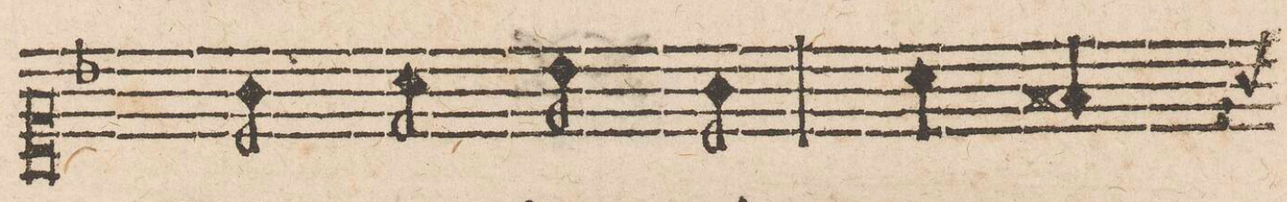
Car



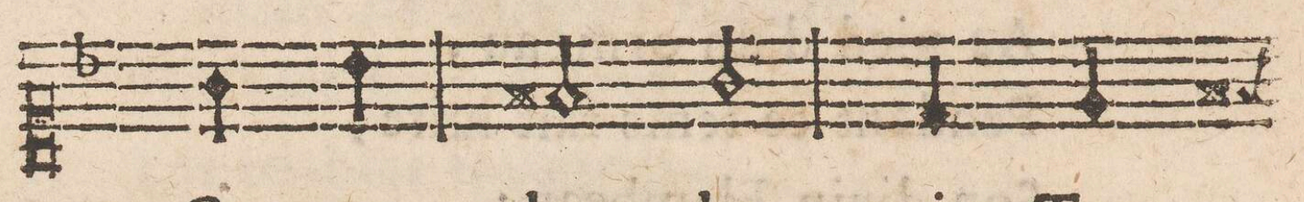
Car pen - dant les nuits,
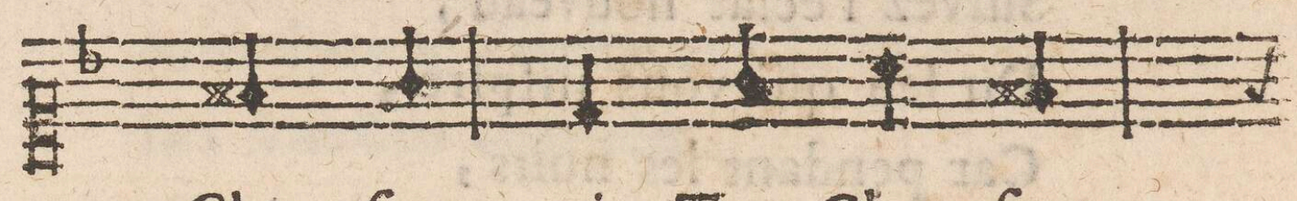


Tout rit, tout co - quet - te,
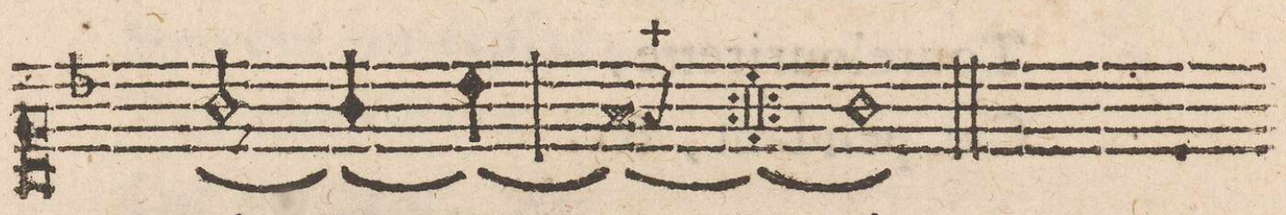


Tou - re - lou - ri - ret - te,



Car pen - dant les nuits, Tous



Chats ſont gris, Tout Chats ſont



gris. Car pen- &c. gris.

L'Ombre vous favoriſe,
Jeunes amoureux,
Amenez en remiſe,
L'objet de vos feux,

Pour ſeconder vos vœux,
La Belle ſe déguiſe,
Car pendant les nuits,
Tout conte fleurette,
Tourelourirette,
Car pendant, &c.

L'Amour pour vous conduire,
Au pied d'un ormeau,
Pendant ce tems fait luire,
Son divin Flambeau:
Suivez l'éclat nouveau,
Du feu qui vous inſpire,
Car pendant les nuits,
Tout dit en cachette;
Tourelourirette,
Car pendant, &c.

En contant votre flamme;
Surtout prenez ſoin,
Que le flambeau n'enflamme,
La botte de foin:

BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH

Redoutez près & loin,
Votre jalouſe Femme;
Car pendant les nuits,
Au Cours on vous guette,
Tourelourirette,
Car pendant, &c.

Dans les champs Eliſées,
On voit deux à deux,
Les ombres fortunées,
Des Amans heureux,
Attendons y comme eux,
Les fraiches matinées,
Car pendant les nuits,
Souvent on repète,
Tourelourirette,
Car pendant, &c.

Venez jeune Griſette,
Sans ajuſtement,
Vous pourrez faire emplette,
D'un nouvel Amant,

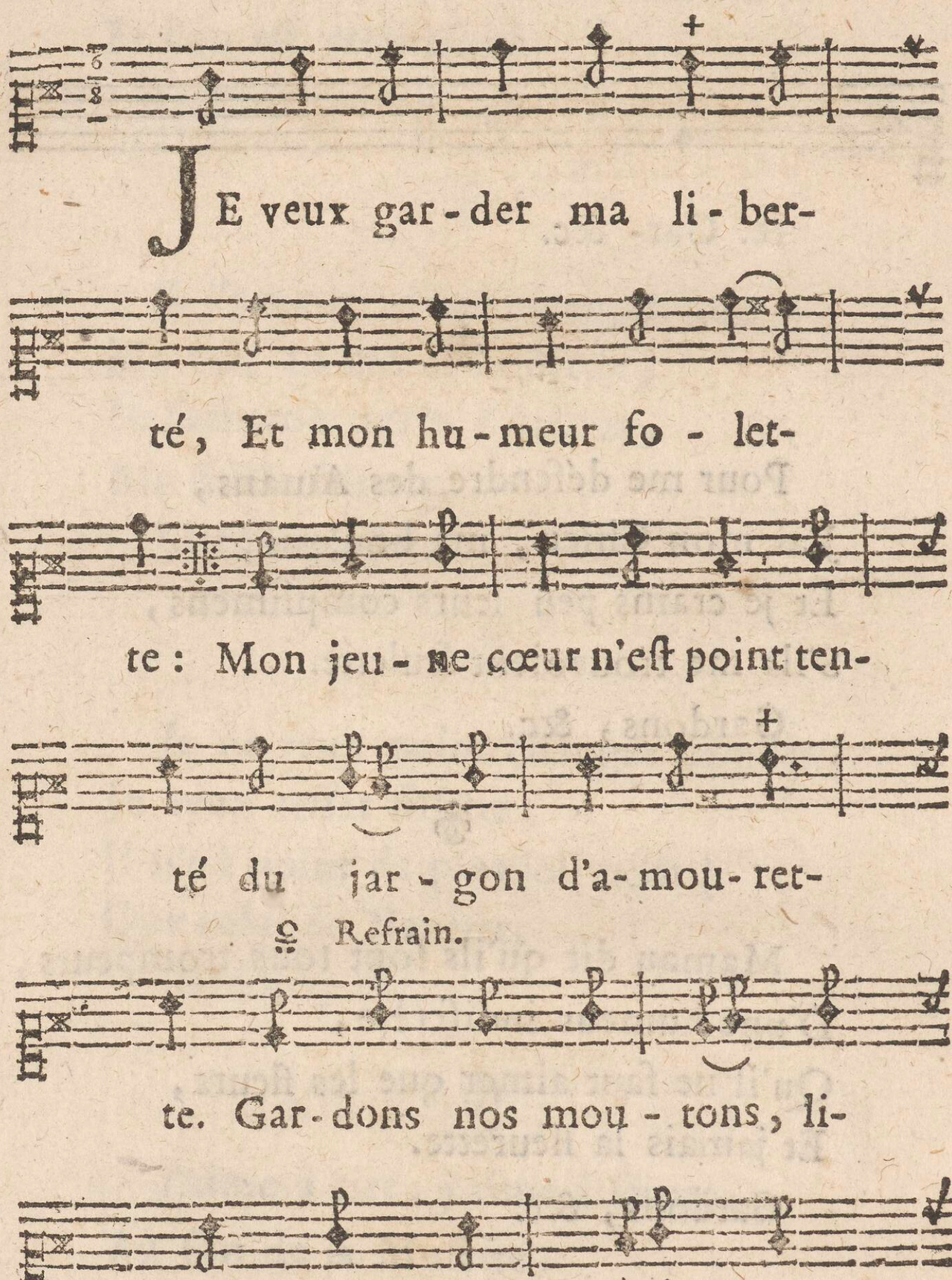
Apportez ſeulement,
Votre ſombre Cornette,
Car pendant les nuits,
Tout à l'avenglette,
Tourelourirette,
Car pendant, &c.
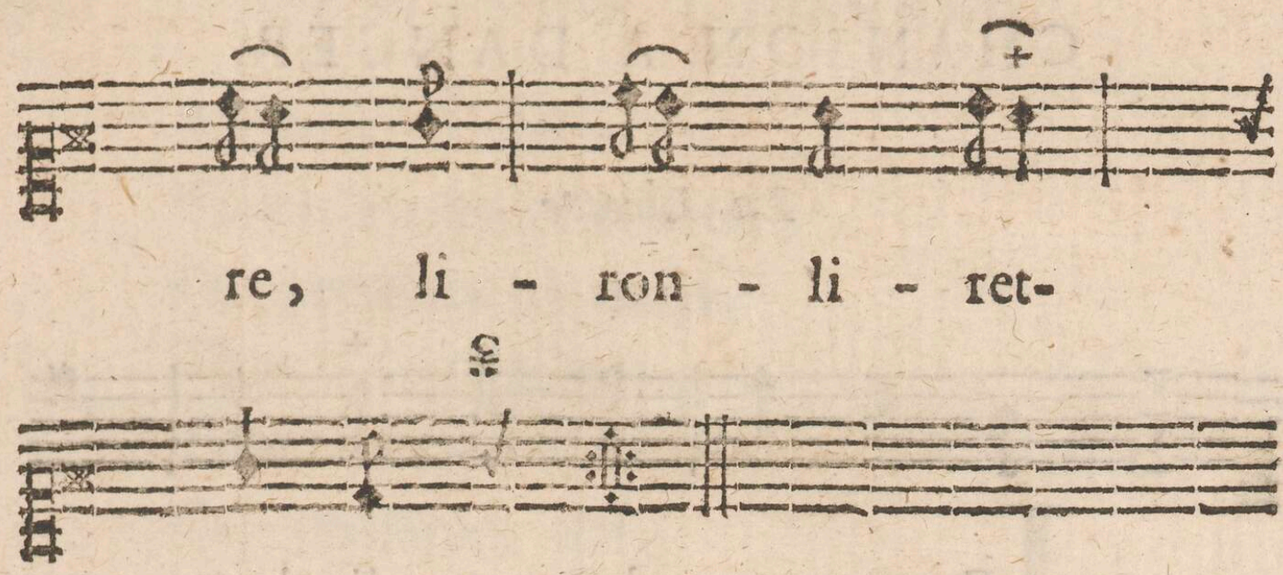
Venez vieille Coquette,
Antique beauté,
Ecouter la fleurette,
Dans l'obſcurité:
L'importune clarté,
Vous rend toute défaite;
Mais pendant les nuits,
La vieille eſt jeunette,
Tourelourirette,
Mais pendant, &c.

CHAN-

CHANSON A DANCER.

La Lirette.





re, li - ron - li - ret-

te. Gar- &c.

Pour me défendre des Amans,
J'ai mon Chien, ma houlette,
Et je crains peu leurs complimens,
S'ils me trouvoient ſeulette.
Gardons, &c.

Maman dit qu'ils ſont tous trompeurs,
D'une humeur indiſcrète,
Qu'il ne faut aimer que les fleurs,
Et jamais la fleurette.
Gardons, &c.

Quand

Quand on laiſſe engager ſon cœur,
On eſt trop inquiète,
L'on perd toute ſa bonne humeur,
Et l'on eſt contrefaite.
Gardons, &c.

Si l'amour venoit quelque jour
Me voir en ma chambrette,
Je lâcherois après l'Amour,
Ma fidèle Lirette.
Gardons, &c.

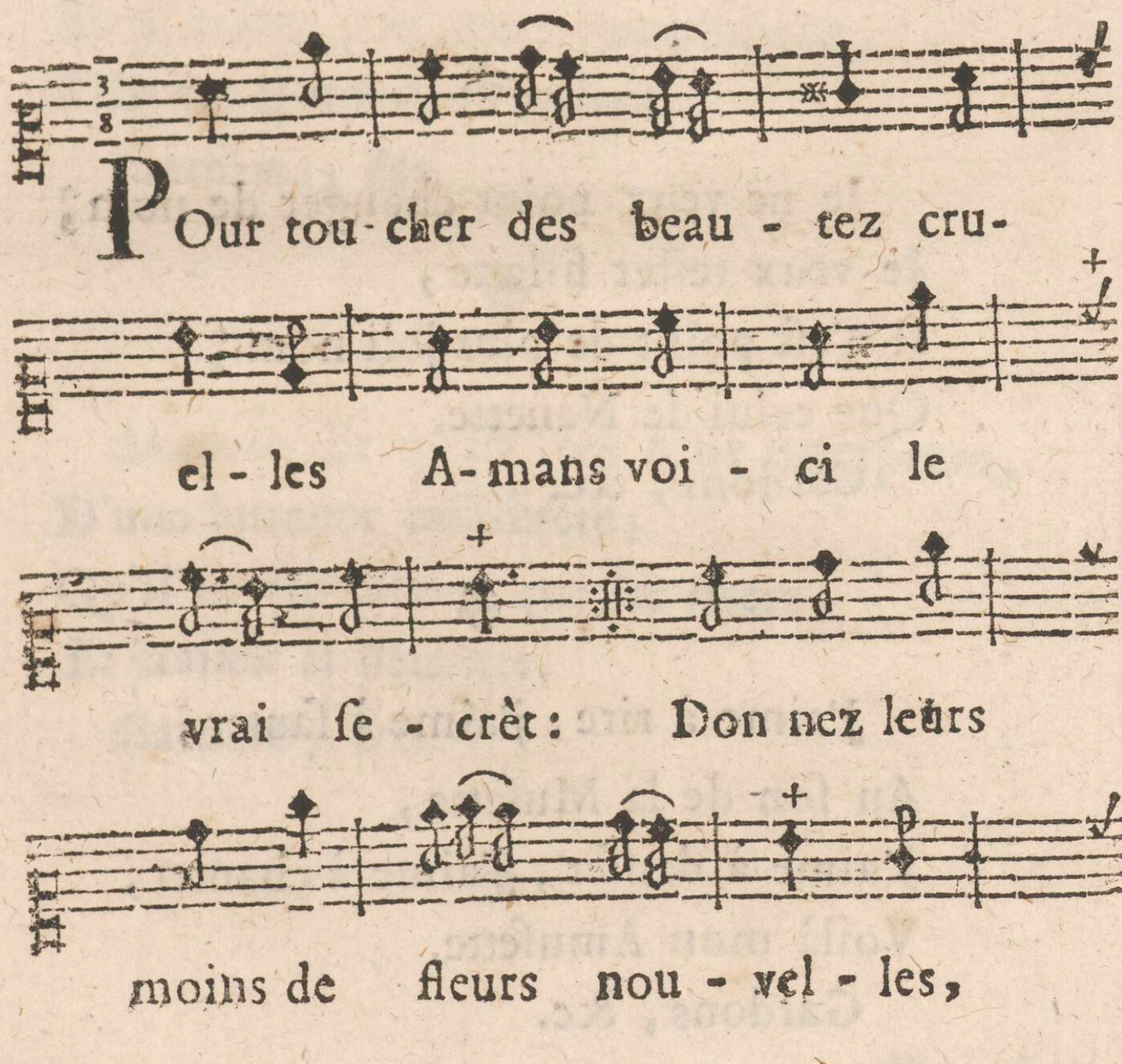
Je ne veux point changer de nom;
Je veux teſter fillette,
Il n'eſt point de plus joli nom;
Que celui de Nanette.
Gardons, &c.

J'aime à rire, j'aime à ſauter;
Au ſon de la Muſette,
J'aime à danſer, j'aime à chanter;
Voilà mon Amuſette.
Gardons, &c.
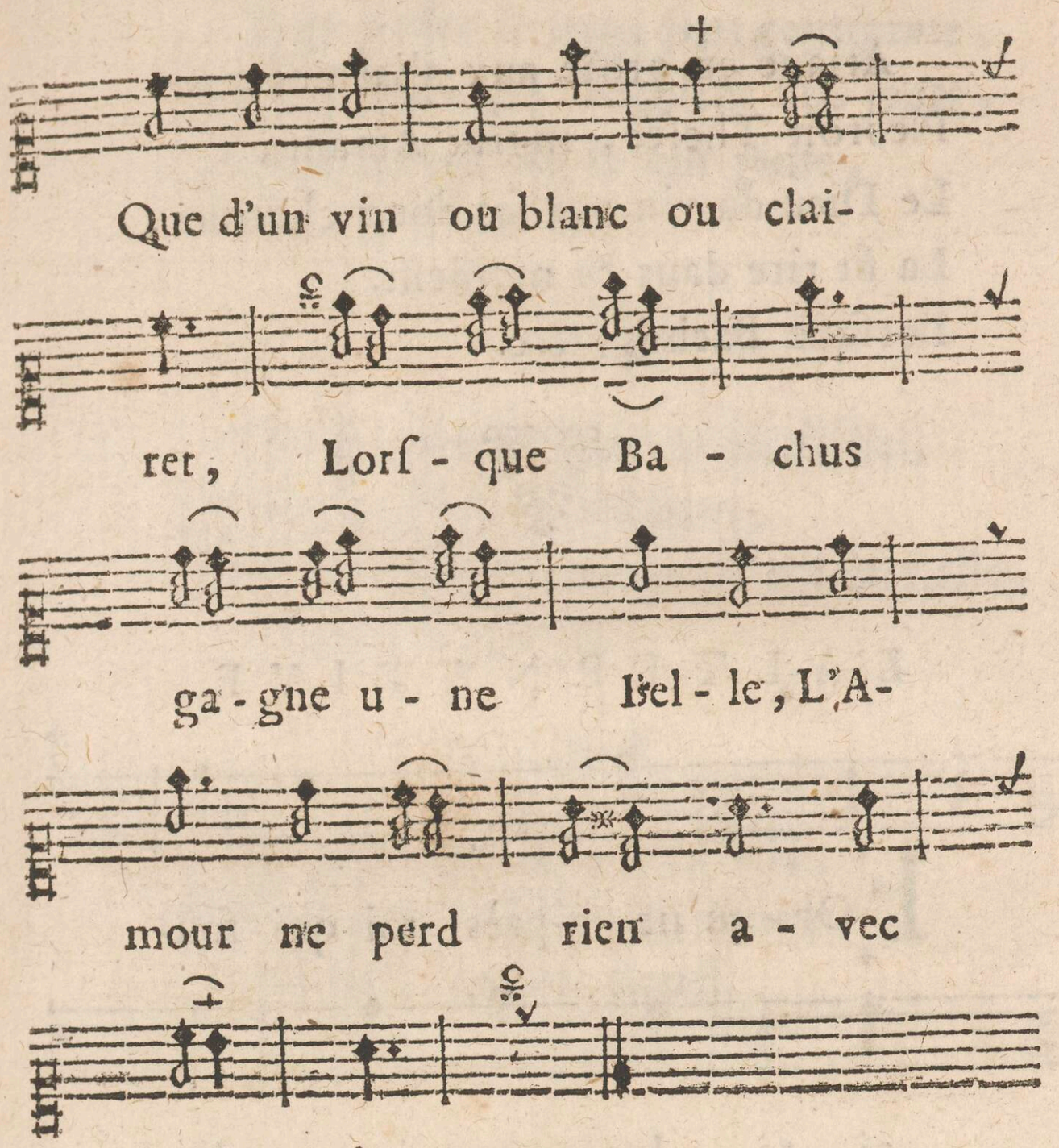
C'eſt ainſi que préſentement,
Parle la jeune Annette,
Elle dira tout autrement,
Un peu plus grandelette,
Garde mes moutons, &c.

BACHUS VAINQUEUR.

Air à boire.
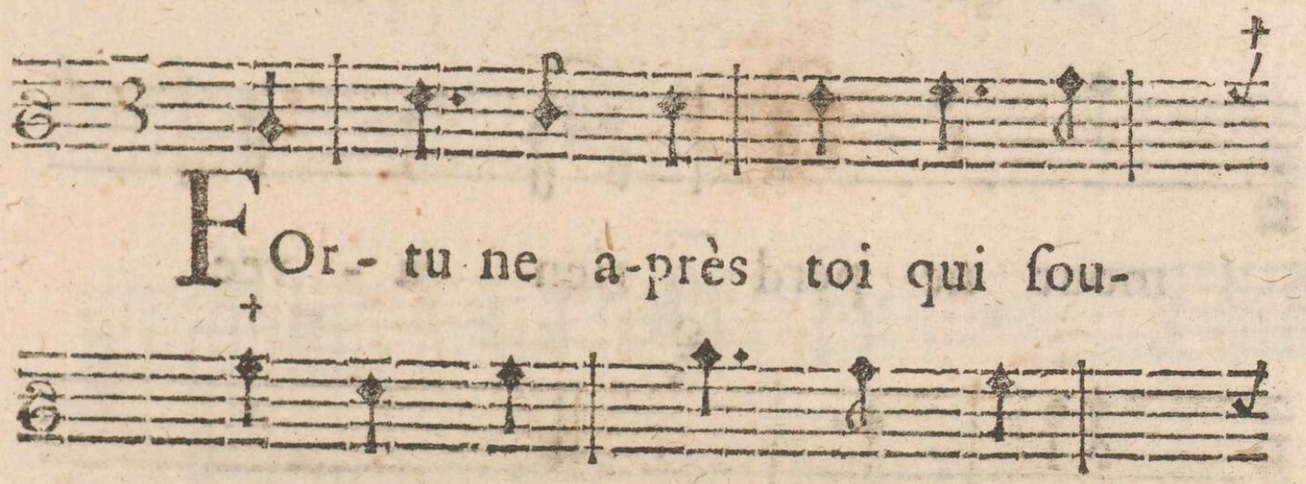


Quand



Celimene jeune & ſévère,
Fuïoit un baiſer autrefois,
Tircis fait boire le Bergère,
Et pour un il en reçut trois.
Lorſque Bachus, &c.

Ariane en proïe aux allarmes,
Pleuroit Theſée, ingrat Amant,
Le Dieu du vin par ſes doux charmes,
La fit rire dans ce moment.
Lorſque Bachus, &c.

L'ALTERNATIVE.



Pour

Pour paſſer le tems ſans contrainte,
Et ſans ſoins qui troublent nos jours,
Je ne veux qu'Iris & ma pinte,
Chacun à ſon tour.

Quand ma Bergère m'eſt fidèle,
Je jure de l'aimer toûjours,
Mais je dis, en changeant comme elle,
Chacun à ſon tour.
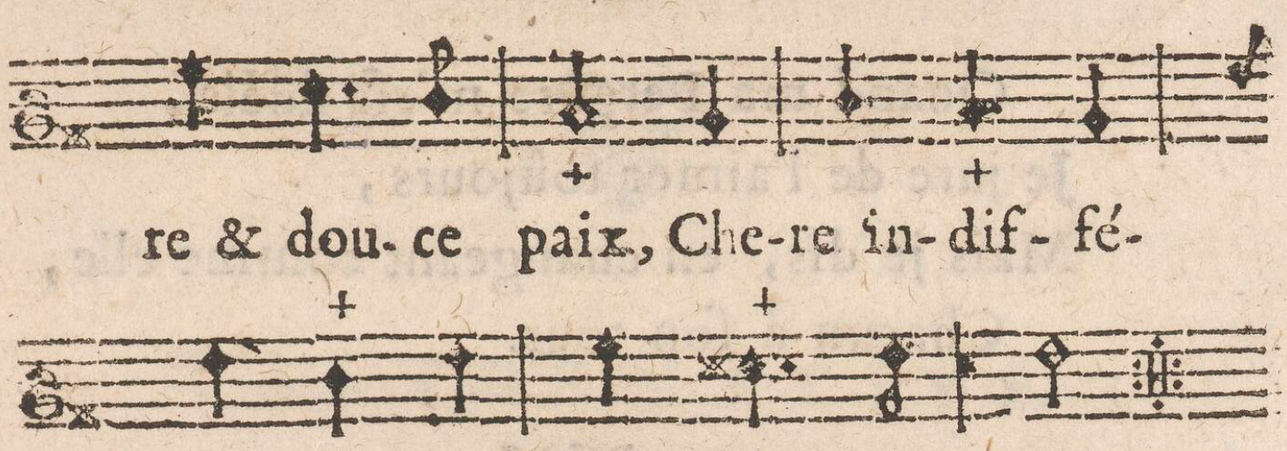
Jeune beauté à la tendreſſe,
On ne peut réſiſter toûjours,
Et malgré l'auſtère ſageſſe,
Chacun à ſon tour.

Au tems de l'aimable jeuneſſe,
On chérit les tendres Amours,
Plus tard on dit que c'eſt foibleſſe,
Chacun à ſon tour.

L'AMOUR INQUIET.



HEu-reu-ſe in-no-cen-ce, Pu-



re & dou-ce paix, Che-re in-dif-fé-

ren-ce, Où ſont vos at-traits:

En vain par mes lar-mes,

Mon cœur nuit & jour, Rap-

pel-le vos char-mes, Per-

dus ſans re-tour! tour!

Près

Près d'une fontaine,
Deſſus les ormeaux,
Je laiſſe en la plaine,
Garder mon troupeau.
Et toujours ſuivie,
D'innocens plaiſirs,
Je paſſe ma vie,
Dans l'heureux loiſir.

Fatale journée,
Funeſte moment,
Où la Deſtinée,
M'offrit un Amant.
J'eus beau me défendre,
Pour ſauver mon cœur,
Mon Berger eſt tendre,
L'Amour fut vainqueur.

Un loup par la fuite,
Evita la mort,
Que n'ai je à ſa ſuite,
Hazardé mon ſort:

J'avois plus à craindre,
Avec ce Berger,
Ah! qu'on eſt à plaindre,
Seule en un verger.

D'un air tout de flamme,
Tircis vint à moi,
Dès lors dans mon ame,
Je ſentis l'éfroi,
Mais trop indiſcrète,
Quand je le vis mieux,
Je lûs ma défaite,
Ecrite en ſes yeux.

Ma vertu rigide,
En vain reſiſta,
Sa bouche perfide,
Me déconforta:
Je lui parus belle,
Il ſçût m'enflammer,
Le croïant fidèle,
J'oſai l'écouter.

AUTRE

Sur le même Air.

Aſſis ſur l'herbette,
Tircis l'autre jour,
Deſſus ſa muſette,
Chantoit ſon amour;
Cruelle Bergère,
Qui ſait tout charmer,
Pourquoi ſais tu plaire,
Sans ſavoir aimer.

Depuis que tes charmes,
Ont ravi mon cœur,
Je vis en allarmes,
Je tombe en langueur;
Cruelle Bergère,
Qui ſait tout charmer,
Pourquoi ſais tu plaire,
Sans ſavoir aimer.

Vois-tu dans la plaine,
Mon troupeau couché,
Qui reſſent la peine,
Dont je ſuis touché;
Cruelle Bergère,
Qui ſait tout charmer,
Pourquoi ſais tu plaire,
Sans ſavoir aimer.

Quand ſur ma Muſette,
Je forme des ſons,
Le Nom de Nanette,
Eſt dans mes Chanchons;
Cruelle Bergère,
Qui ſait tout charmer,
Pourquoi ſais tu plaire,
Sans ſavoir aimer.

Tant que ma Conſtance,
N'a ſçû te dompter,
Ton indifférence,
N'a fait qu'augmenter;

Cruelle Bergère,
Qui ſait tout charmer,
Pourquoi ſais tu plaire,
Sans ſavoir aimer.
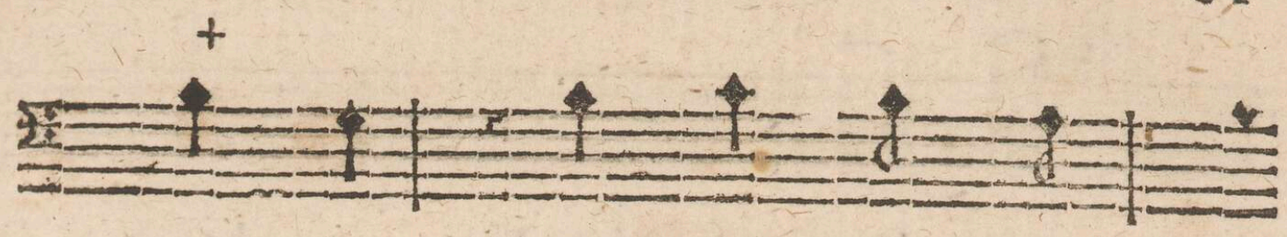
Dedans ce Boccage,
Eſt-il un Berger,
Qui ſoit moins volage,
Qui ſoit moins leger?
Cruelle Bergère,
Qui ſait tout charmer,
Pourquoi ſais tu plaire,
Sans ſavoir aimer.

Mais lorſque, Nanette,
Ton cœur changera,
Alors ma Muſette,
Sans ceſſe dira,
Aimable Bergère,
Qui m'as ſçû charmer,
Tu ſais plus que plaire,
Car tu ſais aimer.
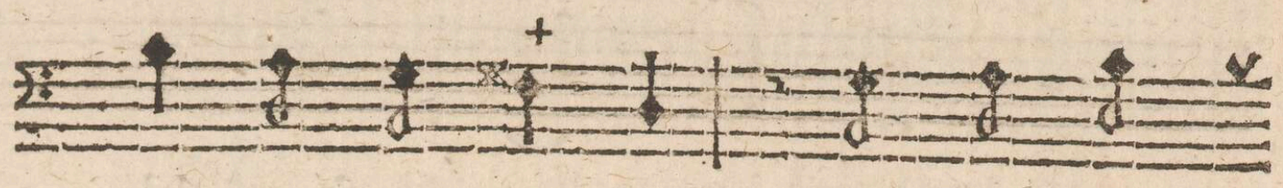
Au bord du Rivage,
Nous jouërons tous deux,
Je t'offre pour gage,
Mes plus tendres feux ;
Aimable Bergère,
Qui m'as ſçu charmer,
Tu ſais plus que plaire,
Car tu ſais aimer.

LES AVANTAGES DU VIN.
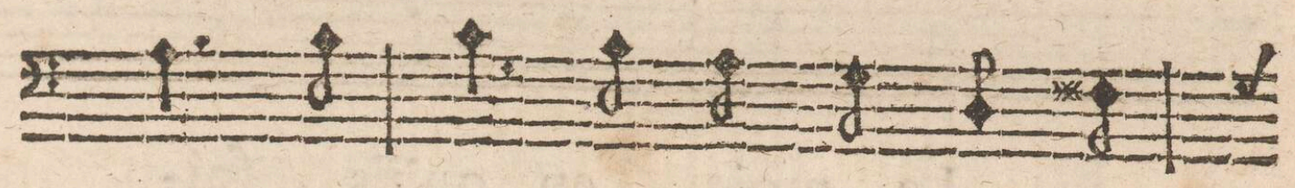




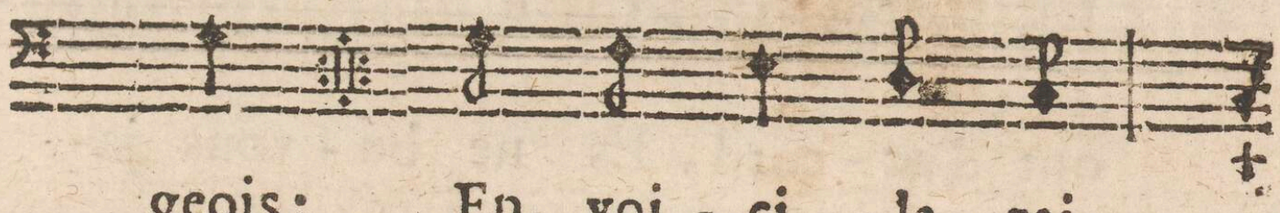
cro - che, Mor - gue-ne en - tre
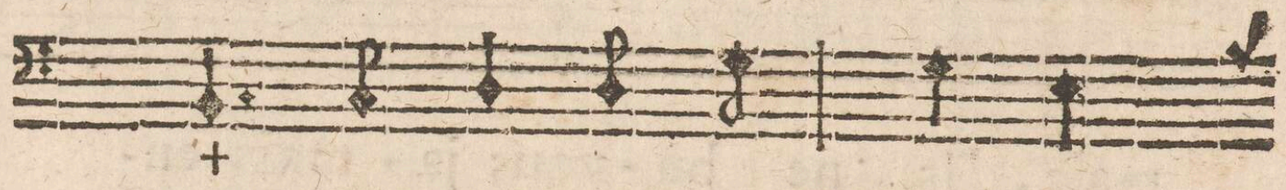


nous ſans re - pro - che Je vi - vons
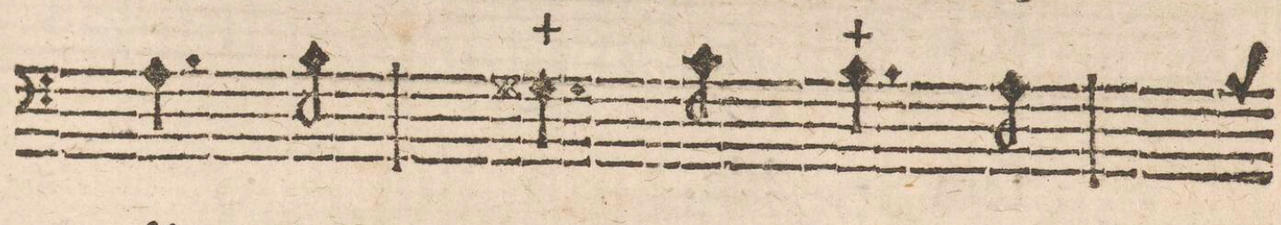


mieux d'ac-cords nous au - tres Vil - la-



geois: En voi - ci la rai-
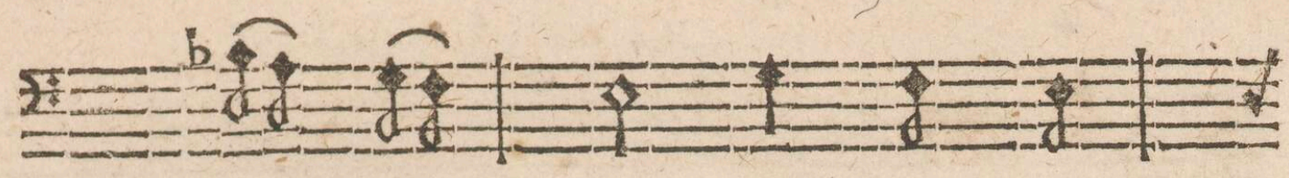


ſon, me ſem-ble, Lui ré - pon-
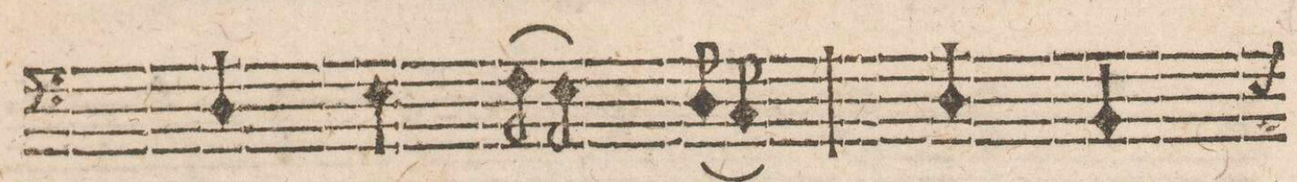


dit Gre - goi - re en eſ- prit
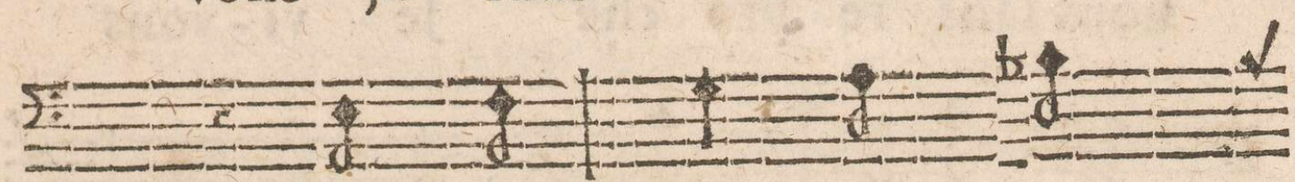


fort; Le moi - en qu'ils ſoi-
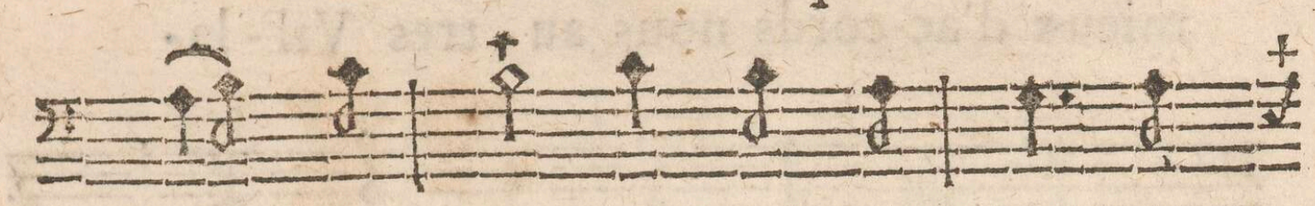


ont d'ac - cord, Ils ne bu-
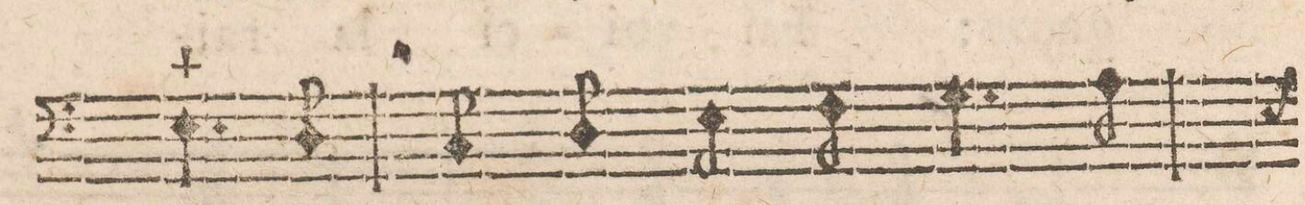


vons ja - mais en - ſem - ble



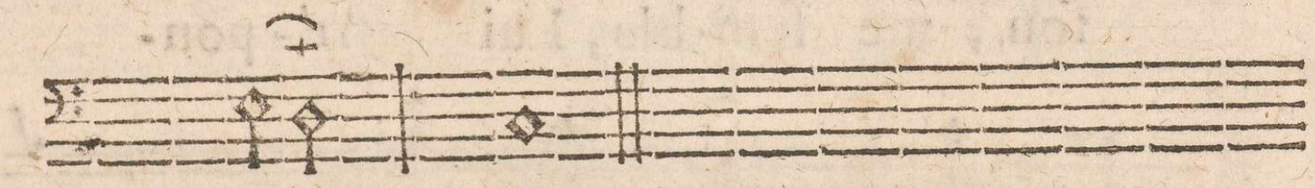
Le moi- en qu'ils ſoi-



ont d'ac - cord, Ils ne bu - vons ja-
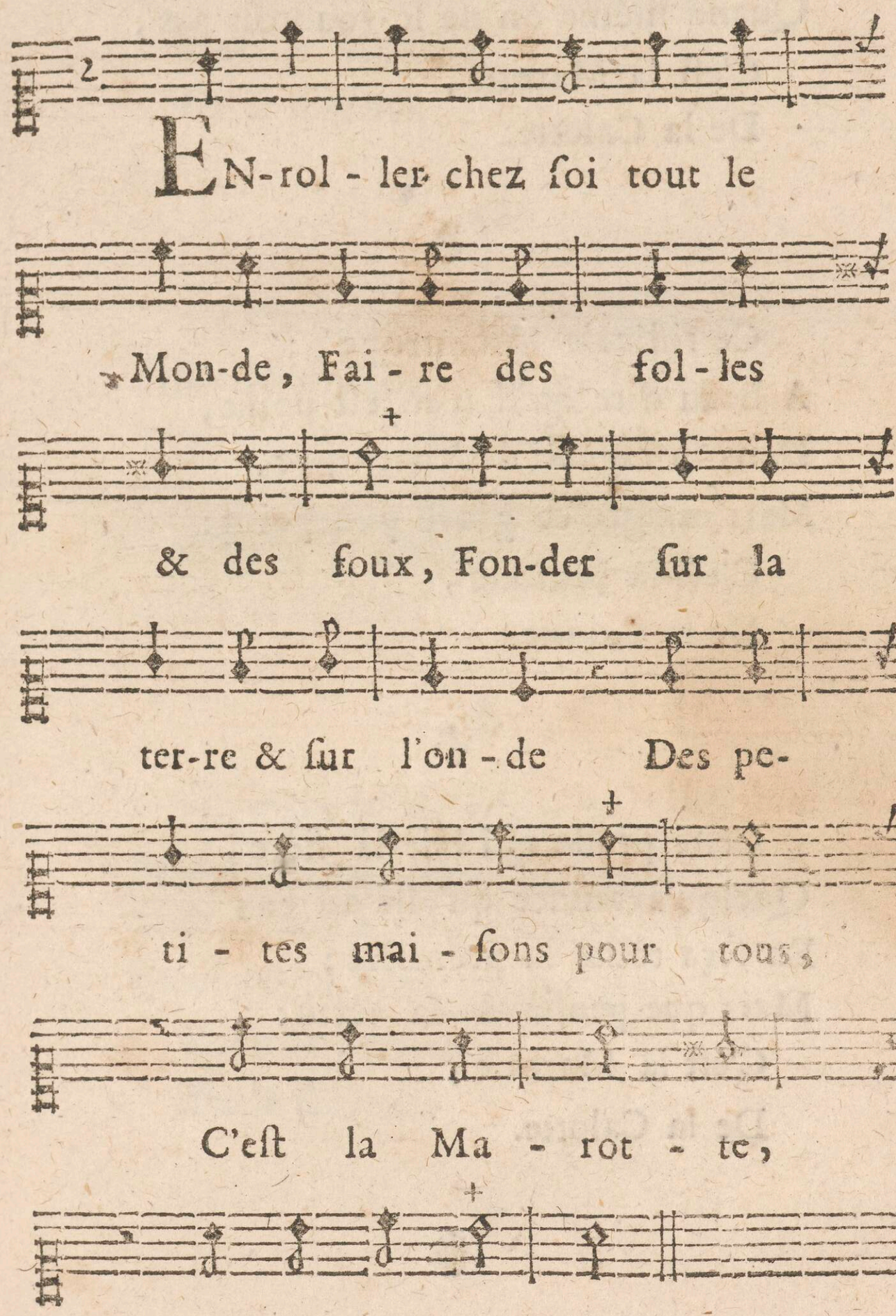


mais, Ils ne bu - vons ja - mais en-



ſem - ble.

LES CALOTINS.

Couplets.



Que chacun coure y prendre place,
La Confrerie a des appas ;
Il faut en être, quoiqu'on faſſe,
Quand même on ne le voudroit pas,
C'eſt la Marotte,
De la Calotte.

Ce ridicule Miſantrope,
A beau dire qu'il n'en eſt point,
Dans ſa ſageſſe il s'enveloppe,
Mais malgré ce grave pourpoint :
C'eſt la Marotte,
De la Calotte.

Cette prude qui fait la fière,
Quelqu'avanture qu'elle ait eu,
En ſera toute la prémière ;
Mais que penſer de ſa vertu :
C'eſt la Marotte,
De la Calotte.

Pour la coquette peu ſauvage,
Qui marche dans un entonnoir,
Quand elle plaſtre ſon viſage,
Que voit-elle dans ſon miroir;
C'eſt la Marotte,
De la Calotte.

Un Courtiſan plein de droiture,
Plein de droiture à ce qu'il dit,
Peint ſes amis en miniature,
Puis les careſſe & leur ſourit,
C'eſt la Marotte,
De la Calotte.
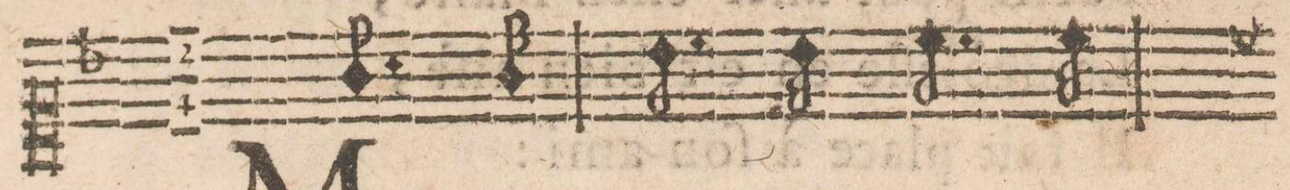
Un Calotin du Mont-Parnaſſe,
Penſe charmer tout l'univers;
Il ſe mèt à coté d'Horace,
Quel eſt le deſtin de ſes vers:
C'eſt la Marotte,
De la Calotte.

Tel qui dans la comique ſcène,
A fait fredonner les fiflets,
Veut faire hurler Melpomène;
Mais qu'en arrive-t-il après:
C'eſt la Marotte,
De la Calotte.
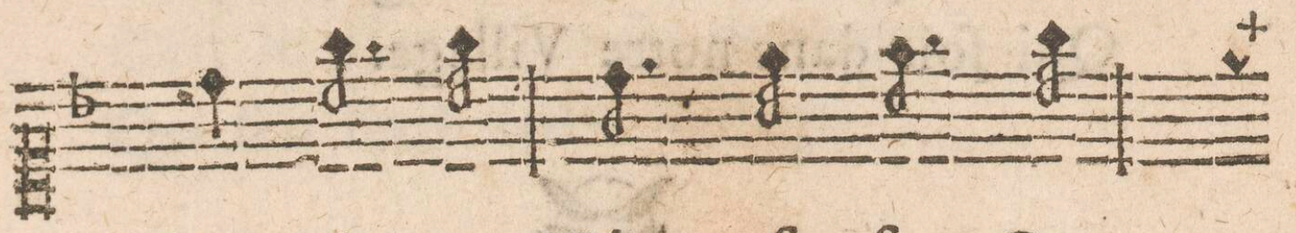
Le Champignon millionaire,
Du cru qu'on nomme Quinquempoix,
Par la culbute actionaire,
Devient ce qu'il fut autrefois:
C'eſt la Marotte,
De la Calotte.

Le faux ſavant, le faux ſincère,
Le faux brave, & le faux diſcrèt,
Ont chacun dans leur caractère,
La ſymbole de fou parfait,
C'eſt la Marotte,
De la Calotte.
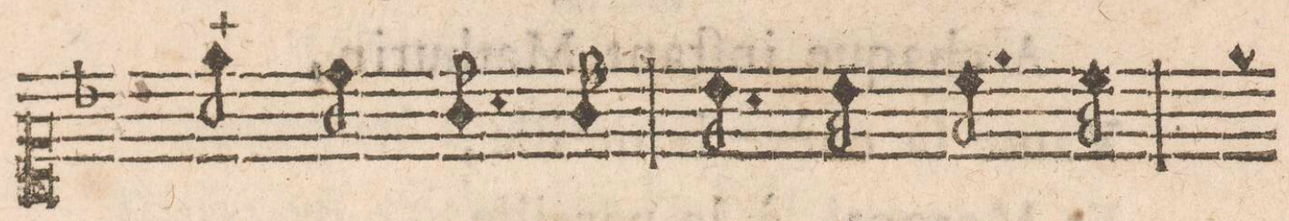
LE DROLE DE MENAGE.
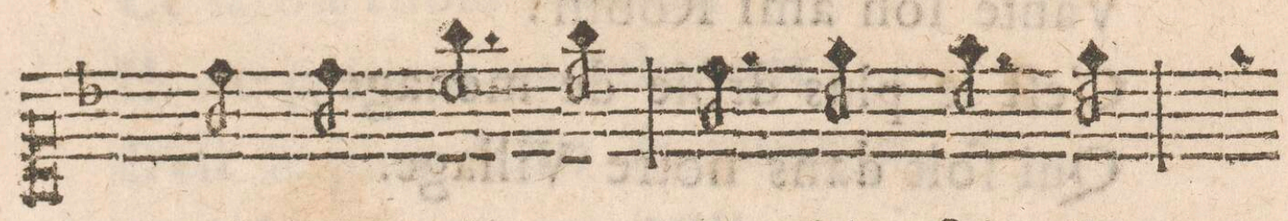


MA - tu - rin boit tout le



jour, A - vec Blai - se ſon Com-

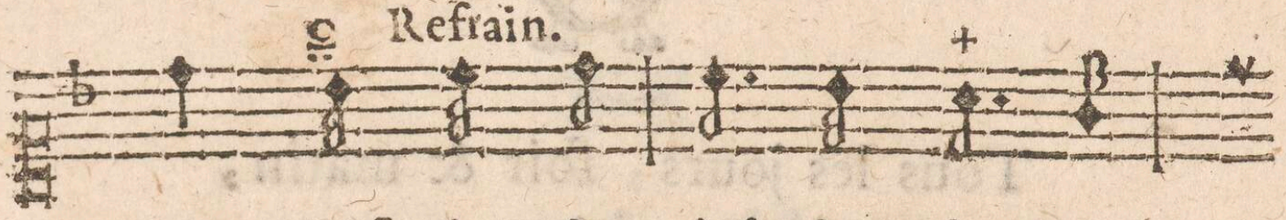


pè - re, Et Mar - got ſa Me - na-
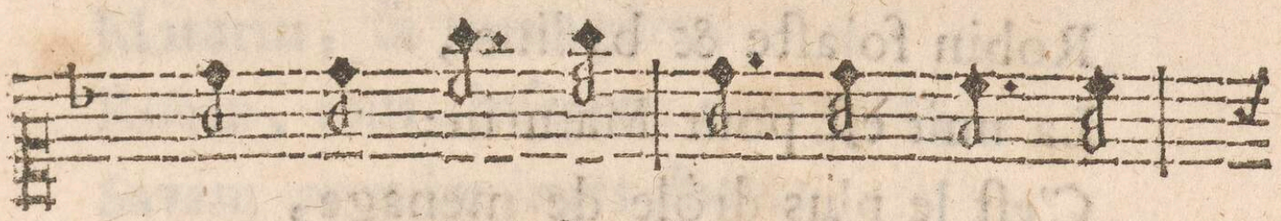


gè - re, A - vec Ro - bin fait l'a-

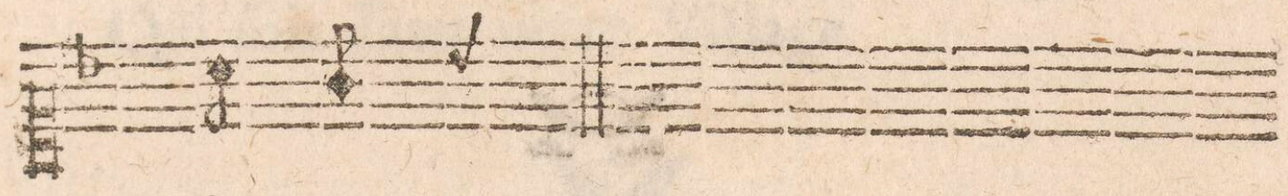
Refrain.



mour, C'eſt le plus drô - le de me-



na - ge, Qui ſoit dans no - tre Vil-



la - ge. &c.

Quand Margot voit ſon Mari,
Sortir pour aller chez Blaiſe,
La drôleſſe en eſt bien aiſe,
Il fait place à ſon ami:
C'eſt le plus drôle de menage,
Qui ſoit dans notre Village.

A chaque inſtant Mathurin,
Vante ſa chère bouteille,
Et Margot, à la pareille,
Vante ſon ami Robin:
C'eſt le plus drôle de menage,
Qui ſoit dans notre Village.

Tous les jours, ſoir & matin,
Avec Margot ſa voiſine,
Robin folaſte & badine,
La nuit eſt pour Maturin:
C'eſt le plus drôle de menage,
Qui ſoit dans notre Village.
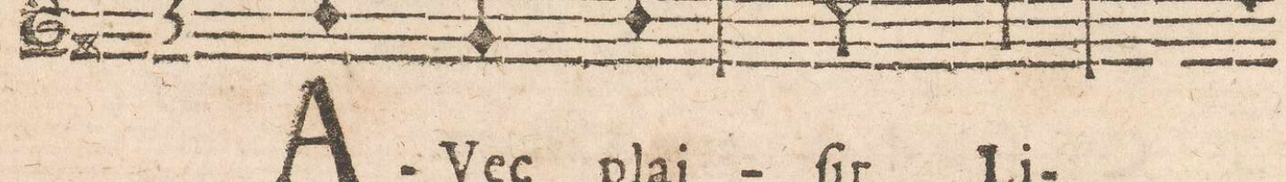
Croyez-vous que Maturin,
De ce qu'il voit s'embaraſſe,
A Margot, Robin il paſſe,
Margot lui paſſe le vin:
C'eſt le plus drôle de menage,
Qui ſoit dans notre Village.

Pourquoi ſe faire enrager,
Pourquoi s'échaufer la Bile,
Ce ſeroit choſe inutile,
Ils ne peuvent pas changer:
C'eſt le plus drôle de menage,
Qui ſoit dans notre Village.

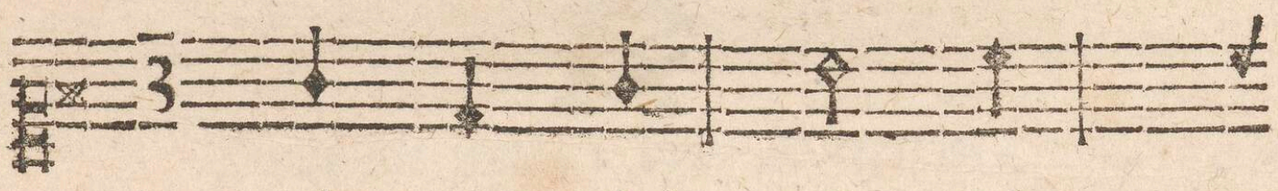
Sans rumeur & ſans débats,
Maturin, ſa menagère,
Robin, tous, juſqu'au compère,
Savent prendre leurs ébats:
C'eſt le plus drôle de menage,
Qui ſoit dans notre Village.

Maris chagrins & jaloux,
De la moindre bagatelle,
Femmes qui faites querelle,
Sur le vin à vos Epoux,
Venez tous dans notre Village,
Voir ce drôle de menage.
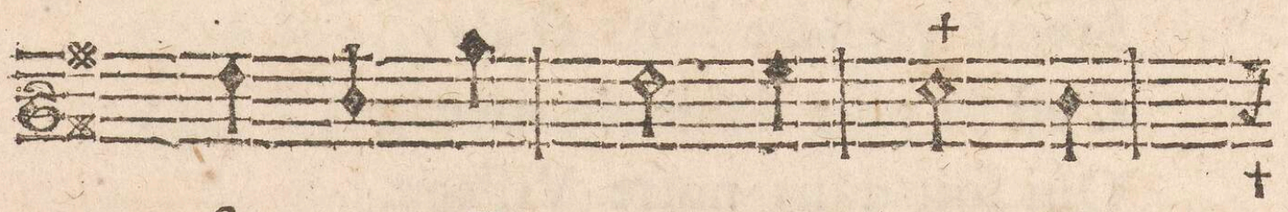
LA BAGATELLE.
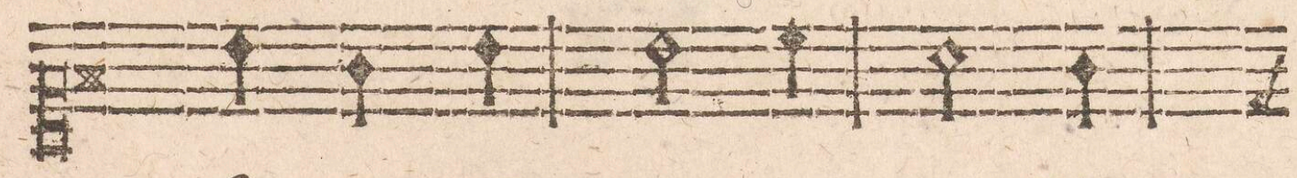


A - Vec plai - ſir Li-



A - vec plai - ſir Li-



ſet - te, E - cou - te ma Mu-
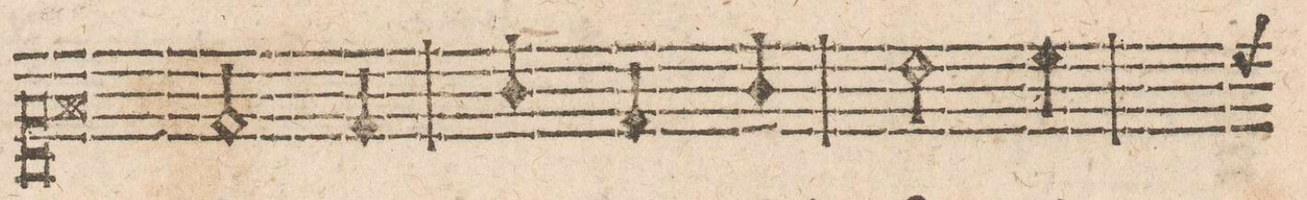


ſet - te, E - cou - te ma Mu-
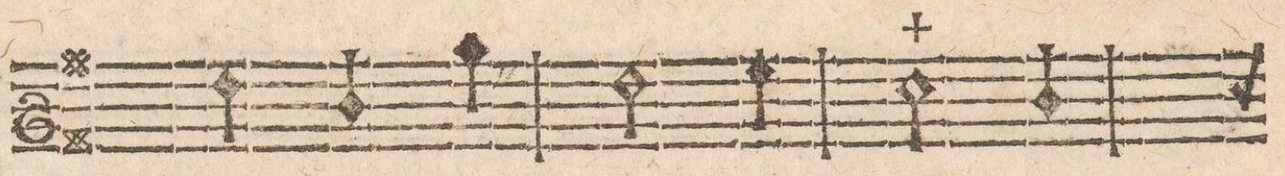
ſette.
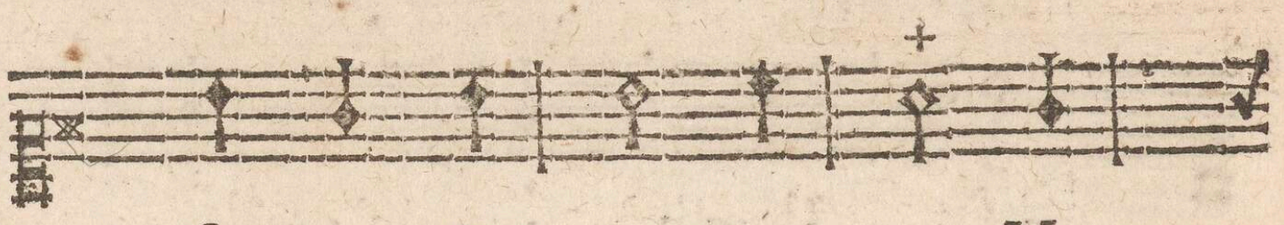


ſet - te, A - vec plai - ſir Li-



ſet - te, A - vec plai - ſir Li-



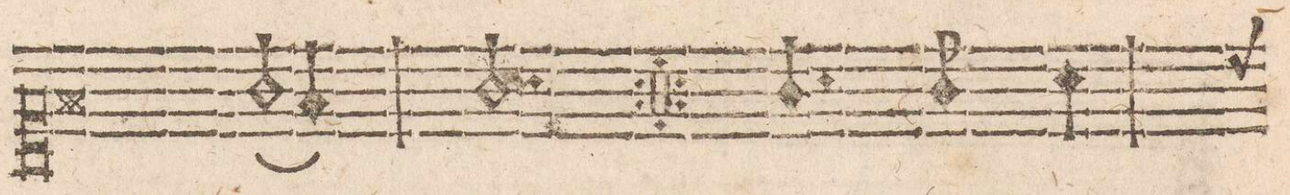
ſet - te, E - cou - te ma Mu-



ſet - te, E - cou - te ma Mu-
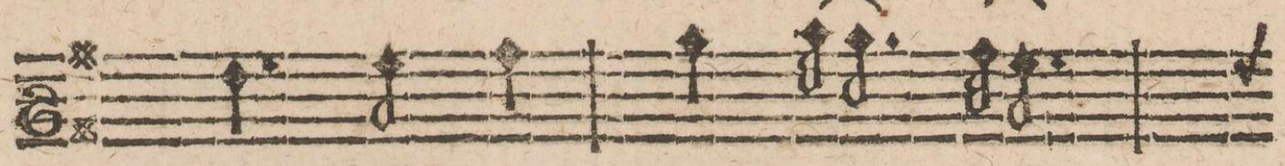


ſet - te. Mais quand je
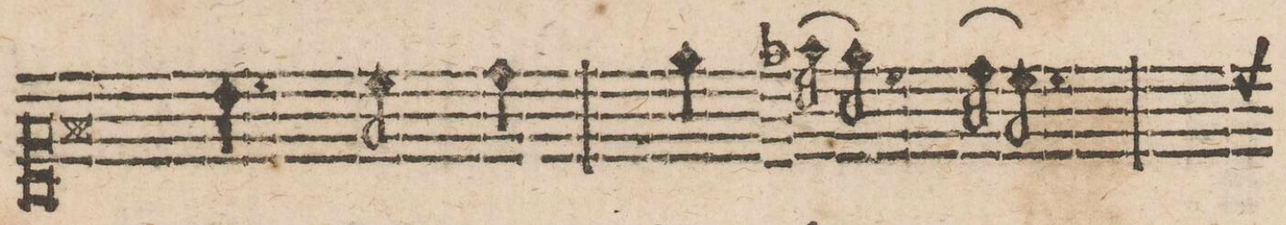


ſet - te. Mais quand je
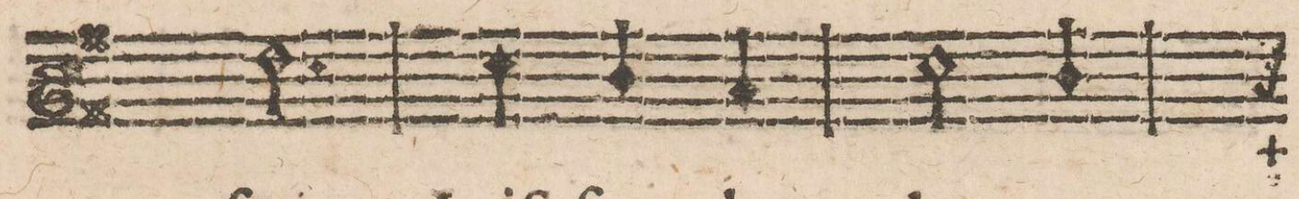
veux
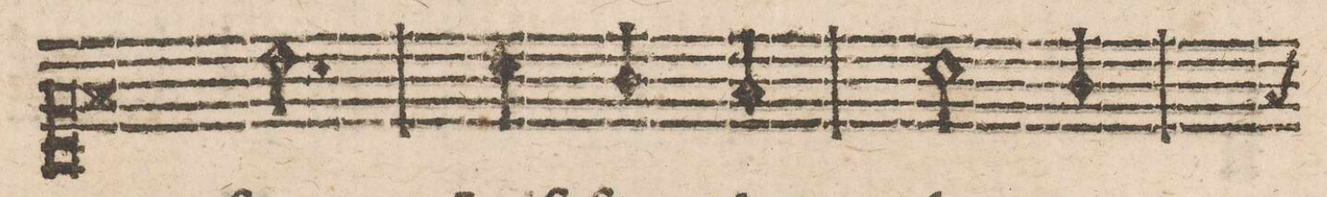


veux lui par - ler de mes
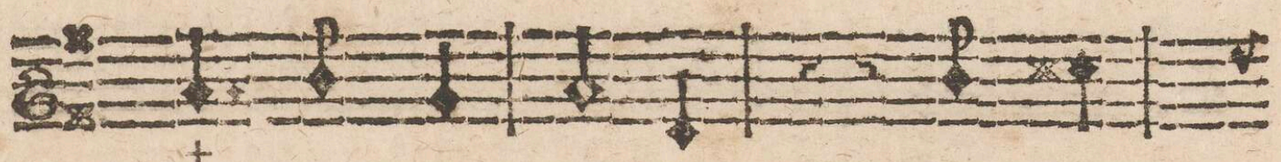


veux lui par - ler de mes



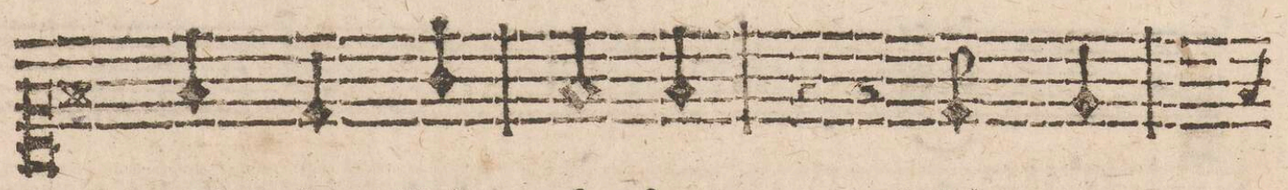
feux, Laiſ-ſons la ba - ga-



feux, Laiſ-ſons la ba - ga-

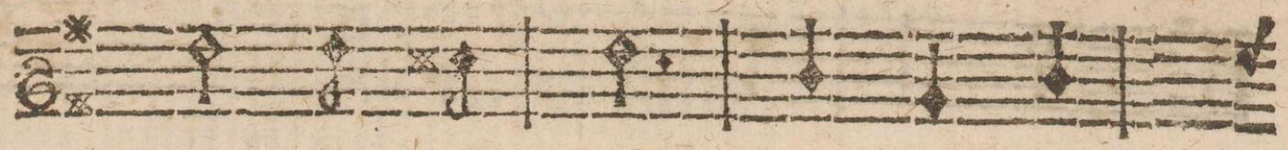


tel - le, Dit - el - le, N'ès tu
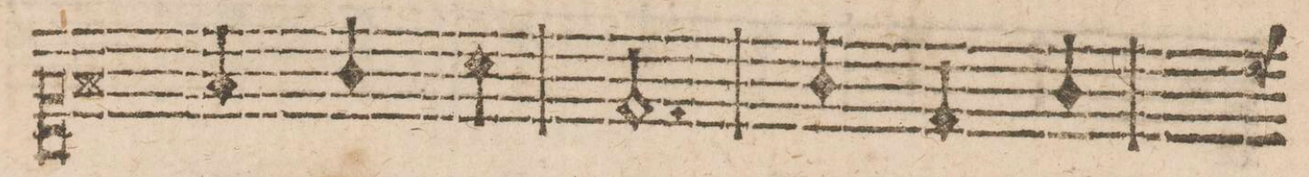


tel - le, Dit - el - le, N'ès tu

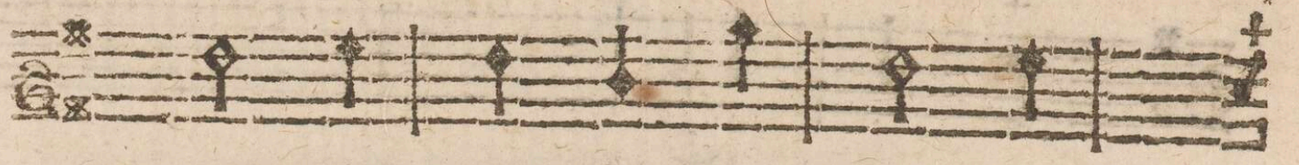
pas
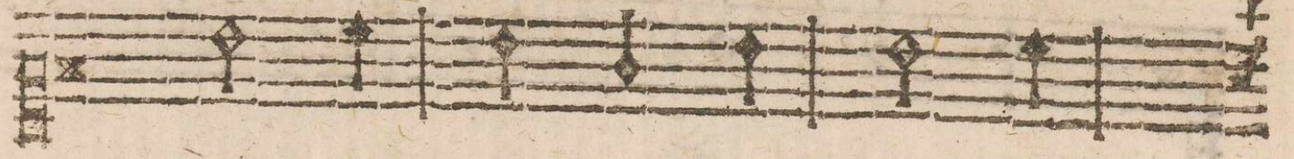


pas trop heu - reux, A - vec plai-
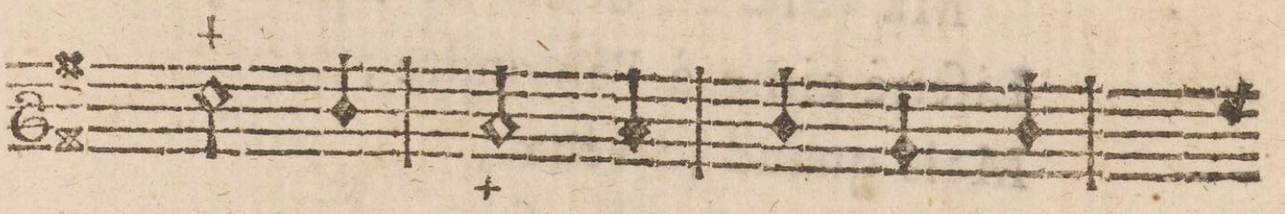


pas trop heu - reux, A - vec plai-
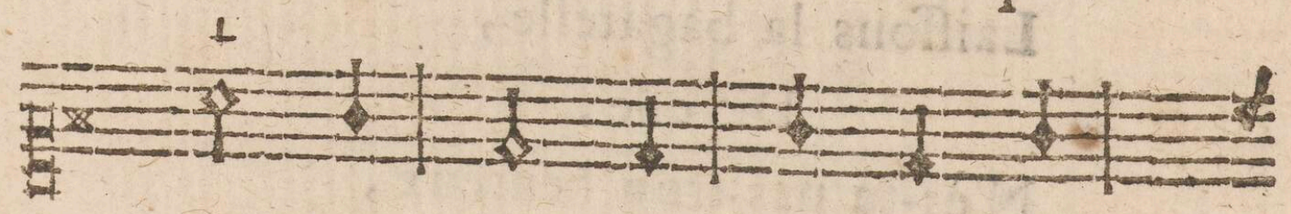


ſir Li - ſet - te, E - cou - te



ſir Li - ſet - te, E - cou - te
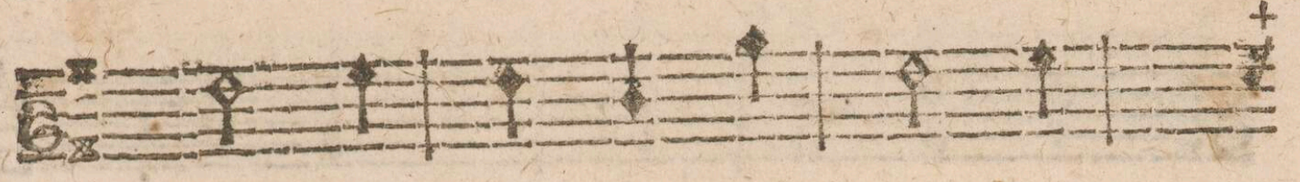


ta Mu - ſet - te, A - vec plai-
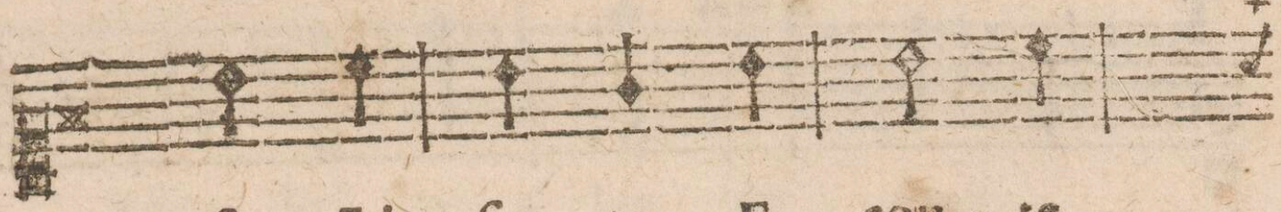


ta Mu - ſet - te, A - vec plai-
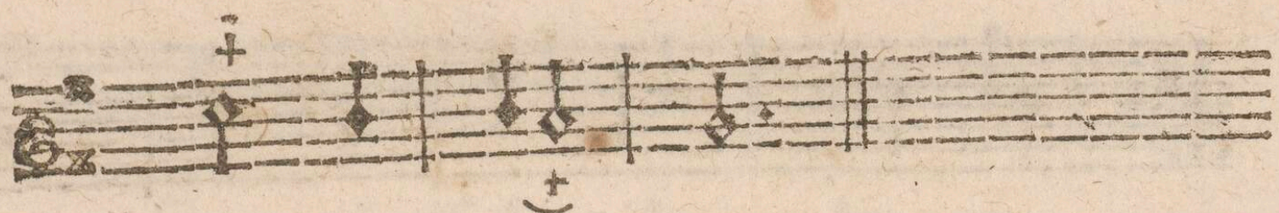
pas
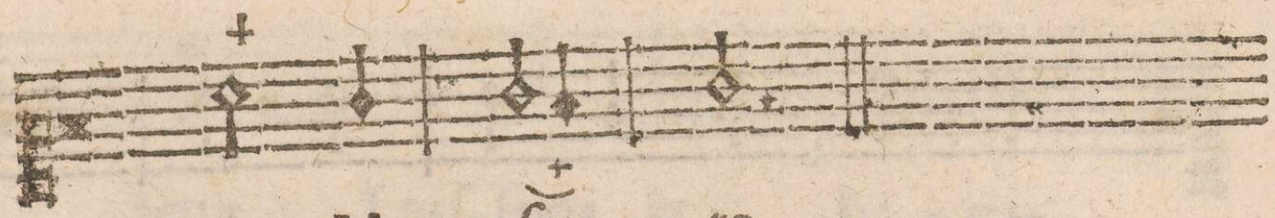


ſir Li - ſet - te, E - cou - te



ſir Li - ſet - te, E - cou - te



ta Mu - ſet - te.



ta Mu - ſet - te.

Ma voix eſt douce & tendre,
Liſette aime à l'entendre,
Mais quand je veux,
Lui parler de mes feux,
Laiſſons la bagatelle,
Dit-elle,
N'ès-tu pas trop heureux,
Ta voix eſt douce & tendre,
Liſette aime à l'entendre.

Pour

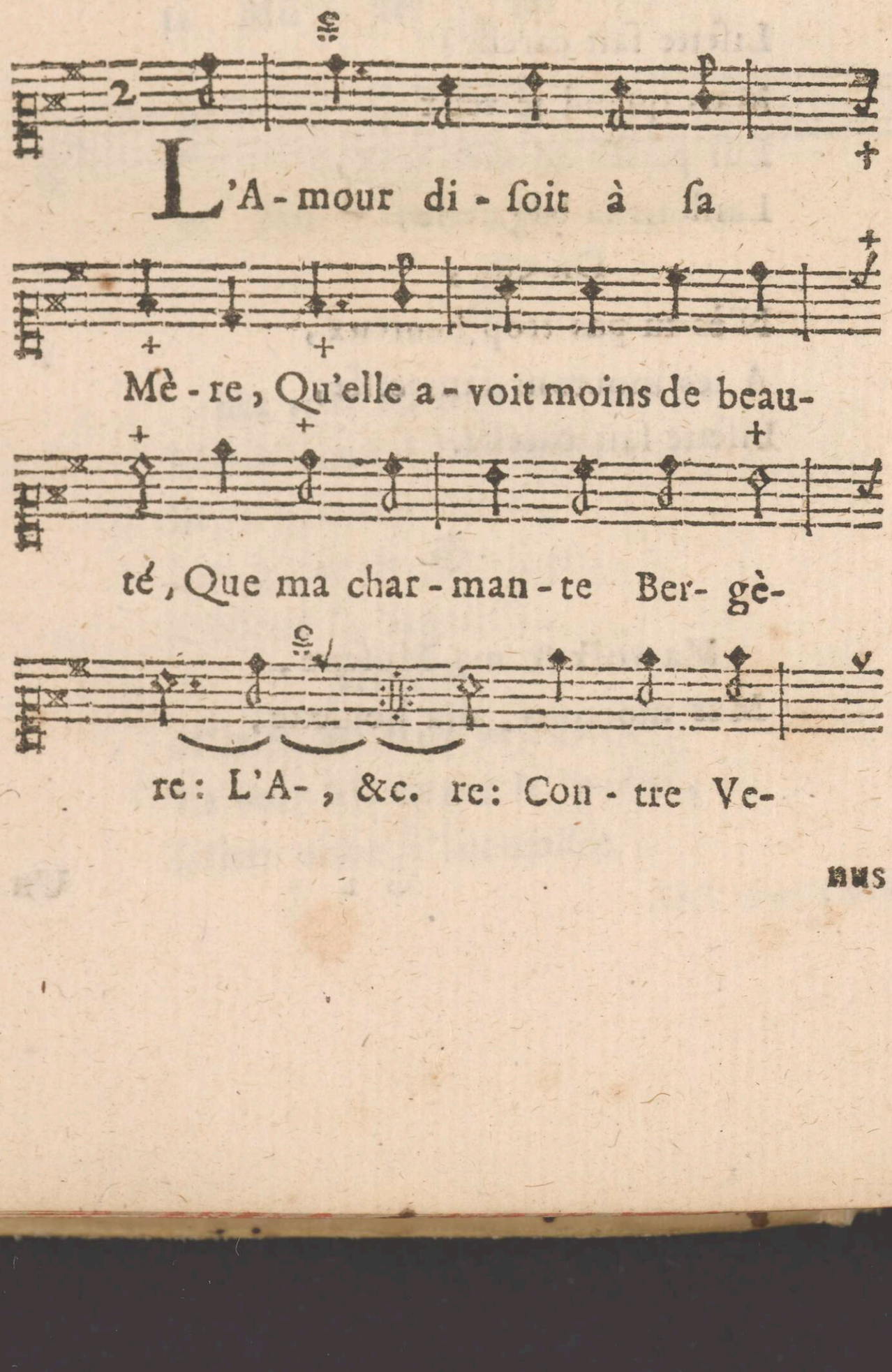
Pour ſon troupeau, Liſette,
Se ſert de ma houlette,
Mais quand je veux,
Lui parler de mes feux,
Laiſſons la bagatelle,
Dit-elle,
N'ès-tu pas trop heureux,
Pour ſon troupeau, Liſette,
Se ſert de ta houlette.
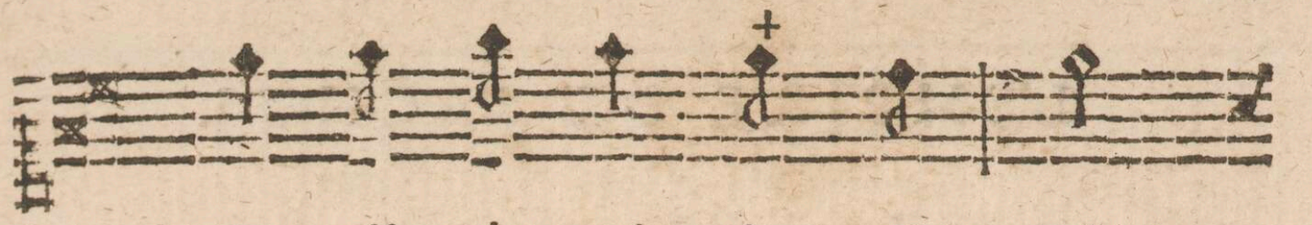
A mes moutons ſans ceſſe,
Liſette fait careſſe;
Mais quand je veux
Lui parler de mes feux,
Laiſſons la bagatelle,
Dit-elle,
N'ès-tu pas trop heureux,
A tes moutons ſans ceſſe,
Liſette fait careſſe.

Ma voix & ma Muſette,
Mes moutons, ma houlette,
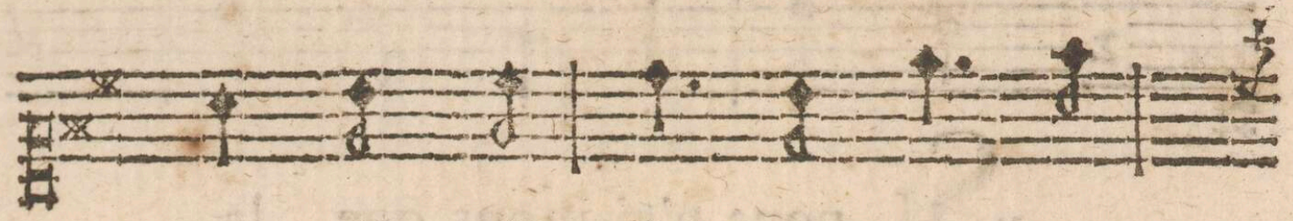
Un ſort ſi doux,
Vous fait mille jaloux,
Mais auprès de Liſette,
Folette,
De quoi me ſervez-vous,
Ma voix & ma Muſette,
Mes moutons, ma houlette.

L'AMOUR VERACE.
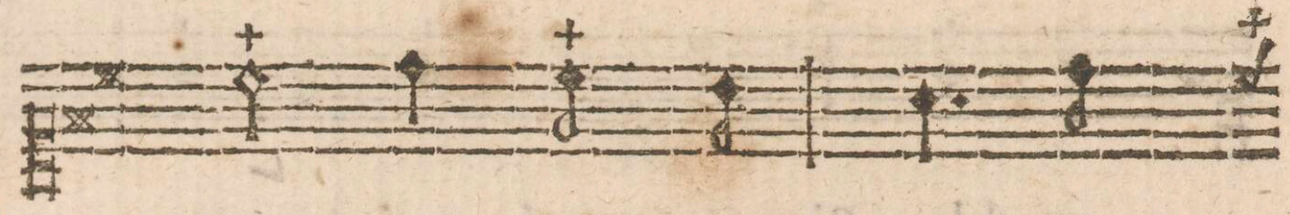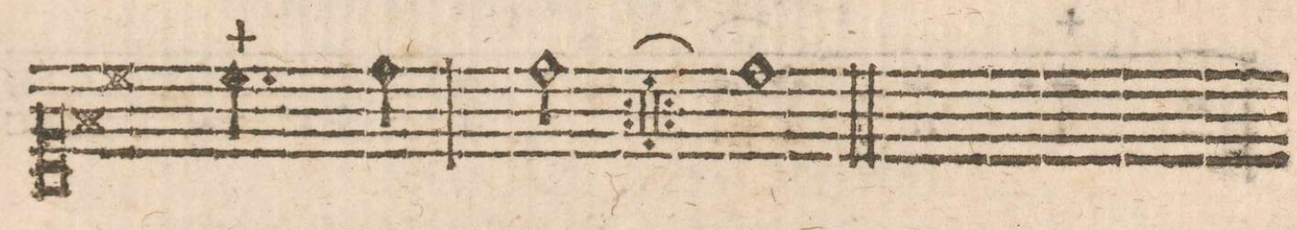




nus il é - toit ir - ri - té,



Mais il di - ſoit la vé - ri-

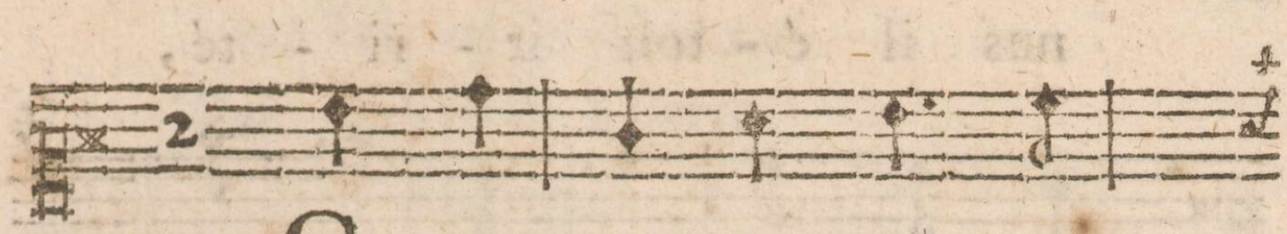


té, Mais il di - ſoit la
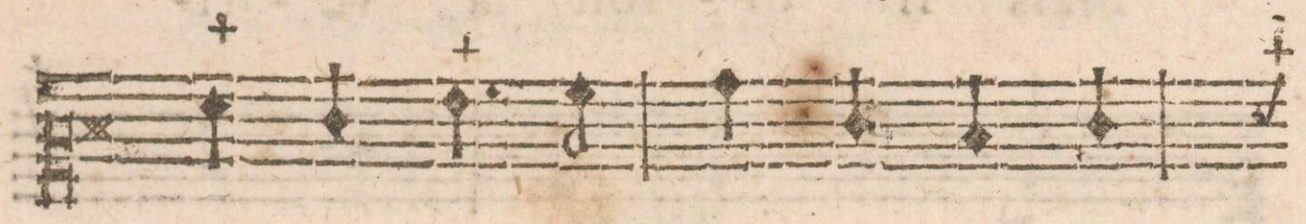


vé - ri - té. té.
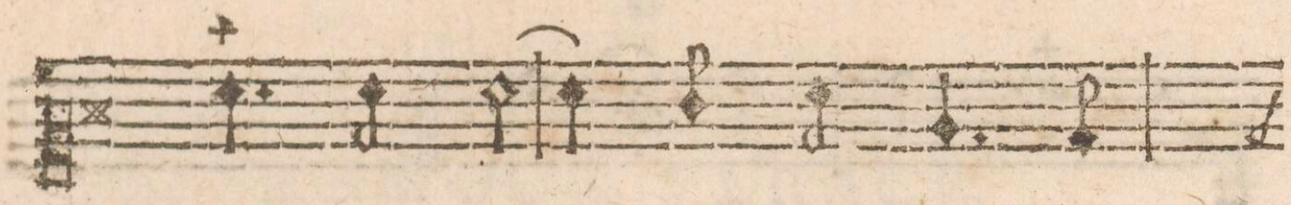
L'EMPIRE DE BACHUS.



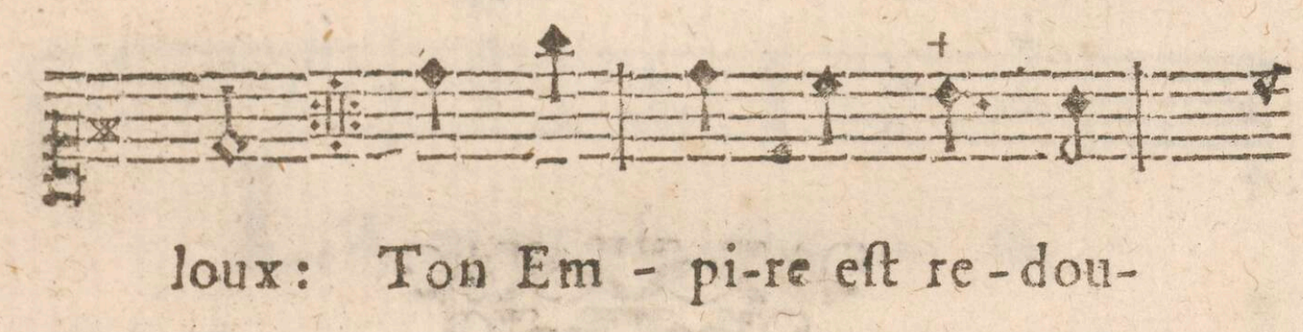
SI nous n'ai-mons que la
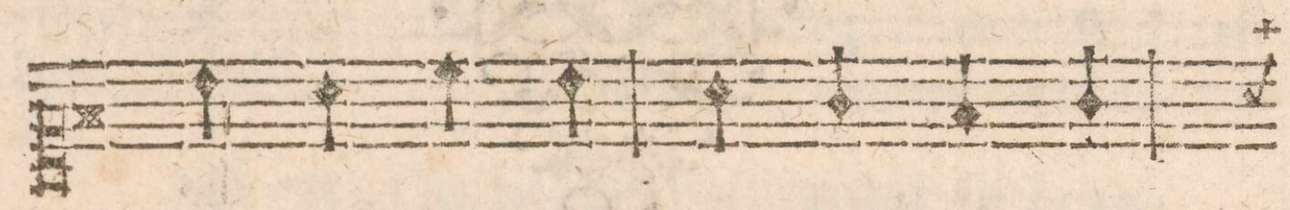


ra-ble, Si nous mé-pri-ſons tes
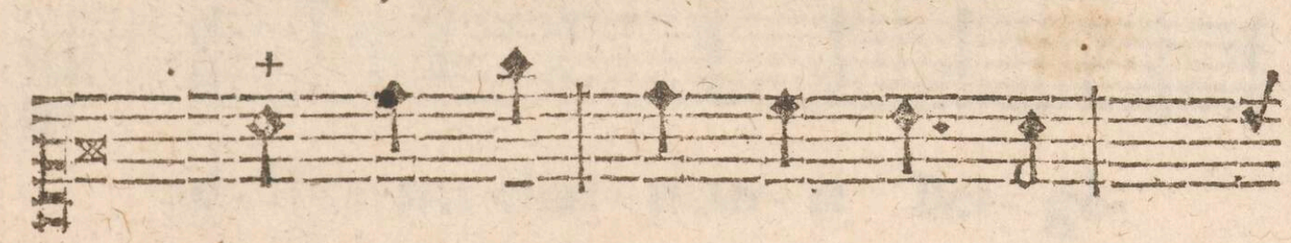


coups, A-mour, n'en ſoit point ja-



loux: Ton Em-pi-re eſt re-dou-

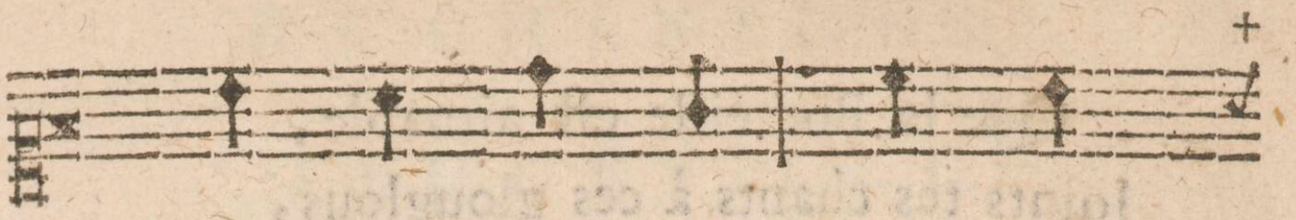


ta-ble, Ce-lui de Ba-chus eſt
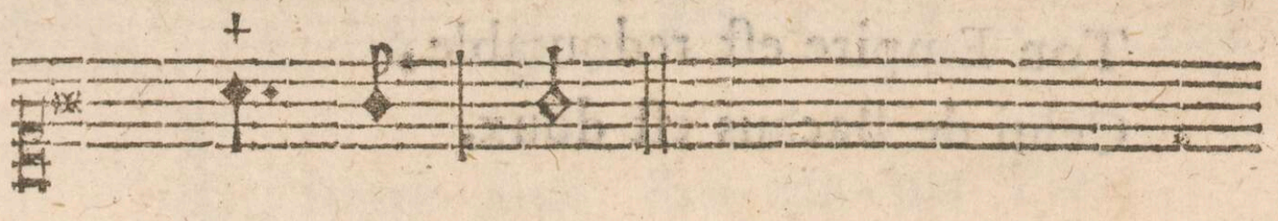


doux, Ton Em-pi-re eſt re-dou-

table,



ta - ble, Ce - lui de Ba-



chus eſt doux.
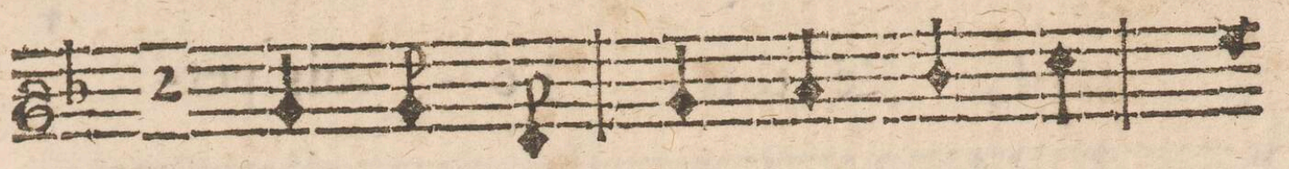
Dans ce répas agréable,
Iris vient boire avec nous,
Amour n'en ſoit point jaloux.
Ton Empire eſt redoutable,
Celui de Bachus eſt doux.

De ce champagne admirable,
Verſons lui de petits coups,
Amour n'en ſoit point jaloux.
Ton Empire eſt redoutable,
Celui de Bachus eſt doux.
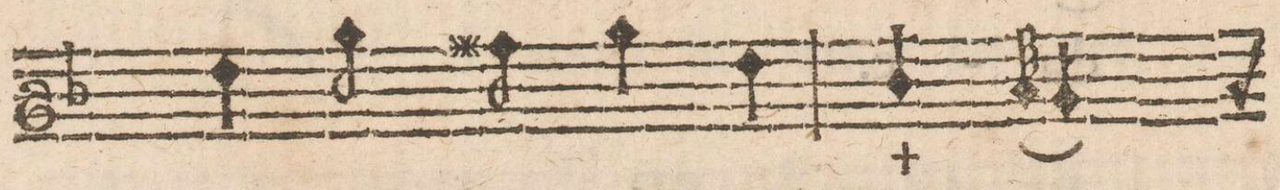
Que la Bouteille eſt aimable,
Joints tes chants à ces glouglous,
Amour n'en ſoit point jaloux.
Ton Empire eſt redoutable,
Celui de Bachus eſt doux.

Par les plaiſirs de la table,
Bachus nous raſſemble tous,
Amour n'en ſoit point jaloux.
Son Empire eſt adorable,
Le tien eſt fait pour les foux.
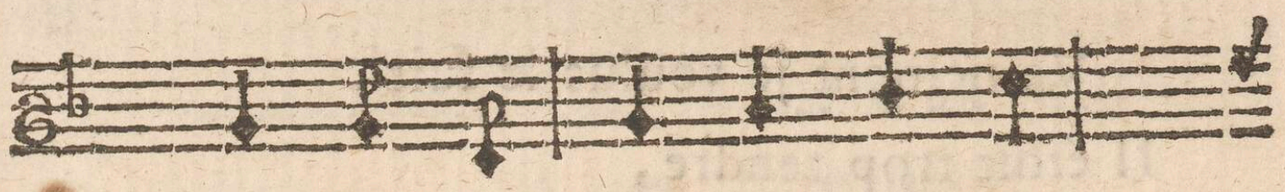
VAUDEVILLE.
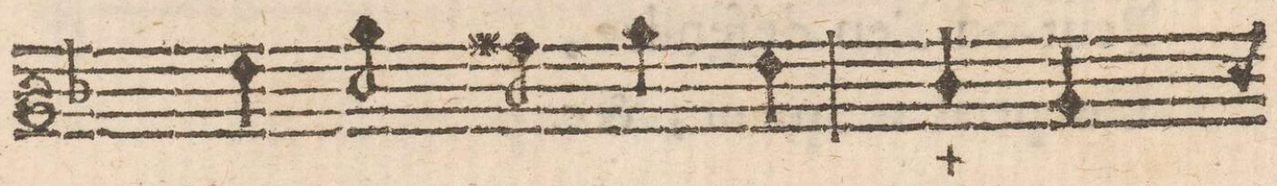


L'Autre jour l'ai-ma-ble Tir-
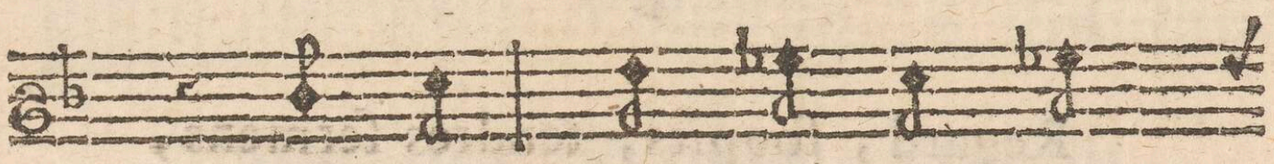


cis me trou-vant ſeu-let-te,



Me dit ſes a-mou-reux ſou-
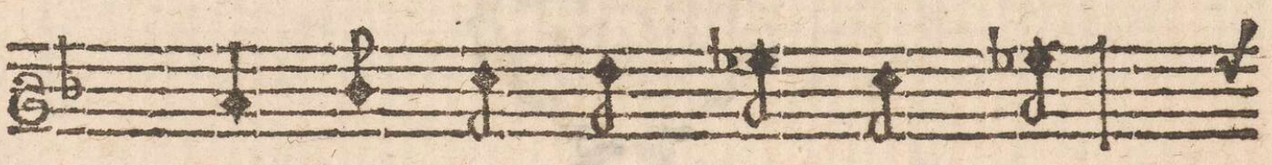


cis en cueil-lant l'her-bet-te:



Un pe-tit mo-ment plus
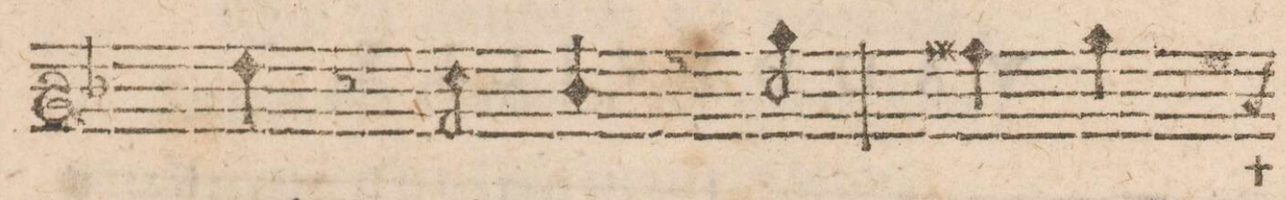


tard, Si Ma-man ne fut ve-nu-

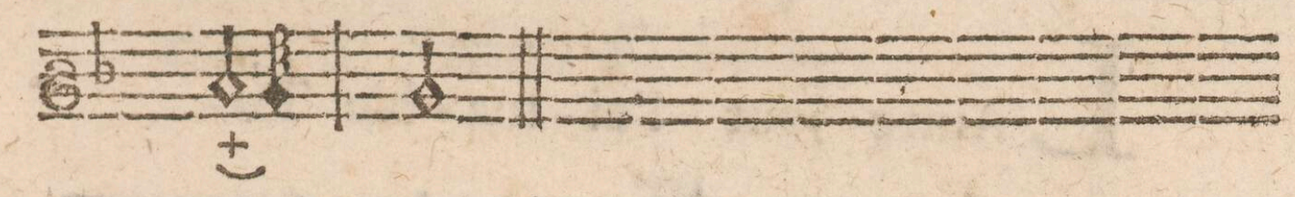


e, Un pe-tit mo-ment plus

tard,



tard, J'é- tois, J'é - tois per-
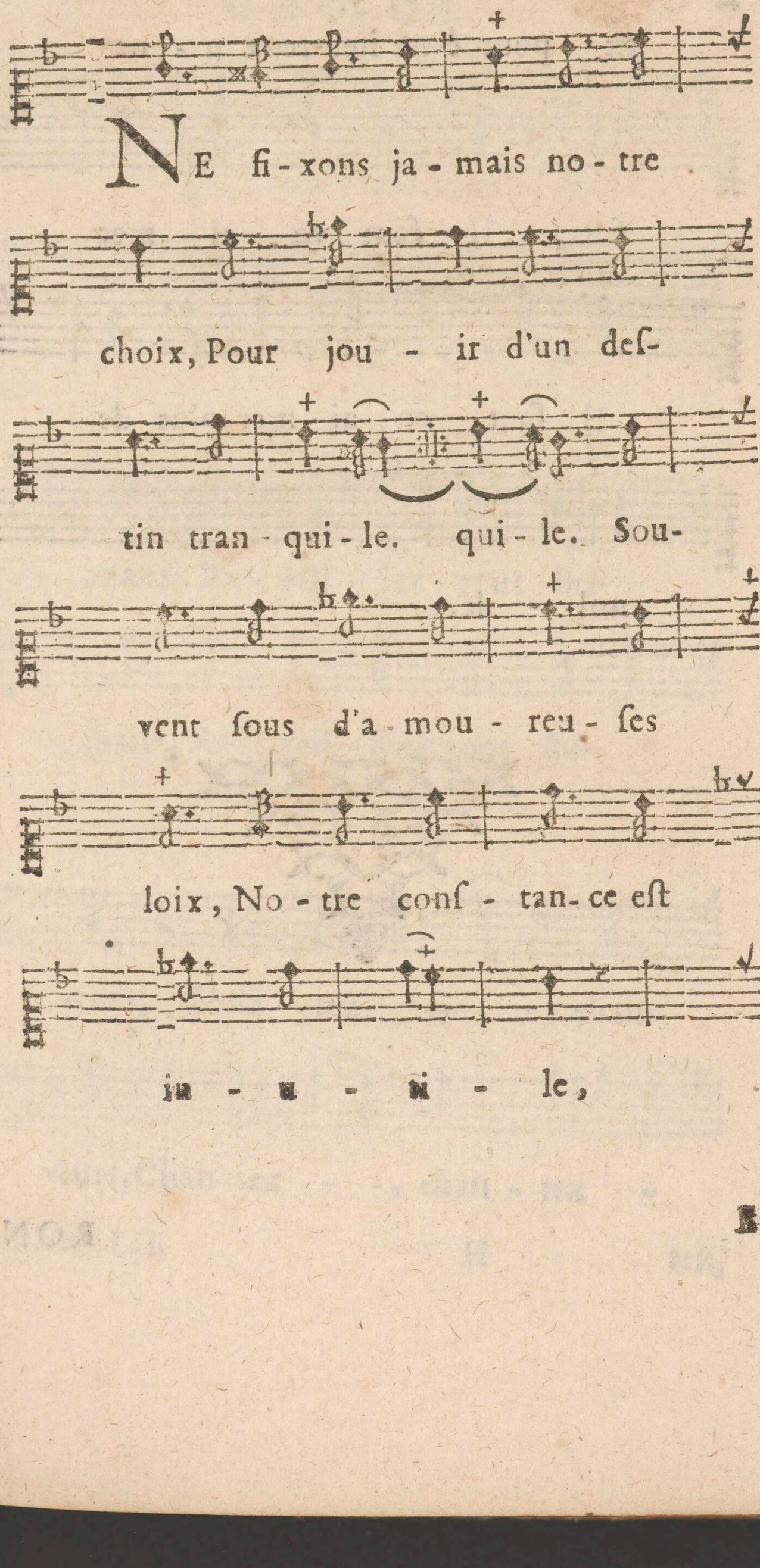


du - e.

Vainement je voulus le fuir,
Il étoit trop tendre,
Quand l'Amour veut nous retenir,
Peut-on s'en défendre,
Un petit moment, &c.
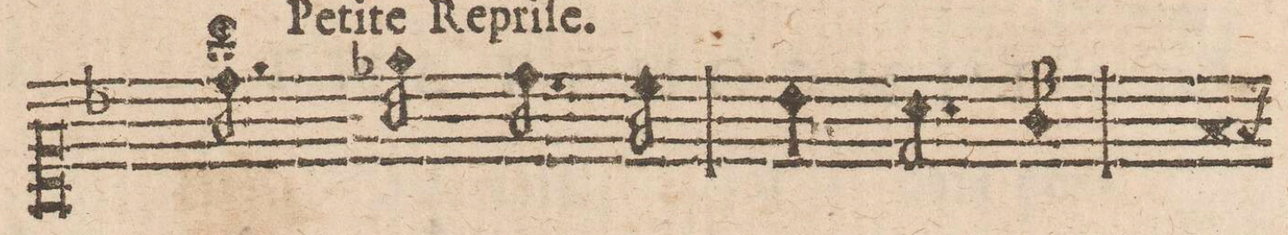
Regard, ſoupirs, tendres ſermens,
Tout marquoit ſa flamme,
Et déja ſes tranſports charmans,
Paſſoient dans mon ame,
Un petit moment, &c.

L'IN-
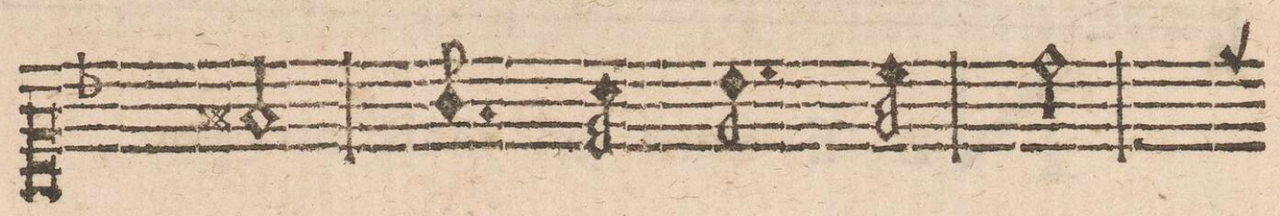
L'INCONSTANT.
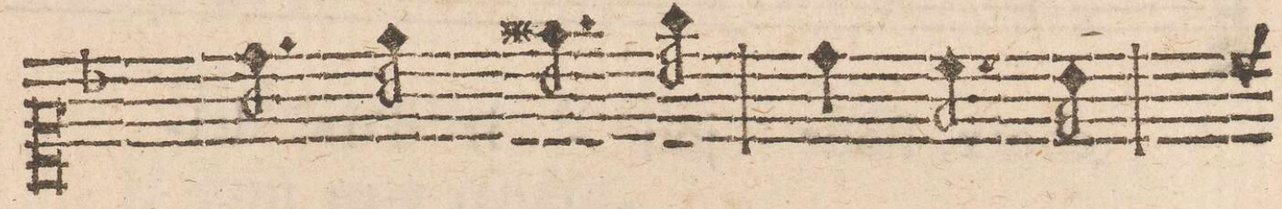


Petite Repriſe.
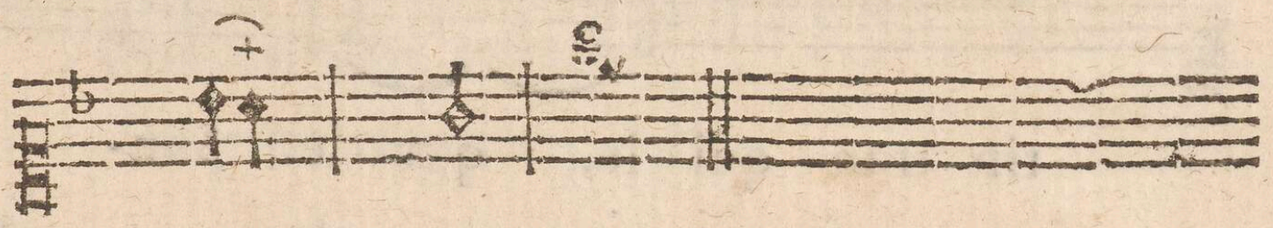


Et pour ê-tre heu-reux u - ne



fois, Il faut en ai - mer



Il faut en ai - mer plus de

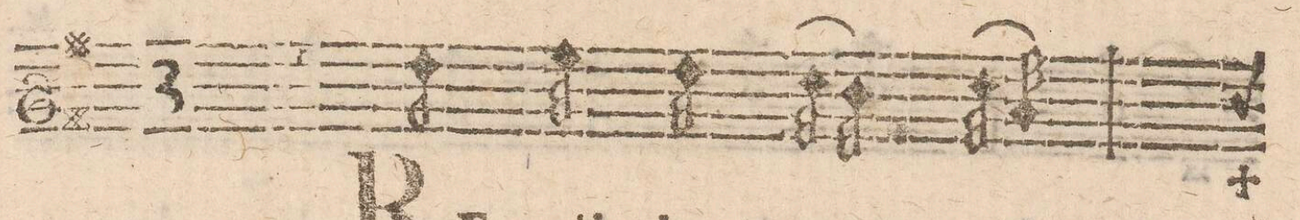


mil - le.
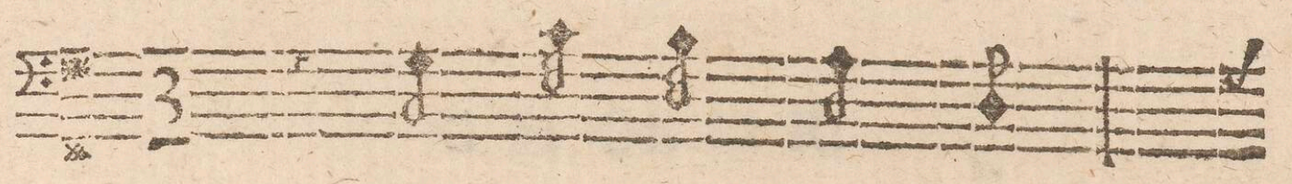
RON-

RONDE DE TABLE.
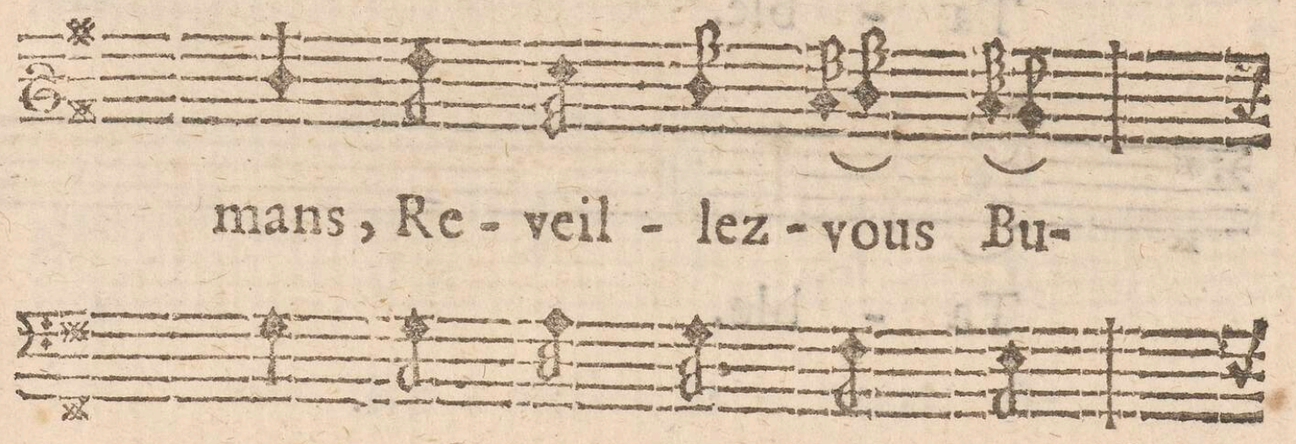
CHOEUR.



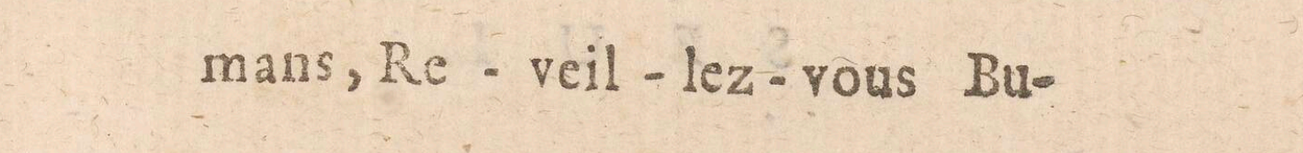
RE-veil-lez-vous A-



Re-veil-le-vous A-
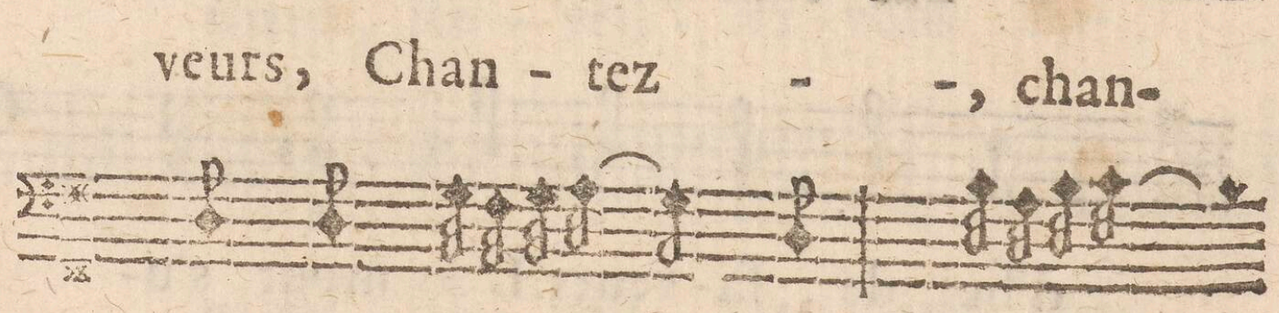


mans, Re-veil-lez-vous Bu-



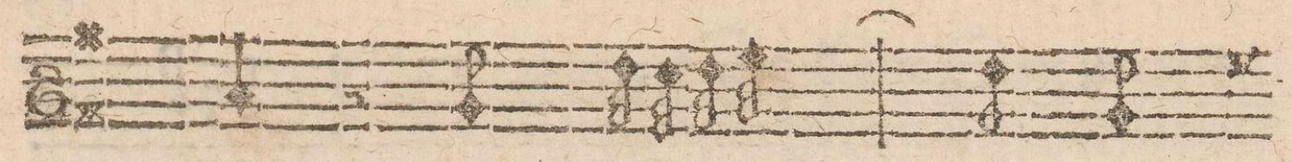
mans, Re-veil-lez-vous Bu-
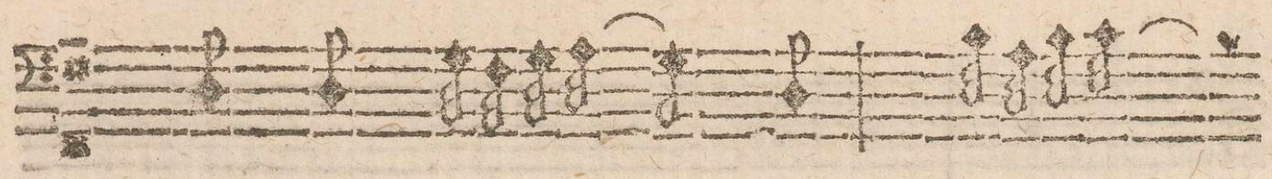


veurs, Chan-tez -, chan-
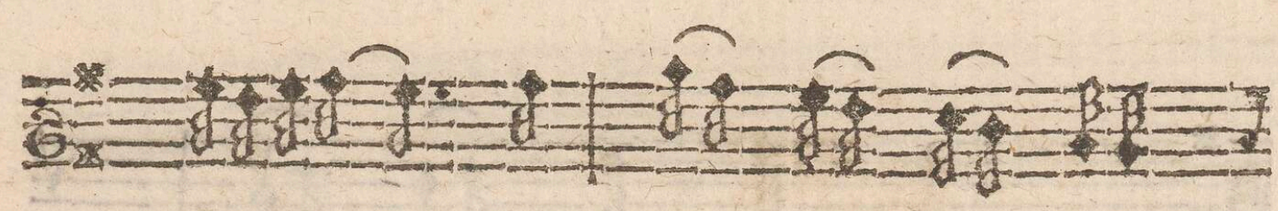


veurs, Chan-tez -, chan-tez -
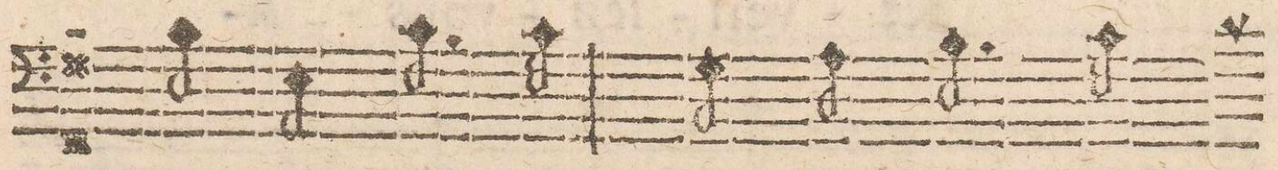


veurs, Chan - tez - -, chan-



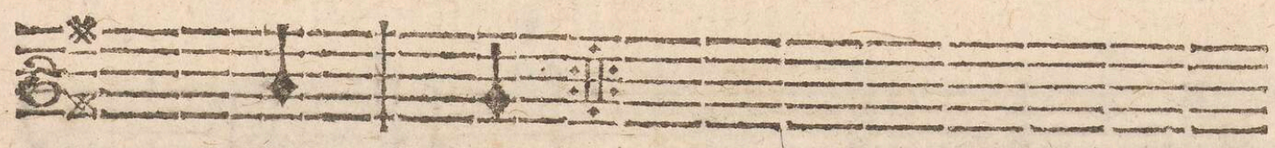
veurs, Chan-tez - -, chan- tez -



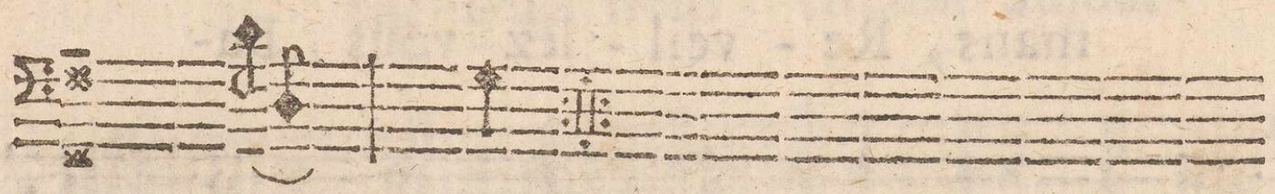
tez - les plai - firs de la



-, chan-tez les plai - firs de la
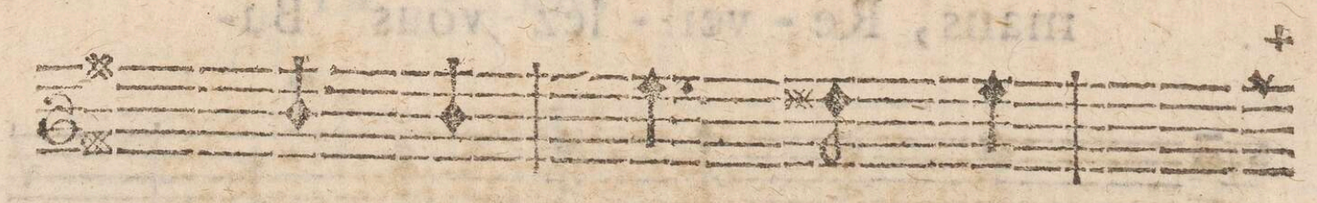


Ta - ble.
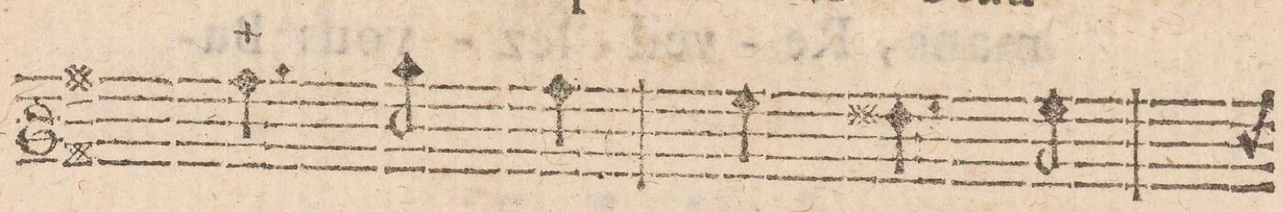


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SEUL.
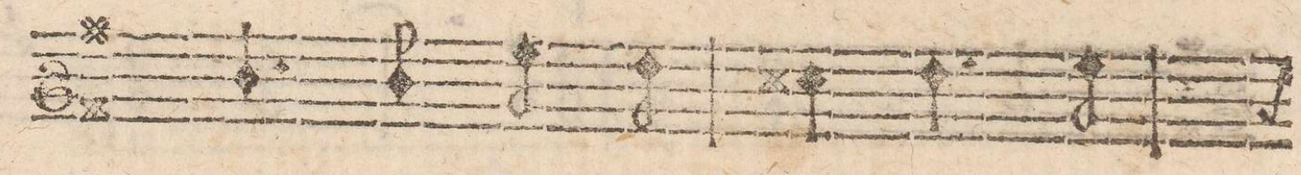
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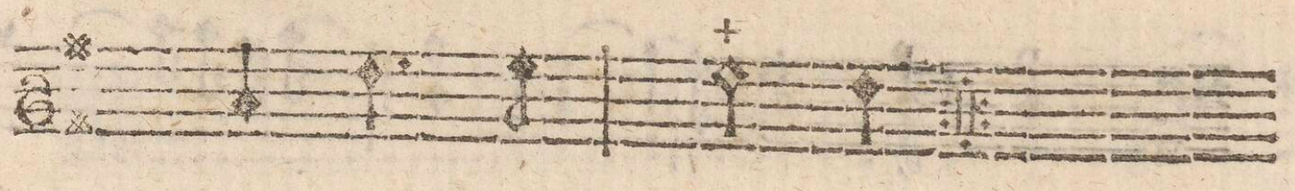


Il n'eſt point de beau-



tez, Dont on craint les ri-
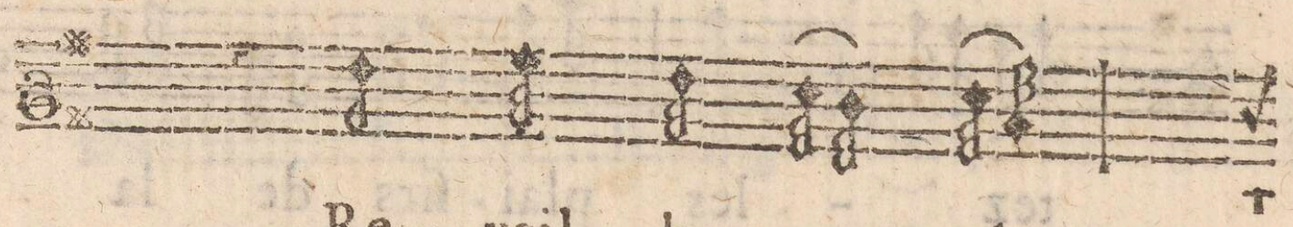


gueurs, Qui ne de- vienne en bu-
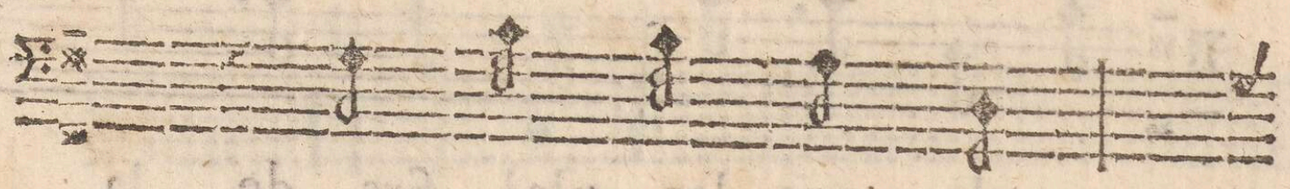


vant plus trai - ta - ble.
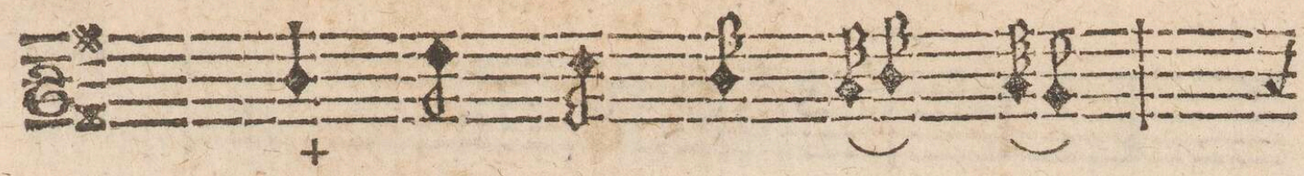
CHOEUR.
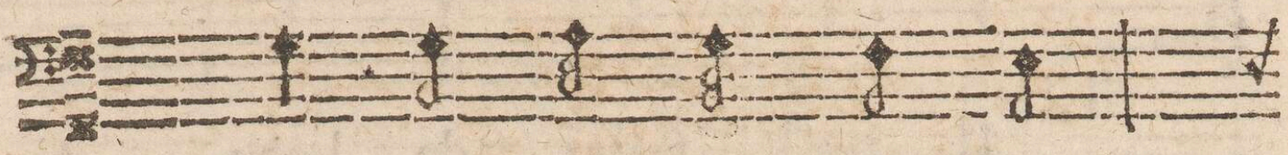


Re - veil - le - vous A-
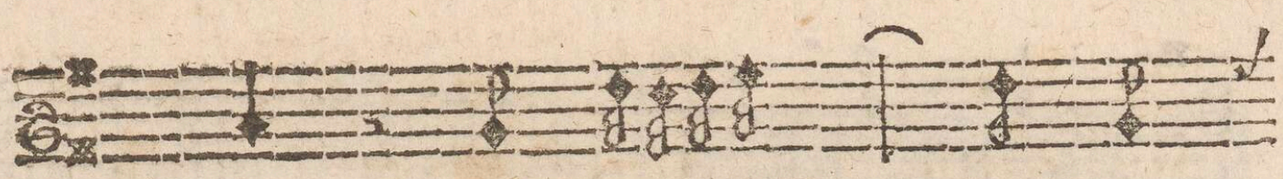


Re - veil - le - vous A-
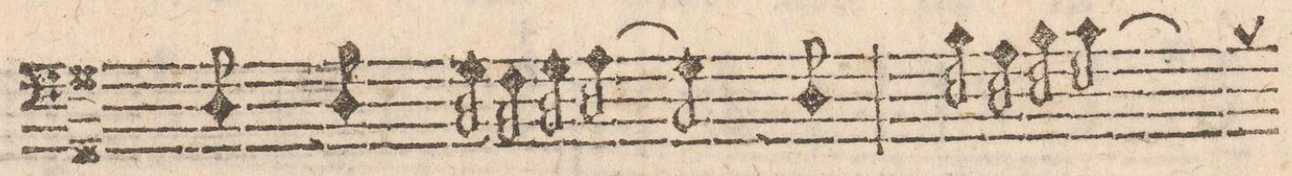


mans, Re - veil - lez - vous Bu-
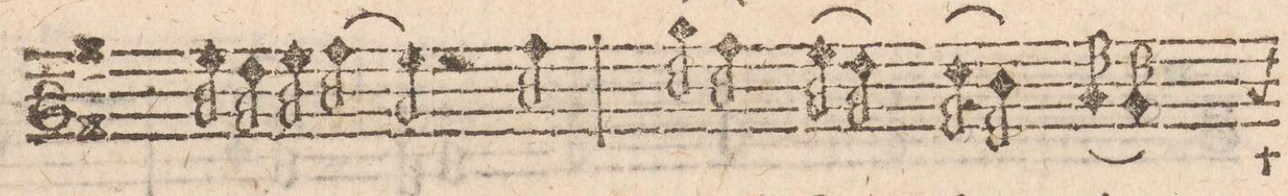


mans, Re - veil - lez - vous Bu-
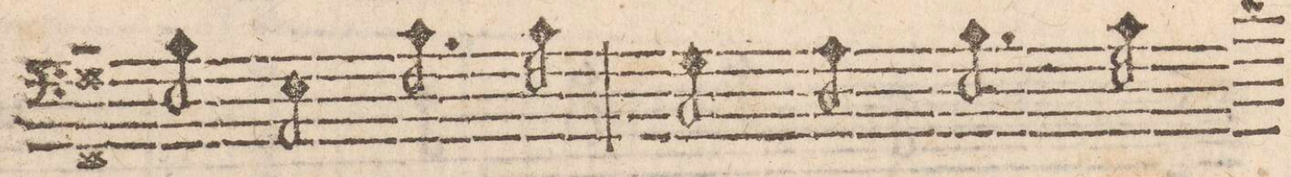


veurs, Chan - tez - -, chan-



veurs, Chan-tez - -, chan - tez -
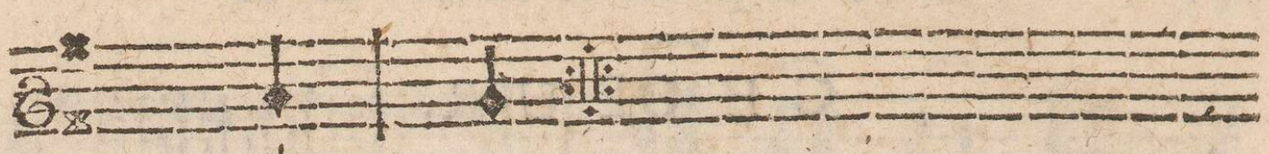


tez - les plai - firs de la
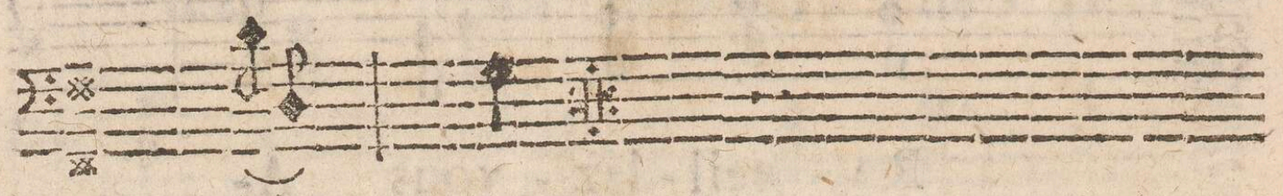


-, chan-tez les plai- firs de la

Ta-

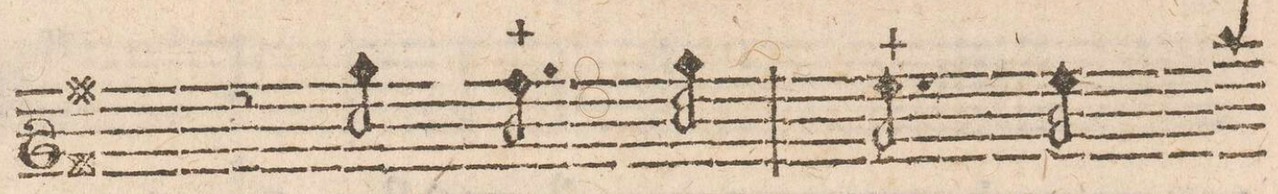


Ta - ble.
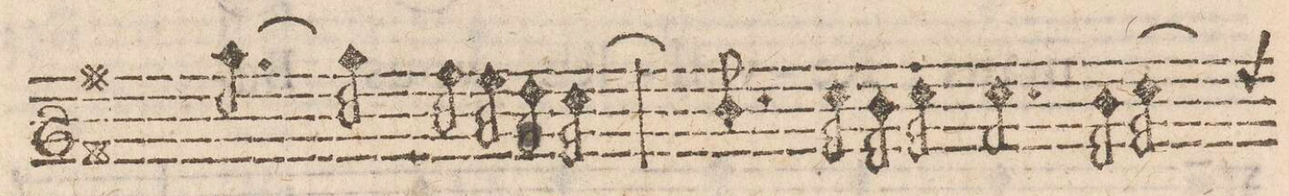


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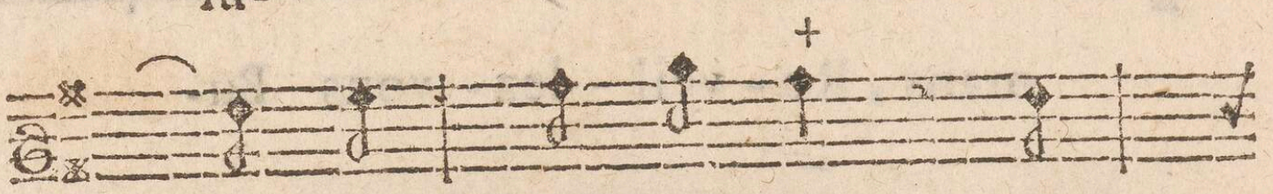
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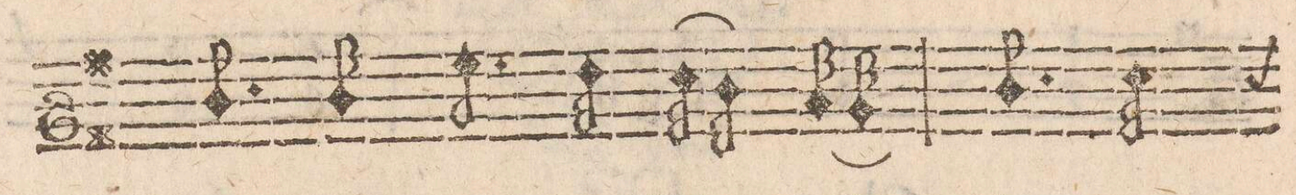


Ce Jus Di - vin al-



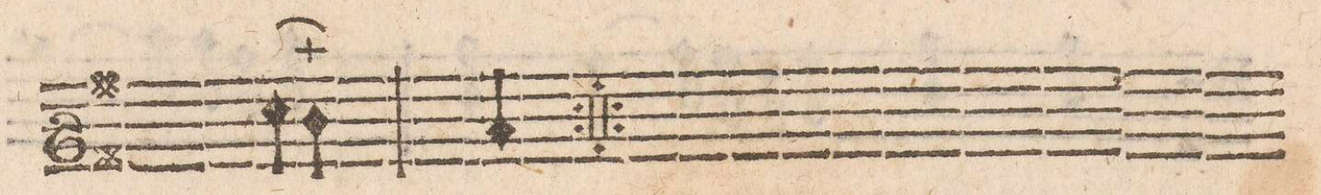
lu- - - - -



- me dans les cœurs, Un

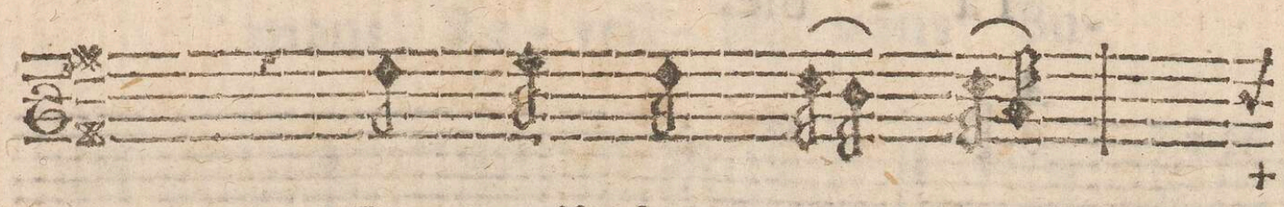


tendre amour qui nous eſt fa - vo-

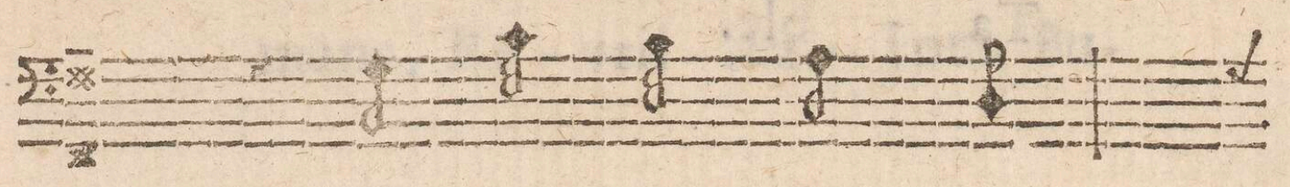


ra - ble.
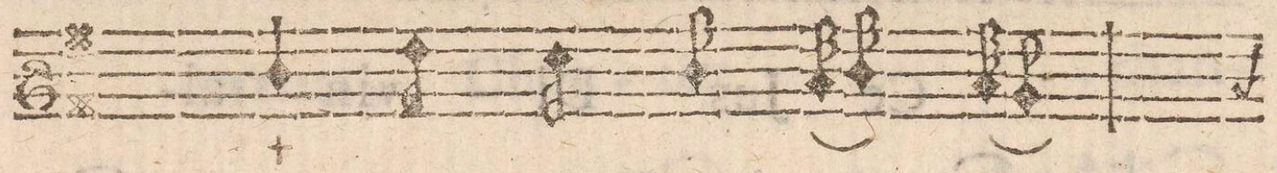
CHOEUR.
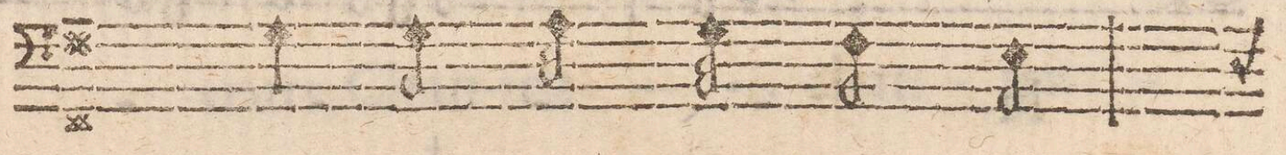


Re- veil-lez - vous A-



Re - veil - lez - vous A-
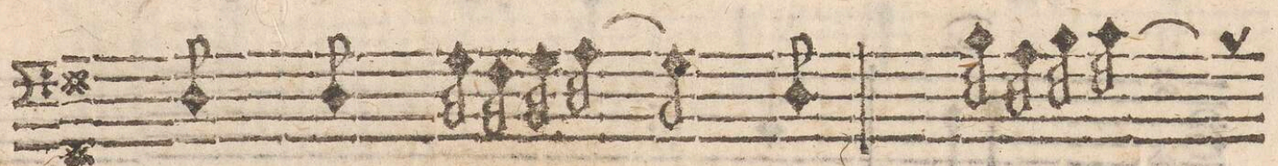


mans, Re - veil - lez - vous Bu-



mans, Re - veil - lez - vous Bu-
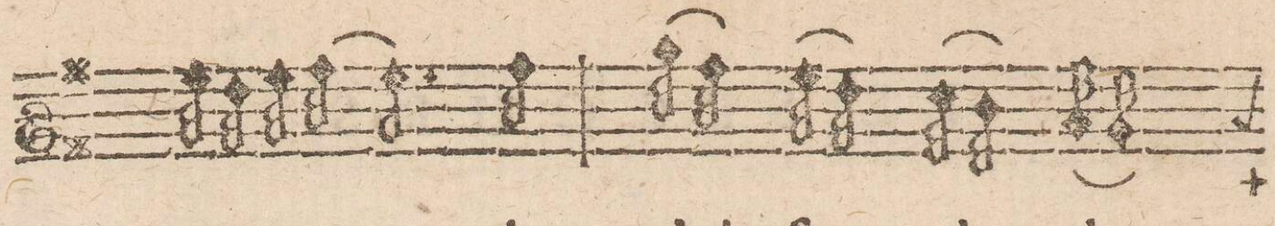


veurs, Chan - tez - -, chan-
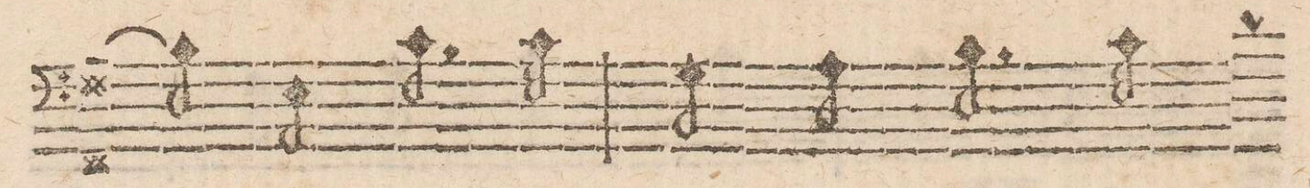


veurs, Chan-tez - -, chan - tez -
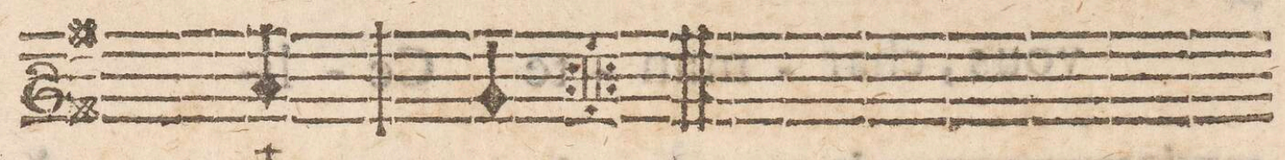
tez
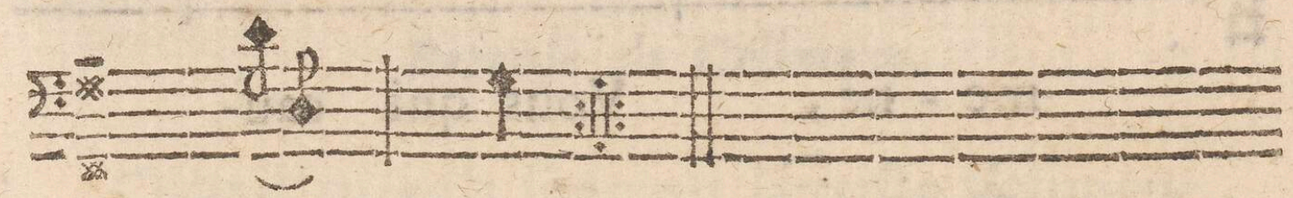


tez les plai-ſirs de la



-, chan-tez les plai-ſirs de la



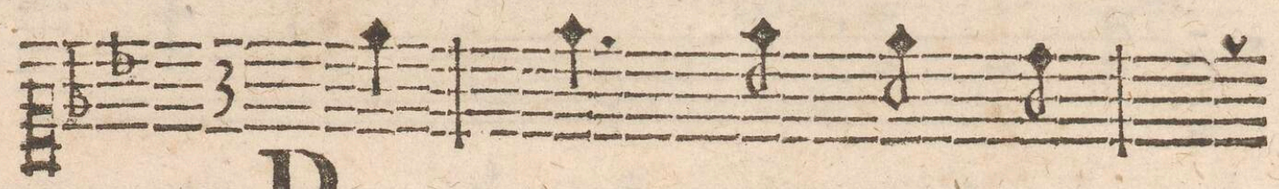
Ta - ble.
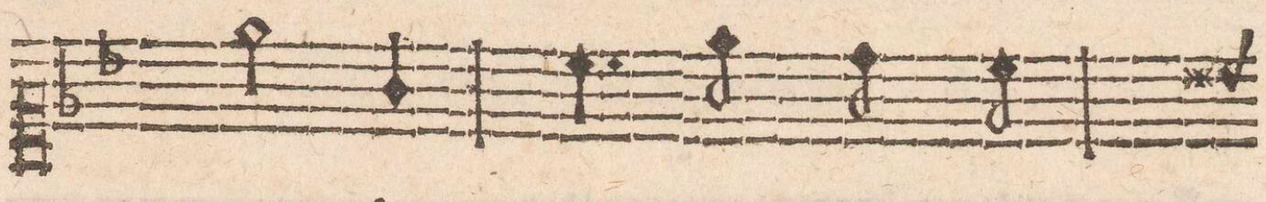


Ta - ble.

LE SECOURS.
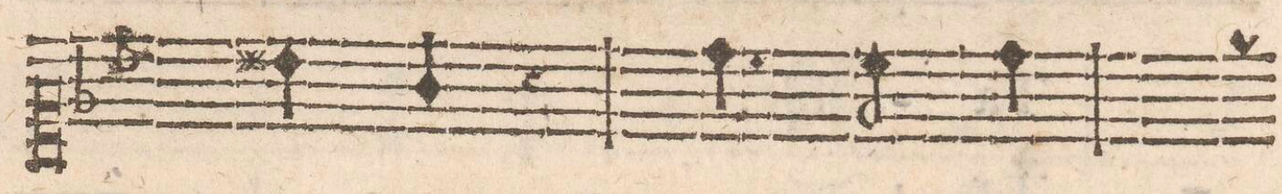
Air ſerieux.



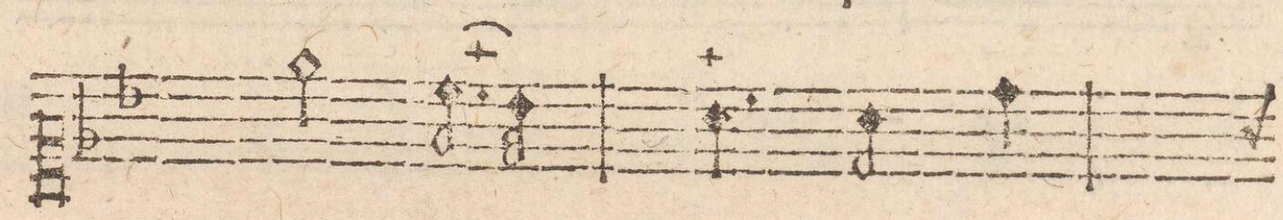
POur - quoi ſou - pi - rez
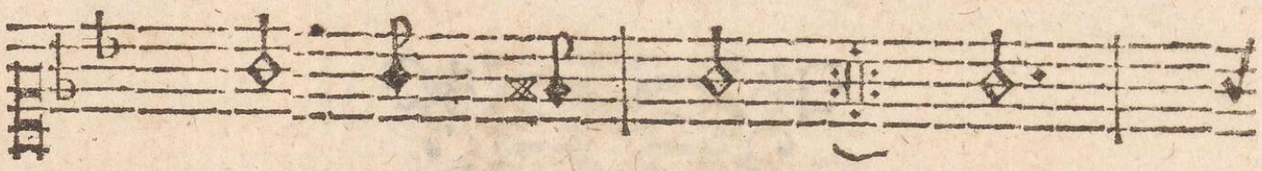


vous, char - man - te Ce - li-
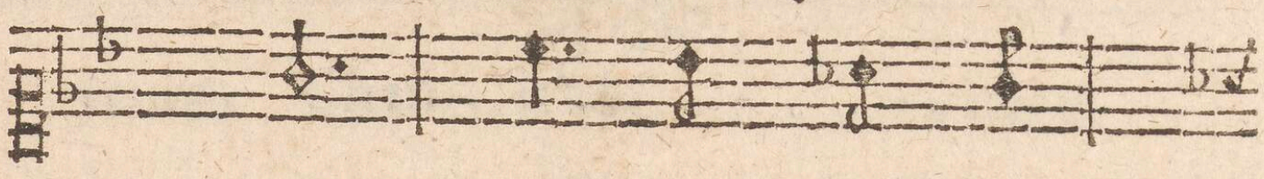


me - ne, Vous qui cau-
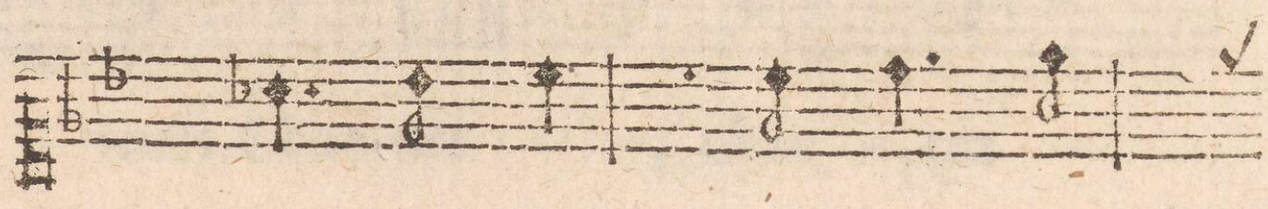


ſez aux cœurs de ſen-



ſi - bles tour- mens. mens.
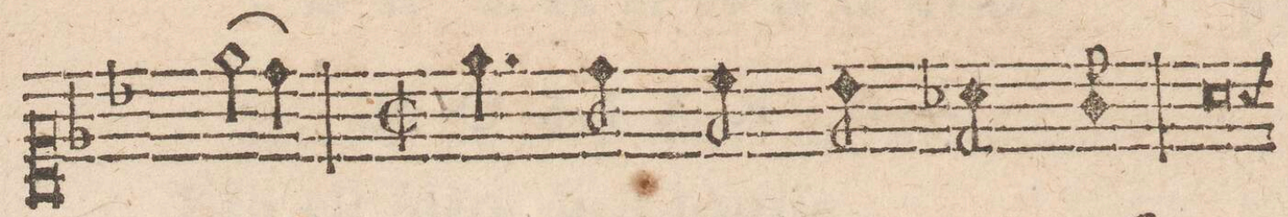


Ah! ſi je ſou - la-
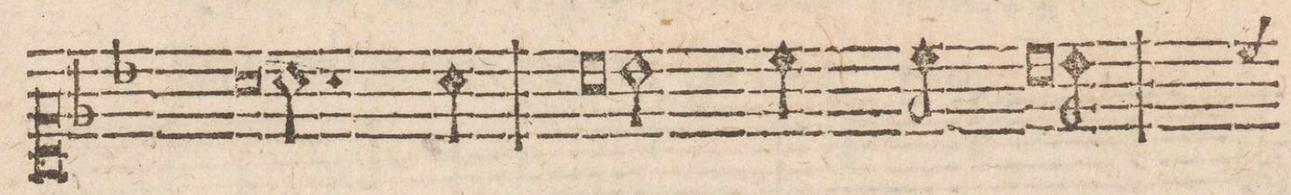


geois u - ne ſi ru - de pei-

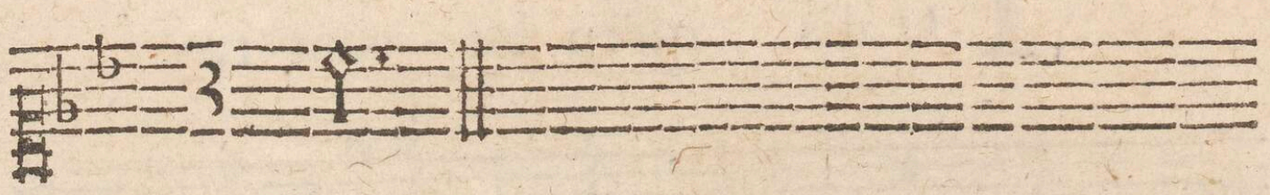
BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH



pei - ne; Je gue - ri - rois auſ-



ſi des maux que je reſ-



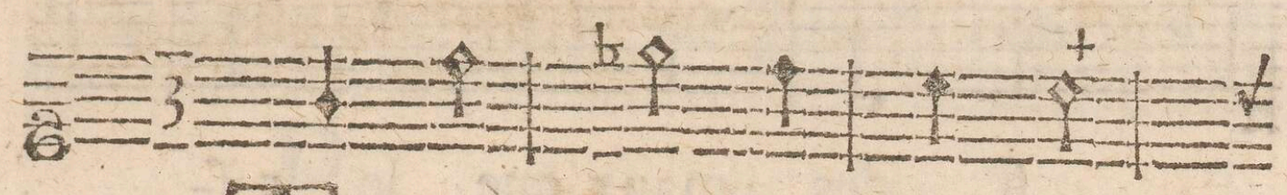
ſens.

Reponſe de Celimene.

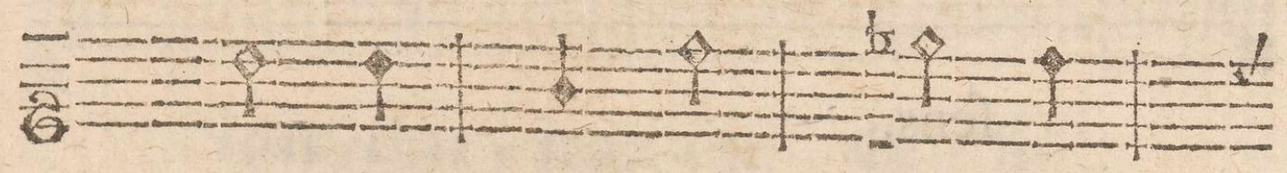
Quand tu vois ſoupirer la triſte Celimene,
C'eſt que l'amour la livre aux ſenſibles tourmens,
Ah! s'il m'étoit permis de ſoulager ta peine,
Je guérirois auſſi des maux que je reſſens.

LA RAISON.

