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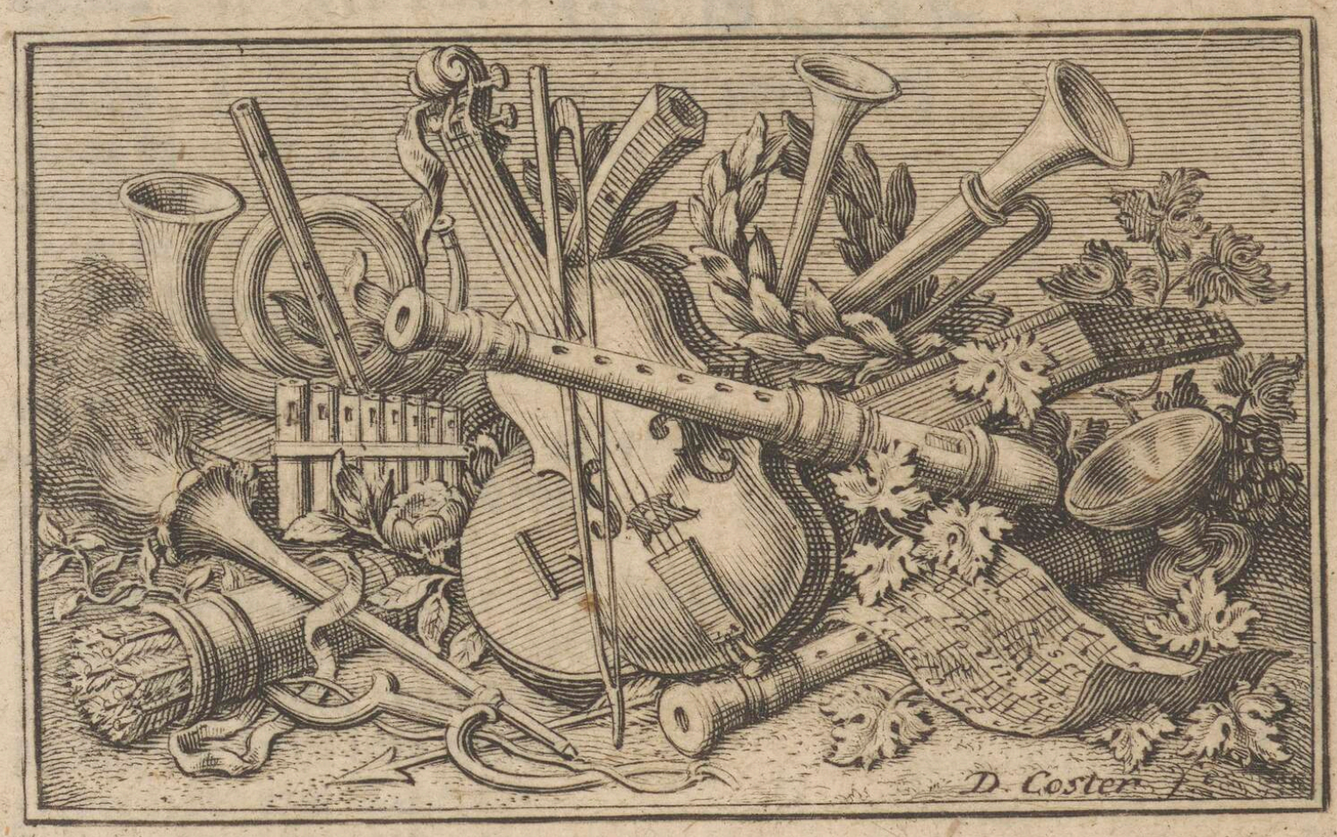


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NOUVEAU
RECUEIL
DE
CHANSONS
CHOISIES.

TOME QUATRIEME.

SECONDE EDITION.



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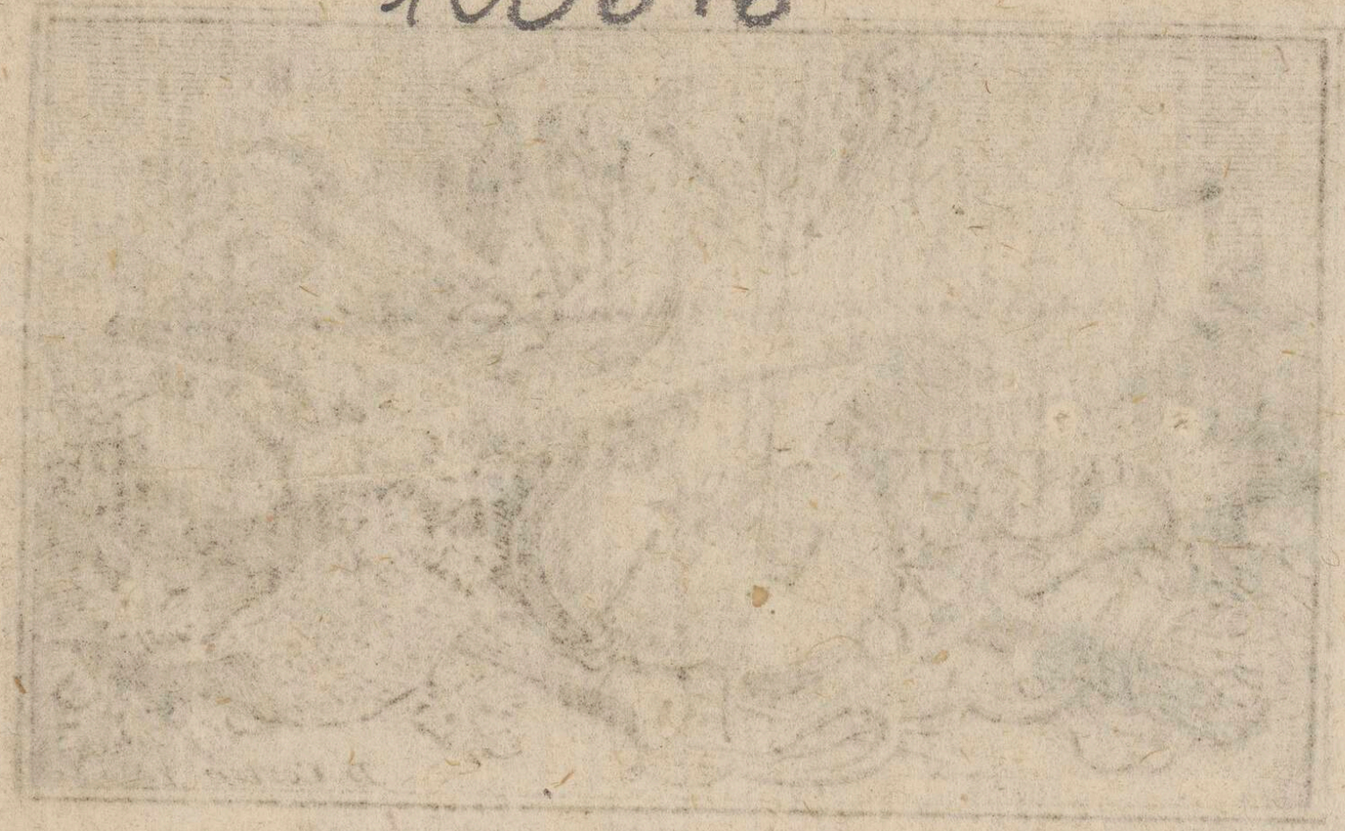
A LA HAYE,
Chez P. GOSSE, & J. NEAULME.
M. DCC. XXXII.

NOUVEAU
RECUEIL
DE
CHANSONS
CHOISIES.

TOME QUATRIEME.

SECONDE EDITION.

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A PARIS,

M. DCC. XXXIX.

DE

Ah!
Au bo
Aman
Au bo
Aujou
Beaux
Berge
Ceffez
Ceffez
Cher
Coule
Dans
Défiez
Dois
D'une
Fortu
Hé las
He ur
Je fui
Je jur
Il fau
Iris,
Iris,
Je fou
Je per
L'autr
L'autr

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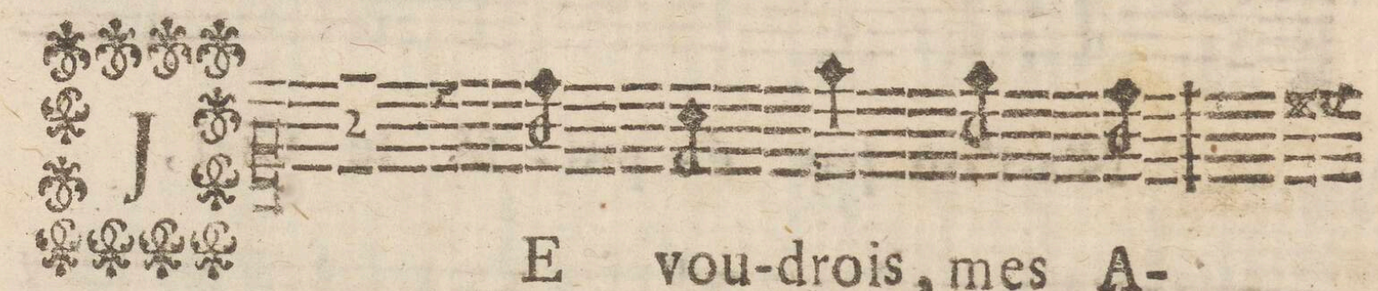
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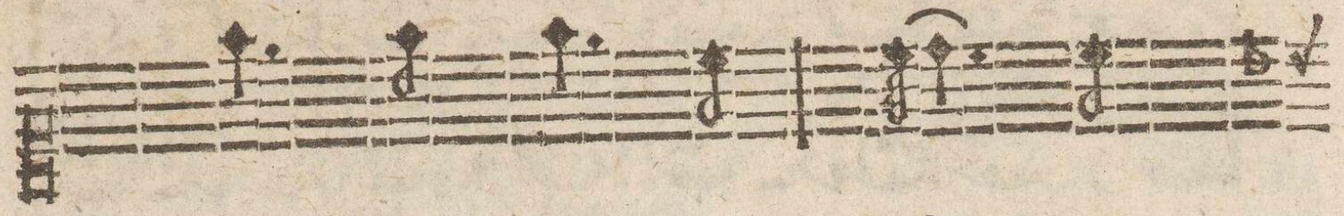
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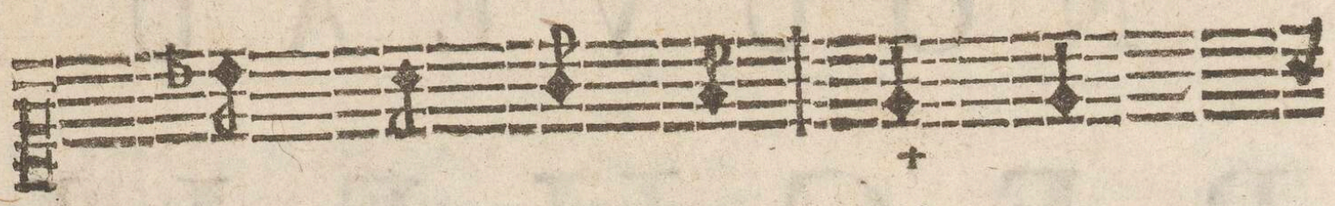
NOUVEAU RECUEIL DE CHANSONS.

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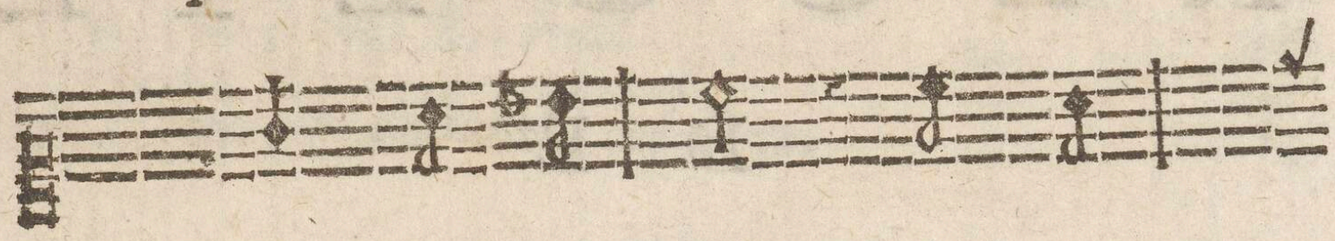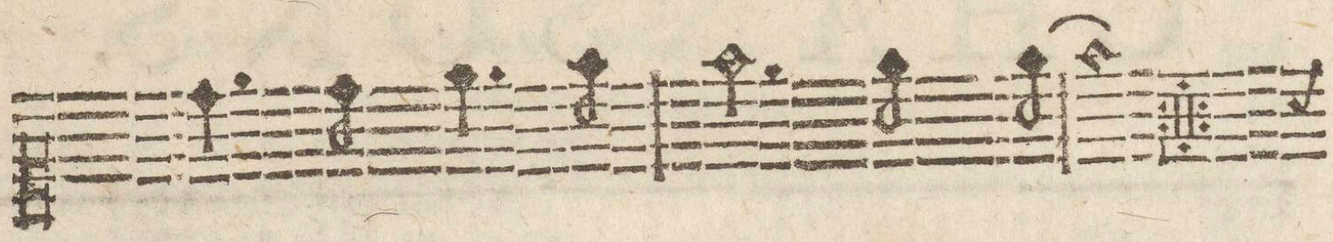




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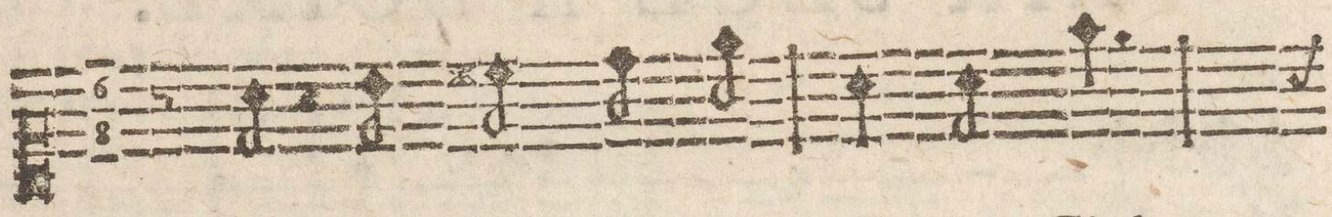
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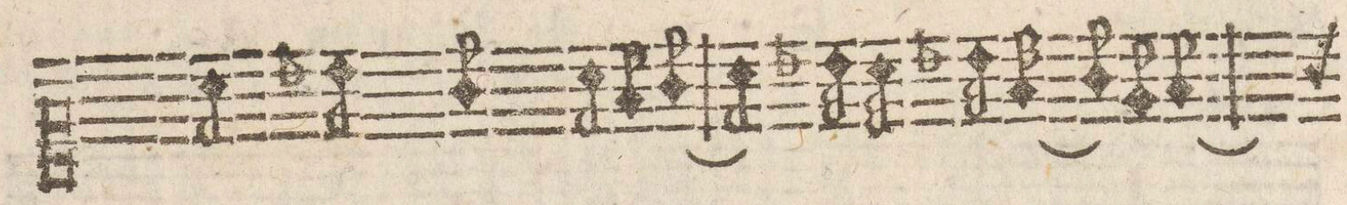


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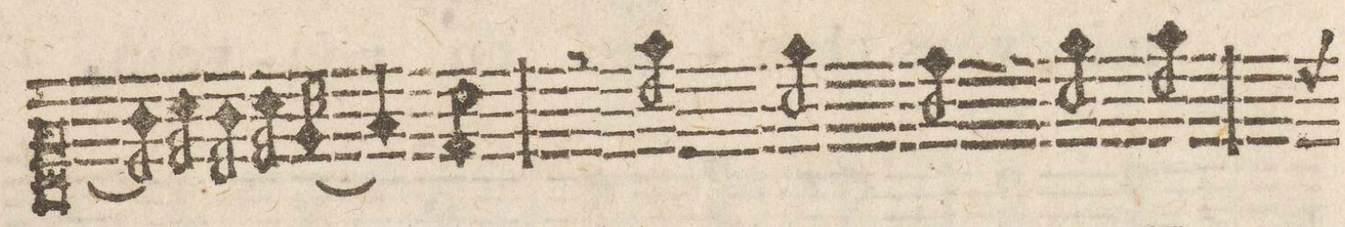
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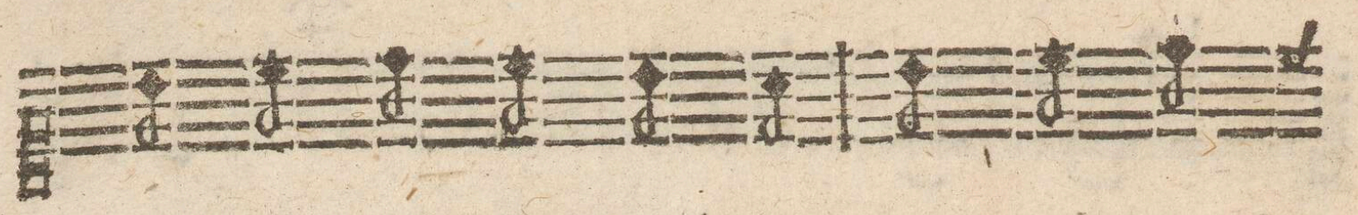


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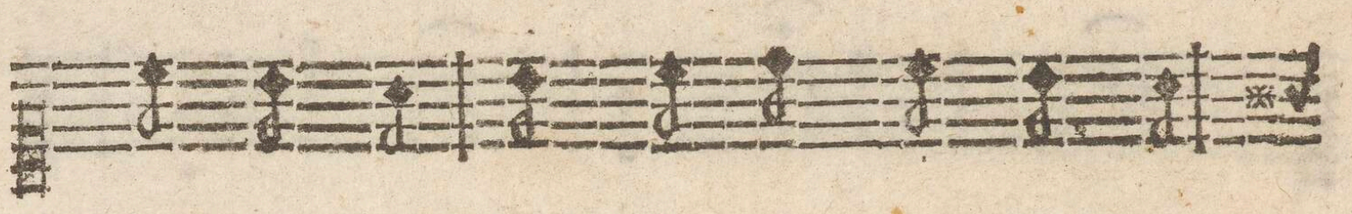


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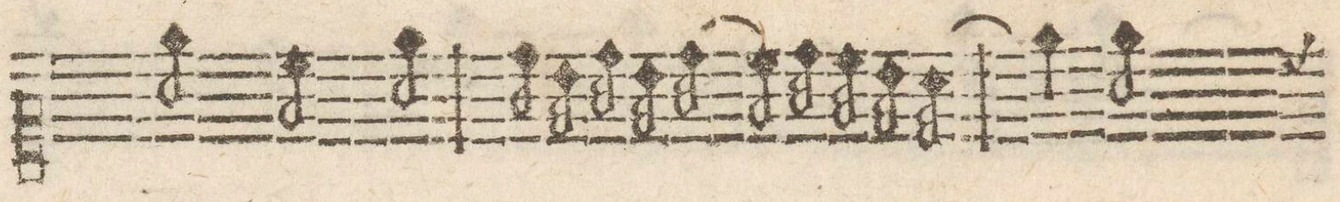


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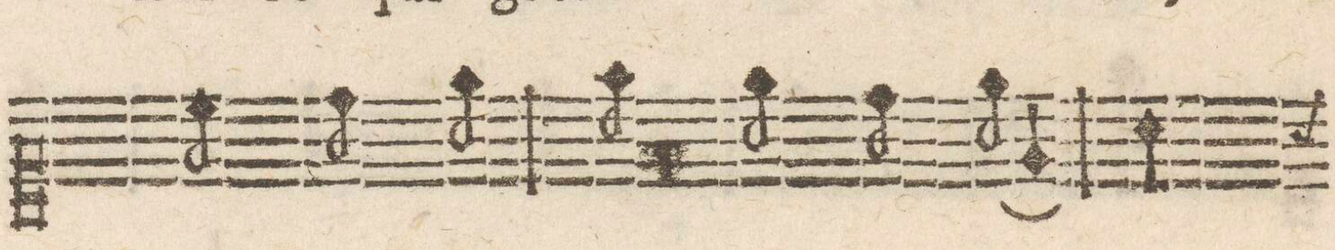


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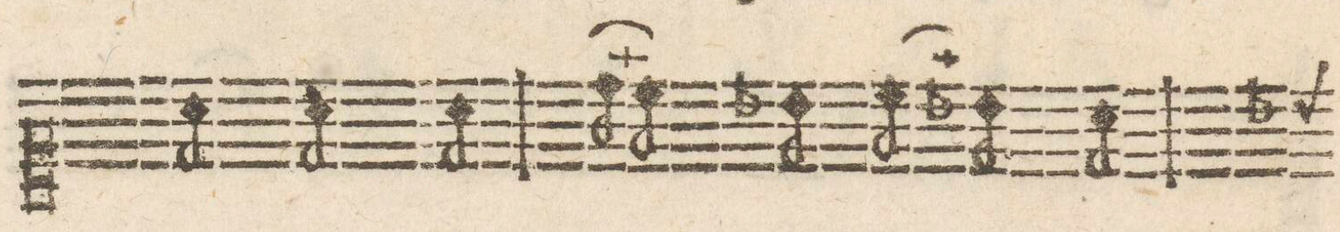


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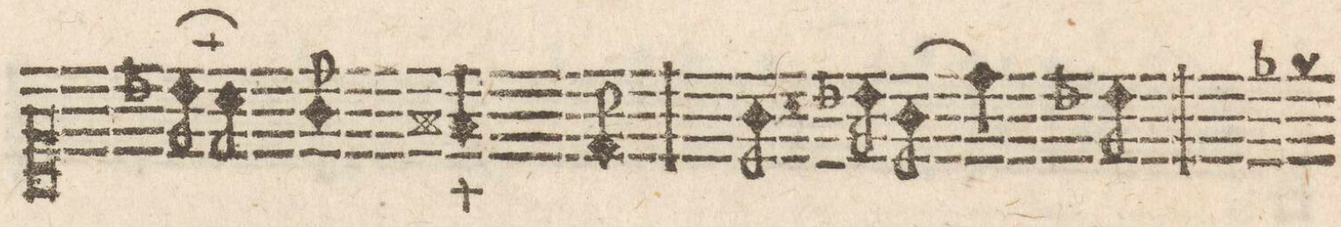


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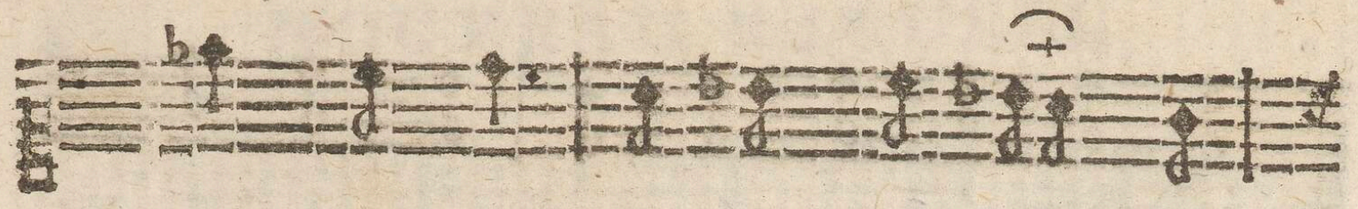
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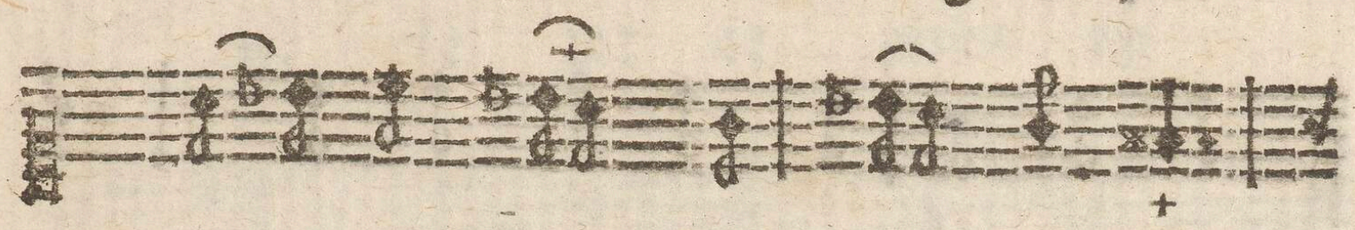


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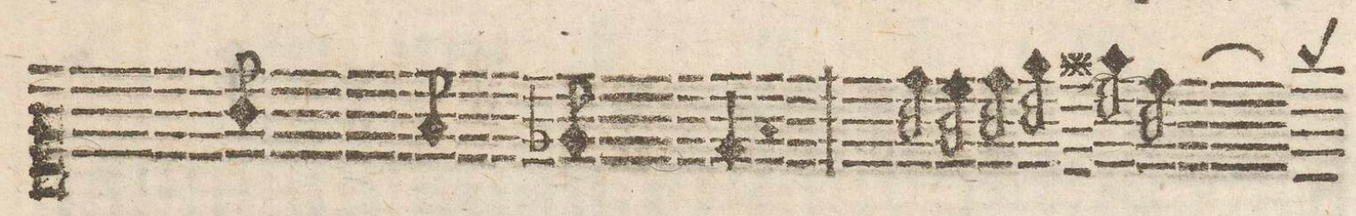


lez, Cou-rez, Vo-lez -, Lan-



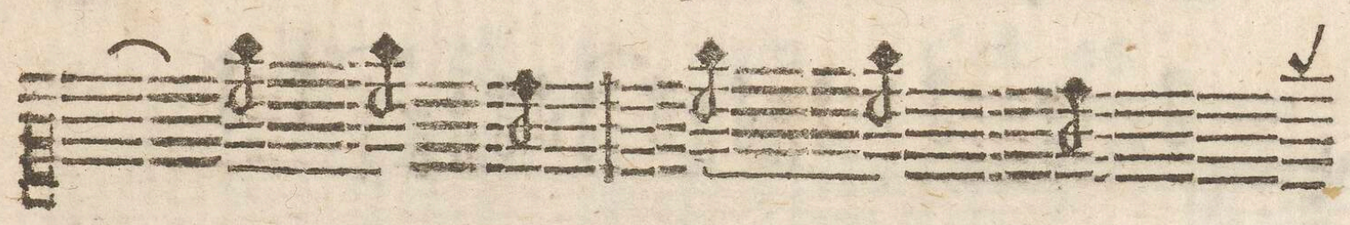
cez, Tremblez, Douceurs, Langueurs, Re-
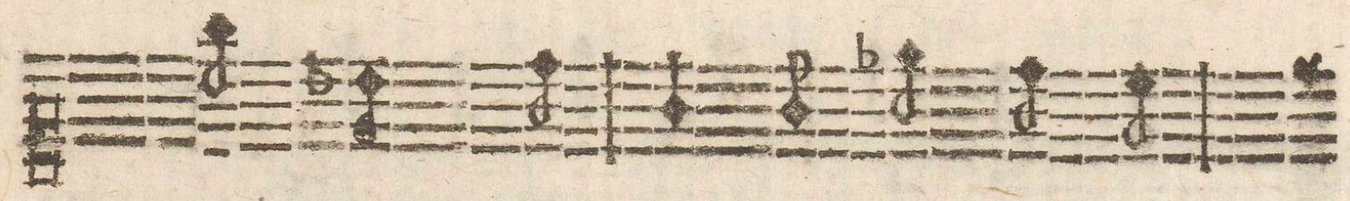


grèts, Sé- crèts, Tré - pas, Re- pas;



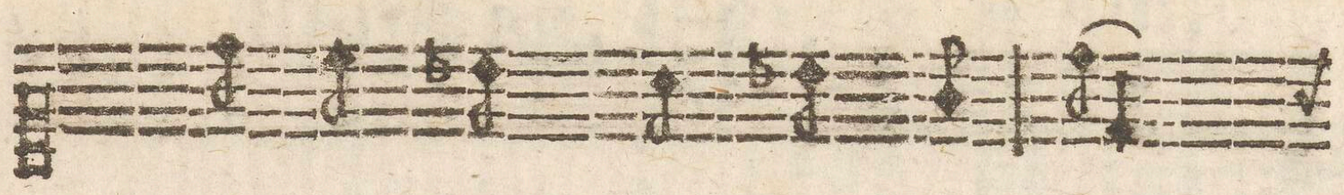
Les doux A - pas, Gloi- -



- re, Vic - toi - re, Gré-



goi-re, Humeur noi-re, ſont re-bat-
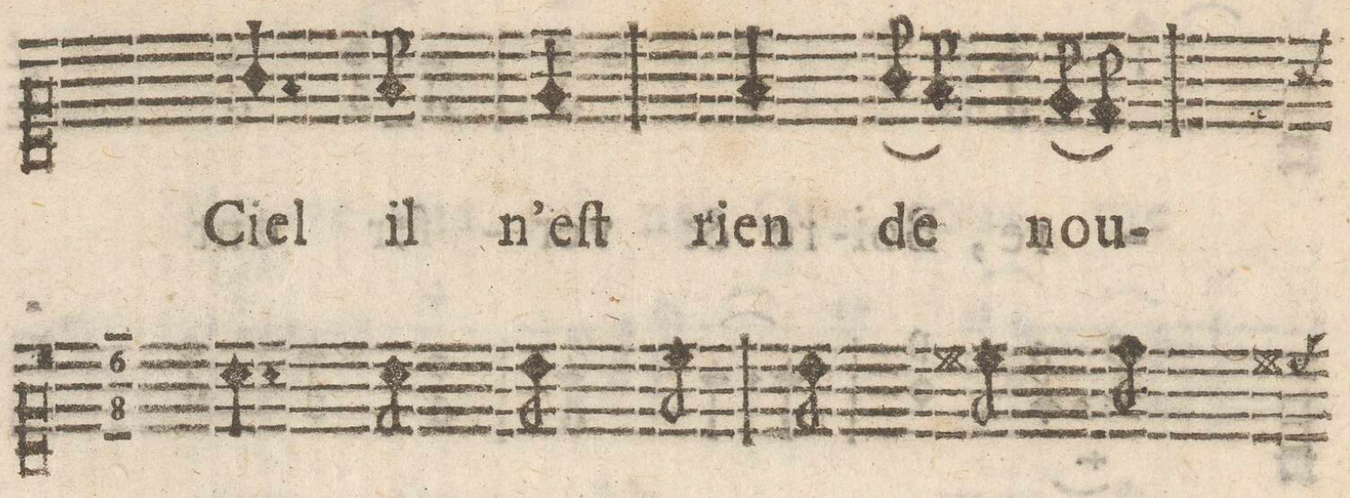


tus plus qu'on ne ſau- roit croi-

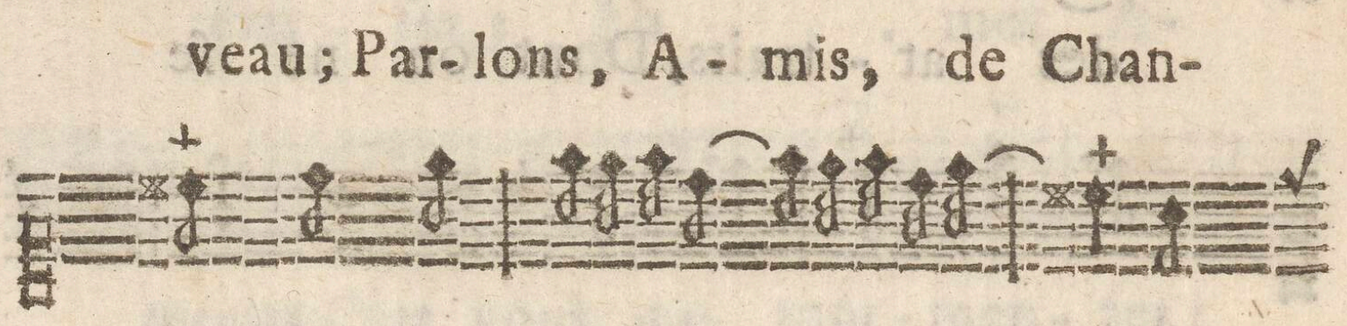


re; Ah! puiſ-que ſous le

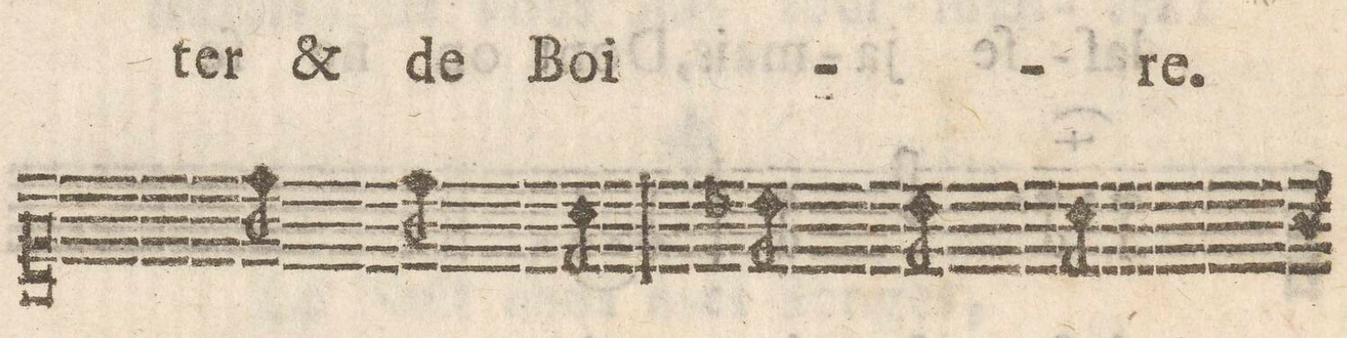
Ciel
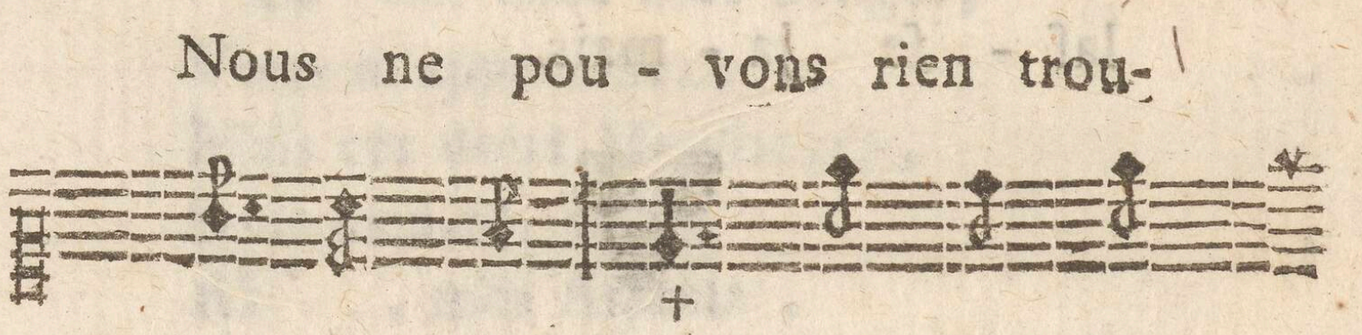


Ciel il n'eſt rien de nou-
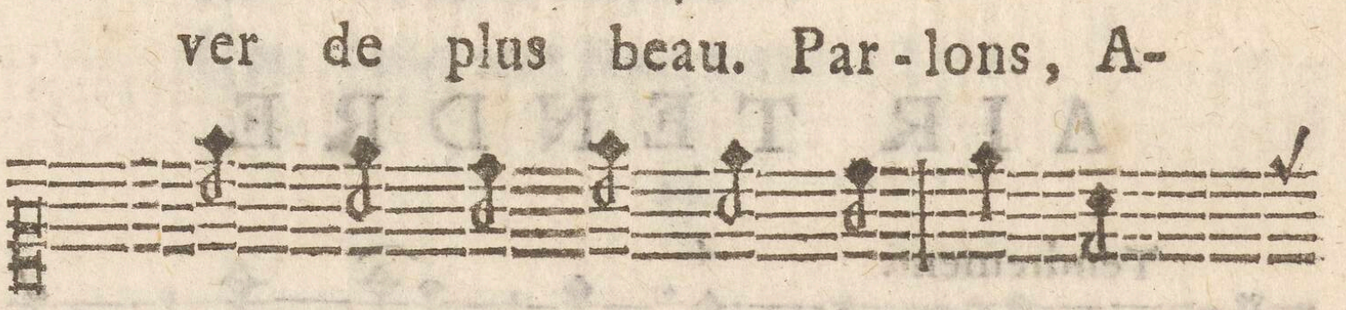


veau; Par-lons, A - mis, de Chan-
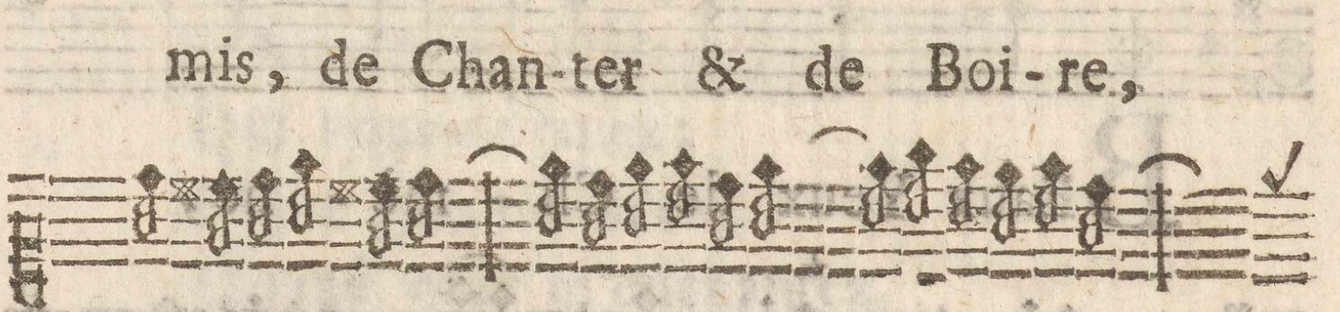


ter & de Boi - - re.



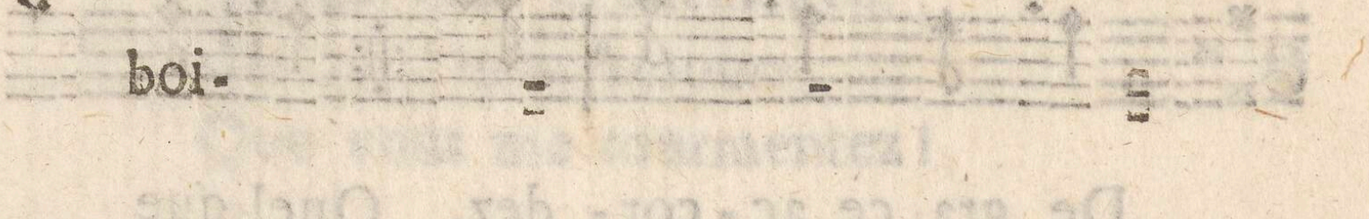
Nous ne pou - vons rien trou-



ver de plus beau. Par-lons, A-



mis, de Chan-ter & de Boi-re,
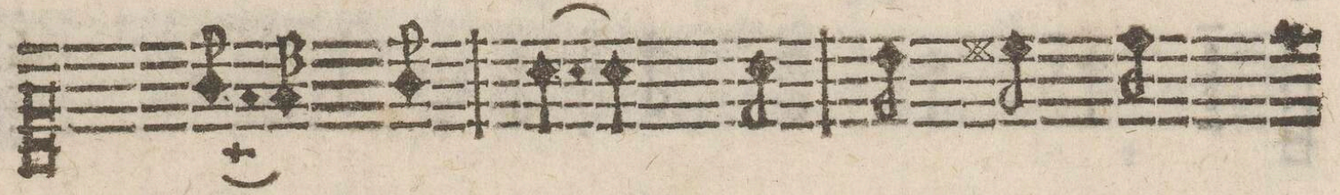


boi- - - -
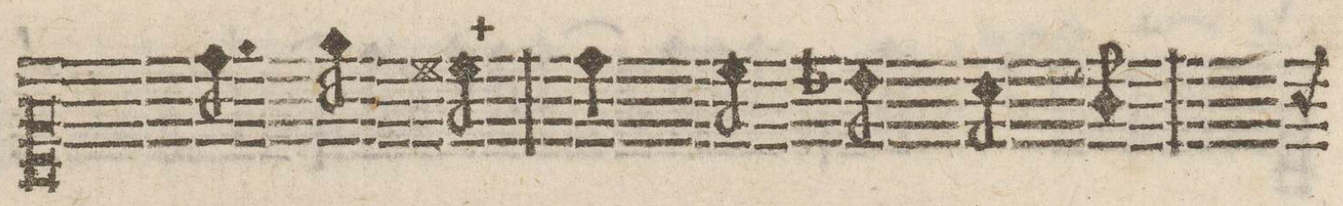
Ciel



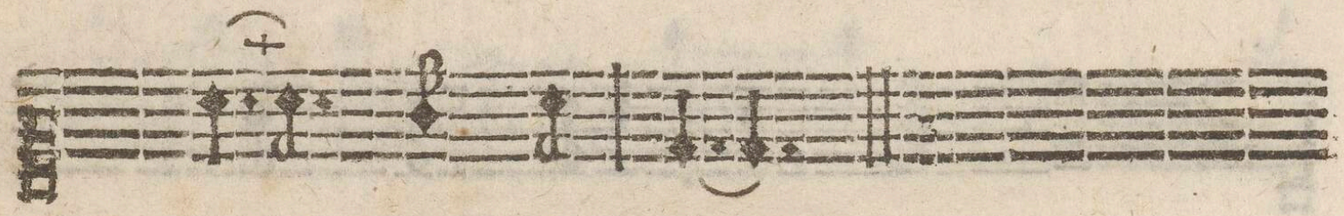
- re, Boi-re & ver - ſer ont



des at - traits, Dont on ne ſe



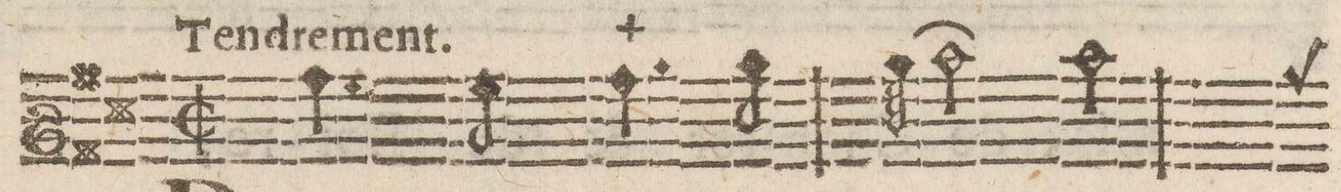
laſ- ſe ja-mais, Dont on ne ſe
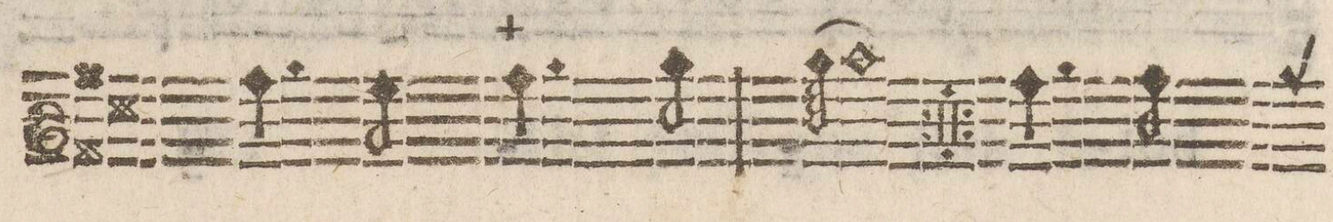


laſ - ſe ja - mais.

AIR TENDRE.

Tendrement.
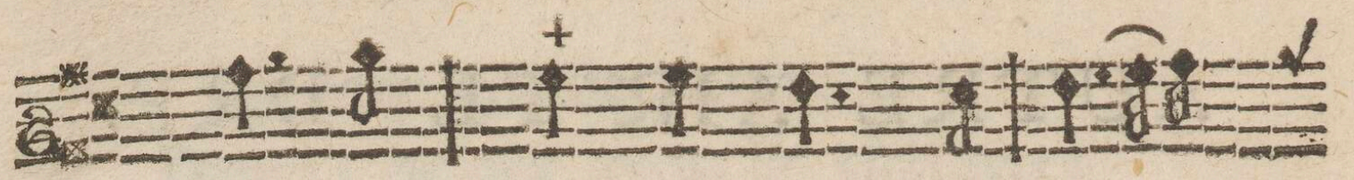


BEaux Yeux de Cli - mè - ne,
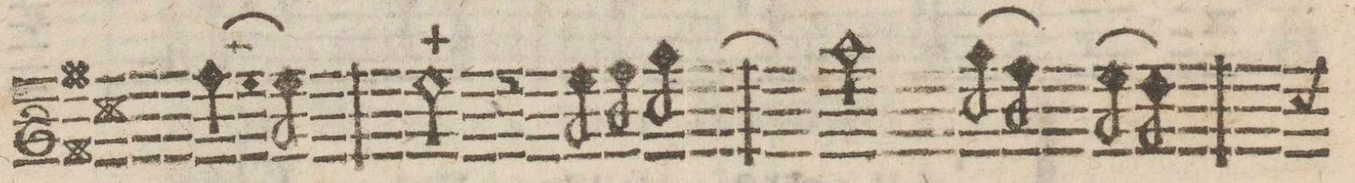


De gra-ce ac-cor-dez, Quel-que

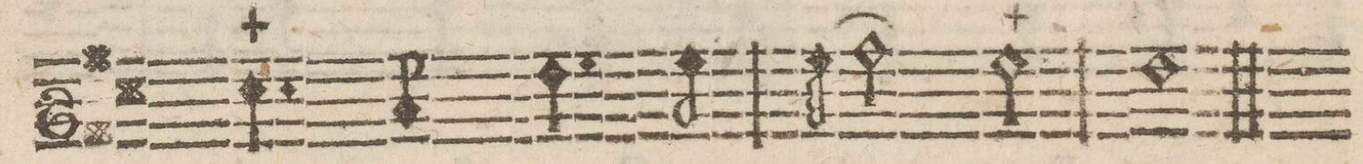
Trêve



Trê-ve aux pei-nes Que vous me



cau-ſez; Ah . . . mes A-



mours, Que vous me tour-men-tez!

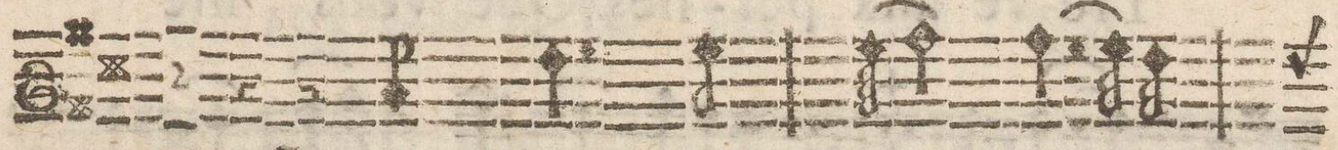
❀

La Nuit dans mes Songes,
Vous m'apparoiſſez;
Mais ces doux Menſonges,
Sont bien-tôt paſſez.
Ah . . . mes Amours,
Que vous me tourmentez!

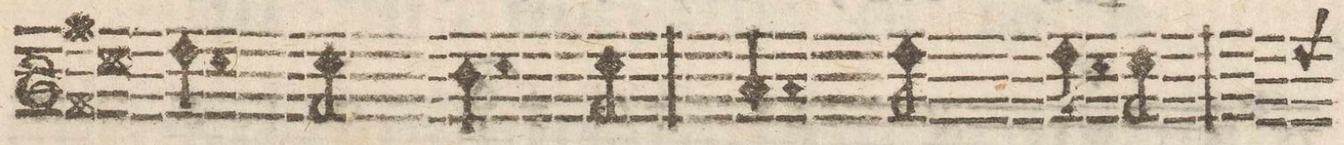
❀

Songes agréables,
Qui vous envolez;
Soyez plus durables,
Quand vous m'enchantez.
Ah . . . mes Amours,
Que vous me tourmentez!
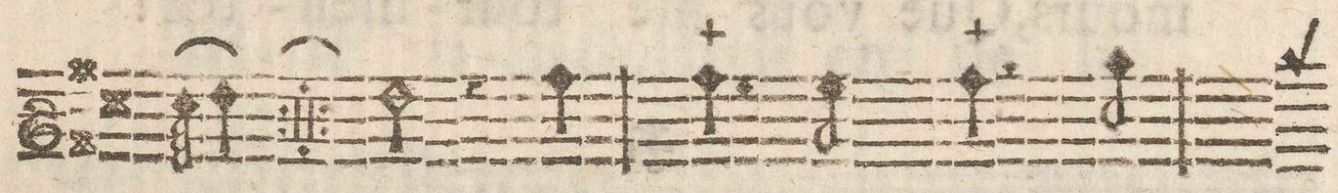
AUTRE AIR TENDRE.
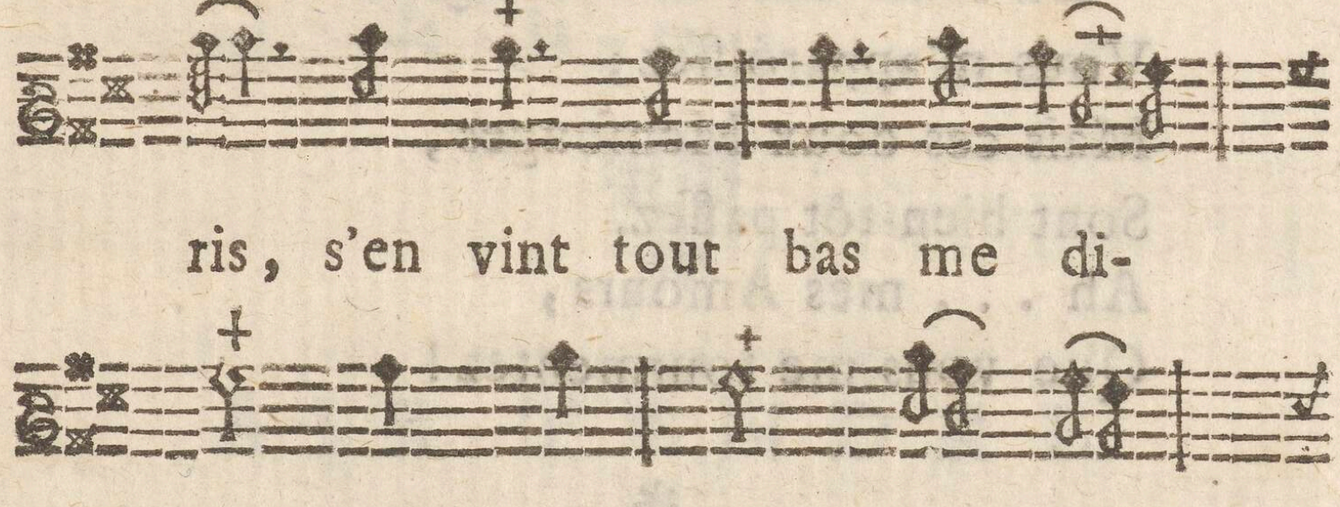


L'Au- tre jour ma Clo-



ris, Pour qui mon Cœur ſou - pi-
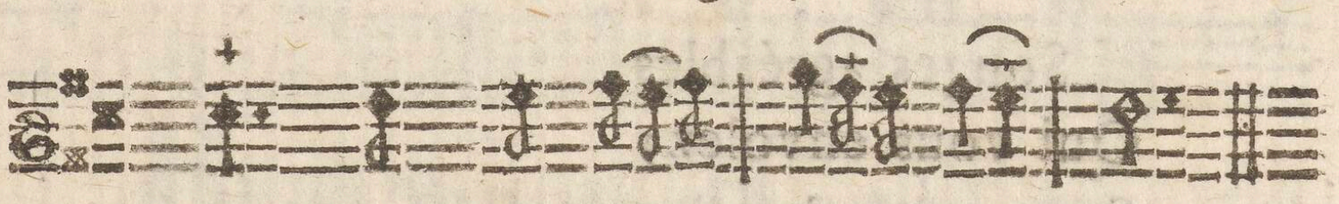


re. re. A - vec un doux ſou-



ris, s'en vint tout bas me di-

re: Mon Ber - ger, mes A-
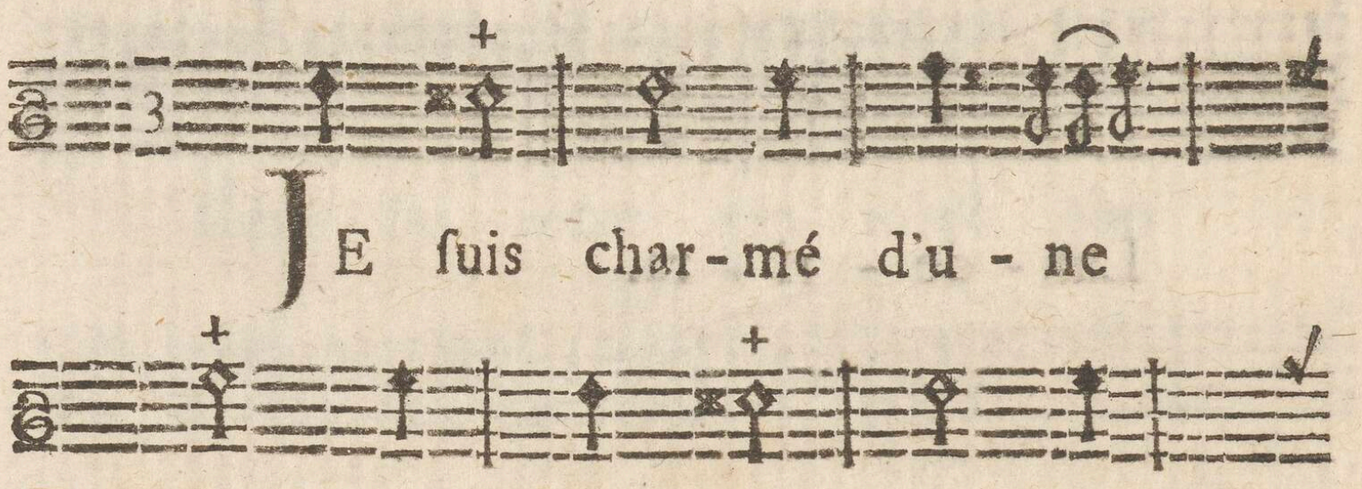


mours, M'ai- me- rez - vous tou- jours.



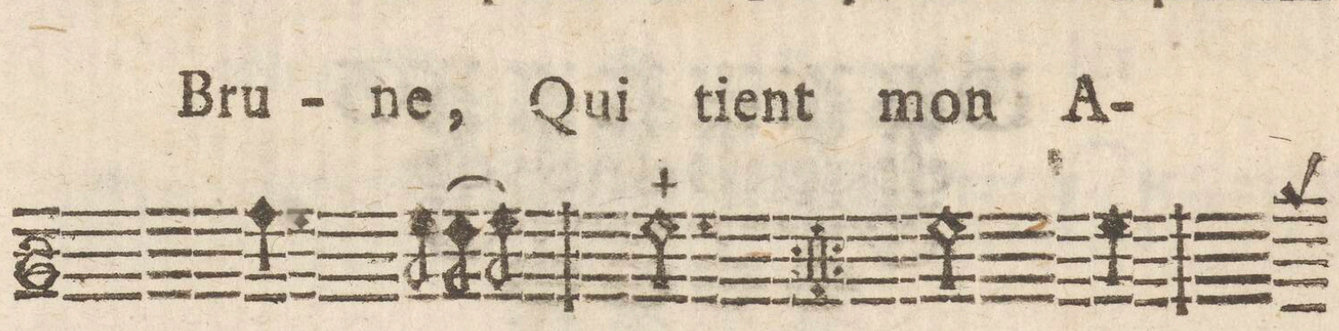
Le

Le jour qu'elle partit,
Dieux ! qu'elle avoit de charmes !
Cette Belle me dit,
Les Yeux baignez de Larmes,
Mon Berger, mes Amours,
M'aimerez-vous toujours.

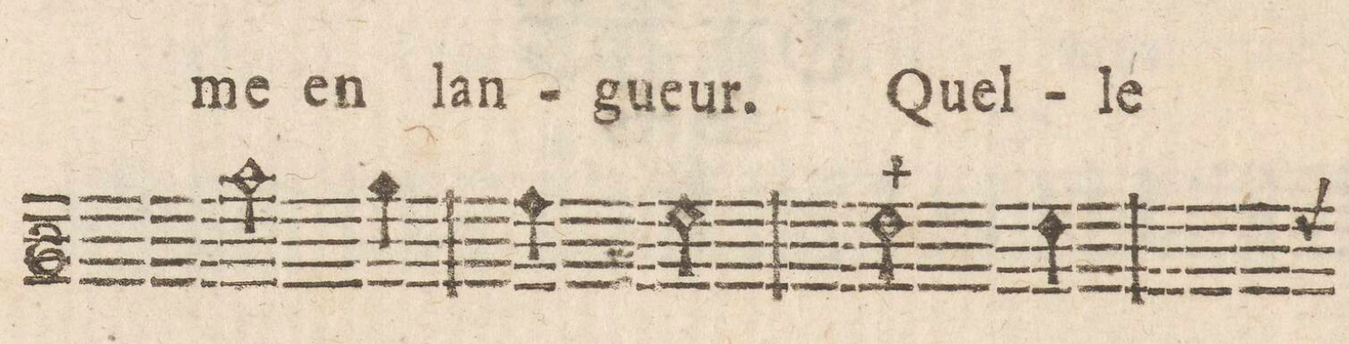
BRUNETTE.



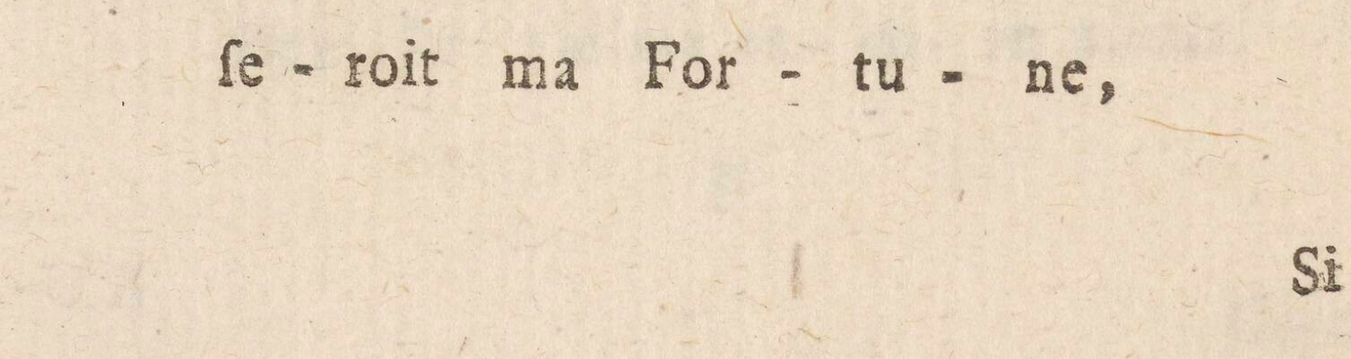
JE ſuis char-mé d'u-ne
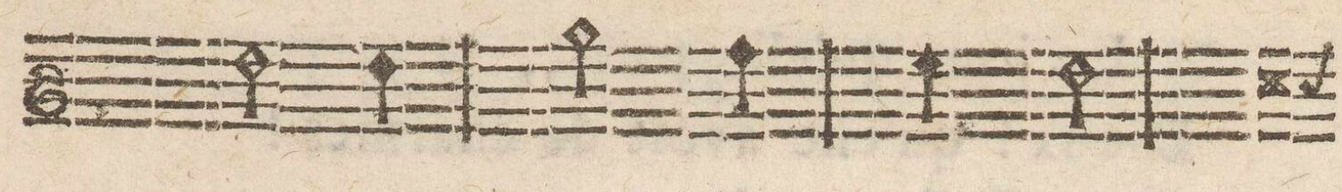


Bru-ne, Qui tient mon A-



me en lan-gueur. Quel-le



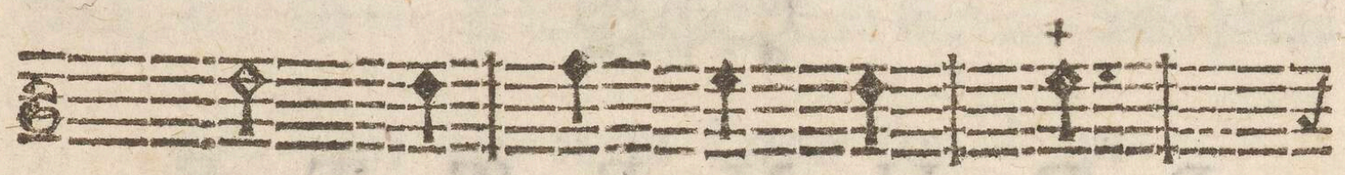
ſe-roit ma For-tu-ne,
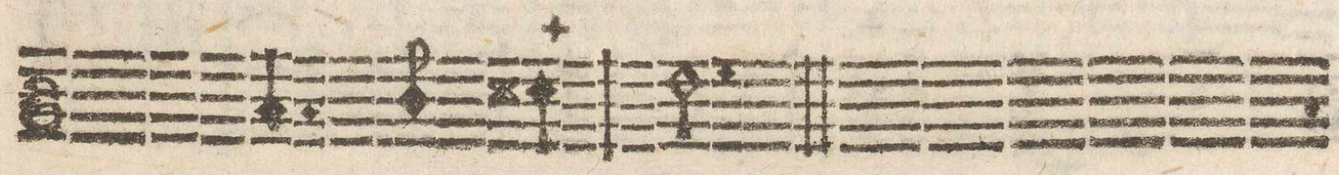


Si j'a - vois tou - ché ſon



Cœur, Et ſon lan - la, lan - de - ri-



ret - te, Et ſon lan - la,
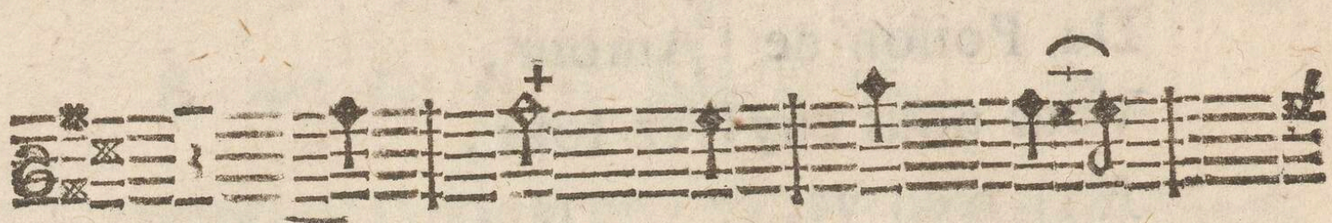


Lan - de - ri - ra.

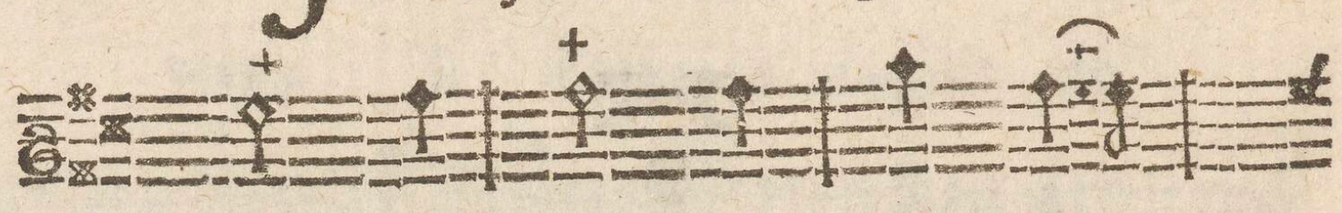


AU-

AUTRE PETITE BRUNETTE.
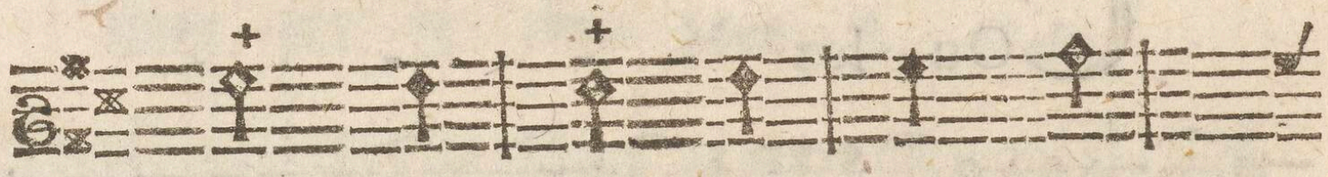


JE ju - re par tes
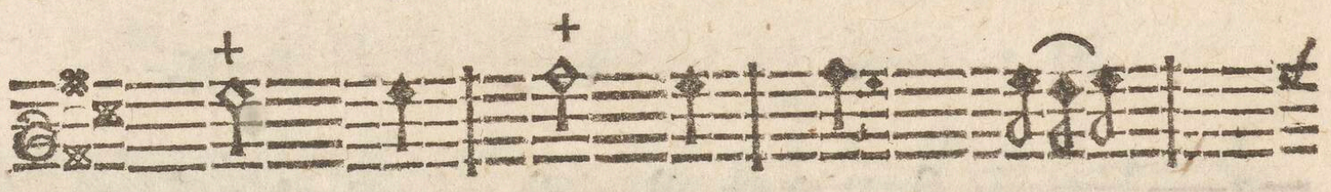


Yeux, Je ju - re par tes



Yeux, Ser - ment qui m'eſt plus



cher, Que de ju - rer les



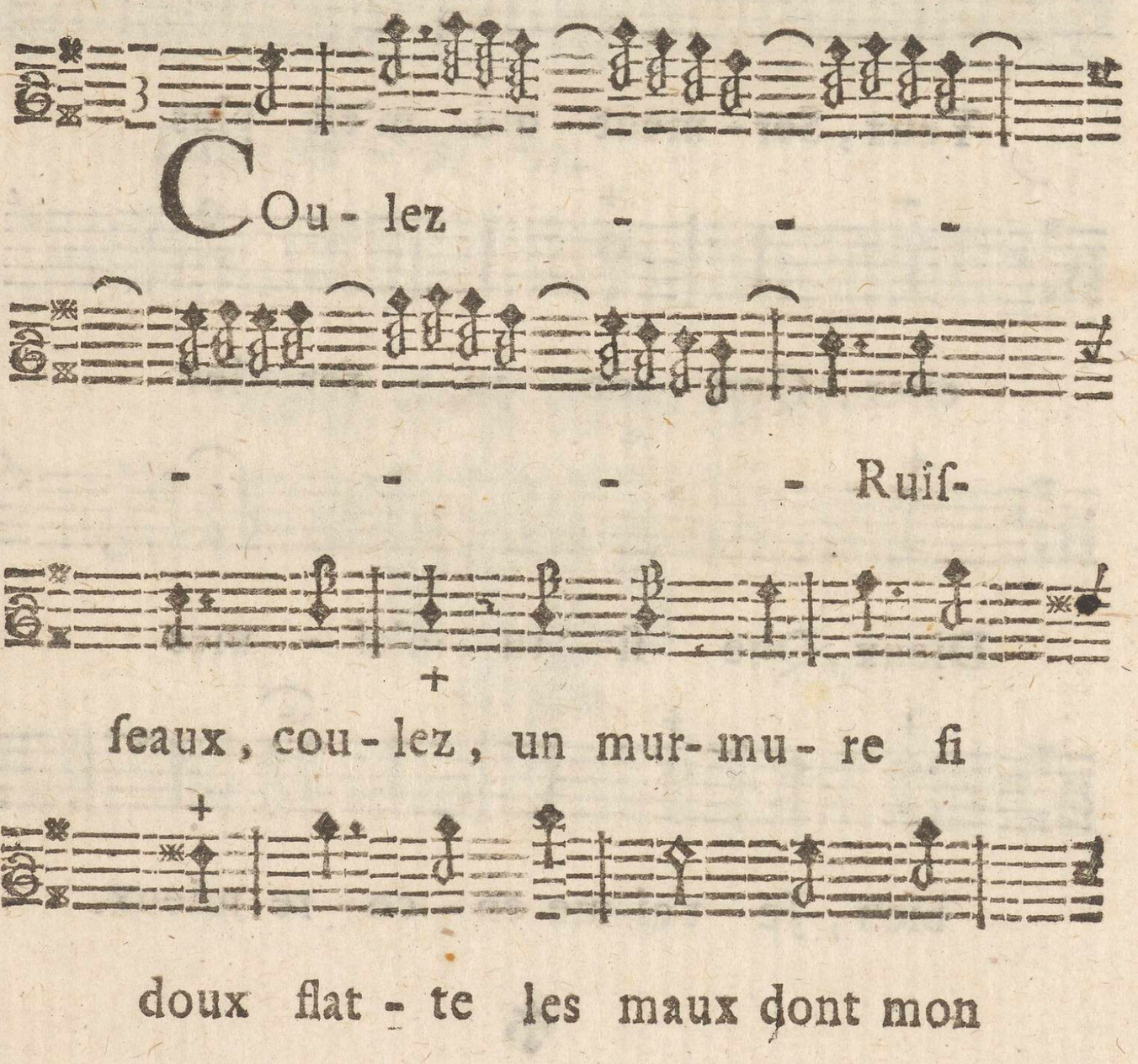
Dieux, Que ſi tu m'ai - mes



bien, Je t'ai-me en - co - re mieux.

Objèt charmant & doux,
Objèt charmant & doux,
Du Poiſon de l'Amour,
Vous nous enyvrez tous,
Ah! n'en verſez pas tant,
Qu'il n'en reſte pour vous.
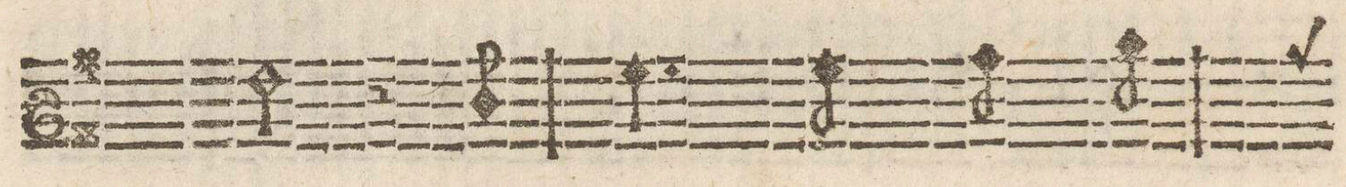
AIR SERIEUX.
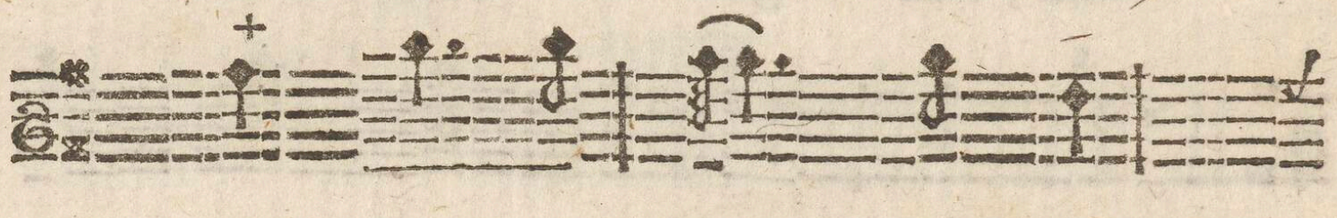


Ame
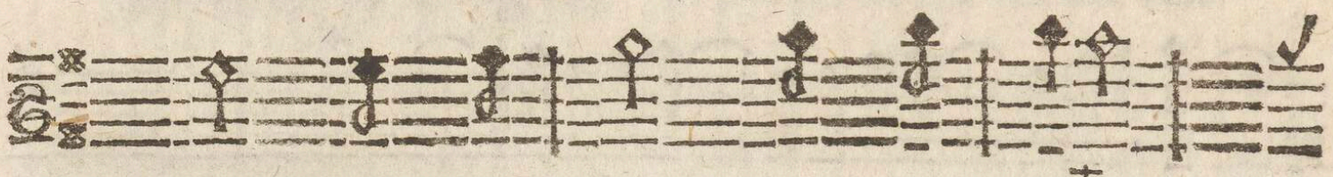


A-me eſt at - tein - te, Je



viens à l'om-bre au-près de
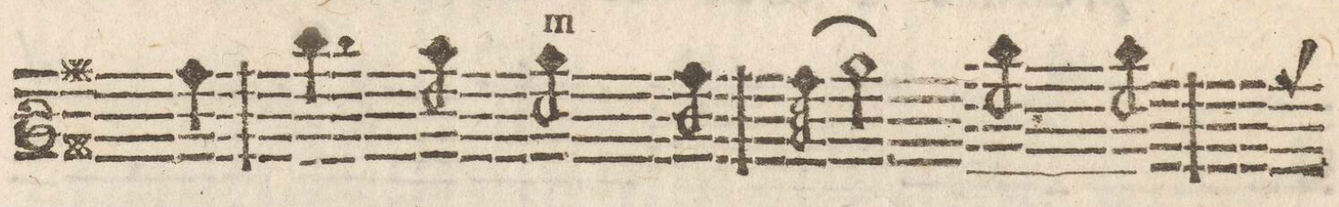


vous, Pour é - tein - dre les
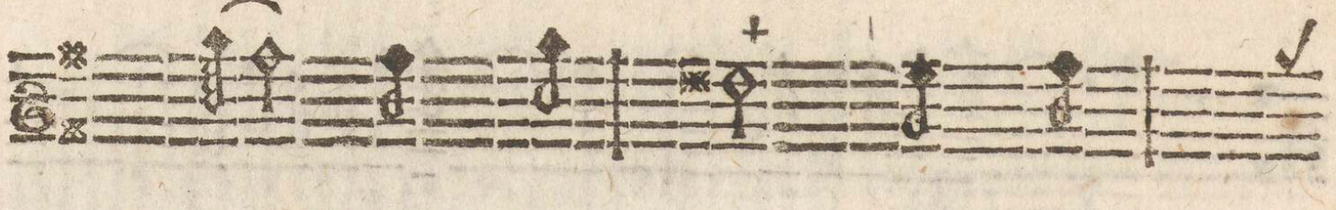


feux que je ſens pour A - min-
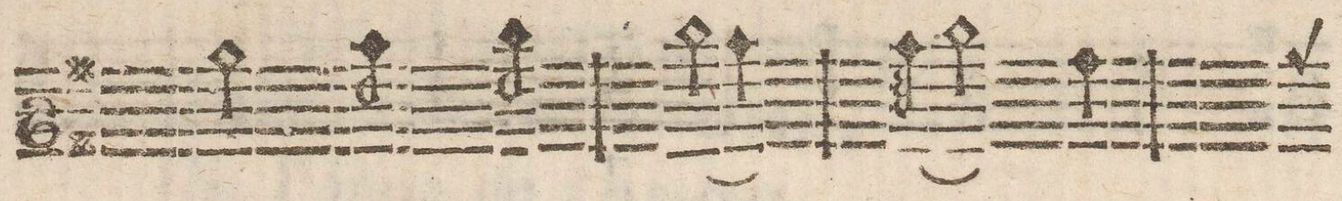


te. Cet-te in-grat - te beau - té



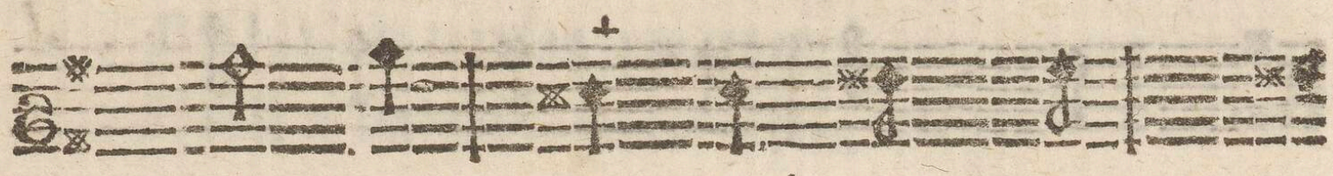
bru-loit des mê-mes feux; Mais, hé-



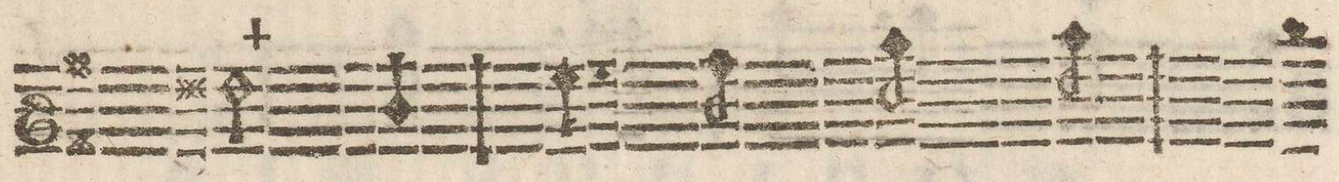
las! ſon A - mour paſ - ſe
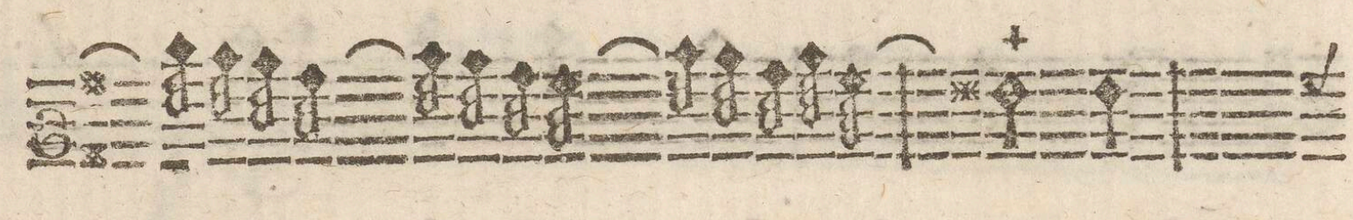


com - me vo - tre On - de ; Ruiſ-
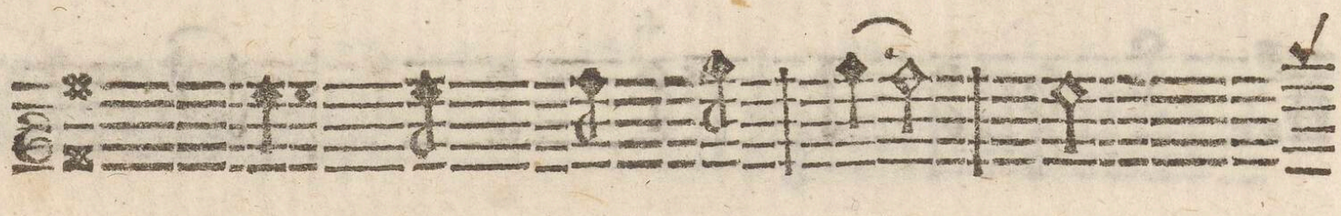


ſeaux, van - gez un Mal - heu-
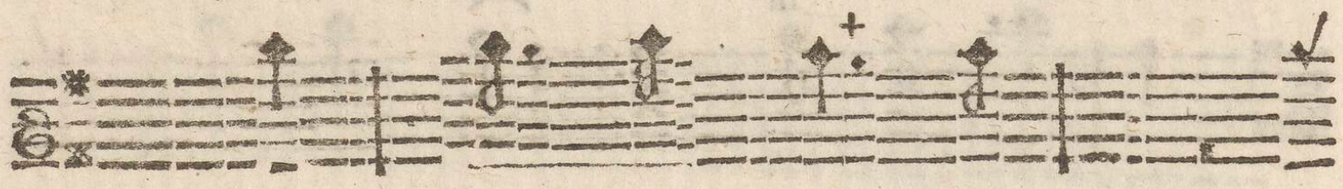


reux ; Al - lez en mur - mu-
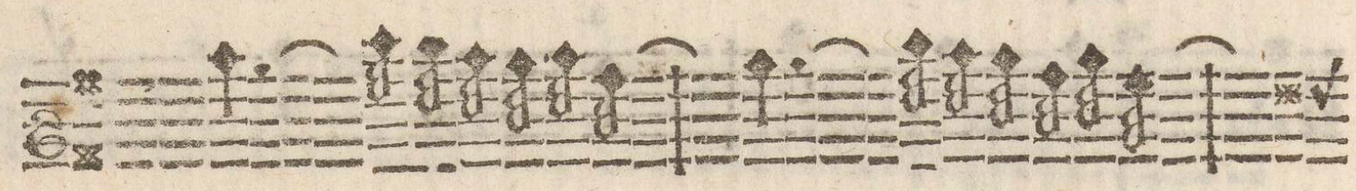


rant - - - - l'ap-



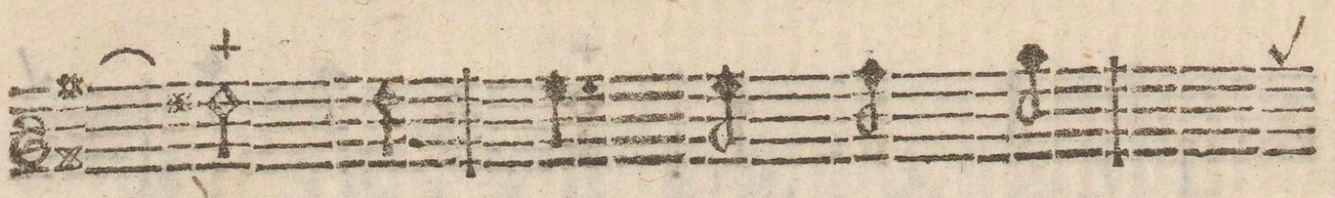
prendre à tout le Mon - de.



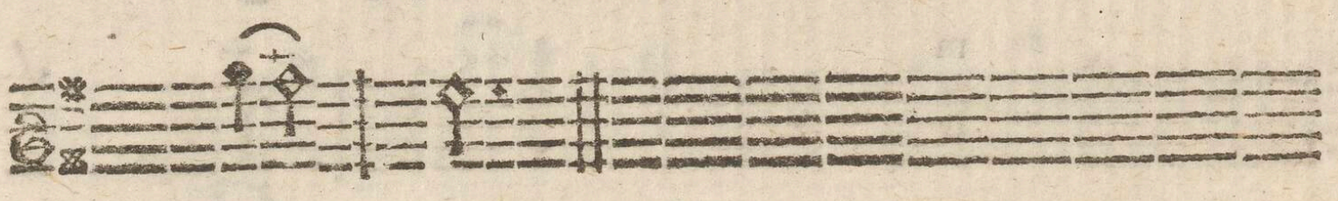
Al - lez, en mur - mu-



rant - - - - l'ap-

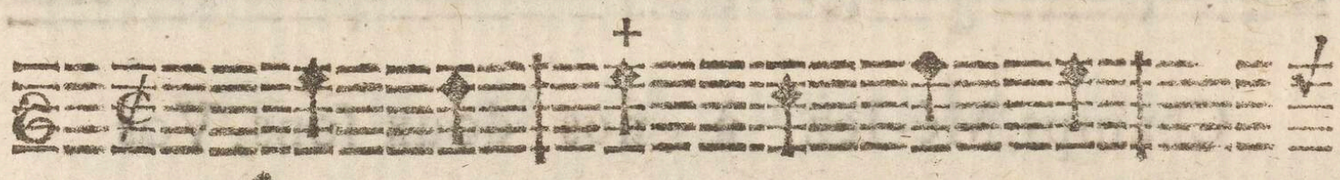


- l'ap- pren dre à tout le

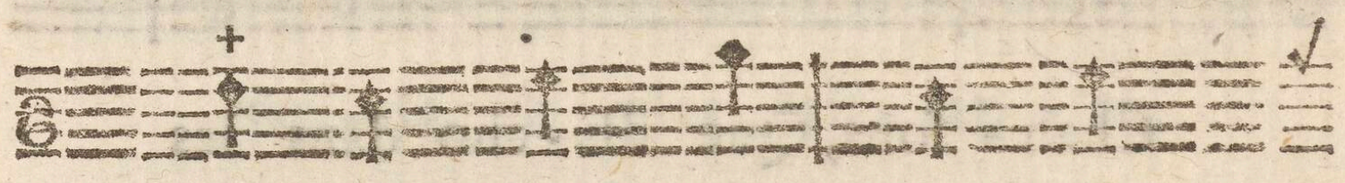


Mon - de.

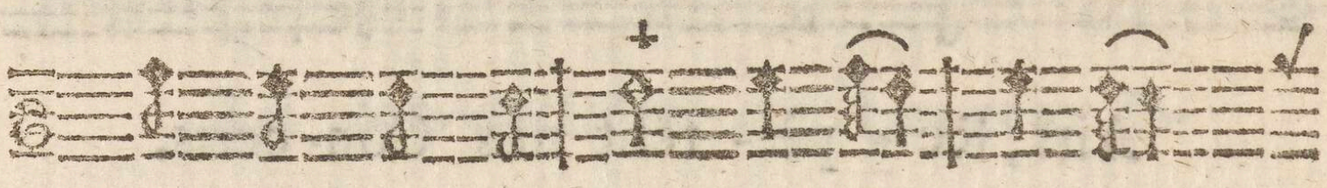
MUSETTE PREMIERE.



Ac- cou - rez, jeu - ne Ber-



gè - re, Ve - nez au ſon



de nos Cha- lu-maux, Sur la naiſ- ſan-
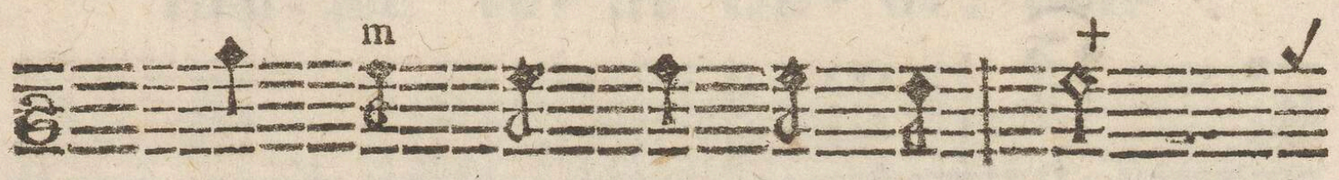


te fou - gè- re, Dan - ſer à l'Om-
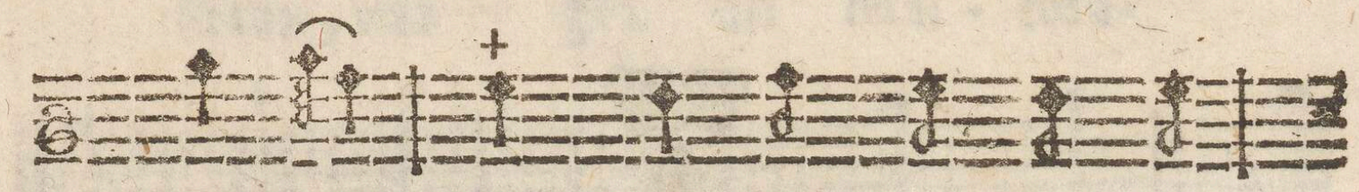
bre
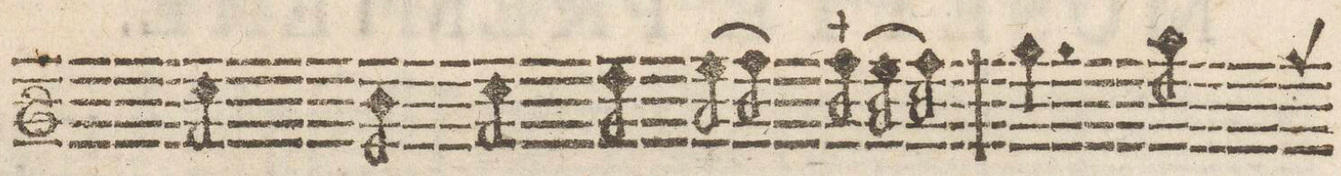


bre de nos Or-maux. Joi-gnez
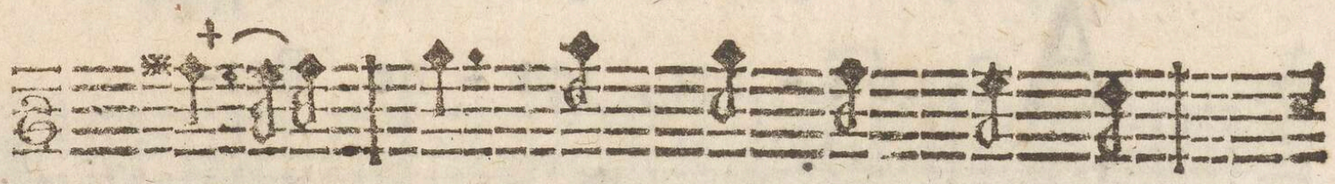


vous aux Plai-ſirs in-no-cens,



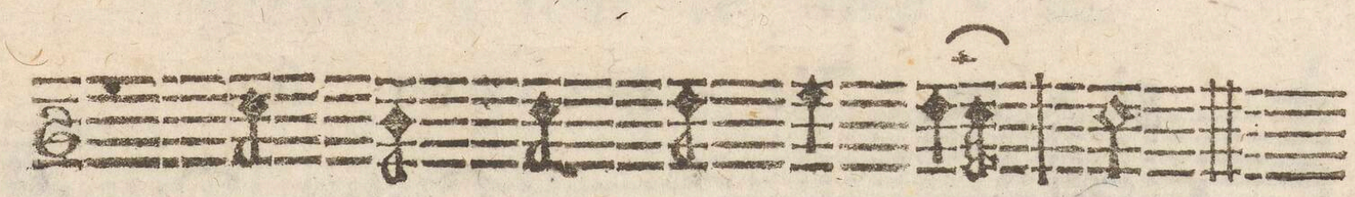
Que l'on prend dans nos pai-ſi-bles



Champs, Mê-lez à nos doux ſons, Vos



Chan-ſons, Que l'E-cho dans les
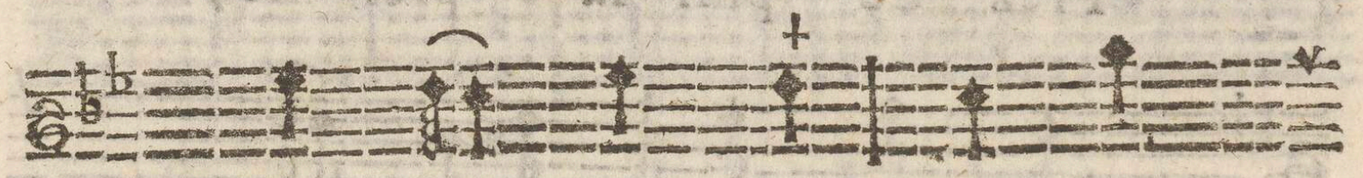


Airs, Re-pè-tent nos Con-certs.

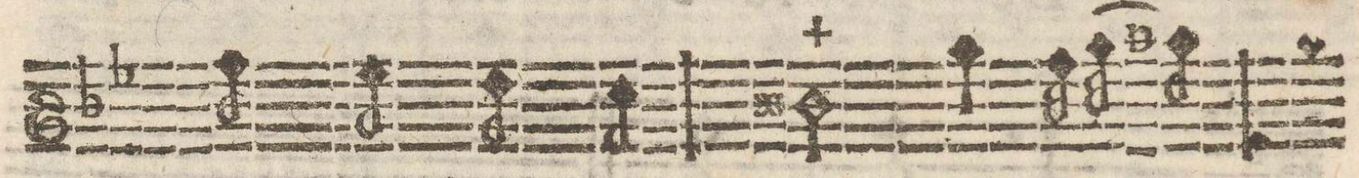
MUSETTE DEUXIEME.



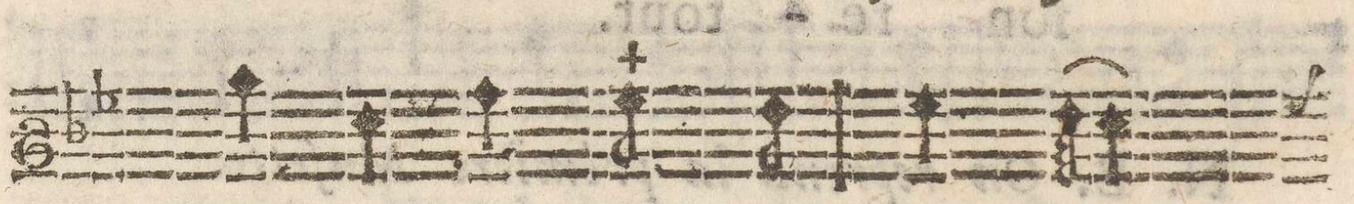
RAi- ſon - nez Mu-ſet- te char-



man - te, An- non - cez la
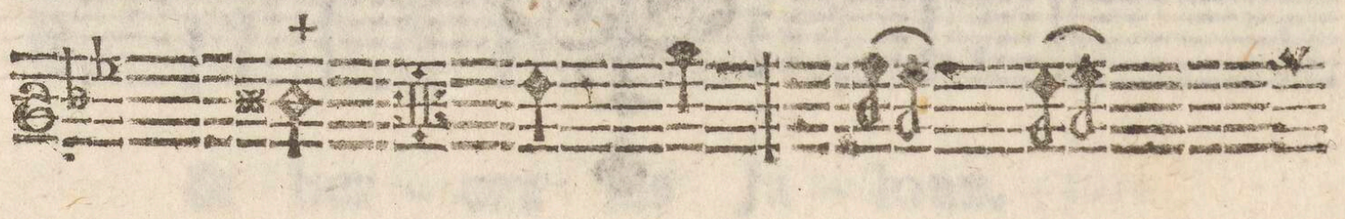


Fê - te de l'A- mour; La Jeu-
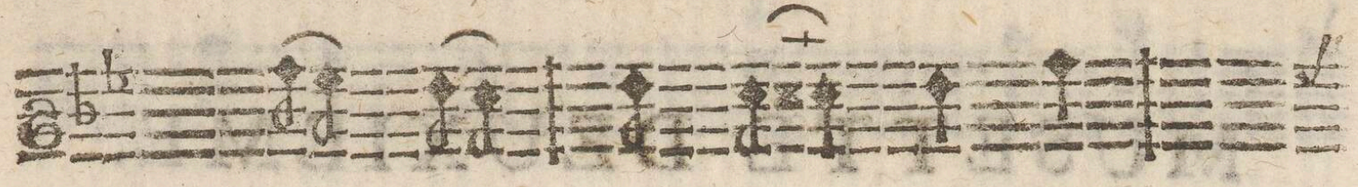


neſ- ſe la plus bril - lan - te,
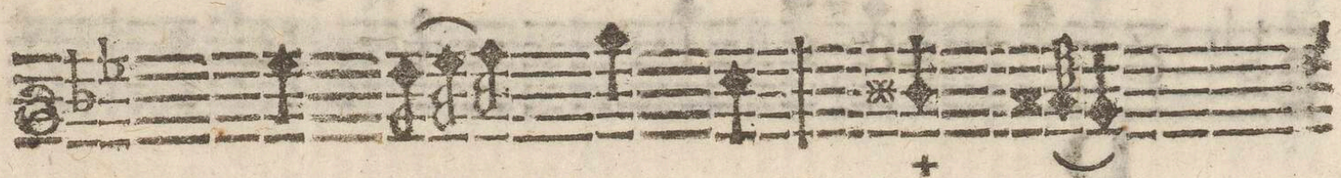


Le con- duit dans cet heu-reux ſé-



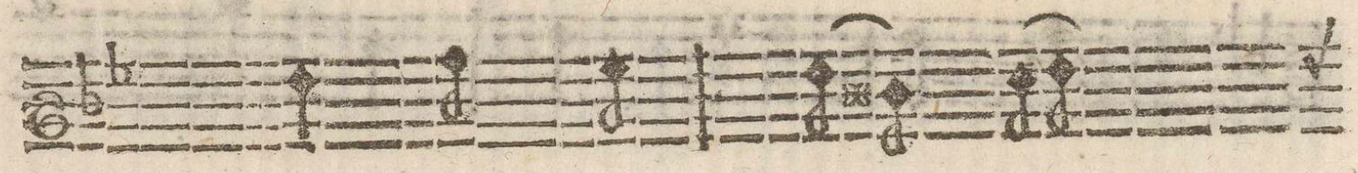
jour: Flo - re a nos yeux
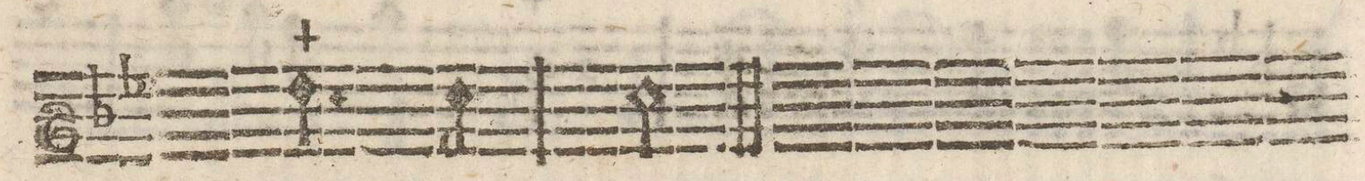


s'in - té - ref - ſe, Dans nos



Prez Zé - phir la pref - ſe,



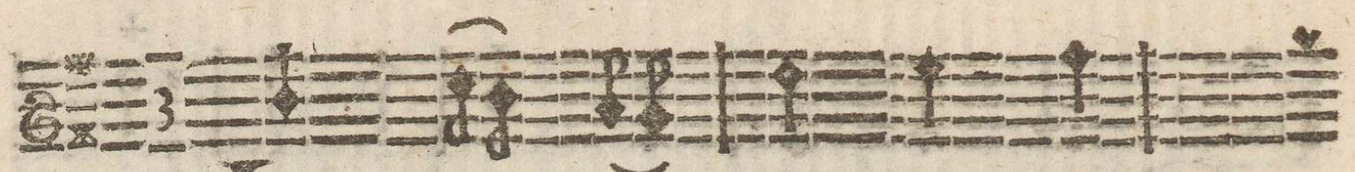
De fai - re é - cla - ter
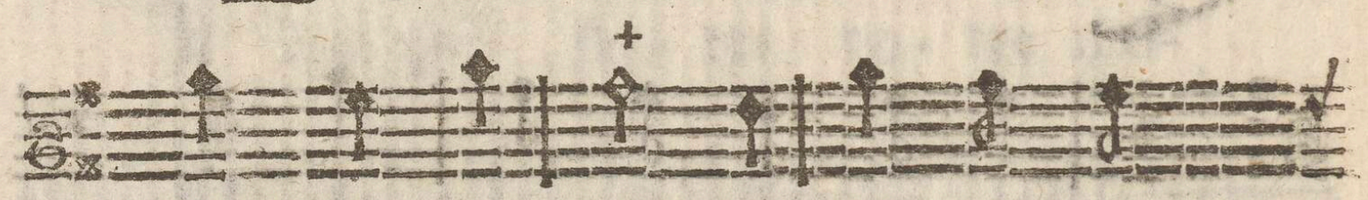


ſon re - tour.

N. B. *On reprend la prémière Muſette.*
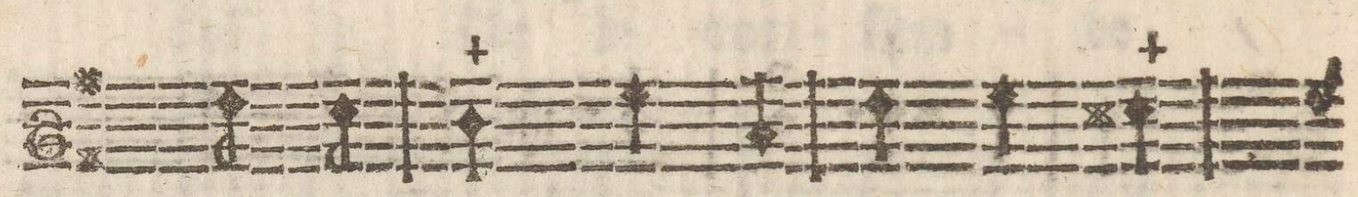
PREMIERE MENUET.
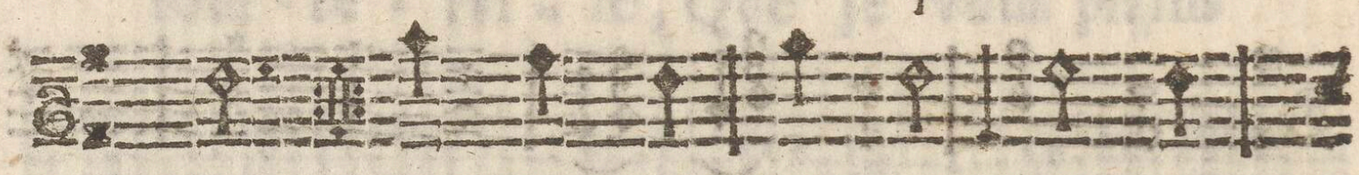


LE Car - na - val en ces



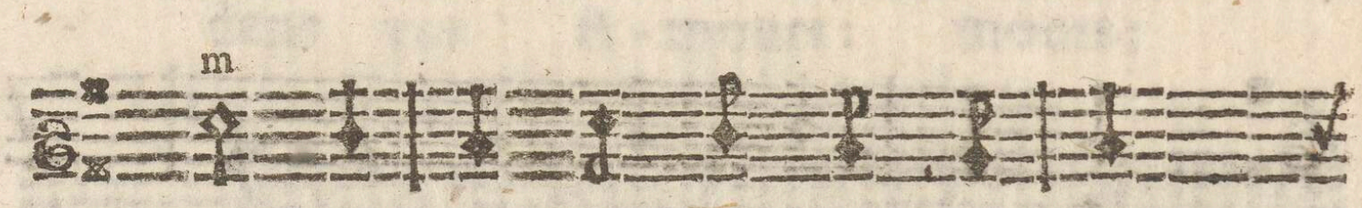
lieux vous ap- pel- le, Vo - lez, ten-



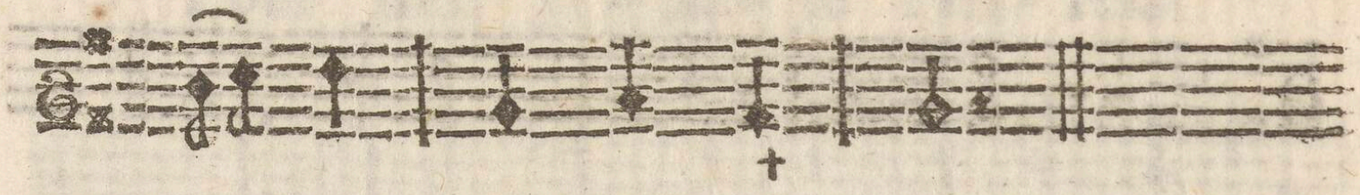
dres A - mours, ve - nez re- gner ſur



nous. En- chai- nez la rai - ſon cru-



el - le, A - mu - ſez les Ma - ris



& ber - cez les Ja - loux.



SECONDE MENUET.
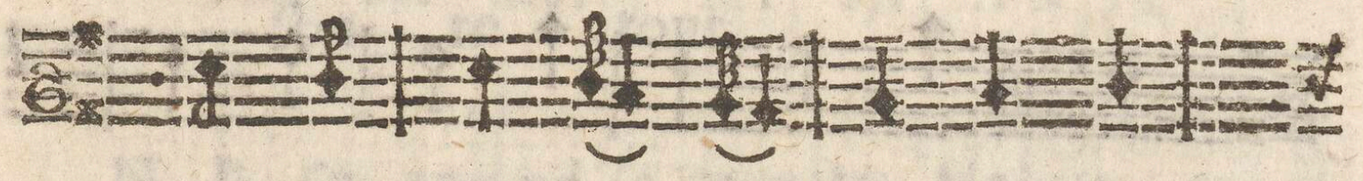


QU'en ces lieux tout Chante, & tout Dan-



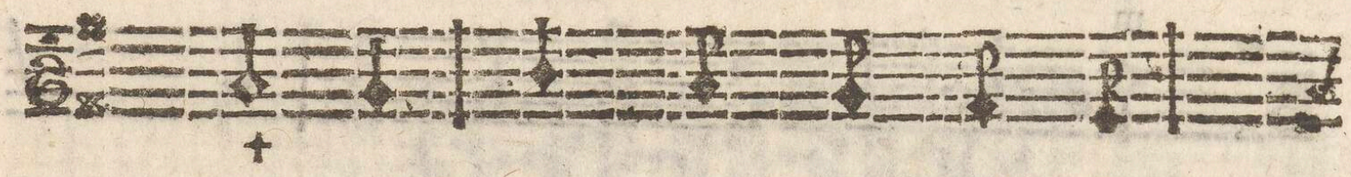
se; Que Ba-chus à grand flots ré-
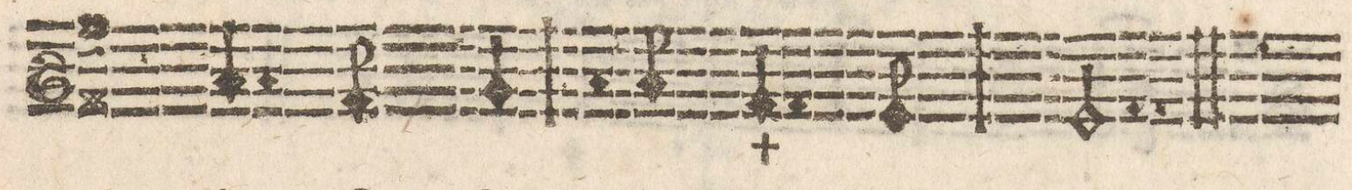


pan-de sa Li-queur: Et qu'aujour-



hui Co-mus a-mé-ne l'A-bon-
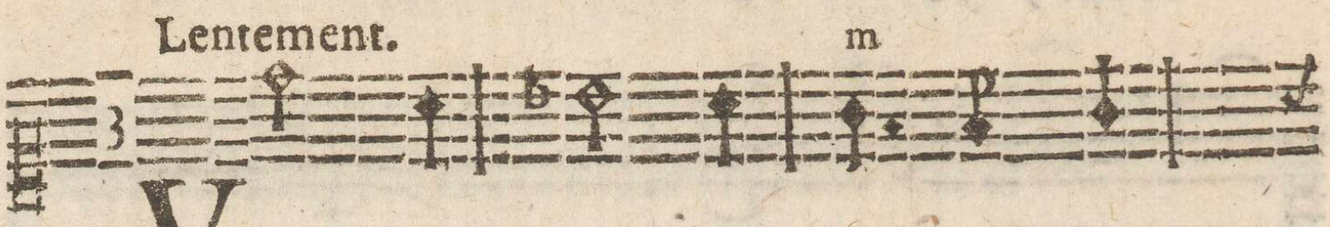


dan-ce, Juſ-ques chez l'U-ſu-
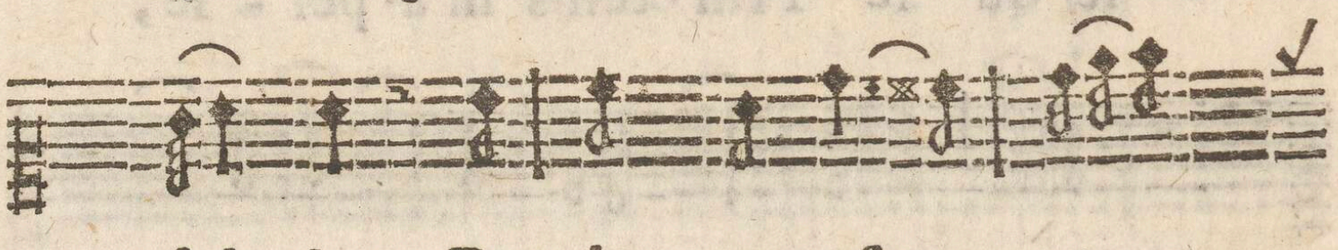


rier, & chez le Pro-cu-reur.

AIR SERIEUX.
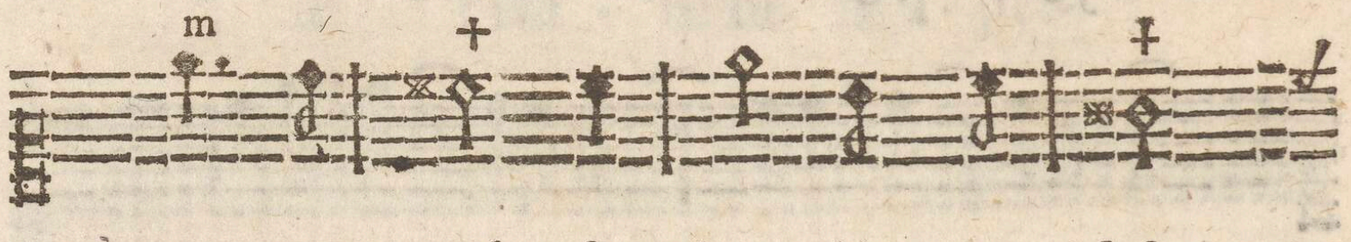
Lentement.
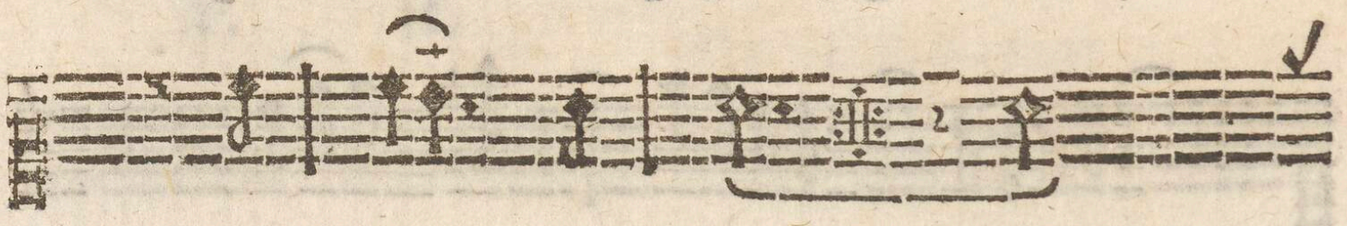


Vous qui fai- tes vo- tre mo-



del- le, De la con- ſtan - te

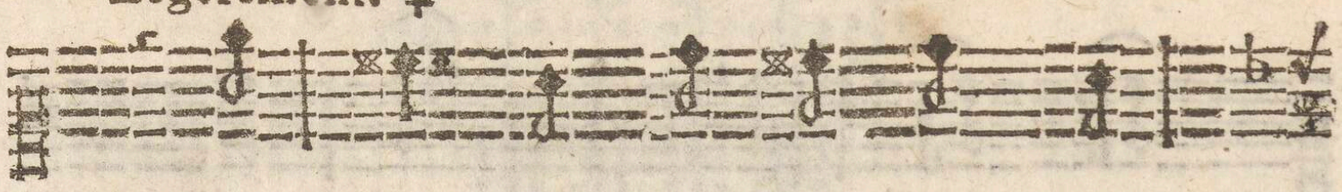


tour - te - rel - le, Que je vous plains
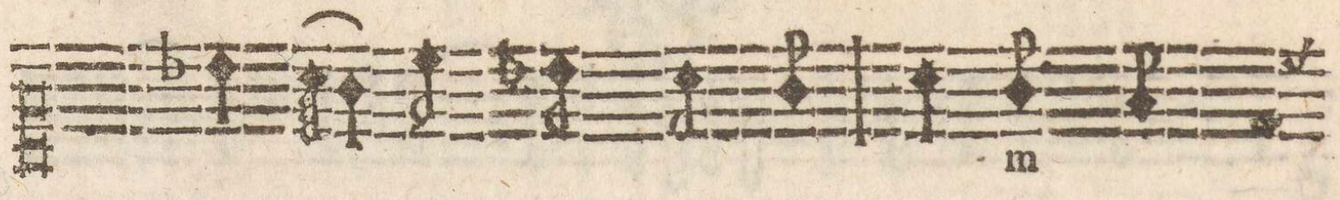


dans vos A- mours: mours:

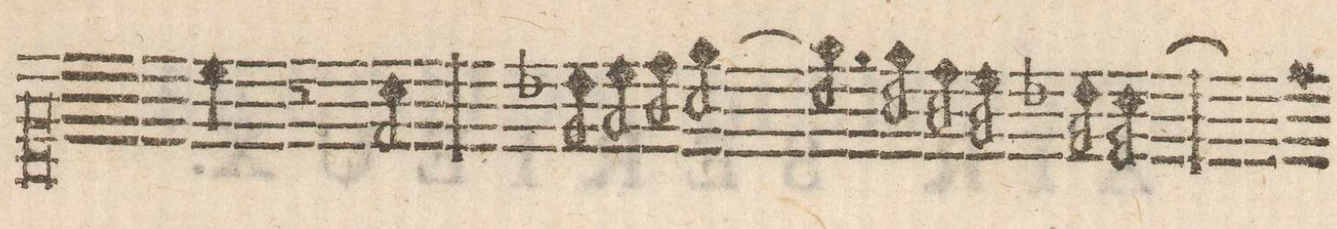
Legerement.

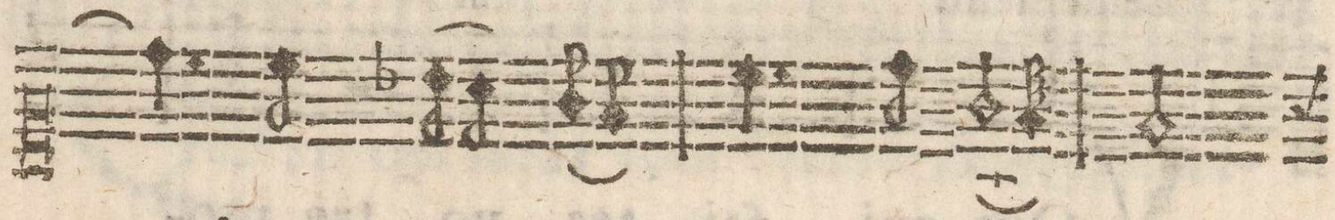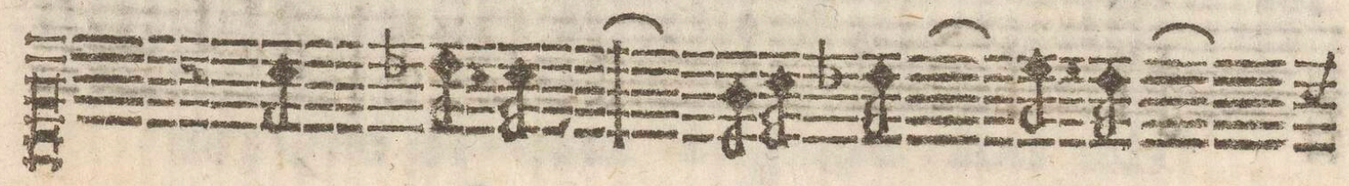


Pour moi j'i - mi- te l'Hi- ron-
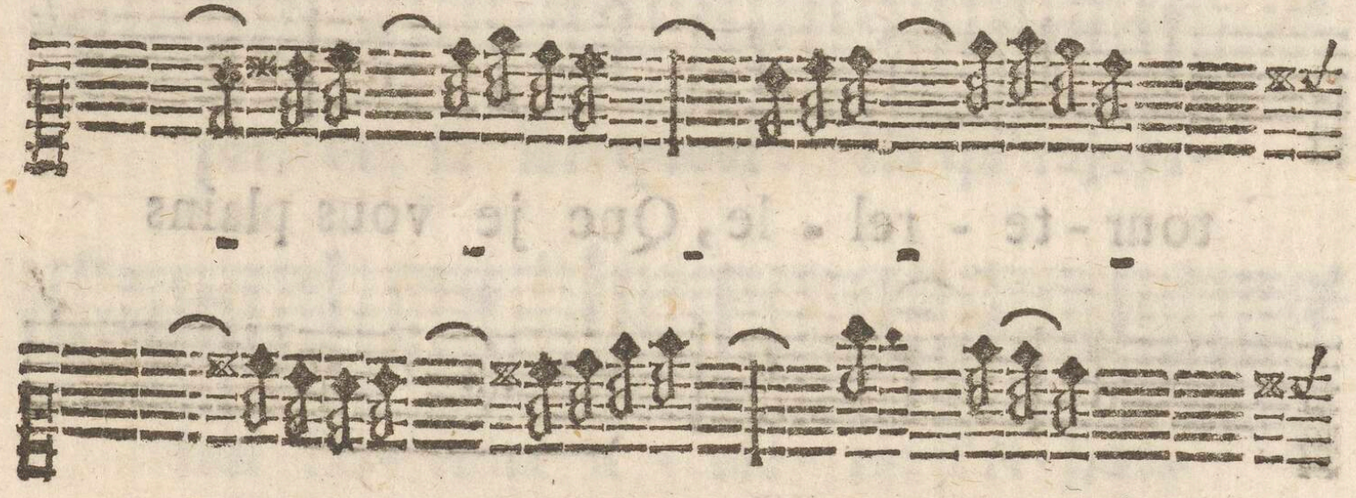


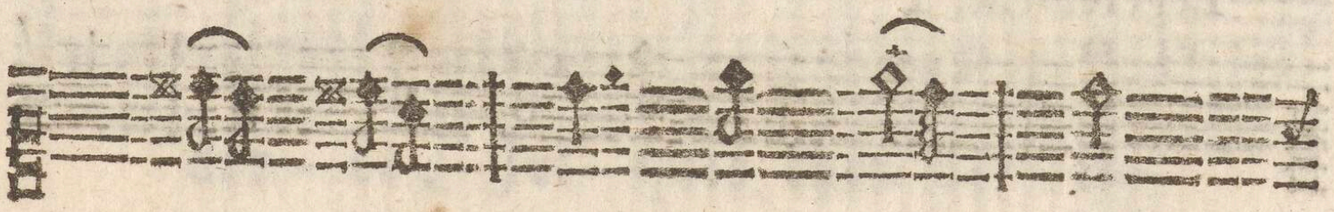
del- le, Sans que rien ar - rê - te mon
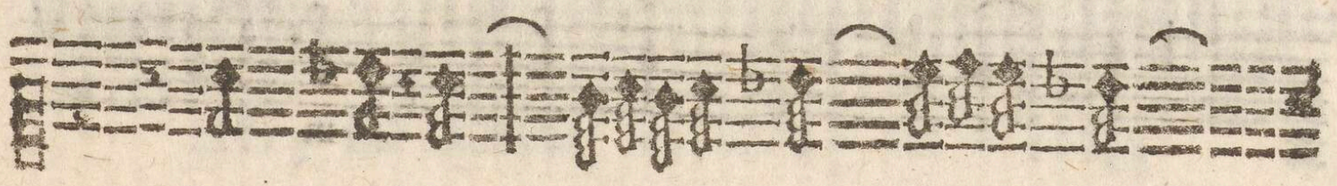

cours, Je vo- - - -


- le où le Prin-tems m'a-pel - le,
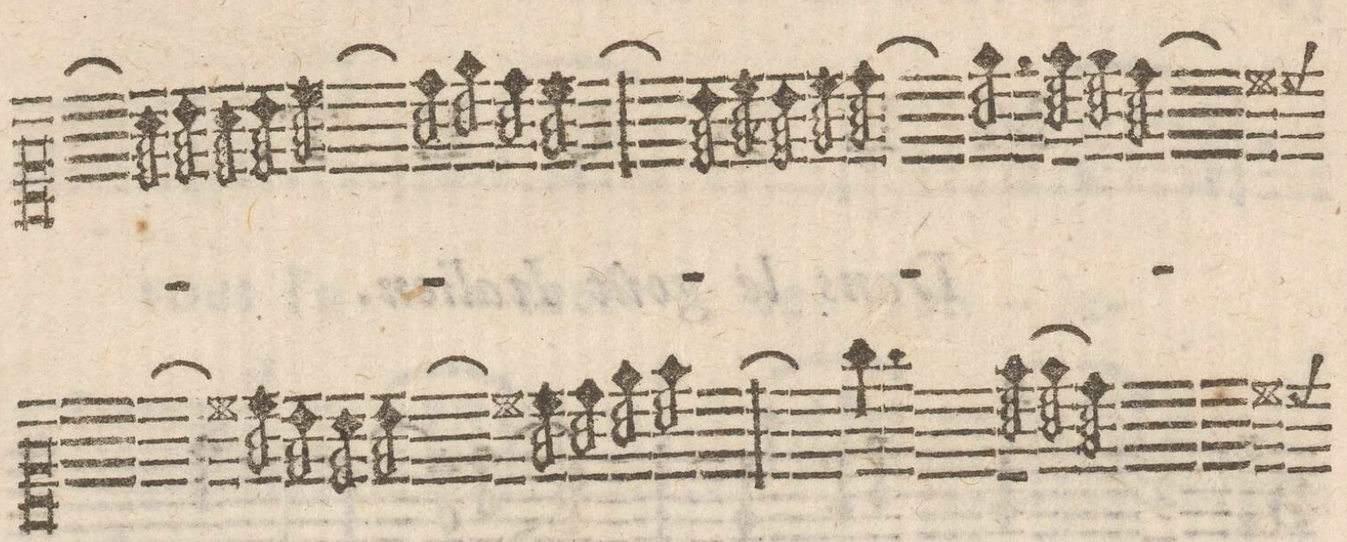

Je vo- - - -


- - - - - le où


le Prin- tems m'a - pel - le,
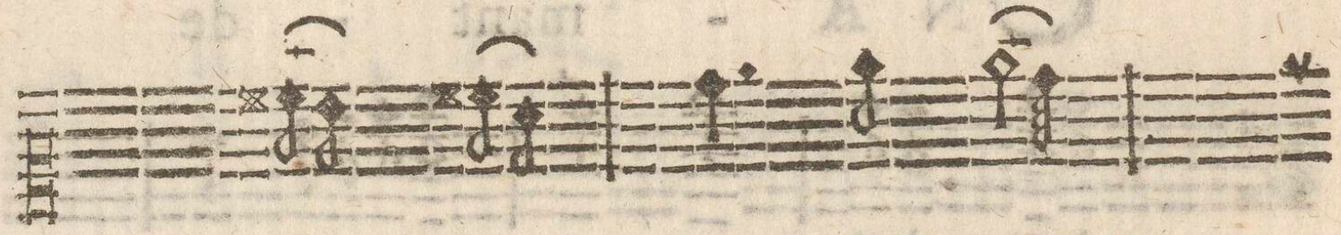

Je vo- - - -

le

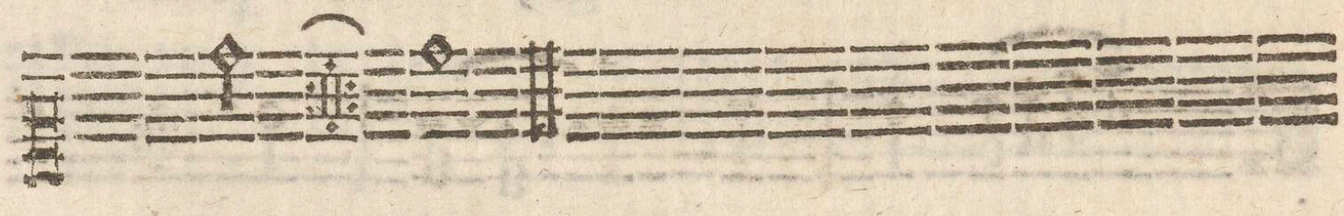


- - - - -

- - - - le où
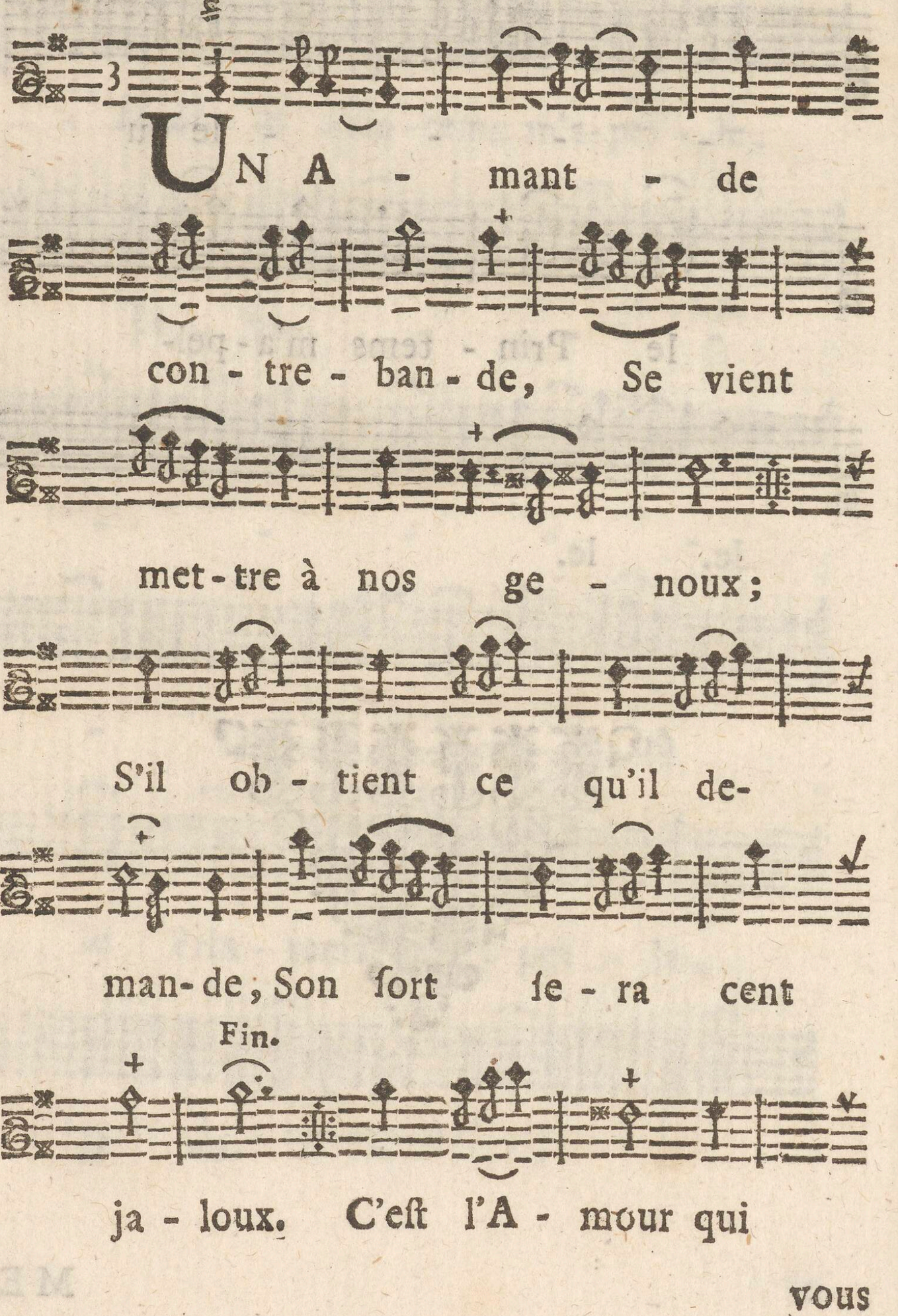


le Prin - tems m'a - pel-
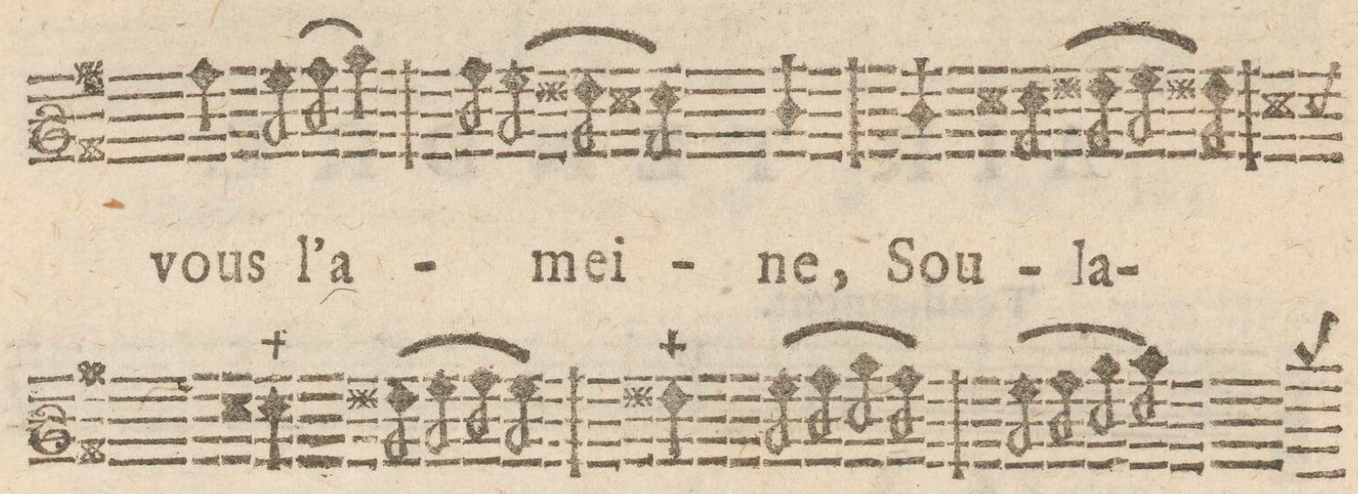


le. le.

MENUET.

Dans le goût Italien.

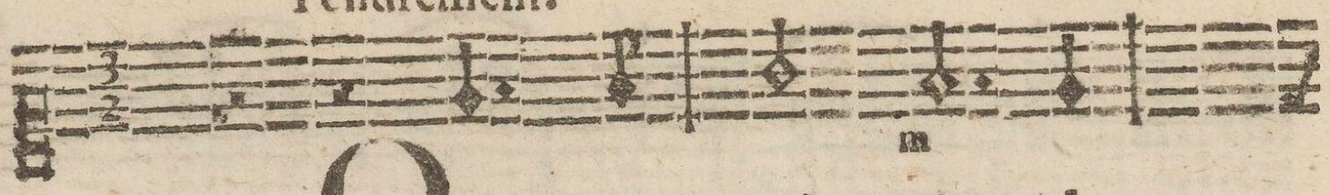




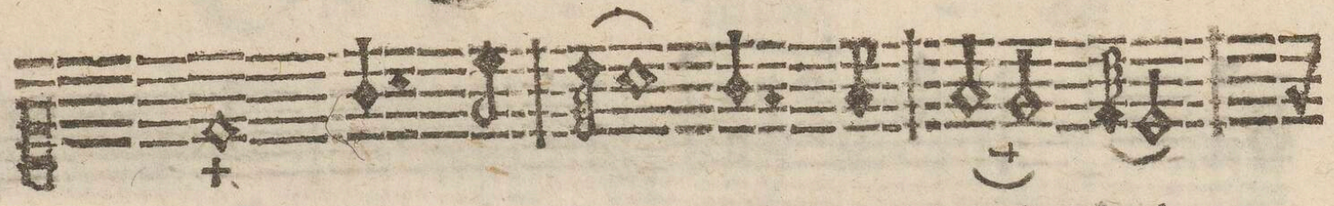
N. B. *On reprend, juſqu'au mot Fin.*

AIR TENDRE.

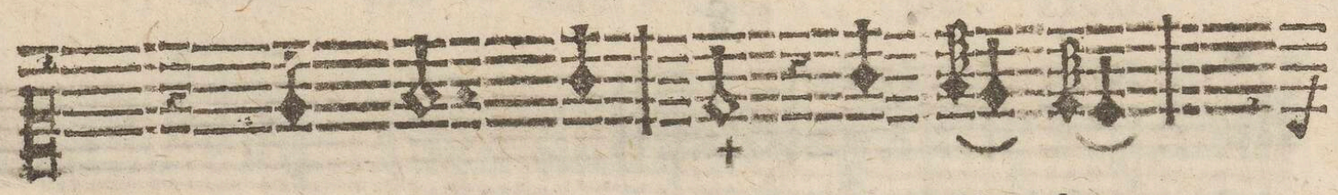
Tendrement.



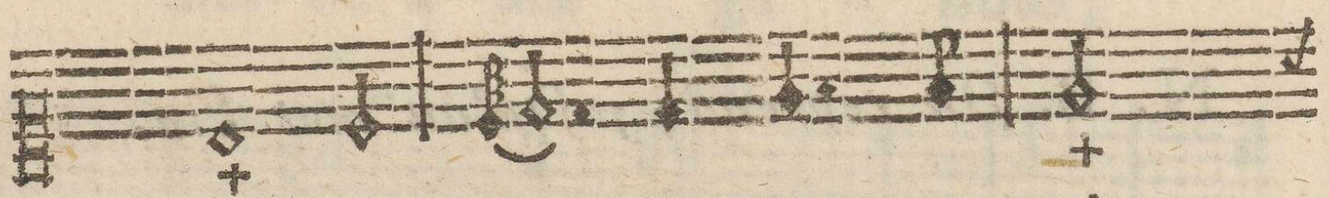
QUe je vais vivre heu-
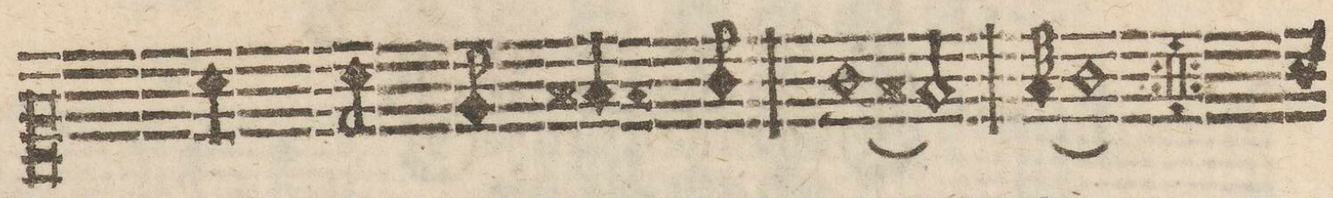


reux dans ma flâ-me nou-vel-le!
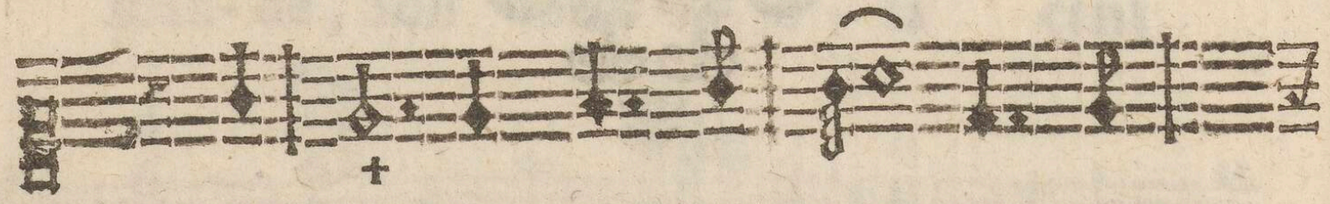


L'ai-ma-ble I-ris m'a fû don-



ner ſa foi; Et m'a pro-mis

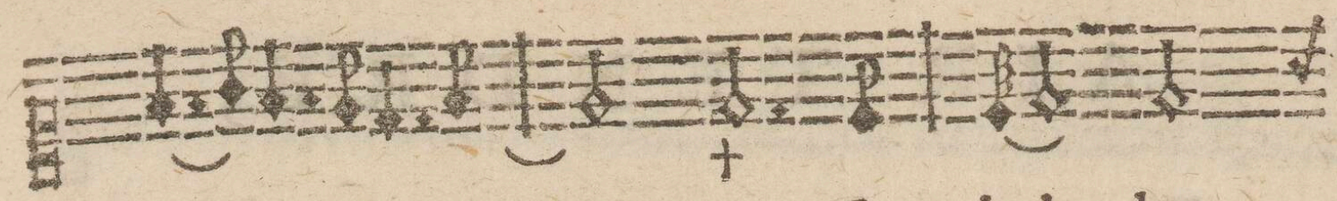


d'ê-tre tou-jours fi-del-le.

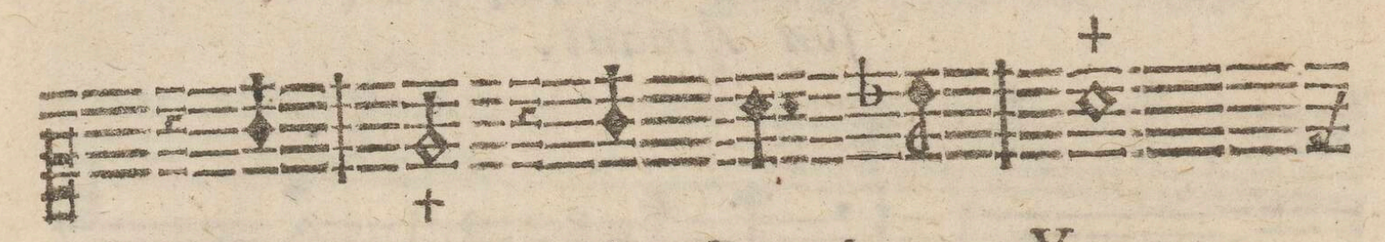


On ne ver-ra ja-mais u-ne

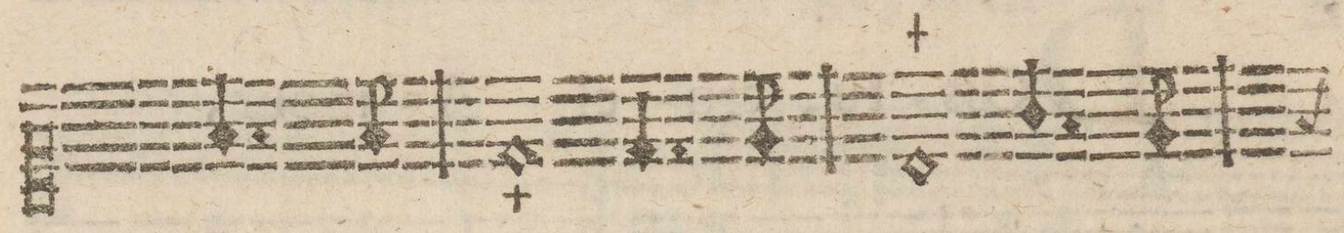
chaſ-



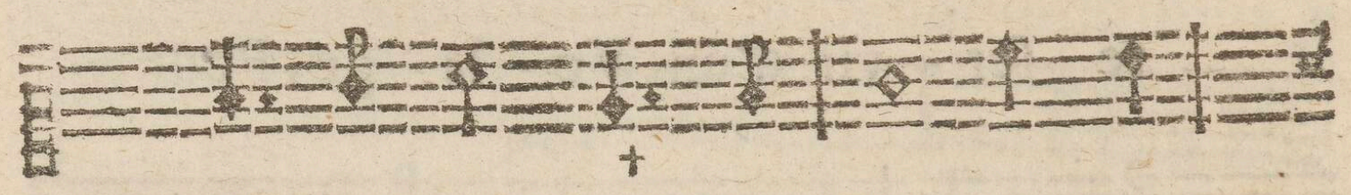
chaſ- - - ne ſi bel - le,
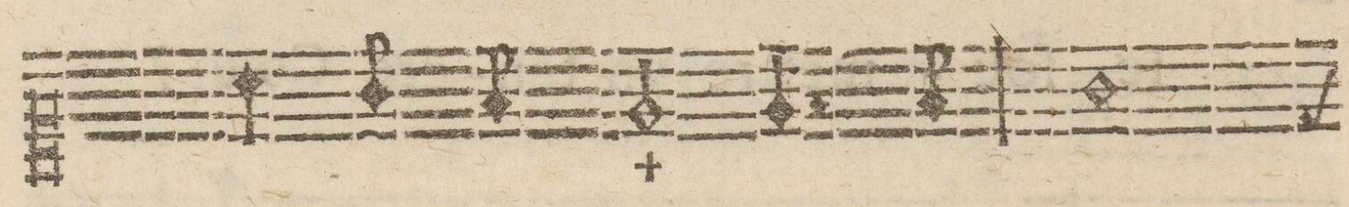


Ses Yeux, ſes deux beaux Yeux,



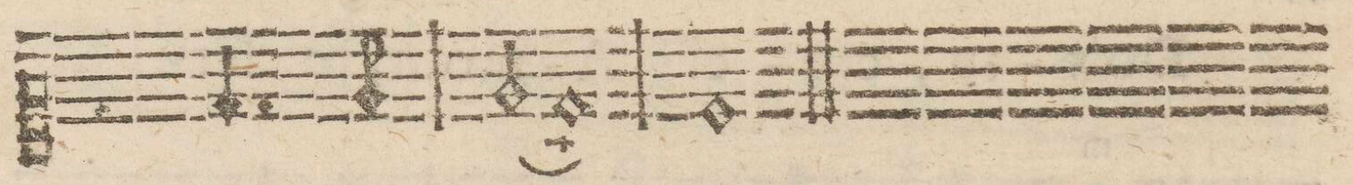
dont j'a - do - re la Loi, Ne ſe-



ront ou-verts que pour moi; Et mon



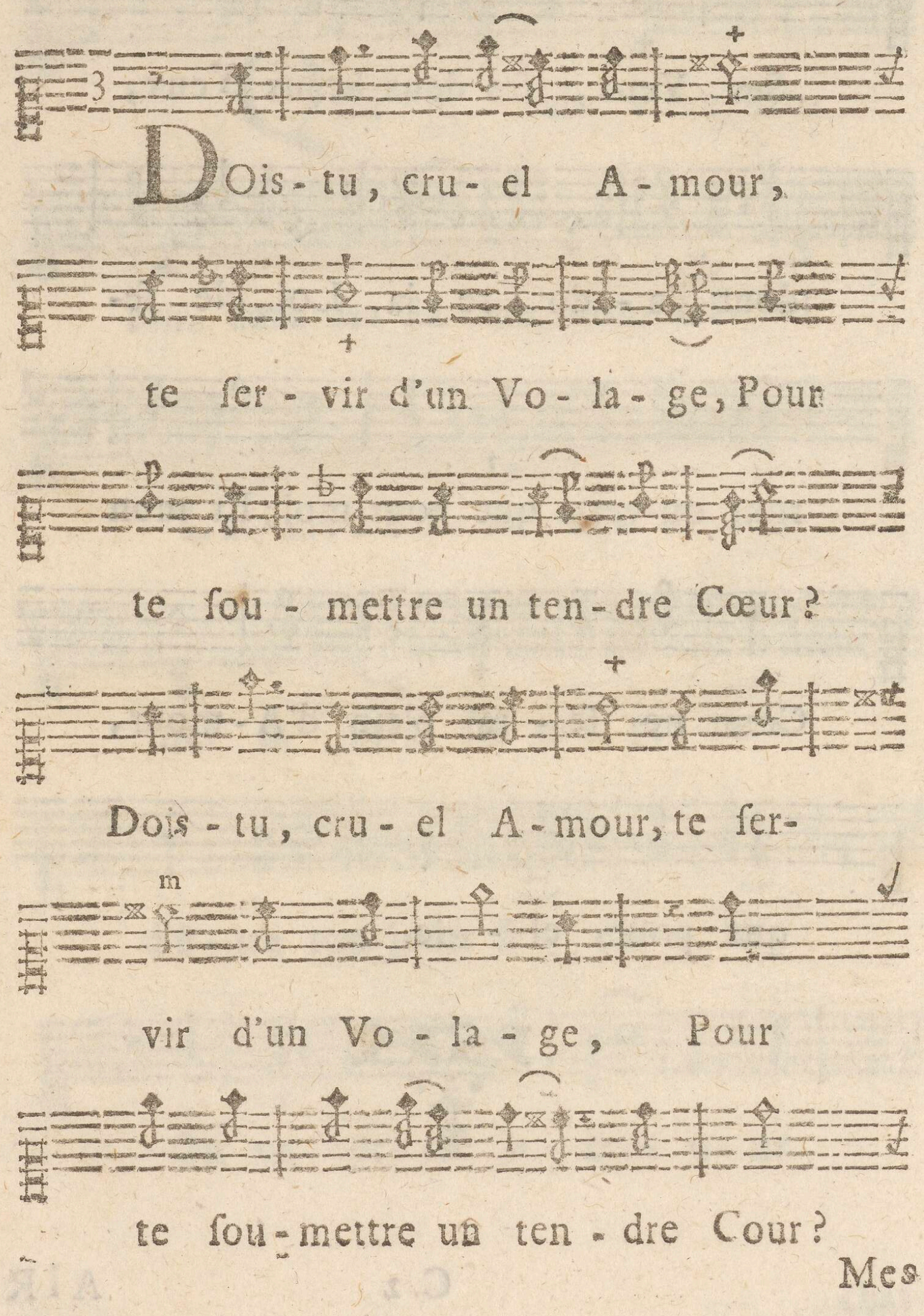
Cœur ne ſe - ra plein d'A - mour,
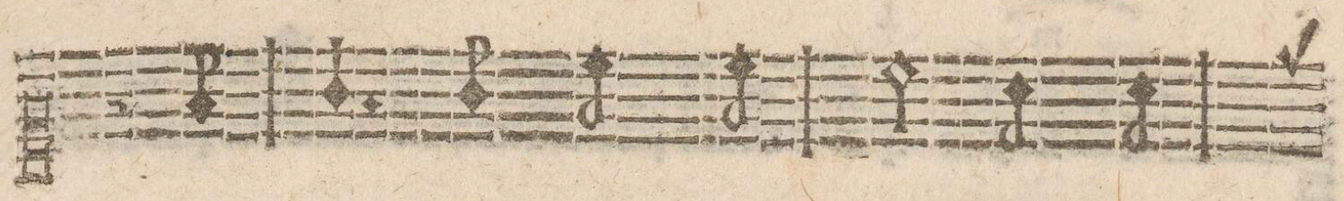


que pour el - le.

AIR TENDRE,
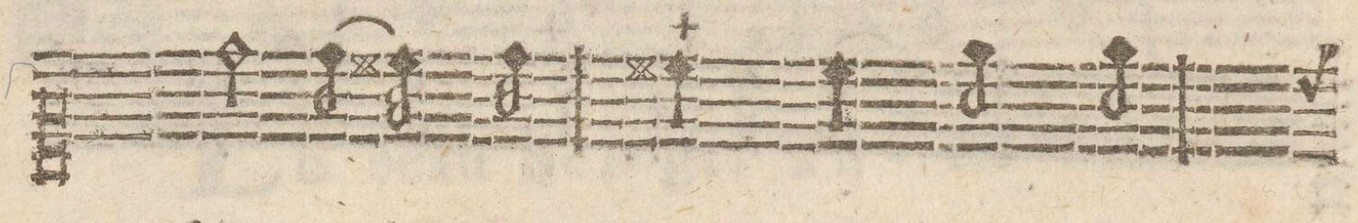
Pour une Demoiſelle piquée contre ſon Amant.
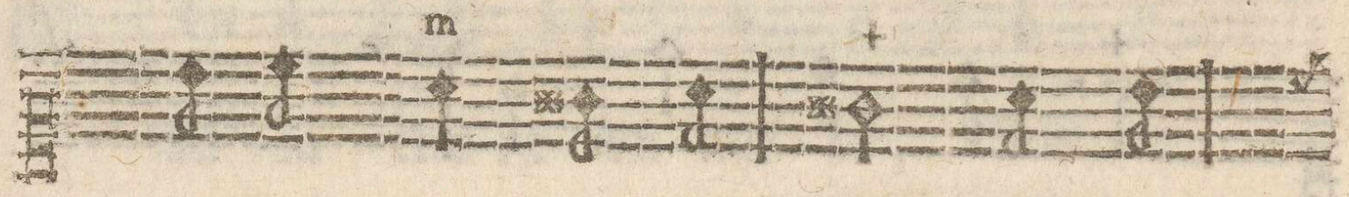


Mes
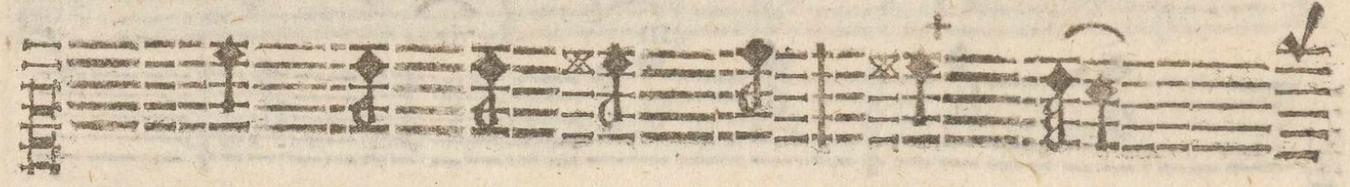


Mes yeux ne re-gnent plus ſur l'ob-



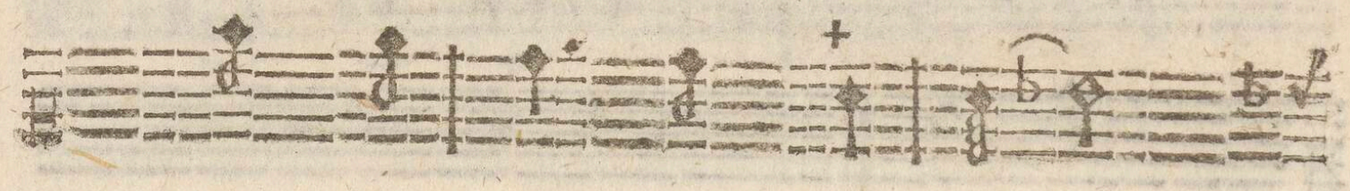
jèt qui m'en-ga-ge, L'In-fi-



dèle é-teint ſon ar-deur, Dès qu'il
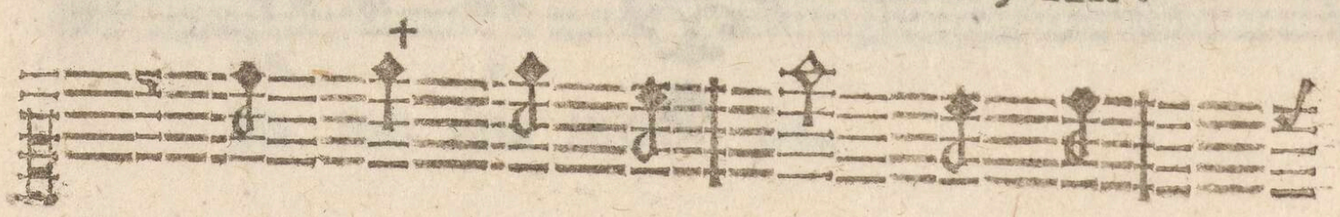


fait que je la par-ta-ge;



Ah! j'ai fait tous mes maux,
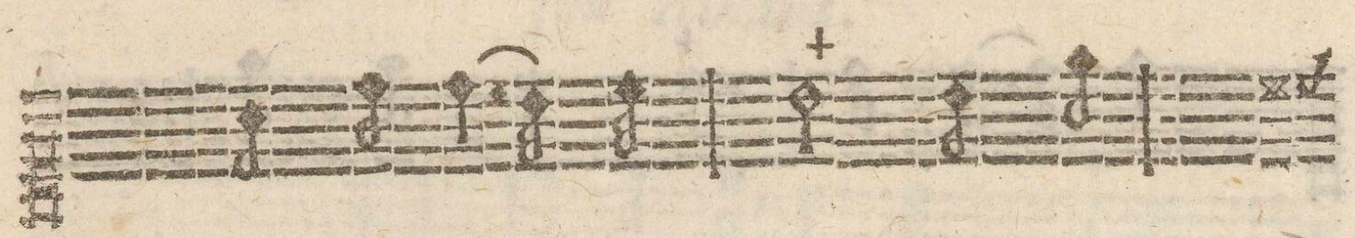


en fai-ſant ſon bon-heur; Ah!
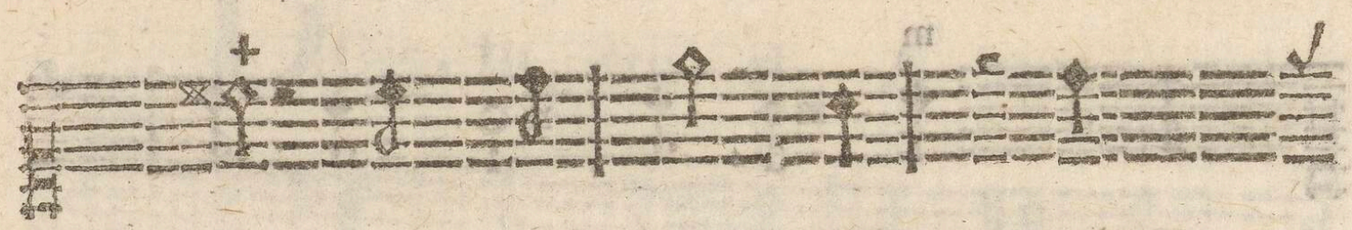


j'ai fait tous mes maux, en fai-



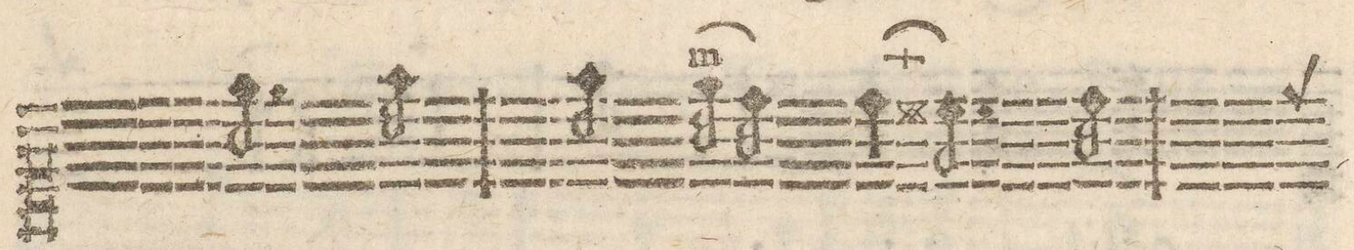
ſant ſon bon - heur. Dois-



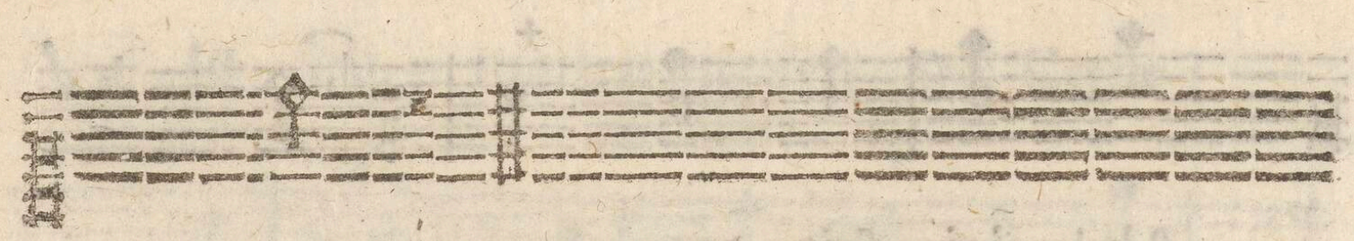
tu, cru- el A - mour, te ſer-



vir d'un vo - la - ge, Pour



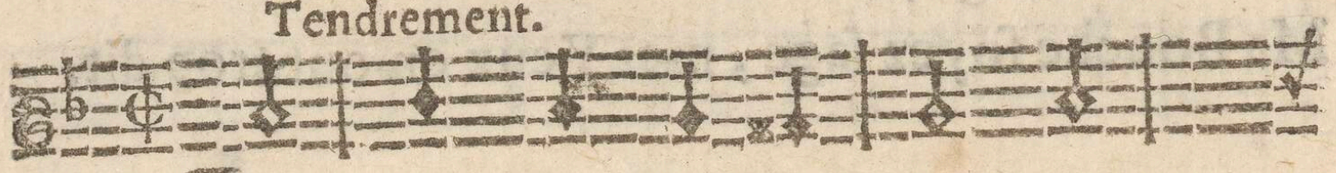
te ſou - met-tre un ten - dre



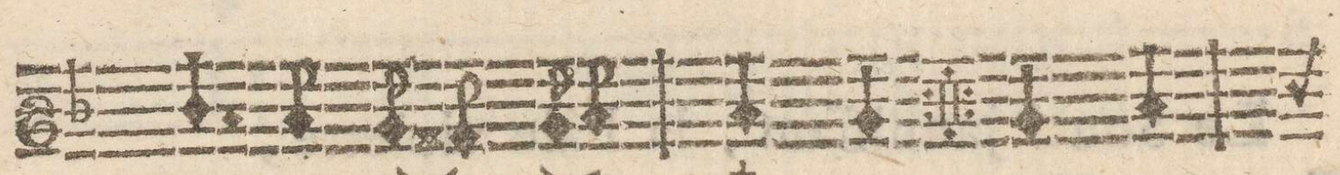
Cœur ?

BRUNETTE.

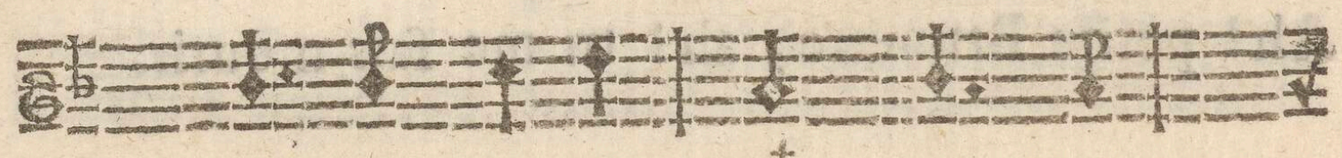
Tendrement.



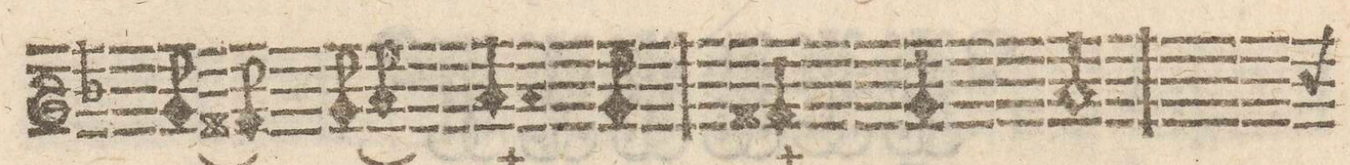
LE beau Ber- ger Tir- cis Près



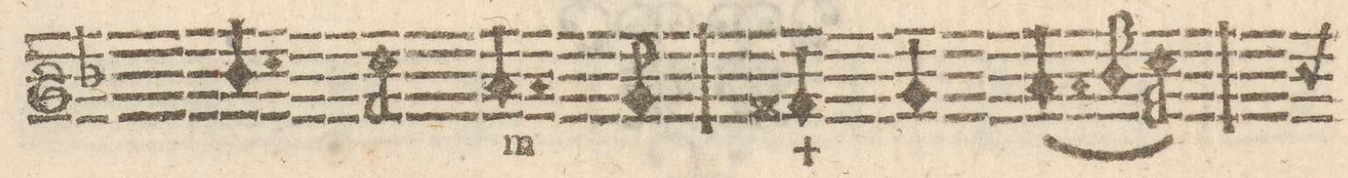
de ſa chè-re An-net-te, Sur les
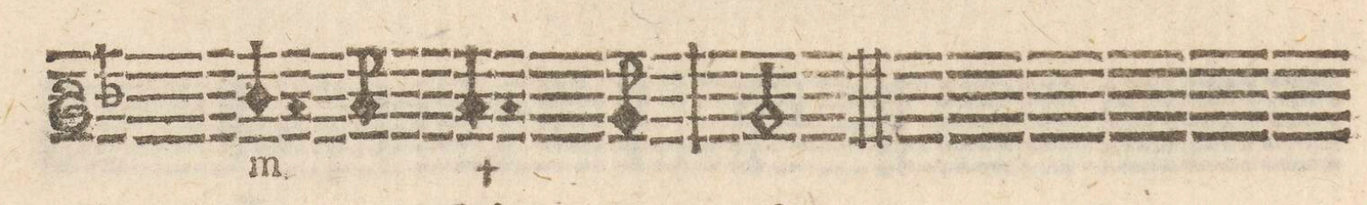


bords du Loire aſ- ſis, Chan-toit



deſ - ſus ſa Mu - ſet - te, Ah!



- pe - ti - te Bru - net-te, Ah!
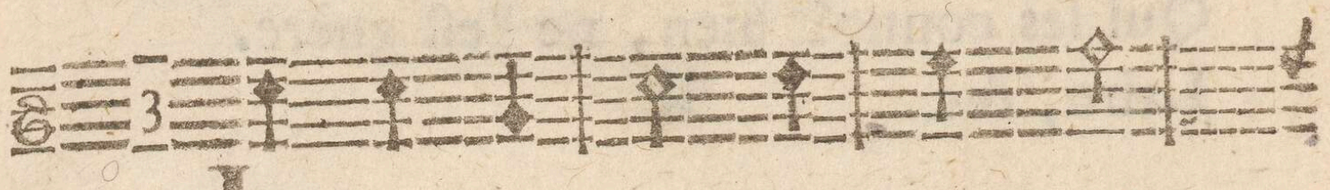


tu me fais mou- rir.

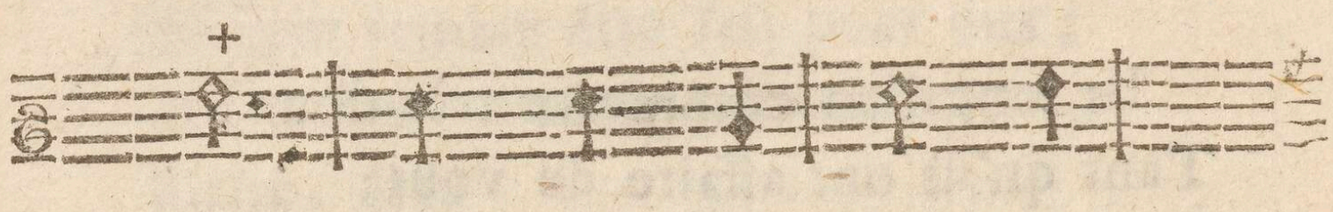
Ah ! petit à petit, je ſens que je m'engage ;
L'Amour prend trop de crédit ; je n'en dis pas d'avantage,
Ma Bouche ſoyez ſage, mes Yeux en ont trop dit.

Le Souci jauniſſant, la Pâle violette,
Sont les Fleurs qui vont naiſſant des Larmes que Tircis jette.
Ah ! petite Brunetre, ah ! tu me fais mourir.

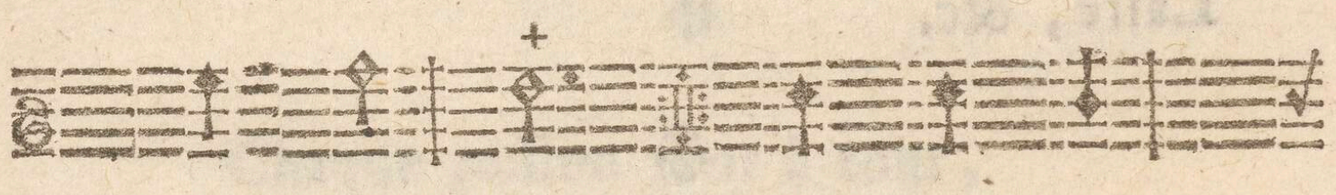
SUR LES GRANDS SEIGNEURS.



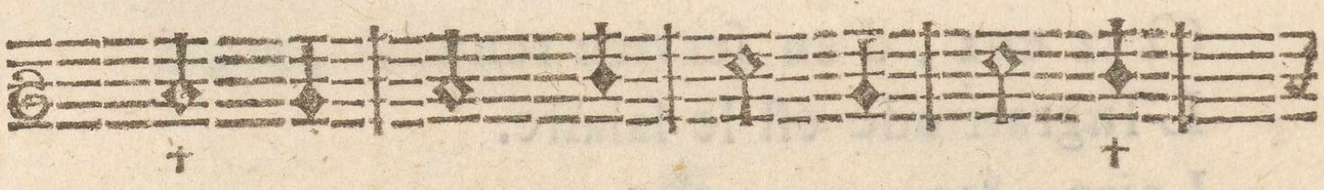
IL faut tou-jours aux grands Sei-
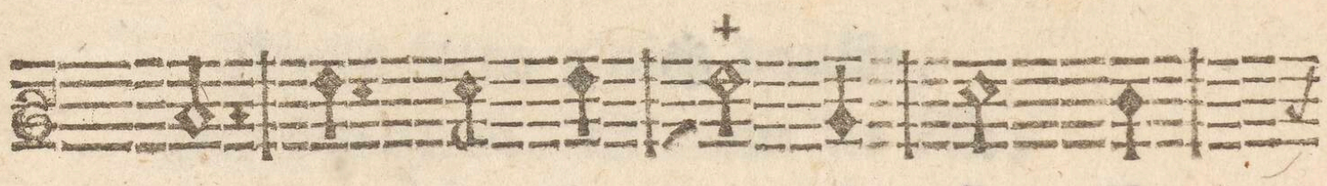


gneurs, Ren-dre tou-te for-



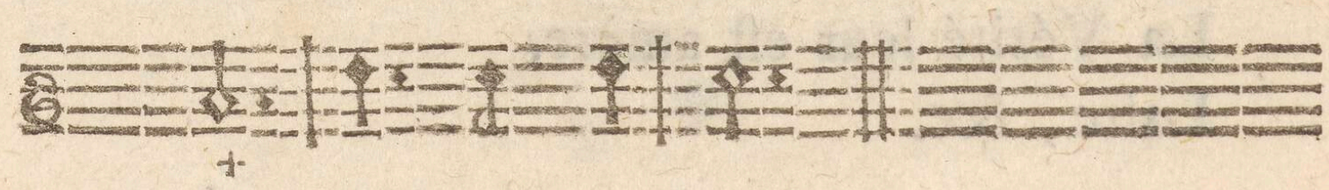
te d'hon-neurs, Les ai-mer,



c'eſt u-ne autre af-fai-re, Lai-re



la, lai-re lan-lai-re; Lai-re



la lai-re lan la.

Qui

Qui ne les connoît qu'à demi,
S'honore d'être leur Ami;
Qui les connoît bien, ne l'eſt guère.
Laire, &c.

Ils ſont d'un commerce très-doux,
Tant qu'ils ont affaire de vous;
Hors de là, c'eſt tout le contraire.
Laire, &c.

Comme ſi tout leur étoit dû,
Chez eux, d'un ſervice rendu,
L'Ingratitude eſt le ſalaire.
Laire, &c.

Il ne leur faut pour Serviteurs
Que de fades Adulateurs,
La Vérité leur eſt amère.
Laire, &c.

Approcher d'eux comme du feu,
Les bien connoître, & les voir peu,

C'eſt

C'eſt le mieux que vous puiſſiez faire.
Laire, &c.

Au dehors ils ſemblent heureux,
Et tout ſemble être fait pour eux;
Au dedans ce n'eſt que miſère.
Laire, &c.

Chaque paſſion tour à tour,
Comme une eſpèce de Vautour,
Les déchire, & les déſeſpère.
Laire, &c.

D'une ſotte gloire bouffis,
Des Dieux ils s'eſtiment les Fils;
Soſie eſt peut-être leur Père.
Laire, &c.

Leur Mère en ſçait la Verité,
Quoiqu'il en ſoit, la Vanité
Fait preſque tout leur caractère.
Laire, &c.

Ce ſont des Balons que le ſort
Pouſſe en l'Air, ou plus ou moins fort,
Et dont il jouë à ſa manière.
Laire, &c.

Des Globes de Savon, & d'Eau,
Que forme au bout d'un Chalumeau,
D'un Enfant l'haleine legère.
Laire, &c.

Chaque Globe eſt plus ou moins grand,
Mais tous ne ſont pleins que de vent;
Telle eſt des Grands, la troupe entière.
Laire, &c.

Dès l'Enfance, à l'Erreur livrez,
Et de la Vérité ſevrez,
Ils ſe repaiſſent de Chimère.
Laire, &c.

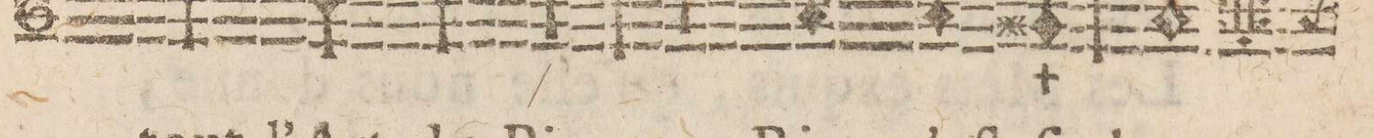
A peine ont-ils le ſens commun;
J'en excepte pourtant quelqu'un,

Que

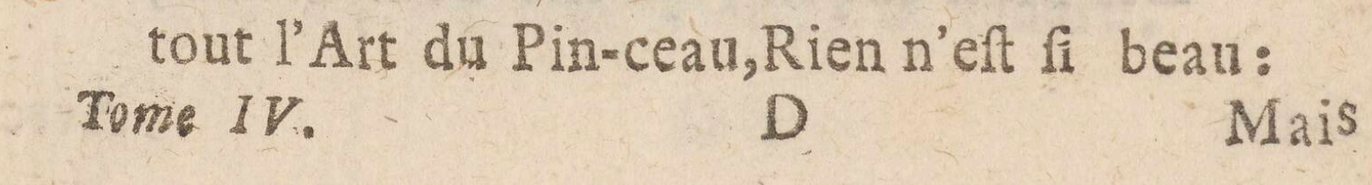
Que j'eſtime, & que je revère.
Laire, &c.

Le reſte n'eſt bon qu'à noyer;
Auſſi j'opine à l'envoyer,
Par le plus court, à la Rivière.
Laire, &c.

CHANSONNETTE.



AH! que ma Cli-mène eſt char-



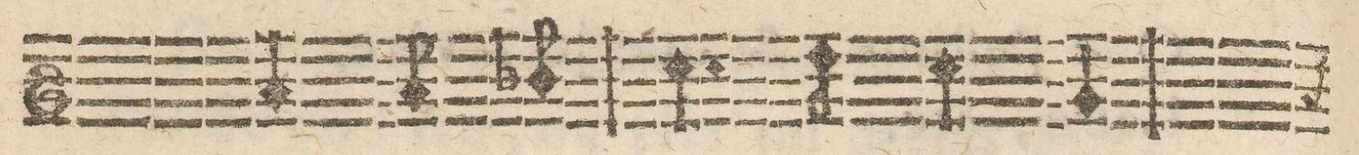
man-te, Sa beau-té na-ï-



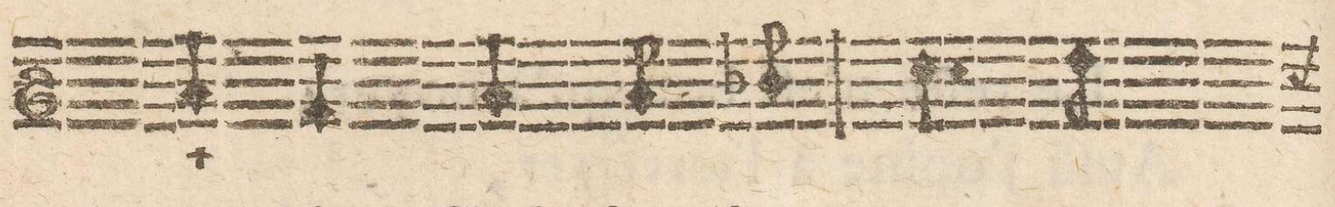
ve, & tou-chan-te, Sur-paſ-ſe



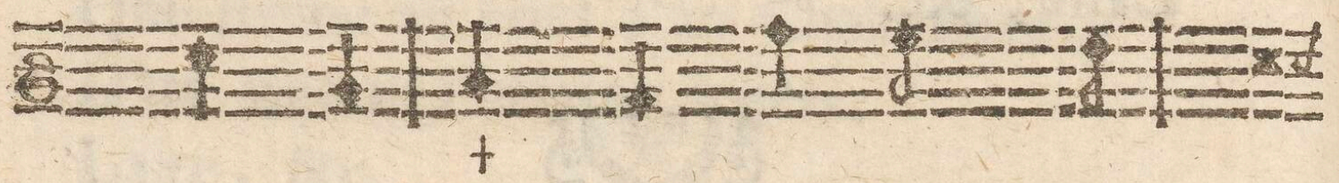
tout l'Art du Pin-ceau, Rien n'eſt ſi beau:



Mais ce qui la rend a - do-



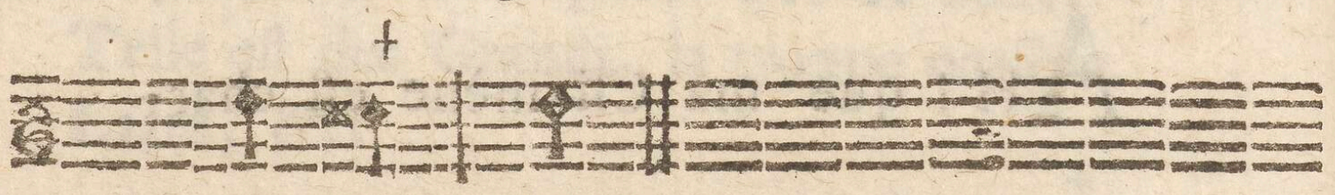
ra - ble, C'eſt ſon hu - meur tou-



jours ai - ma - ble, El - le eſt plus



dou - ce qu'un Mou - ton, Rien



eſt ſi bon.

