100697

9746
185.

BIBLIOTHECA CZARTORYSCIANA CRACOVIAE

Za

1006971

259 B

R

C

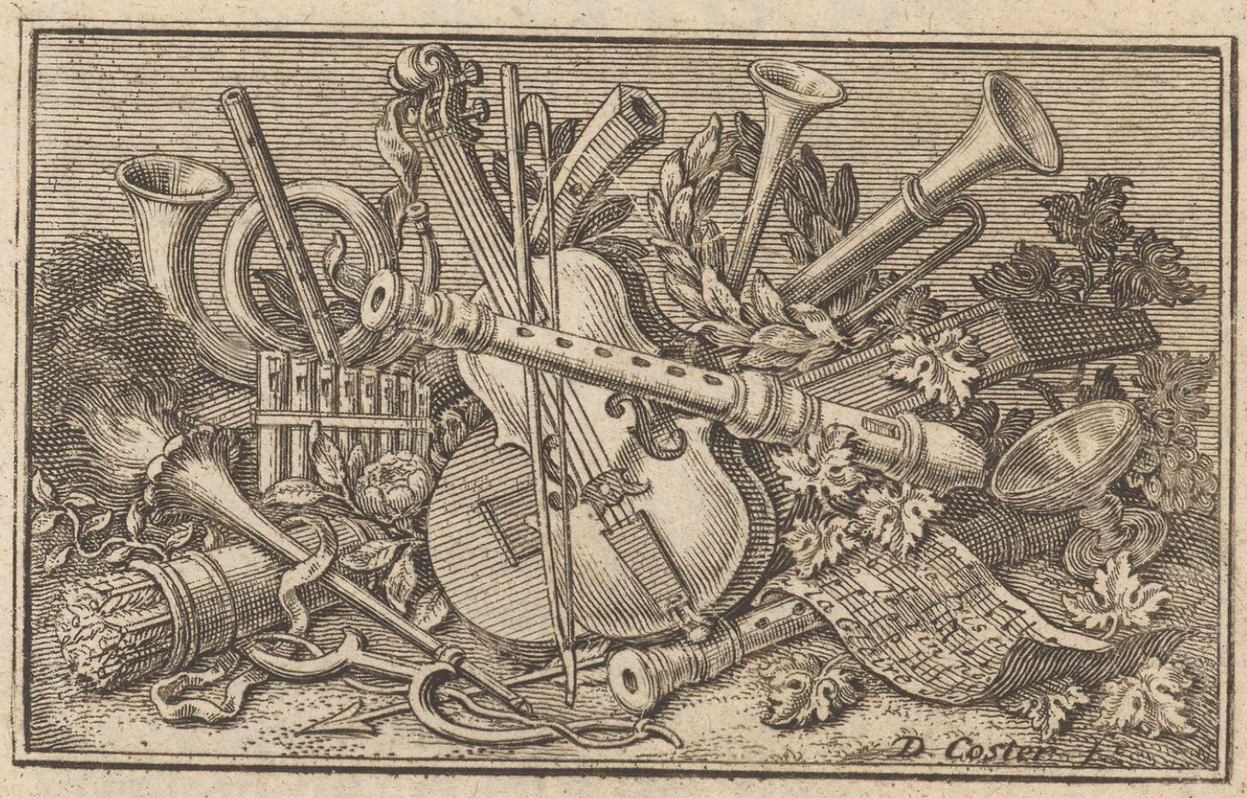


Chez

NOUVEAU
RECUEIL
DE
CHANSONS
CHOISIES.

TOME CINQUIEME.

BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH



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

100697

A

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

AIRS SERIEUX.

A Mes traits rien n'échape. 91
A mon Troupeau, mon Amour eſt. 34
Arrêtez un Moment, Bergère. 207
Auprès d'une vieille Maman. 237
Baiſe-moi donc, me diſoit Blaiſe. 133
Battez le Fer, quand il eſt chaud. 144
Cedez, jeunes Beautez. 169
Climène chante dans ces Bois. 94
Dans l'Univers rien n'eſt exempt. 259
De Nagtegaal met ſoeten Toon. 355
Dieu d'Amour, Dieu d'Hymen. 167
Dieu des Amans, ne crains plus. 254
D'une Voix timide & touchante. 108
Epoux, dont aiſément l'ame ſe. 96
Fortune inconſtante, tes biens. 252
Fuirez-vous toujours, aimable. 340
Je rêvois l'autre jour, qu'avec vous. 103
Il eſt tems de nous allarmer. 86
Il n'eſt point d'inſenſible Cœur. 195
J'ignorois tout ce qu'il faut faire. 151
Iris, quelle eſt mon infortune. 158
L'Abeille ſur les Fleurs ſans ceſſe. 74
La Beauté que j'adore, & qui m'eſt. 200

TABLE

La Bergère qui m'engage, repond. 218
La Beauté que j'adore fait l'ornement. 77
La belle Iris dans un Repas. 364
La Fièvre dans mon Sang. 267
L'Amour entraine dans ſa Chaine. 186
L'Amour eſt dans les yeux de l'aimable. 88
L'autre jour en badinant, à la Bergère. 369
L'Aurore à peine ouvroit les Cieux. 49
L'autre jour ſur ma Muſette. 61
Le Berger qui ſait me plaire. 361
Les peines près de vous ſont des. 37
Lorſque Parette étoit notte. 298
Madame, montrez-moi des Gands. 311
Ma Mère m'a dit cent fois. 111
Nimphes, qui cherchez à plaire. 295
Non, l'Hymen ni le tems garands. 300
Non, ne te flates pas d'éterniſer. 211
Par hazard l'autre jour, Liſette. 306
Pour un Baiſer que j'ai reçu de vous. 5
Que vos charmes engagent mille Cœurs. 328
Si jamais vous ſentez les feux. 22
Si vous voulez que tous les Cœurs. 39
Tircis plein d'Amour pour Climène. 46
Tircis, je te croyois à mes feux. 119
Tous les Bergers de ce ſéjour. 276
Un jour Tircis dans la Prairie. 15
Venez, venez, accourez tous. 174
Veux-tu ma Climène. 198
Volage Mode, ah! quelle eſt. 243
Vole Amour, Dieu Vainqueur. 24
Vole dans ces lieux, doux. 221
Vos beaux Yeux ont charmé mon. 371
Vous qui croyez que Bachus. 202

AIRS A BOIRE.

218 Allons mon aimable Voiſine. 366
77 Ami, dis-moi, ſuis-je blâmable. 233
364 Aſſis auprès d'un Tonneau, Ho, ho. 228
267 Bachus eſt ma gloire, ſans lui. 6
186 Bon Vin, bon Vin, par ta douceur. 356
88 Ce Philoſophe qui nous jure. 122
369 C'eſt trop long-tems être ſévère. 291
49 Comment voulez-vous que je chante. 54
61 Dans les Flots de cette Ambroiſie. 205
361 De quel bruit effrayant. 214
37 Faut-il boire, faut-il aimer. 80
298 Grégoire un jour tranſporté. 133
311 Hier pour terminer la Guerre. 316
111 J'aime le Vin, j'ai le Cœur tendre. 27
295 Iris, ſans tes divins attraits. 140
300 La belle Iris dans un Repas. 364
211 Le Plaiſir de Boire à la Ronde. 293
306 Le Plaiſir de la Table ne me. 59
5 Lorſque j'entens le bruit du Verre. 100
328 Pour vous faire aimer d'une. 125
22 Quand une Belle entre à Table. 210
39 Que j'aime à choquer le Verre. 13
46 Quelle Liqueur les Dieux nous ont. 350
119 Qu'on eſt bien dans cette Maiſon. 72
276 Tout le jour ſe tenir à Table. 98
15 Tremble Lucas voici la fin. 357
174 Vive le Compère Martin. 137
198
243
24
221
371
202

DUOS.

Colin mangeant des Artichaux. 64
Fuirez-vous toujours aimable. 340
J'aime le Vin, j'ai le Cœur tendre. 27
Ma Mère m'a dit cent fois. 111

Pour vous faire aimer d'une Belle. 125
Tous les Bergers de ce ſéjour. 276

CANONS.

BOn Vin, bon Vin, par ta douceur. 356
De Nagtegaal met ſoeten Toon. 355

RECITS DE BASSE.

BAchus eſt ma Gloire ſans lui. 6
Ce Philoſophe qui nous jure. 122
Comment voulez-vous que je chante. 54
Dans les Flots de cette Ambroiſie. 205
De quel bruit Effrayant retentiſſent. 214
Grégoire un jour tranſporté. 133
Hier pour terminer la Guerre. 316
La Fièvre dans mon Sang. 267
Lorſque j'entens le bruit du Verre. 160
Qu'on eſt bien dans cette Maiſon. 72
Tremble Lucas, voici la fin du Monde. 357

CHANSONS A COUPLETS.

AImable Sèxe, vos Loix ont des. 247
A l'Enfant de Vénus, quand ſes. 302
Allons mon aimable Voiſine. 366
Ami, prens ton Iris, moi je. 35
Ami, dis-moi, ſuis-je blamable. 233
Amis, je ne veux plus boire. 68
A préſent la jeune Fillette. 257
Après un long Pélerinage. 313
Arrêtez un moment, Bergère. 207
Aſſis auprès d'un Tonneau, Ho, ho. 228
Aurai-je toujours un Berger. 41
Avec l'Hymen pour peu que l'Amour. 225
Bachus eſt ma Gloire, ſans lui. 6

C'eſt trop long-tems être ſévère. 29
Charmantes Fleurs quittez le ſein. 94
Colin près de ſa Liſette, lui chantoit. 51
Comme au lever de l'Aurore. 275
Dans ces bas lieux chacun a ſa Folie. 335
Dans l'Hiſtoire des Amours. 162
Dans ma Jeuneſſe, qu'on ſe divertiſſoit. 146
De la jeune Iſabelle, déplorons. 110
De la ſombre Jalouſie. 239
De tous tems le Jardinage. 1
Dieu des Amans viens accorder ma. 106
D'une Voix timide & touchante. 108
D'un jeune Plumet vif & tendre. 320
En vérité, ſévère Margoton. 352
Faut-il boire, faut-il aimer. 80
J'aime le Vin, j'ai le Cœur tendre. 27
Idole d'un nombre de Sots. 83
Je ſuis un bon Soldat, Ti ta ta. 43
Je ne veux plus aller de jour. 231
Je ne ſuis plus dans l'Ignorance. 165
J'ignorois tout ce qu'il faut faire. 151
Iris ſans tes divins attraits. 140
La Bergère Nanette, s'en allant. 116
La Bergère qui m'engage, répond a. 218
L'air des Robins déplaît aux Belles. 180
L'Amour entraine, Dans ſa Chaîne. 186
L'Amour eſt un Artificier. 17
L'Amour eſt dans les Yeux de l'aimable. 88
L'autre jour en badinant, à la Bergère. 369
Le Berger qui ſait me plaire. 361
Le Jeu, le Vin avec Silvie. 324
Le Plaiſir de Boire à la Ronde. 293
Le Plaiſir de la Table, ne me. 59
Ma Mère m'a dit cent fois. 311
N'attendez pas qu'ici l'on vous révère. 270
Nimphes, qui cherchez à plaire. 295

Quand de ſes feux un jeune Cœur. 8
Quand d'une Belle, on croit devoir. 284
Quand Tircis a la jeune Annette. 130
Quand un Jaloux à tout moment obſède. 337
Quand une Mère trop ſauvage. 190
Quand un Rival vous donne la Migraine. 348
Qu'on vous préſente une Liqueur. 287
Si jamais vous ſentez les feux. 22
Tircis plein d'Amour pour Climène. 46
Tout le jour ſe tenir à Table. 98
Un jour Iris ſe repoſoit. 171
Un Philoſophe Curieux. 30
Un Robin du plus bas étage. 308
Venez Amans dans ce ſéjour. 156
Veut-on dans l'Art de duper. 330
Veux-tu ma Climeine. 198
Vieillards a Femmes trop jeunettes. 114
Vive le Compère Martin. 137
Vive un Amant, Pour être prévenant. 261
Voir une Mère au déclin. 343
Vous qui croyez que Bachus. 202

TABLE GENERALE ET ALPHABETIQUE,

DES AIRS DE CE RECUEIL.

A.

AH! que l'Amour dans les Amans. 250
Aimable Sèxe vos Loix ont des droits. 247
A l'Enfant de Vénus, quand ſes. 302
Allons à l'Horloge d'Amour. 154
Allons mon aimable Voiſine. 366
A mes traits rien n'échappe. 91
Ami, prens ton Iris, moi je prendrai. 35

Ami,

Ami, dis-moi, ſuis-je blamable. 233
Amis, je ne veux plus boire. 68
A mon Troupeau, mon Amour eſt funeſte. 34
A préſent la jeune Fillette. 257
Après un long Pélerinage. 313
Arrêtez un Moment, Bergère. 207
Aſſis auprès d'un Tonneau, Ho, ho. 228
Auprès d'une vieille Maman. 237
Aurai-je toujours un Berger, qui ne. 41
Avec l'Hymen, pour peu que l'Amour. 225

B.

BAchus eſt ma Gloire, ſans lui. 6
Baiſe-moi donc, me diſoit Blaiſe. 133
Battez le Fer, quand il eſt chaud, 144
Bon Vin, bon Vin, par ta douceur. 356

C.

CEdez jeunes Beautez. 169
Ce Philoſophe qui nous jure. 122
C'eſt trop long-tems être ſévère. 291
Charmantes Fleurs, quittez le ſein. 94
Climène chante dans ſes Bois. 282
Colin près de ſa Lifette, lui chantoit. 51
Colin mangeant des Artichaux. 64
Comme au lever de l'Aurore. 275
Comment voulez-vous que je chante. 54

D.

DAns ces bas Lieux chacun. 335
Dans l'Hiſtoire des Amours. 162
Dans ma Jeuneſſe, qu'on ſe divertiſſoit. 146
Dans les Flots de cette Ambroiſie. 205
Dans l'Univers rien n'eſt exempt. 259
De la jeune Iſabelle, déplorons. 110
De la ſombre Jalouſie. 239
De Nagtegaal met ſoeten Toon. 355
De quel bruit effrayant, retentiſſent. 214

TABLE

De tout tems le Jardinage. 1
Dieu d'Amour, Dieu d'Hymen. 167
Dieu des Amans, viens accorder ma Lyre. 105
Dieu des Amans, ne crains plus. 254
D'une Voix timide & touchante. 108
D'un jeune Plumèt vif & tendre. 320

E.

EN vérité, ſévère Margoton. 352
Epoux dont aiſément l'Ame. 96

F.

FAut-il boire, faut-il aimer. 80
Fortune inconſtante, tes biens. 252
Fuirez vous toujours aimable. 340

G.

GRégoire un jour tranſporté. 133

H.

HIer pour terminer la Guerre. 316

I.

J'Aime le Vin, j'ai le Cœur tendre. 27
Idole d'un nombre de Sots. 83
Je ſuis un bon Soldat, Ti ta ta. 43
Je ne veux plus aller de jour. 231
Je ne ſuis plus dans l'ignorance. 165
Je rêvois l'autre jour qu'avec vous. 103
Il eſt tems de nous allarmer. 86
Il n'eſt point d'inſenſible Cœur. 195
J'ignorois tout ce qu'il faut faire. 151
Iris, quel eſt mon Infortune. 158
Iris, ſans tes divins attraits. 140

L.

L'Abeille ſur les Fleurs ſans. 74
La Beauté que j'adore, & qui m'eſt. 200
La Bergère Nanette, s'en allant au. 116
La Bergère qui m'engage, répond à mes. 218

La

La Beauté que j'adore, fait l'ornement. 77
La belle Iris, dans un Repas. 364
La Fièvre dans mon Sang. 267
L'Amour entraine, Dans ſa Chaîne. 186
L'Amour eſt un Artificier, Qui mieux. 17
L'Amour eſt dans les Yeux de l'aimable. 88
L'autre jour en badinant, à la Bergère. 369
L'Aurore à peine ouvroit les Cieux. 49
L'autre jour ſur ma Muſette. 61
Le Berger qui ſait me plaire. 361
Le Jeu, le Vin, avec Silvie. 324
Le plaiſir de Boire à la Ronde. 293
Le Plaiſir de la Table, ne me. 59
Les Peines près de vous ſont des Plaiſirs. 37
Lorſque j'entens le bruit du Verre. 160
Lorſque Parette étoit notte. 298

M.

MAdame, montrez-moi des Gands. 311
Ma Mère m'a dit cent fois. 111

N.

N'Attendez pas, qu'icl l'on vous révère. 270
Nimphes, qui cherchez à plaire. 295
Non, l'Hymen ni le tems garands. 300
Non, ne te flâtes pas d'éterniſer. 211

P.

PAr hazard l'autre jour Liſette. 306
Pour vous faire aimer d'une Belle. 125
Pour un Baiſer que j'ai reçu de vous. 5

Q.

QUand de ſes feux un jeune Cœur. 8
Quand d'une belle on croit devoir. 284
Quand Tircis a la jeune Annette. 130
Quand une Belle entre à Table. 210
Quand un Jaloux à tout moment obſède. 337
Quand une Mère trop ſauvage. 190

Quand un Rival vous donne la Migraine. 348
Que j'aime à choquer le Verre. 13
Quelle Liqueur les Dieux nous ont. 350
Que vos Charmes, engagent mille. 328
Qu'on eſt bien dans cette Maiſon. 72
Qu'on vous préſente une Liqueur. 287

S.

SI jamais vous ſentez les feux. 22
Si vous voulez que tous les Cœurs. 39

T.

TIrcis, plein d'Amour pour Climeine. 46
Tircis, je te croyois à mes feux. 119
Tous les Bergers de ce ſéjour. 276
Tout le jour ſe tenir à Table. 98
Tremble Lucas, voici la fin du. 357

V.

UN jour Iris ſe repoſoit. 171
Un jour Tircis dans la Prairie. 15
Un Philoſophe Curieux. 30
Un Robin du plus bas étage. 308
Venez Amans dans ce ſéjour. 156
Venez, venez, accourez tous. 174
Veut-on dans l'Art de Duper. 330
Veux-tu ma Climeine. 198
Vieillards a Femmes trop jeunettes. 114
Vive le Compère Martin. 137
Vive un Amant, Pour être prevenant. 261
Volage Mode, ah! quelle eſt. 243
Vole Amour, Dieu Vainqueur. 24
Vole dans ces Lieux, doux Vainqueur. 221
Voir une Mère au Déclin. 343
Vos beaux Yeux ont charmé mon Ame. 371
Vous qui croyez que Bachus. 202

graine. 348
13
t. 350
328
72
287

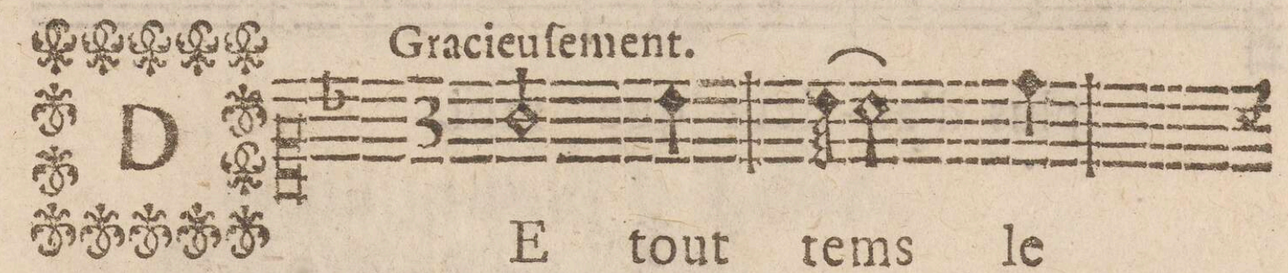
22
œurs. 39

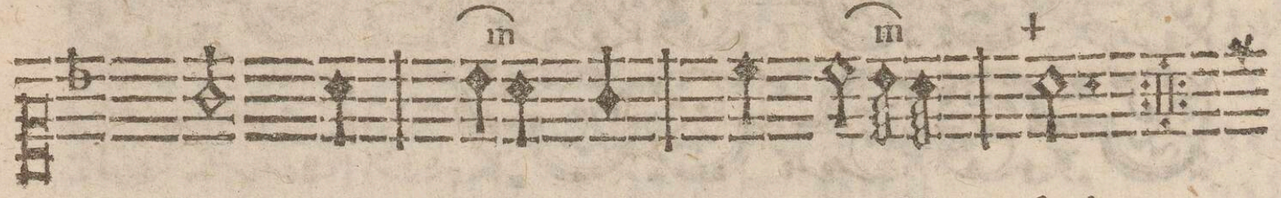
meine. 46
feux. 119
276
98
357

171
rie. 15
30
308
156
174
330
198
114
137
ant. 261
243
24
eur. 221
343
Ame. 371
202
NOU-

NOUVEAU RECUEIL DE CHANSONS.

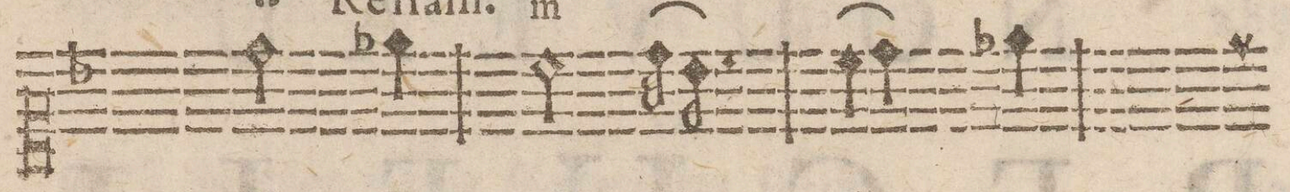
LE JARDINIER.
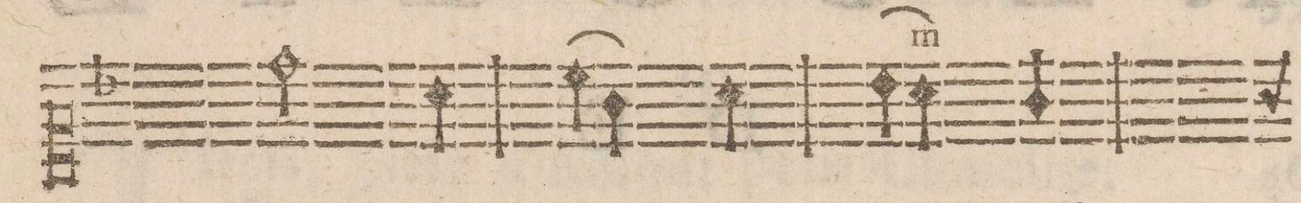




J'en fais mon u - ni-que Em-ploi :

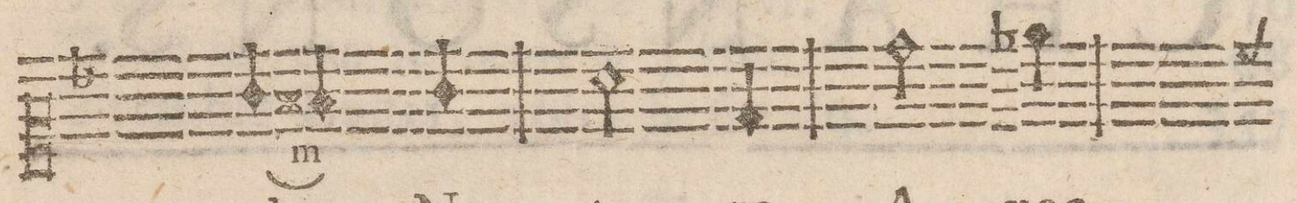
Refrain.
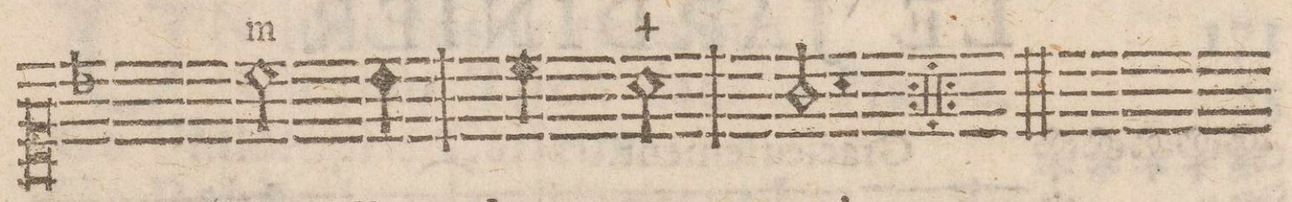


Il n'en eſt pas je vous



ju - re, Qui s'at - ta-che à



la Na - tu - re, A - vec



plus d'ar-deur que moi.

Les Vents, la Grêle & l'Orage,
Ne gâtent point mon Ouvrage,
Jamais il ne déperrit :
En Hyver, lorſque tout Gêle,
Malgré la Bize Cruelle,
Mon Roſier toujours fleurit.

Les Arbriſſeaux que j'élève,
Sont des mieux fournis de ſève,
Bien-tôt ils donnent du Fruit:
Et la Fleur la plus tardive,
Si-tôt que je la cultive;
Dans l'inſtant s'épanouit.

Lorſque la Charmille pouſſe,
D'une main legère & douce,
Je lui donne nne façon:
Souvent je plante & je ſème;
Mais mon plaiſir eſt extrême,
Lorſque je greffe un Tendron.

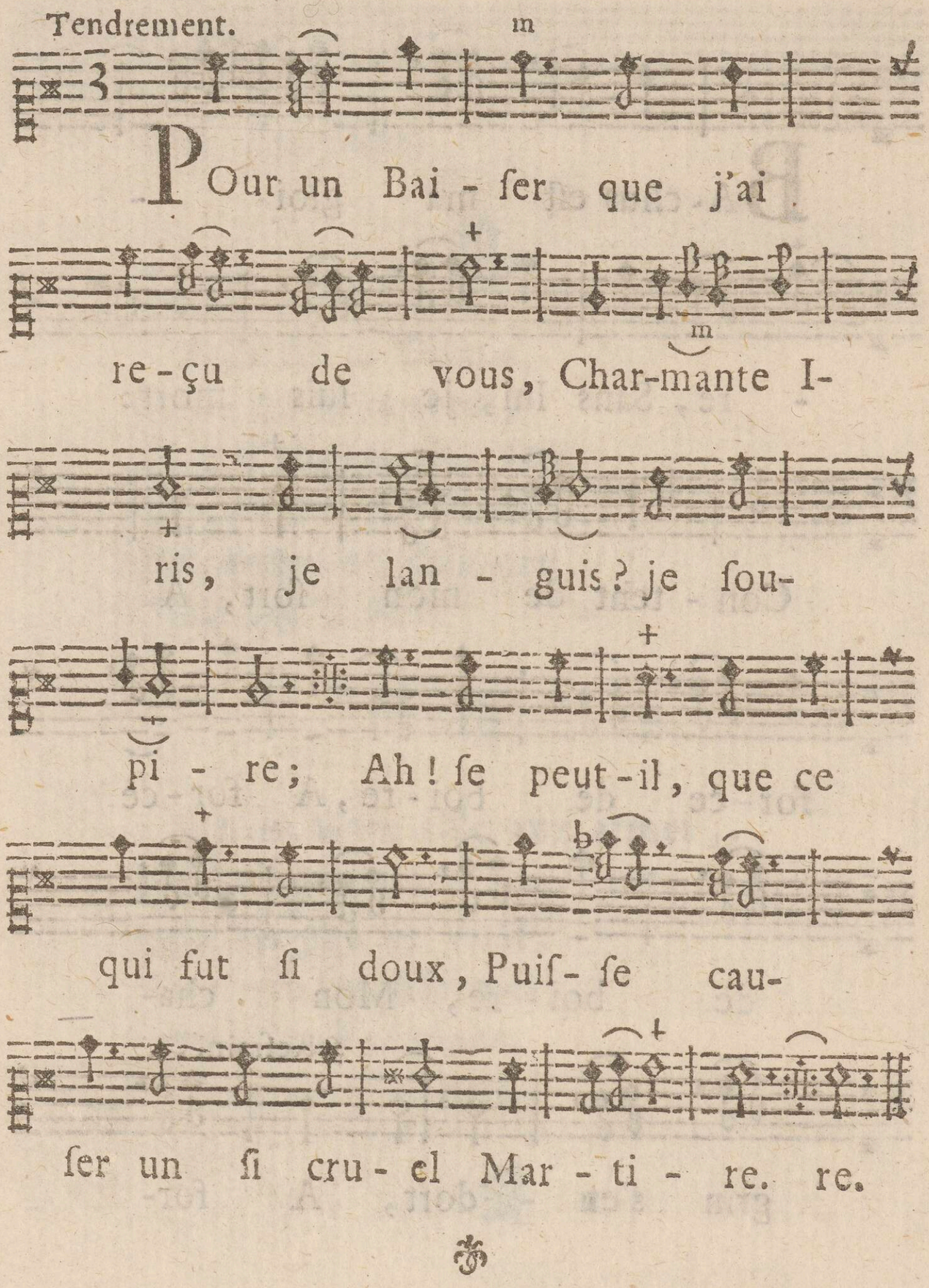
Je fais pommer la Laituë,
Et la fais groſſir à vuë,
Dans les plus rudes Saiſons:
Et ſouvent ma peine utile,
Sur une Couche fertile,
Fait naître des Cornichons.

J'ai banni de mon Parterre,
Les Fleurs qu'on n'eſtime guère,
Le Pavot, & le Souci:
Belles de Nuit, Marguerite,
Chez moi ſont les Fleurs d'Elite,
La Penſée, y croît auſſi.

J'ai ſoin d'une jeune Roſe,
Sans me laſſer, je l'arroſe,
Le matin, comme le ſoir:
Mais pour la Vieille immortelle,
Si-tôt que je ſuis près d'elle,
Je détourne l'Arroſoir.

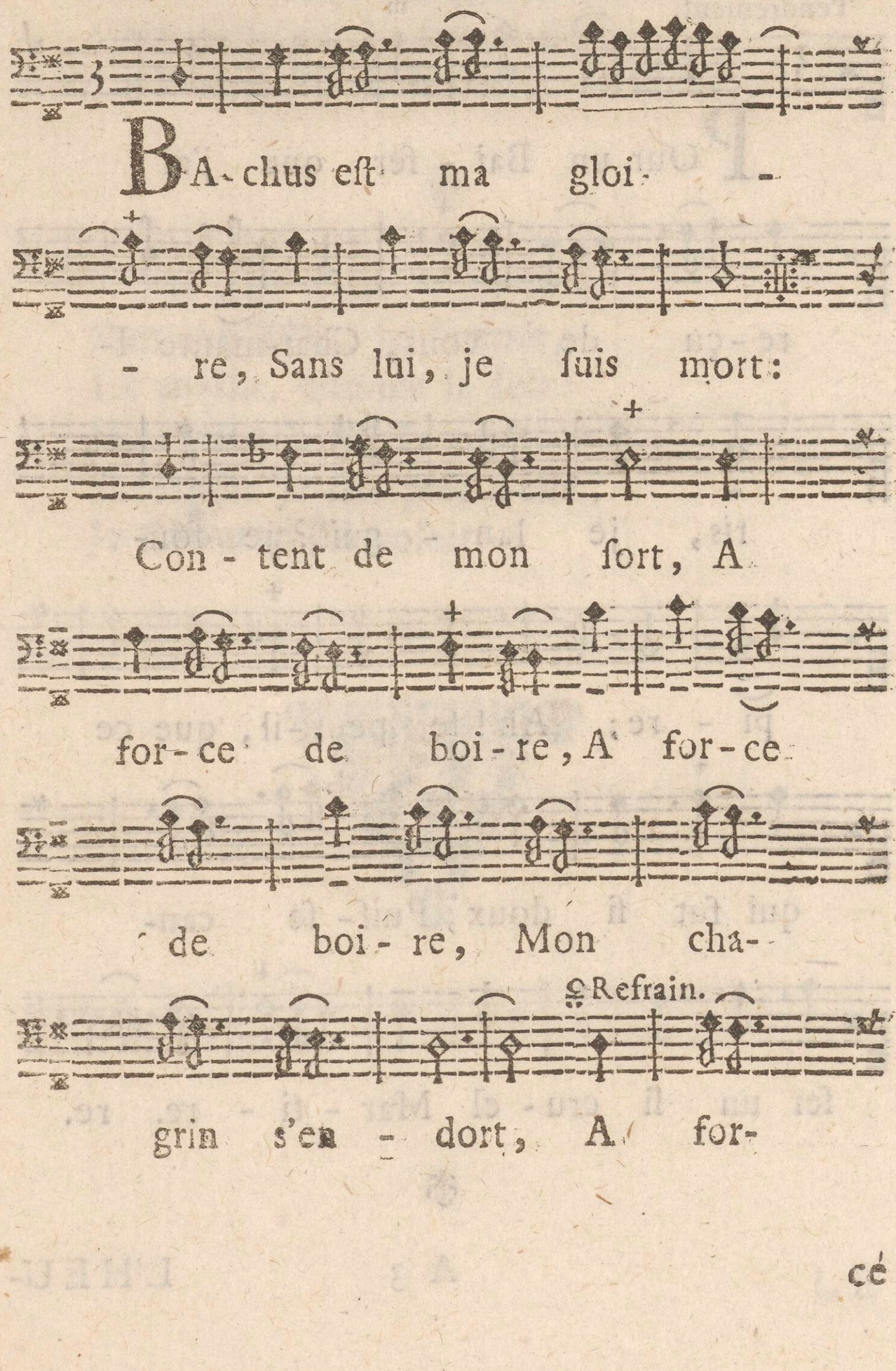
LE DOUX POISON.

CHANSONNETTE.



L'HEUREUX BUVEUR.
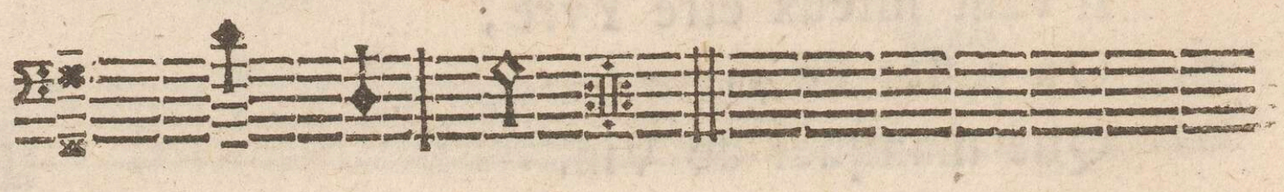
ODE ANACREONTIQUE.



cé



ce de boi- re, Mon cha-



grin s'en-dort.

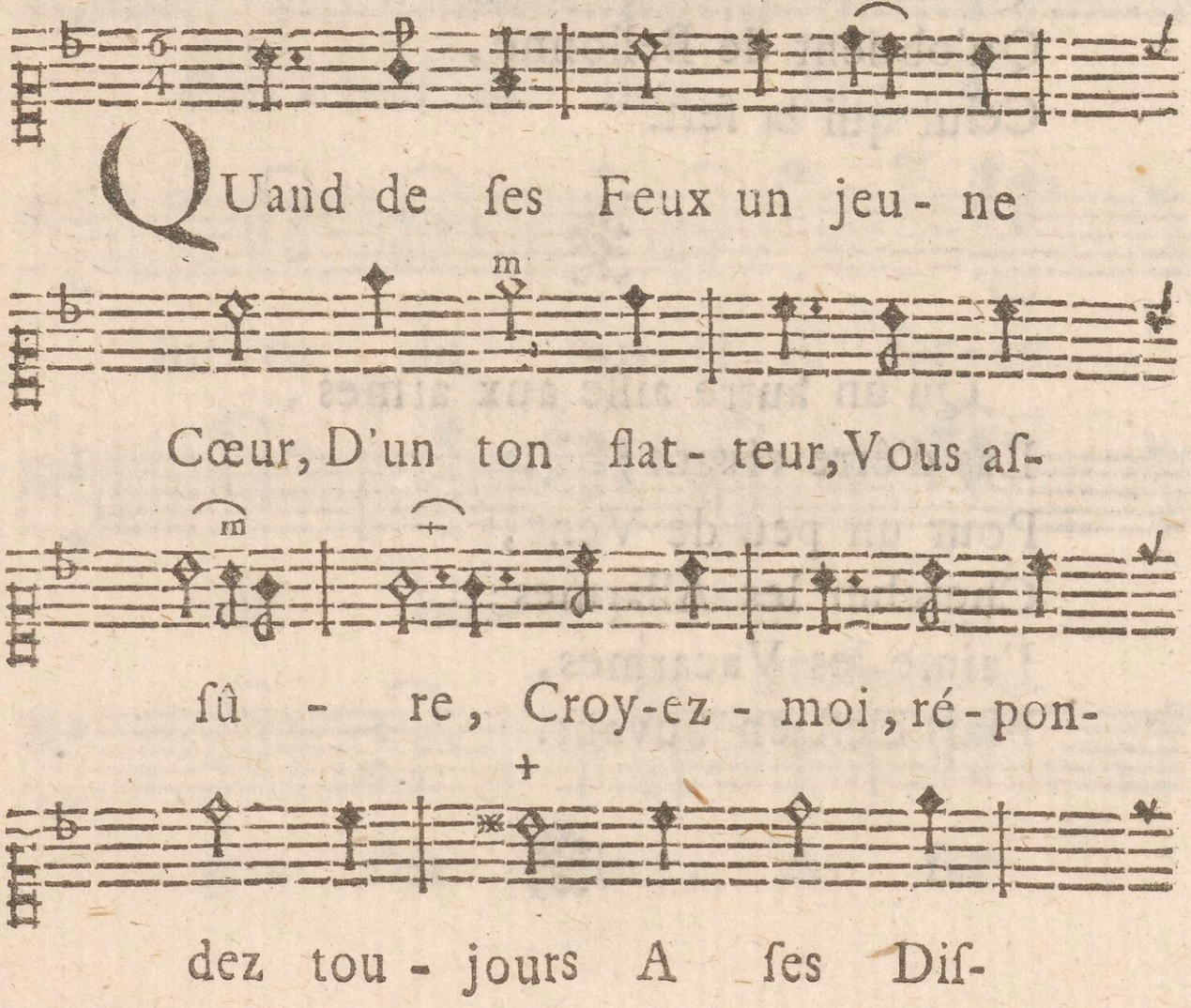
Assis sur la Tonne,
J'ai le front couvert;
D'un Rempart plus vert
Que n'est la Couronne,
Qu'obtient de Bellonne,
Celui qui la sert.

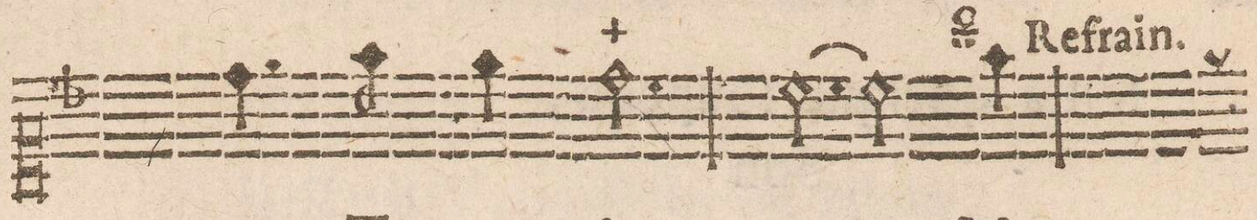
Qu'un autre aille aux armes,
Las d'être vivant;
Pour un peu de Vent,
Chercher les Allarmes;
J'aime les Vacarmes,
Mais c'est en buvant.

Que chacun ſe livre,
A ce Jus divin,
Verſe Poitevin,
Il vaut mieux être Yvre,
Ou ceſſer de vivre,
Que manquer de Vin.
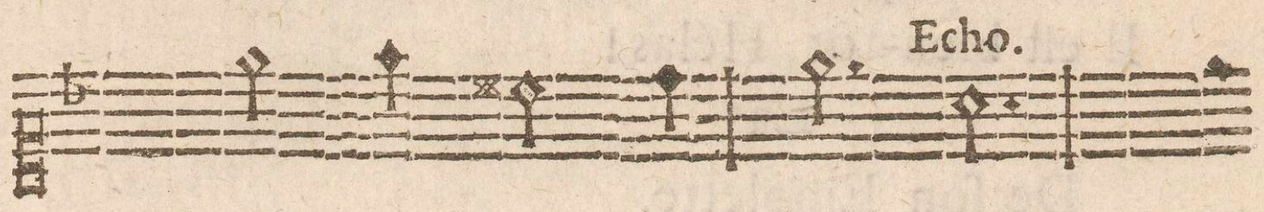
L'ECHO.

VAUDEVILLE.
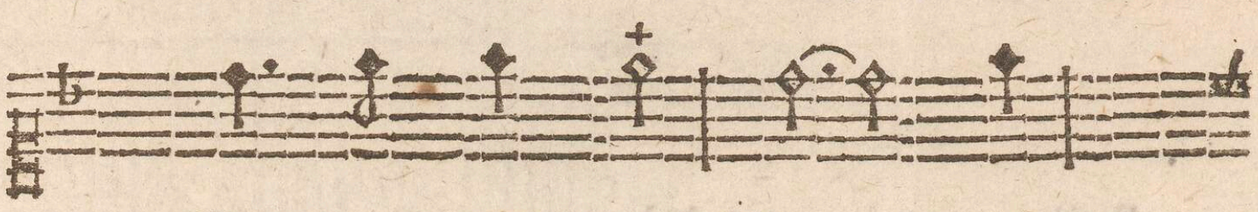




cours, Tu - re - lu - re; Met-



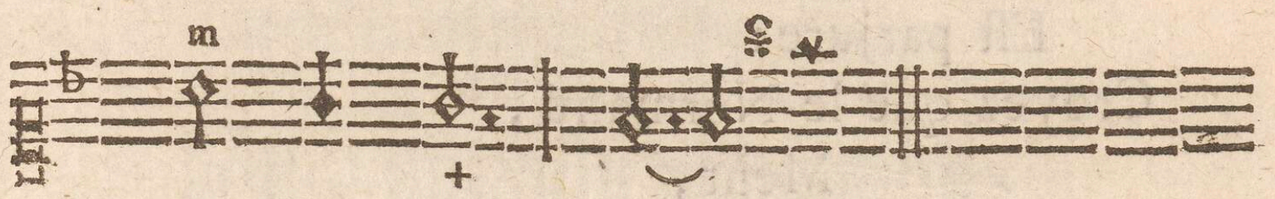
tez - vous bien ce - là, Là,



Jeu - nes Fil - let - tes; Son-



gez que tout A - mant, Ment, Dans



la Fleu-ret - te. Met-, &c.

Tant qu'un jeune objet n'eſt qu'Amant,
Quel Agrément,
De l'entendre;
Mais ſi-tôt qu'il devient Epoux,
Il eſt jaloux,
Et peu tendre:

S'il a quelque ſoupçon,
Son
Cœur l'inquiète,
Il eſt bien-tôt Hélas!
Las
De ſon Emplette.

Belles, tous vos Adorateurs,
Sont des Flateurs,
Je vous jure;
Le Gaſcon ne dit vrai dans rien,
L'Italien,
Eſt parjure:
Croyez que le Normand,
Ment,
En toute affaire;
Prenez donc un Picard,
Car,
Il eſt ſincère.

Ton petit Minois ſans défaut,
M'a rendu chaud,

Com-

Comme braiſe ;
Toujours brûlant pour tes appas,
Guillot n'eſt pas
A ſon aiſe :
Je mourrai de ſouci,
Si,
Ta rigueur dure,
De ton cœur fais moi donc,
Don,
Je t'en conjure.

Pour toi mon Cœur n'eſt point ingrat,
Mais ſans Contract,
Point d'affaire ;
C'eſt un Trompeur que Cupidon,
Et la raiſon,
Me ſuggère ;
Qu'on n'a de ce Vaurien,
Rien,
Quand la Bergère,
Donne à quelque Garçon,
Son
Cœur, ſans Notaire.

Com-

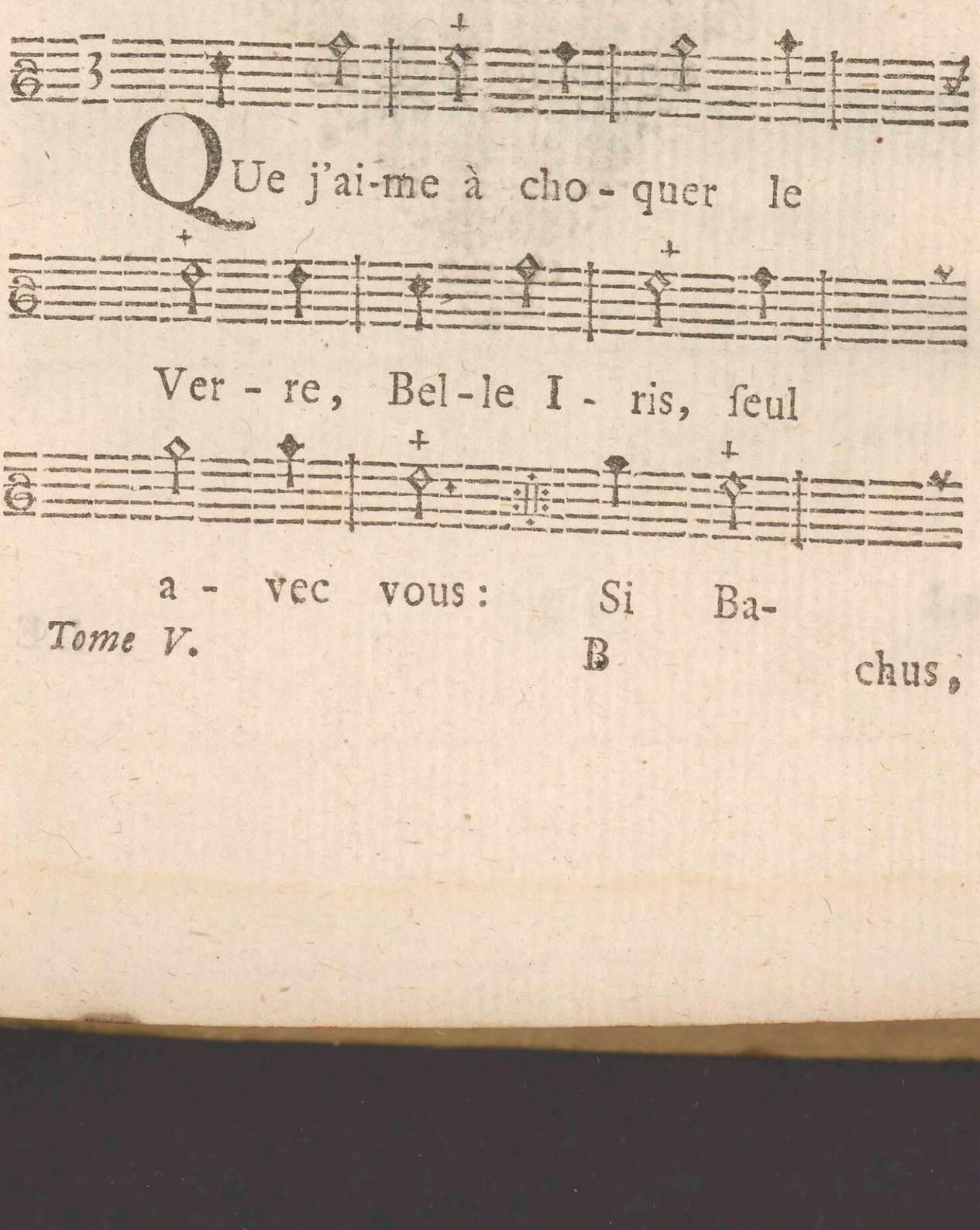
Maitre
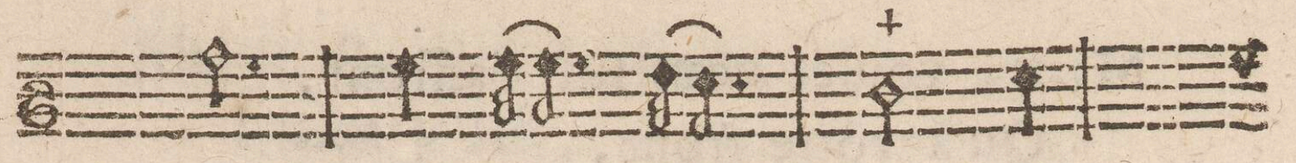
Maitre d'un joli Jardinèt,
Lucas y fait,
Peu d'Ouvrage;
Et quand quelqu'un veut ſe mêler,
D'y travailler,
Il fait rage:
N'a-t'il pas ce Butord,
Tord,
Quand il nous prive,
D'un bien que ce Balourd,
Lourd,
Très-mal cultive.

Pour nous aimer, trinquons ſouvent,
L'Amour ſe prend,
Dans le verre;
Les cœurs forment des nœuds en vain,
Si le bon Vin,
Ne les ſerre;
Ce nœud dure à jamais;
Mais,
La Simpathie,
Quand Bachus l'entretient,
Tient
Toute la Vie.
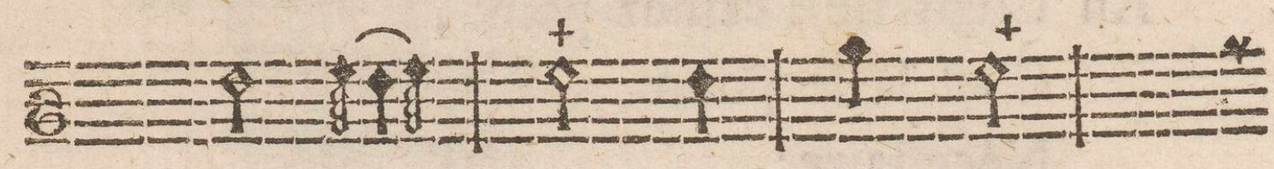
Maris, voulez-vous fuïr l'affront,
Qu'à vôtre front,
On peut faire;
Au Logis ne l'ézinez point,
C'eſt là le point
Néceſſaire:
On eſt pour vous conſtant,
Tant,
Que rien ne chomme;
Qui ménage l'argent,
Jean,
Bien-tôt ſe nomme.

MENUET.

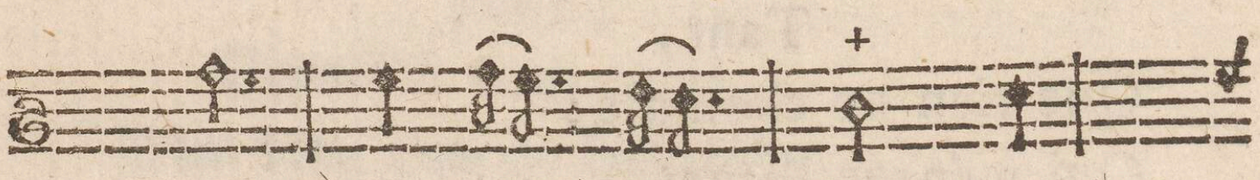




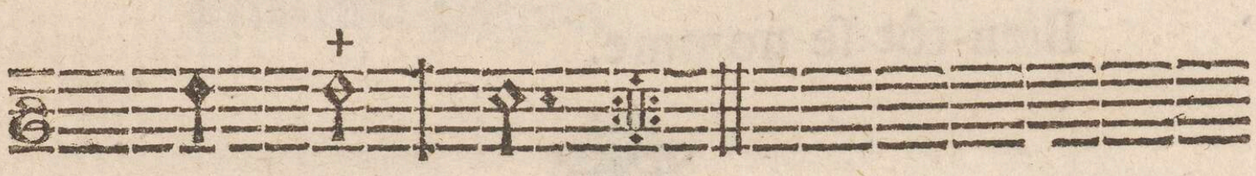
chus, com-me l'A - mour, veut



du miſ - tè - re, Gar-dons-



nous, Qu'aucun té - moin, Comp-

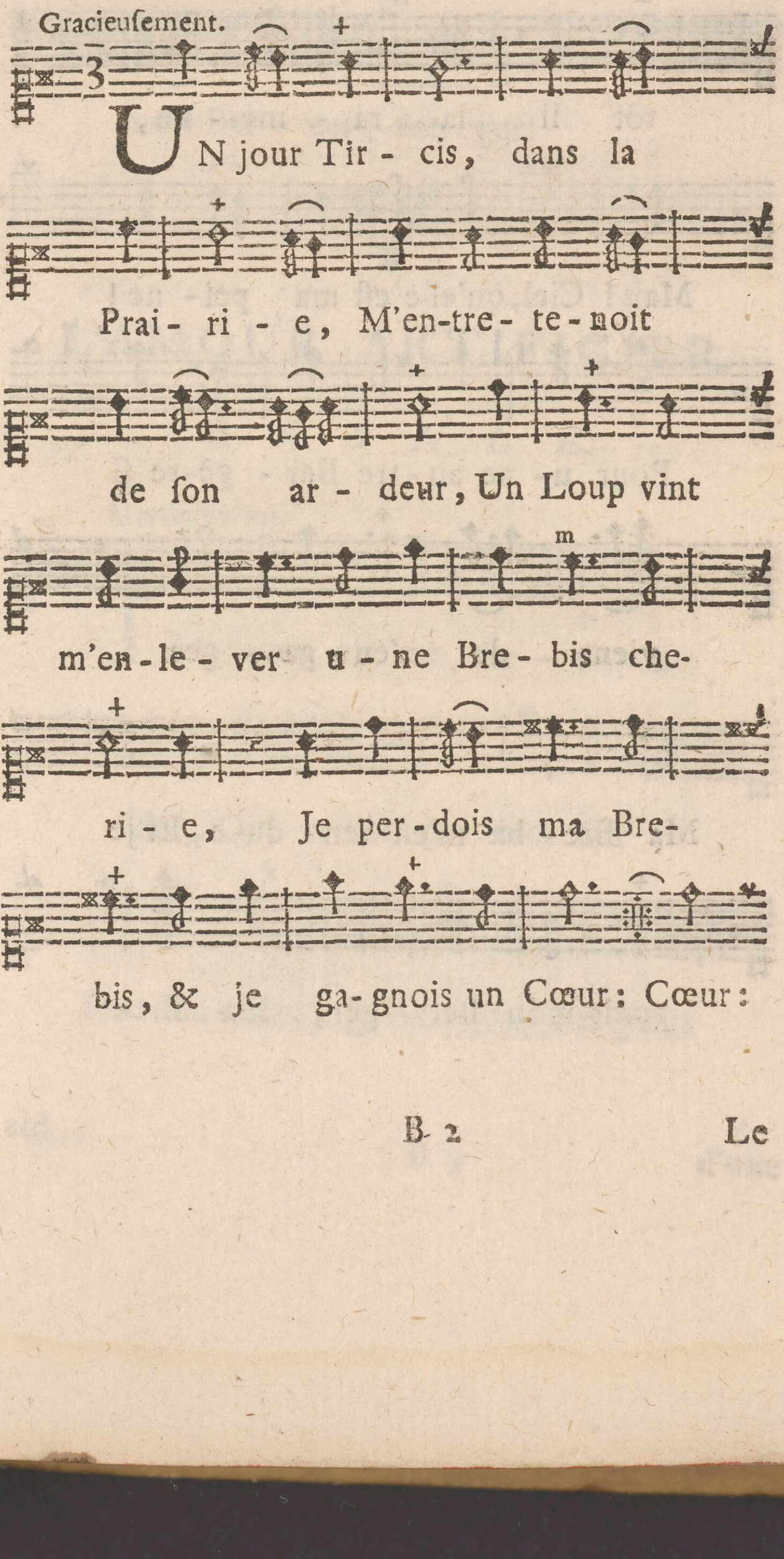


te nos coups.



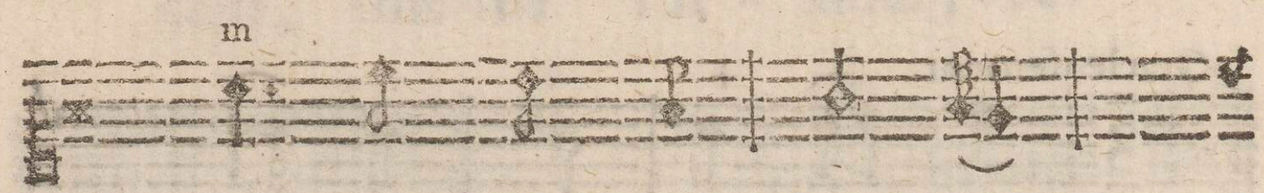
LE

LE MAUVAIS DEDOMMAGEMENT.

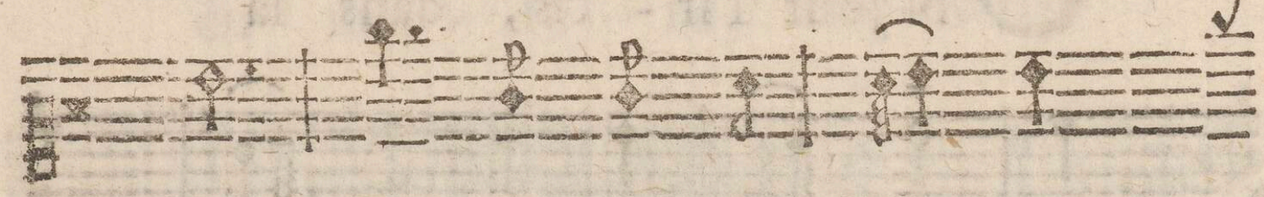




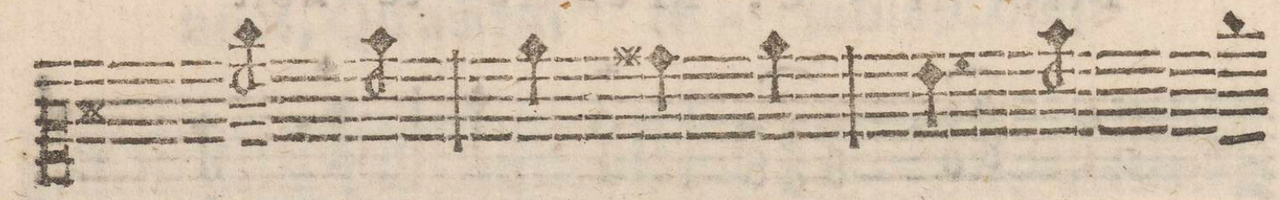
Le Ber- ger court a - près, bien-
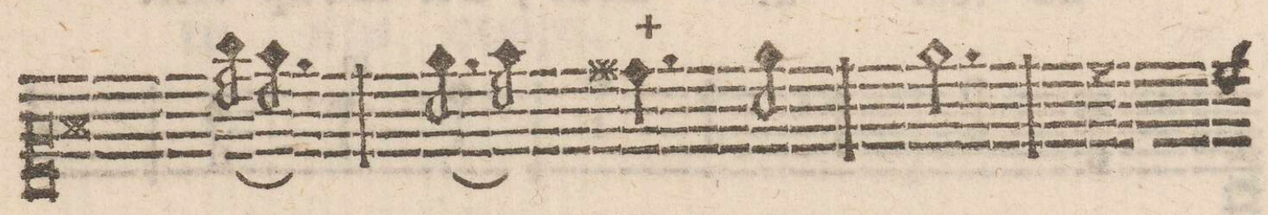


tôt il la ra - mei- ne,



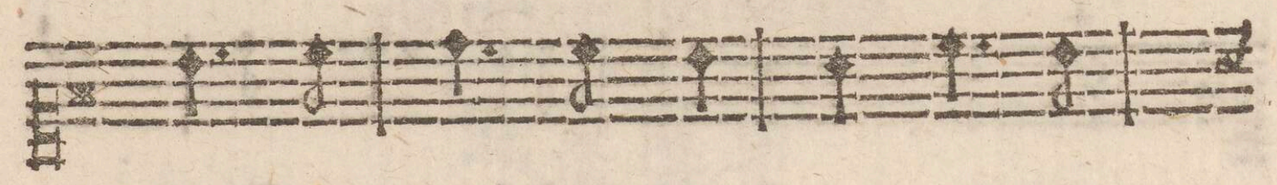
Mais! Ciel, qu'elle eſt ma pei- ne!



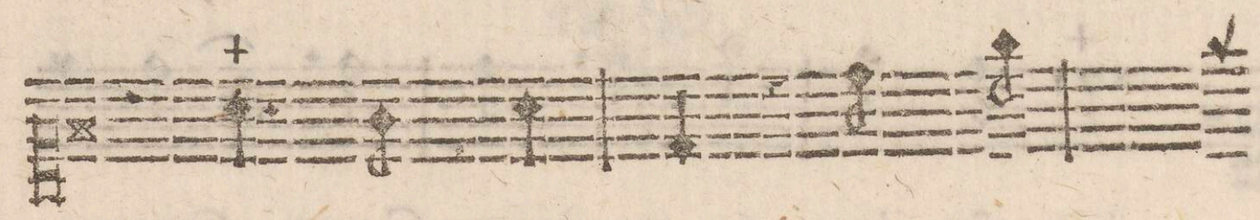
Pour u- ne au- tre Ber - gè-re il



vient de s'en- ga - ger.

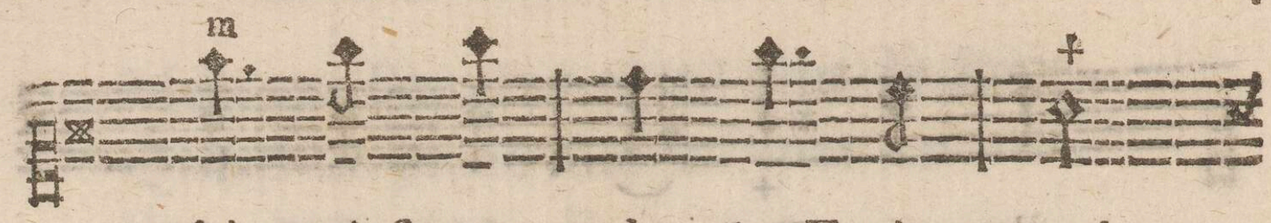


Ma Bre- bis m'eſt ren - du-ë, Et je
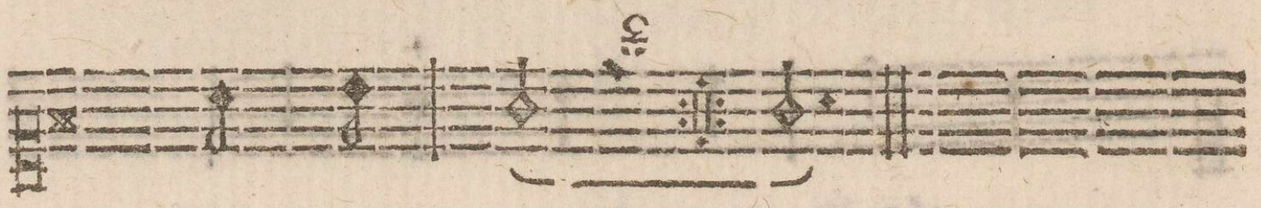


perds mon Ber - ger, Ma Bre-

bis



bis m'eſt ren - du - ë, Et je perds

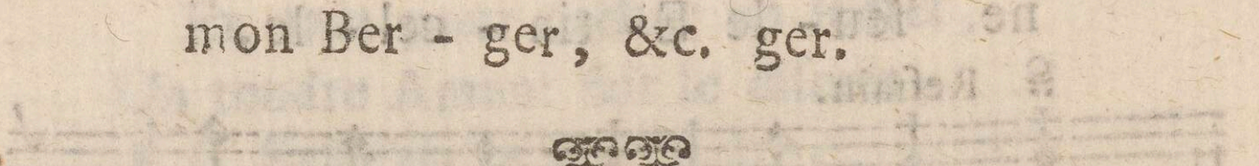


mon Ber - ger, &c. ger.

L'AMOUR ARTIFICIER.

BRANLE.

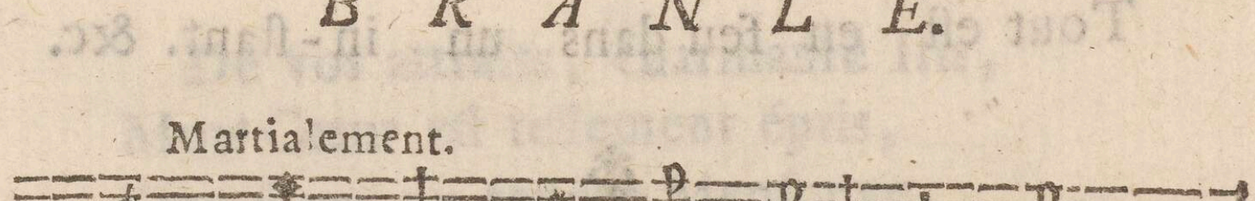
Martialement.
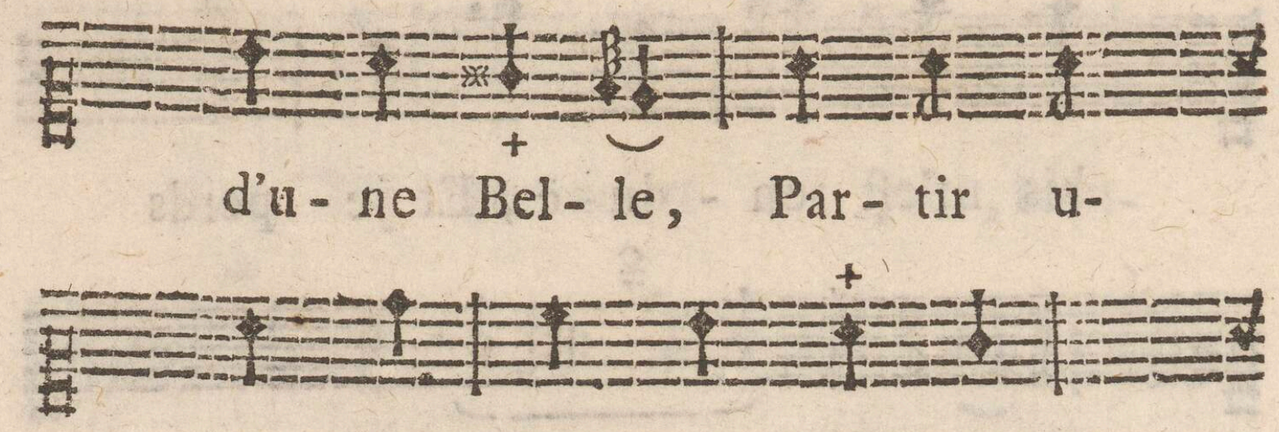


L'A-mour eſt un Ar - ti - fi-



cier, Qui mieux que moi ſait



ſon Mé-tier: Qu'il faſ- ſe des yeux



Fille qui ſouffre qu'un Blondin,
Lui ſerre, & lui baiſe la main,
N'en reconnoît pas la malice;
Souvent par un tel Artifice,
Pan, pan, pan, &c.

A Maman toujours je promèts,
De fuïr l'Amour & ſes attraits;

Mais nos Sermens n'ont plus de force,
Quand un jeune Amant nous amorce,
Pan, pan, pan, &c.

En vain pour cacher un ſécrèt,
Un tendre Amant fait le diſcrèt,
A ſa Belle on le voit ſoûrire,
Et quand ſon Cœur contraint ſoupire,
Pan, pan, pan, &c.

De vos attraits, charmante Iris,
Mon Cœur eſt tellement épris,
Que ſi par un tendre Menſonge,
Je vous vois ſeulement en ſonge,
Pan, pan, pan, &c.

Qu'un jeune Amant tout plein de feu,
Soit habile à cacher ſon jeu,
Doit-il paſſer pour infidelle!
Non, ſi dès qu'il revoit ſa Belle,
Pan, pan, pan, &c.

Que Philis a l'air conquerant,
Dieux! que ſon cœur eſt ſéduiſant;
Dès qu'elle décoche une œuillade,
Mon pauvre Cœur bat la Chamade,
Pan, pan, pan, &c.

Elle a ſoumis le Tiers Etat,
Le Politique, & le Soldat;
L'éclat de ſon tein qui tout brule,
Fait que le Pédant Capitule,
Pan, pan, pan, &c.

Quand elle entreprend de charmer,
On a beau vouloir réſiſter;
Sans Poudre, ni Canon, ni Mêche,
Par tout elle ſait faire brêche,
Pan, pan, pan, &c.

Souvent un rêve Séducteur,
Me comble de quelque faveur,
Alors ſans battre la Chamade,
Six fois je monte l'Eſcalade,
Pan, pan, pan, &c.

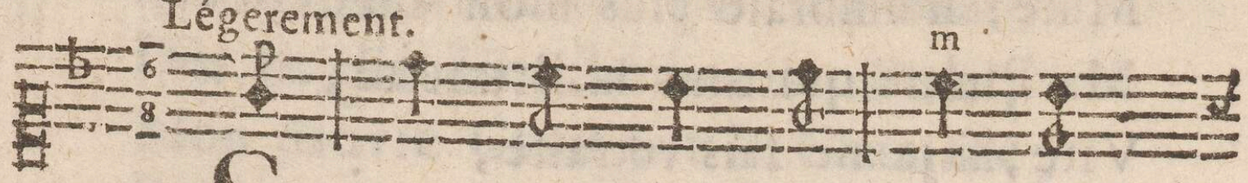
D'un charme ſi doux, ſi flateur,
Muſe, n'embraſe plus mon Cœur;
Ma Plume quittons la Brunette,
Vîte, ſi je ne fais retraite,
Pan, pan, pan, &c.

Vous vous plaignez, petit Fripon,
Lorſqu'on vous aime tant de bon,
On a beau vous la donner Belle,
Vous mépriſez ce qu'on appelle,
Pan, pan, pan, &c.

Oui je mépriſe vos Amours,
Et ne puis vous donner ſecours;
Pour vous mon Fuſil eſt ſans force;
Mais quand j'ai le choix de l'amorce,
Pan, pan, pan, &c.

CHANSONNETTE.

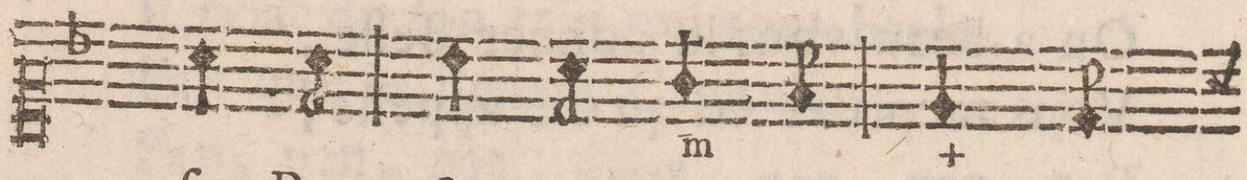
Légerement.



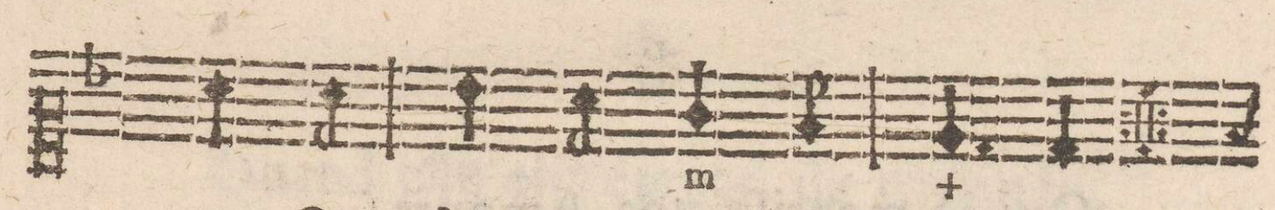
SI ja- mais vous fen- tez les
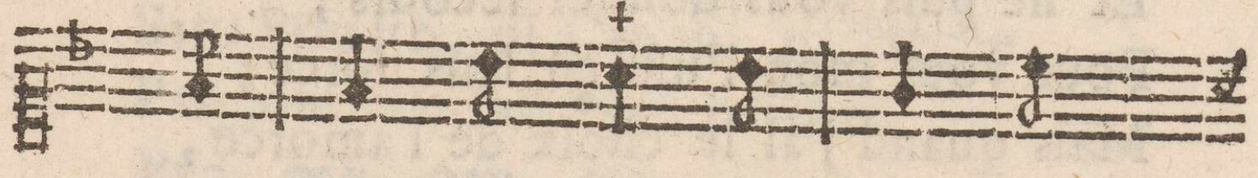


feux, D'u - ne vi- ve ten - dref-
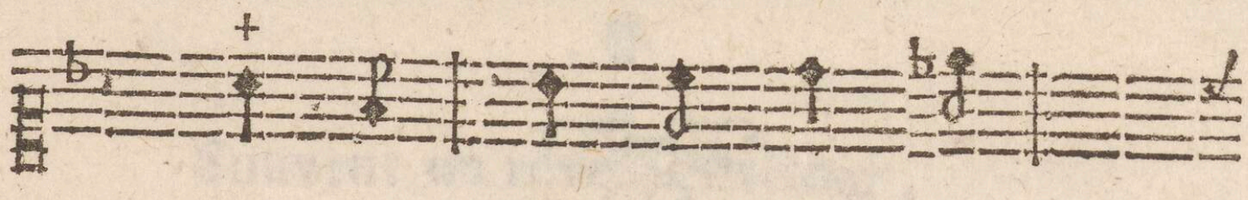


fe, Pro - fi - tez des mo- mens heu-
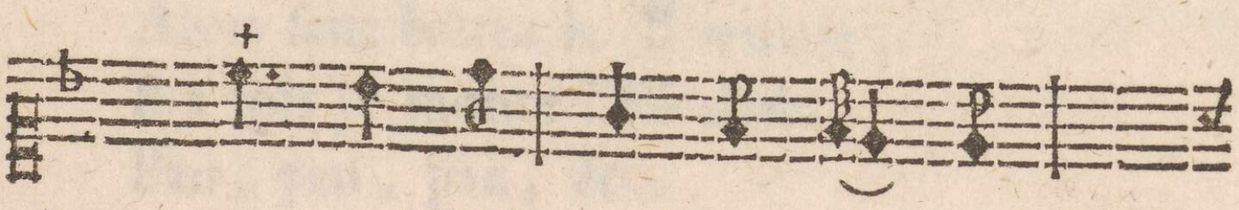


reux, Que don- ne la Jeu- nef- fe:



A - ban - don - nez vous ſans re-
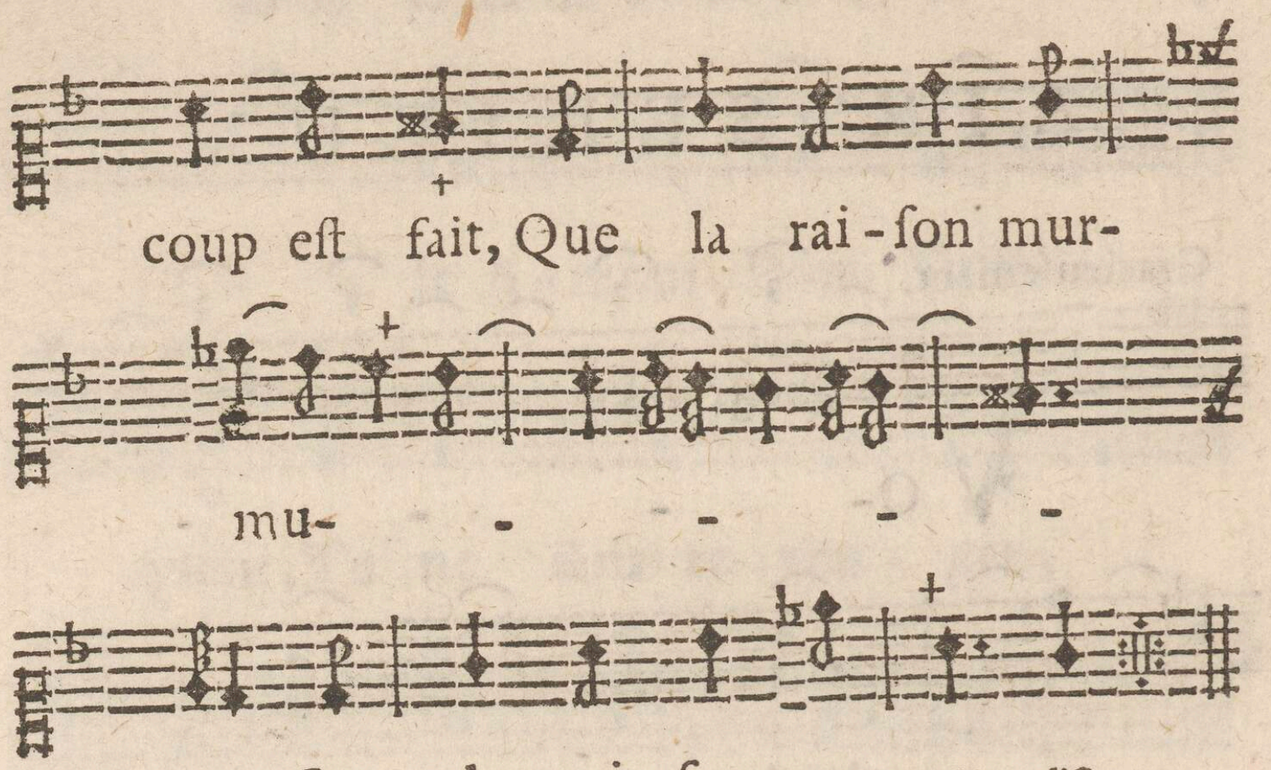


gret, Aux ten- dres a - van-



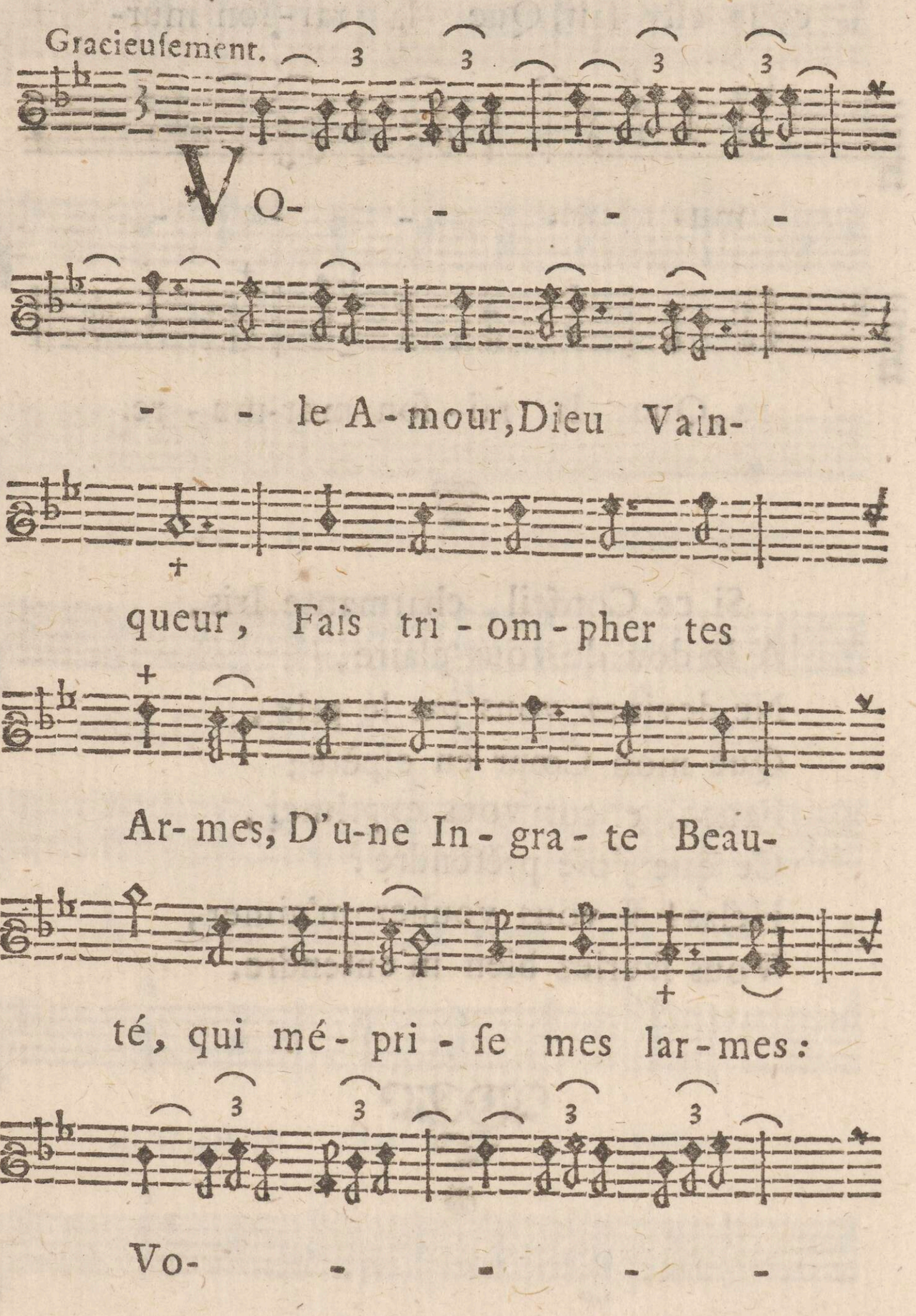
tu - res, Qu'impor- te quand le
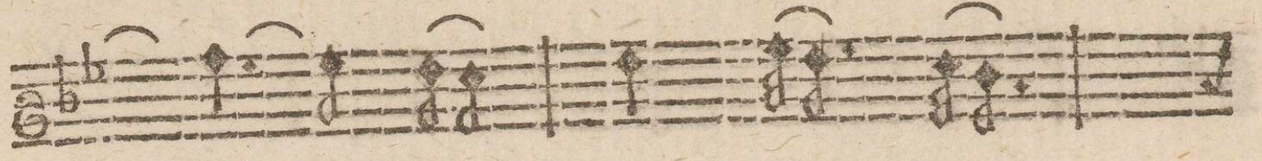
coup



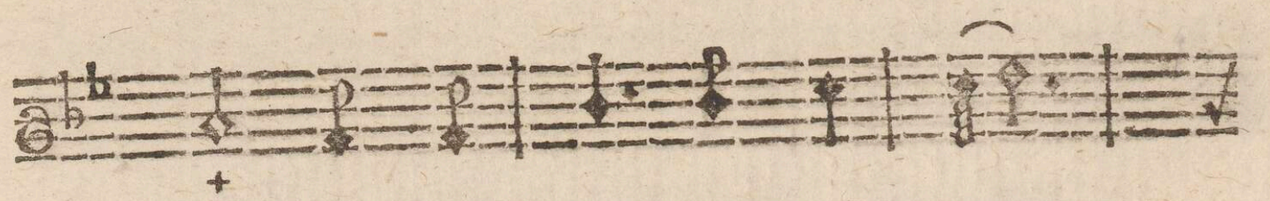
Si ce Confeil, charmante Iris,
A le don de vous plaire,
Ne devinez vous pas le prix,
Que mon Cœur en eſpère;
Faut-il encor vous exprimer,
Ce que j'oſe prétendre?
Hélas! ſi vous vouliez m'aimer,
Vous ſauriez bien m'entendre.

AIR SERIEUX.
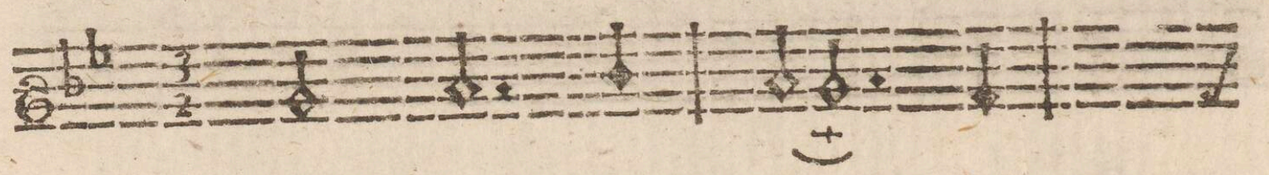

Gracieuſement.
VO- - - -
- - le A-mour, Dieu Vain-
queur, Fais tri-om-pher tes
Ar-mes, D'u-ne In-gra-te Beau-
té, qui mé-pri-ſe mes lar-mes:
Vo- - - - -



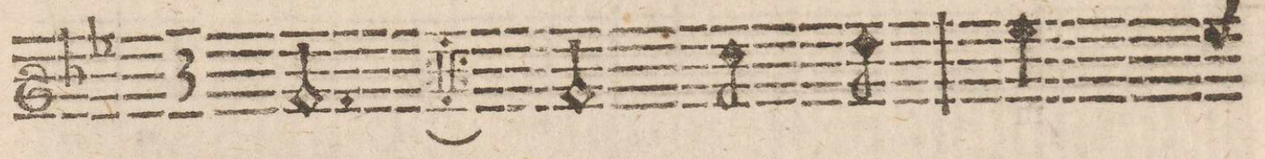
- - le A-mour, Dieu Vain-



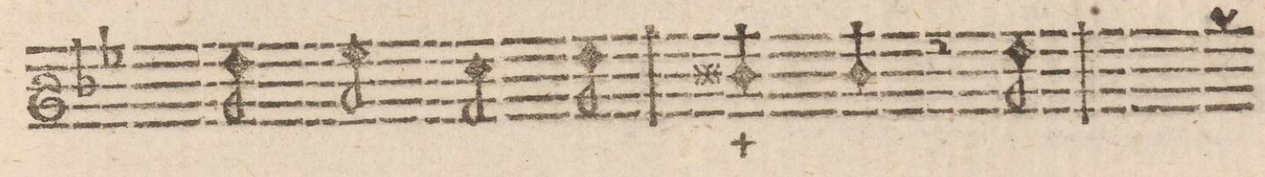
queur, Tu ne dois te ven-ger,
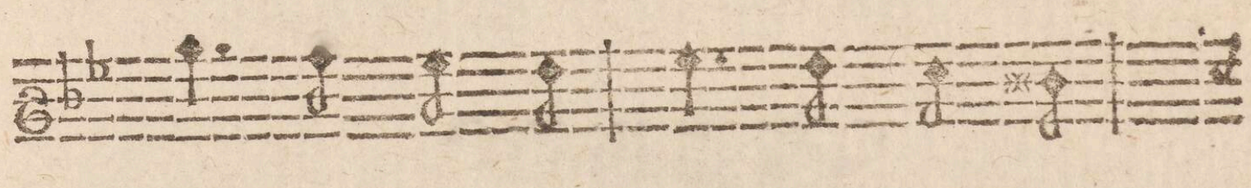


Qu'en ſou-met-tant ſon



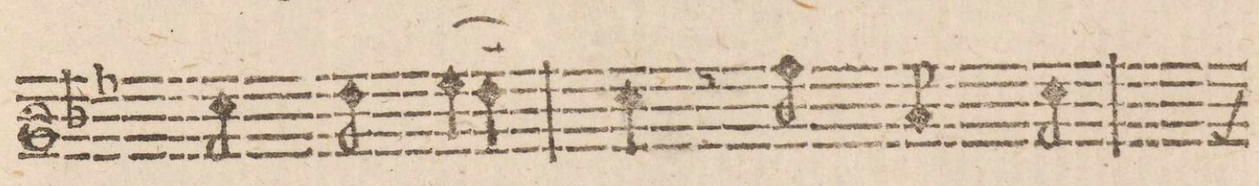
Cœur: Cœur: Mais ſi cet-



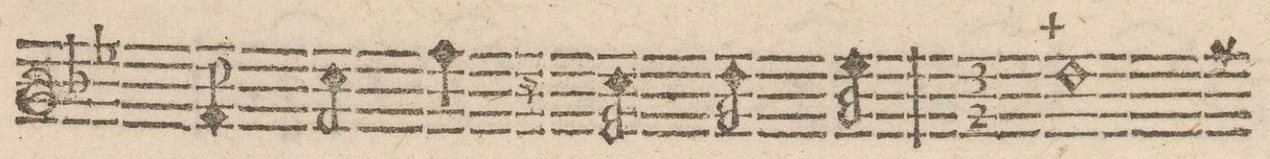
te Beau-té re-bel-le, De-



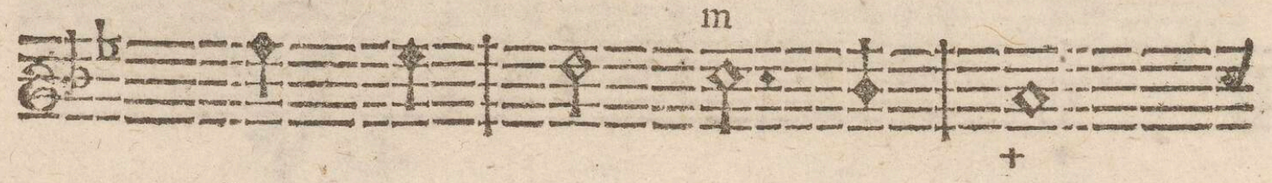
voit pour un Ri-val ceſ-ſer d'ê-
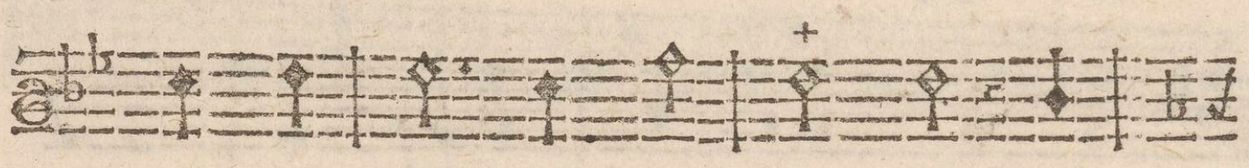


tre cru-el-le, Suſ-pends tes



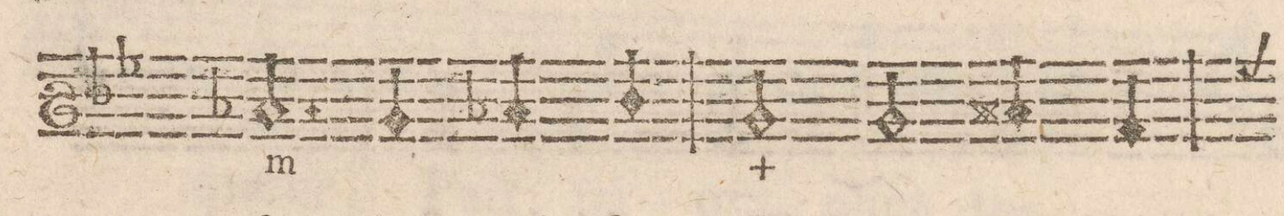
coups A-mour, ar- rê - te toi,



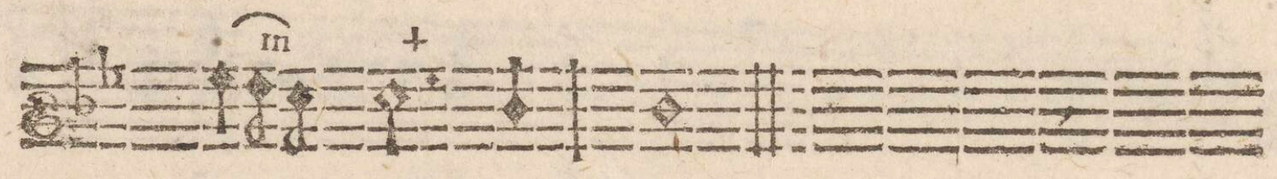
J'ai - me mieux que Phi - lis;



Soit tou-jours in - flé - xi - ble, Que



de la voir ſen - ſi - ble, Pour un
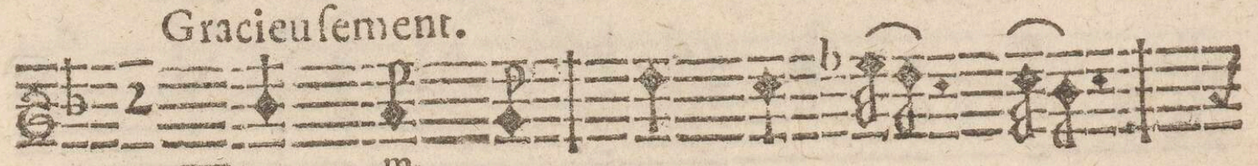


au- tre que moi.



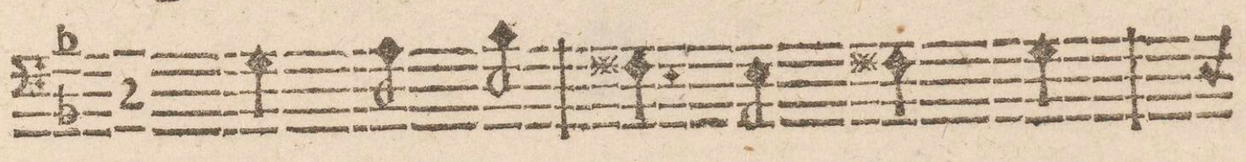
TENDRESSE BACHIQUE.

PETIT DUO.

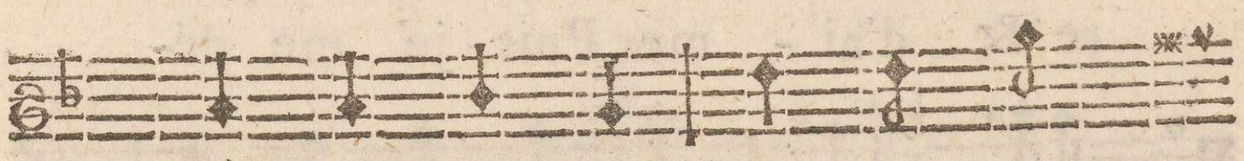
Gracieuſement.



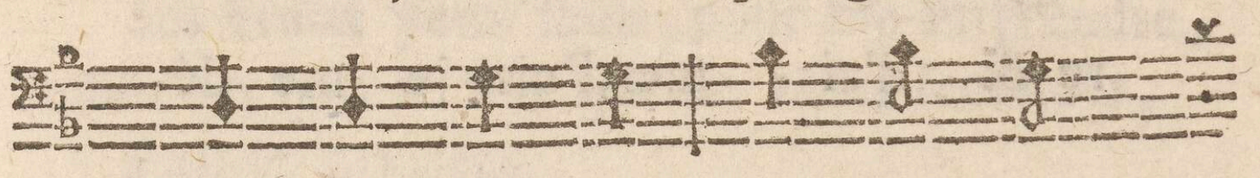
J'Ai - me le Vin, j'ai le Cœur



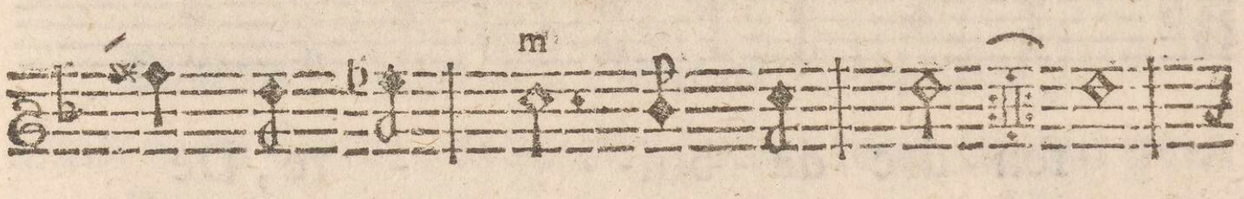
J'ai - me le Vin, j'ai le Cœur
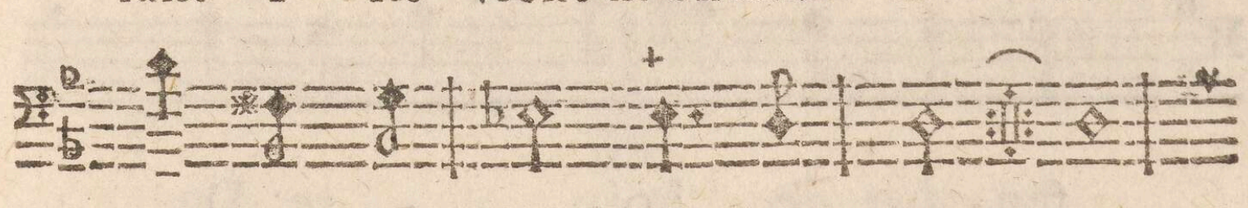


ten - dre, D'un Cham - pa - gne bril-



ten - dre, D'un Cham - pa - gne bril-



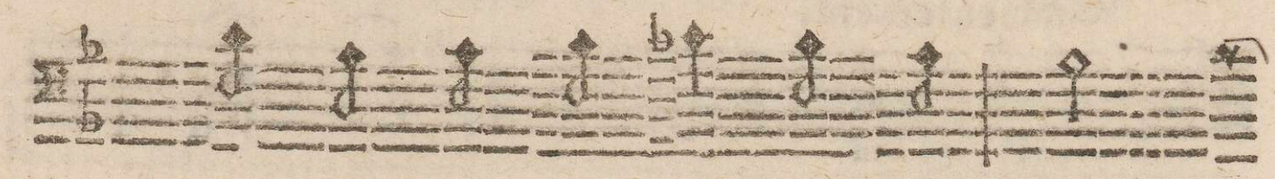
lant I - ris vient m'enflam - mer: mer:



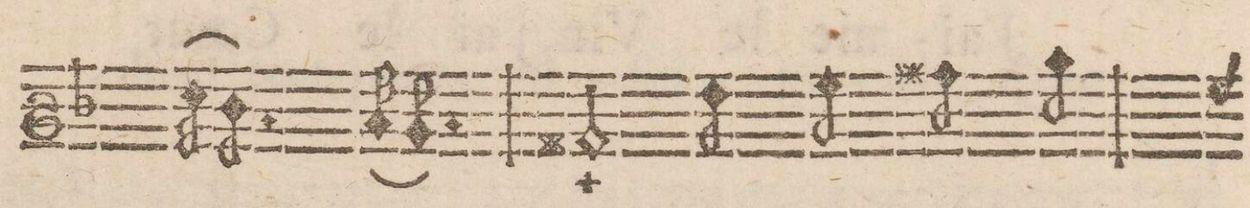
lant I - ris vient m'enflam - mer: mer:
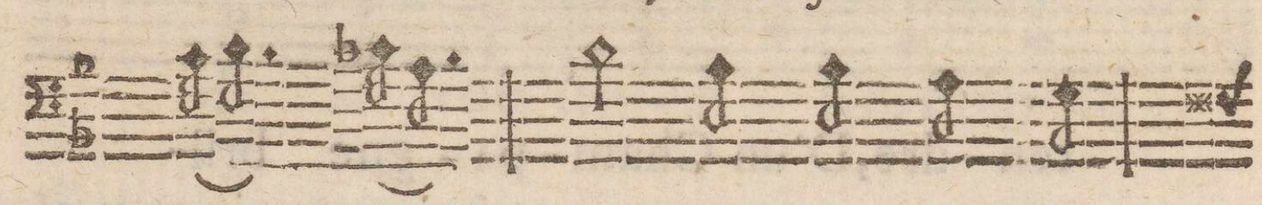


Puis-je me dé-fen-dre de boi-



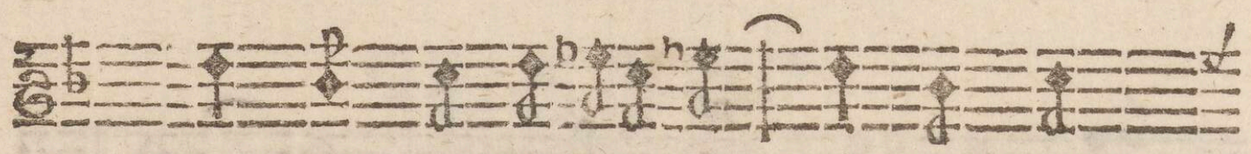
Puis-je me dé-fen-dre de boi-



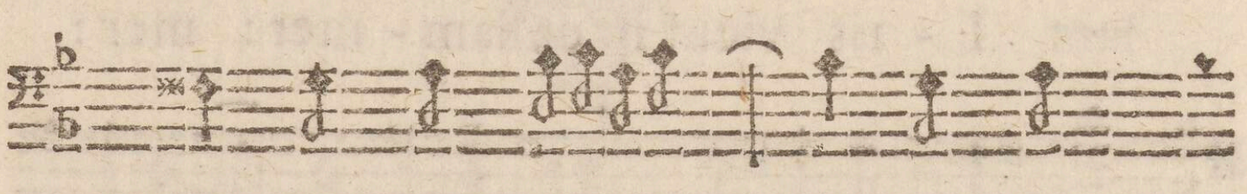
re & d'ai - mer, Puis-je me dé-



re & d'ai - mer, Puis-je me dé-
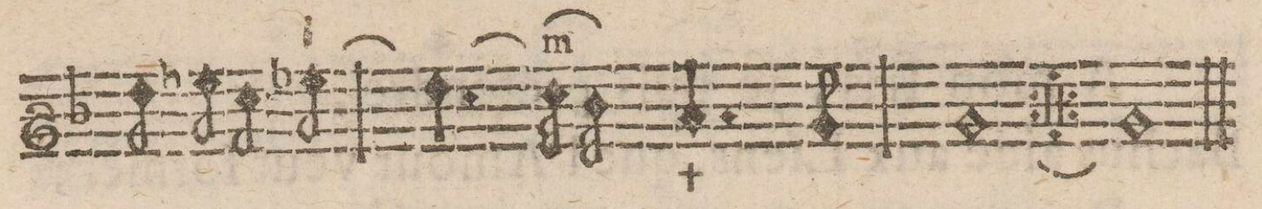


fen-dre de boi- - re, De

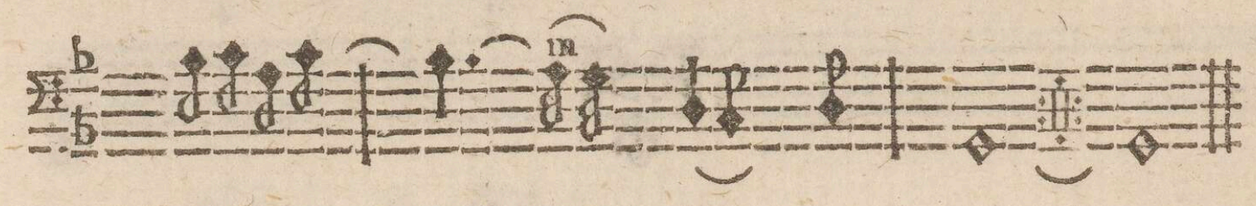


fen-dre de boi- - re, De

boi-



boi- - - re & d'ai-mer. mer.



boi- - - re & d'ai-mer. mer.

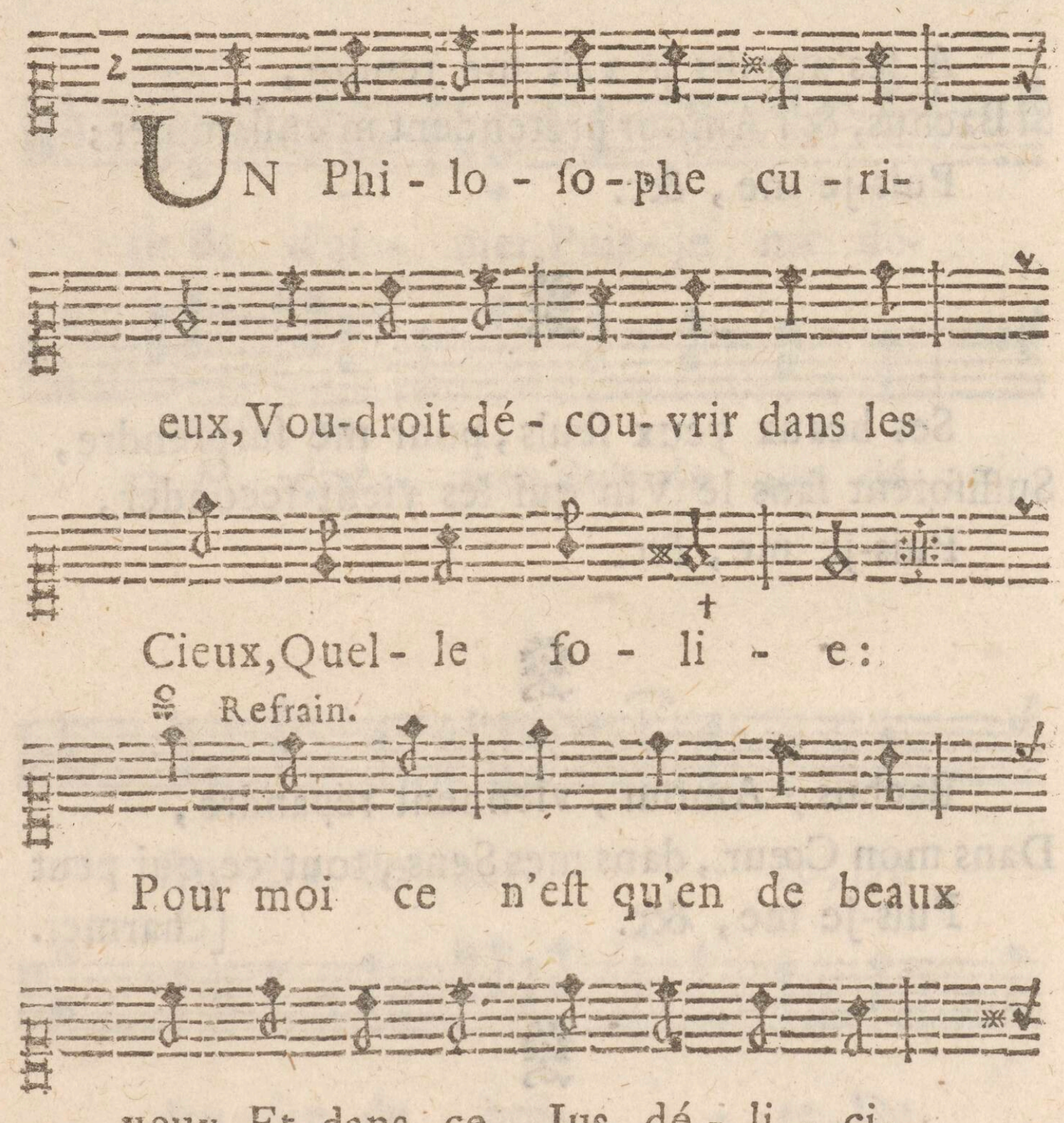
A ſes attraits je vais me rendre,
Si Bachus, & l'Amour prétendent m'enflammer;
Puis-je me, &c.

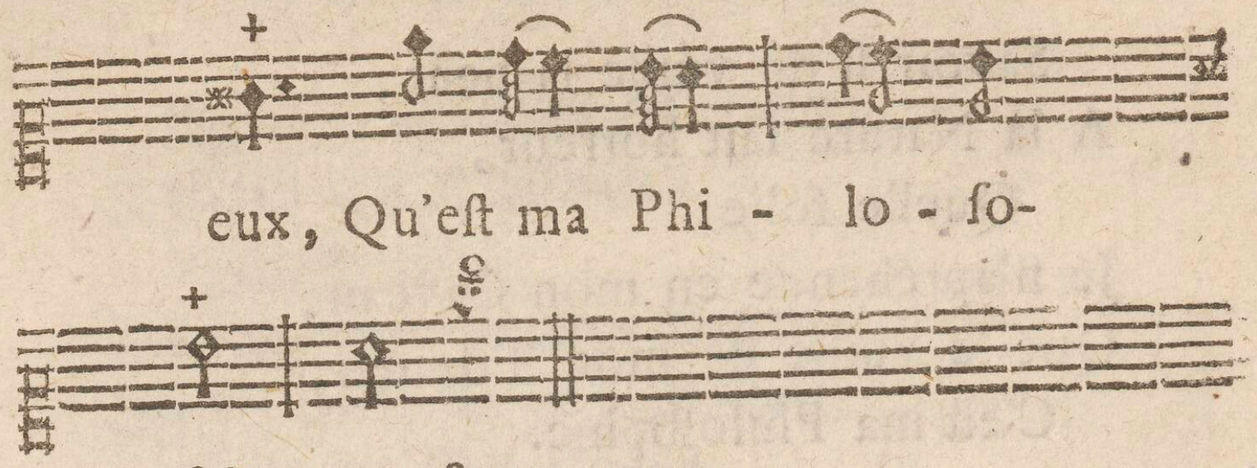
Ses beaux yeux ſeuls, pour me ſurprendre,
Suffiſoient ſans le Vin qui les vient ſeconder,
Puis-je me, &c.

Bachus, Amour, viennent répandre,
Dans mon Cœur, dans mes Sens, tout ce qui peut [charmer.
Puis-je me, &c.

A mon Iris, je puis prétendre,
Bachus aide aux Liens, que l'Amour veut former;
Puis-je me, &c.

LE PHILOSOPHE A LA MODE.





Dans les Hazards & les Combats,
En vain s'expoſer au trépas,
Quelle folie:
Pour moi ce n'eſt que dans les bras,
D'Iris, que j'aime les débats,
C'eſt ma Philoſophie.

Pour Philis languir nuit & jour,
Sans qu'elle écoute un tendre Amour,
Quelle folie:
Bachus ne fait jamais ſouffrir,
De lui l'on peut tout obtenir,
C'eſt ma Philoſophie.

Savoir ſi du vuide la peur,
A là Nature fait horreur,
Quelle folie:
Je n'apréhende en mon Caveau,
Que le vuide de mon Tonneau,
C'eſt ma Philoſophie.

Sans ceſſe raiſonner en l'Air,
Du Flux, & Reflux de la Mer,
Quelle folie:
Je ne cherche que du bon Vin,
Le Flux, & le Reflux certain,
C'eſt ma Philoſophie.
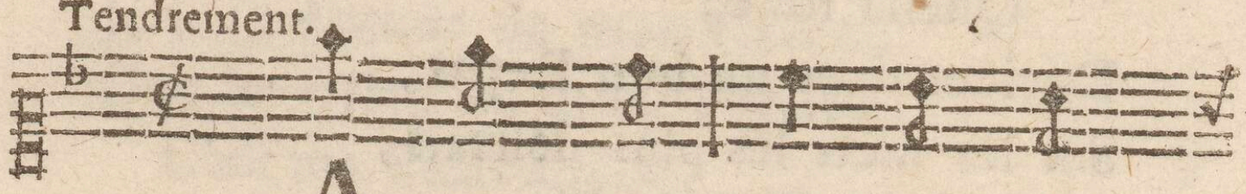
Vouloir pénétrer les ſécrèts,
Du ſort qui cache ſes Décrèts,
Quelle folie:
Je ne conſulte que Bachus,
Heureux quand je bois de ſon Jus,
C'eſt ma Philoſophie.

Sur un vain Etre de raiſon,
Décider une Queſtion,
Quelle folie:
Décider dans un bon Repas,
Sur les mets les plus délicats,
C'eſt ma Philoſophie.
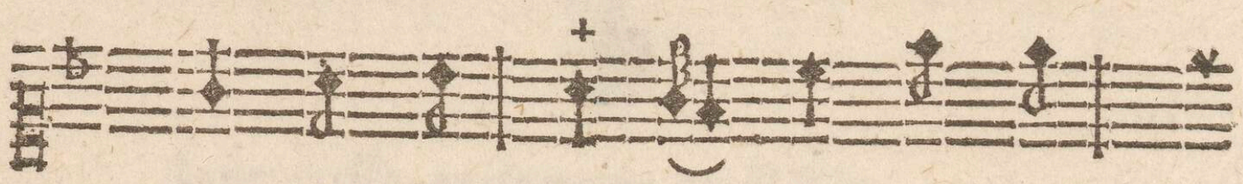
Diſputer ſur un certain Point,
Que l'on ne comprend guère, ou point,
Quelle folie:
Diſputer le Verre à la main,
A qui pourra boire ſans fin,
C'eſt ma Philoſophie.

BRUNETTE.
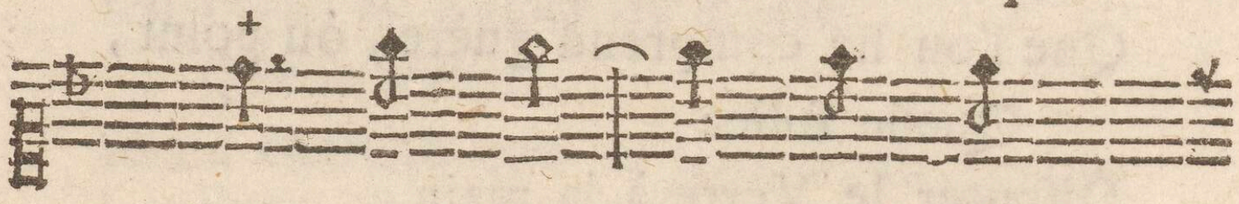
Tendrement.
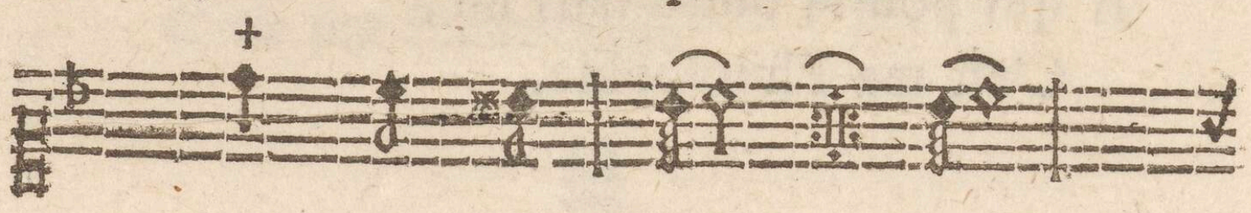


A mon Trou-peau mon A-
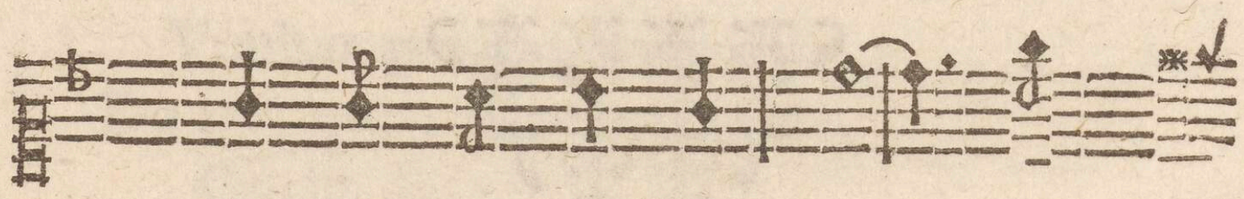


mour eſt fu - neſ - te, Et cha-que
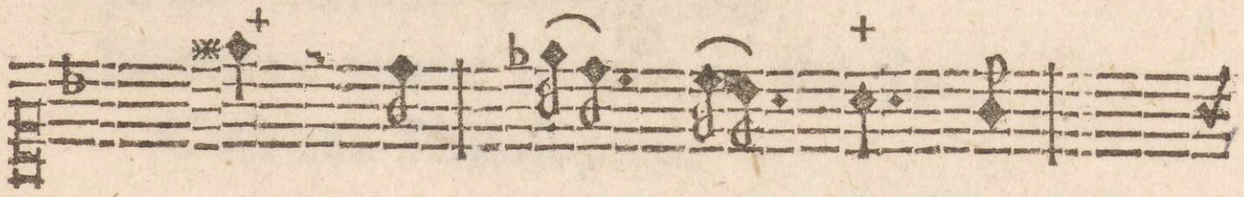


jour le Loup me dé-
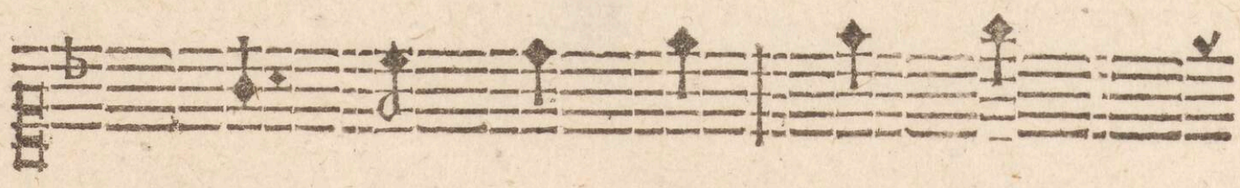


ro-be un A - gneau: gneau:



Si j'aime encor long - tems, A-



dieu, A - dieu mon cher Trou-



peau; Le Loup pren - dra bien-

tôt

tôt le reſ - te, Le Loup pren-

dra bien - tôt le reſ - te. te.

LE CADRILLE.

Modérement.
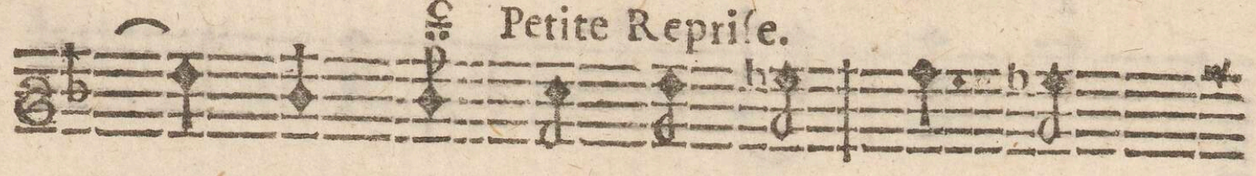
A - mi, prens ton I-

ris, Moi je pren - drai Sil - vi-

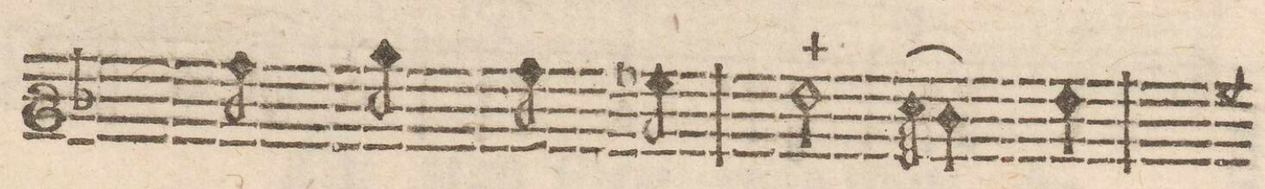
e, Loin du bruit de Pa-

ris, Al-lons goû - ter la vi - e:

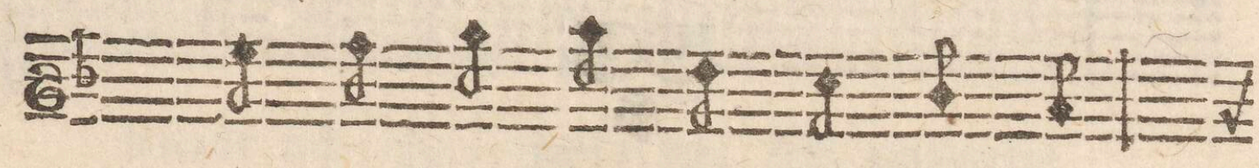
e:
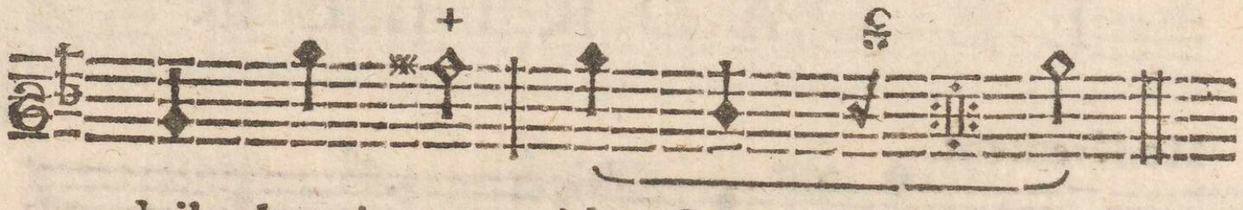


e: Sous un Ber-ceau cou-vert D'un



treil - la-ge a- gré - a - ble, Quand



on eſt de con-cert, C'eſt un Ca-



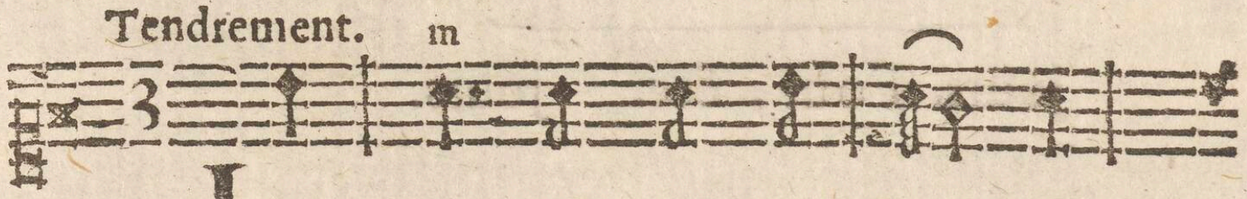
dril - le ai-ma - ble. Sous, &c. ble.

Si je ſuis votre Roi,
Aſſurez-vous, Climeine,
Que pour vous, & pour moi,
La Victoire eſt certaine:
Vous aurez toujours lieu,
De louër ma Prudence;
Je ſai cacher mon jeu,
Et garder le ſilence.
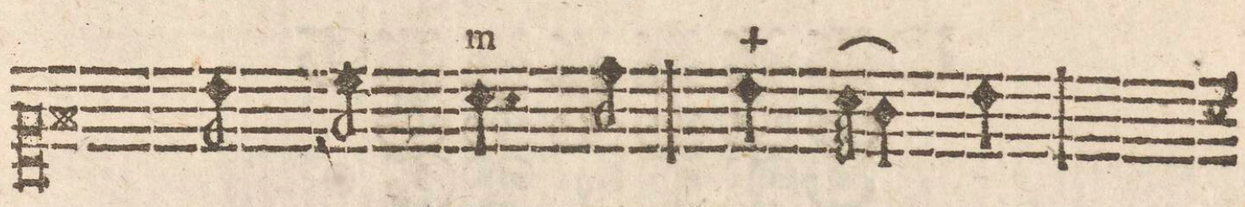
Je ris de mes Rivaux,
Et pour avoir Codille :
Sur Manille à propos,
Je ſai mettre Spadille :
Secondez mes deſſeins,
Je vous donne parole,
De faire les ſix mains,
Et quelquefois la vole.