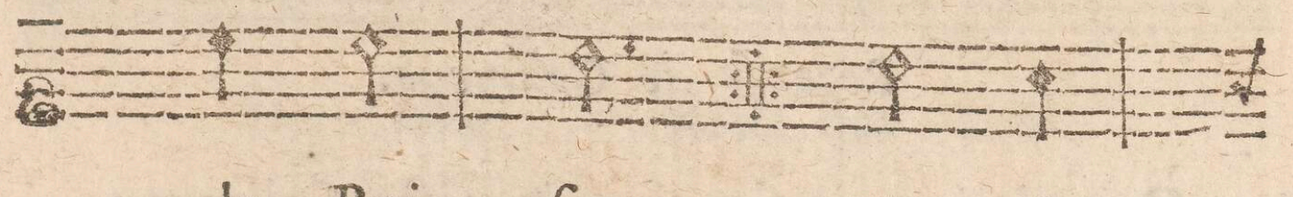
Air à boire.
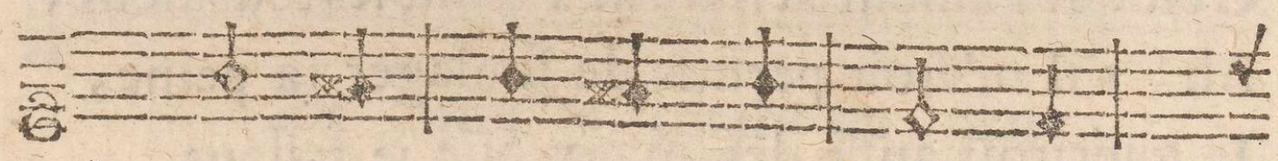


TU dis qu'en bu - vant ra-
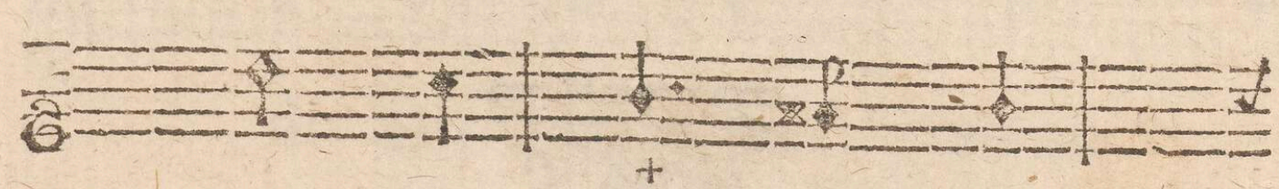


ſa - de, On peut per - dre



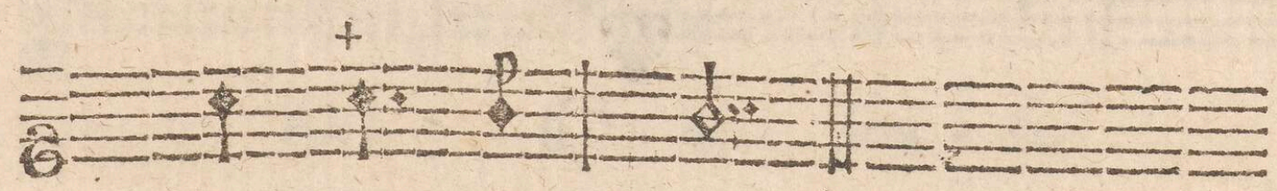
la Rai - ſon. Ver - ſe,



ver - ſe cher Ca - ma - ra - de,



En dé - bau - che eſt el-
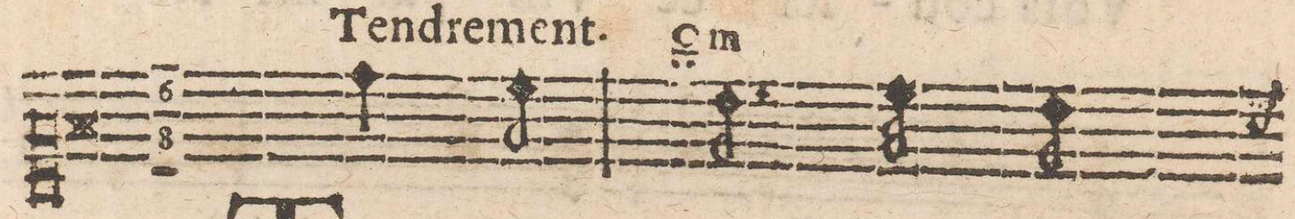


le de ſai - ſon.
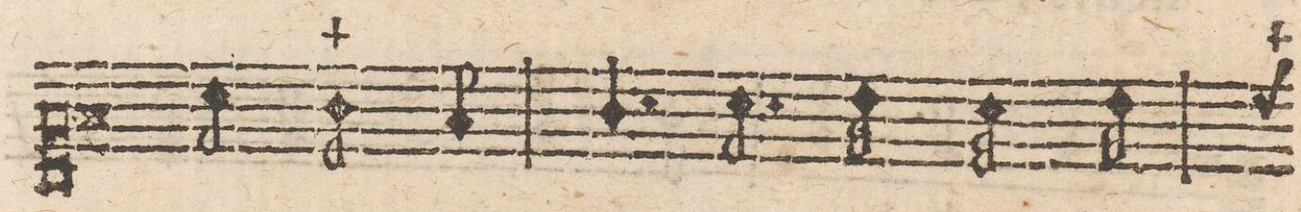
Elle

Elle eſt de trop dans le Monde,
Elle eſt Mère du Chagrin,
Qu'elle aille regner deſſus l'onde,
Et jamais on regne le bon Vin.
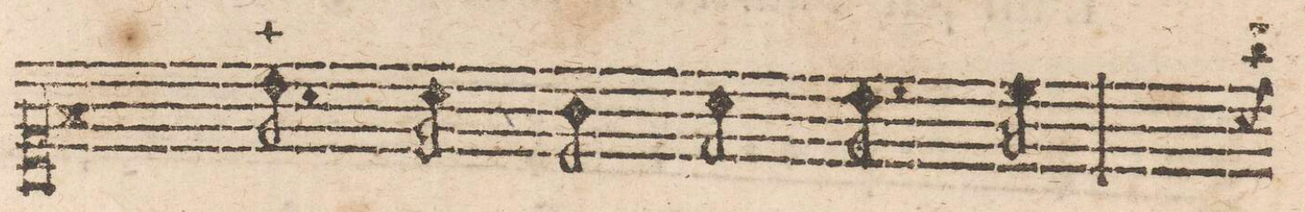
RONDEAU.
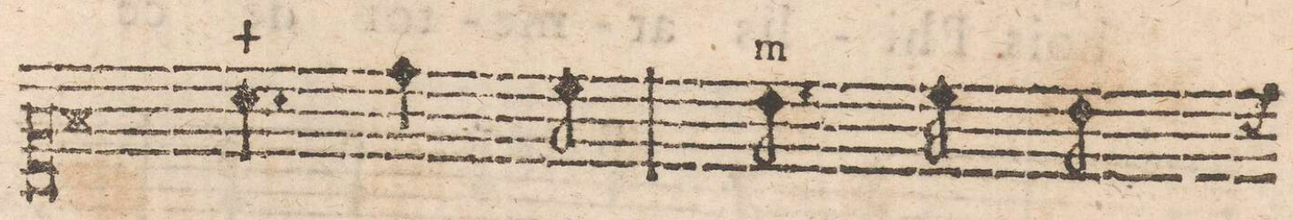


Tout Ci - thè - re eſt dans



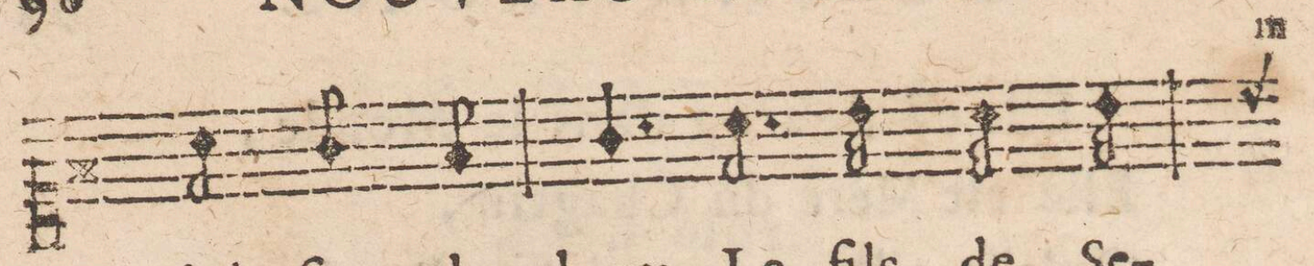
ce beau ſé - jour, Tu con-duis les
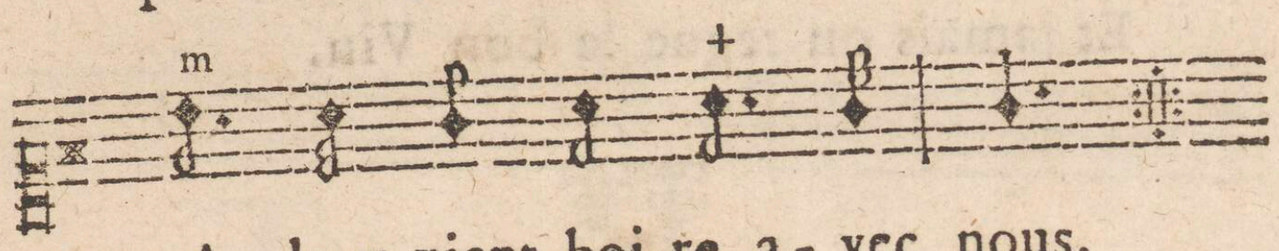


Gra - ces j'y me - ne l'A-



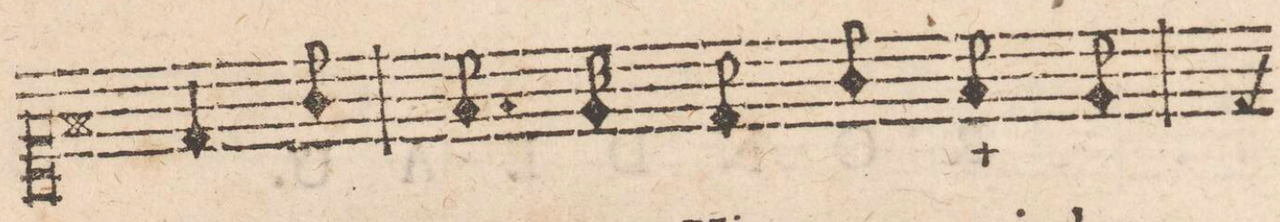
mour, Et pour ren - dre nos



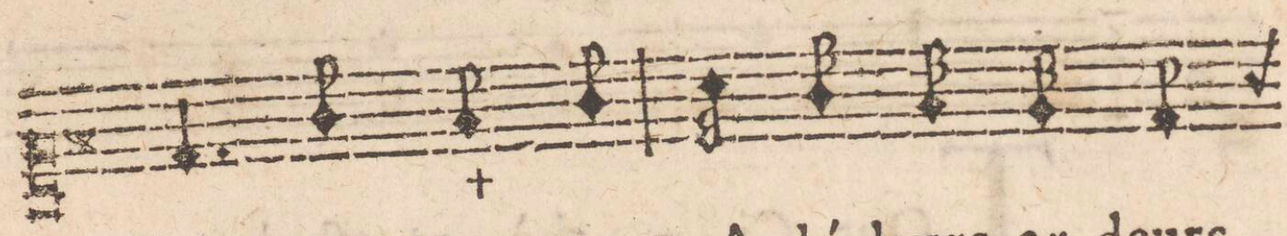
plai-ſirs plus doux, Le fils de Se-



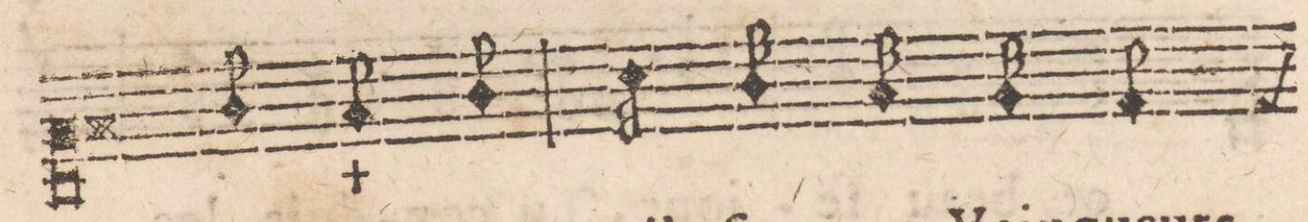
mê-le y vient boi-re a-vec nous.



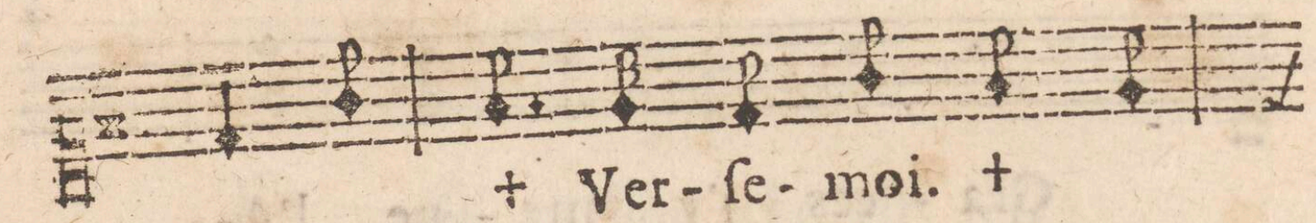
Vois cou-ler ce Vin par-mi les



fleurs, Ces Dieux ont mê-lé leurs ar-deurs,
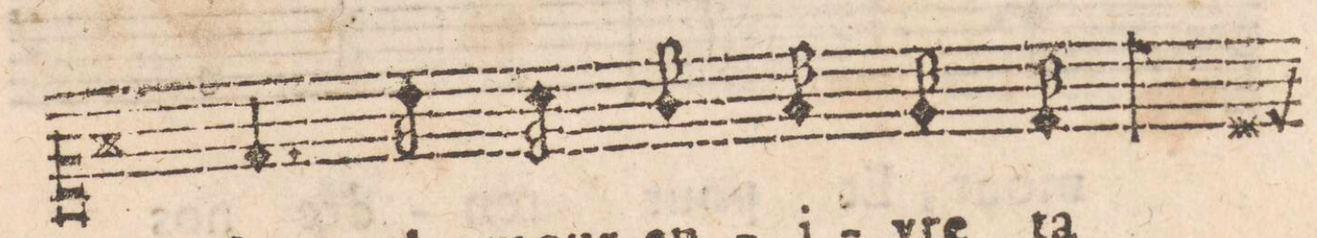


L'un par l'au-tre ils ſont nos Vainqueurs,
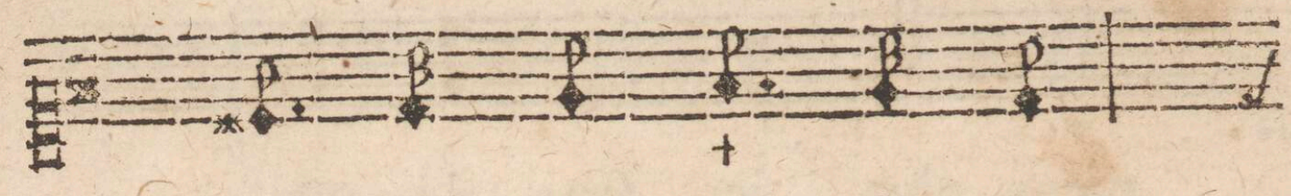


+ Ver-ſe-moi. +

bois Phi-lis ar-me-toi de ce
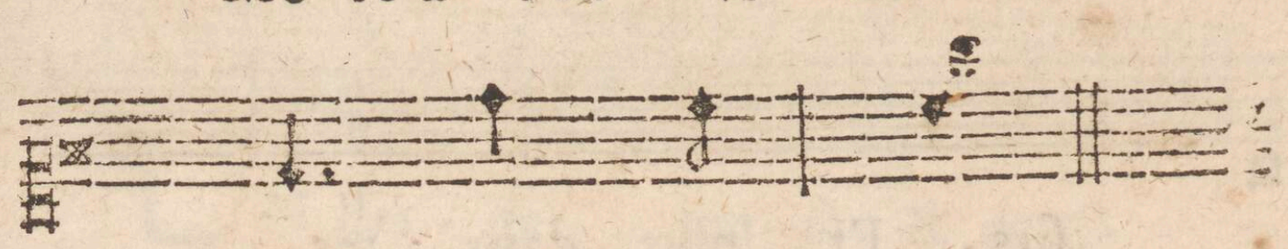


Jus, A-mour en-i-vre ta
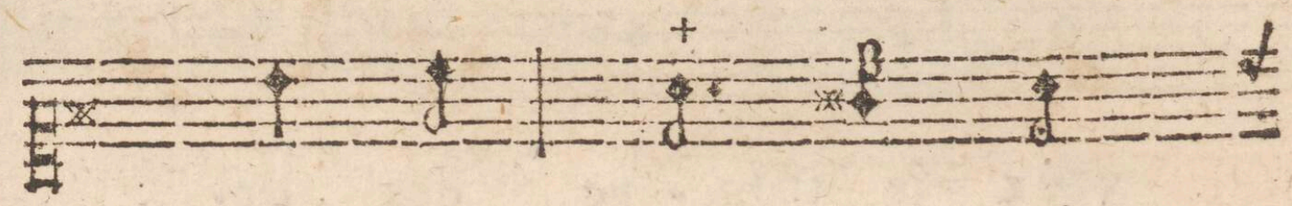
Mè-
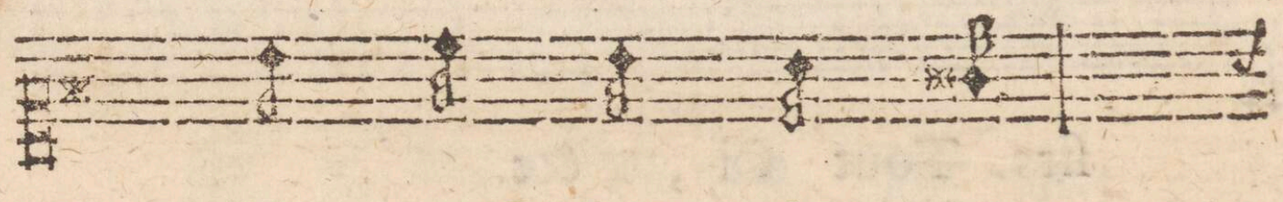


Mè-re à l'en - vi de Ba-
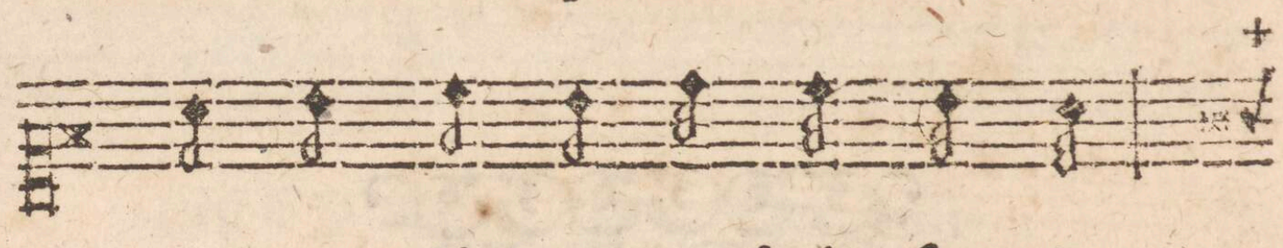


chus. Tout Ci-, &c.



Dans tes bras re - çoit



les tranſ-ports de mon
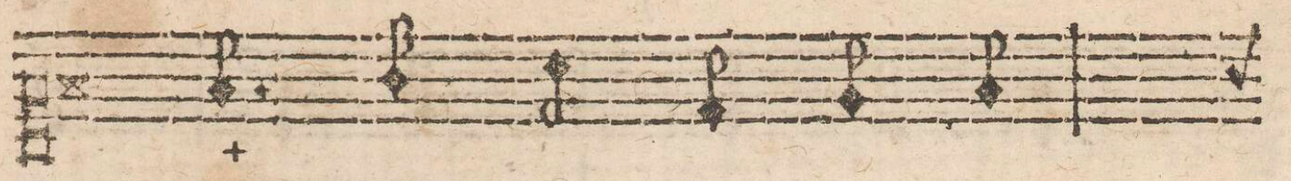


a - me, Ah! que ce bai - ſer m'en-



flа- me, Il re - dou - ble tes ap-
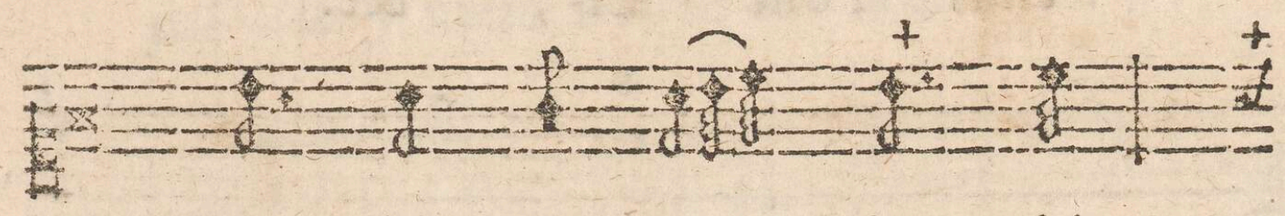


pas: Dieux quels mo-



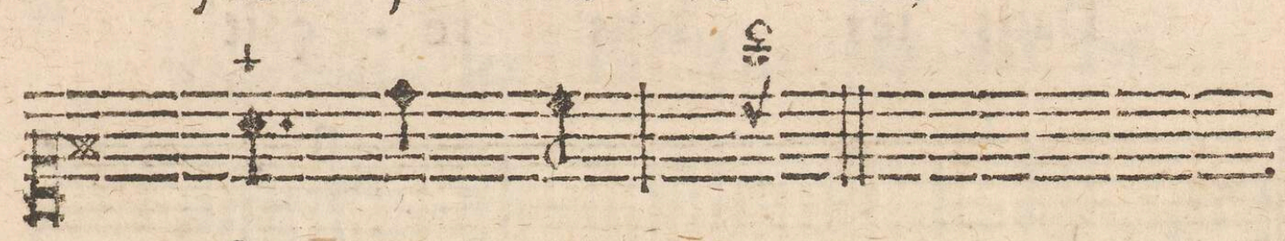
mens plus je ſens de plai-



ſirs, Et plus dans tes



yeux je trou - ve des dé-
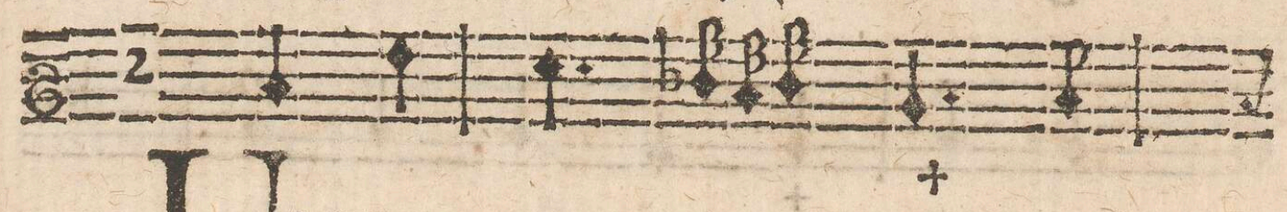


ſirs. Tout Ci-, &c.

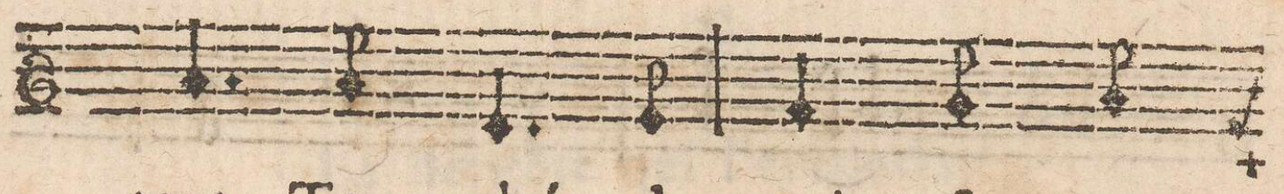
L'IN-

L'INCONSTANT.

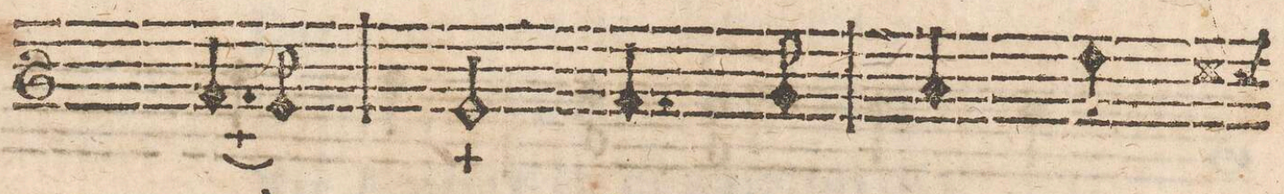
Legerement.
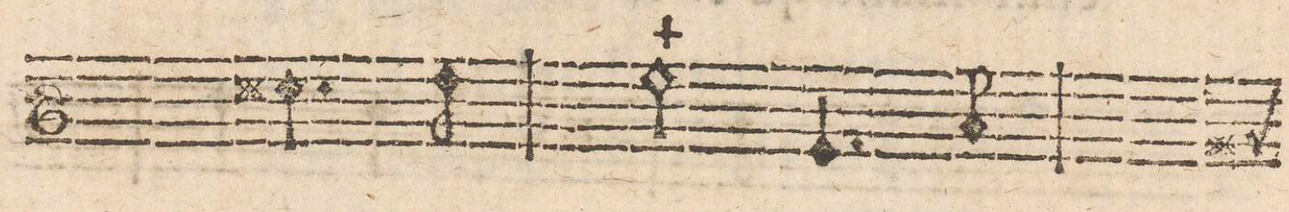


UN Ber - ger ten - dre & conſ-
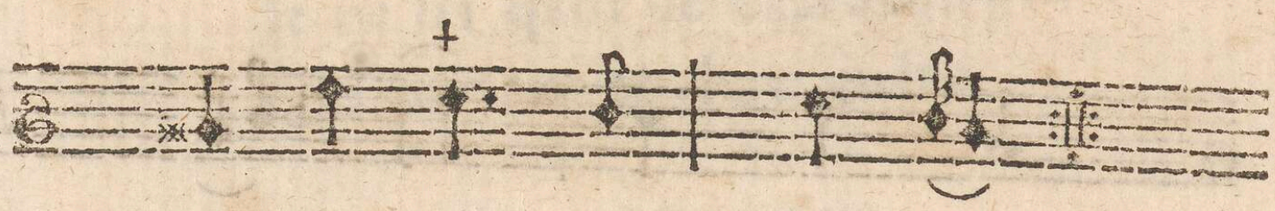


tant, Tou - ché de voir ſa Ber-
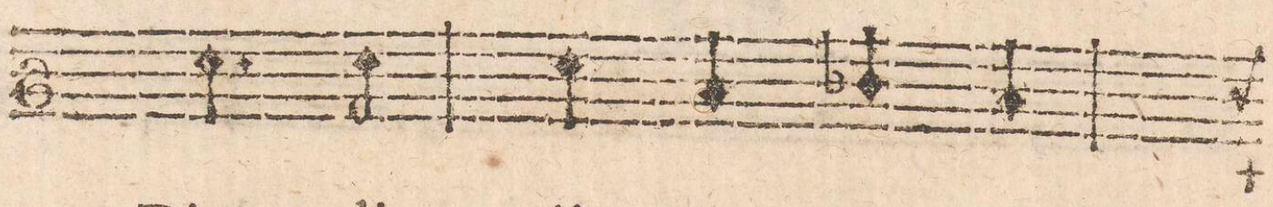


gè - re, Par un par - ju-
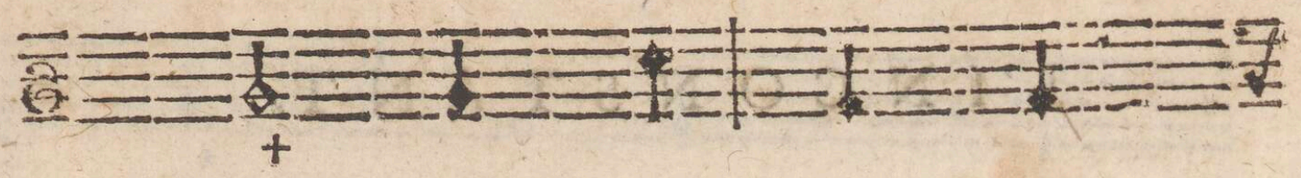


re é - cla - tant, Ou- bli-



er qu'il ſût lui plai - re:
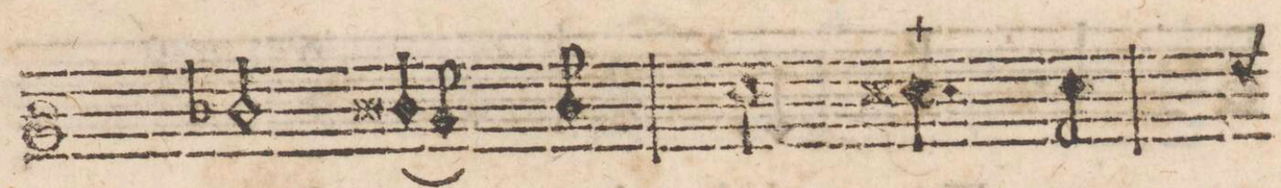


Dieux, dit - il, pour me van-
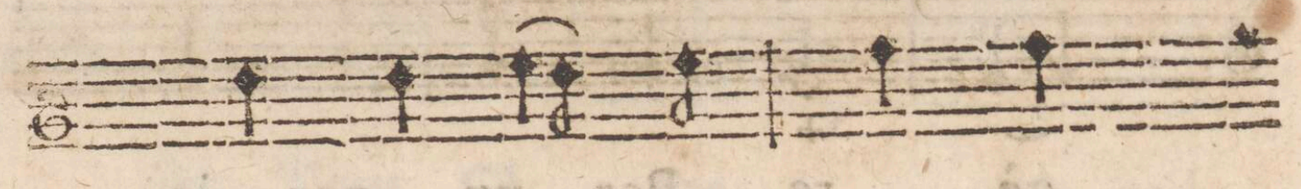


ger, D'u - ne in - ju-



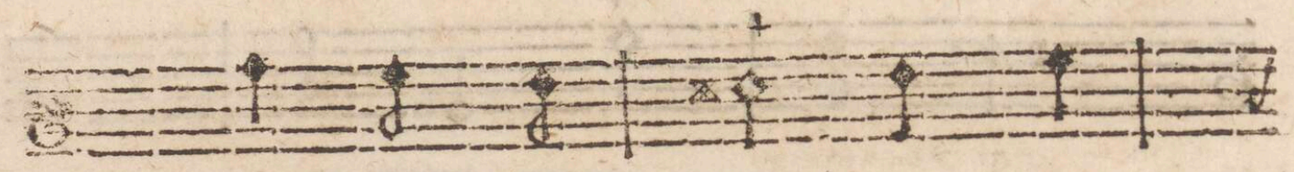
re ſi cruel - le, Fai - tes qu'el-
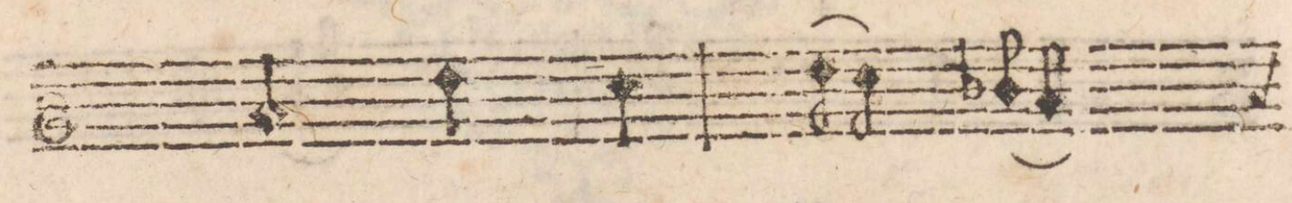


le ai-me un Ber - ger auſ - ſi



char mant qu'el-le eſt bel - le,



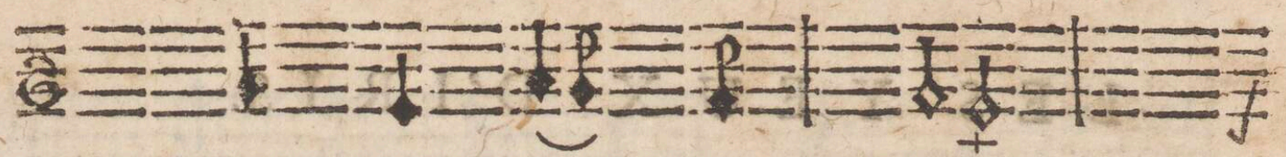
Mais qui ſu - jet à chan-



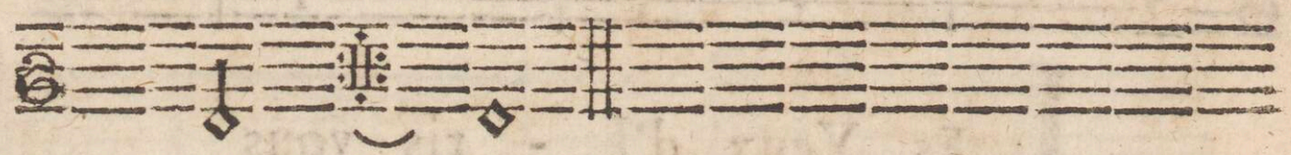
ger, Ait le cœur auſ-



ſi le - ger, que le



sien est in - si - del-
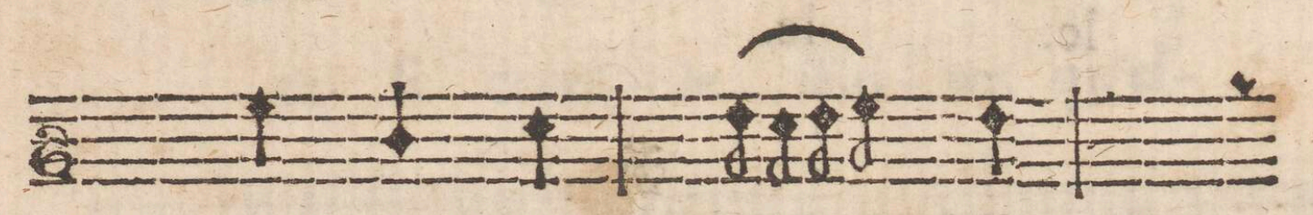


le. le.

La Bergère qui l'entend,
Loin de se mettre en colère,
Dit tout bas en souriant,
Dieux, exaucez sa prière,
En Amour le changement,
De tout tems a sû me plaire,
Car à parler franchement,
Cet aimable & doux mystère,
A dans son commencement,
Je ne sai quoi de charmant,
Qui souvent ne dure guère.
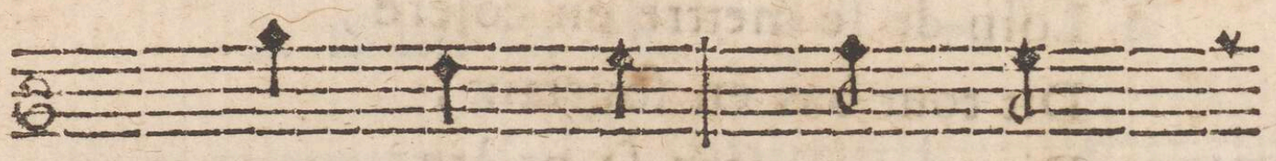
LES YEUX D'IRIS.
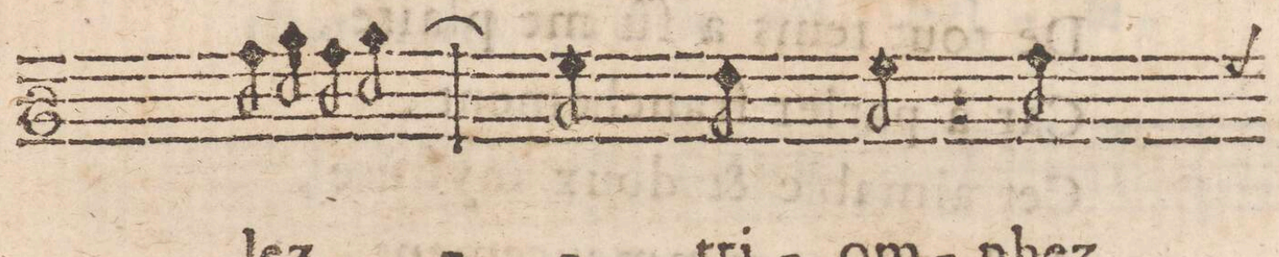


LEs Yeux d'I - ris vous
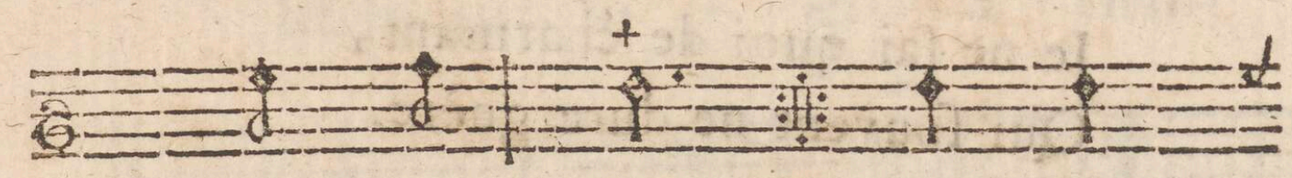


prê - tent des ar - mes,



Vo - lez A - mour, vo-
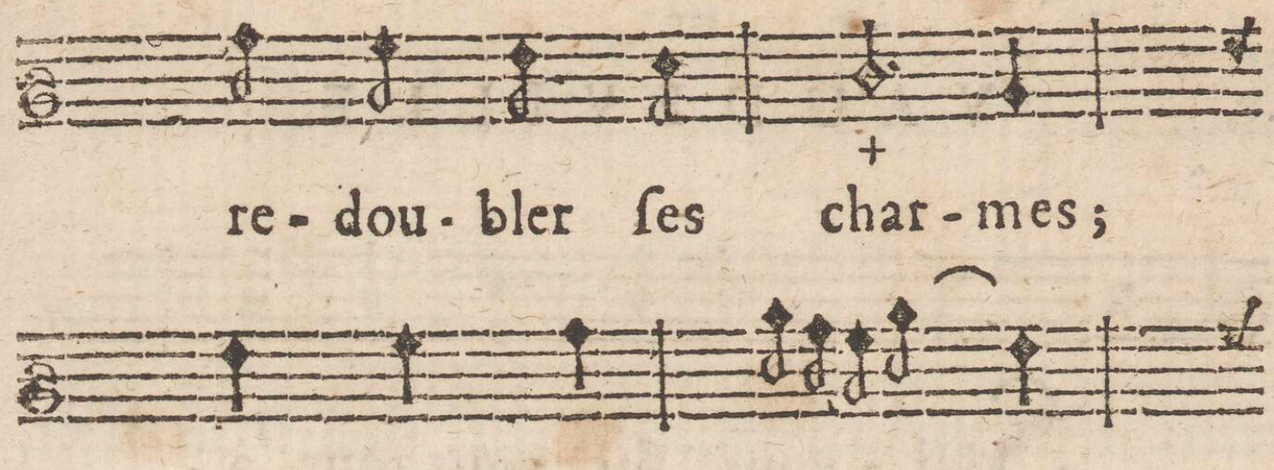


lez - - tri - om - phez
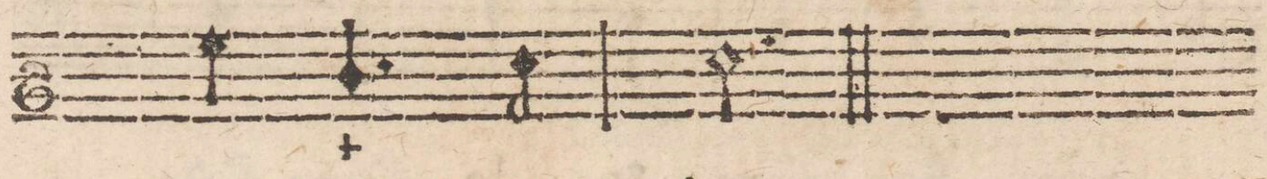


de nos cœurs: Tou - chez



auſ - ſi le ſien, pour
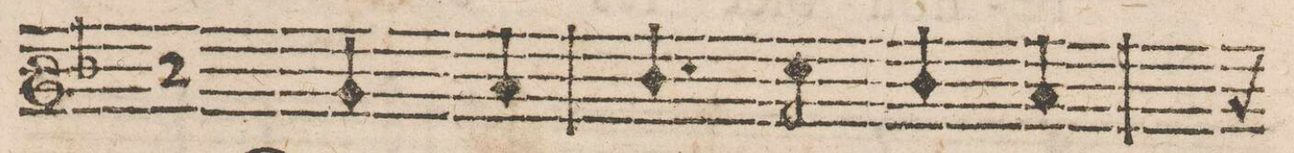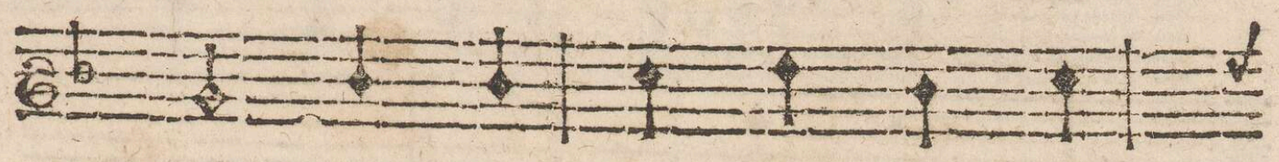




Son jeune cœur manque à vôtre gloire,
Pour ce triomphe deſcendez des Cieux:
Vous pourroit-elle Amour diſputer la victoire:
Si vous regnez dans ſes beaux yeux.

VAU-
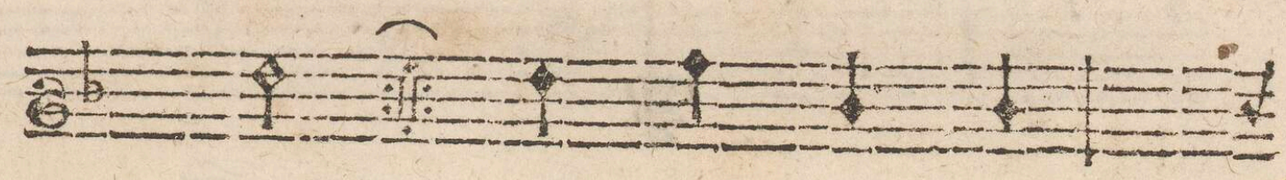
VAUDEVILLE.



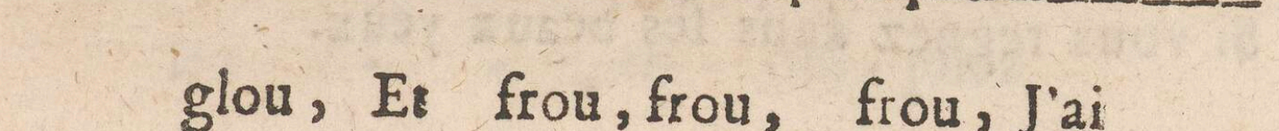
SUi - vons, fui - vons tour à
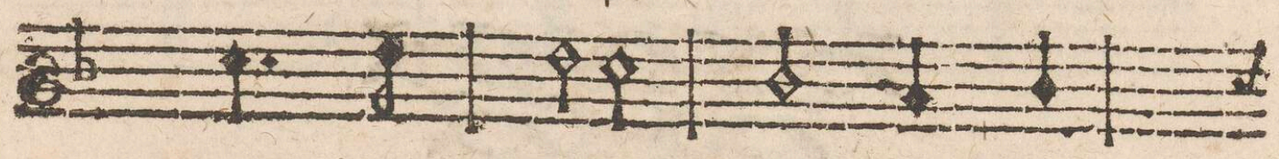


tour, Bac - chus & le Dieu d'A-



mour : mour : Et glou, glou,



glou, Et frou, frou, frou, J'ai



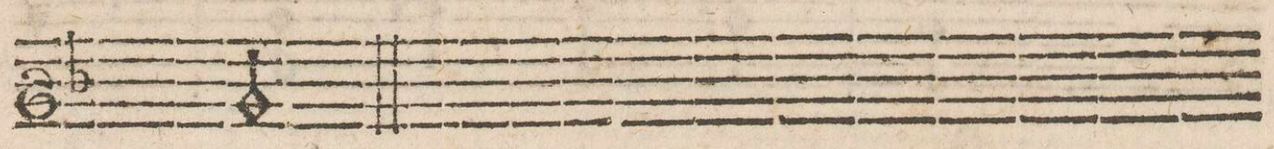
bon cou - ra - ge, Il faut



boi - re com-me un trou, Pour

aimer
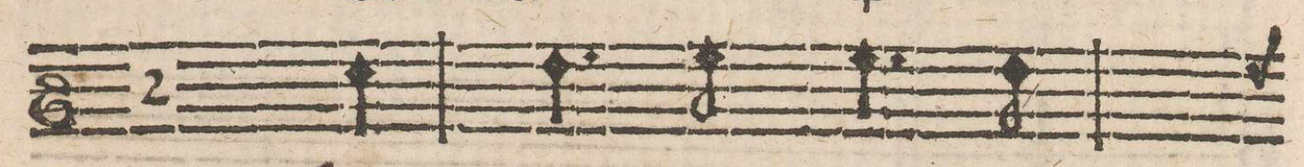




ge.

Quand j'aurai bû quatre coups, } *Bis.*
J'en rendrai ſix aux Amours,
Et glou, glou, glou,
Et frou, frou, frou,
J'ai bon courage,
Il faut boire comme un trou,
Pour aimer davantage.
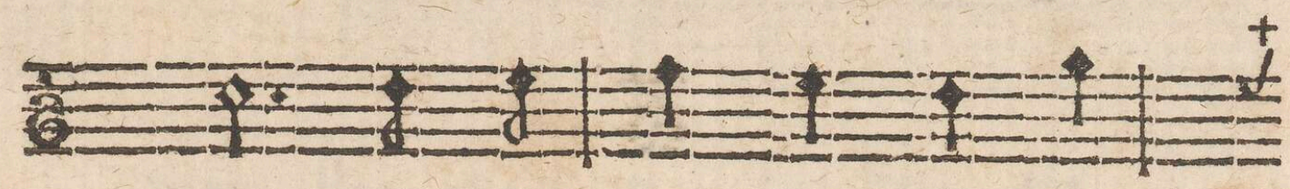
Objet charmant & gentil, } *Bis.*
Ce projèt vous plairoit-il,
Et glou, glou, glou,
Et frou, frou, frou,
J'ai bon courage,
Il faut boire comme un trou,
Pour aimer davantage.

LES PELERINES.
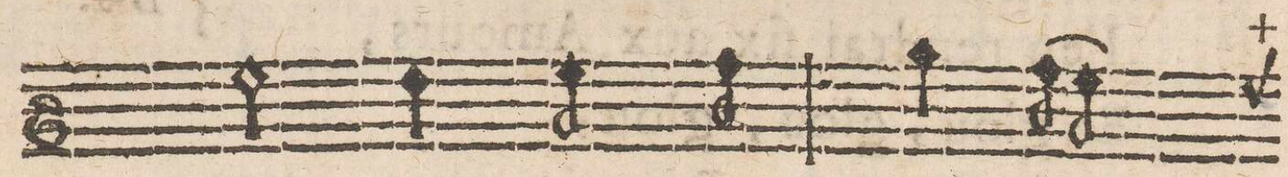
Gaiment.



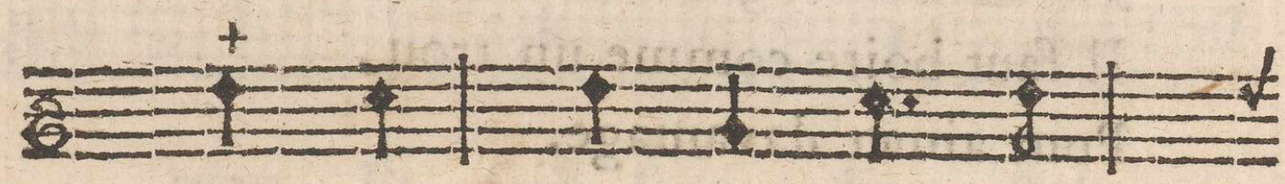
AU Tem-ple de l'A-
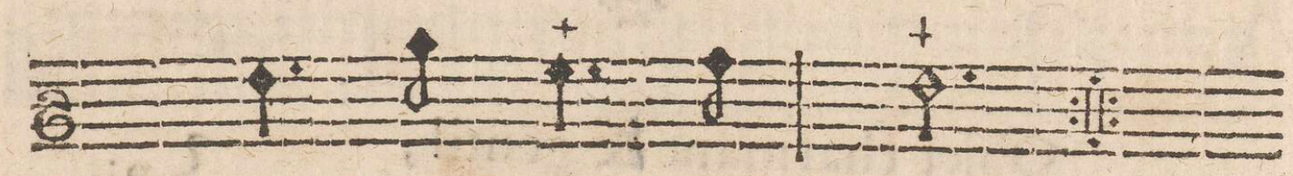


mour Pe-le-ri-nes de Ci-



thé-re, Nous al-lons d'un



cœur fin-cè-re, Nous of-
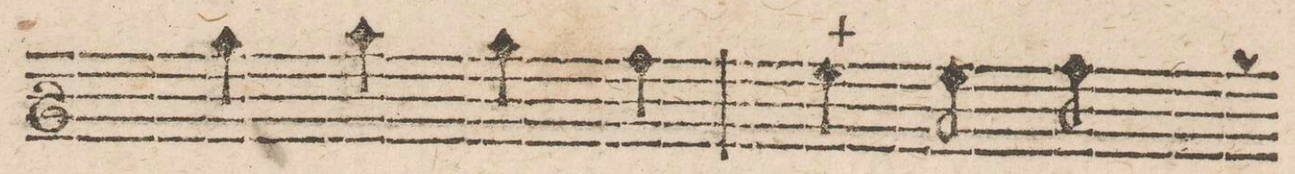


frir à nô-tre tour.

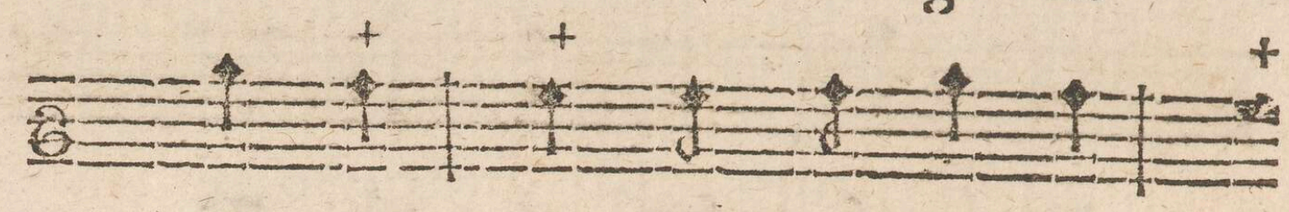


Les Ris, les Jeux, les A-
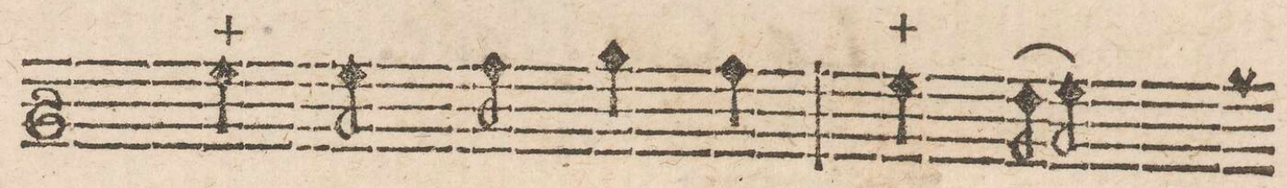
mours



mours ſont du voi - a - ge les



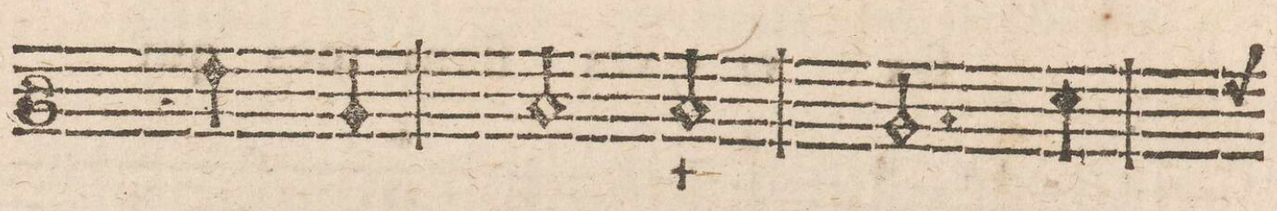
doux ſou - pirs, les ten-dres dé-
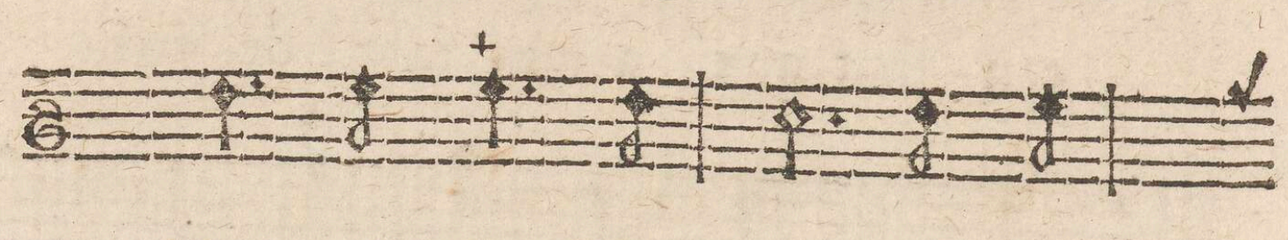


ſirs ſont le but de ce Pé-
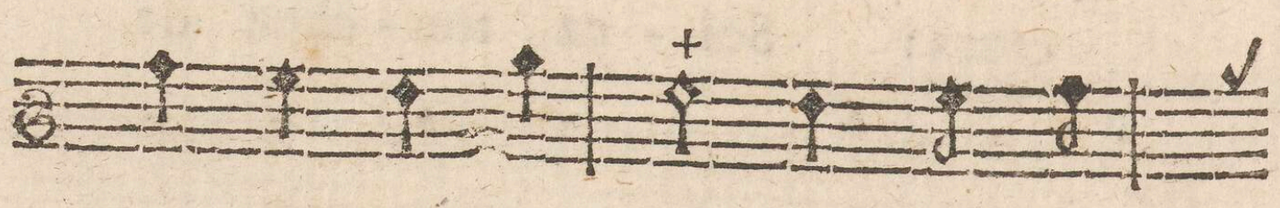


lé - ri - na - ge, Le prix
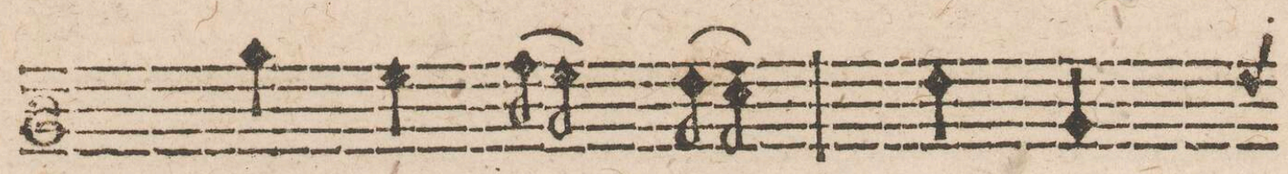


en eſt les plai - ſirs. Au



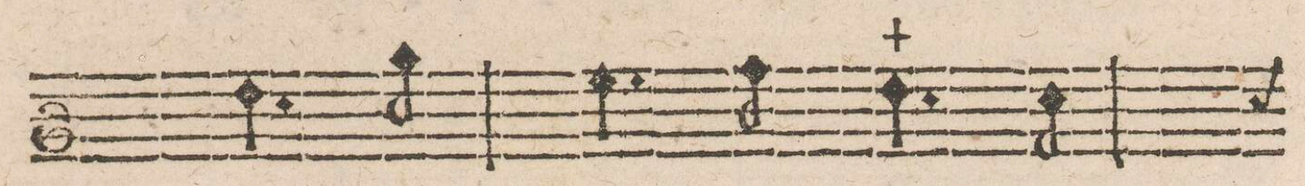
Tem-ple de l'A- mour Pé- lé-



ri - nes de Ci - thè - re; Nous al-



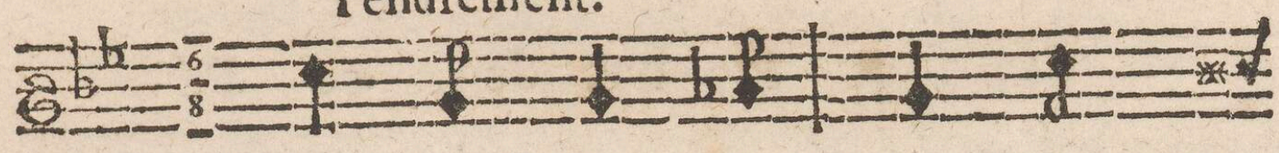
lons d'un cœur ſin - cè - re,



Nous of - frir à nô - tre

La Cariſtade.
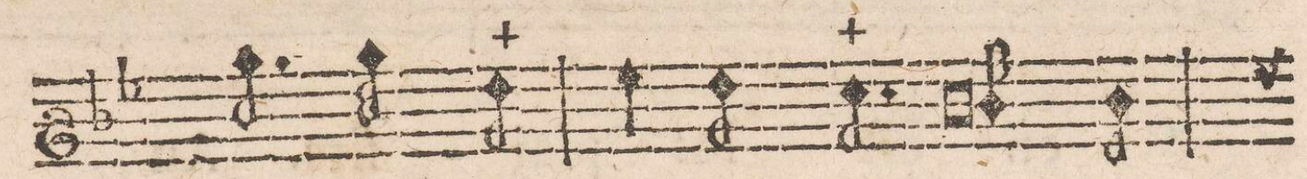
Tendrement.
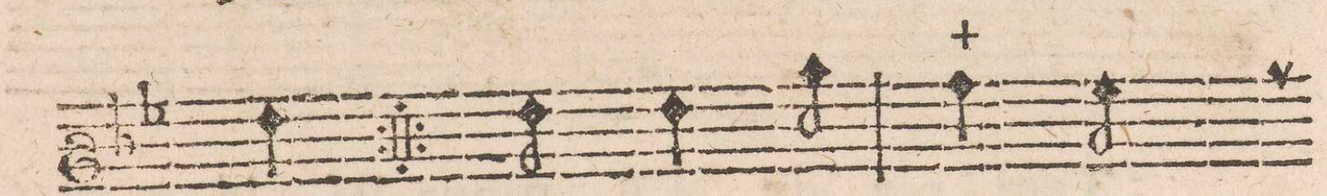


tour. Au nom char-mant de
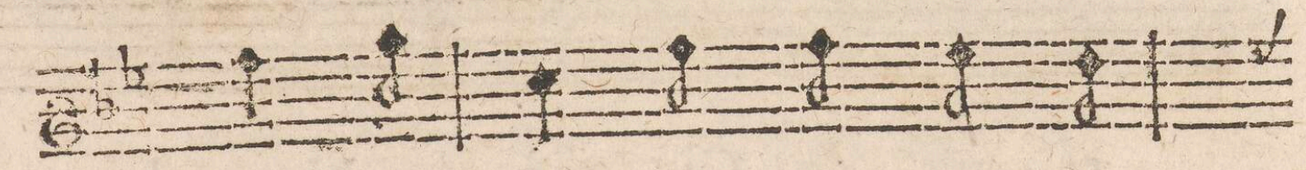


ſes vi - ves flam-mes qui



cau-ſent aux a-mes tant de dou-
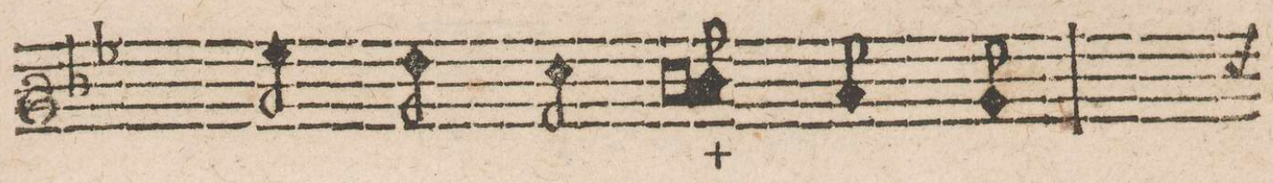


ceurs: Soi - ez tou-chez de

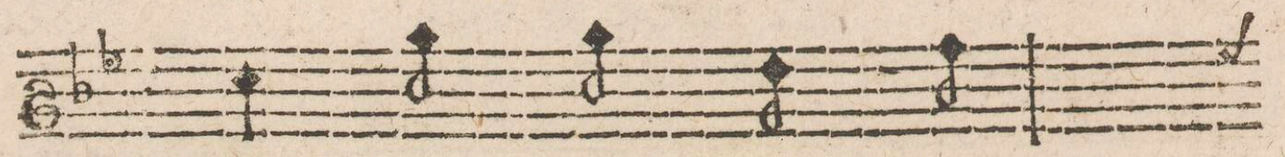


nos lan-gueurs, on lit dans nos

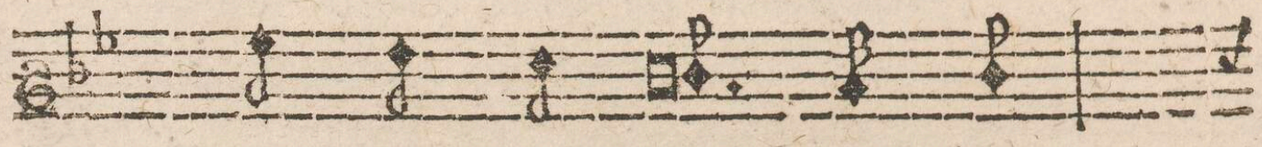
yeux



yeux le be - ſoin de nos



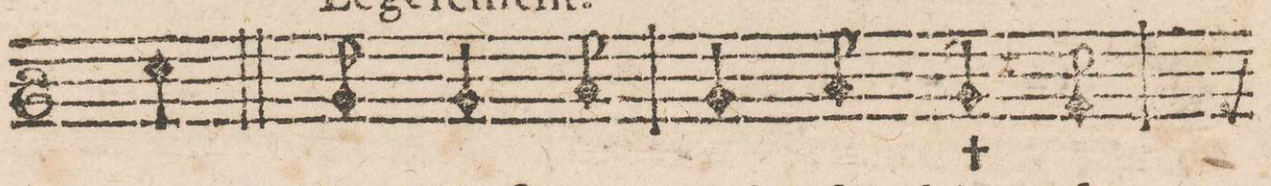
cœurs, On lit dans nos



yeux le be - ſoin de nos

Le Remerciment.
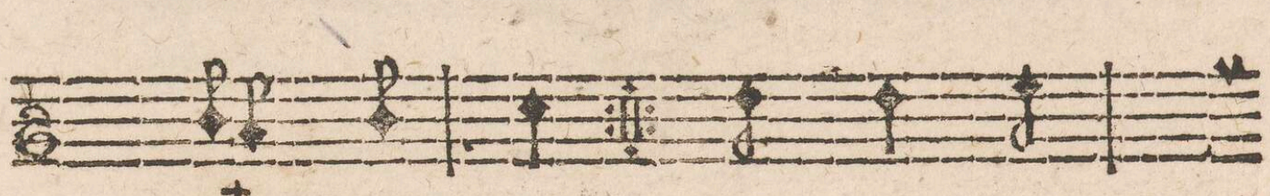
Légérement.



cœurs. Que deſ- or-mais des biens du-
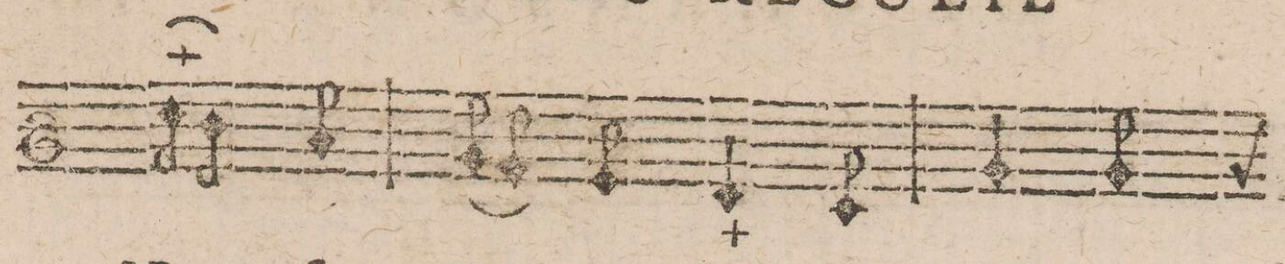


ra - bles à ja - mais com-blent



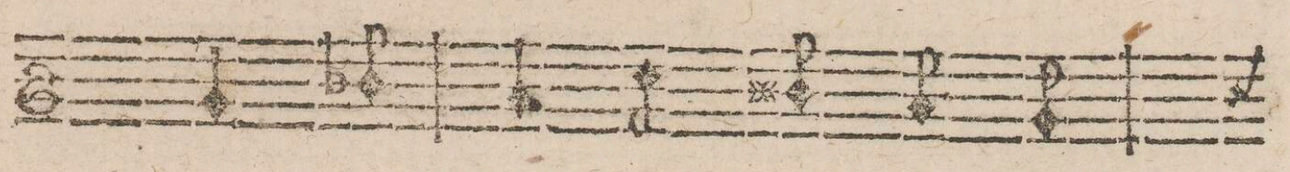
vos ſou-haits: Vos ten-dres



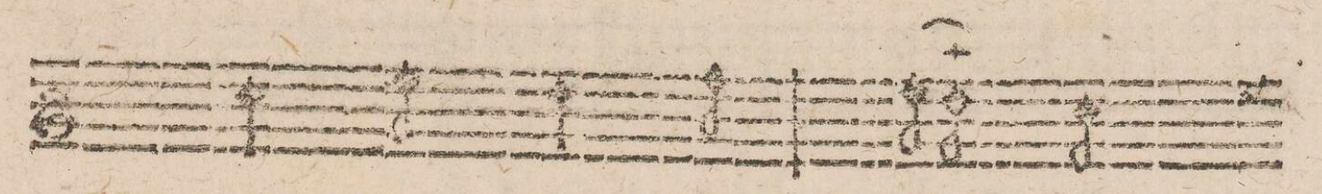
ſoins, vos dons ſe - cou - ra-bles



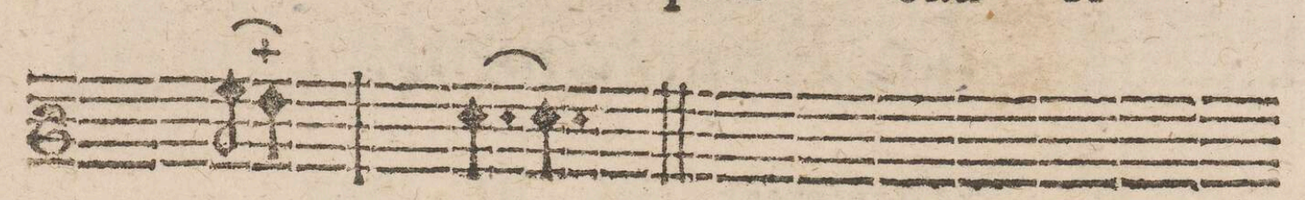
Nous ſou - la- gent dans ce jour puiſ-



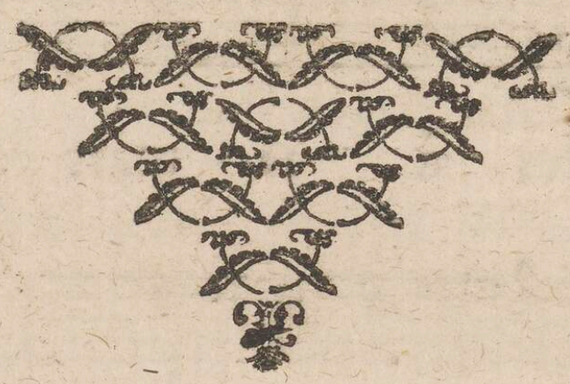
ſe l'A- mour vous rendre au re-



tour en - cor plus cha - ri-



ta - bles.



LES

LES PLAISIRS DE LA CAMPAGNE.
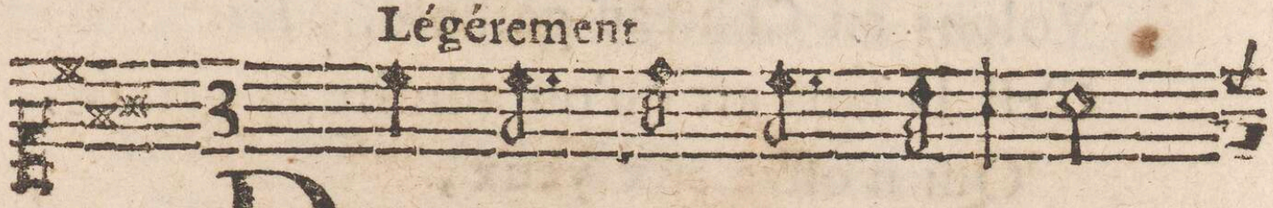
Sur le même Air.

POur jouïr à l'écart,
D'un deſtin doux & tranquille,
Chers amis, quitons la Ville,
Volons au Château gaillard. *Bis.*
C'eſt là ſans art qu'on admire la nature,
Qui n'offre aux yeux,
Qu'objets gracieux,
C'eſt-là que le divin Epicure,
Goutoit le plaiſir des Dieux,
Pour jouïr à l'écart, &c.
De ces beaux lieux,
L'agréable Maître,
A table fait naître,
Les Jeux & les Ris,
Les mèts friands, les vins exquis,
Pleine liberté peu d'amis,
Mais choiſis, } *Bis.*
Grand Dieu du Vin, dans ton Empire,
Où peux-tu mieux placer ta Cour,
Fuïez ſoupirs, amoureux Martire,
Loin de ce charmant ſéjour,
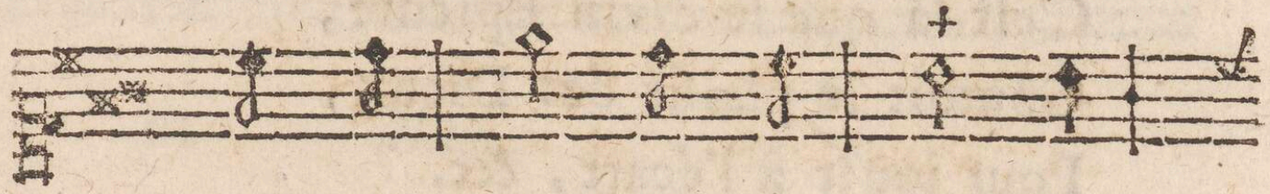
De peur qu'Amour,
N'empoiſonne un jour,
L'air libre qu'on y reſpire.

ETRENNES.
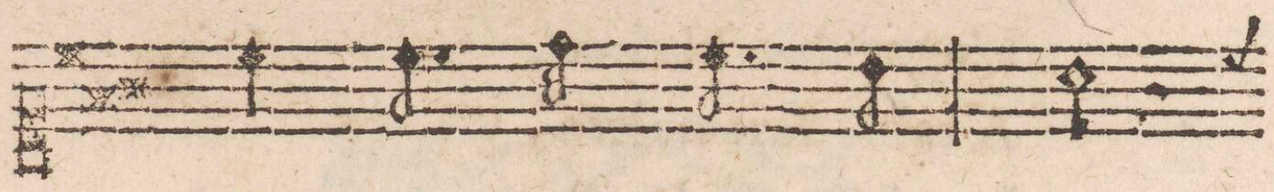
Légérement
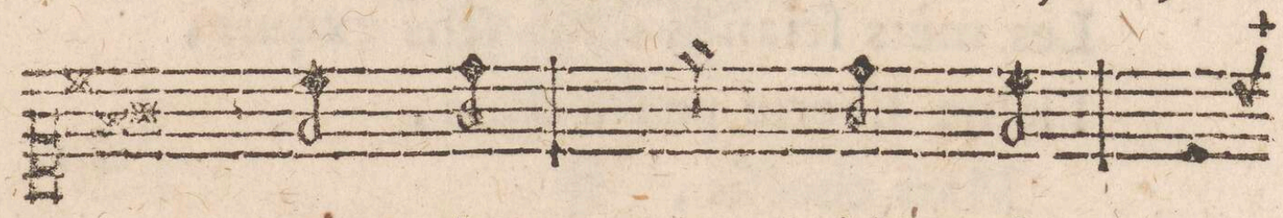


DAns cet ai-ma-ble jour,



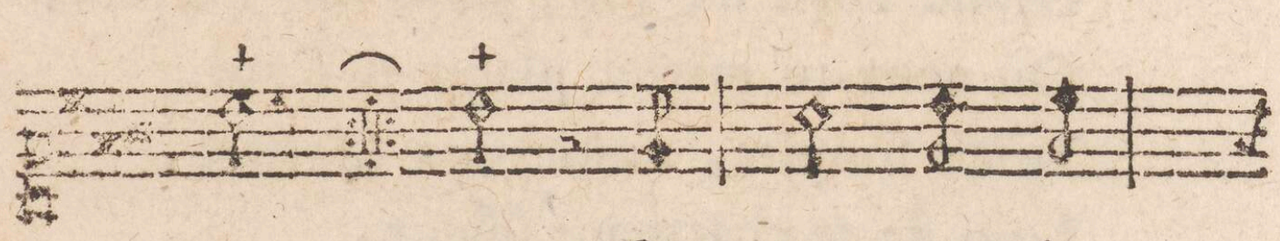
Il n'eſt rien qu'on ne pren-ne,
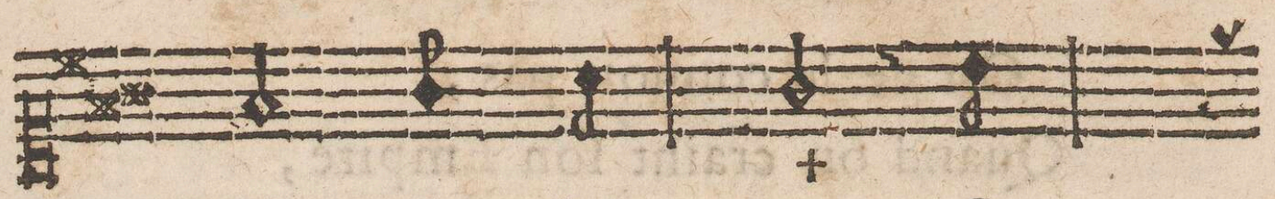


Dans cet ai-ma-ble jour,
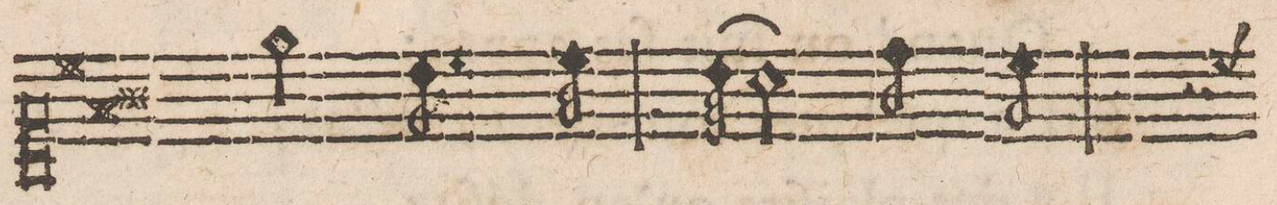


Un cha-cun fait ſa
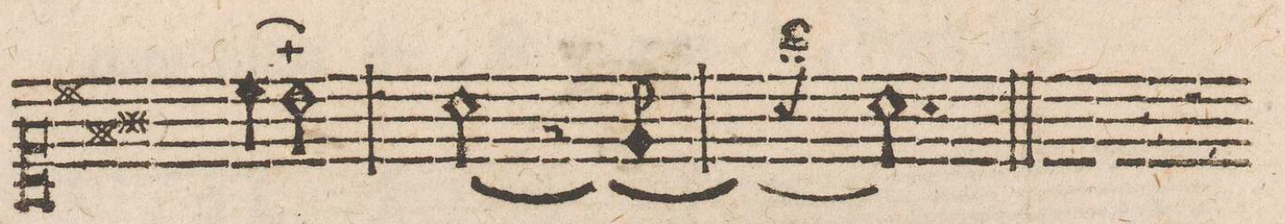


cour: cour: Je veux vous don-



ner de l'A - mour, I-



ris re - ce - vez cet-te E-



tren - ne. Je, &c. ne.

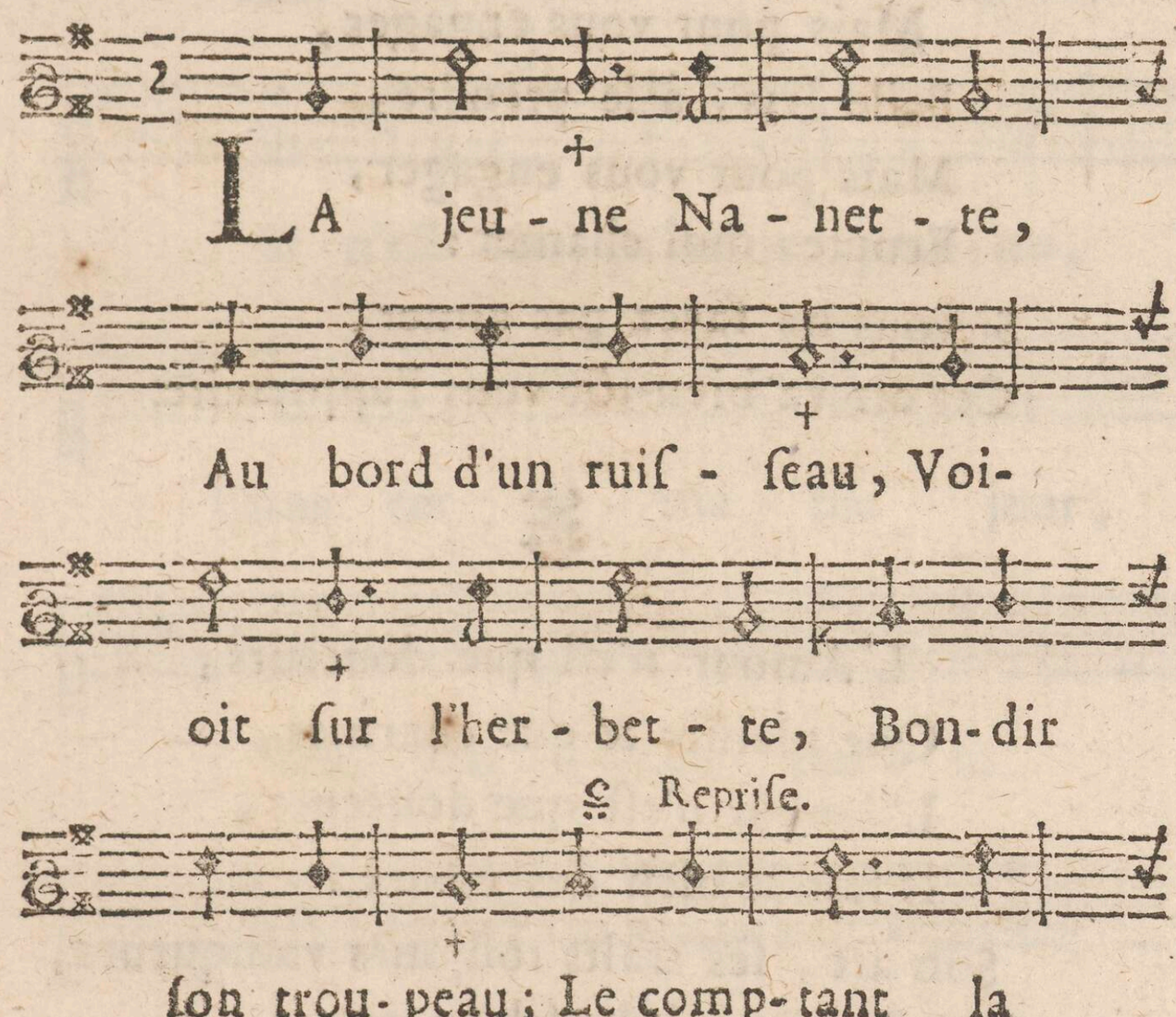
Mais pour vous engager,
Belle Iris, à le prendre,
Mais pour vous engager,
Ecoutez moi chanter:
Si vous ne ſavez pas aimer,
Cet air va bien-tôt vous l'apprendre.

L'Amour n'eſt que douceurs,
Que plaiſirs & que charmes,
L'Amour n'eſt que douceurs,
Il fait le bien des cœurs:
Son arc, ſes traits toûjours vainqueurs,
Ne ſont que d'agréables armes.

On ne le connoit pas,
Quand on craint ſon Empire,
On ne le connoit pas,
Quand on fuit ſes appas:
S'il a quelques tourmens, hélas,
Il a des plaiſirs qu'on déſire.
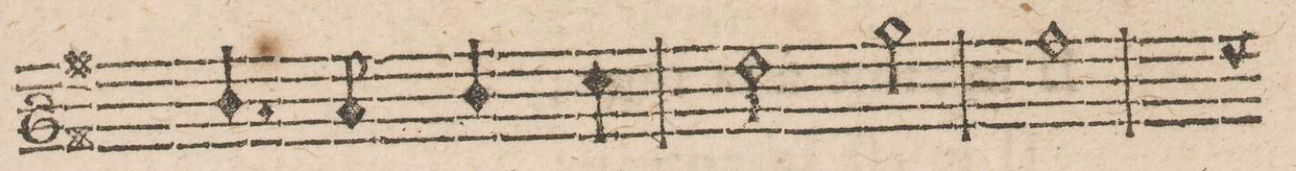
LE CHANGEMENT.

Vaudeville.
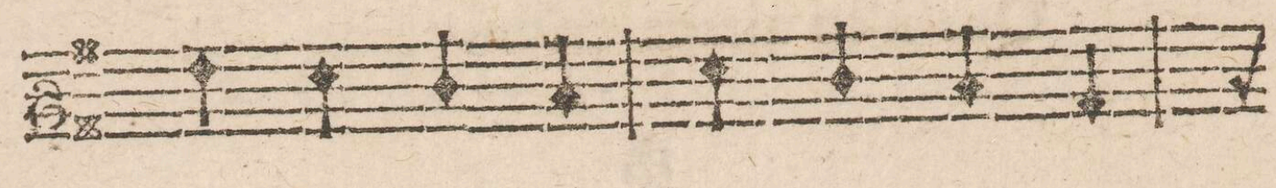


LA jeu - ne Na - net - te,
Au bord d'un ruiſ - ſeau, Voi-
oit ſur l'her - bet - te, Bon-dir
Repriſe.
ſon trou-peau; Le comp-tant la
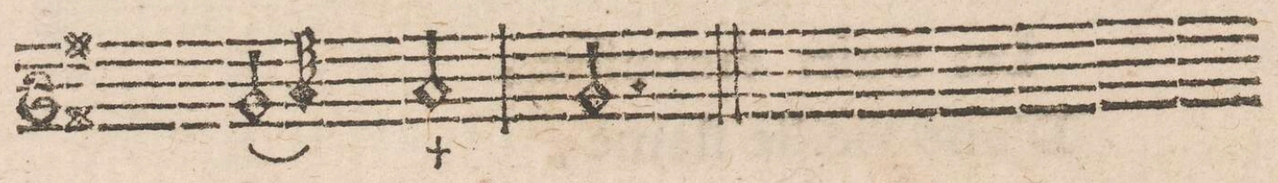
Bel-



Bel-le ſe mit à cri-er,



com-bien de fe-mel-le, Pour un



ſeul Be-lier.

Brebis, ſi ma Mère,
Ecoute ma voix,
Je ſaurai vous faire,
De plus douces loix,
Je ſai par moi-même,
Quel eſt le plaiſir,
Même quand on aime,
D'avoir à choiſir.

L'Amant le plus tendre,
Qui ſoit dans ces lieux,
Se plait à me rendre,
Plus de ſoin qu'aux Dieux:

Il m'aime à la rage,
Il m'eſt importun :
C'eſt un mariage,
Que n'en aimer qu'un.

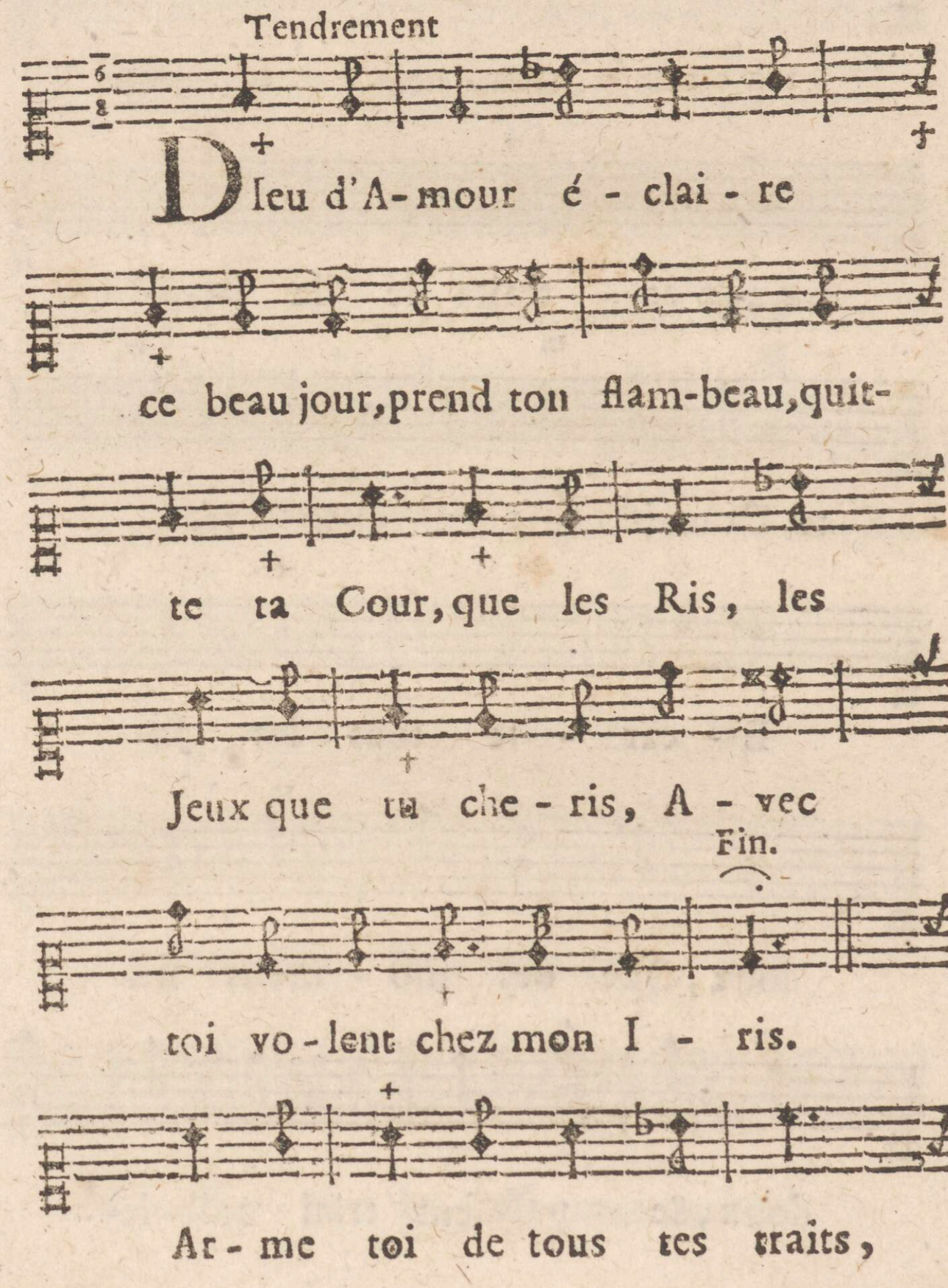
Il offre à mon ame,
Les traits émouſſez,
D'une vieille flame,
Qui me plût aſſez,
Mais parcequ'il m'aime,
Aurai-je l'ennui,
Et la gêne extrême,
De n'aimer que lui.

Toute la Jeuneſſe,
De notre hameau,
Avec moi ſans ceſſe,
Danſe ſous l'ormeau :
Un lui ſemble à craindre,
Il en eſt jaloux ;
S'il oſe s'en plaindre,
Je les prendrai tous.
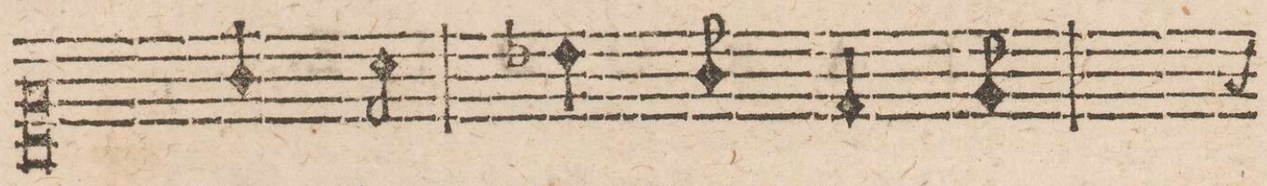
PARODIE.

Sur la

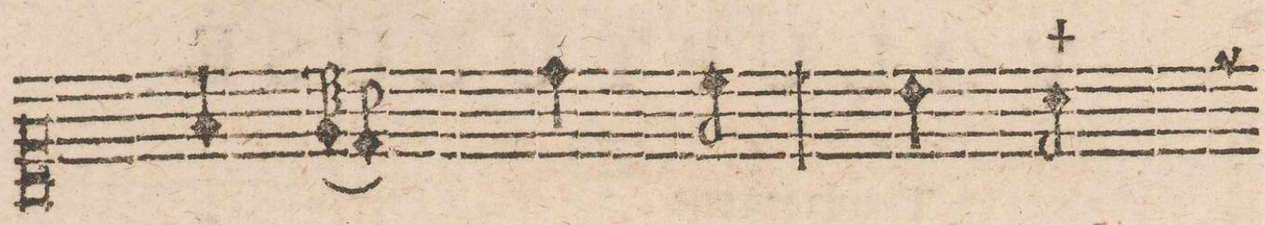
VOLUPTUEUSE.
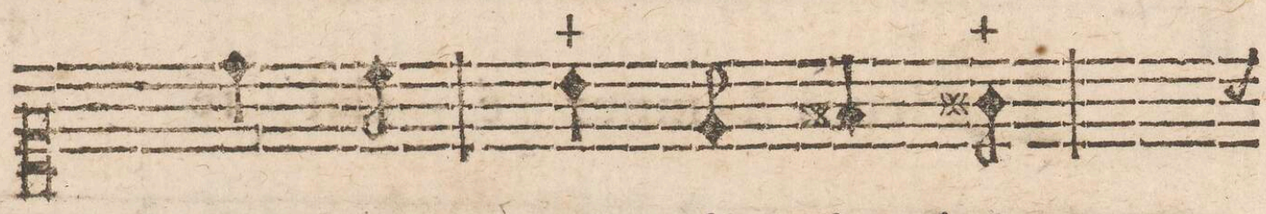


Que
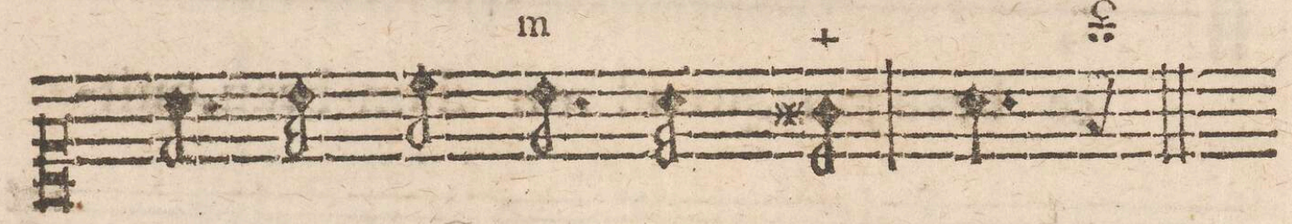


Que les Gra - ces, Sur tes
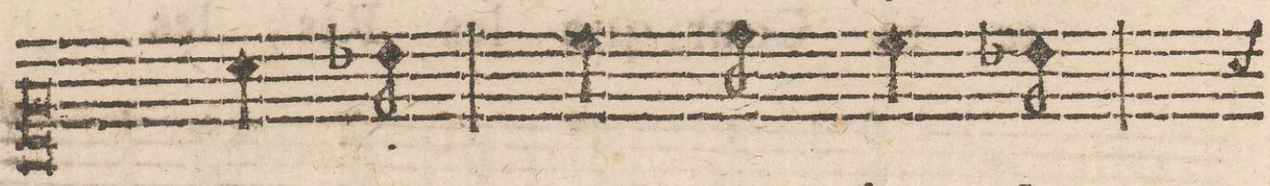


tra - ces vien - nent ſe join-
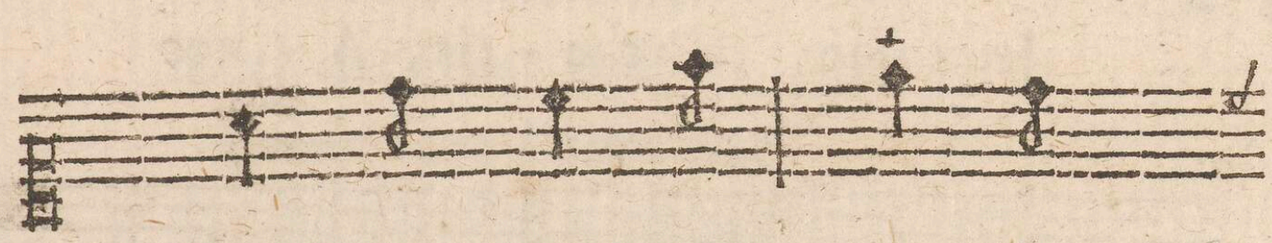


dre aux at - traits de la beau-
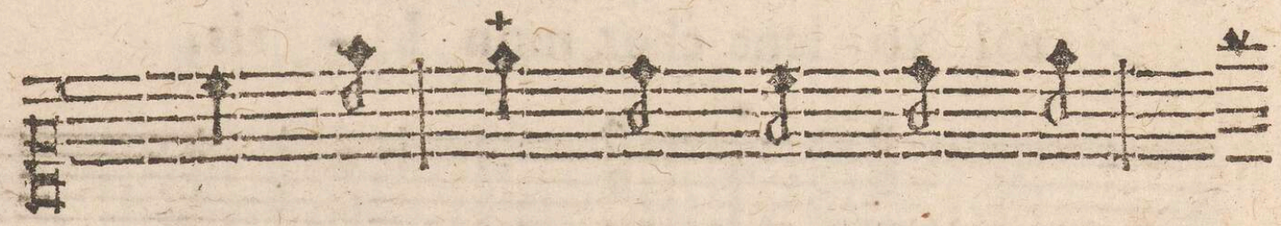


té, Dont je ſuis en- chan - té.



E - car - te tous les Ja-
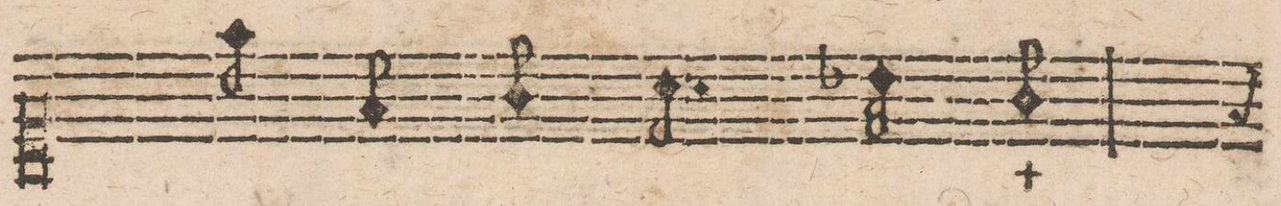


loux, Que des mo - mens ſi
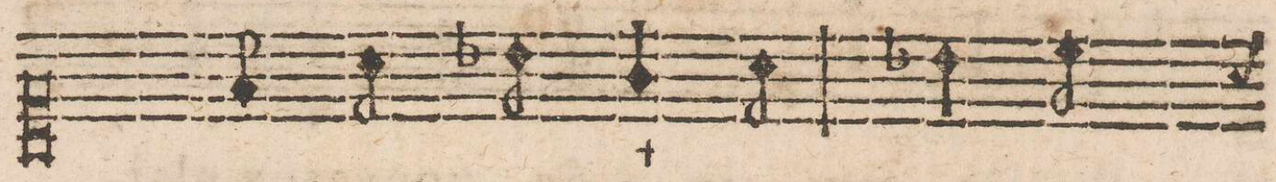


doux, Se paſ-ſent tran - quil - le-
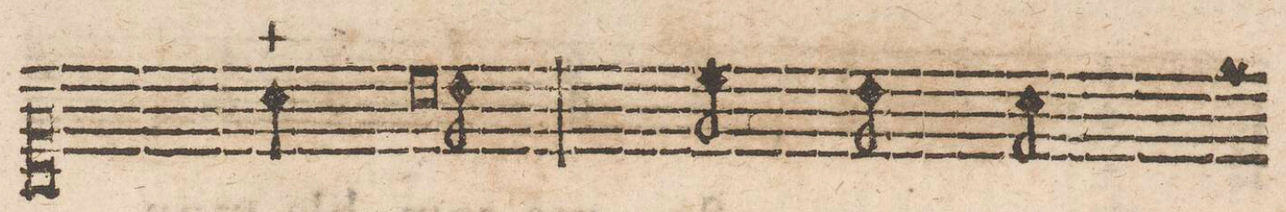
ment,
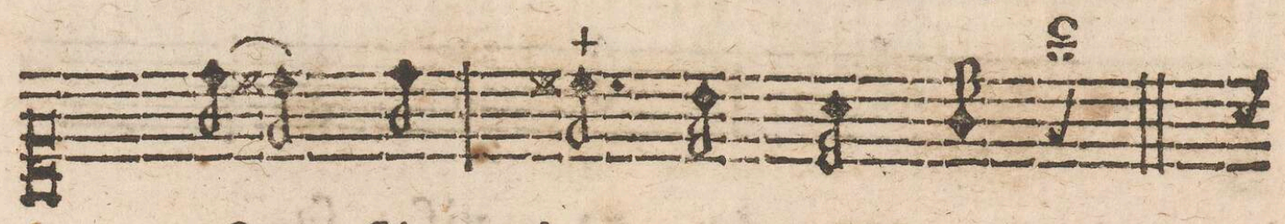


ment, Et cou - le len - te-
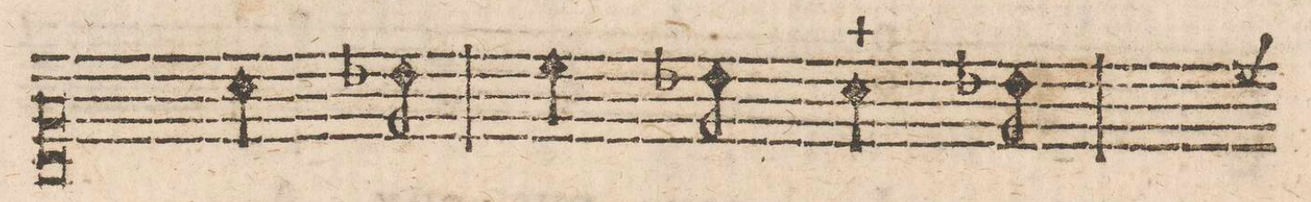


ment, Toû-jours ſous un voi-le é-
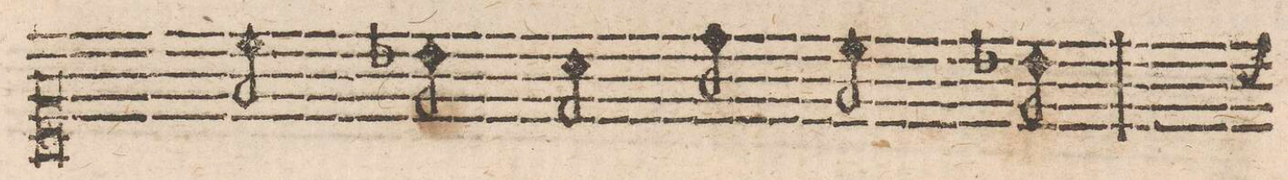


pais ca - che nos plai-
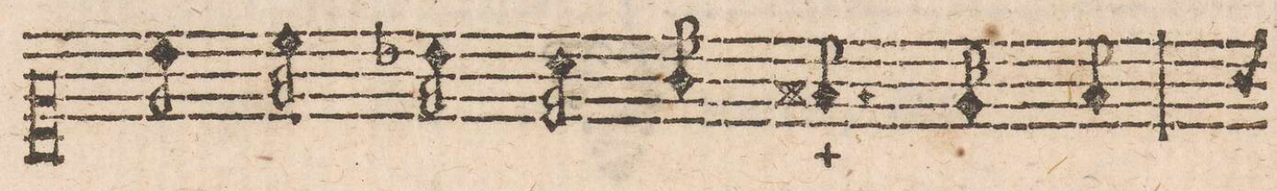


ſirs ſé - crèts, O puiſ-ſant Dieu, &c.
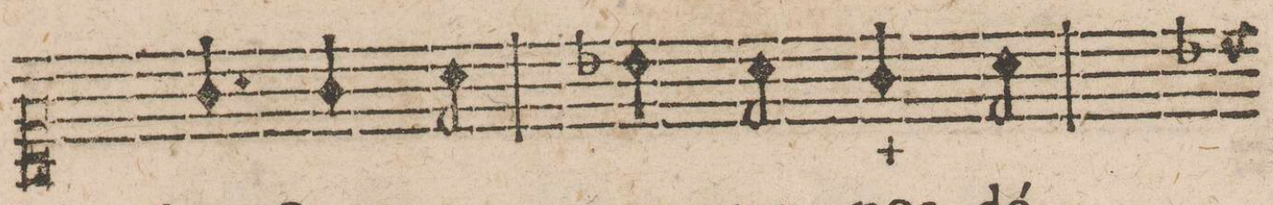


De mon cœur voit la lan-
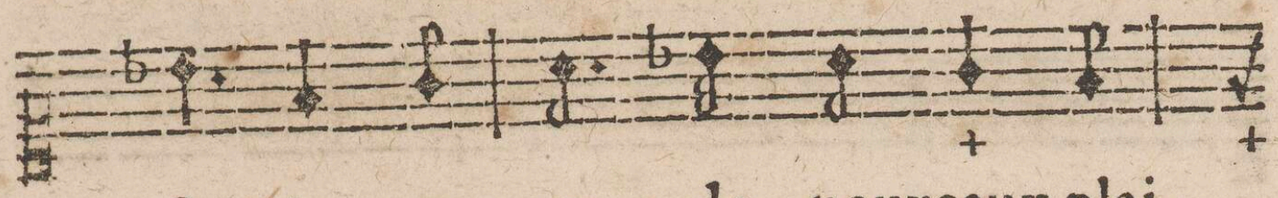


gueur, Et fait que mon bon-
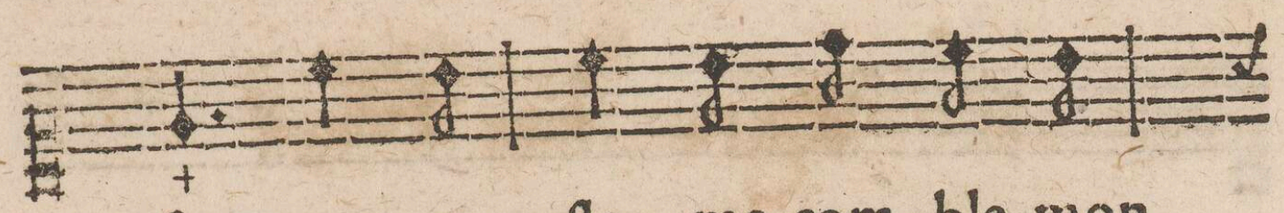


heur, E - ga - le toû-jours mon ar-
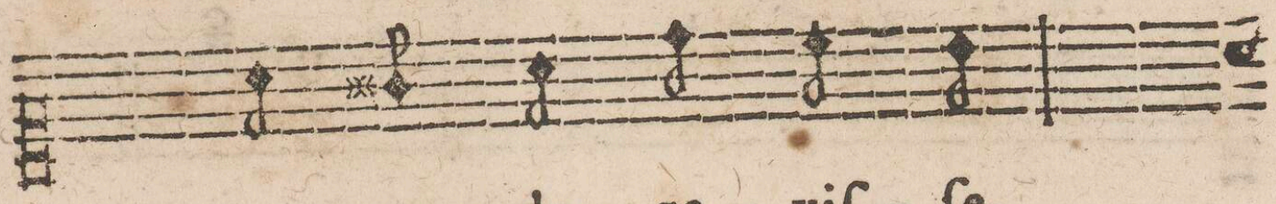


deur, Pour con - ten - ter nos dé-



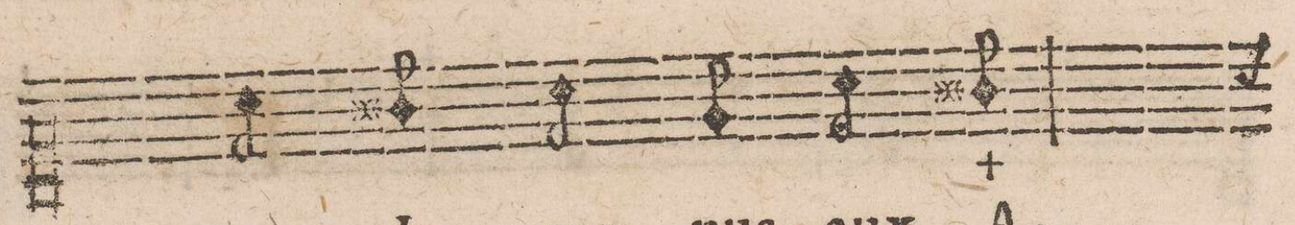
ſirs in - ven - te de nouveaux plai-



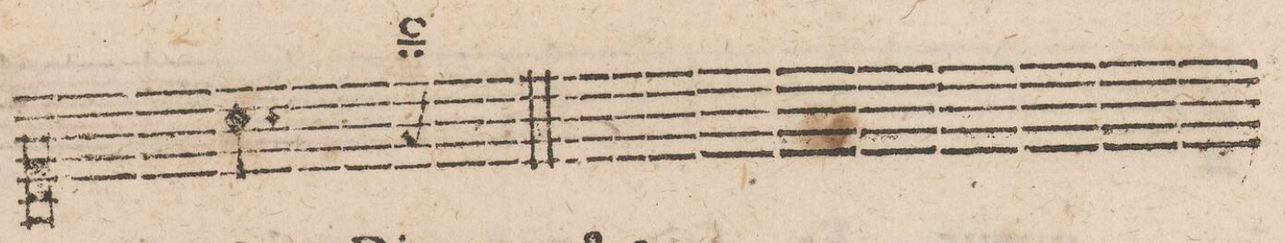
ſirs que ta fla - me com- ble mon



a - me de ra - viſ - ſe-
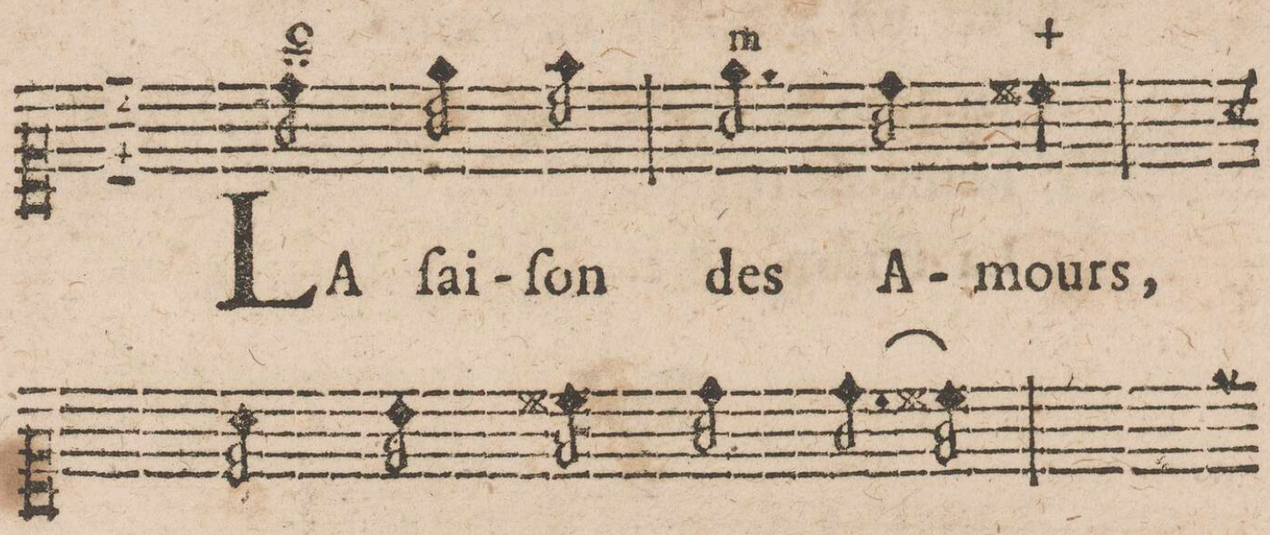


mens In - con- nus aux A-



mans. Dieux, &c.
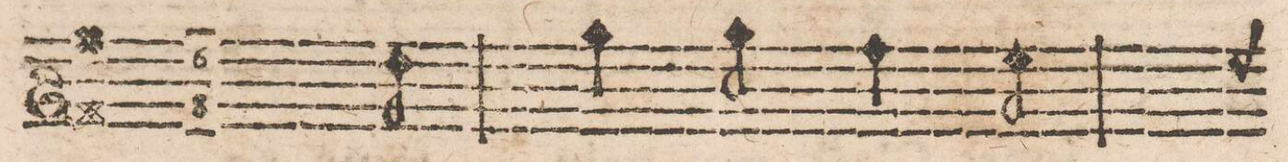
RON-

RONDEAU.
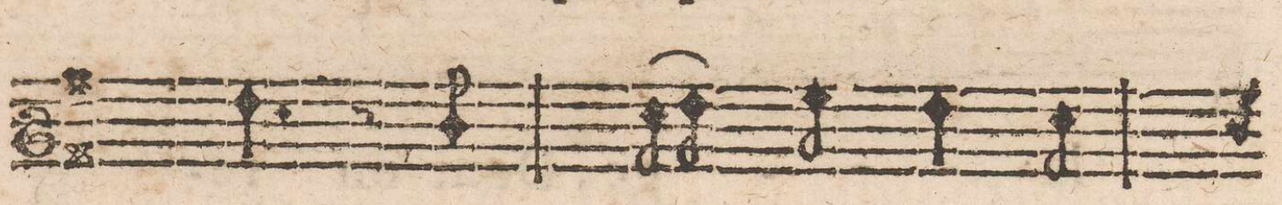

LA ſai-ſon des A-mours,
Ne fait pas les beaux
Fin.
jours, C'eſt un prin-tems vo-
la- - - - ge, Dont on re-
gret-te le paſ-ſa-ge,
par ſes re-tours, &c.

La Saiſon des Buveurs,
Charme toujours leurs cœurs,
C'eſt un aimable automne,
Qui ſans ceſſe répand & donne,
Mille faveurs.
La ſaiſon, &c.

LA CRUELLE.



DE- puis plus de ſix
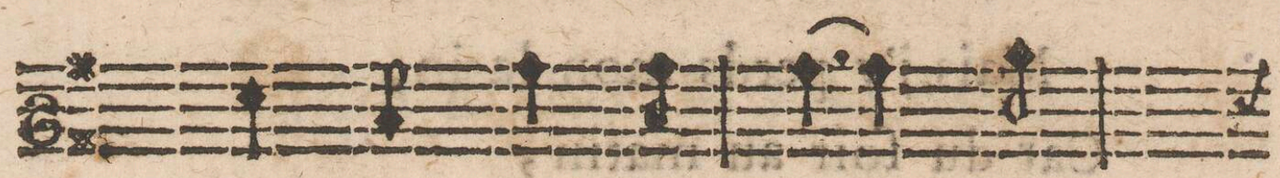


mois, Tu me mèts aux a-



bois, Bel-le in diſ - crè - te.



Je ſuis plus ri - ſo - lé, Plus



sec & plus bru - lé, Qu'u-



ne al - lu - met - te.

La nuit comme le jour,
Plein de l'ardent amour,
Qui me transporte,
Je baise ton loquèt
Planté, comme un piquèt,
Devant ta porte.
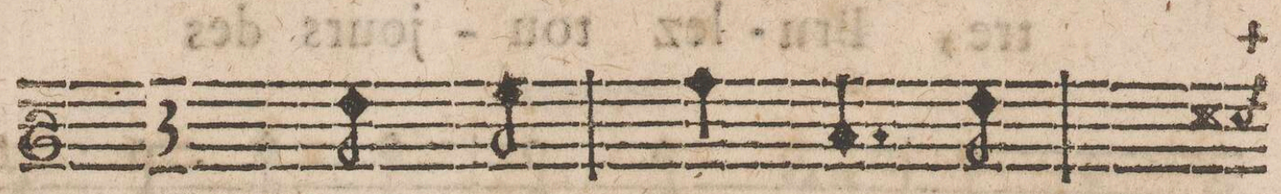
Dans les lieux où tu vas,
Je suis par tous tes pas,
O beauté fière,
Toujours l'œil attaché,
Toujours le nez fiché,
Sur ton derrière.

Mais j'y perds mon latin,
Car du ſoir au matin,
Quand je t'appelle,
Tu fuis, par la morbleu,
Comme le Chien de feu
Jean de Nivelle.

Quand près de ton réduit,
Je paſſai l'autre nuit,
Pendant la pluïe,
Loin de me conſoler,
Tu ne fis que ronfler
Comme une truïe.

Ah! puiſque ma langueur,
Ne peut changer ton cœur
Hétéroclite,
Accablé de regrèt,
Je vais au cabarèt,
Me rendre Hermite.
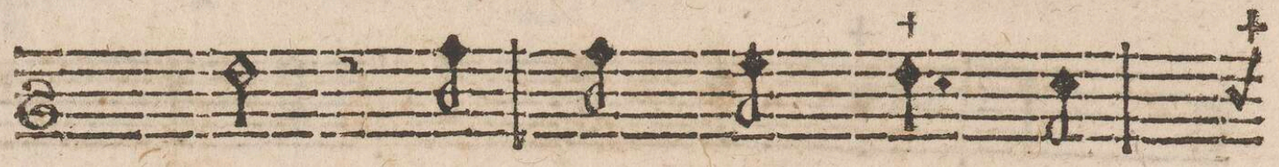
JOYE DU MARIAGE.
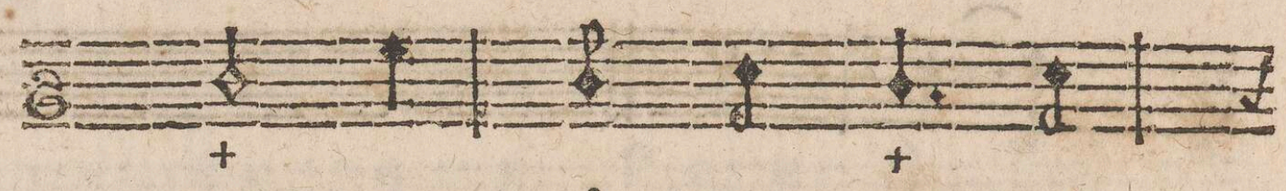


QUe l'Hi - men & l'A-
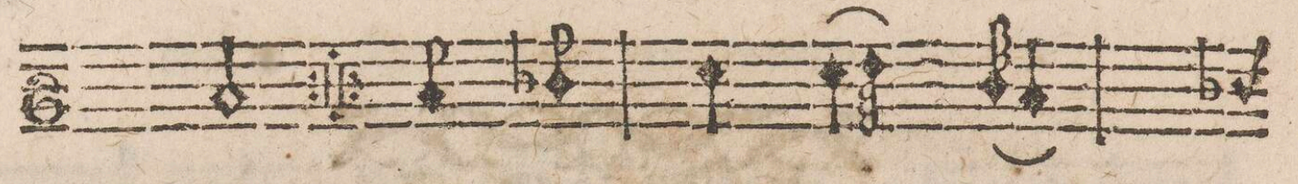


mour, Se raf - ſem-blent pour
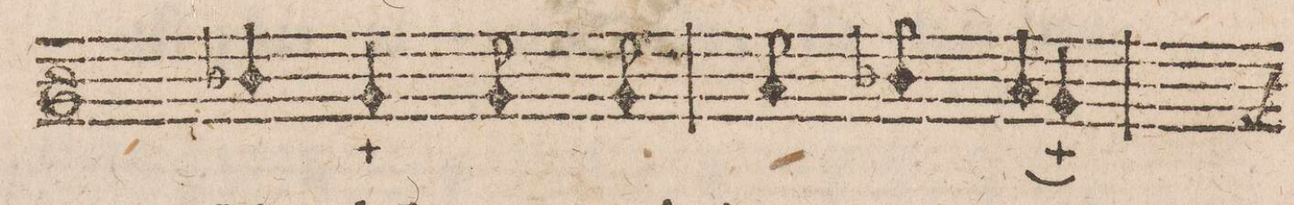


vous, Soi - ez en - co-re A-



mant en de - ve - nant é-



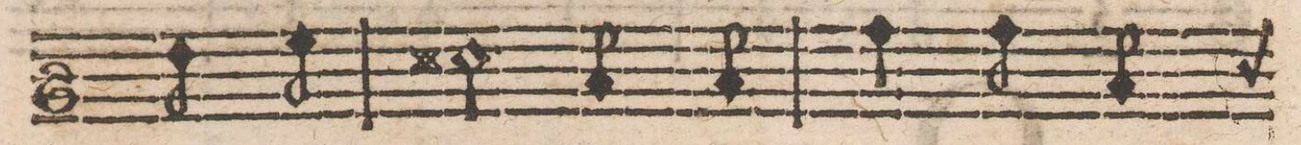
poux. Vos dé - ſirs ſa - tis-
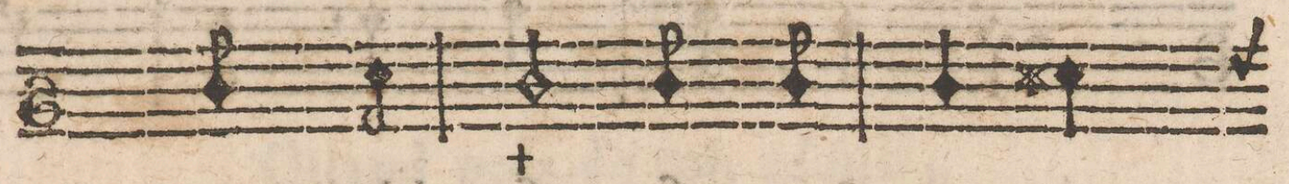


faits doi-vent toû-jours re - nai-



tre, Bru-lez tou-jours des



mê-mes feux, Que le droit de vous



ren-dre heureux, N'ô-te rien au



plai-sir que vous au-rez de
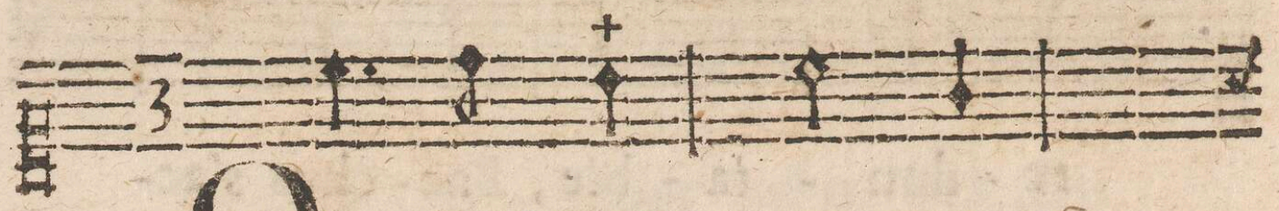


l'ê-tre.
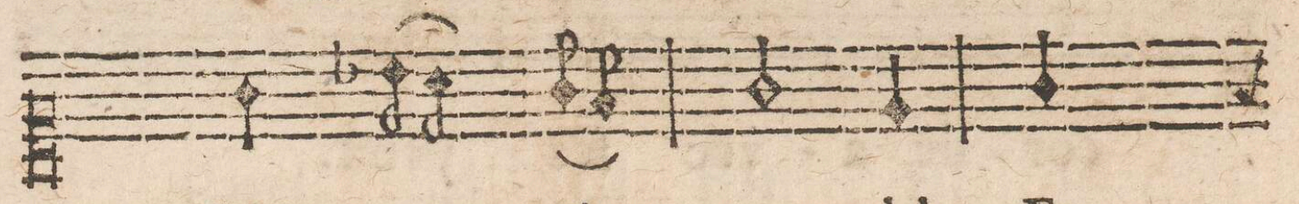


L'A-

L'AMOUR VAINQUEUR.
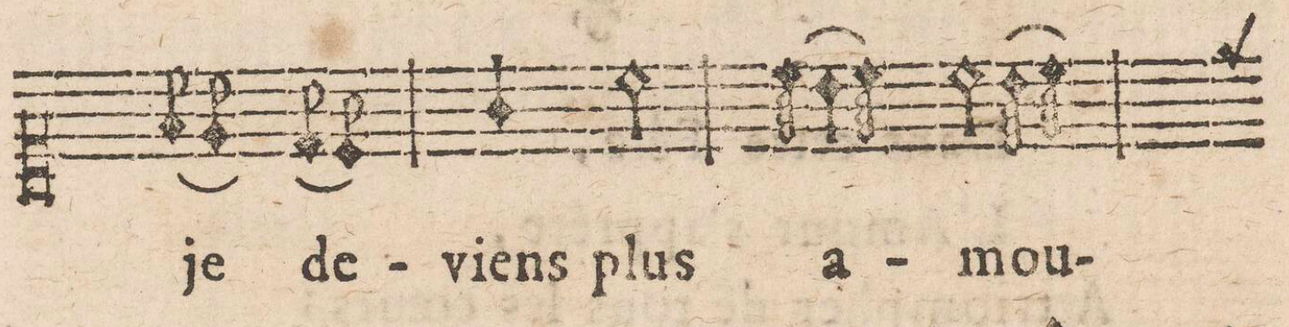
Menuet.
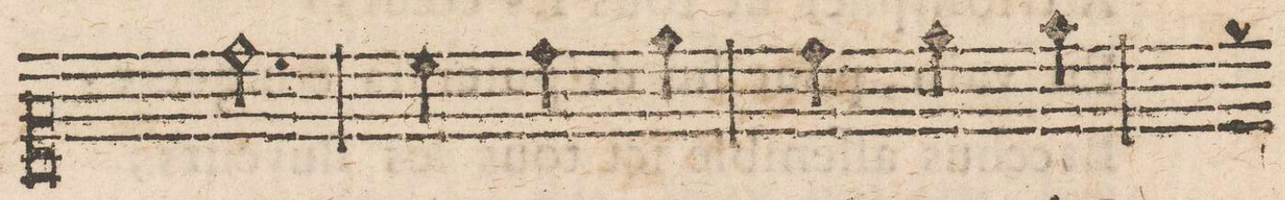


QUoi juſ- qu'à Ta - ble



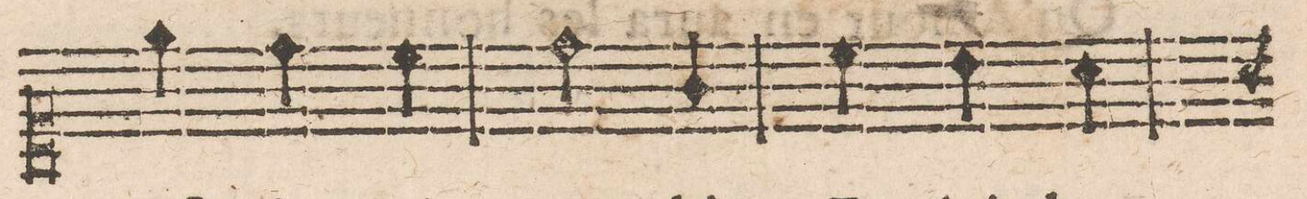
L'A - mour m'ac - ca - ble, Et



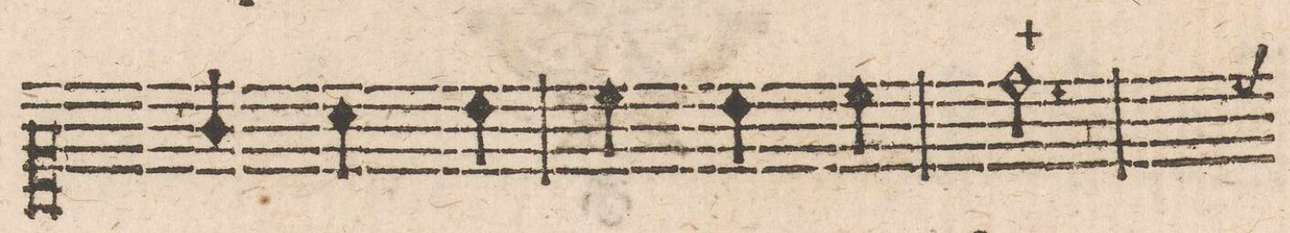
je de - viens plus a - mou-



reux! Le verre en main I - ris
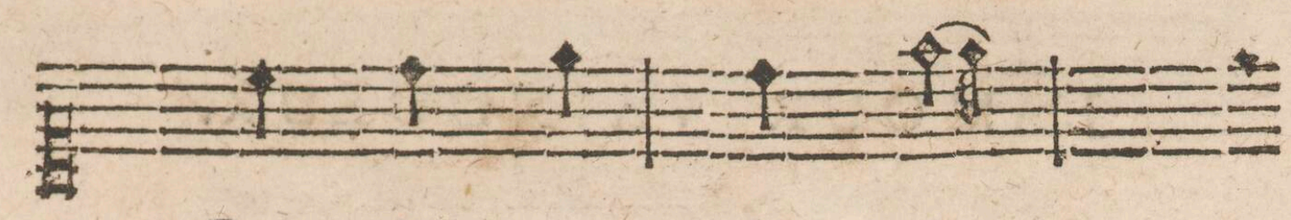


eſt plus ai - ma - ble, Et fait bru-
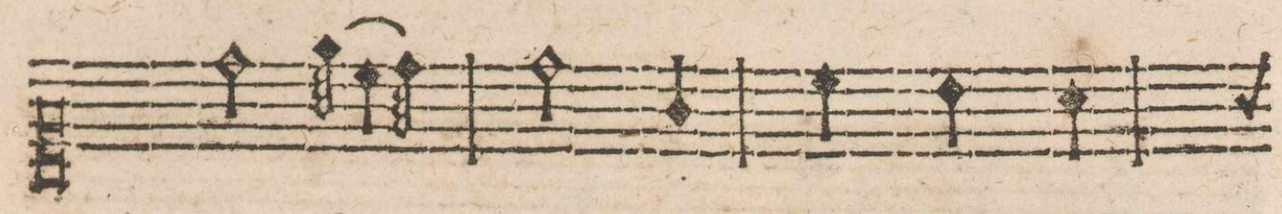


ler mon cœur de nouveaux feux,
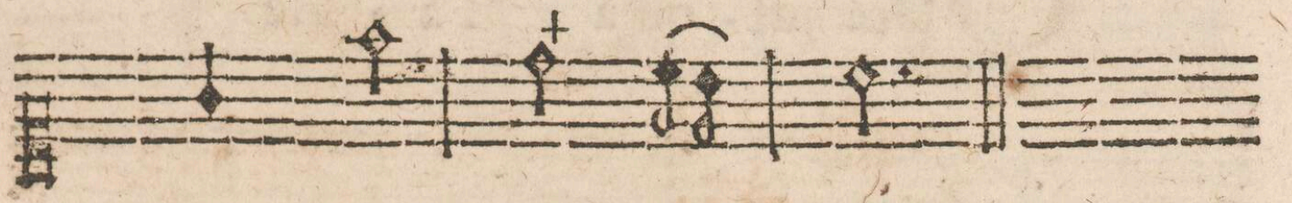
Pour



Pour la ren - dre plus



re - dou - ta - ble, Bac - chus s'ac-

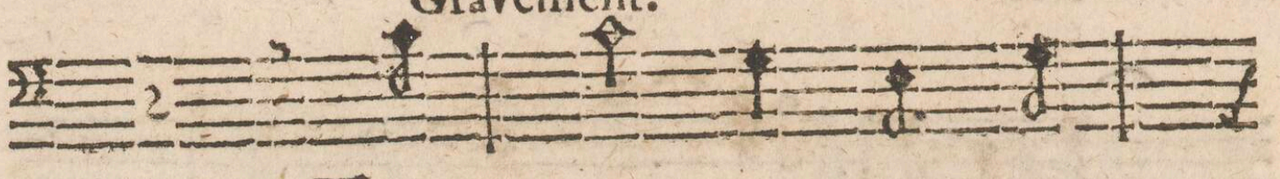


cor - de a - vec ſes yeux.
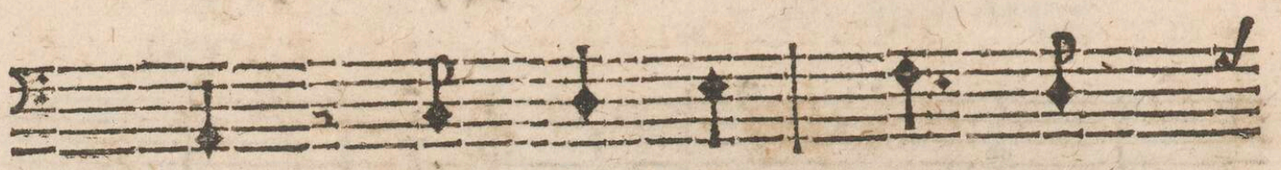
Dans cette Fête,
L'Amour s'apprête,
A triompher de tous les cœurs;
En vain, pour lui diſputer ſa conquête,
Bacchus aſſemble ici tous les Buveurs;
Je vois dans tes yeux, ma Liſette,
Qu'Amour en aura les honneurs.

LE BUVEUR VAINQUEUR.
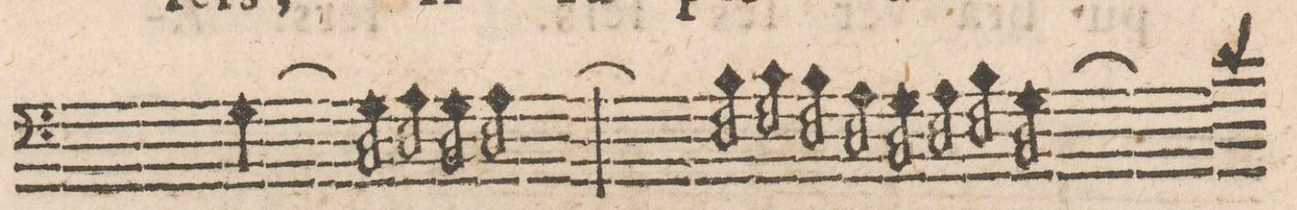
Gravement.
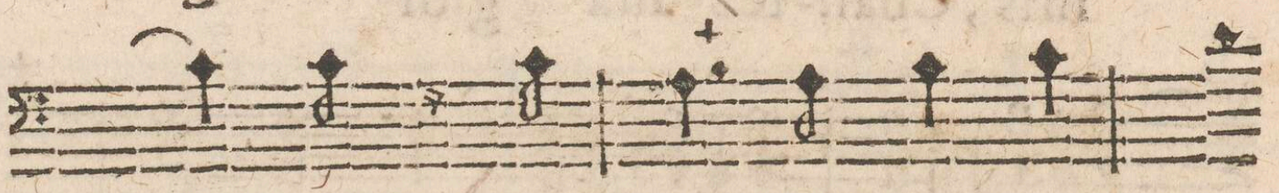


L'A - mour juſ-qu'aux En-
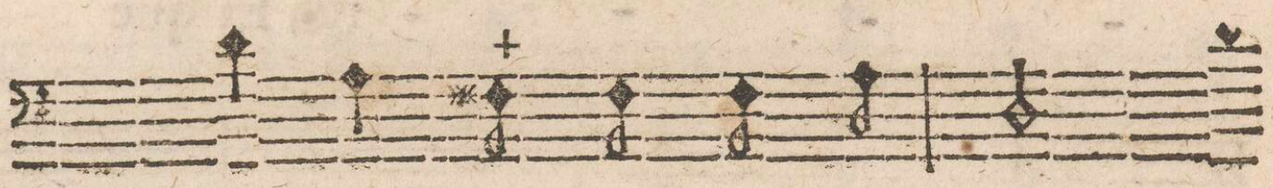


fers, A ſû por - ter la
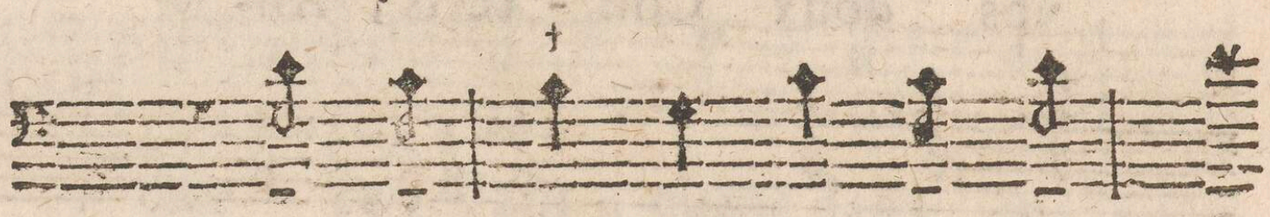


guer- - - -



- re, Ses feux ont em - bra-
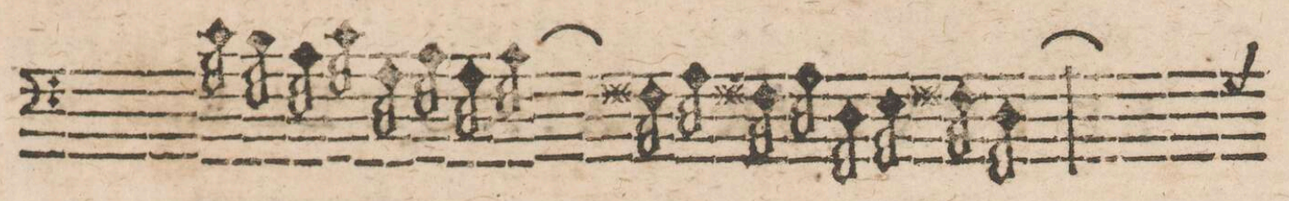


ſez Nep - tu-ne au fond des Mers,
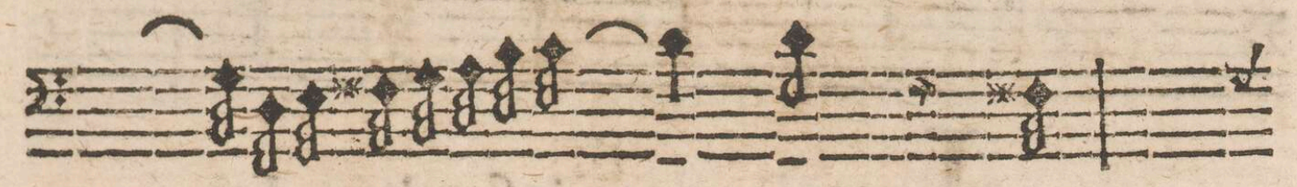


Ju - pi - ter ar - mé du Ton-

nerre,
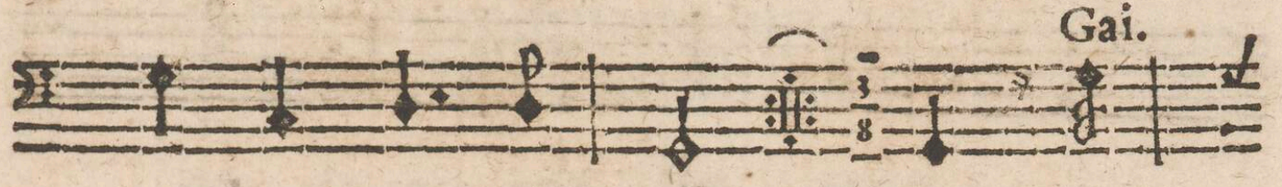


ner- - - - -
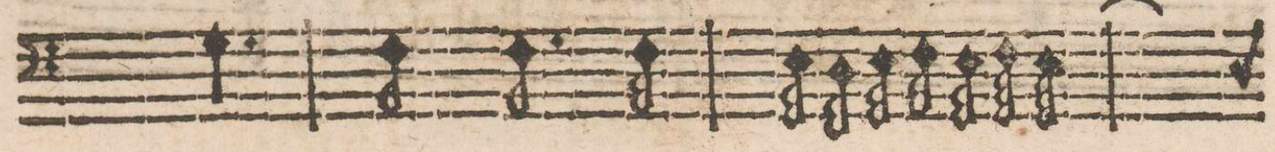


- - - re, N'a

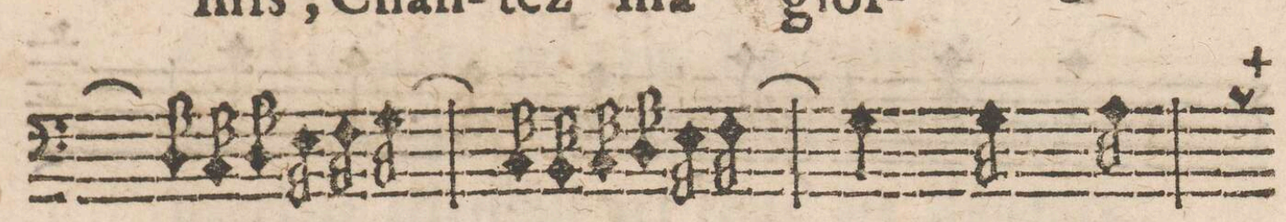
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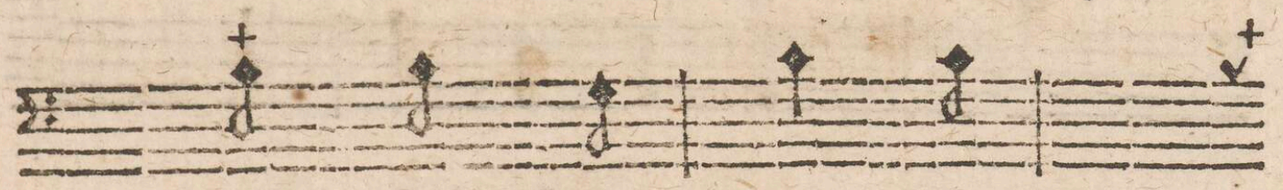


pû bra-ver ſes fers. fers. A-



mis, Chan-tez ma gloi- -
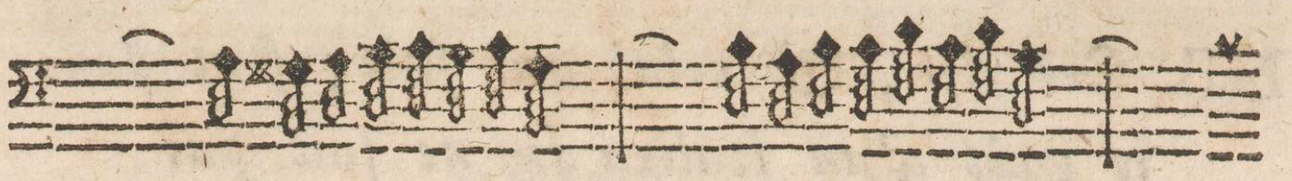


- - - - re, Et que
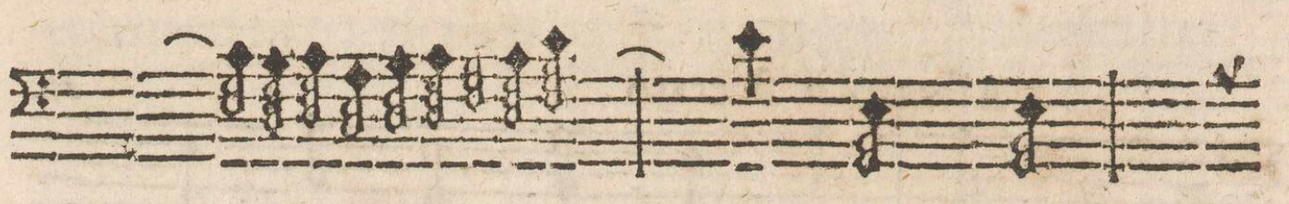


vos doux Con - certs, An-
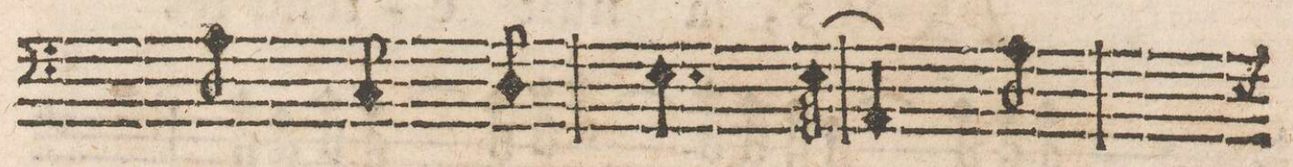


non- cent ma vic - toi - -

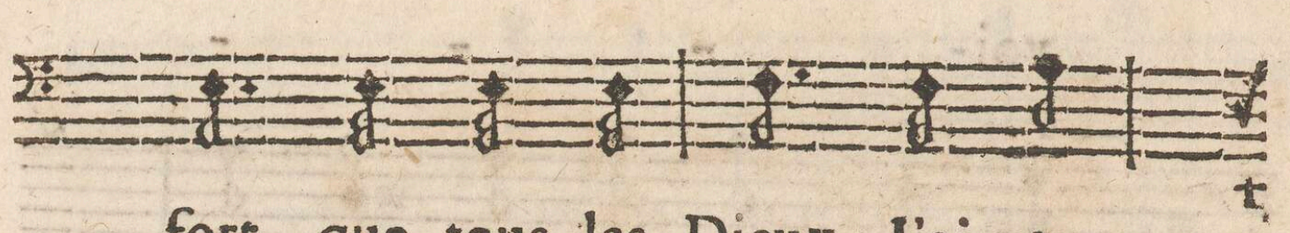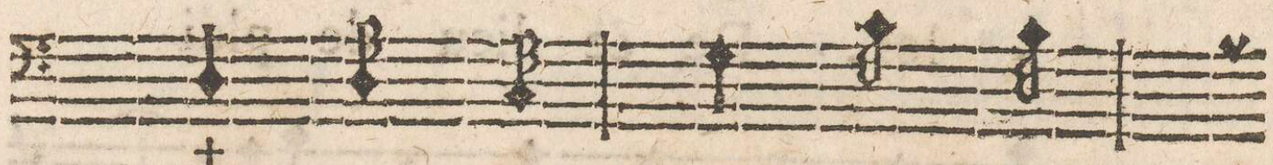




re, aux deux



bouts de la ter - re! Plus



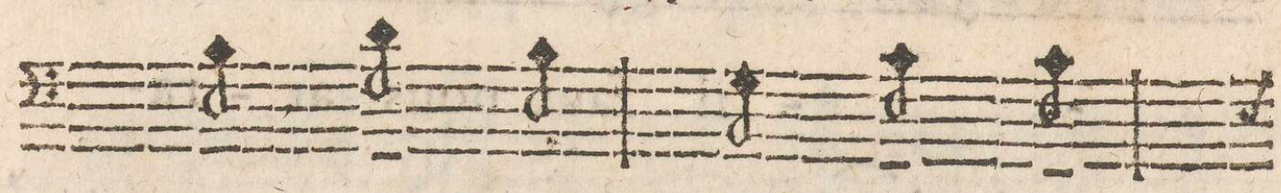
fort que tous les Dieux, J'ai van-
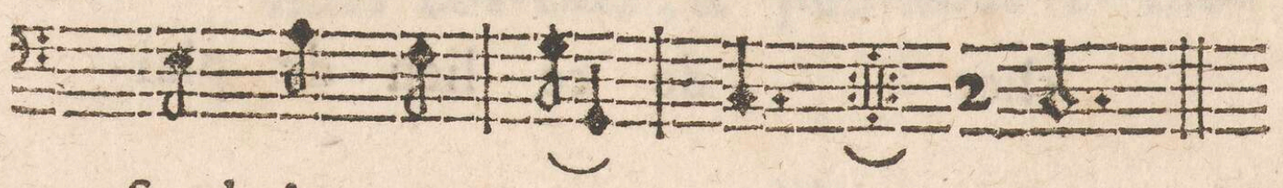


gé l'U - ni - vers, En noï-



ant ce Vain - queur, En noï-
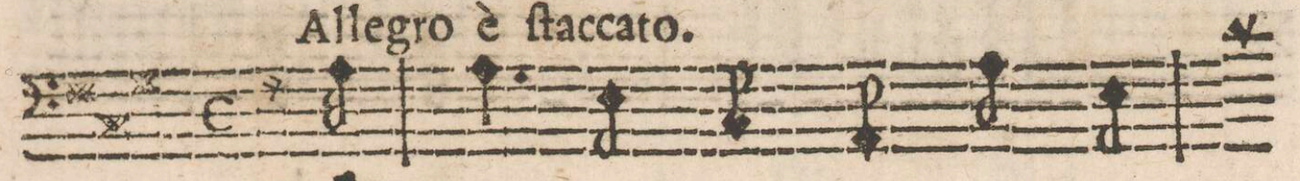


ant ce Vain - queur dans le
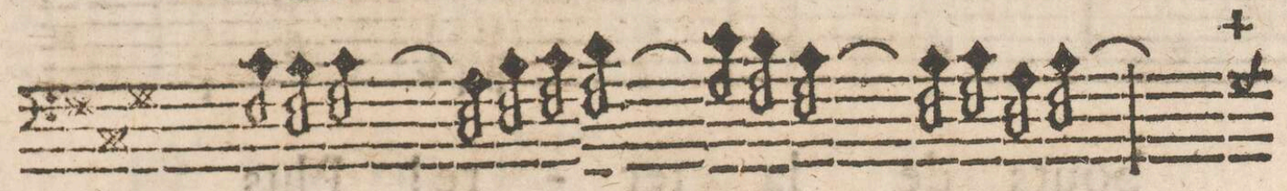


fond de mon ver - re. re.