Tout eſt charmant à cette Table,
Mais notre Hôteſſe incomparable,
En eſt le plus friand morceau,
Rien n'eſt ſi beau:
De mille attraits, elle aſſaiſonne,
Les Mèts exquis, qu'elle nous donne;

Avec

Avec elle on eſt ſans façon,
Rien n'eſt ſi bon.

Vive le Dieu de la Richeſſe,
Pour éblouïr une Maitreſſe;
Non, l'Amour avec ſon Flambeau,
N'eſt pas ſi beau:
Sans Art, ſans Eſprit, ſans Adreſſe,
Il vient à bout d'une Tigreſſe:
Non, tout le Savoir d'Apollon,
N'eſt pas ſi bon.

Jeunes Amans, qui voulez plaire,
C'eſt peu d'un Cœur tendre, & ſincère,
Joignez-y ſouvent le Cadeau,
Rien n'eſt ſi beau:
Il faut donner ſi l'on veut prendre:
C'eſt par-là qu'on ſe fait entendre,
Et pour amorcer un Tendron,
Rien n'eſt ſi bon.

Jeunes Beautez, qui voulez rendre,
Un Cœur toujours ſoumis, & tendre,

Aujourd'hui c'eſt du fruit nouveau,
Rien n'eſt ſi beau:
En marchant dans la tendre Lice,
Gardez que le pièd ne vous gliſſe;
Retenez bien cette Leçon,
Rien n'eſt ſi bon.

Un Amant, pour fléchir ſa Belle,
Lui jure une ardeur éternelle,
Qui doit durer juſqu'au tombeau,
Rien n'eſt ſi beau:
Mais, hélas! ce Trompeur la quitte,
Et comme Jaſon, prend la fuite,
Dès qu'il a conquis la Toiſon,
Rien n'eſt ſi bon.

D'un Epoux l'humeur eſt gentille,
Quand il quitte ſon Domicile,
Il eſt galant, & damoiſeau,
Rien n'eſt ſi beau:
Mais chez lui toujours il murmure,
Toujours gronde, toujours cenſure.
Hélas! comment l'aimeroit-on?
Rien n'en eſt bon.

D'un Barbon l'Epouſe prudente,
Se déſole quand il s'abſente,
Ses Pleurs coulent comme un Ruiſſeau,
Rien n'eſt ſi beau:
Elle en conçoit tant de triſteſſe,
Qu'on la voit tomber de foibleſſe,
Entre les Bras d'un Céladon,
Rien n'eſt ſi bon.

Avant les Nœuds du Mariage,
Une Fillette douce & ſage,
Rougit à l'Aſpect d'un Chapeau,
Rien n'eſt ſi beau:
Dès que le Contract eſt en forme,
En Démon, l'Ange ſe transforme,
Et la Brebis, devient Dragon,
Rien n'en eſt bon.
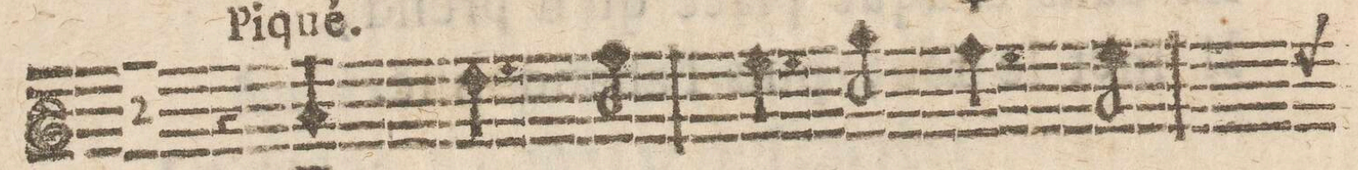
Une Agnès qui ſort de la grille,
Flatte un Epoux d'un air tranquile;
De la Vertu c'eſt le tableau,
Rien n'eſt ſi beau:
Mais ſouvent c'eſt la plus habile,
A tromper un Epoux facile,

Et pour en faire un Actéon,
Rien n'eſt ſi bon.
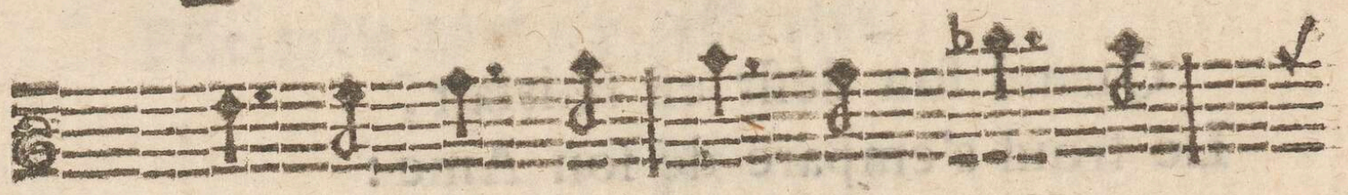
Maris, voulez-vous que vos Femmes,
Vous conſervent toutes leurs flâmes,
Et qu'aucun n'ait part au gâteau,
Rien n'eſt ſi beau:
Par une douce complaiſance,
Excitez-es à la conſtance;
Pour les ranger à la raiſon,
Rien n'eſt ſi bon.

VERITEZ IMPORTANTES.

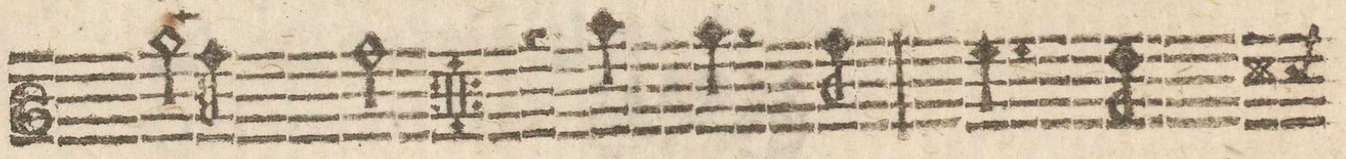
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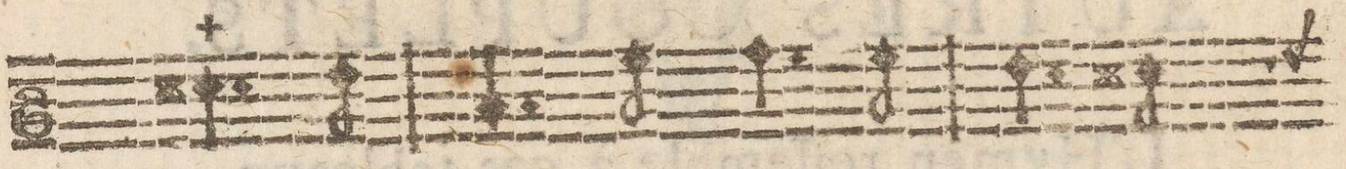


NE vous laiſ- ſez ja-mais char-



mer, I- ris, c'eſt u-ne er-reur ex-



trê - me; Un A-mant feint de



vous ai - mer, Sou vent il n'ai - me



que ſoi - mê - me.

Quand il pourſuit, c'eſt un Chaſſeur,
Qui brave les Vents & la Bize:
Mais ſi-tôt qu'il eſt Poſſeſſeur,
Il court après une autre priſe.

Il eſt ſemblable au Conquerant,
Qu'entrainent la Gloire, & Bellone:
Et dans chaque place qu'il prend,
Il met le feu, puis l'abandonne.

Quand ſon déſir eſt ſatisfait,
Le froid s'empare de ſon Ame:
Son feu, n'eſt qu'un feu de Mouſquet,
Quand le coup part, adieu la flâme.

AUTRES COUPLETS.

L'Hymen reſſemble à ces tableaux,
Où l'Art fait briller ſon adreſſe:
En s'éloignant d'eux, ils ſont beaux,
Qu'on aproche, leur Beauté ceſſe.

L'éclat des plus vives couleurs,
S'éfface dans le Mariage:
Et le fruit fait tomber les fleurs,
Si-tôt qu'en ſes nœuds on s'engage.

BIBLIOTEKA M.K. CRAKOWSKICH

AUTRES COUPLETS.

Au Palais qu'habitent les Rois,
La jeune Coquette reſſemble:
Petits & Grands, Princes, Bourgeois,
Pêle-mêle tout s'y raſſemble.

Son Cœur pour le bien définir,
Eſt tel qu'une glace brillante:
Qui reçoit ſans rien retenir,
Tous les objèts qu'on lui préſente.

AUTRE.

Pendant les Ardeurs de l'Eté,
La Plante meurt, ſi l'on n'arroſe:
Jeune Iris, votre cruauté,
Au même deſtin, vous expoſe.

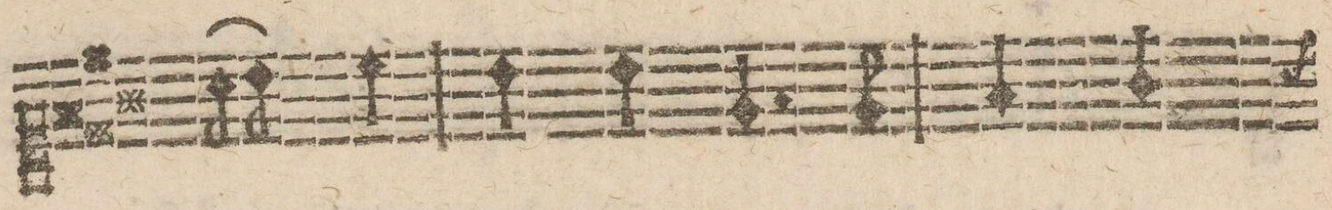
AUTRE.

Maris, vous vous fâchez à tort,
De ce qu'on vous met à la mode:
Un logis, dont votre Ami ſort,
En eſt-il pour vous moins commode?

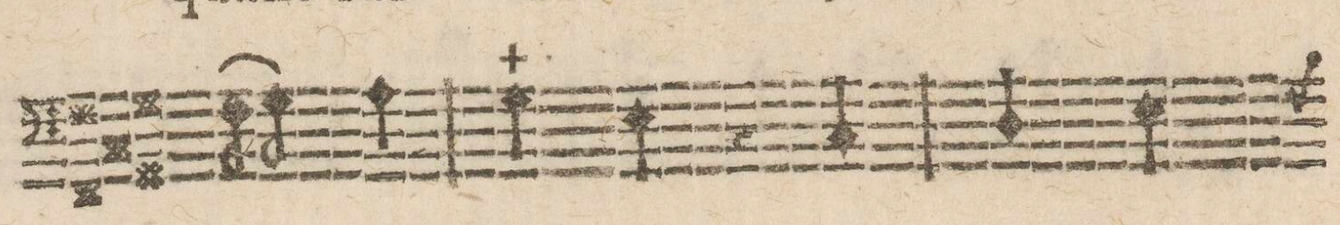
AIR A DEUX PARTIES.



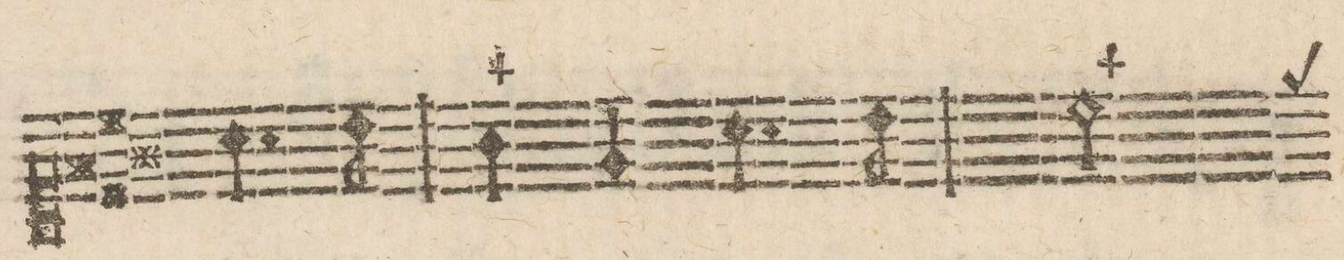
quant



quant ſur un tré-tiau, Di-ſoit au



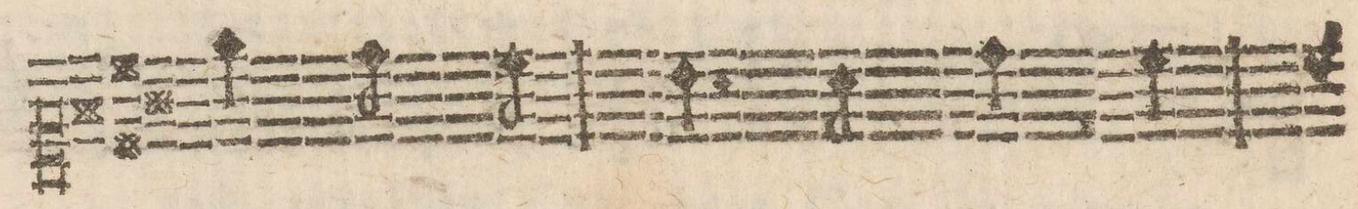
lec-teur Blai-ſe, Trin-quant ſur
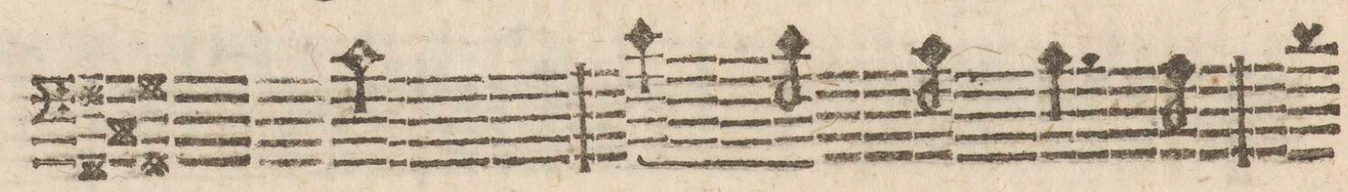


gros Lu-cas, au gros Lu - cas,



un tré-tiau, Di-ſoit au gros Lu-



Par-guié, Cou-ſin, je n'en-tens

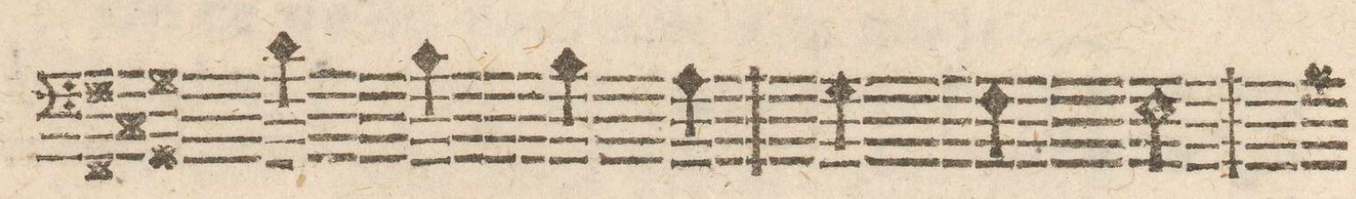


cas, Par-guié, Cou-ſin, je
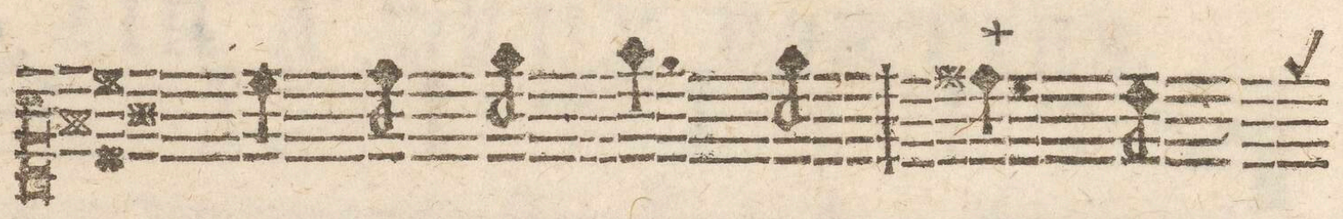
rian



rian à ce tra - cas, Plus je
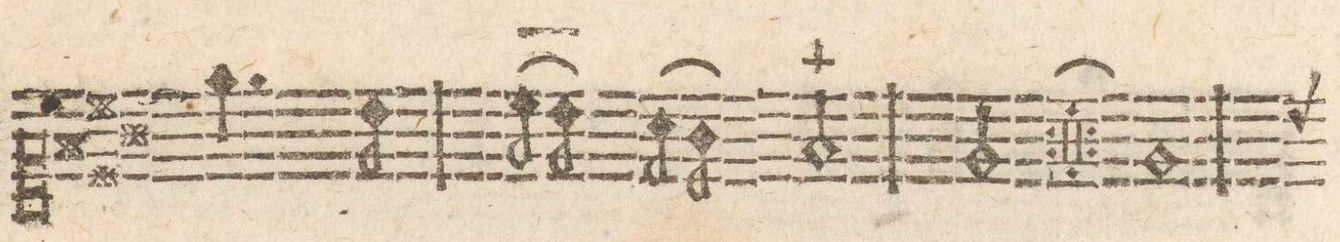


n'en - tens rian à ce tra - cas,
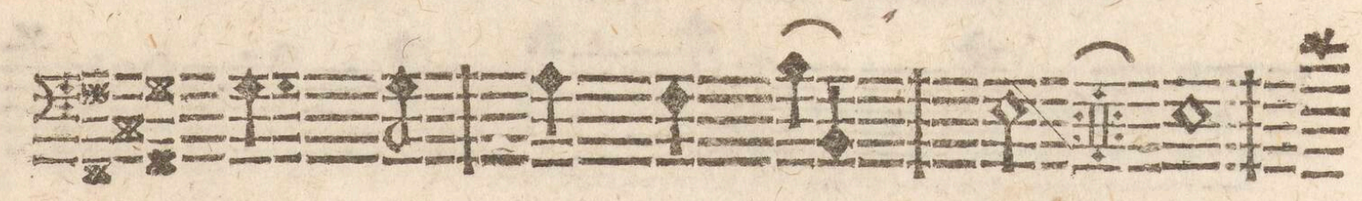


vois no - tre Femme, & moins, &



Plus je vois no - tre Femme, &

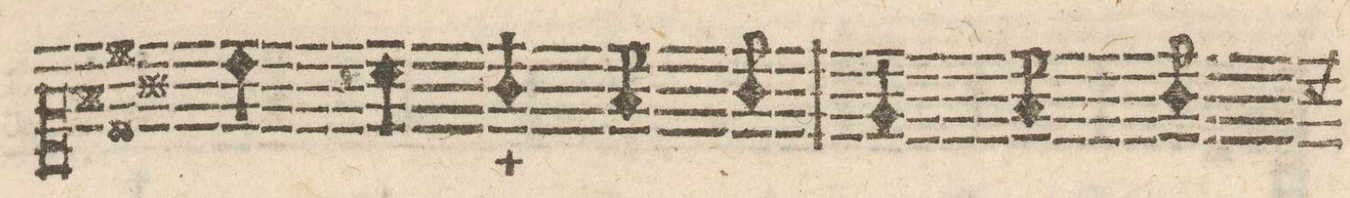


moins je ſis bian - ai - ſe. ſe.



moins je ſis bian - ai - ſe. ſe.

Mais,



Mais, mor-gué pour le Vin, pour le
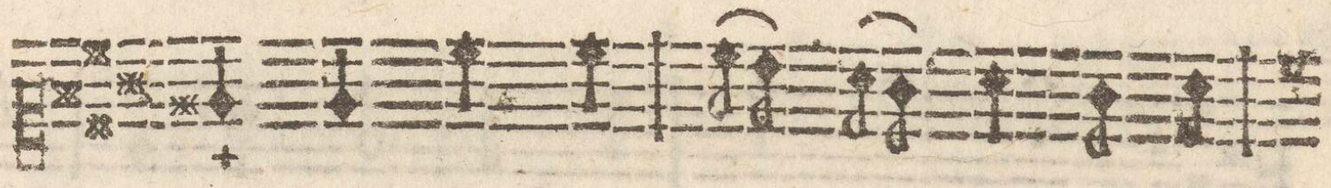


Mais, mor - gué pour le
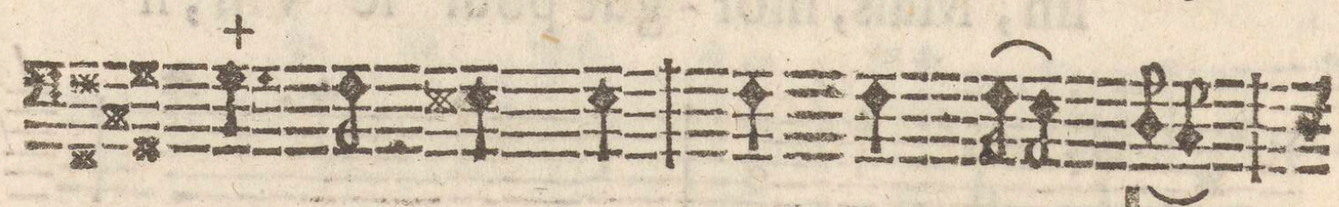


Vin il n'en eſt pas de



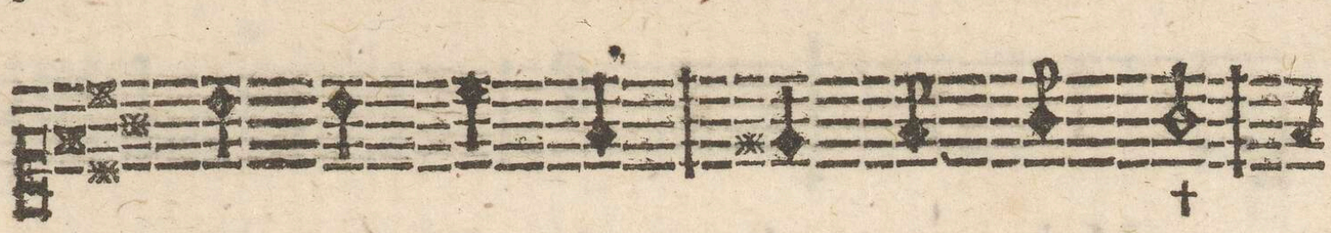
Vin, pour le Vin il n'en eſt



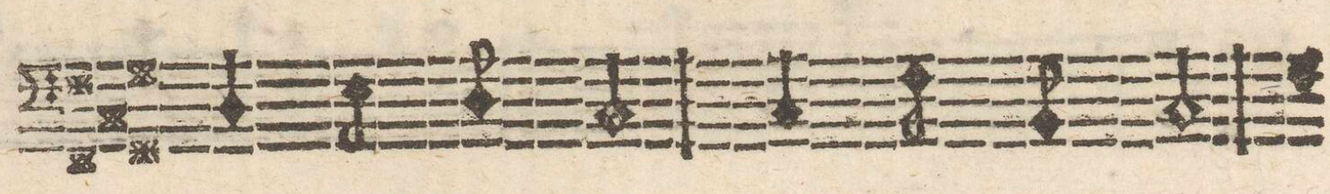
mê-me, Plus j'en bois, Cou-ſin, plus je
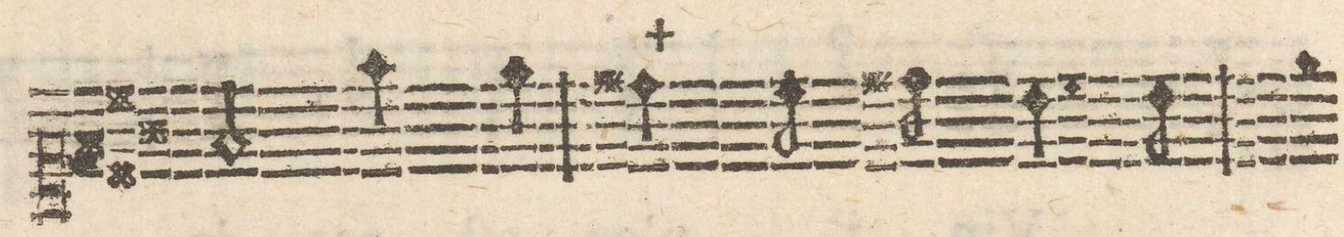


pas de mê-me, Plus j'en bois, cou-



l'ai-me, Plus j'en bois plus je l'ai-
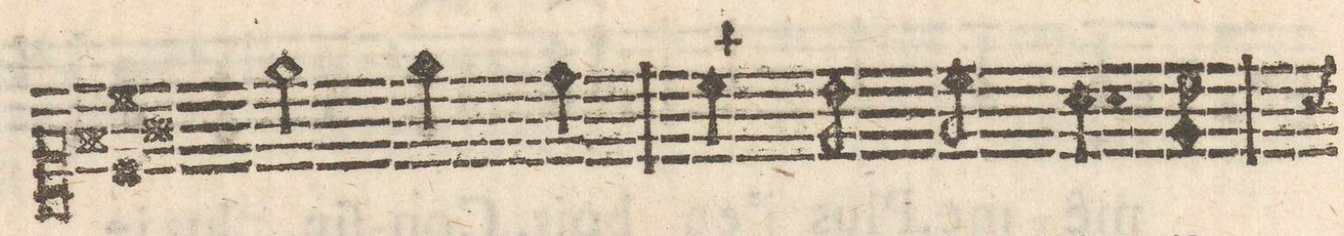


ſin, plus je l'ai - me, plus je l'ai-



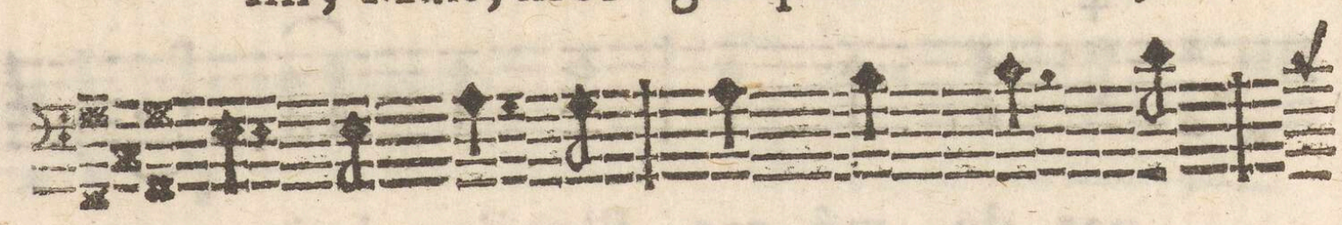
me, Mais, mor-gué pour le Vin, Cou-



me, Mais, mor-gué pour le
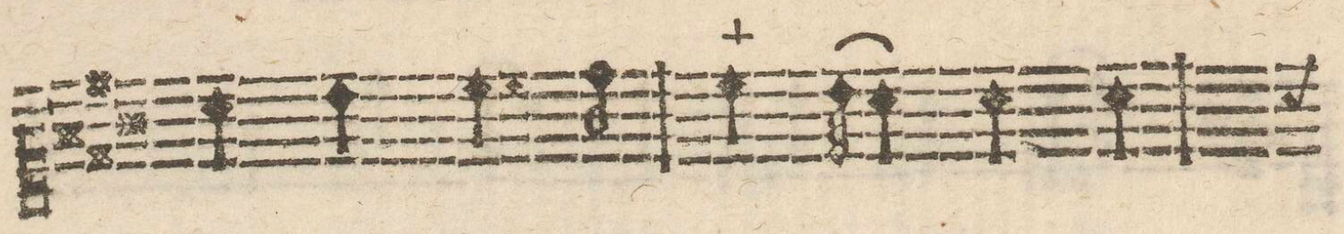


ſin, Mais, mor-gué pour le Vin, il

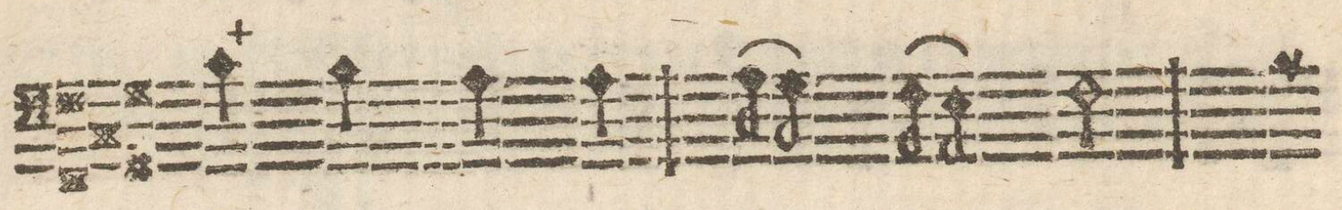


Vin, Cou-ſin, il n'en eſt pas de

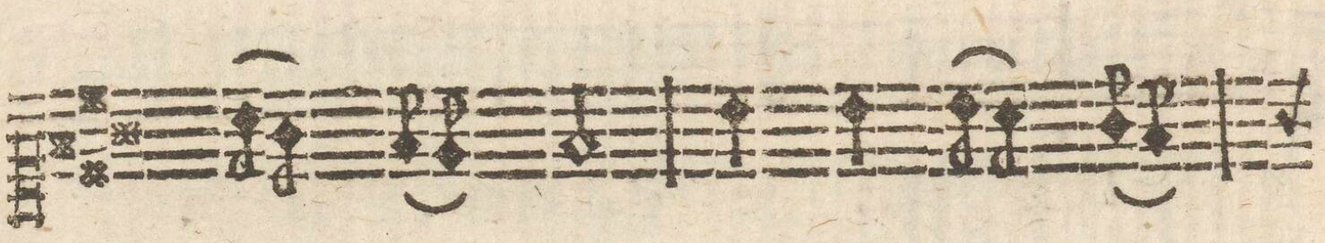
n'en



n'en eſt pas de mê-me, Plus j'en
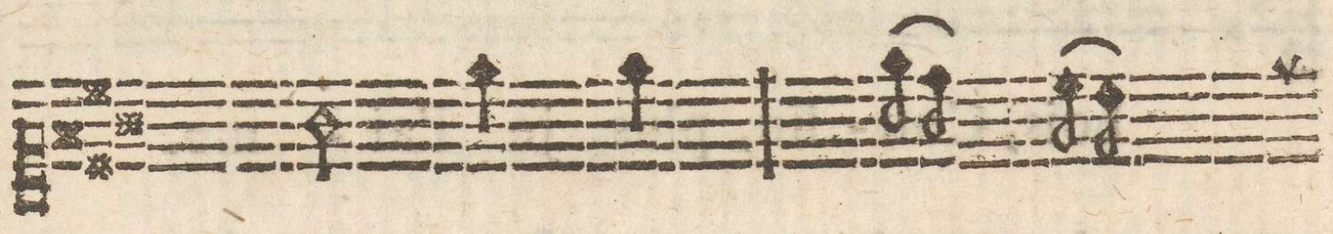


mê-me, Plus j'en bois, Cou-ſin,
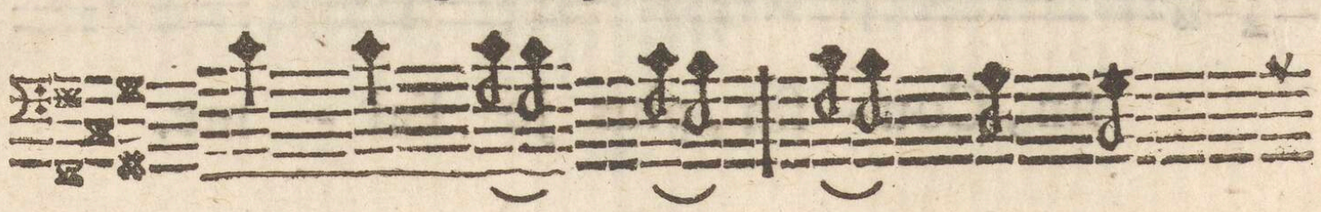


bois, Cou-ſin, plus j'en bois, Cou-



plus je l'ai-me, plus je l'ai-me,



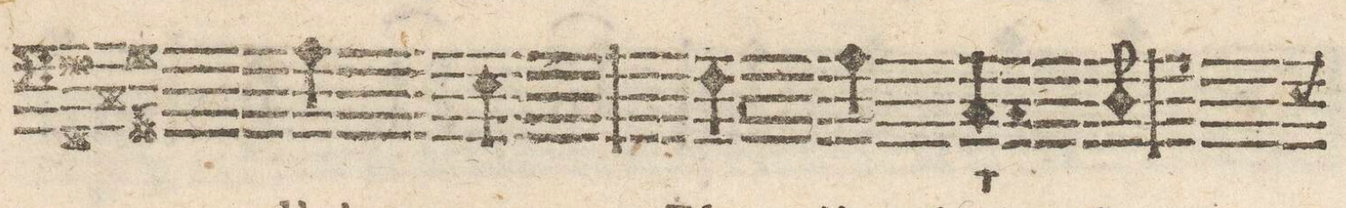
fin, plus j'en bois, Cou-
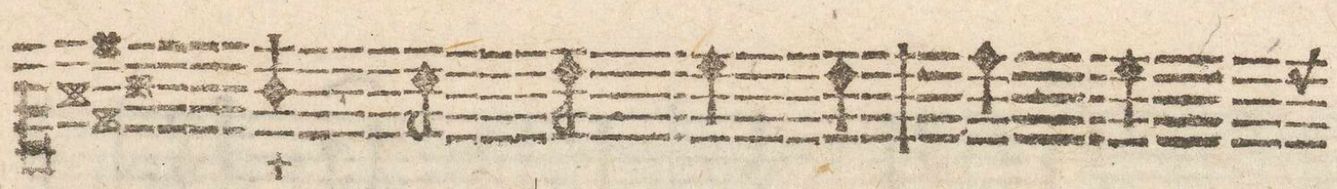


Plus j'en bois, Cou-ſin, plus je



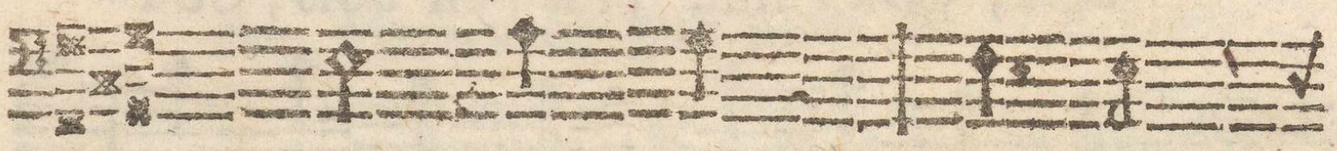
fin, plus je l'ai-me plus j'en



l'ai - me, Plus j'en bois, Cou-



bois plus je l'ai-me, Plus je



fin, Plus j'en bois, Cou-



bois, Cou-fin, plus je l'ai - me.



fin, Cou- fin, plus je l'ai - me.

GA-

GAVOTTE.
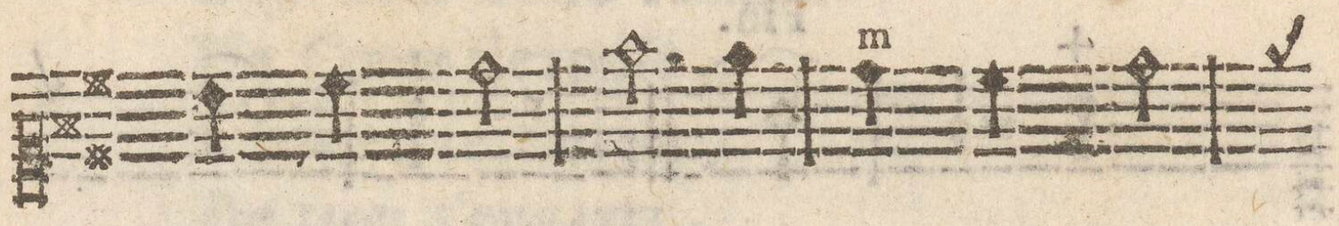


I - Ris, pourquoi vous en dé-



fen - dre, Ce - dez ai - mez à



vo - tre tour; Vous m'a-vez don - né

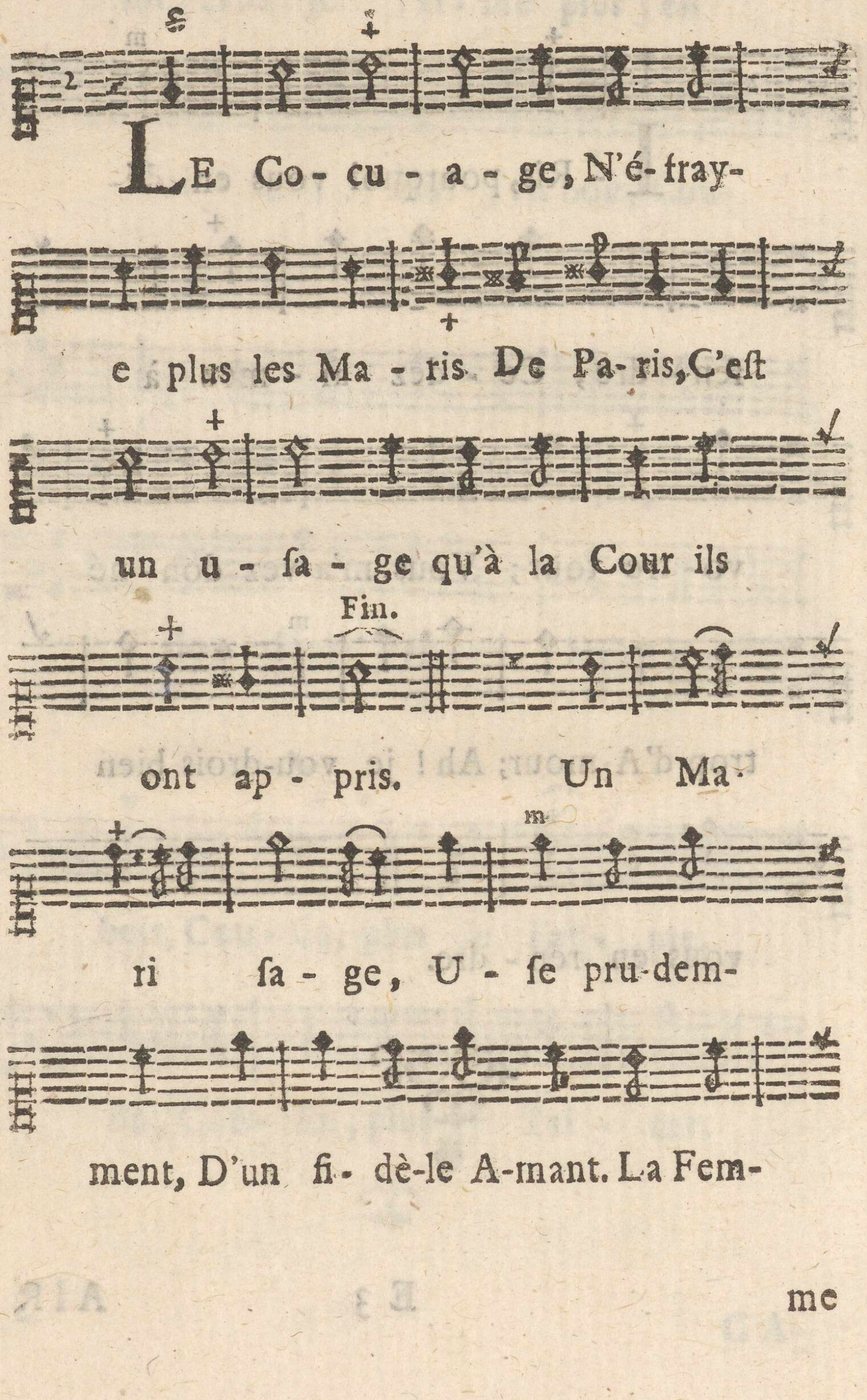


trop d'A-mour; Ah! je vou-drois bien



vous en ren - dre.

AIR GAI.



LE Co- cu - a - ge, N'é- fray-

e plus les Ma - ris De Pa- ris, C'eſt
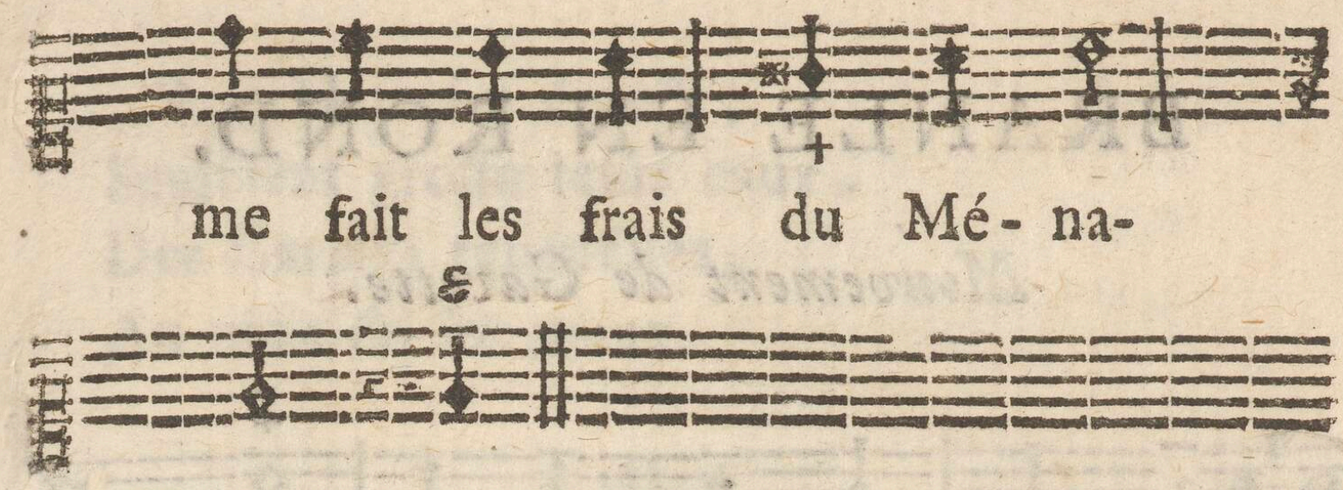
un u - ſa - ge qu'à la Cour ils

ont ap - pris. Un Ma-

ri ſa - ge, U - ſe pru-dem-

ment, D'un fi- dè-le A-mant. La Fem-

me



me fait les frais du Mé- na-

ge. Le, &c.

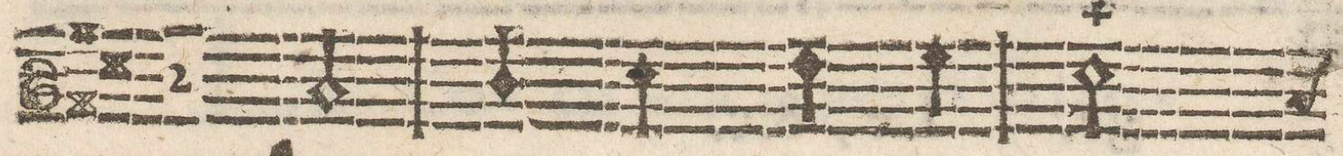


Tircis, je n'oſe
Ecouter ton Chalumeau,
Sous l'Ormeau,
Car on en cauſe,
Déja dans notre Hameau;
Un Cœur s'expoſe,
Souvent au danger,
De trop s'engager,
Et ſouvent l'Epine eſt ſous la Roſe.
Tircis, je n'oſe, &c.

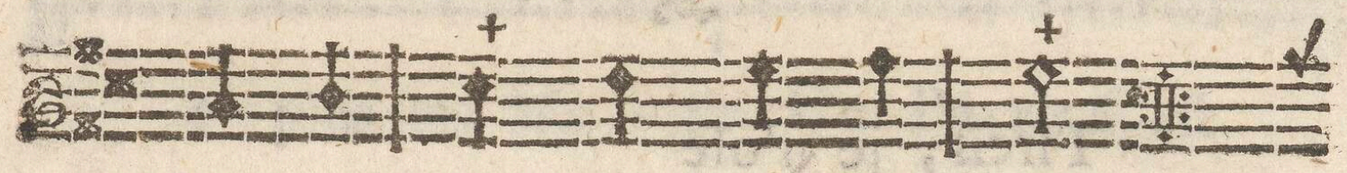


BRANLE EN ROND.

Mouvement de Gavotte.



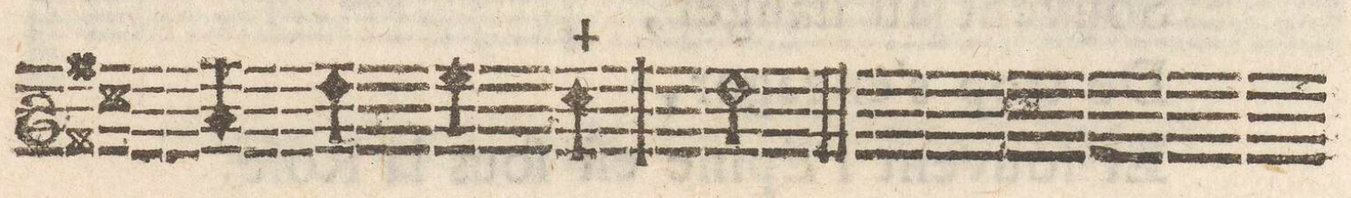
AU bord d'u - ne Fon - tai-



ne, A l'om - bre d'un Or - meau,



Tir - cis chan - te la pei - ne, Au



ſon du Cha - lu - meau.

Nimphes, qui pour l'entendre,
Quittez votre ſéjour :
Fut-il un Cœur plus tendre,
Et plus digne d'Amour ?

Les Nayades émuës,
Semblent groſſir leurs eaux,
Des Larmes repanduës,
Au récit de ſes maux.

La Driade ſoupire,
Dans le milieu des Bois,
Et Faune même admire,
Le doux bruit de ſa Voix.

Echo voudroit ſe taire,
Pour l'écouter auſſi,
Mais ne pouvant le faire,
Elle pleure avec lui.

C'eſt pour vous, Célimeine,
Que languit cet Amant;
Il adore ſa Chaine,
Et chérit ſon tourment.

Les

Quand

Quand vos rigueurs, la Belle,
Le rendroient malheureux ;
Son Cœur toujours fidelle,
N'éteindroit point ſes feux.

Devenez donc ſenſible,
A ſes tendres regrets ;
Quoi ! ſera-t'il poſſible,
Que vous n'aimiez jamais ?

En vain vous étes fière,
Il aura du ſecours ;
Ecoutez la prière,
Qu'il fait au Dieu d'Amour.

Puiſſant Dieu de Cythère,
Tu m'as mis ſous ta Loi ;
Mais, hélas ! c'eſt peu faire,
Si tu n'y mèts que moi.

Ache-

Acheve ta Victoire,
Peut-on te resister?
Il y va de ta gloire,
Frape sans hésiter.

Si ton bandeau t'empêche,
De la pouvoir blesser,
Je conduirai la flêche,
Dont tu la dois percer.
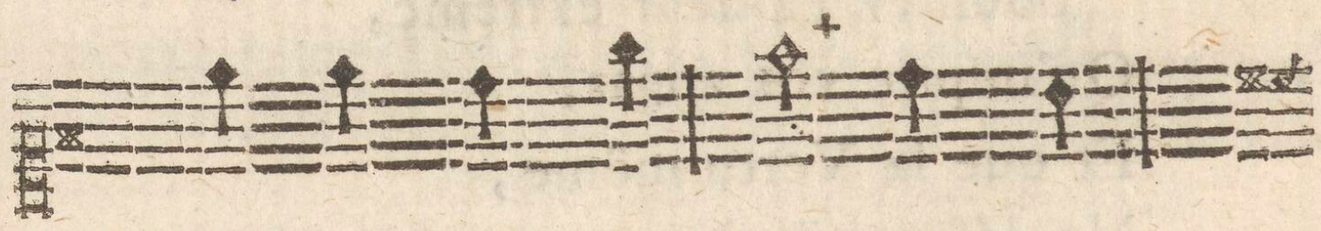
ARIETTE.



UN jour le beau Li-san-



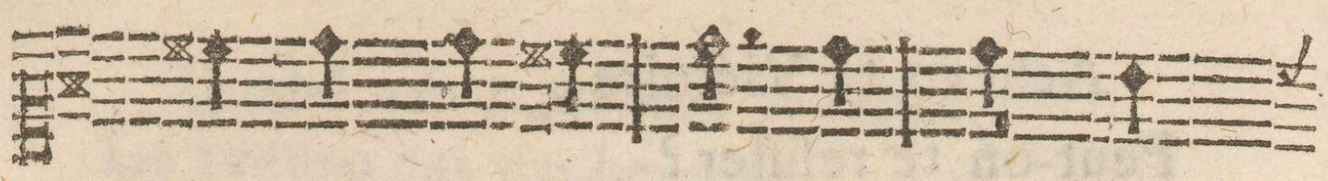
dre, Sur des Ga-zons fleu-ris, A-



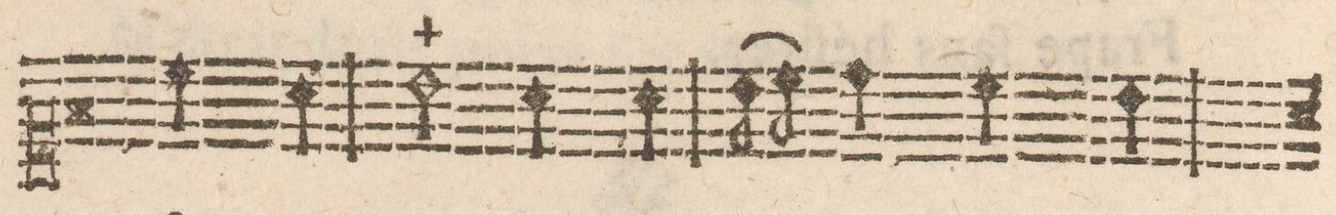
bor-da d'un air ten-dre, La

jeune

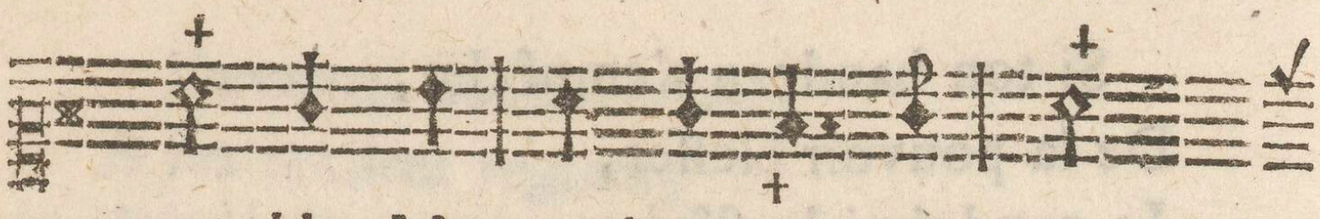
Ache-
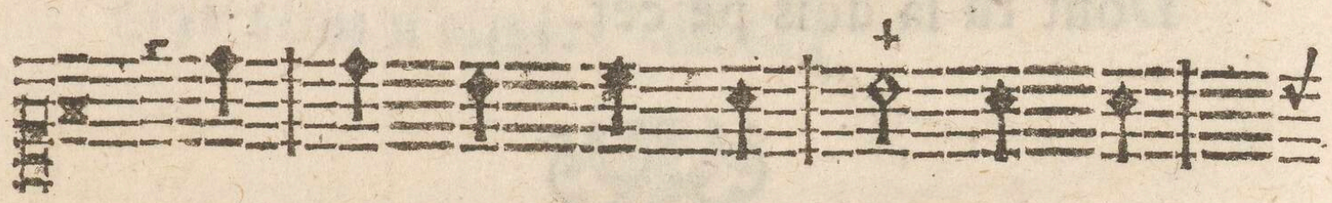


jeune A-ma-rïl - lis. Puis qu'un fort



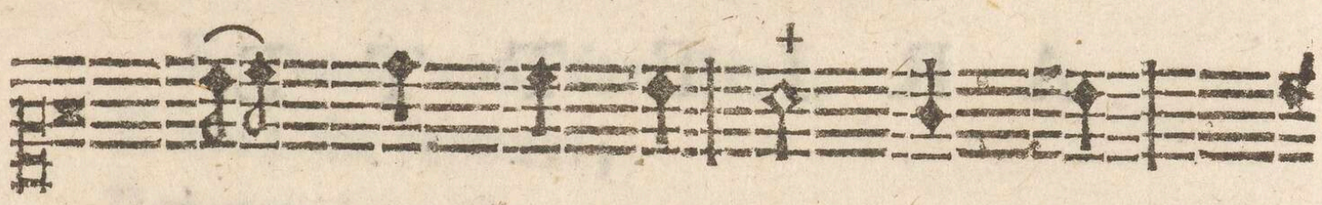
fa - vo - ra - ble, Lui, dit - il, Nimphe ai-



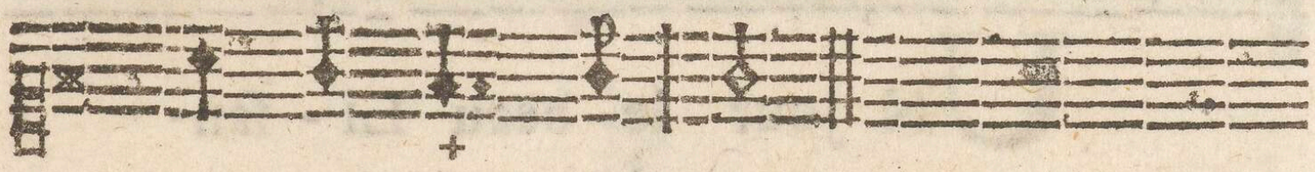
ma-ble, Me rend à vos ge-noux;



Pour cal-mer mon Mar-ty- re, Per-



met- tez-moi de di - re, Ce
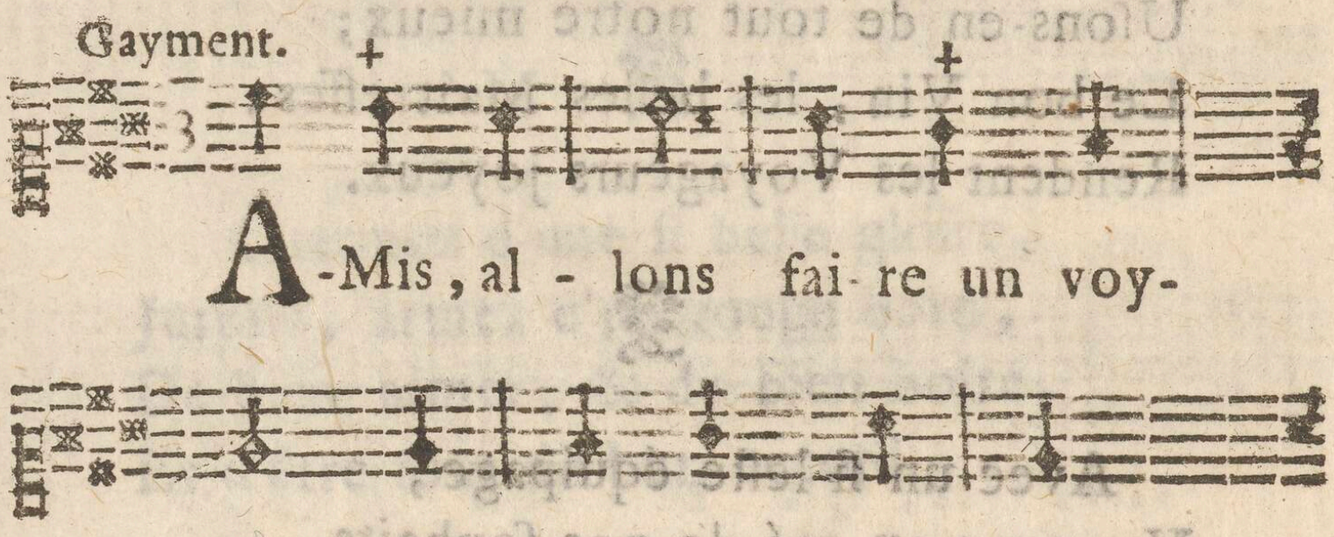


que je ſens pour vous.
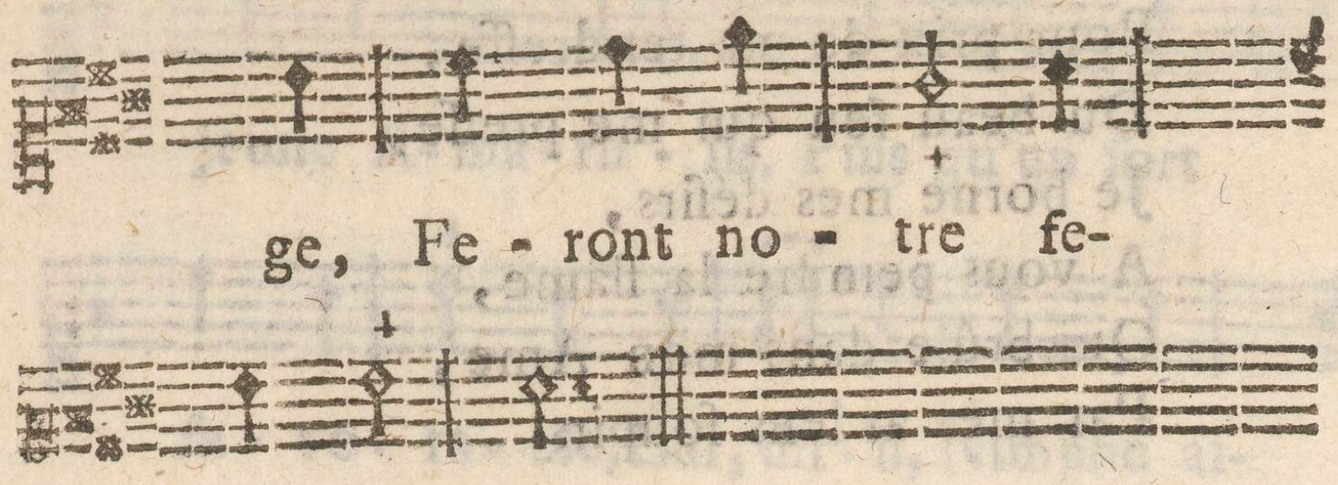
Souffrez l'ardeur extrême,
Qu'inſpire vos appas,
Et que la Vertu même,
Ne déſavouëroit pas,

Pour

Pour prix de ma tendreſſe,
Du beau feu qui me preſſe,
Je borne mes déſirs,
A vous peindre la flâme,
Qui brûle dans mon Ame,
Par mes ardens ſoupirs.

MENUET.





Embarquons toutes nos richeſſes,
Uſons-en de tout notre mieux;
Le bon Vin, les belles Maîtreſſes,
Rendent les Voyageurs joyeux.

Avec un ſi leſte équipage,
Voguons au gré de nos ſouhaits,
Les Vents, la Tempête, & l'Orage,
Nous laiſſent manœuvrer en paix.

Mais déja l'amoureux Empire,
Paroît à nos regards ſurpris;
C'eſt-là qu'un aimable délire,
Attendrit Bachus, & Cypris.

C'eſt

C'eſt-là le ſéjour des Délices,
Qui peuvent enchanter nos ſens.
Abordons; que ces Dieux Propices,
Daignent recevoir notre encens.
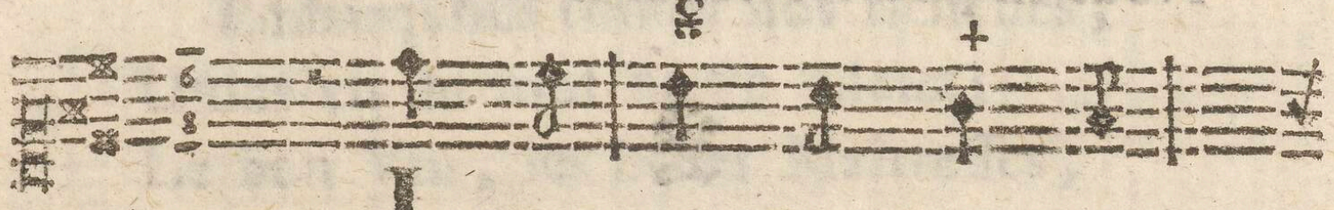
Liberté, Franchiſe, Allegreſſe,
Le Dieu du Vin comble nos vœux;
Et de même que la Déeſſe,
Nous inſpire les tendres feux.

Charmez d'une ſi belle gloire,
Jurons, armez d'un rouge bord,
De bien aimer, & de bien boire,
Et d'être tous de bon accord.

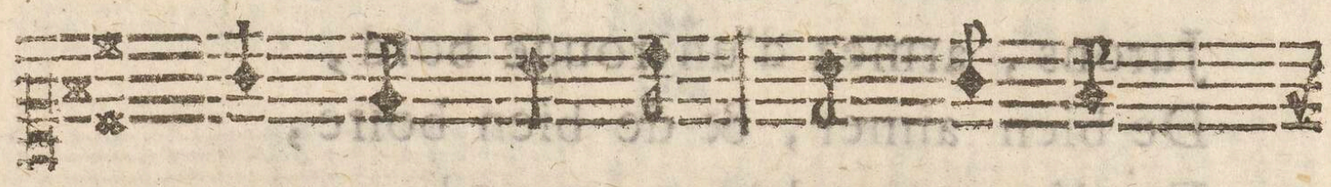
N'admettons jamais dans nos Cliques,
De Gens ſcrupuleux, ou chagrins;
Nos Plaiſirs tendres & Bachiques,
Sont faits pour les heureux Humains.

Amans, Maris, quoiqu'on y faſſe,
N'ayons point l'Eſprit inquièt;
Et que chacun de bonne grace,
Permette ce qu'on lui permèt.

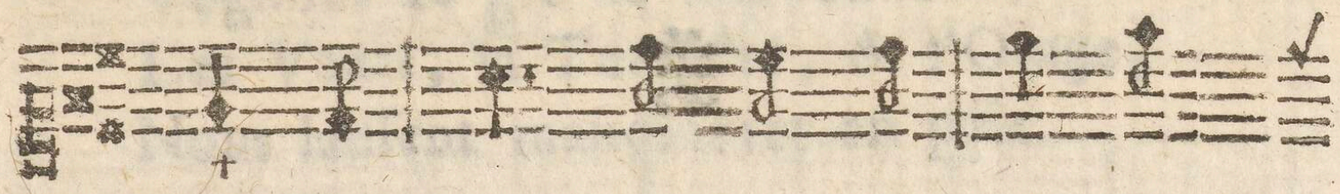
ARIETTE.



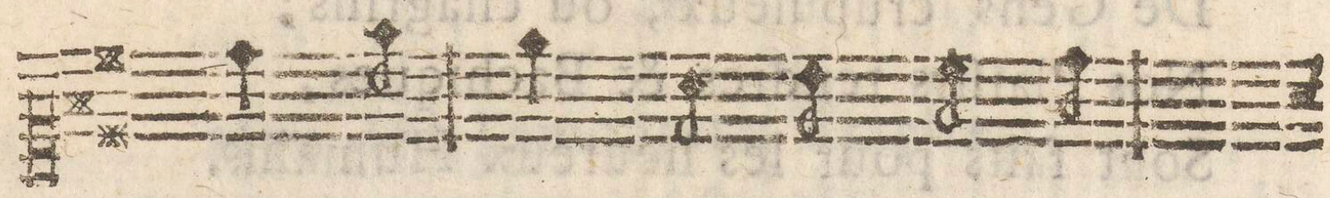
I- ris, vo- tre Voix tou-



chan- te; Qui fe- roit le Plai-
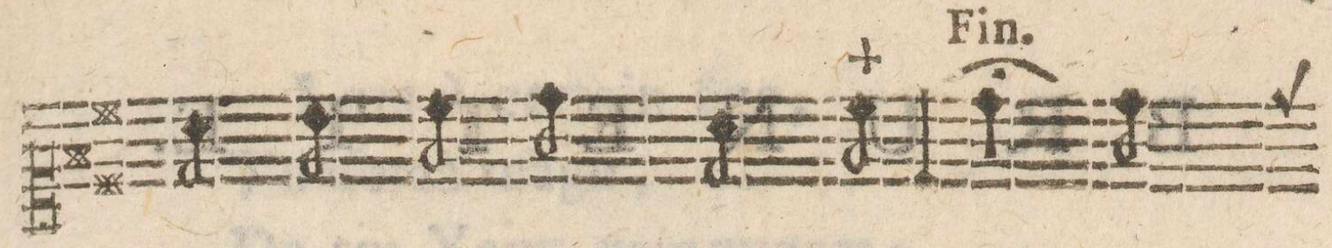


ſir des Dieux, Rendroit l'O- reil- le



plus con- ten- te, Si vos at-

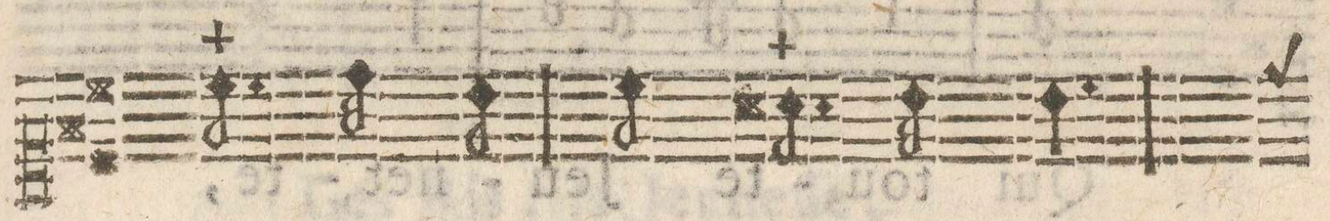
traits
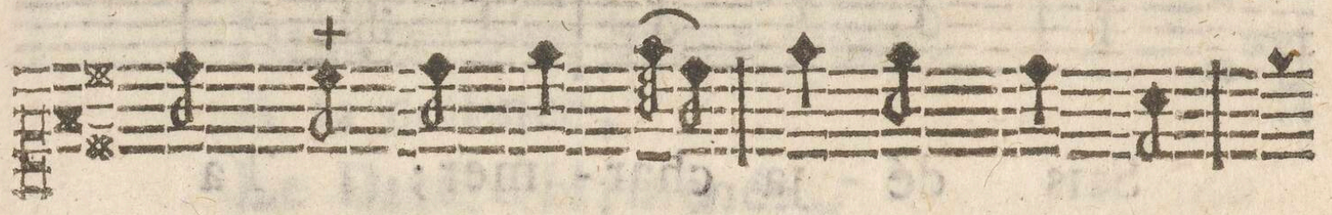


traits oc-cupoient moins les yeux. Vous
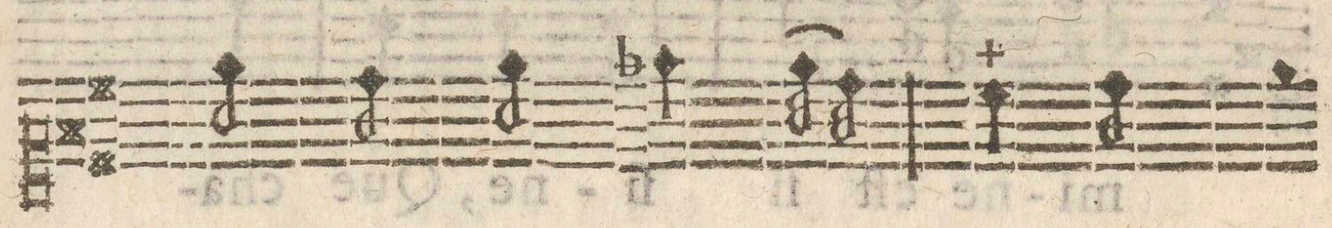


voir & vous en-ten-dre, C'eſt à la



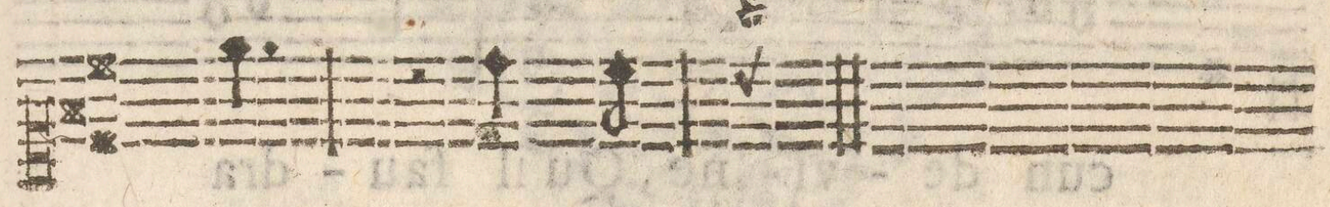
fois cou-rir trop de ha-zards,



Qui vous é-cou-te de-vient ten-dre,



Qui vous voit meurt de vos re-



gards. I-ris, &c.
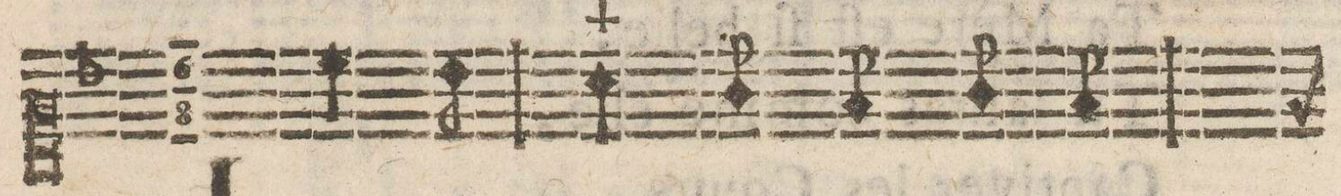
BRUNETTE.


PE- ti - te Bru - net - te,
Qui tou - te Jeu - net - te,
Sais dé - ja char - mer; Ta
mi - ne eſt ſi ſi - ne, Que cha-
cun de - vi - ne, Qu'il fau - dra
t'ai - mer.
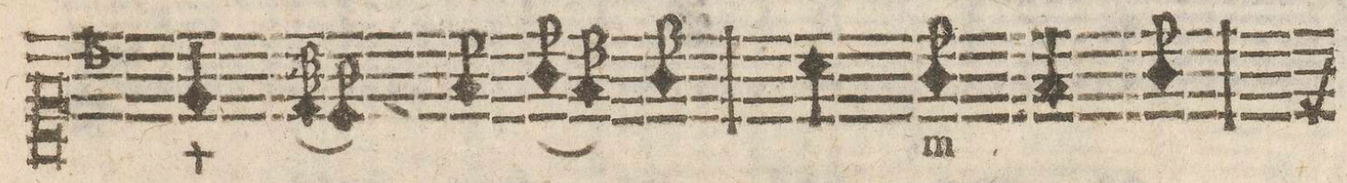
Lors à certain âge,
Tu feras uſage,
De tes Yeux vainqueurs :
Ta Mère eſt ſi belle,
Tu ſauras comme elle,
Captiver les Cœurs.

Les Ris, la Jeuneſſe,
Te ſuivront ſans ceſſe,
Dans tes plus beaux jours ;
A ta deſtinée,
Le Dieu d'Hymenée,
Joindra les Amours.

A R I E T T E.



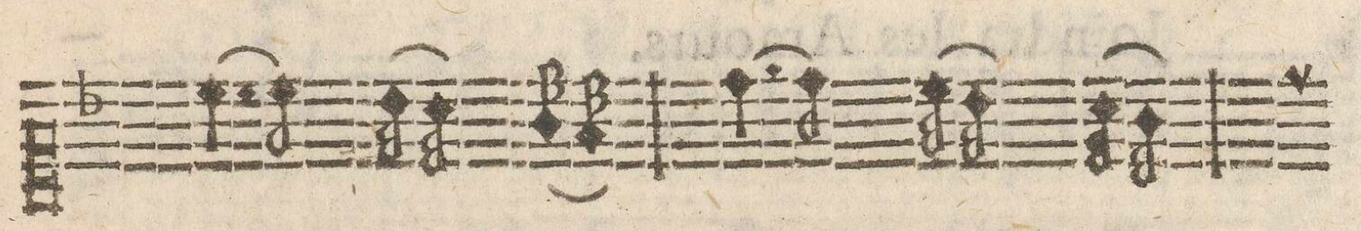
L'Au-tre jour re-vant à ma
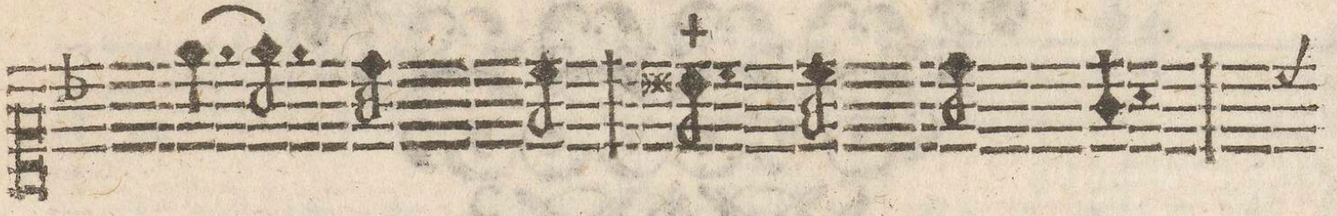


Bel- le, Dans le fi - len- ce de nos
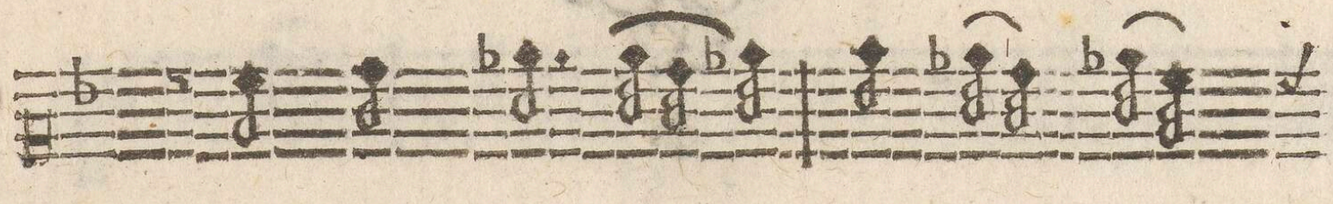


bois, J'en-ten- dis u - ne Tour- te-



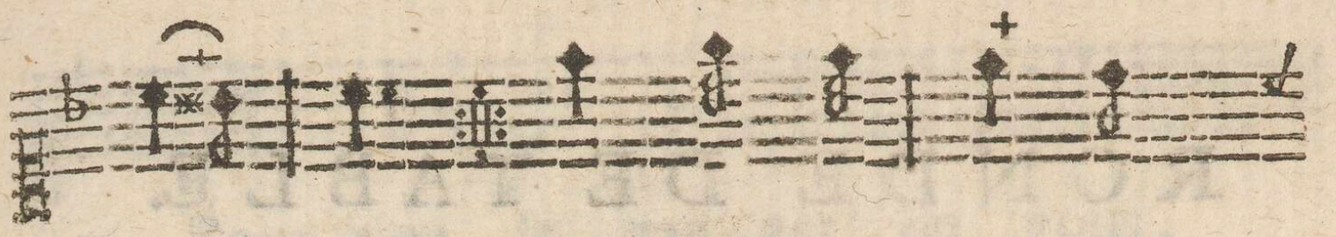
rel - le, Se plain - dre, ſe
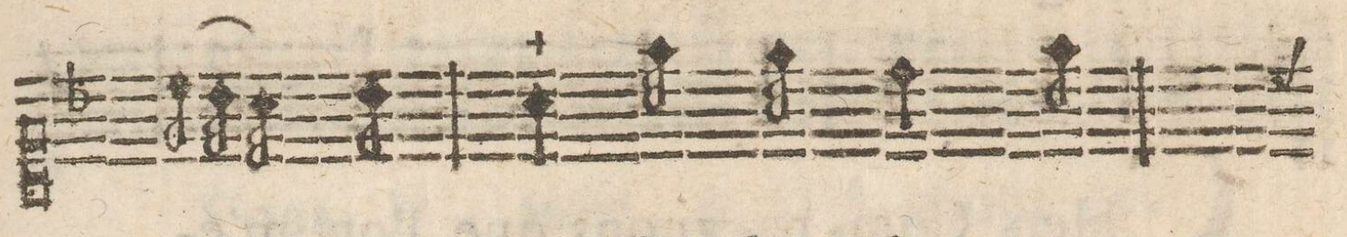


plaindre aux E- chos mil - le fois,
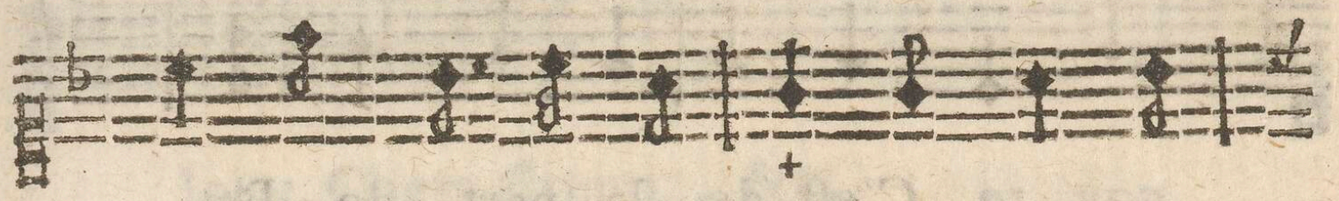


De l'ab- ſen - ce de ce qu'el-



le ai - me: Moi pé - ne - tré de



mon ſou - ci, Je lui dis mon



ſort, mon ſort eſt de mê - me, Ce que

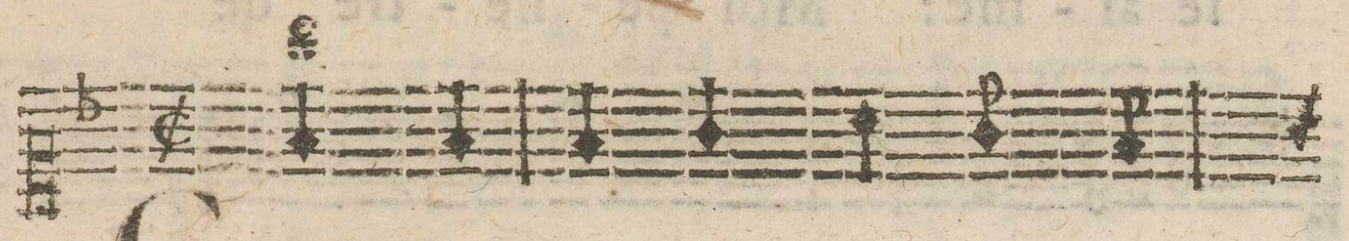


j'ai-me eſt ab - ſent auſ - ſi, Ce que

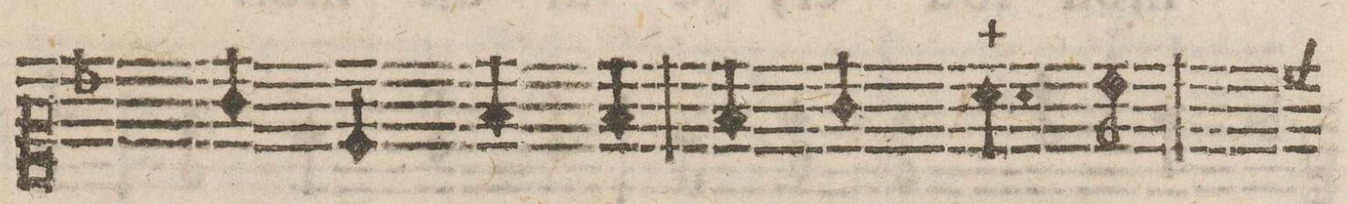


j'ai-me eſt ab - ſent auſ - ſi.

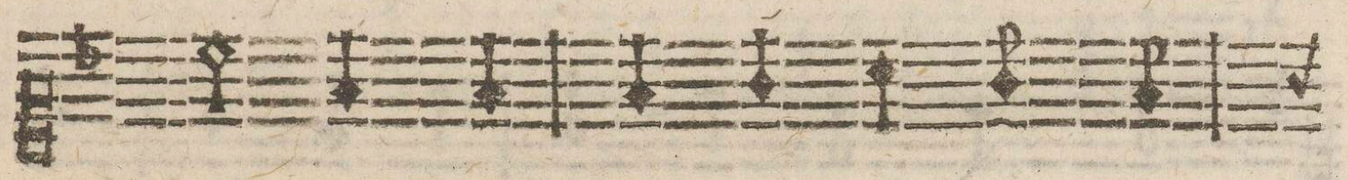
RONDE DE TABLE.



CHers Com-pa-gnons que l'on m'é-



cou-te, C'eſt de la part de Ba-



chus. Lorſ-que vous bu-vez gou-te à

Fin.



gou-te, Vous a - bu-ſez de ſon Jus.
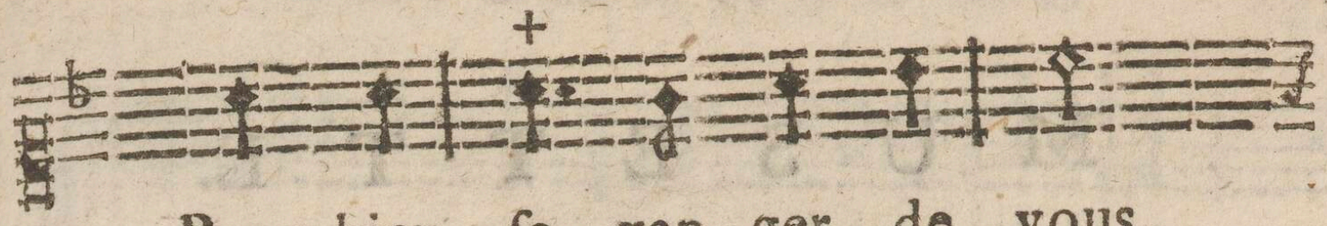
On repête tous, Chers Compagnons, &c.

SEUL.
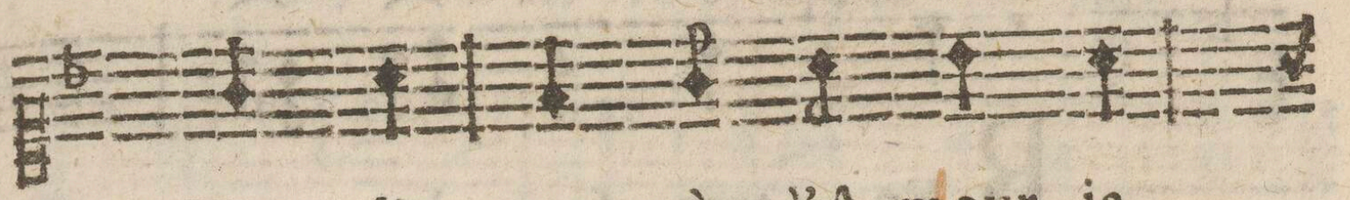


Ce Dieu va dans ſon cou-roux,

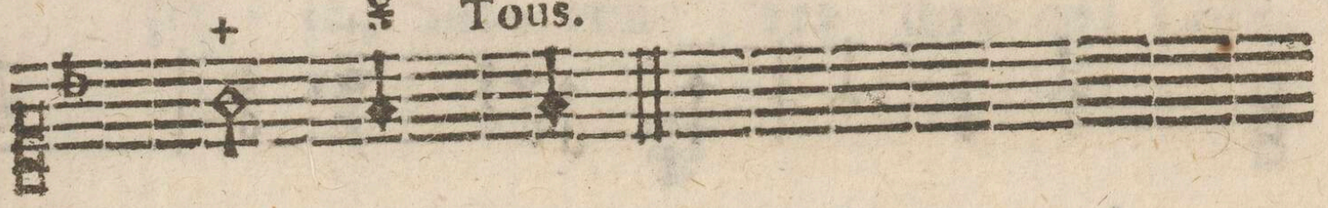
Pour



Pour bien ſe van-ger de vous,



Vous li - vrer à l'A-mour ja-
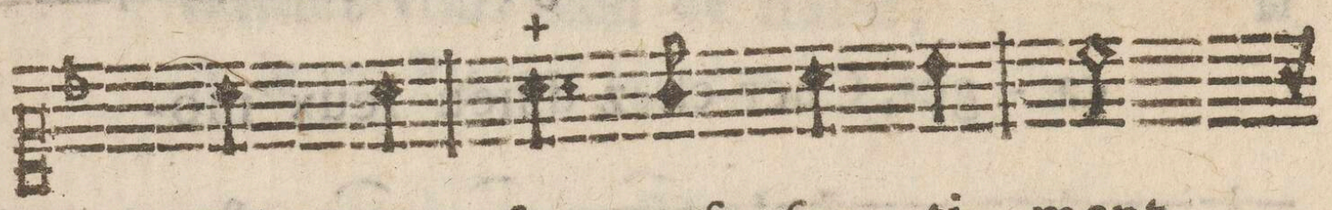


loux. Chers Comp , &c.
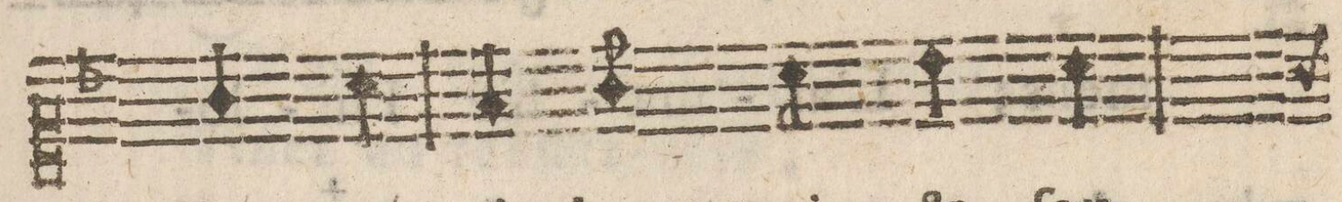
SEUL.



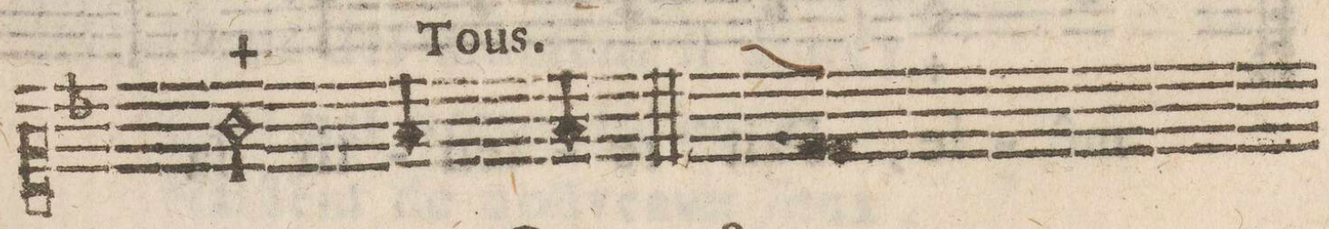
Nous pou-vons dans le mo-ment,



Cal- mer ſon reſ- ſen- ti- ment,
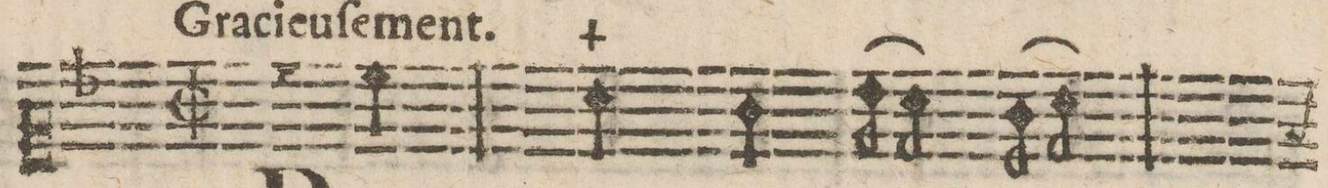


Bu- vant à longs traits & ſou-
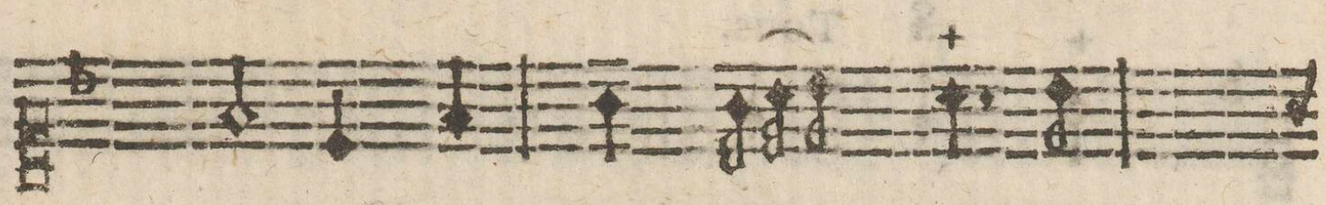


vent. Chers Com- , &c.

MUSETTE.

Gracieuſement.
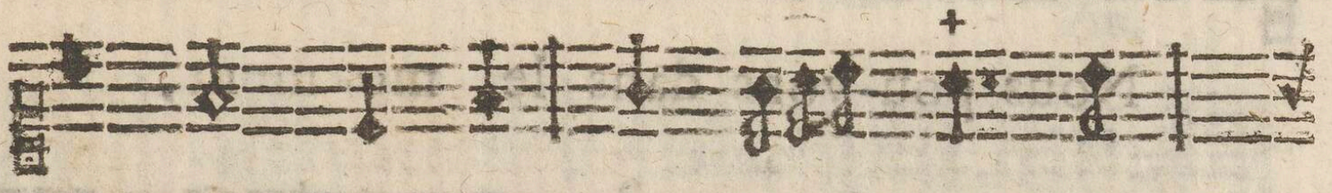


REn - trez ſous les om-



bra - ges, O! vous, ten - dres A-



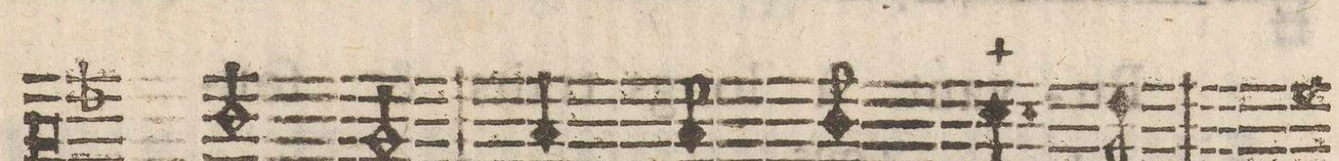
mans, Dans de ſom-bres Bo-



ca - ges, Cher-chez d'heu - reux mo-

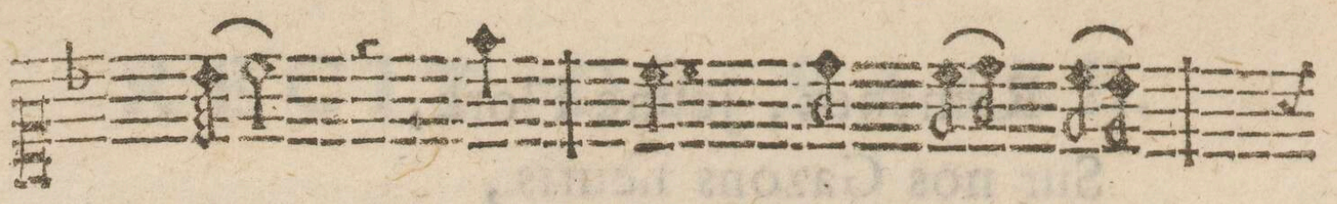


mens; L'ai - ma - ble Phi - lo-

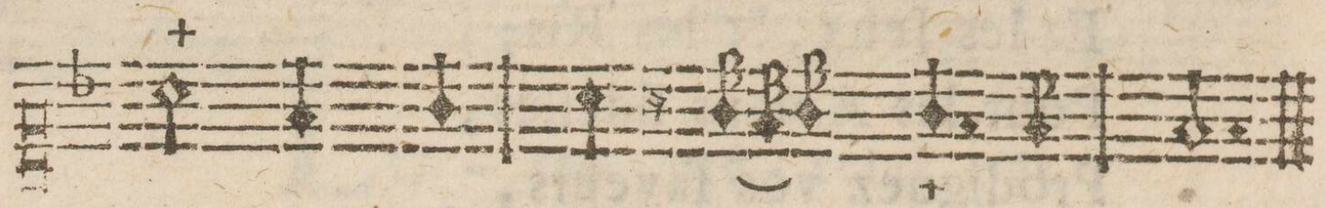


mê - le, Fait re - ten - tir ſa

voix ;



voix, C'eſt vous qu'el-le rap-



pel-le, Sui-vez ſes dou-ces Loix.
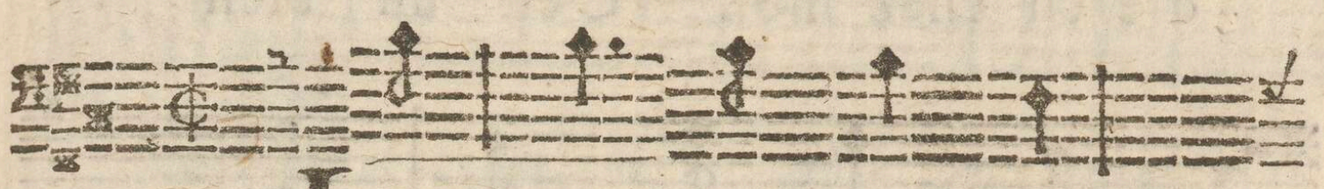
Quittez, féroces Bêtes,
Pour un tems, vos fureurs,
Ne troublez point les Fêtes,
De mille jeunes Cœurs,
Laiſſez les s'introduire,
Au fond de vos Forêts,
Gardez-vous bien de nuire,
A leurs Plaiſirs ſécrèts.

Vous, tendres Tourterelles,
Volez au rendez-vous.
Servez leur de modelles,
Dans des momens ſi doux;
Que par votre préſence,
Naiſſent de nouveaux feux,
Et que votre Conſtance,
Soit une Loi pour eux.

Ramenez, jeune Flore,
Sur nos Gazons fleuris,
Pour Iris, que j'adore,
Et les Jeux, & les Ris;
Pour les Amans fidelles,
Prodiguez vos faveurs,
De vos Fleurs, les plus belles,
Exhalez les odeurs.

Echo, reſte muëtte,
Reſpectez les Amours,
Votre Voix indiſcrette,
Nuit aux tendres diſcours;
Sortez de nos Azyles,
Vous, ſuſpects Confidens,
Laiſſez nos Cœurs tranquiles,
Leurs déſirs ſont contens.

RECIT DE BASSE.



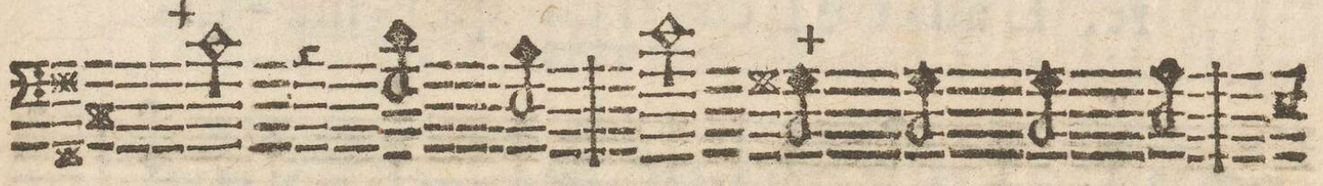
LU - cas pré - tend en
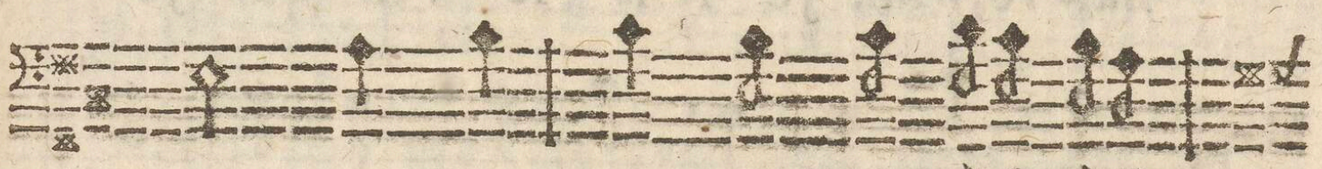


vain me prou - ver que Clau - di-



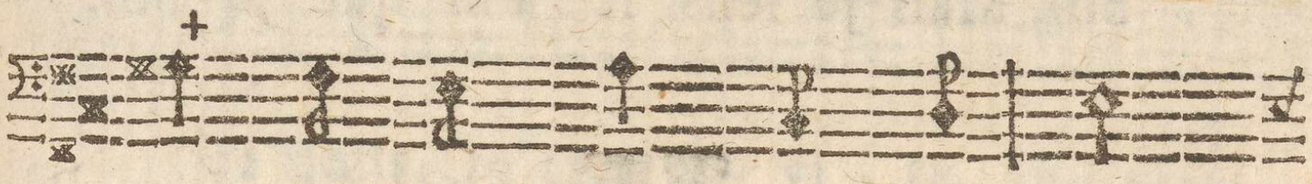
ne, Cha-que jour me man - que de



foi, Je ne croi que ce que je



voi, Et je trou - ve que ma Cui-



si - ne, Vaut mieux quand Lé - an-

RE-

dre eſt chez moi. C'eſt un bien

dont je m'a - per - çoi,

Et qu'à ſes a - vis je pré - fé-

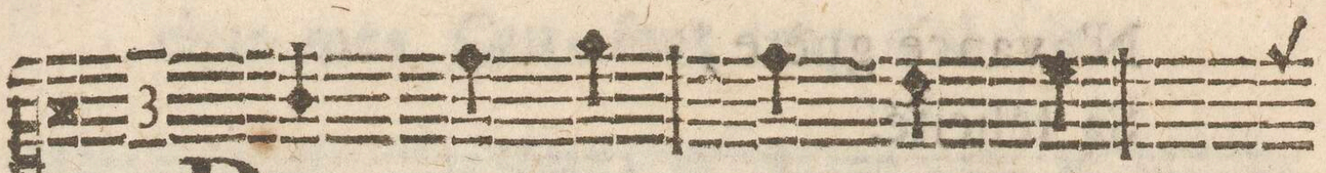
re. L'au-tre cas n'eſt qu'i-ma-gi-

nai-re, Mais je ſens le Vin que je
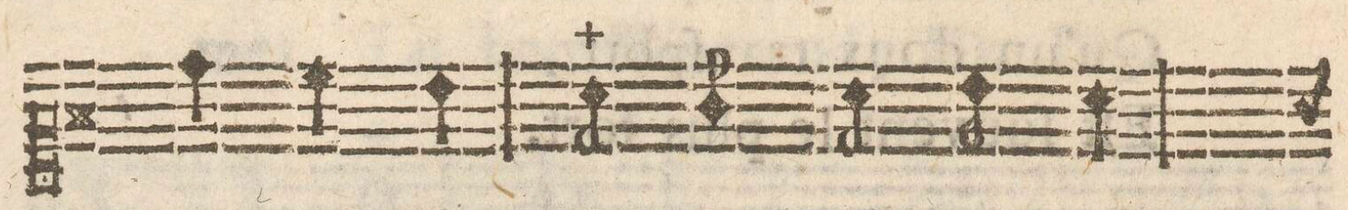
boi, Mais je ſens le Vin que je boi.

ME-
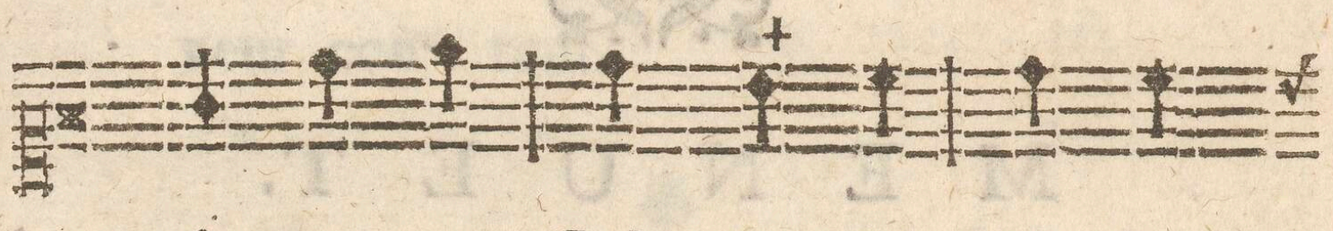
MENUET.
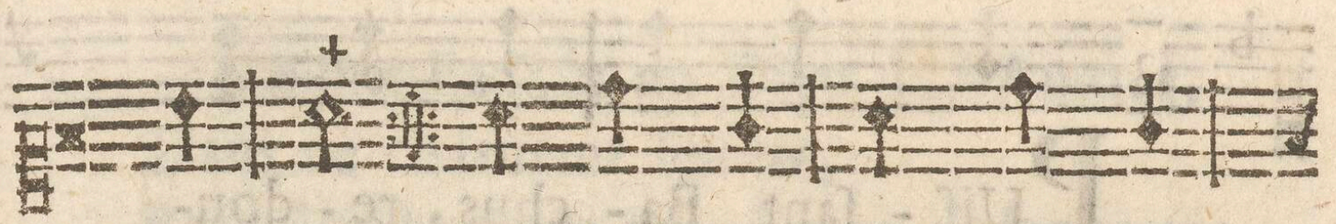


BEr - ger fi - del - le, Pour



a - bré - ger d'in - u - tils ſou - pirs,
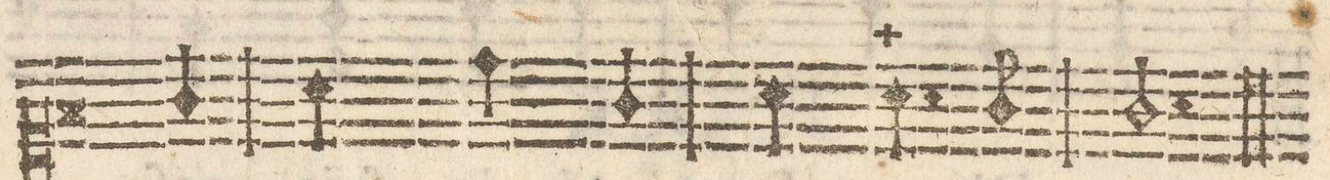


A vo - tre Bel - le, Of - frez des



Plai - ſirs; Les ten - dres feux, Qu'Amour



al - lu - me - ra dans vos yeux, Sont de
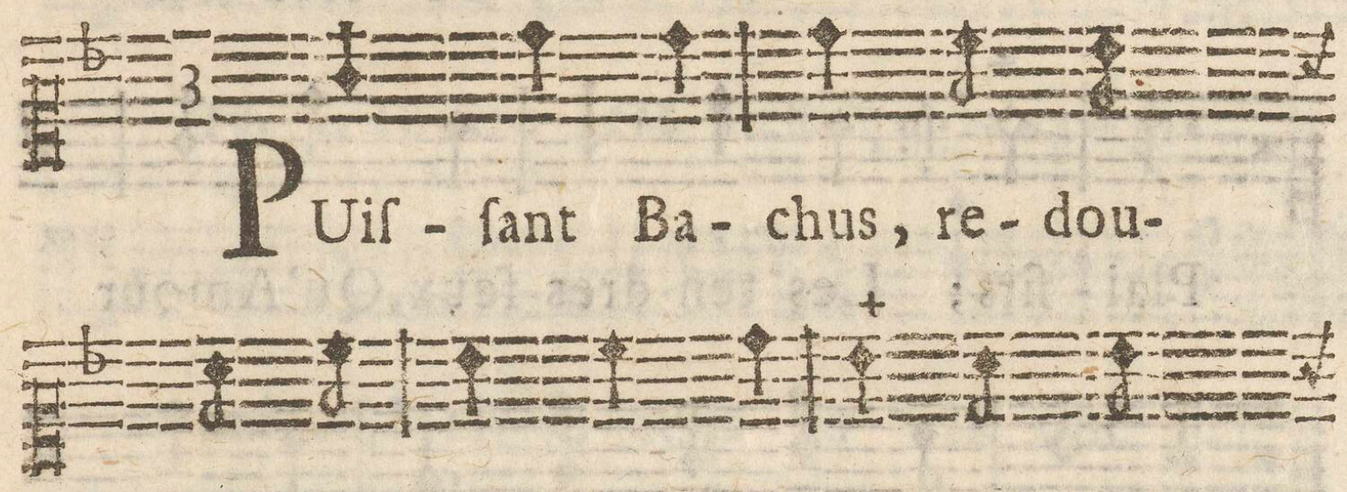


ſes traits, Qu'on n'é - vi - te ja - mais.

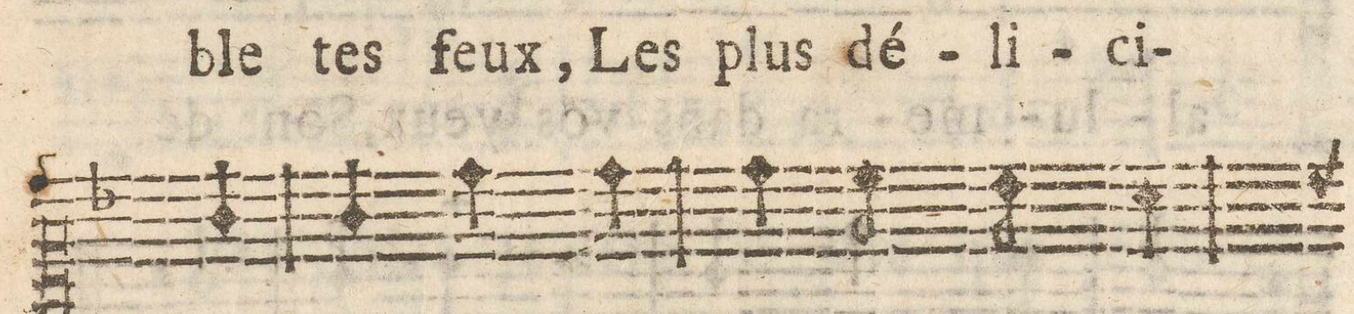
ME-

Un Cœur ſincère,
Trop timide auprès d'une Beauté,
N'avance guère,
Sa félicité.
Contre un Amant,
La Raiſon combat ſi foiblement,
Qu'un doux tranſport,
Eſt ſouvent le plus fort.
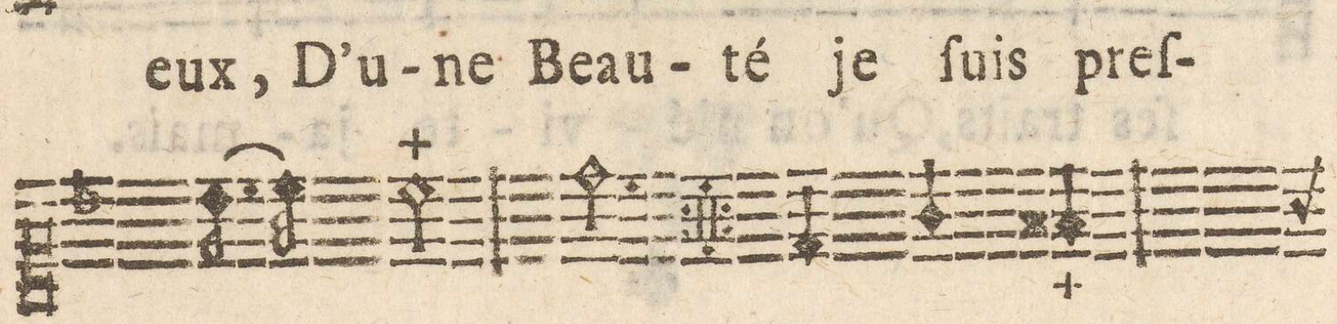
MENUET.



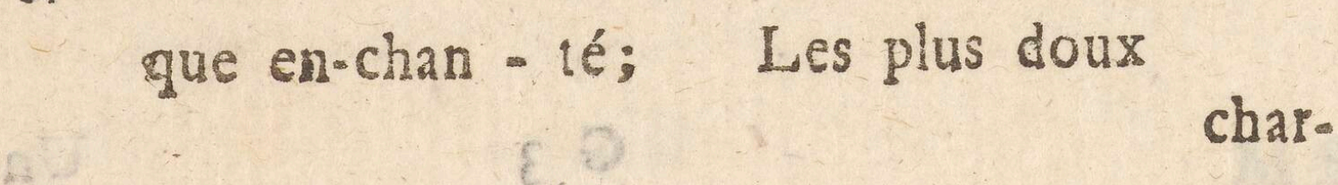
PUiſ - ſant Ba - chus, re - dou-



ble tes feux, Les plus dé - li - ci-



eux, D'u - ne Beau - té je ſuis preſ-

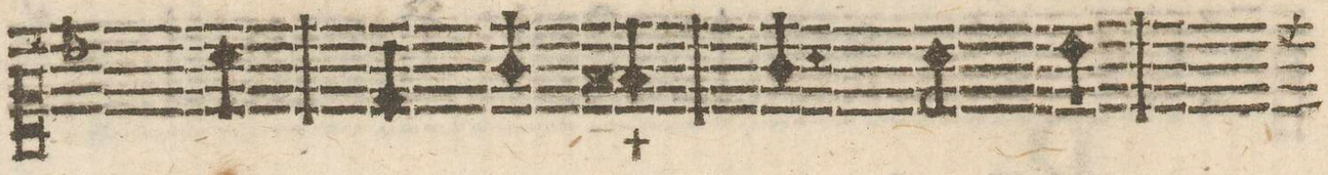


que en-chan - té; Les plus doux

char-



char- mes Cau- ſent trop d'al- lar-



mes, Le bon Vin rend, Un Bu-
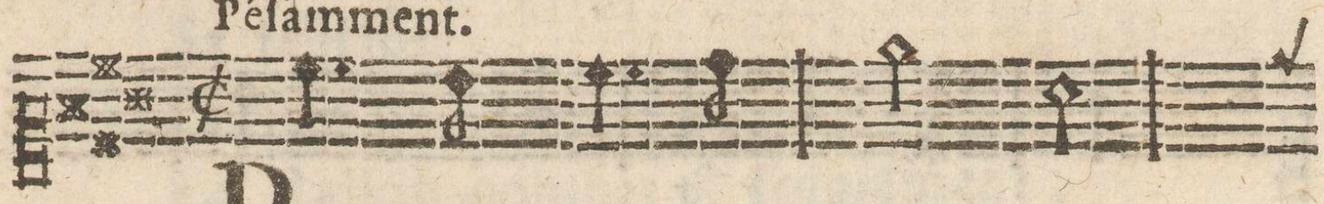


veur con- tent.
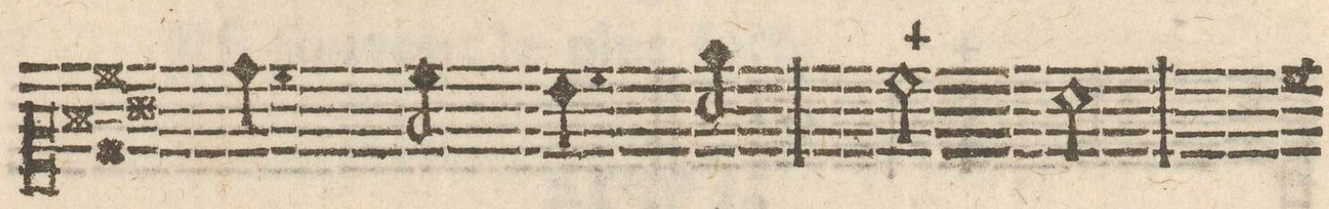
Mêlons Bachus au Dieu de l'Amour,
Dans ce charmant ſéjour,
Pour être heureux que chacun ait ſon tour;
Cédons ſans peine,
Aux Yeux de Climeine,
Et de ſa main,
Buvons toujours plein.

VAUDEVILLE.
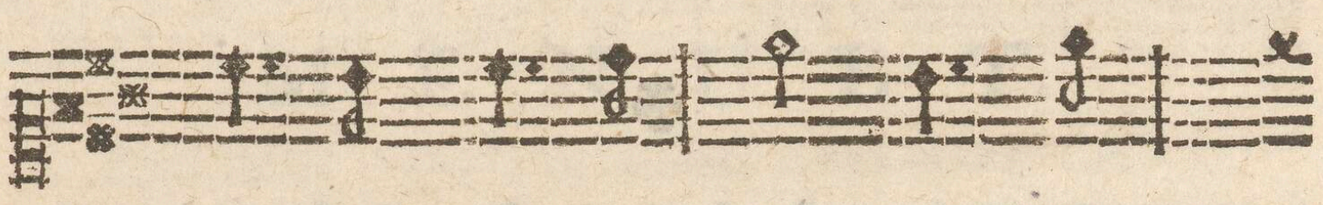
Péſamment.
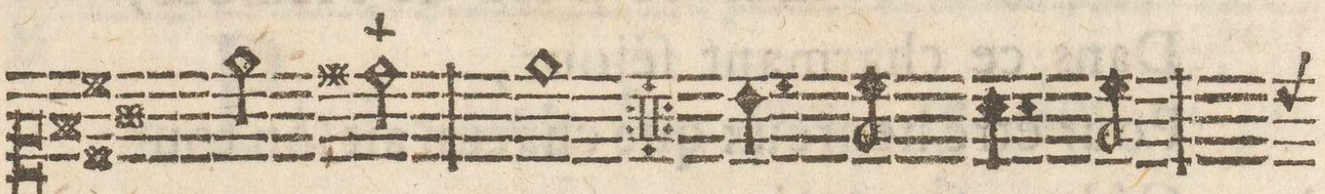


PEn-dant la Jeu - neſ - ſe,
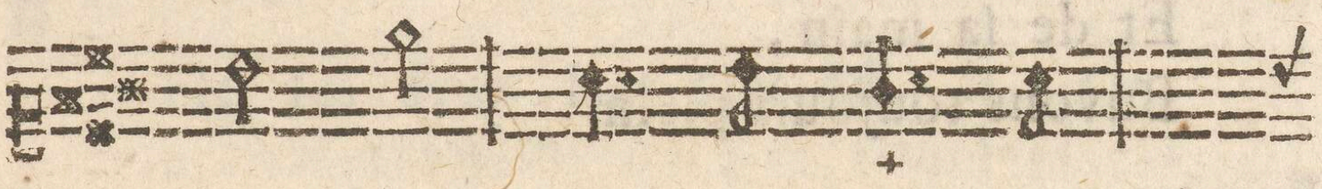


Ai - mer eſt ſa - geſ - ſe;
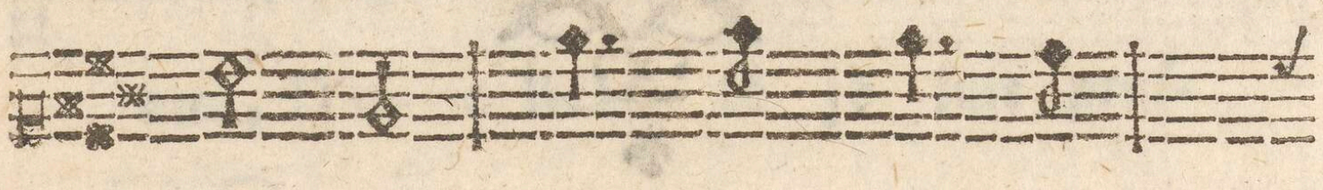


Ce ſont les ta - lens, Di - gne



des beaux ans. Pouſ-ſer des ſou-



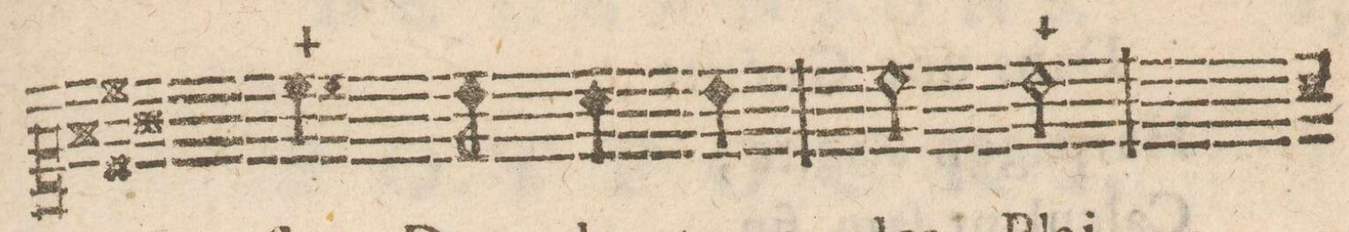
pirs, Sied mal à la vieil-



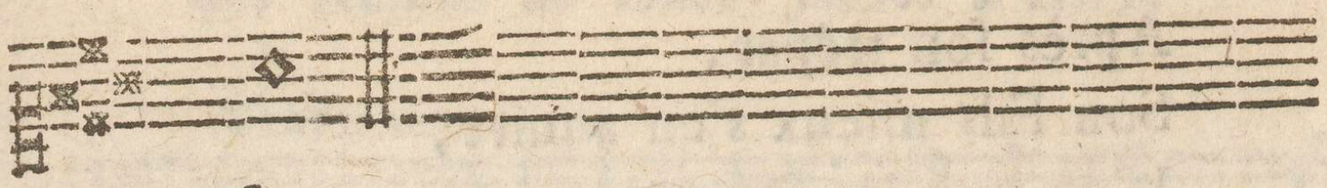
leſ - ſe, Sui - vons nos dé-



firs,



ſirs, Dans le tems des Plai-



ſirs.

La vieille Coquette,
Nonchalamant jette,
Toujours au hazard,
Quelque doux regard;
L'Amant qu'elle inſtruit,
Fort peu s'en inquiette;
Bien-tôt il s'enfuit,
Et le Monde s'en rit.

Mari, qui tourmente,
Femme ſemillante,
Croit mettre ſon front,
Hors de tout ſoupçon;
Au premier moment,
Que le Jaloux s'abſente,
Le fidèle Amant,
La conſole aiſément.

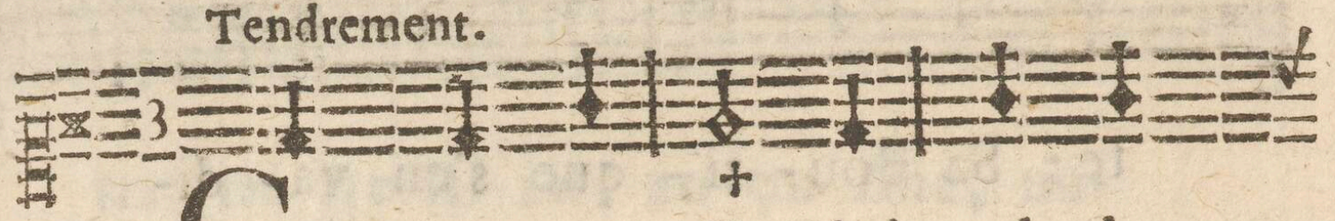
Dans une Guérite,
Harpagon s'agite,
Calculant ſans fin,
Du ſoir au matin;
Après ſon trépas,
Son Fils mieux s'en aquite,
L'on voit les Ducats,
Briller avec fracas.

L'Amant qui s'engage,
Rarement eſt ſage;
Du ſoir au matin,
C'eſt un vrai Lutin;
L'auſtère raiſon,
D'Hymen eſt le partage;
Et l'occaſion,
Ne fait plus le Larron.
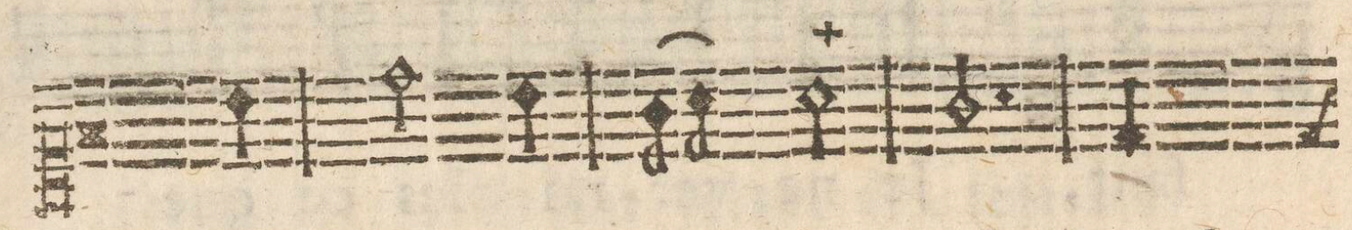
POTPOURI,

Ou Ramas de toutes ſortes d'Airs.

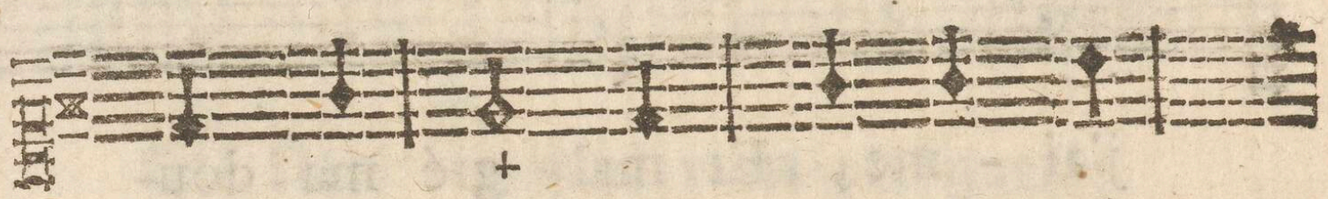
Tendrement.
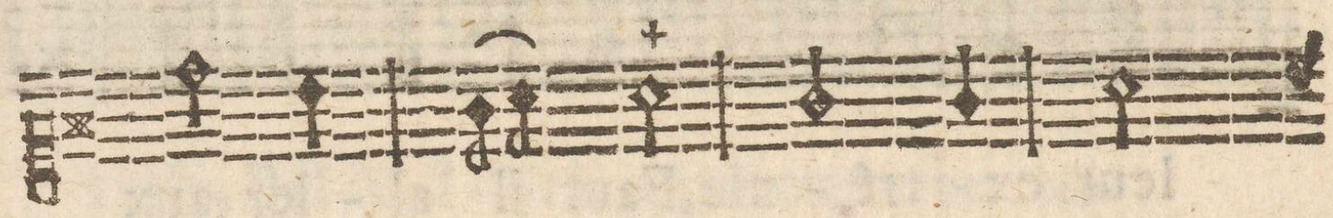


CHar-man-te Ga-bri-el-le,



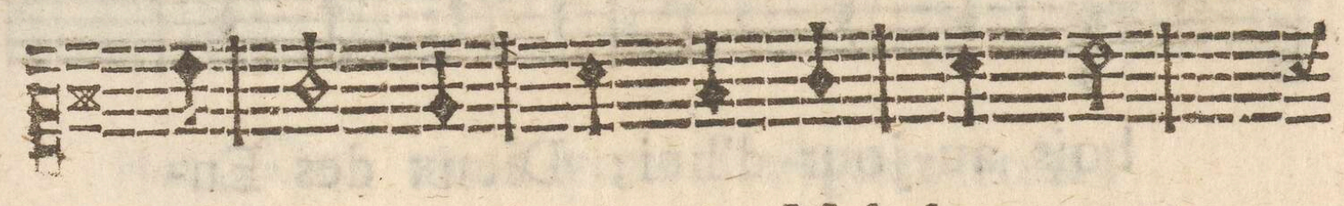
Per-cé de mil-le dards; Quand



la Gloi-re m'ap-pel-le, A-
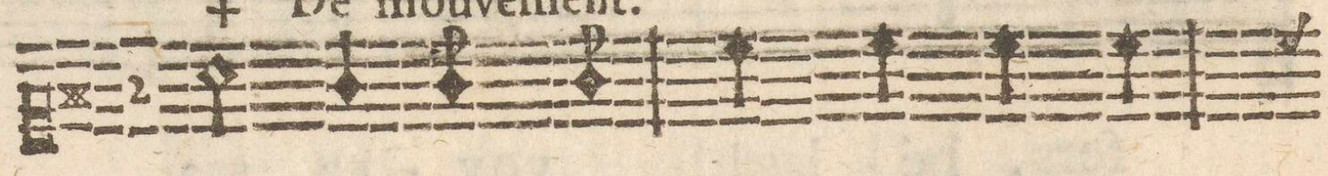


la ſui-te de Mars, Cru-el-
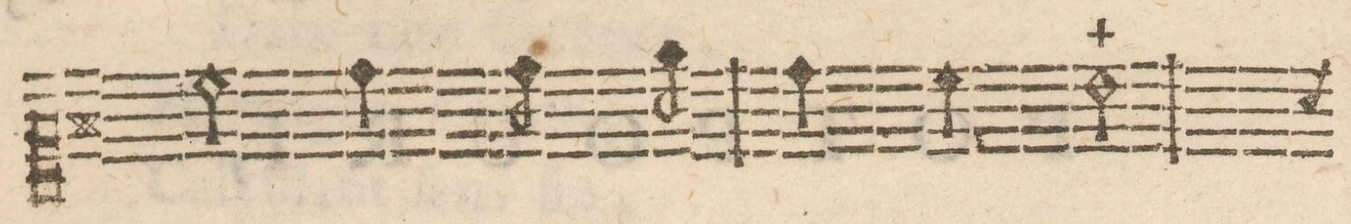


le dé-par-ti-e, Mal-heu-reux

De mouvement.
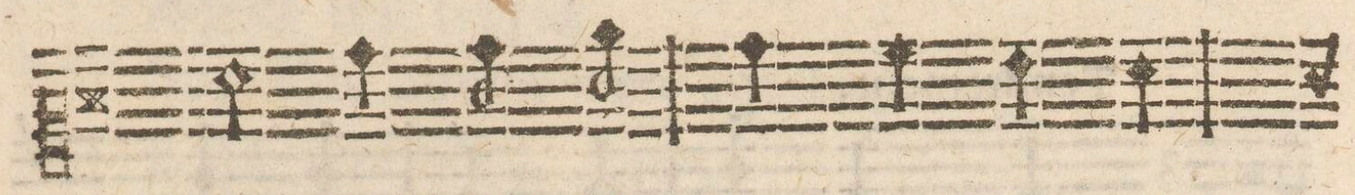


jour, Notre Ane eſt chû dans un foſ-

ſé;

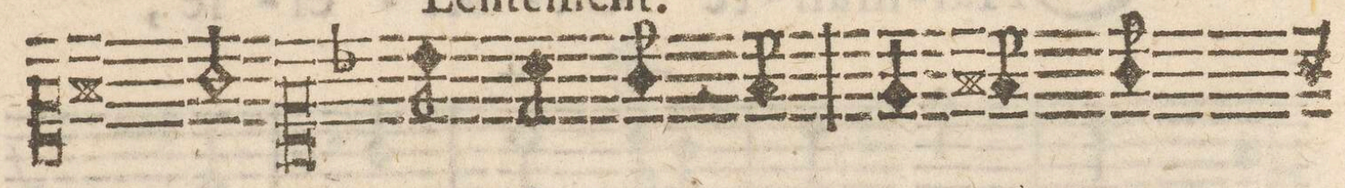


ſé, La pau-vre Bê-te eſt mor-
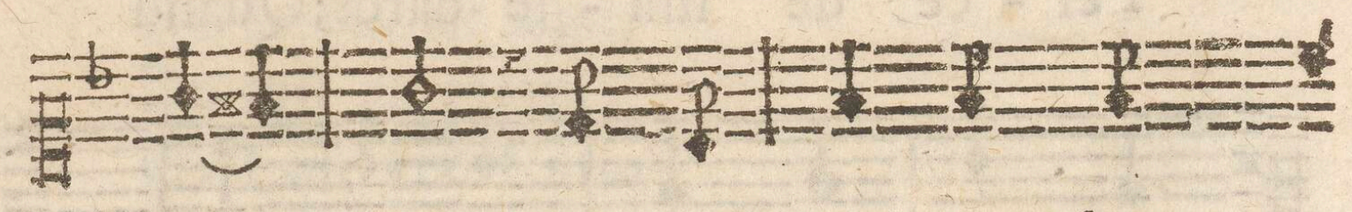


te; Sa Bou-ri-que s'en va-di-
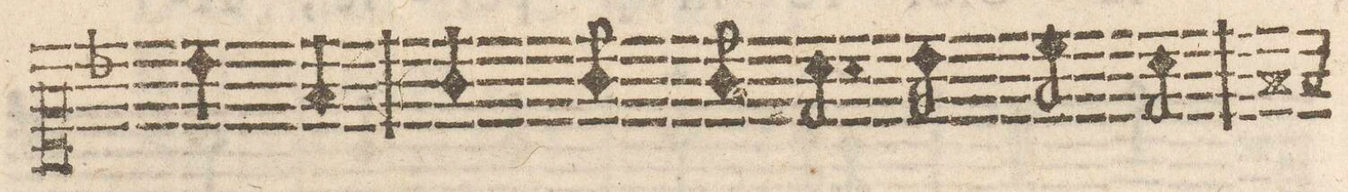
Lentement.



ſant, Je ne ver-rai plus ce que

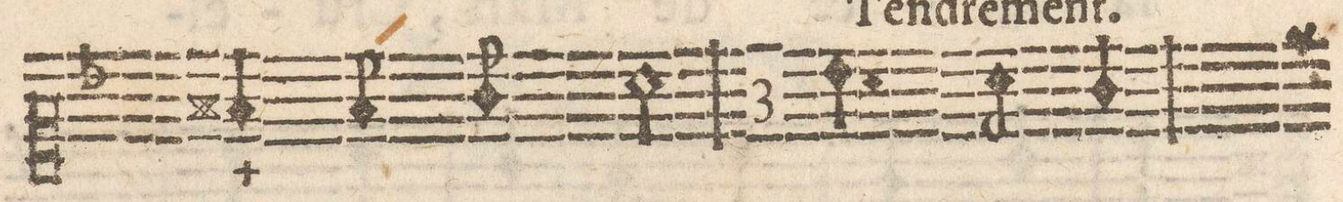


j'ai-me, Et mal-gré ma dou-



leur ex-trê-me, Faut-il al-ler aux

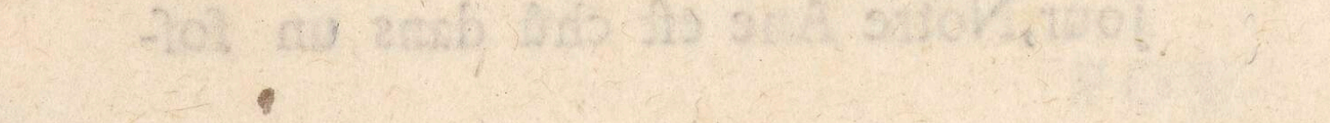
Tendrement.



bois au-jour-d'hui; Dieux des En-

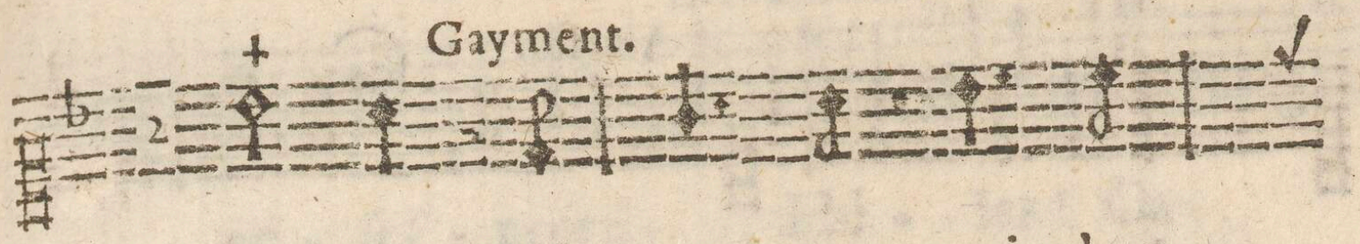


fers, hé-las! voy-ez ma

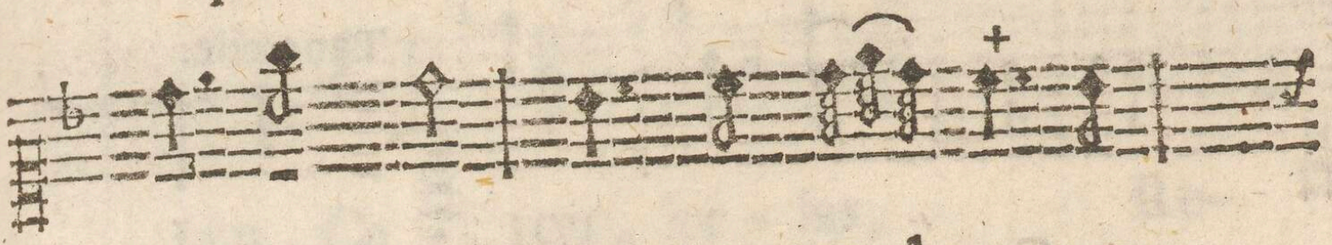


peine,

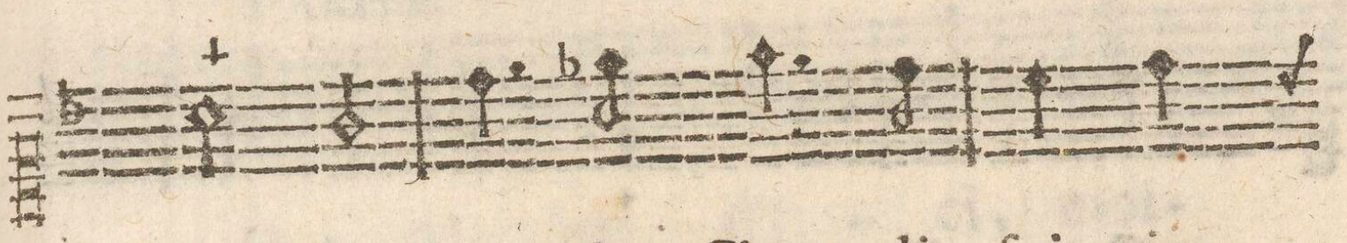
Gayment.



pei - ne ; A - vez vous oui chan-

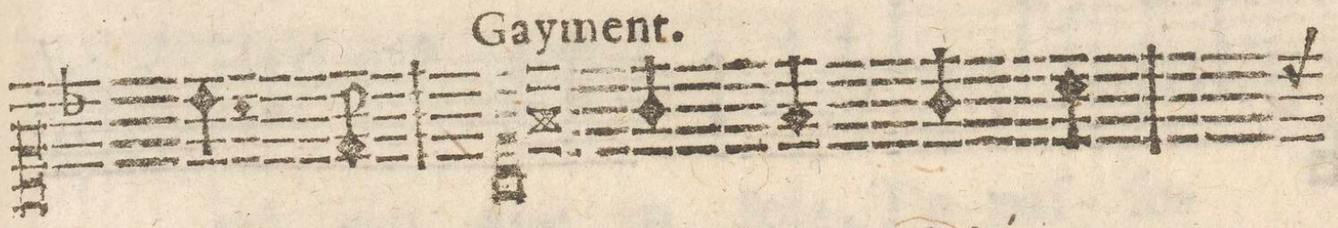


ter no-tre A-ne, no-tre Ane, no-

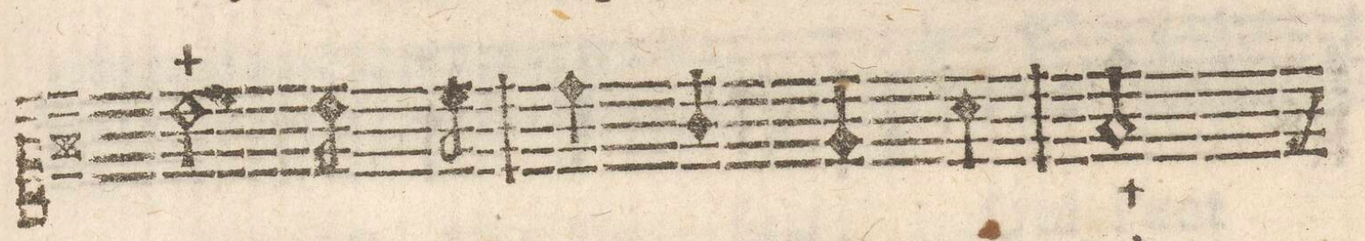


tre A-ne dans ſon Chant di- ſoit ain-

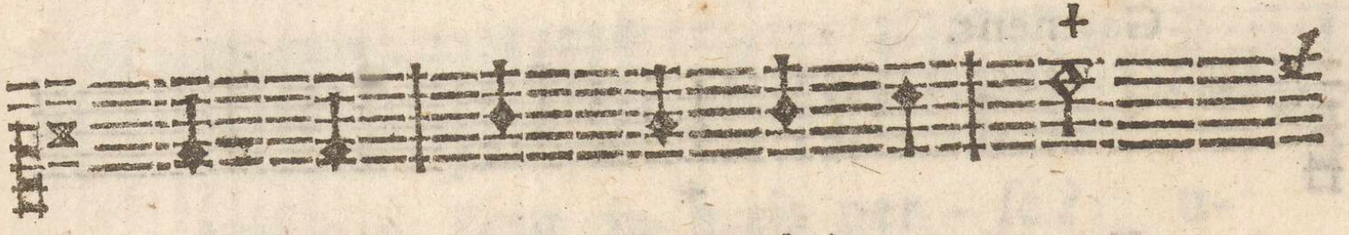
Gayment.



ſi ; De quoi vous plai-gnez-
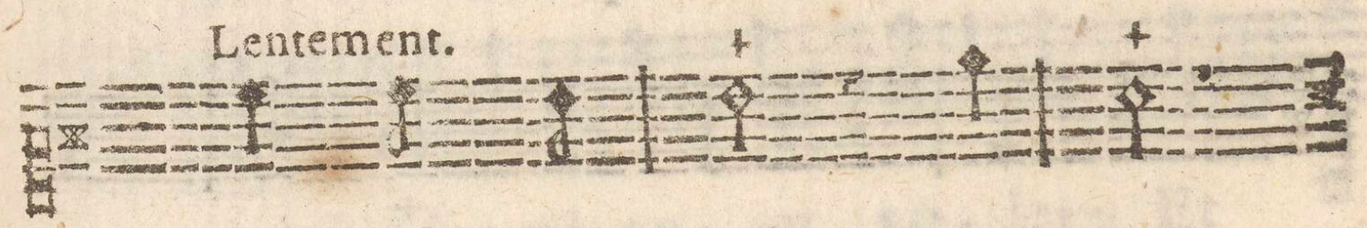


vous, Bel-le I-ris, quand on vous ai-
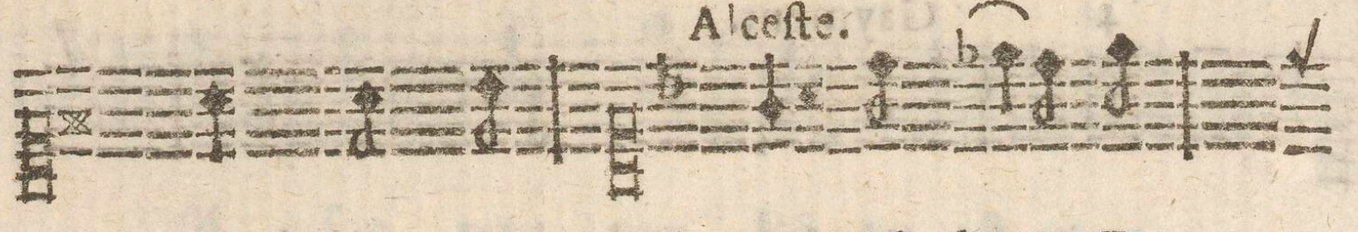


me, De quoi vous plai-gnez-vous,

Lentement.
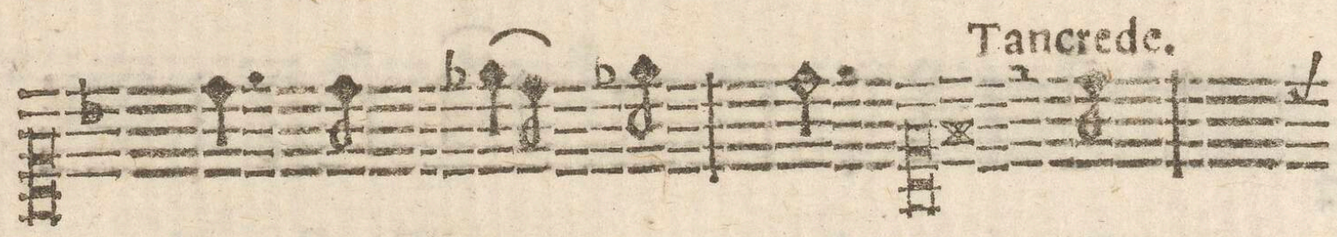


Mâ- nes plain - tifs ; Ceſ - ſez

Alceſte.

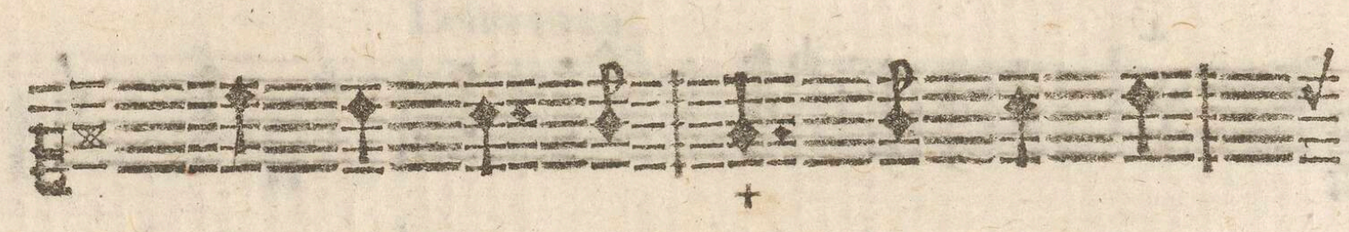


de mur-mu - rer, Hé-las! Ca-

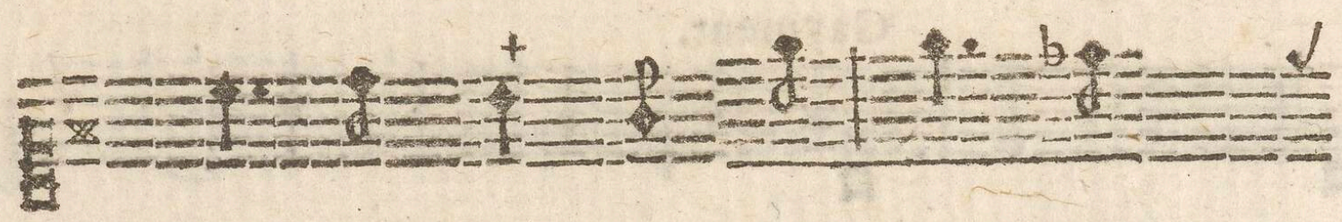
Tancrede.
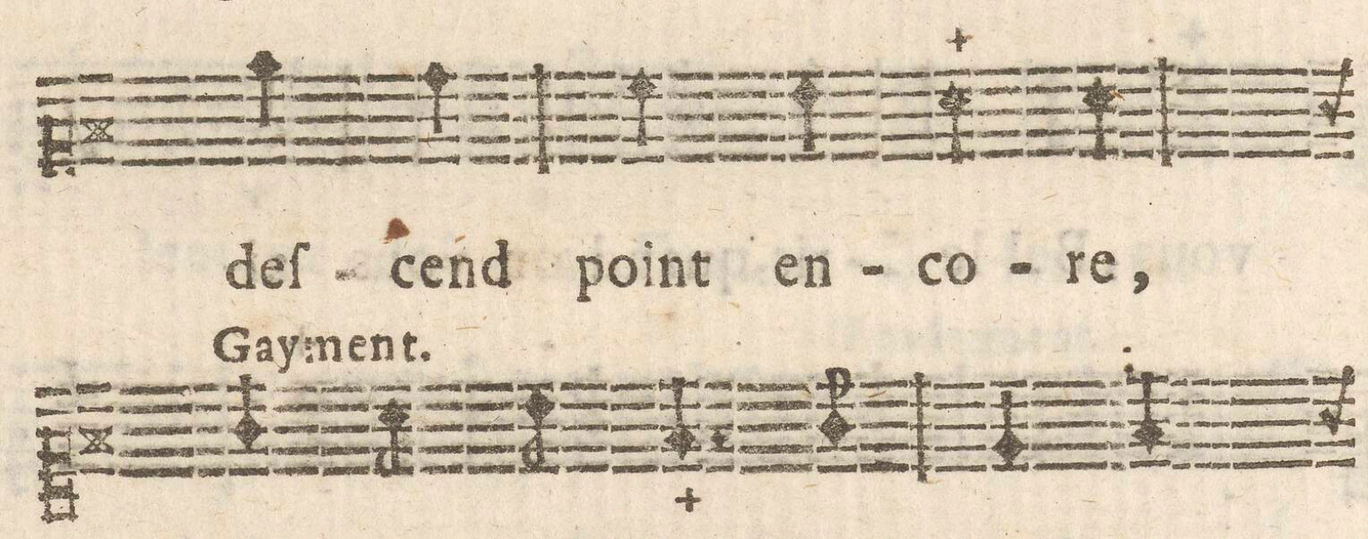


ron, Ca - ron, hé - las, Dif-



fè - re d'un mo-ment, cher om-bre



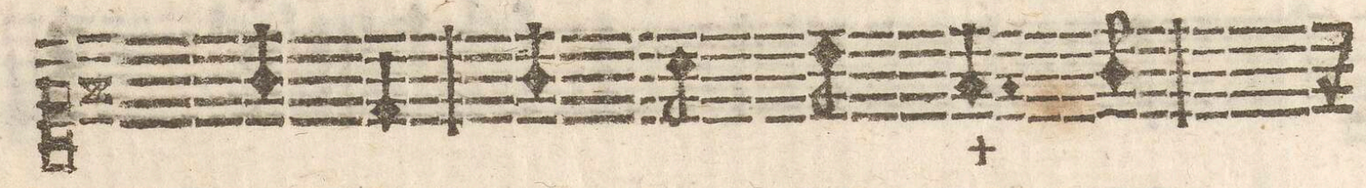
que j'a - do - re; At- tend, ne
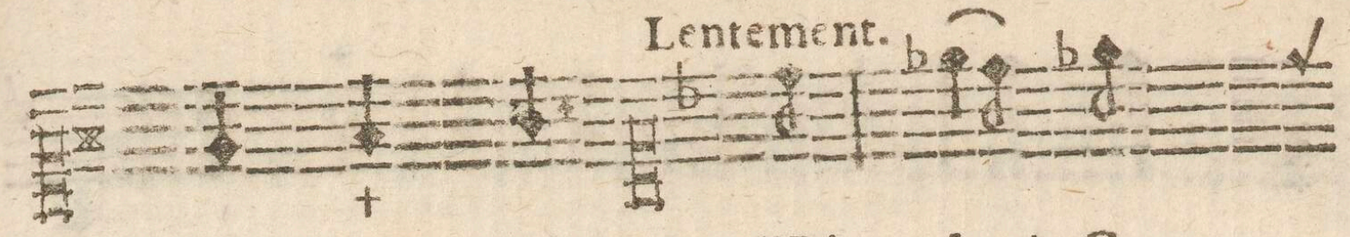


deſ - cend point en - co - re,

Gayment.

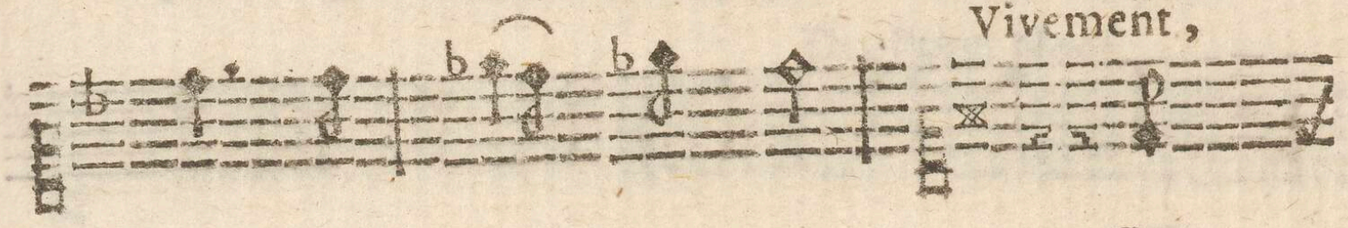
Il faut par - tir quand l'or- dre



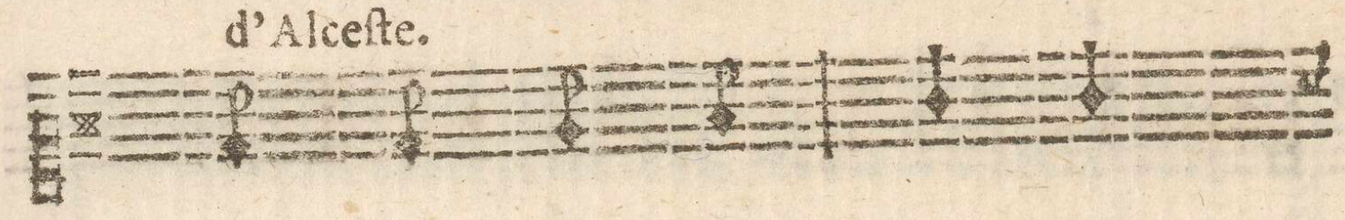
preſ- ſe, Hé - las! j'en ſuis au



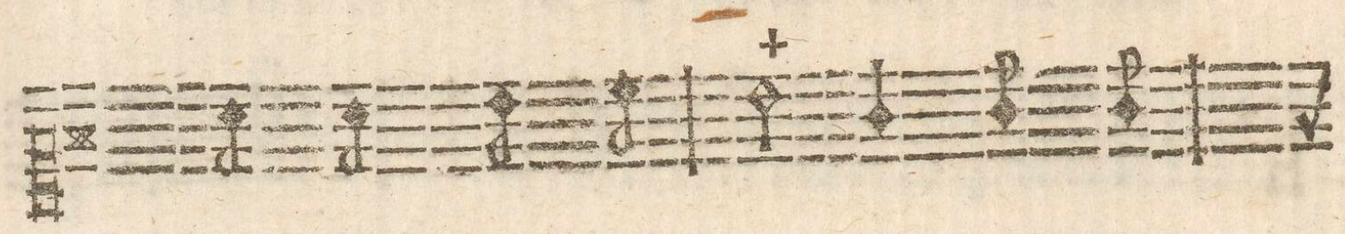
dé - ſeſ - poir; Hé - las! Ca-
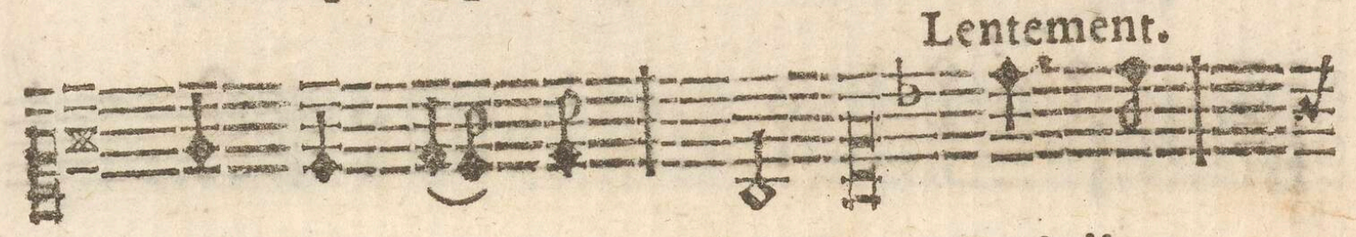


ron, Ca - ron, hé - las, Re-
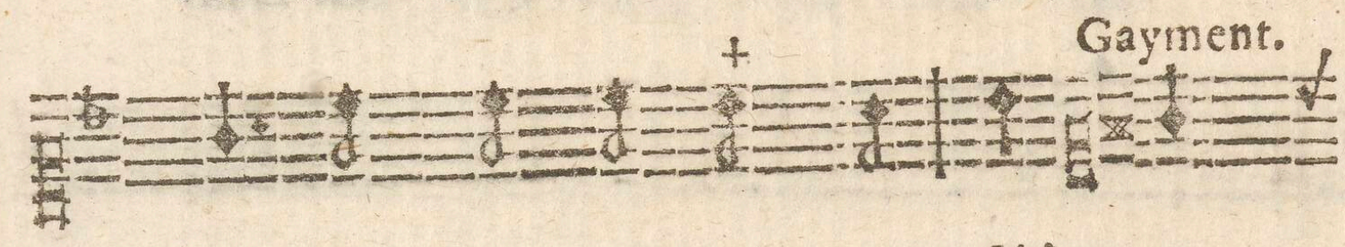


ti - re toi d'i - ci, mor-



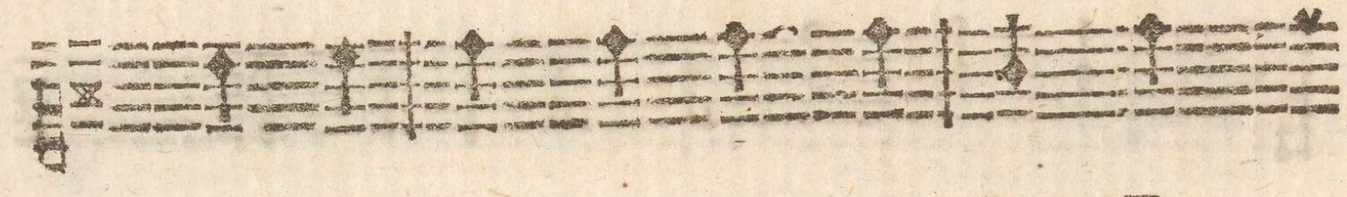
tel qui que tu ſois, Tu paſ- ſe-



ras un au - tre - fois; Qui l'eut

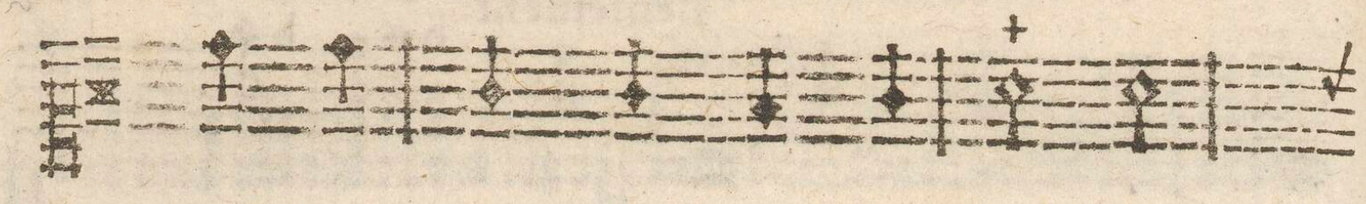


cru? qui l'eut ja-mais pen - ſé? u-
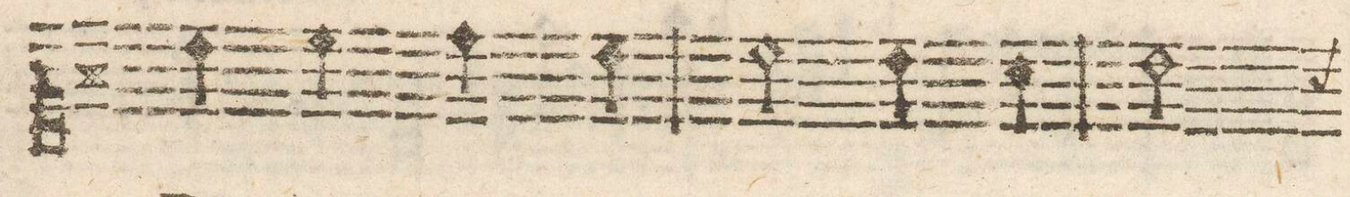


ne Gueſpe eſt ve - nu vo - ler; Et
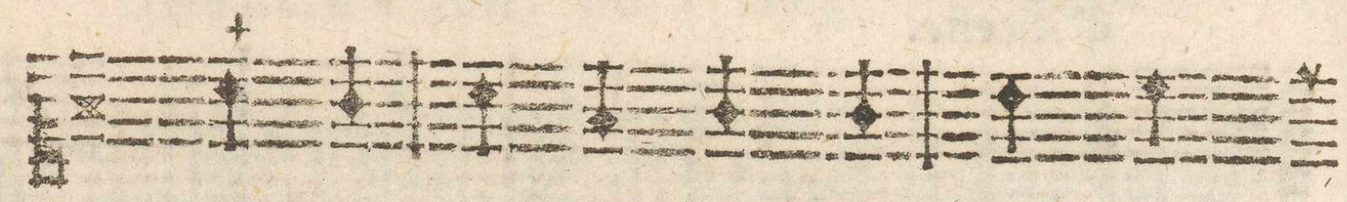
déſeſ-
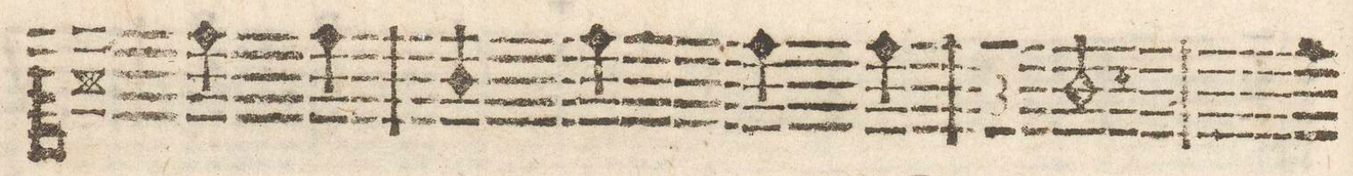


tour-noy - er près de ma Bê - te,



De mes pleurs tou - ché, Oh la hé,



Au cul l'a pi-qué; Auſ - ſi - tôt

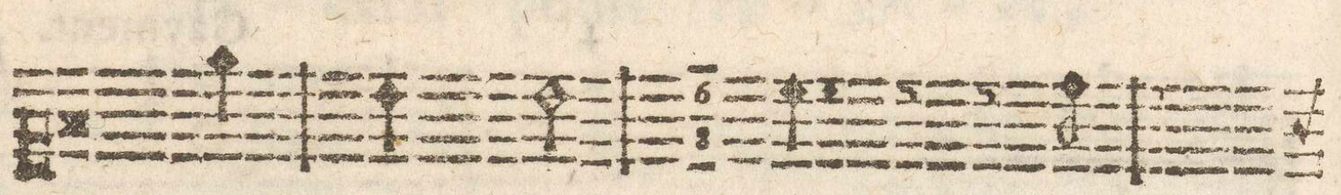


s'eſt le - vé, A gam-ba - dé;

D'Atys.



Que l'on Chan - te, Que l'on Dan-



ſe, Ri - ons tous; Pour



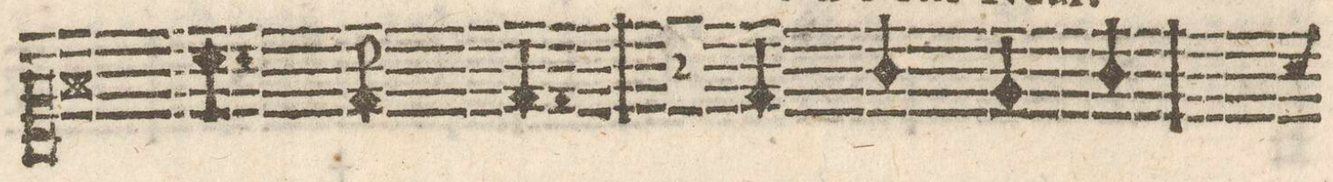
com-men - cer à nous mettre en

train,



train, Pour com-men-cer à nous
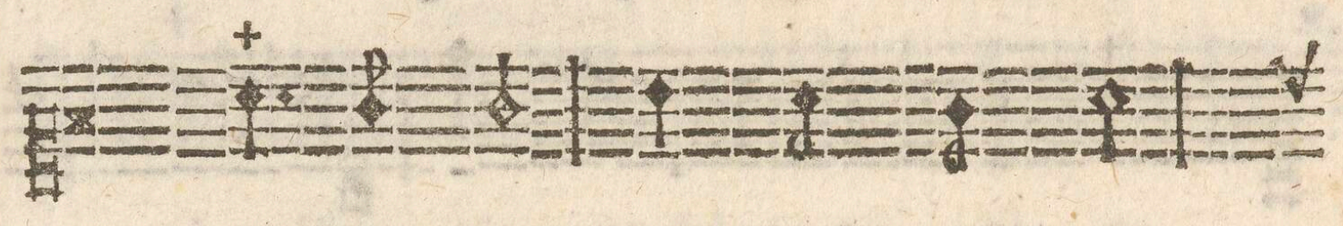
Du Pont Neuf.



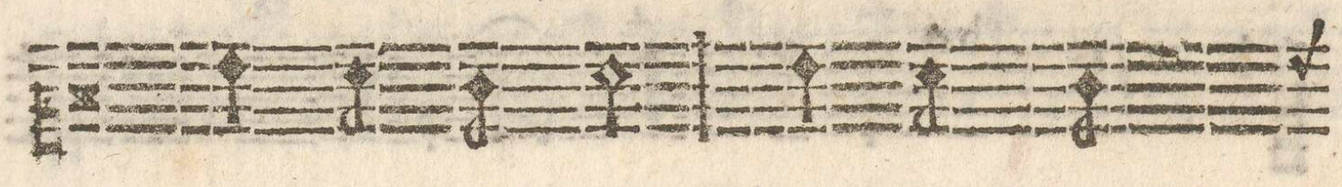
mettre en train, Ma Co-mè-re,



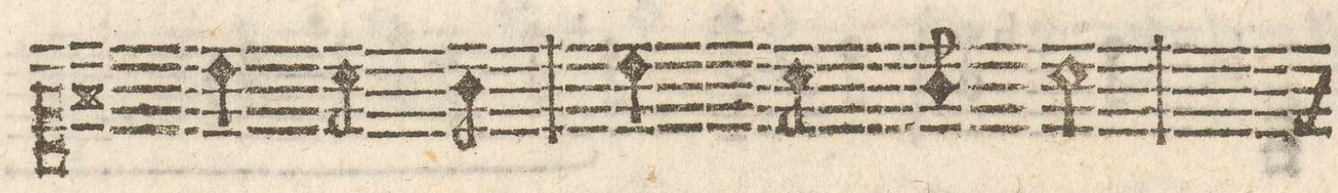
quand je Dan-ſe, Mon Cot-til-lon



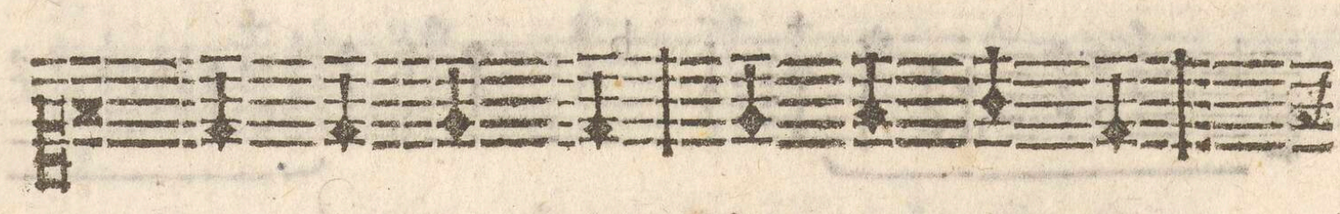
va-t'il bien? Il va de-çà,
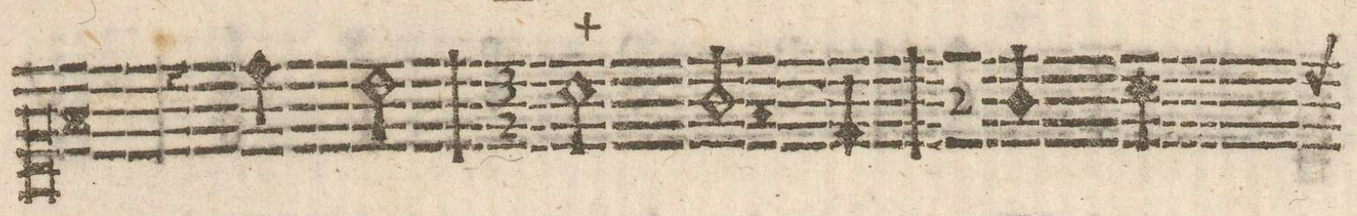


Il va de-là, Il va de-
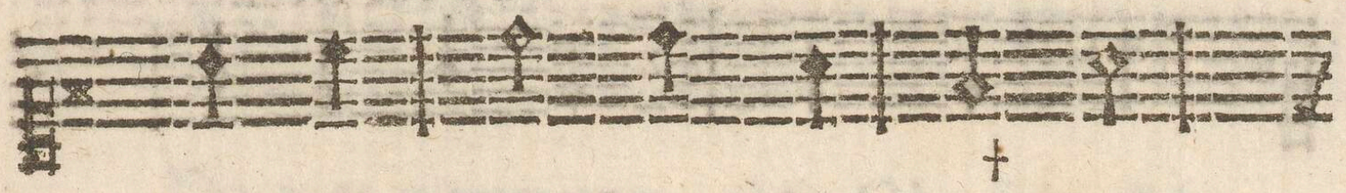


-çà, Va de-çà, Va de là;



Mais ſur-tout pre-nez bien gar-de,
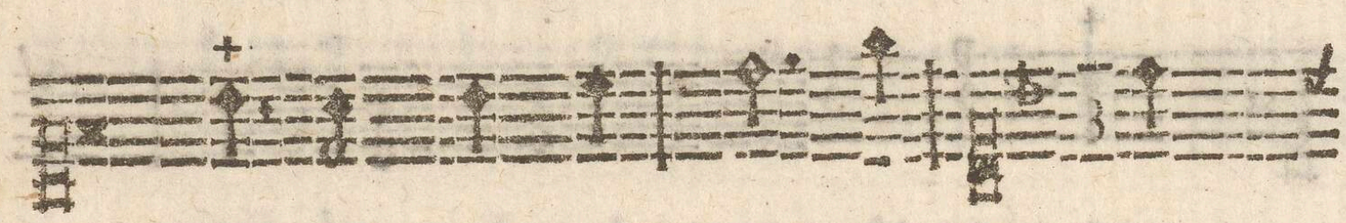


Na- non dor-moit ſur la ver-
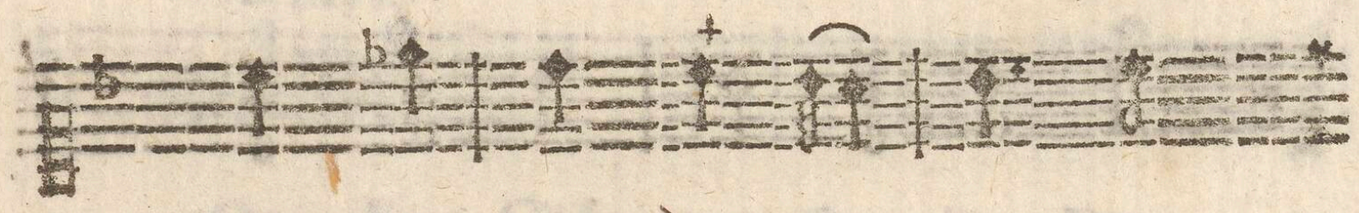


te fou - gè - re, Le vent ſouf-



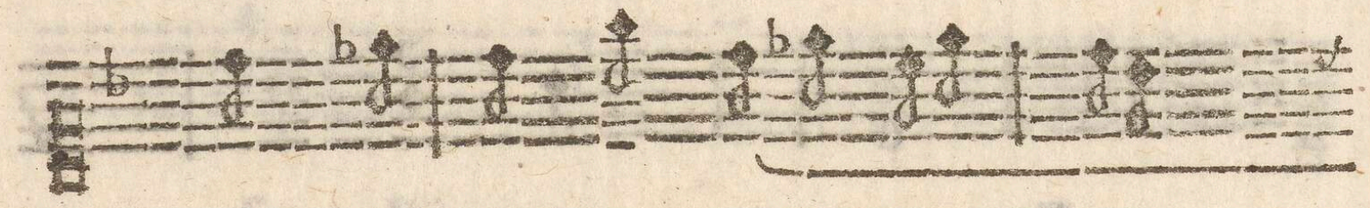
floit, ſa - Ju- pe trop le- gè- re, Se
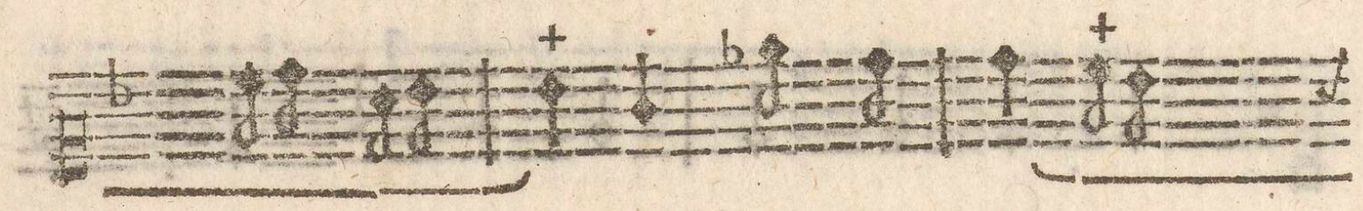


mit - à vol- ti - ger; Je vis



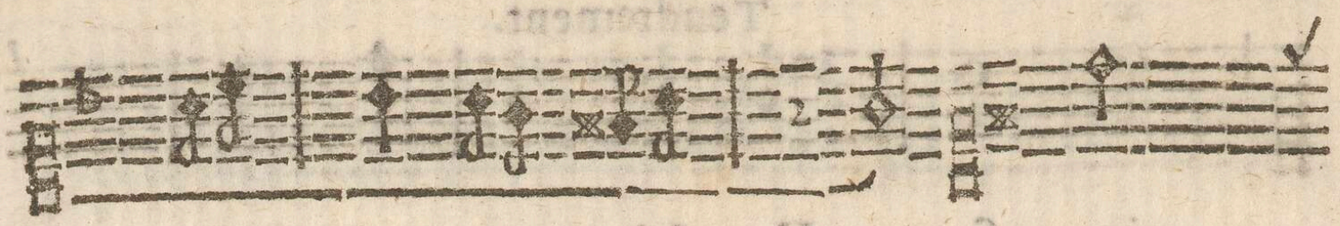
dans ces Jar- dins fleu- ris Un



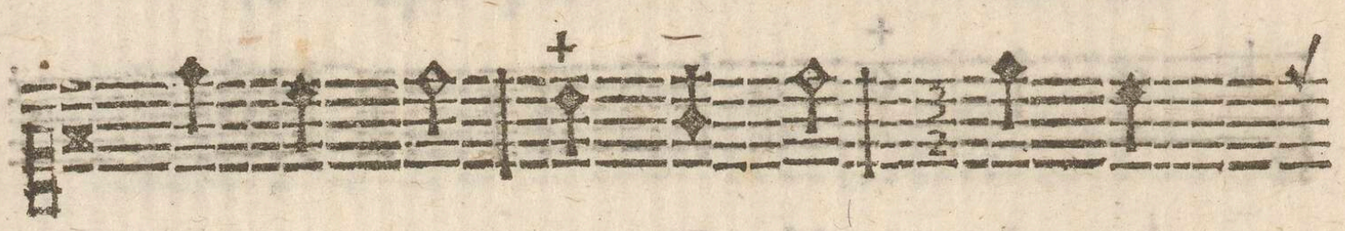
Pa- pil- lon vo - lâ- -
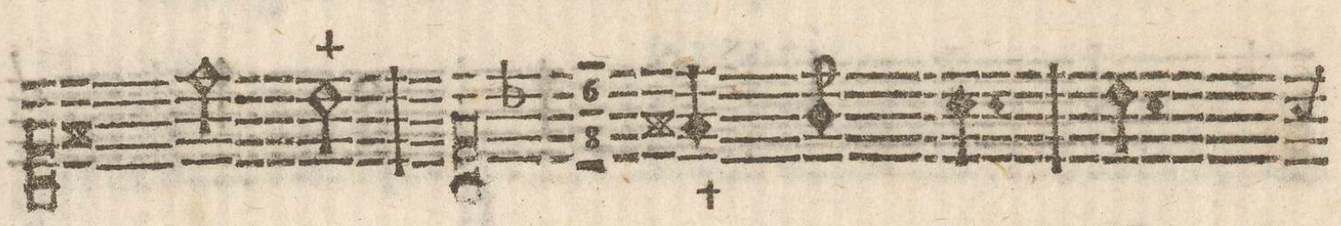


- tre, Ca-reſ- ſer
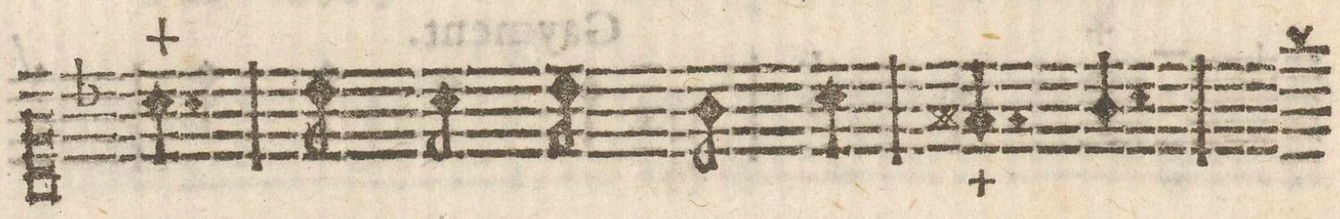


- - - - Jean



Gil-le, Jean Gil-le, Jean Gil-le,
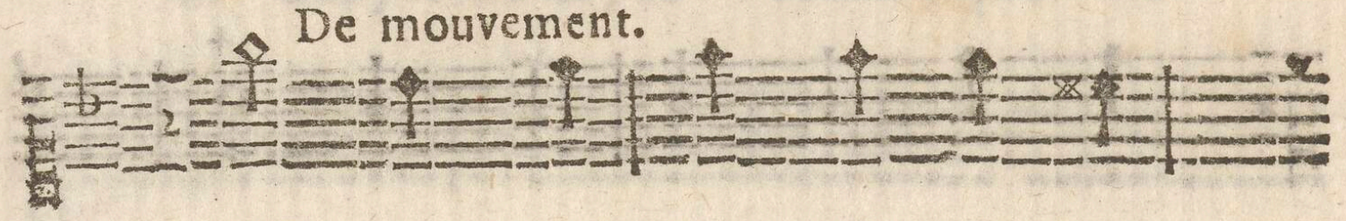


Jean, Jean, j'en a-vons tant
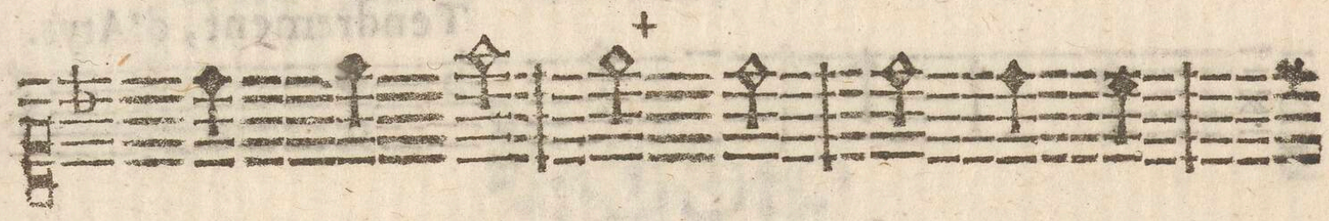


ri, j'en ri-rons bien en-co-re,
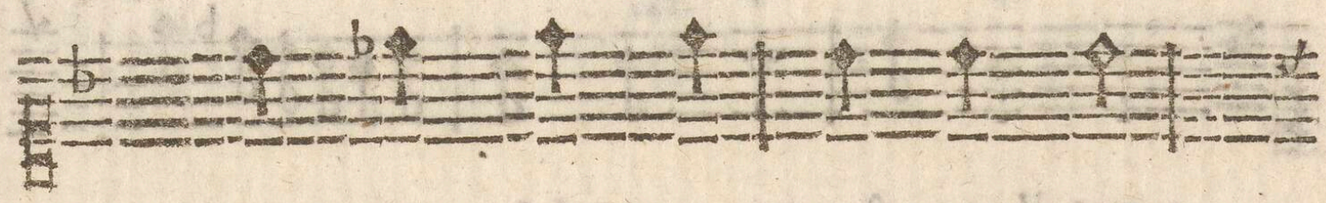
De mouvement.