CHANSONNETTE.

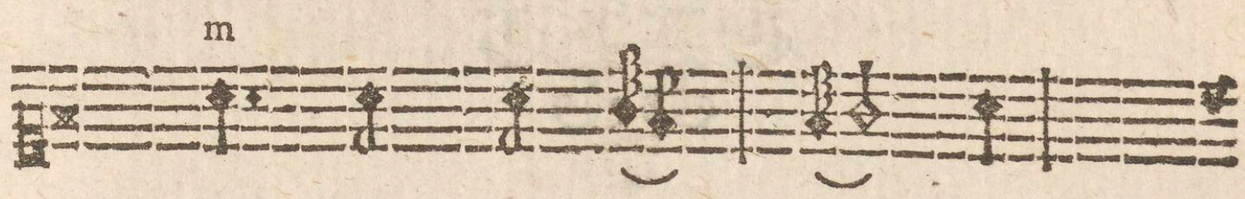
Tendrement.
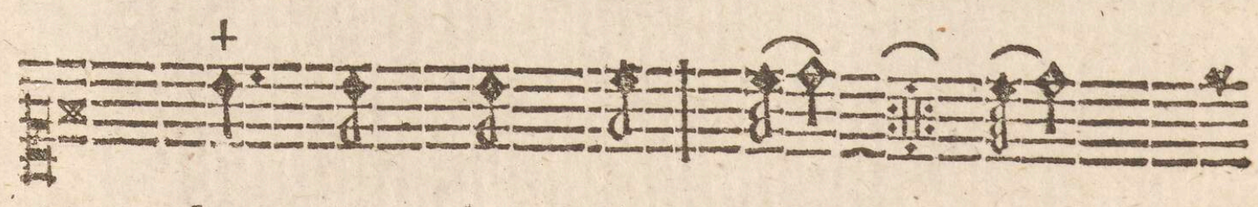


LEs pei-nes près de vous ſont
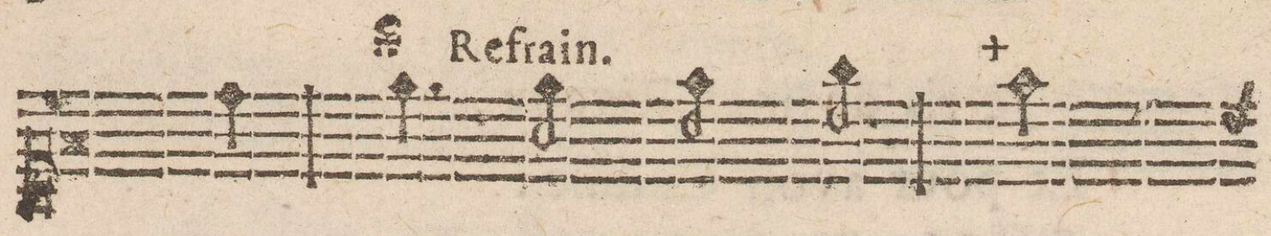


des plai-ſirs, Cli-mei-ne, Les
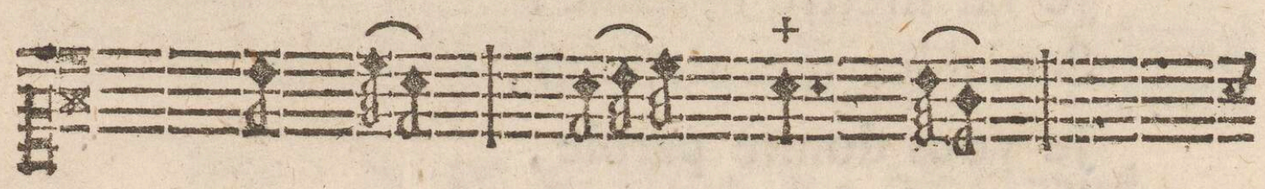


jours ſont des mo-mens, Fi-



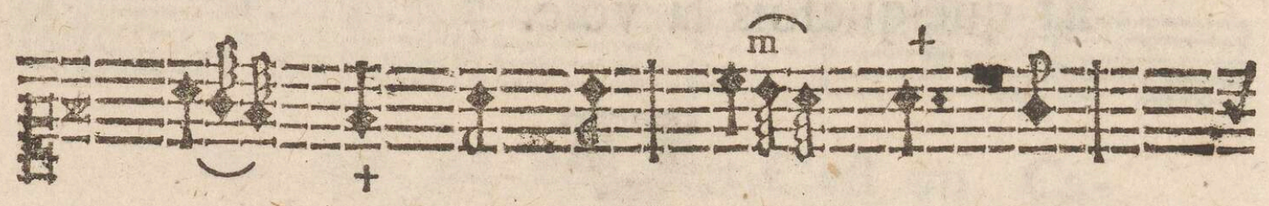
lez par les A-mours: mours:



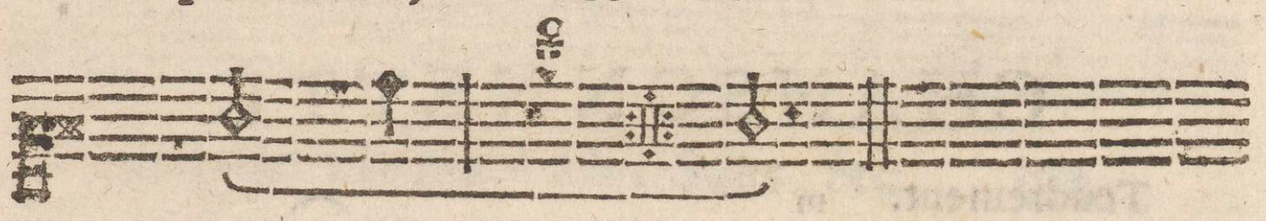
Tout change en vous per - dant,



les plai - firs ſont des



pei - nes, Les mo - mens ſont des
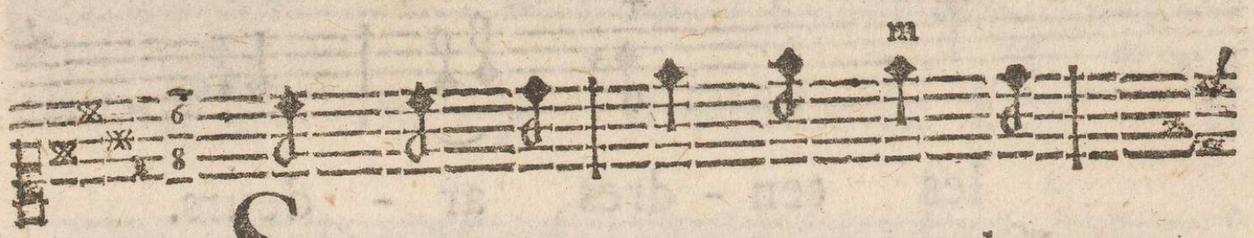


jours. Tout, &c. jours.
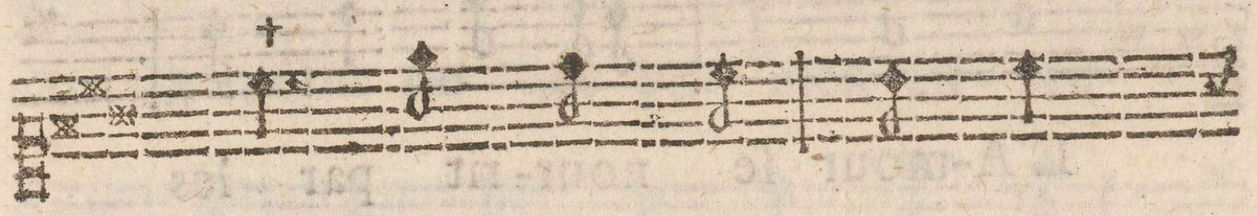
CON-

CONSEIL.

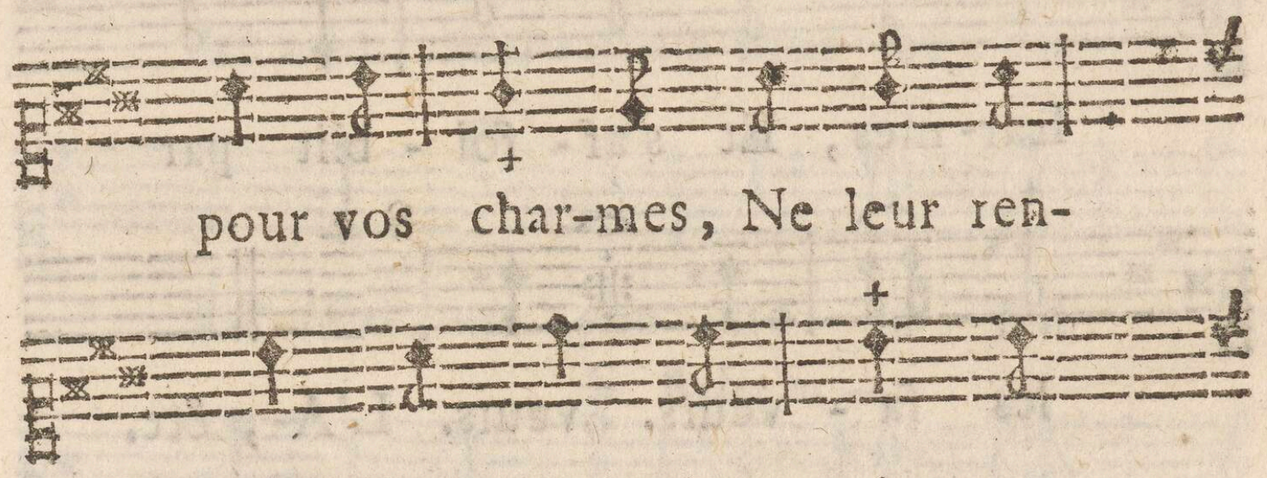
ARRIETTE.



SI vous vou-lez que tous les

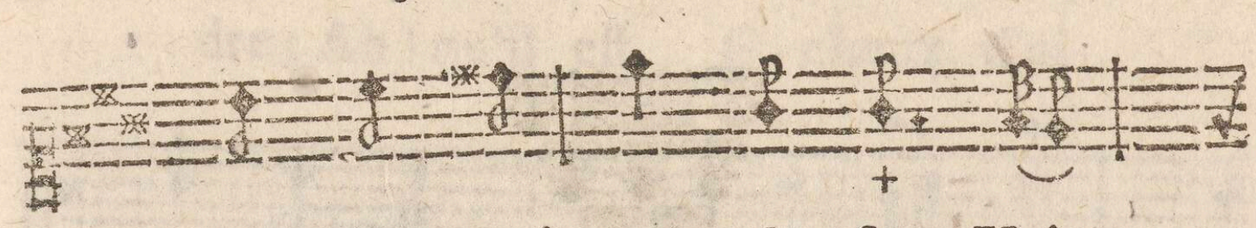


Cœurs, Sou - pi - rent long-tems



pour vos char-mes, Ne leur ren-

dez ja - mais les Ar - mes,



Bel - les, crai - gnez de fiers Vain-
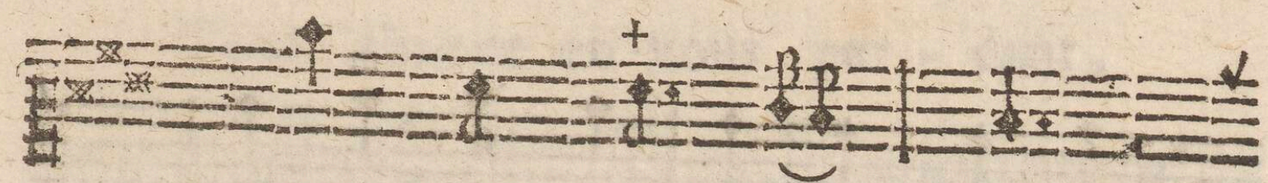


queurs: Ce ſont les crain-tes,

CON-
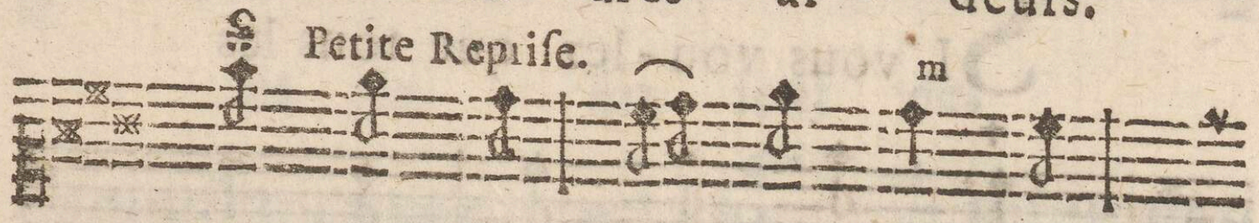


les al - lar- mes, Qui fi - xent



les ten - dres ar - deurs.
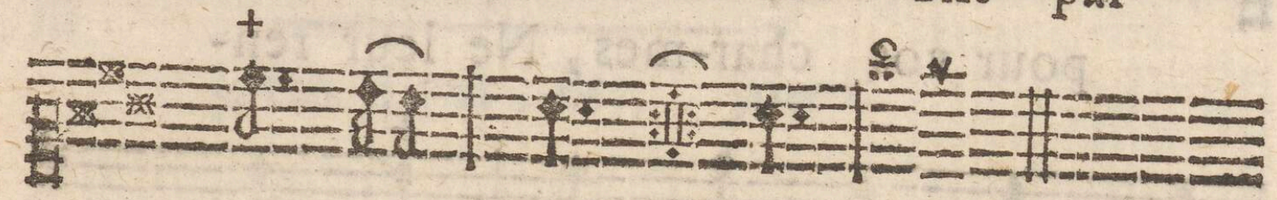
Petite Repriſe.



L'A-mour ſe nour-rit par les



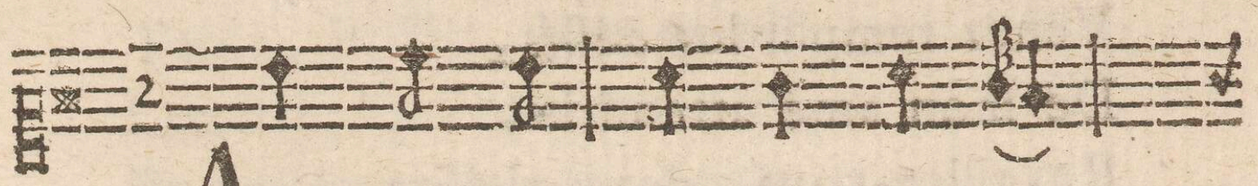
Lar- mes, Et s'af- foi - blit par
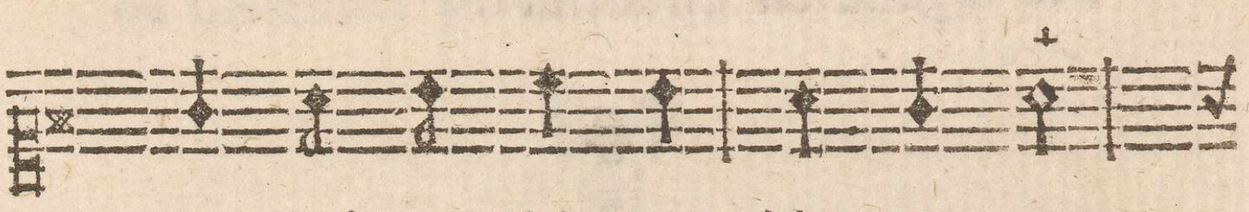


les fa - veurs. veurs. L'A-, &c.

VAU-

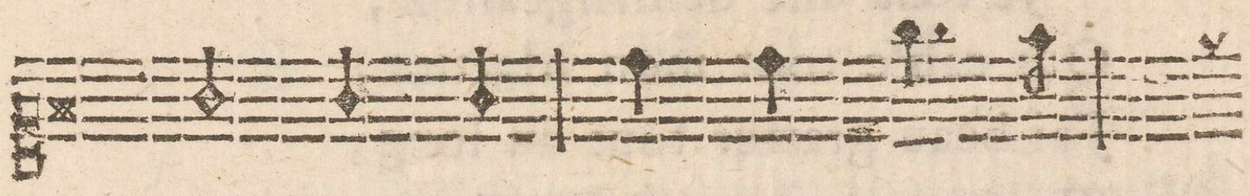
VAUDEVILLE.
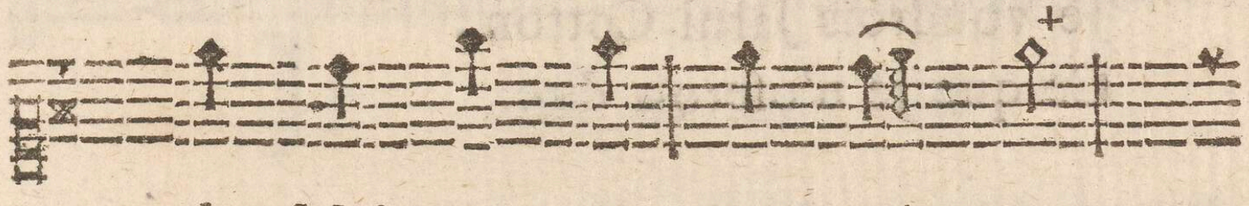


AU- rai - je tou-jours un Ber-



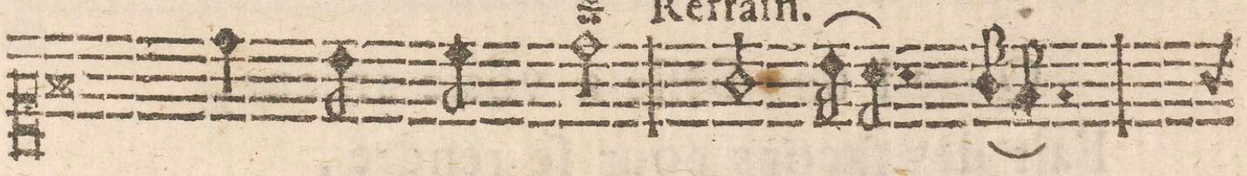
ger, Qui ne ſait pas bien en - ten-
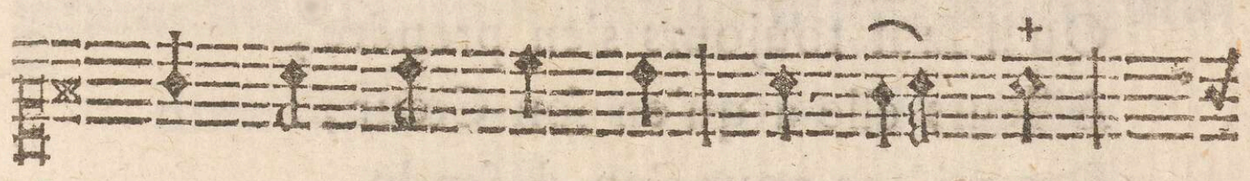


dre; Je vou - drois tout ac - cor-



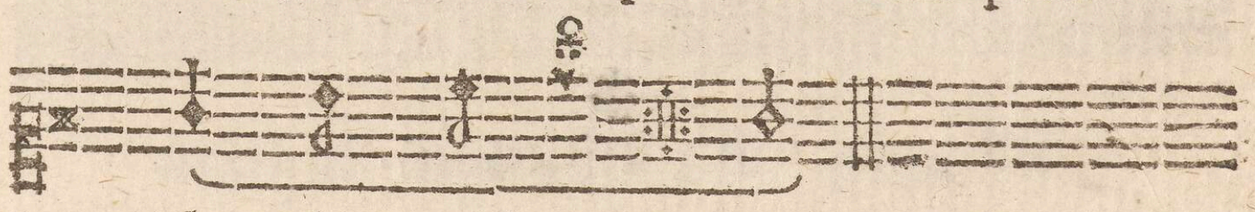
der, Mais un peu me dé - fen-



dre; Ah! qu'il eſt fâ- cheux d'ai-



mer, Qui ne ſait pas le com-pren-



dre. Ah! qu'il, &c. dre.

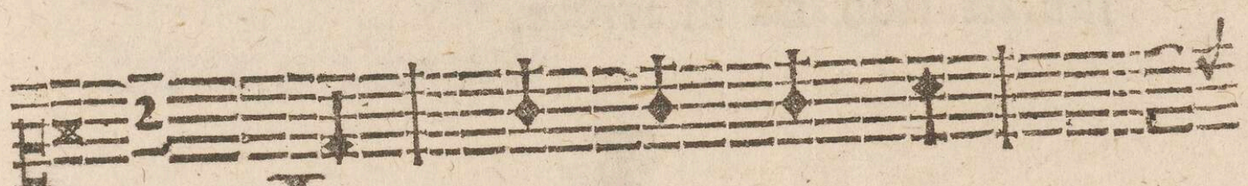
Quoi, paſſerai-je en vains déſirs,
Les plus beaux jours de ma Vie;
Venez remplir les déſirs,
De mon ame attendrie,
Reveillez-vous, doux plaiſirs,
Ma ſageſſe eſt endormie.

Je ſens une démangeaiſon,
Qui cauſe tout mon Martire,
J'ai beau gratter tout du long,
Toujours mon mal Empire;
Je voudrois Jarni-Cotton,
Ce que je n'oſerois dire.

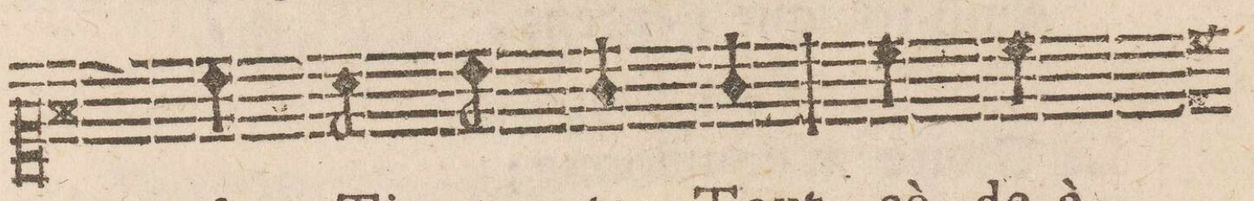
Quand une Belle a vôtre ardeur,
Fait des façons pour ſe rendre,
Ce n'eſt pas à ſa rigueur,
Qu'il faut toujours s'en prendre,
Ailleurs elle a qu'en ſon Cœur,
Des raiſons pour s'en défendu.

Que j'aime à boire avec Cloris,
Ah! qu'elle eſt d'un doux Commerce,
Table, Buffet, bien garnis,
Laquais, qui toujours verſe;
Et toujours pour ſes Amis,
Sa meilleure piece en perce.

BRANLE.



JE ſuis un bon Sol-

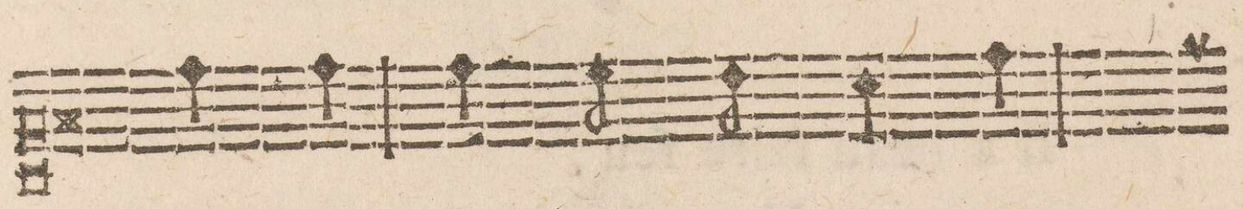


dat, Ti - ta - ta, Tout cè-de à

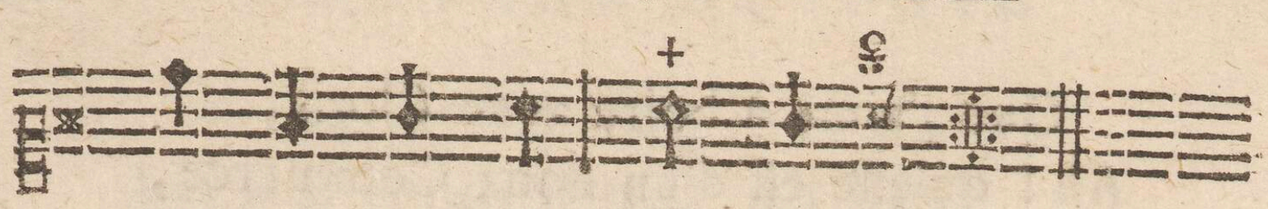
Refrain.



mon Cou - ra - ge: J'ai dans mon



four - ni - ment, Pa - ta pan, De



quoi fai-re ra-va-ge. J'ai, &c.

Quand je vais au Combat,
Titata,
Pour moi c'eſt une Fête;
Quand je monte à l'Aſſaut,
Tôt, tôt, tôt,
Jamais rien ne m'arrête.

Auſſi-tôt que j'entens,
Pata pan,
La Gloire m'équillonne;
Et d'un Air réſolu,
Tu, tu, tu,
Sur l'Ennemi je donne.

Il a beau faire feu,
Ventrebleu,

BIBLIOTEKA
XX.
CZARTORYSKICH
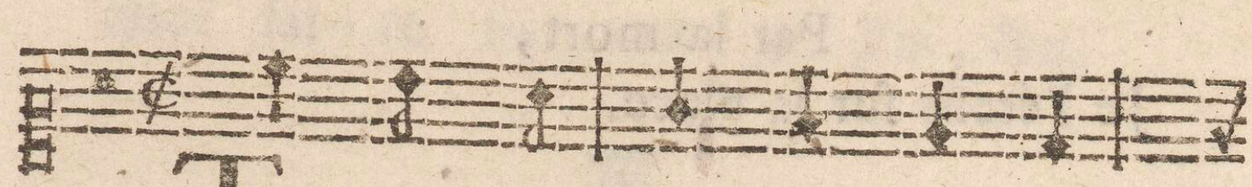
Je

Je ris de ſa Menace;
S'il ne ſe rend d'abord,
Par la mort,
Je l'étens ſur la place.

Pour devenir Vainqueur,
Tendre Cœur,
Prenez-moi pour modelle,
A grands coups de Canon,
Patapon,
Battez la Citadelle.

Allez près d'un objèt,
Vîte au fait,
Devenez téméraire,
Quand les Dehors ſont pris,
Biribi,
La Place ne tient guère.

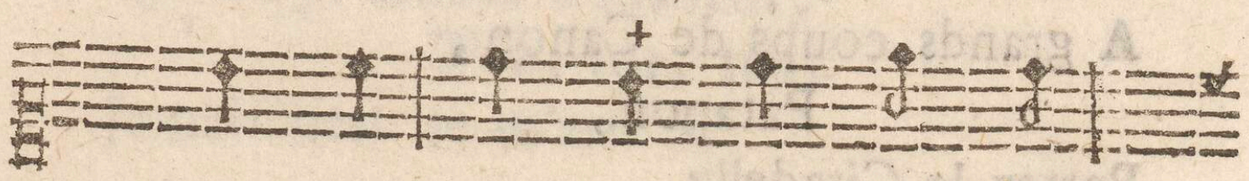
VAUDEVILLE.



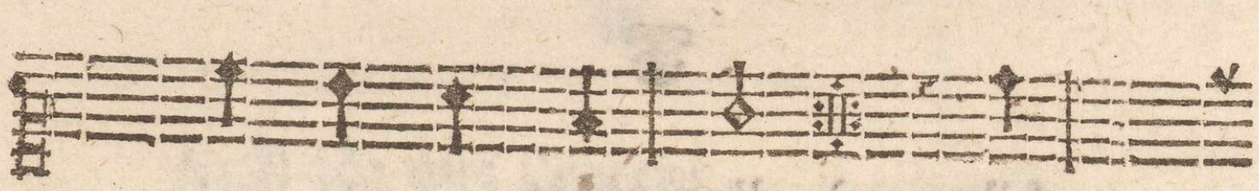
Tir- cis plein d'A-mour pour Cli-
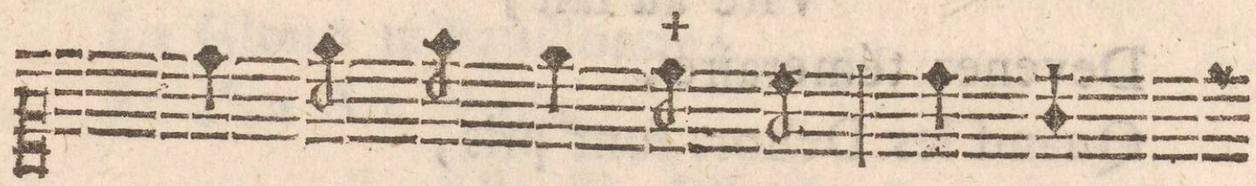


mei-ne, La ren-con-trant dans



u-ne Plai-ne, La fit tom-



ber ſur le Ga-zon: Sans
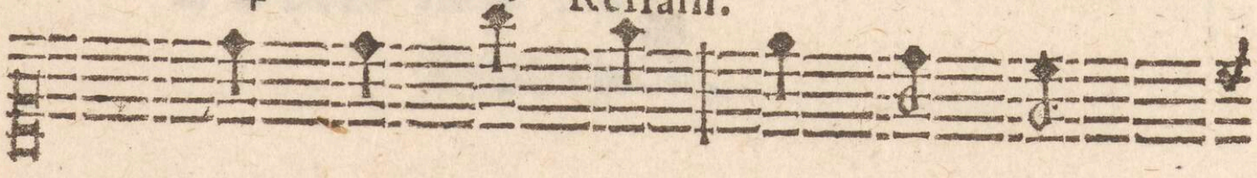


dou-te, lui dit la Fil-let-te,



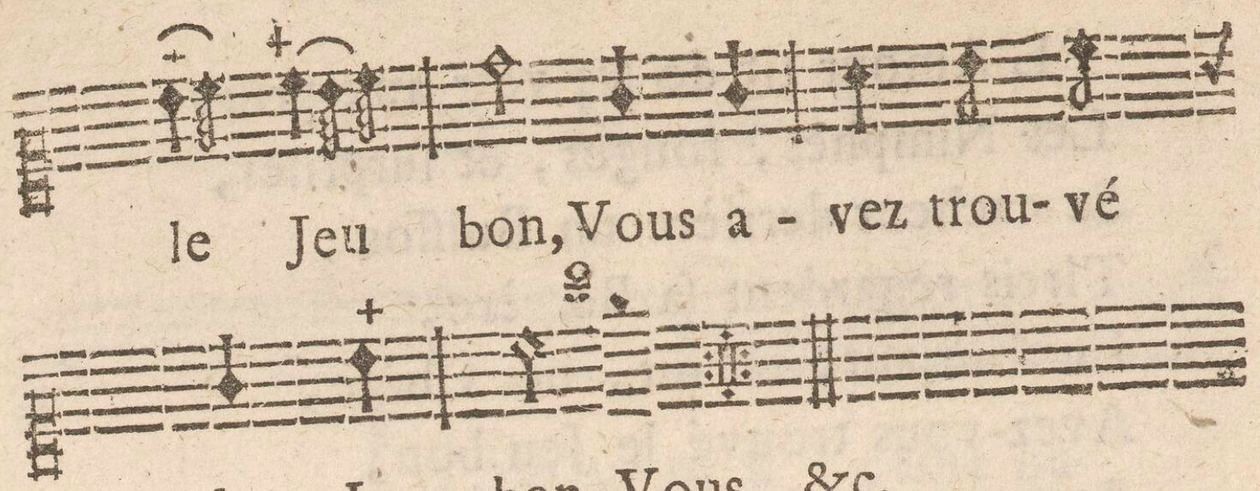
Que l'au-re jour a-vec Li-

Refrain.



ſet-te, Vous a-vez trou-vez

le



Doucement Berger témeraire,
Retirez-vous, qu'allez-vous faire?
Un peu de modération:
Je crains le tranſport qui vous guide,
Berger rien ne vous intimide,
Vous avez trouvé le Jeu bon,
Vous, &c.

Tircis, ſans vouloir rien entendre,
La regarde avec un air tendre,
Climène fait un Oeil fripon;
Que vois-je, dit-il, ma Climène,
Vous êtes ſenſible à ma peine,
Vous allez trouver le Jeu bon,
Vous, &c.
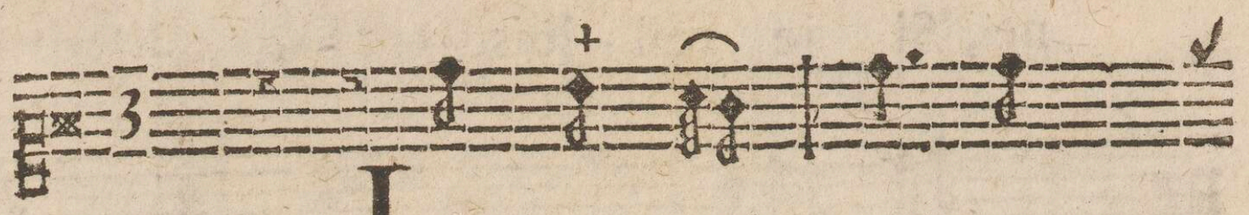
L'A-

L'Amour rit de les voir aux priſes,
Les Nimphes, rouges, & ſurpriſes,
Se cachent derrière un Buiſſon;
Tircis regardent ſa Bergère,
En ſouriant, lui dit, ma Chère,
Avez-vous trouvé le Jeu bon,
Avez-vous, &c.

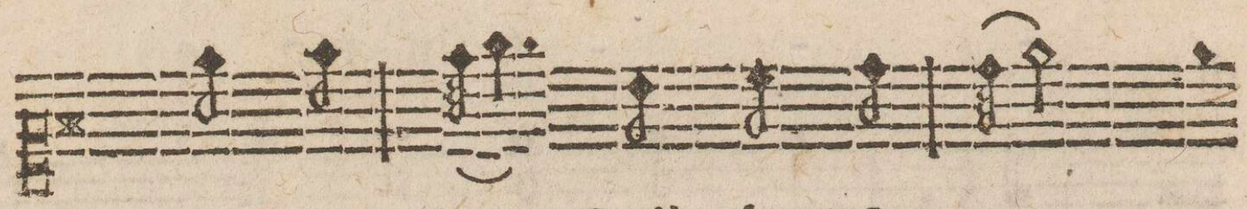
Auſſi-tôt ſur la molle herbette,
Tircis à la jeune Brunette,
Donne une ſeconde Leçon;
Jugez des plaiſirs de la Belle,
Jeunes Fillettes, ſi comme elles,
Vous avez trouvé le Jeu bon.
Vous, &c.

SON-
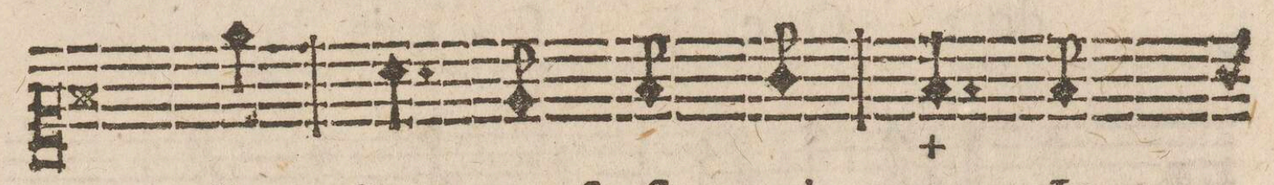
SONGE.
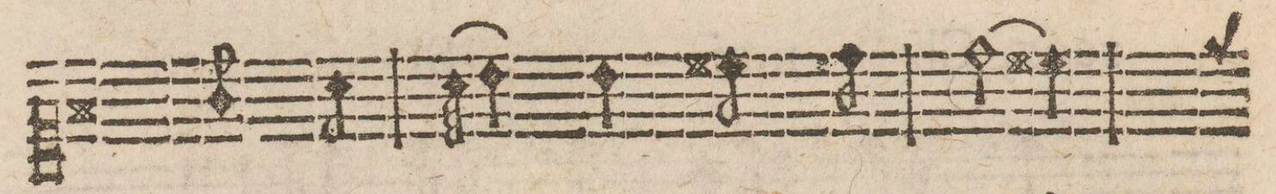


L'Au-ro-re à peine ou-



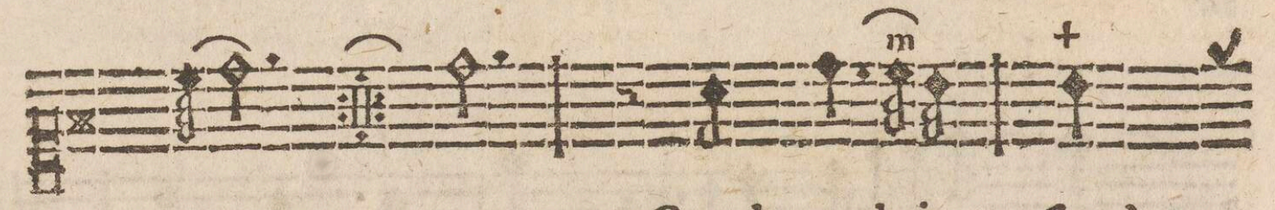
vroit les Cieux, Qu'à la fa-veur
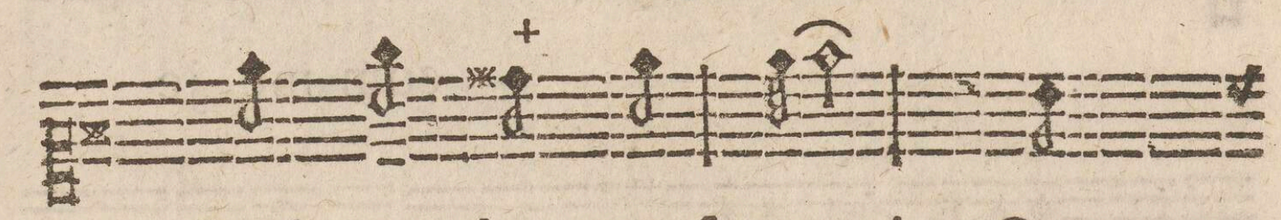


d'un Son-ge of-fi-ci-eux, Je
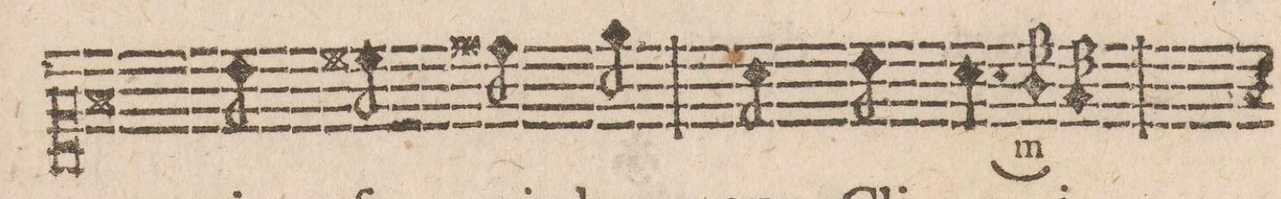


vous croy-ois moins in-hu-mai-



ne: ne: Quels plai-firs?
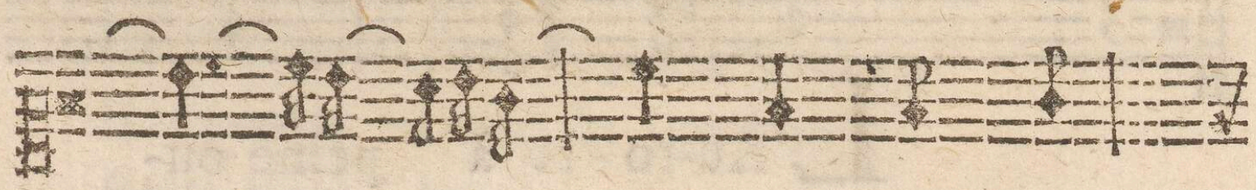


Quels ar-dens tranſ-ports! Que



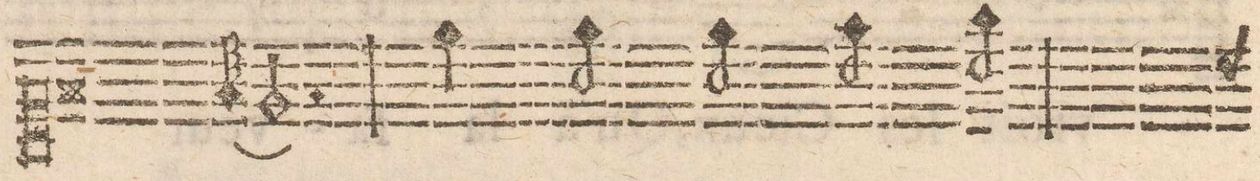
je ſe-rois heu-reux Cli-mei-
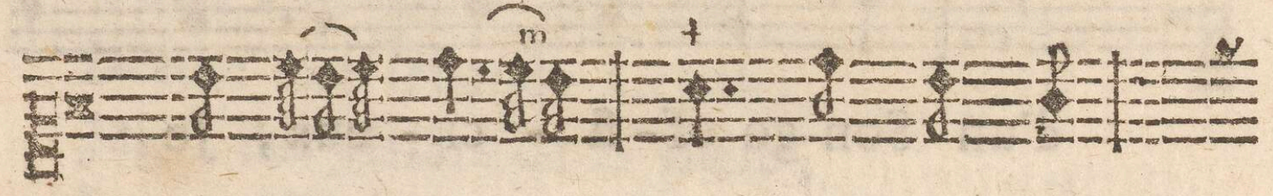


ne, Si je veil - lois - -
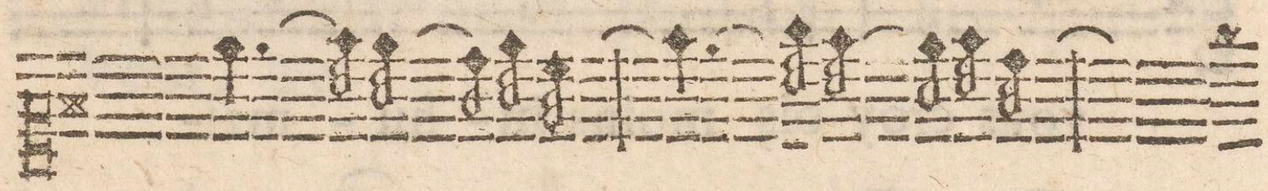


- - - Com - me je
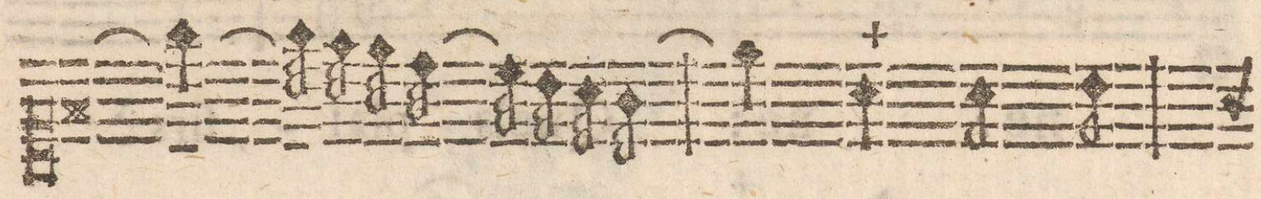


dors, Que je ſe - rois heu-



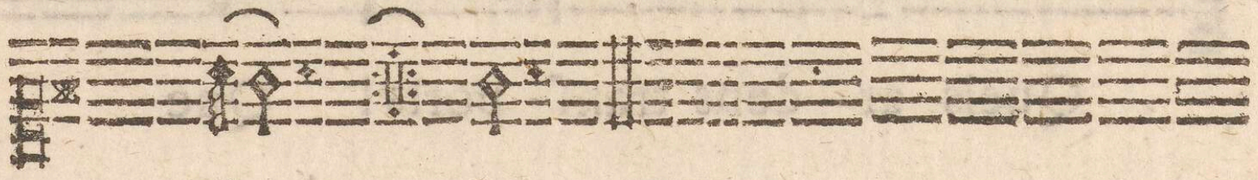
reux Cli - mei - ne, Si je veil-



lois - - -
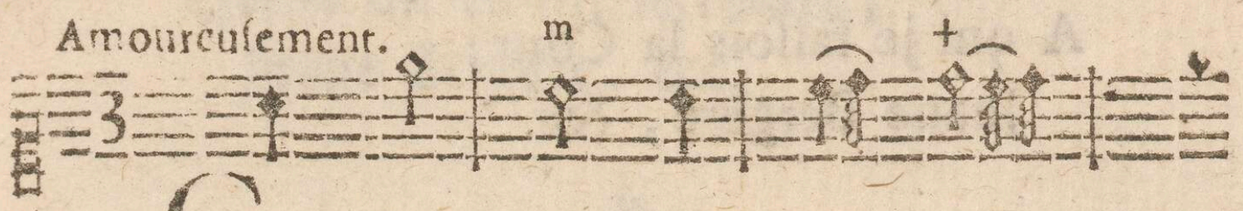


- - - - com-me je

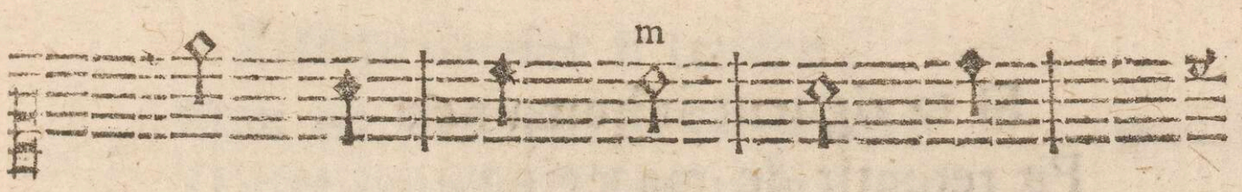


dors. dors.
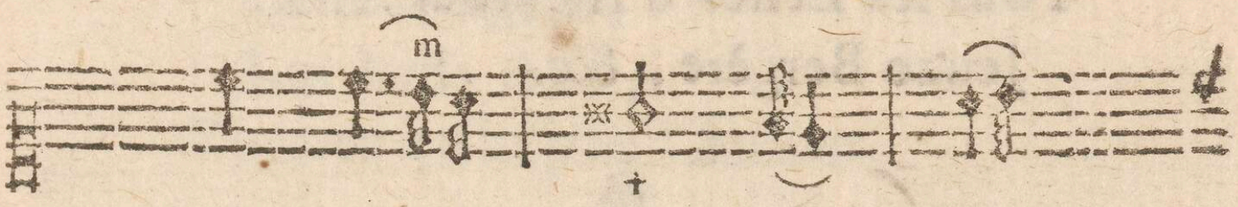
LA PLAINTE UTILE.
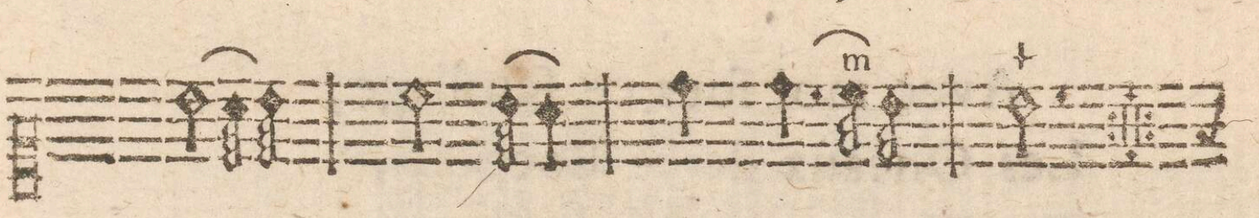


CO- lin près de ſa Li-
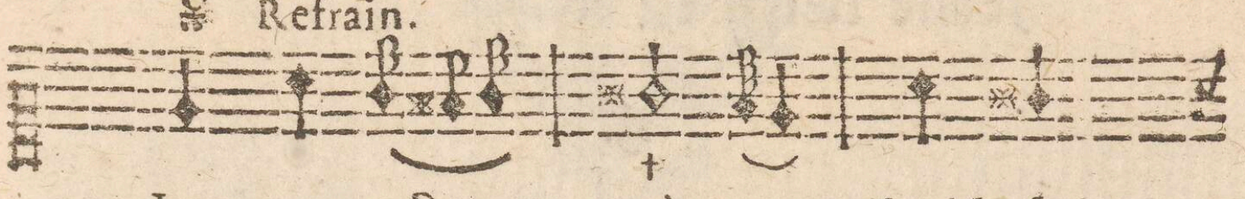


ſet - te, Lui chan - toit ſur
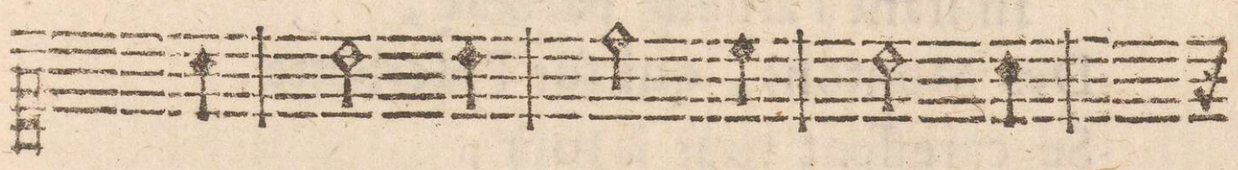


ſa Mu - ſet - te, En



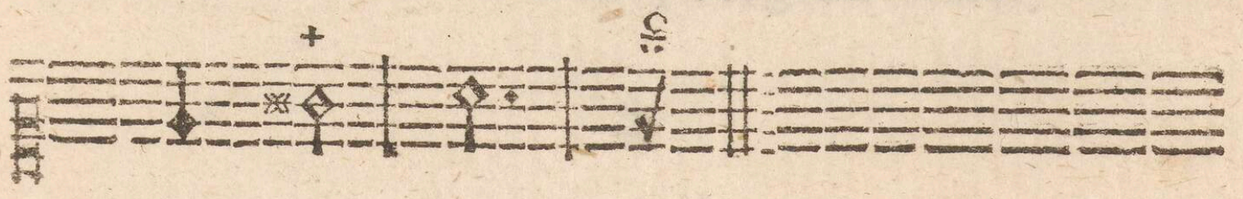
ſou - pi-rant l'au - tre jour:



Jeu-ne Ber - gè - re, Laiſ-ſe



moi fai- re, Ce que m'in-ſpi-



re l'A-mour. Jeu-, &c.

Puiſque pour t'être fidelle,
J'ai quitté plus d'une Belle,
A qui je faiſois la Cour;
Jeune Bergère, &c.

Si ta rigueur inhumaine,
Fit retentir de ma peine,
Tous les Echos d'Alentour;
Jeune Bergère, &c.

Avec moi ſous ce feuïllage,
Les Oiſeaux de ce Boccage,
Te diſent cent fois le jour;
Jeune Bergère, &c.

Imitant l'ardeur parfaite,
Des Moutons, qui ſur l'Herbette,
Se careſſent tour à tour;
Jeune Bergère, &c.

Pro-

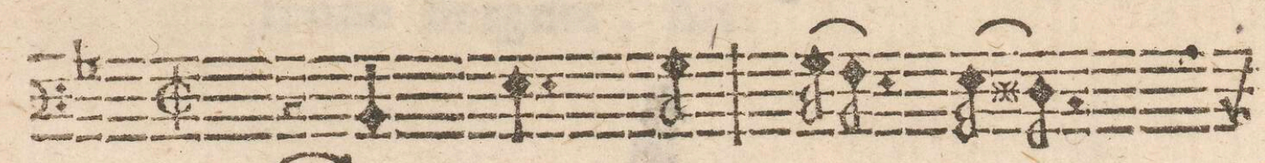
Profitons de la Jeuneſſe,
Puiſqu'il n'eſt plus de tendreſſe,
Quand on eſt ſur le retour;
Jeune Bergère, &c.

Liſette devint ſi tendre,
Que ne pouvant ſe défendre,
D'être ſenſible à ſon tour;
Cette Bergère,
Lui laiſſa faire,
Tout ce qu'inſpire l'Amour.

Pro-
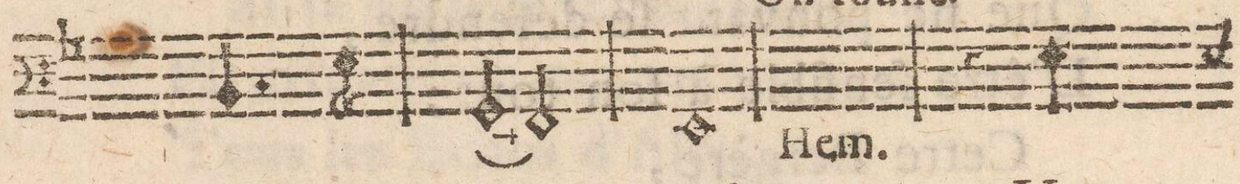
LE RHUME.

RECIT DE BASSE.



Comment vou - lez - vous

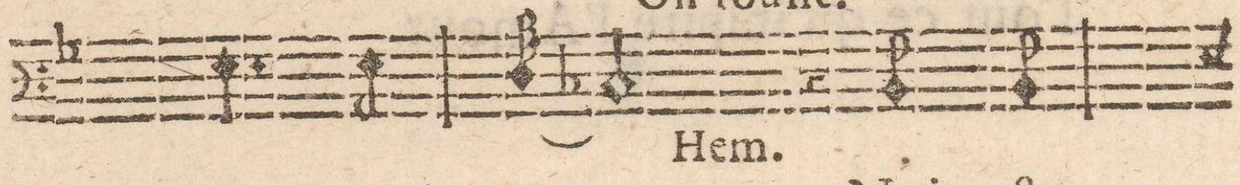
On touſſe.



Hem.

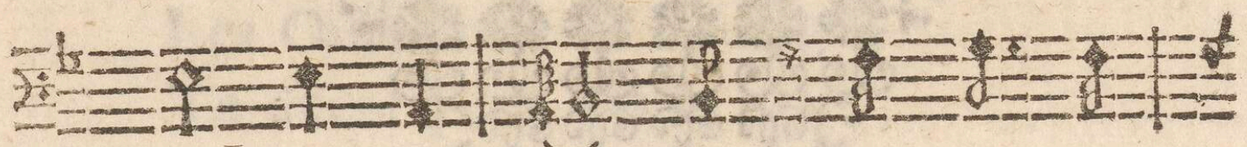
que je chan - te? Un

On touſſe.
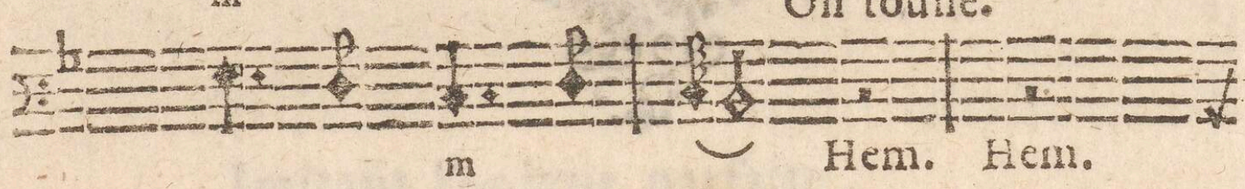


Hem.

Rhume af - freux, Nuit &



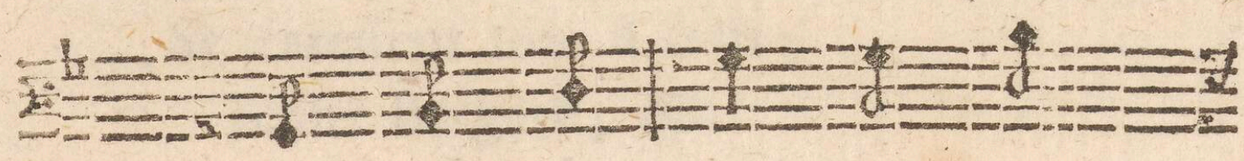
jour me tour-men- te, Et je ne

m On touſſe.



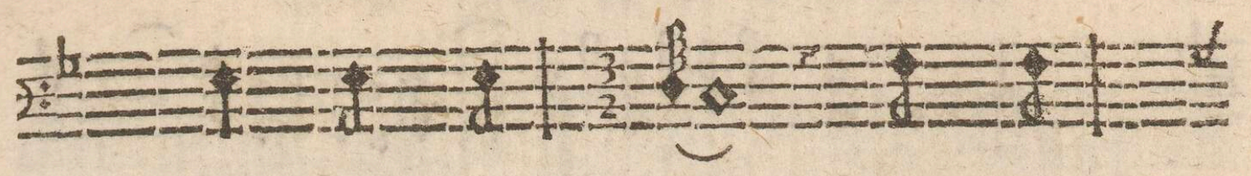
m Hem. Hem.

ceſ- ſe de touſ- ſer;
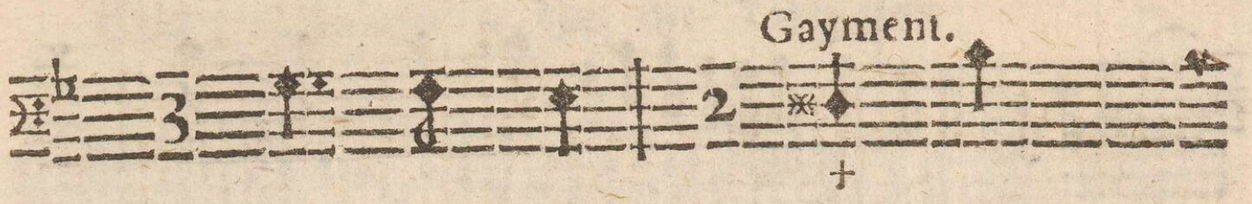


Le mal aug- mente, il m'é-

touffe,



touf- fe, je meurs! Hâ - tez-

Gayment.
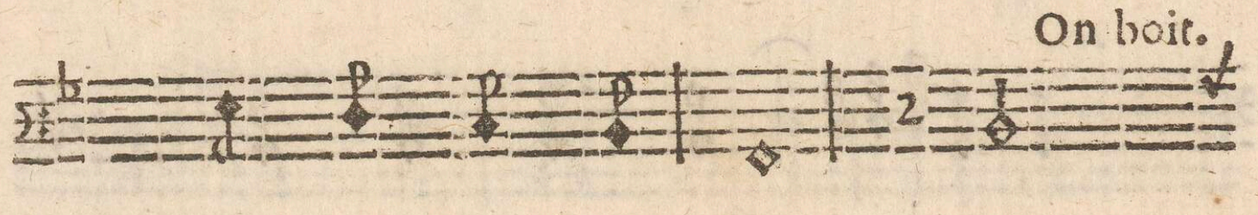


vous de ver - ſer, Ver-

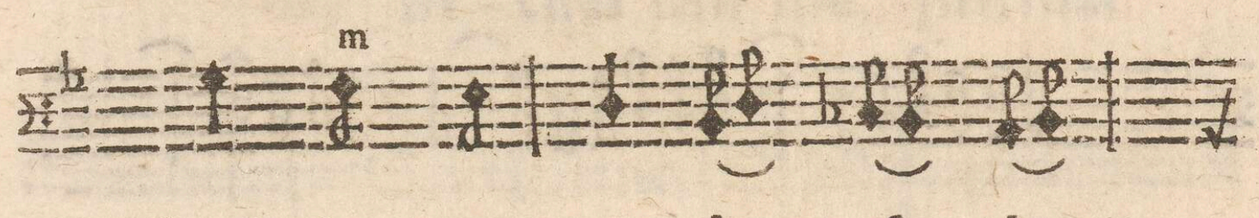


ſez, ver - ſez tout plein, la

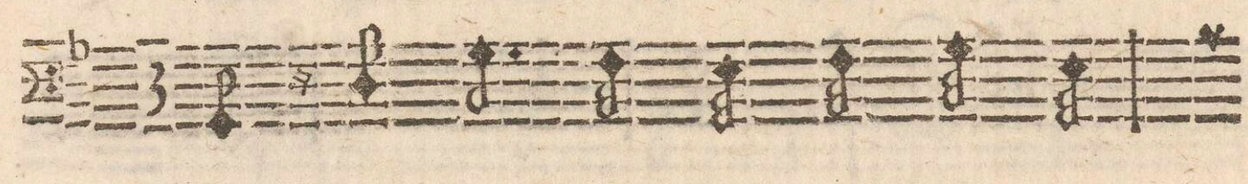
On boit.
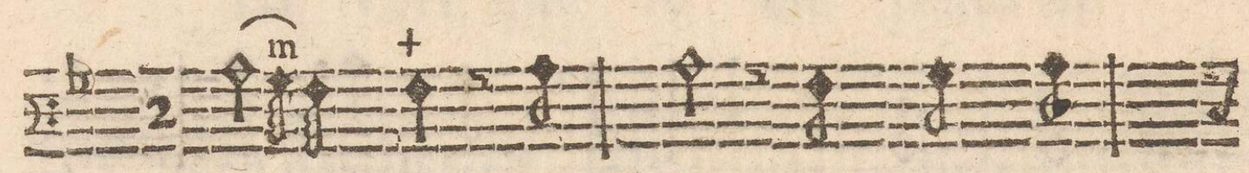


toux eſt vi - o - len - te.



Quel chan - ge - ment doux & char-
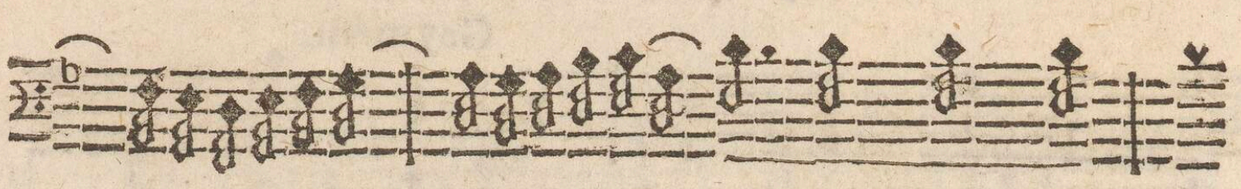


mant, A pei-ne ai-je vui - dé mon



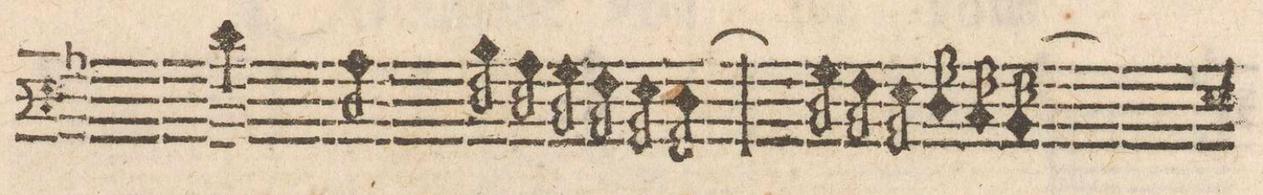
Ver - re, Dé - ja mes ſons bril-
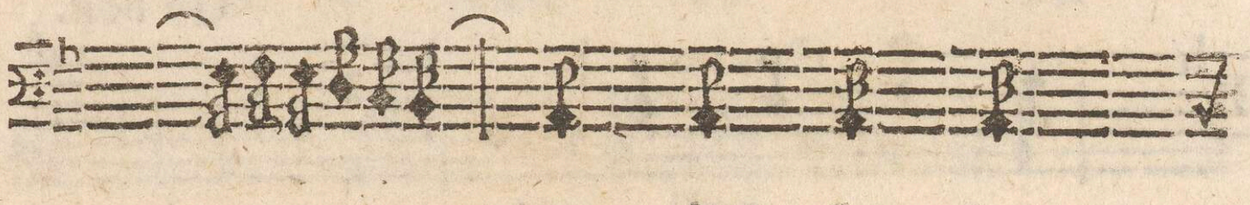


lans, S'é-lan - - -



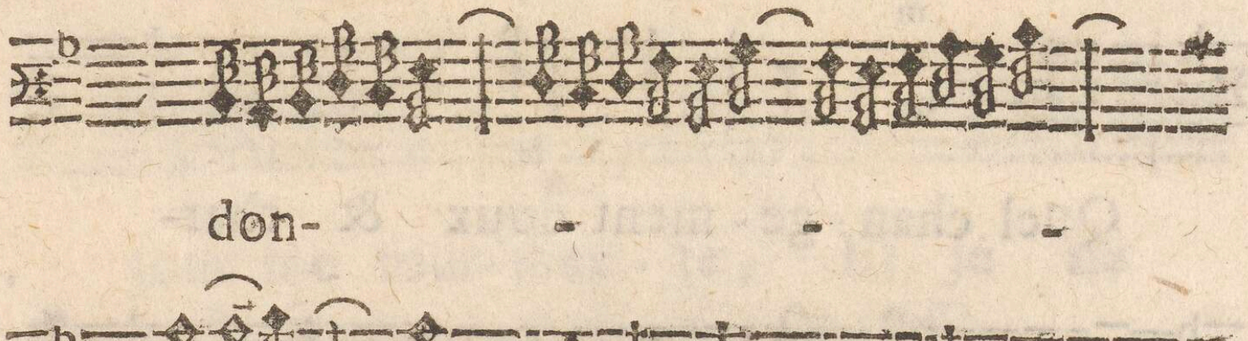
- - - - ce dans les



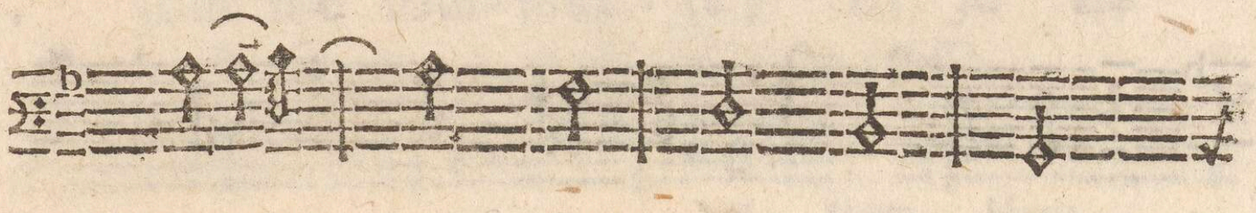
Airs; Je rou- - -
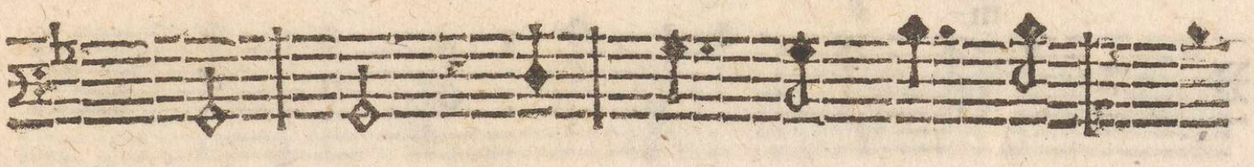


- - - le, Je fre-



don- - - -
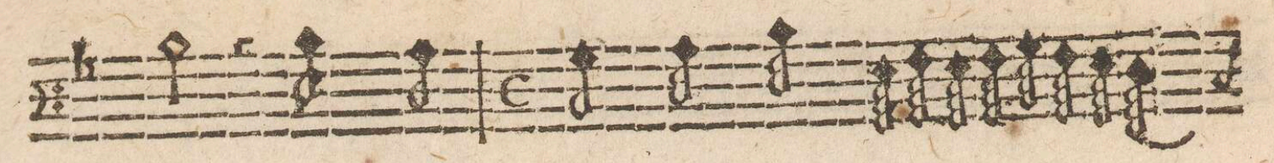


- - ne & du fond des



En - fers, J'é - le - ve mes é-
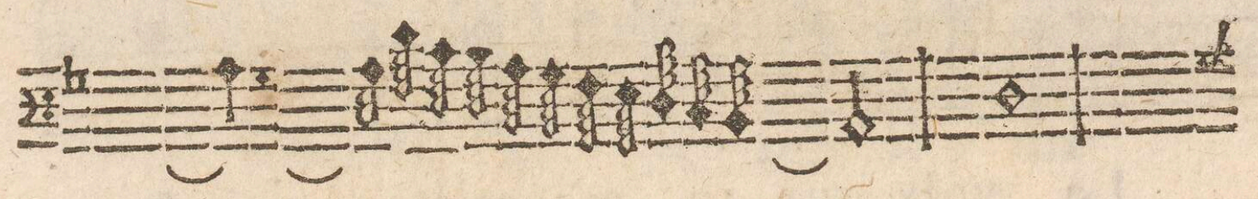
clats,



clats, Au- deſ - ſus du Ton-ner -
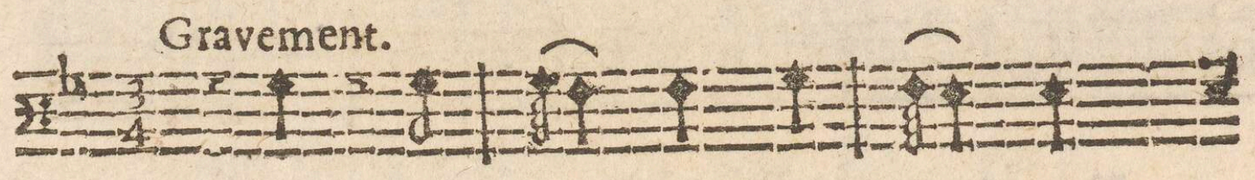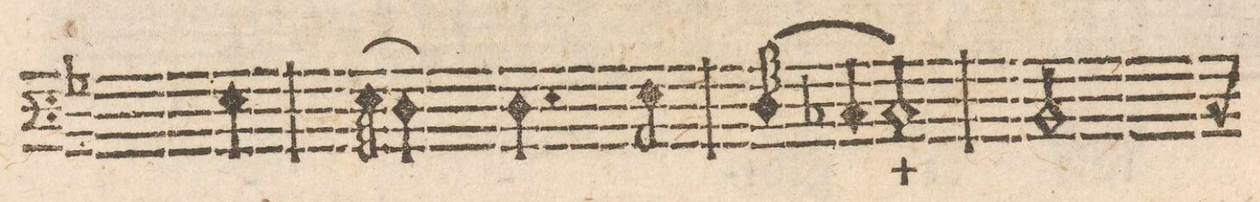


- - - -



- - - - re.

Gravement.

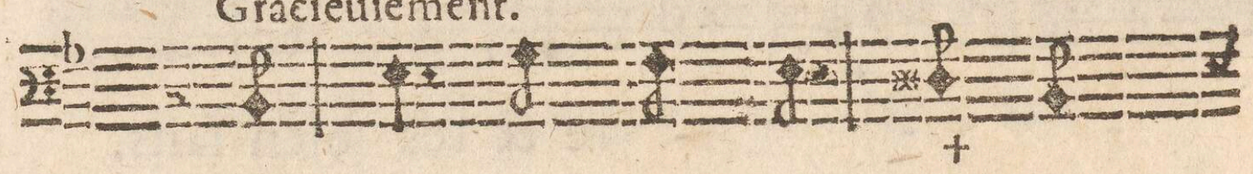


O, Ba - chus ſans ton Jus, tout
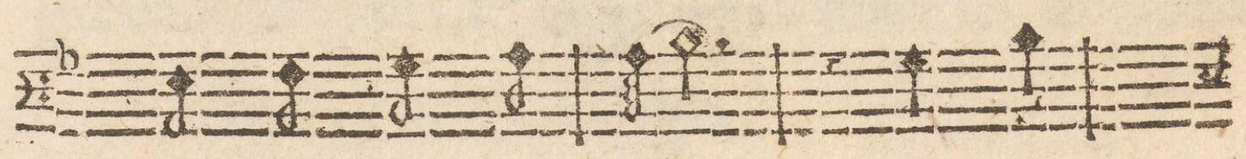


lan - guit ſur la Ter - re!

Gracieuſement.

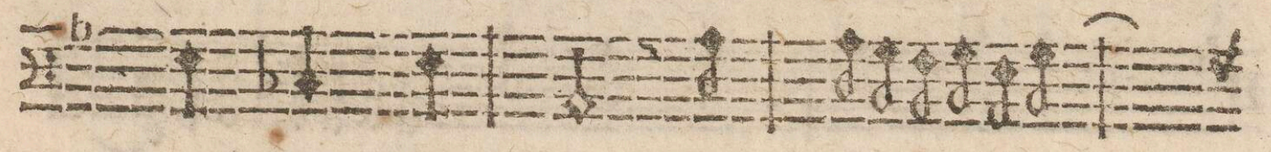


La voix que tu me rends ne
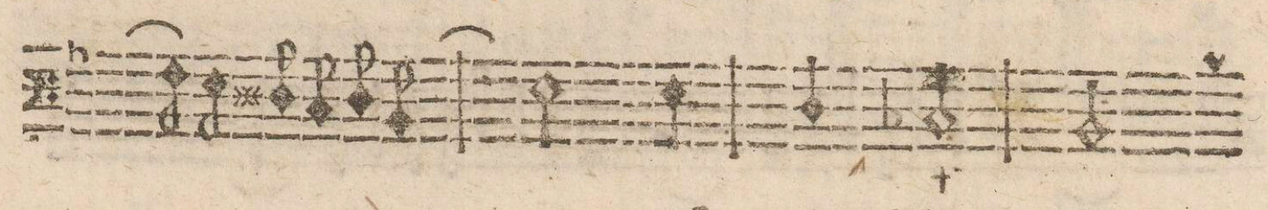


ceſ - ſe - ra ja - mais, D'annon-
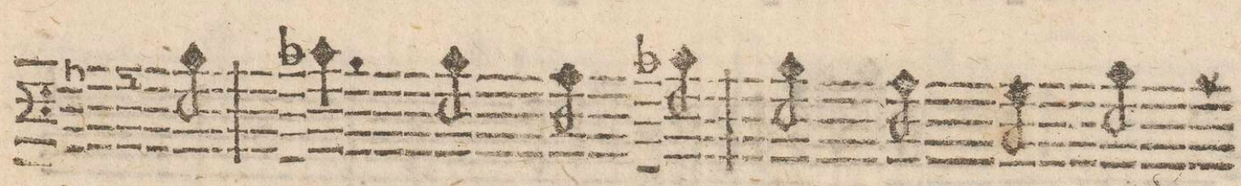
cer
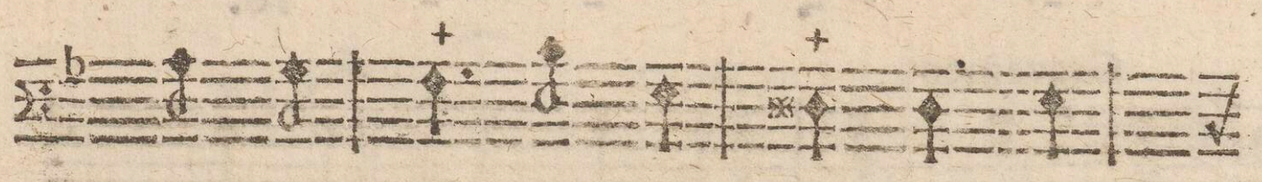


cer aux Mor - tels ta gloi- -



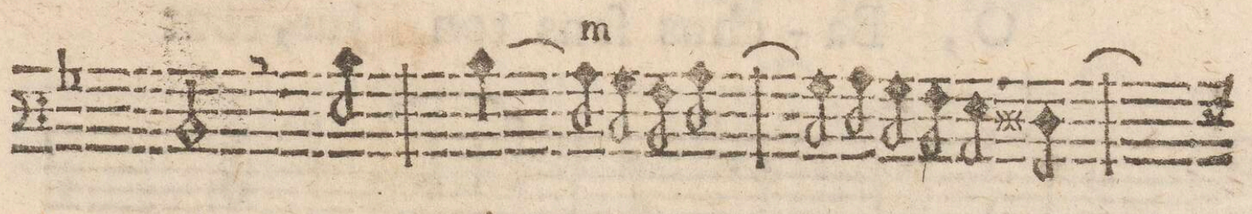
- - - re & tes bien - faits.



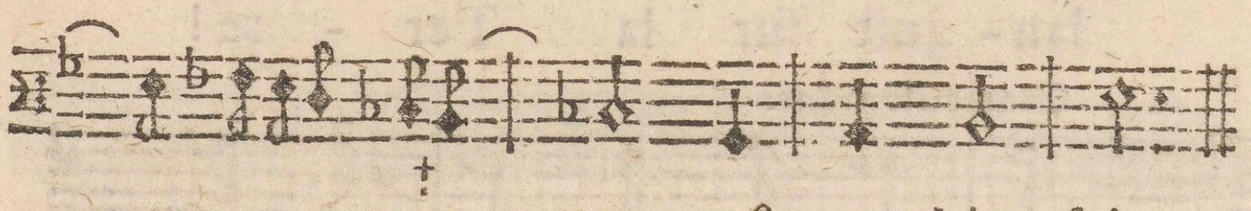
La voix que tu me rends ne ceſ - ſe.



ra ja - mais, D'annon - cer aux Mor-



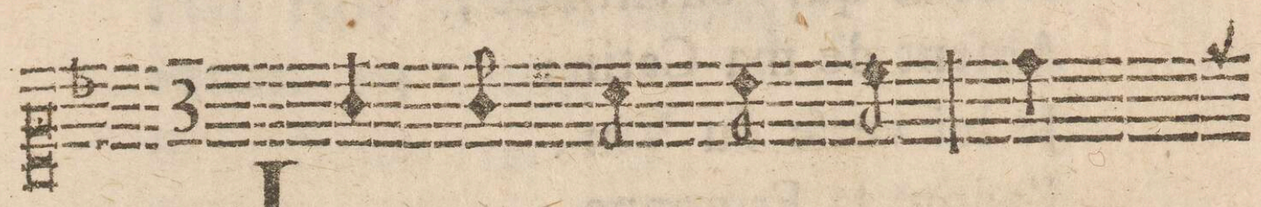
tels ta gloi- - -



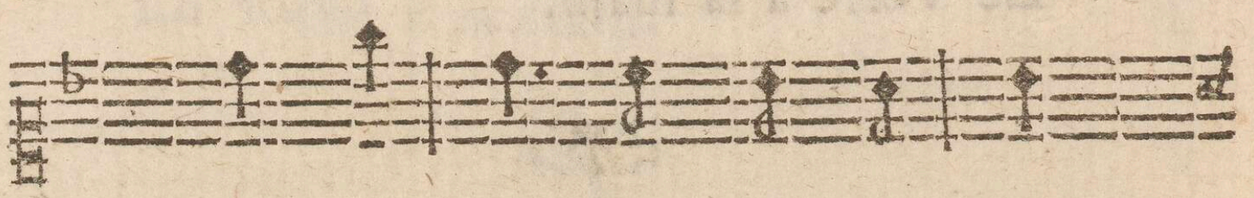
- - - re & tes bien-faits,

RON-

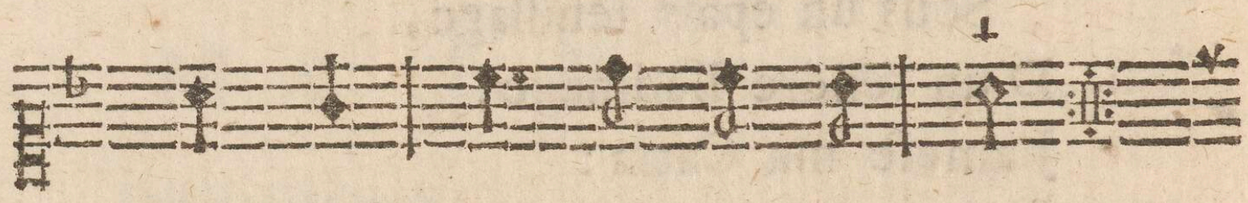
VAUDEVILLE.



LE plai- ſir de la Ta-
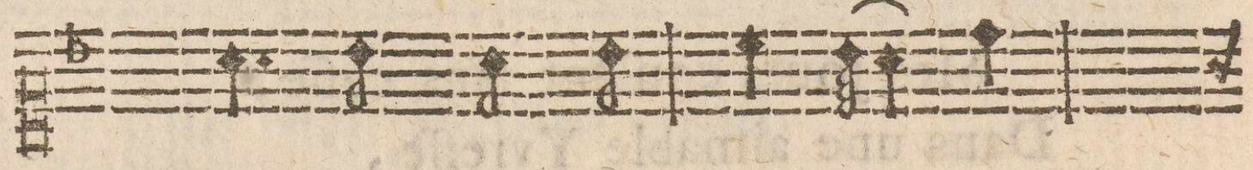


ble, Ne me pa- roît ai - ma-
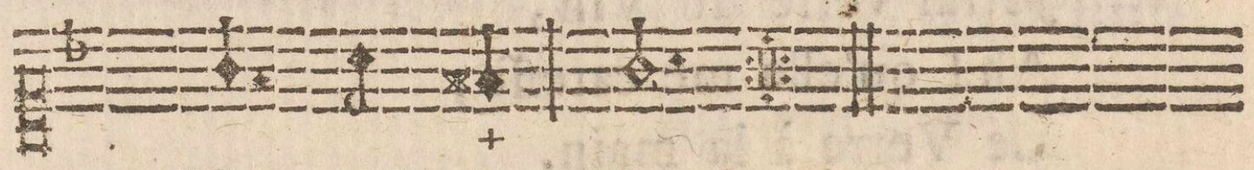


ble, Qu'au- près de ma Ca - tin:



Je lui ver - ſe du Vin, Ah!



qu'el-le eſt a - gré - a - ble, Le



Ver- re à la Main.

Je fuirois la Couronne,
L'éclat qui l'environne,
Abſent de ma Catin;
Je lui verſe du Vin,
J'adore la Friponne,
Le Verre à la main.

Sous un épais feuillage,
D'un tendre Badinage,
J'amuſe ma Catin:
Je lui verſe du Vin,
Elle n'eſt point ſauvage,
Le Verre à la main.

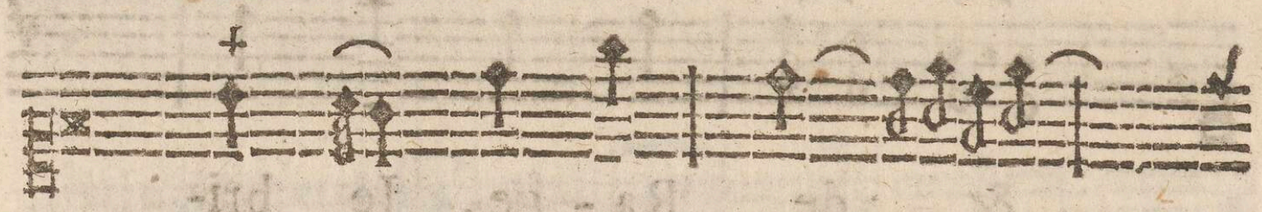
Mes jours coulent ſans ceſſe,
Dans une aimable Yvreſſe,
Content de ma Catin;
Je lui verſe du Vin,
Ah! qu'elle me careſſe,
Le Verre à la main.

Belles qu'Amour engage,
Pour faire un bon ménage,
Imitez ma Catin;
Si je l'aime ſans Vin,
Je l'aime d'avantage,
Le Verre à la main.
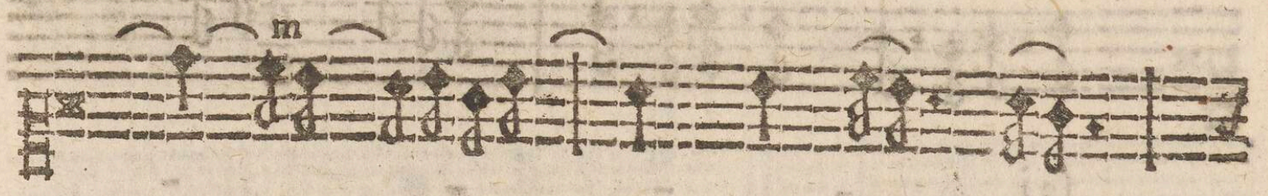
MUSETTE.



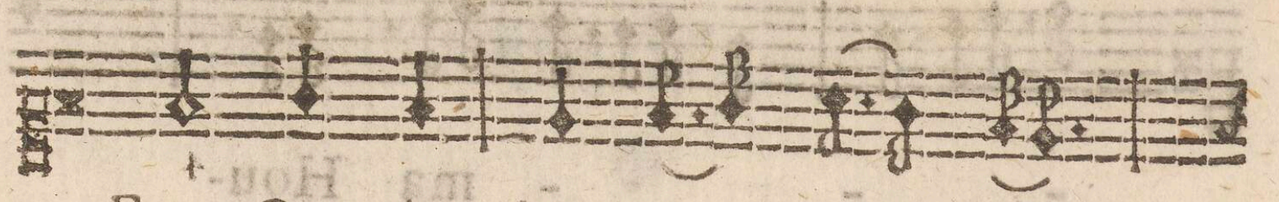
L'A'u-tre jour ſur ma Mu-



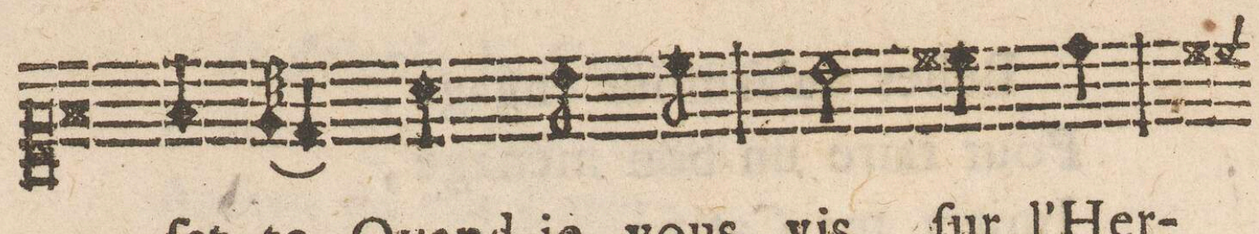
ſet - te, Je chan - tois-



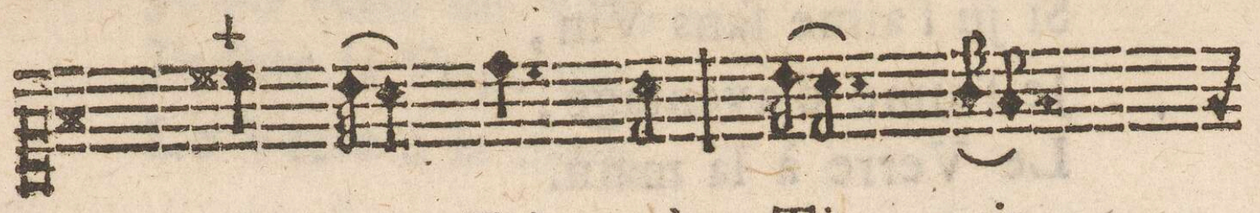
- - - les ten - dres



Feux, Que je ſens pour vous Li-



ſet-te, Quand je vous vis ſur l'Her-

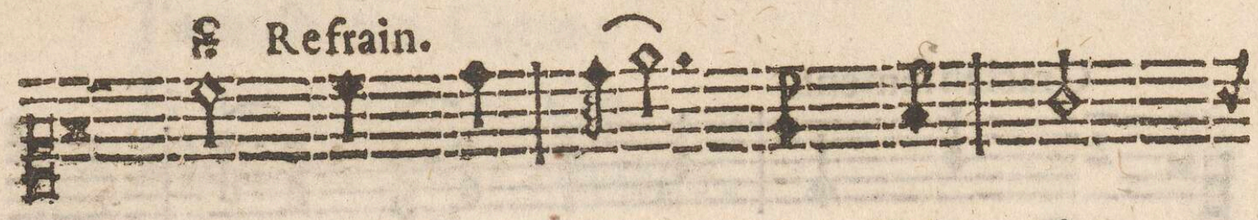


bet-te, Fai-re à Tir-cis

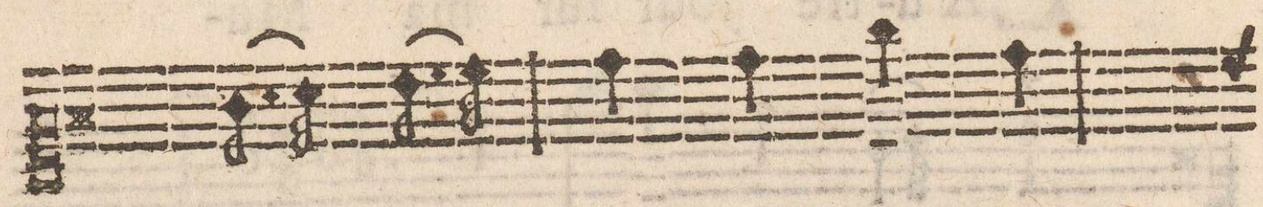


les doux yeux: yeux: Pé-né-

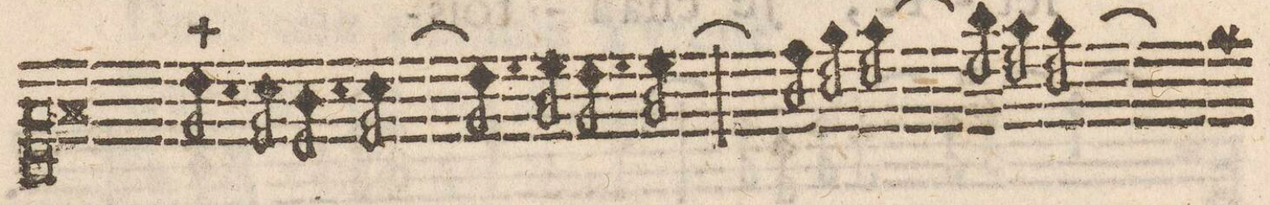
℟. Refrain.



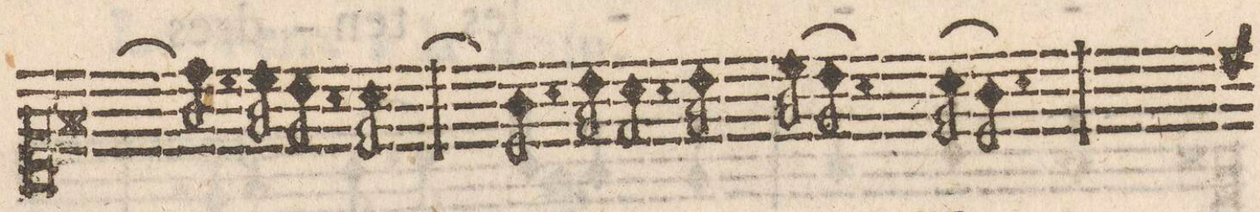
tré de Dou-leur, de Dé-pit,



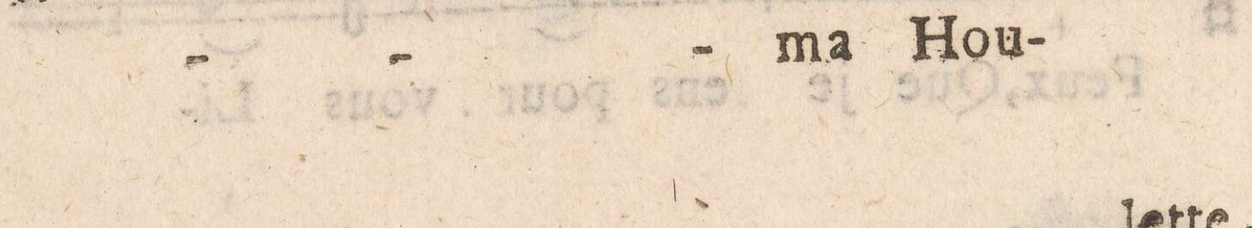
& de Ra-ge, Je bri-



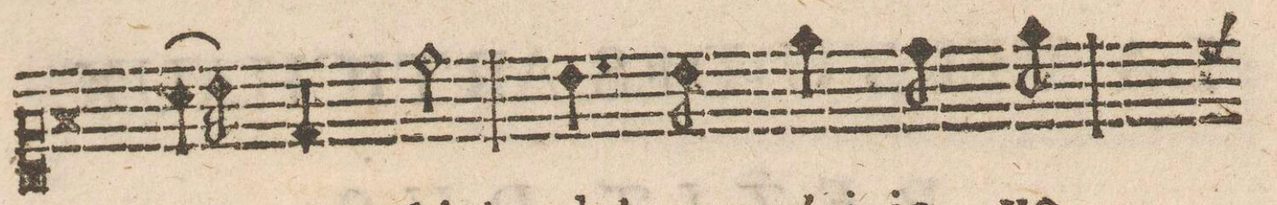
ſai - - - -



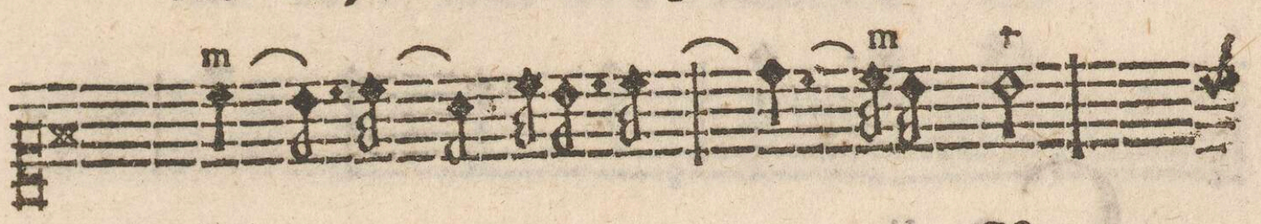
- - - ma Hou-
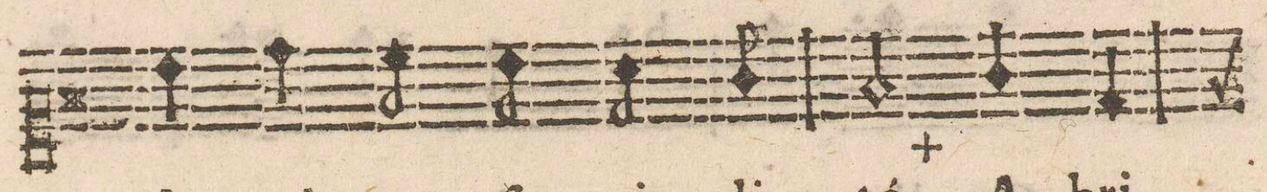


lette,
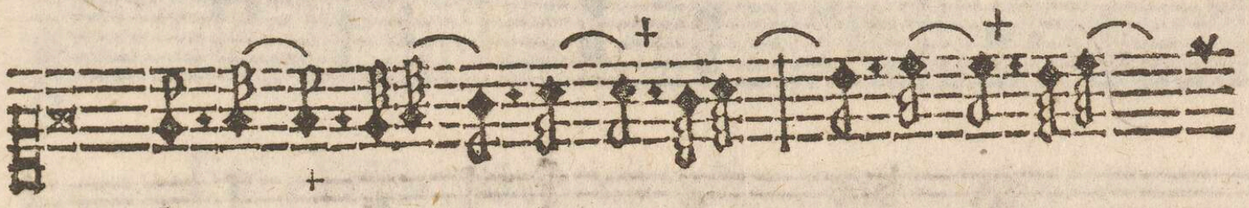


let-te, Ah! ah! que n'ai-je vo-
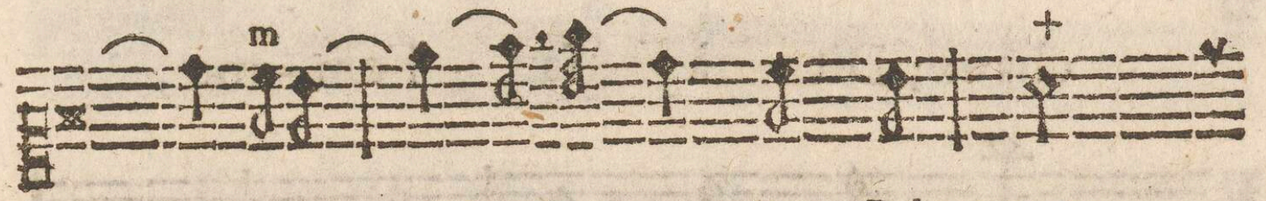


la- - - ge,
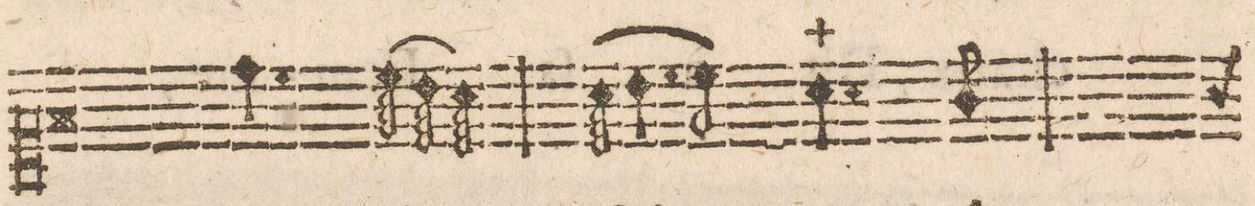


la mê-me fa-ci- li- té, A bri-



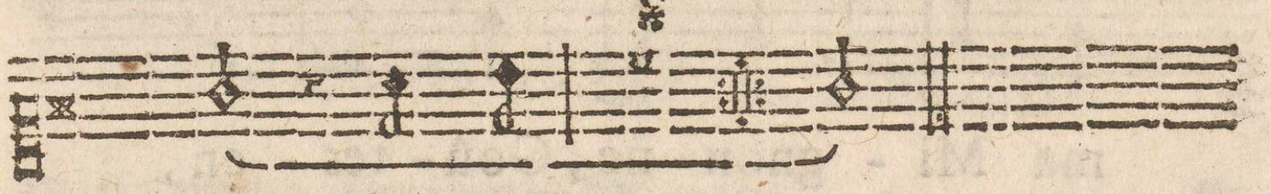
ſer - - - -



- - - les Li- ens
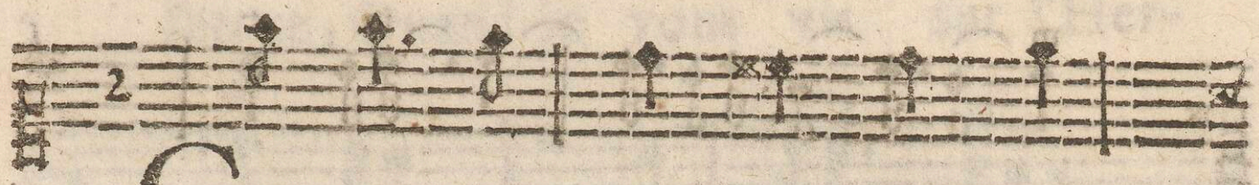


ou je ſuis ar- rê-



té. Pé- né-, &c. té.

LA VERTU DES ARTICHAUX.
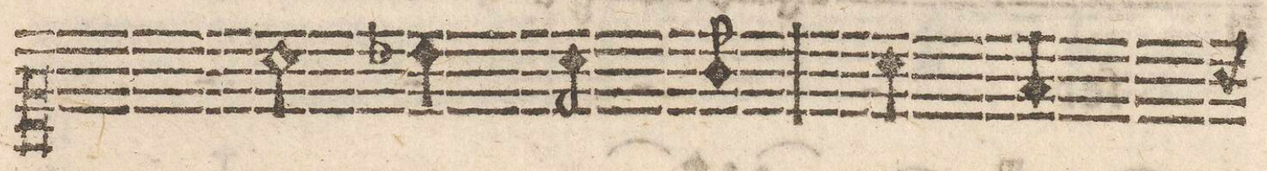
PETIT DUO.
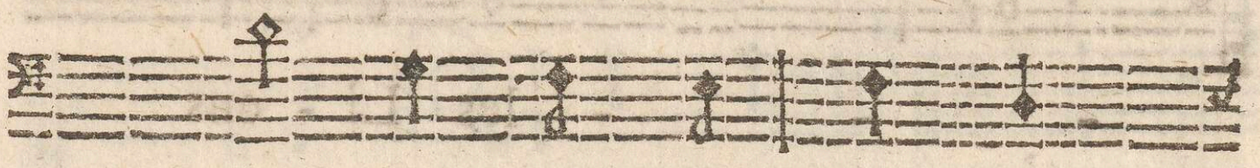


Co-lin man-geant des Ar-ti-



Co-lin man-geant des Ar-ti-



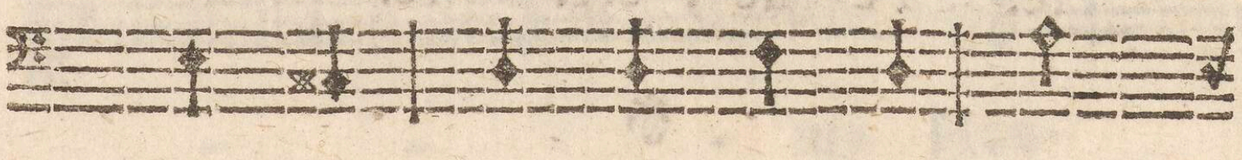
chaux, Dit à ſa Fem-me,



chaux, Dit à ſa Fem-me,



ma Mi-gnon-ne, Goû-tes-en,
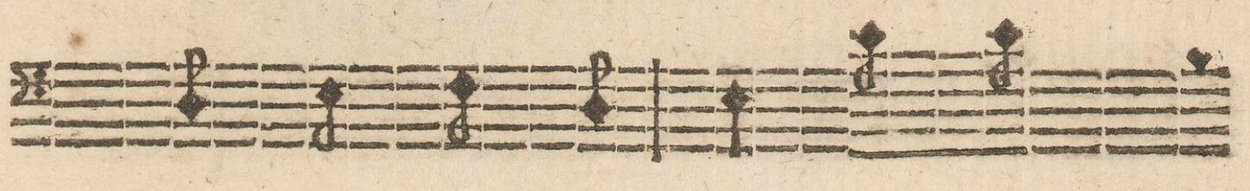


ma Mi-gnon-ne, Goû-tes-en,

Ils
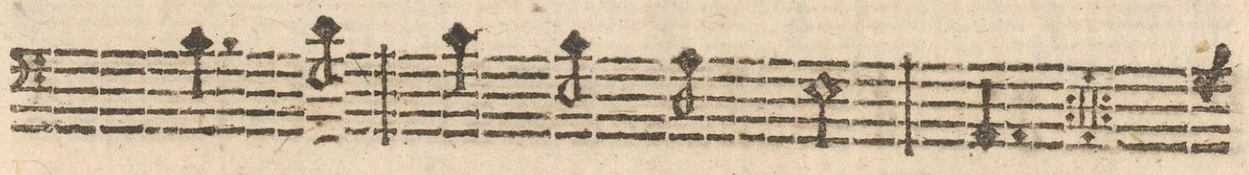


Ils ſont tout nou-veaux, Par ma



Ils ſont tout nou-veaux, Par ma



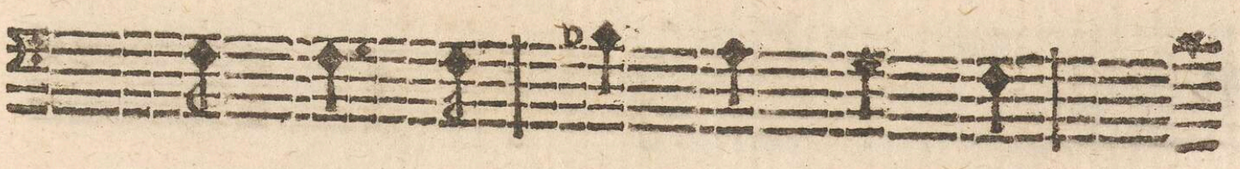
Foi, l'Eſ- pèce en eſt bon - ne:



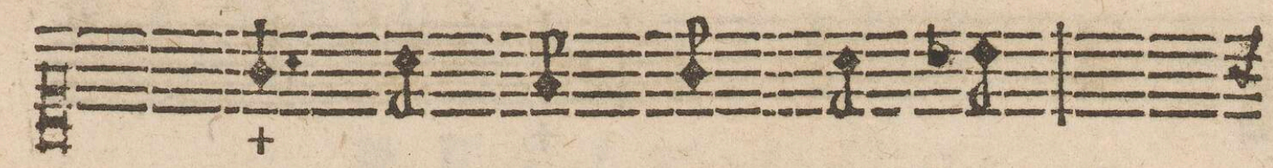
Foi, l'Eſ- pèce en eſt bon - ne:



La Bel-le a- vec un doux main-



La Bel-le a- vec un doux main-



tien, Lui dit, Man - ges - les-



tien, Lui dit, Man - ges - les-



toi, que mon Cœur ai - me,



toi, que mon Cœur ai - me,



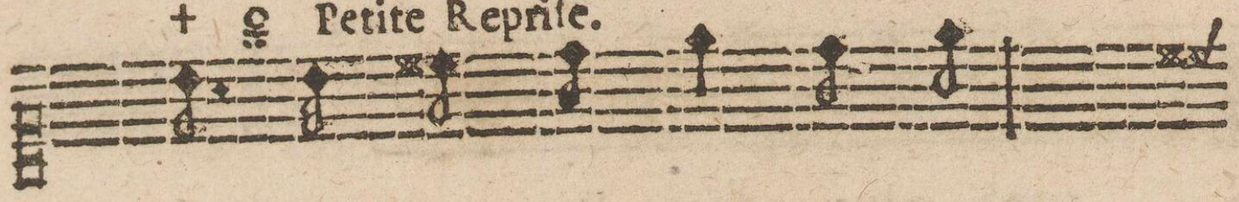
Car ils me fe - ront plus de



Car ils me fe-

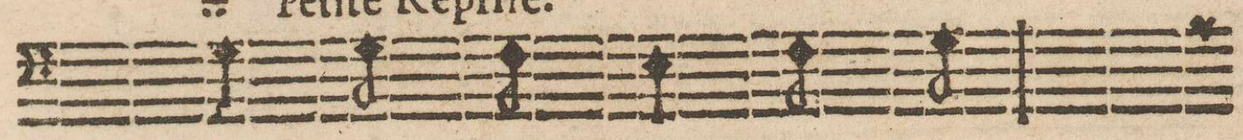
bien,

+ Petite Repriſe.
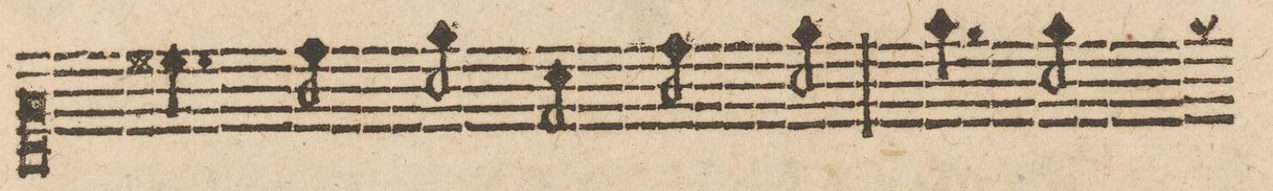


bien, Ils me fe- ront plus de
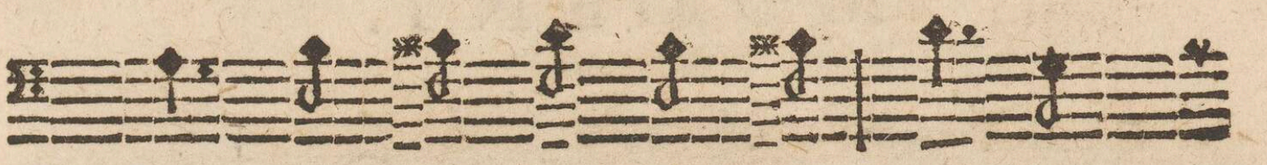
Petite Repriſe.
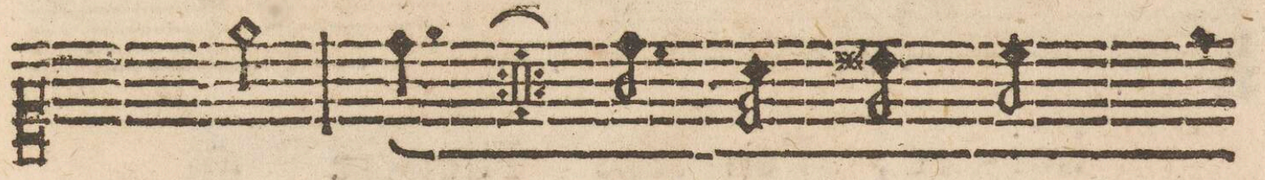


ront plus de bien, plus de
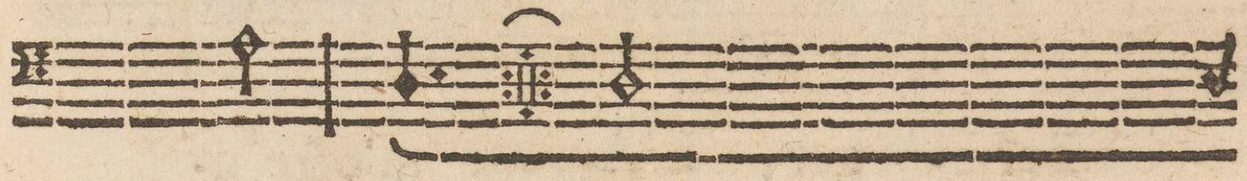


bien, Que ſi je les man-geois moi-



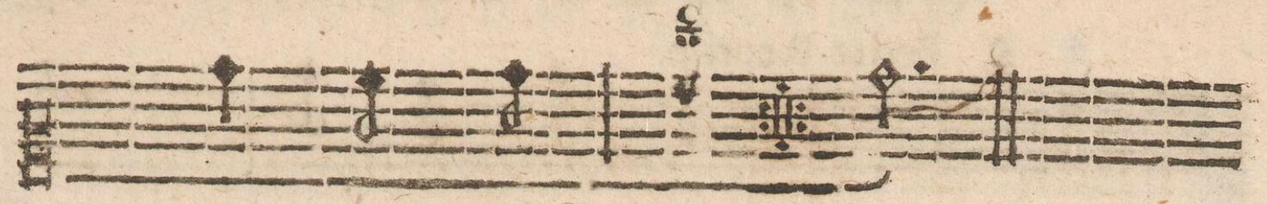
bien, Que ſi je les man-geois moi-



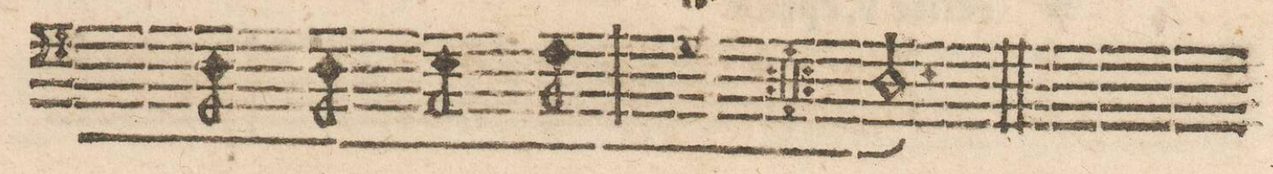
mê - me. me. Ils me fe-



mê - me. me.



ront plus de, &c. me.
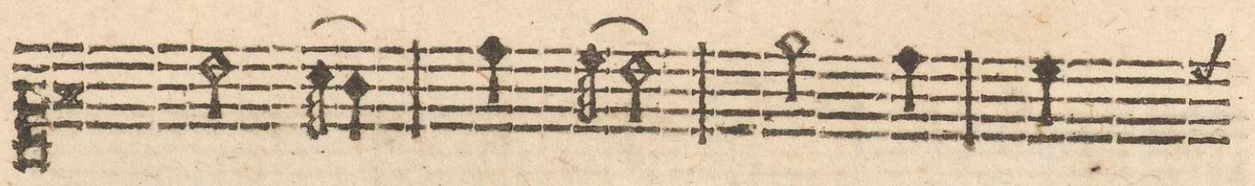


Car ils me fe-, &c. me.

LE POUVOIR D'UN MOMENT.
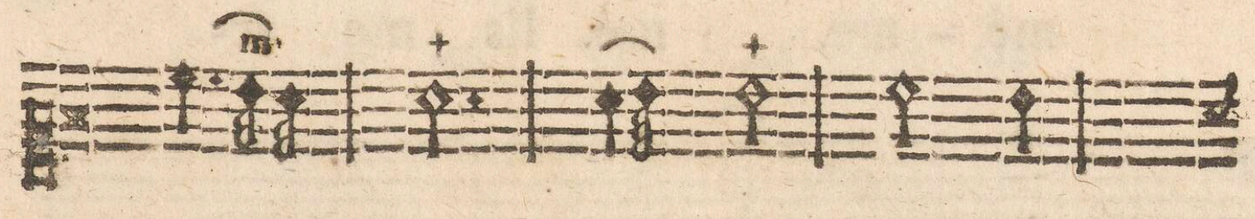
Gracieuſement.



A-Mis je ne veux plus
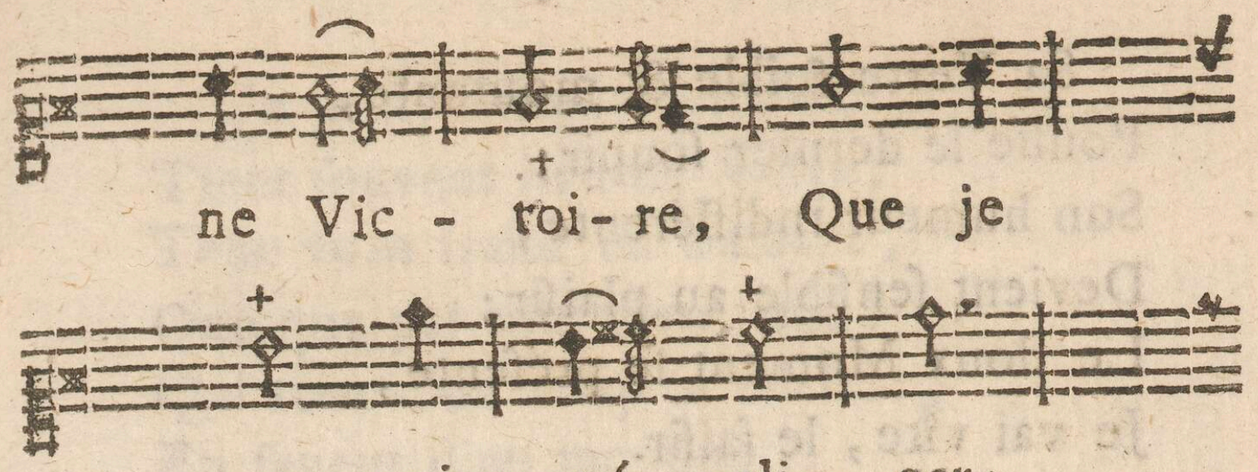


boi- re, J'en-tens l'heu-re du

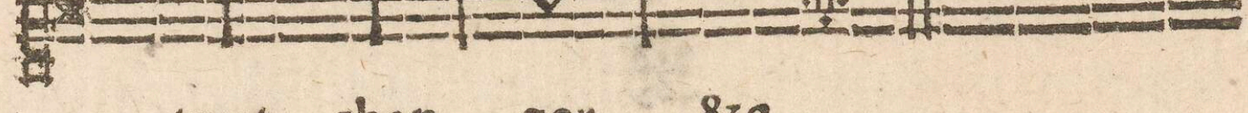


Ber - ger, L'Amour m'ofre u-

ne



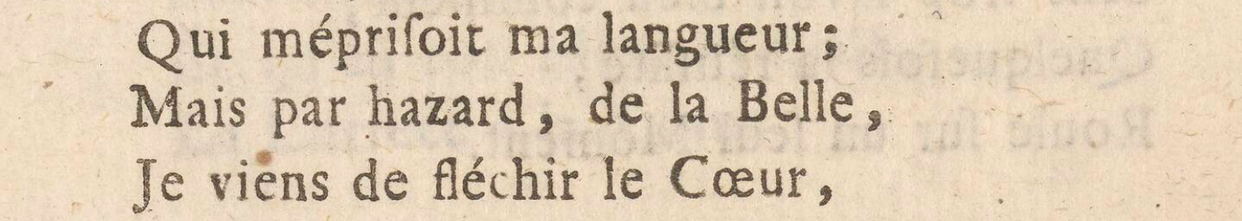
ne Vic - roi - re, Que je



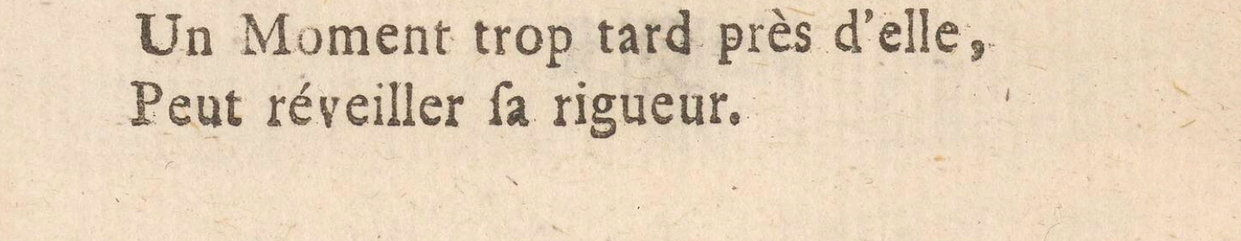
ne puis né - gli - ger;



Ne re - tar - dez pas ma



gloi - re, Un Mo - ment peut



tout chan - ger. &c.

J'adorois une Cruelle,
Qui mépriſoit ma langueur;
Mais par hazard, de la Belle,
Je viens de fléchir le Cœur,
Un Moment trop tard près d'elle,
Peut réveiller ſa rigueur.

Sa Vertu foible & mourante,
Pouſſe le dernier ſoupir;
Son humeur indifférente,
Devient ſenſible au plaiſir;
Le doux Moment ſe préſente,
Je vai vîte, le ſaiſir.

La Conſtance, & la Tendreſſe,
Les Soins, les Soupirs, les Pleurs,
Rarement d'une Maitreſſe,
Nous attirent les faveurs:
Un ſeul Moment de foibleſſe,
Fait plus que deux ans d'ardeurs.

Ce n'eſt point le vrai mérite,
Qui fait un heureux Amant:
On le prend, comme on le quitte,
Sans trop ſavoir bien comment;
Quelquefois la réüſſite,
Roule ſur un ſeul Moment.
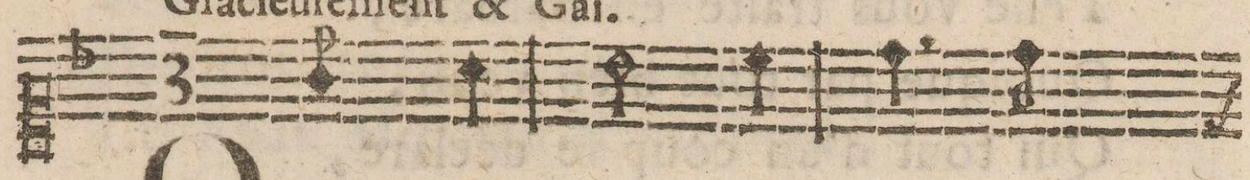
Un je ne ſai quoi bizare,
Tient ſouvent lieu de Vertu;
Telle vous traite en Barbare,
Quoique par tout bien venu,
Qui tout d'un coup ſe déclare,
En faveur d'un inconnu.

Un Magot épouventable,
Tortu d'Eſprit, & de Corps,
Quelquefois, d'une Indomptable,
Triomphe avec peu d'efforts,
Tandis que l'Amant aimable,
Sèche au feu de ſes tranſports.
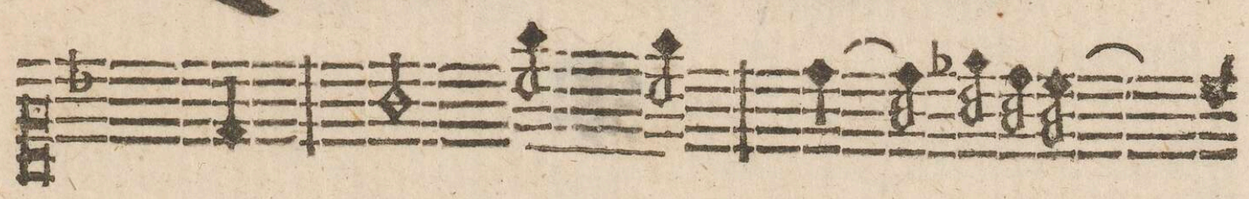
Amis, de cette Morale,
Voici ce que je conclus,
Que telle aujourd'hui Veſtale,
Peut demain ne l'être plus,
Et qu'un bon Moment égale,
La Lucrece à la Vénus.