NB. *Cet Air, & celui qui ſuit, ſont dans le goût d'un Italien qui ne ſait pas trop la Langue Françoiſe.*
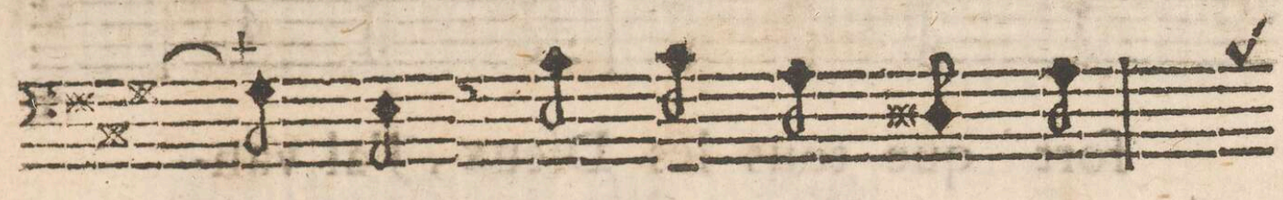
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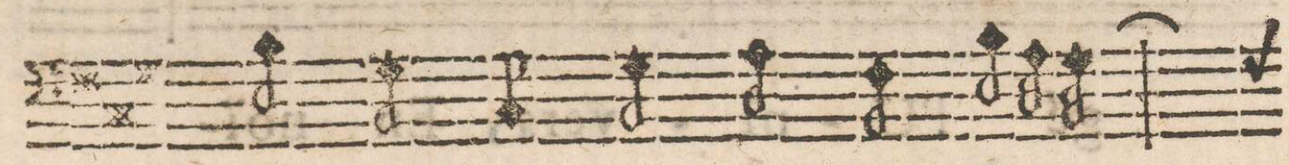


A-Mis, la nuit é-tend ſes
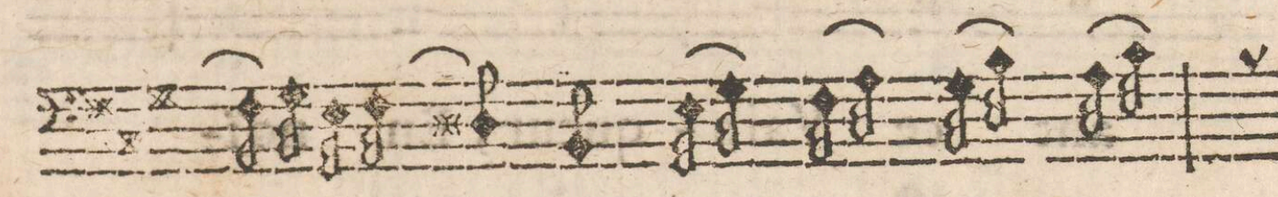


voi- - - -
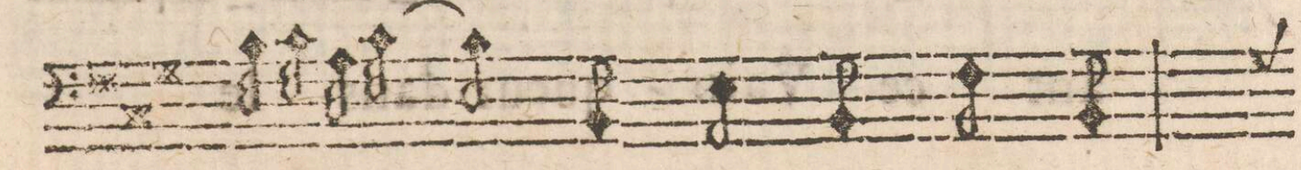


- les, De ce lieu de plai-



ſir il faut nous ar-ra-cher -
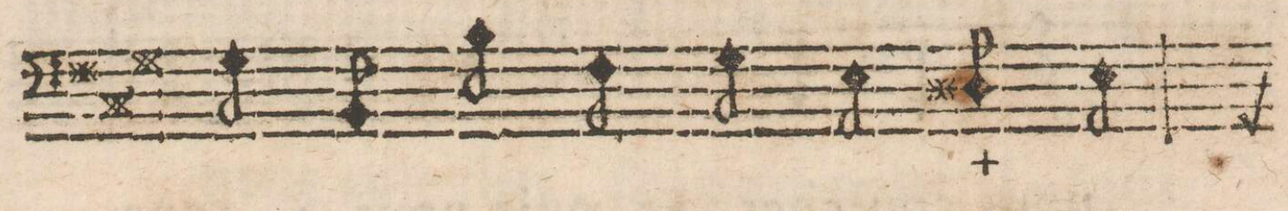


- - il faut nous ar-ra-
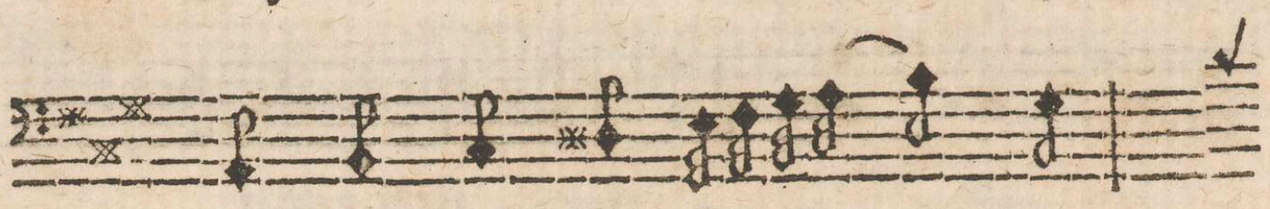


cher - de ce lieu de plai-
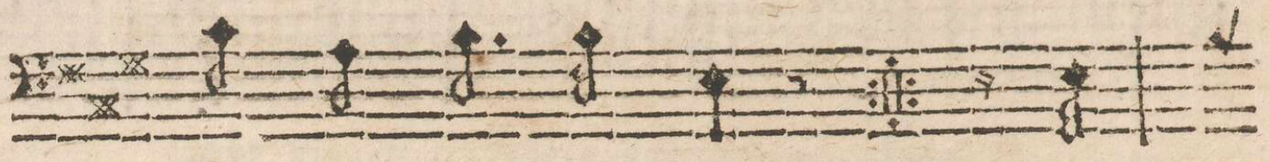
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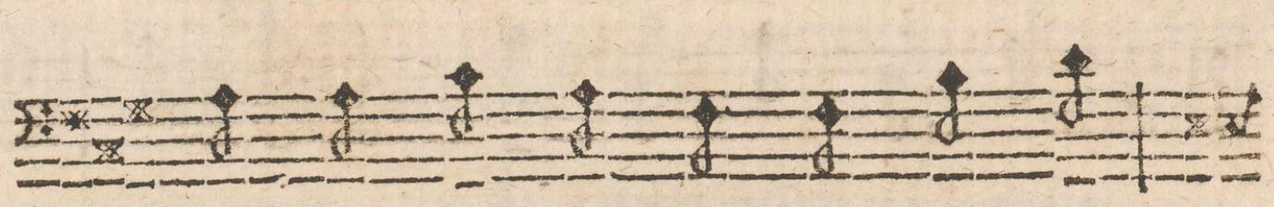


ſir, Il faut nous ar - ra - cher, Il
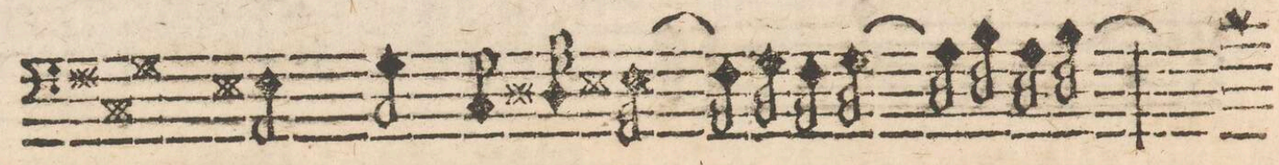


faut nous ar - ra- cher -, Il
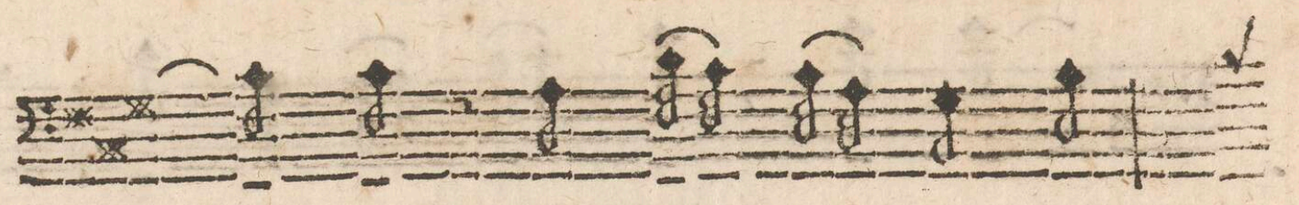


faut nous ar - ra- cher : Bu-



vons au - tant de coups com-me je
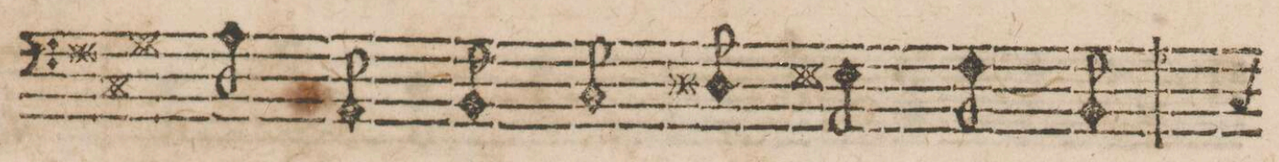


voi d'E- toil- - - -
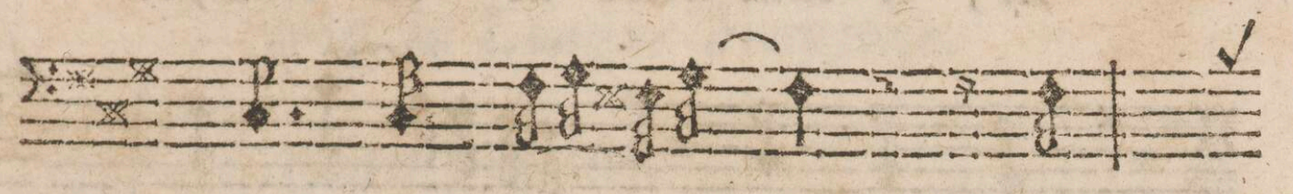


- les, Et puis nous i - rons
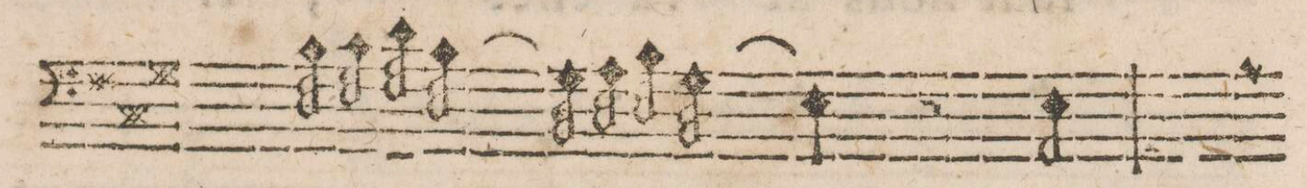


nous cou-cher, & puis nous i - rons
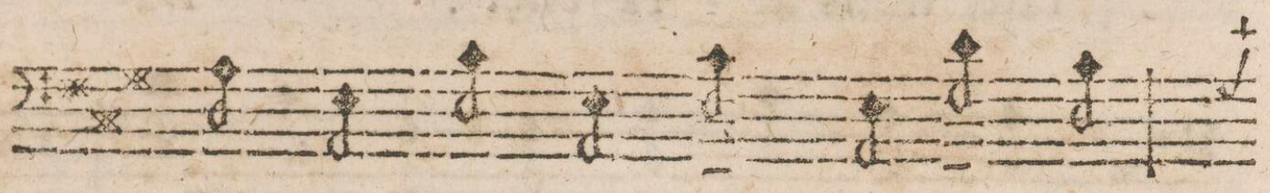


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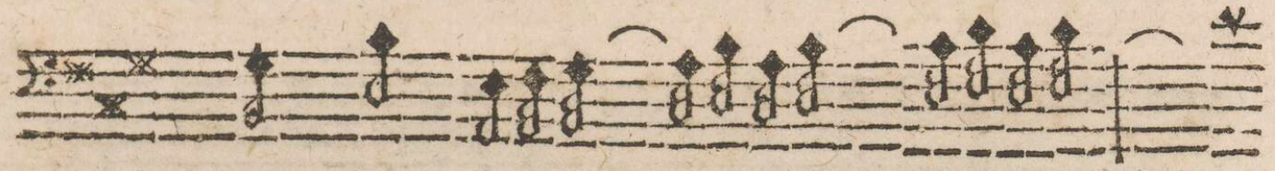


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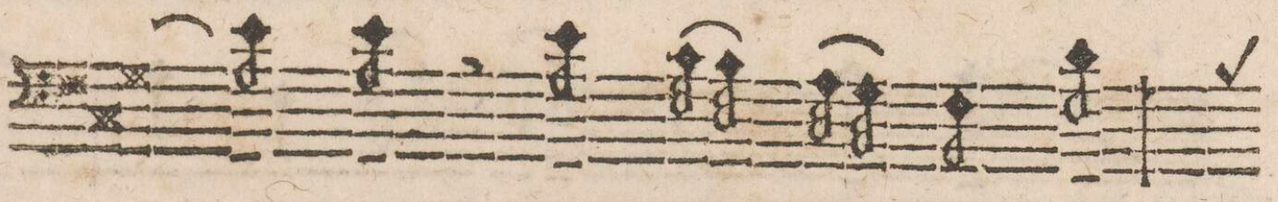


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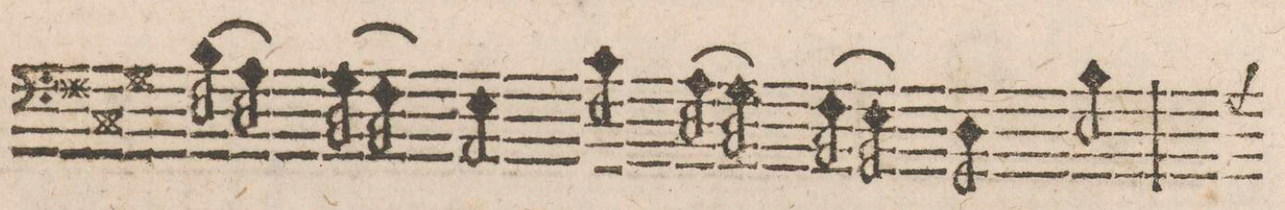


vons au - tant de coups comme je



vois d'E - toil- - - -
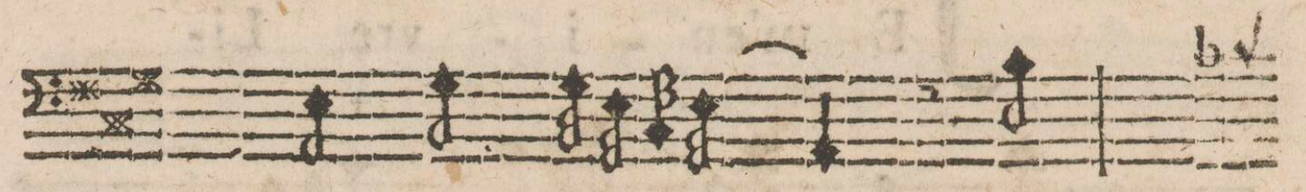


- les, Et puis nous i - rons
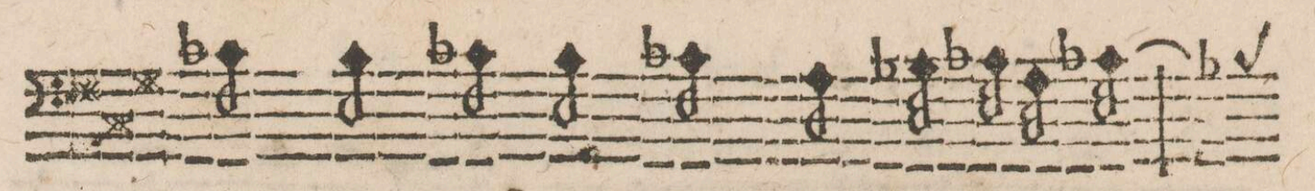


nous cou-cher, Et puis nous i - rons



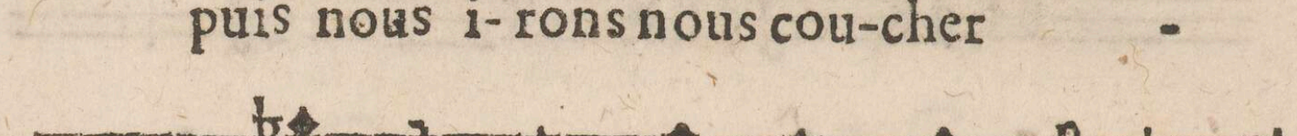
nous cou-cher, Et puis nous i-rons



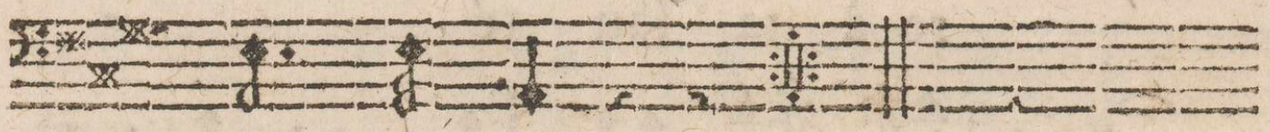
nous cou - cher -, Et



puis nous i-rons nous cou-cher -

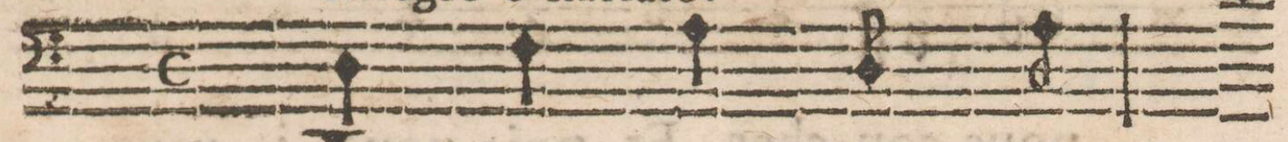


-, Et puis nous i - rons

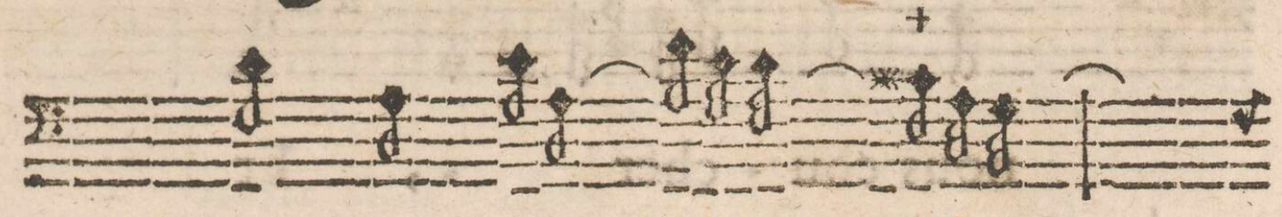


nous cou- cher.
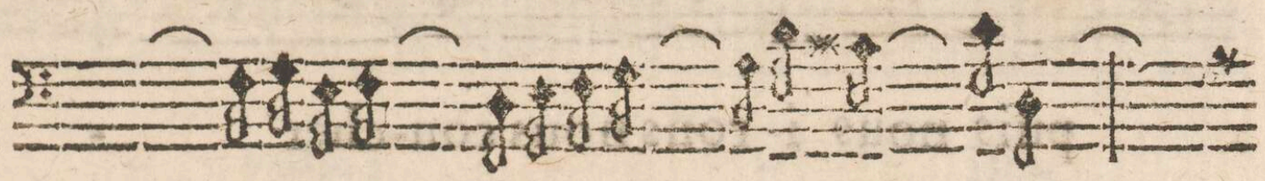
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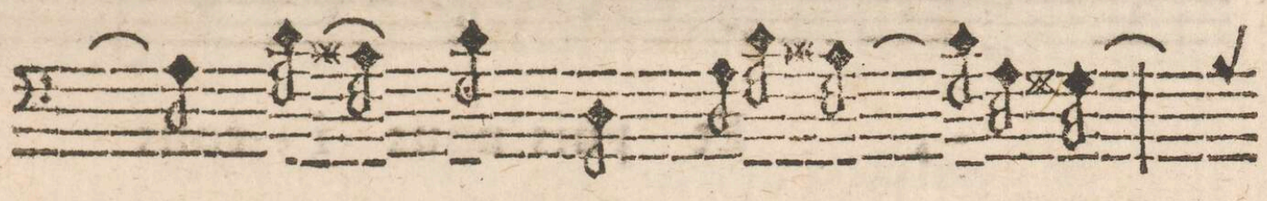


JE m'en - i - vre Li-



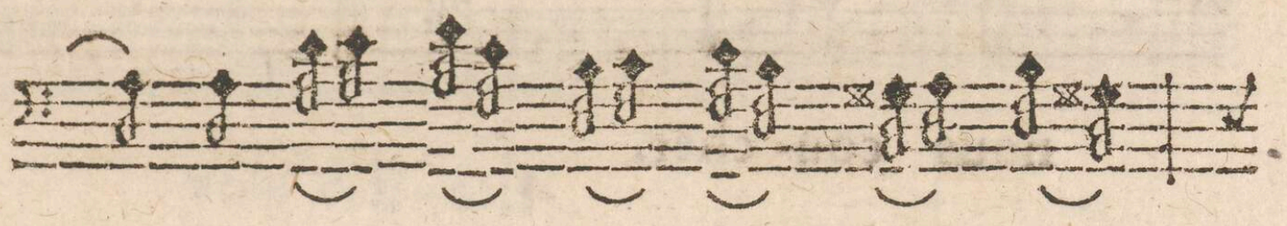
ſet-te, à boi- - - -



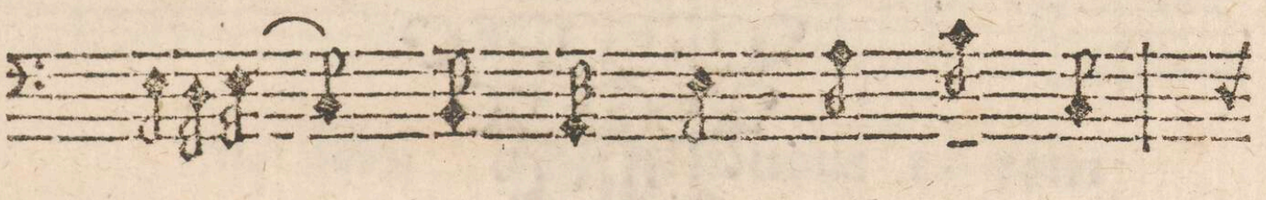
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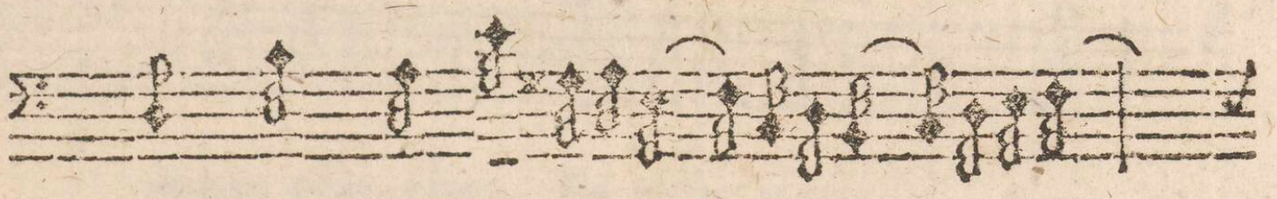
- re à ta ſan - té - -



-, Ba-chus, en ti - re va - ni-
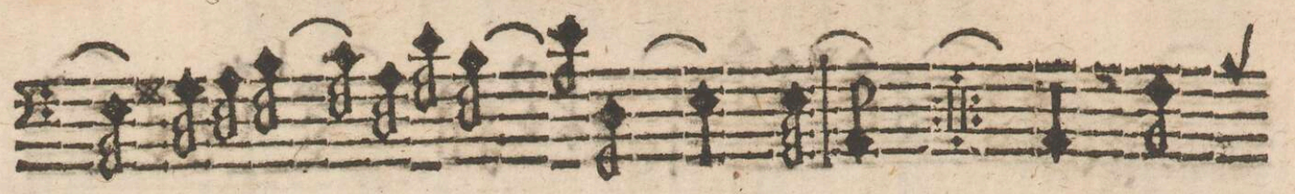


ré -, Et me croioit tout prêt, tout
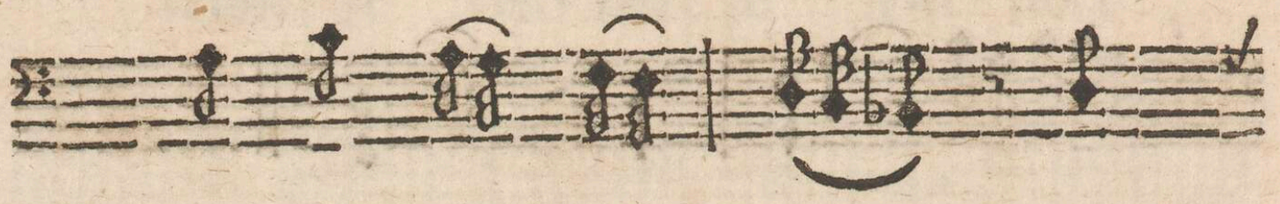


prêt à le ſui- - -
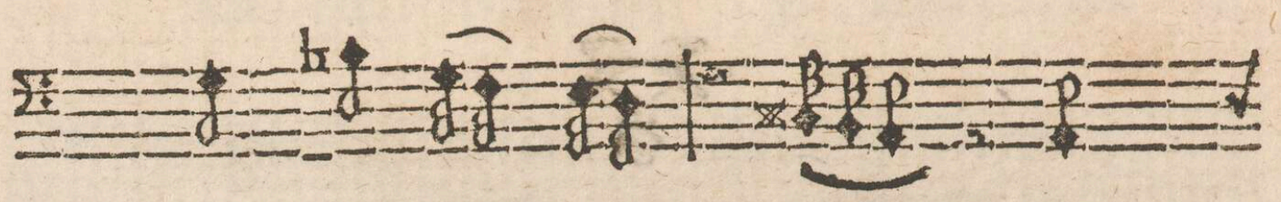
vre;
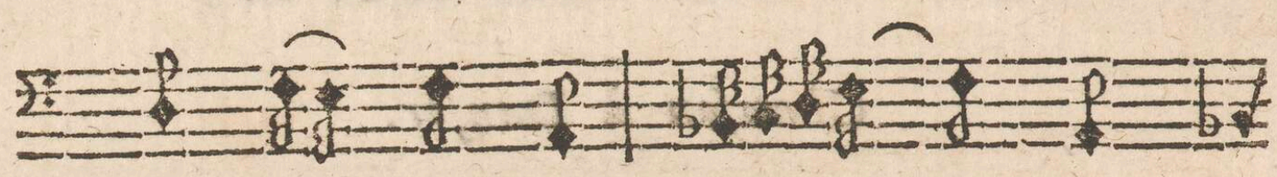


- - - - vre: vre: Li-
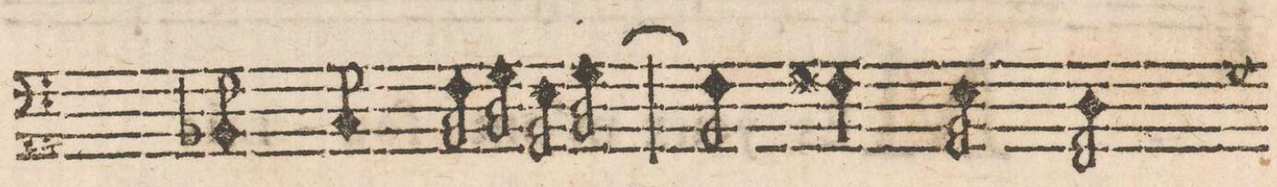


ſet - te n'en dis mot, Li-
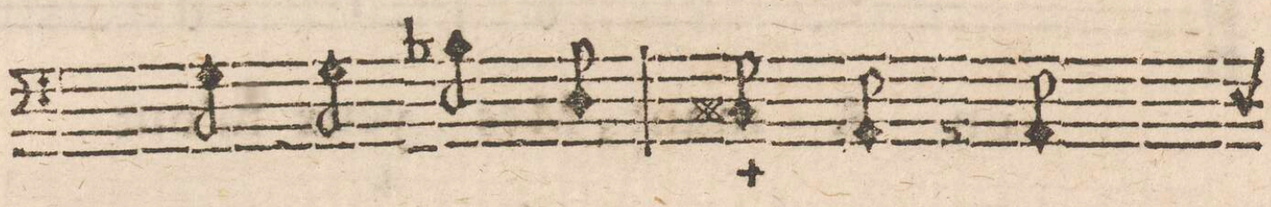


ſet - te n'en dis mot, Ba-



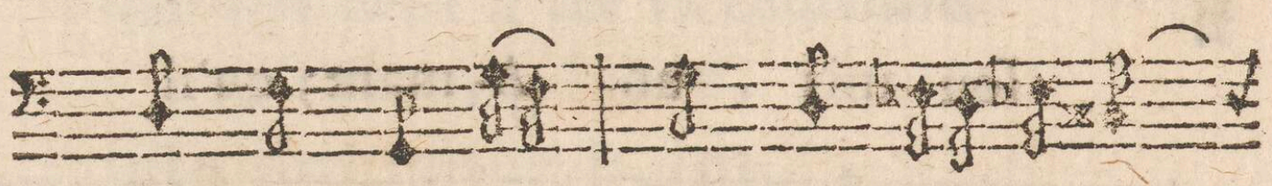
chus en eſt le ſot -, En
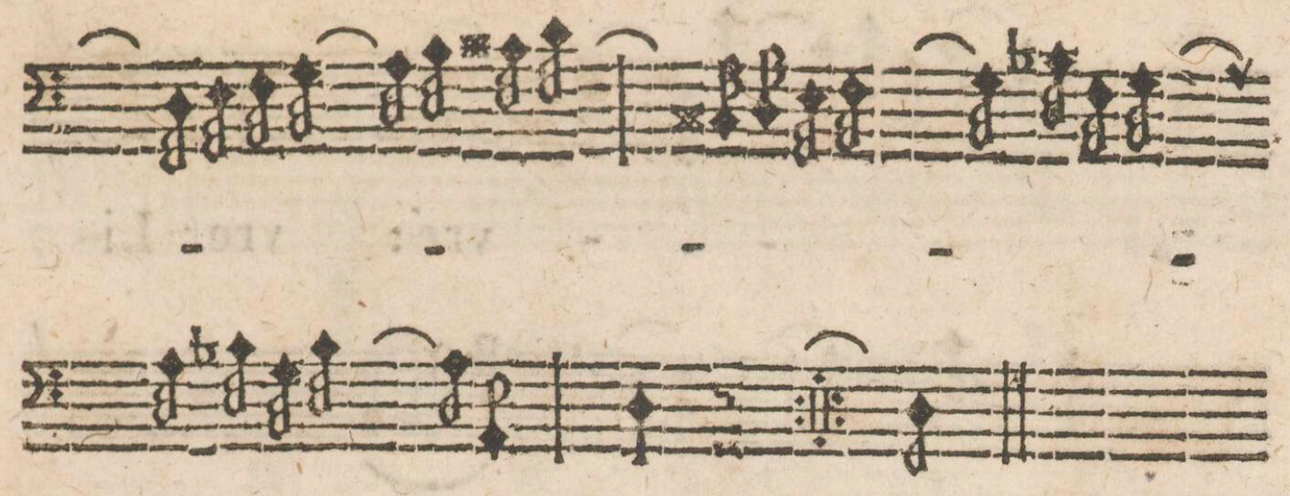


eſt le ſot -, Car c'eſt d'a-



mour que je m'en - i - vre, Car
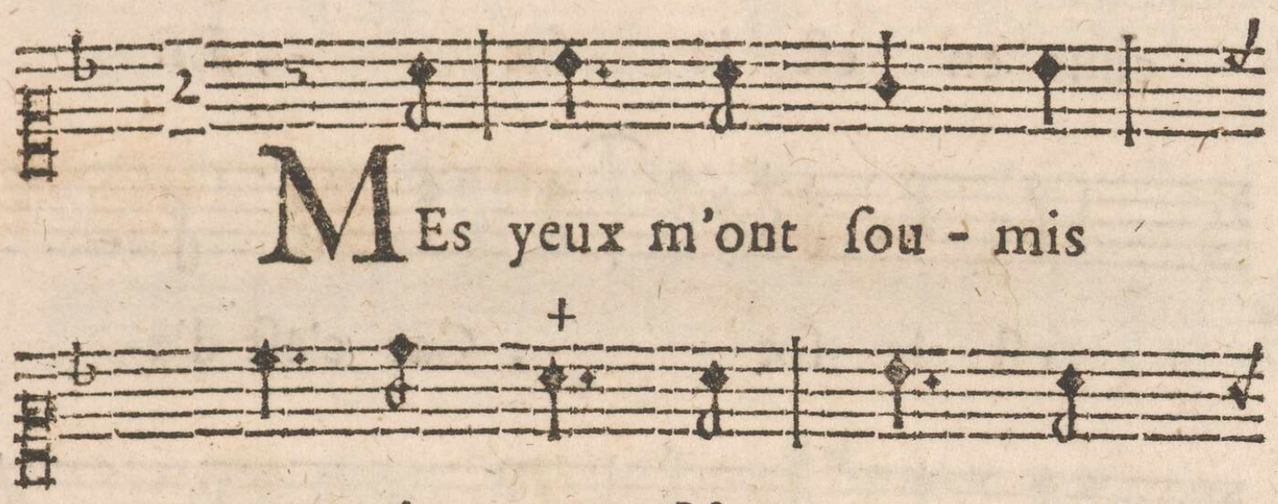


c'eſt d'a mour que je m'en-i- -
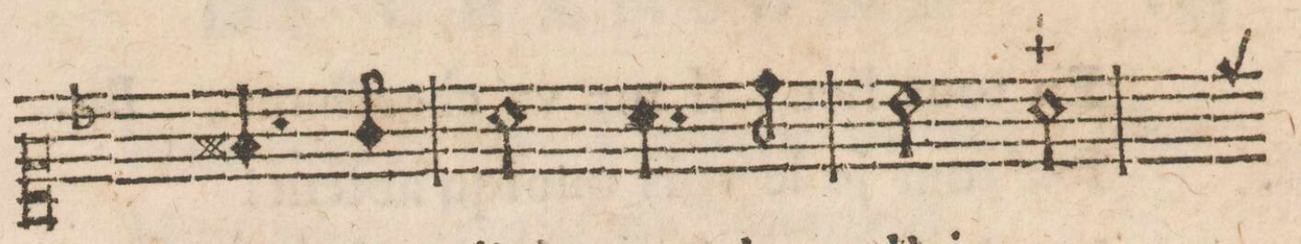


LE BEL AMANT.

Chanſon à Danſer.
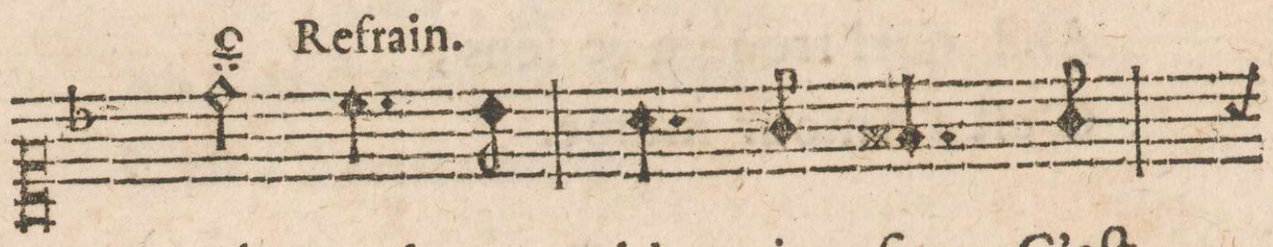


mant,

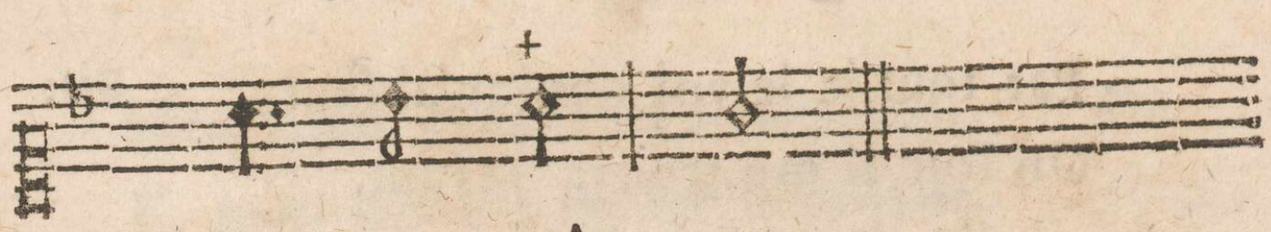


mant, Je l'ai-me, je l'ai-me,

Refrain.



Ah! quel trou-ble je ſens, C'eſt



l'A-mour mê-me.

Qu'il eſt tendre, qu'il eſt charmant, *Bis.*
Que gagnerois-je en l'évitant.
Je l'aime, je l'aime,
Ah! quel trouble je ſens,
C'eſt l'Amour même.

Que gagnerois-je en l'évitant! *Bis.*
En tous lieux il me va cherchant.
Je l'aime, je l'aime,
Ah! quel trouble je ſens,
C'eſt l'Amour même.

En tous lieux il me va cherchant, *Bis.*
Par tout je le vois quoiqu'abſent!
Je l'aime, je l'aime,
Ah! quel trouble je ſens,
C'eſt l'Amour même.

Par tout je le voi quoiqu'abſent; *Bis.*
Un ſoir il me trouva revant.
Je l'aime, je l'aime,
Ah! quel trouble je ſens,
C'eſt l'Amour même.

Un ſoir il me trouva revant; *Bis.*
Hélas! dit-il en ſoupirant,
Je l'aime, je l'aime,
Ah! quel trouble je ſens,
C'eſt l'Amour même.

Hélas, dit-il en ſoupirant, *Bis.*
Pour vous je rêve à chaque inſtant.
Je l'aime, je l'aime,
Ah! quel trouble je ſens,
C'eſt l'Amour même.

Pour vous je rêve à chaque inſtant. *Bis.*
Mon cœur s'émût en l'écoutant.
Je l'aime, je l'aime,
Ah! quel trouble je ſens,
C'eſt l'Amour même.

Mon cœur s'émût en l'écoutant, *Bis.*
Et mon trouble en fut le garant.
Je l'aime, je l'aime.
Ah! quel trouble je ſens,
C'eſt l'Amour même.

Et mon trouble en fut le garant, *Bis.*
Tircis profita du moment.
Je l'aime, je l'aime,
Ah! quel trouble je ſens,
C'eſt l'Amour même.

Tircis profita du moment, *Bis.*
D'un baiſer il me fit préſent.
Je l'aime, je l'aime,
Ah! quel trouble je ſens,
C'eſt l'Amour même.

D'un

D'un baiſer il me fit préſent, *Bis.*
Je le reçus en rougiſſant.
Je l'aime, je l'aime,
Ah! quel trouble je ſens,
C'eſt l'Amour même.

Je le reçus en rougiſſant, *Bis.*
Hé, qui n'en eut pas fait autant.
Je l'aime, je l'aime,
Ah! quel trouble je ſens,
C'eſt l'Amour même.

Hé, qui n'en eut pas fait autant, *Bis.*
On ſoufre trop en reſiſtant.
Je l'aime, je l'aime,
Ah! quel trouble je ſens,
C'eſt l'Amour même.

On ſoufre trop en reſiſtant; *Bis.*
Amour prend ſoin de mon Amant.
Je l'aime, je l'aime,
Ah! quel trouble je ſens,
C'eſt l'Amour même.
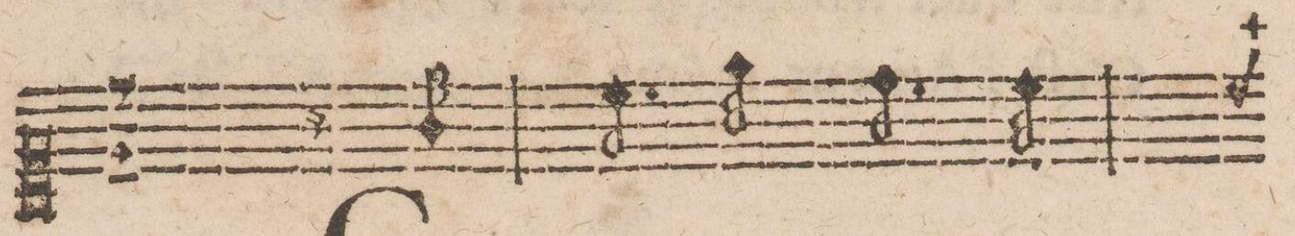
BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH

Amour prend ſoin de mon Amant, *Bis,*
Il eſt heureux, il eſt content.
Je l'aime, je l'aime,
Ah! quel trouble je ſens,
C'eſt l'Amour même.
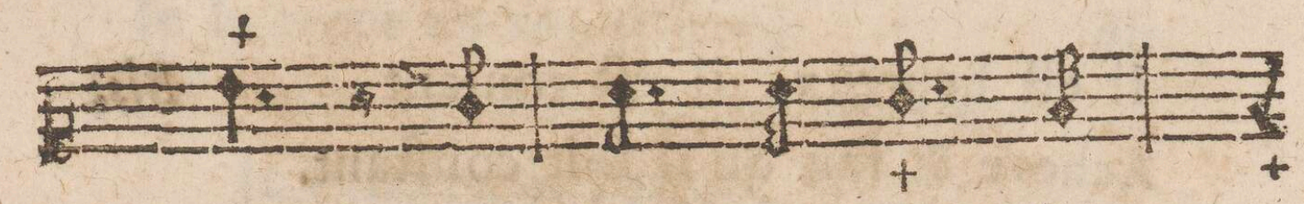
Il eſt heureux, il eſt contant; *Bis.*
Acheve & fait qu'il ſoit conſtant.
Je l'aime, je l'aime,
Ah! quel trouble je ſens,
C'eſt l'Amour même.

PRIERE A L'AMOUR.
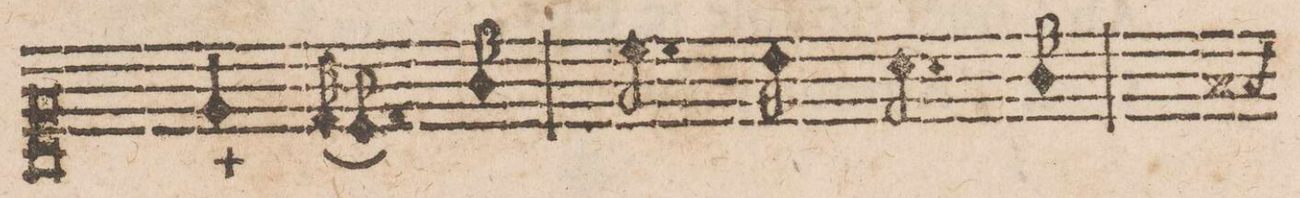
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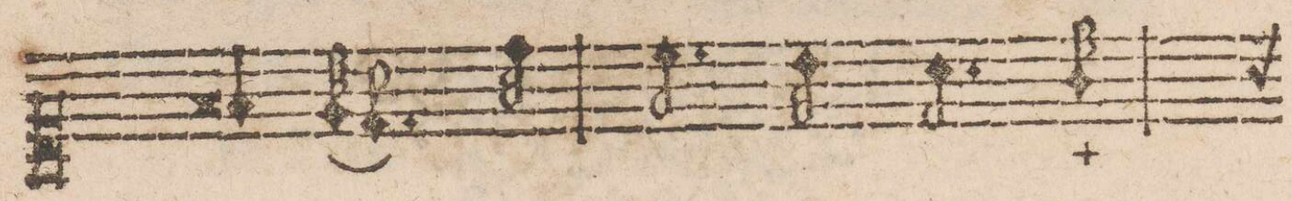


CE n'eſt que pour ai-



mer, Que l'A-mour nous fait
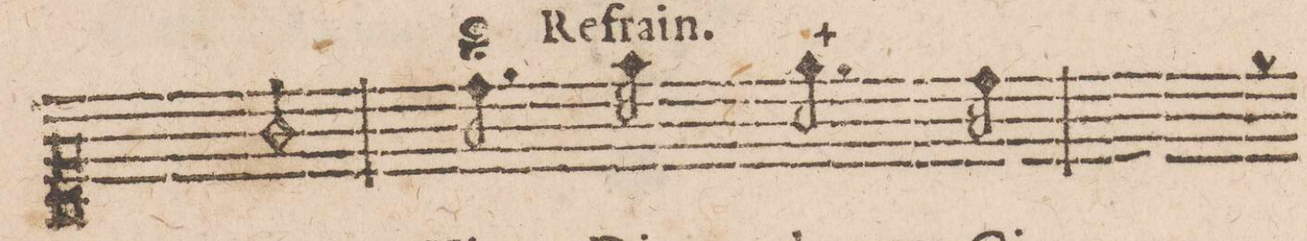


nai-tre, Heu-reux qui peut con-
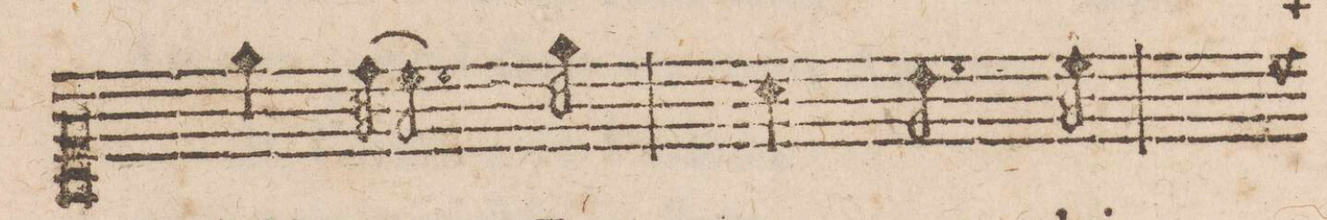


noi-tre, La dou-ceur de char-
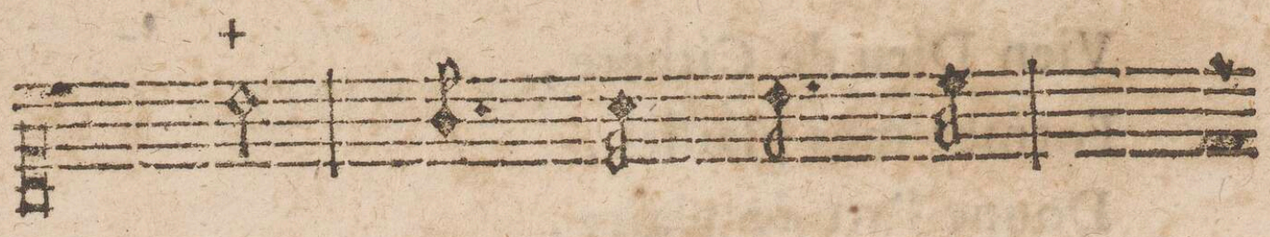
Refrain.
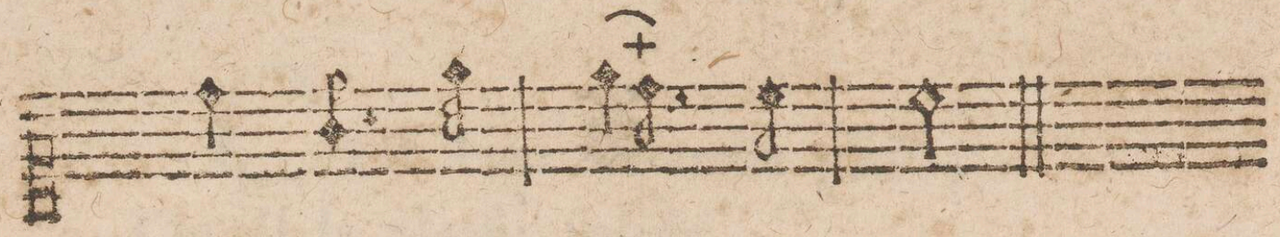


mer: Vien Dieu de Ci-



thè-re, For-mer mes plai-



sirs, Don - ne l'art de



plai - re à mes sou - pirs.

J'éprouve la froideur,
De la Beauté que j'aime;
Que ne suis-je toi-même,
Pour flêchir sa rigueur:
Vien Dieu de Cithère,
Former mes plaisirs,
Donne l'art de plaire,
A mes soupirs.

Puisque tu m'as formé,
Constant, tendre & fidèle,
J'ai compté de ma Belle,
Etre bien tôt aimé:

Vien Dieu de Cithère,
Former mes plaiſirs,
Donne l'art de plaire,
A mes ſoupirs.

A tous ces noms fameux,
D'Amant tendre & ſincère,
Mon cœur toûjours préfère,
Celui d'Amant heureux:
Vien Dieu de Cithère,
Former mes plaiſirs,
Donne l'Art de plaire,
A mes ſoupirs.

Favoriſe les vœux,
D'un Amant, qui t'implore,
A celle que j'adore,
Inſpire mêmes feux:
Vien Dieu de Cithère,
Former mes plaiſirs,
Donne l'art de plaire,
A mes ſoupirs.

COUPLET BACHIQUE.

Sur le même Air.
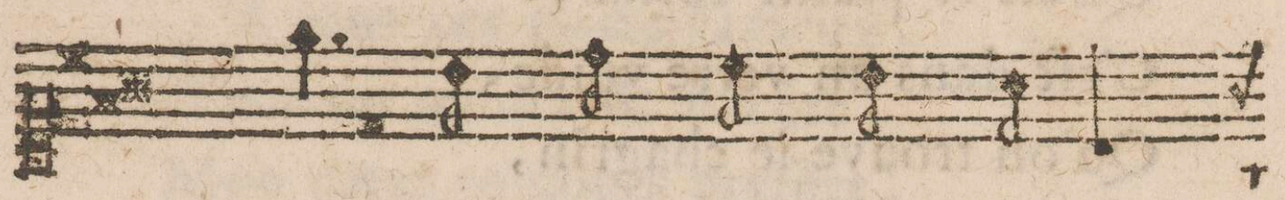
C'Eſt dans un verre plein,
Qu'eſt le plaiſir ſolide,
C'eſt dans un verre vuide,
Qu'on trouve le chagrin,
Enfant de la treille,
Je vais boire à toi,
Prens cette Bouteille,
Et bois à moi.

LE DEPIT.
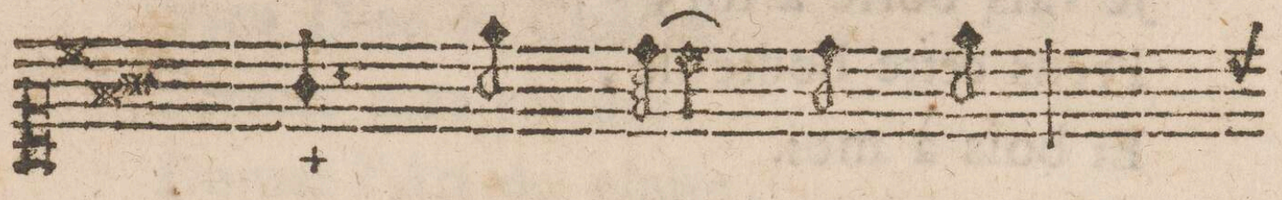
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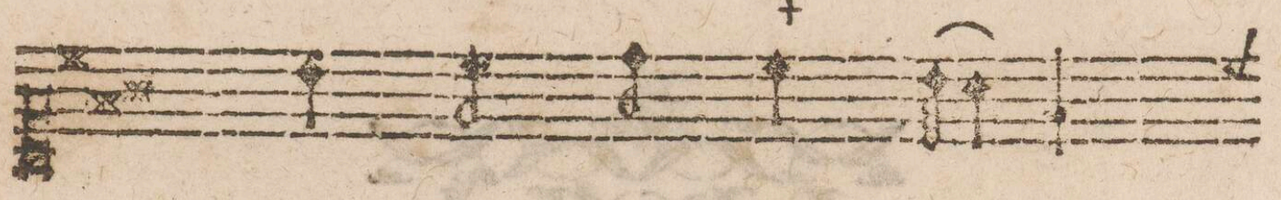


A mil - le ſoins ja-
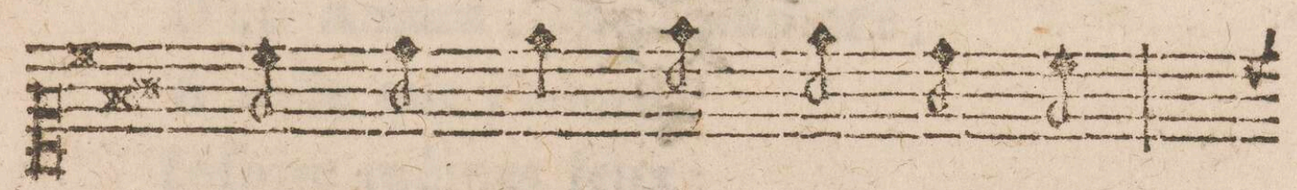


loux, Tir - cis a - ban - don-
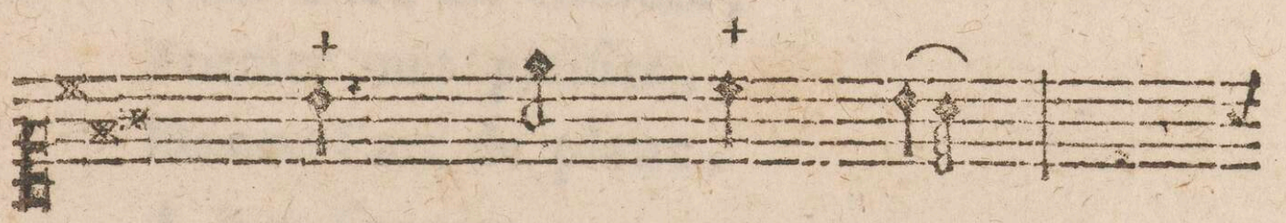


né, Rends - moi, di - ſoit-
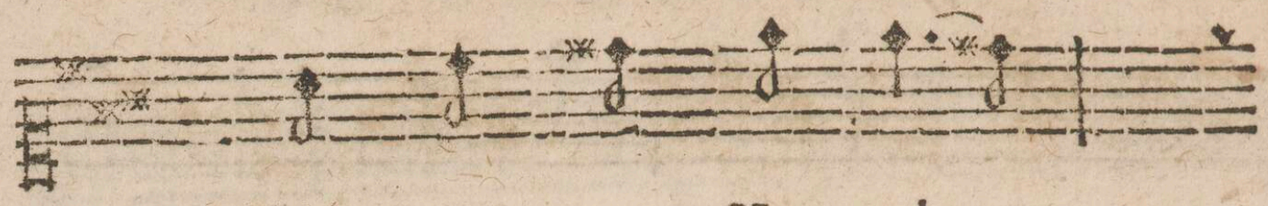


il, à Li - ſet - te,
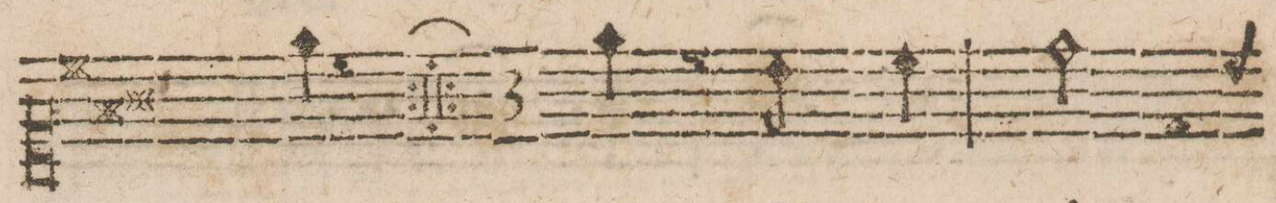


Le Ru - ban que je t'ai don-
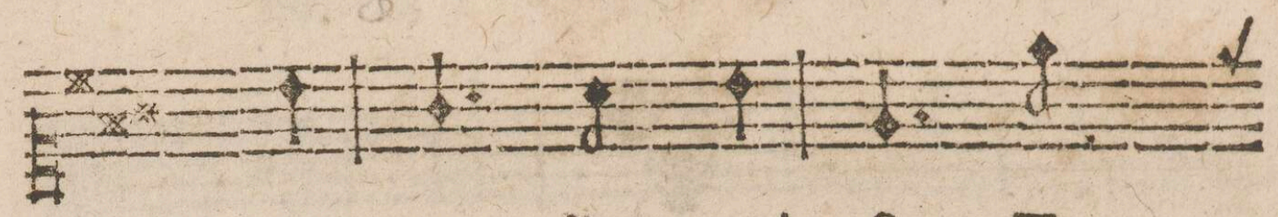


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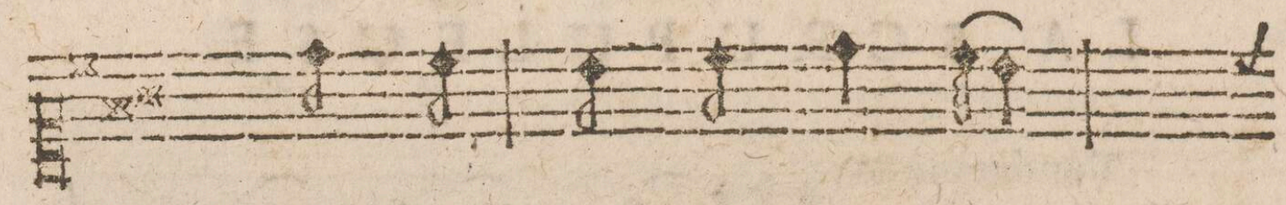


Chien, & ma Hou - let-
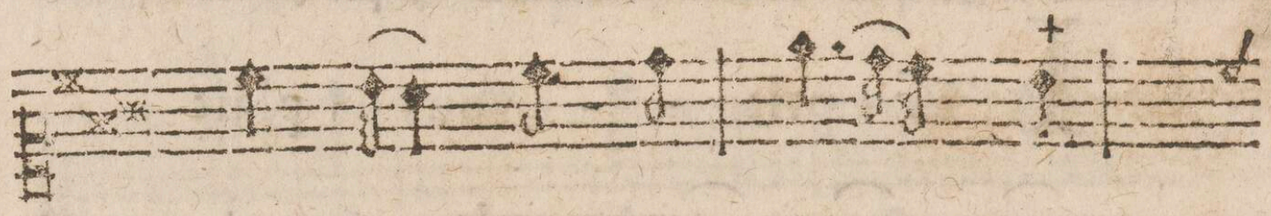


te: te: La Ber - gè-
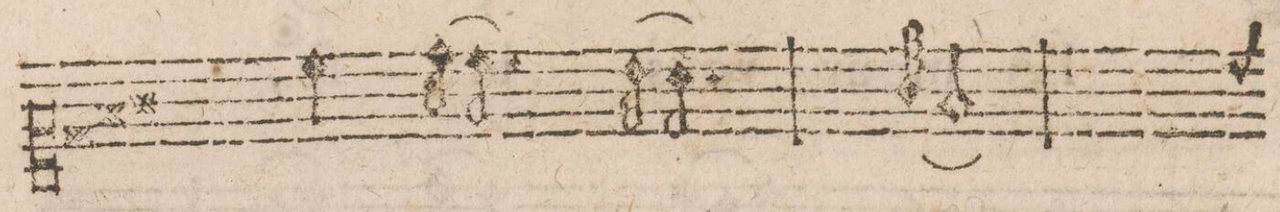


re pour l'ap - pai - ſer, Tu



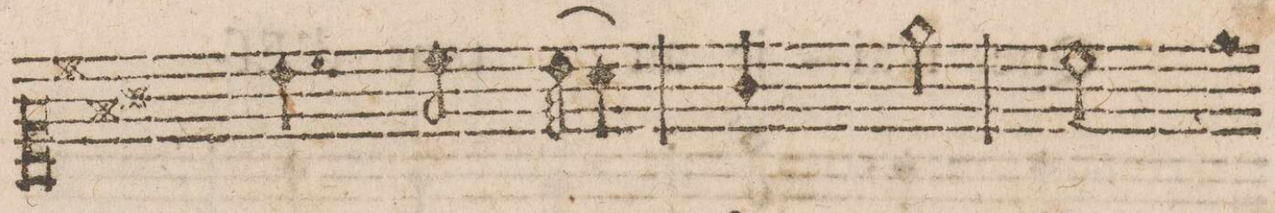
m'as auſ - ſi don - né, dit-
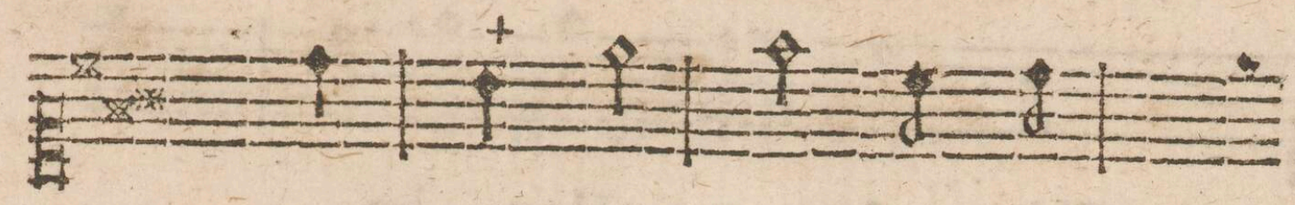


el - le, d'un air ten - dre,
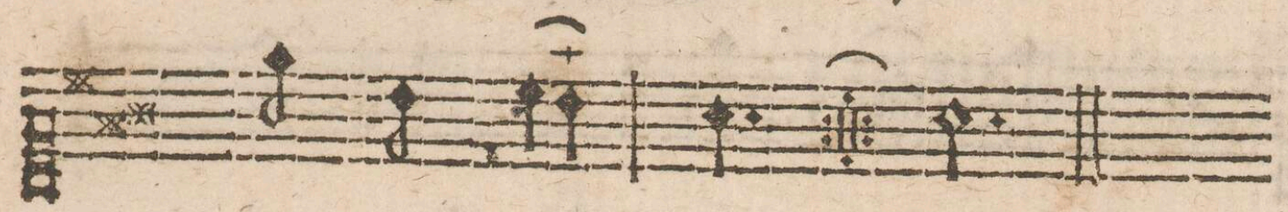


Sur ce ga - zon



plus d'un bai - ſer, Viens, viens,
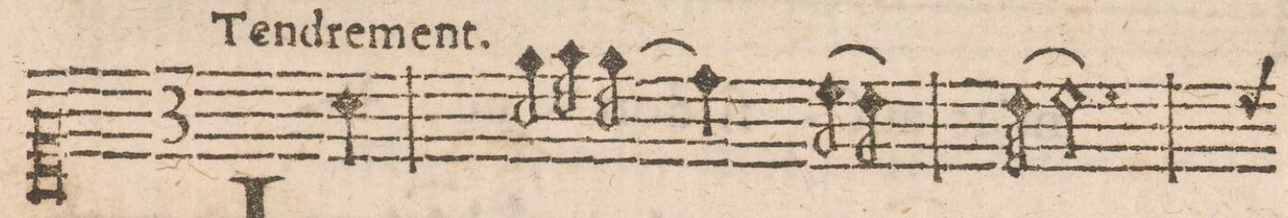


Ber - ger, viens, viens, je te



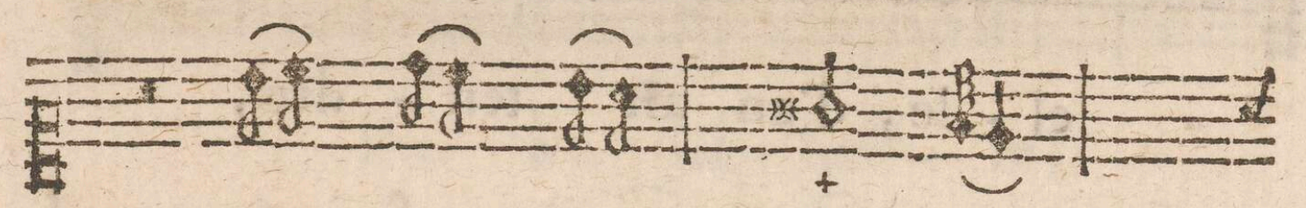
vais tout ren - dre. dre.

LA SCRUPULEUSE.
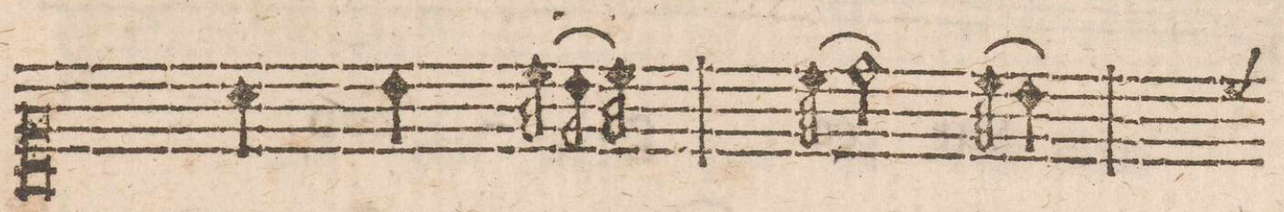
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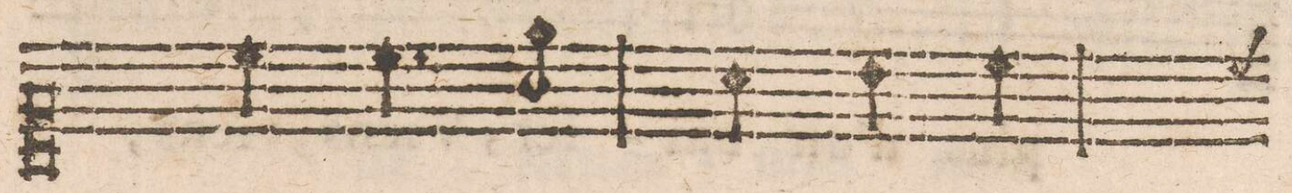


L'Eſ - prit - - vous plait



l'A - mour vous bleſ - ſe,
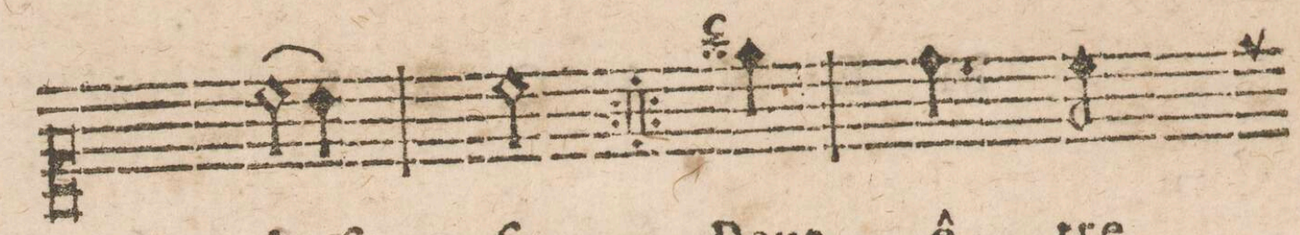


Que n'ai - je au - tant d'Eſ-

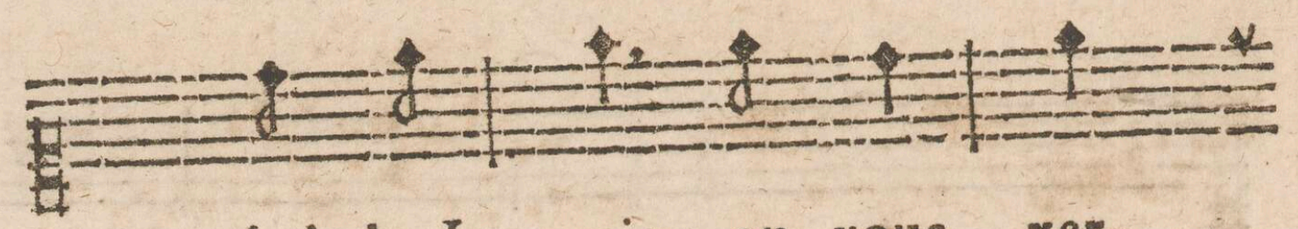


prit que je ſens de ten-

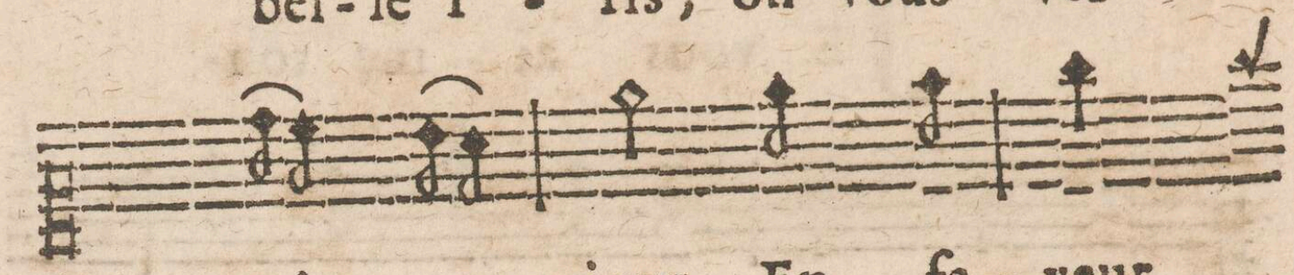
dreſſe:
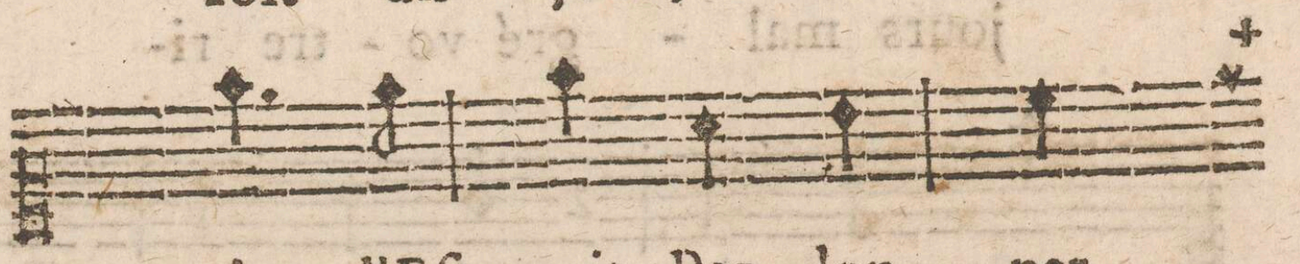


dreſ - ſe: Peut - ê - tre



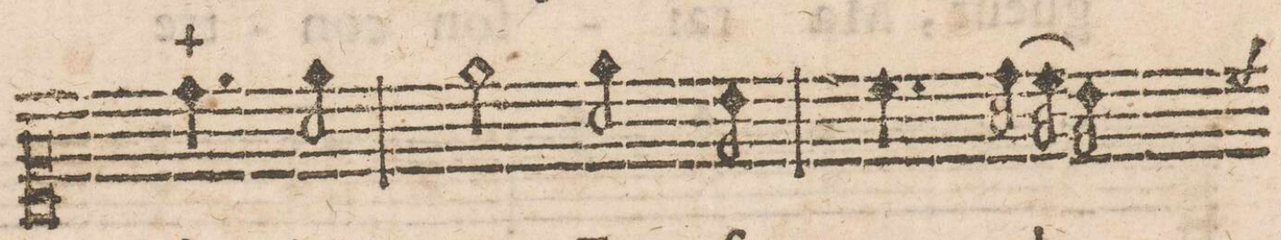
bel-le I - ris, ou vous ver-



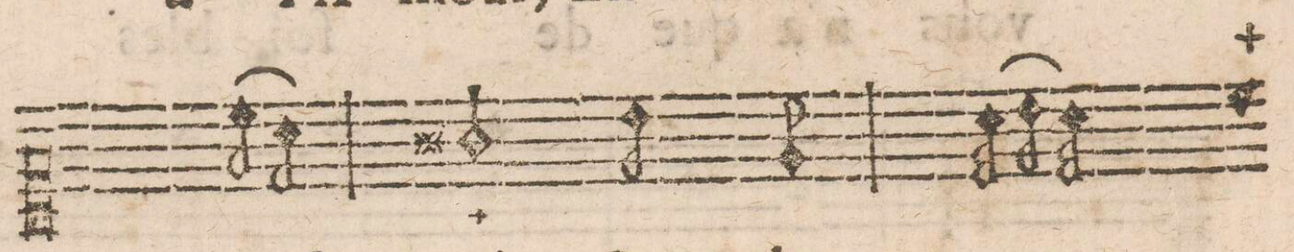
roit un jour, En fa - veur



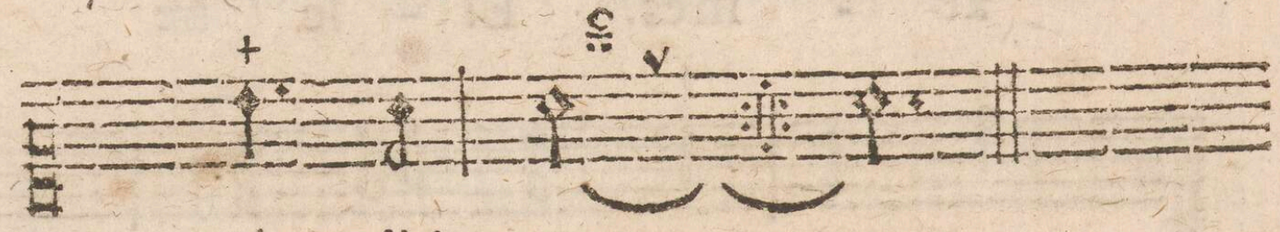
de l'Eſ - prit, Par - don - ner



à l'A - mour, En fa - veur de



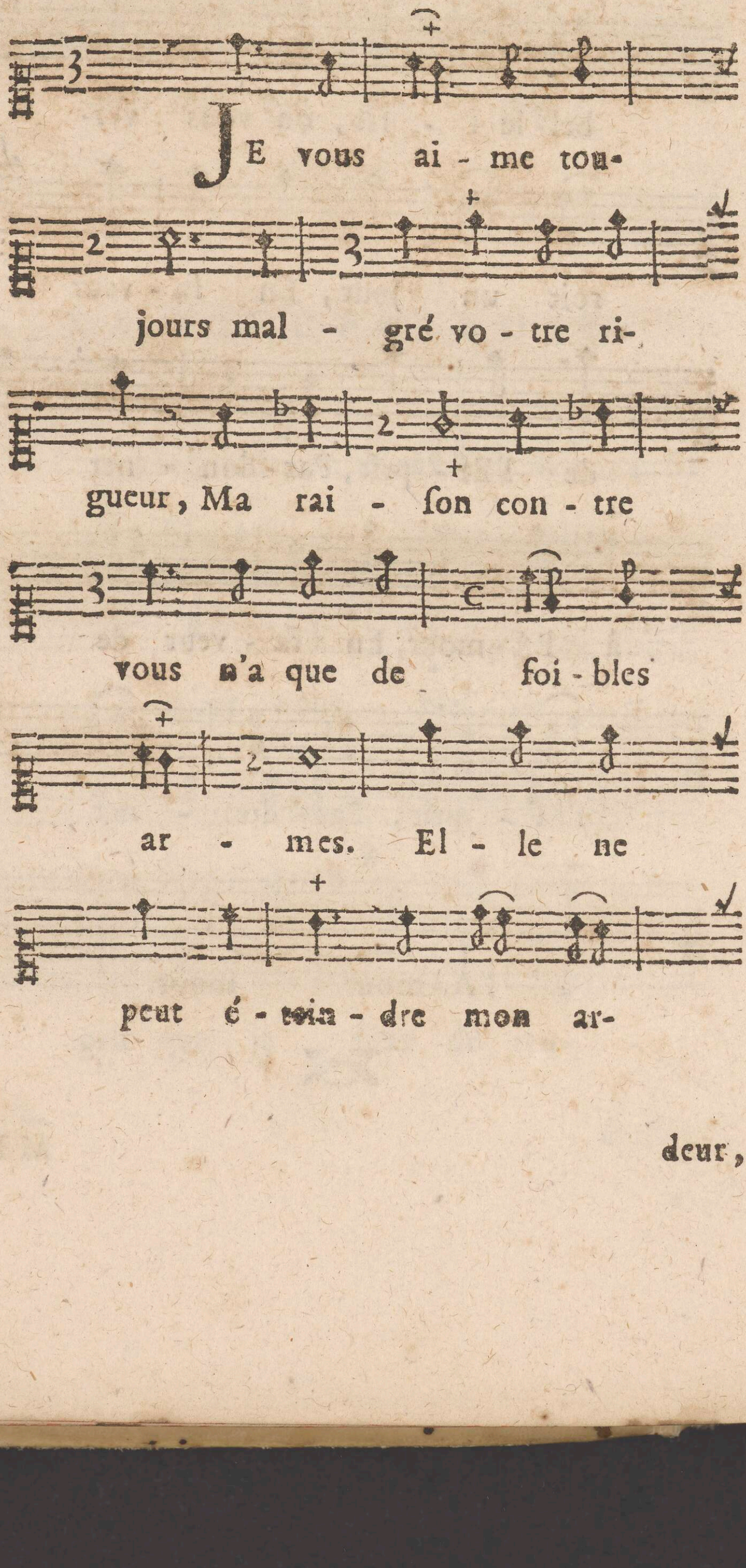
l'Eſ - prit, Par - don - ner

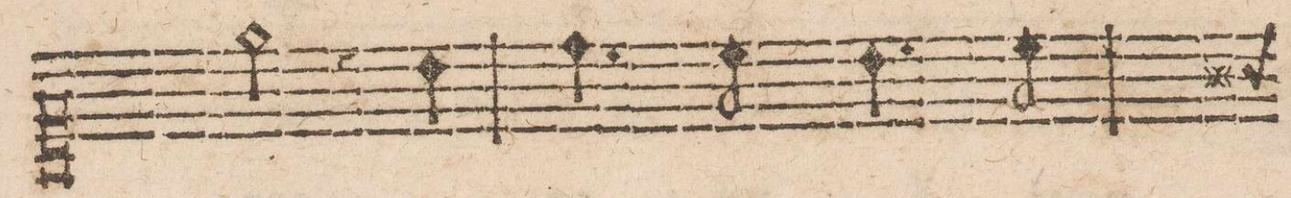


à l'A - mour. mour.
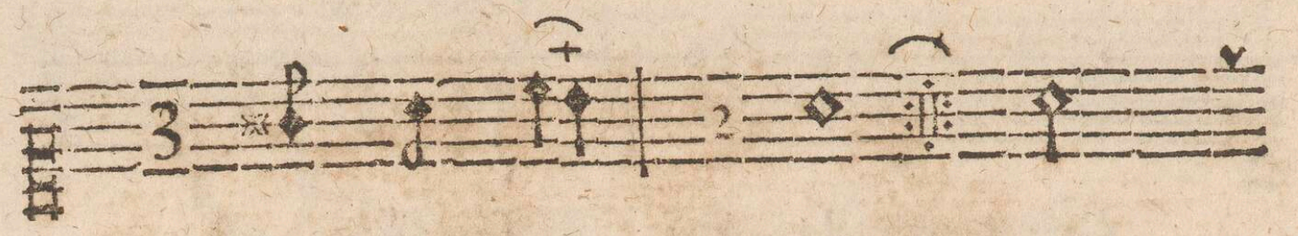
MENACES.

Air ſerieux.
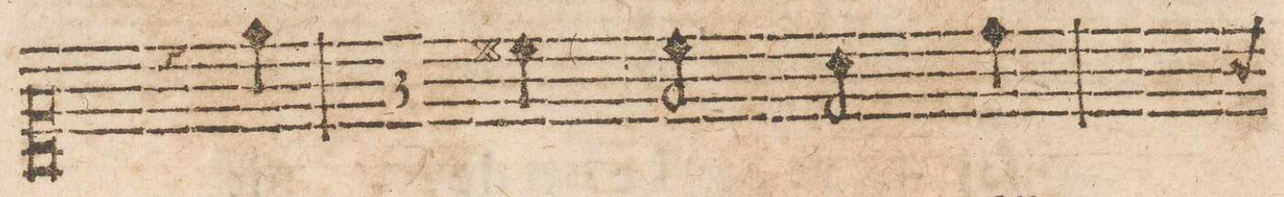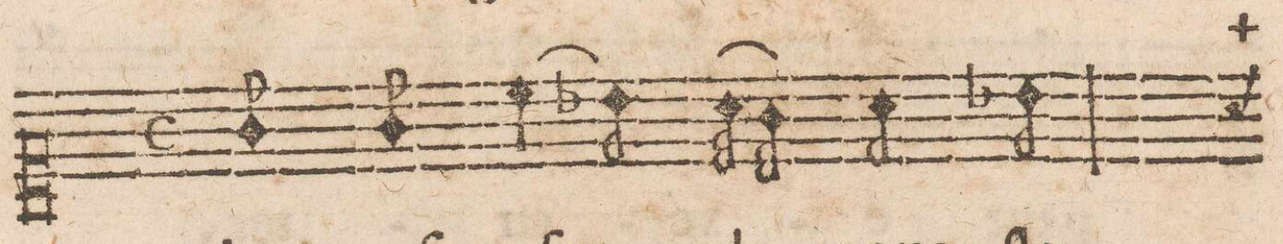




deur, Mes yeux vous trou- vent
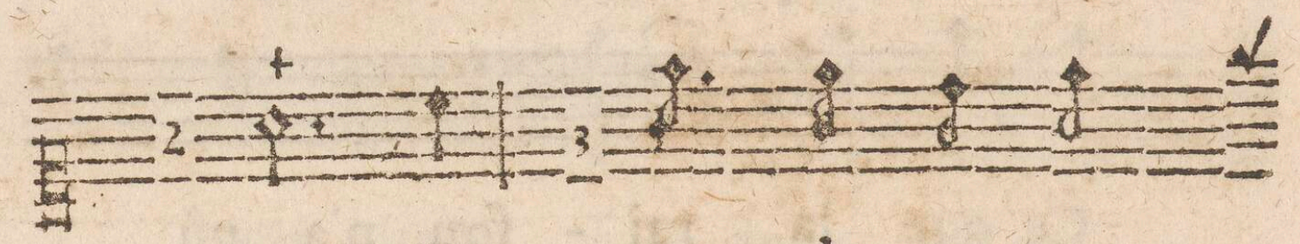


trop de char - mes: mes:
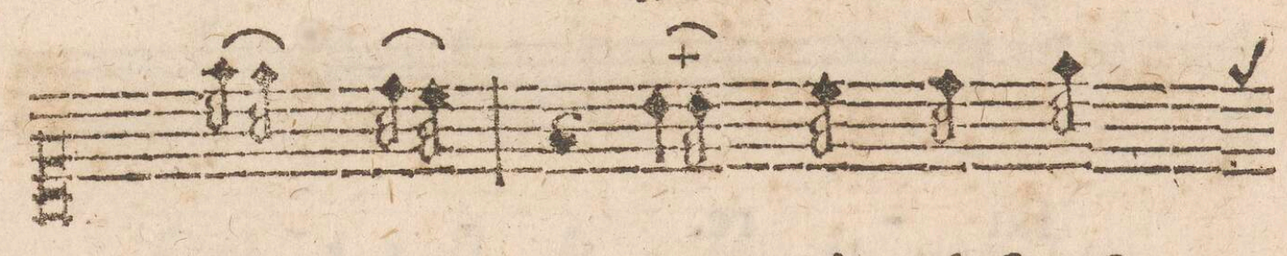


In - gra - te ce - pen-



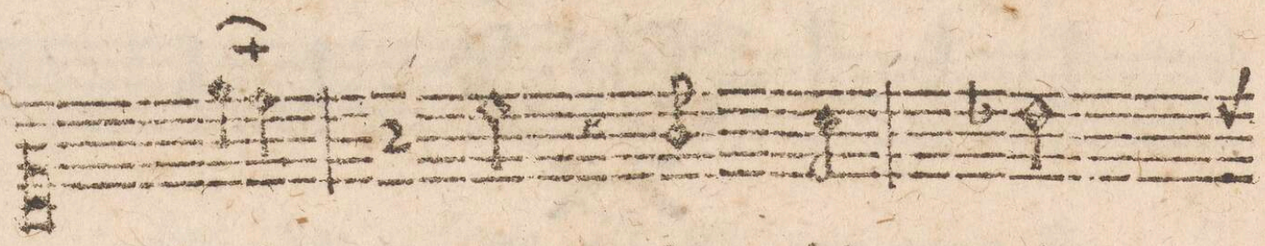
dant ceſ - ſez de vous fla-
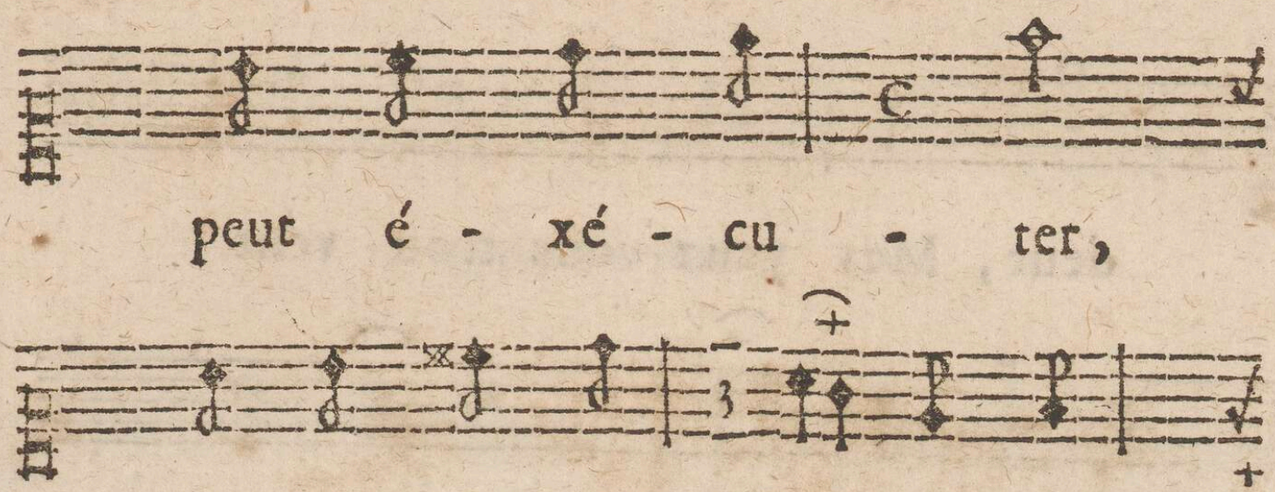


ter. On gar - de ra - re-
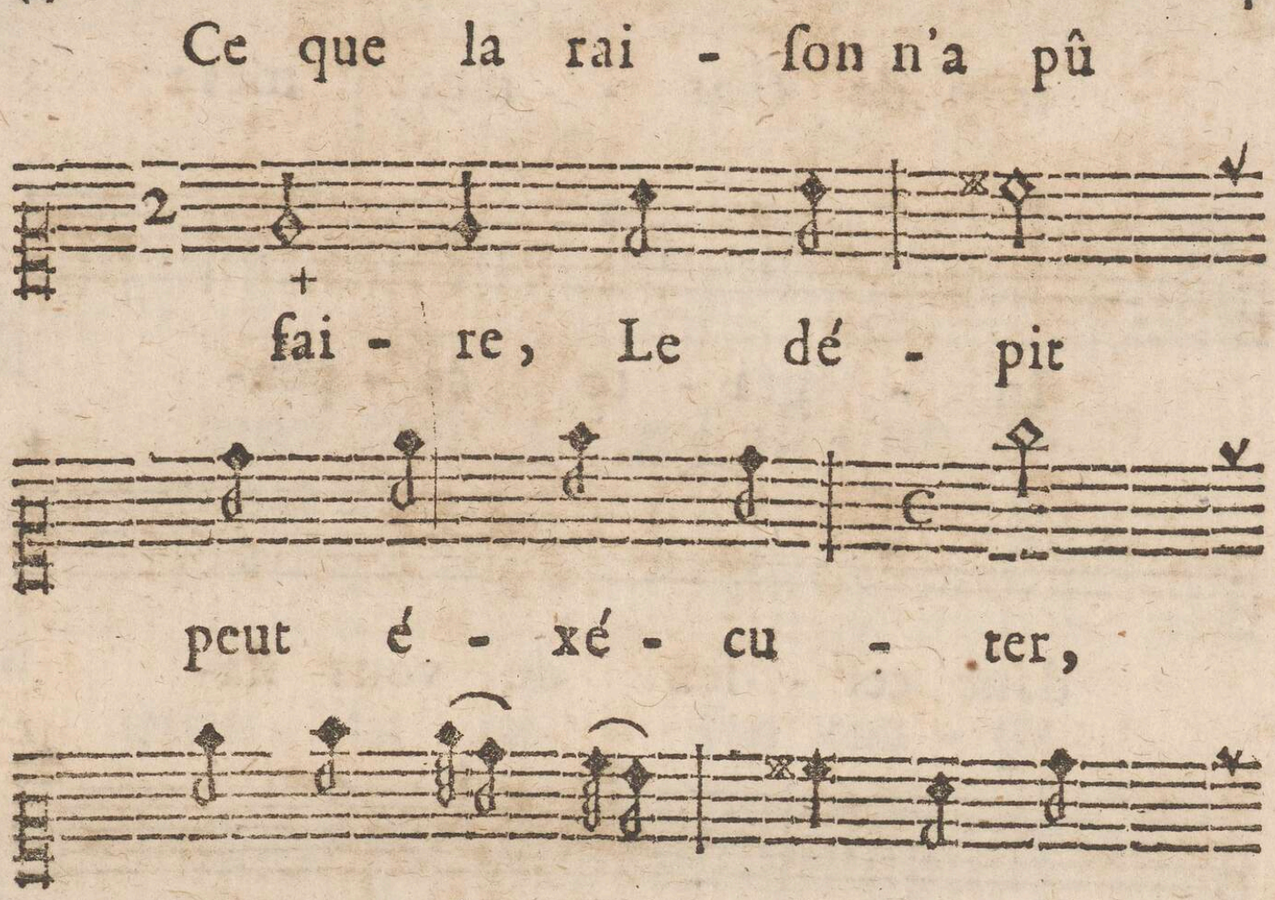


ment un cœur qu'on deſ- eſ-



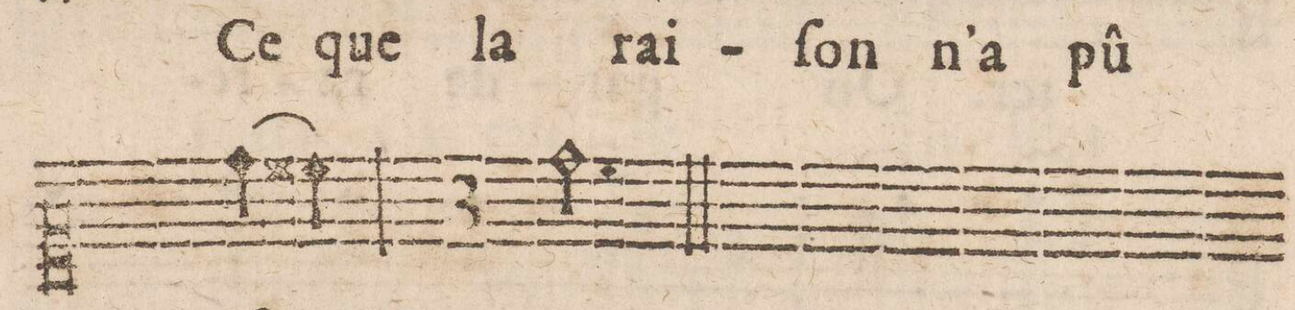
pè - re. Le dé - pit



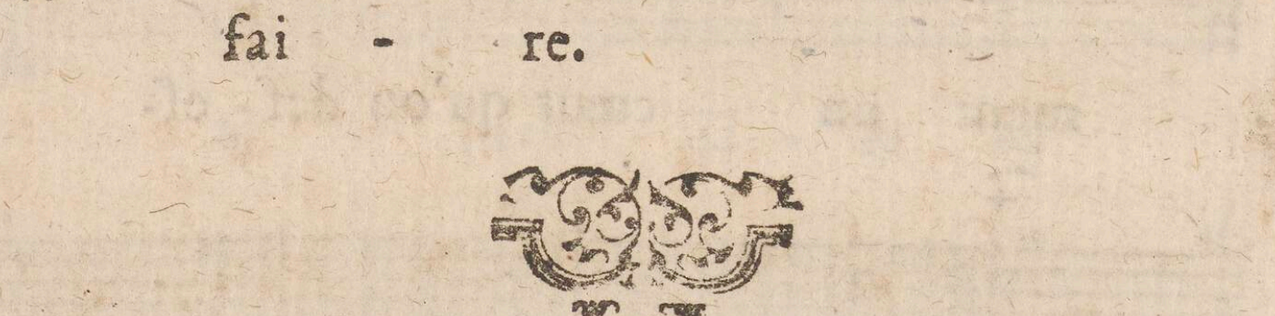
peut é - xé - cu - ter,



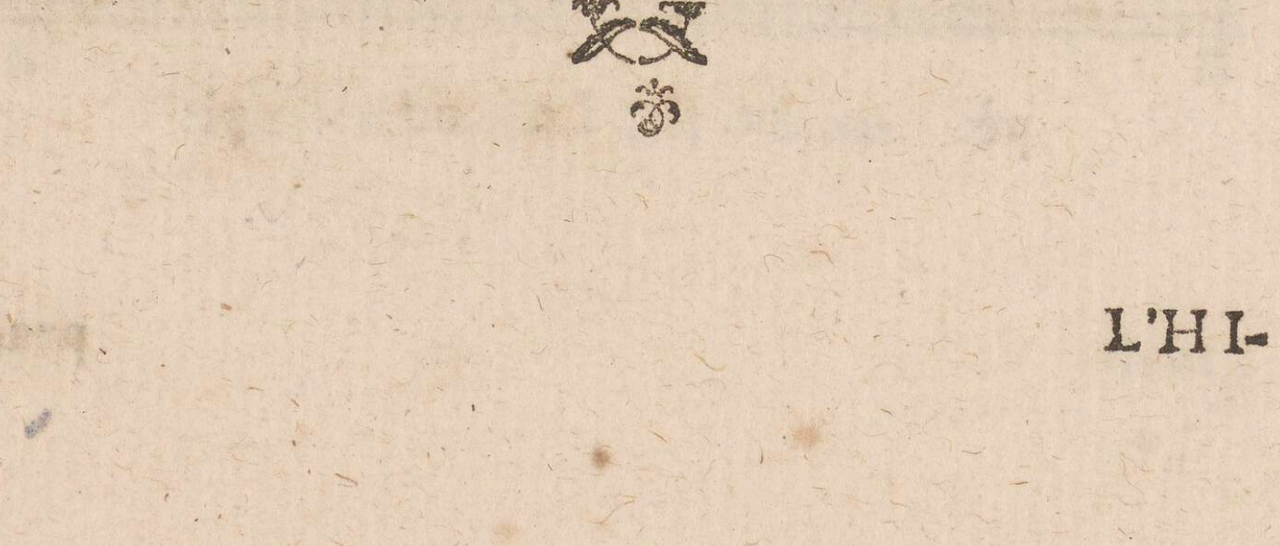
Ce que la rai - ſon n'a pû



fai - re, Le dé - pit



peut é - xé - cu - ter,



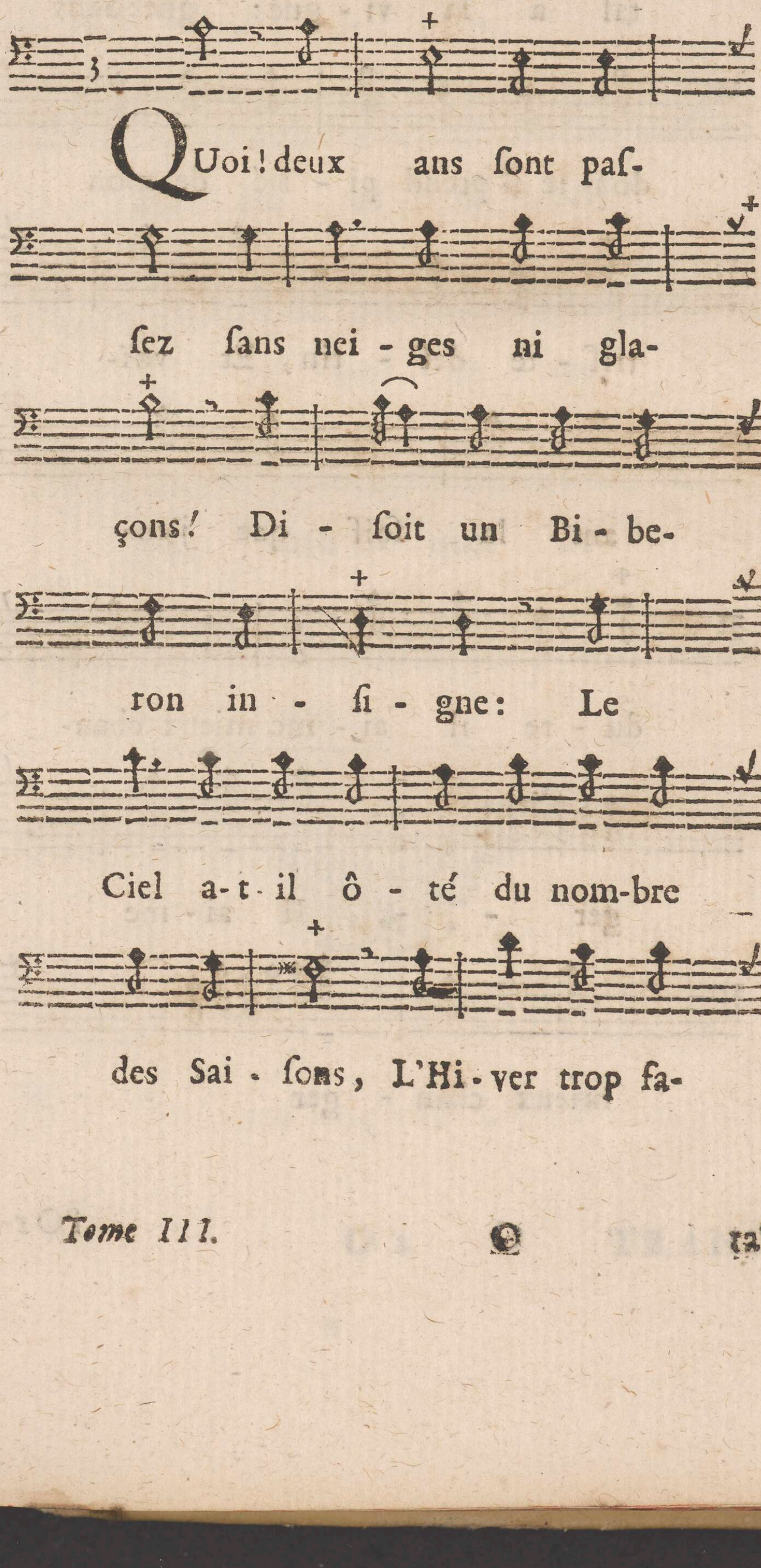
Ce que la rai - ſon n'a pû
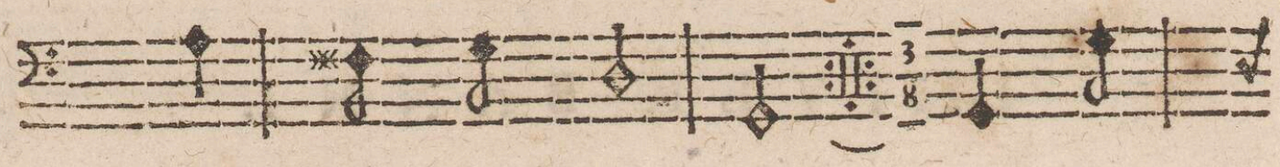


fai - re.

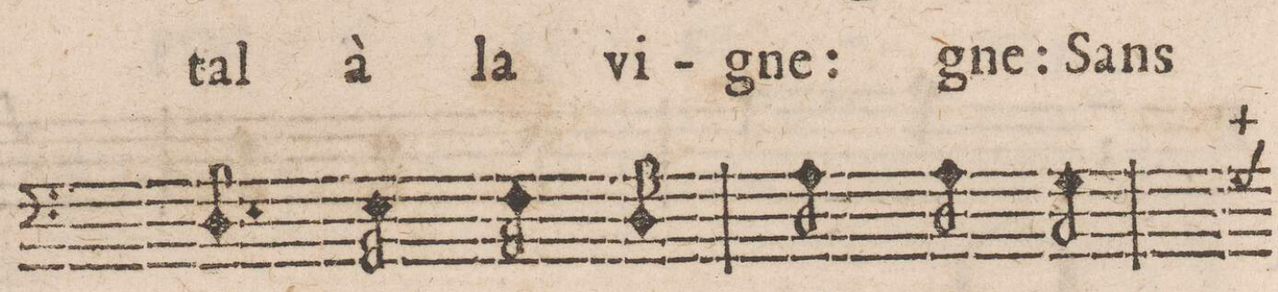
L'HI-

L'HIVER BANNI.
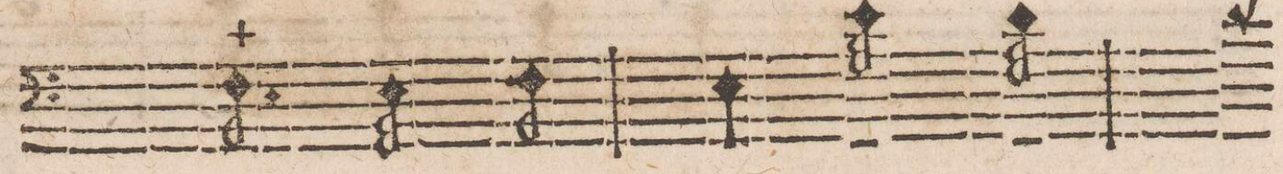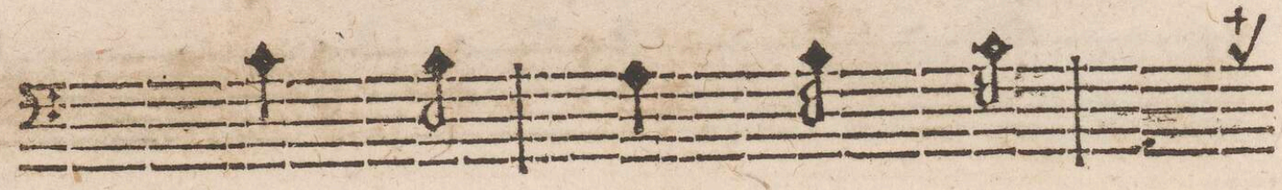




tal à la vi - gne: gne: Sans
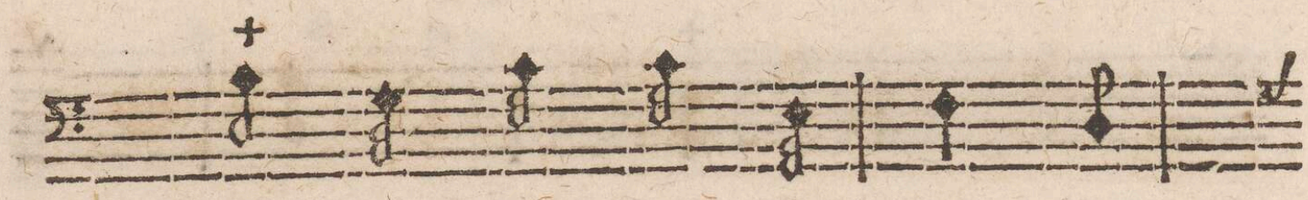


dou- te il prend pi - tié de mon



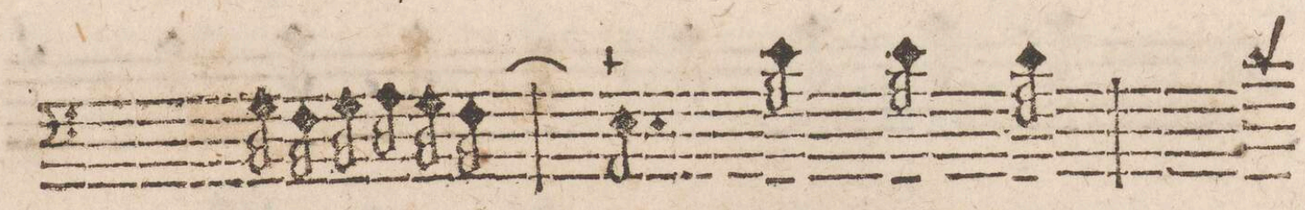
triſ - te deſ - tin, Et voï-
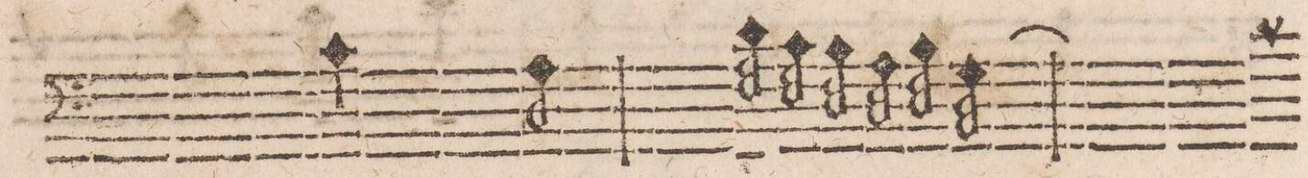


ant la ſoif que j'en-



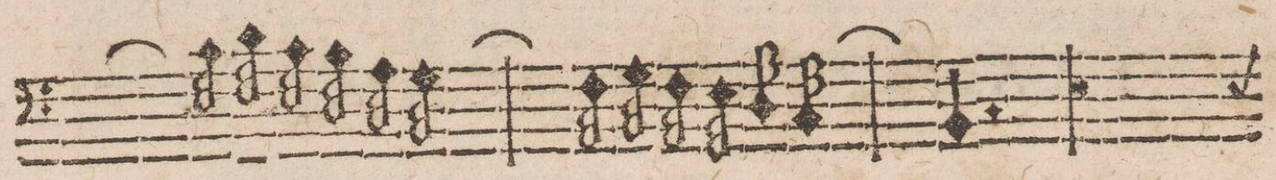
du - re il ai - me mieux chan-



ger - -, Il ai - me



mieux chan - ger -



- - - - -

l'Or - dre de la Na-

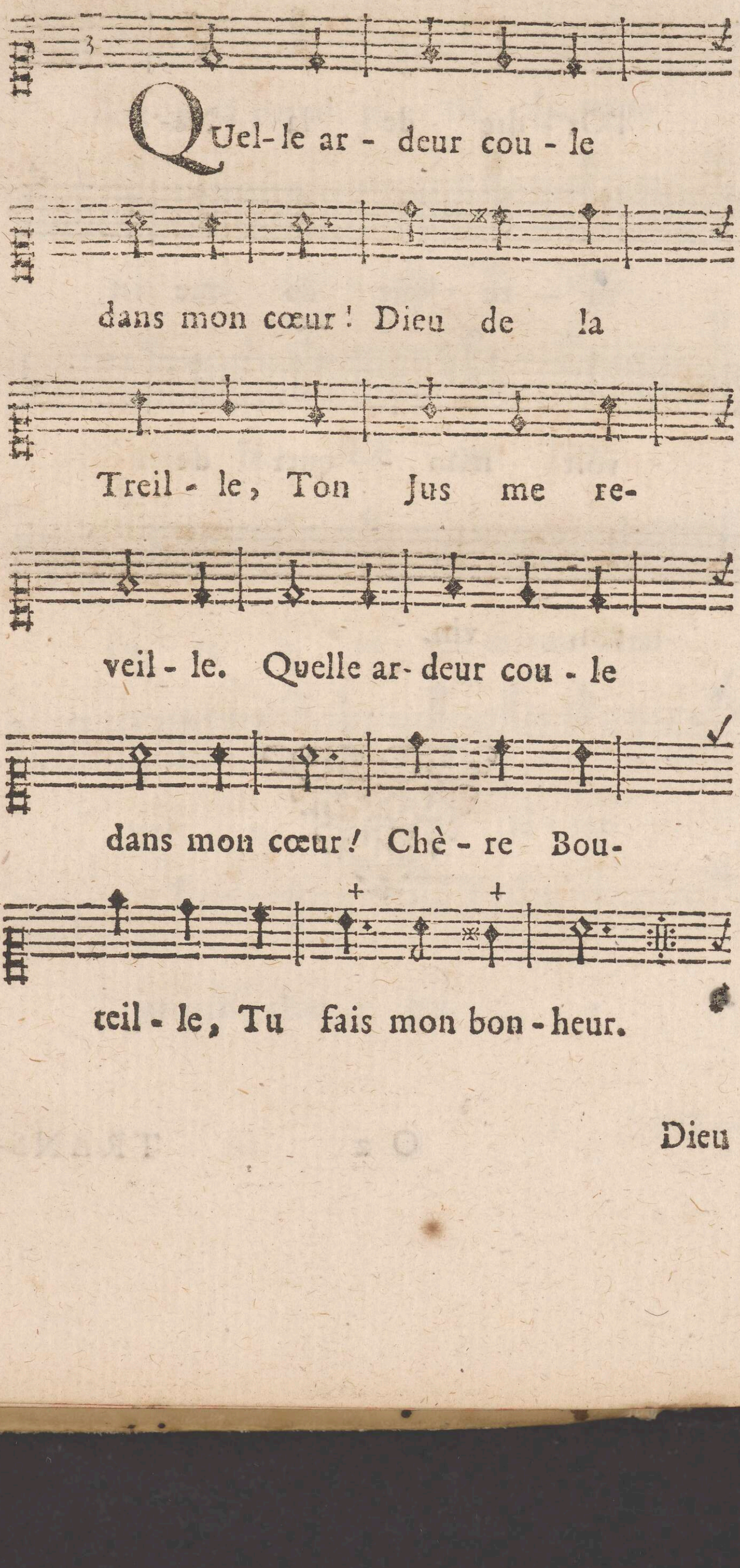
tu - re que de me

voir man - quer de
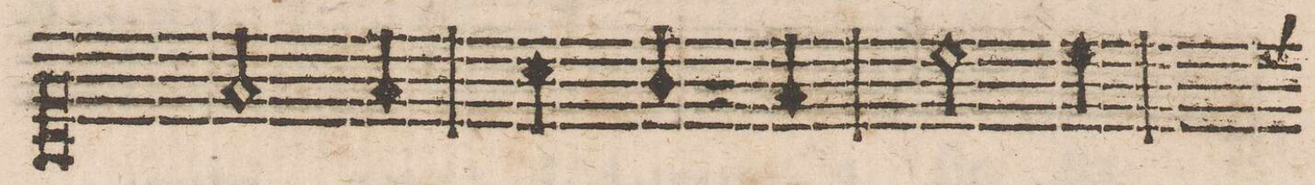
vin. vin.

TRANSPORT BACHIQUE.
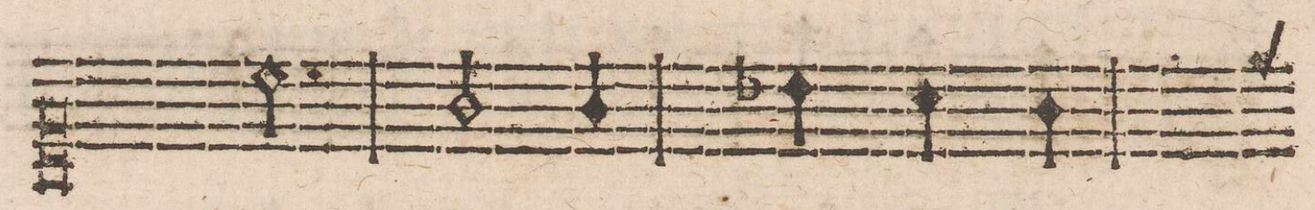
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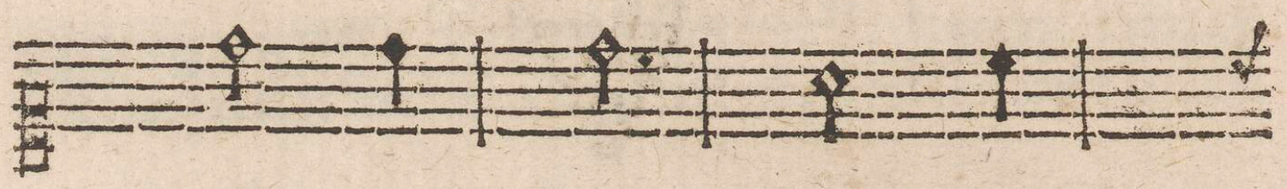


Dieu



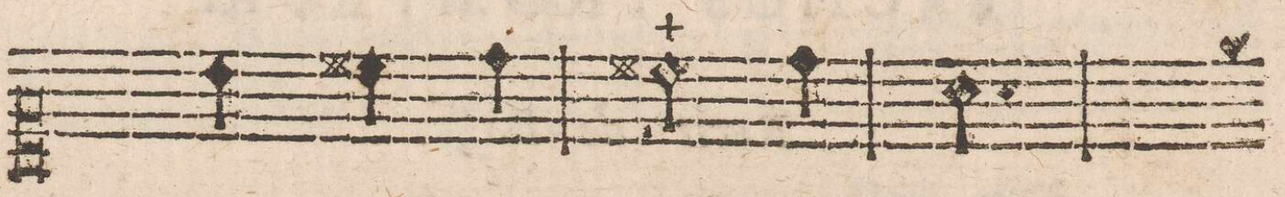
Dieu d'A-mour, qui re-gnois ſur
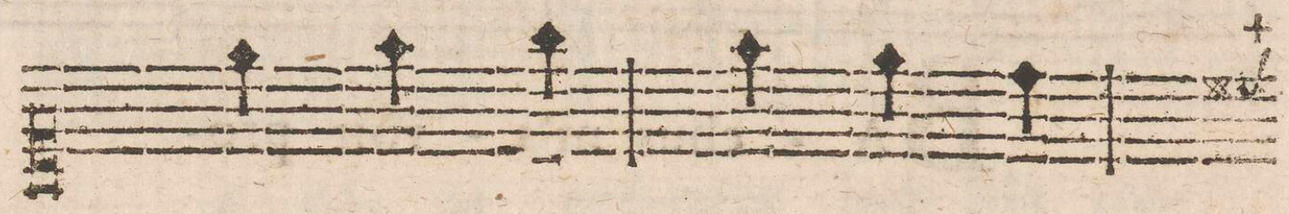


moi, Voi Ba-chus tri-om-
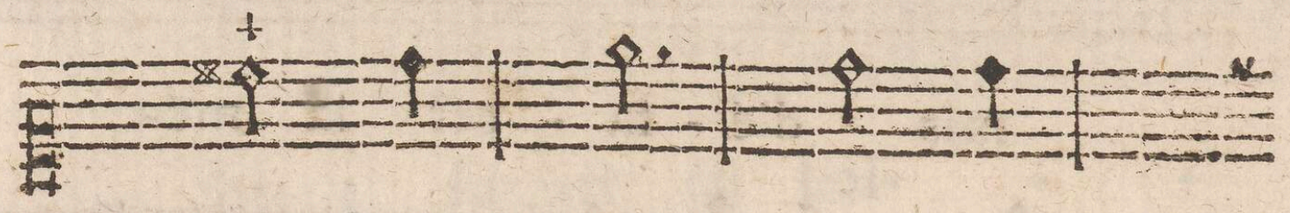


pher de toi. J'ai lan-
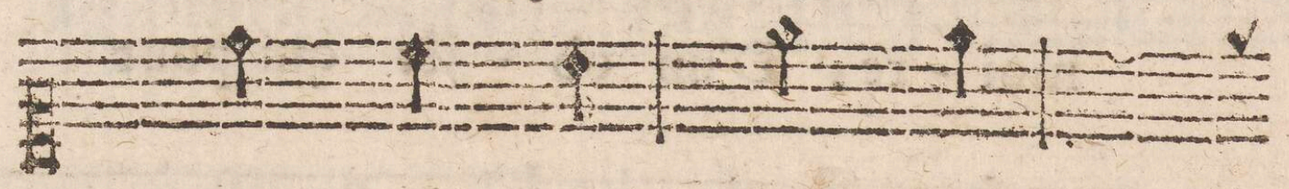


gui ſous ta du-re Loi:
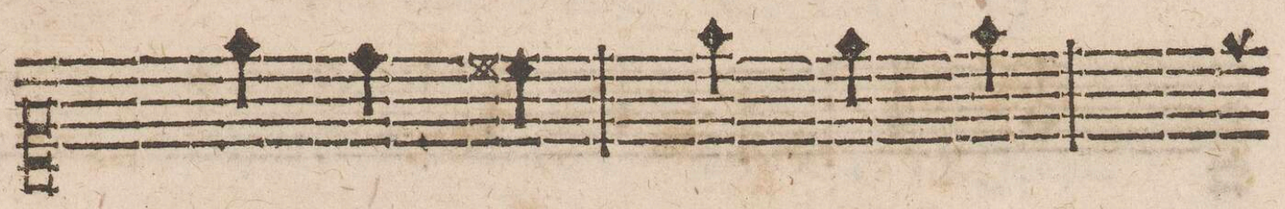


Je ſuis con-tent de-puis
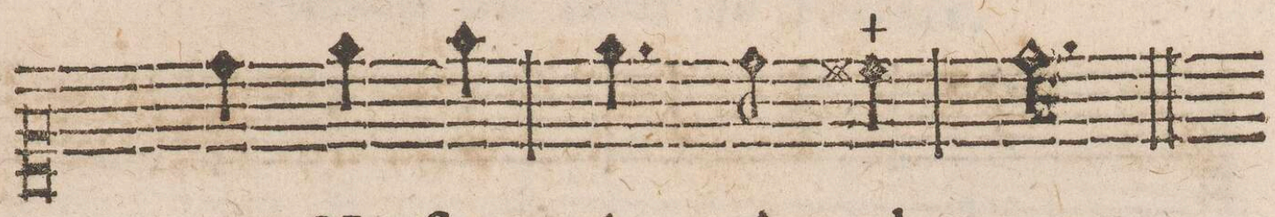


que je bois. Plus d'A-



min-the; Vi-ve ma
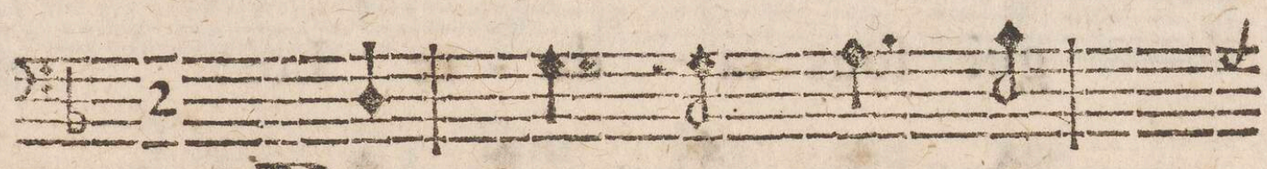


pin - te: Les cœurs a - mou-
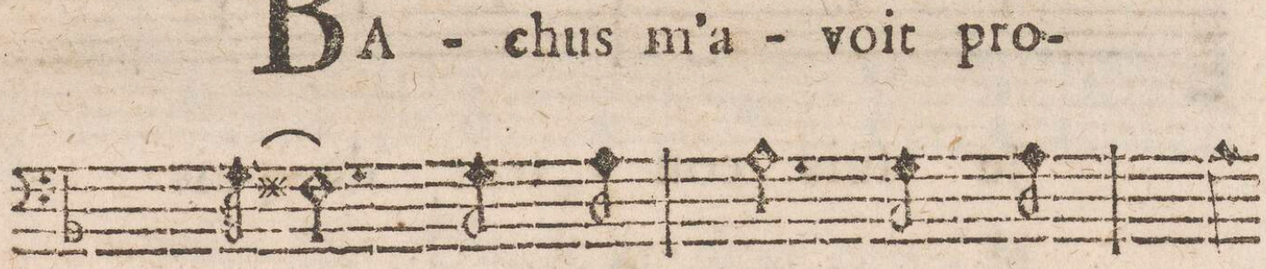


reux Ne ſau - roient ê-tre heureux.

BACHUS TROMPEUR.
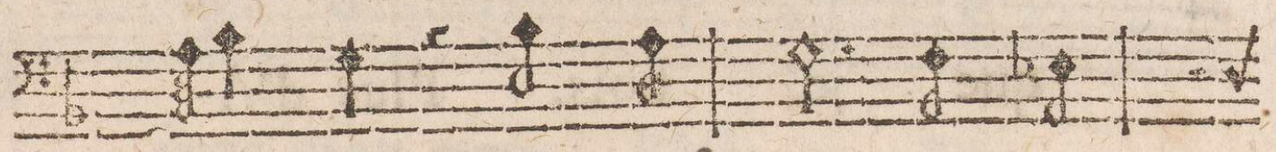
Recit de Baſſe.
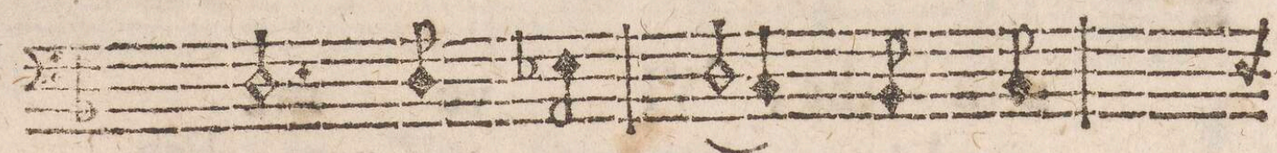


BA - chus m'a - voit pro-



mis d'é - fa - cer la mé-
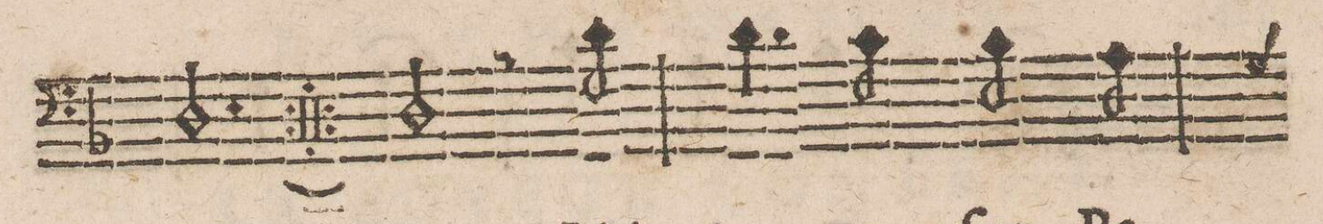


moi - re, D'un ob - jèt qui pour

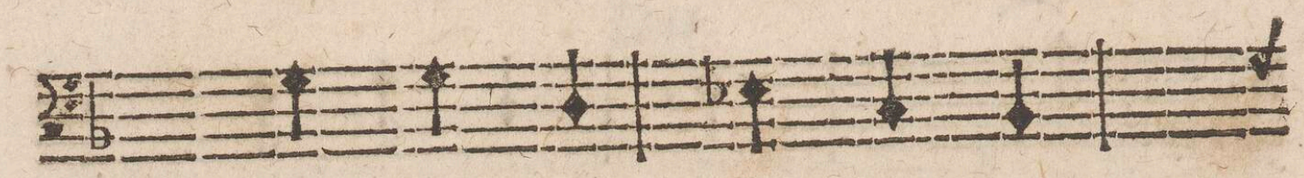


moi n'eût ja - mais de re-

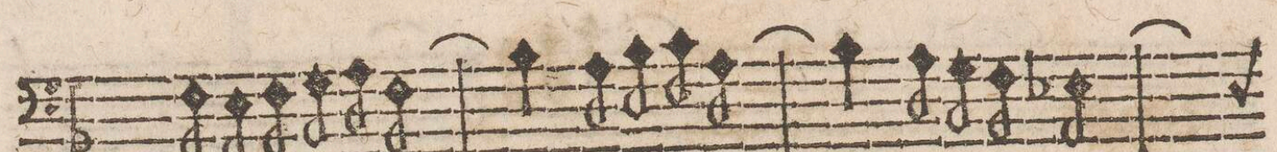
tour:



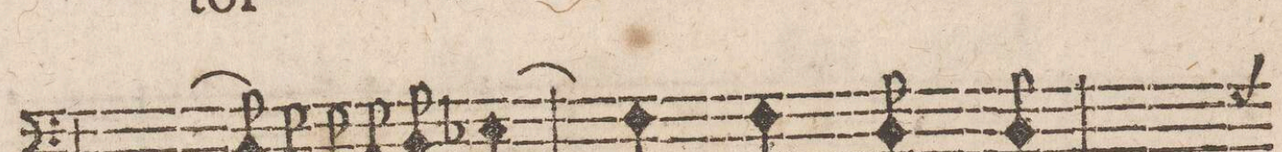
tour: tour: L'A-mour a ſur Ba-



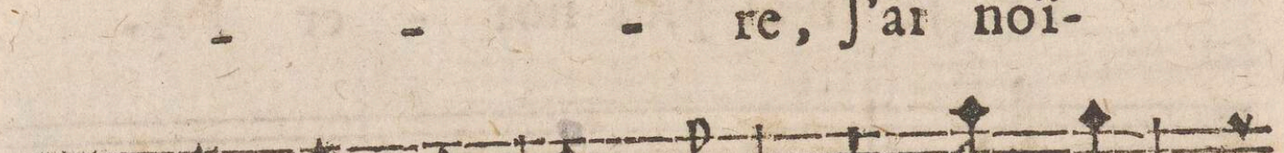
chus rem - por - té la vic-
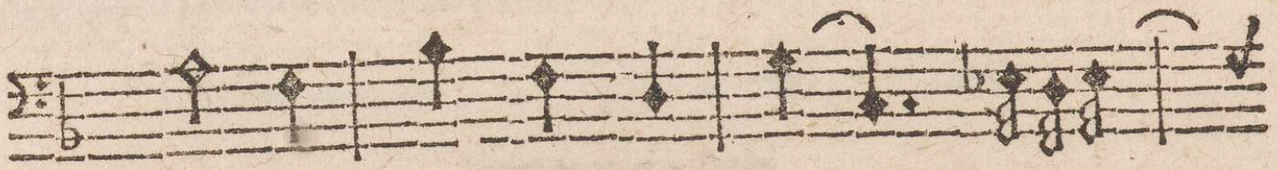


toi- - - - -



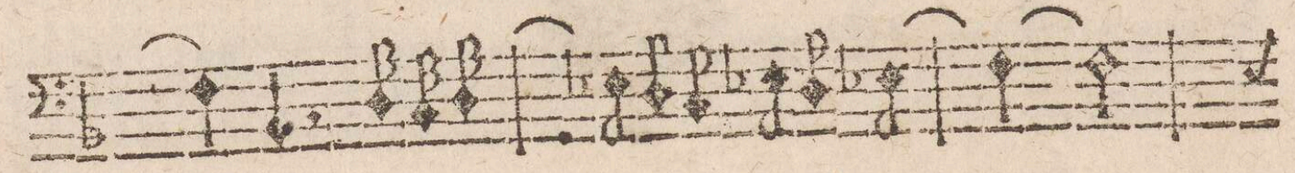
- - - re, J'ai noï-



é dès le pré-mier jour Ma rai-
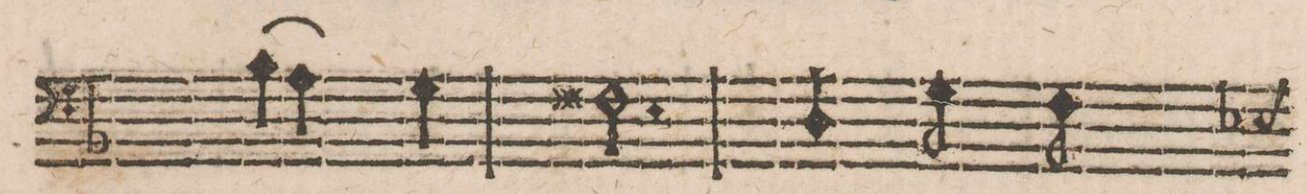


ſon a for - ce de boi- - -
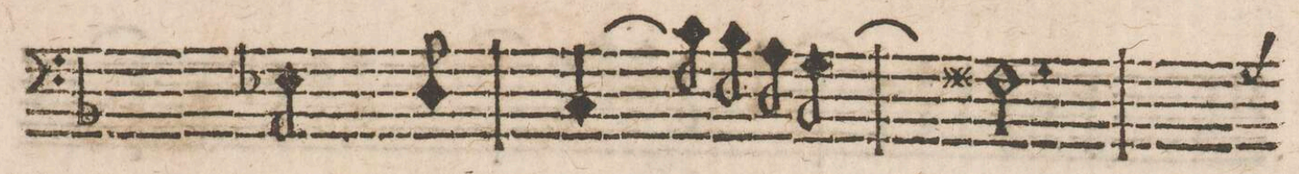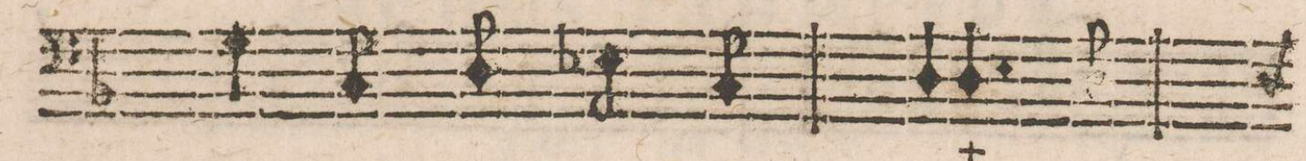


- - - - -



re, Et je n'ai pû noï-



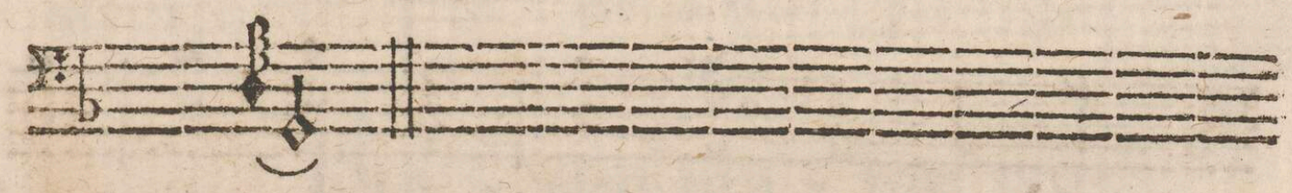
er l'A - mour, Et je n'ai



pû noï- - - er



Et je n'ai plus noï - er l'A-

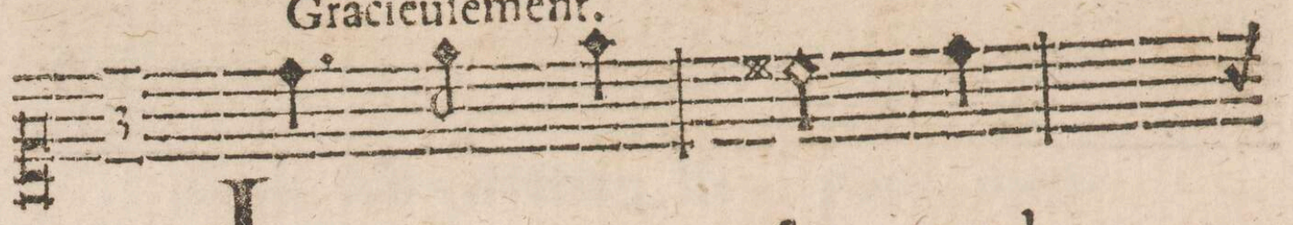


mour.
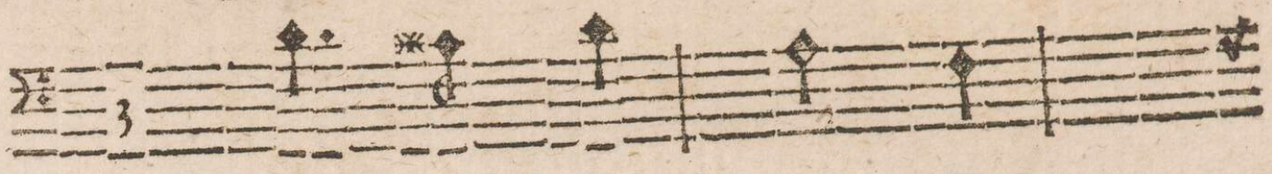
LE BUVEUR CONTENT.

Duo.

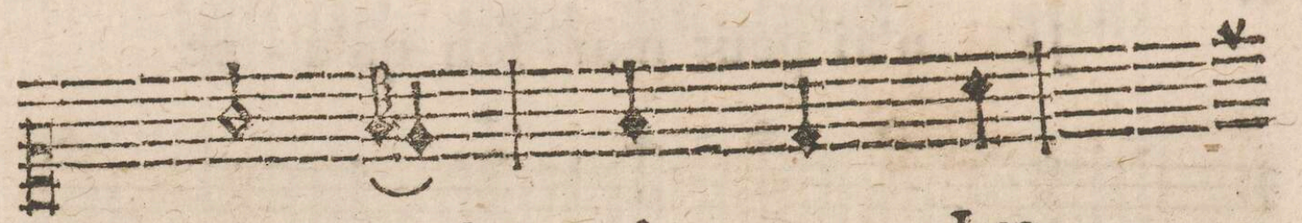
Gracieuſement.
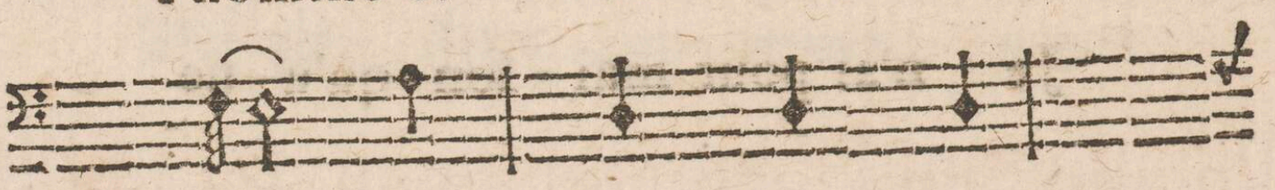


LE ſu - per - flus rend



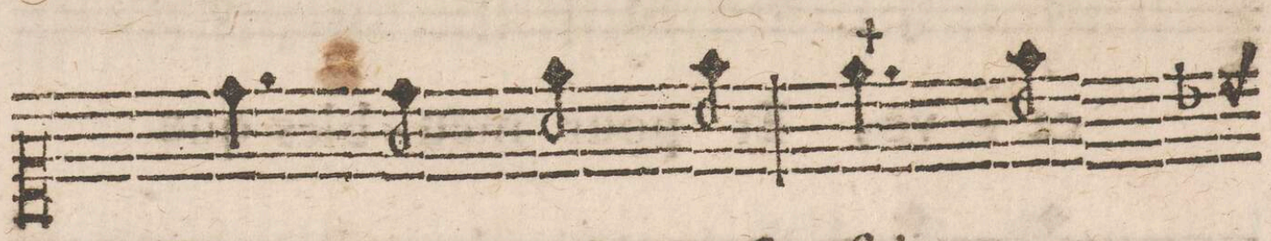
Le ſu - per - flus rend



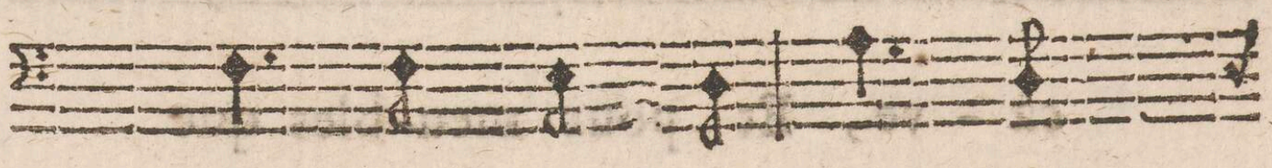
l'homme eſ - cla - ve, Les



l'homme eſ - cla - ve, Les
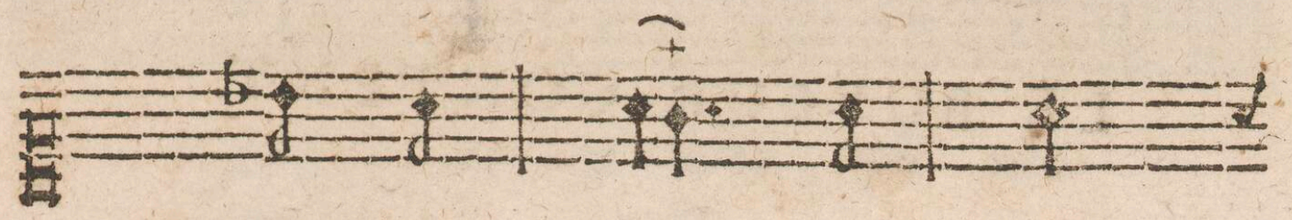


Dieux au né - ceſ - ſai - re at-
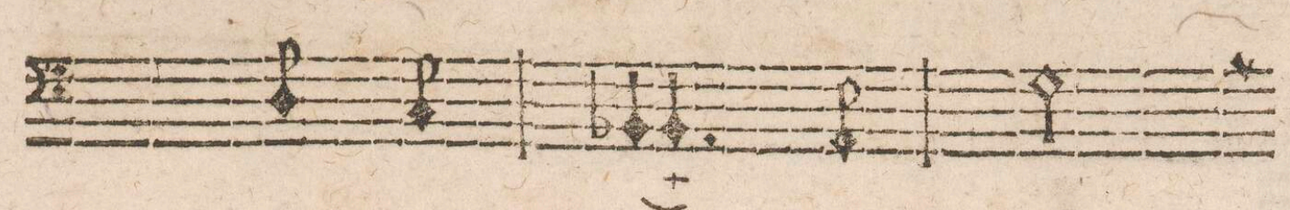


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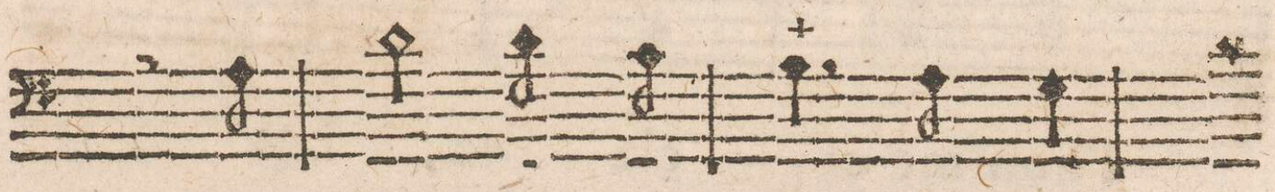


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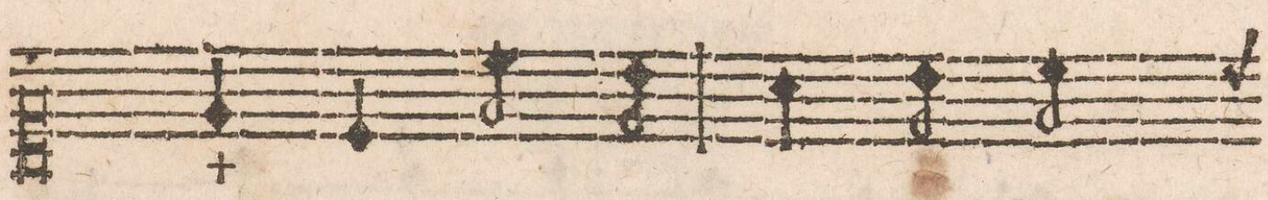


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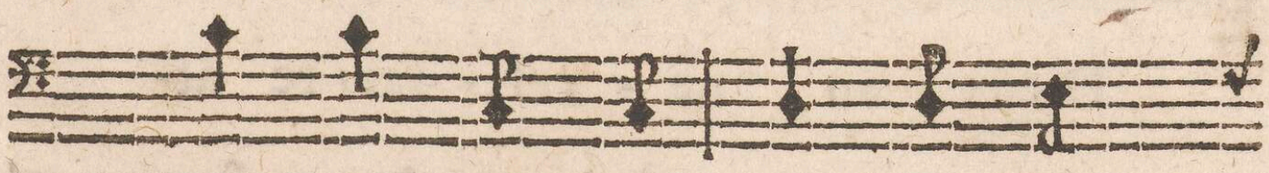


Je n'ai pour mai-ſon qu'u-ne



Je n'ai pour mai-ſon qu'u-ne
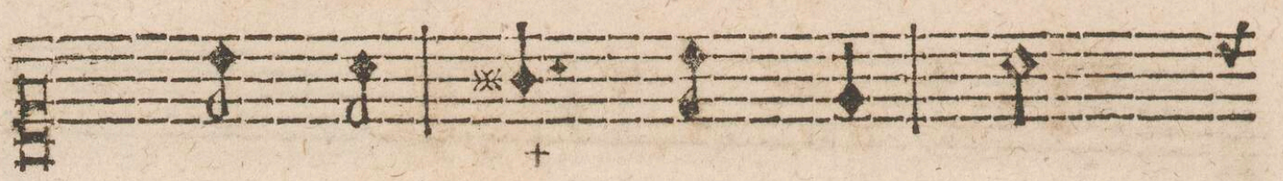


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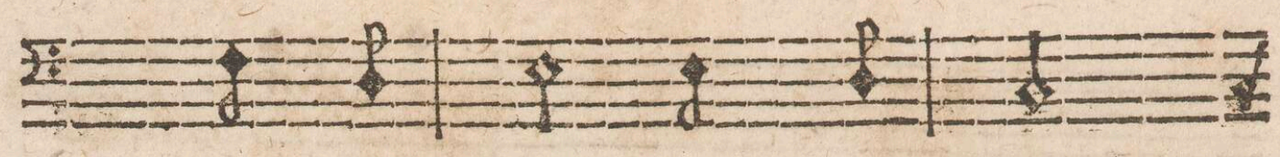


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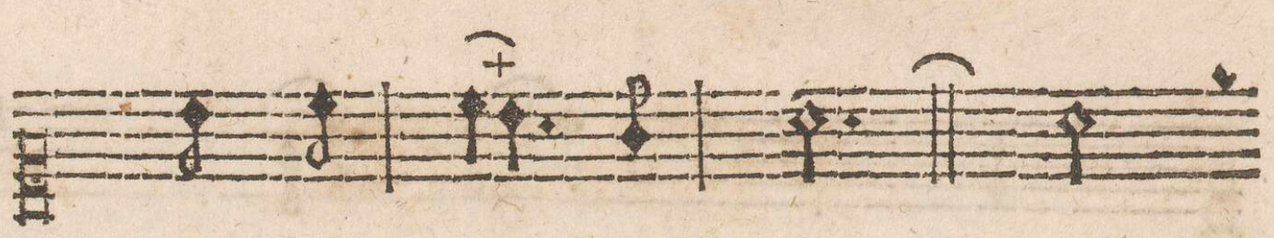
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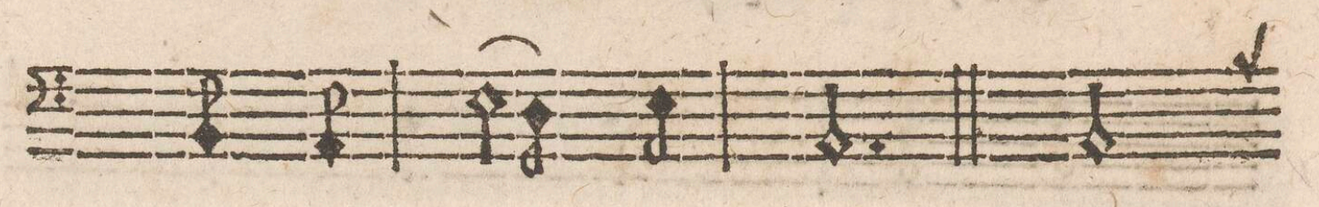


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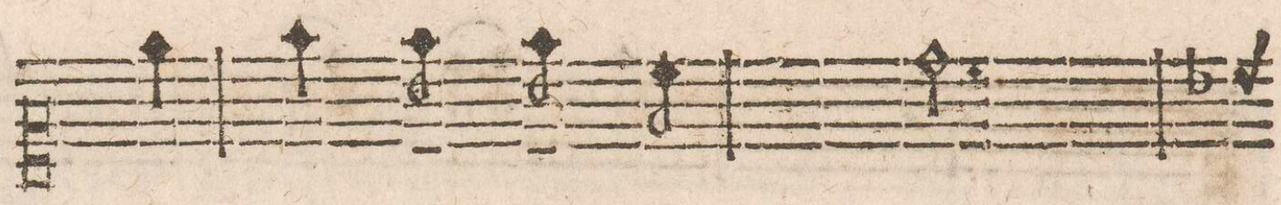


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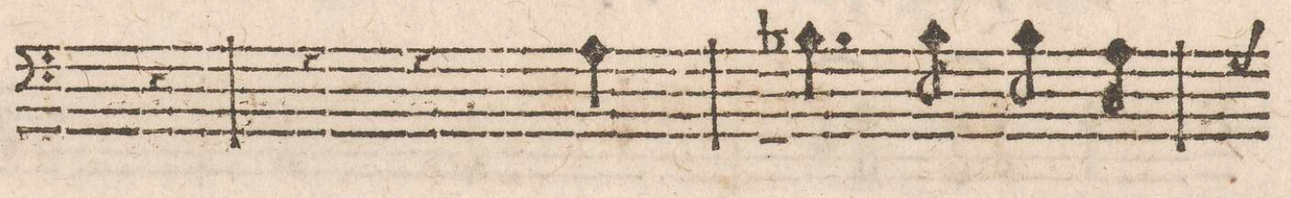


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bles que deux ton - neaux: neaux:
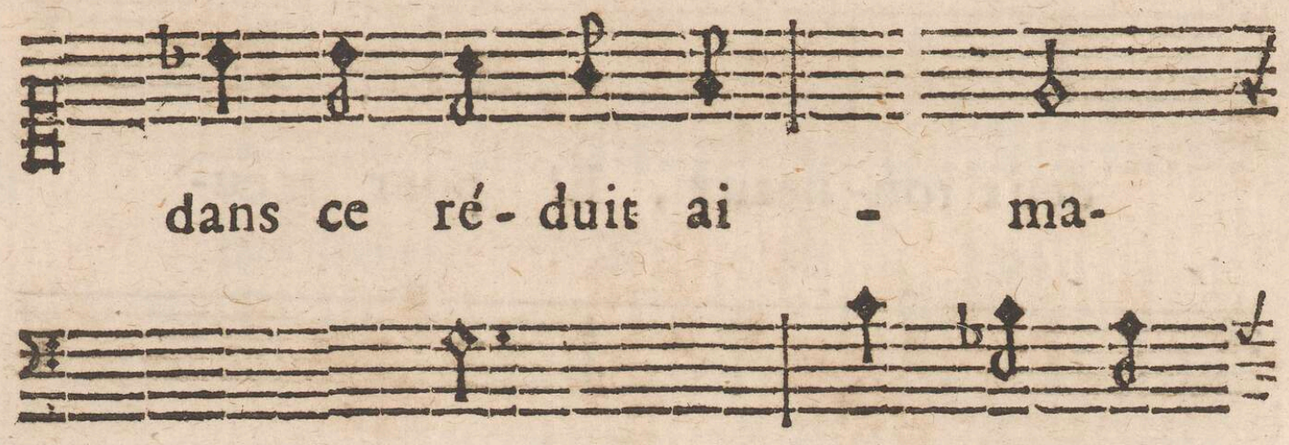


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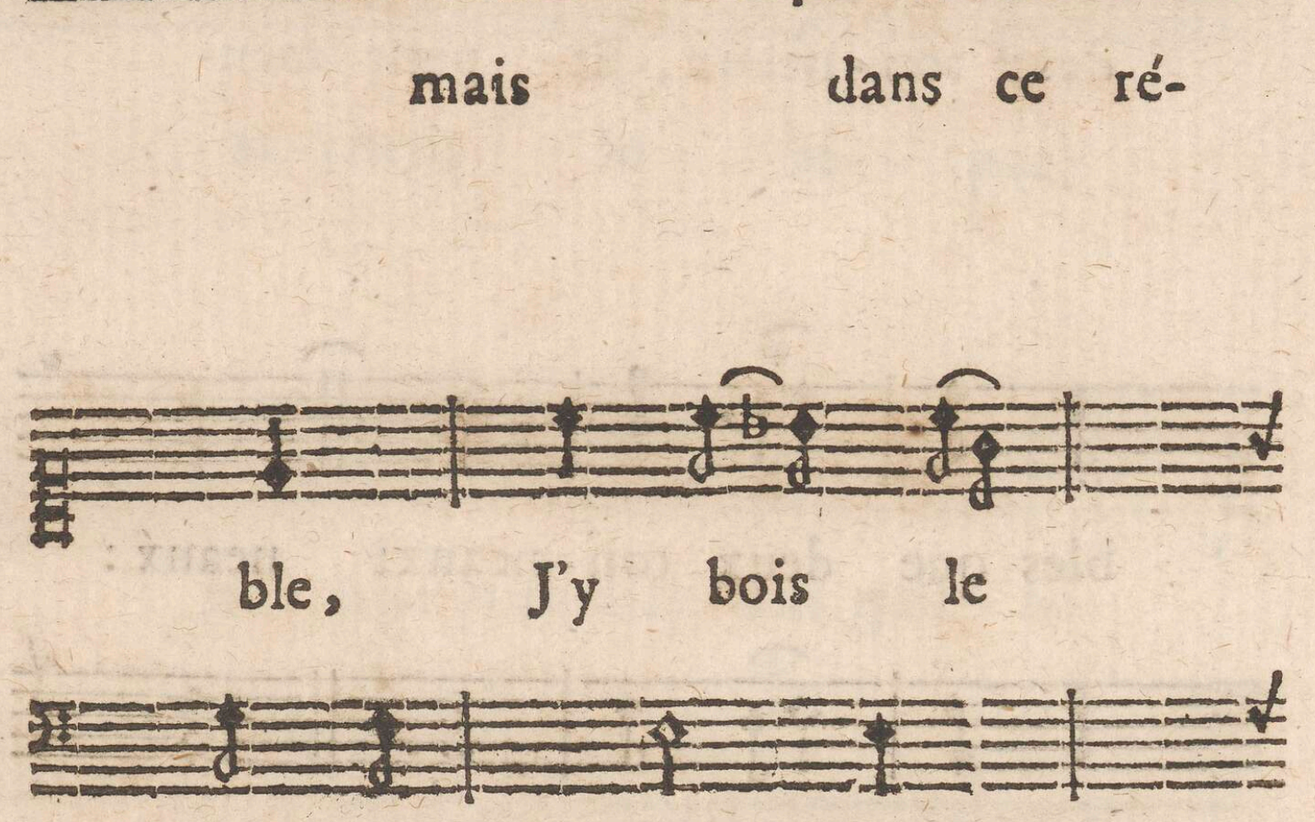


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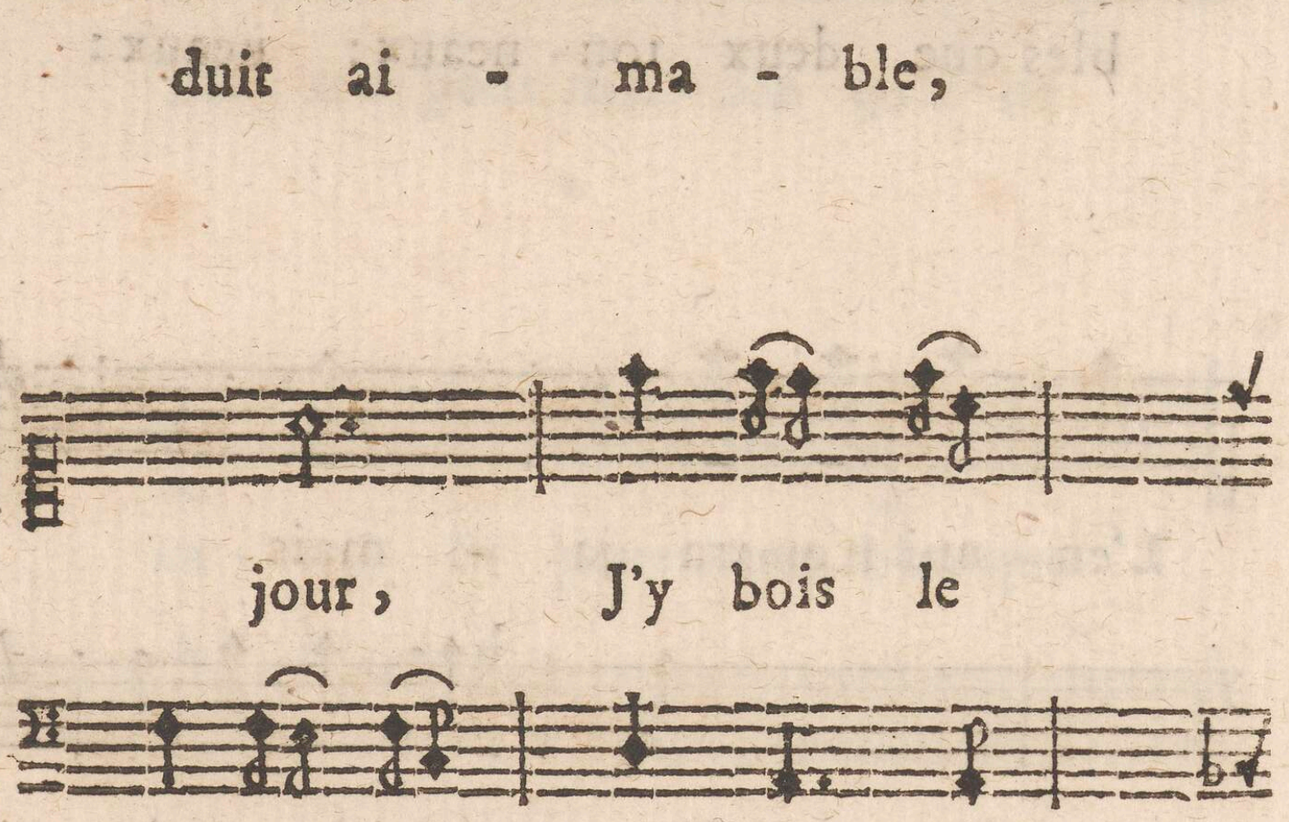


dans ce ré- duit ai - ma-



mais dans ce ré-

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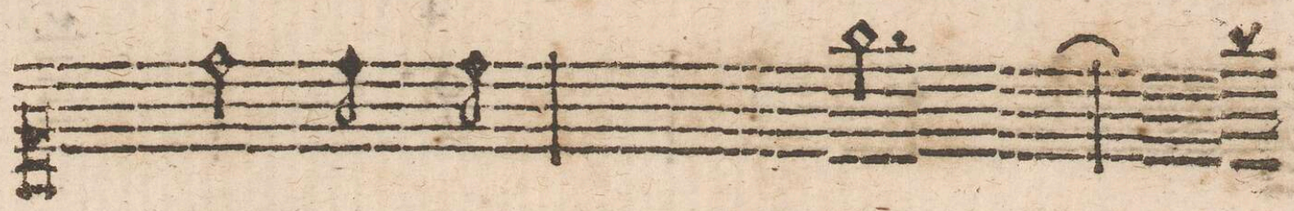


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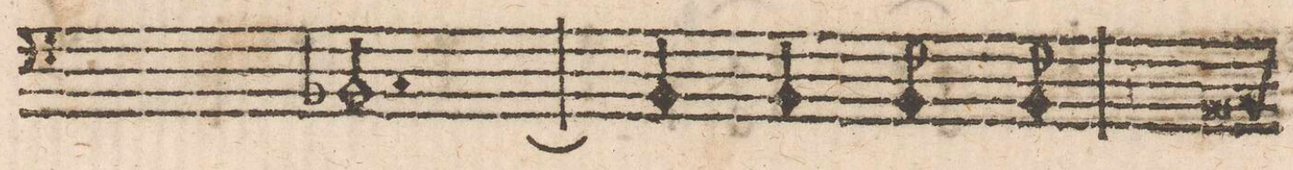
jour, J'y bois le

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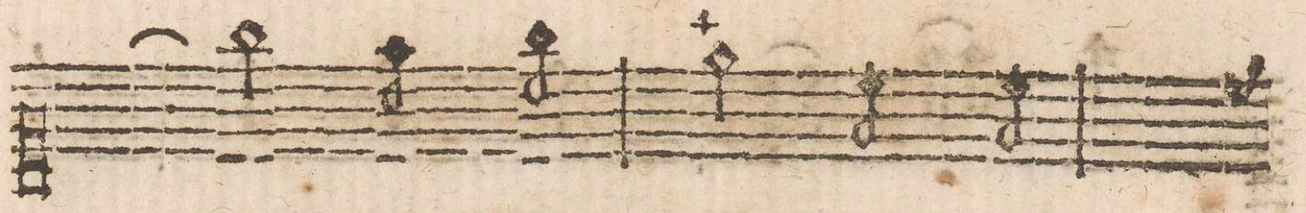
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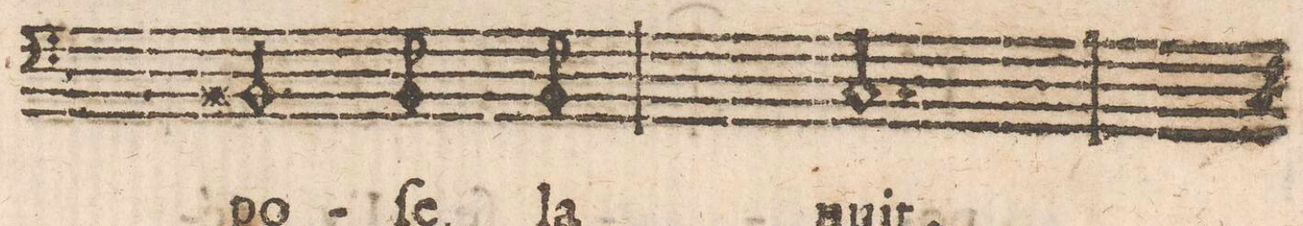


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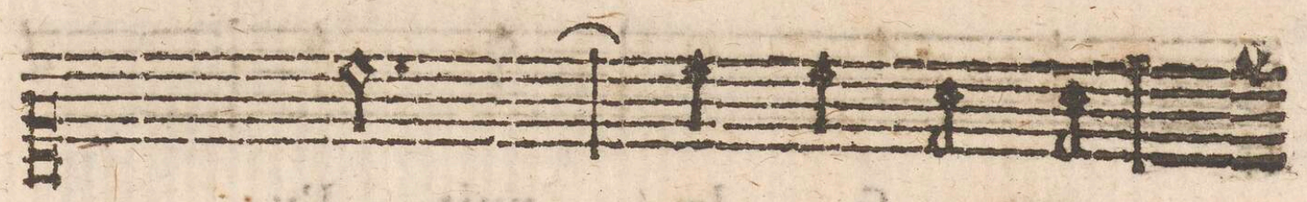


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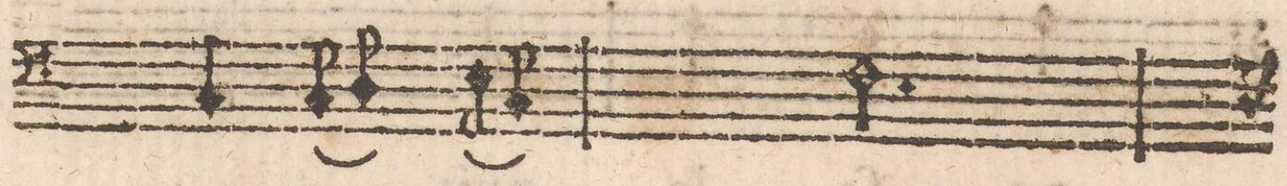


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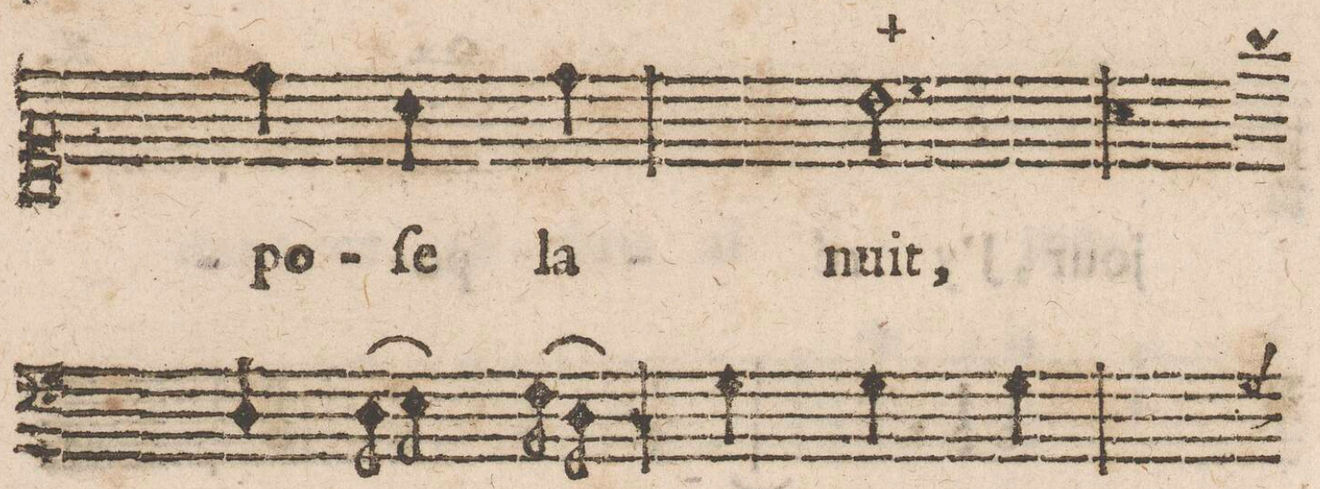


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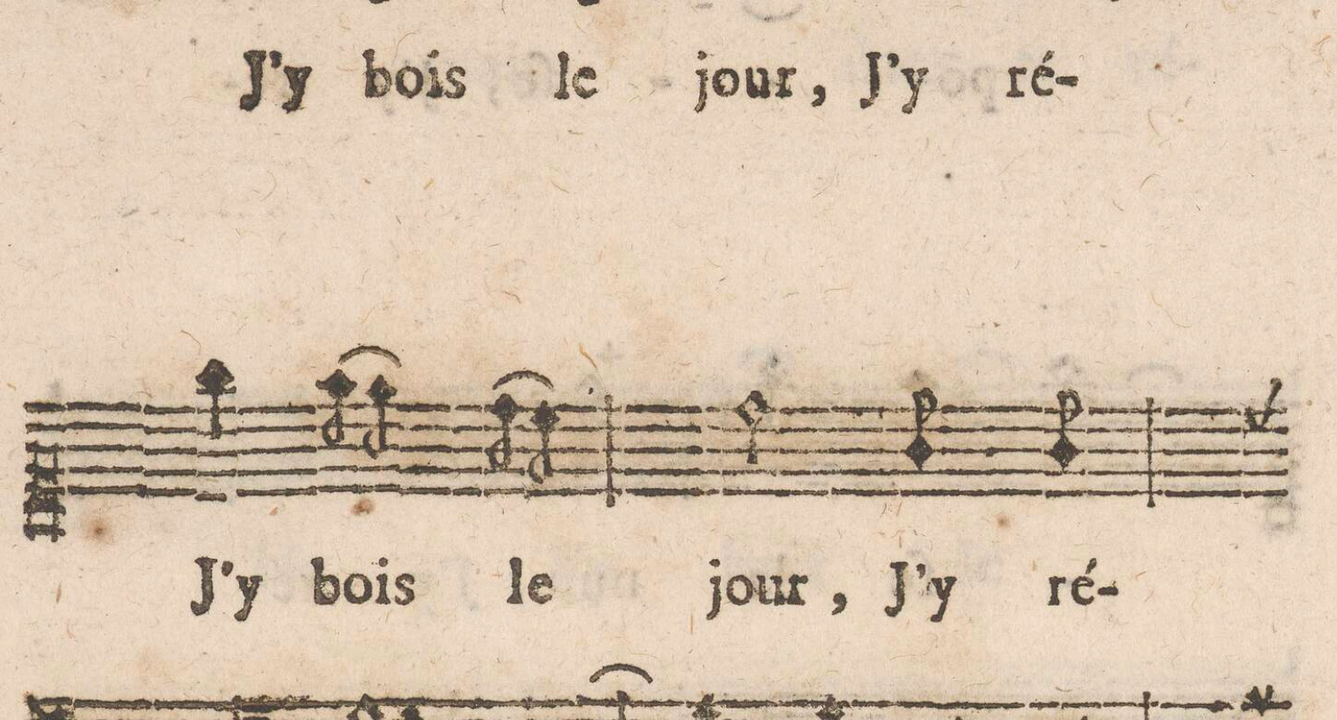
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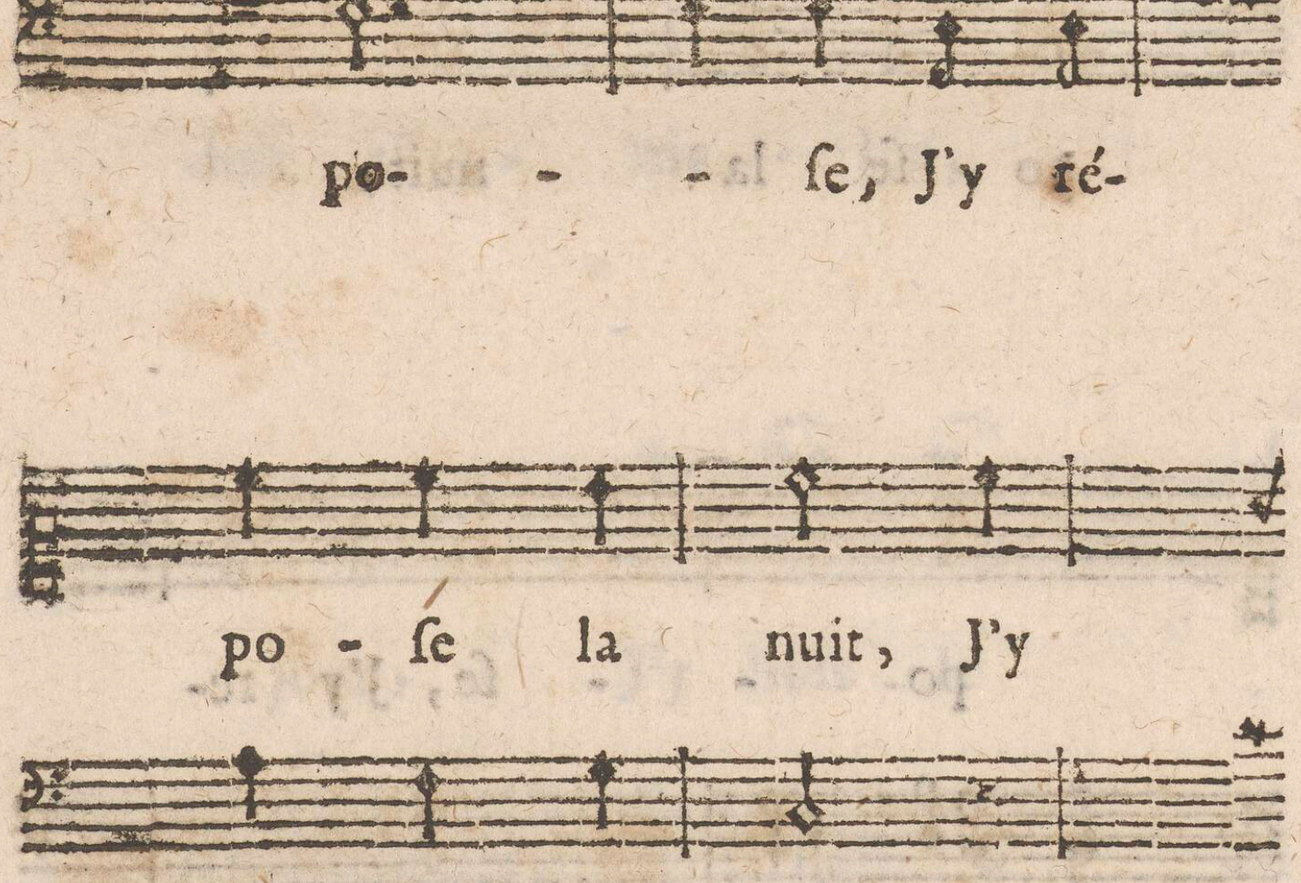
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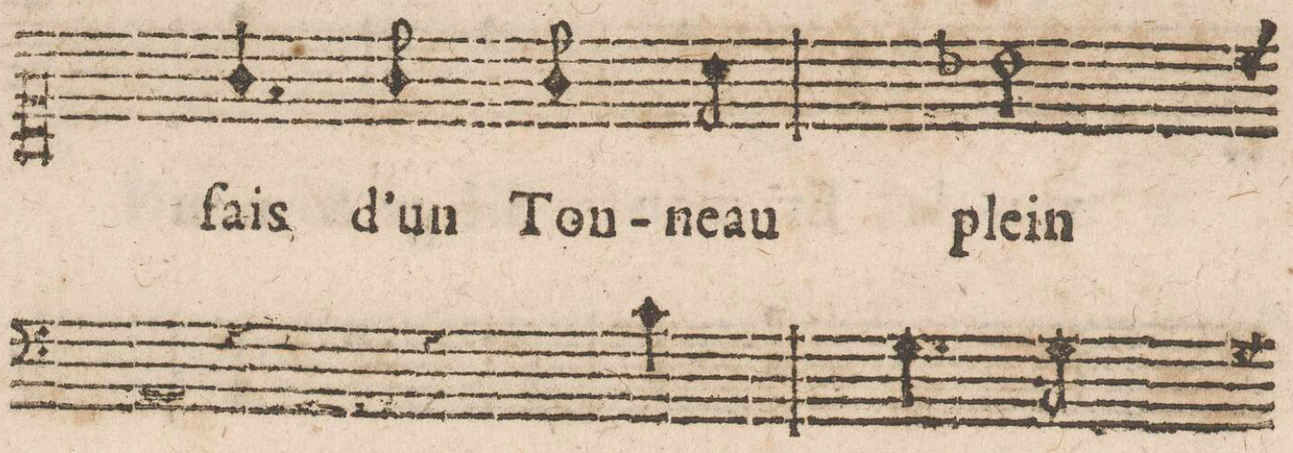


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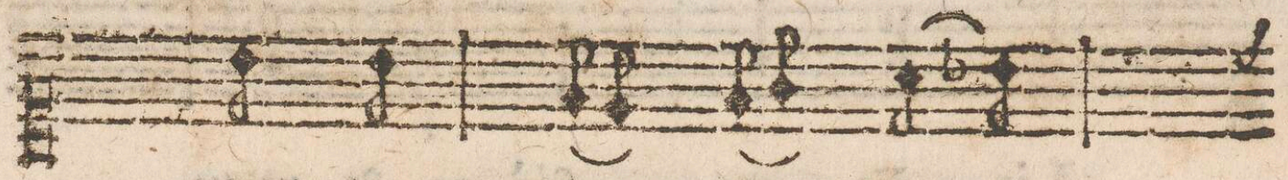
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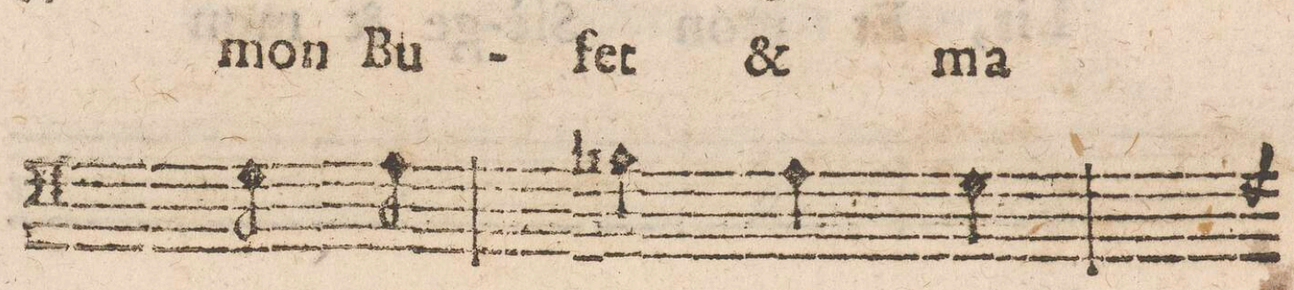