Un jour de Saint An-toi-ne,



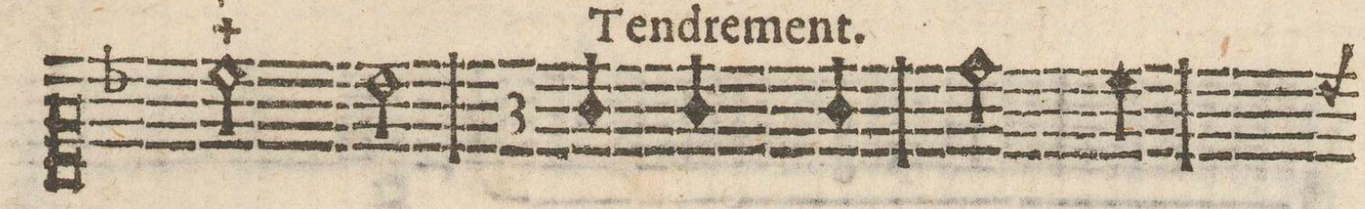
pro-che la Mer-ci, Il y a-



voit un hom-me qui di-soit

Jean,
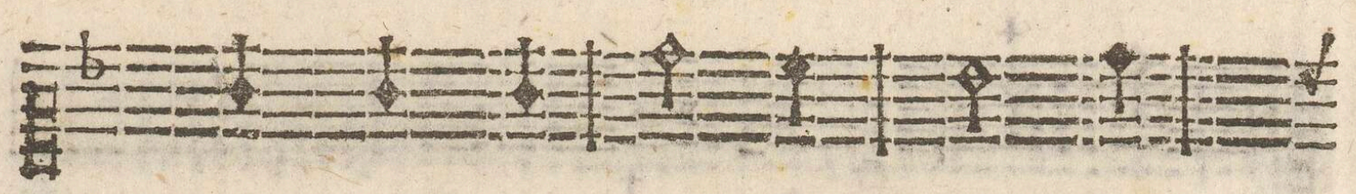
Tendrement.



ain - ſi, En - ſei - gnez-nous, Gens
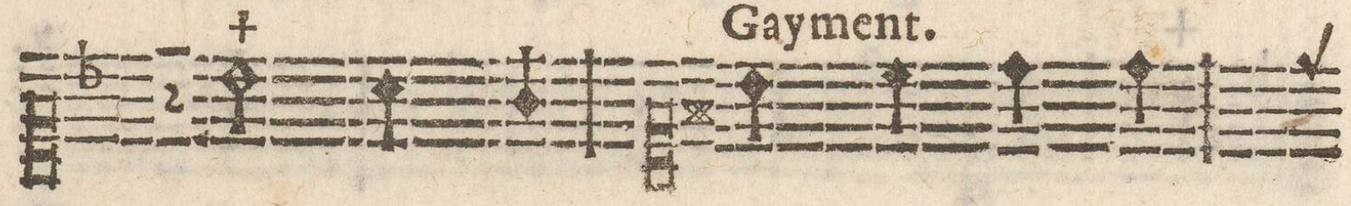


cha - ri - ta - bles, Dans nos be - ſoins
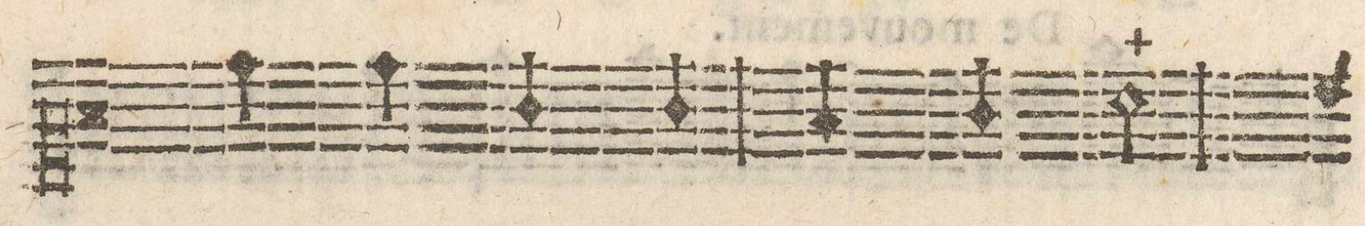


Le moy - en de ren - dre trai-

Gayment.

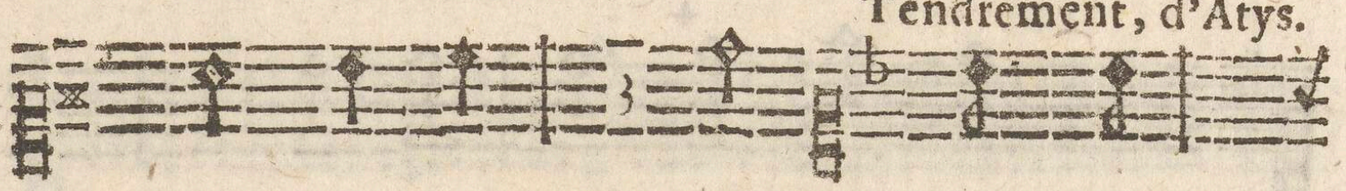


ta - bles, Tous ces dia hu, tous



ces dia ho, Ces mé - chans A-
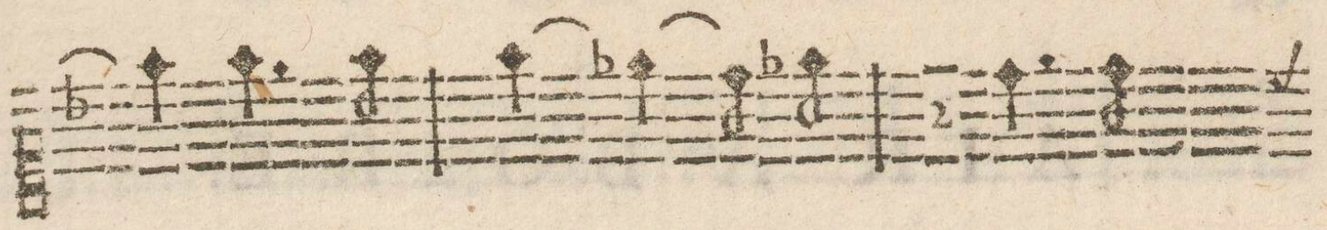
Tendrement, d'Atys.



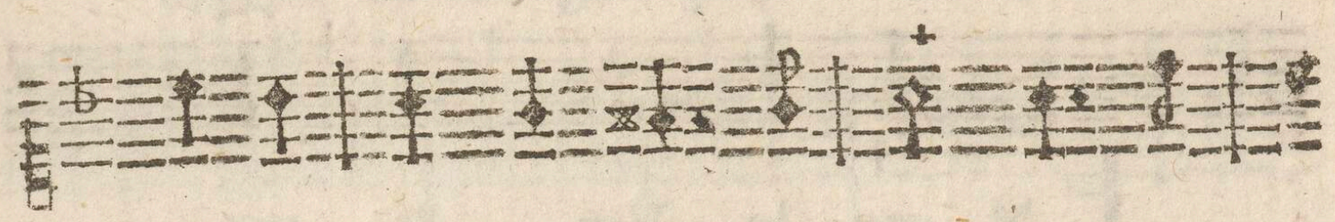
nes, car le mien rien ne



peut l'ar - rê - ter, quand la gloi- -
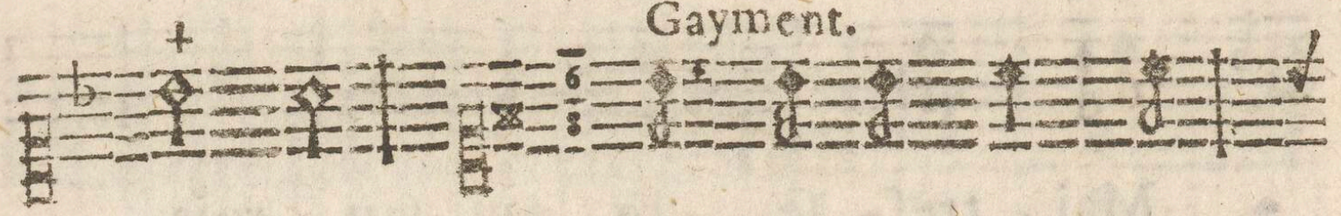


- re l'ap- pel- - - le, Et

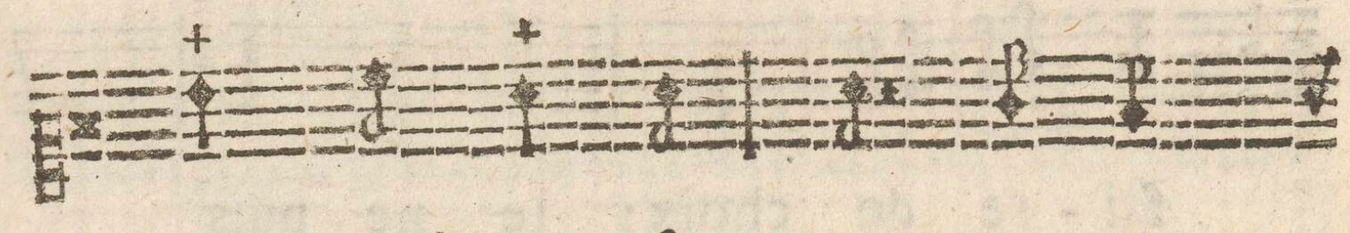


mal-gré mon tourment, Je l'ai- me, je

Gayment.



l'ai- me; Ah! que tu m'im-por-
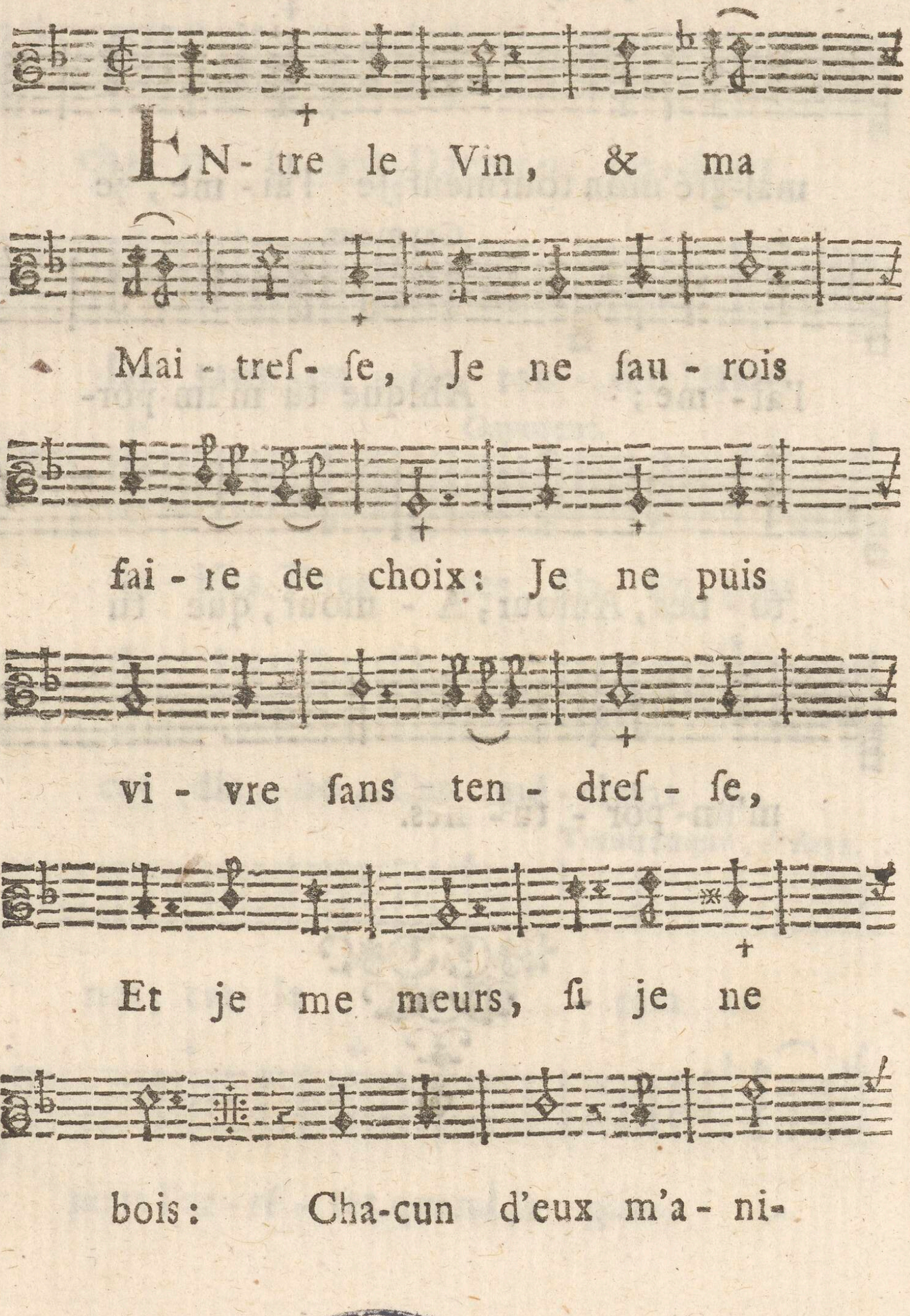


tu- nes, Amour, A - mour, que tu



m'im- por - tu- nes.

AIR

AIR A BOIRE.



ENtre le Vin, & ma

Maitreſſe, Je ne ſaurois

faire de choix: Je ne puis

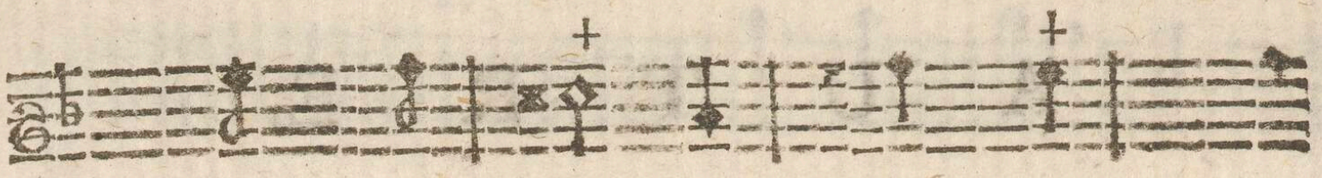
vivre ſans tendreſſe,

Et je me meurs, ſi je ne

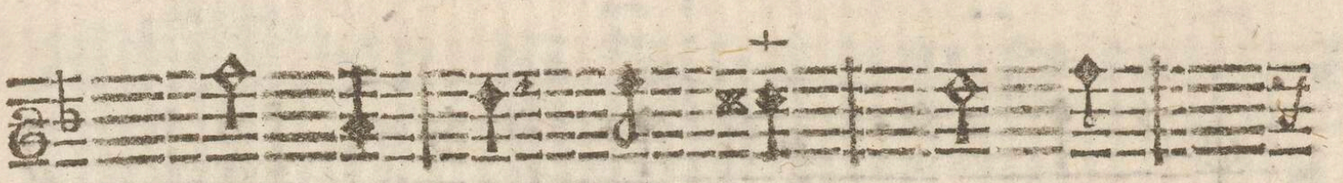
bois: Chacun d'eux m'a-ni-

me
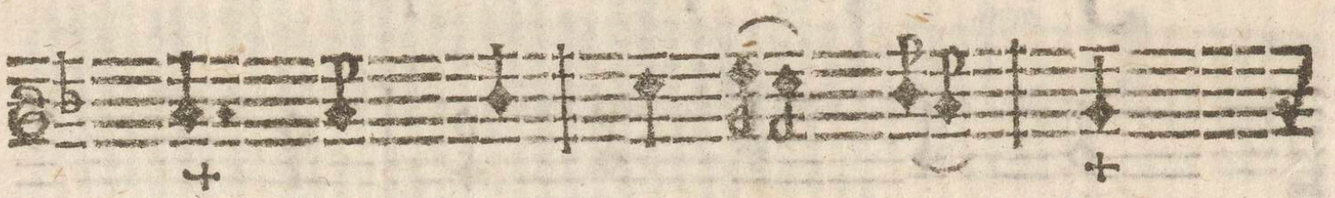
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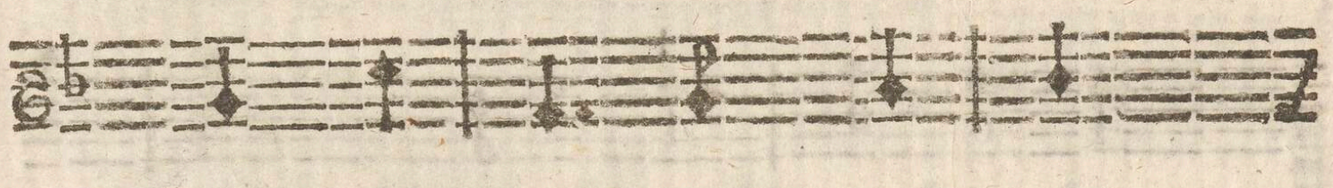
me & m'en-ga-ge, Le Plai-



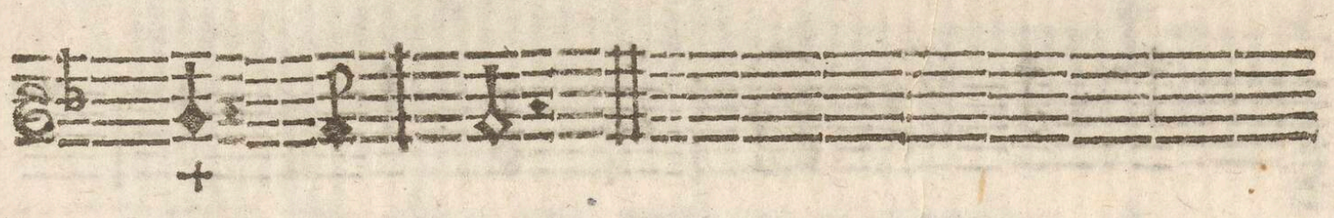
ſir en eſt dif-fé-rent; I-



ris m'en don-ne d'a-van-ta-



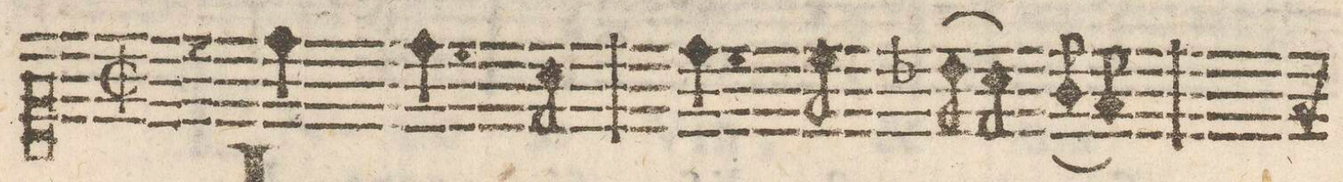
ge, Ba-chus m'en don-ne



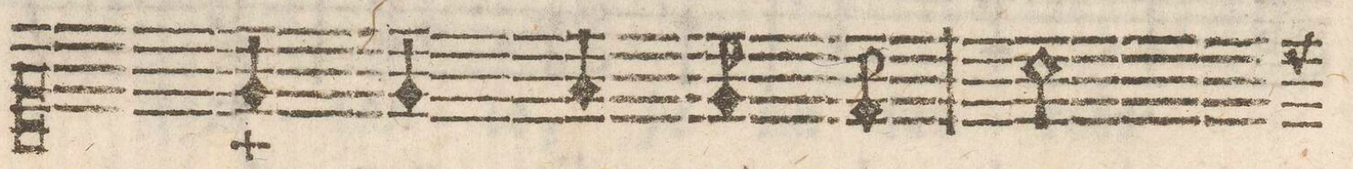
plus ſou-vent.

AUTRE.

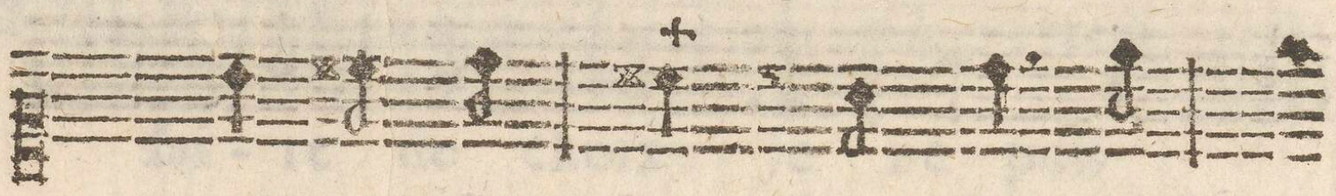
Pour une Dame.



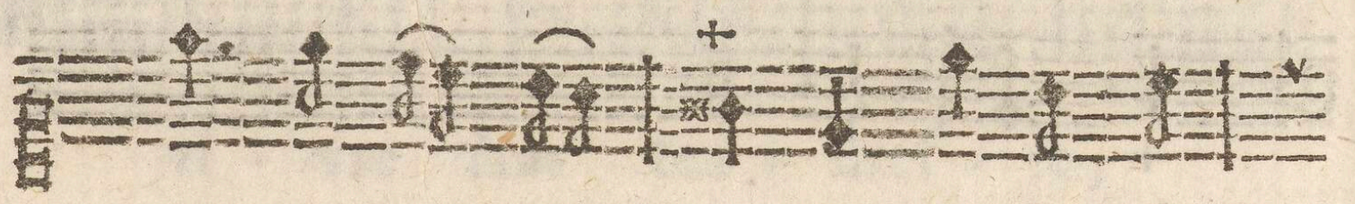
JE ne ſai plus au- quel en-



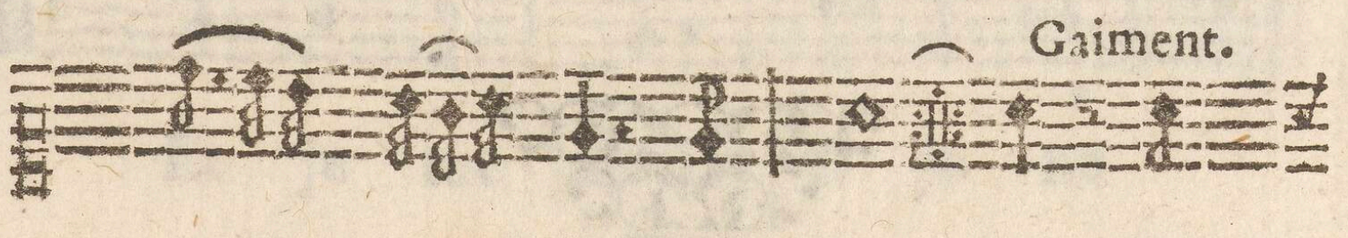
ten - dre, Ou de l'A - mour,



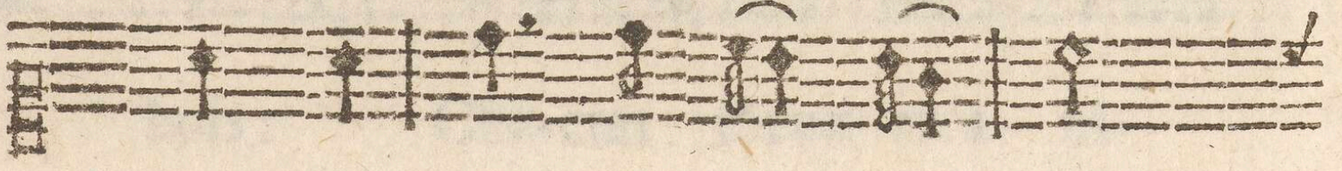
ou de Ba - chus; L'un me ſé-
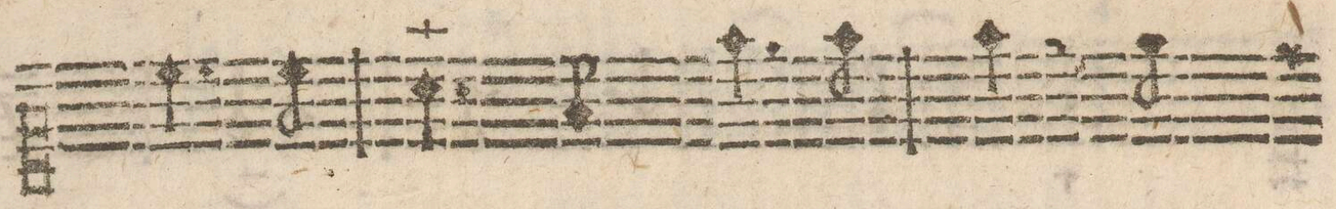


duit par ſon air ten- dre, L'autre me
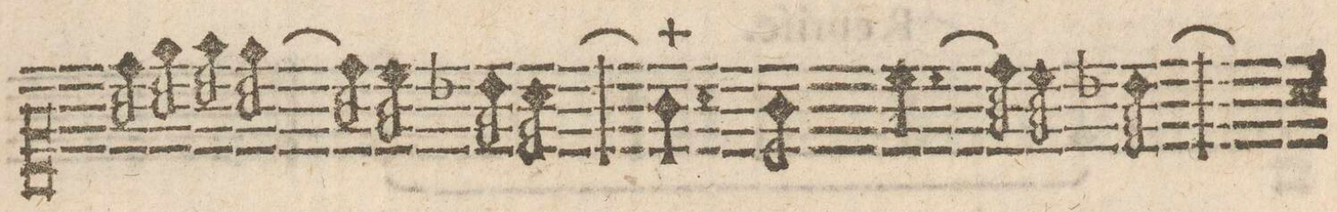


ten - te par ſon Jus. Jus. Je



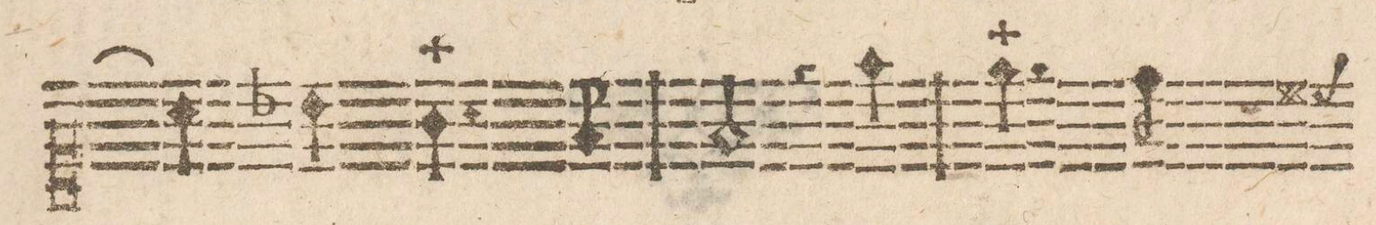
ſens la Soif qui me vient pren-
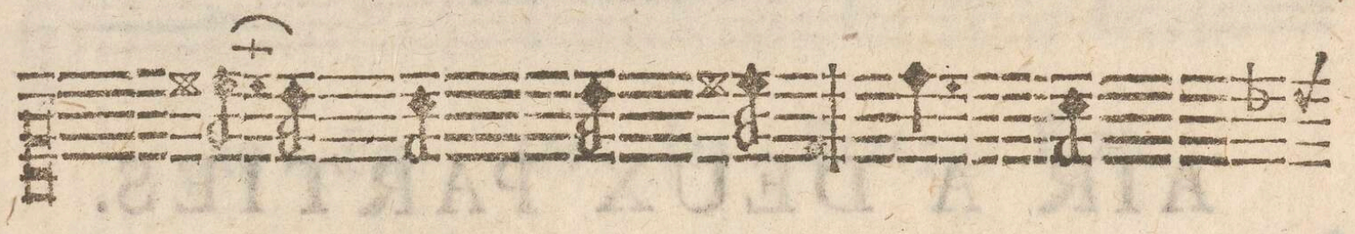


dre; Bu-vons, Bu-vons, Bu-vons, cou-



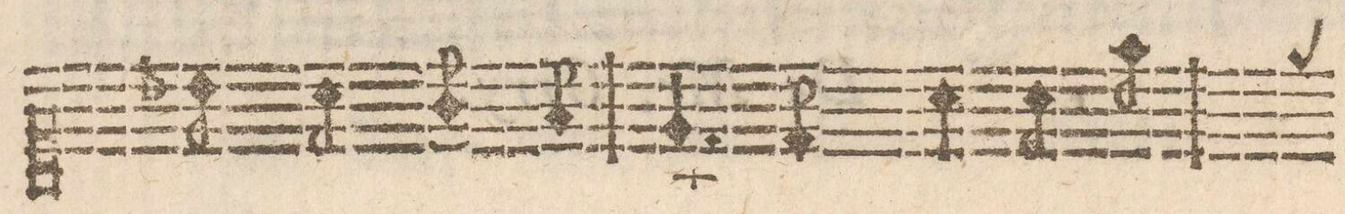
rons, - - cou-rons -



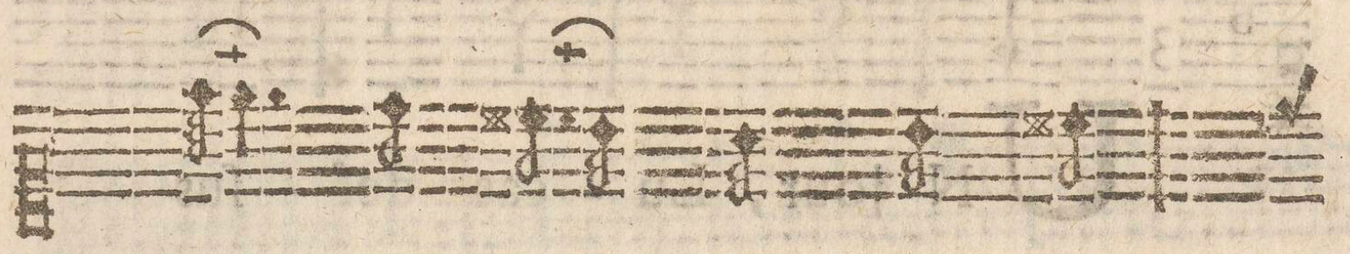
- au plus pref-ſé. A-mour, n'en



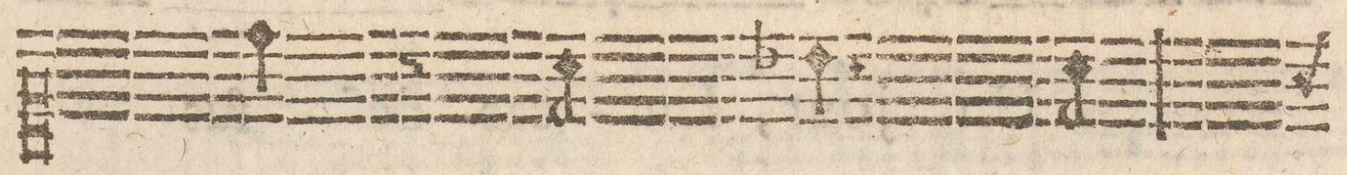
ſois point of-fen-ſé, Je
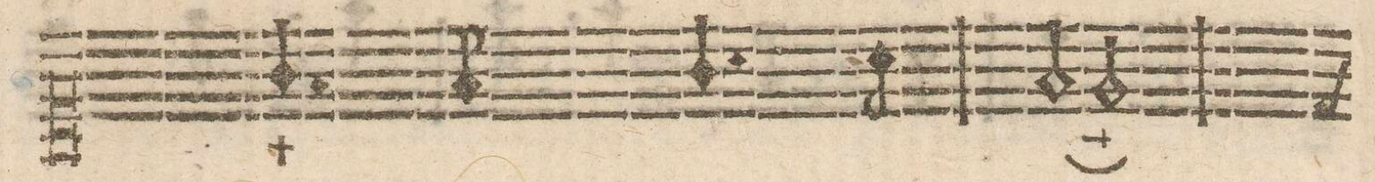


ne te fe-rai guè-re at-tendre. A-



mour n'en ſois point of-fen-



ſé, Tu n'y per-



dras rien pour at - ten-

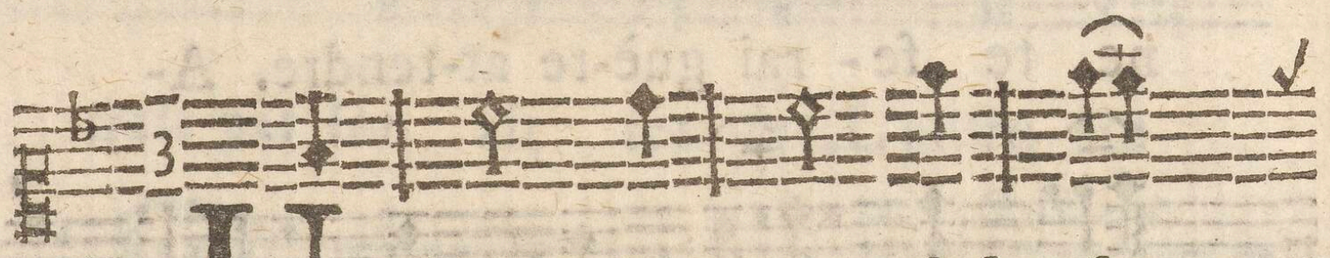
Repriſe.
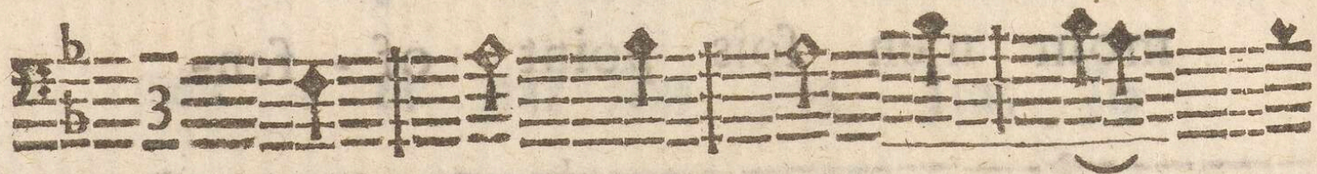


- dre. Je ſens la, &c. dre.

AIR A DEUX PARTIES.

De Mr. Orry.



UN jour, Lu - cas deſ - ſus



Un jour, Lu - cas deſ - ſus
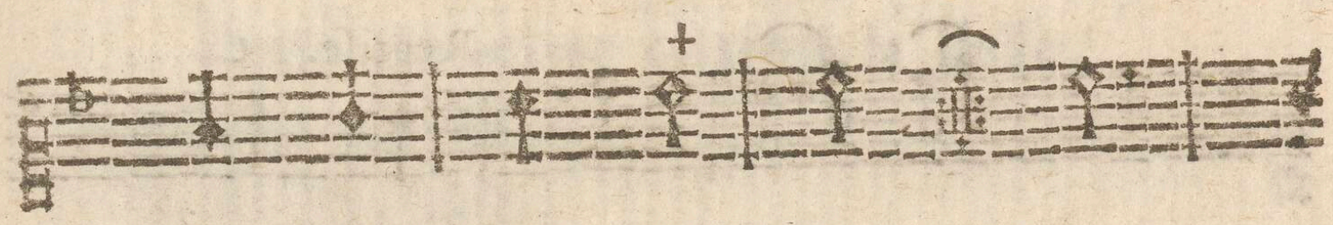
l'Her-



l'Her- bet- te, Te- noit Li - ſet-



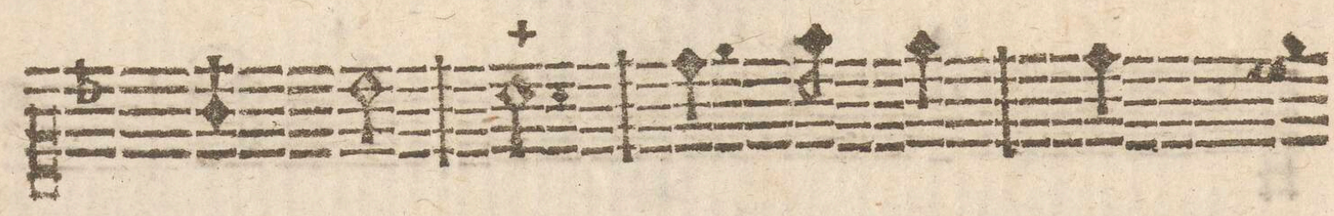
l'Her- bet- te, Te- noit Li - ſet-



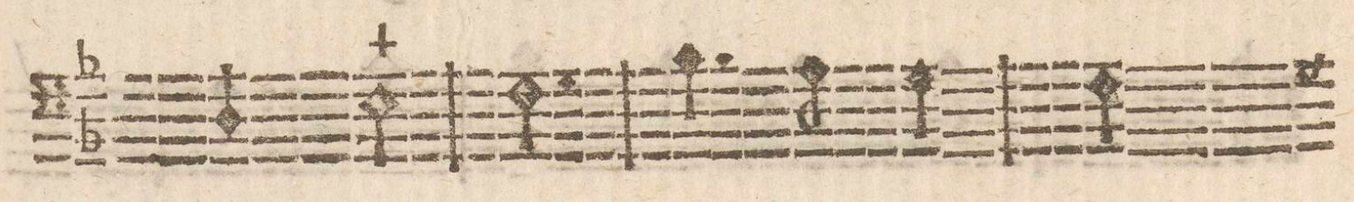
te En - tre ſes Bras; Bras;



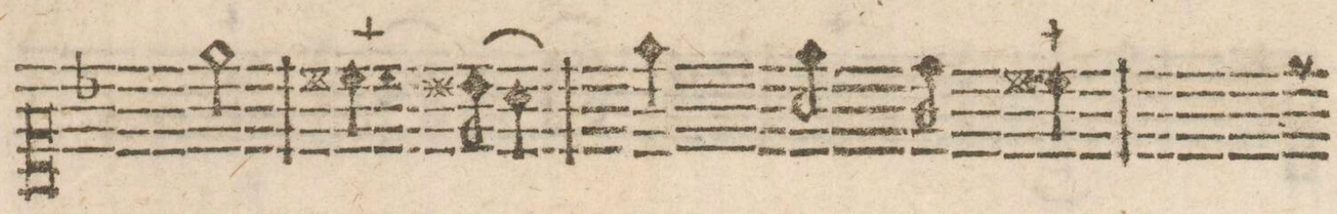
te En - tre ſes Bras; Bras;



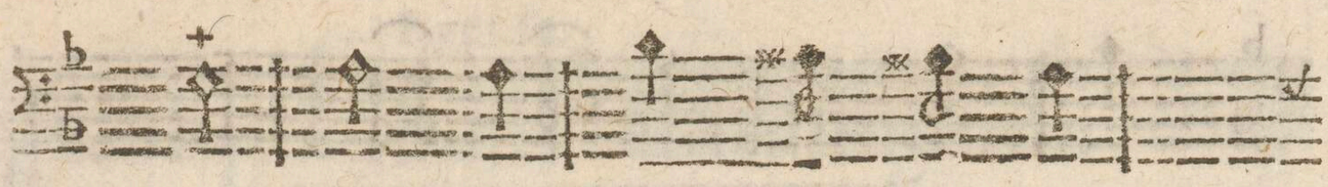
Ah! que j'ai, dit le Ber - ger
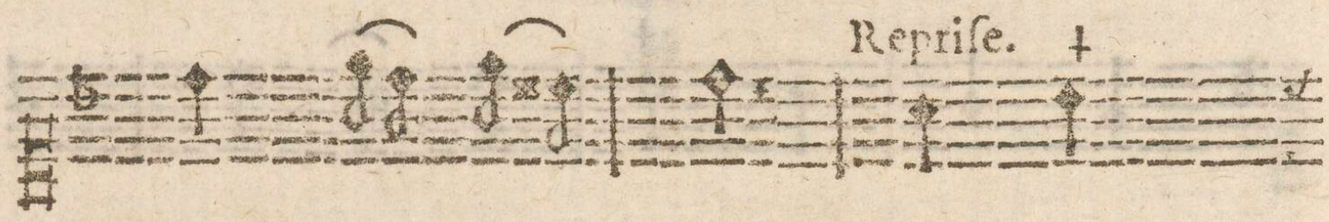


Ah! que j'ai, dit le Ber - ger



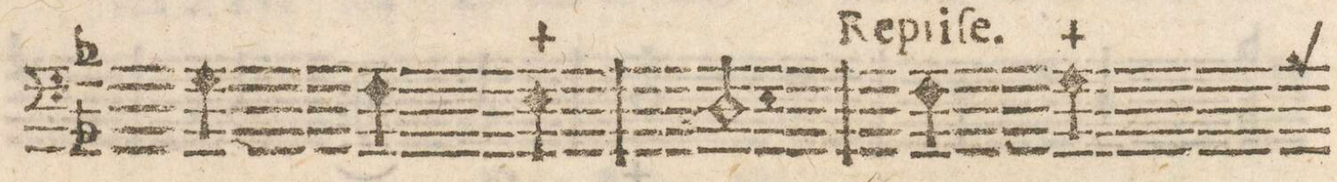
fin - cè - re, Que j'ai de Plai-



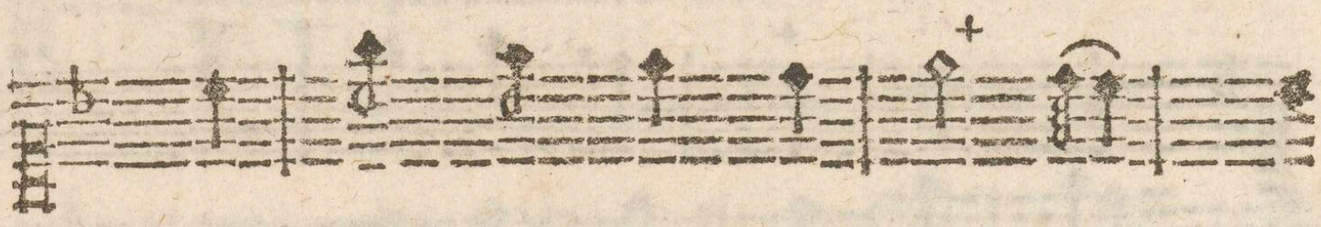
fin - cè - re, Que j'ai de Plai-
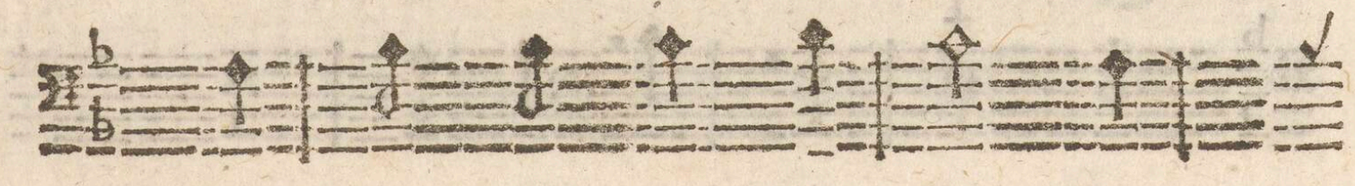


fir en ai - mant! Le ſens



fir en ai - mant! Le ſens
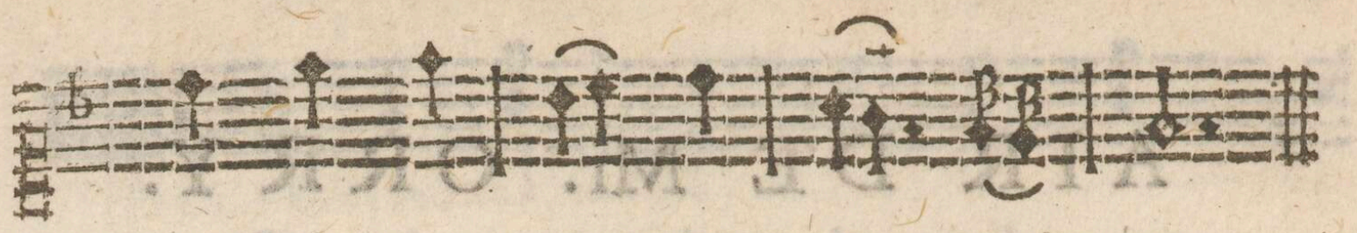


tu qu'en dis - tu, Ber - gè - re?
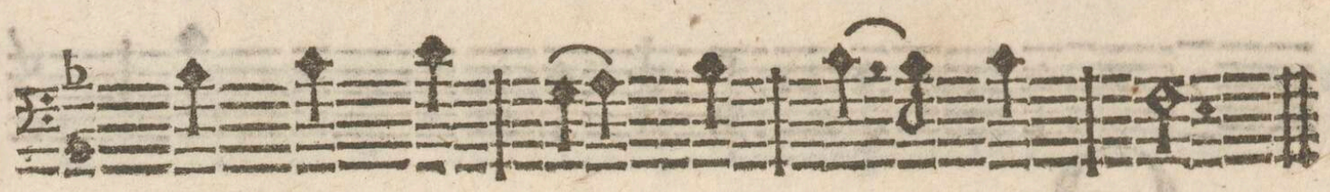


tu qu'en dis - tu, Ber - gè - re?

le



le ſens-tu ce Plai-ſir char-mant.
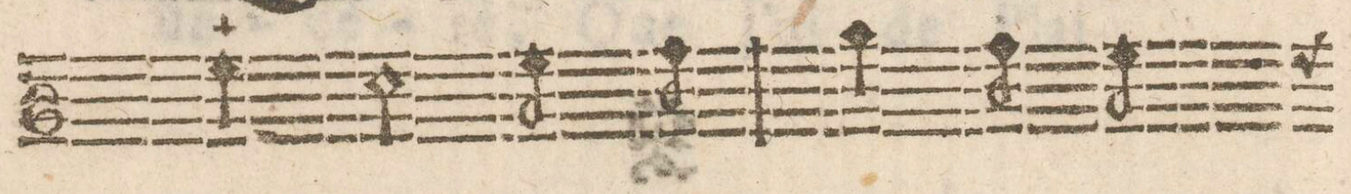


le ſens-tu ce Plai-ſir char-mant.

Cette entretient charma la Belle,
Hélas! dit-elle,
Je le ſens bien;
Baiſe-donc, dit-il, laiſſe-moi faire,
Rends heureux un fidel Amant,
Le ſens-tu, qu'en dis-tu, Bergère,
Le ſens-tu ce Plaiſir charmant.
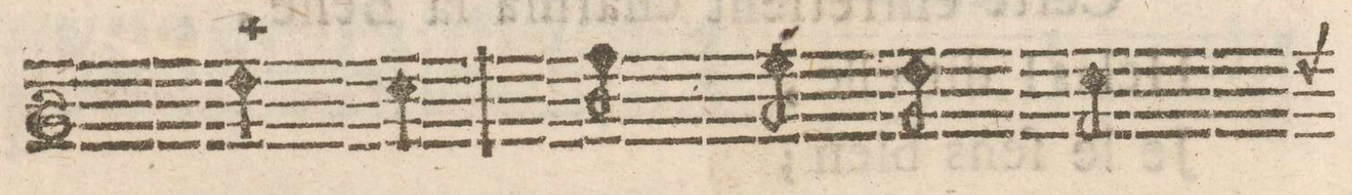
AIR DE Mr. ORRY.



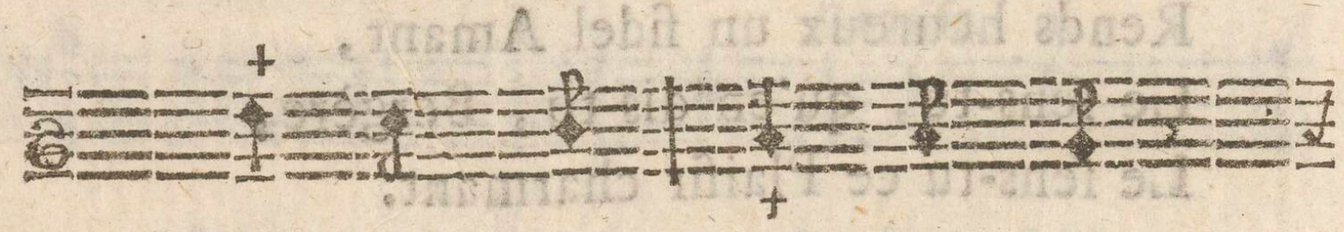
QUe les Ma - ris ont de Ca-



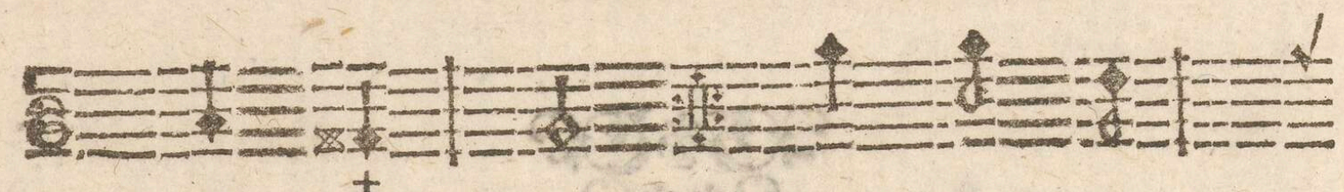
pri - ce, Dès qu'I - ris a la



Fiè vre ils vont au Mé - de-



cin im - plo - rer ſon Art

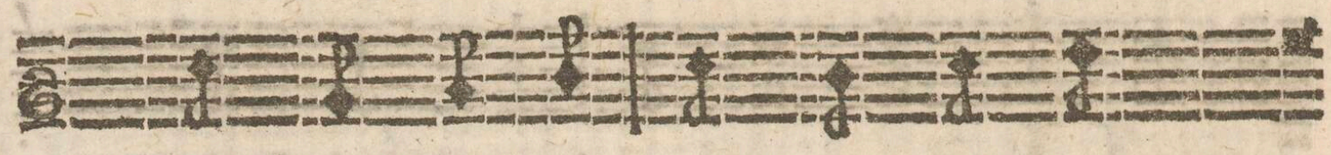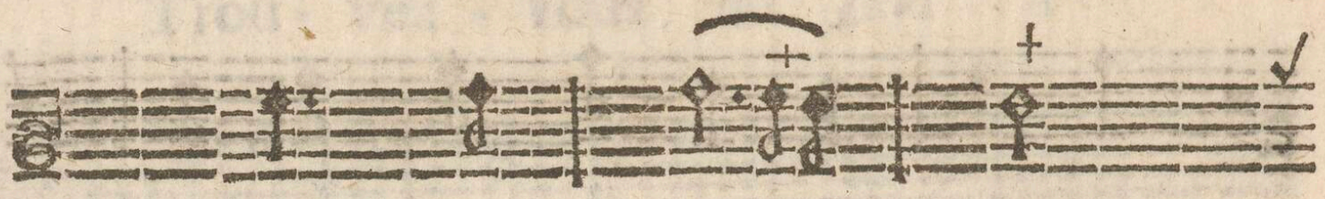


af - faf - ſin; Mais ſi la
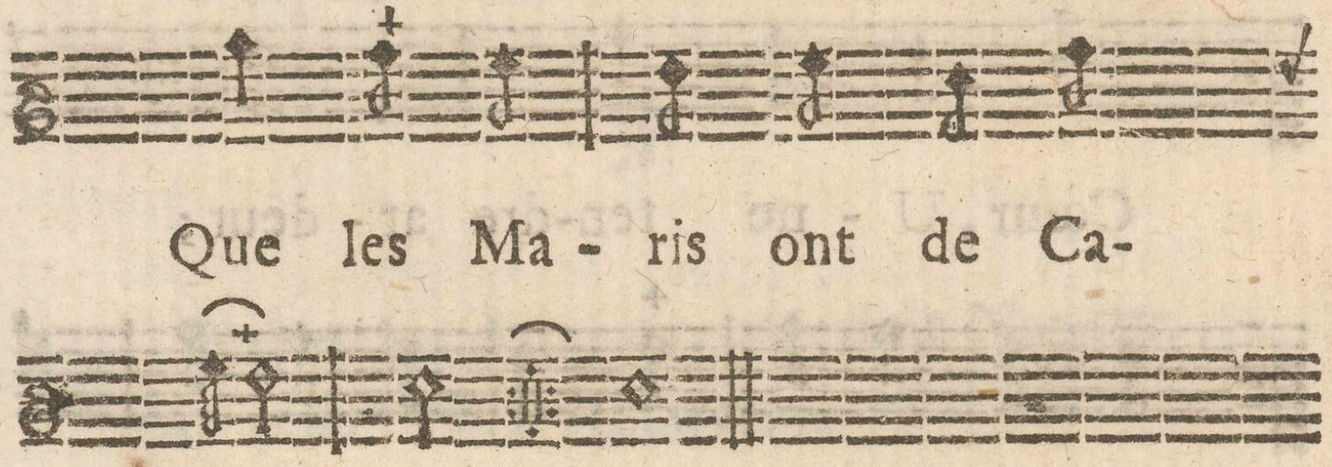


Bel - le à la jau - niſ - ſe,


Ils ai-ment mieux la voir mou-


rir que de ſouf frir qu'un au-tre


la gué - rif - ſe,
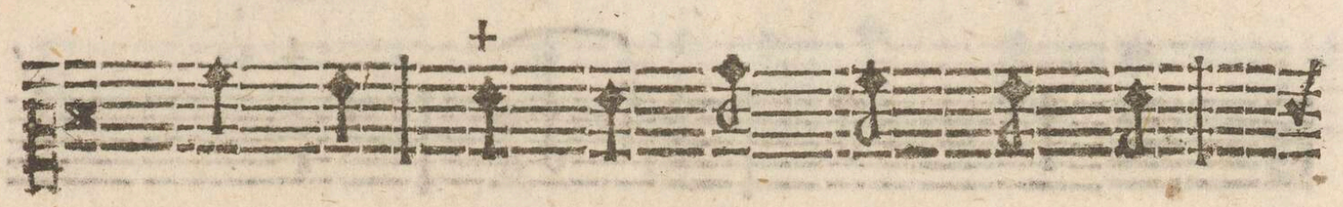

Que les Ma - ris ont de Ca-
pri - ce. ce.

COTTILLON.

Gay.
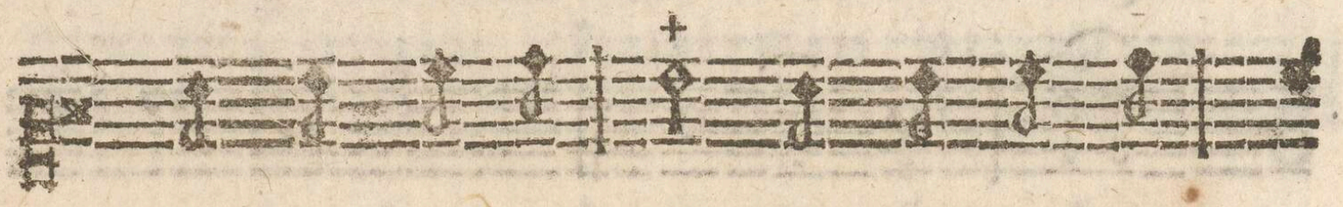


HE-las! quel mal-heur quand on
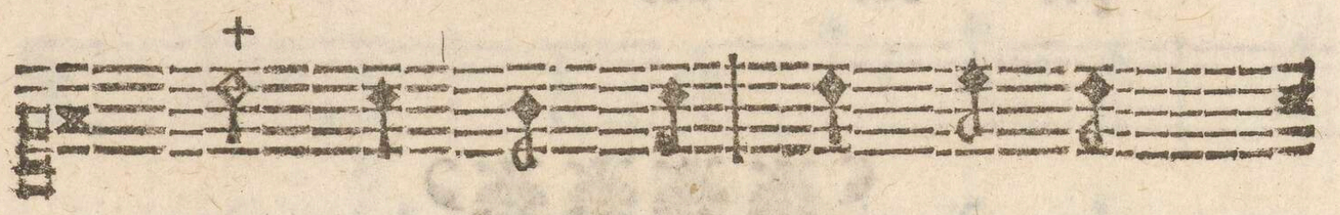


eſt jeu-net-te, D'a-voir dans le



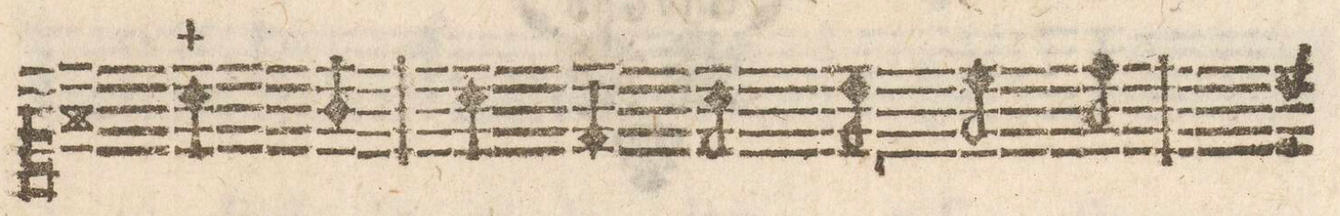
Cœur, U-ne ten-dre ar-deur;



J'al-lois u-ne fois, Seu-le dans le

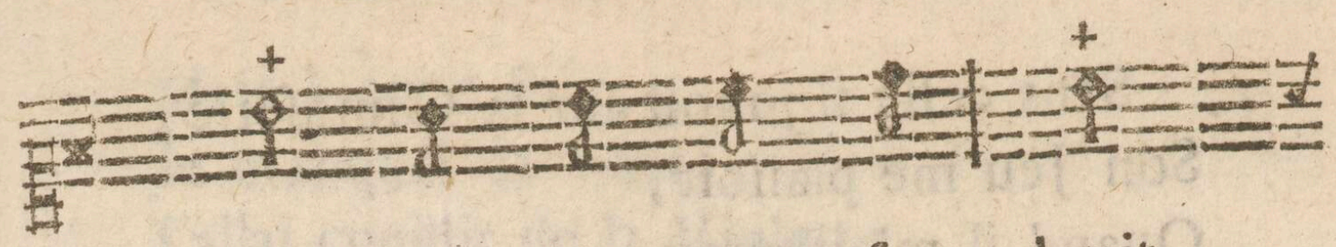


Bois, Pour y cueil-lir de la
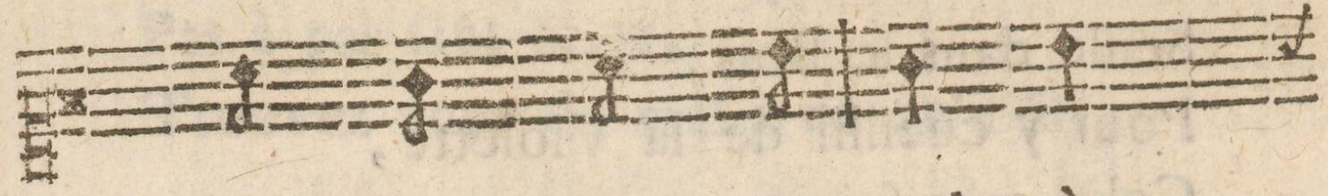


Vi-o-let-te, Co-lin m'y ſui-

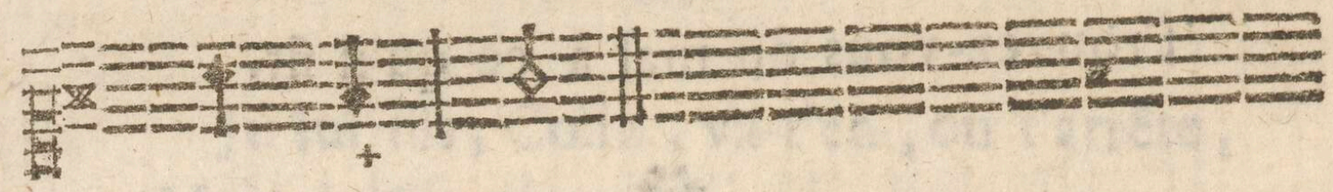
vit,



vit, Pas à pas ſans bruit,



Trou- vez - vous du mal à



ce qu'il fit.

Fuyez les Amours, s'écrioit Nanette,
Les plus beaux Diſcours,
Séduiſent toujours;
J'allois une fois,
Seule dans le Bois,
Pour y cueillir de la Violette,
Colin m'y ſuivit,
Pas à pas ſans bruit,
Trouvez-vous du mal à ce qu'il fit.

vit,

Sans

Sans ceſſe il jouoit ſur la Climuſette,
Son Jeu me plaiſoit,
Quand il m'attrapoit;
J'allois une fois,
Seule dans le Bois,
Pour y cueillir de la Violette,
Colin m'y ſuivit,
Pas à pas ſans bruit,
Trouvez-vous du mal à ce qu'il fit.

Sans témoins tous deux ſur la molle Her-
Je vis dans ſes Yeux, [bette,
Mille & mille feux;
Mais à cette voix,
Je m'en fus aux Bois,
Pour y cueillir de la Violette,
Colin m'y ſuivit,
Pas à pas ſans bruit,
Trouvez-vous du mal à ce qu'il fit.

Au lieu d'écouter ſon ardeur diſcrette,
Je voulus chanter,
Pour le rebuter;
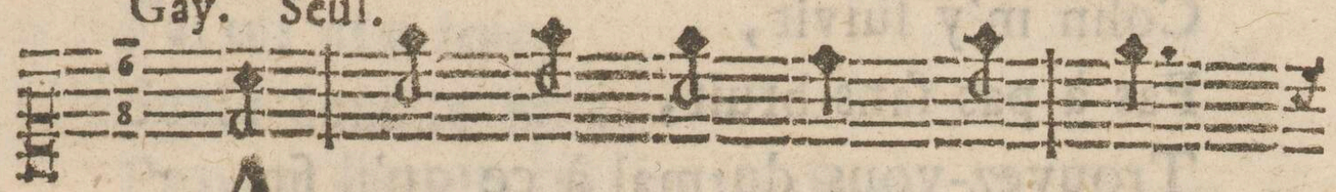
Mais

Mais à cette fois,
Je manquai de voix,
J'allai cueillir de la Violette,
Colin m'y ſuivit,
Pas à pas ſans bruit,
Trouvez-vous du mal à ce qu'il fit.
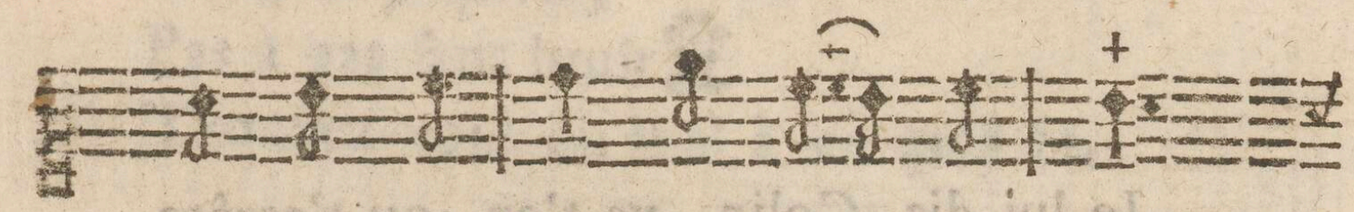
Je lui dis, Colin, va-t'en, ou t'arrête,
Mais ce fut en vain,
Il me prit la main;
Je le rebattai,
Dans le Bois j'entrai,
Pour y cueillir de la Violette,
Colin m'y ſuivit,
Pas à pas ſans bruit,
Trouvez-vous du mal à ce qu'il fit.

RONDE DE TABLE.

Gay. Seul.
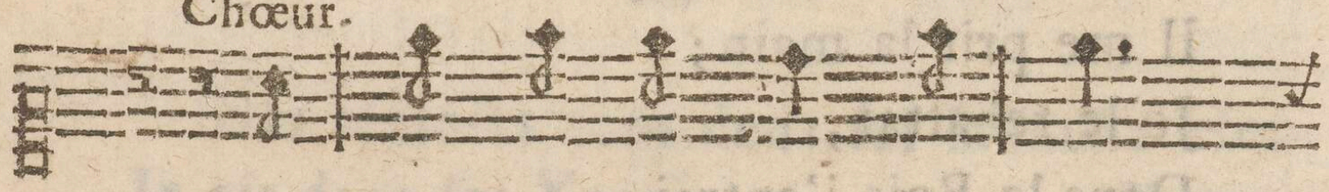


A - mis ne ſon-geons qu'à ri-



re, Du ſoir juſ-ques au ma - tin.

Chœur.

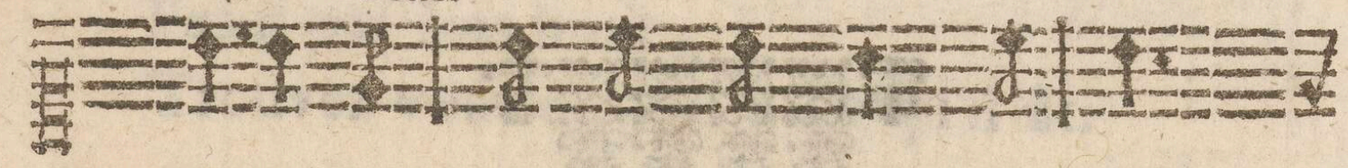


A - mis ne ſon-geons qu'à ri-



re, Du ſoir juſ- ques au ma-

Seul.



tin. Si nous a - vons de quoi fri-
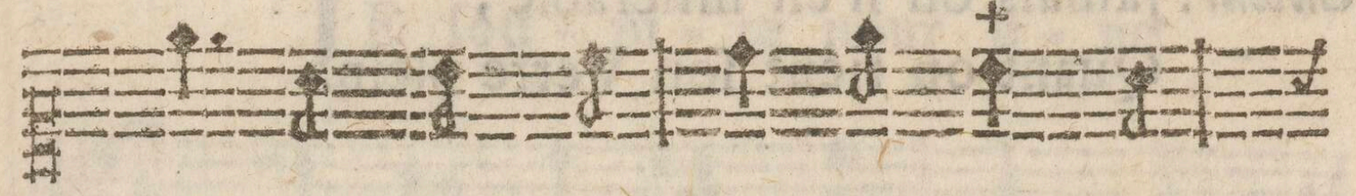


re, A- mis ne ſon-geons qu'à ri-



re, Du ſoir juſ-ques au ma-

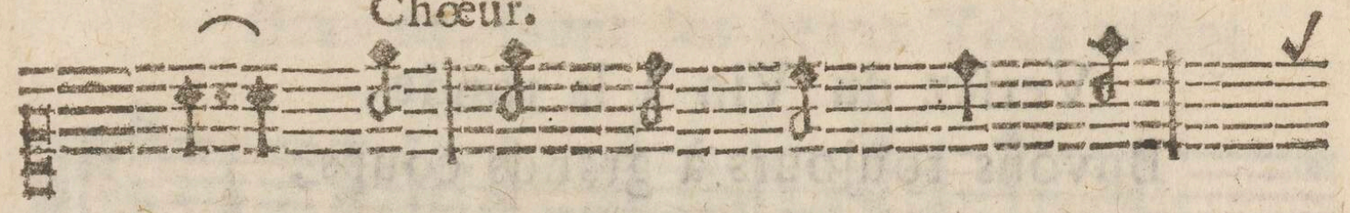


tin, Puiſ-que Ba-chus nous in-
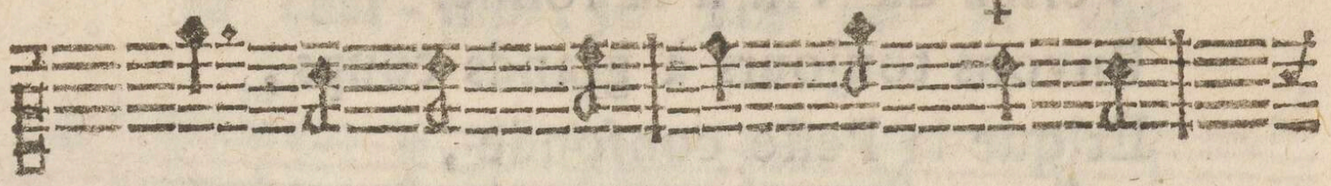


ſpi-re, Vui-dons cent Fla-çons de

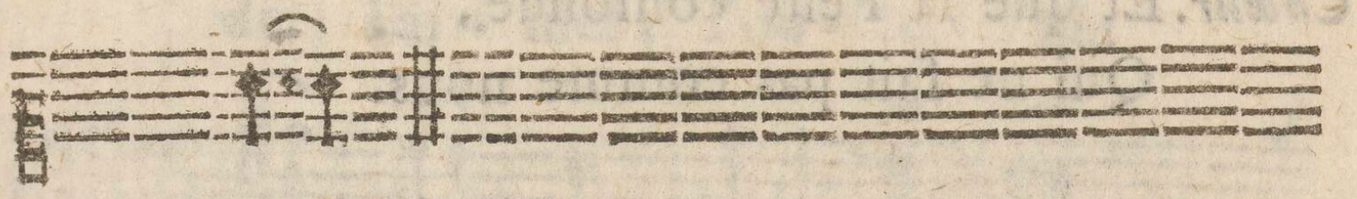
Chœur.



Vin. Puiſ-que Ba-chus nous in-



ſpi-re, Vui-dons cent Fa-çons de



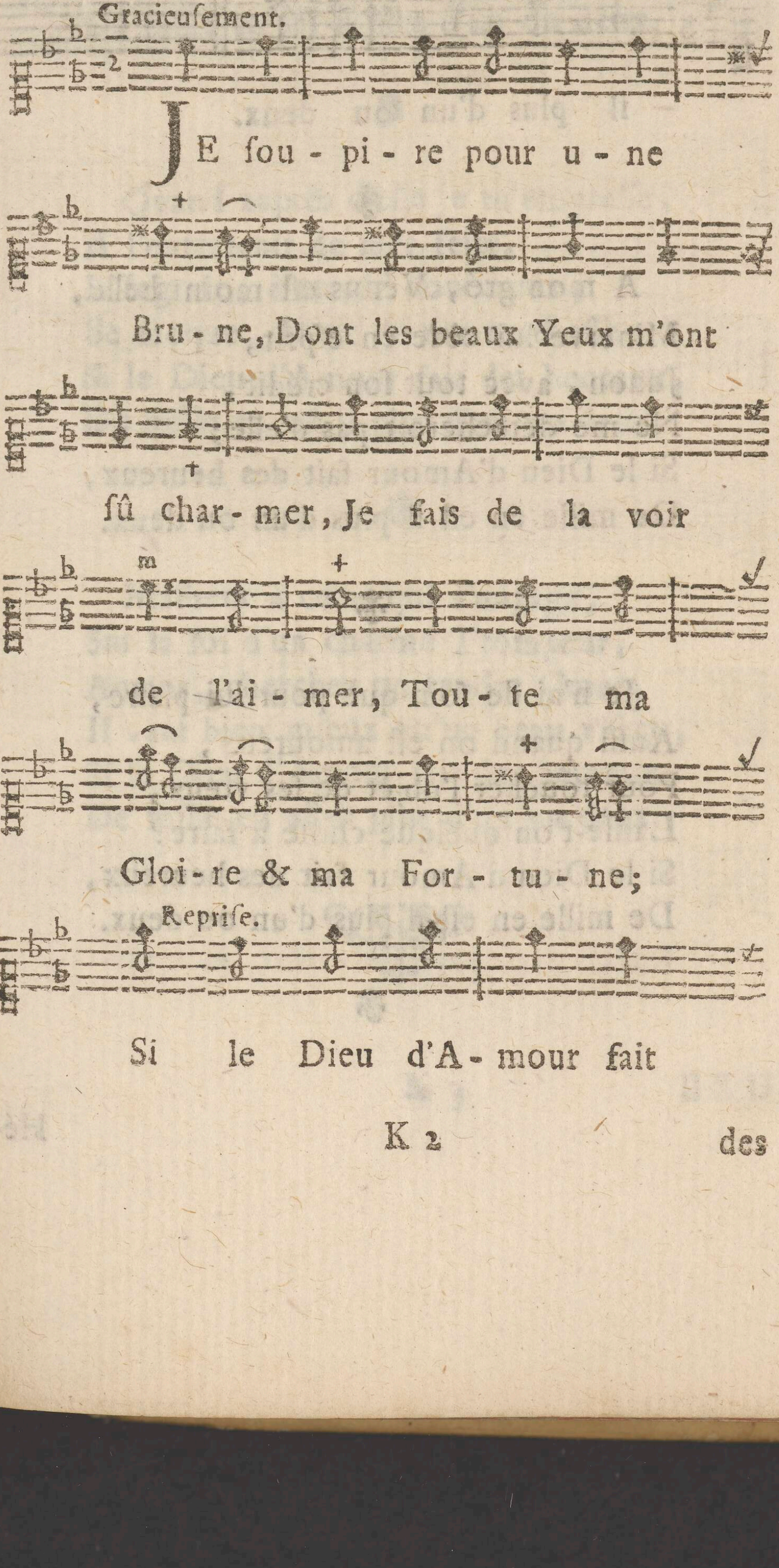
Vin.
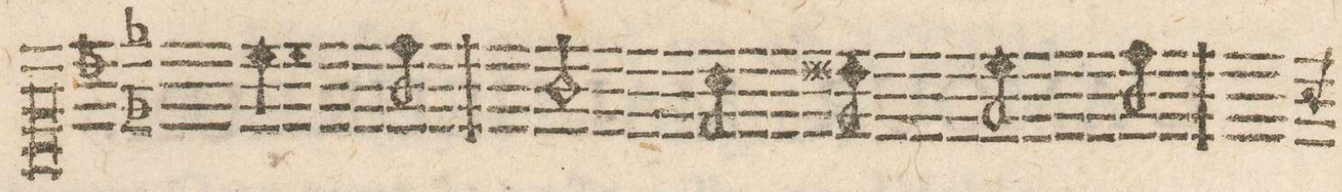
Ma foi, quand on eſt à Table,
Il faut noyer le Chagrin;
Chœur. Que tout le reſte aille au Diable,
Ma foi, quand on eſt à Table,
Il faut noyer le Chagrin,
Jamais on n'eſt miſérable,
Quant on tient ſon Verre plein.
Chœur. Jamais on n'eſt miſérable,
Quant on tient ſon Verre plein.

Verſez du Vin à la ronde,
Buvons toujours à grands coups;
Chœur. Si quelque amoureux en gronde,
Verſez du Vin à la ronde.
Buvons toujours à grands coups,
Et que la Peſte confonde,
Qui ne fait pas comme nous.
Chœur. Et que la Peſte confonde,
Qui ne fait pas comme nous.
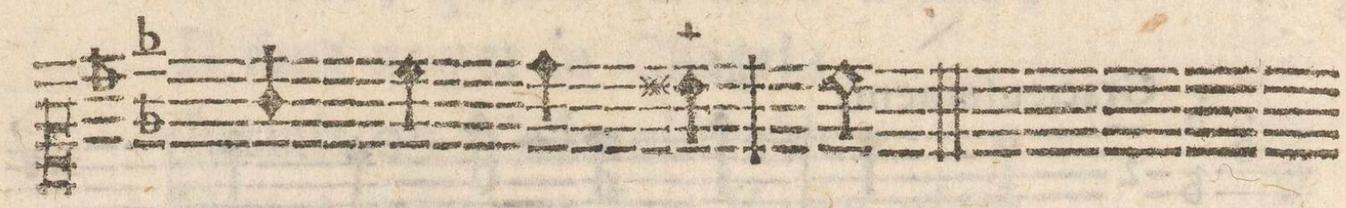
L'AMOUR MALHEUREUX.

VAUDEVILLE.





des heu-reux, De mil-le en eſt



— il plus d'un ou deux.

A mon gré, Vénus eſt moins belle,
Minerve lui cède en eſprit,
Junon, avec tout ſon crédit,
Ne me détacheroit pas d'elle;
Si le Dieu d'Amour fait des heureux,
De mille en eſt-il plus d'un ou deux.

Je n'ai de ſoin que pour lui plaire,
Auſſi quand on eſt amoureux,
Pour toucher l'objèt de ſes vœux,
Laiſſe-t'on quelque choſe à faire?
Si le Dieu d'Amour fait des heureux,
De mille en eſt-il plus d'un ou deux.

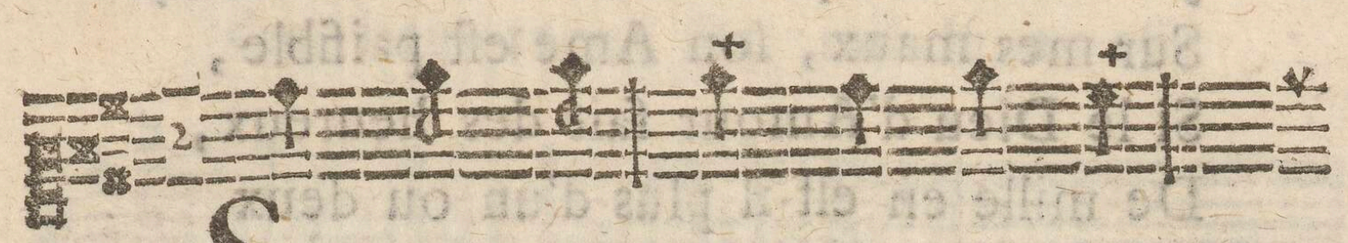
Hélas ! j'adore une inſenſible,
Que rien ne ſauroit attendrir !
J'ai beau me plaindre, & beau ſouffrir,
Sur mes maux, ſon Ame eſt paiſible,
Si le Dieu d'Amour fait des heureux,
De mille en eſt-il plus d'un ou deux.

Quand auprès d'elle je m'empreſſe,
A l'entretenir de mes feux,
L'Ingrate, d'un air doucereux,
Se moque, & rit de ma tendreſſe ;
Si le Dieu d'Amour fait des heureux,
De mille en eſt-il plus d'un ou deux.
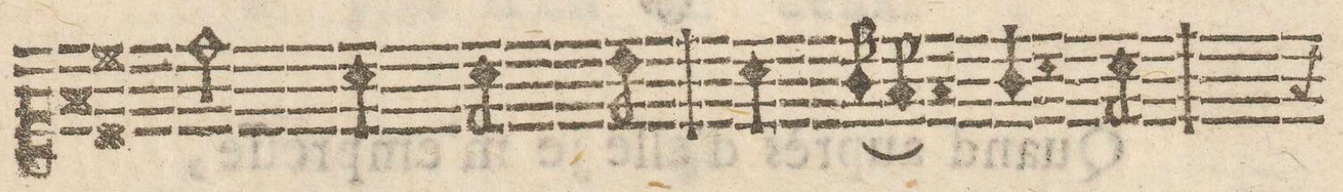
Malheur à celui qui s'engage,
Sur la foi d'un charme Trompeur,
Amans, cherchez un tendre Cœur,
Il vaut bien mieux qu'un beau viſage ;
Si le Dieu d'Amour fait des heureux,
De mille en eſt-il plus d'un ou deux.

Hé-

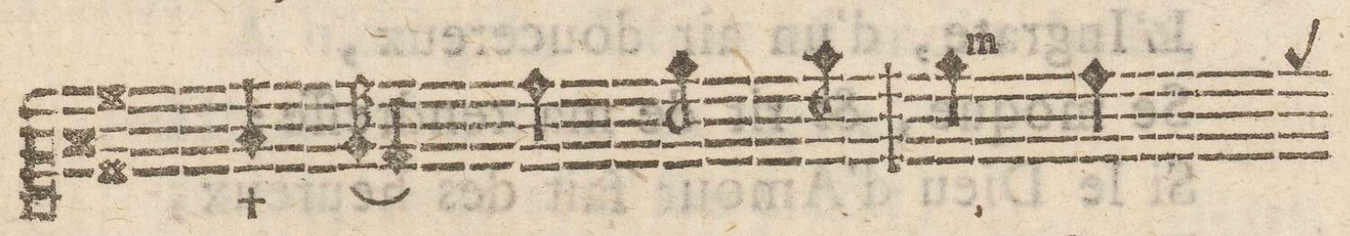
BRUNETTE.
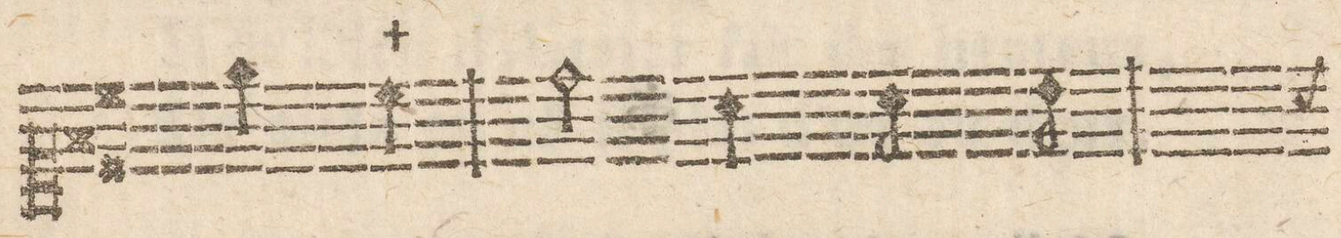


SUr les bords d'un Ruiſſeau char-
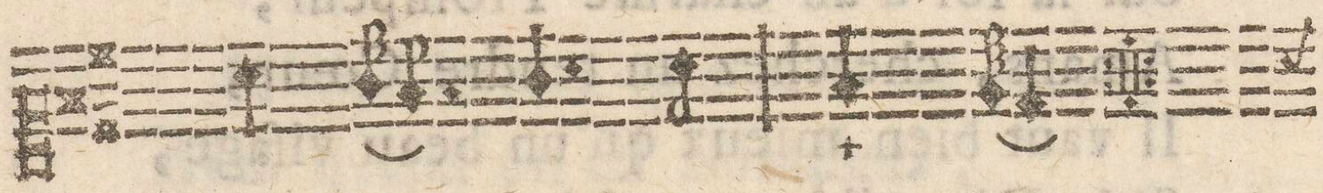


mant, Tous les ans u - ne Brune ai-



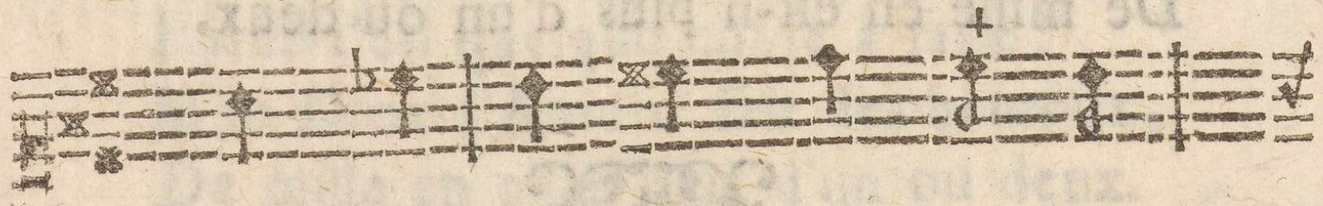
ma - ble, Vient ren - dre par ſon
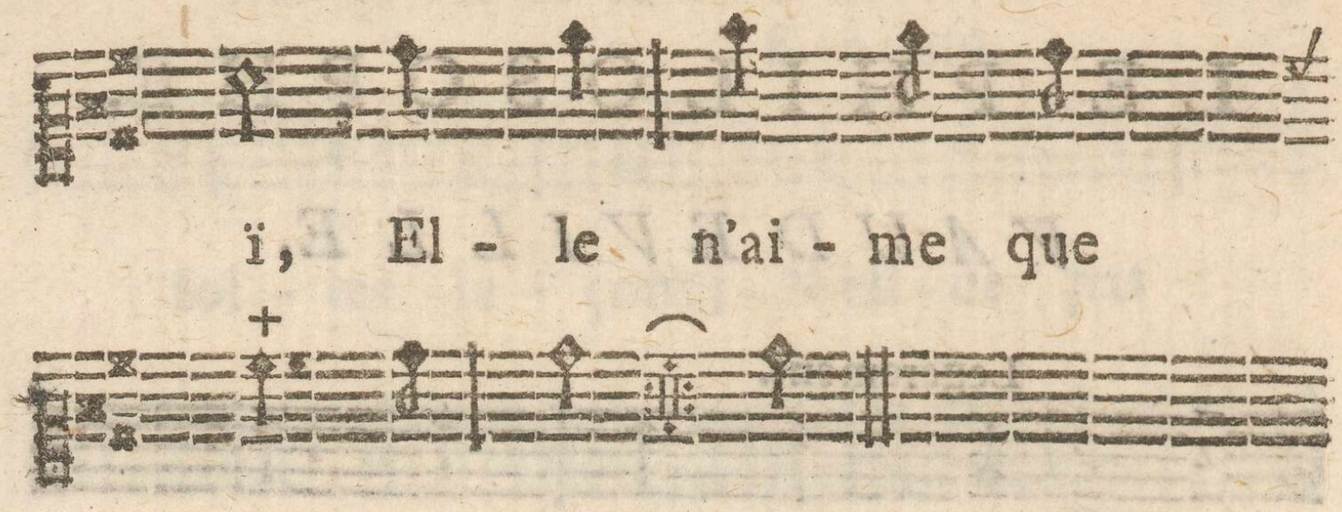


en - jou - ment, L'Au- tom ne en



cor plus a - gré - a - ble;



Mais par un mal - heur in - ou-
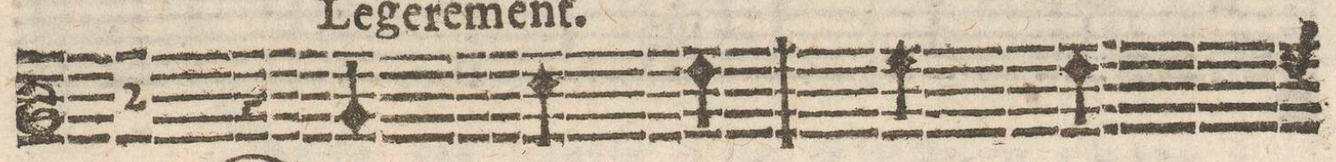


Rien n'eſt ſi tendre que ſes Yeux,
L'Aurore ſur ſon Char de Roſes,
Seme moins de Fleurs dans les Cieux,
Que ſon teint n'en montre d'Ecloſes:
Mais par un malheur inouï,
Elle n'aime que ſon Mari.

On ne peut l'avoir ſans l'aimer:
L'Enfant qu'on adore à Cythère,
Lui cede le droit de charmer,
Et la prend toujours pour ſa Mère;
Mais par un malheur inouï,
Elle n'aime que ſon Mari.

LE PHILOSOPHE.

VAUDEVILLE.
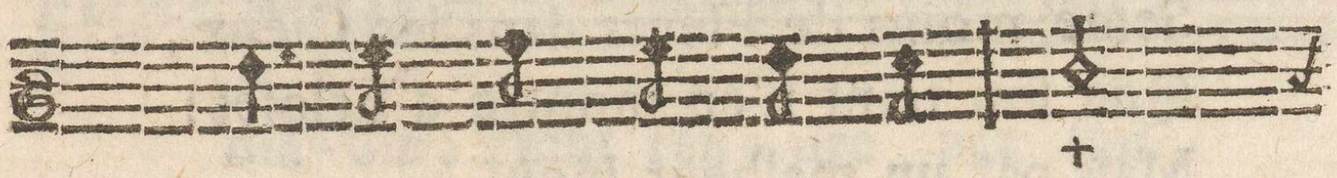
Legerement.
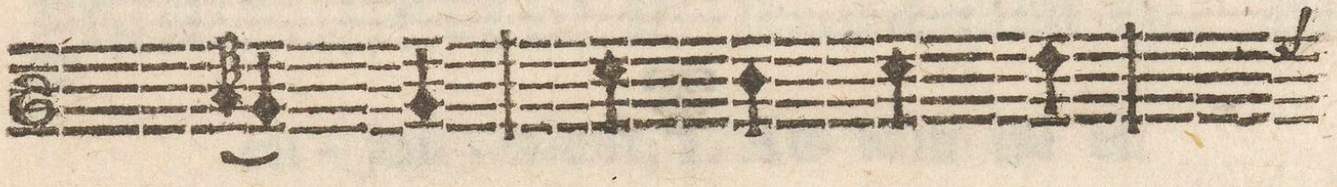


CHan - ter l'A - mour en



cent fa - çons, De Ba- chus, en bu-



vant, cé - le - brer la mé - moi-



re; De l'art de ſou - pi-

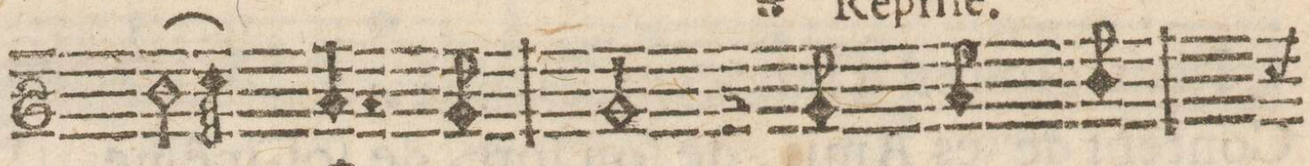


rer, & de ce - lui de boi-

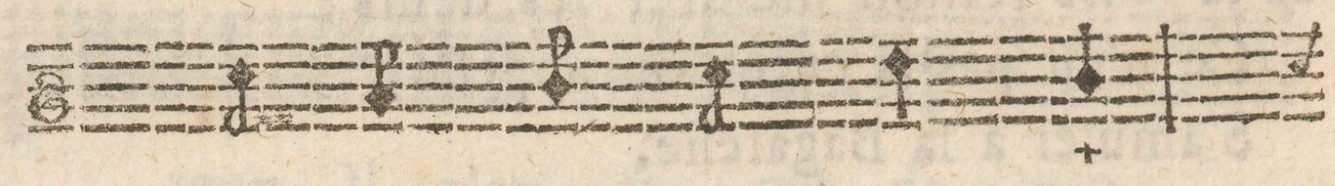


re, Fre-don- ner doc - te - ment mil - le

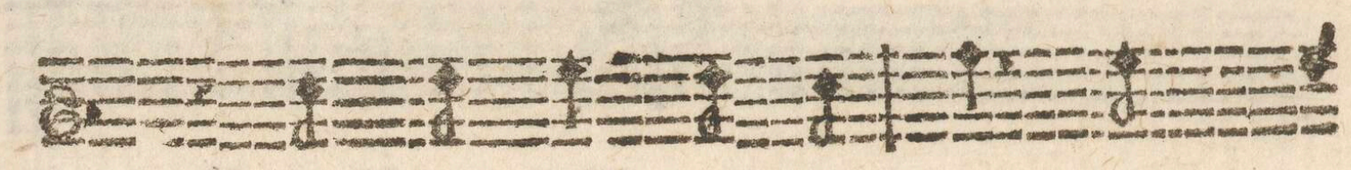
fol-



fol - les le - çons; N'eſt-ce pas



là ce qu'on ap - pel - le,



S'a - mu - ſer à la Ba - ga-



tel - le. le.

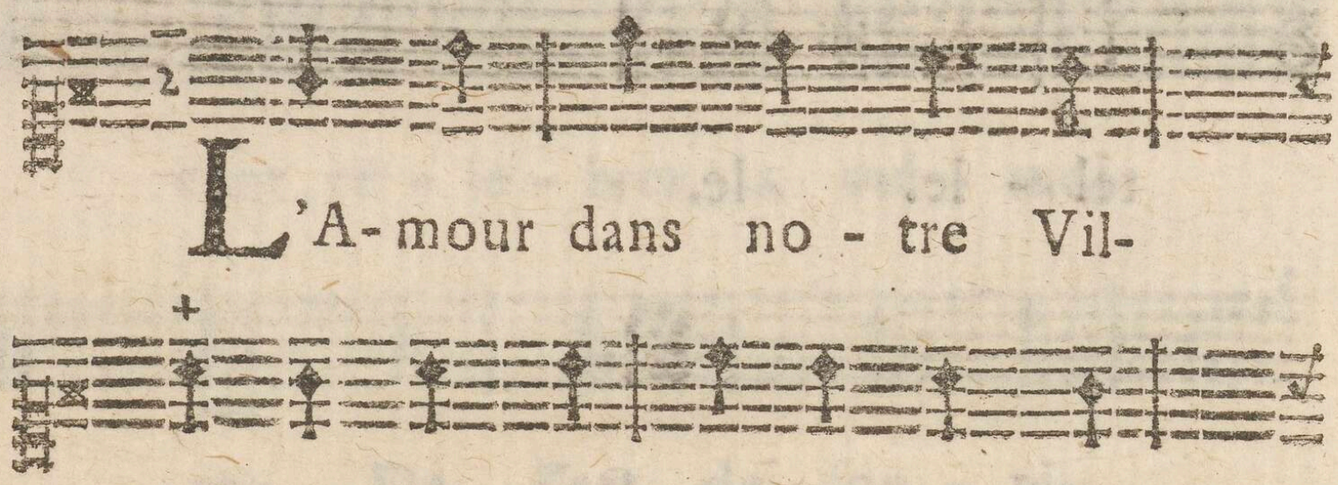
Uſer dans le trouble & l'ennui,
Les momens fugitifs d'une incertaine vie;
Rongé, d'ambition, d'avarice, ou d'envie,
Pour tout perdre demain, gagner tout aujourd'hui;
C'eſt encor-là ce qu'on appelle,
S'amuſer à la Bagatelle.

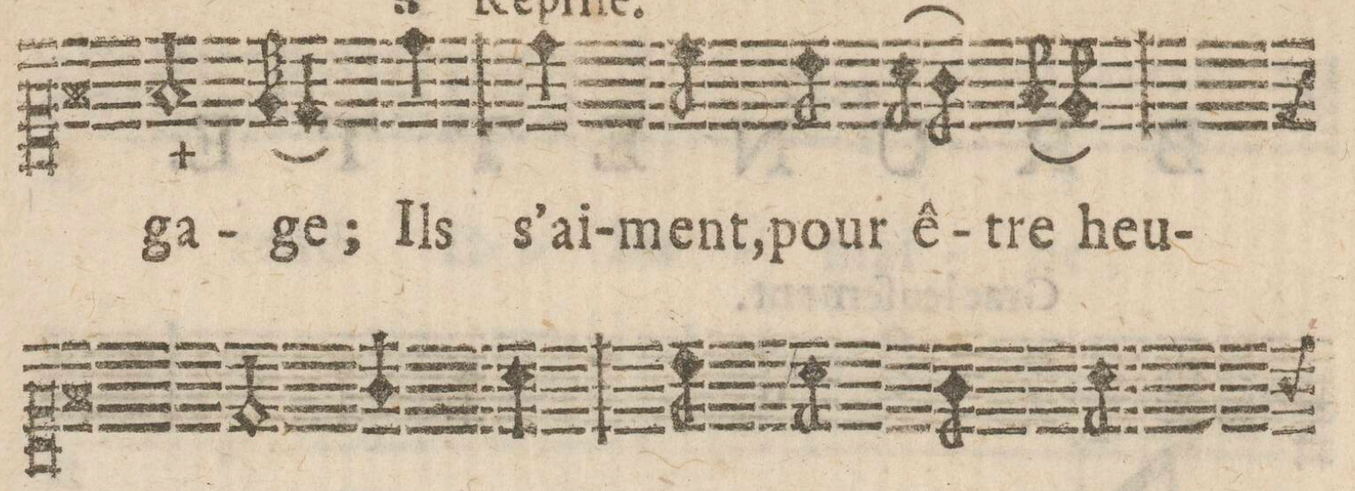
fol-

Mais

Mais gouter d'innocens Plaiſirs,
Content de ſes Amis, de ſon ſort, de ſoi-même,
En jouïr ſans jamais porter rien à l'extrême,
A la ſaine Raiſon meſurer ſes déſirs;
Ce n'eſt pas-là ce qu'on appelle,
S'amuſer à la Bagatelle.

VAUDEVILLE.
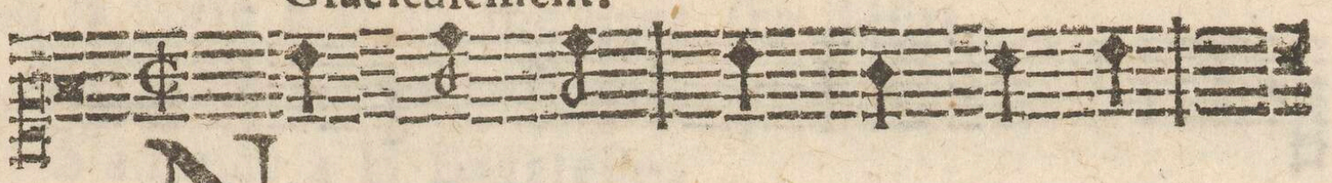




Quand à l'ombre d'un Bocage,
Ils ſe rencontrent tous deux,
Ce n'eſt que Plaiſirs, que Jeux,
Et que tendre Badinage,
Ils s'aiment, pour être heureux,
Il n'en faut pas d'avantage.

A l'Amour dans le bel âge,
Jeunes Cœurs, offrez vos vœux,
Liez par de ſi doux nœuds,
Que rien ne vous en dégage;
Aimez-vous, pour être heureux,
Il n'en faut pas davantage.

BRUNETTE.
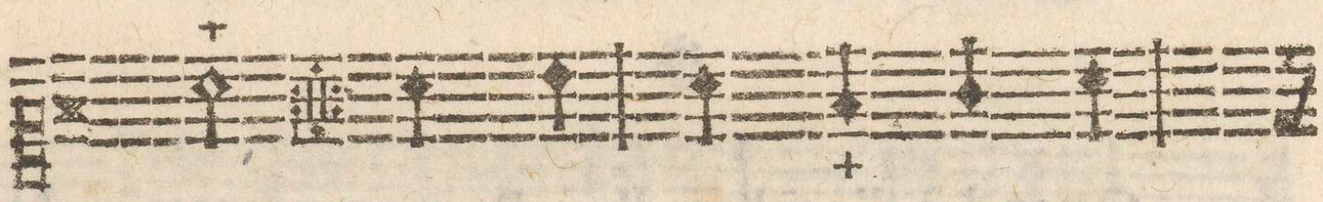
Gracieuſement.
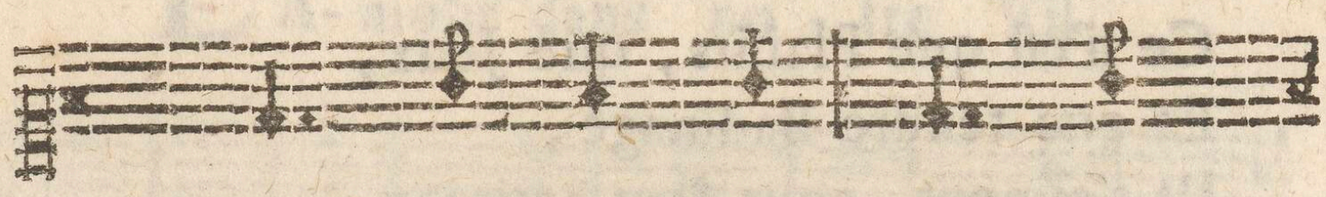


NOn, jeune If - mè - ne, De ma



pei - ne, Vous con - noiſ-ſez peu la ri-
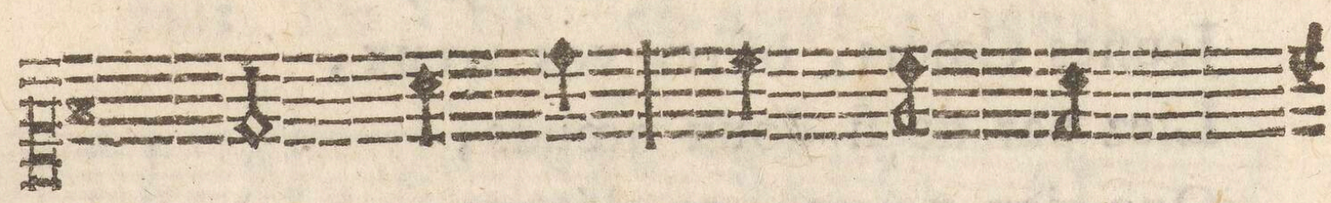


gueur; Le Dieu d'A-mour de mon



Cœur, Quoi - que Vain - queur, S'o-



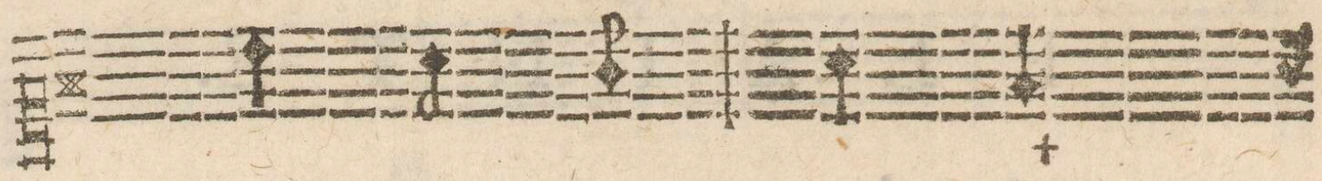
po - ſe lui - mê - me à mon bon-



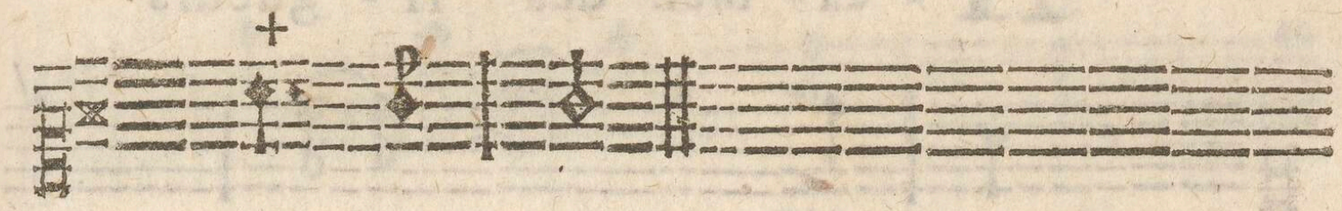
heur; A mes vœux s'il vous



rend





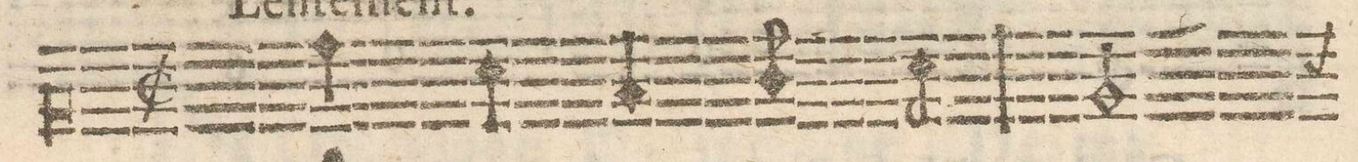


Je n'oſe dire,
Mon Martire,
Qu'au fidèle Echo de ces Bois;
Preſque réduit aux abbois,
J'entens ſa voix,
Repeter Iſmène mille fois;
Mais en vain à ce nom je ſoupire,
Mille vains déſirs,
Bornent mes Plaiſirs.
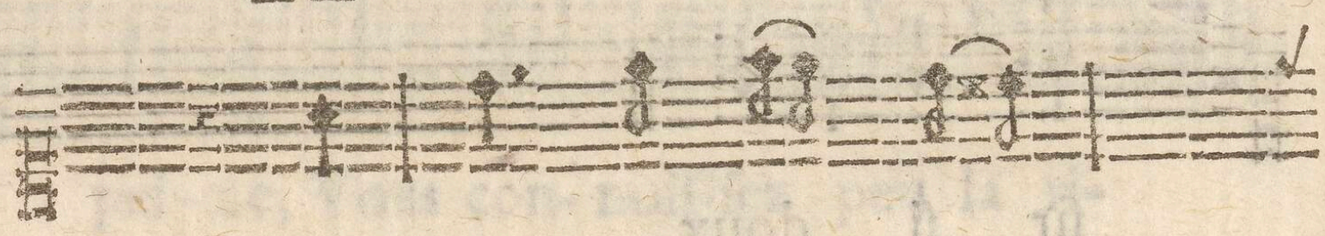
PLAINTE.

Par Mr. ORRY.
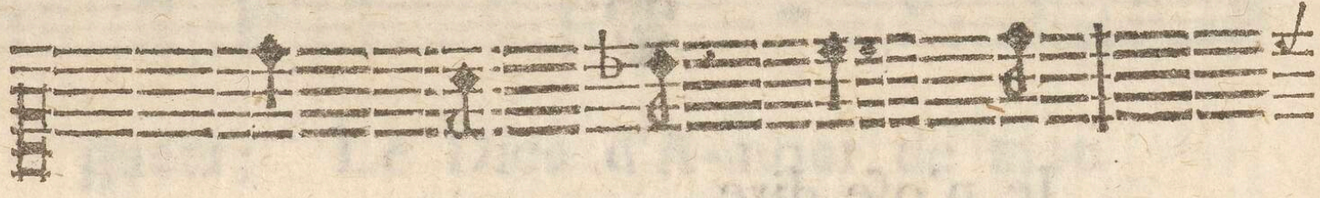
Lentement.
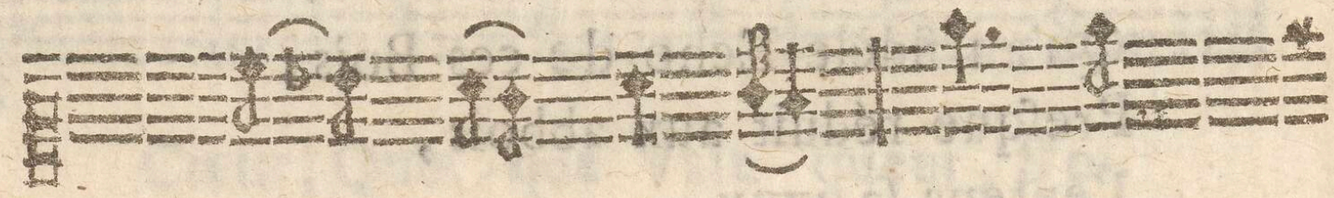


A - ca - blez des ri - gueurs



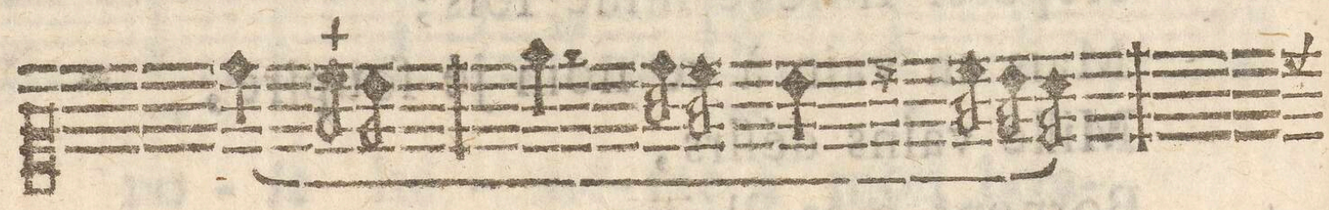
d'un a - mou-reux Mar-
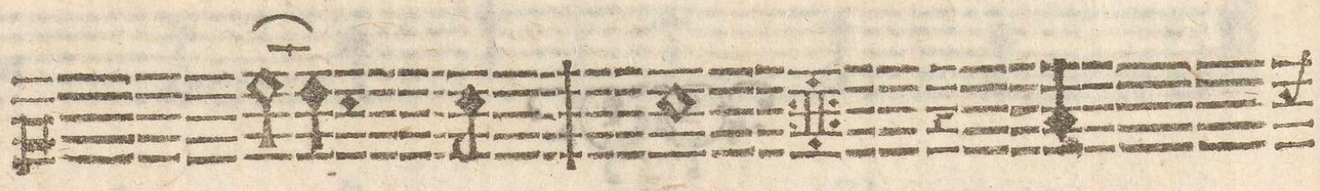


ty - re, Sans ceſ - ſe



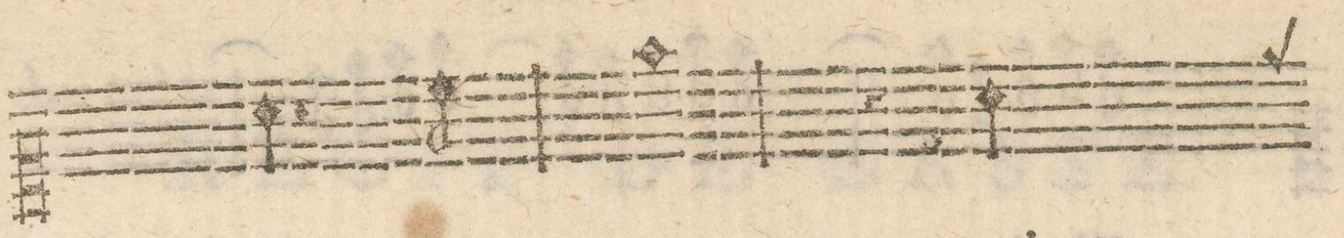
je ſou - pi - re, Et je



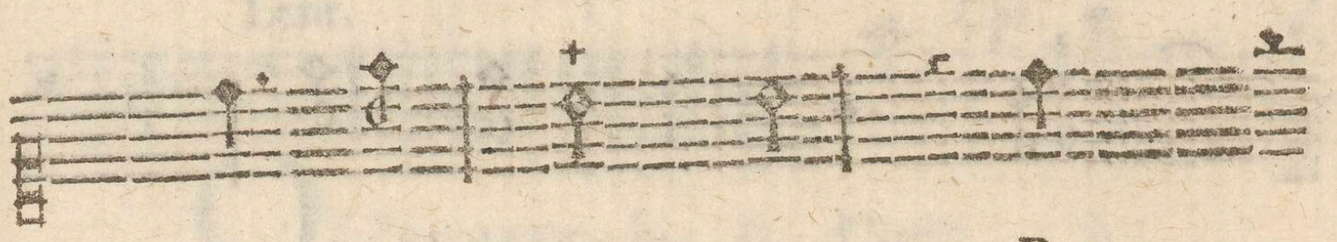
ver- - - -



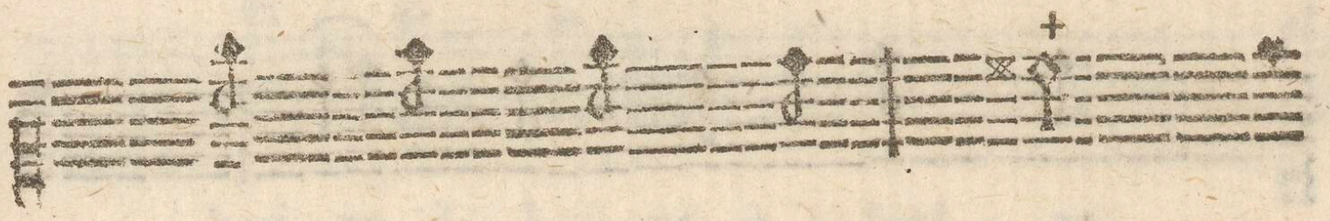
ſe des Pleurs. Cru-



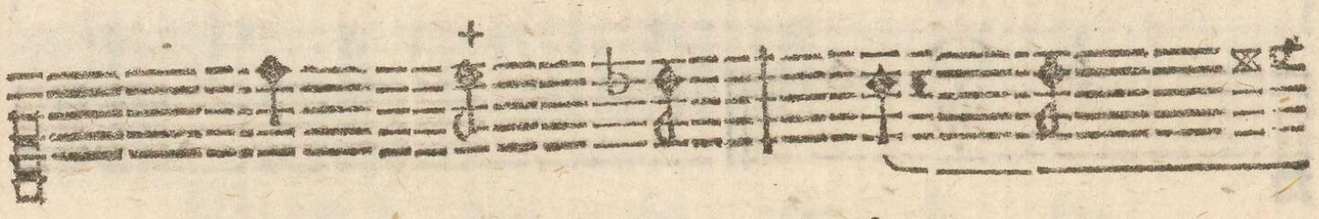
el A - mour, qui
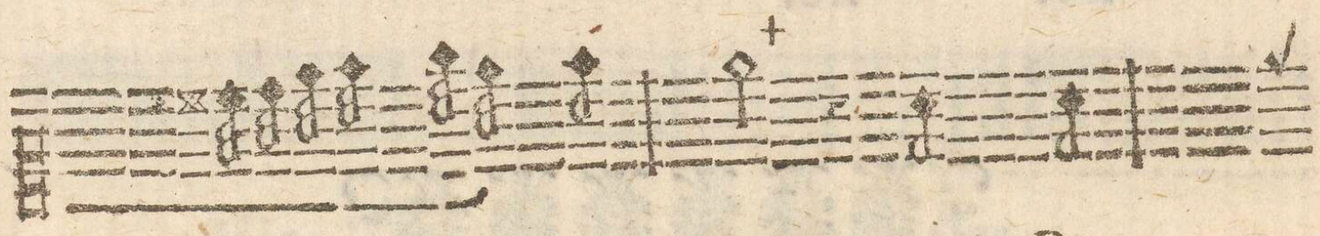


vois ma pei - ne, Pu-



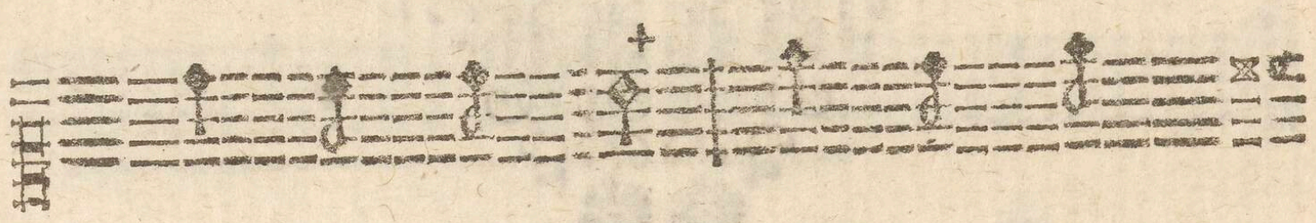
ni l'in - grat Tir - cis
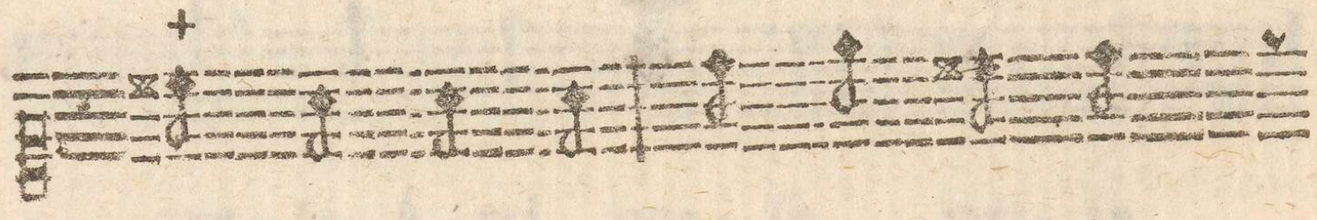


de ſa vo - la-
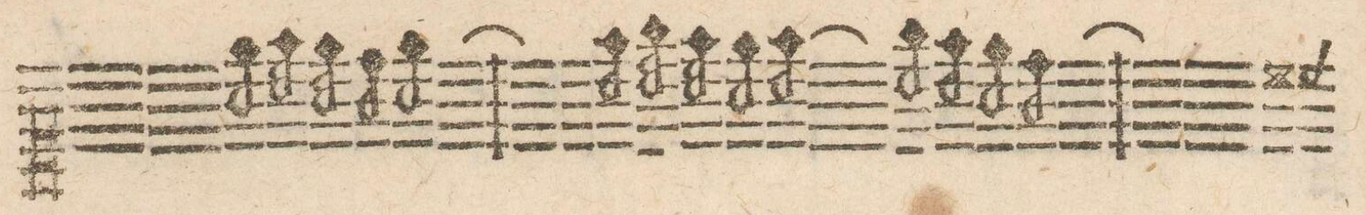


- - ge ar-deur, Le Per-



ſi - de qu'il eſt m'ô - te ſon
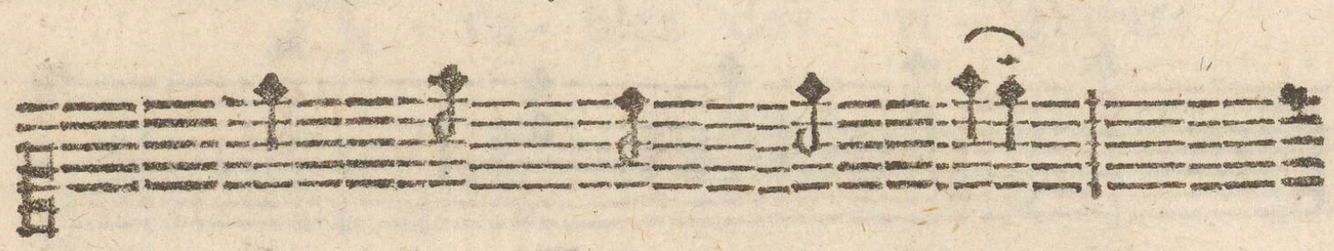


Cœur, Et ne m'en laiſ - ſe que la



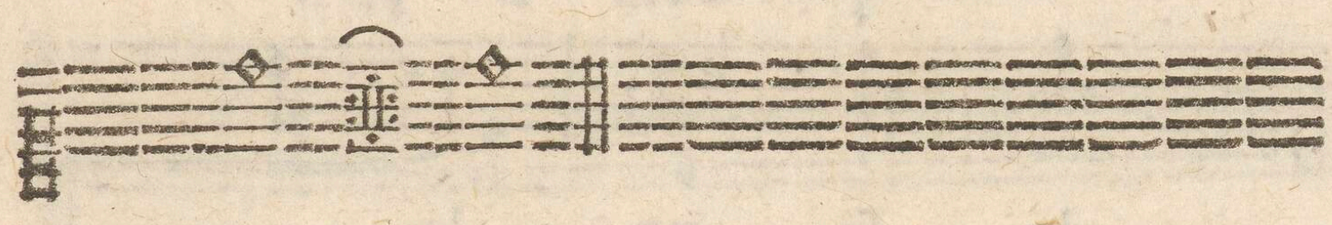
Chai- - - -



- ne, Et ne m'en



laiſ - ſe que la Chai-

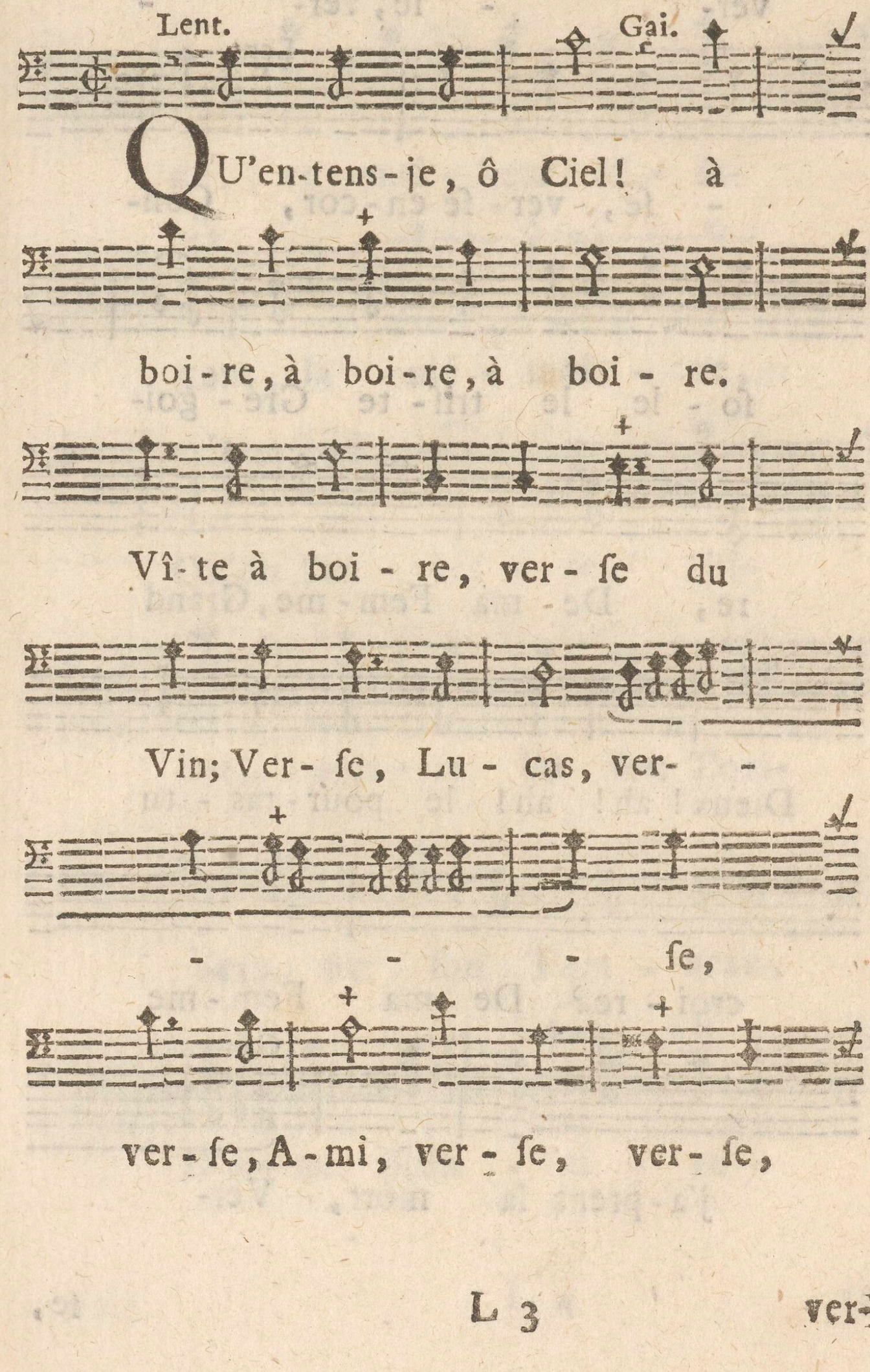


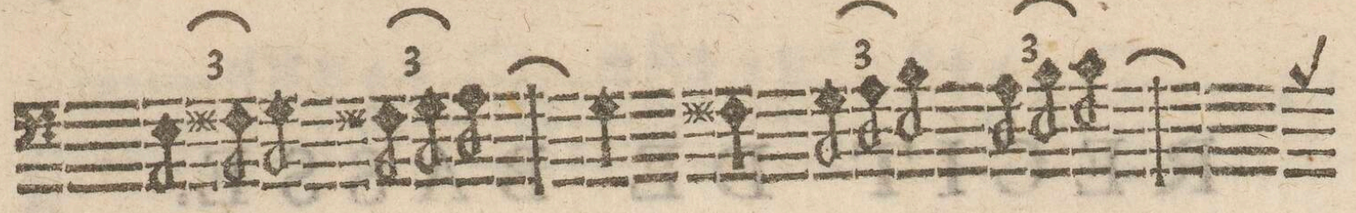
ne. ne.



RE-

RECIT DE BASSE.

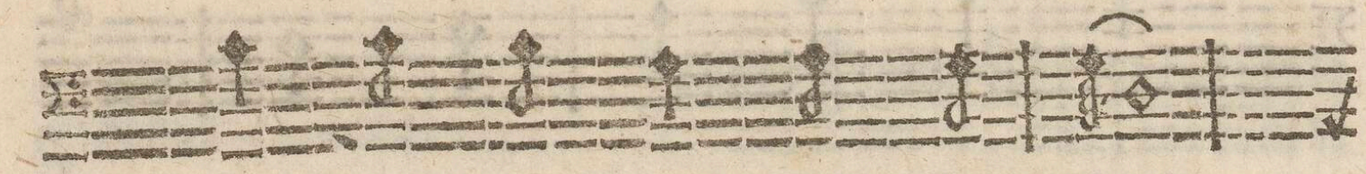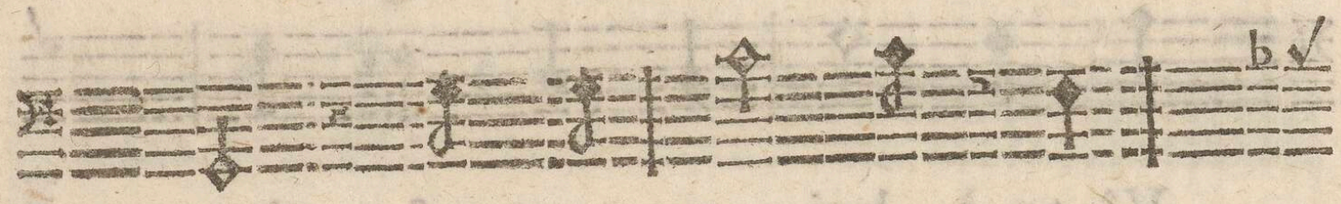




ver- - ſe, ver- -



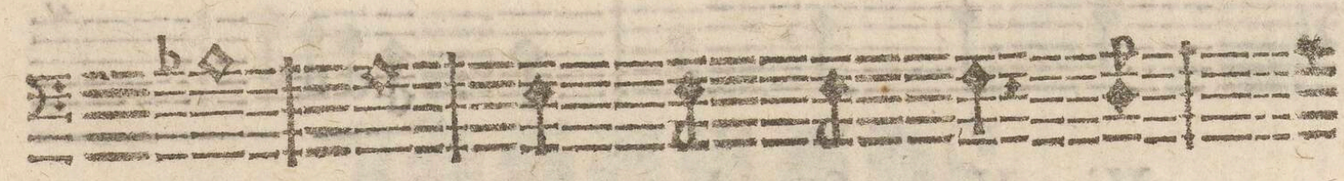
- ſe, ver-ſe en-cor, Con-



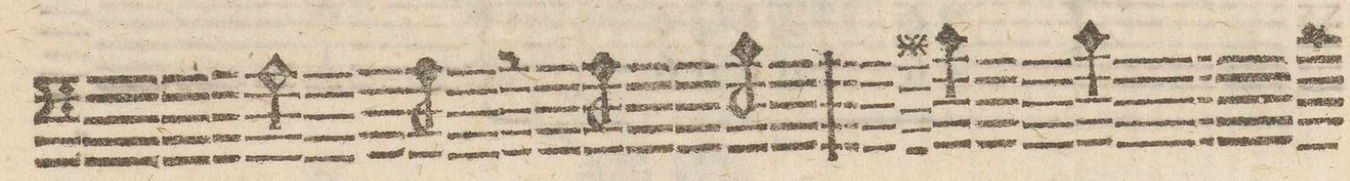
ſo-le le triſ-te Gré-goi-
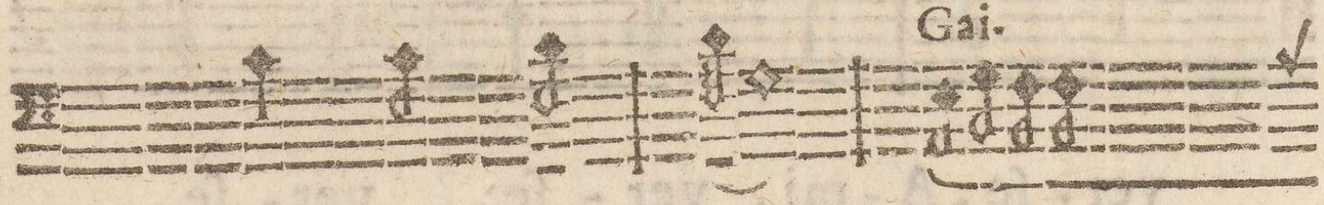


re, De ma Fem-me, Grand



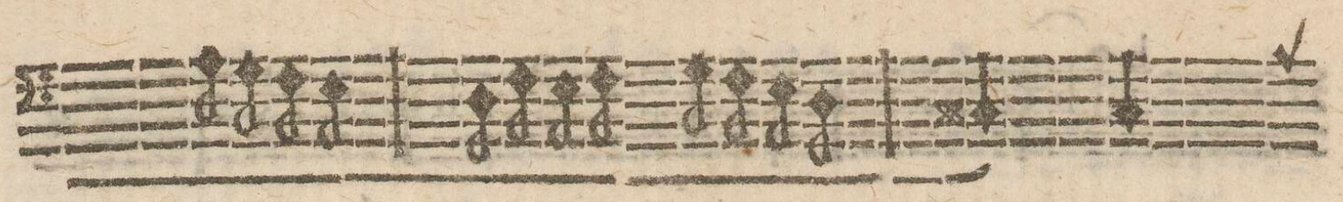
Dieux! ah! ah! le pour-ras-tu
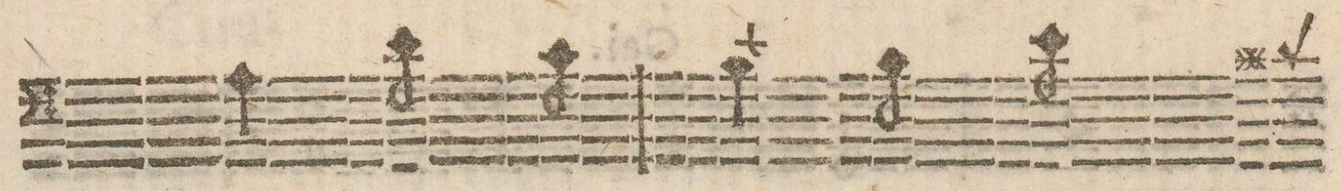


croi-re? De ma Fem-me
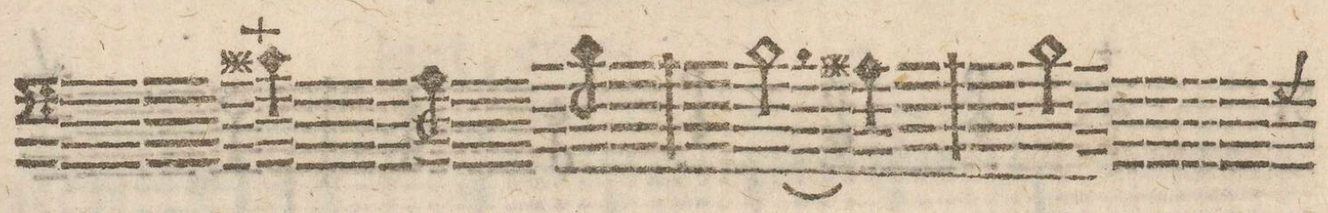


j'a-prens la mort, Ver-
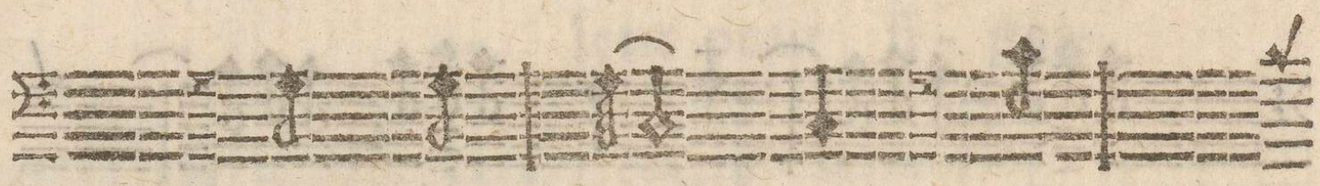


-se,
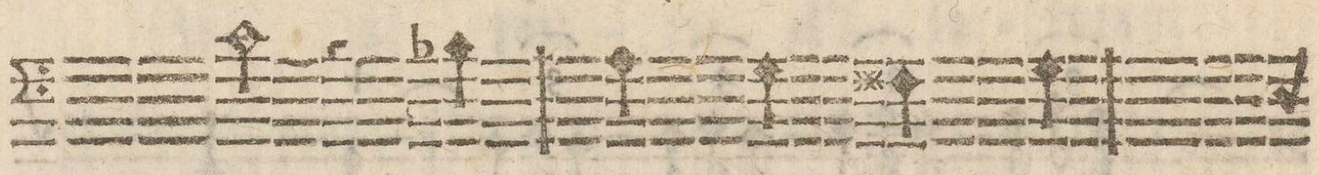


de ce mal - heur ef - fa-



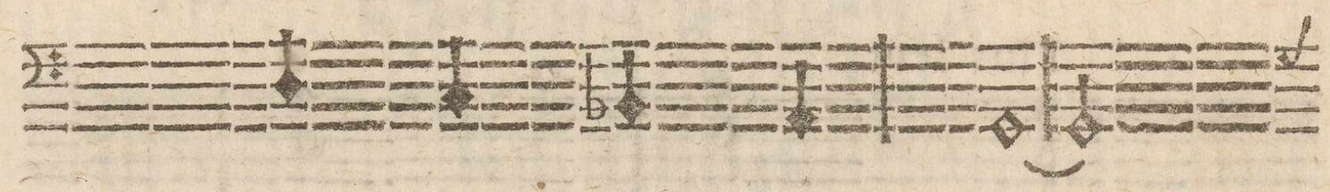
çons la mé - moi - re,



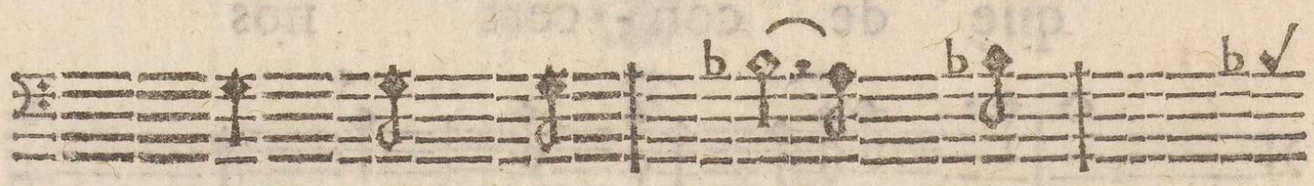
Qu'on l'en - ter - re, Cri-



eur, pleu - re ſur ſon Tom-



beau, ſur ſon Tom - beau,



D'u - ne plain - ti - ve



voix, an- non- ce ma trif-
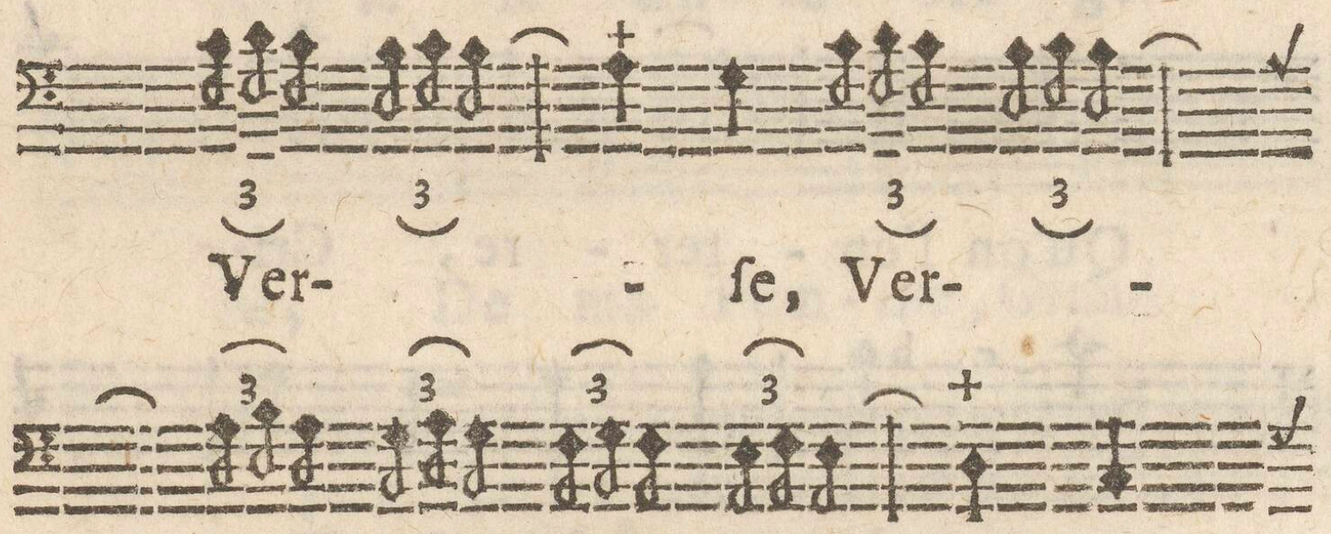
Gai.



teſ - ſe, Et toi, Lu-
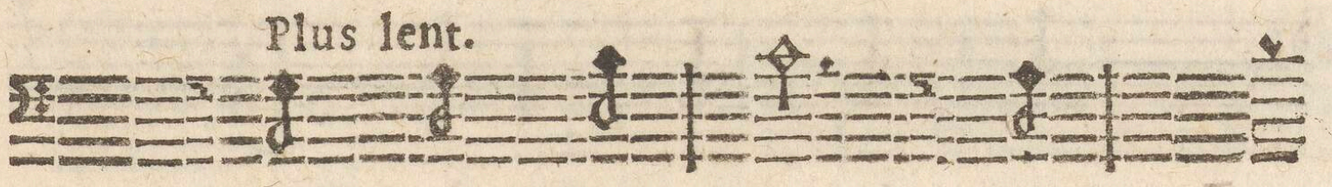


cas, Du Vin de ce Ton- neau,
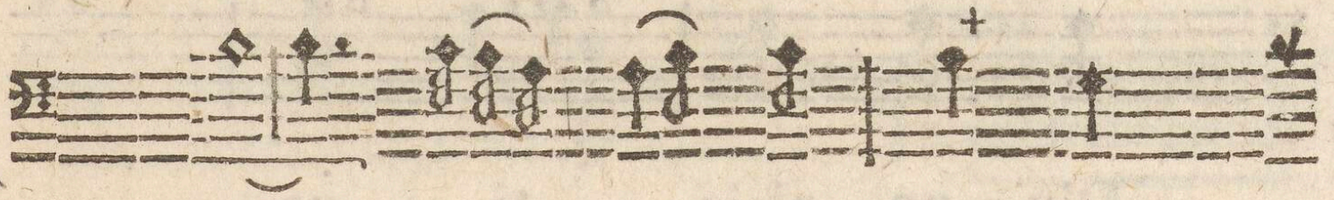


Ver- - ſe, Ver- -

- - - . ſe,

Plus lent.
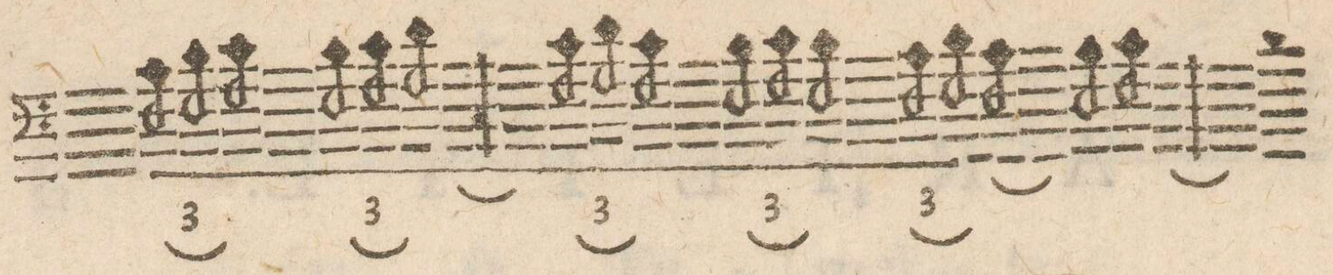


que de con- cert nos

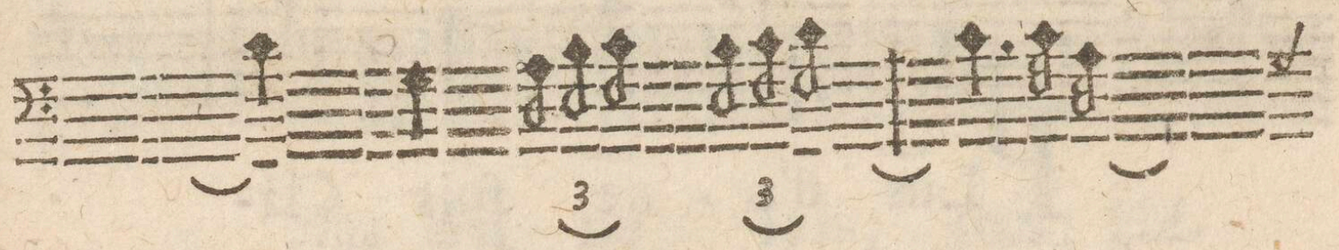


lar- mes de Ten- dreſ- ſe,
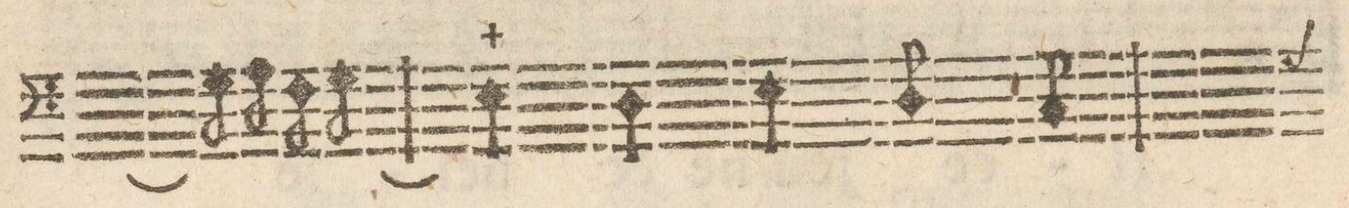
Cou-
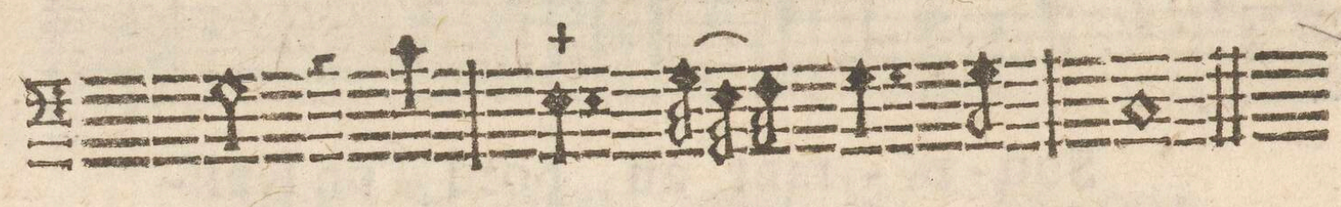


Cou- - - - -



- lent, cou- -
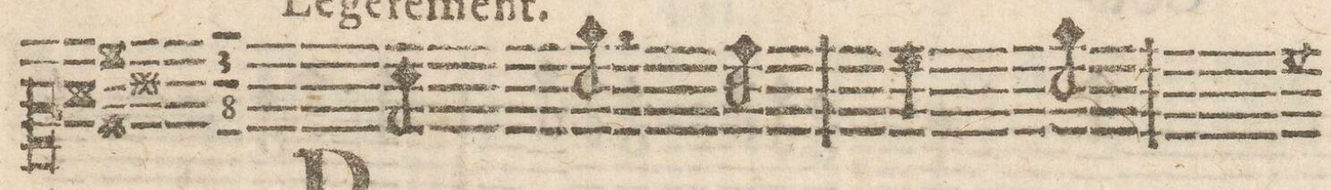


- - lent pour ſi - gna-



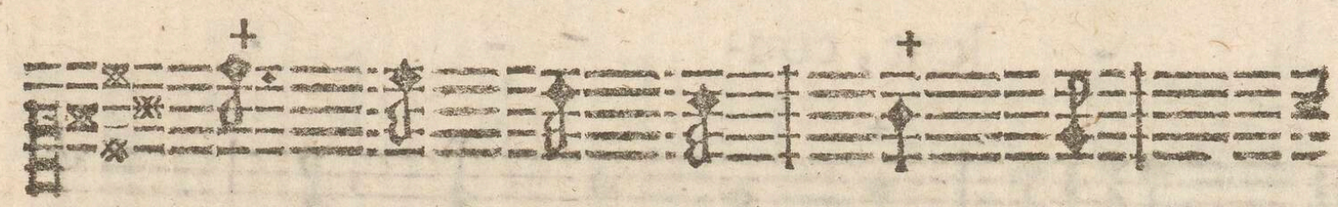
ler la per - te d'I- ſa - beau.

ARIETTE.
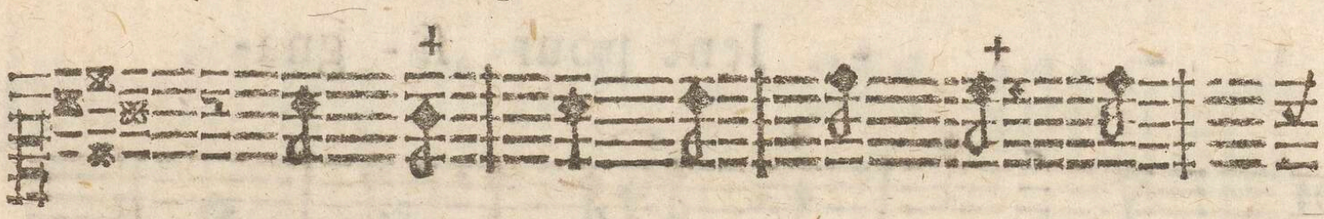
Légerement.
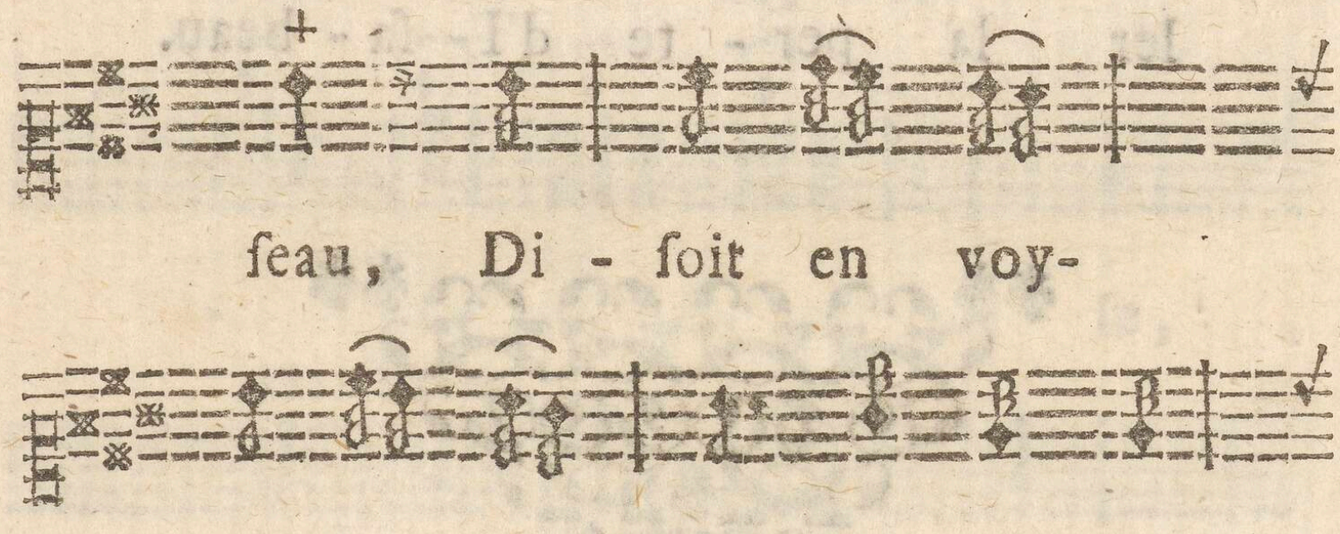


PLus d'u - ne fois Cla-



ri - ce jeu-ne & bel - le

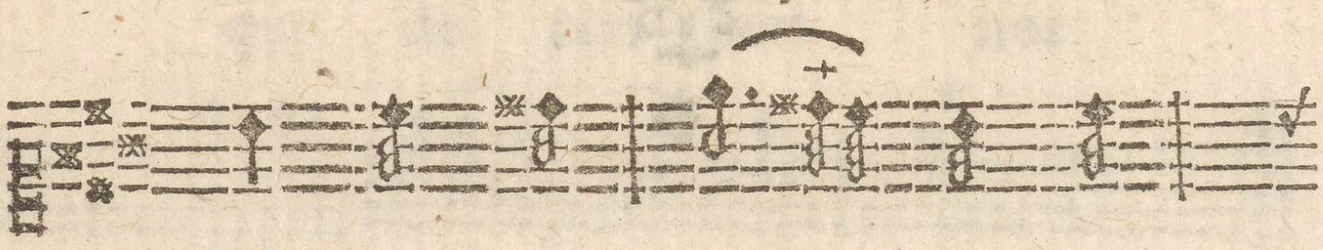


Sou - pi - rant au bord d'un Ruiſ-
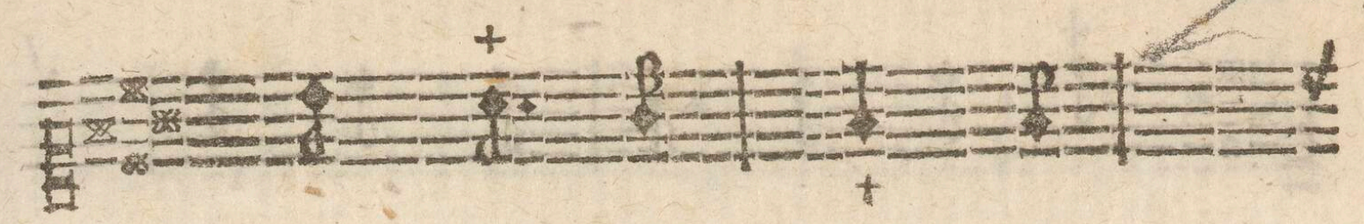


ſeau, Di - ſoit en voy-

ant un Moi - neau, D'un tendre A-

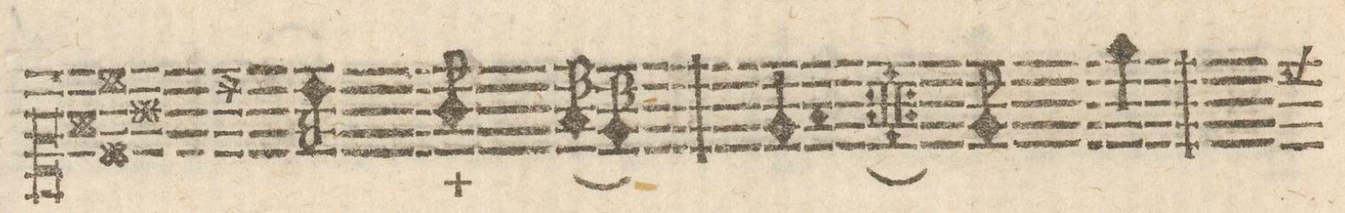


mour ca - reſ - ſer, ca - reſ-
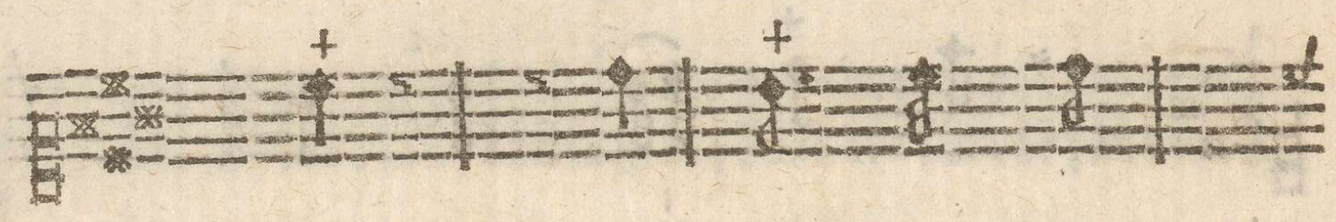
131



ſer ſa Fe - mel - le
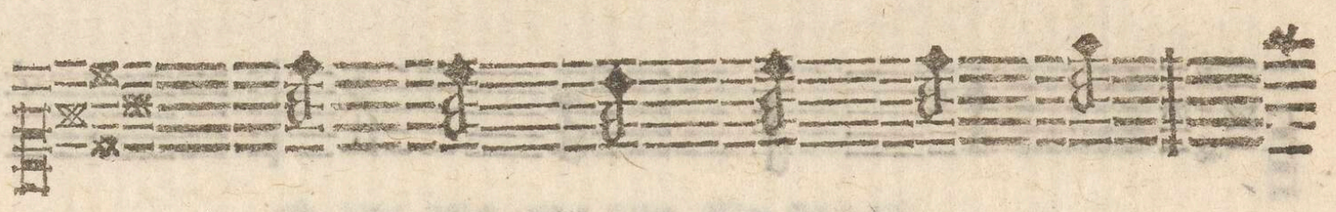


plus d'u - ne fois; fois; Hé-
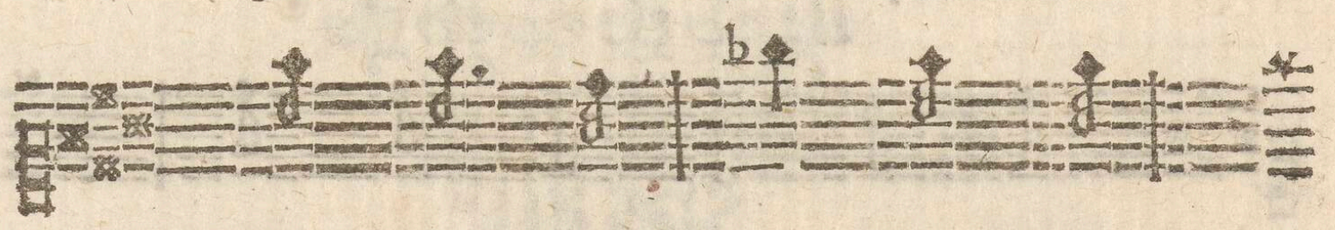


las! hé - las! que mon
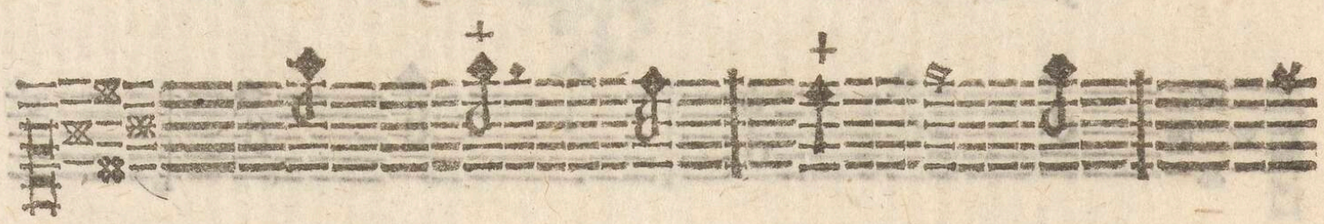


ſort ſe - roit beau, Si cha - que



jour dans la Sai - ſon nou-

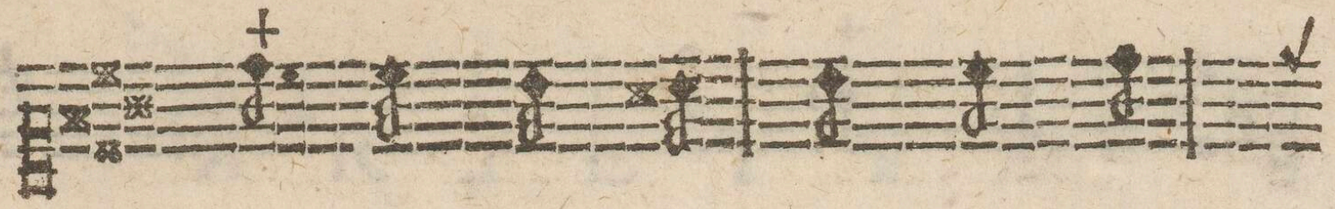


vel - le, Tir - cis i - mi-



tant cet Oi - ſeau, Ve-
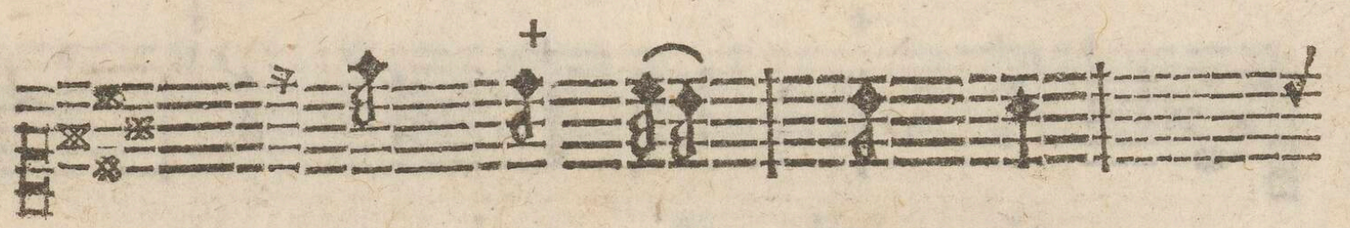
noit
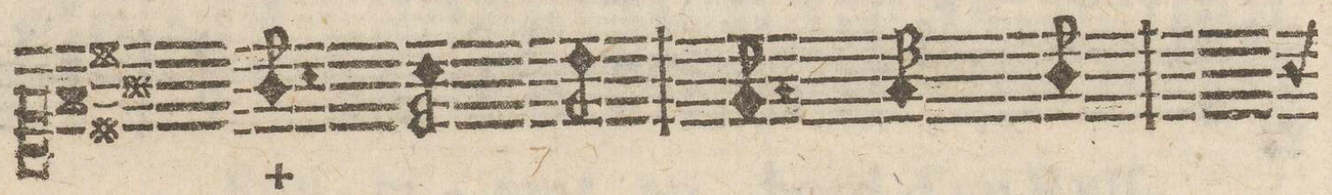


noit me ſi - gna - ler ſon ar-



deur, & ſon zè - le,
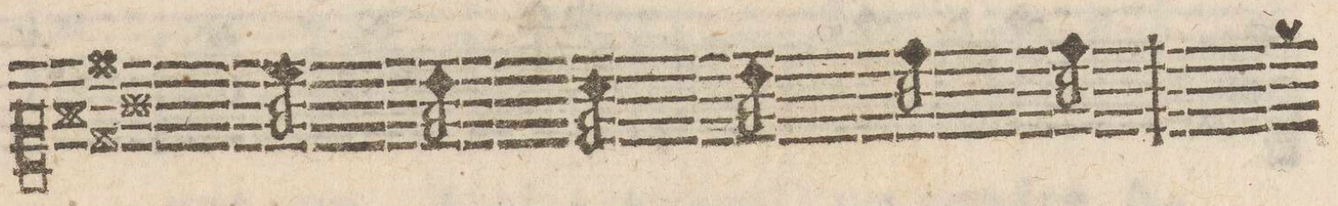


Plus d'u - ne fois. Hé-
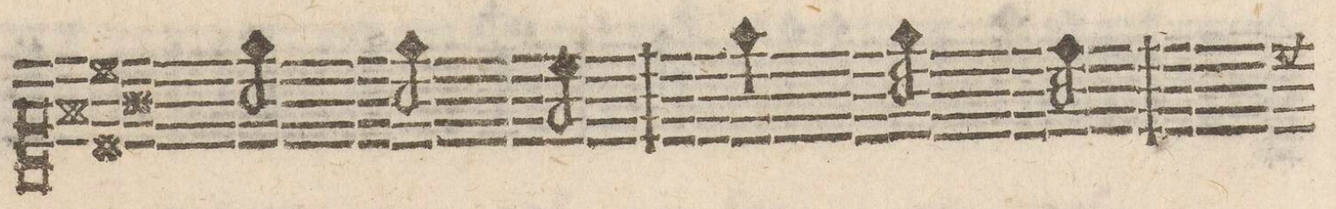


las! que mon ſort ſe - roit



beau, Si cha - que
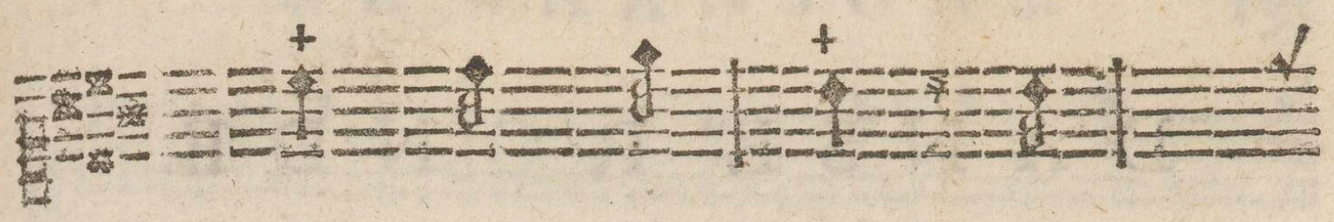


jour dans la Sai - ſon nou-
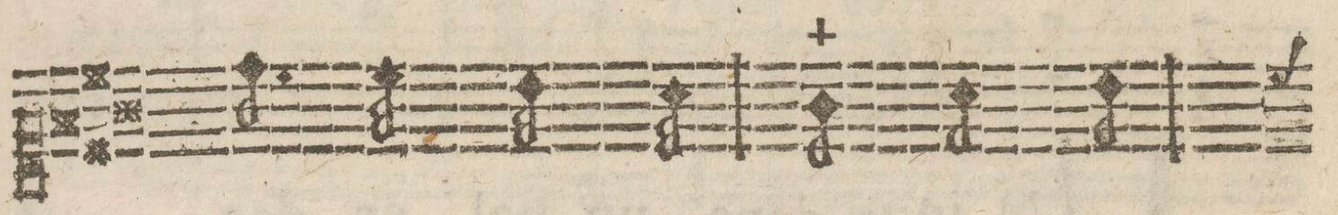


vel - le, Tir - cis i - mi-
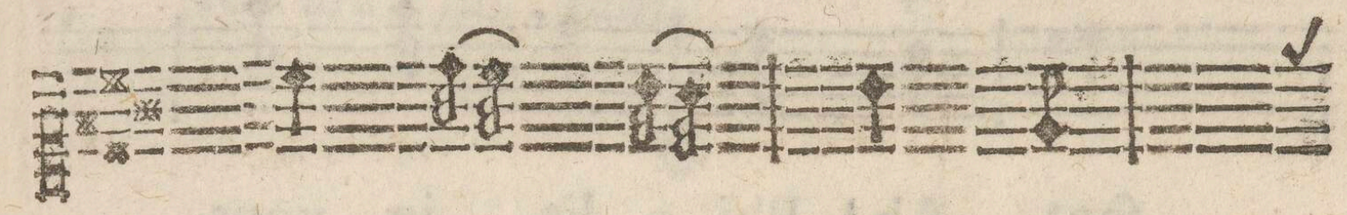
tant
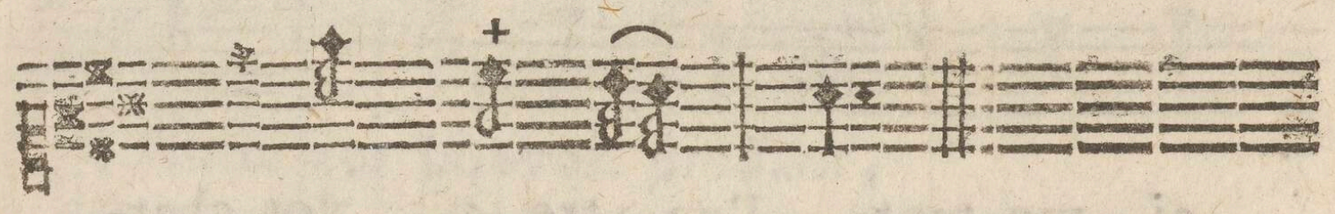


tant cet Oi - ſeau, Ve-



noit me ſi - gna - ler ſon ar-
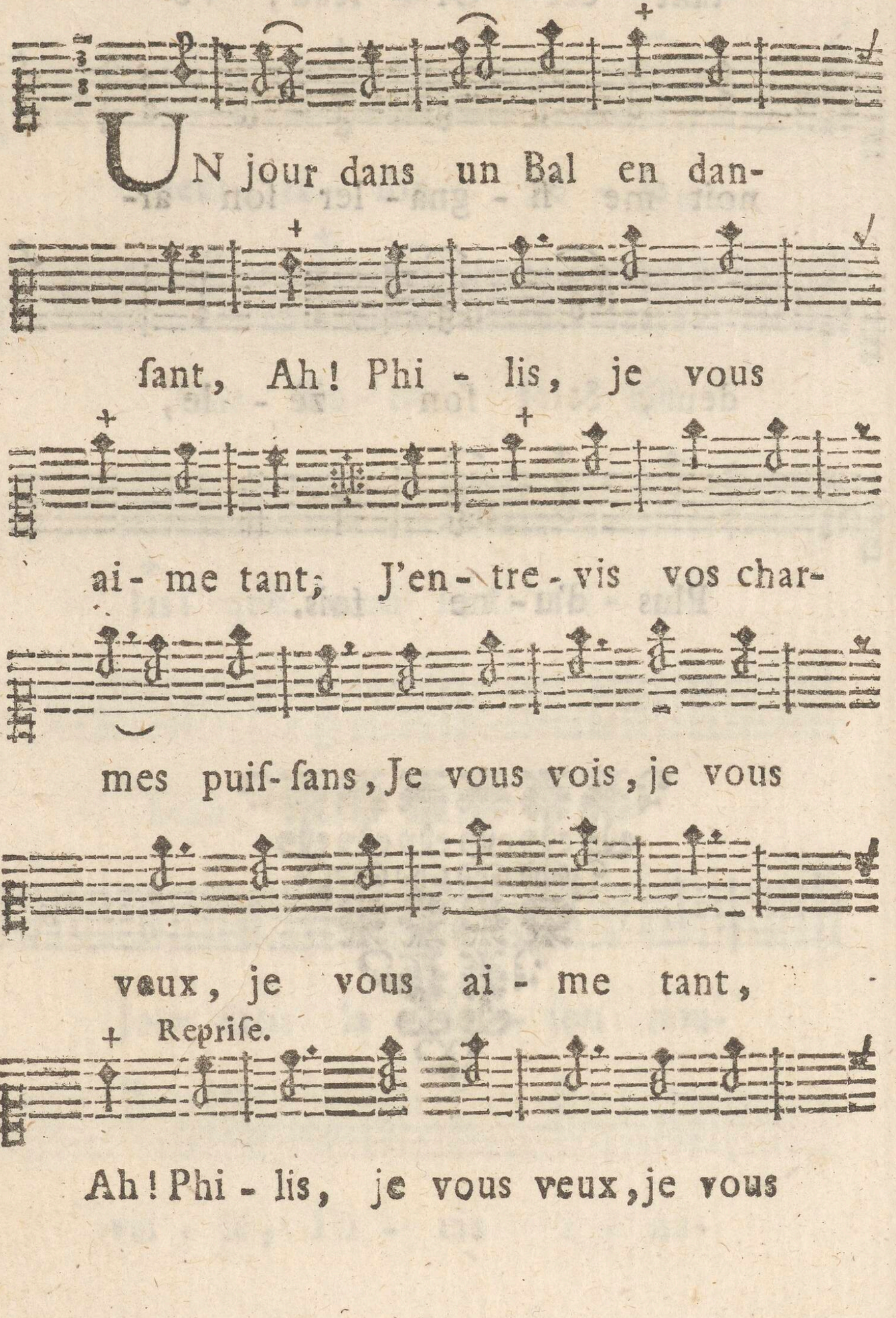


deur, & ſon zè - le,



Plus d'u - ne fois.