LE BON GÎTE.
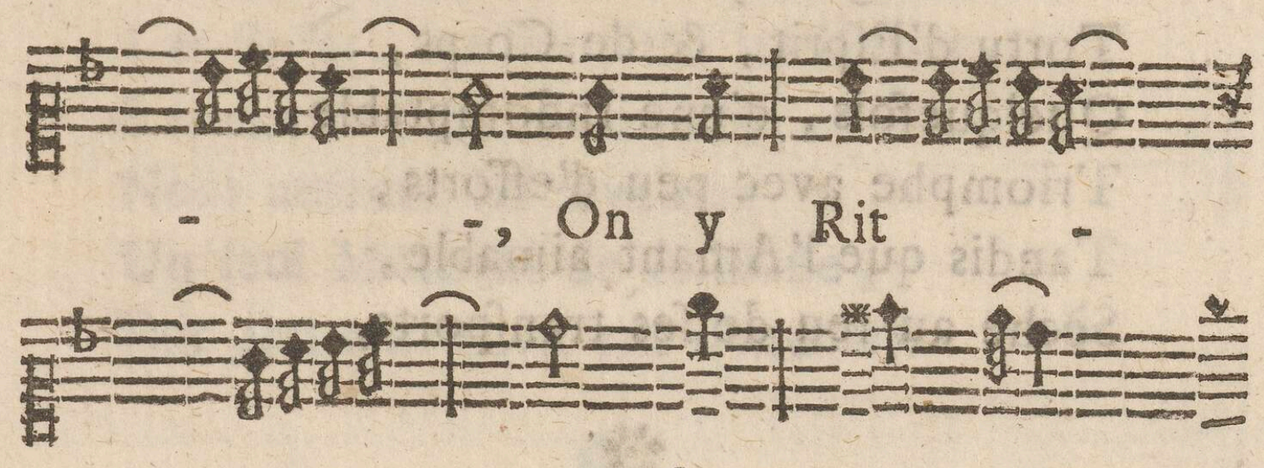
Gracieuſement & Gai.



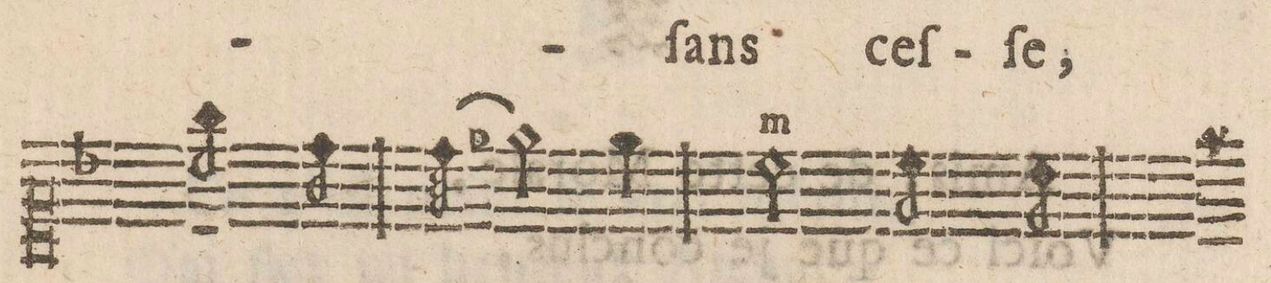
QU'on eſt bien dans cet - te



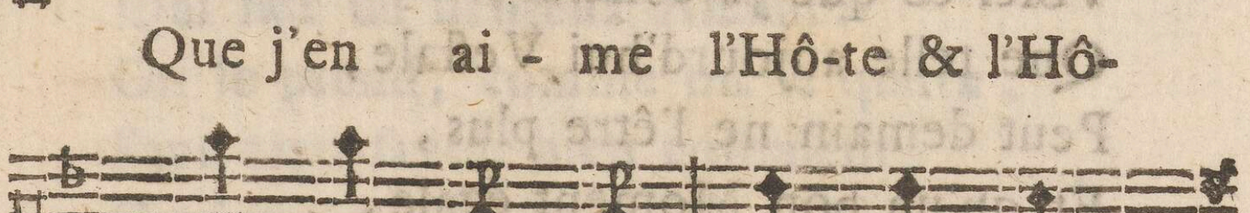
Mai - ſon, On y boit -



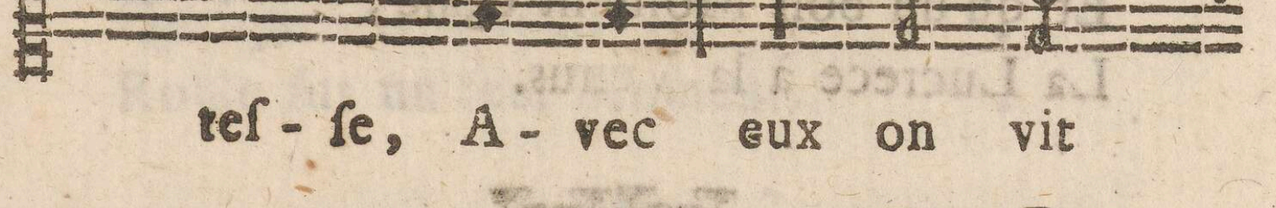
- -, On y Rit -



- - ſans ceſ - ſe,



Que j'en ai - me l'Hô-te & l'Hô-
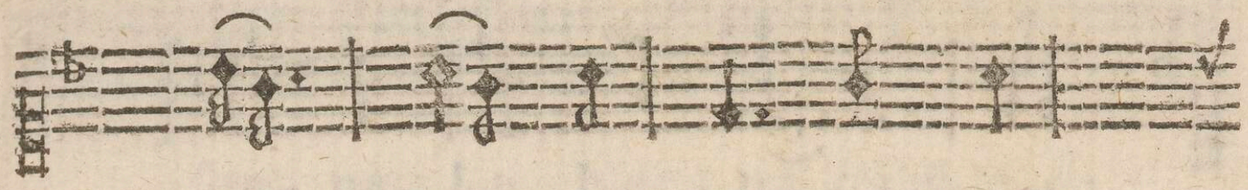


teſ - ſe, A - vec eux on vit

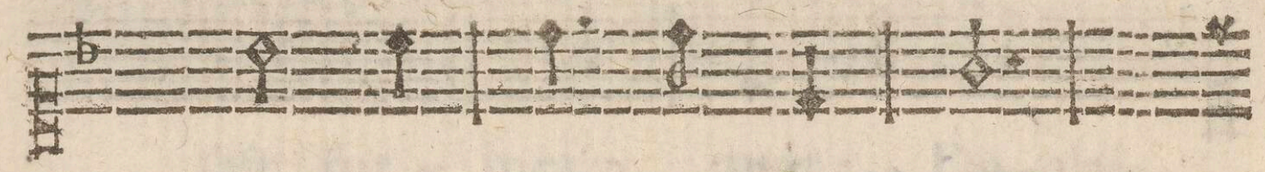


ſans fa - çon, A - vec eux on
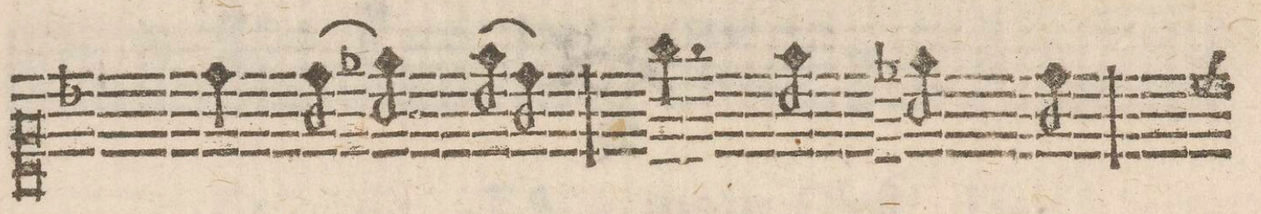
vit
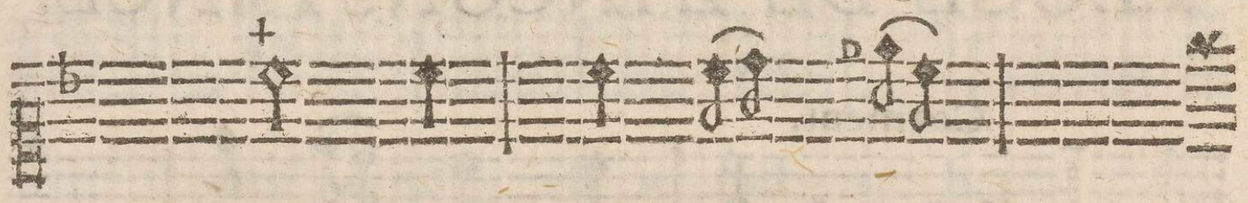


vit ſans fa- çon; Qu'on eſt



bien dans cet- te Mai - ſon,



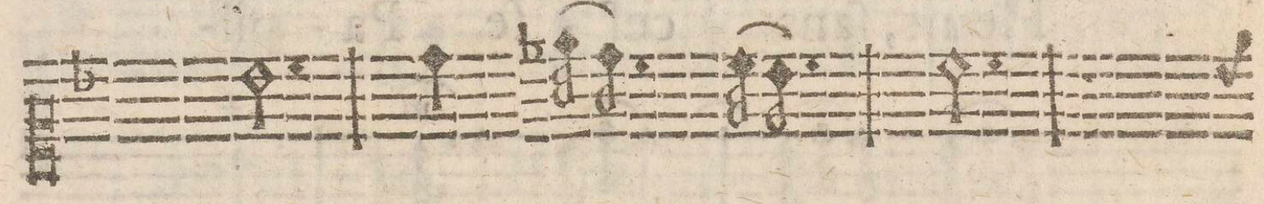
L'Hô-teſ- ſe eſt bel-le & point Ti-



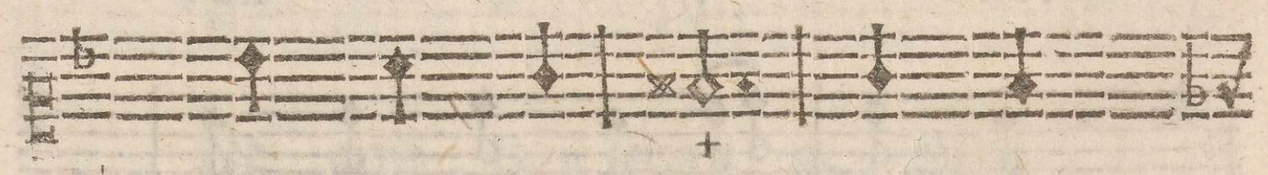
greſ - ſe, L'Hô-teſ - ſe eſt



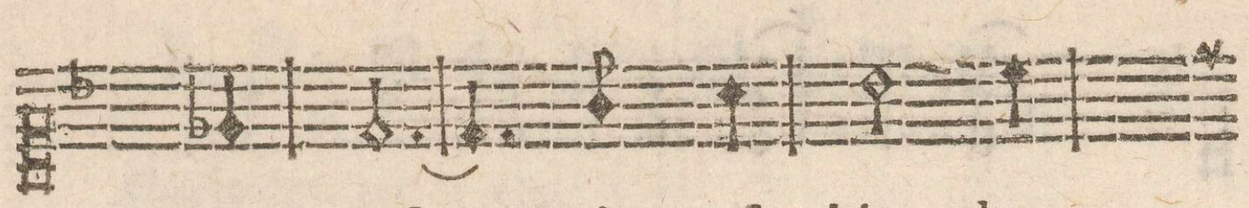
bel - le & point Ti - greſ-



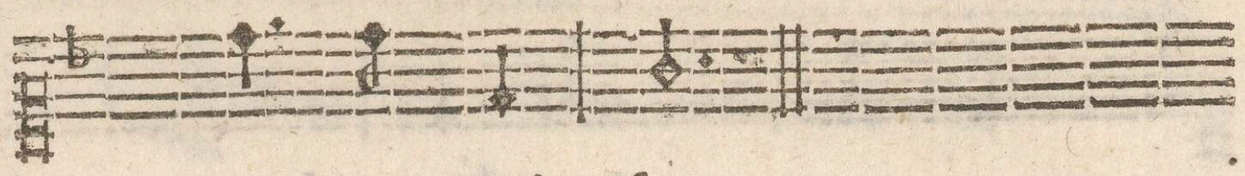
ſe; L'Hô-te en bu - vant,



perd la Rai - ſon, Perd la
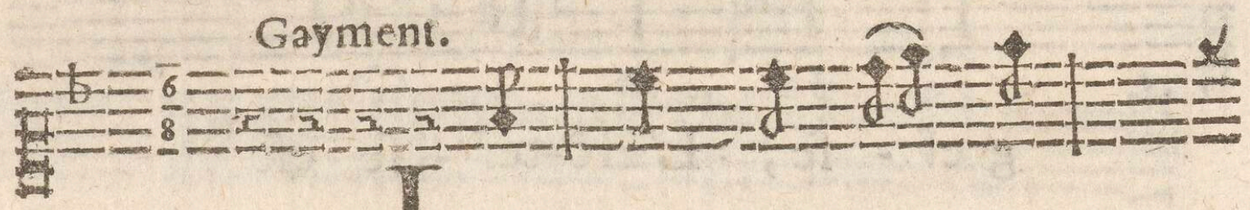


Rai - ſon, Qu'on eſt bien dans



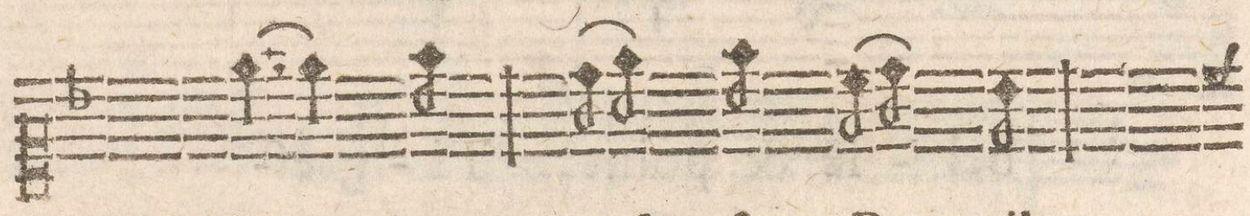
cet - te Mai - ſon.

ELOGE DE L'INCONSTANCE.

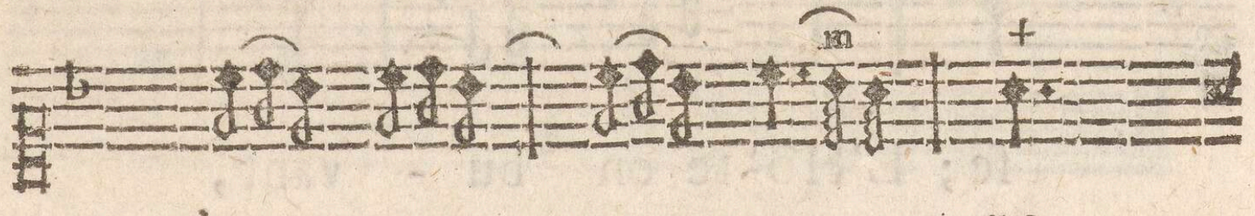
Gayment.
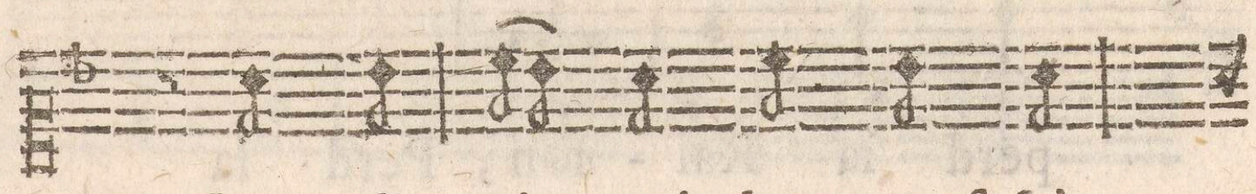


L'A - beil - le ſur les



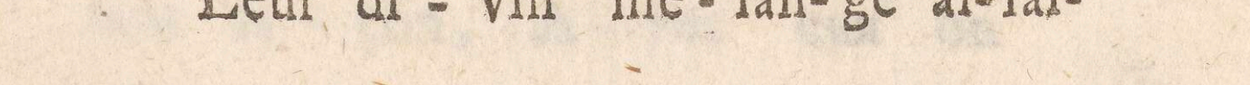
Fleurs, ſans ceſ - ſe Pa - pil-
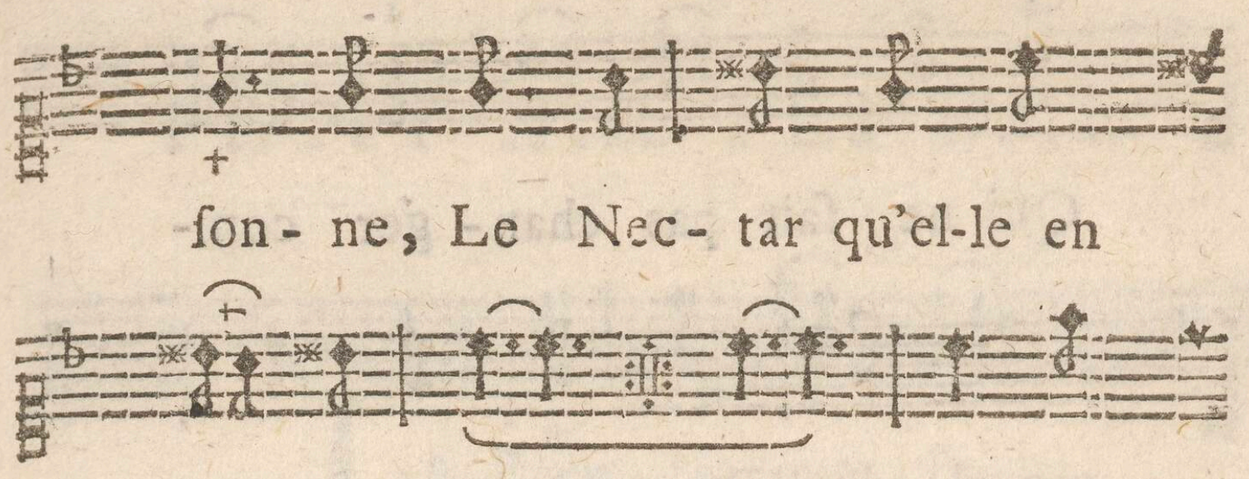


lon- - - - ne,



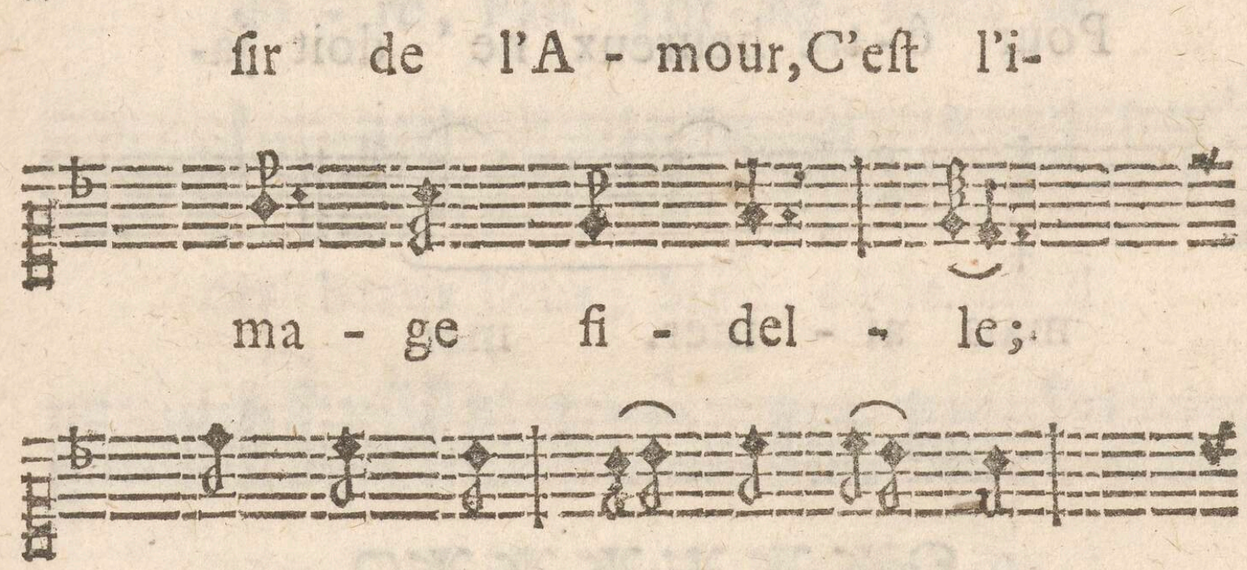
Leur di - vin mé - lan - ge aſ - ſai-



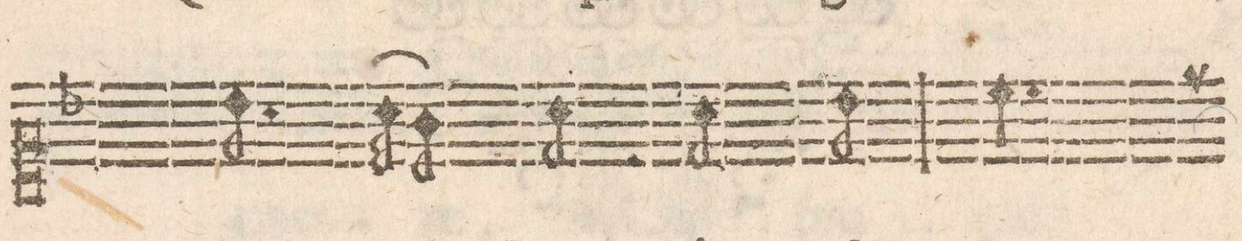
ſonne,
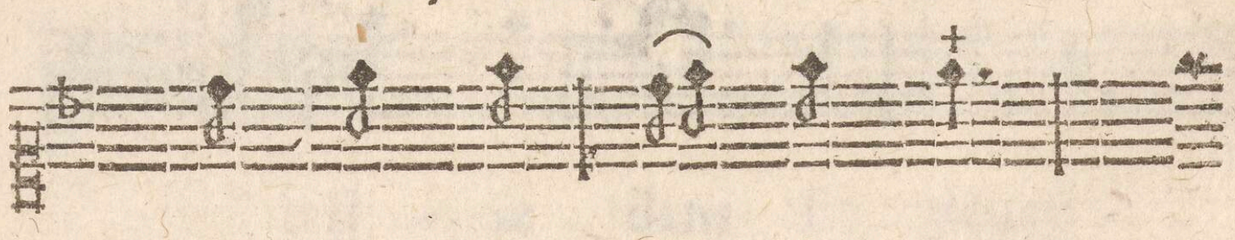


ſon- ne, Le Nec- tar qu'el-le en



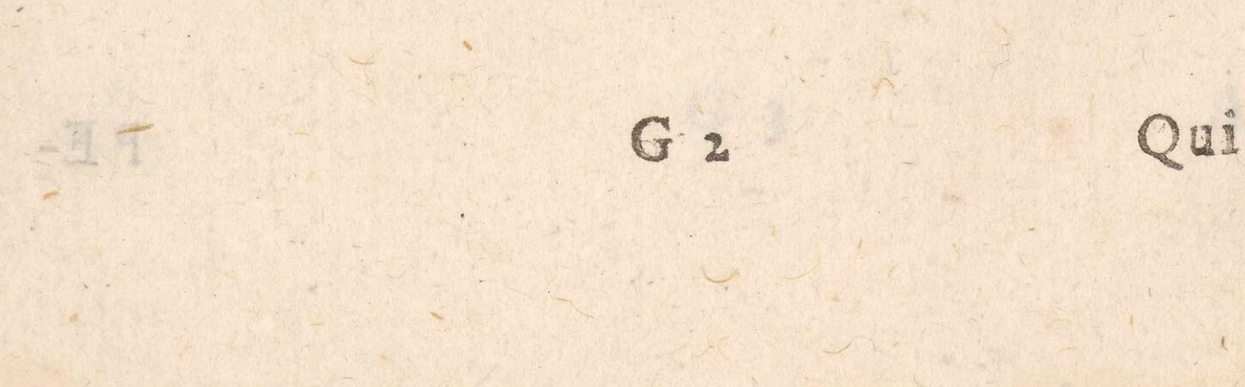
ſait for - mer: mer: Du plai-



ſir de l'A - mour, C'eſt l'i-



ma - ge fi - del - le;
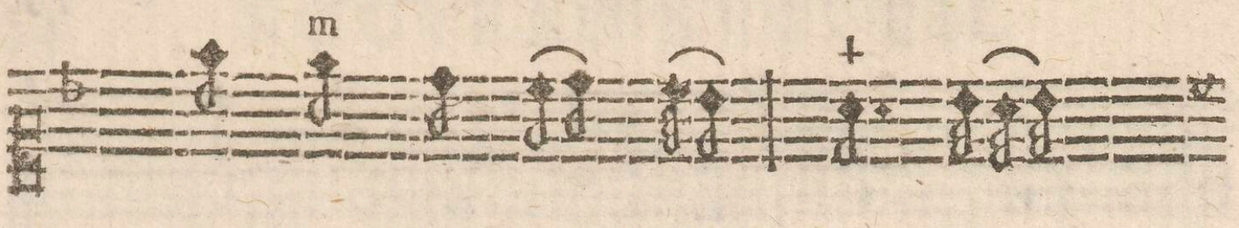


Qui ne ſait pas chan-ger com-

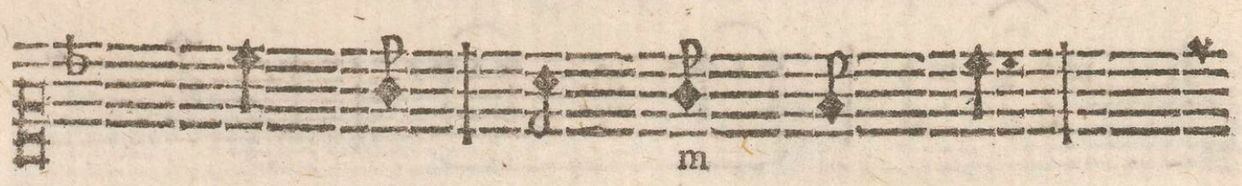
me el - le, Pour ê - tre heu-reux,
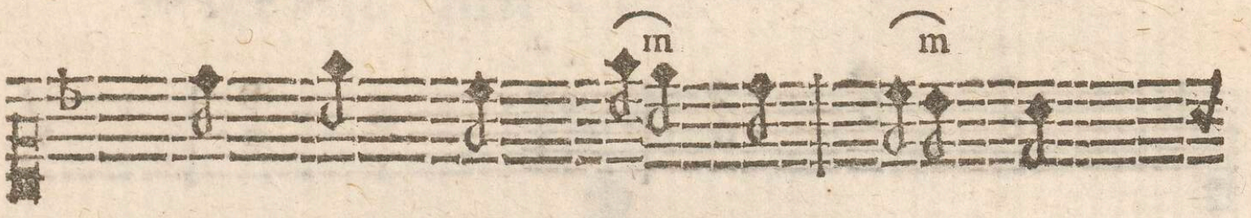


Ne doit ja - mais ai - mer,
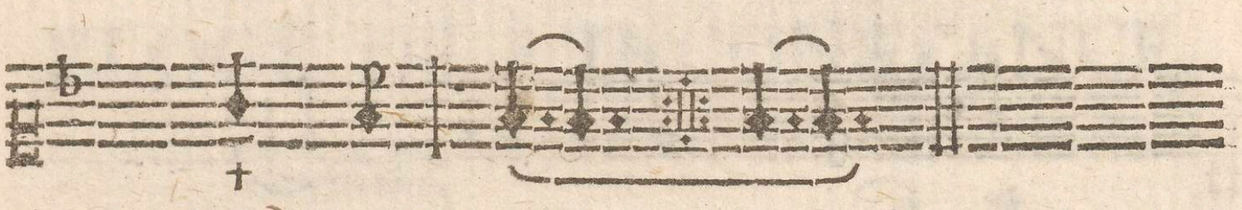


Qui ne ſait pas chan-ger com-



me el-le, Pour ê-tre heureux,
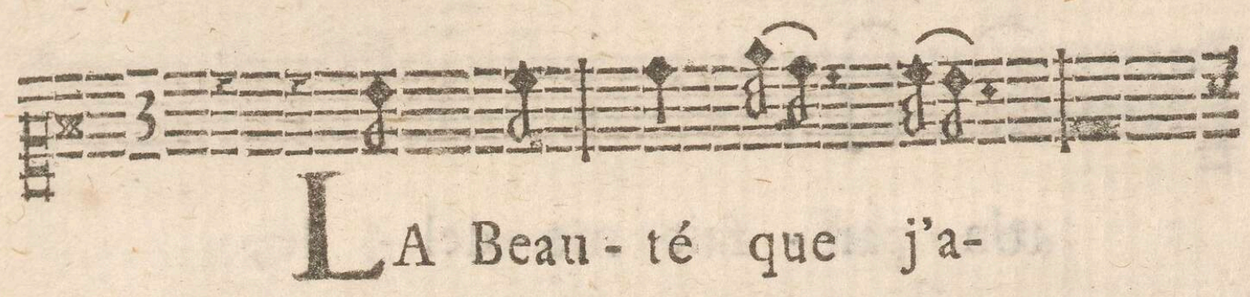


Pour ê-tre heureux ne doit ja-

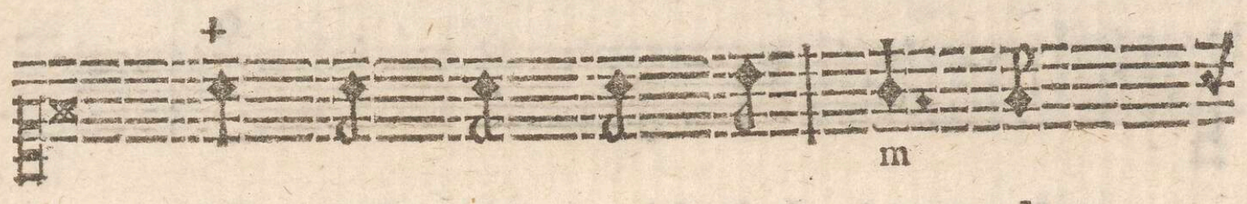


mais ai-mer. mer.

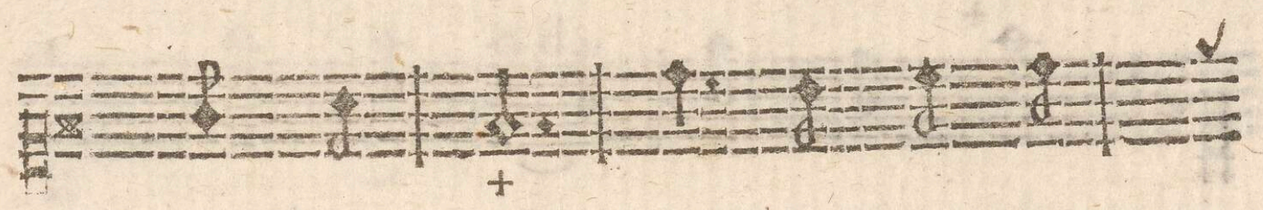
PETIT AIR TENDRE.



LA Beau-té que j'a-
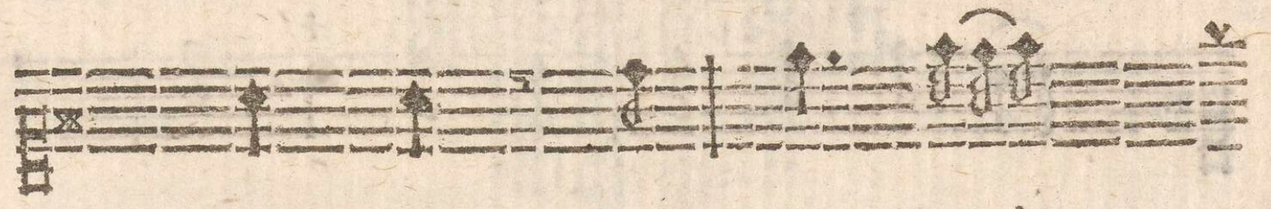


do-re, Fait l'or-ne-ment de



ces beaux lieux; Mais, el-le eſt ſi



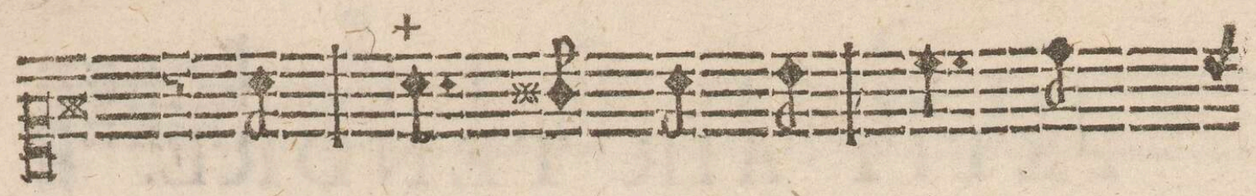
jeu-ne en-co-re, Qu'elle i-



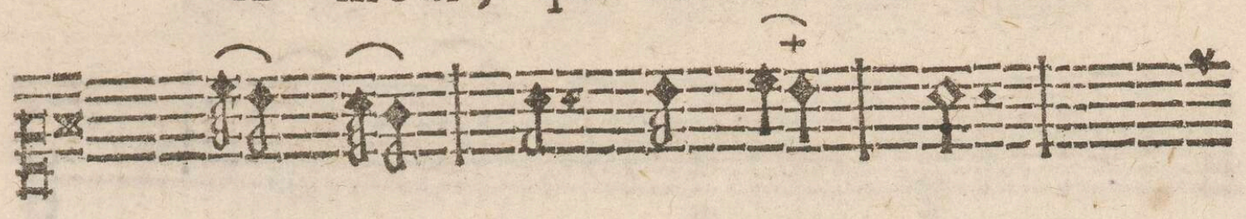
gno-re, Le feu qui
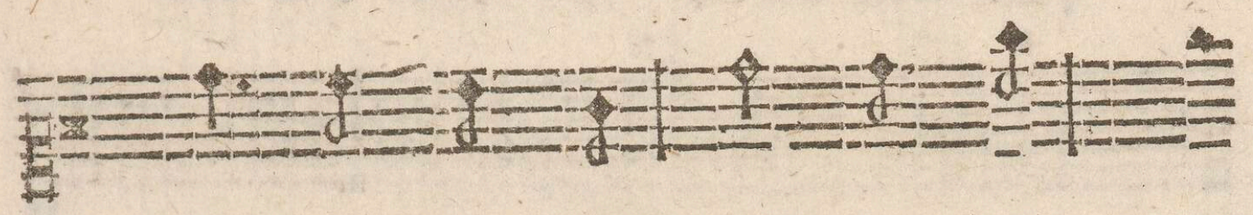


bril-le dans ſes yeux:



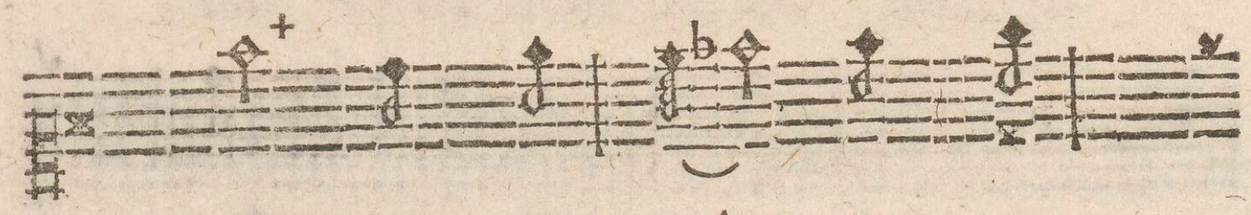
A- mour, qui la for- mas ſur
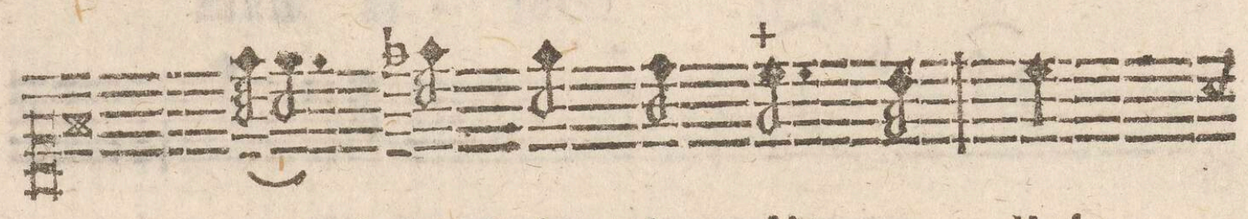


ton par - fait mo -del - le,
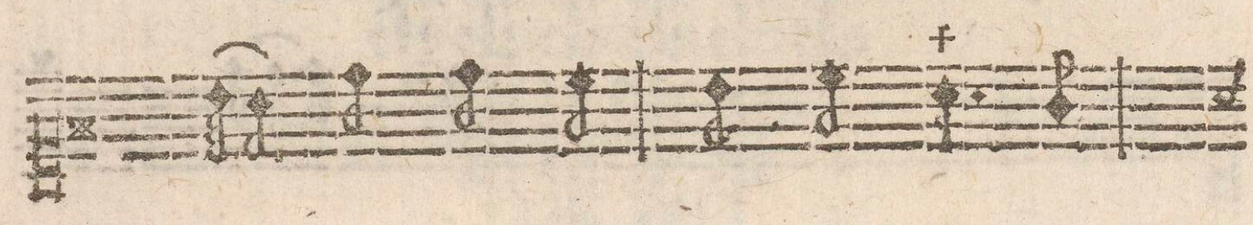


Et qui dois bien - tôt l'en - flâ-
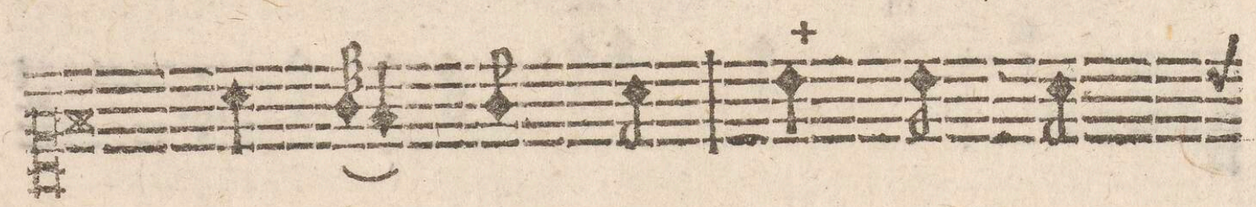


mer, Si l'A - mánt le plus



ten- dre eſt le plus di - gne d'el-
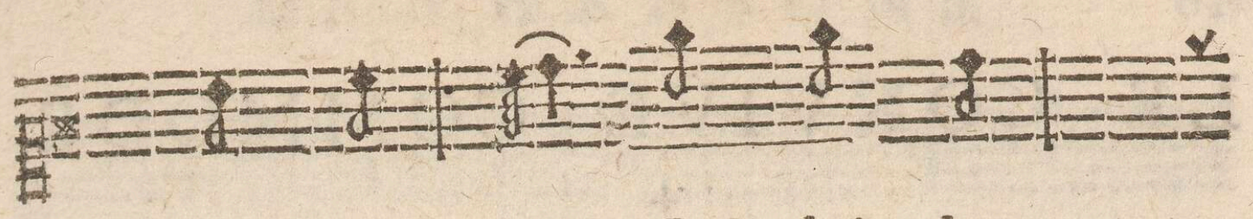


le, Je dois don - ner à cet - te
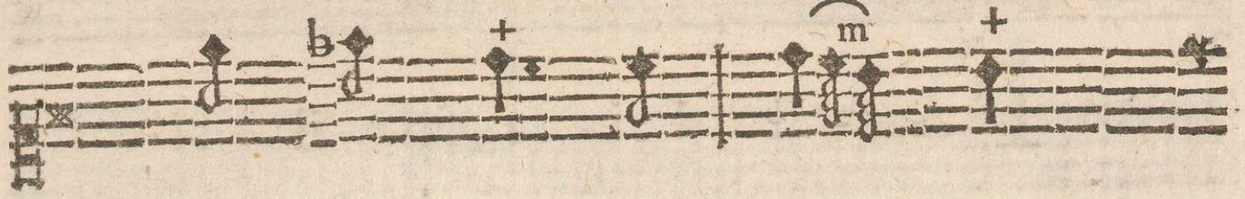


Bel - le, La pré - miè - re Le-

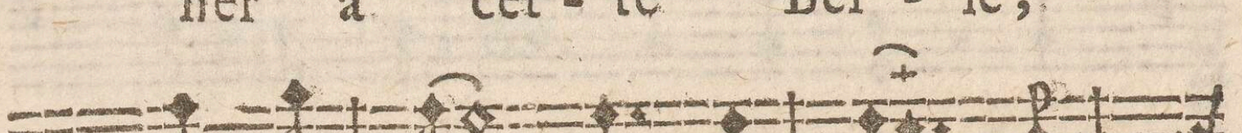
çon



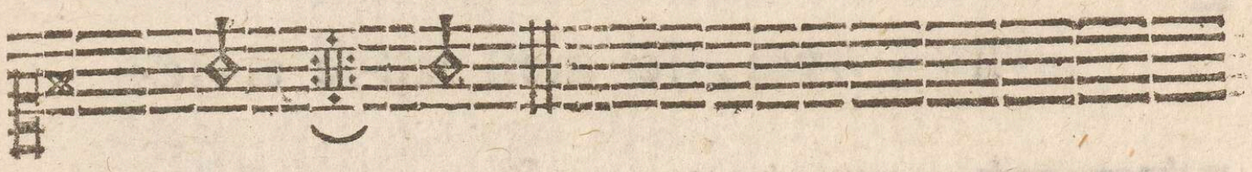
çon d'ai - mer, Je dois don-



ner à cet - te Bel - le,

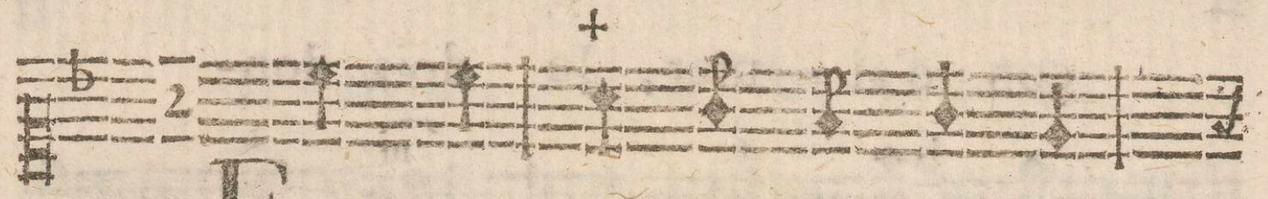


La pré - miè - re Le - çon d'ai-

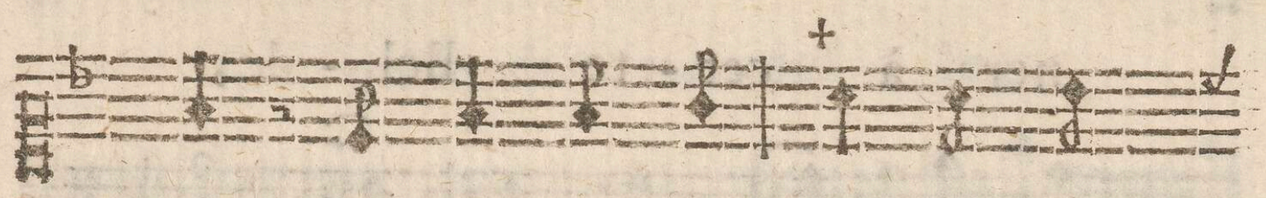


mer. mer.
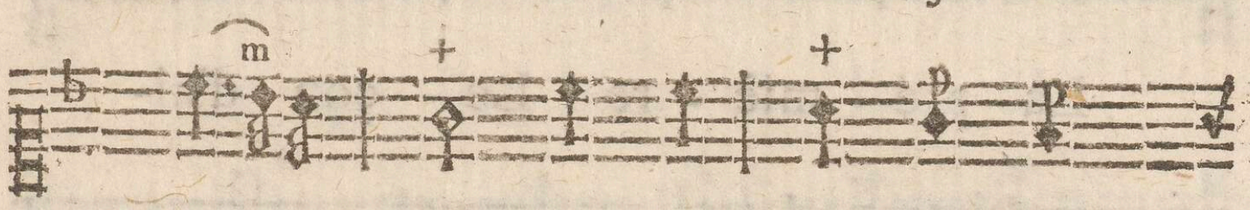
LE CONVIVE COMMODE.



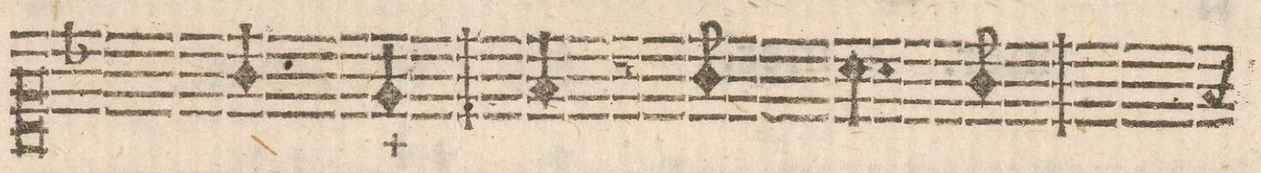
Faut-il boi-re, faut-il ai-



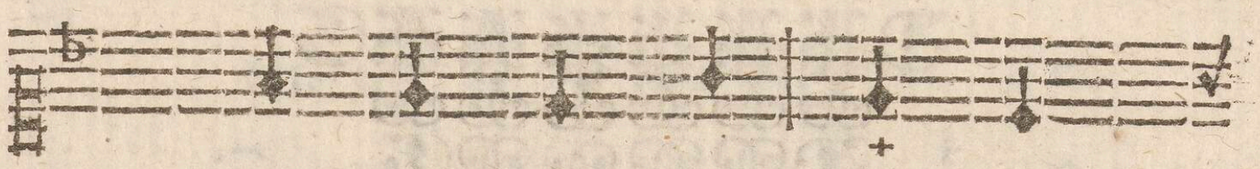
mer A tout de bon Cœur je me



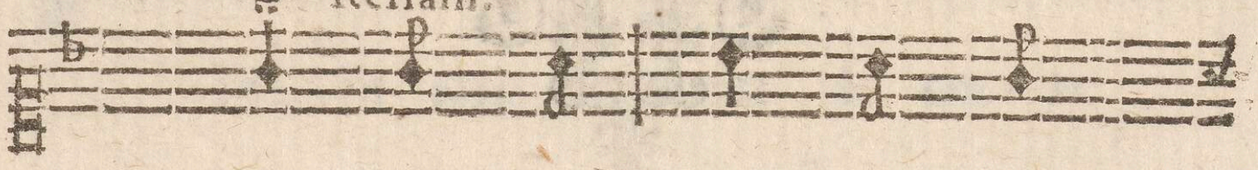
li - vre, Je me laiſ-ſe ai-ſé-
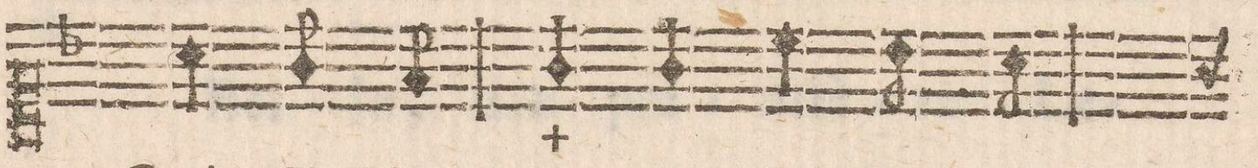


ment char-mer, Tout Vin, tou-



te Beau-té m'En-ny-vre,

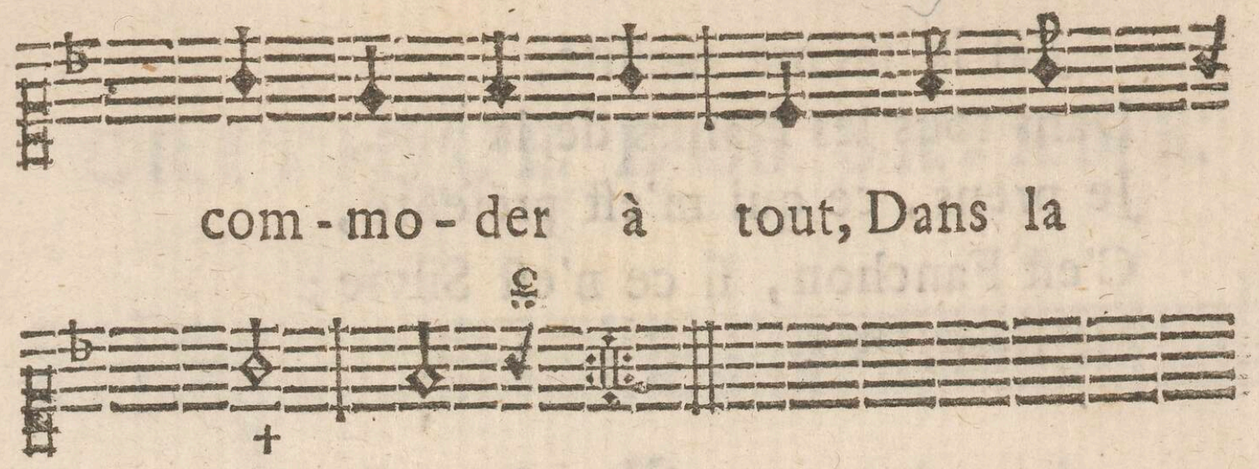


Ne rien trou-ver à ſon



Goût, C'eſt Fo-li-e, Il faut s'ac-

com-



Le Champagne eſt mon Favori,
Sa mouſſe me plaît dans mon Verre,
Mais au défaut du Silleri,
Je bois volontiers du Tonnerre,
Ne rien, &c.

Voulez-vous boire à petits coups,
Eh bien! ſoyons long-tems à Table;
Boire à grands coups vous ſemble doux,
Verſez-m'en dix, & je les ſable;
Ne rien, &c.

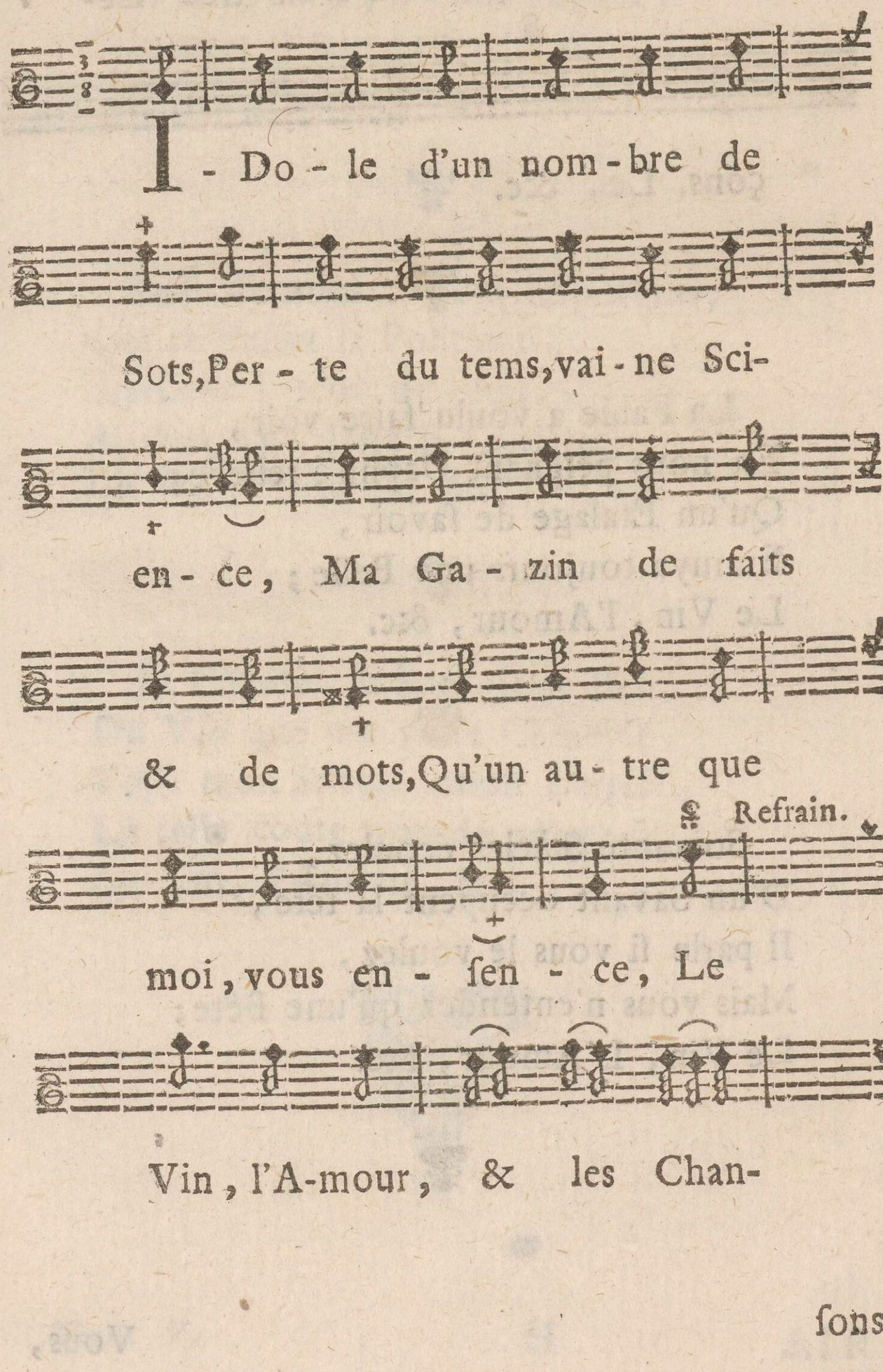
J'ai

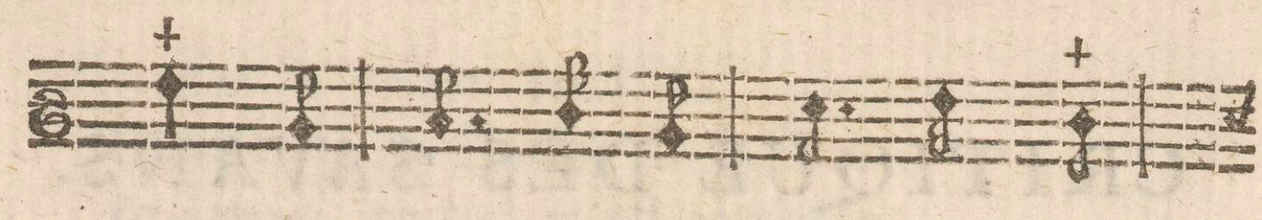
J'ai la même facilité,
Dans tous les Plaiſirs de la Vie,
Je prens, ce qui m'eſt préſenté,
C'eſt Fanchon, ſi ce n'eſt Silvie;
Ne rien, &c.

Veut-on jouër! nommez le Jeu,
Trictracs, Echets, Piquets, Quadrilles,
Le choix m'en importe très-peu,
L'on me feroit jouër aux Quilles;
Ne rien, &c.

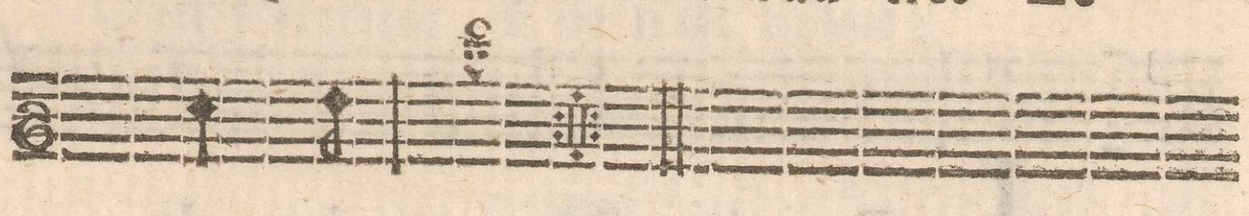
Voulez-vous Ruſer, Diſputer,
Vous pouvez choiſir la Matière,
Dieux, & Rois, ſont à reſpecter,
Liberté ſur le reſte entière,
Ne rien, &c.

CRITIQUE DES SAVANS.





ſons, Qu'a-t-on be-ſoin d'au-tres Le-



çons. Le, &c.

La Fable a voulu faire voir,
En nous peignant Daphné rebelle,
Qu'un Etalage de ſavoir,
Ennuya toujours une Belle;
Le Vin, l'Amour, &c.

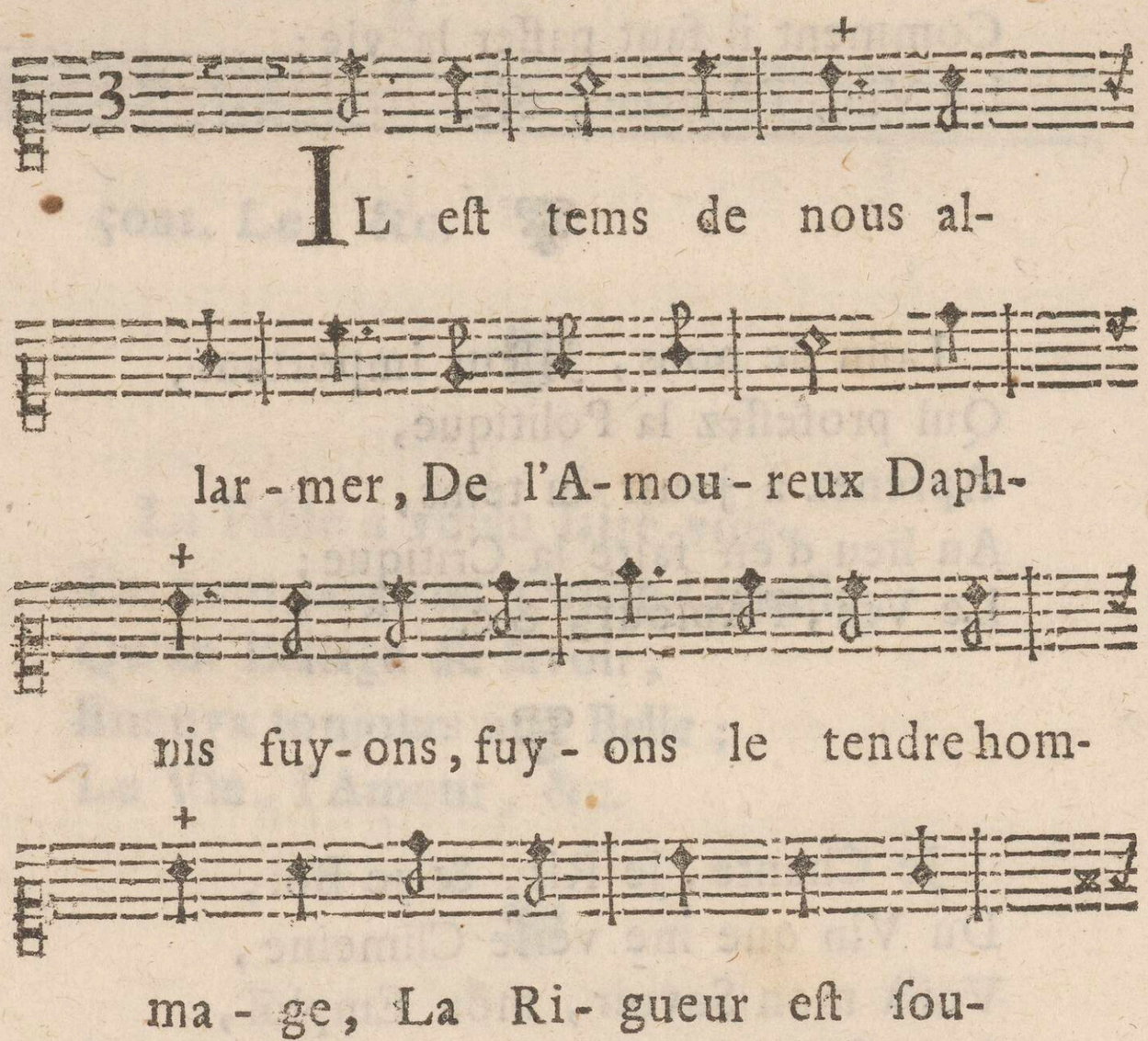
Soixante Siècles écoulez,
D'un Savant occupent la tête,
Il parle ſi vous le voulez,
Mais vous n'entendez qu'une Bête;
Le Vin, L'Amour, &c.
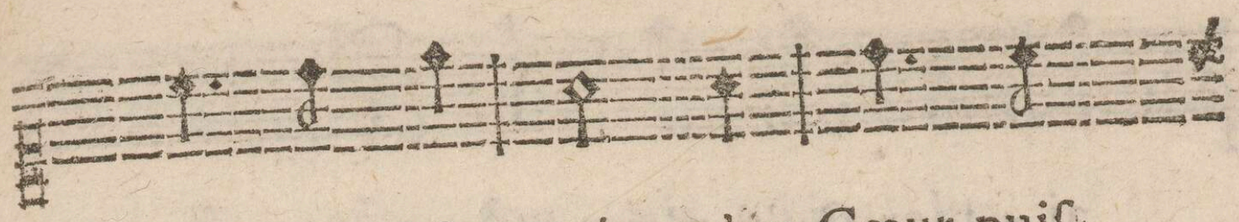
Vous, Géomêtres, qui ſavez,
On vous l'accorde ſans envie,
Mais dites nous, ſi vous pouvez,
Comment il faut paſſer la vie;
Le Vin, l'Amour, &c.

Loin de nous, Jaſeur importans,
Qui profeſſez la Politique,
Aprenez à jouïr du tems,
Au lieu d'en faire la Critique;
Le Vin, l'Amour, &c.
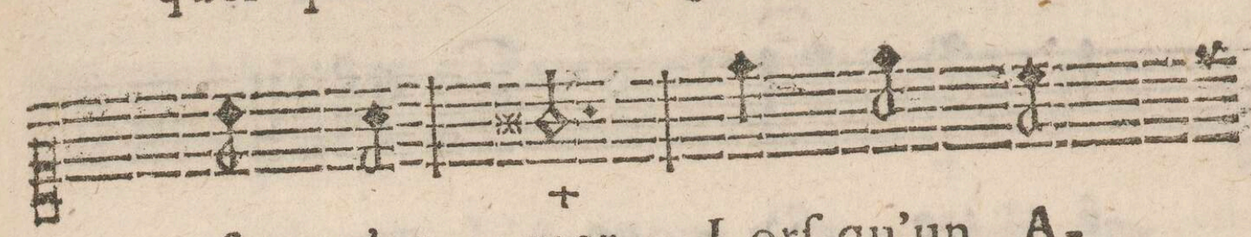
Je Chante, je Ris, & je Boi,
Du Vin que me verſe Climeine,
Voilà mon Savoir, mon Emplōi,
Le reſte coûte trop de peine:
Le Vin, l'Amour, &c.

AIR SERIEUX.
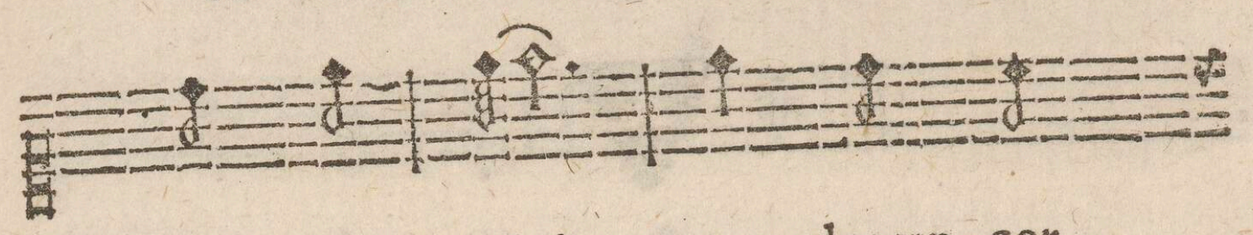

Il eſt tems de nous al-
lar-mer, De l'A-mou-reux Daph-
nis fuy-ons, fuy-ons le tendre hom-
ma-ge, La Ri-gueur eſt ſou-
vent d'un dif-fi-ci-le u-
ſa-ge: ge: Ha! de
quel-
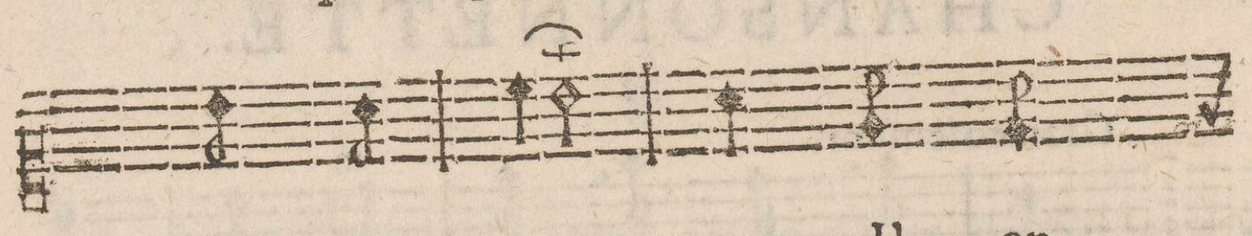


quel-que fier-té, qu'un Cœur puiſ-



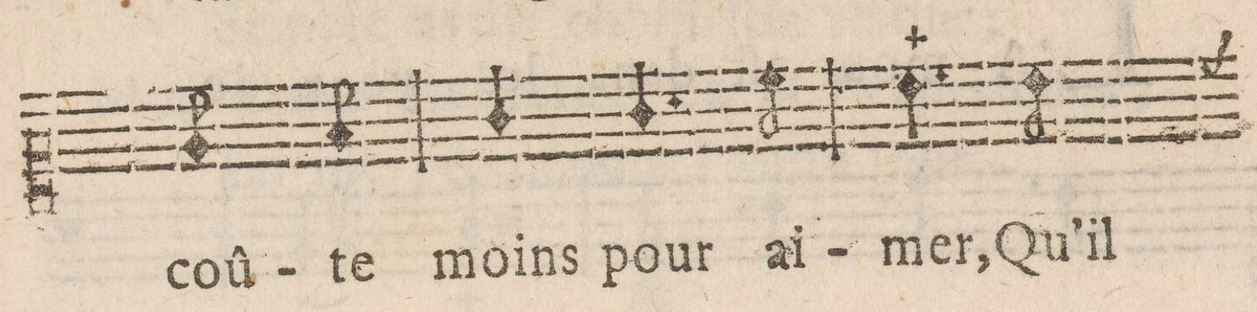
ſe s'ar-mer, Lorſ-qu'un A-



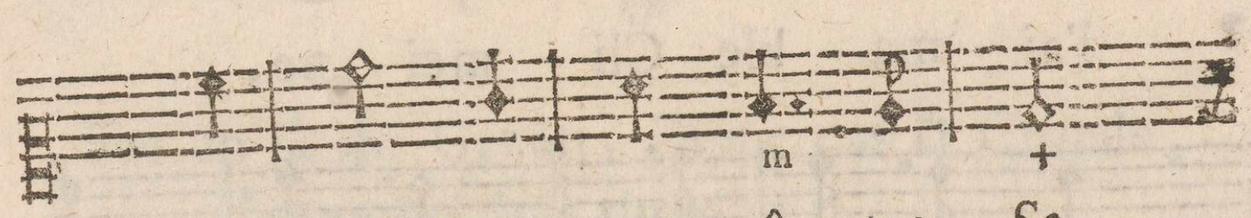
mant qui plaît, par-le un cer-



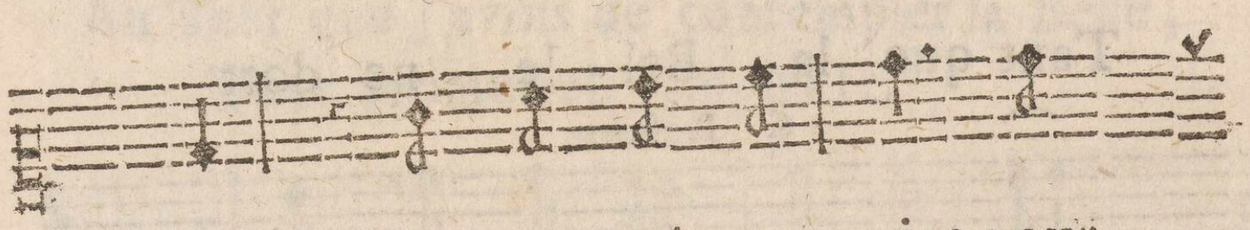
tain lan-ga-ge, Il en



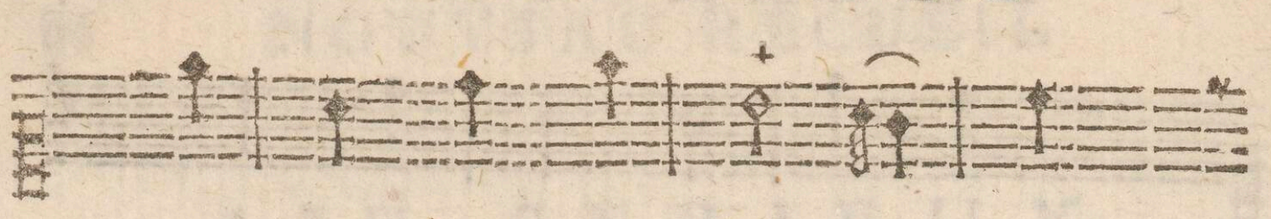
coû-te moins pour ai-mer, Qu'il



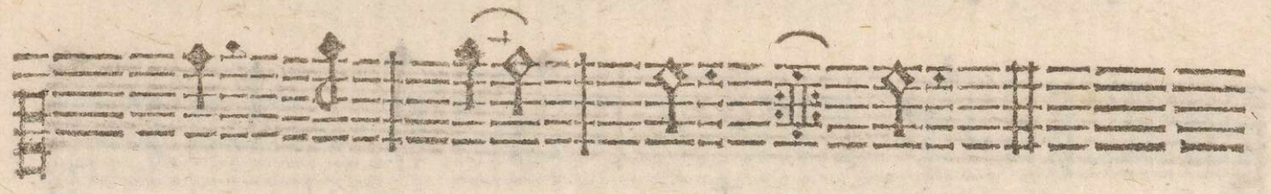
n'en coû-te pour ê-tre Sa-



ge, Il en coû-te moins pour



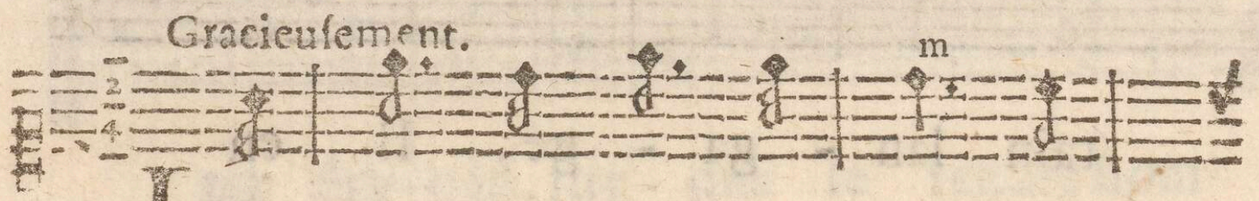
ai - mer, Qu'il n'en coû - te pour



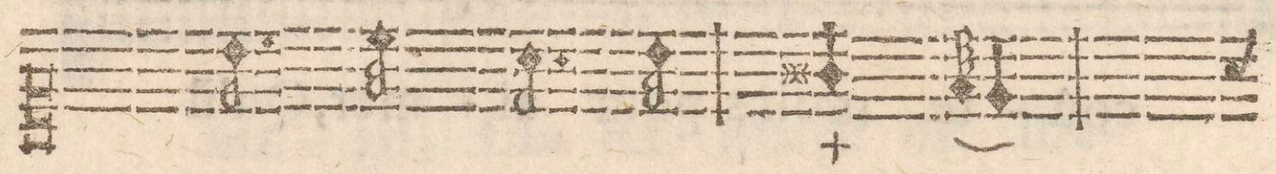
ê - tre Sa - ge. ge.

CHANSONNETTE.
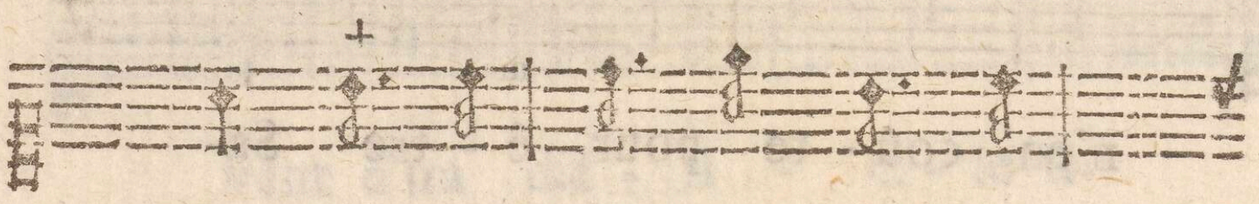
Gracieuſement.



L'A - mour eſt dans les yeux de
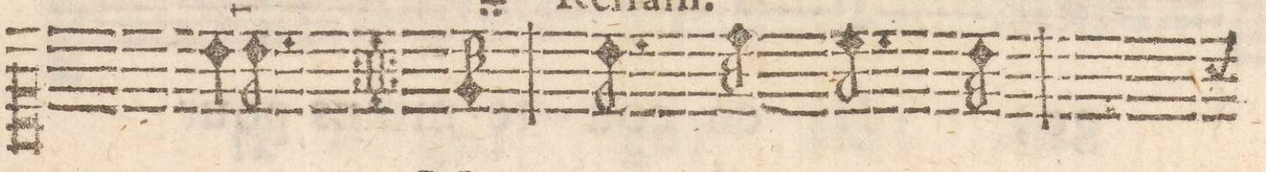


l'ai - ma - ble Cli - mei - ne,



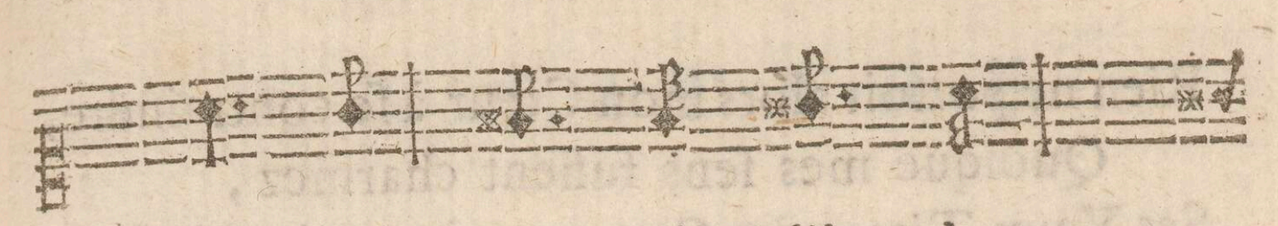
Tant que la Bel - le ne dort

Refrain.

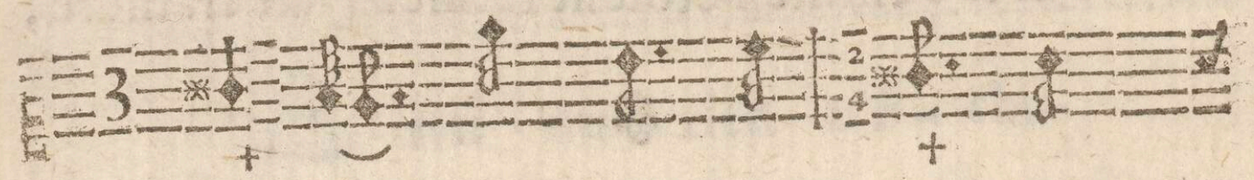


pas: Mais le ſommeil vient-

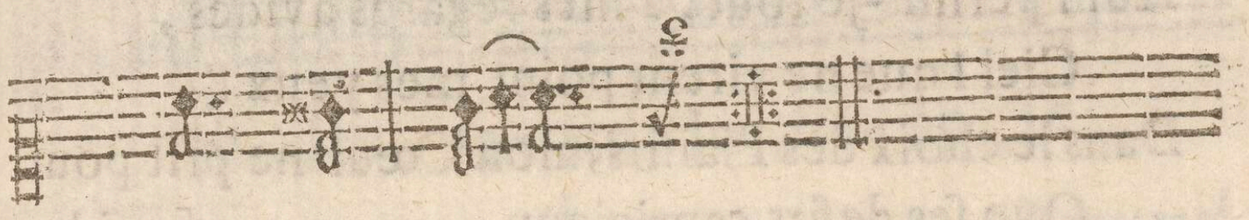
il



il, aſ - ſou - pir l'in - hu-



mai-ne, L'A-mour s'en - vo-lé en-



tre ſes bras. &c.

Sous un Ombrage vert où le Dieu du Silence,
Semble avoir choiſi ſon ſéjour;
Mon Cœur indifférent en fit l'experience,
En me promenant l'autre jour.

Sur un lit de Gazon, j'apperçus la Cruelle,
J'aprochai ſans timidité,
Au deſir que j'avois de contempler la Belle,
Tout promettoit l'impunité.
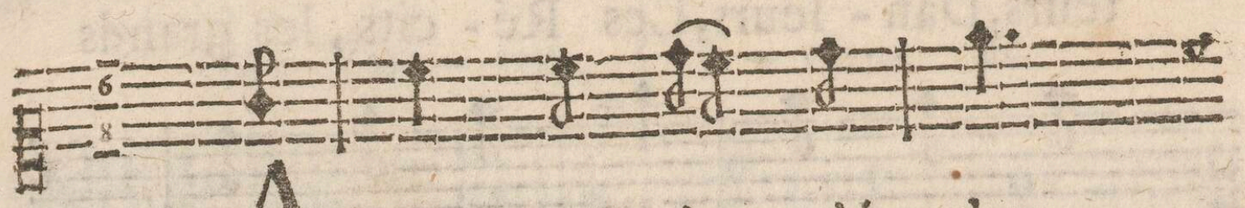
Rien ne portoit alors mon Cœur à ſe contraindre,
Quoique mes ſens fuſſent charmez,
Ses Yeux, Tirans des Cœurs, qu'on m'avoit ſeuls
Par le Sommeil étoient fermez. [fait craindre,

Auſſi permis-je tout, à mes regards avides,
Ciel! que ne virent point mes yeux!!
Dans le choix des Plaiſirs, mon Cœur ne prit pour
Que ſes deſirs capricieux. [guide,

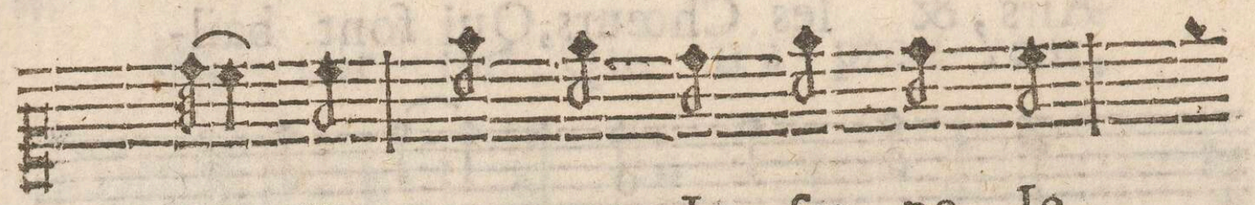
Sa Gorge m'enchantoit, j'en étois Idolâtre,
Quand tout à coup l'Enfant malin,
S'ofrant à mes regards ſur ce Trône d'albâtre,
D'un trait de feu perça mon ſein.

Va, dit-il, ſois plus ſage en rencontre pareille,
De tes deſirs borne le cours,
Sache que quelquefois, une Belle ſommeille,
Mais que l'Amour veille tonjours.
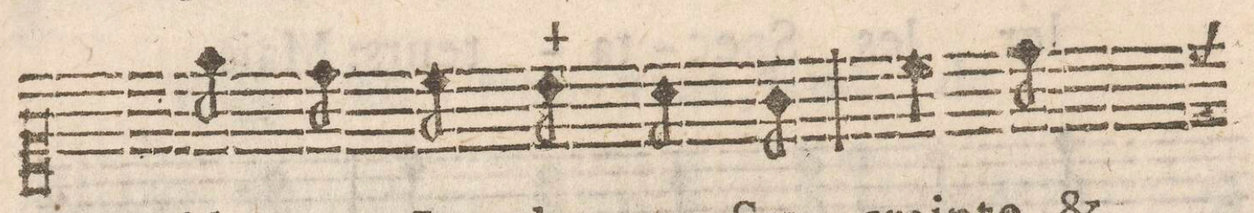
LA SATYRE.



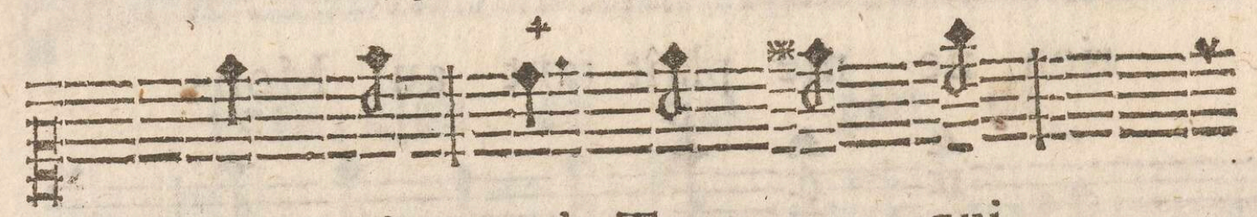
A mes traits rien n'é - cha-
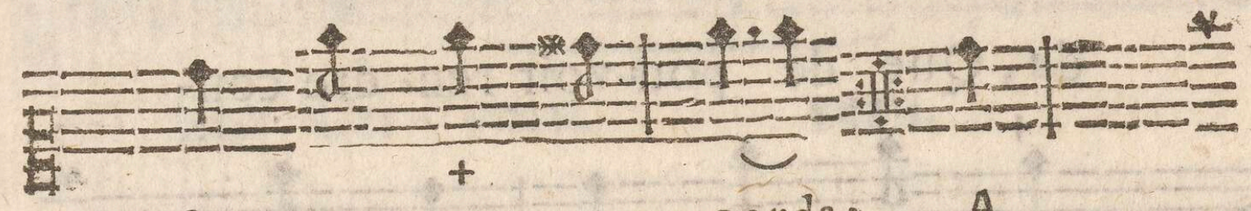


pe, J'at - ta-que, Je fra - pe, Je
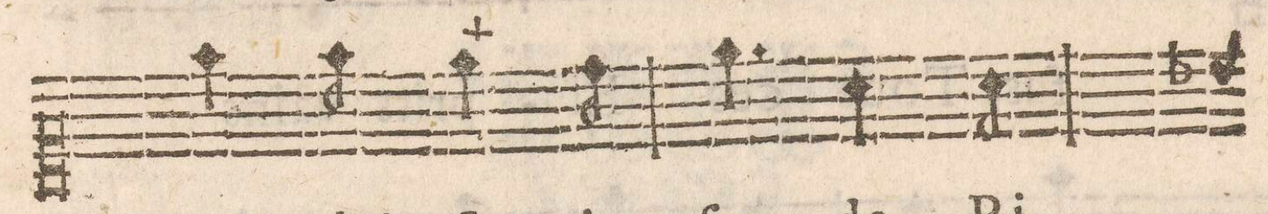


bla - me, Je dra - pe, Sans crainte &
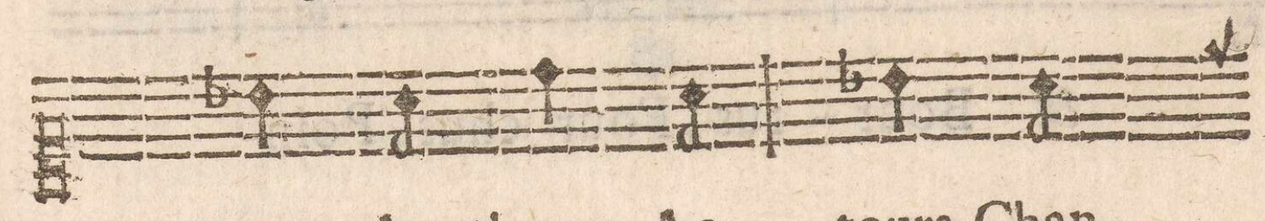


fans é - gards, Tout ce qui



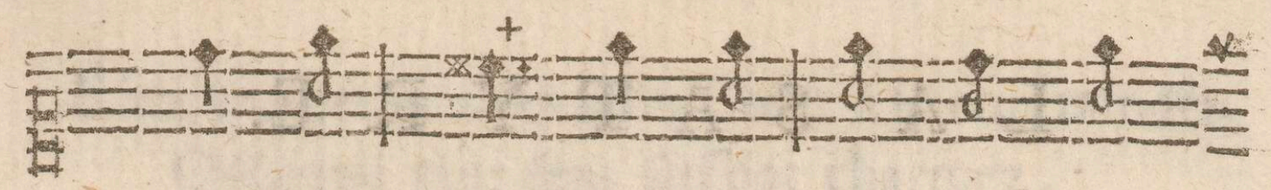
fra - pe mes re - gards: A-
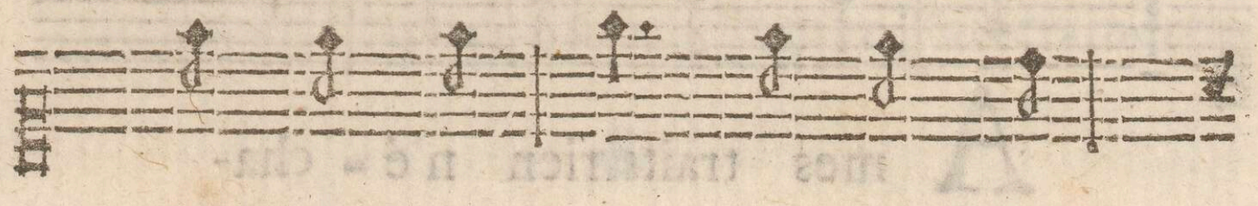


vec p'ai - fir je fron - de, Ri-



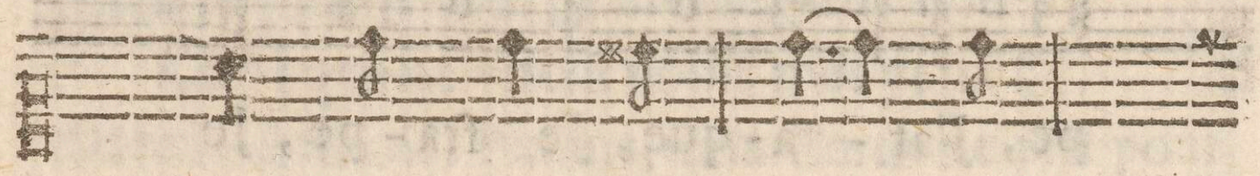
meurs, Au - theurs, Ac - teurs, Chan-



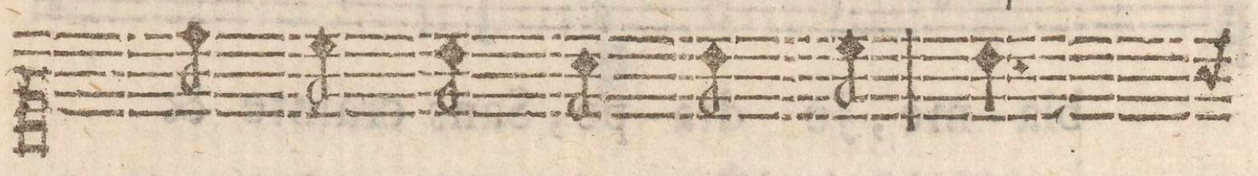
teurs, Dan - seurs, Les Ré - cits, les grands



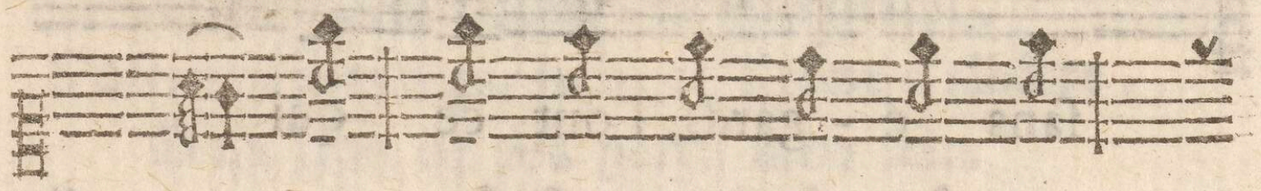
Airs, & les Chœurs, Qui font bail-



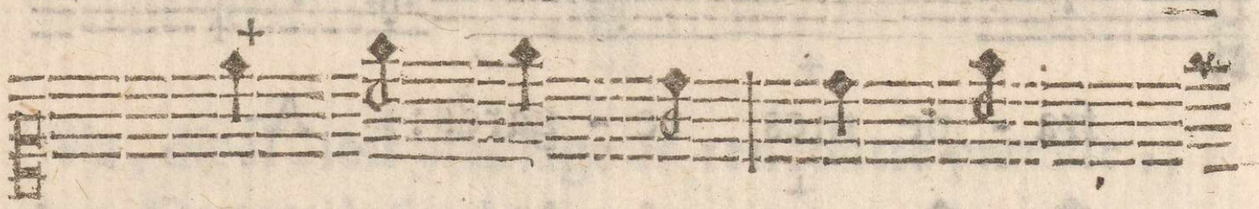
ler les Spec - ta - teurs; Mais



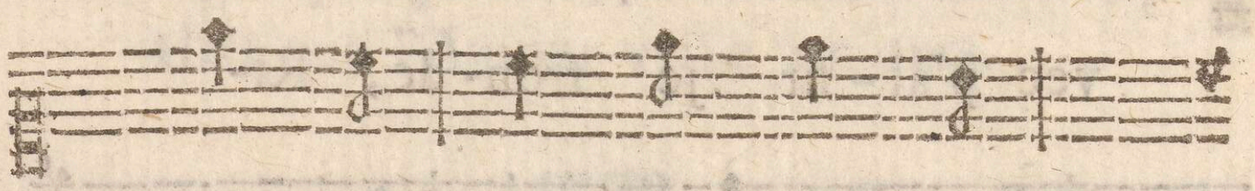
rien ne me plaît tant au Mon-



de, Que de pou-voir ren- dre con-

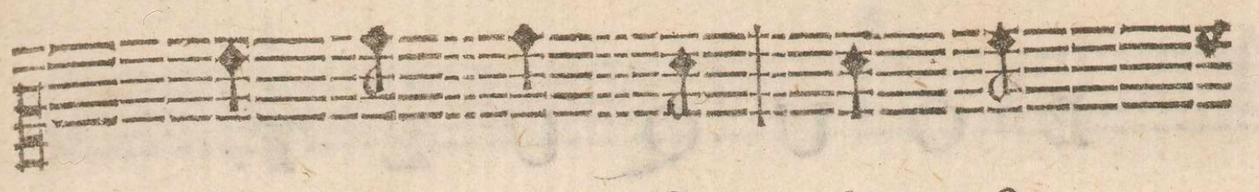


fus, Tous ces Ef - prits vains

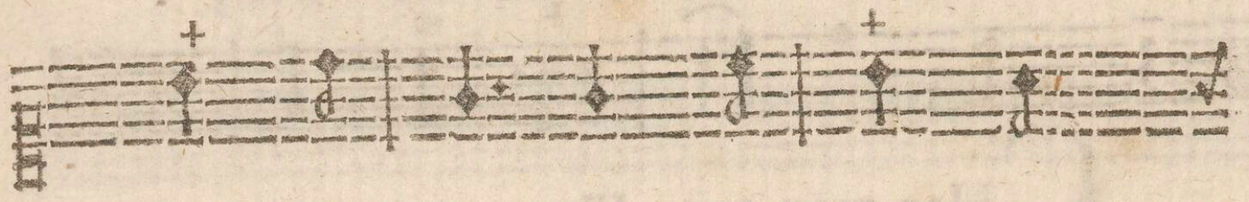


& Bour - rus, Four- chus, Poin-

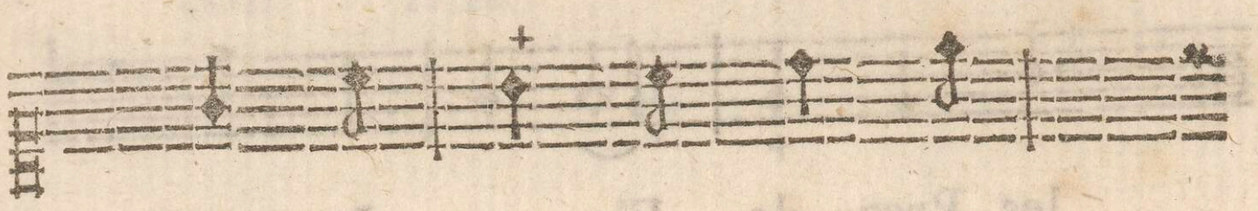
tus,



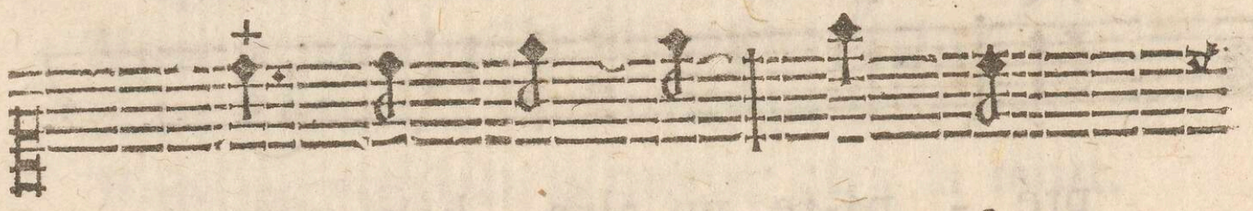
tus, Tor - tus, Cro - chus &



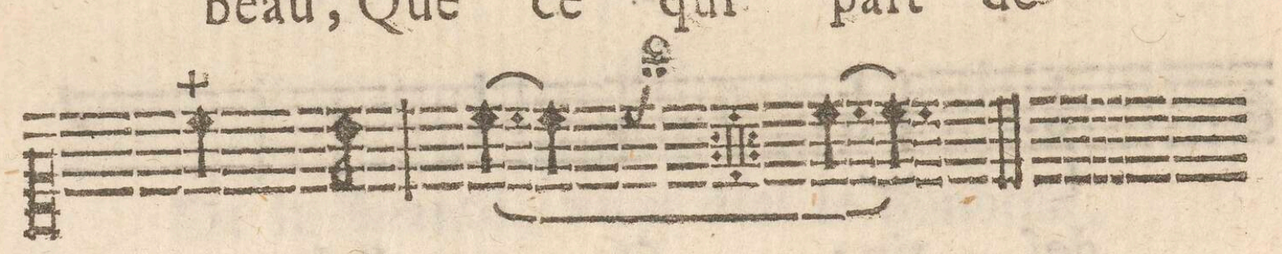
Bif - cor - nus, Qui n'a - prou - vent,



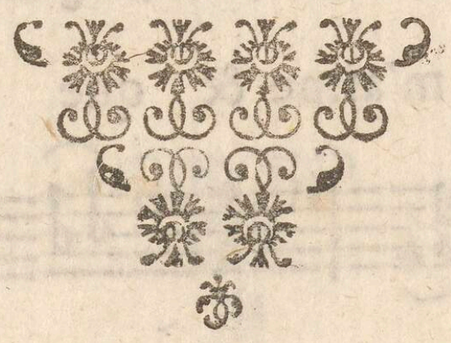
Qui ne trou - vent, Rien de



beau, Que ce qui part de

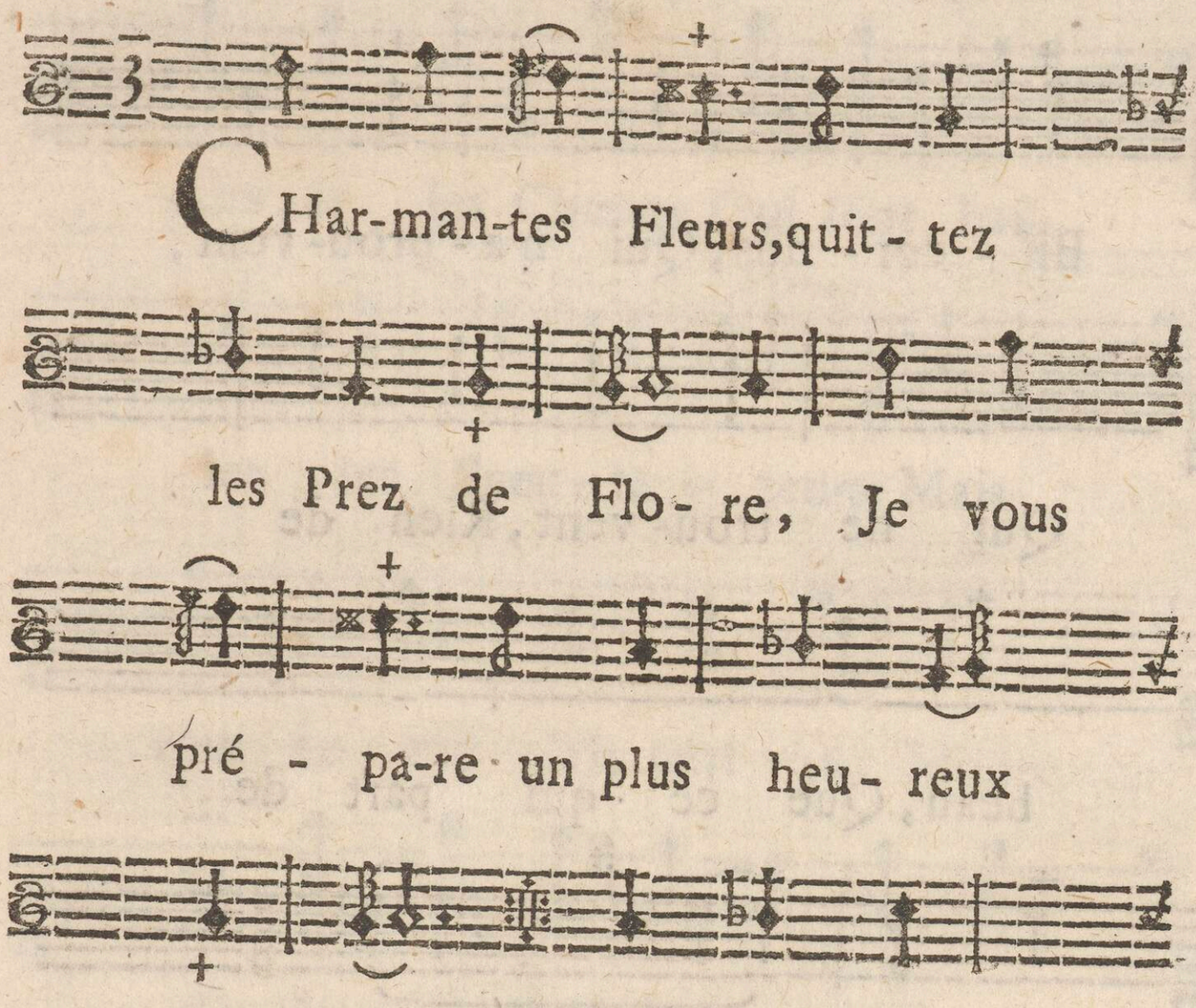


leur Cer - veau. veau.
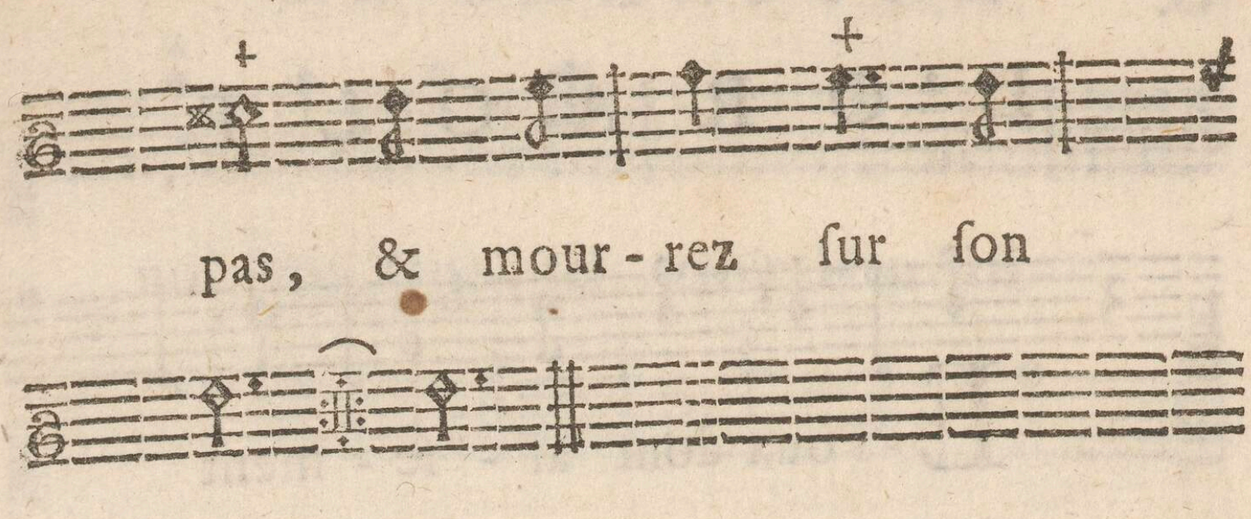


BOU-

BOUQUET.



BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH



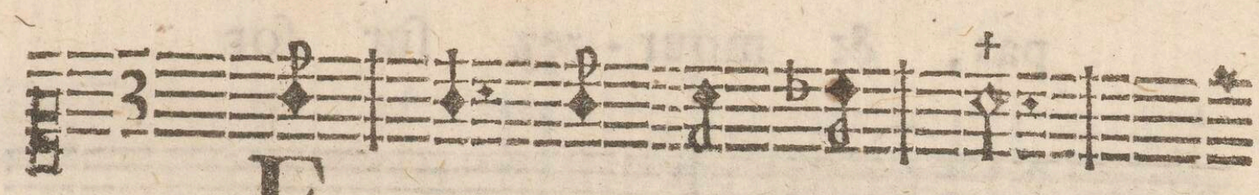
pas, & mour-rez ſur ſon

ſein. ſein.

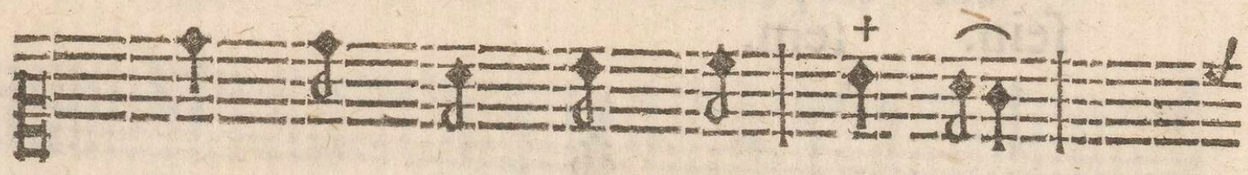
Quand vous verrez ma charmante Liſette,
Vous bénirez mille fois vôtre ſort;
Pour imiter ma Conſtance parfaite,
Vous ne voudrez la quitter qu'à la mort.

De la Beauté, vous êtes le Simbole,
Un jour, hélas! vous voit naître & mourir;
Que ma Liſette apprene à vôtre Ecole,
Que la ſageſſe eſt d'en ſavoir jouïr.

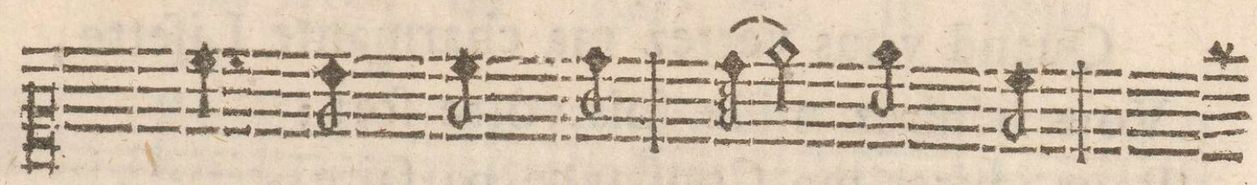
L'ORACLE.
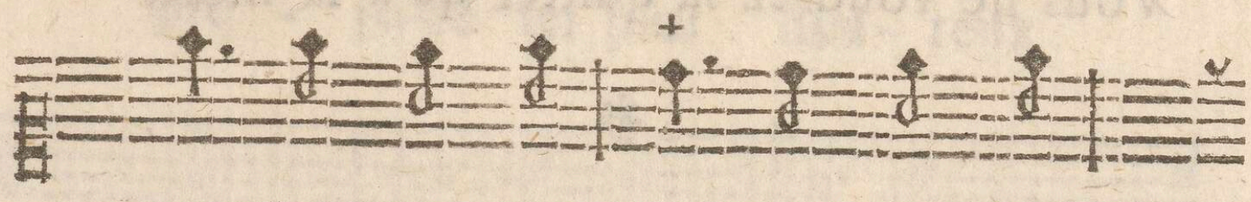


E-Poux dont ai - ſé - ment



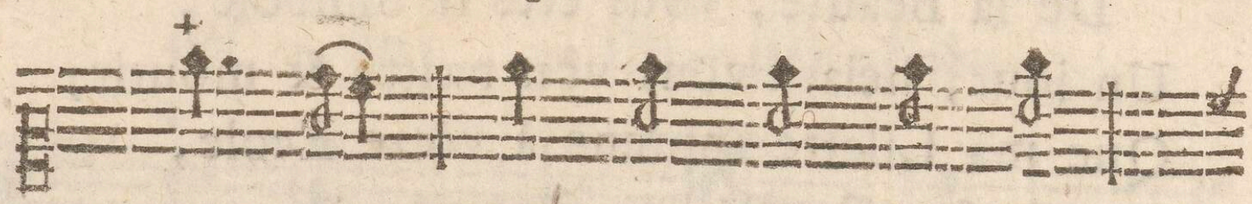
l'A - me ſe trou-ve é - mu - ë,
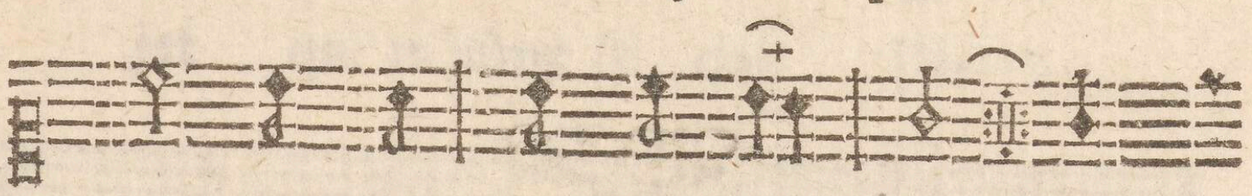


Loin de vous mon - trer cu - ri-



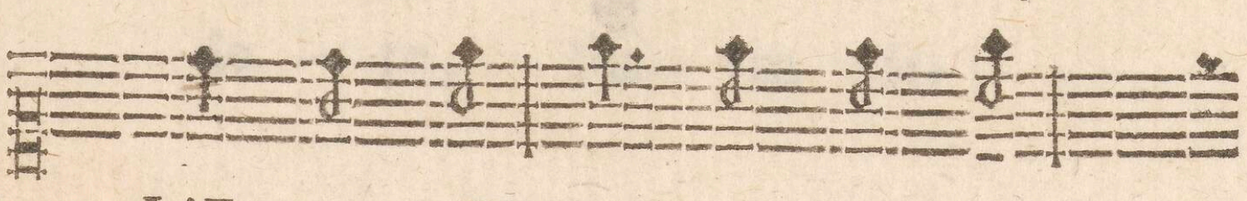
eux, Sur ce qui s'o-fre à vô - tre



vu - ë, Ne croy - ez pas tou-
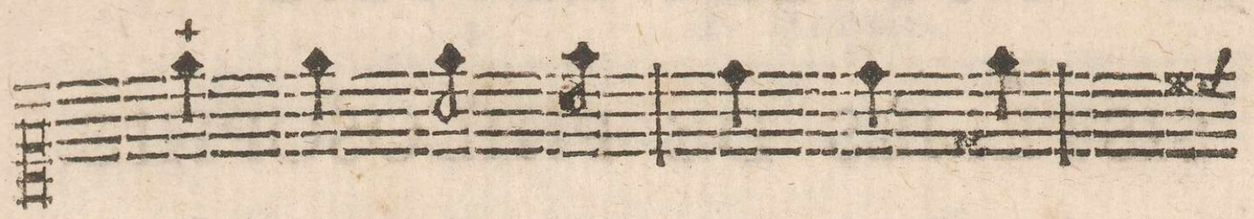


jours le rap- port de vos yeux: yeux:

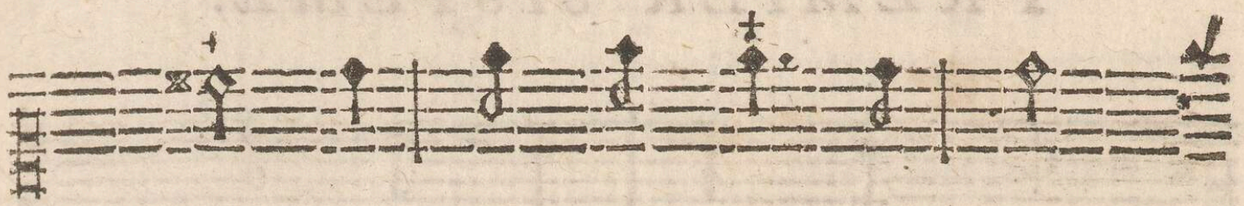


L'Ex-pe - ri - en- ce fait con-
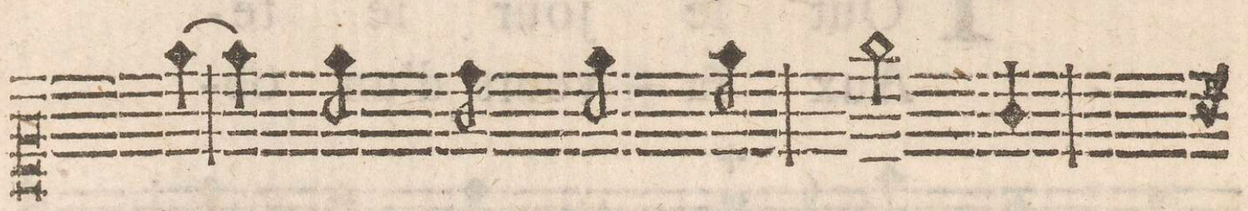
noître,



noî-tre, Que tel croit bien ſou-



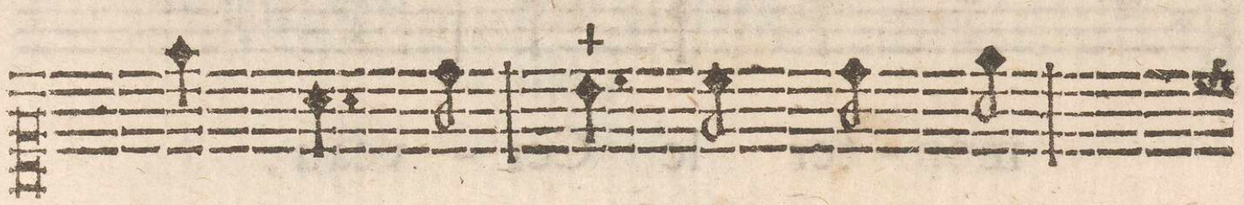
vent ê-tre ce qu'il n'eſt pas;



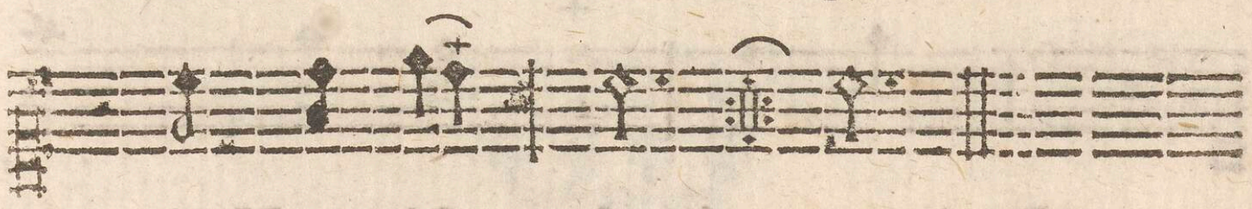
Mais, il ar-ri-ve auſ-ſi, par



un é-tran-ge cas, Que tel



eſt bien ſou-vent ce qu'il ne



croit pas ê-tre. tre.

SISTÊMES DE PHILOSOPHIE.

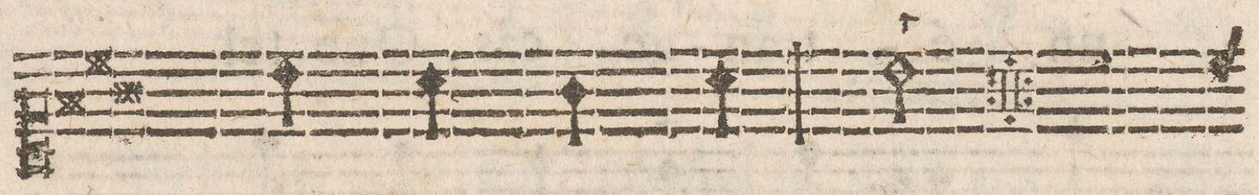
PREMIER SISTÊME.



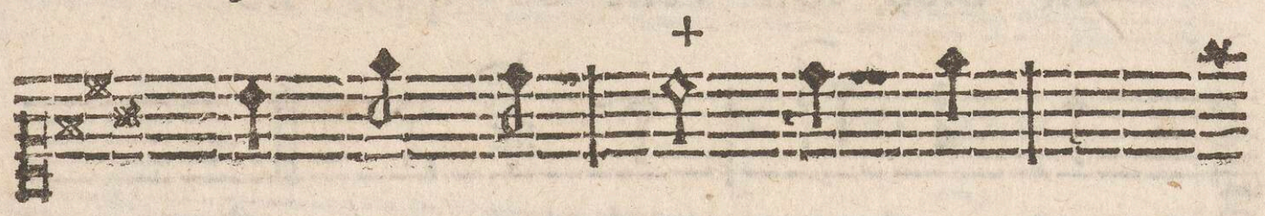
TOut le jour ſe te-
Aux fa - veurs d'un ob-



nir à Ta- ble, Sans ſe dé-
jet ai - ma - ble, Trou- ver tou-



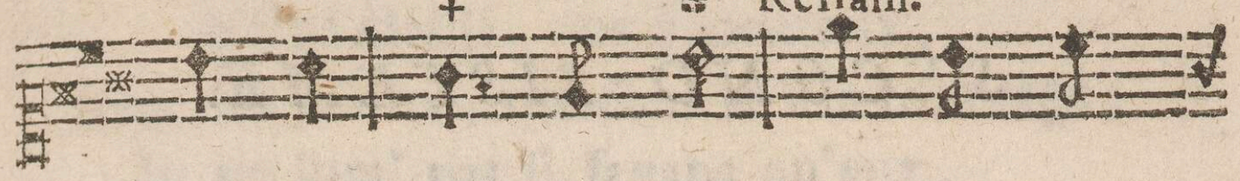
mon - ter le Cer - veau;
jours un Goût nou - veau:
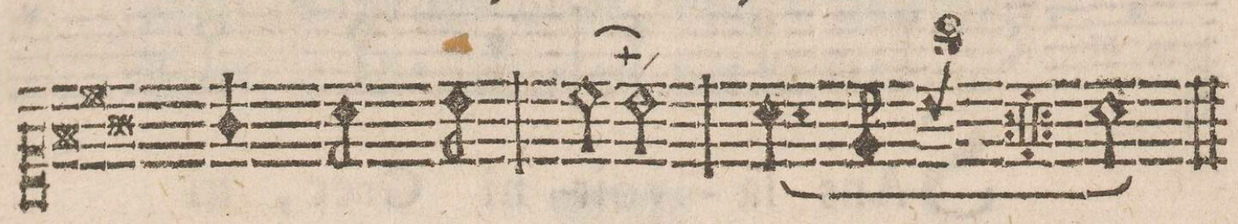


Du tems pré - ſent fai - re U-



ſa - ge, Et ne comp - ter que



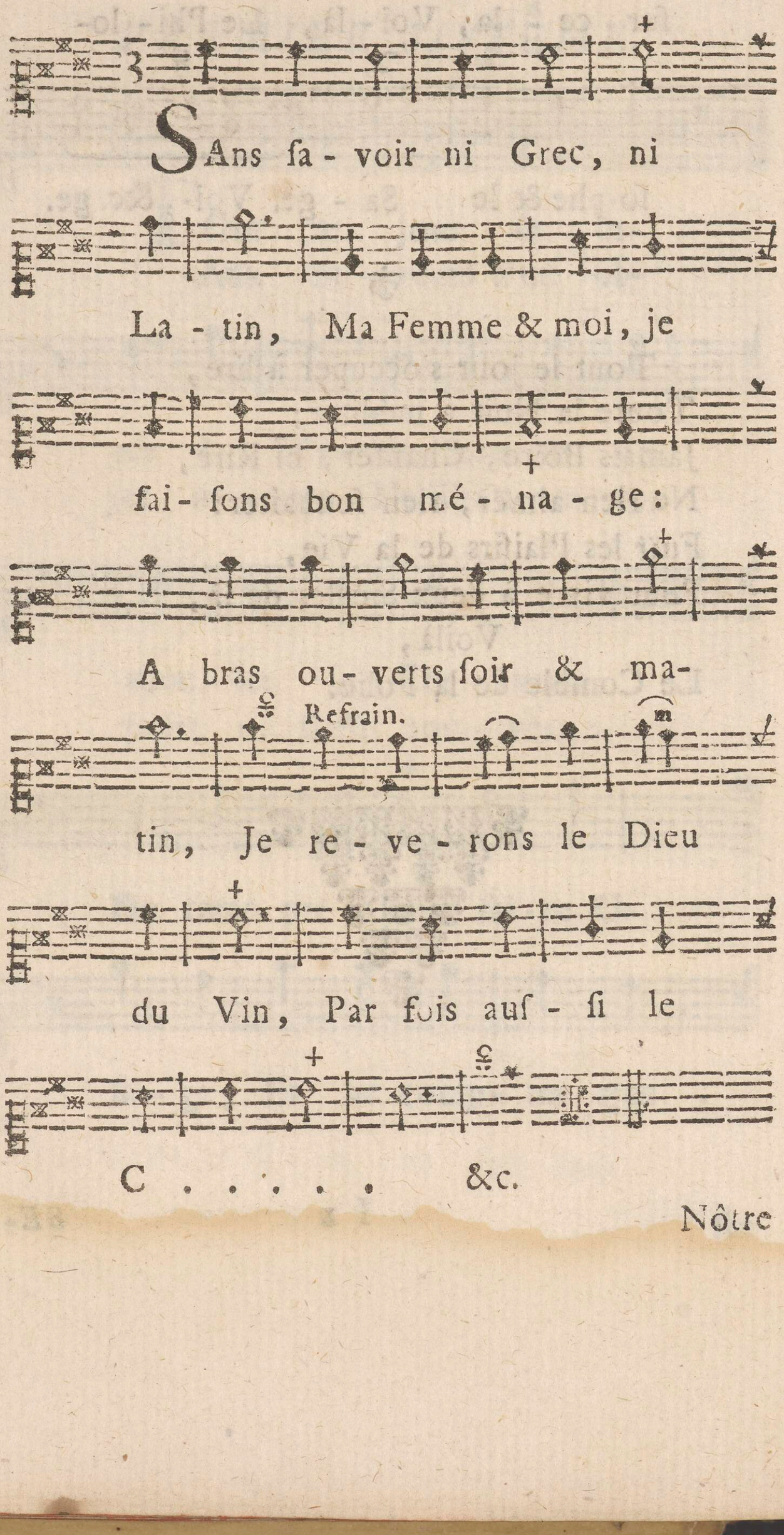
ſur ce - la, Voi- là, Le Phi- lo-



ſo-phe & le Sa - ge. Voi-, &c. ge.

Tout le jour s'occuper à lire,
Toute la Nuit a méditer;
Jamais Boire, Chanter, ni Rire,
Ne rien aimer, rien ſouhaiter:
Fuïr les Plaiſirs de la Vie,
Pour vivre à deux Siècles de là,
Voilà,
Le Comble de la Folie.

SECOND SISTÊME.



SAns ſa - voir ni Grec, ni

La - tin, Ma Femme & moi, je

fai- ſons bon mé - na - ge:

A bras ou- verts ſoir & ma-

tin, Je re - ve - rons le Dieu
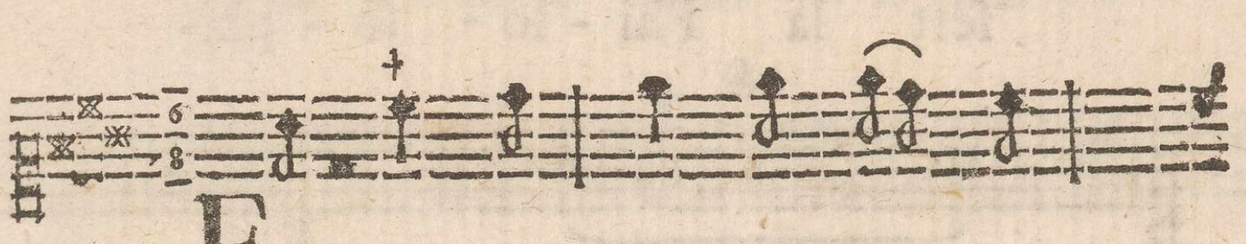
du Vin, Par fois auſ - ſi le

C . . . . . &c.