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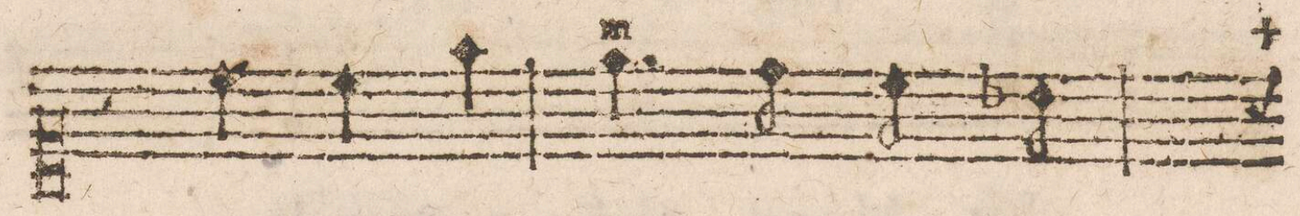
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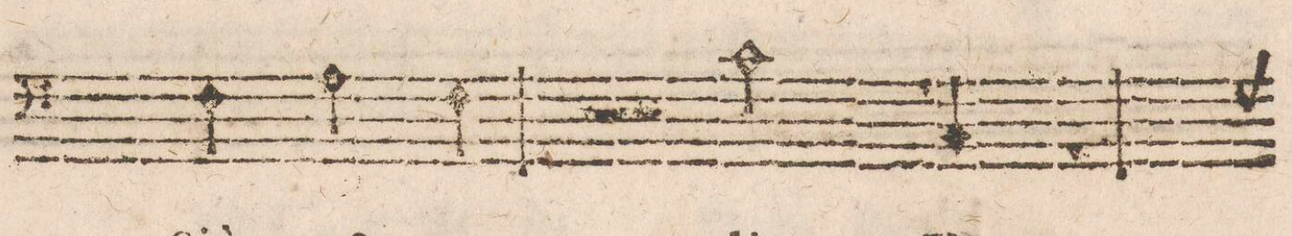
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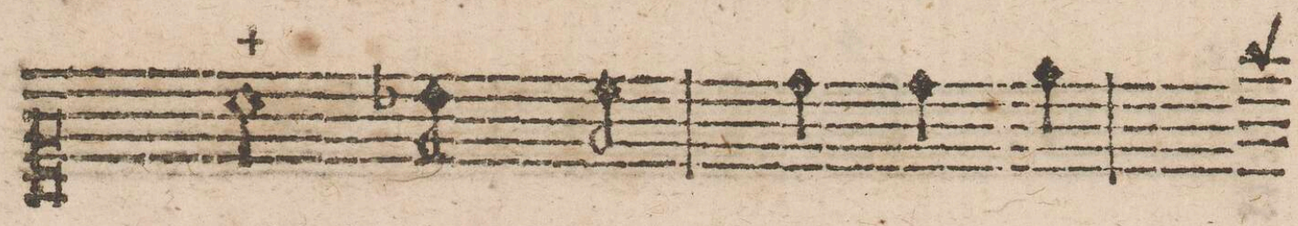


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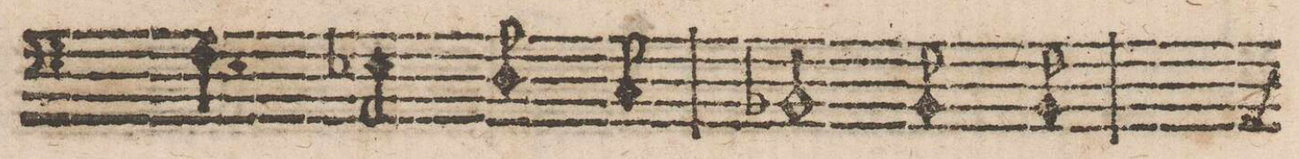


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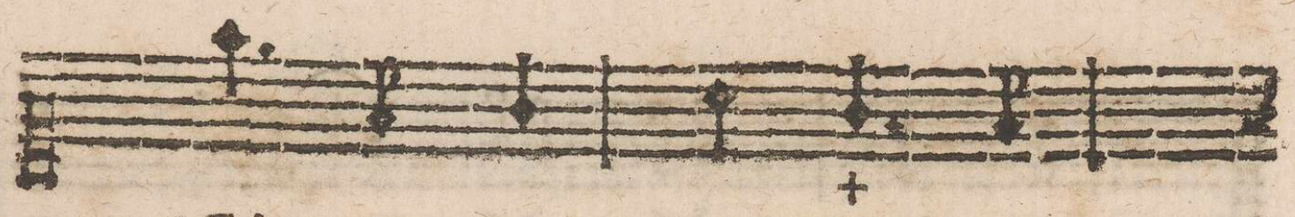


Siè-ge & mon lit, J'y



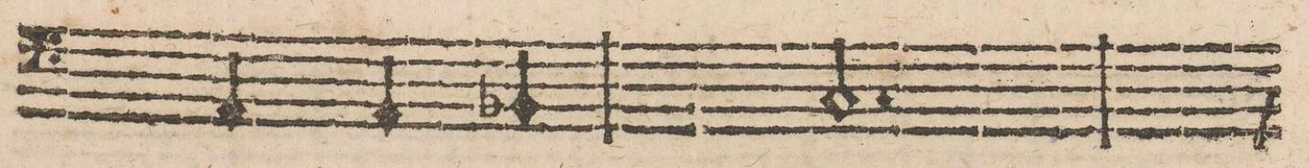
vui-de, Et mon Siè-ge & mon



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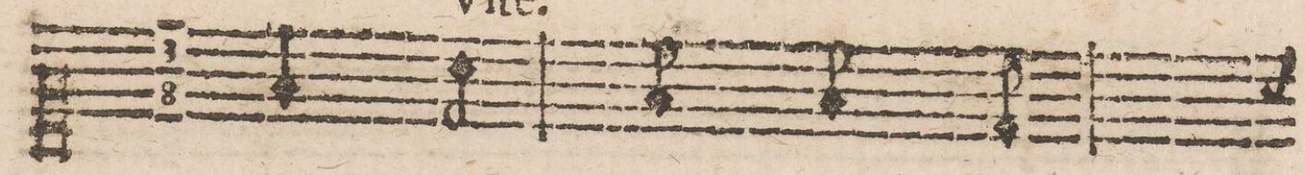


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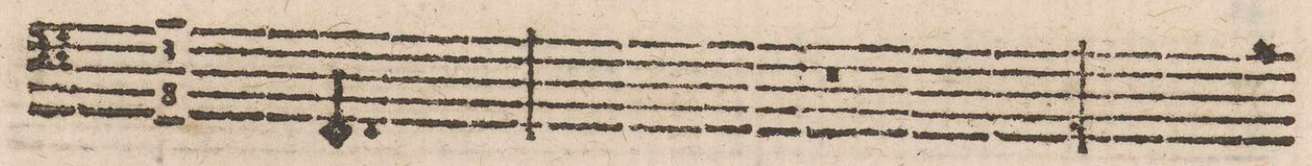


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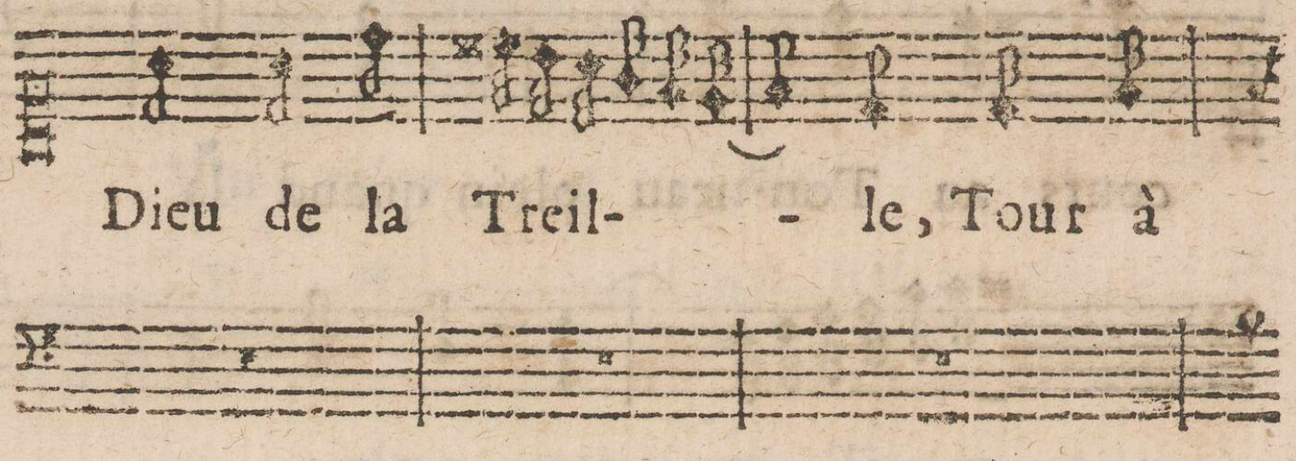


Lit. Mor - phé - e & le



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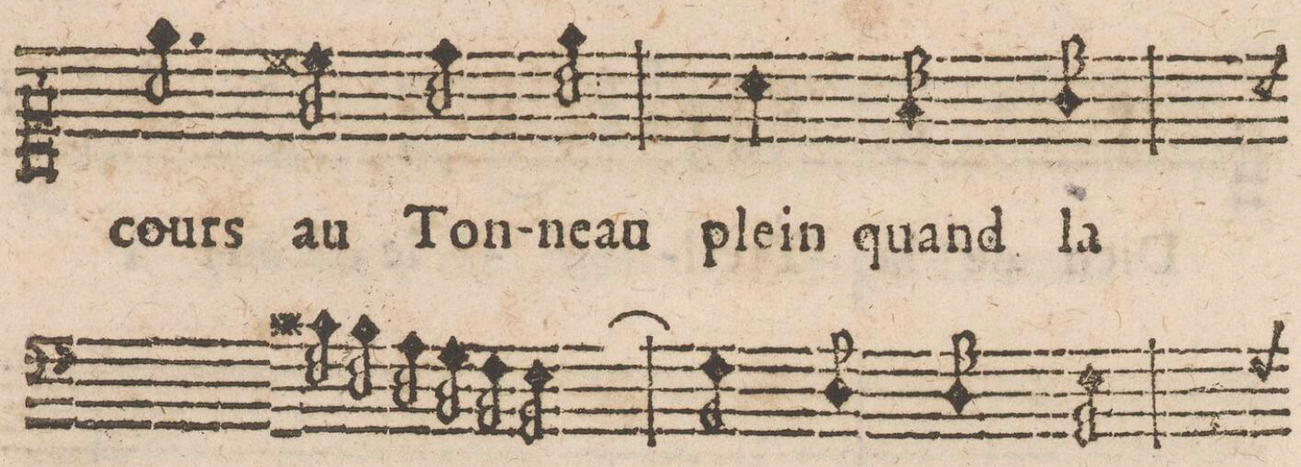
Dieu


Dieu de la Treil- - le, Tour à


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Vite.
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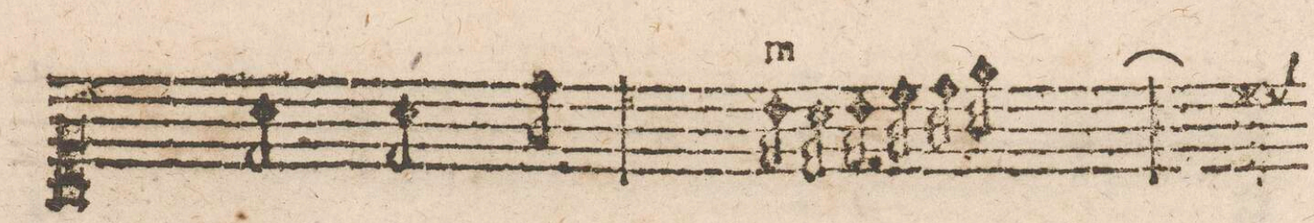
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phé - e & le Dieu de la
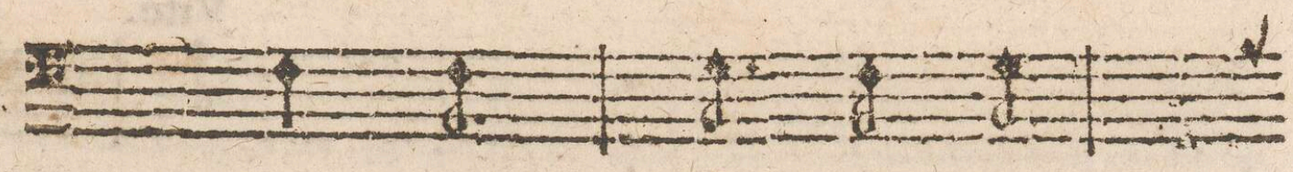


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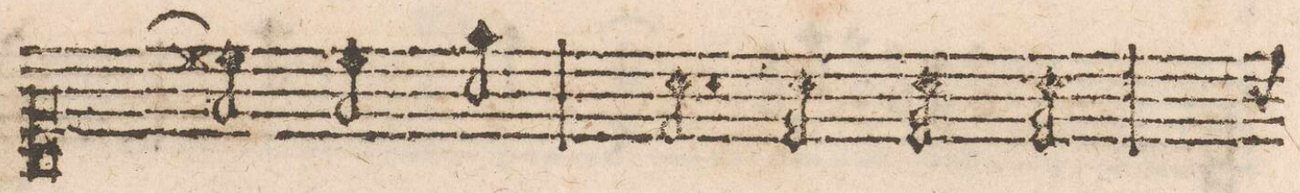
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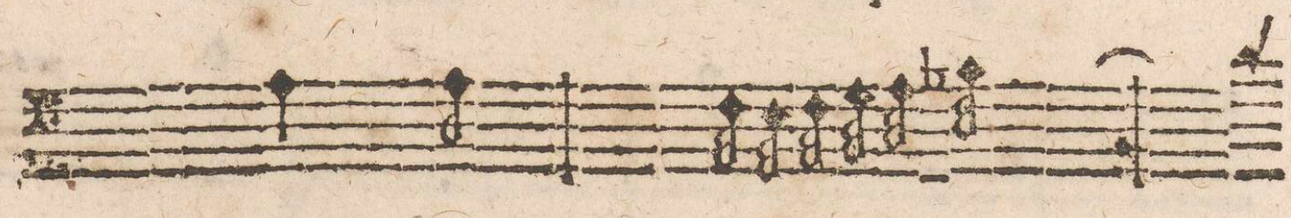
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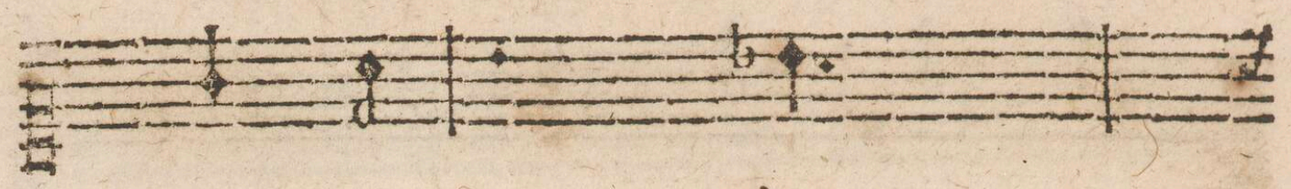


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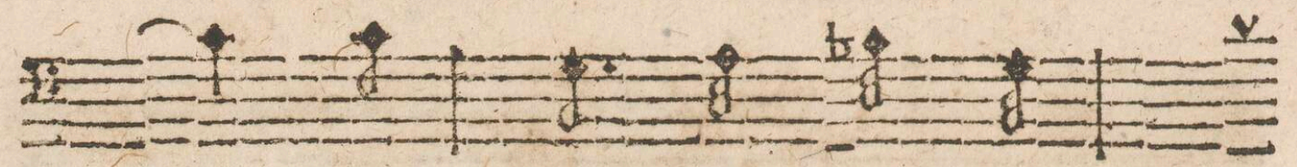


- le, au vui - de quand le



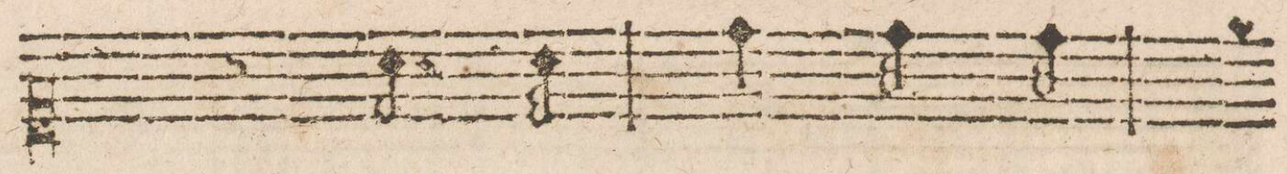
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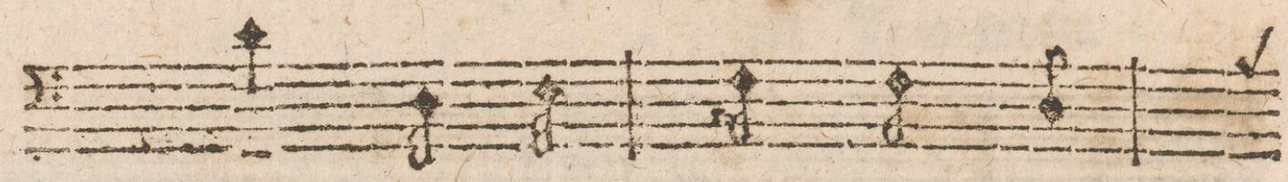


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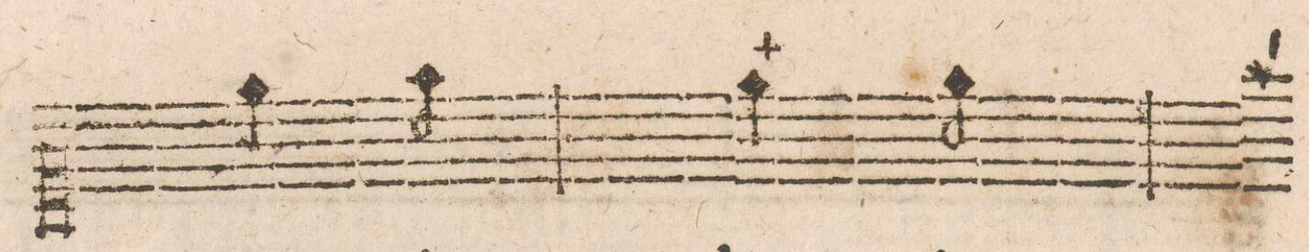


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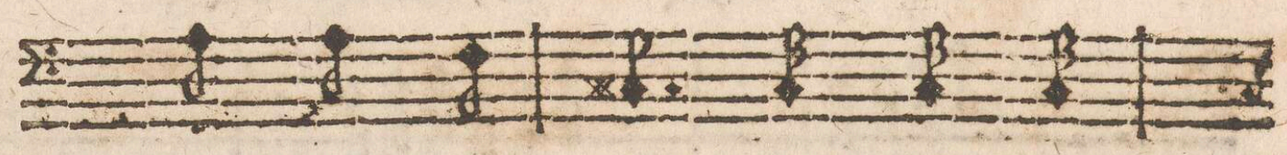


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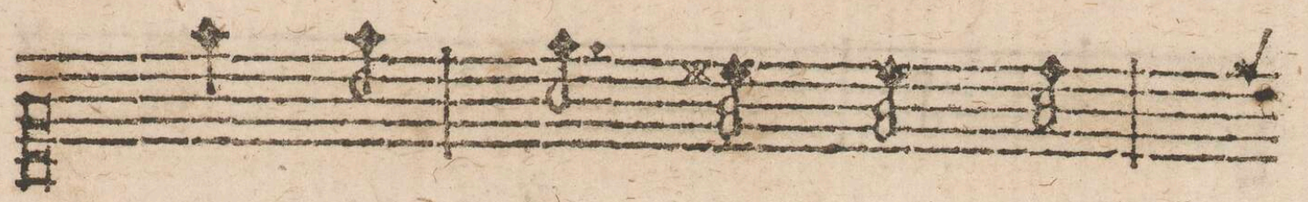


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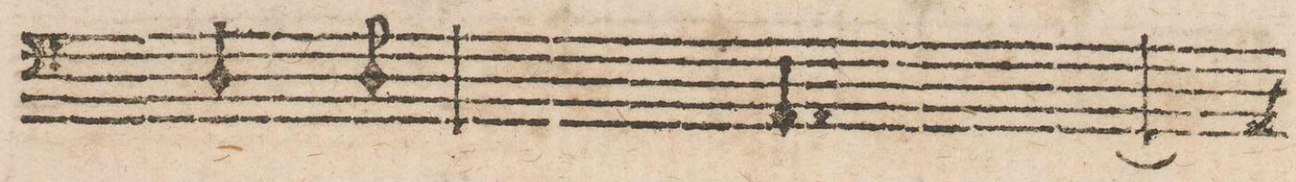


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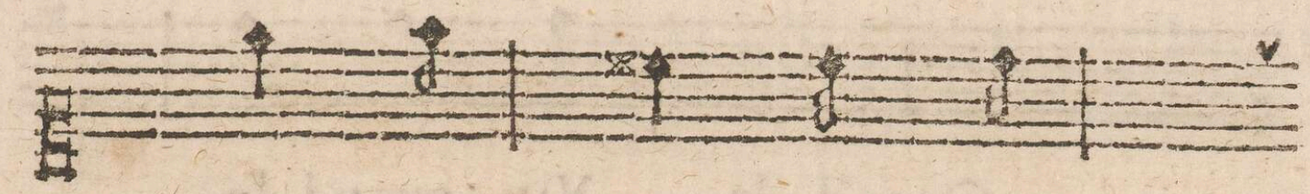


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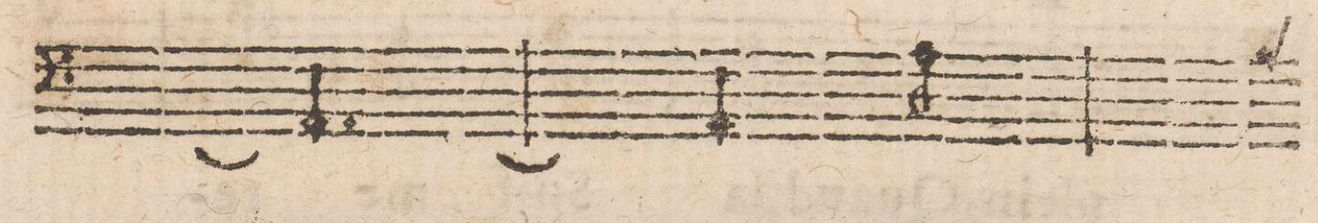
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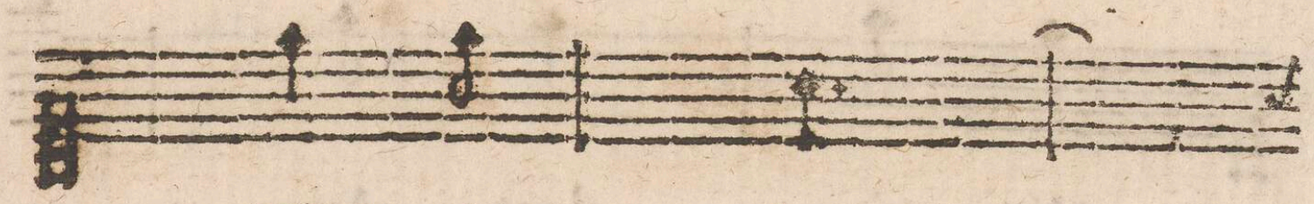


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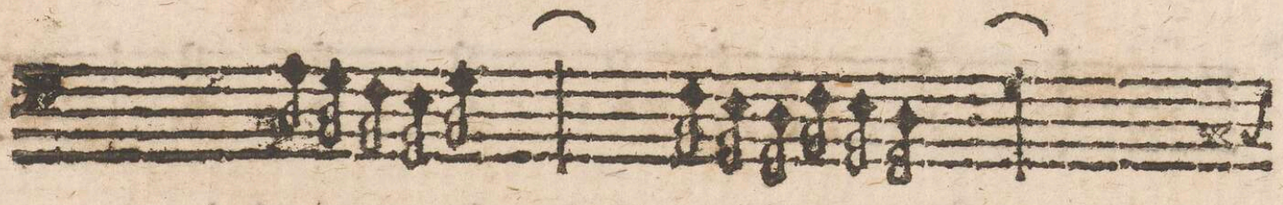


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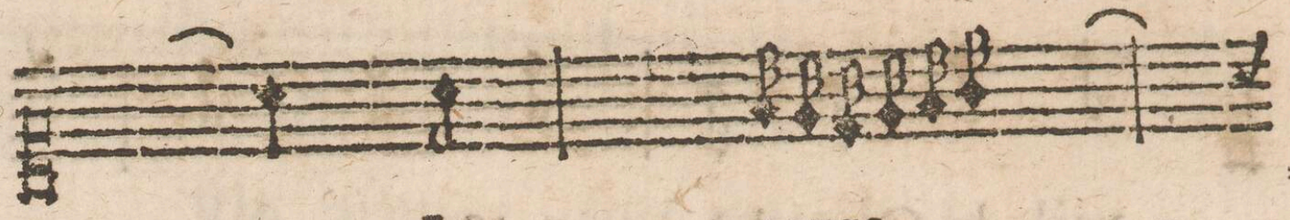


- - - -, Je



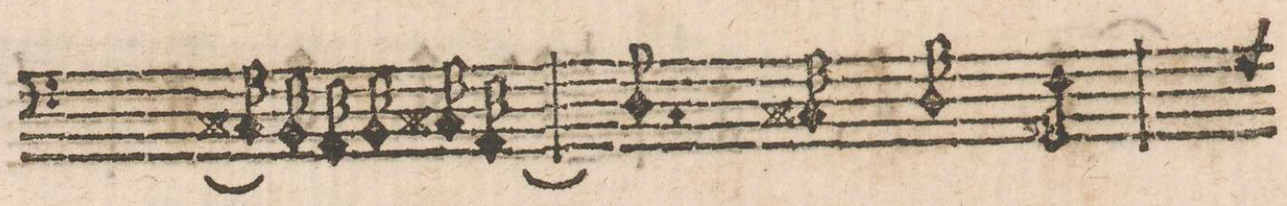
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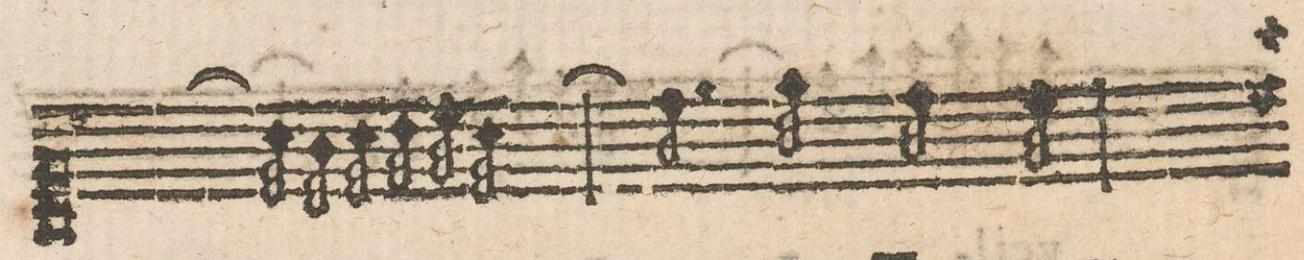


cours - - -
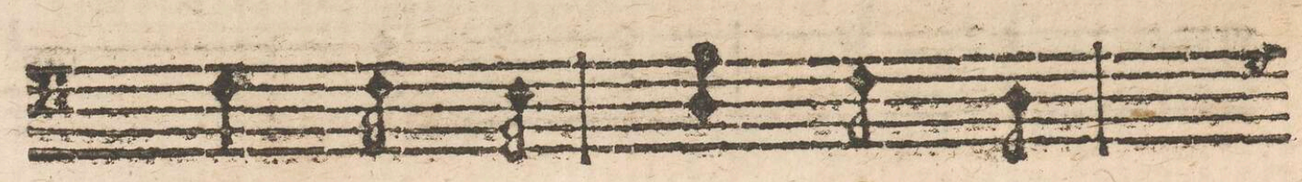


Je cours
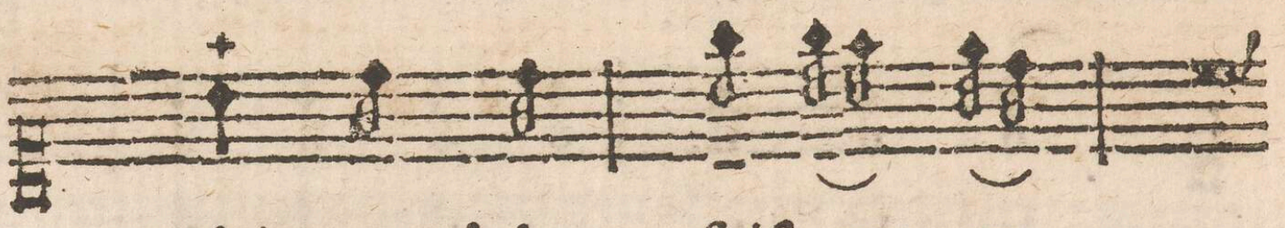


Au Tonneau
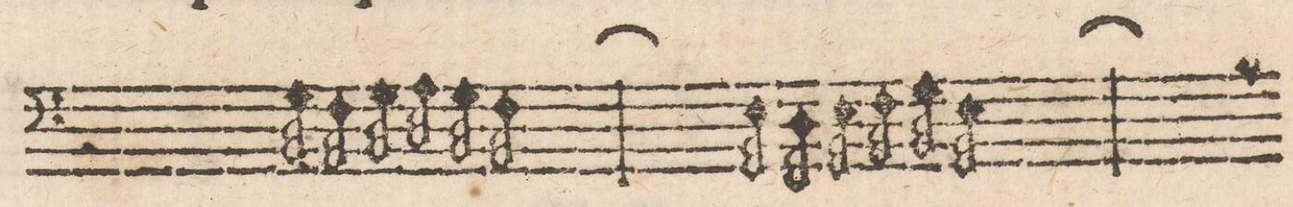


au Ton-neau



plein quand la Soif me re-
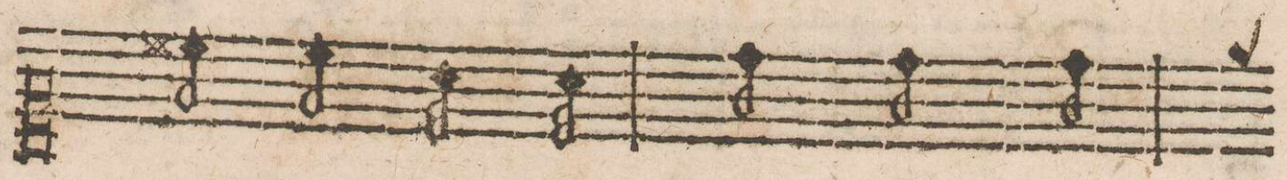


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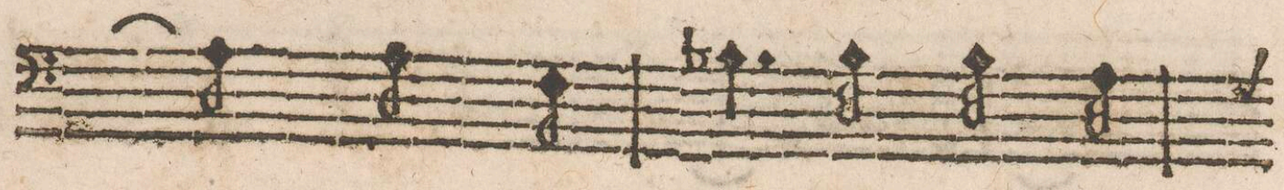


veil-
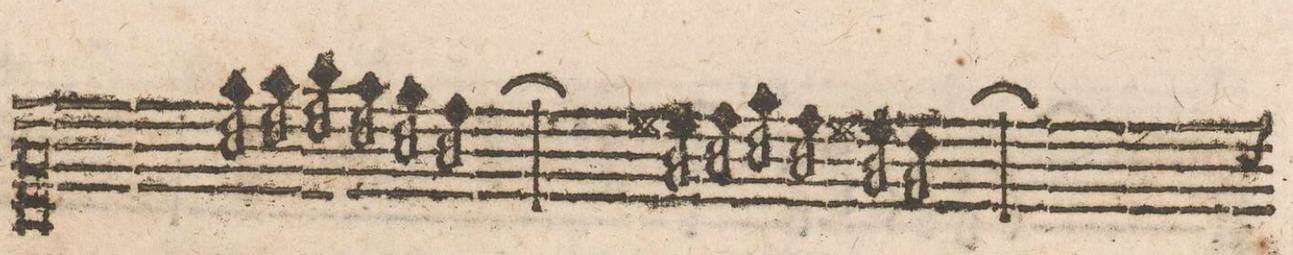
veille,
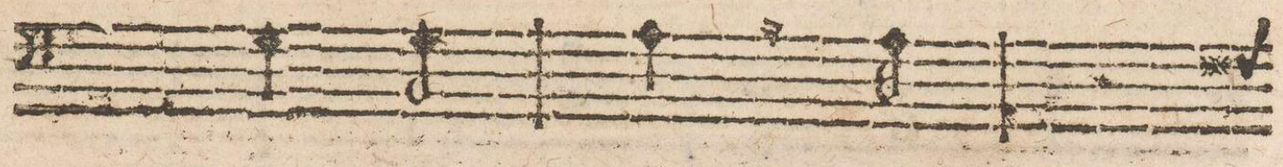


veil-le, Quand la Soif me re-
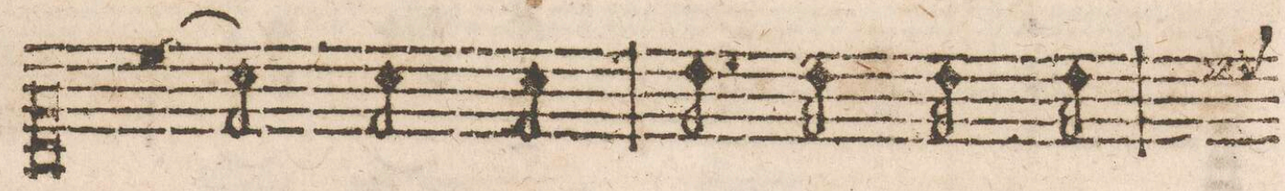


le, au vui - de quand le
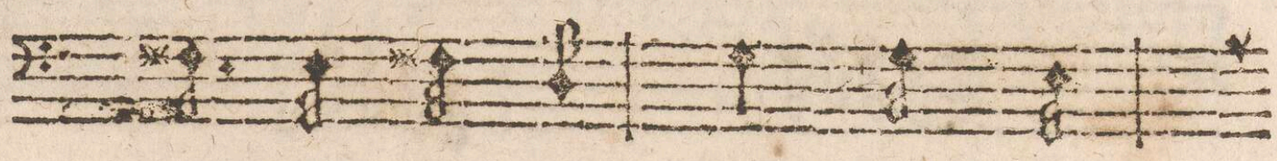


veil- - - - -



Vin m'en - dort, Je
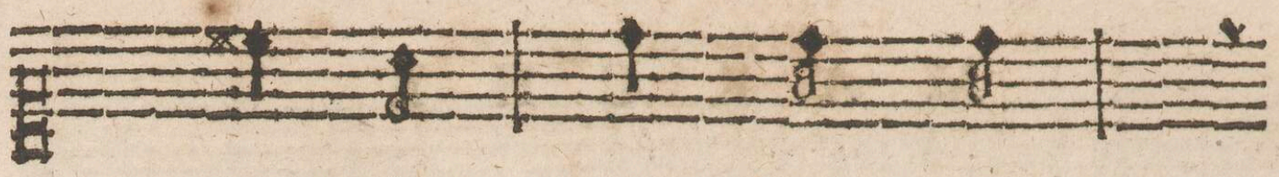


- le, Au vui - de, quand le

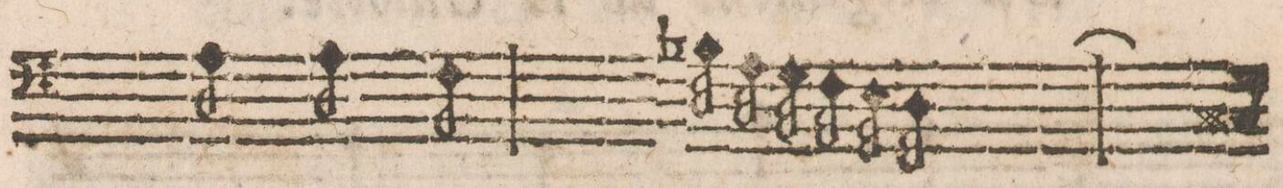


cours au Ton-neau plein, Quand la

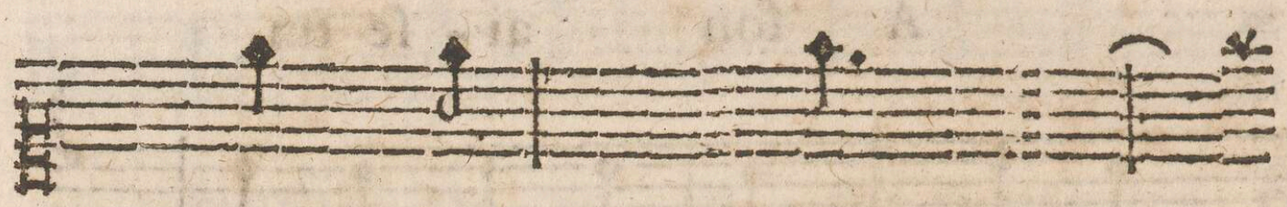
Vin



Vin m'en - dort, quand le



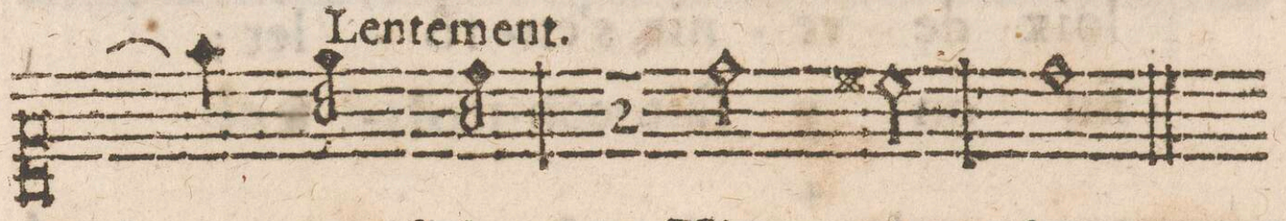
Soif me re - veil - -



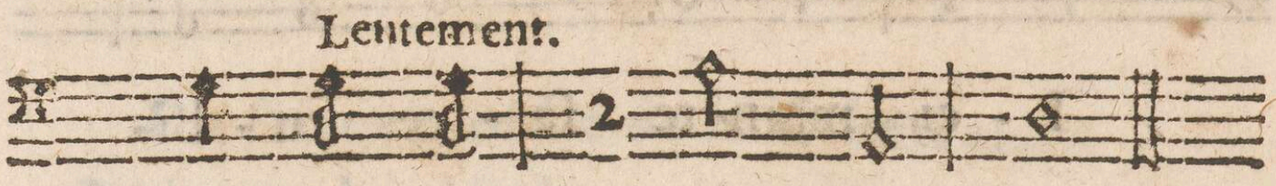
Vin m'en - dort -



- le, Au vui-de, quand le



-, quand le Vin m'en-dort.
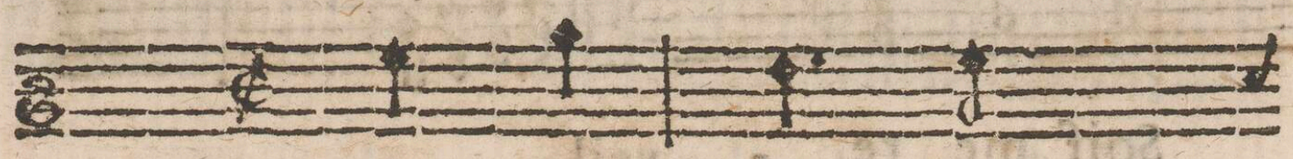


Vin, quand le Vin m'en-dort.

MAR-

MARCHE
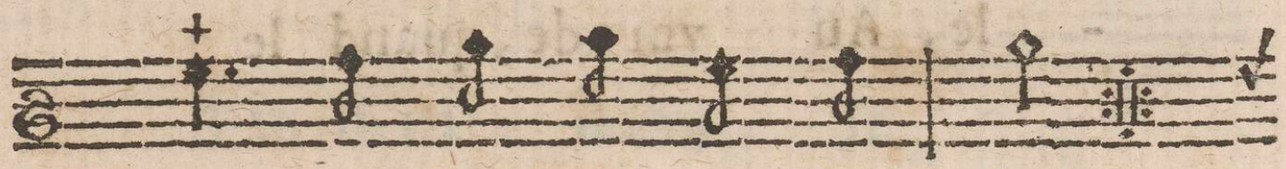
Du Régiment de la Calotte.
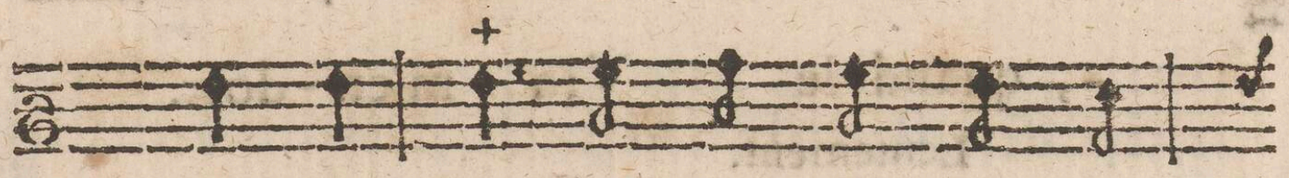


QU'il eſt doux, ô
A ſon ai-ſe on



Trou-pe Ca-lo-ti-ne, Sous vos
y rit, on feſ-ti-ne, Du Voi-



loix de ve-nir s'en-rô-ler;
ſin on y ſait con-trol-ler:
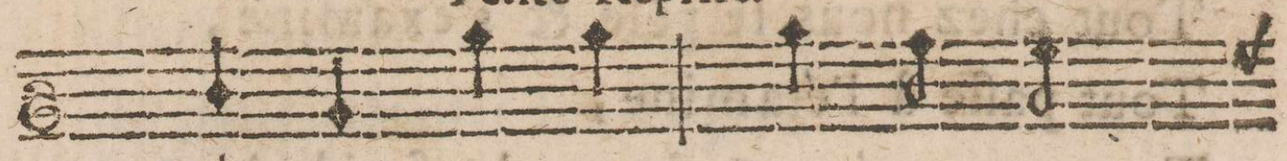


I-ci main-te fa-ce ru-bi-
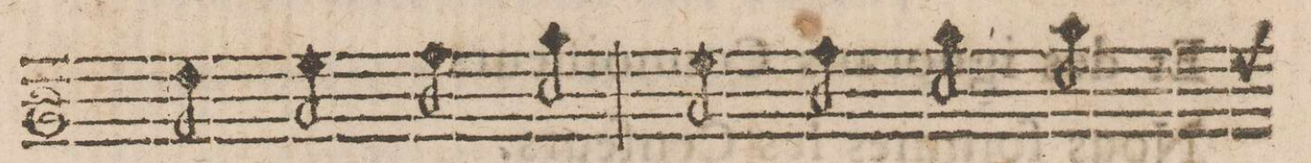


con-de, A boi-re nous ſe-

conde:
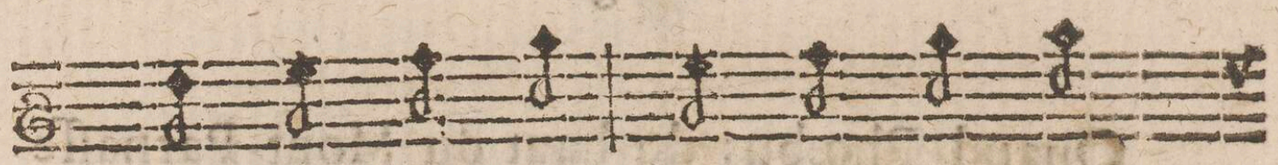
Petite Repriſe.
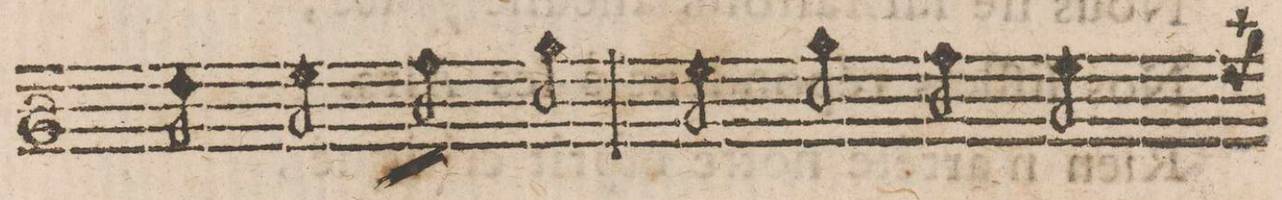


con-de: Ver-ſez - moi, ver-ſez



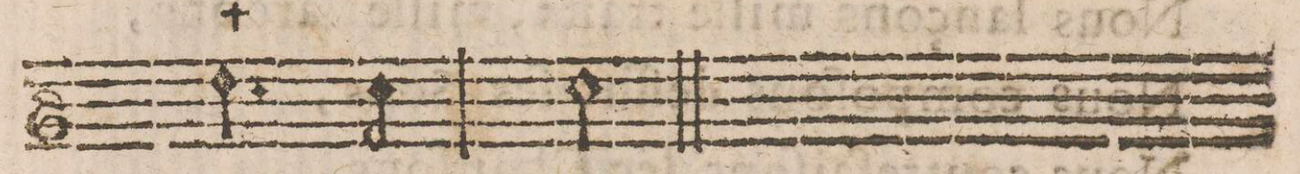
Peu-ple Ca - lo - tin, Cri - ti-quons



du ſoir au ma - tin, A - ni-mons



nôtre eſ-prit lu - tin, En bu-vant



de bon Vin.

Du fameux ordre de la Calotte,
Redoutez les décrèts trop mutins,
Le pouvoir de ſa fine Marotte,
Se répand juſqu'aux païs lointains.

Tout chez nous ſe pèſe & s'examine,
Tout paſſe à l'étamine,
Tout nous craint, & de tous les froids Auteurs,
Des ſots Acteurs, des faux Chanteurs,
Et des ignorans Connoiſſeurs
Nous ſommes les Cenſeurs.

Quand Phœbus du haut du Mont-Parnaſſe
Fait entendre d'ennuyeux Concerts,
Nous ne lui faiſons aucune grace,
Nos ſifflets répondent à ſes Airs.
Rien n'arrête notre eſprit critique,
Nous frondons la Muſique,
Nous lançons mille traits, mille lardons,
Nous compoſons deſſus ſes Sons,
Nous contrefaiſons ſes Chanſons
Et les turlupinons.

Nous voions ce grand Actionnaire,
Champignon du Païs Quinquempoix,
Eprouver la fortune contraire,
Et ſon char ne rouler qu'un ſeul mois:

Pour entretenir ſes équipages,
Et pour nourrir ſes Pages,
Il reçoit par nos mains de bons Brevets,
Nous le mettons de nos Sujets,
Nous couronnons tous ſes ſouhaits
Et ſes riches projets.

Bacchus joint au Dieu de la Satyre,
Chaque jour vient trinquer avec nous;
Nous avons toûjours ſujèt de rire,
Au beſoin nous nous cenſurons tous.
En buvant nous mêlons au Cauſtique
Beaucoup de ſel attique;
Quand nous ſommes en train, tous nos propos,
Tous nos bons mots, enfans des pots,
Qui naiſſent aux dépens des Sots,
Egaient nos Ecots.

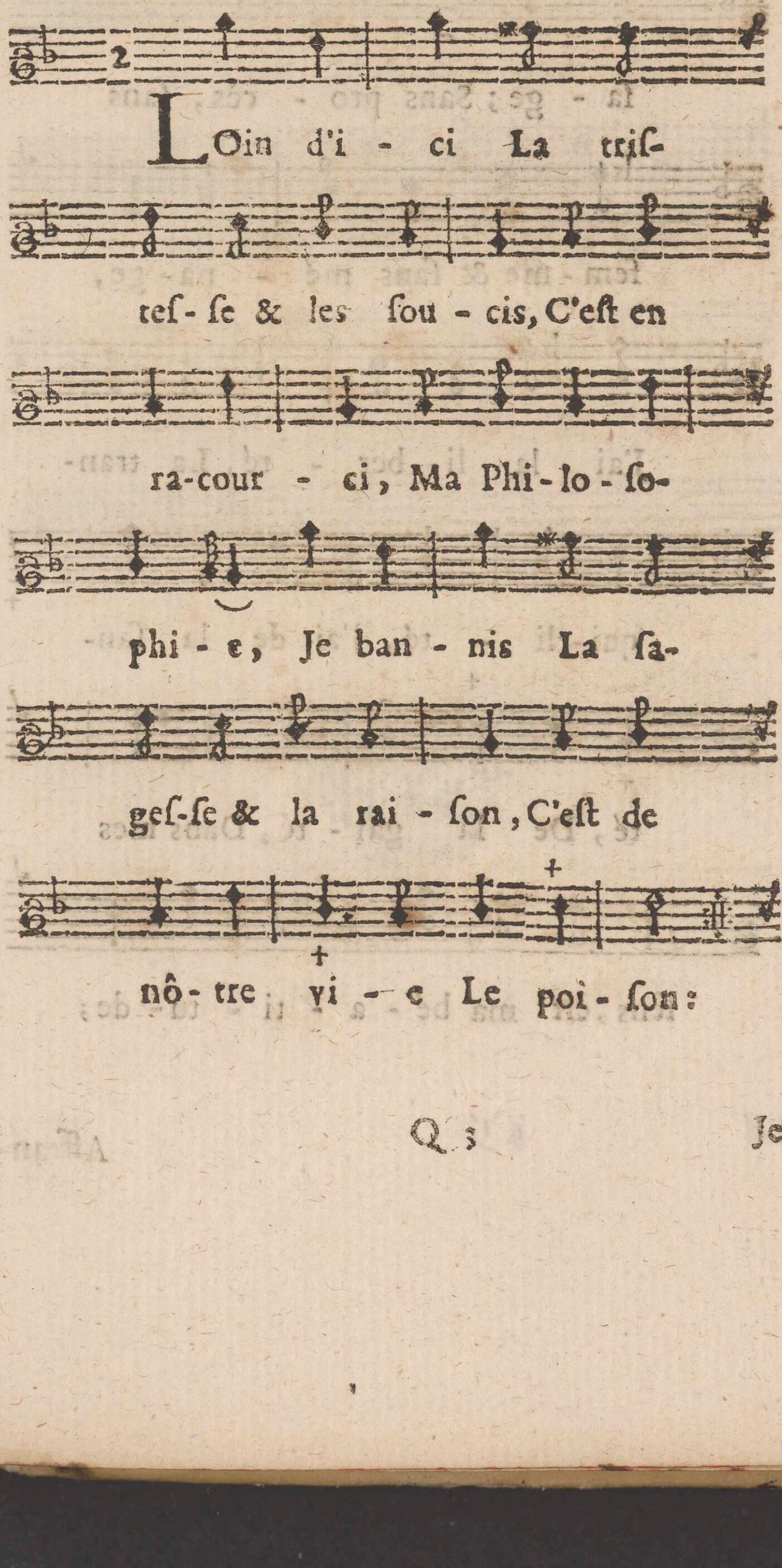
Un Réveur petri de politique,
De lui-même aſſez embaraſſé,
A ſon gré change la Republique,
En prenant ſa taſſe de caffé;
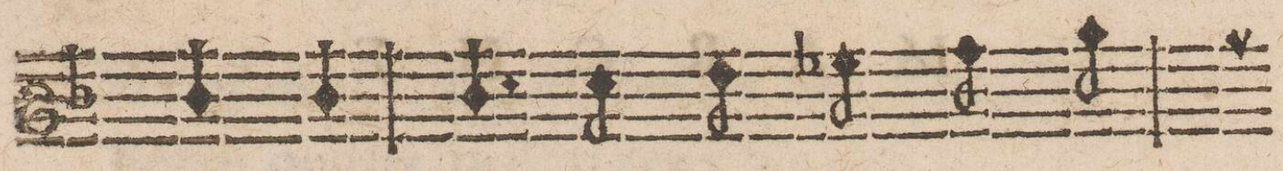
Prend des Villes & donne des Batailles
Entre quatre murailles;
Il reçoit par nos mains de bons Brevets,
Nous le mettons de nos Sujets,
Nous couronnons tous ſes ſouhaits,
Et ſes vaſtes projets.

Lorſqu'auprès d'une Beauté naiſſante,
Nous voïons Amans à cheveux gris;
Quand le cœur d'une Vieille Mourante,
D'un Cadèt auſſi ſe trouve épris.
Pour célèbrer un amour ſi tendre,
Qui renait de ſa cendre;
Ils reçoivent par nous de bons Brevets,
Nous les mettons de nos Sujets,
Nous couronnons tous leurs ſouhaits
Et leurs tendres projets.

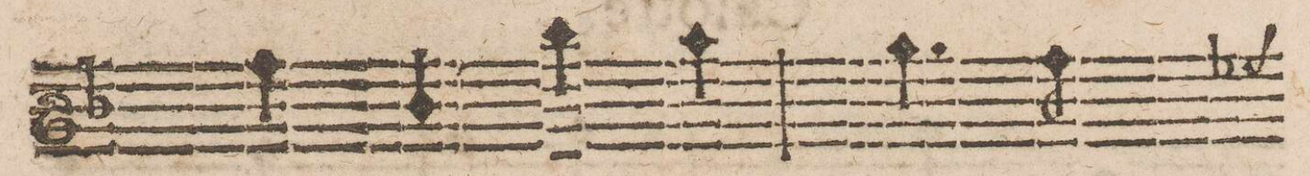
MARCHE

Des Philoſophes *du Regiment de la* Calotte.
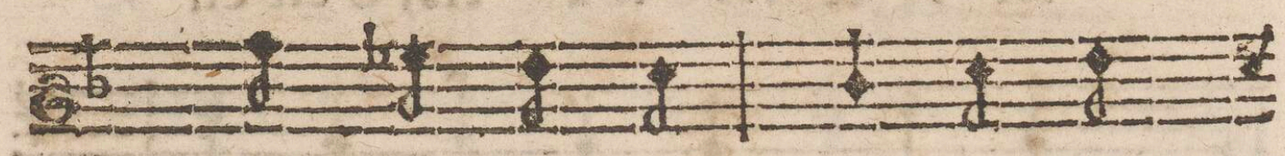




Je me ris des pré-cep-tes du
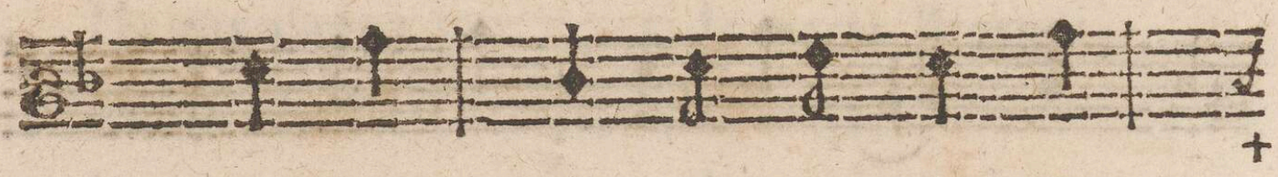


ſa - ge; Sans pro - cès, ſans
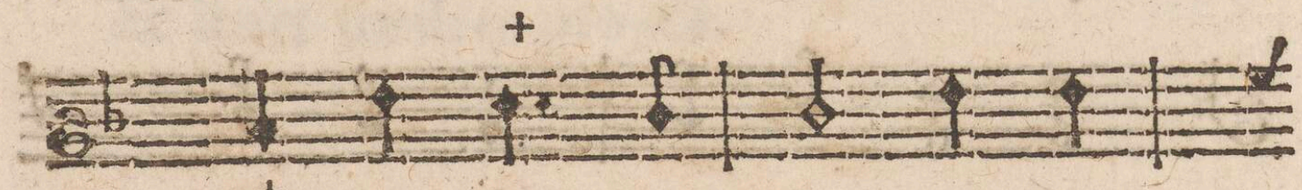


fem-me & ſans mé - na-ge,
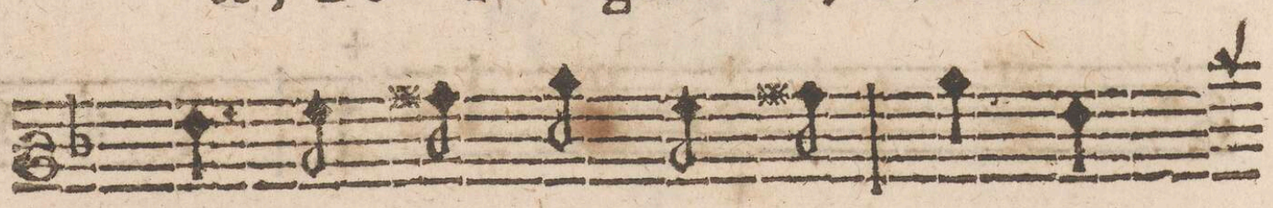


J'ai la li-ber - té, La tran-



qui-li - té, J'ai de la ſan-
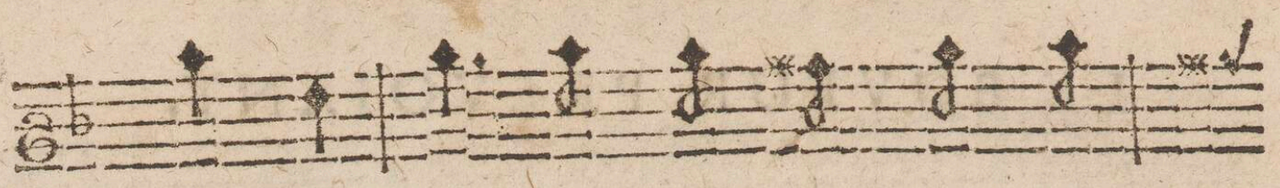


té, De la gai - té, Dans mes
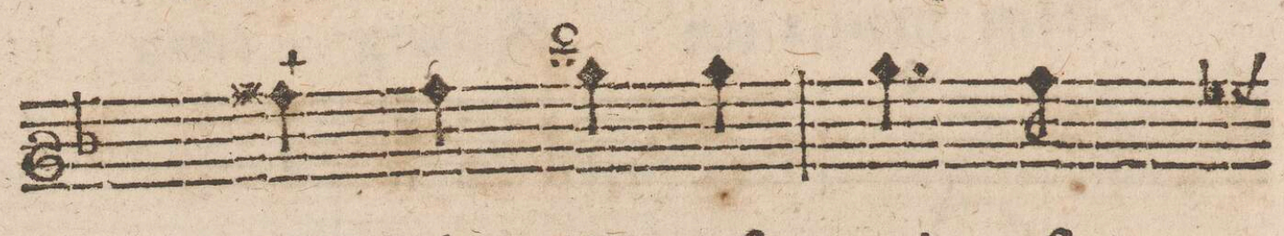


ſens, eſt ma bé - a - ti - tu-de;

Affran-
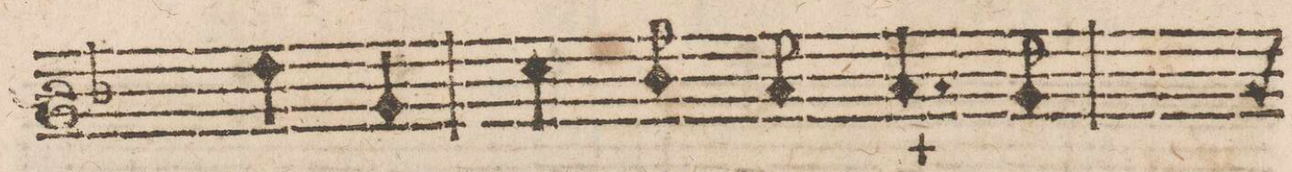


Af- fran - chi de tou te in qui - é-



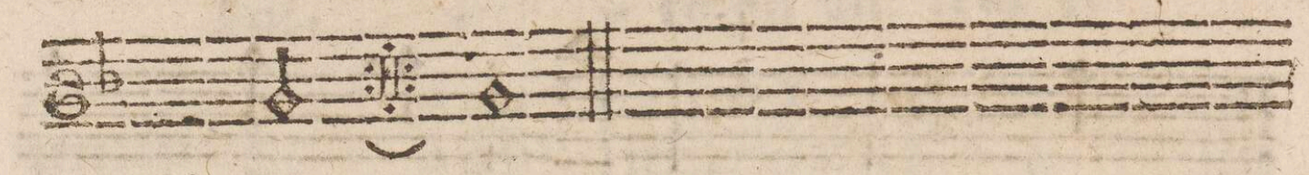
tu - de, Mon eſ - prit fit



toû- jours ſon é - tu - de
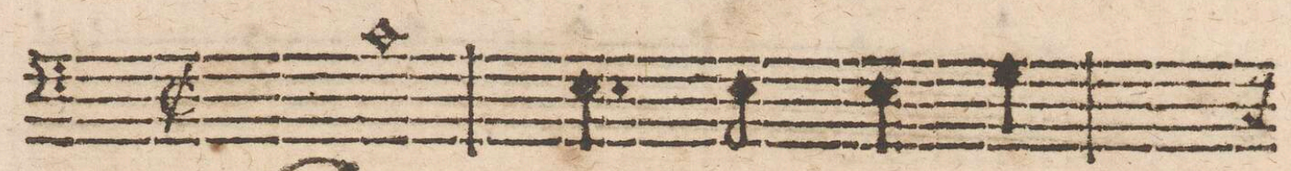


Des at- traits de la vo - lup-
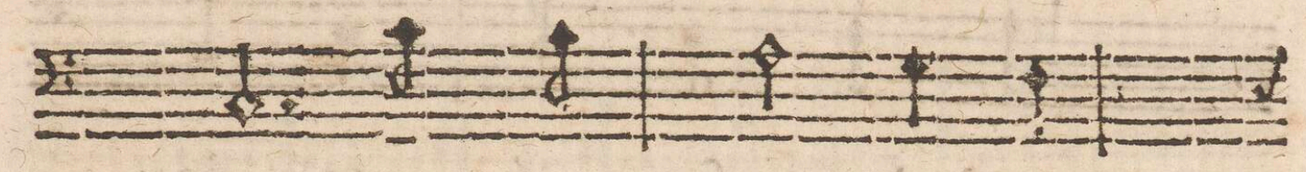


té. té.

LE BUVEUR PREVOIANT.
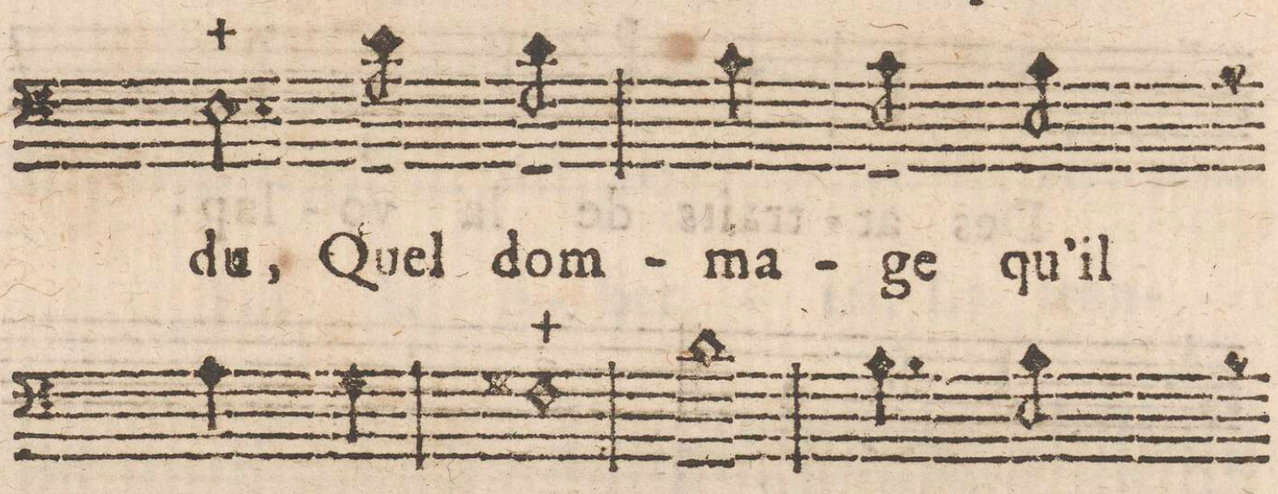
Recit de Baſſe.
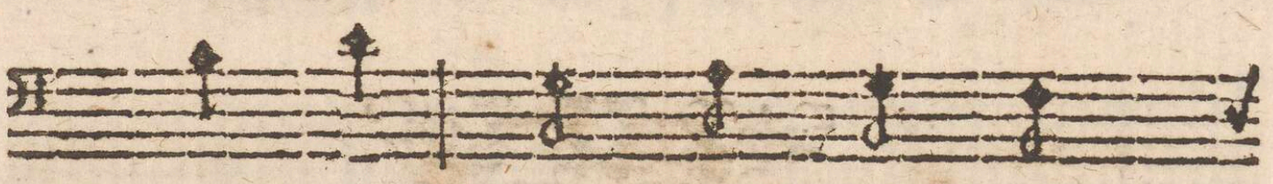


Ciel, qu'eſt-ce que je
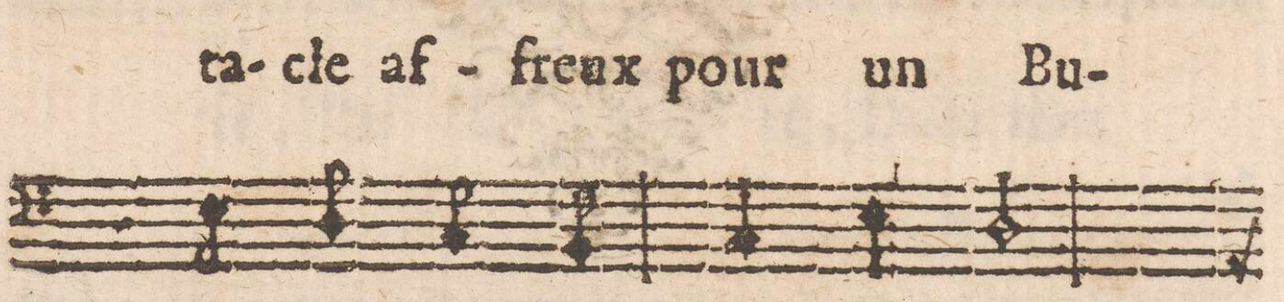


vois? que de Vin ré-pan-



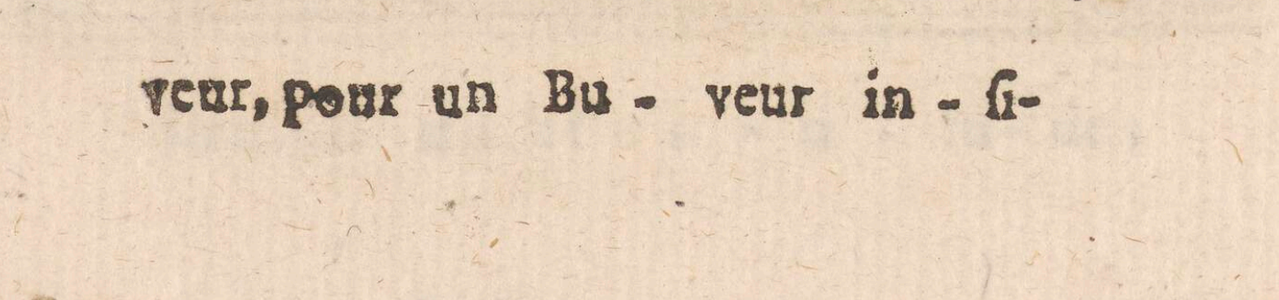
du, Quel dom-ma-ge qu'il



ſoit per-du. Ah! quel ſpec-
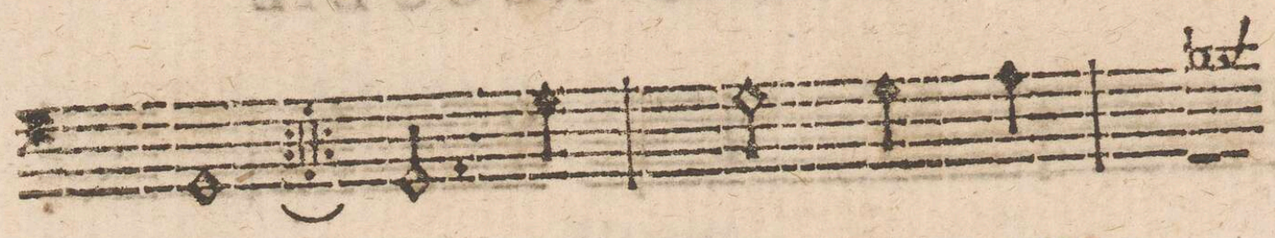


ta-cle af-freux pour un Bu-
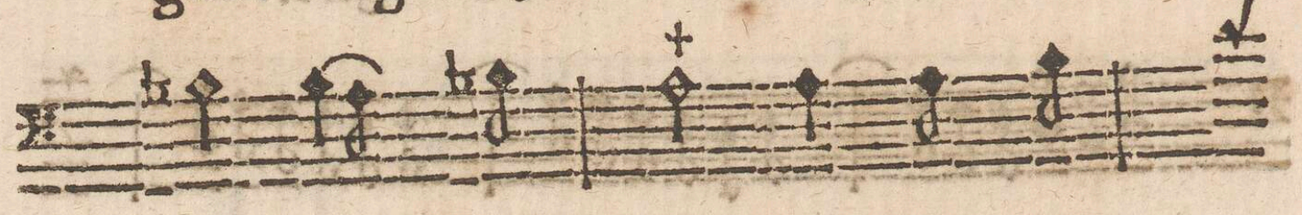


veur, pour un Bu-veur in-ſi-
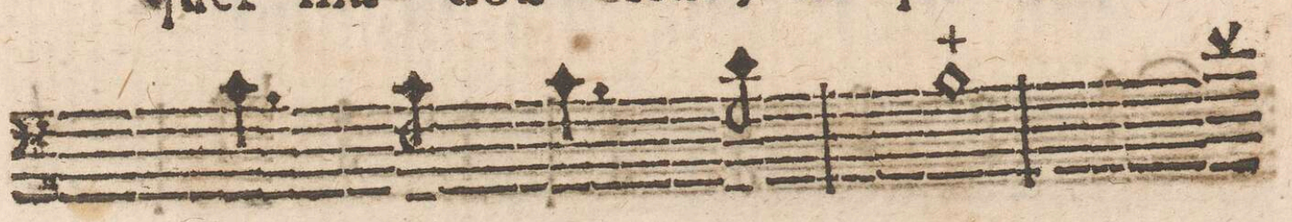
gne:
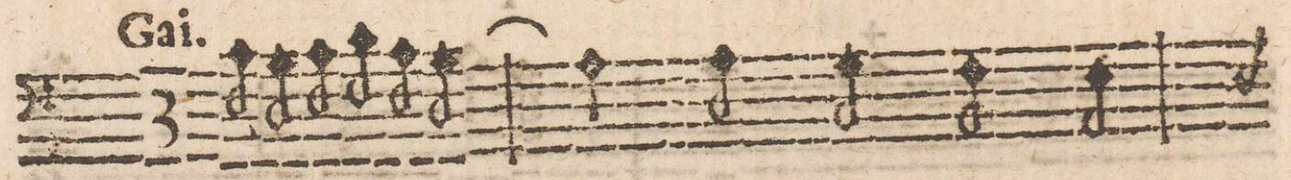


gne: gne: Je veux, pour mar-
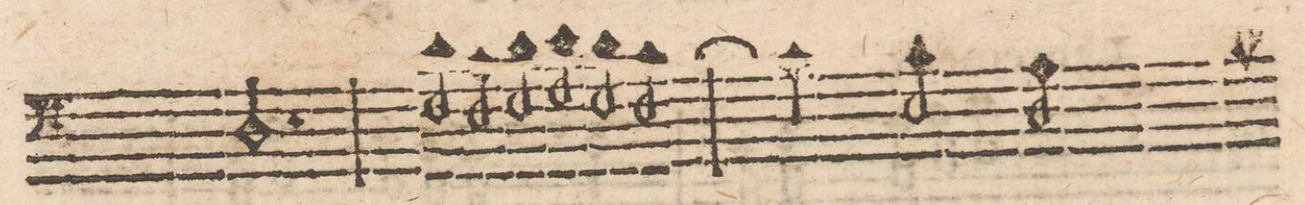


quer ma dou - leur, Et pre - ve-



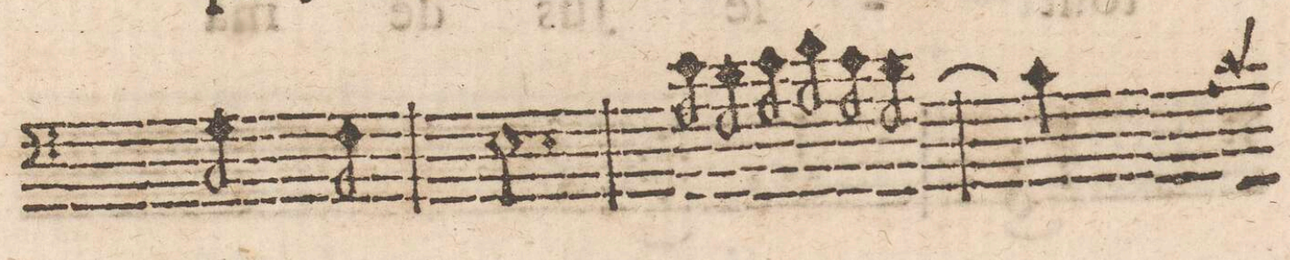
nir un tel mal - heur, -



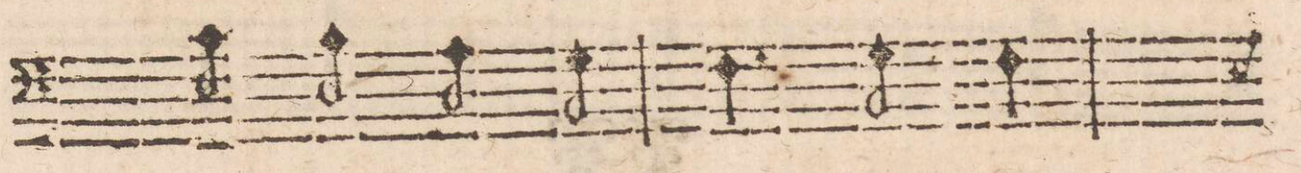
Boi- - - re en un ſeul re-



pas, Boi- - - re en un
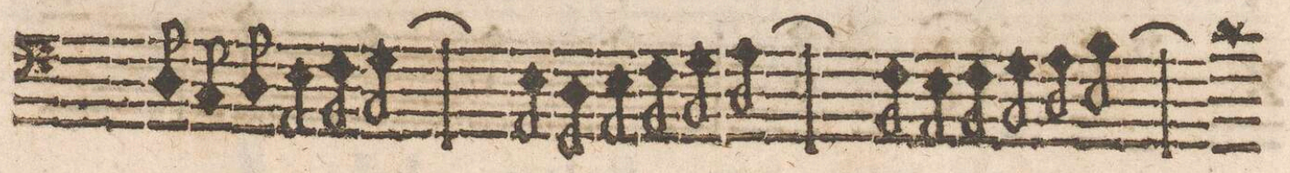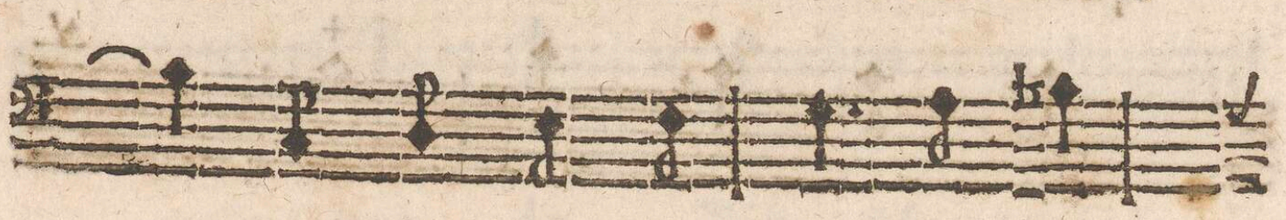


ſeul re - pas, Boi- -
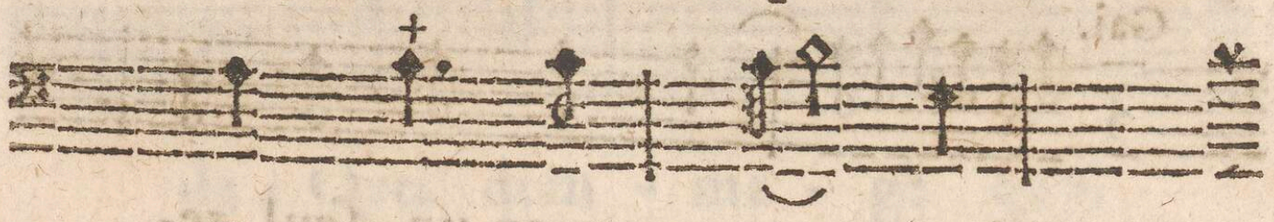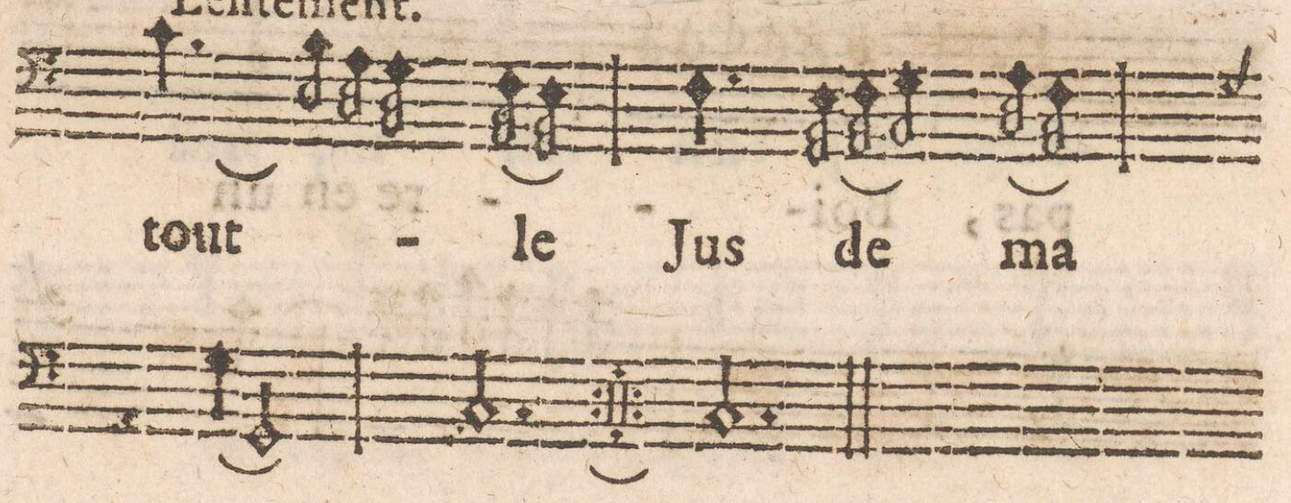


re en un ſeul re - pas, tout le


Jus de ma Vi - gne.


Boi -
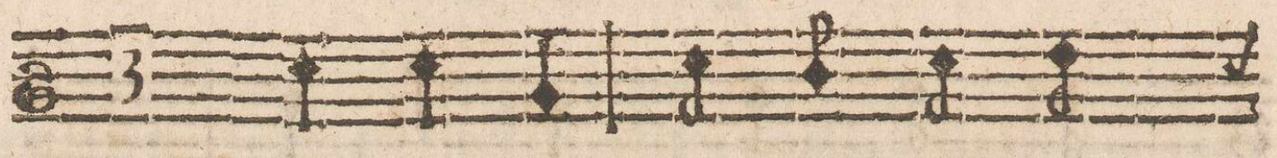

- re en un ſeul re - pas, tout le


Jus de ma Vi - gne,


Lentement.
tout - le Jus de ma
Vi - gne. gne.

LE PETIT DOIT DE VIN.

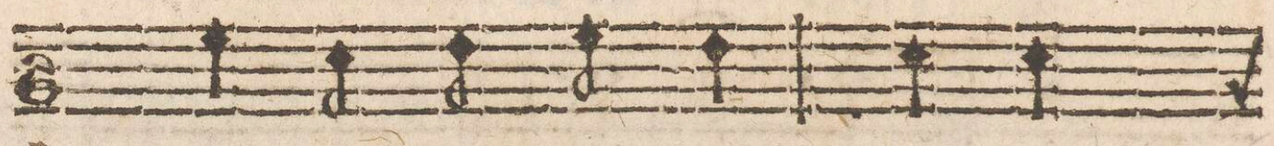
Menuet.
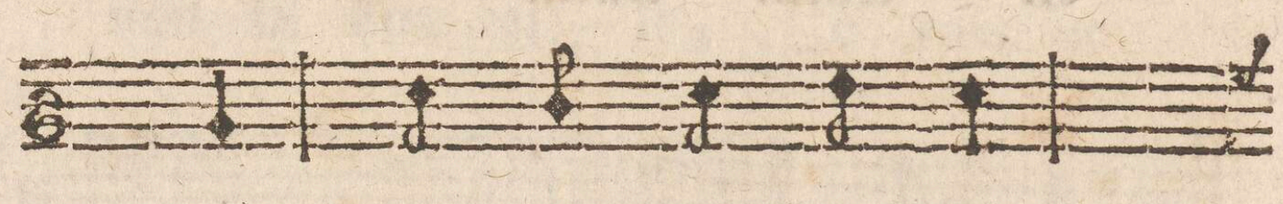


UN pe - tit Doit de ce bon
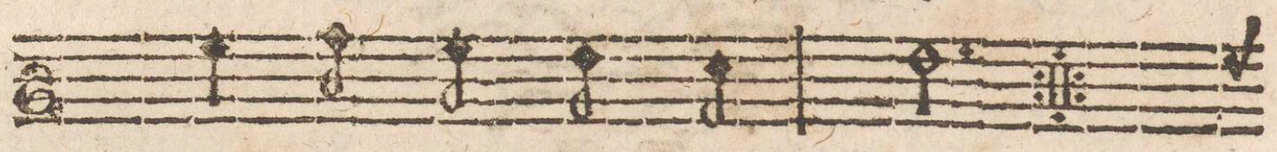


Vin, Ver - sé par ma Ca-



tin, Dès le ma - tin; Un pe-



tit Doit de ce bon Vin,
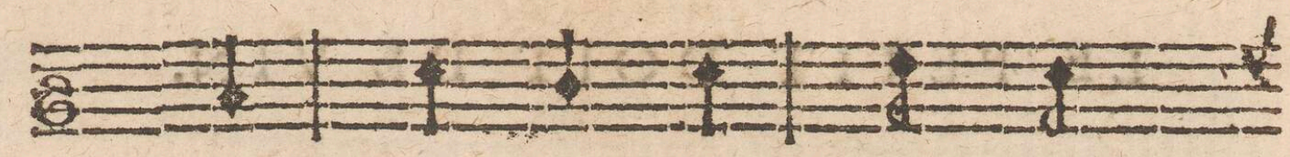


Me donne un feu di - vin:
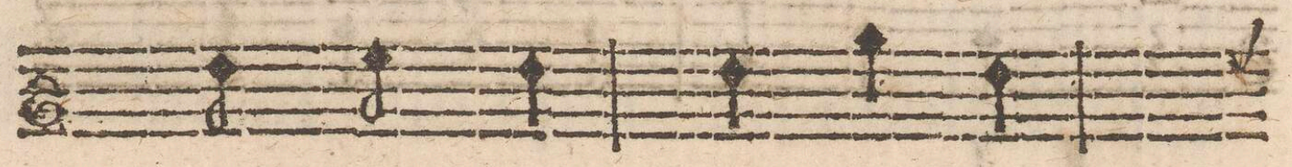


Un pe - tit Doit de ce bon

Vin;
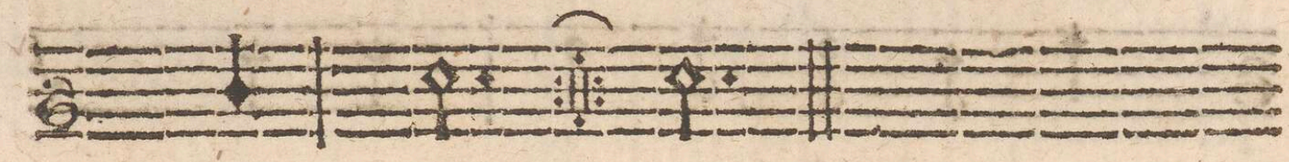


Vin, Fait qu'A-mour def- cend



dans mon ſein, Un pe- tit
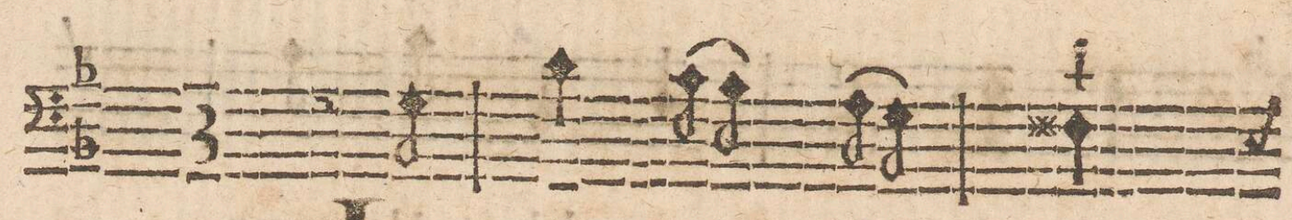


Doit de ce bon Vin, Me met
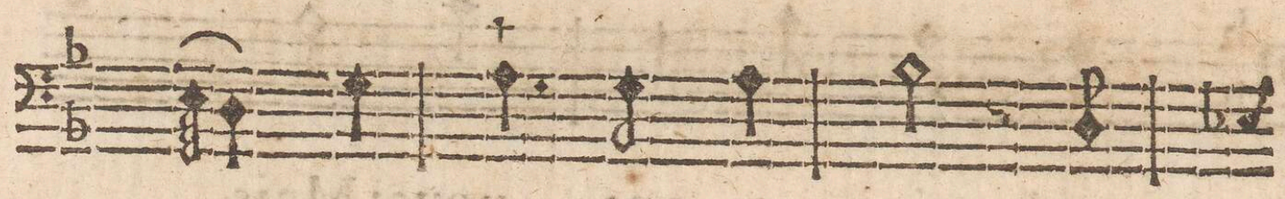


en train. train.

LE SAGE BUVEUR.
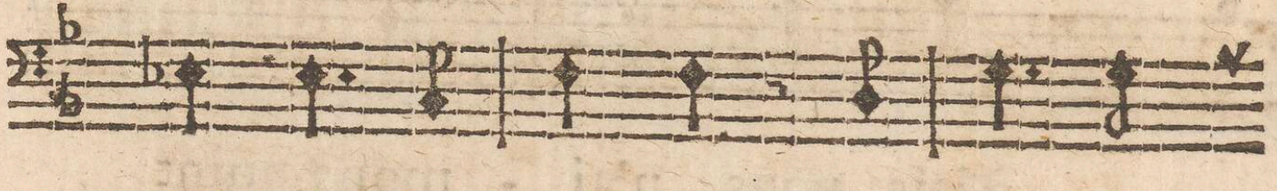
Recit de Basse.
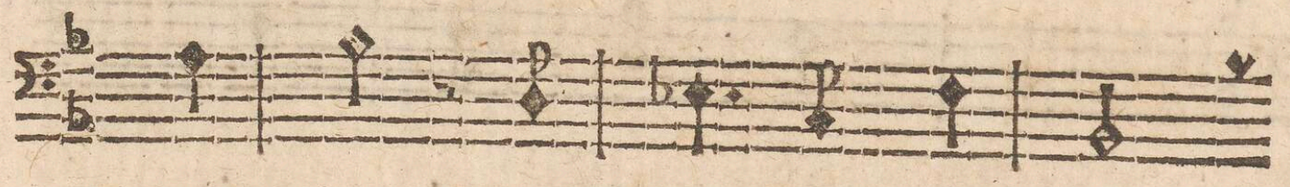


LE Dieu de la Treil-
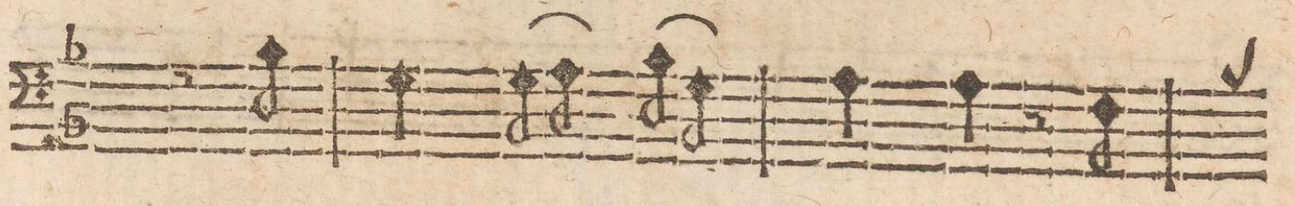


le, Pré-tend m'en-y-vrer, Je
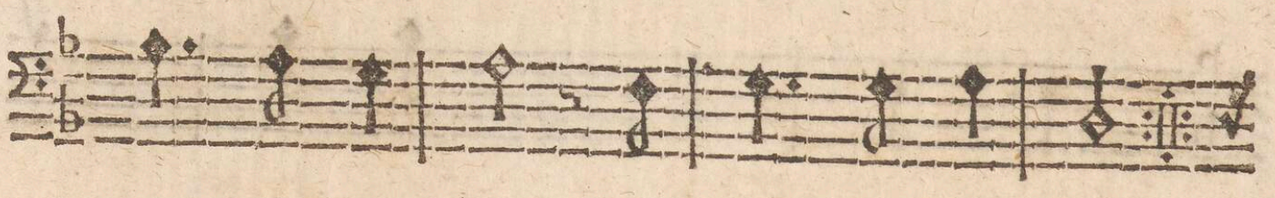


vois ſa Bou-teil-le, Je vais la



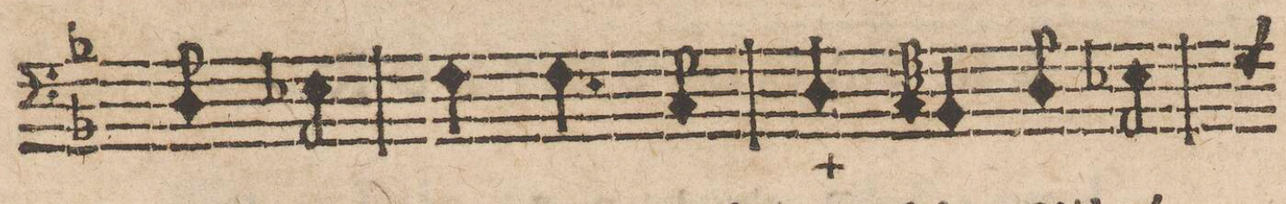
bri-ſer, Je vais la bri-ſer:
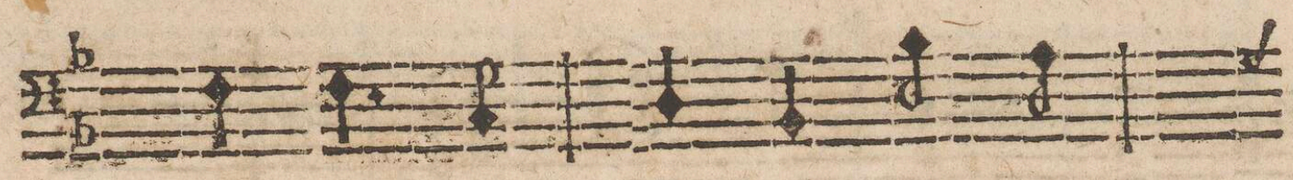


Je vois ſa Bou-teil-le, Je
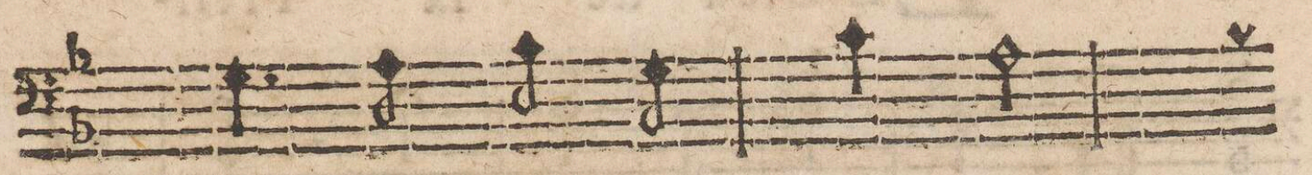


vais la bri-ſer, Je vais la bri-ſer:



S'il é - toit plus trai - ta - ble, S'il é-



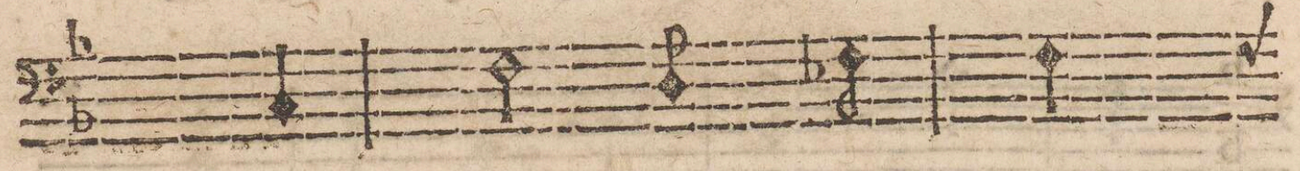
toit rai - ſon - na - ble, Il pour-



roit ri - re a - vec nous; Mais,



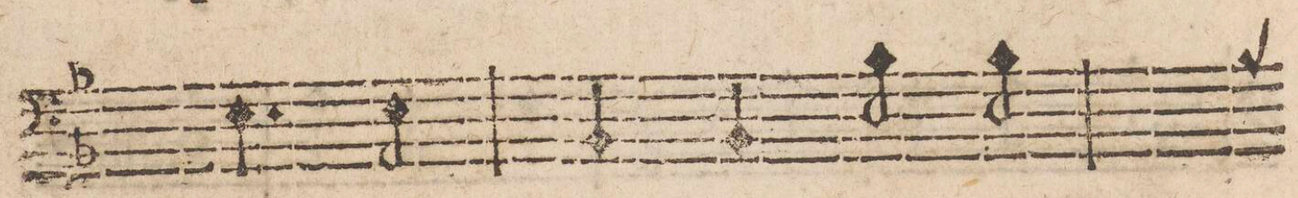
Mais nous n'ai - mons point



les Foux. S'il é - toit



plus trai - ta - ble, S'il é - toit
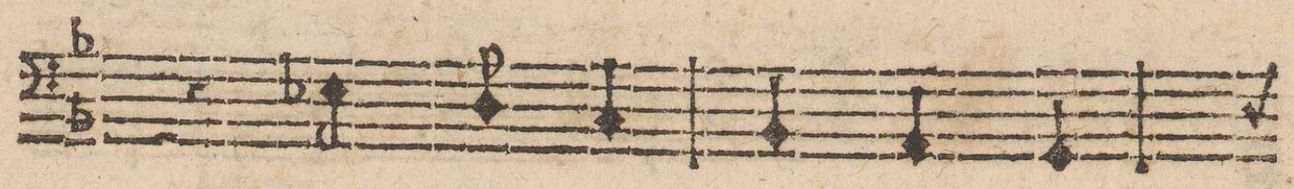


rai - ſon - na - ble, Il pour-


BIBLIOTEKA
XX.
SZARTORYSKICH
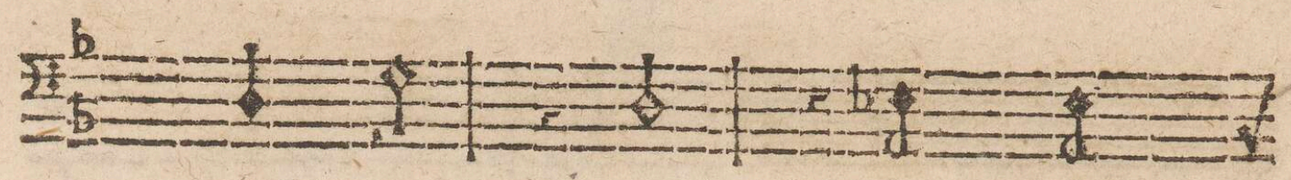
ront
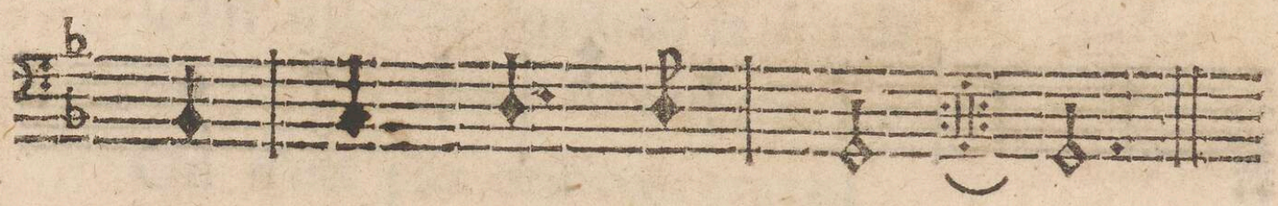


roit ri- re a - vec nous ; Mais,



Mais, nous n'ai - mons point. les
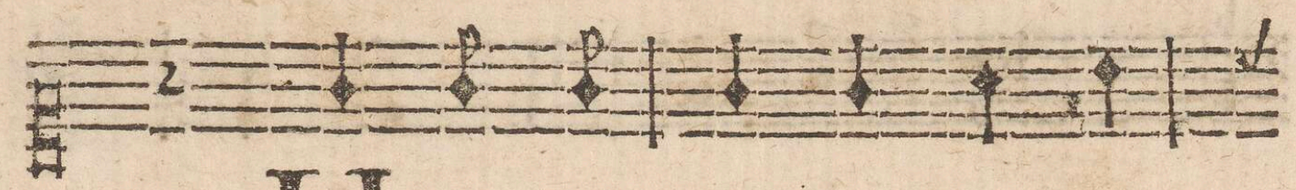


Foux. Mais, Mais, Mais, nous
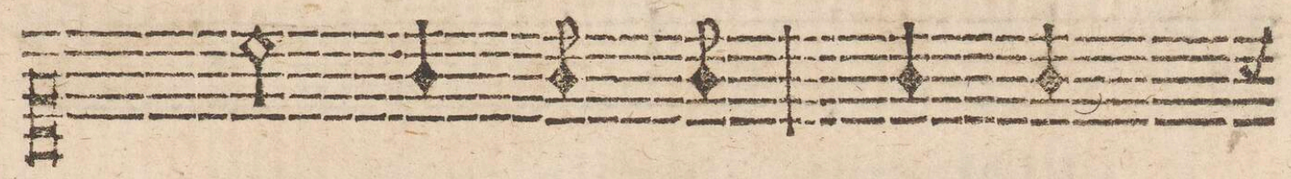


n'ai - mons point les Foux. Foux.

L'AMI DE TOUT LE MONDE.
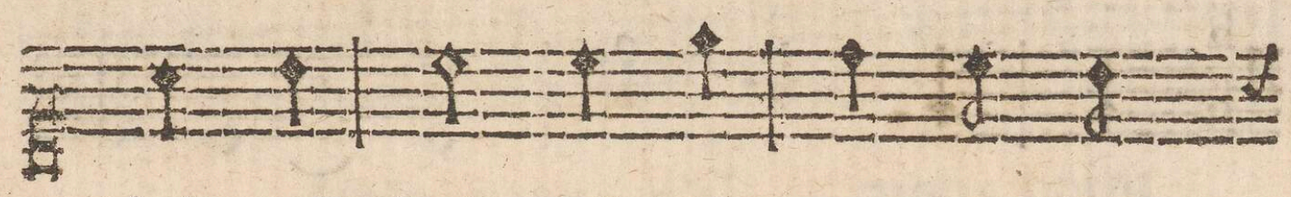
Vaudeville.



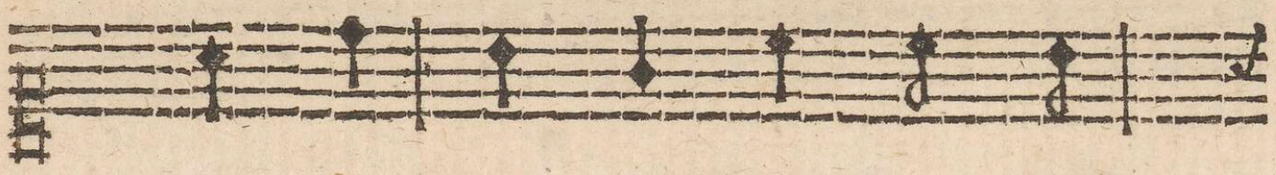
HA-ïr n'eſt point du tout mon
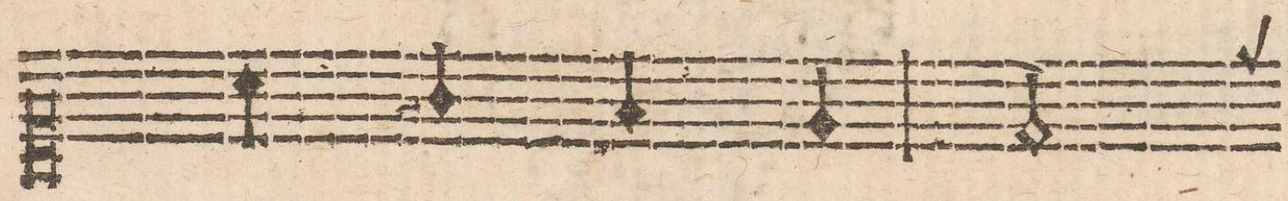


fait, La hai-ne pour ce-



lui qui hait, Eſt u-ne pei-ne



ſans ſe-con-de, Au con-trai-
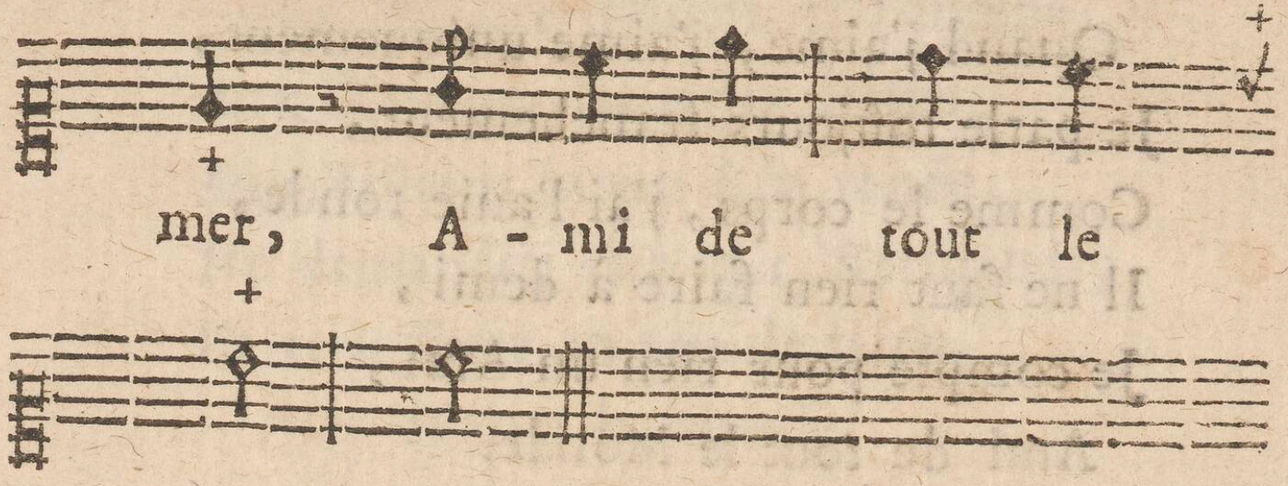


re il eſt doux d'ai-mer,



Et j'ai-me à m'en-ten-dre nom-

mer,



L'Amour propre des Grands Seigneurs,
Fait le revenu des Flatteurs,
C'eſt où leur fortune ſe fonde,
En parlant trop ſincèrement,
On n'eſt pas ordinairement
Ami de tout le Monde.

L'Amant diſcrèt par cent détours,
Sait réüſſir dans ſes Amours,
Sans que l'Epoux jaloux en gronde,
Heureux entre tous les Amans,
Il peut ſe dire en même tems,
Ami de tout le Monde.
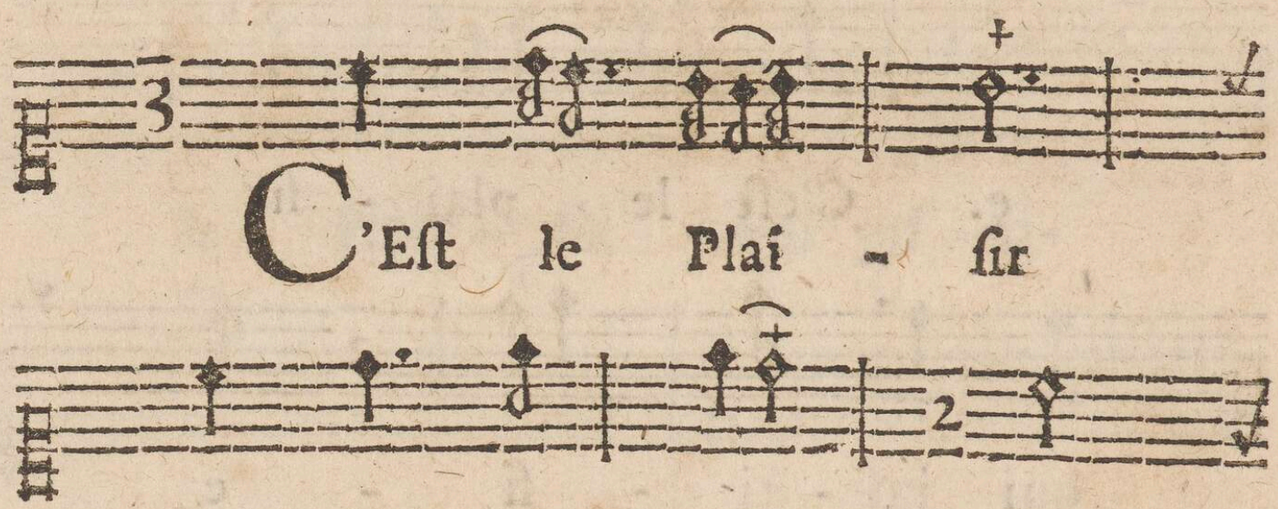
Quand j'aime, j'aime uniquement,
Je parle toûjours franchement,
Comme le corps, j'ai l'ame ronde,
Il ne faut rien faire à demi,
Je compte pour rien un Ami,
Ami de tout le Monde.

Prêtez l'argent ſans intérêt,
Ne le redemandez jamais,
Qu'en bon Vin votre Cave abonde,
Ouvrez la porte à tous venans,
Et vous ſerez en peu de tems
Ami de tout le Monde.

L'Epoux commode l'entend bien,
Il ne s'embaraſſe de rien,
Cependant chez lui tout abonde,
Pour peu que ſa Femme ait d'eſprit,
Il eſt bien-tôt par ſon crédit,
Ami de tout le Monde.

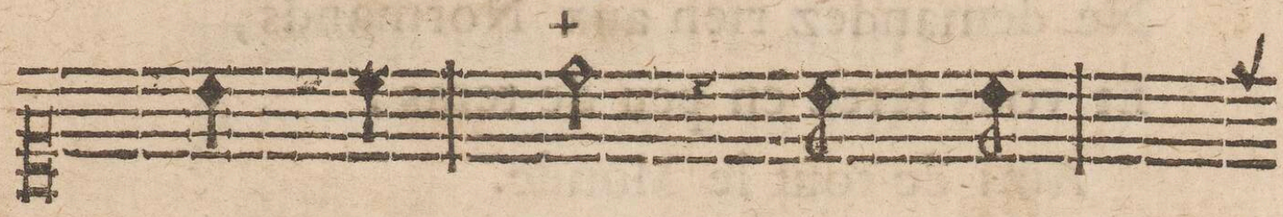
Aux Badaux donnez de l'encens,
Aux Gaſcons des repas frians,
Aux Brêtons buvez à la ronde,
Ne demandez rien aux Normands,
Et vous ſerez en peu de tems,
Ami de tout le Monde.

LE PLAISIR.
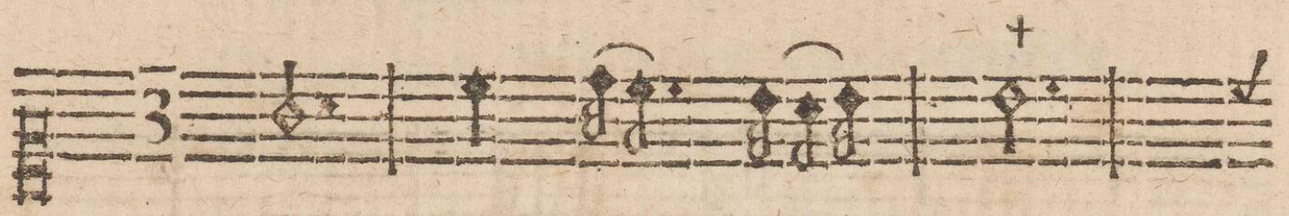




pli - e L'Or qu'il che - rit a-



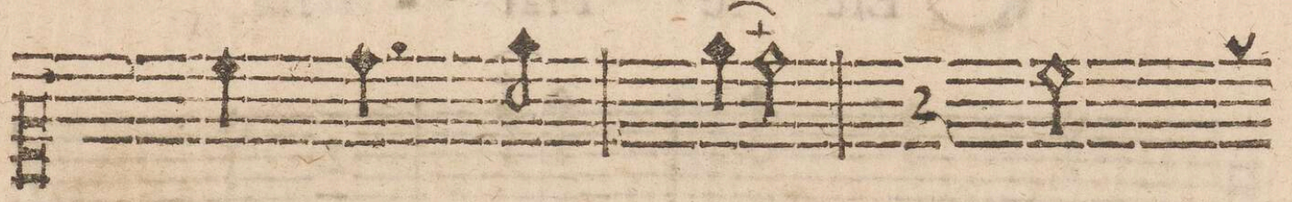
vec ar - deur, Le Pro-
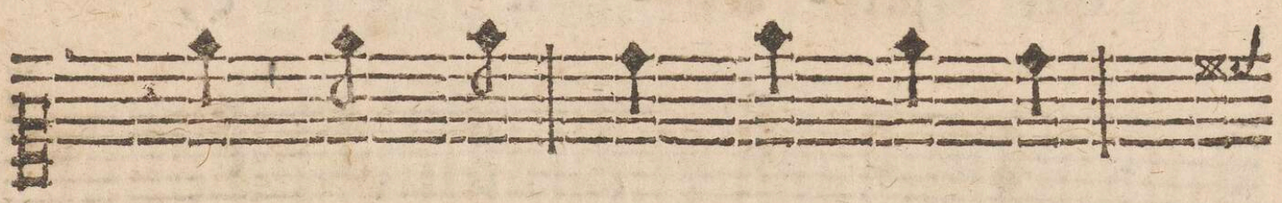


di-gue, le ſa - cri - fi-
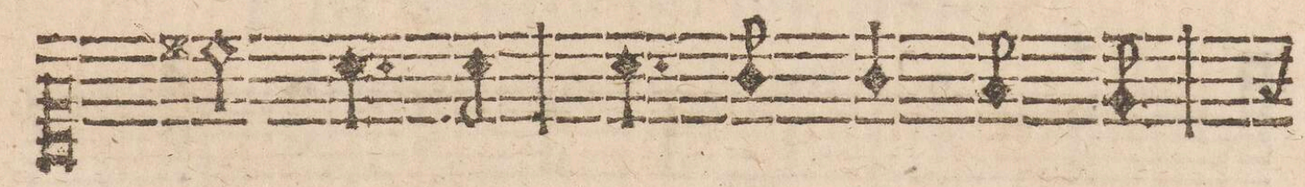


e. C'eſt le plai - ſir



qui juſ - ti - fi - e

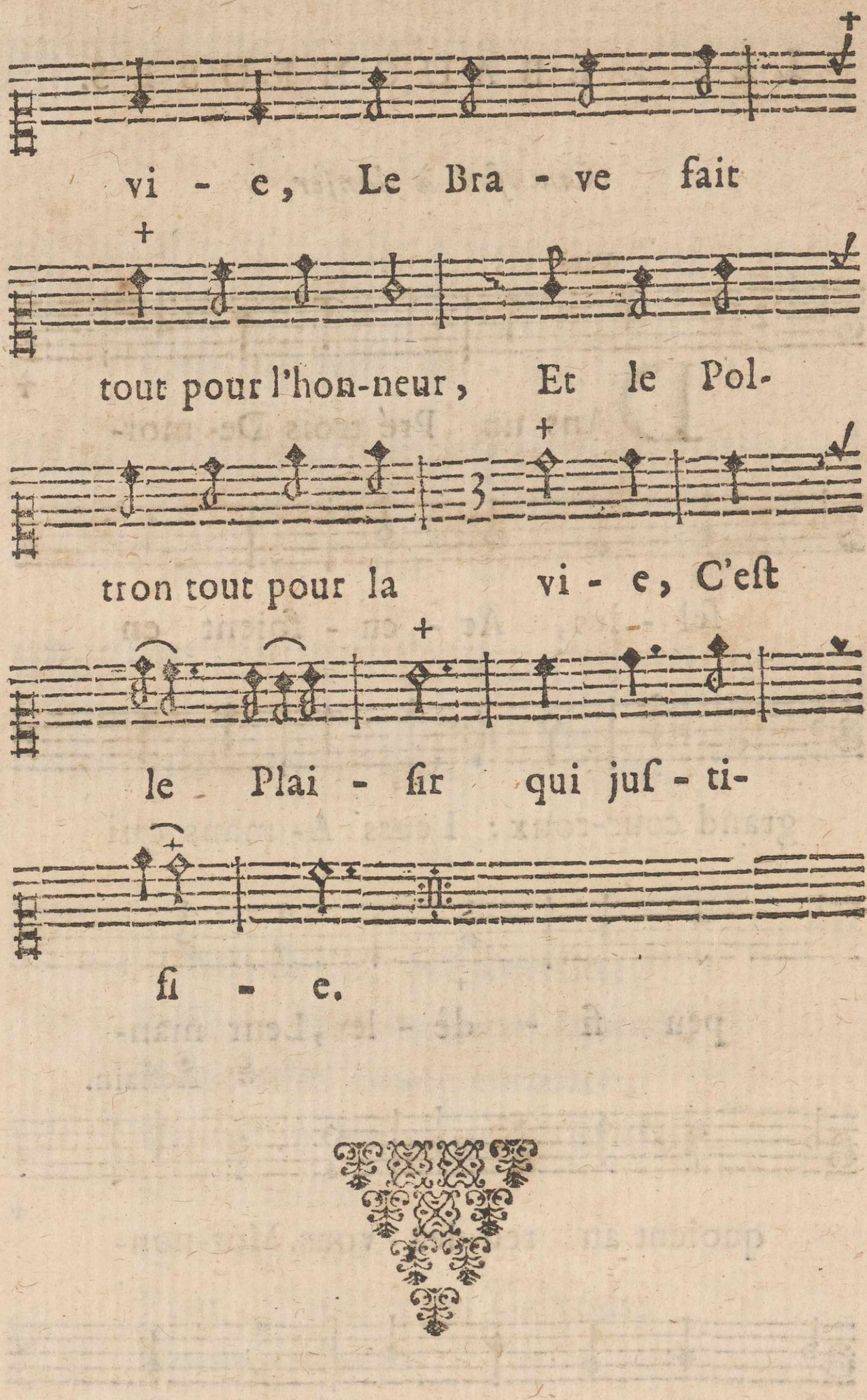


L'am- bi - ti - eux ſuit la gran-



deur, L'in-do - lent la voit ſans en-

vie,
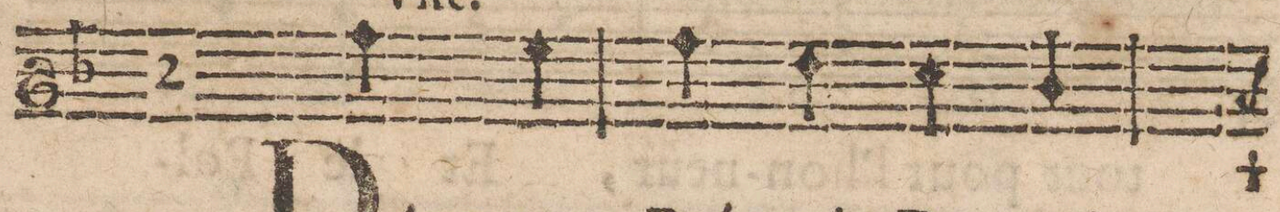

vi - e, Le Bra - ve fait
tout pour l'hon-neur, Et le Pol-
tron tout pour la vi - e, C'eſt
le Plai - ſir qui juſ - ti-
ſi - e.

LES

LES DEBAUCHEUSES.

Chanſon à danſer.

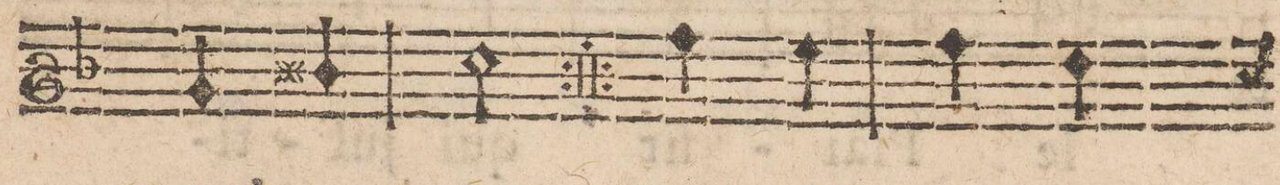
Vite.



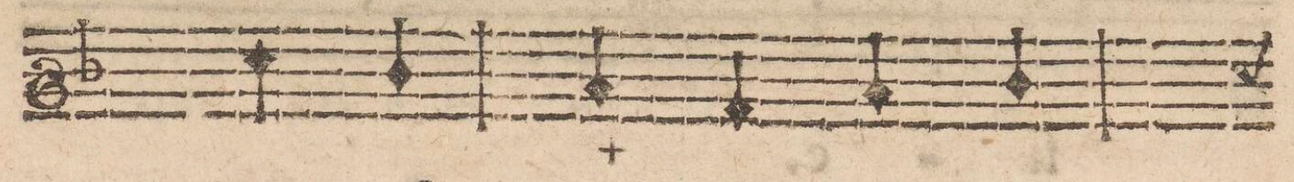
DAns un Pré trois De- moi-



ſel - les, Ac - cu - ſoient en
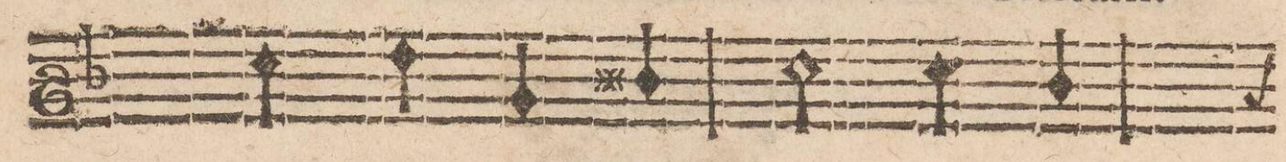


grand cour-roux: Leurs A- mans qui
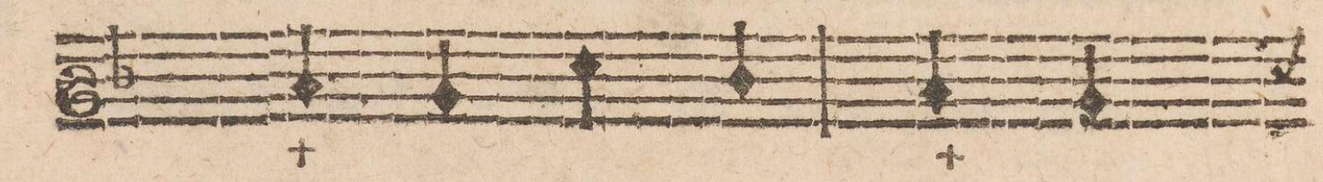


peu fi - dè - les, Leur man-
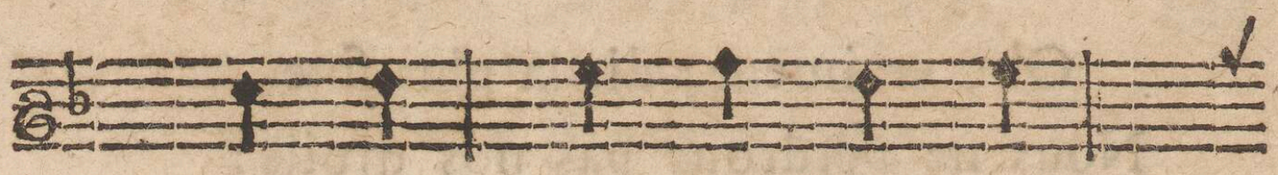
Refrain.



quoient au ren-dez - vous. Mor-non-
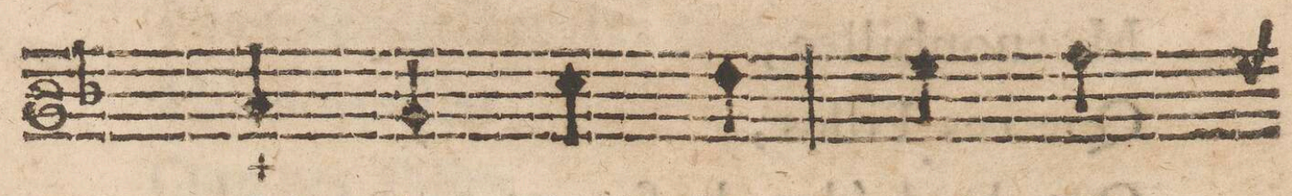


bil - les, Que ces Fil - les,



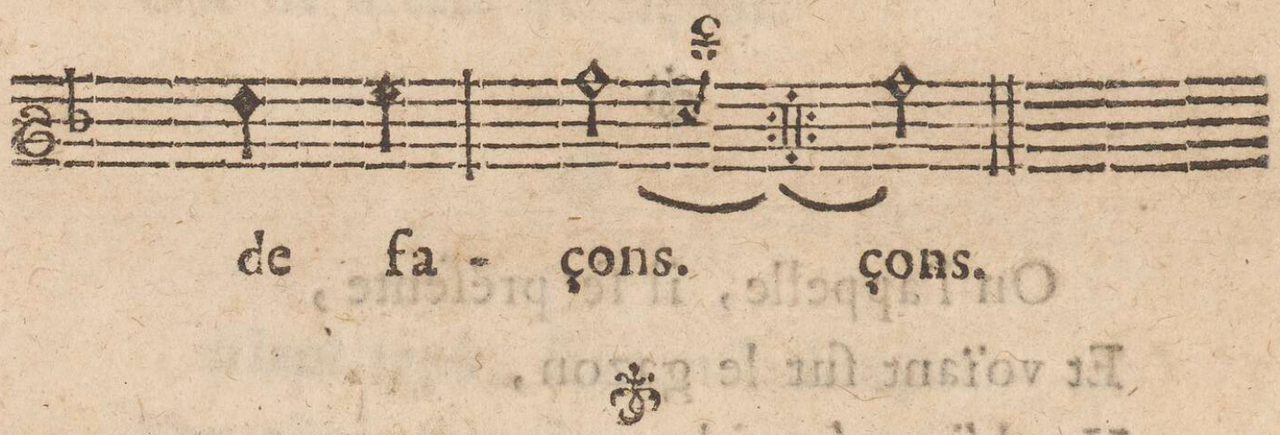
Pour dé - bau-cher les Gar-



çons; Mornon - bil - les, Que ces



Fil - les ont de drô - les



de fa - çons. çons.

Près de là, par avanture,
Paſſe un Manant jeune & frais,
D'une aſſez bonne encolure,
Mais d'un maintien ſot & niais:
Mornonbilles,
Que ces Filles,
Pour débaucher les Garçons;
Mornonbilles,
Que ces filles,
Ont de drôles de façons.

Oh, vraiment, dit la plus fine,
Nous ne perdrons pas nos droits:
Ce drôle a toute la mine
De pouvoir païer pour trois.
Mornonbilles,
Que ces Filles,
Pour débaucher les Garçons;
Mornonbilles,
Que ces Filles,
Ont de drôles de façons.

On l'appelle, il se préſente,
Et voïant ſur le gazon,
Un déjeuné qui le tente,
Y prend place ſans façon.
Mornonbilles,
Que ces Filles,
Pour débaucher les Garçons;
Mornonbilles,
Que ces Filles,
Ont de drôles de façons.

Ne faudra-t-il pas te battre.
Pour te faire boire un coup :
Non, j'en boirai plus de quatre,
Si le Vin eſt de mon goût.
Mornonbilles,
Que ces Filles,
Pour débaucher les Garçons ;
Mornonbilles,
Que ces Filles,
Ont de drôles de façons.

Aïant repû, ſans mot dire,
S'en alloit ſans dire mot,
Tout doux, lui dit-on, beau Sire,
Il faut païer votre écôt.
Mornonbilles,
Que ces Filles,
Pour débaucher les Garçons ;
Mornonbilles,
Que ces Filles,
Ont de drôles de façons.

Moi païer, quelle misère !
Je n'ai pas vaillant cinq ſous.
Eh bien pour ſortir d'affaires,
Tu danſeras avec nous.
Mornonbilles,
Que ces Filles,
Pour débaucher les Garçons,
Mornonbilles,
Que ces Filles,
Ont de drôles de façons.

Ah, dit-il, pour danſer, paſſe,
Je ferai bien cet effort,
Si je n'ai pas bonne grace,
J'ai du moins le jarrèt fort.
Mornonbilles,
Que ces Filles,
Pour débaucher les Garçons;
Mornonbilles,
Que ces Filles,
Ont de drôles de façons.

La prémière, entrant en danſe,
Fit avec lui du chemin,
Bien qu'il chargeât la cadance,
Il lui fit aller bon train.
Mornonbilles,
Que ces Filles,
Pour débaucher les Garçons;
Mornonbilles,
Que ces Filles,
Ont de drôles de façons.
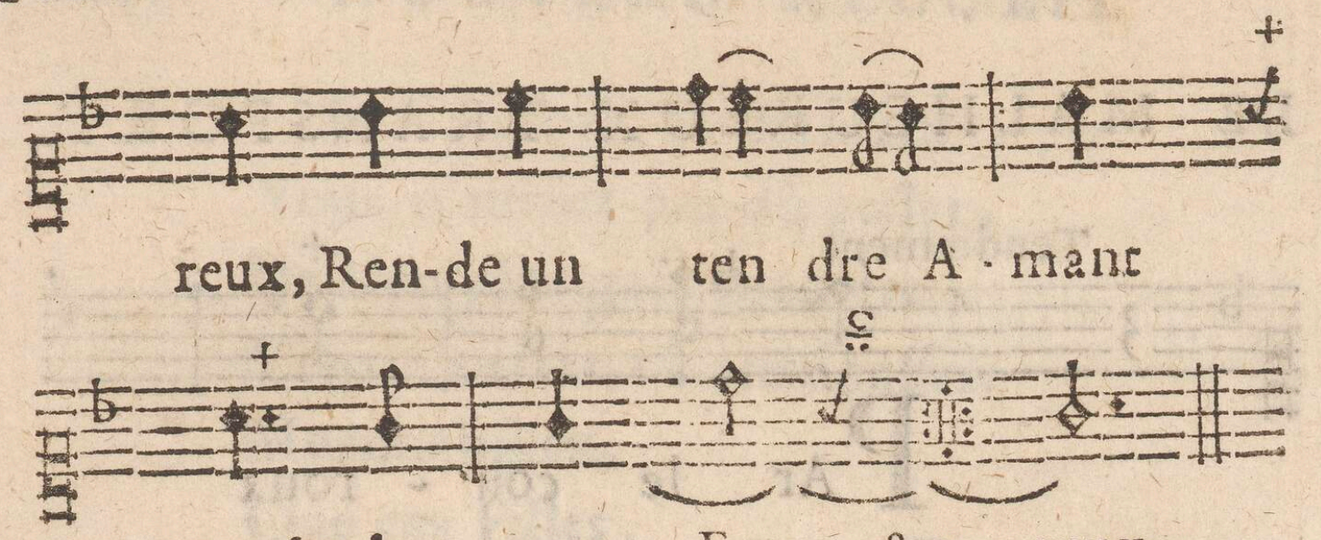
Du Garçon l'autre Danſeuſe,
Au moins ne ſe plaignit pas,
La troiſieme moins Chanſeuſe,
S'apperçut qu'il étoit las.
Mornonbilles,
Que ces Filles,
Pour débaucher les Garçons;
Mornonbilles,
Que ces Filles,
Ont de drôles de façons.

Auſſi, dit-il, la dernière
Vous n'auriez pas dû paſſer,
De bien plus gaïe manière
Vous n'auriez vû tremouſſer.
Mornonbilles,
Que ces Filles,
Pour débaucher les Garçons;
Mornonbilles,
Que ces Filles,
Ont de drôles de façons.

Vous plait-il que je revienne?
Oui, revien demain au ſoir;
Eh bien qu'à cela ne tienne,
Serviteur juſqu'au revoir.
Mornonbilles,
Que ces Filles,
Pour débaucher les Garçons;
Mornonbilles,
Que ces Filles,
Ont de drôles de façons.

LE MALHEUREUX TRANSPORT.
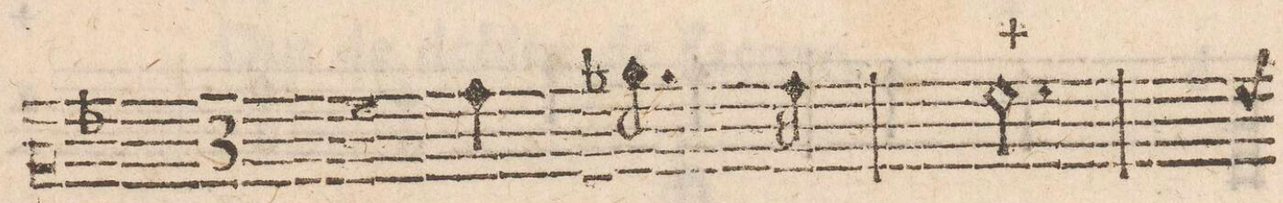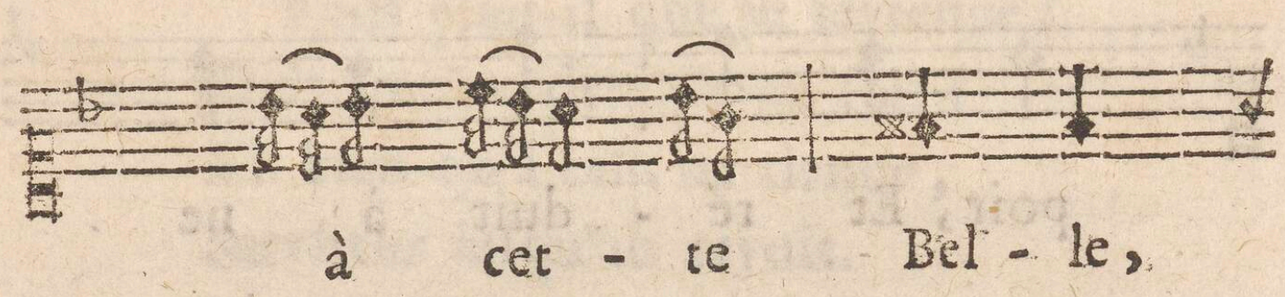




reux, Ren-de un ten dre A-mant

mal- heu- reux. Faut, &c. reux.
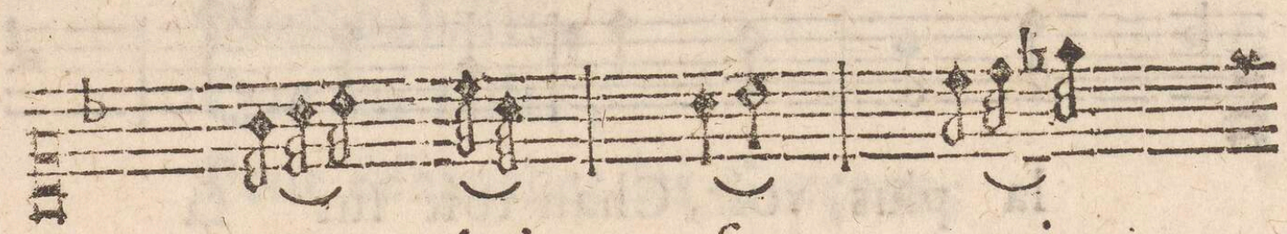
DOUBLE.
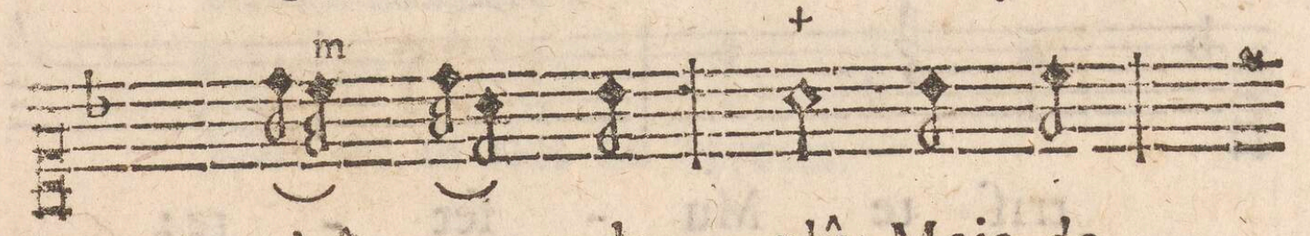


Il a - voit pris
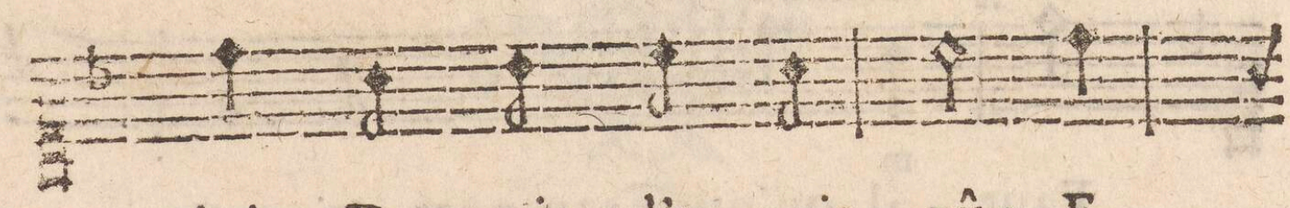


à cet - te Bel - le,



Un bai - ſer qui
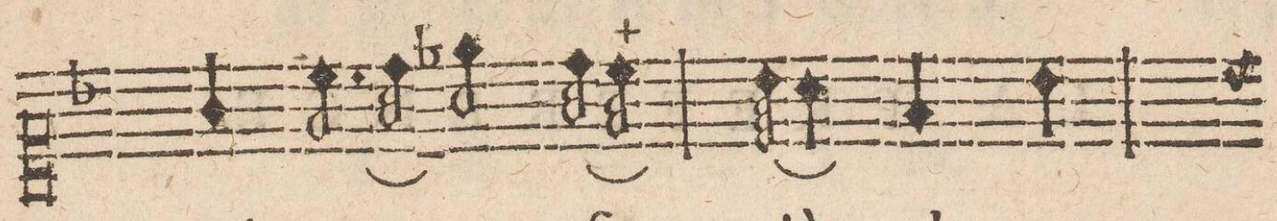


n'eût pas de - plû; Mais de



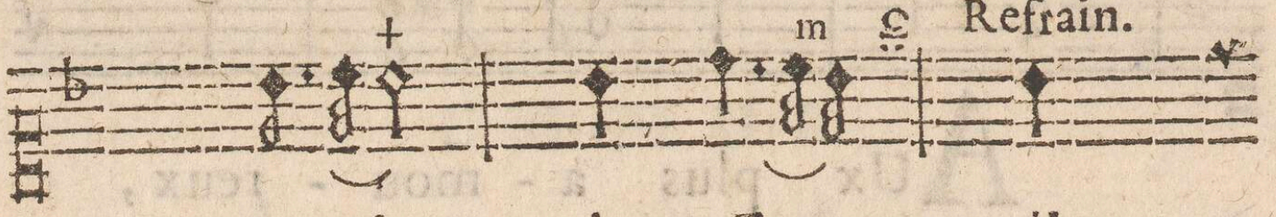
loin Do - ris l'a- voit vû; E-

toit-

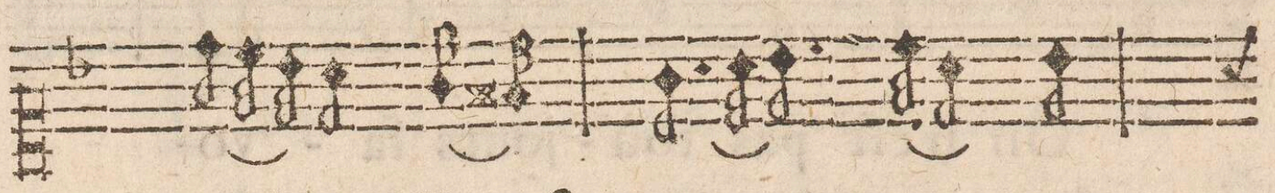


toit- ce un ſu - jèt de que-
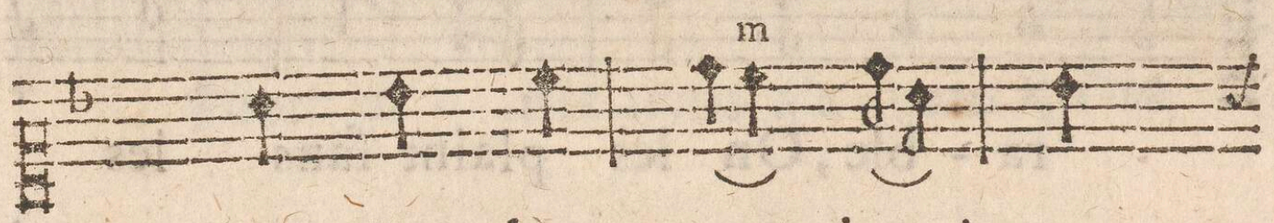
Refrain.
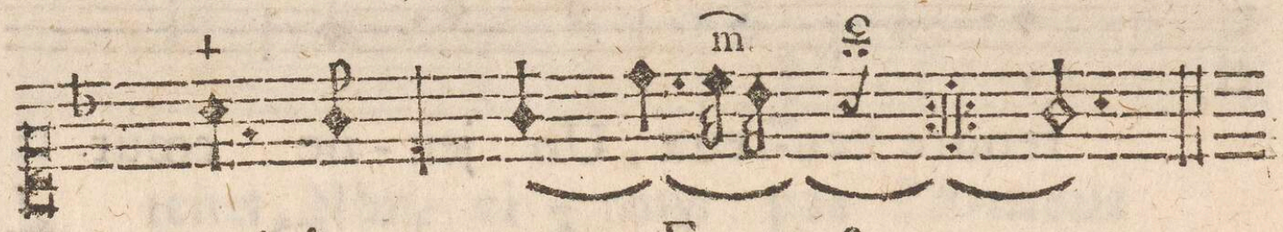


rel - le: Faut - il



qu'un Tranſ - port a - mou-

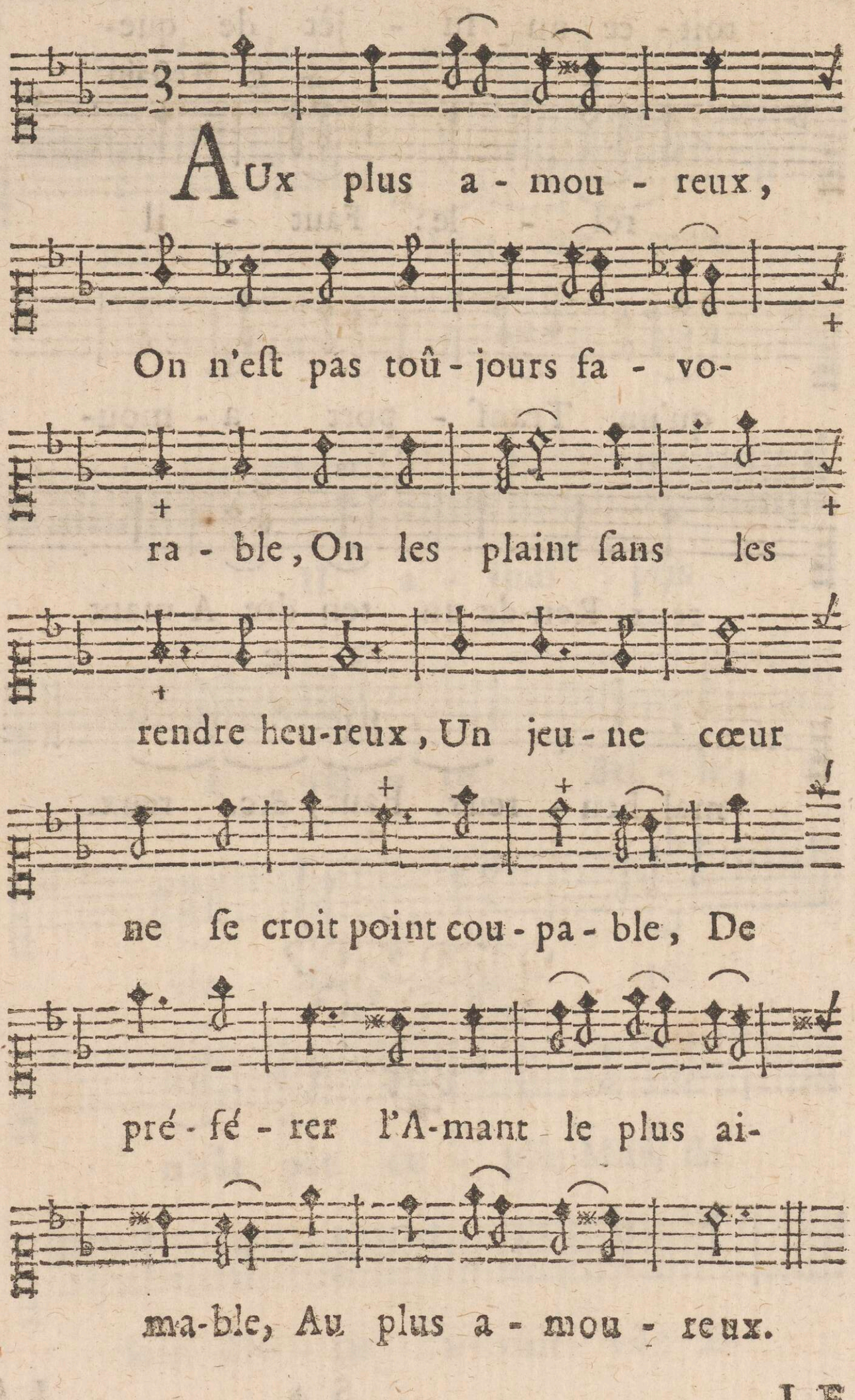


reux, Ren-de un ten- dre A mant



mal- heu - reux. Faut, &c. reux.
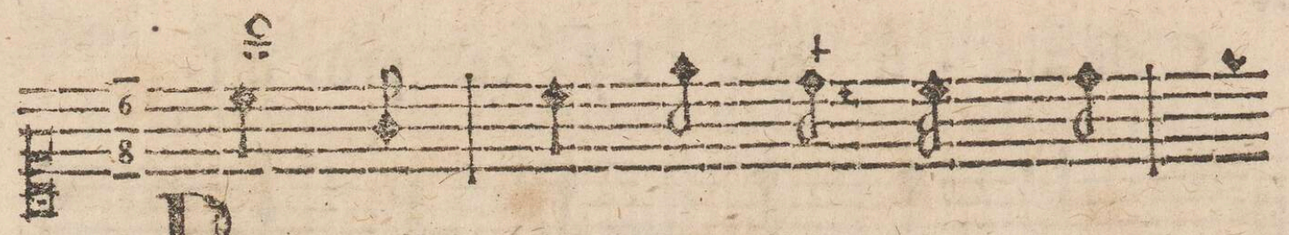
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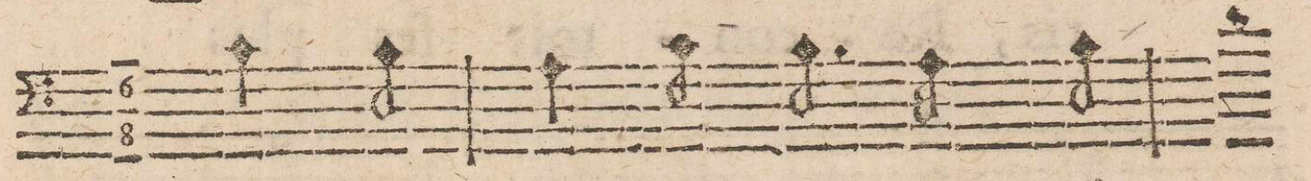


LE COIN.

Couplets.
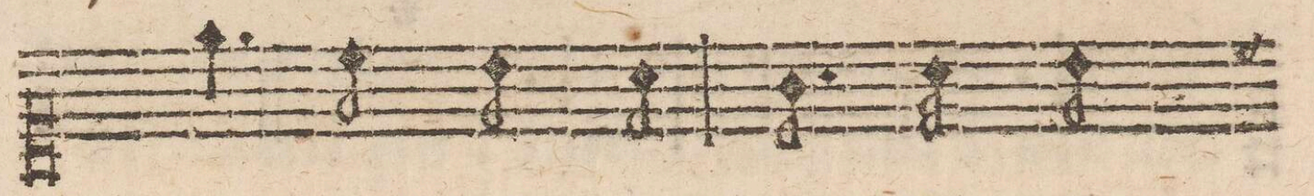
CHOEUR.
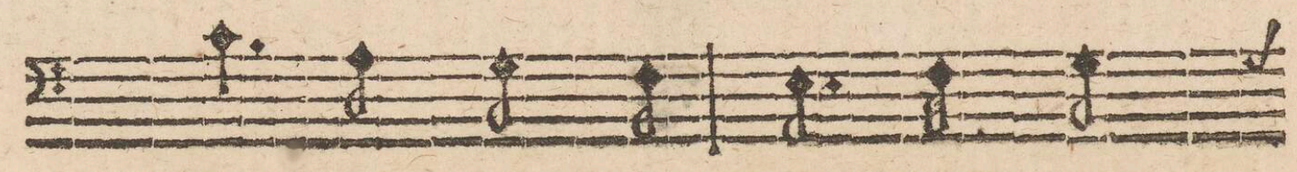


Pour ai - mer nous n'a-vons qu'un
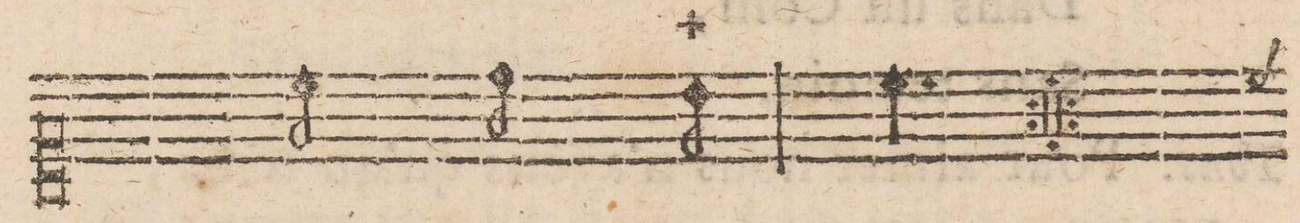


Pour ai - mer nous n'a - vons qu'un
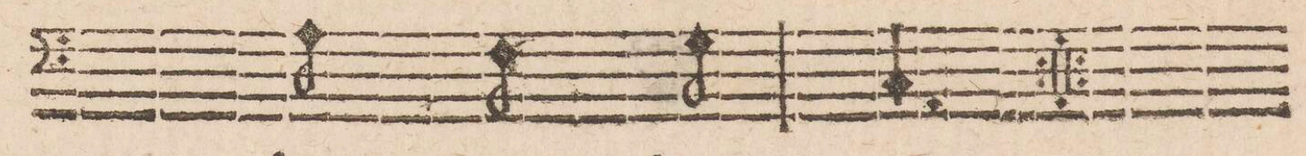


tems, N'ir - ri - tons pas l'A-mour



tems, N'ir - ri - tons pas l'A - mour
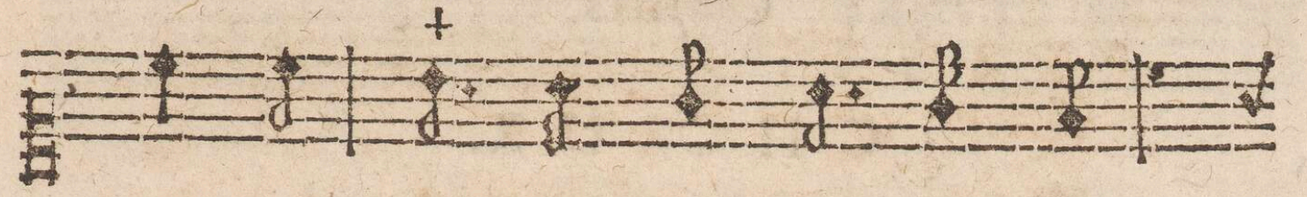


dans nos beaux ans.



dans nos beaux ans.

C'eſt

SEUL.



Seul. J'ai toûjours le ſoin de vos troupeaux,
Je vous chante en vain des Airs nouveaux,
Dans un Coin,
Sans temoin.
Tous. Pour aimer nous n'avons qu'un tems,
N'irritons pas l'Amour dans nos beaux ans.

Seul. De vos yeux à jamais enchanté,
Un regard fait ma félicité,
Dans un Coin,
Sans témoin.
Tous. Pour aimer nous n'avons qu'un tems,
N'irritons pas l'Amour dans nos beaux ans.

Seul. J'ai quitté Celimene pour vous,
Ah! ne puis-je embraſſer vos genoux,
Dans un Coin,
Sans témoin.
Tous. Pour aimer nous n'avons qu'un temps,
N'irritons pas l'Amour dans nos beaux ans.

Seul. De ce Dieu qui m'enflamme à jamais,
N'oſez-vous éprouver quelques traits,
Dans un Coin,
Sans témoin.
Tous. Pour aimer nous n'avons qu'un tems,
N'irritons pas l'Amour dans nos beaux ans.

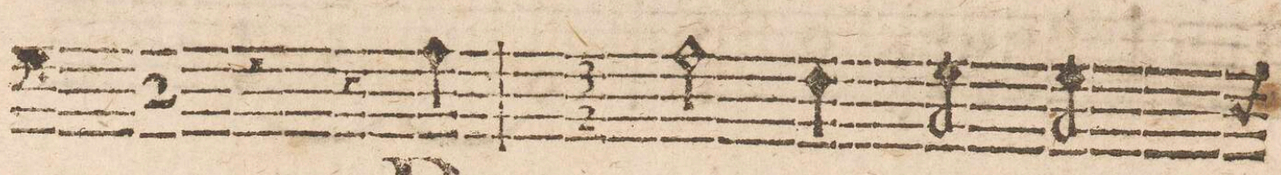
Seul. Vous voïez l'excès de mes feux,
Pardonnez mes transports amoureux,
Dans un Coin,
Sans témoin.
Tous. Pour aimer nous n'avons qu'un tems,
N'irritons pas l'Amour dans nos beaux ans.

Seul. A l'entendre, Iris prenoit plaisir,
Et ne pût refuser un soupir,
Dans un Coin,
Sans témoin,
Tous. Pour aimer nous n'avons qu'un tems,
N'irritons pas l'Amour dans nos beaux ans.
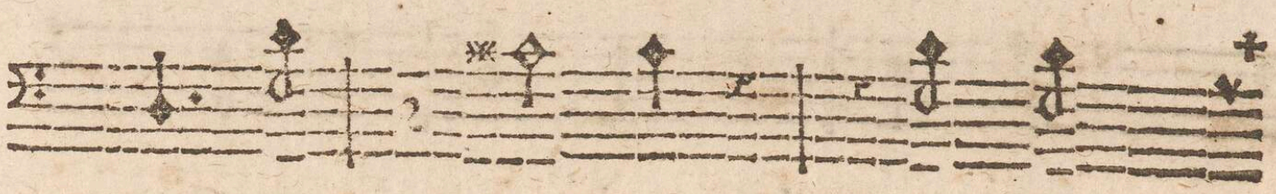
Seul. Cette Belle y trouva tant d'appas,
Qu'à l'instant elle lui dit tout bas,
Dans un Coin,
Sans témoin.
Tous. Pour aimer nous n'avons qu'un tems,
N'irritons pas l'Amour dans nos beaux ans.

LE BUVEUR CONVERTI.