DANSE RONDE.



UN jour dans un Bal en dan-

ſant, Ah! Phi - lis, je vous

ai- me tant; J'en- tre- vis vos char-
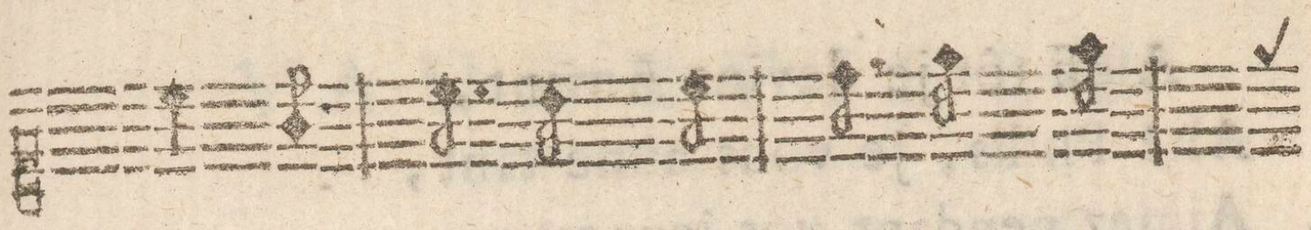
mes puiſ- ſans, Je vous vois, je vous

veux, je vous ai - me tant,

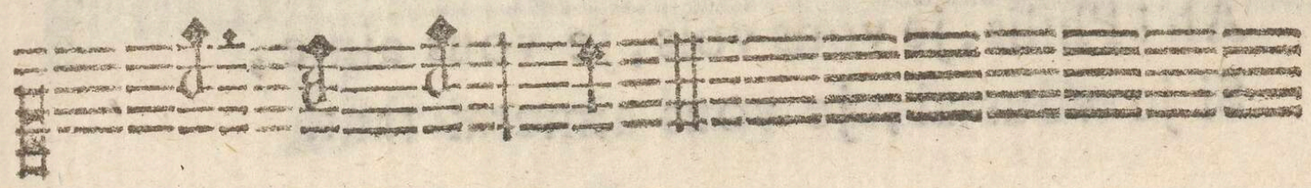
+ Repriſe.

Ah! Phi - lis, je vous veux, je vous

aime,



ai- me; Si je vous ai, je vous



ai- me- rai tant.

J'entrevis vos charmes puiſſans,
Ah! Philis, je vous aime tant,
Je ſentis leur pouvoir preſſant,
Je vous vois, je vous veux, je vous aime tant,
Ah! Philis, je vous veux, je vous aime,
Si je vous ai, je vous aimerai tant.

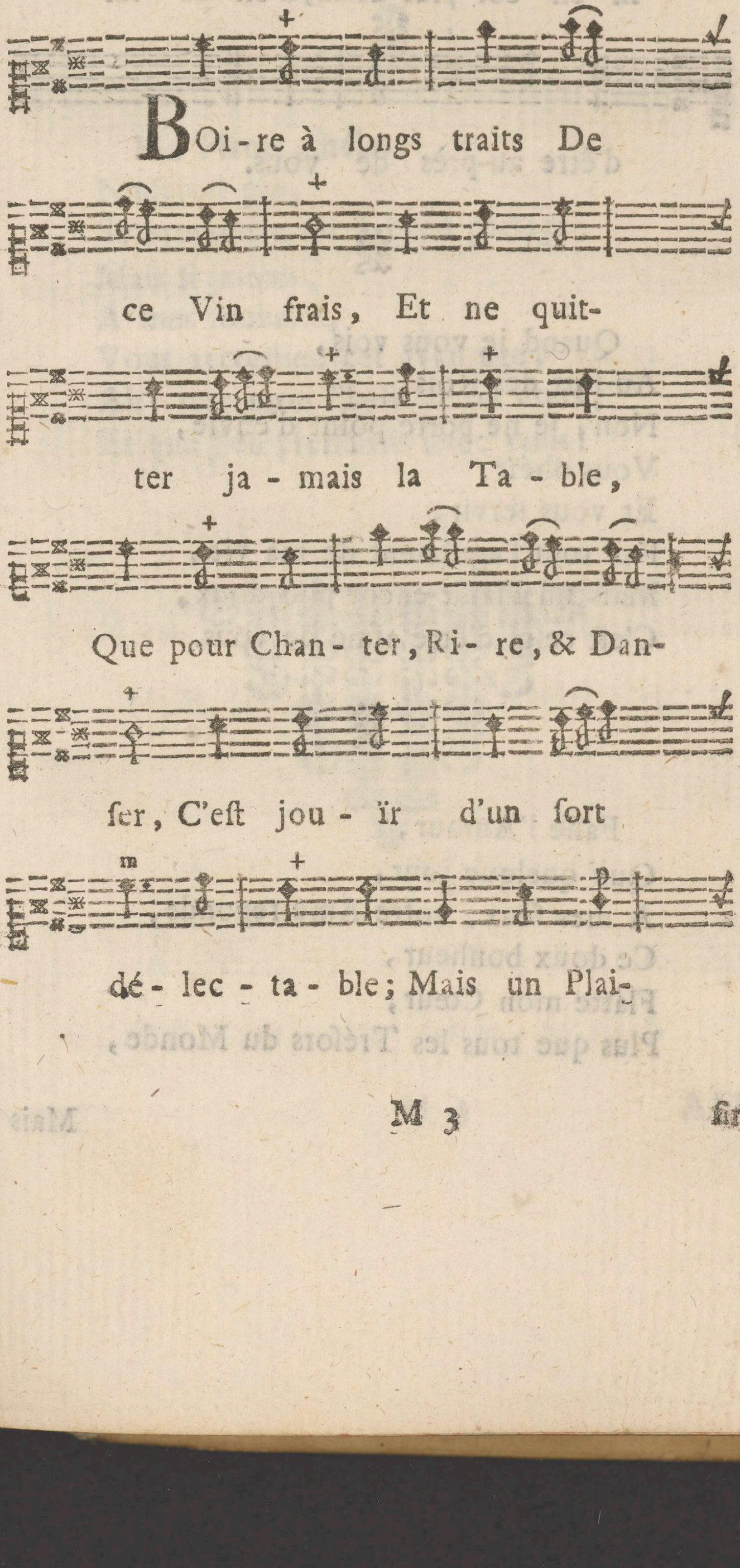
Je ſentis leur pouvoir preſſant,
Ah! Philis, je vous aime tant,
Auſſi-tôt je devins Amant,
Je vous vois, je vous veux, je vous aime tant,
Ah! Philis, je vous vois, je vous aime,
Si je vous ai, je vous aimerai tant.

Auſſi-tôt je devins Amant,
Ah! Philis, je vous aime tant,
Aimez pendant vos jeunes ans,
Je vous vois, je vous veux, je vous aime tant,
Ah! Philis, je vous vois, je vous aime,
Si je vous ai, je vous aimerai tant.

Aimez dans vos beaux jeunes ans,
Ah! Philis, je vous aime tant,
Favoriſez mes vœux ardens,
Je vous vois, je vous veux, je vous aime tant,
Ah! Philis, je vous vois, je vous aime,
Si je vous ai, je vous aimerai tant.

Favoriſez mes vœux ardens,
Ah! Philis, je vous aime tant,
Et calmez mes feux dévorans,
Je vous vois, je vous veux, je vous aime tant,
Ah! Philis, je vous vois, je vous aime,
Si je vous ai, je vous aimerai tant.

VAUDEVILLE.



Boi-re à longs traits De

ce Vin frais, Et ne quit-
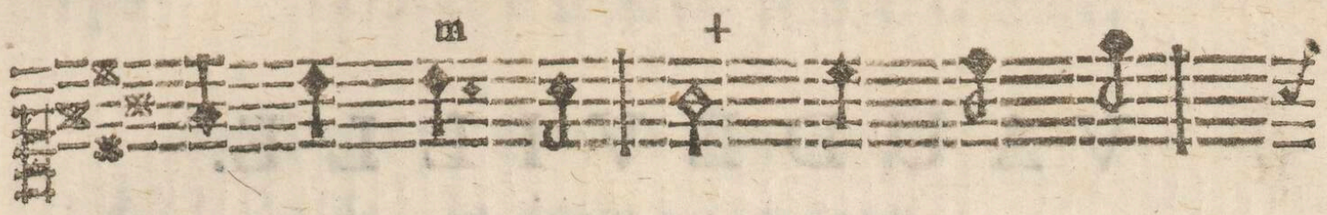
ter ja-mais la Ta-ble,

Que pour Chan-ter, Ri-re, & Dan-

ſer, C'eſt jou-ïr d'un ſort

dé-lec-ta-ble; Mais un Plai-

VAU-



ſir en - cor plus doux, C'eſt ce - lui



d'être au-près de vous.

Quand je vous vois,
Au ſort des Rois,
Non, je ne porte point d'envie,
Vous obéïr,
Et vous ſervir,
Fait tout l'agrément de ma vie,
Mais un Plaiſir encor plus doux,
C'eſt celui d'être aimé de vous.

Faſſe l'Amour,
Que quelque jour,
A mes feux, votre Ame reponde,
Ce doux bonheur,
Flatte mon Cœur,
Plus que tous les Tréſors du Monde,
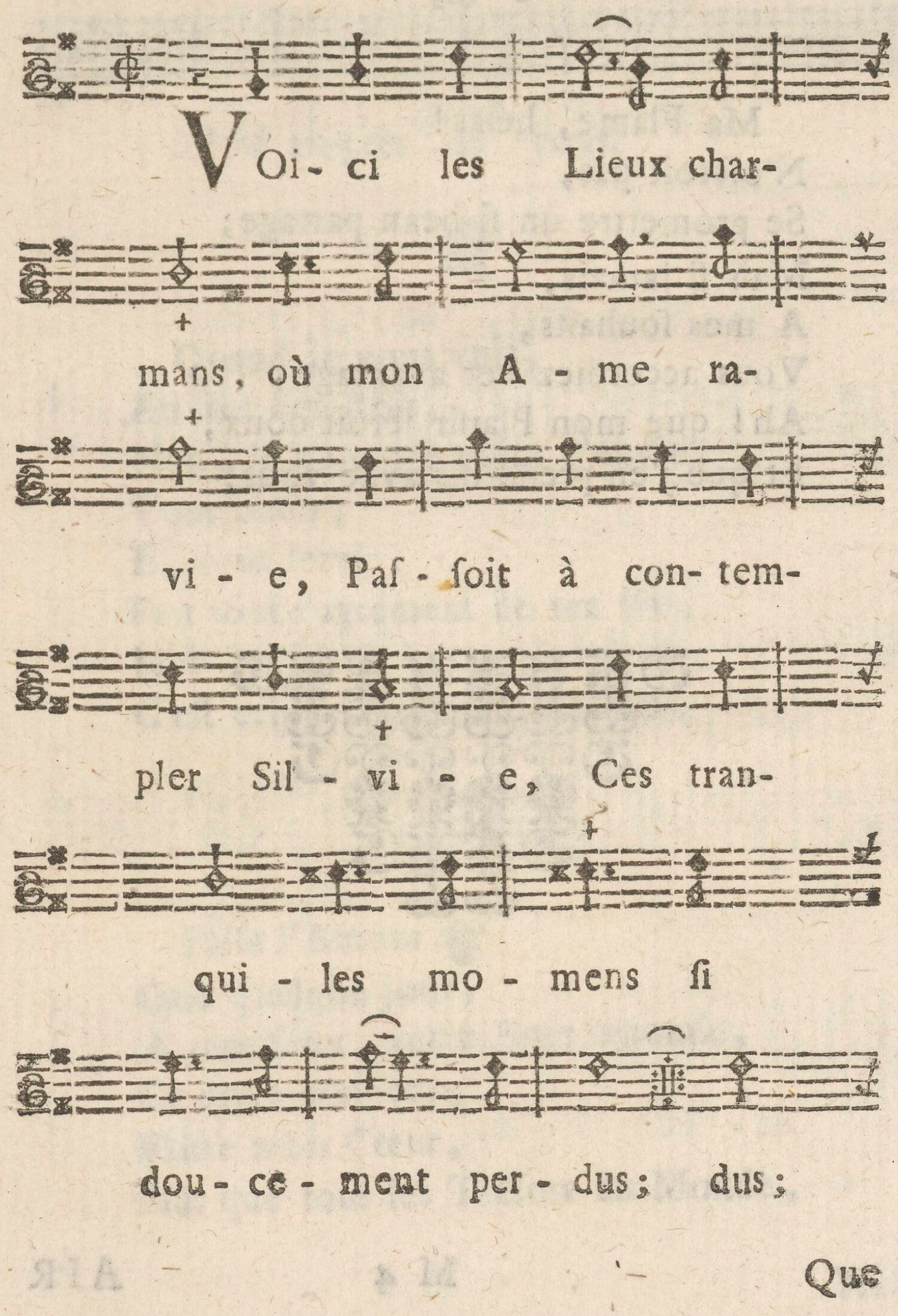
Mais un Plaiſir encor plus doux,
C'eſt celui de m'unir à vous.

Ma Flame, hélas!
N'oſeroit pas,
Se promettre un ſi beau partage;
Mais ſi jamais,
A mes ſouhaits,
Vous accordiez cet avantage,
Ah! que mon Plaiſir ſeroit doux,
Et que j'en prendrois avec vous!

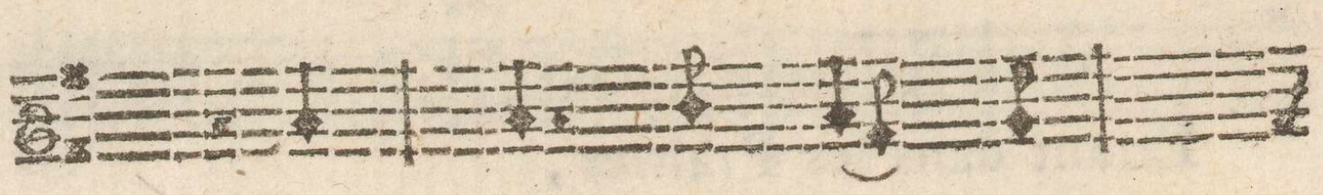
Mais

AIR TENDRE.

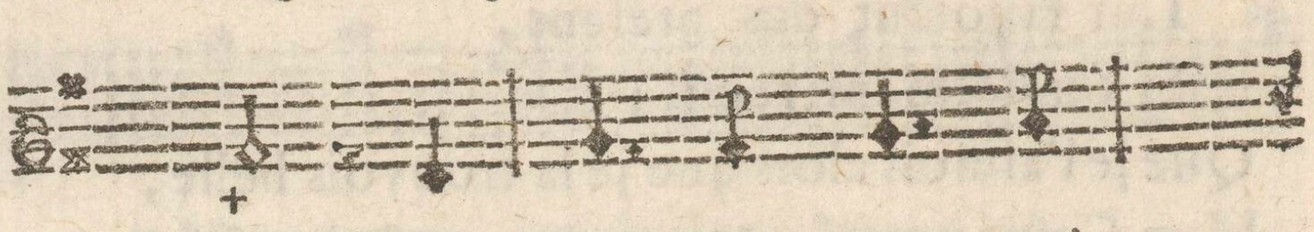
Les Paroles ſont de Boileau Deſpreaux.



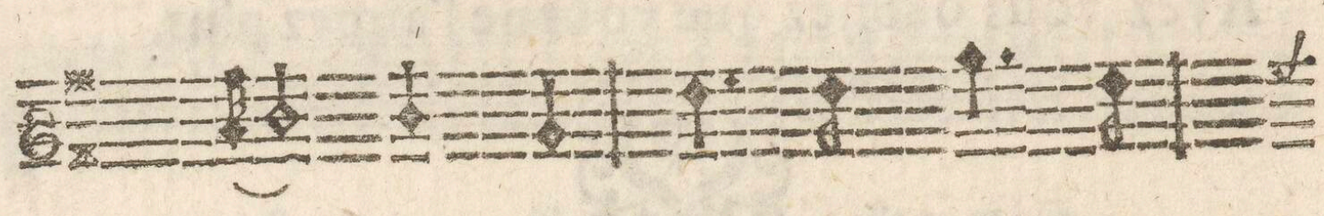
Que



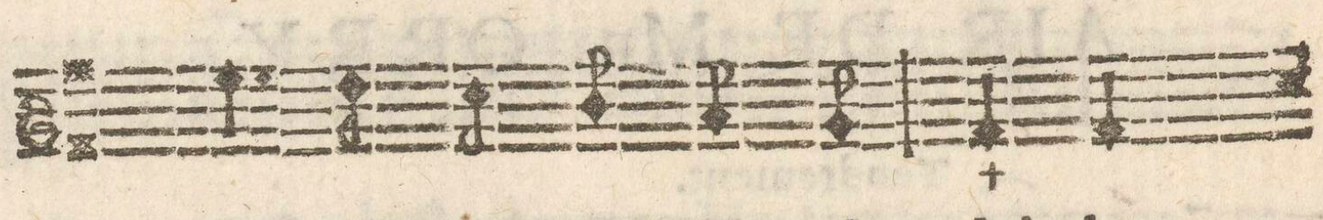
Que je l'ai - mois a-



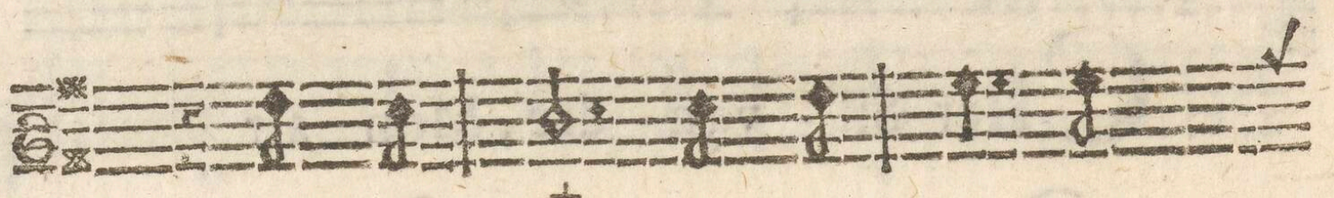
lors que je la trou - vois



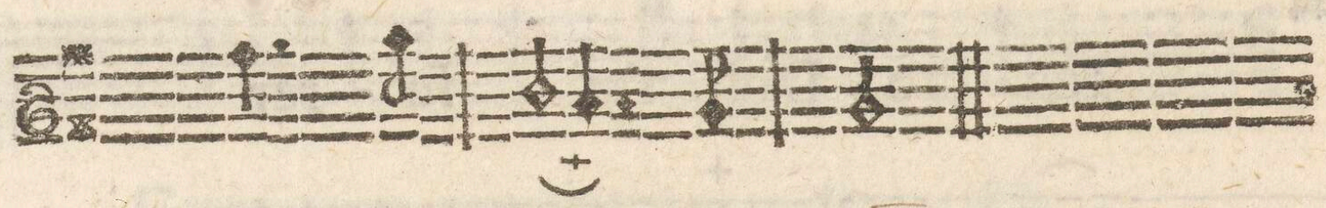
bel - le ; Mon Cœur vous ſou - pi-



rez au nom de l'In - fi - del - le,



A - vez - vous ou - bli - ez que

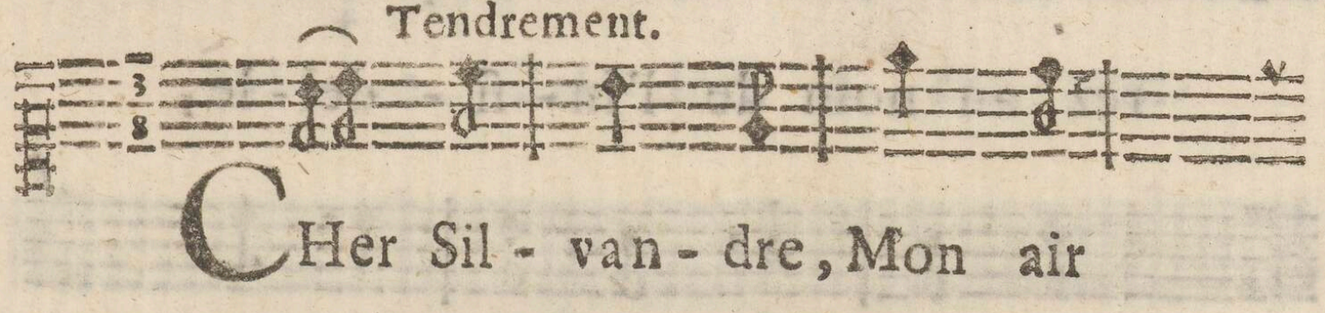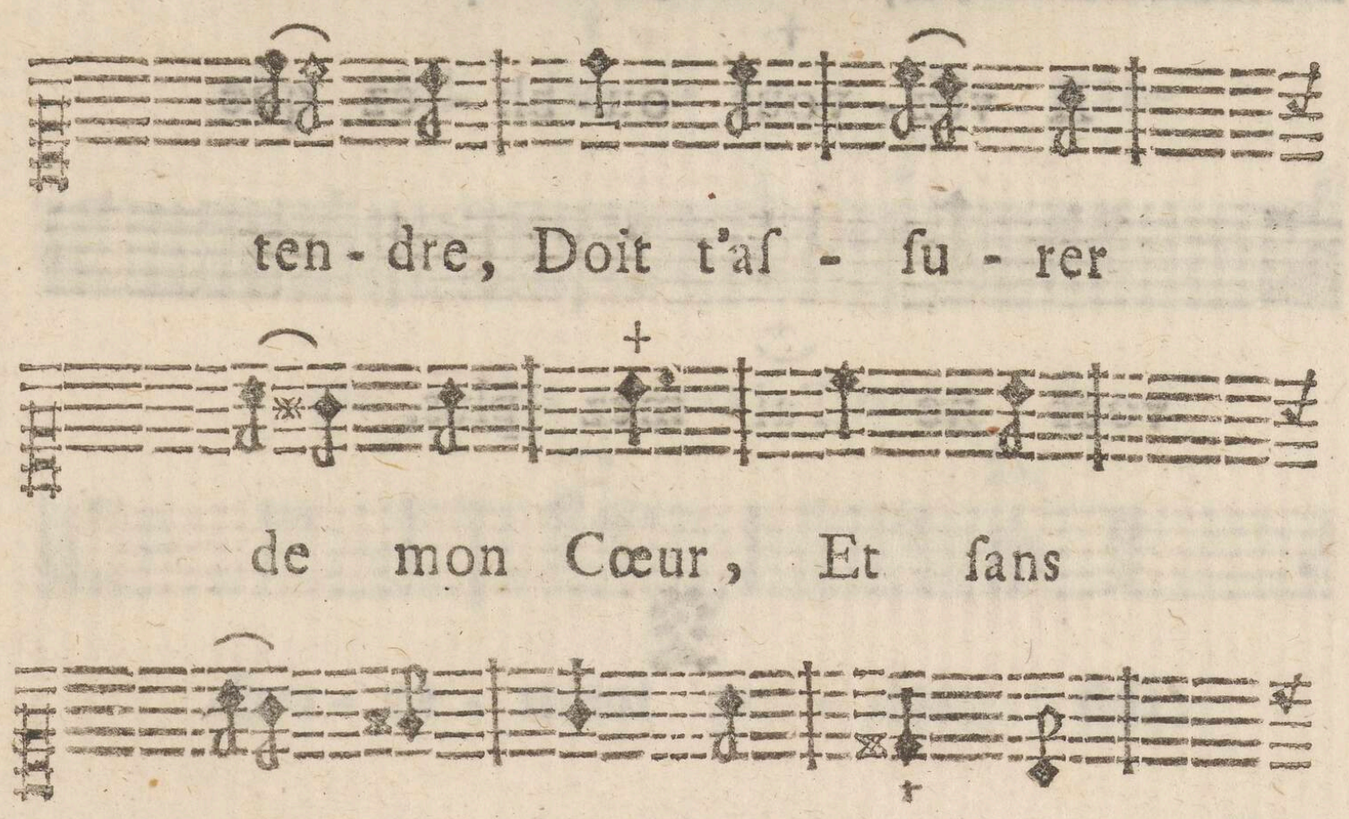


vous ne l'ai - mez plus.

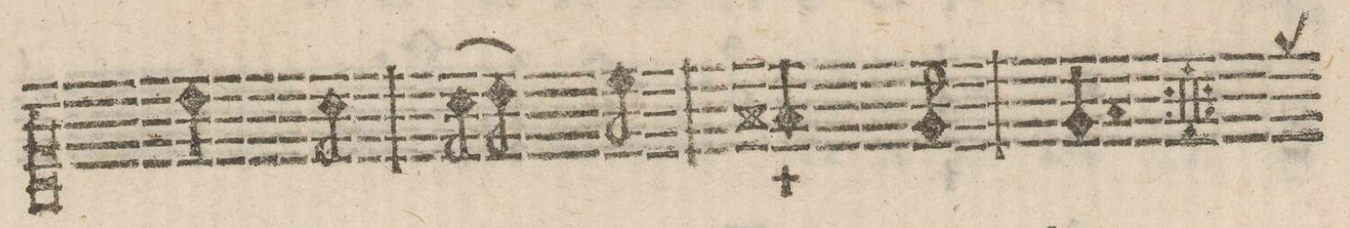
C'eſt

C'eſt ici que ſouvent,
Errant dans les Prairies,
Ma main de Fleurs cheries,
Lui faiſoient des préſens,
Si tendrement reçus ;
Que je l'aimois alors que je la trouvois belle,
Mon Cœur vous ſoupirez au nom de l'Infidelle,
Avez-vous oubliez que vous ne l'aimez plus.
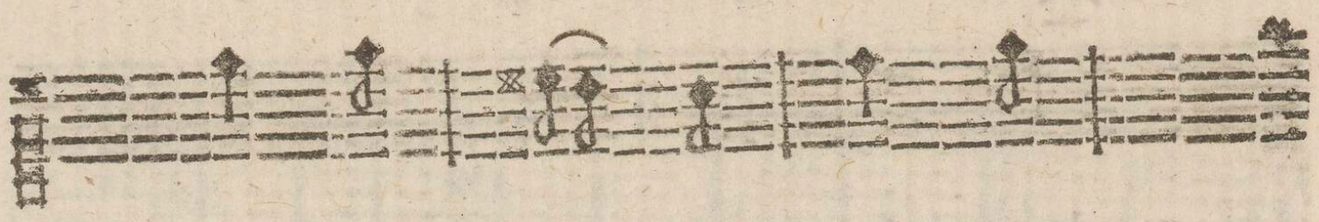
AIR DE Mr. ORRY.



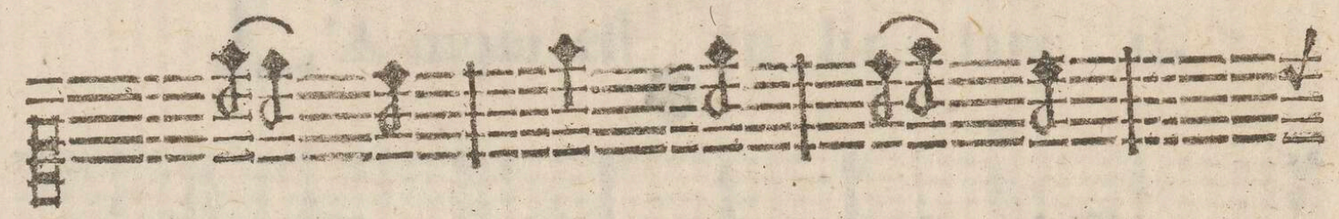




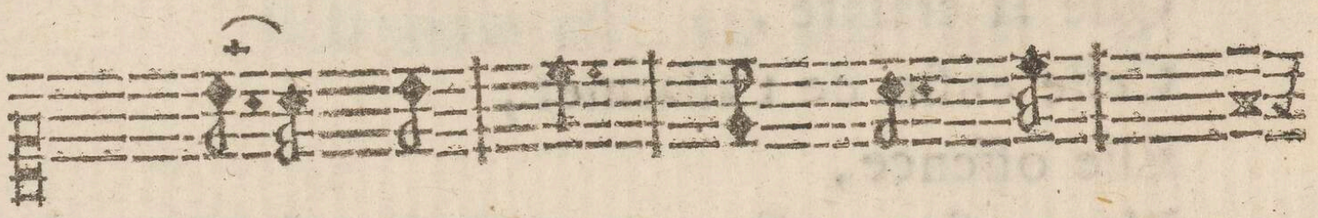
A te pay- er ton ar- deur.



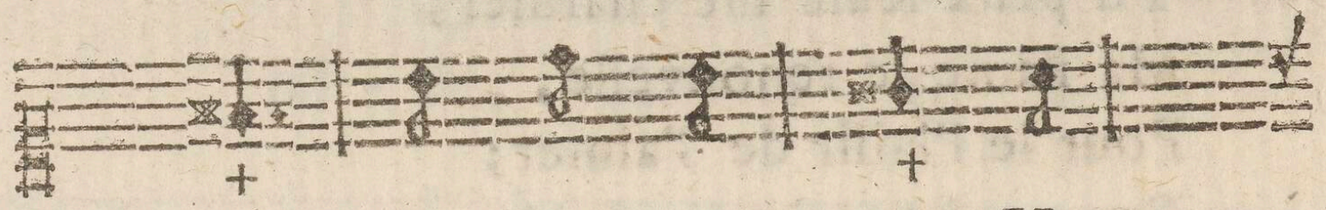
Mes yeux perdroient leur Con-



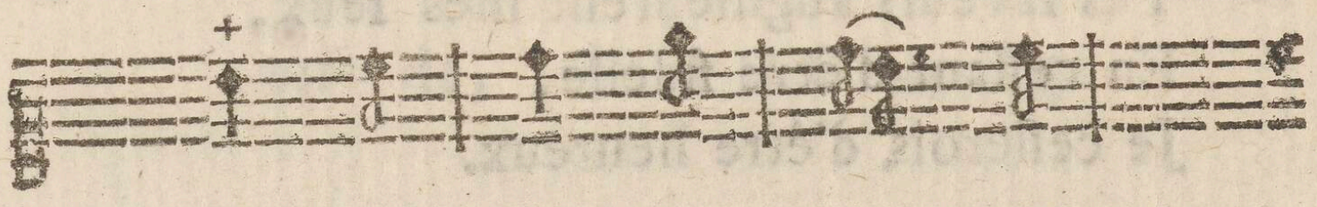
quê- te, Si j'a - che-vois



ton bon-heur; Me - na - ge-

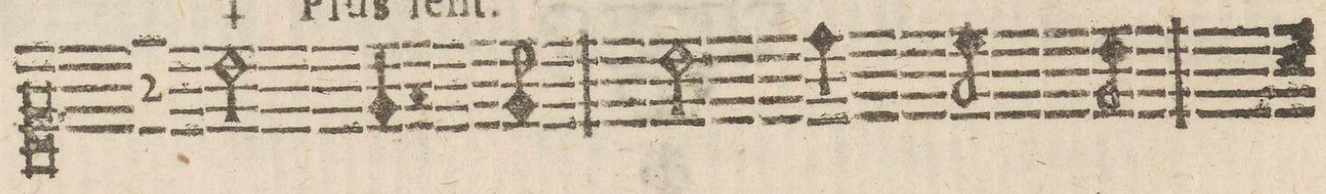


moi; Crains d'al- lar - mer Un
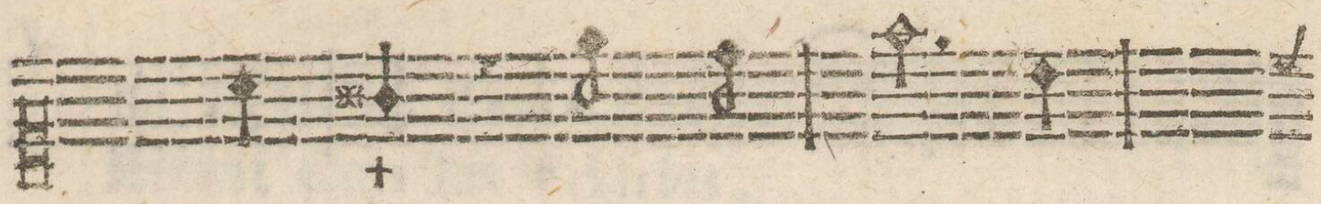


Cœur trop prompt à s'en - flâ-

Plus lent.

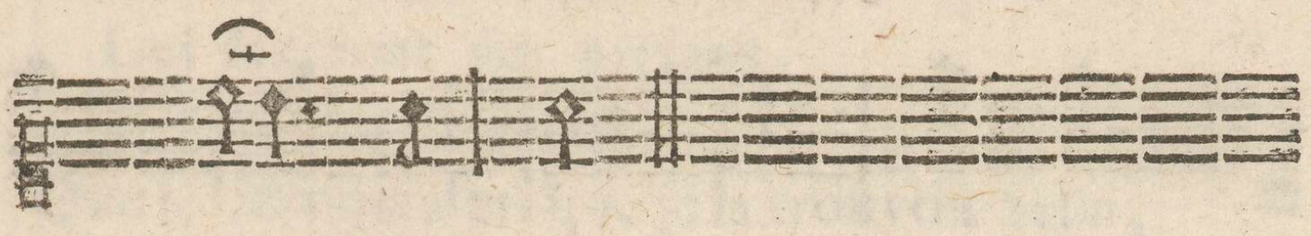


mer, Ah! cru - el, Rien ne t'ar-

rête,



rê - te, Tu veux ceſ- ſer



de m'ai-mer.
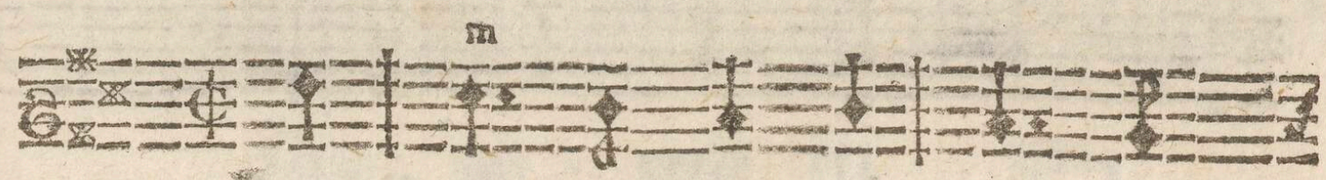
Chère Aminte,
Que la crainte,
Ceſſe enfin de t'allarmer,
Elle offence,
Ma conſtance,
Tu peux ſeule me charmer;
Ma flâme ſe renouvelle,
Pour le Plaiſir de l'aimer;
Et quand tu viens combler mes vœux,
Tes faveurs augmentent mes feux,
En ceſſant d'être fidelle,
Je ceſſerois d'être heureux.

BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH

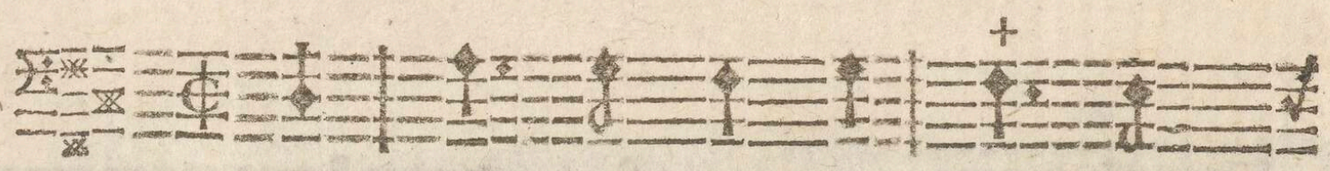
L'A-

L'AMOUR LIBRE.

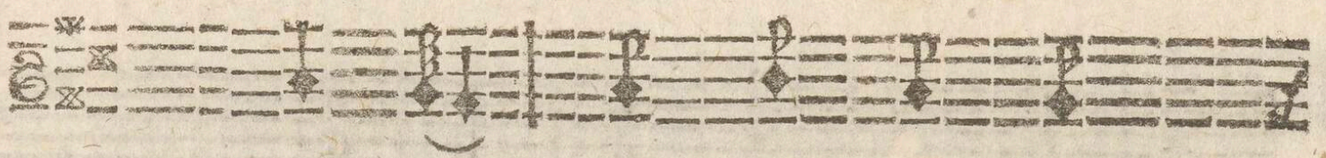
DUO.



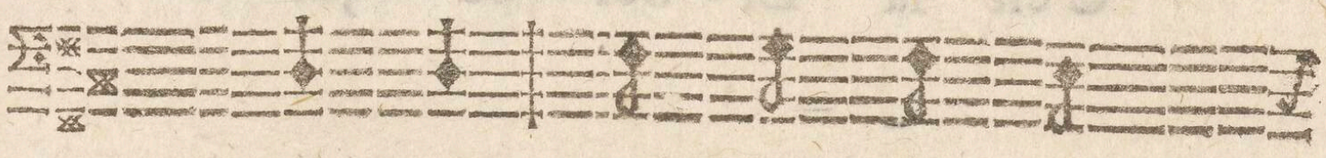
L'A-mour eſt un En- fant ti-



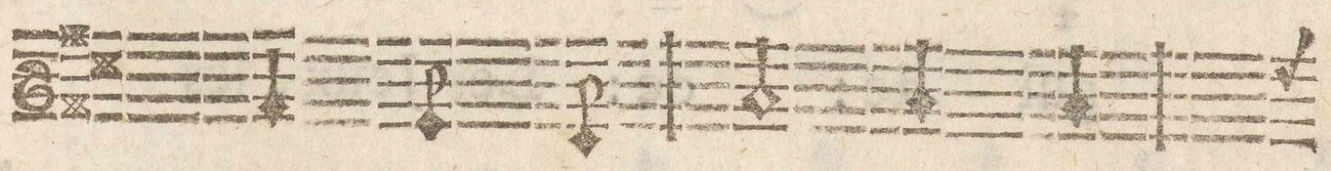
L'A-mour eſt un En- fant ti-



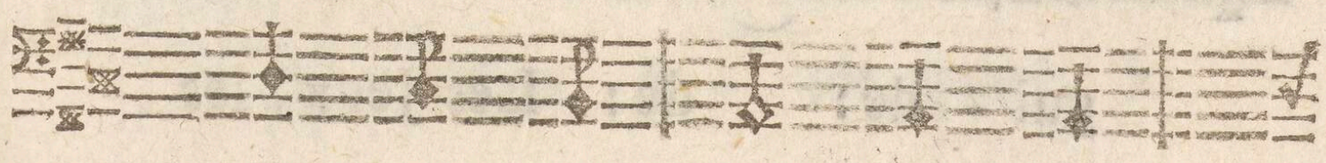
mi - de, La ſé - ve - ri-



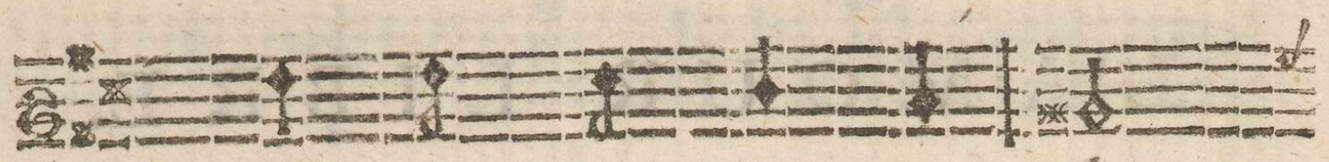
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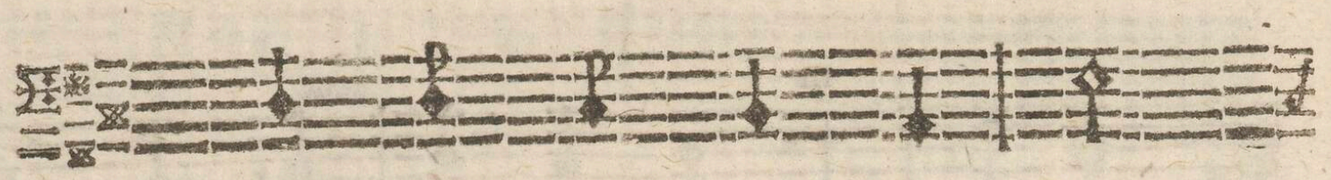
té lui fait peur, Pour trou-



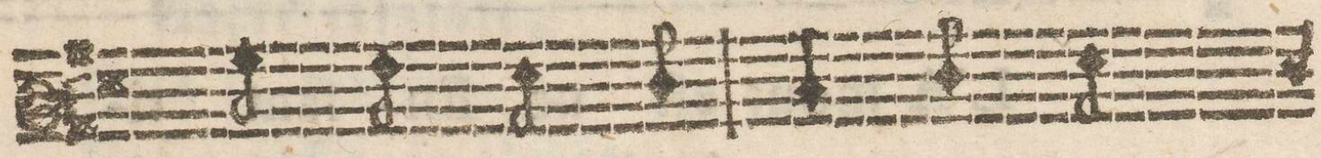
té lui fait peur, Pour trou-
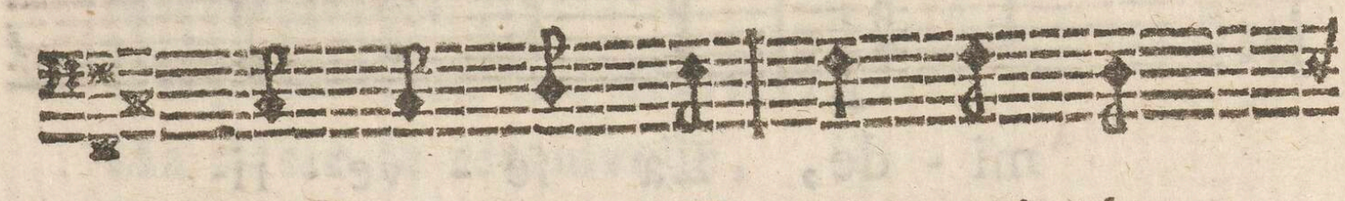


ver la rou - te d'un Cœur,



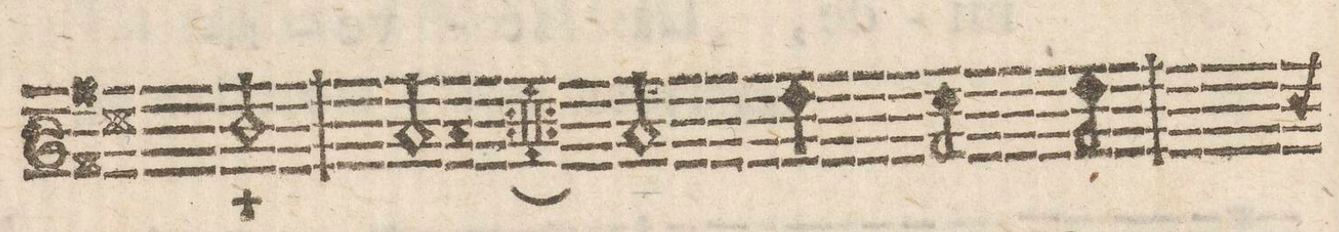
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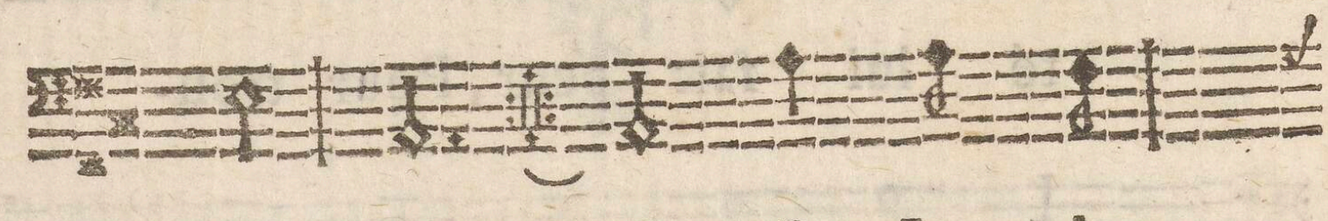
C'eſt la Li - ber - té qui le



C'eſt la Li - ber - té qui le

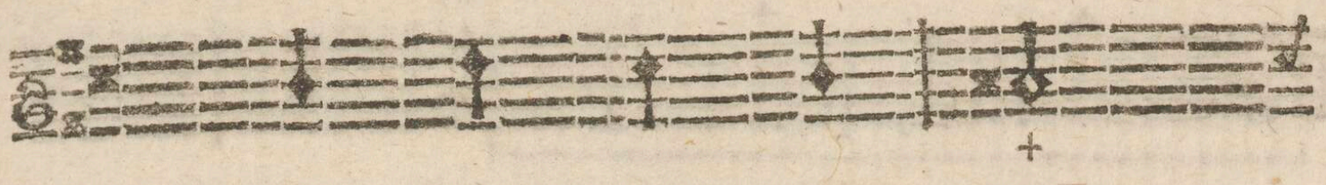


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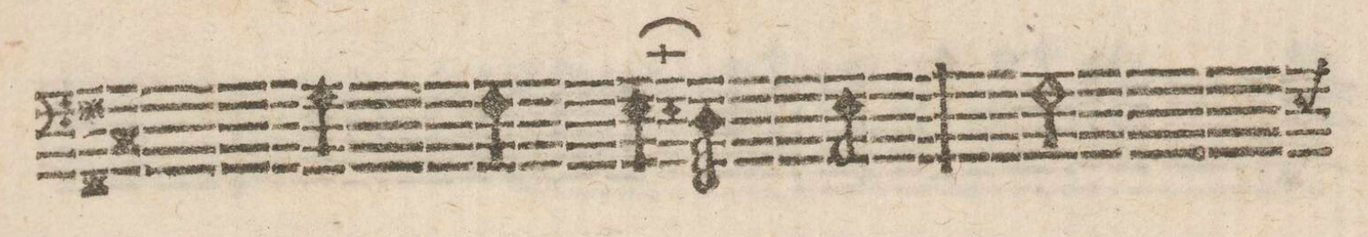


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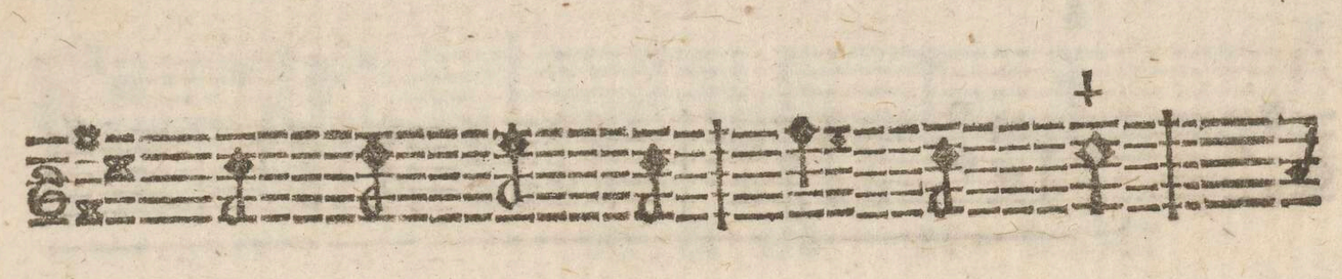
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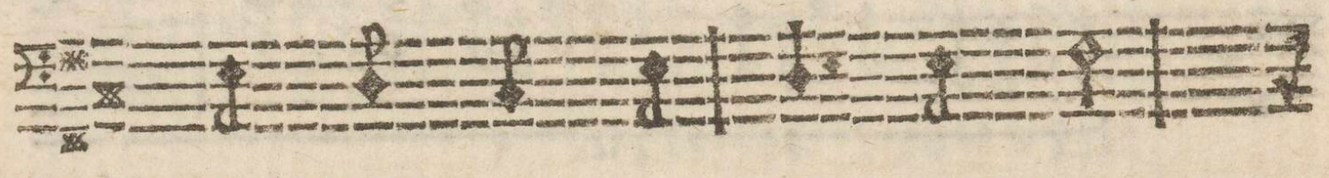


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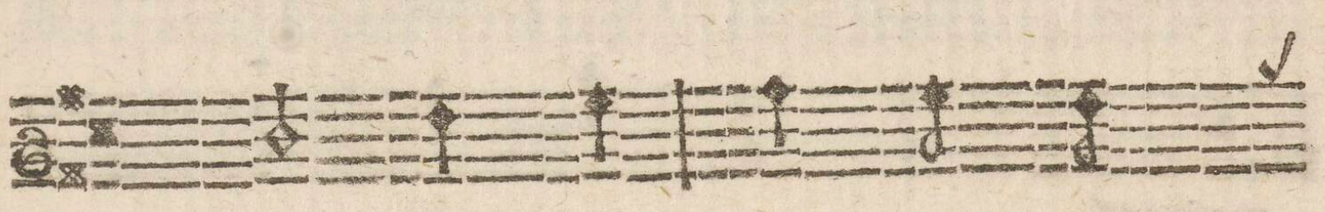
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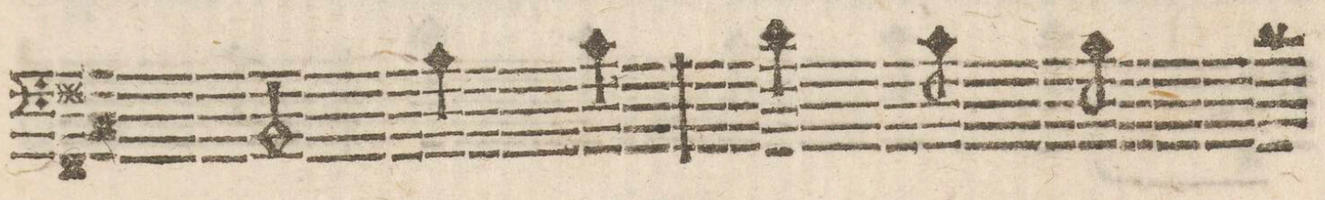
Tan - dis qu'il n'a rien à crain-



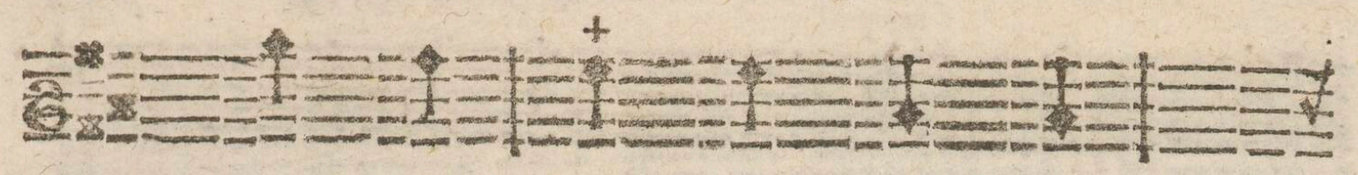
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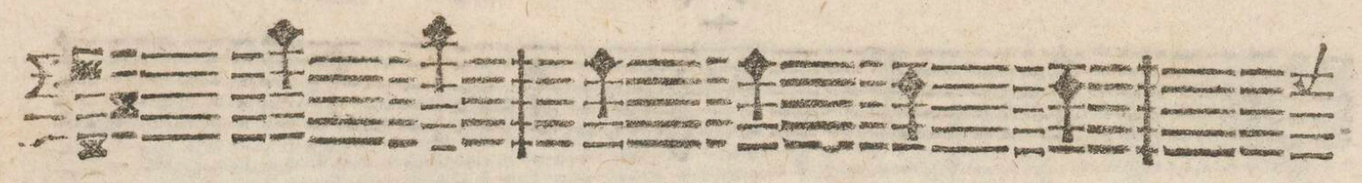


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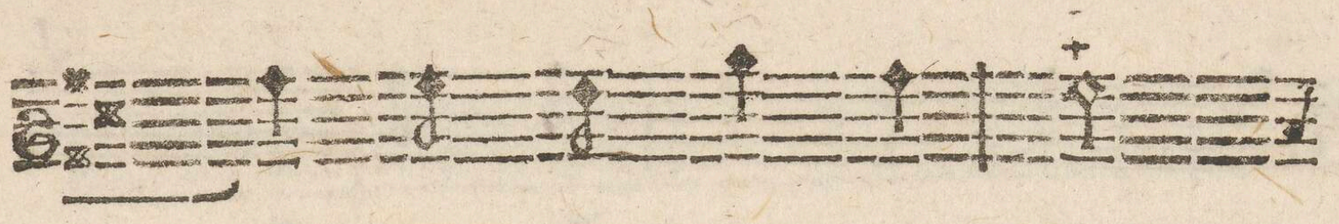


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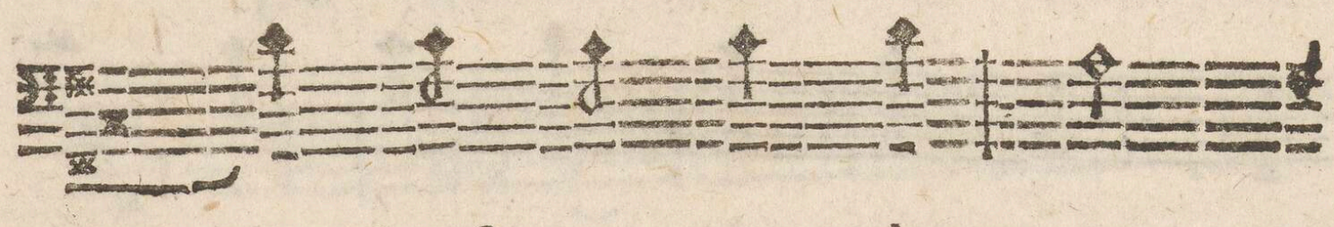

veut con - train - dre, Il s'en-


veut con - train - dre, Il s'en-

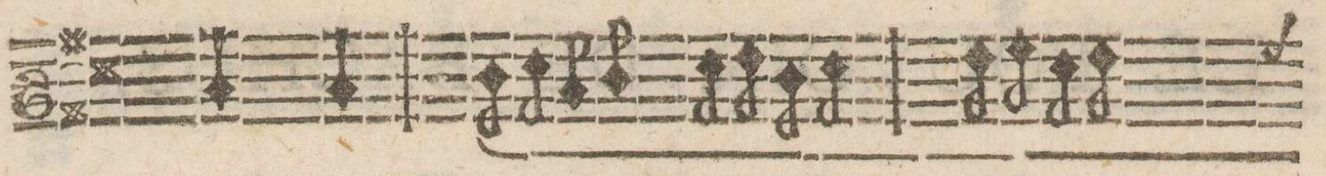

vo- - - -


vo- - - -

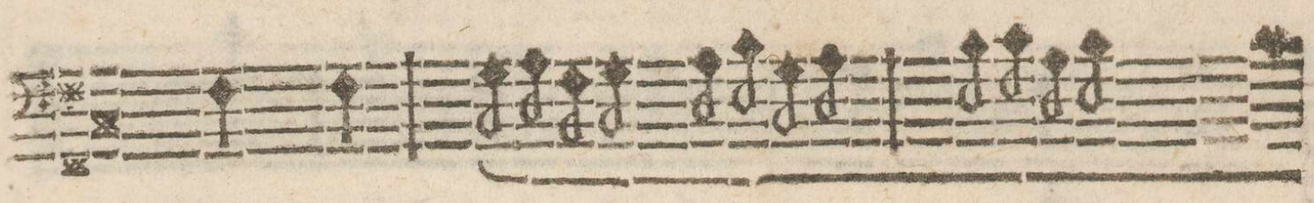

- le, & ne re- vient pas,


- le, & ne re- vient pas,
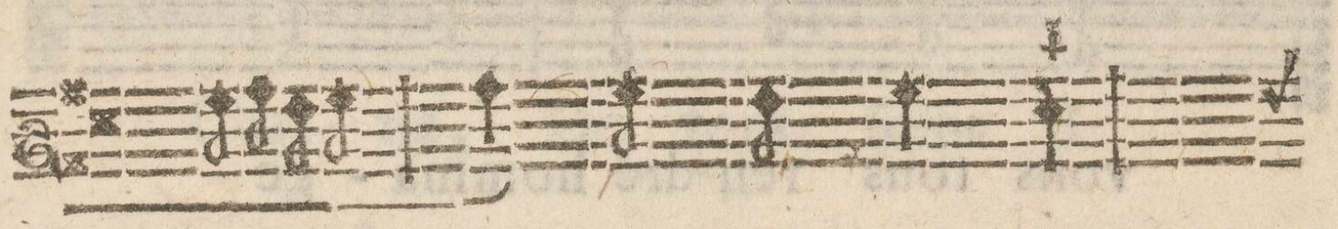
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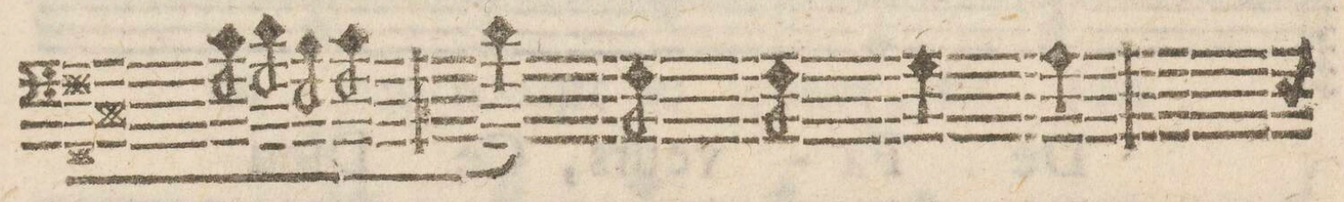


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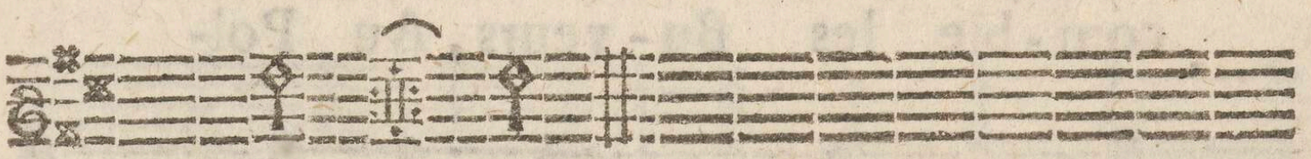
Il s'en - vo- - -



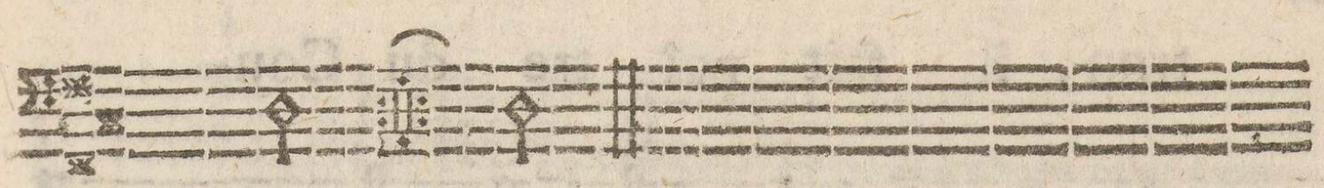
- - le, & ne re- vient



- - le, & ne re- vient
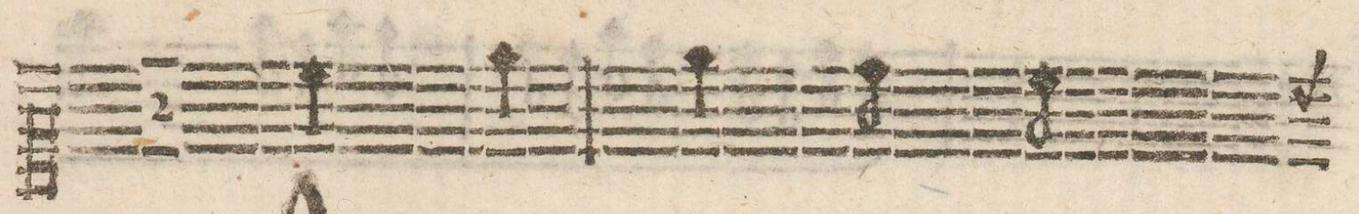


pas. pas.



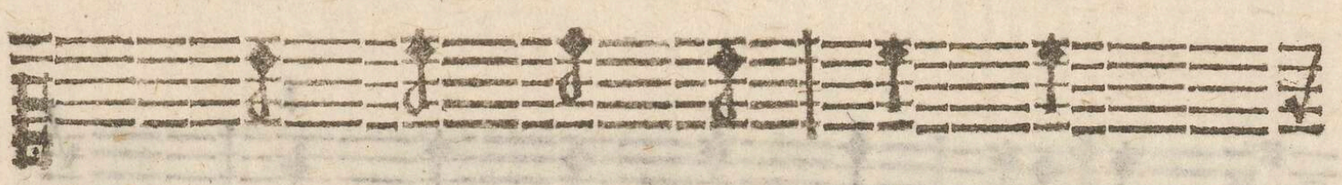
pas. pas.

LE POUVOIR DE BACHUS.

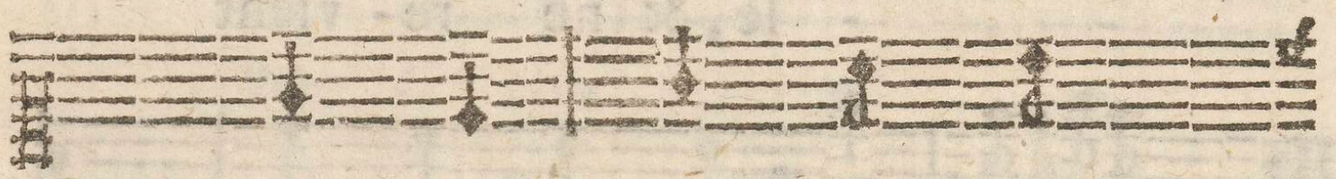
CHANSONNETTE.



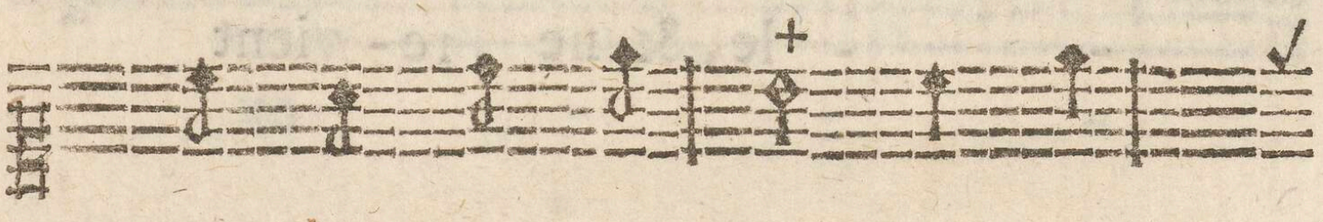
A Ba - chus, nous de-



vons tous ren-dre homma - ge,



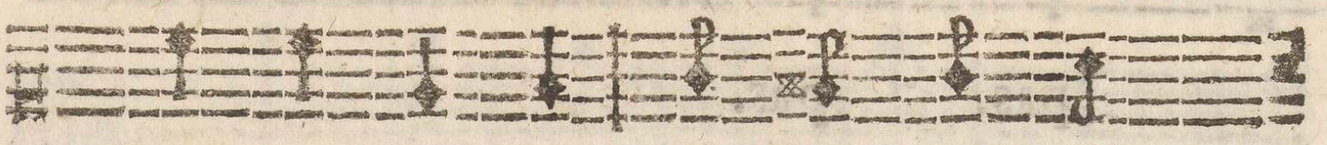
De Fa - veurs, Ce Dieu



com - ble les Bu - veurs, Au Pol-

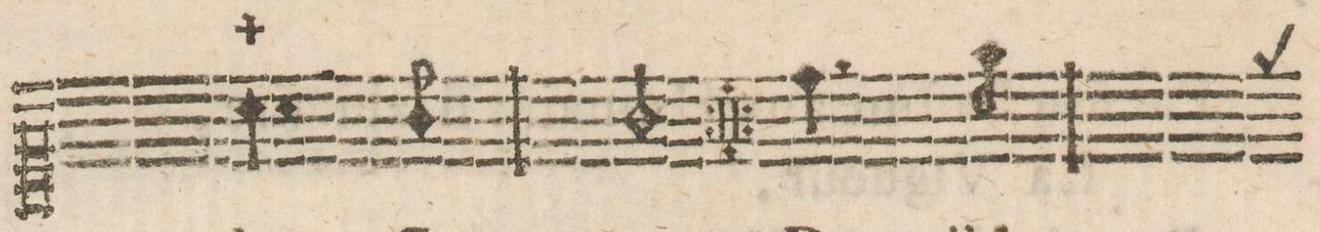


tron, il fait naî - tre du Cou-

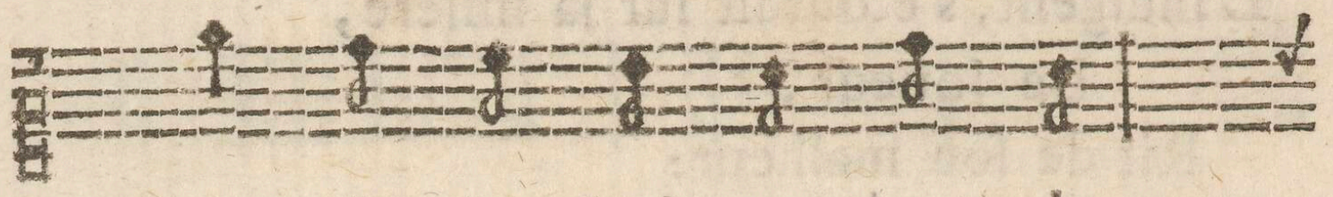


ra - ge, Au Mu - et, Il don - ne

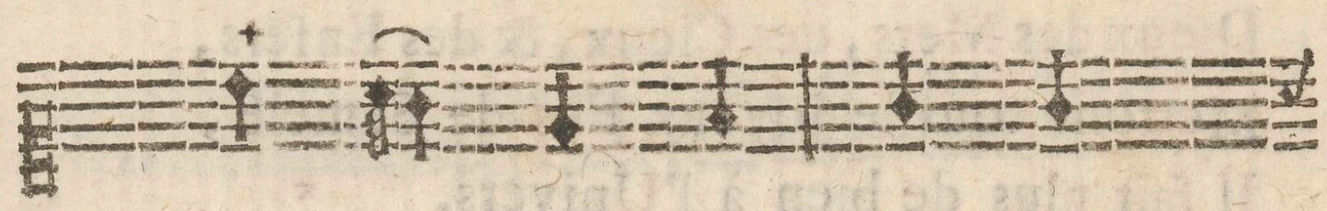
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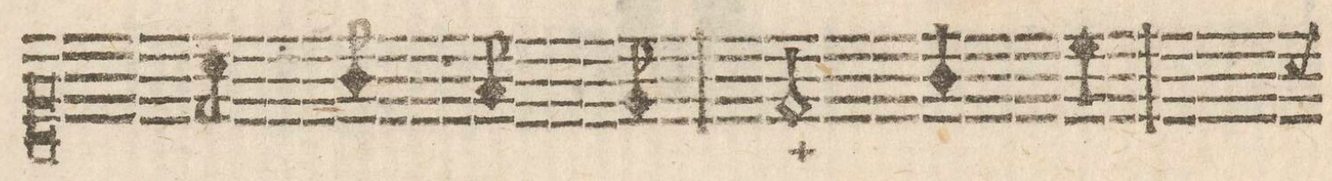
du Ca - quet; De l'A-



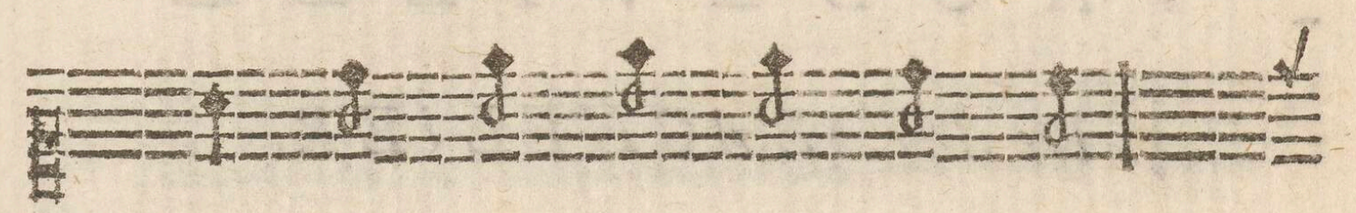
mour il ai - de à por - ter la



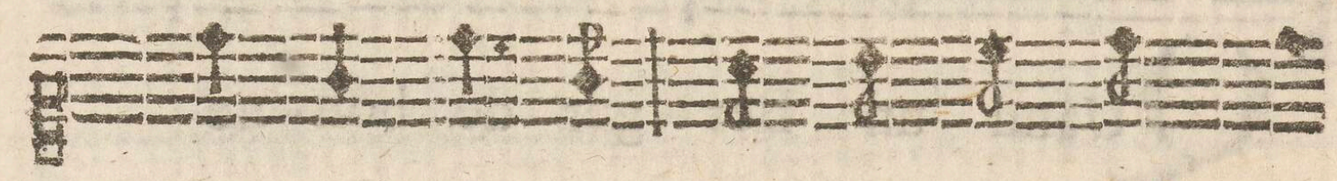
Chaî - ne, De tous ſoins il



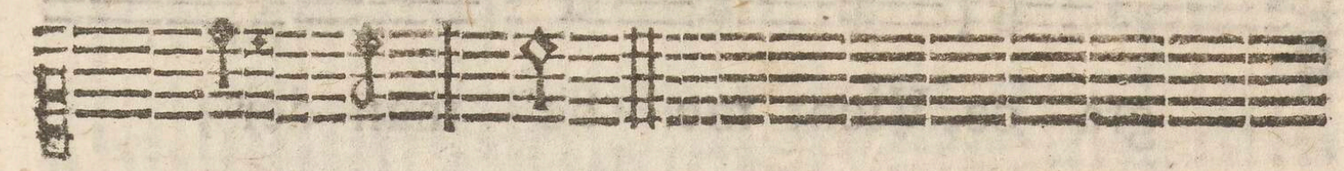
in - ter- rompt le cours, Et ſon



Jus, pour re - dui-re u-ne in - hu-



mai - ne, Eſt ſou- vent d'un mer-veil-

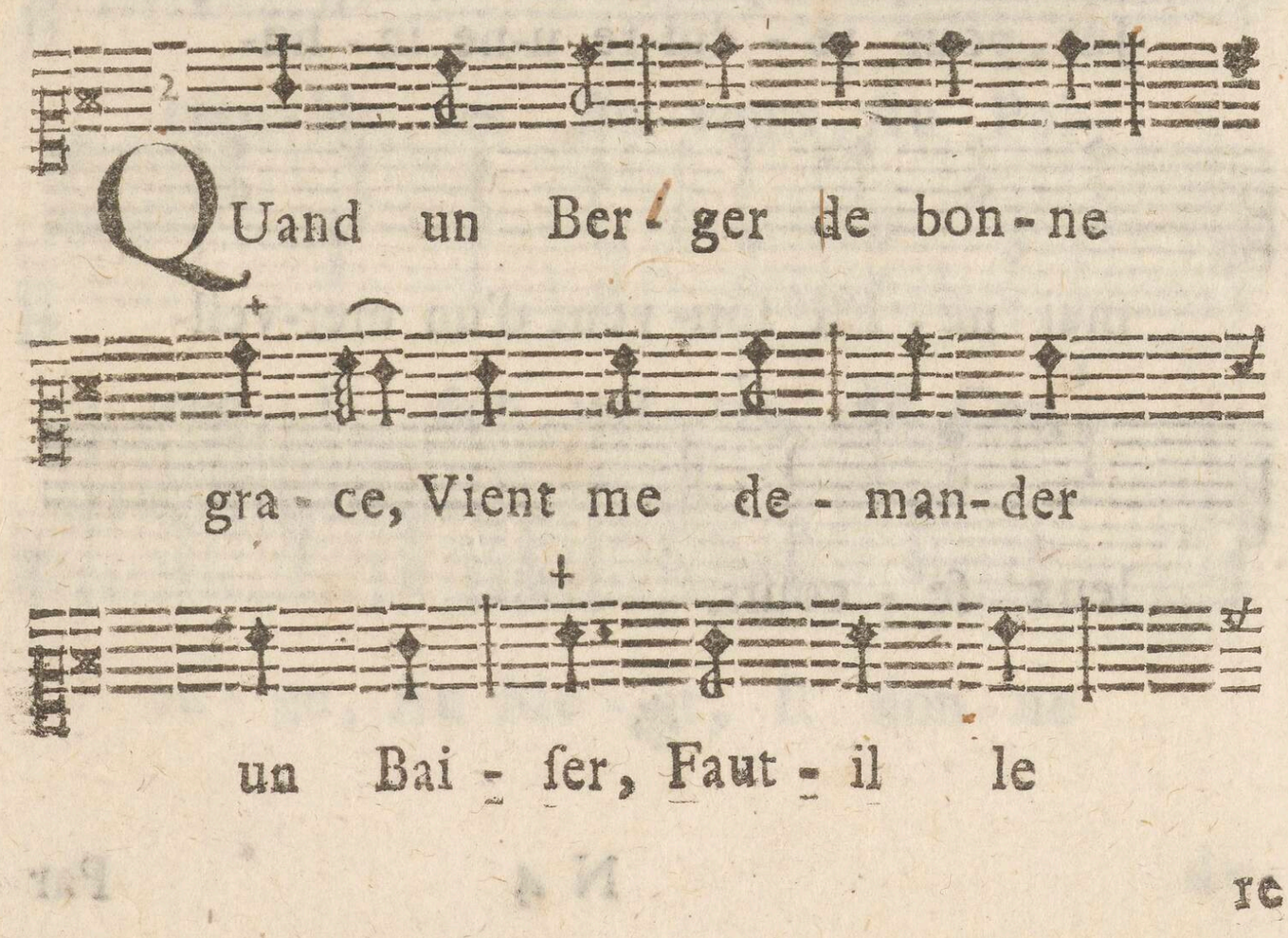


leux ſe - cours.

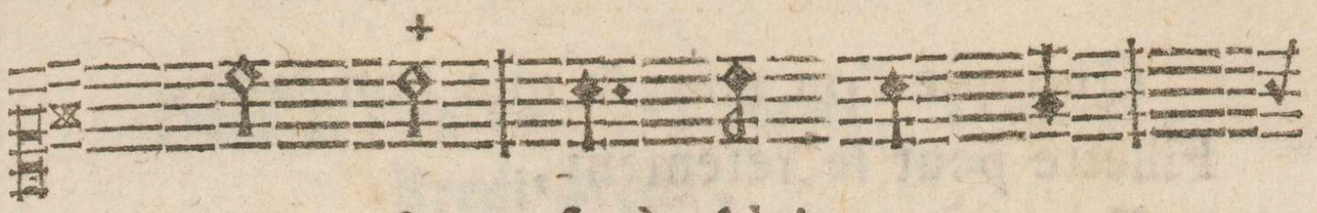
Par ſon Baûme aux Humains ſi ſalutaire,
La Vigueur,
Renaît dans le Voyageur,
L'indigent, s'étourdit ſur ſa miſère;
Le Joüeur,
Rit de ſon malheur:
Au-deſſus des fiers Enfans de Cybelle;
Dieux des Mers, des Cieux, & des Enfers;
Mettons tous le joyeux Fils de Sémele,
Il fait plus de bien à l'Univers.

VAUDEVILLE.

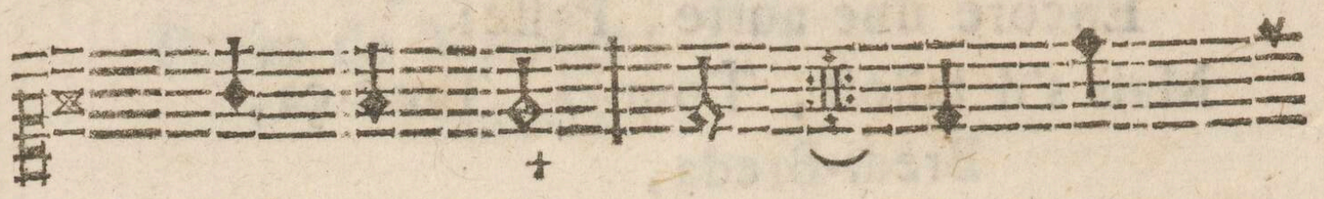
De Mr. BACHELIER.



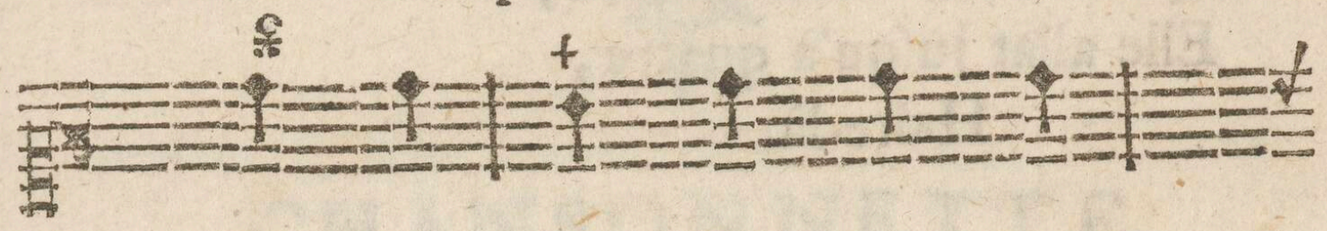
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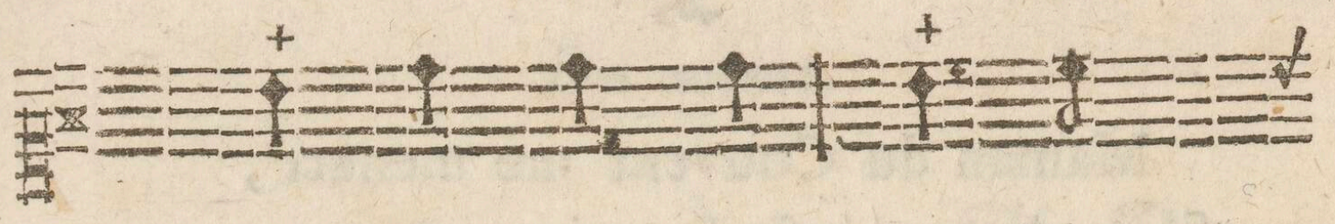


re - fu - ſer? Ah! pour un



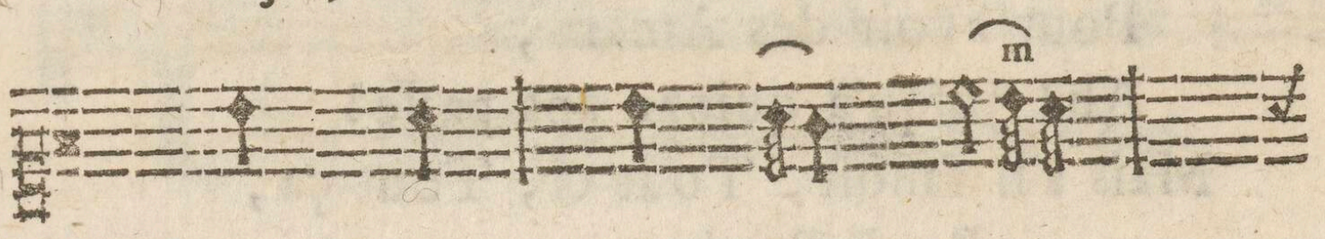
Bai- ſer paſ - ſe: ſe: Mais
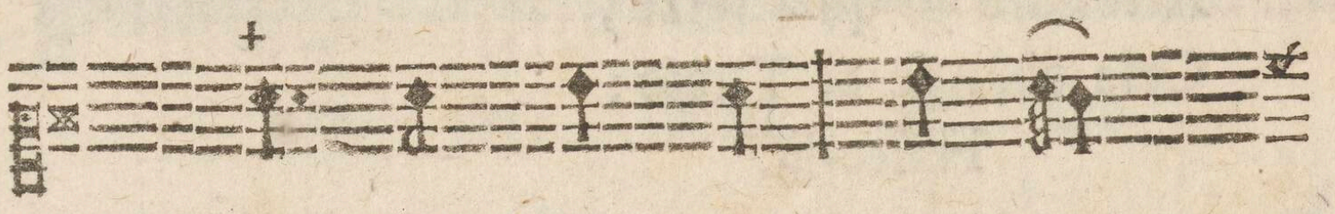


s'il vou - loit, Tout - ci, Tout-
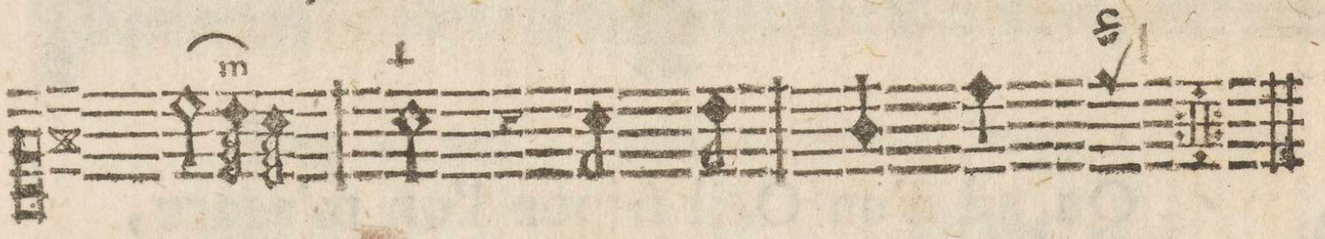


ça, Bre - di - Bre - da, D'u-



ne Main in - diſ - cret-



te, Le- ver ma Col- le-



ret - te, Hal-te - là. Mais, &c.

Quoi-

Quoique l'on diſe, & que l'on faſſe,
Fillette peut ſecretement,
Ecouter un Amant?
Encore une autre, Paſſe:
Mais s'il falloit, Tout-ci, Tout-ça,
Bredi-Breda,
Que ſans en rien rabatre,
Elle allat juſqu'à quatre,
Halte-là.

Maman du Couvent me menace,
Si je n'attens juſqu'à quinze ans,
Pour avoir des Amans,
Ah! juſqu'à quinze ans paſſe!
Mais s'il falloit, Tout-ci, Tout-ça,
Bredi-Breda,
Attendre juſqu'à ſeize,
Cela change la Theſe;
Halte-là.
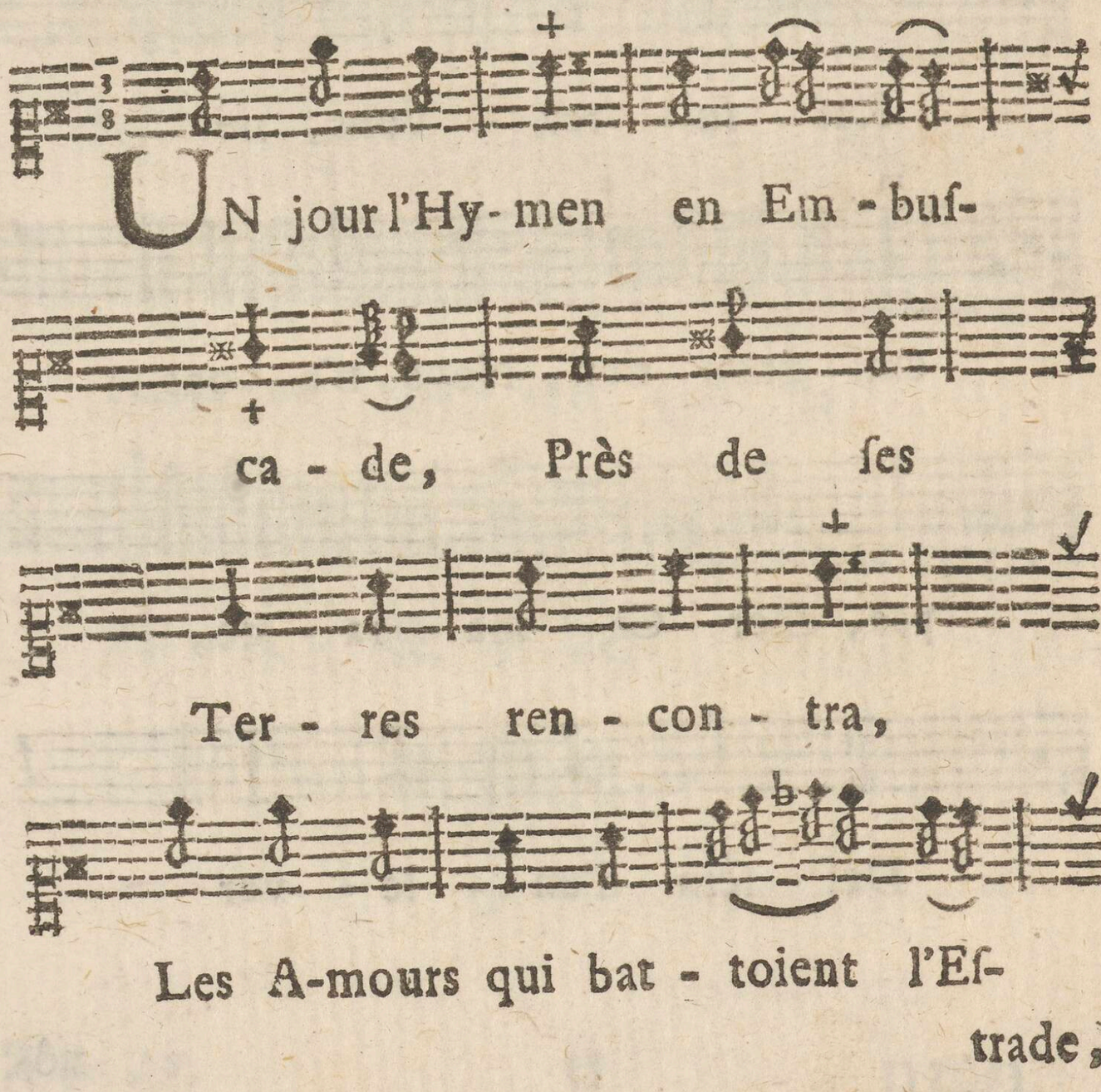
Quand d'un Oeil fripon l'on m'agace,
Et qu'on me choiſit pour Amant,
Je me rends aiſément;
Ah! pour être Amant, Paſſe:

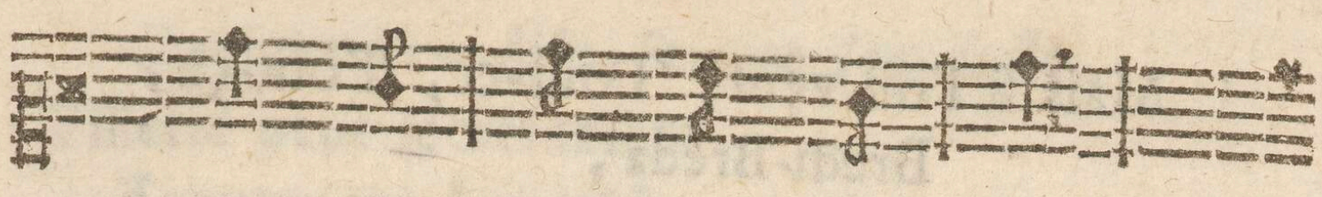
Mais

Mais ſi l'on veut, Tout-ci, Tout-ça,
Bredi-Breda,
En changeant de langage.
Parler de Mariage,
Halte-là.
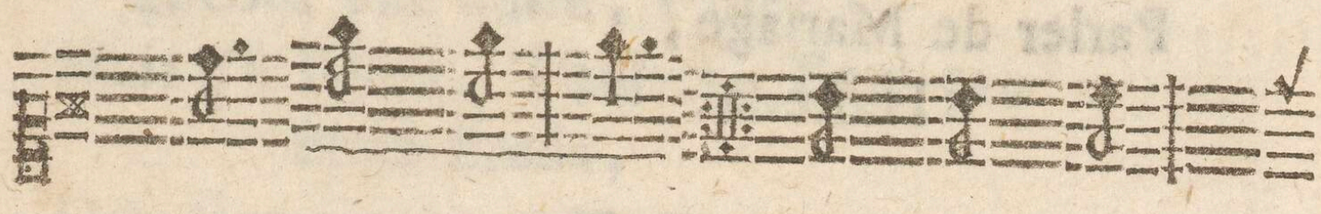
CHANSONNETTE.

Du même.
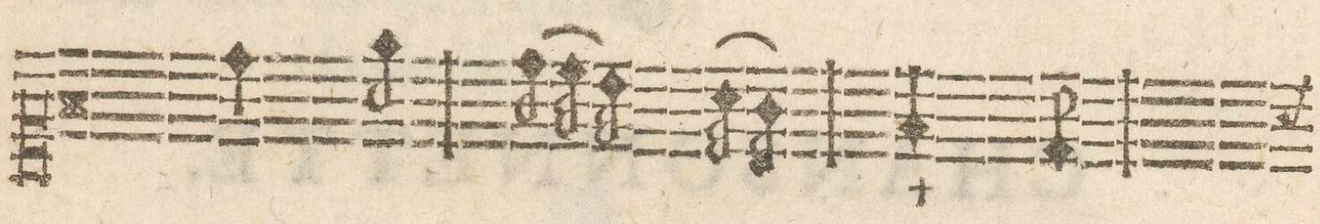




tra - de, Il fut d'a - bord,
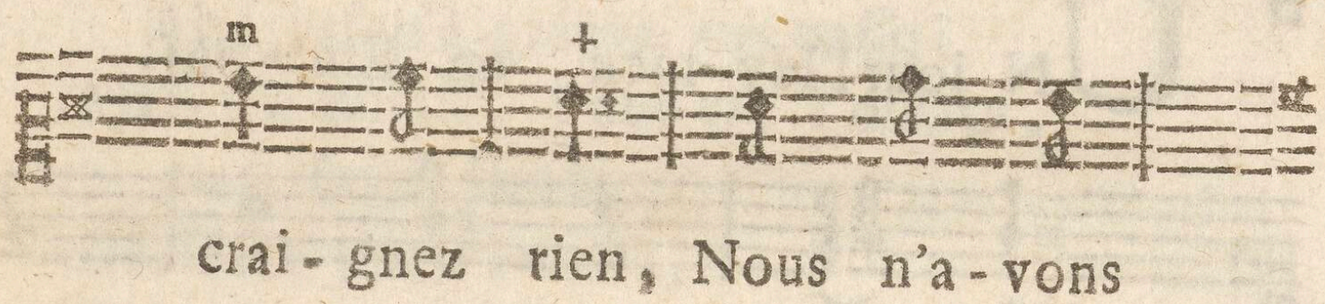


au Qui - va - là ; A - mi, re-
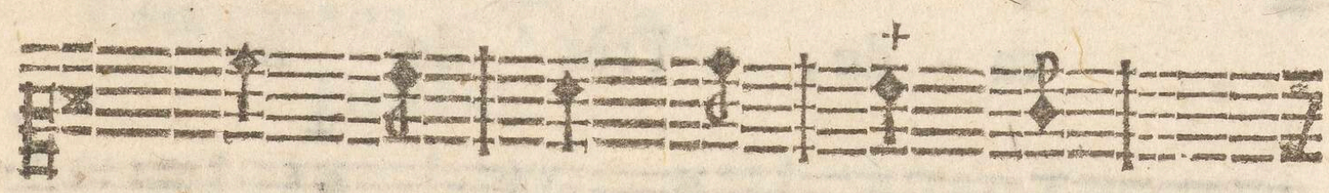


pon - dit la Bri - ga - de,



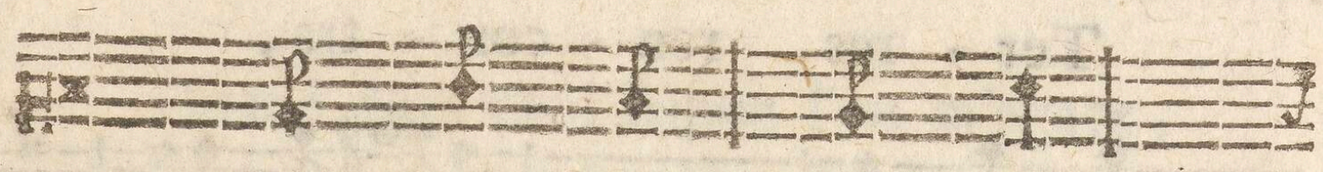
Raſ - ſu - rez - vous, ne



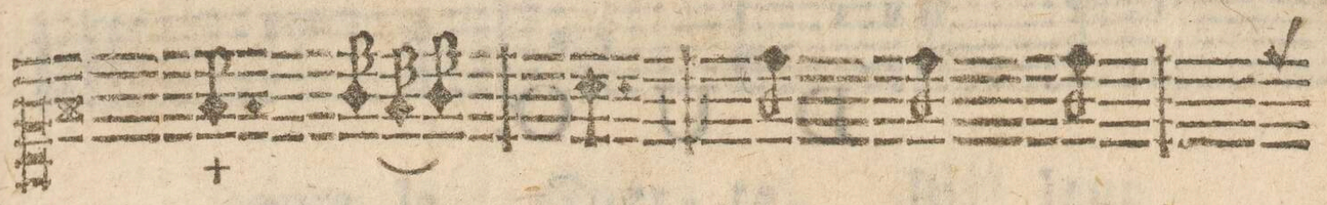
crai - gnez rien, Nous n'a - vons
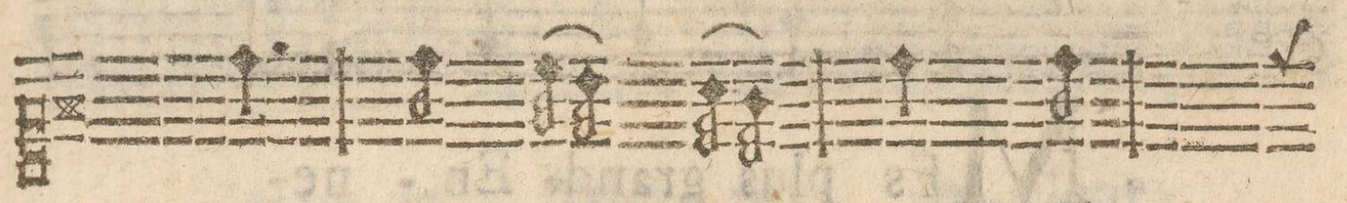


pas, cher Ca - ma - ra - de,



Deſ - ſein d'en - le - ver
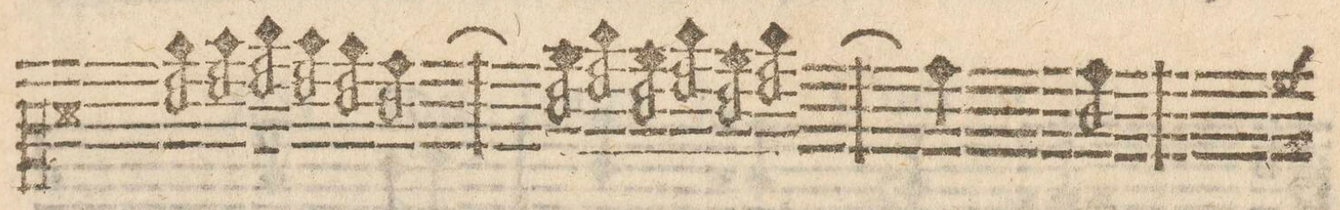


vô - tre bien, Nous ne vou-
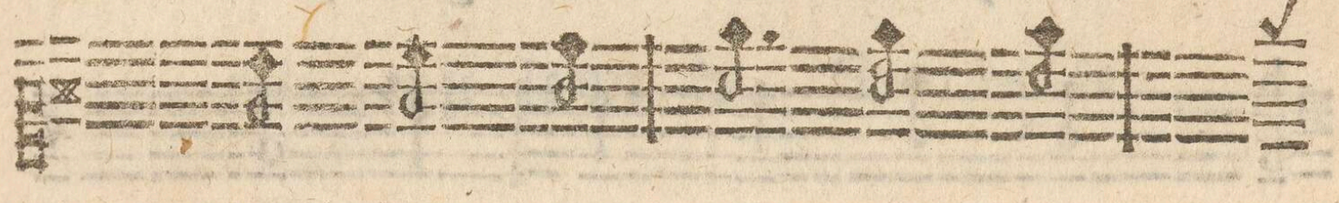


lons que la Paſ - ſa - de,



Nous ne vou-lons que la Paſ-



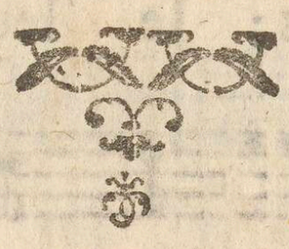
Paſ- - - - de,



Nous ne vou-lons que la
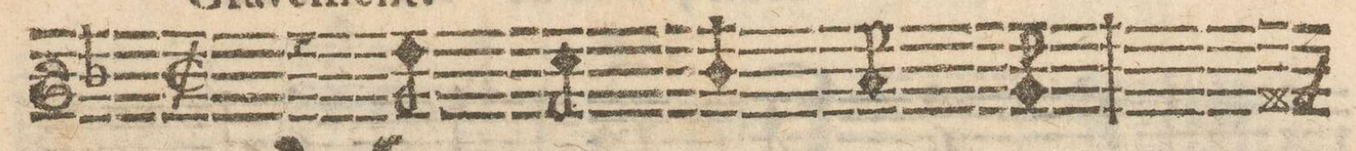


Paſ - ſa - de. de.



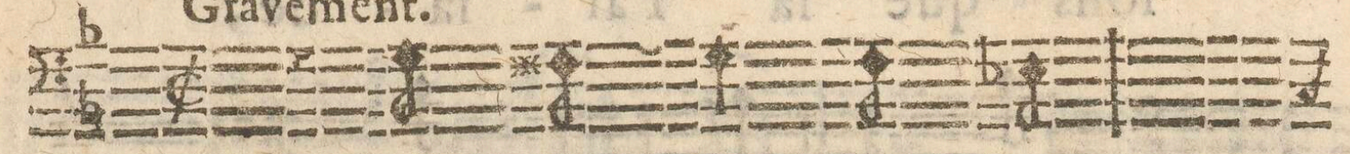
DUO.

Gravement.

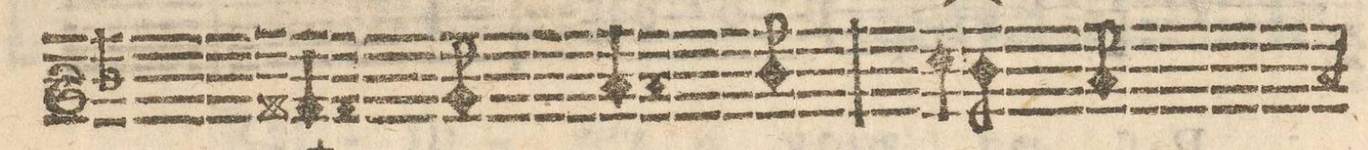


MEs plus grands En - ne-

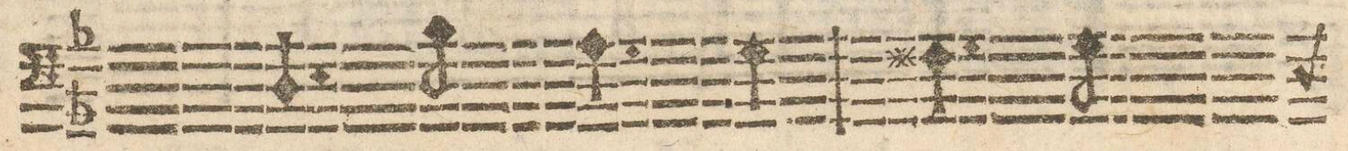
Gravement.



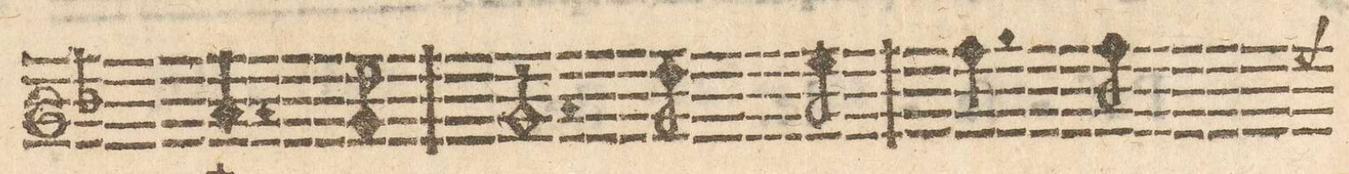
Mes plus grands En - ne-



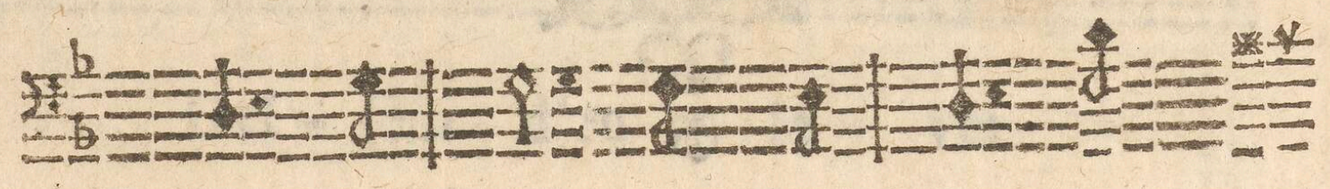
mis, Sont les Cha - grins, &



mis, Sont les Cha - grins, &
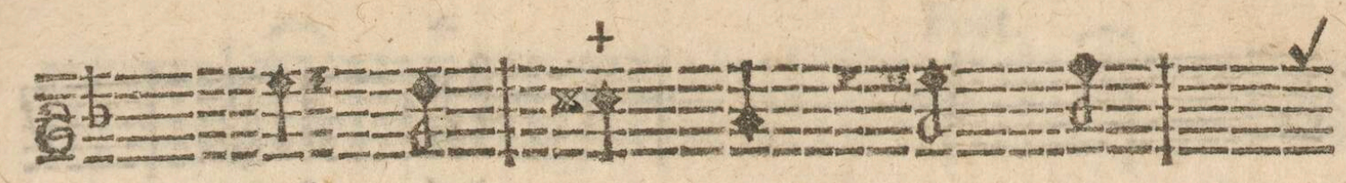


les Sou - cis; Je leur fais tou-
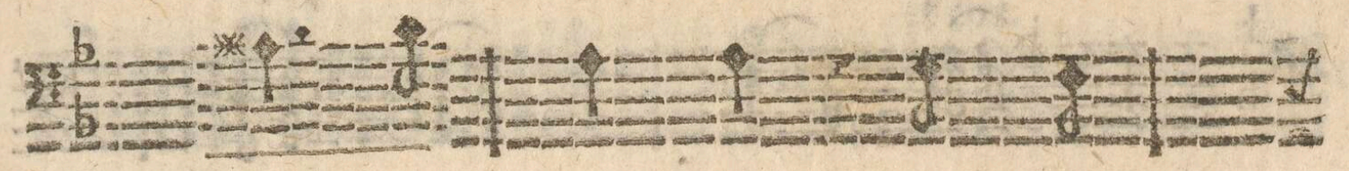


les Sou - cis; Je leur fais tou-

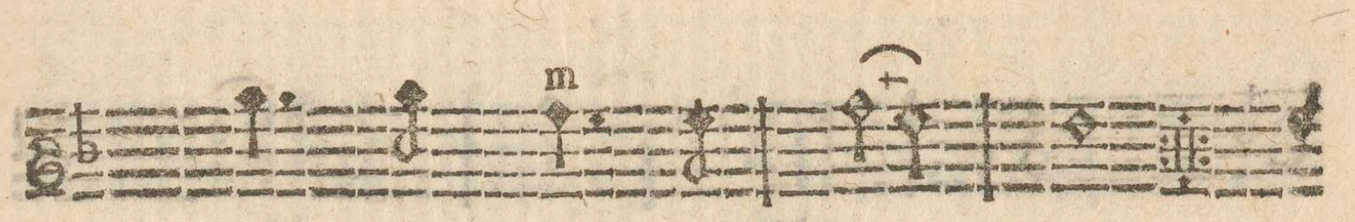
jours



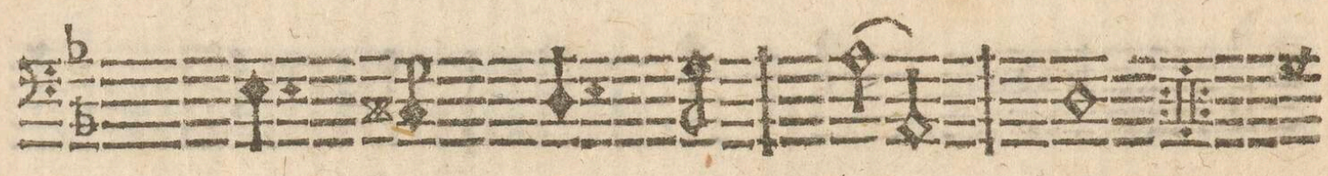
jours la Guer-re, Je leur
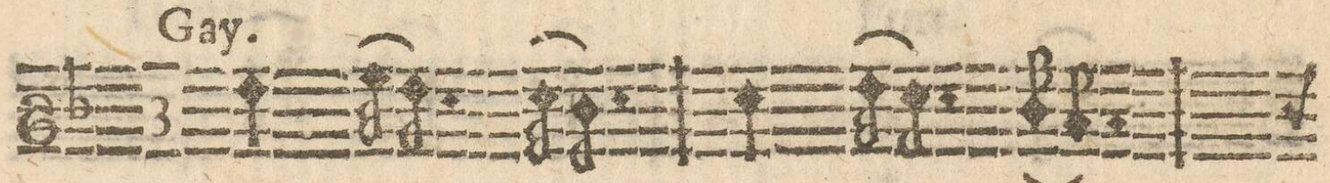


jours la Guer-re, Je leur
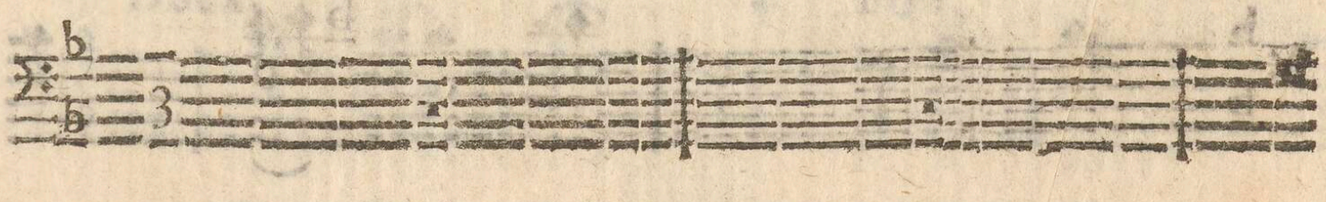


fais tou-jours la Guer-re:

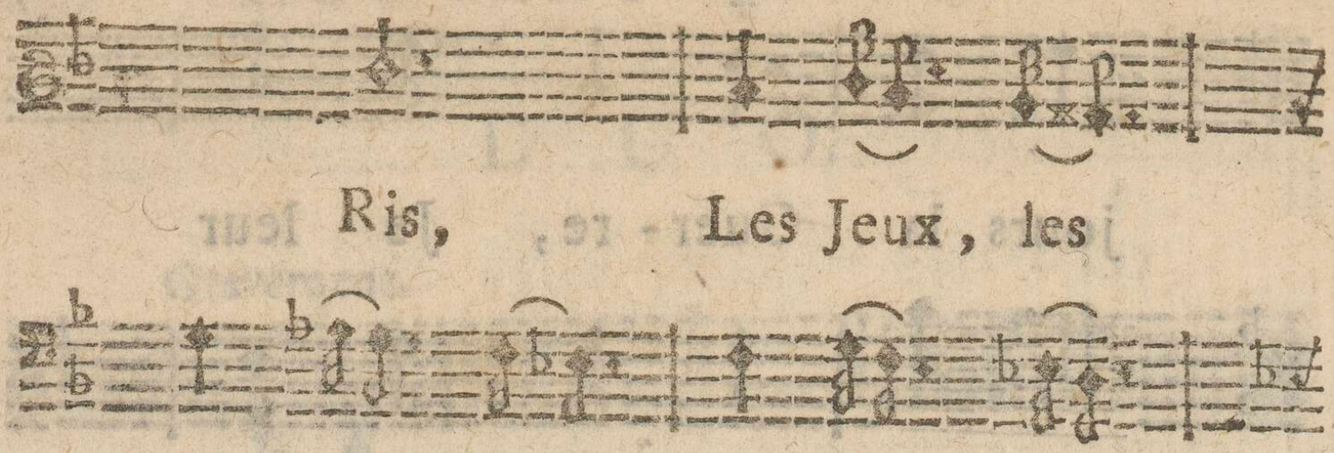


fais tou-jours la Guer-re:

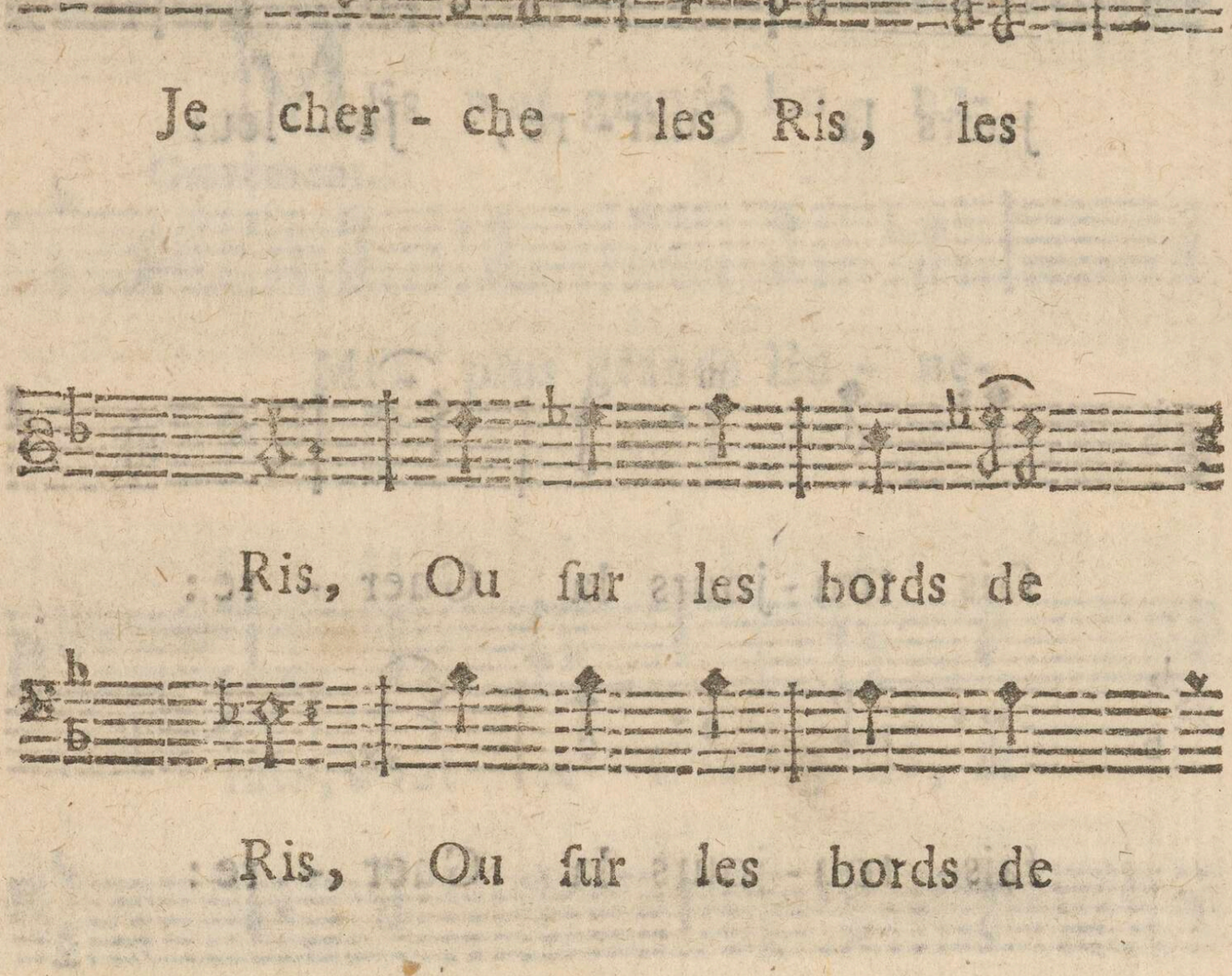


Je cher-che les Jeux, les

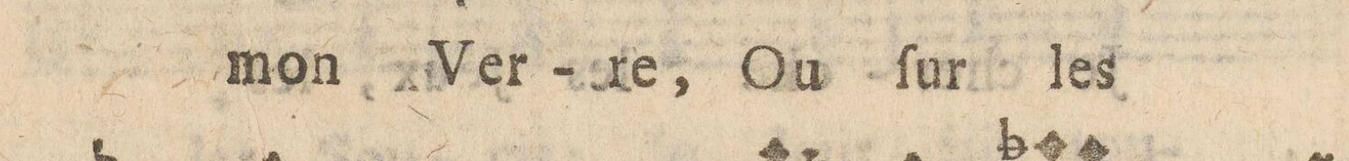




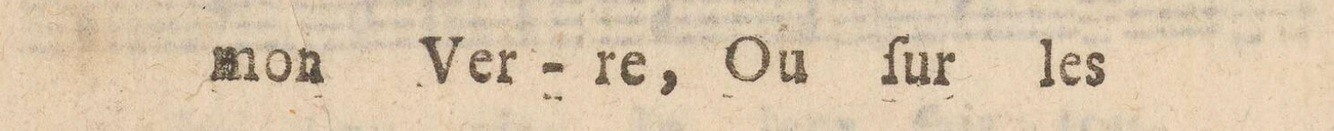
Ris, Les Jeux, les



Je cher - che les Ris, les



Ris, Ou ſur les bords de
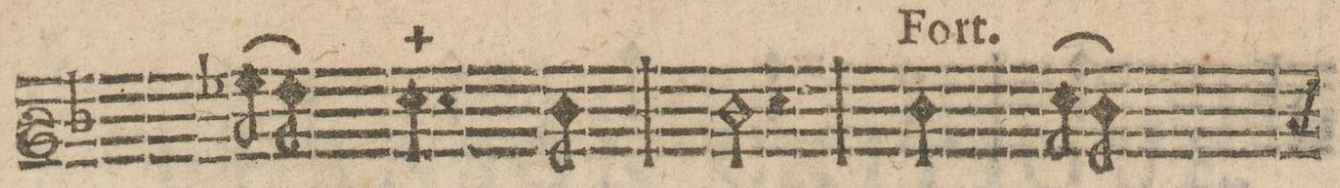


Ris, Ou ſur les bords de
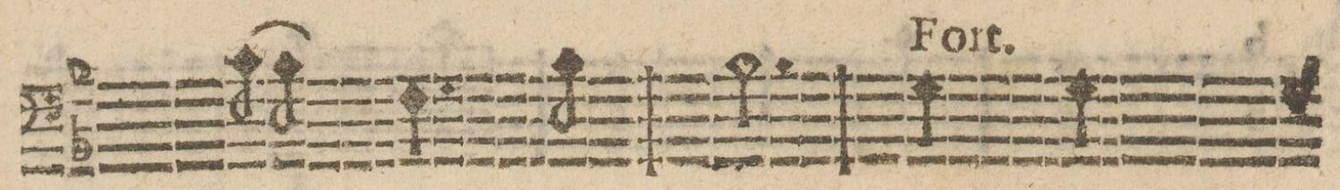


mon Ver - re, Ou ſur les
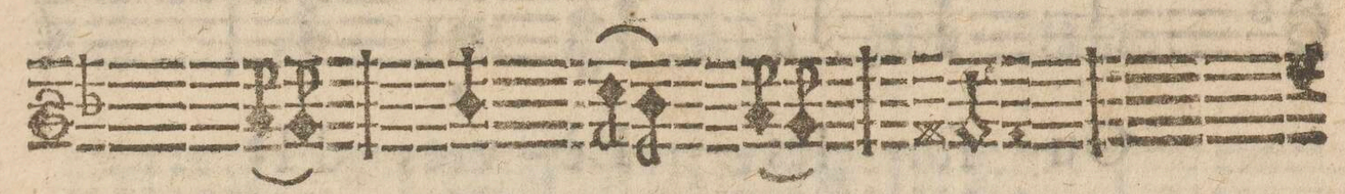


mon Ver - re, Ou ſur les



Lè-vres d'I - ris. Je cher-



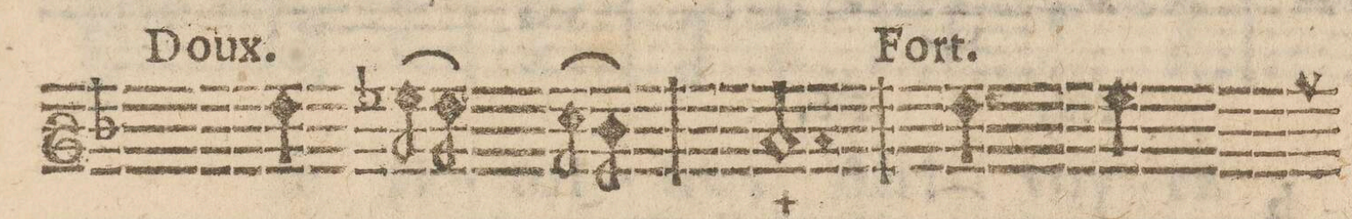
Lè-vres d'I - ris, Je cher-



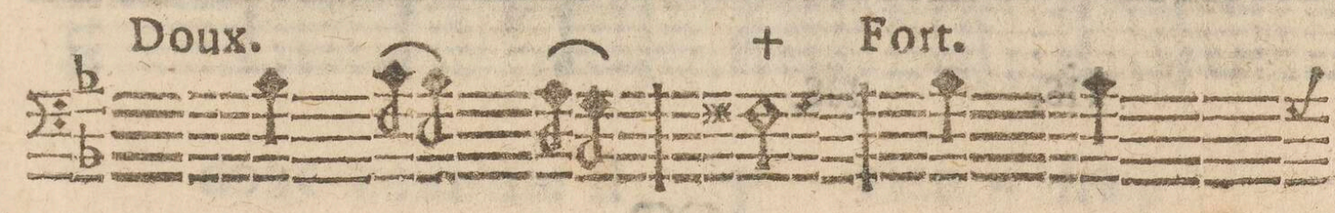
che les Jeux, les Ris,
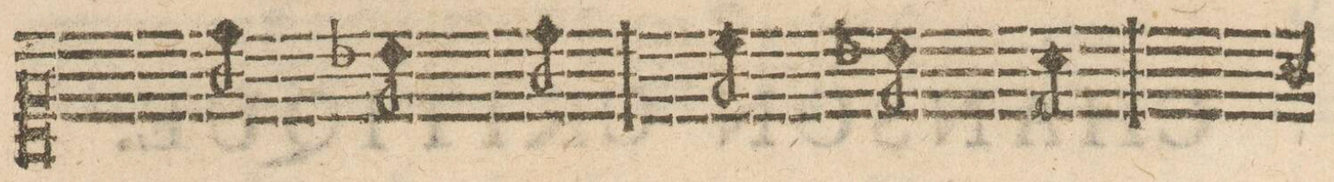


che les Jeux, les Ris,
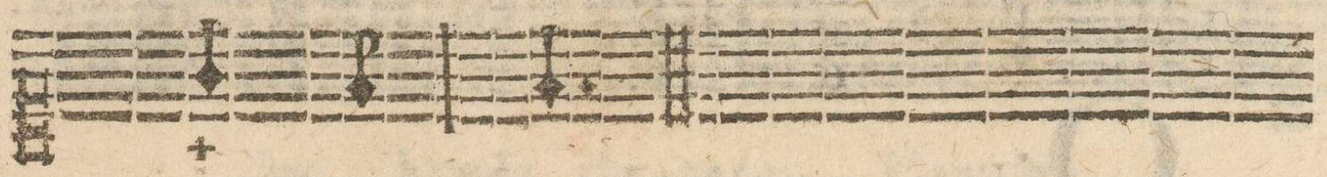


Les Jeux, les Ris, Ou ſur



Les Jeux, les Ris, Ou ſur



Ta ti ta tou fa li



ra lon fa.

Qu'une Antiquaille,
Avec ſes faux attraits,
Veuille avoir ſans payer les fraix,
Un Soupirant de belle taille,
Ah! voyez donc comme elle y viendra,
Ta ti ta tou fa li ra lon fa.

Qu'un Robin Lutte,
Contre un jeune Plumet,
Et qu'il veuille avoir un objet,
Qu'un Mouſquetaire lui diſpute;
Ah! voyez donc comme il y viendra,
Ta ti ta tou fa li ra lon fa.

Qu'un

Qu'un Buraliſte,
Veuille être Directeur,
Sût-il ſon Barême par Cœur,
Si ſa Femme au Fermier reſiſte;
Ah! voyez donc comme il y viendra,
Ta ti ta tou fa li ra lon fa.

Qu'une Griſette,
Sans être à l'Opera,
S'imagine qu'elle poura,
S'enrichir au Jeu d'Amourette,
Ah! voyez donc comme elle y viendra,
Ta ti ta tou fa li ra lon fa.

Qu'un vieux Drüide,
De vigueur dépourvu,
Pour éviter d'être Cocu,
Tienne ſa jeune Femme en bride,
Ah! voyez donc comme il y viendra,
Ta ti ta tou fa li ra lon fa.

Que d'une Belle,
Un Gaſcon ſoit feru,
S'il faut pour être bien reçu,
Par des Préſens briller chez elle;
Ah! voyez donc comme il y viendra,
Ta ti ta tou fa li ra lon fa.

Qu'à l'Audience,
Un Plaideur indigent,
Veuille avoir raiſon ſans argent,
Quand ſon Adverſaire finance;
Ah! voyez donc comme il y viendra,
Ta ti ta tou fa li ra lon fa.
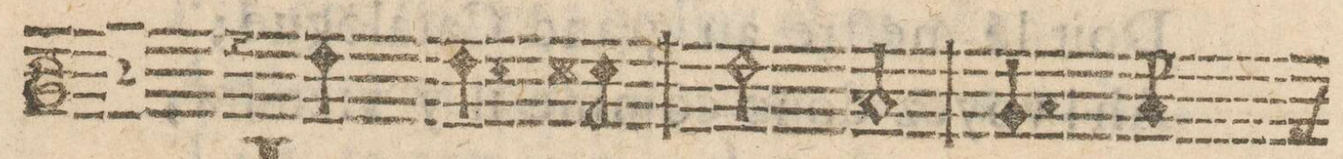
Qu'une Marchande,
Veuille faire un gros gain,
Sans avoir dans ſon Magazin,
Quelque Tendron qui lachalande;
Ah! voyez donc comme elle y viendra;
Ta ti ta tou fa li ra lon fa.

Qu'un

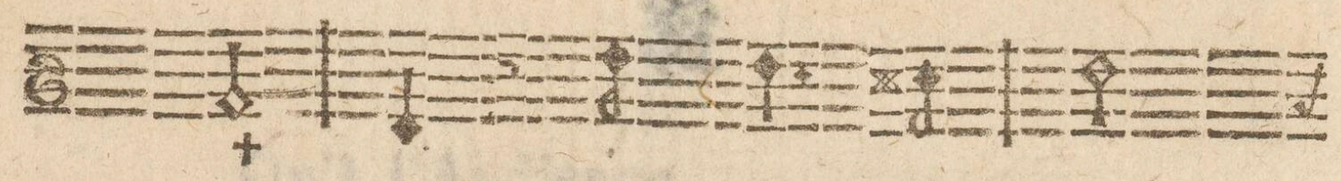
Qu'un Aſtrologue,
Veuille prévoir l'inſtant,
Que l'influence du Croiſſant,
Doit le mettre au grand Catalogue;
Ah! voyez donc comme il y viendra,
Ta ti tou ta fa li ra lon fa.

Si quelqu'un penſe,
Devenir gros Seigneur,
Sans envoyer paître l'honneur,
La droiture, & la conſcience;
Ah! voyez donc comme il y viendra,
Ta ti ta tou fa li ra lon fa.

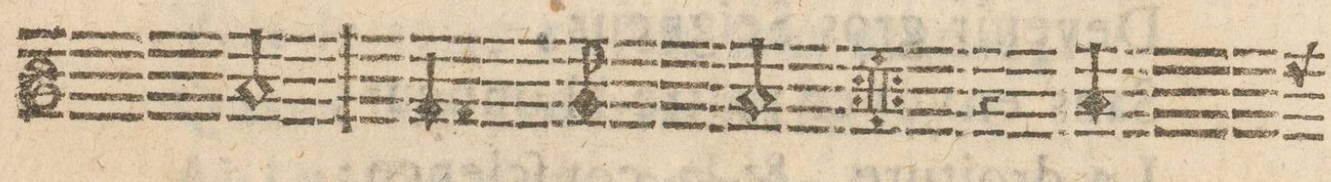
L'YVROGNE.
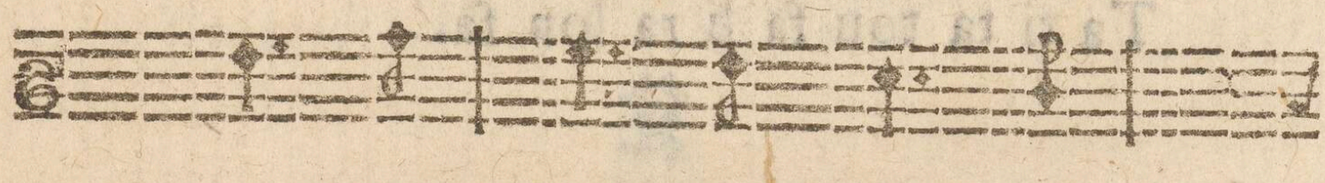


JE veux tou-jours me cou-cher



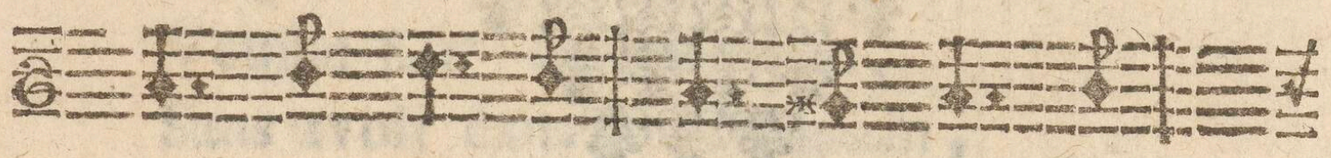
y - vre, Quand je n'ai point



bu, je n'ai rien: Ba-

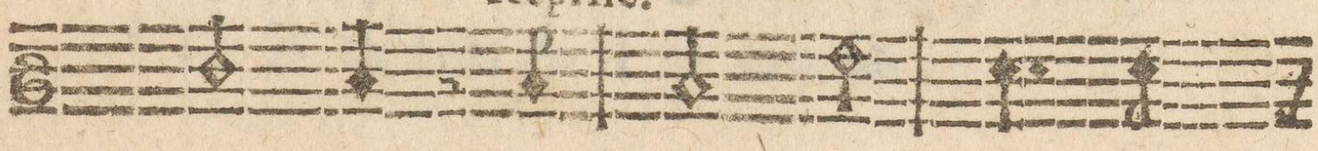


chus me don - ne plus de



bien, Qu'il ne m'en faut cent fois pour

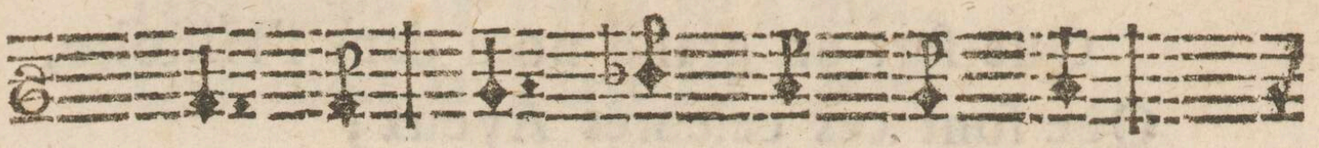
Repriſe.



vi - vre, A - mis, quand j'ai bien



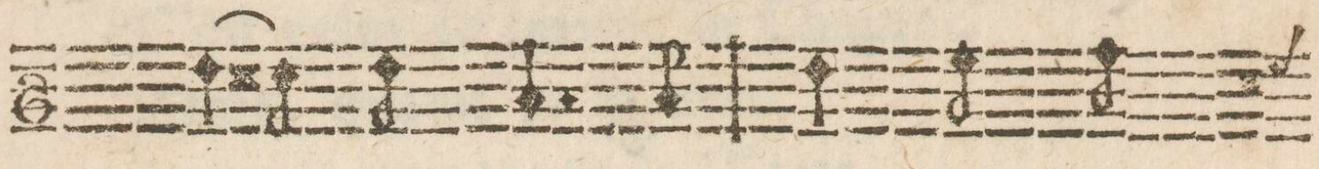
bu,
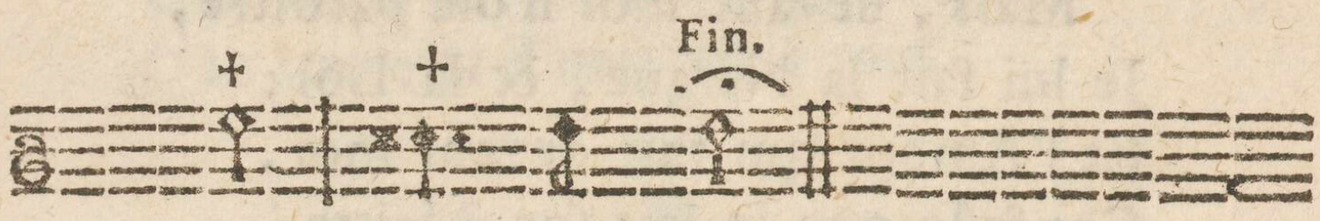


bu, Je crois que tou - te la



Ter - re, Que tou - te la Ter-



re eſt à moi, Que tou - te la



Ter - re eſt à moi.

Je ris d'un Fou qui met ſa gloire,
A ſe ſoumettre une Beauté;
Moi, qui fais ma félicité,
De Rire, de Chanter, & Boire,
Amis, quand j'ai bien bu,
Je crois que toute la Terre,
Que toute la Terre eſt à moi,
Que toute la Terre eſt à moi.

Que ſert un grand nom dans l'Hiſtoire,
Que ſont ces celebres Ayeux;
J'eſtime moins le Sang des Dieux,
Que d'être Fils du grand Grégoire:
Amis, quand j'ai bien bu,
Je crois que toute la Terre,
Que toute la Terre eſt à moi,
Que toute la Terre eſt à moi.

Mars, devant moi n'oſe paroître,
Je lui fait la Nargue, & la Loi;
Et l'Amour qui fuit devant moi,
Confeſſe que je ſuis ſon Maitre;
Amis, quand j'ai bien bû,
Je crois que toute la Terre,
Que toute la Terre eſt à moi,
Que toute la Terre eſt à moi.

Je veux toujours Chanter, & Rire,
Je mépriſe l'Or, & l'Argent;
Je ne fais jamais de Préſens,
Que d'un Royaume; ou d'un Empire;
Amis, quand j'ai bien bû,
Je crois que toute la Terre,

Que toute la Terre eſt à moi,
Que toute la Terre eſt à moi.
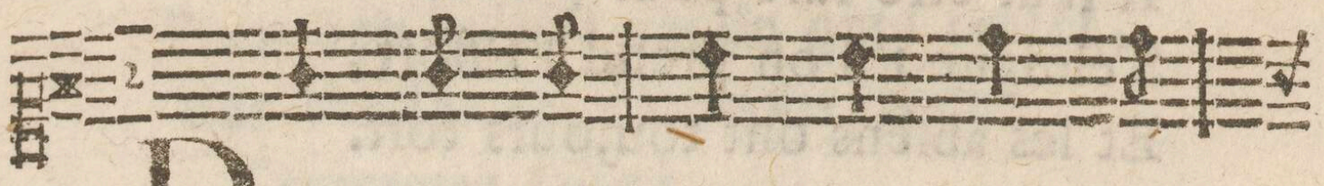
Je cherirai toujours Climene,
Vivre ſans l'aimer ce n'eſt rien;
Mais ſi j'eſtime quelque bien,
C'eſt celui de porter ſa Chaine;
Amis, quand je la tien,
Je crois que toute la Terre,
Que toute la Terre eſt à moi,
Que toute la Terre eſt à moi.

Je ne voudrois une Couronne,
Que pour l'offrir à tes Apas;
Mais, par malheur, je ne l'ai pas,
Je n'ai qu'un Cœur je te le donne,
Amis, quand j'ai bien bu,
Je crois que toute la Terre,
Que toute la Terre eſt à moi,
Que toute la Terre eſt à moi.

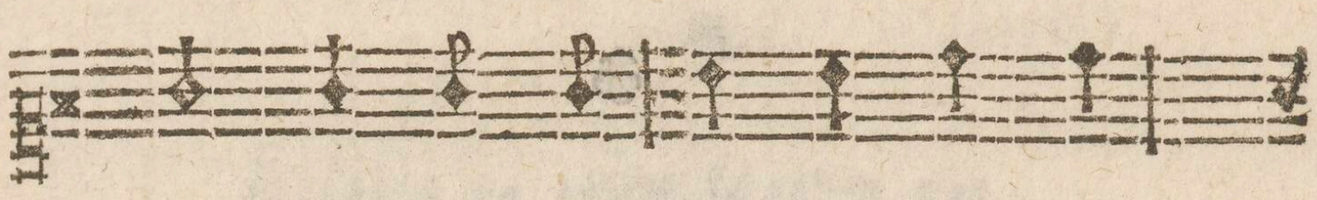
Je trouve ma Femme adorable,
Parlez, Meſſieurs, qu'en dites-vous;
Moi, qui ne ſuis que ſon Epoux,
Elle eſt pour moi toute admirable;
Amis, quand je la tien,
Je crois que toute la Terre,
Que toute la Terre eſt à moi,
Que toute la Terre eſt à moi.

Si j'étois Roi, jamais la Guerre,
Ne ſe feroit dans mes Etats;
Car à la fin des bons Repas,
On ſe battoit à coups de Verres;
Amis, quand j'ai bien bu,
Je crois que toute la Terre,
Que toute la Terre eſt à moi,
Que toute la Terre eſt à moi.

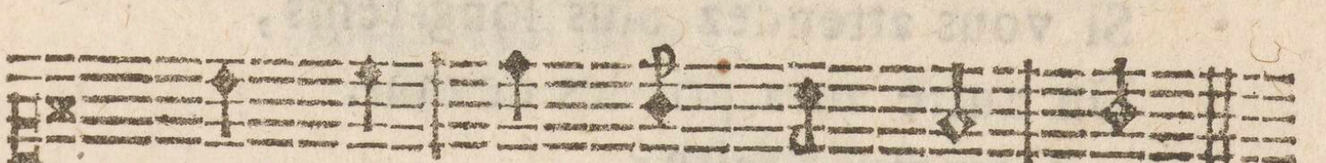
L'EMBARAS DE CONTENTER.



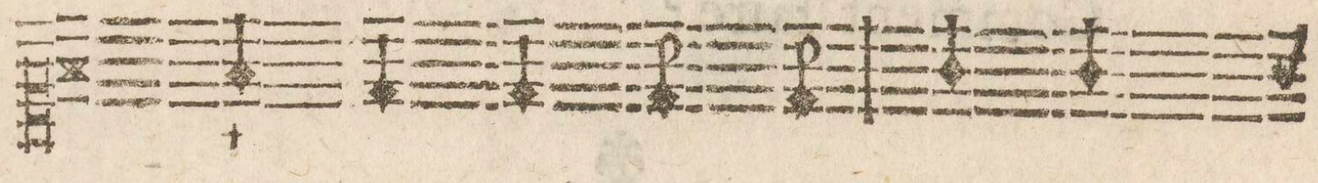
DAns tous les dif- fé- rens E-



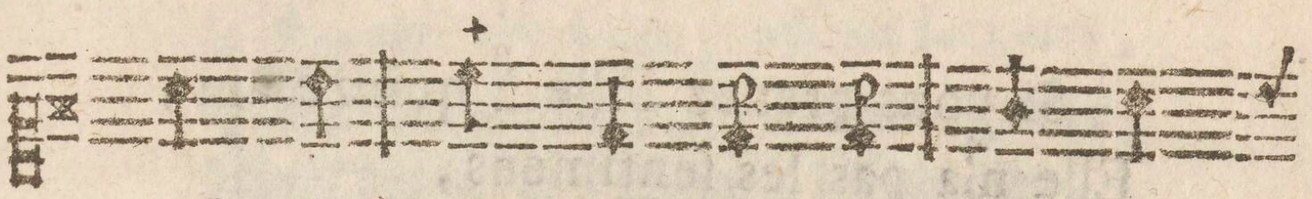
tats, Que l'on ren- con- tre d'em- ba-



ras, Quand à tout le Monde on veut



plai- re, De- puis le ma- tin



juſ- qu'au ſoir, L'un le veut blanc, &

l'au- tre noir. Com- ment fai- re?

L'Amant qu'on voit ſoir & matin,
Devient ennuyeux à la fin,
Il faut être rare pour plaire.
S'éloigne-t'il on prend l'Eſſort,
Et les abſens ont toujours tort.
Comment faire ?

Maris, ſi vous êtes jaloux,
Et gardez vos Femmes chez vous,
Elles s'en vantent d'ordinaire :
Si par douceur vous les menez,
Elle vous menent par le nez.
Comment faire ?

Si vous prenez Fil'e à quinze ans,
Elle n'a pas les ſentimens,
Qu'il faut dans l'amoureux miſtère,
Si vous attendez plus long-tems,
Un autre aura pris les devans.
Comment faire ?

Si votre Femme a peu d'appas,
On ne vous la ravira pas;
Mais elle ne vous plaira guere.
Pour peu qu'elle ait de quoi tenter,
Vos Voiſins en voudront tâter.
Comment faire?

Si vous ne vous Mariez pas,
Vos Biens après votre trépas,
Paſſeront en main Etrangère;
Et ſi vous devenez Epoux,
Vos Enfans ſeront-ils à vous?
Comment faire?

Pour réüſſir dans les Amours,
L'Argent eſt d'un puiſſant ſecours,
Qui n'en a point, n'avance guère,
Mais ſouvent l'Amant Financier,
Eſt traité comme un Créancier.
Comment faire?

Pour un Vieillard.

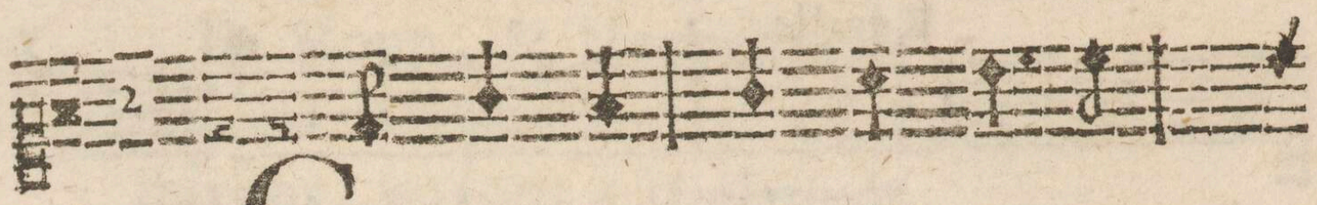
Les jeunes Filles de mon tems,
S'armoient de Griffes & de Dents,
Ma foi je n'en attrapois guère;
Elles ſont douces à préſent,
Mais moi, j'ai quatre-vingt un an.
Comment faire?

Pour une petite Fille.

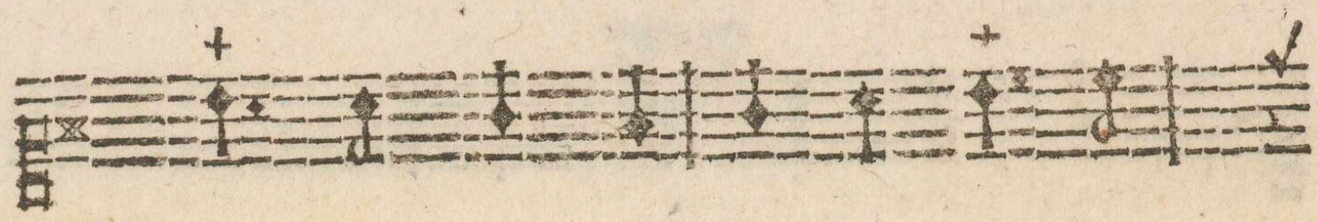
Un Galant d'un âge un peu mur,
M'eſt choiſi pour Epoux futur,
Mon Enfance fait qu'il difère,
Si je ſuis trop jeune à préſent,
Il ſera trop vieux s'il attend.
Comment faire?

Le Comique écrit noblement,
Fait bâiller ordinairement,
A tout le Monde il ne peut plaire.
Le Plaiſant paſſe pour Bouffon,
On y rit ſans le trouver bon.
Comment faire?

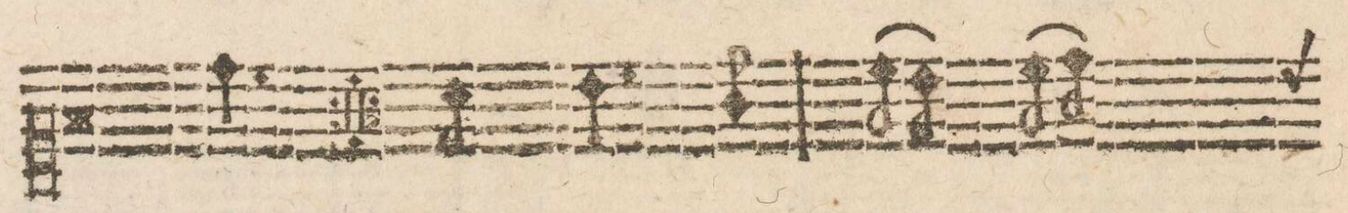
CHANSON A BOIRE.
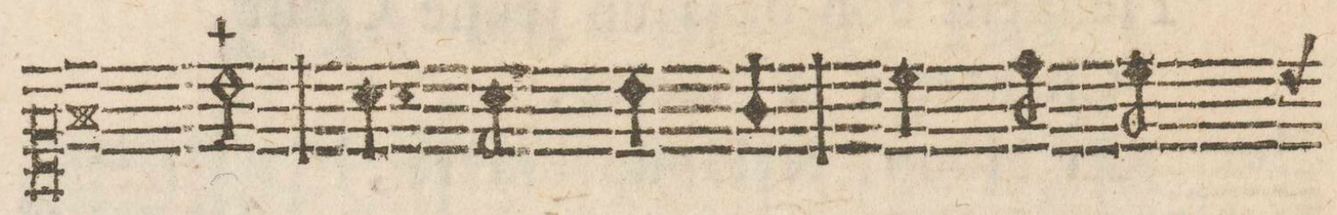


C'Eſ-ſez Bar-bon, d'être amou-



reux, Ba-chus doit ſeul ſer-rer vos



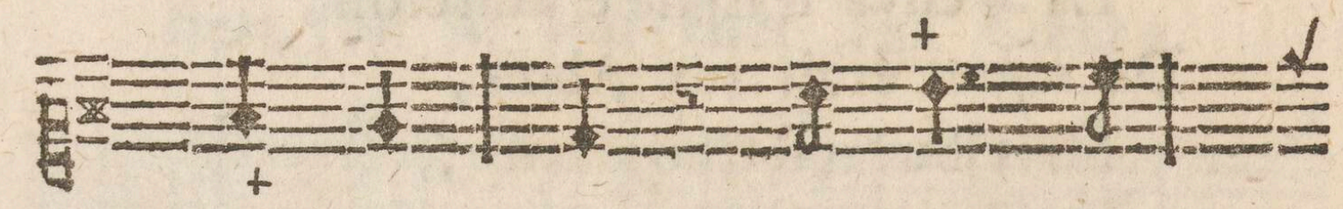
nœuds; A-vec cet-te Bru-



net-te, Et Houp & Houp-pe-li-



net-te, Au lieu de lan-guir

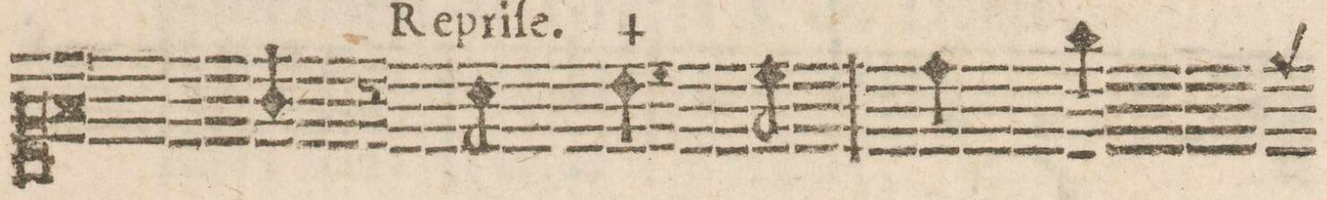


comme un Sot, Bu-vez, bu-

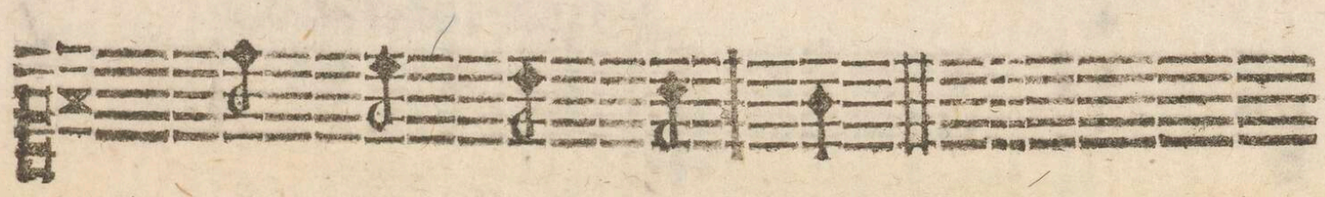


vez à ti - re - la - ri-

Reprise.



got, Bu - vez, bu - vez à
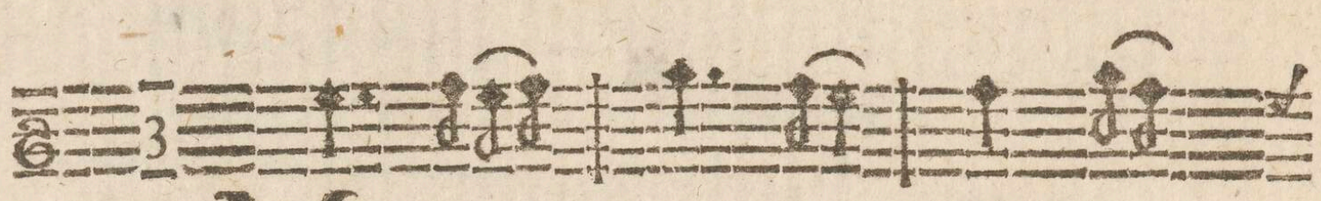


ti - re - la - ri - got.

Quand le Caprice ou la Pudeur,
Tiennent bon dans un jeune Cœur,
Chantez à la Fillette,
Et Houp, & Houpelinetre,
L'Amour ſe mettra de l'Ecot,
Aimez, buvez à tirelarigot.

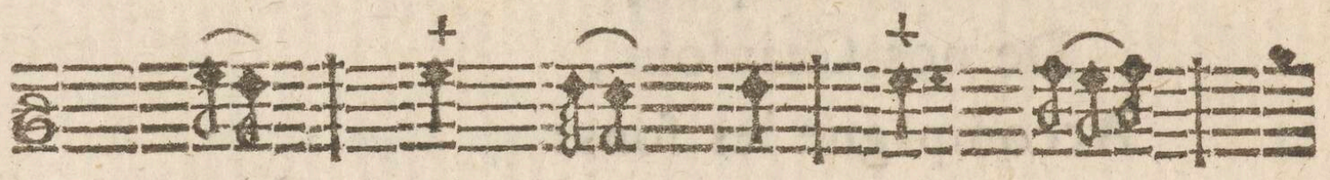
La Veuve d'Epheſe autrefois,
De regret étoit aux Abois,
Mais buvant Chopinette,
Et Houp, & Houpelinette,
Elle prit ſon Soldat au mot,
Buvons, buvons à tirelarigot.

J'ai cherché long-tems mon bonheur,
Mais l'objet qui charme mon Cœur,
S'étant mis en Goguette,
Et Houp, & Houpelinette,
L'a trouvé dans le fond du Pot;
Buvons, buvons à tirelarigot.

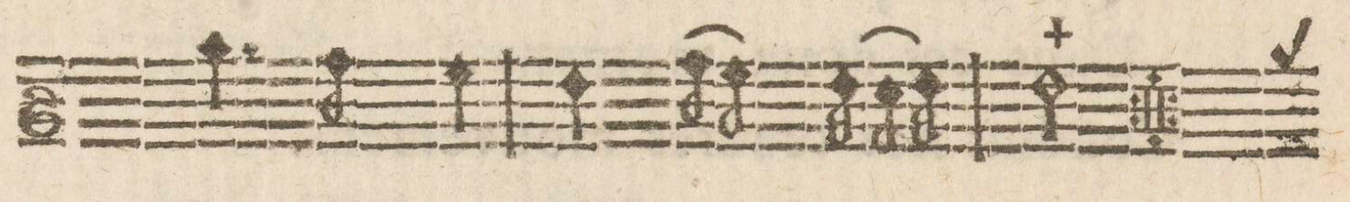
MUSETTE.
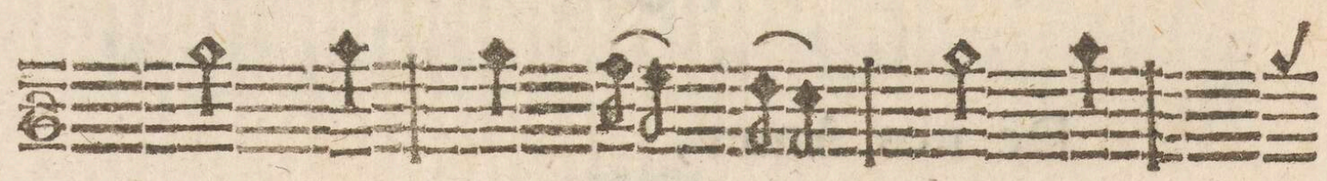


Ma Mu - ſet - te, Plaît à



Li - ſet - te, Par ſa dou-
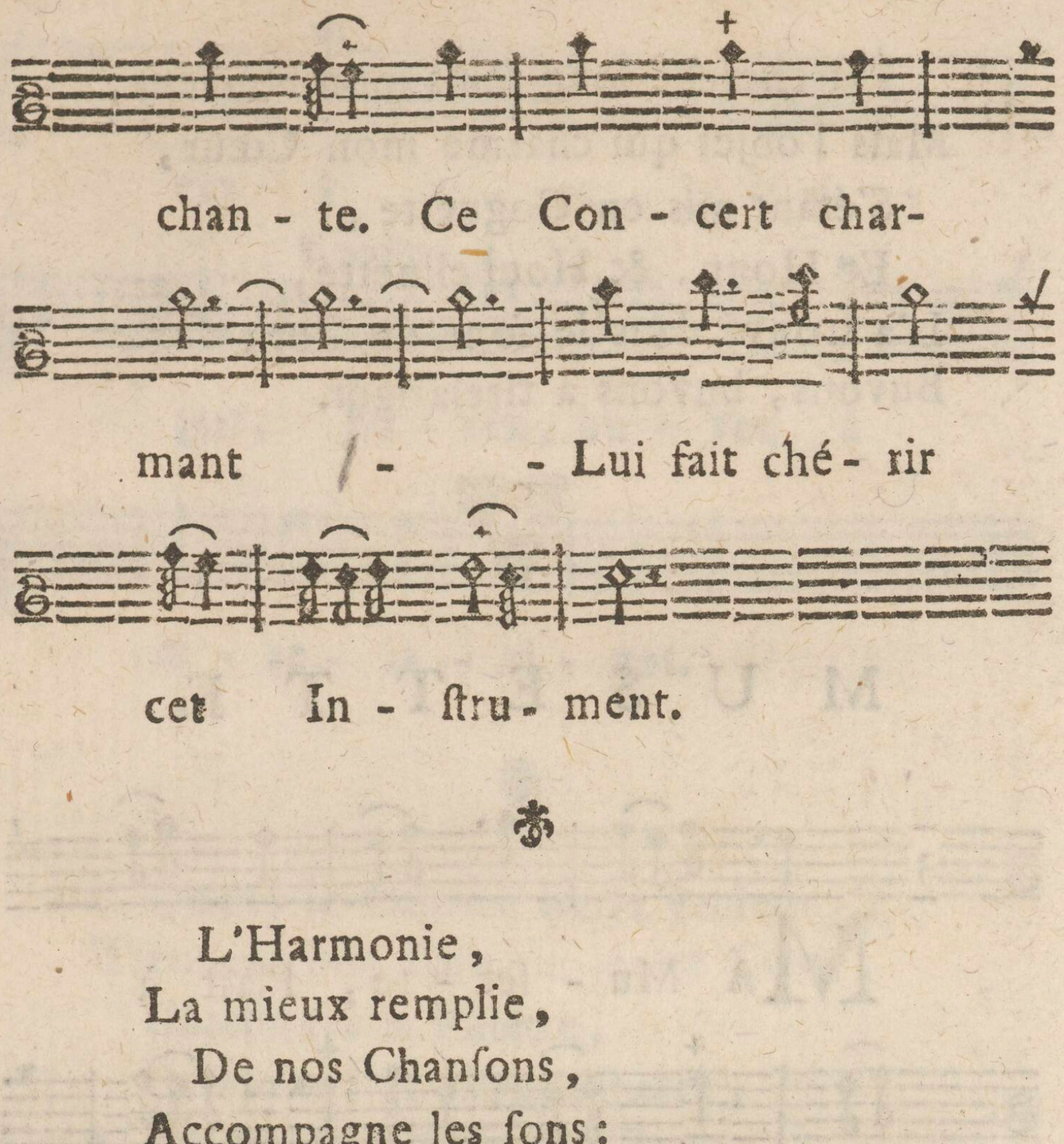


ceur, J'ai ſû tou-cher ſon Cœur;



El - le Chan-te, Mon feu l'en-

J'ai chante;



L'Harmonie,
La mieux remplie,
De nos Chanſons,
Accompagne les ſons:
Le Dieu même,
Qui fait qu'on aime,
Dans ces doux momens,
Conduit nos tendres mouvemens.

De nos Ames,
Les vives flâmes,
Par leurs ardeurs,
Augmentent nos douceurs:

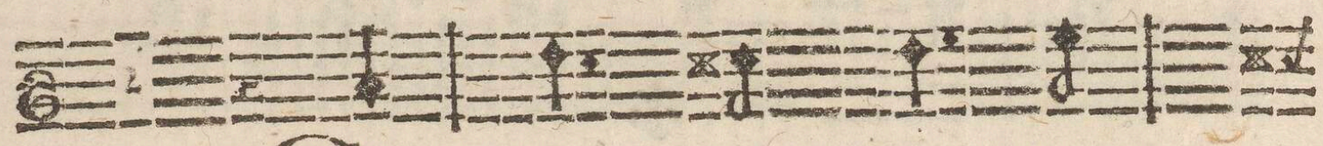
On

Un jour tendre,
Se fait entendre,
Parmi les Soupirs,
Qui ſont les Echos des Plaiſirs.

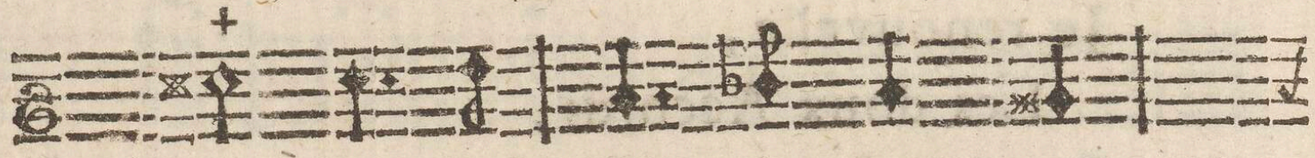
Avec elle,
Je renouvelle,
Les doux Accords,
Que cauſent nos tranſports:
Et ravie,
Elle s'écrie,
Quel Plaiſir, Grands Dieux!
Eſt-il rien de plus gracieux?

Que ſans ceſſe,
L'Amour nous bleſſe;
De nos beaux ans,
Chériſſons les inſtans:
Ma Muſette,
Pour vous, Liſette,
Jouëra tous les jours,
Au doux Concert de nos Amours.

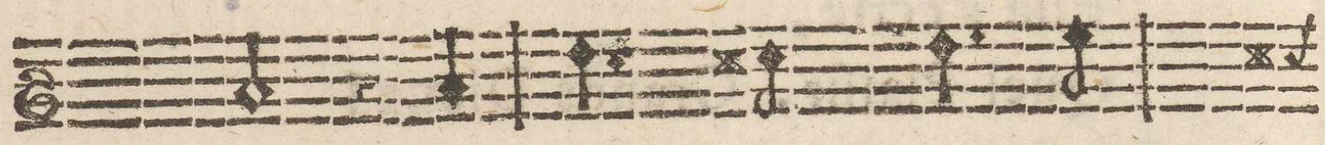
VENDANGES.
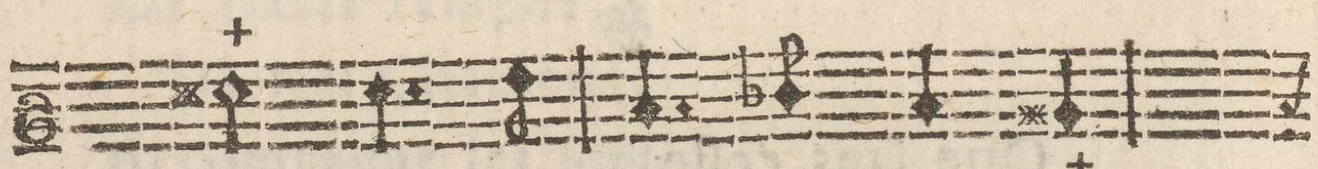


CA - reſ - ſons la Bou-



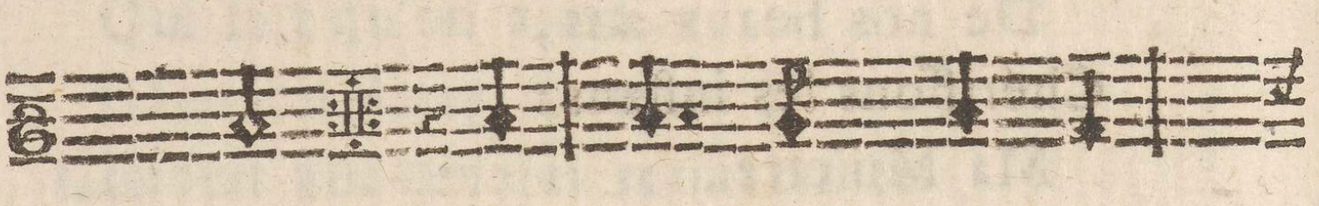
teil - le, Fai - ſons Fê - te au Ton-



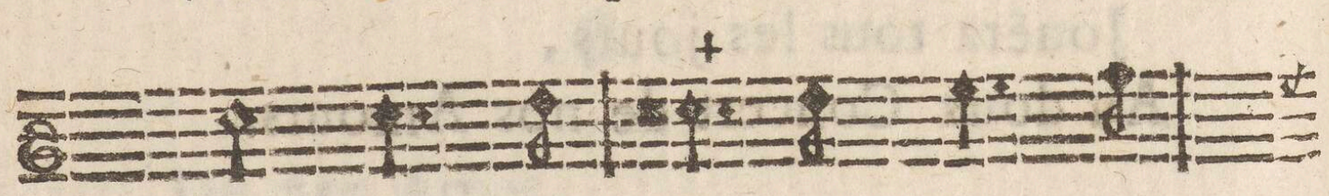
neau; A - mis, qu'on ſe re-



veil - le; Voi - ci du Vin nou-

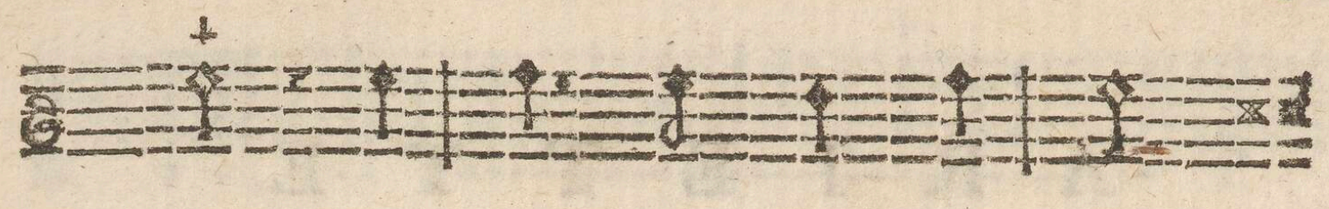


veau: Ne par - lons plus de

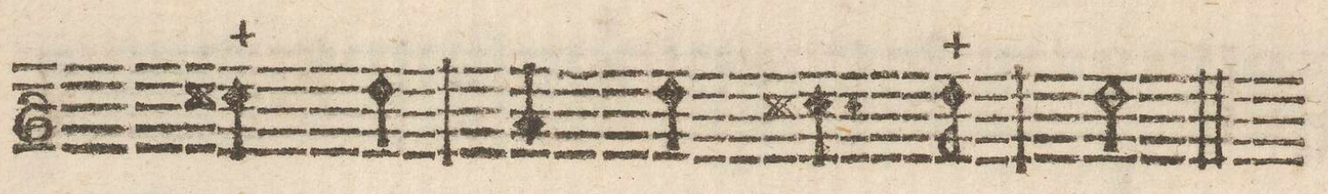


Guer - re, Cha - cun y meurt de

faim.



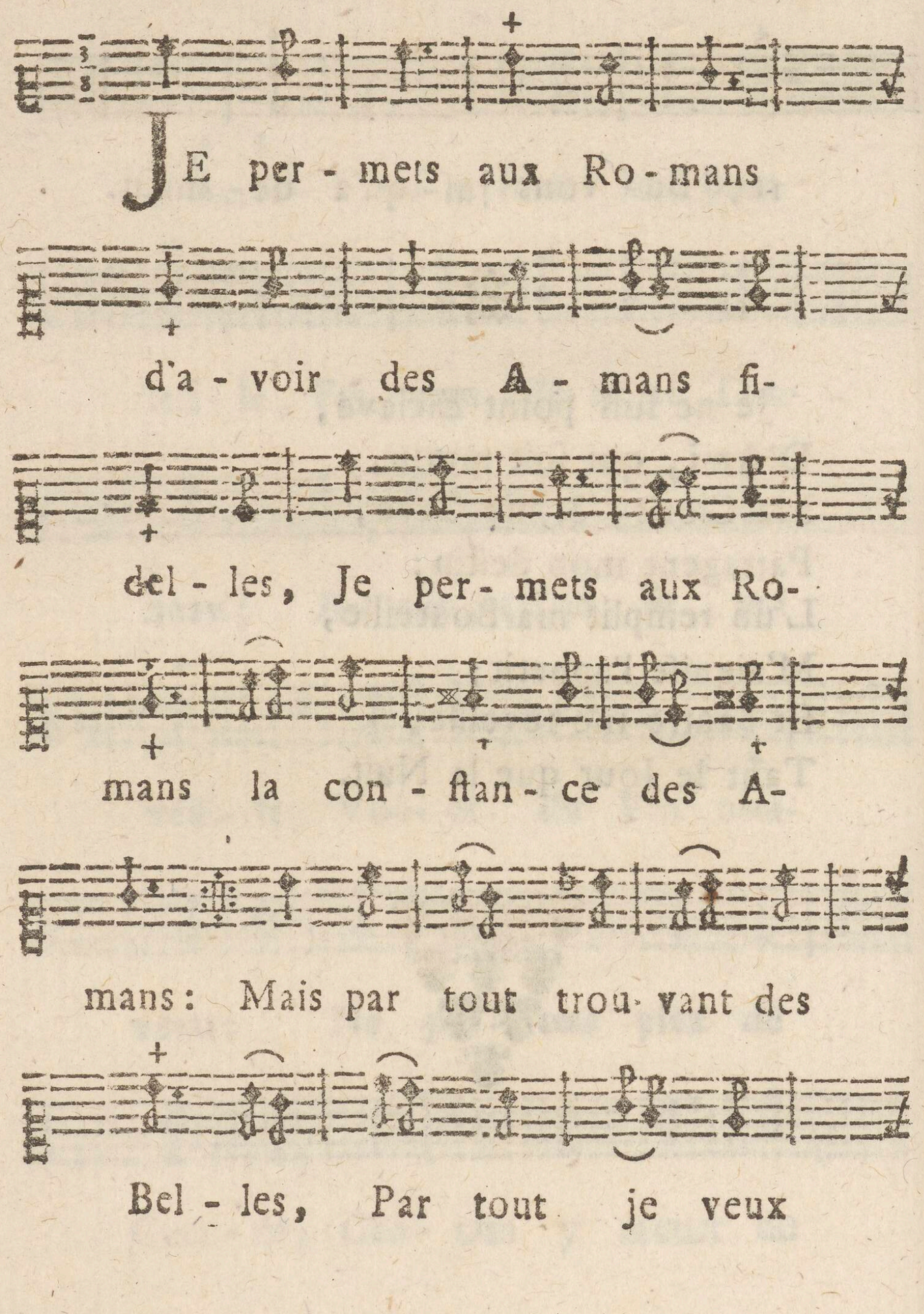
faim. Ar-mons-nous d'un grand Ver-
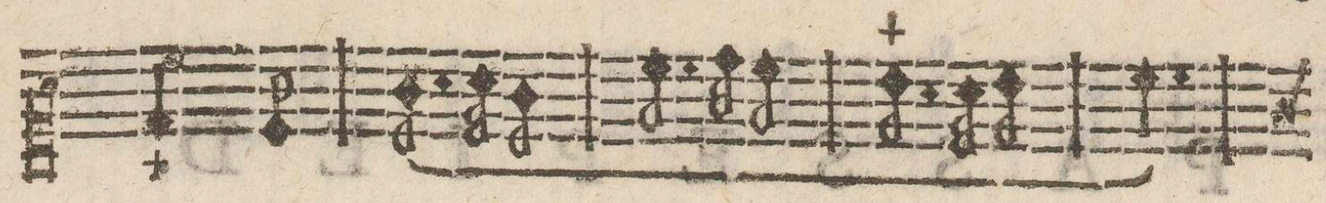


re, Bu-vons juſ-qu'à de-main.

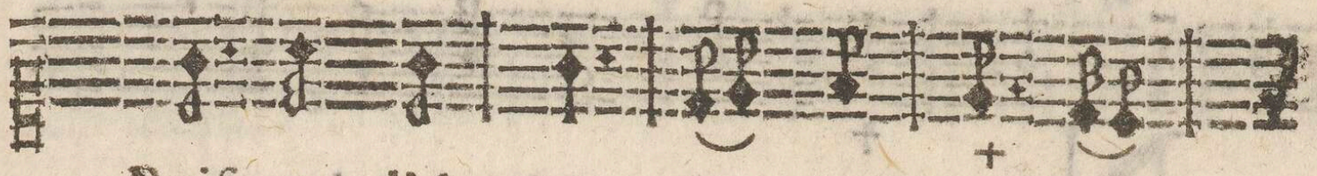
Je ne ſuis point Eſclave,
D'Ami, qui ſoit mutin,
Ma Cloris, & ma Cave,
Partagent mon deſtin:
L'un remplit ma Bouteille,
M'aiguiſe l'appetit;
Et l'autre me reveille,
Tant le Jour que la Nuit.

ARIETTE.
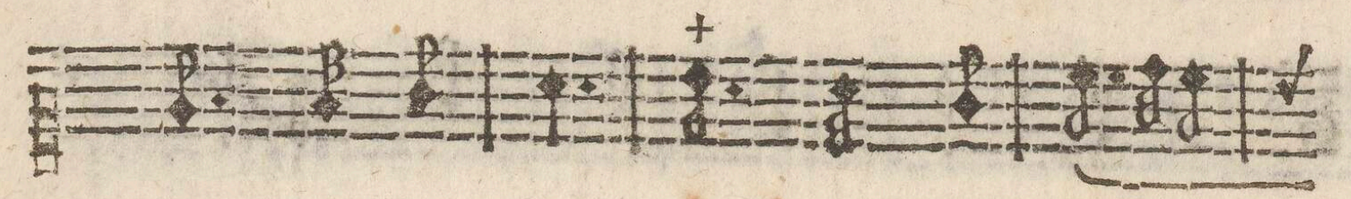

JE per - mets aux Ro - mans
d'a - voir des A - mans fi-
del - les, Je per - mets aux Ro-
mans la con - ſtan - ce des A-
mans: Mais par tout trou - vant des
Bel - les, Par tout je veux
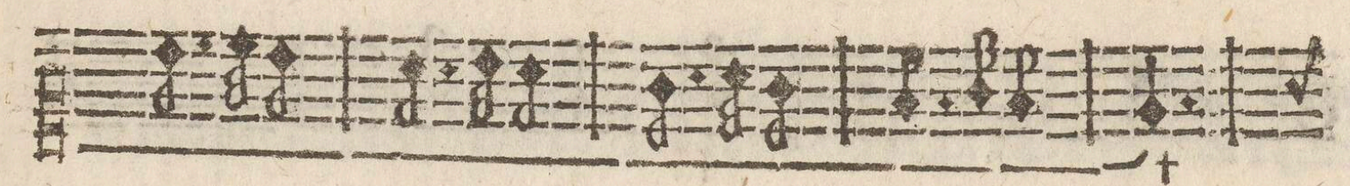


ca- jo - ler. - - -

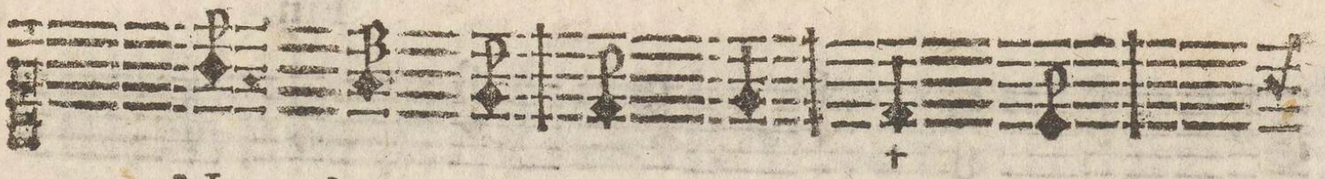


Puiſ-que l'A- mour a des aî- les,

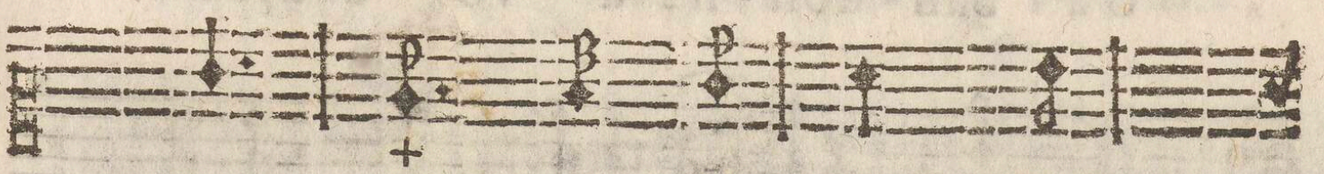


Ne doit-il pas tou-jours vo- ler?