Nôtre

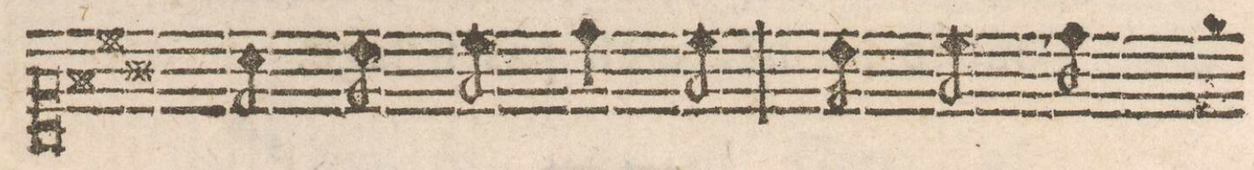
Nôtre Bailli, nos Procureux,
Sont des Jaloux, qui dans le Vin font rage;
Je ne ſom' pas ſi ſavans qu'eux,
Mais je ſavons nous rendre heureux;
Tout le Monde n'eſt pas ſi ſage.

TROISIEME SISTÈME.
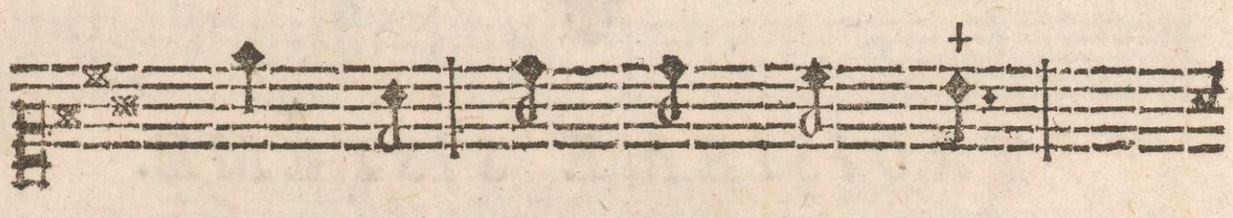




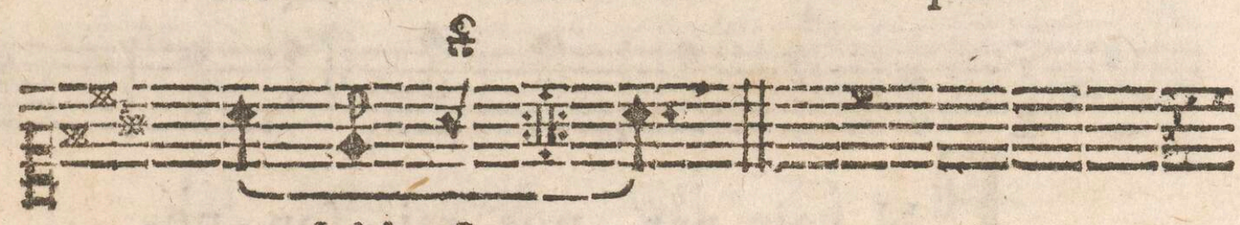
om-phe mal-gré nous, Con-tre



des mou-ve-mens ſi doux, A quoi



ſert la Phi-lo-ſo-phi-

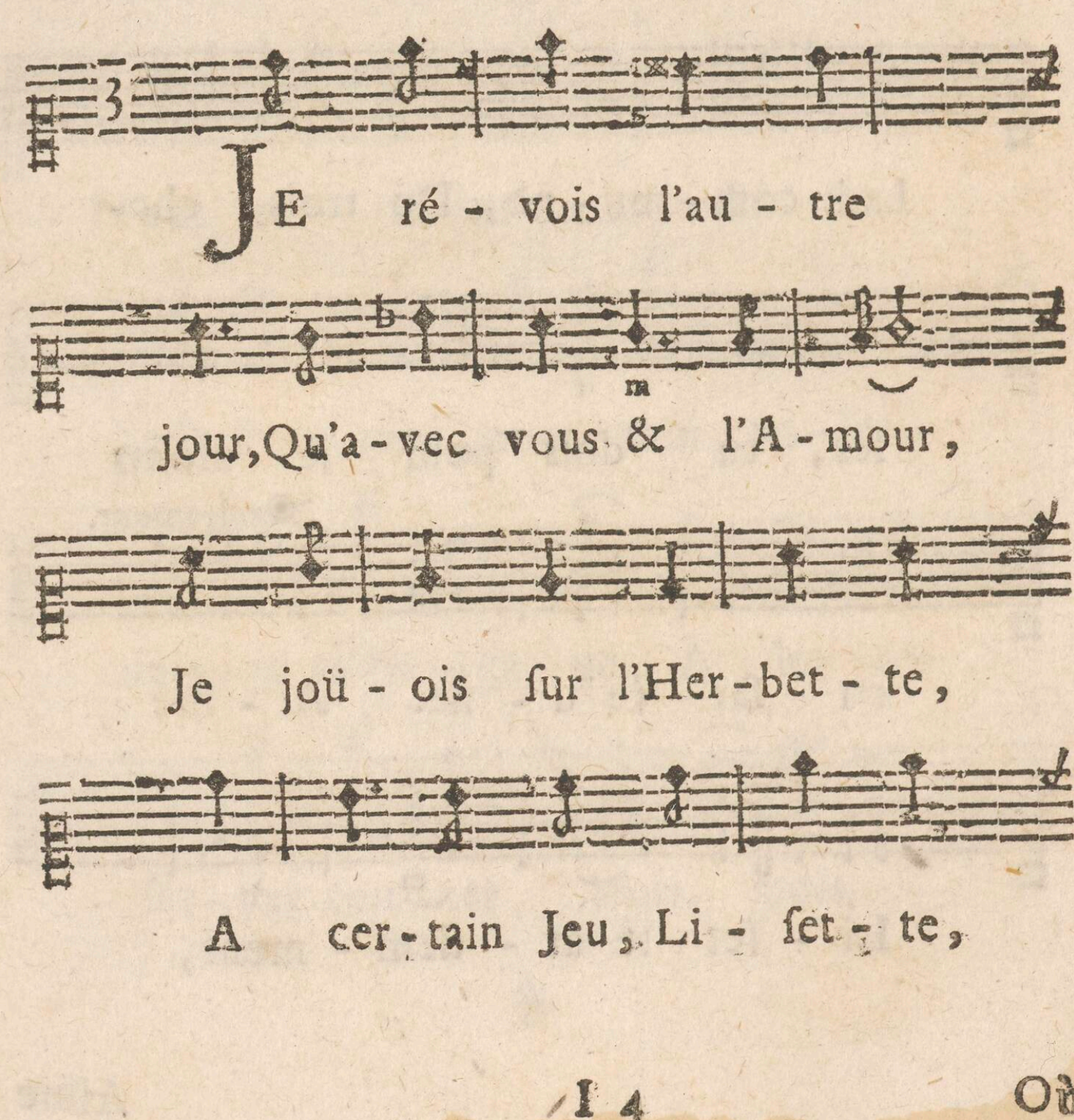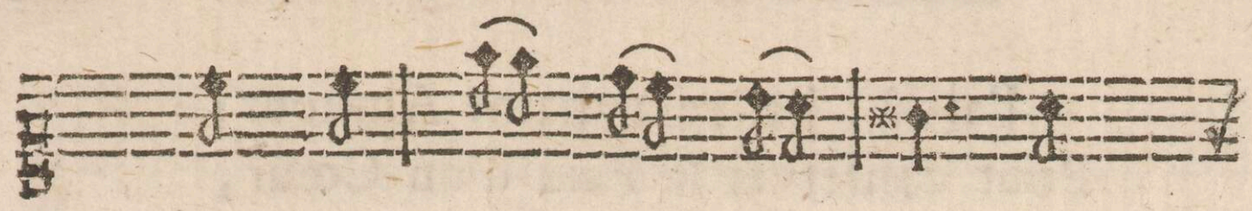


e. L'A-,&c. e.

Amans cedez à vos déſirs,
Il n'eſt pas vrai que les plaiſirs,
Ne ſoient qu'une aimable impoſture;
Mépriſez un ſavoir Trompeur.
Ce n'eſt qu'au fond de vôtre Cœur,
Qu'il faut conſulter la Nature.

J'ai lû, j'ai relu maint Autheur;
Pour conſerver la Paix d'un Cœur,
Qui de lui-même ſe défie;
Quel eſt le prix de tant de ſoins,
Hélas! je n'en aime pas moins,
A quoi ſert ma Philoſophie.

LE PIED DE BOEUF.

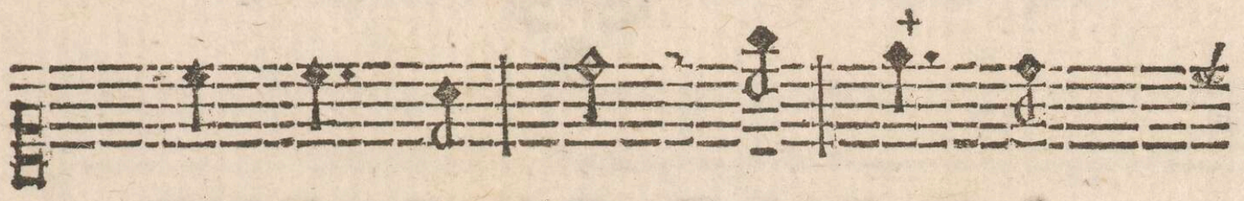




Où l'on va juſ- qu'à neuf en



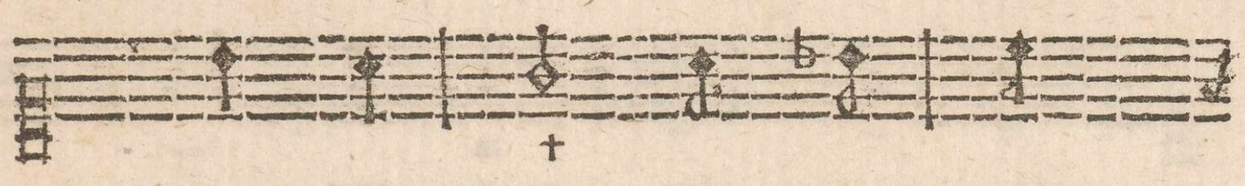
comp-tant tour à tour: Je te



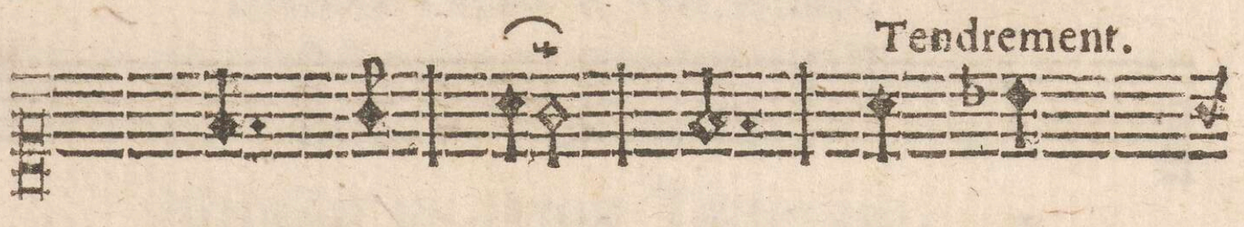
tiens, dit l'A-mour, Sui- vant la



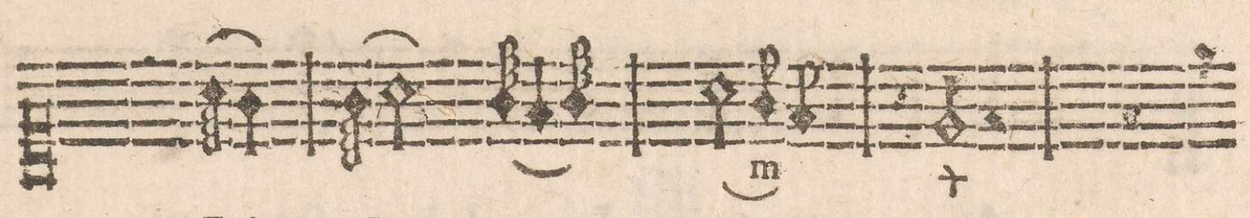
Loi com-mu-ne, De trois cho-



ſes, tu dois pour le moins

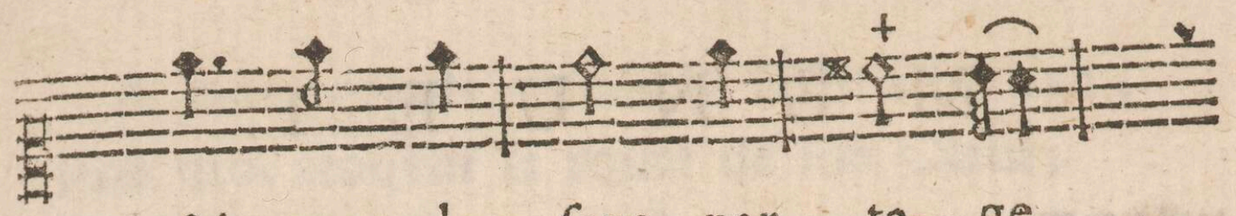


en fai-re u-ne. Ai-me

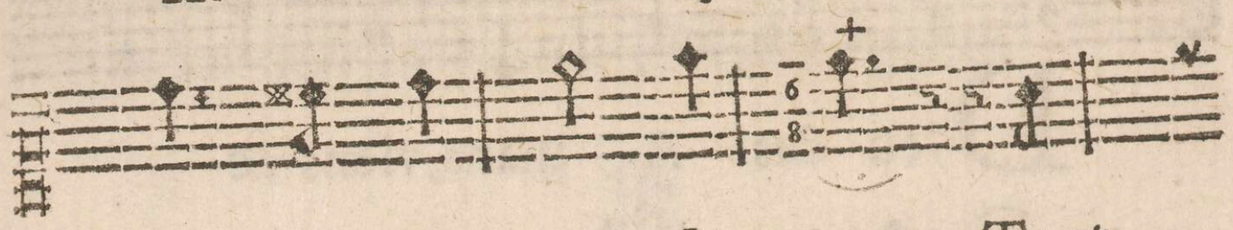


Li-ſet-te ar-dem-ment,

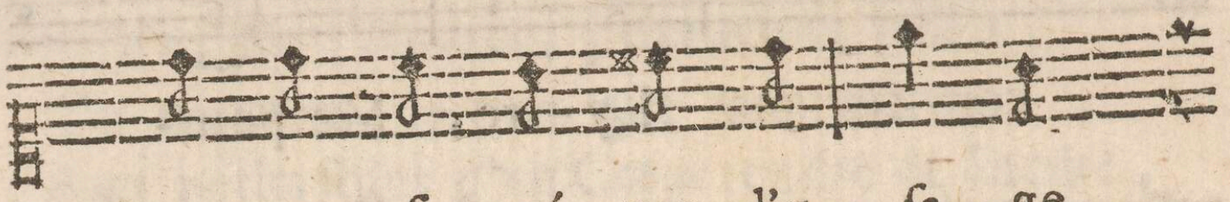
Aime



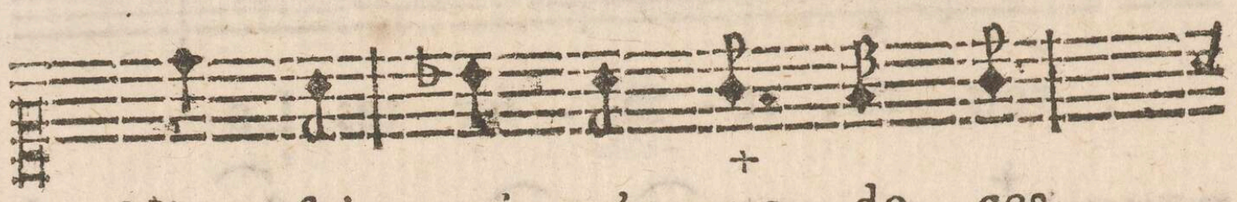
Ai - me la ſans par - ta - ge,



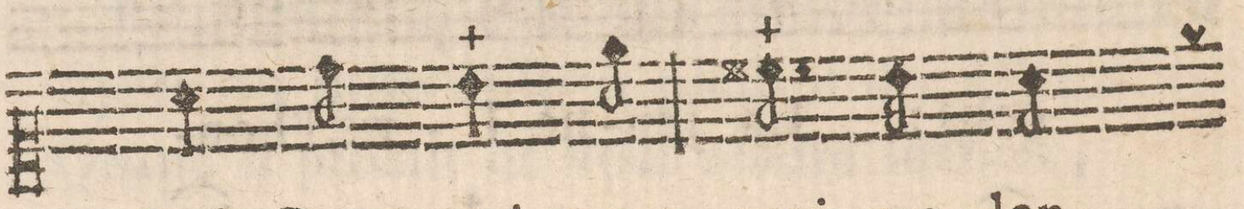
Ai - me la con - ſtam-ment; Tout



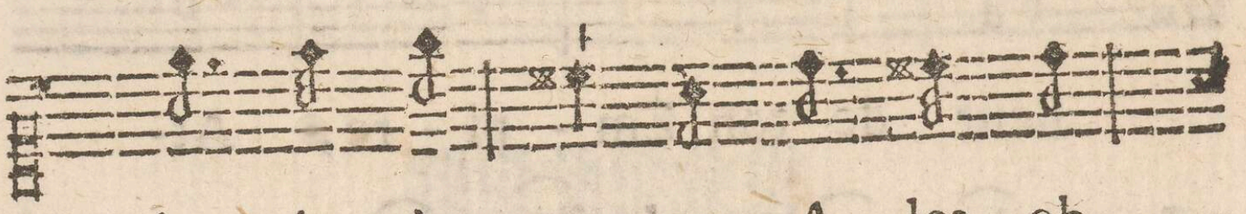
au - tre fi - xé par l'u - ſa - ge,



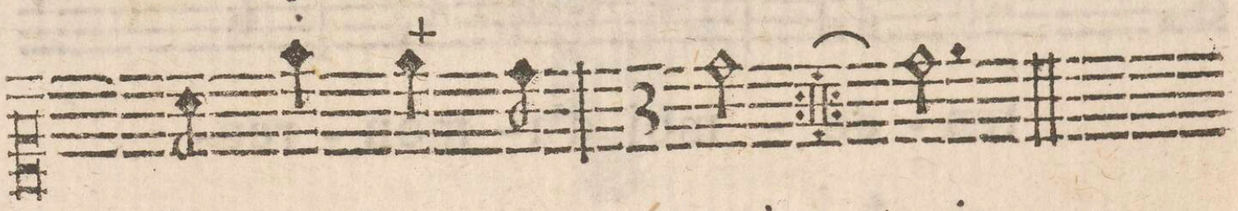
N'eut ſui - vi qu'u - ne de ces



Loix, Pour moi, pour moi vo - lon-

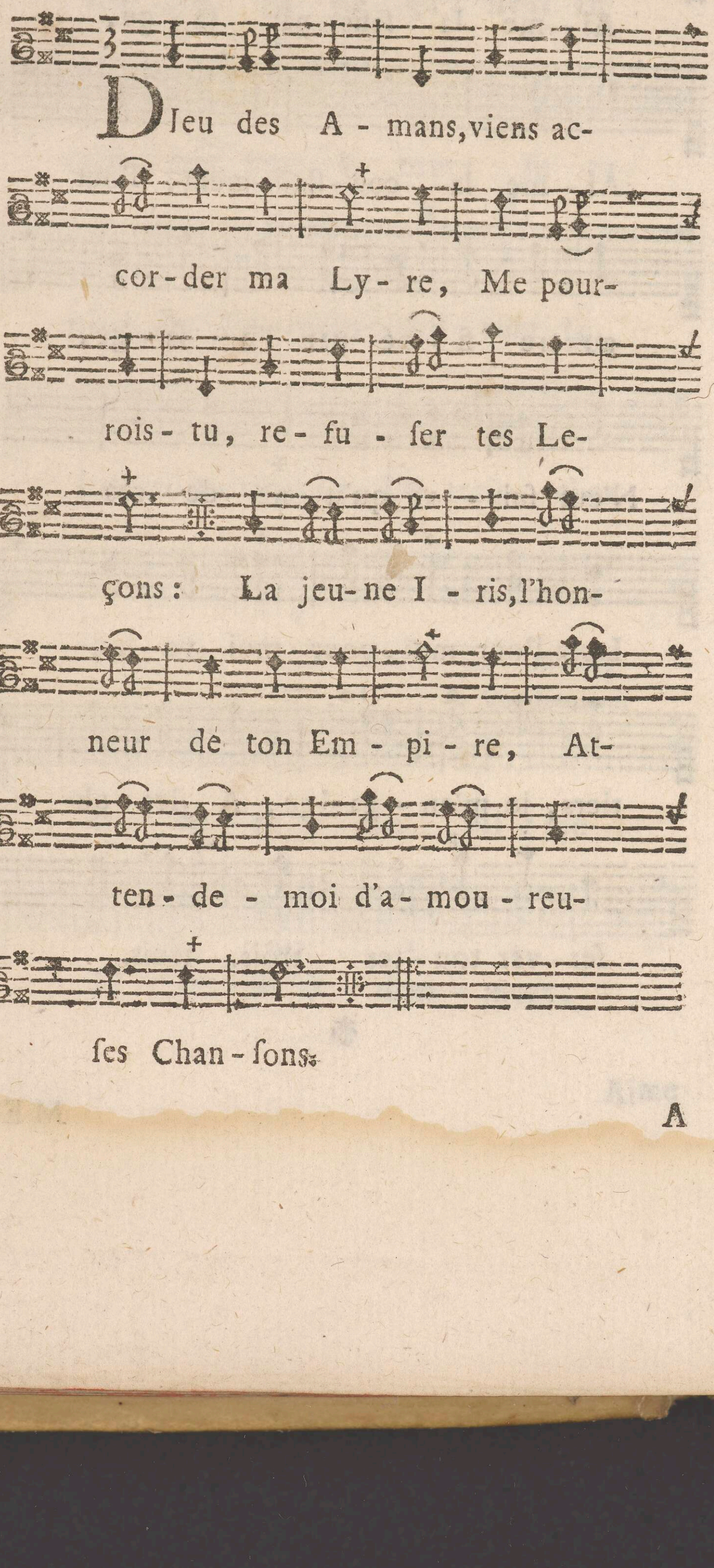


tiers, je m'en - ga - ge, A les ob-



ſer - ver tou - tes trois. trois.

MENUET.


Dieu des A - mans, viens ac-
cor-der ma Ly- re, Me pour-
rois- tu, re- fu - ſer tes Le-
çons: La jeu- ne I - ris, l'hon-
neur de ton Em - pi - re, At-
ten - de - moi d'a- mou - reu-
ſes Chan - ſons.

A mes accents, rends la Belle attentive,
Fais moi trouver la route de ſon Cœur;
Viens endormir une raiſon craintive,
Qui lui défend d'écouter ma langueur.

Va, dit l'Amour, j'exauce ta prière,
Tu recevras, le prix que tu prétens;
Aux petits ſoins d'un Cœur tendre & ſincère,
On ne ſauroit ſe refuſer long-tems.

Pourriez-vous bien être encore infléxible,
Après ces mots du plus puiſſant des Dieux.
Quand il promit de vous rendre ſenſible,
Charmante Iris, il étoit dans vos yeux.

CHANSONNETTE.



D'U- ne voix ti - mi-de &

ſin - cè - re, Lorſ-qu'en ſé-

cret j'ai peint mes feux:

Pourquoi di - vul-guer un miſ-

tè - re, Qu'Amour re - ſer-

voit pour vous deux.

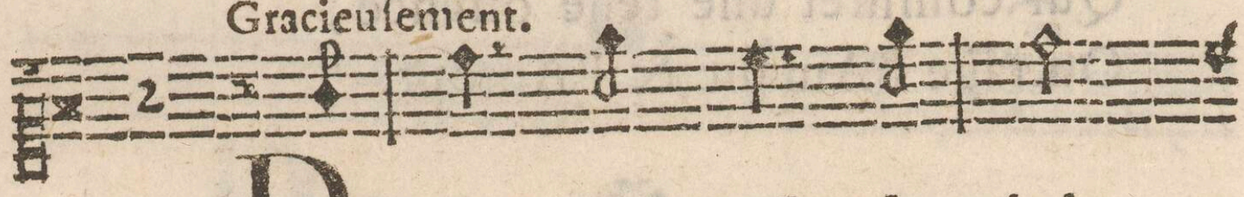
Ce Dieu se plaît dans le silence,
Doit-on l'exposer au grand jour;
Qui commet une telle offence,
Outrage l'Amant & l'Amour.

Quand vous publiez mon hommage,
Vous mépriſez mes tendres soins;
Ah! s'il vous plaisoit d'avantage,
Iris, vous en parleriez moins.

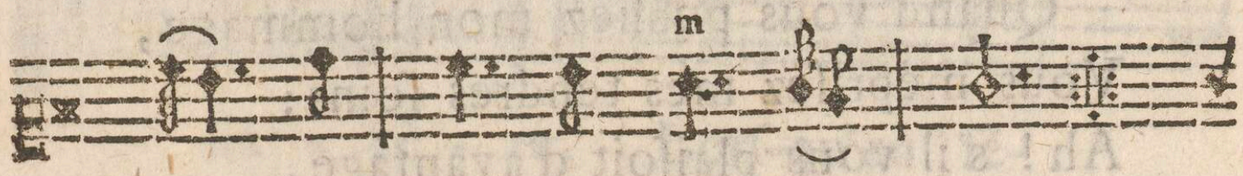
Que ma timidité vous touche,
Cachez l'aveu de ma langueur,
Et pour l'avoir moins à la bouche,
Gravez-le mieux dans vôtre Cœur.

PETIT AIR.
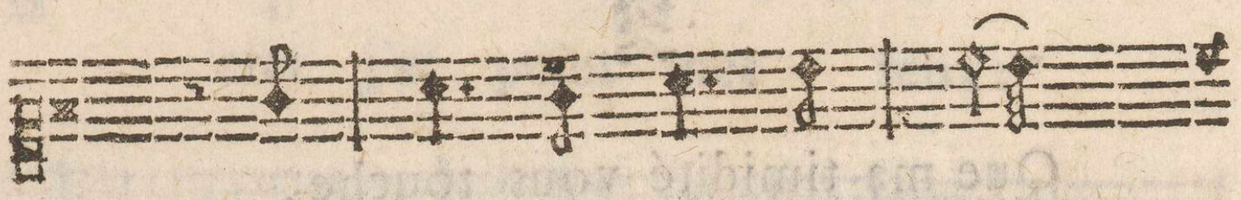
Gracieuſement.



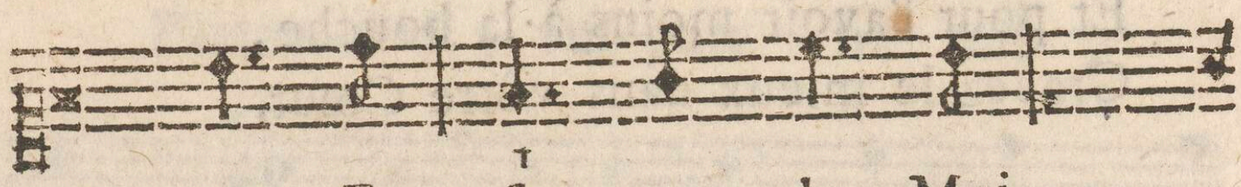
DE la jeu-ne I-ſa-bel-
Un Moi-neau ché-ri d'el-



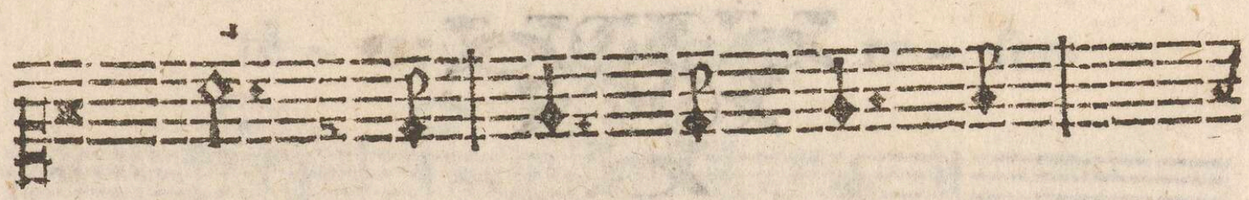
le, Dé-plo-rons le mal-heur,
le, Fai-ſoit tout ſon bon-heur:
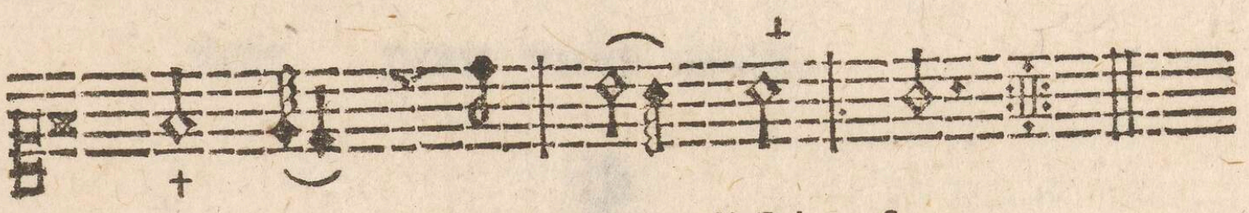


Mais, hé-las! quel dom-ma-



ge, En fla-tant le Moi-



neau, La Bel-le ou-vrit ſa
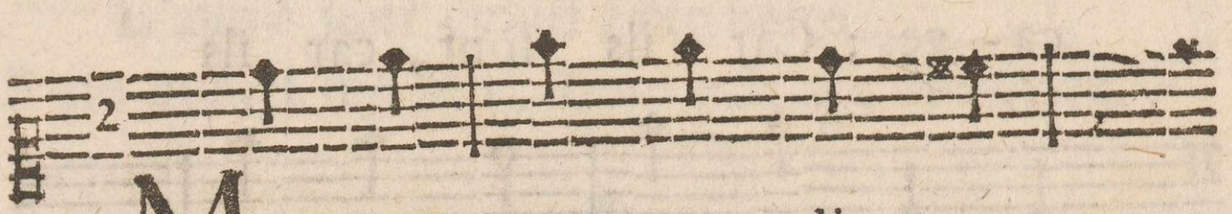


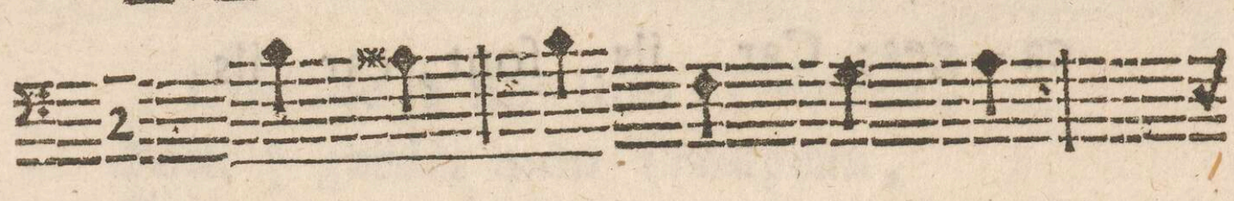
Ca-ge, A-dieu l'Oi-ſeau.

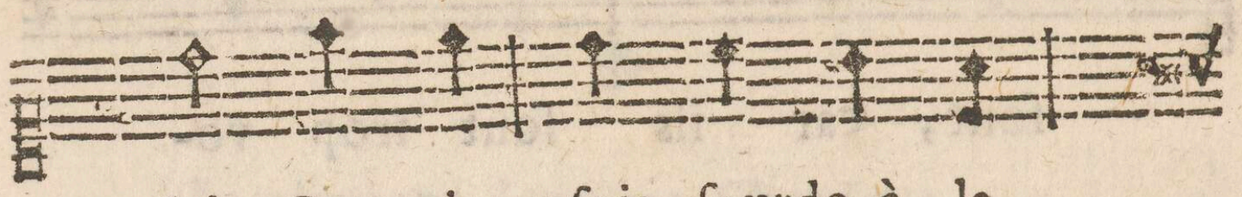
Belles

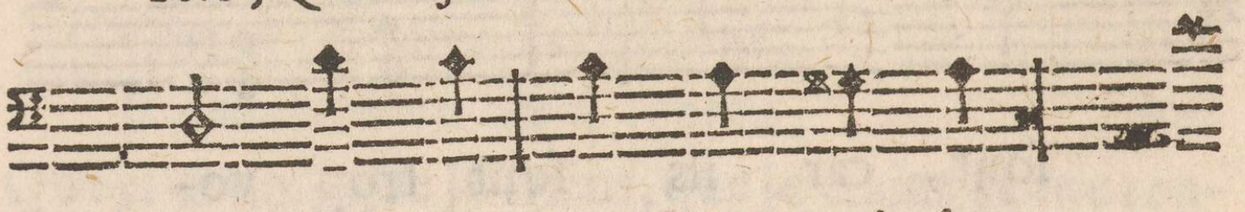
Belles qu'Amour engage,
Voulez-vous qu'un Amant,
Soit ſous vôtre Eſclavage,
Juſqu'au dernier moment;
Faites un bon uſage,
Du malheur d'Iſabeau,
Si vous ouvrez la Cage,
Adieu l'Oiſeau.

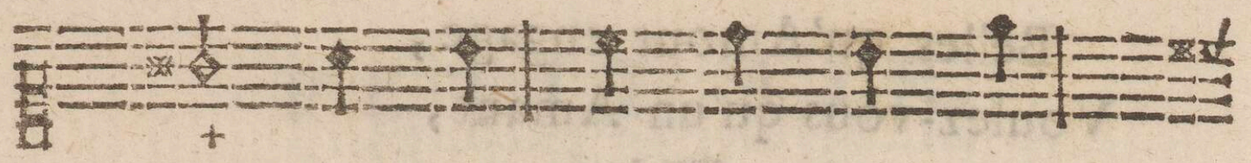
PETIT DUO.



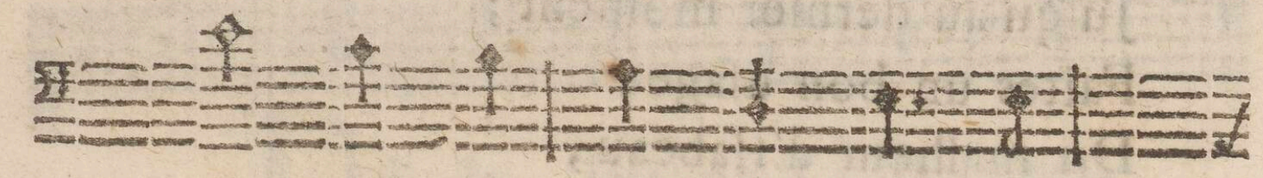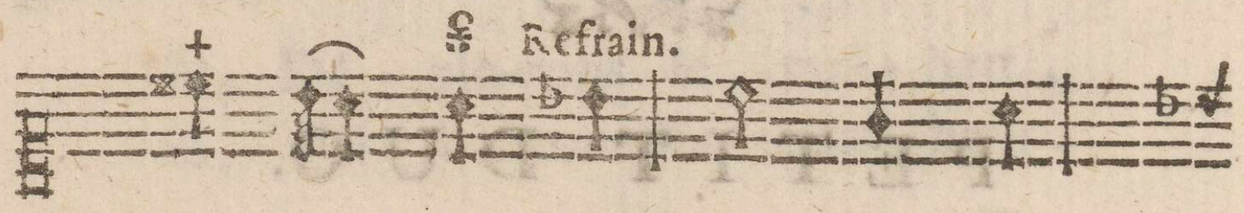








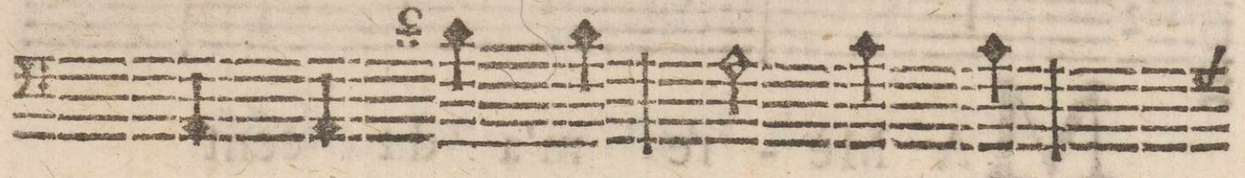
voix, Des Ber-gers de ces Boc-
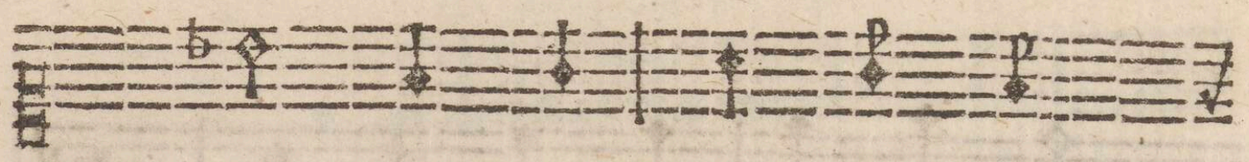


voix, Des Ber-gers de ces Boc-
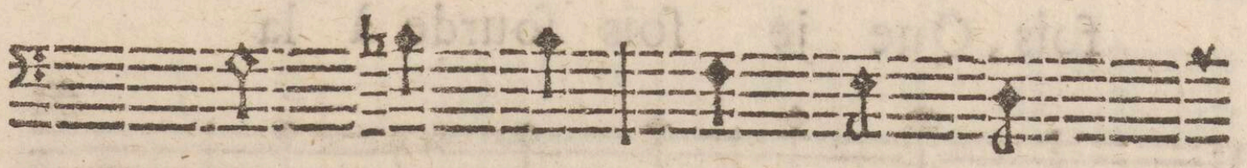


ca-ges; Car ils ſont, car ils



ca-ges; Car ils ſont, car ils
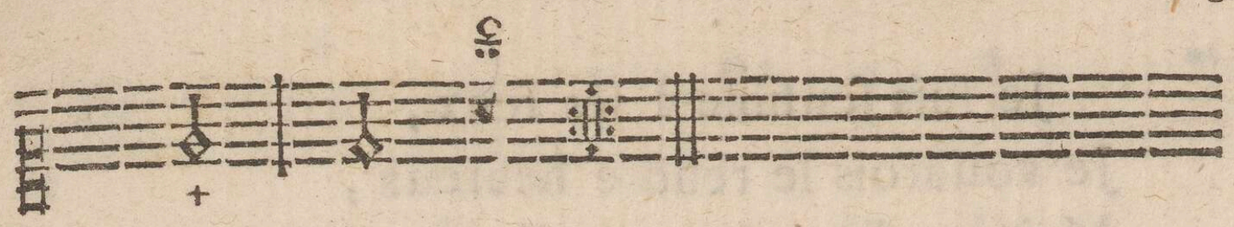


ſont, car ils ſont trop vo-
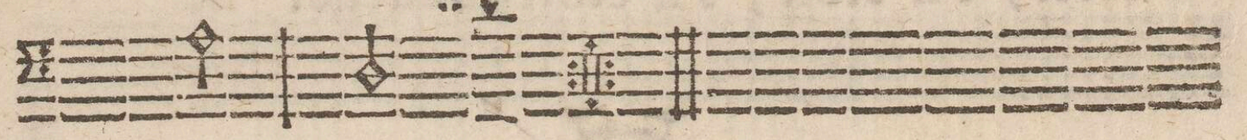


ſont, car ils ſont trop vo-

lages



la - ges. &c.



la - ges. &c.
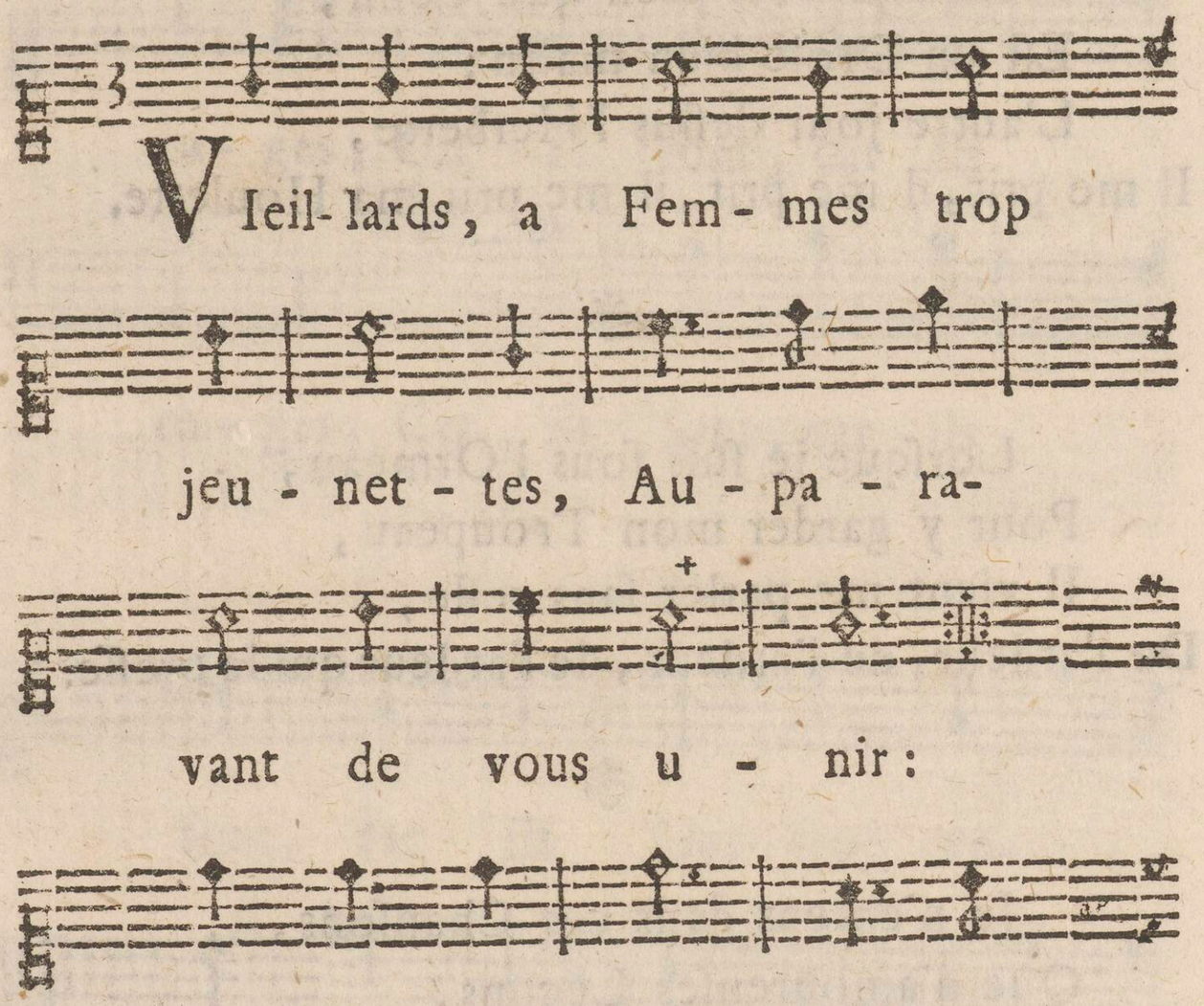
Ah! je vois bien que Colin,
Eſt un Drôle bien malin;
L'autre jour deſſus l'Herbette,
Il me prit, il me prit, il me prit ma Houlette.
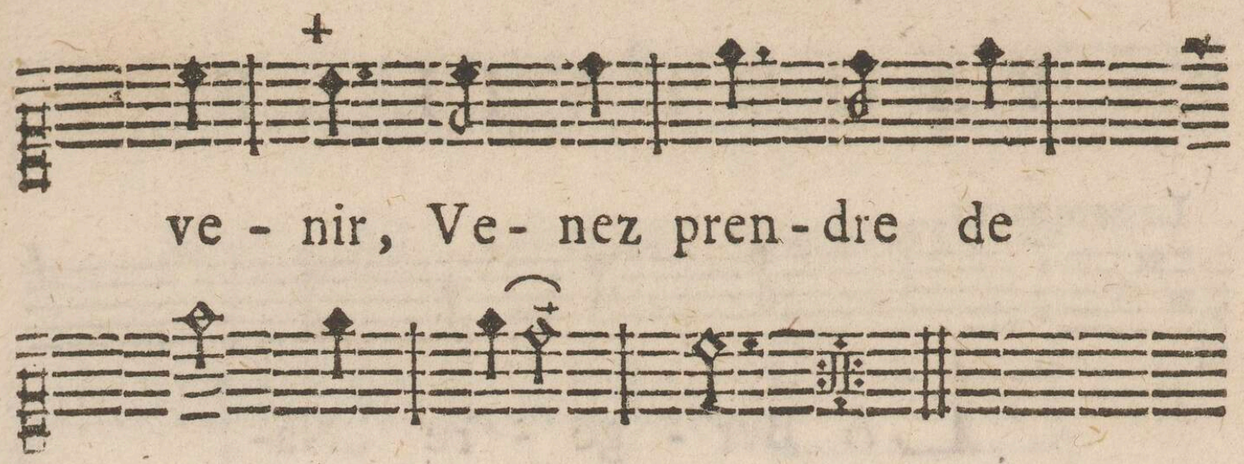
Lorſque je ſuis ſous l'Ormeau,
Pour y garder mon Troupeau,
Il vient me parler ſans ceſſe,
De l'ardeur, de l'ardeur, de l'ardeur qui le preſſe.

Je n'entens dans ces Chanſons,
Que d'amoureuſes Leçons,
Il chante d'un air ſi tendre,
Que je crains, que je crains, que je crains de me ren-[dre.

Je ſuis ſenſible à ſes feux,
Je voudrois le rendre heureux,
Mais quelle peine cruelle,
S'il étoit, s'il étoit, s'il étoit infidelle.

LE LUNETTIER.





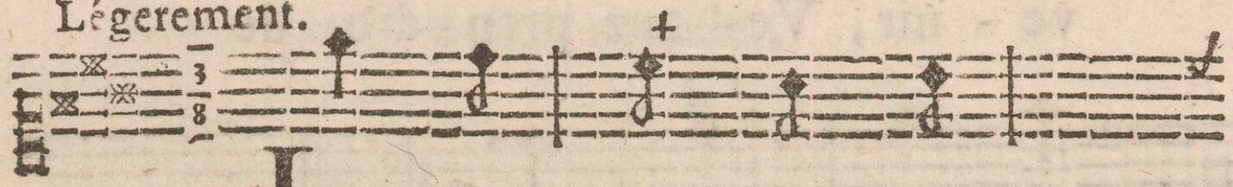
Fille, à qui l'on dit des Fleurettes,
Craignez le Serpent ſous les Fleurs;
Pour prévenir certains malheurs,
Venez prendre de mes Lunettes.

Que feroient les Femmes coquettes,
Qui ſont aujourd'hui dans Paris,
Si leurs trop crédules Maris,
Venoient prendre de mes Lunettes.

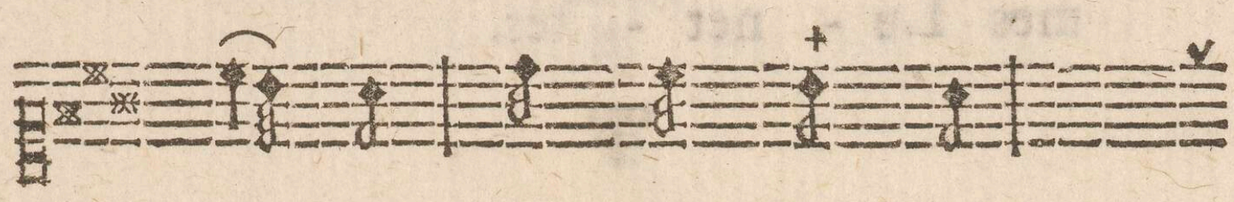
Tel de vous ſe met en Goguettes,
Et de moi ſe rit aujourd'hui,
Qui verroit que l'on rit de lui,
S'il avoit prls de mes Lunettes.

VAUDEVILLE.
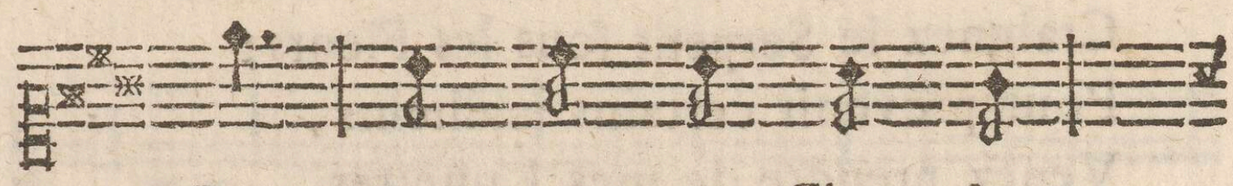
Légerement.



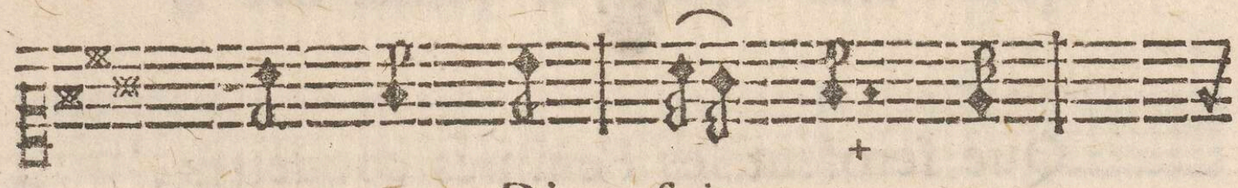
LA Ber - gè - re Na-



net - te, S'en al - lant au

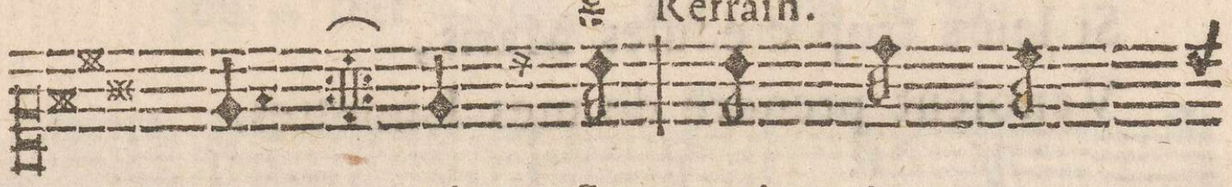


Bois, Par cet - te Chan - ſon-
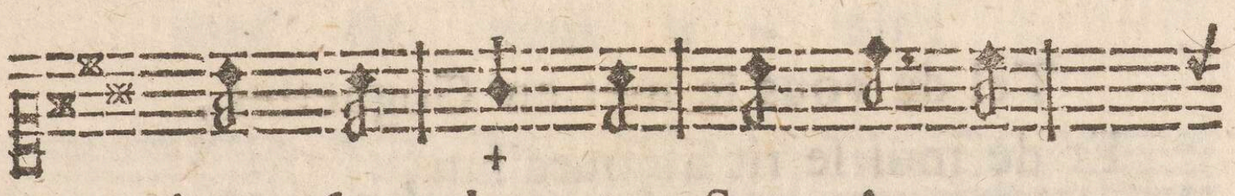


net - te, Di - ſoit u - ne
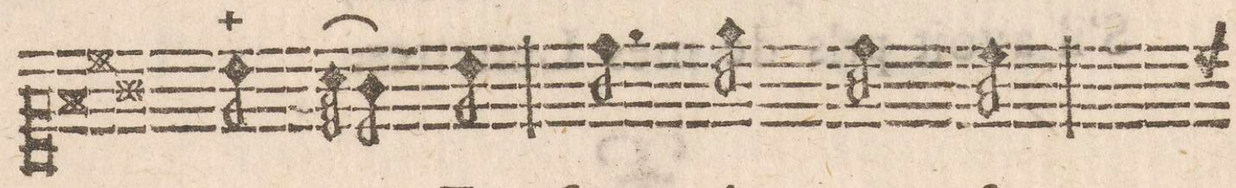
℔ Refrain.



fois: fois: Se - rai - je tou-

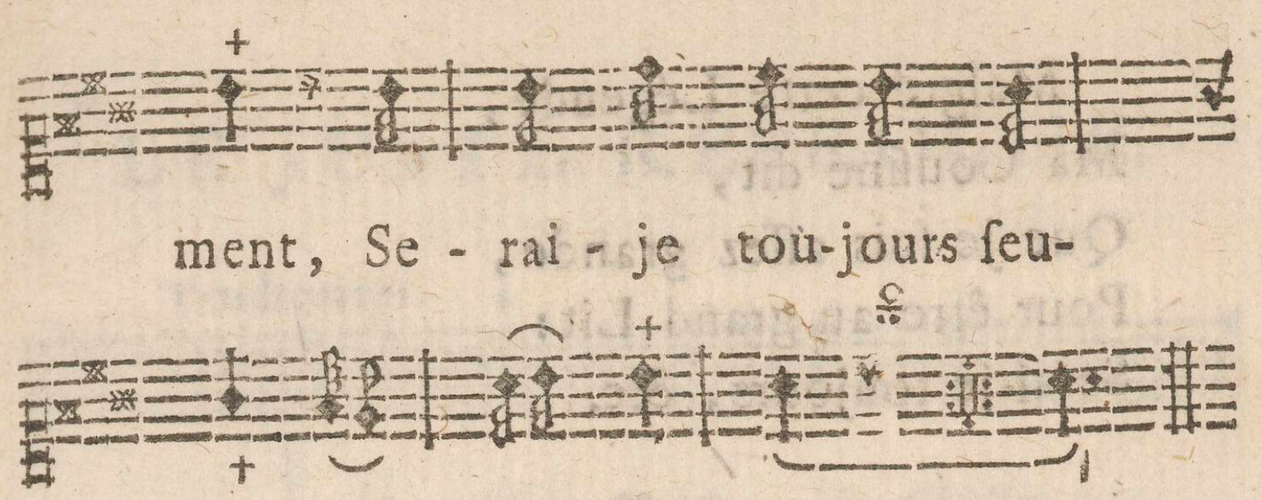


jours ſeu - let - te, Sans A - mou-



ret - te, Et ſans A - mu - ſe-

ment,



Zéphir careſſe Flore,
A chaque moment,
La Belle qu'il adore,
L'aime tendrement:
Serai-je toujours, &c.

Maman dans le Village,
Me dit tous les jours,
Qu'une Fille à mon âge,
Doit fuïr les Amours:
Serai-je toujours, &c.

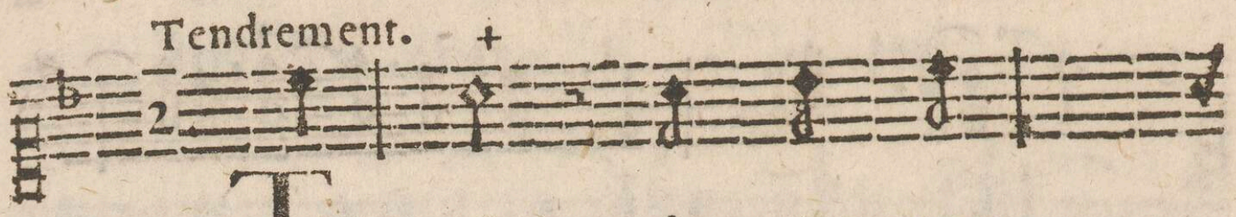
Mal-

Malgré cette Légende,
Ma Couſine dit,
Que je ſuis aſſez grande,
Pour être au grand Lit:
Serai-je toujours, &c.

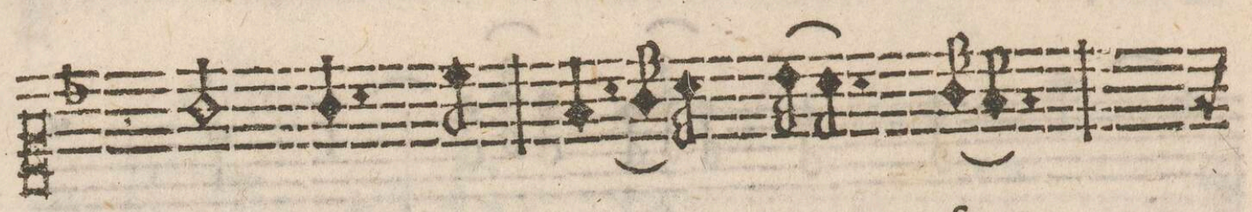
J'en croirai ma Couſine,
Tentons le danger,
Sa voix me détermine,
Cherchons un Berger:
Je ne ſerai plus ſeulette,
Sans Amourette,
Et ſans Amuſement;
Je ne ſerai plus ſeulette,
Sans Amant.

LE JUSTE REPROCHE.

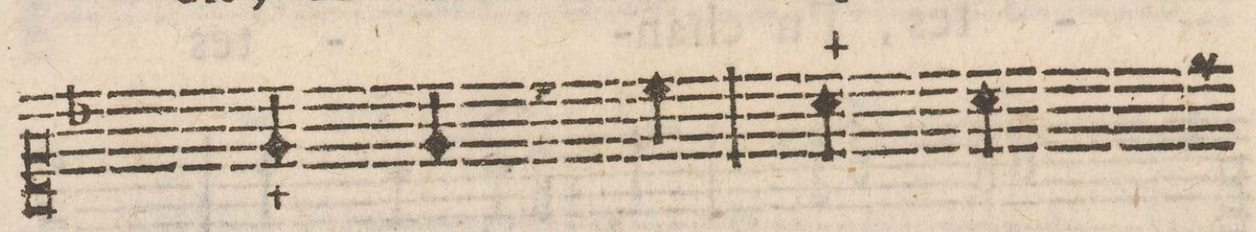
Tendrement.



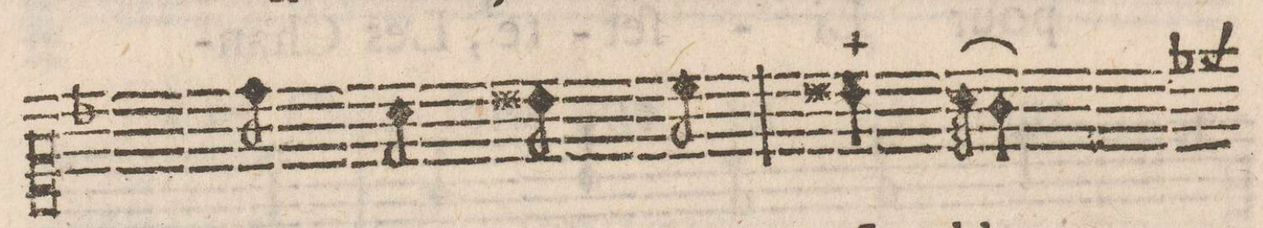
TIr - cis, je te croy-



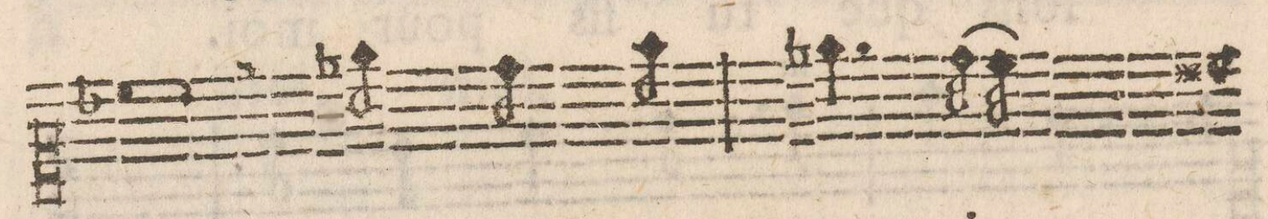
ois, A mes feux trop ſen-



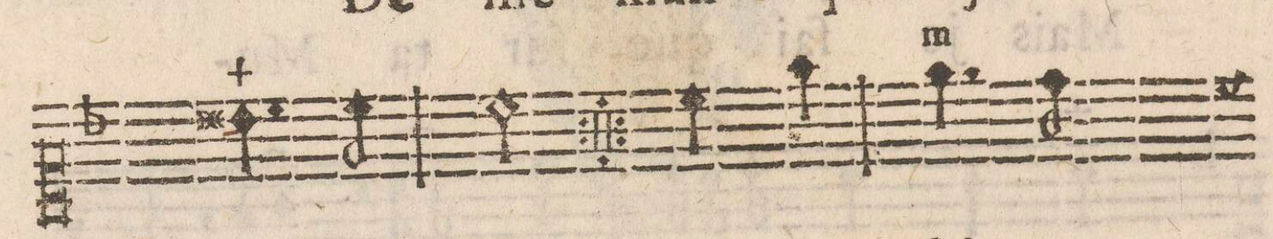
ſi - ble, Pour croi - re



qu'il te fut poſ - ſi - ble,
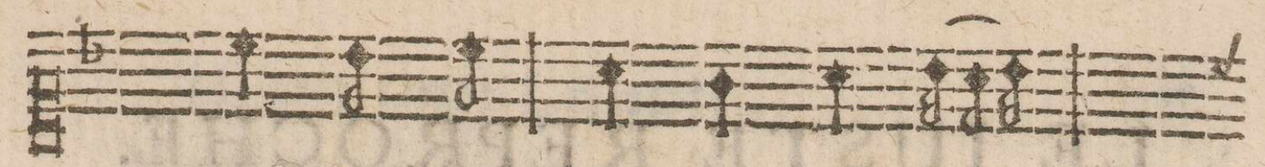


De me man - quer ja-

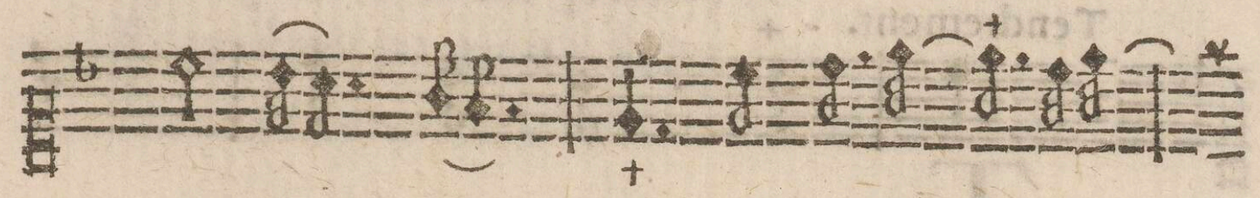


mais de foi: Mais je ſai que

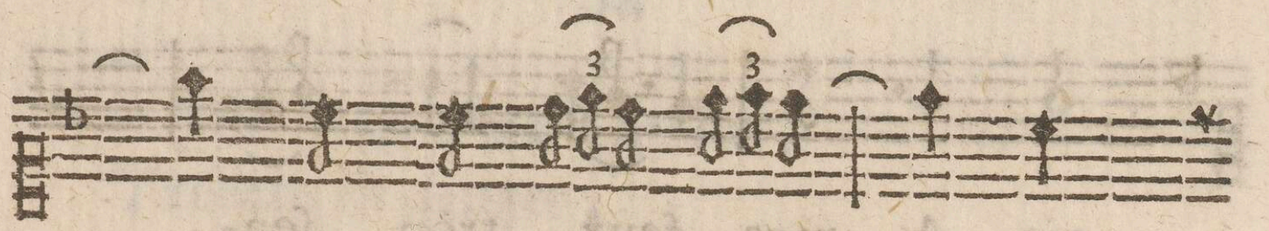
ſur



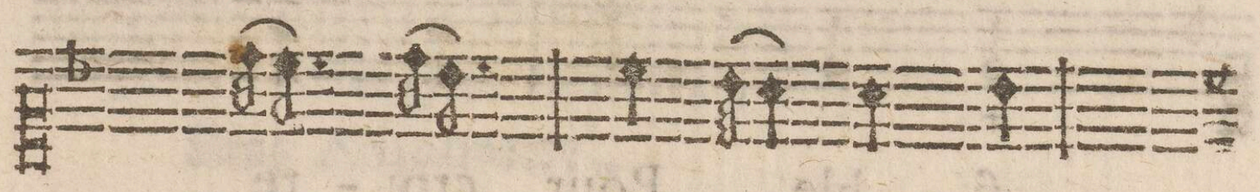
ſur ta Mu- ſet- te, Tous les



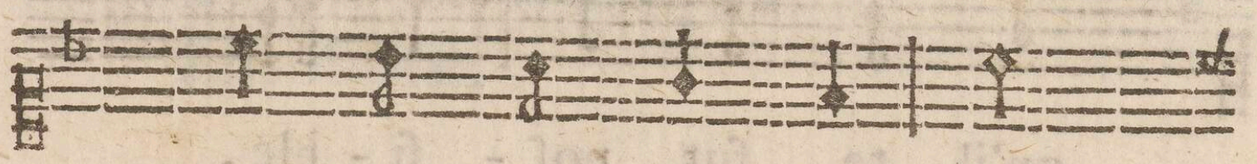
jours dans nos Bois, Tu chan- -



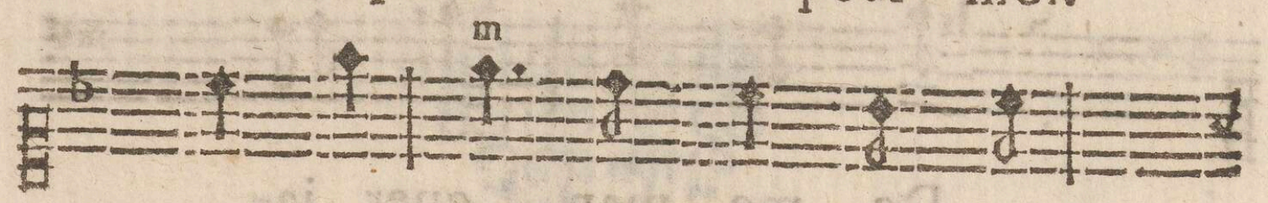
- tes, Tu chan- - tes



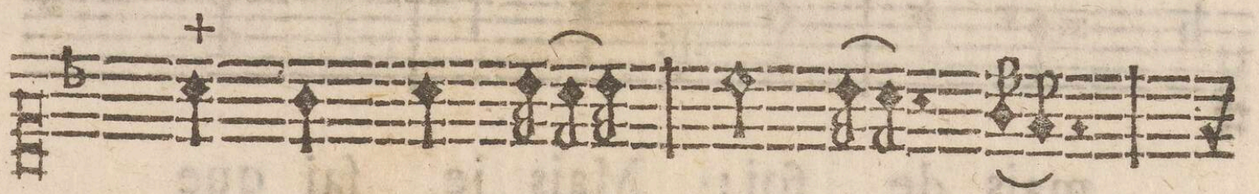
pour Li - ſet- te, Les Chan-



ſons que tu fis pour moi.
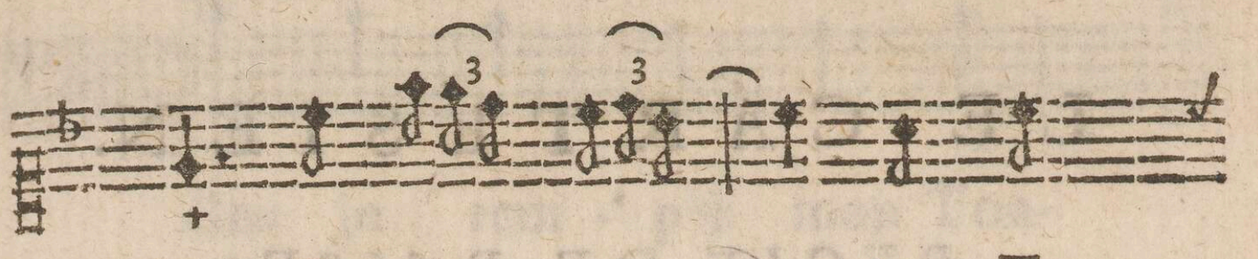


Mais je ſai que ſur ta Mu-
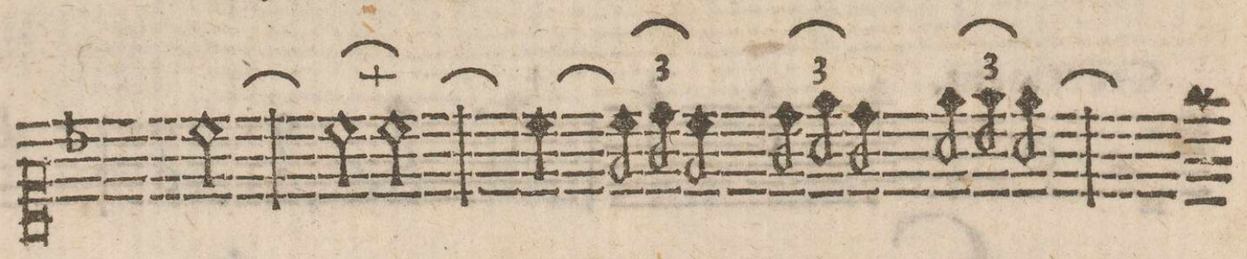


ſet- te, Tous les jours dans nos
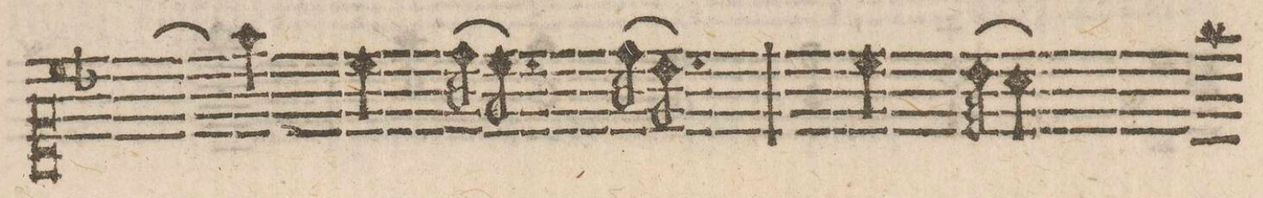
Bois,



Bois, Tu chan- - - tes, Tu



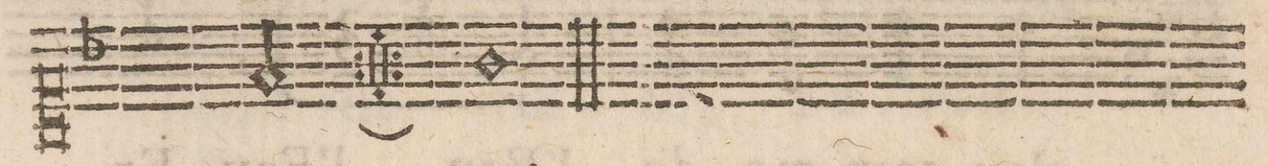
chan- - - -



- tes pour Li - ſet - te,



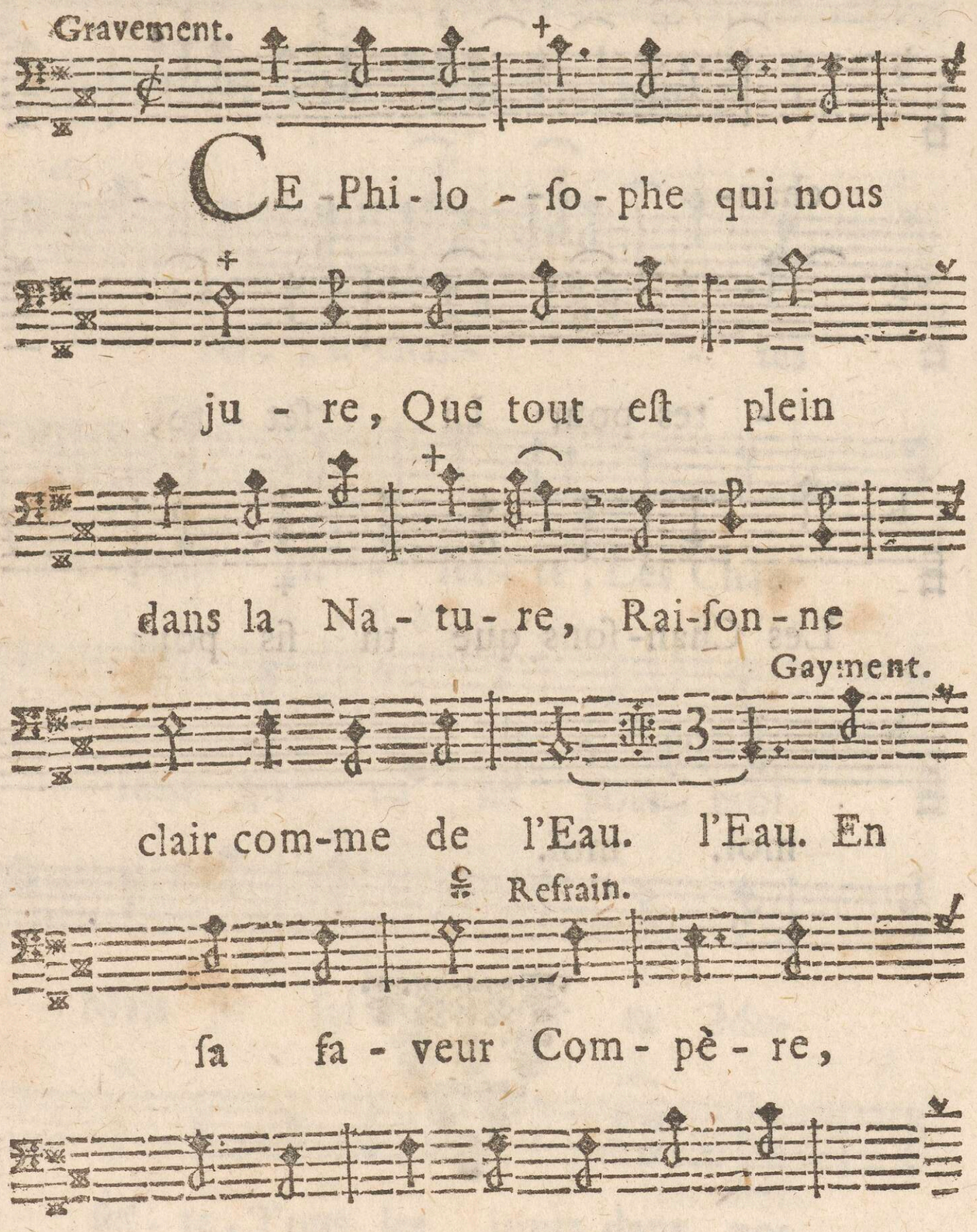
Les Chan-ſons que tu fis pour



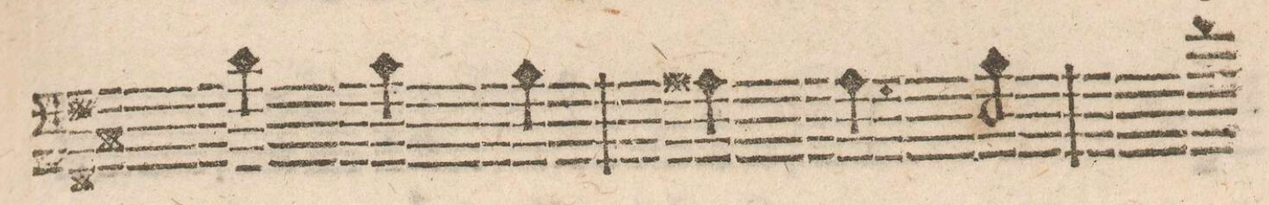
moi. moi.

LE CARTÉSIEN.

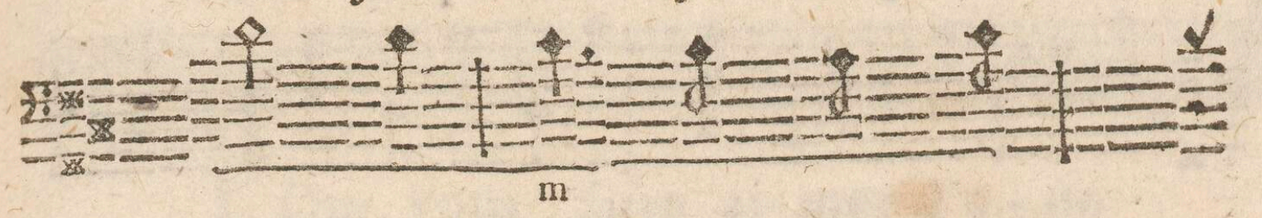
RECIT DE BASSE.



Ans
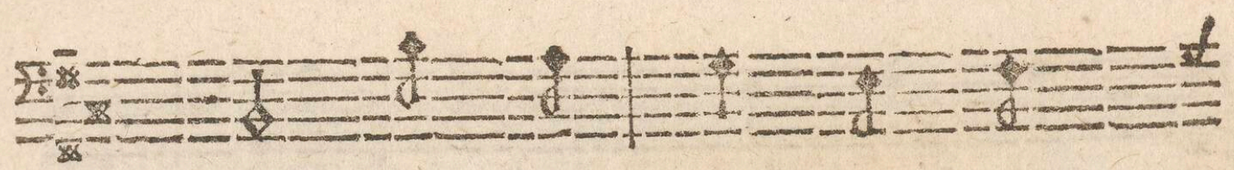


Ans je rem - plis mon Ton-
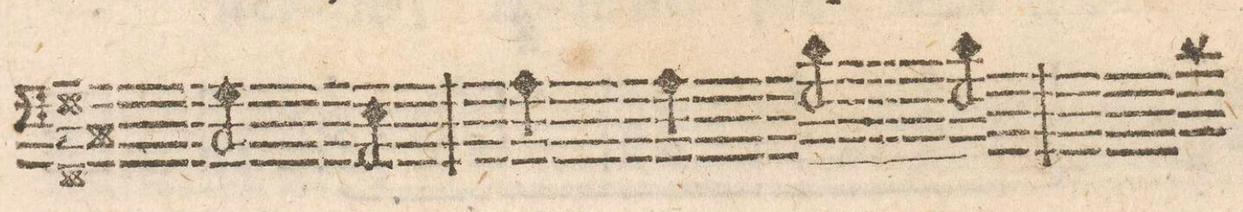


neau, Ma Fem - me tous les



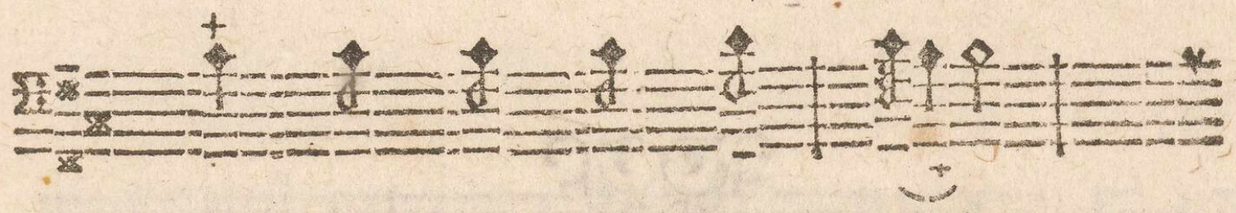
Ans por - te un Pou - pon nou-
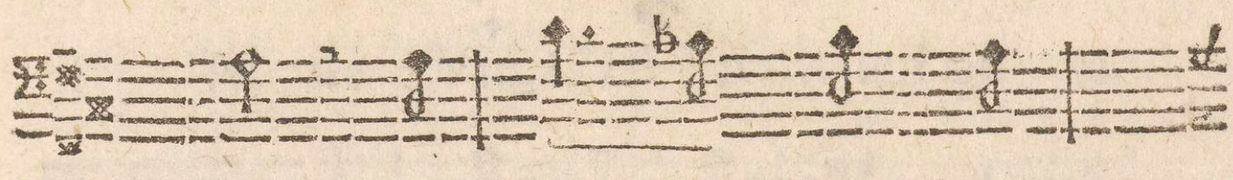


veau, Tu vois bien qu'il n'eſt
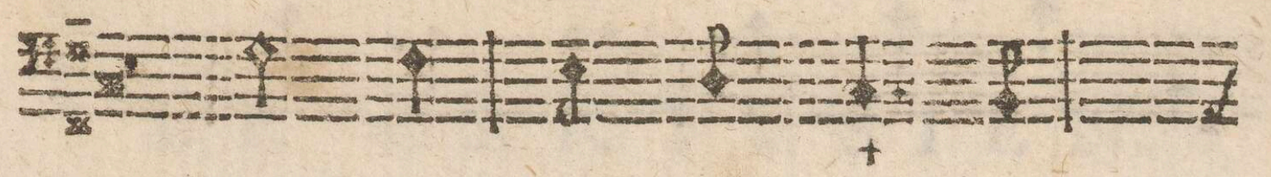


point de vui - de, Tu vois



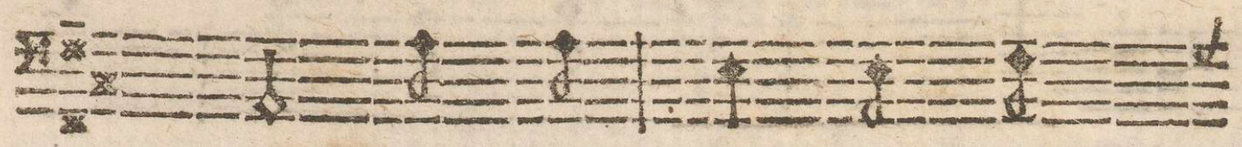
bien qu'il n'eſt point de vui-
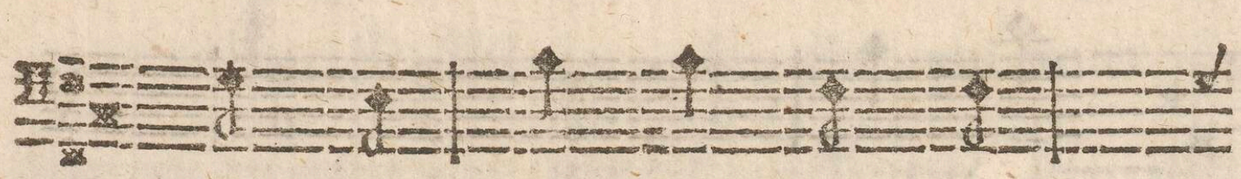


de. Ma Fem - me tous les



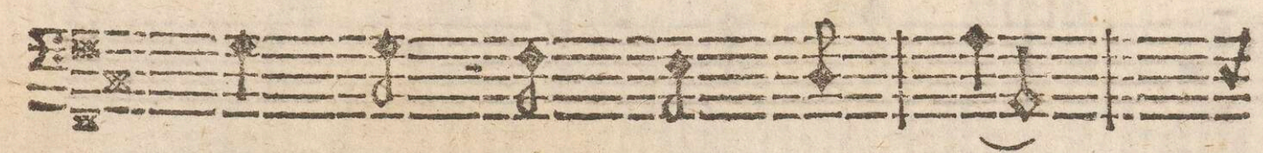
Ans por-te un Pou- pon nou-
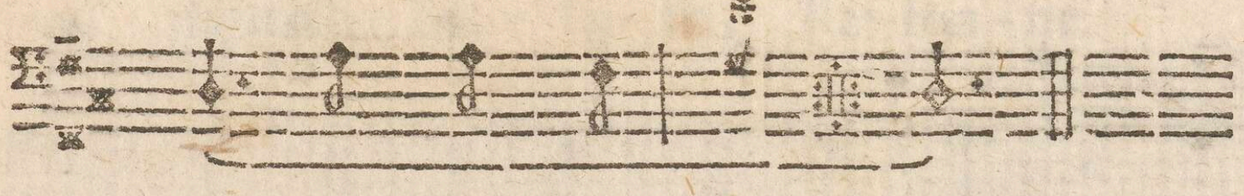


veau, Tu vois bien qu'il n'eſt



point de vui - de, Tu vois



bien qu'il n'eſt point de vui-
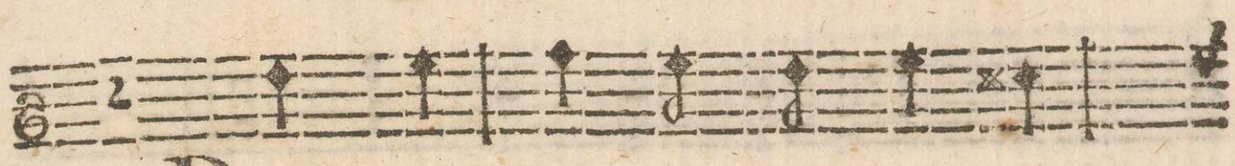


de. En ſa ſa-, &c. de.
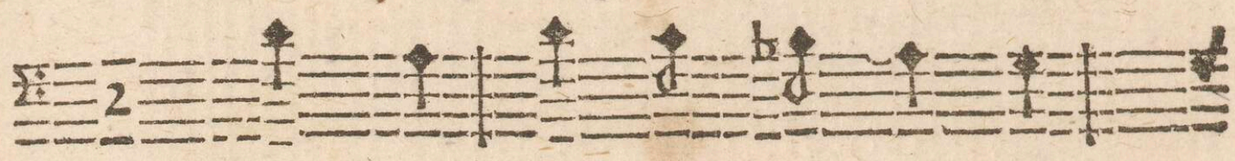
LE.

LEÇON.

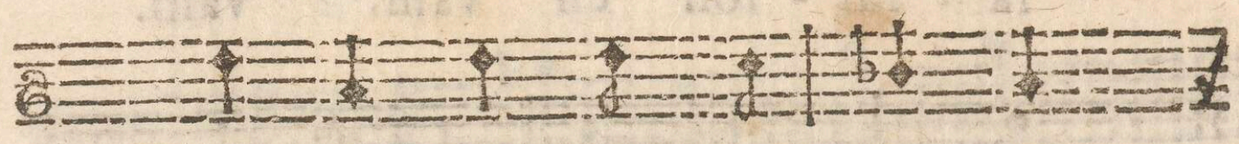
DUO.
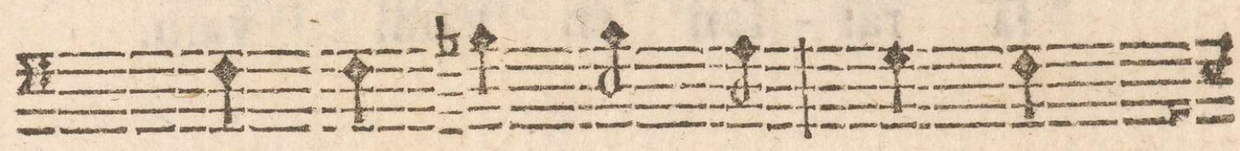


Pour vous faire ai-mer d'u-ne



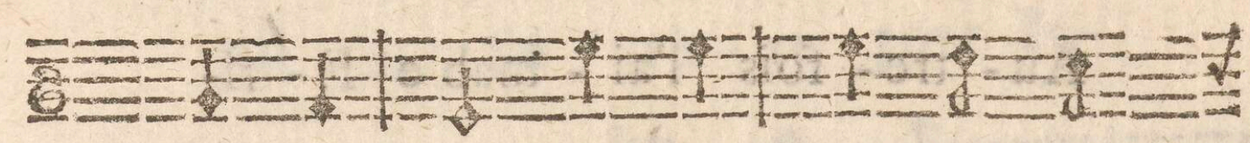
Pour vous faire ai-mer d'u-ne



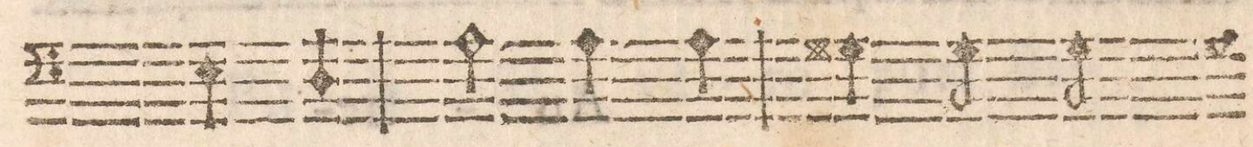
Bel-le, A-mans pré-ſen-tez



Bel-le, A-mans pré-ſen-tez
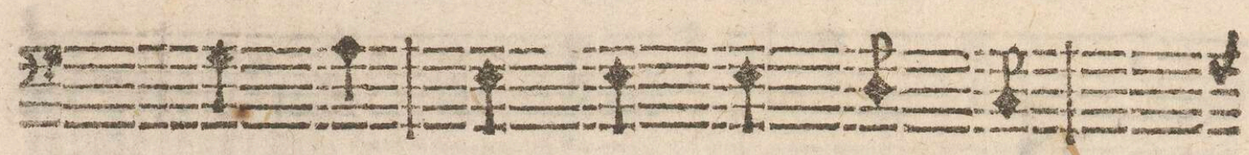


lui du Vin, C'eſt l'E-cueil où la



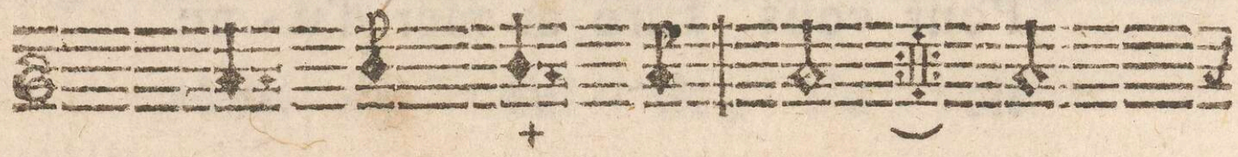
lui du Vin, C'eſt l'E-cuell où la
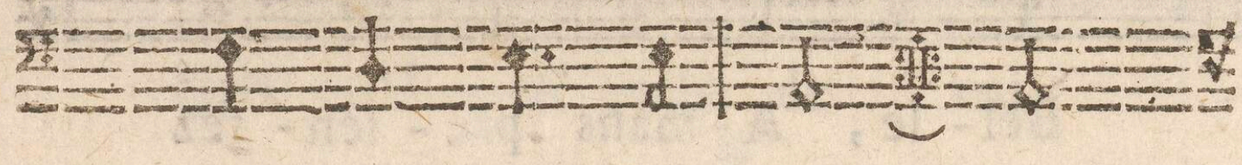


plus re - bél - le, Op - po - ſe



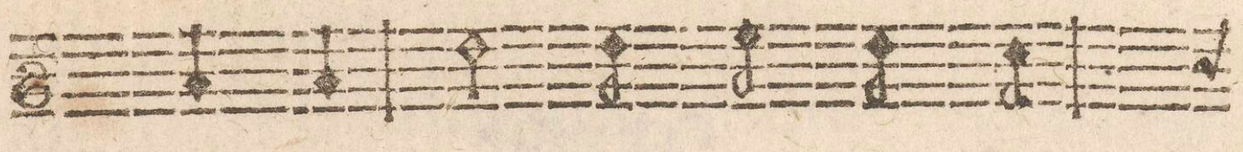
plus re - bel - le, Op - po - ſe.



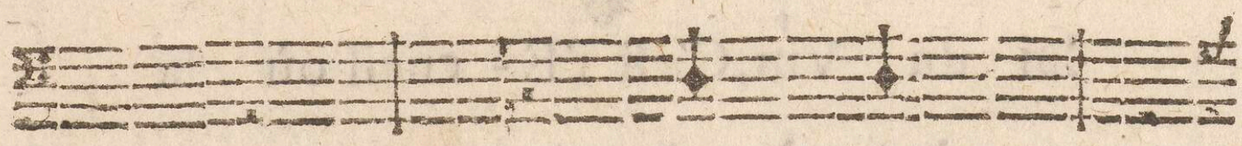
ſa rai - ſon en vain. vain.



ſa rai - ſon en vain. vain.
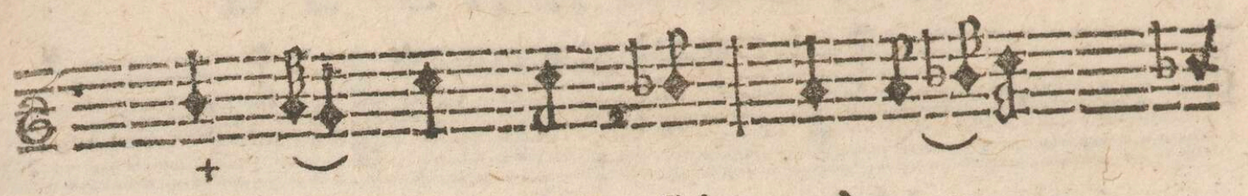


Au - tre - fois l'ai - mab'e E - ri-

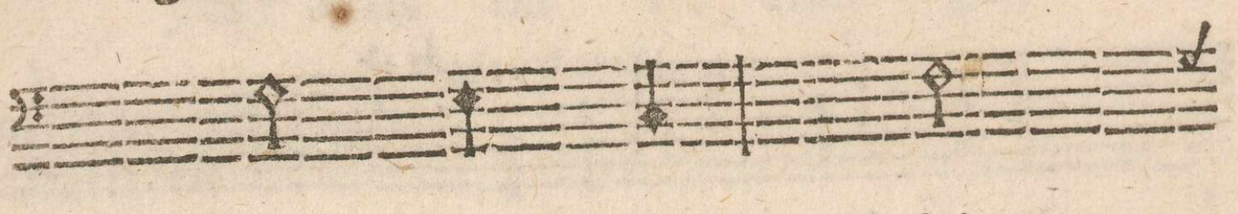


Au - tre-

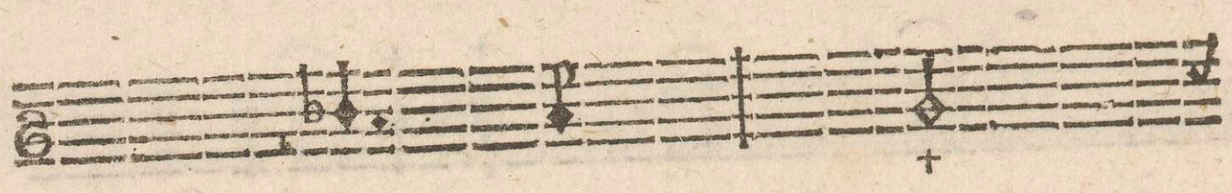
gonne,



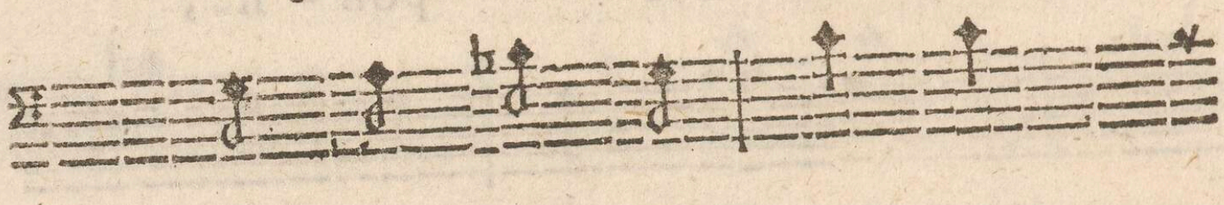
gon-ne, Fit la Sé - vè - re



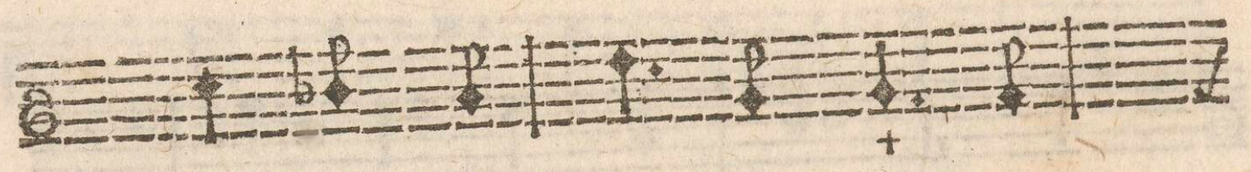
fois, Au - tre - fois,



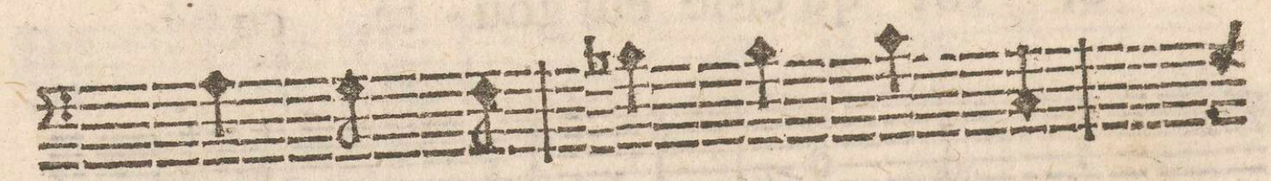
pour Ba - chus,



l'ai - ma-ble E - ri - gon - ne,

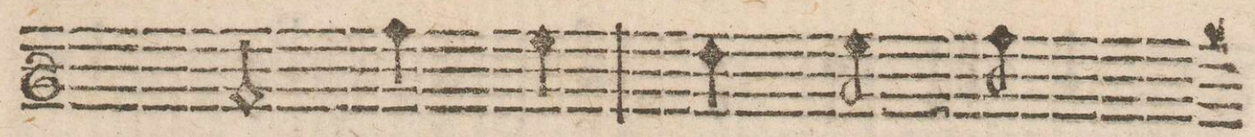


Fit la Sé - vè - re pour Ba-

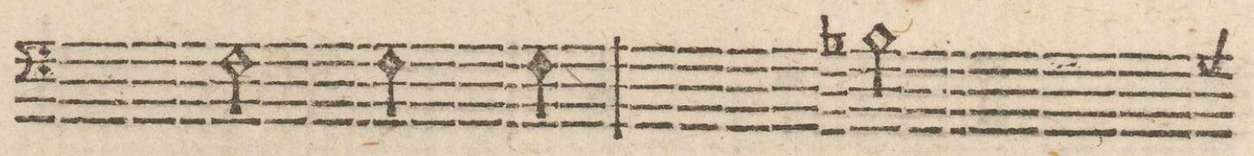


Fit la Sé - vè - re pour Ba-
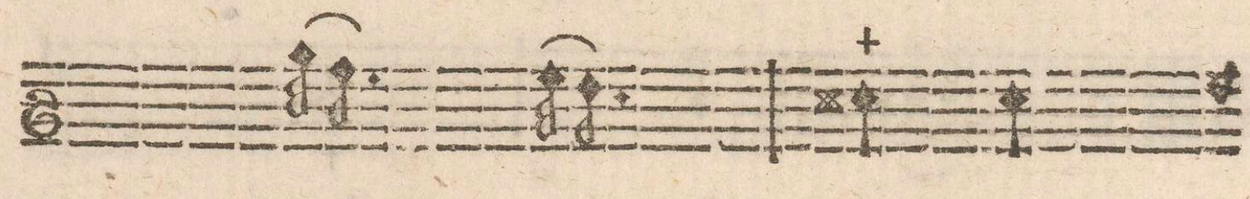
chus;



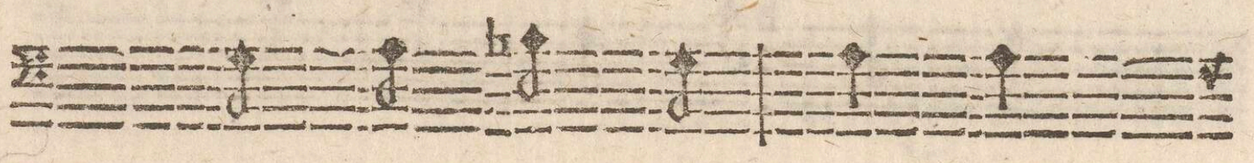
chus; Mais on vit chan-ger



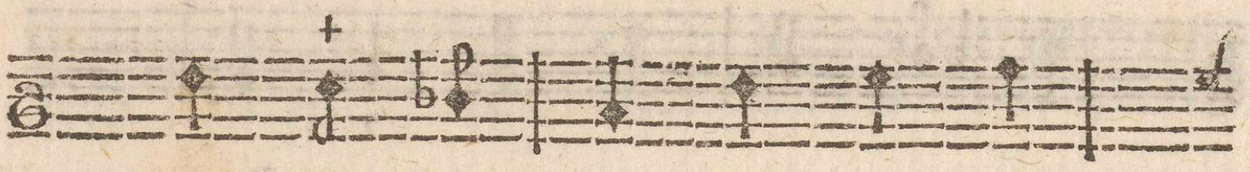
chus; Au-tre - fois
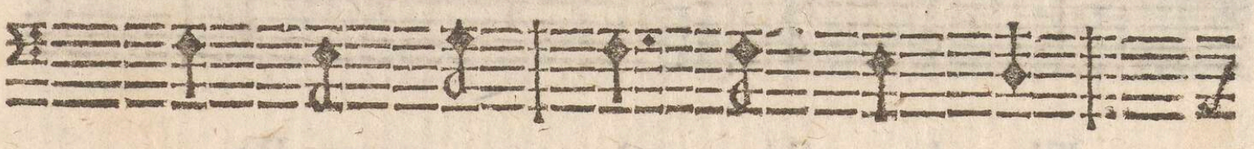


la Fri - pon-ne,



l'ai-ma-ble E-ri - gon-ne,
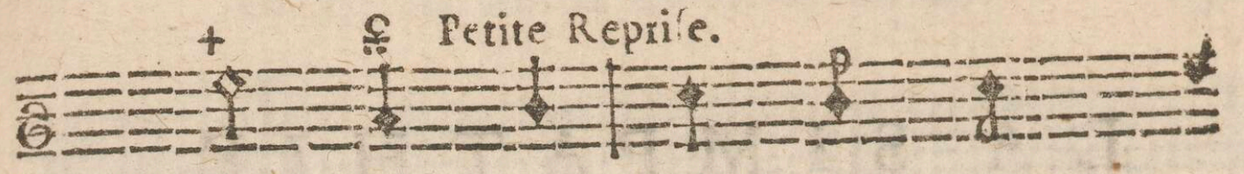


Si - tôt qu'el-le eût goû-té ce
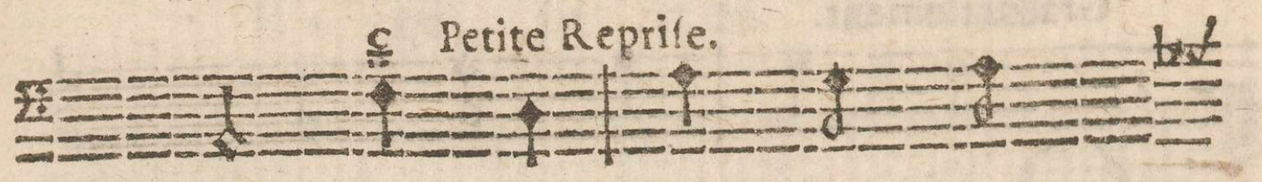


Fit la Sé - vè-re pour Ba-

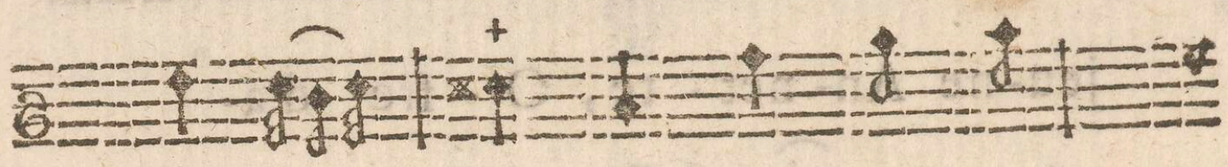
Jus,



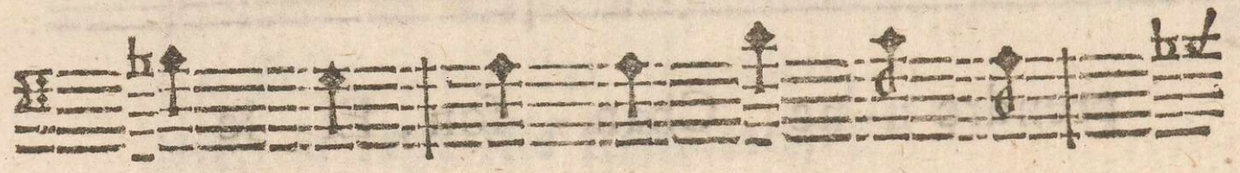
Jus; Mais on vit chan - ger
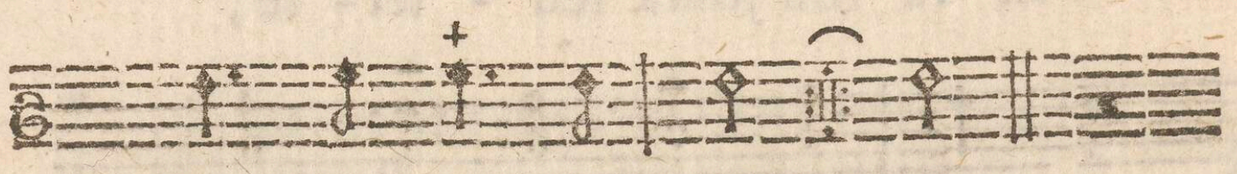


chus; Mais on vit chan - ger
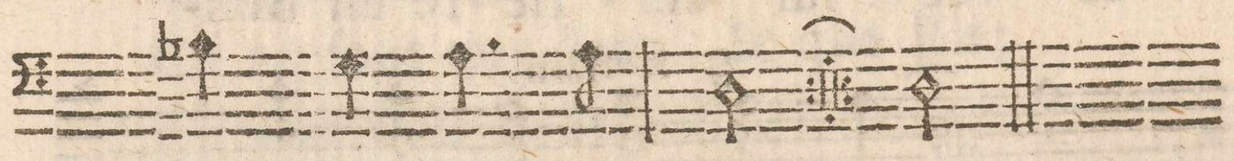


la Fri - pon - ne, Si - tôt qu'el-



la Fri - pon - ne, Si - tôt qu'el-
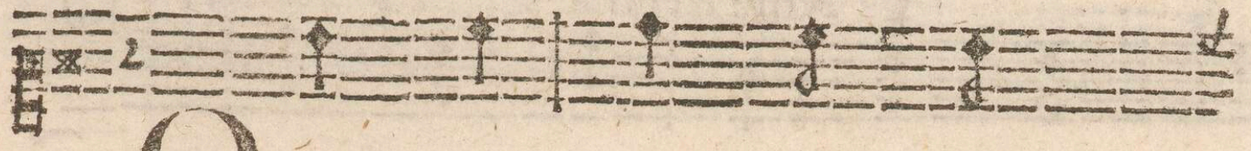


le eût goû - té ce Jus. Jus.



le eût goû - té ce Jus. Jus.

LA SIMPATHIE.
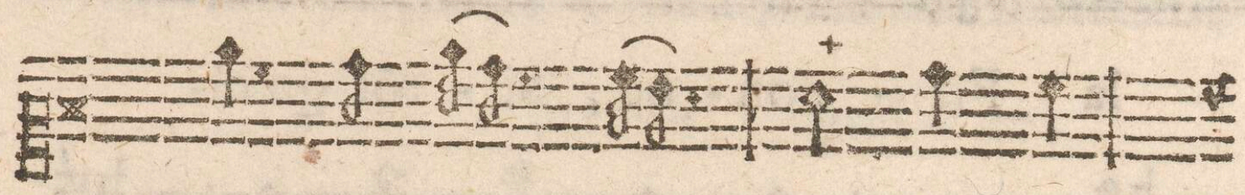
Gracieuſement.
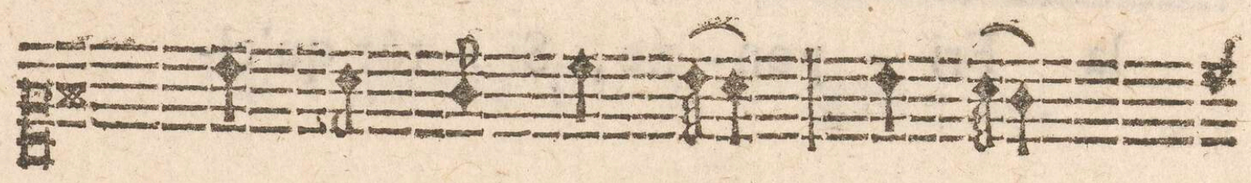


QUand Tir - cis a la
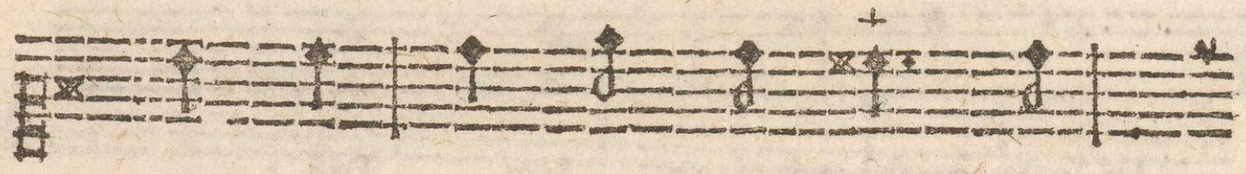


jeu- ne An- net - te, O - fre d'a-



prendre u- ne Chan - ſon, El- le
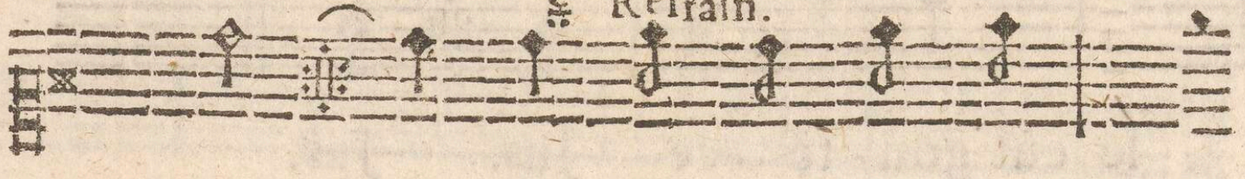


s'en va tou-jours ſeu - let- te,



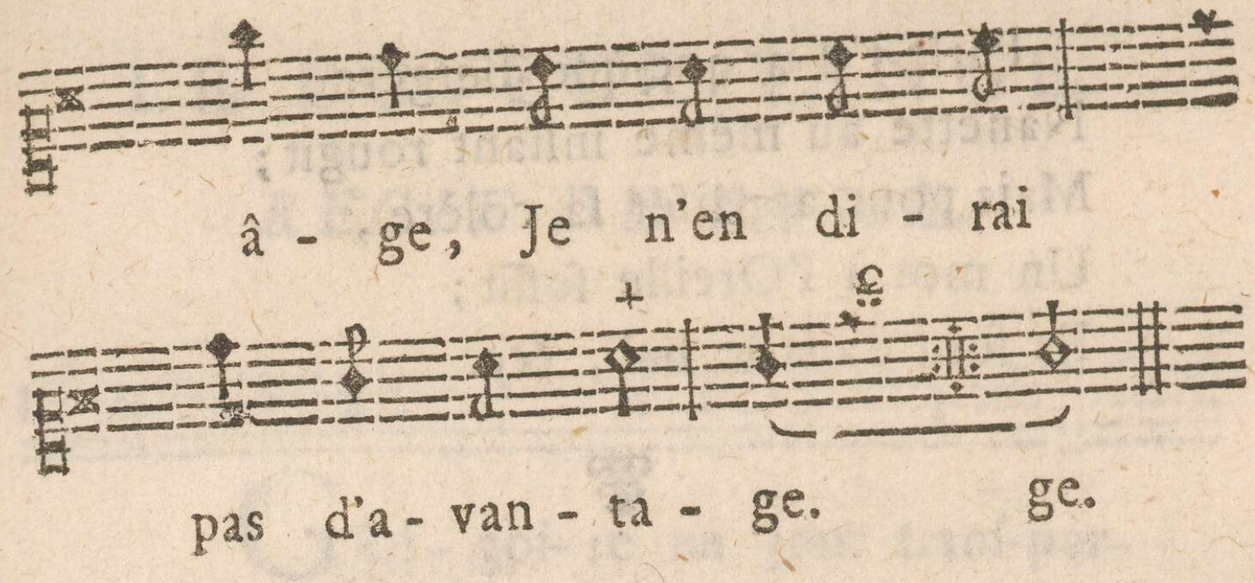
A - vec lui der - riè - re un Buiſ-

℔ Refrain.



ſon : ſon : Ils ſont dans le bel

âge,



En la regardant il ſoûpire,
Et baiſe ſa main tendrement,
La Belle n'oſe lui rien dire,
Mais le repouſſe foiblement;
Ils ſont dans le bel, &c.

Elle ne dit mot & s'ennuye,
Dès qu'elle ne voit pas Tircis,
Si-tôt qu'il vient dans la Prairie,
Ce ne ſont que Jeux, & que Ris;
Ils ſont dans le bel, &c.

Par-

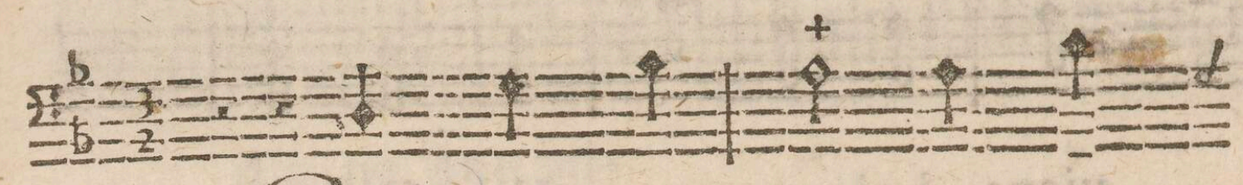
Parle-t'il à quelque Bergère,
Nanette au même inſtant rougit;
Mais pour appaiſer ſa colère,
Un mot à l'Oreille ſuffit;
Ils ſont dans le bel, &c.

Des plus belles Fleurs il aprête,
Chaque jour pour elle un Bouquet;
Nanette lui donne à ſa Fête,
De ſes Cheveux un Bracelet;
Ils ſont dans le bel, &c.

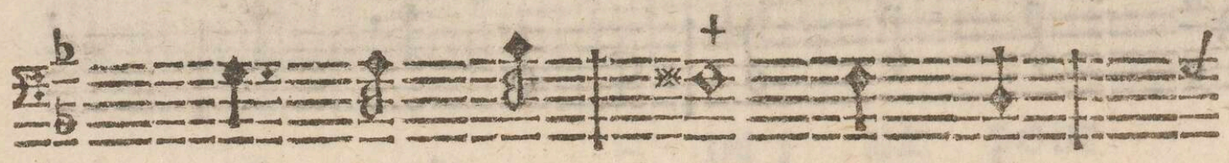
Dans un Repas en même Taſſe,
Ils boivent ſouvent tous les deux;
Ils chantent enſemble avec grace,
On ne ſauroit s'accorder mieux;
Ils ſont dans le bel, &c.

LE BUVEUR VANGÉ.

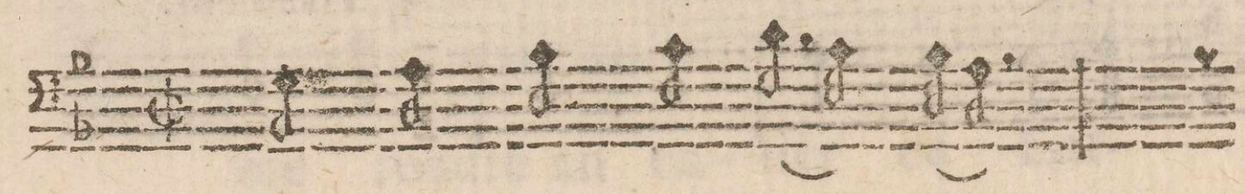
RECIT DE BASSE.



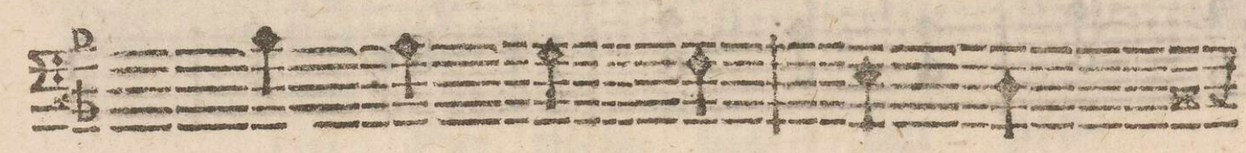
GRé- goi- re un jour tranſ-por-



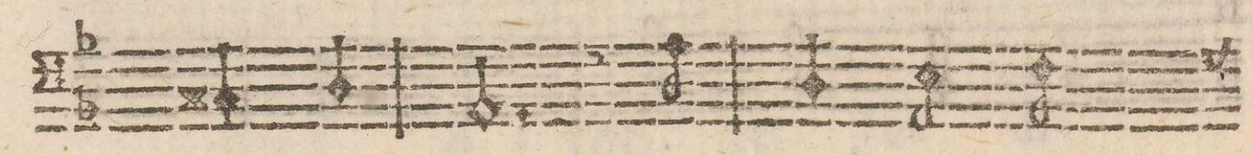
té de Co - lè - re, De
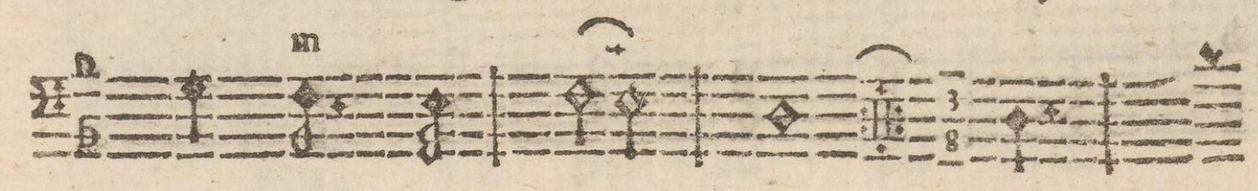


ce qu'un Pa - pil - lon lé-



ger, Sans a - pré - hen - der



le dan- ger, C'é- toit En-ny-
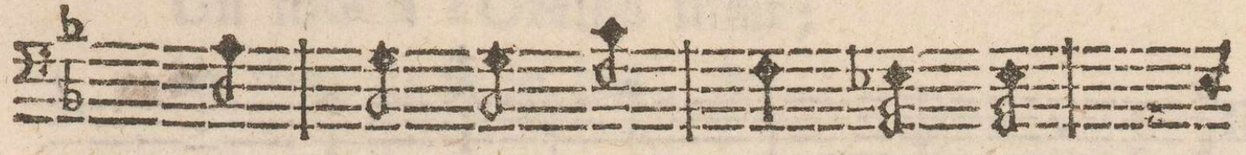


vré dans ſon Ver - re: re:



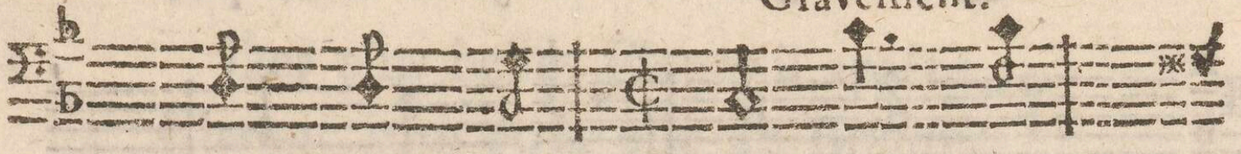
Vivement.

Ah! Per - fi - de, dit - il, tu



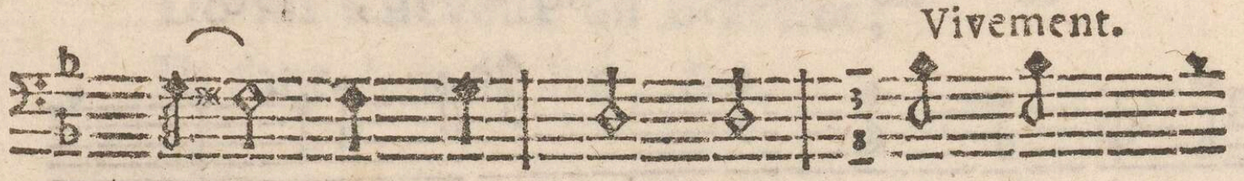
viens boi - re mon Vin, Et tu

Gravement.



veux m'en fruſ - trer; Mais ta
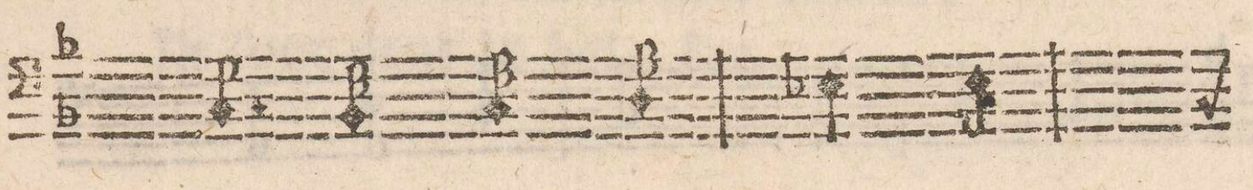
Vivement.