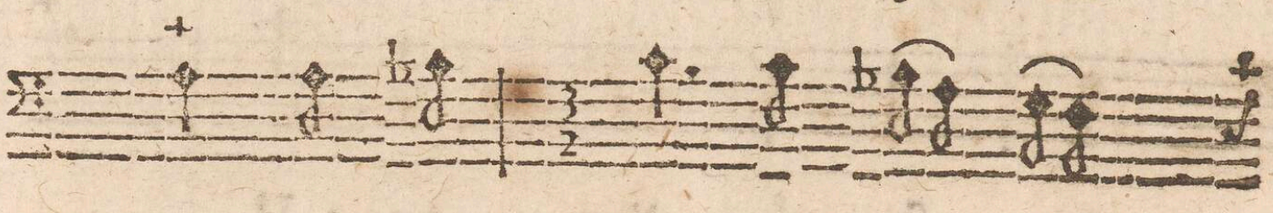
Recit de Basse.
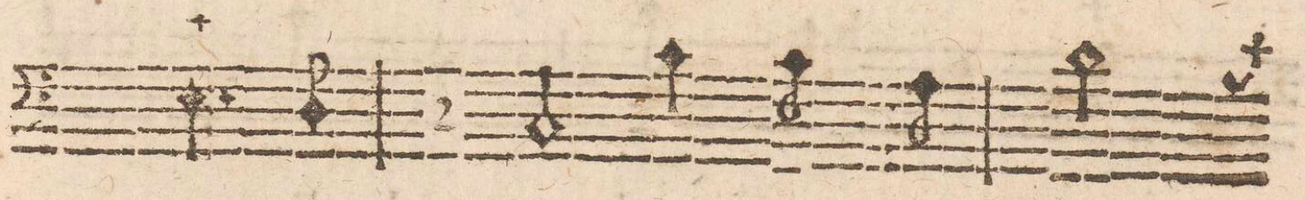


BA - chus, j'ai cé - lé-



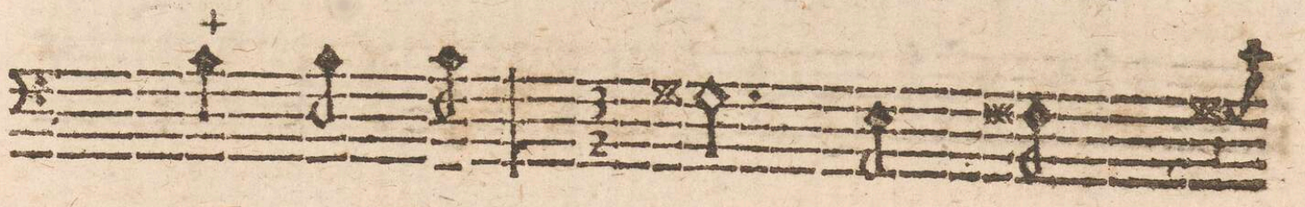
bré ta gloi - re, J'ai van-



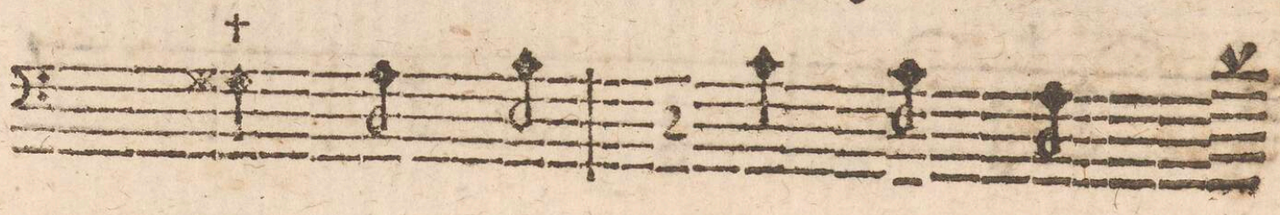
té les plai - sirs de ta ri-
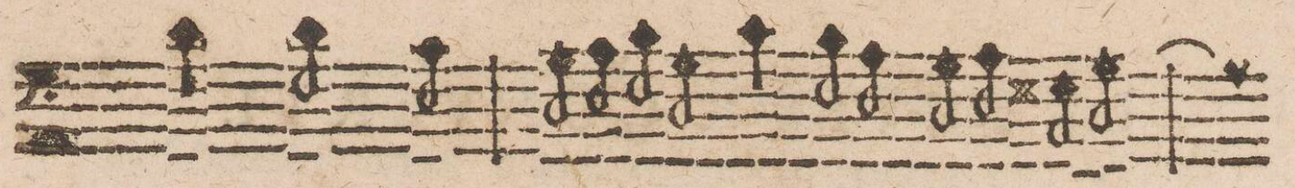


an - te Cour, Et mil - le fois
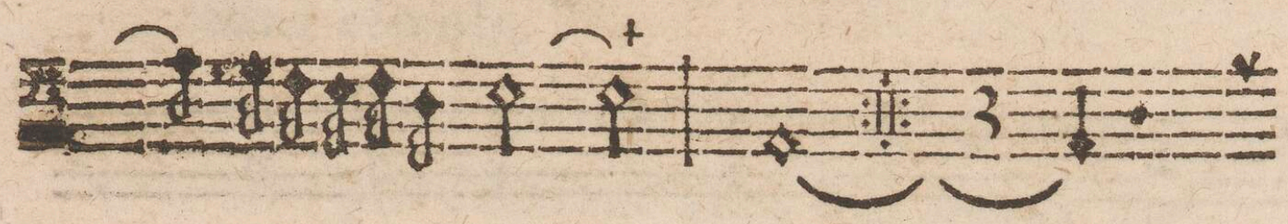


con - tre l'A - mour, Je t'ai
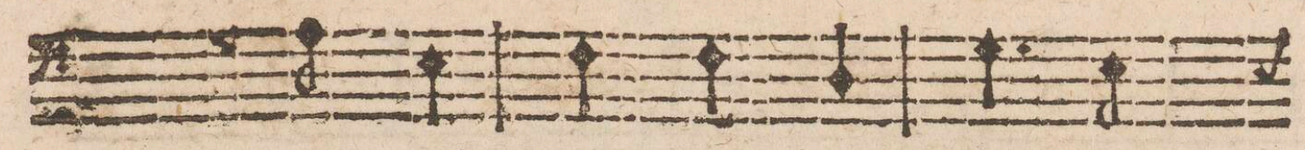


fait dans mes Chants rem - por-



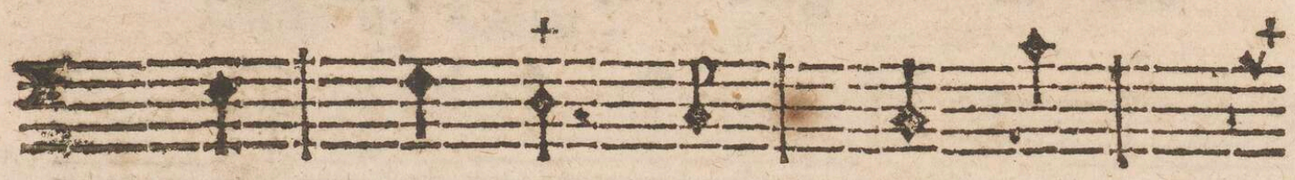
ter la vic- toi- - - -



- - - re: re:



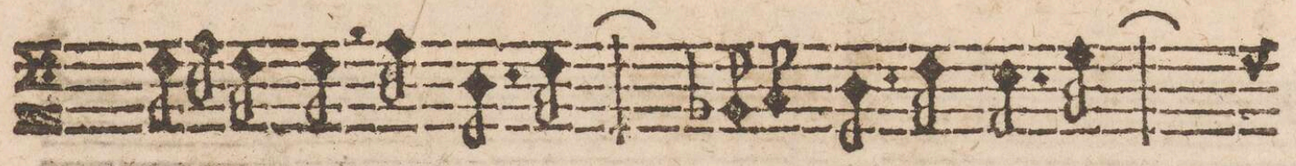
Ce-pen-dant à mon cœur tu
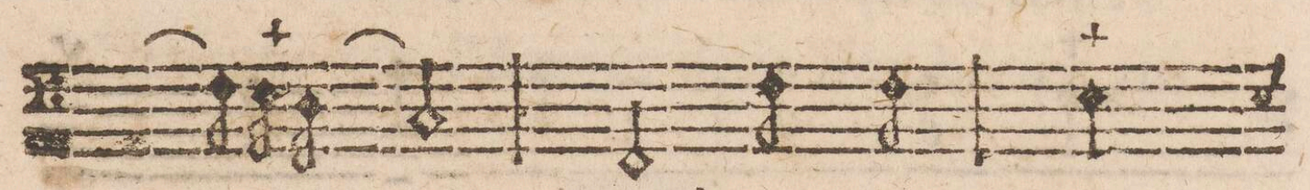


n'o - fres plus d'ap - pas ; Il



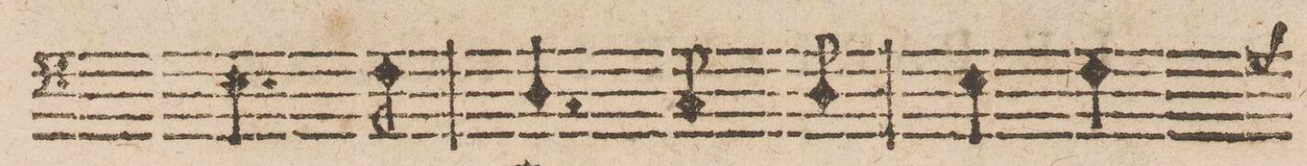
chan-ge ; ton ri - val l'en-
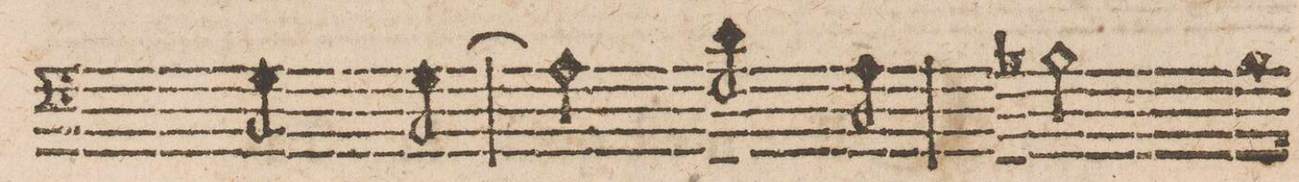


chai- - - - - -



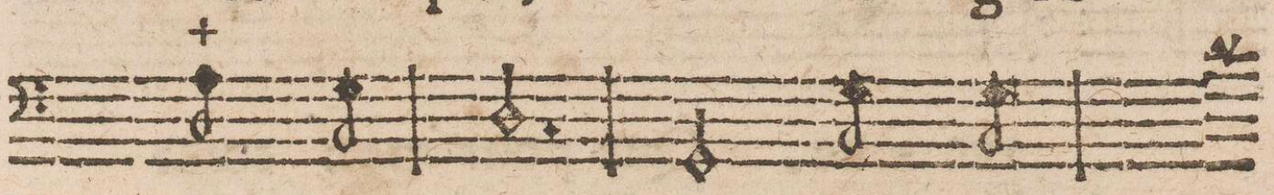
- - ne, Et lui fait
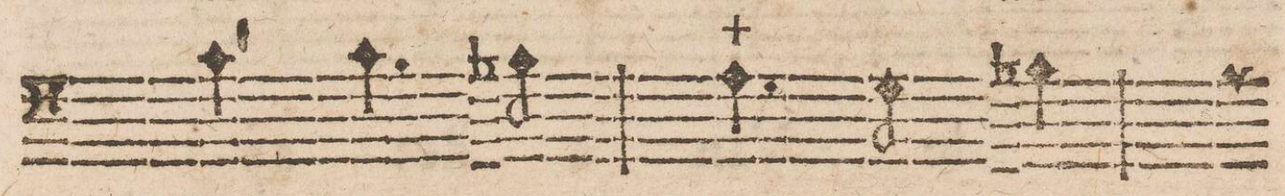


pré - fé - rer â tes plus doux



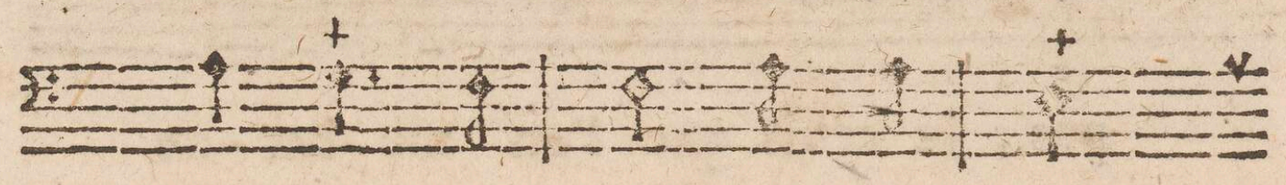
re - pas, Un re - gard
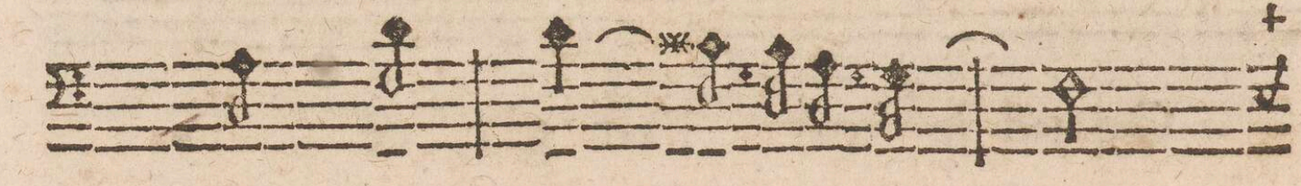


de Cli - me - ne. Et lui



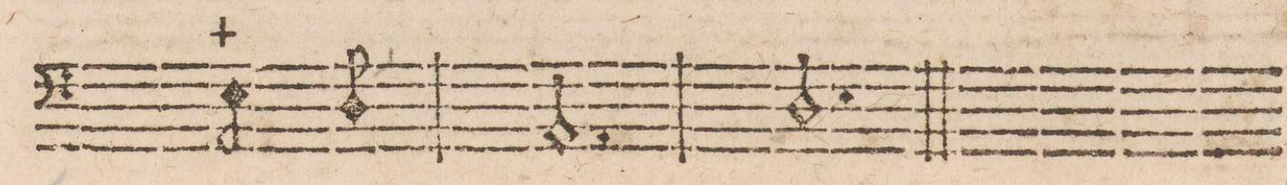
fait pré - fé - rer à tes



plus doux re - pas, Un re - gard,

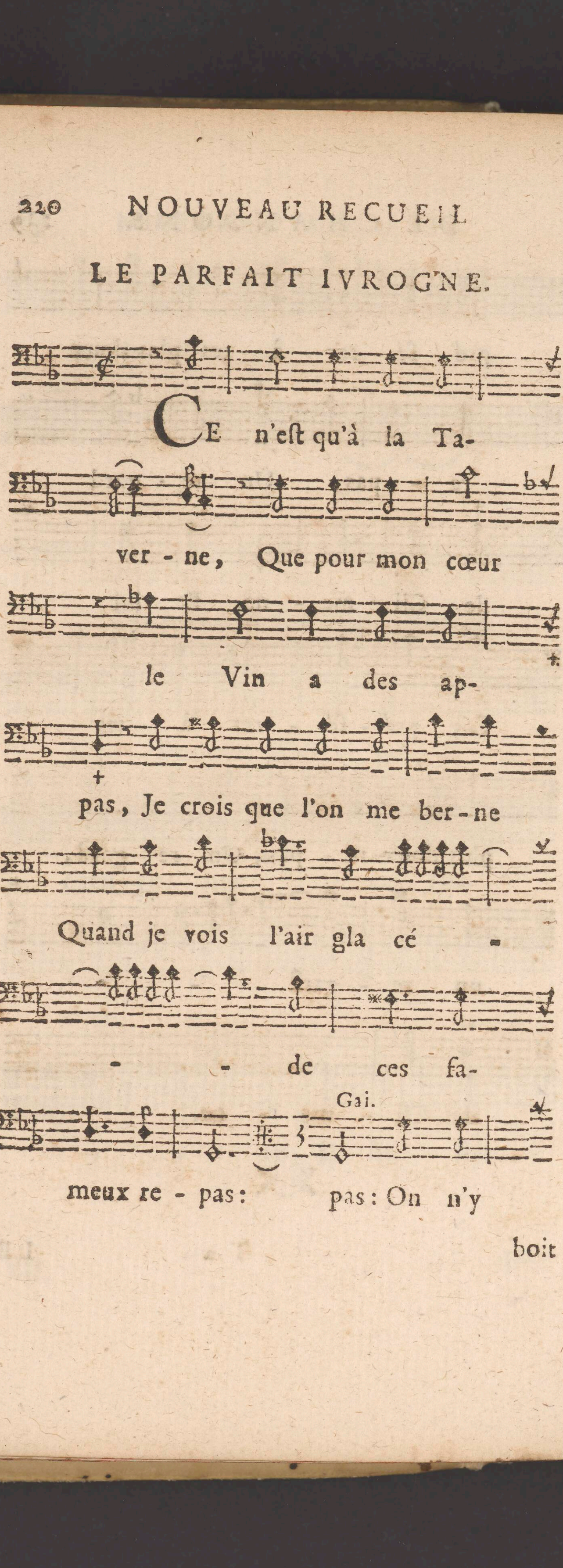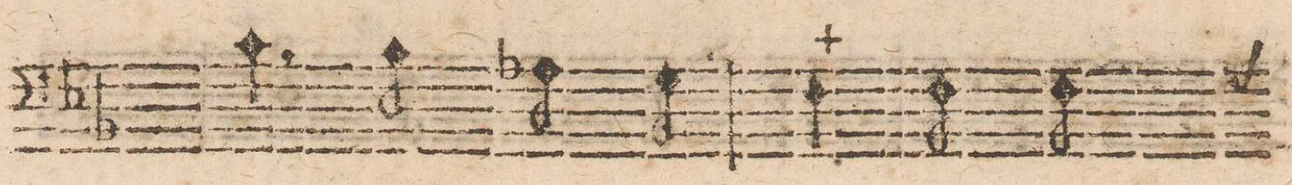


un re - gard - -
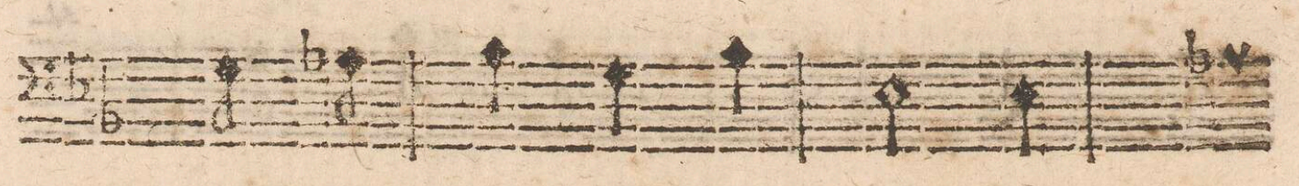


de Cli - me - ne.

LE PARFAIT IVROGNE.
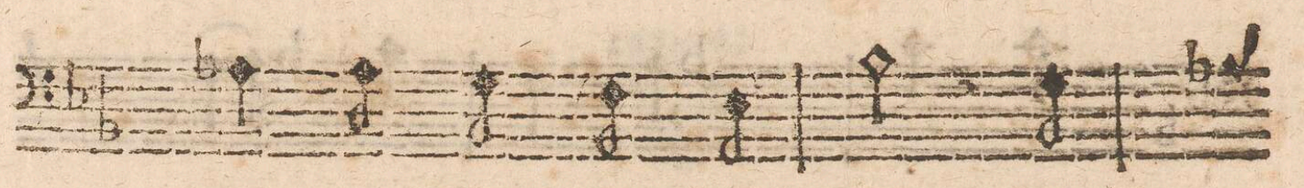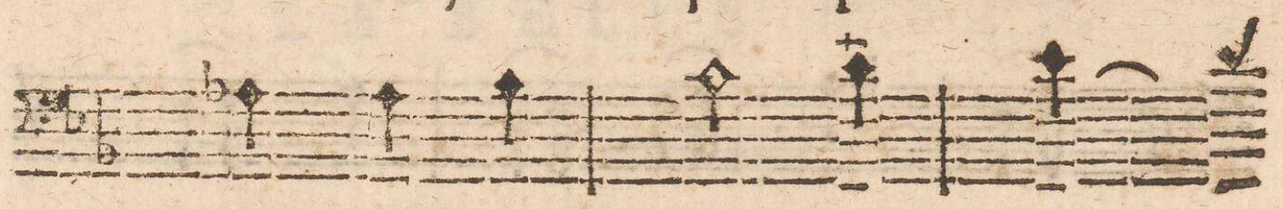




boit qu'a-vec me-ſu-re, On



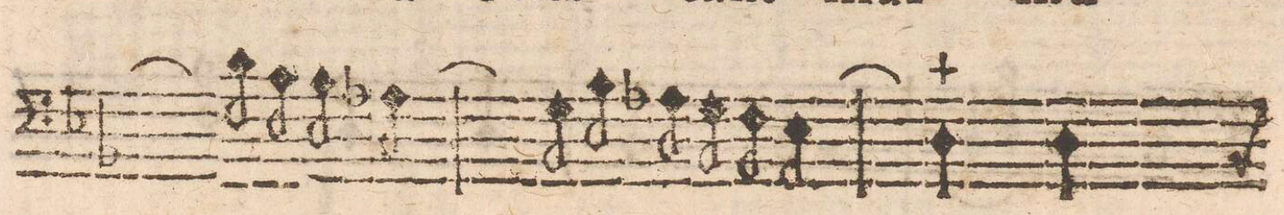
ne dit point de bons mots, Du
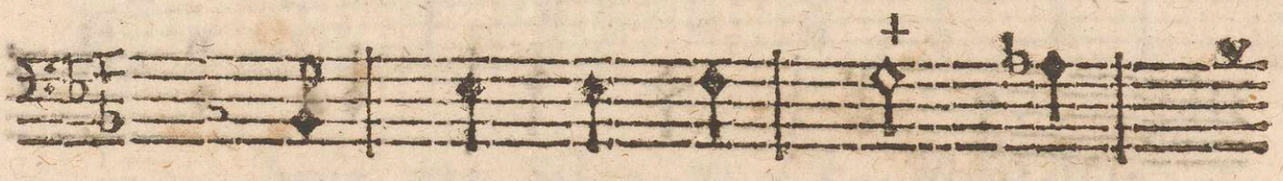


moindre joï-eux pro-pos Cha-
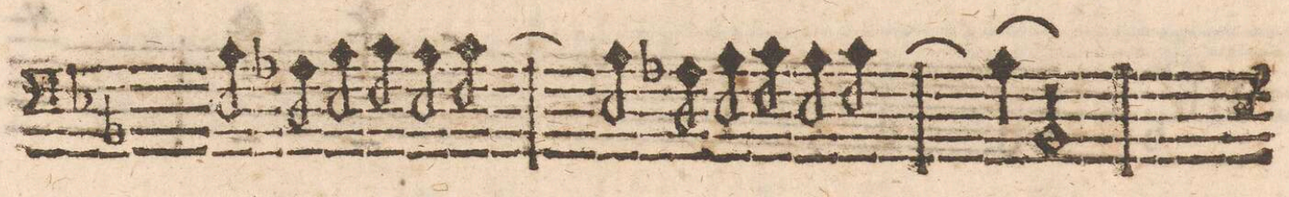


cun à l'inſ-tant mur-mu-



-re,
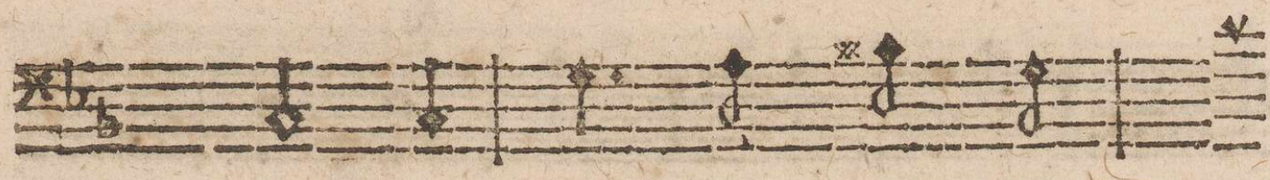


Cha-cun à l'inſ-tant mur-
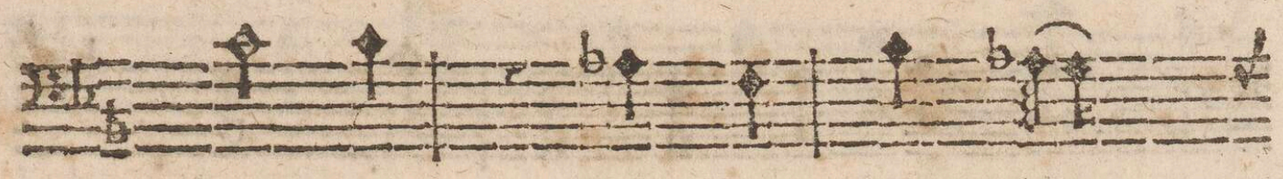


mu-
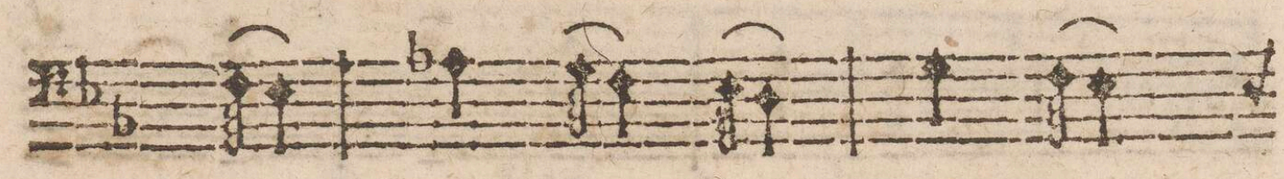


re, Vi - ve le Ca - ba-
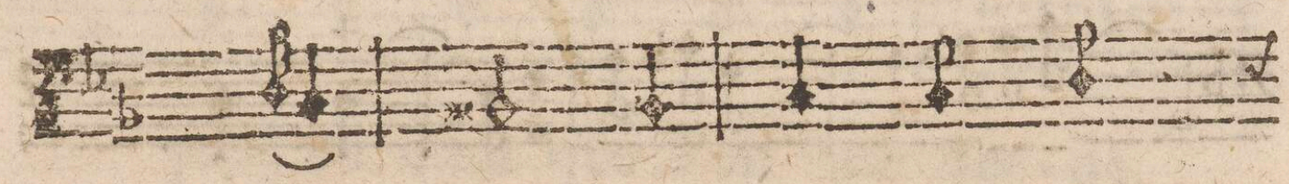


ret, Sans crain - dre la Sa-
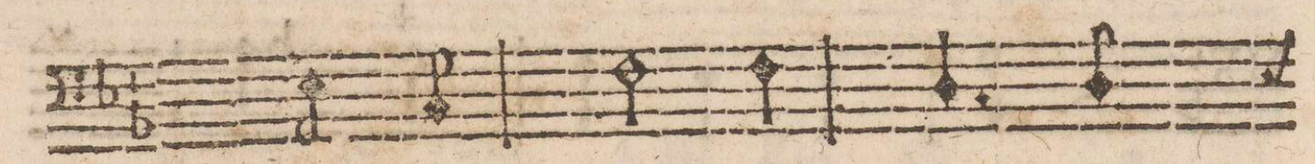


ti - re, A ſon gré l'on
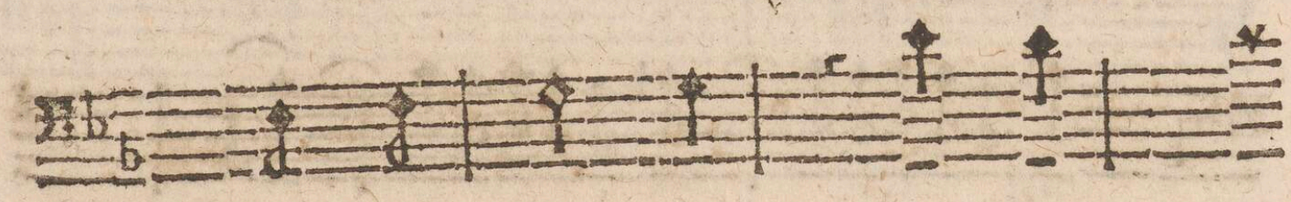


y fait tout ce que l'on



de - ſi - re, Vi - ve le
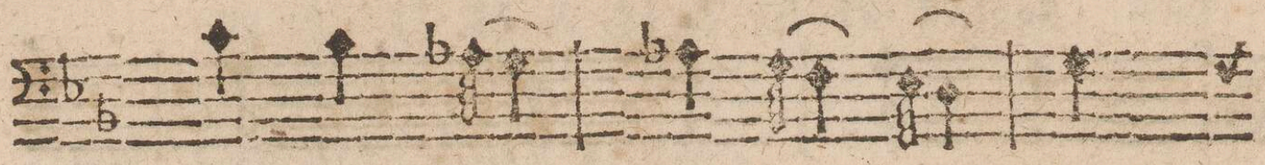


Ca - ba - ret, Sans crain - dre
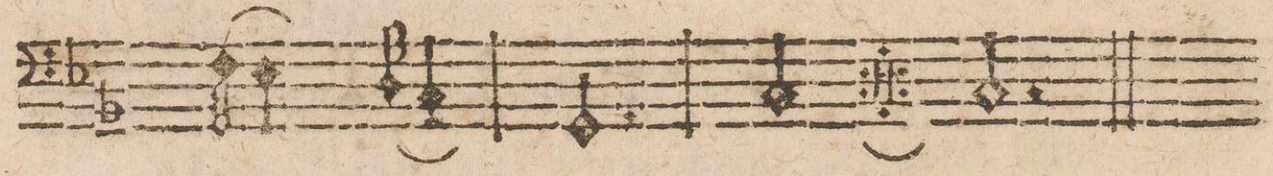


la Sa - ti - re, A ſon

gré
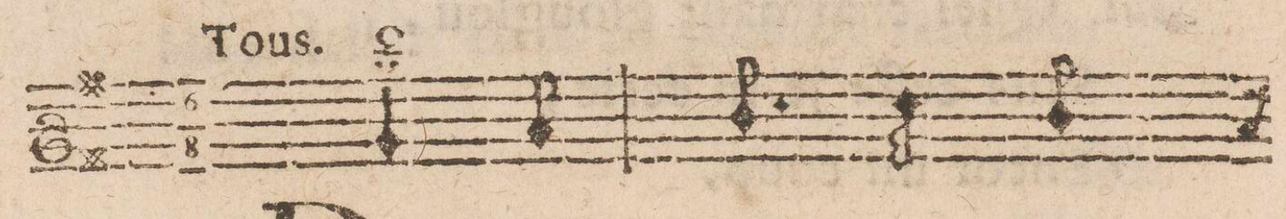


gré l'on y fait tout ce que
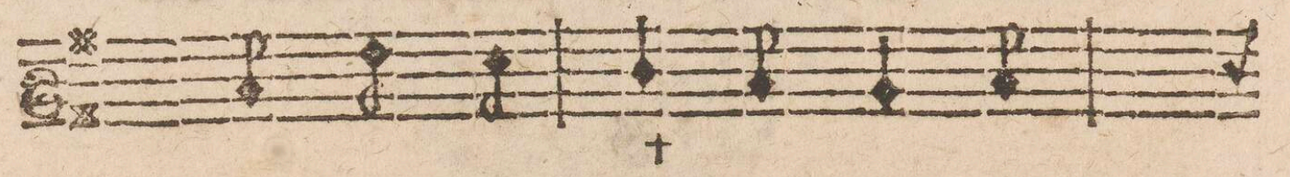


l'on de - ſi - re. re.

LA BELLE MAIN.
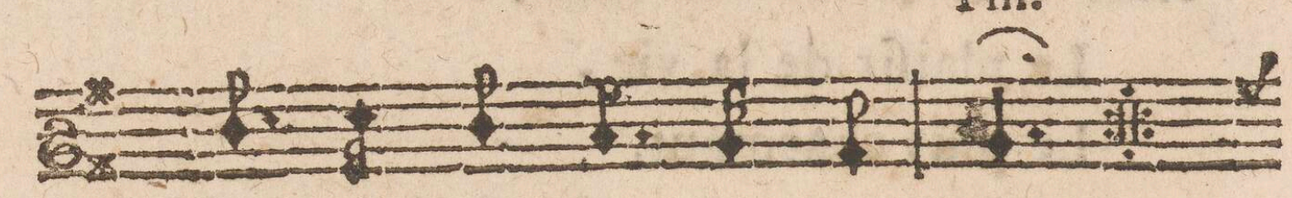
Rondeau.
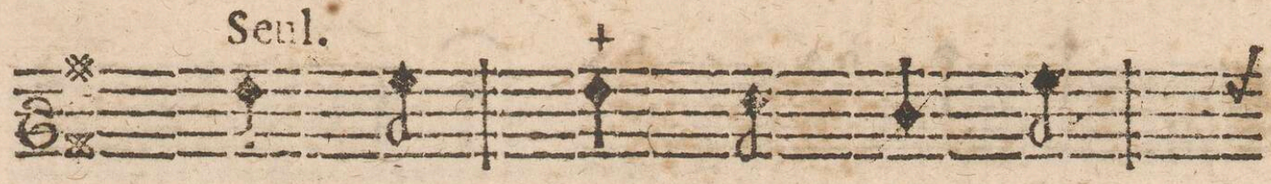


DE ta main quand je

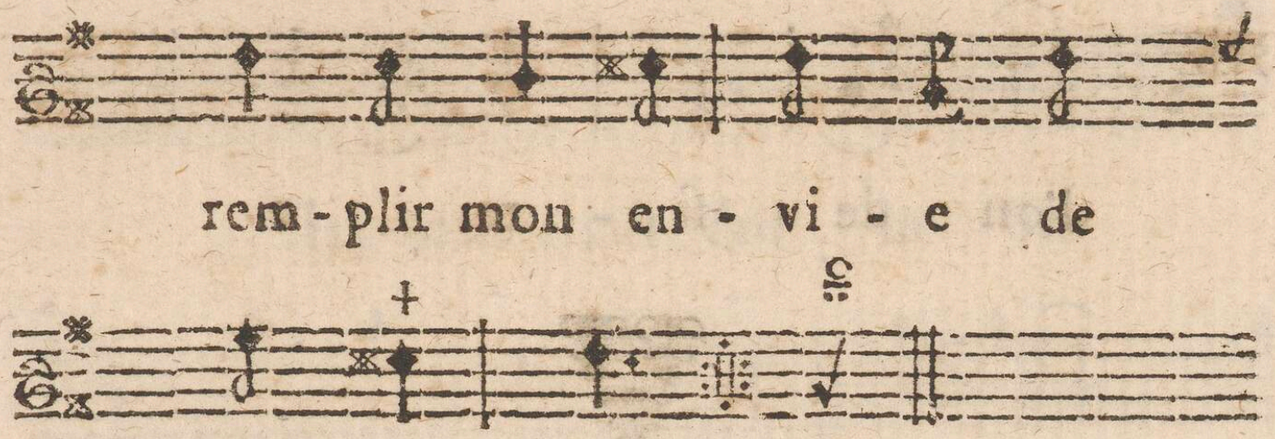


bois, ma Sil - vi - e, Mon deſ-



tin eſt d'en pren-dre ſans fin.





Seul. Quel charmant glouglou,
Sans ceſſe je m'écrie,
Encor un coup.
Tous. De ta main quand je bois ma Silvie,
Mon deſtin eſt d'en prendre ſans fin.

Seul. Près de toi l'on ſent,
Le plaiſir de la vie,
Le plus charmant.
Tous. De ta main quand je bois ma Silvie,
Mon deſtin eſt d'en prendre ſans fin.

Seul. Les plus doux appas,
Qu'en tous lieux on publie,
Ne valent pas.
Tous. De ta main quand je bois ma Silvie,
Mon deſtin eſt d'en prendre ſans fin.

Seul. Au ſon de ta voix,
C'eſt la pure Ambroiſie,
Que je reçois.
Tous. De ta main quand je bois ma Silvie,
Mon deſtin eſt d'en prendre ſans fin.

LE PENCHANT.

Air.

Gai.



JEu - ne Fil - let - te,

Toû-jours fo - let - te, Qui va ſou-

vent Deſ - ſus l'Her - bet - te

Tôt ou tard s'en re-pent: pent:
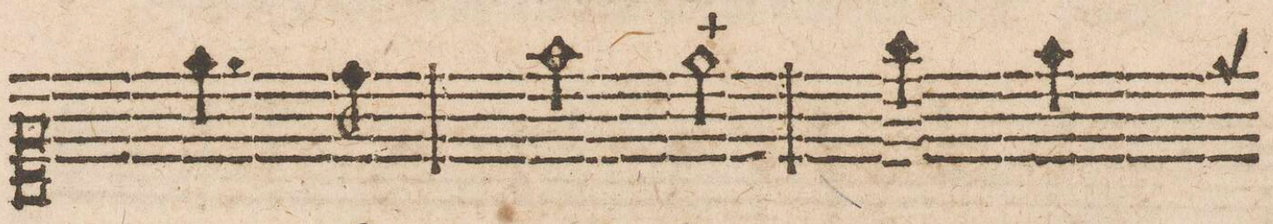
Un Ber - ger fi - del - le,

Lui dit qu'el - le eſt bel - le,
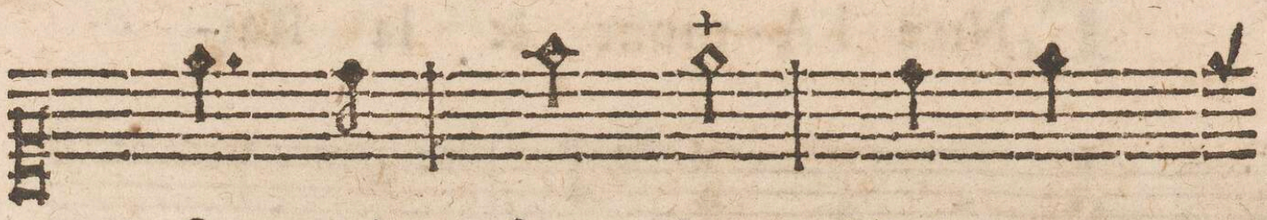
Son
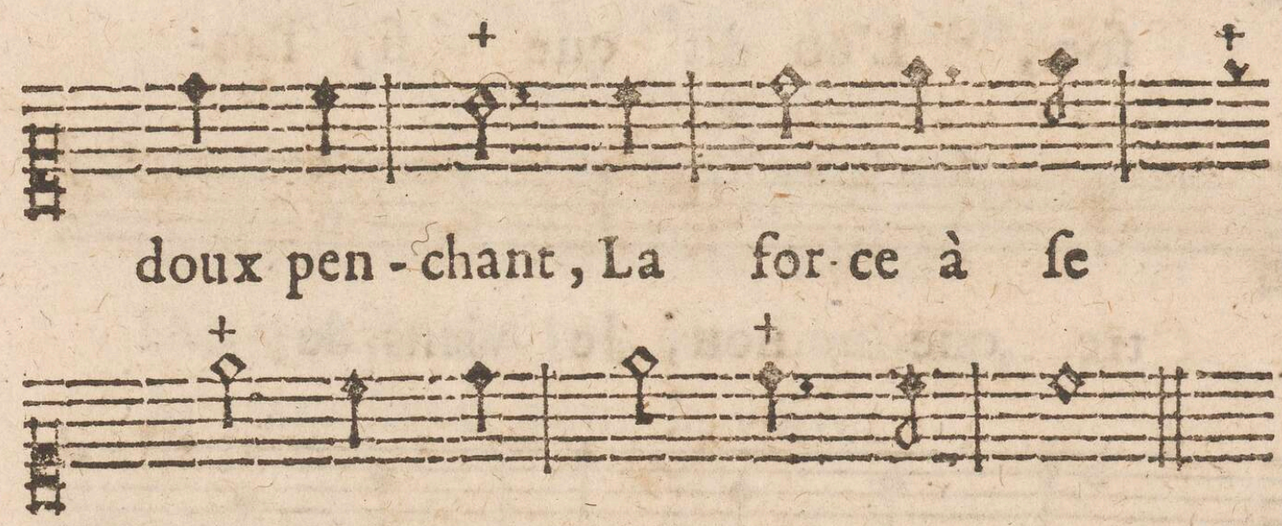


Son cœur y con - ſent, D'un diſ-



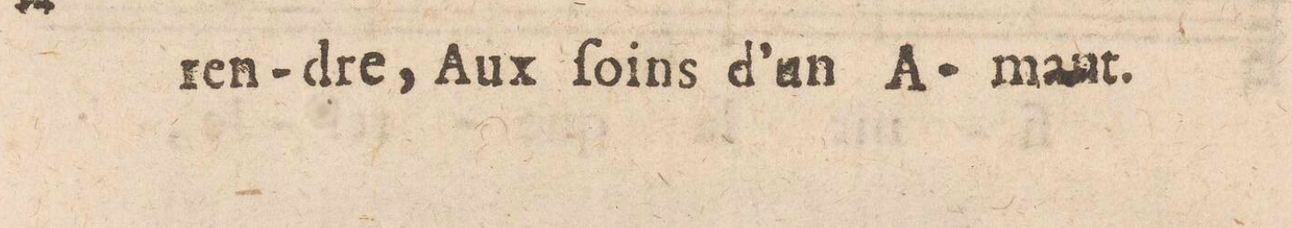
cours ſi ten - dre, L'on veut



ſe dé - fen - dre, Mais un
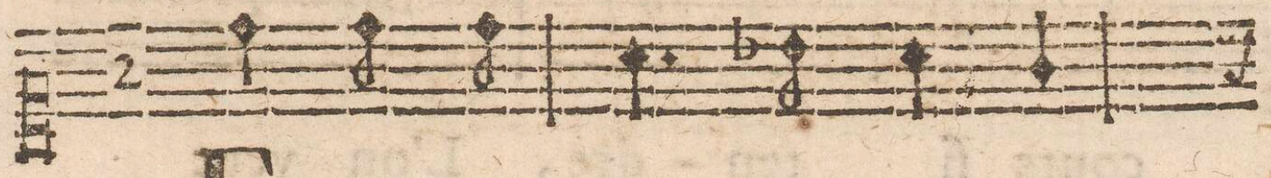


doux pen - chant, La for - ce à ſe
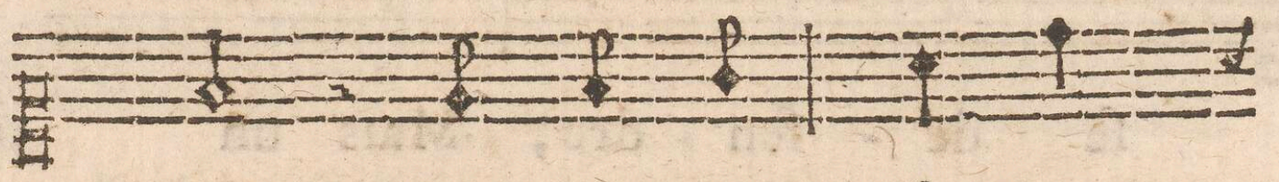


ren - dre, Aux ſoins d'un A - mant.

L'AMOUR ET LA RAISON.
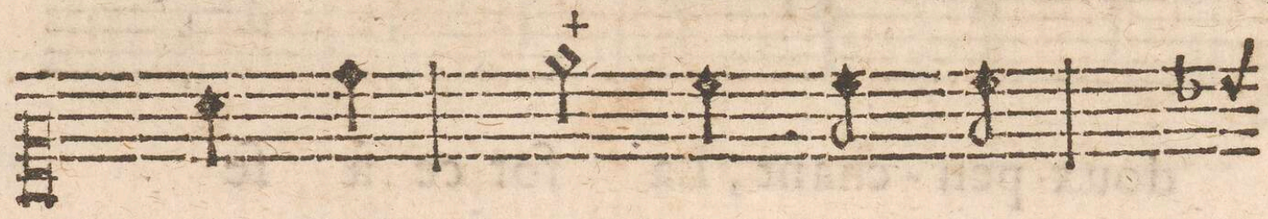
Vaudeville.
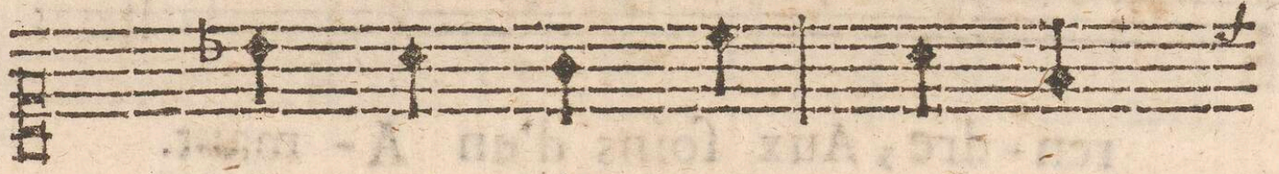


ENtre l'A-mour & la Rai-
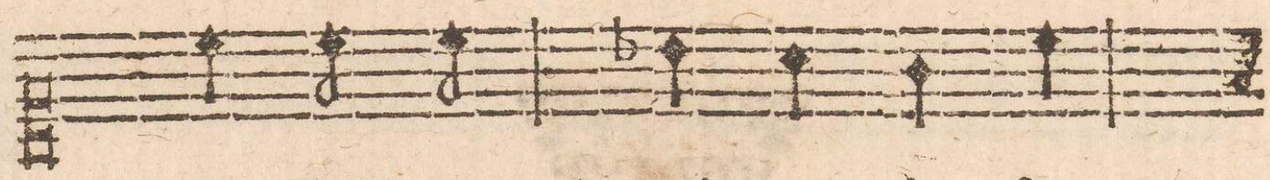


ſon, L'un dit que ſi, l'au-
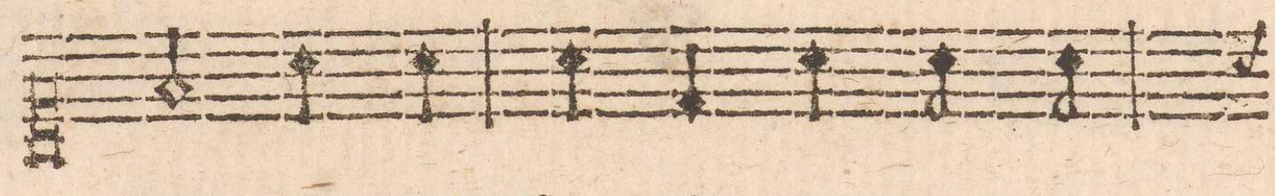


tre que non, Je viens de



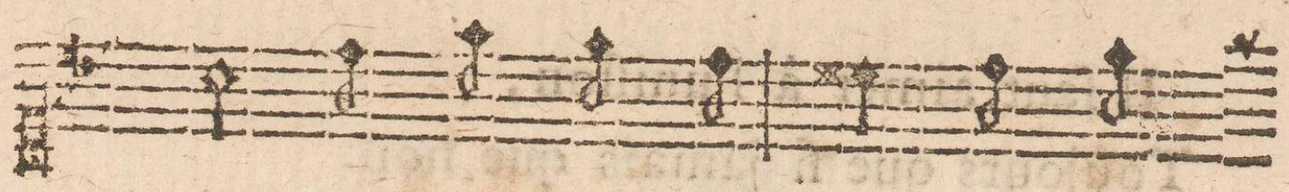
fi - nir la que - rel - le,



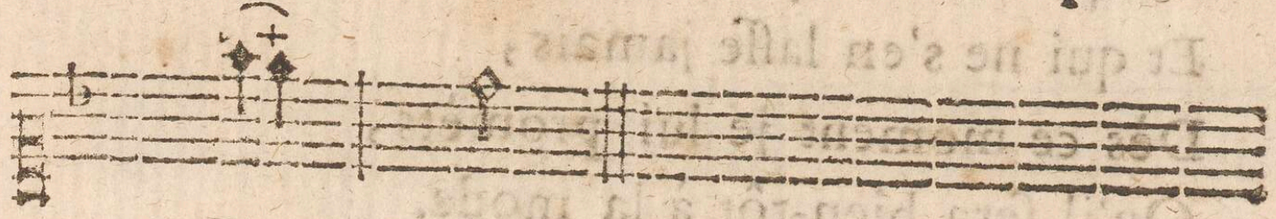
La Paix va ré-gner à ſon



tour, La Rai-ſon é-clai-re l'A-



mour, Et l'A-mour s'en-flam-me pour



el - le.

Toûjours que ſi jamais que non,
J'ai mis l'Amour à la Raiſon;
Nous allons bruler l'un pour l'autre,
Que tout ſente ici nôtre ardeur;
Dès que j'aurai fait ſon bonheur,
Je travaillerai pour le vôtre.

Je ne crains plus que la Raiſon
Puiſſe jamais dire que non;
Pour mieux aſſurer mon Empire,
Je me ſuis rangé ſous le ſien,
Et je vais m'y prendre ſi bien,
Qu'elle ne pourra s'en dédire.

Il faut aimer à l'uniſſon,
Toûjours que ſi jamais que non.
Trop heureux qui ſuit ma méthode,
Et qui ne s'en laſſe jamais,
Dès ce moment je lui promèts,
Qu'il ſera bien-tôt à la mode.
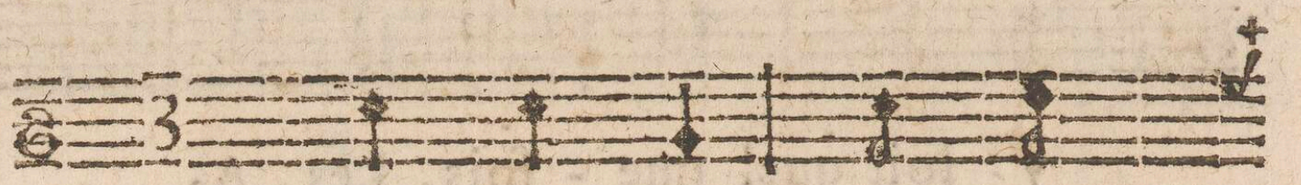
Amour, diſoit un vieux Gaſcon,
Je ne dirai jamais que non,
On lui fit tenter l'avanture,
Il prétendoit dire que ſi;
Mais il ſe trouva ſi tranſi,
Qu'il perdit bien-tôt la gageure.

Suis-je dans l'âge de raiſon?
Je dis que ſi, Maman que non,
Faites-moi ſortir de l'Enfance,
Dieu d'Amour, comblez mes déſirs,
Et pour avancer mes plaiſirs,
Expediez moi ma diſpence.
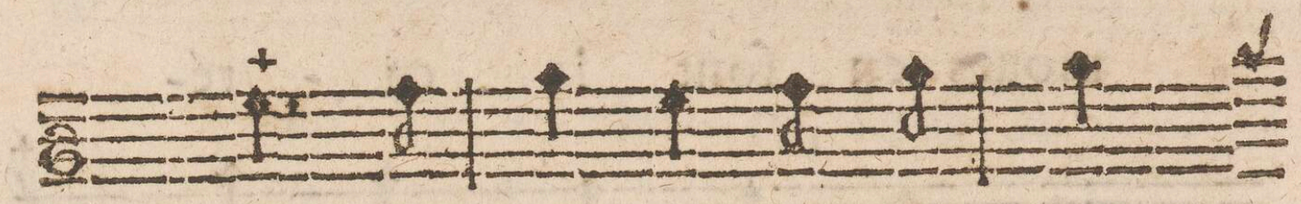
L'HI-

L'HIMEN.
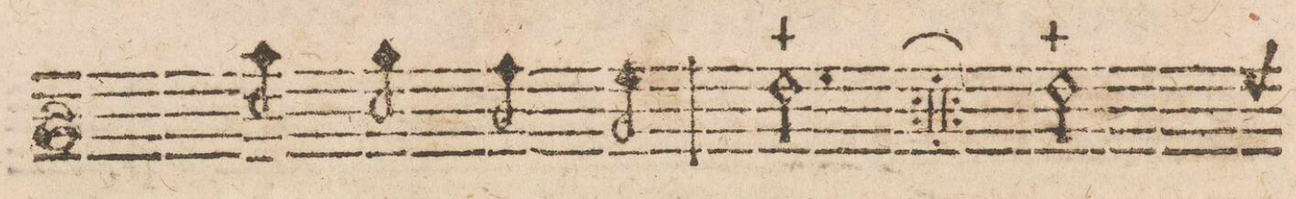
Couplet.
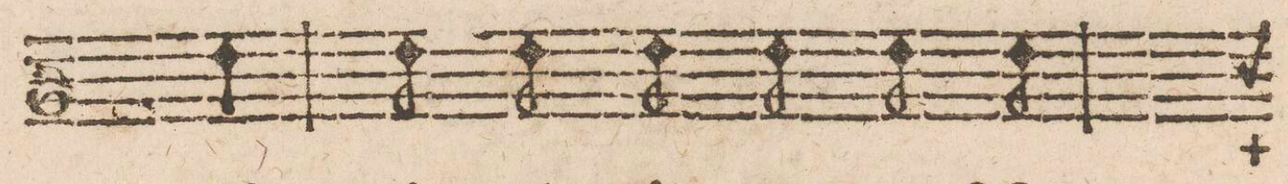


L'Hi- men eſt un Chaſ-
A tout mo- ment il
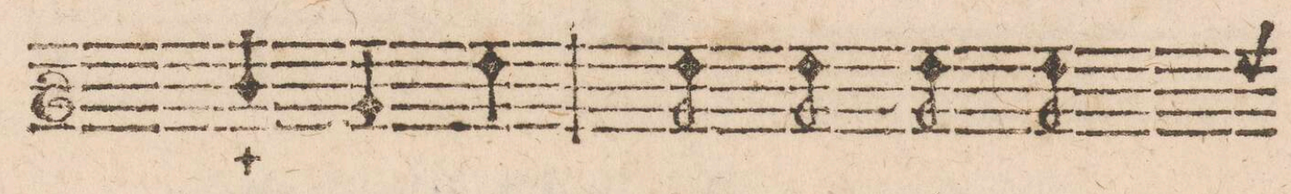


ſeur é - tran - ge, Qui ne chaſ-
prend le chan ge, Ah! que c'eſt



ſe qu'a-vec froi- deur,
un mau-vais pi- queur: queur:
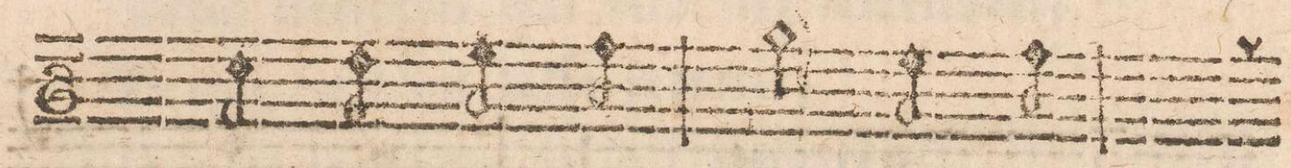


Il n'a point de rou-te aſ-ſu-
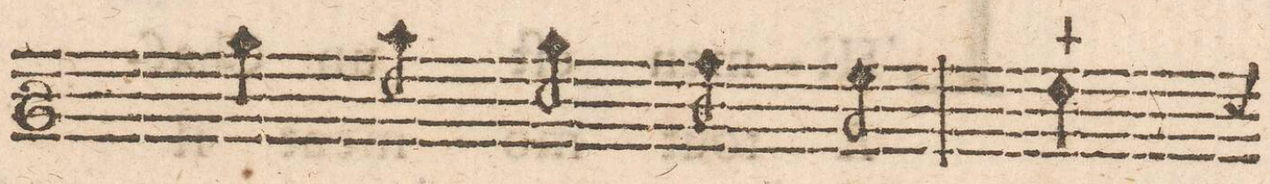


ré - e, Pour - ſui- vre ſa bê-



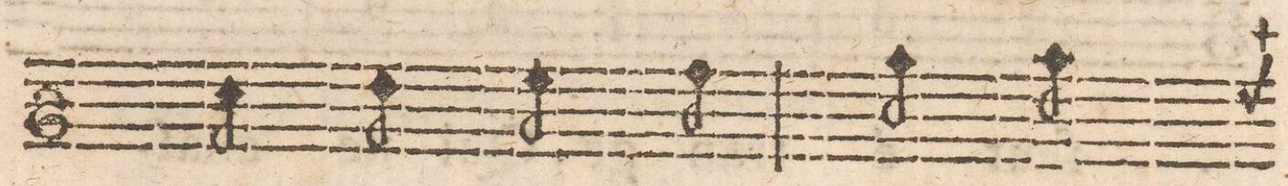
te é-ga - ré - e, Et ſans qu'il
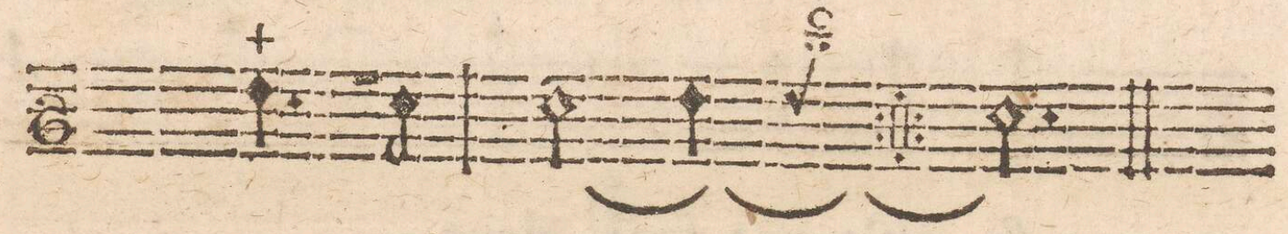


y ſoit quel- que - fois, Les A-



mours en font la cu - ré-



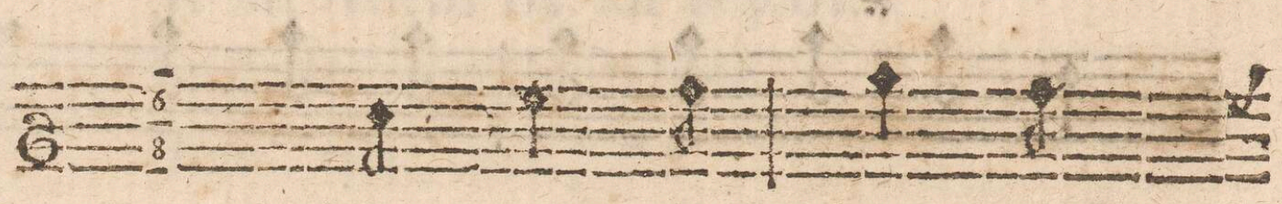
e, On ne lui laiſ - ſe
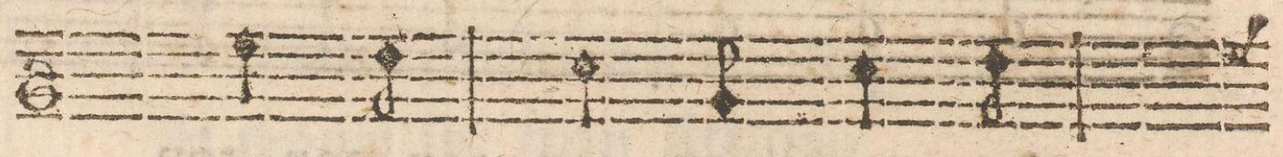


que le Bois. Il, &c. Bois.

LE CHASSEUR.
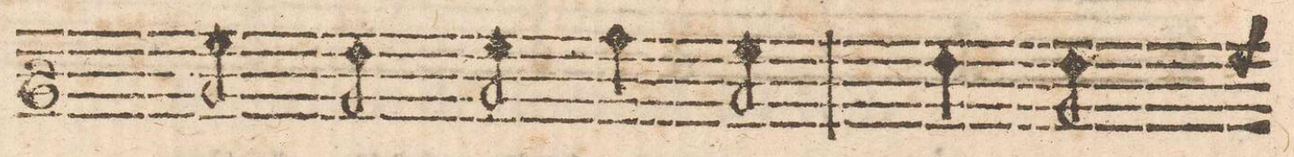
Vaudeville.



AH! que la Fo - rêt
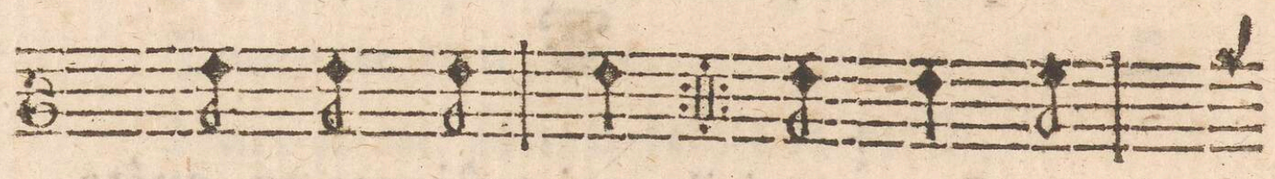


de Ci - thè - re, pour la



Chaſſe eſt un bon, Lan - ton - ton-



tai - ne, ton, ton, ton, ton,
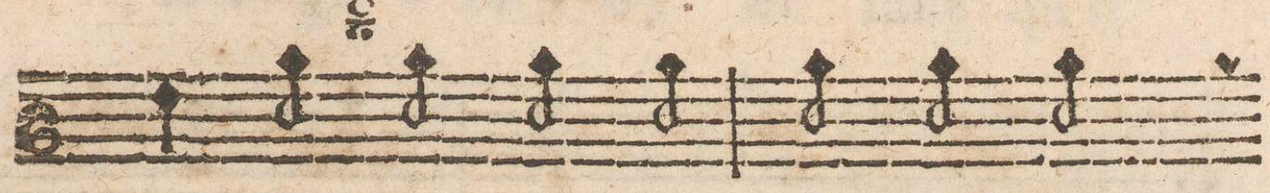


ton, ton, ton, ton: Dans l'Hi - ver
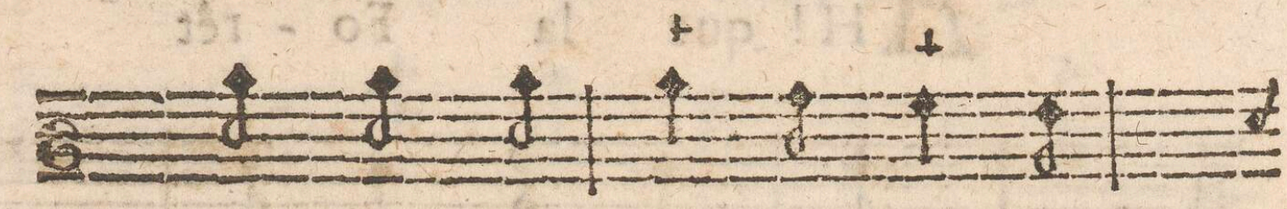


on n'y Chaſ - ſe guè - re,



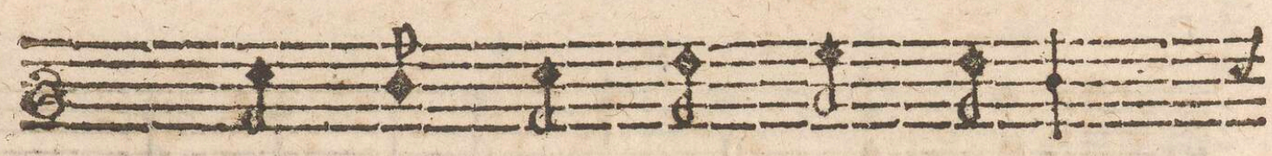
Mais au Prin-tems c'eſt la Sai-



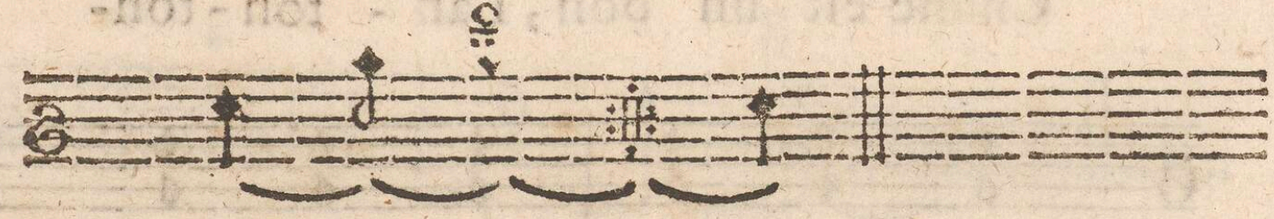
ſon, Ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton,



ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton,



tai-ne, ton, ton, ton, ton,



ton. Ton, &c. ton.

1.

Pour moi j'y vai toûjours en quête,
De quelque agréable tendton,
Tontaine ton, &c.
A ſes allures je m'arrête,
Pour voir s'il eſt courable ou non.
Ton, ton, ton, &c.
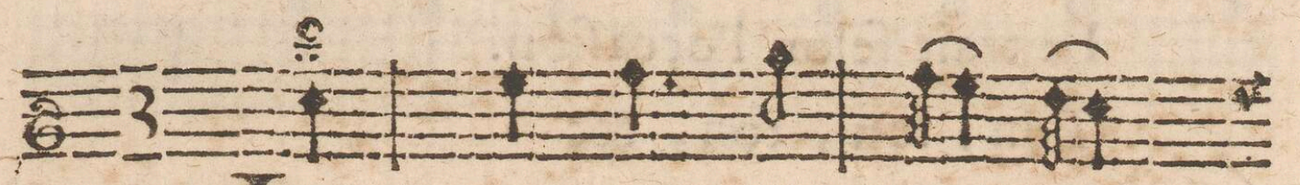
Pour me bien mettre ſur la voïe,
Je prends pour limier Cupidon,
Tontaine ton, &c.
Je lui retiens ou lui déploïe,
Le trait ſelon l'occaſion.
Ton, ton, ton, &c.

Quand j'ai connu des Repoſées,
Je monte ſur mon Etalon,
Tontaine ton, &c.
Je vai ſraper à mes briſées,
Appuïant & ſonnant du ton.
Ton, ton, ton, &c.

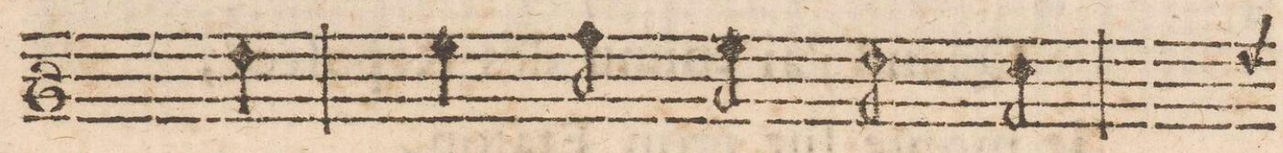
Quand aux abois la Bête eſt miſe,
A lever le pied, je ſuis prompt,
Tontaine ton, &c.
Mais je ne ſonne point la priſe,
Comme bien d'autres Chaſſeurs ſont.
Ton, ton, ton, &c.

LA FOLLE CONSTANCE.
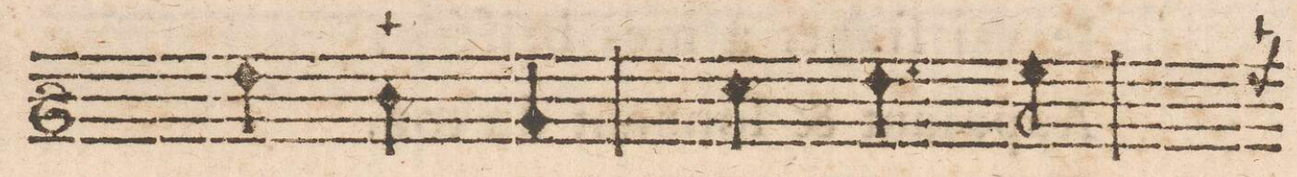
Musette.
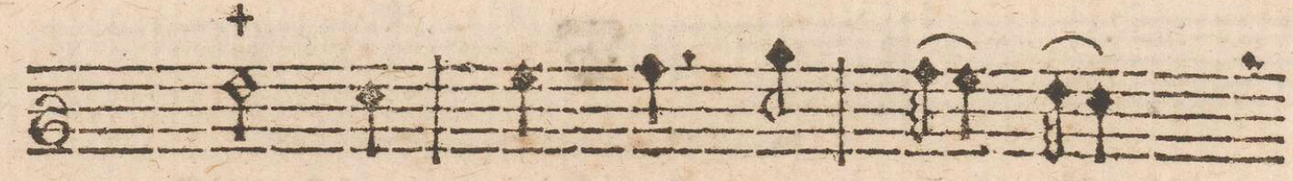


J'Ai per-du Cli-me-ne,
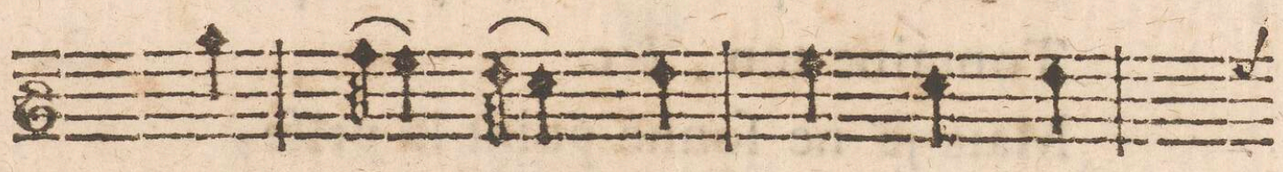


Mon In-for-tu-ne eſt cer-



tai-ne, J'en meurs de dou-
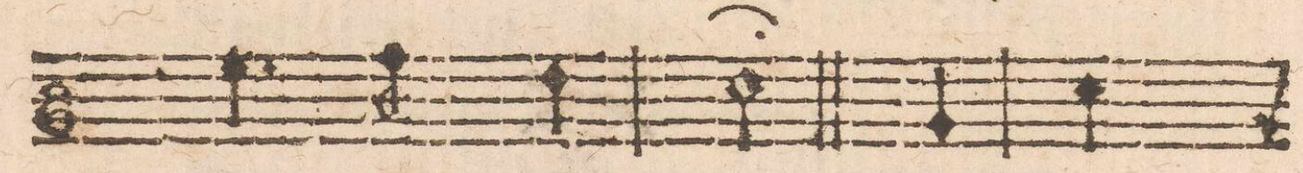


leur, L'In-grat-te me laiſ-ſe
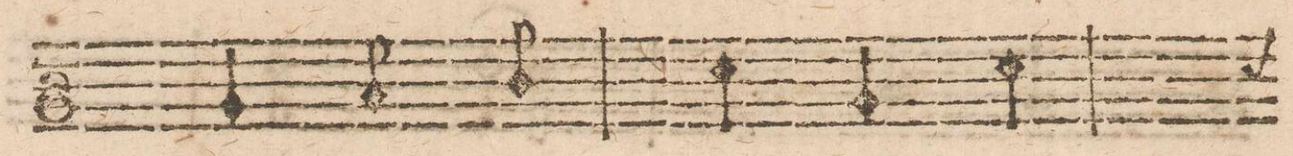


tou-te ma ten-dreſ-ſe, Et

Fin.

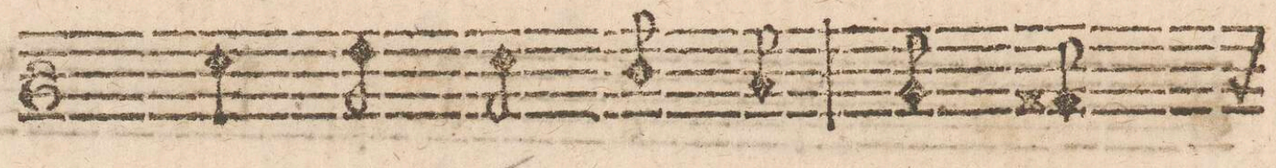


m'ô-te ſon cœur. J'é-tois

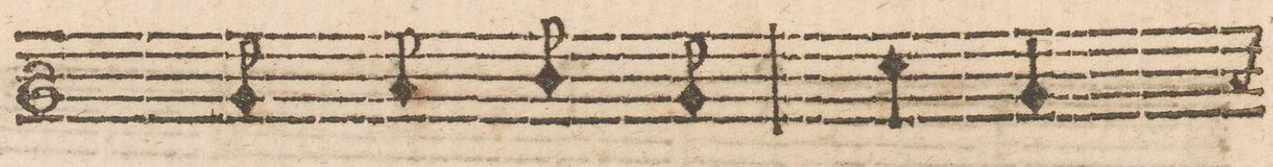
en-
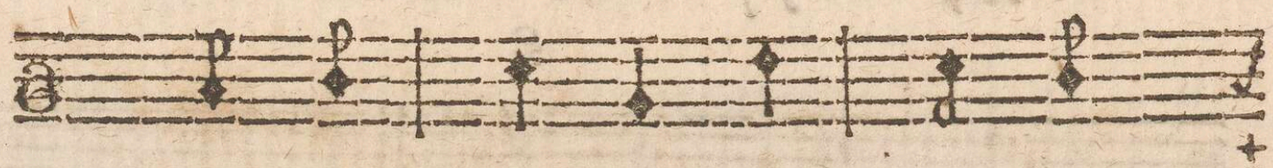


en - chan - té d'el - le, Grands



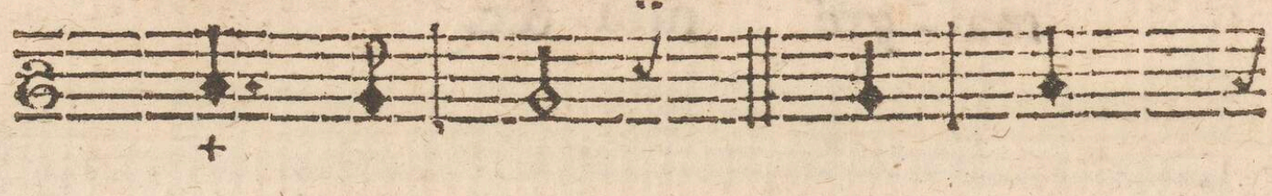
Dieux, qu'el-le a - voit d'at-traits! U-
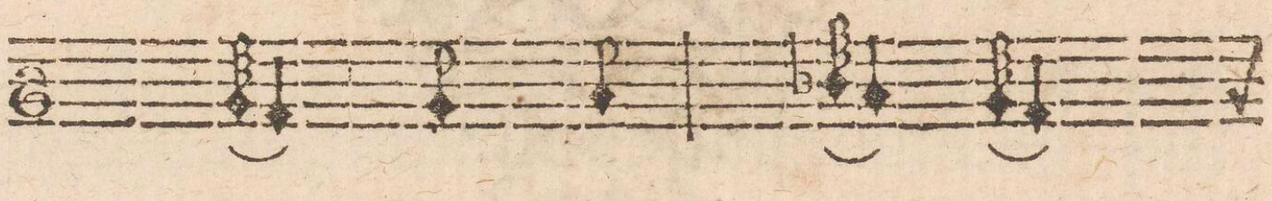


ne A-man - te ſi bel - le



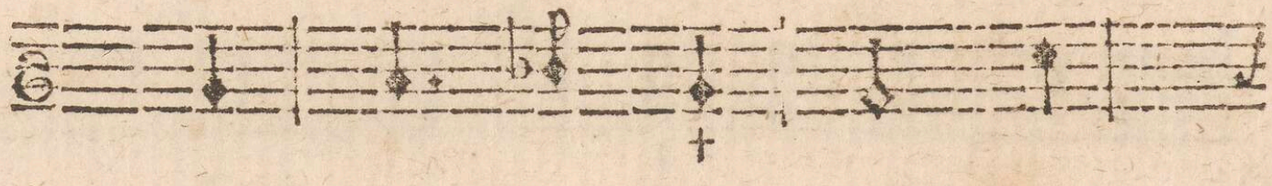
Et ſi - del - le, Ne ſe trou-



va ja - mais. Tous les
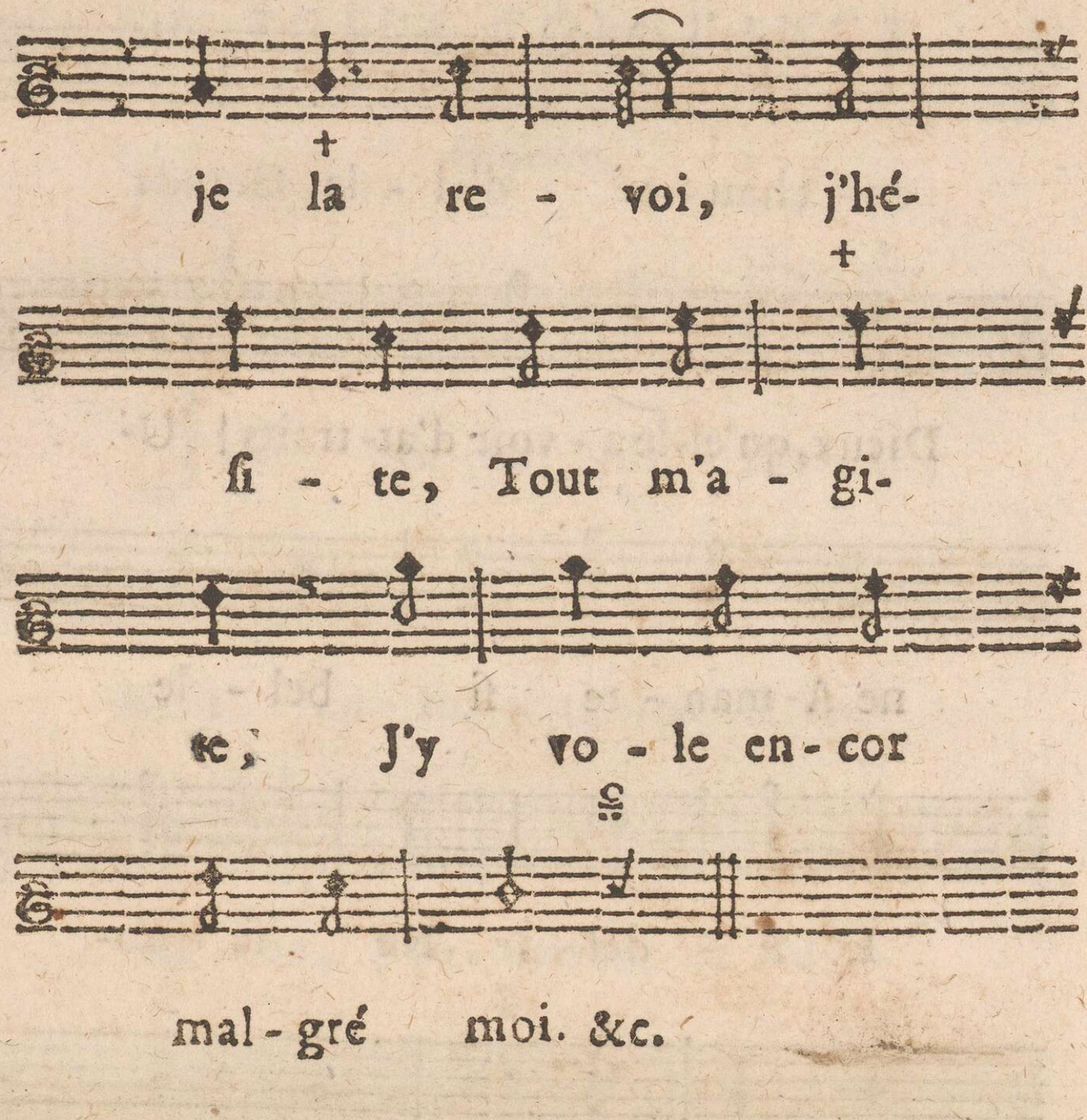


jours je la quit - te,
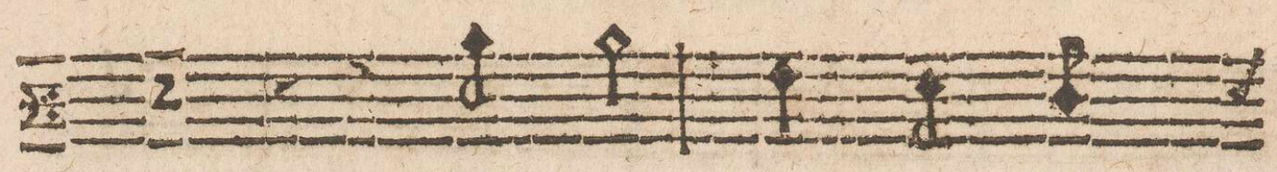


Du moins je le croi: Quand

en-
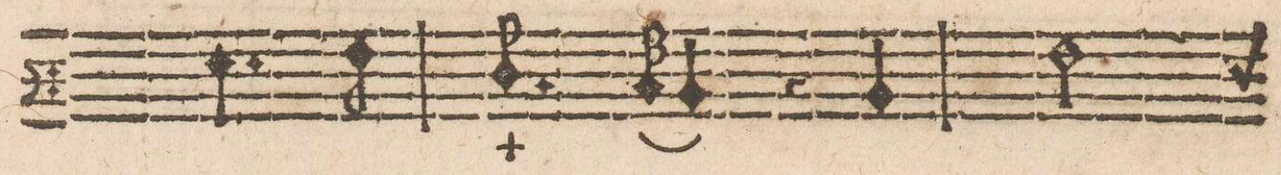
je


je la re - voi, j'hé-
fi - te, Tout m'a - gi-
te, J'y vo - le en - cor
mal - gré moi. &c.

LE RETOUR DES VENDANGES,
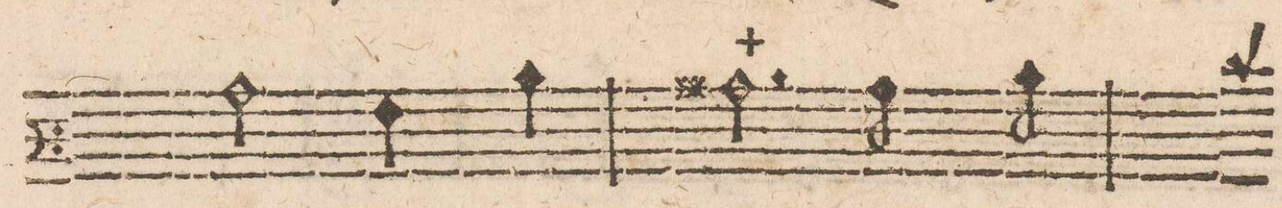


A- mis, n'é- tes vous
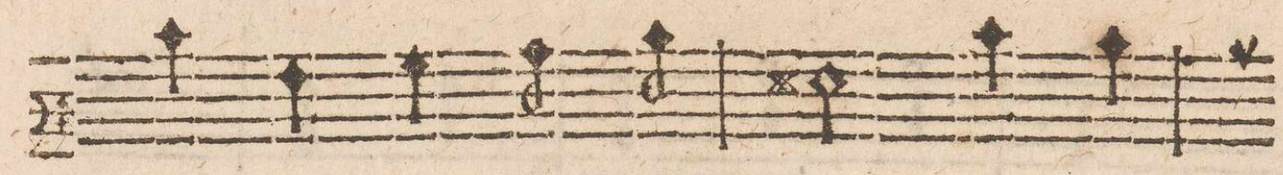


pas é - tran - ges? Eh quoi!
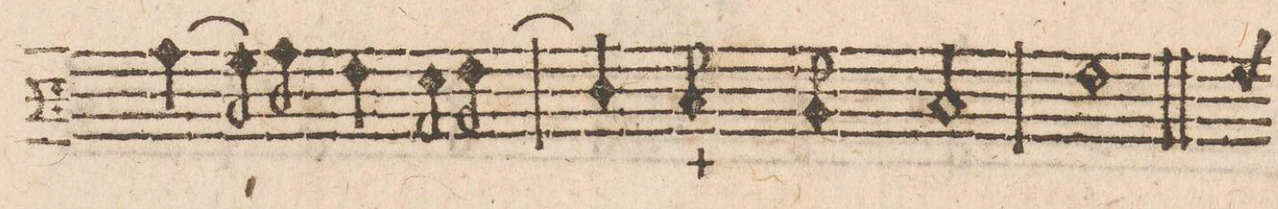


toû jours l'A - mour! Quoi, toû-



jours le Prin - tems? N'en- ten-
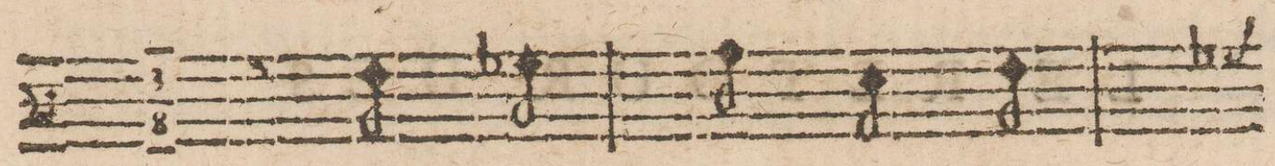


drai - je dans tous nos champs, Que chan-
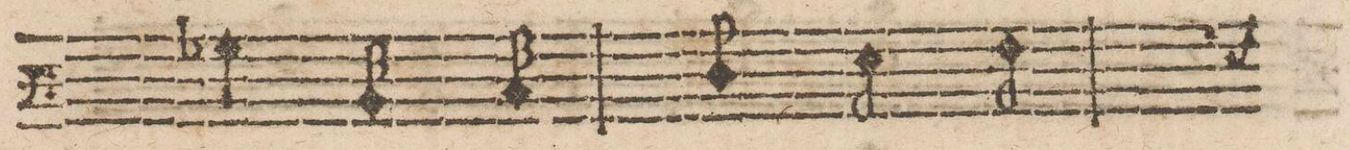


ter - - leurs lou - an - ges!

LE
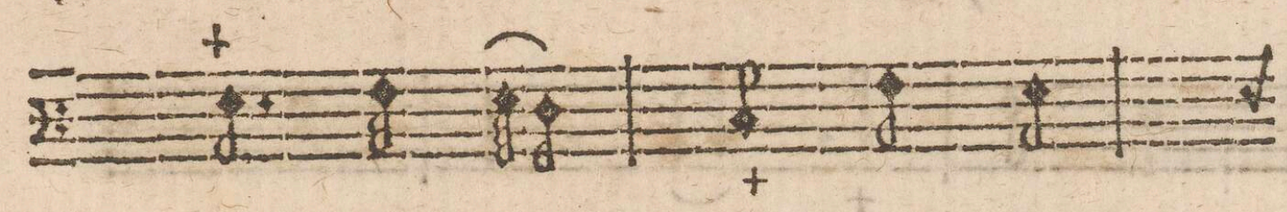
Croïez-
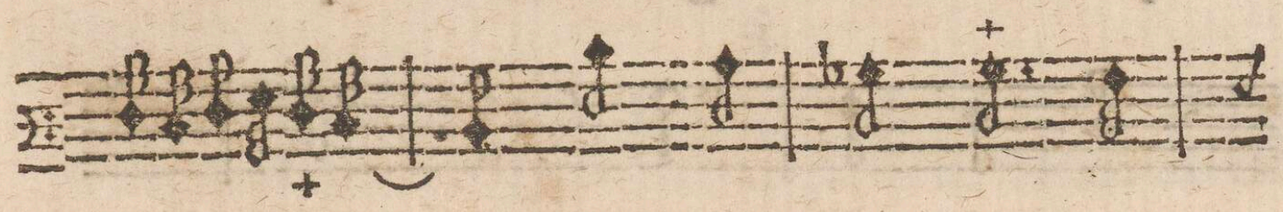


Croï - ez - moi, Croï - ez-
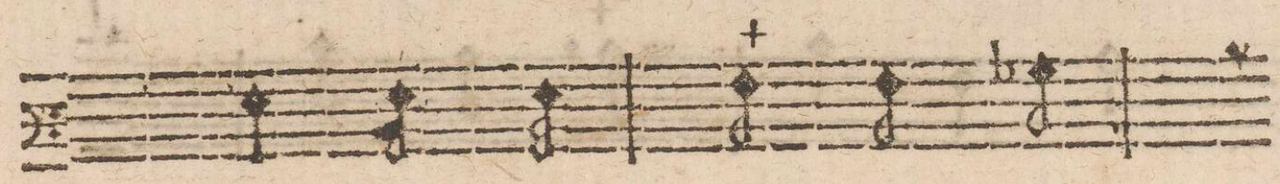


moi, laif - ſez - là le Prin-
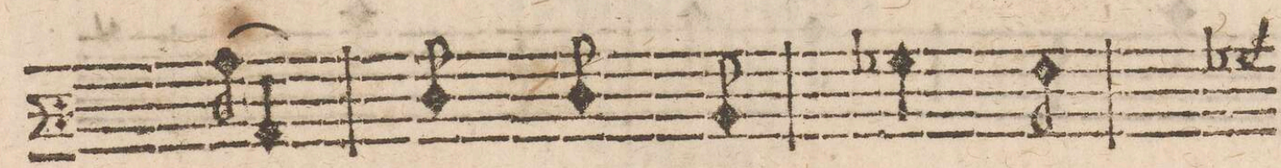


tems & l'A - mour, Pour chan-
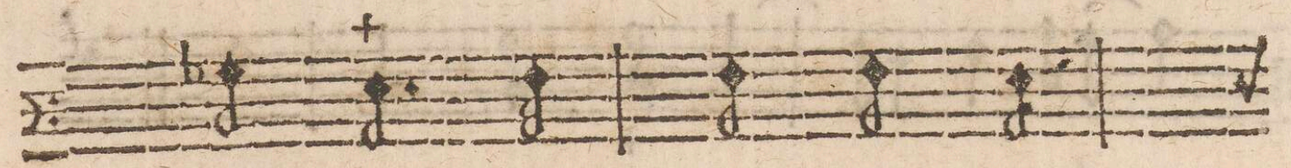


ter - -, Pour chan - ter tour à
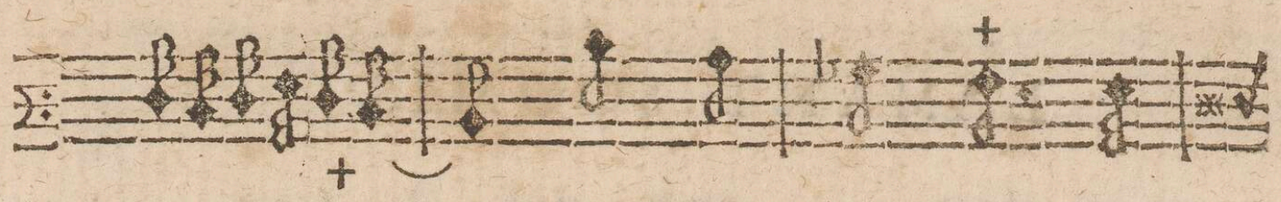


tour le re - tour des Ven-
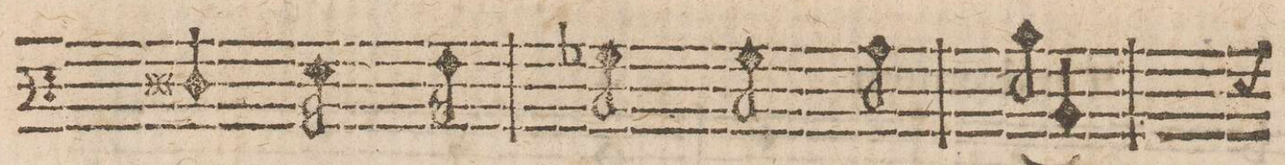


dan - ges: Il n'eſt point de



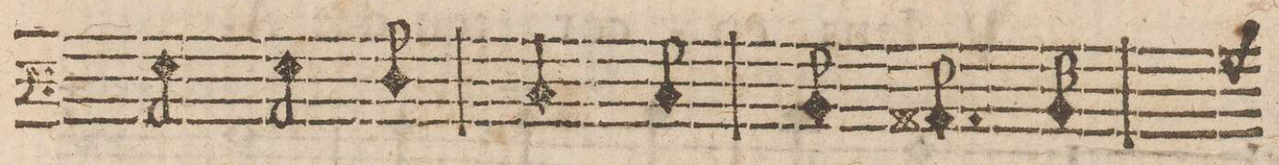
plus beau re - tour. Pour chan-
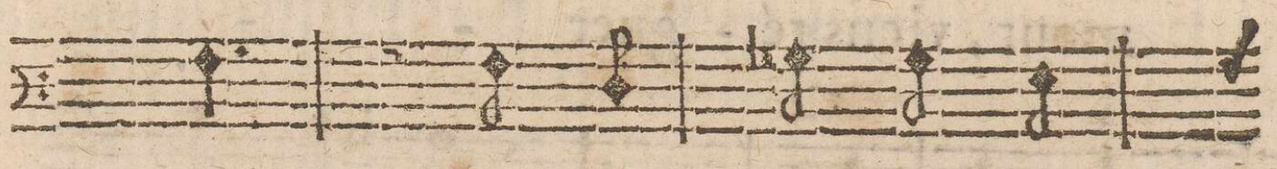


ter - -, Pour chan- ter tour à



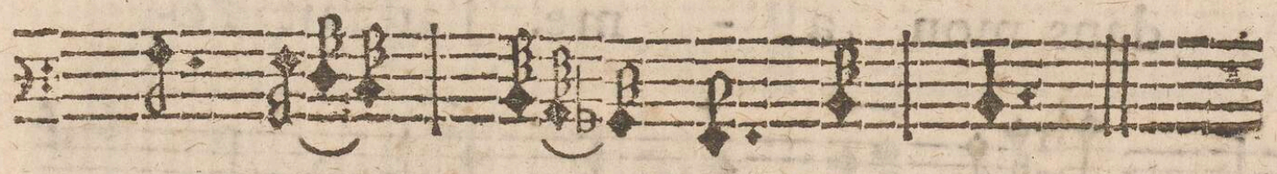
tour le re - tour des Ven - dan-



ges; Il n'eſt point de plus beau re-



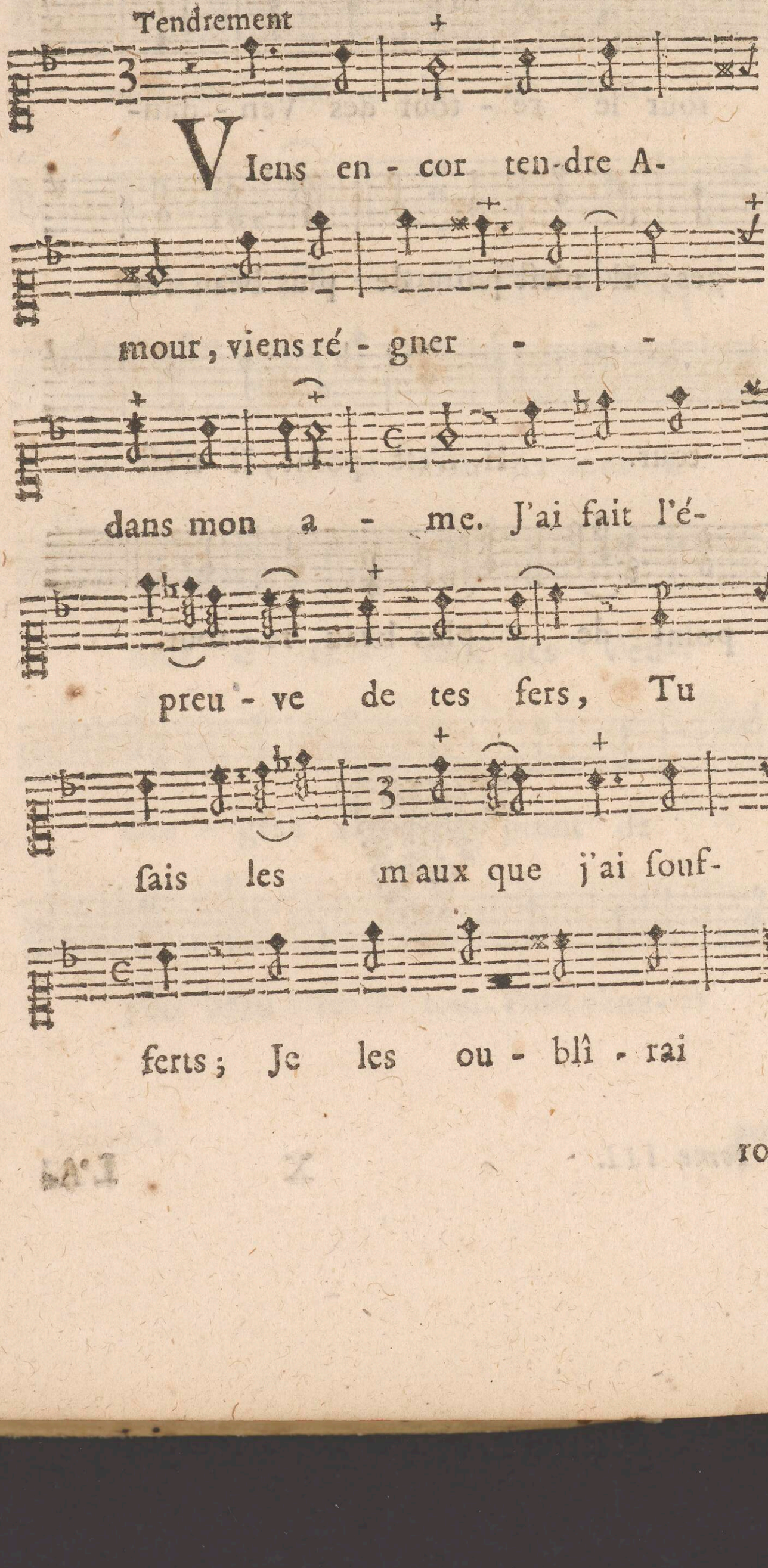
tour. Il n'eſt point, Il n'eſt

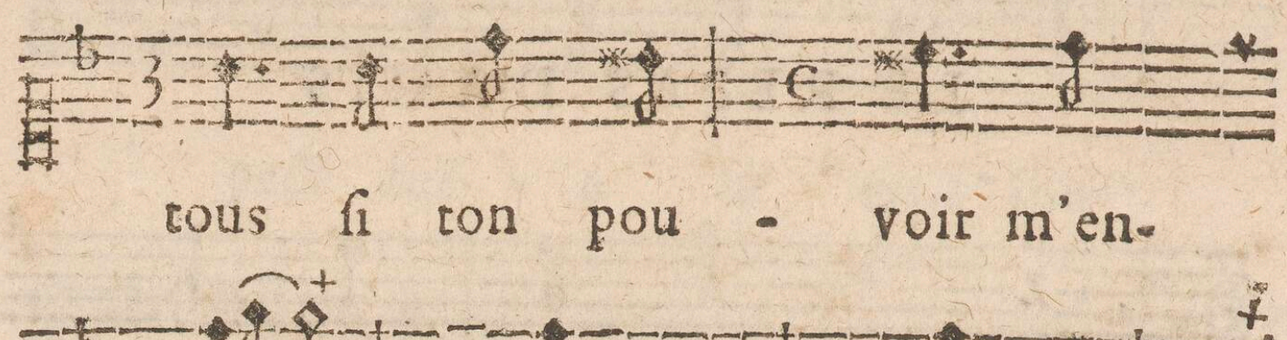


point de plus beau re- tour.

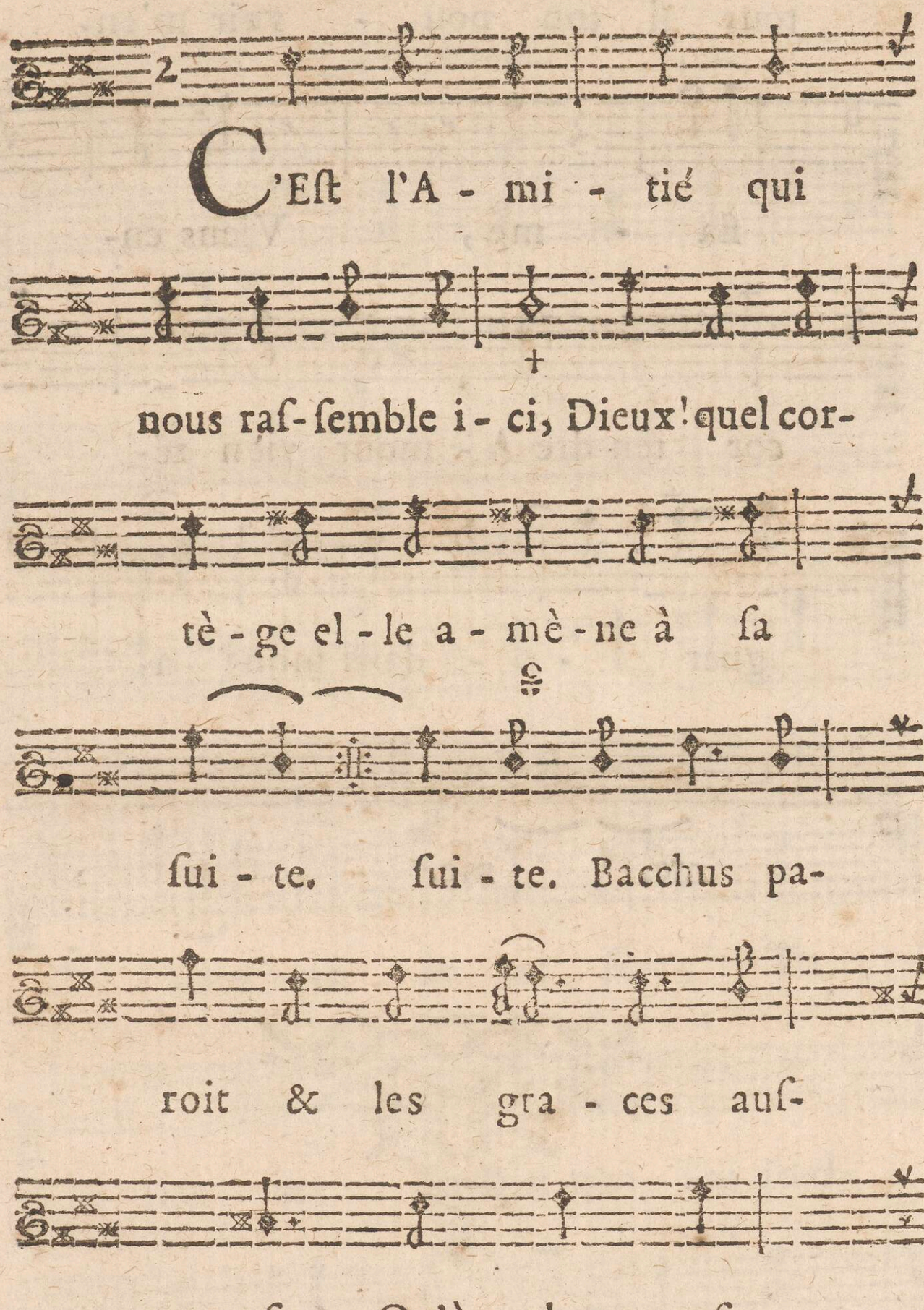
L'AMANT SOUMIS.

Air ſerieux.

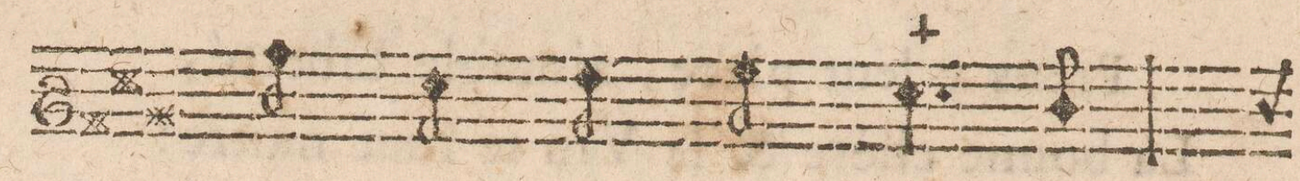



tous si ton pou - voir m'en-
fla - me, Viens en-
cor ten-dre A - mour, vien ré-
gner - - dans mon a-
me. me.
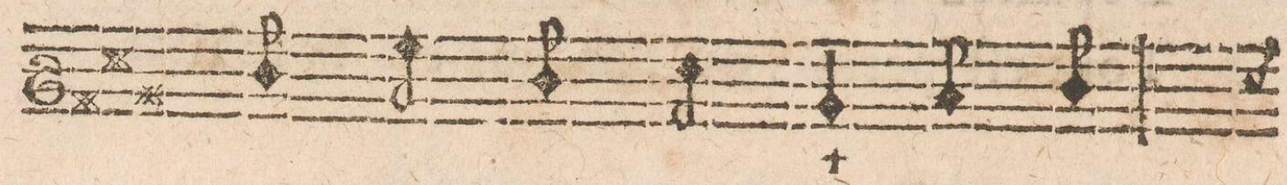
LE REPAS D'AMIS.
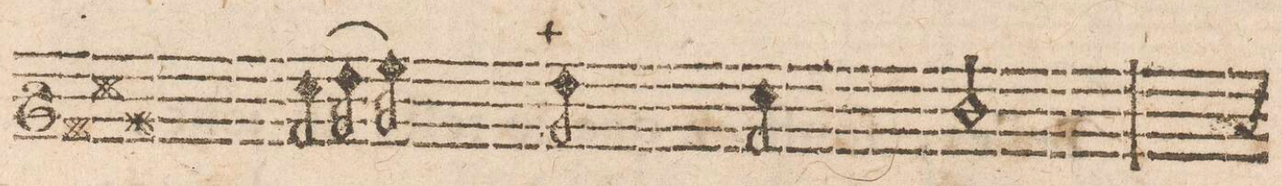


BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH



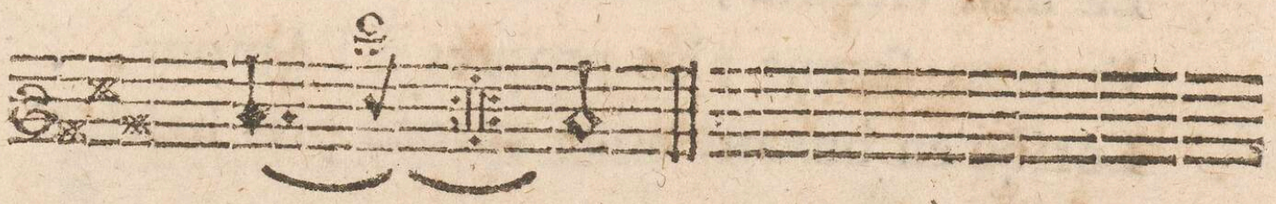
pect fuï - e le noir ſou-



ci, Et qu'a-vec lui l'A-mour



vo - le & nous quit-



te. te.

S'il doit régler nos ſoins & nos déſirs,
C'eſt dans l'ardeur d'un galand tête à tête:
Regards, tranſports, doux & tendres ſoupirs,
Y font trouver la ſource des plaiſirs;
Mais en ces lieux ils troubleroient la Fête.
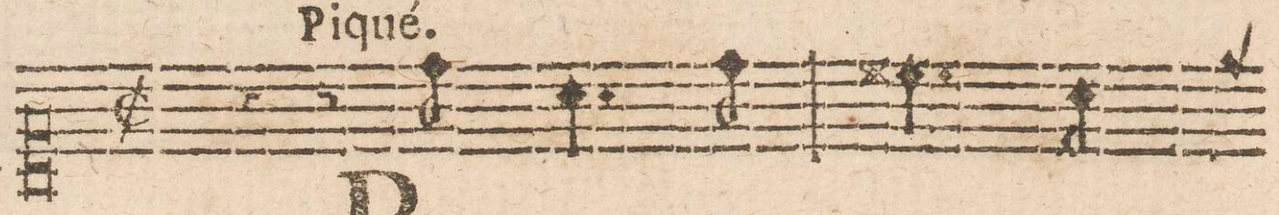
Prens y leur place, aimable Liberté,
La bonne chère & le Vin te font naitre:
Chants & bons mots, que produit la gaité,
Déploïez-vous, brillez en ſureté;
Tout eſt permis ou Bacchus eſt le maitre.

Belles, ſouffrez que le reſte du jour,
Il puiſſe au moins relacher notre chaine:
La nuit viendra, vous aurez votre tour;
Et nous ſerons plus propres à l'Amour,
Lorſqu'en buvant nous aurons pris haleine.
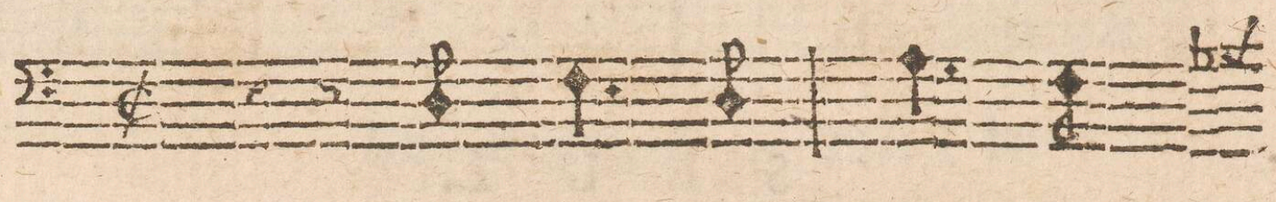
RONDE DE TABLE.

CHOEUR.
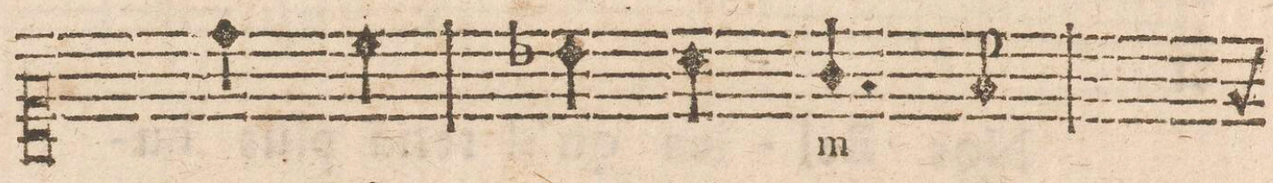
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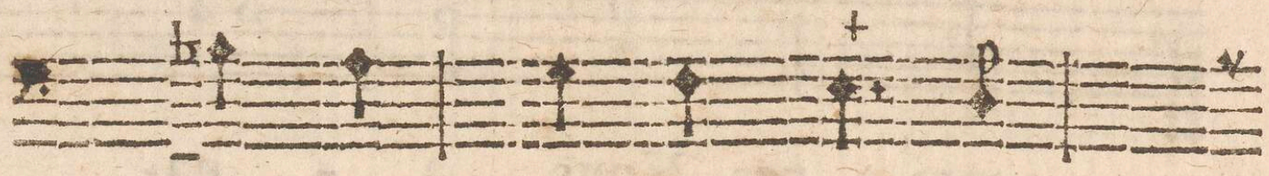


BU- vons, A - mis, Bu-



Bu- vons, A - mis, bu-
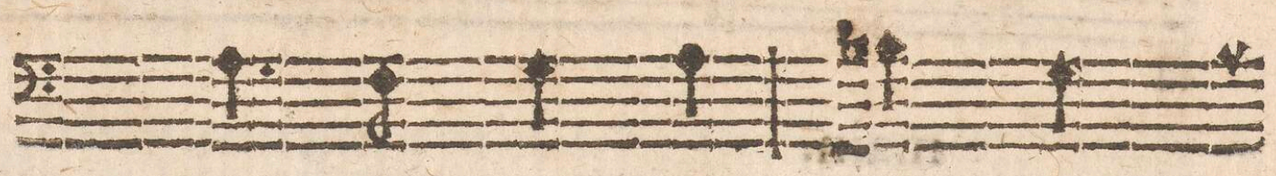


vons de ce Nec- tar di-
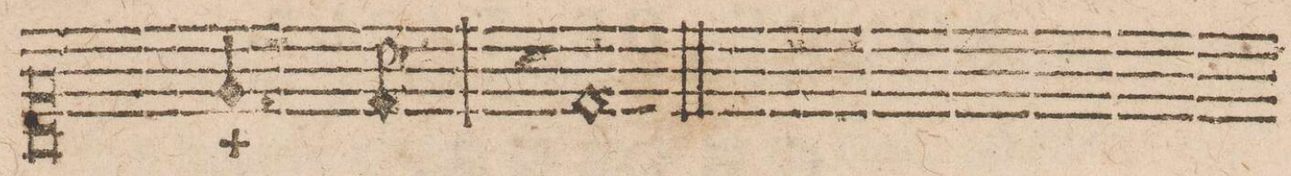


vons de ce Nec - tar di-
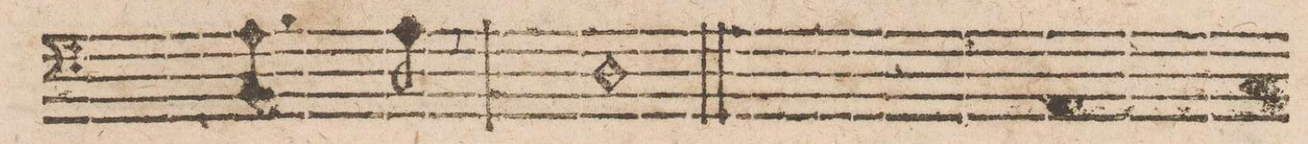


vin, Bu - vons de ce Nec-



vin, Bu - vons de ce Nec-
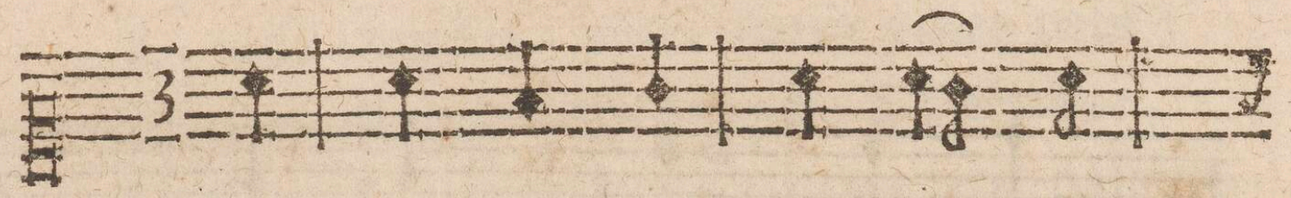


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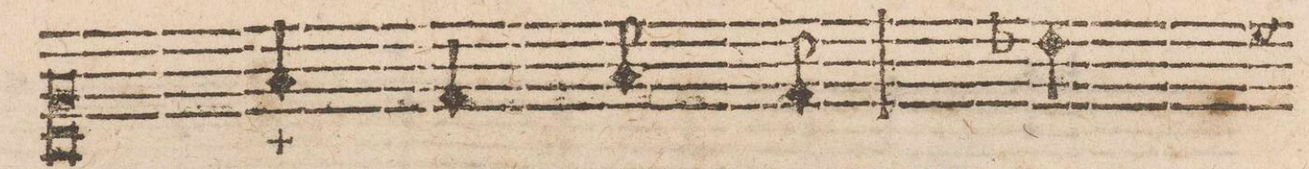


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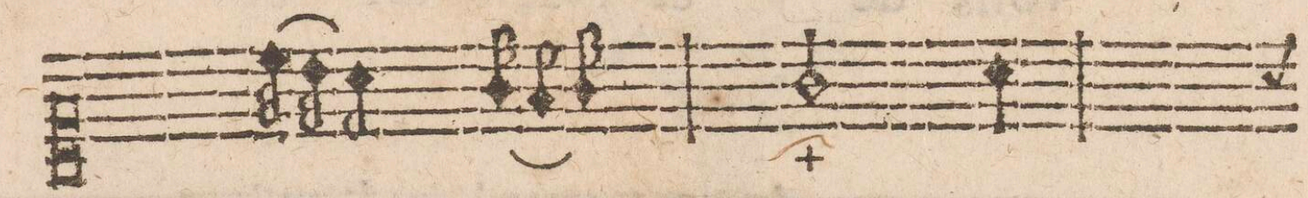
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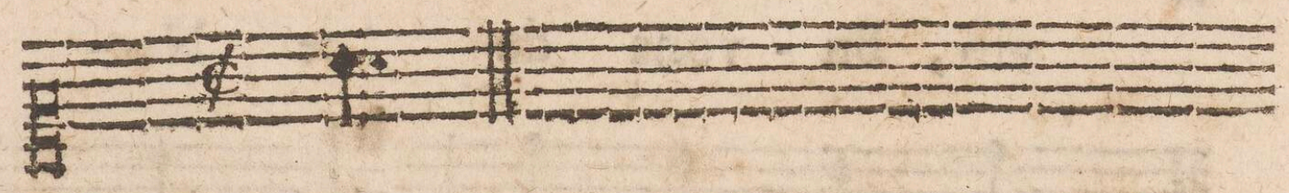
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mai - nes, Nous a - ga-
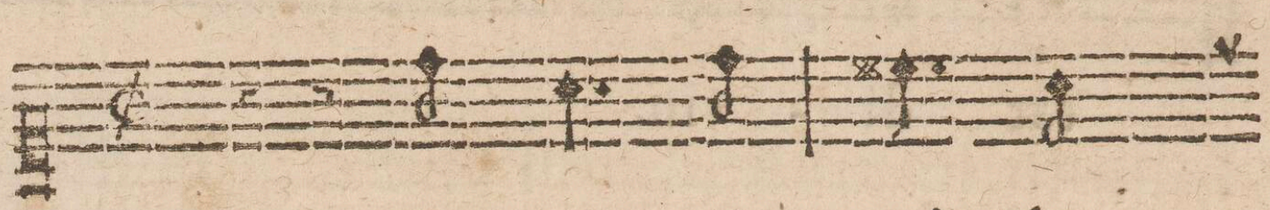


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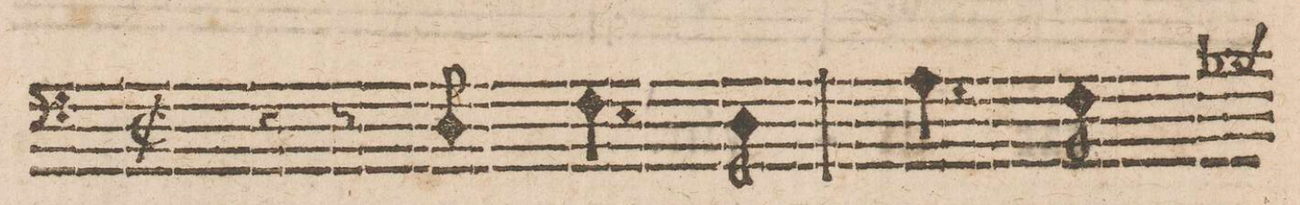
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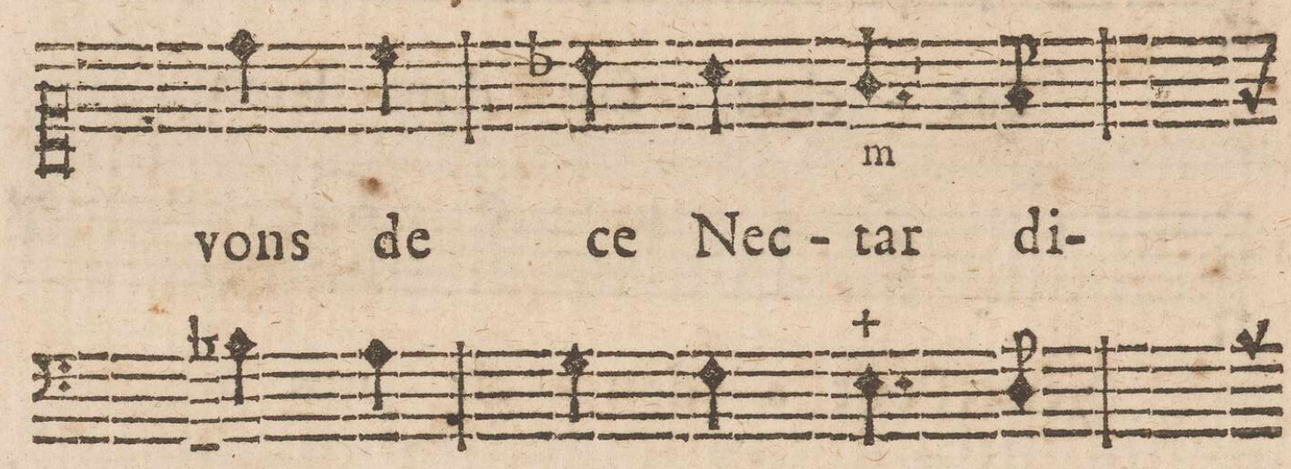
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Bu-vons, A - mis, bu-
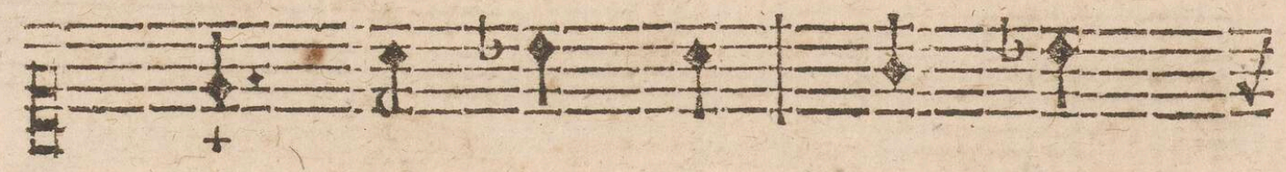


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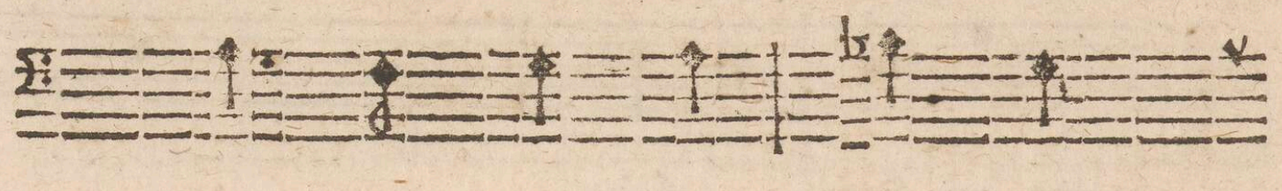


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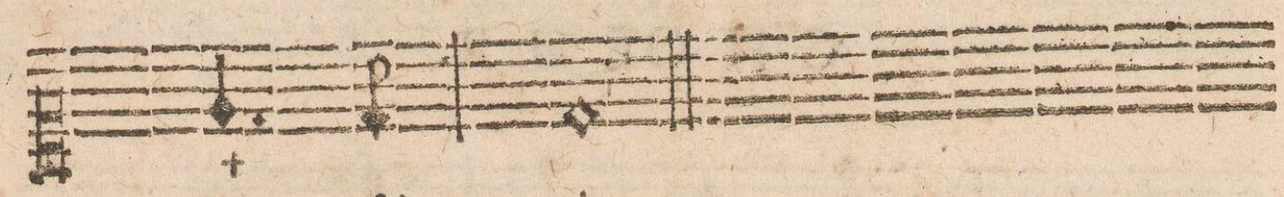
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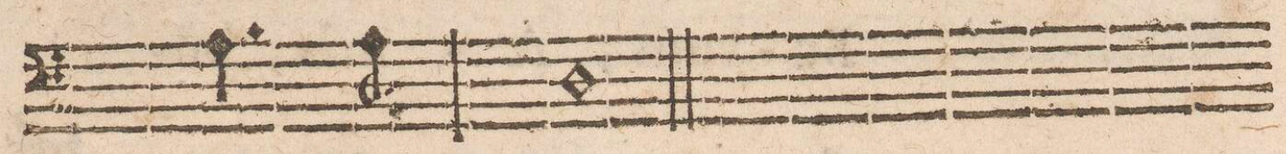


vin, Bu-vons de ce Nec-



vin, Bu-vons de ce Nec-
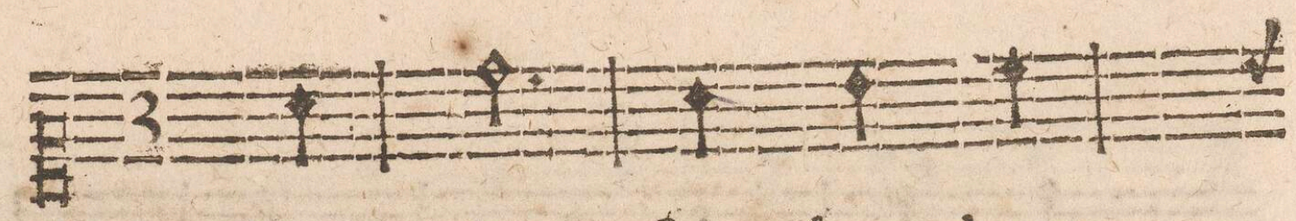


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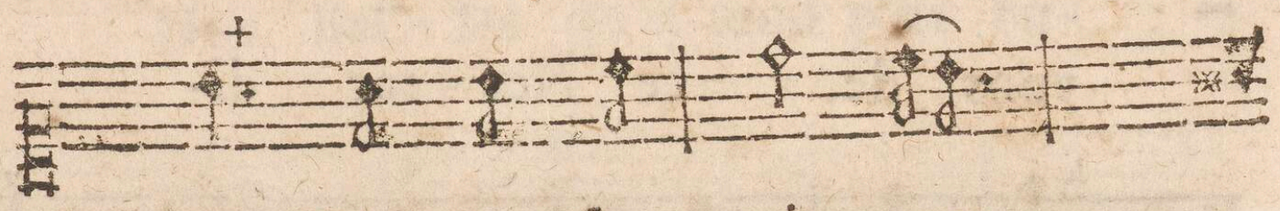


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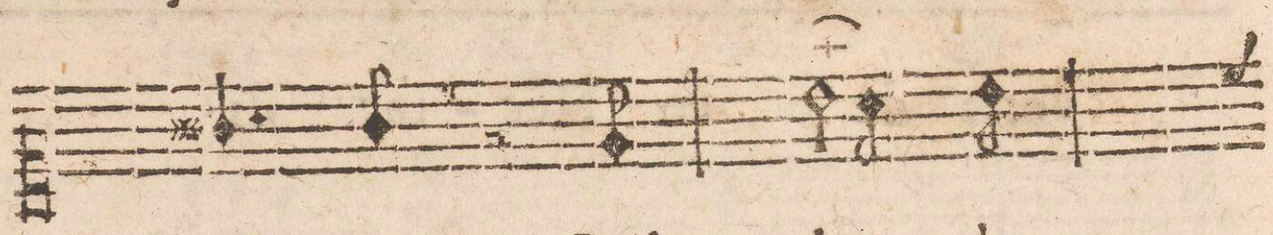
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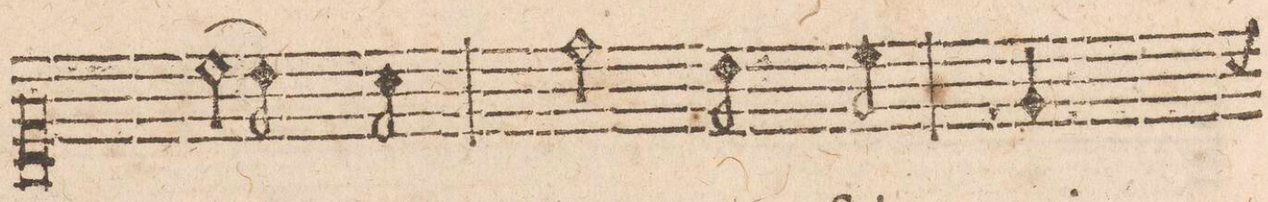


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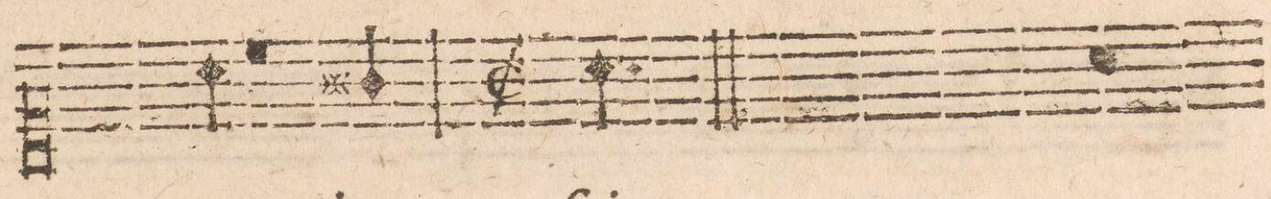


yeux, Pour a- dou - cir nos



pei - nes, Bril - ler le
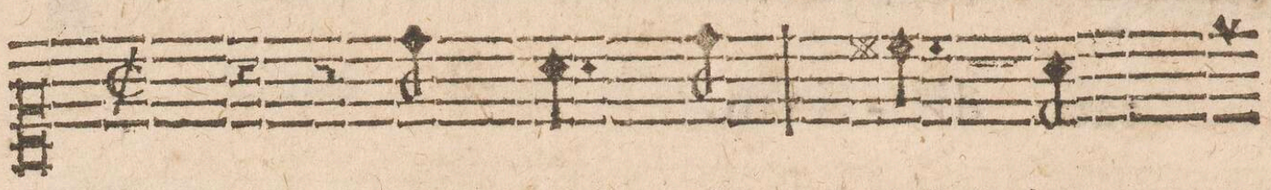


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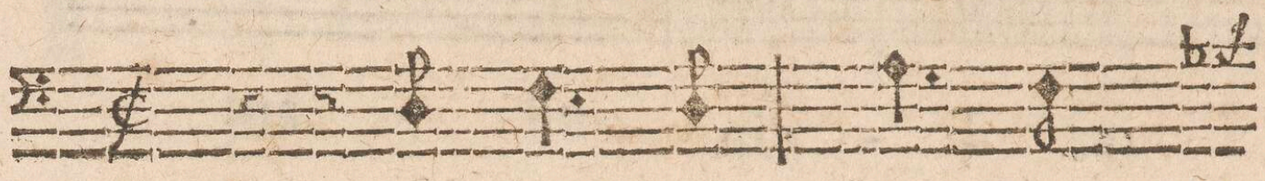


tre en leur sein.

CHOEUR.
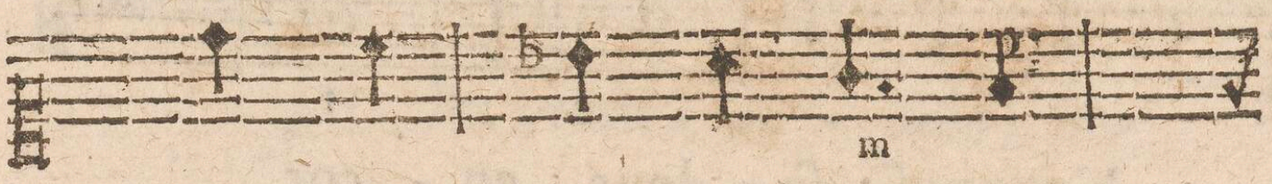
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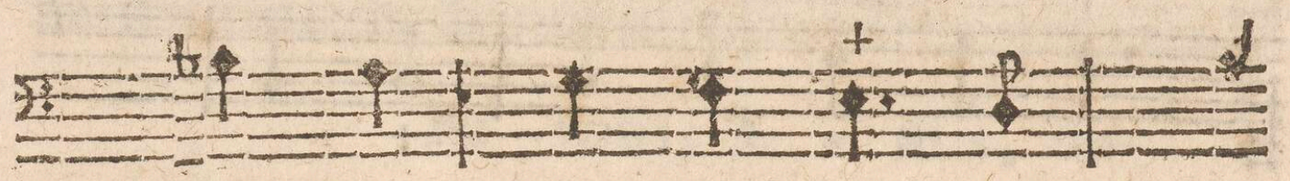


Bu - vons, A - mis, bu-
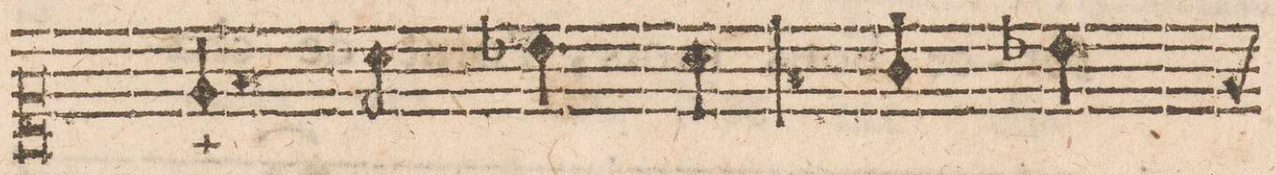


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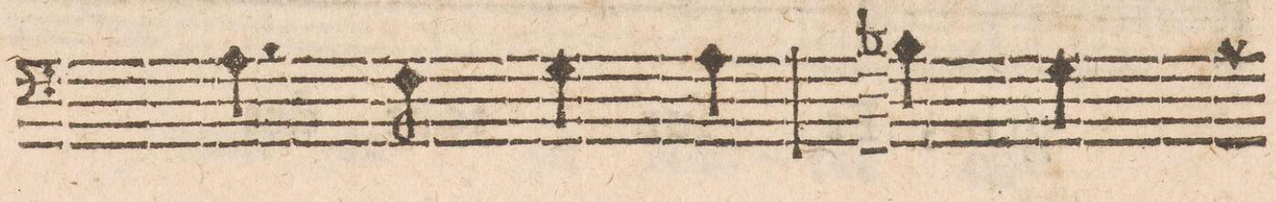


vons de ce Nec - tar di-



vons de ce Nec - tar di-
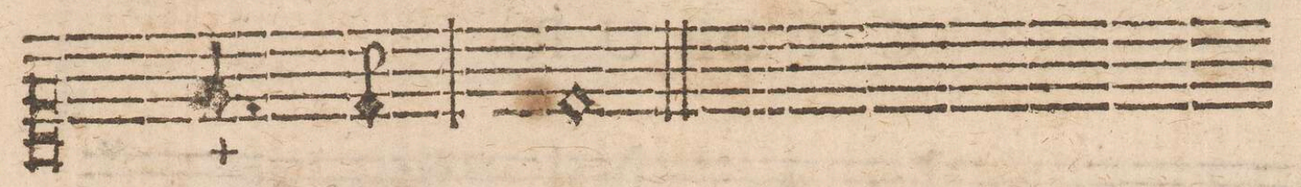


vin, Bu - vons de ce Nec-

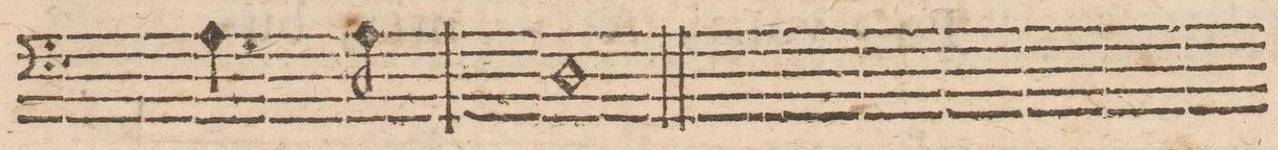


vin, Bu - vons de ce Nec-

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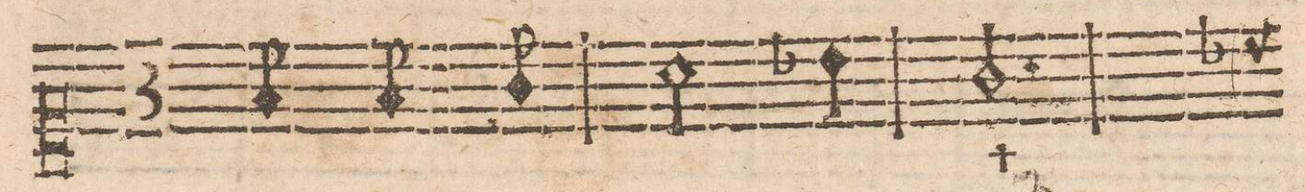


tar di - vin.

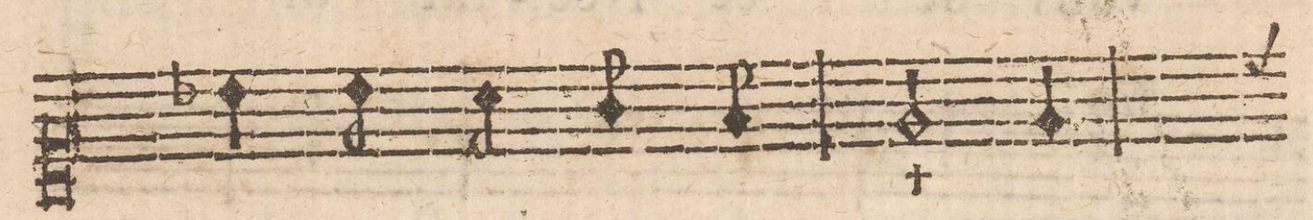


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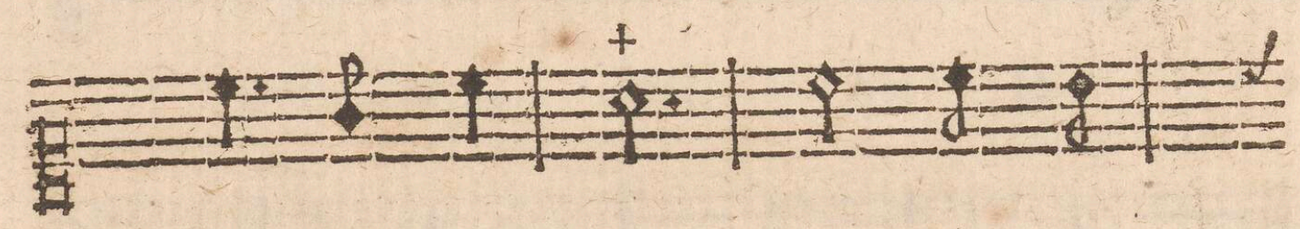
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Nous pos- se - dons en - cor



dou - ze Bou - teil - les plei - nes,

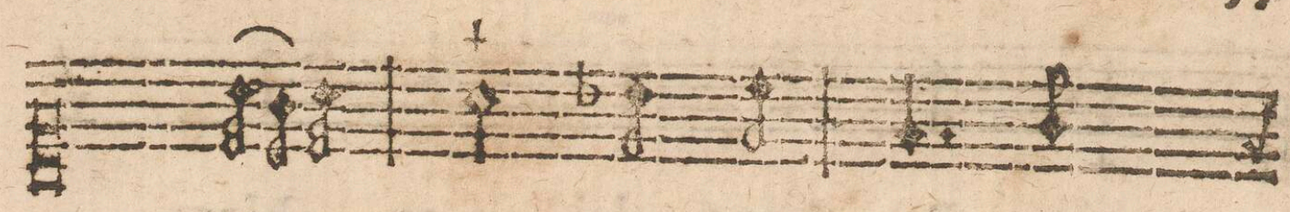


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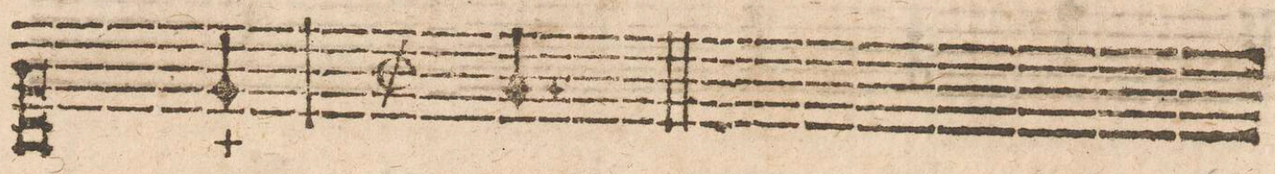


grin, Et sur tout des

Chan-
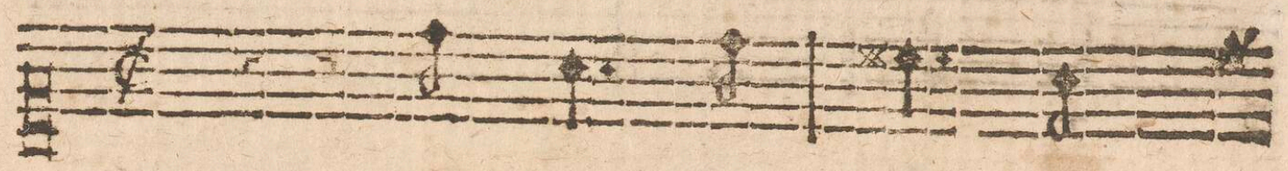


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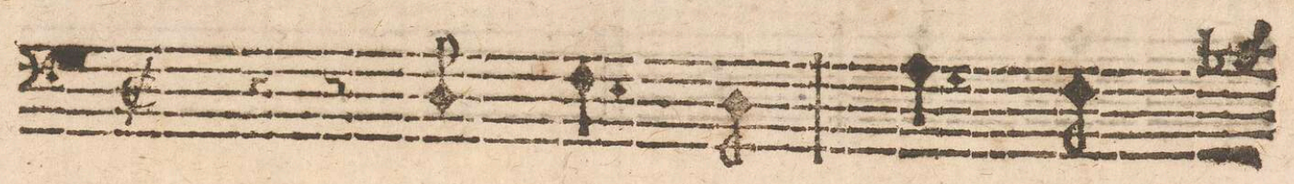


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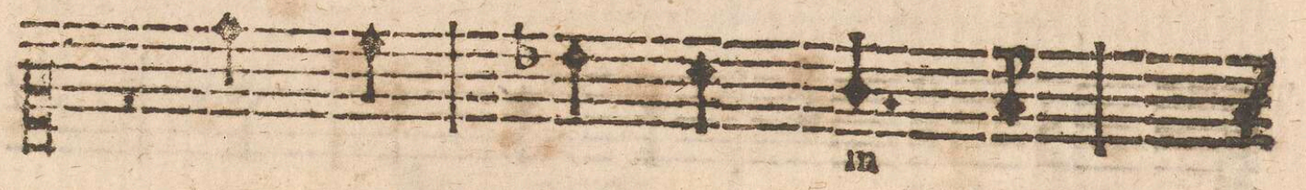
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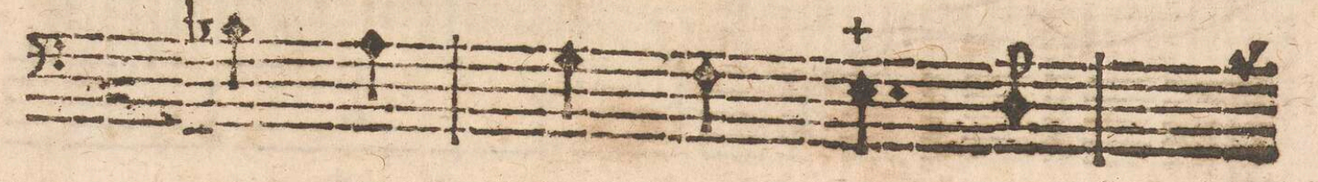


Bu - vons, A - mis, bu-
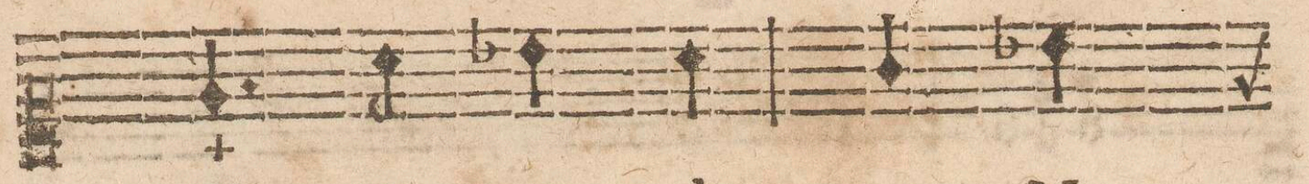


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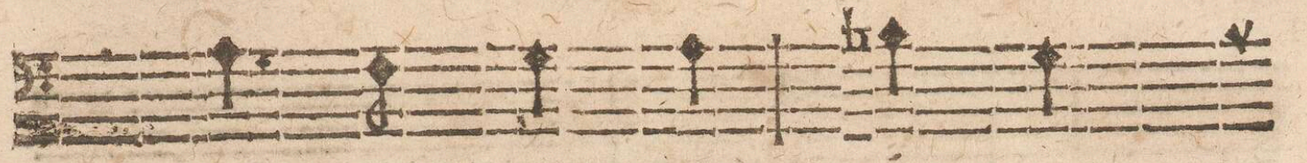


vons de ce Nec - tar di-
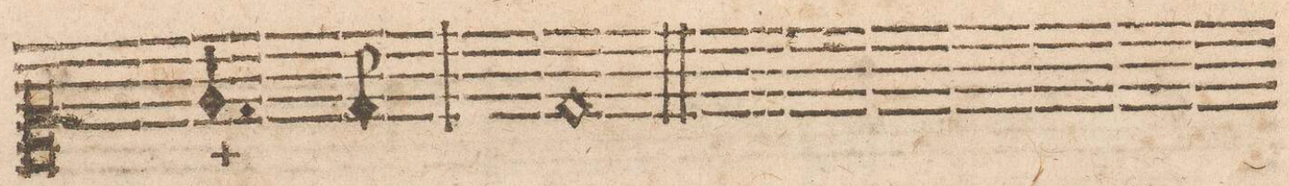


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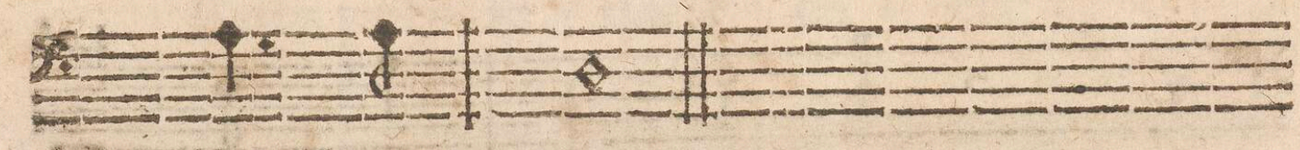


vin, Bu - vons de ce Nec-



vin, Bu - vons de ce Nec-
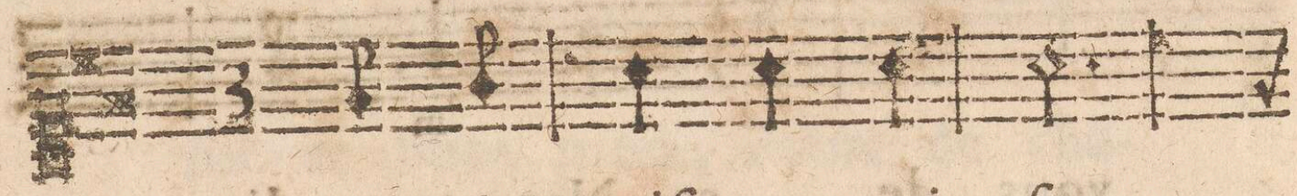


tar di - vin.

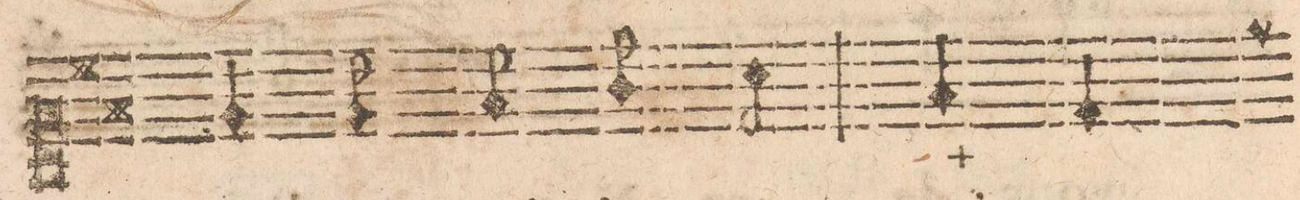


tar di - vin.

S E U L.



Si la trif - te rai - ſon,
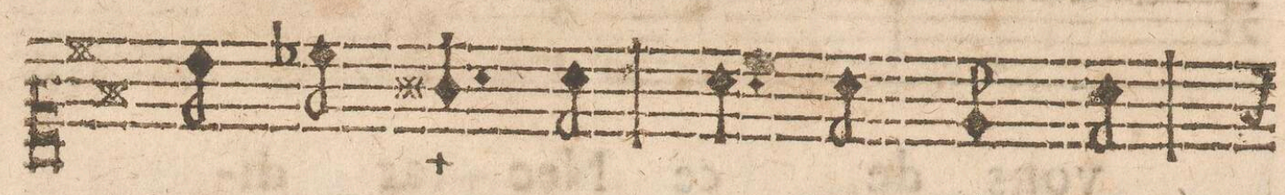


Par des al - lar - mes vai - nes,
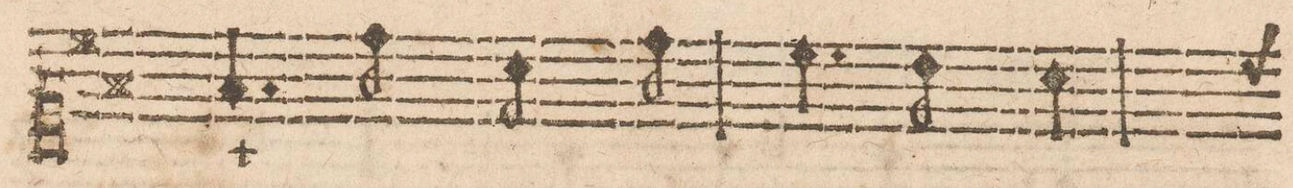
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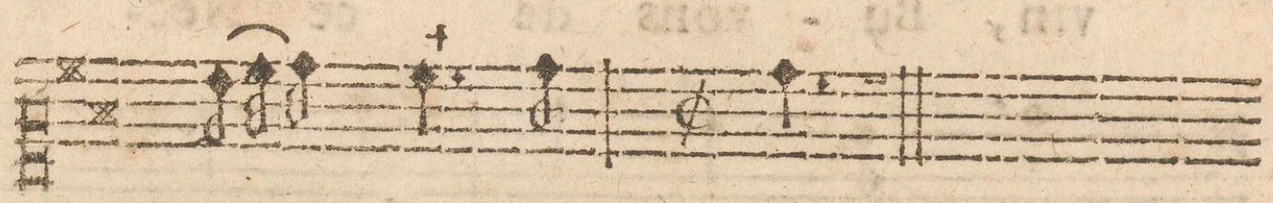


D'un re - pas ſi char-mant veut



a - van - cer la fin, En - y - vrons-
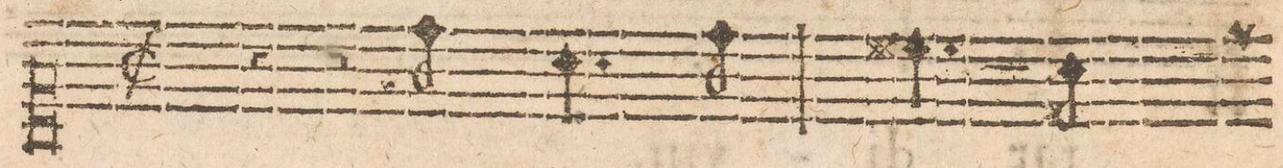


la, En - y - vrons - la de ten-

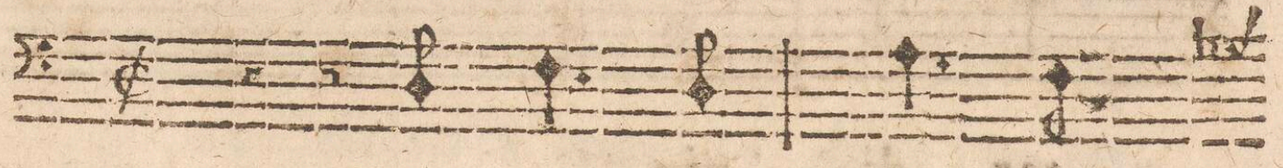


dreſ - ſe & de Vin.

CHOEUR.
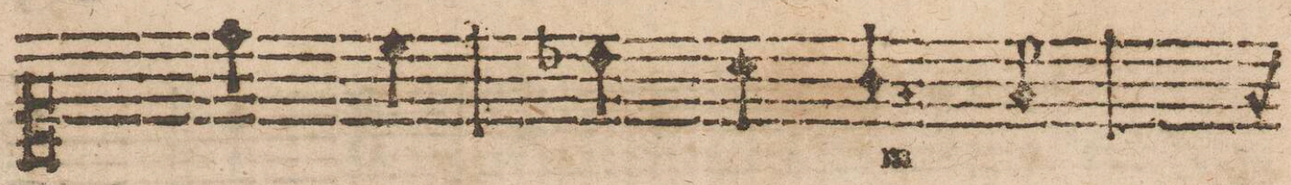


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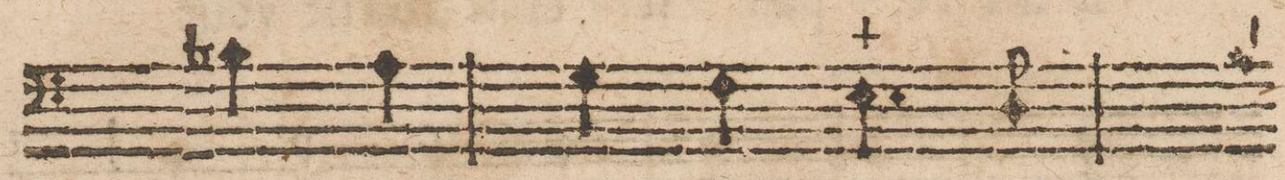


Bu - vons, A - mis, bu-
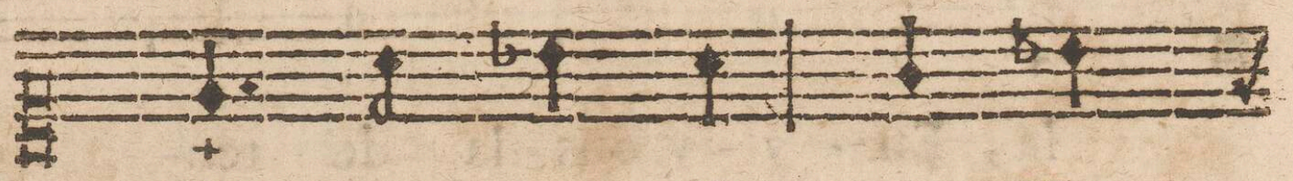
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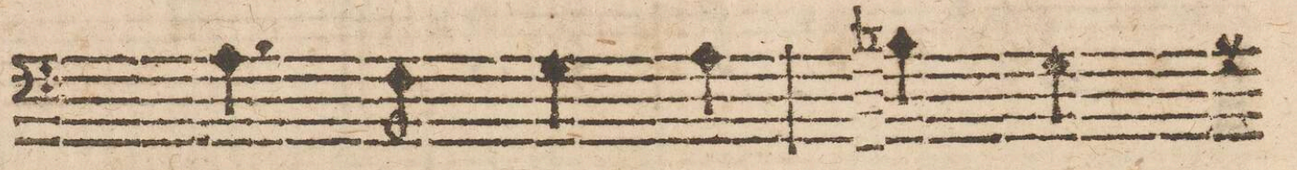


vons de ce Nec - tar di-



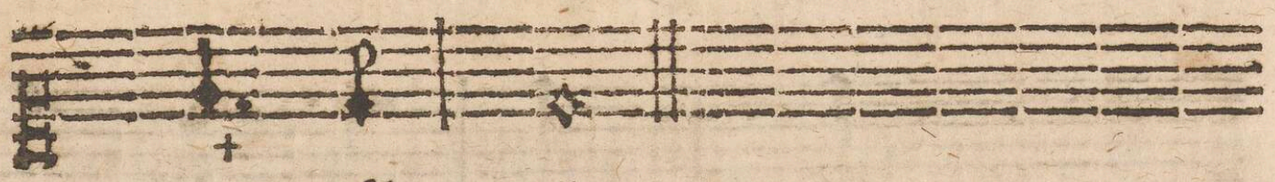
vons de ce Nec - tar di-



vin, Bu - vons de ce Nec-



vin, Bu - vons de ce Nec-
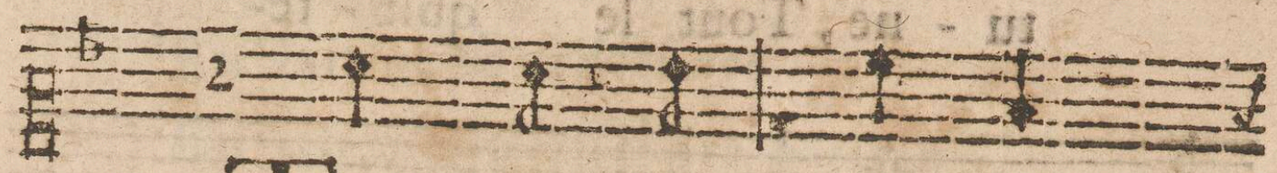


tar di - vin.