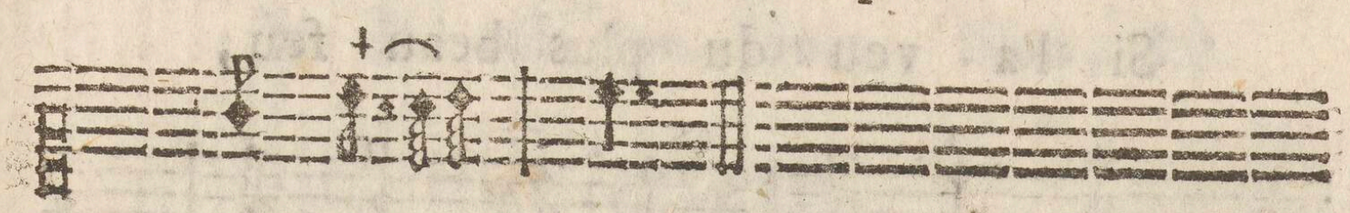




Ne doit il pas tou- jours vo-



ler? Ne doit - il pas tou-

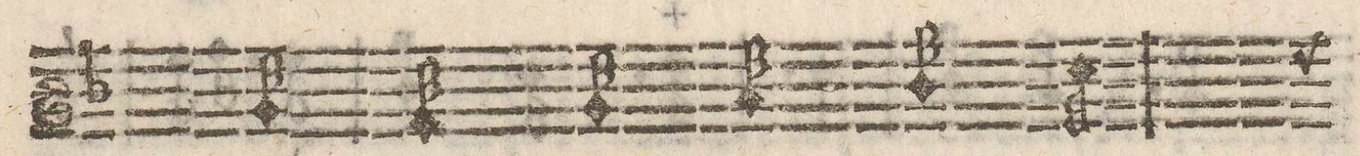


jours vo - ler.

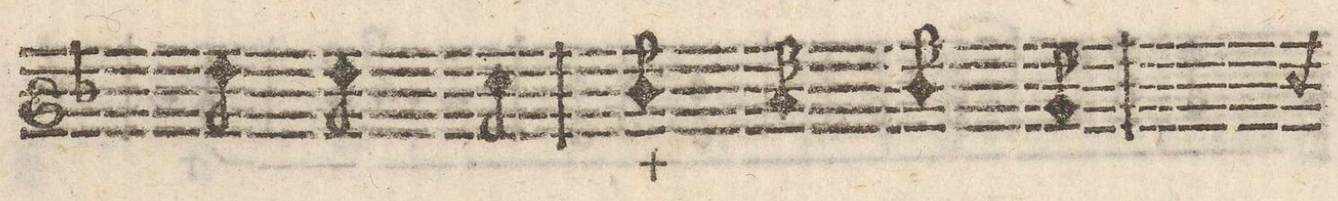
PASSEPIED.



NOn, non, je n'ai-me-rai que

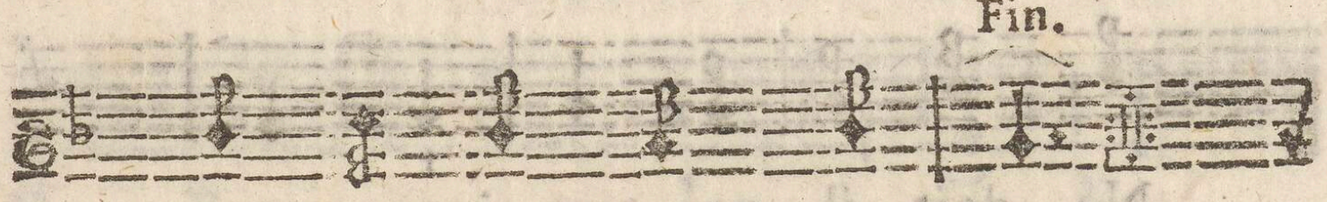


vous. Mon ten - dre Cœur é-



pris des tranſ-ports les plus doux,
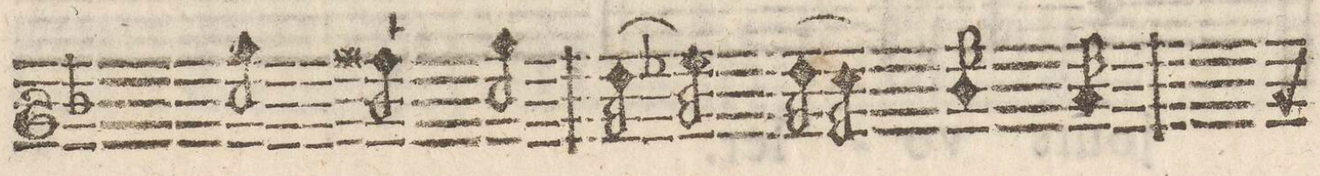
Fin.



S'a - ban - don - ne à vos coups:



Si l'a - veu du plus beau feu,



Qu'Amour in - ſpi - re à vo - tre

choix,
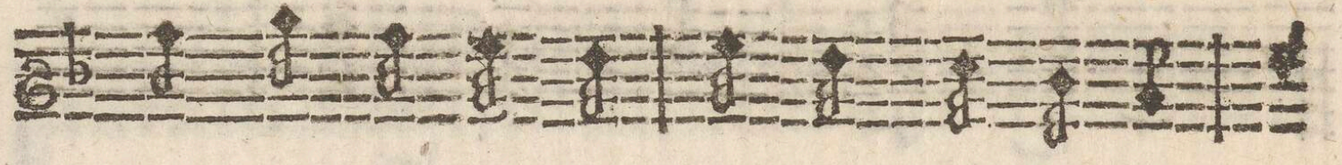


choix, Je vais, bel - le The-
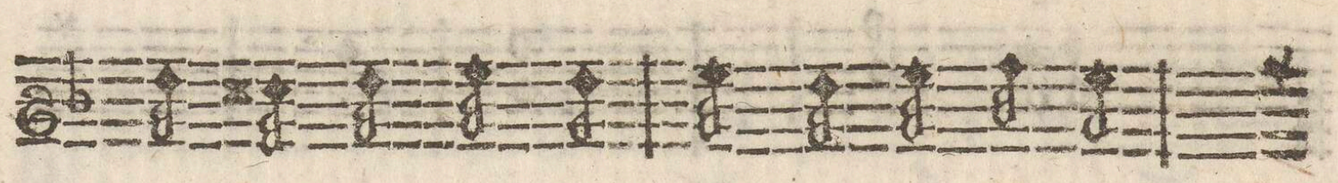
mi - re, vous ju - rer cent fois. Non, &c.



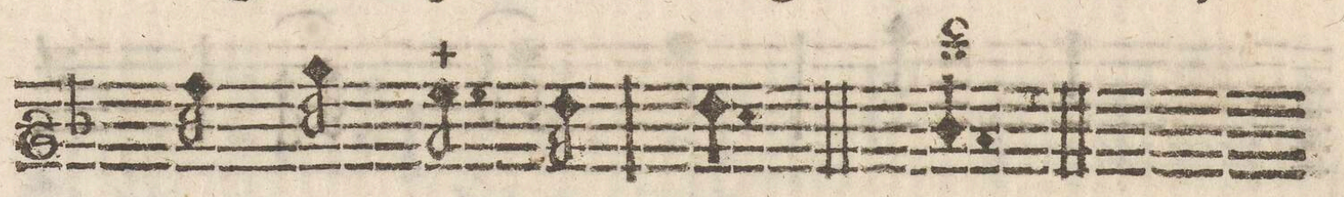
Quand Vé - nus for - tant des Mers,



A - vec el - le m'of- fri - roit l'U - ni - vers,

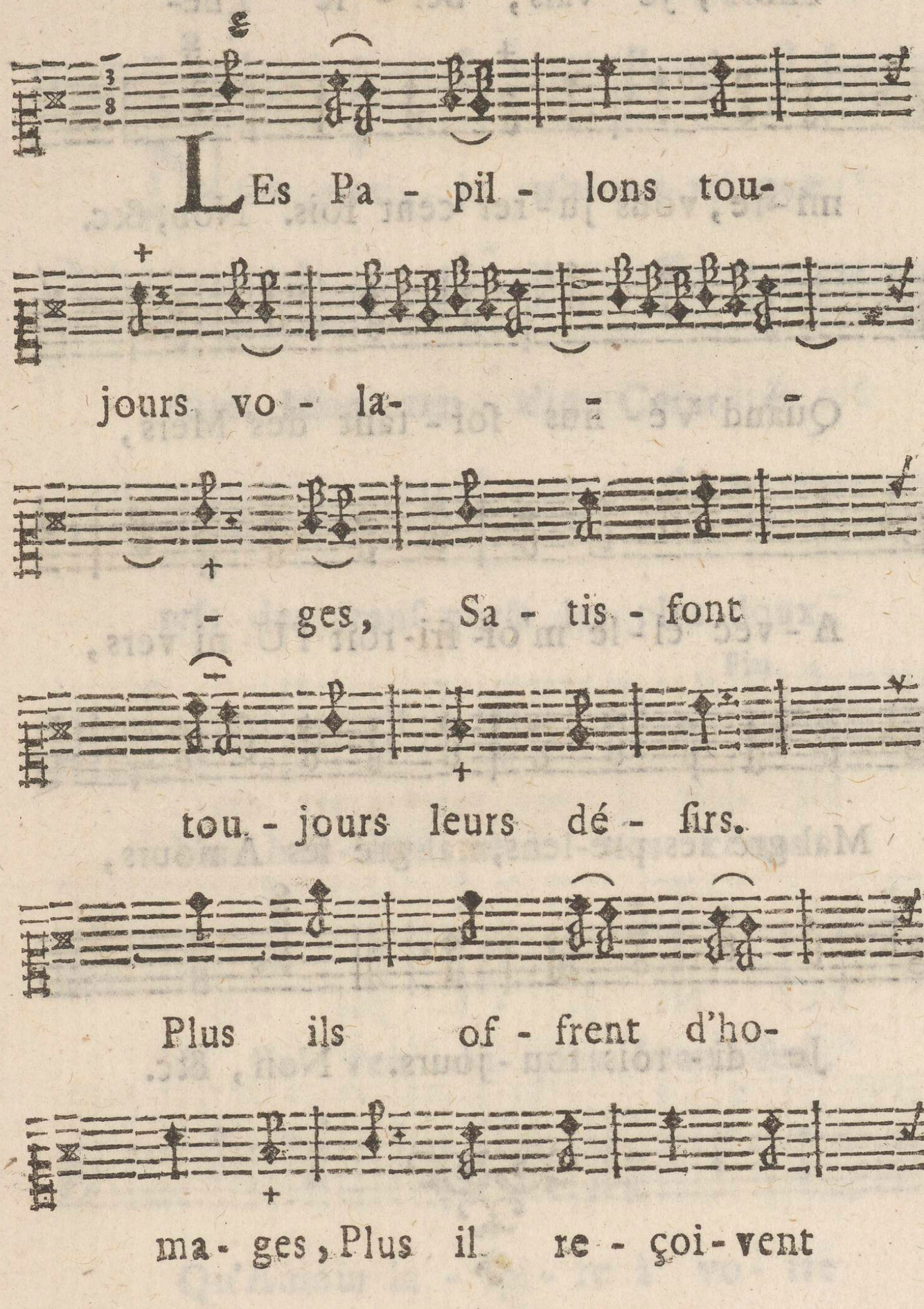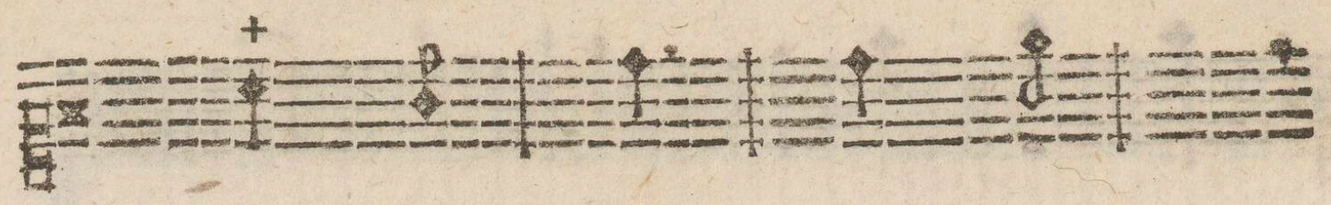


Mal gré ſes pré-ſens, mal-gré ſes Amours,
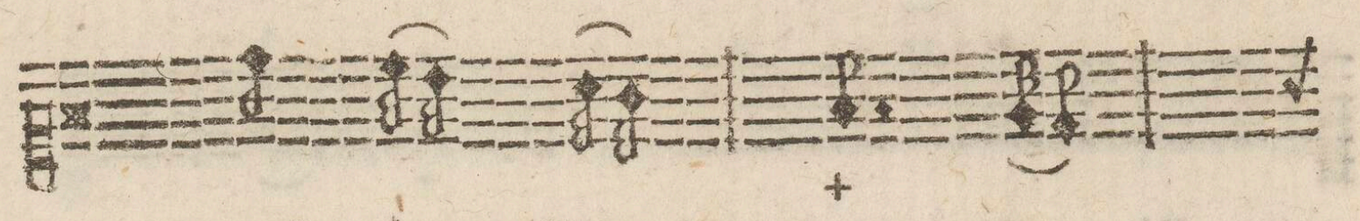


Je di - rois tou - jours. Non, &c.

AIR DES PAPILLONS.

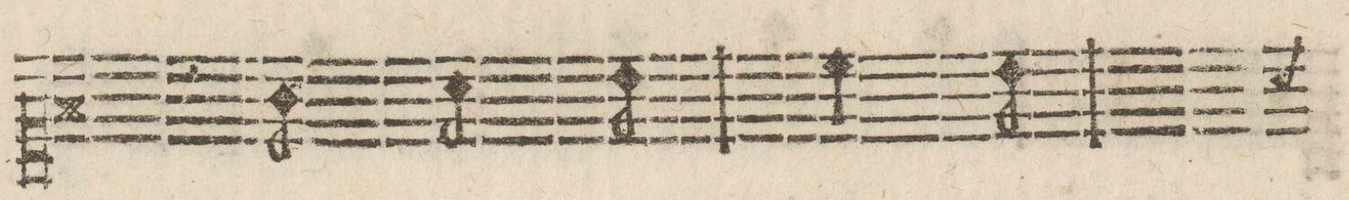




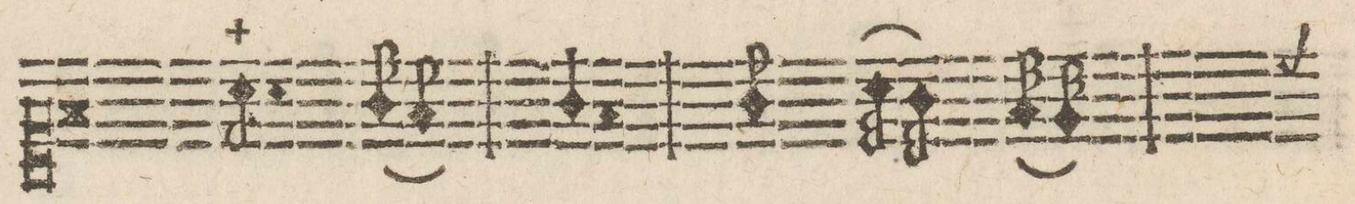
de Plai - ſirs, Plus ils



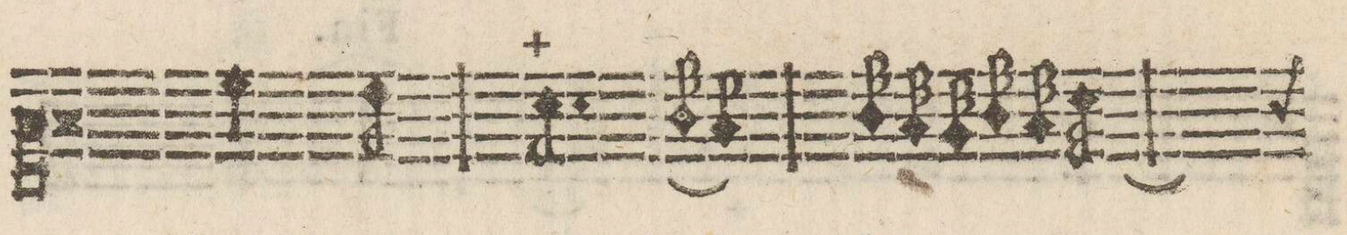
of - frent d'hom - ma - ges,



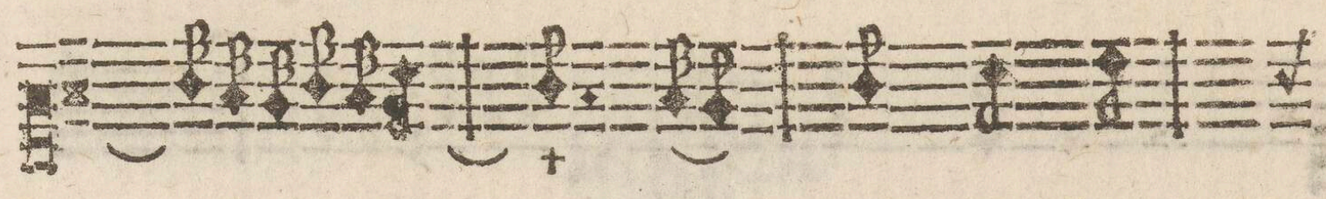
Plus ils re - çoi - vent



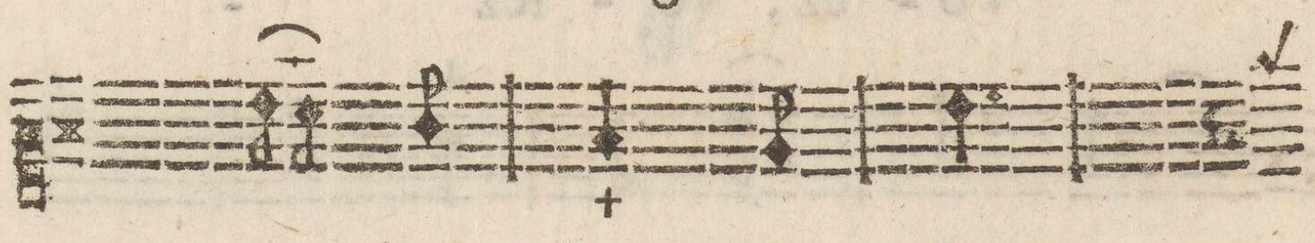
de Plai - ſirs; Les Pa - pil-



lons tou - jours vo - la- -

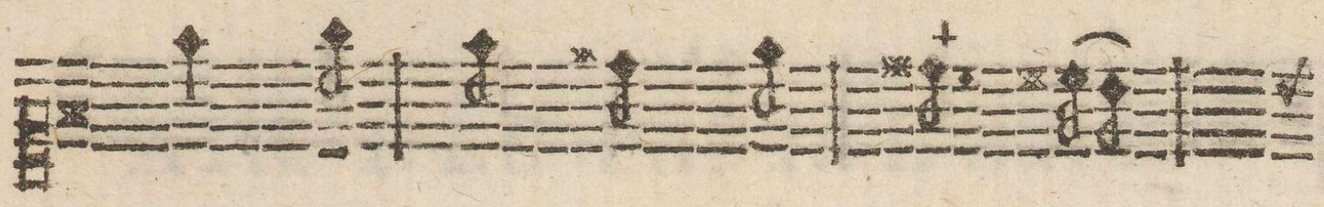


- - - ges ſa - tis- font



tou - jours leurs dé - ſirs,
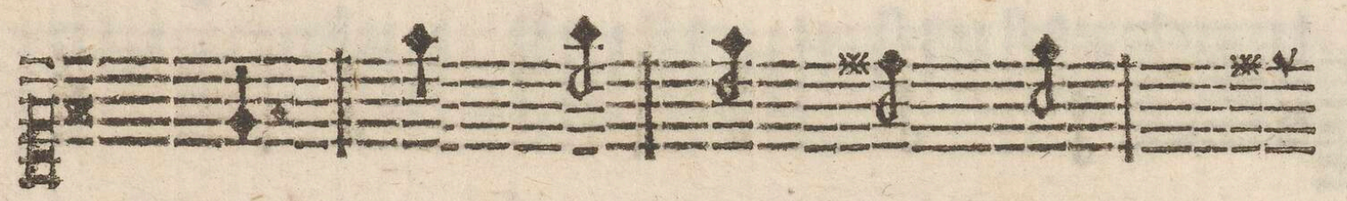
de Plus
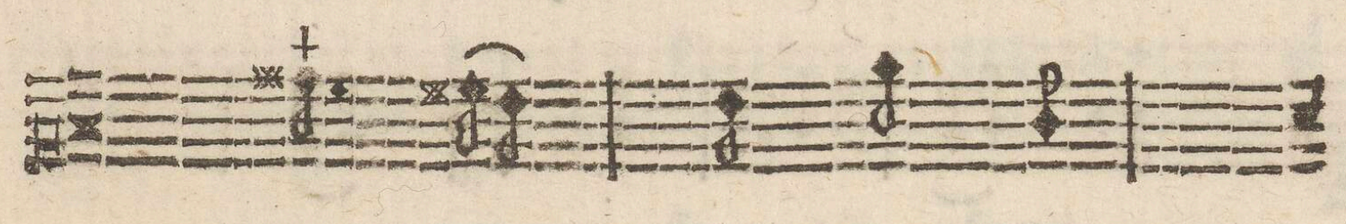


Plus ils of- frent d'hom-ma - ges,



Plus ils re - çoi- vent de Plai-



firs, Plus ils of - frent d'hom-



ma - ges, Plus ils re-
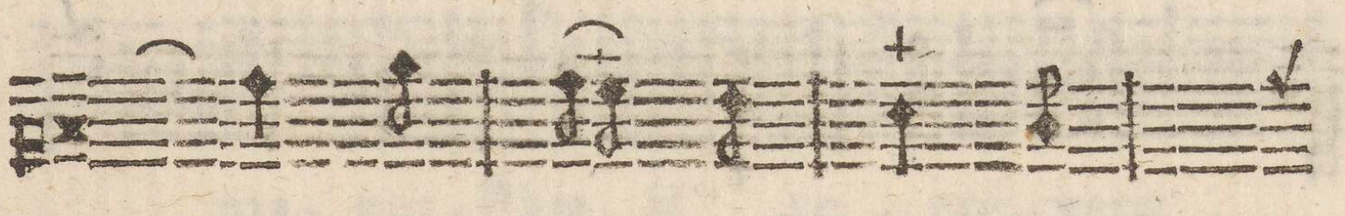
Fin.



çoi- vent de Plai - firs.
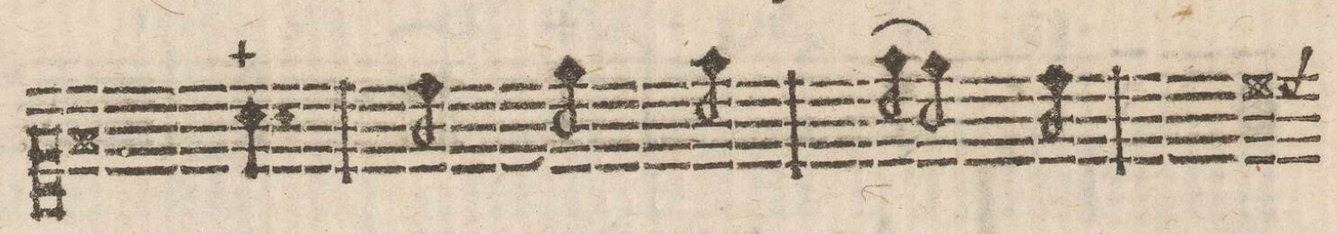


Vo - lez, vo - lez -



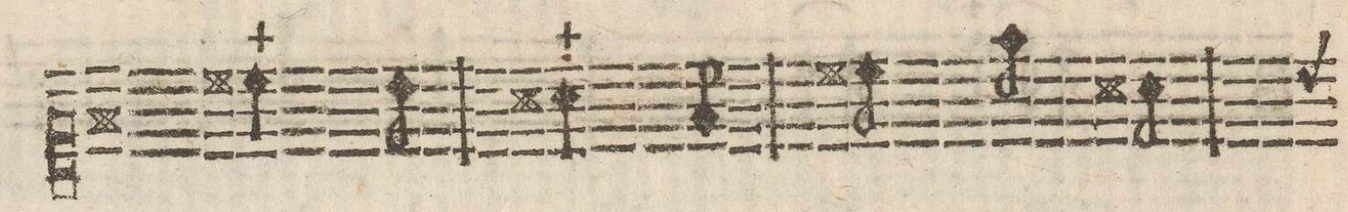
= fans, pré - fé - ren - ce



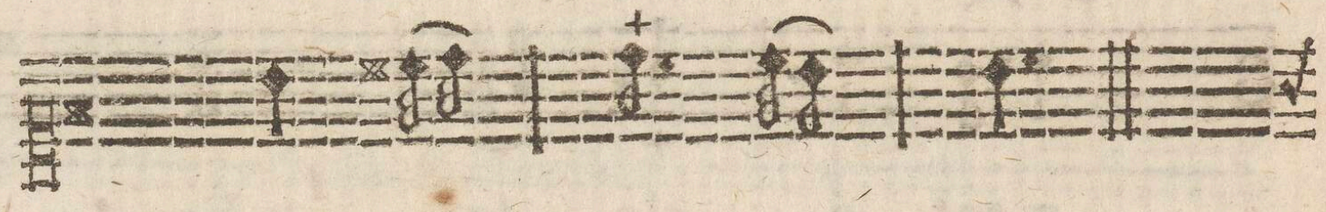
à tous les ob - jets de vos



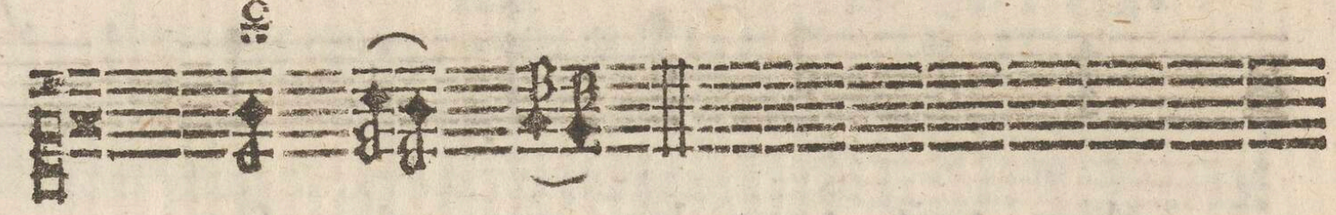
Vœux ; Nay - ez de la Per-



ſé - ve - ran - ce, Qu'au-tant qu'il
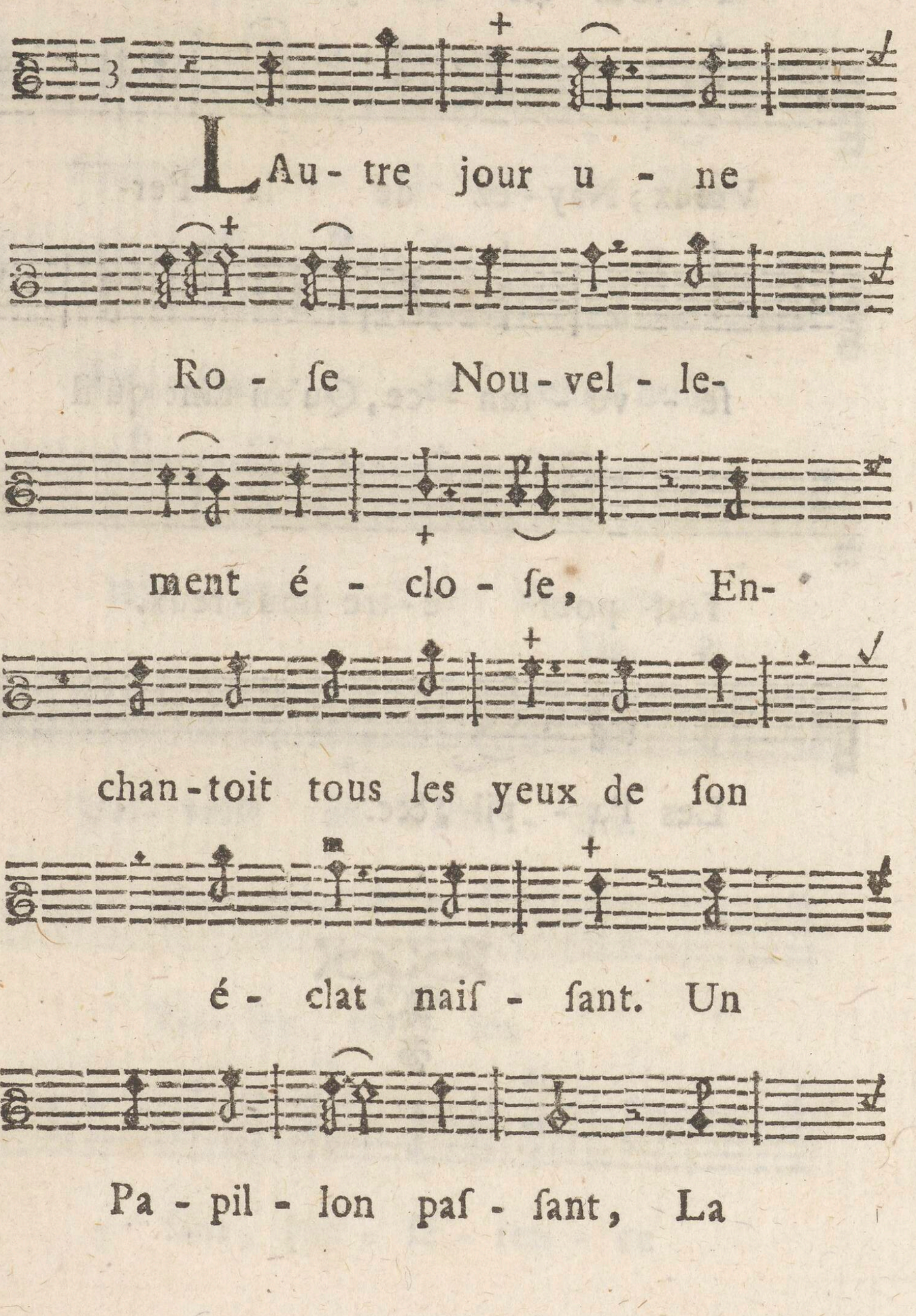


faut pour ê - tre heu - reux.

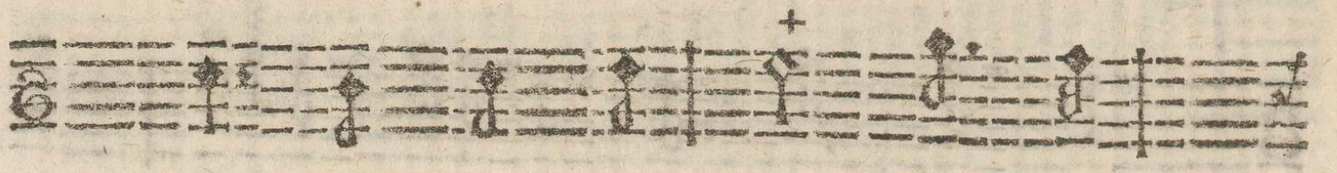


Les Pa - pil-, &c.

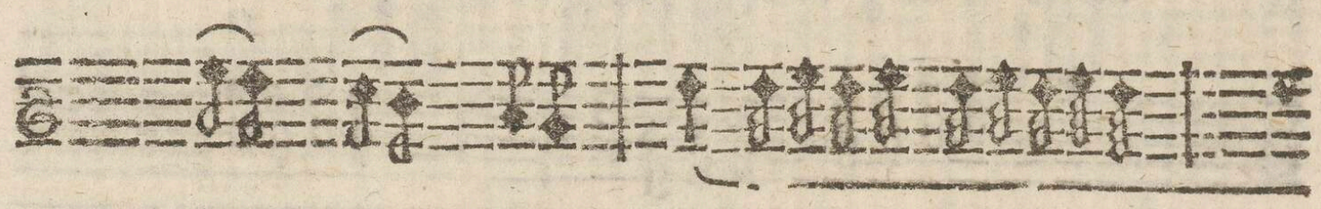
LA ROSE ET LE PAPILLON.



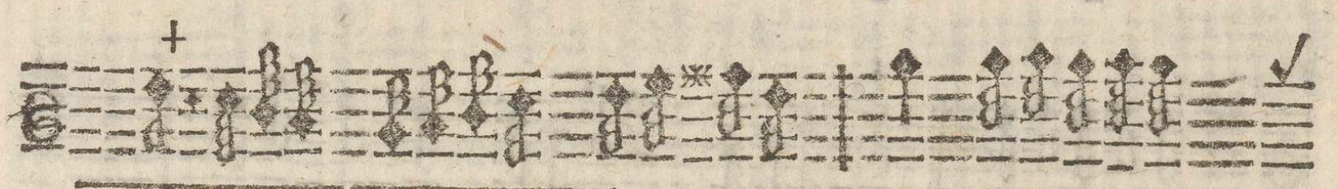
L'Au- tre jour u - ne Ro - ſe Nou-vel - le-ment é - clo - ſe, En-chan-toit tous les yeux de ſon é - clat naiſ - ſant. Un Pa - pil - lon paſ - ſant, La voit,



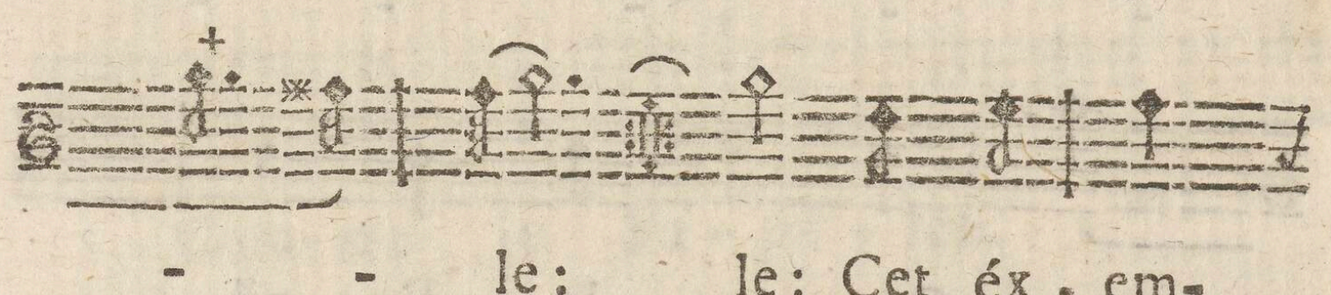
voit, en eſt char-mé, la ca-
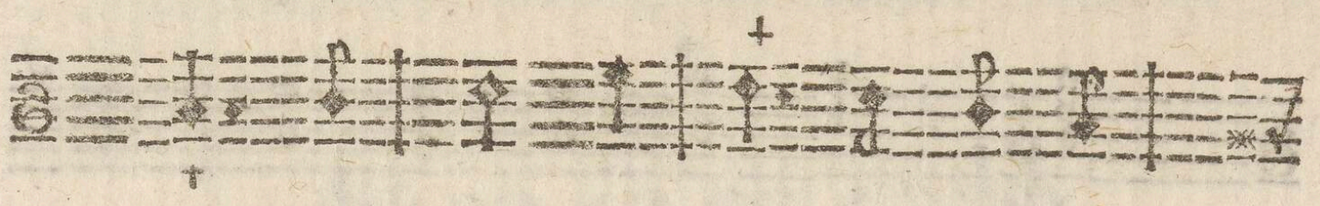


reſ-ſe & s'en vo- - -



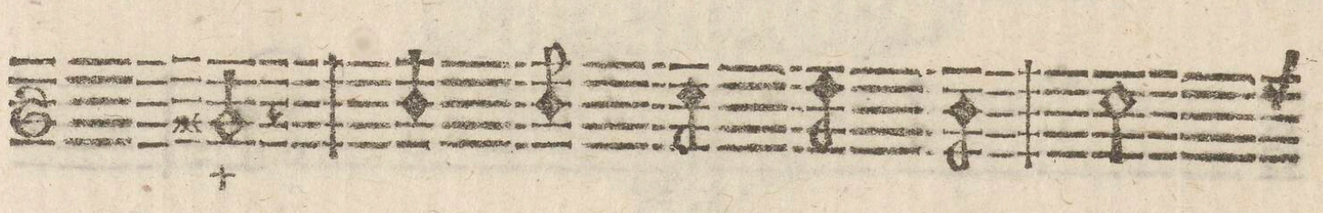
- - - - -



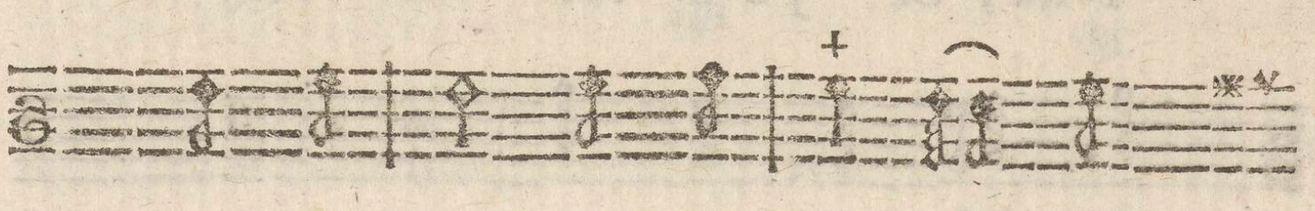
- - le: le: Cet éx. em-



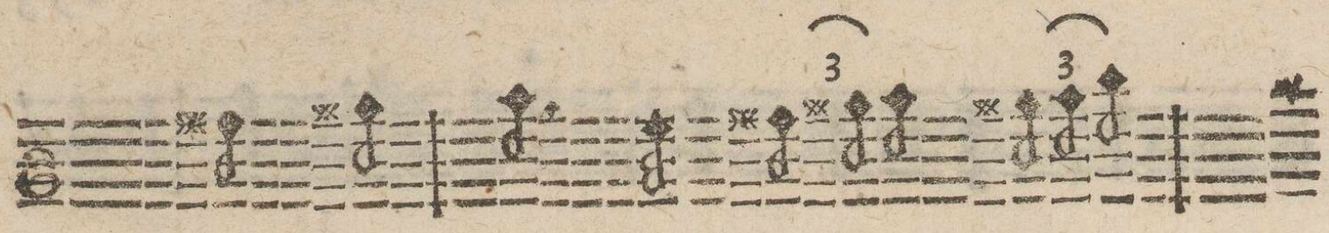
ple eſt pour moi, Tir-cis, u-ne le-



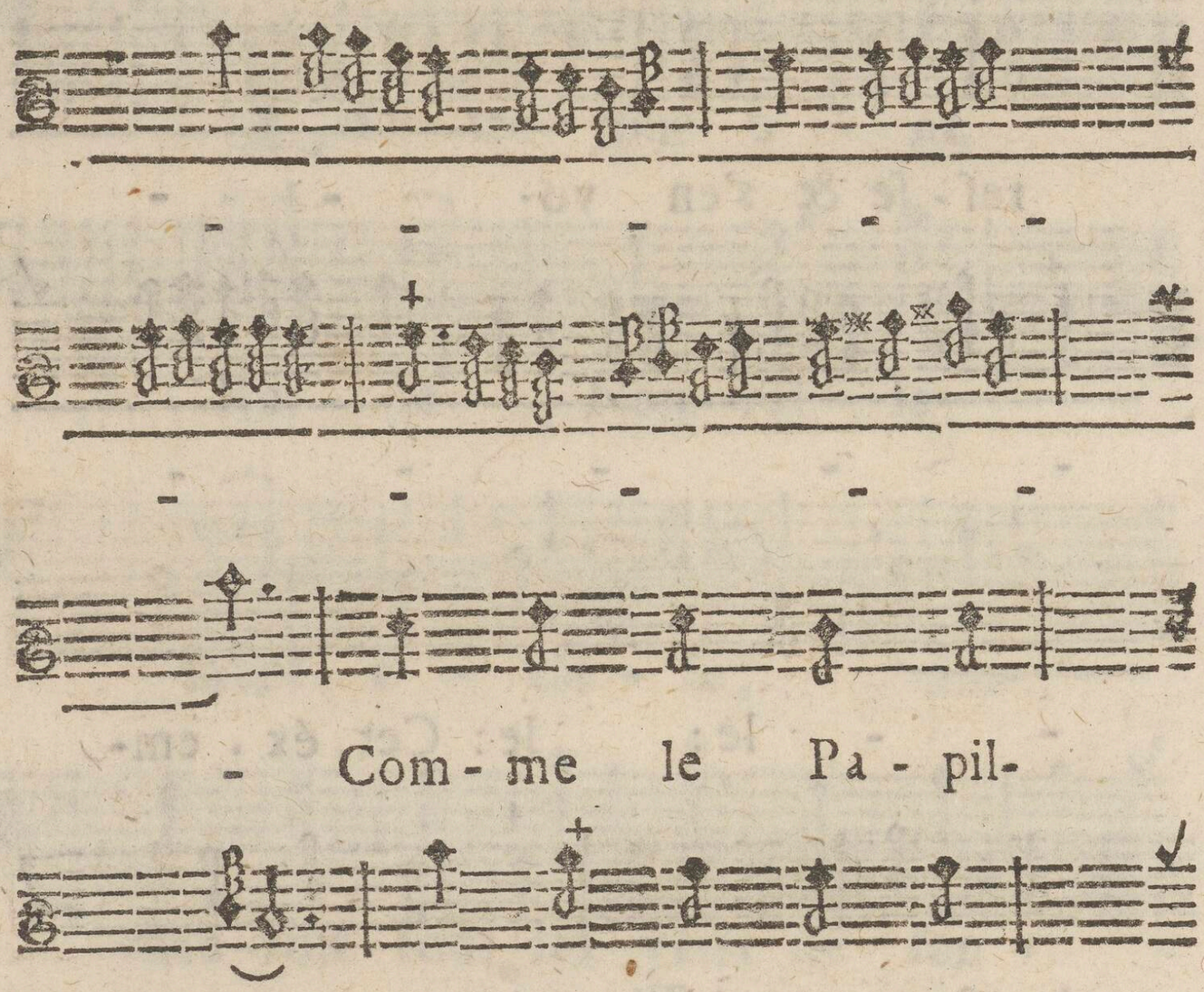
çon; Pour é-cou-ter vos feux,



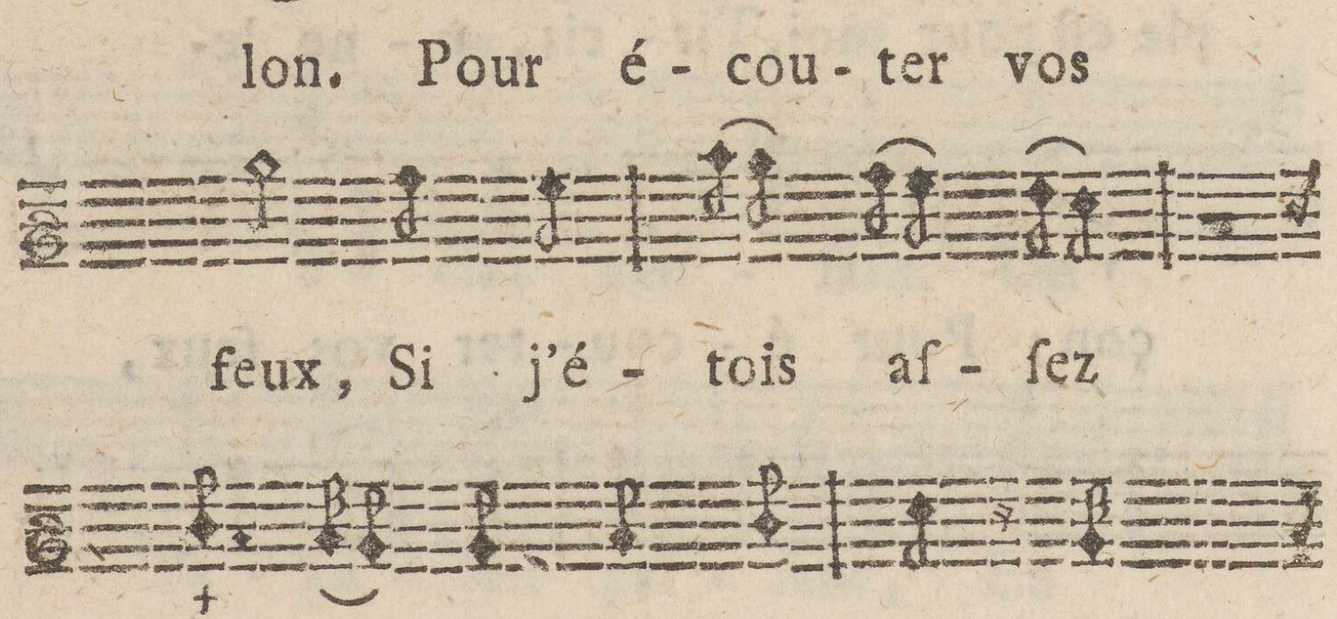
ſi j'é-tois aſ-ſez Fol-le, Je



vous ver - rois vo - ler - -



- - - - -



- - - - -

- Com - me le Pa - pil-

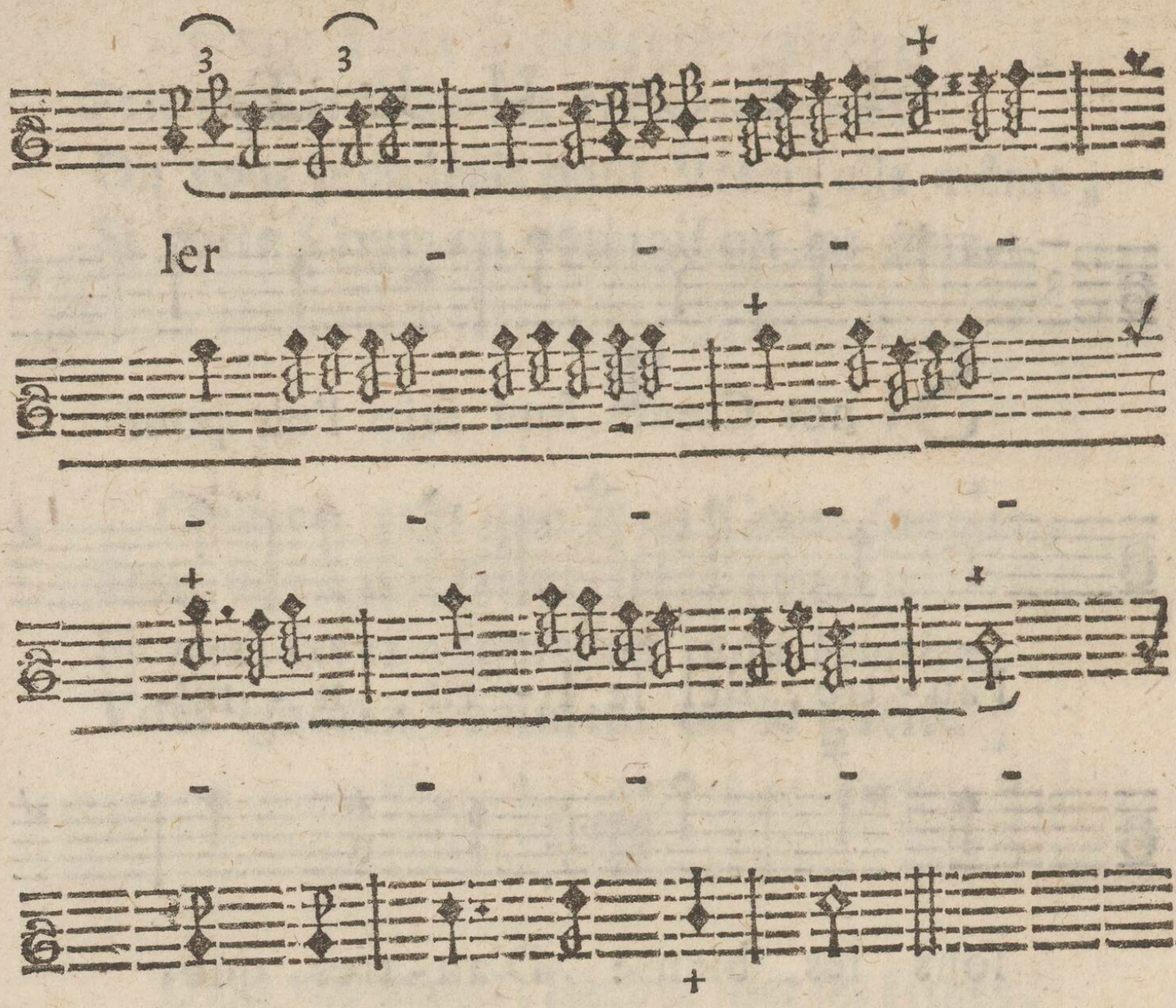
lon. Pour é - cou - ter vos

feux, Si j'é - tois af - ſez

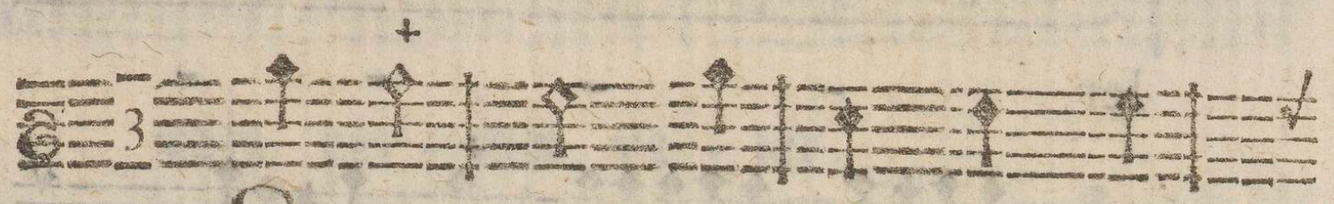
Fol - le, Je vous ver - rois vo-

ler

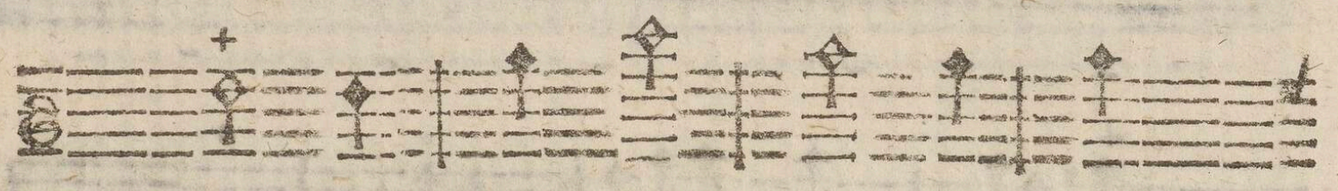
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ler - - - -
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Com- me le Pa - pil - lon.

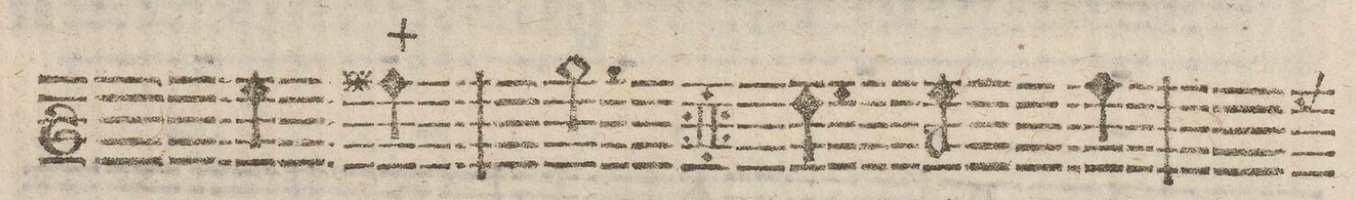
MENUET.
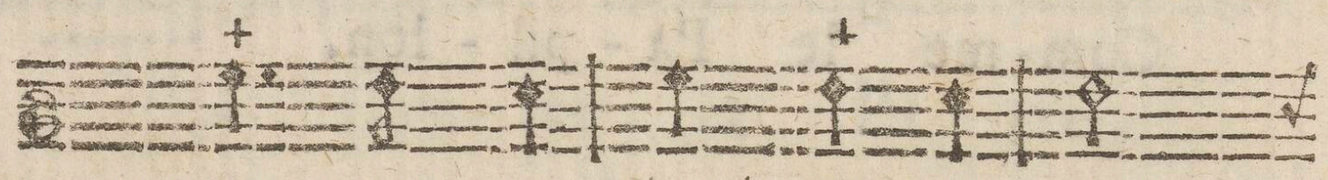


SI nos Cœurs ſont faits l'un pour



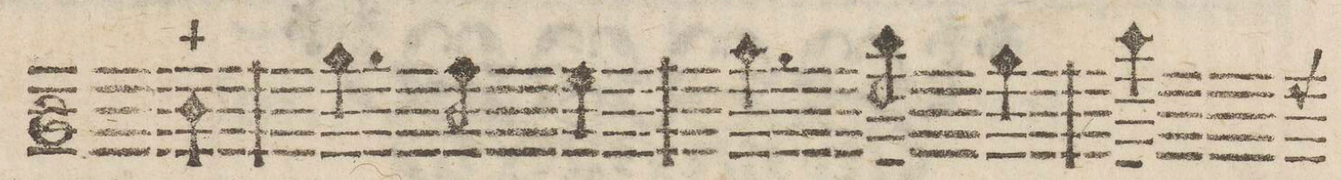
l'au-tre, Bel-le I-ris, u-niſ-



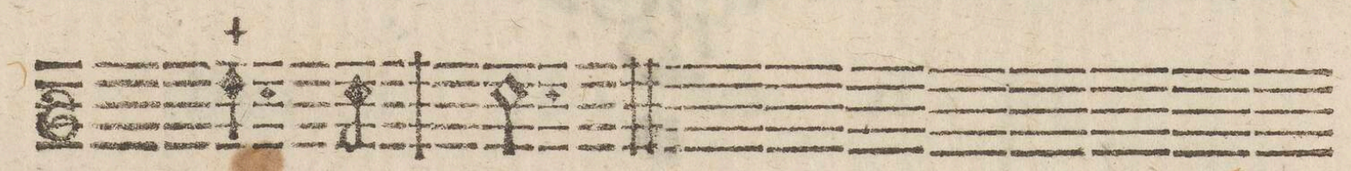
ſons les biens: D'au-tres que



moi pour-roient a-voir le vô-



tre, D'au tres que vous n'au-ront ja-



mais le mien.



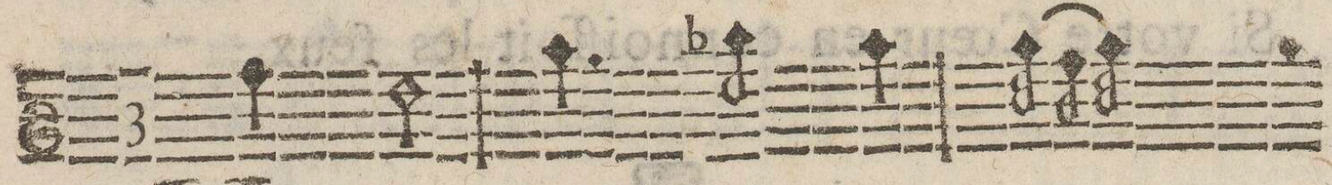
De

De vos Yeux la douceur extrême,
Fait regner l'Amour en tous lieux:
On vous prendroit pour Vénus elle-même,
Si votre Cœur en connoiſſoit les feux.

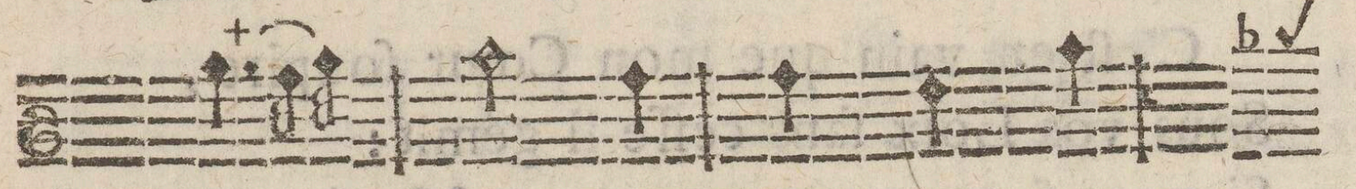
C'eſt en vain que mon Cœur ſoupire,
Sous vos Loix ſans ceſſe il gémit:
Si vous ſavez augmenter mon Martire,
Vous ignorez comment on le guérit.

Dans vos mains, Bachus met ſes armes,
Pour ſoumettre Amans & Buveurs:
De la raiſon, quand nous perdons les charmes:
Bien plus que lui, vous enyvrez les Cœurs.
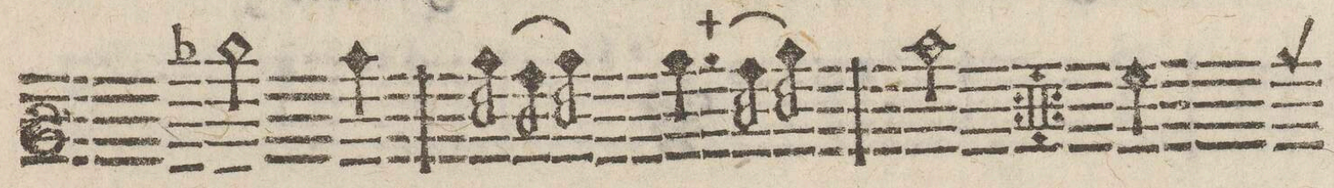
PETIT AIR.
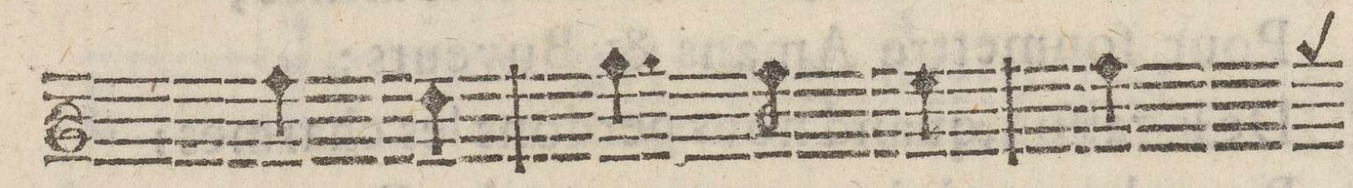


HEureux qui pou-roit ſe



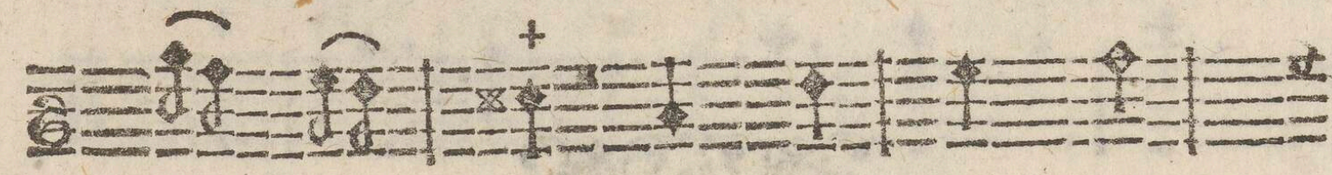
dé-fen-dre, D'un a-mou-
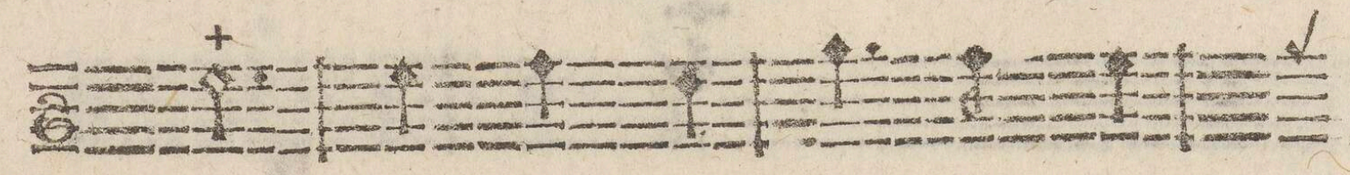


reux en-ga-ge-ment: Le



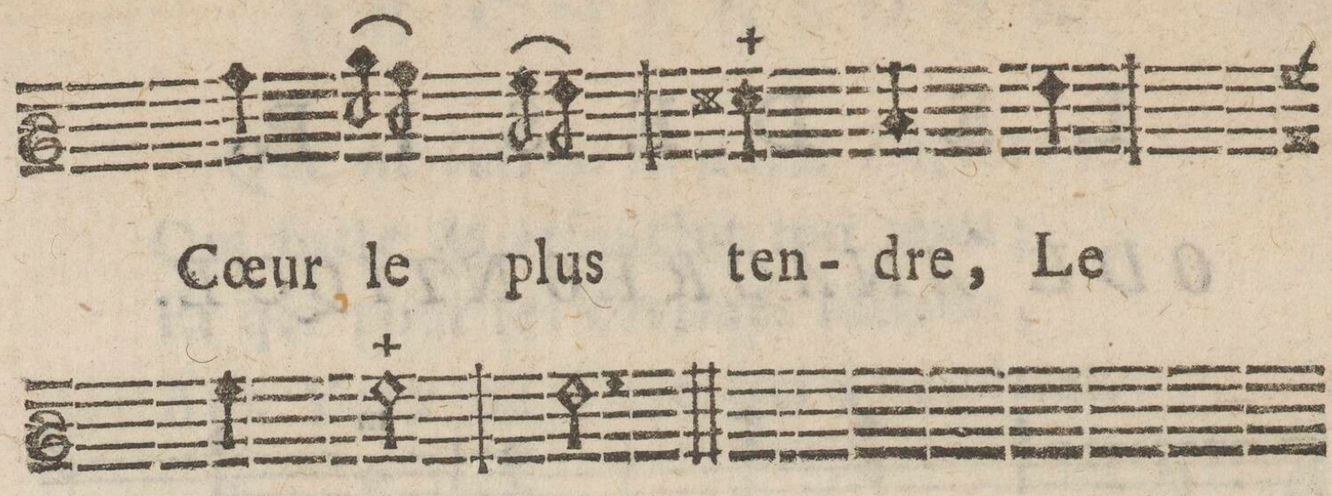
bien char-mant, Que l'on nous



fait at-ten-dre, N'eſt qu'un tour-
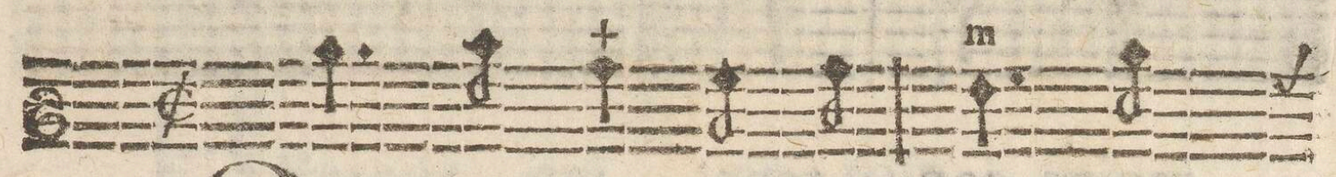


ment, L'A-mour ſou-vent, Rend le
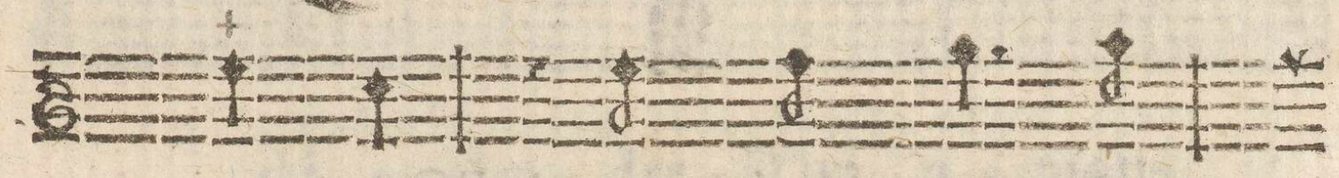


Souvent on échappe à l'Orage,
Jamais on n'échappe à l'Amour,
Dans un beau jour,
Le Plaiſir nous engage,
Ce tems ſi court,
Eſt ſans retour,
L'Ame la plus ſauvage,
Cede à ſon tour.

LE DESIR.
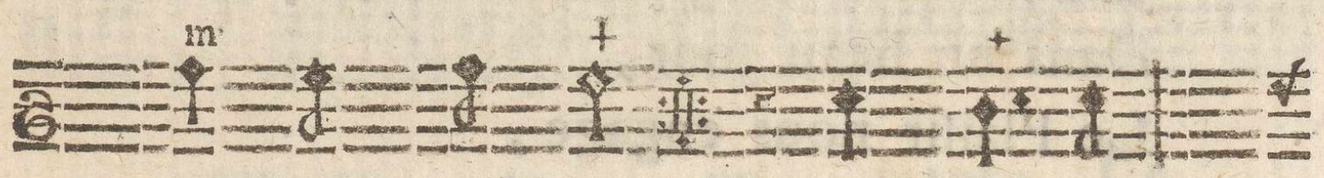
ODE ANACRE'ONTIQUE.



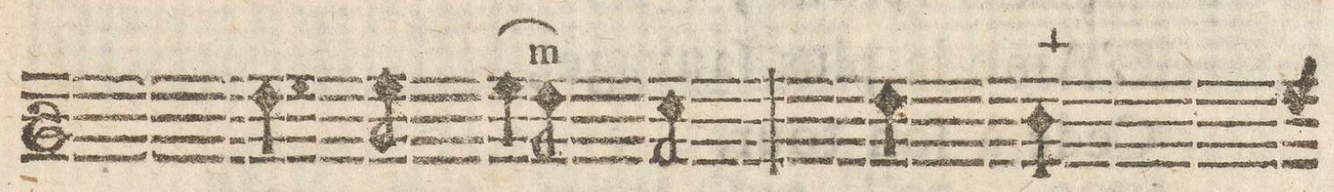
QUe ne ſuis-je la Fleur nou-



vel - le, Qu'au ma - tin Cli-



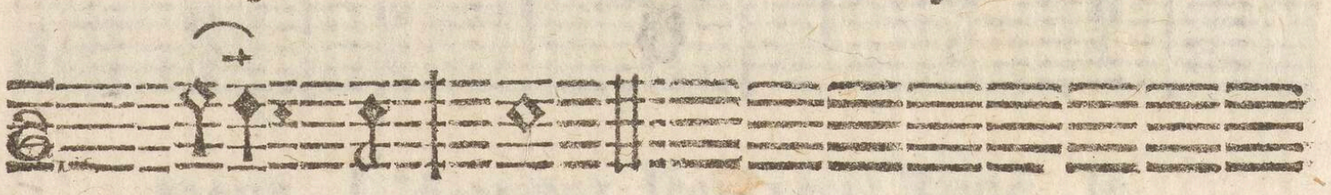
me- ne choi-ſit: Qui ſur le



ſein de cet - te Bel - le,



paſ - ſe le ſeul jour



qu'el - le vit.

Que
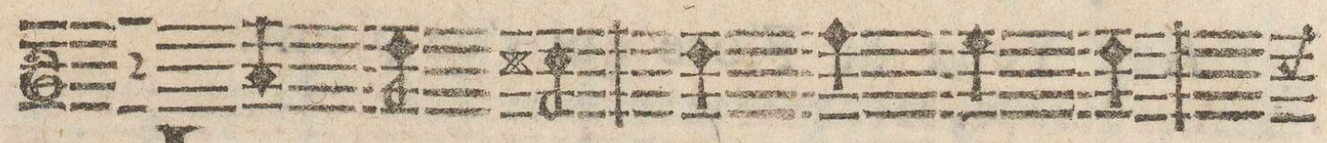
Que ne ſuis-je le doux Zéphire,
Qui flatte & rafraichit ſon teint;
Et qui pour ſes charmes ſoupire,
Aux Yeux de Flore qui s'en plaint.

Que ne ſuis-je l'Oiſeau ſi tendre,
Dont Climene aime tant la Voix;
Que même elle oublie à l'entendre,
Le danger d'être tard au bois.

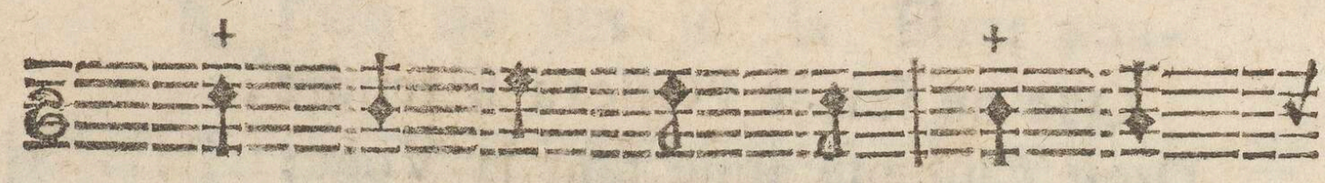
Que ne ſuis-je cette Onde claire,
Qui contre la chaleur du jour,
Dans ſon ſein reçoit ma Bergère,
Qu'elle croit la Mère d'Amour.

Dieux! ſi j'étois cette Fontaine,
Que bien tôt mes flots enflammez....
Pardonnez; je voudrois, Climene,
Etre tout ce que vous aimez.

VAUDEVILLE.



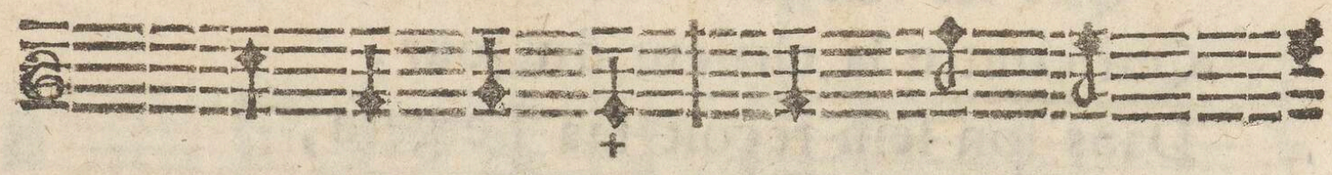
L'E- poux d'u - ne frin - gan - te



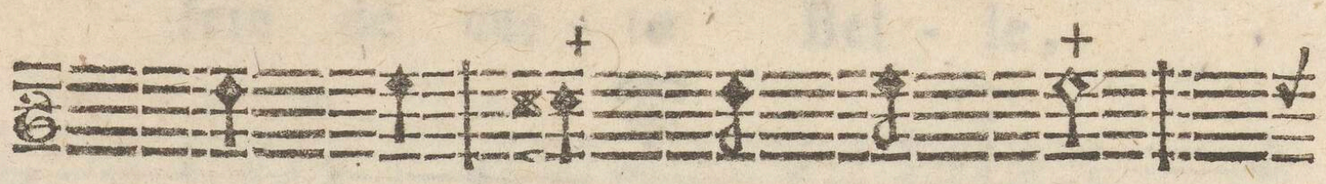
Bru - ne, Vient d'ob - te - nir de
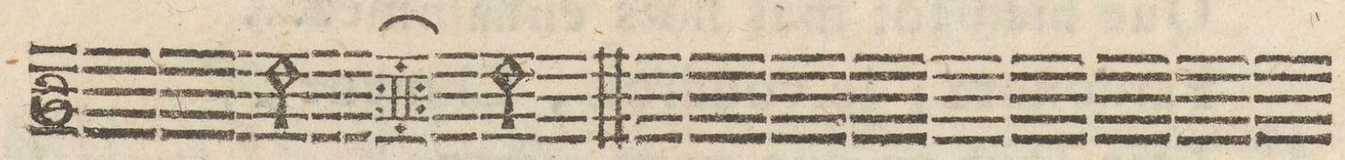


grands Em - plois : plois : Sa Femme eſt



d'un jo - li Mi - nois; C'eſt aſ-



ſez pour fai - re for - tu-



ne. ne.



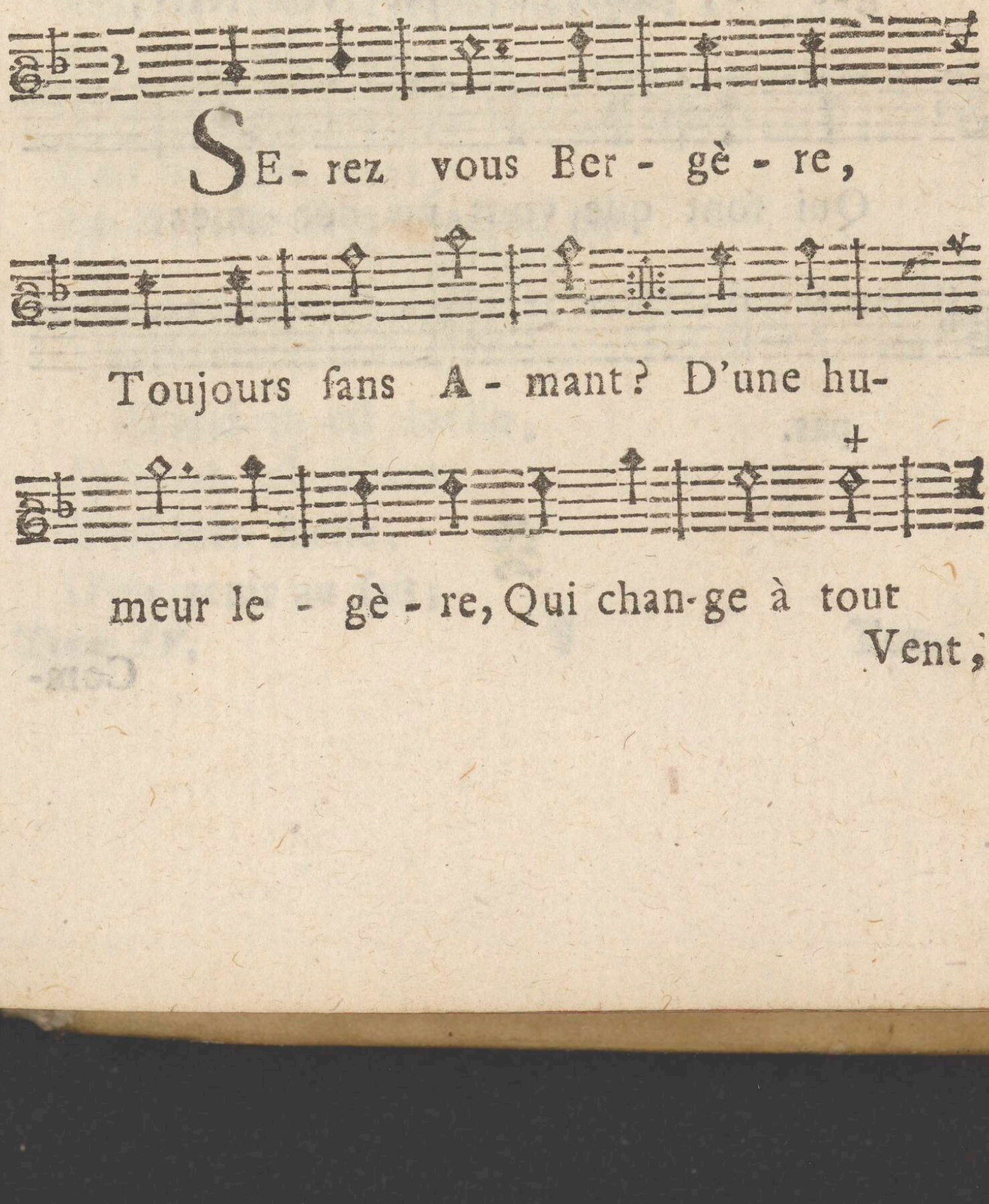
Da-

Damon, d'une race commune,
N'avoit pour bien que ſes appas:
Certaine vieille en fait grand cas:
C'eſt aſſez pour faire Fortune.

De vos Faveurs je n'en veux qu'une,
Mettez ma Chanſon en Crédit:
Ah! ſi le Public applaudit,
C'eſt aſſez pour faire Fortune.
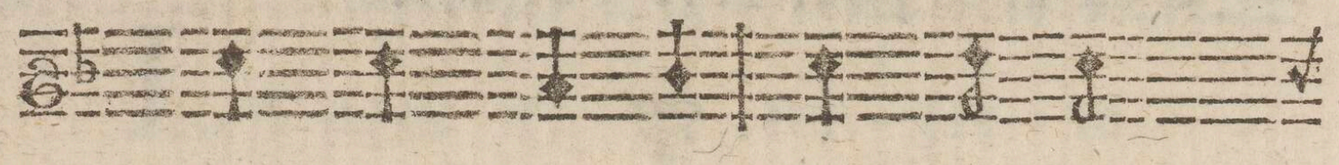
LES RATS.

CONTREDANSE.
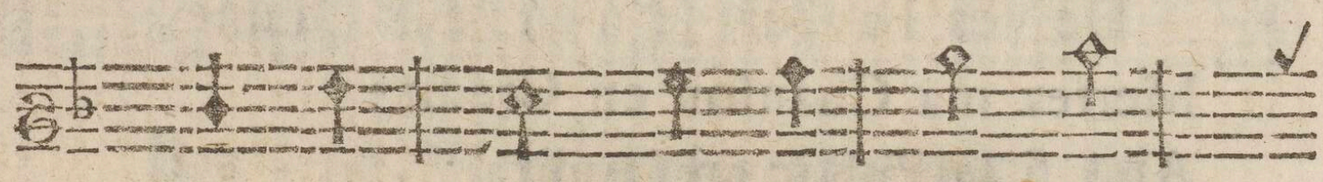




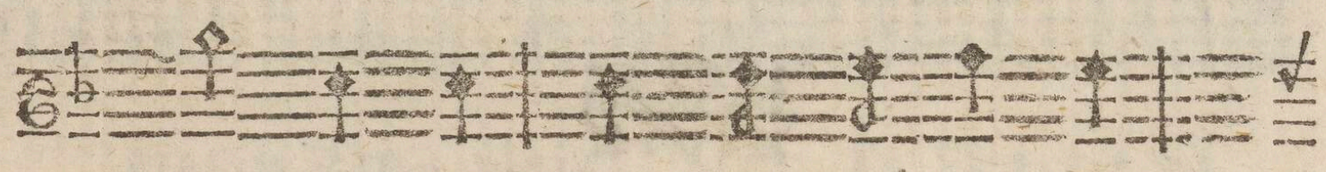
Vent? Vos beaux Yeux ſont faits pour



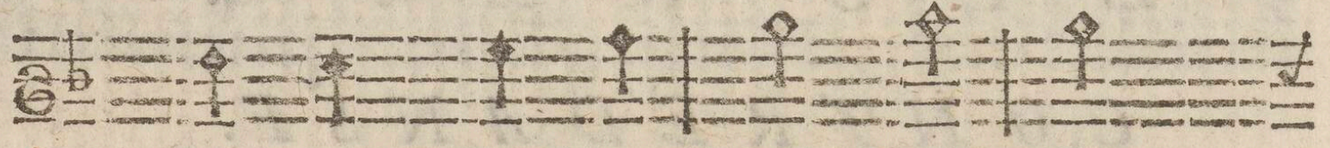
plai - re; Vous a - vez mille, &



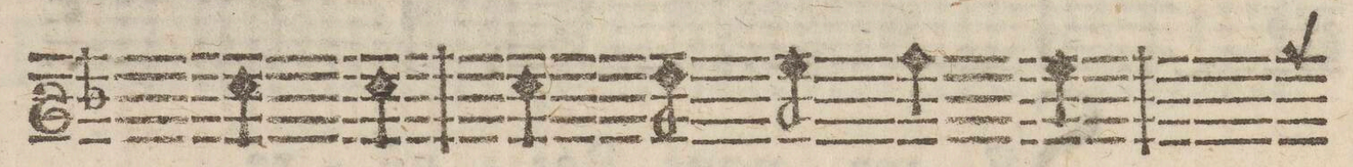
mil-le ap- pas; Mais ce ſont vos



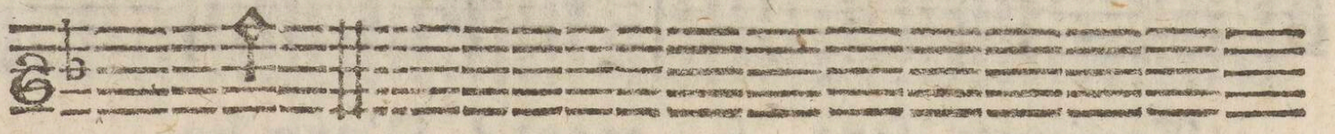
Rats, Qui font que vous ne dor-mez



guè- re; Mais ce ſont vos Rats,



Qui font que vous ne dor - mez



pas.

Com-

Comme une Girouëtte,
Qui tourne à tout Vent;
Votre Cœur pirouëtte,
Sans attachement;
Mais enfin tout ce tripotage,
En un mot, ne me convient pas;
Car ce ſont vos Rats,
Qui font que vous ne dormez guère;
Mais ce ſont vos Rats,
Qui font que vous ne dormez pas.
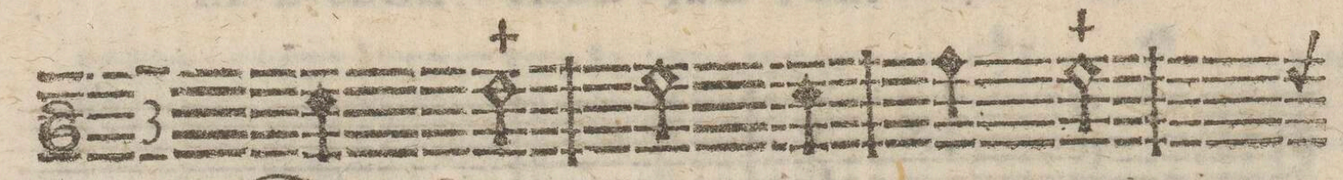
Pour être à la mode,
Faut avoir des Rats;
Rien n'eſt ſi commode,
Sot qui n'en a pas;
Sans les Rats on ne badine guerre;
Sans les Rats on ne badine pas.
Sans les jolis Rats,
Tout languit dans le doux miſtère;
Sans les jolis Rats,
En Amour on ne badine pas.

Quand on eſt docile,
Et qu'on eſt diſcret;
Il eſt bien facile,
D'en venir au fait;
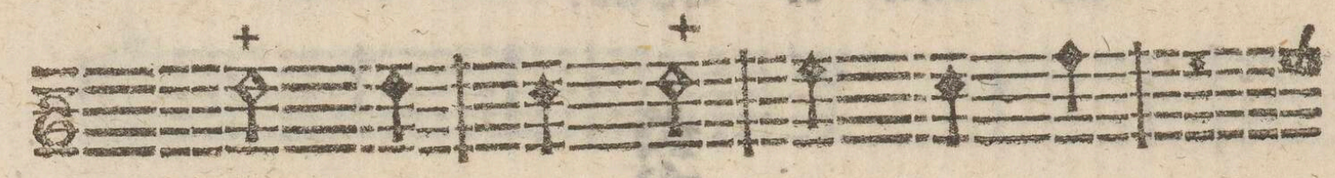
Toujours un Papillon volage,
Voltige ſans fixer ſes pas;
Mais ce ſont vos Rats,
Qui font que vous ne dormez guère,
Mais ce ſont vos Rats,
Qui font que vous ne m'aimez pas.

La jeune Liſette,
Avec mille Amans,
C'eſt une Coquette,
Qui paſſe le tems,
A Chanter, Danſer, Rire, & Boire;
De l'Amour elle n'en a pas.
Mais ce ſont ſes Rats,
Qui font qu'elle ne m'aime guère,
Mais ce ſont ces Rats,
Qui font qu'elle ne m'aime pas.

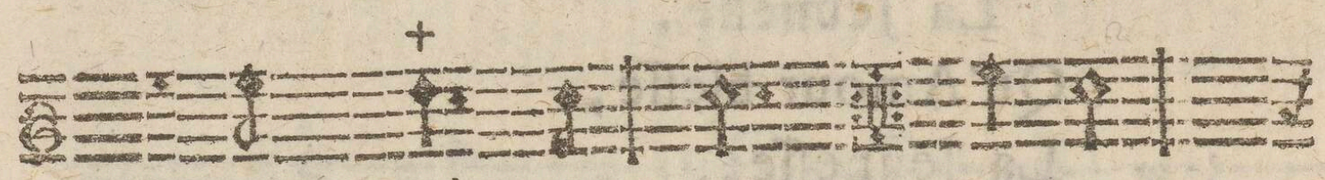
MENUET.



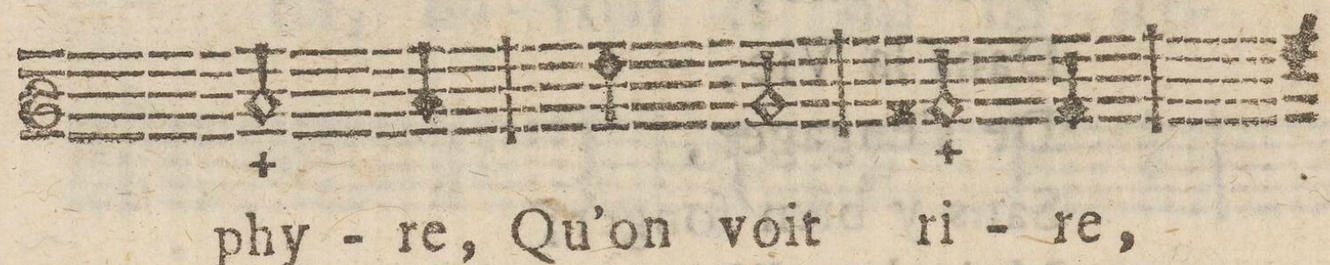
ON s'en - ga - ge, Dans l'o-



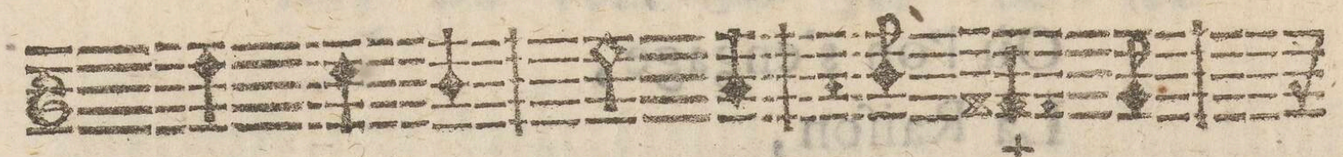
ra - ge, On s'en - ga - ge Sans
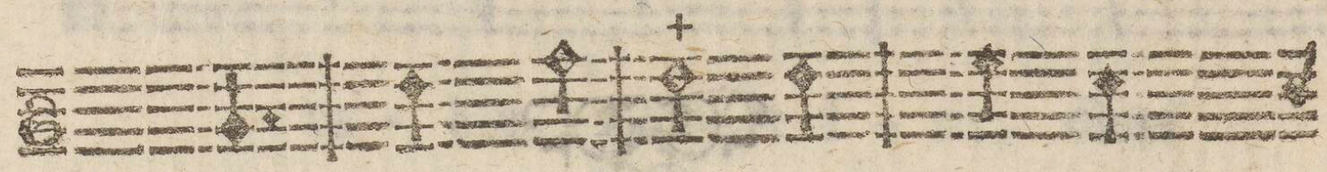


pré - voir ſon ſort: Un Zé-



phy - re, Qu'on voit ri - re,
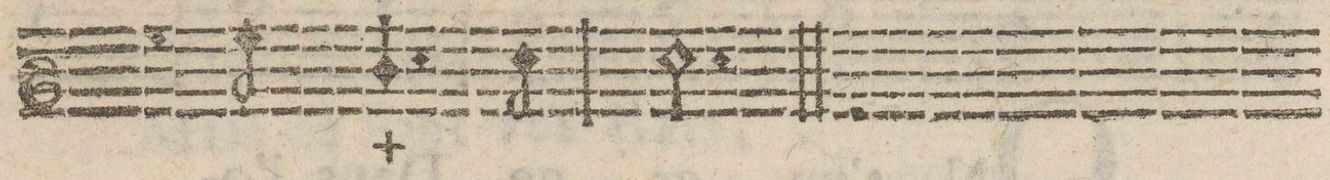


Sans nul ef - fort, Fais quit - ter le



port. Quand on ai - me, Tout rit



de mê- me; Gar- dons- nous d'un

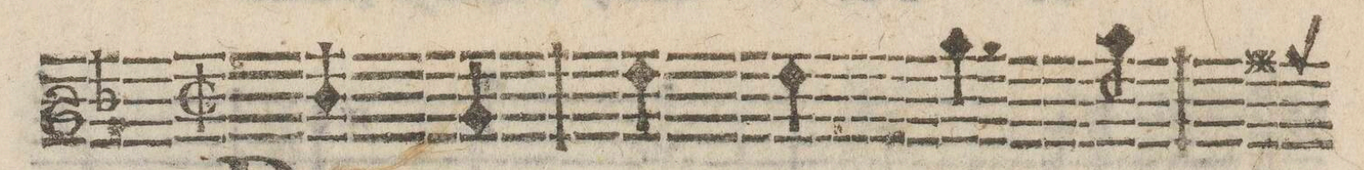


at- trait ſi doux.

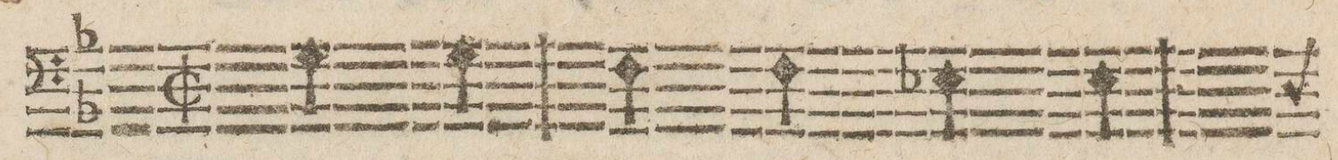
La Jeuneſſe,
Qu'Amour bleſſe,
La Jeuneſſe,
Brave le danger:
C'eſt Folie,
Dans la Vie,
De s'engager,
Sans y bien ſonger;
Mais dans l'âge,
Où l'on s'engage,
La Raiſon,
Eſt peu de Saiſon.

AIR A BOIRE.

DUO.



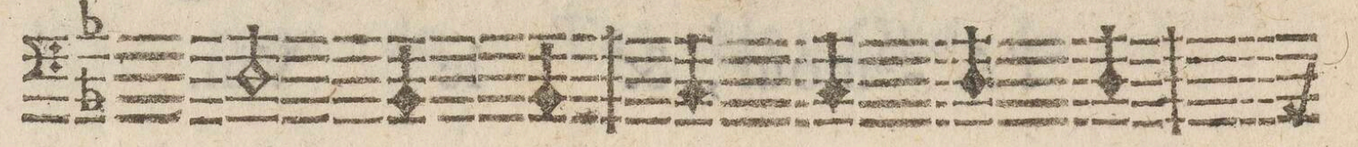
BEl- le I - ris, dans ce Fes-



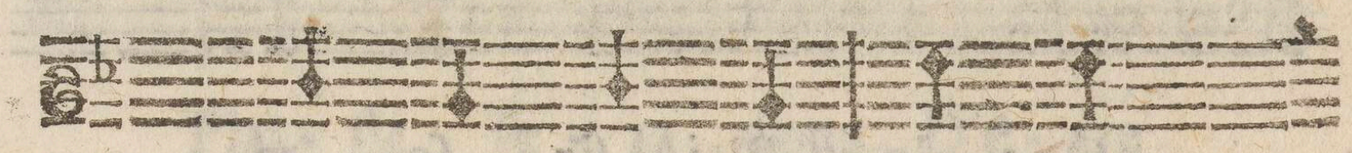
Bel-le I - ris, dans ce Fes-



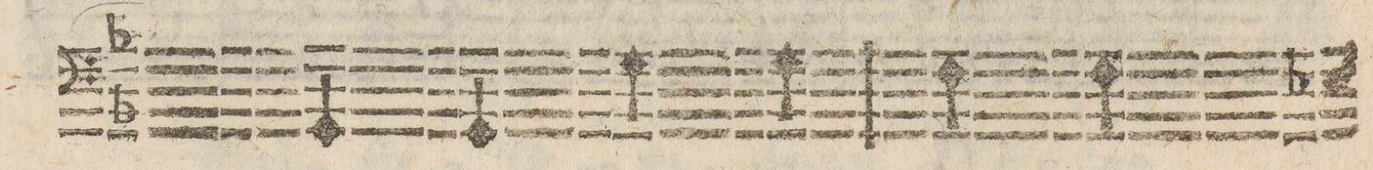
tin, Bu-vons ce Jus dé-lec-



tin, Bu-vons ce Jus dé-lec-

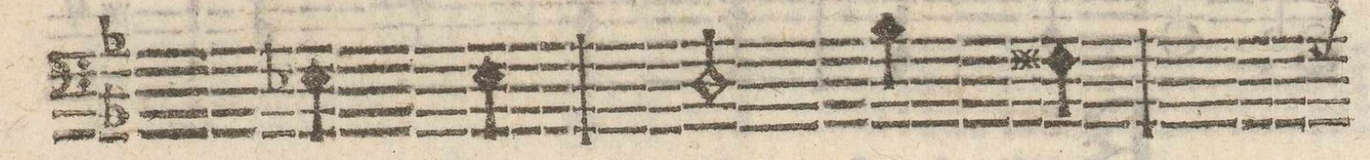


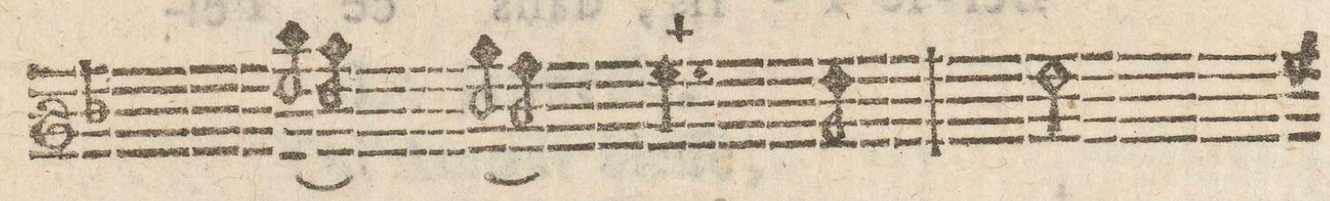
ta - ble, Bel-le I - ris, dans

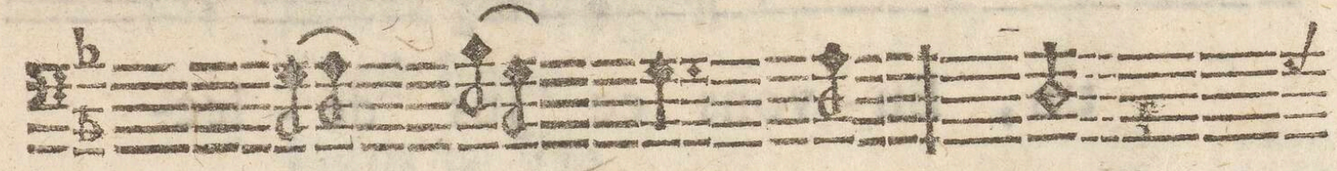


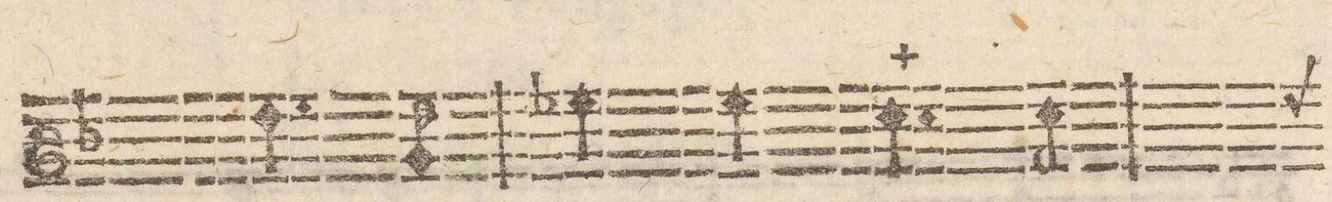
ta - ble. Bel-le I - ris, dans

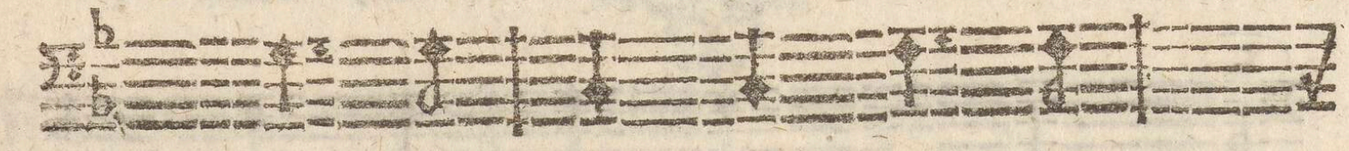

ce Fef - tin, Sui - vons


ce Fef - tin, Sui - vons


l'A - mour, & le Vin.


l'A - mour, & le Vin.
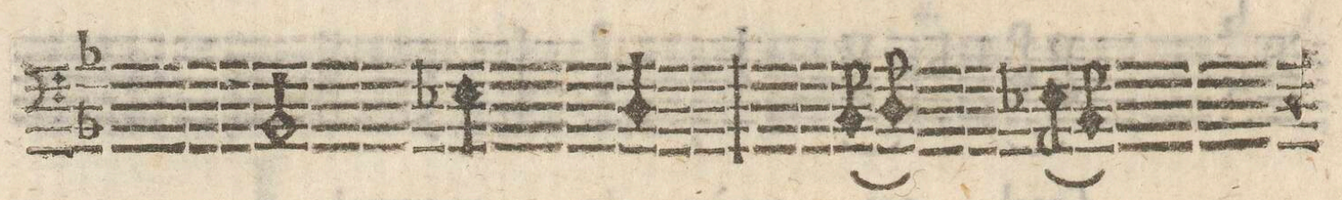

Que le Plai - fir fe - ra


Que le Plai - fir fe - ra

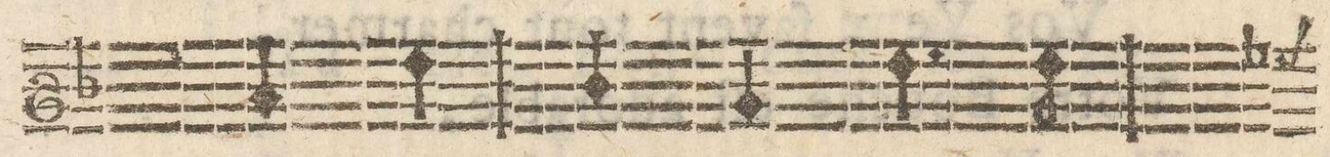
doux,



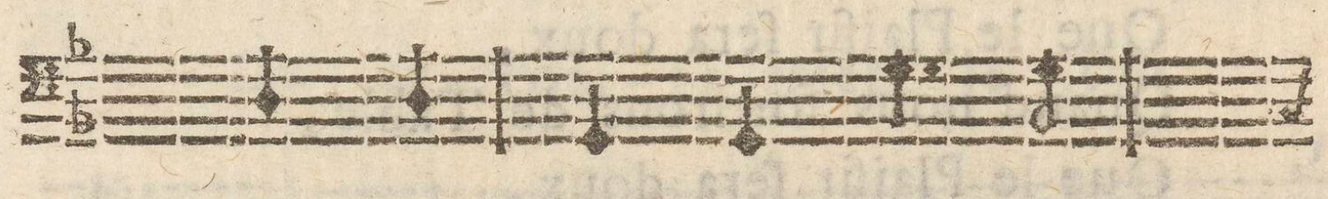
doux, Quand nous ſor - ti-



doux, Quand nous ſor - ti-



rons de Ta - ble; Que le
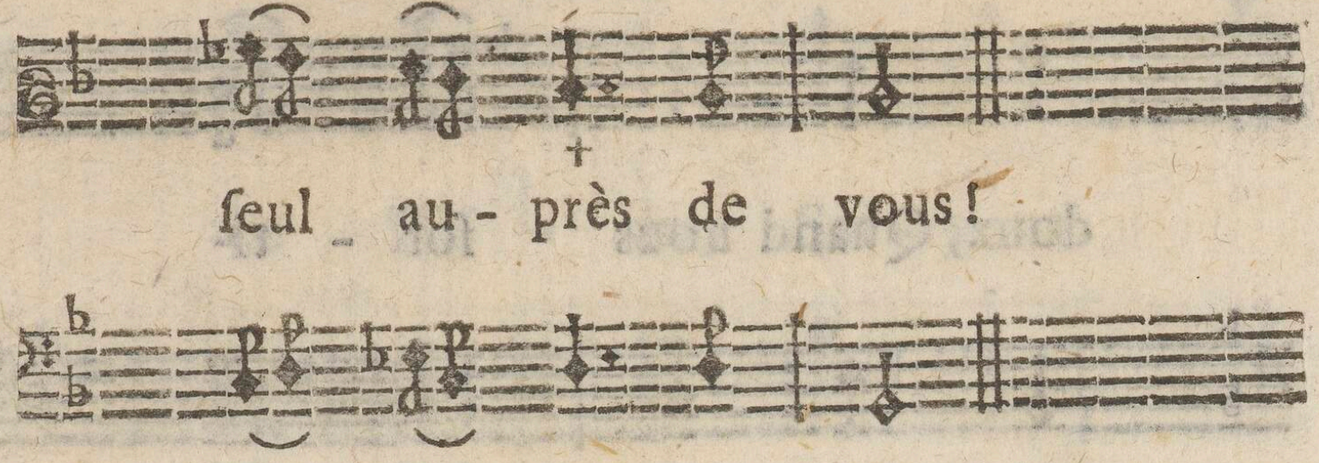


rons de Ta - ble; Que le



Plai - ſir ſe - ra doux, D'ê - tre
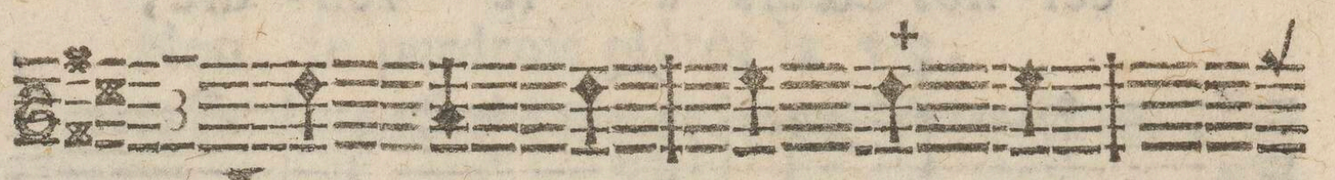


Plai - ſir ſe - ra doux, D'ê - tre



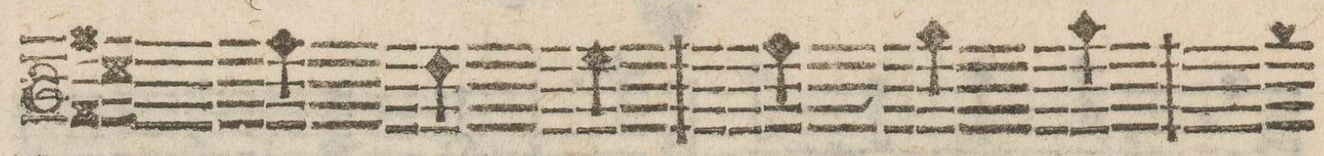
Vos Yeux ſavent tout charmer,
Votre Bouche eſt adorable,
Vos Yeux ſavent tout charmer,
Peut-on s'empêcher d'aimer?
Que le Plaiſir ſera doux,
Quand nous ſortirons de Table,
Que le Plaiſir ſera doux,
D'être ſeul auprès de vous!

On n'eut jamais diſputé,
La Pomme d'Or de la Fable,
Votre éclat l'eût emporté,
Sur chaque Divinité:
Que le Plaiſir ſera doux,
Quand nous ſortirons de Table,
Que le Plaiſir ſera doux,
D'être ſeul auprès de vous!
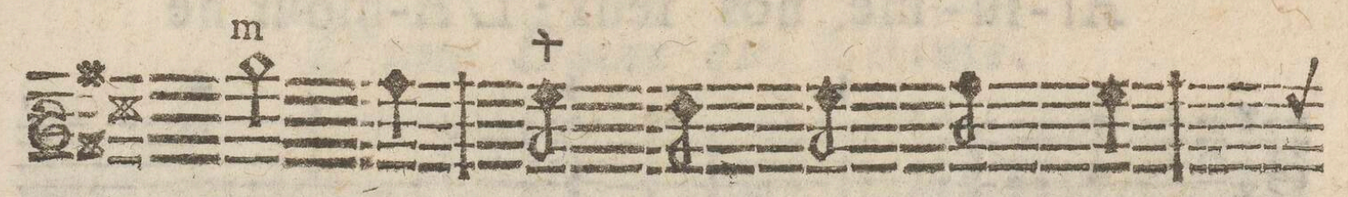
MENUET.



LE vrai bon- heur vient à



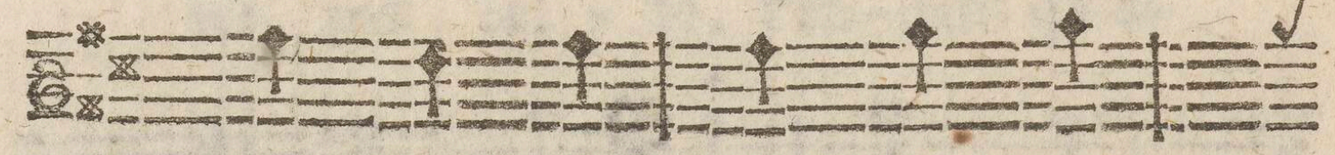
Ta - ble, Tou- jours les Plai-



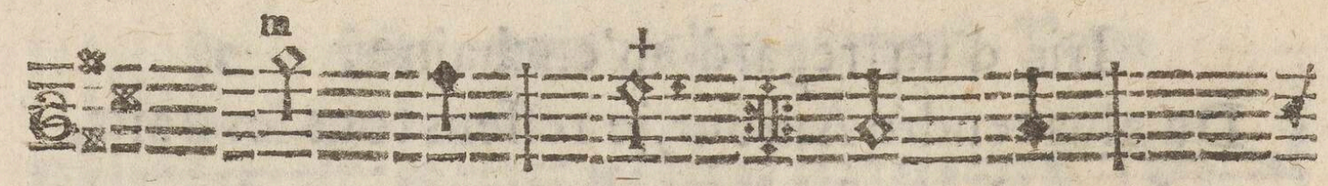
firs ac- com- pa- gnent le Vin.



Il rend Clo - ris plus trai-



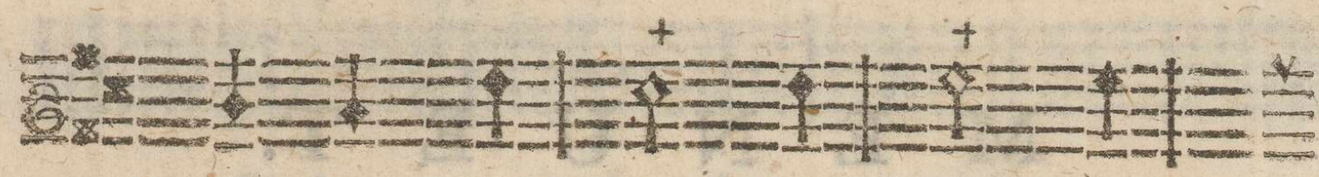
ta - ble, Et je me ſens
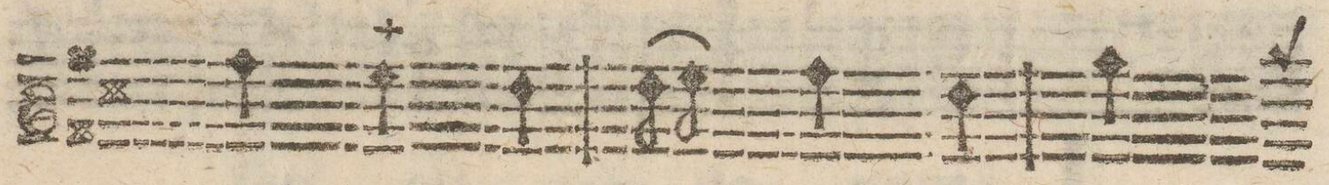


plus ba - din: Pour for-

ME-
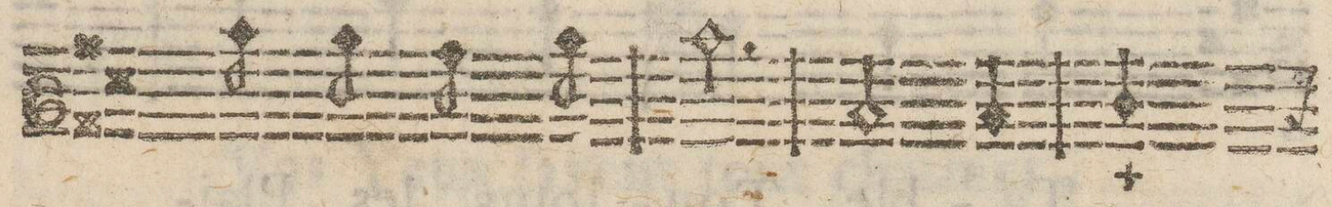
cer
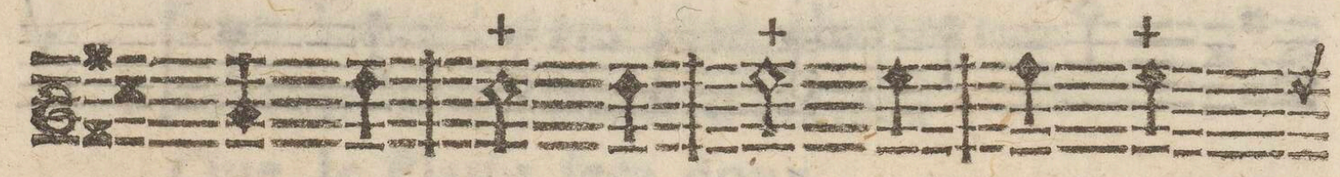


cer nos Cœurs à ſe ren- dre,



Ce doux breu- va - ge des Dieux



Al-lu-me nos feux; L'A-mour ne



perd rien pour at - ten-dre, Ba-chus
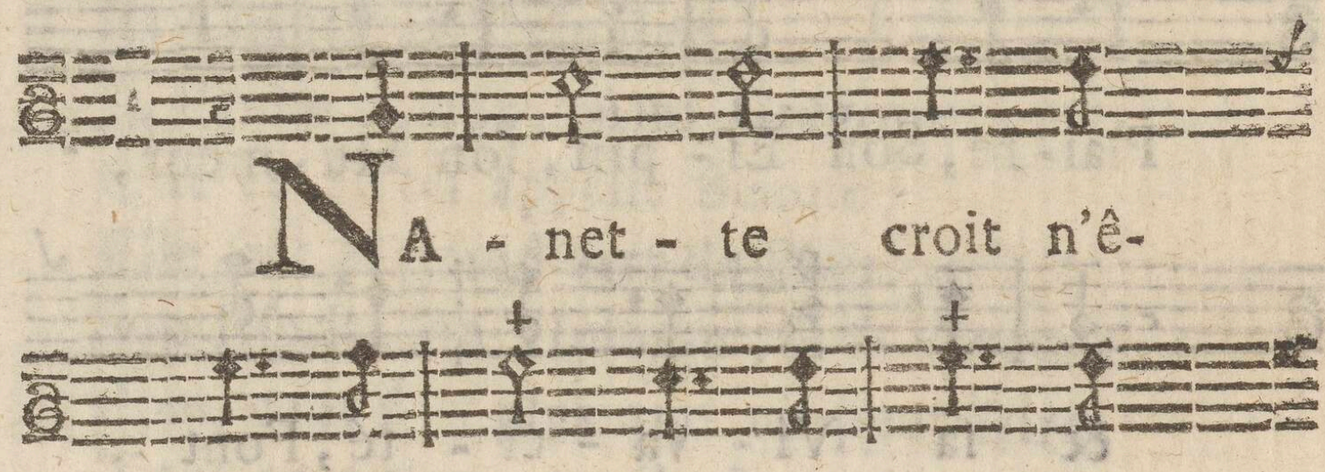


prend ſoin de nous rendre heu-reux.

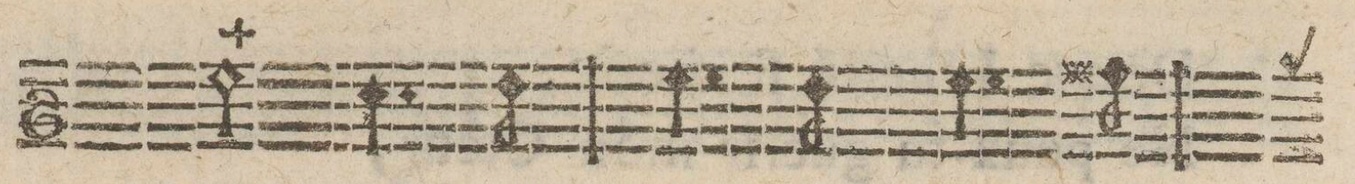
Iris d'un regard m'enchaine,
Du plus tendre Amour, je reſſens tous les traits.
Loin de ſoulager ma peine,
Son Cœur n'aimera jamais:

Douce Liberté ſi cherie,
Ne peux-tu guérir mon Cœur,
De ſa vive ardeur?
Non, je perdrois plûtôt la vie,
Que de ceſſer d'aimer mon Vainqueur.

LOUANGE

D'une Dame qui Chante.
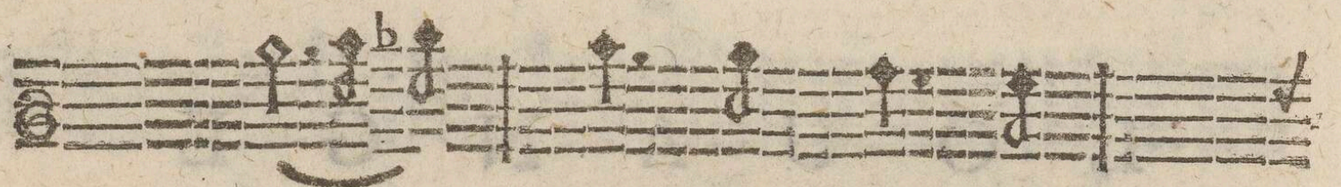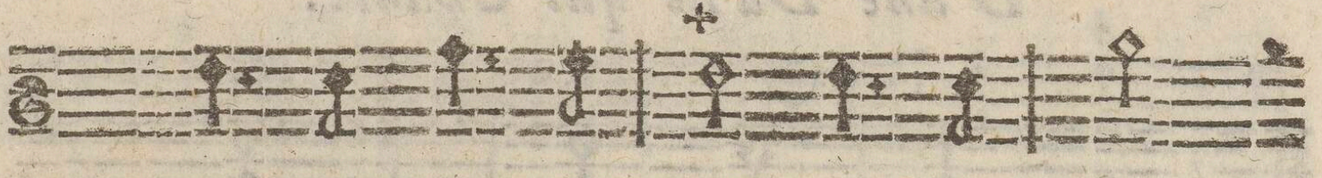




el - le, Dès qu'on la voit, il



faut l'ai - mer: El - le



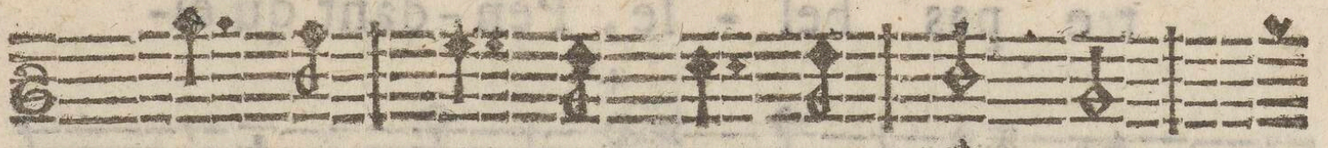
ſait le grand Art de



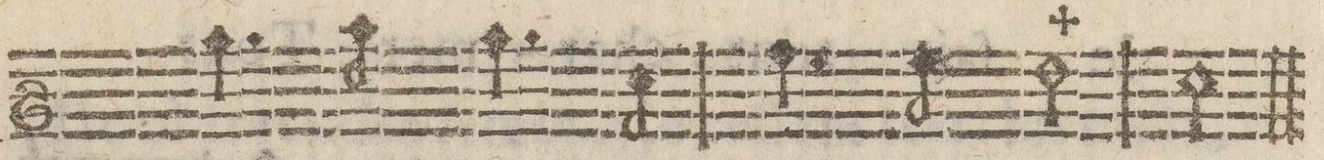
Plai-re, Son Eſ- prit, ſon Hu-meur,



& ſa Vi - va - ci - té, Font



cent fois plus que ne peut fai - re,



Tout ce qu'on ap- pel - le Beau-té.



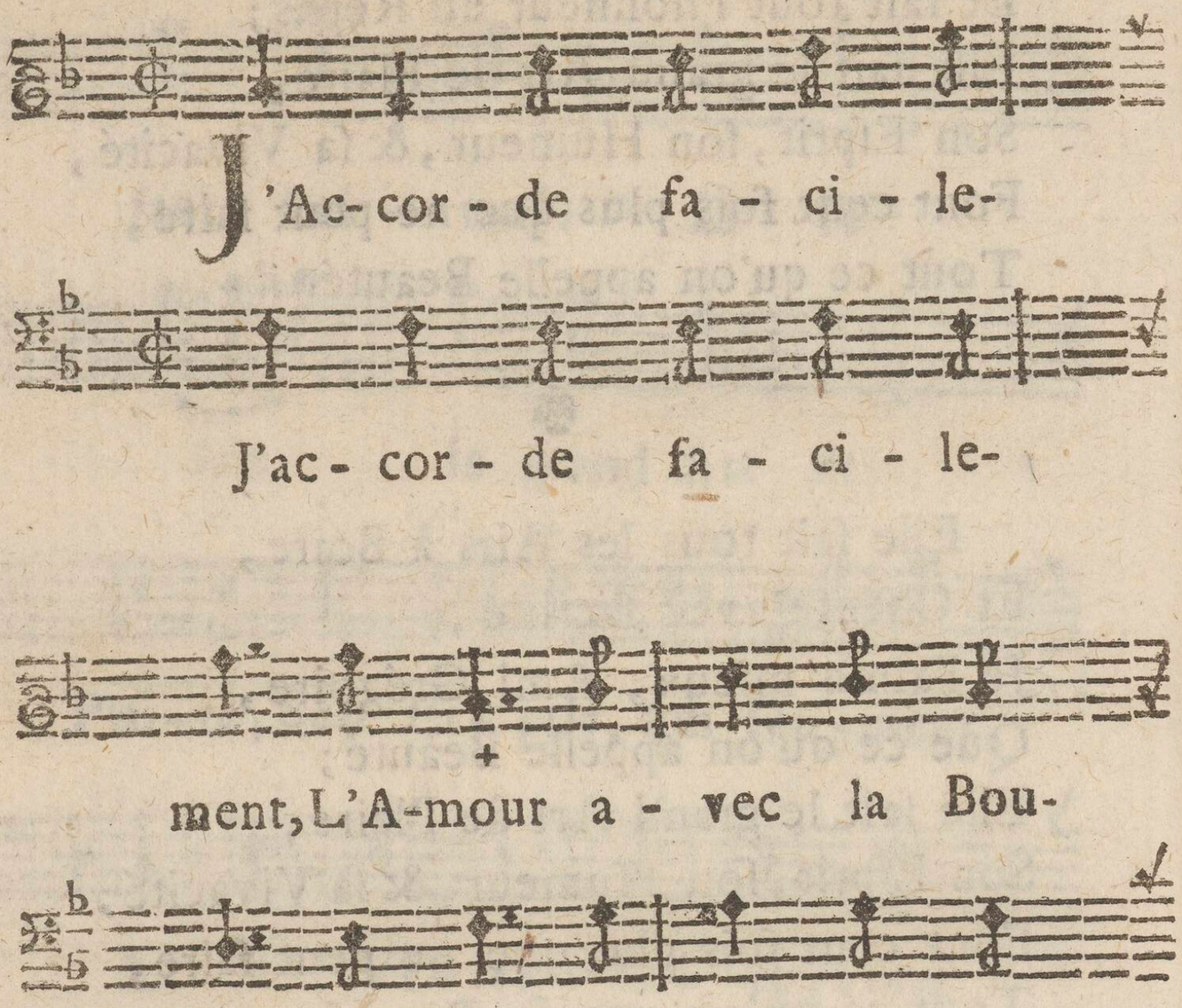
Quand

Quand elle tient une Bouteille,
On voit augmenter ſes appas,
Elle Rit, & Chante à merveille,
Et fait tout l'honneur du Repas;
Elle ſait le grand Art de Plaire,
Son Eſprit, ſon Humeur, & ſa Vivacité,
Font cent fois plus que ne peut faire,
Tout ce qu'on appelle Beauté.

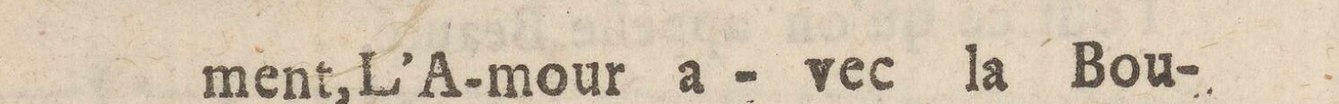
Elle ſait tous les Airs à Boire,
Et Chante avec facilité,
Je l'aime mieux, Ami Grégoire,
Que ce qu'on appelle Beauté;
Elle ſait le grand Art de Plaire,
Son Eſprit, ſon Humeur, & ſa Vivacité;
Font cent fois plus que ne peut faire,
Tout ce qu'on appelle Beauté.

AIR A BOIRE.

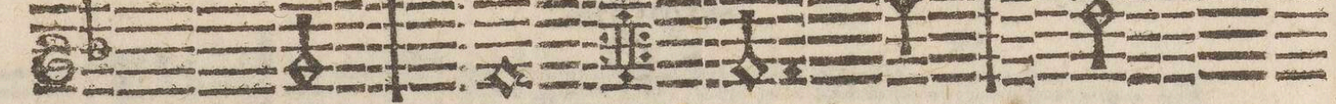
DUO.



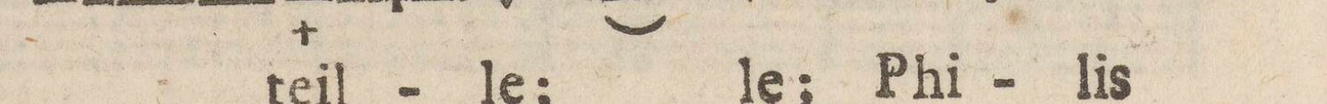
J'Ac- cor - de fa - ci - le-



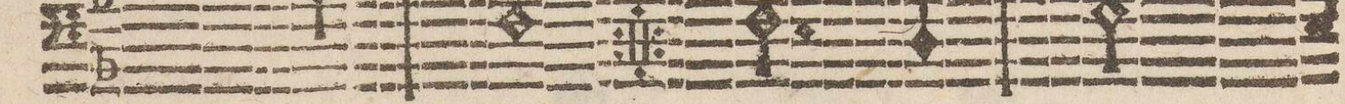
J'ac - cor - de fa - ci - le-



ment, L'A-mour a - vec la Bou-



ment, L'A-mour a - vec la Bou-
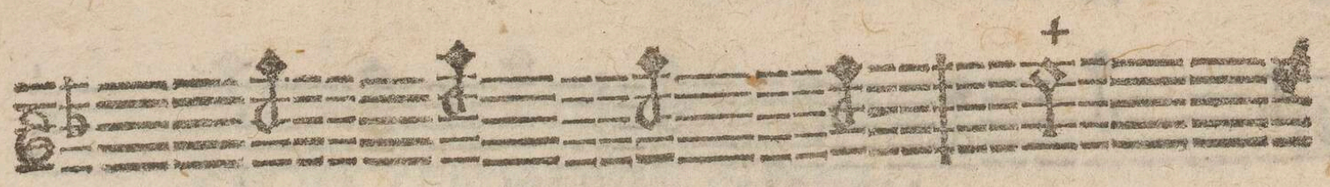


teil - le; le; Phi - lis
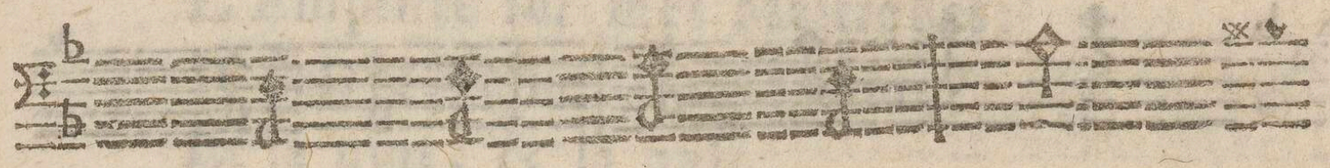


teil - le; le; Phi - lis

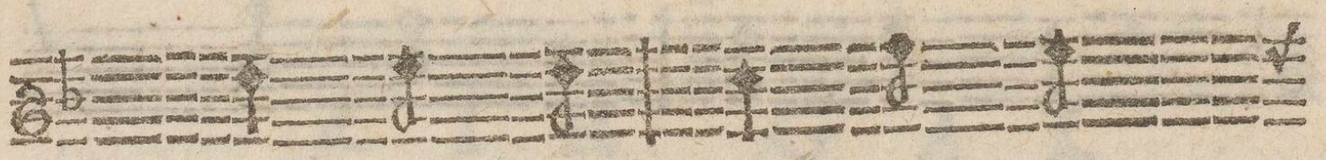
est



eſt mon E - le - ment,



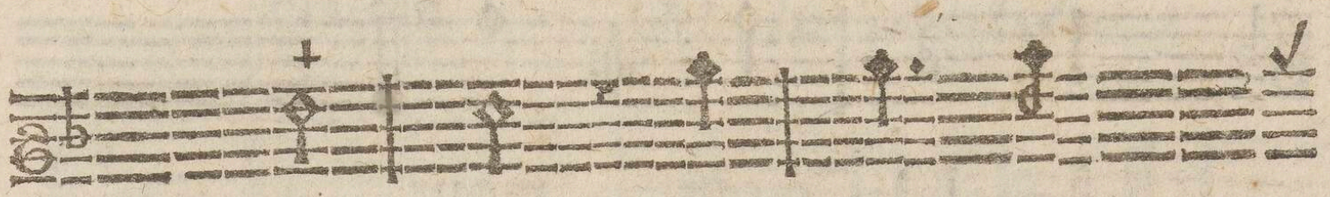
eſt mon E - le - ment,



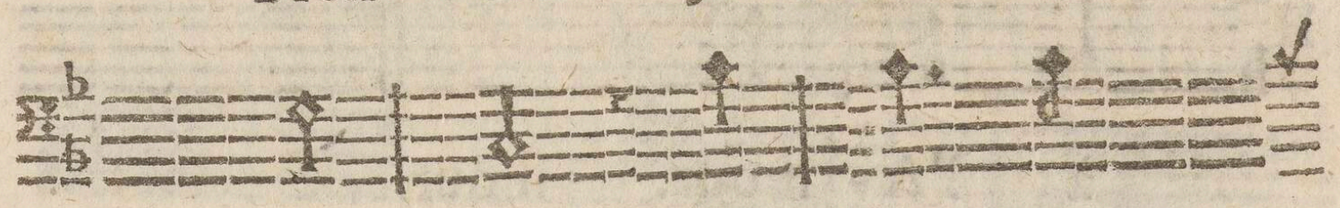
Quand j'ai du Jus de la



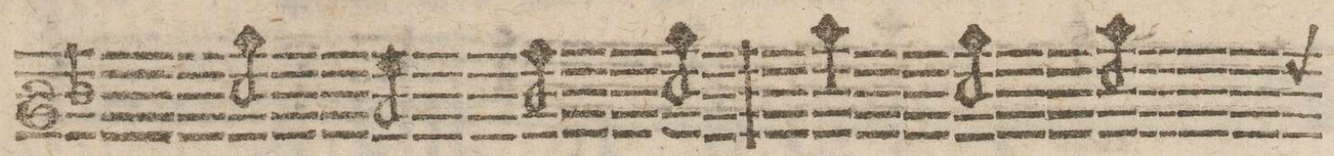
Quand j'ai du Jus de la



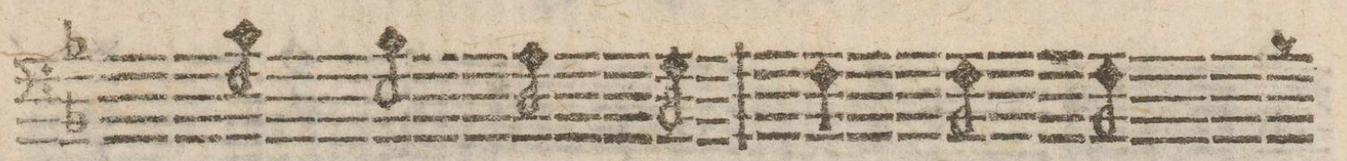
Treil - le: Je ſuis à



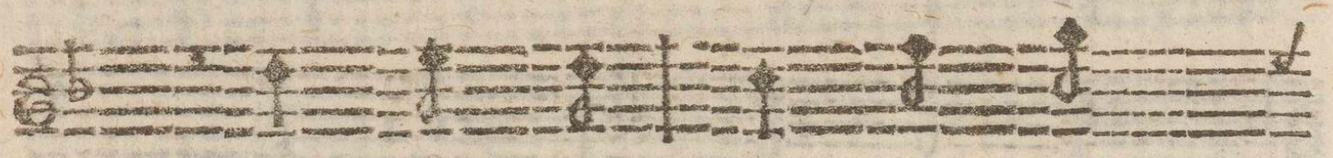
Treil - le: Je ſuis à
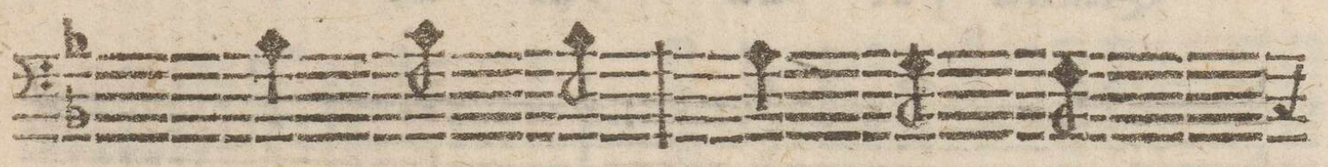


Ba-chus tout le jour, Et la
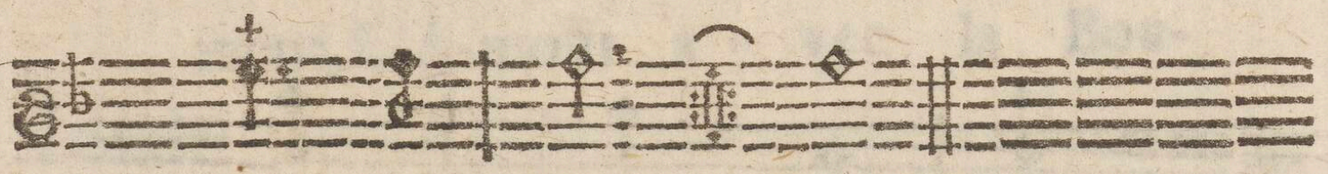


Ba-chus tout le jour, Et la



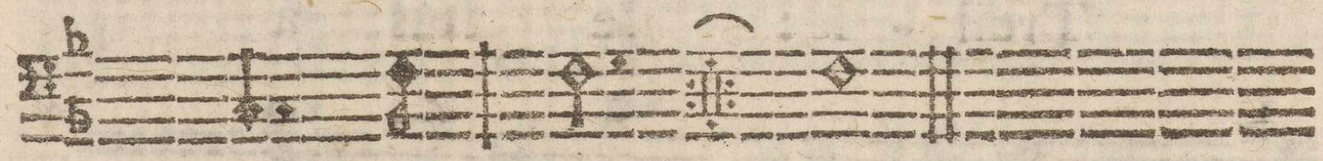
nuit, & la nuit, Je ſuis



nuit, & la nuit, Je ſuis



à l'A-mour. mour.
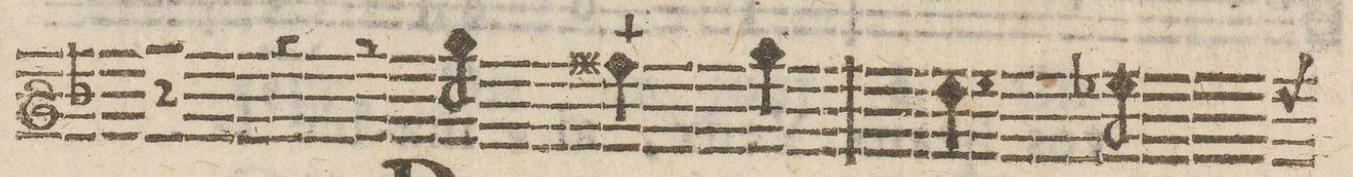


à l'A-mour. mour.

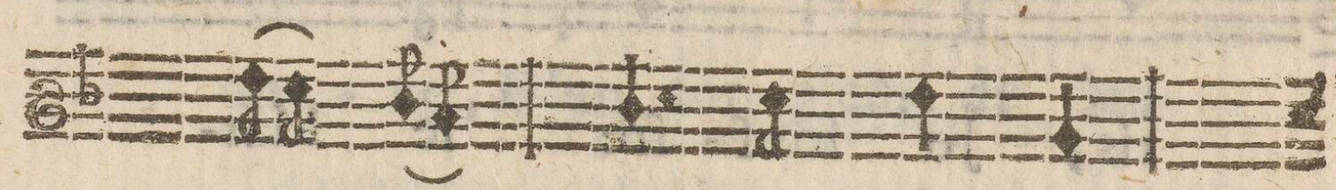
L'un

L'un contente mes desirs,
Par ses charmantes caresses:
L'autre par de doux Plaisirs,
L'Emporte sur mes Maitresses:
Je fais gogaille tout le jour,
Et la nuit, & la nuit,
Je suis à l'Amour.

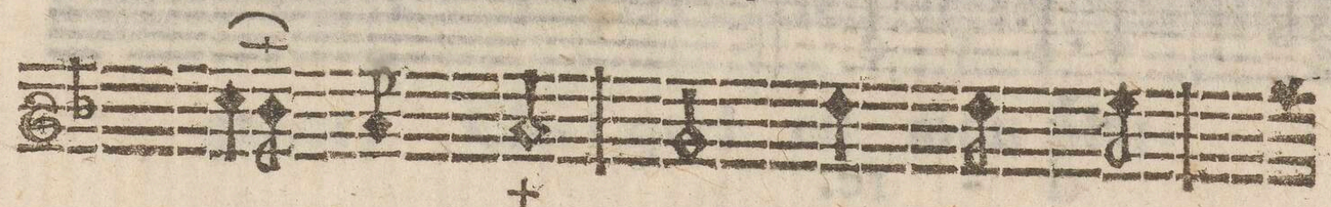
AIR GAI.



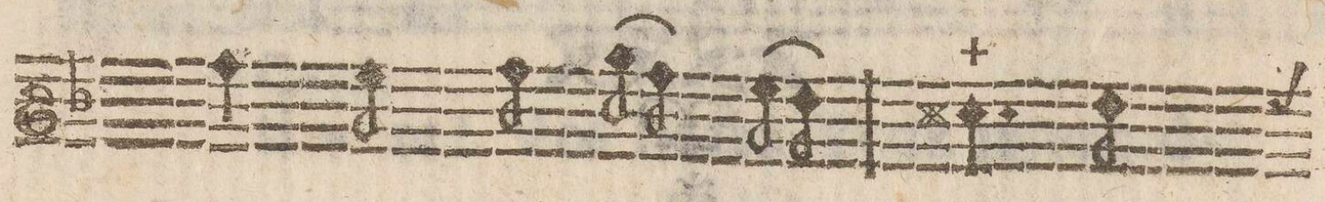
Pour vos beaux Yeux, ai-
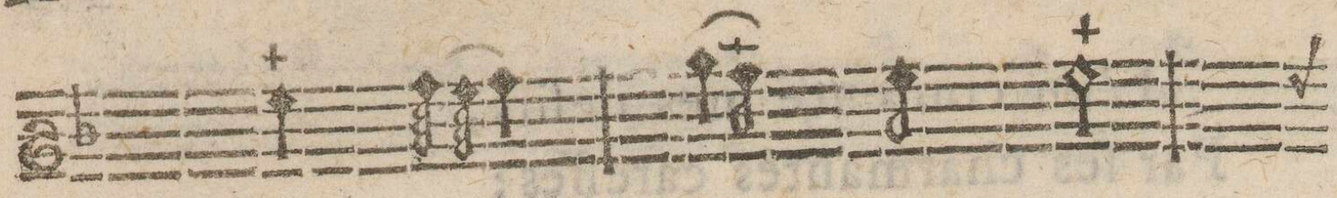


ma-ble I - ris, Je souf-fre



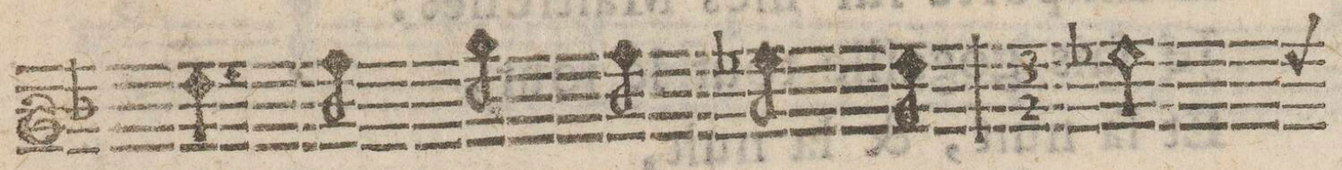
le Mar- ti - re; Mais les A-
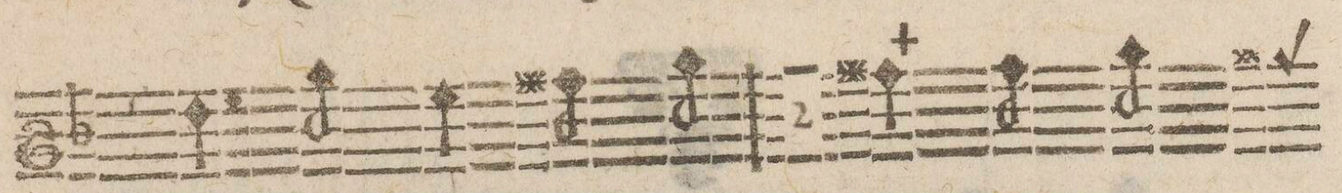


mours, les Jeux, & les Ris, Me



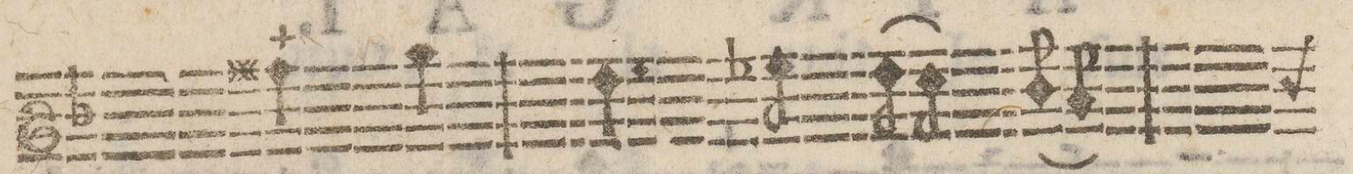
for - cent de vous di-



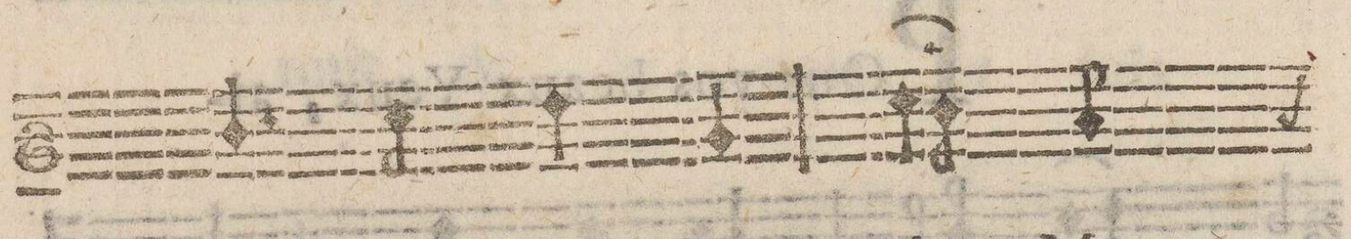
re, Qu'il ne pré - ten- dent pas



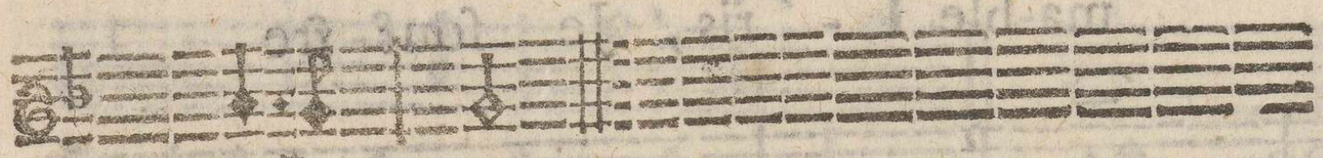
qu'à cré - dit je ſou - pi - re; Pour



vos beaux Yeux, ai - ma-ble I-
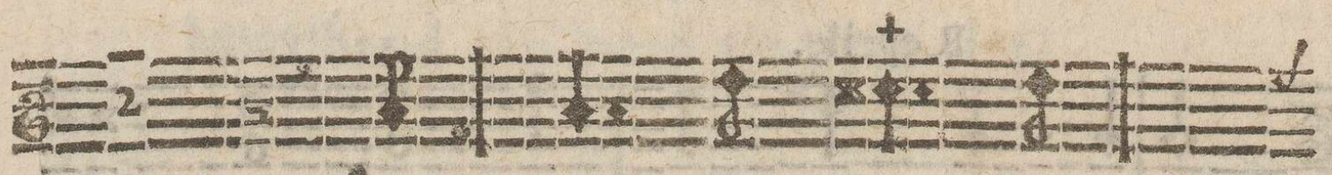


ris, Je ſouf - fre le Mar-
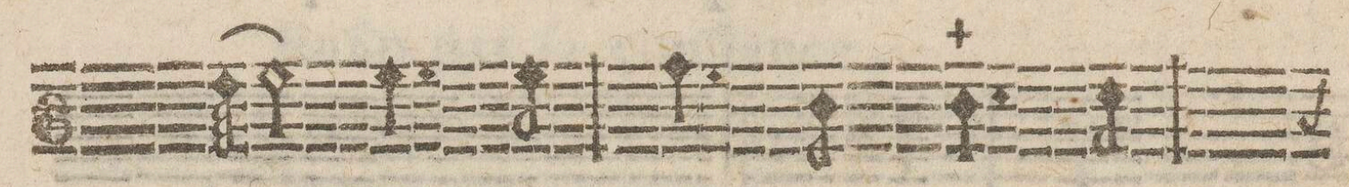


ti - re.

VAU-

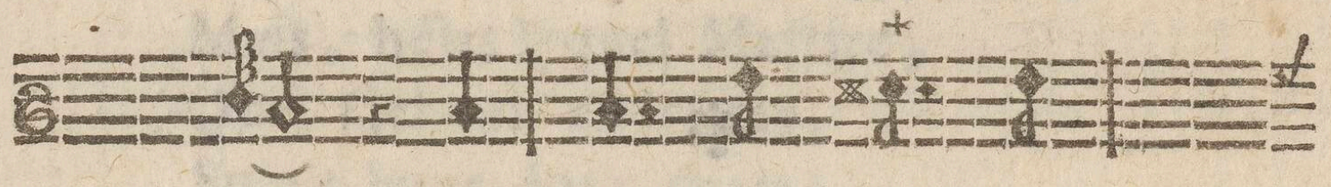
VAUDEVILLE.



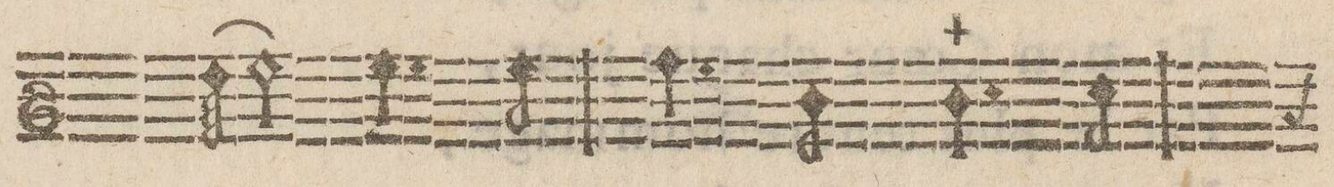
AU bord d'u - ne Fon-



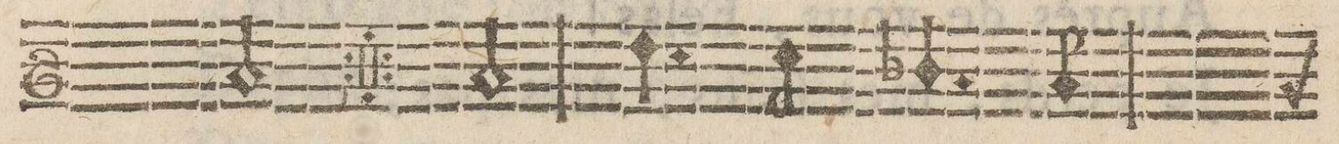
tai - ne, Daph - nis trif - te, & re-
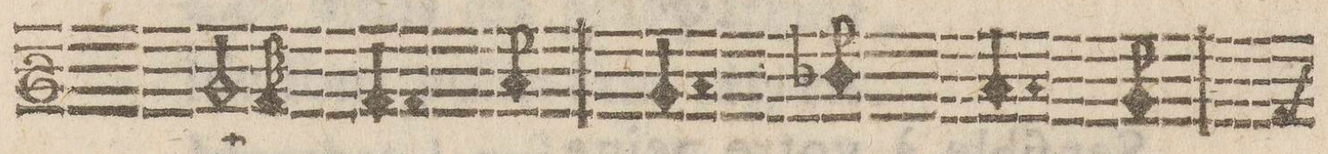


veur, Dit un jour à Cli-



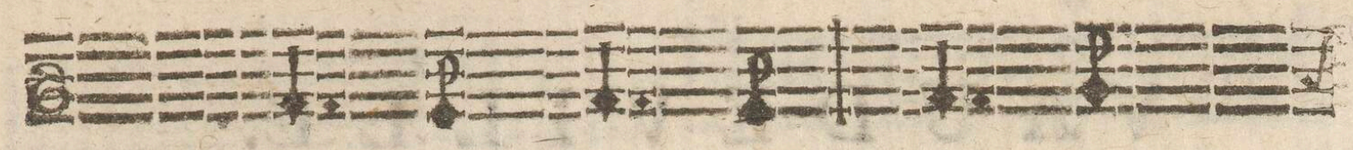
me - ne, D'un ton plein de lan-



gueur: Ciel! quel eſt mon Mar-

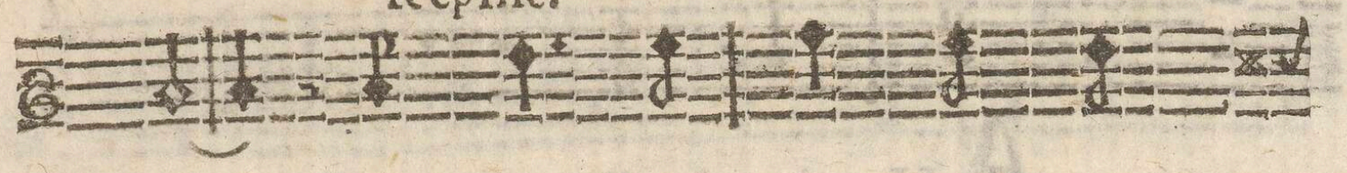


ti - re! Vos beaux Yeux m'ont ô-

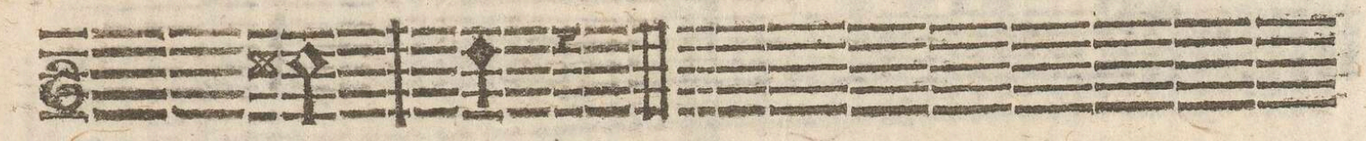


té Mon Cœur, ma Li - ber-

Reprise.



té. Mar-chand qui perd ne peut



ri - re.

Je vous ſers ſans partage,
Et mon Cœur chaque jour,
Par le plus tendre hommage,
Vous prouve ſon Amour;
Mais quel eſt mon Martyre!
Auprès de vous, hélas!
Je perds, mes ſoins, mes pas;
Marchand qui perd ne peut rire.

Senſible à votre peine,
Autant que je le dois,
Je voudrois, dit Climene,
En ſoulager le poids;

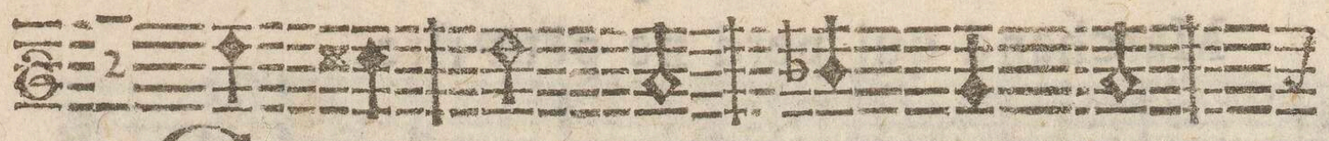
Mais,

Mais, grands Dieux ! quel Martyre,
Si j'allois perdre, hélas !
Ne m'entendez-vous pas ?
Marchand qui perd ne peut rire.

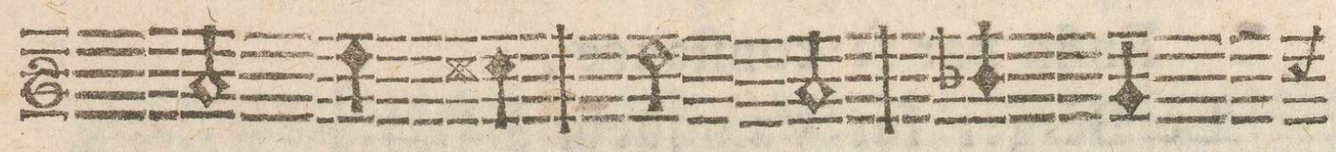
Enfin par ſa conſtance,
Le Berger fut Vainqueur,
Climene ſans défenſe,
Couronna ſon ardeur ;
Mais, hélas ! quel Martire,
Quel fâcheux embarras,
Suivit leurs doux ébats !
Marchand qui perd ne peut rire.

Par des larmes, la Belle,
Témoigne ſon Souci,
Daphnis ſi plein de zèle,
Devint morne, & tranſi ;
Amour, ſous ton Empire,
Les biens les plus parfaits,
Ne ſont point ſans regrets.
Marchand qui perd ne peut rire.
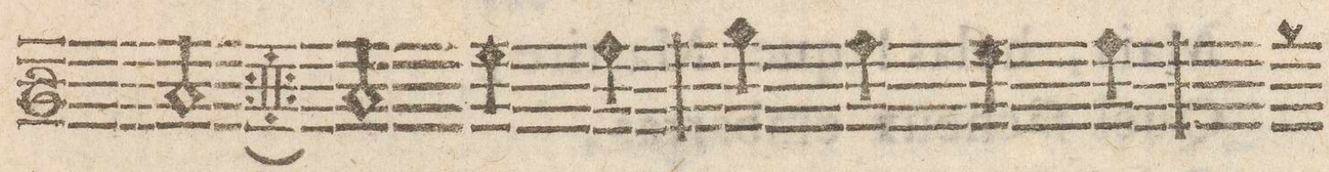
RONDE DE TABLE.



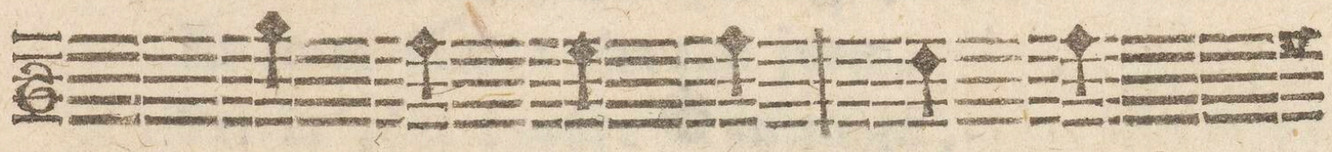
CA-the-ri-ne s'eſt coef-fé-
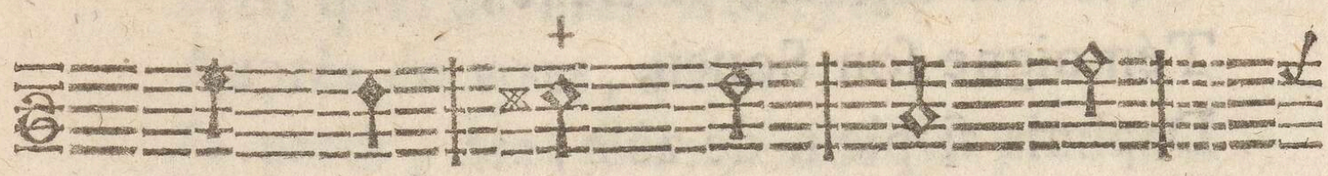


e, De ſix Bou-teil-les de



Vin: Vin: El-le en eſt au lit ma-



la-de, Il lui faut le



Me-de-cin, Tin tin tin



tin re lin tin tin.

Elle

Elle en eſt au lit malade,
Il lui faut le Médecin;
Le Médecin la viſite;
Lui a défendu le Vin.
Tin tin tin tin re lin tin tin.
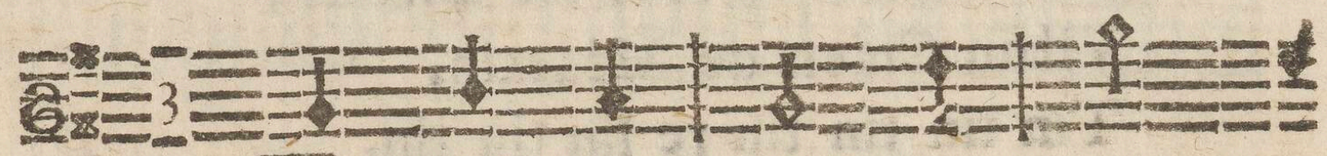
Le Medecin la viſite,
Lui a défendu le Vin;
Oh! va t'en à tous les Diables;
Vilain Chien de Médecin.
Tin tin tin tin re lin tin tin.

Oh! va-t'en à tous les Diables,
Vilain Chien de Médecin;
Si je meurs que l'on m'enterre,
Dans la Cave où eſt le Vin.
Tin tin tin tin re lin tin tin.
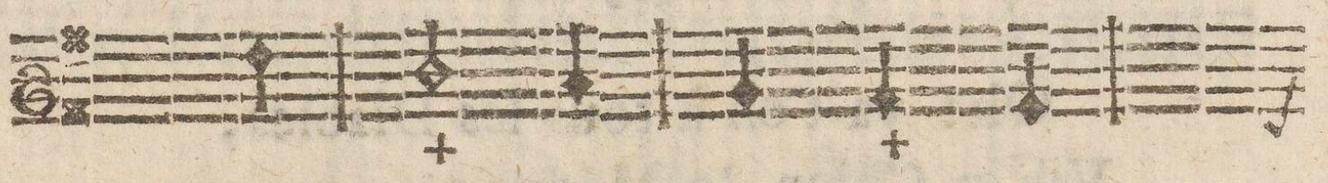
Si je meurs que l'on m'enterre,
Dans la Cave où eſt le Vin;
Les pieds contre la muraille,
La tête ſous le Robin.
Tin tin tin tin re lin tin tin.

Les pieds contre la muraille,
La tête ſous le robin;
On dira que Catherine,
A fait une bonne fin.
Tin tin tin tin re lin tin tin.

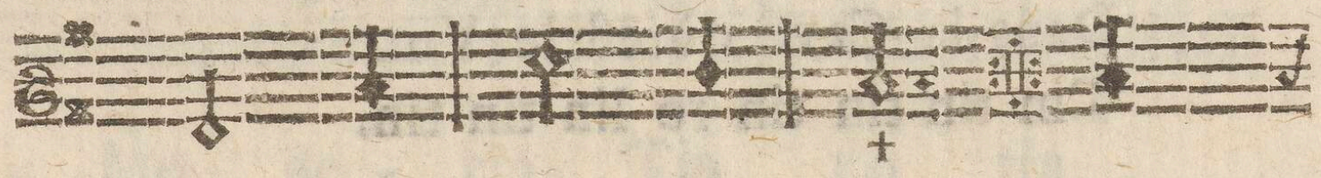
MENUET.



EN vous voy - ant vui - der



le Ver - re, L'A-mour eſt

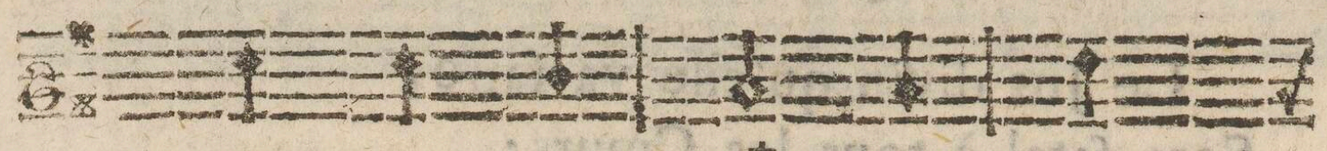


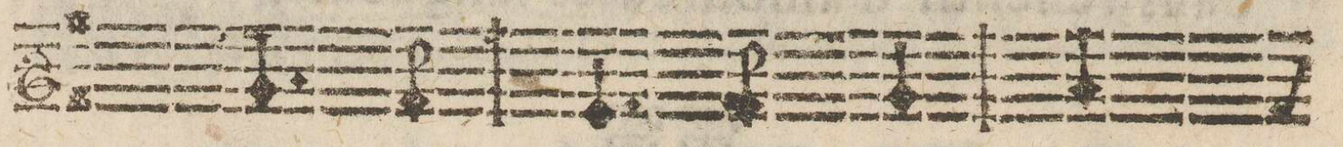
de - ve - nu Bu - veur: Et

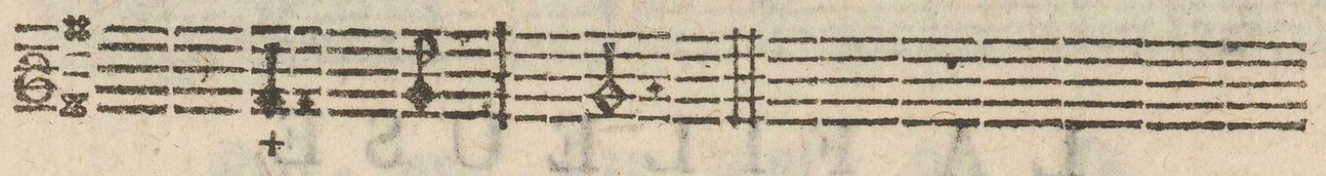


Ba - chus a - mou - reux ne ſon-

geant





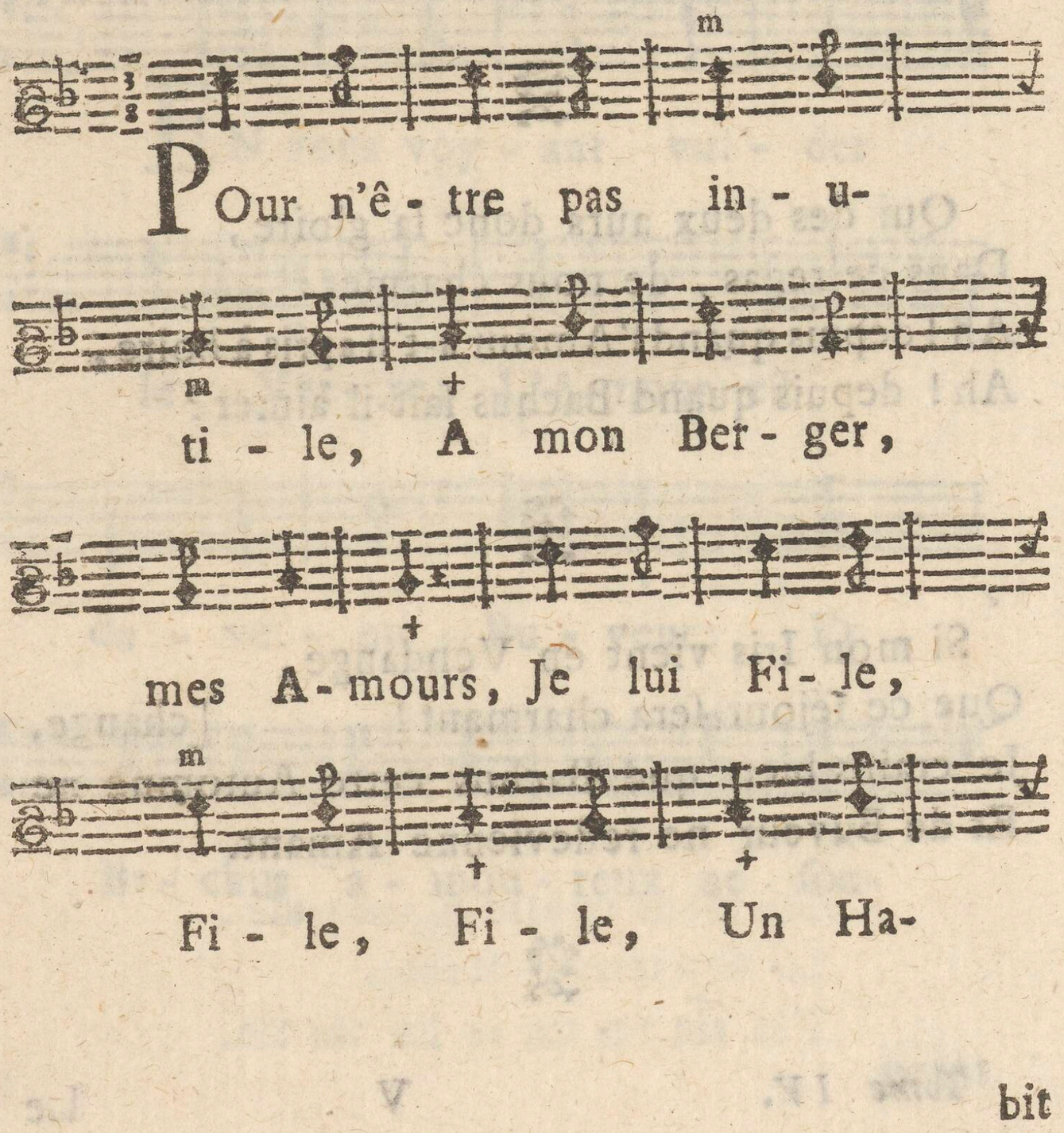


Qui des deux aura donc la gloire,
Dans ce repas, de nous charmer:
Ah! depuis quand l'Amour a-t'il apris à boire,
Ah! depuis quand Bachus ſait-il aimer?

Si mon Iris vient en Vendange,
Que ce ſéjour ſera charmant! [change,
Je crains bien que Bachus cette Automne ne
Et de Buveur ne redevienne Amant.

Le Jus divin qu'elle va faire,
Sera fatal à tous les Cœurs:
Un Buveur ne pourra jamais vuider ſon Verre,
Sans reſſentir d'amoureuſes langueurs.

LA FILEUSE.
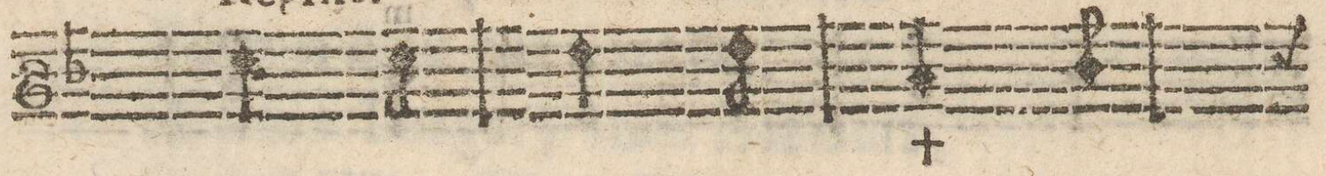


bit



bit pour tous les jours.

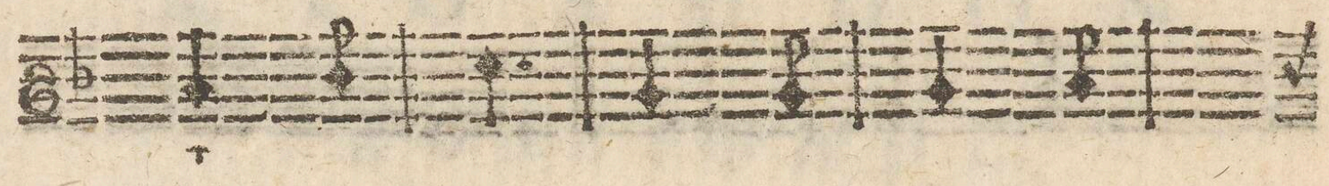
Repriſe.



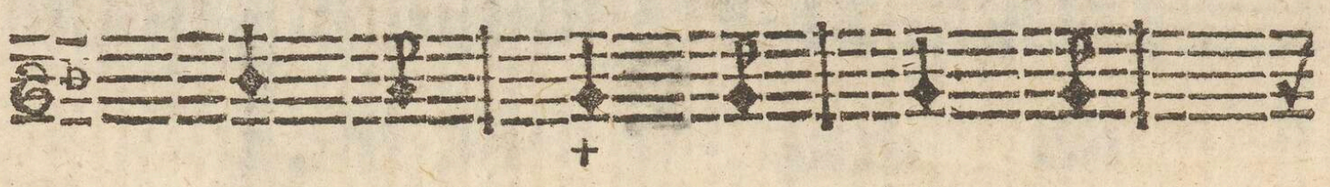
Dans le Val - lon dans la



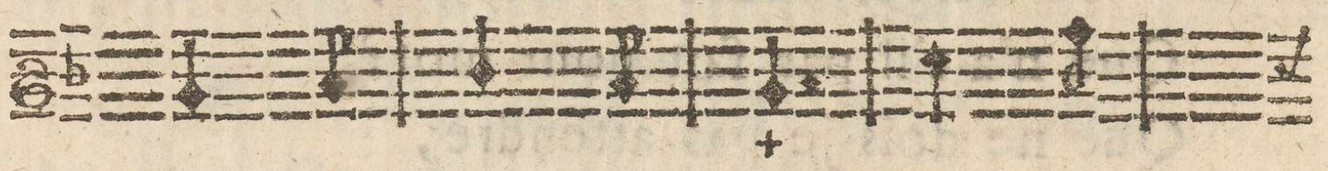
Plai - ne, Par tout où va



mon Trou-peau, Je por - te tou-
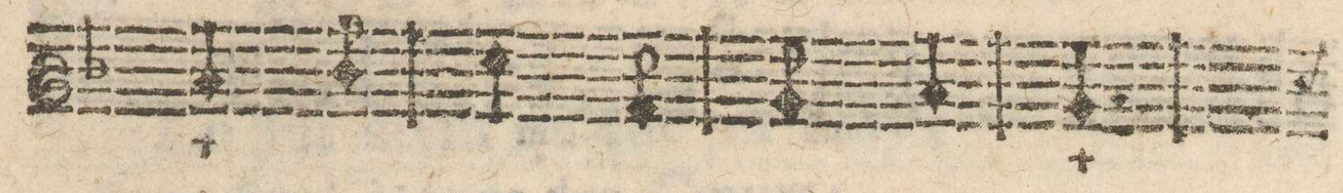


jours ma Lai - ne, Ma Que-



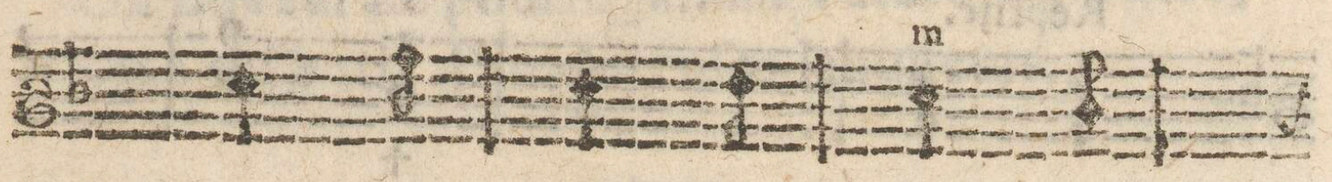
nouille, & mon Fu - ſeau. Pour n'ê-
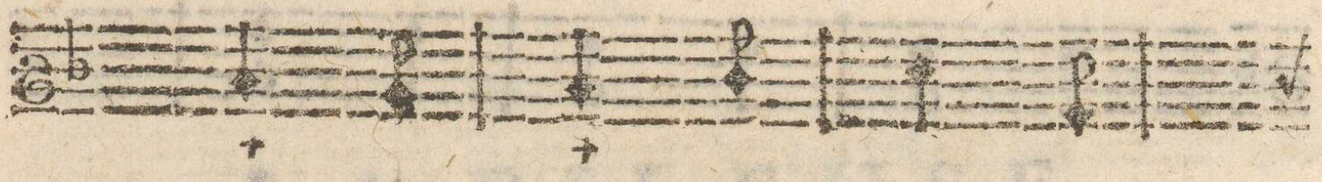


tre pas in - u - ti - le,
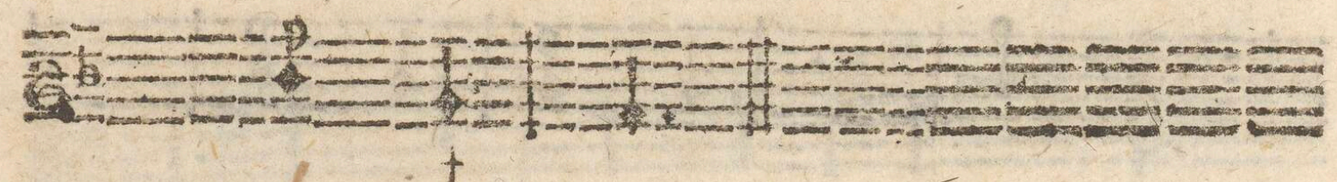


A mon Ber - ger, mes A - mours,



Je lui Fi - le, Fi - le,



Fi - le, Un Ha - bit pour



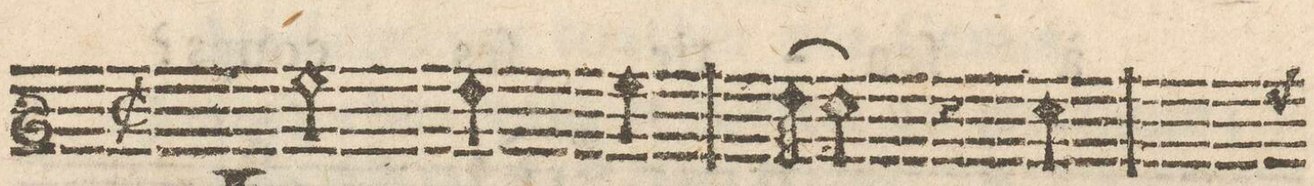
tous les jours.

Ce Berger fidelle & tendre,
Que n'a-t'il pas fait pour moi?
Que ne dois-je pas attendre,
De ſon Cœur, & de ſa Foi?
Pour n'être pas inutile,
A mon Berger, mes Amours,
Je lui File, File, File,
Un Habit pour tous les jours.