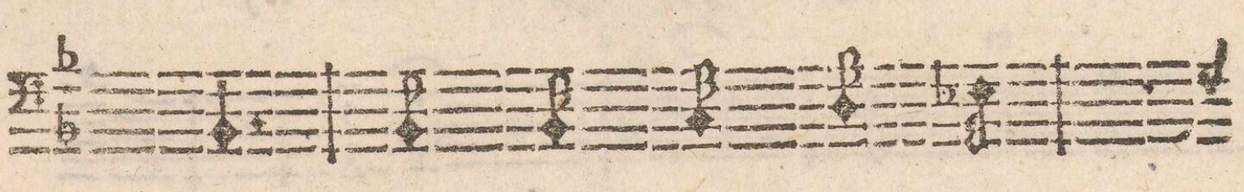
mort eſt cer - tai - ne; Et pour



me rendre en en - tier ce Lar-

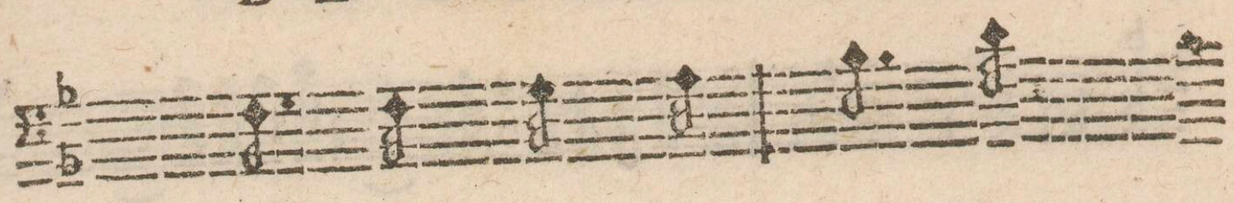


cin, Par mon Go - ſier pro-
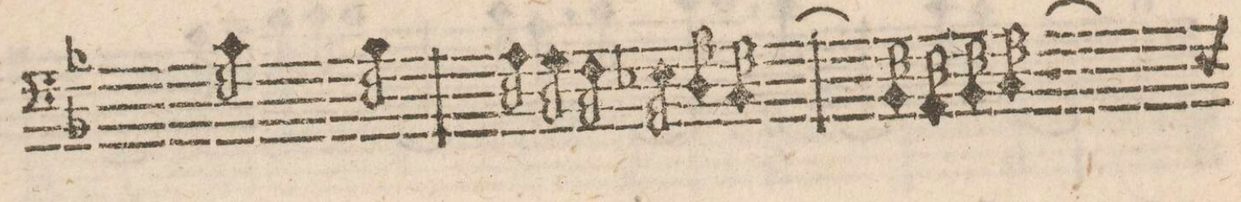


fond, A - vec ce Jus di-

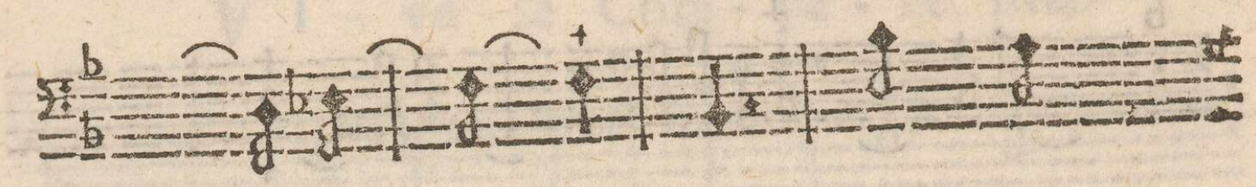
vin,
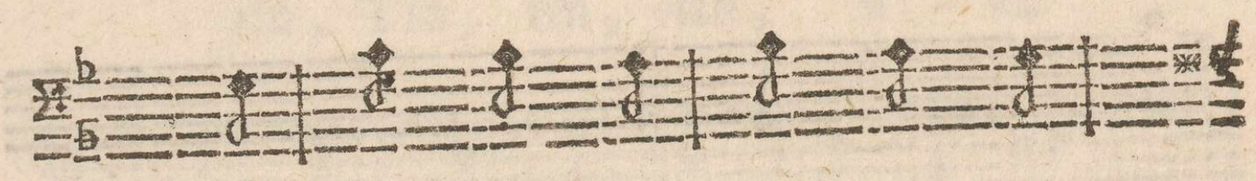


vin, Tu paſ - ſe - ras tout



d'u-ne ha-lei- - -
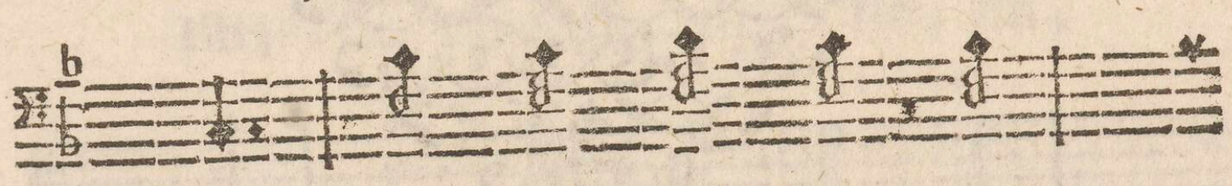


- - - ne; Et pour



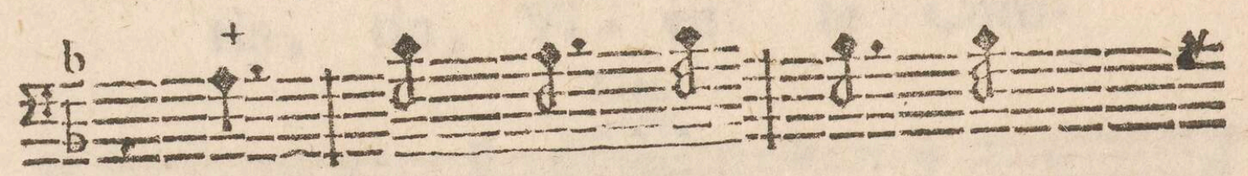
me rendre en en-tier ce Lar-



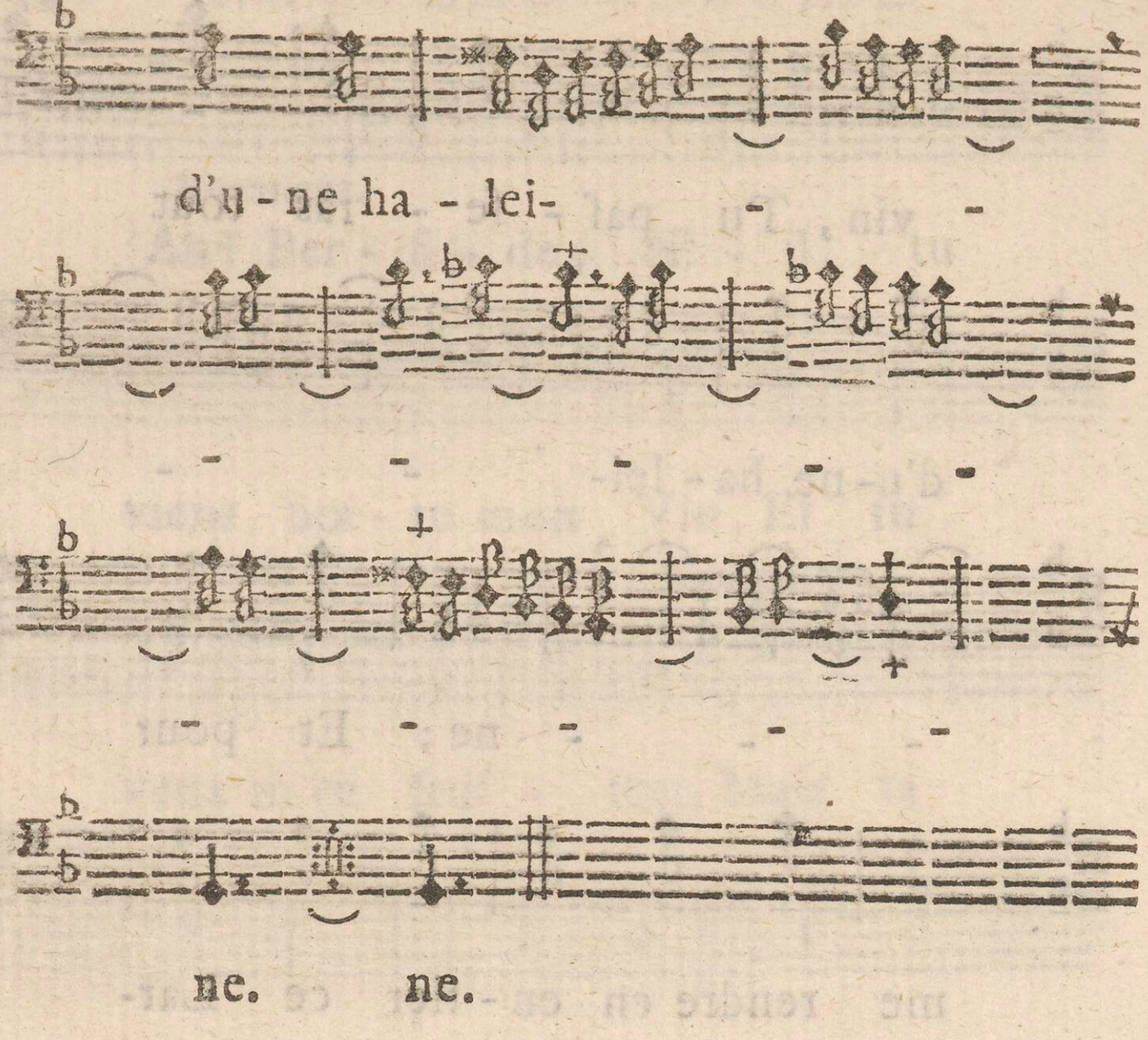
cin, Par mon Go - ſier pro-



fond, A - vec ce Jus di-

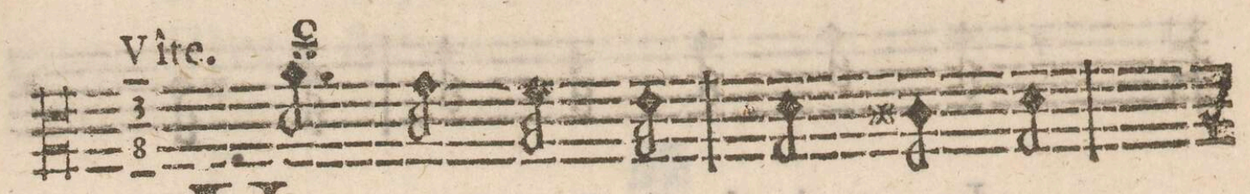


vin, Tu paſ - ſe - ras tout
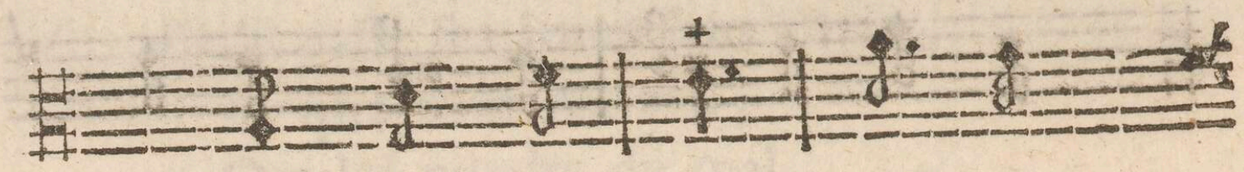

d'u - ne ha - lei- - -
- - - - -
- - - - -
ne. ne.

L'ELOGE DE MARTIN.

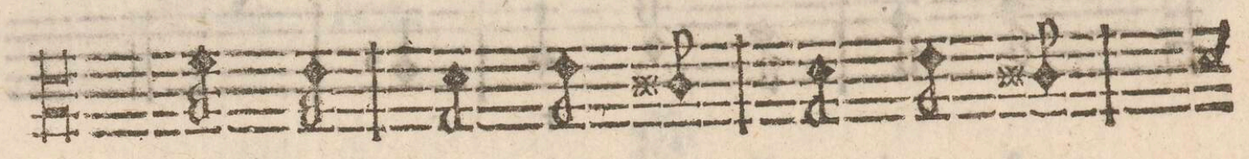
RONDE DE TABLE.



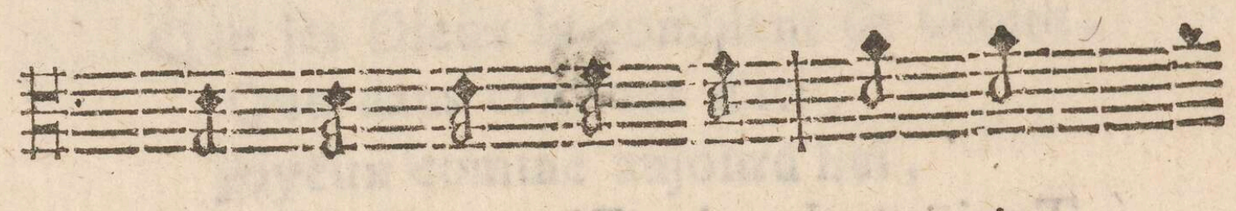
Vi - ve le Com - pè - re Mar-



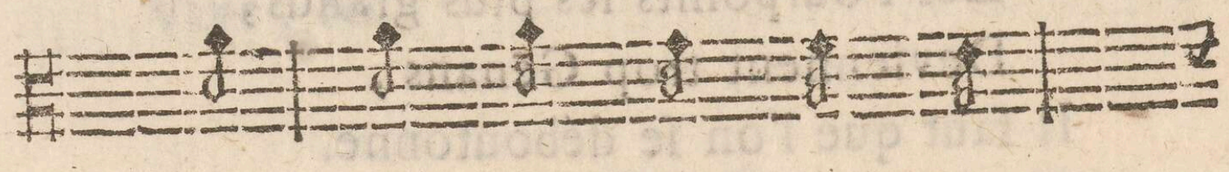
tin, Tin, tin, tin, Vi - ve
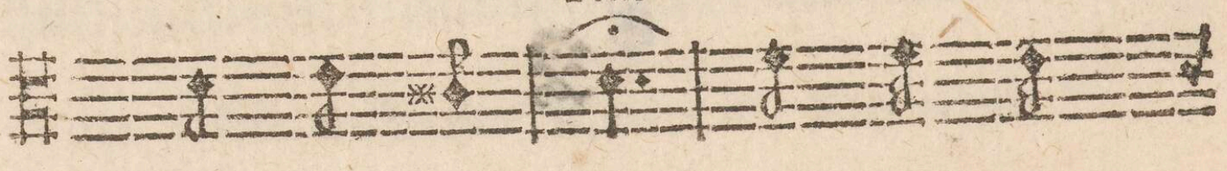


le Com - pè - re Mar - tin, Tin, tin,



tin, Tin, tin, tin, tin, tin, tin,
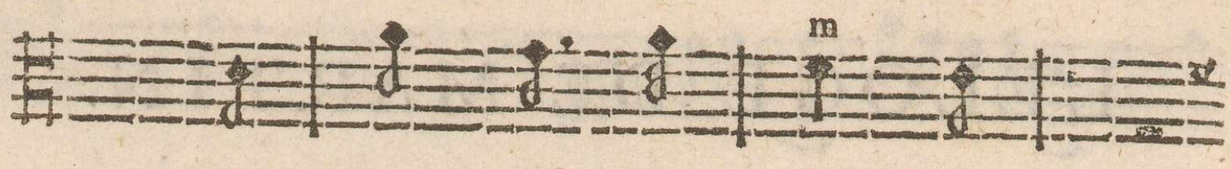


tin, tin, Vi - ve le Com-

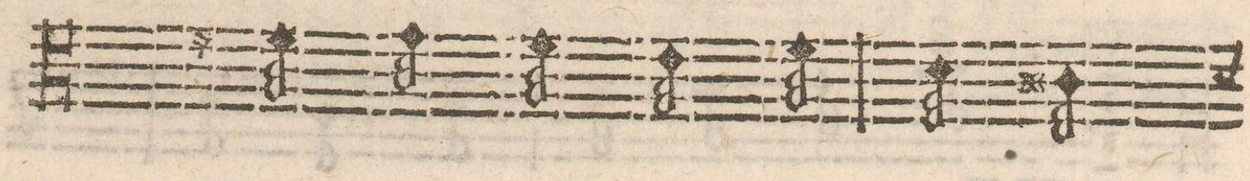


pè - re Mar - t'n. C'eſt un bon-
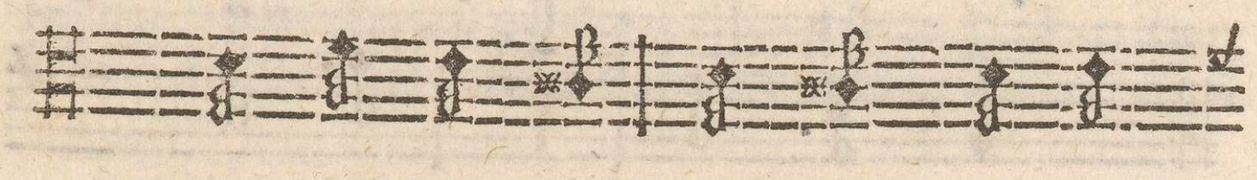
heur



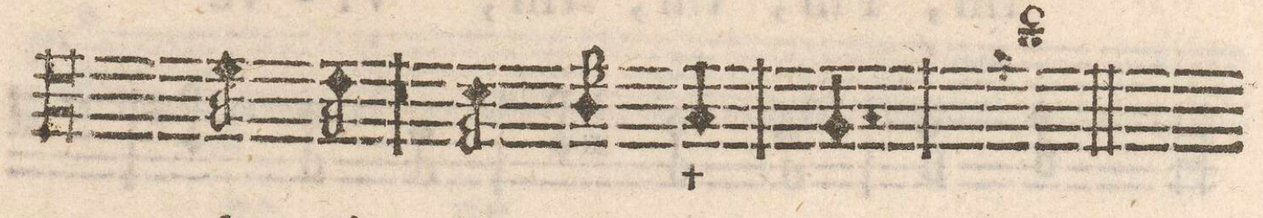
heur de le con - noî - tre,



Ja - mais dans ſa Mai - ſon, L'on



ne fait de fa - çon, Moins que ſes



A - mis il eſt Maî - tre. Vi-, &c.

Toujours dans les Fêtes qu'il donne,
Les Pourpoints les plus grands,
Deviennent trop Gênans,
Il faut que l'on ſe déboutonne.
Vive, &c.

Bachus l'a choiſi ſur la Terre,
Pour être ſon ſoûtien,
Qu'il s'en acquite bien,
Il fait toujours boire à plein Verre.
Vive, &c.

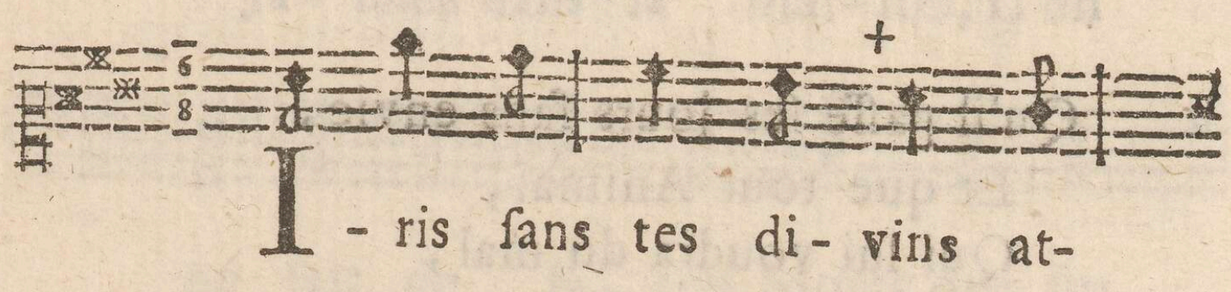
Qu'il paſſe ſes jours ſans envie,
Et que tout Animal,
Qui lui voudra du mal,
Ne boive que du Vin de Brie.
Vive, &c.

Que les Dieux le comblent de Gloire,
Que dans cent ans d'ici,
Joyeux comme aujourd'hui,
Avec lui nous puiſſions tous boire;
Vive, &c.

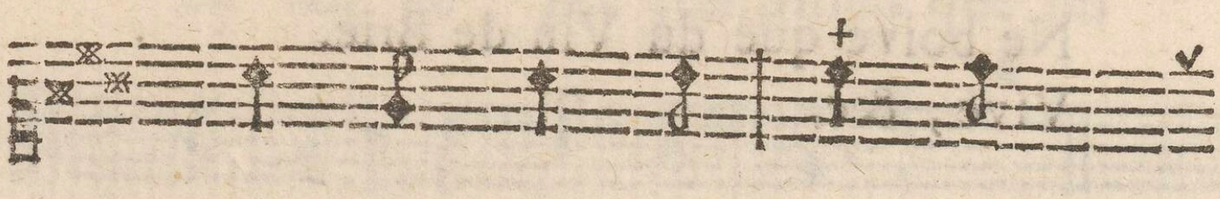
RONDE DE TABLE.

Chaque Couplet ſe chante alternativement de B carre *en* B mol.

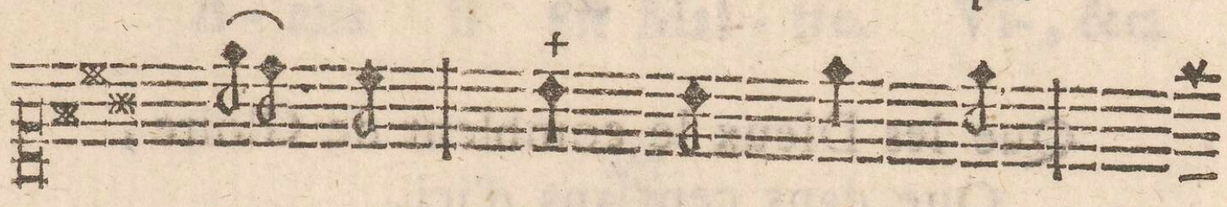
B carre. I. COUPLET.



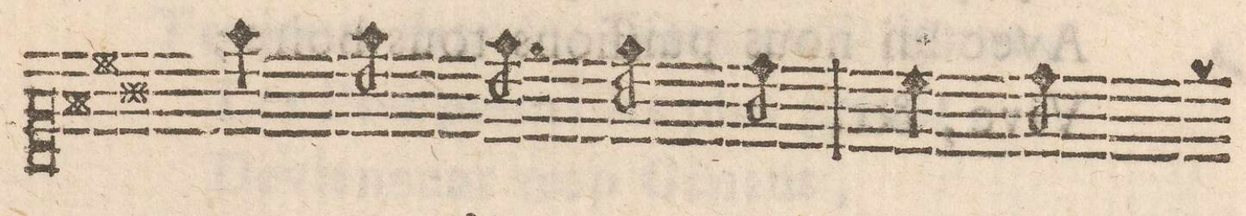
I - ris ſans tes di - vins at-



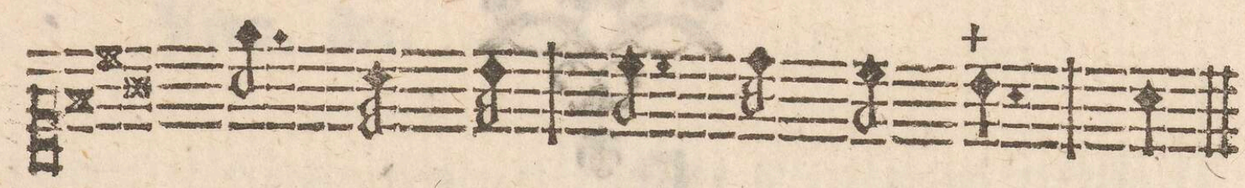
traits, Ba - chus n'a rien qui



me re - veil - le, Je ne



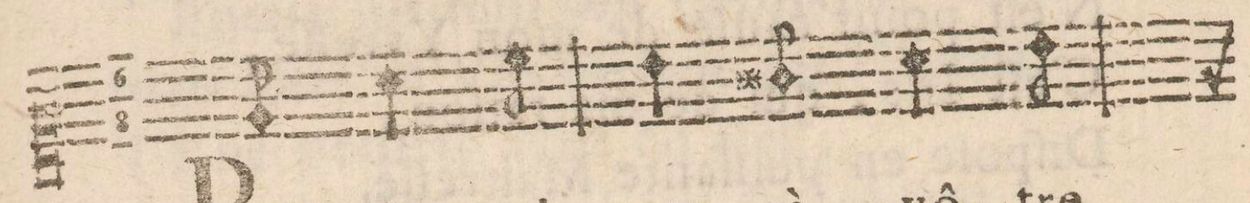
trou - ve bon ce Vin frais, Que



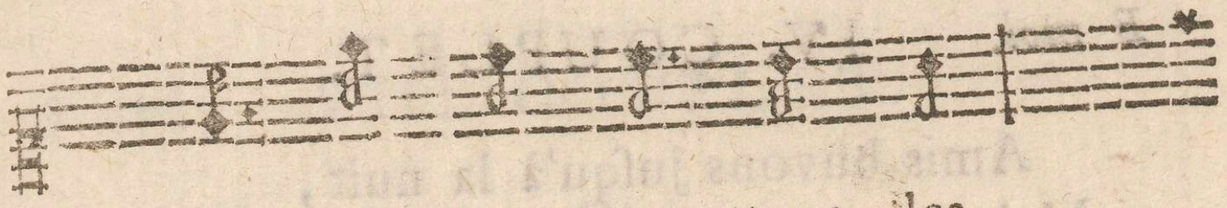
lorſ - que tu tiens ma Bou-teil - le.

B mol.

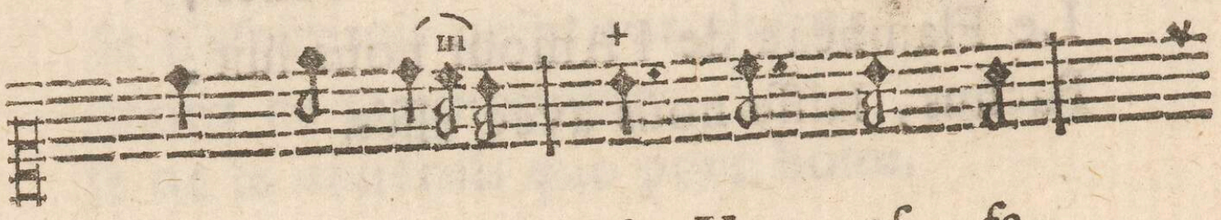
II. COUPLET.
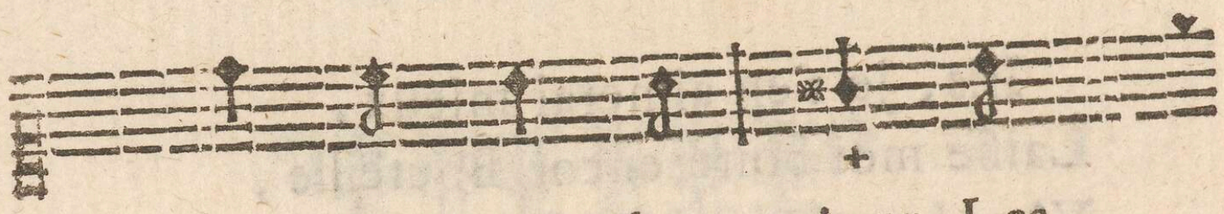


PHi- lis ai- mez à vô- tre
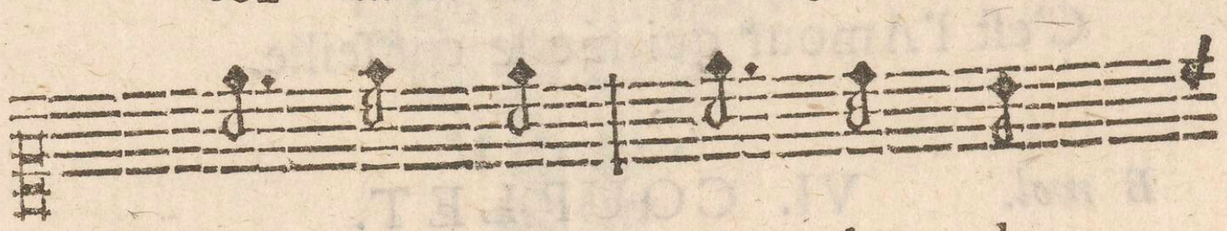


tour, Vous a - vez tous les



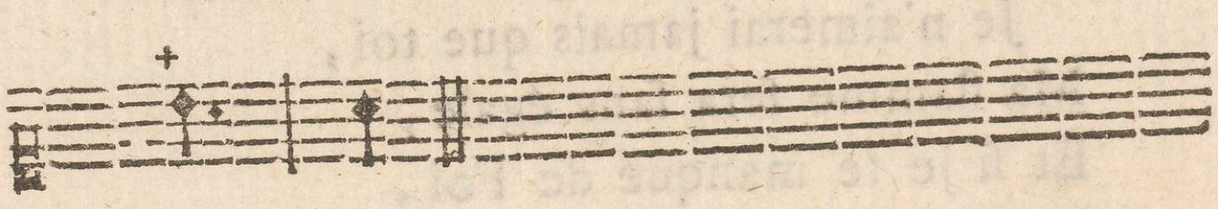
Cœurs du Mon - de, Vous ef - fa-



cez dans ce beau jour, Les



traits de la Fil - le de



l'On - de.

B carre.

B carre. III. COUPLET.

Non, Bachus, ton charmant Poiſon,
N'eſt point cauſe de mon Yvreſſe,
C'eſt Iris, qui de ma raiſon,
Diſpoſe en puiſſante Maitreſſe.

B mol. IV. COUPLET.

Amis buvons juſqu'à la nuit,
Mais donnons la Nuit à nos Belles,
Le Flambeau de l'Amour nous luit,
Bachus, laiſſe-nous avec elles.

B carre. V. COUPLET.

Iris, je t'en aimerai mieux,
Laiſſe moi boire encor Bouteille,
Vîte de ce Jus précieux,
C'eſt l'Amour qui me le conſeille.

B mol. VI. COUPLET.

Je n'aimerai jamais que toi,
Ma flamme ſera ſans égale,
Et ſi je te manque de Foi,
La Pinte ſera ta Rivale.

B carre.

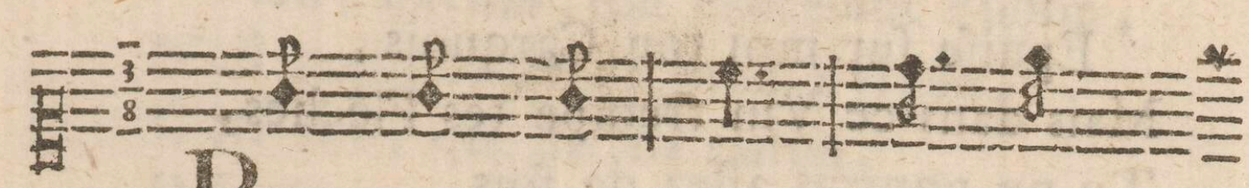
B carre. VII. COUPLET.

Epuiſe ſur moi ton Carquois,
Mais dans ce Vin trempe tes Flêches,
Tu ne pourras aſſez de fois,
Amour, chez moi faire de brêches.

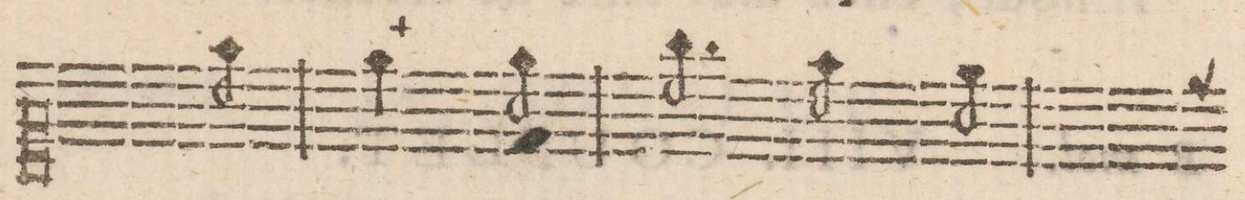
B mol. VIII. COUPLET.

Dieux, à vôtre Divinité,
Je n'aſpirerois point par gloire,
Jaloux de l'immortalité,
Je ne la voudrois que pour boire.

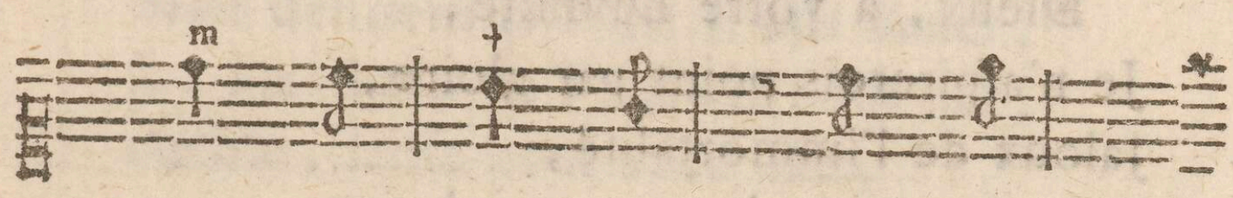
CHANSONNETTE.



BAt- tez le Fer, quand il
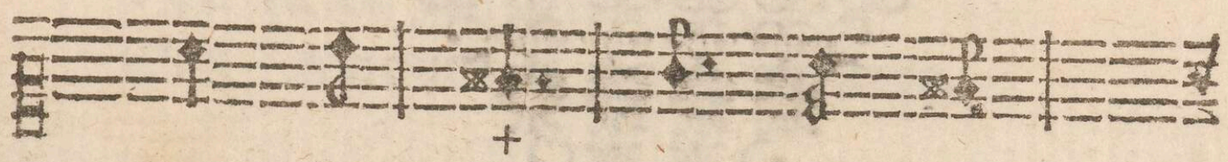


eſt chaud, A - mans que l'Eſ-
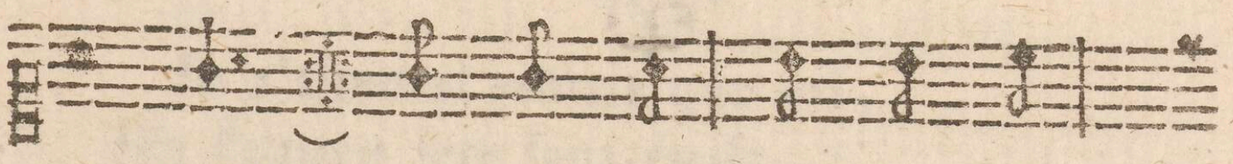


poir ap - pel - le, Gar- dez-
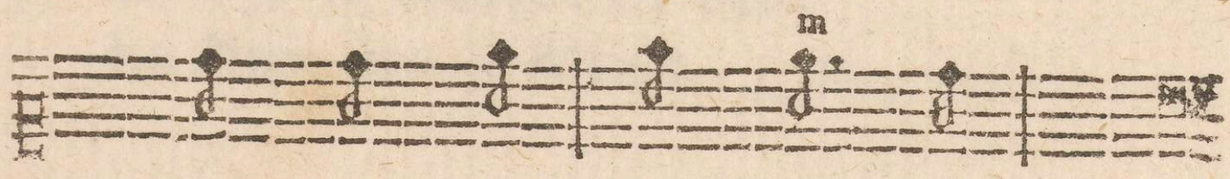


vous, d'ê-tre en dé - faut, Bat-



tez le Fer, quand il eſt



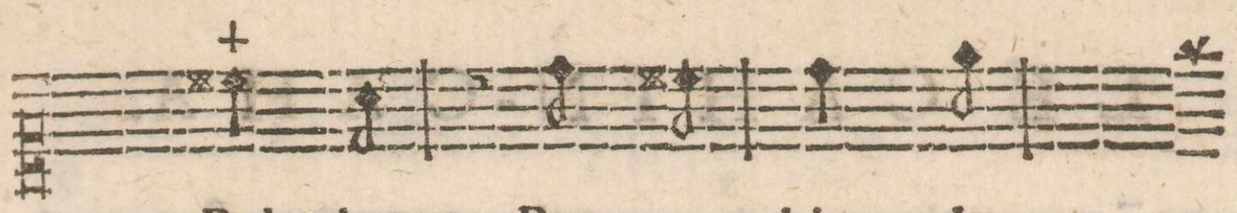
chaud: chaud: Gar-dez - vous de laiſ-
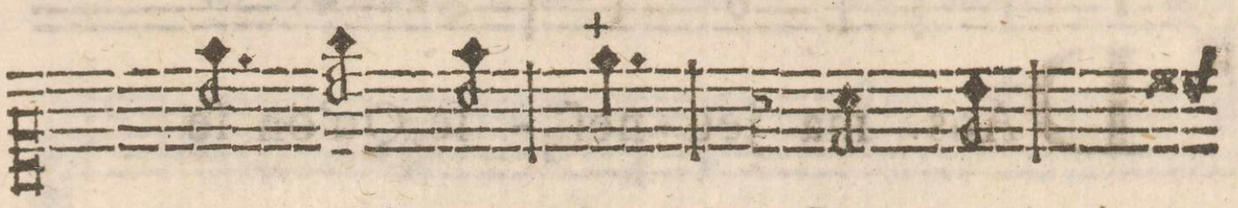


fer re - froi - dir u - ne

Belle,

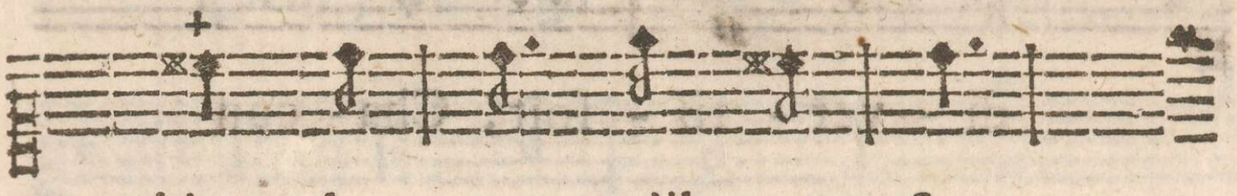
BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH



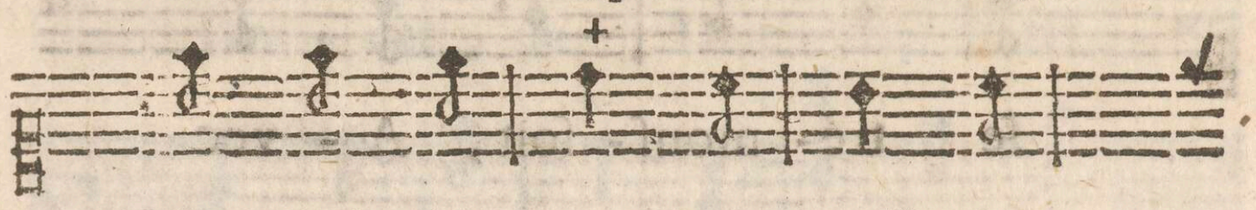
Bel- le, Pre- nez bien le



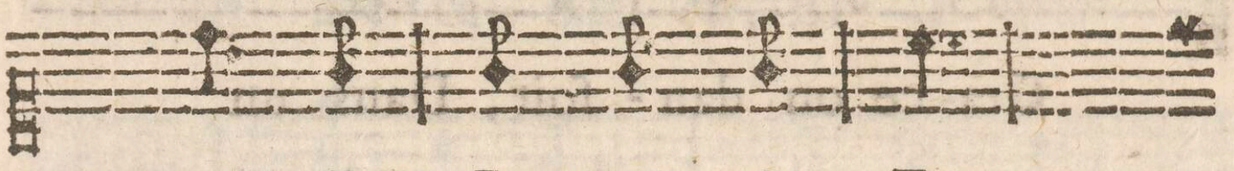
tems qu'il vous faut, Pre- nez
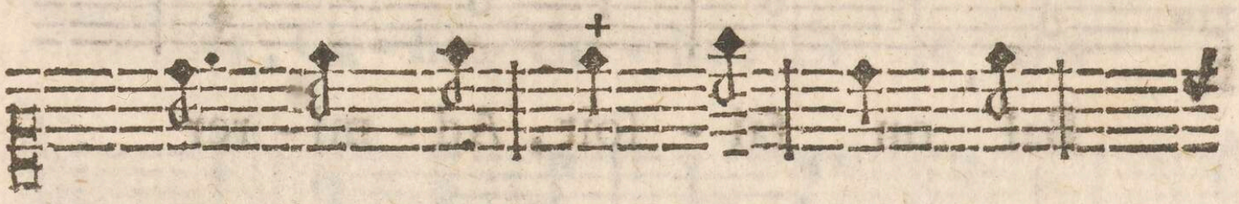


bien le tems qu'il vous faut,



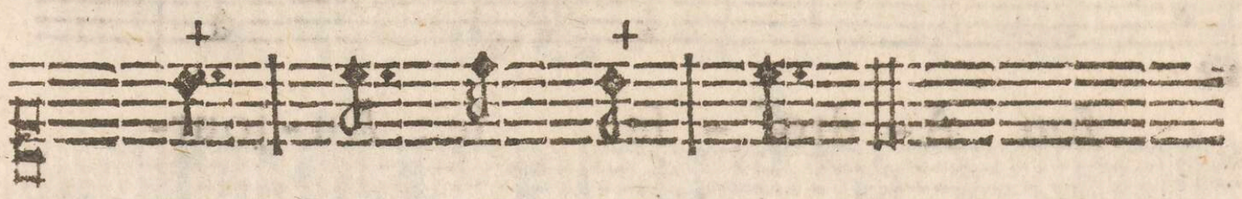
Ce n'eſt ſou- vent qu'u-ne E- tin-



cel- le, Bat- tez le Fer,
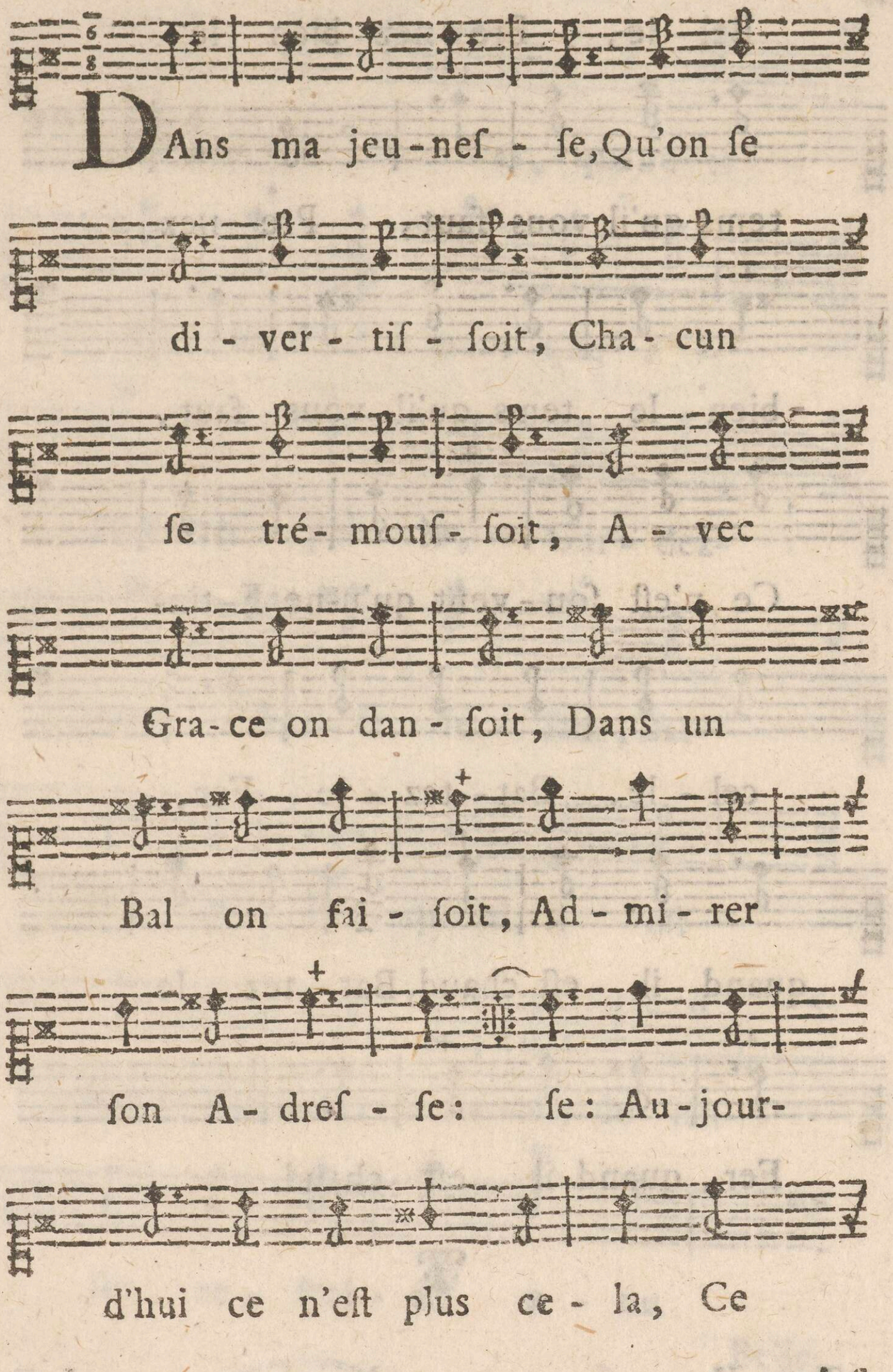


quand il eſt chaud, Bat- tez le

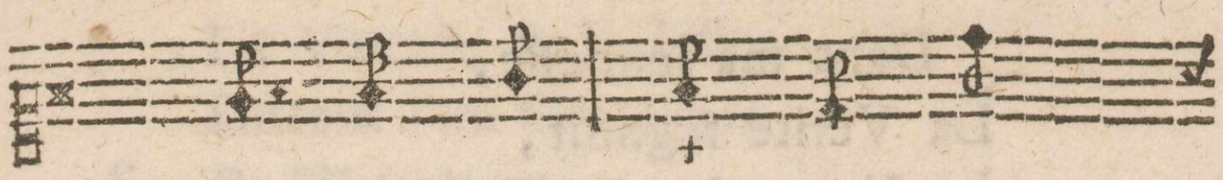


Fer, quand il eſt chaud.
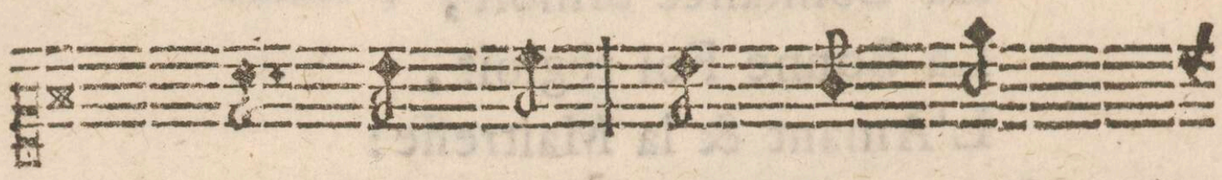
LE CAHIN-CAHA.



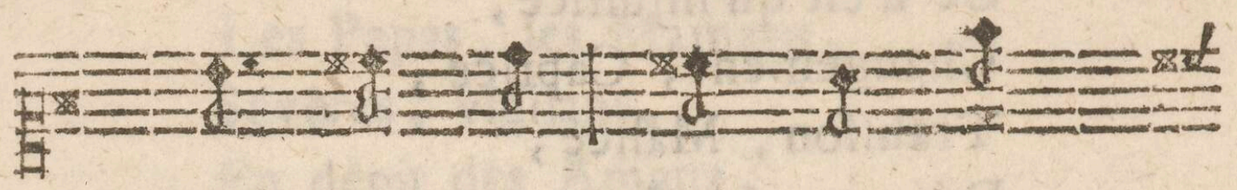
n'eſt



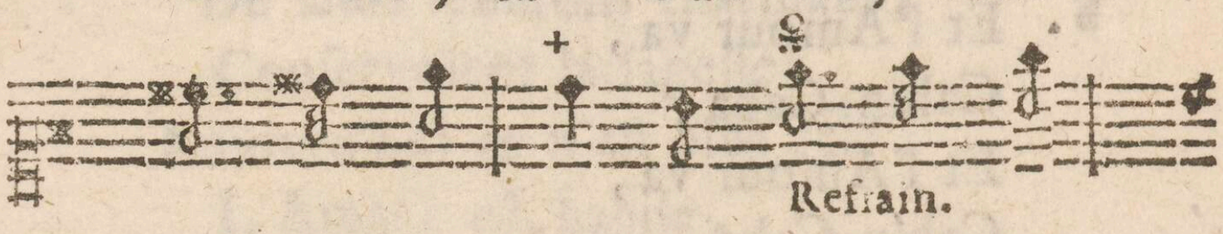
n'eſt qu'in - do - len - ce, Lan-



gueur, Né - gli - gen - ce; Les
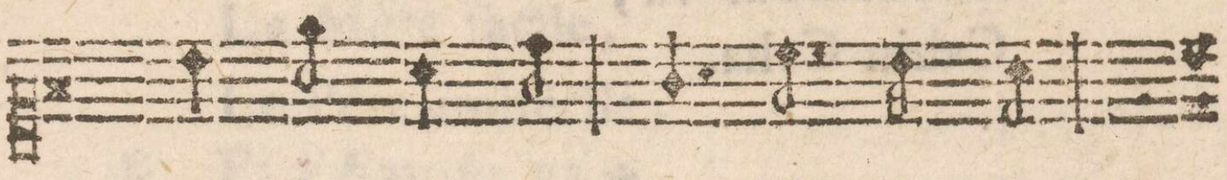


Gra - ces, la Dan - ſe, Sont

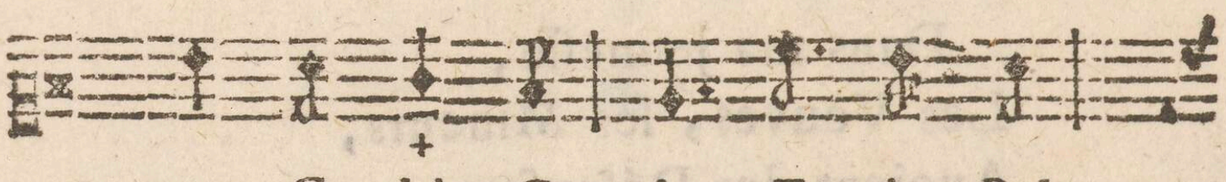


Refrain.

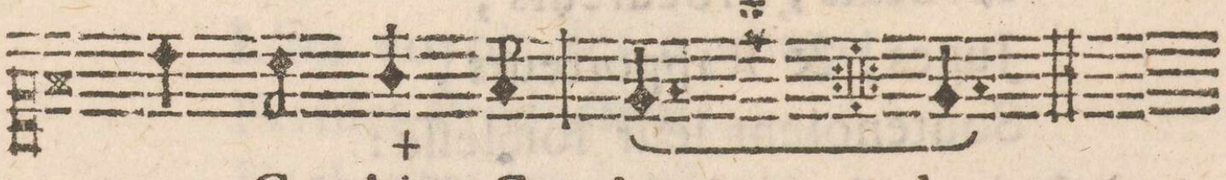
en Dé - ca - den - ce, Et le Bal



va, Ca - hin - Ca - ha, Et le Bal



va, Ca - hin - Ca - ha, Et le Bal



va, Ca - hin - Ca - ha. ha.

n'eſt

Dans ma jeuneſſe,
La Vérité regnoit,
La Vertu dominoit,
La Conſtance brilloit,
La Bonne Foi regloit,
L'Amant & la Maitreſſe:
Aujourd'hui ce n'eſt plus cela,
Ce n'eſt qu'injuſtice,
Changement, Caprice,
Trahiſon, Malice,
Détour, Artifice,
Et l'Amour va,
Cahin-Caha,
Et l'Amour va,
Cahin-Caha,
Et l'Amour va,
Cahin-Caha.

Dans ma jeuneſſe,
Les Veuves, les Mineurs,
Avoient des Défenſeurs;
Avocats, Procureurs,
Juges, & Rapporteurs,
Soutenoient leur foibleſſe:
Aujourd'hui ce n'eſt plus cela,
L'on Gruge, l'on Pille,
Majeur, & Pupille;

La

La Veuve, & la Fille,
Surtout l'on Grapille:
Et Thémis va,
Cahin-, &c.

Dans ma jeuneſſe,
Les Papas, les Mamans,
Sévères, vigilans,
En dépit des Amans,
De leurs tendrons charmans,
Conſervoient la ſageſſe:
Aujourd'hui ce n'eſt plus cela,
L'Amant eſt habile,
La Fille docile,
La Mère facile,
Le Père imbécile,
Et l'Amour va,
Cahin-, &c.

Dans ma jeuneſſe,
L'on voyoit des Autheurs,
Fertiles Producteurs,
Enchanter les Lecteurs,
Charmer les Spectateurs,
Par leur délicateſſe:

La

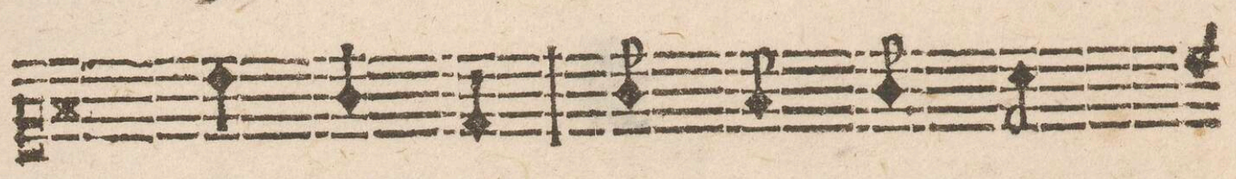
Aujourd'hui ce n'eſt plus cela,
Les Rimeurs languiſſent,
Les Vers aſſoupiſſent,
Les Muſes gémiſſent,
Succombent, périſſent,
℣ Pégaze va,
Cahin-, &c.

Dans ma jeuneſſe,
Quand deux Cœurs amoureux,
S'uniſſoient tous les deux,
Ils ſentoient mêmes feux;
De l'Amour les doux nœuds,
Augmentoit leur tendreſſe:
Aujourd'hui ce n'eſt plus cela,
Quand l'Hymen s'en mêle,
L'ardeur la plus belle,
Devient Etincelle,
L'Amour bat de l'aîle,
℣ Et l'Epoux va,
Cahin-, &c.
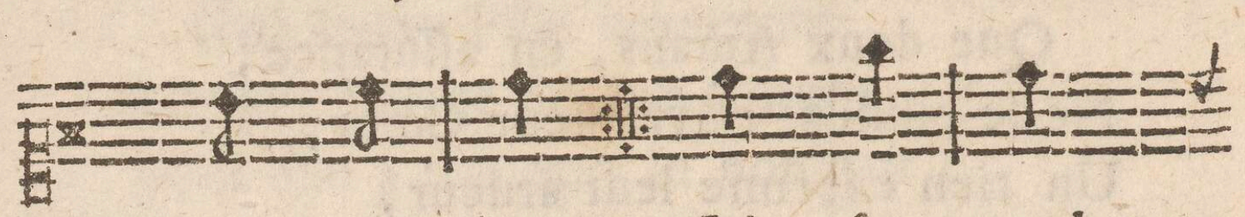
L'AMOUR PRECEPTEUR.



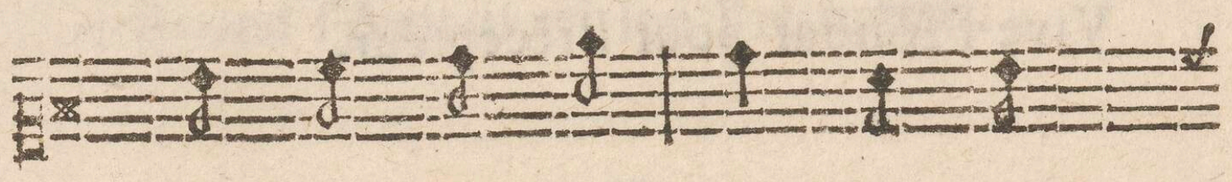
J'I- gno-rois tout ce qu'il faut



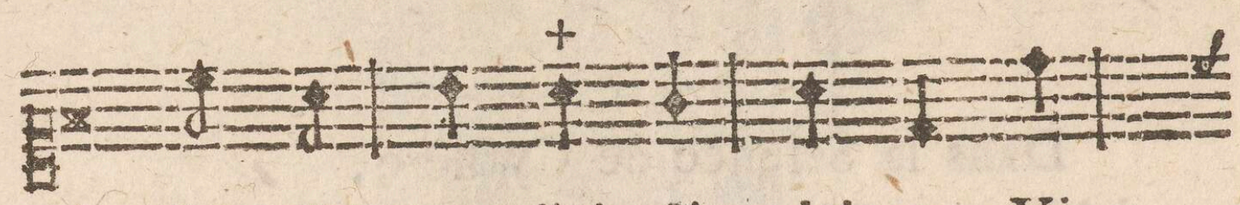
fai- re, En ai-mant pour ga-



gner un Cœur: Li- ſet-te ad-
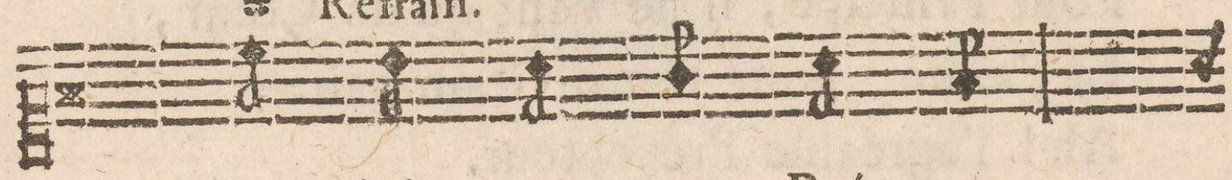


mi- re mon bon-heur, Je n'ai

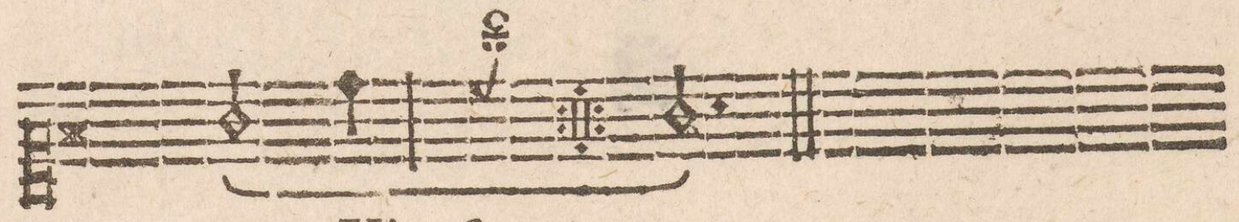


fait qu'ai-mer j'ai ſû plai- re, Vi-

Refrain.



ve l'A-mour pour Pré- cep-



teur. Vi-, &c. teur.

L'A-

Belles

Belles qui cherchez le ſi'ence,
Pour ſatisfaire à vôtre ardeur,
Avec nous n'ayez point de peur,
Le ſécrèt eſt nôtre Science,
Et l'Amour nôtre Précepteur.

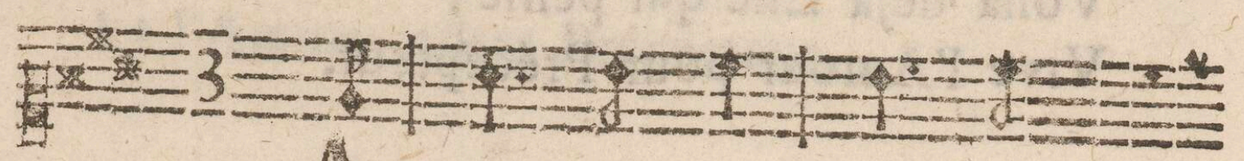
Que deux Amans, en aſſurance,
Ne ſe puiſſent ouvrir leur Cœur,
Un rien exprime leur ardeur,
Il font parler juſqu'au ſilence,
Vive l'Amour pour Précepteur.

Dans la Science de Cythère,
L'Amour fait bien-tôt un Docteur,
Pour Principe, il ne veut qu'un Cœnr,
Et j'aime, pour toute Grammaire,
Ah! l'agréable Précepteur.

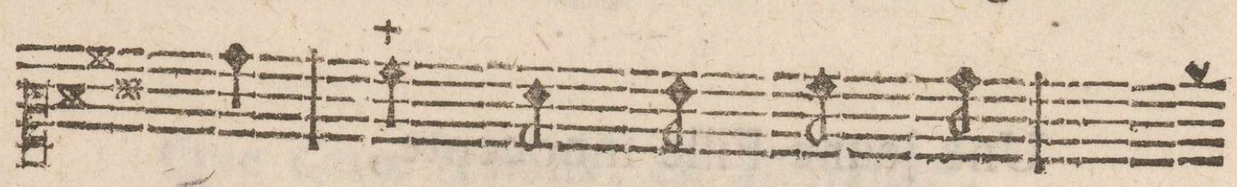
Par une ſtupide indolence,
Liſe marquoit ſa peſanteur,
Colin vient de toucher ſon Cœur,
Voilà déja Liſe qui penſe,
Vive l'Amour pour Précepteur.

Une jeune Fille innocente,
Sait peu l'uſage de ſon Cœur;
Mais elle a toujours le bonheur,
D'y devenir bien-tôt ſavante,
Quand l'Amour eſt ſon Précepteur.

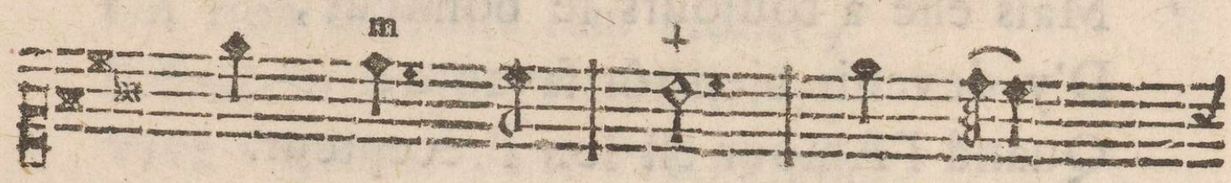
LE CARILLONNEUR D'AMOUR.



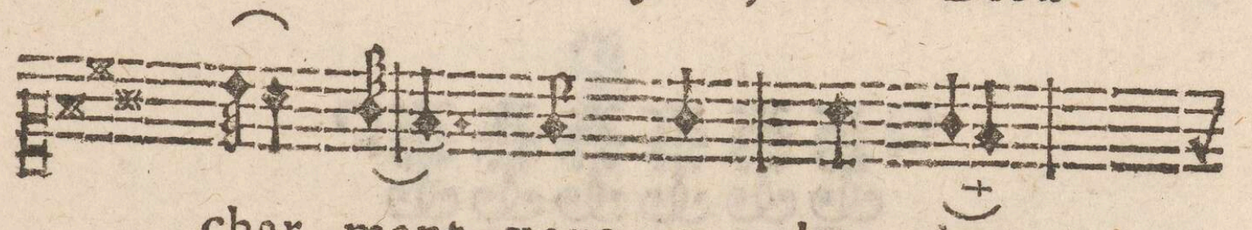
A- Mans à l'Hor - lo - ge



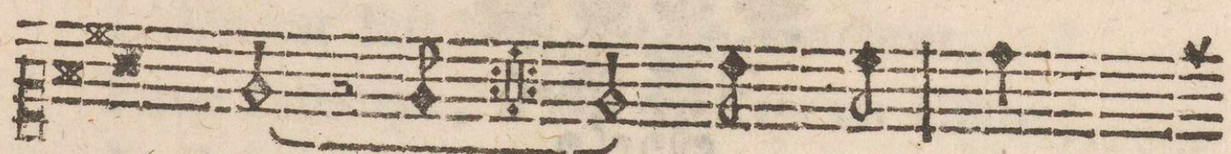
d'A- mour, Si vous ne veil-



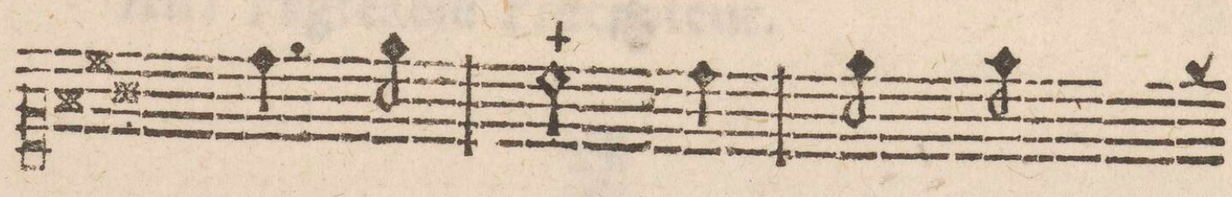
lez nuit & jour, Ce Dieu



char - mant vous a - ban - don-

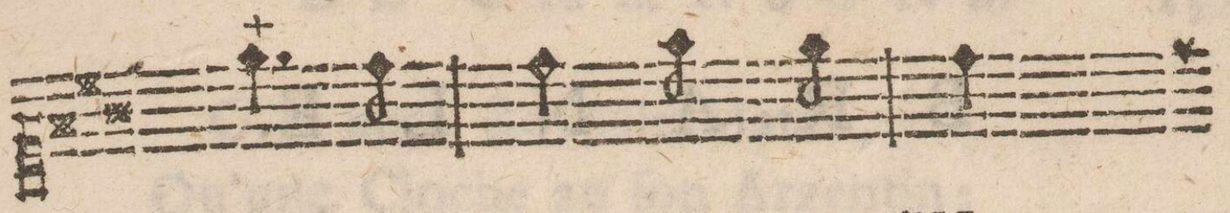


ne: A-,&c. ne: Pour ſai - ſir
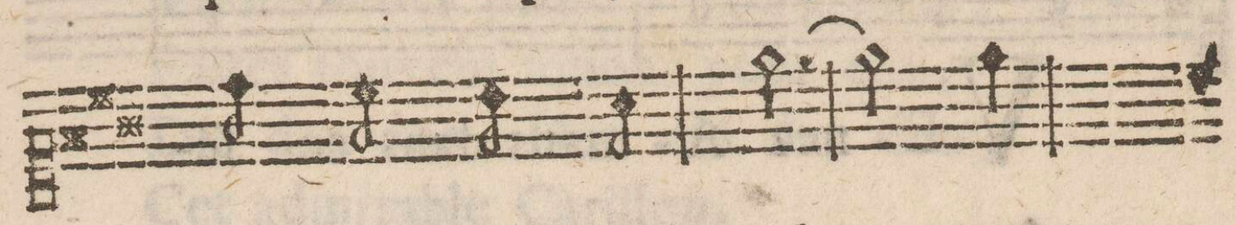


ſes fa - veurs ne plai - gnez
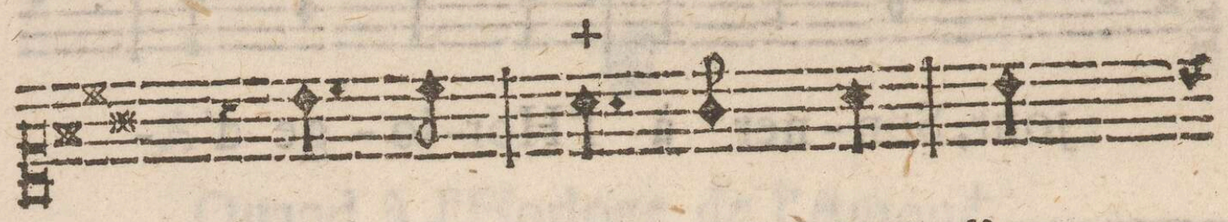
point
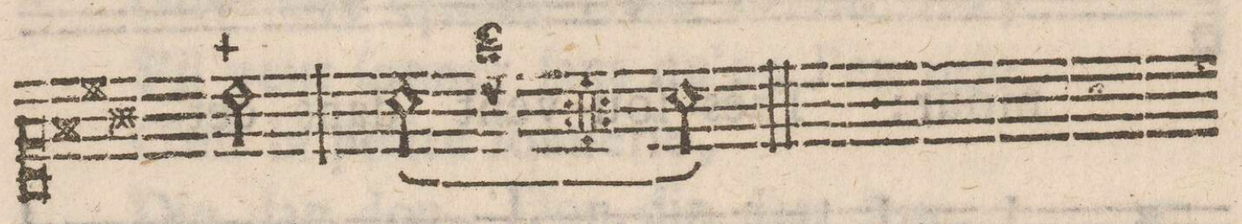


point vos pas, Lorſ-que l'Heu-



re du Ber- ger ſon - ne,



Tout le Mon-de ne l'en-
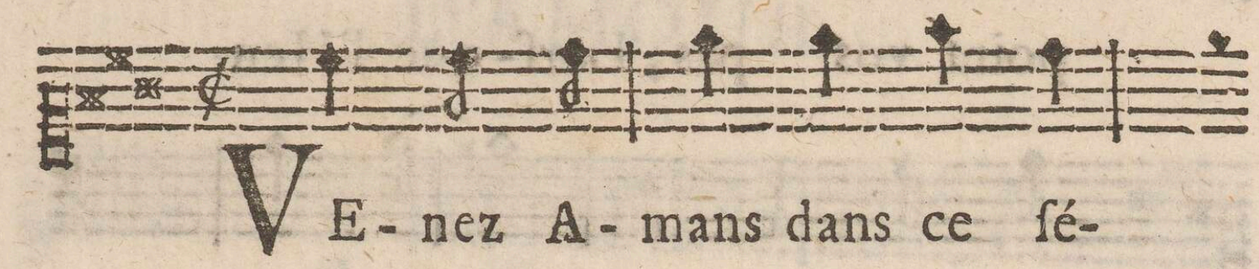


tend pas. pas.



BRAN-

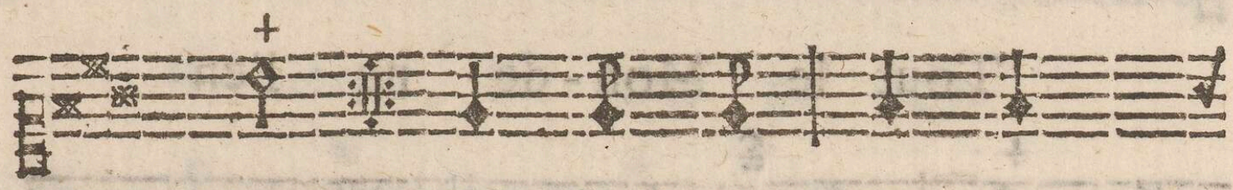
BRANLE.



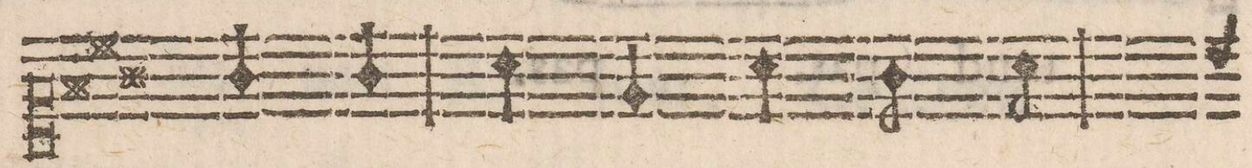
VE- nez A- mans dans ce ſé-
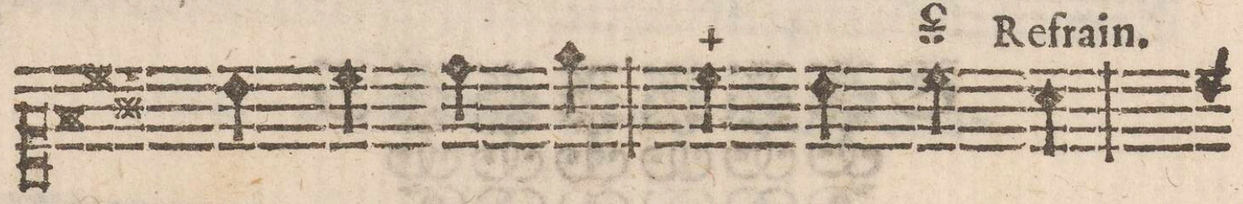


jour, Son- ner à l'Hor- lo- ge d'A-
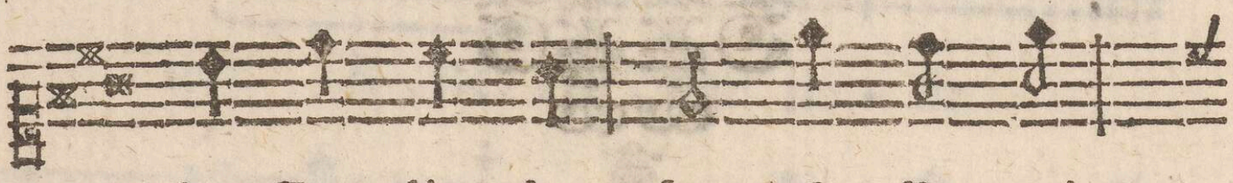


mour: Très- ſou- vent dans cet-
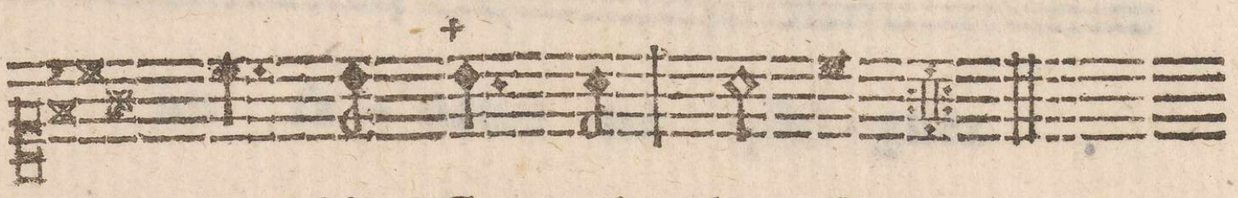


te re- trai- te, l'Heu- re du



Ber- ger ſe ré- pè- te, Din dan



don, Don din dan don; O l'a- gré-
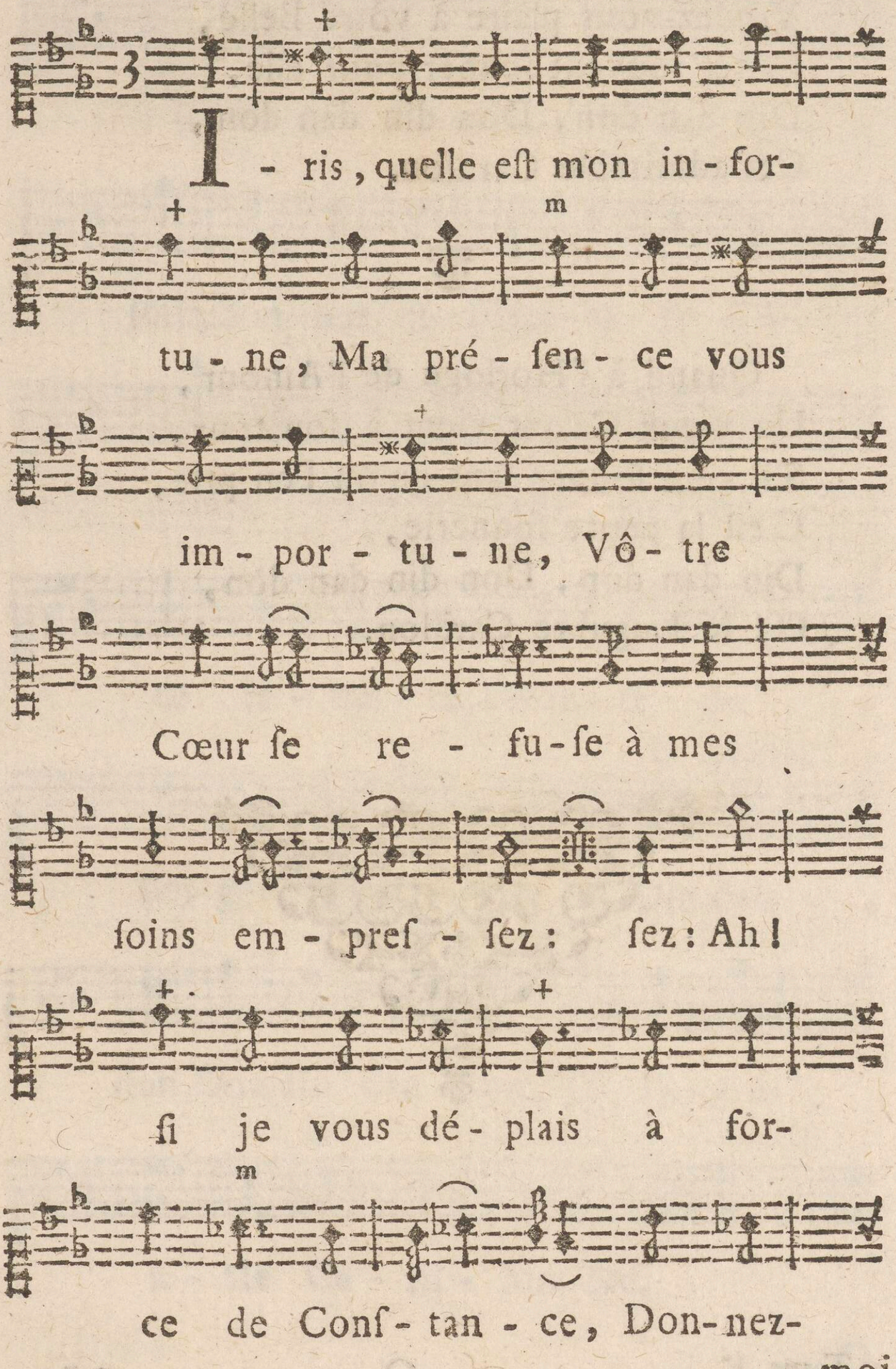


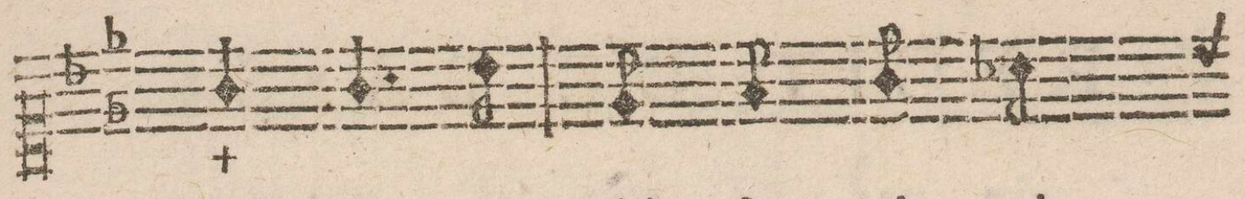
a- ble Ca- ril- lon. &c.

O le beau Réveille-Matin,
Qu'une Cloche au ſon Argentin;
Voulez-vous plaire à vôtre Belle,
Faites ſouvent ſonner pour elle,
Din dan don, Don din dan don,
Cet admirable Carillon.

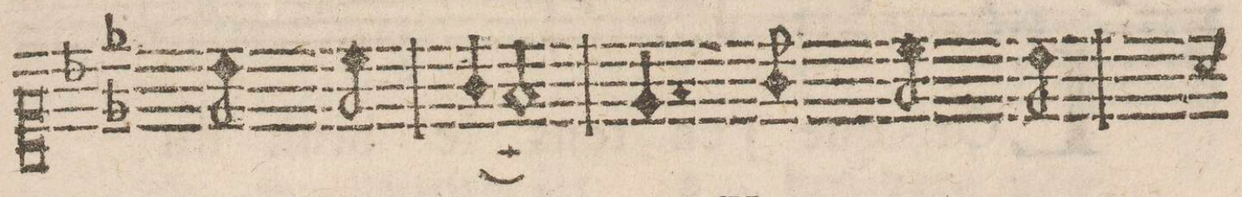
Quand à l'Horloge de l'Amour,
Un vieux Galant vient à ſon tour,
S'il veut ſonner ſans qu'on l'en prie,
C'eſt la petite ſonnerie,
Din dan don, Don din dan don,
O! le Lugubre Carillon.

AIR SERIEUX.

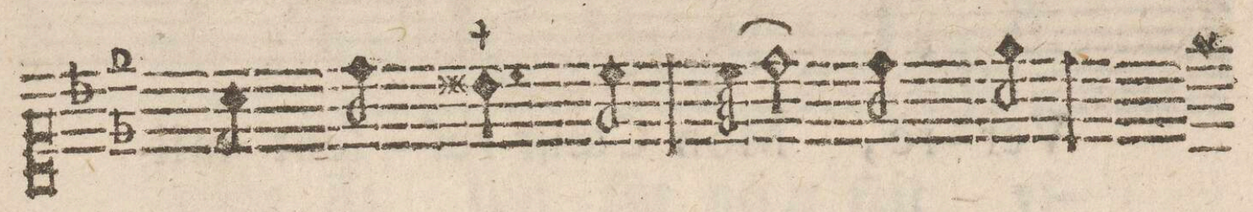

I - ris, quelle eſt mon in - for-
tu - ne, Ma pré - ſen - ce vous
im - por - tu - ne, Vô - tre
Cœur ſe re - fu - ſe à mes
ſoins em - preſ - ſez: ſez: Ah!
ſi je vous dé - plais à for-
ce de Conſ - tan - ce, Don-nez-
moi



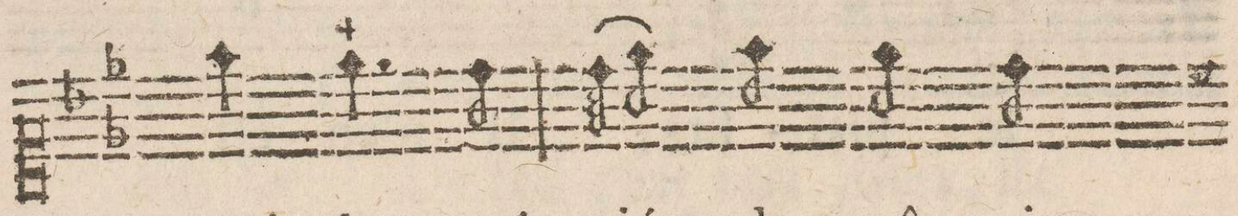
moi la moi - tié de vô-tre in-



dif - fé - ren - ce, Vous en au-
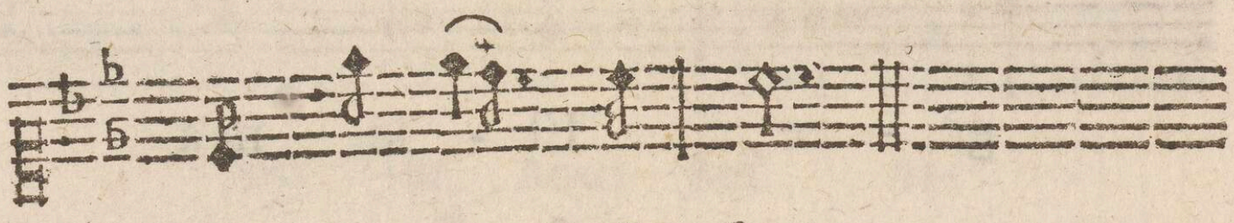


rez tou-jours af - fez, Don-nez-



moi la moi - tié de vôtre in-

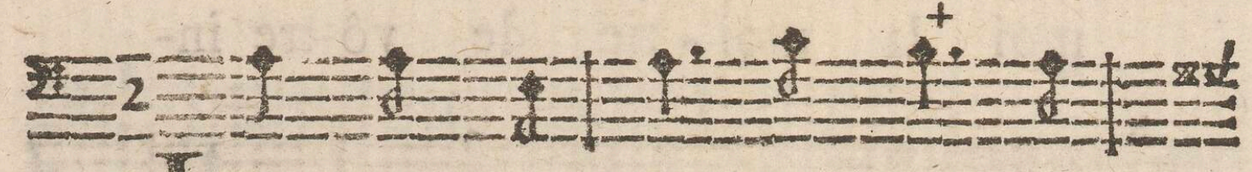


dif - fé - ren - ce, Vous en au-

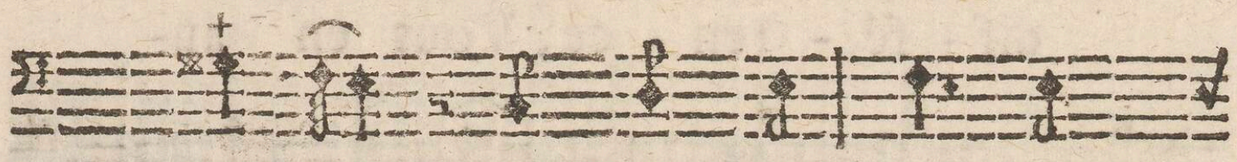


rez tou-jours af - fez.

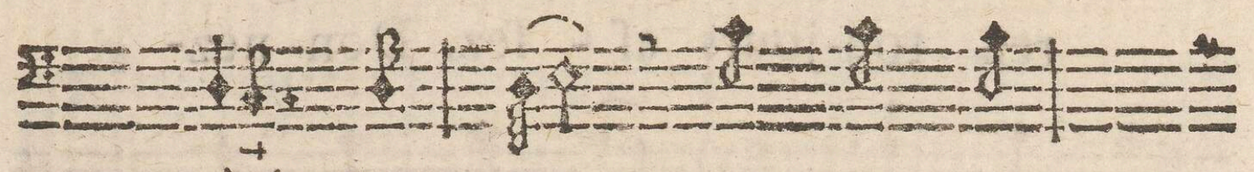
RECIT DE BASSE.
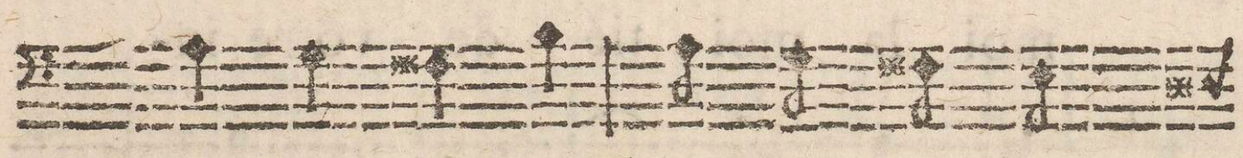


Lorſ-que j'en tens le bruit du



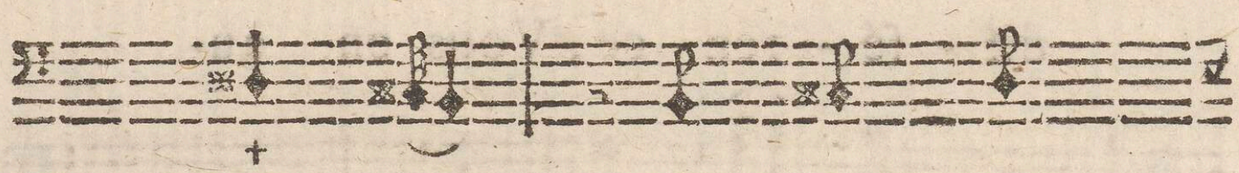
Ver-re, Mon Cœur reſ-ſent mil-



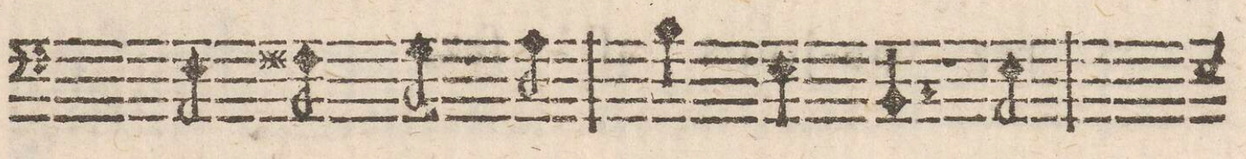
le plai-ſirs, Il n'en eſt



pas ain-ſi quand je vois ma Ber-

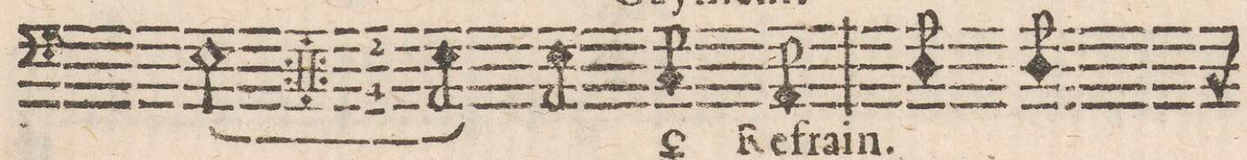


gè-re, El-le m'a



trop coû-té de ſoins & de ſou-
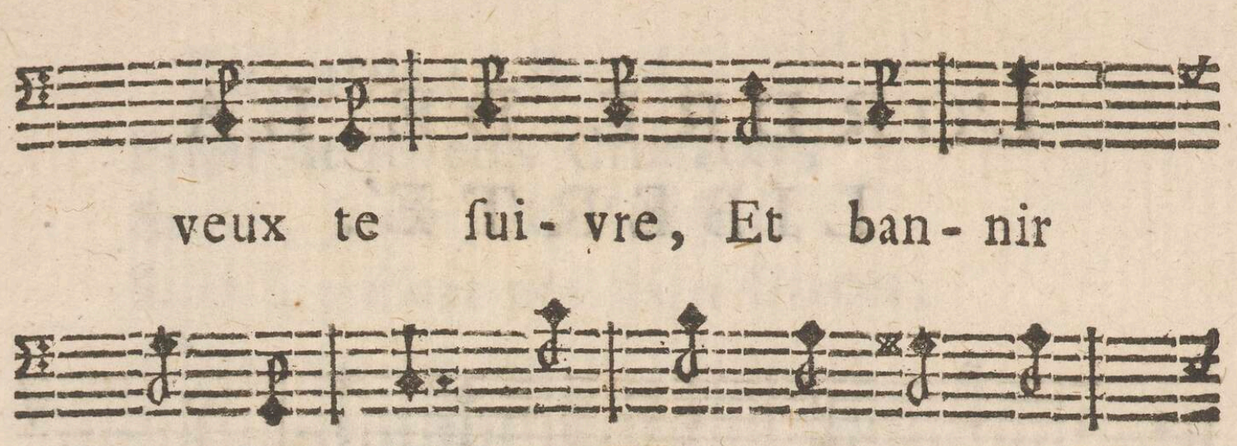
Gayment.



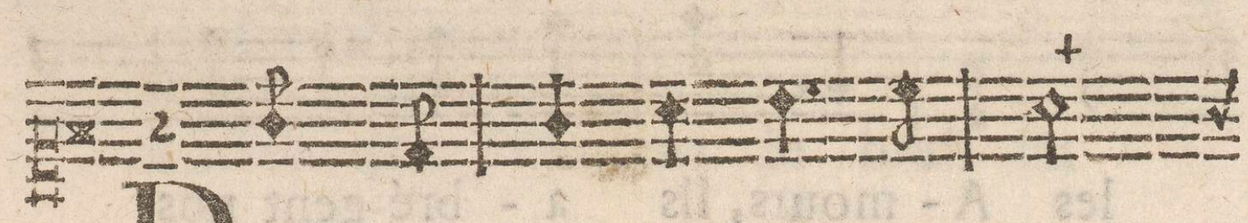
℄ Refrain.

pirs : pirs: Charmant Ba-chus, je

veux


veux te ſui- vre, Et ban- nir
les A- mours, Ils a - bré-gent nos
jours, Et ton Jus nous fait vi-
vre, Ils a - bré-gent nos jours, Et
ton Jus nous fait vi- vre, Et
ton Jus nous fait vi-
vre. Char-, &c. vre.

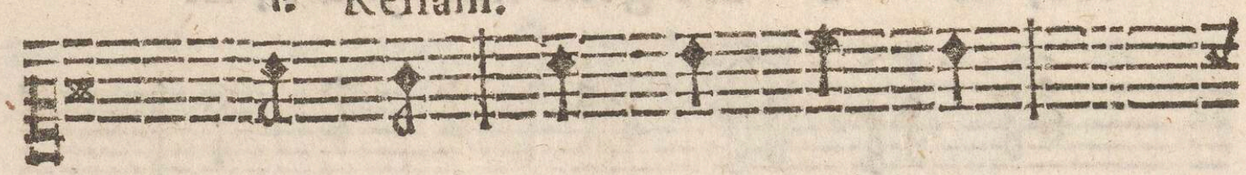
L'ORDRE DE LA LIBERTE'.



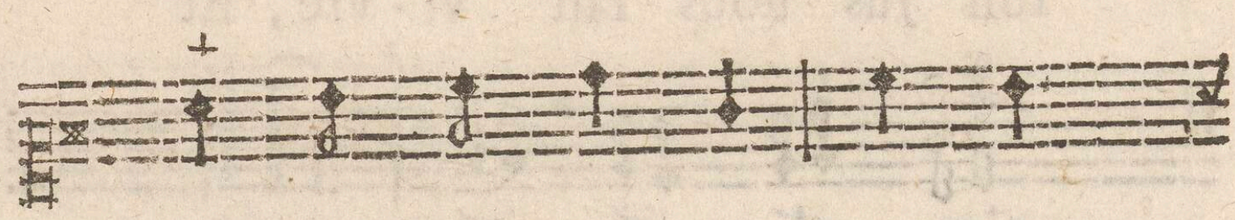
DAns l'Hif- toi- re des A- mours,
On ne fait que de nos jours,



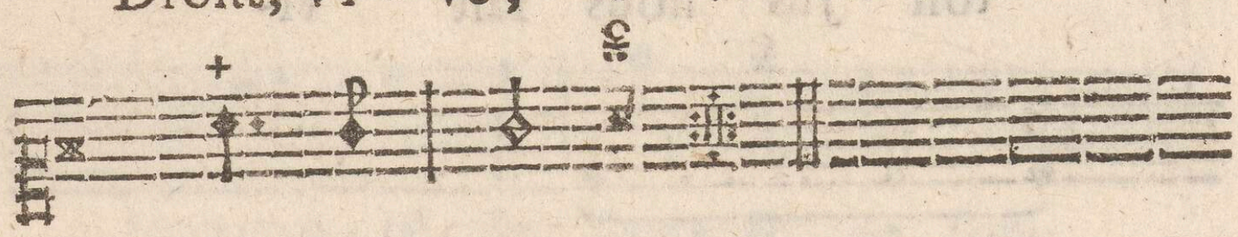
On ne con-noît que leur Mè - re,
Que Ba-chus en eſt le Pè - re:
℄ Refrain.



A-mours ren- trez dans vos



Droits, Vi - ve, vi - ve nos nou-



vel- les Loix. &c.

Ici,

Ici, pleine Liberté,
Point de ſévères Grimaces,
Santé, Joye, & Volupté,
Sont à préſent nos trois Graces;
Chantons les Amours Gaulois,
Vive, vive nos nouvelles Loix.

Que ce ſoit pour Aimer mieux,
Qu'un Amant s'excite à boire,
Bachus rend audacieux,
Et prépare la Victoire;
Qu'Amour lui devra d'Exploits,
Vive, vive nos nouvelles Loix.

Pour rendre un Amant plus ſûr,
D'un Amour pur, & fidelle,
Que ſa Belle boive pur,
Autant pour lui que pour elle;
Pour former des Nœuds Gaulois,
Vive, vive nos nouvelles Loix.

Plus de Liqueur du Lignon,
Qui fait naître l'Amour fade,
Vive le vieux Bourguignon,
Et ſon jeune Camarade;
Triomphez gai, Champenois,
Vive, vive nos nouvelles Loix.

A Table il n'eſt point de Rang,
Droits du Sang, Chimères vaines,
Ce Vin fait le même Sang,
Qui va couler dans nos veines;
Tous Buveurs ici ſont Rois,
Vive, vive nos nouvelles Loix.

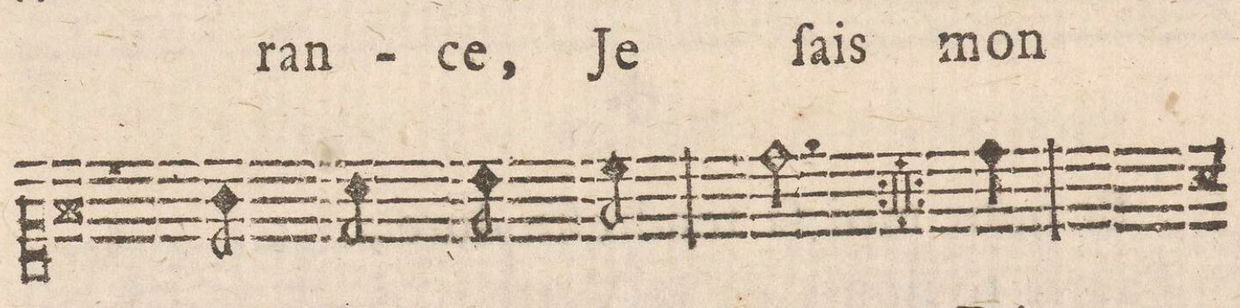
Un Cenſeur mal-à-propos,
Met les mots à la Coupelle,
Que tous les Mots, ſoient Bons-Mots,
Dès qu'ils font rire une Belle;
Fuyez, Beaux-Eſprits trop froids,
Vive, vive nos nouvelles Loix.

Tous Mots, ou Contes Gaillards,
A Table peuvent paroître,
A la faveur des Brouïllards,
Qu'au Deſſert on y voit Naître;
Qu'on les paſſe quelquefois,
Vive, vive nos nouvelles Loix.

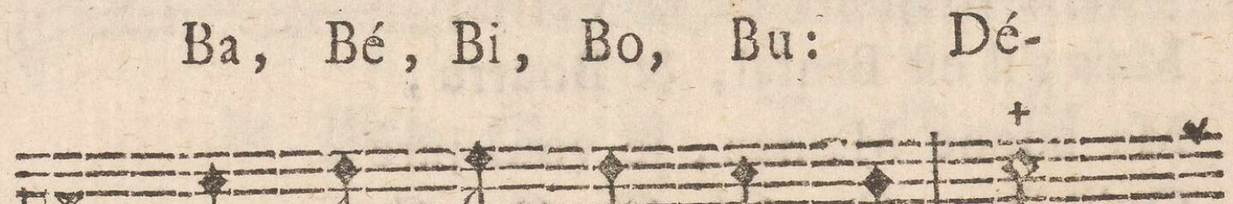
L'INNOCENTE.



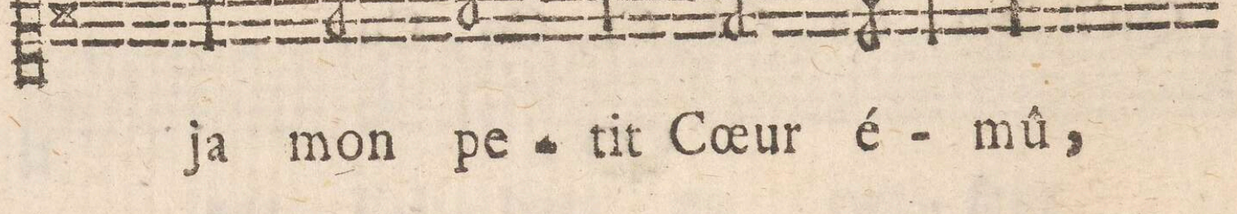
JE ne ſuis plus dans l'I-gno-



ran - ce, Je ſais mon
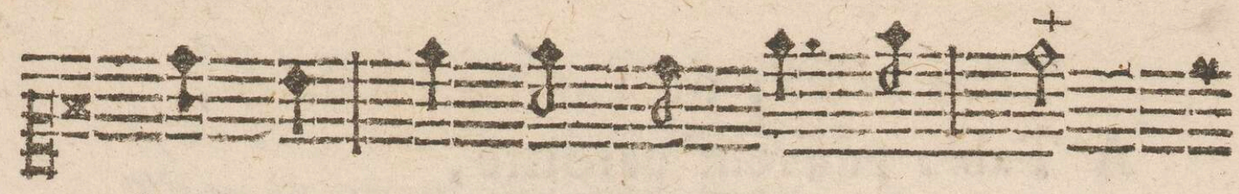


Ba, Bé, Bi, Bo, Bu: Dé-



ja mon pe - tit Cœur é - mû,

Tous

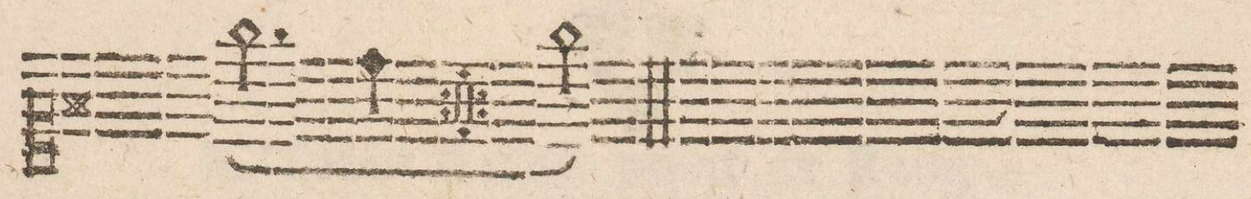
Près



Près d'un jeu-ne Ber-ger com-men-



ce, A fai- re Ta, Té, Ti, To,



Tu. Dé, &c. Tu.

Faites-moi donc préſent, ma Mère,
D'un Mari, Da, Dé, Di, Do Du,
Qui ſoit ſémillant, vif, & dru,
Surtout d'un âge à pouvoir plaire,
Car un vieux, Pa, Pé, Pi, Po, Pu.

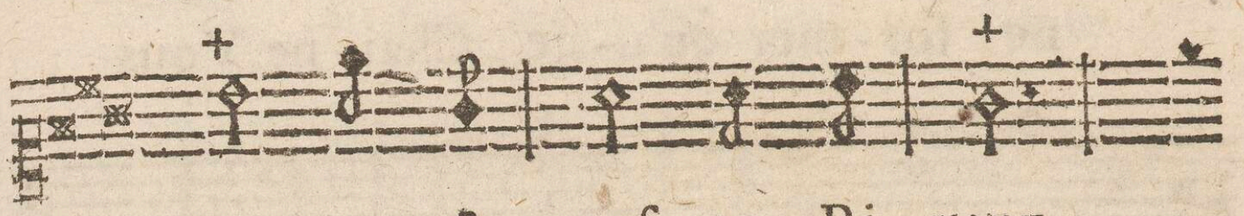
Si pour moi ſa tendreſſe dure,
J'aurai toujours de la Vertu;
Mais s'il eſt Brutal, & Bourru,
Ma bonne Maman, je vous jure,
Qu'il ſera, Ca, Cé, Ci, Co, Cu.

CHAN-

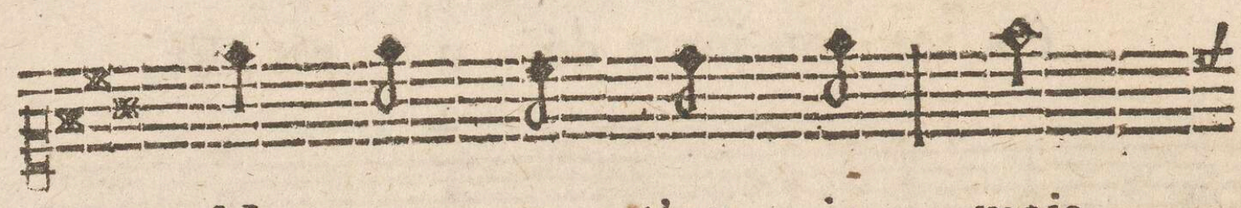
CHANSONNETTE.



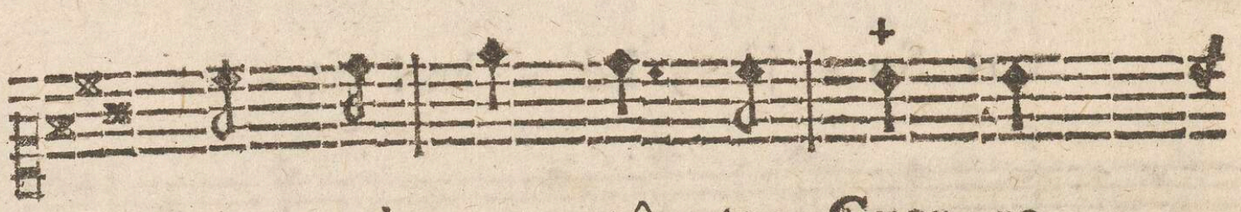
Dieu d'A - mour, Dieu d'Hy-
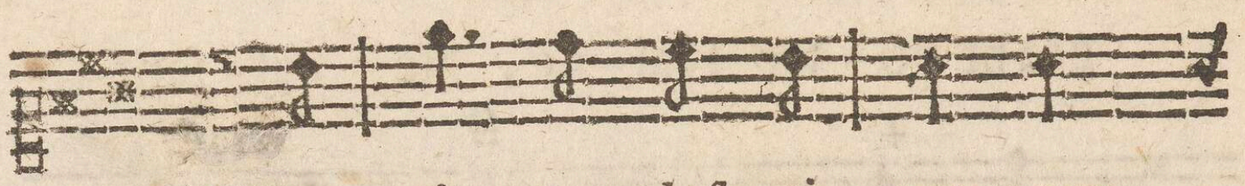


men trop fu - neſ - te Ri - vaux,
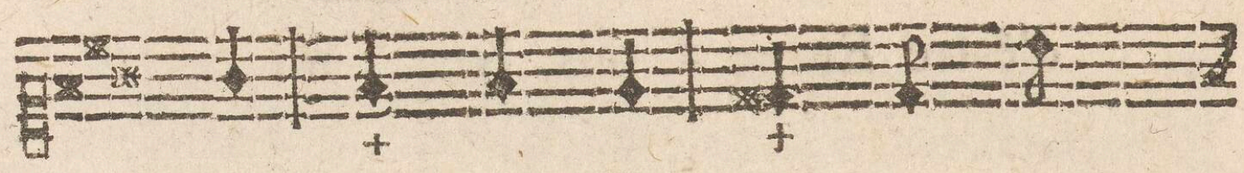


Ne ver - ra - t'on ja - mais



ter - mi - ner vô - tre Guer - re,



Vous ê - tes deſ - ti - nez pour
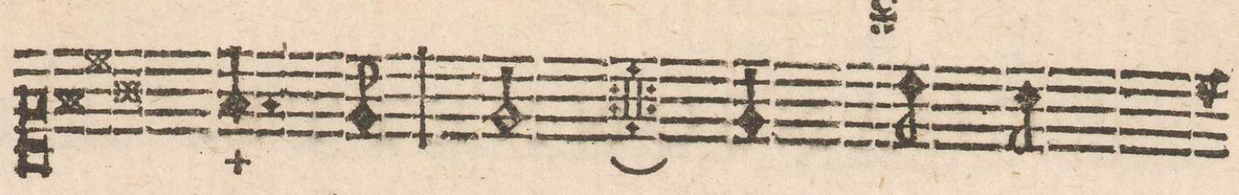


le Bien de la Ter - re, Et

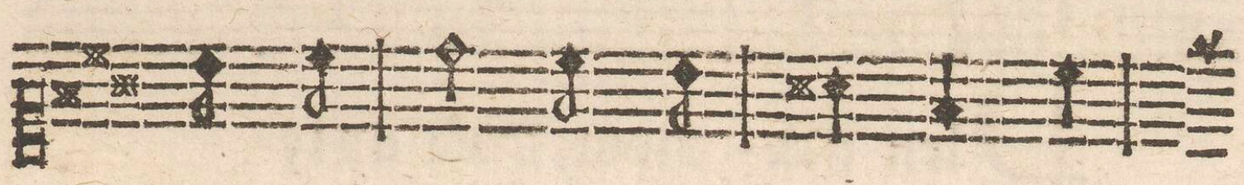


vos Dé - bats en cau - ſent
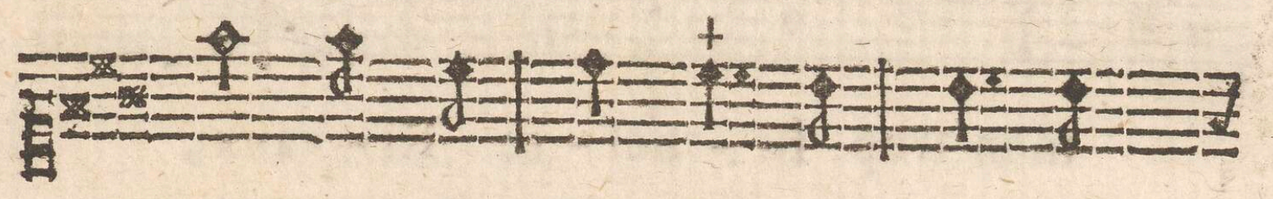
tous
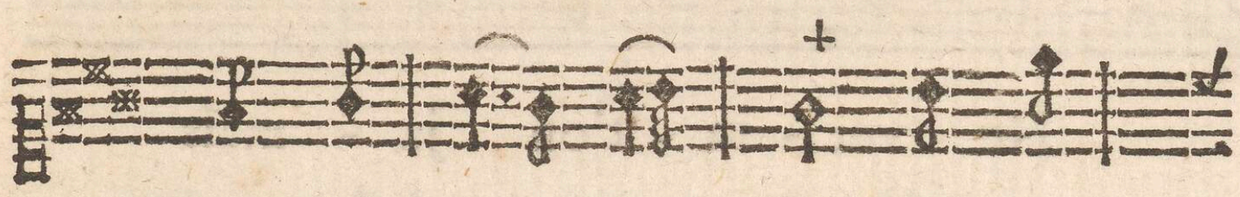


tous les maux : maux: Loin de
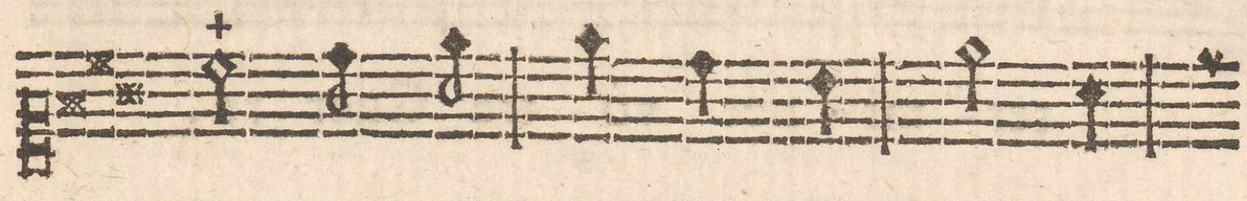


ne for-mer qu'u-ne Chai-ne, Vous



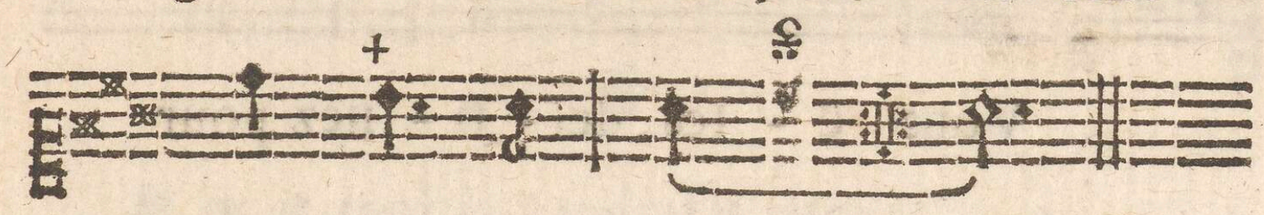
ê-tes tou-jours déſ- u - nis, Et



vos Su - jèts, hé - las! par-ta-



geant vô-tre Hai-ne, Ne ceſ-ſent

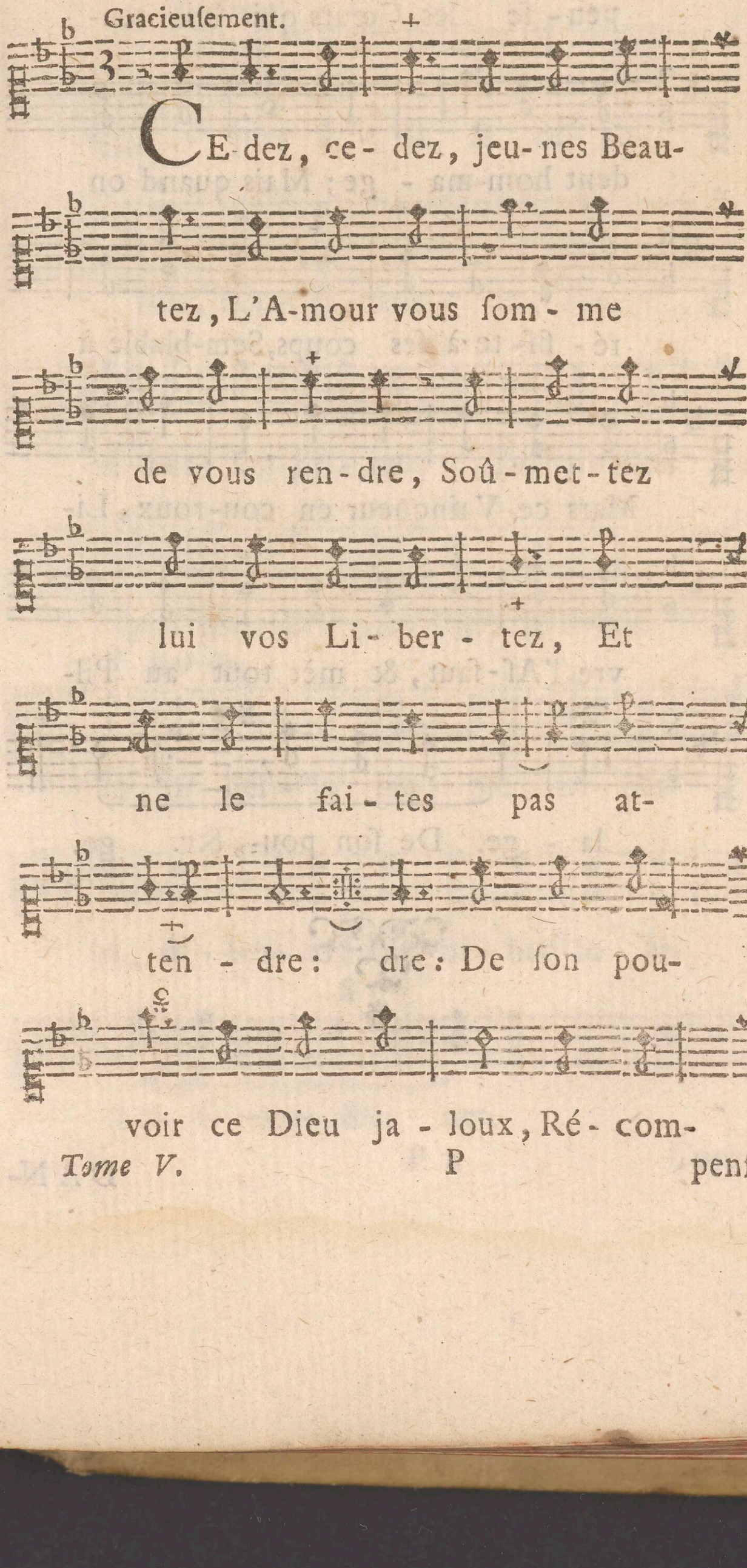


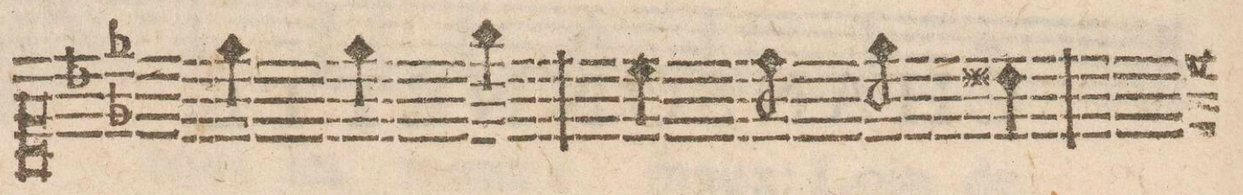
d'ê-tre En-ne - mis. &c. mis.
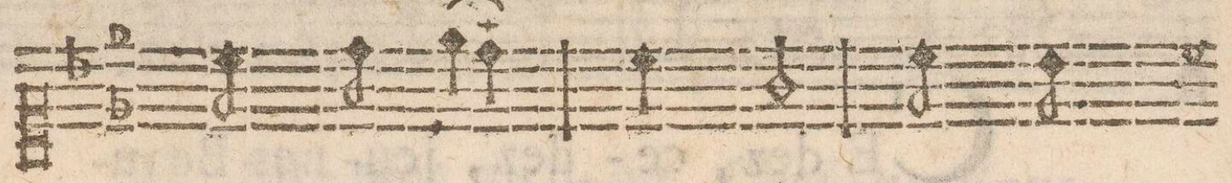


CHAN-

CHANSONNETTE.
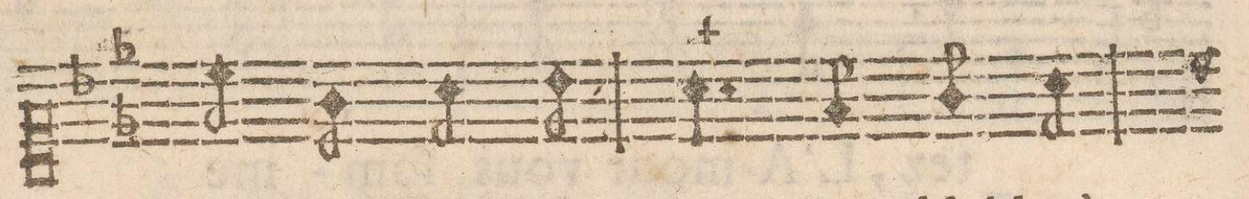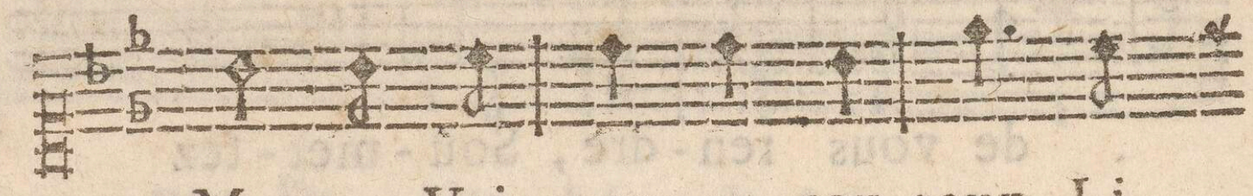




pen- ſe les Cœurs qui lui ren-
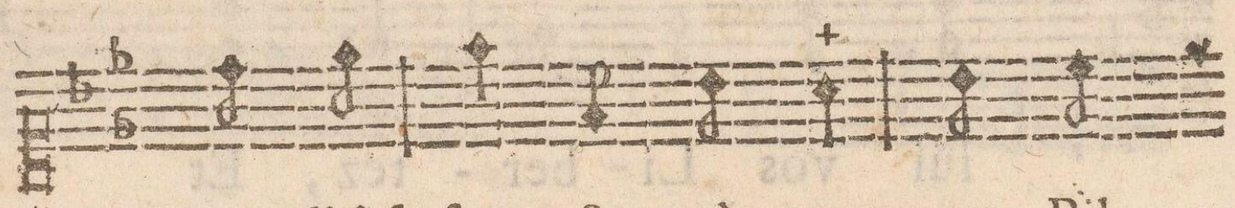


dent hom-ma - ge; Mais quand on



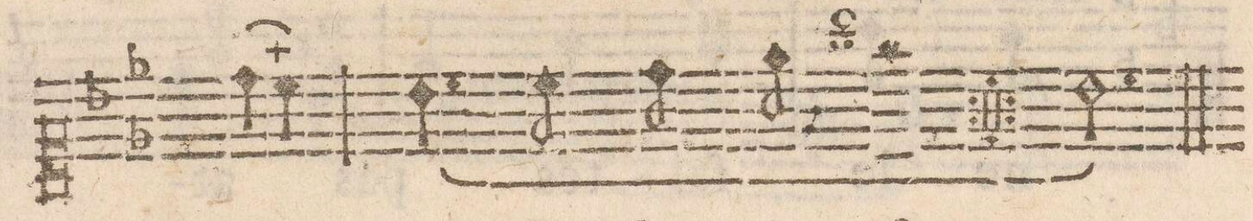
ré- ſiſ- te à ſes coups, Sem-blable à



Mars ce Vainqueur en cou-roux, Li-



vre l'Aſ-ſaut, & mèt tout au Pil-

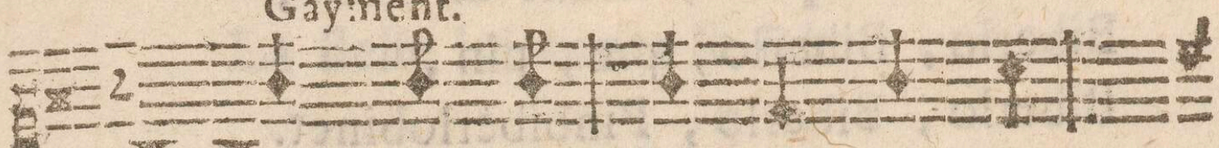


la - ge. De ſon pou-, &c. ge.
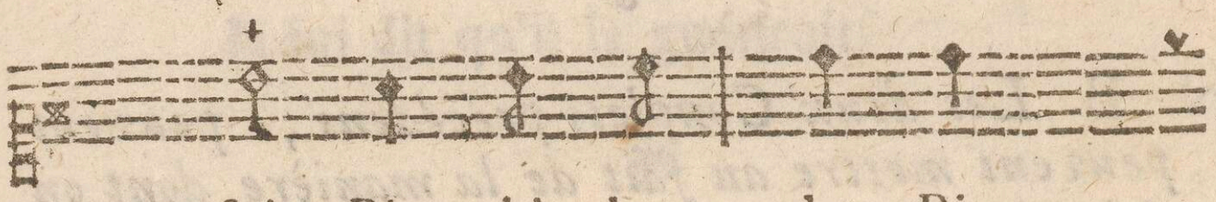
DAN-

DANSE RONDE.