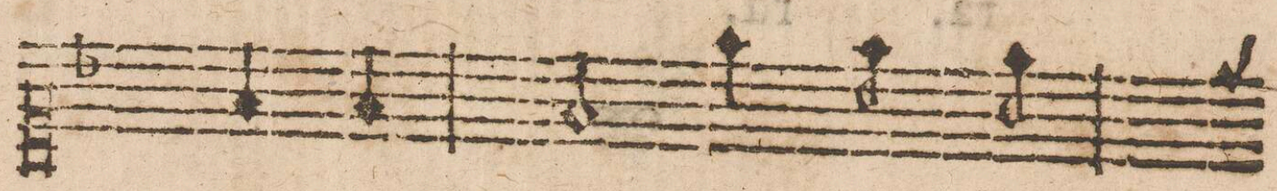


tar di - vin.
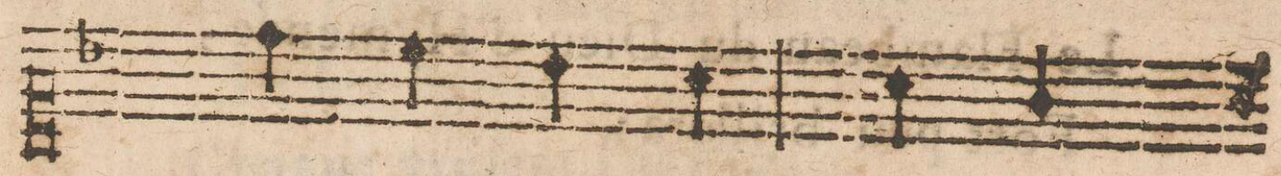
VAUDEVILLE.
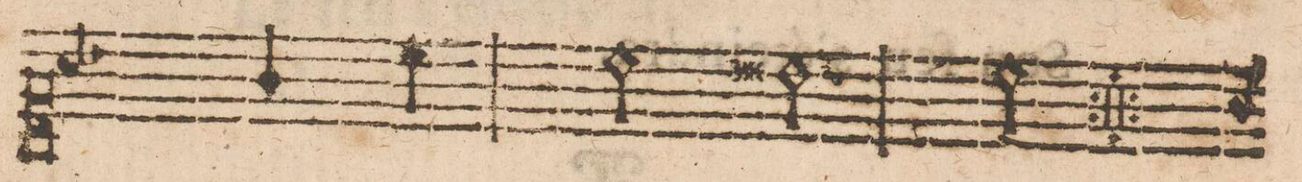


TAnt qu'en fa - veur Clé-
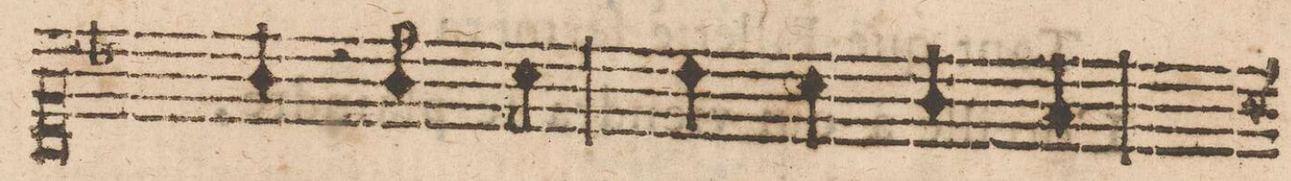


on ſe - ra, Des Fla - teurs
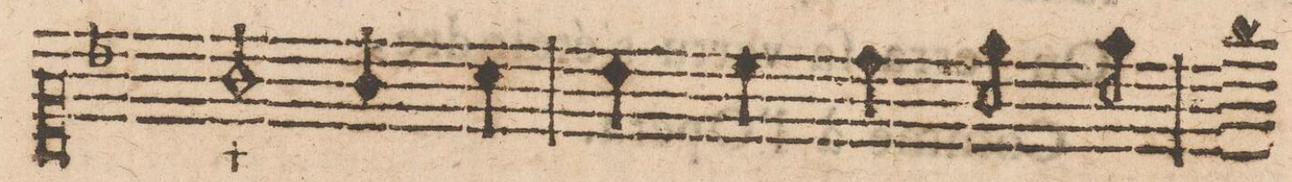


la fou-le im-por - tu - ne,
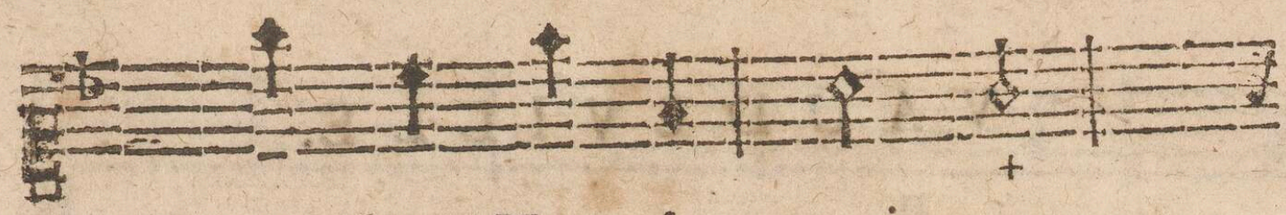


Par - tout le ſui - vra:
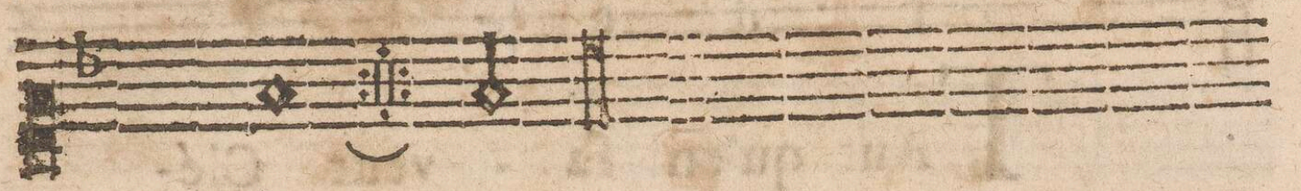


Grand nom bre d'A - mis il au-



ra; Mais s'il tom - be dans l'in for-



- ne, Tout le quit - te-



ra. ra.
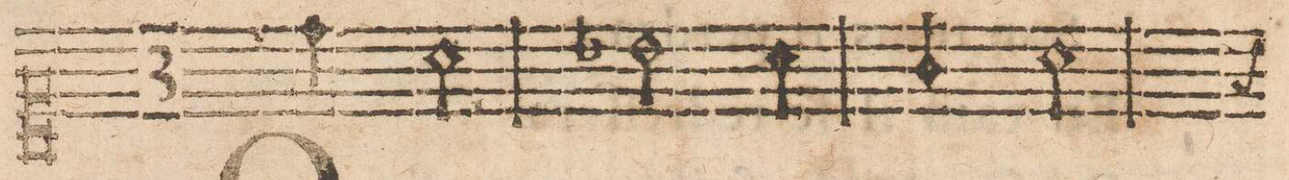
Tant que le Monde durera,
Le Flambeau du Dieu d'Hymenée,
Fort peu brillera:
D'abord l'Amour l'allumera:
Mais dès la ſeconde journée,
Son feu s'éteindra.

Tant que Fillette fermera
L'oreille à qui viendra ſe plaindre,
Sa vertu luira:
Mais ſi-tôt qu'elle écoutera,
On verra ſa vertu s'éteindre,
Comme à l'Opera.

Vainement un Barbon voudra
Triompher auprès d'un Belle,
Son tems il perdra :
En vain il se redressera
De son feu la foible étincelle,
Bien-tôt passera.

Tant qu'un Amant dépensera,
Près d'une vestale en détrempe,
Le feu durera :
Chaque présent l'attisera ;
Mais si l'huile manque à la lampe
Le feu s'éteindra.
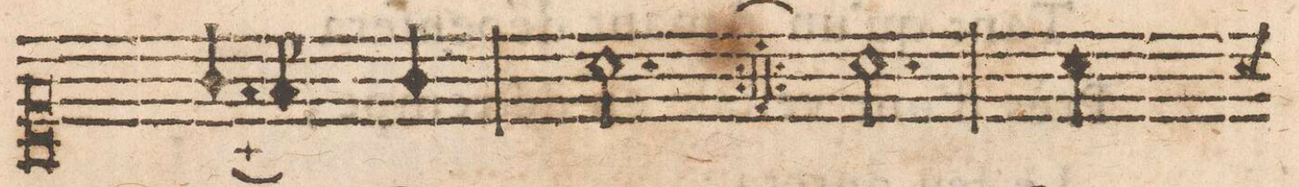
VAUDEVILLE.
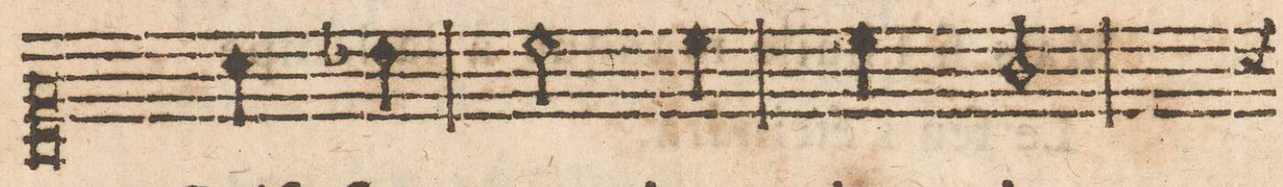


ON ne peut quoi que l'on
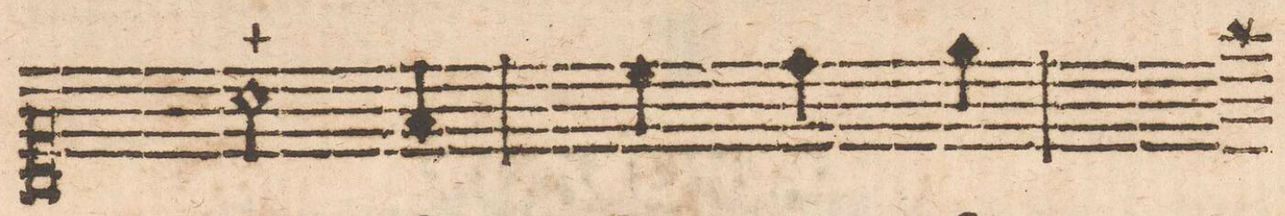


faſ- ſe, S'em- pê- cher d'ai - mer
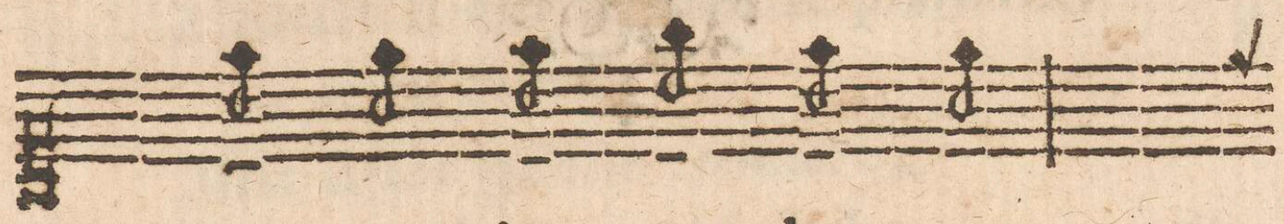


à ſon tour: tour: Les
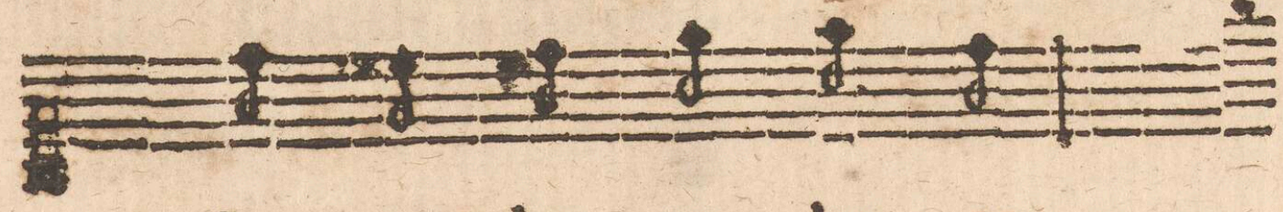


Poiſ- ſons tom - bent dans la



naſ - ſe, Les cœurs ſe
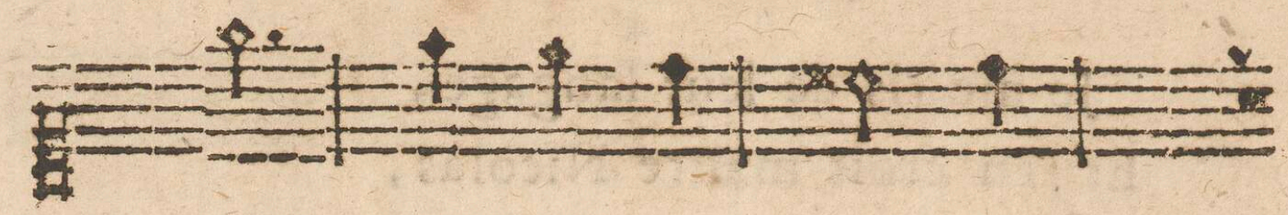


tou - re - lou - re, lou - re,

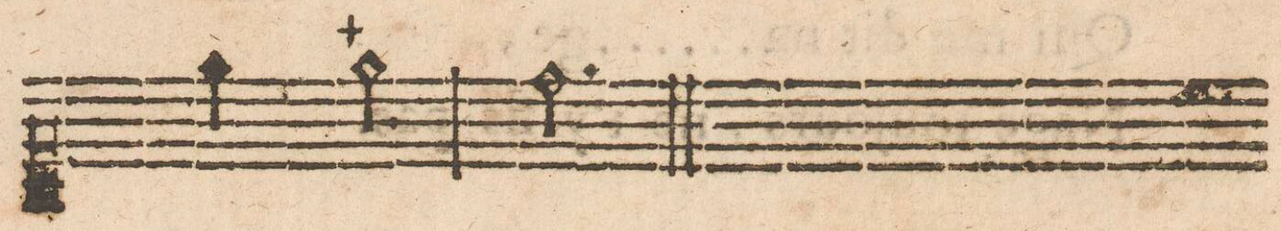


lou - re, lou - re, lou - re-

lour,



lour, Les cœurs ſe ren-dent



à l'A-mour.

Tout le long de la Rivière,
Nos Mariniers vont tour à tour,
Me diſant, belle Batelière,
Je voudrois toureloure, &c.
Je voudrois te parler d'Amour.

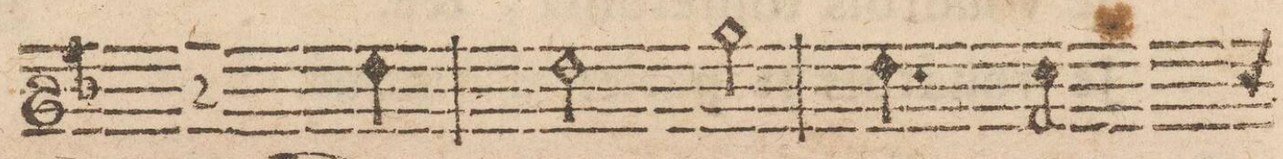
Dans l'humide ſein de l'Onde,
Cupidon tient auſſi ſa Cour :
C'eſt vouloir dépeupler le Monde,
Que de nous toureloure, &c.
Que de nous défendre l'Amour.

Je me ris de leur langage,
Et j'en crois maitre Nicolas,
C'eſt un homme prudent & ſage,
Qui me dit na.....ge,
Nage toûjours, ne t'y fis pas.
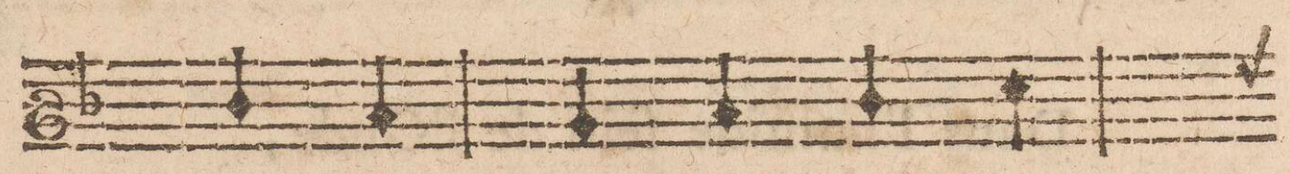
Paroles ſur la

BAVAROISE
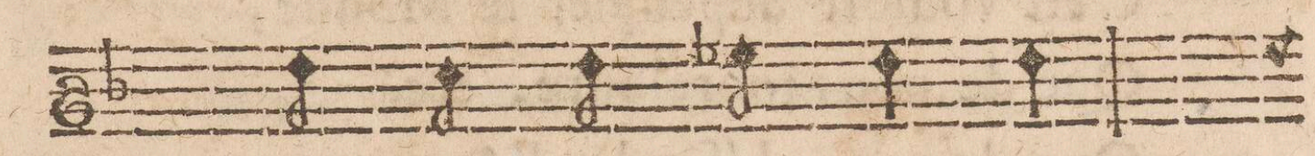
Contredanſe.
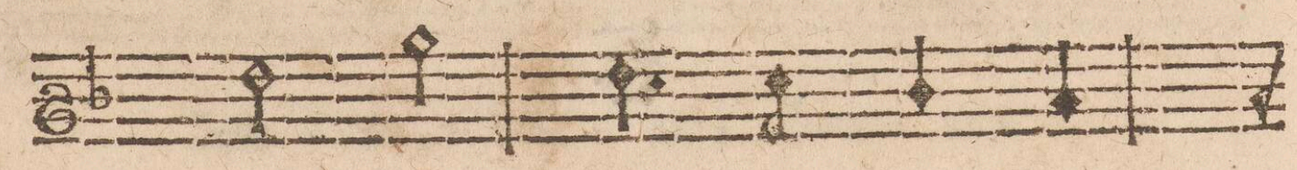


DAns nos beaux ans, Nous



goû-tons le plai-ſir a-
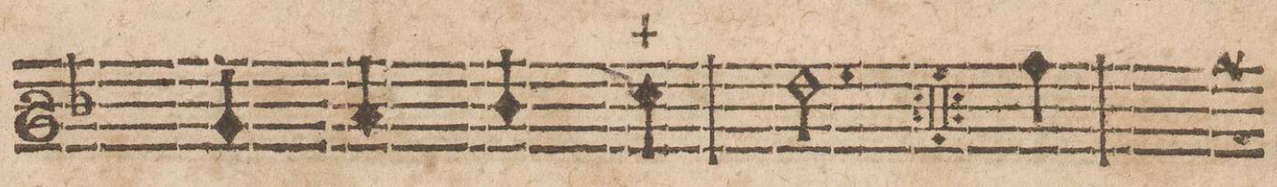


vec ſes a-gré-mens, Nul

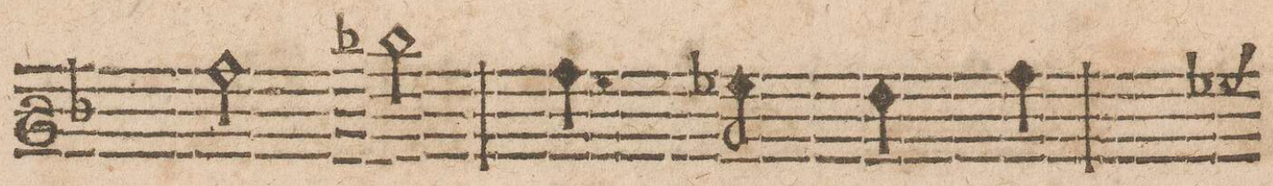


ſoin fâ-cheux, Ne vient ja-
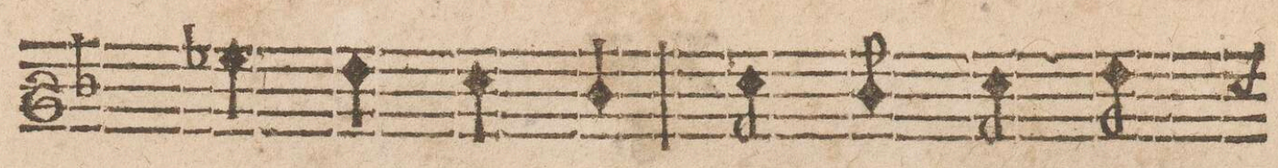
mais
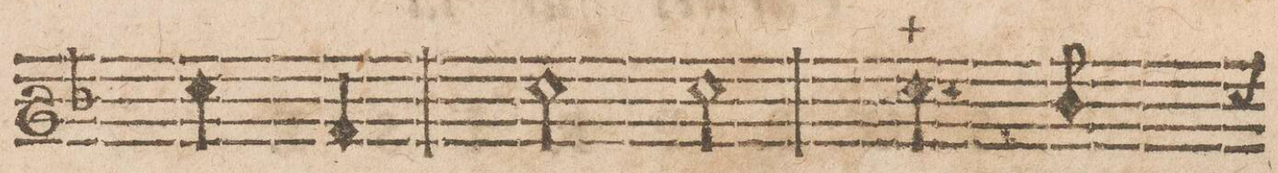


mais trou-bler nos jeux. Du
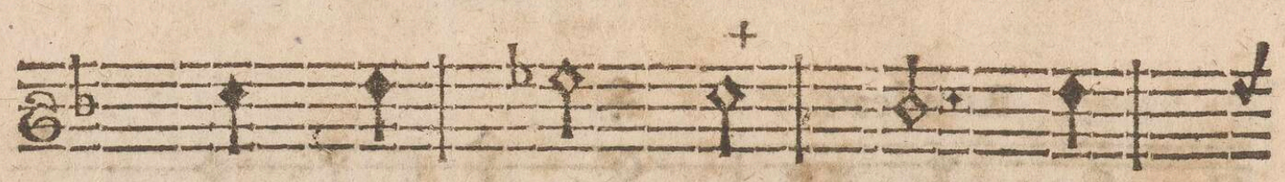


Dieu d'A-mour, Un jeu-ne
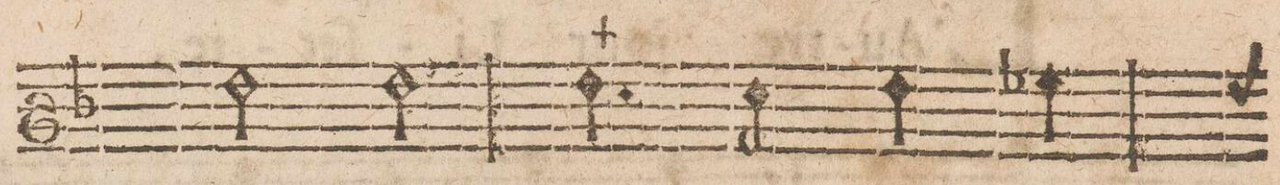


cœur eſt preſque aſ-ſu-ré du re-
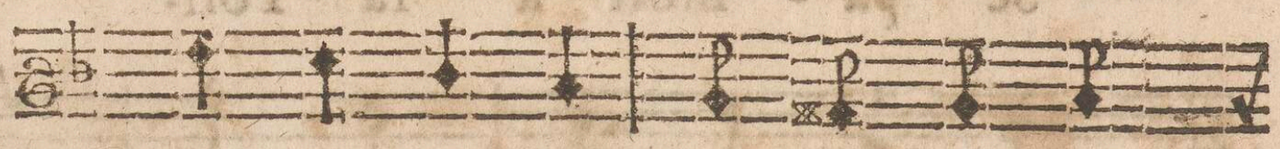


tour, Et ra-re-ment Il



ſou-fre un long tour-ment, A-
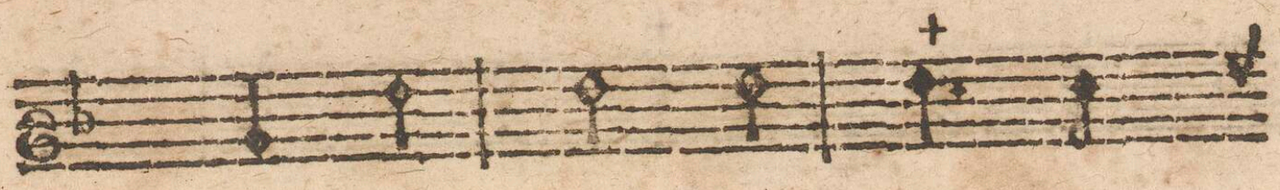


vec Bac-chus, s'il s'en-dort,
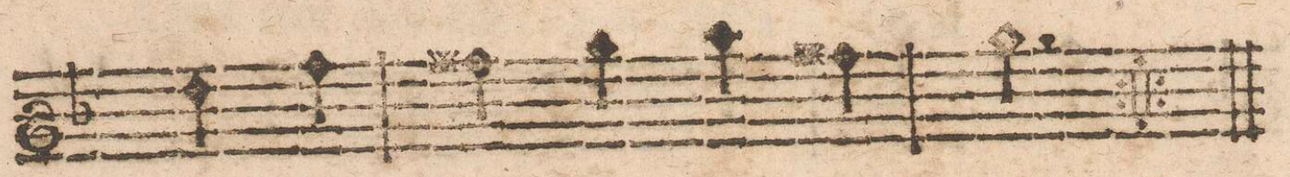


Il s'é-veille en fa-veur de Ve-

mais

nus;



nus: Mo - mens ſi doux, Pour-
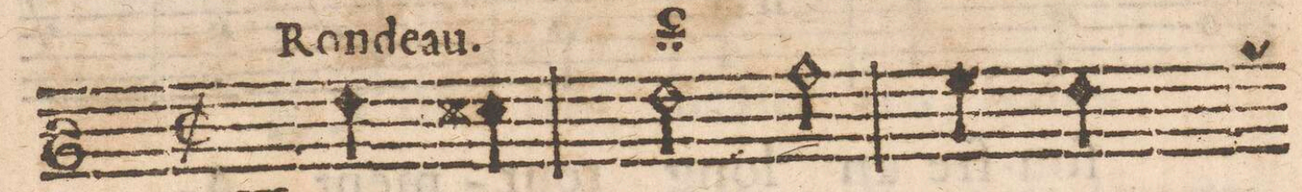


quoi ſi - tôt nous quit-tez vous?

Paroles ſur la
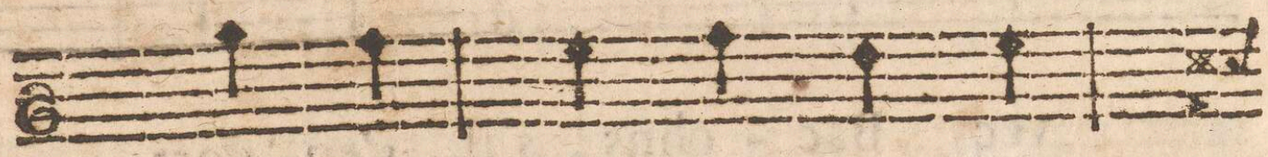
SURPRISE

Contredanſe.

Rondeau.
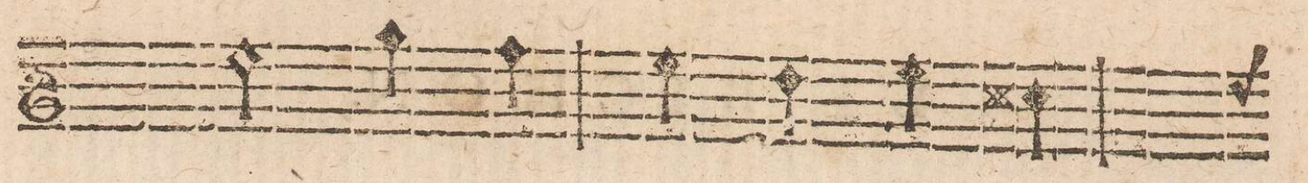


L'Au-tre jour Li - ſet - te,



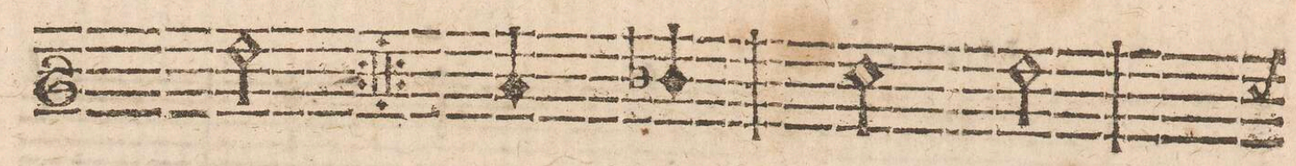
Se pa - moit à ſa Toil-
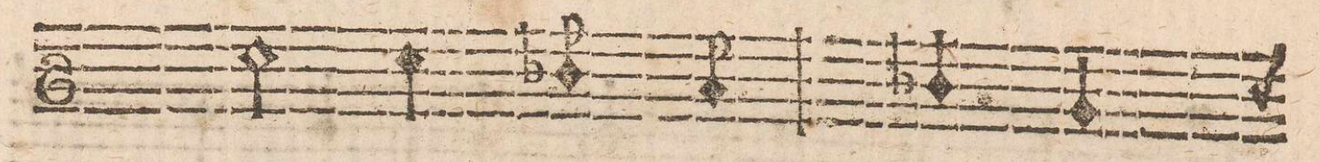


let - te, Et le gros Mar-



tin, Cou-roit lui cher-cher du



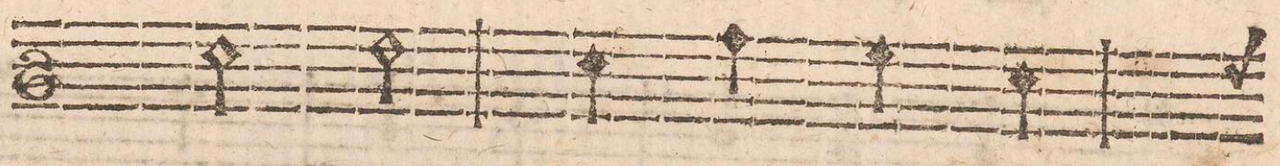
Vin: Mais d'un œil ma-
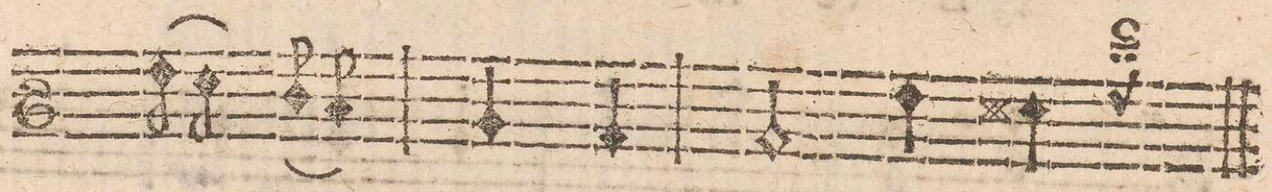


lin, Vous lui dit - el - le,



C'eſt ba - ga - tel - le, Pau - vre
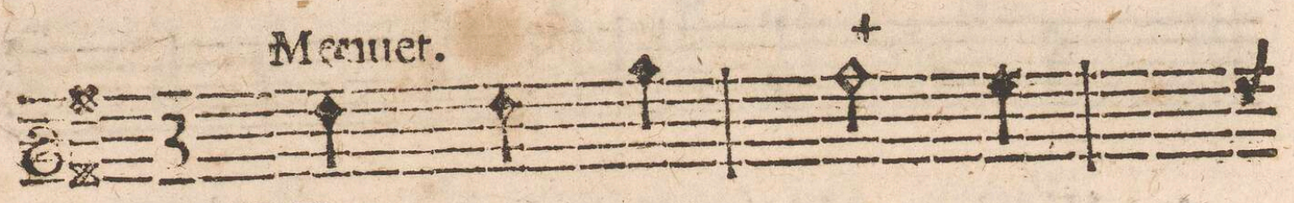


Me - de - cin, Tu n'en-tends
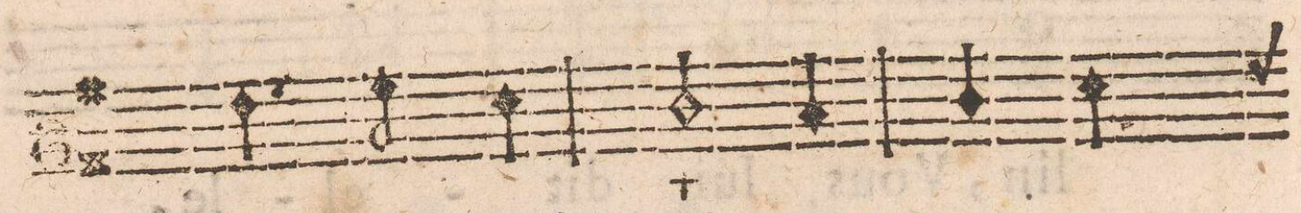


guè-res le La - tin. L'au-tre, &c.

LE BICHON.
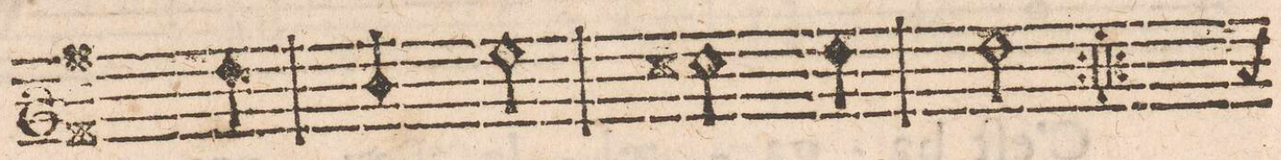
Vaudeville.
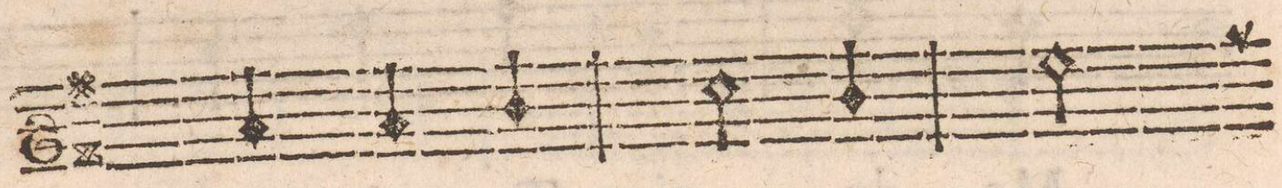


VEux-tu me plai - re,
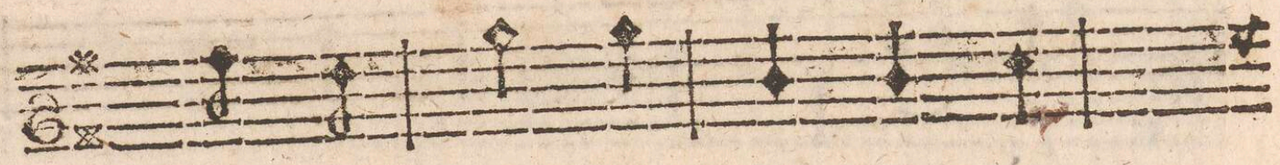


Jeu - ne Ber - gè - re, Cou- pe
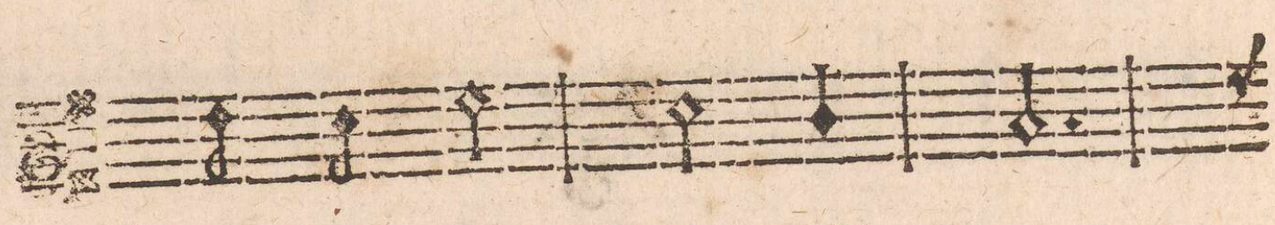


tes che- veux en Bi - chon.
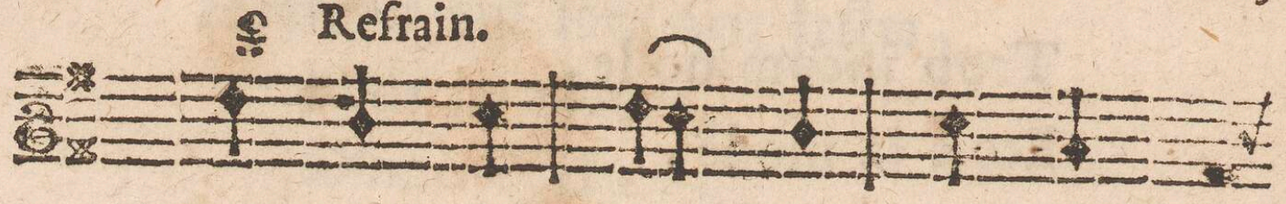


L'E - té la Co - e - fu-
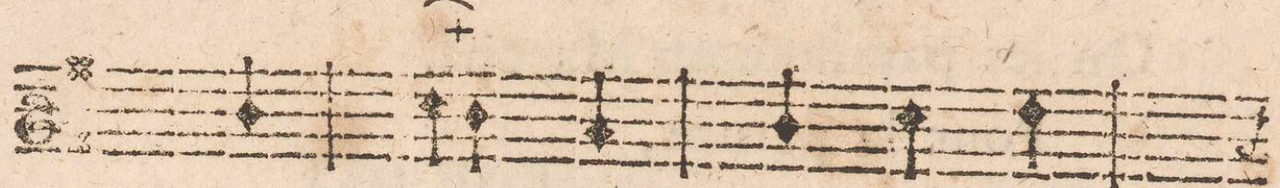


re eſt le - gè - re, On prend



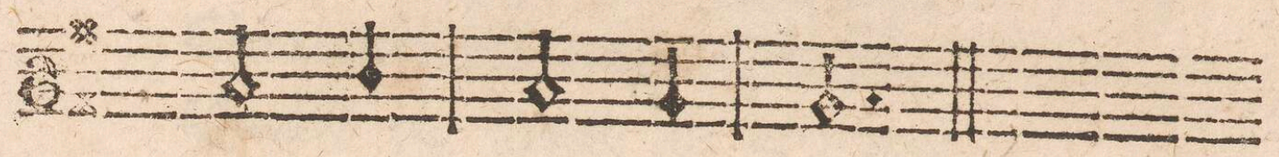
un a - tour plus Mi - gnon.



Pour la pa - ru - re, D'u - ne



Coef - fu - re, Rien n'eſt ſi



ga - lant qu'un Bi - chon.

La belle Aſtrée,
Si célébrée,
Ainſi plut au beau Celadon,
Ainſi la Belle étoit coeffée,
Chantant ſur le bord du Lignon,
Pour la parure,
D'une Coefure,
Rien n'eſt ſi galant qu'un Bic.on.

Trop incommode,
Etoit la mode,
De porter des cheveux ſi longs,
On a changé cette méthode,
On les papillote en Marons.
Pour la parure,
D'une Coeffure,
Rien n'eſt ſi galant qu'un Bichon.

On tond la plaine,
On tond la laine,
Et Cerès tond ſes cheveux blonds ;
Quitte auſſi ta parure vaine,
Tous tes cheveux & tes moutons,
Pour la parure,
D'une Coeffure,
Rien n'eſt ſi galant qu'un Bichon.

Quand belle Blonde,
Ta tête ronde,
Quitera ſa belle Toiſon,
Pour s'en parer parmi le Monde,

Heu-

Heureux qui ſera ton Jaſon,
Pour la parure,
D'une Coefure,
Rien n'eſt ſi galant qu'un Bichon.

Tête naiſſante,
Eſt plus riante,
Au tems de la belle Saiſon,
Chevelure eſt embaraſſante,
Quand on danſe ſur le gazon,
Pour la parure,
D'une Coefure,
Rien n'eſt ſi galant qu'un Bichon.

Pour la tournure,
De la friſure,
Belle emploïé nous ſans façon,
Crainte que le tems ne vous dure,
Je vous chanterai ma Chanſon.
Pour la parure,
D'une Coefure,
Rien n'eſt ſi galant qu'un Bichon.

Trop incommode,
Etoit la mode,
De porter des cheveux ſi longs,
On a changé cette méthode,
On les papillote en Marons.
Pour la parure,
D'une Coefure,
Rien n'eſt ſi galant qu'un Bichon.

❦

On tond la plaine,
On tond la laine,
Et Cerès tond ſes cheveux blonds ;
Quitte auſſi ta parure vaine,
Tous tes cheveux & tes moutons,
Pour la parure,
D'une Coefure,
Rien n'eſt ſi galant qu'un Bichon.

❦

Quand belle Blonde,
Ta tête ronde,
Quitera ſa belle Toiſon,
Pour s'en parer parmi le Monde,

Heu-

Heureux qui ſera ton Jaſon,
Pour la parure,
D'une Coefure,
Rien n'eſt ſi galant qu'un Bichon.

Tête naiſſante,
Eſt plus riante,
Au tems de la belle Saiſon,
Chevelure eſt embaraſſante,
Quand on danſe ſur le gazon,
Pour la parure,
D'une Coefure,
Rien n'eſt ſi galant qu'un Bichon.

Pour la tournure,
De la friſure,
Belle emploïé nous ſans façon,
Crainte que le tems ne vous dure,
Je vous chanterai ma Chanſon.
Pour la parure,
D'une Coefure,
Rien n'eſt ſi galant qu'un Bichon.

LE MARIAGE

De Jean & de Jeanne.

Suite du Bouquet, *page* 76. *du premier Volume, & sur le même Air.*

SI toute Maitresse est Jeanne,
Et si tout Amant est Jean,
La femme est un autre Jeanne,
Et l'Epoux un autre Jean:
Jean aime Jeanne,
Jeanne aime Jean,
Joli, joli Jean aime jeune Jeanne,
Jeanne, jeune Jeanne,
Aime joli Jean.

Jean vient donc d'épouser Jeanne,
Jenne est la Femme de Jean;
Jean ne reconnoit plus Jeanne,
Et Jeanne méconnoit Jean:

Jean gronde Jeanne,
Jeanne fuit Jean,
Mari, Mari Jean gronde jeune Jeanne,
Femme, femme Jeanne
Fuit Mari Jean.

Tout ce qui revient à Jeanne,
Eſt ſûr de déplaire à Jean;
Quand vous verrez rire Jeanne,
Vous entendrez gronder Jean:
Jean gronde Jeanne,
Jeanne fuit Jean,
Mari, Mari Jean gronde jeune Jeanne,
Femme, femme Jeanne
Fuit Mari Jean.
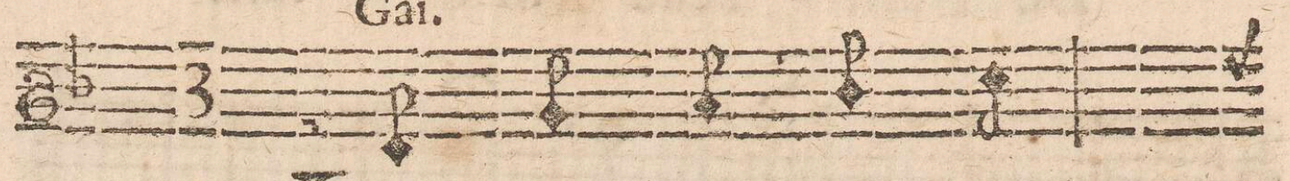
Les mèts qui ragoutent Jeanne,
Soulevent le cœur à Jean;
Le lit où va coucher Jeanne,
Ce n'eſt plus le lit de Jean:

Jean gronde Jeanne,
Jeanne fuit Jean,
Mari, Mari Jean gronde jeune Jeanne,
Femme, femme Jeanne
Fuit Mari Jean.
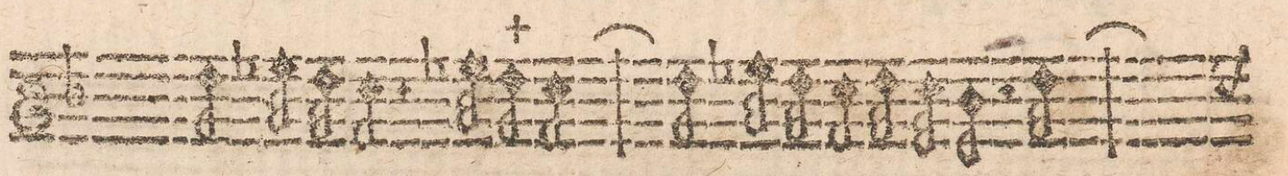
Le jour qu'expirera Jeanne,
Sera le beau jour de Jean;
On ne verra danſer Jeanne,
Que ſur la foſſe de Jean:
Jean gronde Jeanne,
Jeanne fuit Jean,
Mari, Mari Jean gronde jeune Jeanne,
Femme, femme Jeanne
Fuit Mari Jean.

LE PAPILLON.

Gai.



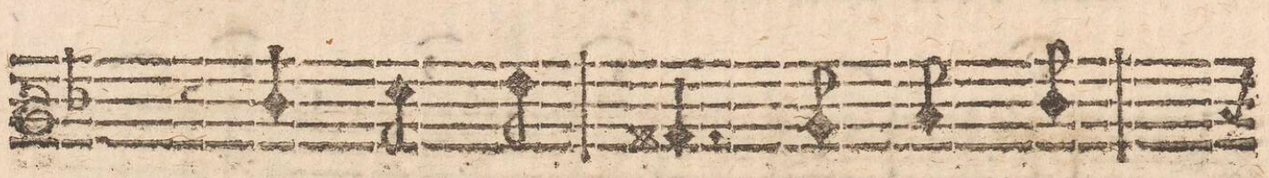
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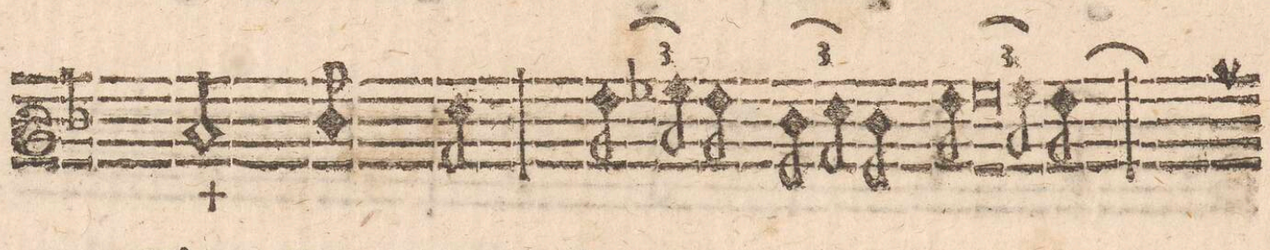


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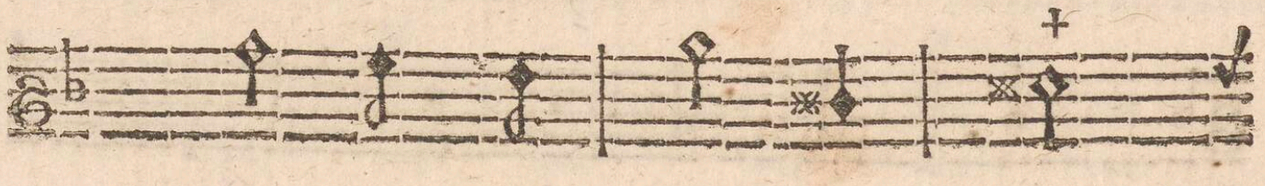


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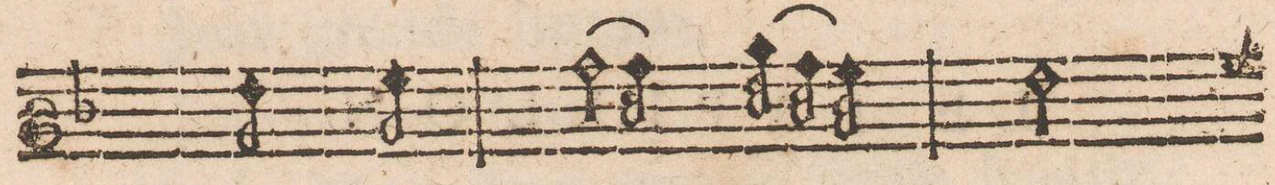


Quit - te la Nuit, l'hu - mi - de
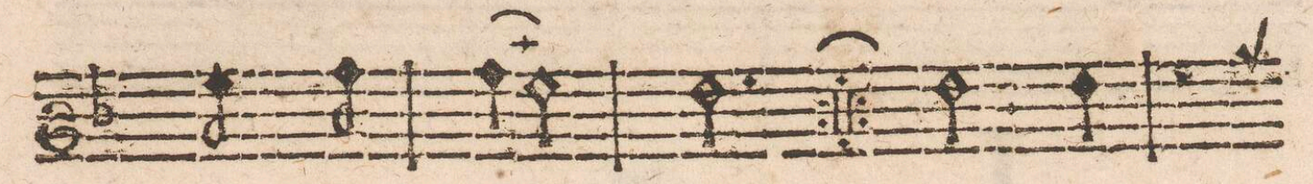


Fleur Pour vo - ler - - -
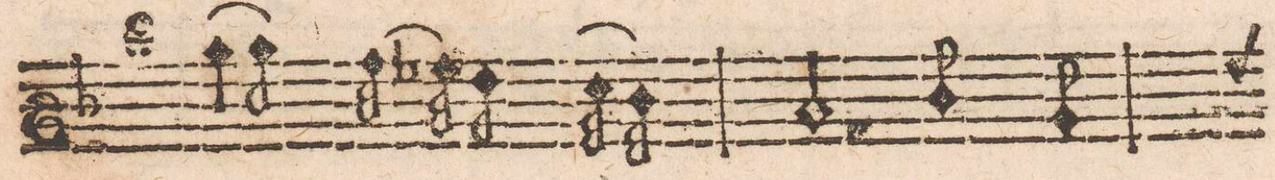


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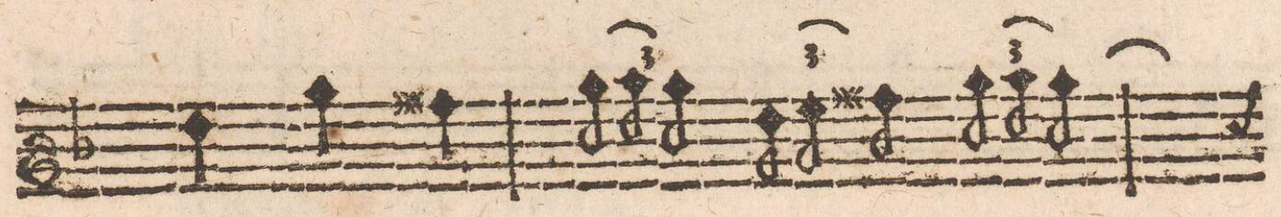


Du Flam - beau bril - lant
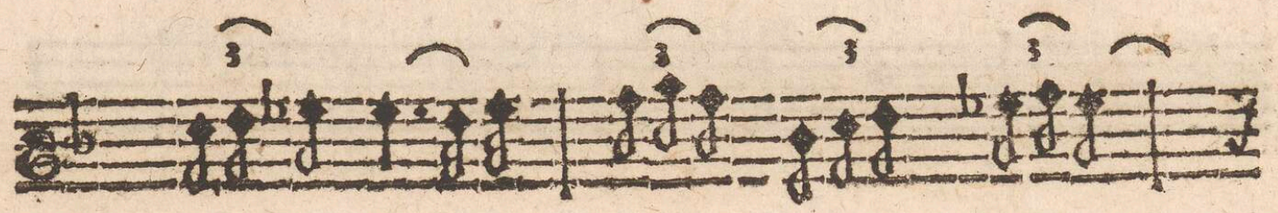


qui l'ap - pel - le. le. En



moins d'un inſ - tant le ba-
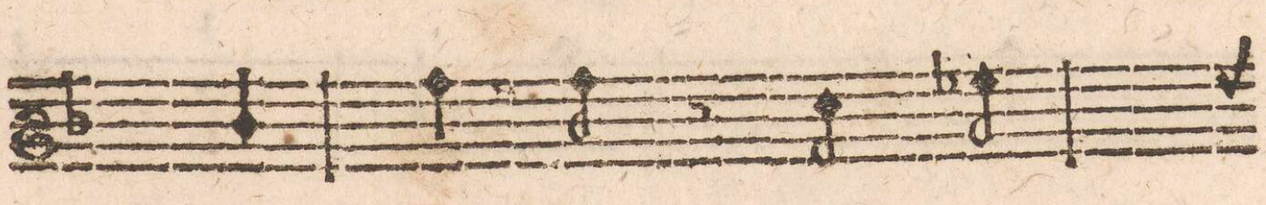


din cent fois tour- - -
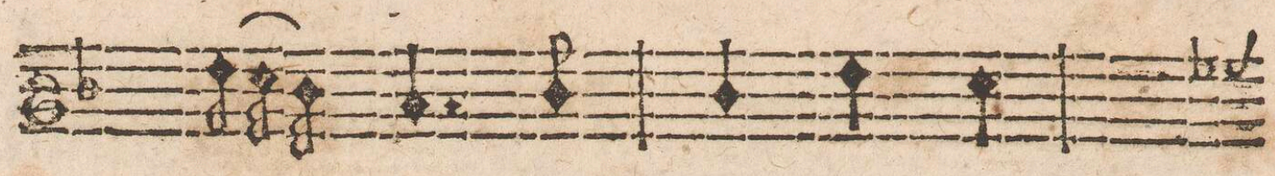


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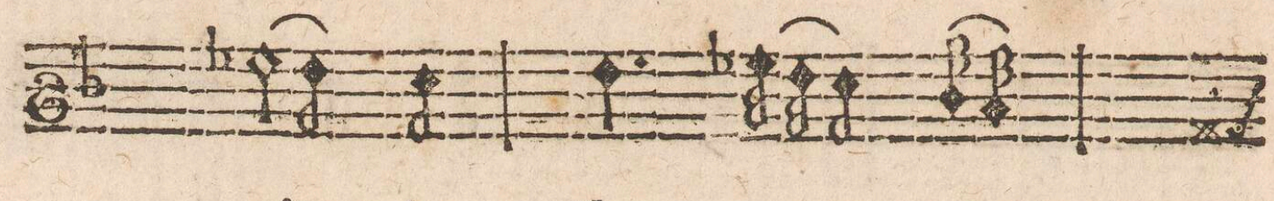


Il rif- que, Il ap-

O
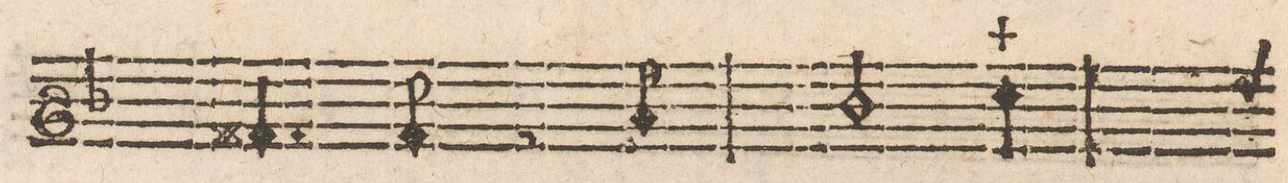
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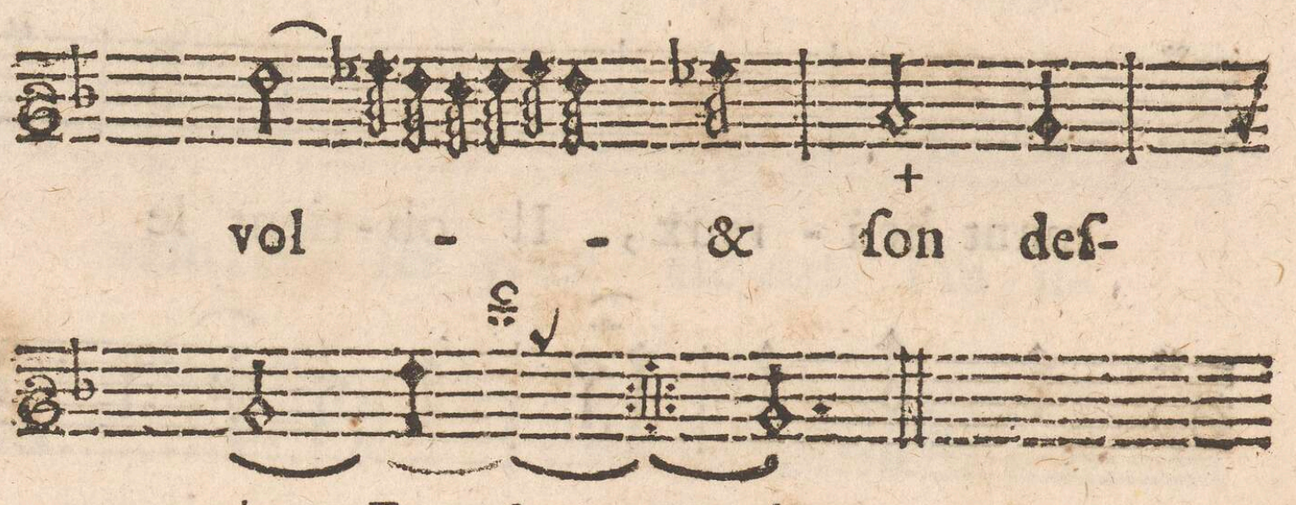


pro-che à la fin ; Mais bien-



tôt le feu qui le
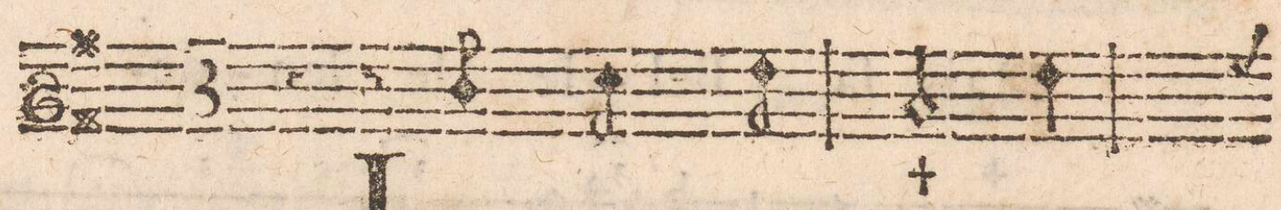


bru - le, Fi - nit ſon
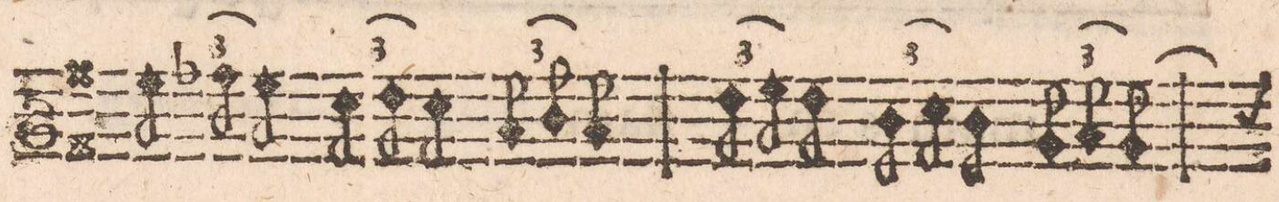


vol - - & ſon deſ-

tin. En, &c. tin.

SUITE.



LE jeu-ne Hy-las qu'en
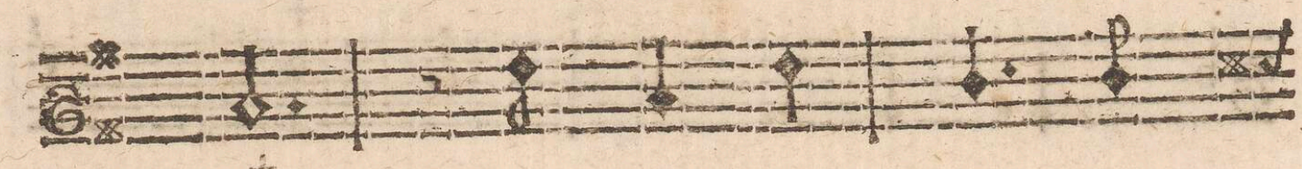


chai- - - - -
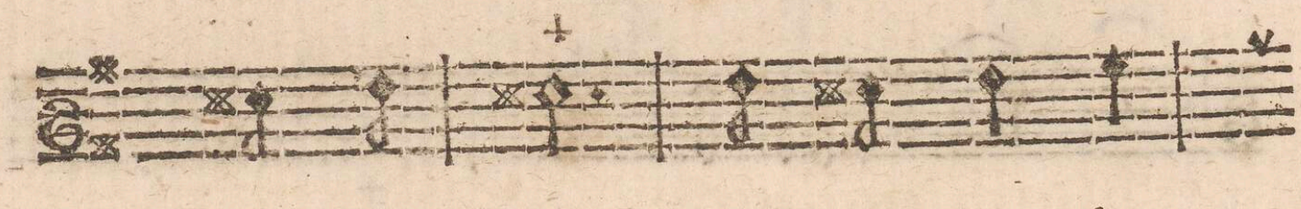


- ne u - ne Co - quet - te,
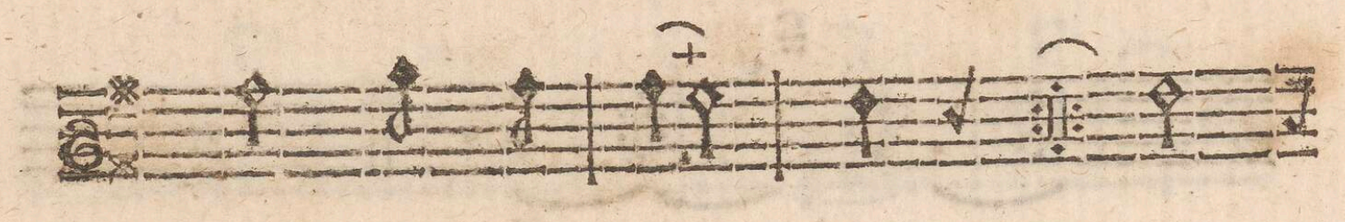


Rompt pour el - le ſes pré-miers
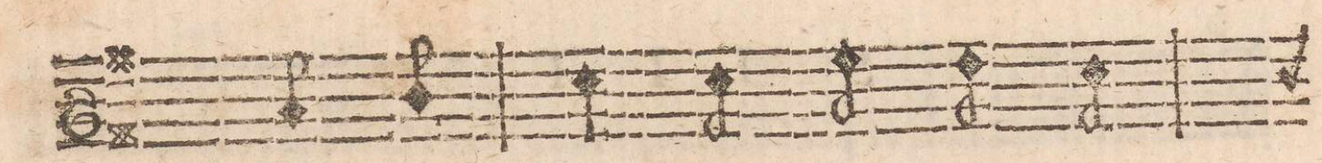


nœuds, En moins d'un jour A-



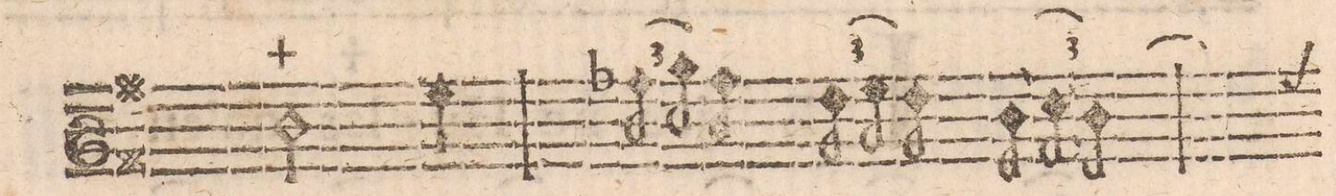
mant heu - reux, Il ob - tient le
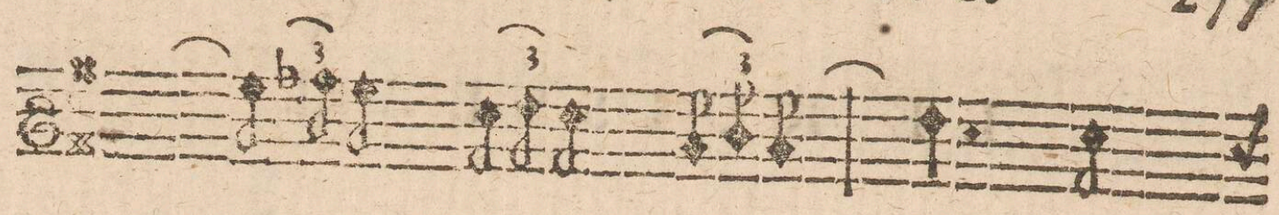


cœur qu'il ſou - hai - te. &c. te.



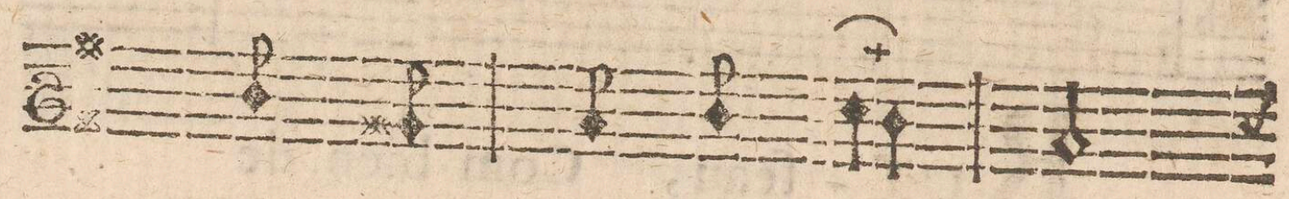
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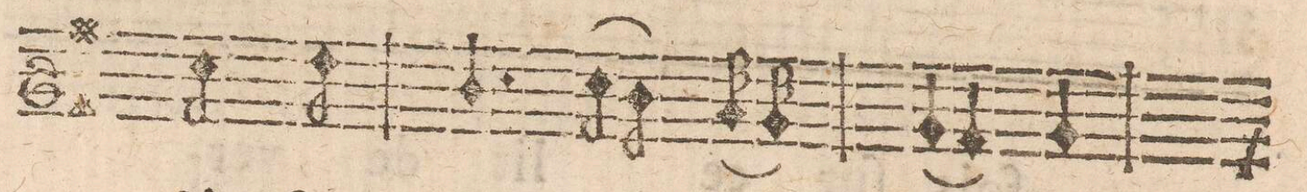


main s'en - flam- - -
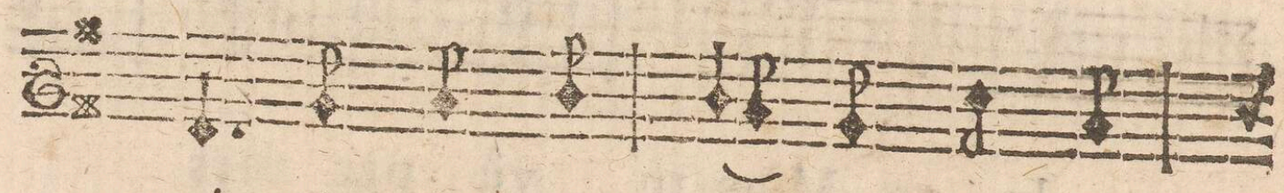


- - - - me



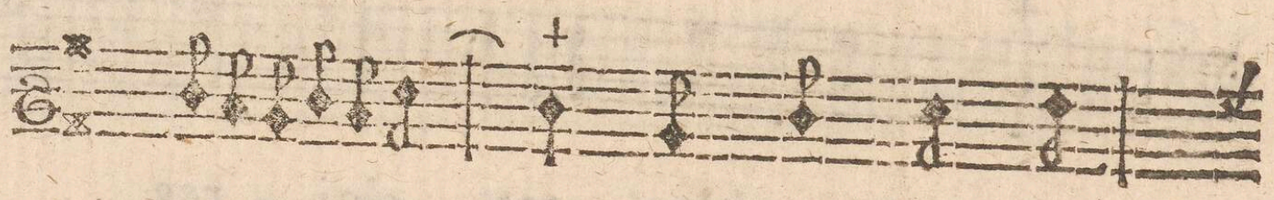
d'u - ne ar - deur nou - vel - le;
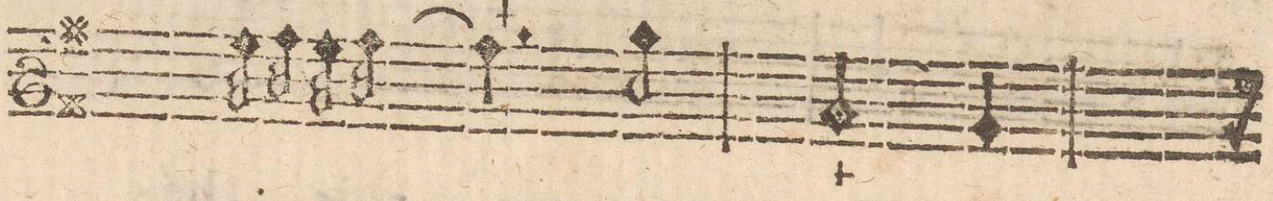


Il ſou - pi - re & gé - mit en



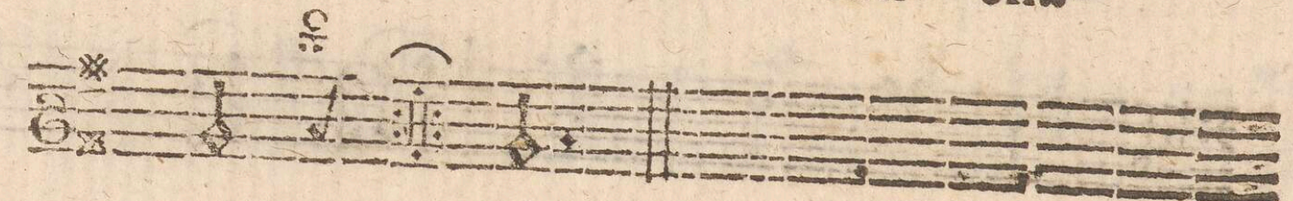
vain, A ſes yeux mê-me l'in - fi-



del- - - - le ba - di-ne &



rit - de ſon cha-

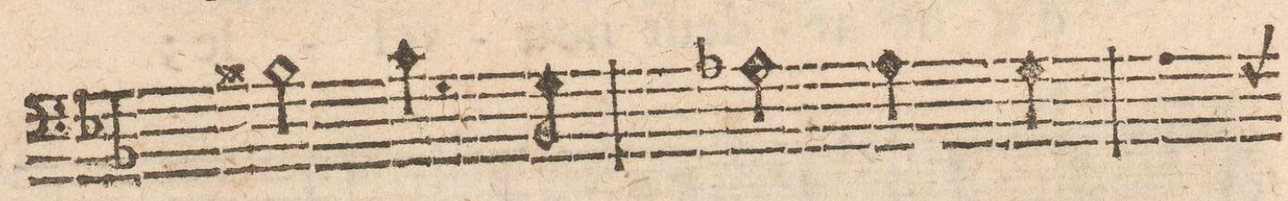


grin. &c. grin.
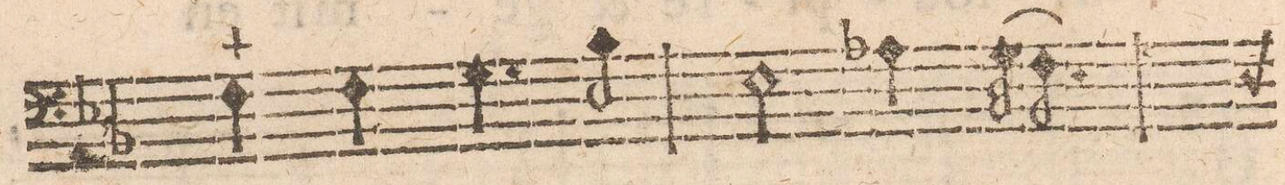
LE RUISSEAU.
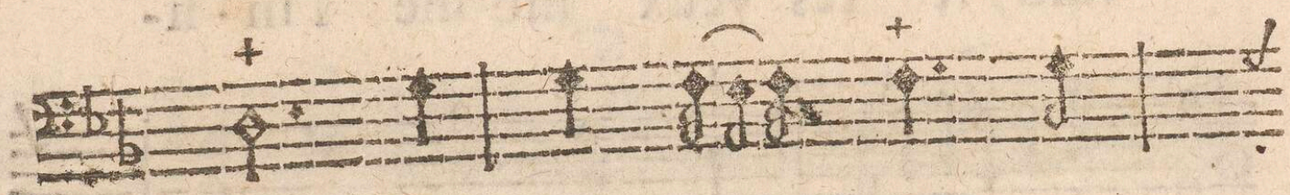


RUiſ - ſeau, Com-bien de



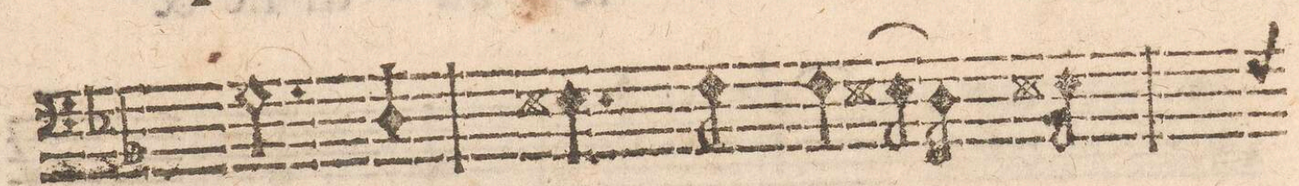
fois ſur ce lit de ver-
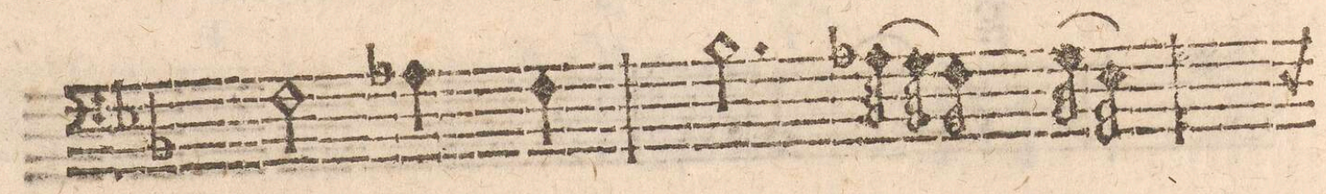


du- re, M'as-tu vû par mes
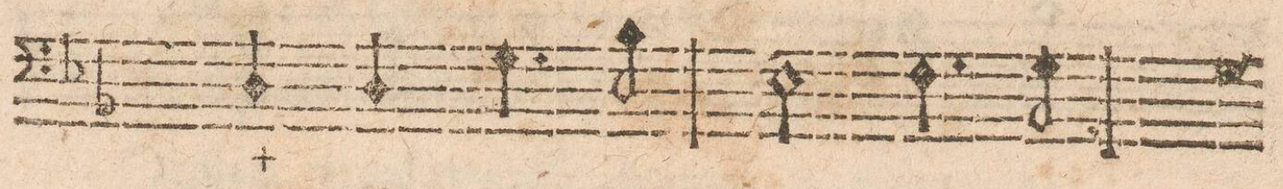


pleurs trou-bler res clai - res
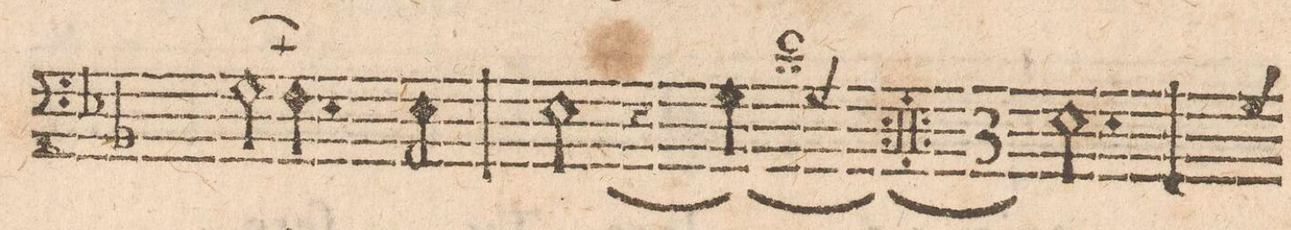


Eaux, Tu mur-mu - rois, hé-



las, Et ton foi - ble mur-
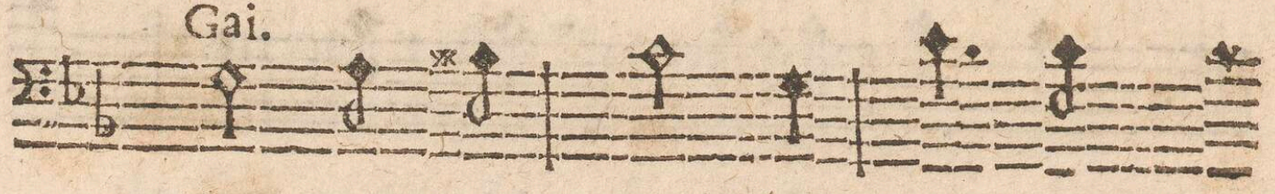


mu-re ne pou-voit a-dou-
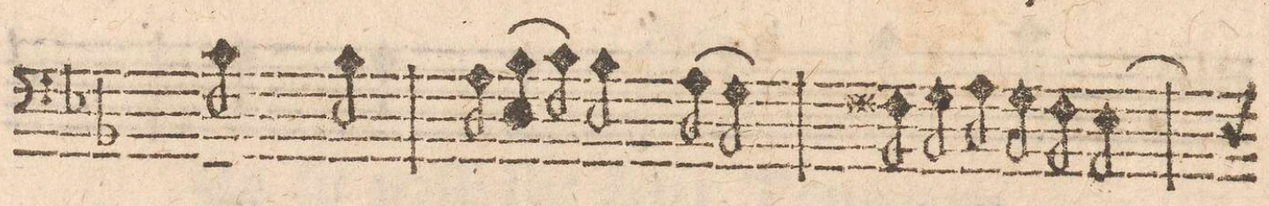


cir mes maux. Ruiſ-&c. maux.
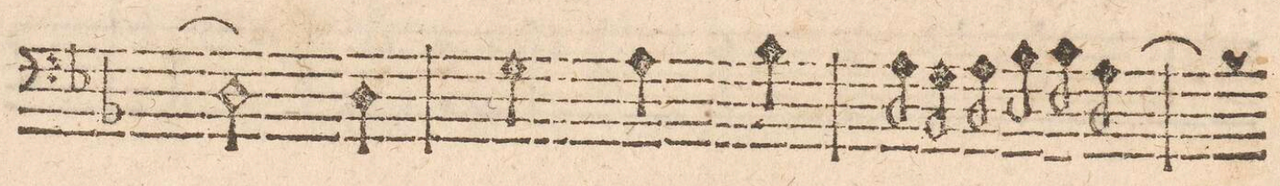
Gai.
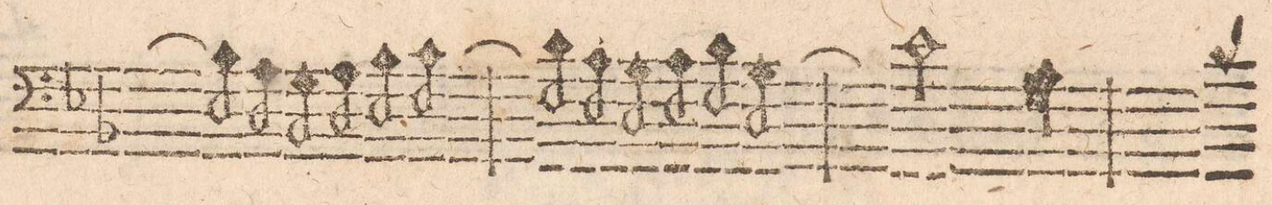


Mais à l'A-mour en-fin j'ai



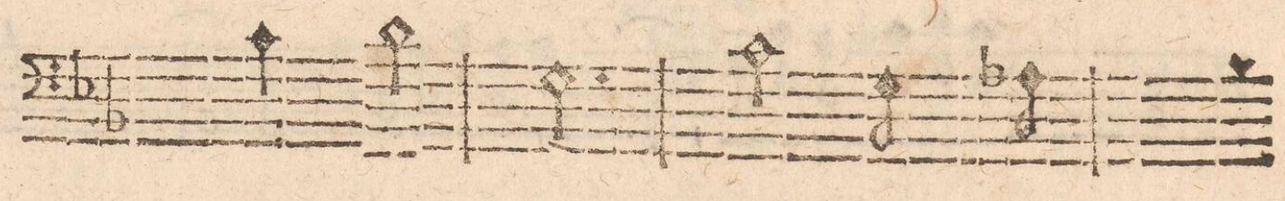
dé-cla-ré . la guer- -



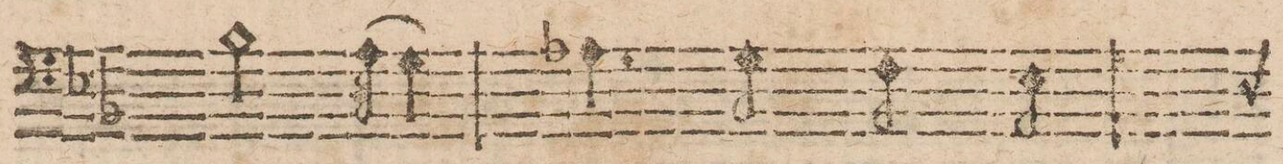
- re, Et je viens boi- -
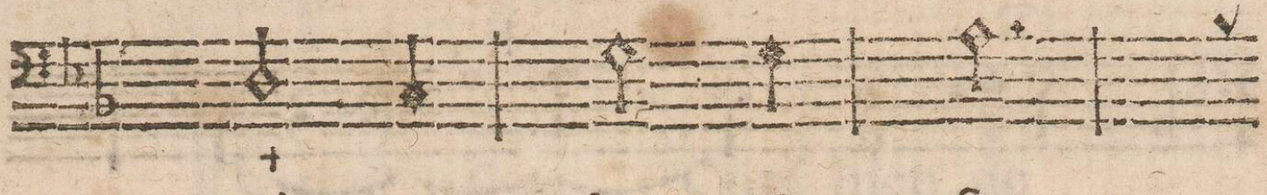


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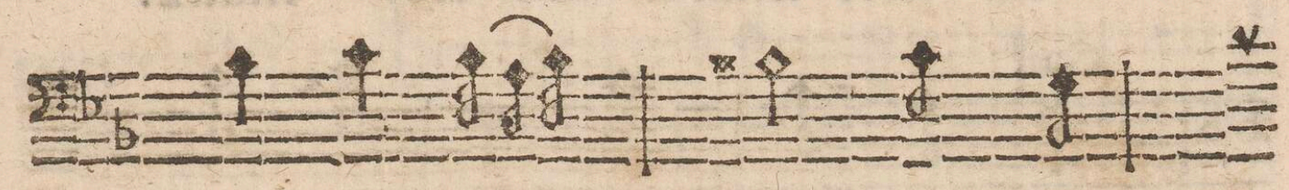


ſur tes bords. Ah! plus u-
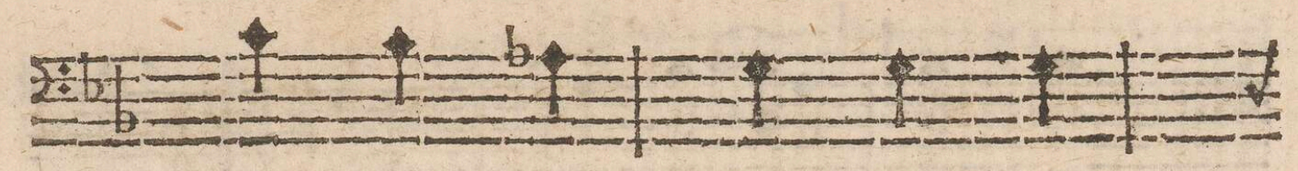


ti - le au moins que tu n'é-



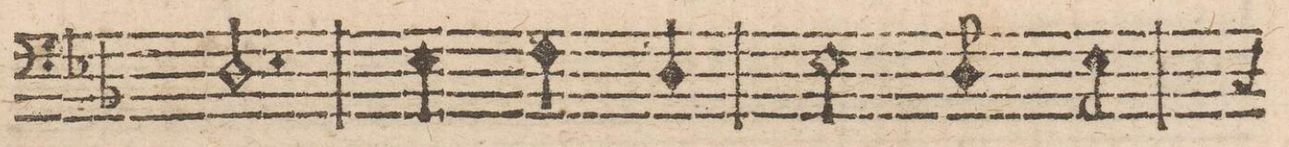
vois a - lors, Tu ſers
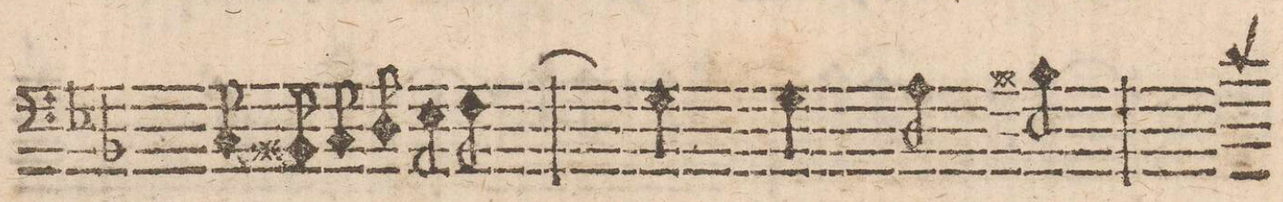


a ra - frai - chir ma Bou-



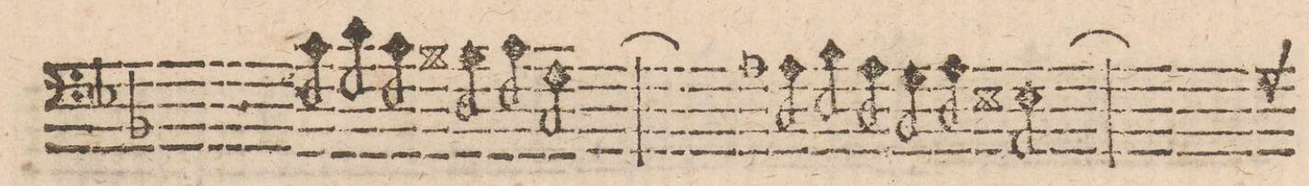
teil - le & mon ver - re, Tu



ſers à ra - frai - chir ma Bou-



teil - - - le, Ma Bou-



teil - - -

le
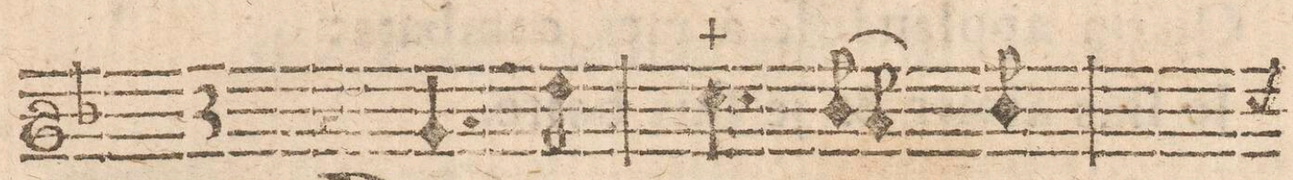
Rés. 279 bis
Rd. 279 s. p°
S. 282

Près d'Iris ou dans un repas,
Toûjours ſuivis de la victoire,
Qu'on applaudiſſe à mes combats:
Je ſais aimer & je ſais boire.
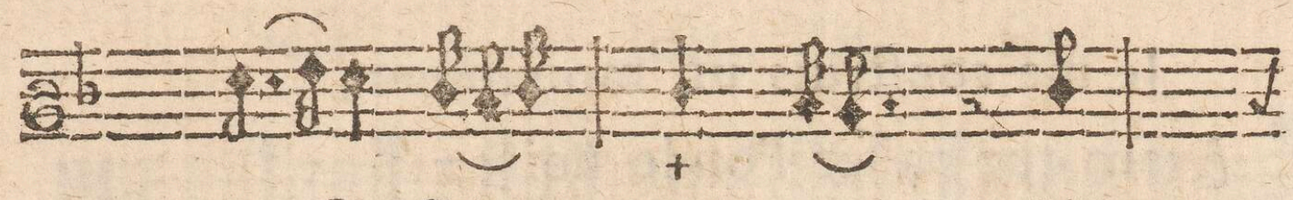
Je me conſtruis un monument,
Avant que paſſer l'onde noire:
Myrthe & Pampre en ſont l'ornement:
Je ſais aimer & je ſais boire.

Un lit poſé ſur deux Tonneaux
Eterniſera ma mémoire:
L'Eloge ſera des plus beaux:
Je ſus aimer & je ſus boire.
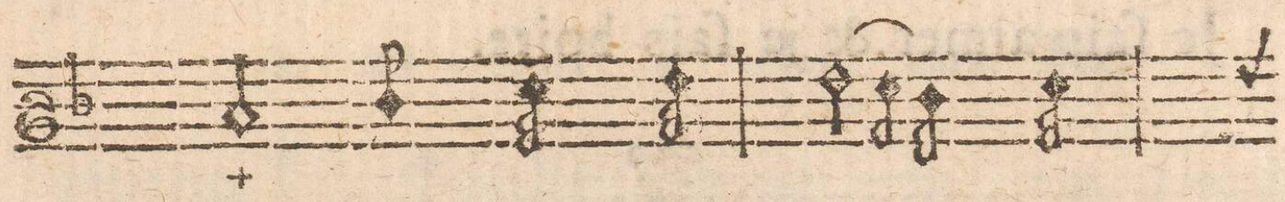
RONDEAU.
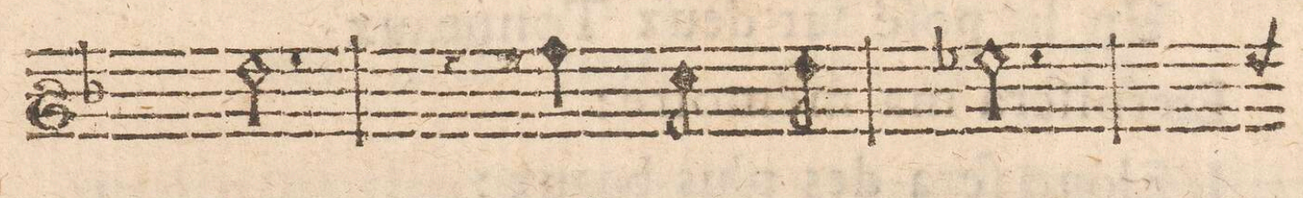


PLus bril - lan - te que



n'eſt l'Au - ro - re, Phi-
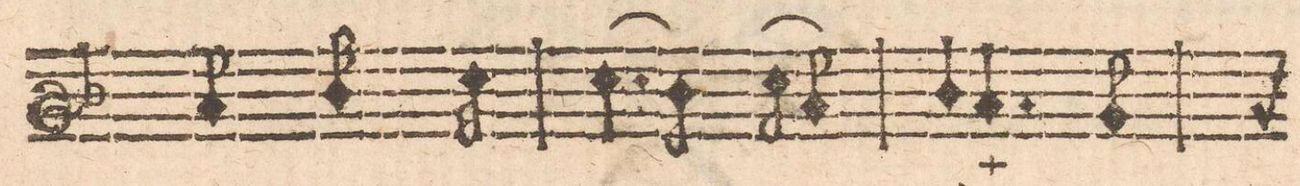


lis vient é - clai - rer ces



lieux: C'eſt vai - ne - ment
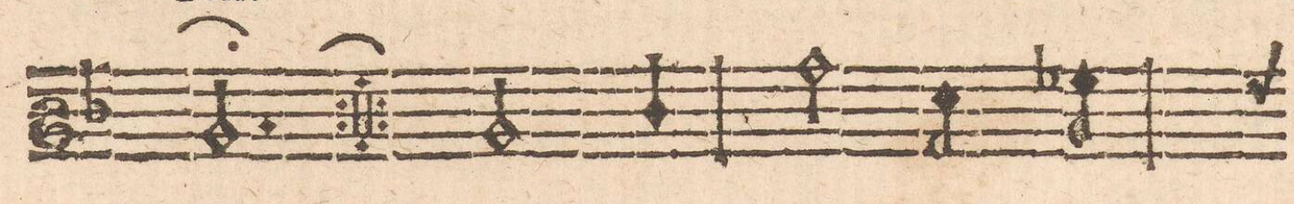


que je l'a - do - re,



é - vi - tez - là mes foi - bles
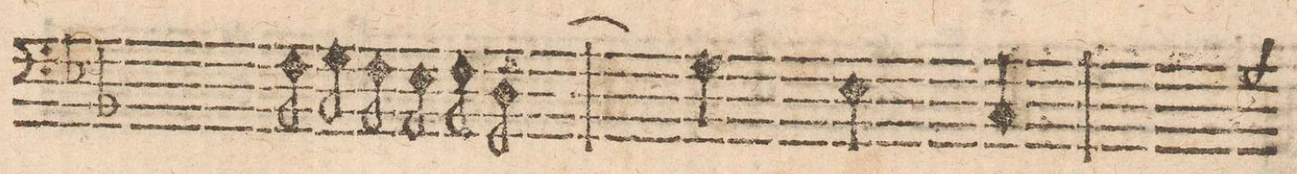
Fin.



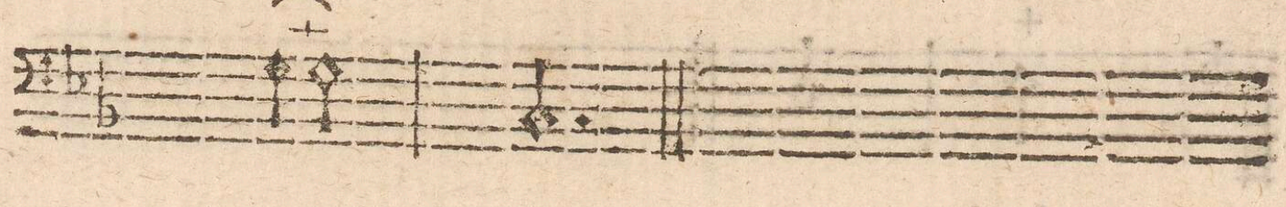
yeux. yeux. Mon cœur fai - tes

vous

C.d-286
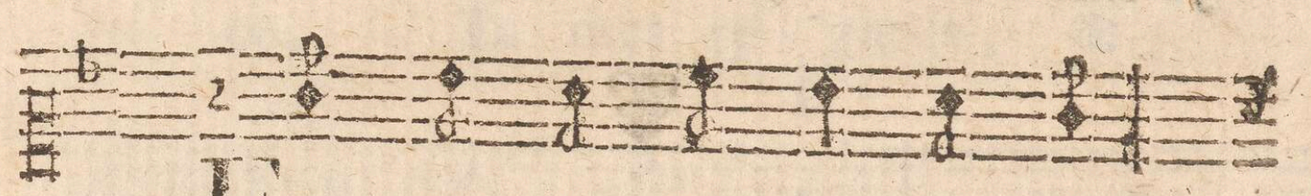


- - - le & mon
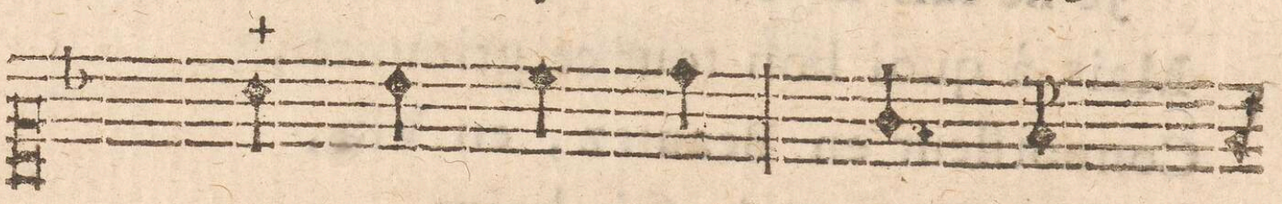


ver - re.

L'AMANT BUVEUR.
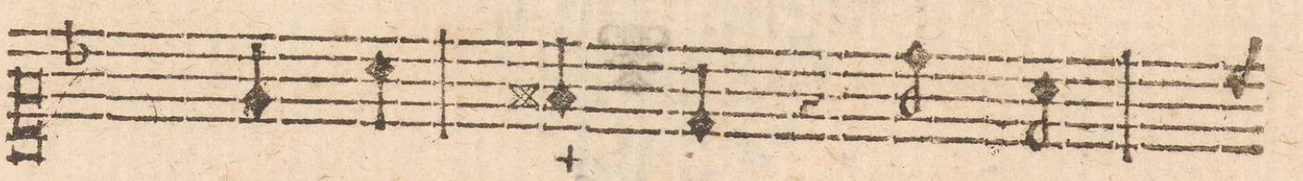
Vaudeville.



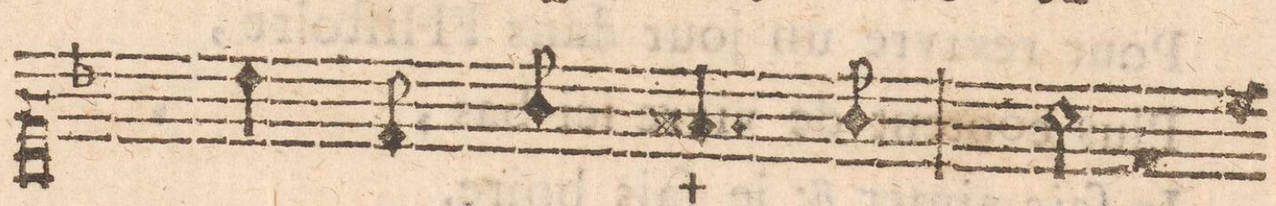
FOr-me qui vou-dra des dé-
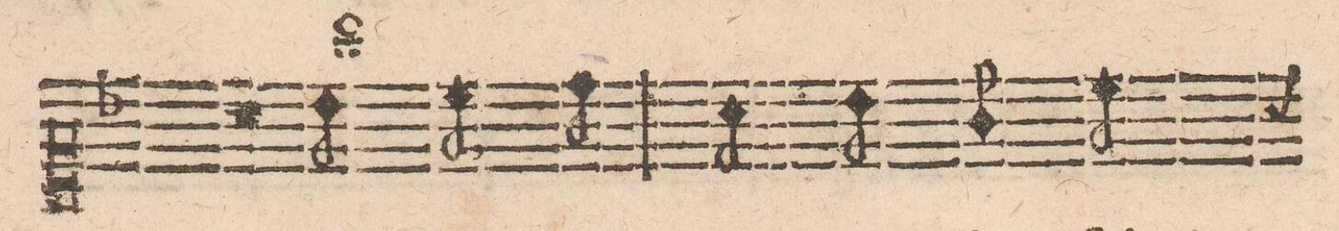


firs Pour la For - tu-ne &
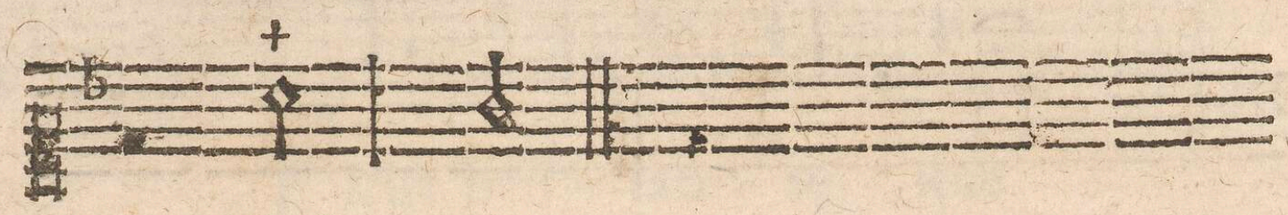


pour la gloi-re, Oc - cu-



pé de plus doux plai - firs,





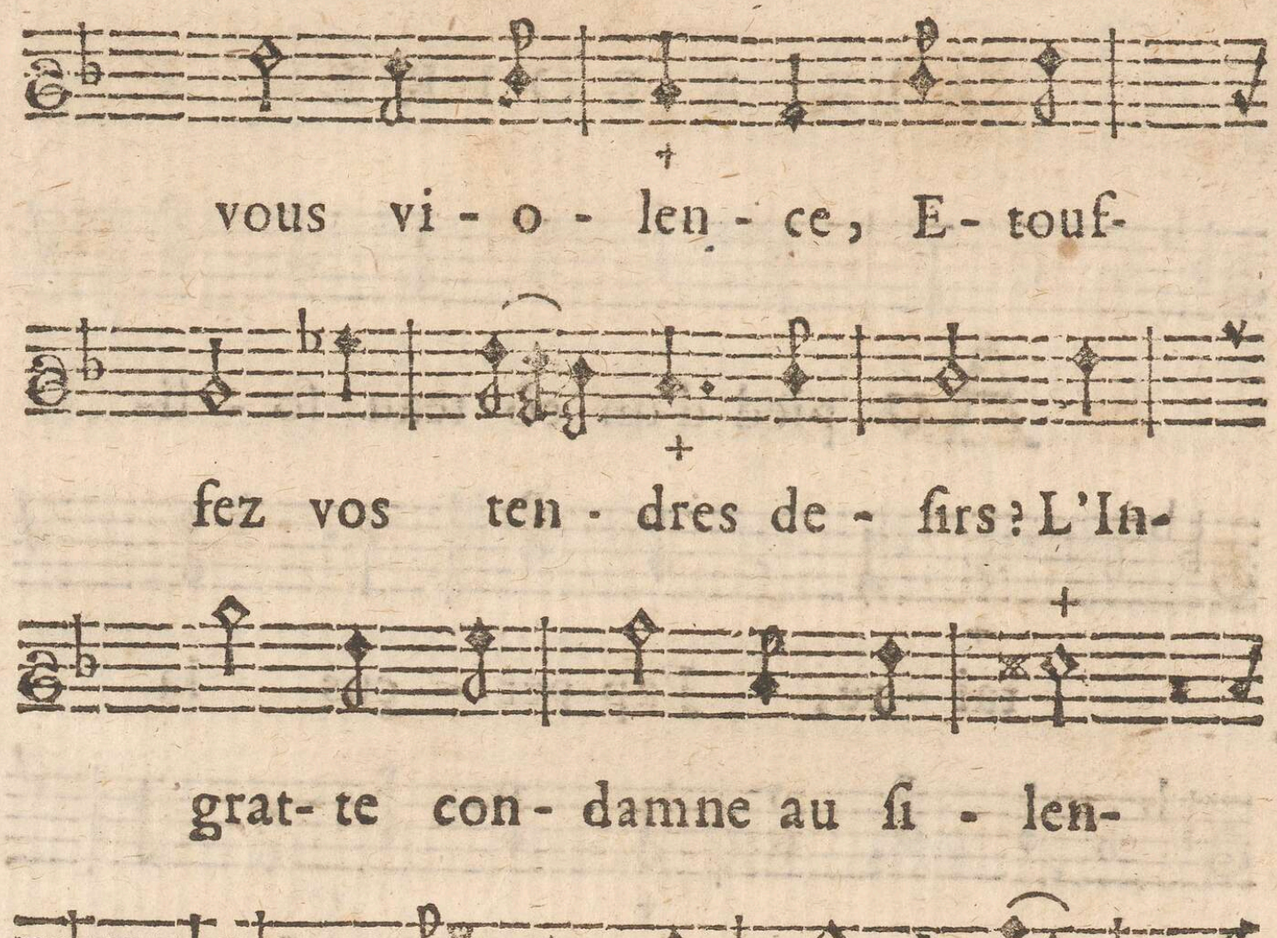
De leur dons l'Amour & Bacchus,
Comblent mes vœux (l'on peut m'en croire)
Quels biens me faudroit-il de plus,
Je ſais aimer & je ſais boire.

Je ne ſais ni Grec ni Latin,
Mais à quoi bon tout ce grimoire,
Connoiſſeur en Beautez, en Vin,
Je ſais aimer & je ſais boire.

Qu'un Héros s'expoſe au trepas,
Pour revivre un jour dans l'Hiſtoire,
Plus content de vivre ici bas,
Je ſais aimer & je ſais boire.

Près

C.d.o.281



vous vi - o - len - ce, E - touf-

fez vos ten - dres de - ſirs? L'In-

grat- te con- damne au ſi - len-

ce, Et mes re - gards, &

mes ſou - pirs. &c.

AIR
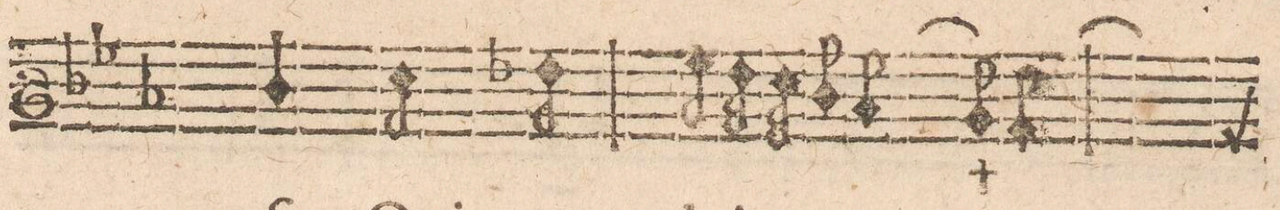
Près

281

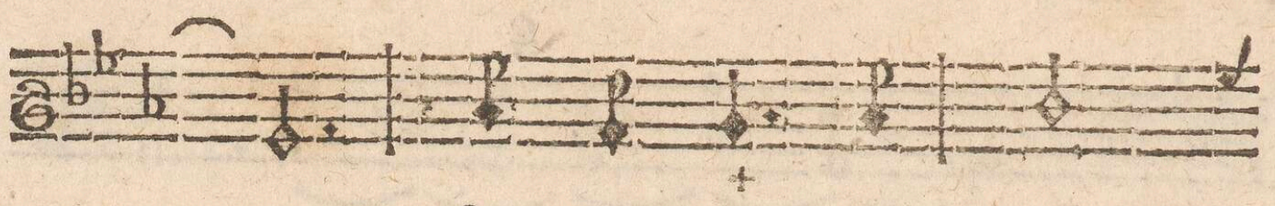
Dalej ostrony ber Lurian

AIR A BOIRE.

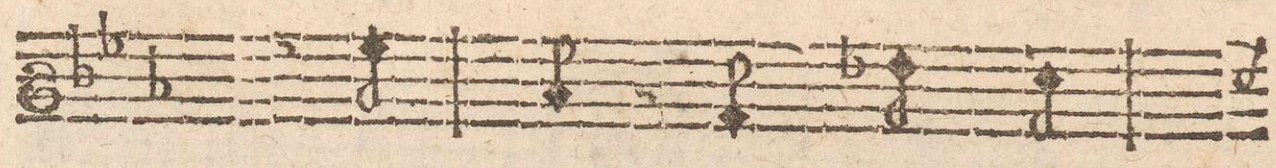

Au pied d'un cô- teau ſo - li-
tai - re, J'ap-per - çus la
jeu - ne Ca - tin ; Que l'en- fant ma-
lin de Cy - thè - re, Ai-
doit à fou - ler - -
- - le Rai - ſin. ſin. De
la Li - queur en - chan- te - reſ-
ſe,
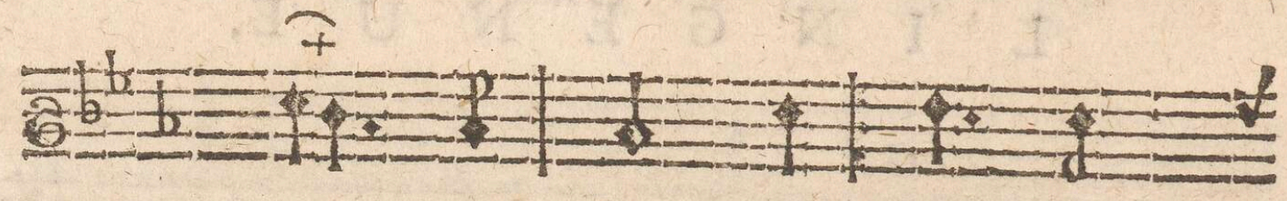


ſe, Qui cou - loit - -
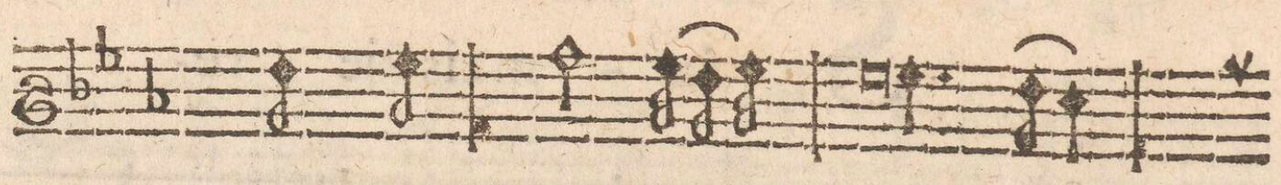


- - ſous ſa bel - le main,
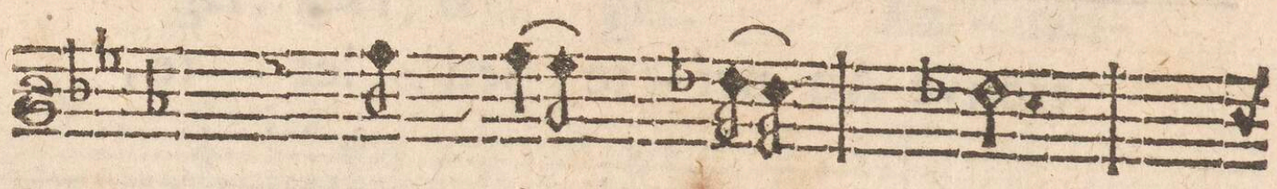


Je bus, & m'en - i-



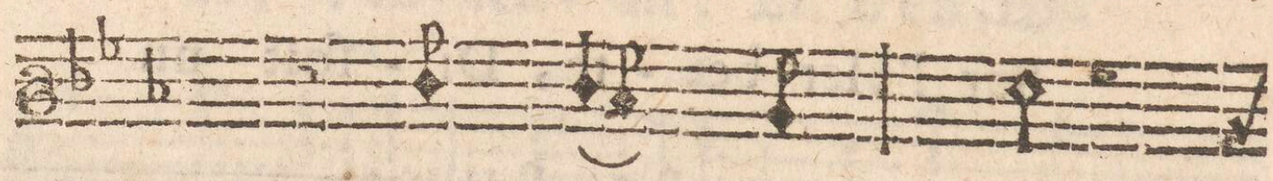
vrai ſou - dain. O dou-ce &



fa - vo - ra ble Y - vreſ - ſe!
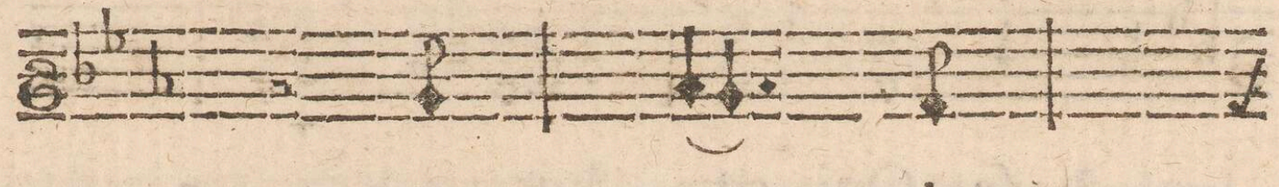


Ce fut d'A - mour,
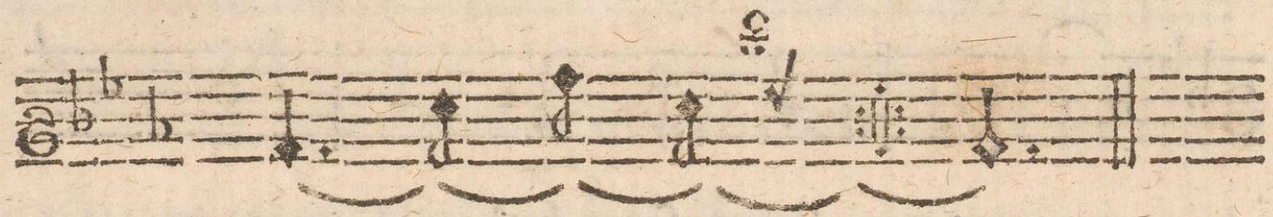


Ce fut d'A - mour,

ſe,

Et
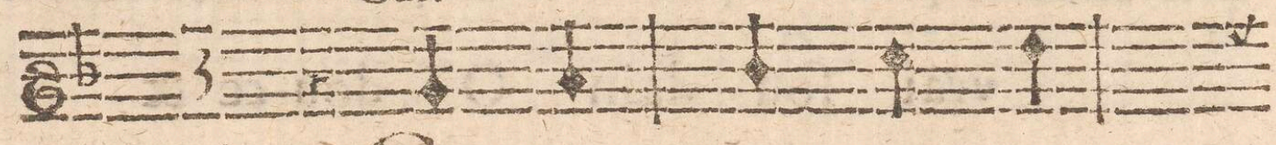


Et non de
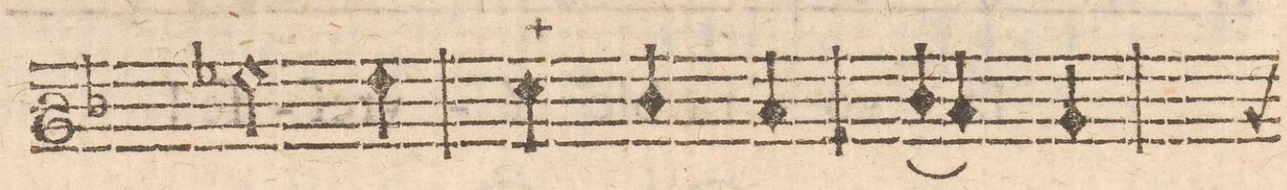


Vin. De la Li-, &c. Vin.

L'INGENUE.

Gai.



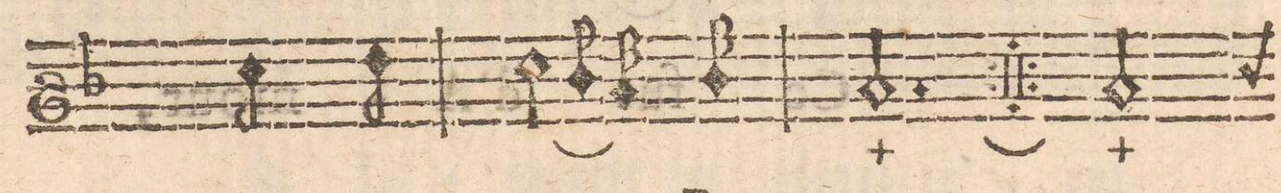
Si ja - mais je re-



trouve An- net - te, Seu - let - te,

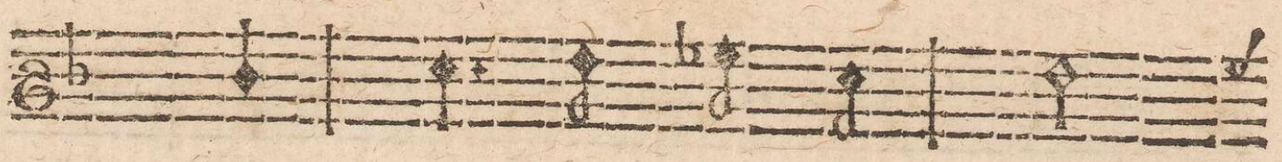


Sur l'Her- bet - te, Di - ſoit un
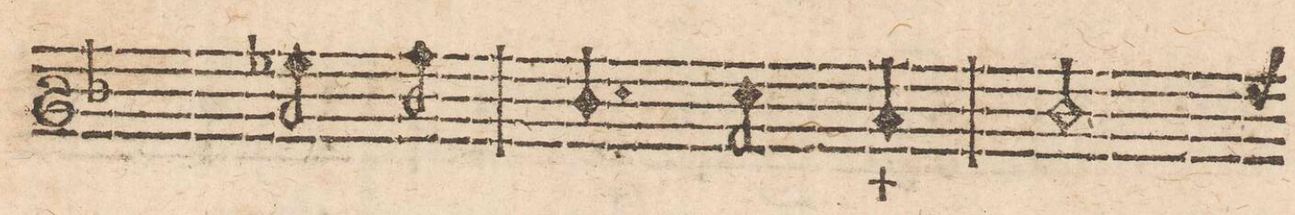


a- mou - reux Ber - ger. ger.

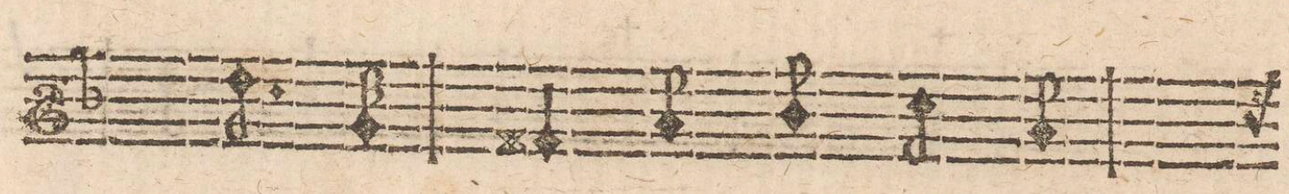
Des
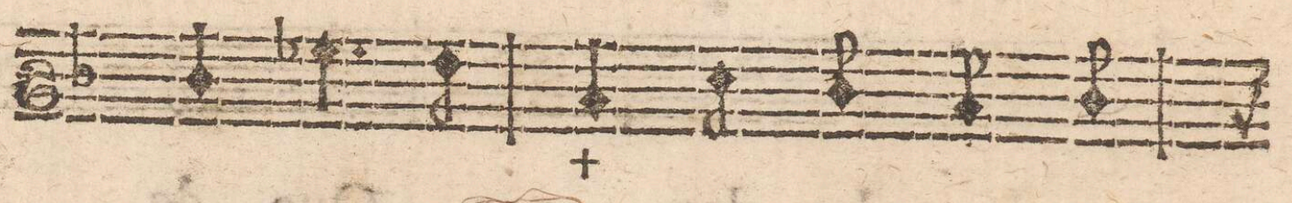


Des maux qu'el-le m'a faits,



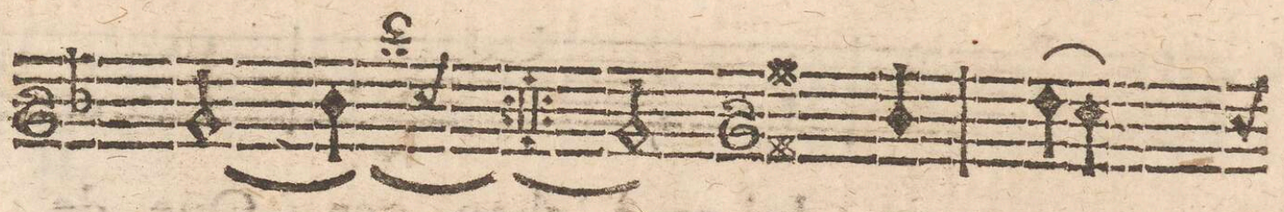
Je pré-tends me van-ger,
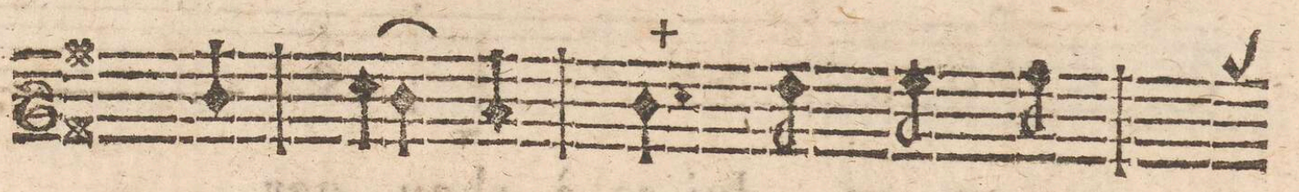


Ou la fuir, & me dé-ga-
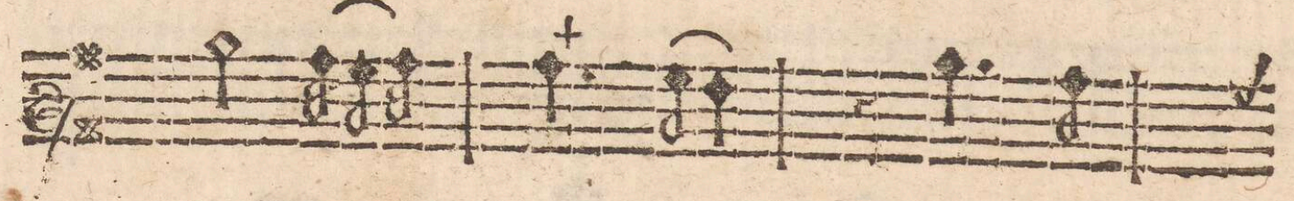


ger: Ou la fuir, & me dé-ga-
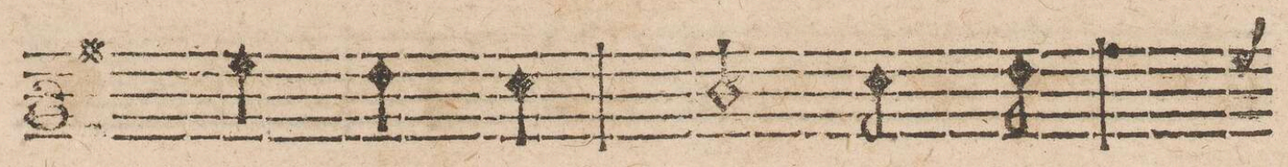


ger. Des, &c. ger. An-net-
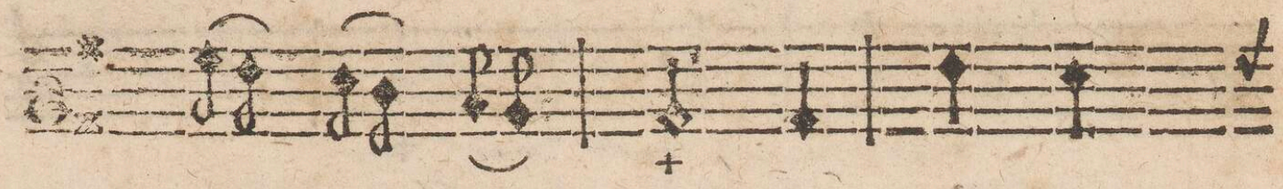


te, l'en-ten-dit, Et n'en fai-
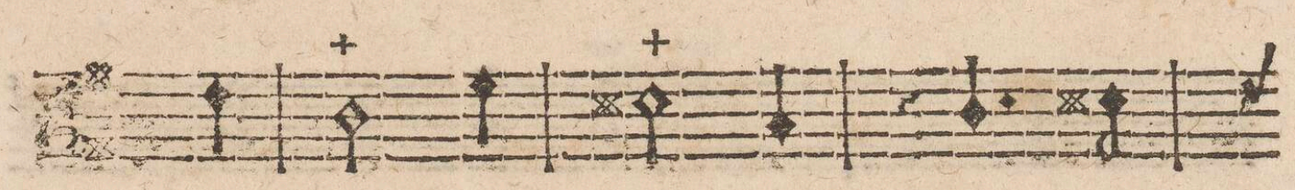


ſant que ri-re, Duſ-ſes-
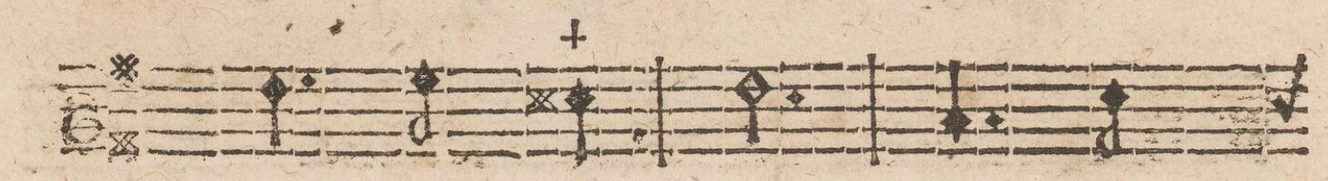


tu mal-gré - moi ſou - la-
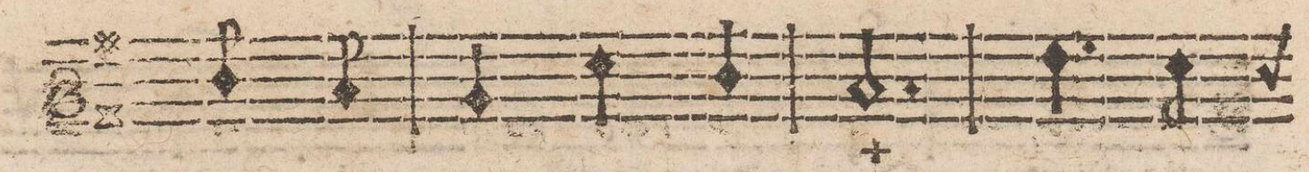


ger ton Mar - ty - re, J'aime en-
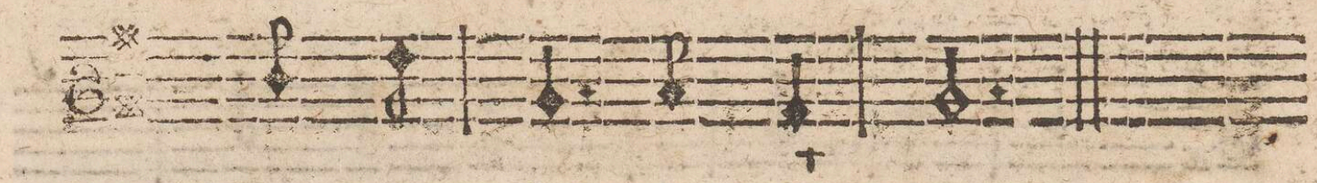


cor mieux, dit - el - le, En cou-



rir le dan - ger, Que de



re re - dui re à chan - ger, Que de

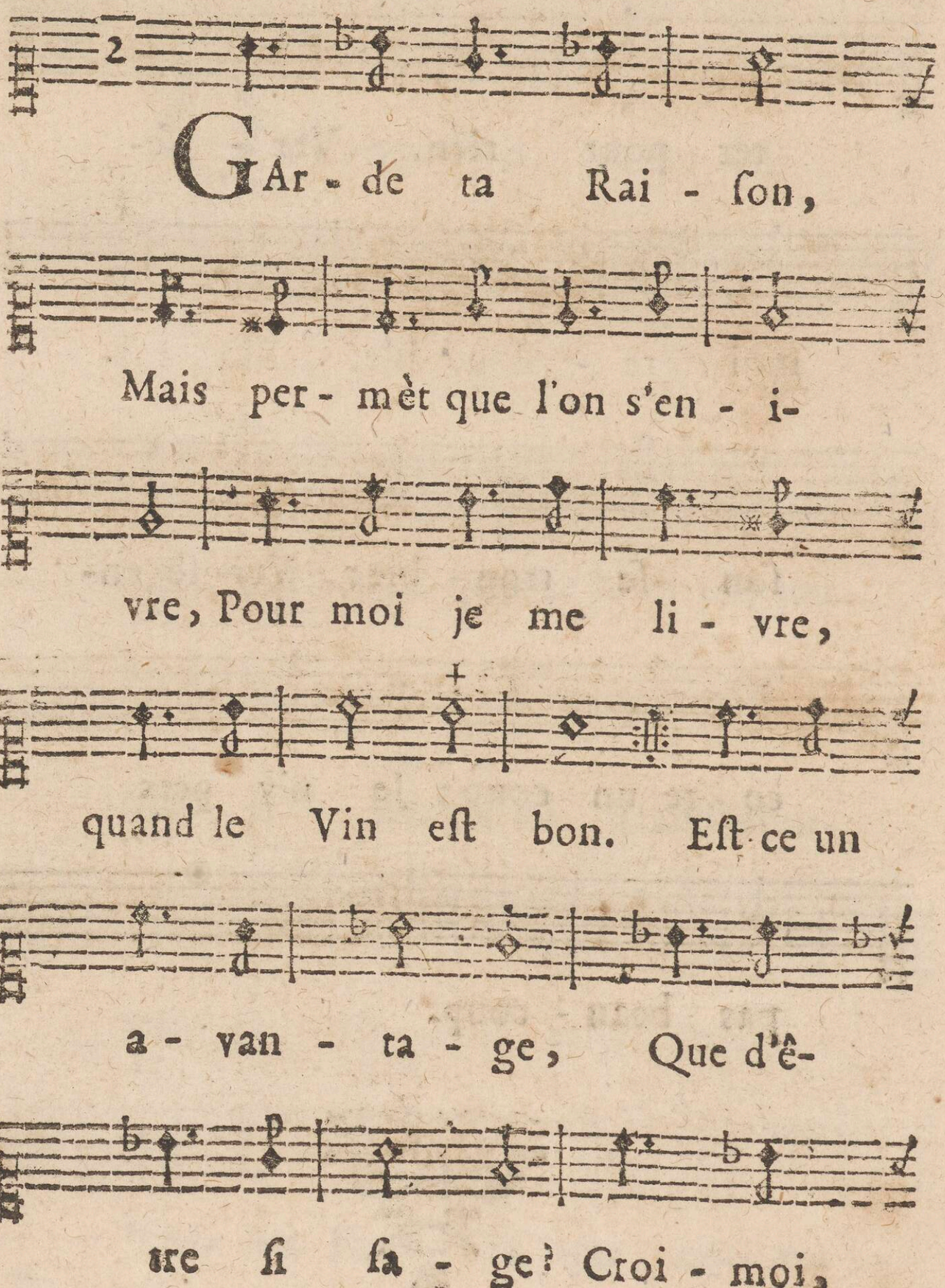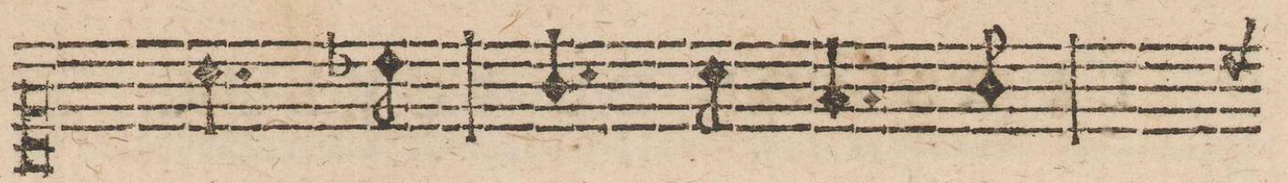


re re - dui-re à chan - ger.
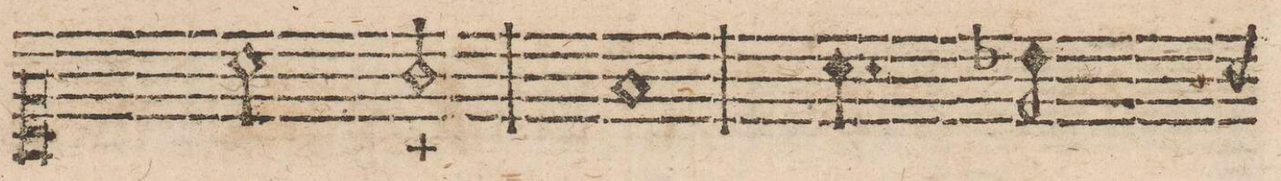


LA RAISON DU BUVEUR.

Parodie.

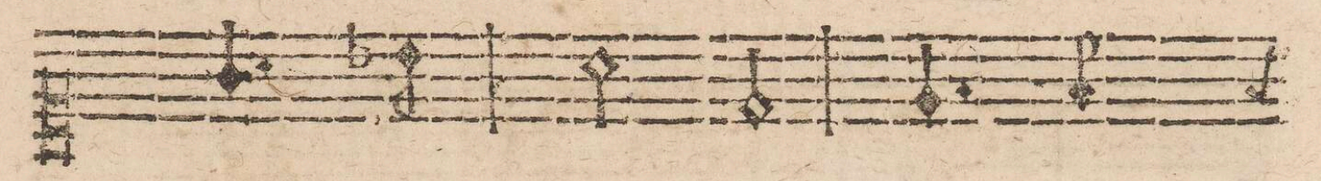




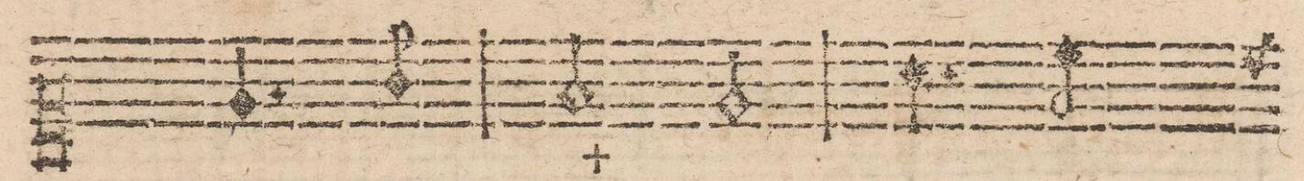
C'eſt un bien qu'on doit comp-
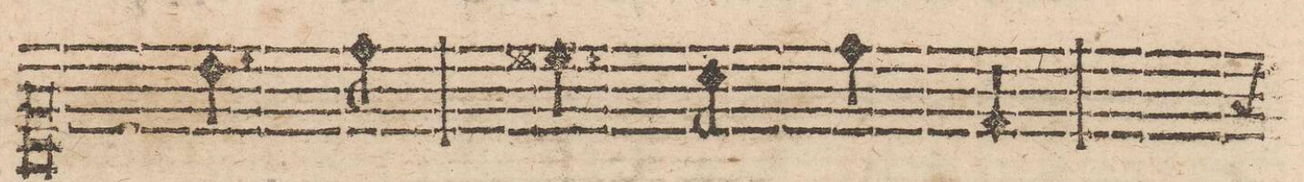


ter pour rien. Ver - ſe-
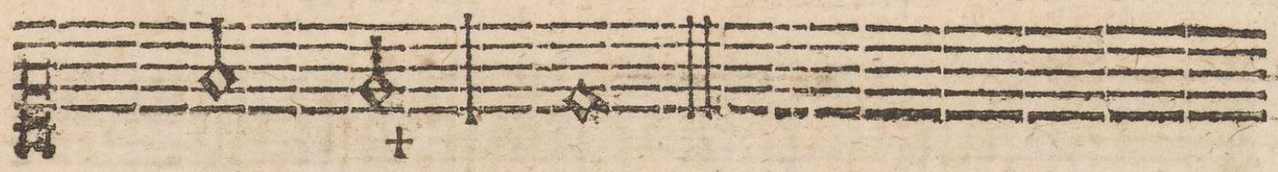


moi re - dou- ble. Ma rai-



ſon ſe trou - ble: Ver- ſe en-



co - re un coup; Je n'y pers
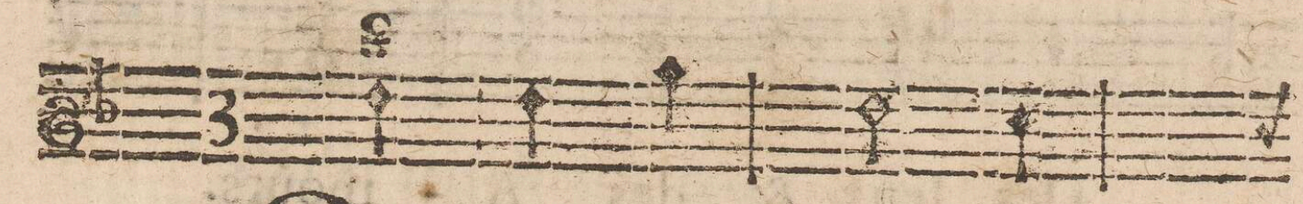


pas beau - coup.
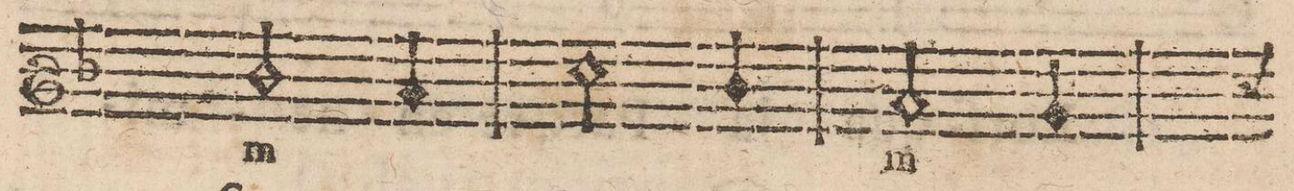
L'U-

L'USAGE DE LA VIE.

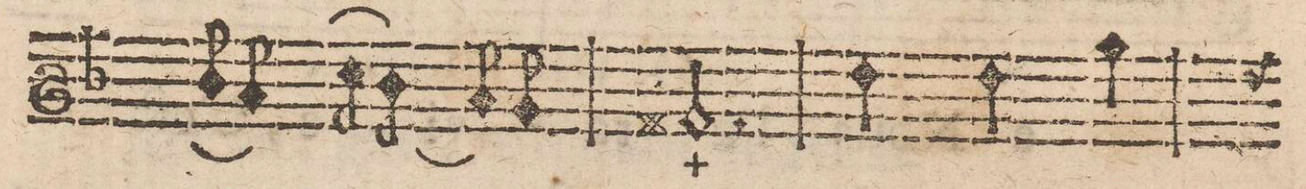
Rondeau.
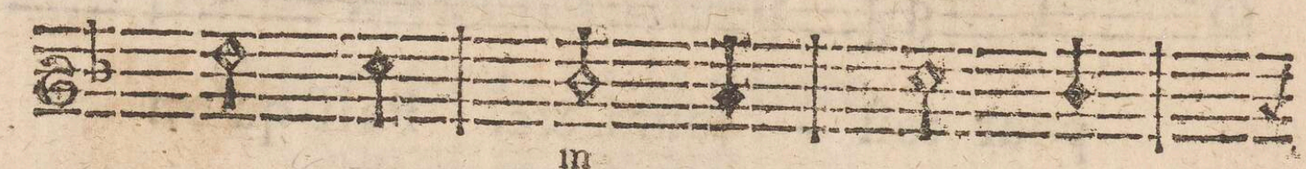


QU'at-ten-dons - nous ? fai-



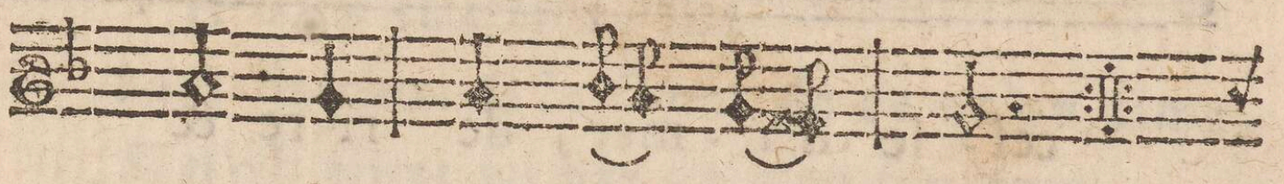
ſons un doux U - ſa - ge
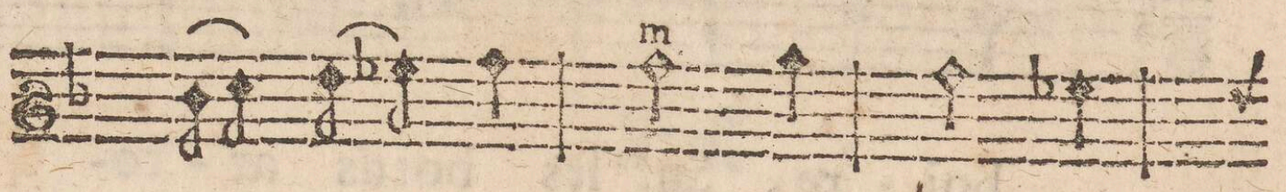


de nos beaux jours : N'en pas jou-



ir, A - mis, c'eſt grand dom-
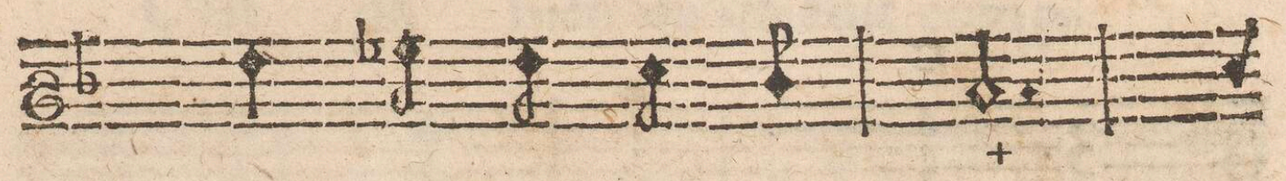


ma - ge, Ils ſont trop courts.
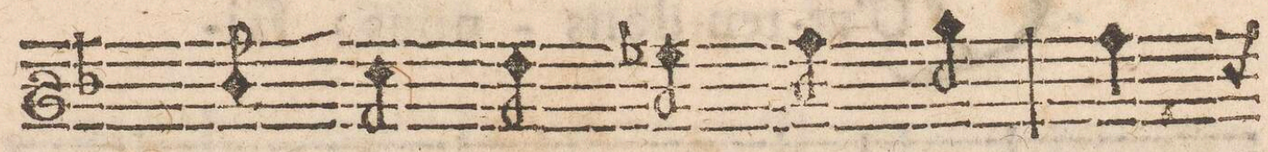


Vo - lez Plai - ſirs que no - tre
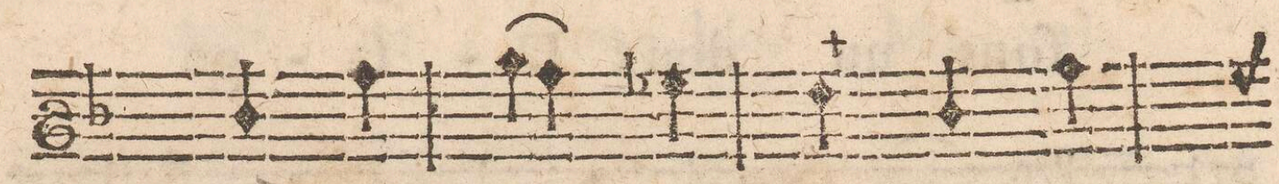


vi - e, Soit ſui - vi - e,



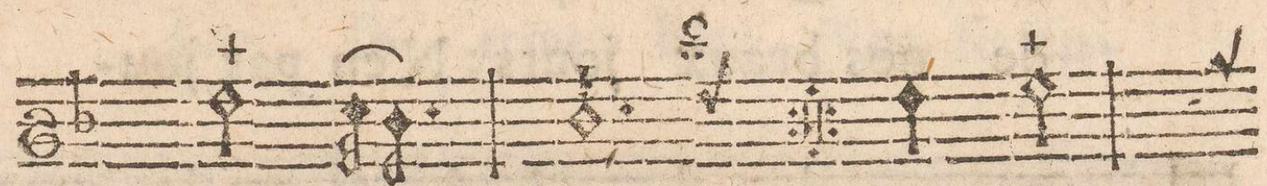
Des Jeux & des A - mours.
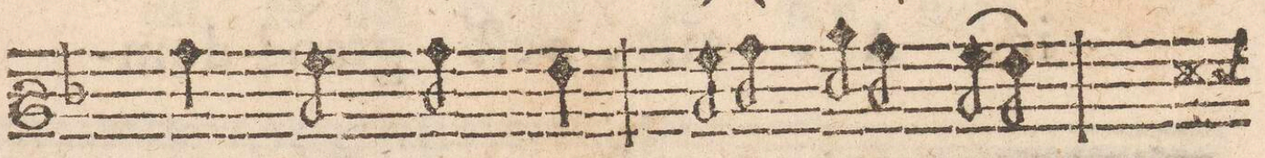


Lorſ-que la Parque en-ne - mi-



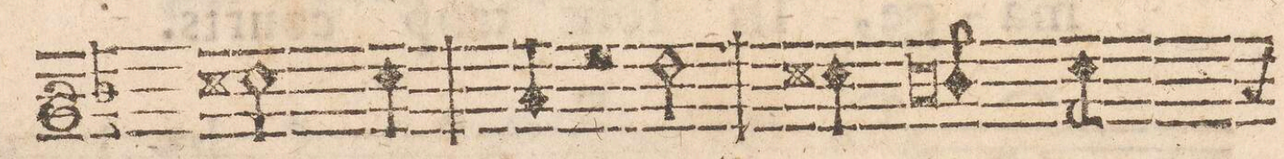
e Nous l'a ra - vi - e, C'eſt



pour toû - jours. &c. Puiſ-qu'on
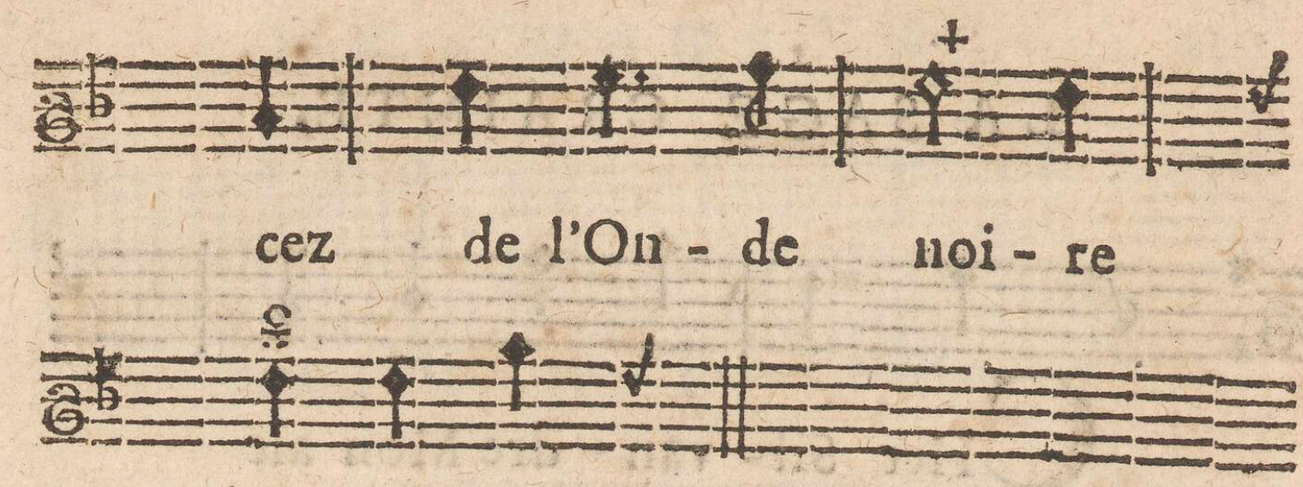


ceſ- ſe d'ai-mer, de ri-re &



boi - re, Sur les bords ar - ro-

BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH



Qu'at ten-dons, &c.

A nous charmer tout ſert & s'intéreſſe,
O doux momens,
Rions, chantons; au Vin, à la tendreſſe
Livrons nos ſens.
Qu'une gaité toûjours nouvelle
Nous rappelle
A de nouveaux déſirs:
Que le gout, & la nature
Soient la meſure
De nos plaiſirs.
A nous charmer, &c.
Sans Bacchus & le Cœur de ce qu'on aime,
Il n'eſt point ici bas de bien ſuprême.
A nous charmer, &c.
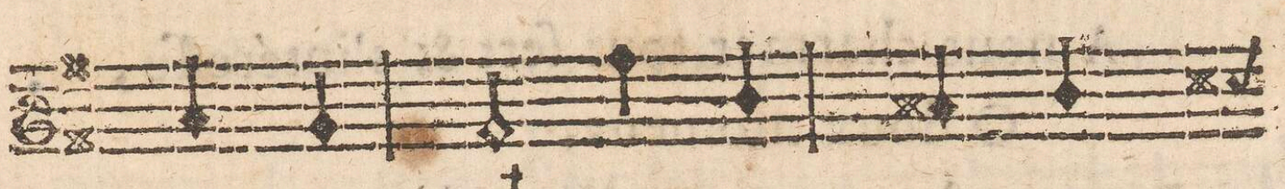
LA SAGE CRAINTE.
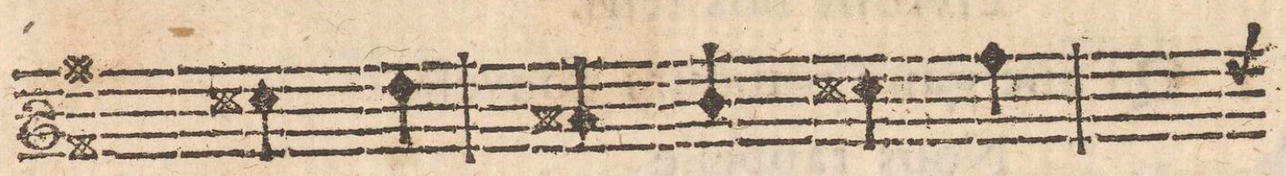


CHer Sil- van- dre Mon air
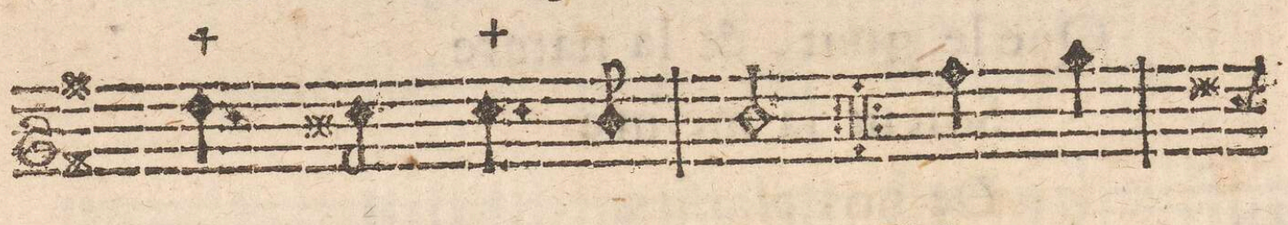


ten - dre Doit t'aſ - ſu - rer



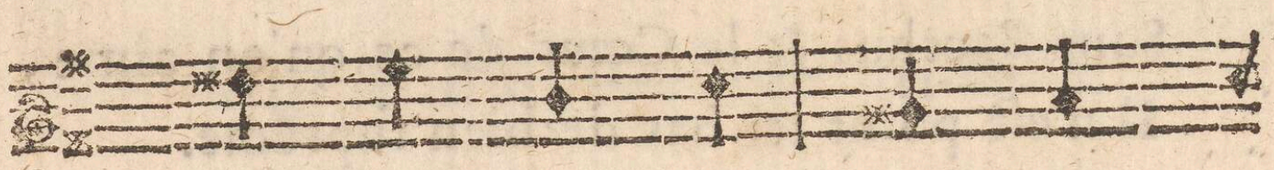
de mon cœur, Et ſans ceſ - ſe,
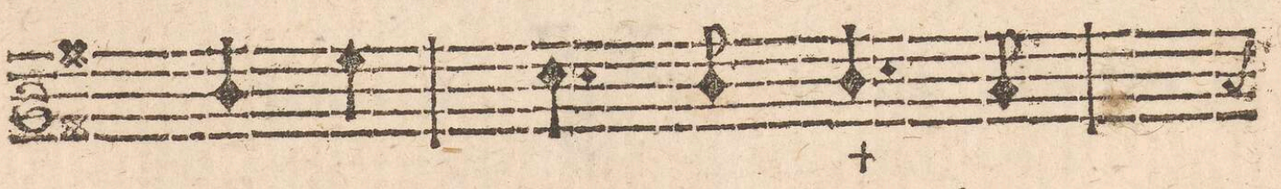


Je m'em - preſ - ſe, De te



prou - ver mon ar- deur: Mes yeux
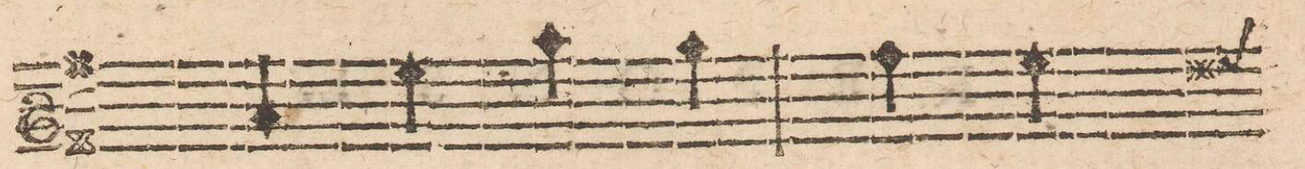


per - dront leur Con - quê - te,
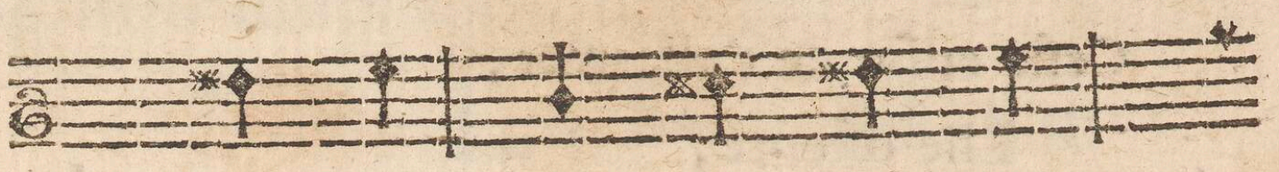


Si j'a - che - ve ton bon-
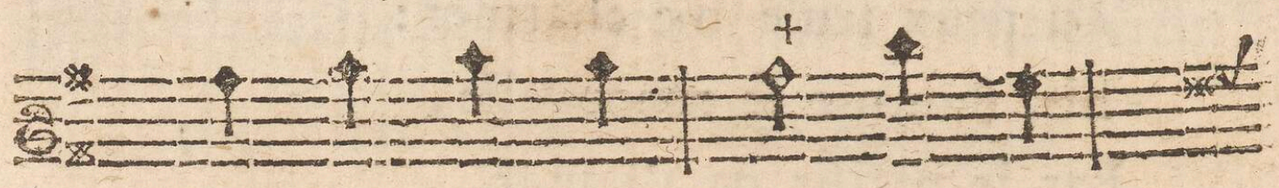
heur
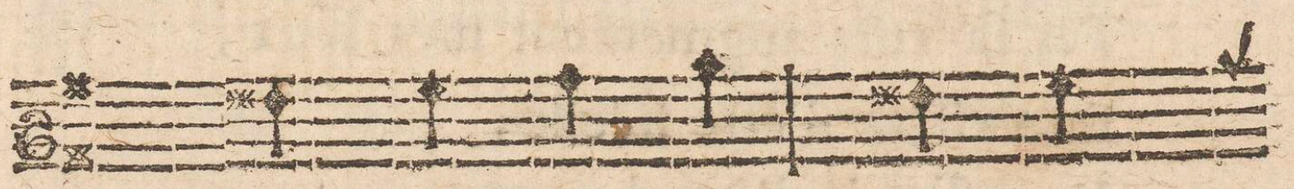


heur, Mê - na - ge - moi, crain
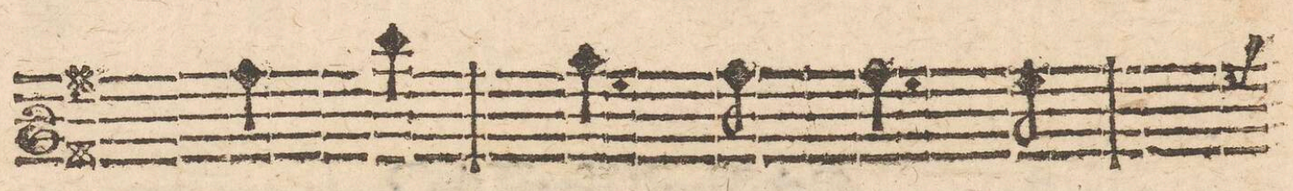


d'al - lar - mer, Un cœur trop



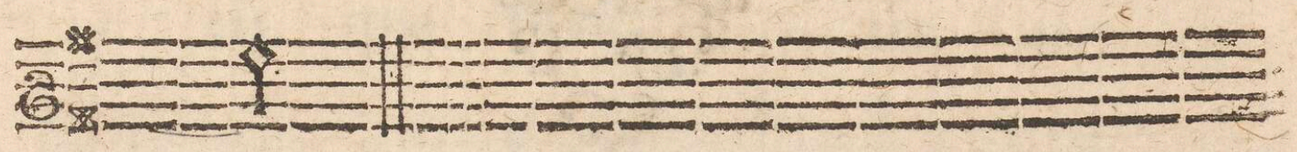
prompt à s'en - flam - mer, Ah! Cru-



el, rien ne t'ar - rê - te,



Tu vas ceſ - ſer de m'ai-
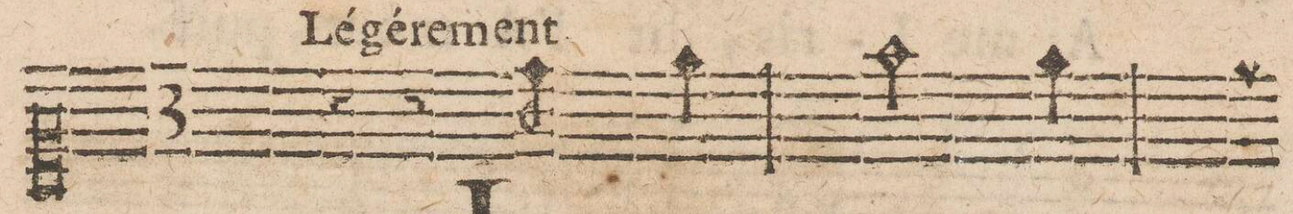


mer.

REPONSE.