Il attache à ma Houlette,
Un beau Ruban tous les jours;
Et jamais ſur ſa Muſette,
Ne chante que nos Amours.
Pour n'être pas inutile,
A mon Berger, mes Amours,
Je lui File, File, File,
Un Habit pour tons les jours.
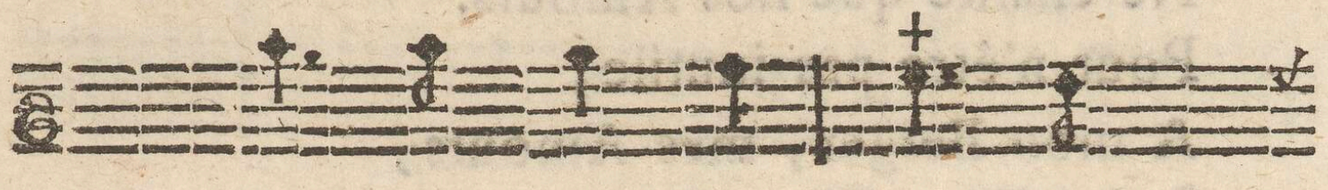
RIGAUDON.

ROSSIGNOL.
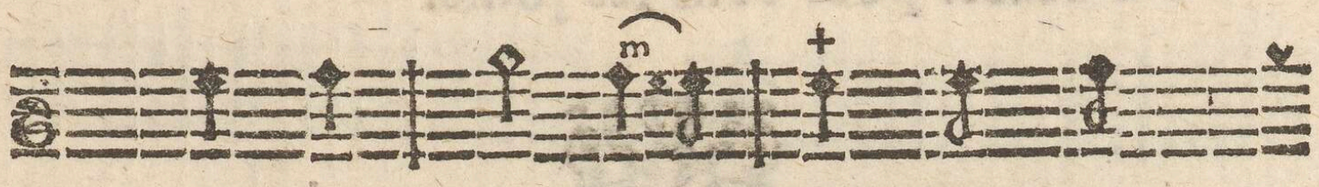




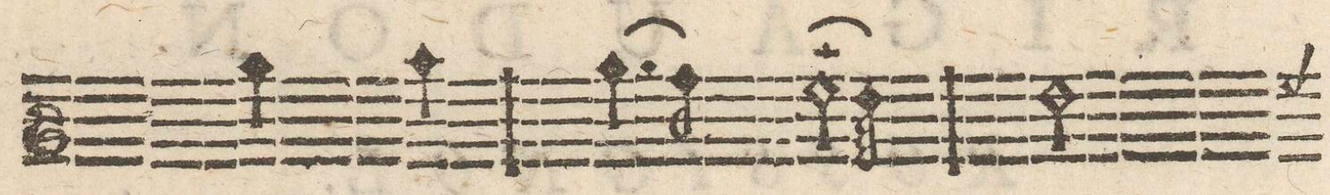
Si ces Oi - ſeaux, Cé-



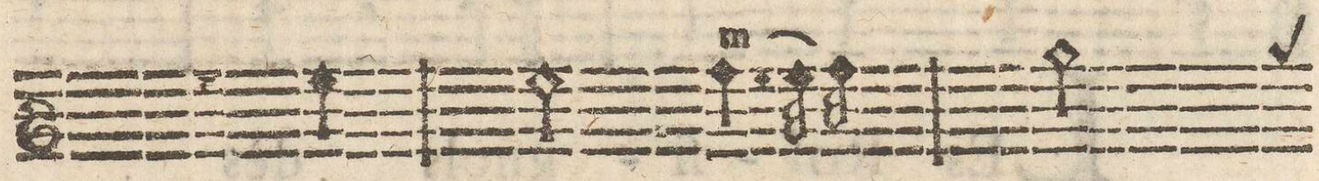
dent à ſa puiſ - ſan - ce,



Quel mal fai - ſons - nous d'ai - mer



à ſen - tir ſes coups?



Si leur in - ſtinct
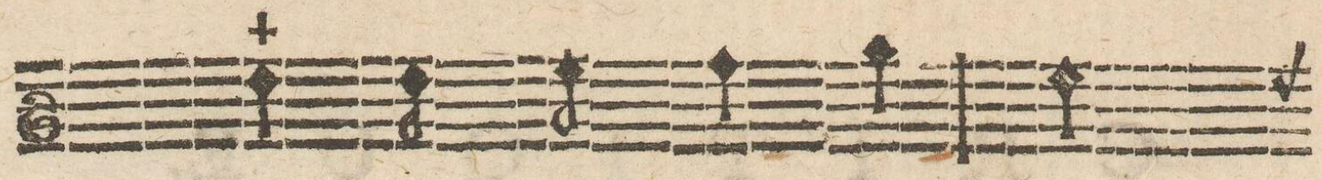


eſt rem - pli d'in - no-



cen - ce, Quel mal fai - ſons-

nous,





Heureux Troupeaux, paiſſez ſur la Verdure,
Pour vous l'Amour n'a jamais de rigueurs:
Vous n'avez point de Loix, que la Nature,
Les Biens, les Grandeurs,
Ne ſauroient toucher vos Cœurs.
Jamais chez vous la Raiſon ne murmure;
Les Biens, les Grandeurs,
Ne valent pas vos douceurs.
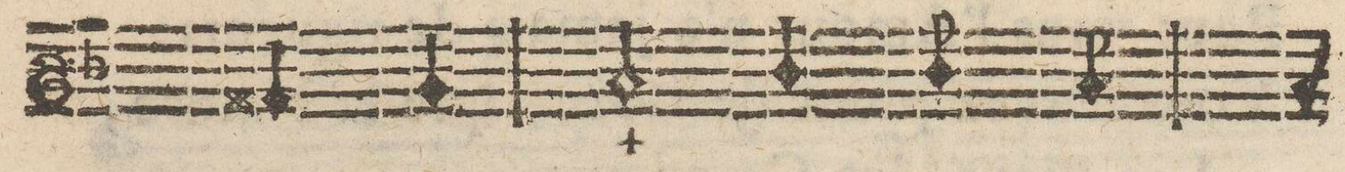
CRITIQUE.



UN Voy- a- geur qui court le



Mon- de, Eſt un peu foi- ble



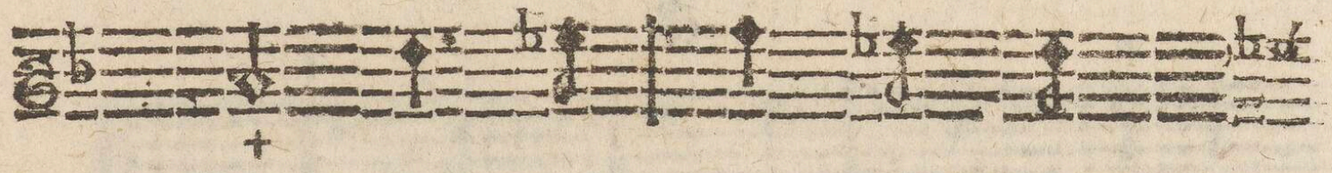
de cer - veau, S'il croit dans



la Ma - chi - ne ron - de,
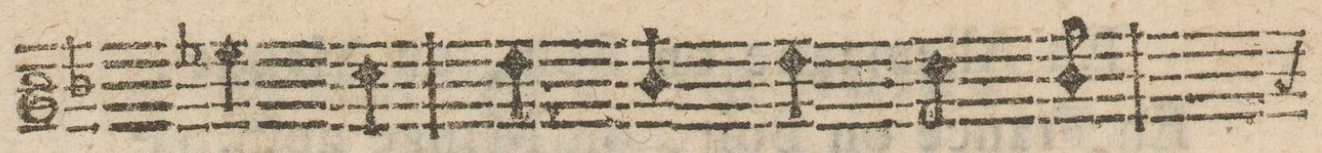


Voir quel- que cho - ſe de nou-

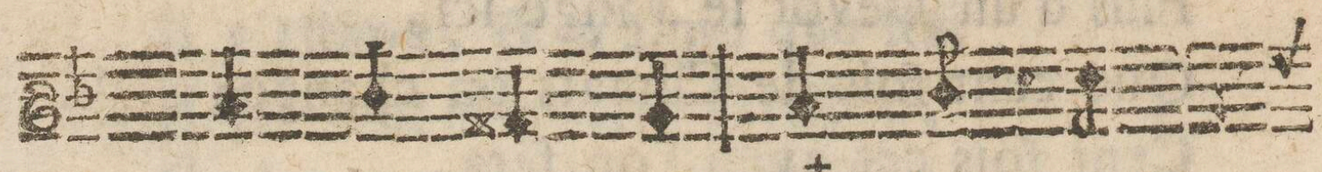


veau, Qu'il par - cou - re la

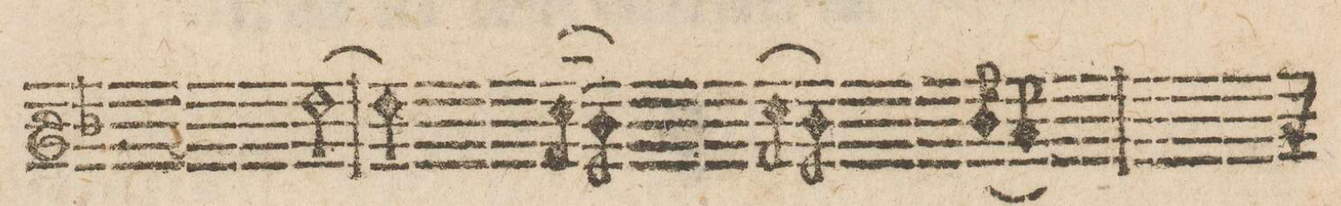
Terre,



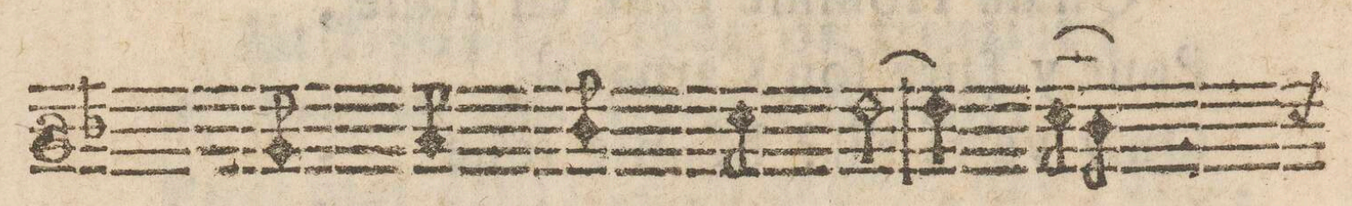
Ter-re, & l'On-de, A-près mil-



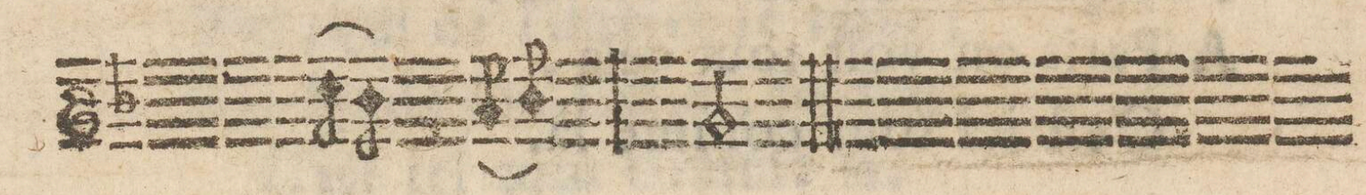
le tours, il di-ra, C'eſt i-



ci tout com-me



là, Et c'eſt i-ci tout



com-me là.

Que verra-t'il en Angleterre?
De jeúnes Gens, Fous du Plaiſir;
Entre Hommes Faits, chicane & guerre,
Nul Vieillard qui veüille mourir.
L'Homme eſt Homme par toute Terre,
Valons-nous mieux qu'en Canada?
C'eſt ici tout comme là.

En

En Allemagne on Boit, on Mange,
En France on Boit, on Mange auſſi.
A Lisbonne un Dévot ſe vange,
Plus d'un Dévot ſe vange ici,
Que cent fois de Climats on change;
Cent fois cet aveu l'on fera,
C'eſt ici tout comme là.

Qu'un Homme paſſe en Italie,
Pour y faire ſon Carnaval,
Qu'y verra-t'il? Mainte folie,
Jeux, Feſtins, Maſcarade, & Bal:
Pourquoi ſortir de ſa Patrie?
A Paris on voit tout cela,
C'eſt ici tout comme là.

On voit dans la Nouvelle Eſpagne,
L'Héritier d'un riche Commis,
Au Cortège qui l'accompagne,
Paſſer pour Baron, ou Marquis.
De ce beau Païs de Cocagne,
Qu'on vienne en France on s'écrira,
C'eſt ici tout comme là.
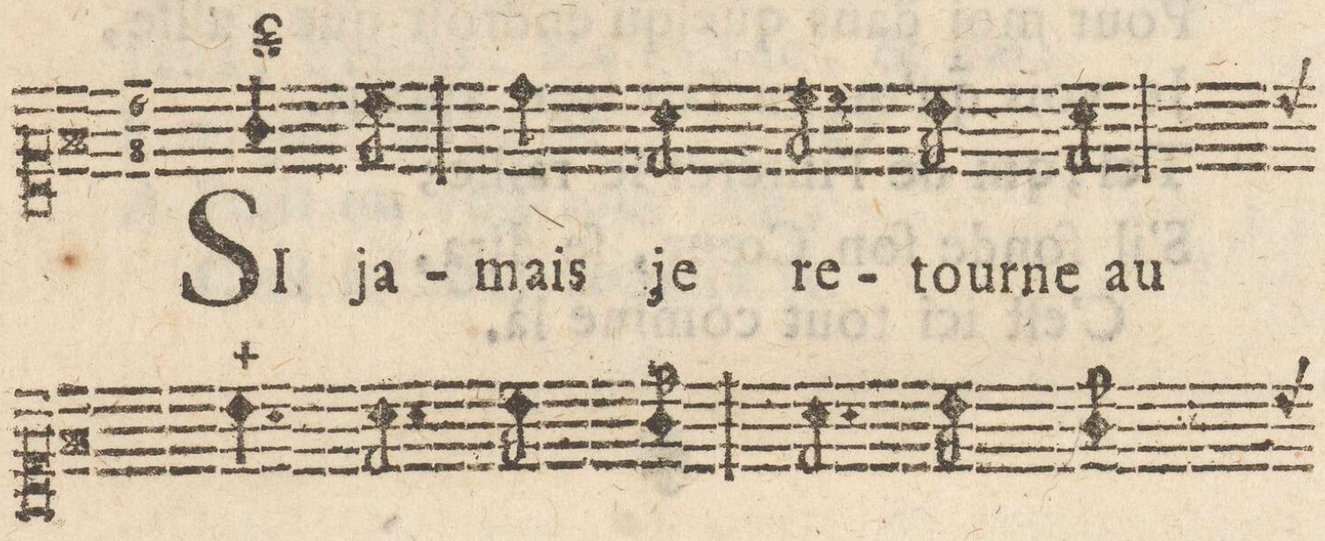
En tout Païs le Petit-Maitre,
Du ſeul Caprice ſuit la Loi,
Et faute de ſe bien connoitre,
Il n'eſtime, & n'aime que ſoi.
A la Cour il pourra paroître,
De ſes grands airs, on y Rira,
C'eſt ici tout comme là.
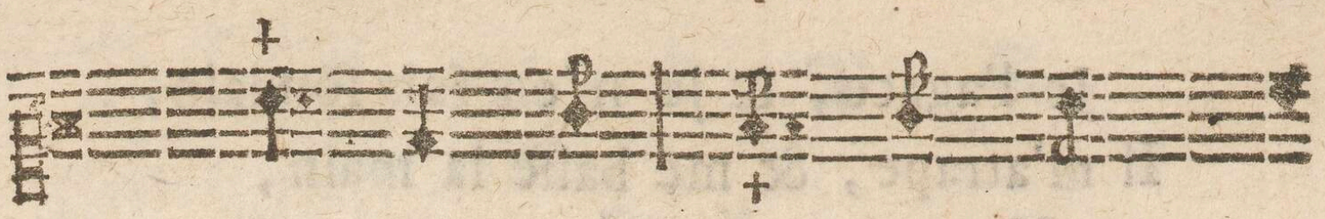
Au Perou ſans ceſſe on travaille,
A chercher des Mines d'Argent,
Pour moi dans quelqu'endroit que j'aille,
Je vois qu'on en fait tout autant.
Tel, qui de l'intérêt ſe raille;
S'il ſonde ſon Cœur, ſe dira,
C'eſt ici tout comme là.

Si l'Inde Adore les Pagodes,
On en Adore bien 'ailleurs:
Pourquoi tant de Fard, tant de Modes,
On cherche des Adorateurs.
Sans courir juſqu'aux Antipodes,
Mainte, & mainte Idole on verra,
C'eſt ici tout comme là.

C'eſt donc follement qu'on s'engage,
Dans des Voyages dangereux,
Puiſqu'on n'en revient ni plus Sage,
Ni plus Savant, ni plus Heureux:
Qu'on raproche Uſage d'Uſage,
A ce Refrain l'on ſe tiendra,
C'eſt ici tout comme là.

CHANSON A DANSER.

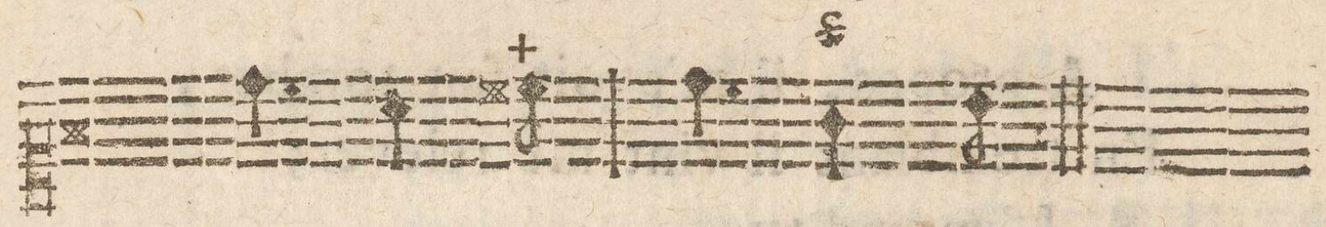




pirs, D'un re - gard il fait



tous ſes Plai - ſirs, Qu'il eſt



lent, Cet A - mant. Si ja-, &c.

En diſant, je vous donne mon Cœur,
Ses Yeux ſont tout remplis de frayeur;
Haye donc,
Gros Garçon.
Si jamais, &c.

Quand je ſuis ſeulette quelquefois,
Il me fait Compliment ſur ma Voix;
L'entends-tu,
Malotru?
Si jamais, &c.

Je l'agace, & je m'en fuis ſoudain,
Il m'atrape, & me baiſe la main,
Haye donc,
Gros Garçon.
Si jamais, &c.

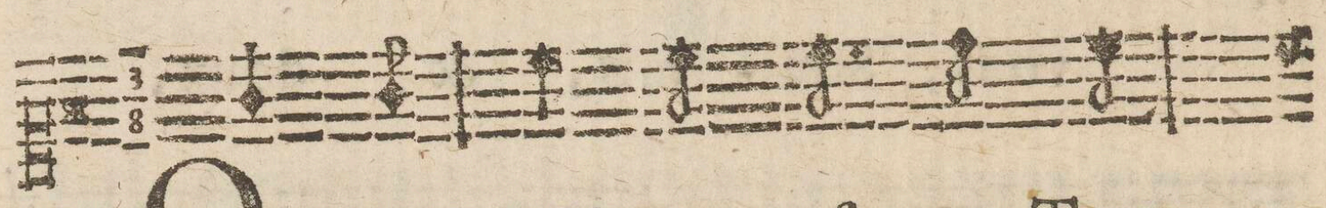
A propos, il m'avoit fait tomber,
En tremblant il vint me relever;
L'entend-tu,
Malotru?
Si jamais, &c.

Jeune Fille, avant vous engager,
Eſſayez quel eſt votre Berger;
Haye donc,
Gros Garçon.
Si jamais, &c.

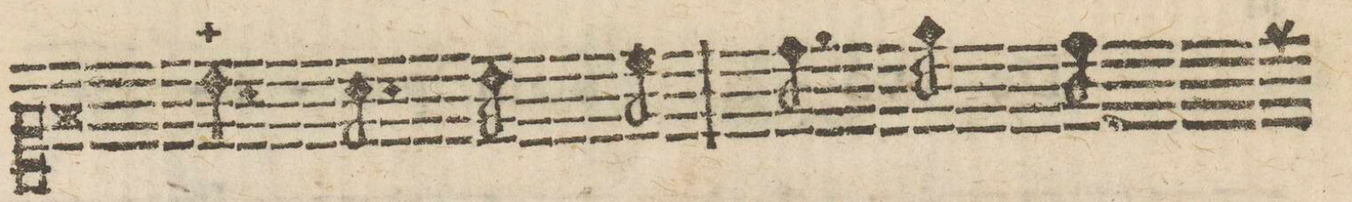
De ſe plaindre alors qu'il entreprend,
L'Echo, ne lui repete que: prend;
L'Entend-tu,
Malotru?
Si jamais, &c.

SUITE
DE
CONTREDANSES PARODIÉES.
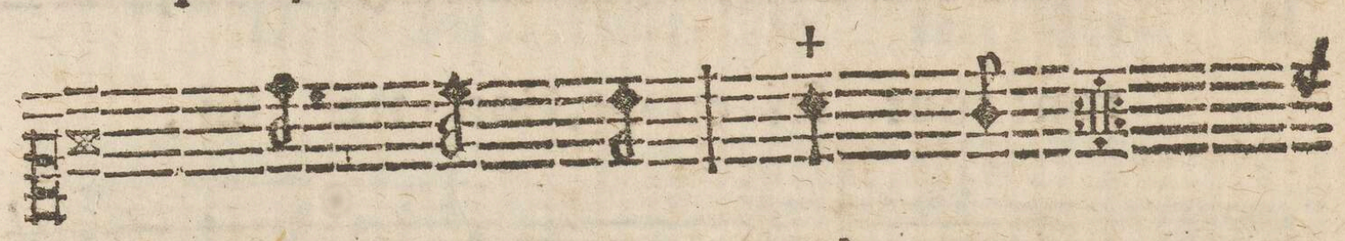
L'INSULAIRE.



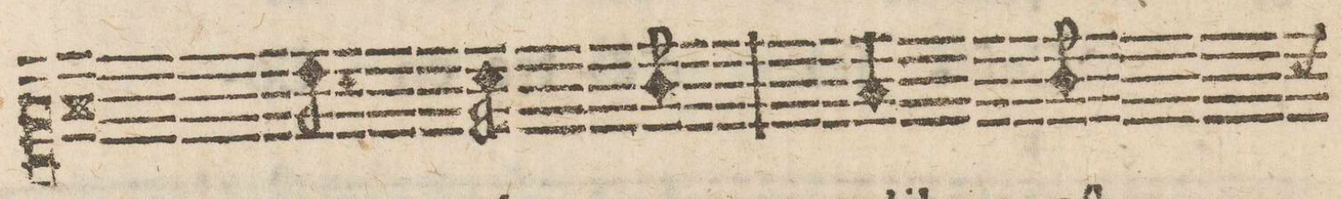
ON dit qu'Amour eſt un Trom-



peur, Bel - le Phi - lis, on ne



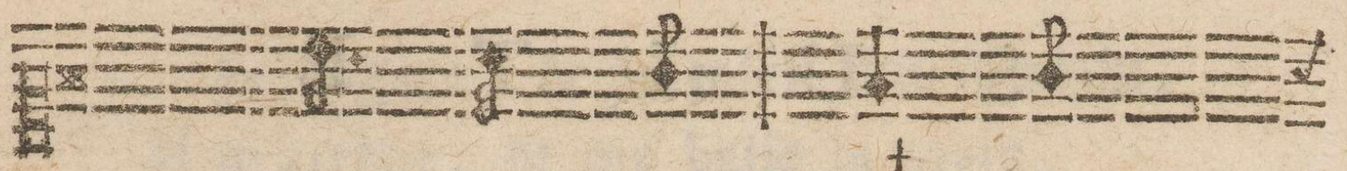
le con - noît guè - re:



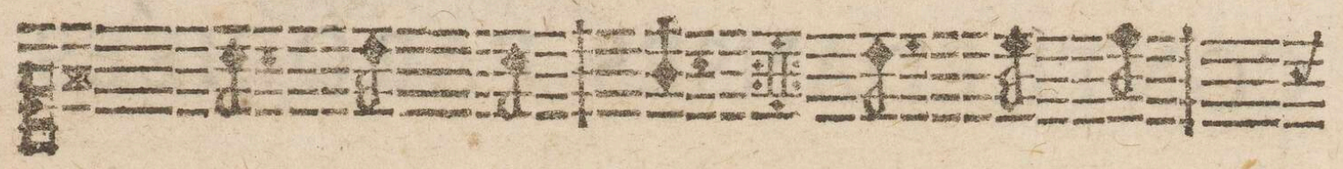
Je ré - pons qu'il eſt
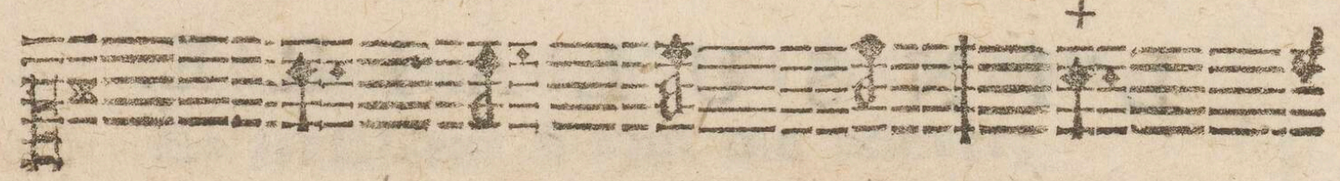


ten - dre & ſin - cè - re,
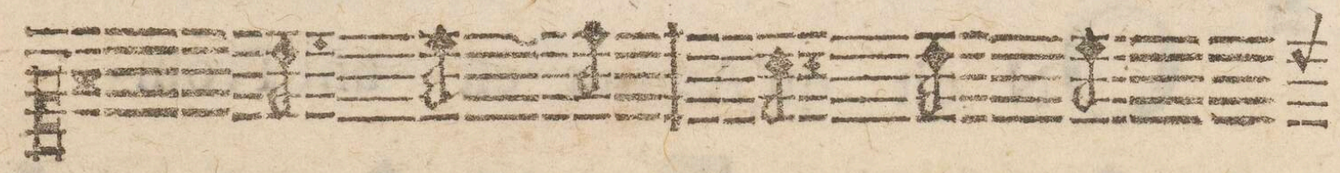


C'eſt un En - fant qui
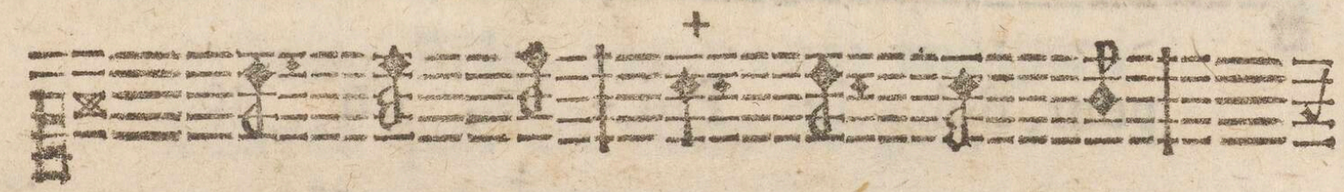


lo-ge en mon Cœur. Au-près de



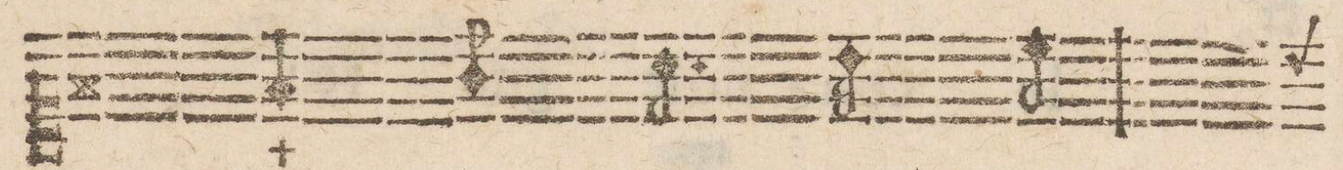
vous, Sou - mis, & doux,



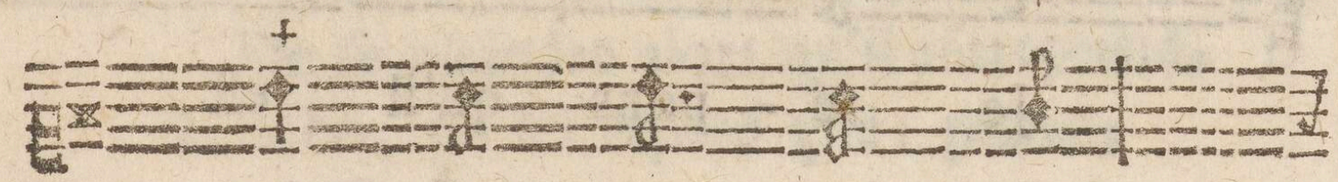
De vô - tre main par - ti-



ront tous ſes coups, Con - tre lui,
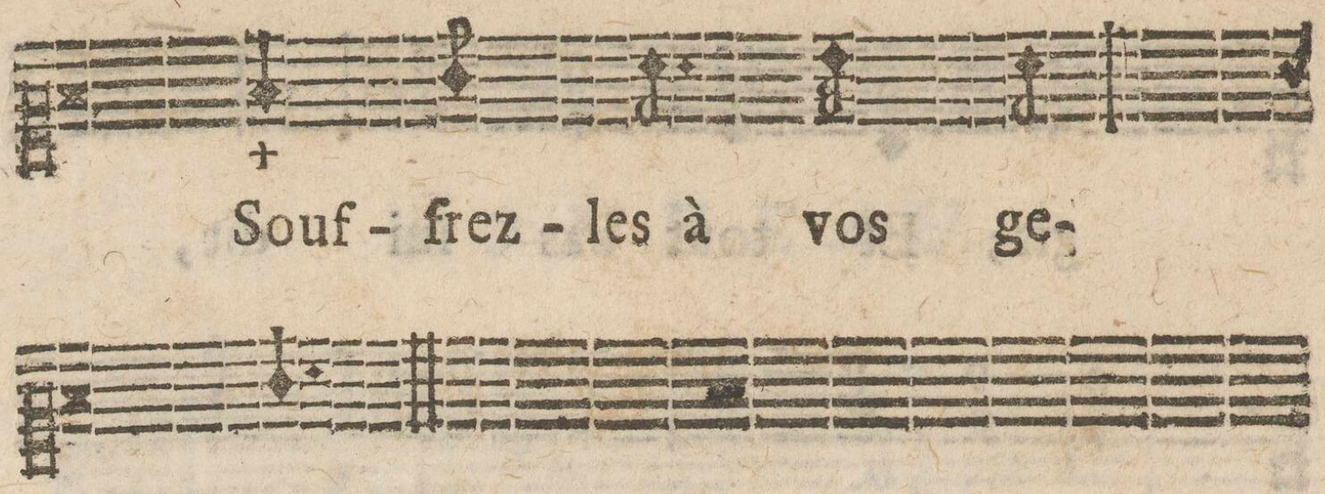


Ceſ - ſez d'ê - tre en Co-



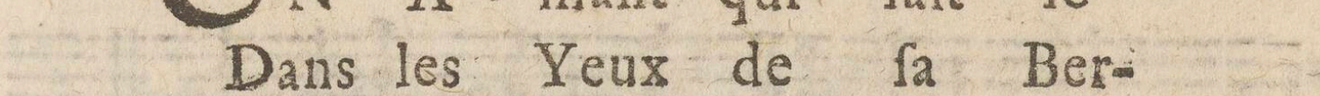
le - re: Ah du moins

BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH

Souf-

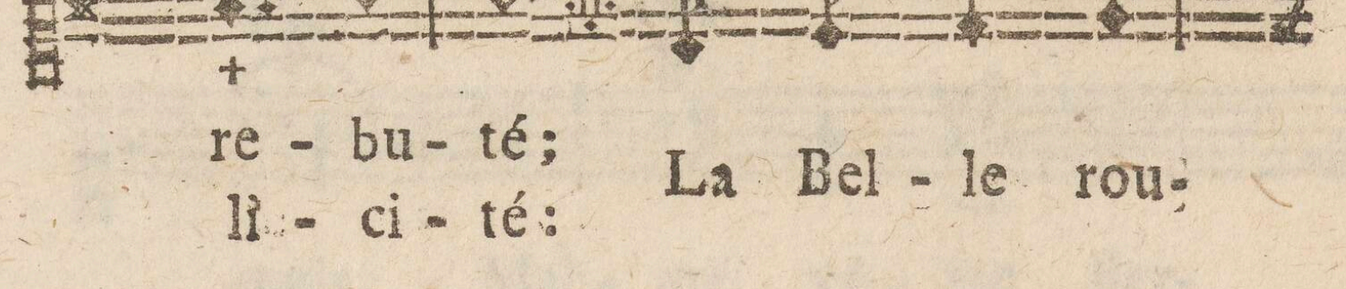


Souf - frez - les à vos ge-



noux.

LE COTTILLON DE SURESNE.



UN A - mant qui fait ſe
Dans les Yeux de ſa Ber-



tai - re, Ra - re - ment eſt
gè - re, Il voit ſa fé-
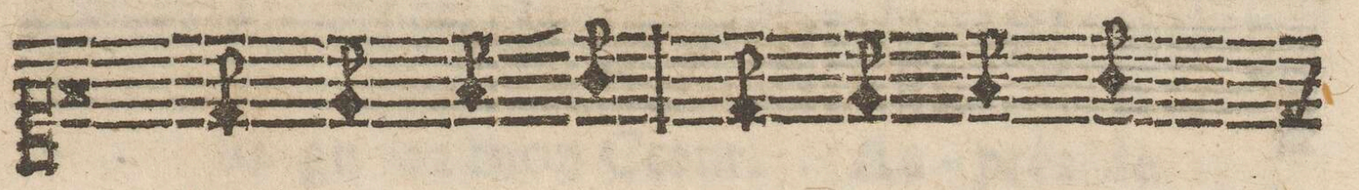


re - bu - té;
lî - ci - té:
La Bel - le rou-
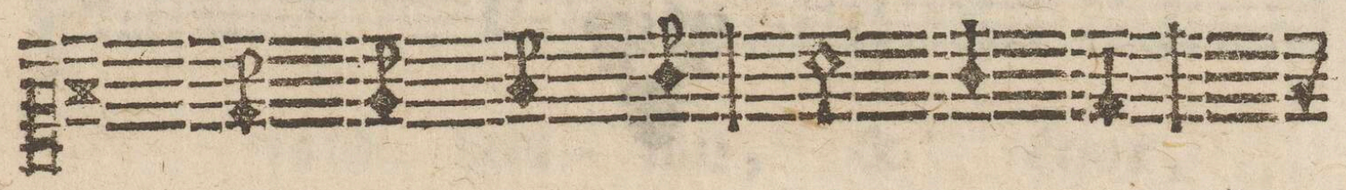
Souf-
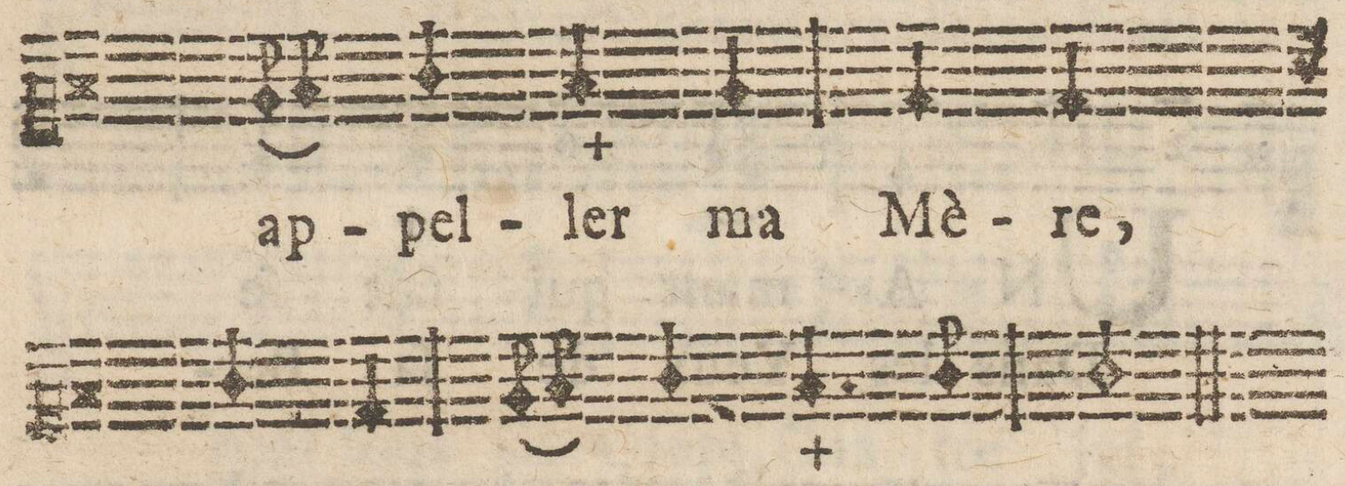


git; Et tout bas lui dit,



Ar - rê. tez-vous donc, vi - lain Fri-



pon, Mé - chant Gar - çon, Je vais



ap - pel - ler ma Mè - re,
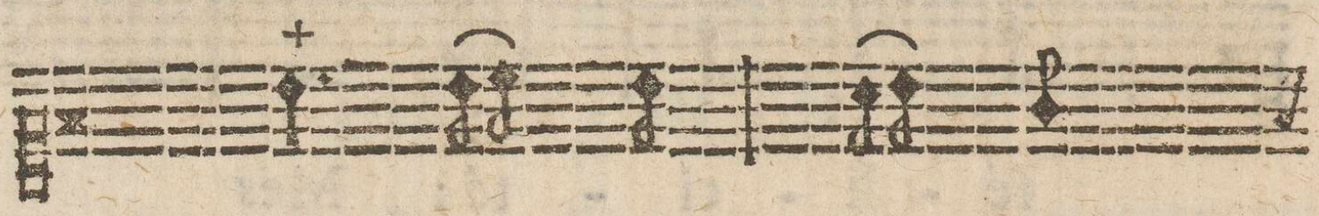
Pour vous gron-der tout de bon.

LA BADINE.

RONDEAU.
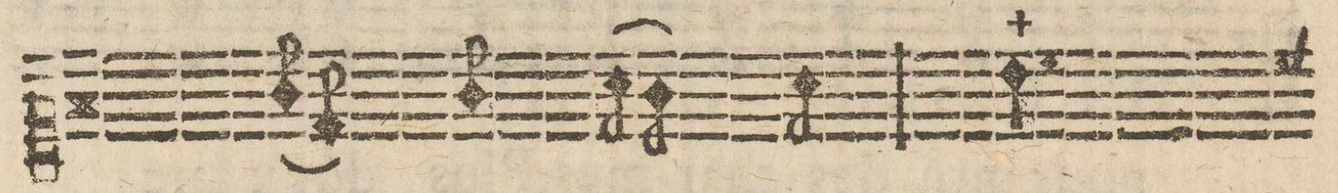


L'A- mour bril - le en ces



Lieux, Son Tri - om-phe eſt
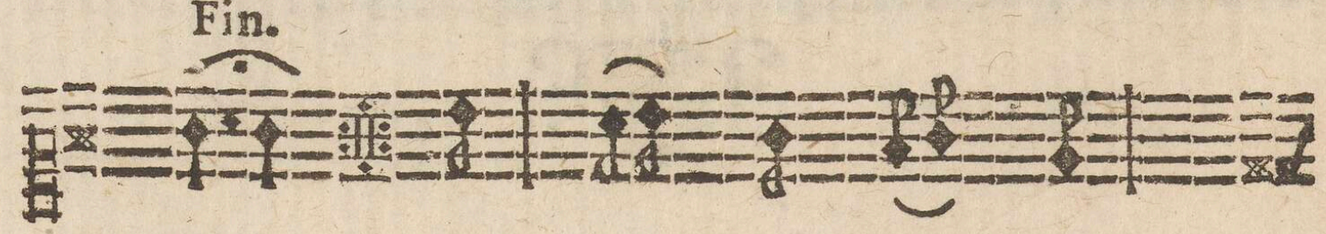


ſûr dans vos beaux Yeux; C'eſt



là que ſont les traits,
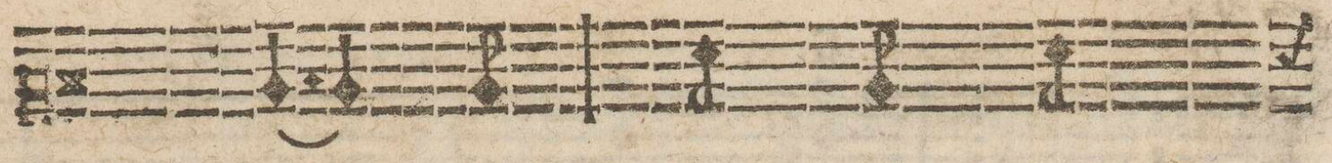


Dont il nous bleſ- ſe à ja-
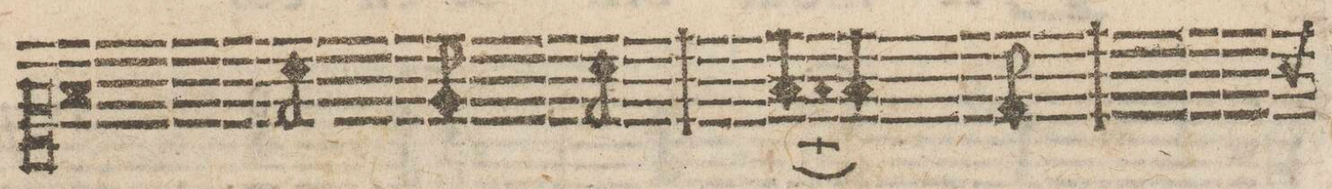


mais; Mal - gré vô - tre fier-
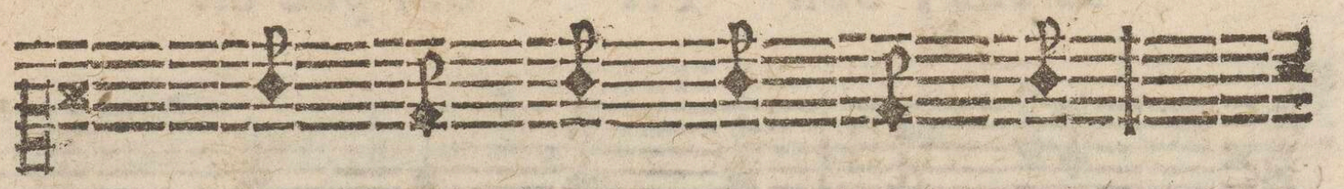


té, Dans ma Cap- ti - vi-



té, Je trou - ve ma



fé - li - ci - té; Mes



Sou- pirs, mes Lar- mes, Ont
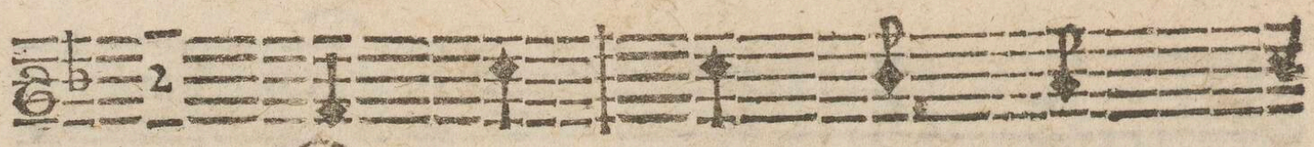


pour moi des char-mes, Plus doux que

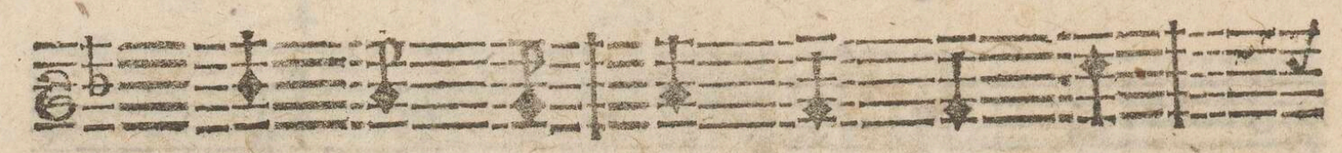
ma Li - ber - té. L'A-, &c.



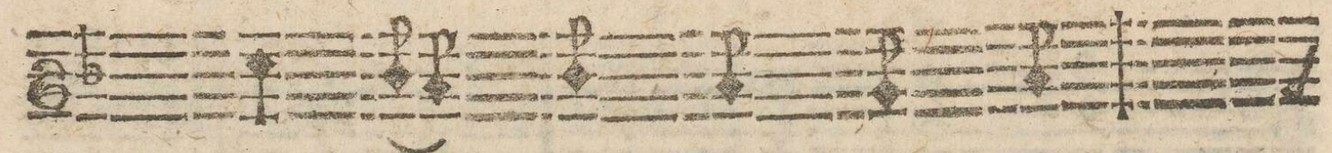
LE COTTILLON DE VERSAILLES.



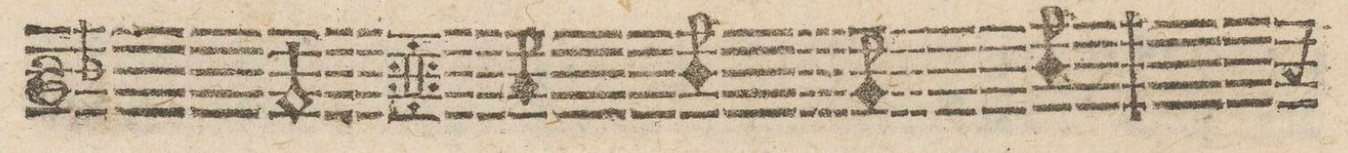
Si ja - mais je ſuis



plus gran - de - let - te, De - vi-



nez tout ce que je fe-
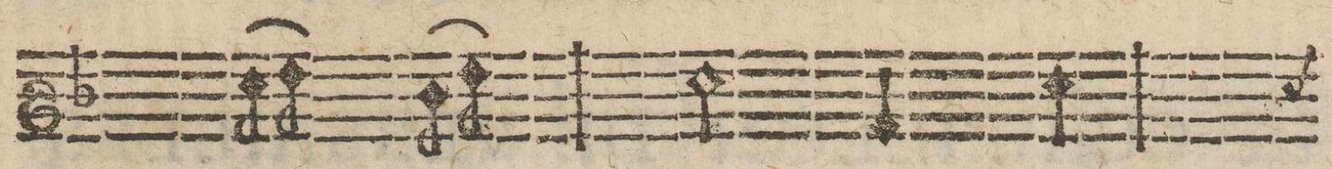


rai : Sur la ten - dre Her-

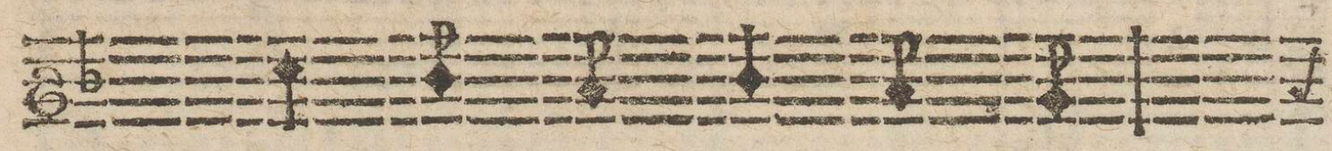


bet - te, Te - nant ma Hou-

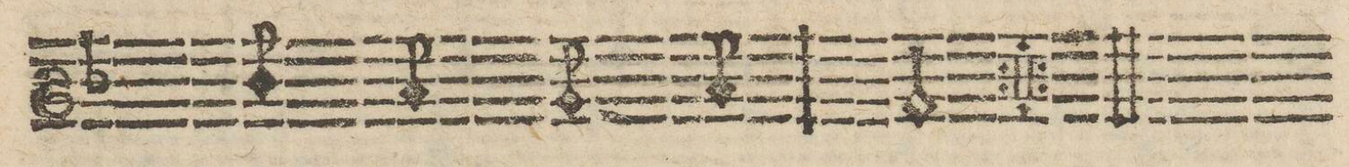


let - te, A mon Ber - ger,


je di - rai, Voi - tu


bien qu'i - ci je ſuis ſeu-


let - te, Point de bruit, ou


bien je m'en i - rai.
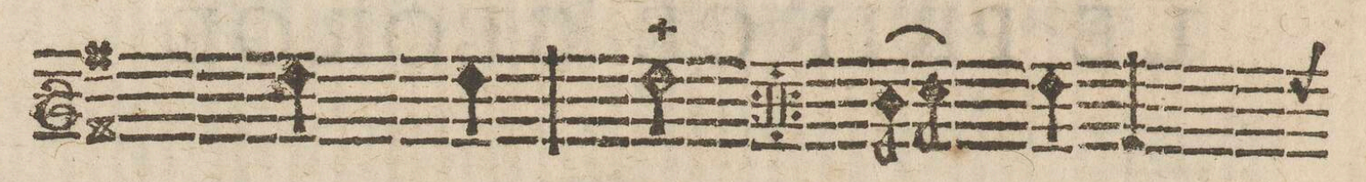
LA NIAISE.



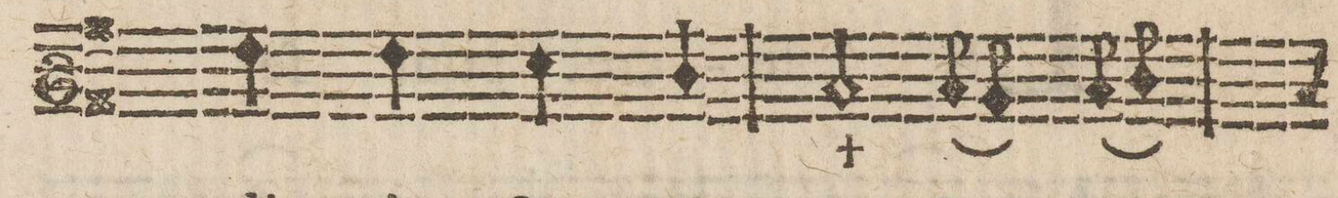
LE Jeu de l'Eſ- car- po-



let- te, De tous eſt le
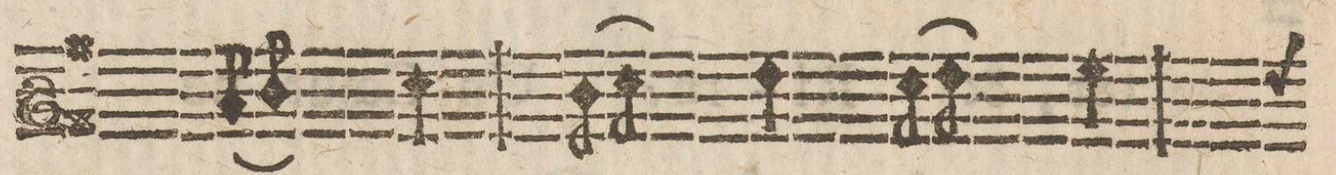


plus char- mant; Mar- got
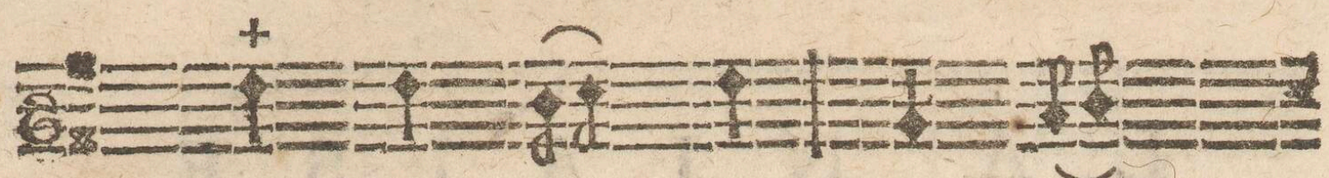


dit à ſon A- mant, Pouſ- ſe



moi com- me le Vent;



Si je tom- be à la ren-
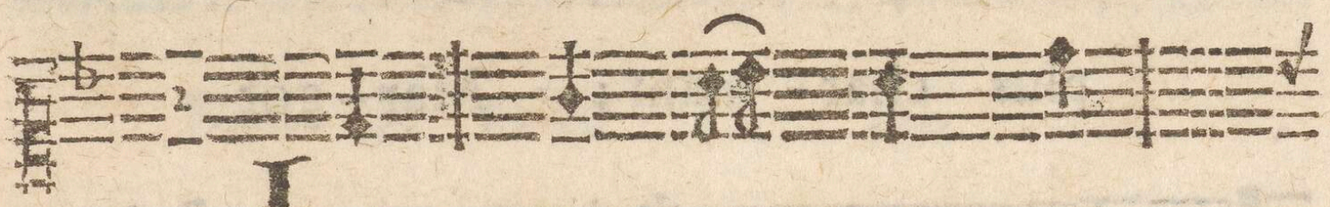


ver - ſe, Ma - man en a

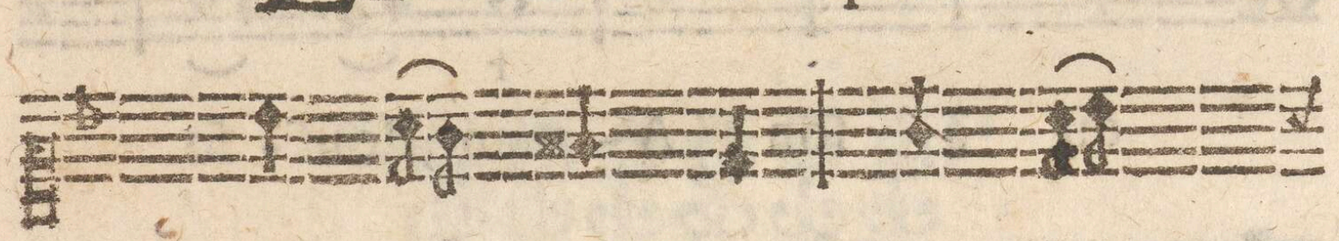


fait au - tant.
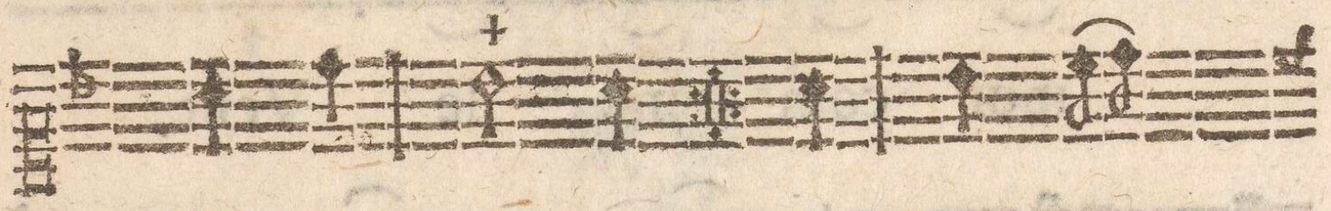
LE PRINCE GEORGE.



LE ſe - cret pour ſe



fai - re ai - mer, C'eſt de Chan-
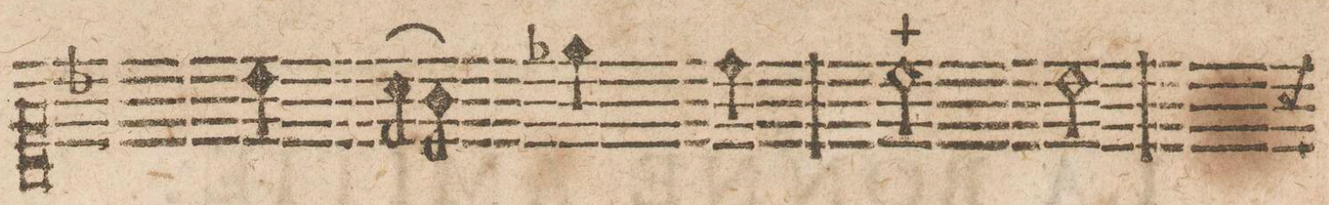


ter, & Ri - re: Un Cœur ne



veut pas s'en - flâ - mer, Pour
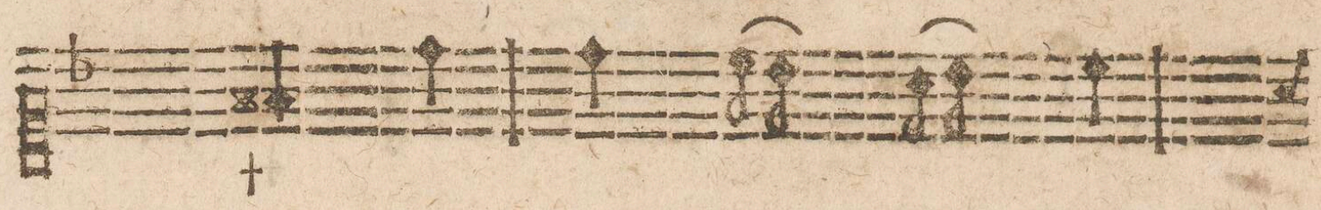
ſouf-



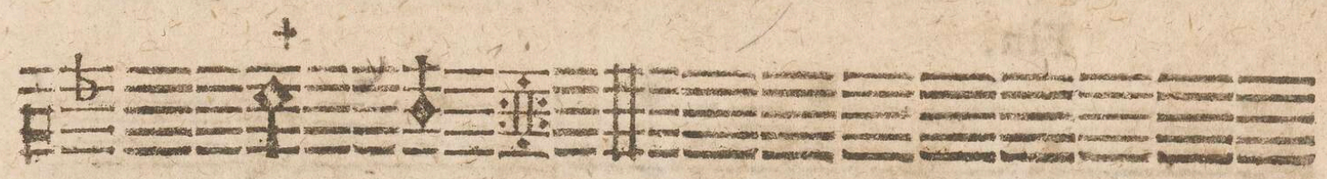
ſouf- frir le Mar - ti - re,



Ra - re - ment l'heu - re du Ber-
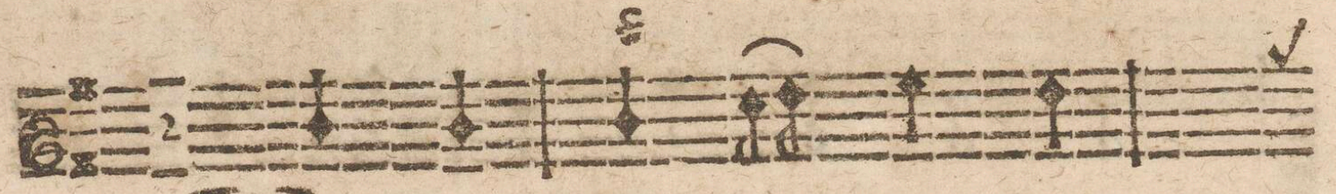


ger, Son - ne, quand il ſou-
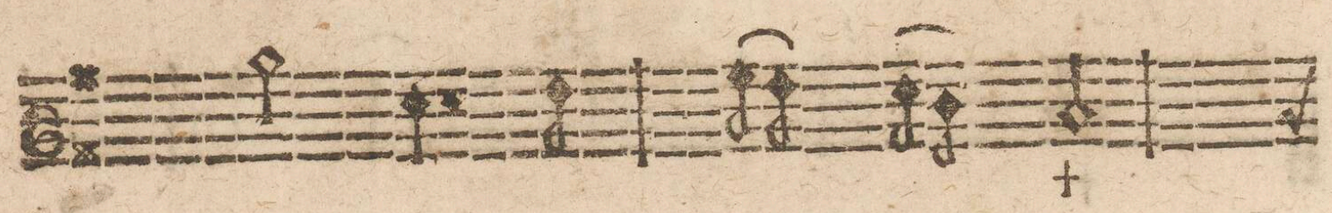


pi - re.

LA BONNE AMITIE.



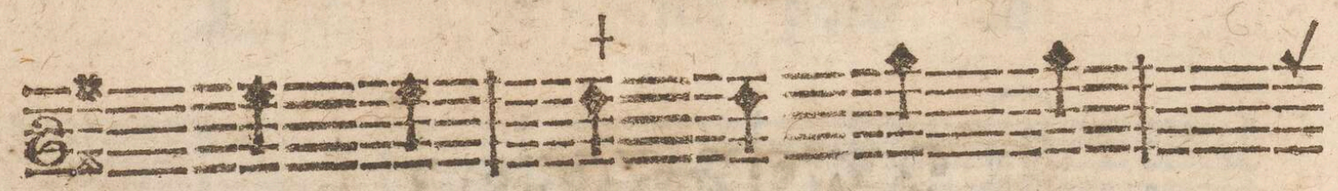
UN ſeul re- gard de vos
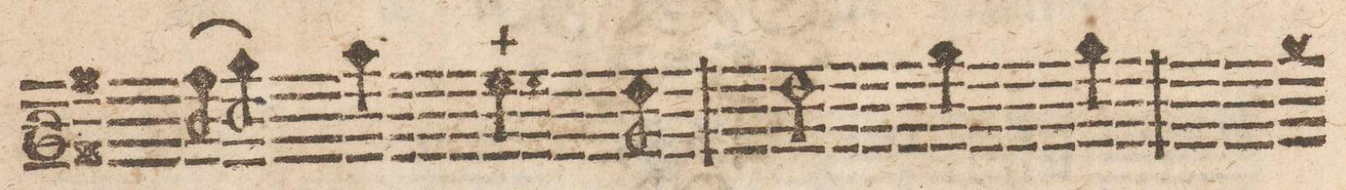


Yeux, Eſt un Bien ſu - prê-



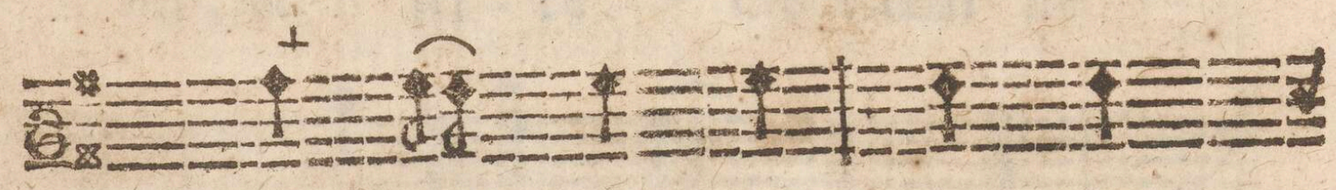
me: Sans vous ma pei-



ne eſt ex - trê - me, Mon Cœur
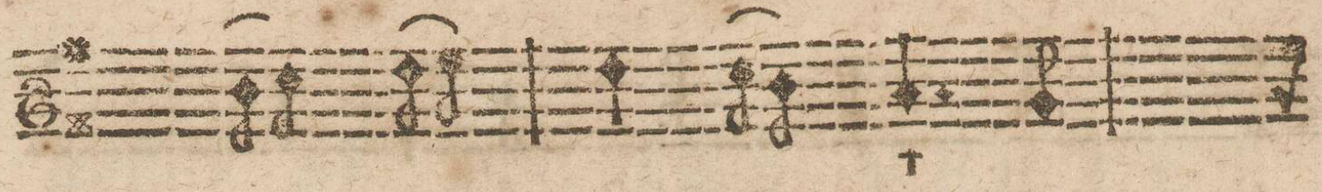


vous cherche en tous lieux; Tout Dieu
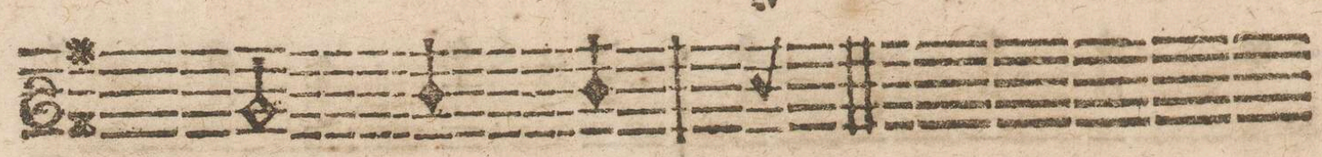


qu'il eſt l'A - mour mê - me,

Bru-

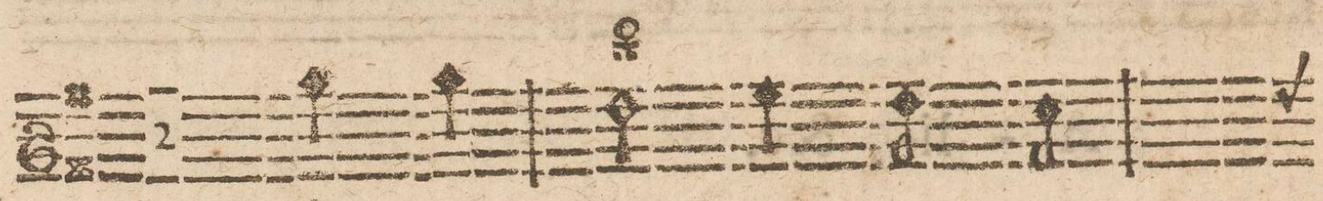


Bru - le - roit de moins de

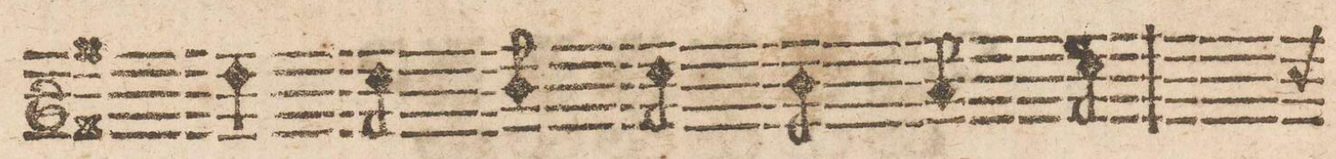


feux. Un ſeul, &c.

LE PETIT COTTILLON.

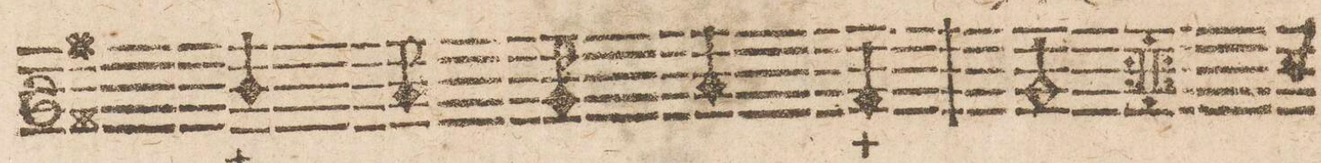


A - Li - ſon, Le Cot - til-

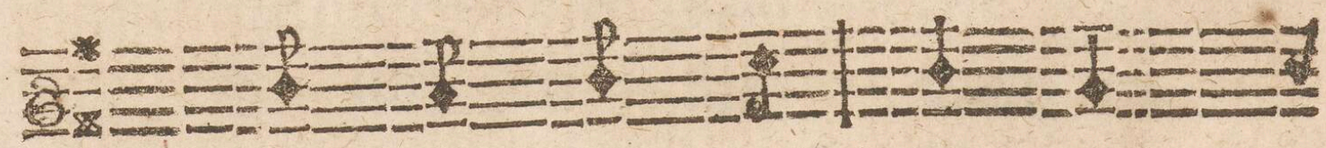


lon, Pour - a - ni - mer ton A-

Fin.



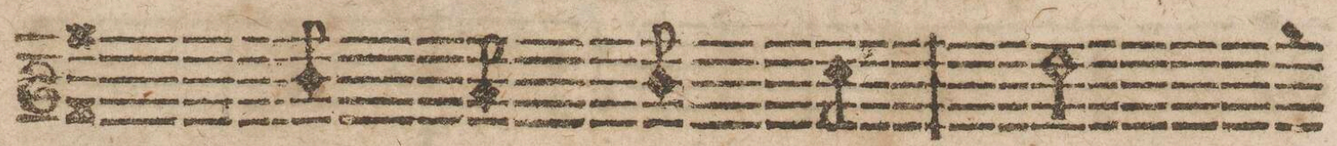
mant, Te ſert d'a - gré - ment:
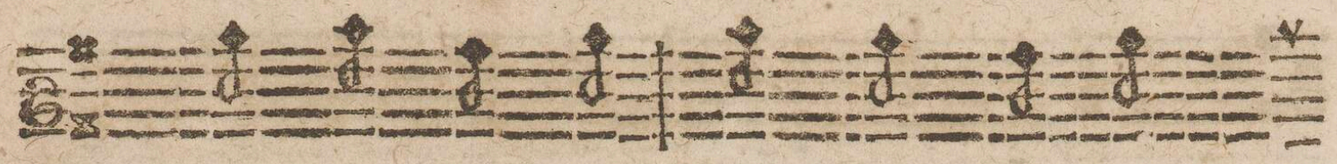


Ta Dan - ſe eſt tou - chan - te,

D'A-

Bru-
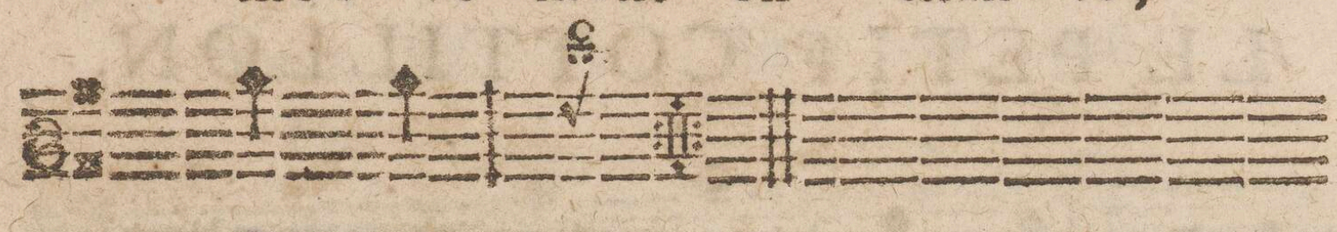


D'A-mour les ap - pas,



Bril-lent dans tes pas, Ton moindre

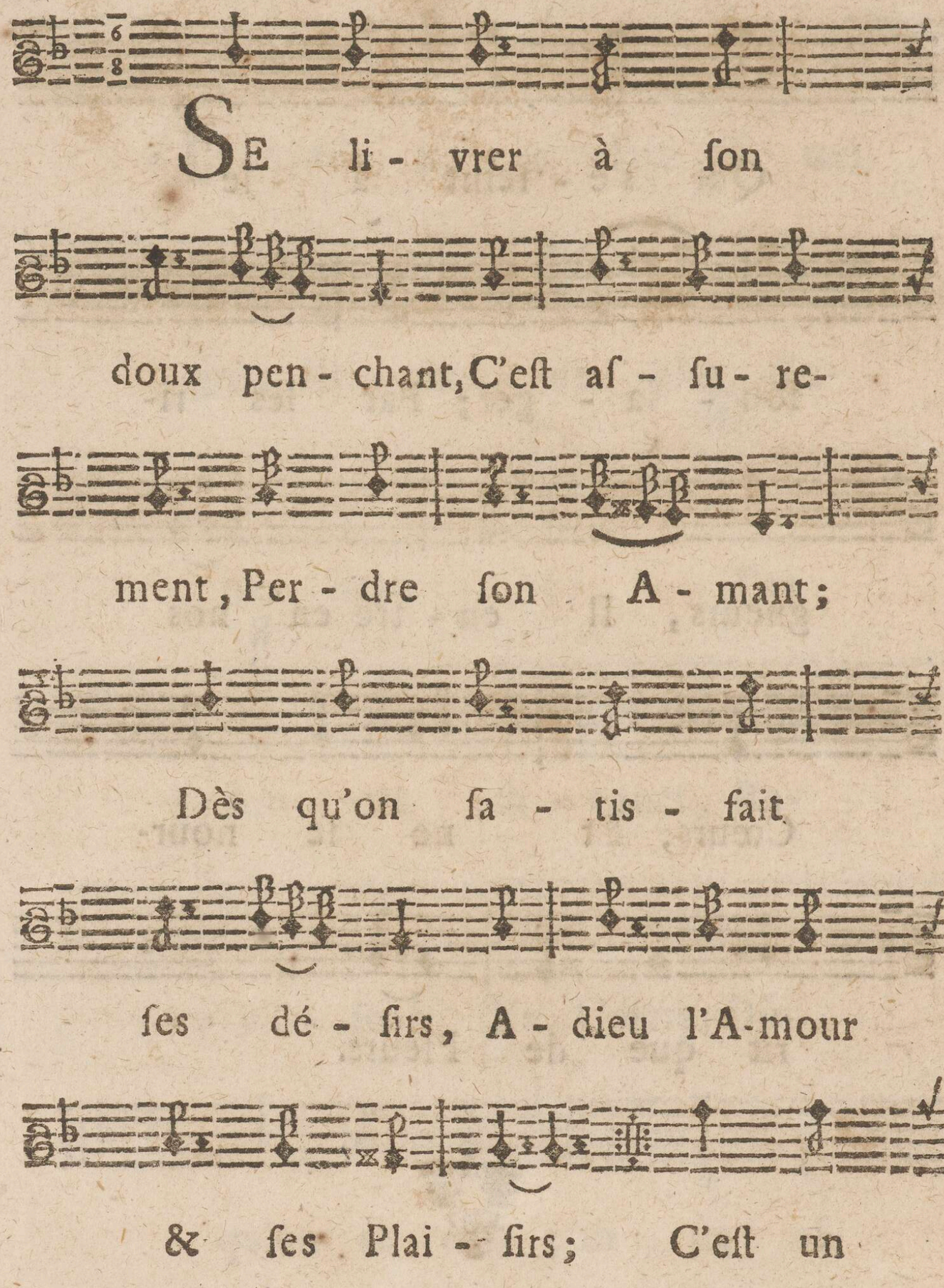


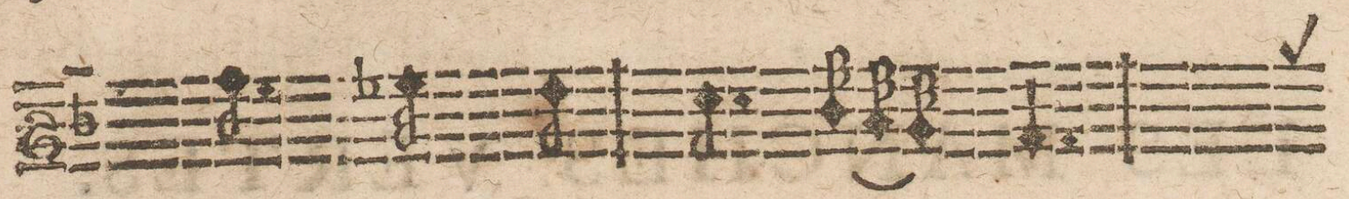
mou- ve- ment en - chan- te,



A - li-, &c.

LES MANCHES VERTES.
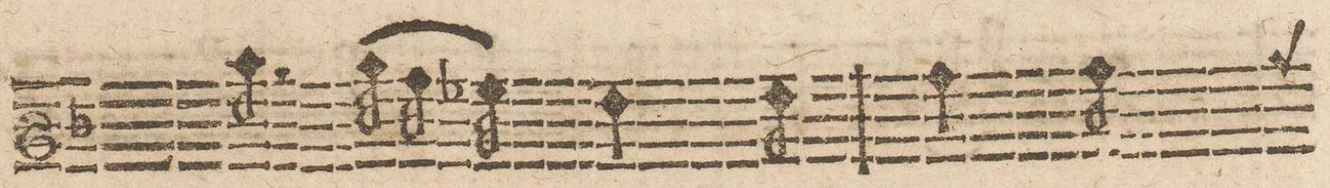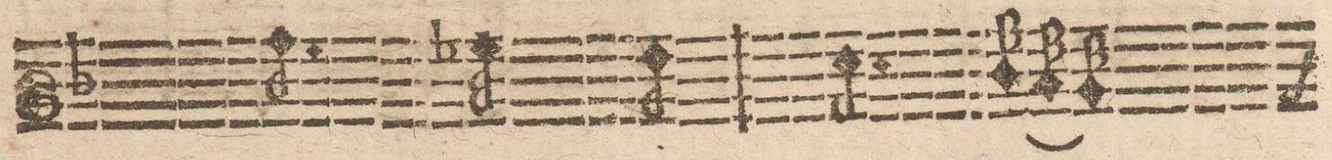




feu ba - din, & le - ger,



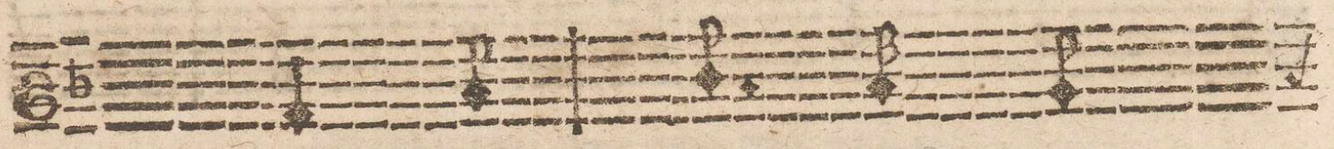
Qui s'é - teint à le



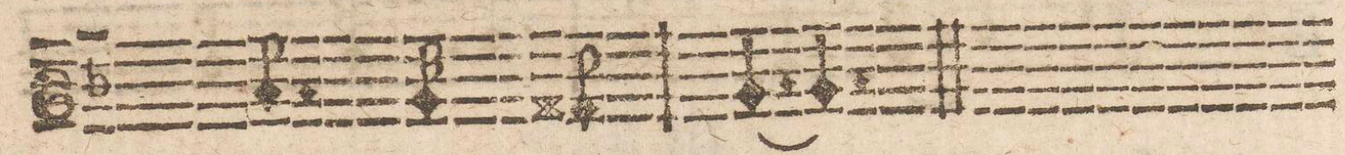
ſou - la - ger; Par les ri-



gueurs, Il en - tre en nos



Cœurs; Et ne ſe nour-
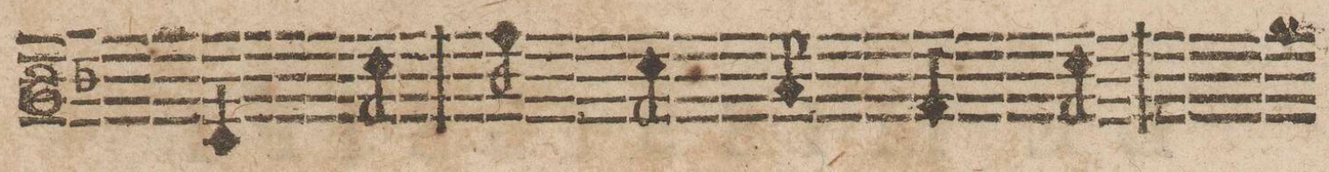


rit que de Pleurs.

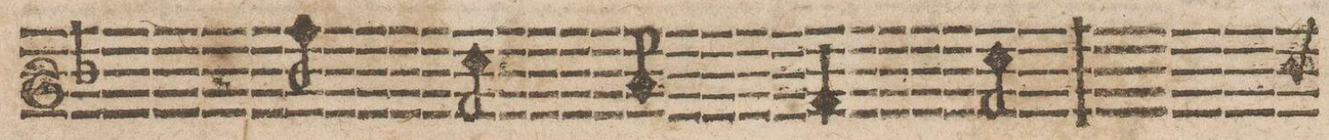
LE

LE MISSISSIPI.

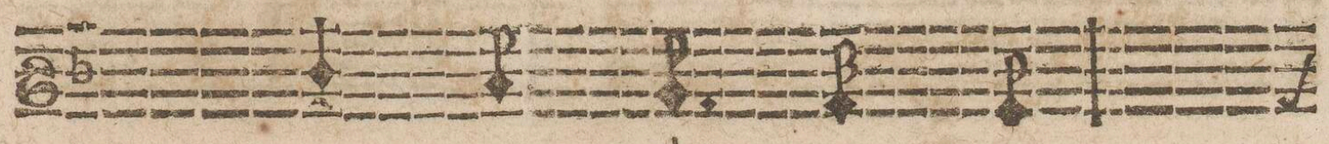




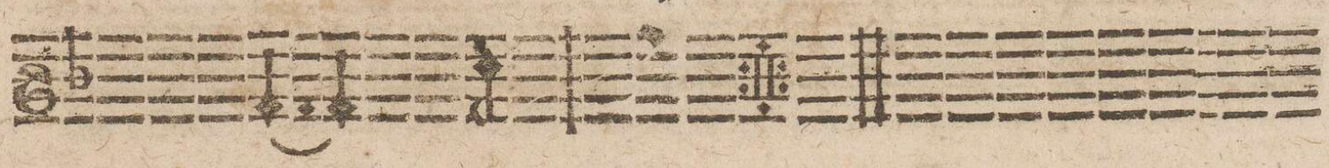
gueurs; De tous les Mor-tels, les



vœux é - ter - nels, S'a-



dref - ſent à tels Au-



tels. Tes, &c.

LA CHARPENTIERE.



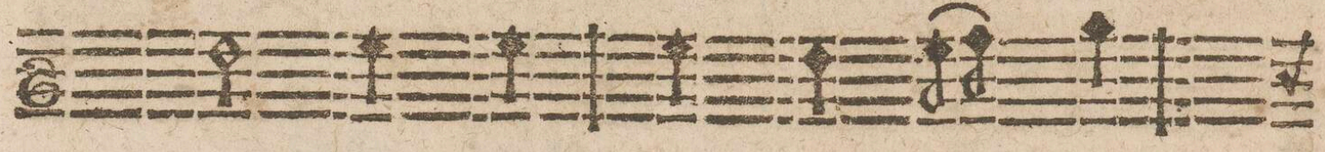
Avec ma Bel - le ſou-
Je ſais trou- ver le mo-
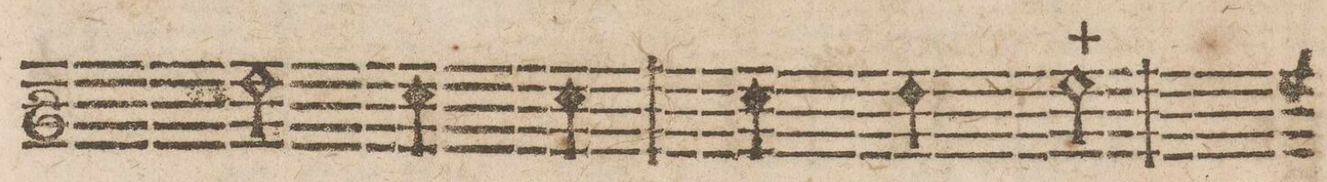


vent, Joü - ant à Qua - dril - le,
ment, De ga - gner Co - dil - le:



Quel Plai - ſir quand el - le



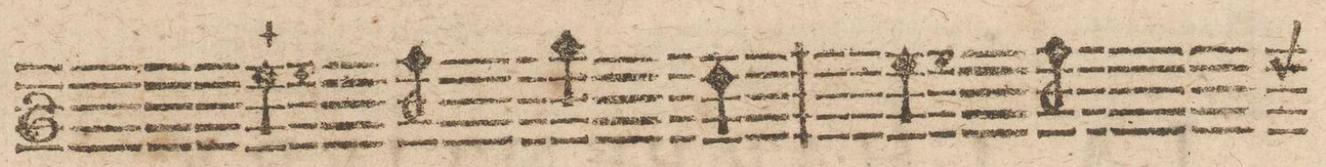
dit, Vous ê - tes donc mon A-



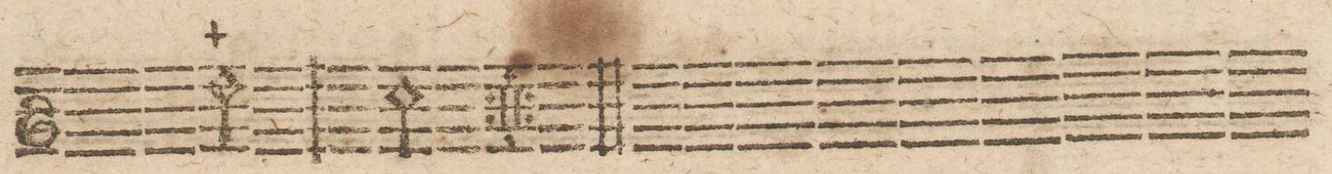
mi? A ce coup me ſem-



ble, N'ai - je pas bien o - bé-
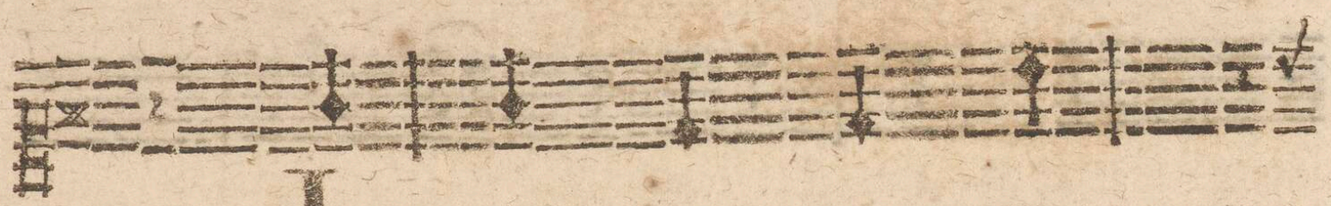


ï? Par - ta - geons tout en-

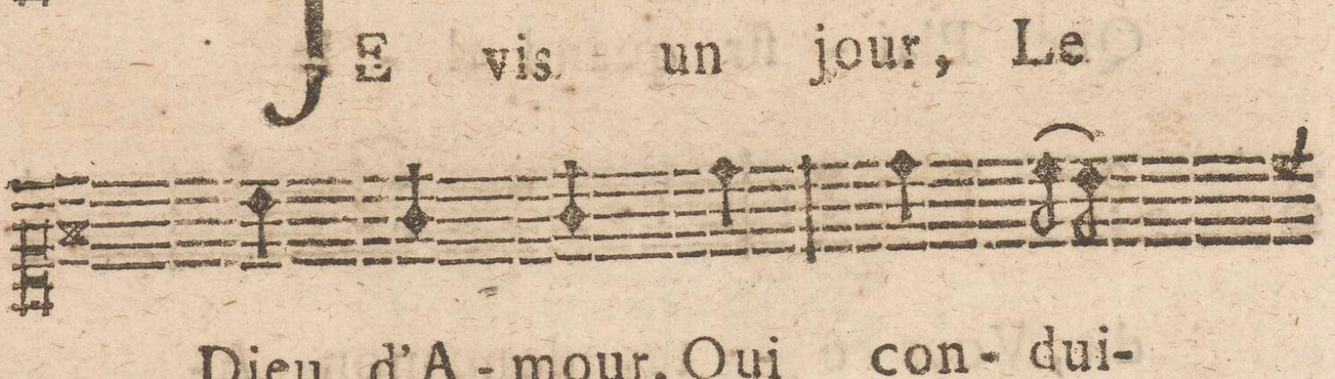


ſem - ble.
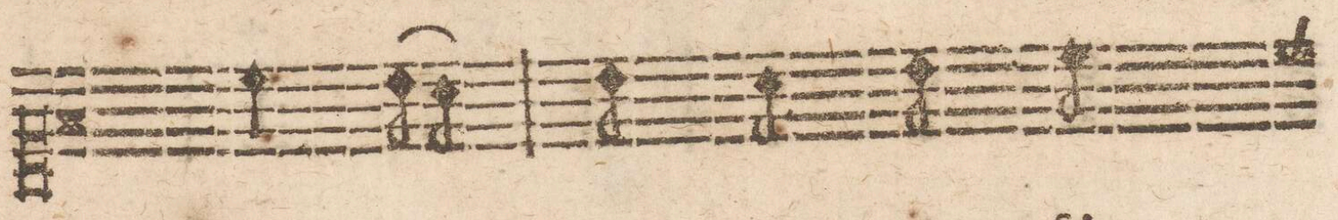
LA GASCONNE.
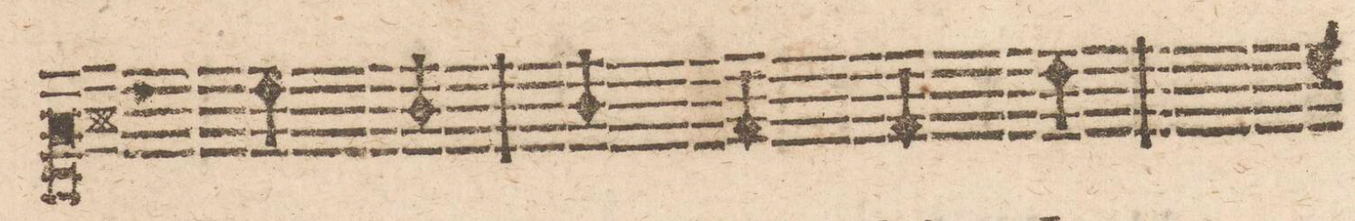


JE vis un jour, Le



Dieu d'A - mour, Qui con - dui-
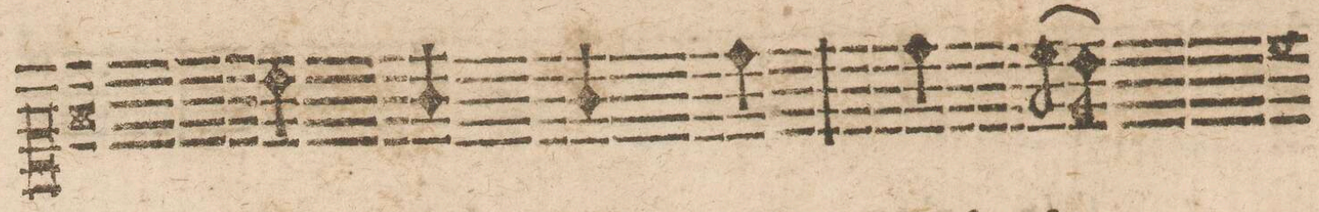


ſoit I - ris, en ce ſé-
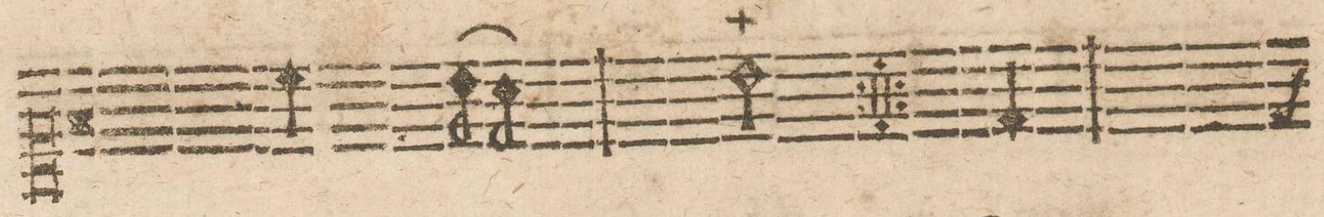


jour, Mais tout ſou - dain, Je
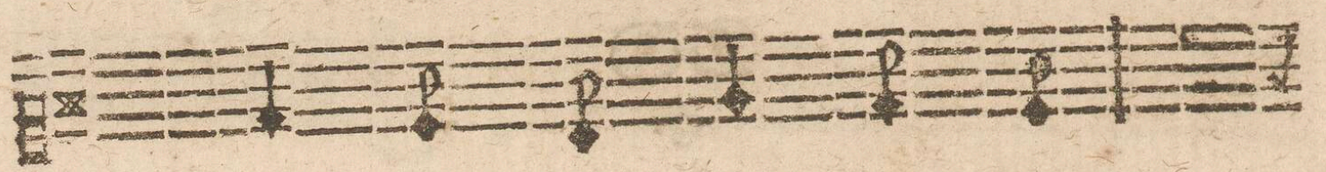
pris
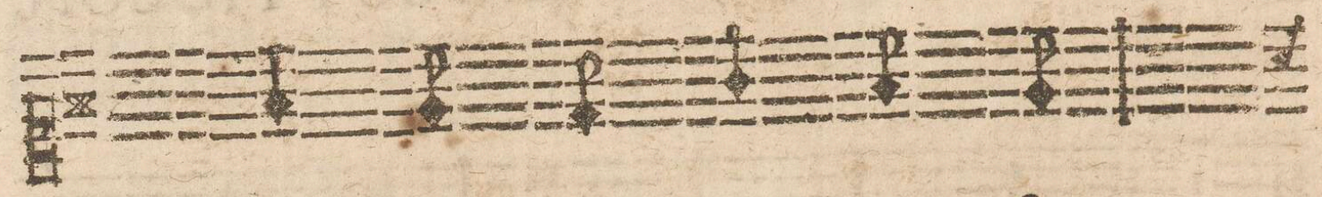


pris du Vin, Ah! quel ſe-



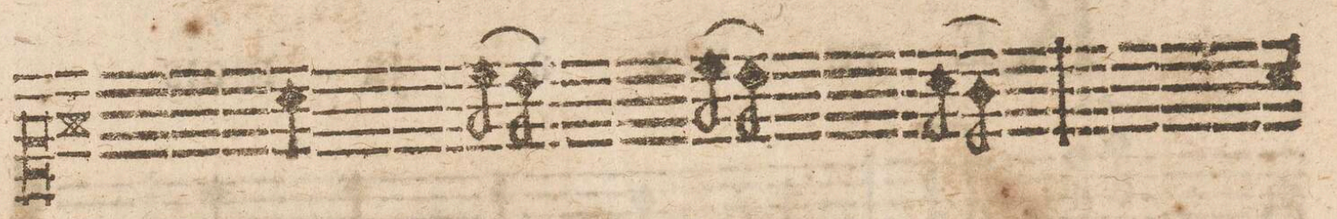
cours di - vin: Que



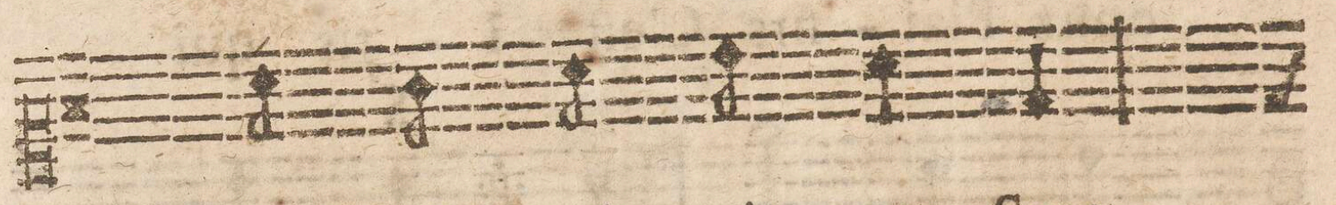
je fus heu-reux, Je crus



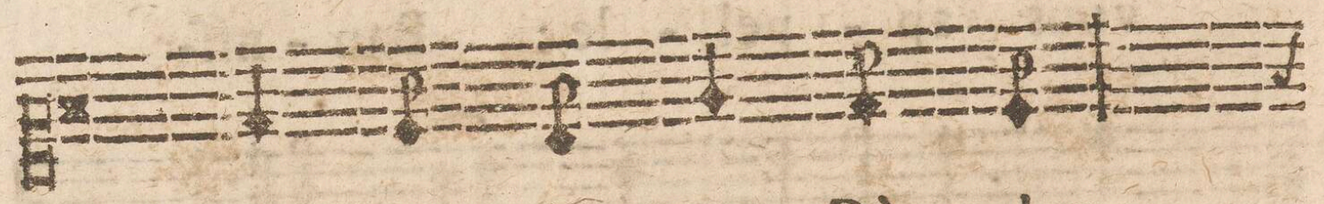
voir mon bon-heur dans ſes



Yeux, Leur Lan - ga-
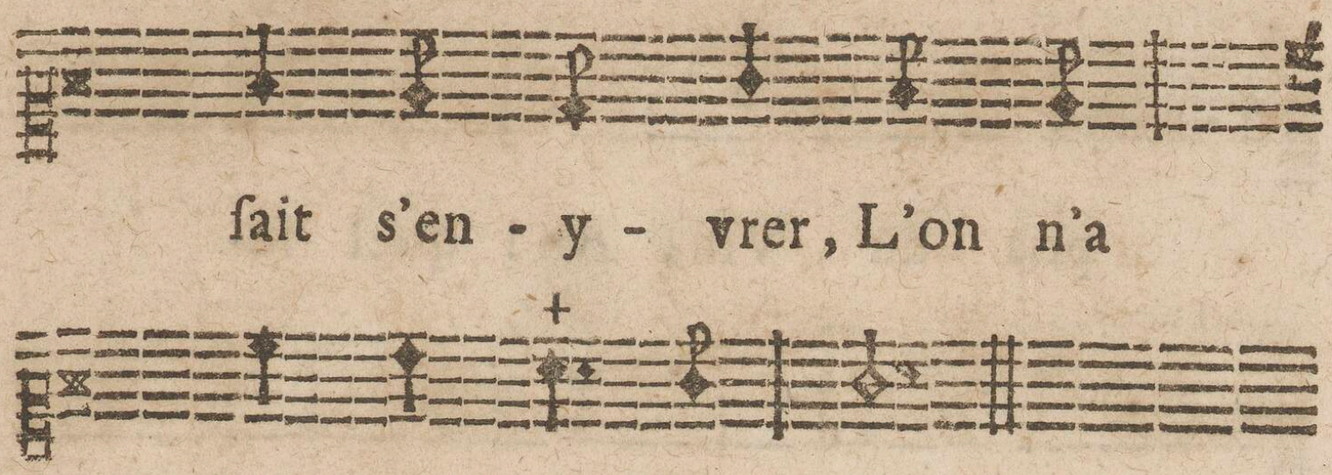


ge é-toit pré - ci - eux, Sans



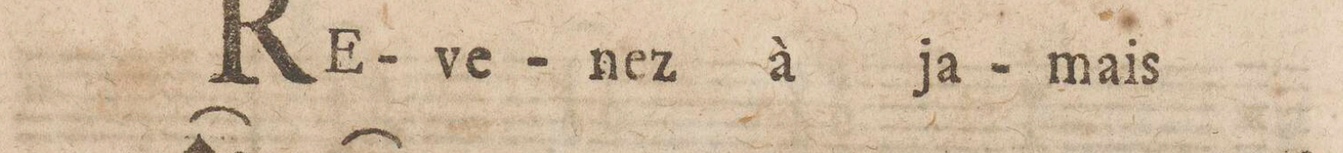
tant ſou - pi - rer, Dès qu'on

pris

fait

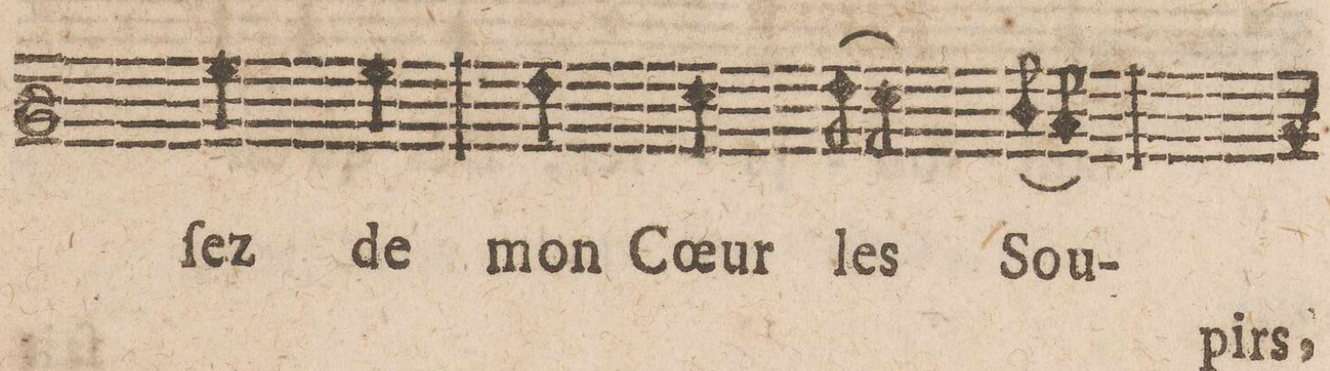


ſait s'en - y - vrer, L'on n'a



rien à dé - ſi - rer.

TROUSSEZ BELLE, VOTRE COTTILLON.



RE- ve - nez à ja - mais

doux Plai - ſirs, C'eſt I - ris qui
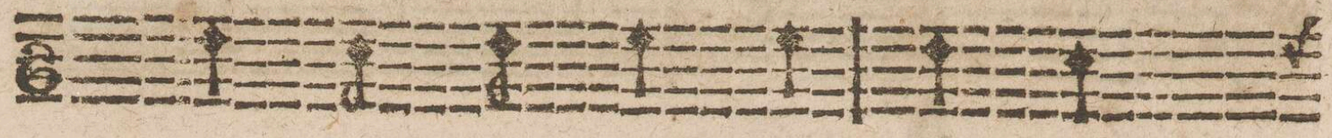
vous ap - pel - le: Ban - niſ-

ſez de mon Cœur les Sou-

pirs,



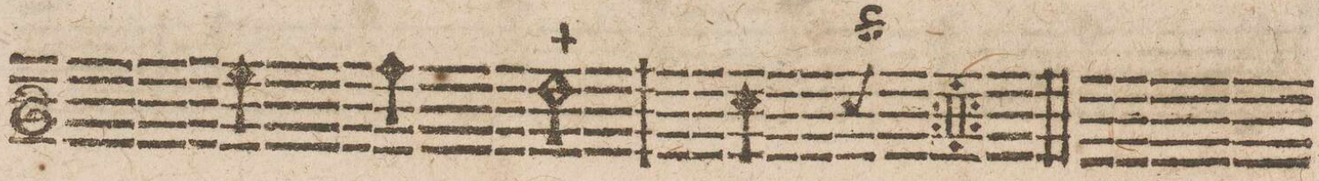
pirs, En voy-ant cet-te Bel-



le, Rien ne man-que plus à
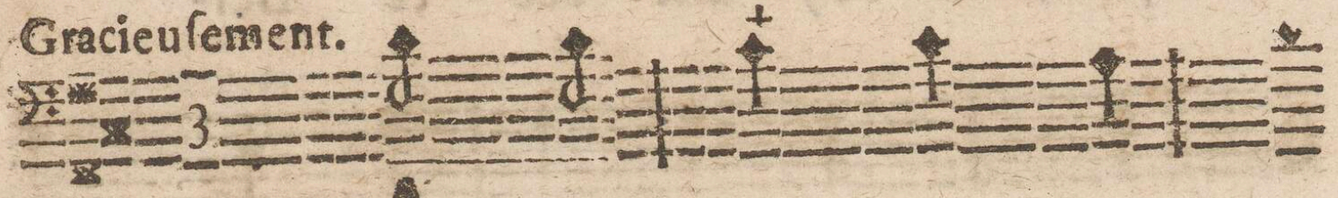


mes dé-firs, El-le eſt tou-



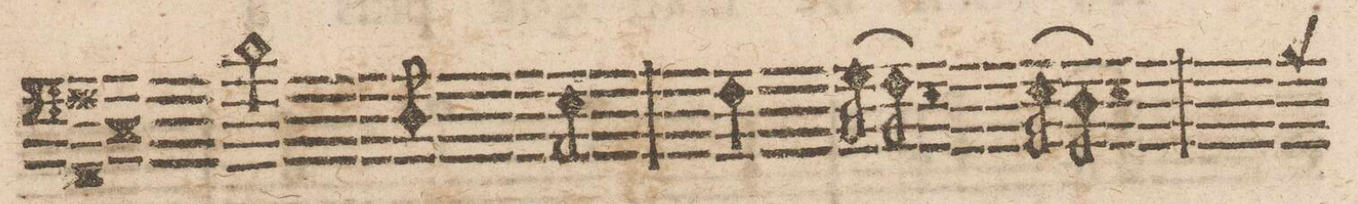
jours fi-del-le, &c.

RECIT DE BASSE.

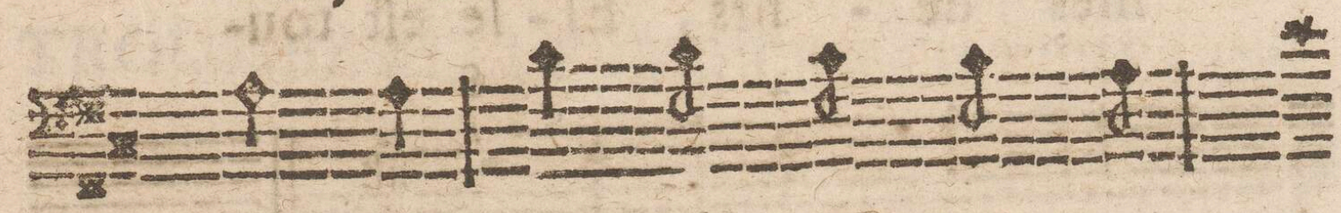
Gracieuſement.
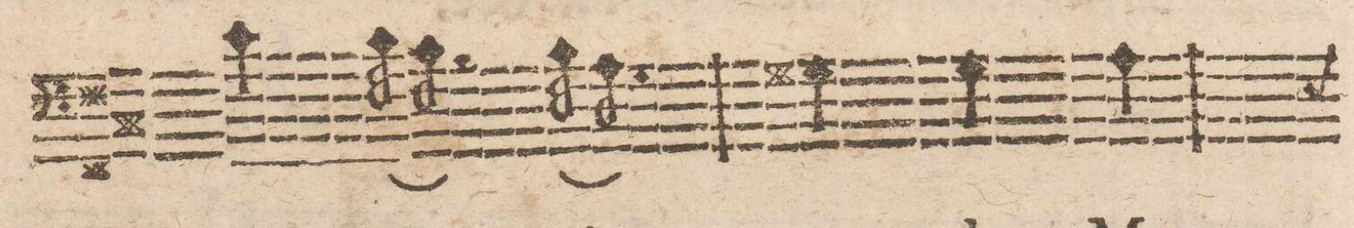


A mon ai - de, Ba-



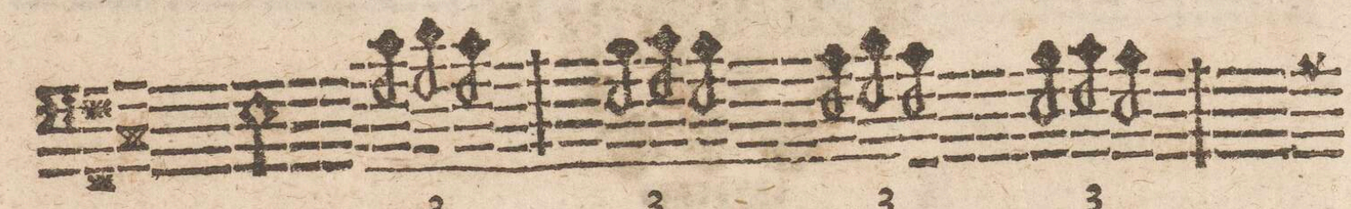
chus, Pro - tec - teur de la
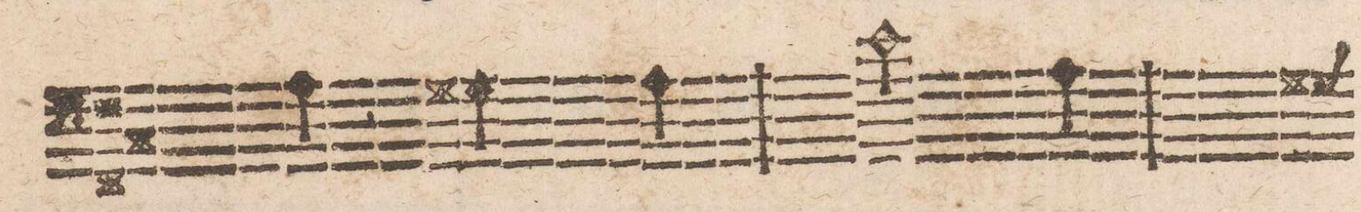


Treil - le, Viens pour me con - ſo-



ler des ri - gueurs de Ma-
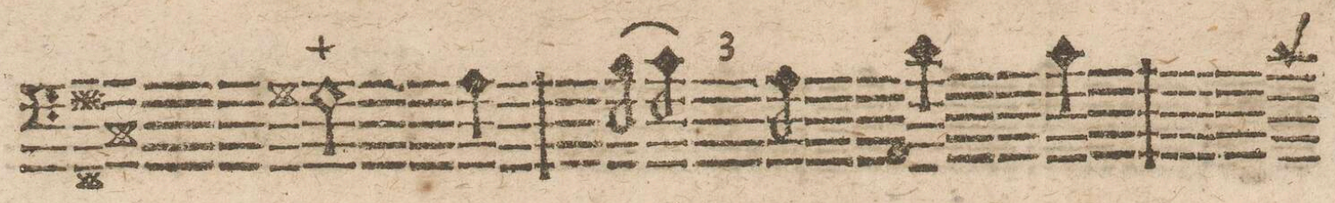


non; Je ne veux plus
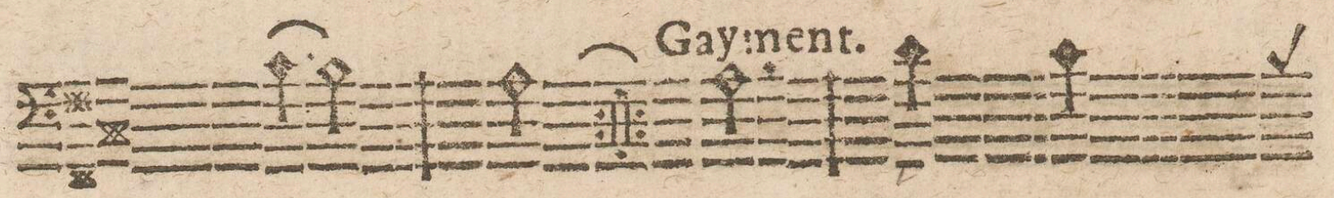


chan - ter ſon nom, Qu'a-

vec
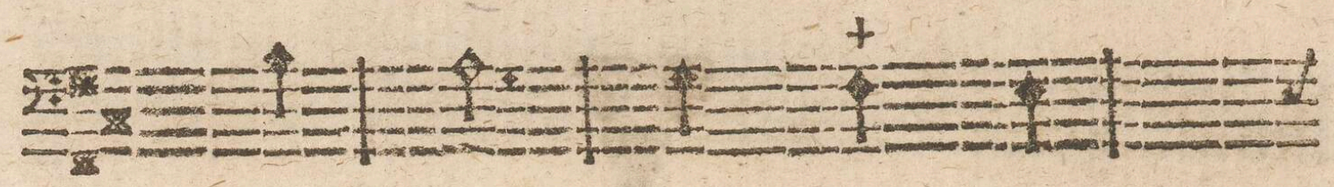


vec cet - te Li - queur ver-

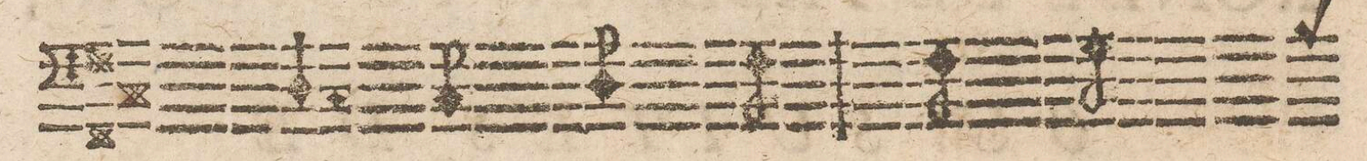
Gayment.



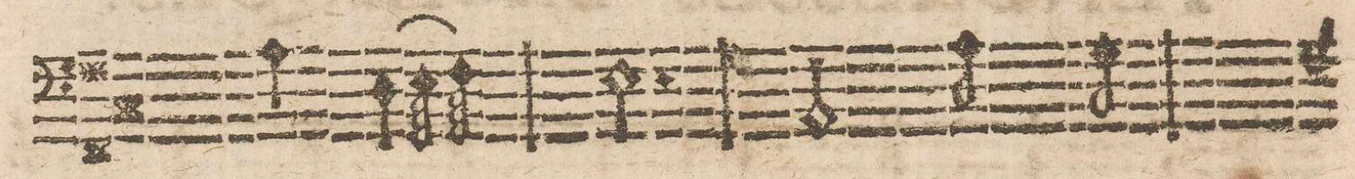
meil - le: le: Mais puiſ-



qu'ai - mer, Eſt mon deſ-



tin, Qu'on ne me por - te
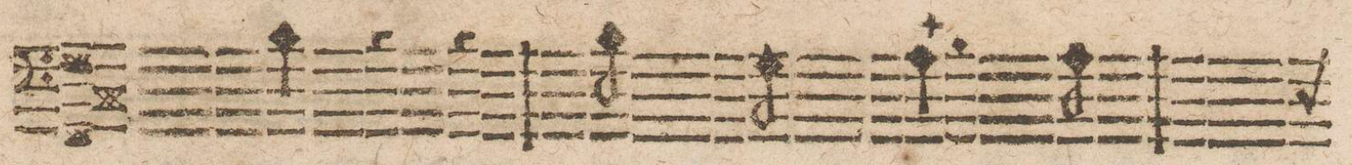


point d'en - vi - e. J'ai - me-



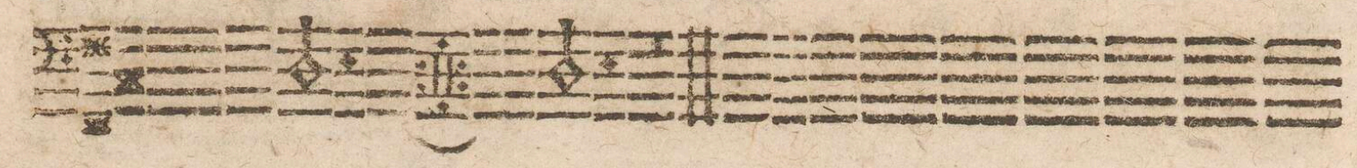
rai, J'ai - me - rai pen - dant



tou - te ma vi - e, J'ai - me-



rai, J'ai - me - rai le

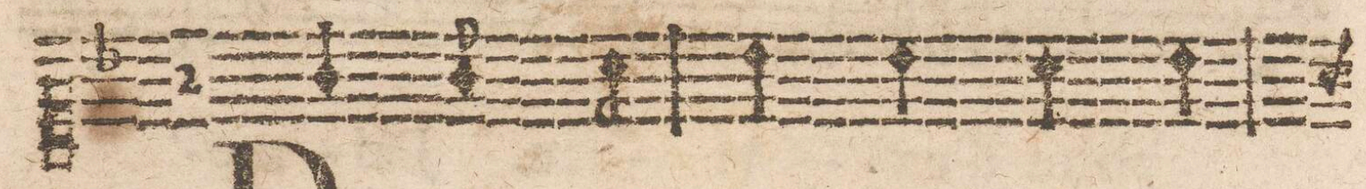


Vin. Vin.

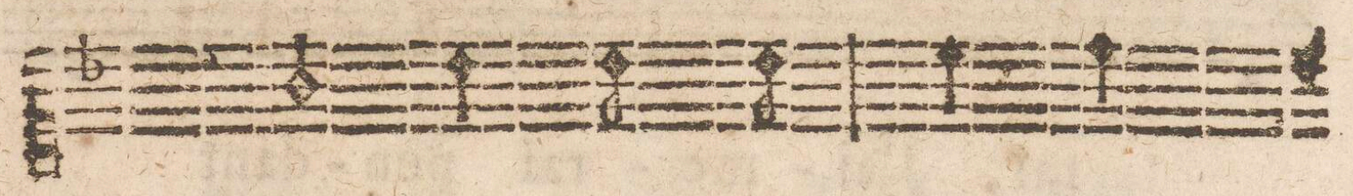
RONDE DE TABLE EN POTPOURI,

OU SUITES DE

TENDRESSES BACHIQUES.
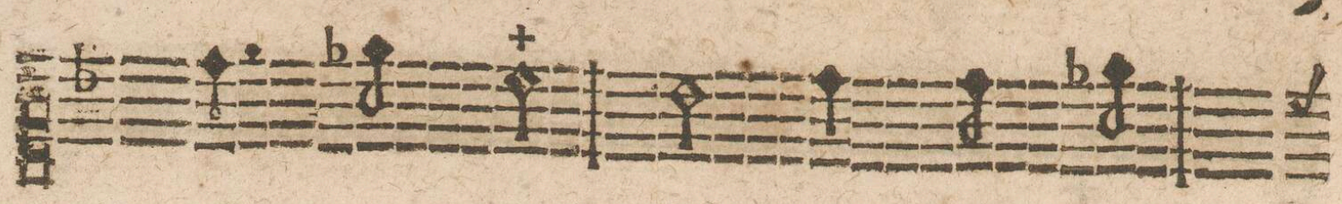


DEs A-mans de ce Sié-cle-



ci, je me paſ-ſe bien,



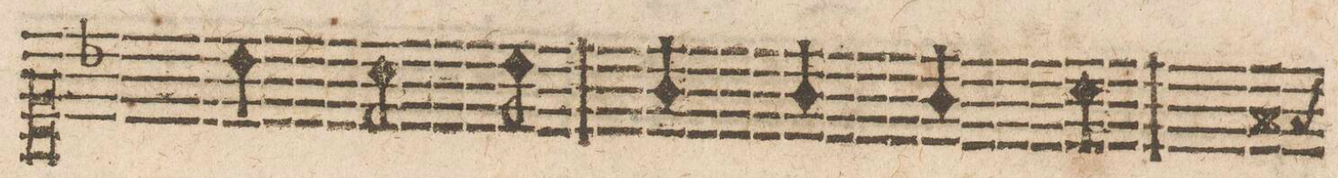
Dieu mer-ci, Et m'en trou-
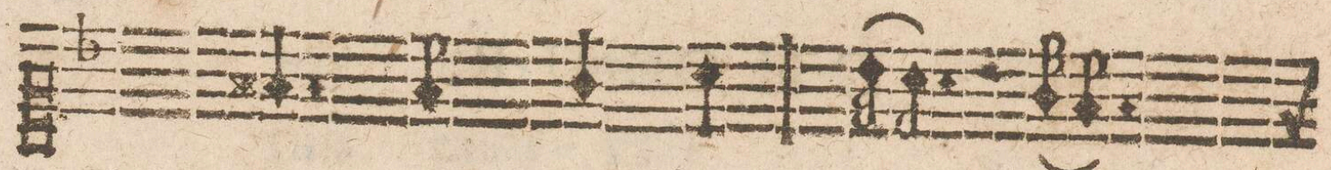


ve à mer-veil-le; Je ſais diſ-
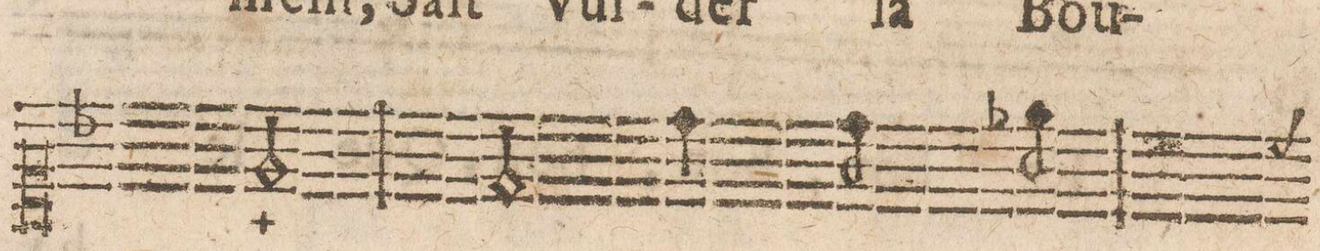


tin-guer ſeu-le-ment,



Ce-lui qui le plus ga-lam-



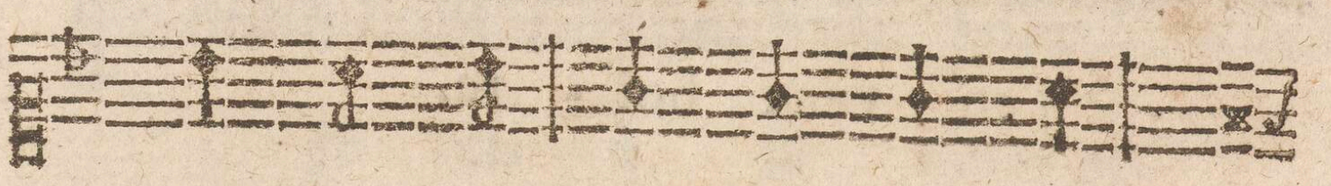
ment, Sait vui-der la Bou-



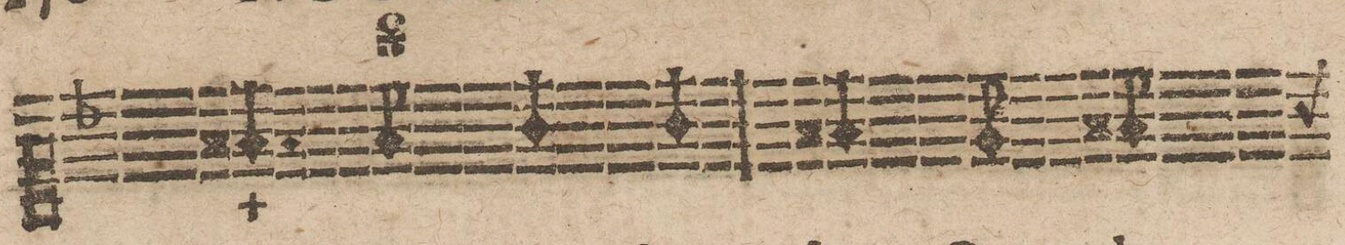
teil-le; L'A-mour ne



me ſau-roit ten-ter,



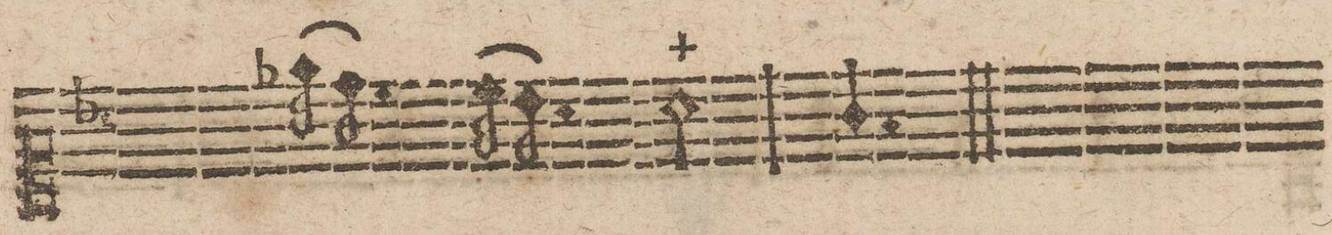
Et je ne me plais qu'à chan-



ter, Et bon, bon, bon, Que le

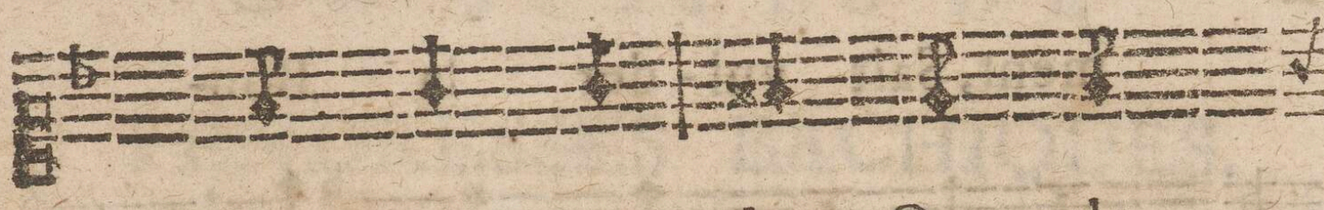


Vin eſt bon, Par ma foi,

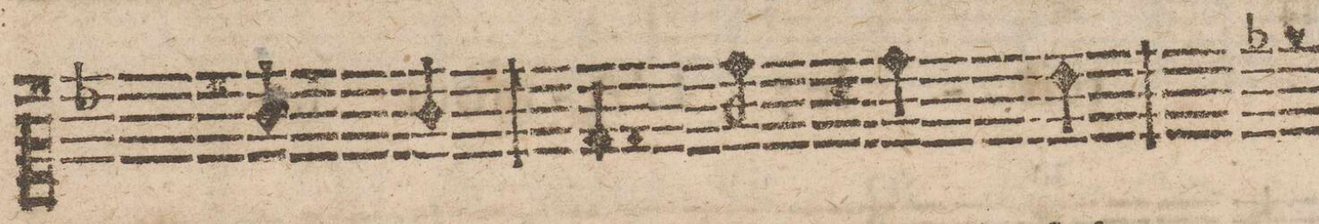


j'en veux boi - re.

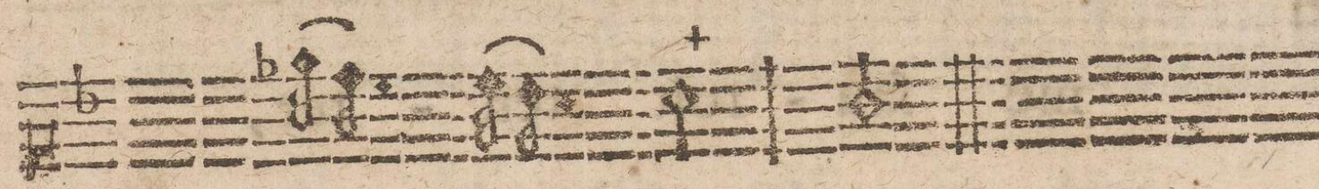
CHOEUR.



Et bon, bon, bon, Que le



Vin eſt bon, Par ma foi,



j'en veux boi - re.
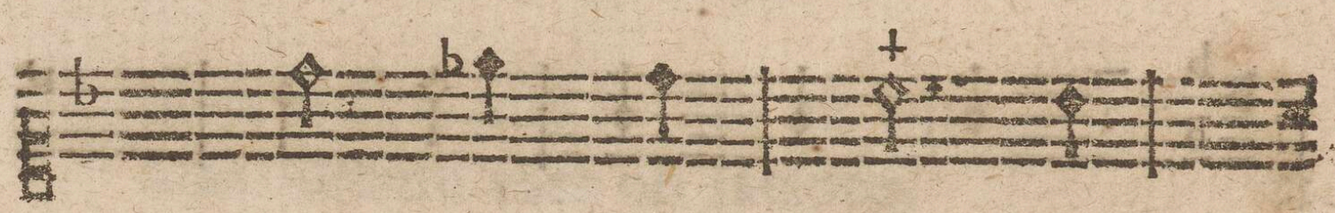


Ê - tre Rê - veur, &
Et quand il faut ê-



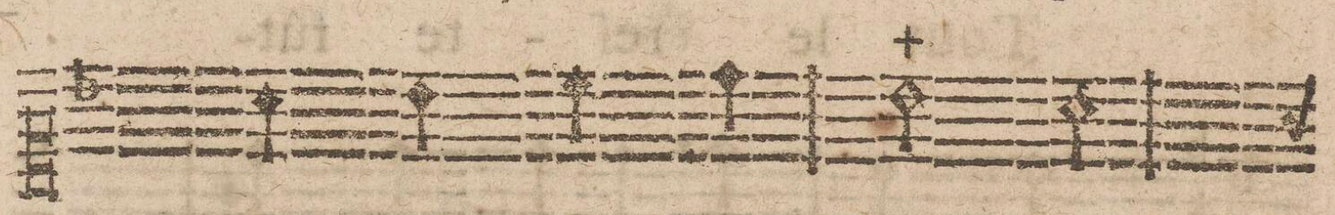
ſou - pi - rer ſans ceſ - ſe, N'eſt
tre dans la triſ - teſ - ſe, Je



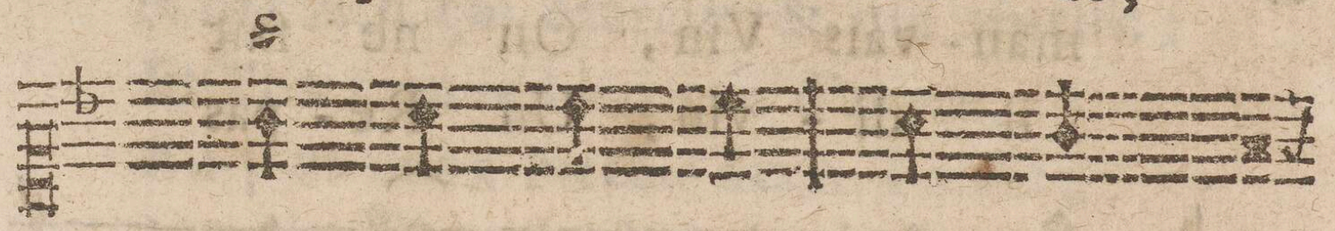
pas bien mon Ta - lent,
ſuis mau - vais Ga - land,
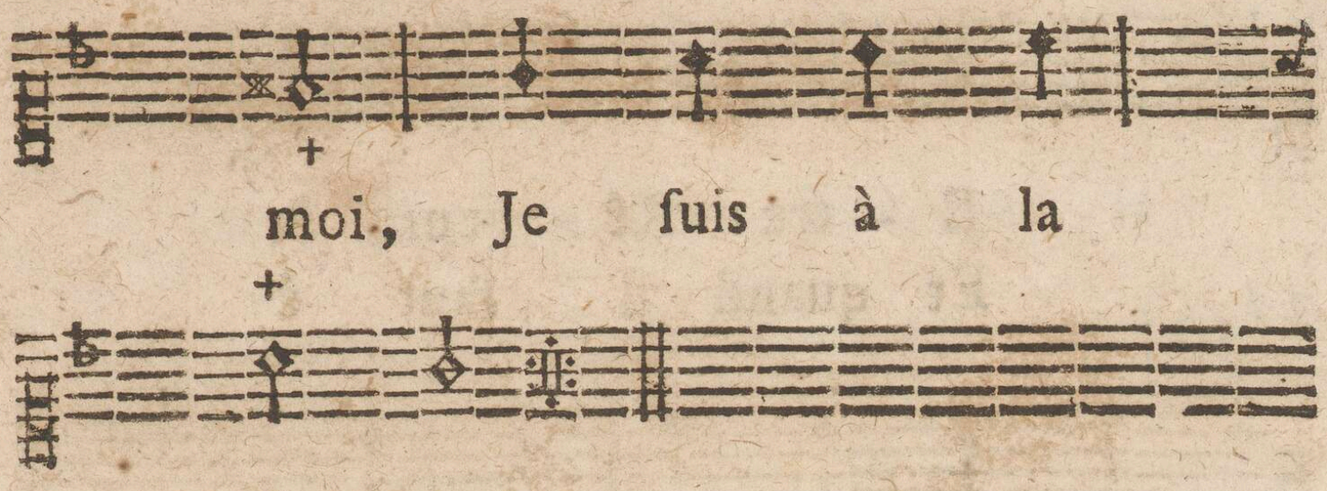


J'ai - me l'A - mour qui



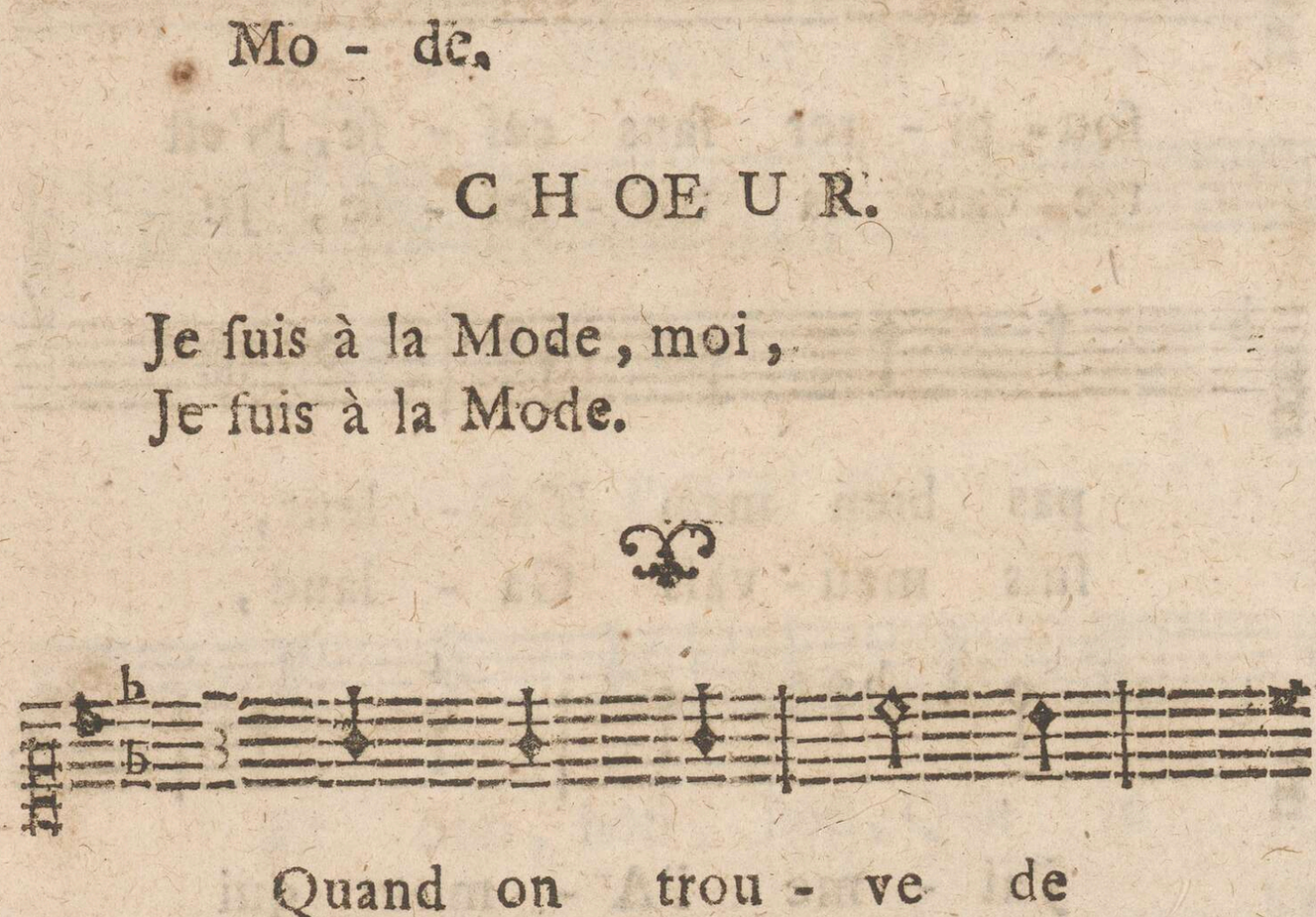
n'eſt point in - com - mo - de,



Je ſuis à la Mo - de



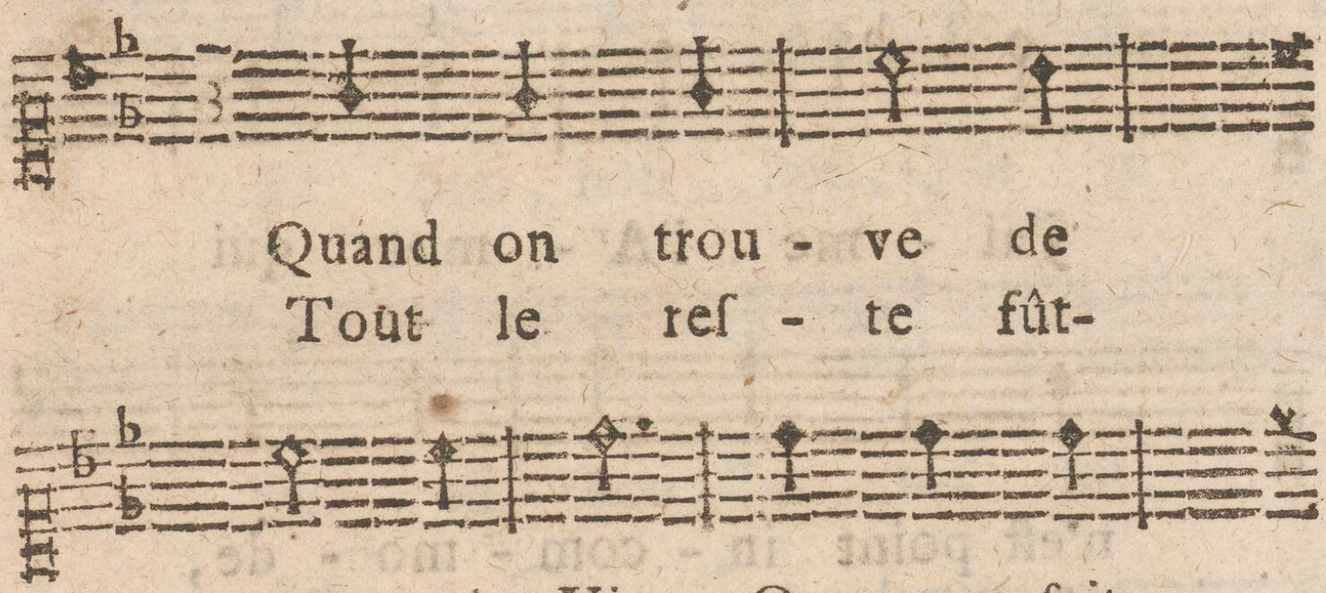
moi, Je ſuis à la



Mo - de.

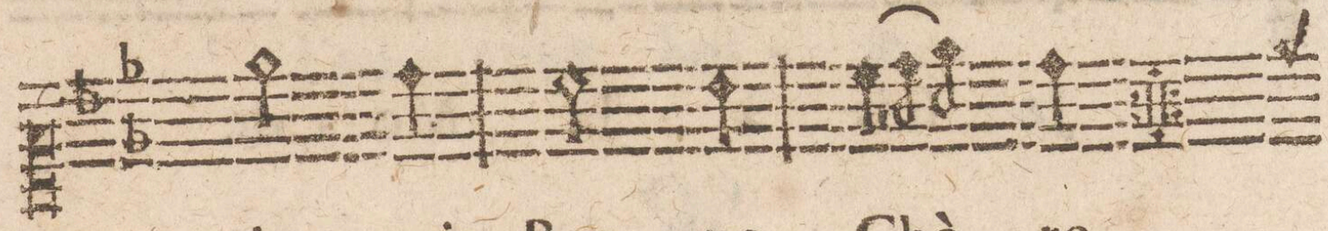
CHOEUR.

Je ſuis à la Mode, moi,
Je ſuis à la Mode.
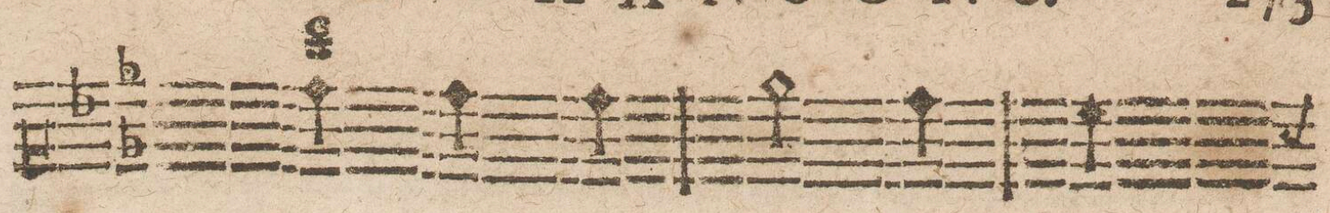


Quand on trou - ve de
Tout le reſ - te fût-

mau - vais Vin, On ne fait
il di - vin, Un Re - pas



ja - mais Bon - ne Chè - re,
ne peut ja - mais plai - re;

Mais



CHOEUR.

Mais auſſi quand le Vin eſt bon,
Une Croûte vaut un Jambon.
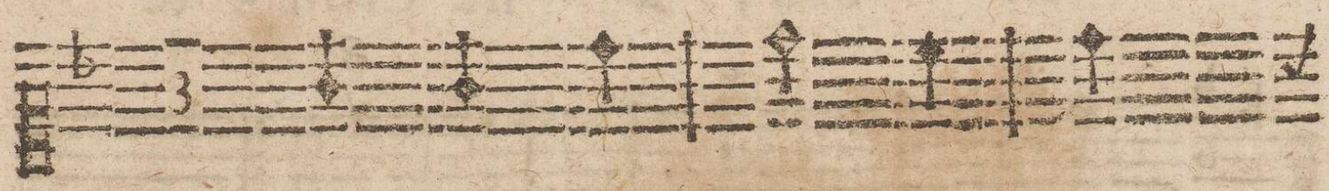
Sans les Dames, tous les Repas,
N'ont rien qui charme, & qui réveille;
Et l'on trouve bien peu d'appas,
Au plus doux Nectar de la Treille;
Mais les Dames, & le bon Vin,
Sont les Délices du Feſtin.

Mais

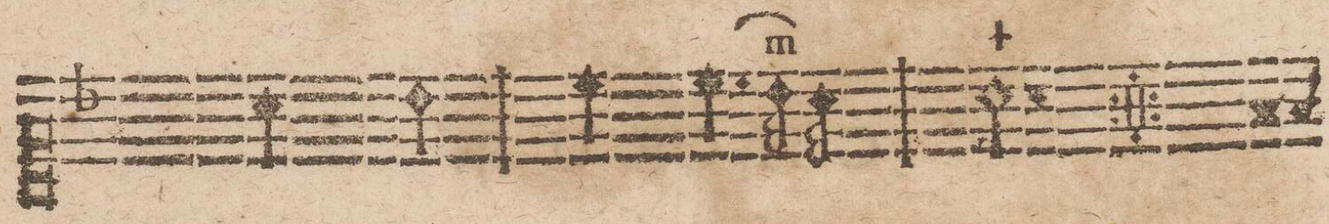
CHOEUR.

CHOEUR.

Mais les Dames, & le bon Vin,
Sont les Délices du Feſtin.



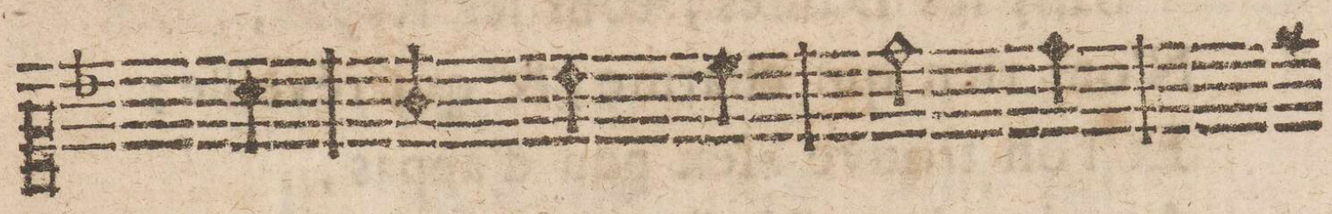
D'u- ne pi - quan - te Bru-
Je vou-drois pour For - tu-



ne, Je ſuis char - mé,
ne, En ê - tre ai - mé:



Et mon ſort ſe - roit plus



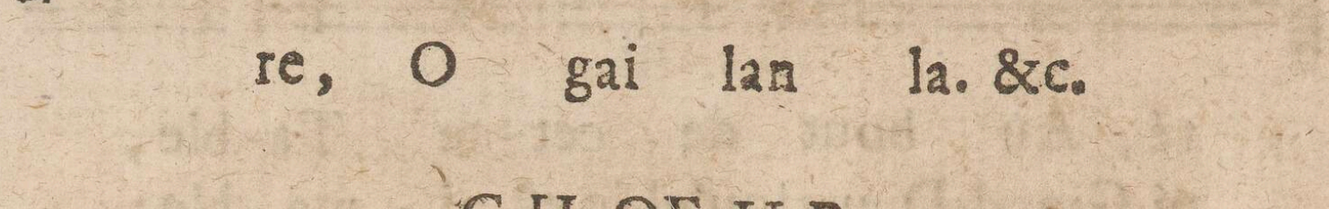
heu - reux, Que ce - lui des



Dieux, Si j'en ve - nois - là;



O gai lan la lan li-



re, O gai lan la. &c.

CHOEUR.

O gai lan la lan lire,
O gai lan la.
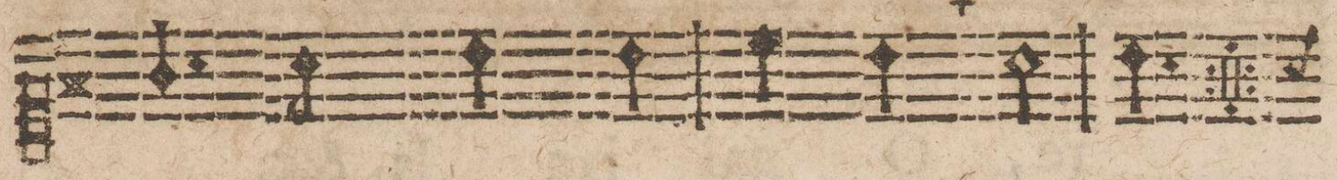
Celle qui de Pergame,
Fut le Tiſon,
De l'objet qui m'enflâme,
N'eſt qu'un Crayon;
La Maîtreſſe d'Endimion,
N'avoit qu'un Rayon,
Des Beautez qu'elle à;
O gai lan la lan lire,
O gai lan la.

CHOEUR.

O gai lan la lan lire,
O gai lan la.



Vois-tu cet - te jeu - ne Beau-
Lui vois - tu boi-re u - ne San-
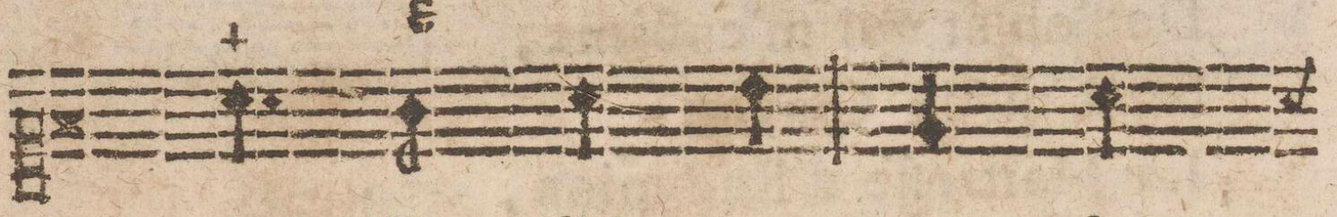


té, Aü bout de cet - te Ta-ble,
té, Grands Dieux! qu'el-le eſt ai - ma - ble:



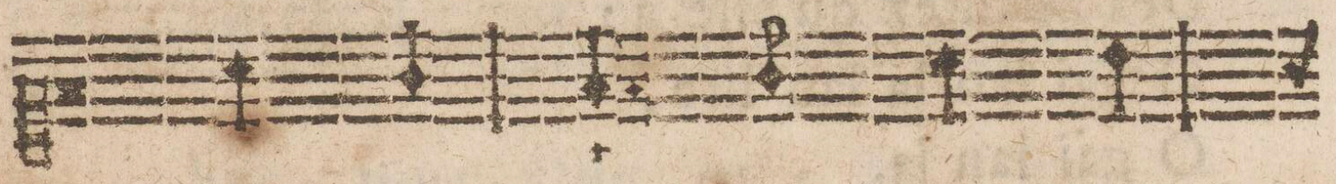
Le Vin bril - le de mil-le at-



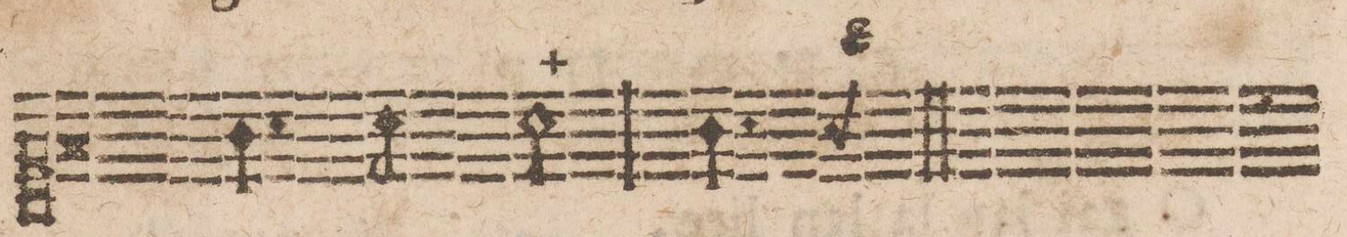
traits, En a - pro - chant ſa Bou-



che, Et l'A - mour y plon-



ge ſes traits, Au mo - ment



qu'el-le y tou - che, &c.

CHOEURS
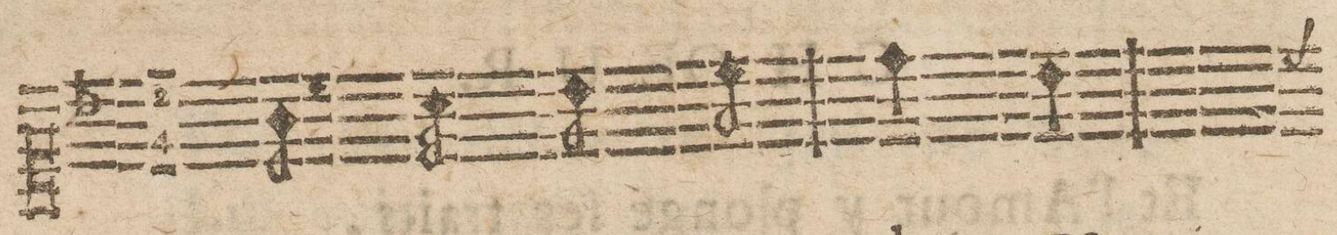
CHOEUR.

Et l'Amour y plonge ſes traits,
Au moment qu'elle y touche.

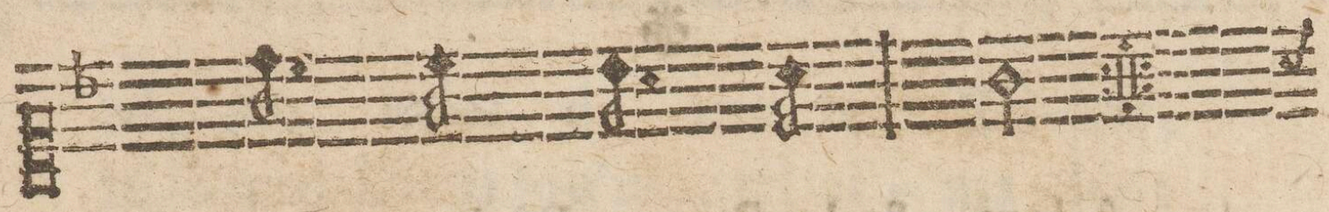
Adam, & le Berger Pâris,
Tous deux pour une Pomme,
Ont cauſé des Maux infinis,
L'un & l'autre étoit Homme;
Avec cet Air charmant & doux,
Dont vous étes ornée,
Adam l'auroit reçu de vous,
Pâris vous l'eut donnée.

CHOEUR.

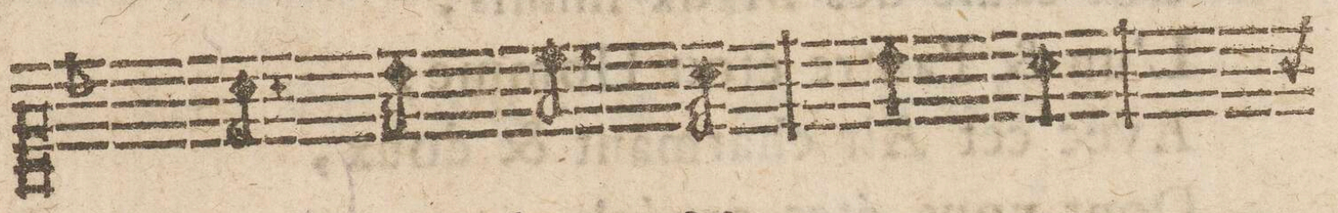
Adam l'auroit reçu de vous,
Pâris vous l'eut donnée.



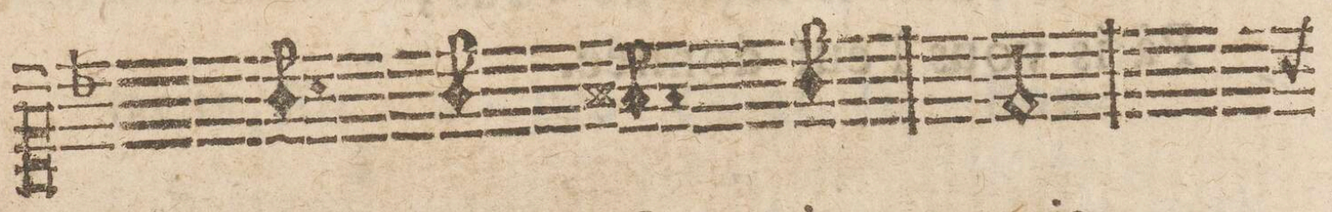
Qu'un A- mant vo - la - ge,
Qu'un au - tre peu ſa - ge,



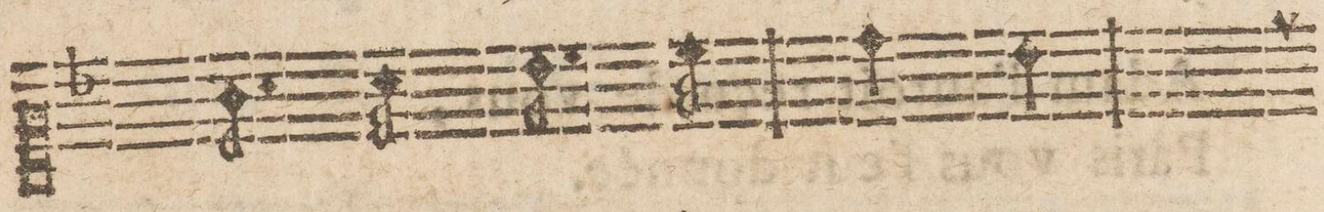
don - ne de tour - mens;
Cau - ſe d'ac - ci - dens;



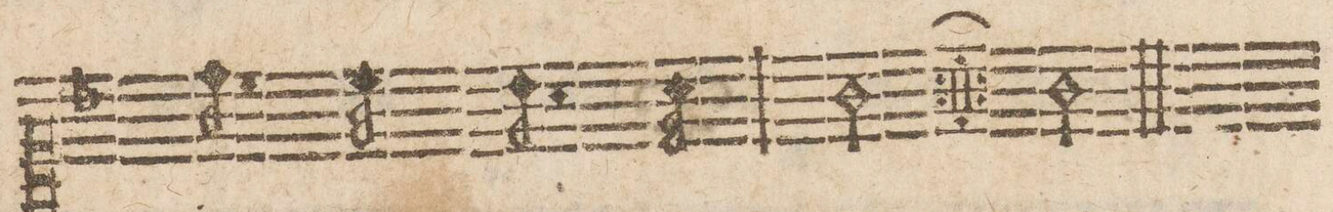
Le Ja - loux fait ra - ge;



Je veux ſi ja - mais,



Un A- mant m'en - ga - ge,



Qu'il ſoit fait ex - près. près.

CHOEUR.

CHOEUR.

Un Amant m'engage,
Qu'il ſoit fait exprès.

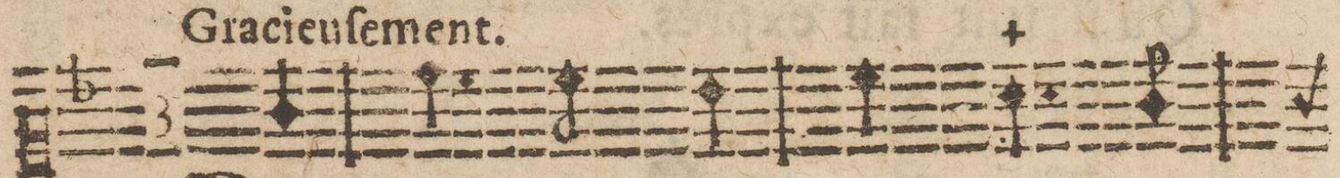
Reine de Cythère,
Je t'en demande un,
Qui ſache me plaire,
Sans ſêtre importun;
Qui ne me demande,
Qu'un honnête accès,
Sur tout qui m'entende,
Quand je lui dis, Paix.

CHOEUR.
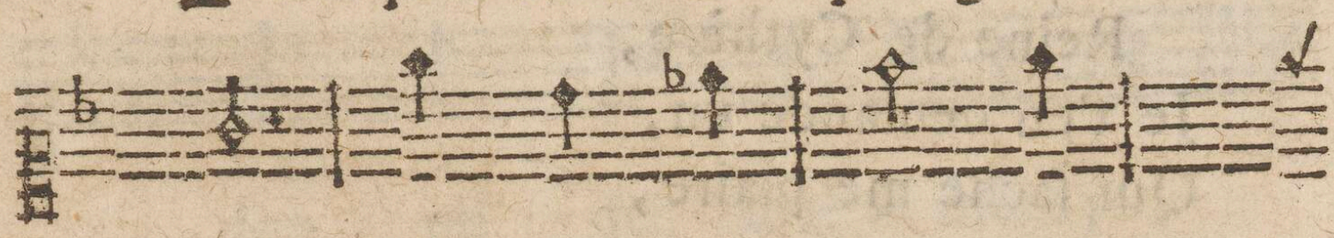
Sur tout qui m'entende,
Quand je lui dis, Paix.

LA FRANCHE CONVIVE.

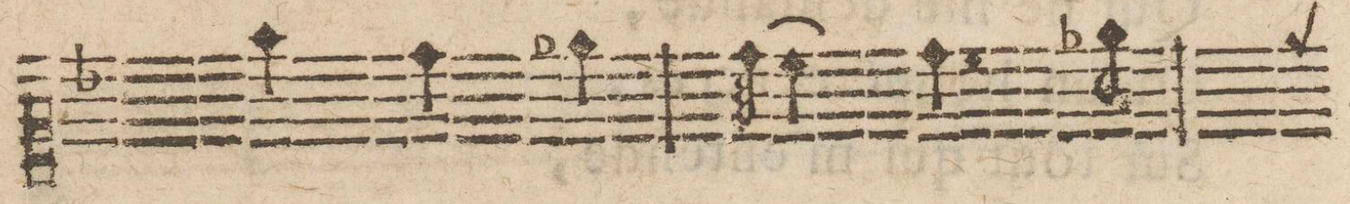
Gracieuſement.



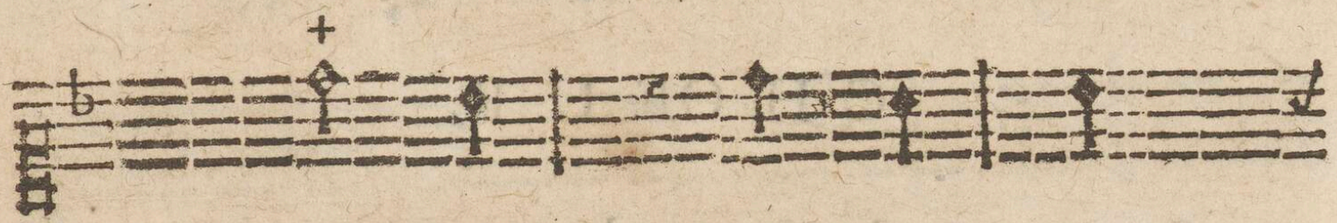
Pourquoi nous é - par-gner le



Vin, Ba-chus eſt - il pour



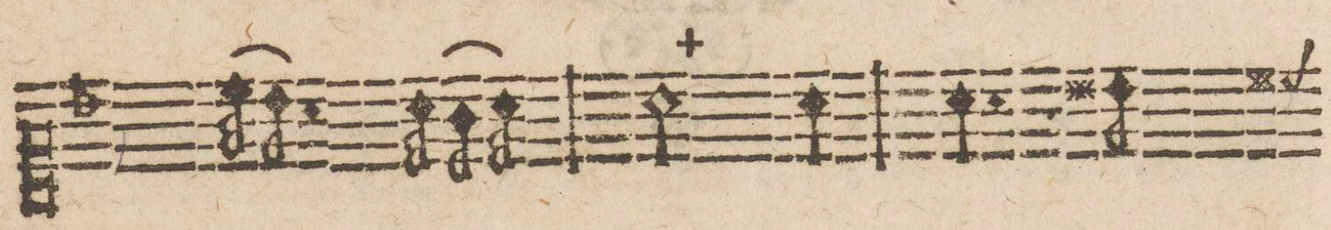
nous d'un dan - ge - reux pré-



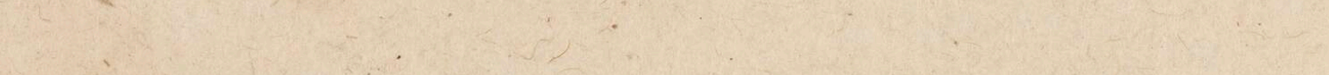
ſa - ge, Il nous don-



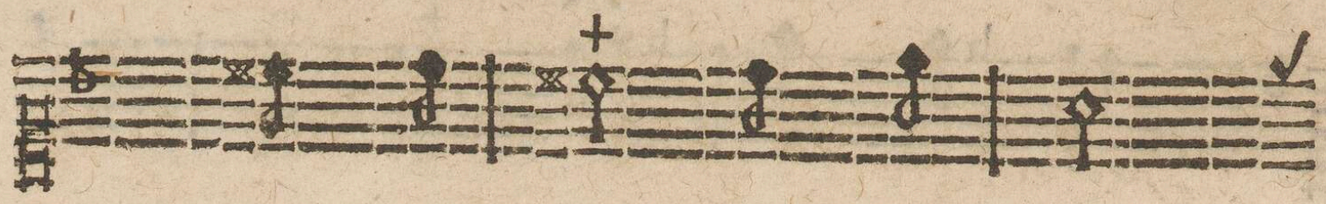
ne, dit - on, un pe - tit



Air ba - din, Et quand nous
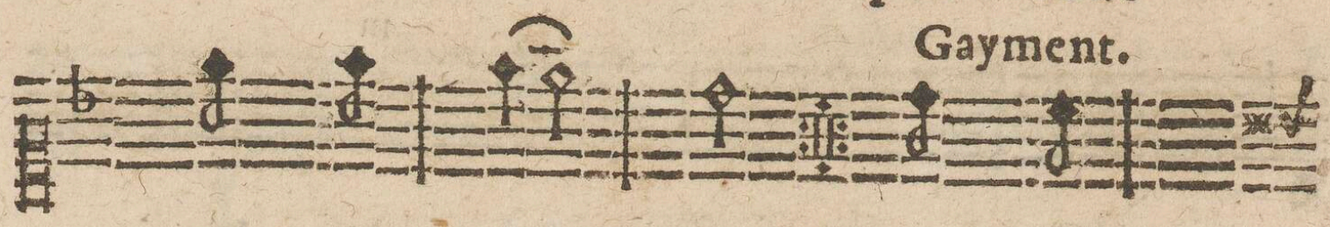


avons
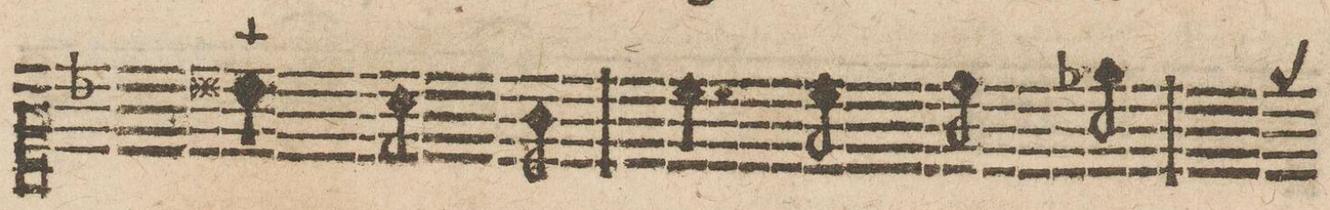


a - vons bû nous plai - ſons

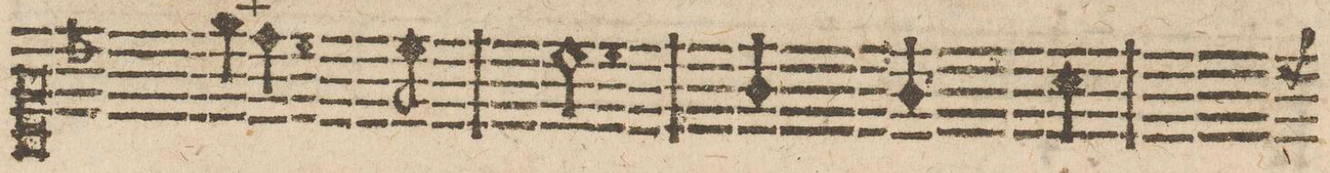
Gayment.



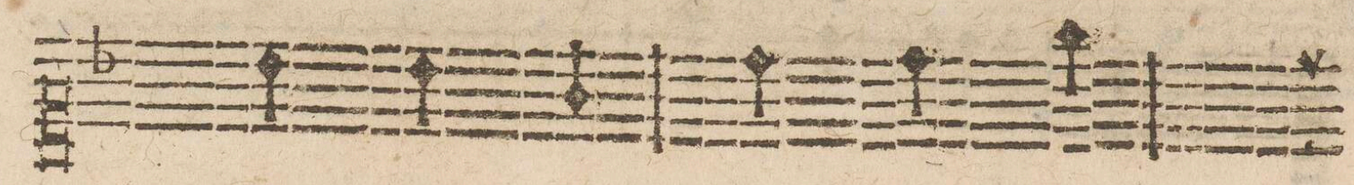
d'a - van - ta - ge: Il nous



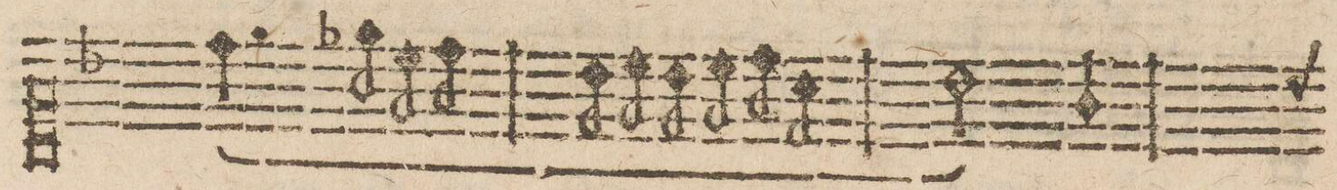
fait tri - om - pher du plus re-



bel - le Cœur; Quand dans nos



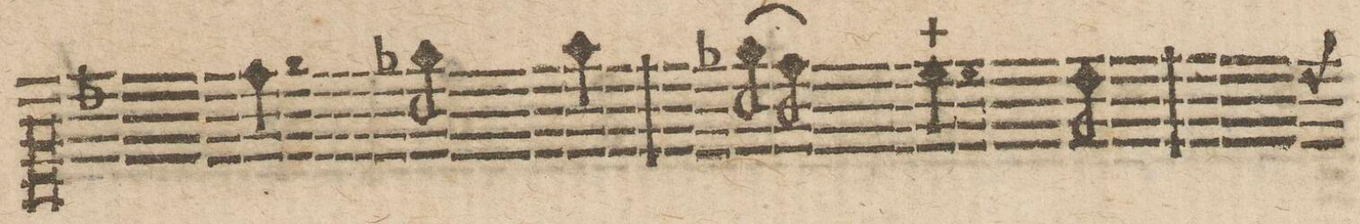
Yeux ſon ar - deur é - tin-



cel- - - - le,



Bu - vons donc, quoi qu'on



di - ſe u - ſons de ſa Li-



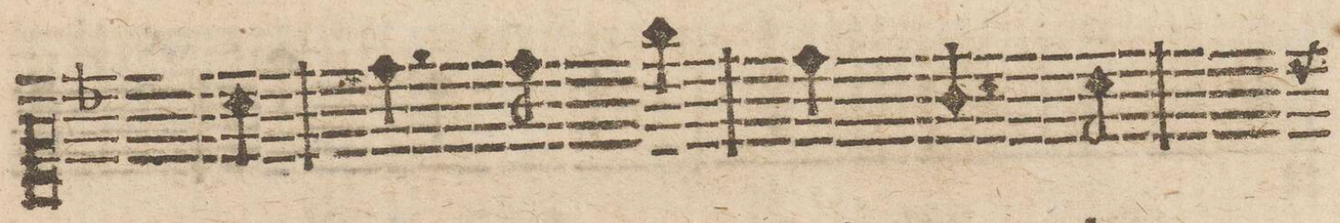
queur; On fait pis tous les



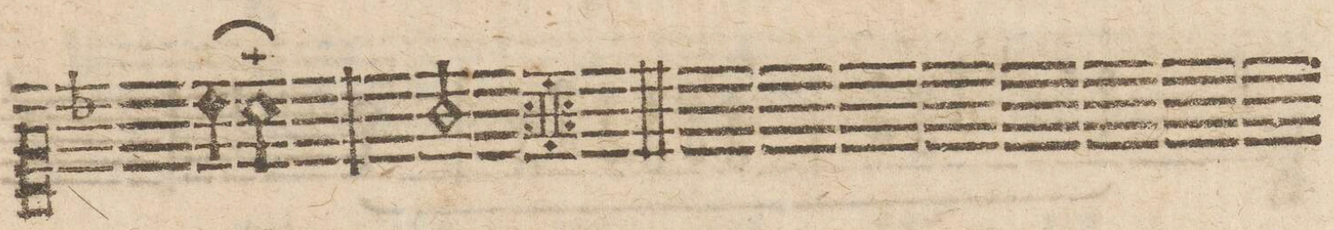
jours pour pa - roi - tre plus



bel - le; On fait pis tous

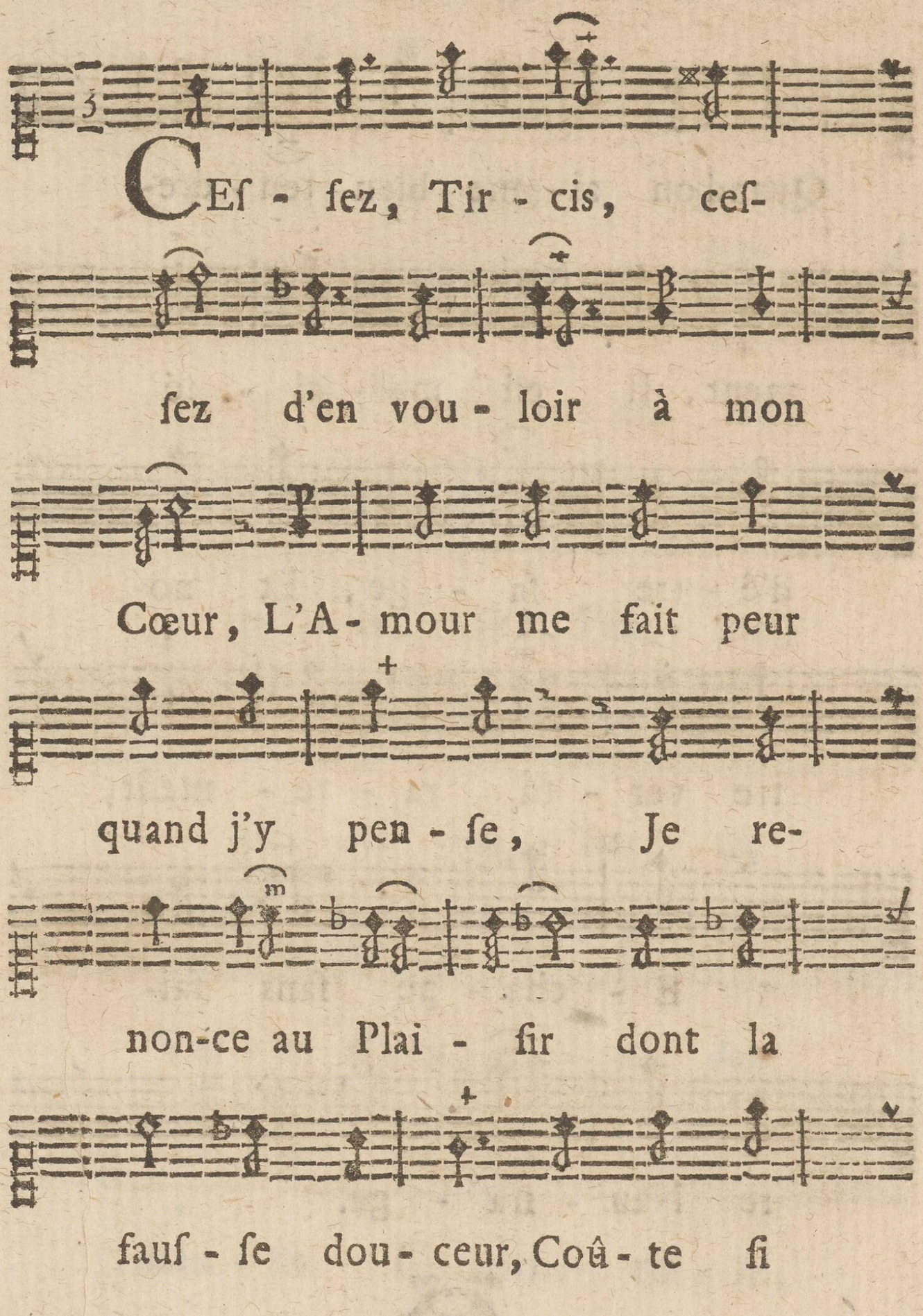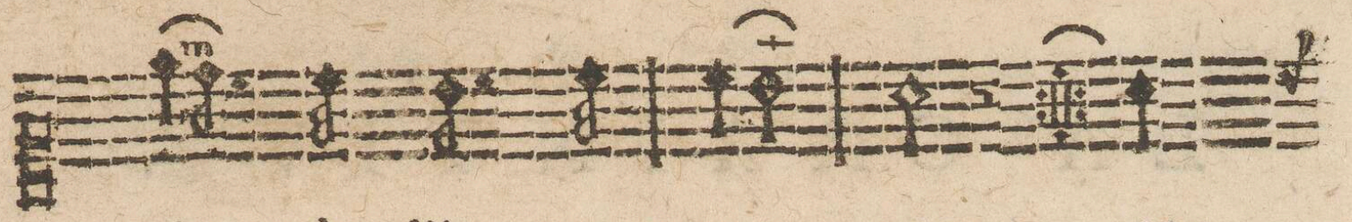


les jours pour pa - roi - tre plus
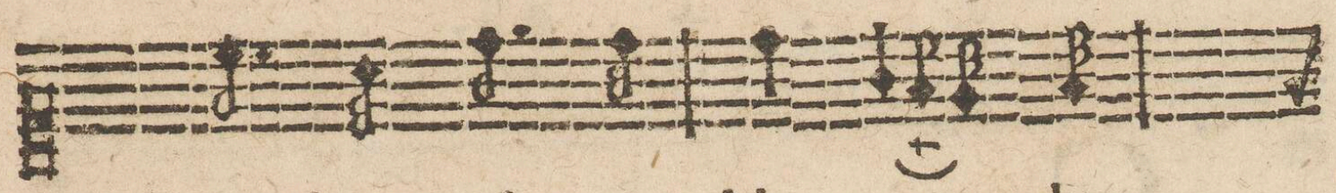


bel - le.