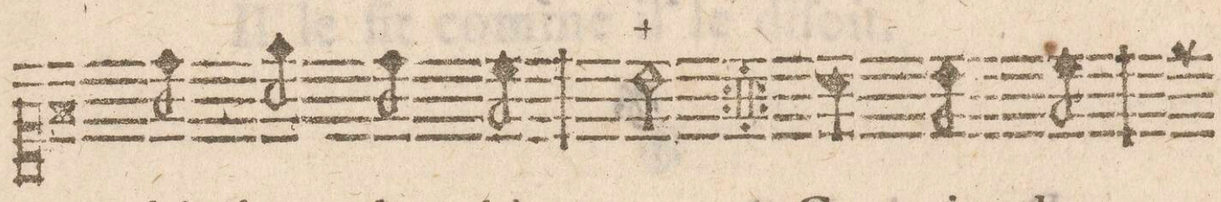
Gayment.



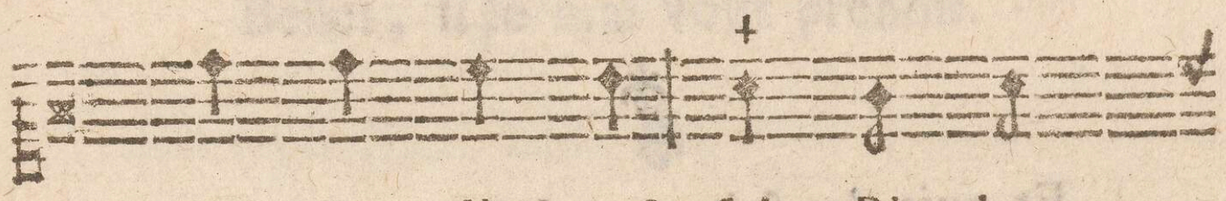
UN jour Iris ſe re-po-



ſoit, Pin-bi-ber-lo, Pin-

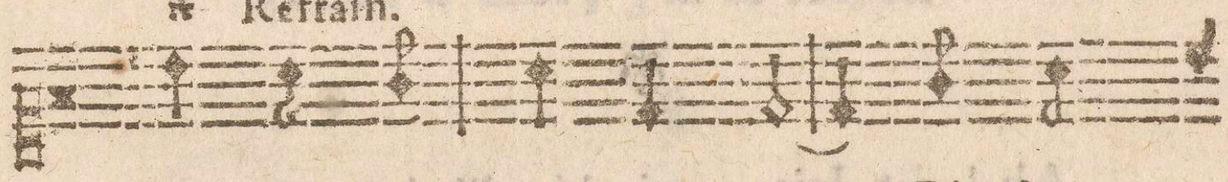


bi-ber-lo-bi-net: Cu-pi-don

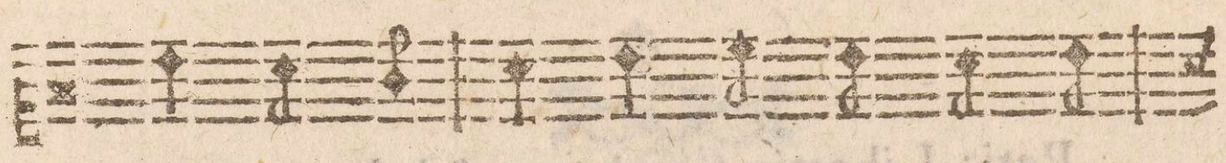


qui par là paſ-ſoit, Bi-ber-

℔ Refrain.
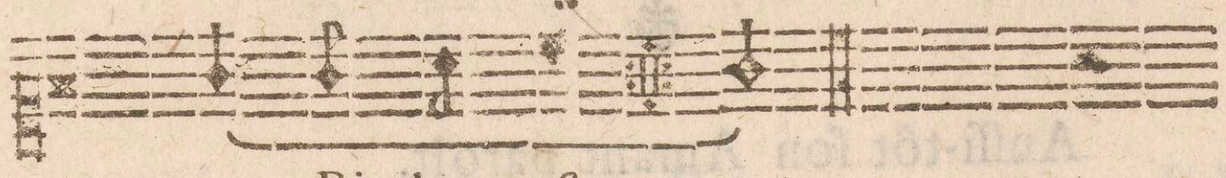


lo, Bi-ber-lo pin, pin, Bi-ber-



lo, Bi-ber-lo, Pin-bi-ber-lo-bi-

℔



net. Bi-ber-, &c. net.

Cupi-

Cupidon qui par la paſſoit,
Pinbiberlo, Pinbiberlobinet:
De ſon Carquois, tirant un trait,
Biberlo, Biberlo, pin, pin,
Biberlo, Biberlo, Pinbiberlobinet.

N. B. *Les deux Couplets précédens, peuvent peuvent mettre au fait de la manière dont on doit chanter les Couplets ſuivans.*

Darda la Belle qui dormoit.

Et puis s'enfuit quand il eut fait.

Ah! dit Iris, qui s'éveilloit.

Petit Libertin, qu'as-tu fait?

Auſſi-tôt ſon Amant paroît.

Lui demande ce qu'elle avoit.

Ⴛ

La Belle lui conta le fait.

Ⴛ

Il lui dit qu'il la guériroit.

Ⴛ

Il le fit comme il le diſoit.

Ⴛ

Belles, ſi le mal vous prenoit.

Ⴛ
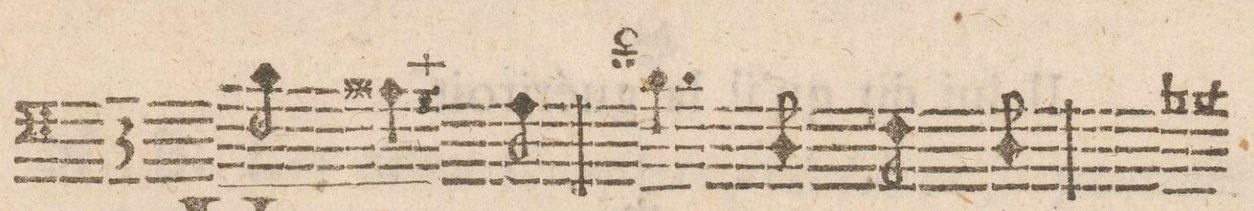
Venez à moi, j'ai le ſécrèt.

Ⴛ

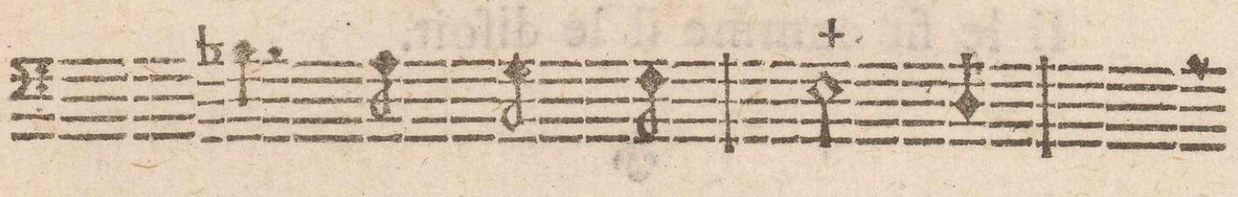
De guérir le mal qu'Amour fait.

LES GRANDS JOURS DE L'AMOUR.

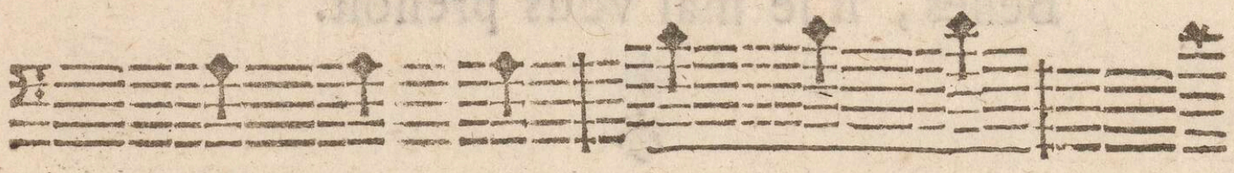
UN HUISSIER.



VE-nez, ve - nez, ac-cou-rez



tous, On vous ren - dra Juſ-



ti - ce, L'A-mour tient i-
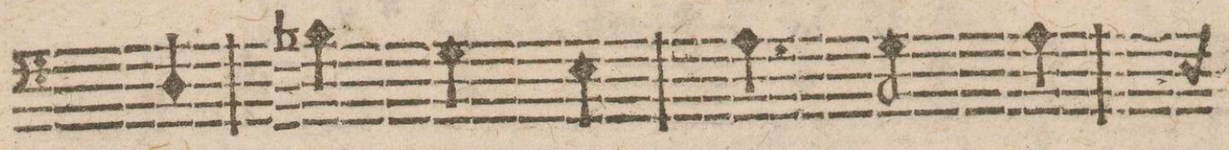


ci ſes Grands Jours, L'A - mour



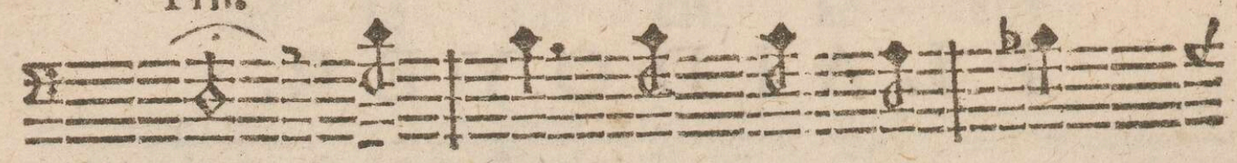
tient i - ci ſes Grands Jours,

L'A-

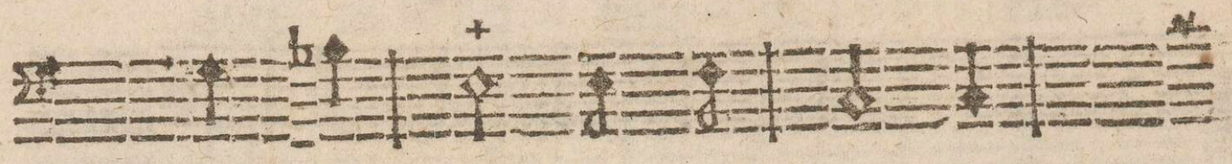


L'A- mour tient i - ci ſes Grands

Fin.



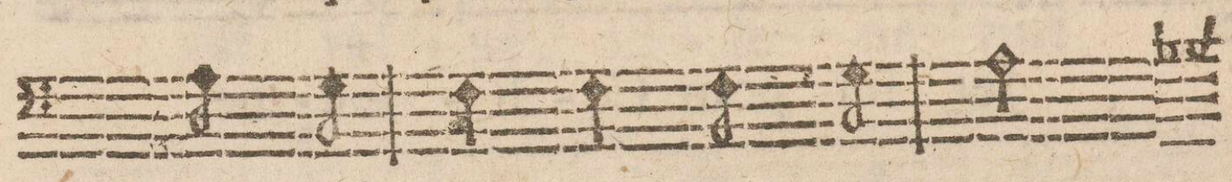
Jours. A - mans, qui d'u - ne Bel-



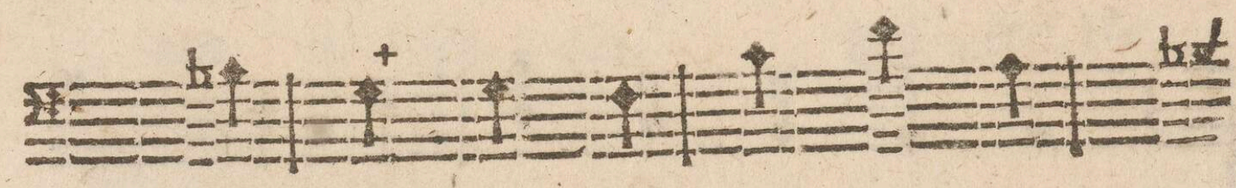
le, Eſ-ſu - yez le Ca - pri - ce,



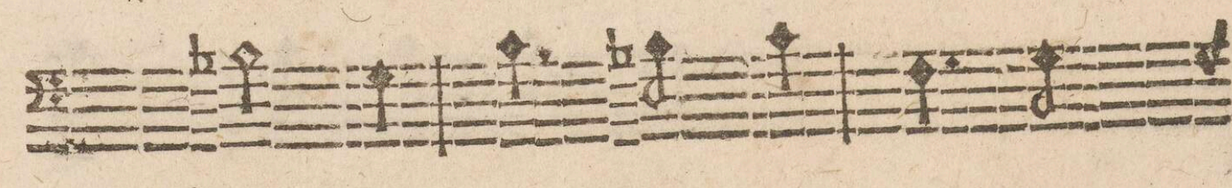
Vous que pour prix d'un ten - dre



Sa - cri - fi - ce, On im - mo-
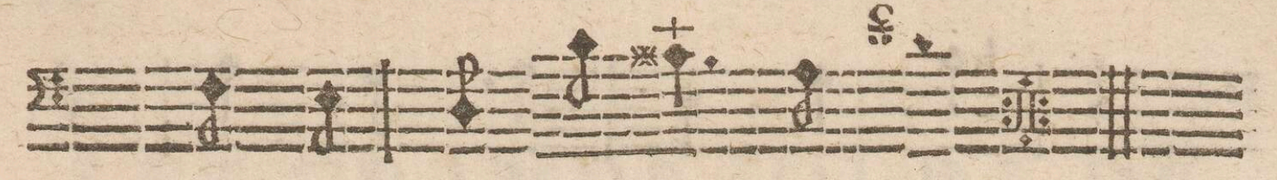


le a d'au - tres A - mours, On im-



mo-le à d'au - tres A - mours, Ac-
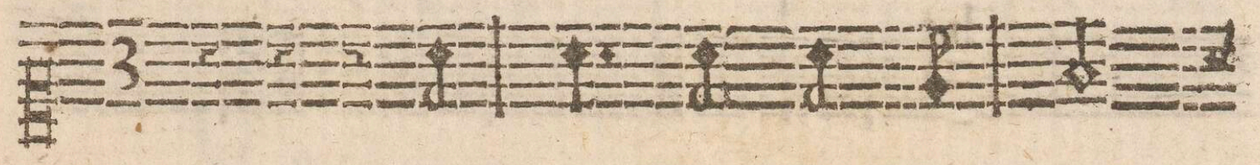
courez



cou-rez tous. Ve-nez, ve-, &c.

PLAIDOYER.

L'Avocat de Tircis.



Je par-le pour Tir-cis,

L'Avocat de Celimène.



Je ſuis pour Ce-li-mè-ne.

L'Avocat de Tircis.

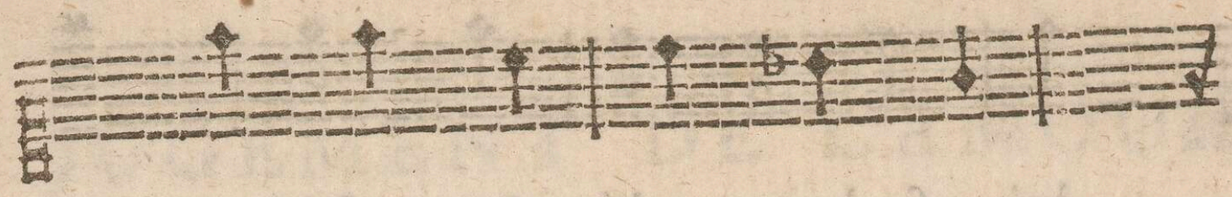


Un Ren-dez-vous é-toit Con-

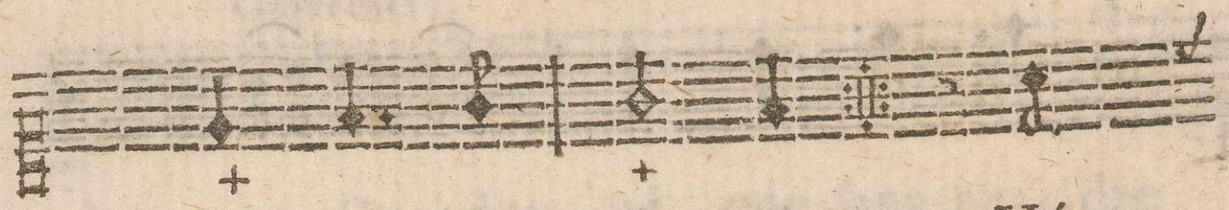


cer-té comme il faut, Le fi-

delle



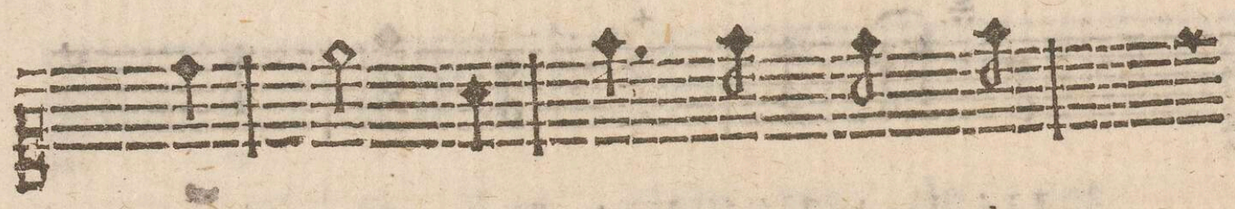
del - le Tir - cis at - ten-



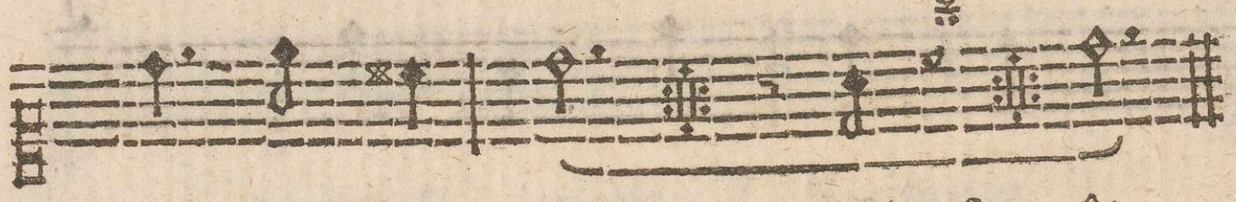
doit in - hu - mai - ne: Hé-



las! hé - las! ſon at - ten - te

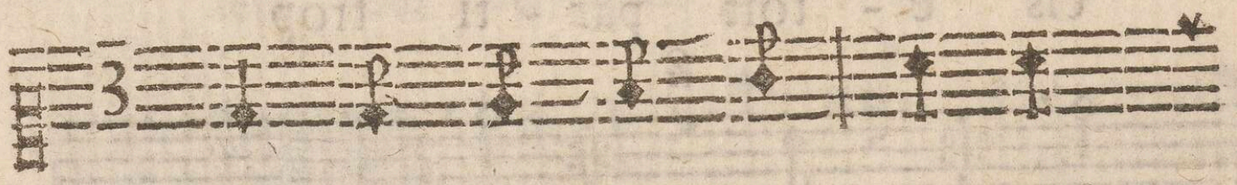


fut vai - ne, El - le ne vint
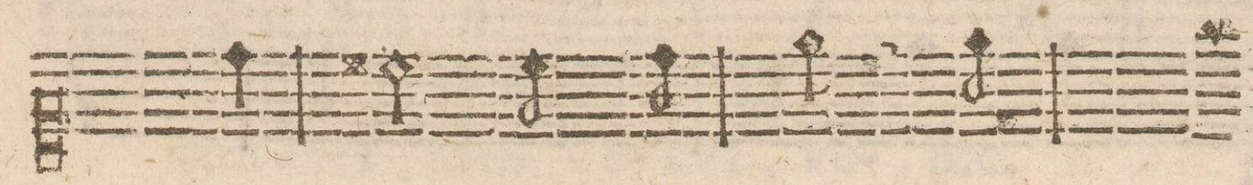


pas aſ - ſez - tôt. Hé-, &c. tôt.

L'Avocat de Celimène.
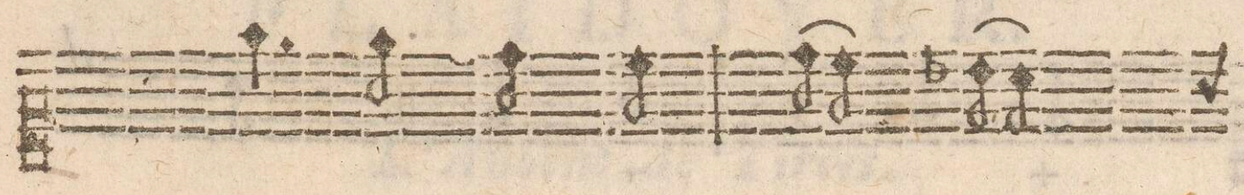


L'im - pa - ti - ent Tir - cis eſt
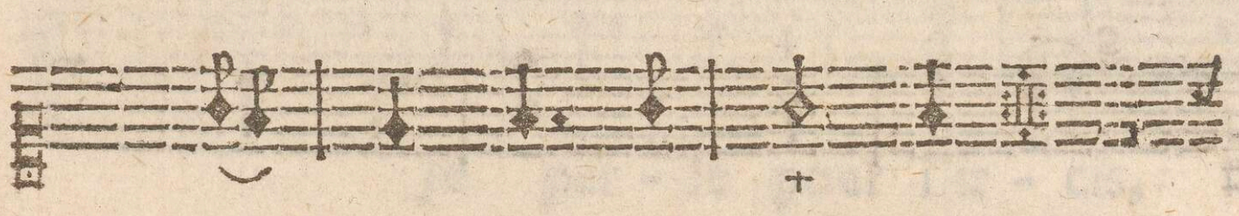
lui
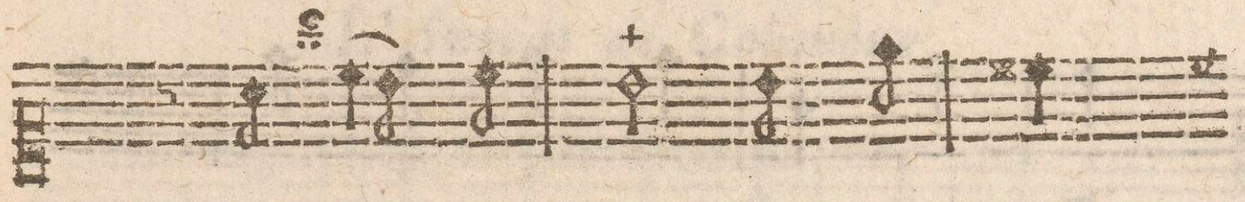


lui ſeul en dé - faut, L'A-
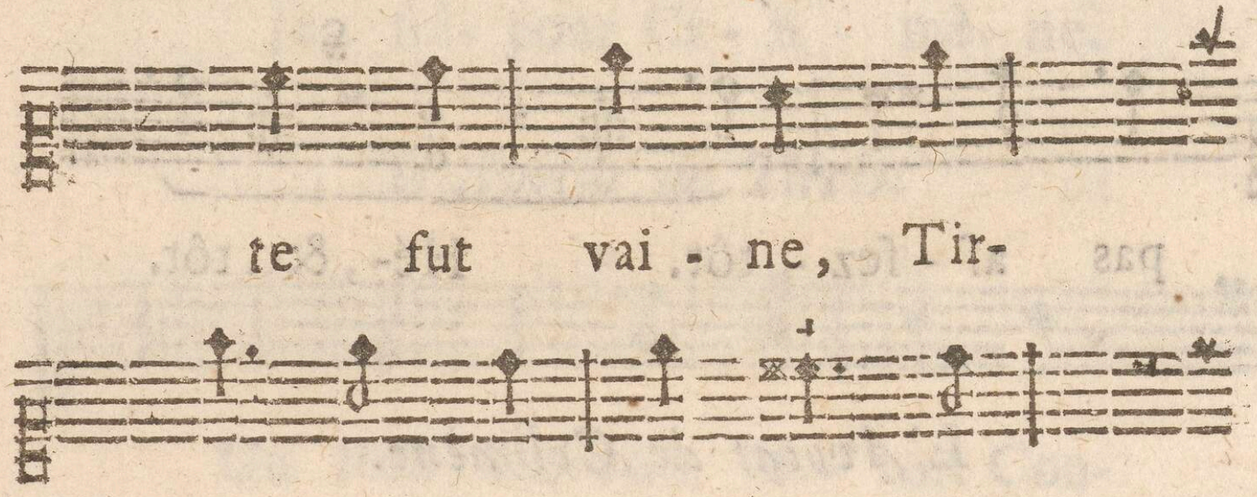


mour au Ren-dez - vous fit



cou - rir Ce - li - mè - ne:

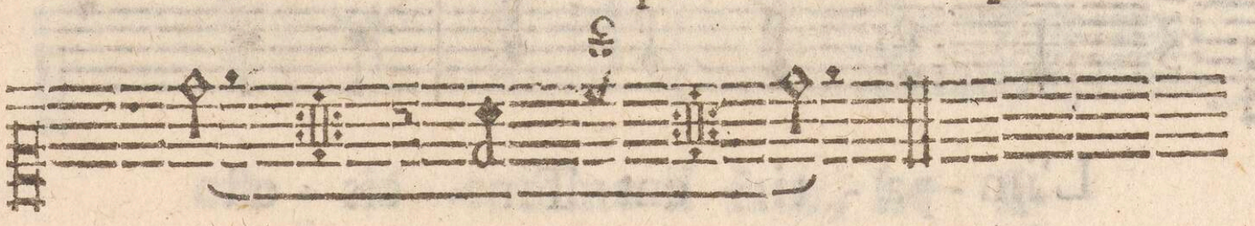


Hé-las! hé - las! ſon at - ten-



te fut vai - ne, Tir-

cis é - toit par - ti trop
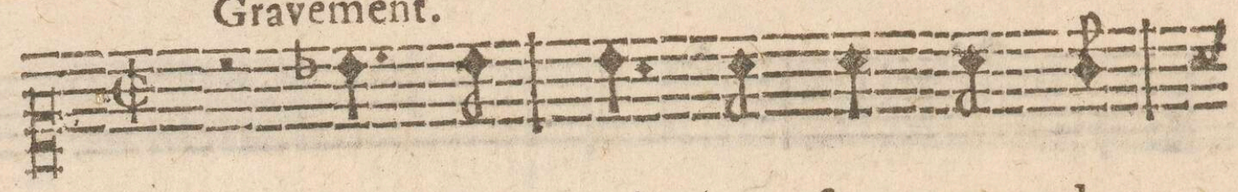


tôt. Hé, &c. tôt.

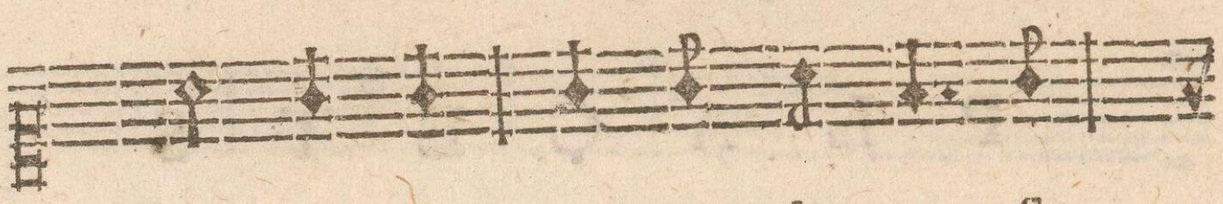
JU-

JUGEMENT DE L'AMOUR.
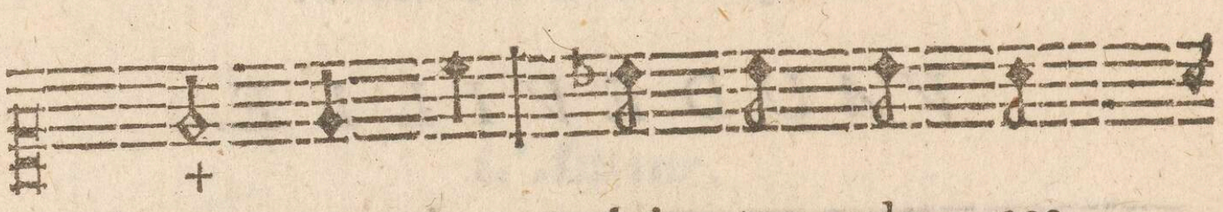
Gravement.



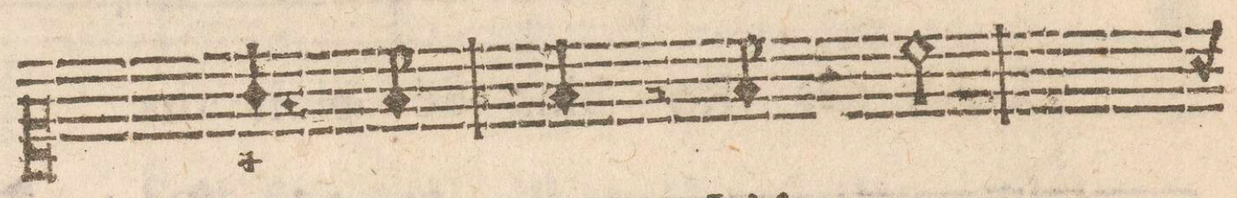
Or- don- né que ſans per- dre



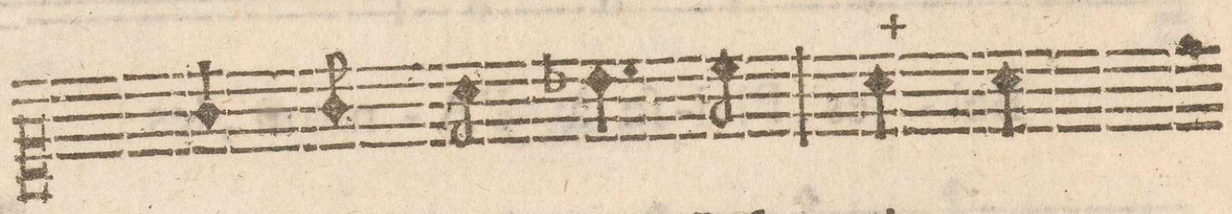
tems, Un nou- veau Ren-dez-vous ſi-
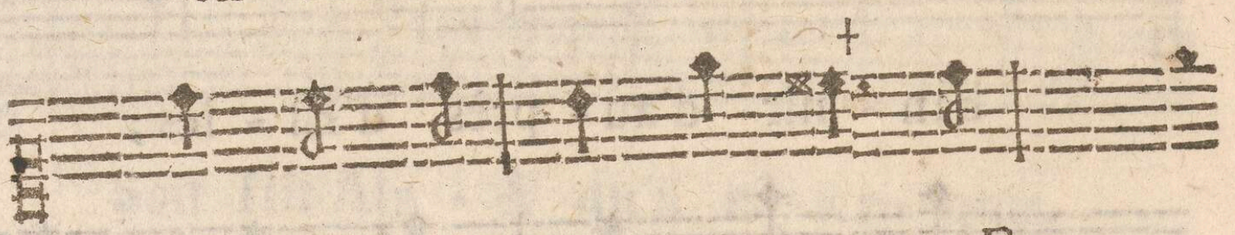


niſ- ſe, Les plain- tes de ces



deux A- mans; L'A- mour



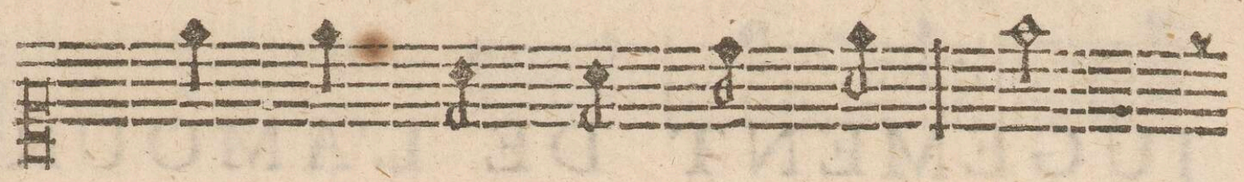
en leur ren- dant Juſ- ti- ce,



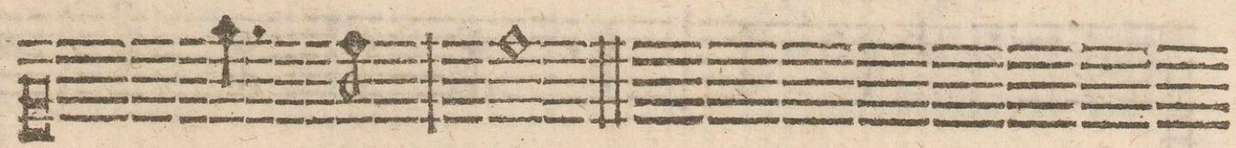
Veut leurs Plai- ſirs pour tou-te E-

JU-

pice,



pi - ce, Et com-pen-ſe entre Eux
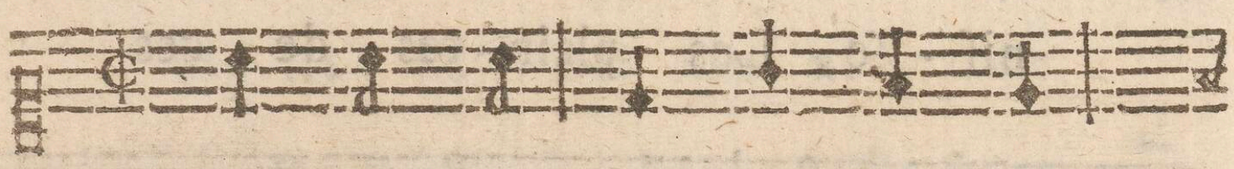


les dé - pens.

PLACETS

Préſentez à l'Amour.
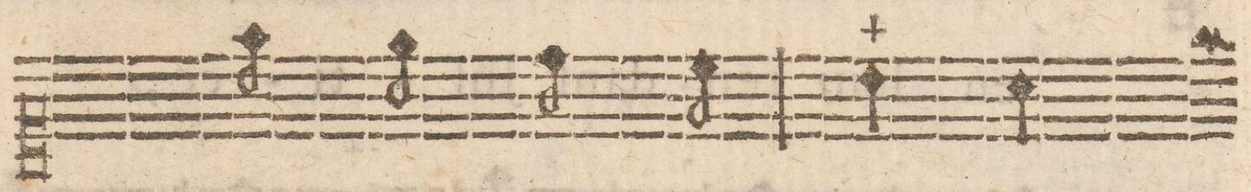
VAUDEVILLE.
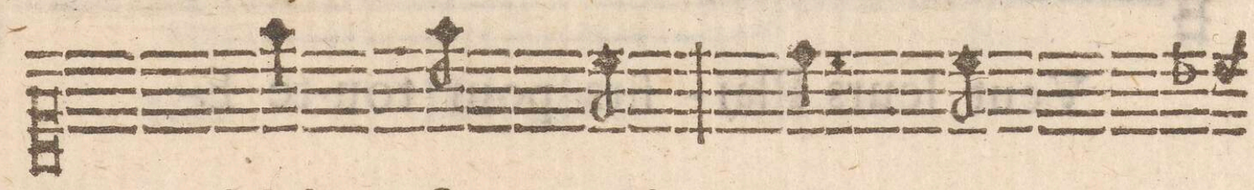


L'Air des Ro- bins dé - plaît aux



Bel - les, Plai-ſe à l'A - mour, les

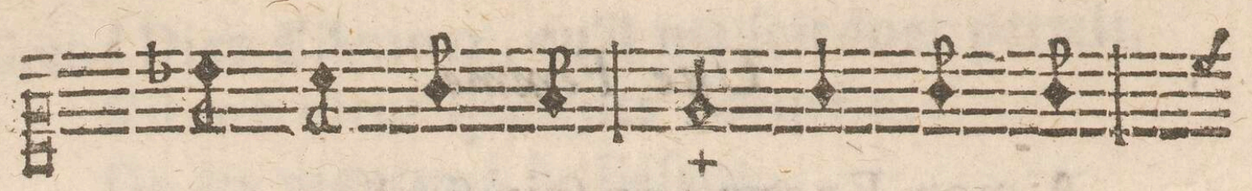


ban - nir d'au - près d'El - les;

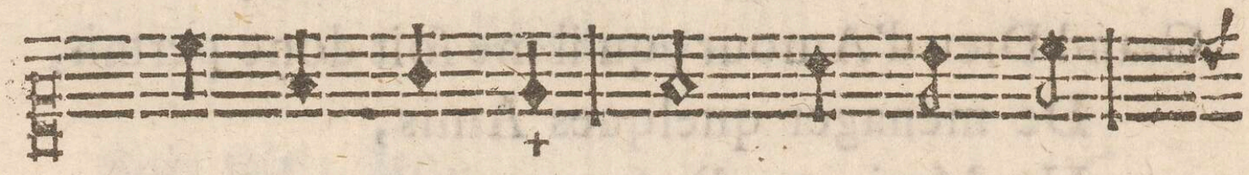


Mais ſi quel - qu'un pre-

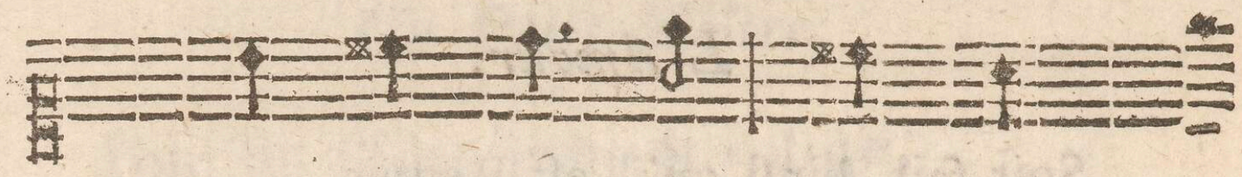
noit



noit les airs ex- quis, Du Pe- tit-

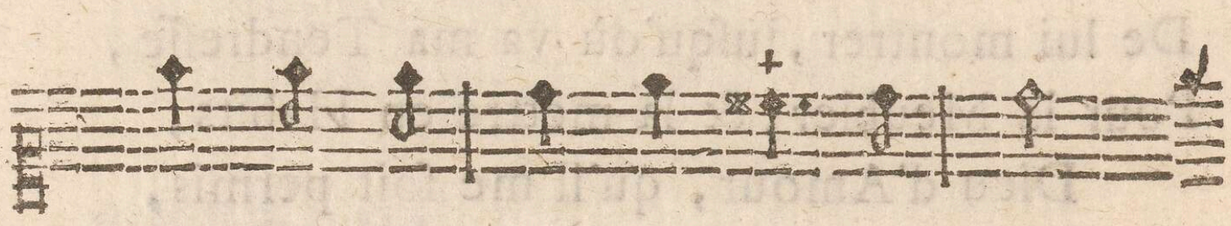


Maitre, ou du Mar- quis, Qu'il foit ai-
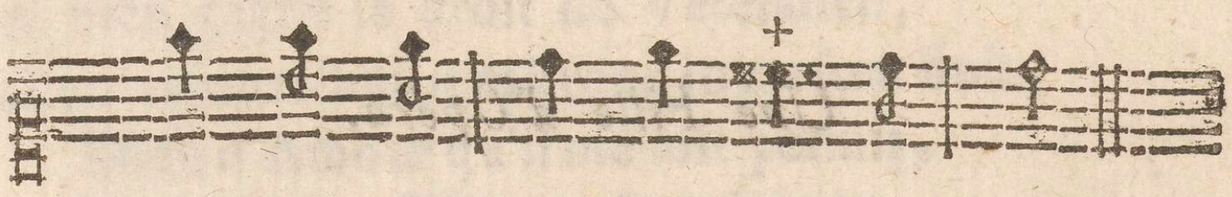


mé des plus Cru - el - les.

L'Amour.



Soit fait Ain - ſi qu'il eſt Re - quis.

Chœur.



Soit fait Ain - ſi qu'il eſt Re - quis.

Une Femme.

A mon Epoux, je ſuis fidelle,
Mais à ſes Yeux, je ceſſe d'être Belle,
Grand Dieu d'Amour, qu'il me ſoit donc permis,
De ménager quelques Amis,
Un Mari, par-là ſe rapelle.

L'Amour.

Soit fait Ainſi qu'il eſt Requis.

Un Caiſſier.

Je ſuis Caiſſier, Philis me preſſe,
De lui montrer, juſqu'où va ma Tendreſſe,
Pour la Meubler, & la mettre en Habits,
Dieu d'Amour, qu'il me ſoit permis,
D'alterer le fond de la Caiſſe.

L'Amour.

Soit fait, &c.

Une Fille d'Opéra.

J'ai des Talens, j'ai de la Grace,
A l'Opéra, je remplis bien ma place,

Grand Dieu d'Amour, qu'il me ſoit donc permis,
S'il me vient quelques Etourdis,
De les reduire à la Béface.

L'Amour.

Soit fait, &c.

Un Petit-Maître.

Pour un Objet jeune & volage,
J'ai conſummé trop tôt mon Héritage;
Grand Dieu d'Amour, qu'il me ſoit donc permis,
Si j'ai Maîtreſſe à Cheveux-Gris,
De Gruger juſqu'à l'Equipage.

L'Amour.

Soit fait, &c.

Une Vieille.

Soumiſe à toi dès mon Enfance,
J'ai bien gagné le droit de Véterance,
Puiſqu'aujourd'hui mes beaux jours ſont finis,
Dieu d'Amour qu'il me ſoit permis,
De voir ma Fille en Survivance.

L'Amour.

Soit fait, &c.

Un Vieillard.

Je Veux, quoique Séxagenaire,
Prendre une Femme, & tâcher d'être Père,
Je ſais Amour, que le riſque en eſt grand;
Que vôtre ſecours Tout-puiſſant,
Me faſſe finir cette affaire.

L'Amour.

Sans porter le croiſſant? Néant.

Une Financière.

Un Sous-Fermier, dont je ſuis Femme,
Va près d'une autre Uſer toute ſa Flâme,
Grand Dieu d'Amour, qu'il me ſoit donc permis,
De Recourrir à ſon Commis,
D'autres le font, ſans qu'on les blâme.

L'Amour.

Soit fait, &c.

Un

Un Gaſcon.

J'ai de l'Intrigue, & du Génie,
Mais pas le ſou ? Bordeaux eſt ma Patrie,
Grand Dieu d'Amour, qu'il me ſoit donc permis,
D'en Conter aux Belles Gratis,
Et d'uſer de mon induſtrie.

L'Amour.

Soit fait, &c.

Un Officier.

Au Regiment je dois me rendre,
Il faut partir, je ne puis m'en défendre,
Grand Dieu d'Amour, qu'il me ſoit donc permis,
De Bruſquer la jeune Philis,
Car je ne ſaurois plus attendre.

L'Amour.

Soit fait, &c.

Une Procureuſe.

Mon Mari, Procureur habile,
Des Biens-d'Autrui, ſe rejouït en Ville,

Grand Dieu d'Amour, qu'il me ſoit donc permis,
De Rogner ſur ce qu'il a pris,
Pour en aider quelque Pupille.
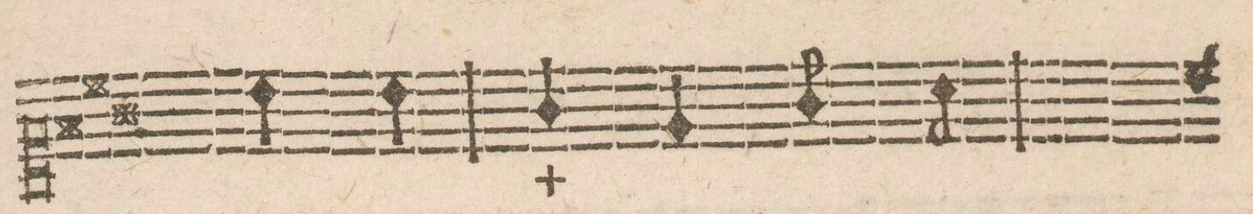
L'Amour.

Soit fait, &c.

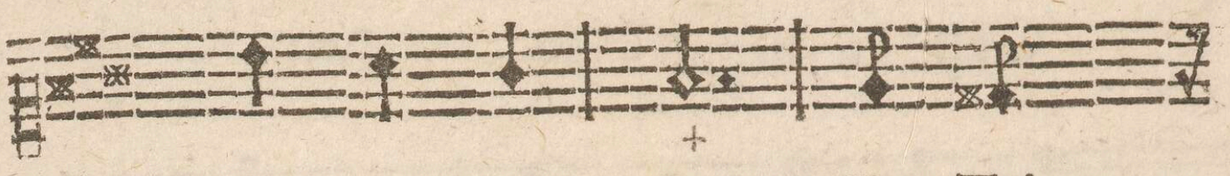
IDE'E DU MARIAGE.

Premier Menuet.
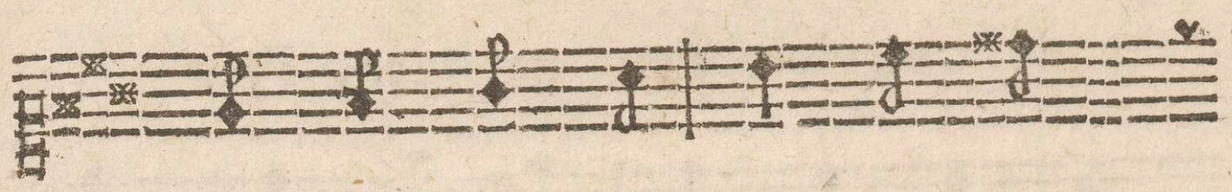




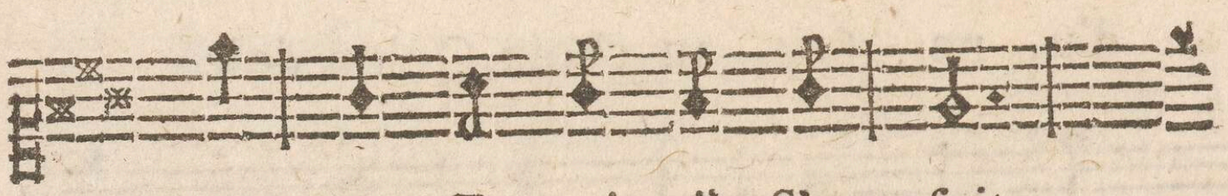
nous Eſ - cor - te juſ - que



chez toi nous ſuit, En Tri-



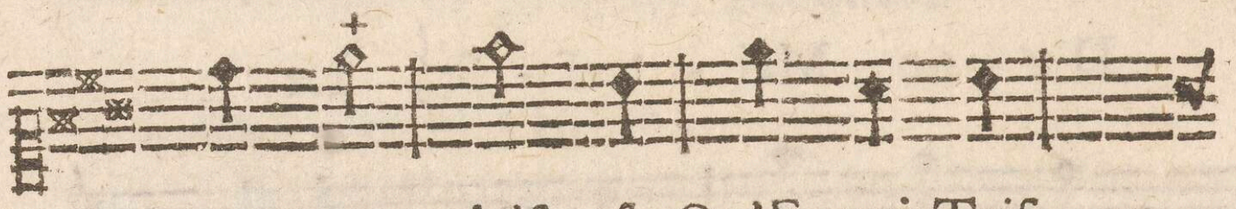
omphe il nous con-duit, A la
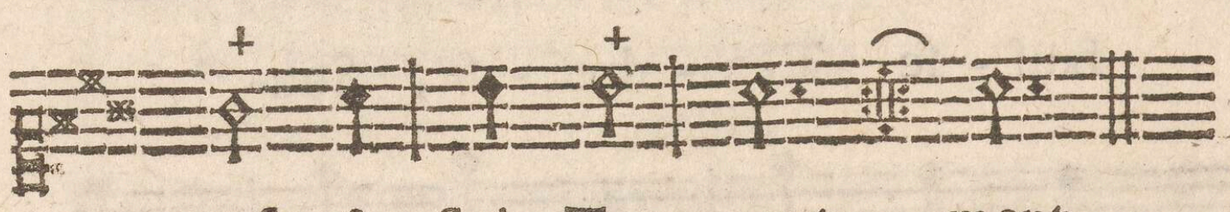


Por - te, Et puis il S'en - fuit;



Le Traitre En- fant, En par- tant,



ne nous laiſ - ſe, Qu'Ennui, Triſ-



teſ - ſe, Soin, Tour-ment. ment.

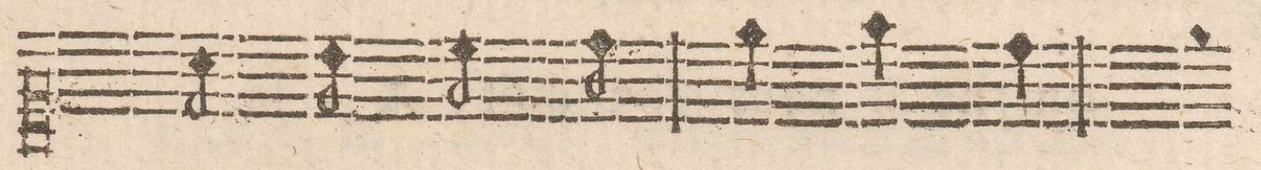
Deuxième Menuet.
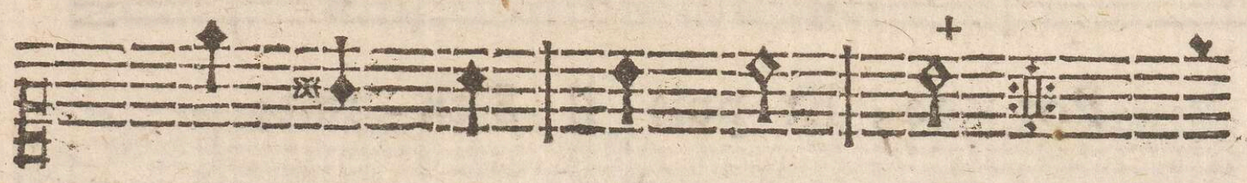


C'eſt u ne af - fai - re, Que



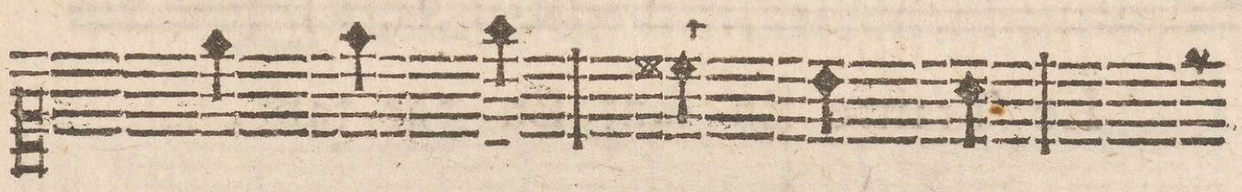
de vou - loir s'en - ga - ger, Plus



d'u - ne fois au choix, Qu'on doit



fai - re, Il faut ſon - ger:
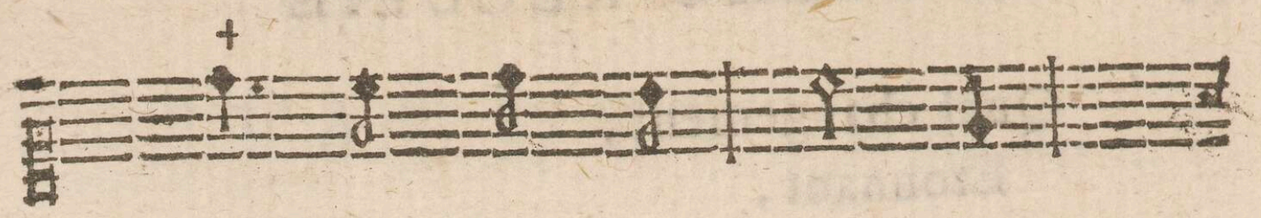


D'u - ne Mai - treſ - ſe, La



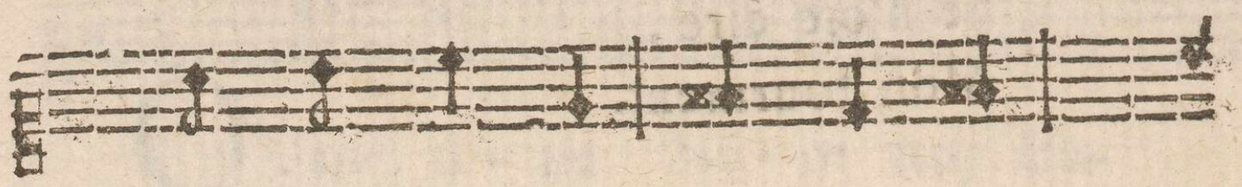
fauſ - ſe Ten - dreſ - ſe, Sou-



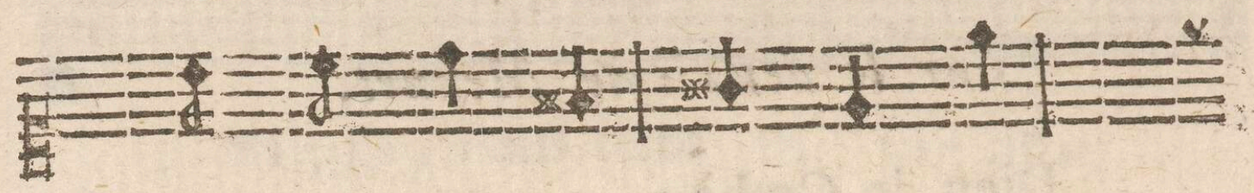
vent nous ſé - duit r Le re-
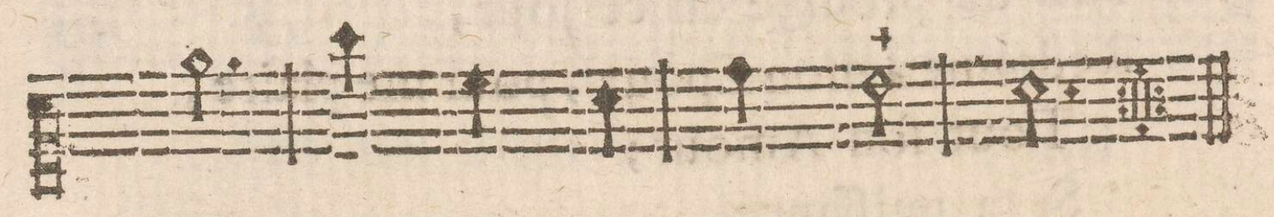


gret en eſt le fruit ; Pour



trou-ver u - ne Bel - le, Qui



ſoit ten-dre & fi - del - le, J'at-



tens ! Ah ! j'at - ten - drai long - tems.

Sur le premier Menuet.

Ah ! que Sylvandre,
Sembloit tendre,
Quand cet heureux Berger,
A l'Hymen ſût m'engager :
Son Cœur ſans ceſſe,
Par des ſoins amoureux,
Me prouvoit les plus beaux feux ;
Sa tendreſſe,
Combloit tous mes vœux,

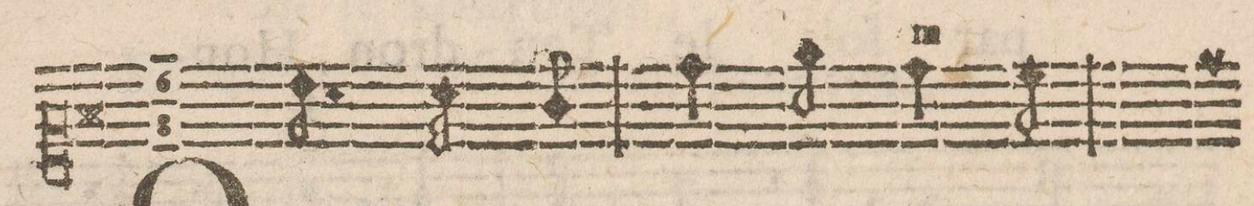
Quel

Quel changement,
Etonnant,
Quel Martire,
Je n'oſe dire,
Mon tourment.

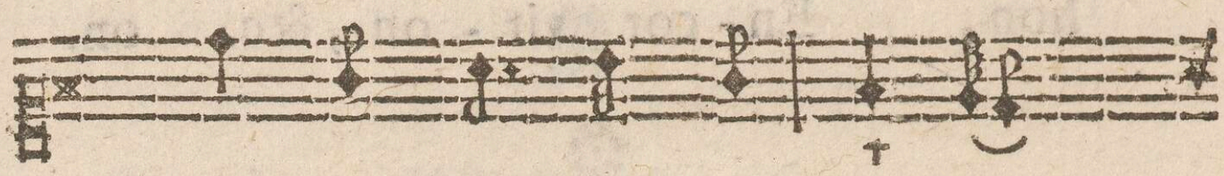
Sur le deuxième Menuet.

Dieu de Cythère,
Fais un prodige en ce jour,
Redonne à mon Epoux, pour me plaire,
Tout ſon Amour;
Si ta puiſſance,
Jointe à ma Conſtance,
Ranime ſon Cœur,
Qu'elle Gloire, & quel Bonheur,
Pour le revoir encore,
Me jurer qu'il m'adore,
J'attens!
Attendrai-je long-tems.

VAUDEVILLE.



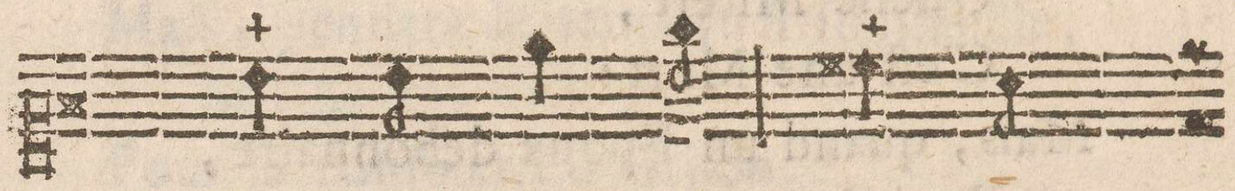
QUand u - ne Mè - re trop ſau-
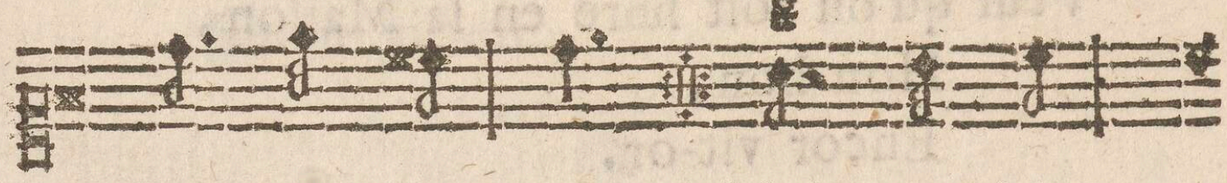


va - ge, Vous tient en ca - ge,



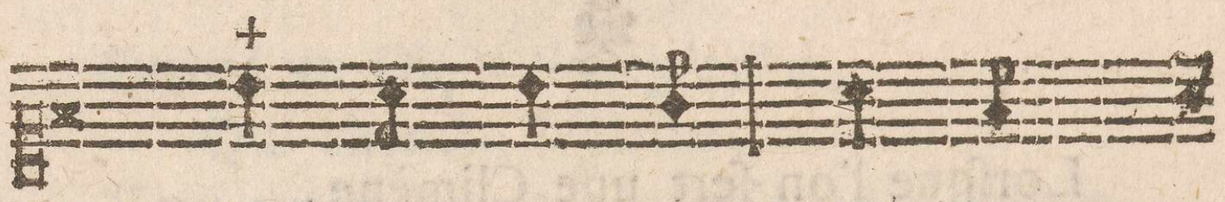
Jeu - nes Beau - tez je vous plains



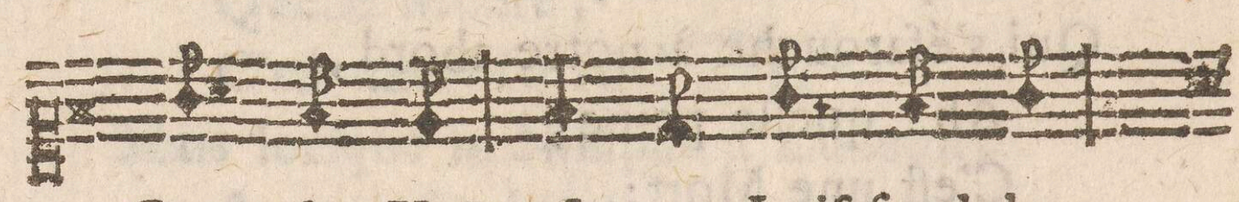
fort, Quel Eſ - cla - va - ge,



C'eſt u - ne Mort: Mais quand la

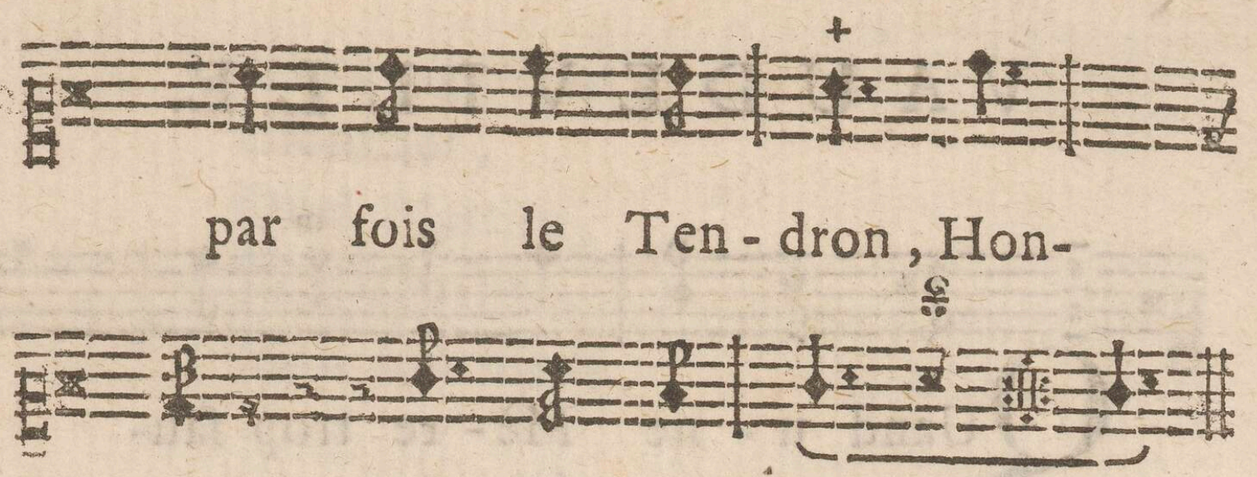


Ma - man moins cha - gri - ne,



Chez la Voi - ſi - ne, Laiſ-ſe al-ler

par



Quand un Mari d'un Caractère,
Bruſque & ſevère,
Toujours veille & jamais ne ſort,
Quelle Miſère,
C'eſt une Mort:
Mais, quand un Epoux débonnaire,
Peu ſédentaire,
Veut qu'on ſoit libre en ſa Maiſon,
Hon-hon,
Encor vit-on.

Lorſque l'on ſert une Climène,
Trop inhumaine,
Qui s'éfarouche à notre abord,
Ah! quelle peine,
C'eſt une Mort:

Mais, quand Iris, devant ſa Bonne,
Fait la Dragonne,
Et qu'en ſécrèt elle eſt Mouton,
Hon-hon,
Encor vit-on.

Quand une Fillette jolie,
Fait la Folie,
De prendre un Vieux, qui toûjours dort,
La triſte Vie,
C'eſt une Mort:
Mais, pendant le tems qu'il ſommeille,
Si l'Amant veille,
Pour la conſoler du Griſon,
Hon-hon,
Encor vit-on.

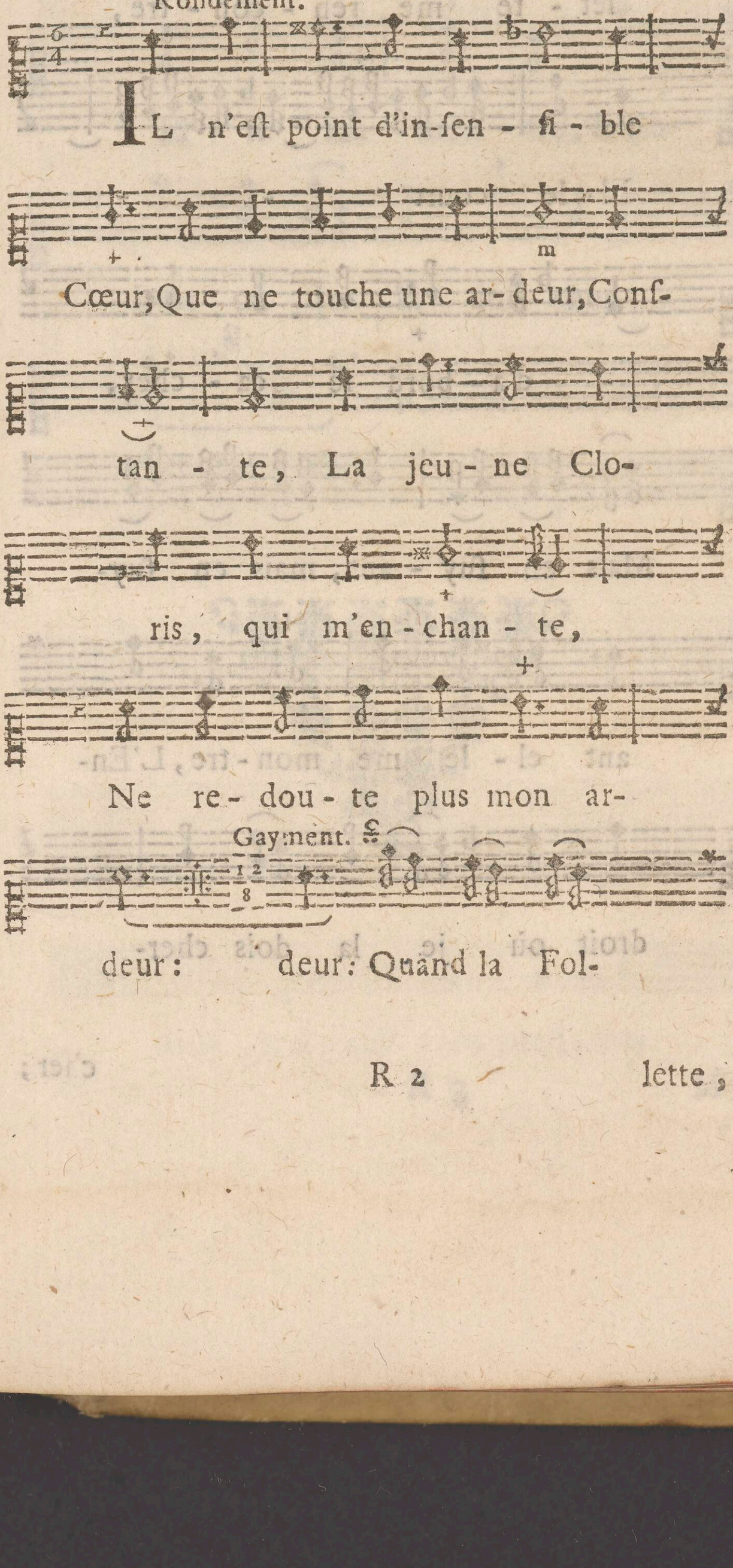
Quand un Objèt Séxagénaire,
Qui cherche à plaire,
Veut qu'on lui marque un doux tranſport,
Quelle Miſère,
C'eſt une Mort:
Mais lorſque la Nimphe à Lunette,
A pour Soubrette,

Une jeune & fraiche Don-don,
Hon-hon,
Encor vit-on.

Quand un Amant, ſous nôtre Empire,
Toujours ſoupire,
Et par ſes Plaintes nous Endort,
Ah! quel Martire,
C'eſt une Mort:
Mais quand un Galand ſait nous dire,
Le Mot pour Rire,
Avec la petite Chanſon,
Hon-hon,
Encor vit-on.

BIBLIOTEKA GDAŃSKA

LA FUITE PREMEDITE'E.



IL n'eſt point d'in-ſen - ſi - ble Cœur, Que ne touche une ar- deur, Conſ- tan - te, La jeu - ne Clo- ris, qui m'en - chan - te, Ne re- dou - te plus mon ar- deur: deur: Quand la Fol-

let - te me ren - con - tre,

El- le court - -
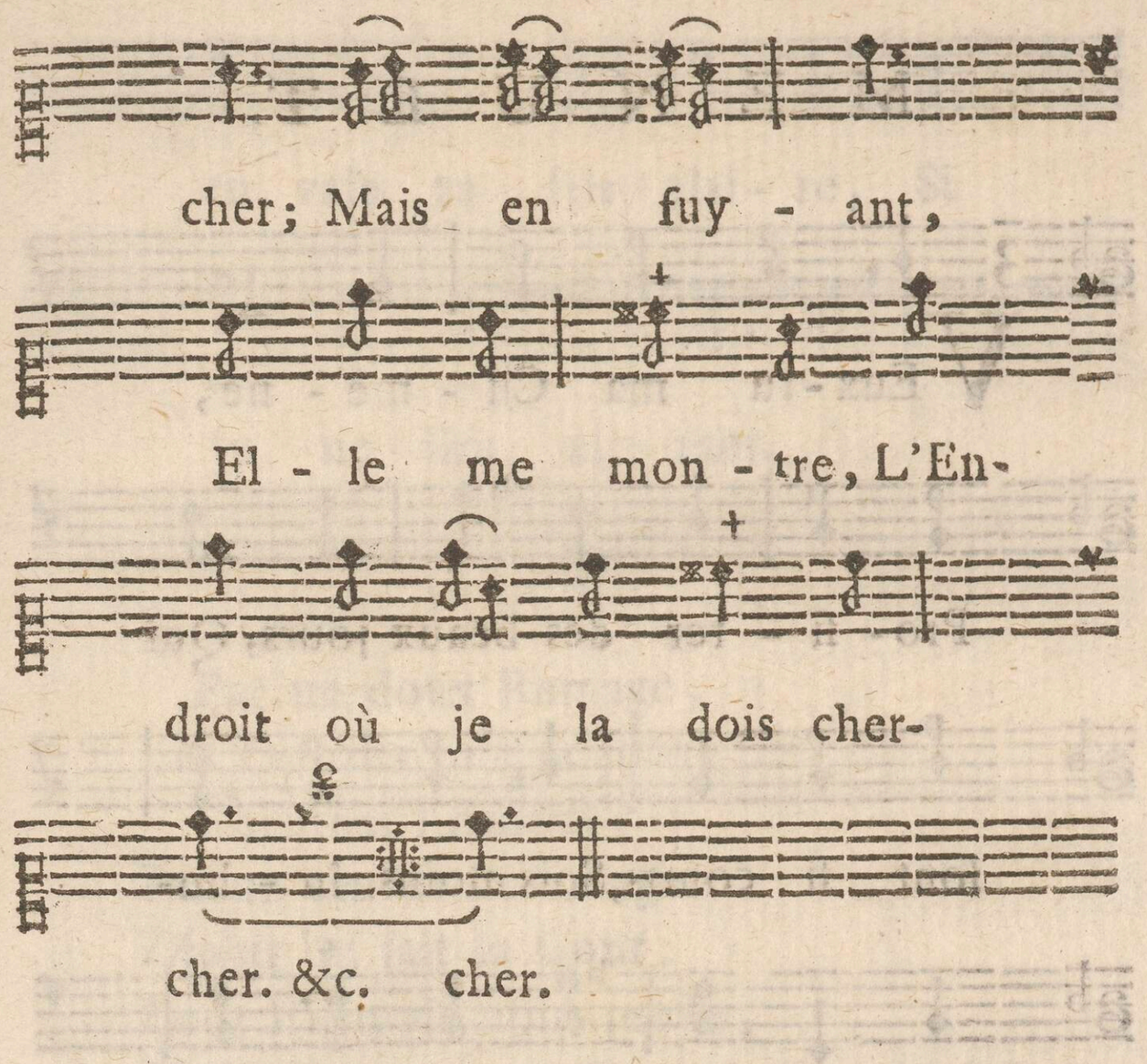
- d'a- bord se ca - cher,

Mais en fuy - ant, mais en fuy-

ant el - le me mon - tre, L'En-

droit où je la dois cher-

cher;


cher; Mais en fuy - ant,
El - le me mon - tre, L'En-
droit où je la dois cher-
cher. &c. cher.

MENUET.



Veux-tu ma Cli-mè-ne,

Pro-fi-ter des beaux jours, Qui

ſont ſi courts, Sois moins in-hu-
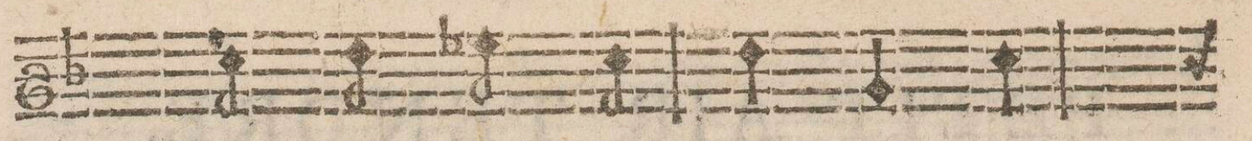
mai-ne, Ce-de au Dieu des A-

mours: Sur les traits de ſa Mè-
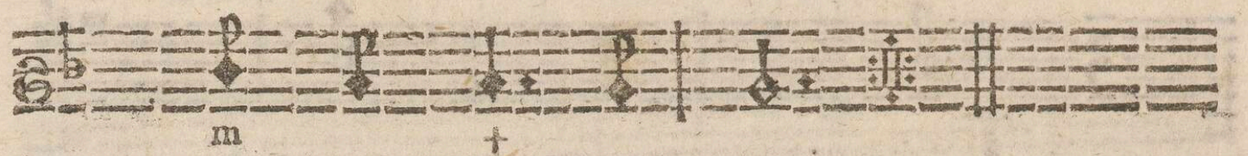
re, Ce Dieu t'a ſû for-

mer, Pour nous char-mer, Mais

en
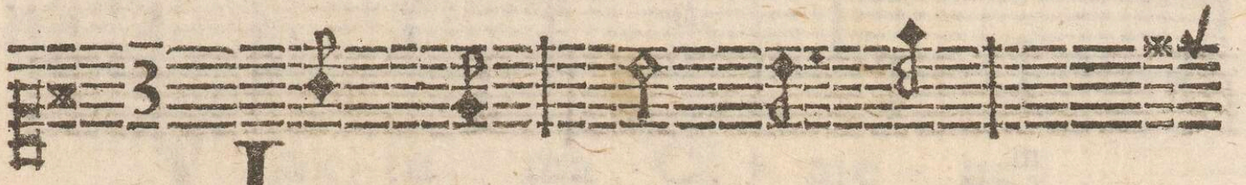


en vain tu ſais plai- re, Si



tu ne ſais ai - mer.

Par un doux Ramage,
Les Oiſeaux nuit & jour,
Chantent l'Amour;
Par un tendre hommage,
Zéphir lui fait la Cour:
Leur Exemple nous preſſe,
D'abandonner nos Cœurs,
A ſes ardeurs,
Les beaux jours ſans Tendreſſe,
Sont un Printems ſans Fleurs.
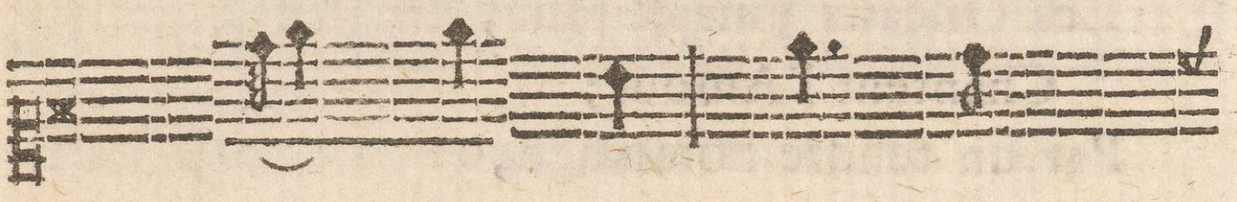
PETIT AIR TENDRE.
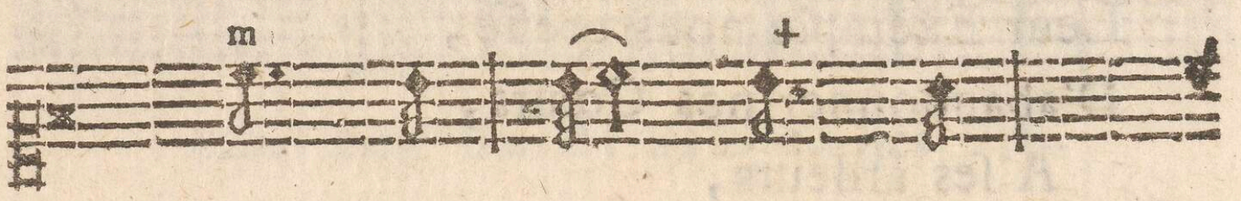


LA Beau - té que J'a-



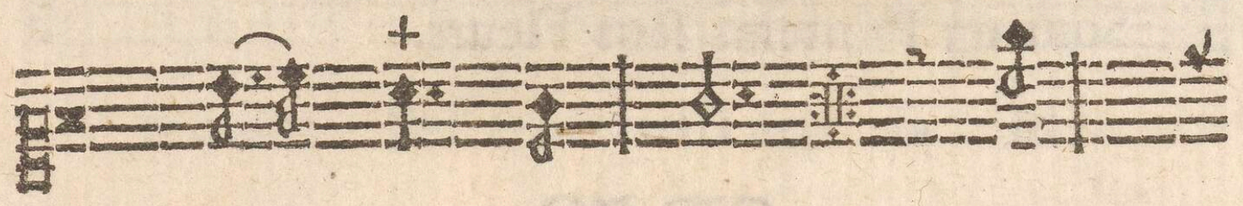
do - re, Et qui m'eſt ſi Cru-
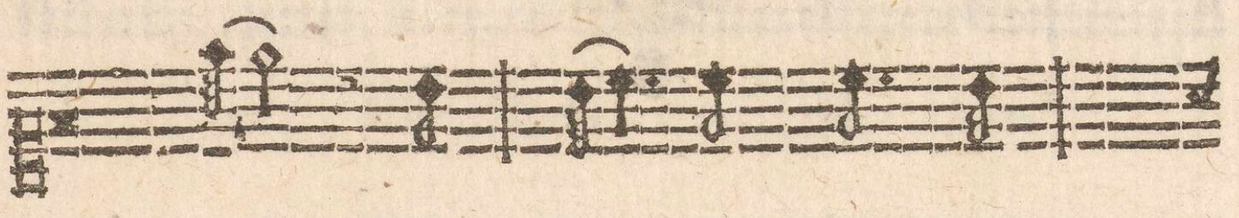


el - le, D'un ſeul de



ſes re - gards, Peut char-



mer tous les Dieux: A-

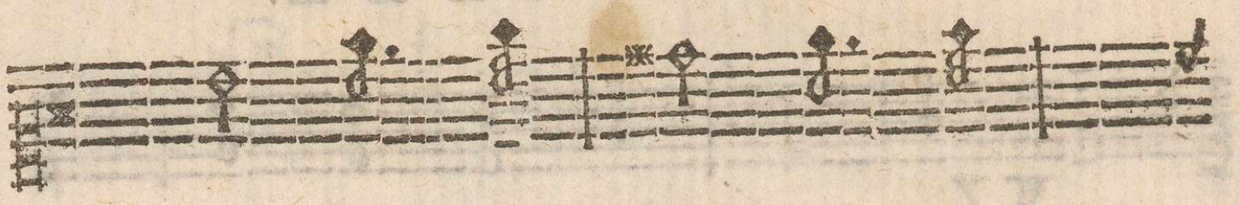


mour, A - mour, On rends ſon

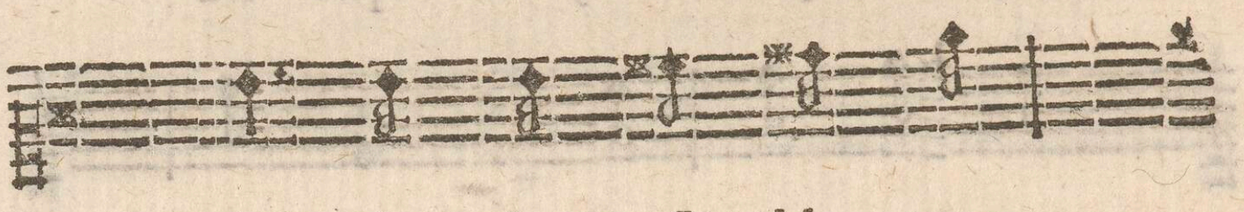
Cœur



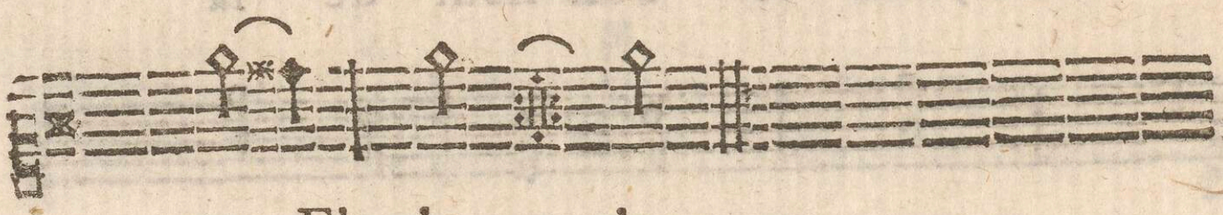
Cœur auſ - ſi doux que ſes



yeux, Ou mes Yeux, & mon



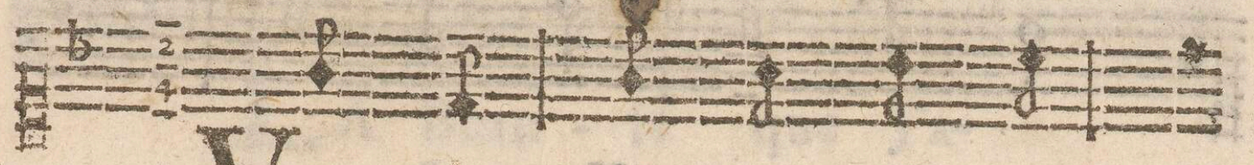
Cœur in - ſen - ſi - bles com-



me El - le. le.

LE POUVOIR DE CATIN.
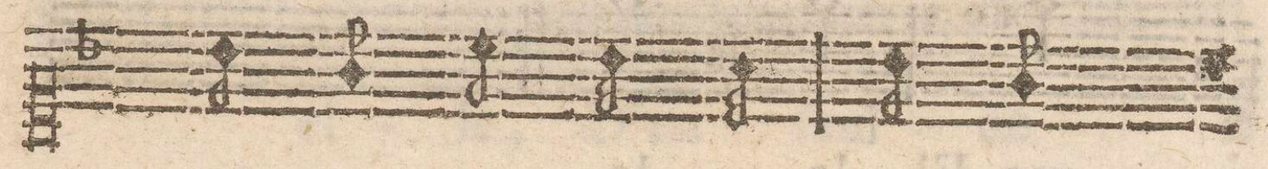
VAUDEVILLE.
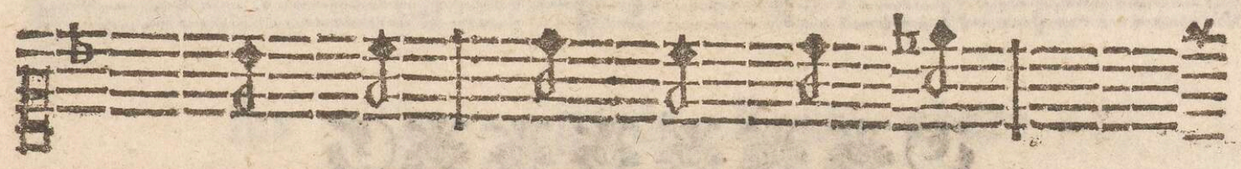


VOus, qui croy-ez que Ba-
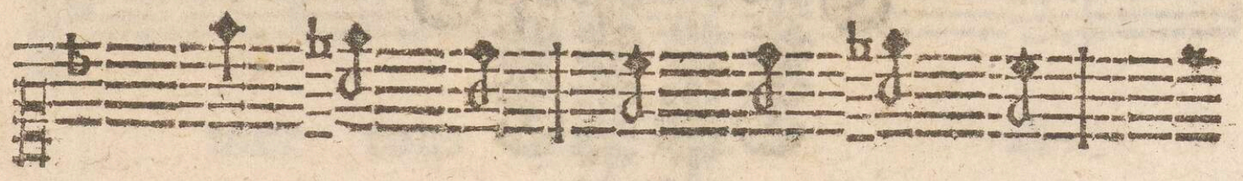


chus, Fait le bon-heur de la



Vi - e, Quel - le Fo - li - e,

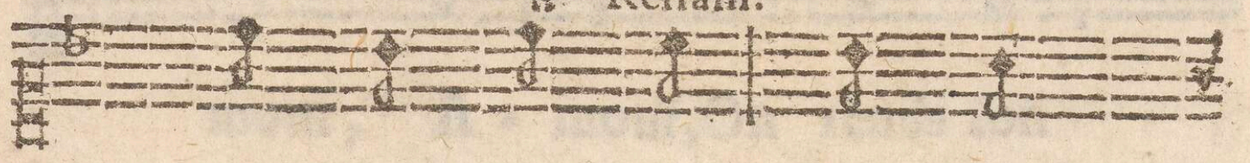


Déſ- or - mais ne van - tez

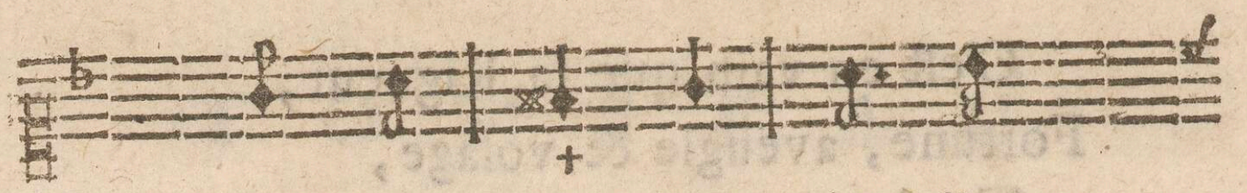


plus, Le prix de ſon Am-broi-
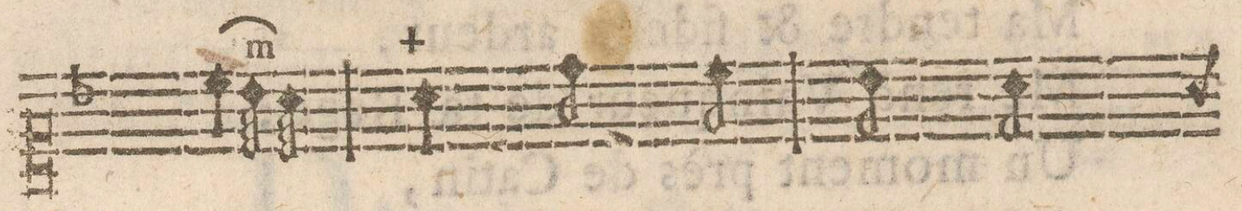
℟ Refrain.



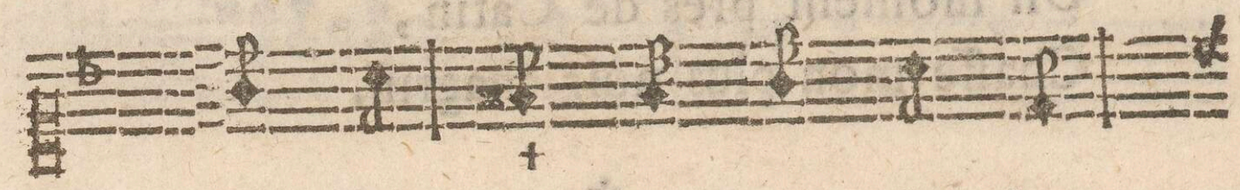
ſi - e, Au ſeul re - gard



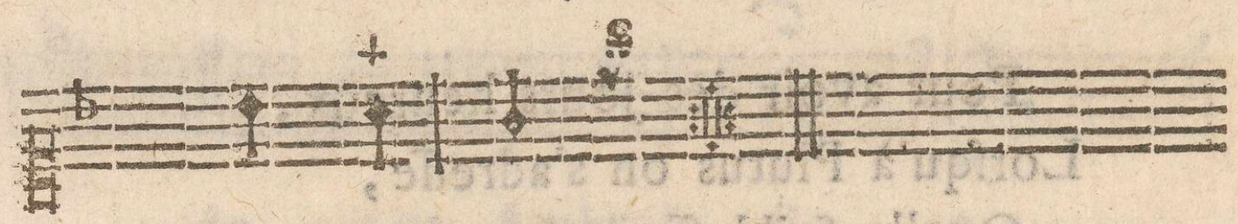
de Ca - tin, Fait qu'on l'ou-



bli - e, Un ſeul re-gard



de Ca - tin, Cau-ſe un plus heu-



reux deſ - tin. &c.

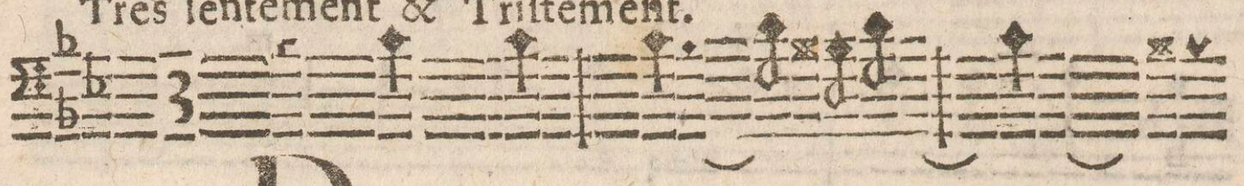
L'Amour ce Vainqueur des Dieux,
Soûmèt tout ce qui reſpire,
Je puis le dire,
Et ſi quelqu'un dans ces Lieux,
Doute encor de ſon Empire,
Un ſeul regard de Catin,
Peut l'en inſtruire,
Un ſeul regard de Catin,
Saura l'en rendre certain.

C'eſt en vain que ta Rigueur,
Fortune, aveugle & volage,
Toujours m'outrage;
Ma tendre & fidelle ardeur,
Me rend Vainqueur de ta Rage;
Un moment près de Catin,
Me dédommage,
Un moment près de Catin,
Chaſſe mon plus noir chagrin.
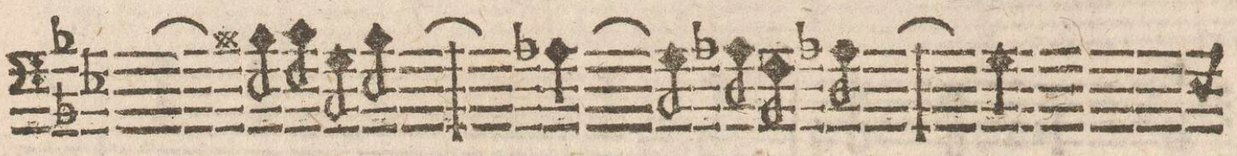
Pour avoir des jours heureux,
Lorſqu'à Plutus on s'adreſſe,
Quelle foibleſſe,
Non, je ne fais point de vœux,
Pour la Gloire, & la Richeſſe,
L'Amour que j'ai pour Catin,
Seul m'intéreſſe,
L'Amour que j'ai pour Catin,
Me cauſe un Bonheur divin.

TOMBEAU.
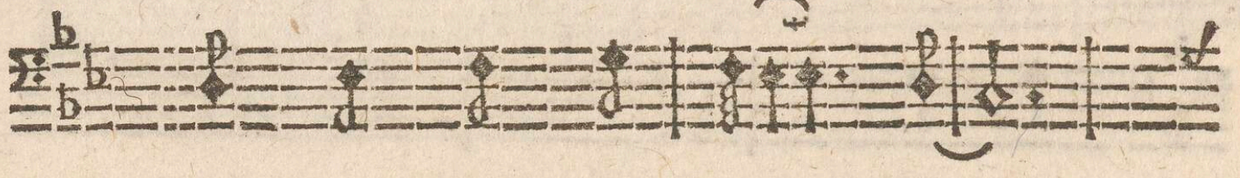
Très lentement & Triſtement.



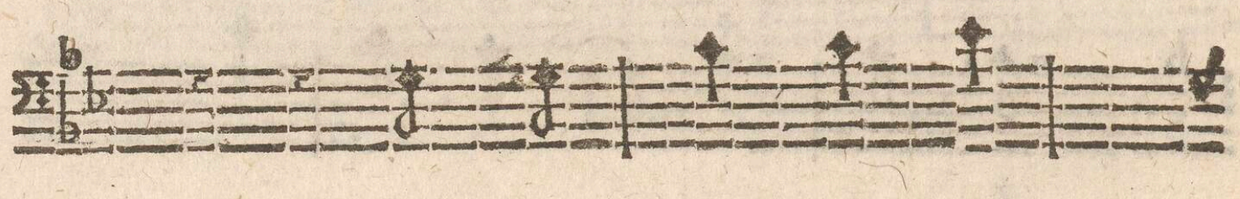
DAns les Flots-
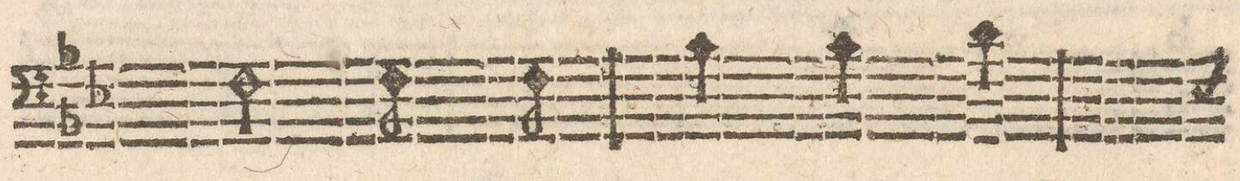


- - - -



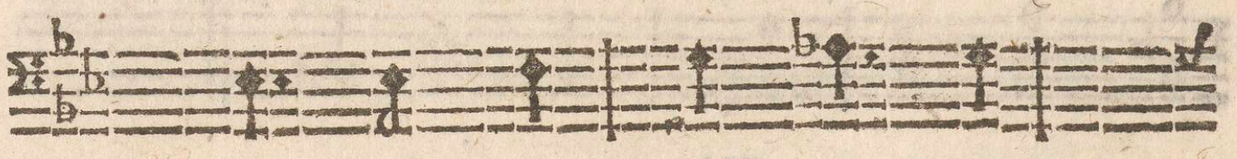
de cet-te Ambroi - ſi - e,
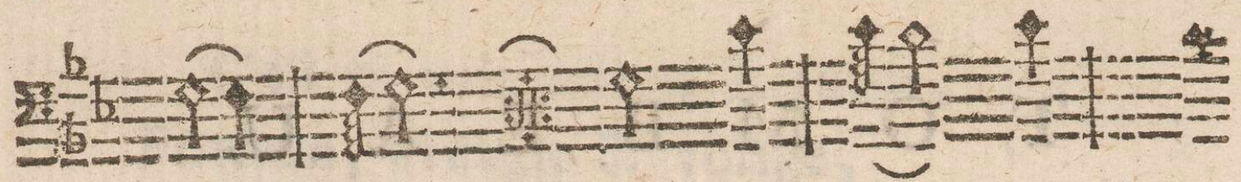


U - ne Mouche en tom-



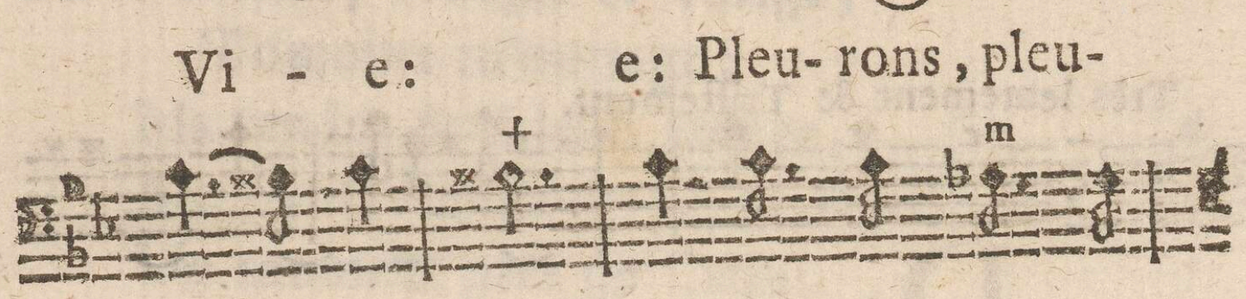
bant, U - ne Mouche en tom-
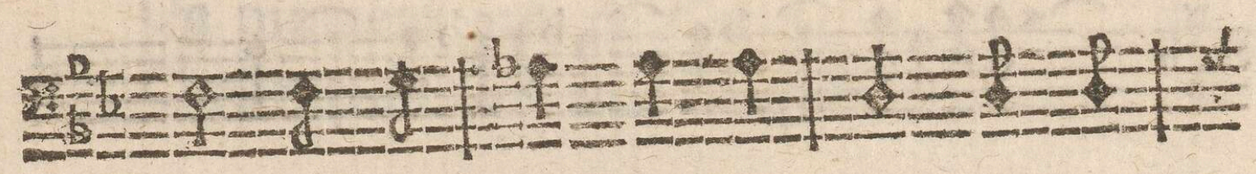


bant vient de per - dre la



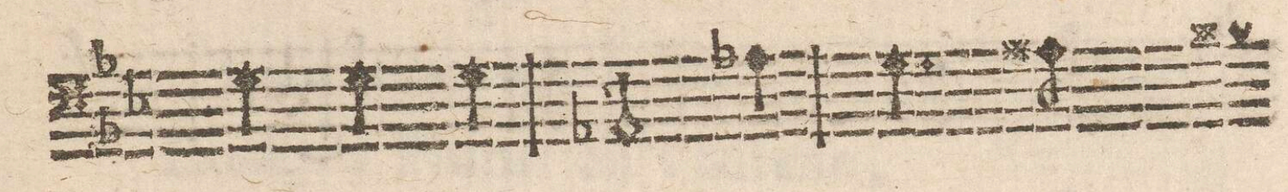
Vi - e: e: Pleu- rons, pleu-
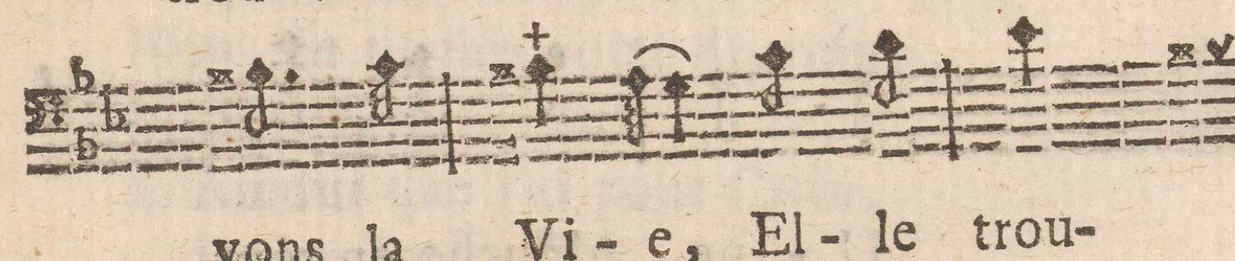


rons, A - mis, ſon dé- plo - ra- ble



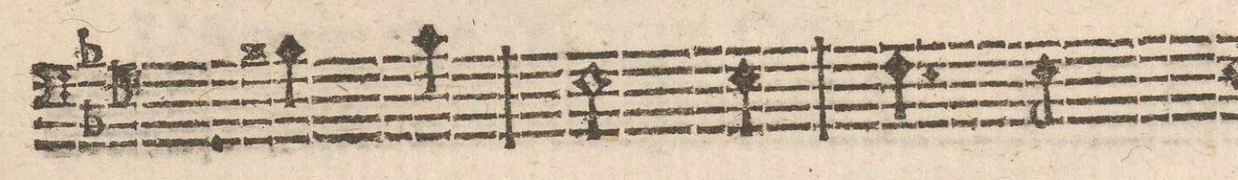
ſort, El- le trou- ve la Mort, El- le



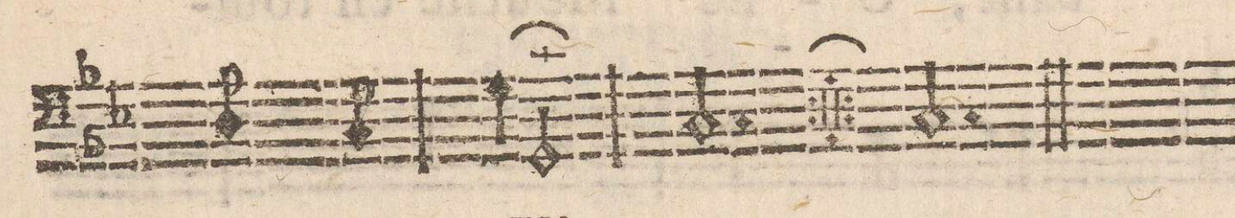
trou- ve la Mort, Où nous trou-



vons la Vi- e, El- le trou-



ve la Mort, Où nous trou-

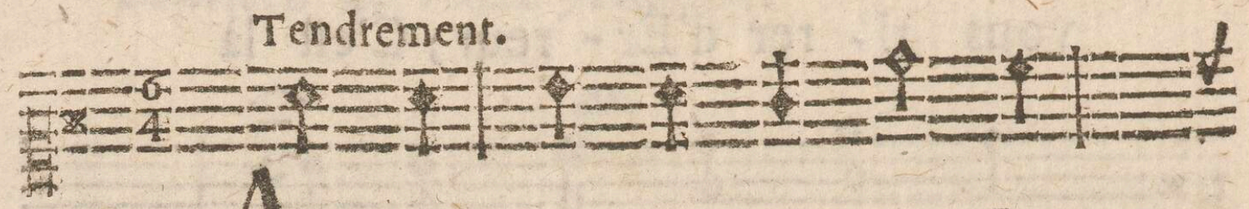


vons la Vi - e. e.

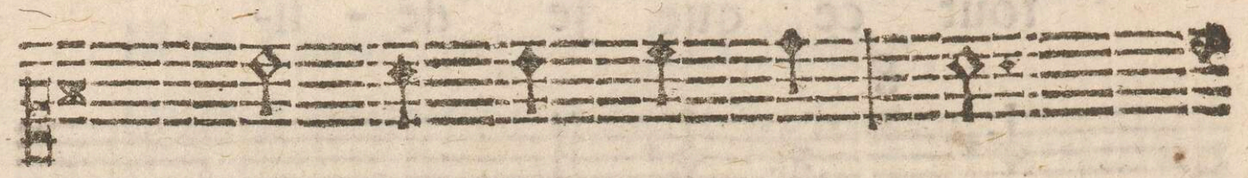
PE-

PETITE IDILLE.
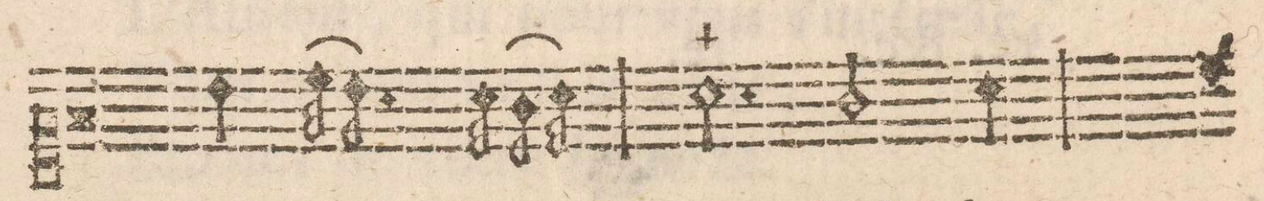
Tendrement.



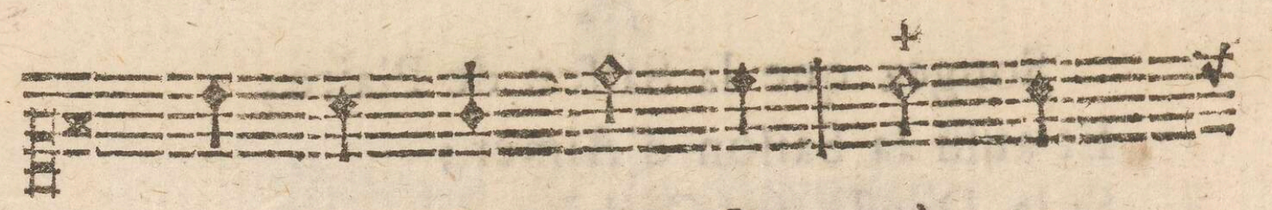
ARrê-tez un mo ment, Ber-



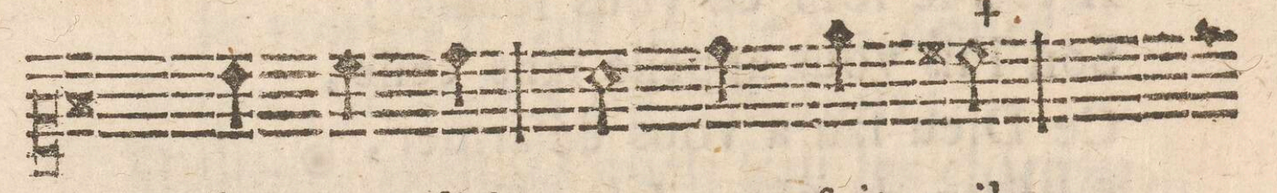
gè-re, Dai-gnez re-pon-



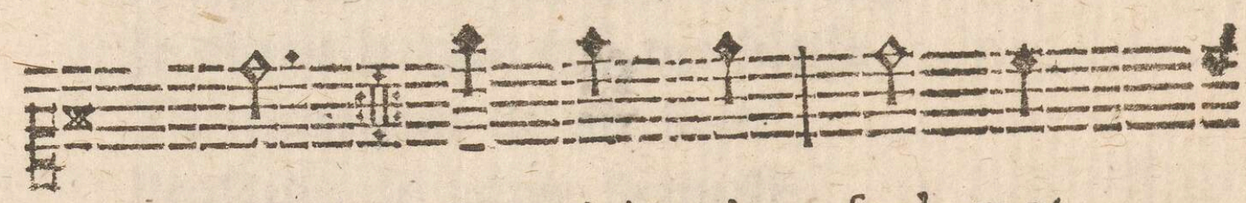
dre à mon ar-deur, Bel-le



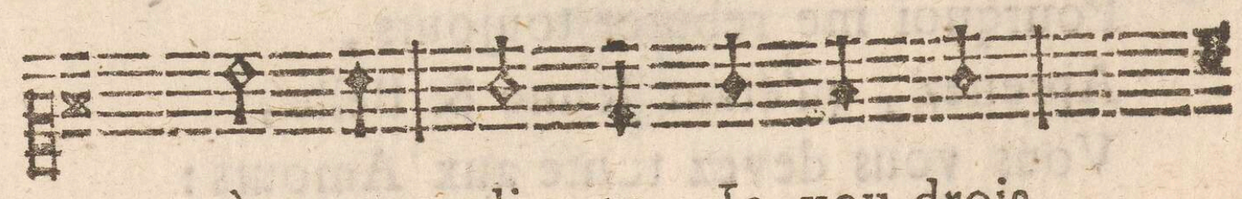
je ſuis A-mant fin-cè-re,



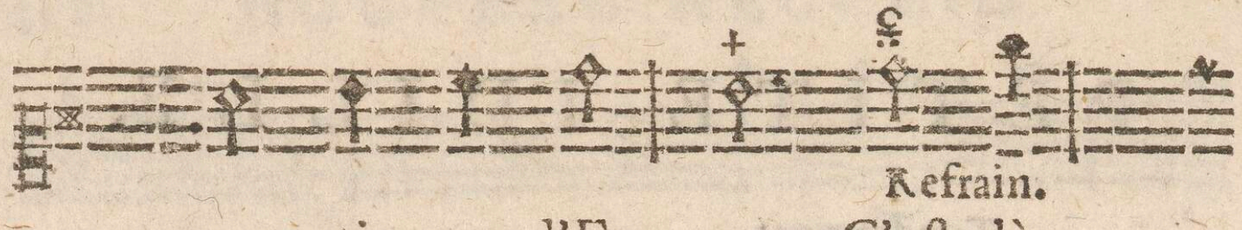
Le nom d'A-mant vous fait-il



peur? Je n'ai qu'un ſeul mot
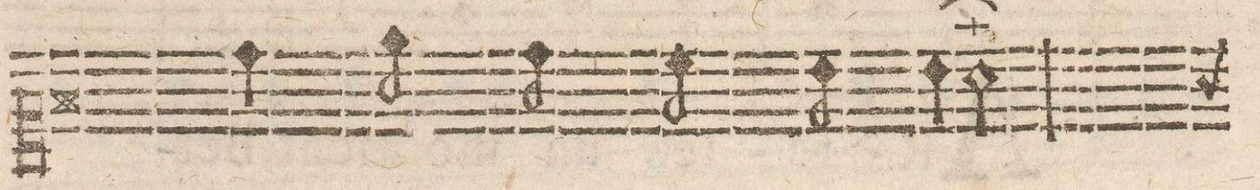


à vous di-re, Je vou-drois

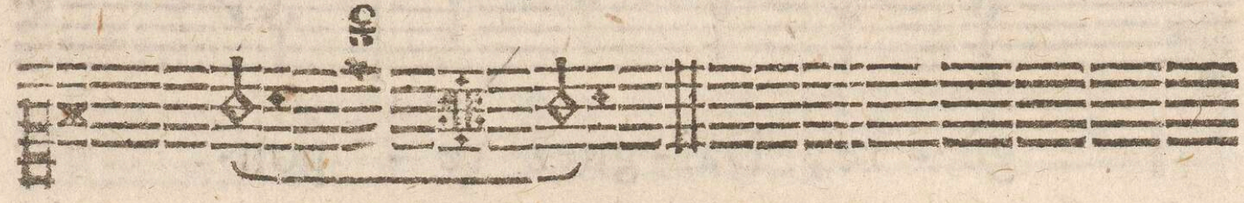


Refrain.

vous ti- rer d'Er- reur; C'eſt là



tout ce que je dé- ſi-



re. &c. re.

Songez que la Saiſon de Plaire,
Et auſſi la Saiſon d'Aimer;
Si la Déeſſe de Cythère,
A pris le ſoin de vous former;
Son Fils vous appelle ſans ceſſe,
Ce Dieu ſaura vous déſarmer,
Profitez de vôtre Jeuneſſe.

Faut-il être à mes vœux rébelle,
Pourquoi me rebuter toujours,
Aprenez, qu'étant Jeune & Belle,
Vous vous devez toute aux Amours:

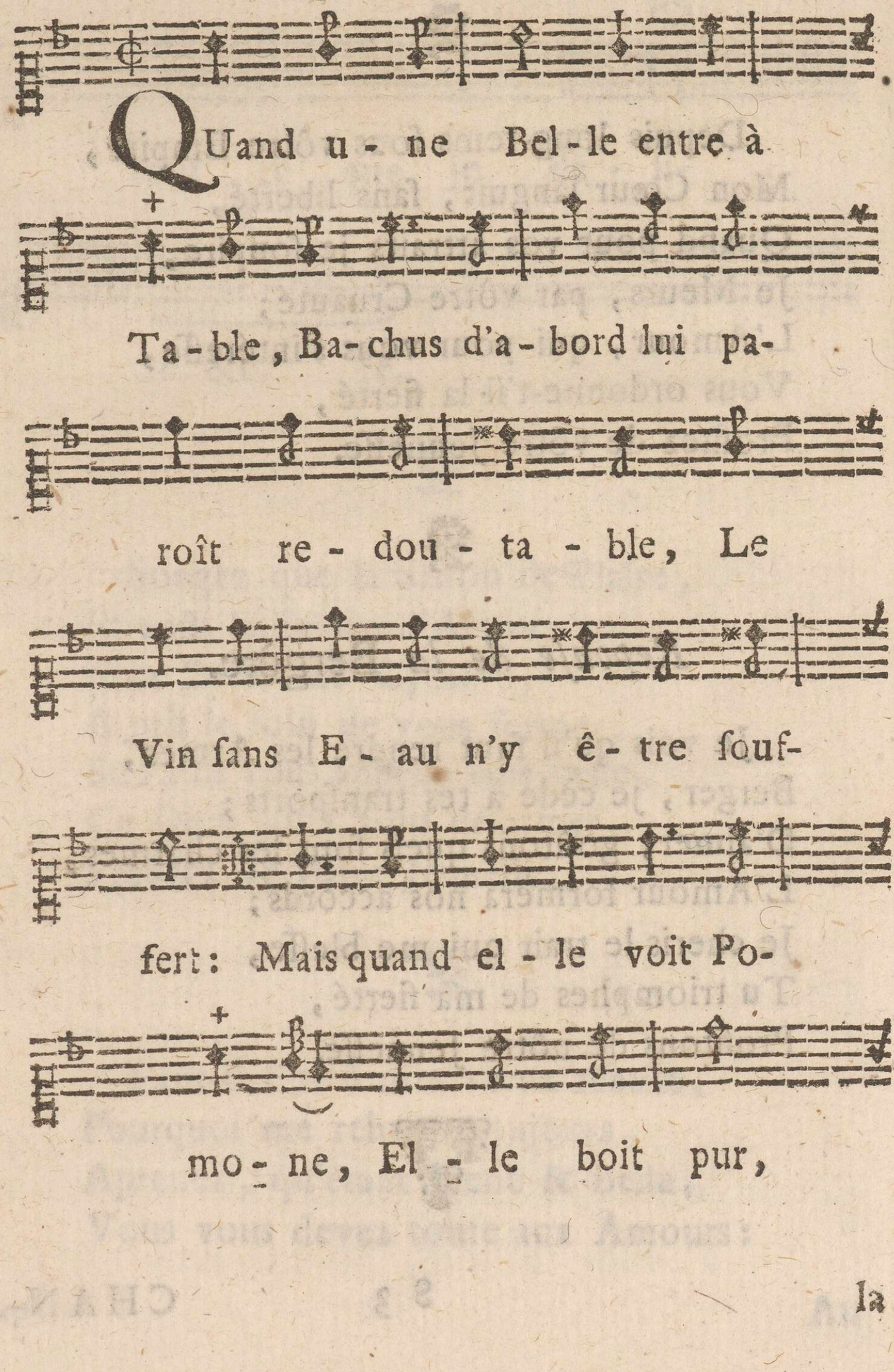
Au puiſſant Dieu de la Tendreſſe,
Il faut conſacrer vos beaux Jours,
Profitez de vôtre Jeuneſſe.

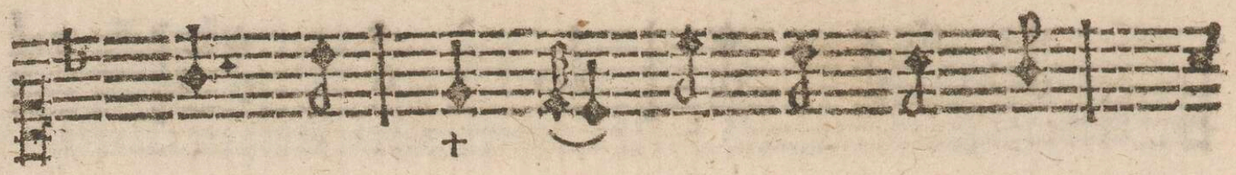
Depuis long-tems ſous vôtre Empire;
Mon Cœur languit, ſans liberté,
Quand pour vos attraits je ſoupire,
Je Meurs, par vôtre Cruauté;
L'Amour, qui pour vous s'intéreſſe,
Vous ordonne-t'il la fierté,
Profitez de vôtre Jeuneſſe.

Reponſe de la Bergère.

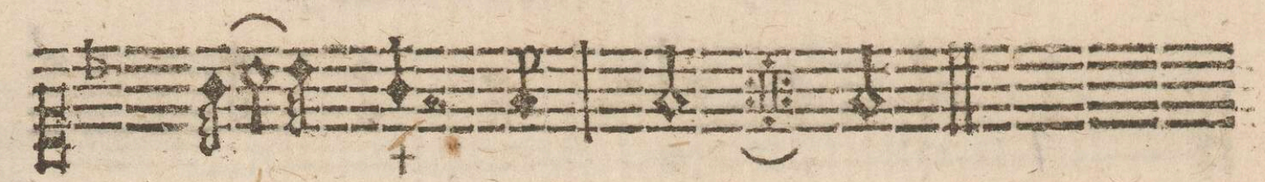
Je vois qu'il faut rendre les Armes,
Berger, je cède à tes tranſports;
D'aimer, goûtons quels ſont les charmes,
L'Amour formera nos accords;
Je cheris le trait qui me bleſſe,
Tu triomphes de ma fierté,
Profitons de nôtre Jeuneſſe.

CHANSONNETTE.





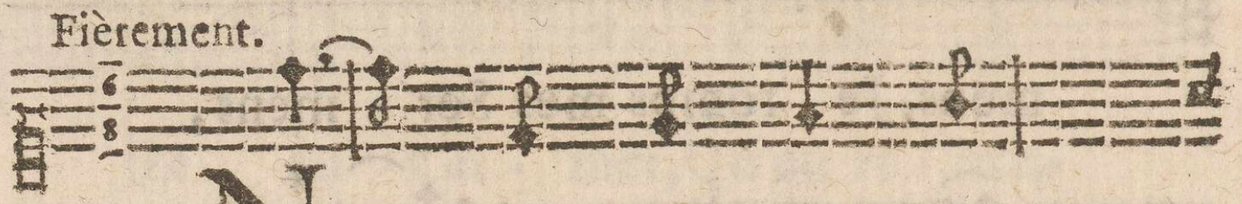
la Fri- pon - ne, Et l'Amour ſe



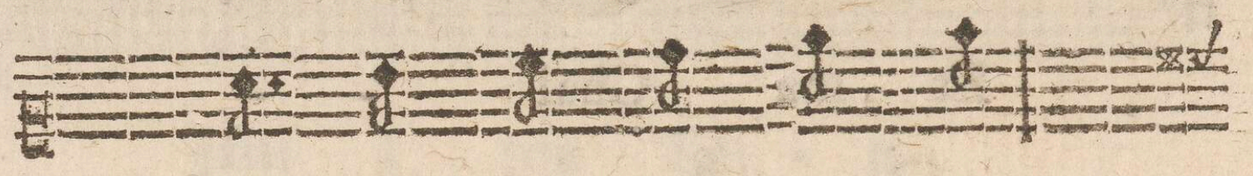
gliſ- ſe au Déſ- ſert. ſert.

DEPIT AMOUREUX.

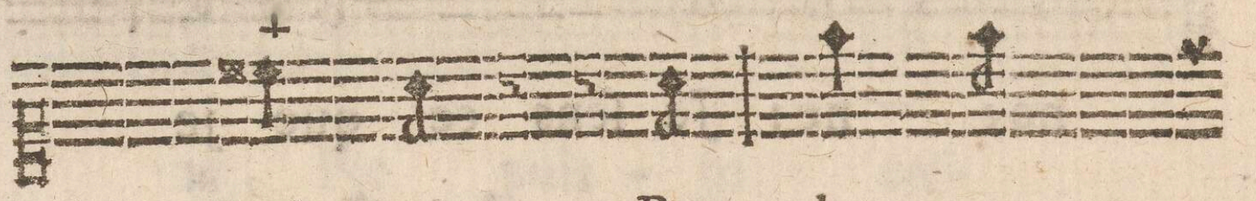
Fièrement.