Chere Aminte
Que la crainte
Ceſſe enfin de t'allarmer,
Elle offence,
Ma conſtance,
Tu peux ſeule me charmer:
Ma flamme ſe renouvelle,
Par le plaiſir de t'aimer.
Et quand tu viens combler mes vœux,
Tes faveurs augmentent mes feux,
En ceſſant d'être fidelle,
Je ceſſerois d'être heureux.
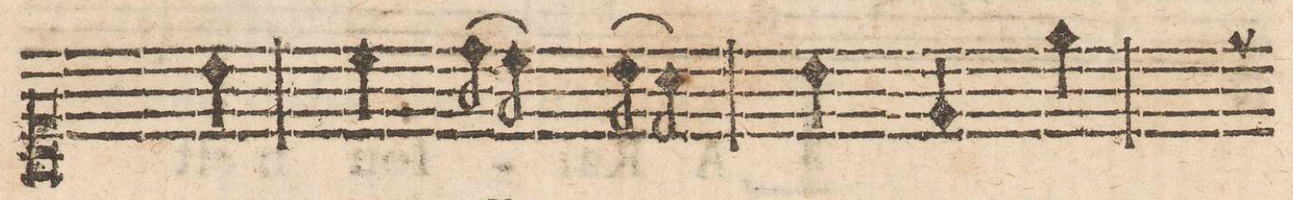
LES CONSEILS
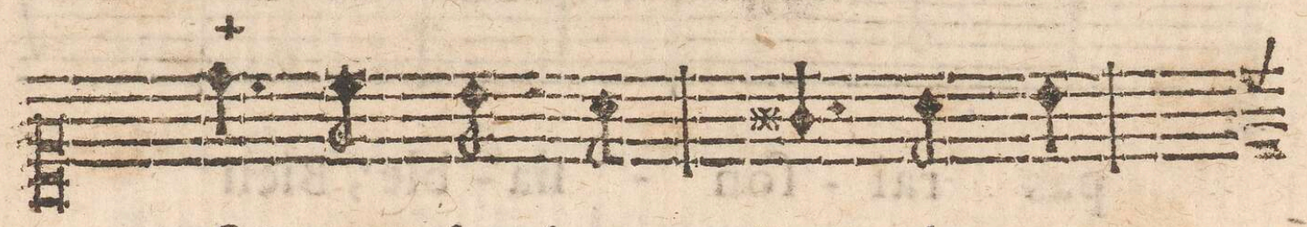


Aime
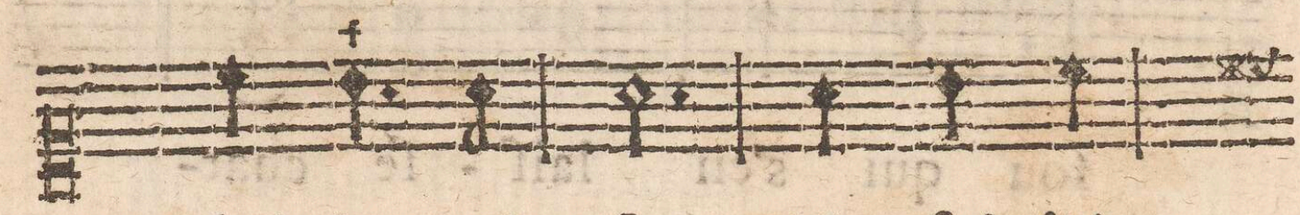


Ai-me I-ris, dit l'A-mour, puiſ-
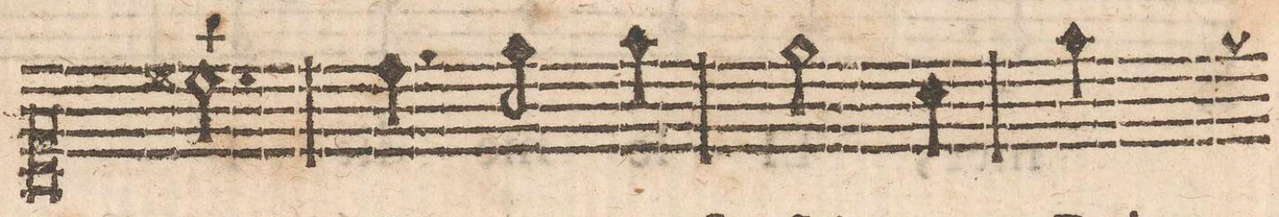


qu'el-le a ſû te plai-re, Pro-
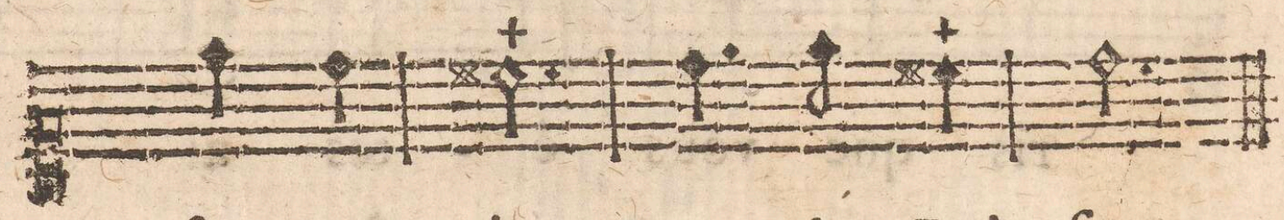


fi-te des beaux jours de ta



bel-le Sai-ſon. Ma foi l'A-
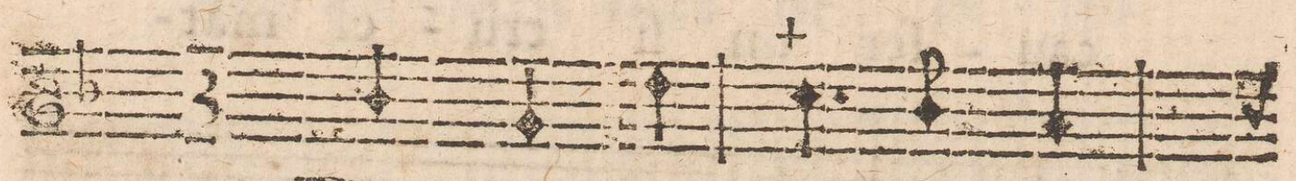


mour ſur cet-te af-fai-re, Rai-
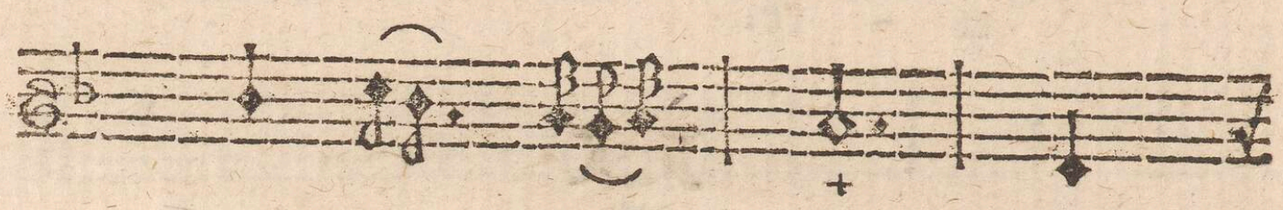


ſon-ne mieux que la Rai-ſon.

LE

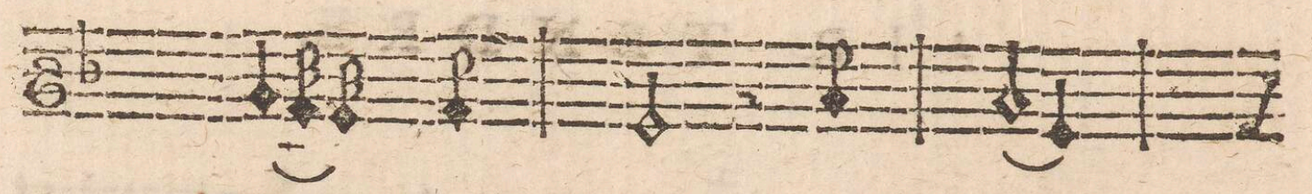
LE BAISER.
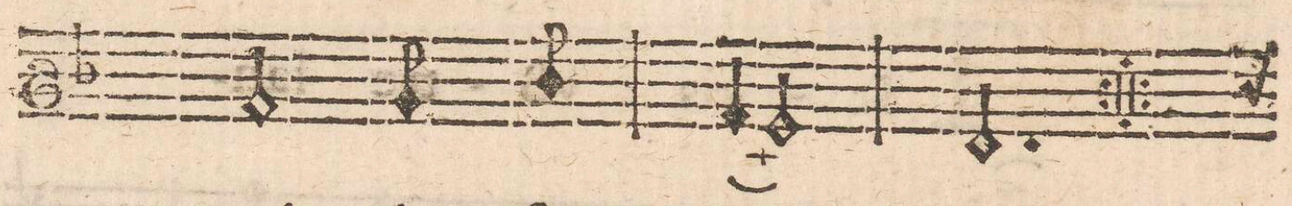


Pour un Bai - ſer que j'ai
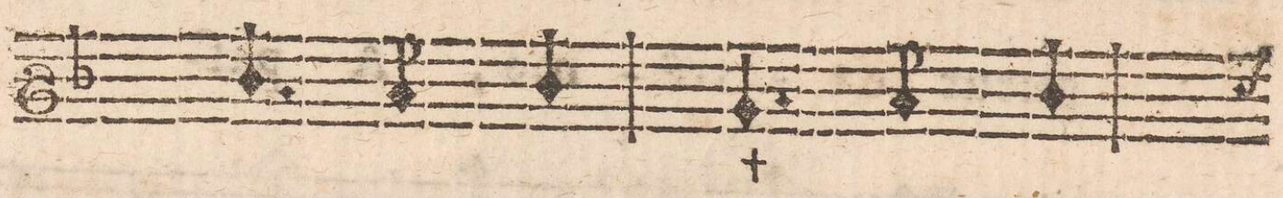


re - çû de vous, Char-



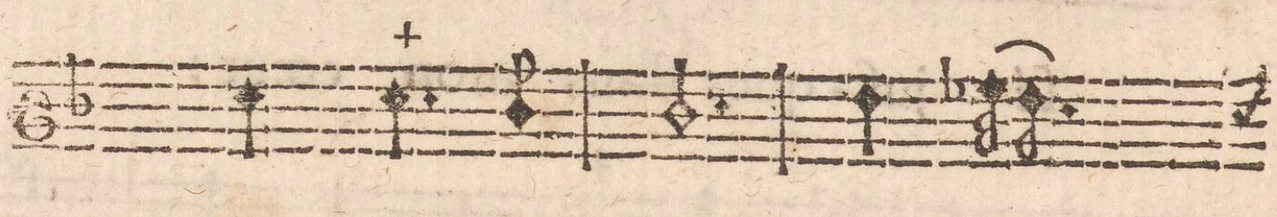
man - te I - ris, je lan-
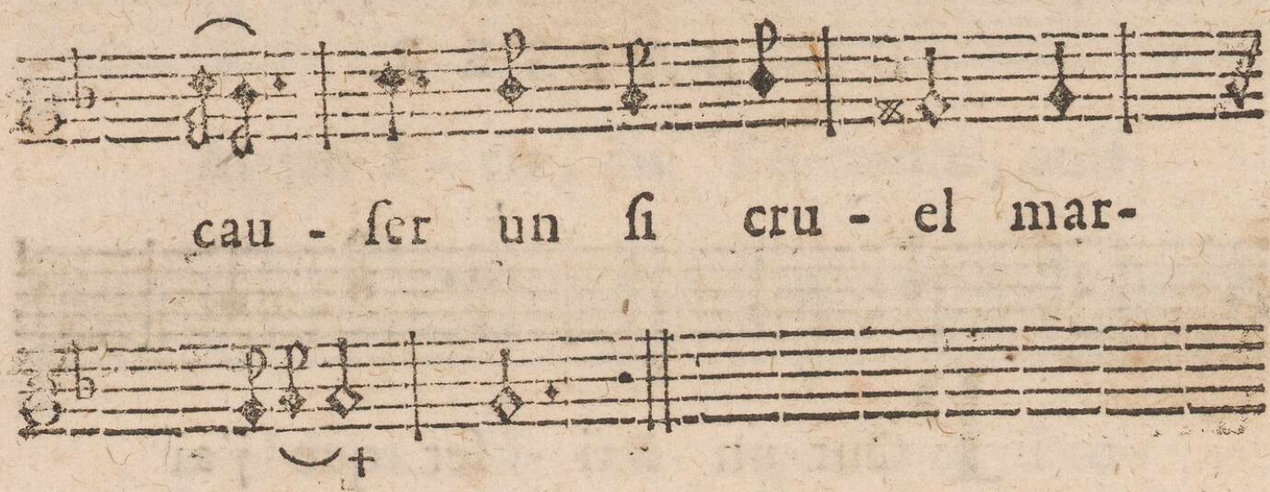


guis je ſou - pi - re:



Ah! ſe peut - il que ce



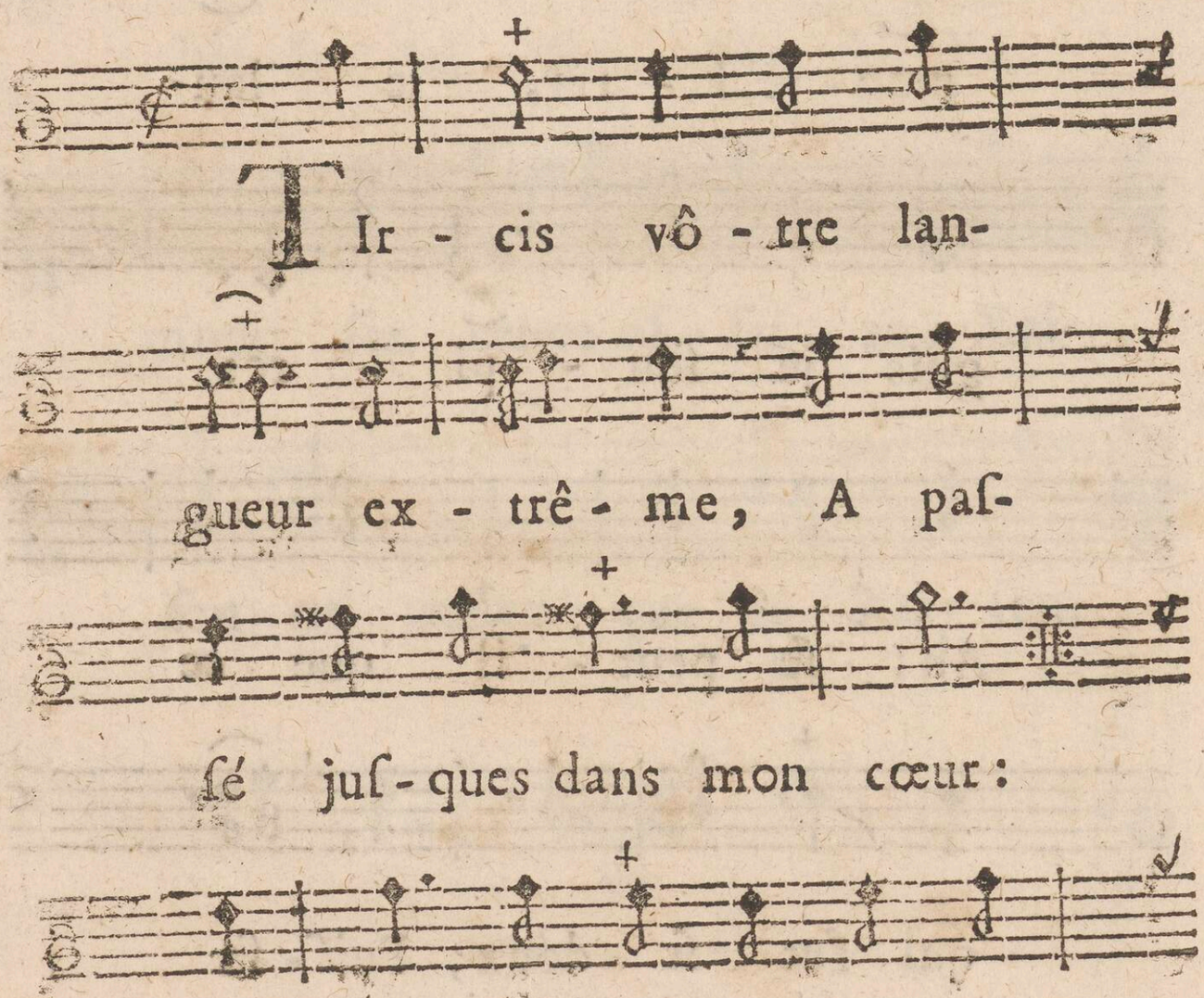
qui fut ſi doux, Puiſ- ſe



cau - ſer un ſi cru - el mar-

ti - re.

AIR TENDRE.
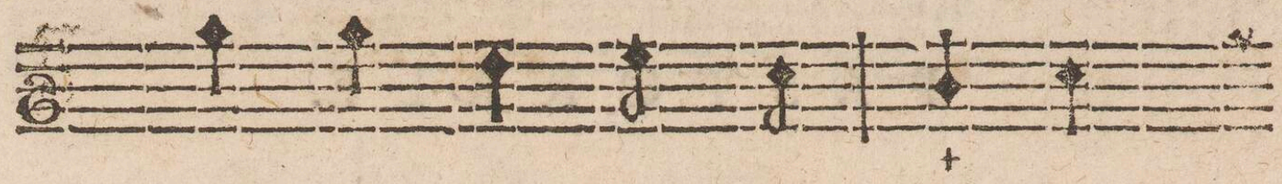


Tir - cis vô - tre lan-

gueur ex - trê - me, A paſ-
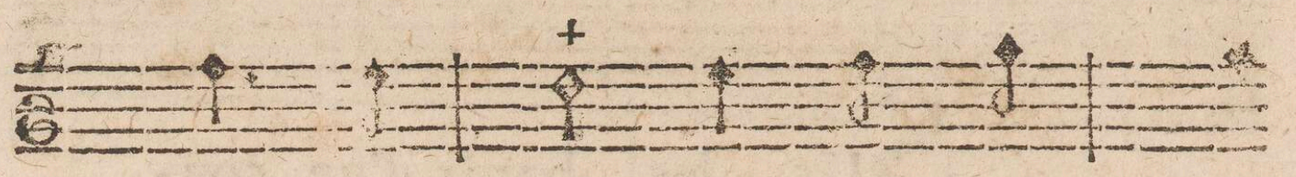
ſé juſ - ques dans mon cœur:

Par - lez il n'eſt plus tems de

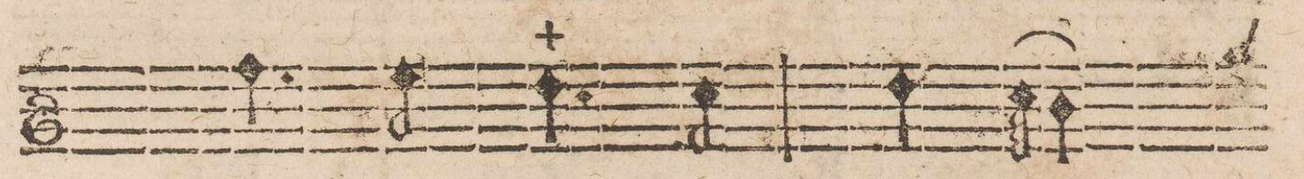
fein-
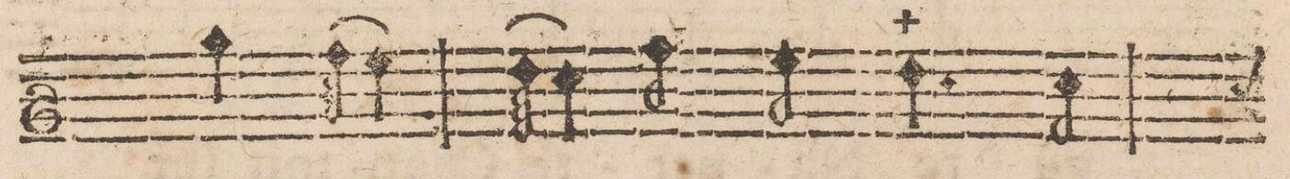


fein- dre; Mais vous ne di - tes



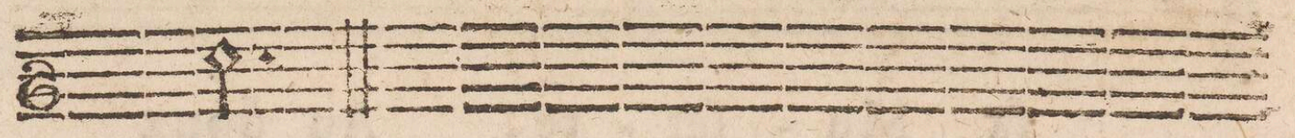
rien, hé - las! Au - rois- je



le mal- heur de plain- dre
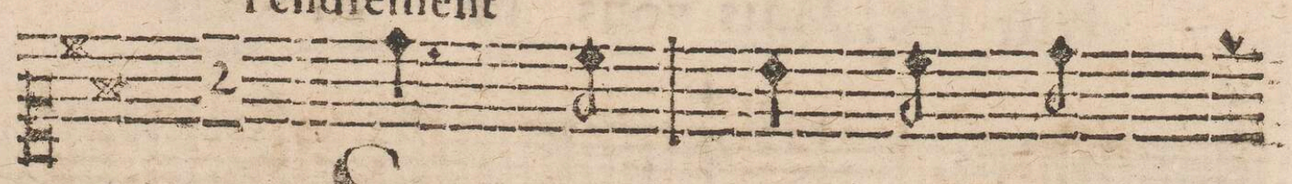


Un mal que je ne cau - se



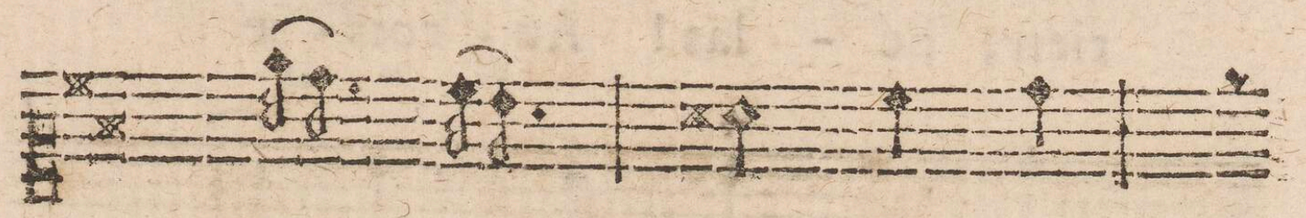
pas.

PASTORALE.
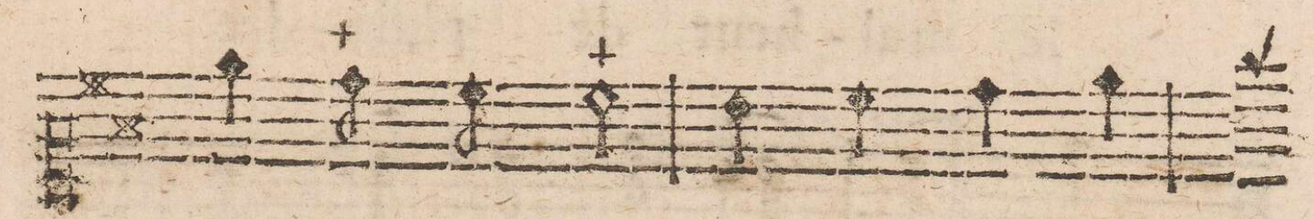
Tendrement
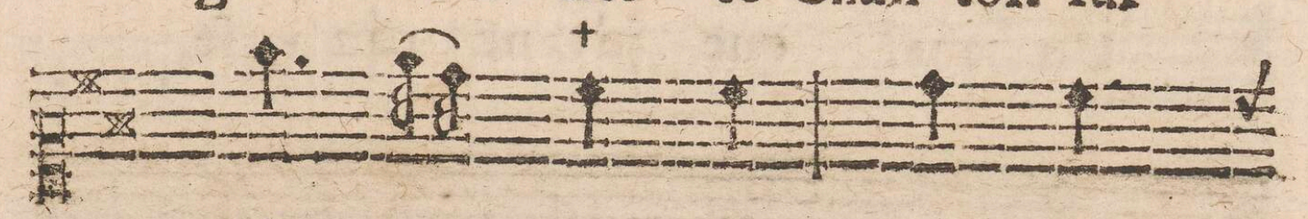


SUr les bords d'un cou-



lant Ruiſ - ſeau, La Ber-
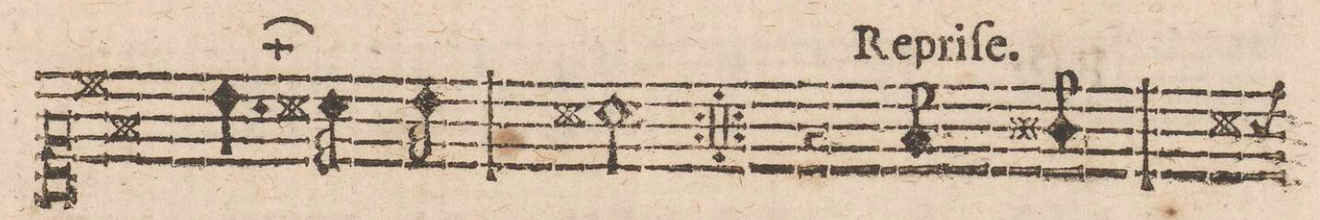


gè re Na - net - te Chan- toit ſur
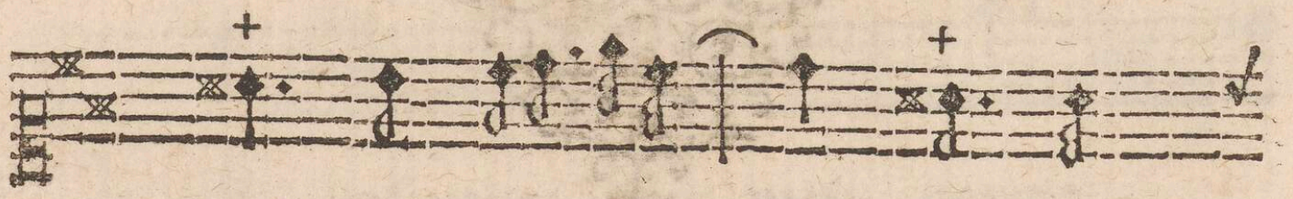


ſa Mu - ſet - te, Au doux
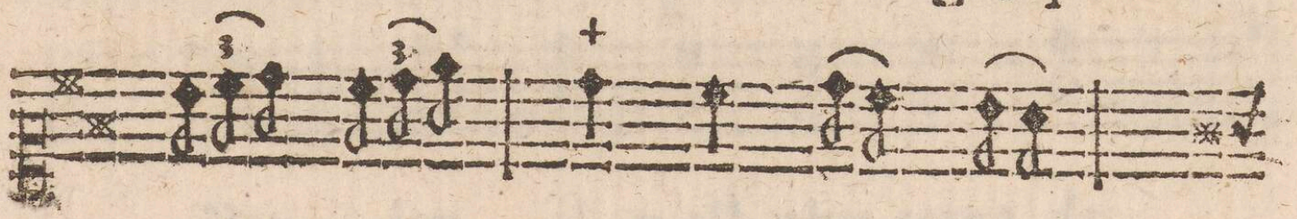
Repriſe.



bruit de l'Eau. Ah! qu'il

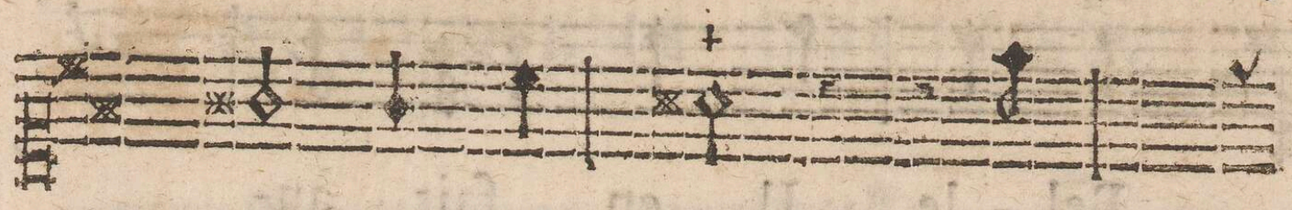


eſt vo - la - - ge, qu'il

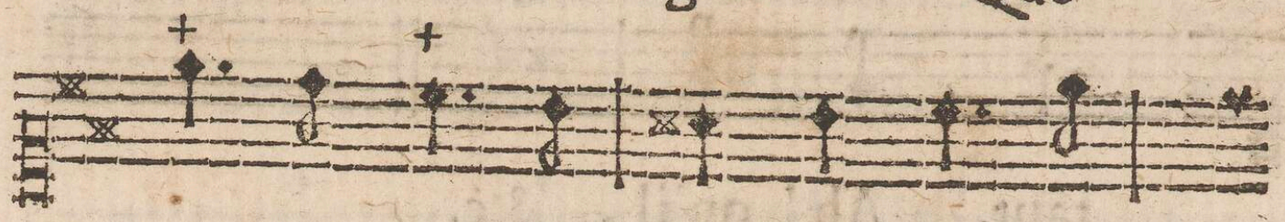


eſt vo - la - ge, Mon ai-

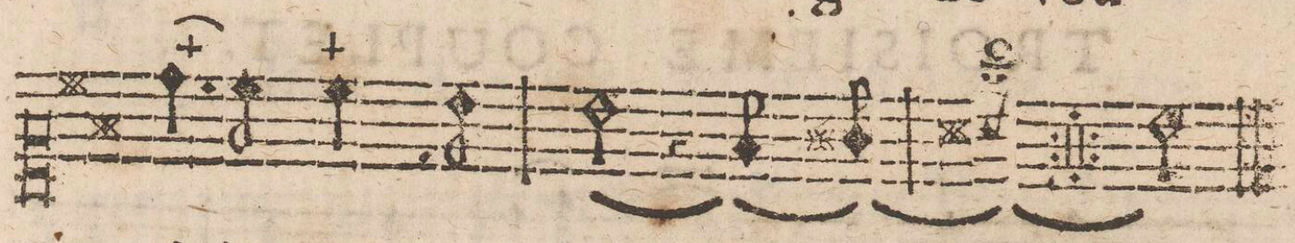
mable



ma - ble Ber - ger! Que
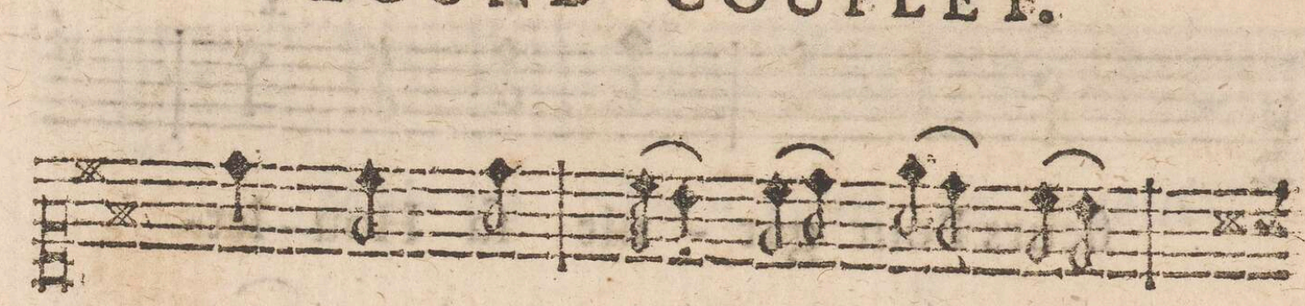


n'ai - je le cou - ra - ge de vou-

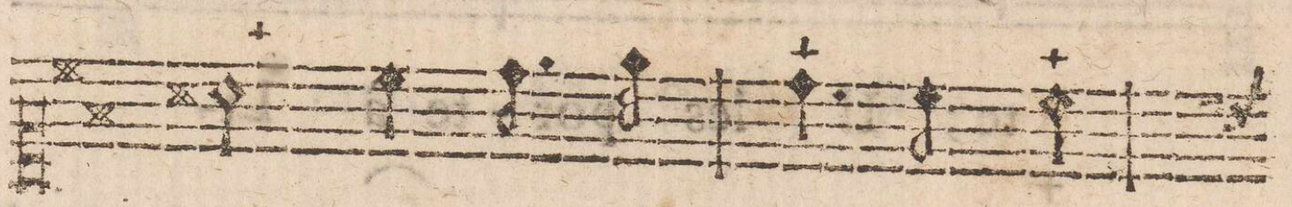


loir m'en van - ger. Ah! qu'il, &c. ger.
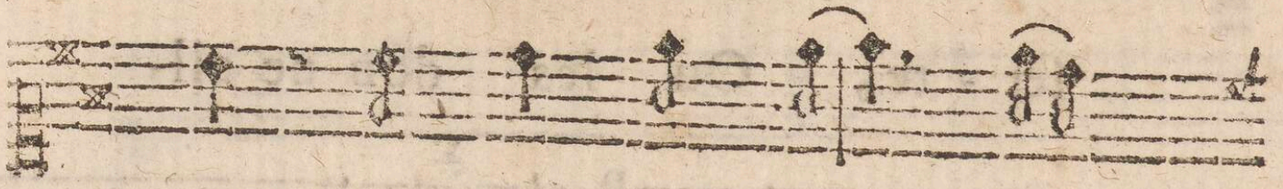
SECOND COUPLET.



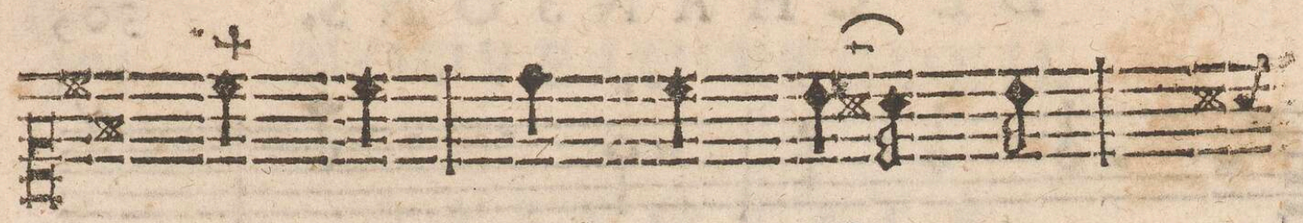
Il me pro - met à tout mo-
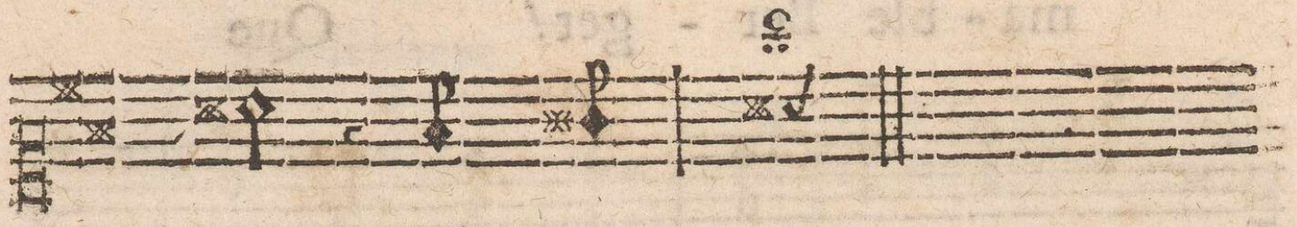


ment qu'il me fe - ra fi - del-



le: A la pré - miè - re
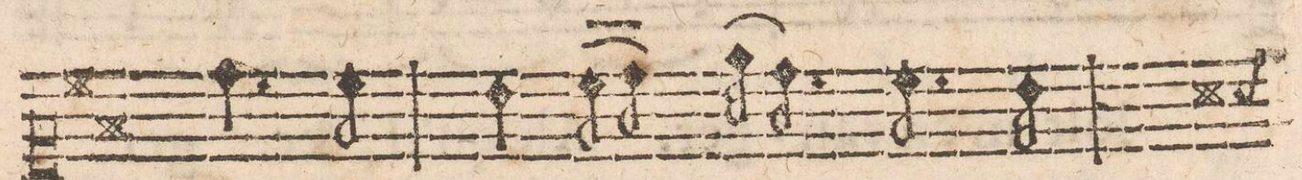


Bel - le, Il en fait au-
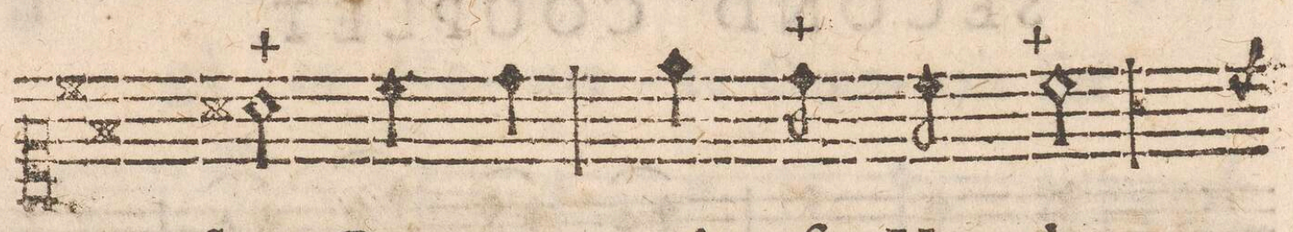


tant. Ah! qu'il, &c.
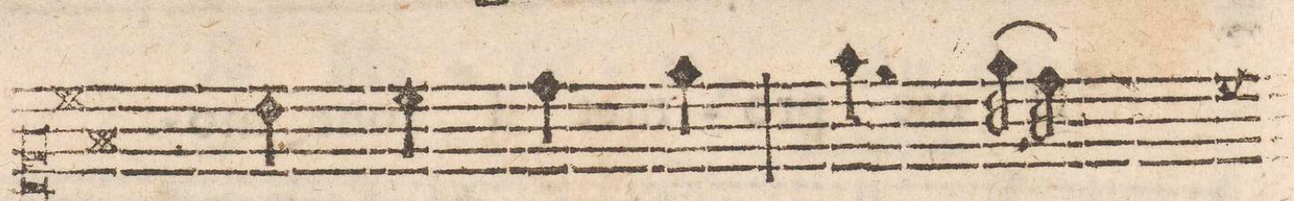
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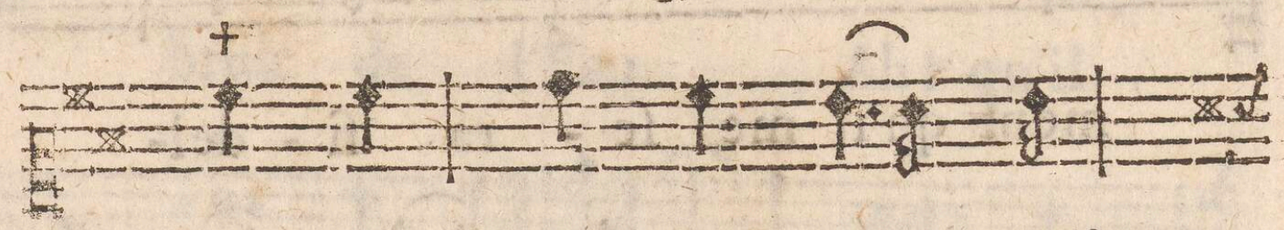


Lorſ-que je lui don - ne des
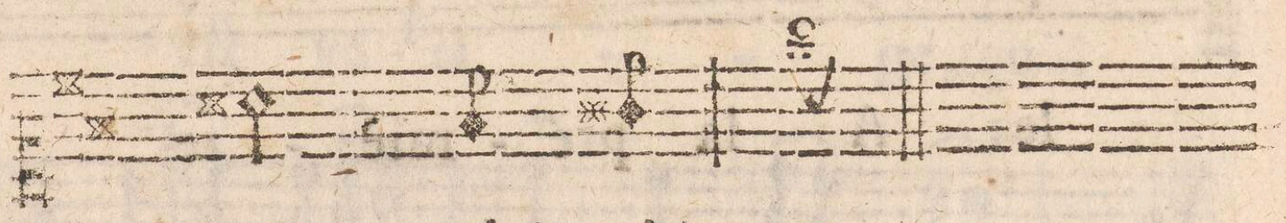


fleurs Pour gar - nir ſa Hou-let-



te; Il les por - te à Li-
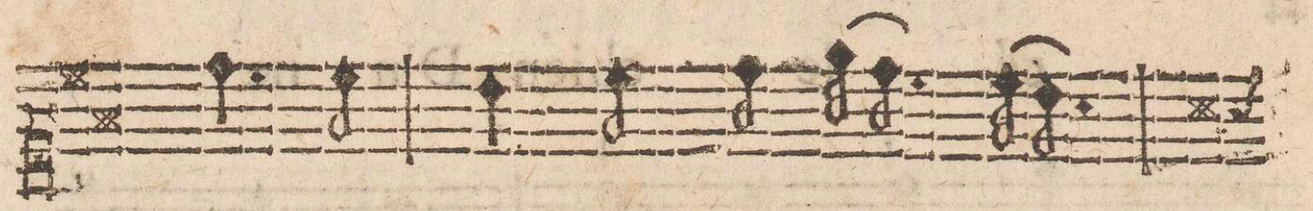


fet - te, Ou les don-ne ail-
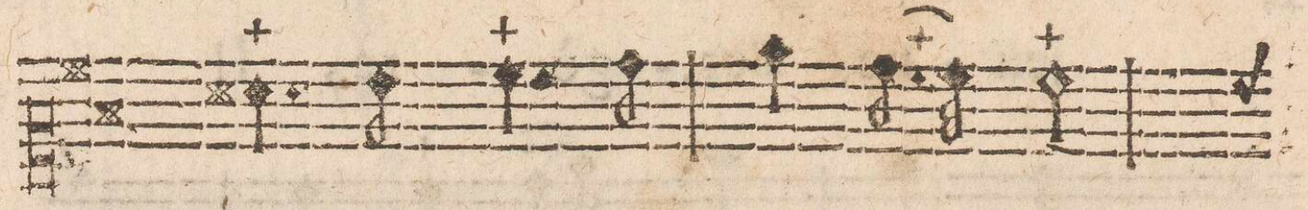


leurs. Ah! qu'il, &c.

QUA-
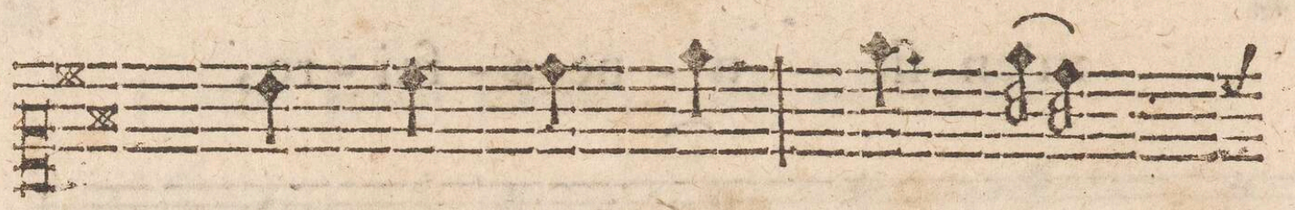
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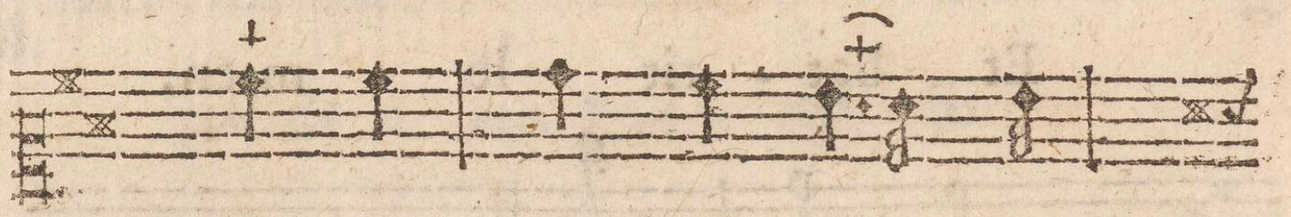


Son Trou peau plus re- con - noif-
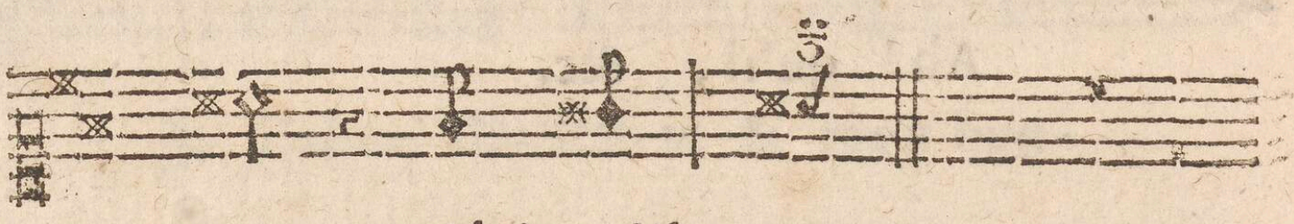


ſant A - vec le mien vient pai-



tre, Auſ - ſi pour lui ſon
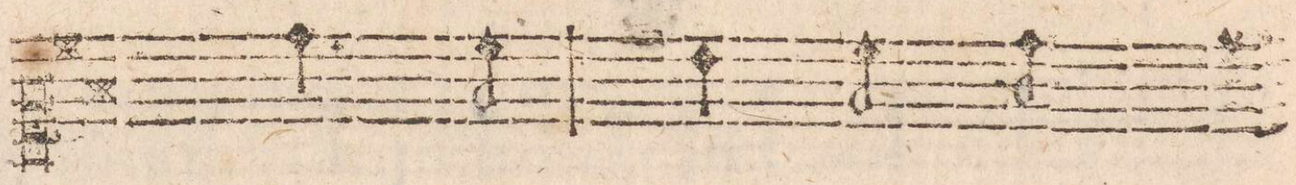


Mai- tre De - vient in - couſ-
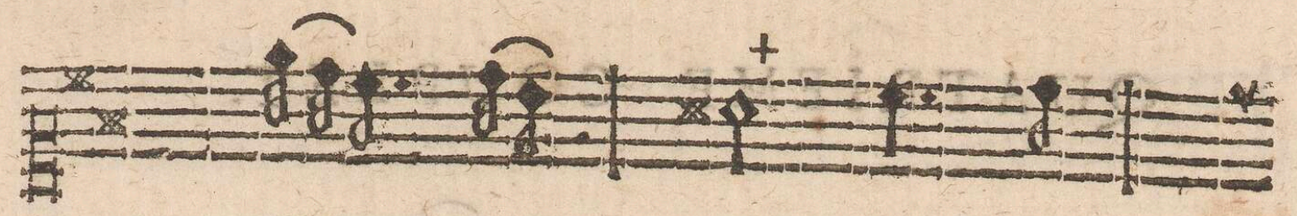


tant. Ah! qu'il, &c.
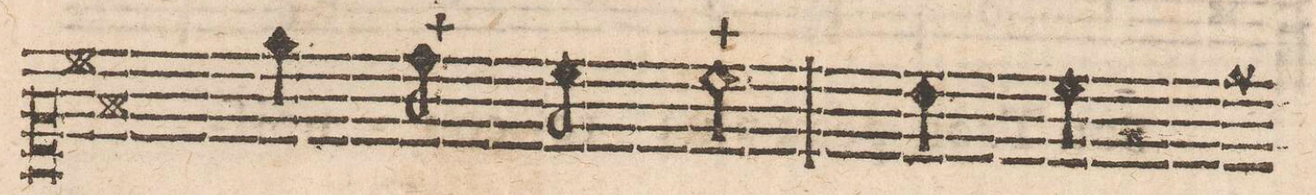
CINQUIEME COUPLET.
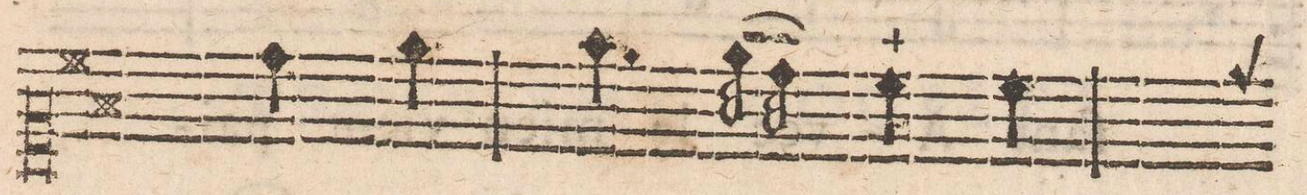


Pour a - voir me - na-
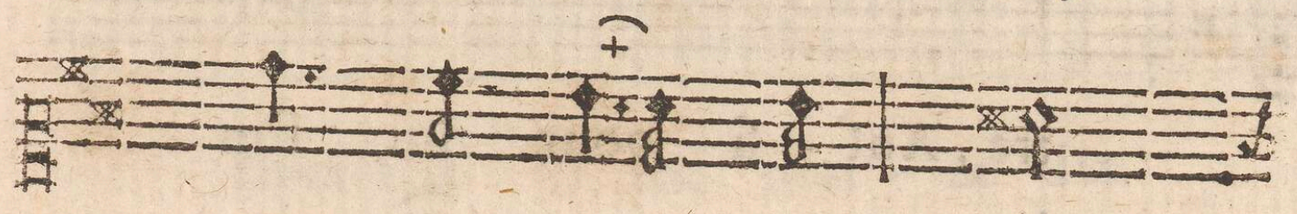


cé le chien, D'u - ne
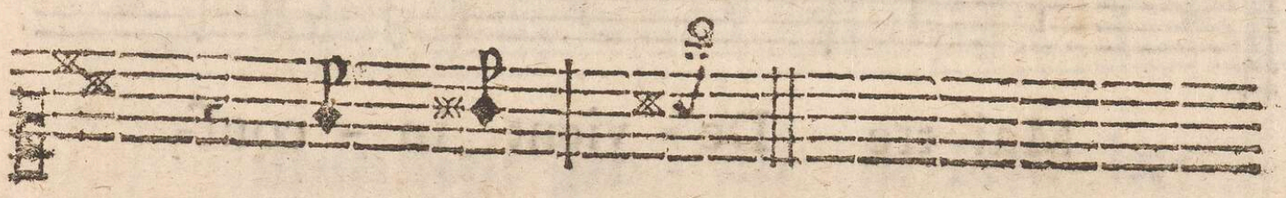


jeu - ne Ber - gè - re, Il



m'en fit u - ne a - fai - re,
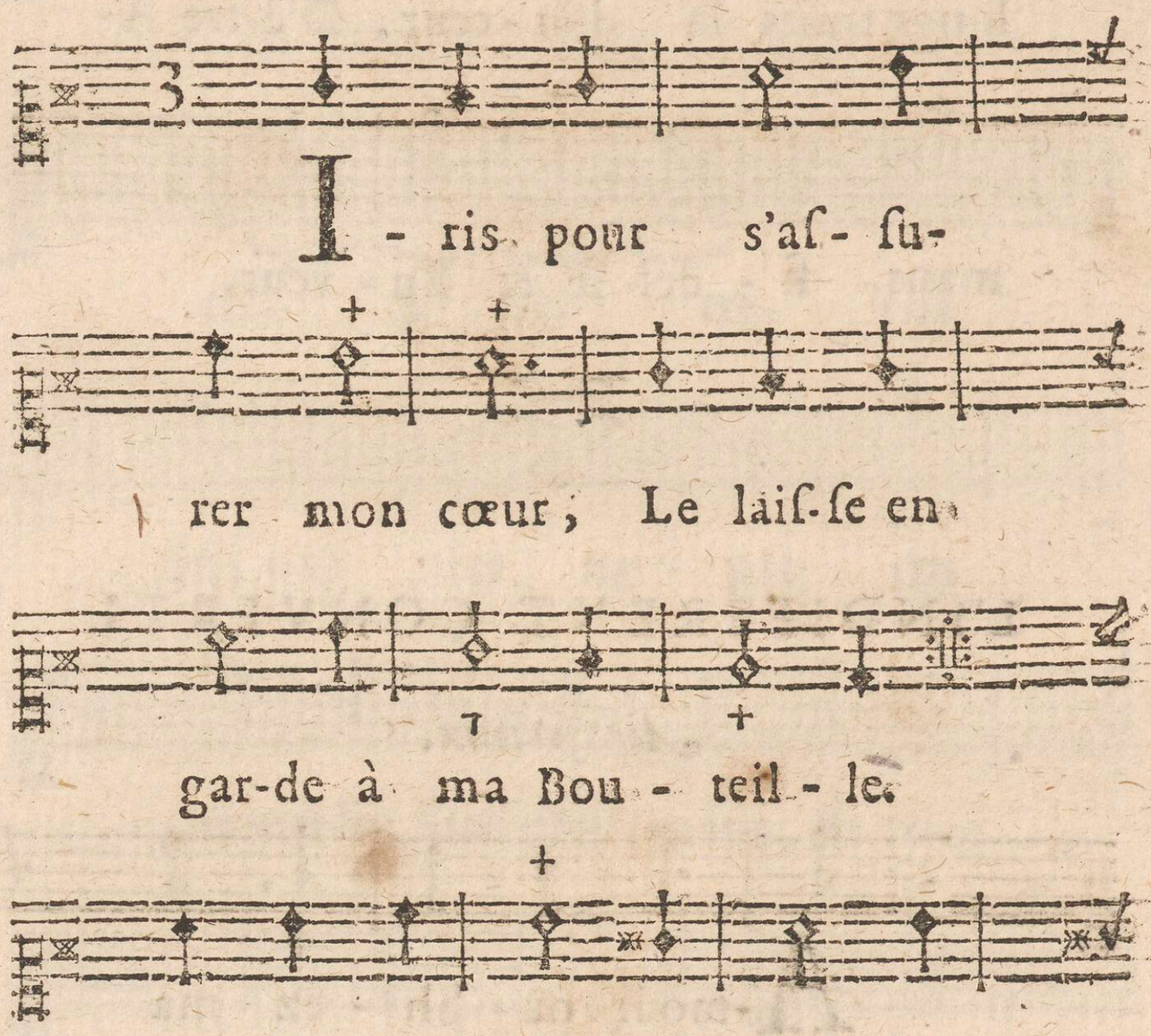


Et bat - tit le mien.
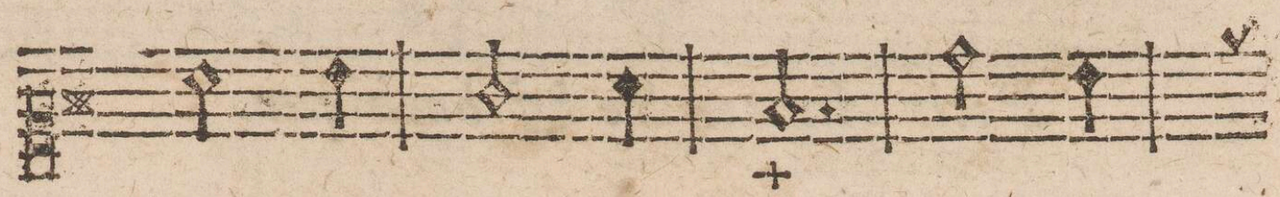


Ah! qu'il, &c.

LE
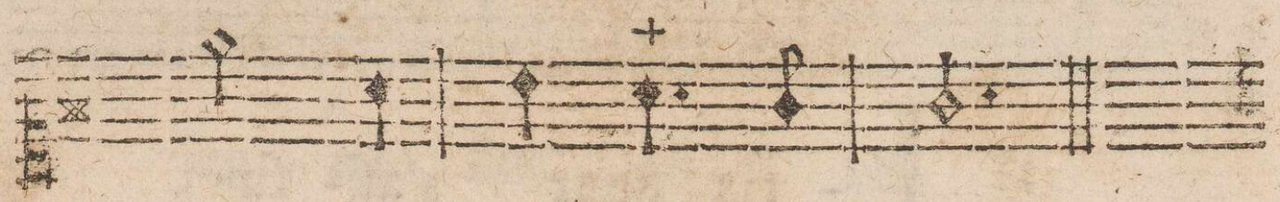
Petit Air tendre & bachique.



longs.
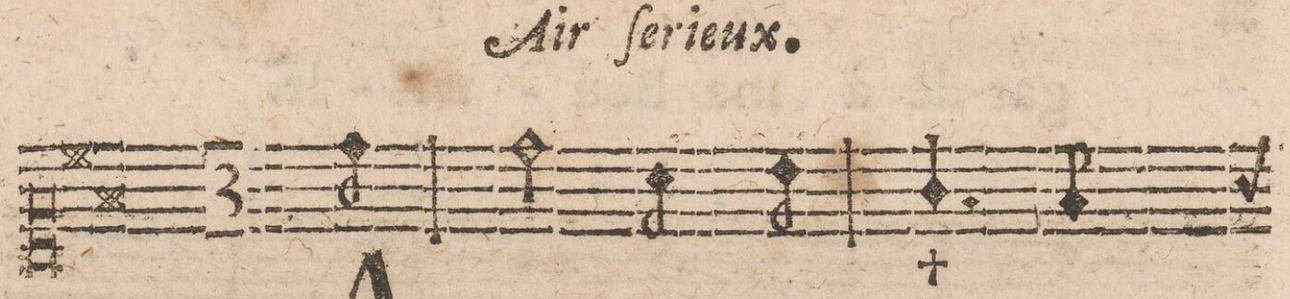


longs traits la dou-ceur, D'ê-tre A-
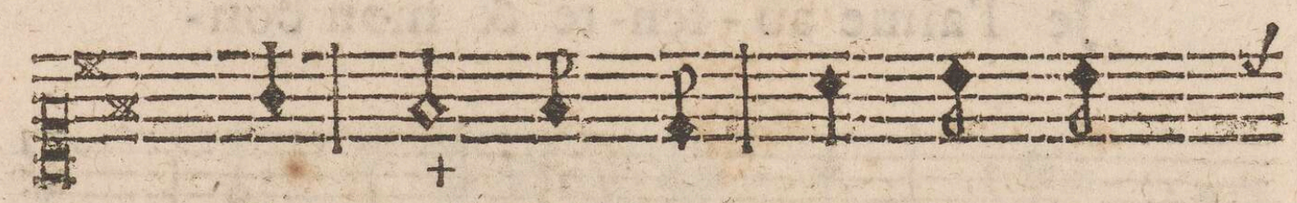


mant fi-del-le & Bu-veur.

L'INDIFERENT CONVERTI.
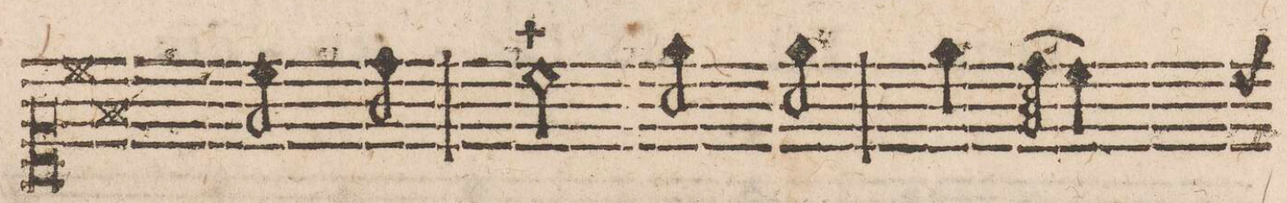
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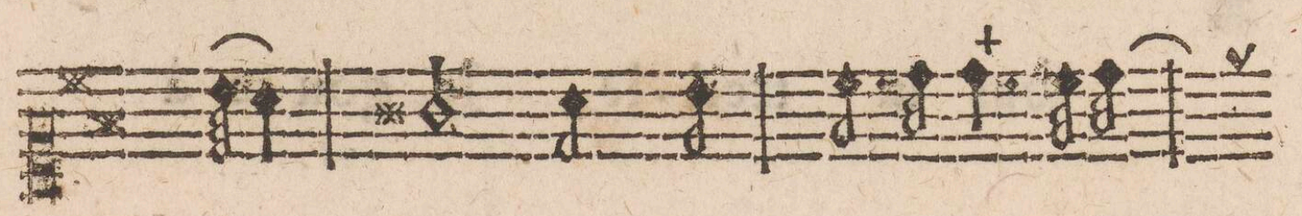


A-mour ou-bli-ez ma



fier-té Si mon cœur vous a

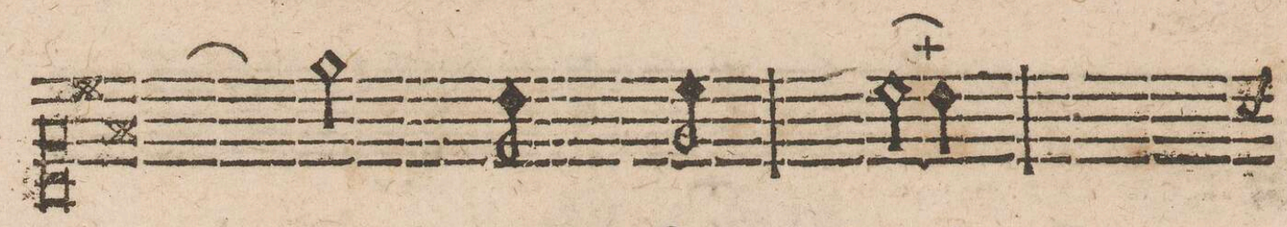


ré-ſiſ-té, J'i-guo-rois les

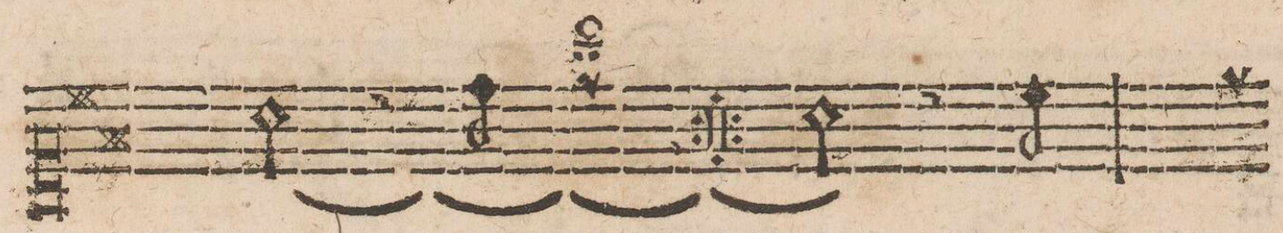


dou-ceurs que vos flam-
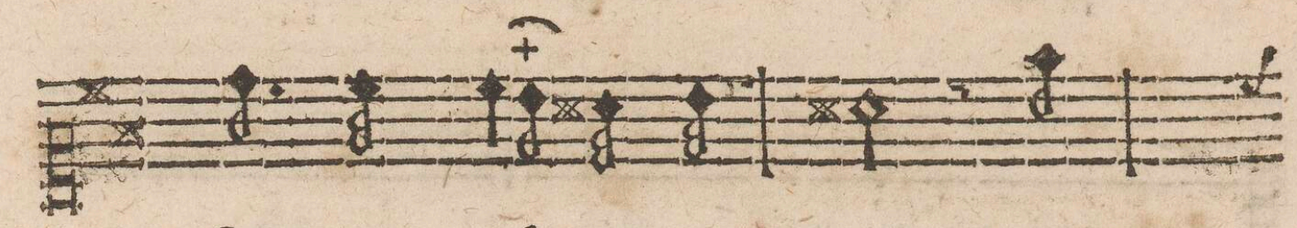
mes
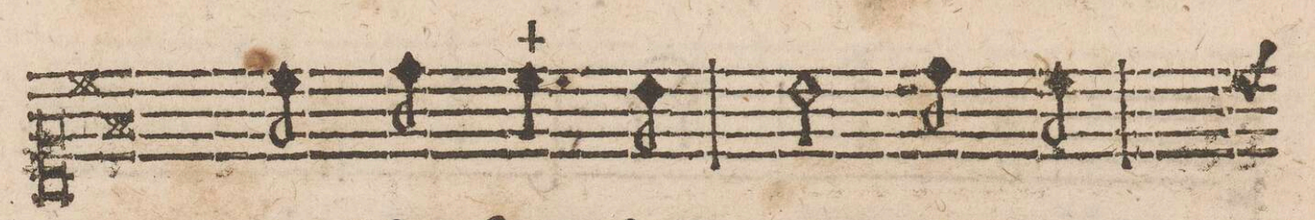


- mes ſont nai-
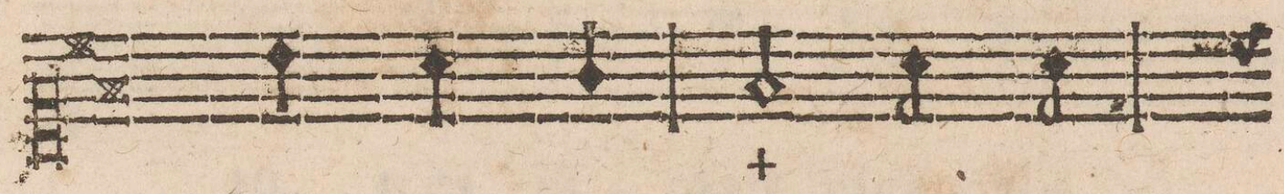


tre. A-, &c. tre. Vos
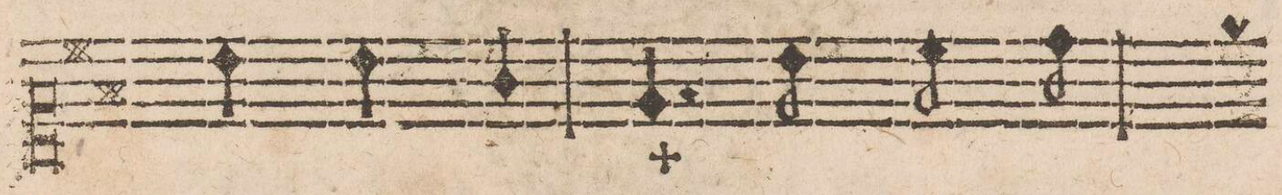


fers ont des ap - pas vos
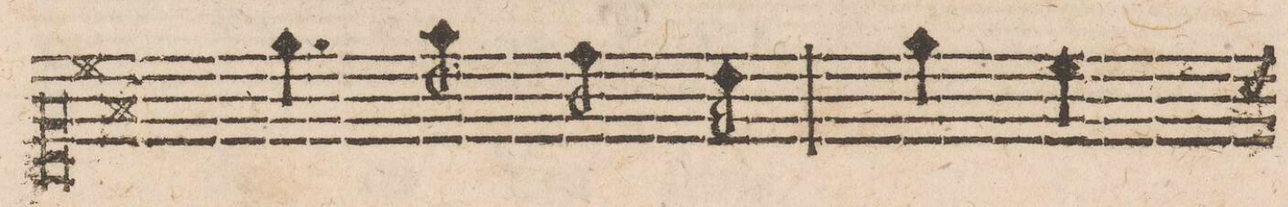


trou-bles ſont char-mans, Et vous
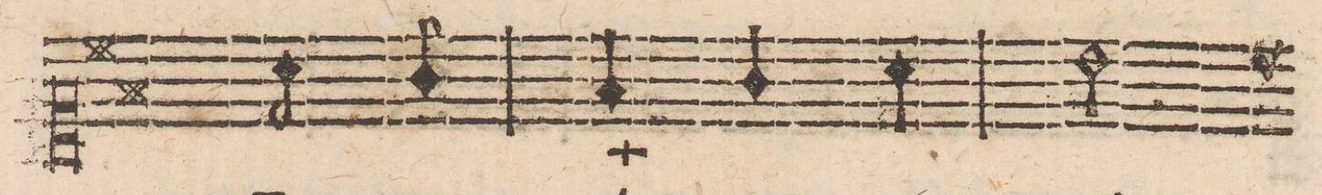


é - tes van - gé, quand je
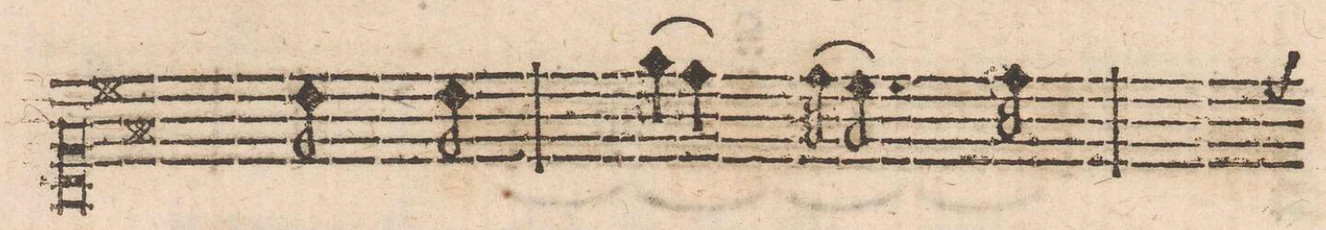


ſon-ge aux mo-mens, Que j'ai paſ-
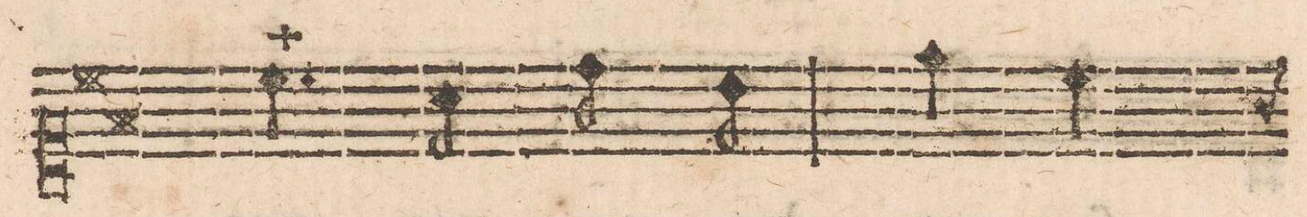


ſé ſans vous con - noi - tre,
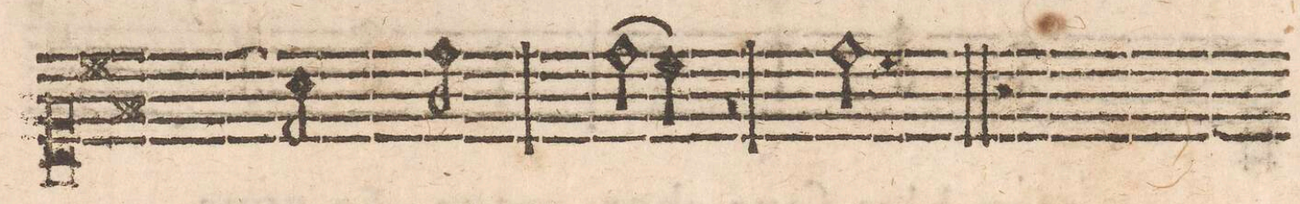


Et vous é - tes van - gé



quand je ſon-ge aux mo-



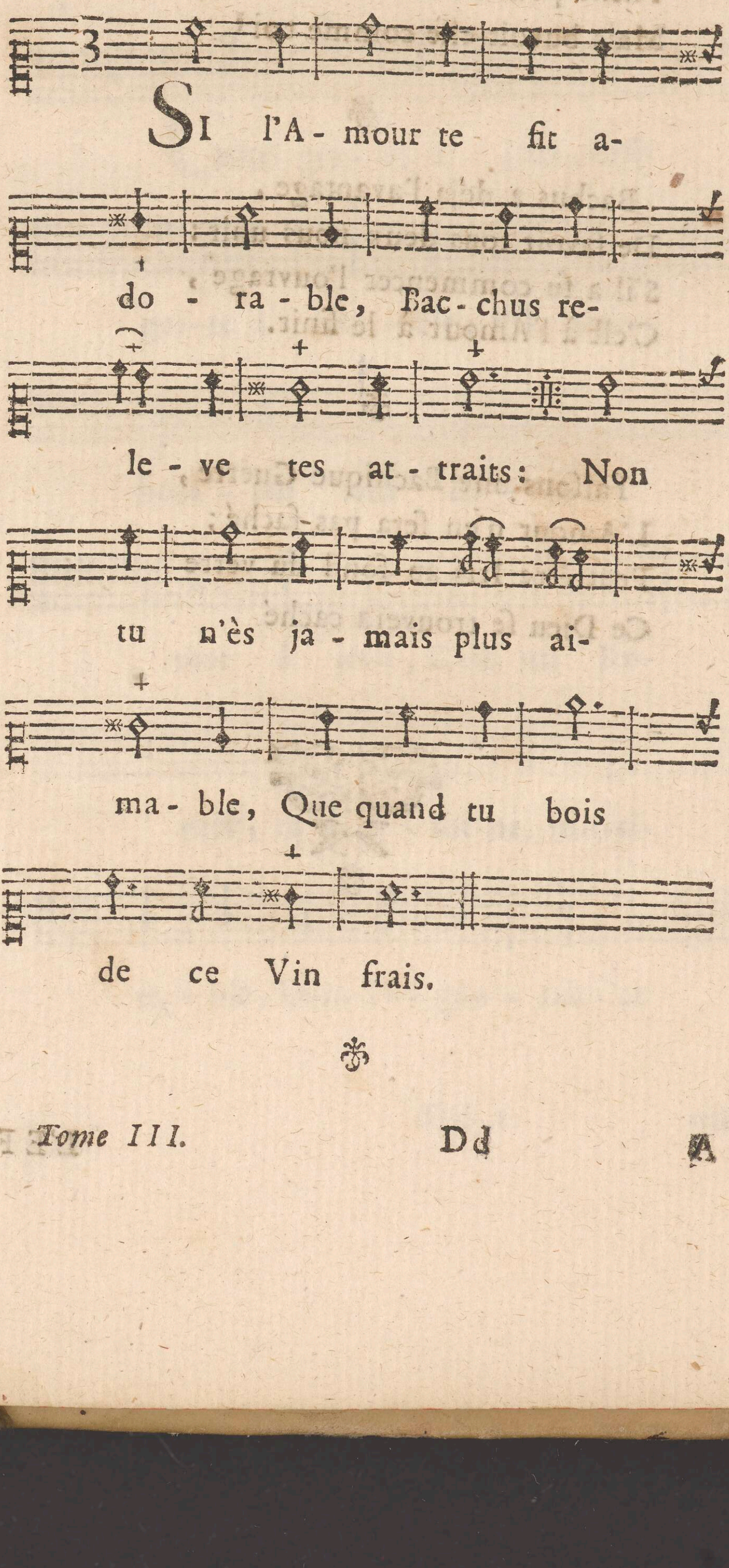
mens, Que j'ai paſ - ſé ſans



vous con - noi - tre.

EXHORTATION BACHIQUE.

Air à boire.
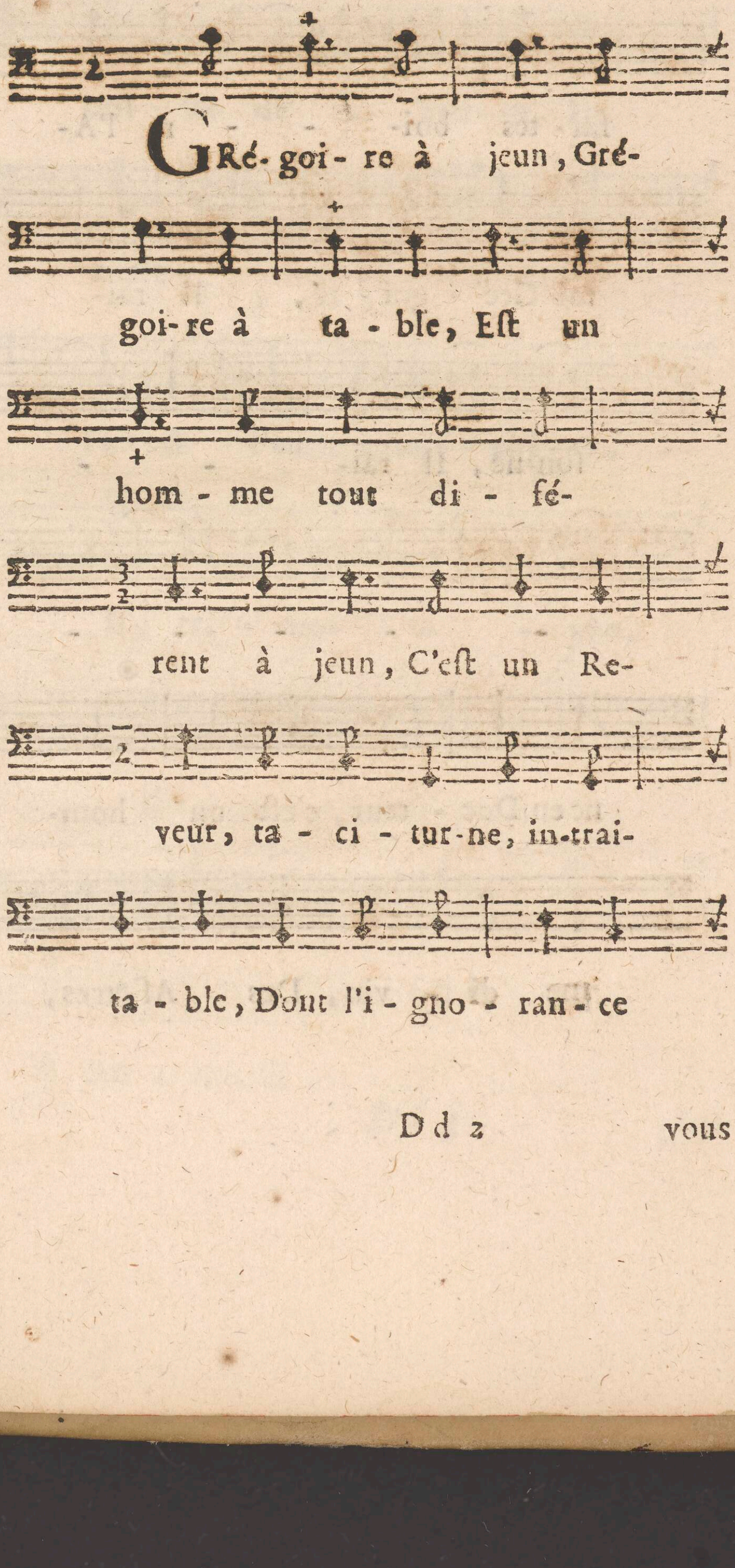


A chaque coup grace nouvelle,
Qui range les cœurs ſous ta loi,
Pſiché pouvoit être auſſi belle,
Mais buvoit-elle comme toi ?
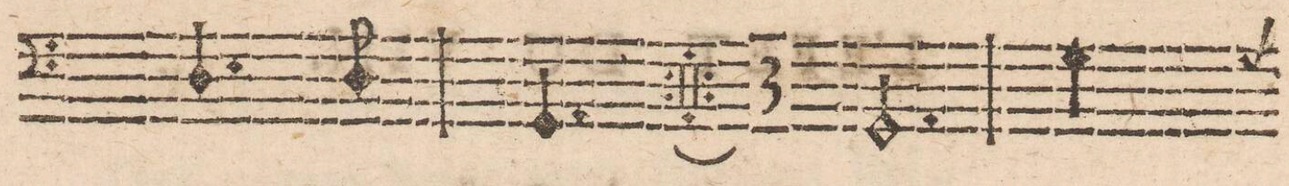
Bachus a déja l'avantage,
De ſavoir tous deux nous unir ;
S'il a ſu commencer l'ouvrage,
C'eſt à l'Amour à le finir.

Faiſons une Bachique Guerre,
L'Amour n'en ſera pas faché ;
Peut-être Iris au fond du verre
Ce Dieu ſe trouvera caché.
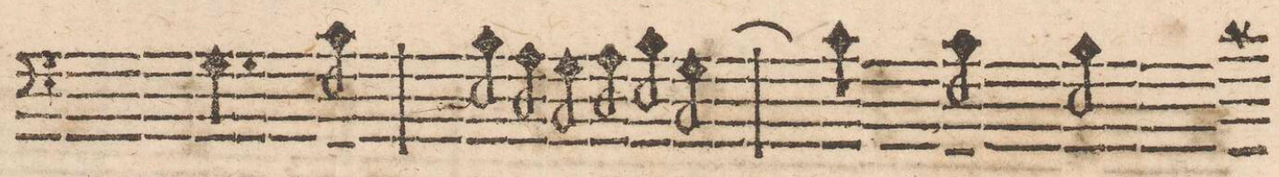
L'EFET DU VIN.

Recit de Basse.
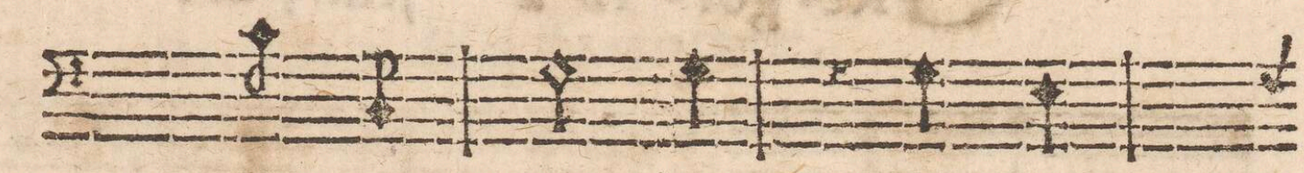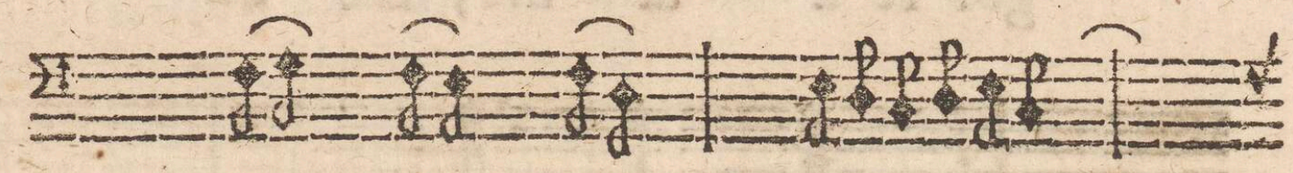




vous ſur - prend. prend. Mais
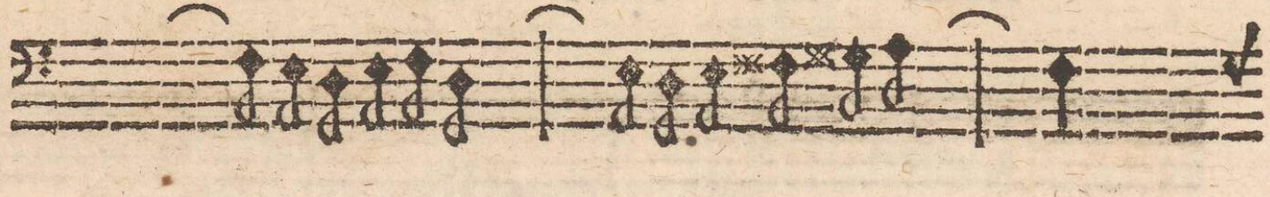


fai - tes boi- - - re l'A-



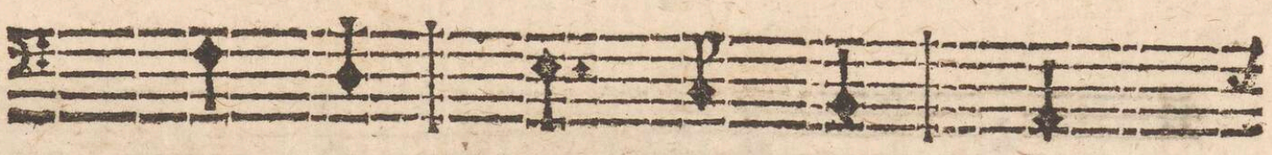
mi Gré - goi - re, Il rai-
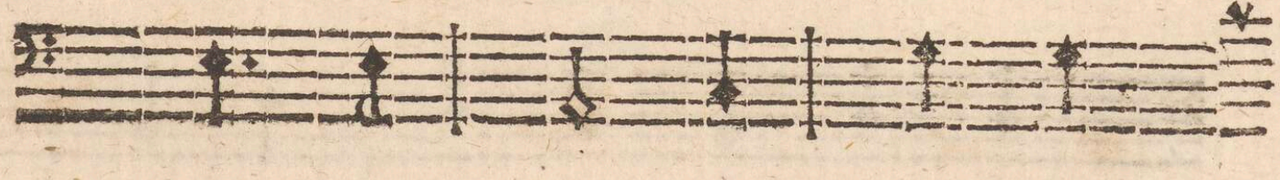


ſon-ne, Il rai- - -
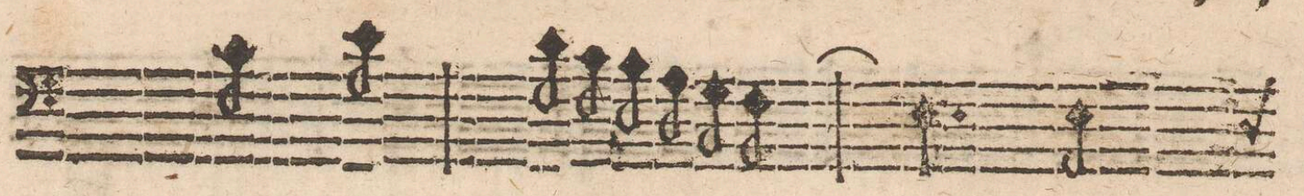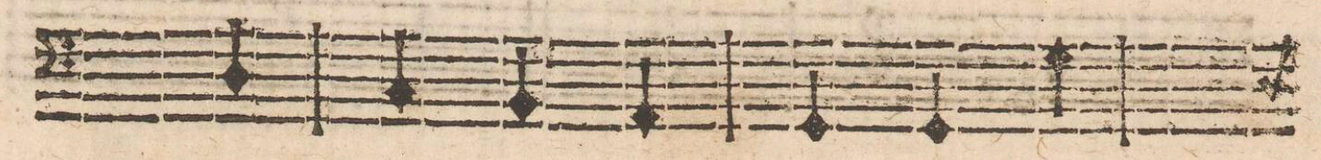


- - - - -



ne en Doc - teur, c'eſt un hom-
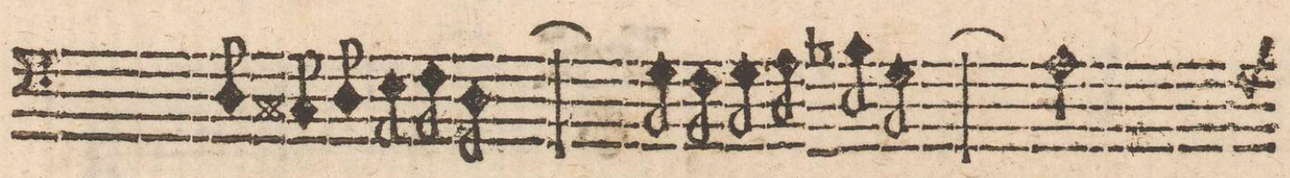


me di - vin, Des Aſ-tres,



il des - cend - - au



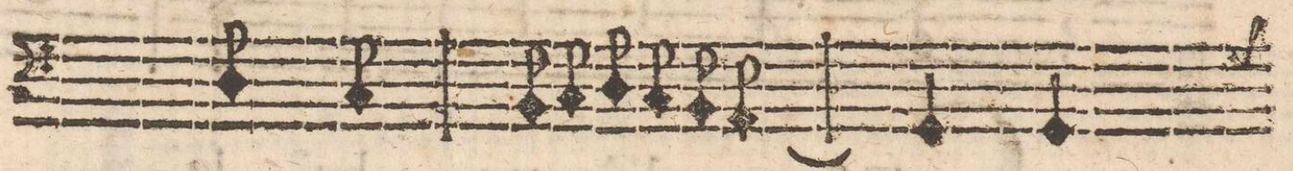
cen - tre de la Ter - re, Il
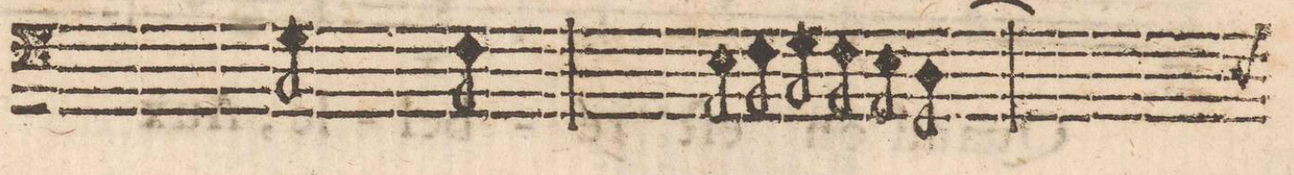


court - - -
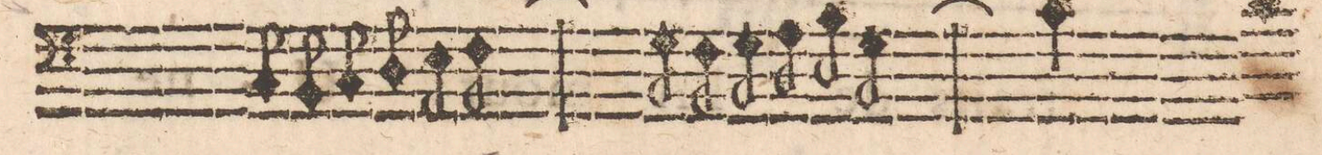


l'un & l'autre hémiſ - phè - re,



Il tri - om- - - phe,
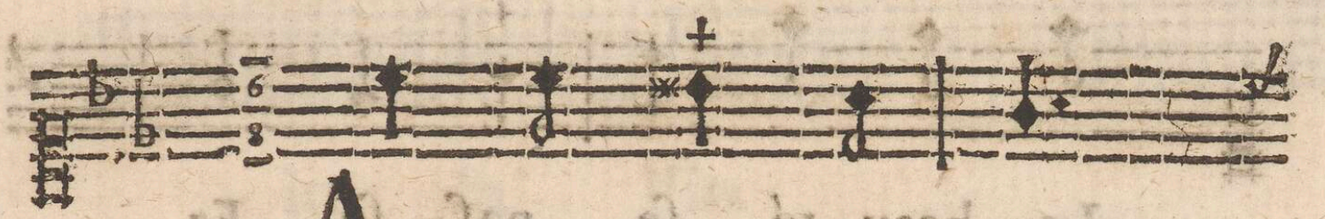


Il tri - om- -
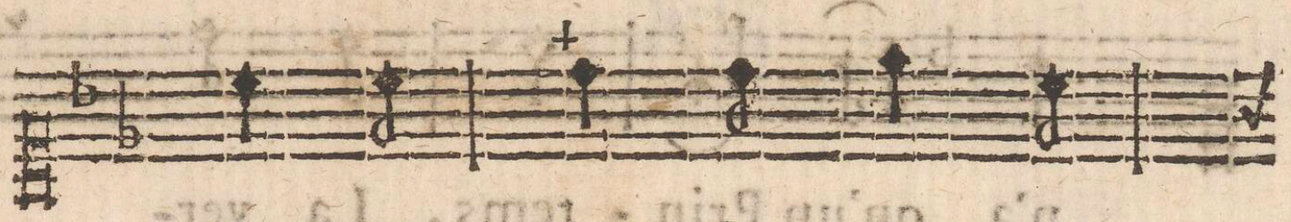


ROBIN PRECEPTEUR.
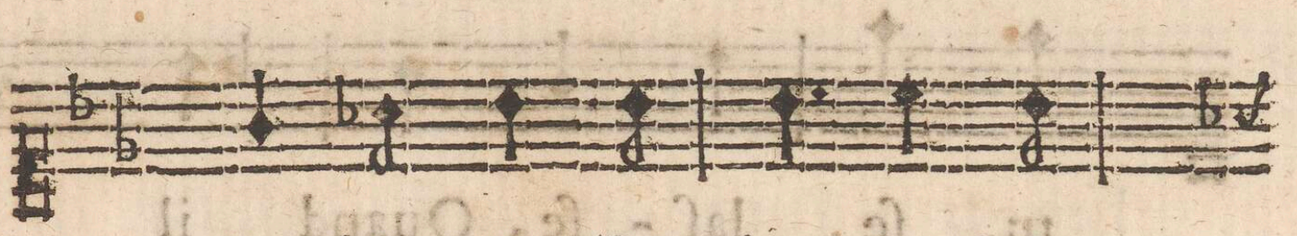
Chanſon à danſer.
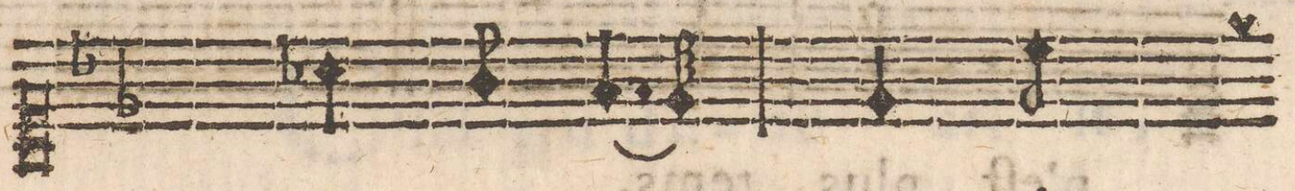


AU- près d'un Buiſ - ſon,
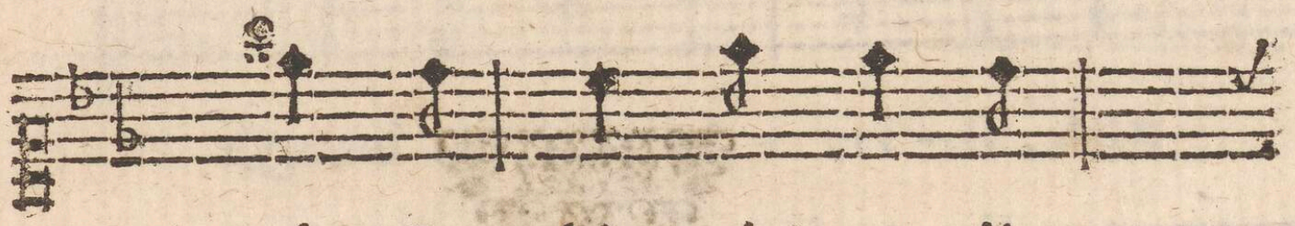


Ceuïl-lant des fleu - ret - tes,
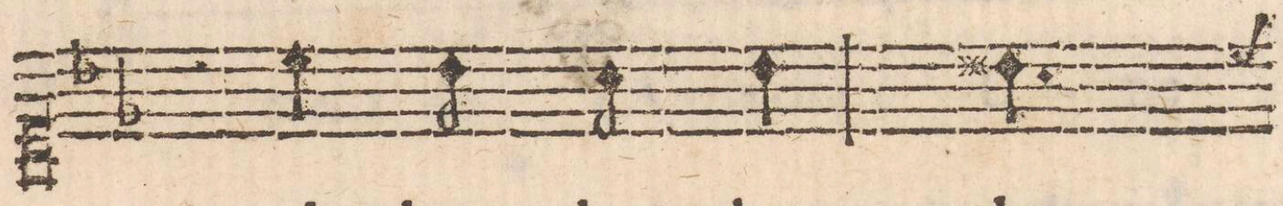


Ro - bin & Fan-chon, par-loient
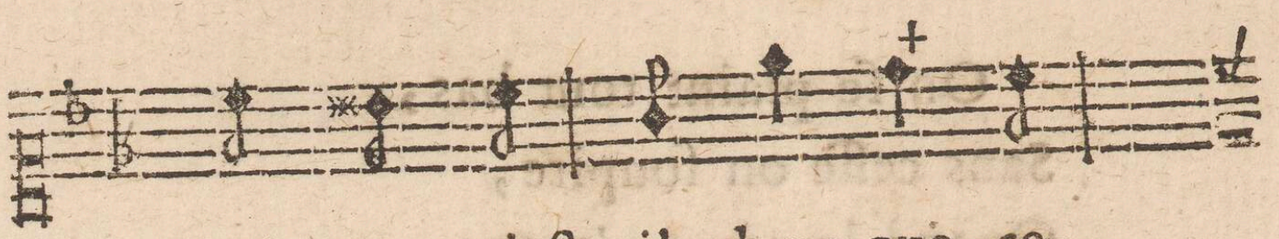


d'a - mou - ret - tes. Oh,
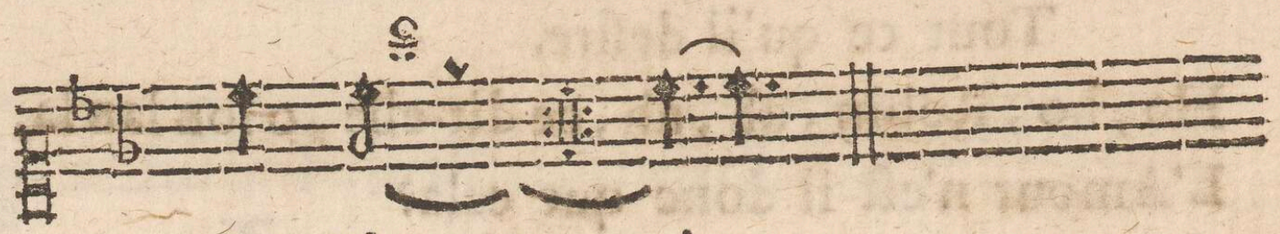


oh, Ro - bin, ah! ce dit-



el - le, o lon lan la,



L'A-mour n'eſt-il donc que ce-



la? Oh, &c. la.

Oui, dit le Berger,
Un amour extrême,
Force à négliger
Tout, pour ce qu'on aime.
Ho, ho, Robin, ha, ha, ce dit-elle, o lon lan la,
L'Amour n'eſt-il donc que cela?

Il nous fait lever
Bien avant l'Aurore,
Fait toûjours rêver
Aux yeux qu'on adore.
Ho, ho, Robin, ah, ah, ce dit-elle, o lon lan la,
L'Amour n'eſt-il donc que cela?
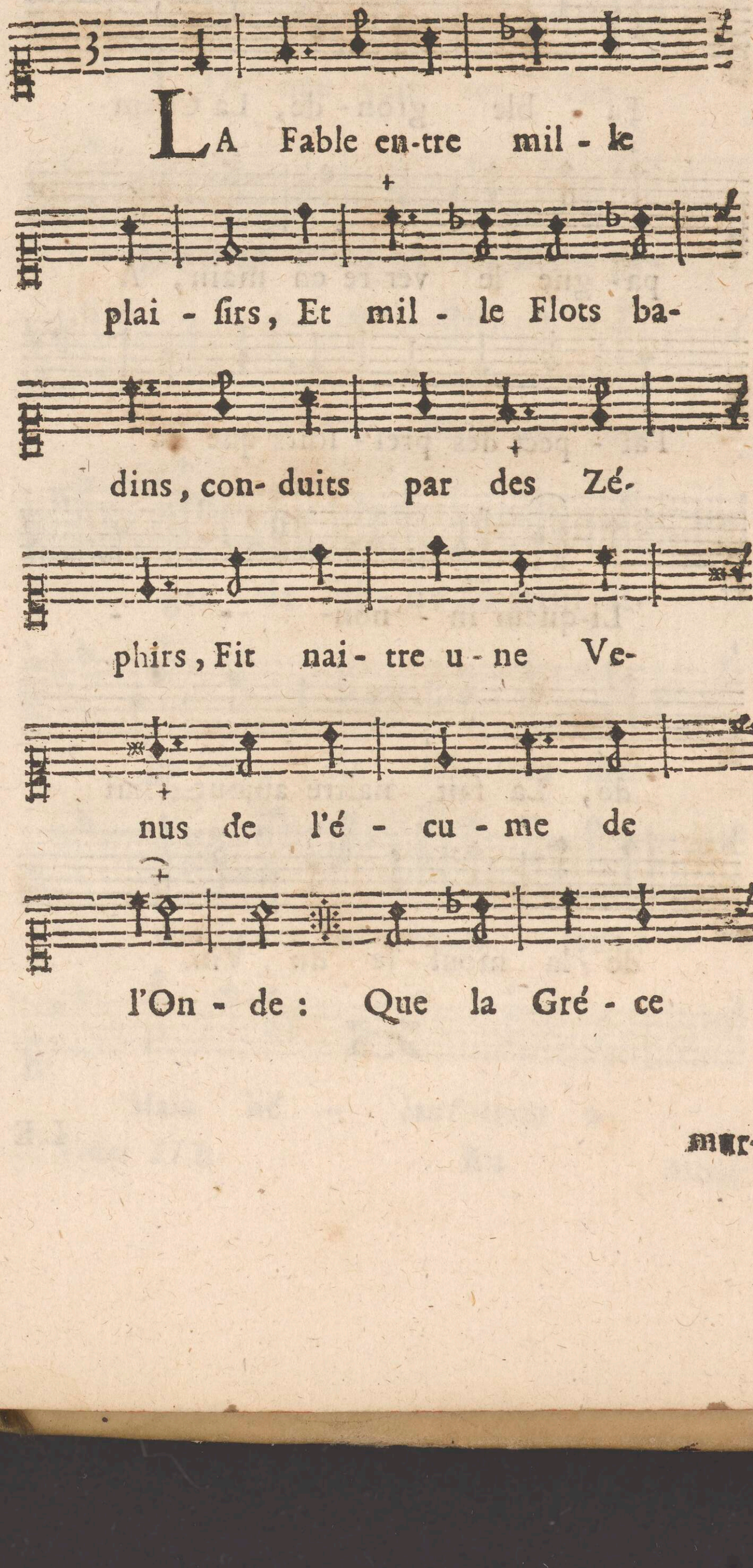
On ſe plaint tout bas,
Sans ceſſe on ſoupire,
Quand le cœur n'a pas
Tout ce qu'il deſire.
Ho, ho, Robin, ah, ah, ce dit-elle, o lon lan la,
L'Amour n'eſt-il donc que cela?

Robin comprenant,
Dit à la Bergère,
Tous en badinant,
Ce qu'on vouloit taire.
Ho, ho, Robin, ah, ah, ce dit-elle, o lon lan la,
L'Amour n'eſt-il donc que cela?

S'ils furent heureux,
Je n'oſe le dire,
Ils s'aimoient tous deux;
Cela doit ſuffire.
Ho, ho, Robin, ah, ah, ce dit-elle, o lon lan la,
Qu'eſt-ce que l'Amour ſans cela?
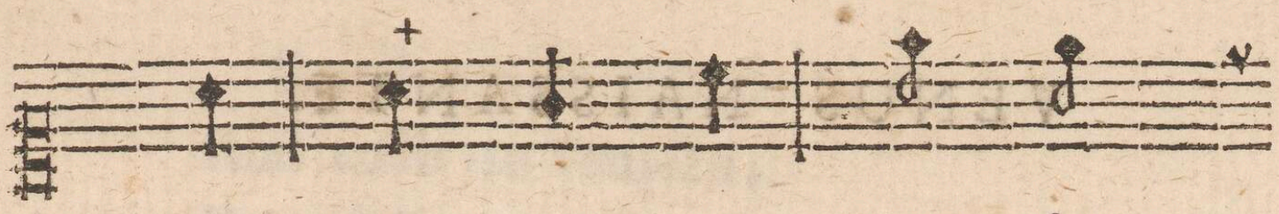
VENUS NAISSANTE.

Air.



VE-
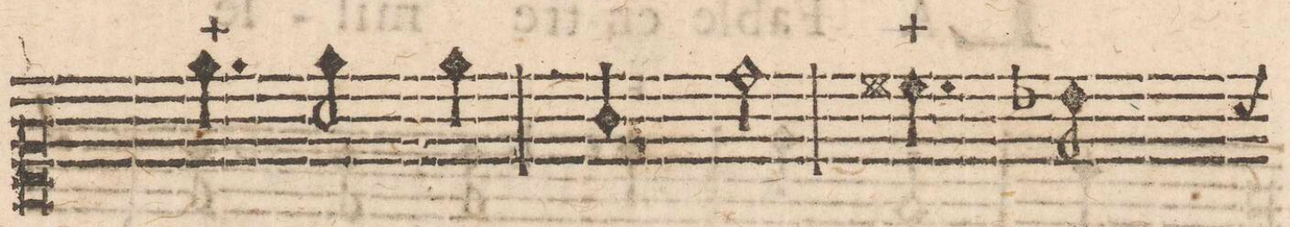
mur-
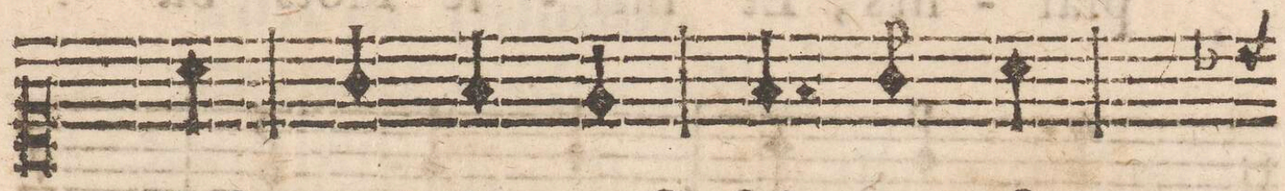


mur - mu - re ou que la



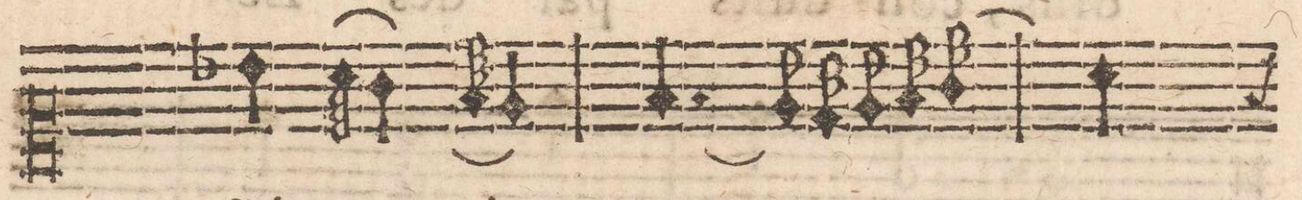
Fa - ble gron - de, La Cham-
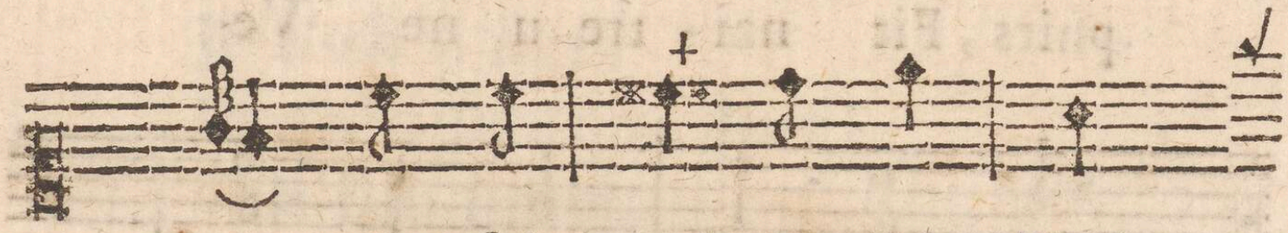


pa - gne le ver-re en main, A



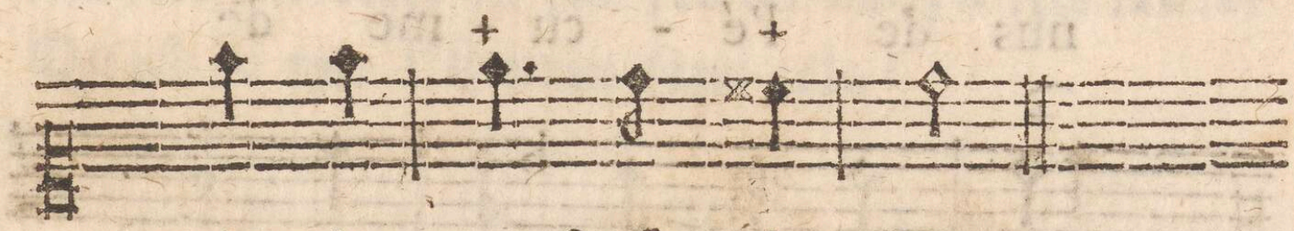
l'aſ - pect des preſ - ſoirs que ſa



Li-queur in - non- - -
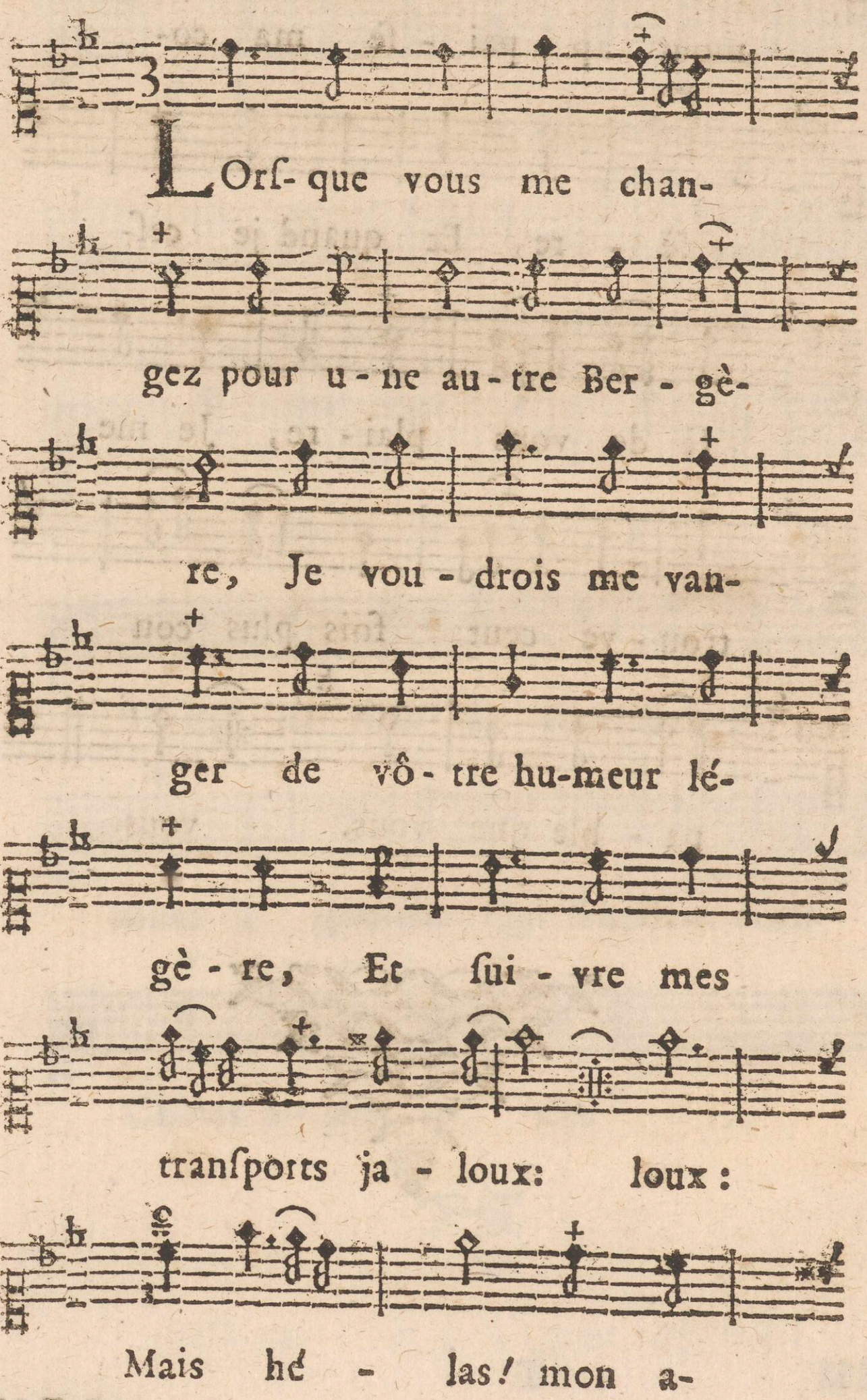


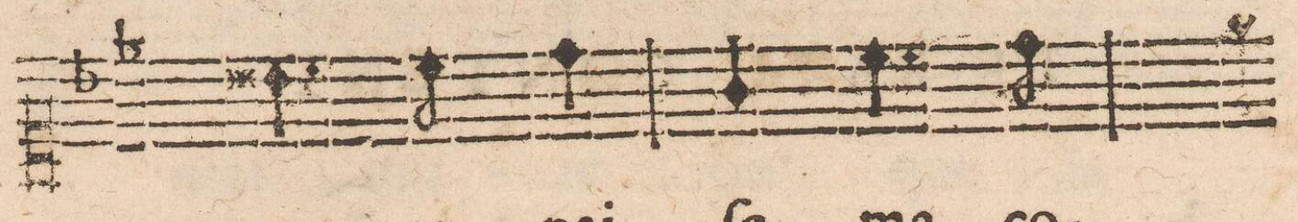
de, La fait naitre aujour-d'hui
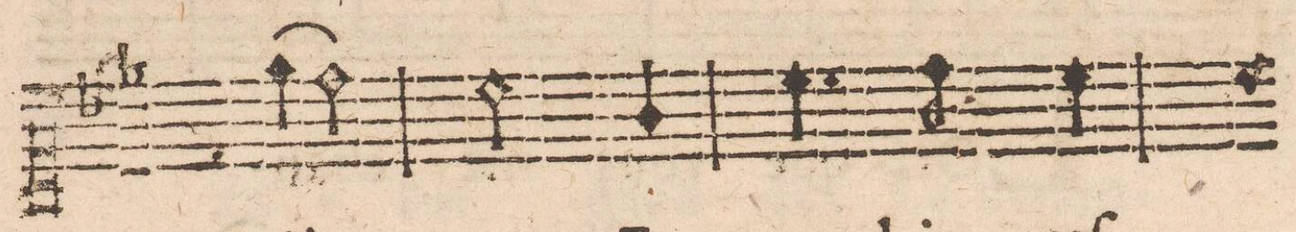


de la mouſ - ſe du Vin.

LE BATU CONTENT.

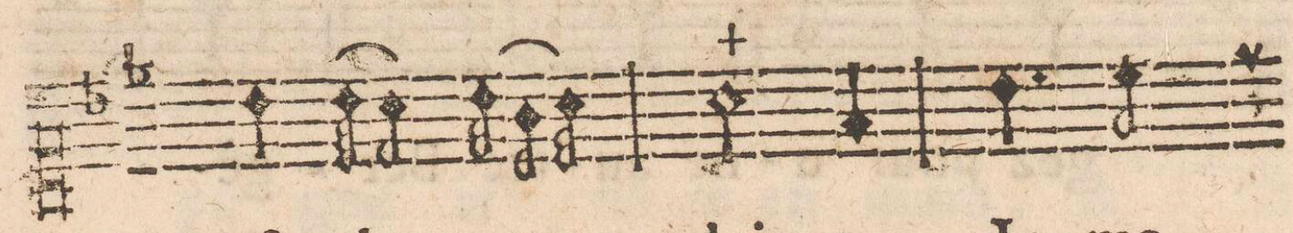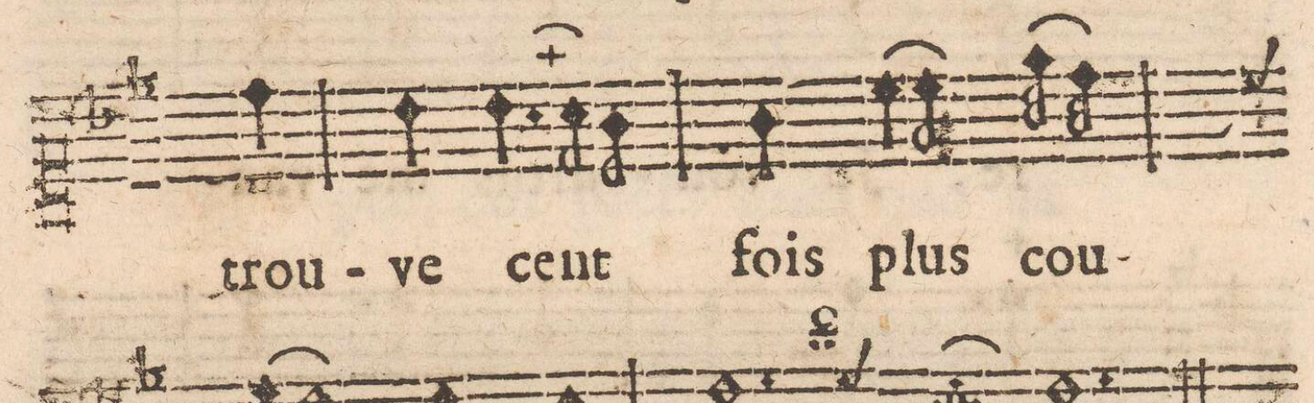




mour ap - pai - se ma co-



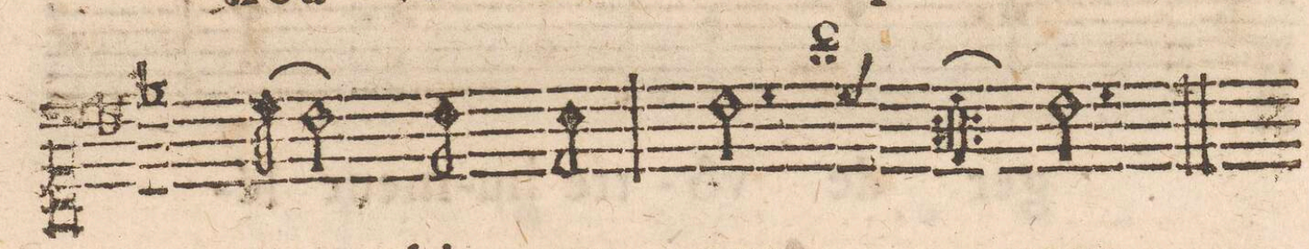
lè - re, Et quand je ces-



se de vous plai - re, Je me



trou - ve cent fois plus cou-
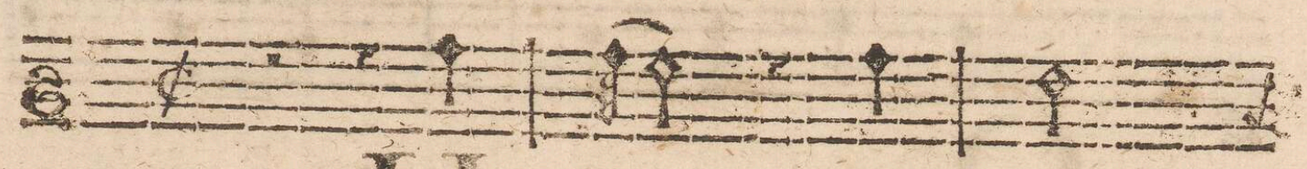


pa - ble que vous. vous.
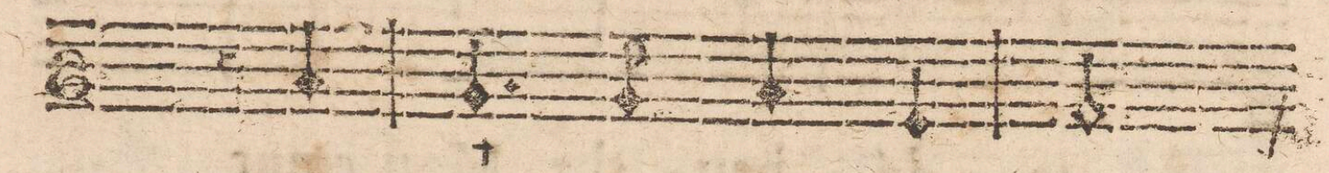
L'EMBARAS.


QUe je ſuis à plaindre en cet-
te dé - bau - che, Mon cœur
n'eſt point en re - pos:
J'ai Ba - chus à droite, & l'A-
mour à gau-che, Qui ſemblent deux
Chiens a - près un Os.
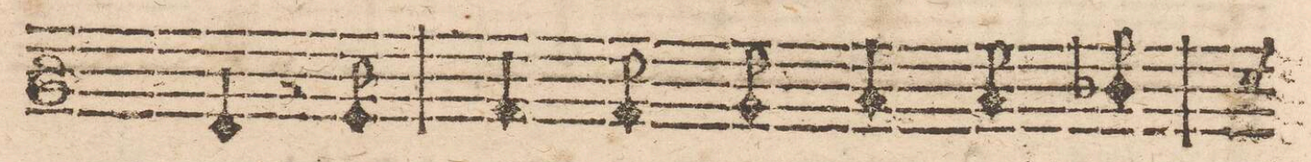
MENACES.
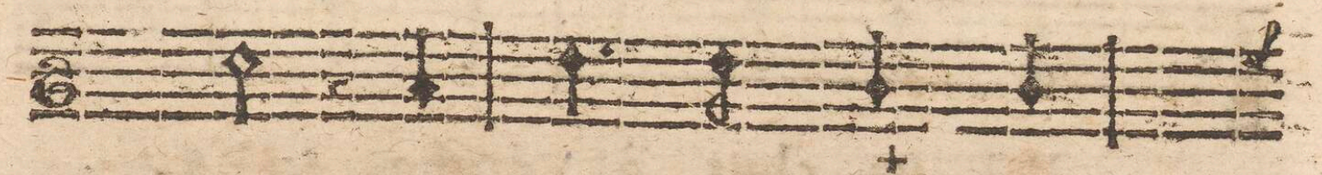


HE - las! Hé - las!



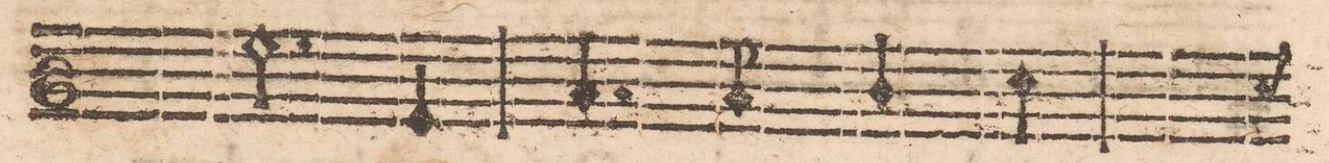
quel fruit de ma conſ - tan-
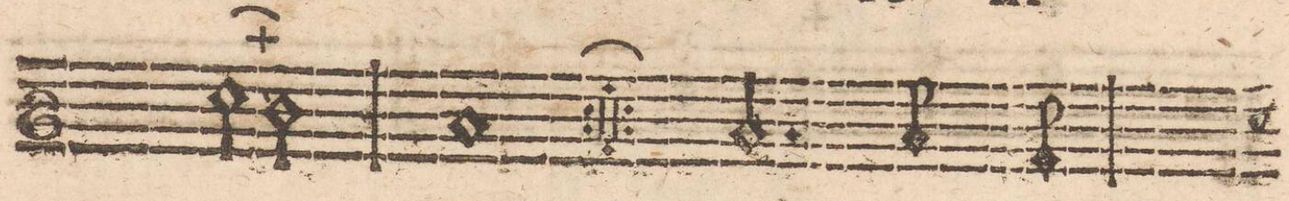


ce, Mes vœux ſont toû-jours re - bu-
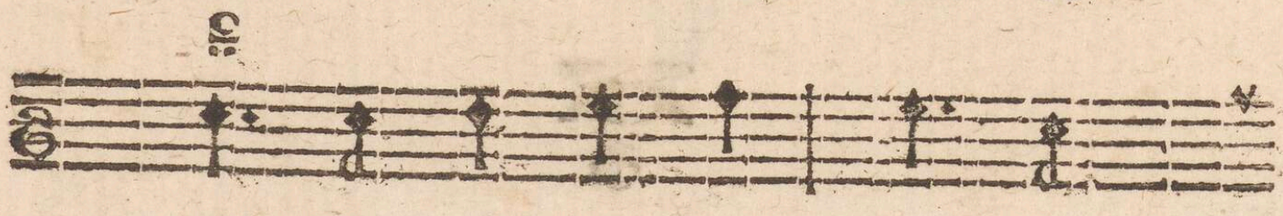


tez, L'A- mour s'o - feu- ce en-



ſin de tant de ré - ſiſ-
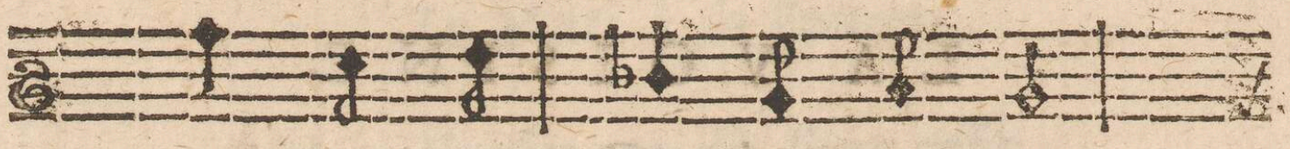


tan - ce. ce. De ce
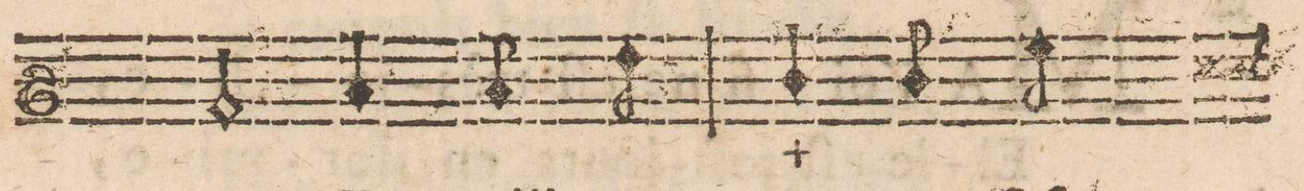


Dieu que vous ir - ri - tez Crai-
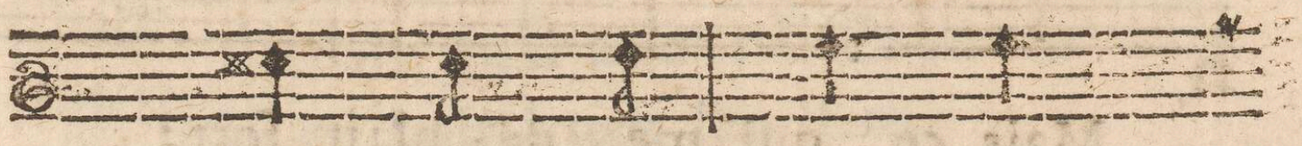
gne
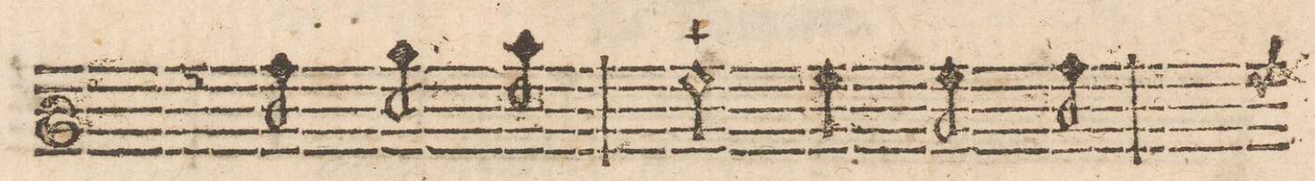


gnez d'é-prou-ver la puiſ-ſan-



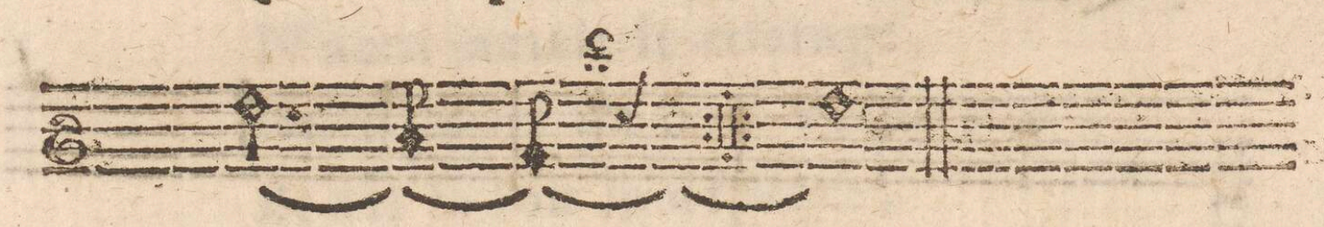
ce, Et qu'il ne por-te auſ-ſi



loin ſa ven-gean-ce,
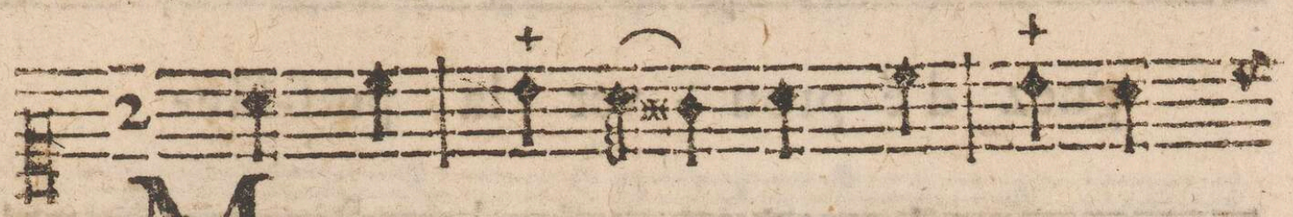


Que vous por-tez vos cru-au-

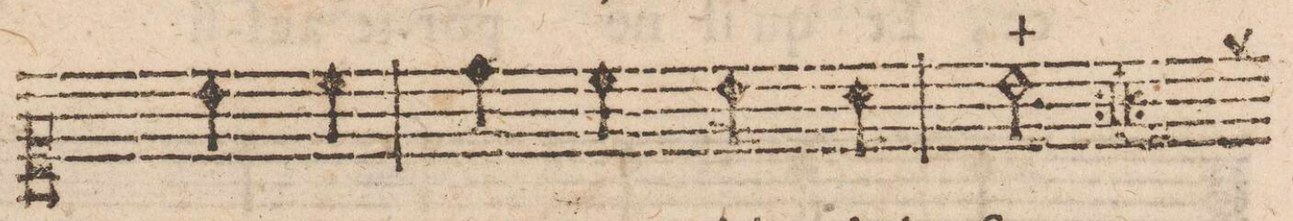


tez. De ce, &c. tez.
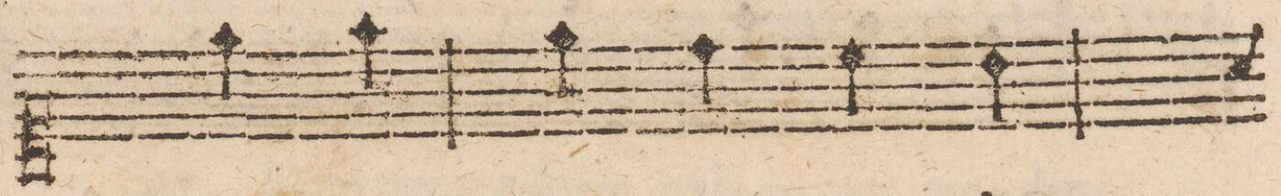
LA VOISINE.
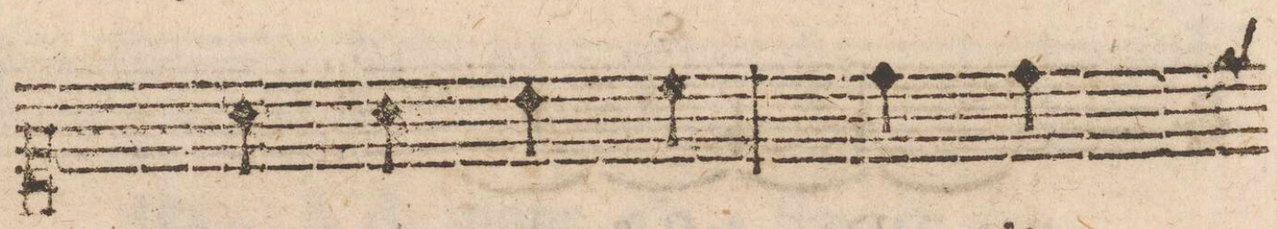


MA Voi - si-ne est très-jo - li - e,
El - le est toû-jours en-dor - mi - e,
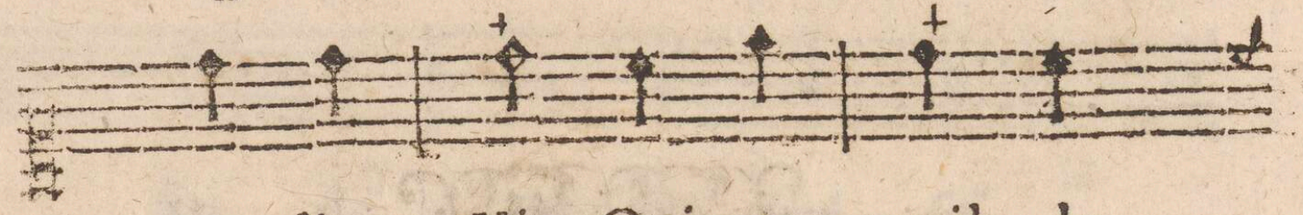


Mais ce qui me dé - plait fort:
Son Ma - ri ja-mais ne dort.
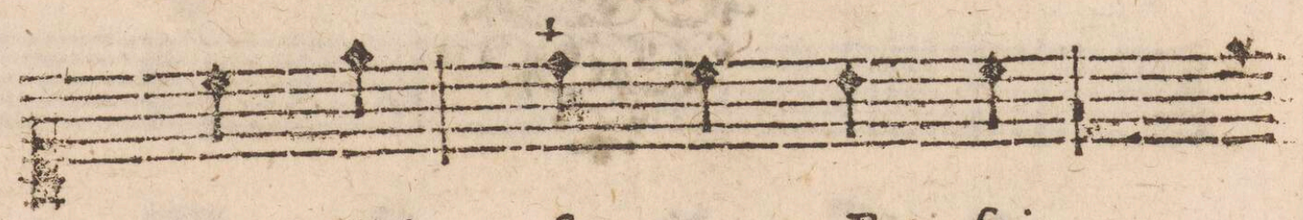


Quand leur hu - meur me cha-
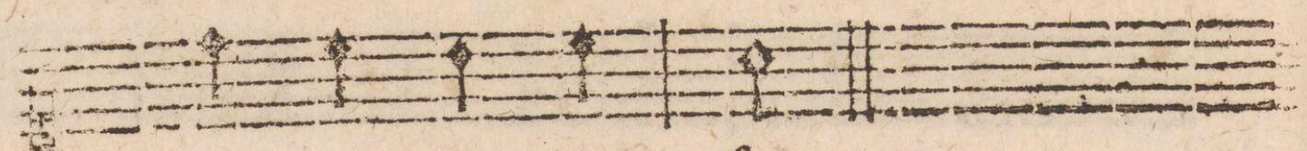


gri - ne; Je por - te chez



eux d'un Vin, Qui se - veil - le



la Voi - si - ne, Et fait



dor-mir le Voi - sin.

Le

Le Mari *à ſa* Femme.

Mon Voiſin me dit ſans ceſſe,
Qu'il me veut fournir de Vin,
Je connois bien ſa fineſſe,
Mais je ſuis encor plus fin;
Fais ſemblant d'être facile,
Je ferai ſemblant de rien,
Pendant qu'il fera le Gille;
Je lui boirai tout ſon bien.
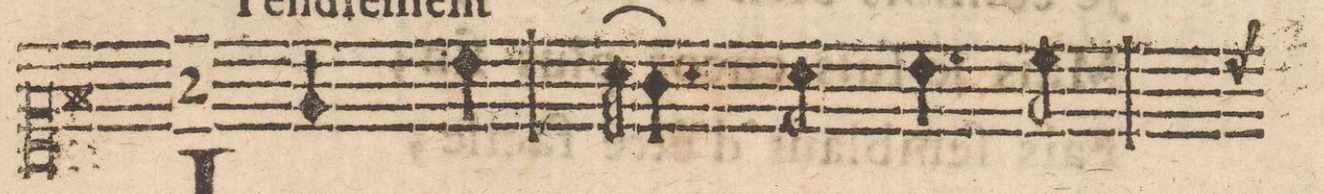
La Femme.

Mon Mari, je ſuis très ſage,
Mais mon cœur ſimple & benin,
N'aura jamais le courage,
De tromper un bon Voiſin,
Et s'il faiſoit la dépence,
D'aporter du Vin chez nous,
Je croirois en conſcience,
Devoir le païer pour vous.
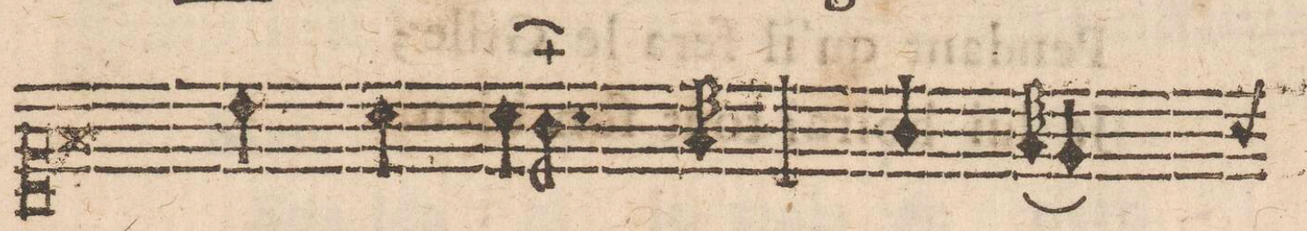
LE BERGER JALOUX.

Gavotte.
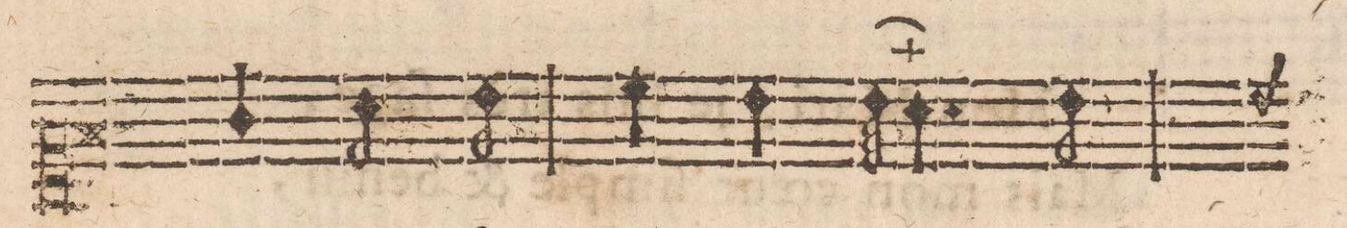
Tendrement
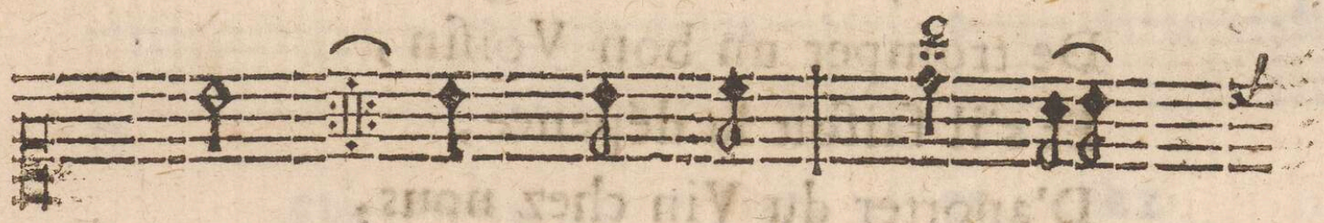


LAiſ - ſe tes Agneaux er-



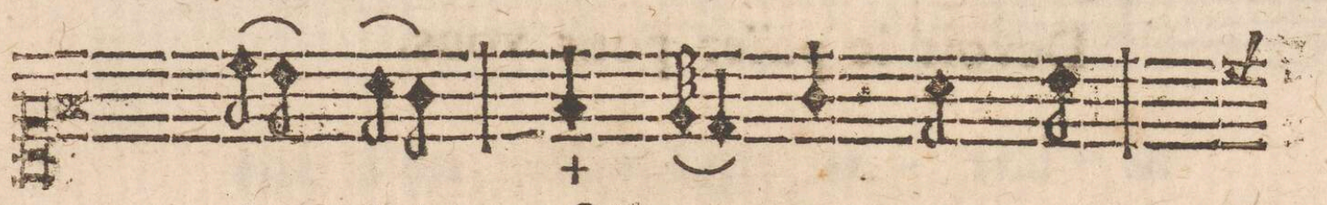
rer dans la prai - ri - e,
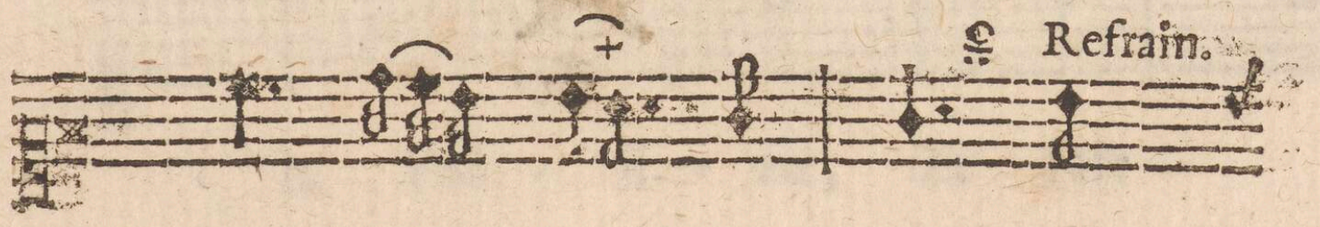


Vien ma Phi - lis, ſous ces Or-



meaux: meaux: Vien gué - rir la
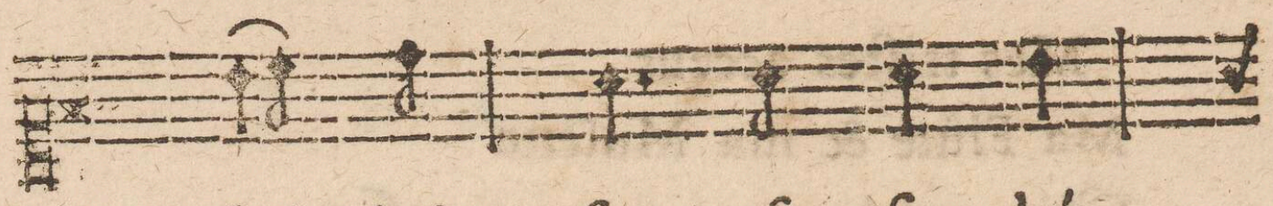


ja - lou - ſi - e Que me cau-

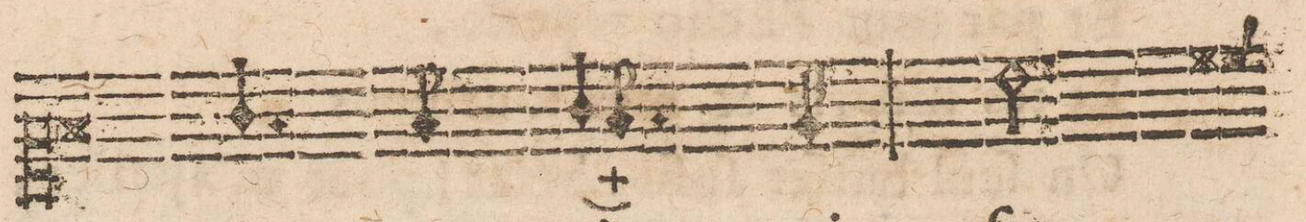


Refrain.
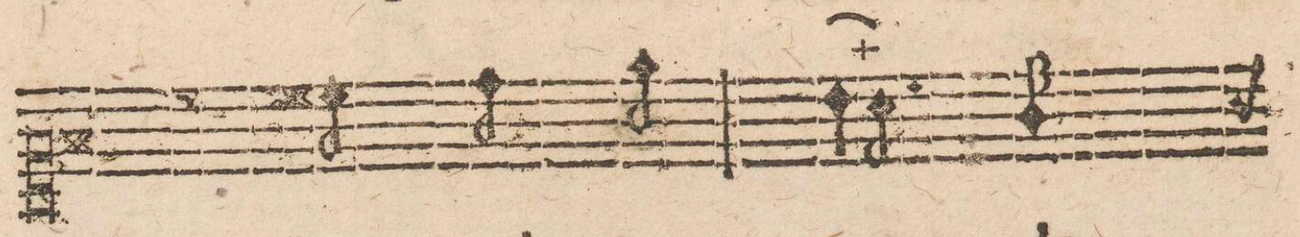
ſent tous mes Ri - veaux; Un



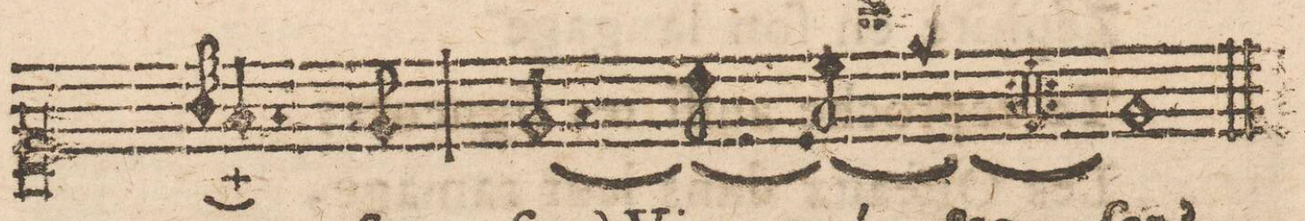
seul bai - ser su - fit, hé-



las! pour m'ap - pai - ser;



Pou - rois - tu me le



re - fu - ser? Vien gué-, &c. ser?

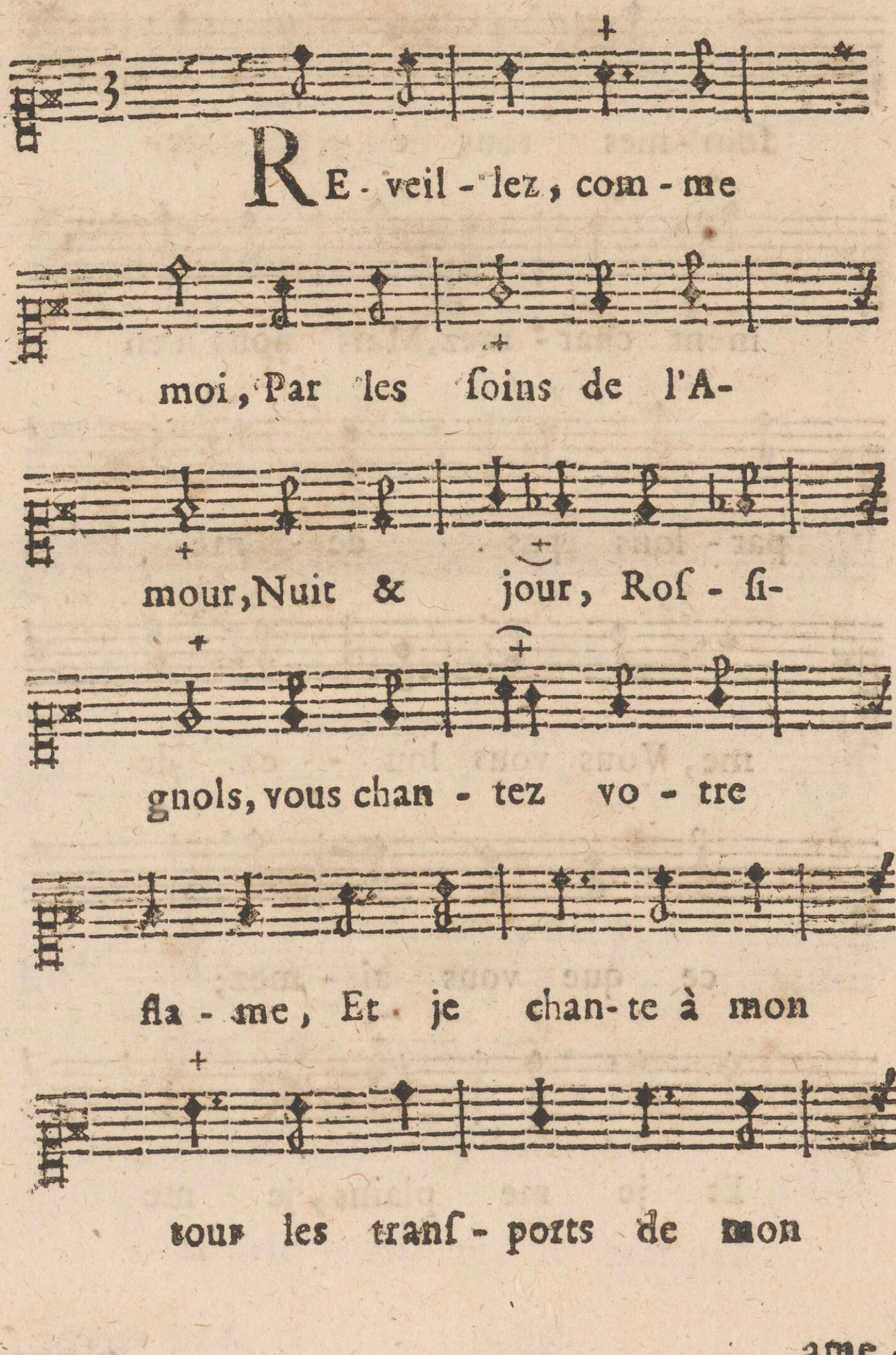
Du haut du Côteau
J'aperçus dans la plaine,
Un jeune Berger du hameau:
Tu l'écoutois, inhumaine,
Et tu careſſois ſon troupeau:
Un ſeul baiſer ſufit, hélas! pour m'apaiſer;
Pourois-tu me le refuſer?

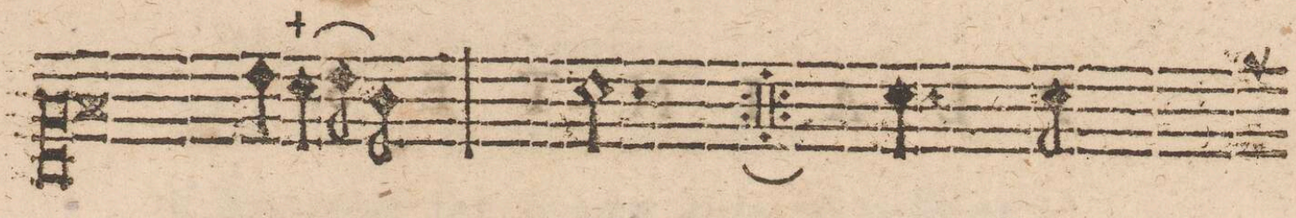
Mes triſtes accens,
Ma Flûte & ma Muſette
Chantent les maux que je reſſens;
Et par tout l'Echo repete,
Et tes mépris & mes tourmens
Un ſeul baiſer ſufit, hélas! pour m'apaiſer,
Pourois tu me le refuſer.

Touché de mes pleurs
Zéphire en ſon langage
Te reproche auſſi tes rigueurs:
Les Oiſeaux dans leur ramage,
Ne chantent plus que mes malheurs!
Un ſeul baiſer ſufit, hélas! pour m'apaiſer,
Pourrois-tu me la refuſer?
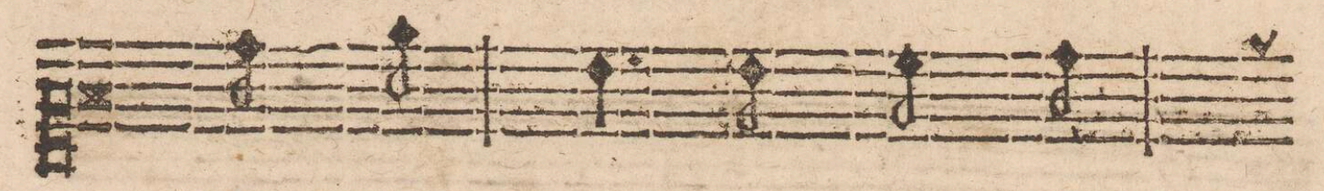
PLAINTES.

Air ſerieux.
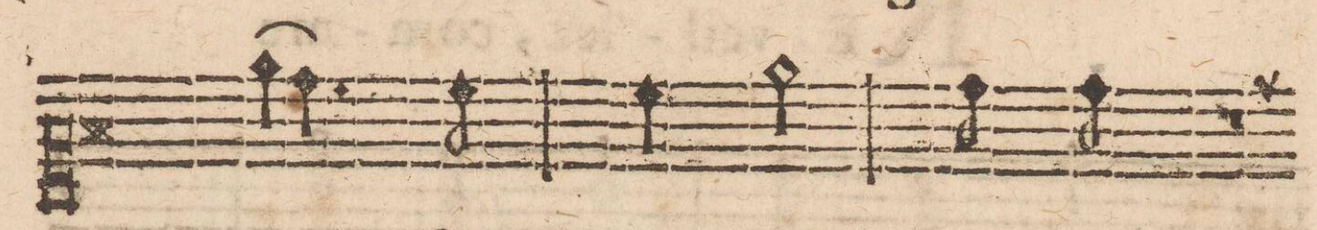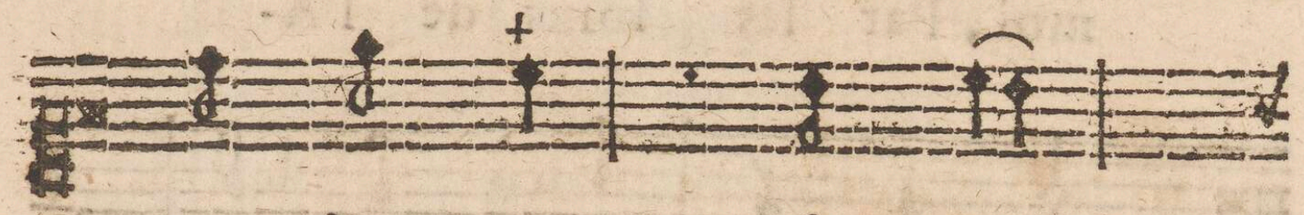




a - me, me, Nous



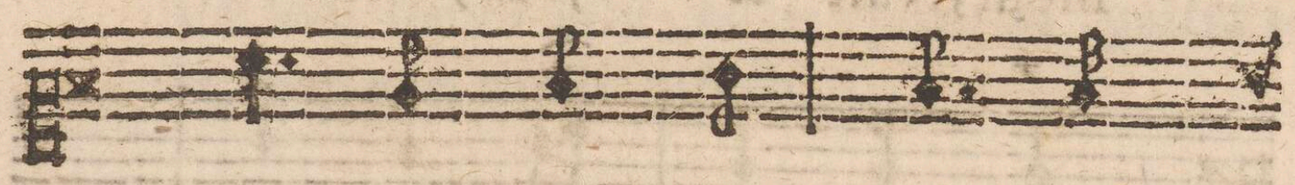
ſom-mes tous é - ga - le-



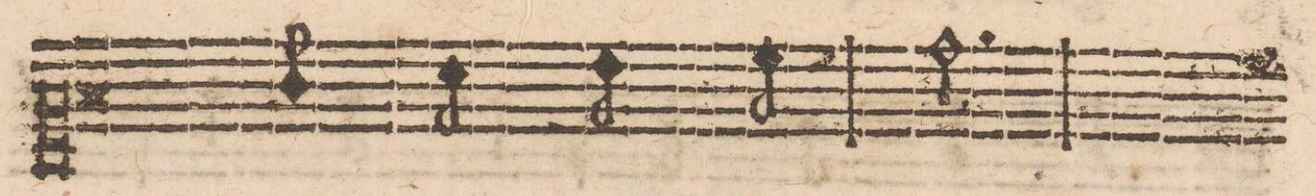
ment char- mez, Mais nous n'en



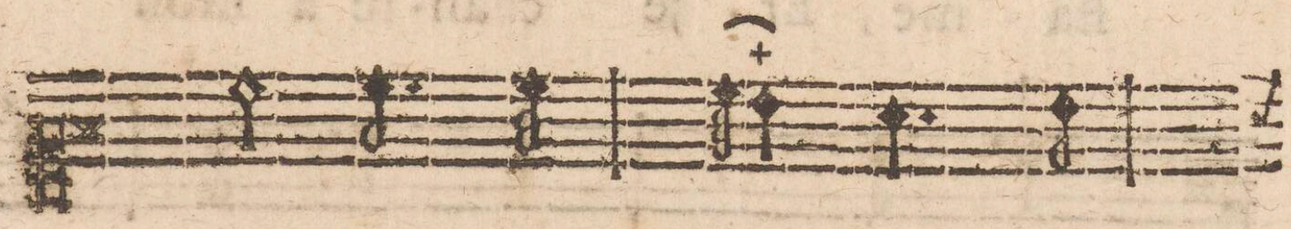
par- lons pas de mê-



me, Vous vous lou - ez de
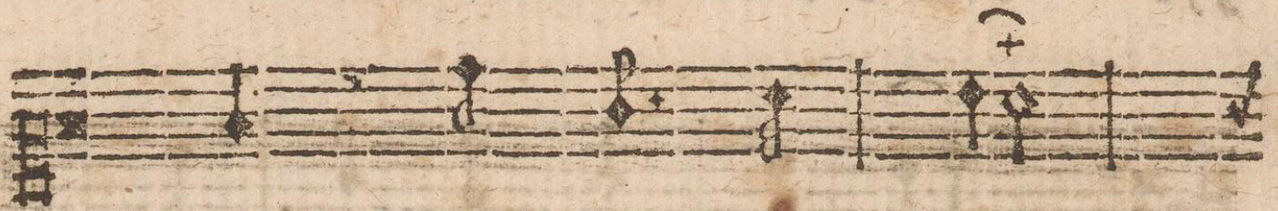


ce que vous ai - mez;
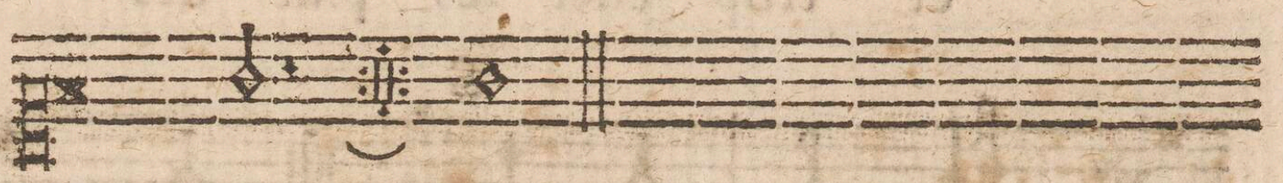


Et je me plains, je me

plains
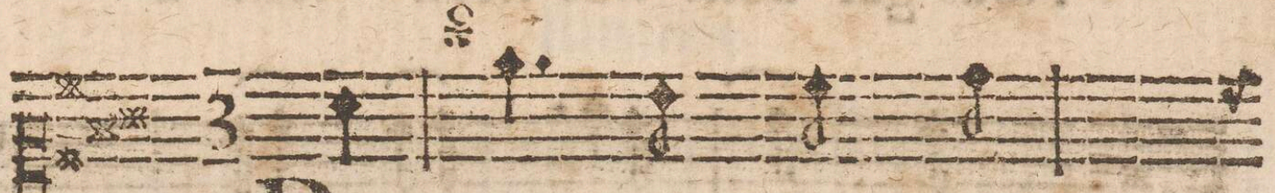


plains de ce que j'ai-

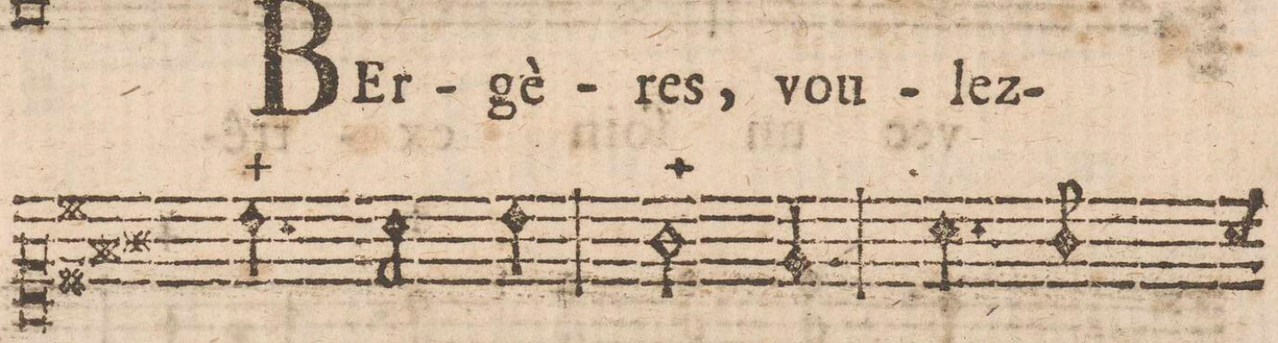


me. me.