LA CRAINTIVE.
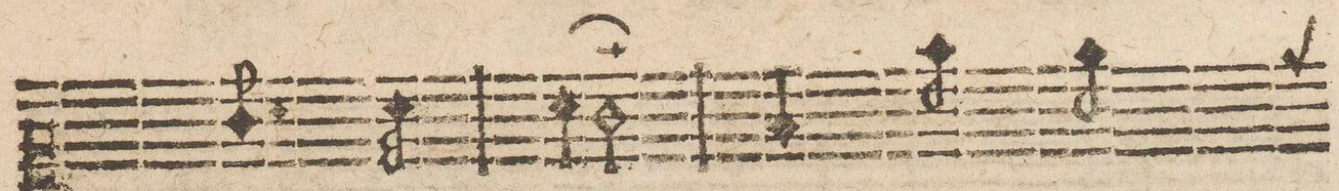




cher à l'in - no - cen - ce: ce:
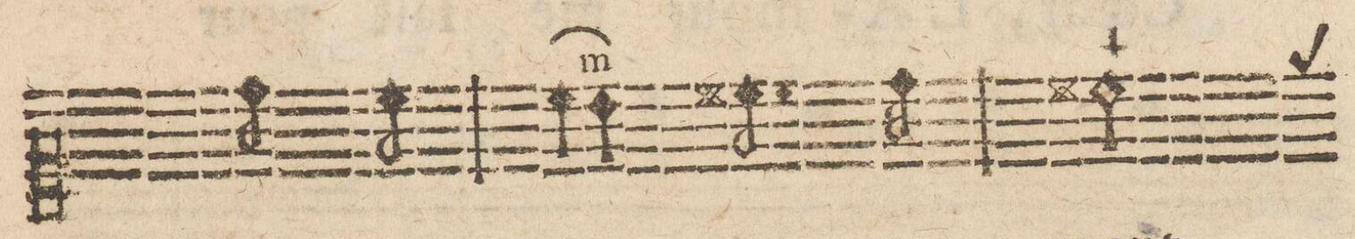


Quand on ai - me bien ten - dre-



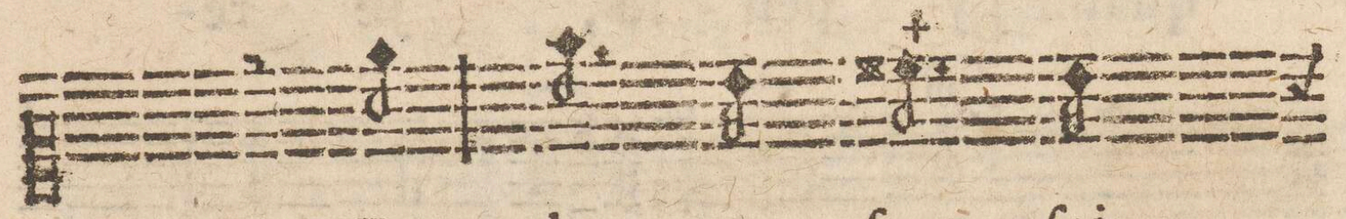
ment, Il eſt mal - ai - ſé
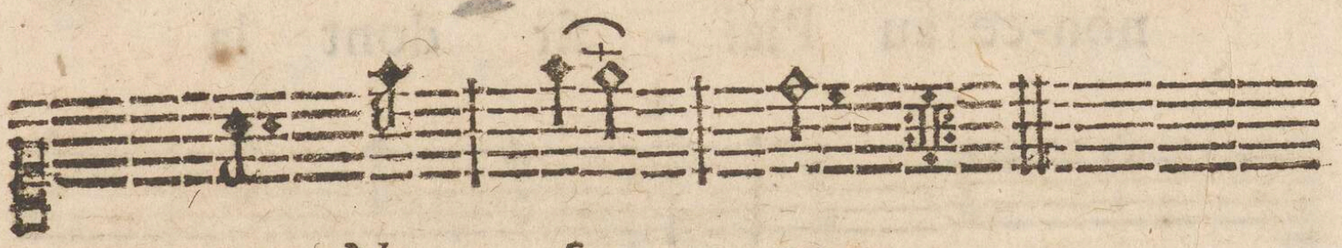


d'ê - tre ſa - ge, Et no-



tre ver - tu ra - re - ment,
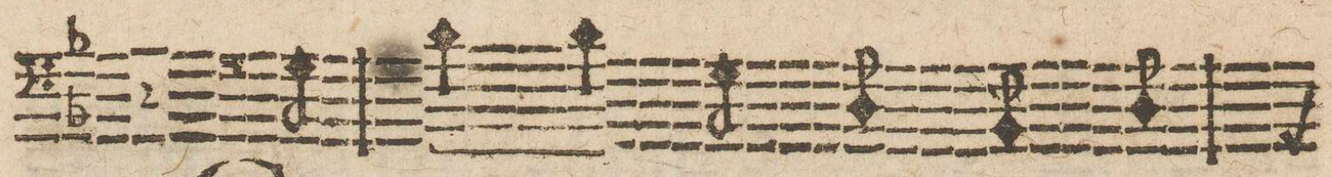


E - cha - pe ſans fai-
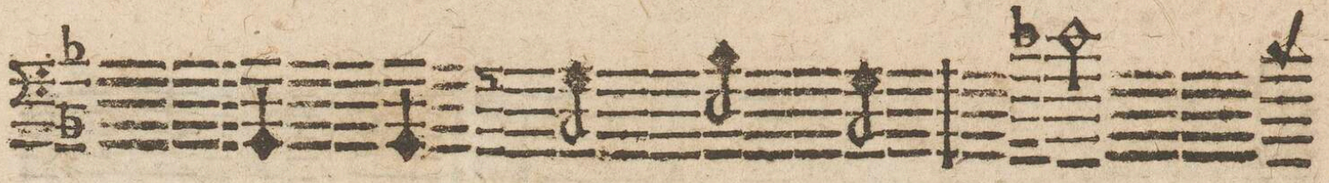


re Nau - fra - ge.

XX

RECIT DE BASSE.



GRé-goi-re prêt à ren-dre



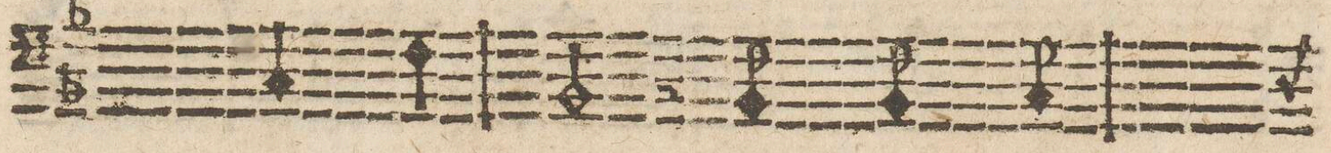
l'A-me, L'Ha-lei-ne en feu,
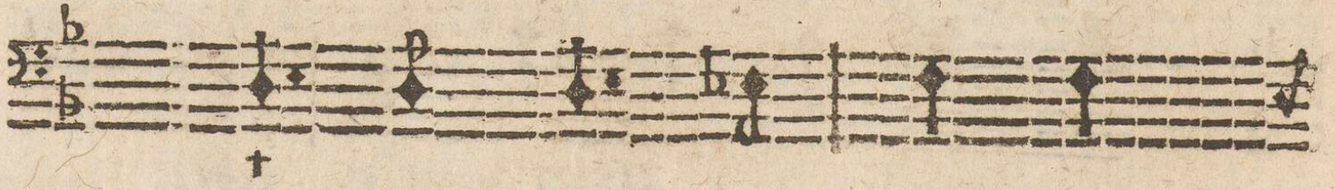


pri-oit ſa Fem-me,
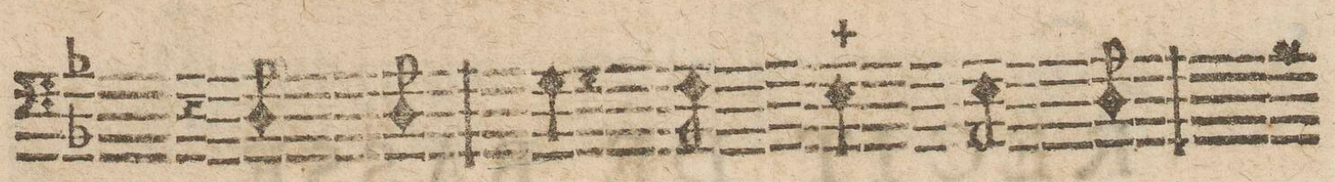


De lui don-ner un
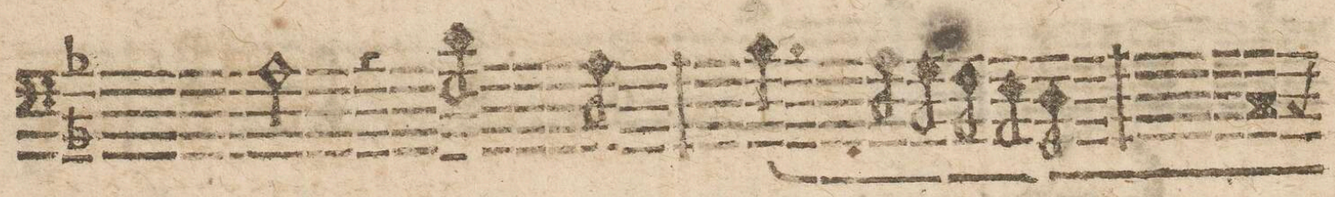


Ver-re d'Eau, U-ne de-



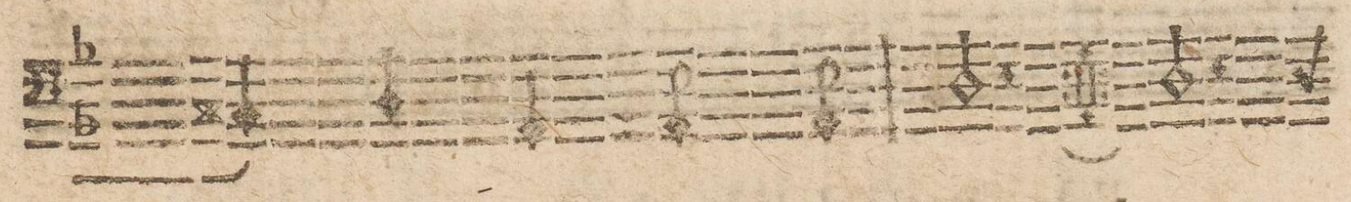
man-de ſi nou-vel-le,



Al - lar - ma la pauvre I - ſa-

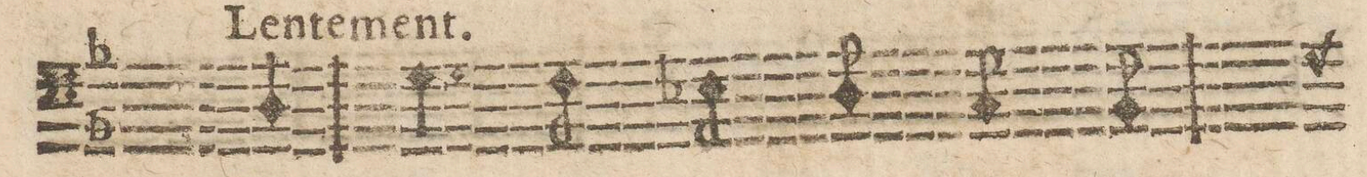


beau, Al- lar - ma -
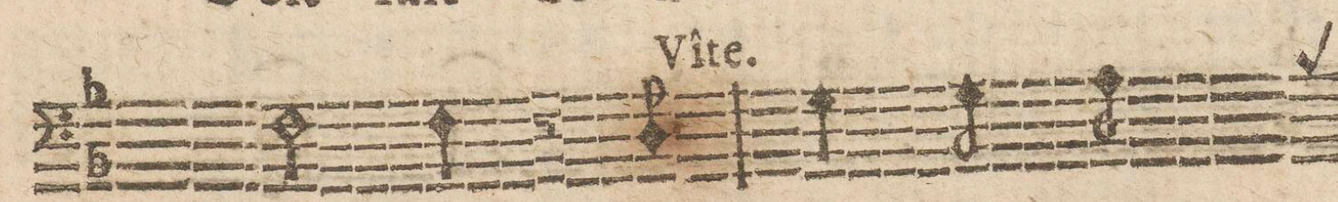


- la pauvre I - ſa - beau: beau:

Lentement.
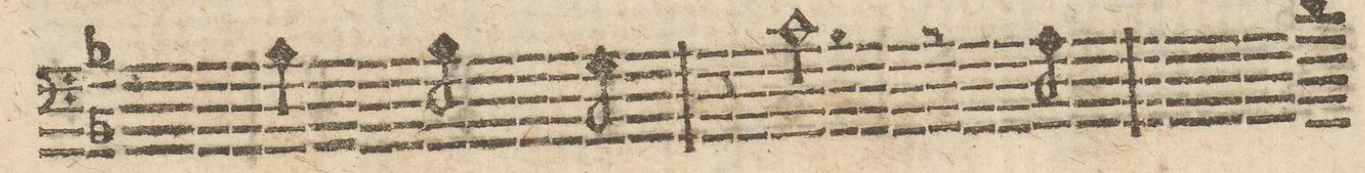


C'eſt fait de mon Ma - ri, dit-

Vîte.



el - le, Il a le tranſ-
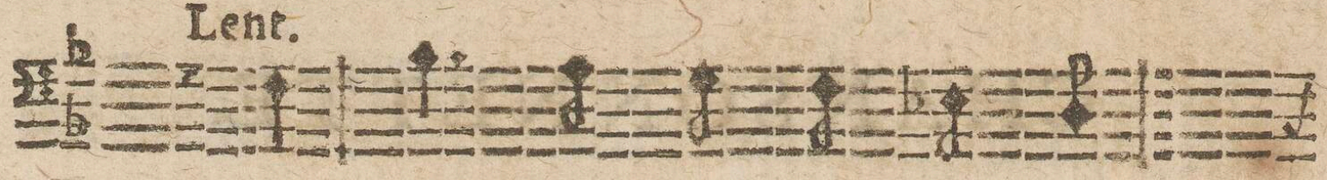


port au Cer - veau, Il

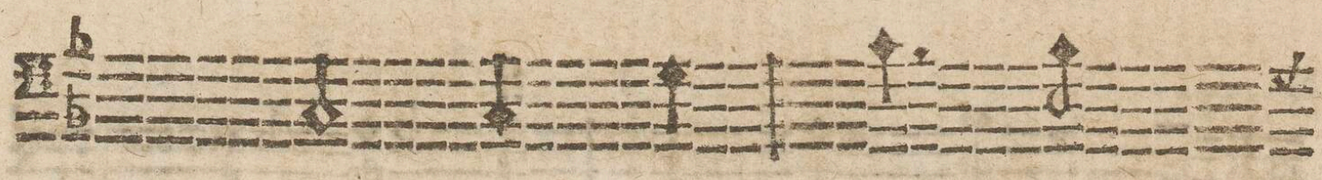


a le tranſ-port au Cer - veau;

C'eſt



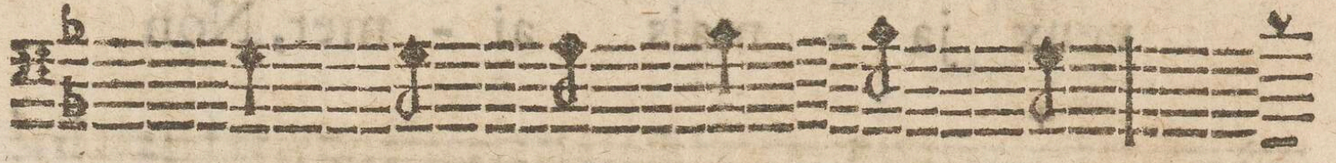
C'eſt fait de mon Ma-ri, dit-



el-le, C'eſt fait de



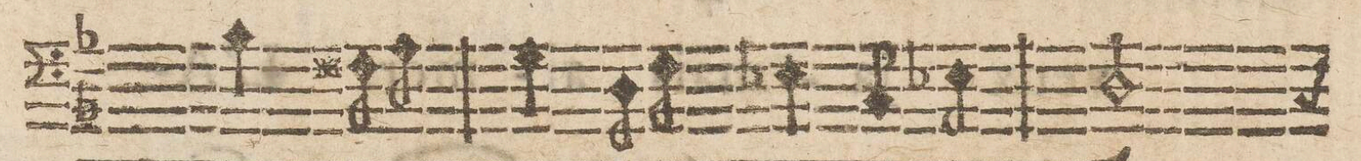
mon Ma-ri, dit-el-le, Il



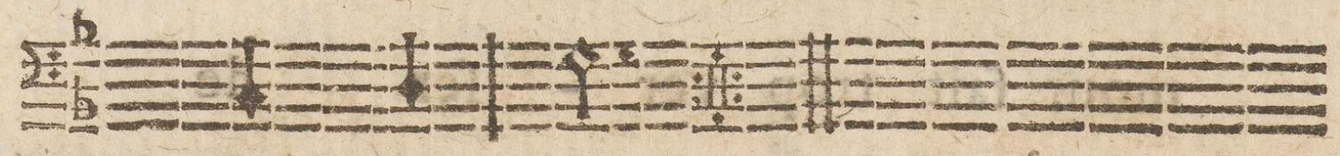
a le tranſ-port au Cer-



veau; Il a le tranſ-port -



- - - -



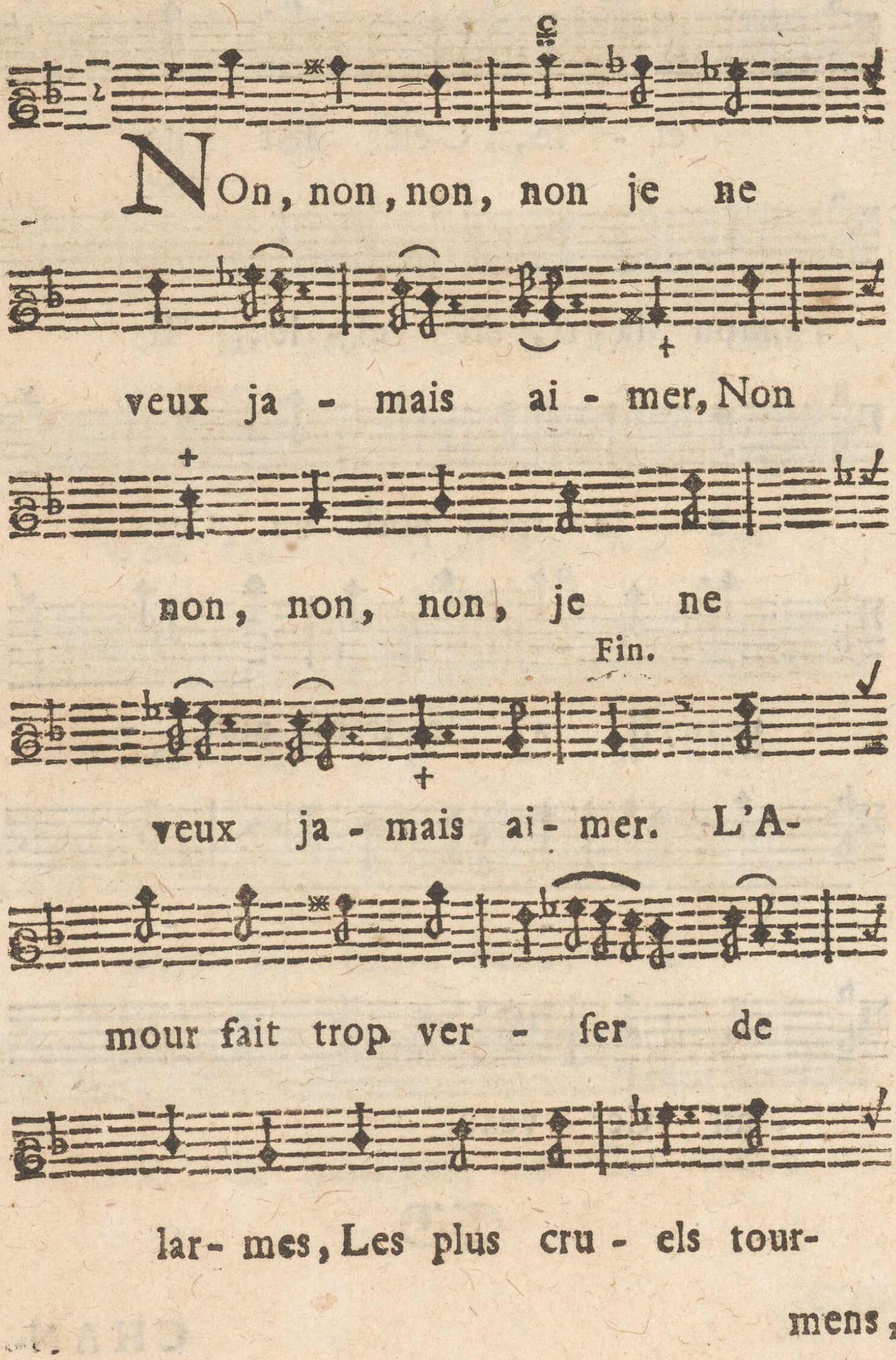
au Cer-veau.

C'eſt

CHAN-
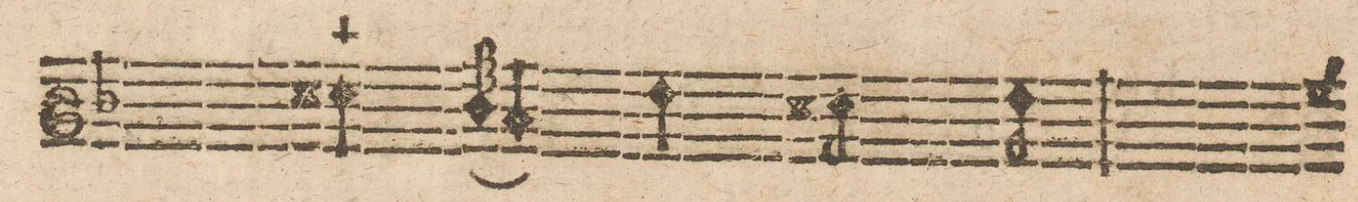
CHANSONNETTE.

RONDEAU.





mens, Sui-vent ſes plus doux



char-mes, Com-ment peut-

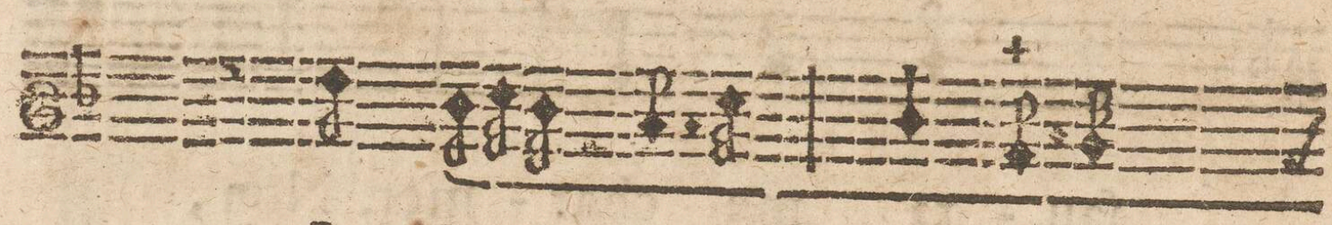


on ſe laiſ-ſer en-flâ-

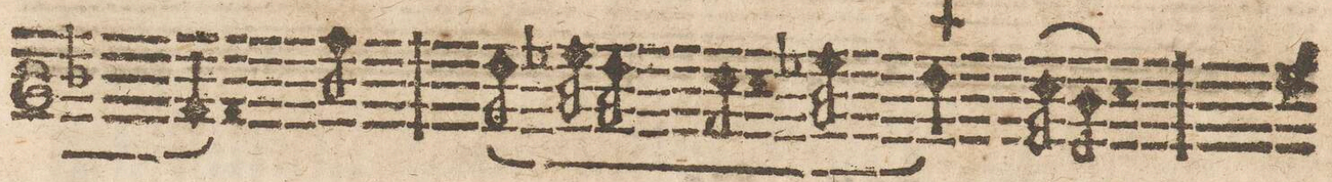
2me Fin.
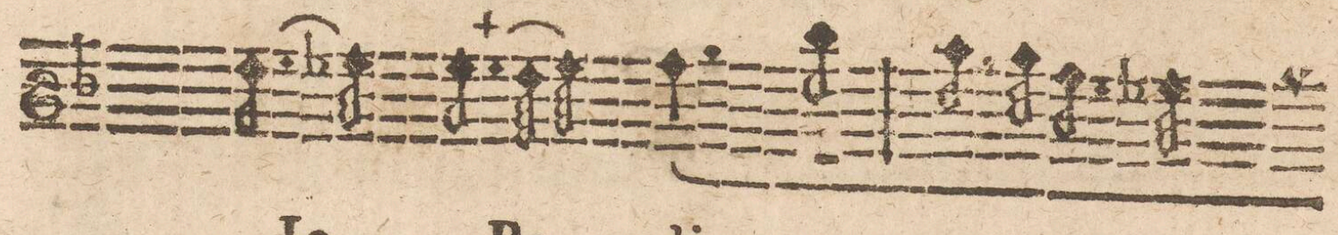


mer. Non, non, non, &c. mer.
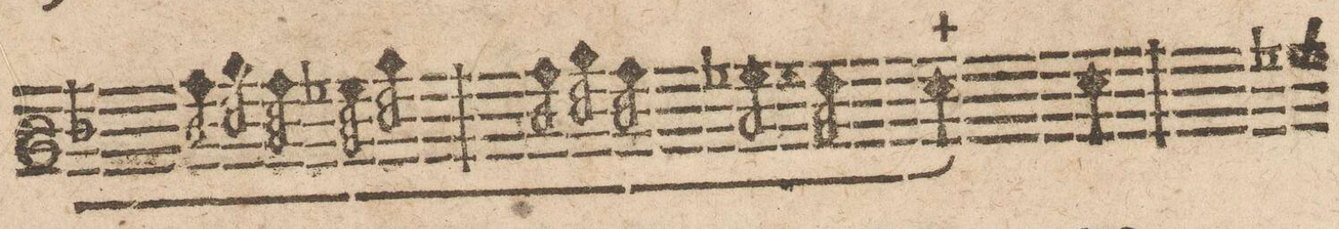


Je Ris, - -



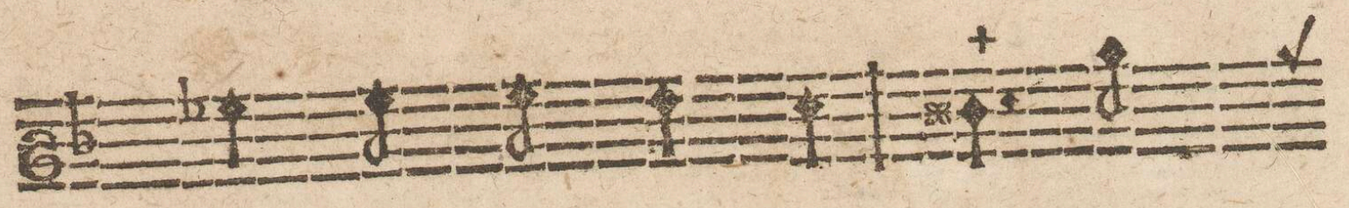
- Je Chan- - - te,



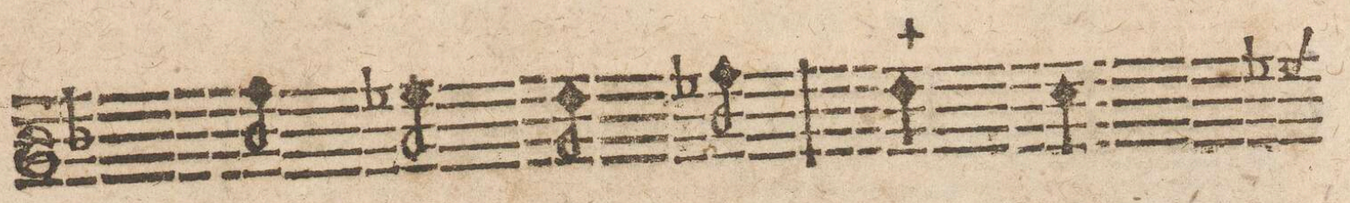
Je Ba - di- - -



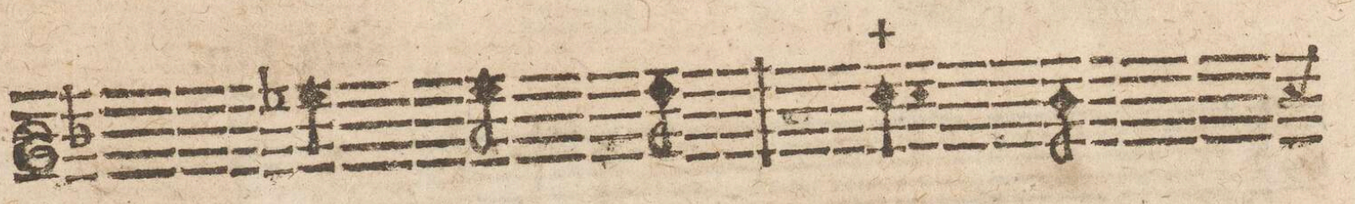
- - - - ne,



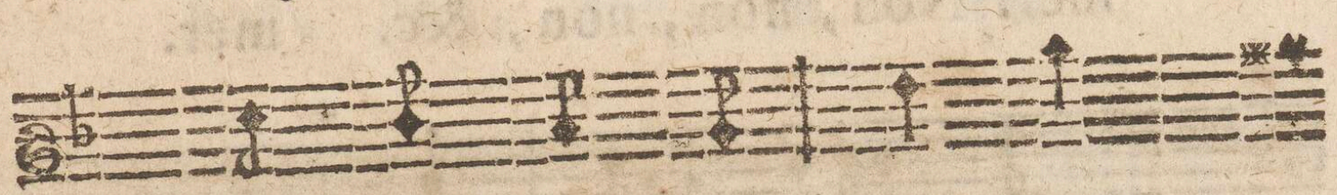
Si les A-mans ſont fins, Je



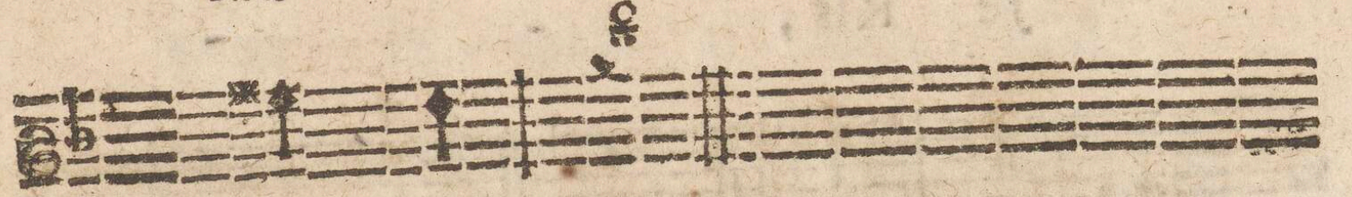
ſuis en-cor plus fi-ne,



Ja-mais au-cun, Ne



ſau-ra me char-mer. Non,



non, non, &c.



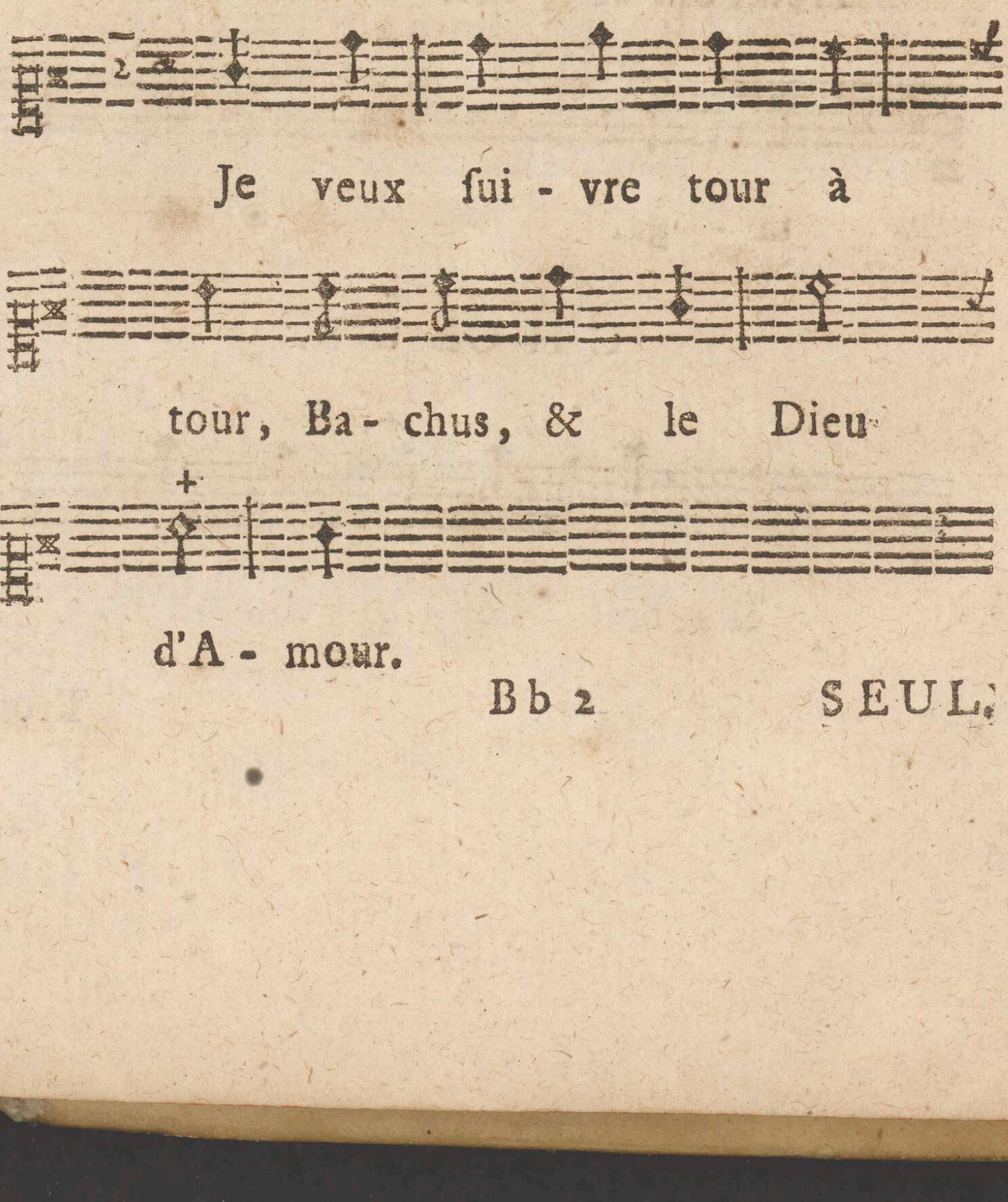
RON-

RONDE DE TABLE.
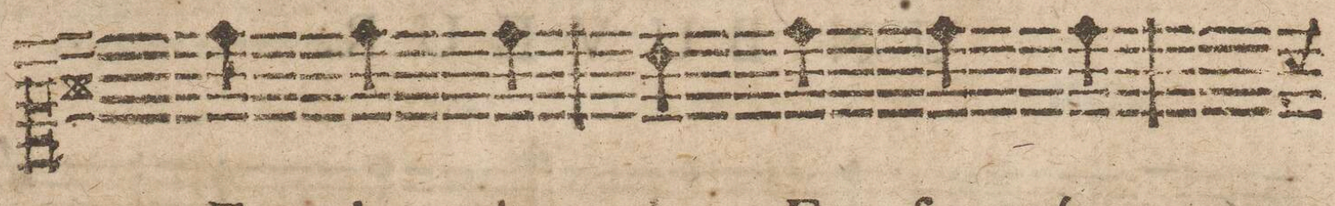
UN BUVEUR.
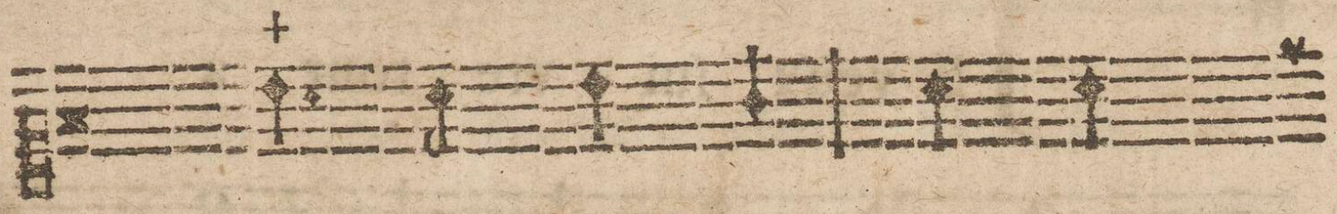


CHOEUR.
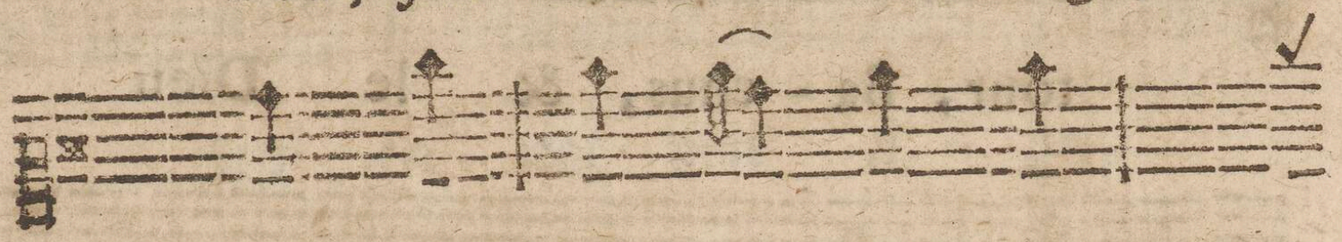


SEUL.
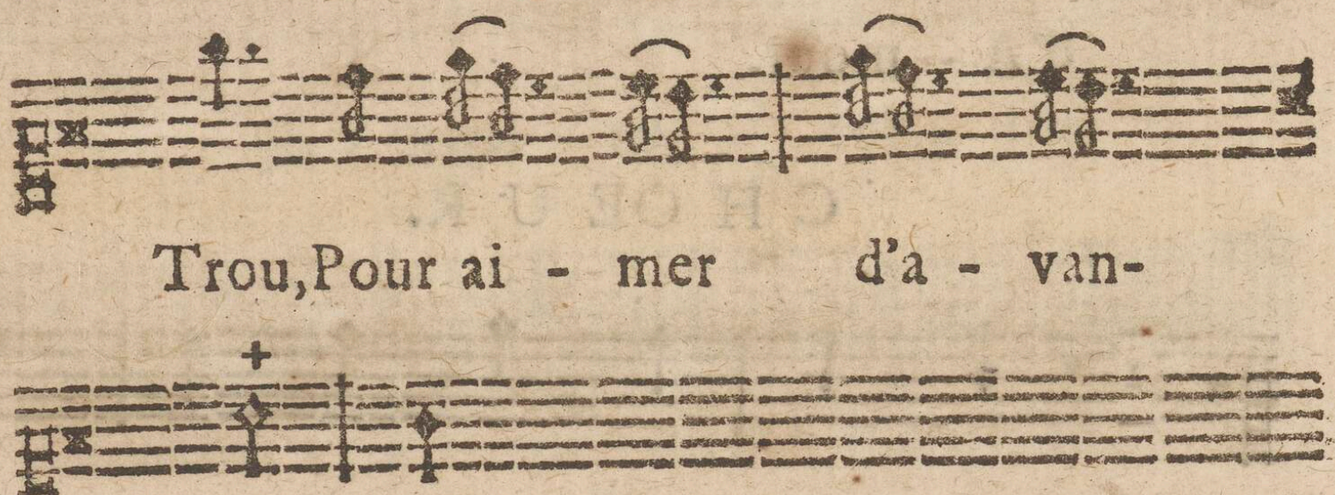


Et glou, glou, glou, Et frou, frou,



frou, J'ai bon Cou - ra - ge,
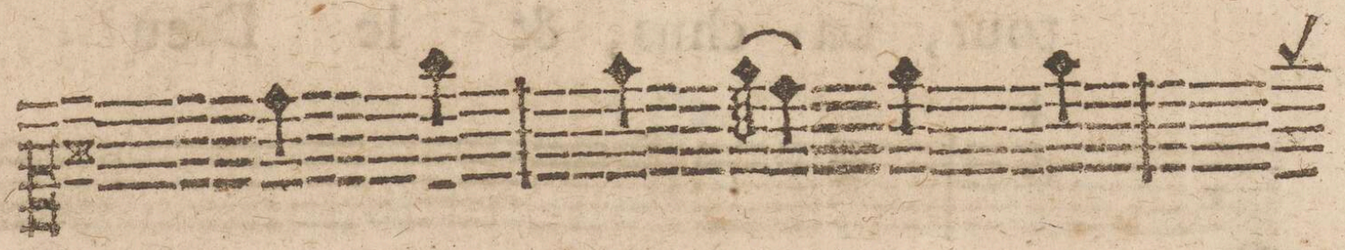


Il faut boi - re comme un



Trou, Pour ai - mer d'a - van-

ta - ge.

CHOEUR.

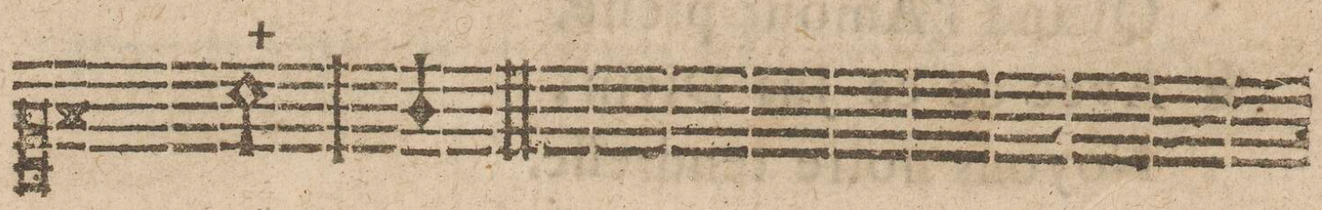


Il faut boi - re comme un

Trou,



Trou, Pour ai - mer d'a - van-



ta - ge.

Quand j'ai bû neuf coups de Vin,
Le dixième eſt pour Catin.
Et glou, glou, glou, &c.
℣. Il faut boire, &c.
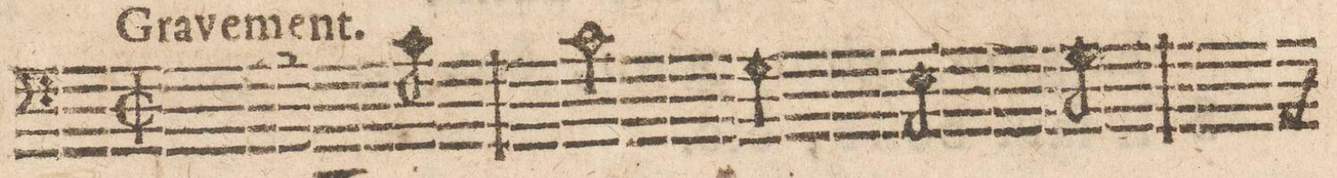
Ainſi plus j'entonnerai,
Plus auſſi j'en payerai.
Et glou, glou, glou, &c.
℣. Il faut boire, &c.

Objet charmant, & gentil,
Ce Marché vous plairoit-il.
Et glou, glou, glou, &c.
℣. Il faut boire, &c.

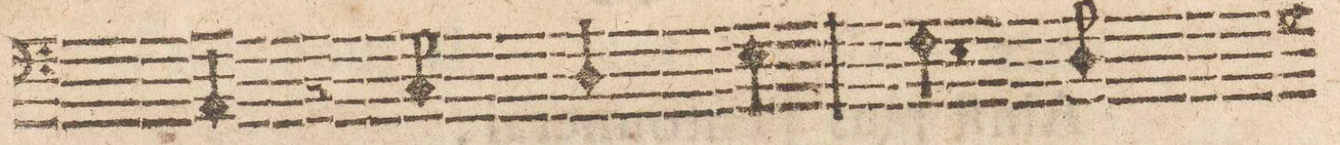
Amis, faites comme moi,
Je compte de bonne foi,
Et tin, tin, tin, & zin, zin, zin,
Quand l'Amour preſſe.
Avec de ce Jus Divin,
Noyons notre tendreſſe.

RECIT DE BASSE.

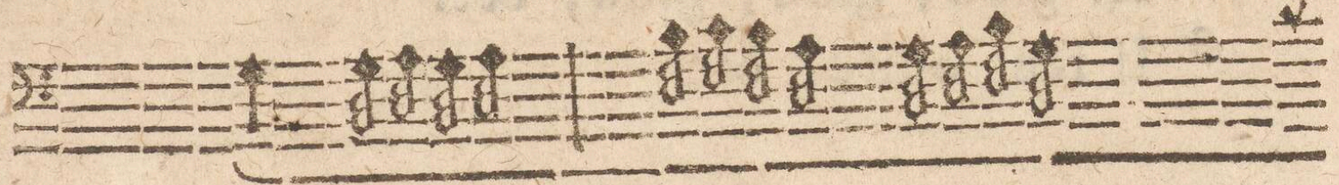
Gravement.



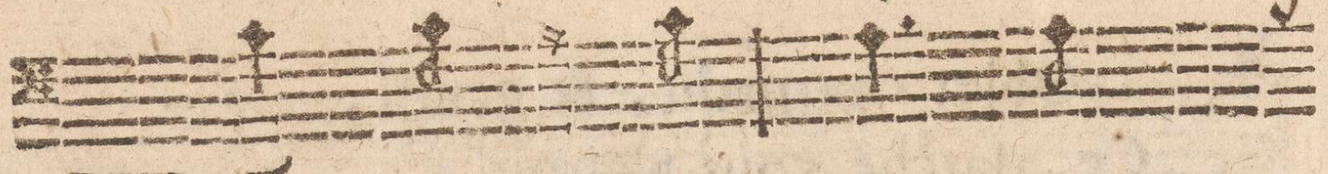
L'A-mour juſ-qu'aux En-



fers, A ſû por-ter la
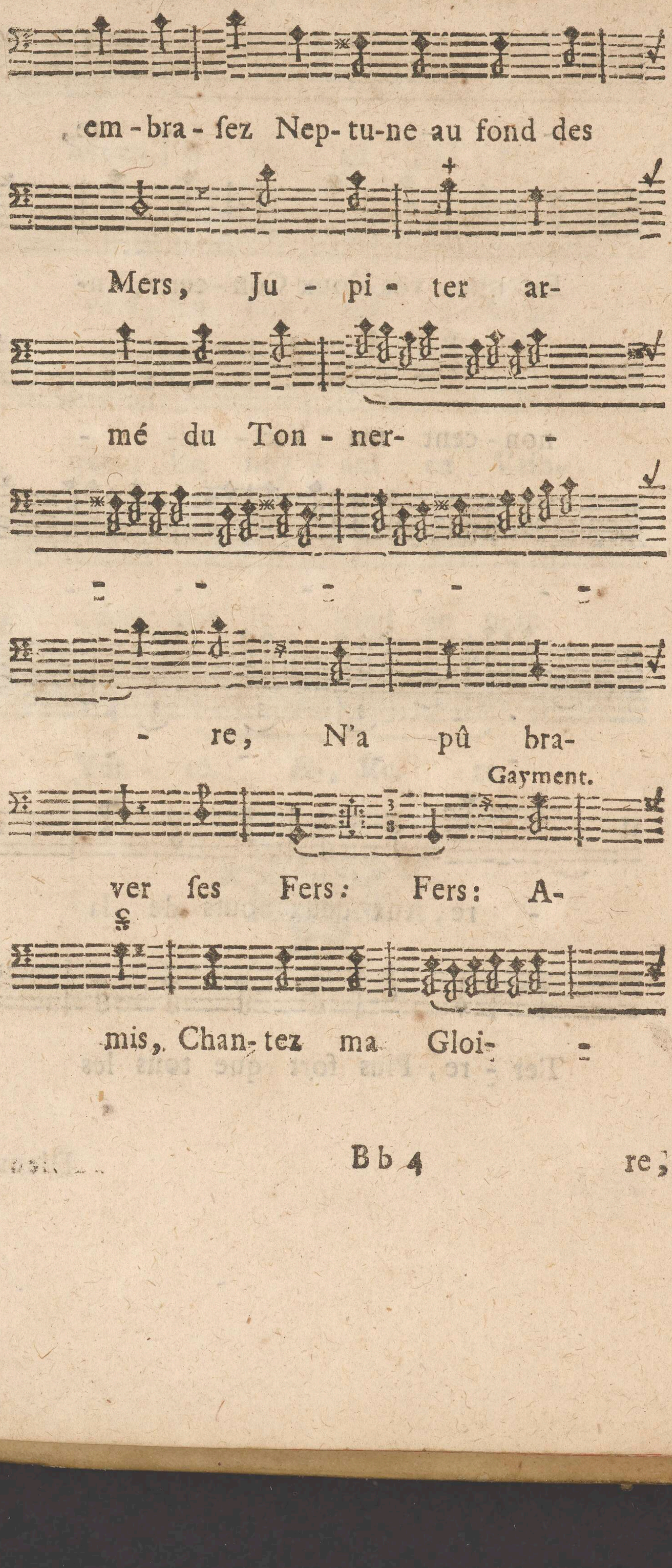


Guer- - -



re, Ses feux ont em-

BIBLIOTEKA
XX.
CZARTORYSKICH


em-bra-ſez Nep-tu-ne au fond des
Mers, Ju-pi-ter ar-
mé du Ton-ner-
re, N'a pû bra-
Gayment.
ver ſes Fers: Fers: A-
mis, Chan-tez ma Gloi-

em-
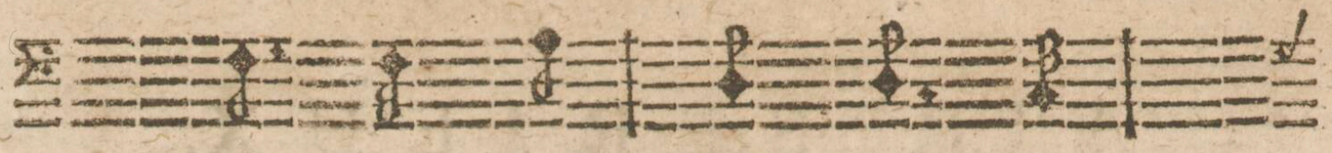
re,

Et que vos doux Con-certs, An-

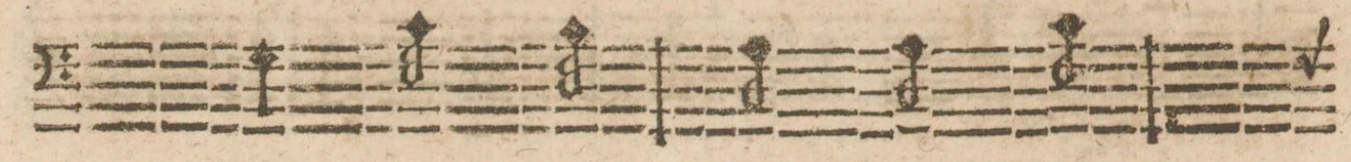
non-cent ma Vic-toi-re, Aux deux bouts de la

Ter-re, Plus fort que tous les

Dieux,



Dieux, J'ai ven - gé l'U - ni-



vers, En noy - ant ce Vain-



queur, En noy - ant ce Vain-



queur dans le fond de mon

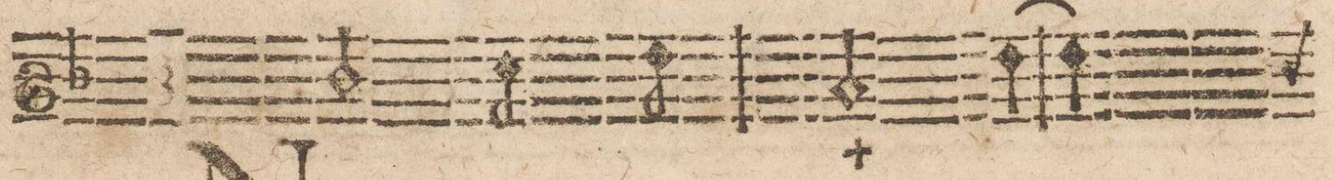
Ver - re. A-, &c. re.



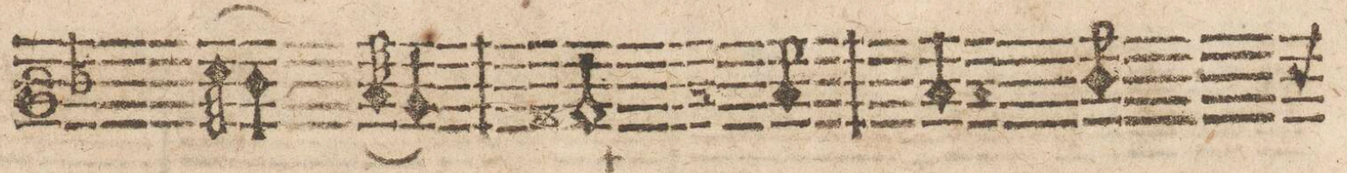
Dieux,

AIR

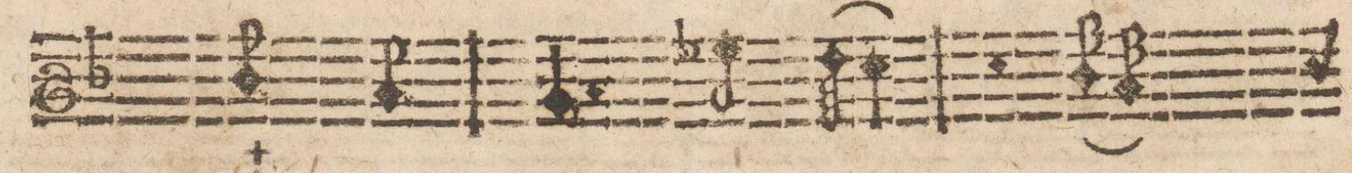
AIR SERIEUX.



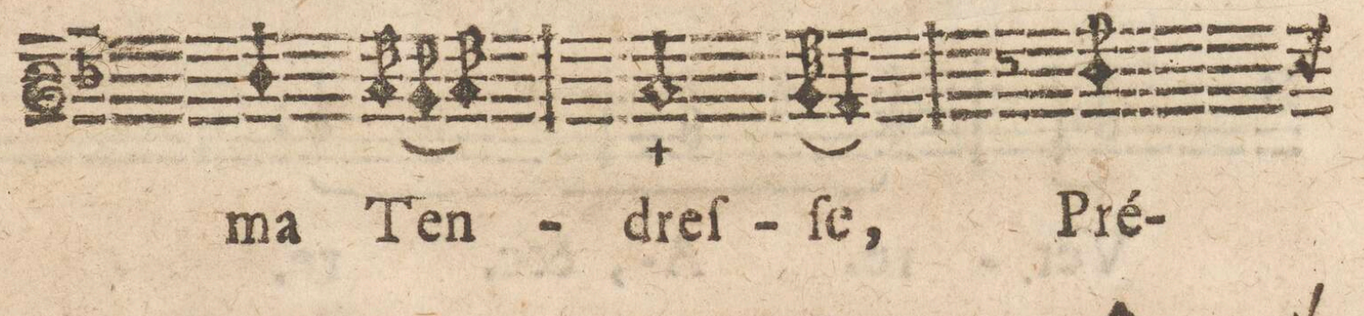
NUit que j'at - tends, quand



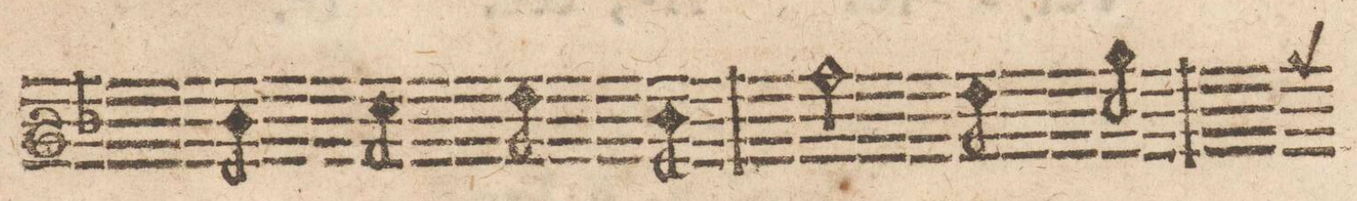
vien - drez vous, Li - vrer à



mes dé - firs l'ob - jet de



ma Ten - dref - fe, Pré-

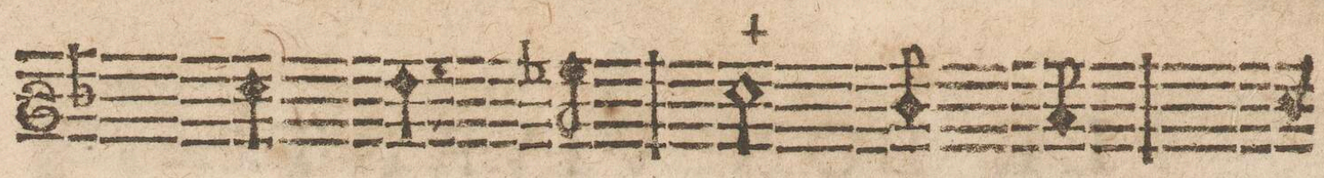


ci - pi - tez vos pas, Mon A-

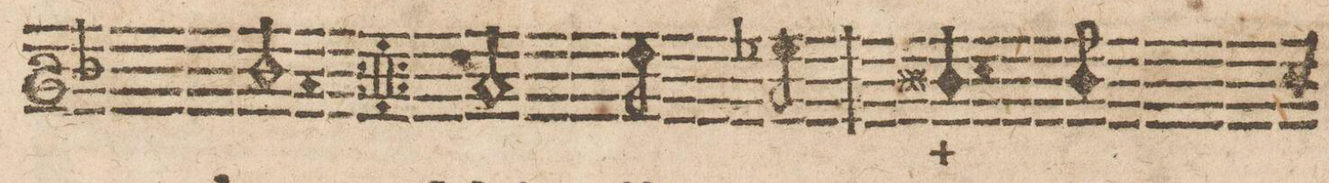


mour vous en pref - fe, Com-

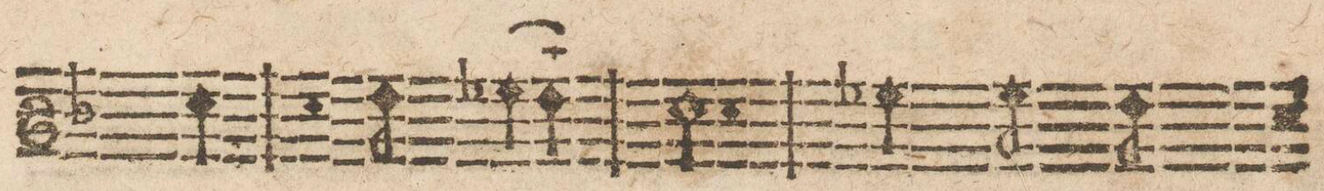
blez



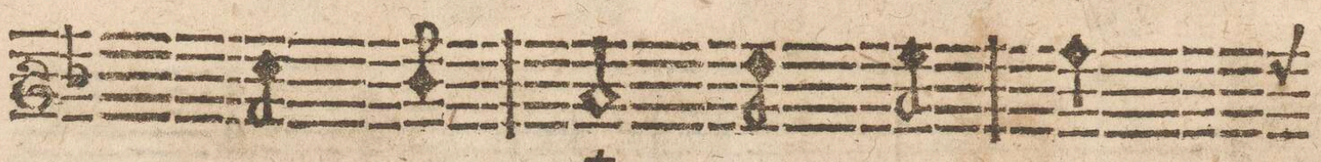
blez mes dé - ſirs les plus
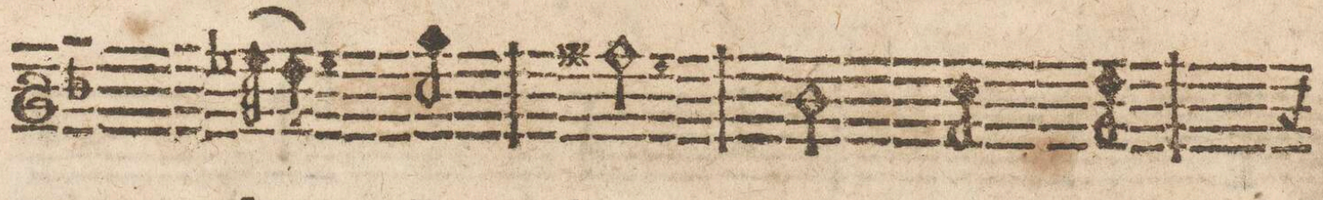


doux; Mais li - vrez vous à
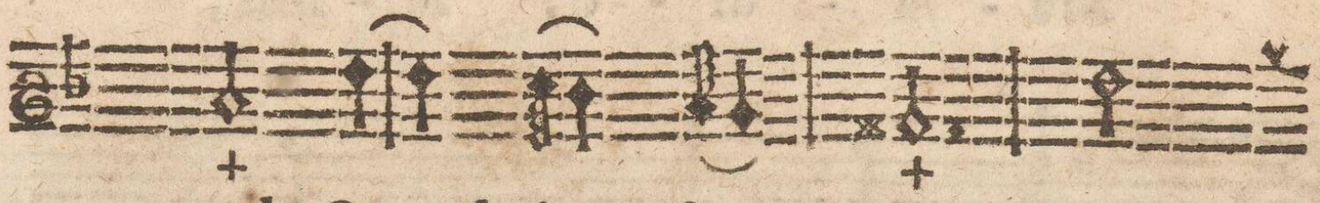


la Pa - reſ - ſe Quand le So-



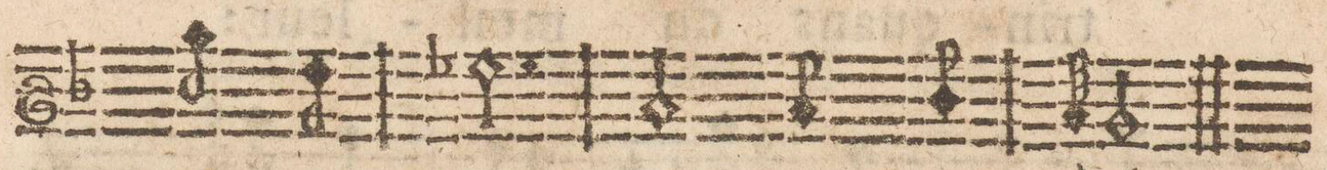
leil vou - dra ré - veil - ler



les Ja - loux; Nuit que j'a-

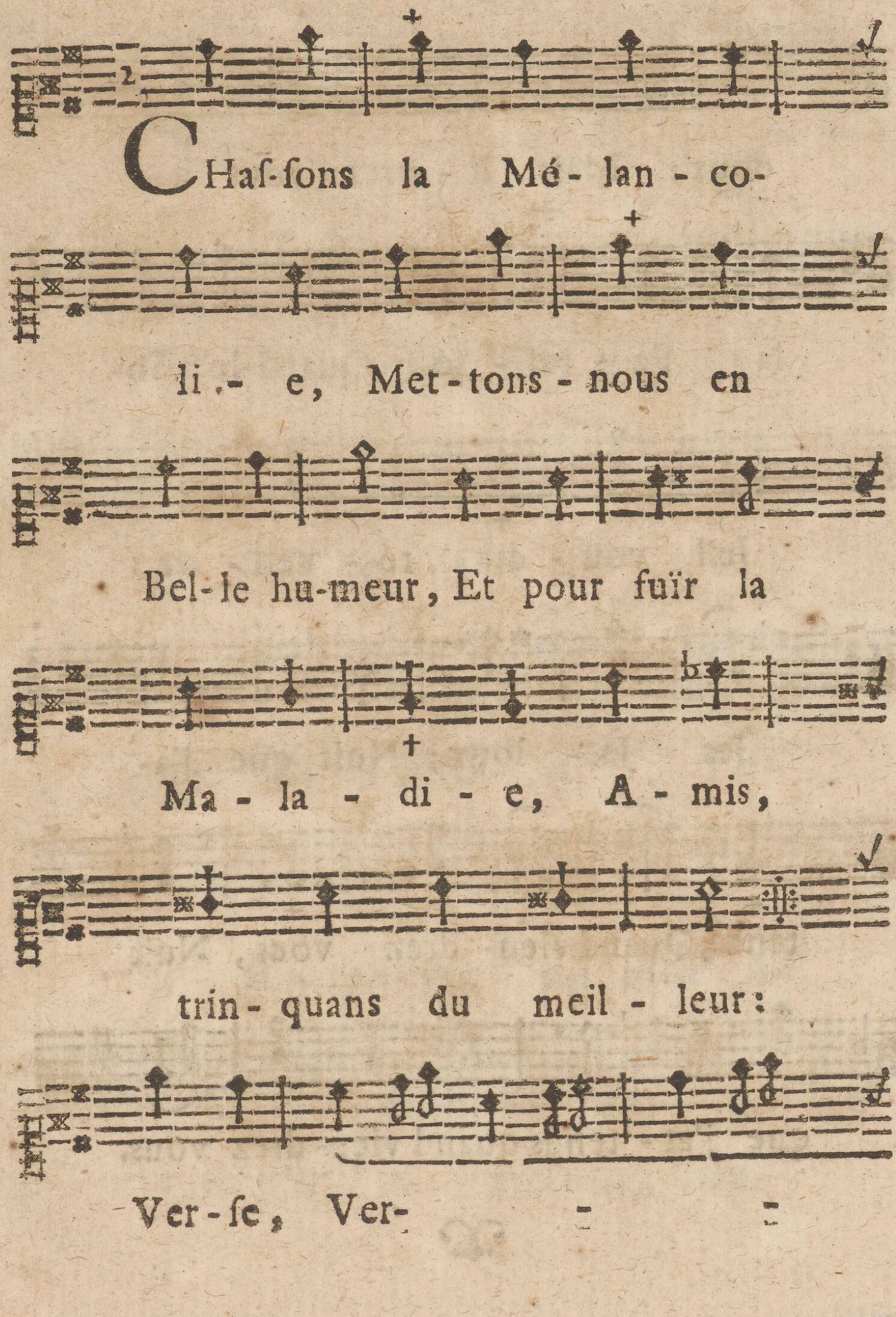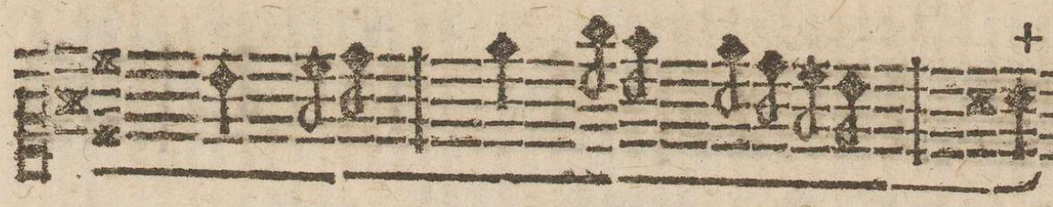


tends, Quand vien - drez vous, Nuit



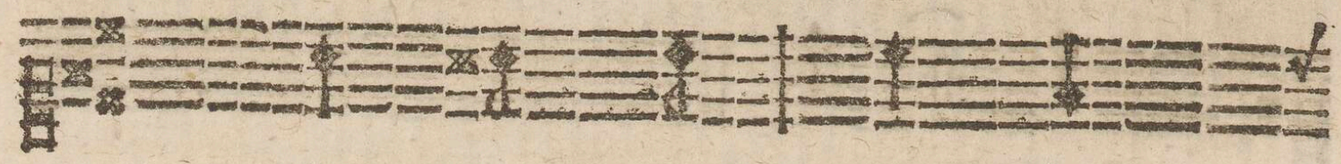
que j'at - tends quand vien - drez vous.

LE BON VIVANT.
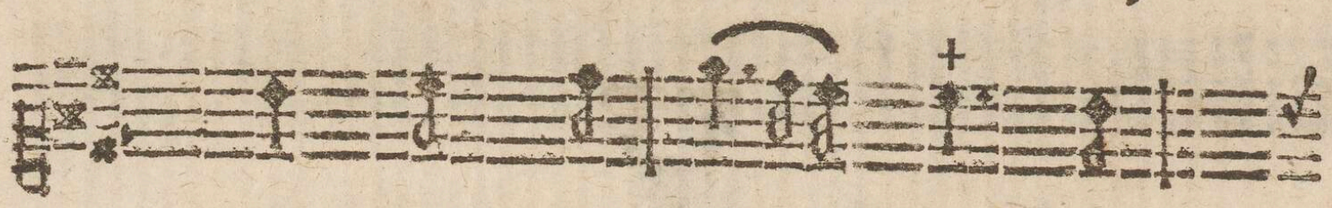




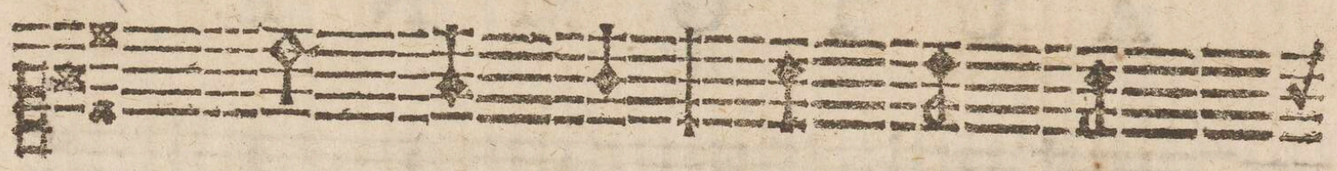
- - - - se,



Sans plus at - ten - dre,



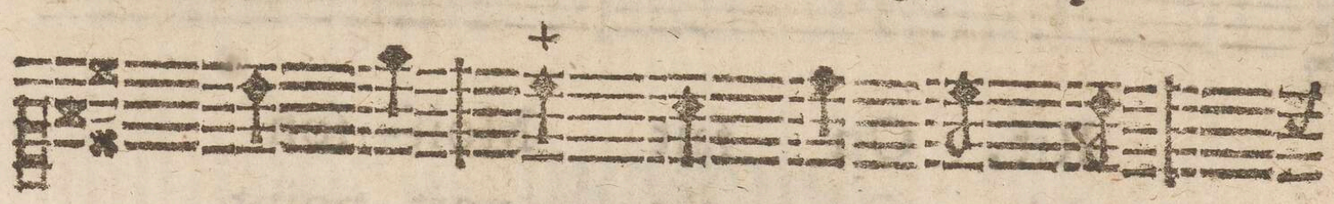
Ah! que ce Jus est di-



vin. Si l'A - mour, ce pe-



tit Lu - tin, Vient i - ci pour
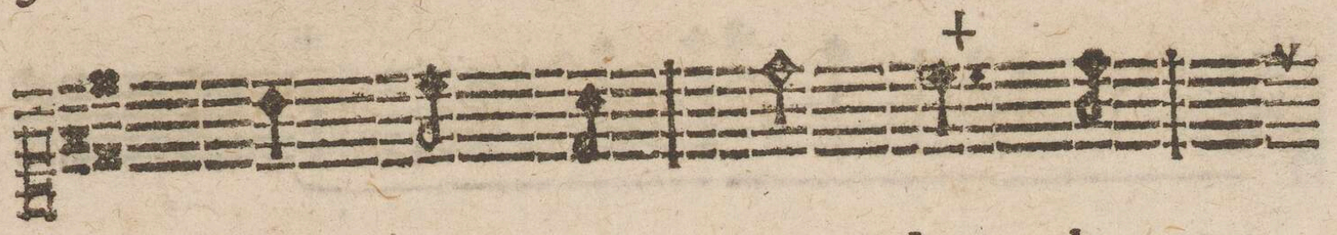


nous sur - pren - dre, Il faut le

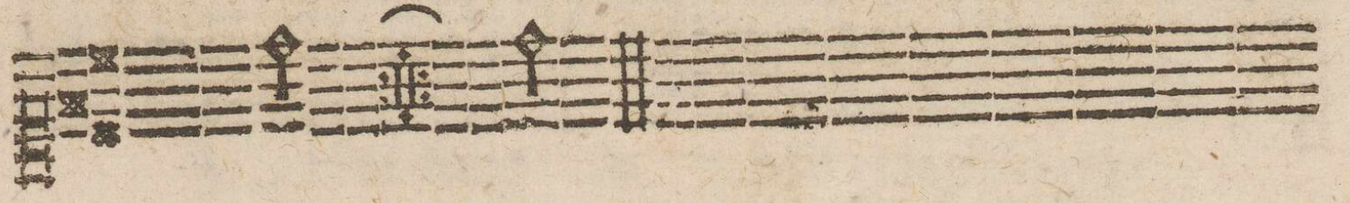


noy - er dans le Vin, Il

se;
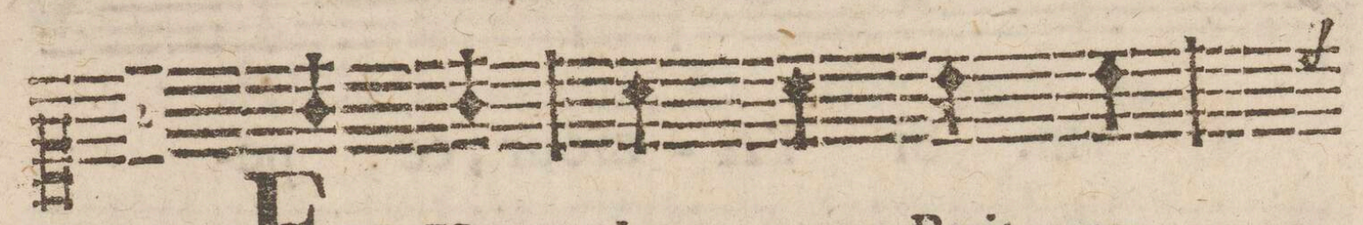


faut le noy - er dans le
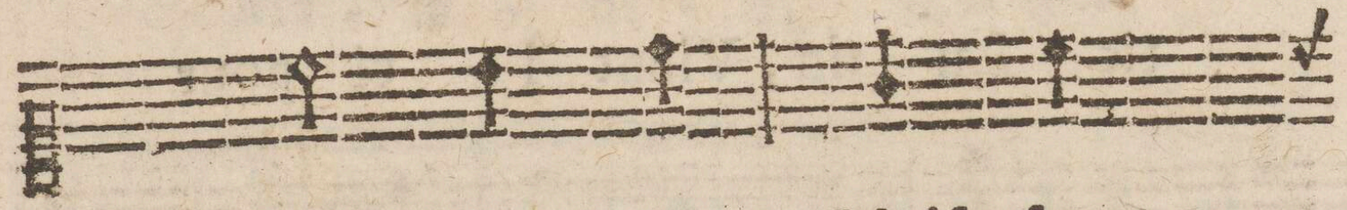


Vin. Vin.



AUTOMNE.



EN Ven - dan-ge on Boit, on
Le Cœur mê - me s'at - ten-



Rit, On fait Moiſ- ſon
drit, On n'y voit point

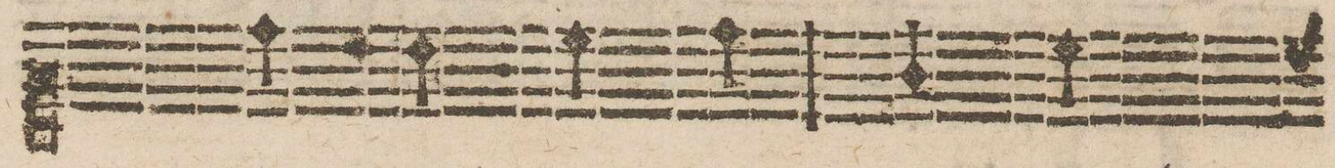


d'al - le - greſ - ſe, greſ - ſe:
de Ty - greſ - ſe, greſ - ſe:
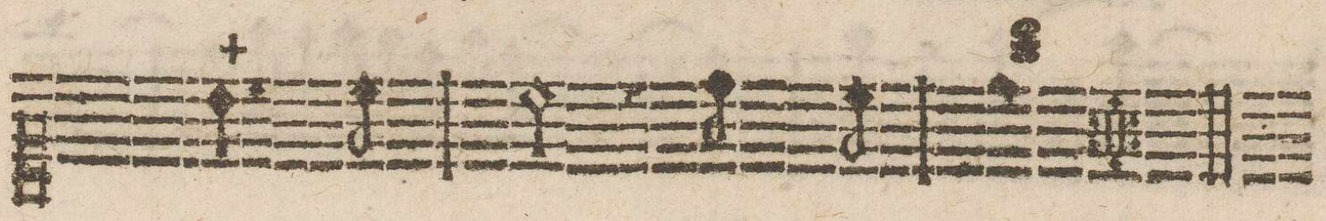
Au



Au Prin- tems l'A-mour nous



bleſ-ſe, En Au-tomne il
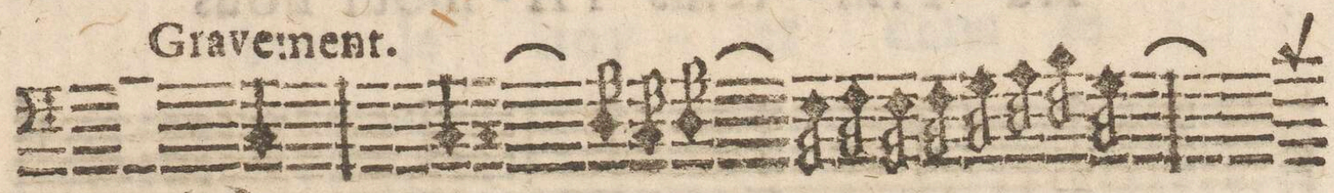


nous gué-rit. Au Prin-, &c.

Après les Dons précieux,
De Cérès, & de Pomone,
Vient le Jus délicieux,
Qu'à ſon tour, Bachus nous donne;
Mais l'Amour ſeul aſſaiſonne,
Les Préſens des autres Dieux.

RECIT DE BASSE.

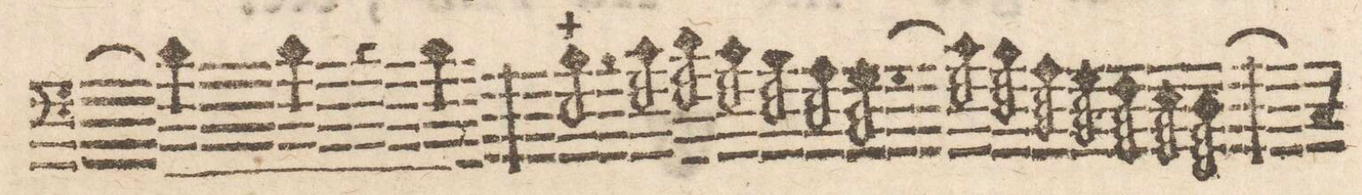
Gravement.



Qu'il ven- - -



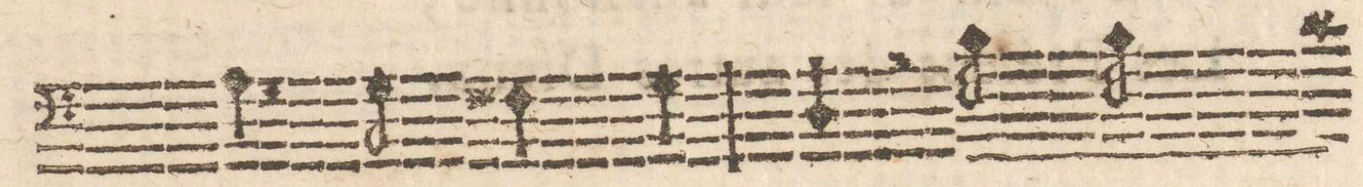
- te, Qu'il Grê- - -
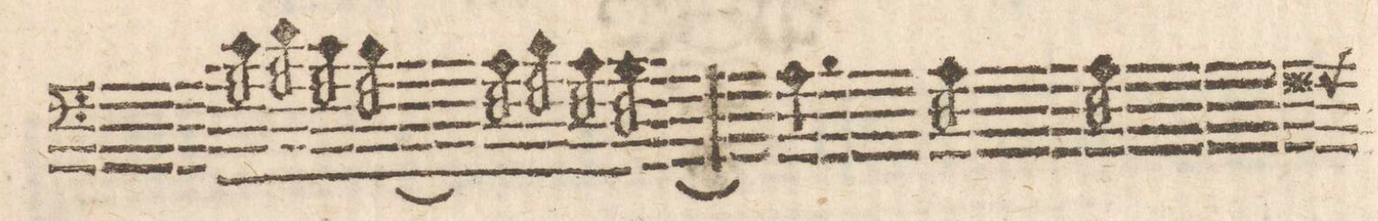


- le, Qu'il Ton- - -



= ne, Je pré - tens
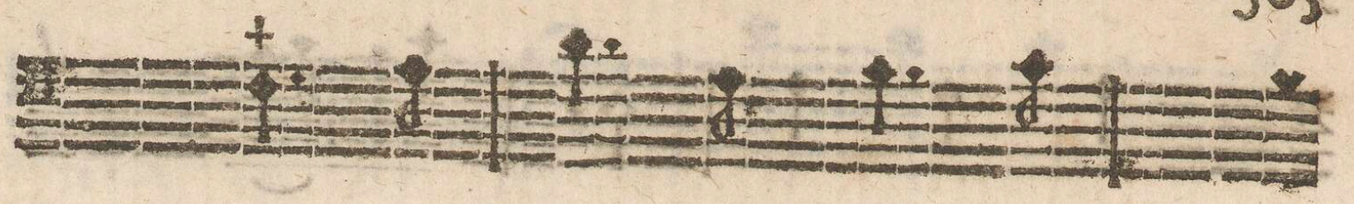


ſui - vre mon deſ - tin, Je me
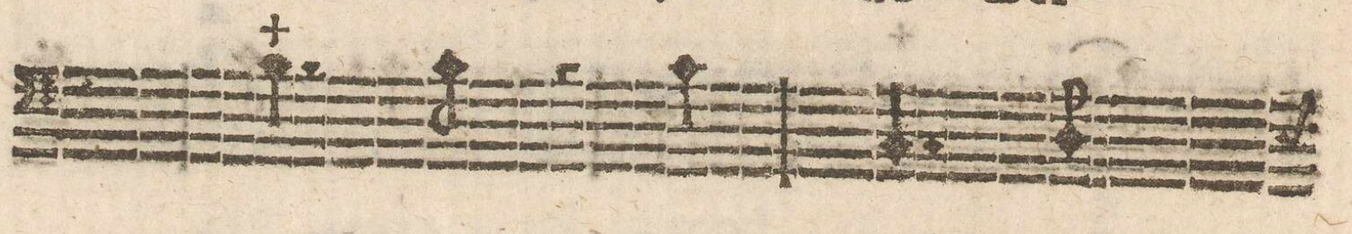


Ris = = du Fra-

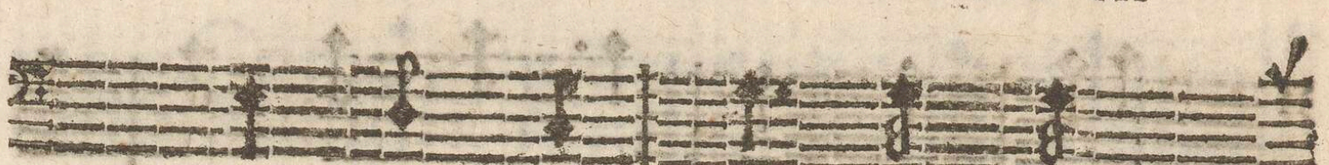
cas.



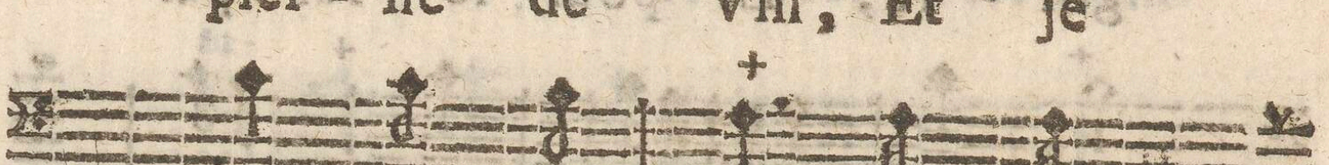
cas, De Mars, & de Bel-
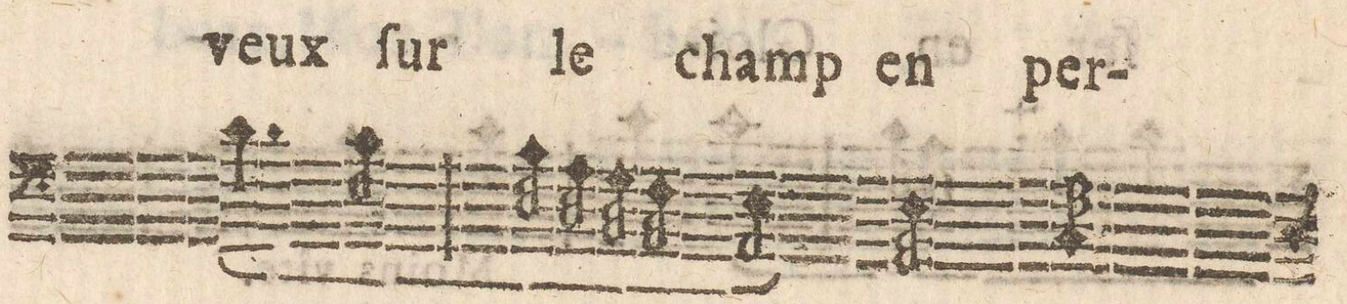


lon - ne, Ma Ca - ve eſt



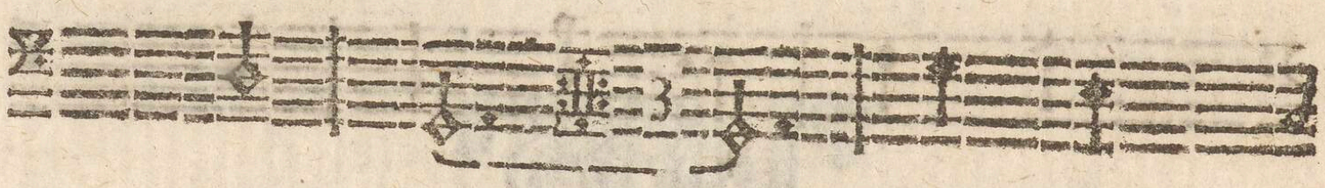
plei - ne de Vin, Et je



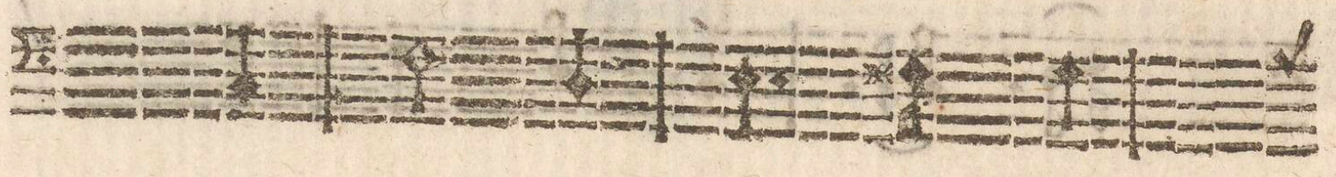
veux ſur le champ en per-



cer - u - ne
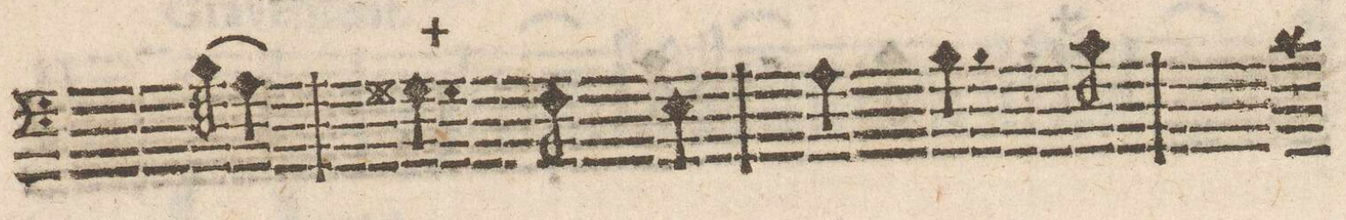


Ton - ne: ne: Qu'on ne



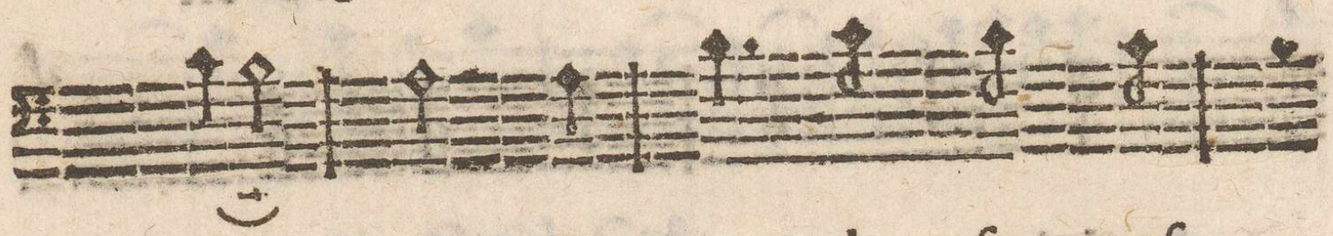
me par - le plus ſous ce



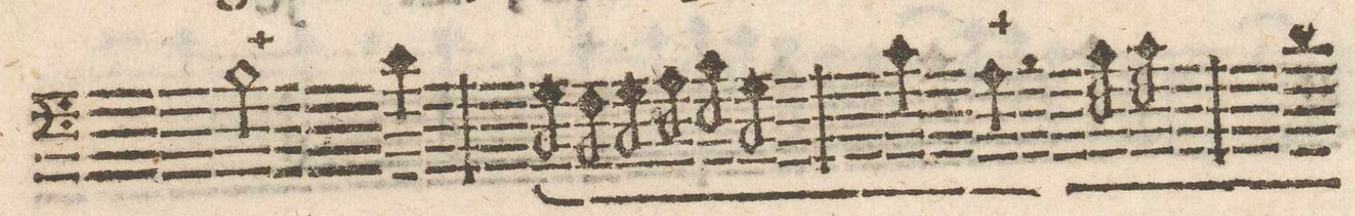
som-bre Ber- ceau, Que des
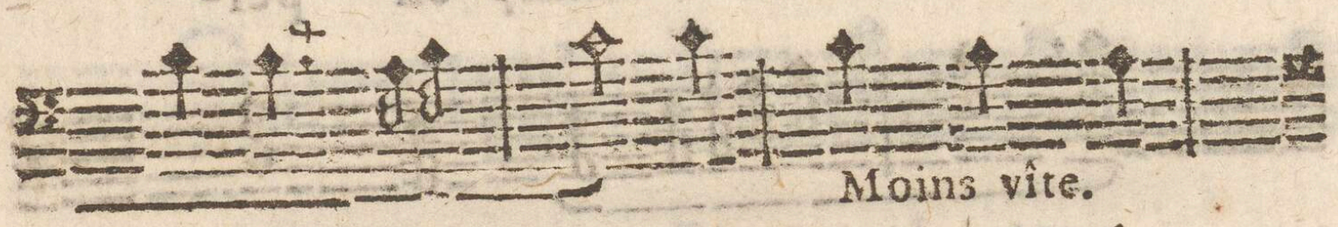


Ex- ploits du Ba- chi-que Gré-



goi- re; Et pour le ſur-paſ-
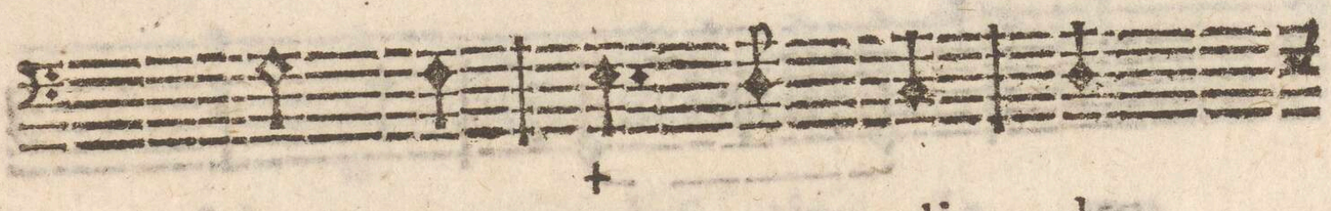


ſer en Gloi-

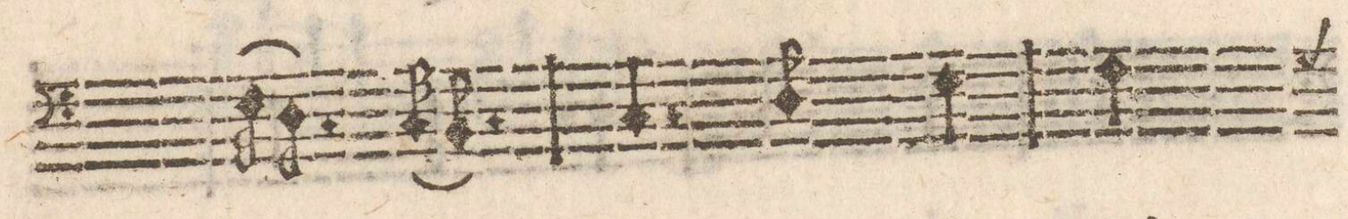


Moins vîte.

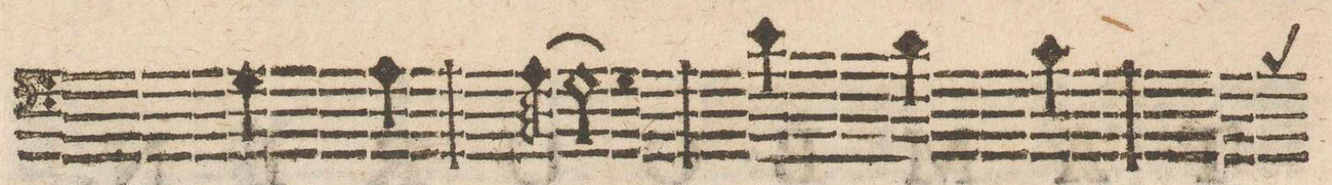
- - re, Dans mon der-



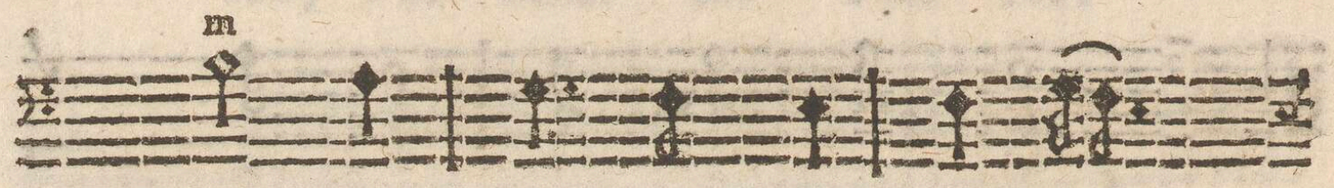
nier Ton-neau rem- pli du



meil-leur Vin, Je fe- rai
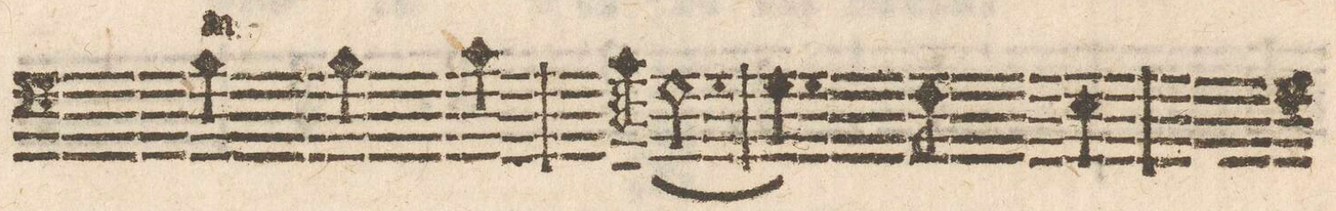


mon Tom-beau; Dans mon der-



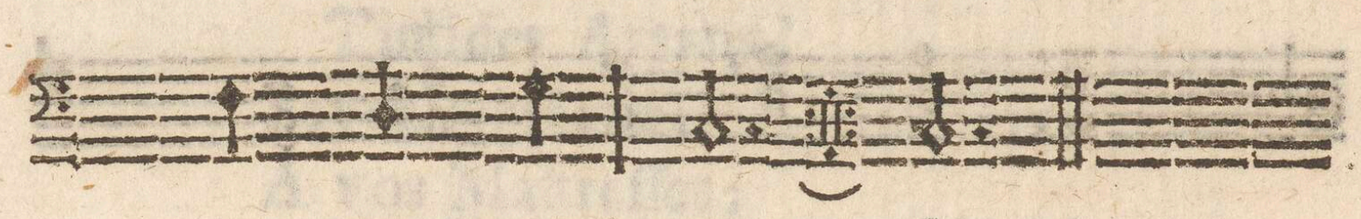
nier Ton-neau, Je fe-rai mon



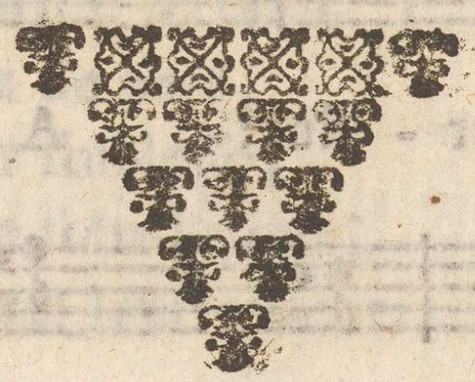
Tom-beau, Je fe-rai mon Tom-



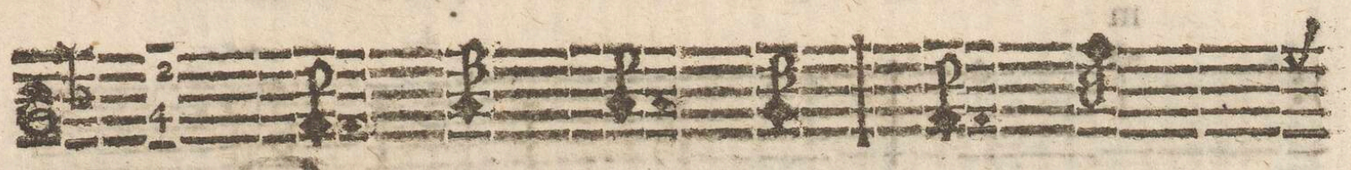
beau, Mon Tom-beau, Je fe-



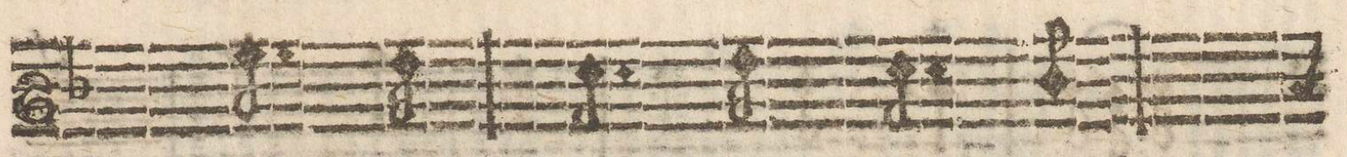
rai mon Tom-beau. beau.



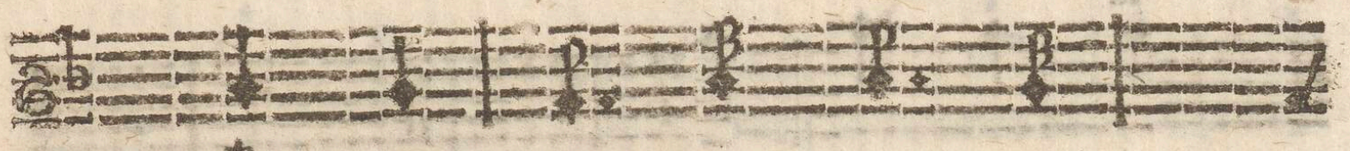
TAMBOURIN.



CE - le - brons Ba - chus, Ne



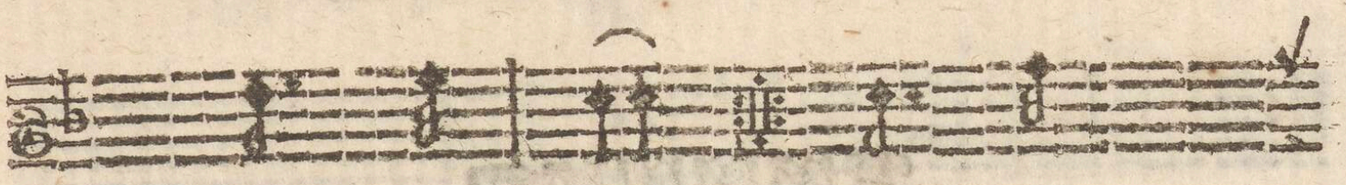
pen - ſons plus, A nos A-
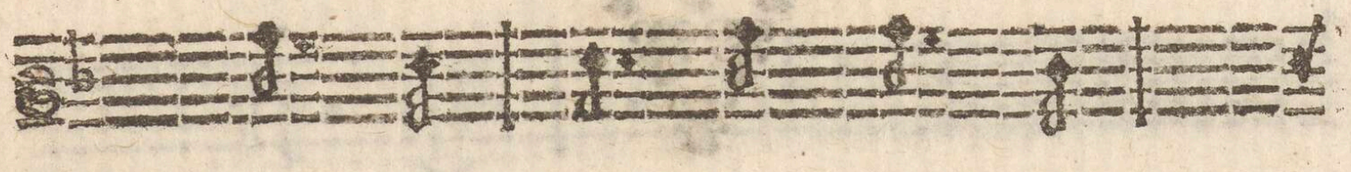


min - tes, Dans ſon Jus di-



vin, Noy - ons tous les ſoins

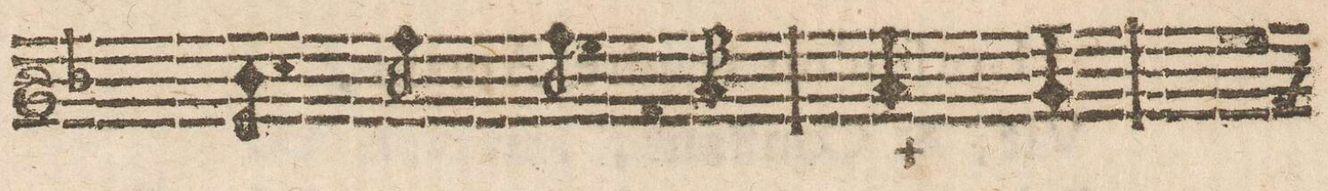


ſu - per - flus: A - mi,

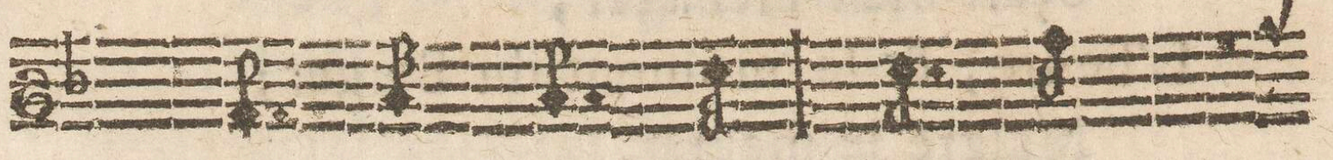


ver - ſe - moi, Je trinque à

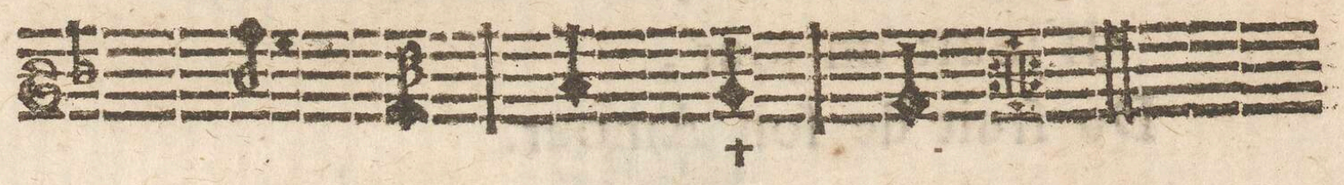
toi.



toi, Vui-dons les Pin-tes;



Et juſ-qu'à de-main, Ay-



ons le Ver-re en Main.

Timides Amans,
Soyez conſtans,
A vos Maitreſſes;
L'Amour tôt ou tard,
Les bleſſera du même Dard,
Souvent le hazard,
A plus de part,
A leur foibleſſe,
Que le ſoin flateur,
D'éprouver leur ardeur.

Lorſqu'un tendre Amant,
Vif, & Conſtant,
Près d'une Belle,
Sçait bien ménager,
L'heure, & le moment du Berger;
Malgré le mépris,
De la Cloris,
La plus cruelle,
Il jouït un jour,
Du fruit de ſon Amour.
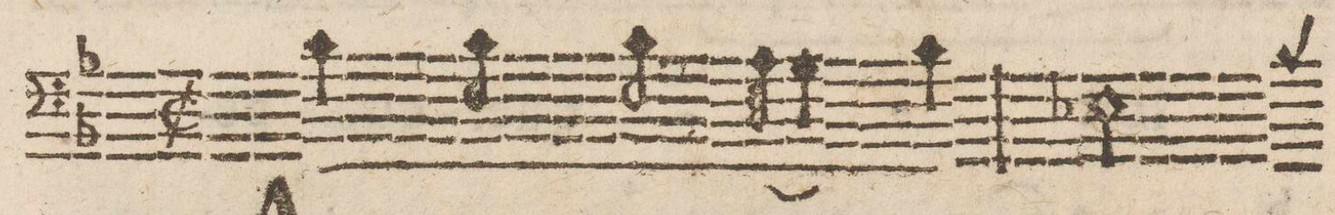
J'ai dans ce Boſquet,
Fait un Bouquet,
De Violettes,
Prens-le mon cher Cœur,
Pour gage de mon tendre ardeur;
Ote donc ta main:
Sur ton beau ſein,
Que je le mette;
Sur toi comme lui,
Que j'expire aujourd'hui.

Iris, dans tes Yeux;
Quels tendres feux,
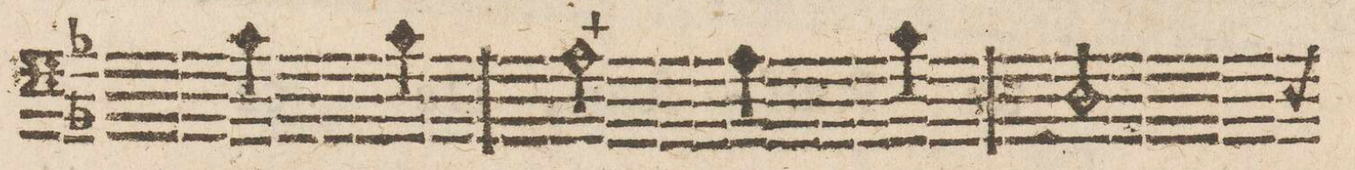
L'Amour fait naître,
Cet heureux moment,
Va finir mon cruel tourment;
Non, le sort des Dieux,
Aussi heureux,
Qu'il pourroit être,
Ne me tente pas,
Quand je suis dans tes bras.

RECIT DE BASSE.

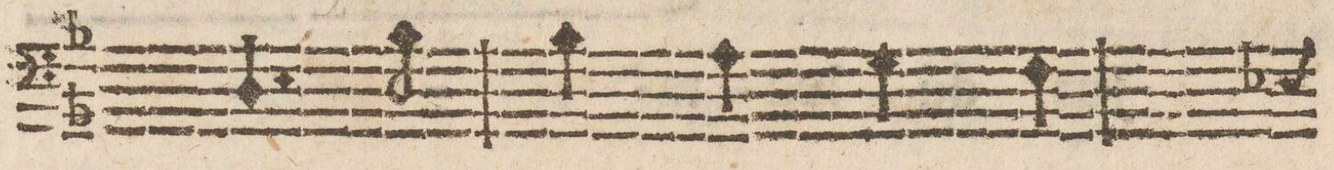
Gravement.



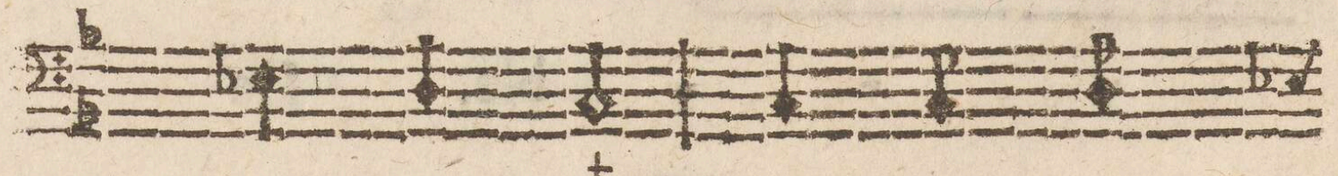
AH! que le sort des Morts,



Est un sort dé - plo - ra-



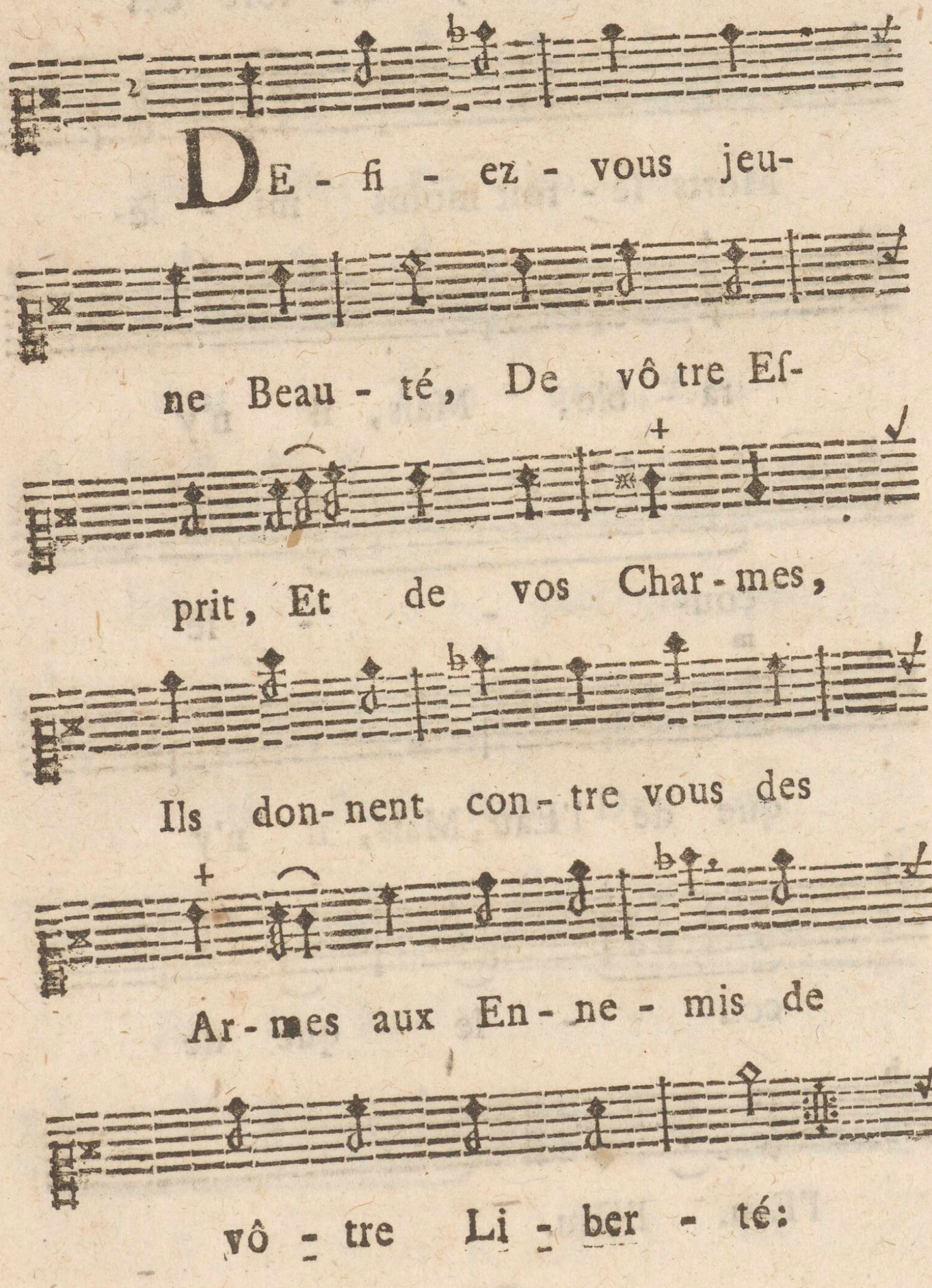
ble, Qu'il est fâ - cheux d'ê-
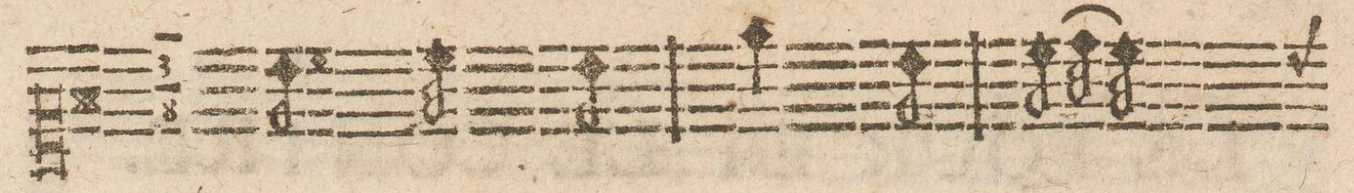


tre a - vec eux, Et ce - pen-

dant;

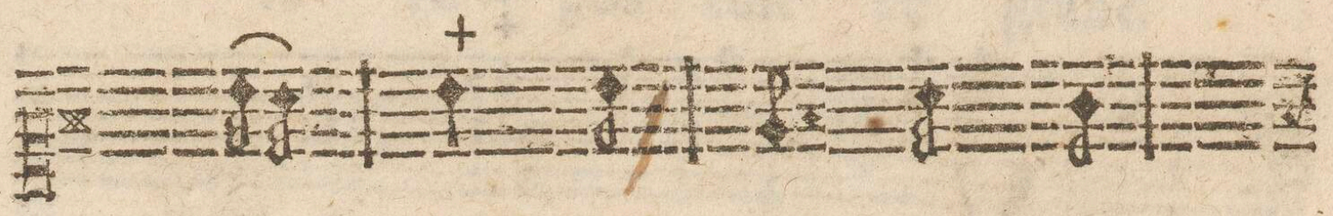
CHANSONNETTE.



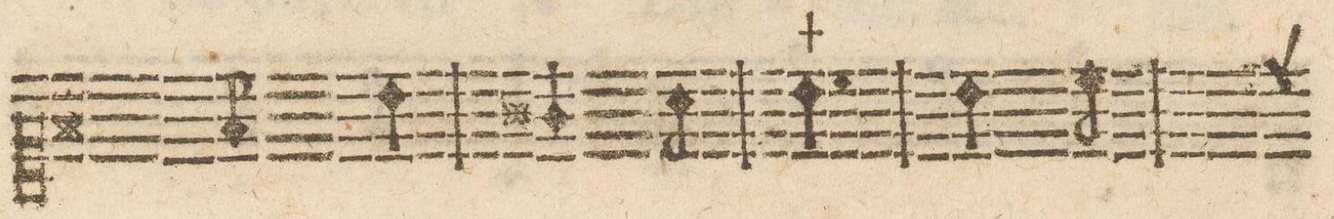
Pour
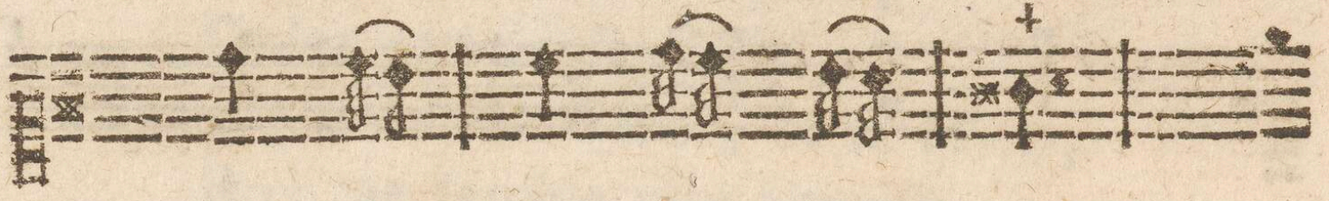


Pour ne pas vous laiſ - ſer
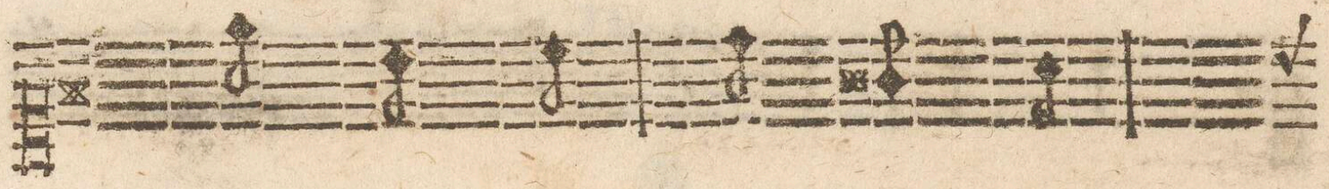


ſur - pren - dre, Pen - ſez à



chaque heu-re du jour, Que qui



ſait don - ner de l'A - mour,

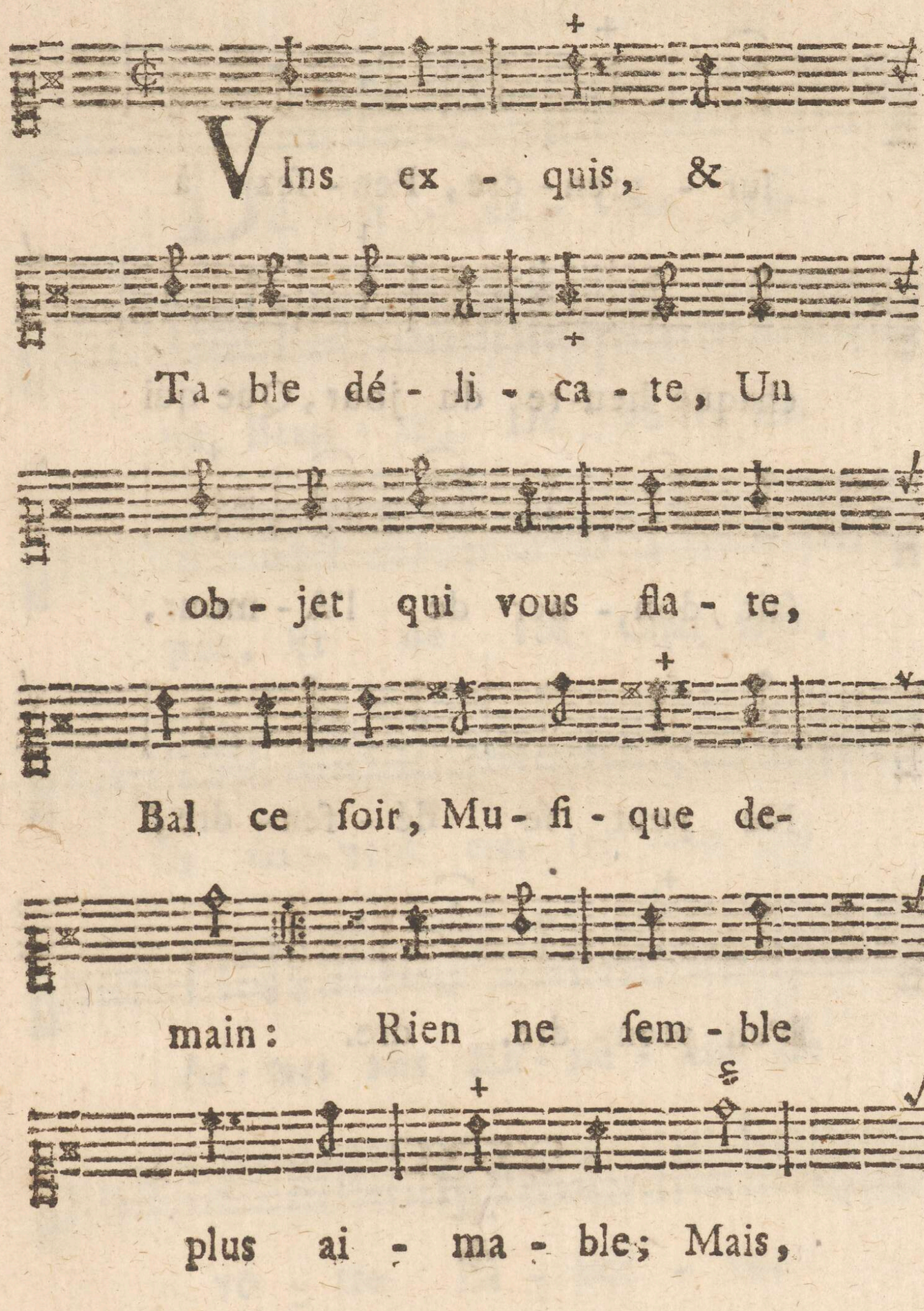


Ne peut ſe dé - fen - dre,



D'en pren - dre. dre.
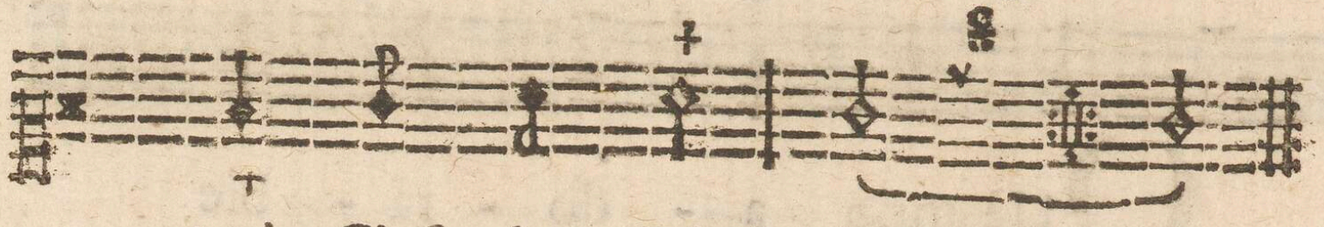
LE POUR ET LE CONTRE.



Vins ex - quis, & Ta - ble dé - li - ca - te, Un ob - jet qui vous fla - te, Bal ce ſoir, Mu - ſi - que de- main: Rien ne ſem - ble plus ai - ma - ble; Mais,



le re - pos fuit ce grand



train, C'eſt le Dia - ble. &c. ble.

Se choiſir une Femme jolie,
Qu'on aime à la Folie,
Lui donner ſon Cœur, & ſa Main;
Rien ne ſemble plus aimable,
Mais ſouvent dès le lendemain,
C'eſt le Diable.

Je connois certaines Tourterelles,
Auſſi Prudes, que Belles,
Qui toujours flatent leurs Maris:
Rien ne ſemble plus aimable,
Mais elles ont des Favoris,
C'eſt le Diable.
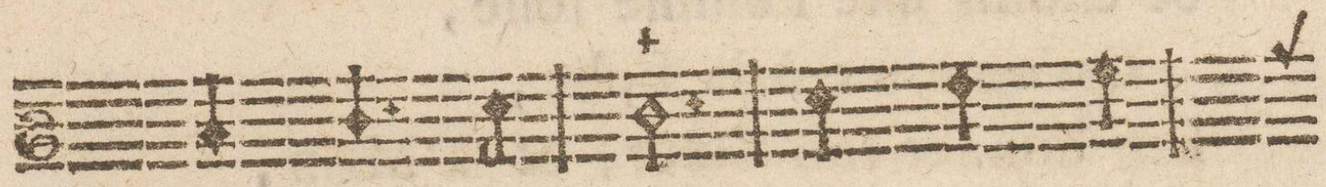
BADINAGE.
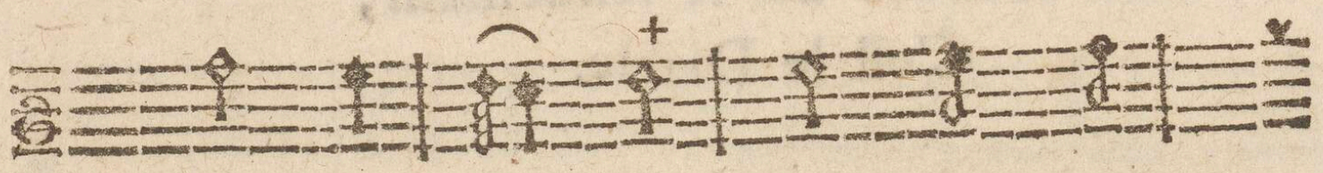


QUe mon a - do - ra - ble



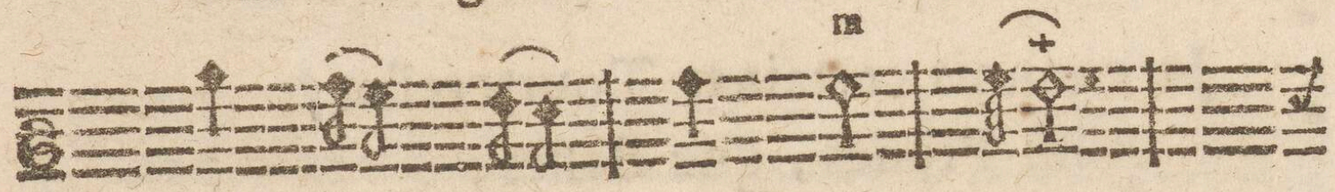
Ber - gè - re, Sait bien fai-re al-
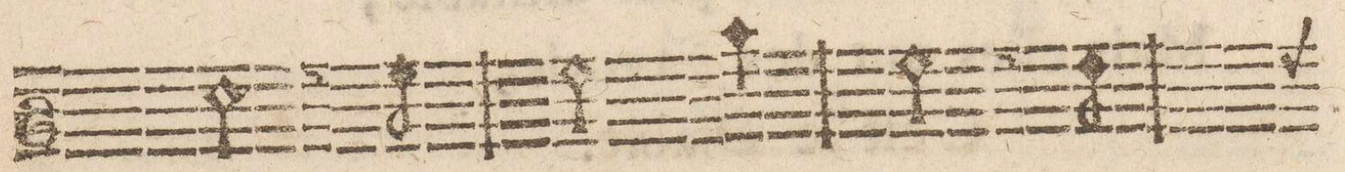


ler le Fu - ſeau! El - le le



tient d'un goût nou - veau, En fi-



lant, el - le a ſçu me plai-



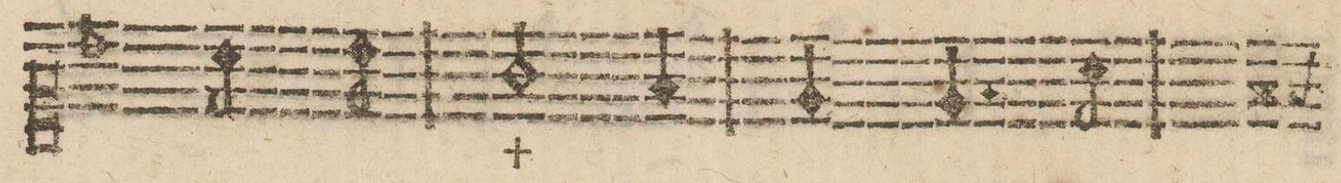
re, Fi - lez Clo - ris, fi-



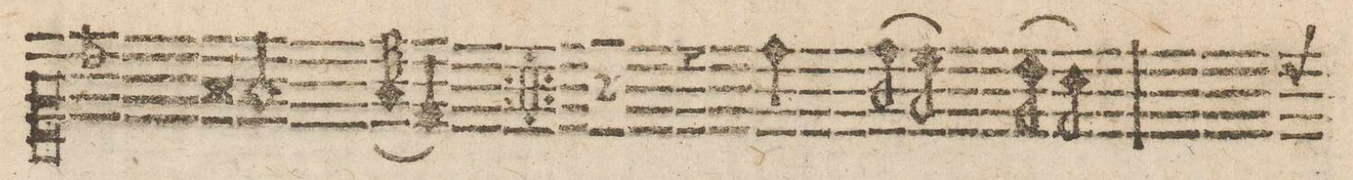
Quand ſous quelque charmant feuillage,
Du Soleil nous fuyons l'ardeur,
Sur que je poſſede ſon Cœur,
Je lui tiens ce tendre langage;
Filez, Cloris, filez toujours,
Vous filez mes beaux jours.

L'ABRICOT.
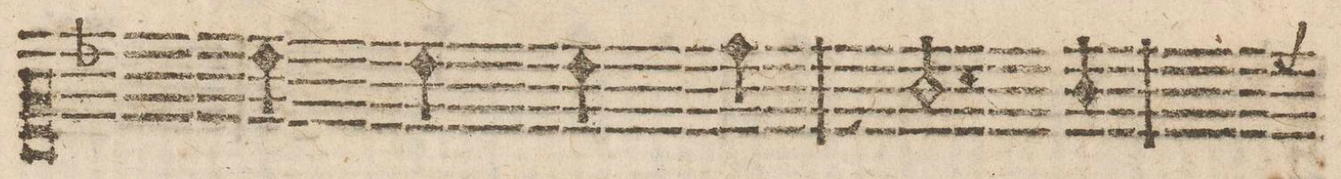

D'Un u - ni-que A - bri-
cot, Je fai - ſois mon dé-
li - ce, Je l'a - vois vû
fleu - rir, & l'a - vois
pré - fe - ré, Je m'en
trou-ve au-jour - d'hui ſe - vré
admi-



ad - mi - rez du ſort le Ca-
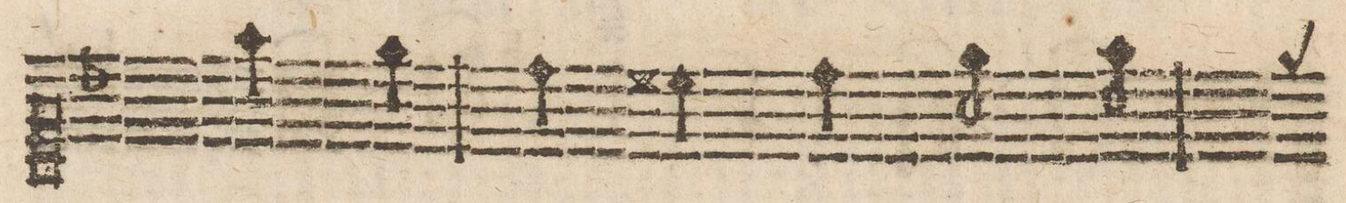


pri - ce; Con - ſo - lons-



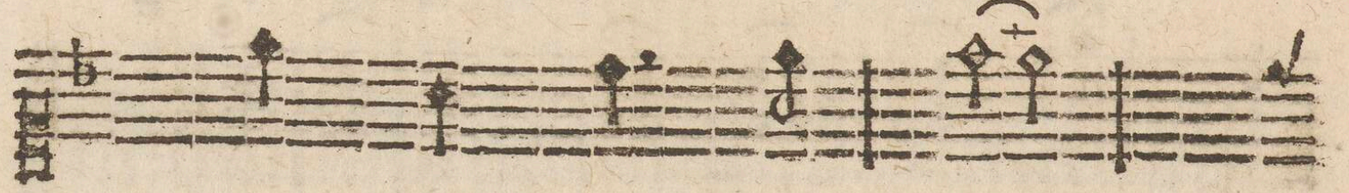
nous, Con - ſo - lons - nous, A-
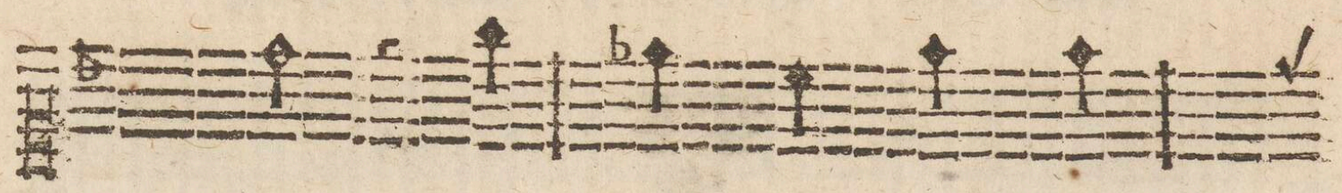


mis, J'ai du Rai - ſin,



Il me reſte auſſi de la



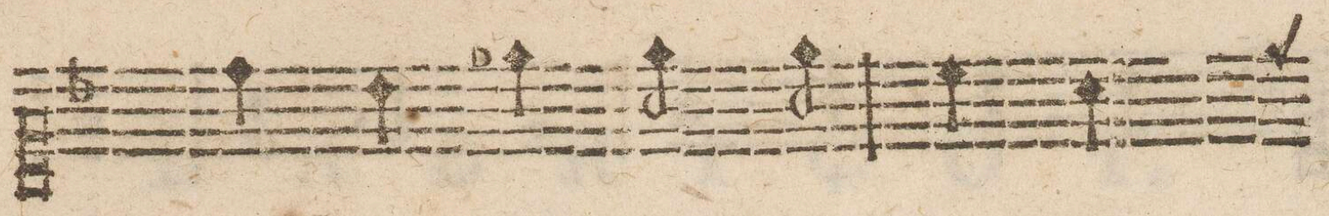
Peſ - che, de la Peſ-



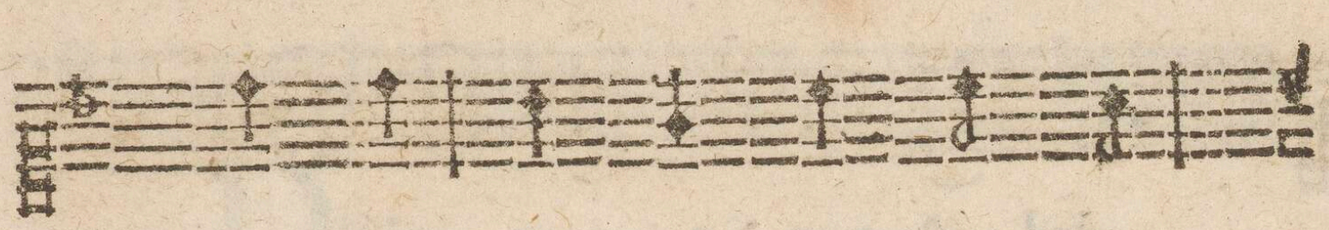
che, Fai - ſons du Vin qu'on

dmi-
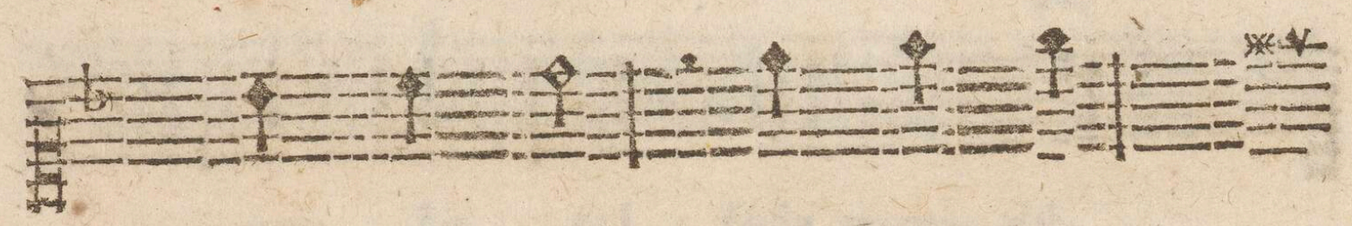
ſe



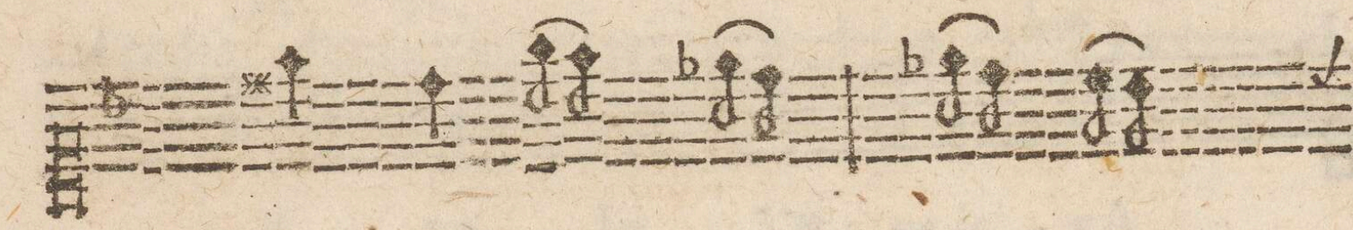
ſe dé - peſ- che fai - ſons du



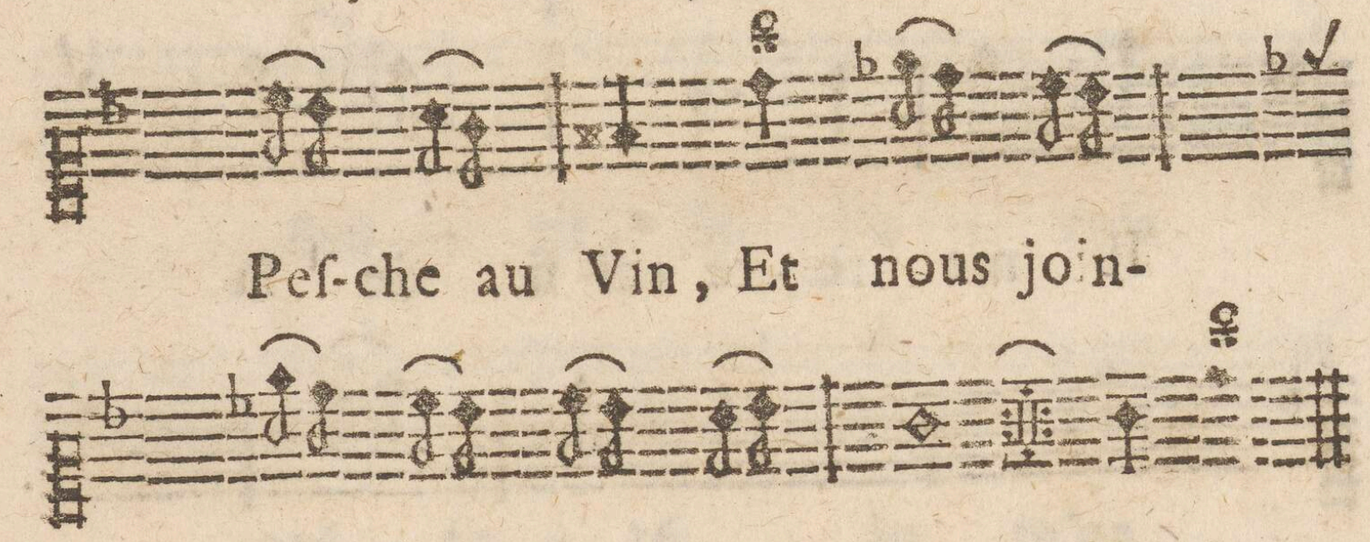
Vin qu'on ſe dé - peſ- che, Et



nous join-drons la Peſche au



Vin, Et nous join - drons la
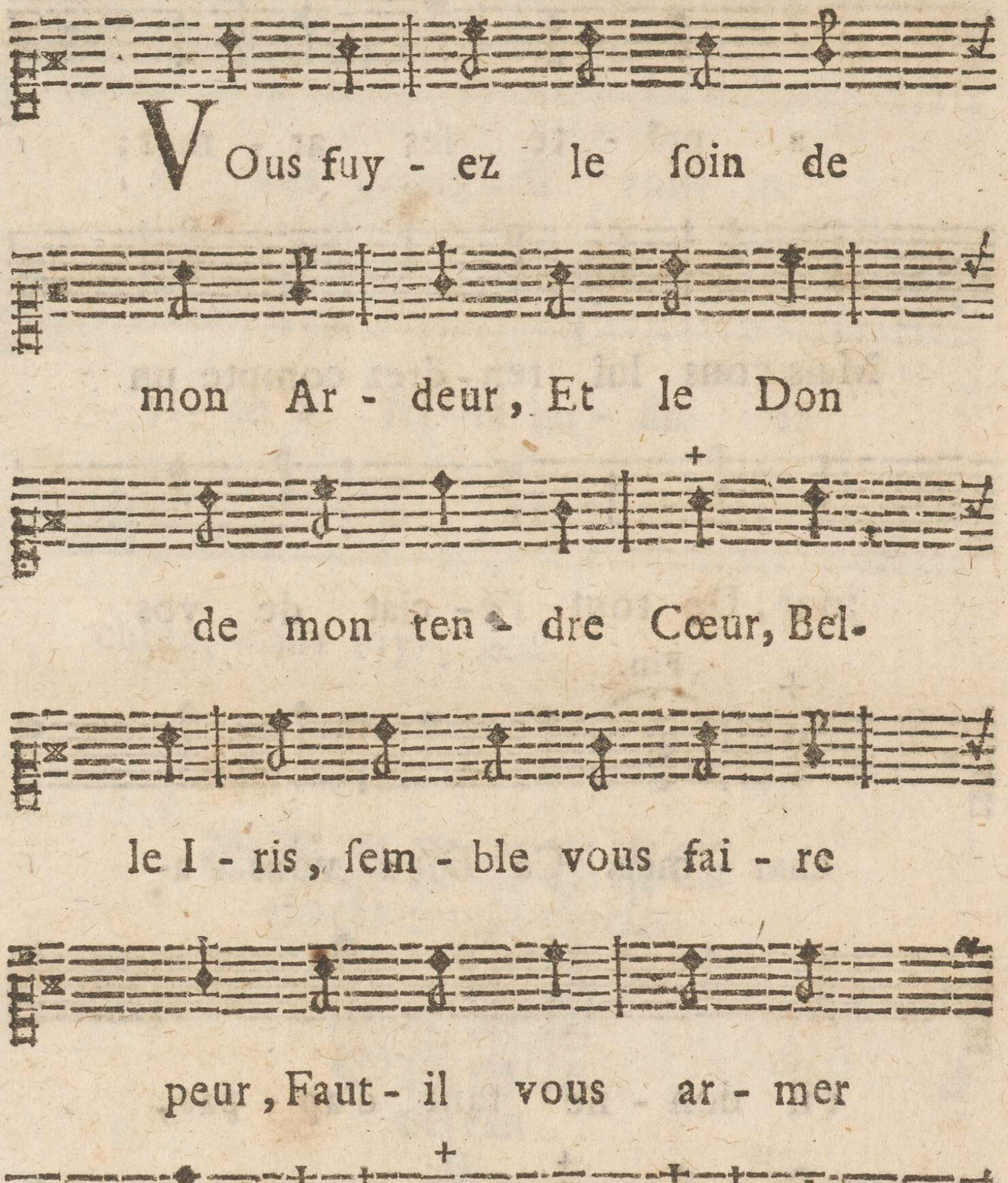


Peſ-che au Vin, Et nous join-

drons la Peſ-che au Vin. Vin. &c.

ME-
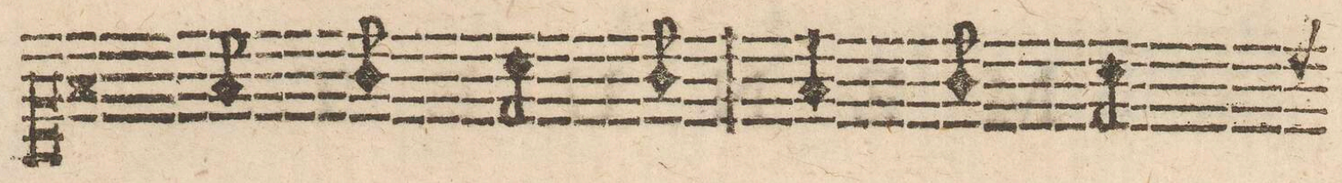
MENUET.

RONDEAU.



ME-
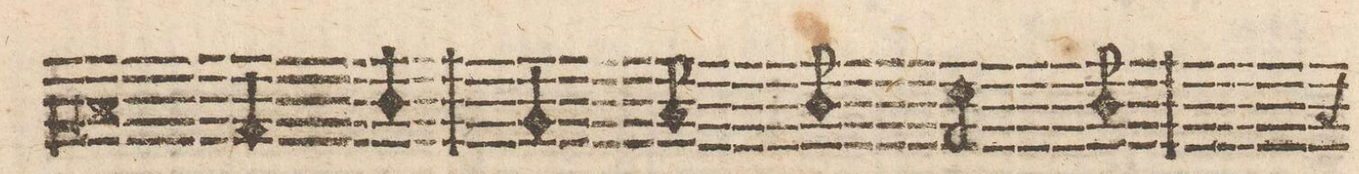
beau-



beau-coup à l'A-mour, Qui vous
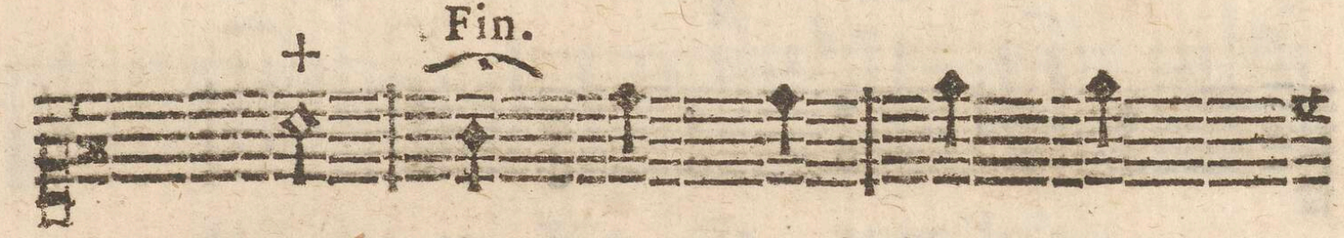


a prê - té ſes ar - mes;
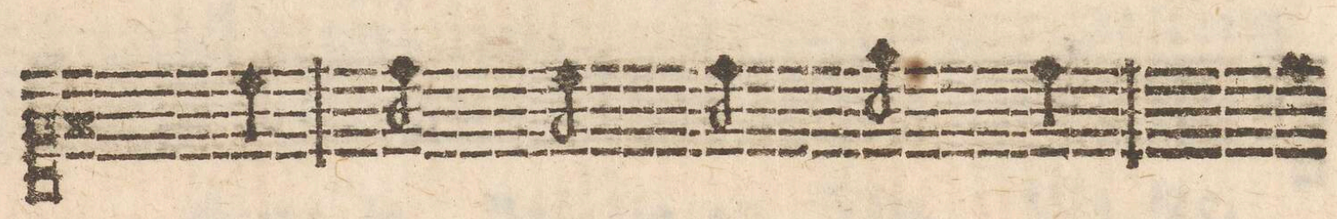


Mais vous lui ren-drez compte un



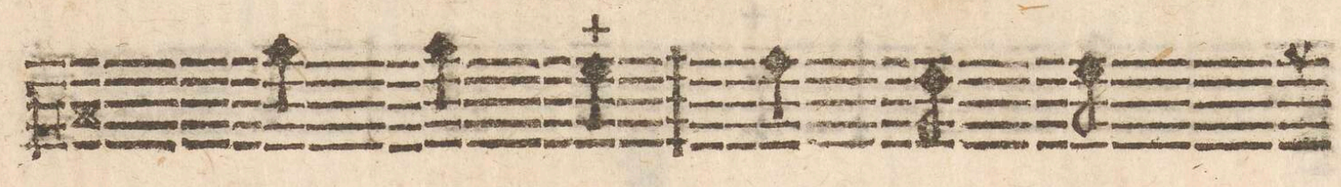
jour, De tout l'é - clat de vos



char - mes. Ce Dieu vous a-
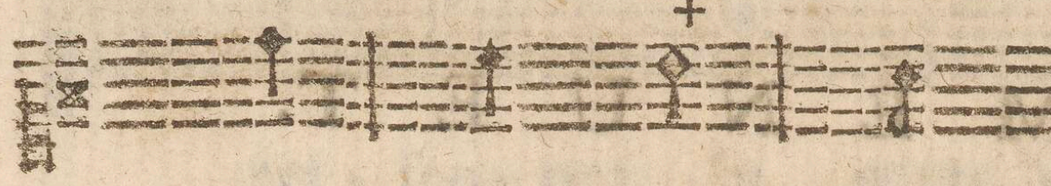


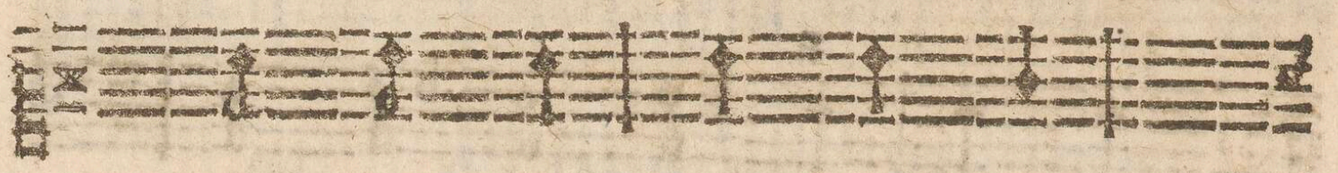
t'il don - né tant d'ap - pas,
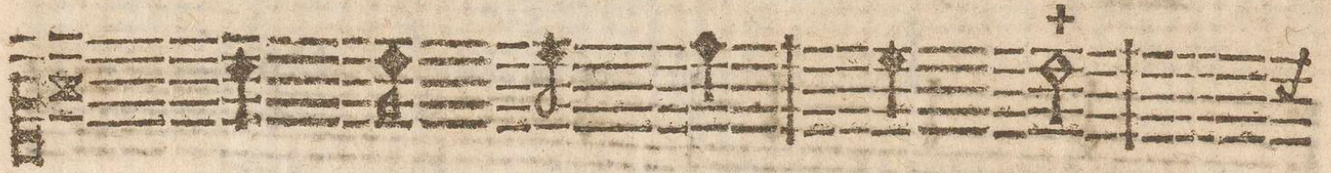


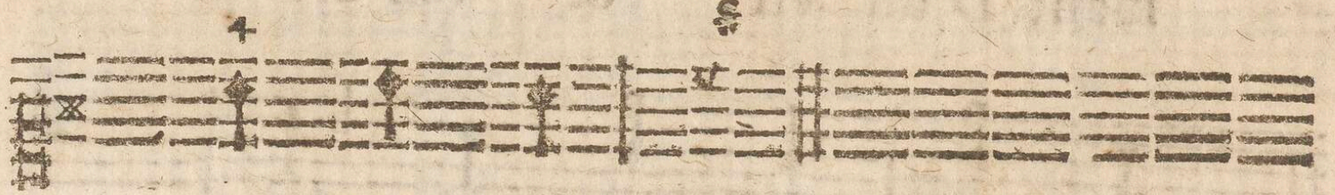
Pour n'ai- mer pas, En ſou-

mettant


met - tant mil - le Cœurs

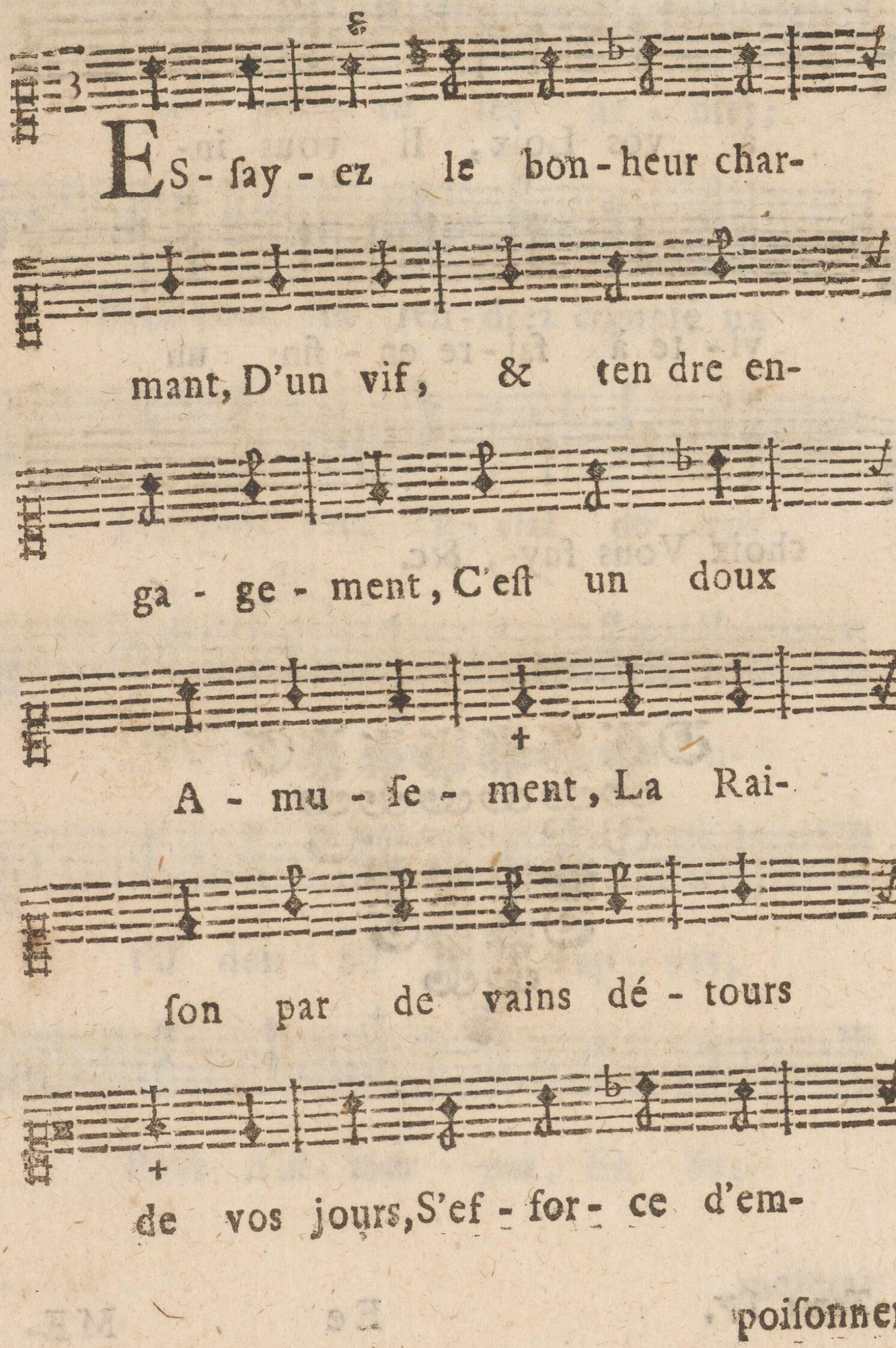

à vos Loix, Il vous in-


vi- te à fai-re en - fin un


choix. Vous fuy-, &c.
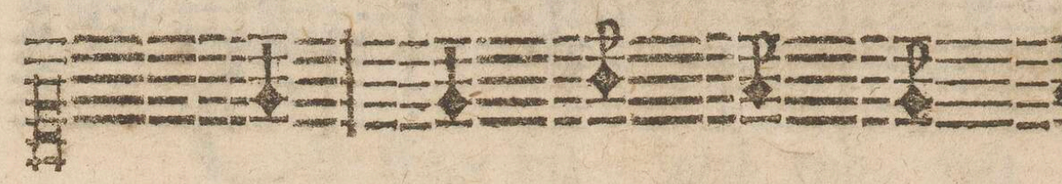
MENUET.

RONDEAU.
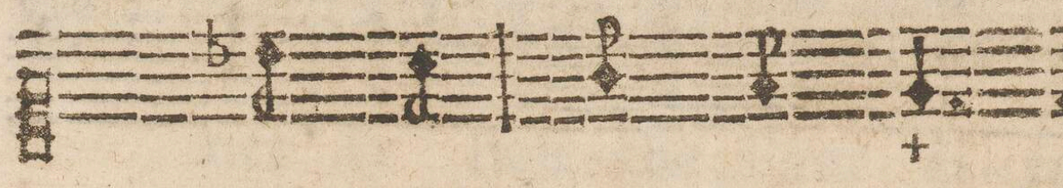




poi - ſon - ner le cours, Mais



un A - mant par ſes ſou-



pirs, Ses dé - ſirs, Vous mon-
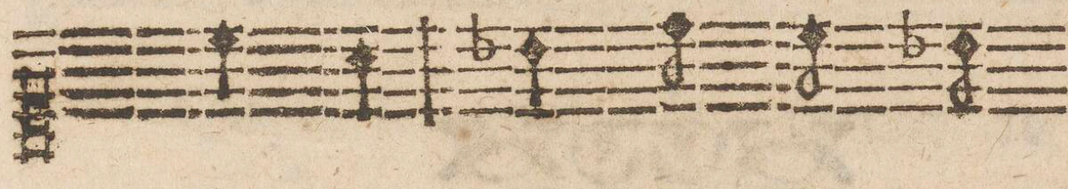


tre la rou - te des Plai-

Fin.
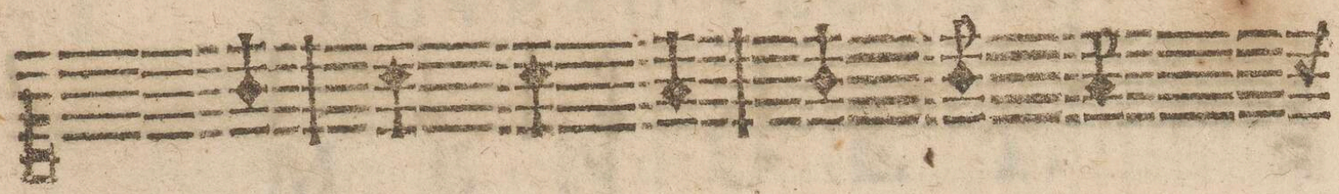


firs. La Gloi - re de tout
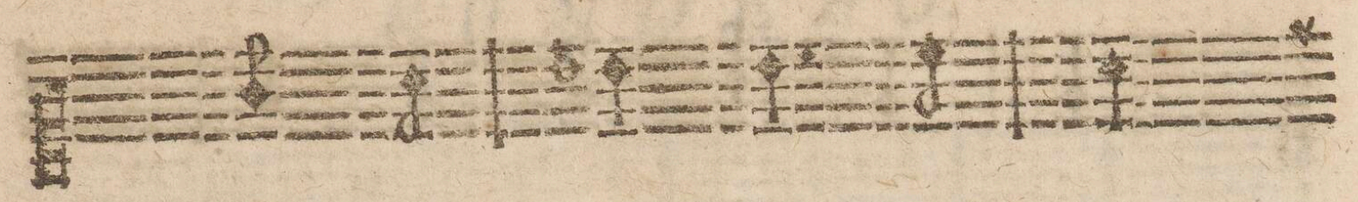


en - flâ - mer, La Vic - toi - re



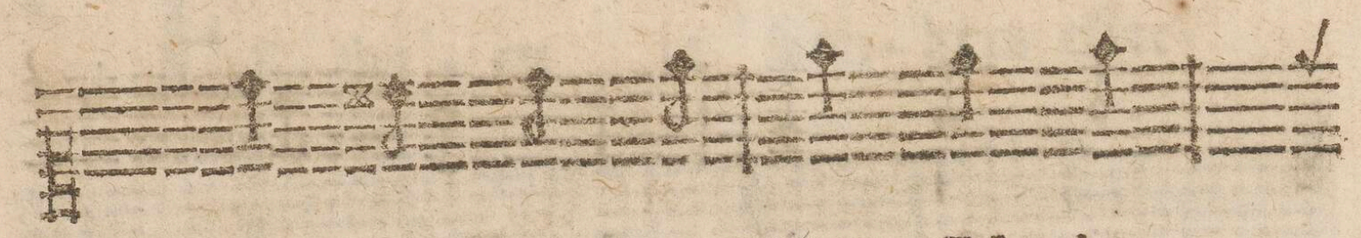
qui ſuit le pou-voir de char-
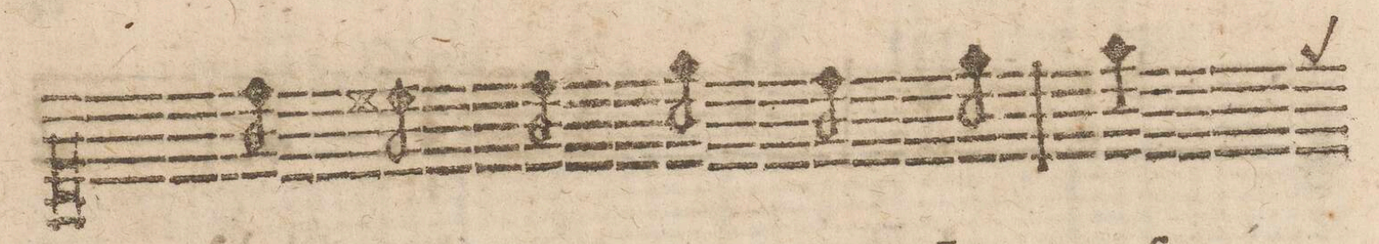


mer, N'é - ga - lent pas la dou-



ceur d'ai - mer, Bel - le I - ris,



le ſou- ve - rain Bien, Eſt dans



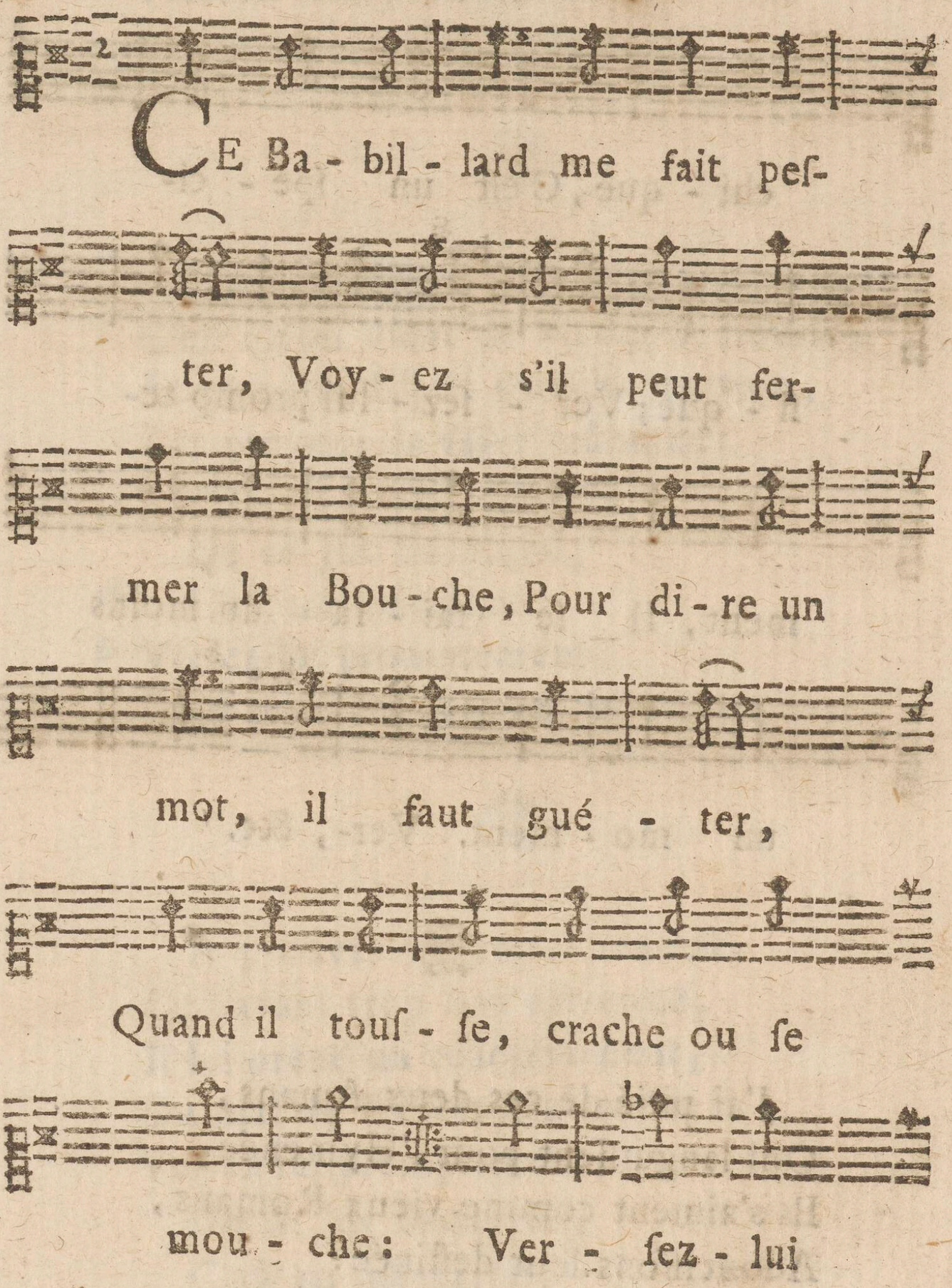
un ten - dre li - en, Le reſ-



te n'eſt rien. Eſ - ſay-, &c.

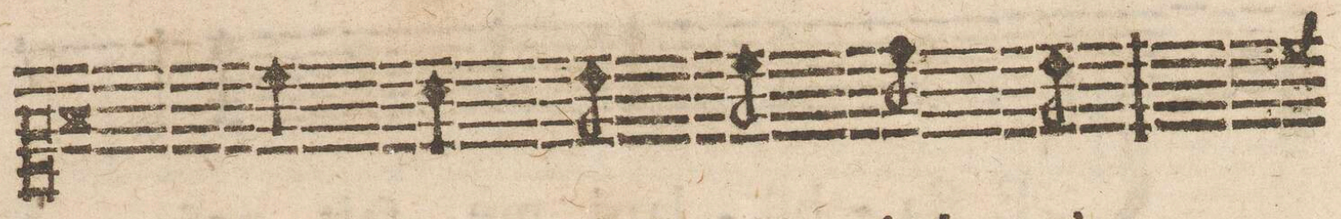
AIR

AIR A BOIRE.

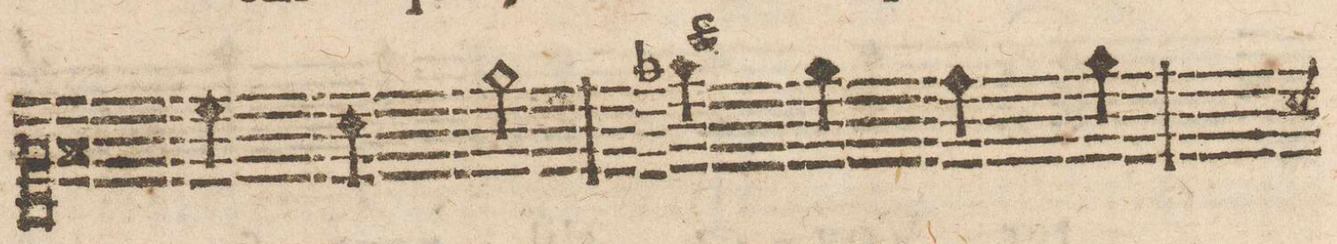

CE Ba - bil - lard me fait peſ-
ter, Voy - ez s'il peut fer-
mer la Bou - che, Pour di - re un
mot, il faut gué - ter,
Quand il touſ - ſe, crache ou ſe
mou - che: Ver - ſez - lui
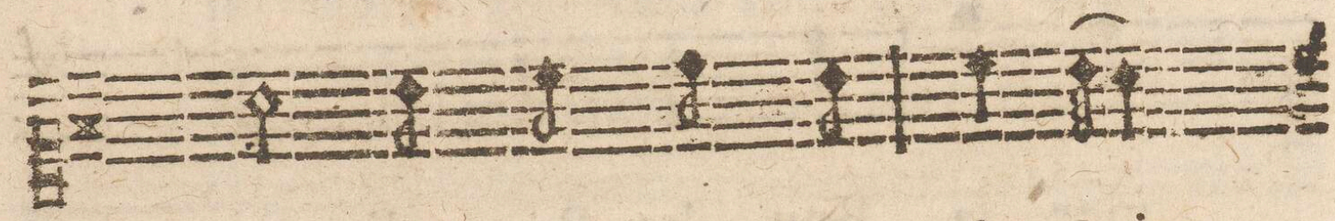


promp-te- ment, De ce Jus Ba-



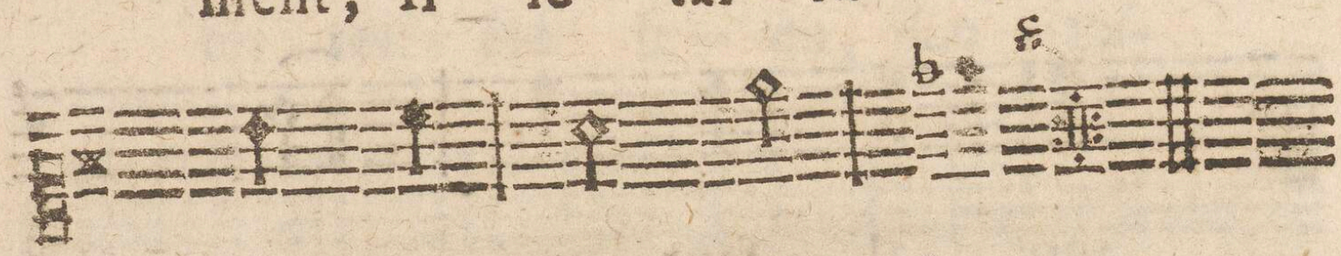
chi - que, C'eſt un ſpé - ci-



fi - que; Ver - ſez - lui promp-te-



ment, Il ſe tai - ra du moins



un mo - ment. Ver-, &c.