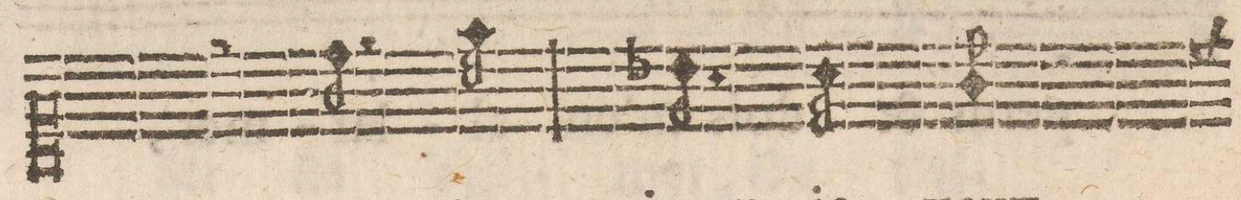
NOn, ne te flâ - tes



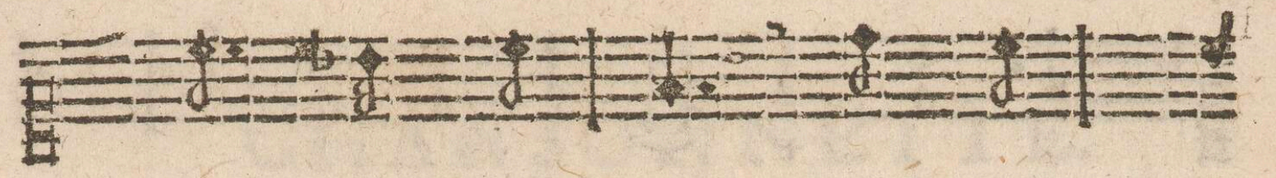
pas d'é - ter - ni - ſer ma
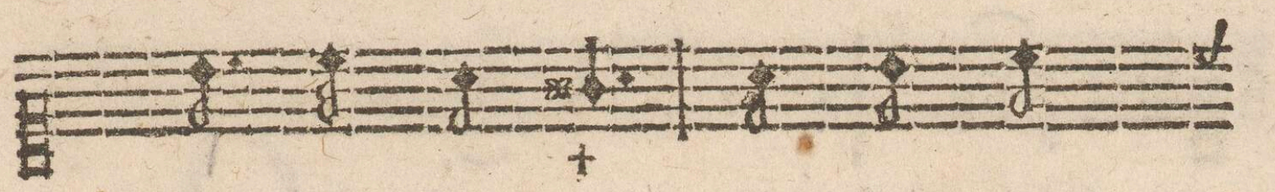


pei - ne, Bar - ba - re,
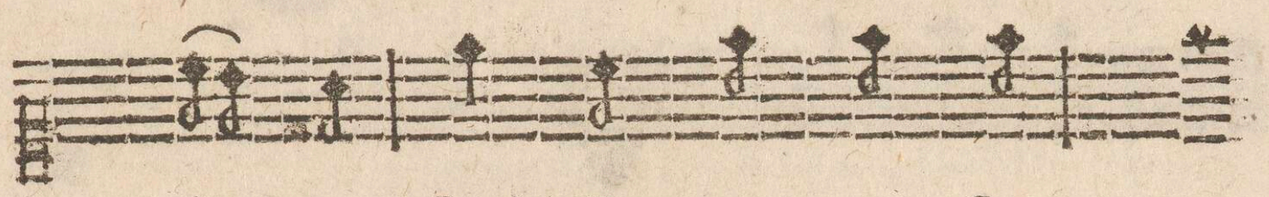


pour tou - jours je veux



fuir loin de toi; Tes Ca-
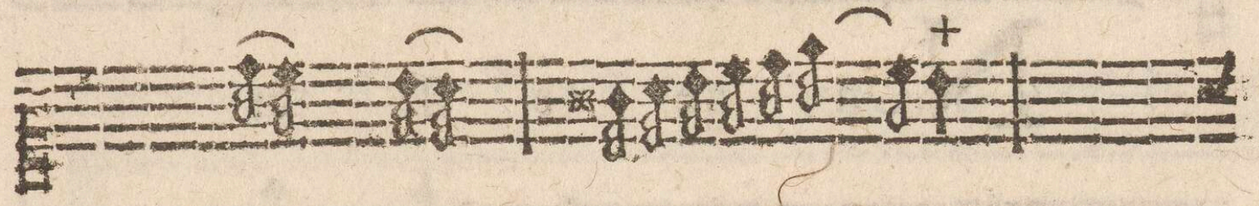


pri- ces me font u - ne trop



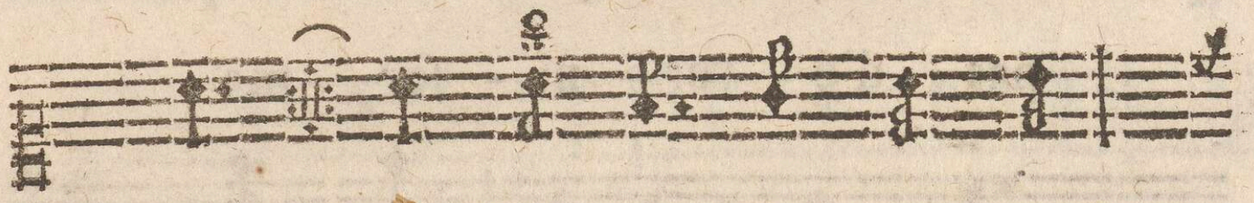
du- re Loi, Je romps mes Ser-
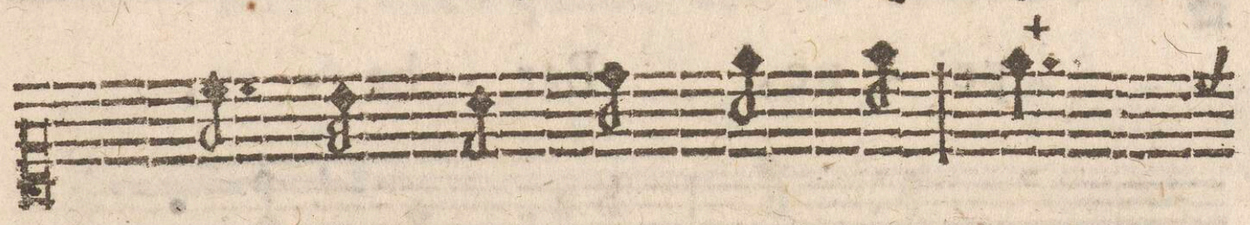


mens, Je romps mes Ser - mens,



Et ma Chai - -



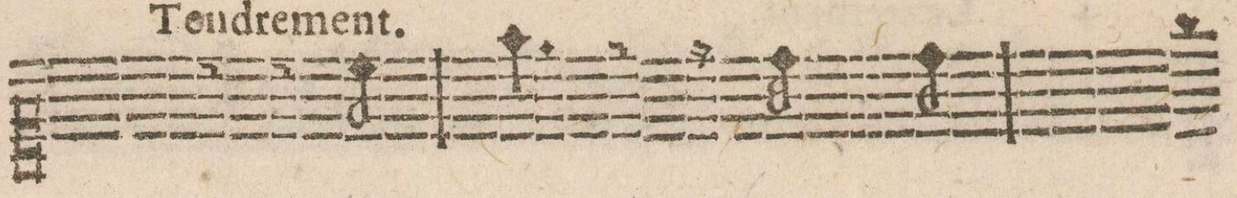
ne: ne: Je ſens ce que je
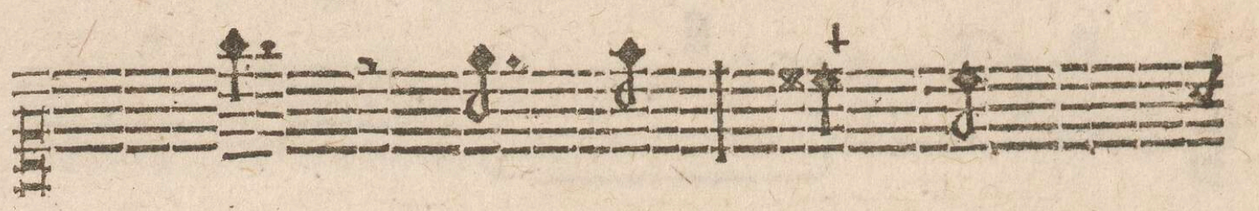


perds & dois m'en al - lar - mer,

Quels
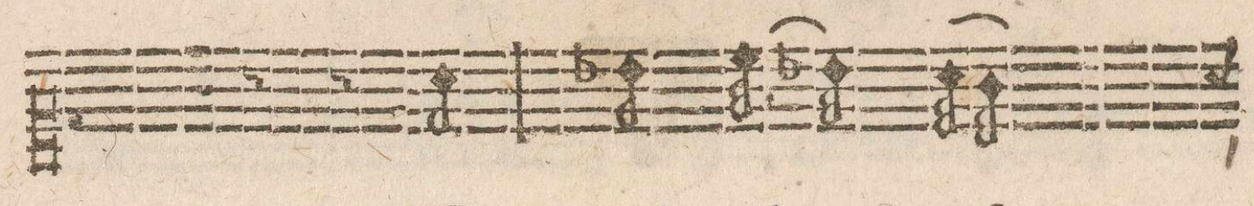
Tendrement.



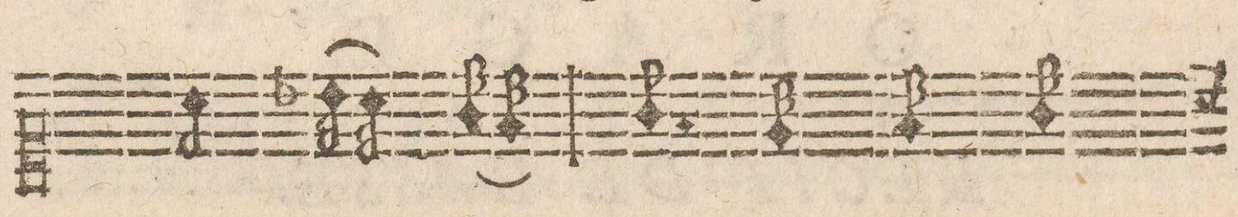
Quels Yeux? Que d'At-



traits? Je ſou - pi - re!



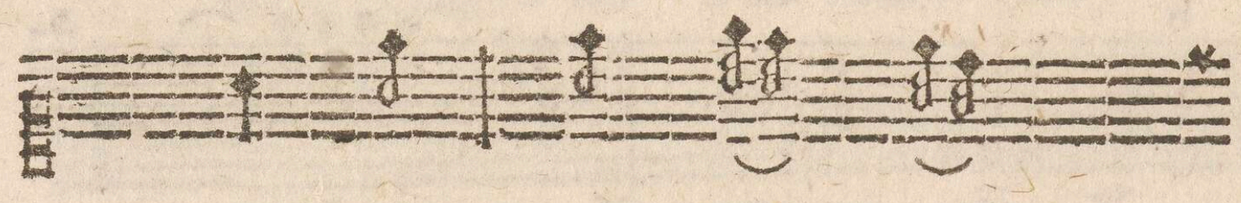
Ne puis - je ceſ-
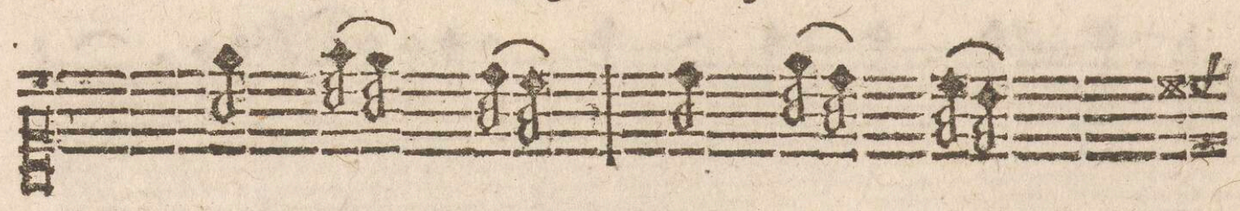


ſer de t'ai - mer, Qu'en re - non-



çant à ton Em - pi-
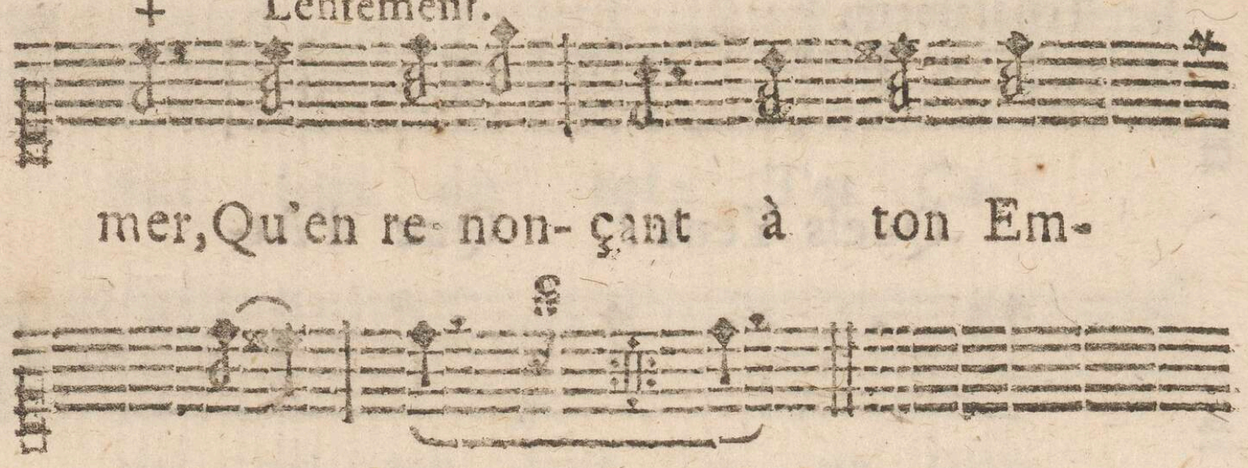


re, Ne puis - je ceſ-



ſer de t'ai - mer, De t'ai-

mer,



ORAGE.

RECIT DE BASSE.
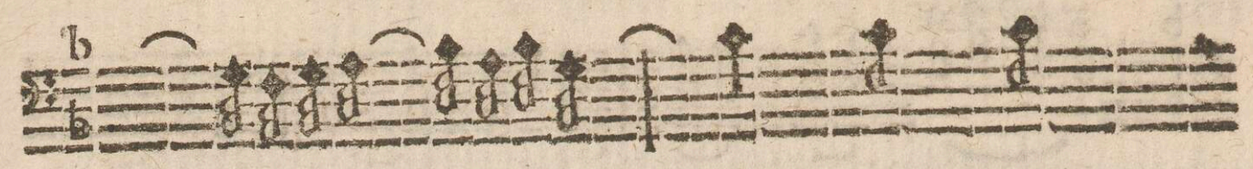


DE quel bruit ef - fray-



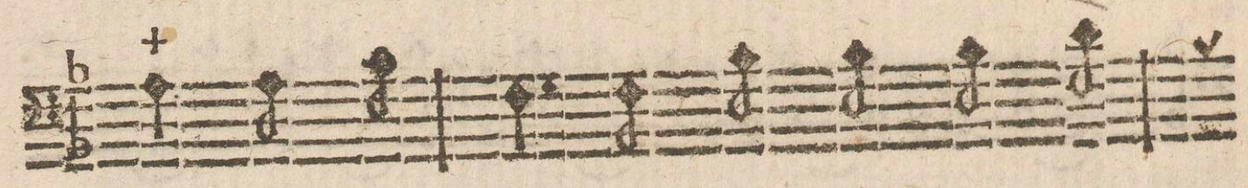
-ant re - ten - tif- - -

- ſent les Airs; Les Vents

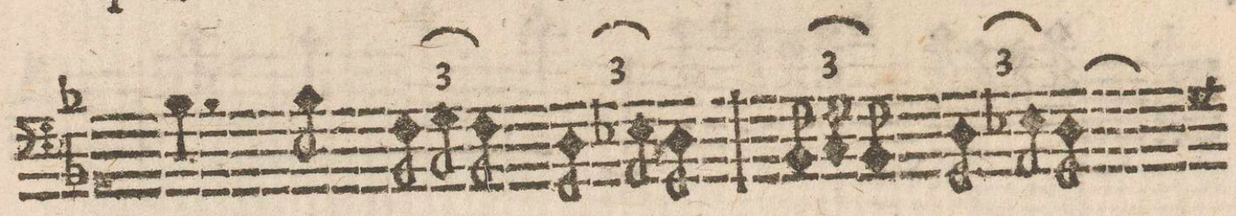
écha



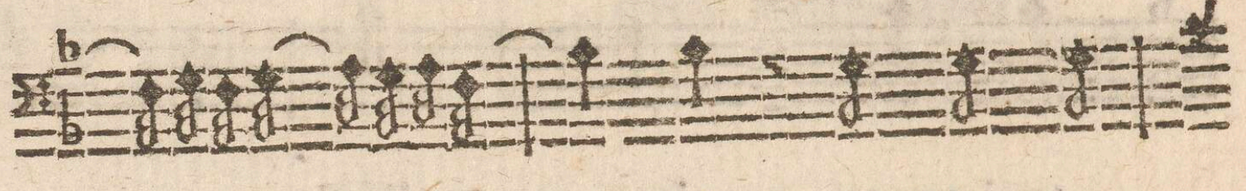
- - - é - cha-



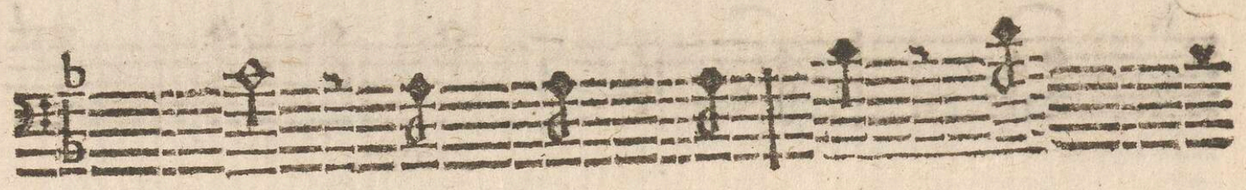
pez de leurs Fers, Se font u - ne ter-



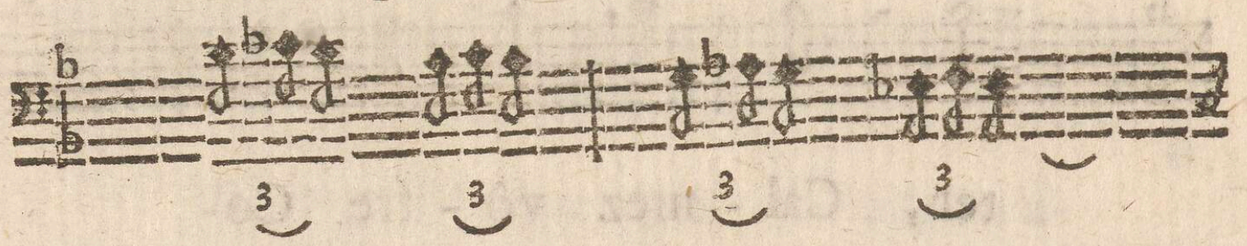
ri - ble Guer- - - -



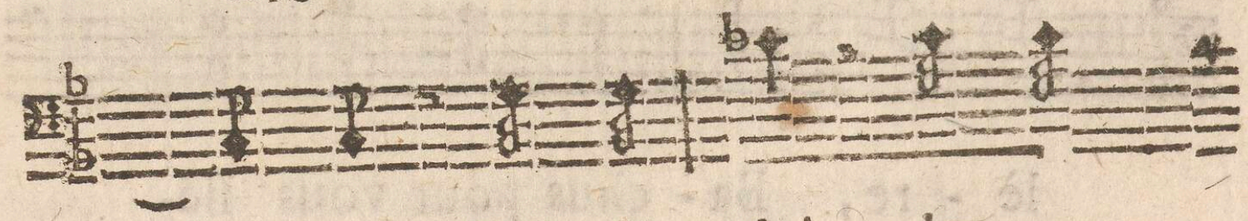
- - - re! Quels Si - fle-



mens! Quel - les Fu - reurs! La

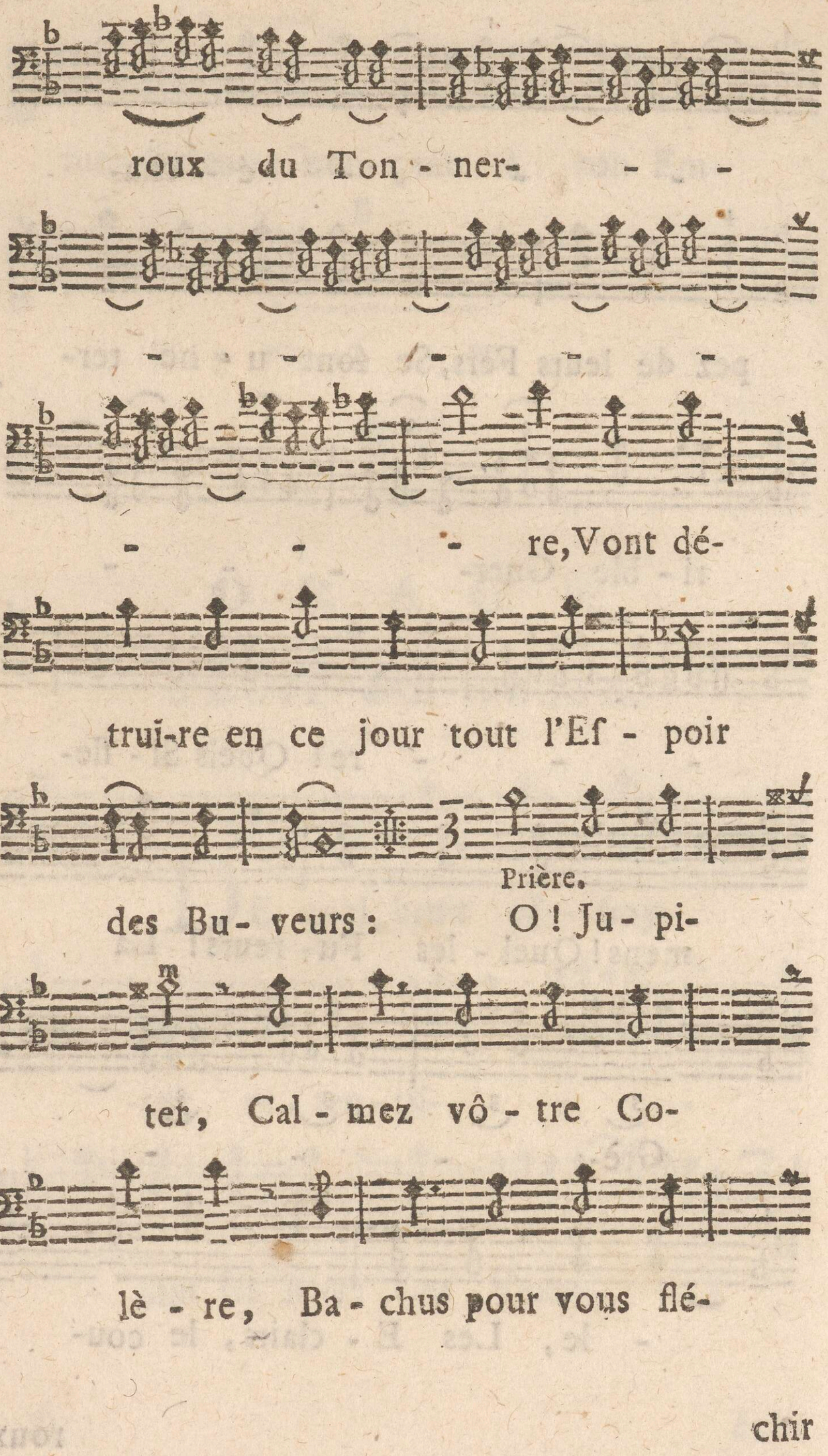


Grè- - - -



- le, Les E - clairs, le cou-

roux



roux du Ton - ner- - - - - - - - - - re, Vont dé-

trui-re en ce jour tout l'Ef - poir

Prière.
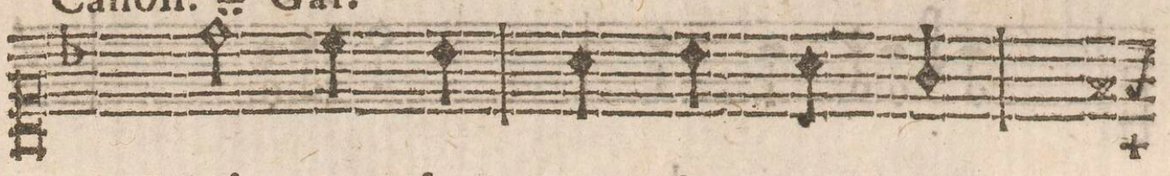
des Bu- veurs: O ! Ju- pi-

ter, Cal - mez vô - tre Co-

lè - re, Ba - chus pour vous flé-

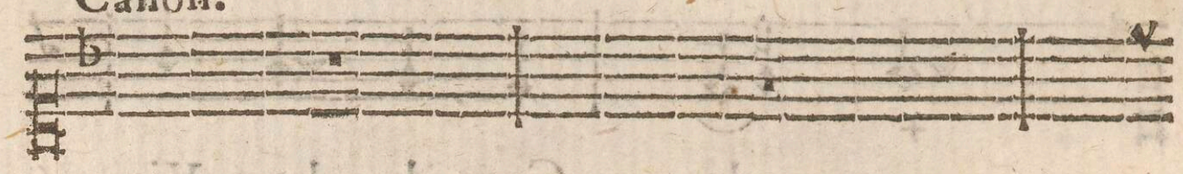
chir

Canon. ℄ Gai.
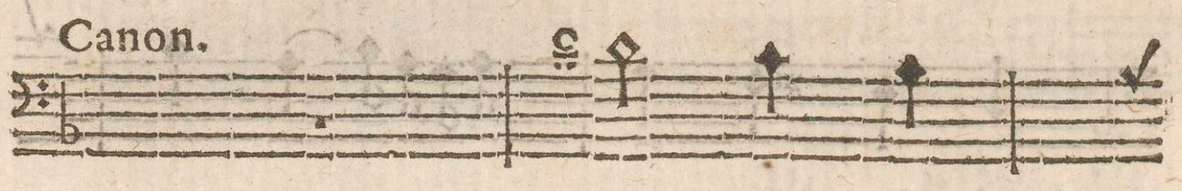


Mais pen-dant que le tems s'é-

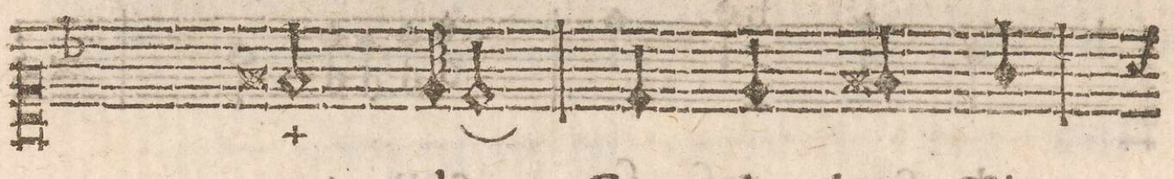
Canon.
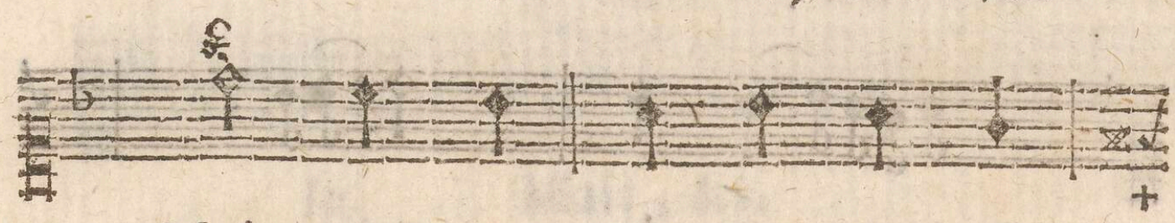


Canon.
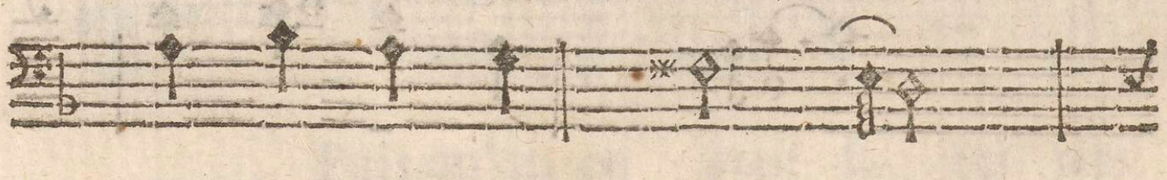


Mais pen- dant
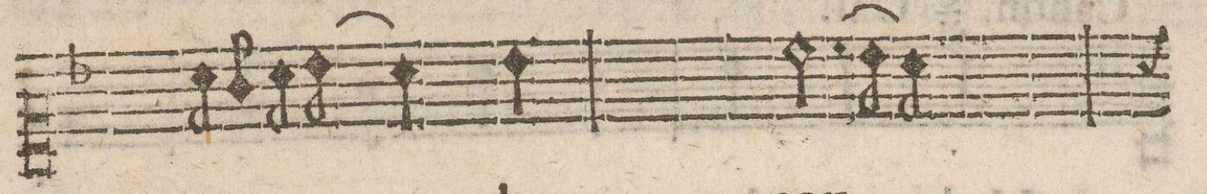


cou- le, Cou- le, bon Vin
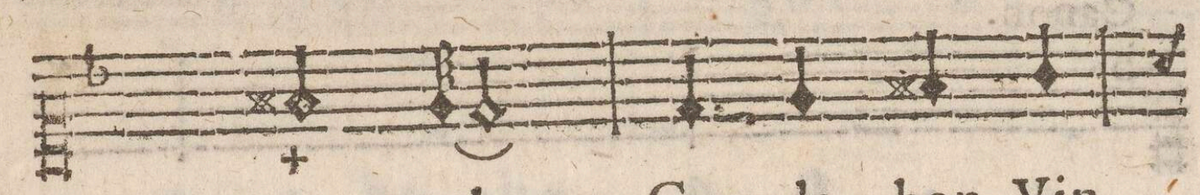


Mais pen- dant que le tems s'é-
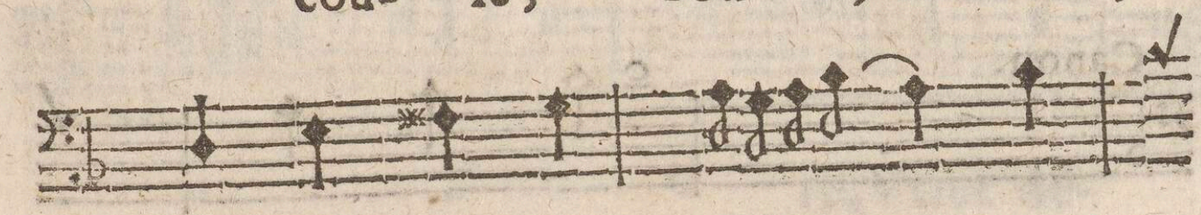


que le tems s'é- cou- le,
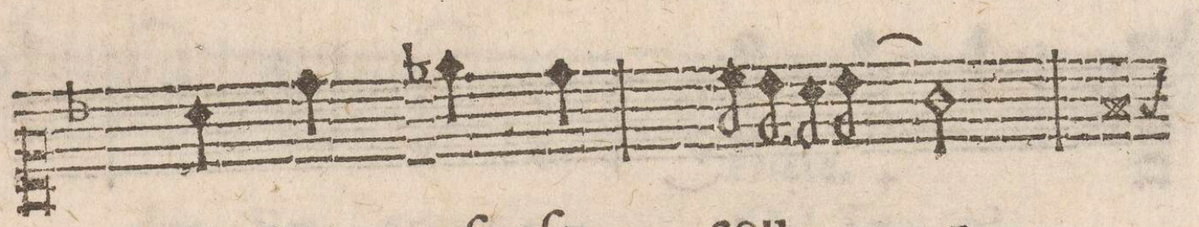


cou- - le, cou- -
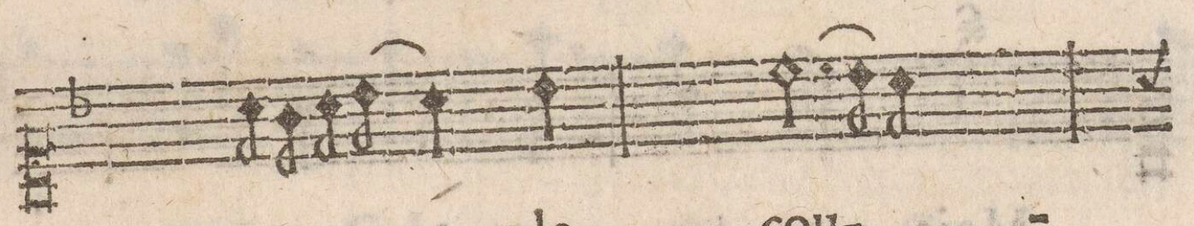


cou- le, Cou- le, bon Vin,
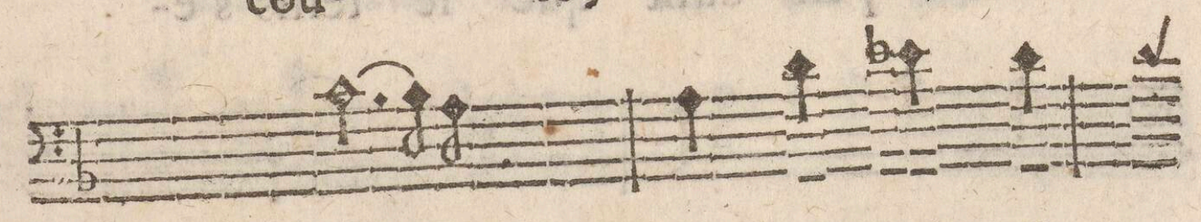


Cou- le, bon Vin, cou- - le,



le, Sans ceſ- ſe cou- -
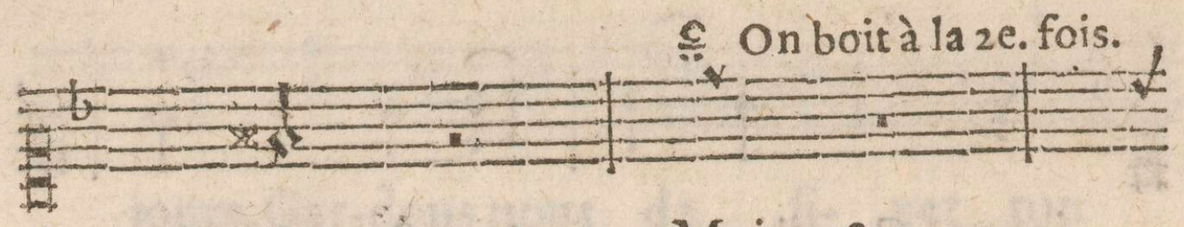


cou- - le, cou- -
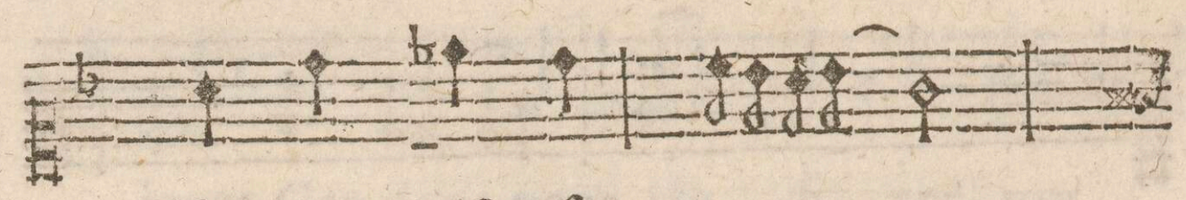


cou- - le, Sans ceſ- ſe

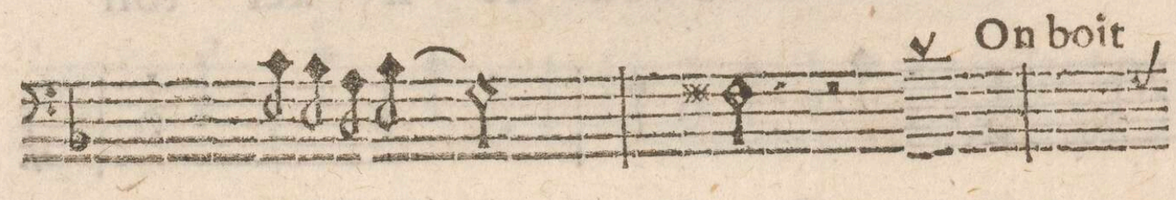
le.
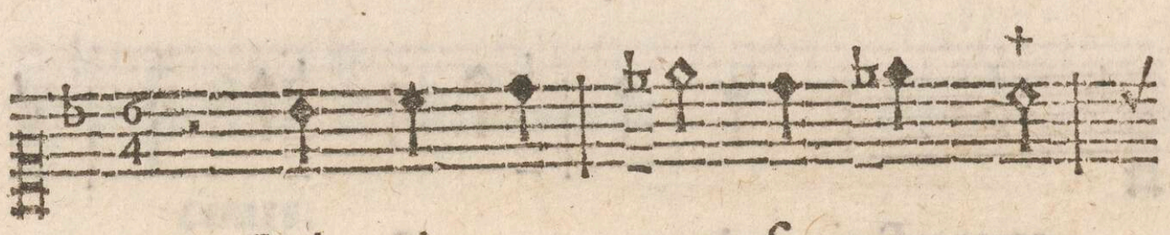


le. Mais, &c.



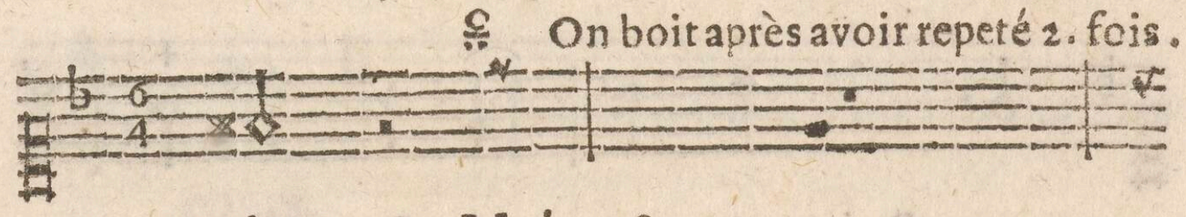
le, Sans ceſ- ſe cou- -



cou- - le. Mais, &c.
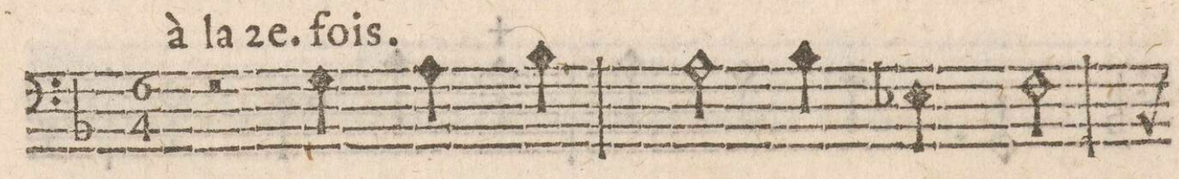


Puis qu'on ne peut fi- xer nos
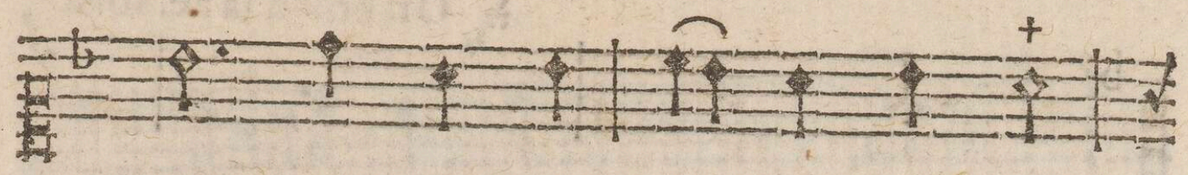


le. Mais, &c.
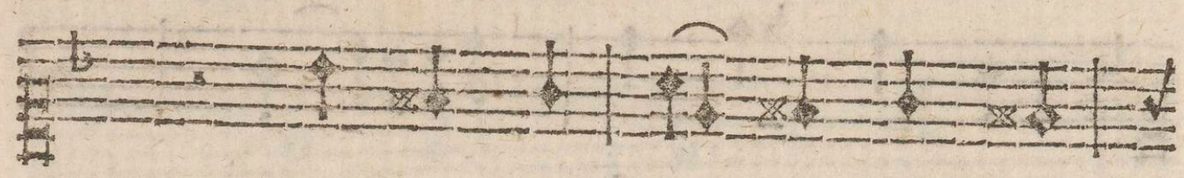
à la 2e. fois.
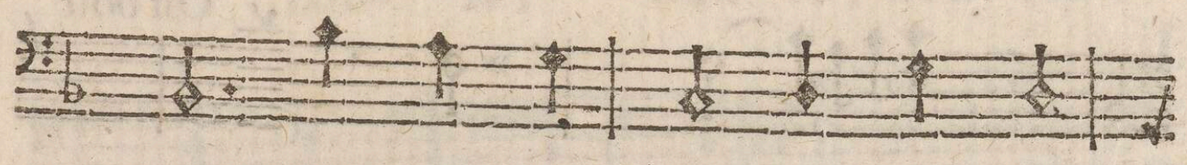


Puis qu'on ne peut fi- xer nos
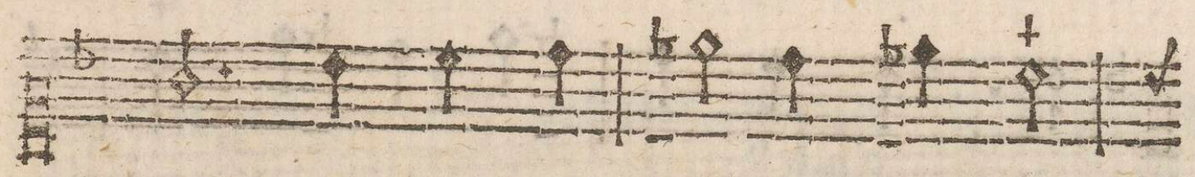


jours, Gar-dons nous de fi- xer ton
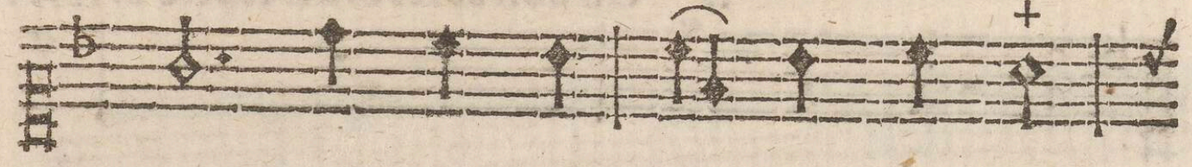


Gar-dons nous de fi- xer ton
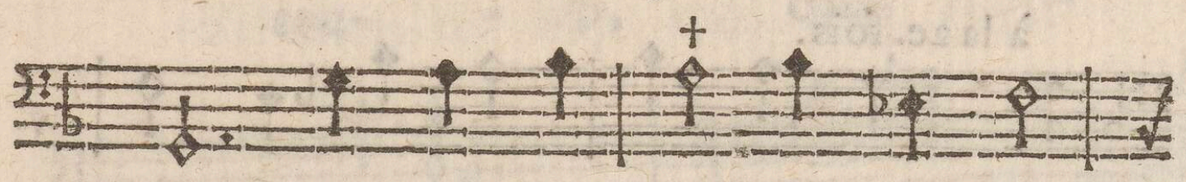


jours, Gar-dons nous de fi- xer ton



cours; Puis qu'on ne peut fi- xer nos
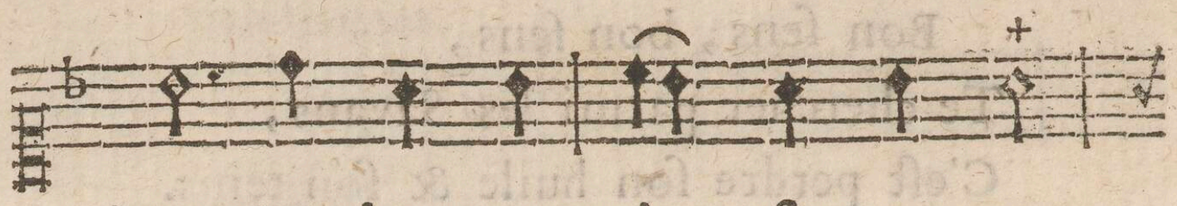


cours; Puis qu'on ne peut fi- xer nos
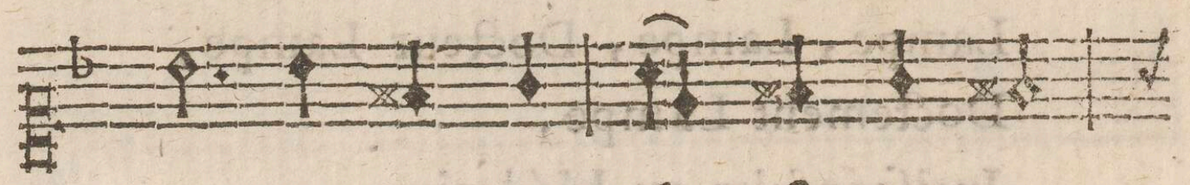


cours; Puis qu'on ne peut fi- xer nos

jours,



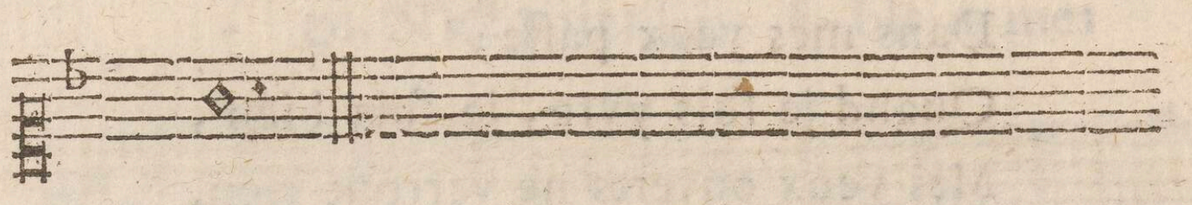
jours, Gar-dons nous de fi- xer ton



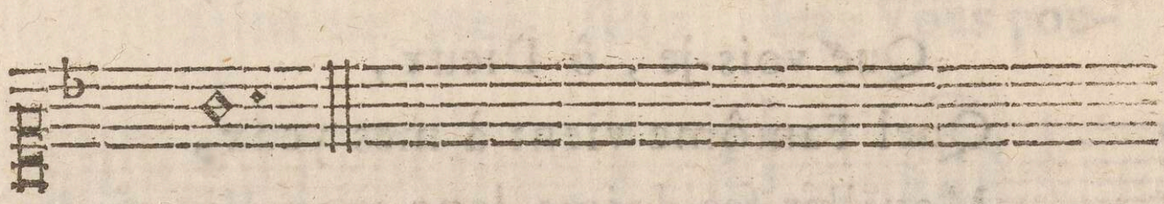
jours, Gar-dons nous de fi- xer ton



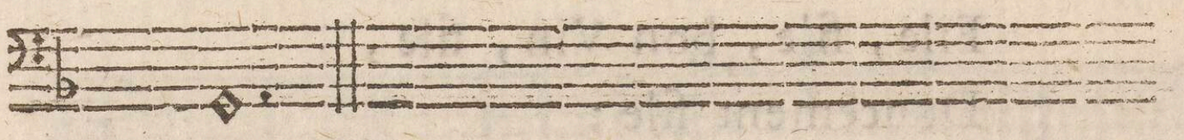
jours, Gar-dons nous de fi- xer ton



cours.



cours.



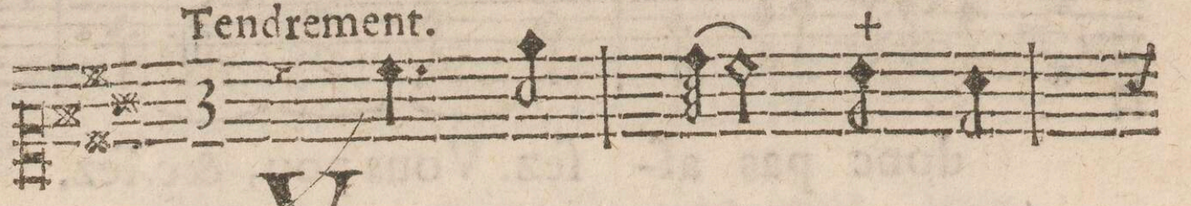
cours.

Bon ſens, bon ſens,
Te chercher parmi les Savans,
C'eſt perdre ſon huile & ſon tems.
O toi, qui pâlis ſous ta Lampe,
Lampe, Lampe, Docteur Lampe,
Doctement Lampe,
Juriſconſulte ou Médecin,
Puiſes ton ſavoir dans le Vin.
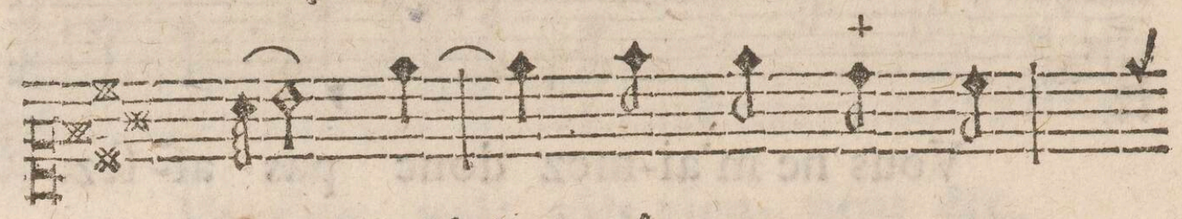
Qu'entens-je, hélas!
J'ai laiſſé ma Femme là bas,
Quelqu'un vient, & je n'y ſuis pas.
Pour me cacher ce qui s'y paſſe,
Paſſe, paſſe, bon Vin, paſſe,
Dans mes yeux paſſe;
Quand je ſuis yvre, je ſuis bien,
Mes yeux ouverts ne verront rien.

Que vois-je, ô Dieux,
Quel Fantôme vient à mes yeux,
Mouïller ſes doigts dans mon Vin vieux?
C'eſt la Parque qui mes jours file,
File, file, bon Vin, file,
Doucement file;
Tant que mon bon Vin durera,
Pour moi la Parque filera.
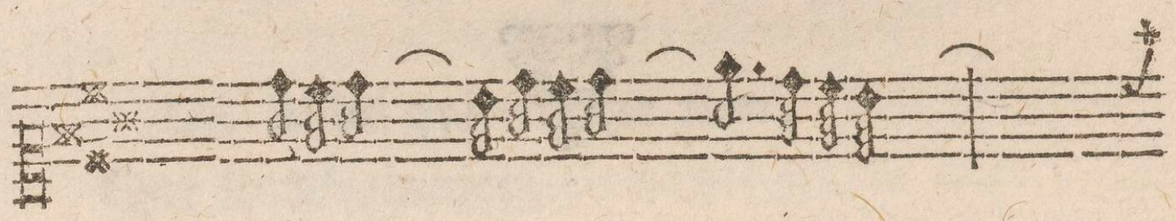
Tendrement.



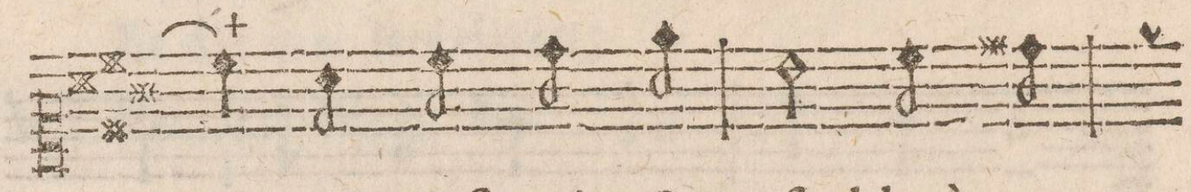
VOus m'ai- mez, di- tes-
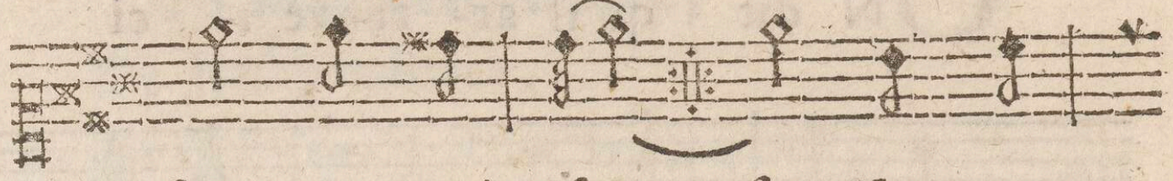


vous. Ah! vô- tre cœur vo-
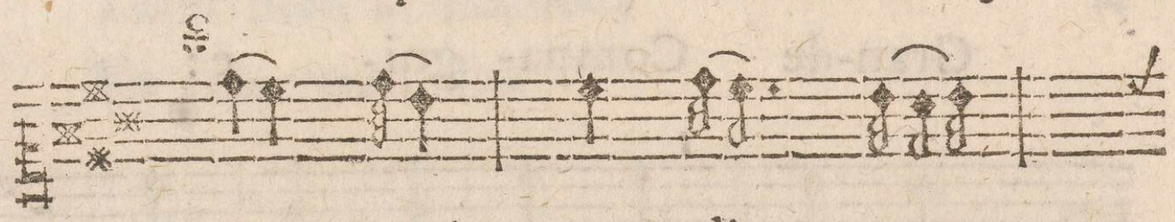


la- - - - -



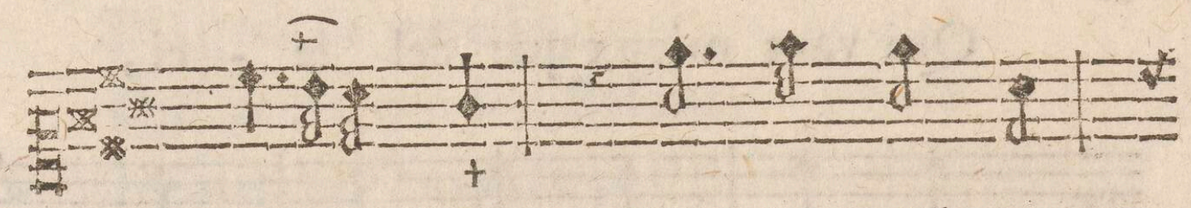
- ge, N'eſt point ſen- ſi- ble à mes



ſoins em preſ- ſez: ſez: Vous pou-
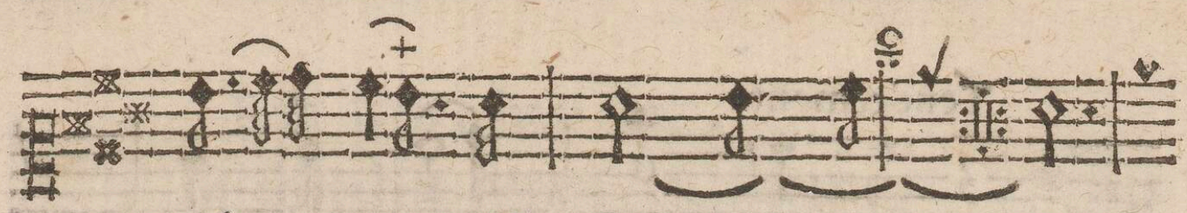


vez m'ai- mer d'a- van-
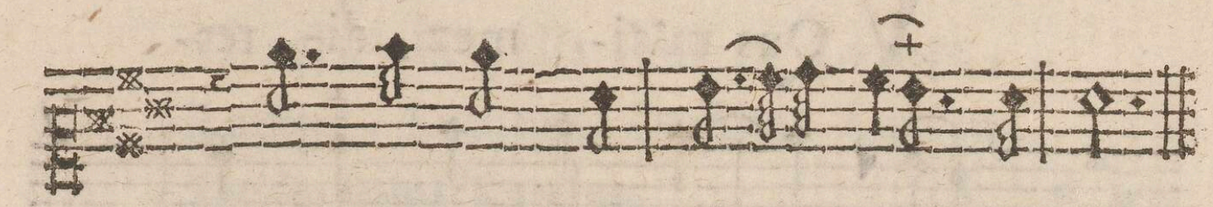


ta- ge, Vous ne m'ai mez

donc
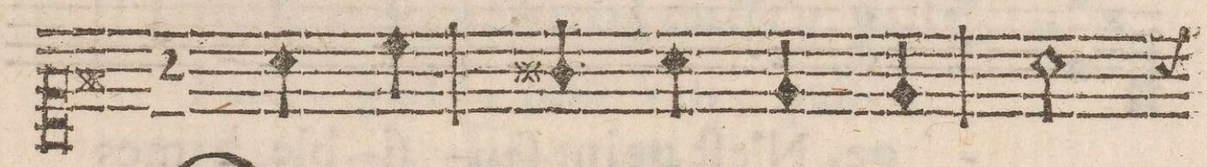


donc pas aſ- ſez. Vous pou,-&c. ſez.
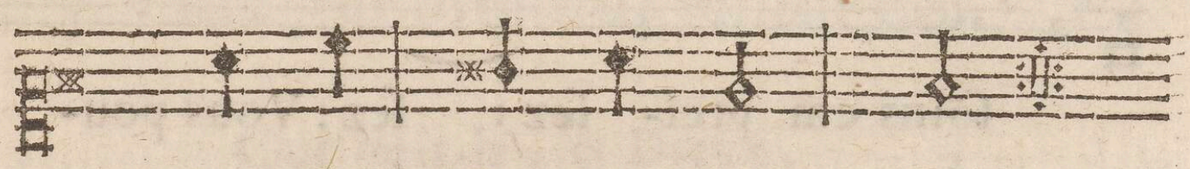


Vous ne m'ai-mez donc pas aſ- ſez.
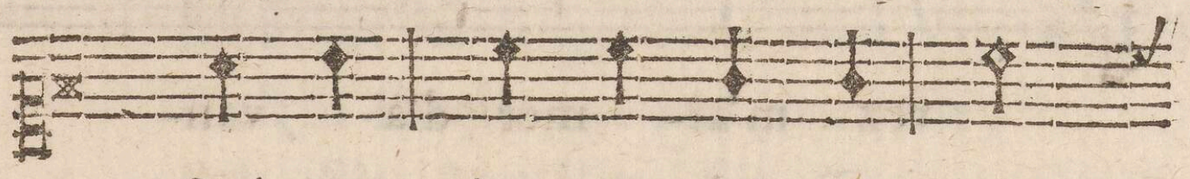
CHANSON SATIRIQUE.
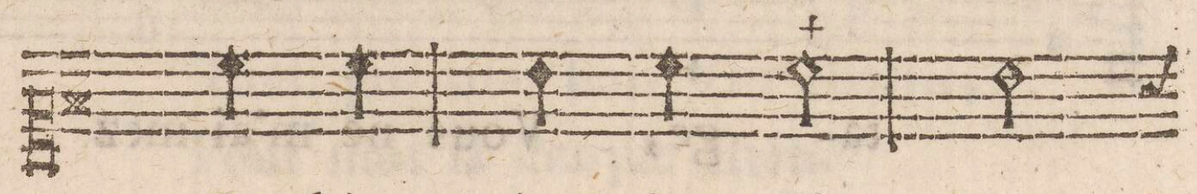


ON dit qu'il ar- ri- ve i- ci
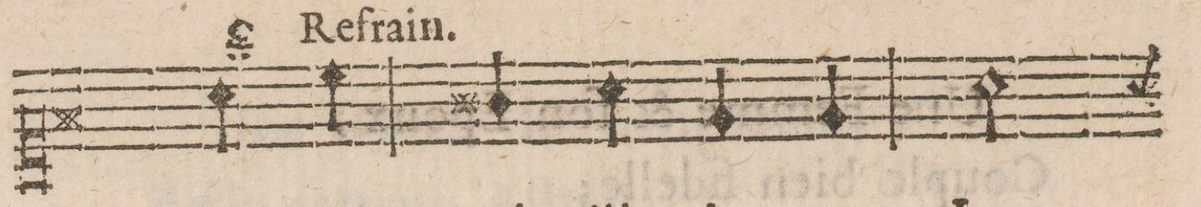


Gran-de Compa- gni- e:
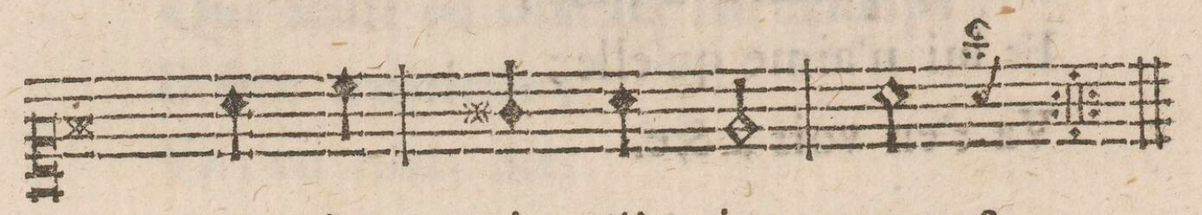


Qui vaut mieux que cel- le - ci,



Et bien mieux choi- ſi- e;



Va t'en voir s'ils vien-nent Jean,



Va t'en voir s'ils vien- nent &c.

Un Abbé qui n'aime rien,
Que le Séminaire;
Qui donne aux Pauvres ſon Bien,
Et dit ſon Bréviaire;
Va t'en voir, &c.

Un Magiſtrat curieux,
De Juriſprudence,
Et qui devant deux beux yeux,
Tient bien la balance;
Va t'en voir, &c.

Une Fille de quinze ans,
D'Agnes la pareille,
Qui penſe que les Enfans,
Se font par l'oreille;
Va t'en voir, &c.

Une Femme & ſon Epoux,
Couple bien fidelle;
Elle le préfére à tous,
Et lui n'aime qu'elle;
Va t'en voir, &c.

Un Chanoine dégouté,
Du bon Jus d'Octobre;
Un Poëte ſans vanité;
Un Muſicien ſobre;
Va t'en voir, &c.

Un Breton qui ne boit point,
Un Gaſcon tout Bête,
Un Normand franc de tout point,
Un Piçard ſans tête;
Va t'en voir, &c.

Une Belle, qui cherchant
Compagne fidelle,
La choiſit en la trouvant
Plus aimable qu'elle,
Va t'en voir, &c.

Une Nonne de Longchamp,
Belle comme Aſtrée,
Qui brûle en courant les champs,
D'être recloitrée;
Va t'en voir, &c.

Un Medecin ſans grands mots,
D'un ſavoir extrême,
Qui m'envoye point aux Eaux,
Et guérit lui-même,
Va t'en voir, &c.

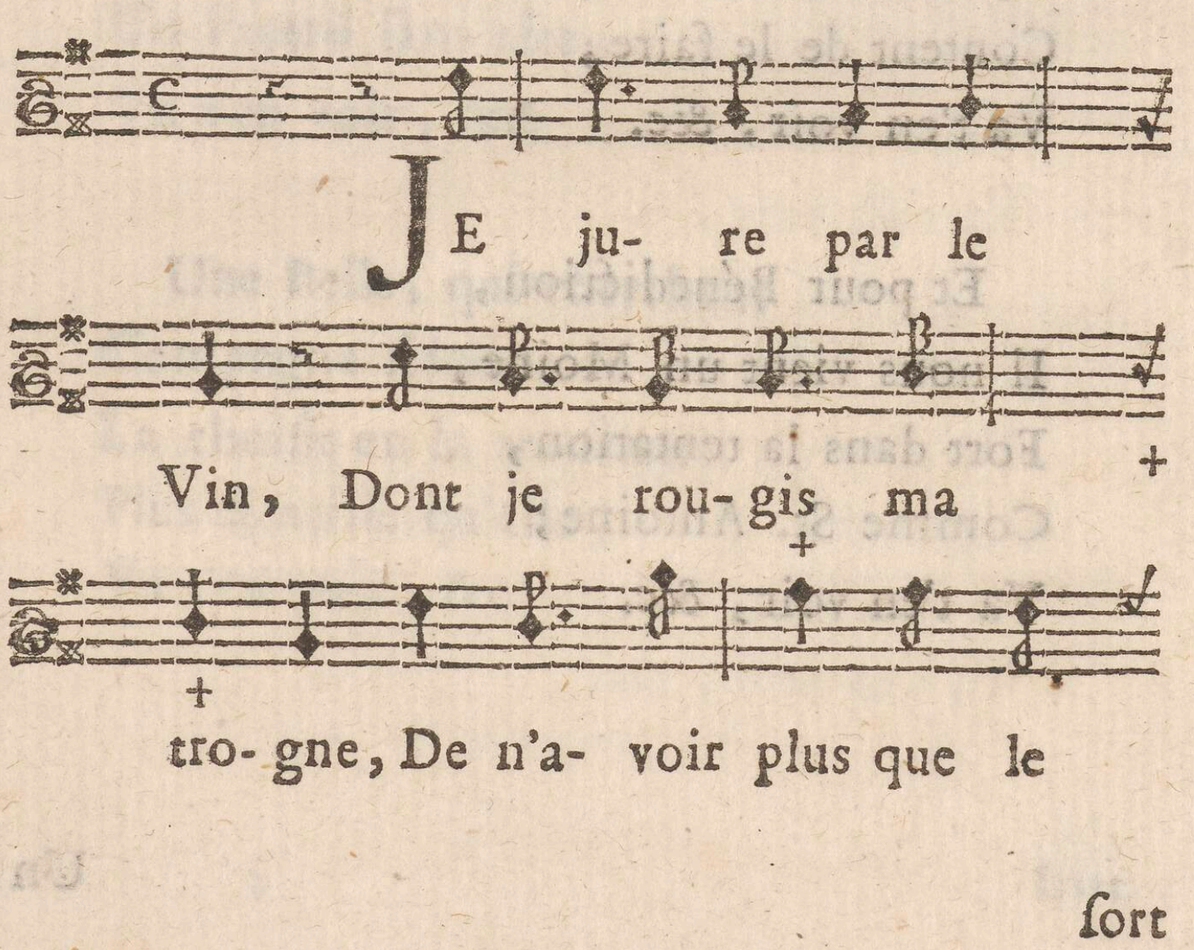
Un jeune Homme humble & bien fait,
Sage Mouſquetaire,
Qui en dit moins qu'il n'en fait,
Content de le faire;
Va t'en voir, &c.

Et pour Bénediction,
Il nous vient un Moine,
Fort dans la tentation,
Comme St. Antoine;
Va t'en voir, &c.
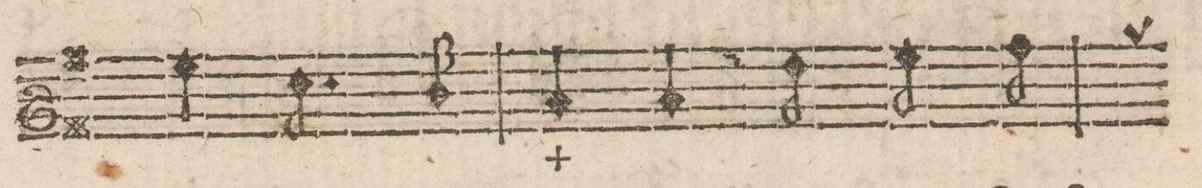
Un ſavant Prédicateur,
Comme Bourdalouë,
Qui ne veut prêcher qu'au cœur,
Et craint qu'on le louë;
Va t'en voir, &c.

Une Femme que le tems,
A preſque flêtrie,
Qui voit des appas naiſſans,
Sans aucune envie;
Va t'en voir, &c.

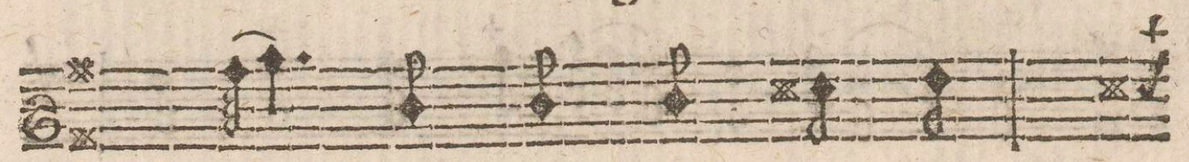
SERMENT BACHIQUE.
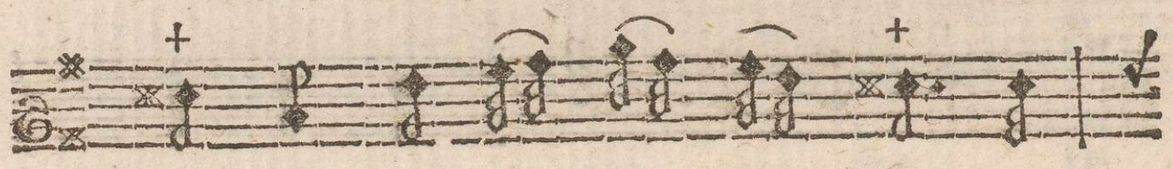


fort



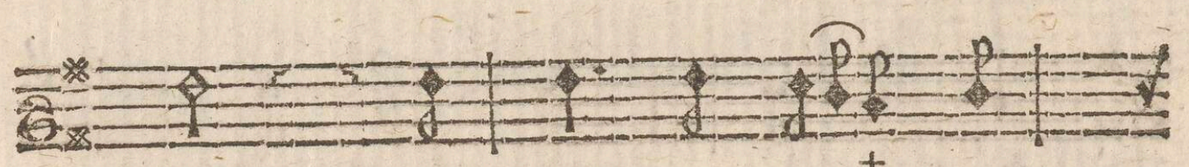
ſort d'un Y- vro- gne ; J'ai trop ſouf-



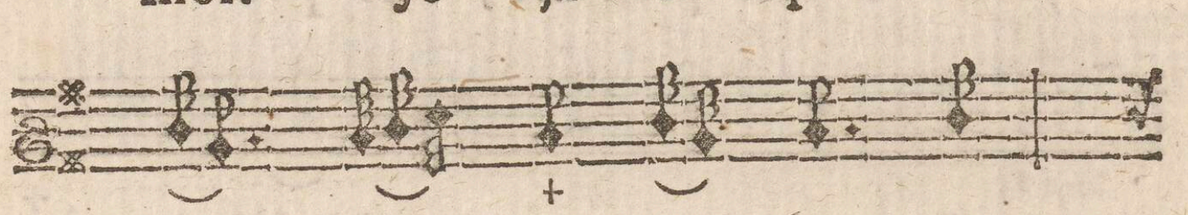
fert ſous l'a- mou- reu- ſe
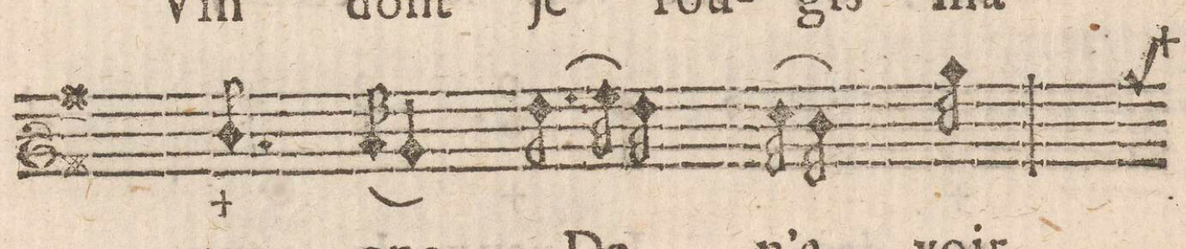


Loi, Il eſt aſ- ſez de fous ſans
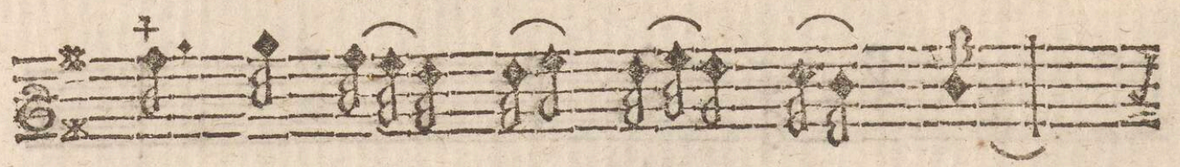


moi. Je ju- re par ce
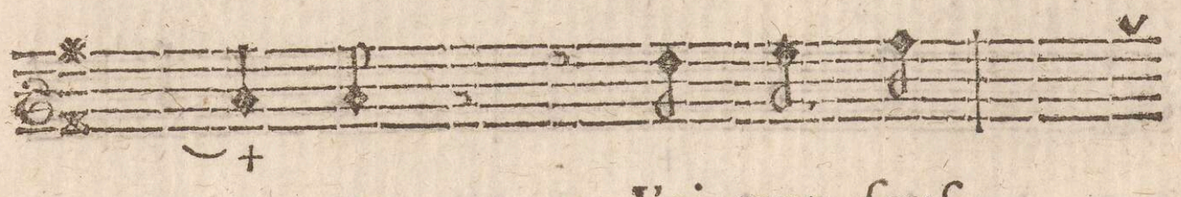


Vin dont je rou- gis ma
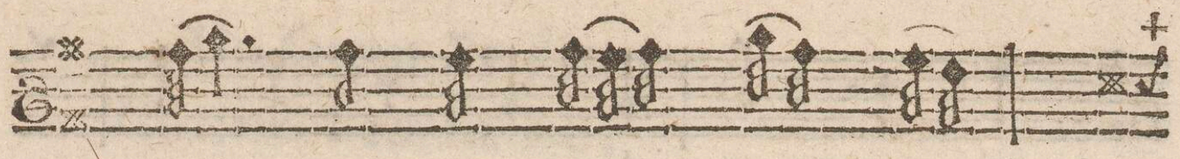


tro- gne, De n'a- voir
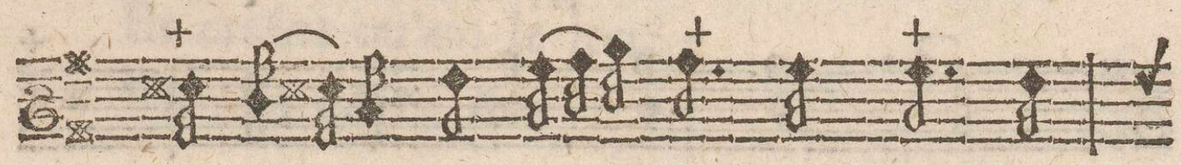


plus que le ſort d'un Y- vro-
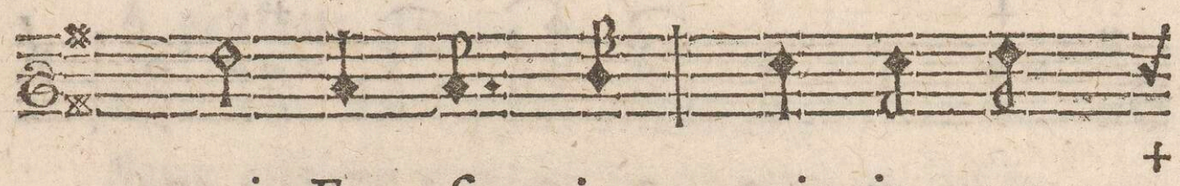


- gne; J'ai trop ſouf-
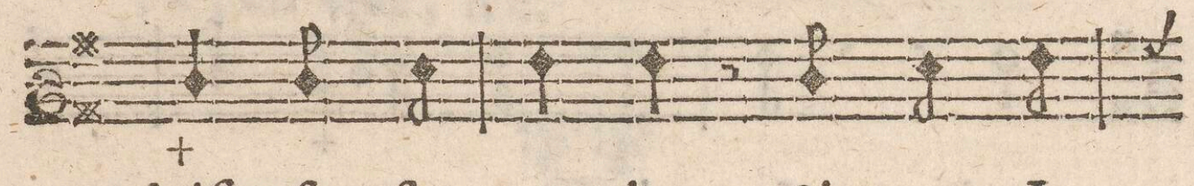


fert ſous l'a- mou- reu- ſe
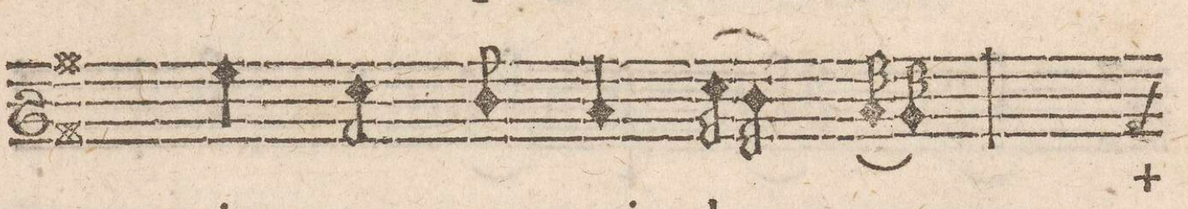


Loi, Il eſt aſ- ſez de fous ſans



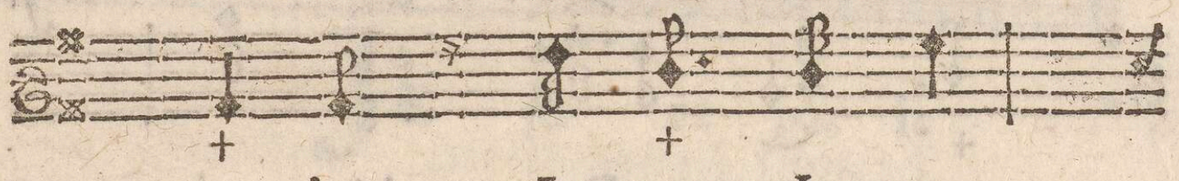
moi. Et ſi ja- mais je me



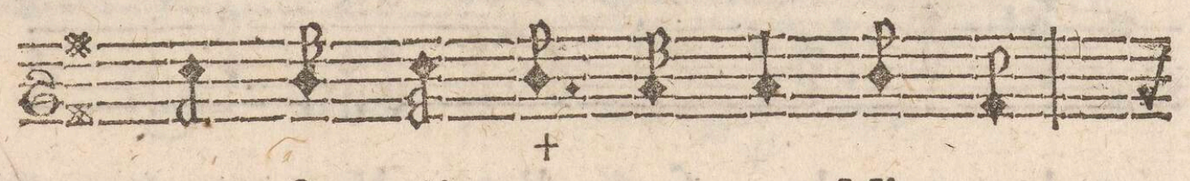
laiſ- ſe ſur- pren-dre; Si pour I-
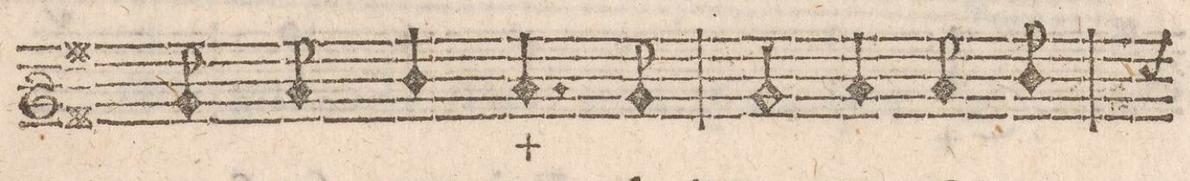


ris, on me voit le cœur,



ten- dre, Je veux, Je veux,

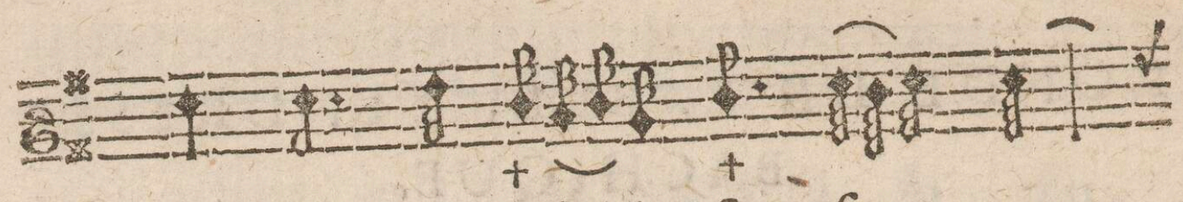


pour ſu- pli- ce nou- veau, N'a- va-
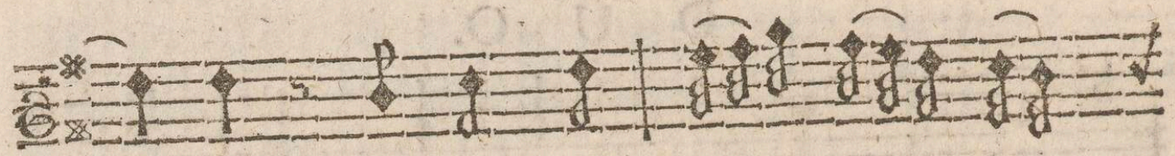


ler ja- mais que de l'Eau. Et ſi ja-

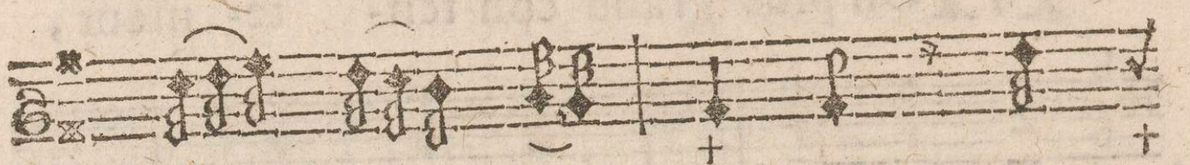
mais
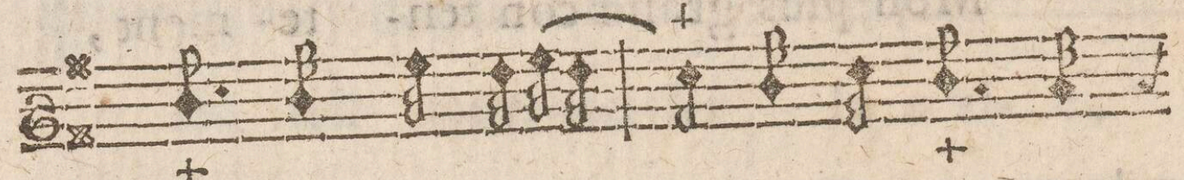


mais je me laiſ- ſe ſur- pren-



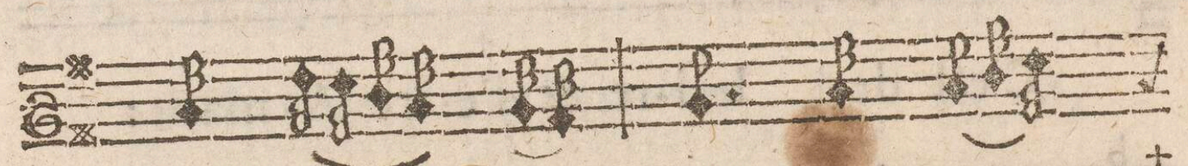
- dre, Si pour I- ris, on me
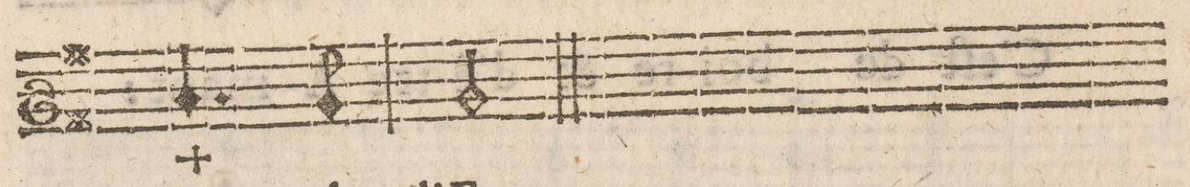


voir le cœur ten- dre, Je



veux, je veux, pour - ſu- pli- ce nou-



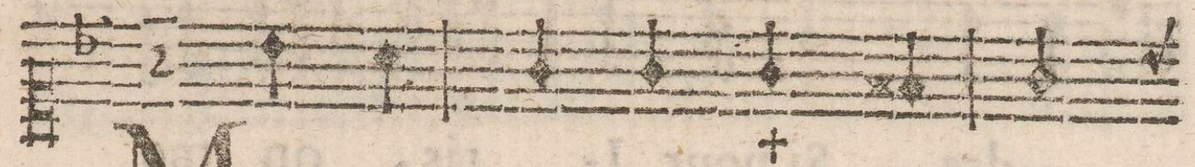
veau, N'a- va- ler ja- mais
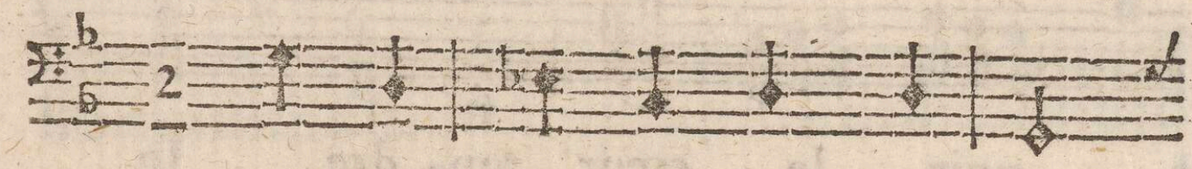


que de l'Eau.

RONDE DE TABLE, TENDRESSE BACHIQUE.
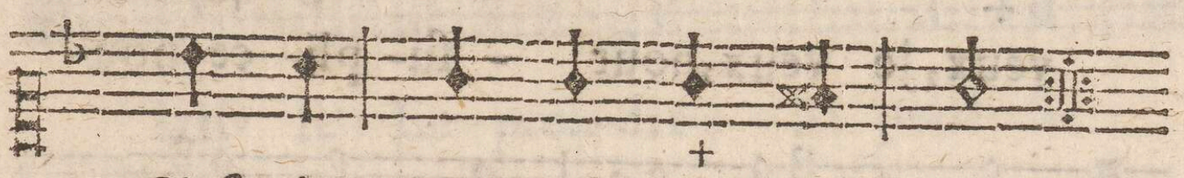
D U O.
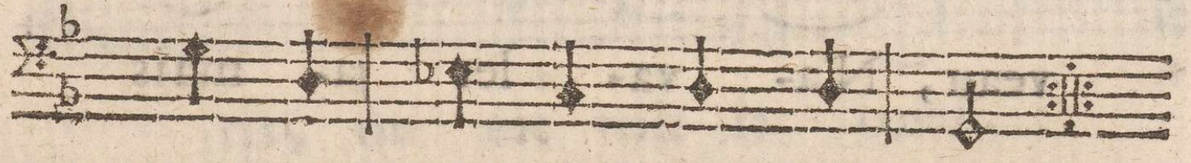


Mon plus grand con-ten- te- ment,
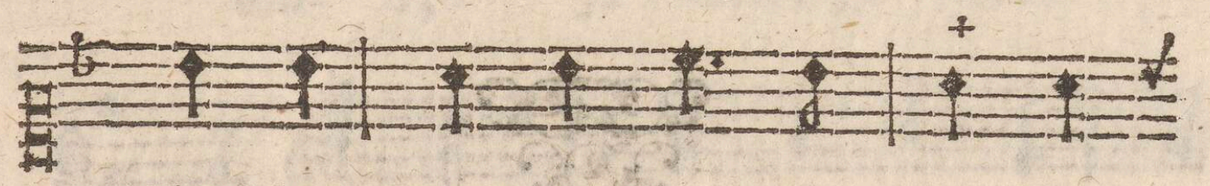


Mon plus grand con ten- te- ment,



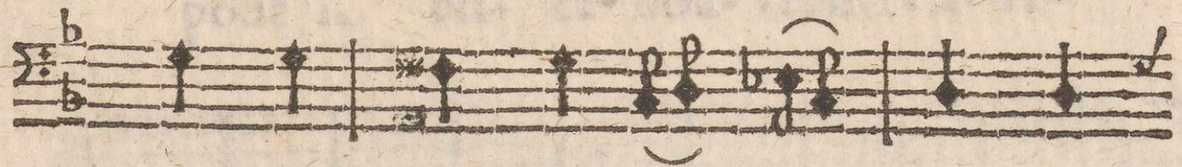
C'eſt de boi-re & d'ê-tre A-mant:



C'eſt de boi-re & d'ê-tre A-mant:
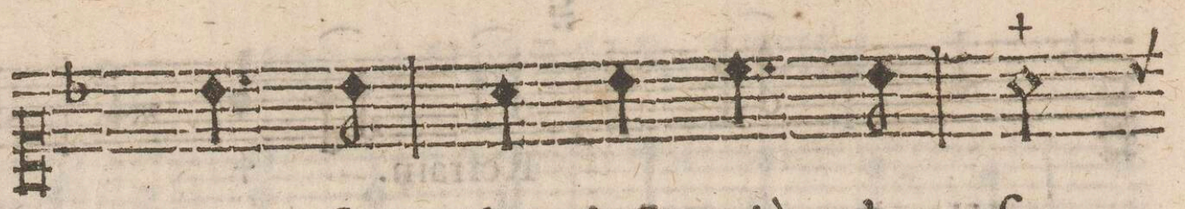


Chaſ-ſons la mé- lan- co- li- e,
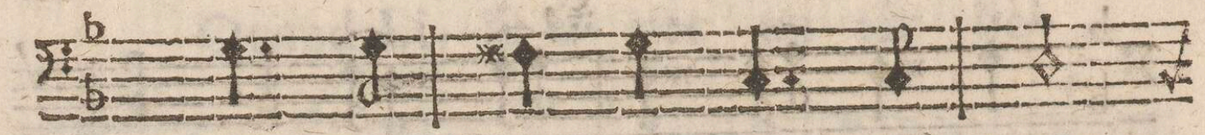


Chaſ-ſons la mé- lan- co- li- e,
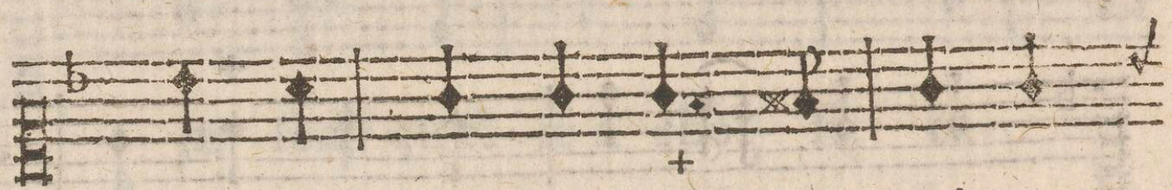
Re-



Re- ſo- lus juſ- qu'à la fin,
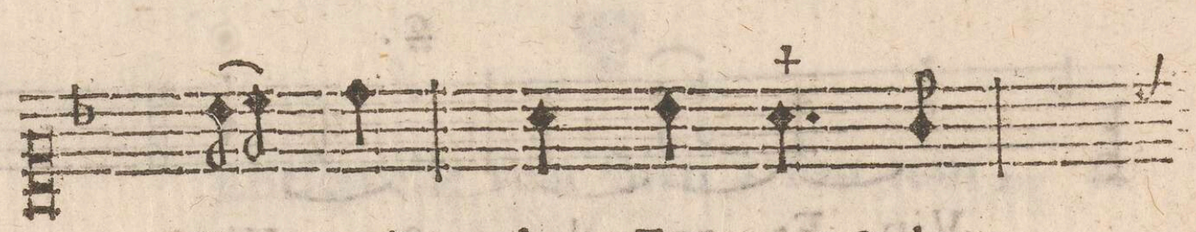


Re- ſo- lus juſ- qu'à la fin,
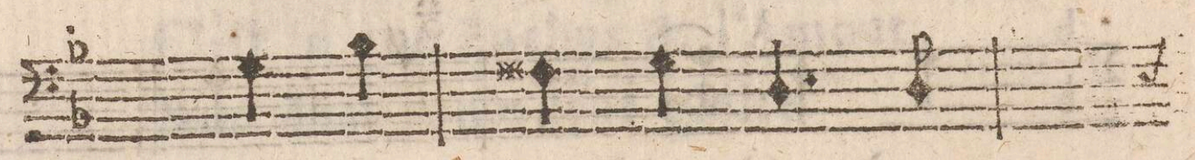


De toû- jours rou- ler la vi- e,
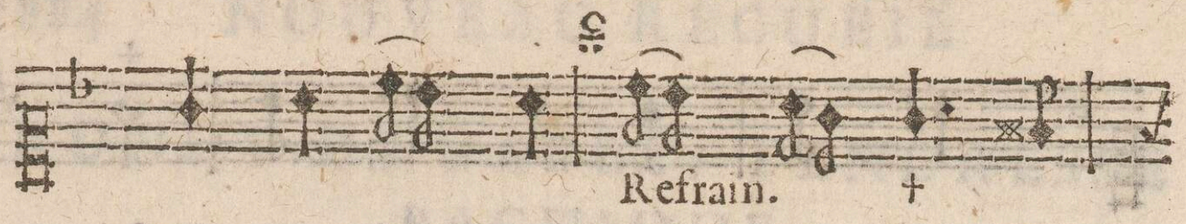


De toû- jours rou- ler la vi- e,
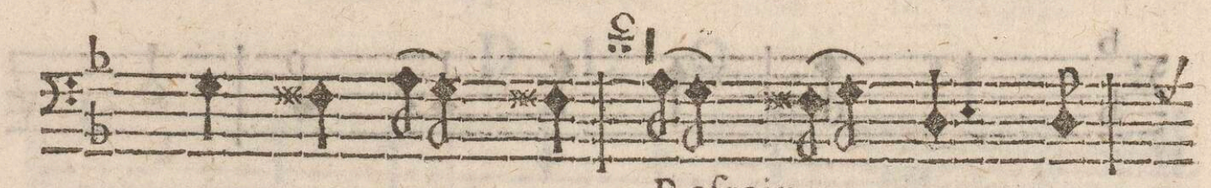


Par- mi les Femmes & le



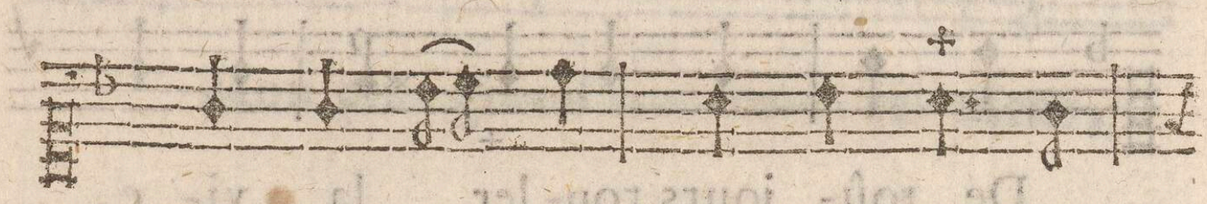
Par- mi les Femmes & le
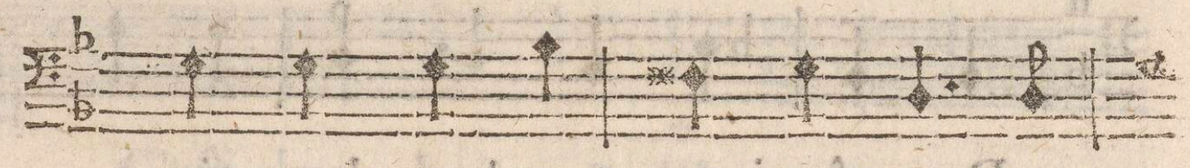


Vin: Et rou- lons, rou- lons nô- tre
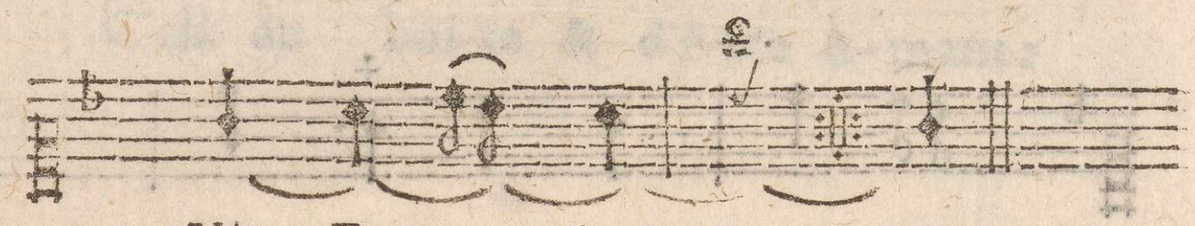


Vin: Et rou- lons, rou- lons nô- tre
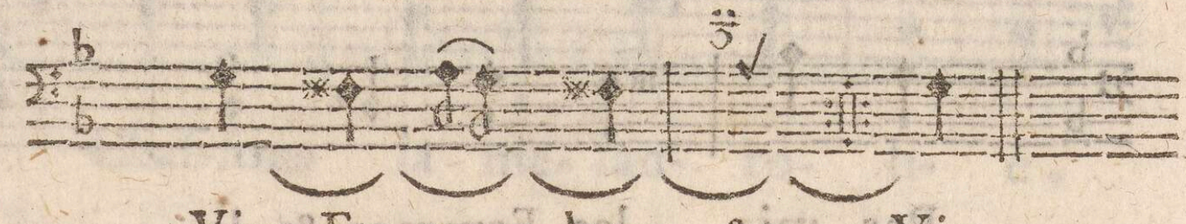


vi- e, Par- mi les Femmes & le



vi- e, Par- mi les Femmes & le



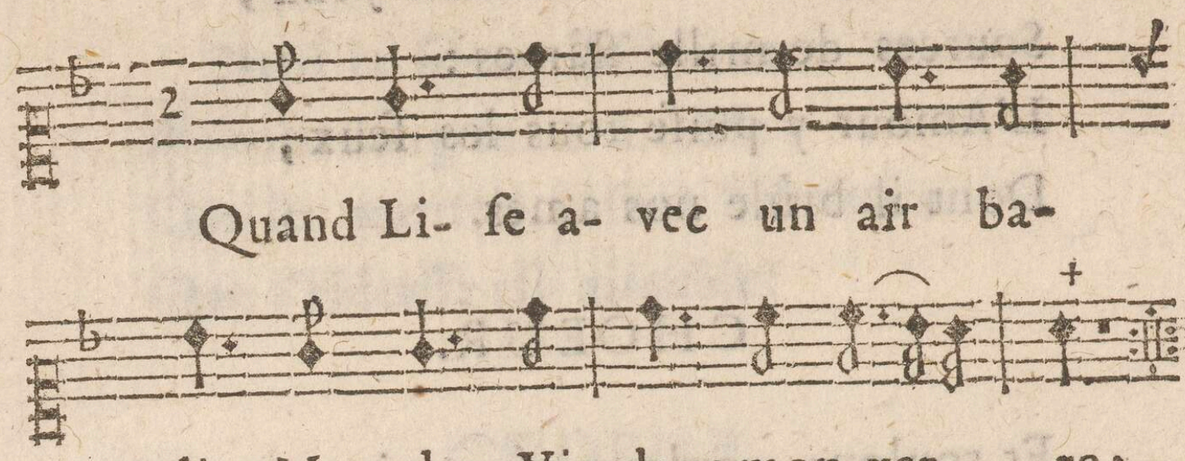
Vin. Et rou- lons, &c. Vin.



Vin. Et rou- lons, &c. Vin.

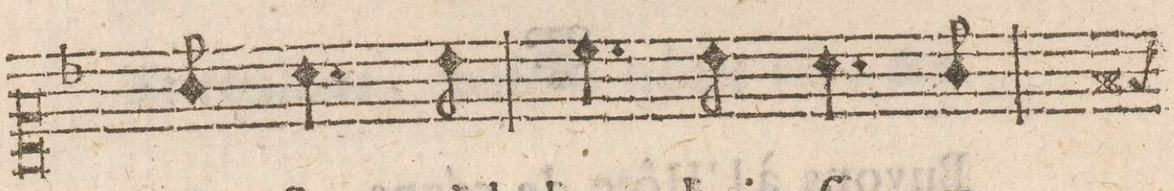
Le Chœur repete ce Refrain.

UN BUVEUR SEUL.
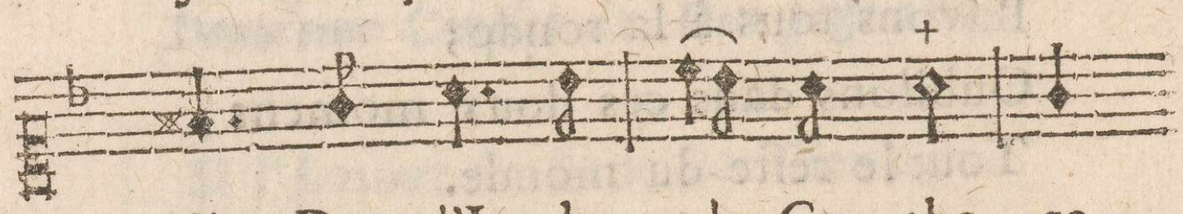


Quand Li- ſe a- vec un air ba-

din, Met du Vin dans mon ver- re:



Je ſens qu'el- le a choi- ſi ce-



Vin, Dans l'I- le de Cy- the- re.

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

Lorſqu'elle veut bien à ſon tour,
Prendre plaiſir à boire;
C'eſt là que Bachus & l'Amour
Sont dans toute leur gloire.

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

Iris, je bois à tes beaux yeux,
Sources de mille flâmes :
L'Amour y puiſe tous les feux,
Dont il brûle nos ames.

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c. NB.

Buvons à l'Hôte de céans,
Buvons tous à la ronde ;
Oublions dans ces doux momens,
Tout le reſte du monde.

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

Que manque-t-il dans ce ſéjour,
Pour contenter nos ames ?
Je tiens Bachus, & vois l'Amour,
Dans les yeux de ces Dames.

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

NB. *A la page* 186.

Dans

Dans ce ſéjour délicieux,
Reſtons long-tems à table:
Que les mortels y ſont heureux,
Que l'Hôteſſe eſt aimable!

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

Deuxieme Couplet du Duo page 184.

Si l'Amour du haut des Cieux,
Deſcendoit en ces beaux Lieux:
Il ſe croiroit à Cythere,
En voyant dans ces Feſtins,
Les Favoris de ſa Mere,
Parmi les Femmes & le Vin.
Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie,
Parmi les Femmes & le Vin.

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

Continuation des Couplets dont l'Air eſt à la page 187.

Amis, ſans regreter Paris,
Où tout plaiſir abonde;
Avec du Vin & mon Iris,
J'irois au bout du monde.

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c. NB.

Que j'eſtime, mon cher Voiſin,
L'Honneur de te connoitre;
Chez toi, l'on y boit du bon Vin,
J'y voudrois toujours être.

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

Vivons comme le Voiſin vit,
Sa maniére eſt aimable;
Sa Femme eſt la Maitreſſe au lit,
Il eſt le Maitre à table.

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

NB. *A la page* 186.

Phi-

Philis, c'eſt un plaiſir charmant,
Que de te voir à table:
Je trouve encor certain moment,
Cent fois plus délectable.

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

Je bois cent coups avec Bachus,
Sans faire aucune Pauſe:
Ah! que ne puis-je avec Venus,
Faire la même choſe!

CHOEUR.
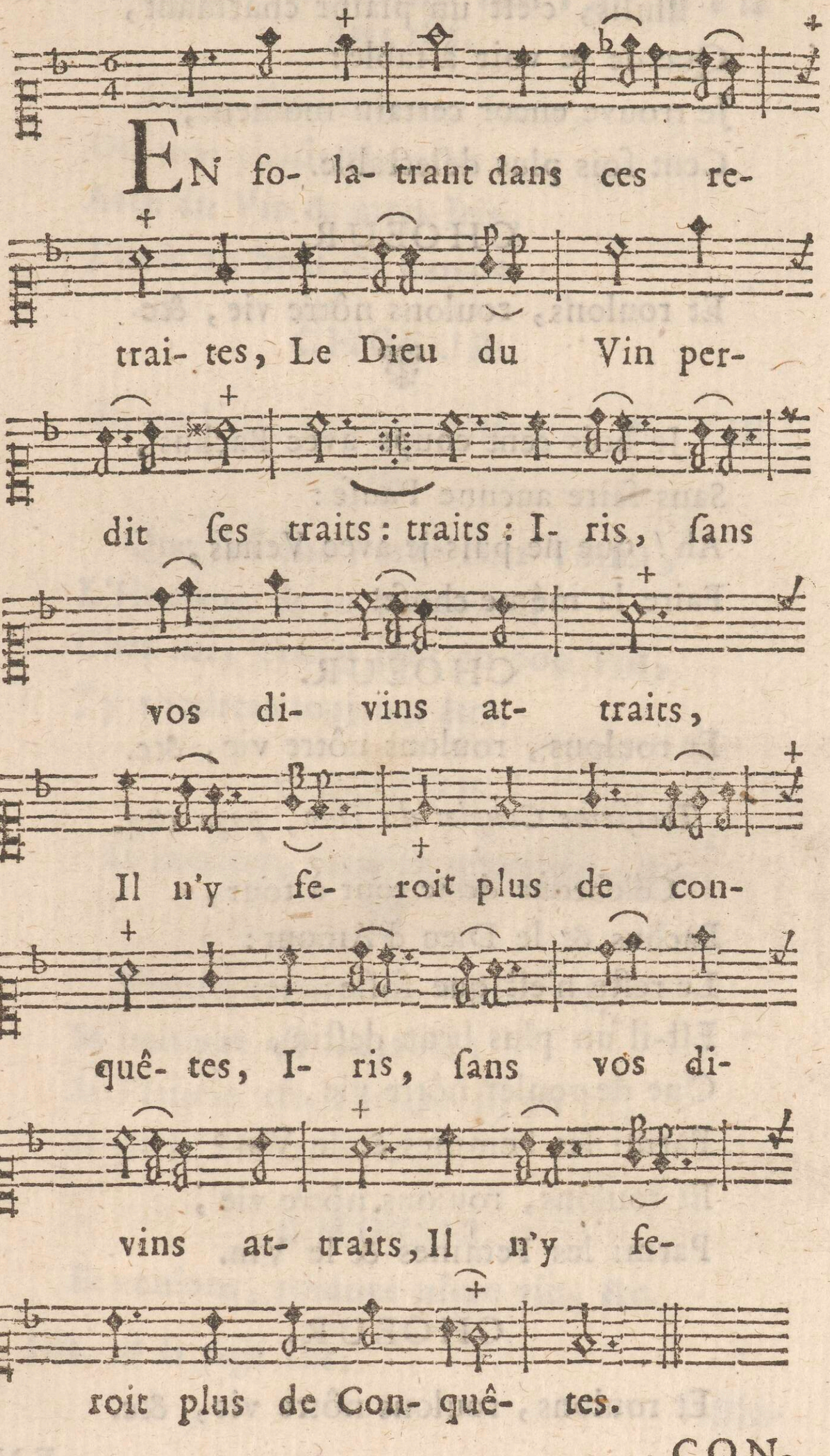
Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

Troiſieme Couplet du Duo, page 184.

Célebrons donc tour à tour,
Bachus & le Dieu d'Amour:
Le reſte n'eſt que folie;
Eſt-il un plus beau deſtin,
Que de rouler nôtre vie,
Parmi les Femmes & le Vin?
Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie,
Parmi les Femmes & le Vin.

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.



EN fo- la- trant dans ces re-

trai- tes, Le Dieu du Vin per-

dit ſes traits : traits : I- ris, ſans

vos di- vins at- traits,

Il n'y fe- roit plus de con-

quê- tes, I- ris, ſans vos di-
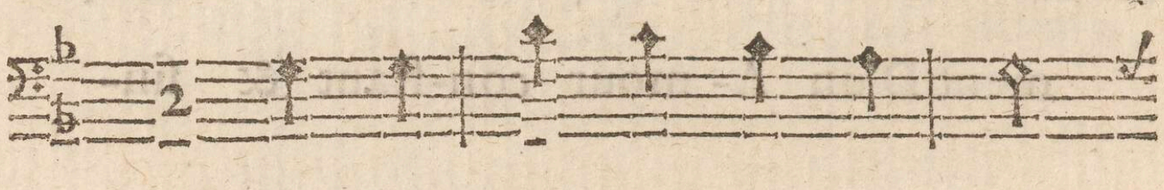
vins at- traits, Il n'y fe-

roit plus de Con- quê- tes.
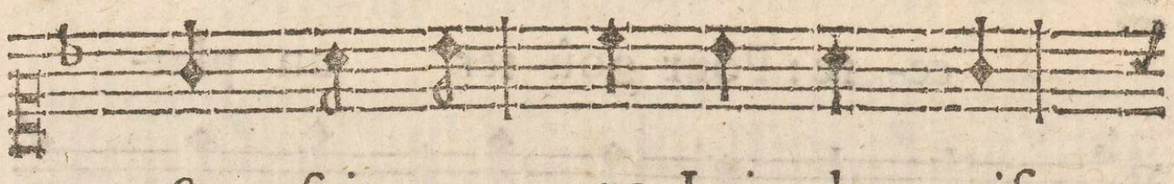
CONSEILS.



PHi- lis, un par- fait A- mant
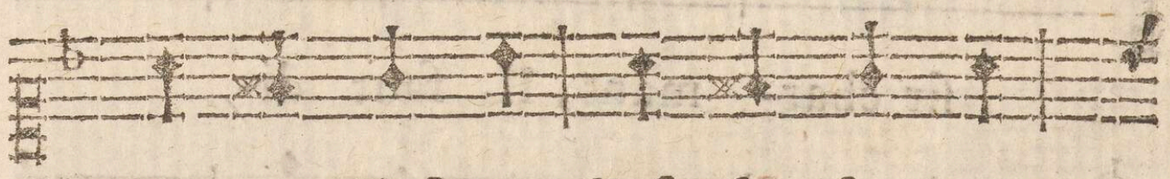


Phi- lis, un par- fait A- mant
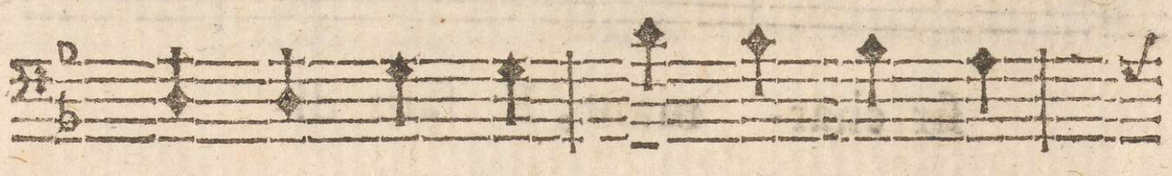


Se fait u- ne Loi du miſ-
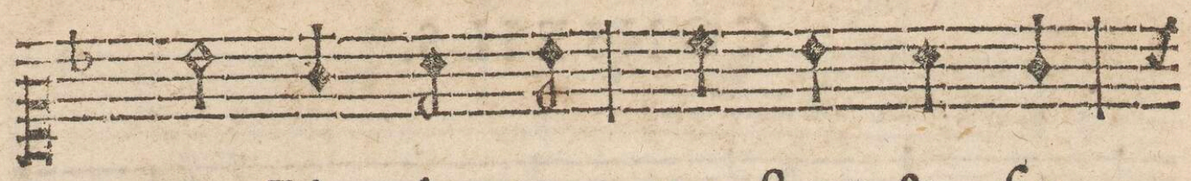


Se fait u- ne Loi du miſ-
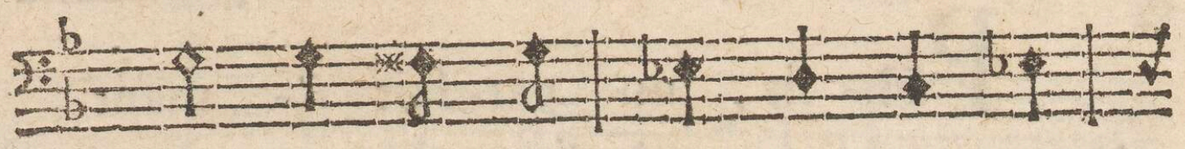


te- re, C'eſt tout l'aſ- ſai- ſon- ne-
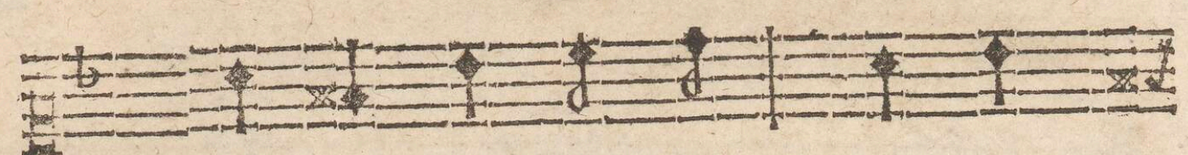


te- re, C'eſt tout l'aſ- ſai- ſon- ne-
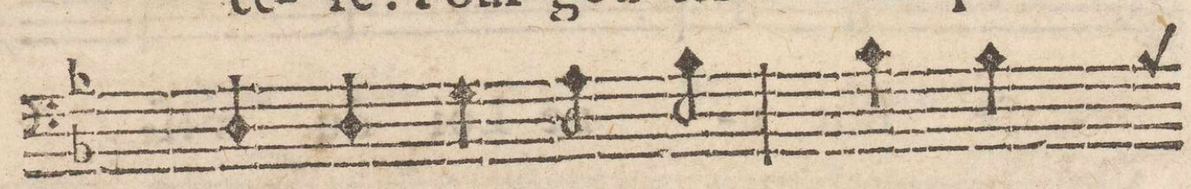


ment D'un A- mour con-ſtant & ſin-



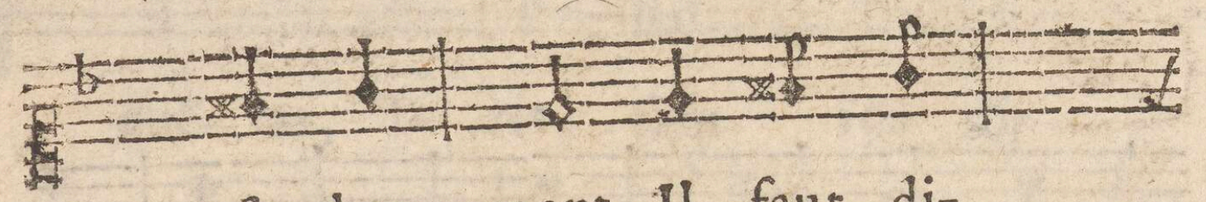
ment D'un A- mour con-ſtant & ſin-
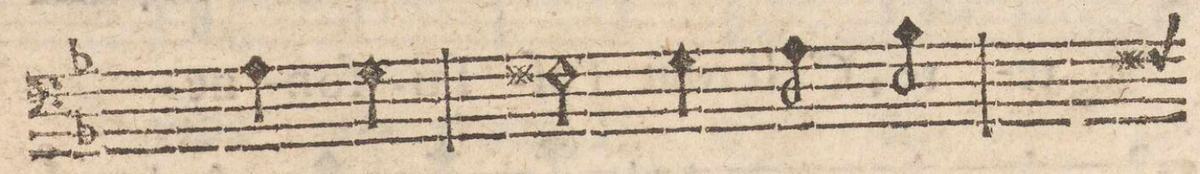


ce- re : Pour goû-ter un plai-



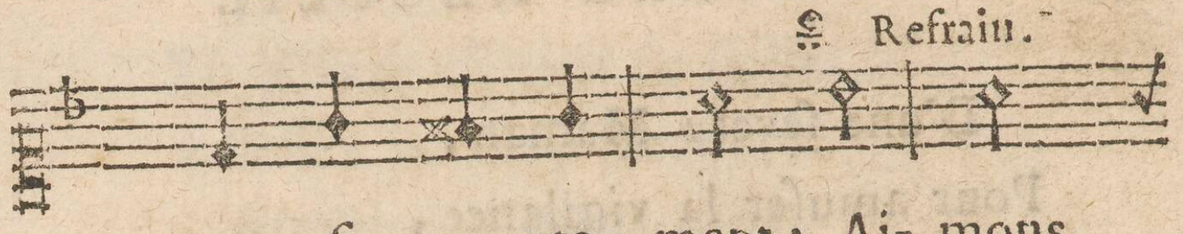
ce- re : Pour goû- ter un plai-
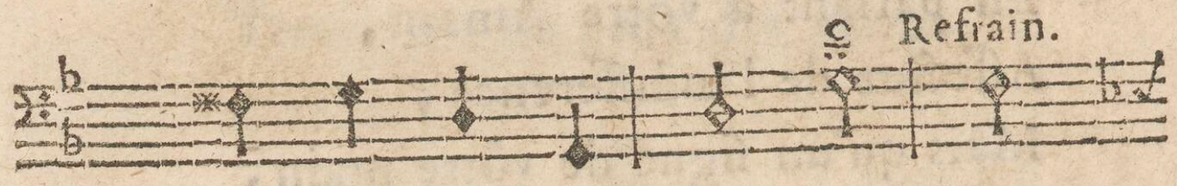


ſir char- mant, Il faut di-
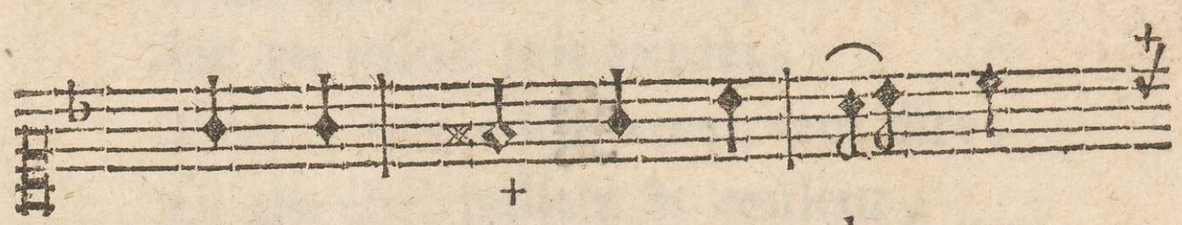


ſir char- mant, Il faut di-



re ſe- cre- te- ment ; Ai- mons,



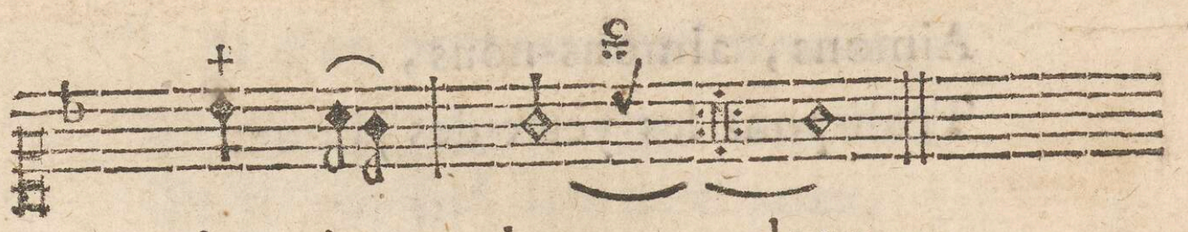
re ſe- cre- te- ment ; Ai- mons,



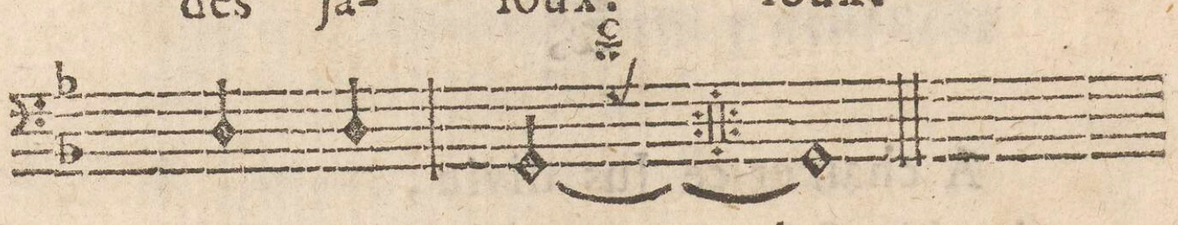
ai- mons - nous, trom- pons les yeux



ai- mons - nous, trompons les yeux



des ja- loux. loux.



des ja- loux. loux.

D'une ſevere Maman,
Pour amuſer la vigilance,
En parlant à vôtre Amant,
Affectez de l'indifference ;
Mais qu'un ſigne de vôtre main,
Ecrive deſſus vôtre ſein,
Aimons, aimons-nous,
Trompons les yeux des jaloux.

Si dans un galant repas,
Bachus & l'Amour vous appellent ;
Au feu d'un jus plein d'appas,
Que vos ardeurs ſe renouvellent ;
Et même, en buvant que vos yeux
Diſent d'un air miſterieux ;
Aimons, aimons-nous,
Trompons les yeux des jaloux.
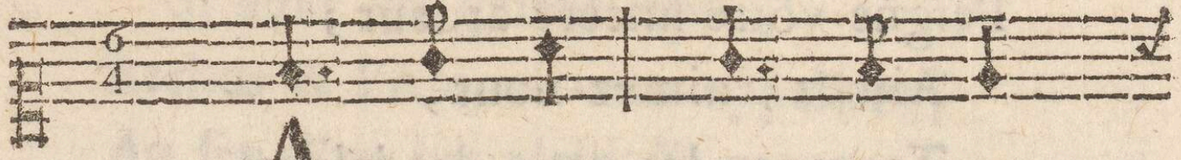
A chanter ce Jus divin,
A table ſi l'on vous engage,
Empruntez du Dieu du Vin,
Le tendre & ſincere langage,

En buvant eſt tout de ſaiſon,
Adreſſez lui cette Chanſon;
Aimons, aimons-nous,
Trompons les yeux des jaloux.
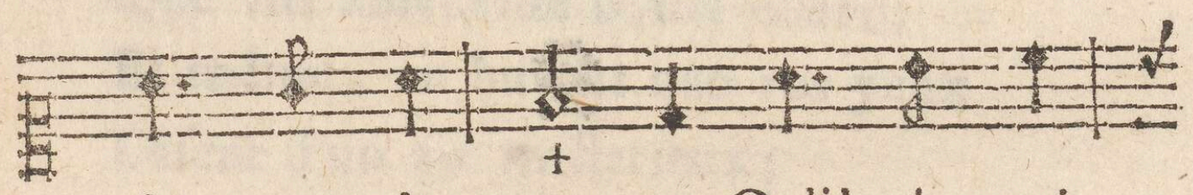
Sur tout n'écrivez jamais;
Mais que vôtre Amant puiſſe lire,
Sur un ruban mis exprès,
Tout ce que vôtre cœur veut dire,
Et que tout juſqu'à la couleur,
Peigne vôtre ſincere ardeur;
Aimez, aimez-nous,
Trompez les yeux des jaloux.

Si d'un heureux rendez-vous,
Le tendre Amour vous favoriſe,
Qu'il ſoit tout ſeul avec vous,
Que ſon flambeau vous y conduiſe;
Là, repetez en liberté,
A l'ombre d'un Bois écarté,
Aimons, aimons-nous,
Trompons les yeux des jaloux.