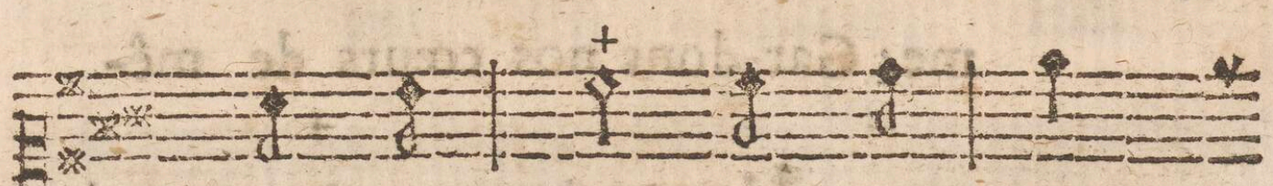
LA SAGE BERGERE.
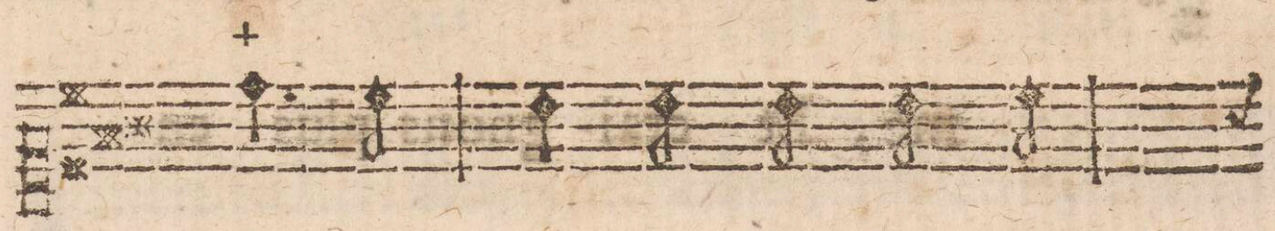


BEr - gè - res, vou - lez-
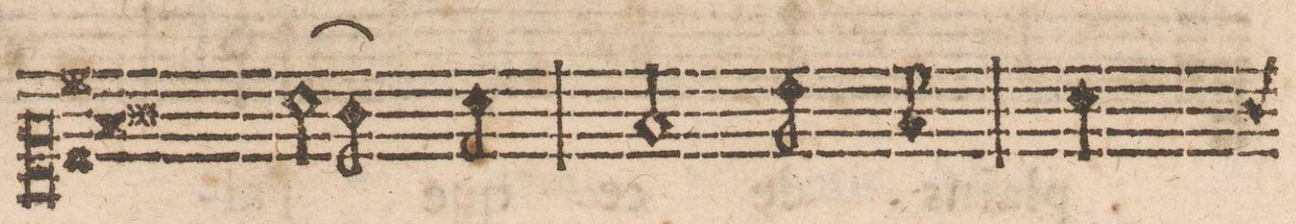


vous m'en croi - re, Au dan - ge-
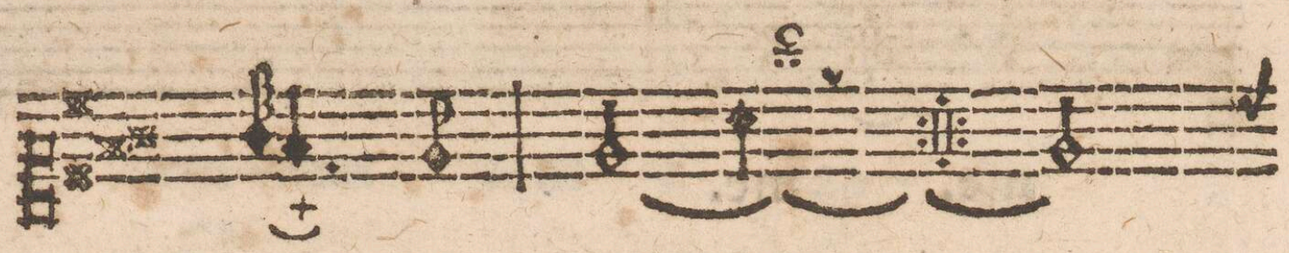


reux A - mour dif - pu - tons
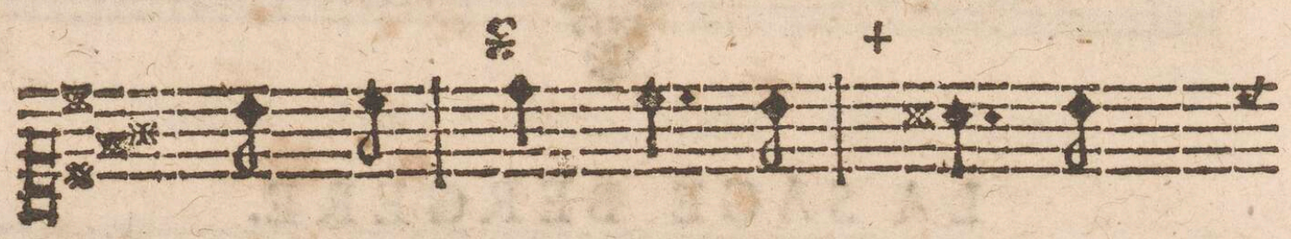


la vic - toi - re, Il faut païs
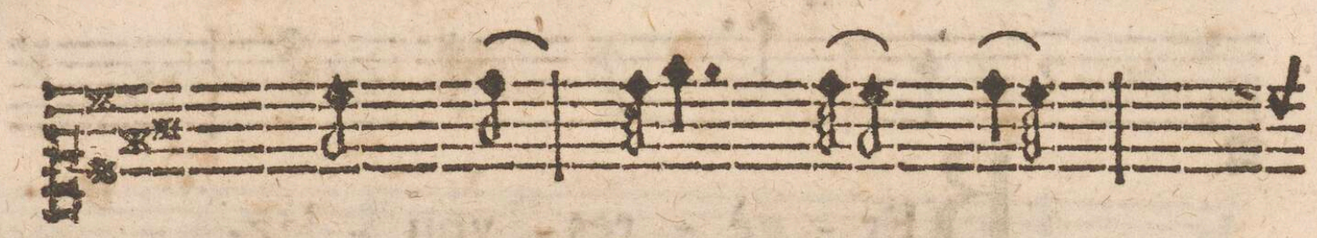


er trop cher ſes plai- ſirs
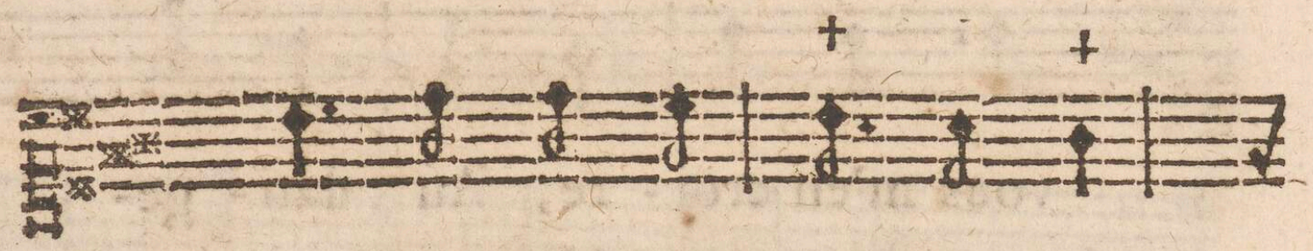


les plus doux: Ber- &c. doux:
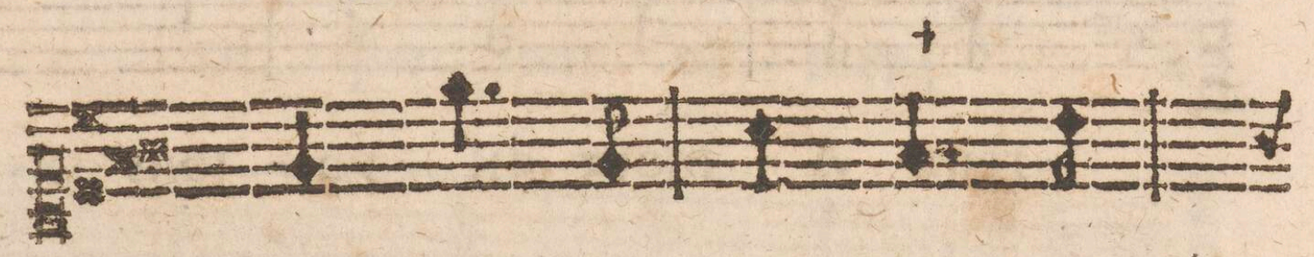


Nous gar-dons nos Mou - tons a-



vec un ſoin ex - trê-
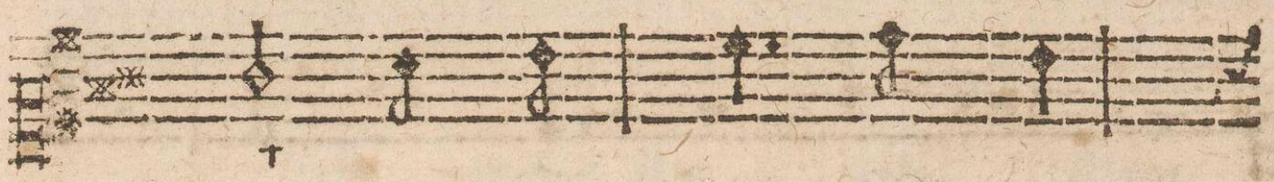


me; Gar-dons nos cœurs de mê-

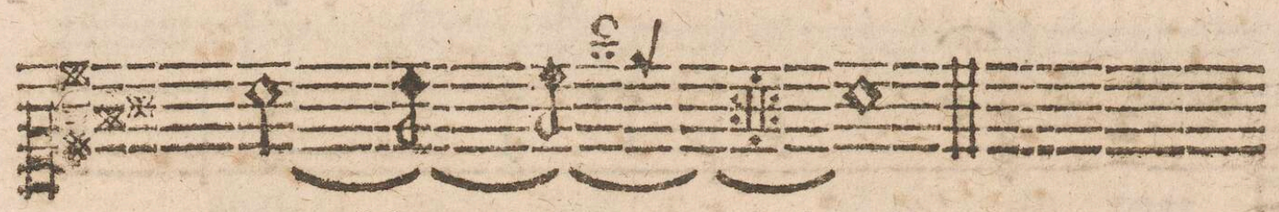


me, Et crai- gnons plus en-

cor



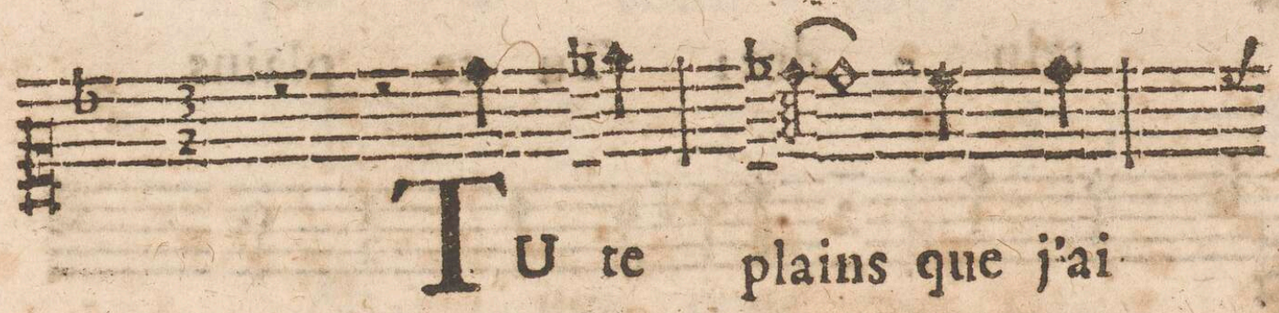
cor les Ber - gers que les
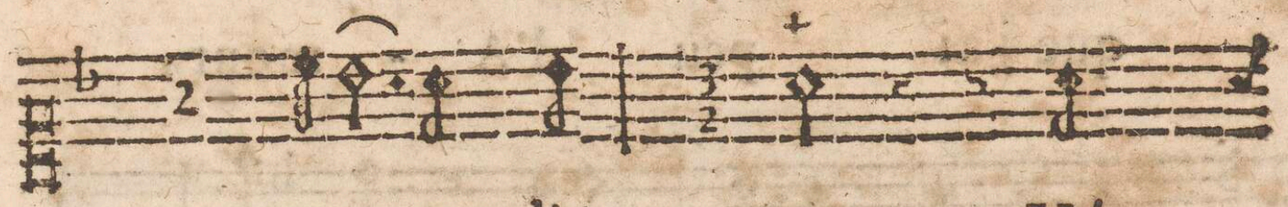


Loups. Nous gar- &c. Loups.

L'AMANTE MECONTENTE.

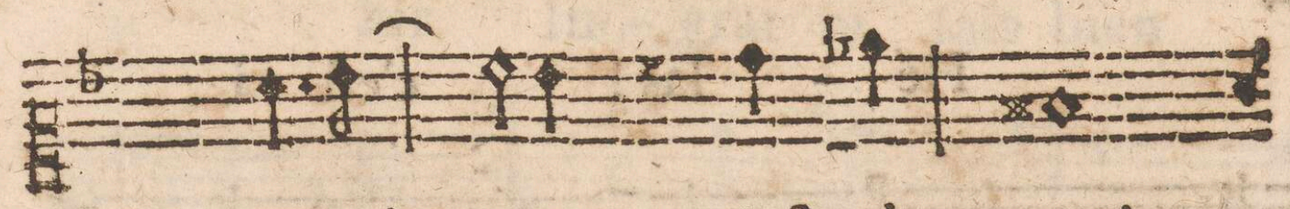
Rondeau.



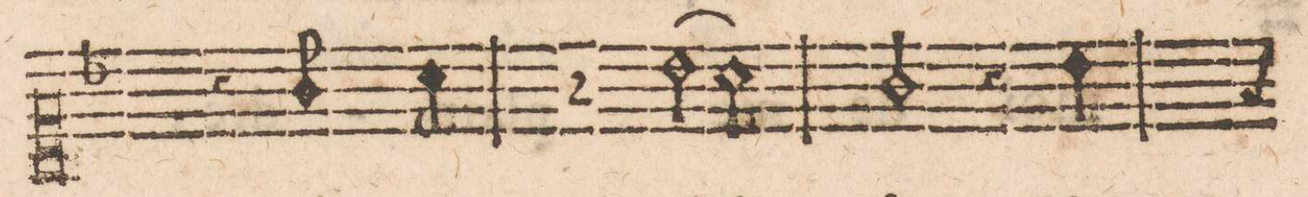
Tu te plains que j'ai
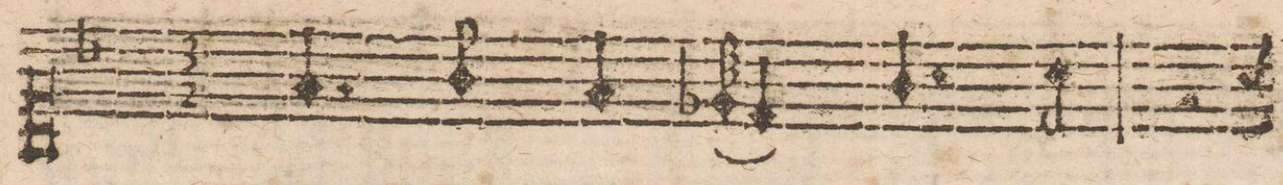


peu d'A - mour, Hé-
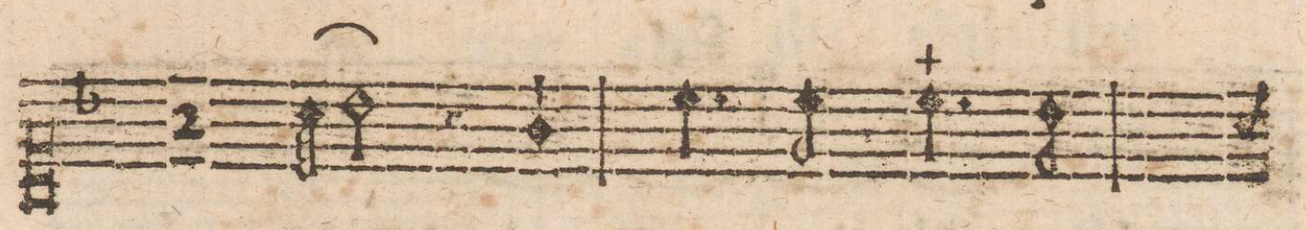


las! c'eſt à moi
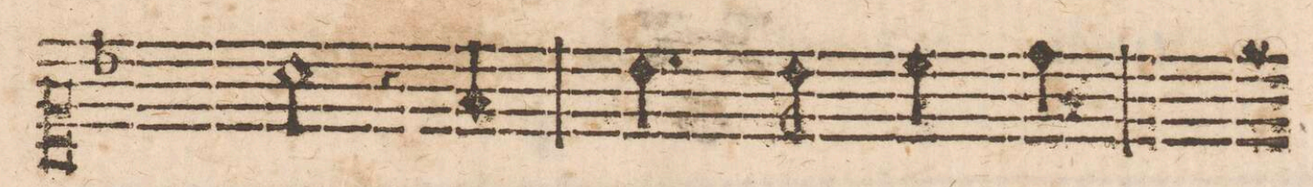


de me plain - dre, Mon
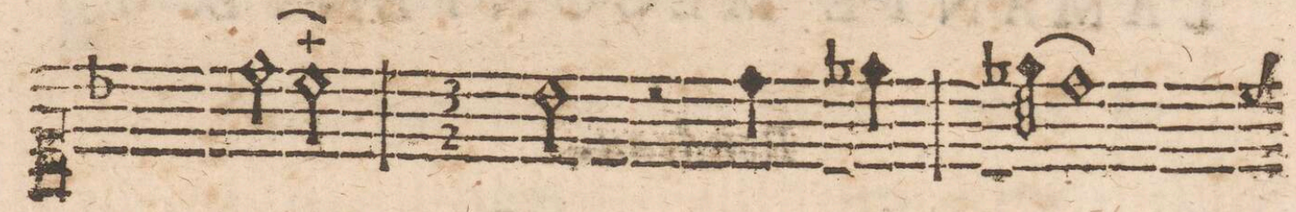


cœur te don - ne cha que
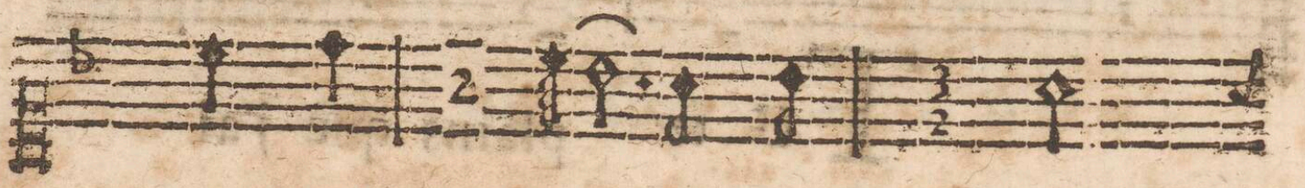


jour, Des mar-ques d'une ar-
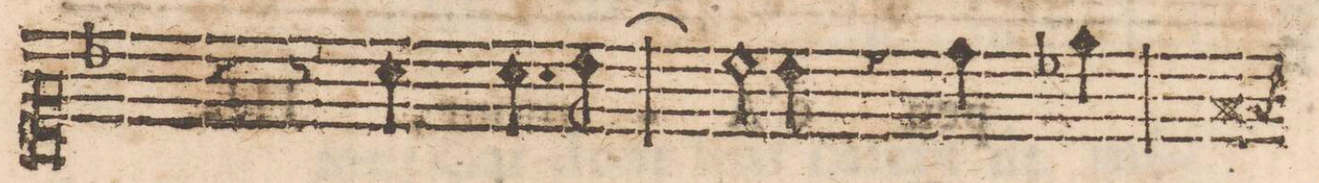


deur que rien ne peut é-



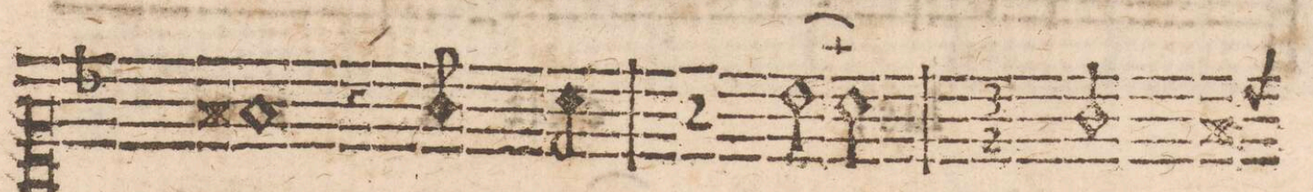
tein - dre: Tu te plains



que j'ai peu d'A - mour,
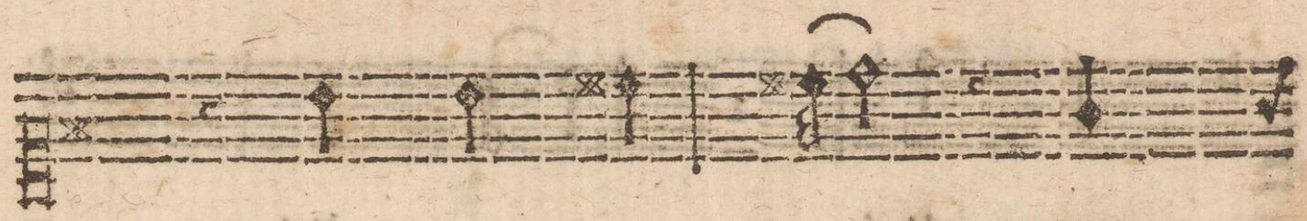


Hé - las! c'eſt à

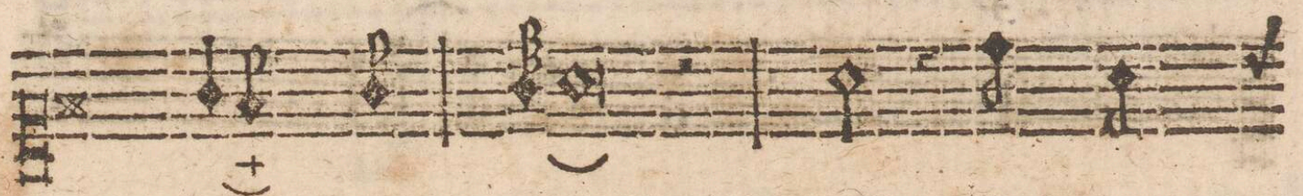


moi de me plain - dre;
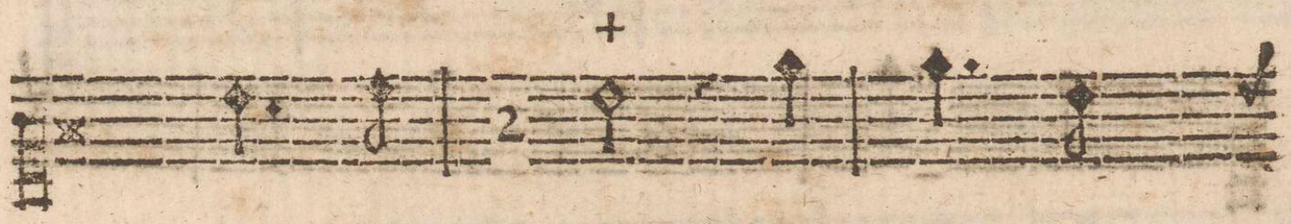
Je
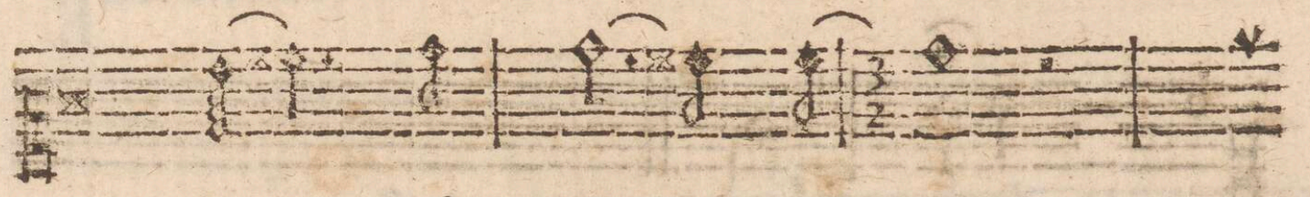


Je me flat - tois d'un



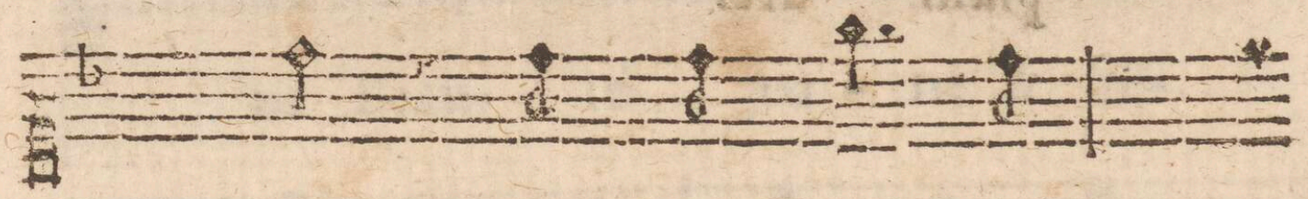
doux re - tour: Mais, de ton
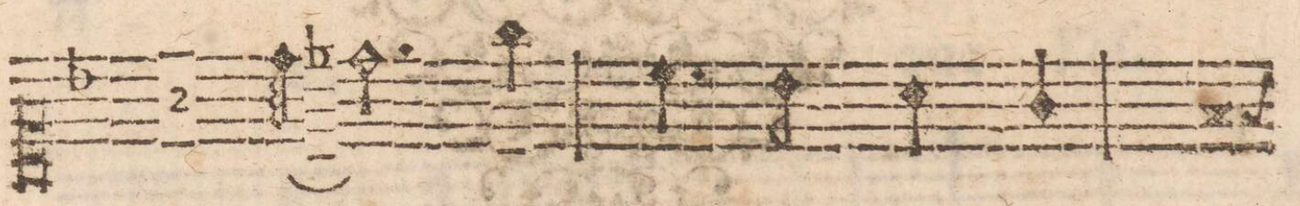


cœur le - ger, que n'ai - je



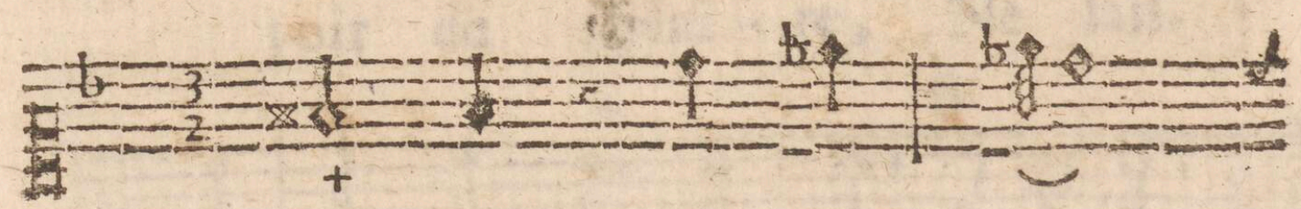
pas à crain - dre!
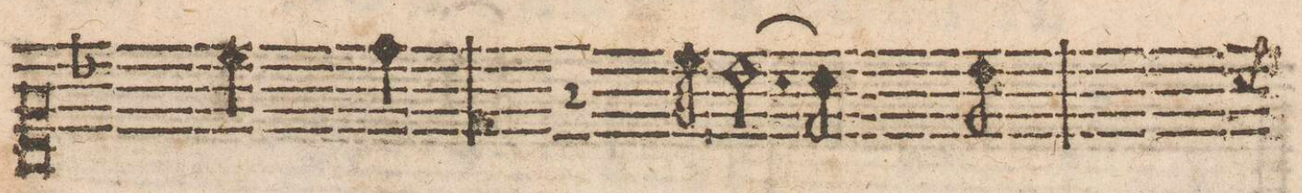


Ah, que pour me tra-
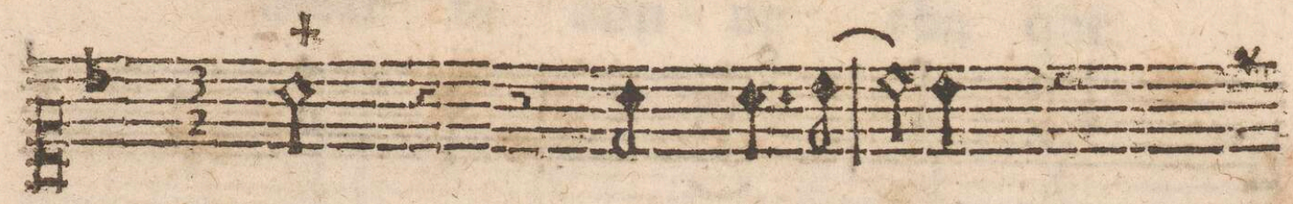


hir In - grat tu ſais bien
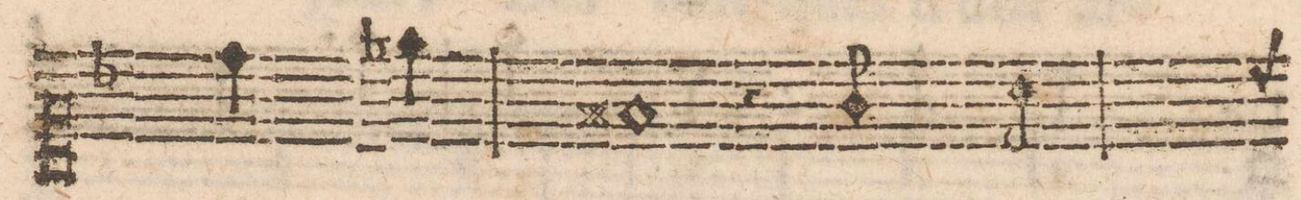


fein - dre: Tu te plains
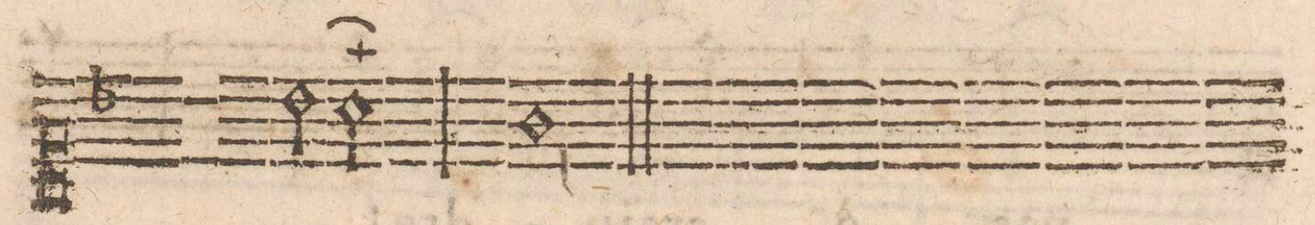


que j'ai peu d'A-



mour, Hé - las!



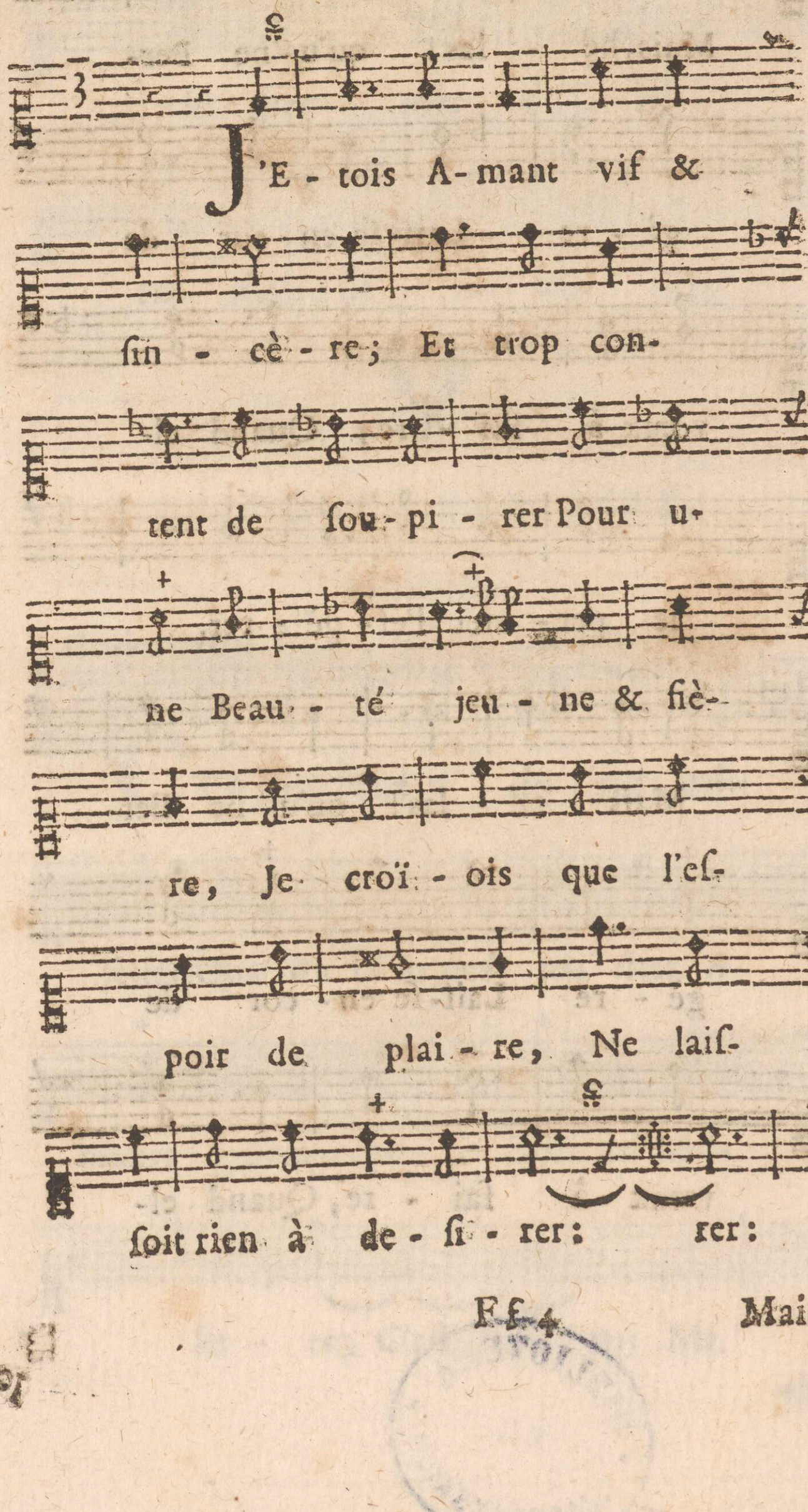
c'eſt à moi de me
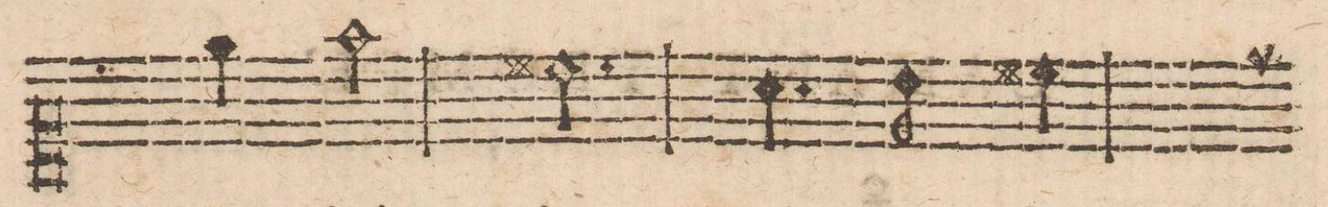


plain - dre.

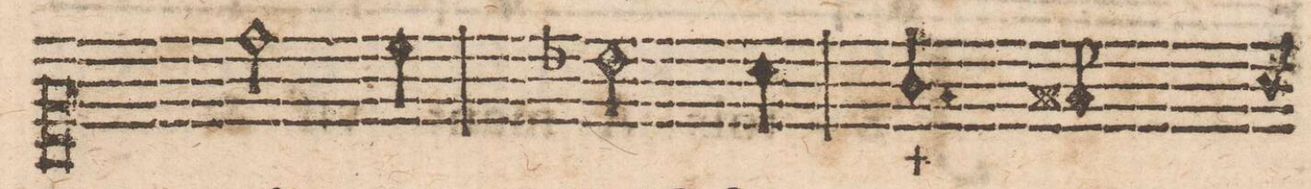
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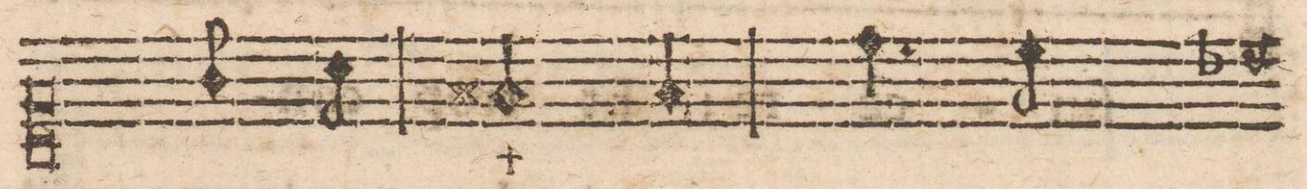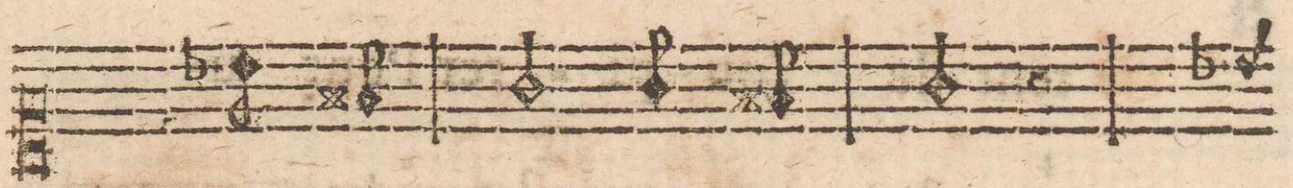




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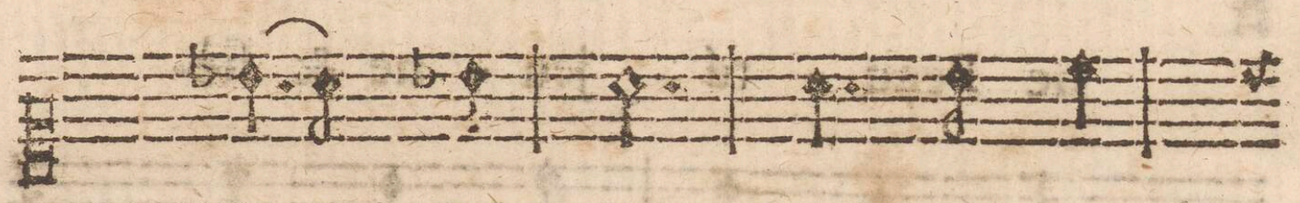


gè - re Laiſ-ſe en-cor de



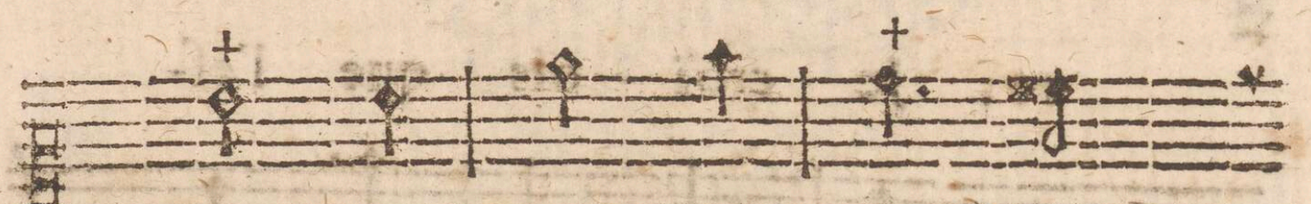
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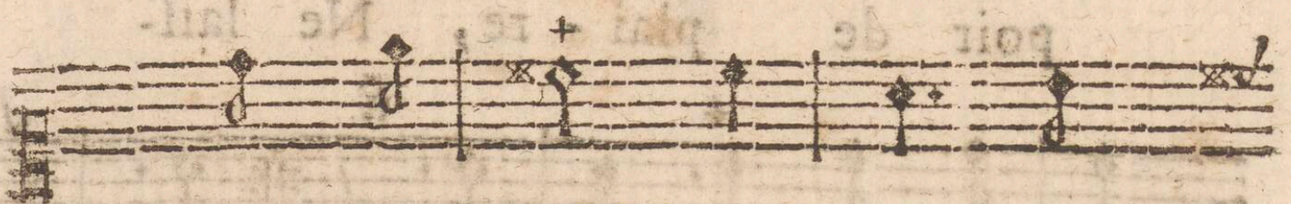


le per- mèt d'eſ- pè - rer.



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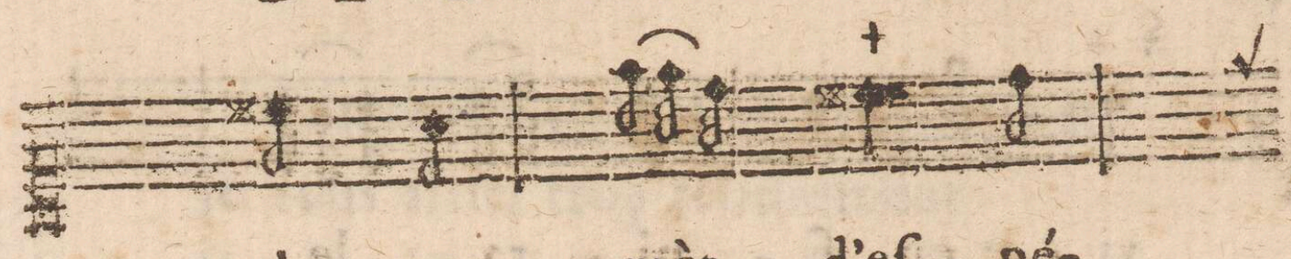


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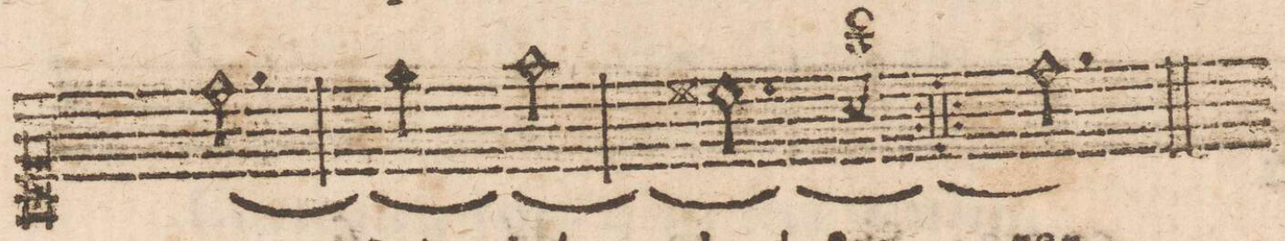


vœux à fai - re, Quand el-

BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH



le per - mèt d'ef - pé-
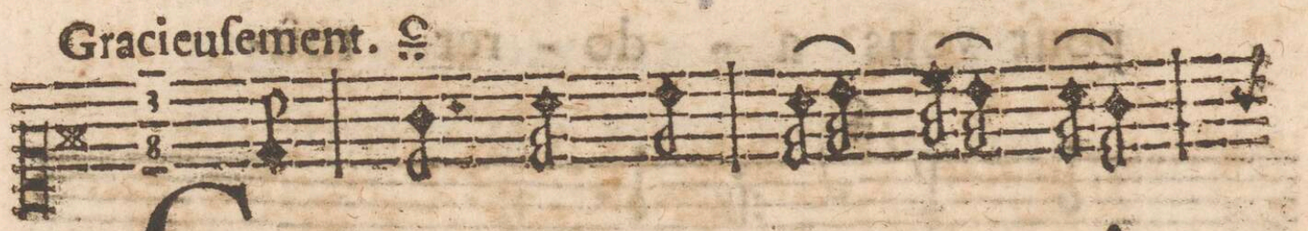


rer. Mais, hé - las! &c. rer.
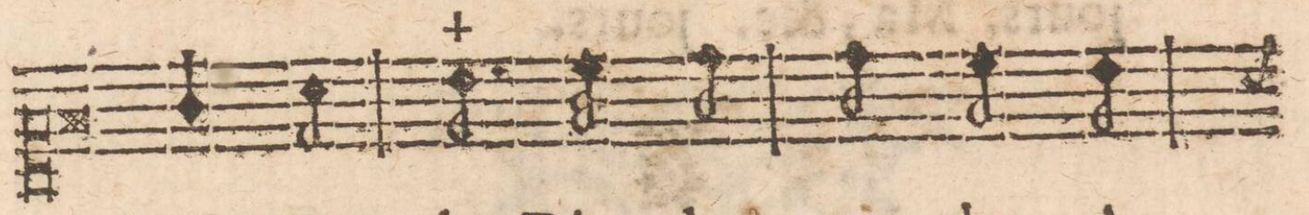
LA DOUCE BLESSURE.

Vaudeville.
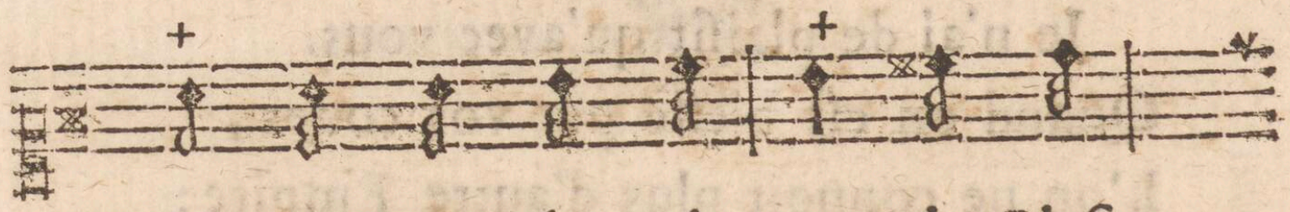
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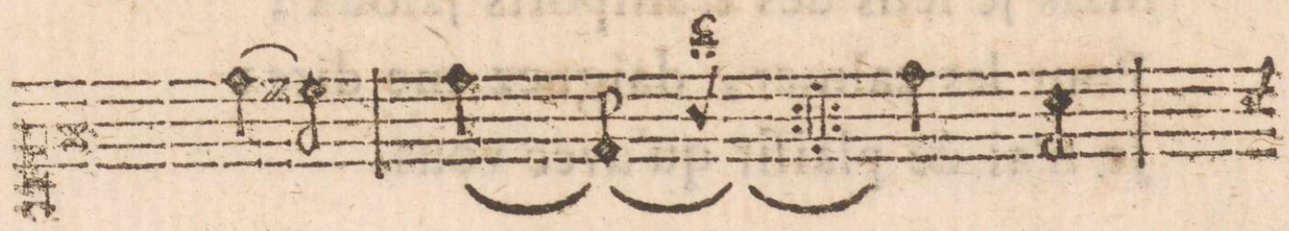
C'Eſt pour vous a - do - rer toû-



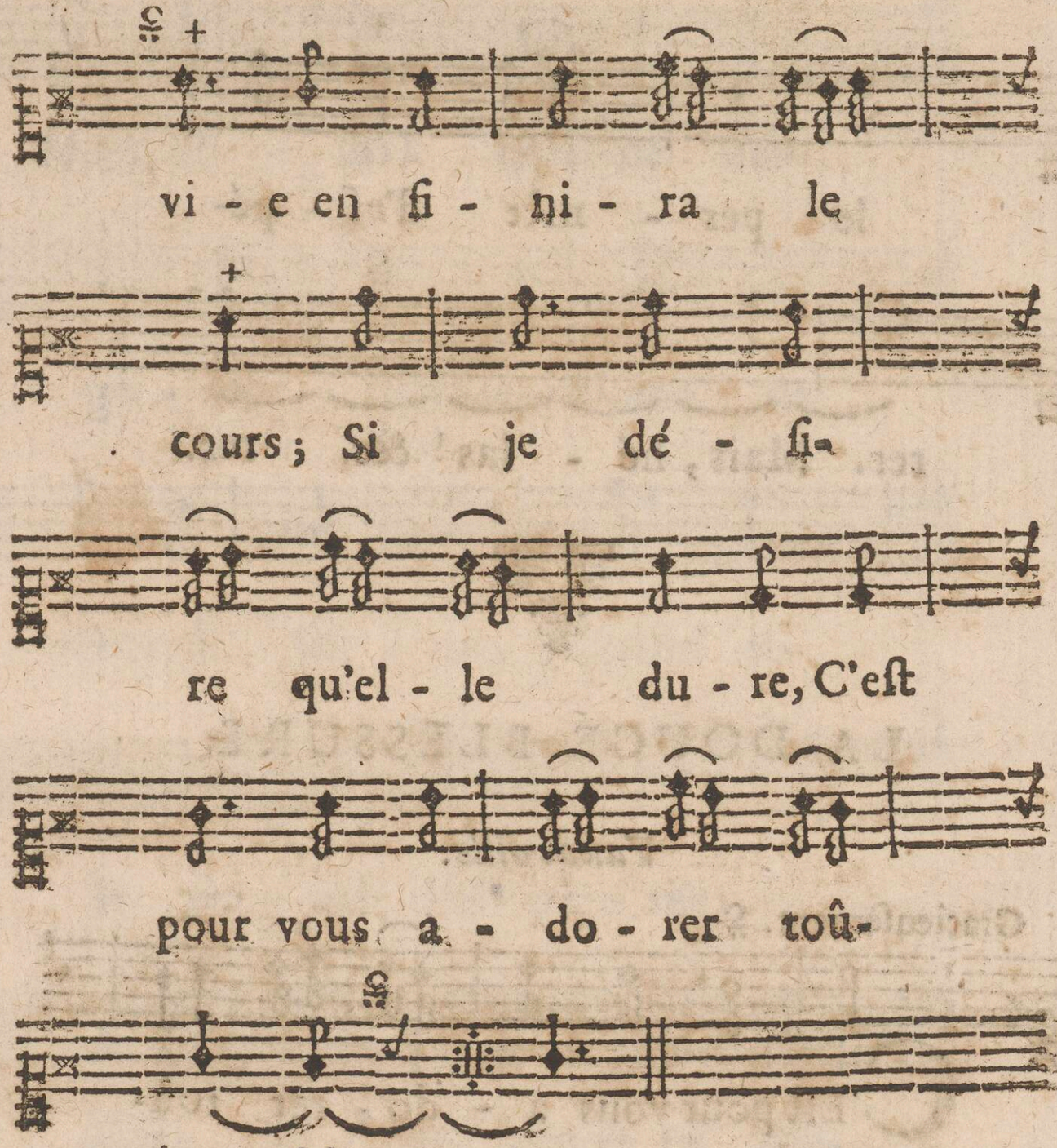
jours, Que du Dieu des ten - dres A-



mours Mon cœur che - rit tant la Bleſ-



ſu - re; C'eſt, &c.. re : Ma
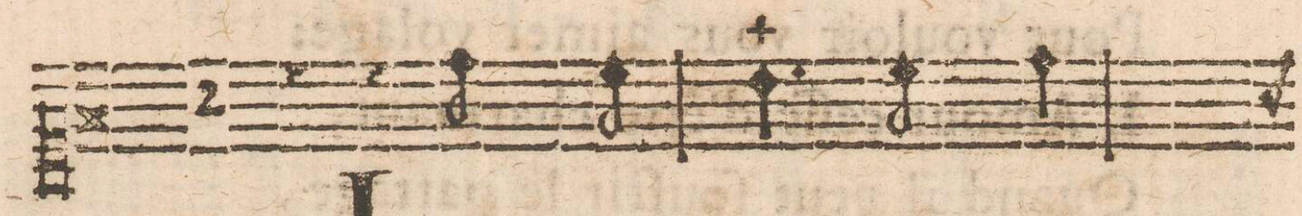


Je n'ai de plaiſir qu'avec vous.
Quand on eſt bleſſé par vos coups,
L'on ne connoit plus d'autre Empire:
Mais je ſens des tranſports jaloux;
Pour les calmer, daignez me dire:
Je n'ai de plaiſir qu'avec vous.
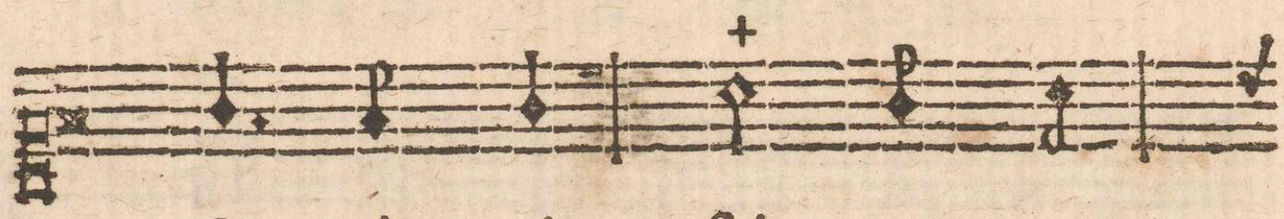
Contentez-vous d'un ſeul Amant,
Je vous aime trop tendrement
Pour vouloir vous aimer volage:
L'Amour ceſſe d'être charmant,
Quand il peut ſoufrir le partage,
Contentez-vous d'un ſeul Amant.

L'Amour m'a prêté tous ſes feux?
Ne cherchez point dans d'autres vœux
Les vives ardeurs qu'il inſpire:
Il n'en reſte que dans vos yeux;
Mais, c'eſt par eux que j'oſe dire
Qu'Amour m'a prêté tous ſes feux.

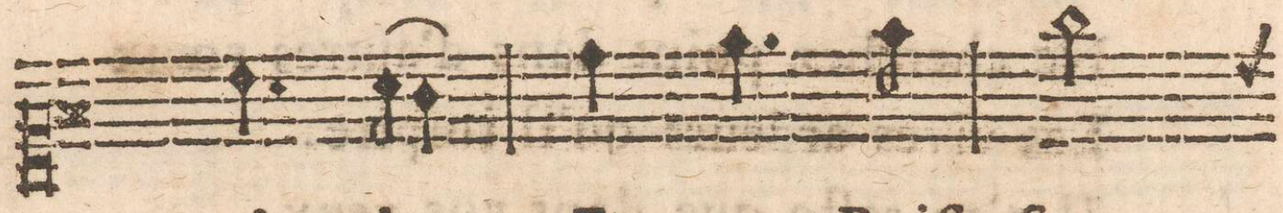
LES LARMES.
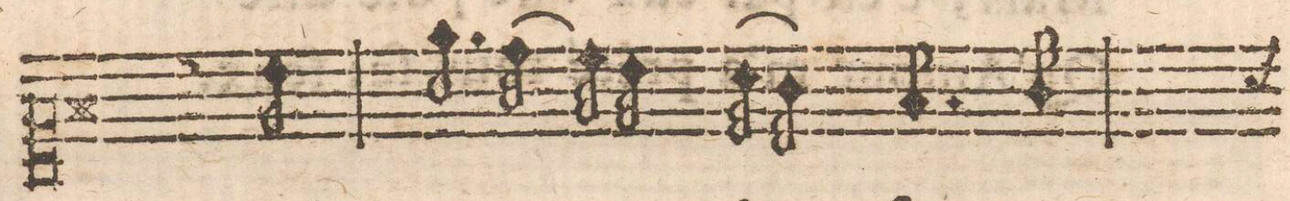


LA Beau - té que je
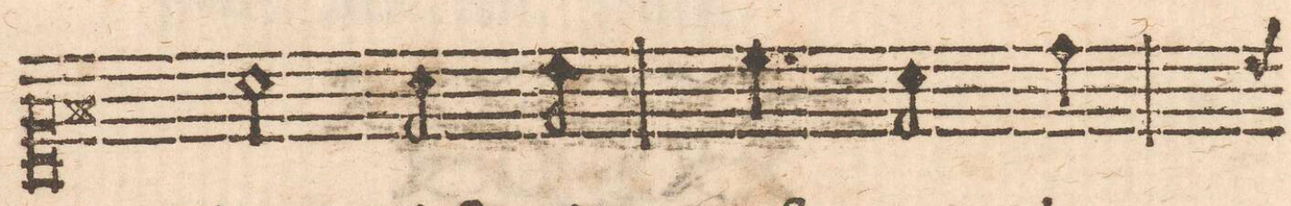


ſers é - toit fié - re & cru-
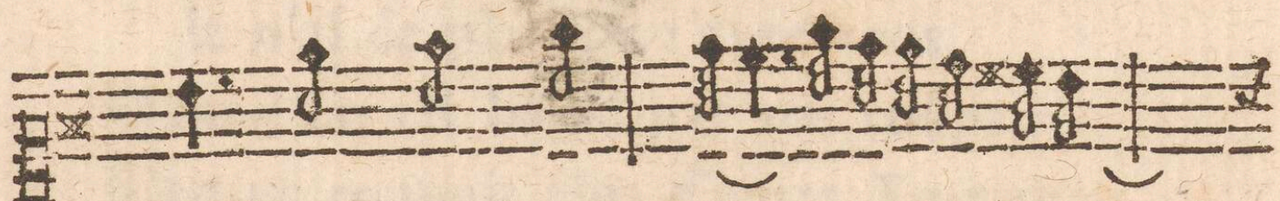


el - le, Et ce Ruiſ- ſeau
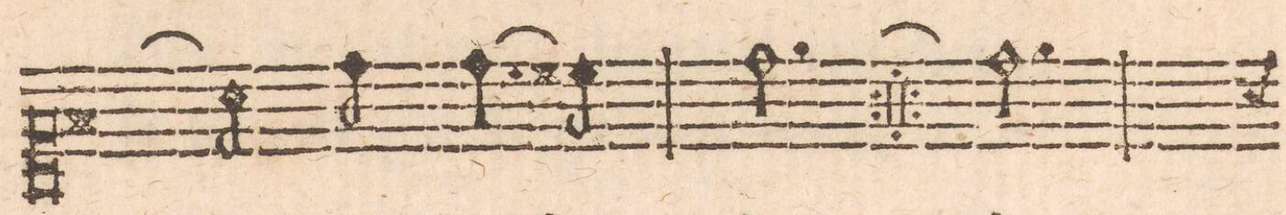


qui cou- - le ſur ces



Fleurs, N'eſt qu'un reſ - te des
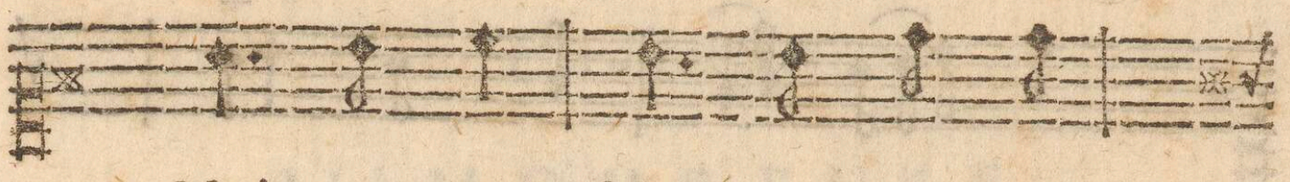


pleurs Que j'ai ver - ſé - -
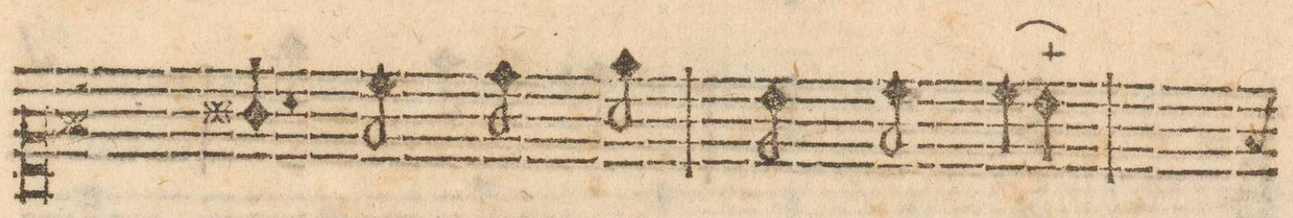


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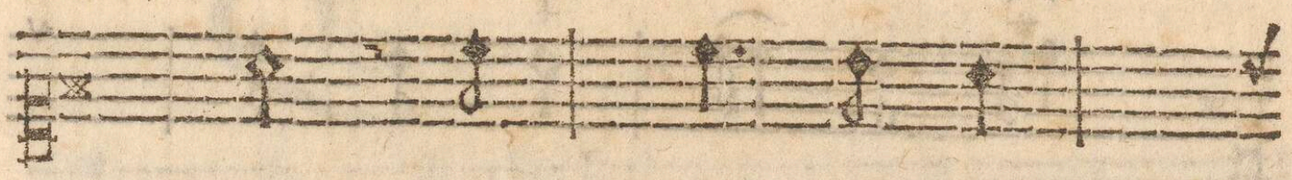
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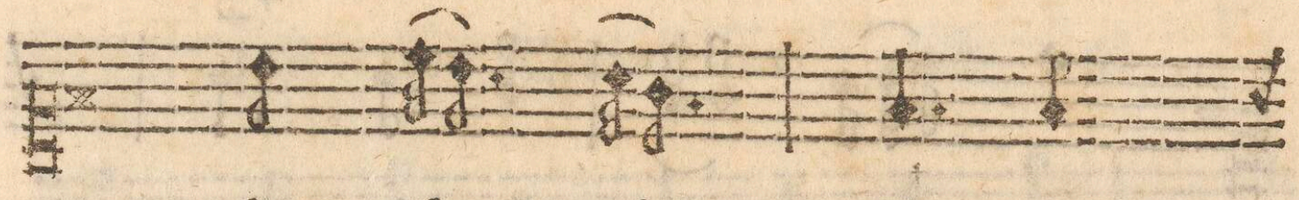


Mais au-jour-d'hui qu'à mes ſou-
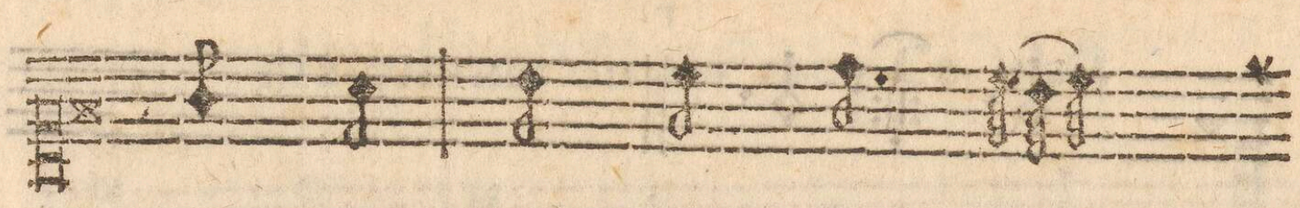


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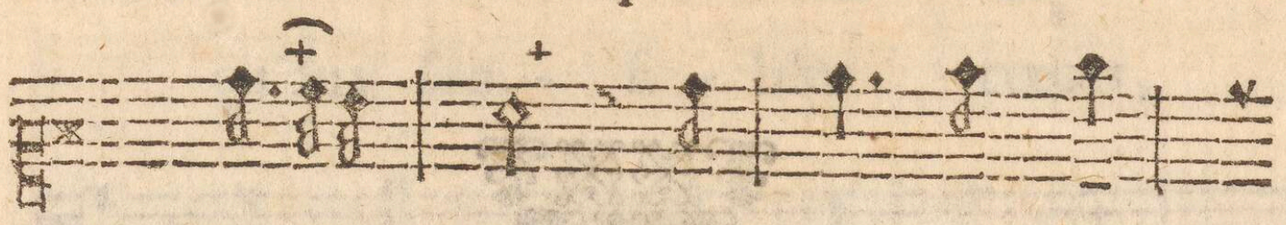


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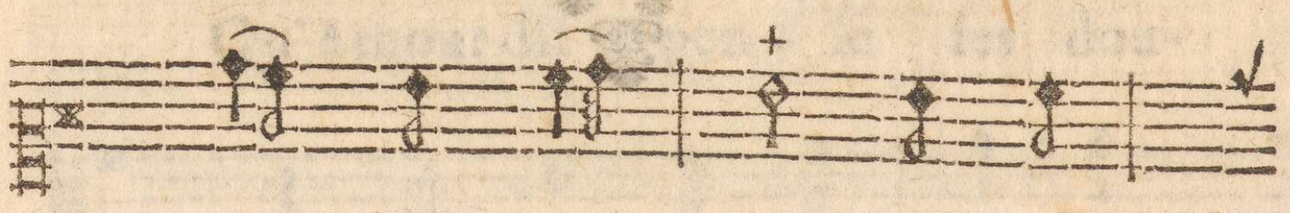


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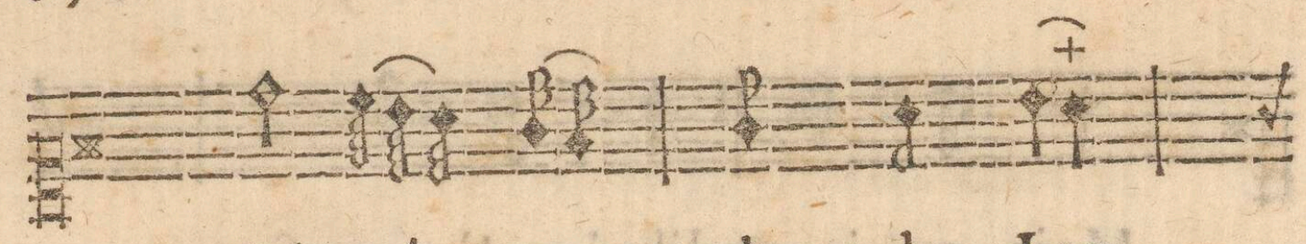


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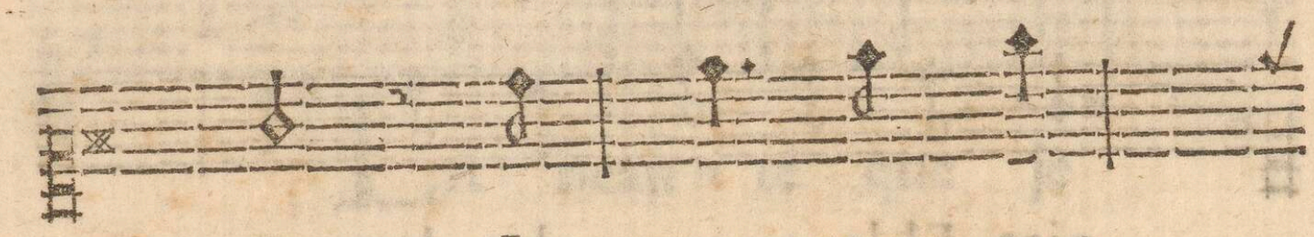


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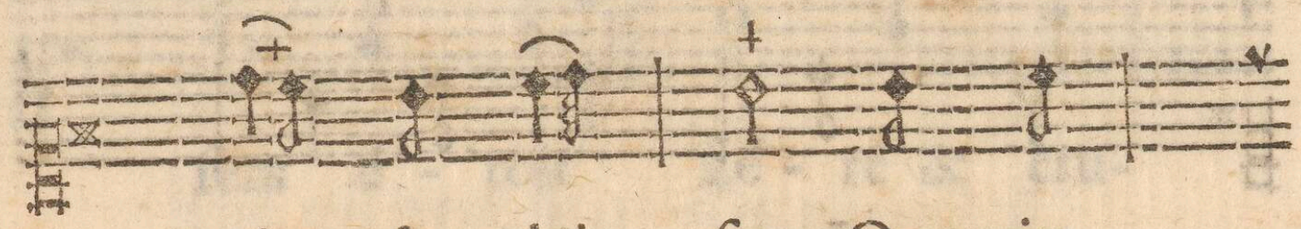


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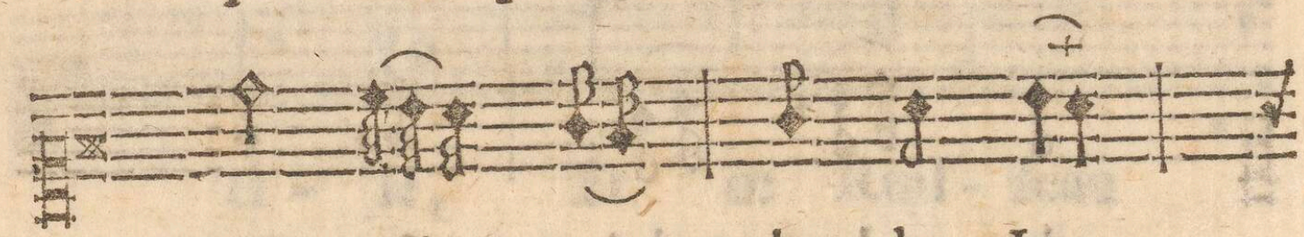


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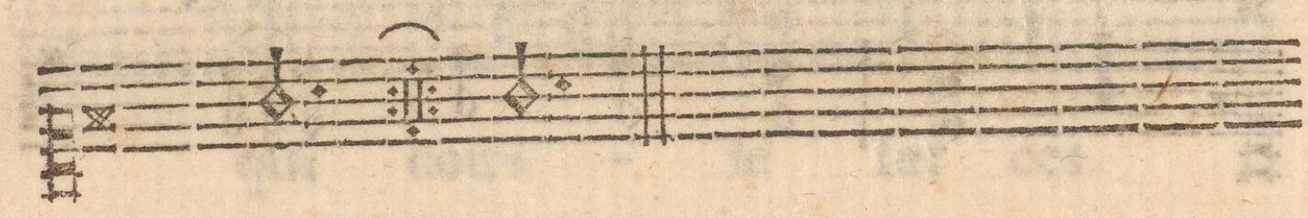


mes, Je gou- te en- cor



plus de plai - sirs, Que je



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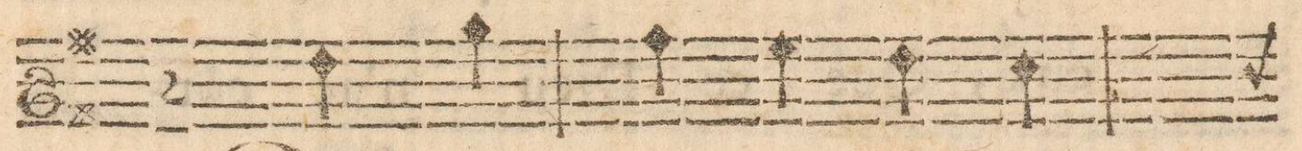


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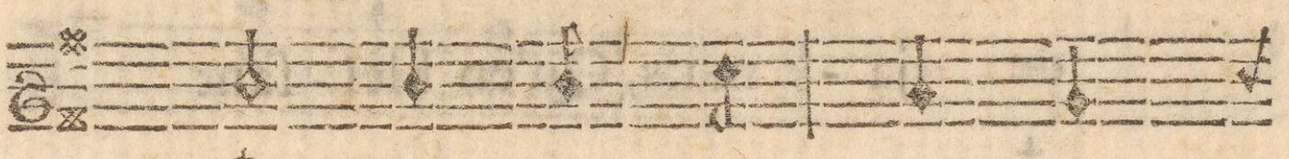
Paroles ſur

L'AMOUREUSE,
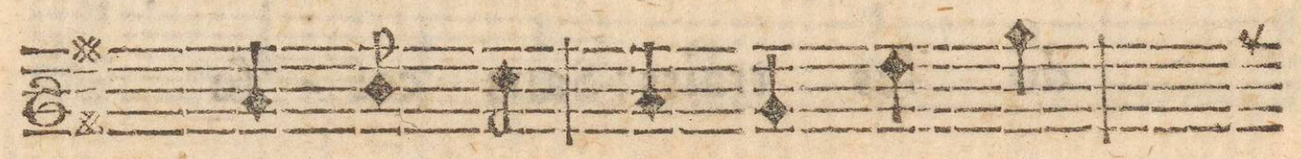
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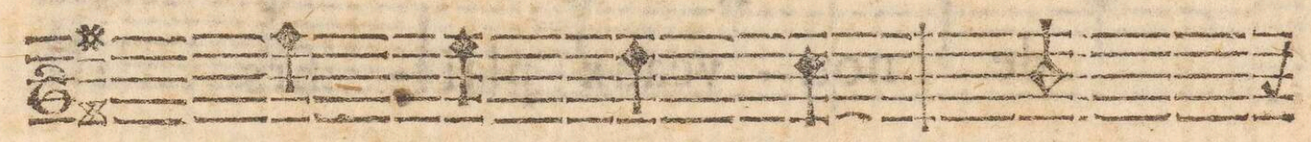


QUe l'on goute un bien ſu-
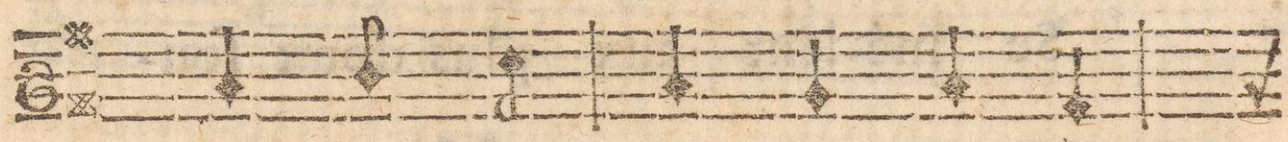


prê- me, Quand on eſt ai-



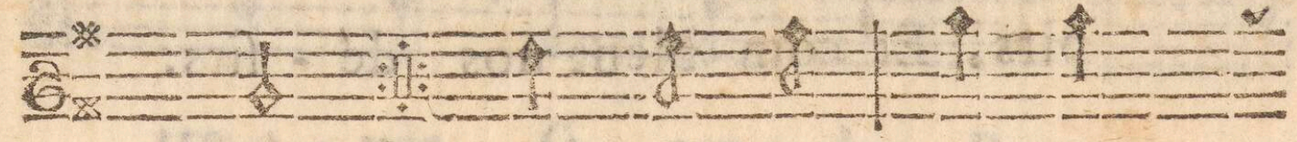
mé comme on ai- me, Ce n'eſt
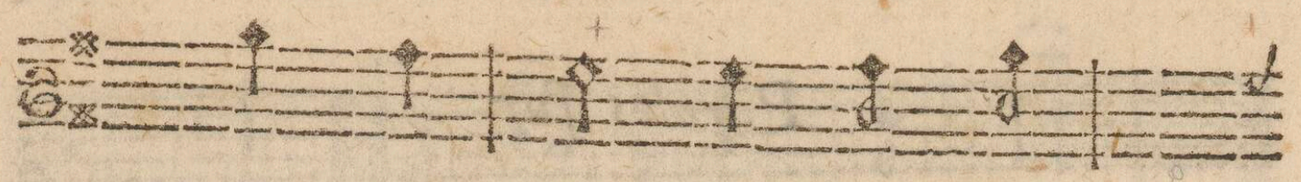


qu'aux ſen- ſi- bles cœurs,
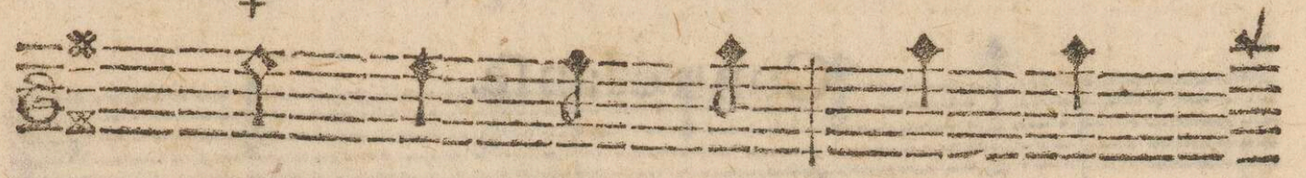


Qu'Amour diſ- pen- ſe ſes dou-
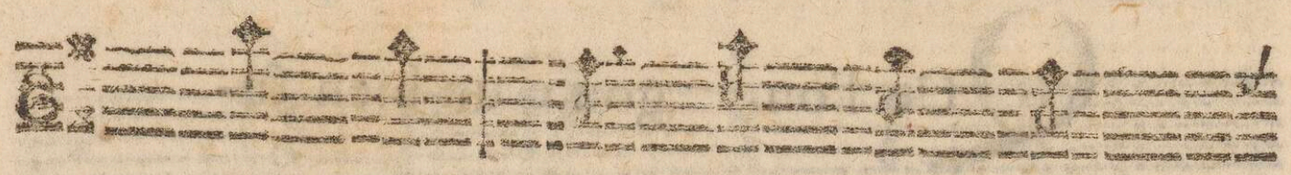


ceurs: Il eſt des mo mens



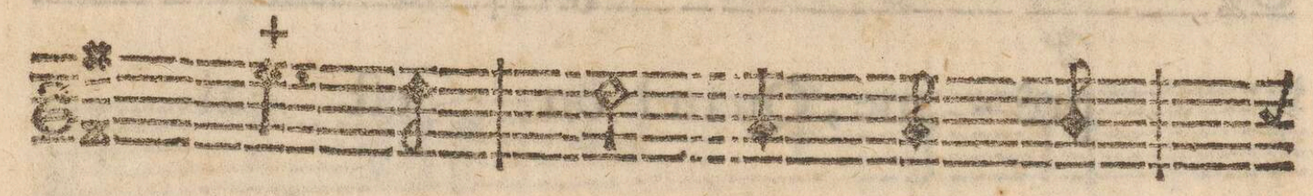
pré - ci - eux, Dé - li - ci-



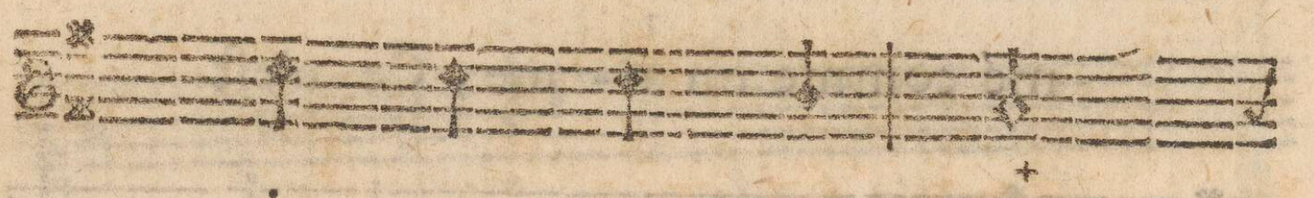
eux, Que ce Dieu n'ac - cor-
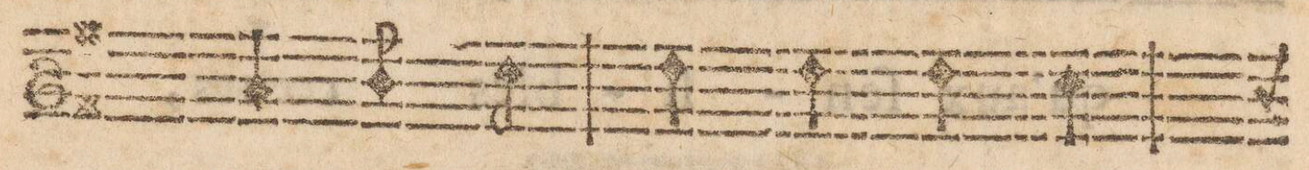


de ja - mais, Qu'en blef - fant



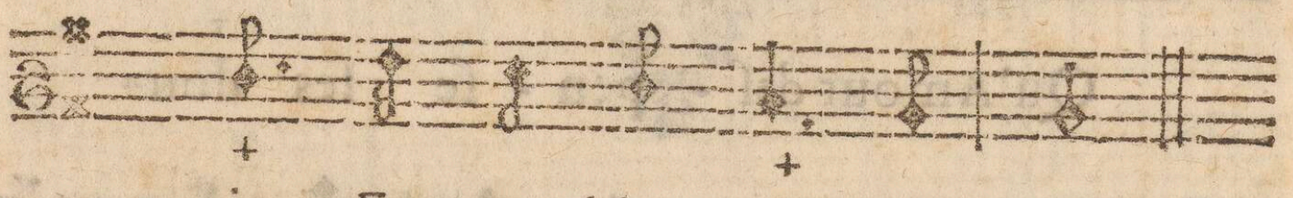
de ſes traits: Sans ceſ - ſe



de nou - veaux plai - ſirs



Se mê-lent aux plus doux ſou-
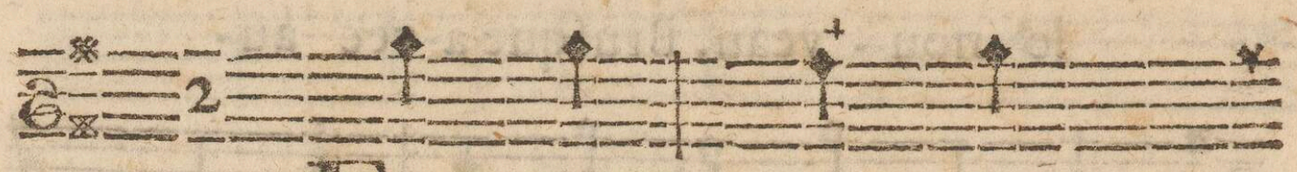


pirs, Et com-blent nos dé - ſirs.

Paroles ſur le
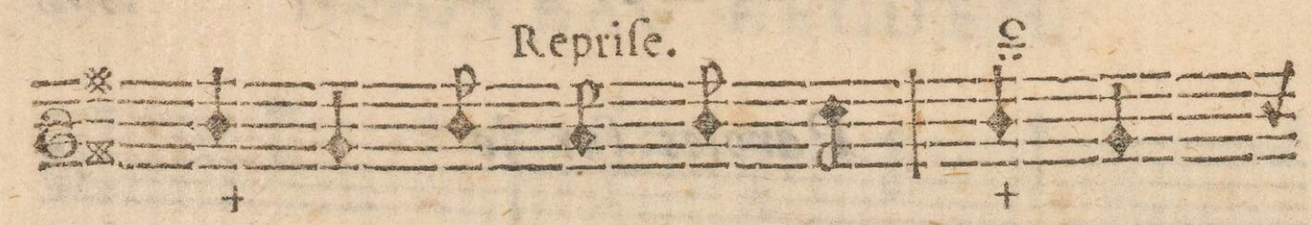
LE CORDON BLEU.

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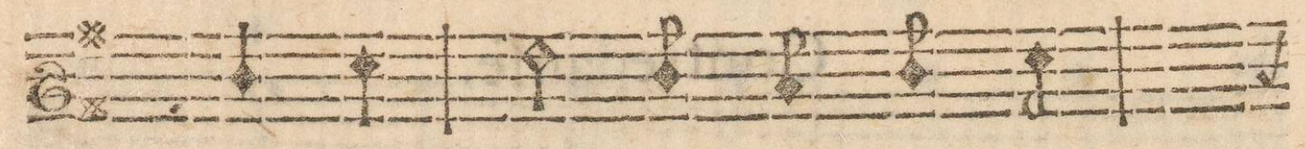


EN A - mour on ne rend point rai - ſon, Cha-cun a ſon gout & ſa ma-niè - re, Ce Ber - ger ſur le naiſ-ſant ga - zon, Fo - lâ-tre a - vec ſa ten - dre Ber-

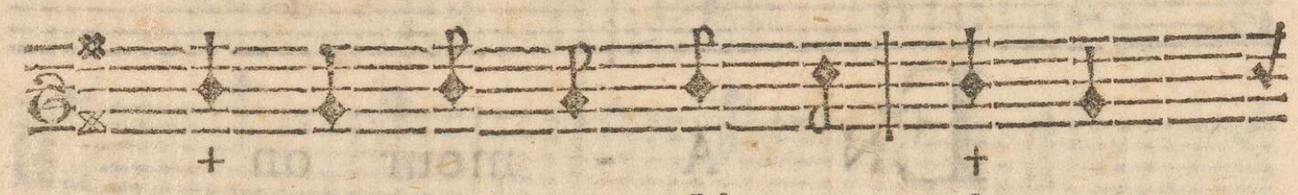
Repriſe.
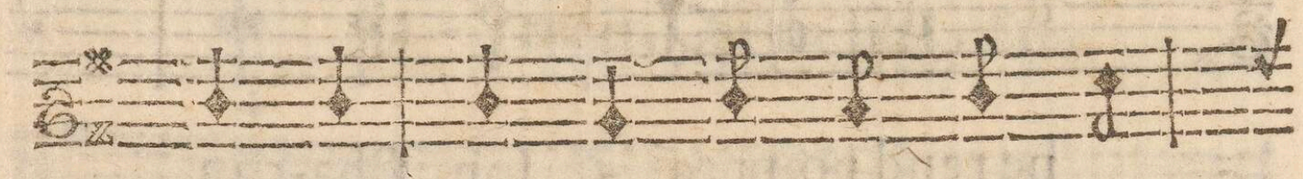


gè- re; Ce Guer rier en Her- cu-



le nou- veau, Bruſque a-vec au-
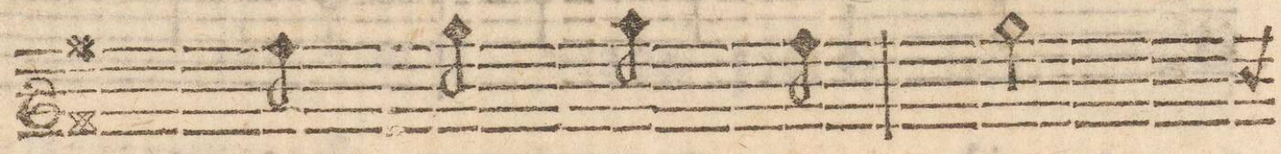


da- ce, La plus fiè- re pla- ce;
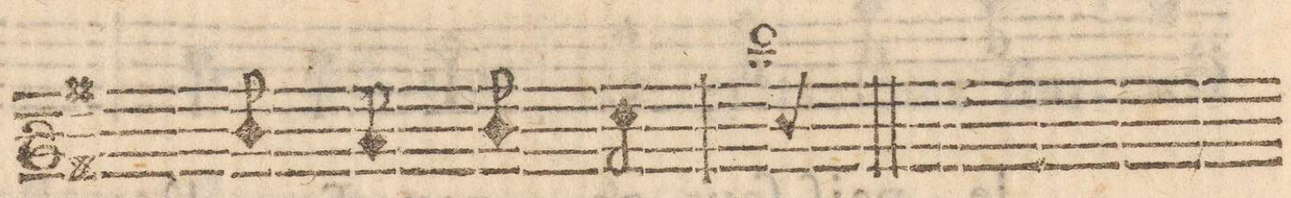


Mai-tre Ro bin fait le pied de



veau, Moi je fais l'A- mour ſur
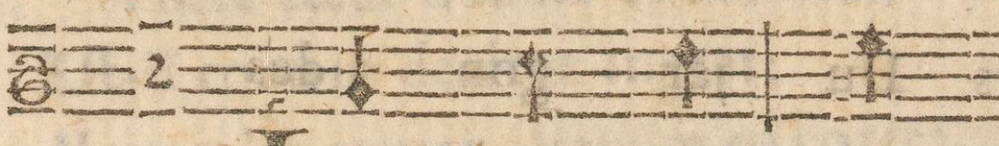


le cul d'un ton- neau.
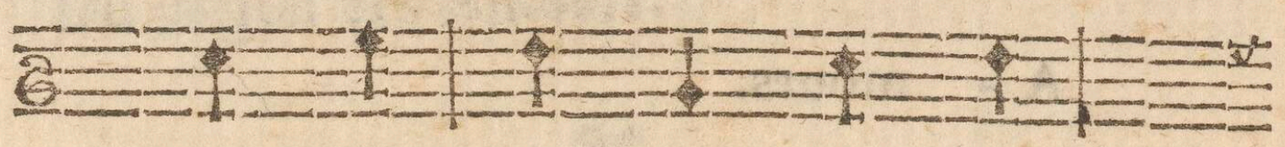


Ce Guer rier en, &c.

LA
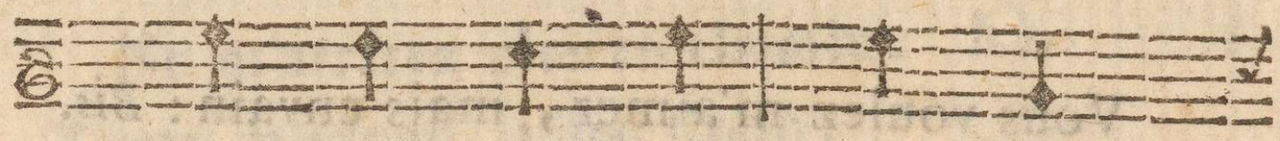
LA FINE BERGERE.
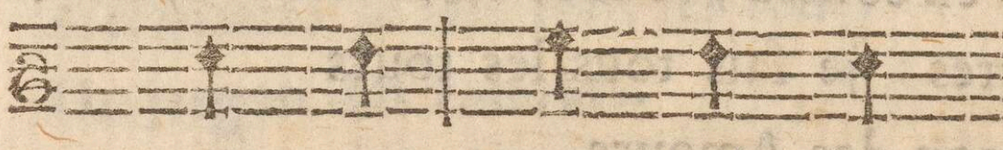


L'Au - tre jour au jeu-



ne Co - lin, L'au - tre jour

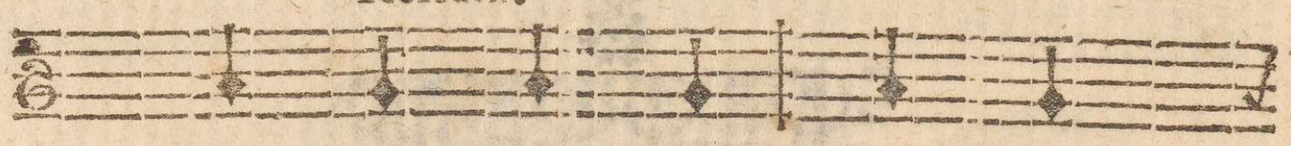


au jeu - ne Co - lin, Do-
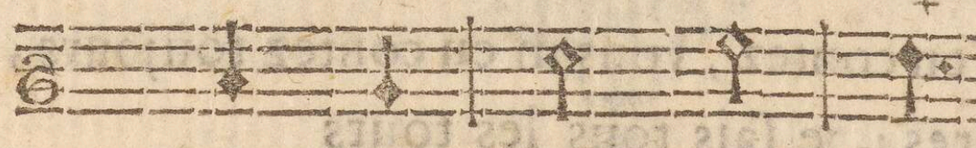


ris di - ſoit d'un air ma-
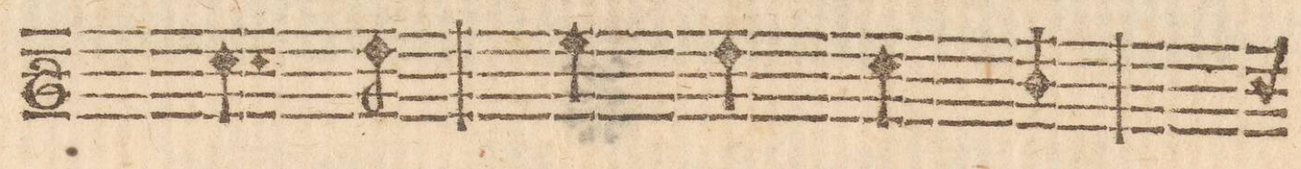
Refrain.



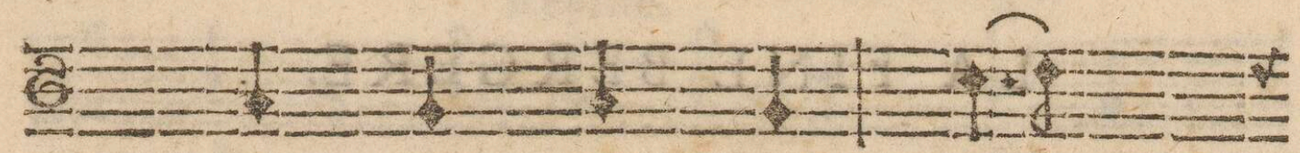
lin: Vous m'en con - tez, vous



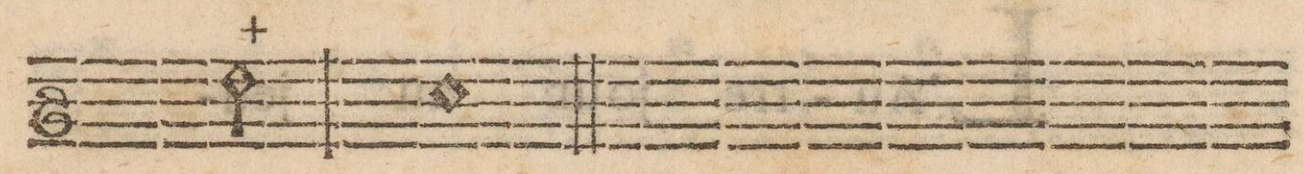
m'en con - tez toû - jours, A



d'au - tres; Je ſais tous les



tours Du jar - gon des



A - mours.

Vous voulez m'aimer, mais envain : *Bis.*
Aujourd'hui moi, Philis demain ;
Vous m'en contez, vous m'en contez toûjours,
A d'autres ; je ſais tous les tours
Du jargon des Amours.
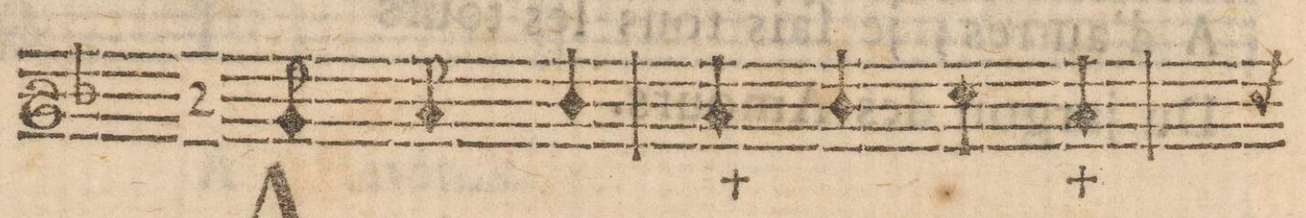
Beau Berger, je vous connois bien : *Bis.*
Les ſermens ne vous coutent rien ;
Vous m'en contez, vous m'en contez toûjours,
A d'autres ; je ſais tous les tours
Du jargon des Amours.

Votre cœur double & ſcelerat, *Bis.*
Eſt-il content devient ingrat;
Vous m'en contez, vous m'en contez toûjours,
A d'autres; je ſais tous les tours
Du jargon des Amours.
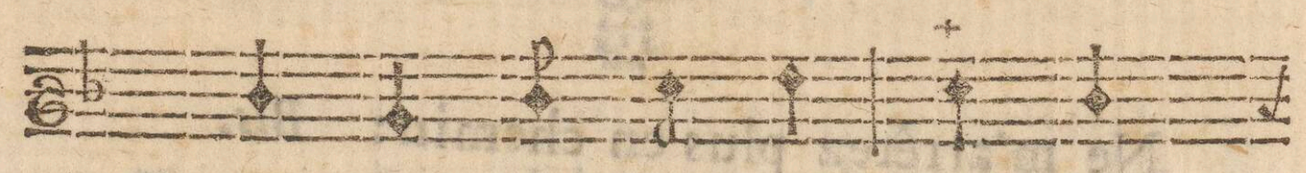
Ne m'arrêtez plus en chemin: *Bis.*
Tircis m'attend, adieu Colin;
Contez-en bien, contez-en bien toûjours
A d'autres; je ſais tous les tours
Du jargon des Amours.

LA SAVANTE.

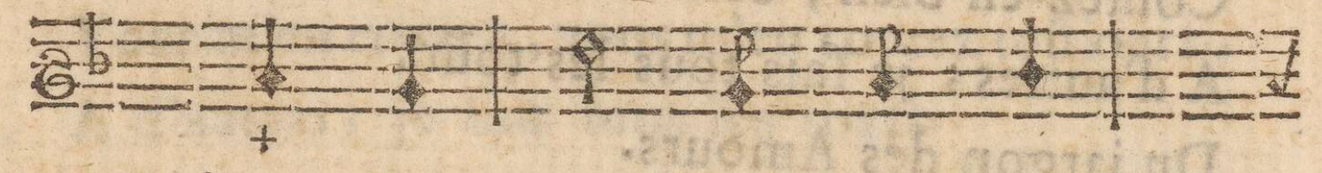
Contredanſe.
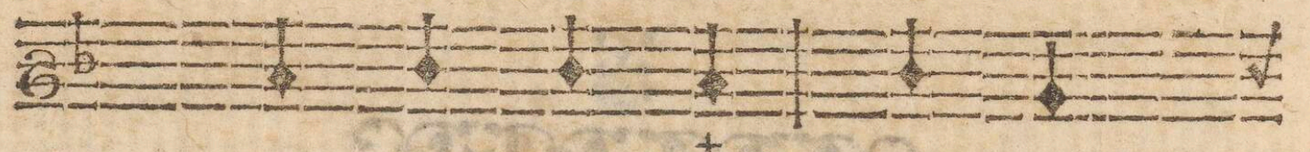


Auſſi - tôt qu'on cherche à nous
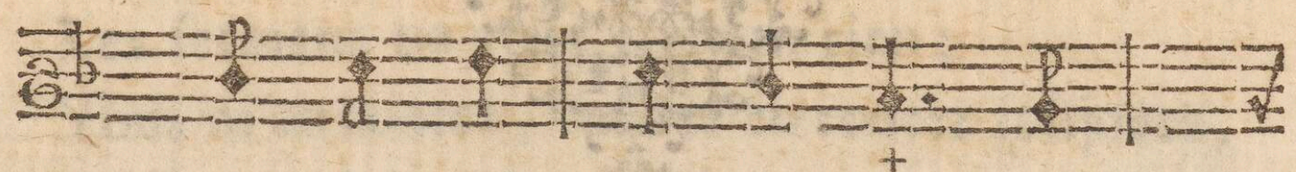


plai - re, On pa - roit doux, ten-
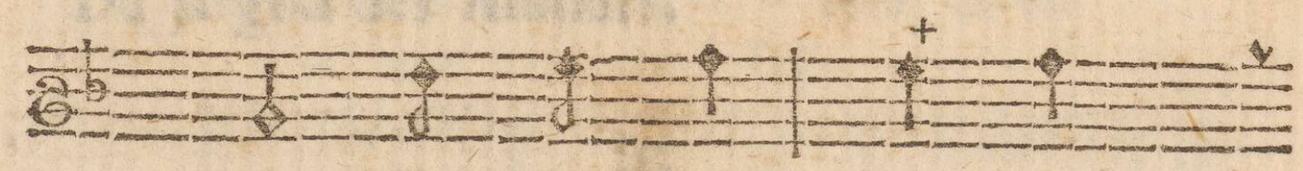


dre & po - li, Mais on a-



git d'au- tre ma - niè - re,
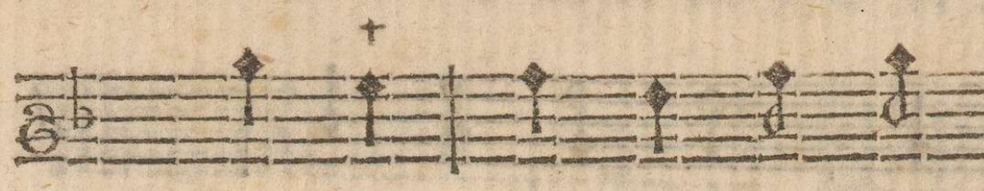


Quand on eſt de - ve - nu Ma-
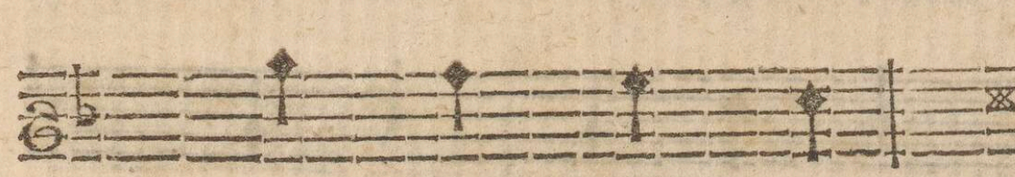


ri: Pour é - vi - ter ce

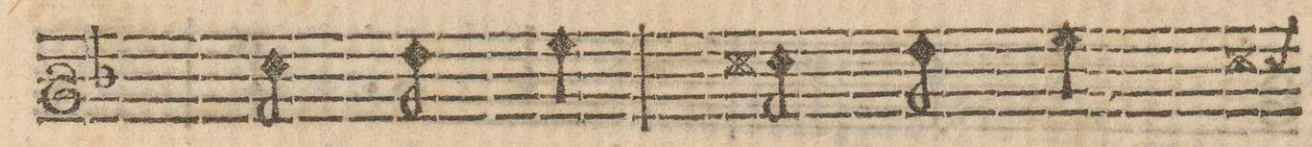
ton
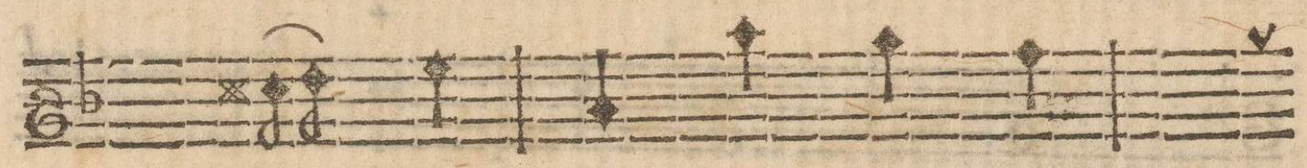


ton ſé- vè - re, Je ne pen-
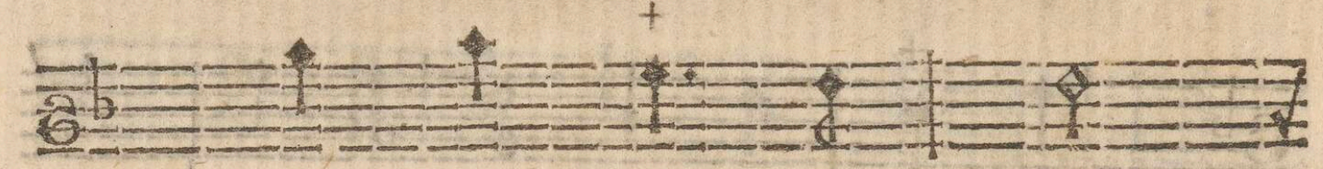


ſe qu'à vol - ti - ger;
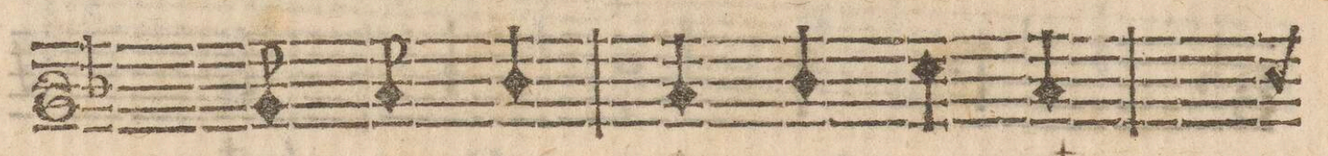


Al - lons gai, al - lons gai
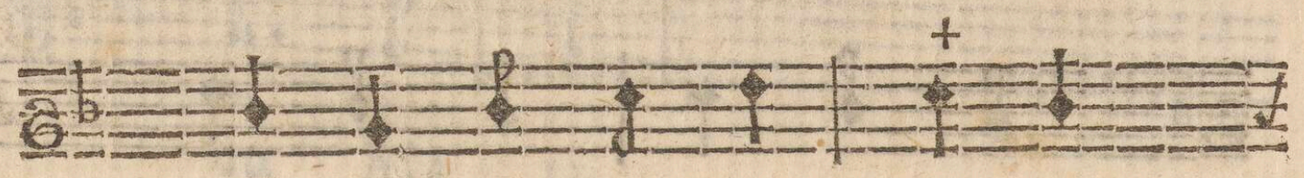


mon Ber - ger, Ai- mons-nous,



ſans nous en - ga - ger;
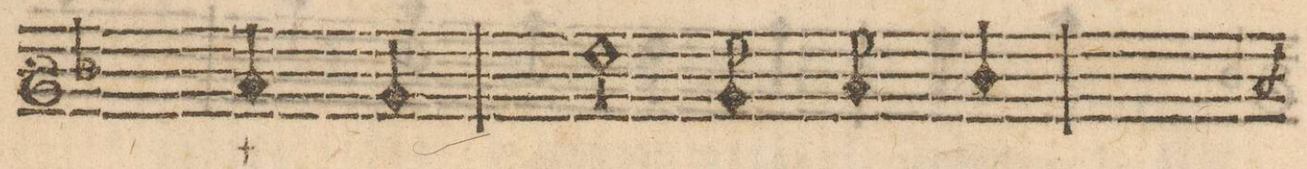


Auſ- ſi- tôt qu'on cherche à nous
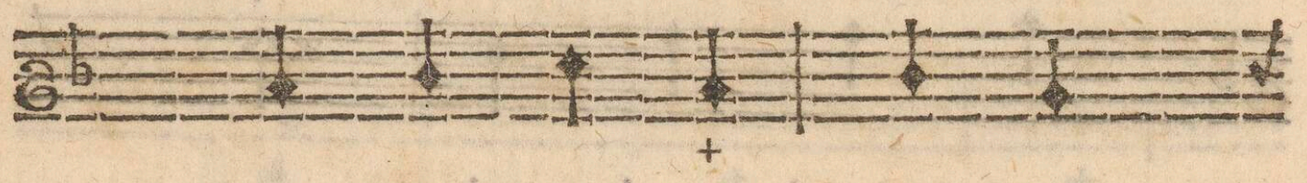


plai- re, On pa- roit doux, ten-
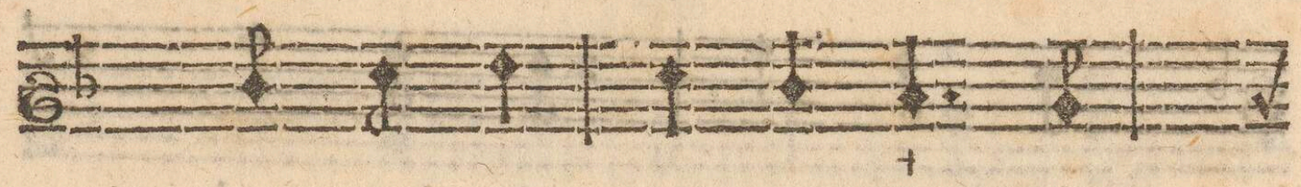
ton nom dre
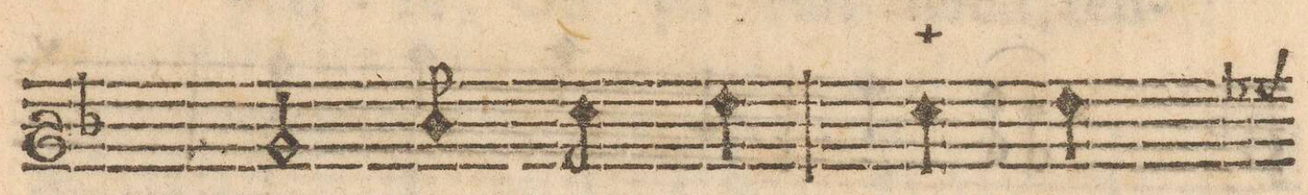


dre & po - li- Mais on a-
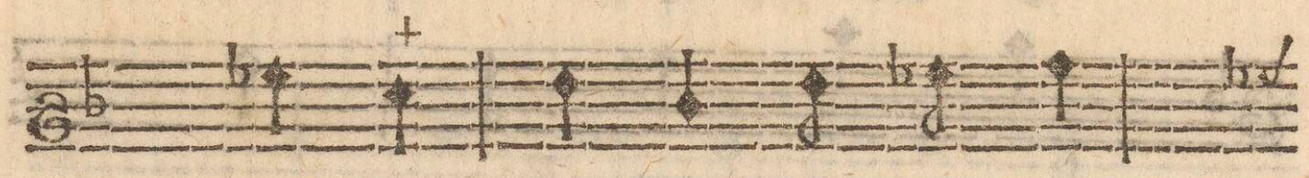


git d'au- tre ma - niè - re,



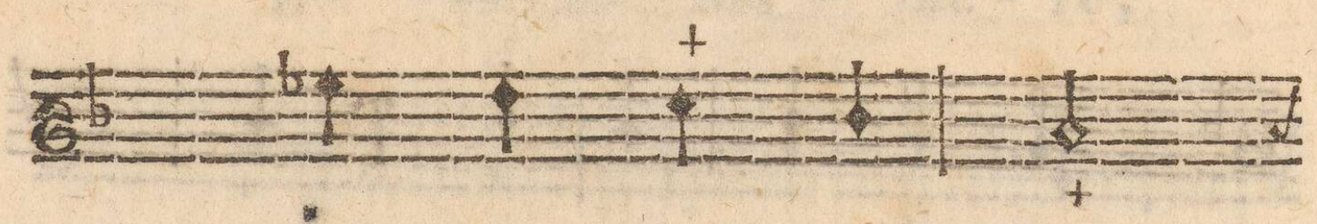
Quand on eſt de- ve- nu Ma-
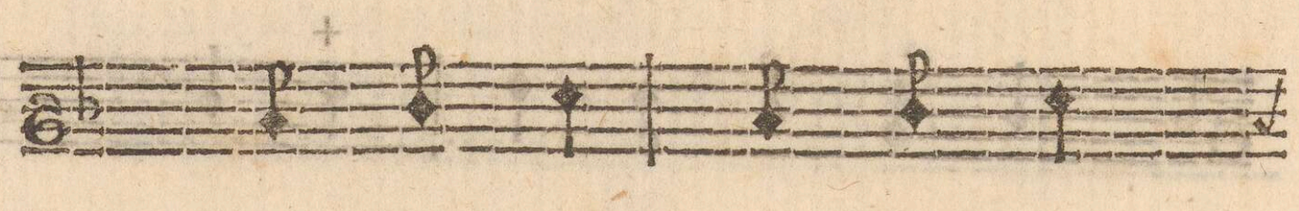


ri; Que de ſer - mens d'ê-



tre fin - cè - re, S'é- va - nou-
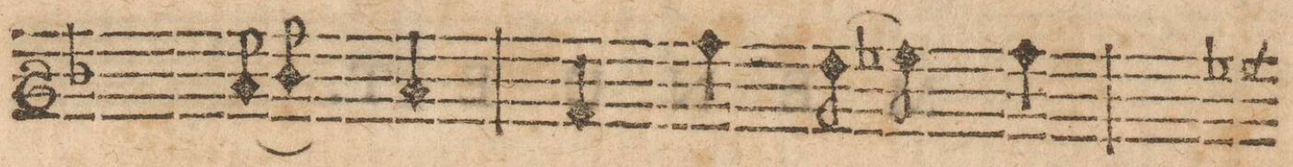


iſ - ſent à l'inſ - tant:
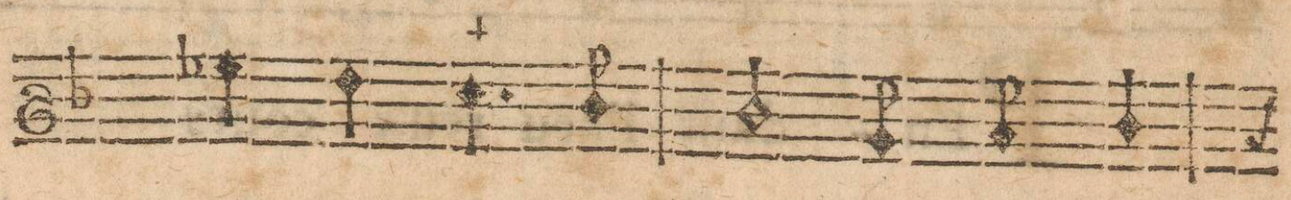


Al - lons gai, al - lons gai
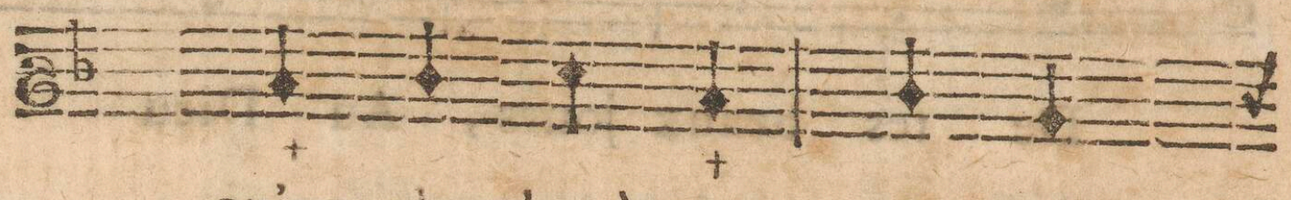
dre mon
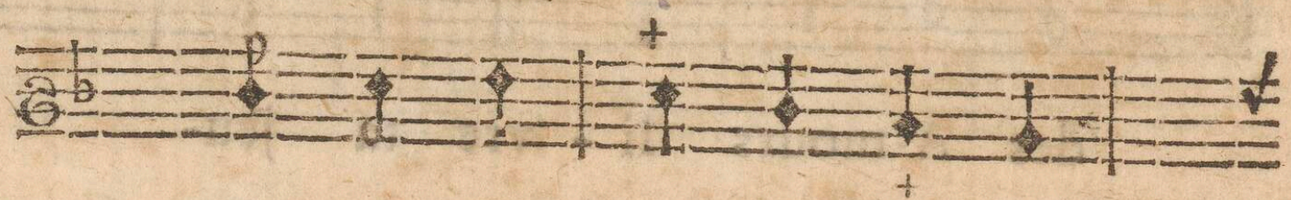


mon A- mant, je crain-drois
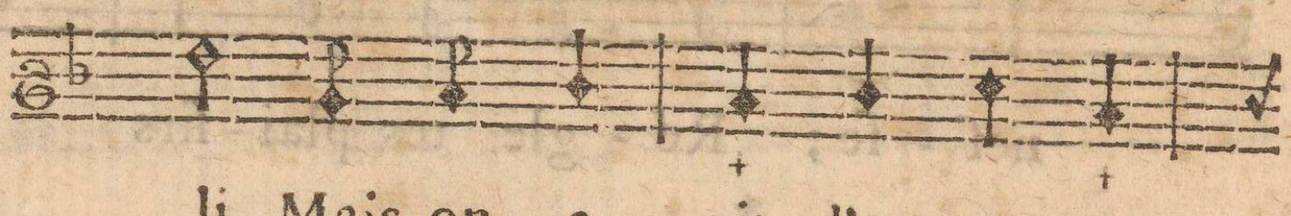


trop le chan-ge- ment. Auſ- ſi - tôt



qu'on cherche à nous plai - re,



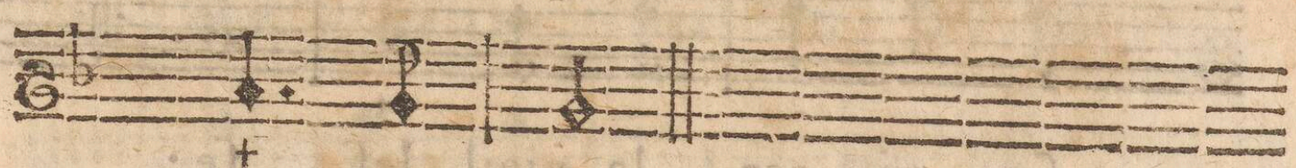
On pa-roit doux, tendre & po-



li, Mais on a - git d'au-tre ma-



niè- re; Quand on eſt de - ve-
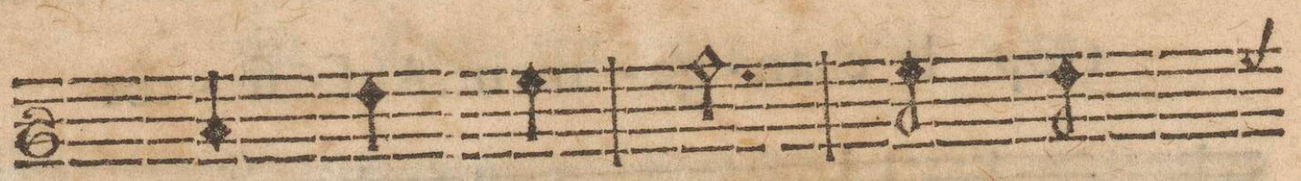


nu Ma - ri.
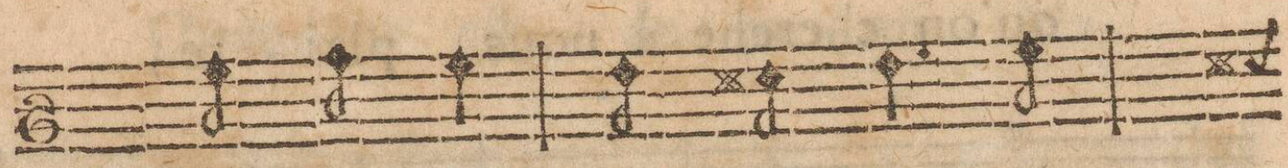
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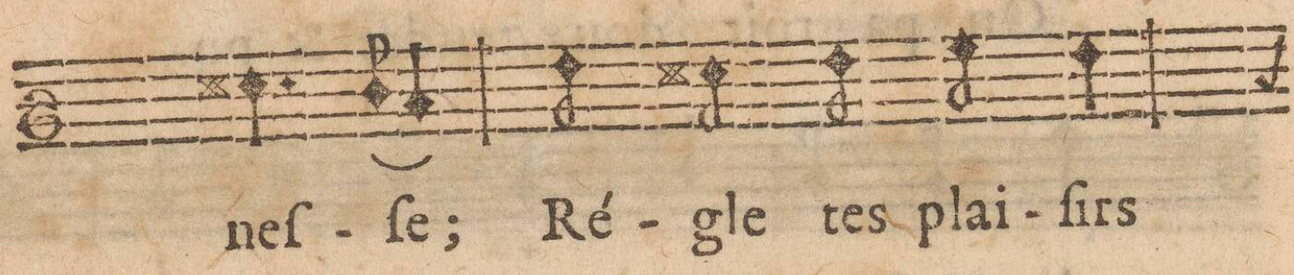


PEn - dant l'heu-reux cours
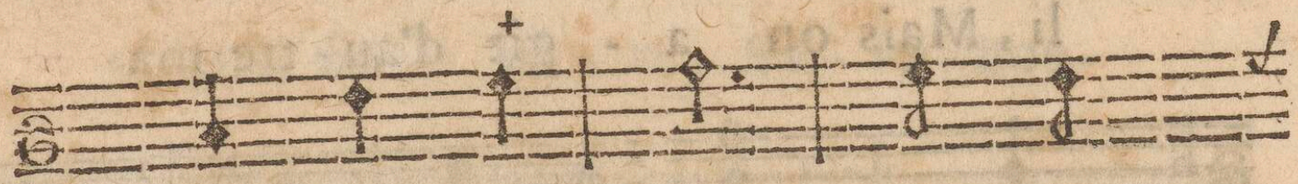


De tes beaux jours, Au Dieu
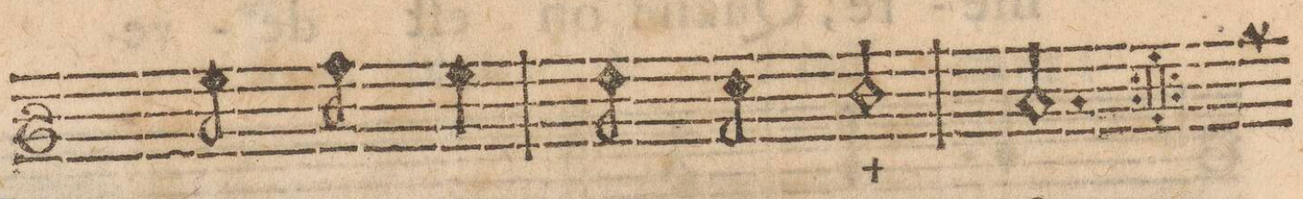


des A-mours li - vre ta jeu-
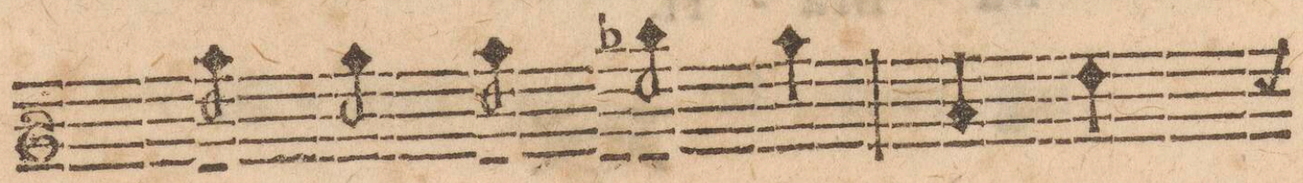


nes - se; Ré - gle tes plai - sirs



Par tes dé - sirs, Laiſ - se
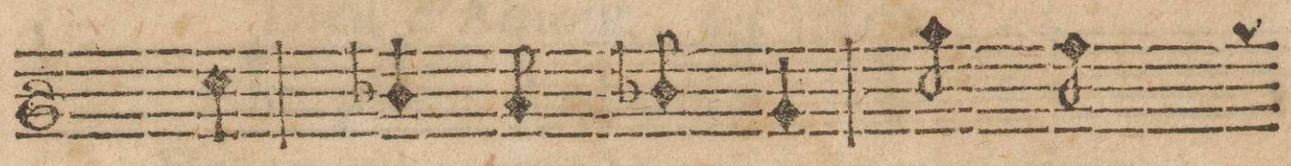


ſou - pi - rer la vieil - leſ - se:
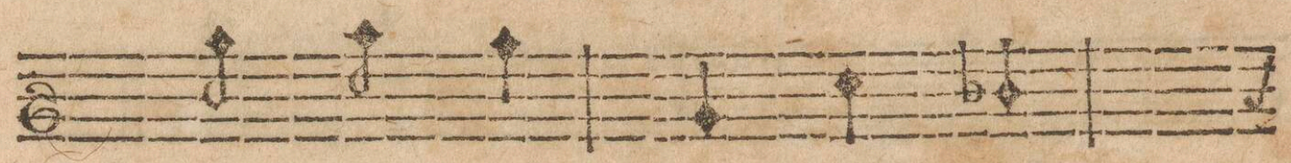


Heu-reux les A - mans Qui pro-

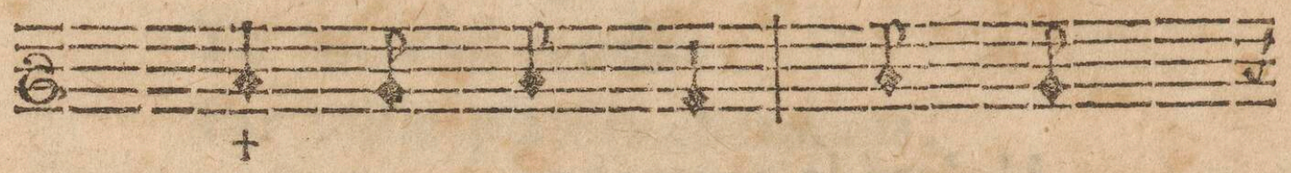
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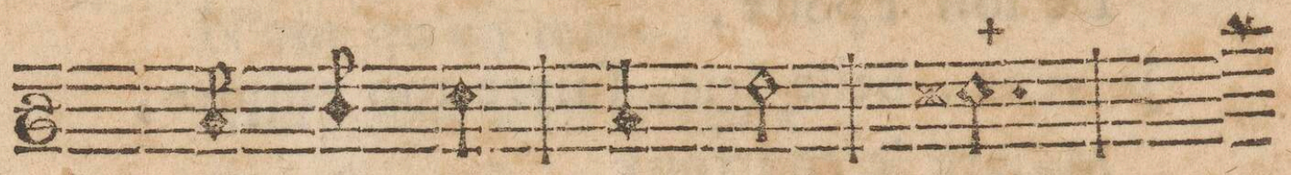
fi - tent des mo-mens, Où ſans
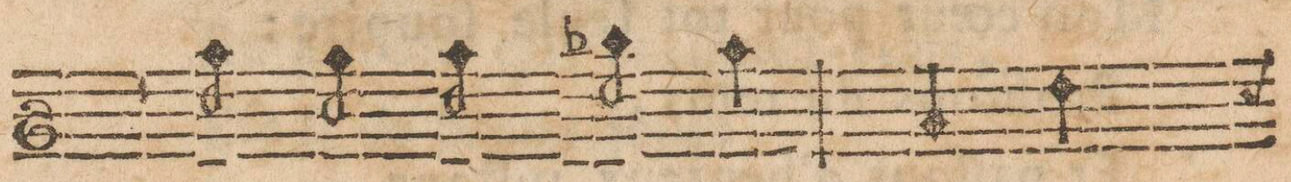


nuls tour mens, On gou - te
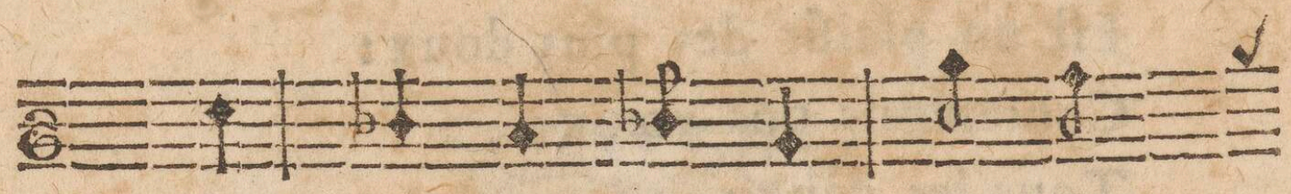


des biens char-mans, Le plus
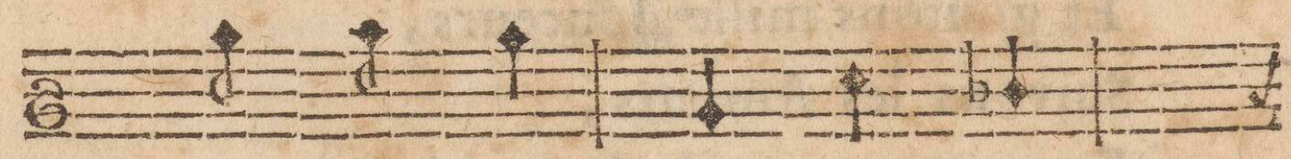


beau Printems N'a qu'un tems:



Dans cet-te ſai-ſon, Crain la



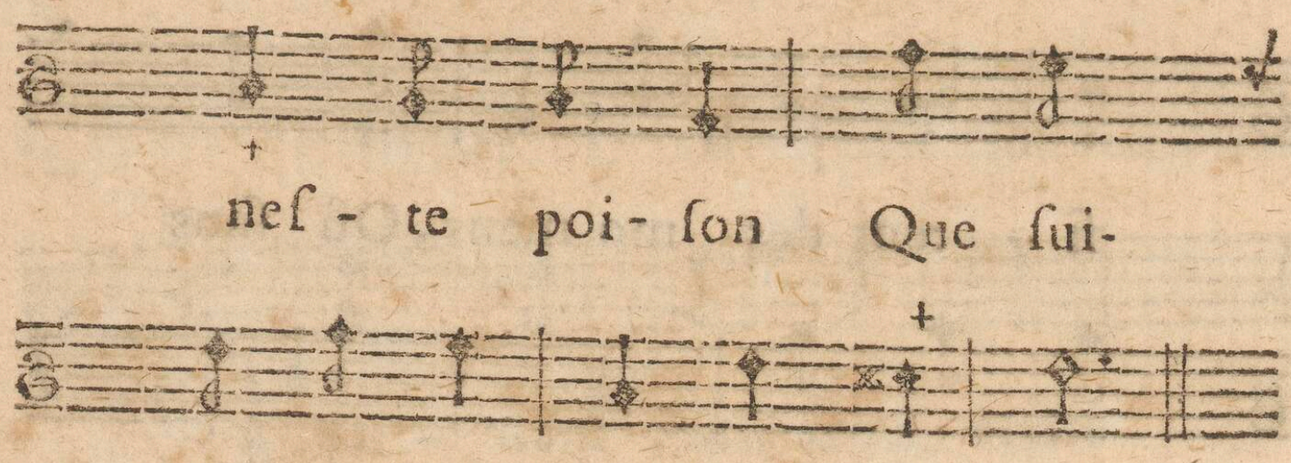
bar - ba-re rai-ſon, Sa triſ-



te Le-çon N'eſt qu'un fu-

pro-

fitent
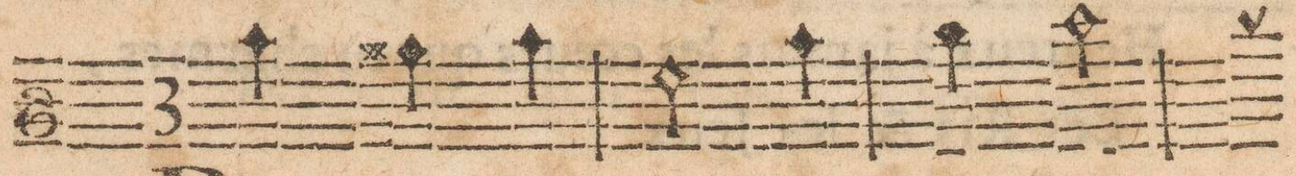


Malgré le courroux
De ton Epoux,
Je veux, belle Iris, ſuivre ton empire,
Malgré le courroux
De ton Epoux,
Mon cœur pour toi ſeule ſoupire:
Profitons du tems,
Et paſſons d'heureux inſtans.
Tromper un jaloux,
Eſt un plaiſir des plus doux:
Contentons nos vœux
Tous les deux;
Uniſſons nos cœurs,
Et goûtons mille douceurs,
Suivons les Amours,
Et nous aurons de beaux jours,
Sans les tendres feux;
Rien n'eſt heureux.
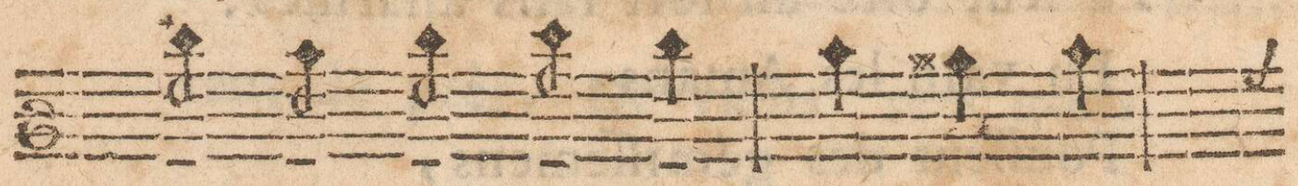
Dieu d'Amour, tes traits
Sont pleins d'atraits,
Heureux à jamais les cœurs que tu charmes,
Les Ris & les Jeux
Comblent leurs vœux,
Tu leur ofre un ſort ſans allarmes;
En vain les Amans
Pouſſent des gémiſſemens,
Tu les rend contens,
Par mille plaiſirs charmans,
Hélas! leurs tourmens
N'ont qu'un tems;
Non, rien n'eſt ſi doux
Que de reſſentir tes coups;
Mortels, aimez tous,
En aimant que craignez-vous,
Eſt-il de beaux jours
Sans les Amours.

Dieu
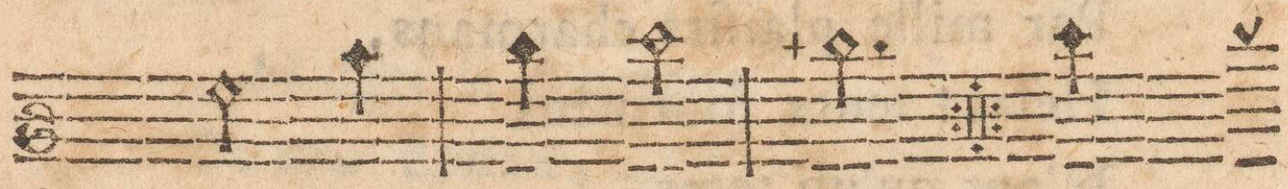
MENUET.
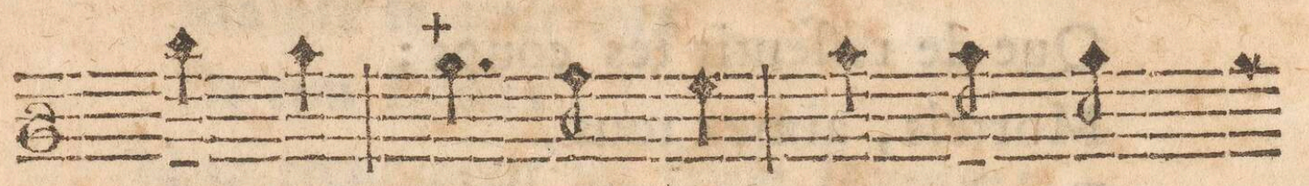


BU- vons A- mis, cinq ou ſix
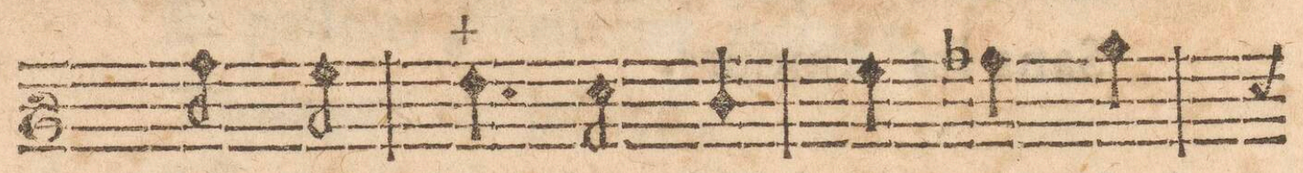


coups, Dé- pêchons-nous, Bu- vons A-
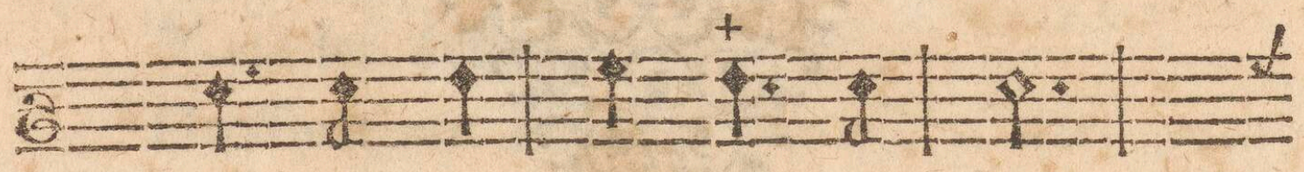


mis, de ce Vin doux: L'A-
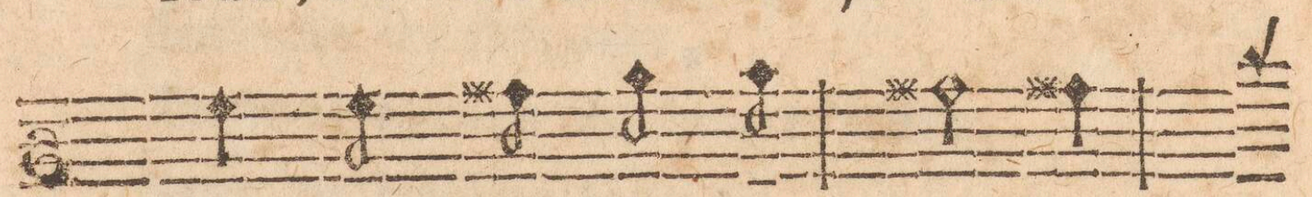


mour m'at- tend, je ne puis reſ- ter



a - vec vous: L'Amour ce pe- tit
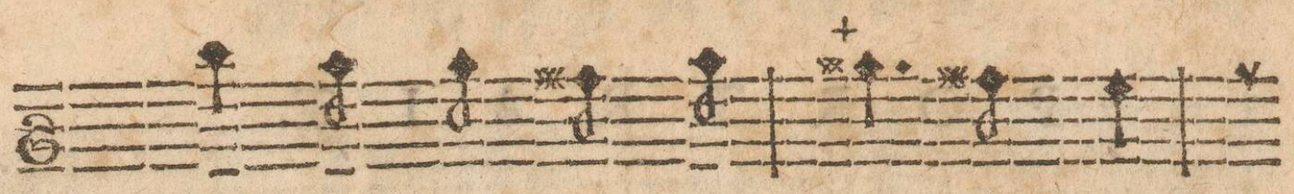


foux, De Bac-chus eſt ja - loux.
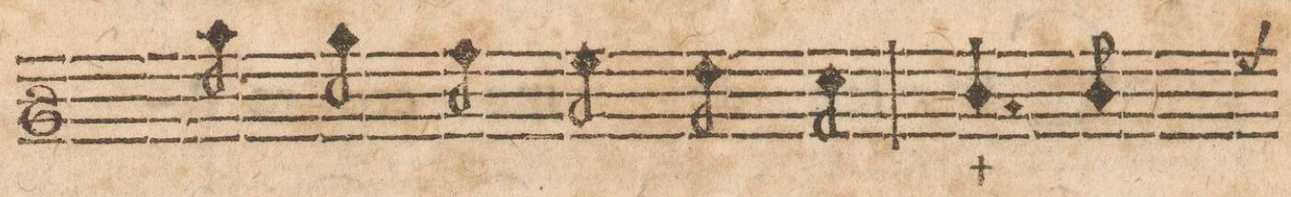


Ce pe - tit Dieu ba - din Nous
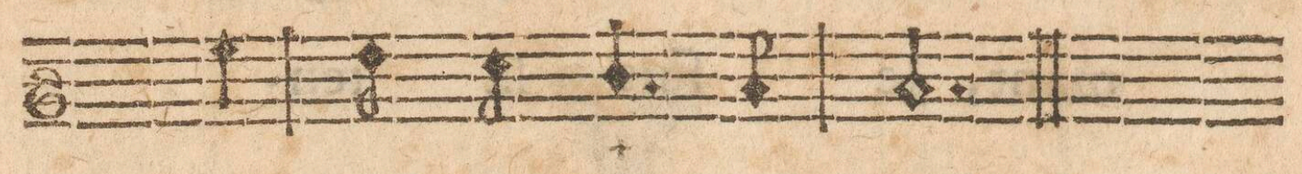
pré-



pré - pa-re un trait ma - lin: A - mis,
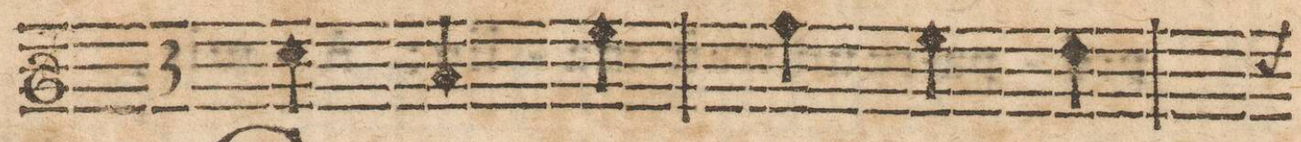


en vain re - ſiſ- te-rions- nous; L'A-
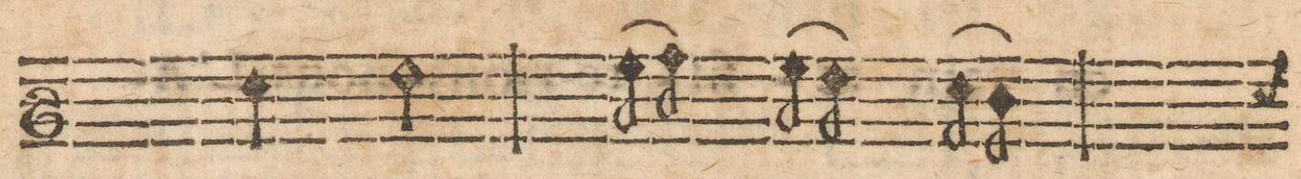


mour eſt ſûr de ſes coups.

Imite-moi, mépriſe ſa vaine fureur,
Imite-moi, lâche Buveur:
Quand ſon flambeau
S'allume dans ton foible cœur,
Suis-moi, viens au tonneau
Eteindre ſon ardeur;
Et tout malin qu'il eſt,
Nous nous rirons de ſes traits;
Bacchus, Ami de notre Bonheur,
Sera notre Défenſeur.
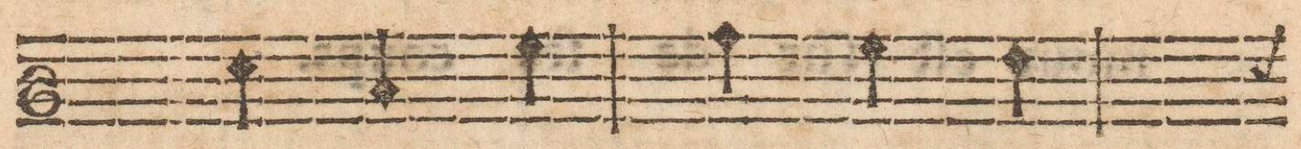
PORTRAIT.
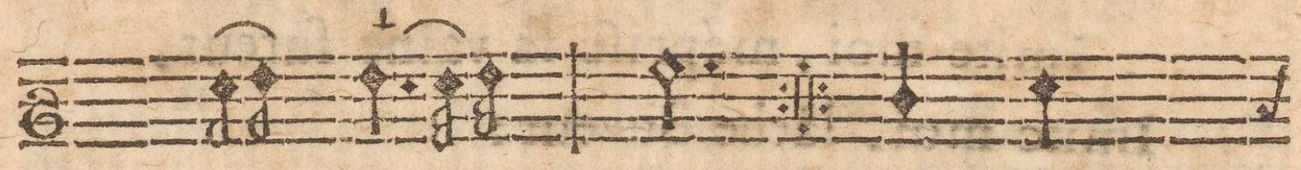


CEſ- ſez de me croi-re A-
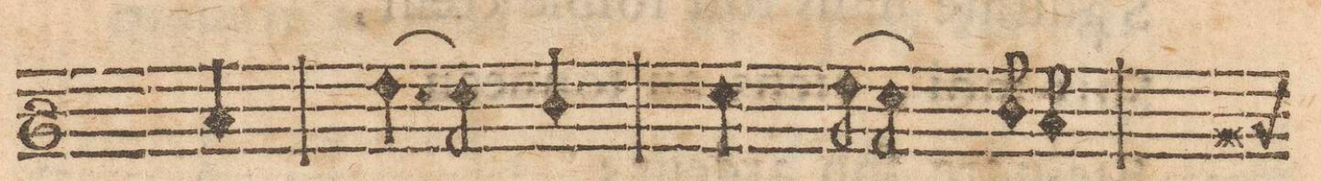


mant, Je fuis la ten-
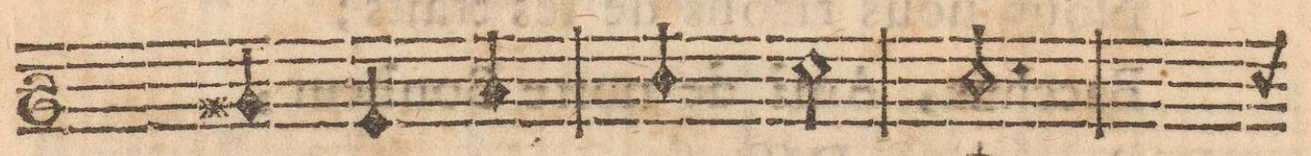


dreſ- ſe, J'en con- nois trop
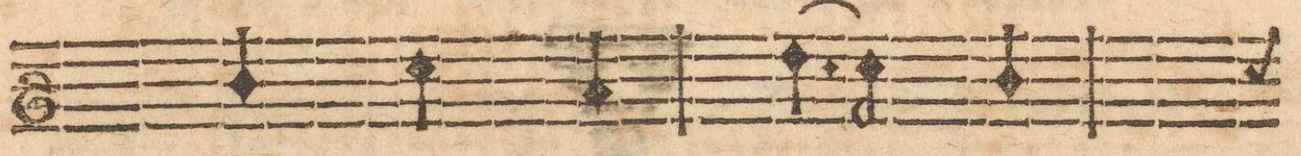


le tour - ment: A - vec



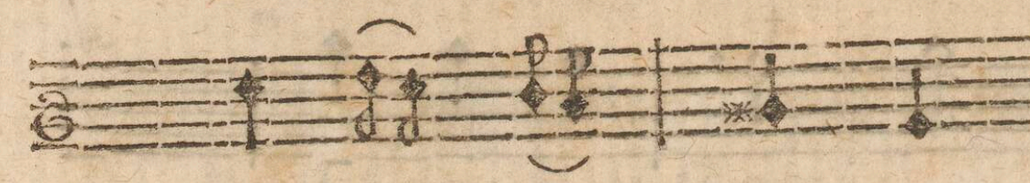
a - dreſ- ſe, U - ne Mai-
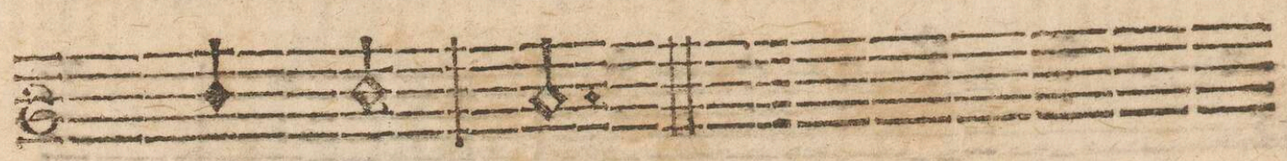


treſ- ſe A l'air ſou- mis;



Mais la Lu - creſ - ſe
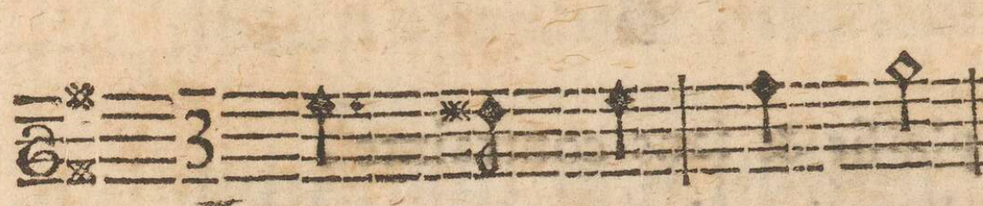


De-vient Dia - bleſ- ſe, Quand
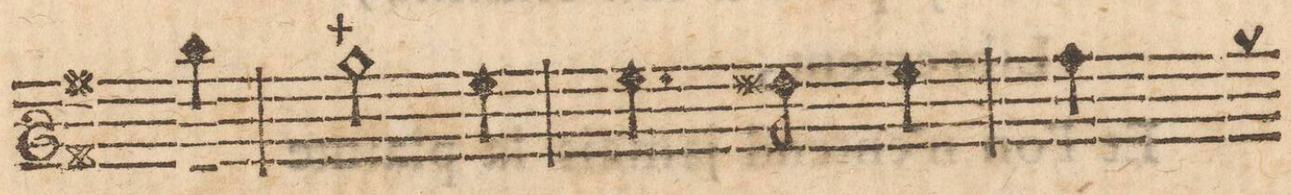


on eſt pris.
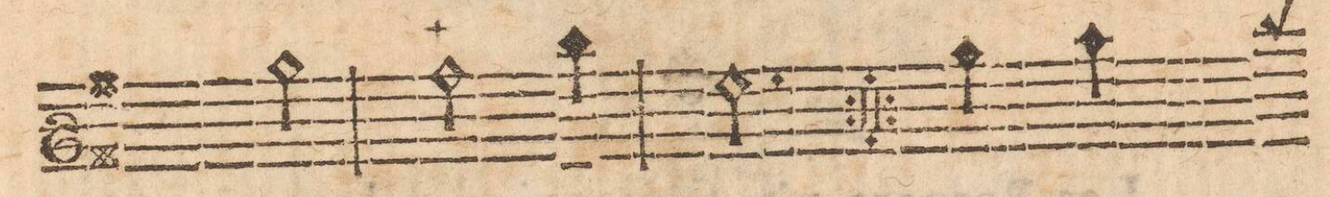
LES PLAISIRS DU VILLAGE.
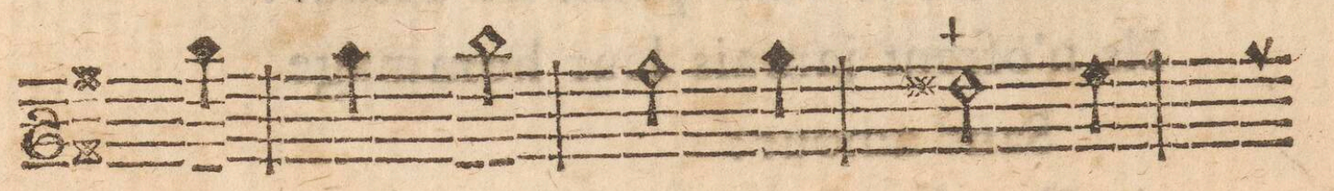


LEs Plai-ſirs de nô - tre



Vil - la - ge, Va- lent mieux que
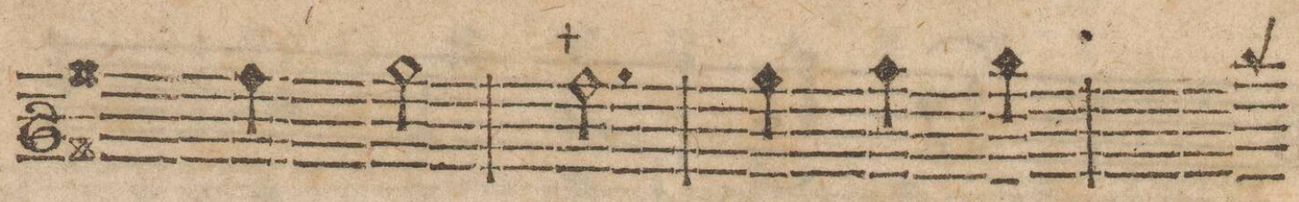


ceux de la cour: Soir &
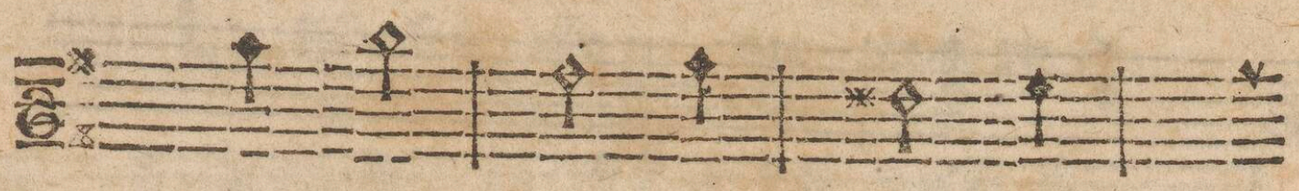


ma - tin dans un boc - ca - ge

De-
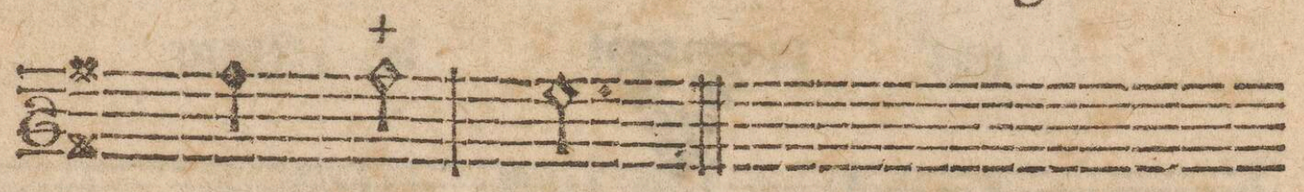
D'a-



D'a - len - tour, On en - tend



le doux ba - di - na - ge



de l'A - mour.

Avec plaiſir & ſans contrainte,
On s'y divertit galamment:
Chacun y parle à ſon Aminte,
Librement,
Et l'on n'entend jamais la plainte
D'un Amant.

Les Bergers n'y ſont point volages,
Chez eux il n'eſt point de détour:
Ils n'ofrent jamais leur hommage
Sans amour;
Auſſi goûtent-t-ils l'avantage
Du retour.

S'il en eſt quelqu'un peu ſincère,
Il eſt banni de ce ſéjour :
Et la peine la plus ſévère,
Eſt qu'à ſon tour,
Il doit aimer une Bergère
Sans retour.

L'Amour, las de mon inconſtance;
Fit ſerment de fixer mes vœux;
Mais il n'en trouve l'aſſurance
Qu'en vos yeux,
Jugez, Iris, de la puiſſance
De mes feux.

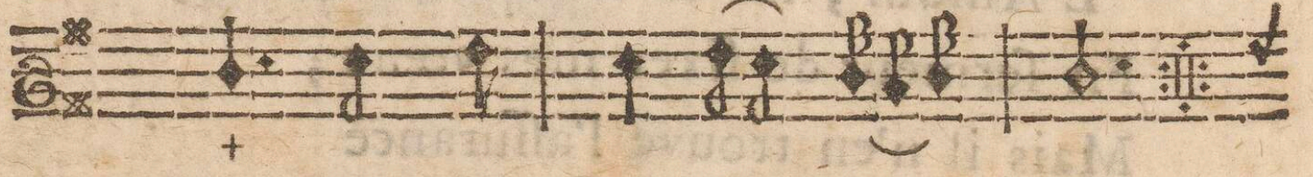
L'USAGE DU TEMS.
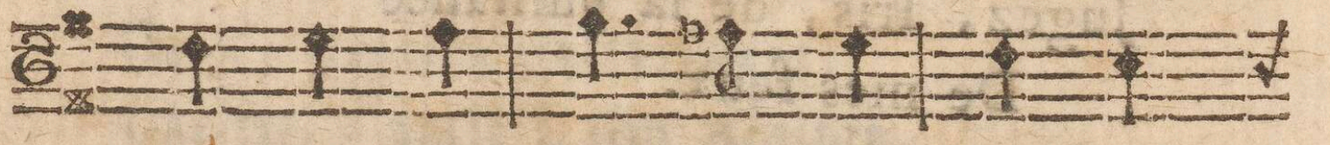


Jeu - nes Beau - tez, ce - dez à
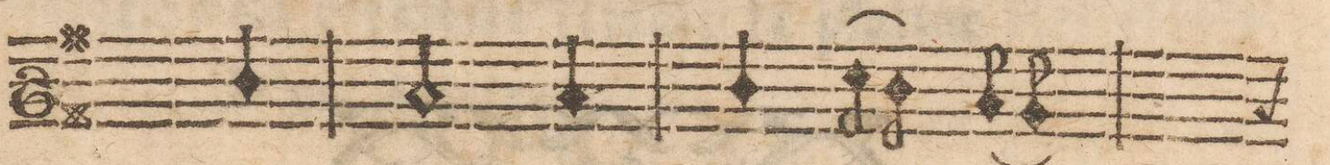


la ten - dreſ - ſe, Pro - fi - tez
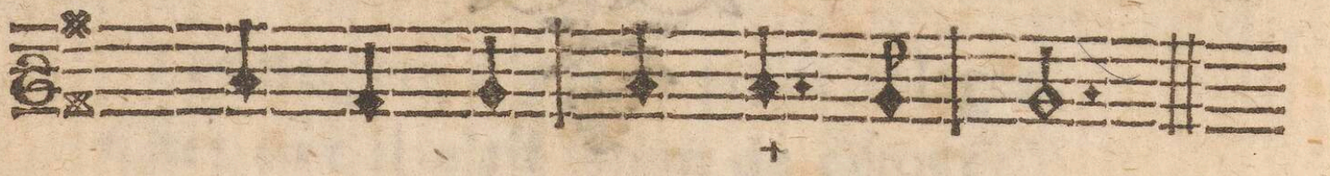


bien du Prin - tems de vos jours:



Un Zé - phir vo - le a - vec moins de



vi - teſ - ſe, Que les inſ-

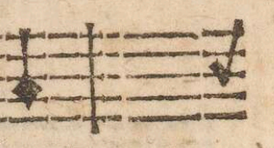


tans qui ſont dûs aux A - mours.

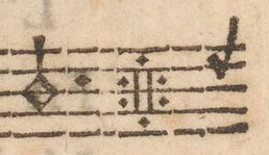
F I N.

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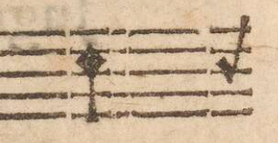
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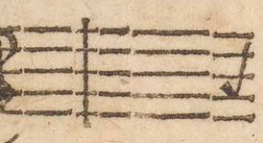
tez



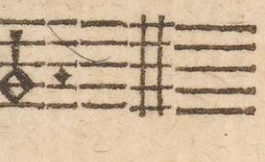
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