J'ai pitié de ces deux Amans,
Qui languiſſent pour l'Hymenée,
Ils s'aiment comme vieux Romans,
Adouciſſons leur deſtinée:

Verſons leur promptement,
De ce Jus Bachique,
C'eſt un ſpécifique;
Verſons leur promptement,
Ils attendront plus facilement.

Voyez-vous ce Joüeur chagrin,
C'eſt qu'on vient de vuider ſa Bourſe,
Et que ſon Eſprit cherche en vain,
Les moyens de faire reſſource:
Verſez-lui promptement,
De ce Jus Bachique,
C'eſt un ſpécifique;
Verſez-lui promptement,
Il les trouvera dans un moment.

A prouver ſon raiſonnement,
Ce Savant trop fort s'évertuë,
Il lui prend un redoublement,
Du mal de Raiſon-continuë:
Verſez-lui promptement,
De ce Jus Bachique,
C'eſt un ſpécifique;

℣. Verſez-lui promptement,
L'accès paſſera dans un moment.

Foin, de ce morne Radôteur,
Qui nous Epilogue ſans ceſſe;
Croit-il que la mauvaiſe humeur,
Soit une preuve de Sageſſe;
Verſez-lui promptement,
De ce Jus Bachique,
C'eſt un ſpécifique;
℣. Verſez-lui promptement,
Il fera Chorus dans le moment.

DIA-

DIALOGUE.

Sur le même Air.

LE CONSULTANT.

AMi, dans le particulier,
Ma Femme eſt tant-ſoy-peu-Diableſſe.

LE MEDECIN.

Mon Cher, c'eſt l'état du Métier.

LE CONSULTANT.

Mais que faire, quand le Mal preſſe.

LE MEDECIN.

Verſes-lui promptement,
De ce Jus Bachique,
C'eſt un ſpécifique;
Verſes-lui promptement,
Tu l'adoûcîras, dans le moment.

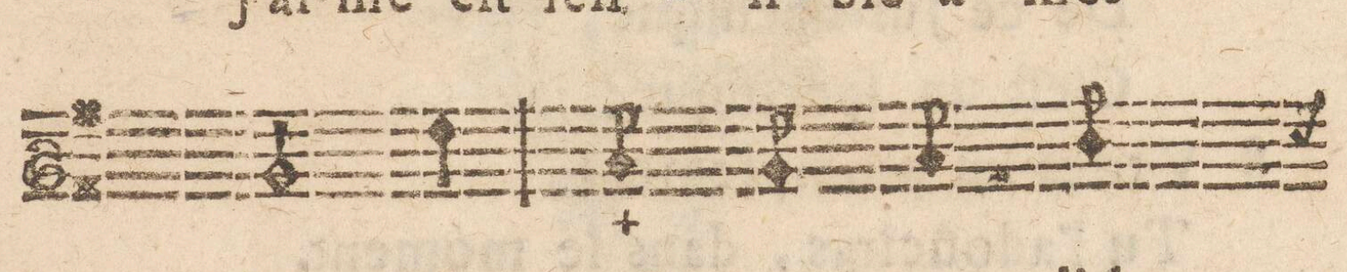
Si ces Couplets ne plaiſent pas,
Au Lecteur, Habile ou Cauſtique,
Tirons-nous, de ce mauvais pas;
Vîte un Remede à la Critique:

Récipè promptement,
Du Sirop Bachique,
C'eſt un ſpécifique,
℈ Recipè promptement,
Ils ſeront meilleurs dans un moment.

CHANSONNETTE.

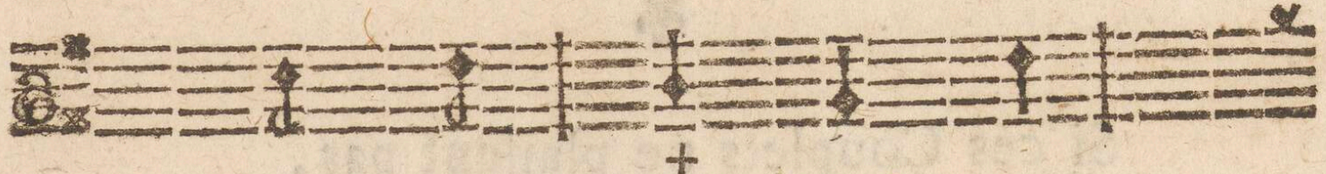


LA Ber - gè - re que
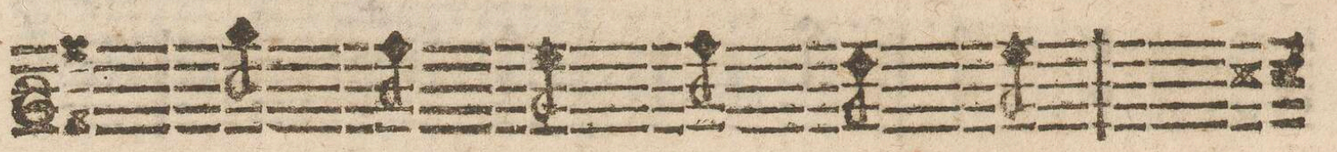


j'ai me eſt ſen - ſi - ble à mes

feux; Pour tout ce que l'A-
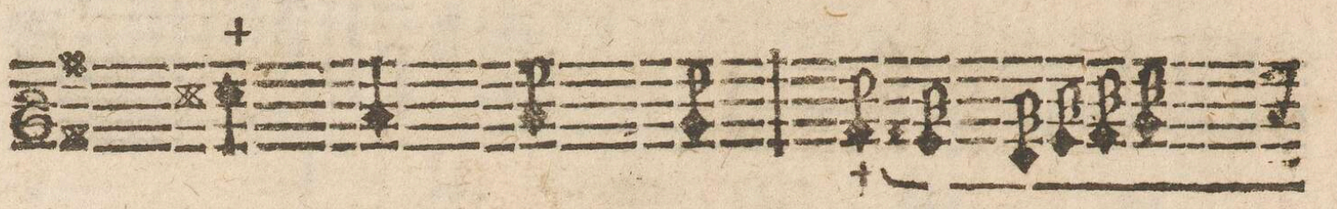


mour m'in - ſpi - re, Son

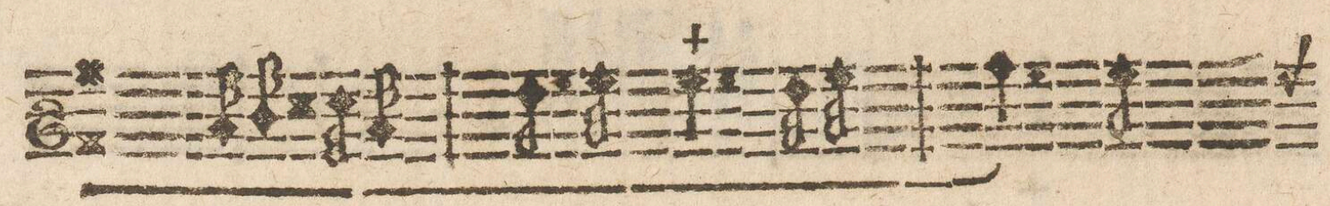
Cœur
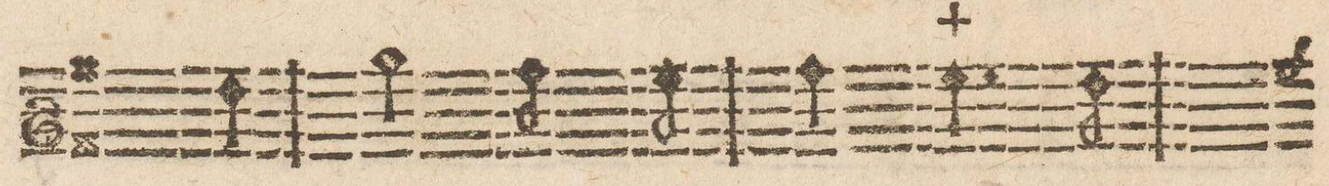


Cœur é - ga - le - ment ſou-



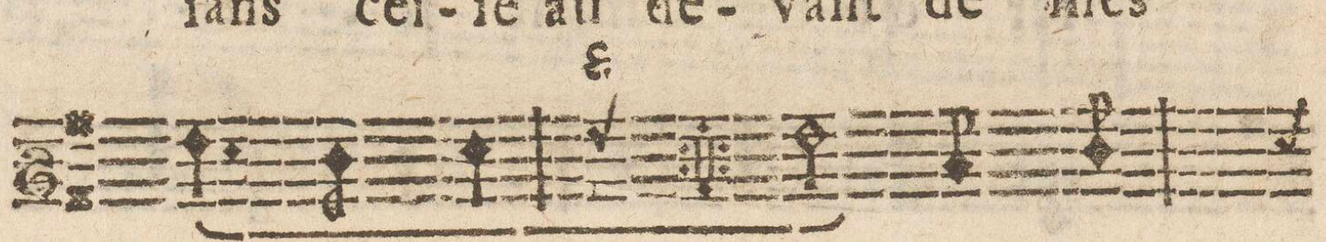
pi - re. El - le vo- -



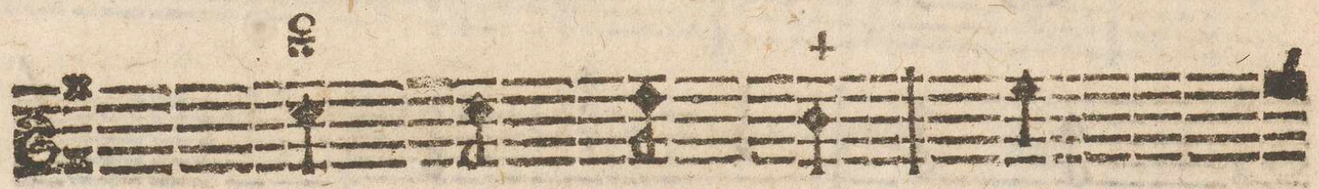
- - - - le
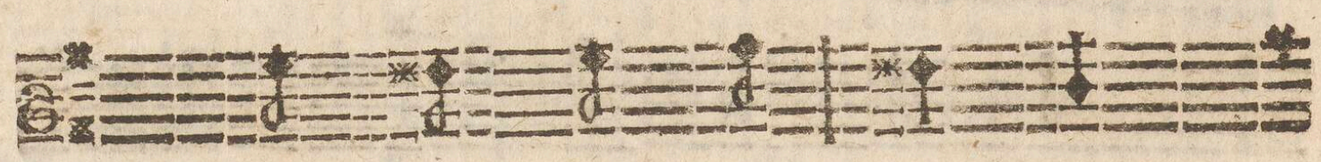


ſans ceſ-ſe au de- vant de mes



vœux. La Ber-, &c. vœux. Mais eût-
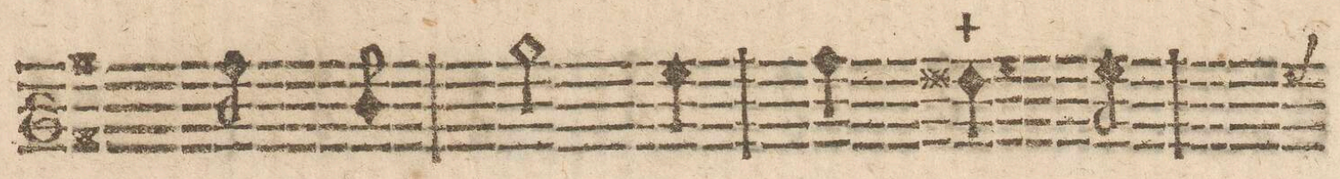


el - le pour moi l'A-
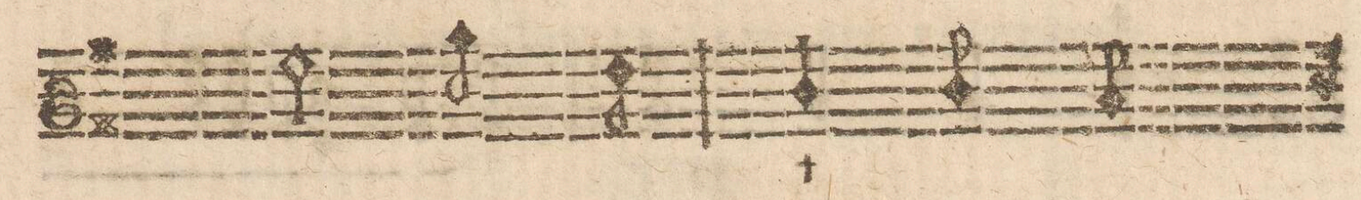


me la plus cru - el - le,
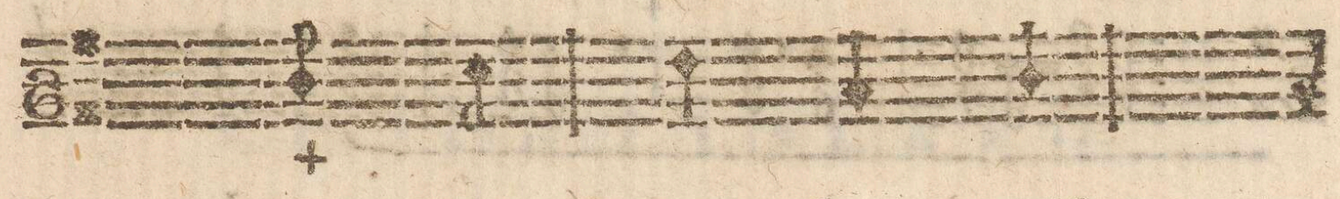
Cœur J'ai-
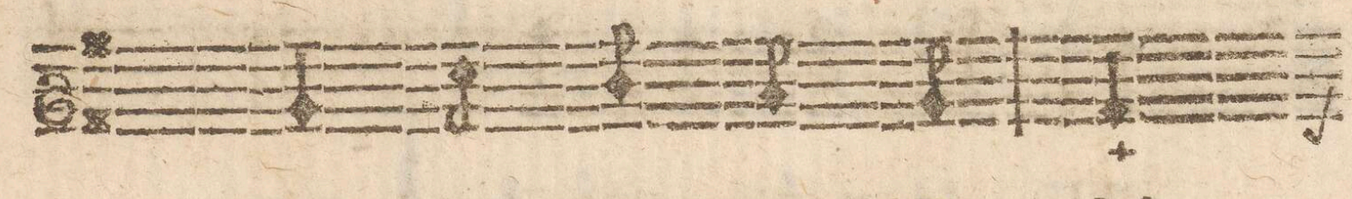


J'ai- me - rois juſ- qu'à mon tour-



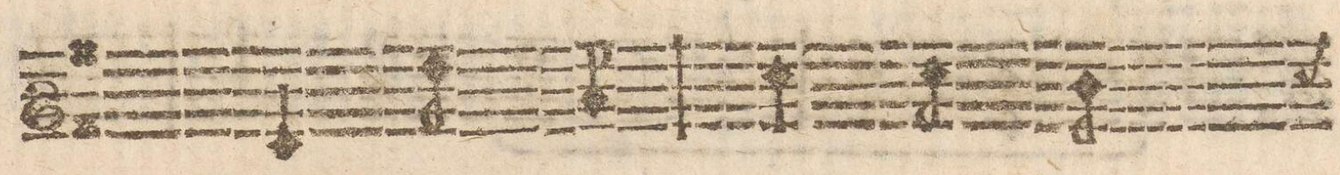
ment, Je ſe - rois mal - heu-



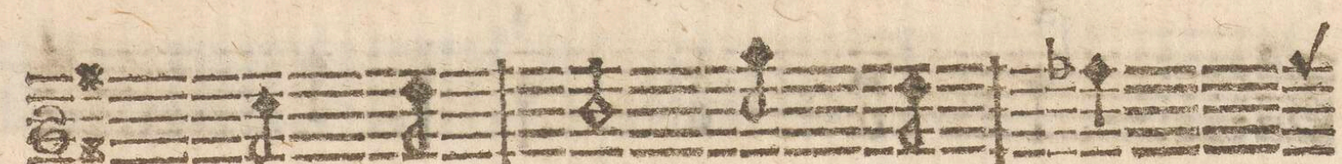
reux A - mant, Sans ceſ-



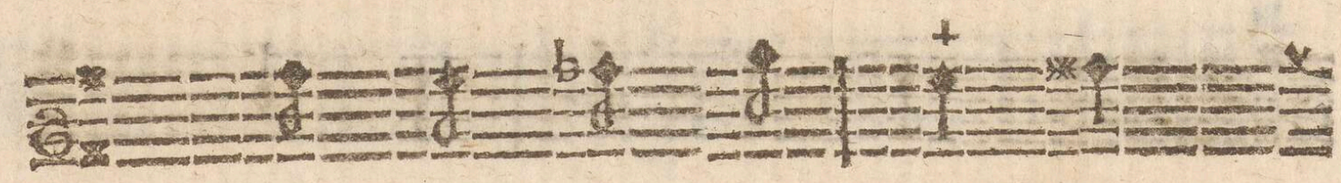
ſer d'ê-tre A-mant fi - del-



le; Je ſe - rois mal - heu-

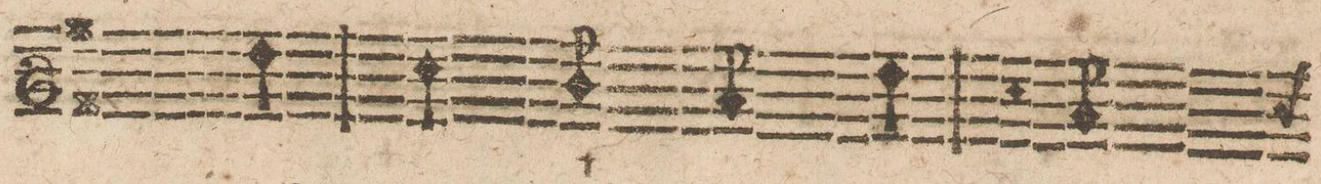


reux A - mant, Je ſe - rois

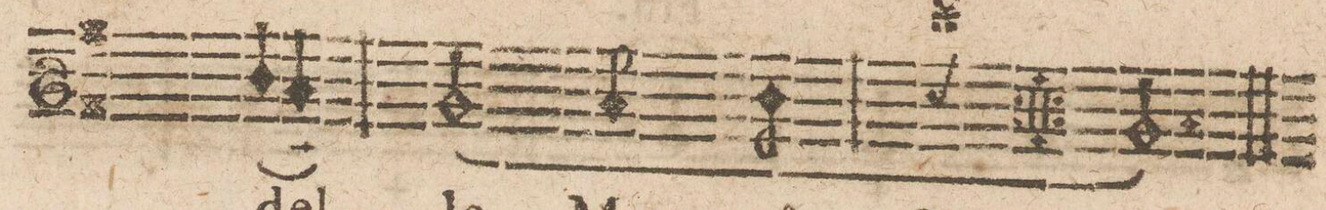


mal- heu- reux A - mant, Sans

ceſſer



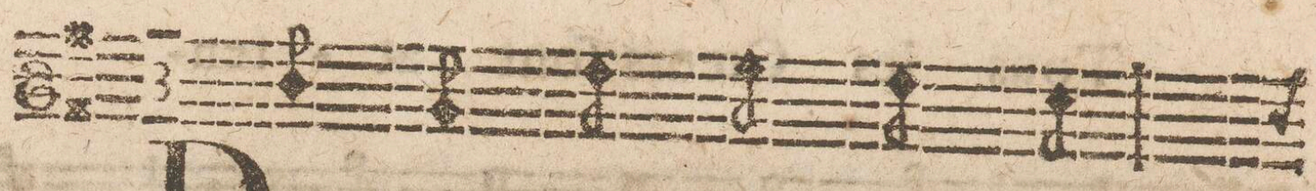
ceſ - ſer d'ê-tre A - mant fi-



del - le. Mais eût-, &c. le.

MUSETTE.
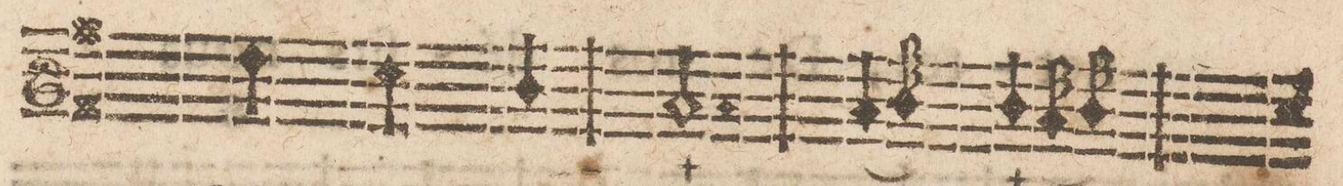
RONDEAU.



Dans nos pai - ſi - bles Re-



trai - tes, Oc - cu - pez du



ſoin de char - mer, Nous goû-

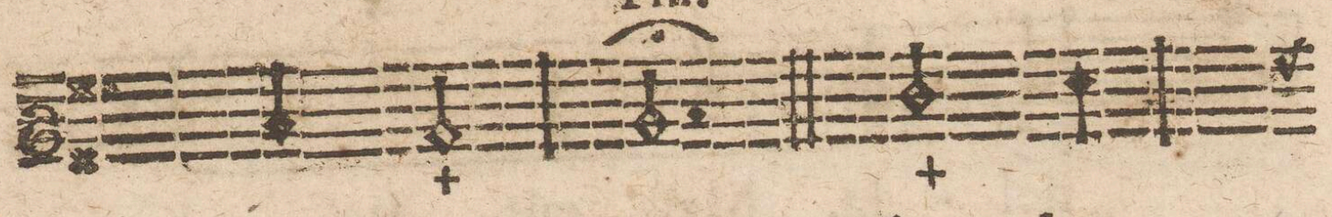


tons des Dou - ceurs par-



fai - tes; Nous ſa - vons nous

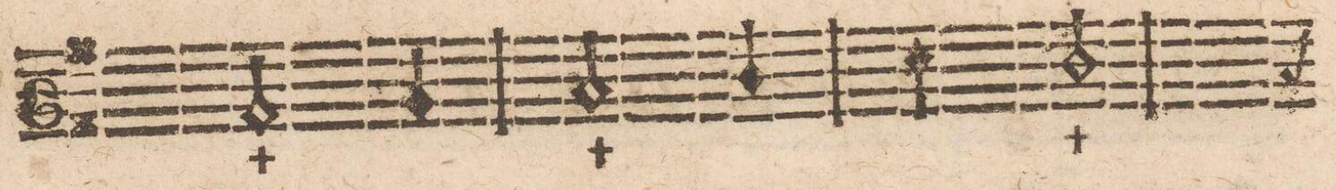
Fin.



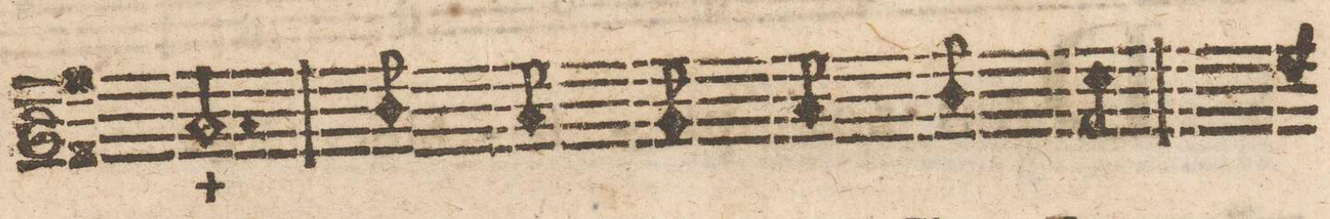
fai - re ai - mer. Aux doux



ſons de nos Mu - ſet - tes,



Tous les Cœurs ſont at - ten-
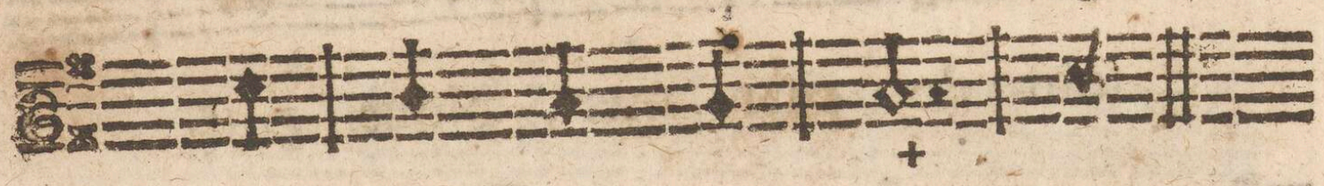


dris, Et nos vi - ves Chan-ſon-



net - tes, De nos dé - ſirs nous

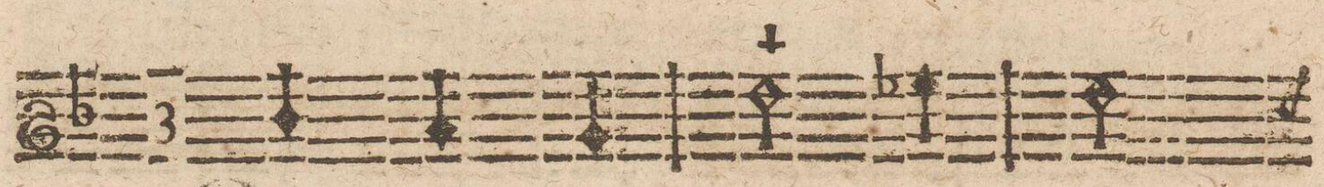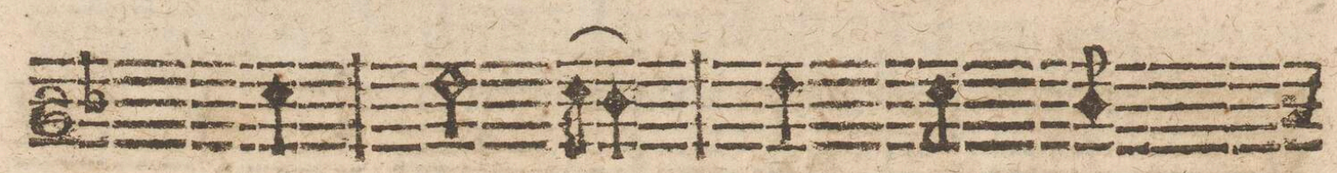
&



ob - tien - nent le prix. &c.

SUI-

SUITE.



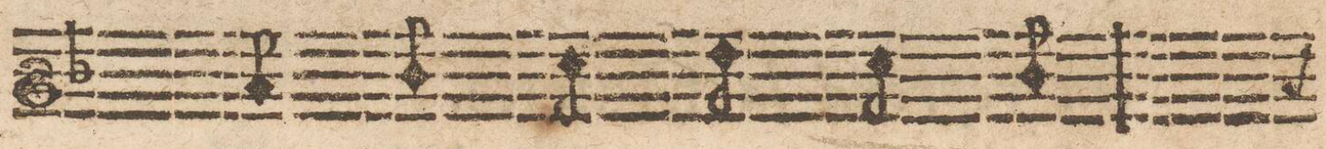
SAns ſou - pi - rer, & ſans



nous plain- dre, Sans a - voir



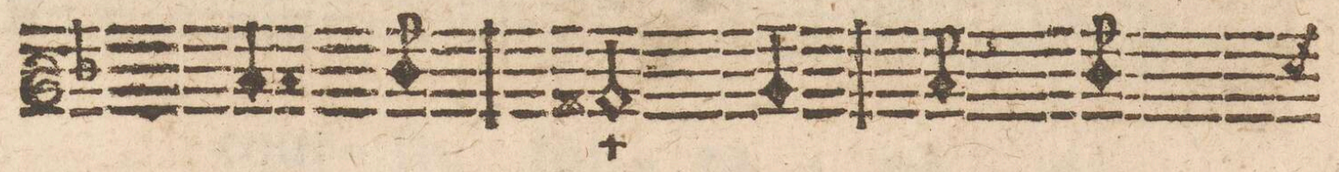
de Ja - loux à crain- dre,



Nous pro - fi - tons des beaux



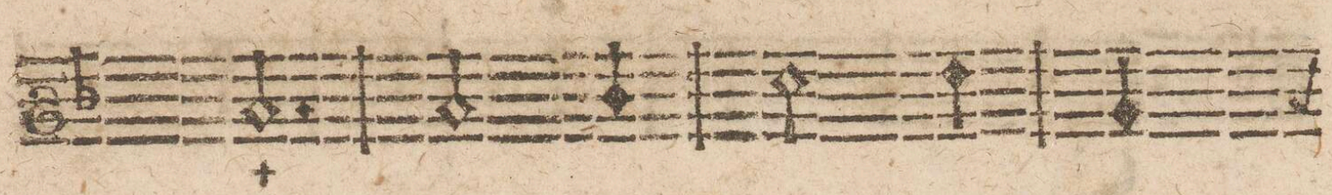
jours: La Ten- dreſ- ſe eſt pour



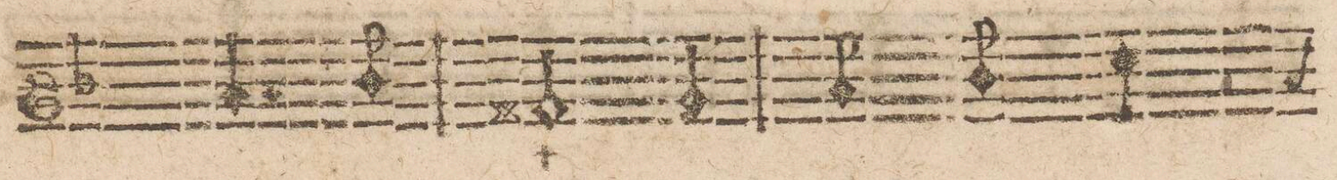
la Jeu - neſ - ſe; Li- vrons-
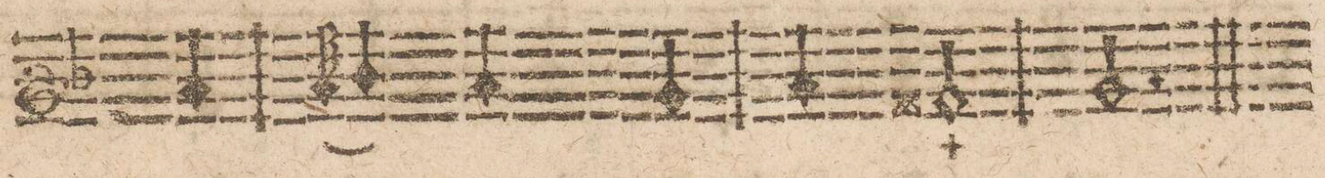


nous ſans ceſ-ſe Aux Ris, aux A-



mours; La Ten- dreſ- ſe eſt pour



la Jeu - neſ - ſe; Li - vrons-nous

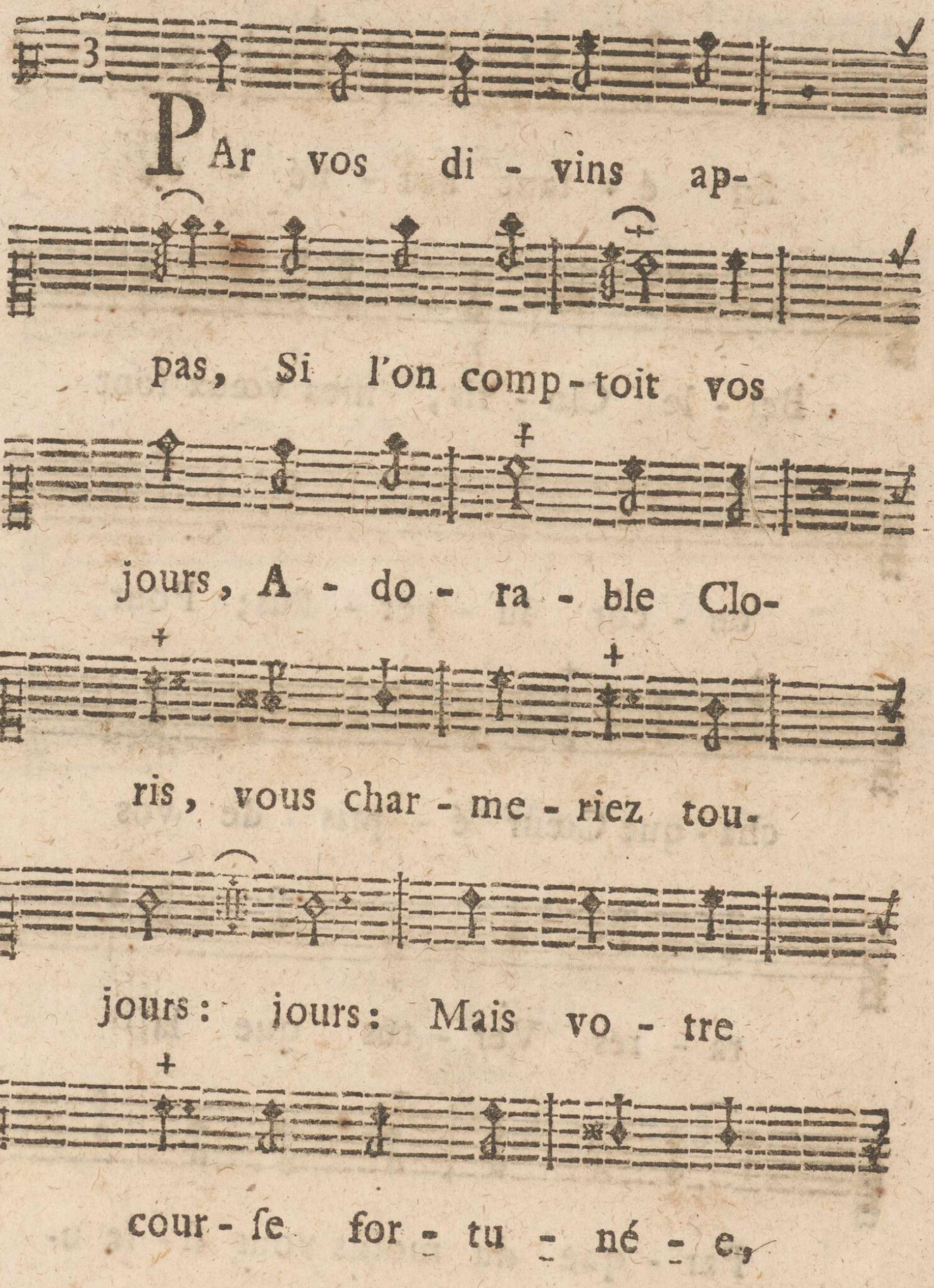


ſans ceſ-ſe Aux Ris, aux A- mours.
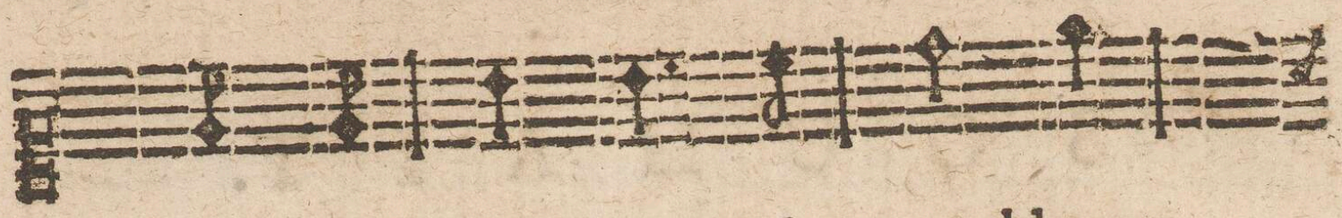
On reprend la Muſette.

SOU-
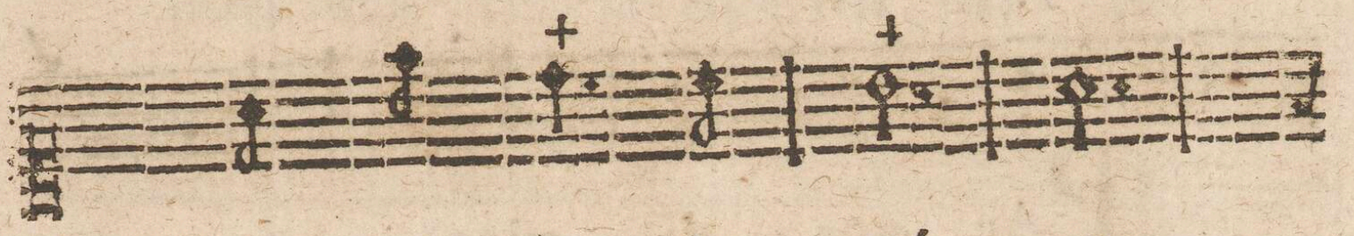
SOUHAIT.


Par vos divins appas, Si l'on comptoit vos jours, Adorable Cloris, vous charmeriez toujours: jours: Mais votre courſe fortunée,

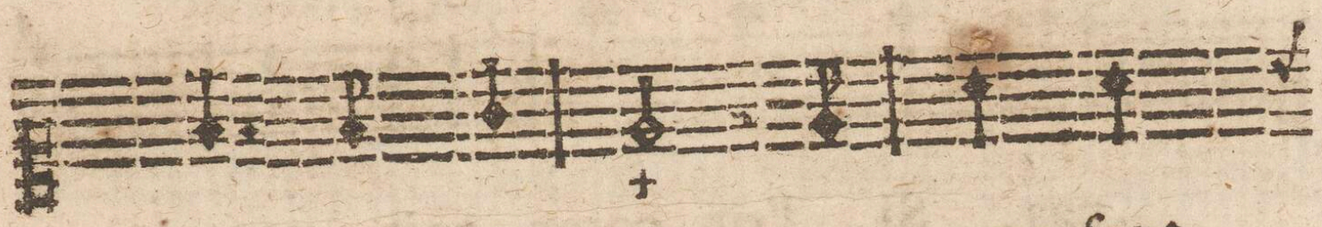
SOU-
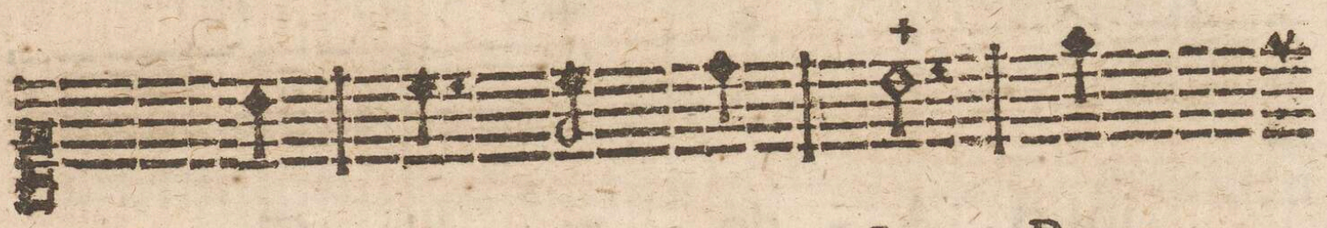


Par le fort im - pla - ca- ble en-
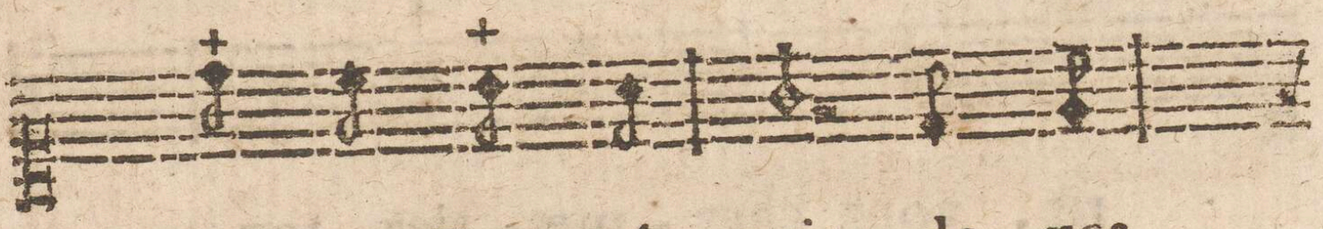


fin é - tant bor - né - e;



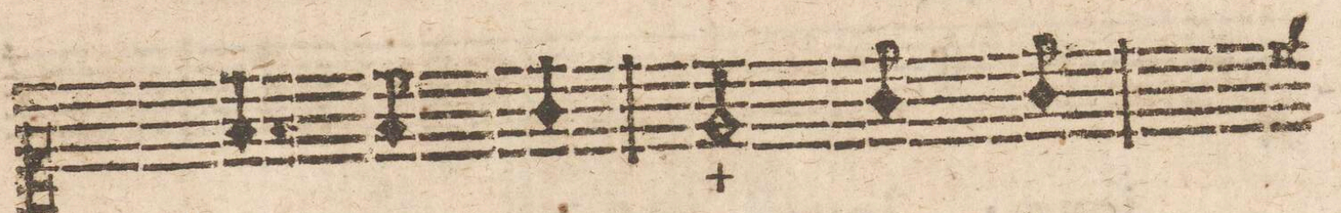
Bel - le Clo - ris, mes vœux ſont



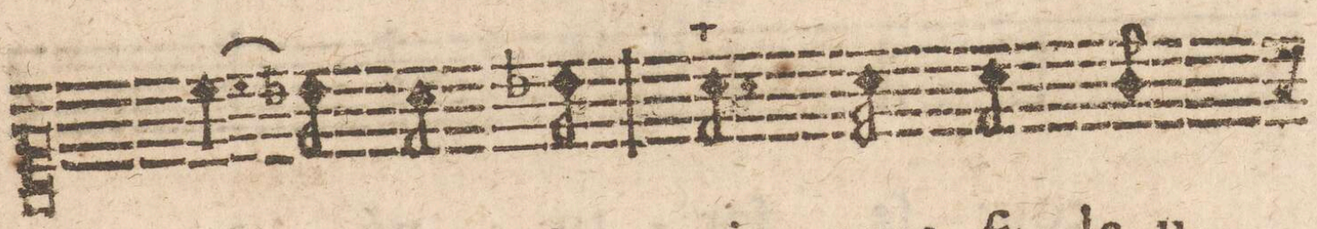
en - cor ſu - per - flus; Pour



cha - que Cœur é - pris de vos

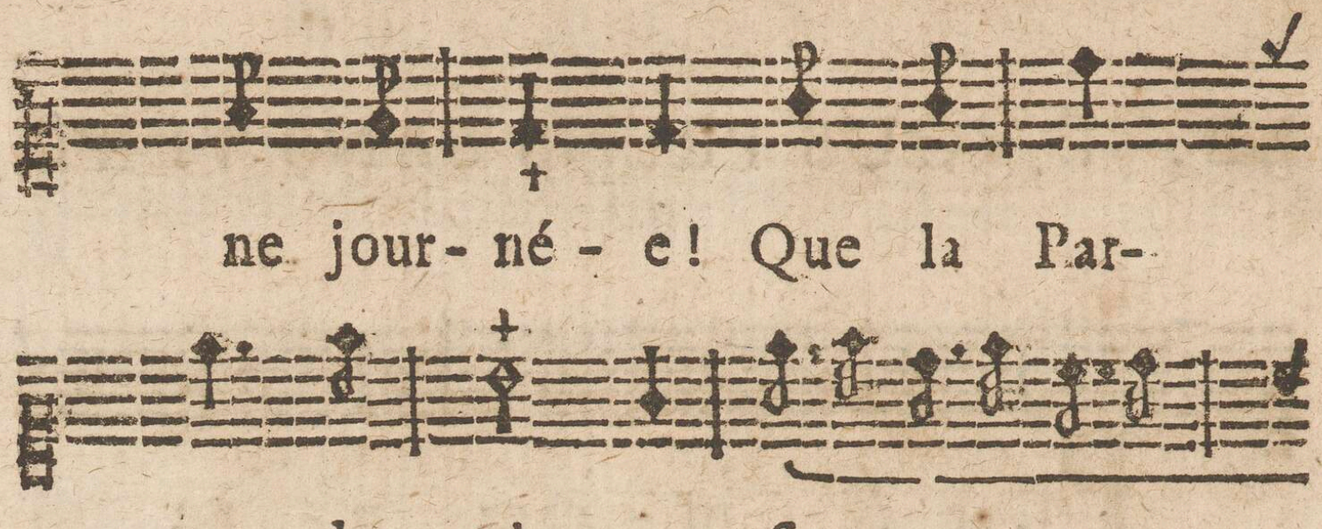


ra - res Ver - tus que la

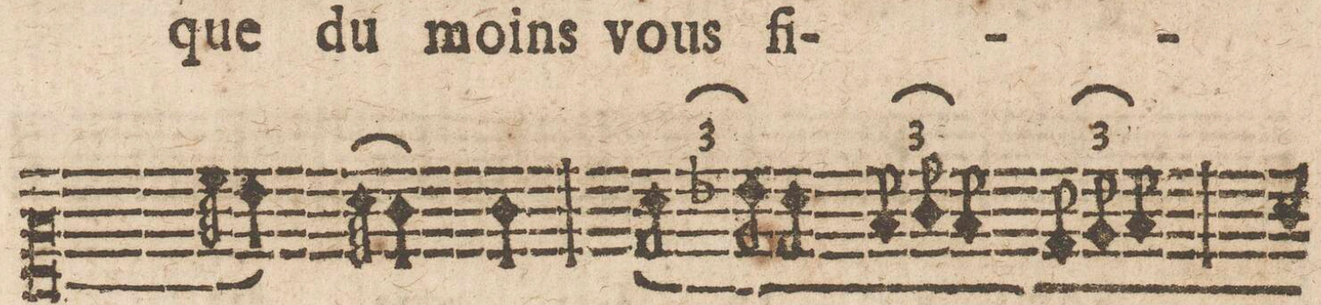


Par - que du moins vous fi - le u-
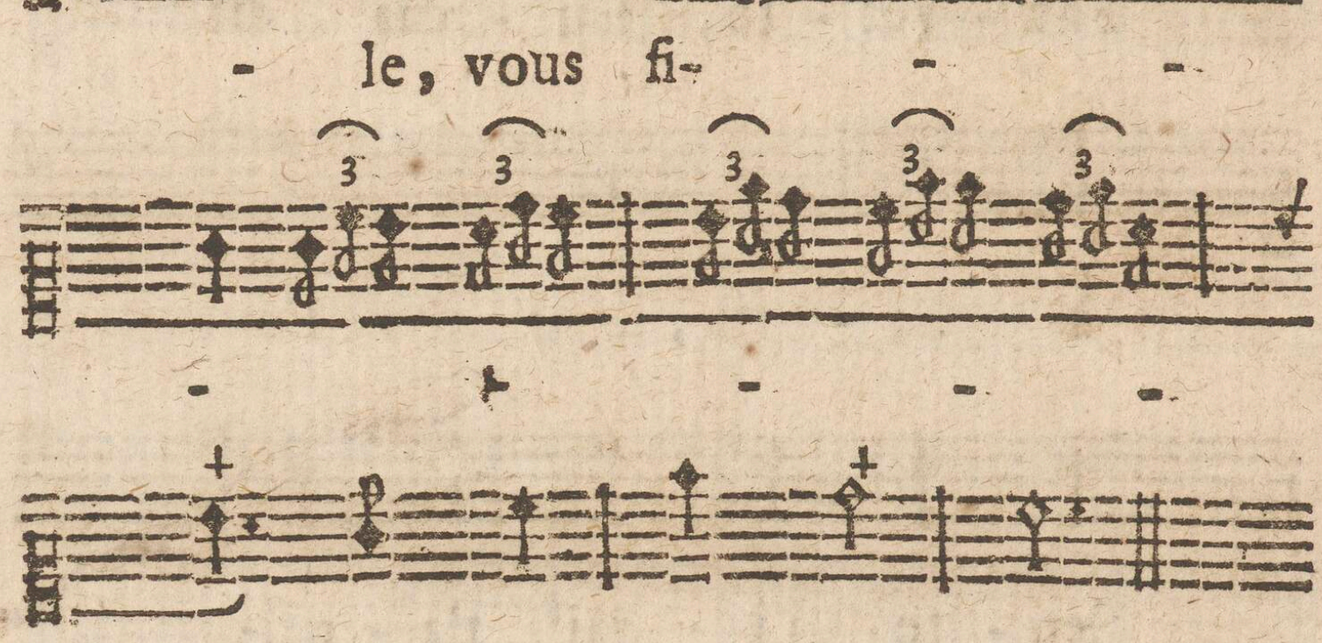
ne



ne jour- né - e! Que la Par-



que du moins vous fi- - -
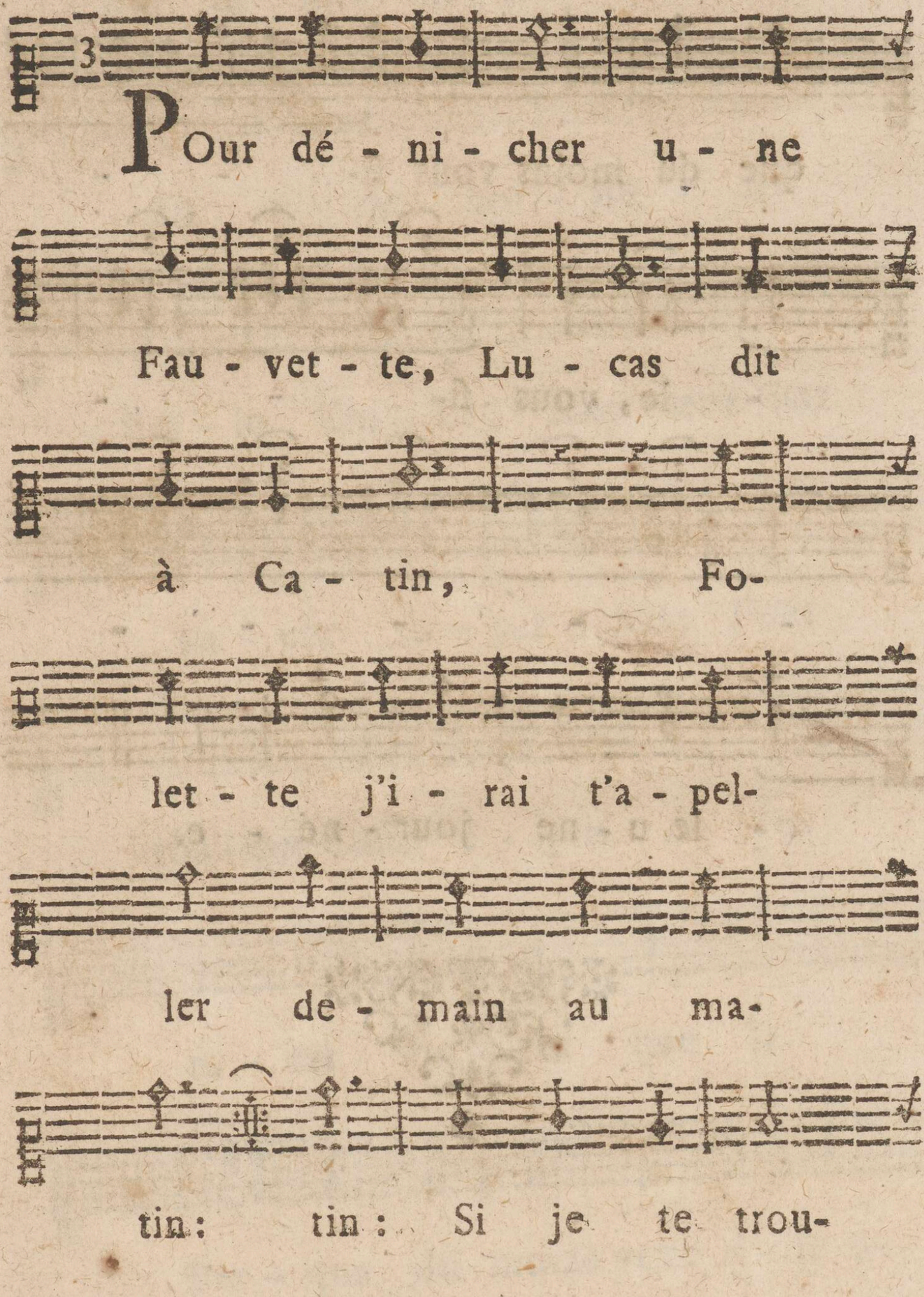


- le, vous fi- - - - - - -



= le u - ne jour - né - e.

LE, JE VOUS PRENS SANS VERT.



Pour dé - ni - cher u - ne

Fau - vet - te, Lu - cas dit

à Ca - tin, Fo-

let - te j'i - rai t'a - pel-
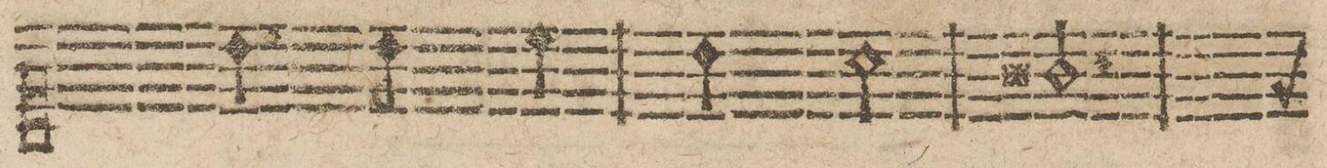
ler de - main au ma-

tin: tin: Si je te trou-

BIBLIOTEKA
XX.
CZARTORYSKICH



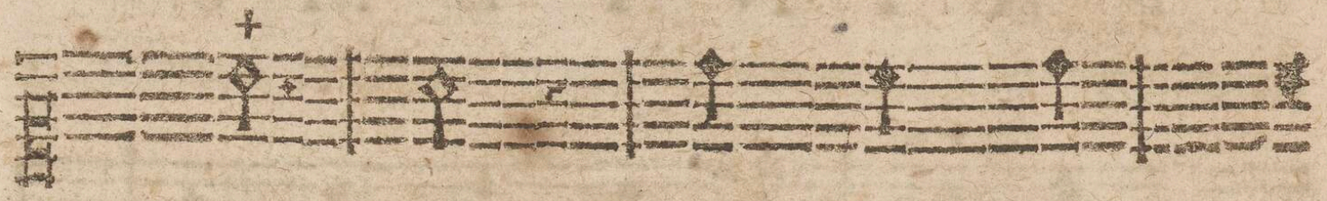
ve au Lit dor - meu - ſe, Ma



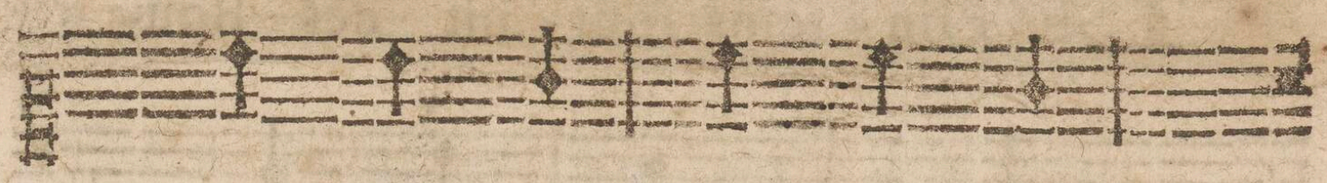
Bouche à bai - ſer ton ſein,



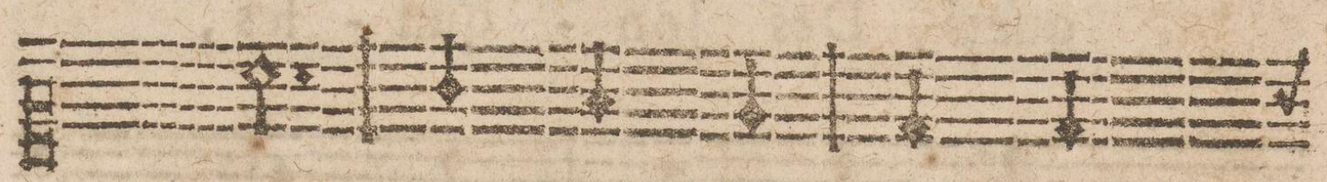
Ne ſe - ra point Pa - reſ-



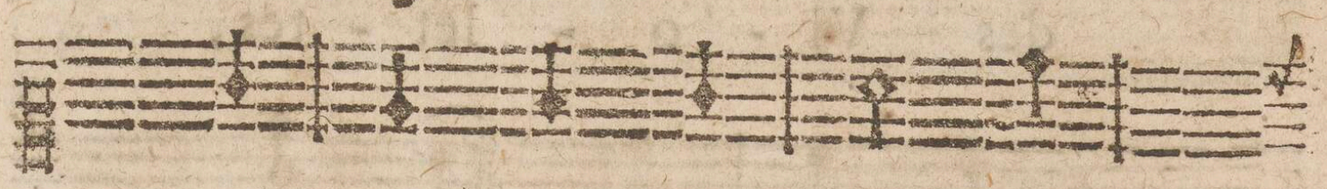
ſeu - ſe; A ces mé-



na - ces, Ca - tin, N'en fut



pas plus ma - ti - neu - ſe,



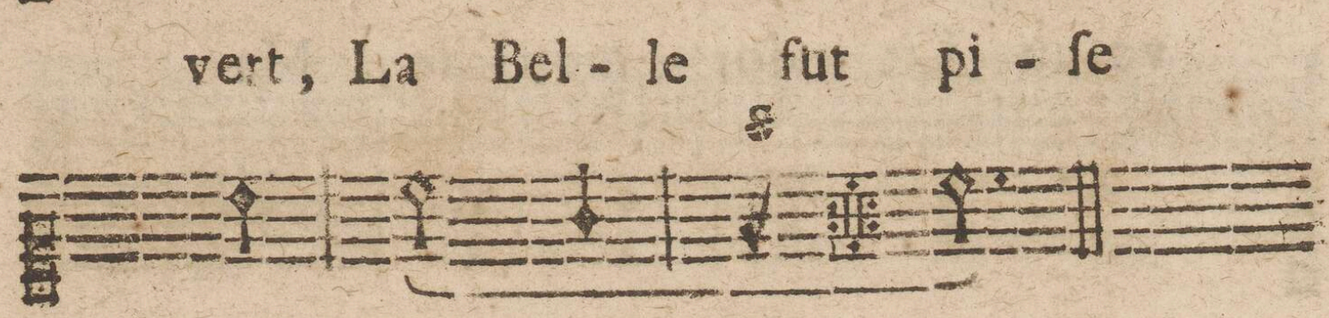
Lu - cas trou - va l'huis ou-

ve

vert.



vert, La Bel - le fut pi - ſe
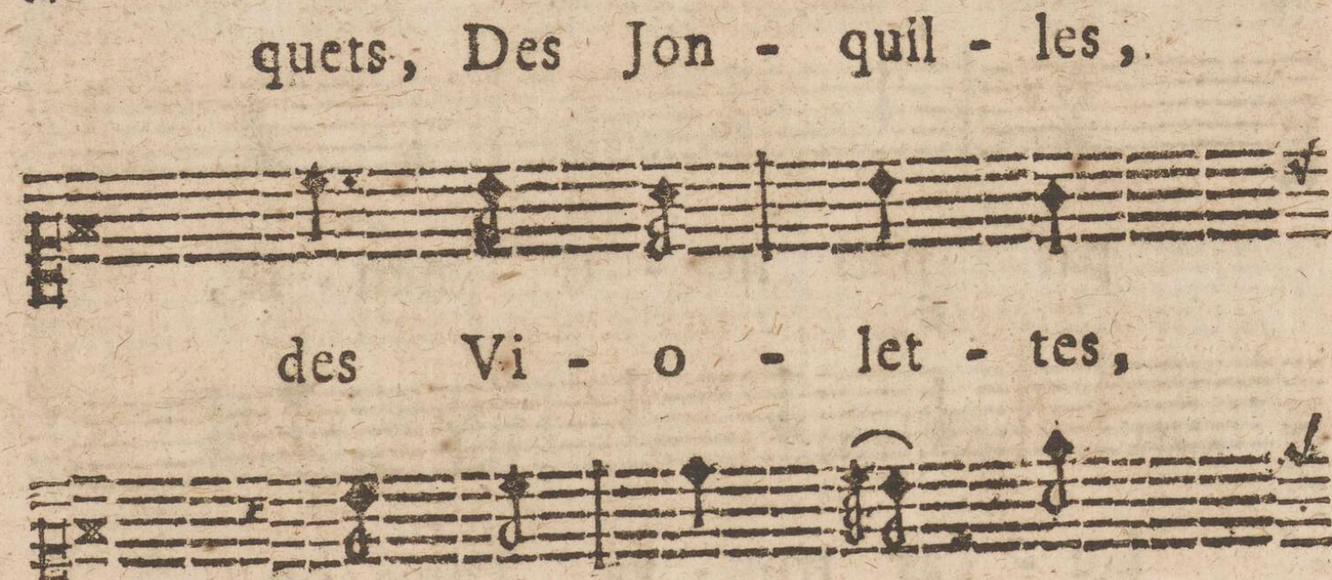


ſans Vert. Lu-, &c. Vert.

PRINTEMS.



LE Prin - tems four - nit des Bou-
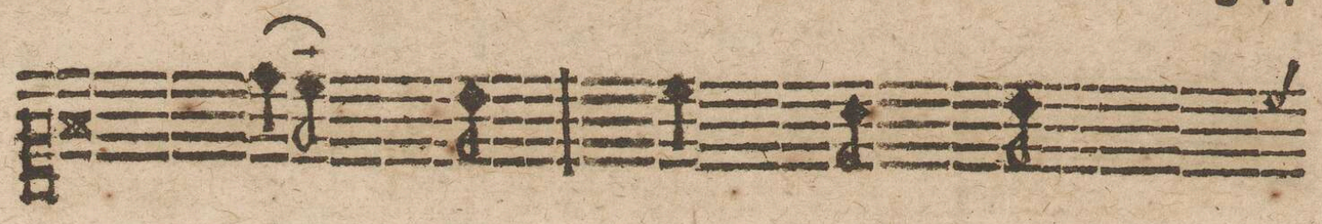


quets, Des Jon - quil - les,
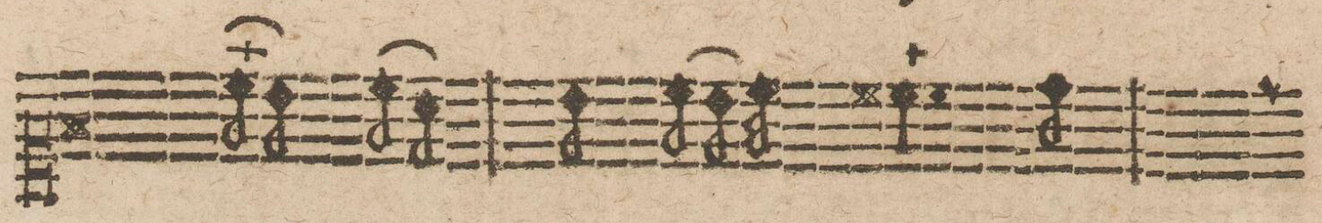


des Vi - o - let - tes,

Et l'E - té pa - re

nos



nos Fil - let - tes, De



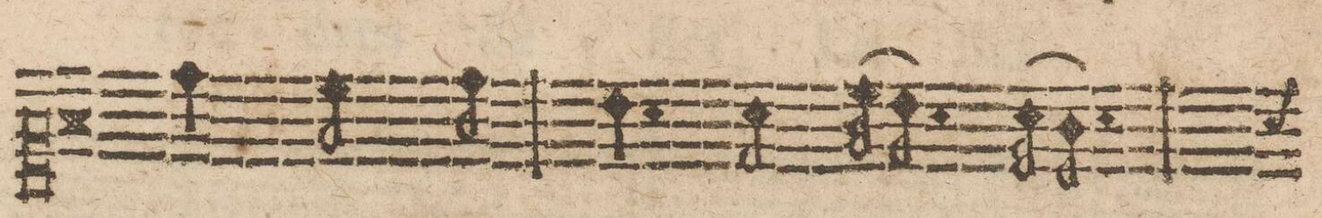
Lis, de Ro - ſes, & d'Oeil-



lets: lets: L'Hy - ver ra-
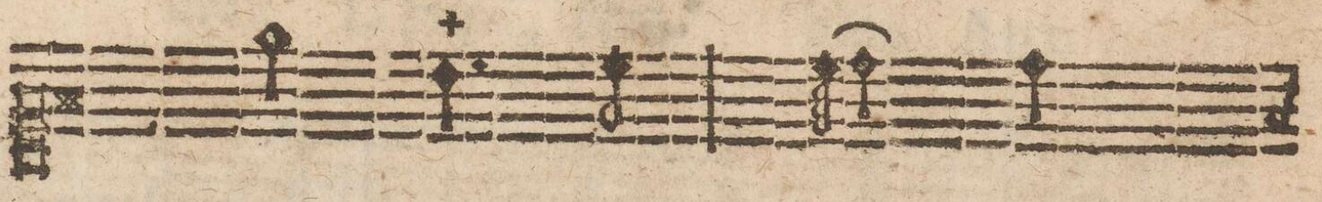


mei - ne les Plu - mets,



Les Jeux, les Ris, les A - mou-
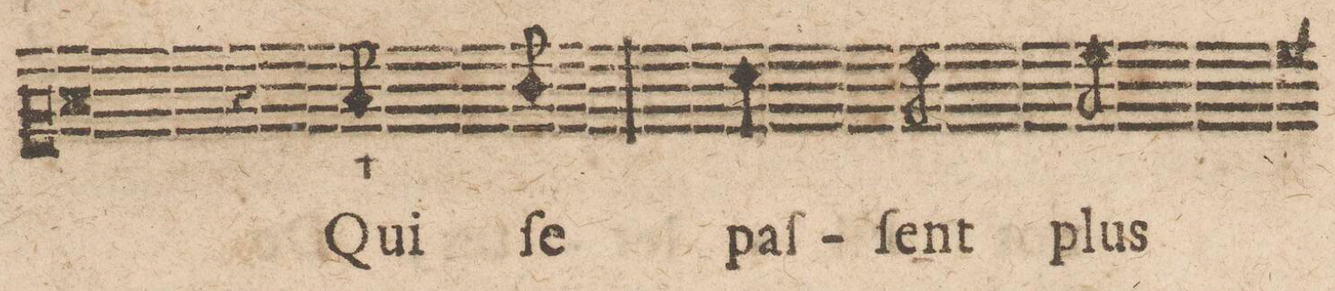


ret - tes, Et c'eſt la Sai-



ſon des Co - quet - tes,

nos

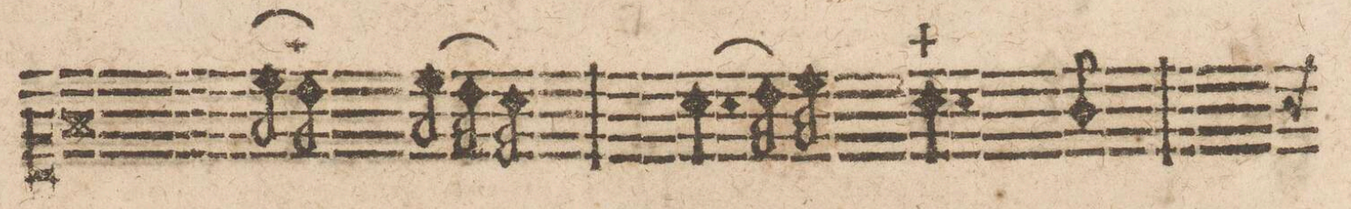
Qui



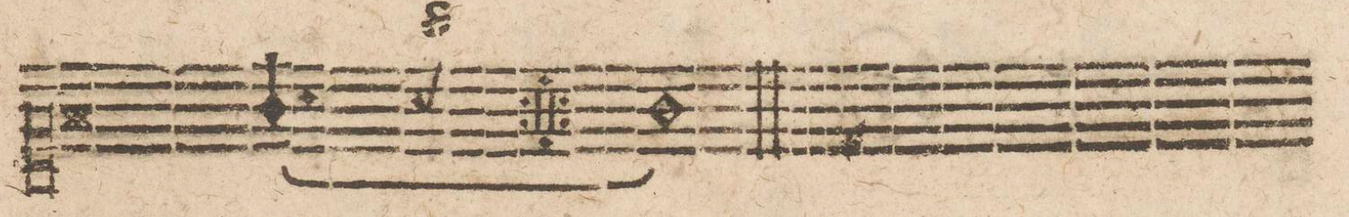
Qui ſe paſ - ſent plus



ai - ſé - ment de ces
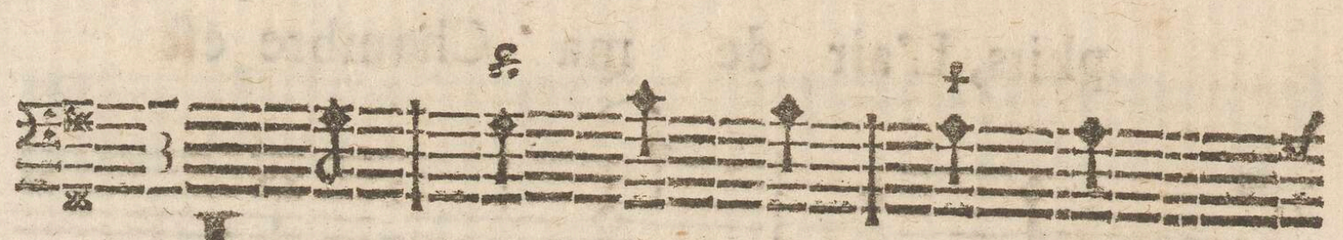


bel - les Fleurs que d'A-
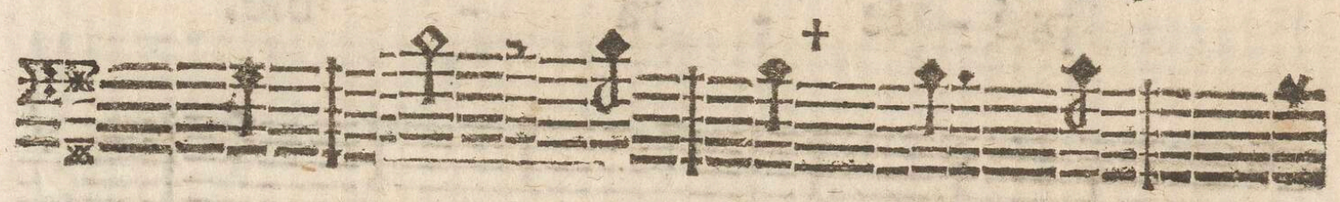


mans. &c. mans.

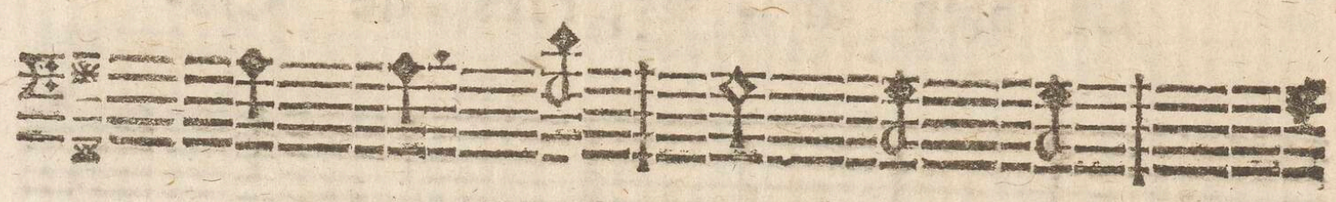
HYVER.



L'Hy-ver eſt le tems des
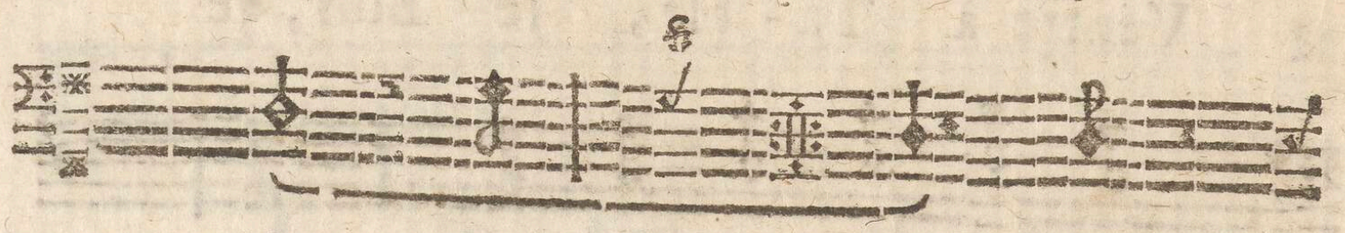


Plai-ſirs, Et c'eſt pour les
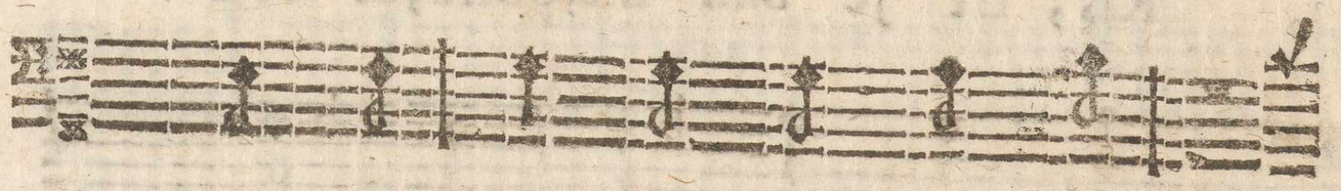


ten-dres dé-ſirs, La Sai-
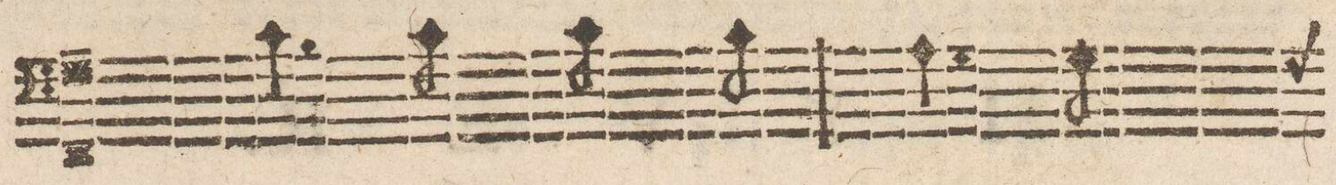


ſon la plus fa-vo-ra-
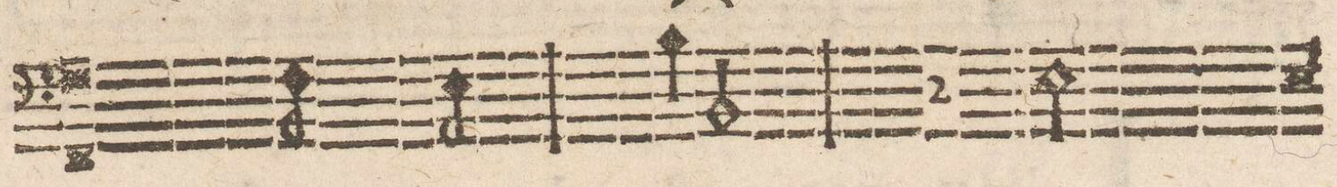


ble: L'Hy-, &c. ble: Aux
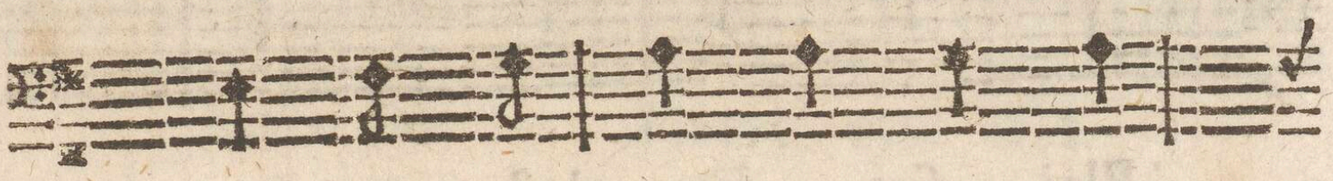


doux ſou-pirs, Des jeu-nes Zé-
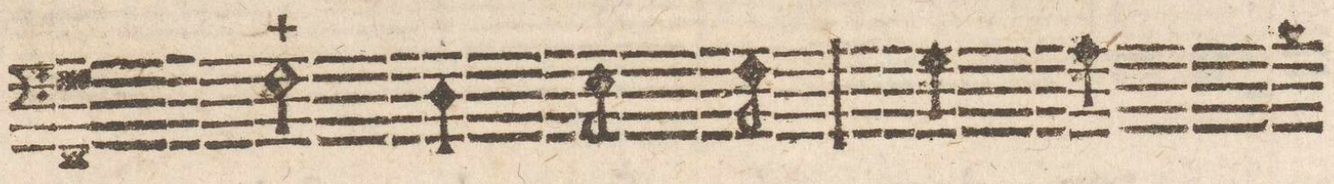


phirs, L'air de ma Chambre eſt
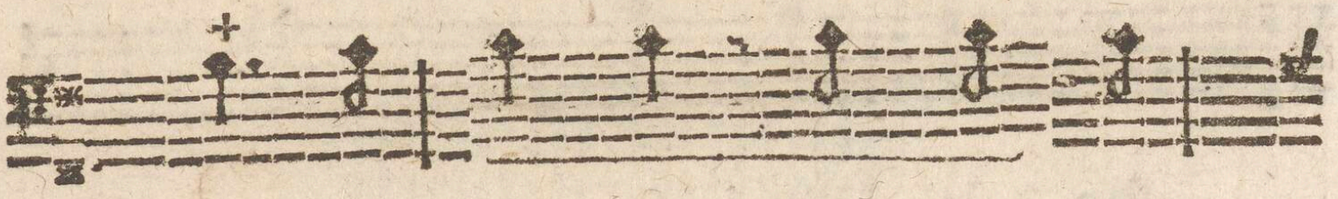


pré - fe - ra - ble.
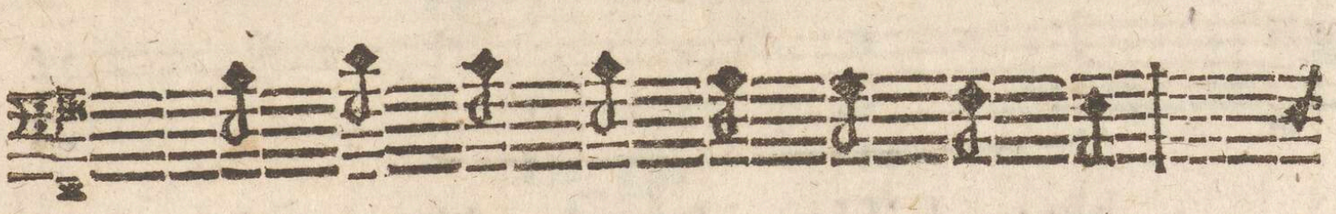


Là bien aſ - ſis, Près de Clo-



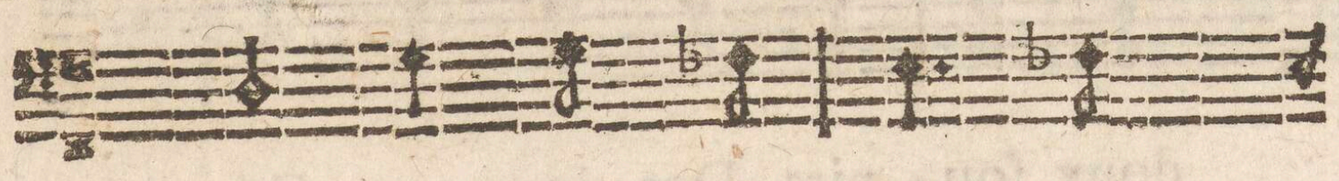
ris, Le Dos au Feu, le



Ventre à Ta- ble, Je Bois, je

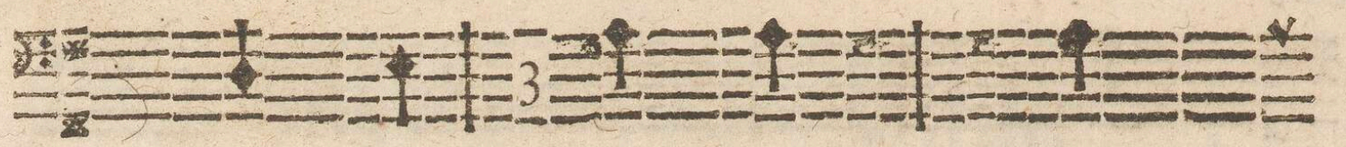


Ris, Et je ban - nis, Soins, & Sou-
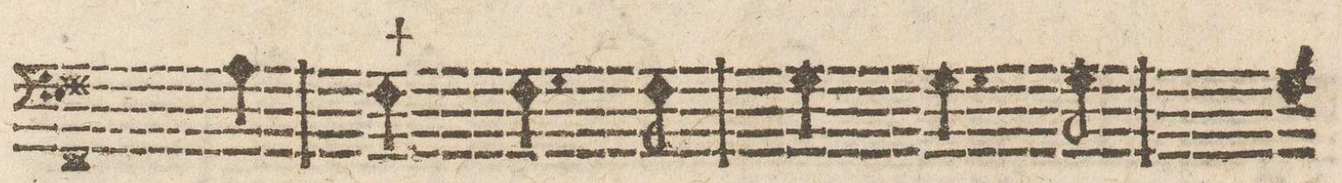


cis, Gou - tant un Plai - ſir

dé-



dé - lec - ta - ble. De



Plai - ſir, & d'A-mour ſeu - le-
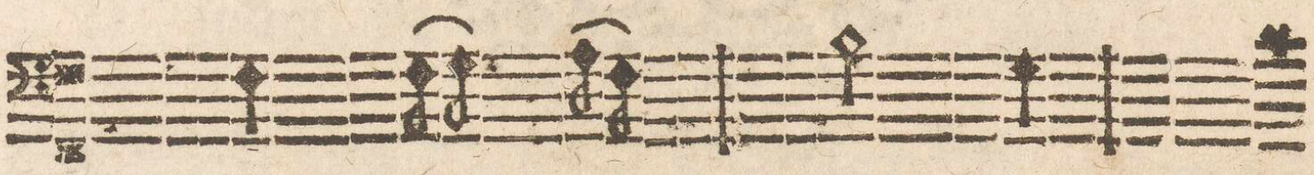


ment oc - cu - pé, Je ne



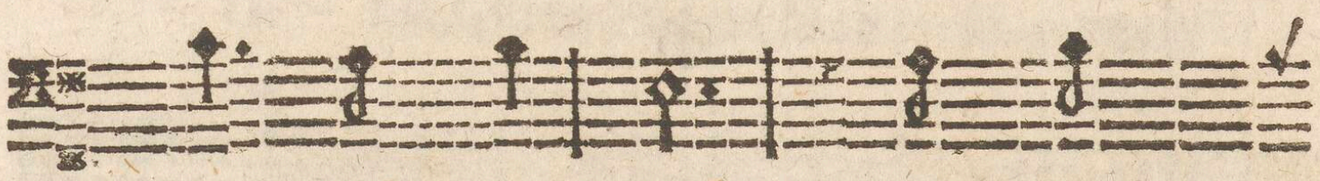
trou - ve point de Ber - gè-



re, Qui ne pré - fe - re,
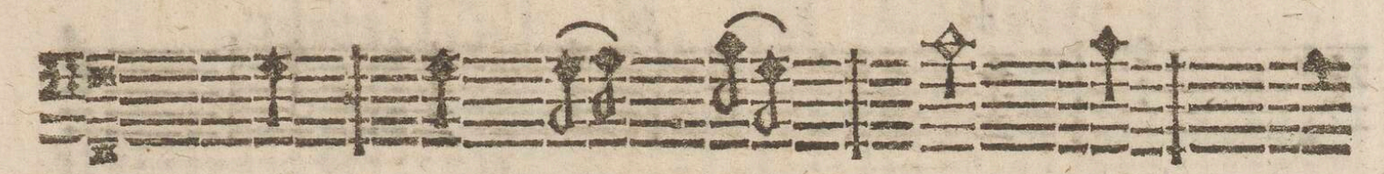


A la Fou - ge - re,
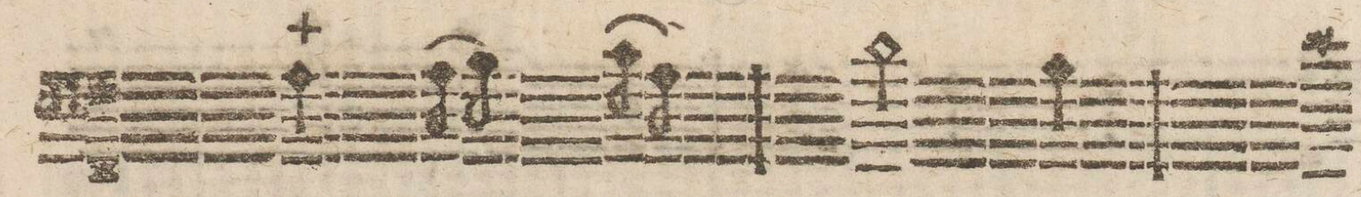


Mon Ca - na - pé. Je ne



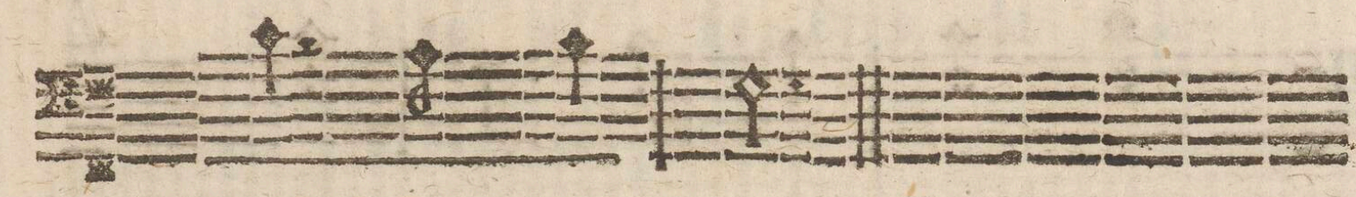
trou- ve point de Ber - gè-



re, Qui ne pré - fe - re,



A la Fou - ge - re,
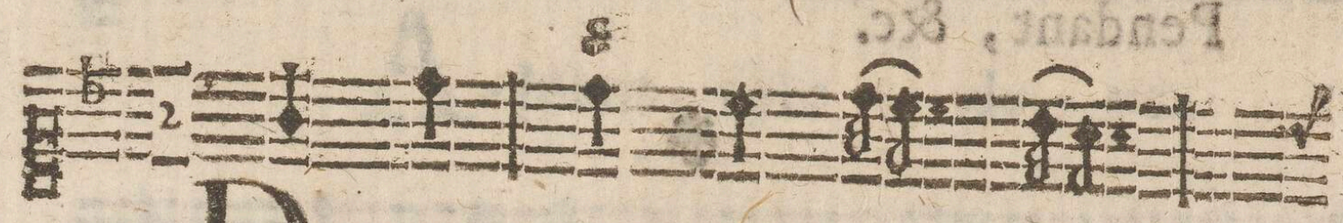


Mon Ca - na - pé.

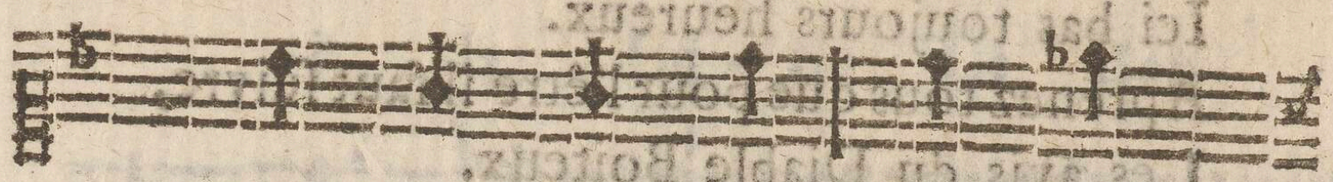


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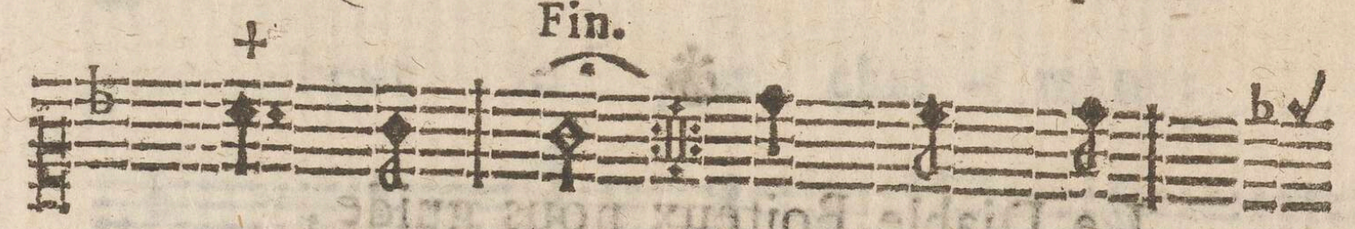
RONDEAU.
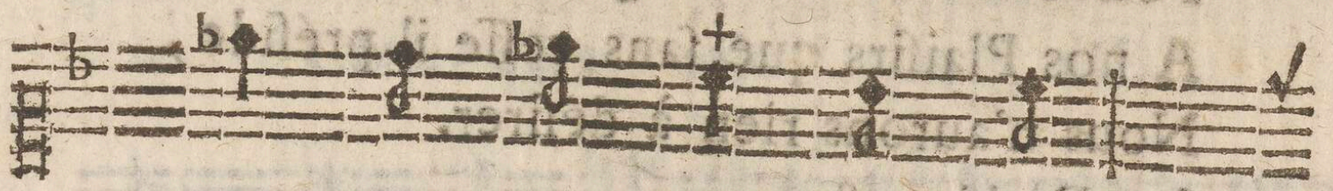


DE quoi nous ſert la For-



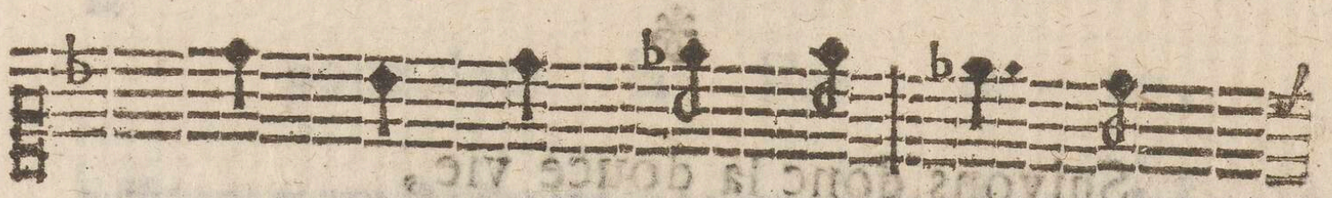
tu - ne, Si ce n'eſt pour
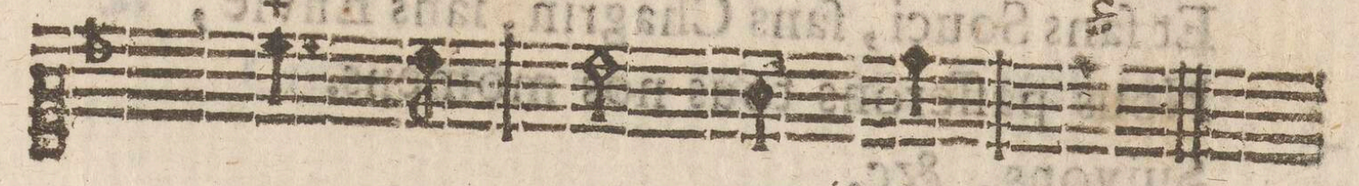


le plai - ſir, Des plus beaux



jours, l'é - clat nous im - por-



tu - ne, Quand nous n'en ſa - vons



pas jou - ïr. De quoi, &c.

Pendant le cours du bel Age,
Aimons, Buvons nuit, & jour;
On trouve aſſez les momens d'être ſage;
Mais il n'eſt qu'un tems pour l'Amour.
Pendant, &c.

La grande affaire eſt de vivre,
Ici bas toujours heureux.
Aprenez tous que pour l'être il faut ſuivre,
Les avis du Diable Boiteux.
La grande, &c.

Le Diable Boiteux nous guide,
Pouvons-nous nous égarer.
A nos Plaiſirs que ſans ceſſe il préſide,
Nous n'aurons rien à déſirer.
Le Diable, &c.

Suivons donc la douce vie,
Que meinent d'honnêtes Gens.
Et ſans Souci, ſans Chagrin, ſans Envie,
Nous paſſerons tous nos momens.
Suivons, &c.

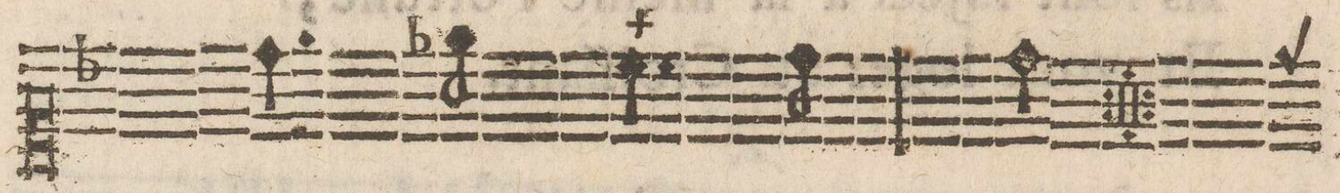
CHANSONNETTE.



A - Mans vous de - vez



à la Lu - ne, Le Bon-



heur le plus char - mant:



Com - bien voit - on d'E-



poux, dont la For - tu - ne,
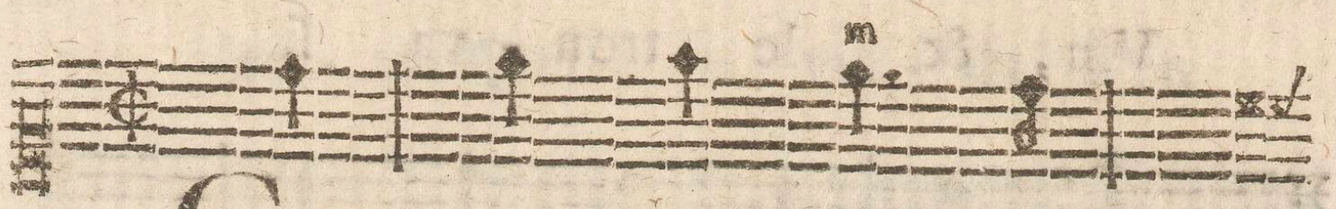


Com-men - ce par le Croiſ-ſant.

Aucun Souci ne m'importune,
Je ſuis tout à fait content;
Je veux de vous faire une pleine Lune,
Mais ſur-tout point de Croiſſant.

La Diſgrace eſt preſque commune,
Aux bons Maris d'à préſent,
Ils ſont ſujets à la même Fortune,
Et vont loger au Croiſſant.

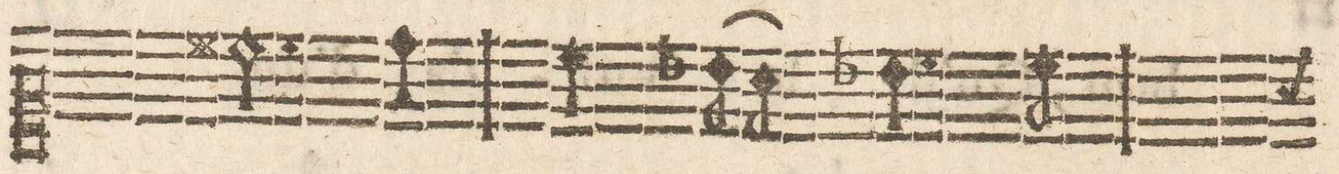
DUO.
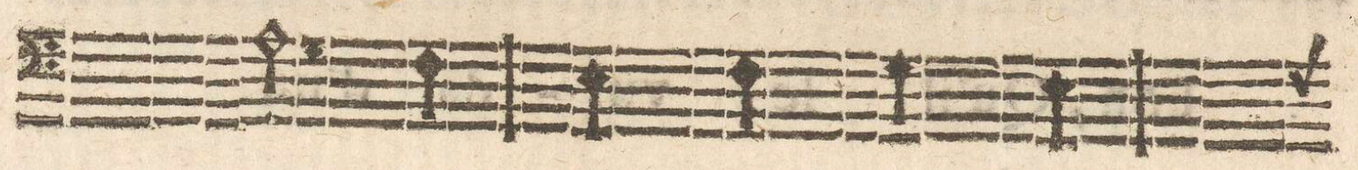


GRé - goi - re au Ca - ba-
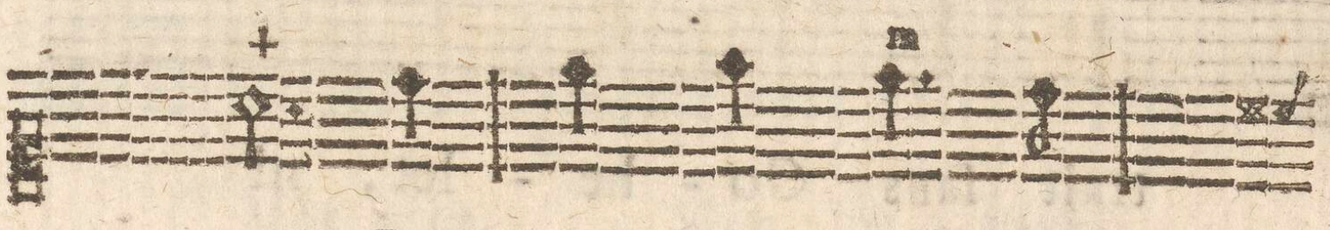


Gré - goi - re au Ca - ba-



ret fut rem - plir ſon Fla-
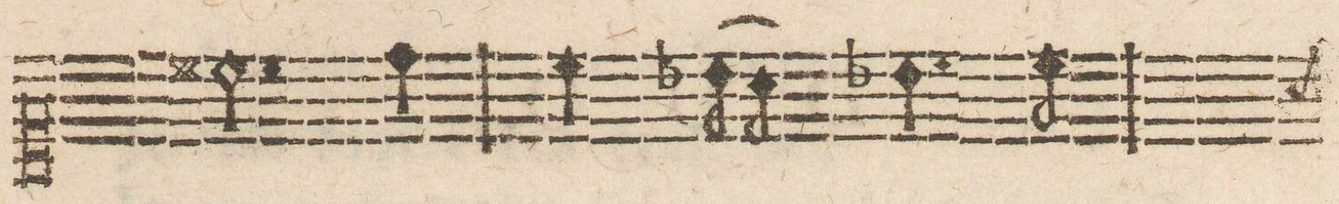


ret fut rem - plir ſon Fla-



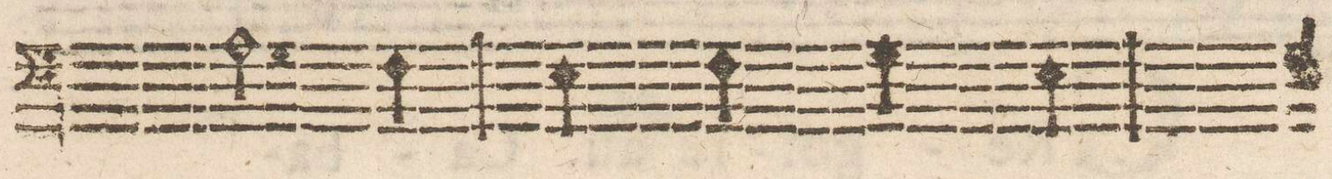
con, Puis taſ - ta de ſon
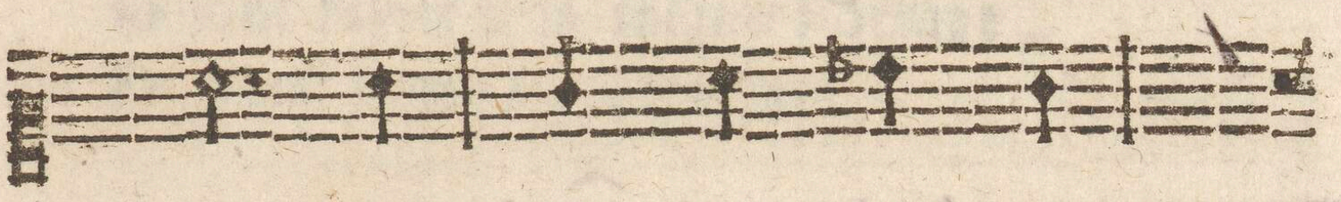


con, Puis taſ - ta de ſon
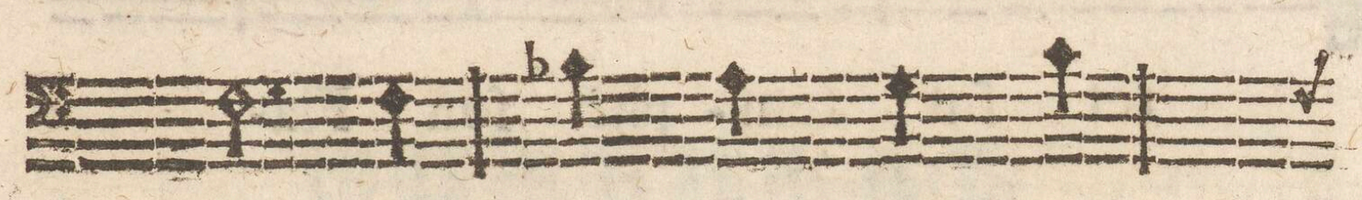


Vin, & le trou - va ſi



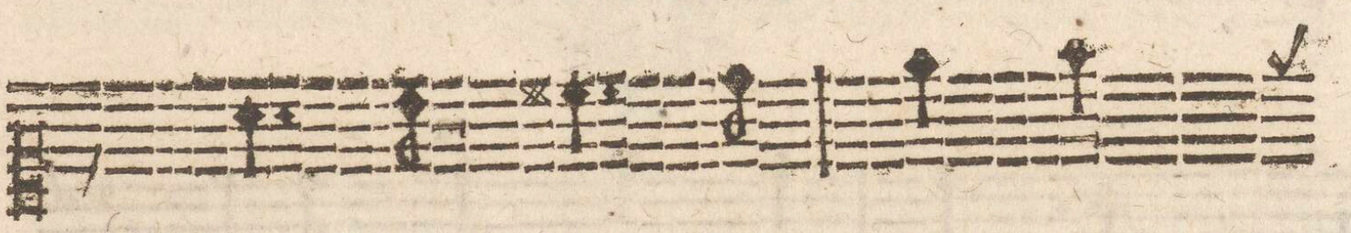
Vin, & le trou - va ſi



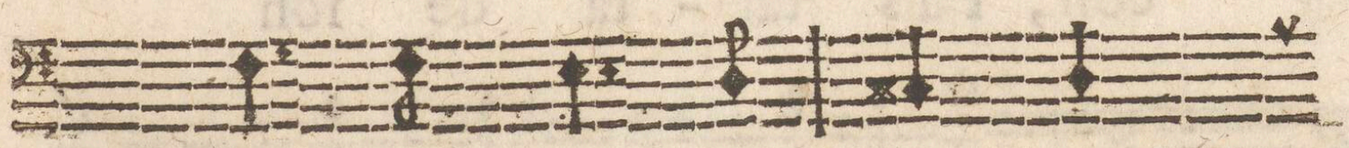
bon, Qu'il le vui - da d'un



bon, Qu'il le vui - da d'un

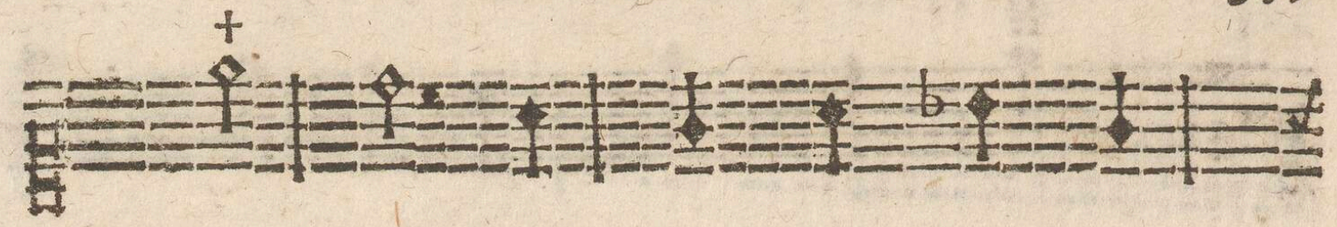


trait ſans Go - be - let, ni

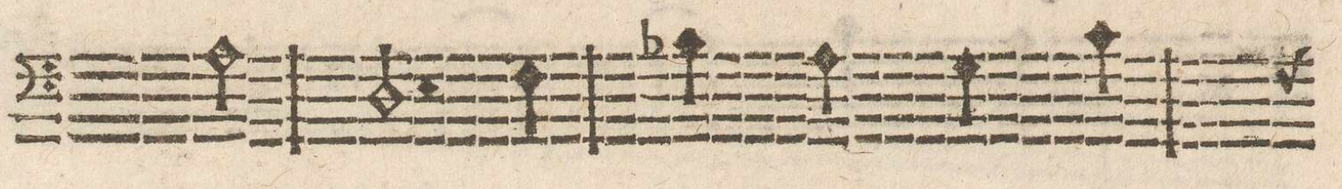


trait ſans Go - be - let, ni

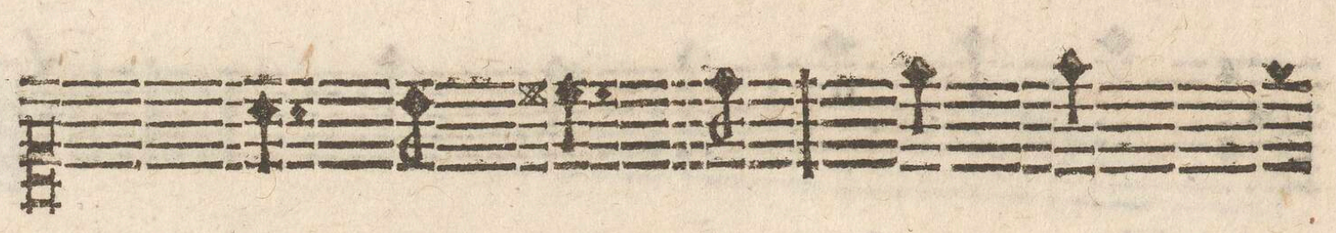
Verre.



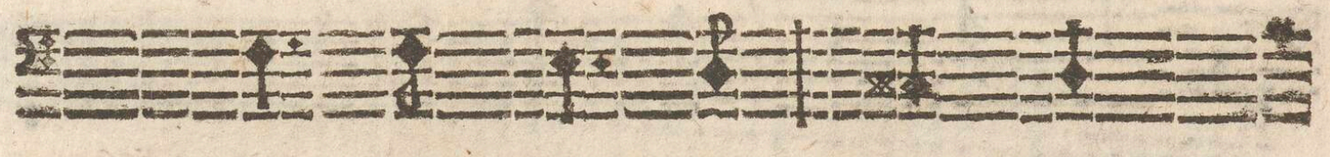
Ver - re. Qu'il le vui - da d'un



Ver - re. Qu'il le vui - da d'un



trait ſans Go - be - let, ni



trait ſans Go - be - let, ni
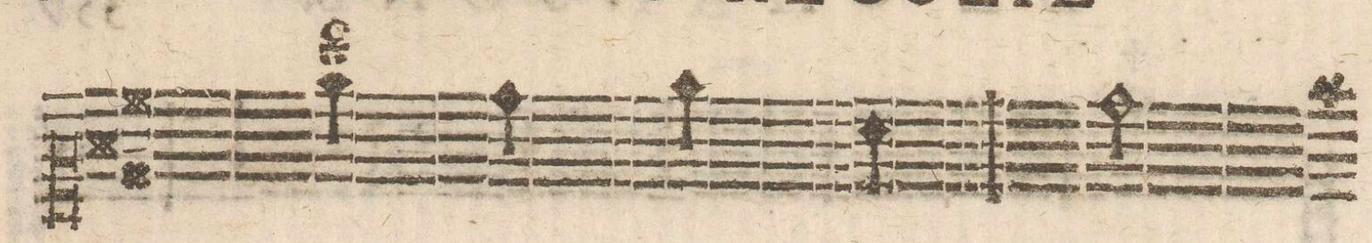


Ver - re. S'en re - tour-
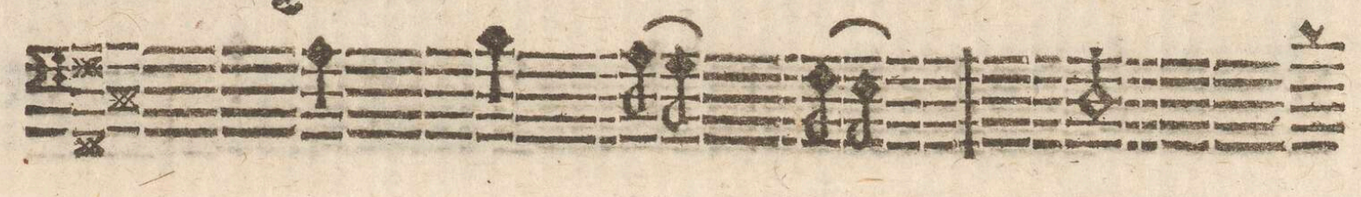


Ver - re. S'en re - tour-

nant



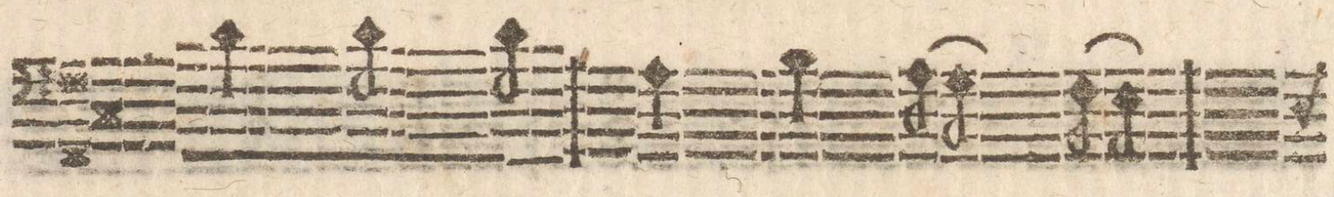
nant le Ven - tre plein



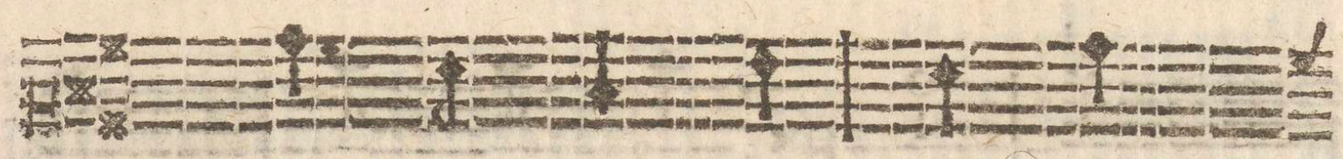
nant le Ven - tre plein,
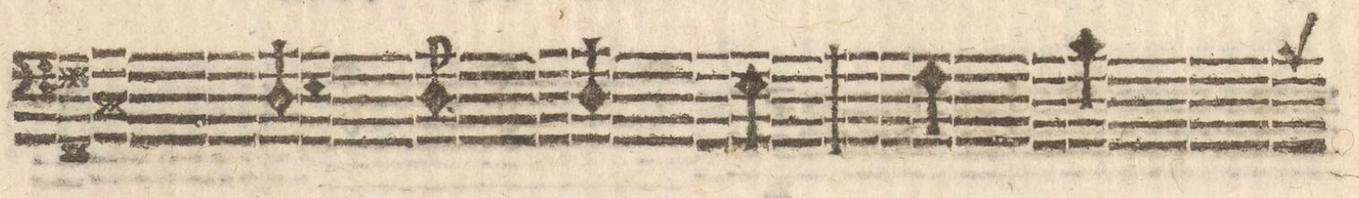


Chan - ce - lant le long du Che-



Chan - ce - lant le long du Che-



min, Il ſe laiſ - ſa tom-

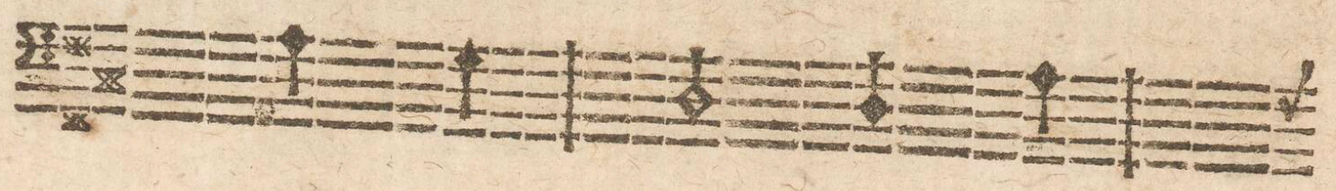


min, Il ſe laiſ - ſa tom-
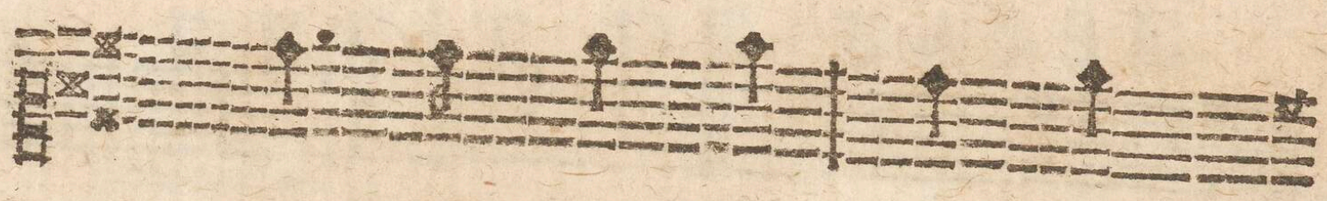
ber



ber par Ter - re. Ah!
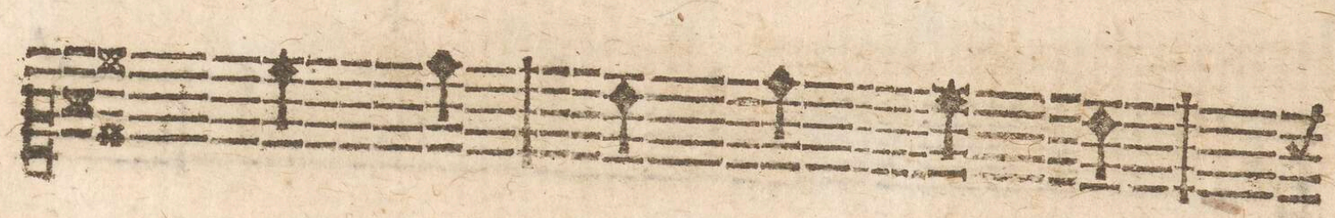


ber par Ter - re. Ah!



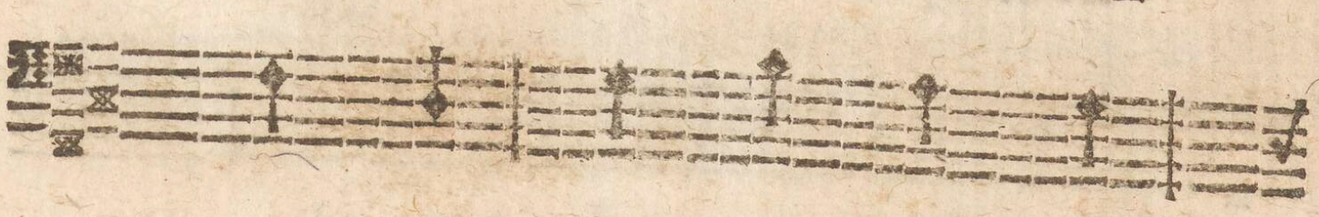
quel Bon-heur, dit - il tout



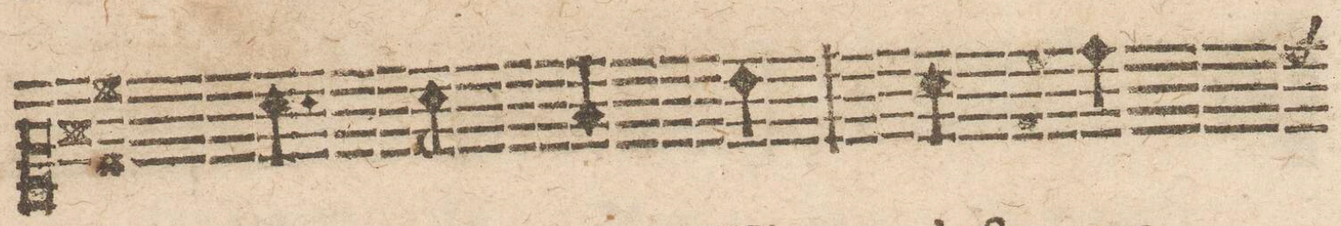
quel Bon-heur, dit - il tout



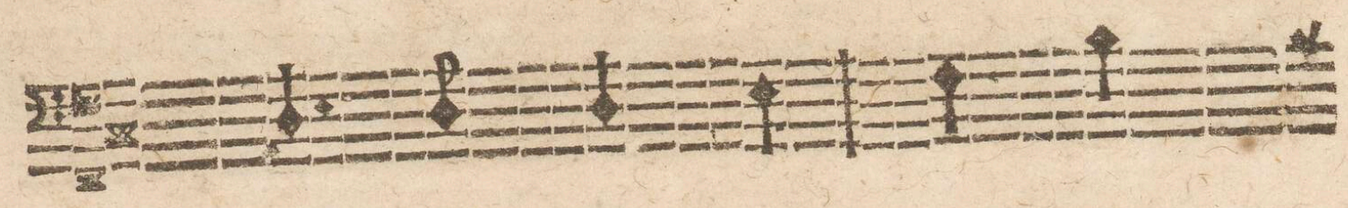
é - ten - du, tout é - ten-
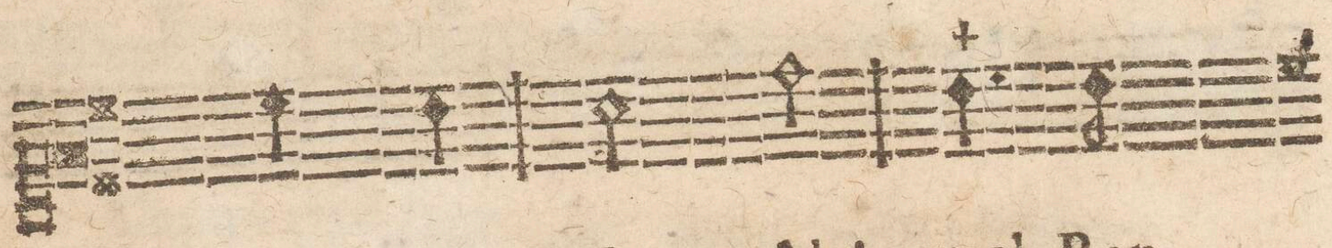


é - ten - du, tout é - ten-



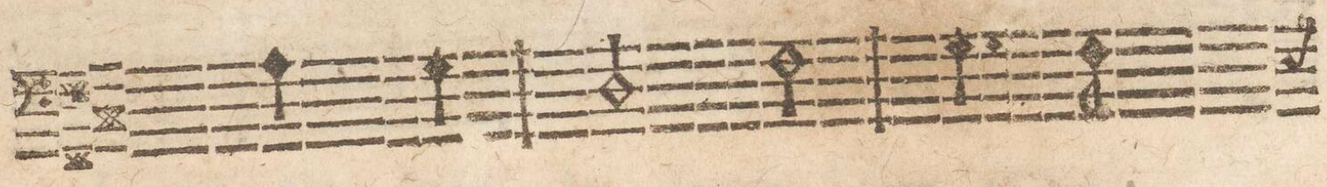
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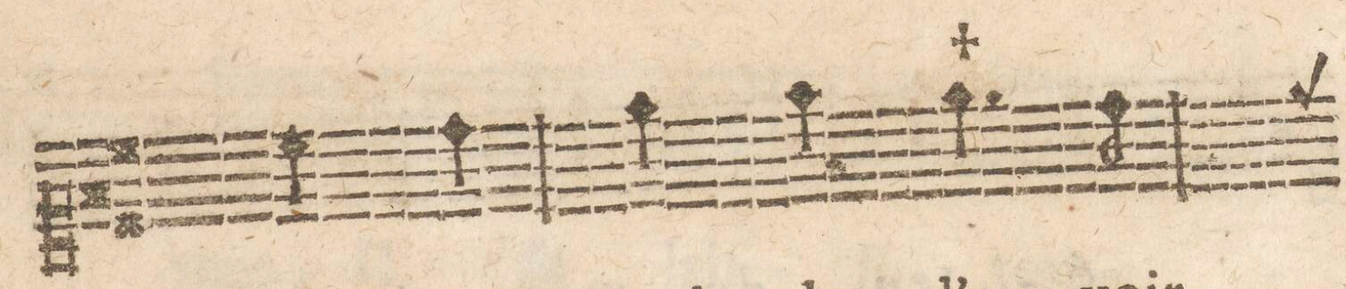


du, Que mon Vin n'eſt pas
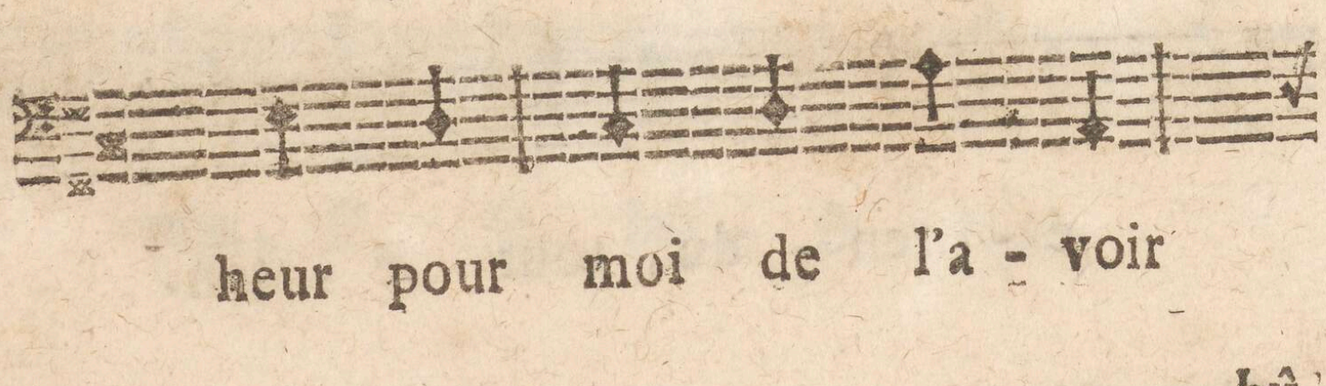


re - pan - du, Ah! quel Bon-



re - pan - du, Ah! quel Bon-

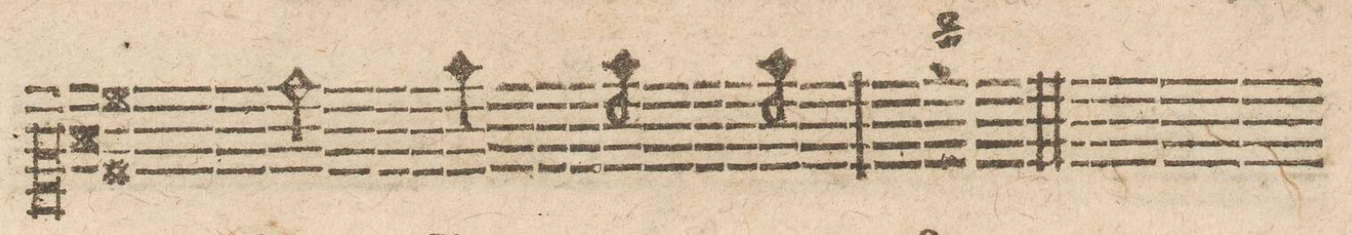


heur pour moi de l'a - voir
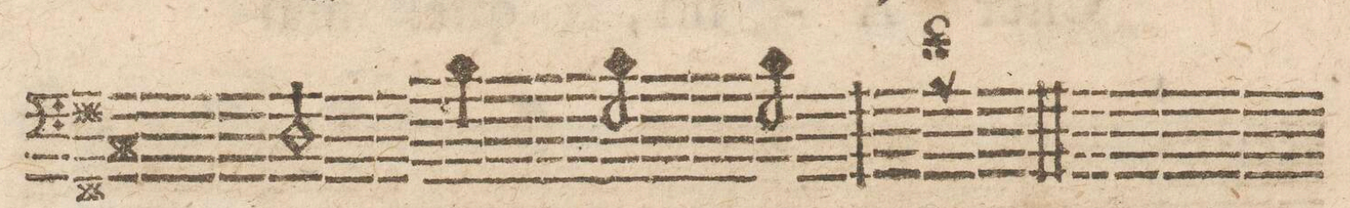


heur pour moi de l'a - voir

bû.
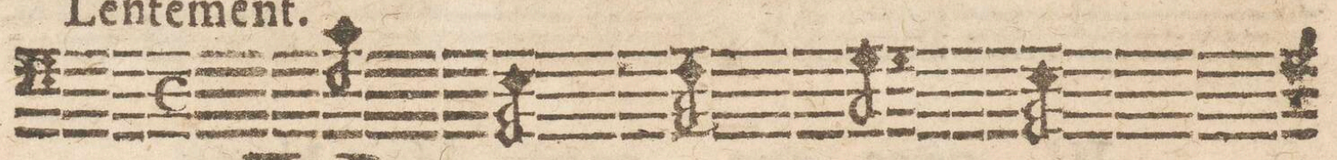


bû. S'en re - tour-, &c.
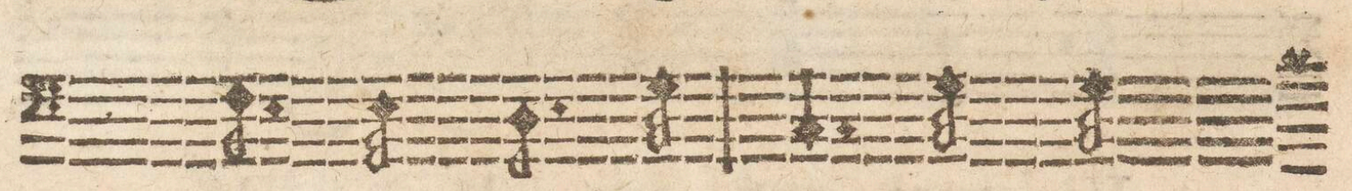


bû. S'en re - tour-, &c.

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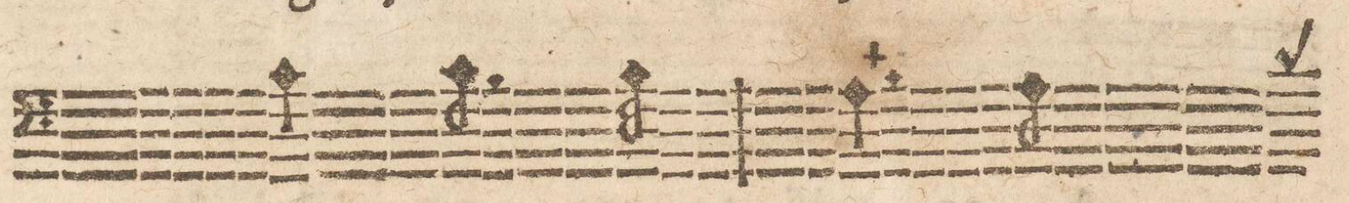
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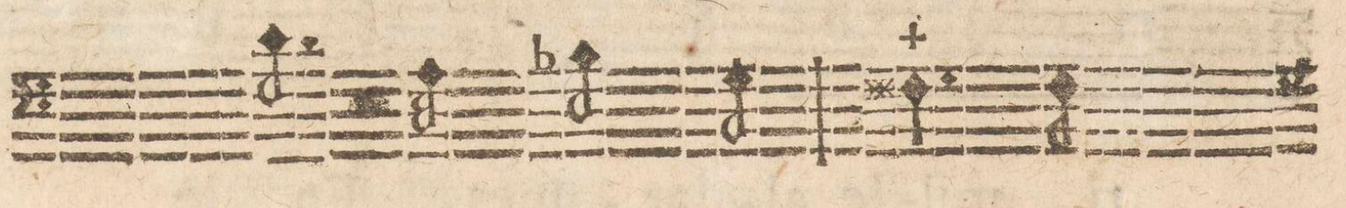


UN Vi - gne - ron y-



vrogne, & fort zè - lé, Me di-
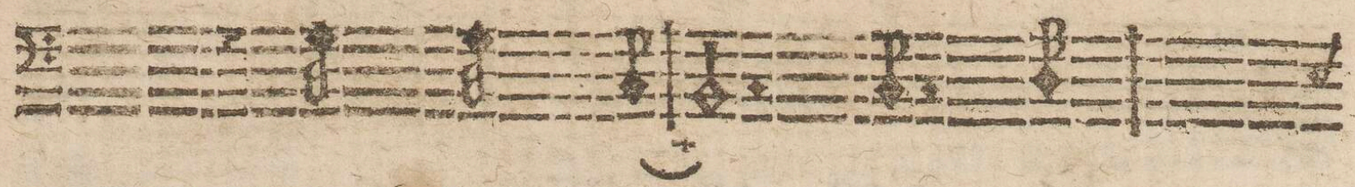


ſoit ce ma - tin d'un

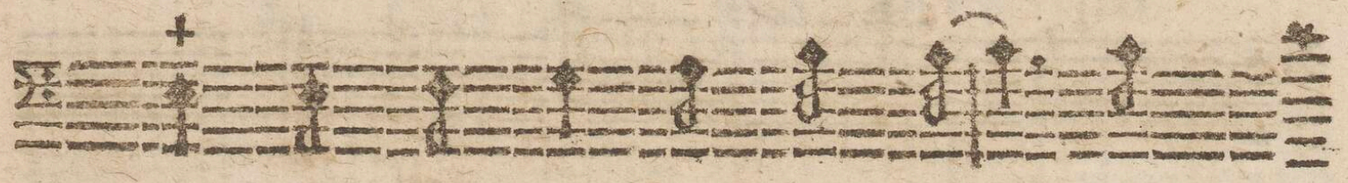


air mé - lan - co - li - que,

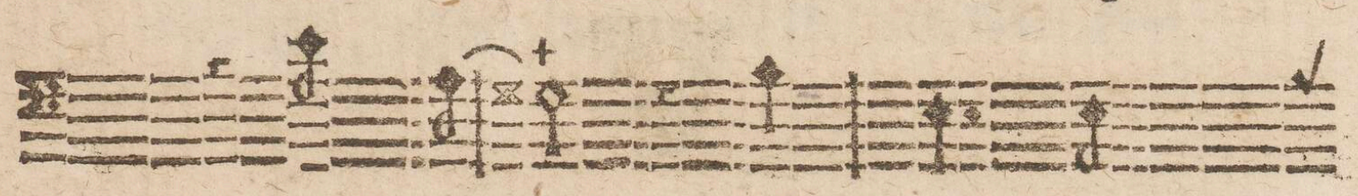
bû.



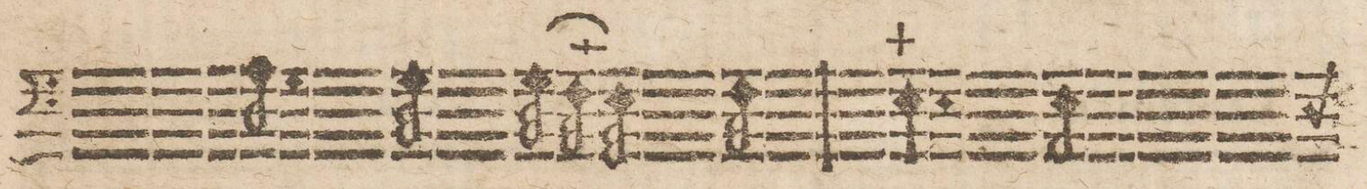
Cher A - mi, quel mal-



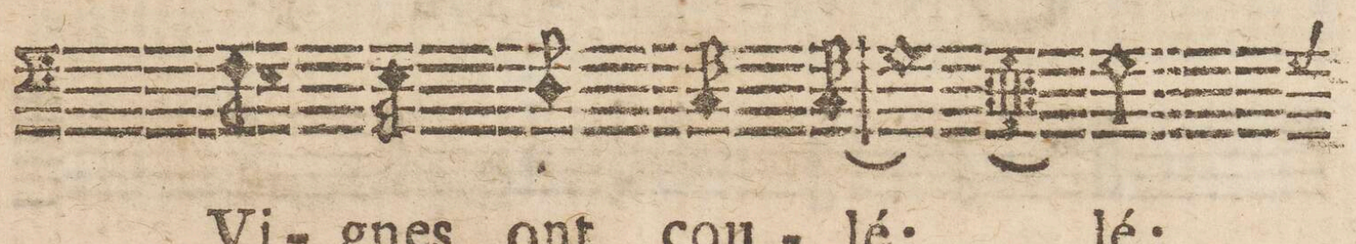
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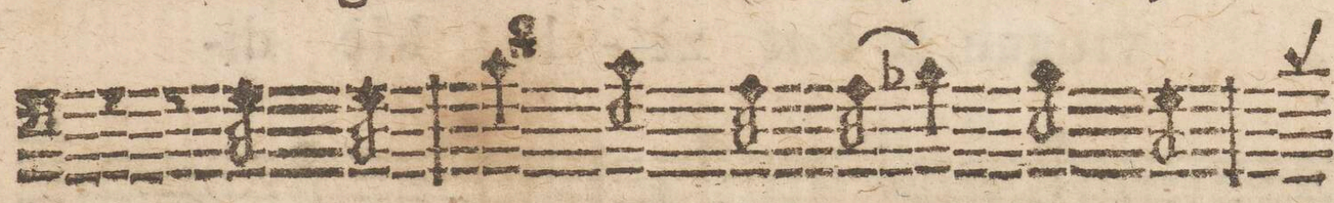


Hé - las! hé - las! nos
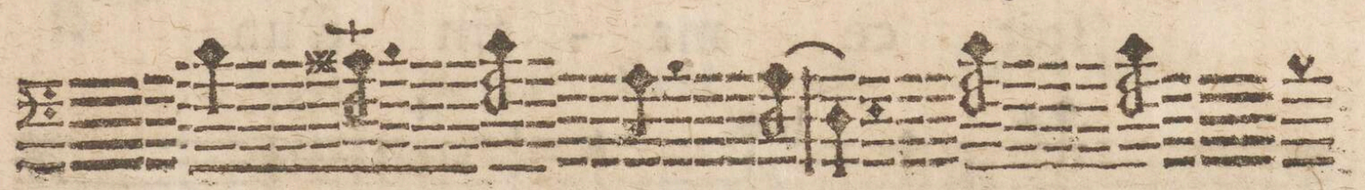


Vi - gnes ont cou - lé, Nos
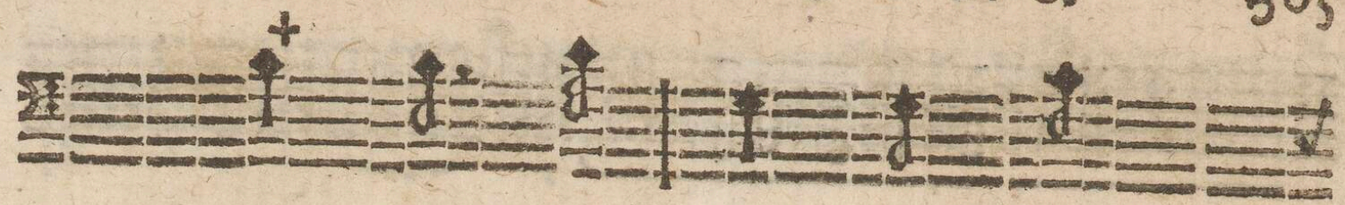


Vi- gnes ont cou - lé; lé;



A ce triſ- te re - cit j'ai ſen-



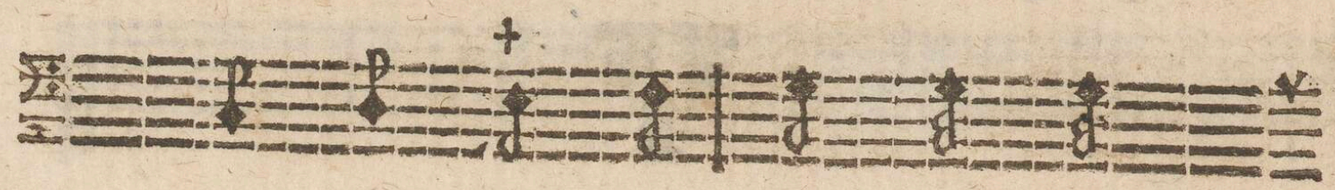
ti mil- le al- lar - mes, Et le



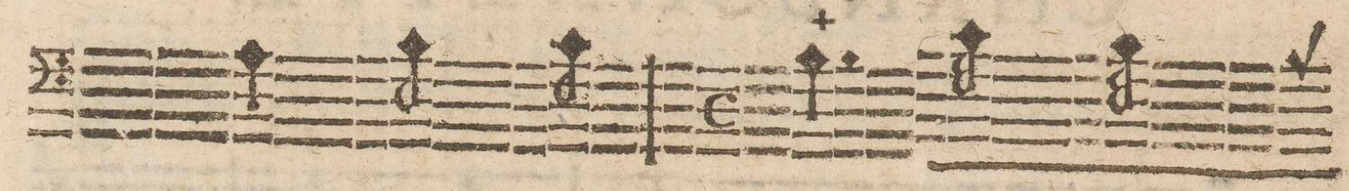
Ver-re auſ-ſi - tôt me tom-



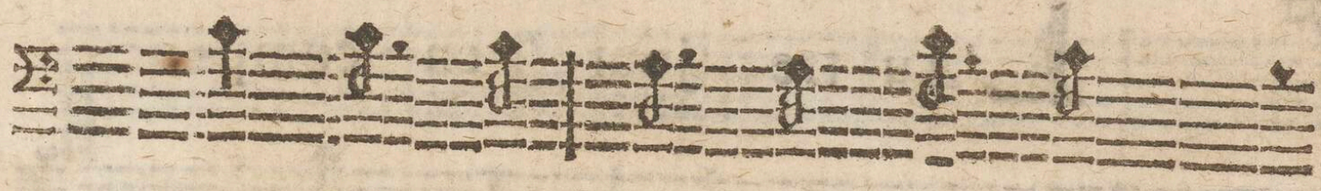
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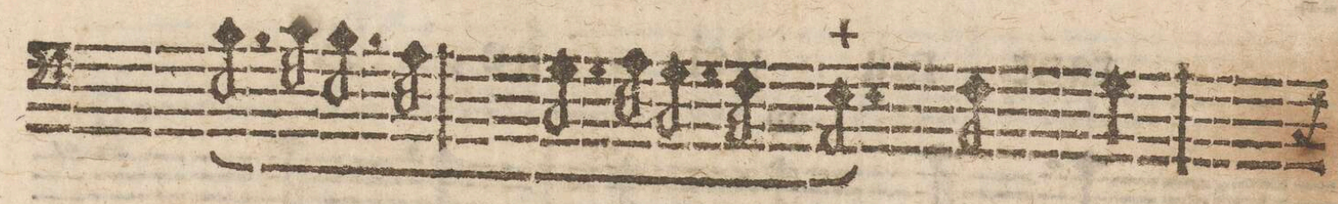


ré- pon- du d'un ton mil - le



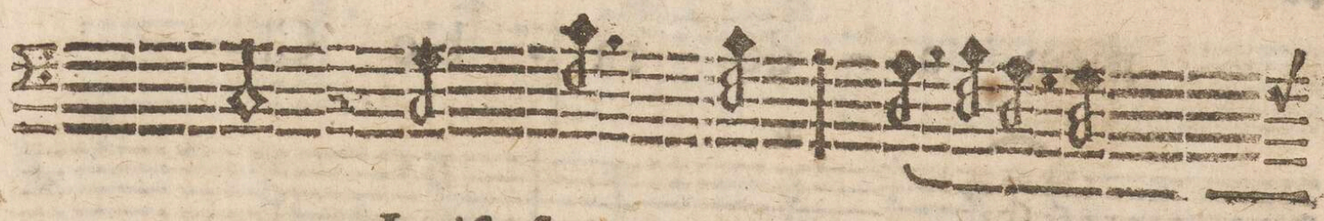
fois plus cha - grin; Si la
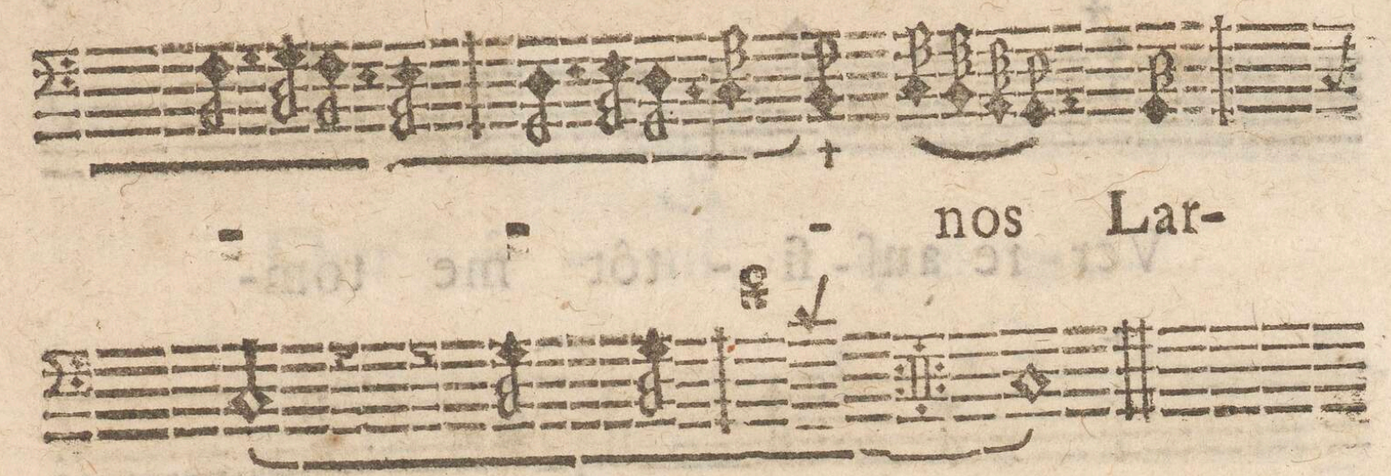


Vigne a cou- lé, Laiſ-ſons cou-



ler - - nos Lar-
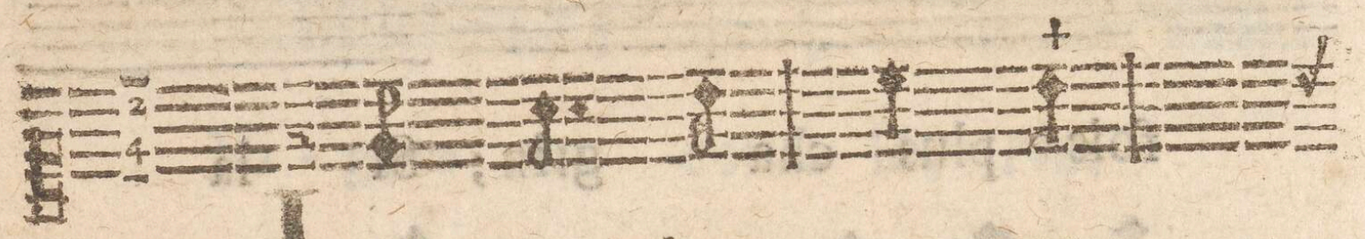


mes, Laiſ-ſons cou - ler



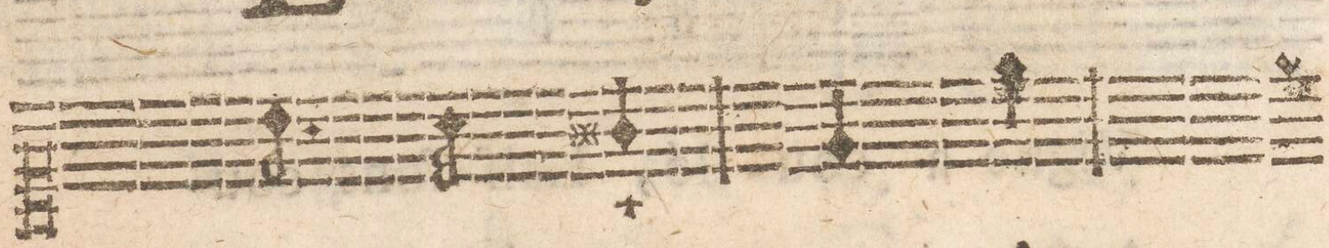
- - - nos Lar-

mes. A ce, &c. mes.

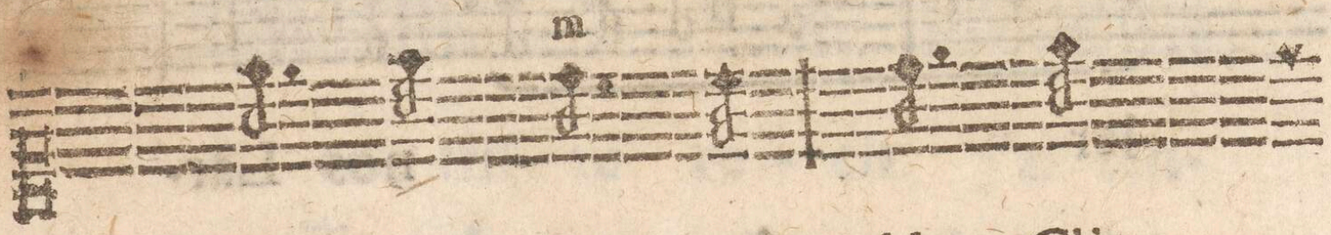
CHANSONNETTE.



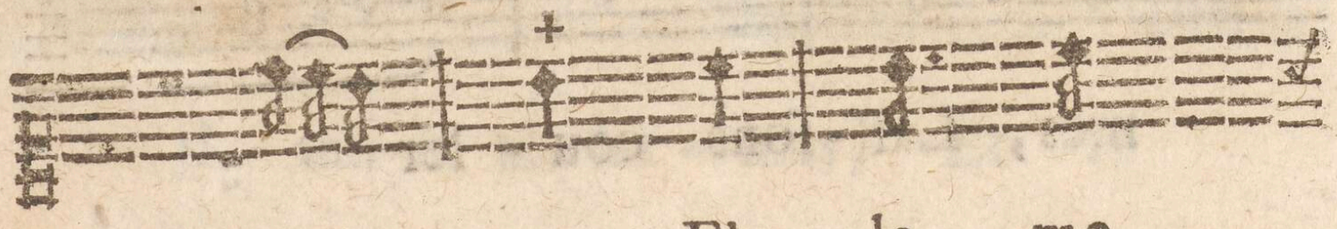
L'Au-tre jour en comp-



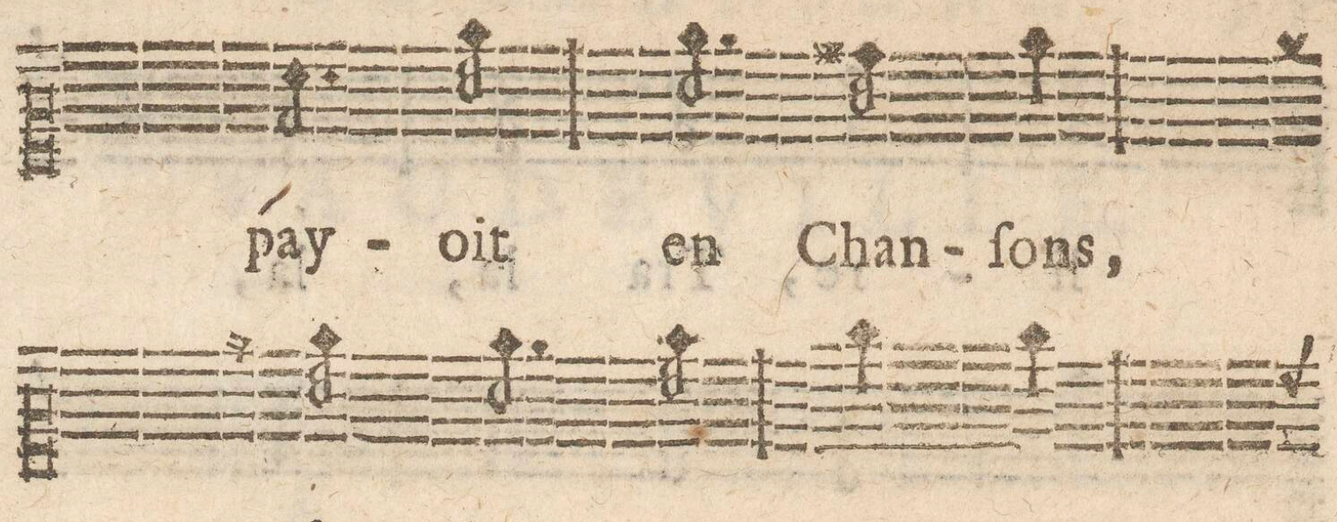
tant ma pei - ne, A



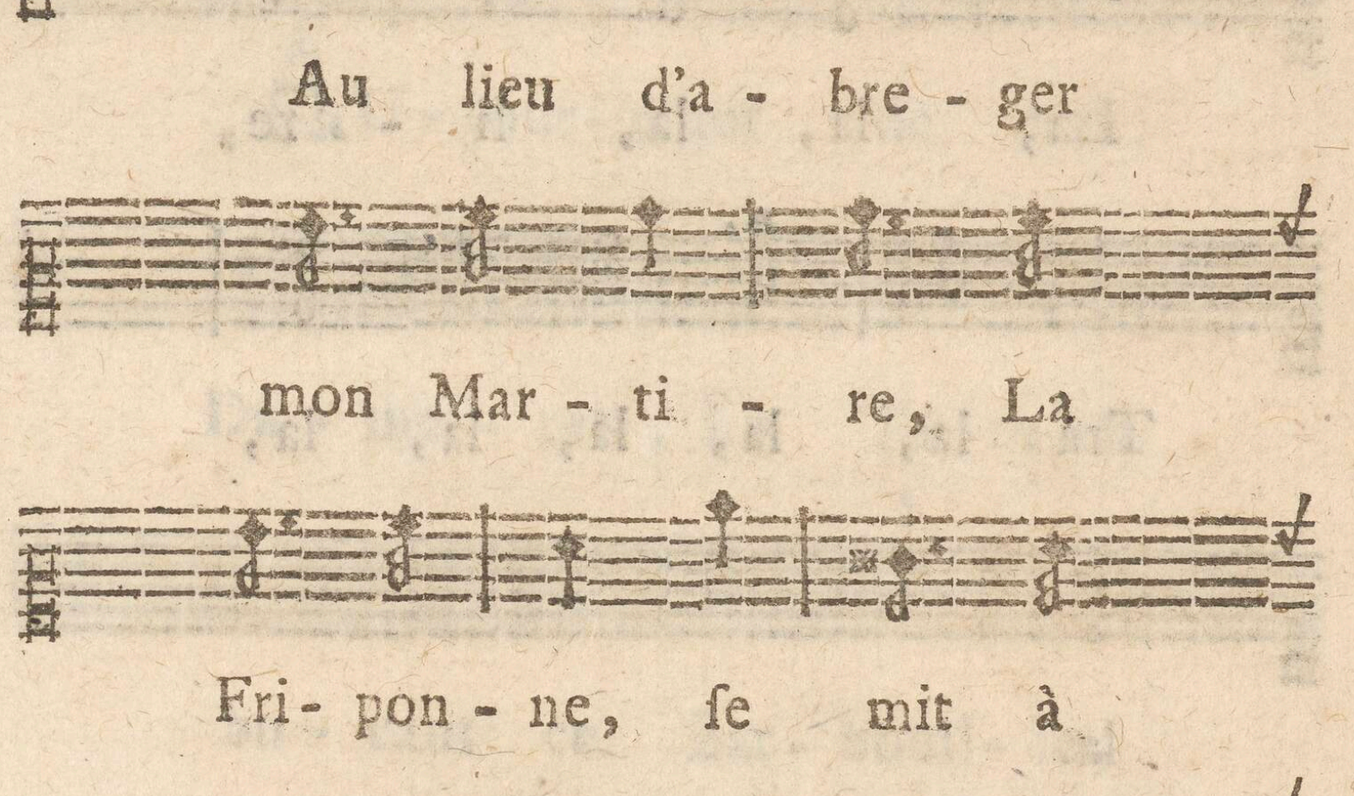
mon a - do - ra - ble Cli-



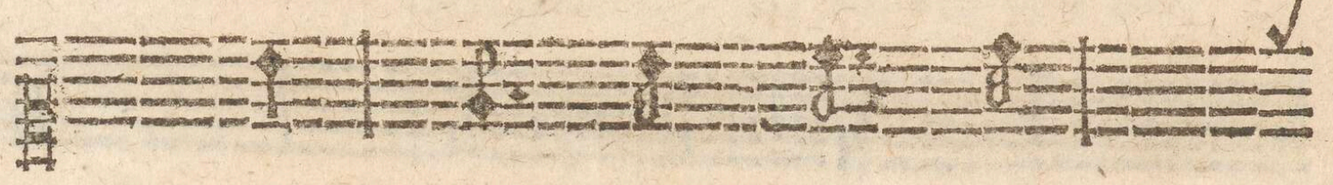
mei - ne, El - le me payoit



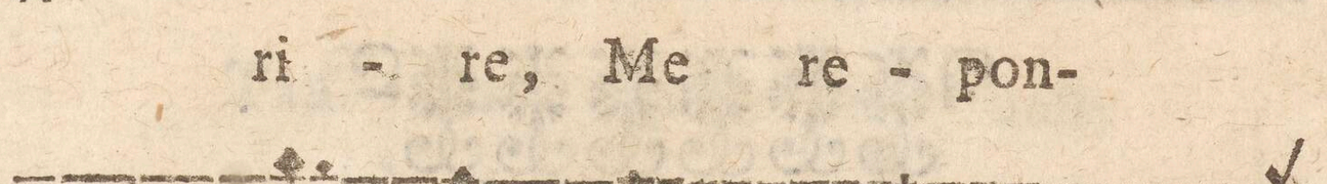
pay - oit en Chan - ſons,



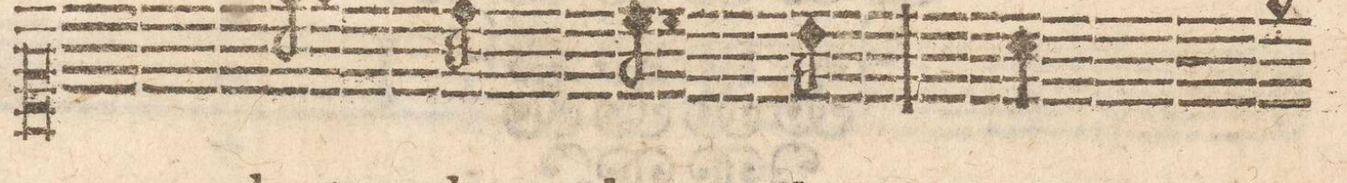
Au lieu d'a - bre - ger



mon Mar - ti - re, La



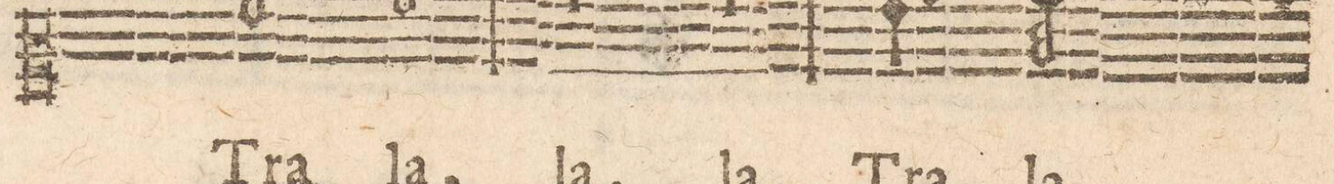
Fri - pon - ne, ſe mit à



ri - re, Me re - pon-



dant de la fa - çon,



Tra la, la, la, Tra la
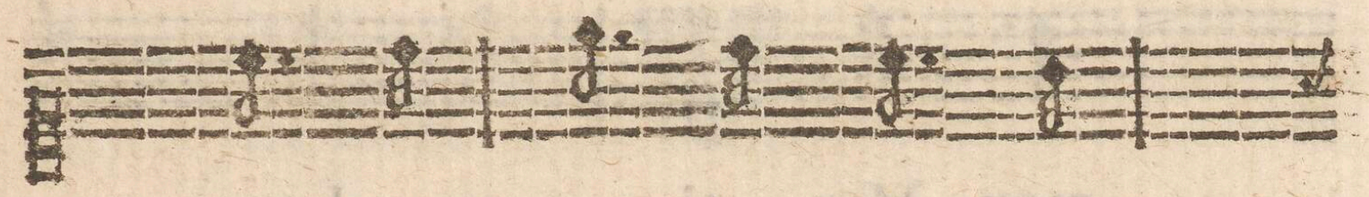
payoit



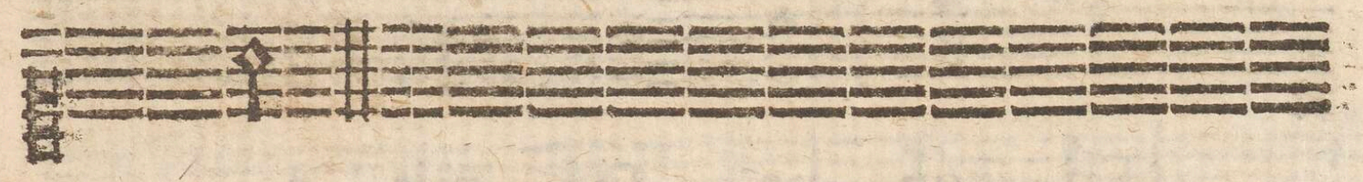
li - re, Tra la, la,



La, la, la, li - re,

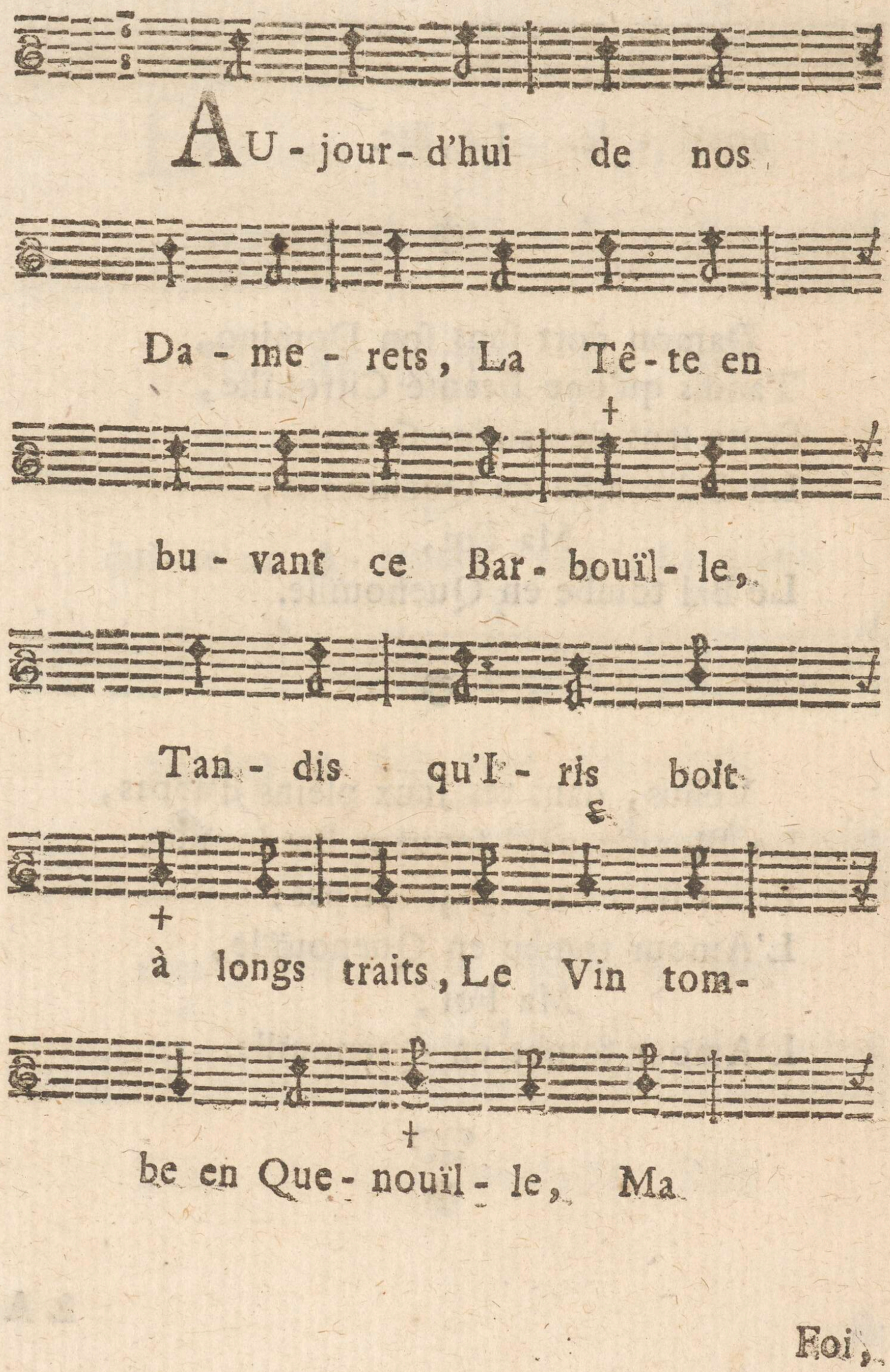


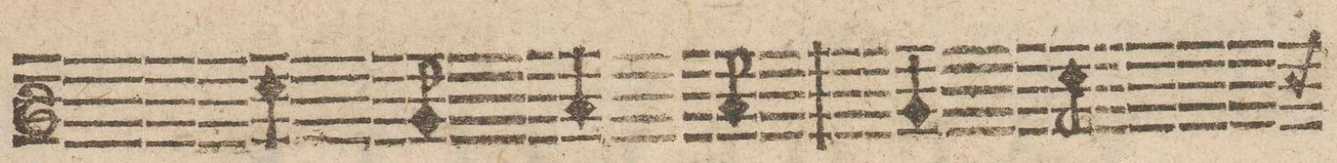
Tra la, la, la, la, la,



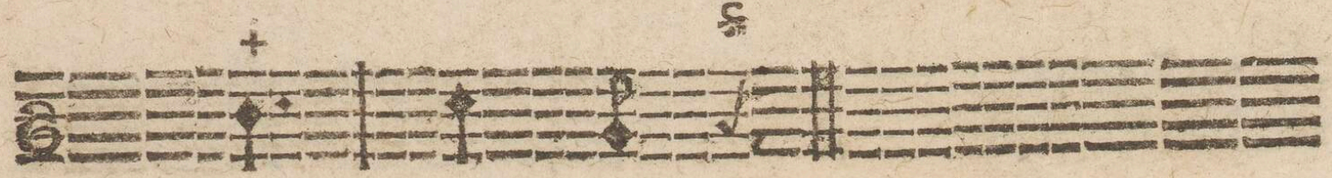
la.

VAUDEVILLE.


AU-jour-d'hui de nos
Da-me-rets, La Tê-te en
bu-vant ce Bar-bouïl-le,
Tan-dis qu'I-ris boit
à longs traits, Le Vin tom-
be en Que-nouïl-le, Ma
Foi,



Foi, Le Vin tom-be en Que-

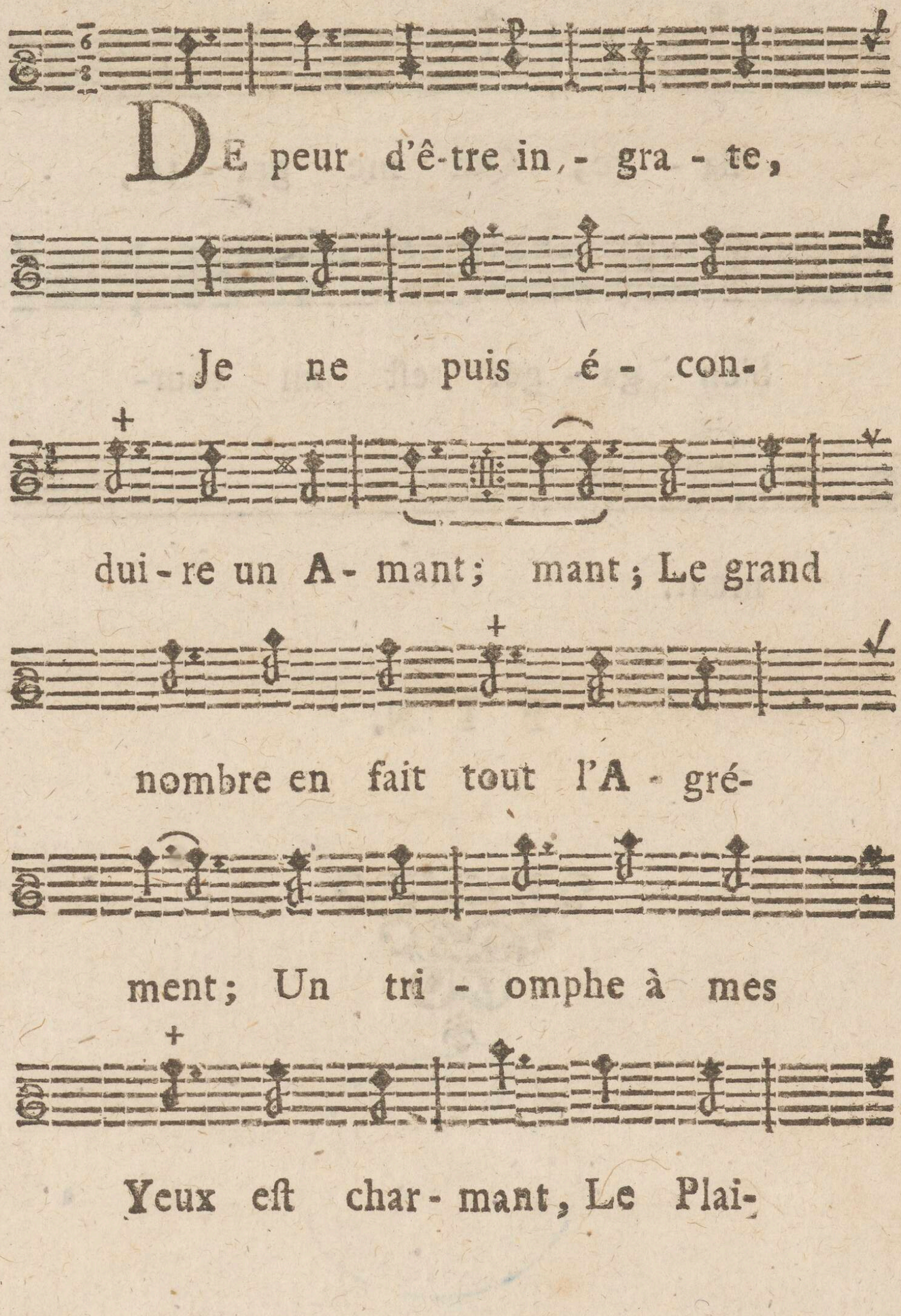


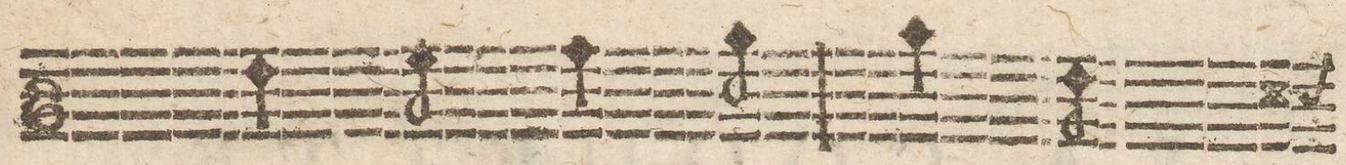
nouïl - le. Le, &c.

Damon dort ſous ſon Domino,
Tandis qu'une Beauté Citrouïlle,
Saute ſans demander Gano,
Le Bal tombe en Quenouïlle,
Ma Foi,
Le Bal tombe en Quenouïlle.

Vénus, dans tes Jeux pleins d'appas,
Le Blondin perd ſouvent Bredouïlle,
Et les Belles n'y gagnent pas;
L'Amour tombe en Quenouïlle,
Ma Foi,
L'Amour tombe en Quenouïlle.

LA COQUETTE.

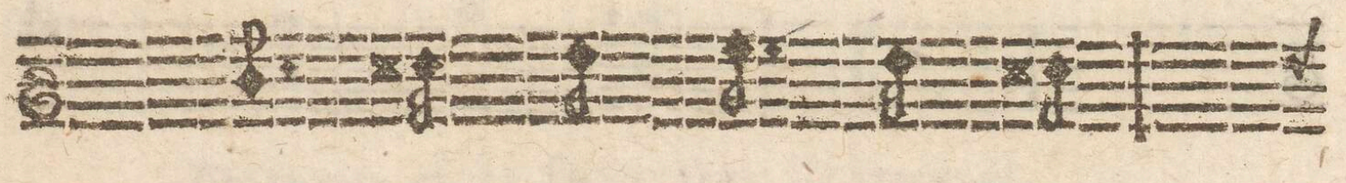

De peur d'ê-tre in,- gra - te,
Je ne puis é - con-
dui - re un A - mant; mant; Le grand
nombre en fait tout l'A - gré-
ment; Un tri - omphe à mes
Yeux eſt char - mant, Le Plai-



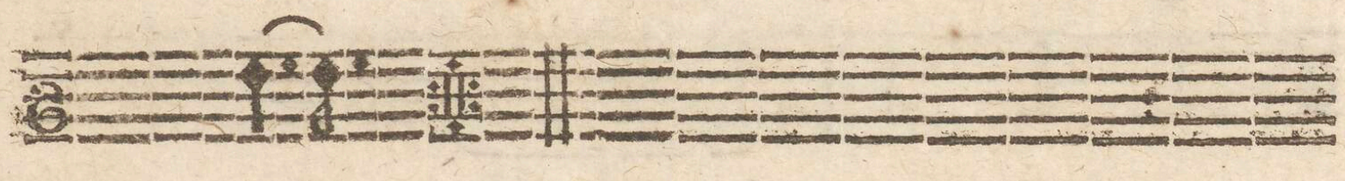
fir eſt le Bien qui me



fla - te, Qui me gra - te,



S'en - ga - ger eſt un tour-



ment.

FIN.



BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH


x-rite
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mm