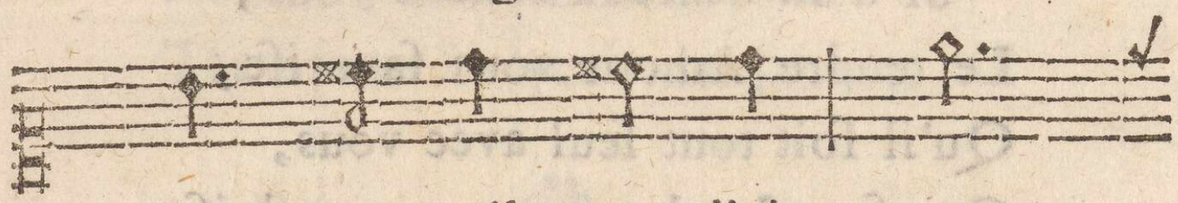
Mais, dans la moindre faveur,
Que peut éxiger la conſtance,
Menagez vôtre pudeur,
Faites aſſez de réſiſtance;
On riſque à faire un Inconſtant,
En faiſant un heureux Amant;
Aimez, aimez-nous,
Trompez les yeux des jaloux.
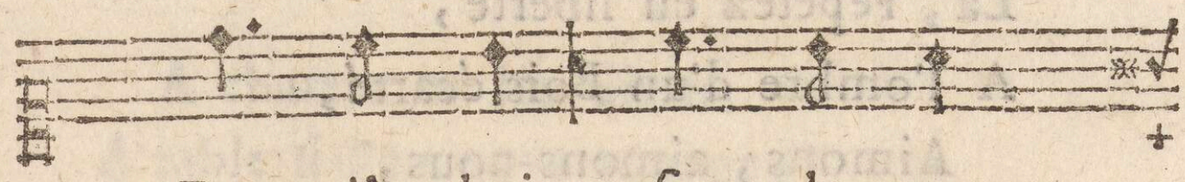


A Co- per- nic c'eſt trop
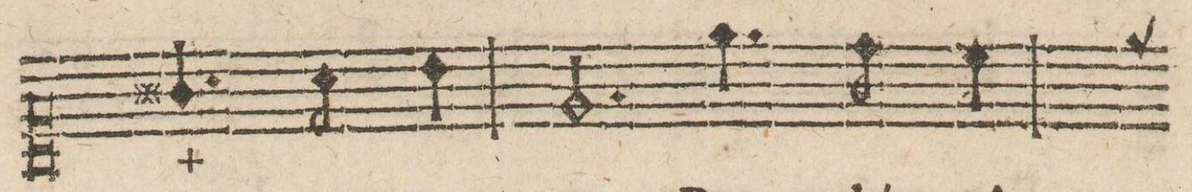


fai- re la guer- re, Qu'il ait rai-
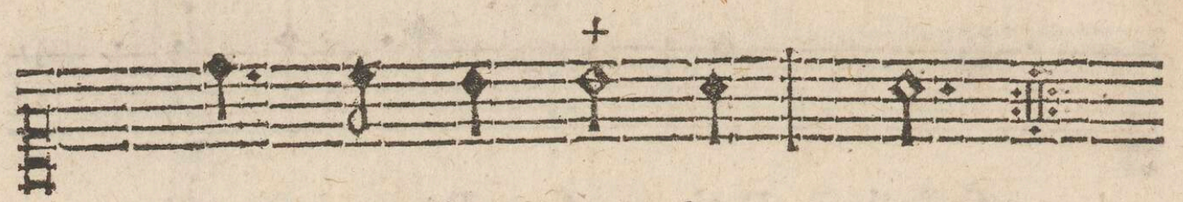


ſon ou qu'il ne l'ait pas,
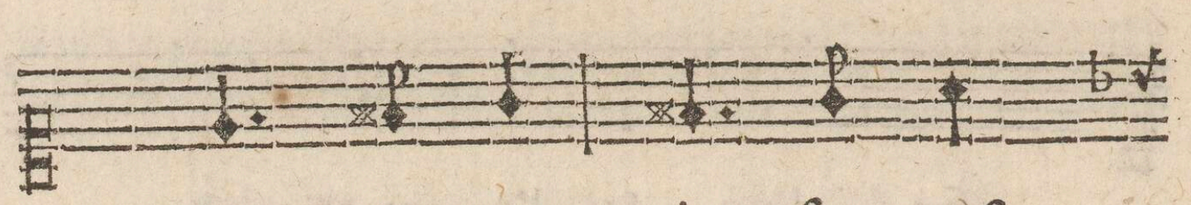


Faut-il choi- ſir le tems
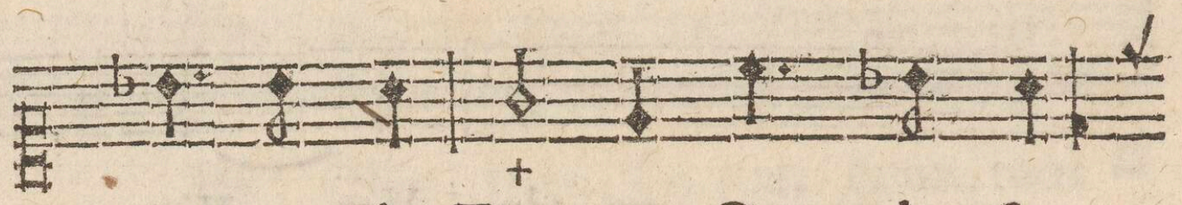


de ce re- pas, Pour dé- mê-
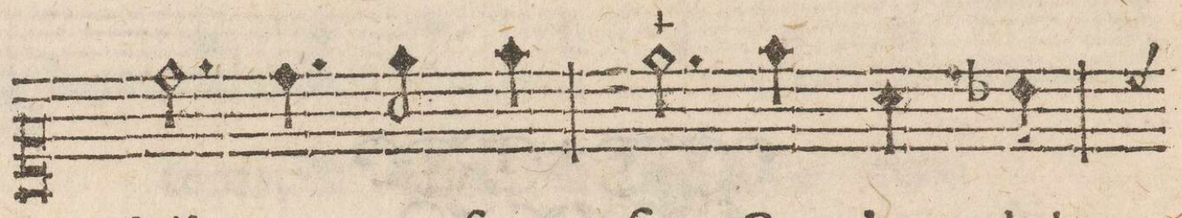


ler ce doc-te em-ba- ras ?
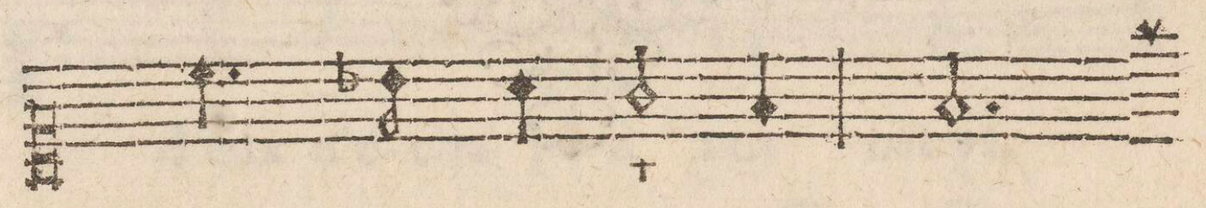


Que nous tour- nions ſans ceſ-
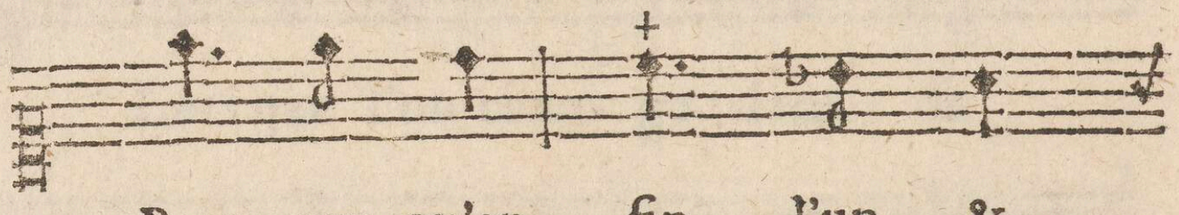


ſe a-vec la Ter- re, Que le So-



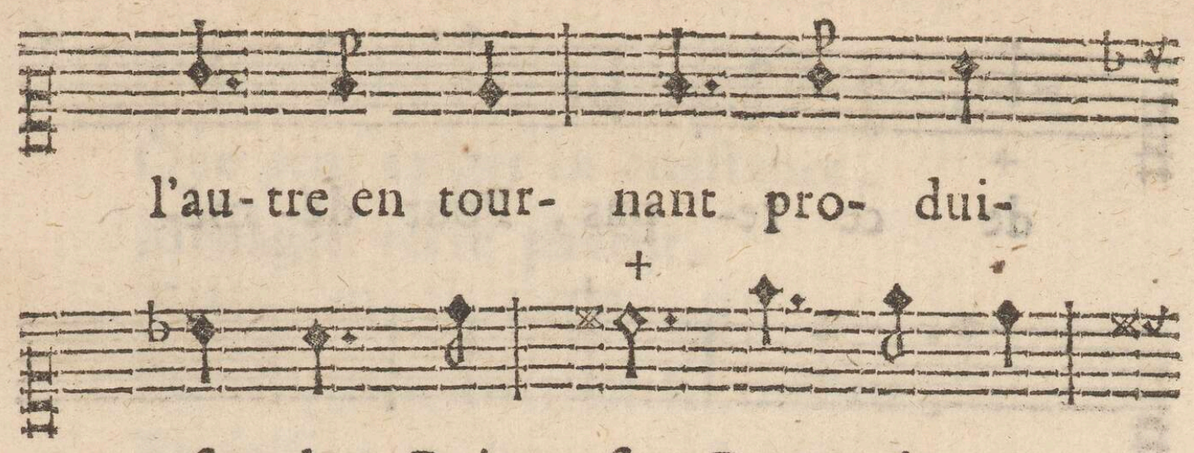
leil tour- ne ſans fin, Ce- la doit



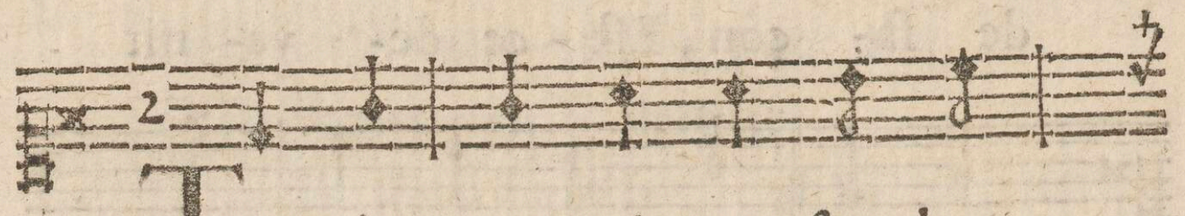
peu don- ner de cha- grin,
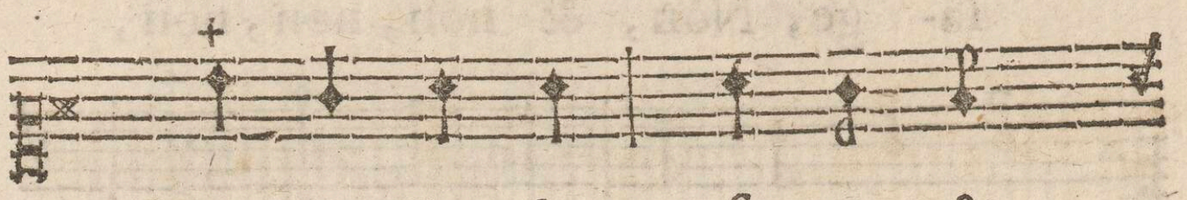


Pour- veu qu'en- fin l'un &


l'au- tre en tour- nant pro- dui-
ſe le Rai- ſin ; Pour- vû qu'en-
fin l'un & l'au-tre en tour-
nant nous don- ne du Vin. Vin.

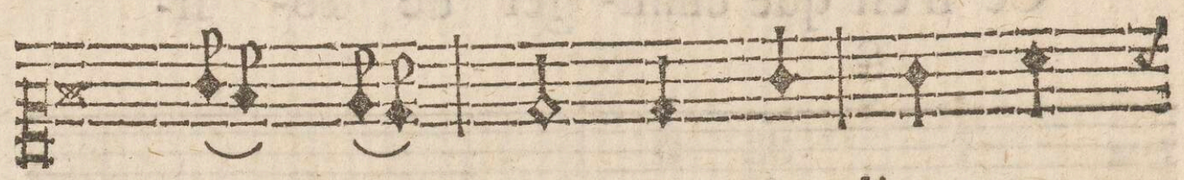
BRANLE.
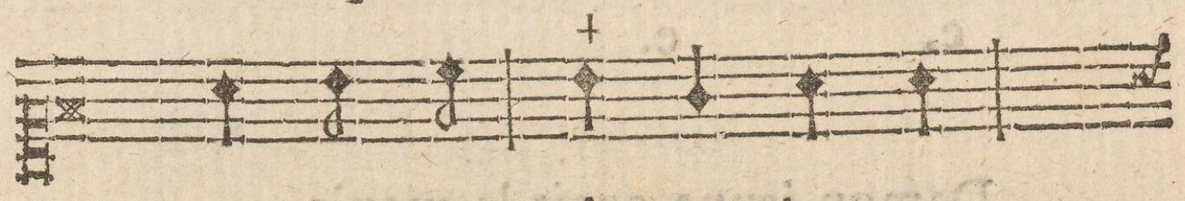


TOus les mor-tels nous font hom-



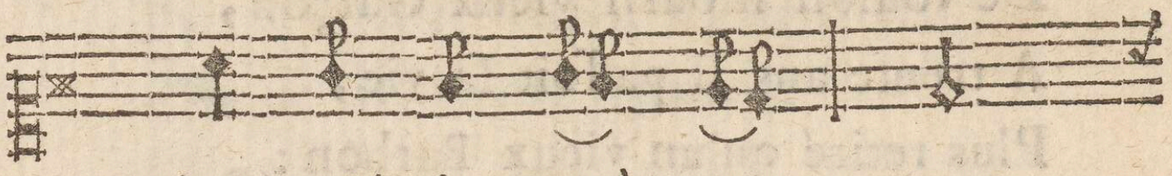
ma- ge, Les plus ſa- ges &
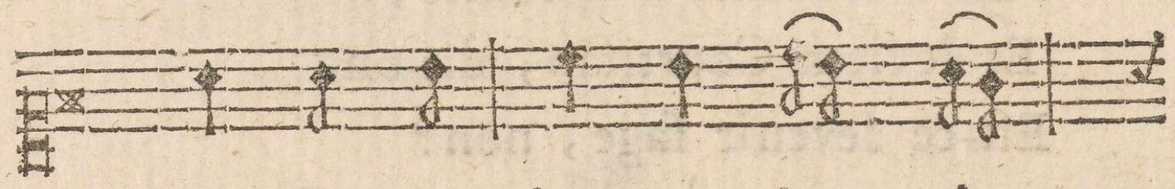


les plus fous, En tous lieux, tous
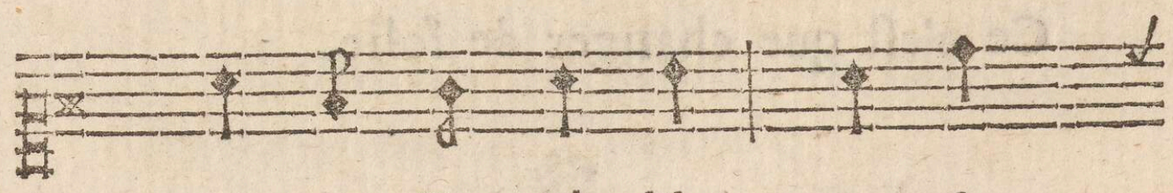


tems, & tout â- ge, Au cun



d'eux n'é- cha- pe à nos coups.
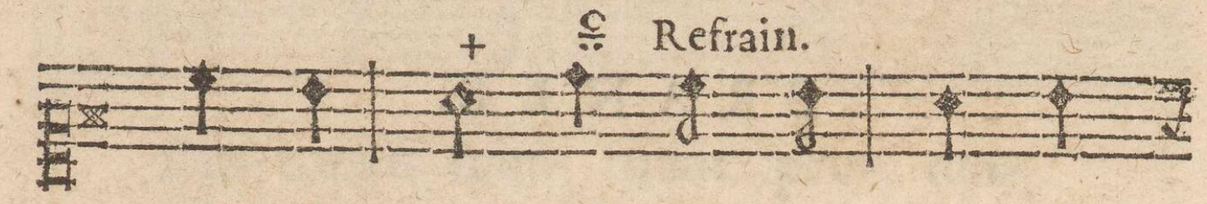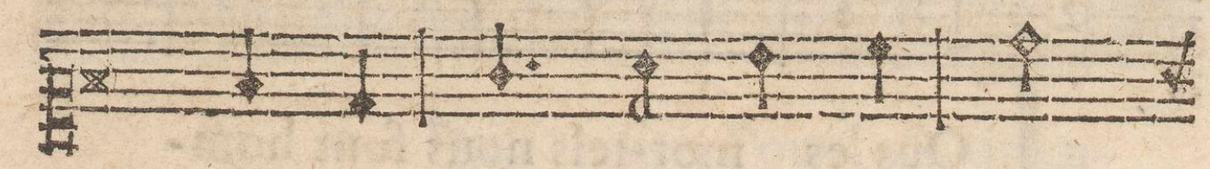


Lors que l'on chan- ge dans la
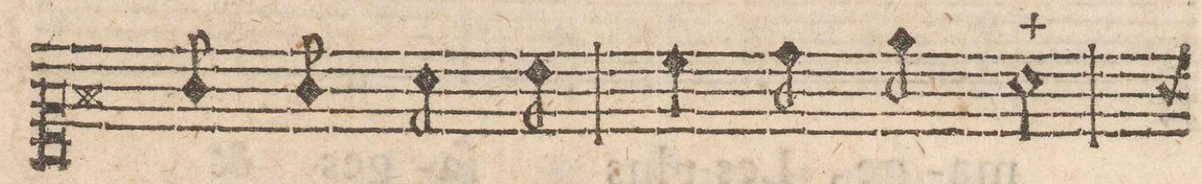


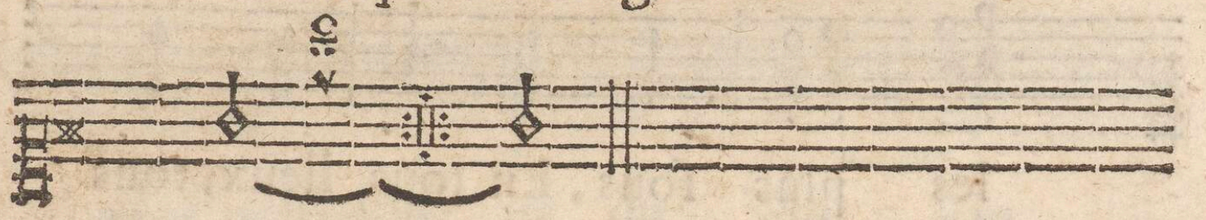
vi- e, De goût d'hu- meur &

de









Damon jeune avoit la manie
De vouloir mourir vieux Garçon,
A trente ans il paſſoit ſa vie,
Plus retiré qu'un vieux Barbon:
Puis à ſoixante il ſe marie,
Et devient Courtiſan, dit-on.
Eſt-ce devenir ſage, non?
Et non, non, non,
Ce n'eſt que changer de folie.
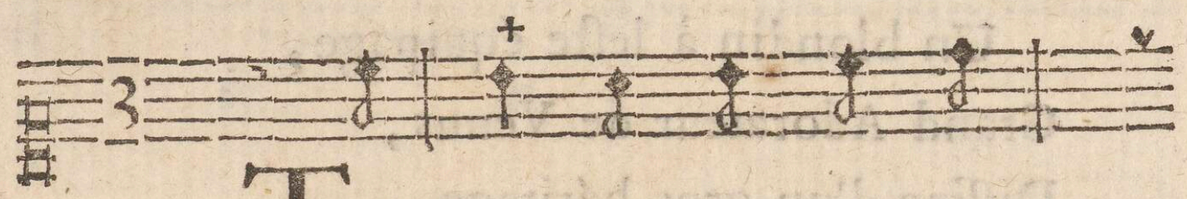
Un Amant las d'une cruelle,
Dont il eſſuya les refus,
Domte l'Amour qu'il a pour elle,
Et ſe donne tout à Bachus:
Dans les flots du Vin il oublie
L'Amour qui troubla ſa raiſon.
Eſt-ce devenir ſage, non?
Et non, non, non,
Ce n'eſt que changer de folie.

Un blondin à leſte équipage,
Grand Adorateur de Venus,
Diſſipe d'un gros héritage,
Le fonds avec les revenus;
Puis à vieille riche il s'allie,
Afin de ſe remetre en fond.
Eſt-ce devenir ſage, non?
Et non, non, non,
Ce n'eſt que changer de folie.
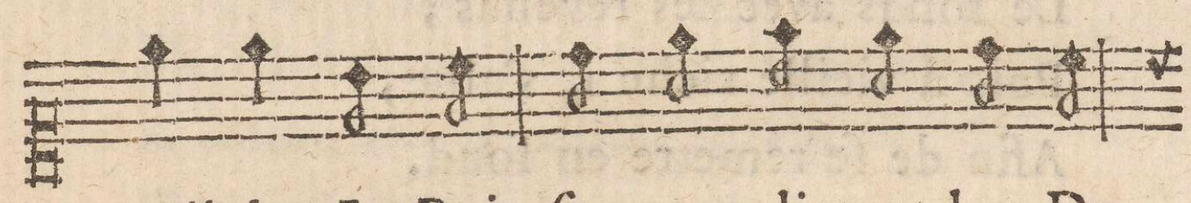
Chacun où ſon plaiſir l'appelle,
Se porte dans le Carnaval,
Soit au jeu, ſoit près d'une Belle,
L'un au Cabaret, l'autre au Bal;

Vous venez à la Comedie,
Quand un Opera n'eſt pas bon.
Eſt-ce devenir ſage, non ?
Et non, non, non ?
Ce n'eſt que changer de folie.
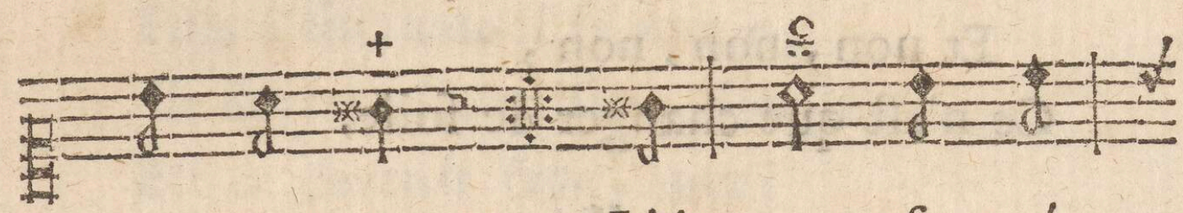
CHANSONNETTE.



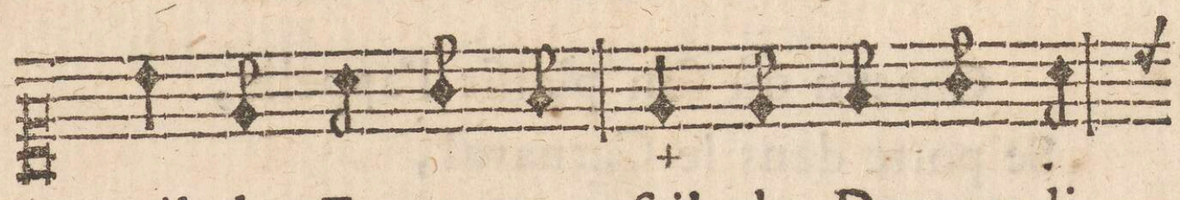
TAn- dis que l'A-mour ſom-



meil- le, La Rai- ſon nous dit tout bas, De
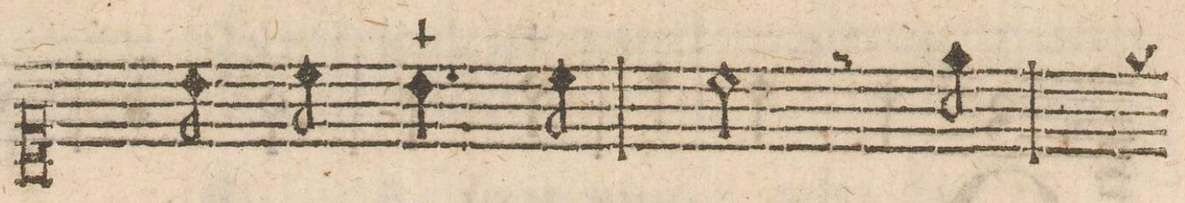


n'ai-mer pas. L'A- mour ſe ré-
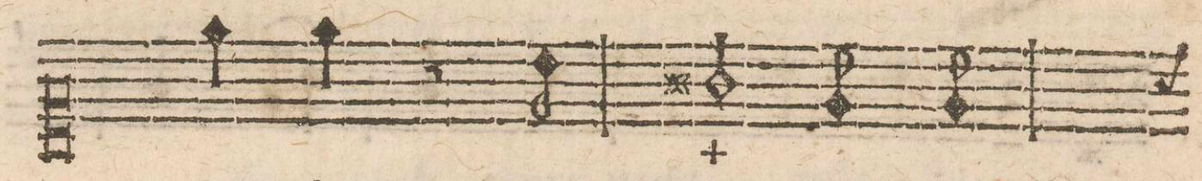


veil- le, Et nous cou- ſeil- le, De nous li-
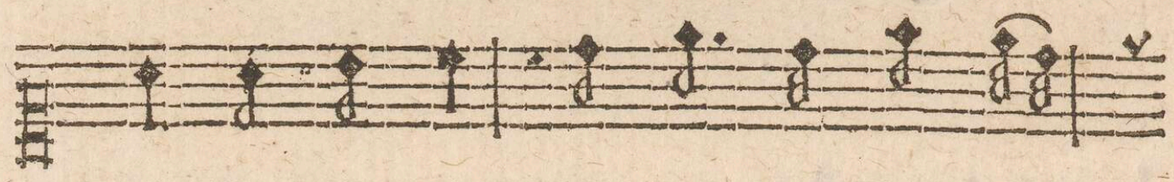
vrer
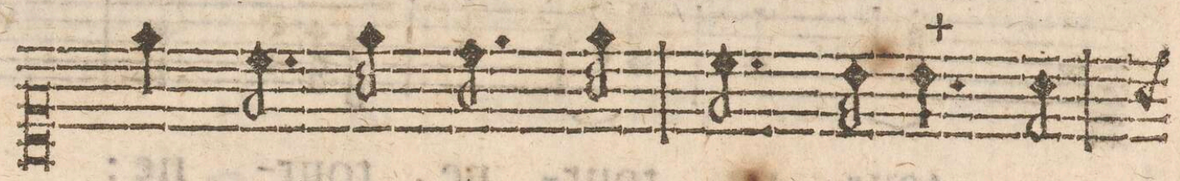


vre- ra ſes ap- pas; On



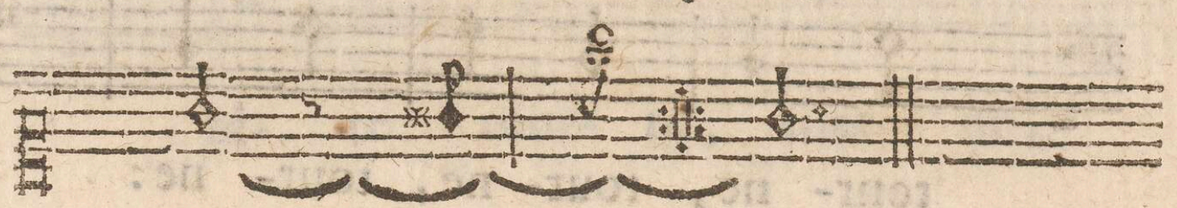
ce- de, Hé- las! la ti-



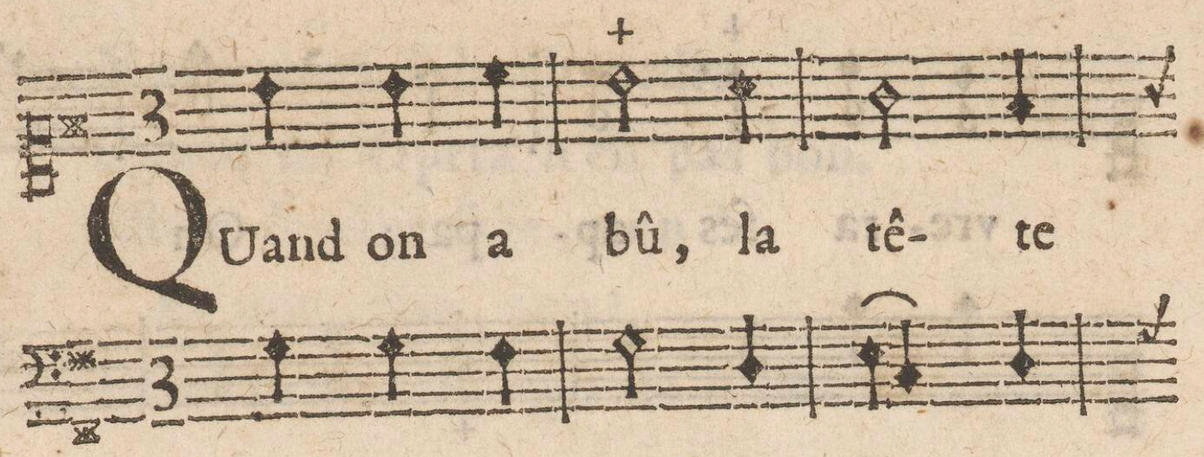
mi- de Rai- ſon ne par- le qu'à l'o-



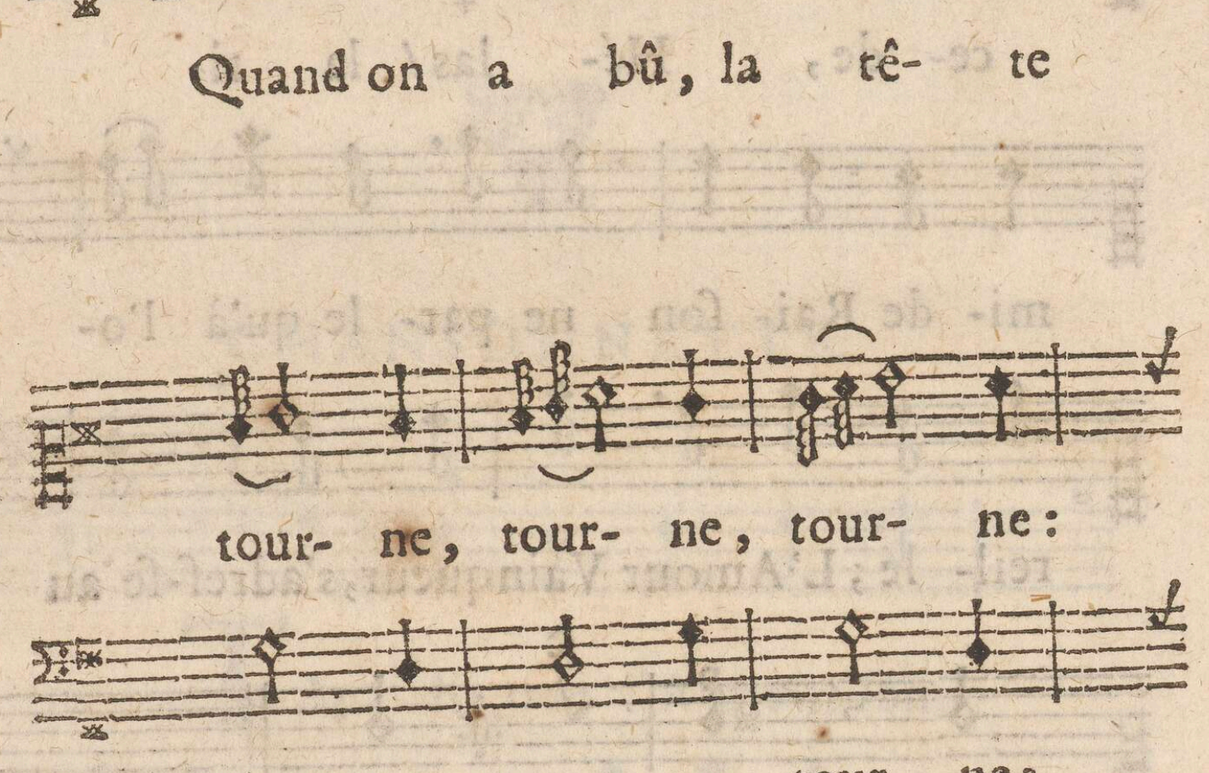
reil- le; L'Amour Vainqueur, s'adreſ-ſe au



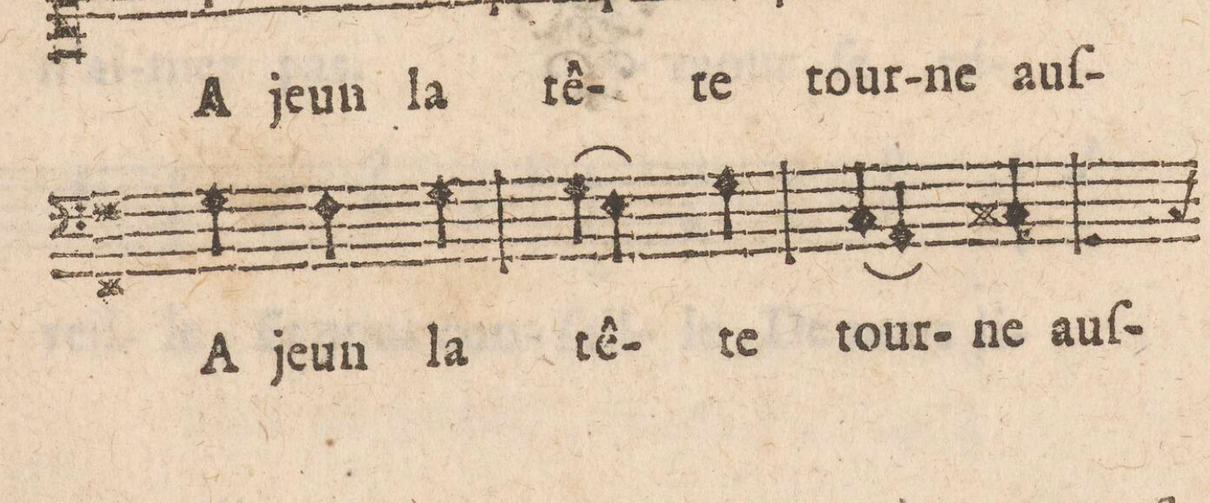
cœur. L'A-, &c, cœur.



QUand on a bû, la tê- te



Quand on a bû, la tê- te
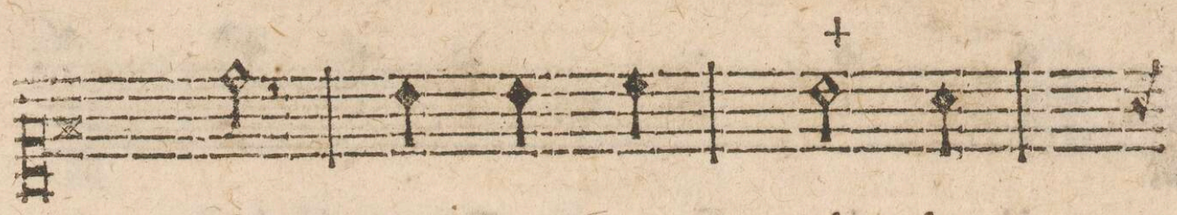


tour- ne, tour- ne, tour- ne:
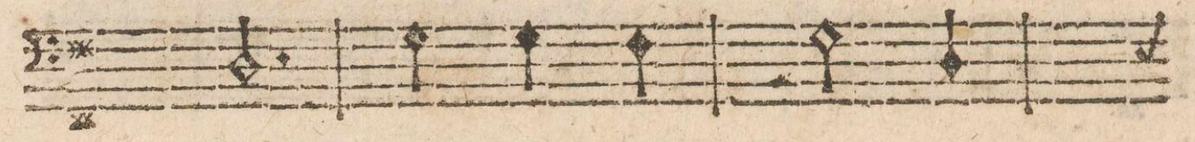


tour- ne, tour- ne, tour- ne:

A jeun la tê- te tour-ne auſ-

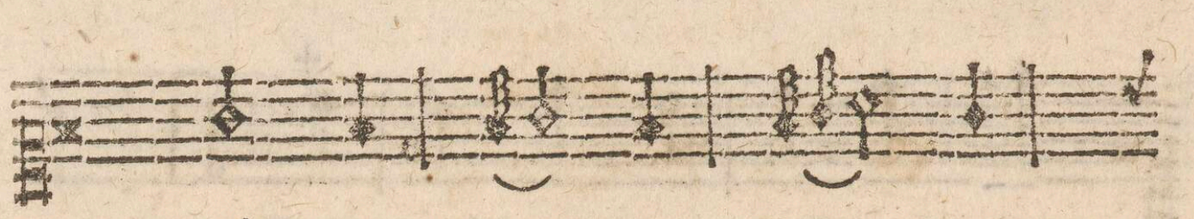
A jeun la tê- te tour- ne auſ-
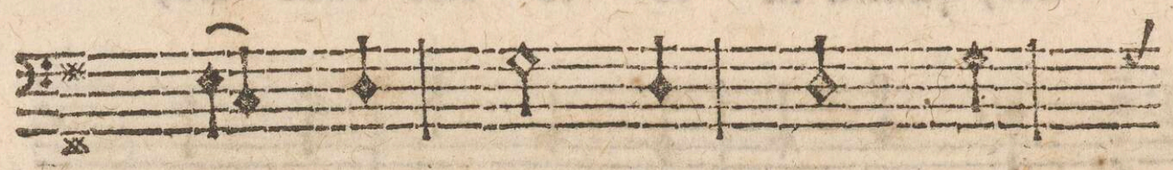


ſi. A tous mor- tels la
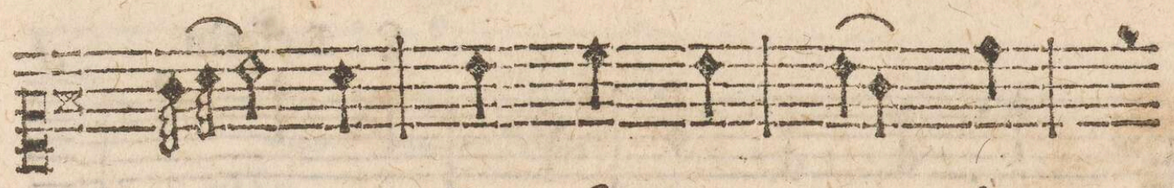


ſi. A tous mor- tels la
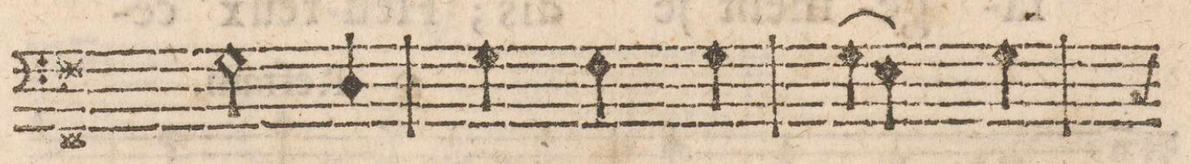


tê- te tour- ne, tour- ne,
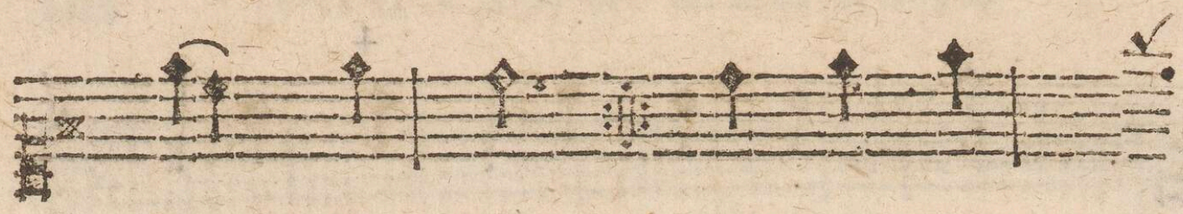


tê- te tour- ne, tour- ne,



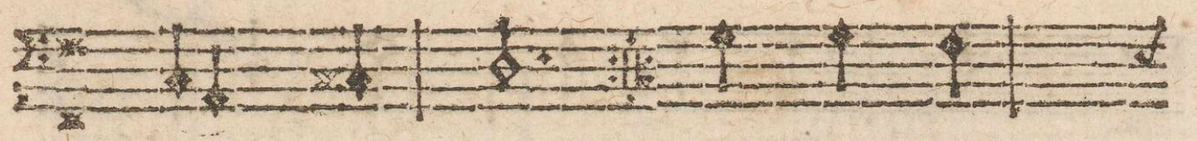
tour- ne, Le ſa- ge nous le



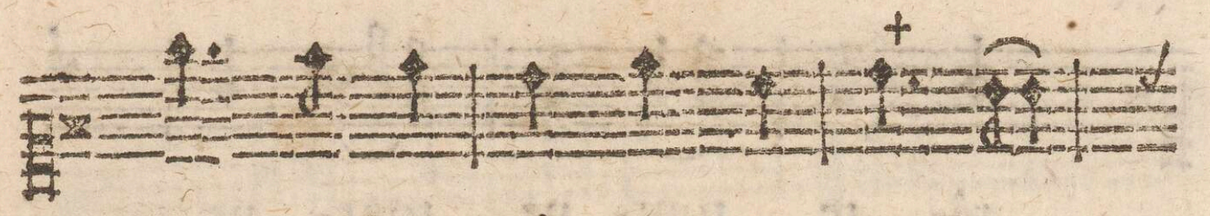
tour- ne, Le ſa- ge nous le
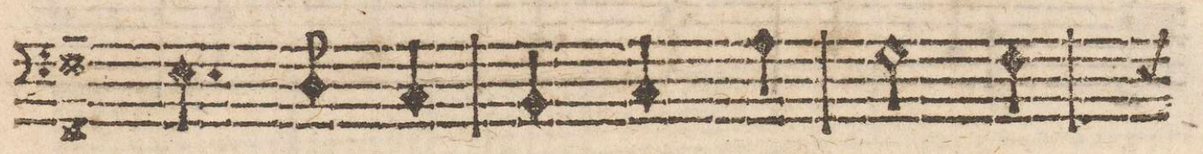


dit ain- ſi: Et moi je



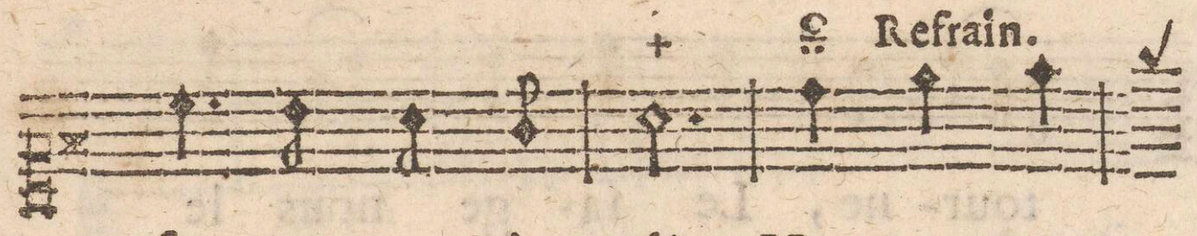
dit ain- ſi: Et moi je
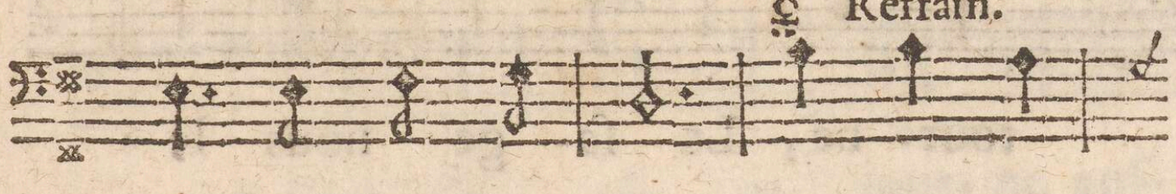


dis, quand la tê- te me tour- ne,



dis, quand la tê- te me tour- ne,

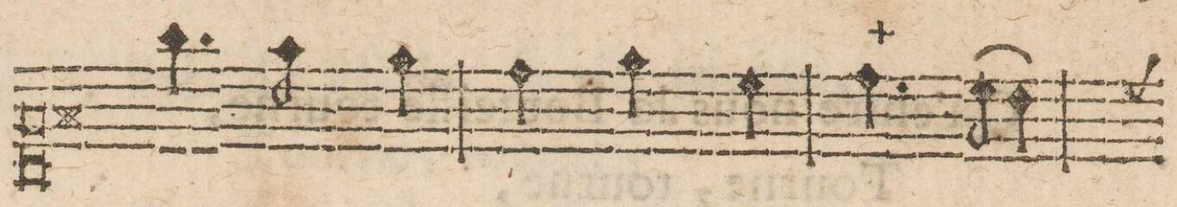


ſa- ge- ment je dis; Heu-reux ce-
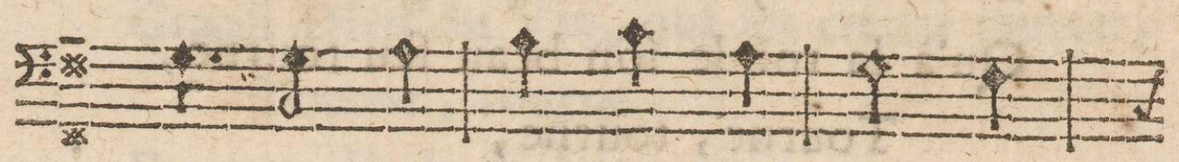


ſa- ge- ment je dis; Heu-reux ce-
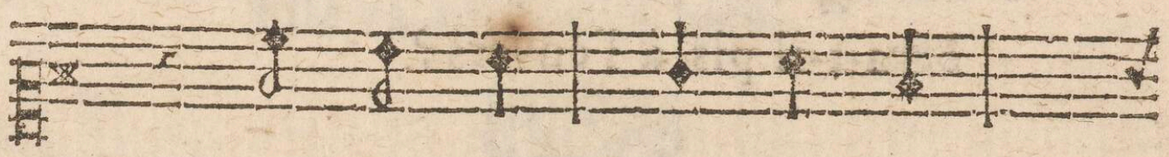
lui
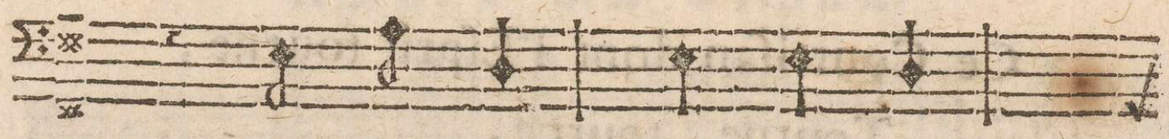


lui dont la tê- te ne tour- ne,



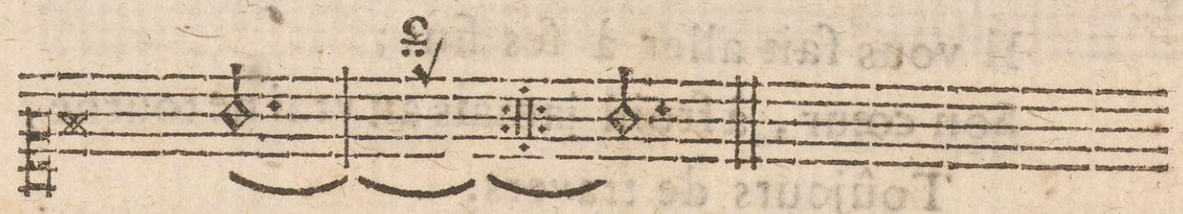
lui dont la tê- te ne tour- ne,



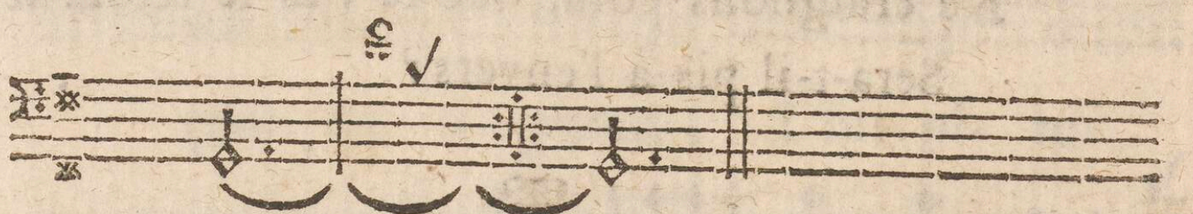
Qu'à ta- ble a- vec ſes A-



Qu'à ta- ble a- vec ſes A-



mis. mis.
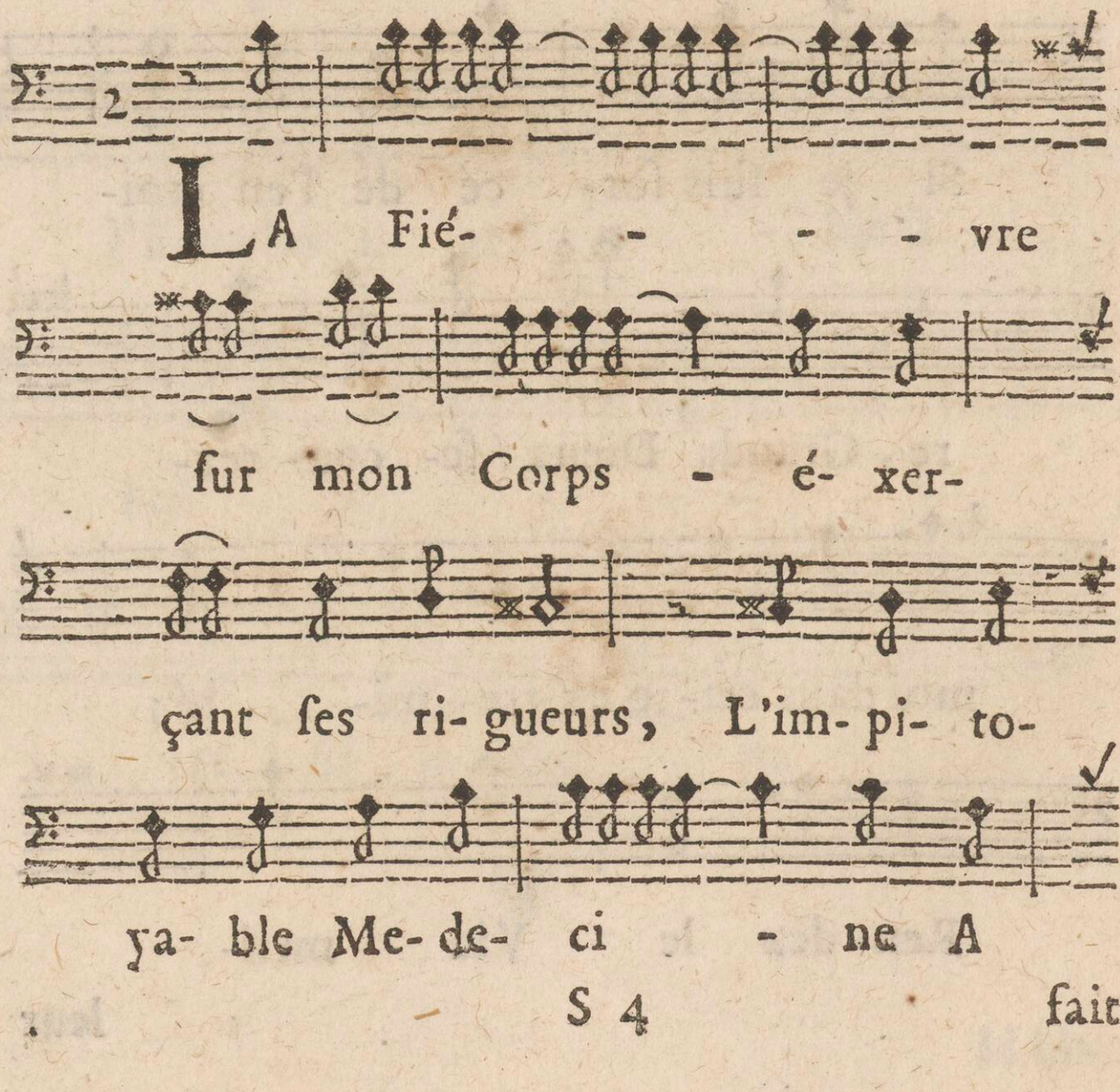


mis. mis.
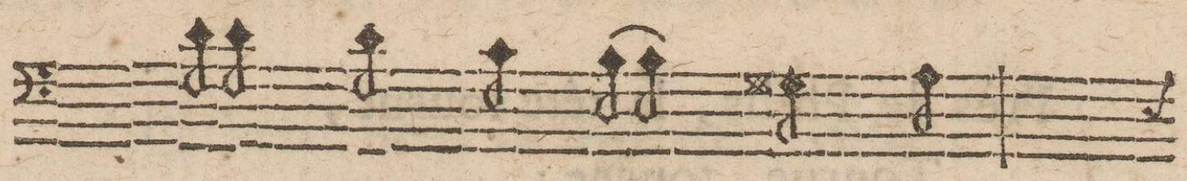
Qu'entre nous la Bouteille tourne,
Tourne, tourne,
Et nous enyvre à coups égaux;
Qu'à la ronde ſon beau feu tourne,
Tourne, tourne,
Tourne & retourne nos cerveaux:
Si de ſang froid le meilleur Eſprit tourne,
Toûjours de travers;
Ne craignons point que le Vin le retourne:
Sera-t-il pis à l'envers?

Ce Courtiſan dont l'Eſprit tourne,
Tourne, tourne,
Paroitra ſincere aux plus fins;
En vous careſſant il vous tourne,
Tourne, tourne,
Il vous fait aller à ſes fins;
Son cœur, à froid jamais au vrai ne tourne,
Toûjours de travers.
Ne craignons point que le Vin le retourne:
Sera-t-il pis à l'envers?
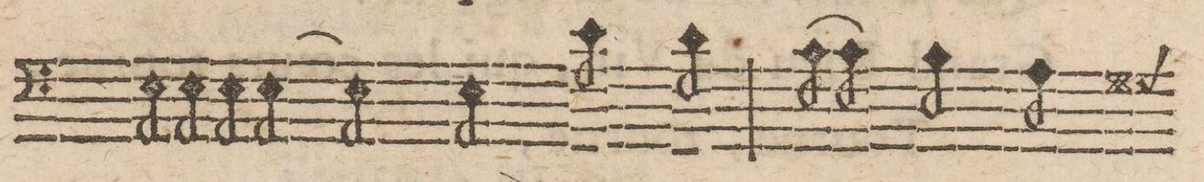
Près de Philis, la tête tourne,
Tourne, tourne ;
Que je ſuis las de ſa rigueur !
Grand Dieu du Vin, qui les cœurs tourne,
Tourne, tourne,
Ennyvre-là de ta Liqueur.
Qu'elle en prend bien ! Déja ſon bel œil tour- (ne,
Quaſi vers le mien : (ne,
Pour peu qu'à la Bouteille elle retourne,
Elle va tourner à bien.

RECIT DE BASSE.
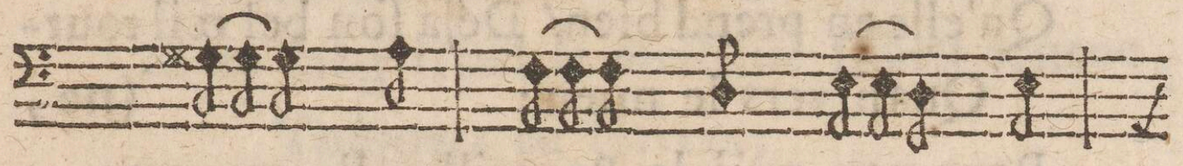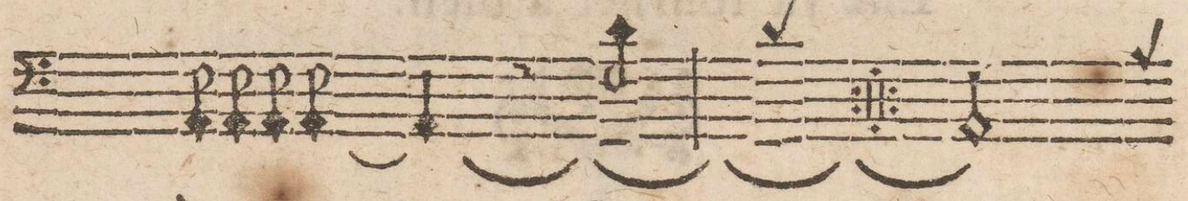




fait rem- plir d'Eau ma cho-
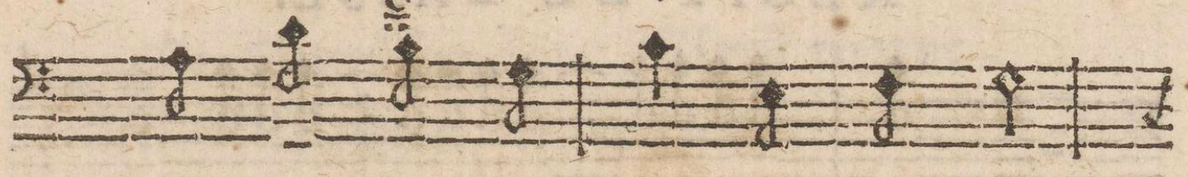


pi- - ne, Et pré- tend que le
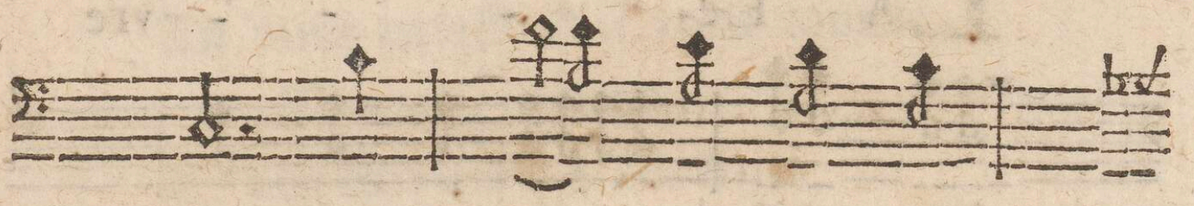


Vin aug- men- te mes dou-
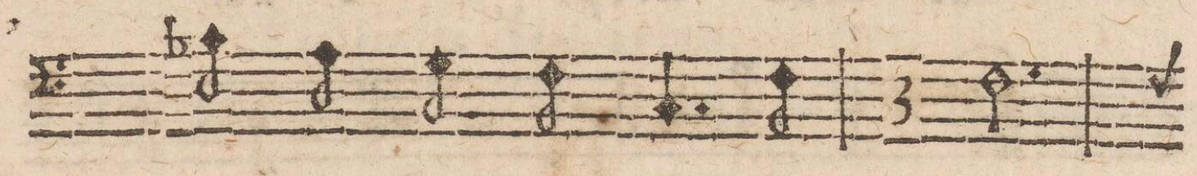


leurs. - La, &c. leurs.
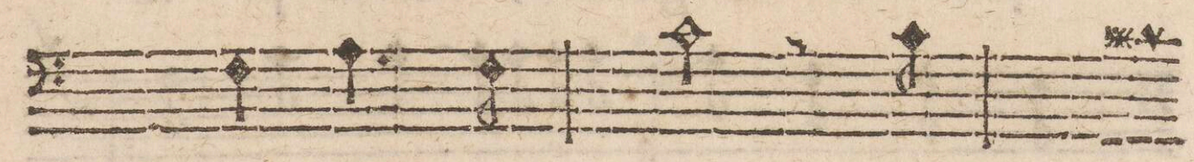


Si je ſuis for- cé de l'en croi-



re, Grands Dieux! ſe- cou- rez-
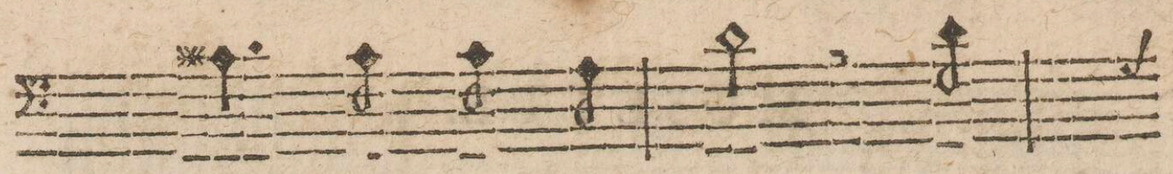


moi dans cet-te ex-tre- mi- té;

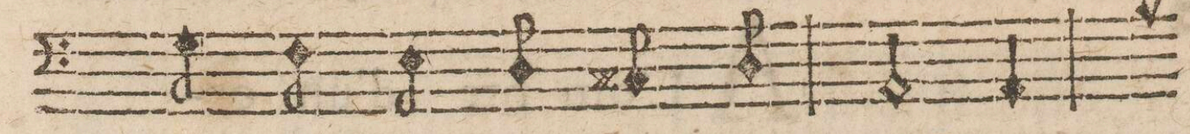


Ren- dez le Vin meil-

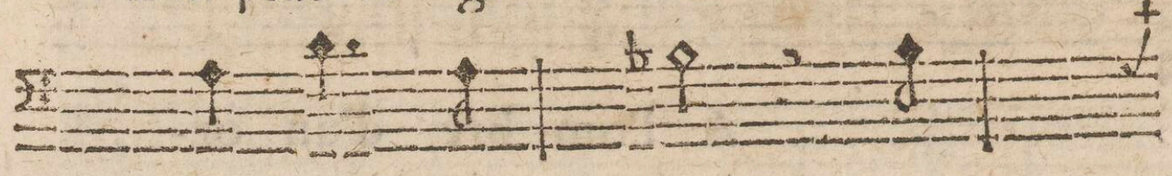
leur
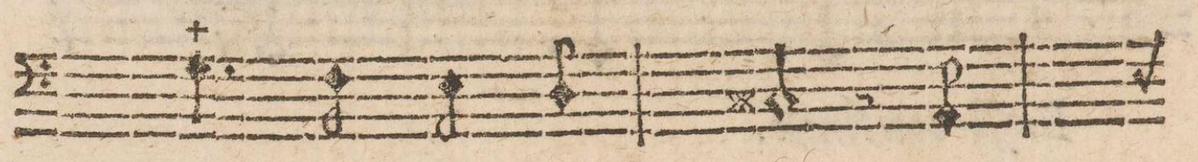


leur pour la ſan- té, Ou
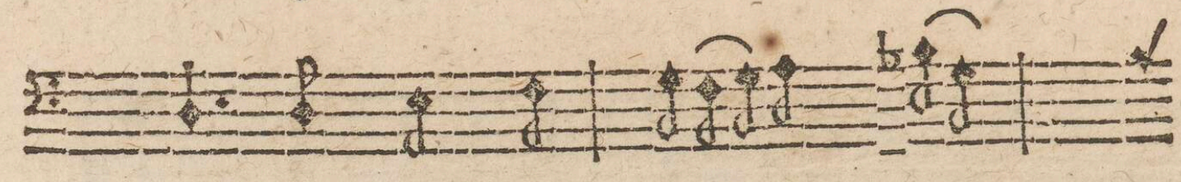


l'Eau plus a- gré- a- ble à boi- re:
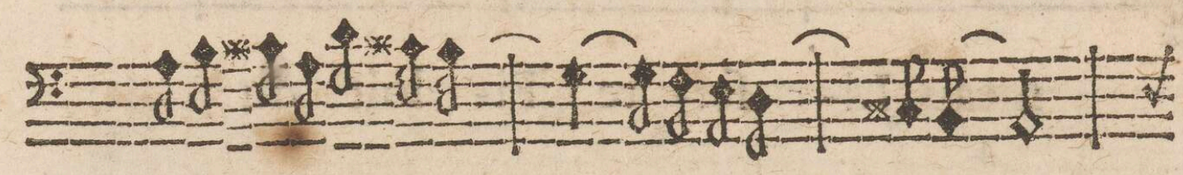


Ren- dez le Vin meil-
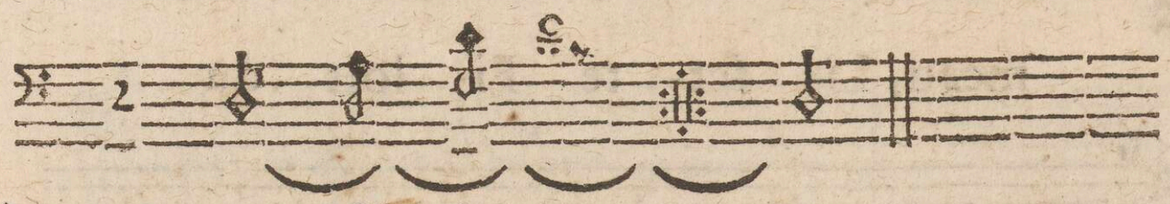


leur pour la ſau- té, Ou



l'Eau plus a- gré- a- - ble à
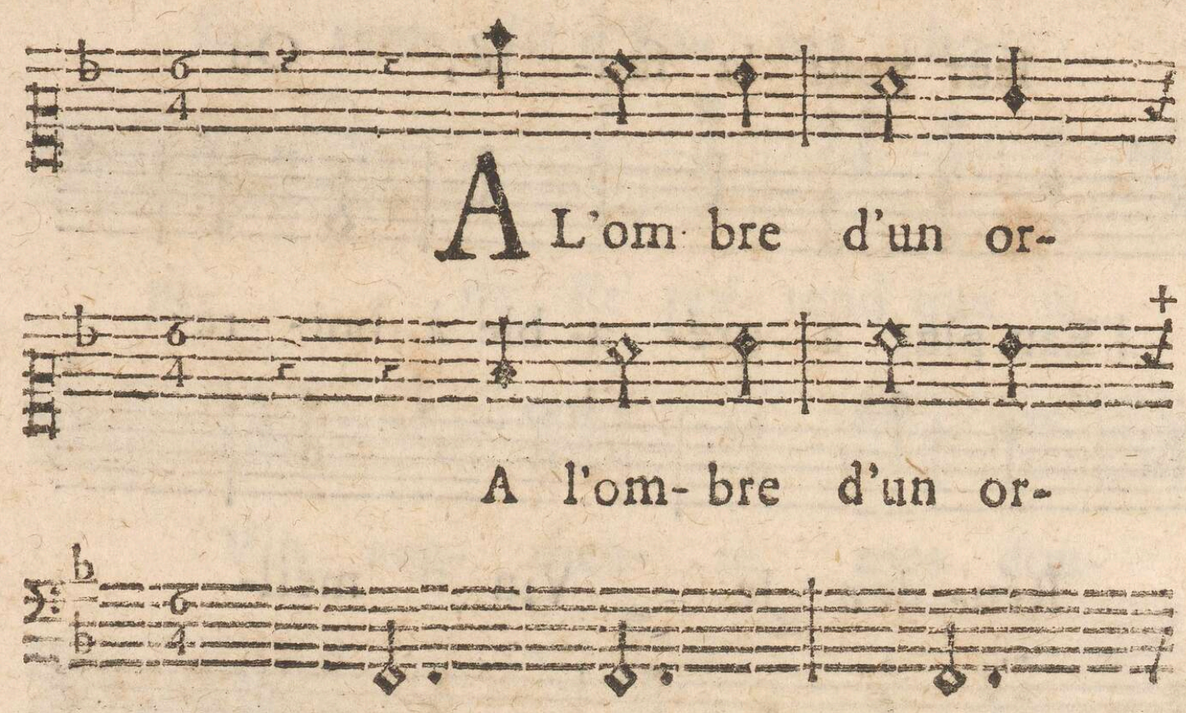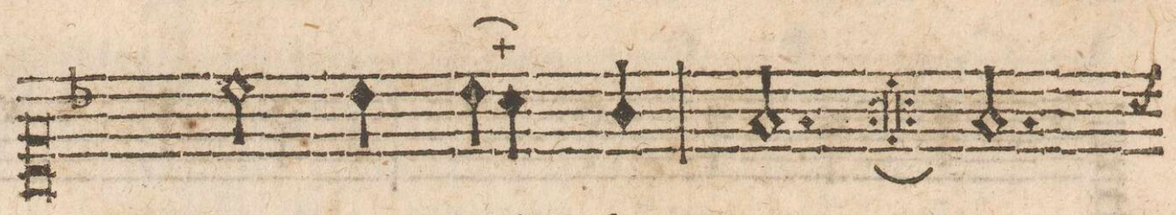


boi - - - -



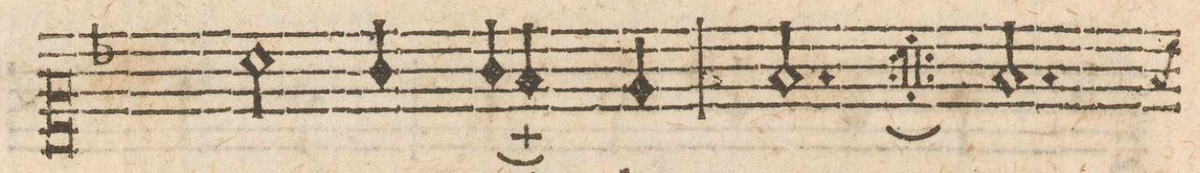
re. Si je, &c. re.

MUSETTE.
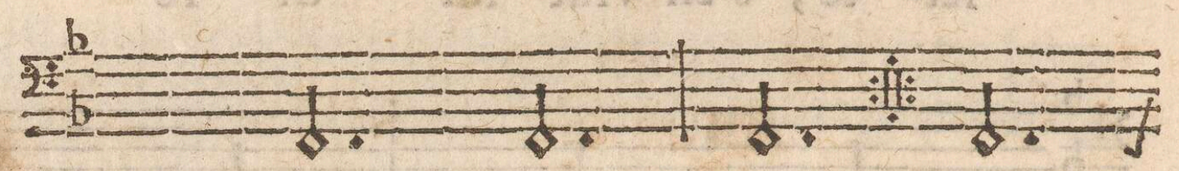

A L'om bre d'un or-
A l'om- bre d'un or-
Baſſe-continue.
meau, Li- ſet- te Fi- loit du
meau, Li- ſet- te Fi- loit du
Baſſe-continue.
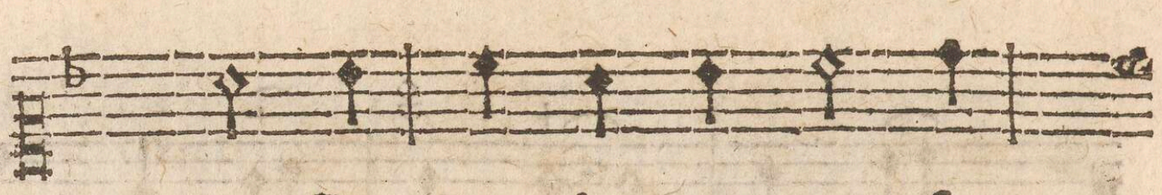


Lin tran- qui- le- ment: ment:
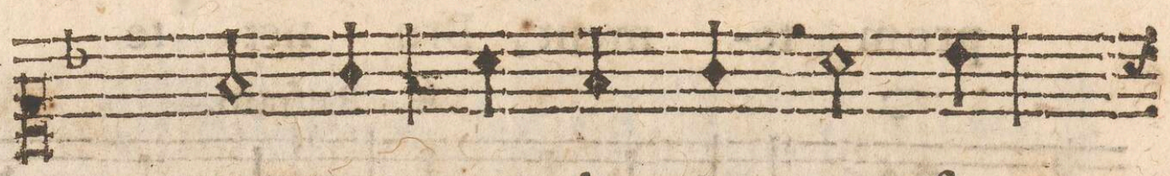


Lin tran-qui- le- ment: ment:
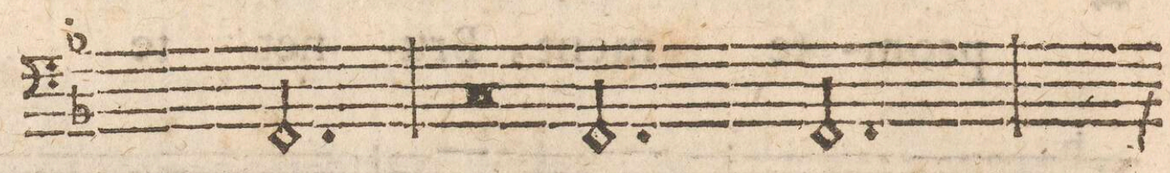


Basse-continue.



Son Ber- ger la trou-vant ſeu-
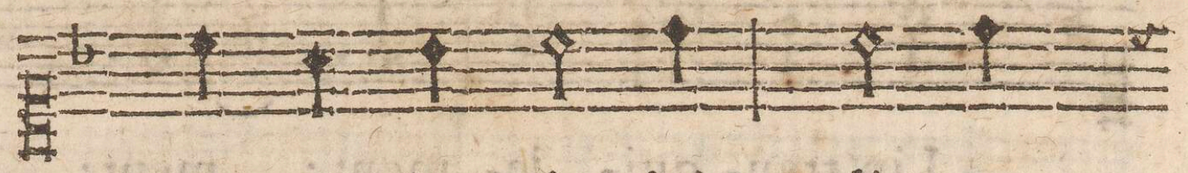


Son Ber- ger la trou-vant ſeu-



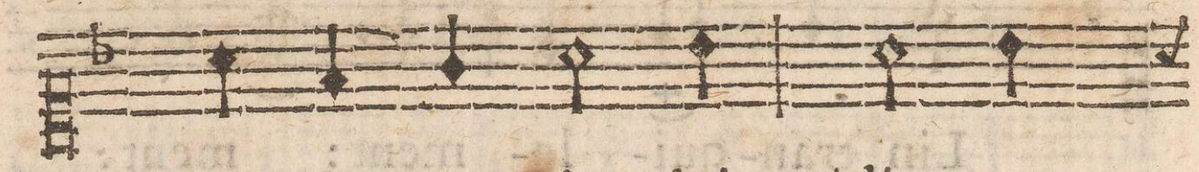
Basse-continue.

Lin
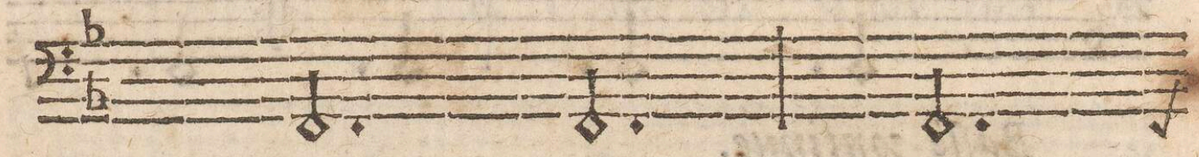
lette
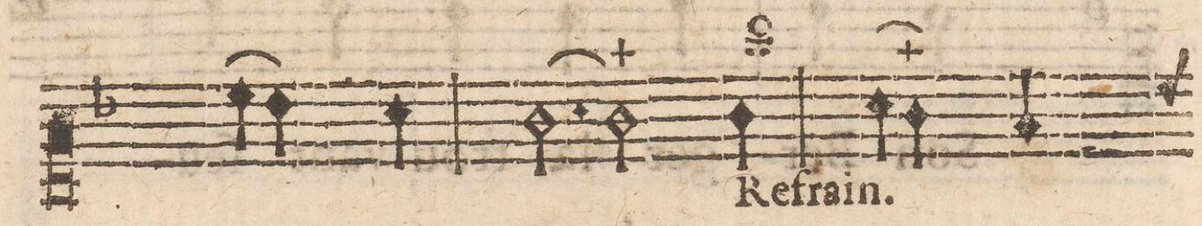


let- te, S'en vint lui di- re



let- te, s'en vint lui di- re

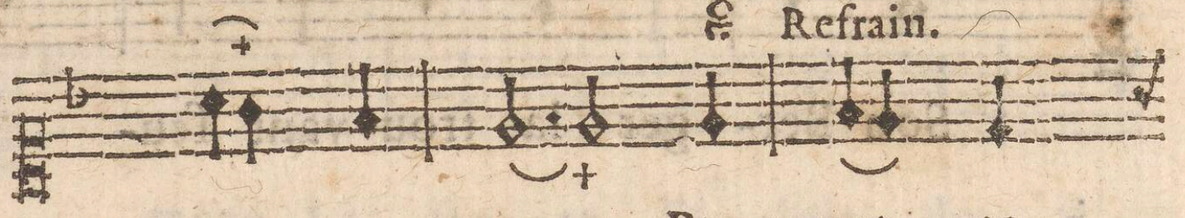


Baſſe-continue.
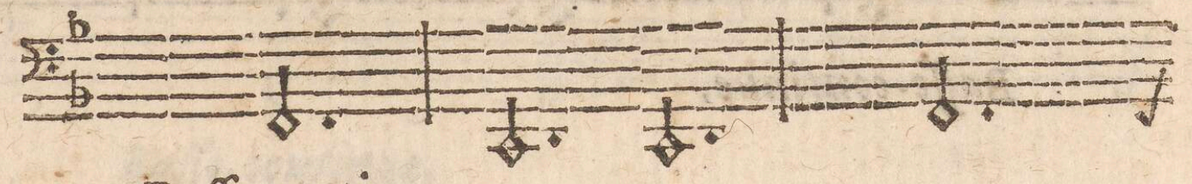


Refrain.

prom- te- ment, Bru net- te
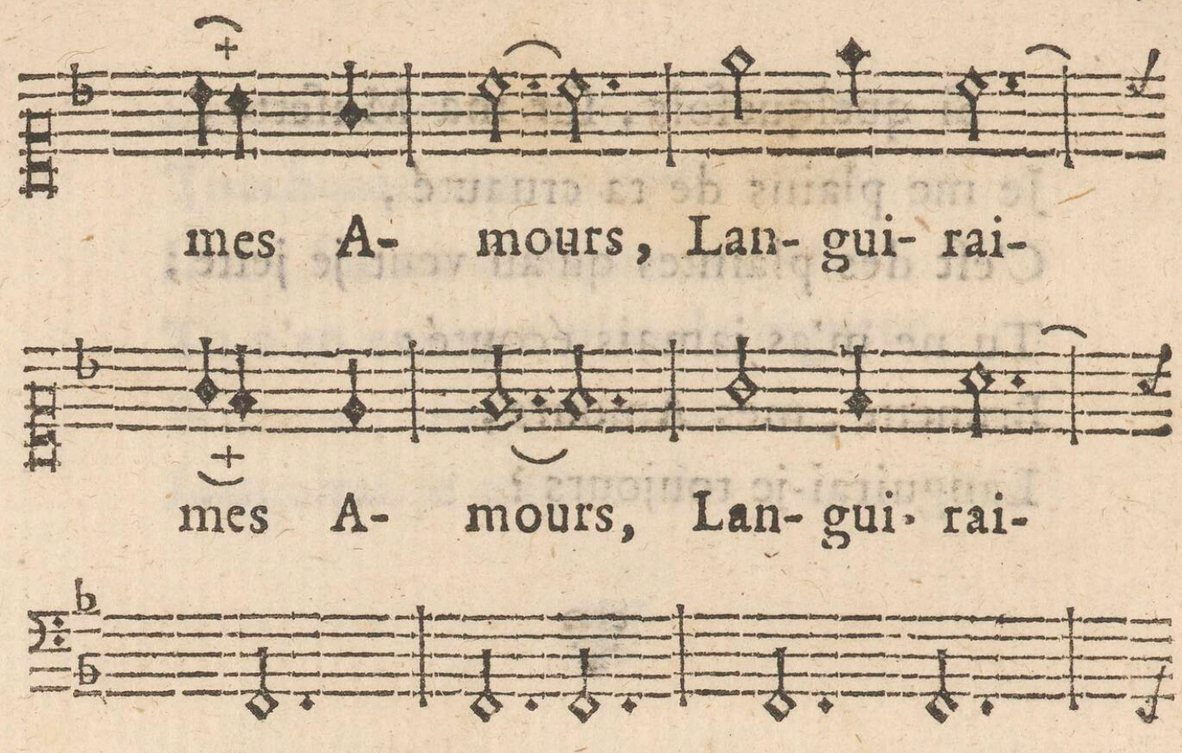


Refrain.

prom- te ment, Bru- net- te



Baſſe-continue.

mes


mes A- mours, Lan- gui- rai-
mes A- mours, Lan- gui- rai-
Basse-continue.
- - je tou- jours? Bru-, &c. jours?
- - je tou- jours? Bru-, &c. jours?
Basse-continue.

Si quelquefois, ſur ma Muſette,
Je me plains de ta cruauté,
C'eſt des plaintes qu'au vent je jette;
Tu ne m'as jamais écouté:
Brunette, mes Amours,
Languirai-je toujours?

Ce jour qu'on danſoit au Village,
Je fus pour te donner la main;
Mais auſſi-tôt, ſur ton viſage,
Je vis paroitre un air chagrin.
Brunette, mes Amours,
Languirai-je toujours?

Un autre jour, qu'il t'en ſouvienne,
Je vins t'aporter un Agneau,
Qu'un Loup dans la Forêt prochaine,
T'enlevoit de ton cher troupeau;
Brunette, mes Amours,
Languirai-je toujours?

En vain je crus que ce ſervice,
Toucheroit ton barbare cœur;
Il me fut un nouveau ſuplice,
Tu n'en eus que plus de rigueur.
Brunette, mes Amours,
Languirai-je toujours?

Si, pour te faire une careſſe,
Tu vois même aprocher mon Chien,
Tu le traites avec rudeſſe,
Et le fais mordre par le tien.
Brunette, mes Amours,
Languirai-je toujours?

Quand ſeul dans nos bois je ſoupire,
Senſible à mon cruel tourment,
Zéphire à l'Echo va le dire;
L'Echo répond en ſoupirant,
Brunette, mes Amours,
Languirai-je toujours?

Ce ruiſſeau, dont l'Eau vive & pure,
Groſſit des pleurs que je répans;
Rédit auſſi par ſon murmure,
Qu'il mêle à mes triſtes accens;
Brunette, mes Amours,
Languirai-je toujours?

Le Berger, de ſi bonne grace,
Contoit ſon amoureux tourment;
Qu'un jeune cœur, fût-il de glace,
Se fut rendu dans le moment.
Chacun doit à ſon tour,
Un tribut à l'Amour.

Auſſi Liſette dans ſon ame,
Sentit naître une vive ardeur;
L'Amour, avec un trait de flamme,
Venoit de lui percer le cœur:
Chacun doit à ſon tour,
Un tribut à l'Amour.

Liſette, ſentant ſa défaite,
Peut-être ne l'eut jamais dit,
Sans que la trop tendre Liſette
Fit un ſoupir qui la trahit;
Chacun doit à ſon tour,
Un tribut à l'Amour.
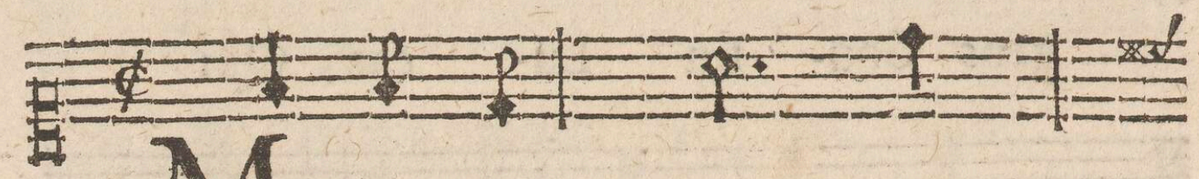
Ils étoient ſeuls dans ce Boccage,
On ne ſait ce qui s'y paſſa;
Mais Tircis eut été peu ſage,
S'il en étoit demeuré-là:
Chacun doit à ſon tour,
Un tribut à l'Amour.

Beauté, dont la rigueur extrême
Réduit mille Amans aux Abois,
Un jour vous aimerez de même;
L'Amour ne perd jamais ſes droits:
Chacun doit à ſon tour,
Un tribut à l'Amour.
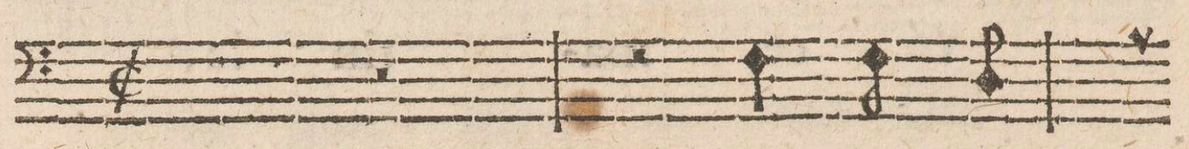
Quand une fois ſous ſon Empire
Ce petit Enfant nous ſoûmet,
On a beau cacher ſon martire,
Un rien trahit nôtre ſecret:
Chacun doit à ſon tour,
Un tribut à l'Amour.

Amans, pour deſarmer vos Belles,
Profitez de cette Leçon;
La plainte eſt utile auprès d'elles,
Vous l'avez vû par ma Chanſon:
Chacun doit à ſon tour
Un tribut à l'Amour.

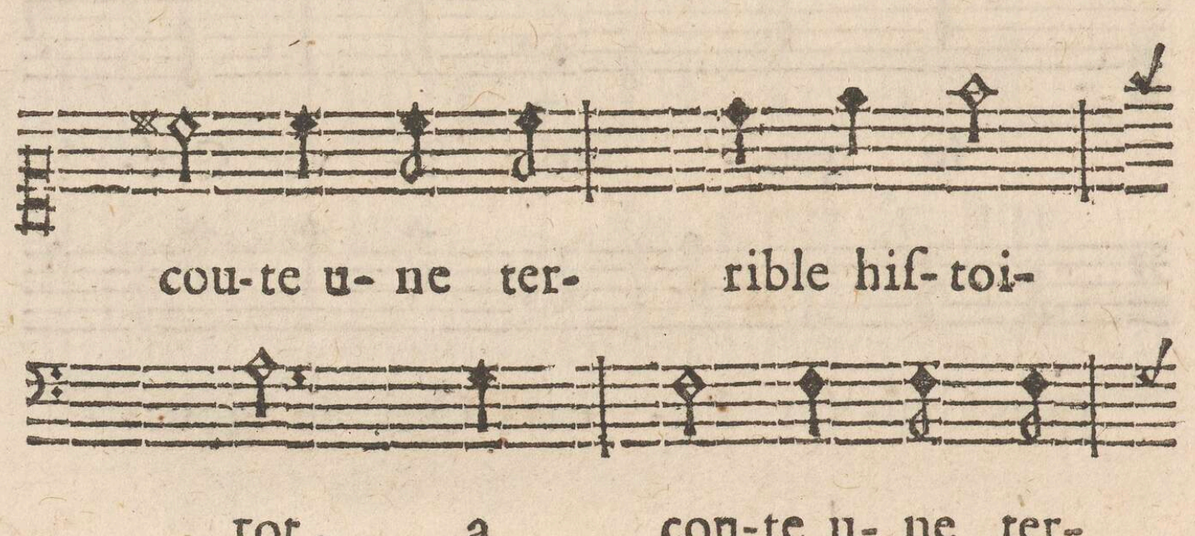
DUO DE PAISANS.



Morgué, Pier- rot, a
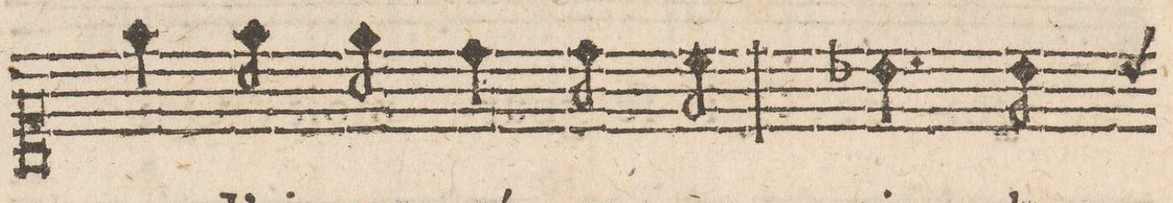


Mor- gué, Pier-
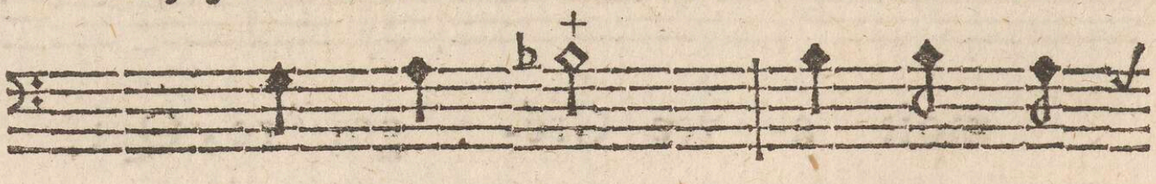


cou-te u- ne ter- rible hif- toi-
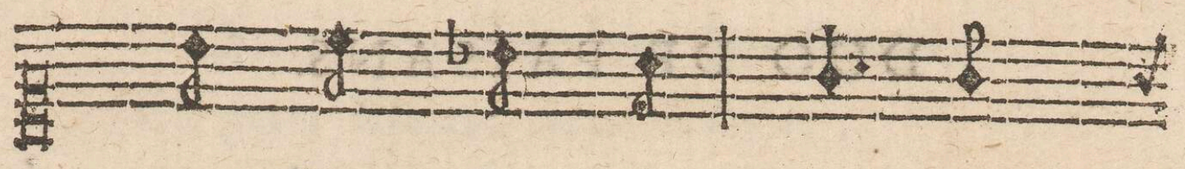
rot, a cou-te u- ne ter-



re, J'ai trou- vé ce ma- tin le
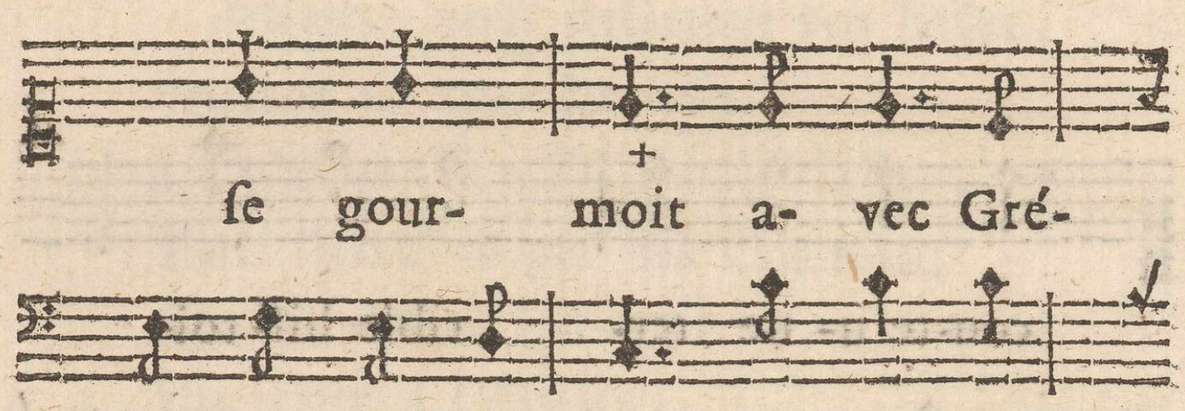


ri- ble hif- toi- re, J'ai trou-



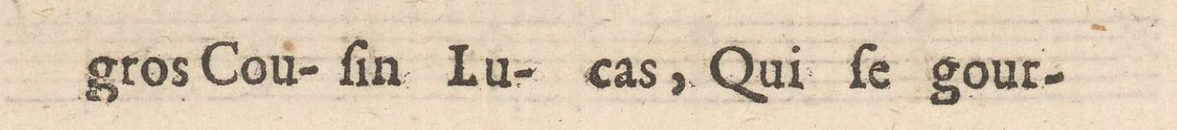
gros Cou- ſin Lu- cas, Qui
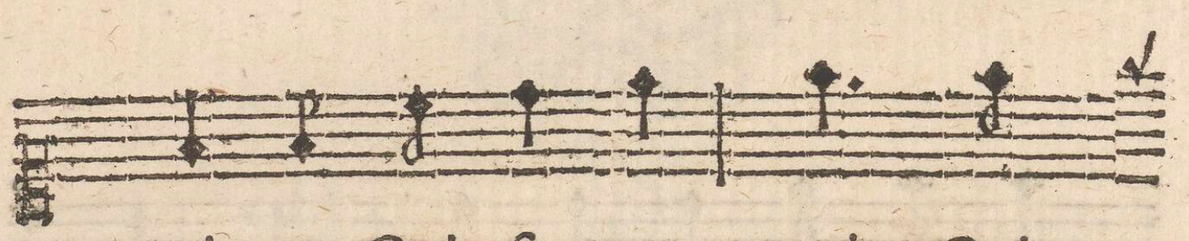


vé ce ma- tin le
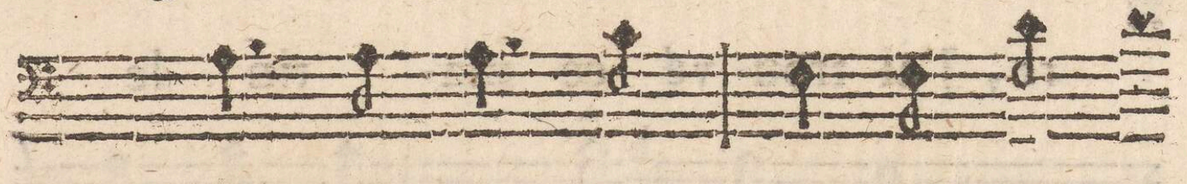


ſe gour- moit a- vec Gré-



gros Cou- ſin Lu- cas, Qui ſe gour-
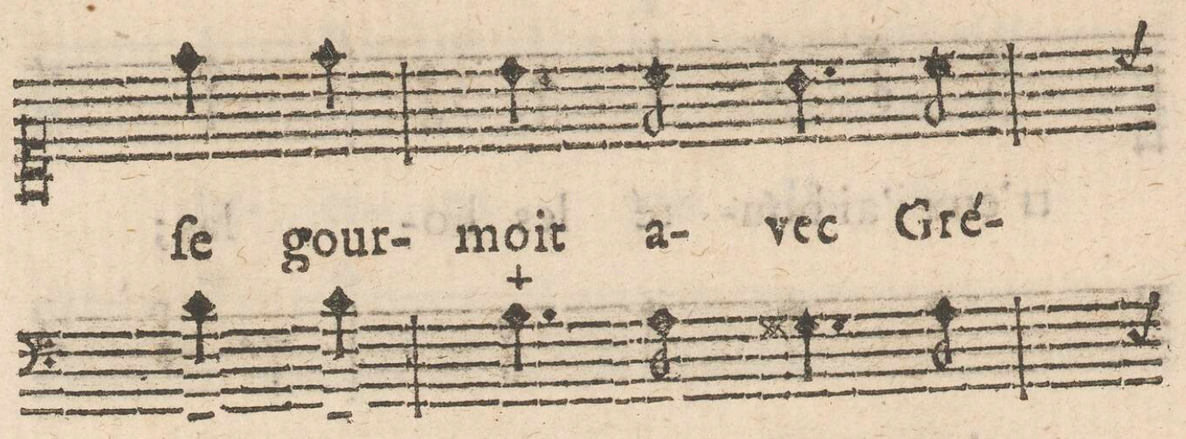


goi- re, Qui ſe gour- moit, Qui
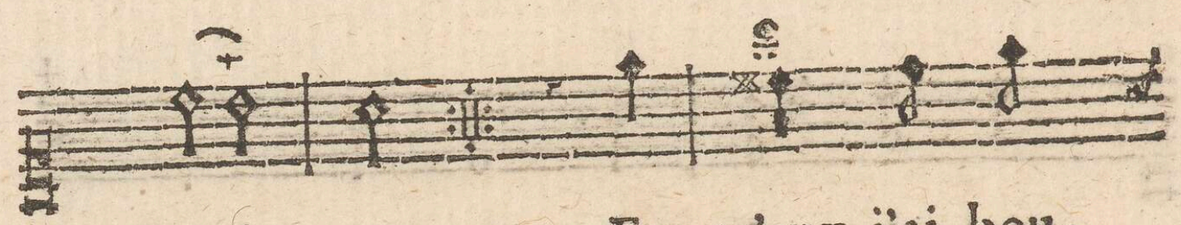


moit a- vec Gré- goi- re, Qui
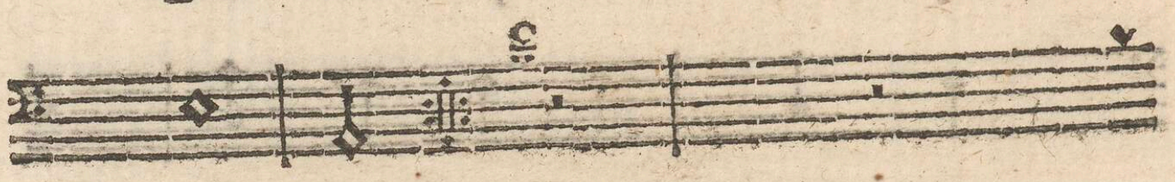
ſe



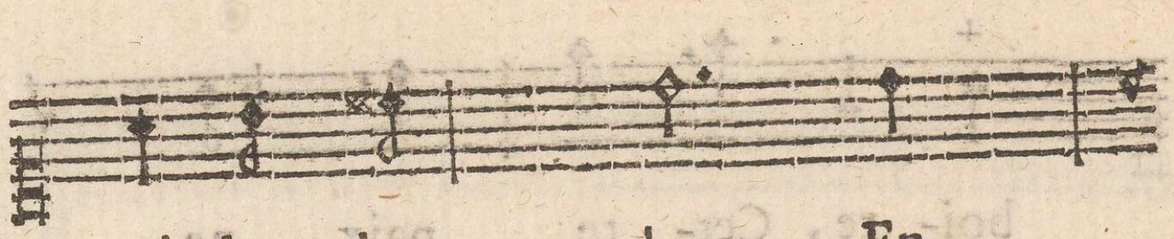
se gour- moit a- vec Gré-



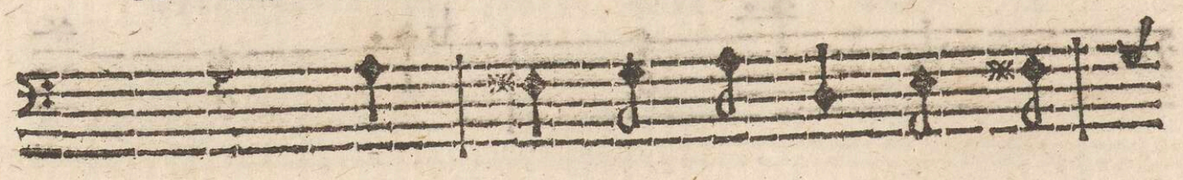
goi- re: En- tr'eux j'ai bou-



goi- re:
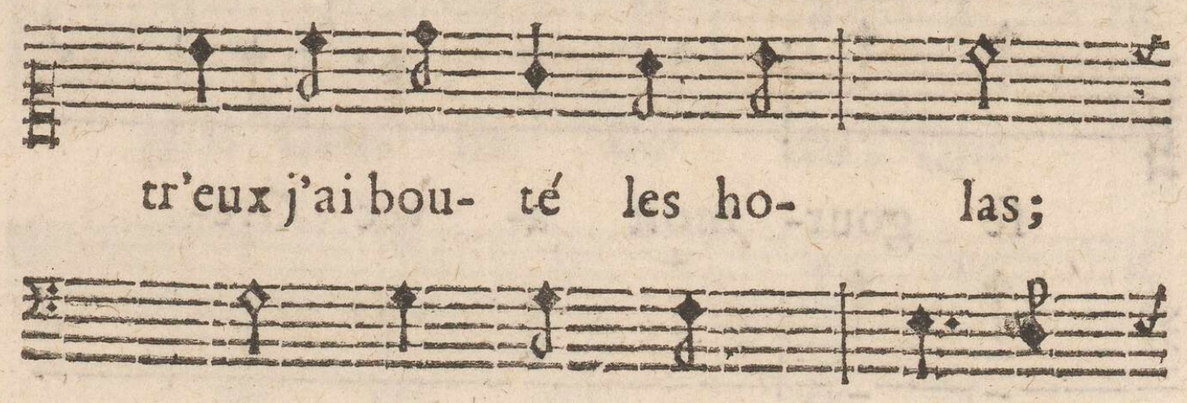


té les ho- las, En-
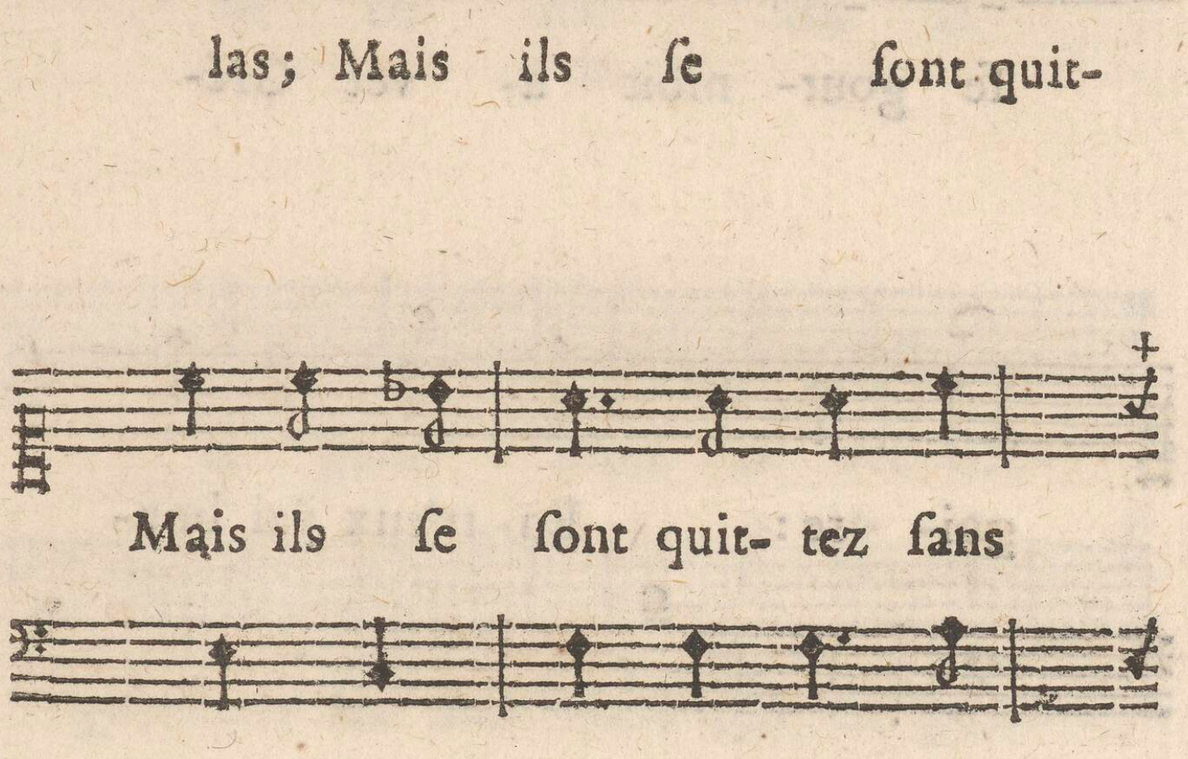


En- tr'eux j'ai bou-té les ho-
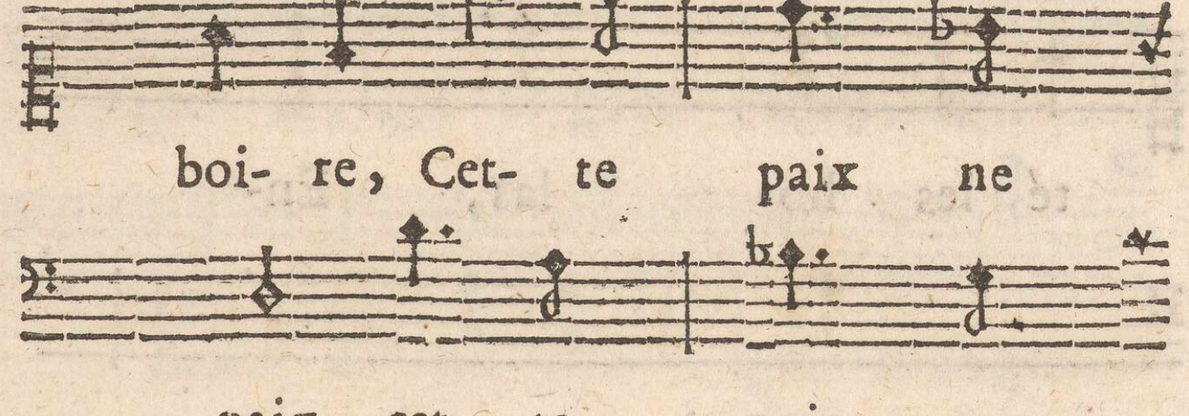
tr'eux



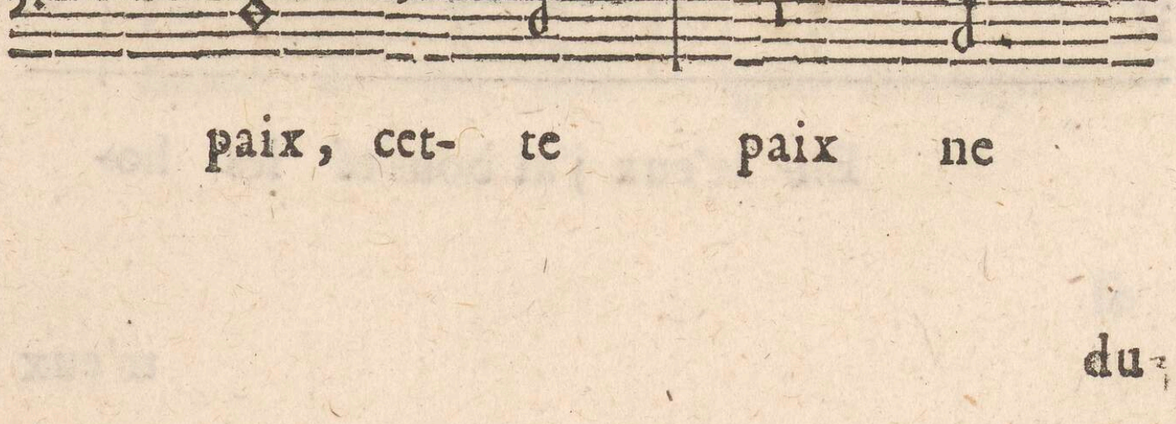
tr'eux j'ai bou- té les ho- las;



las; Mais ils ſe ſont quit-



Mais ils ſe ſont quit- tez ſans



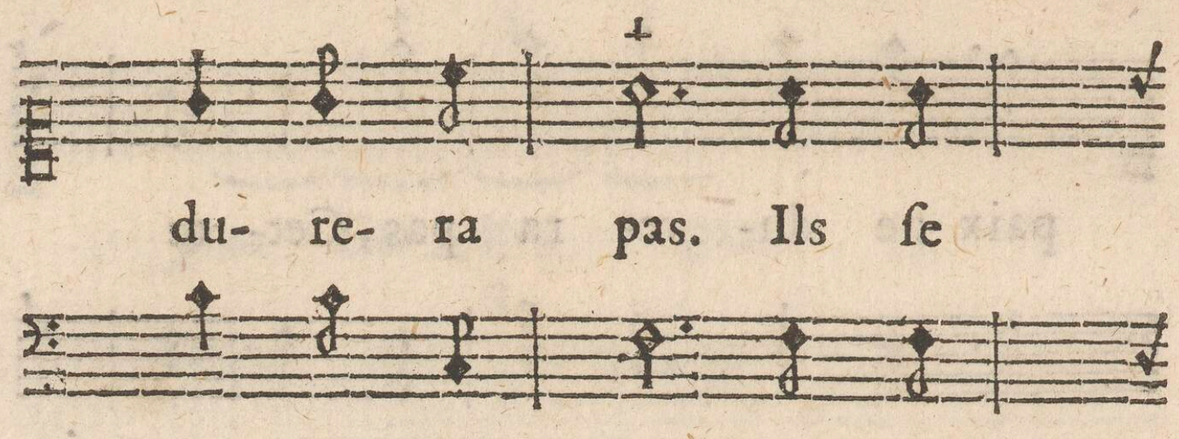
tez ſans boi- re; Cet- te
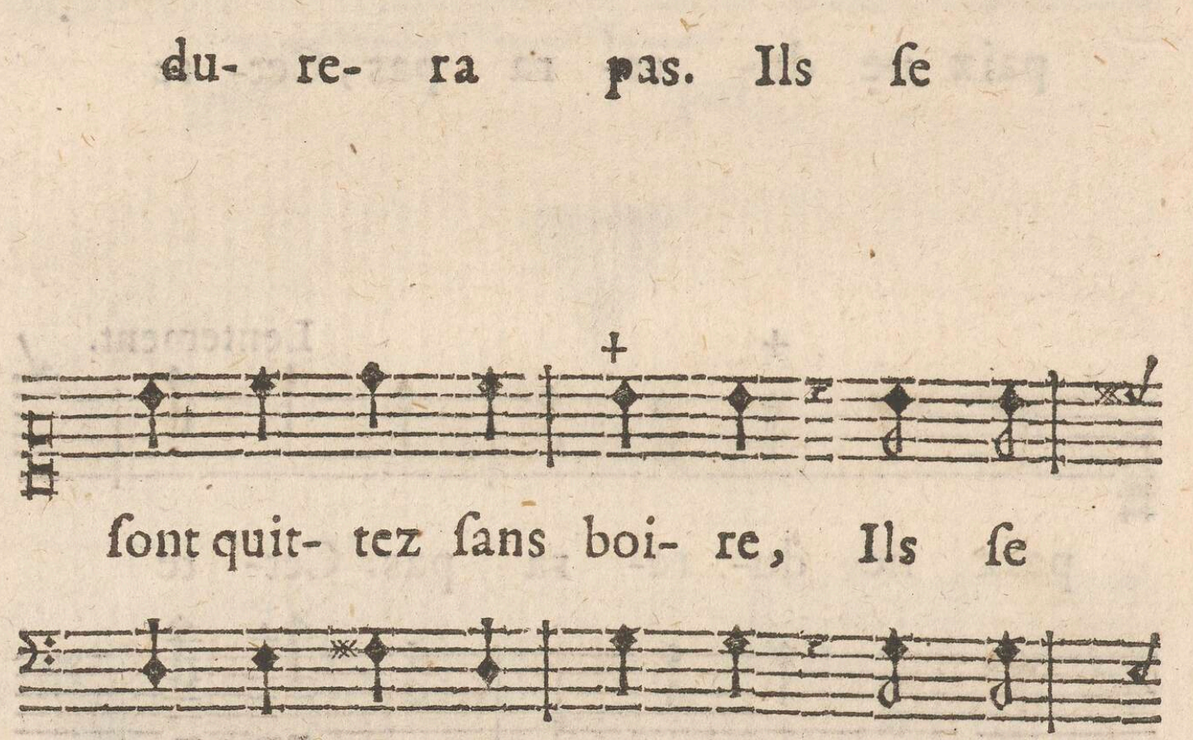


boi- re, Cet- te paix ne

paix, cet- te paix ne

du-

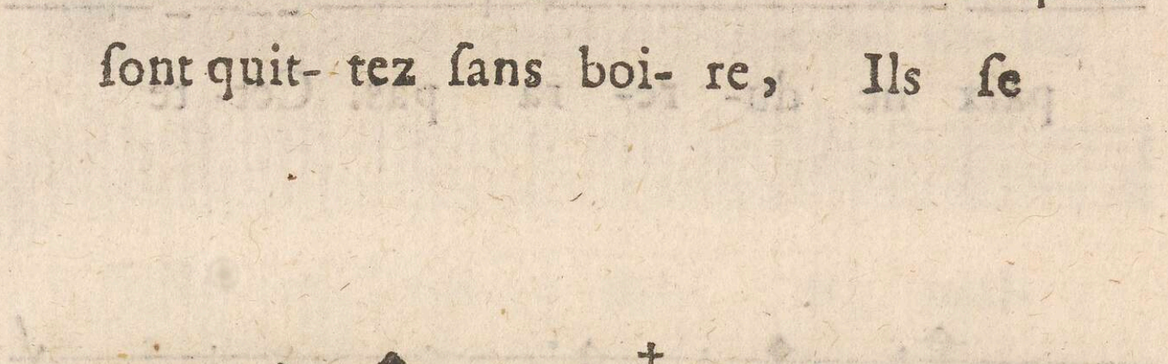


du- re- ra pas. Ils ſe

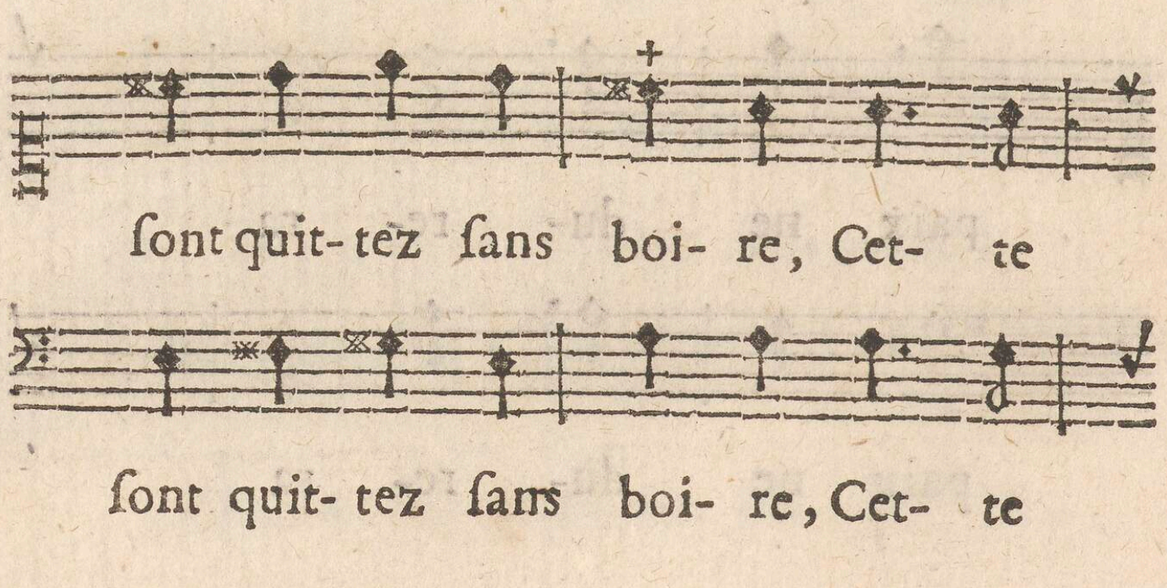


du- re- ra pas. Ils ſe

ſont quit- tez ſans boi- re, Ils ſe



ſont quit- tez ſans boi- re, Ils ſe
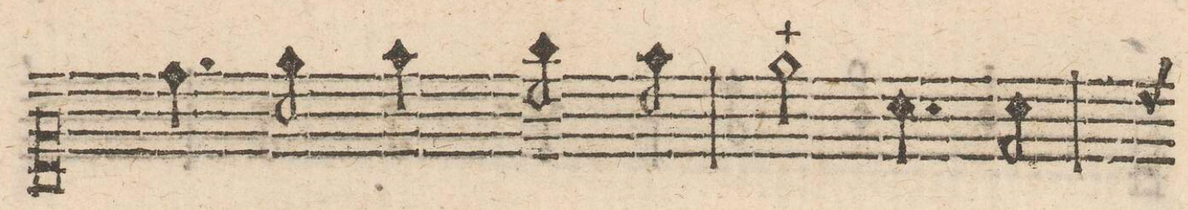


ſont quit-tez ſans boi- re, Cet- te



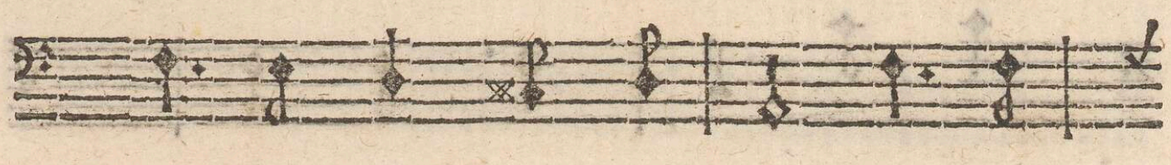
ſont quit- tez ſans boi- re, Cet- te

du-
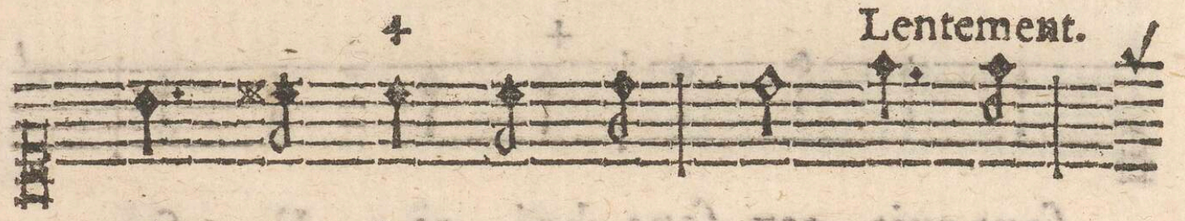
paix
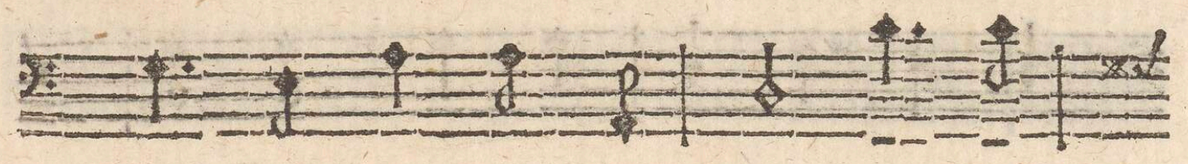


paix ne du- re- ra pas, Cet- te
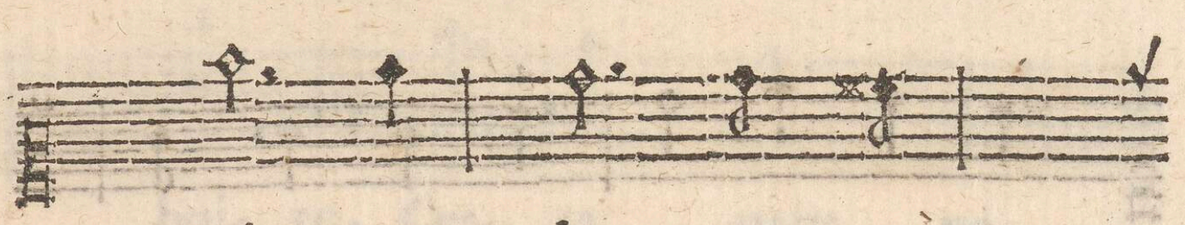


paix ne du- re- ra pas, Cet- te
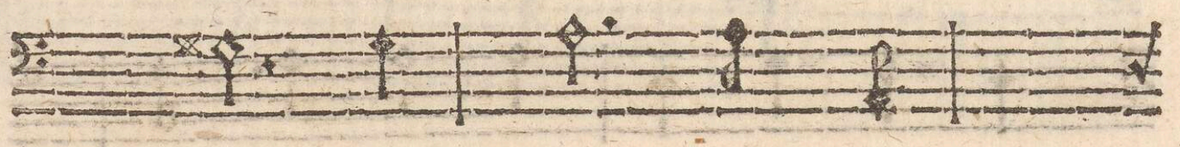


paix ne du- re- ra pas. Cet- te



paix ne du- re- ra pas. Cet- te

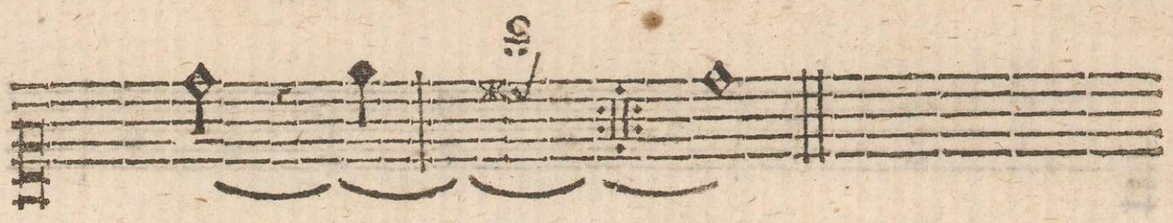


paix ne du- re- ra
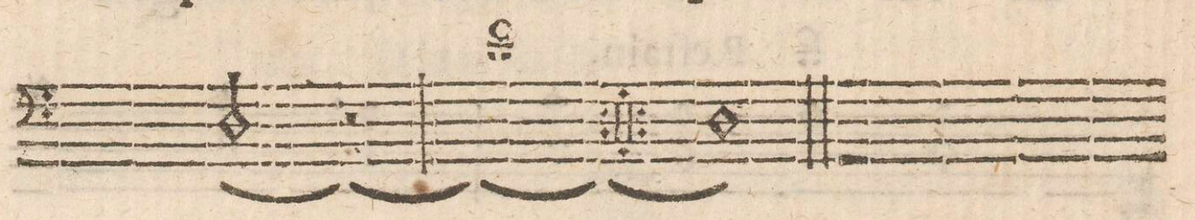


paix ne du- re- ra

pas.
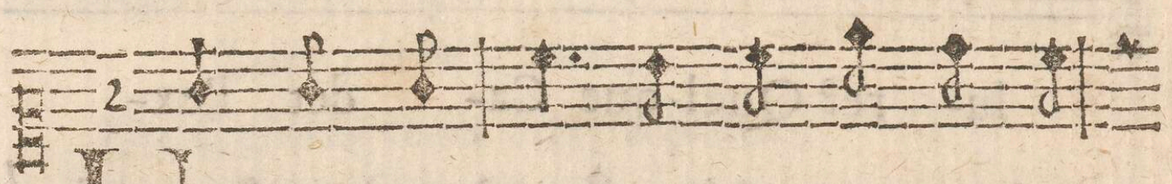


pas. En-, &c. pas.

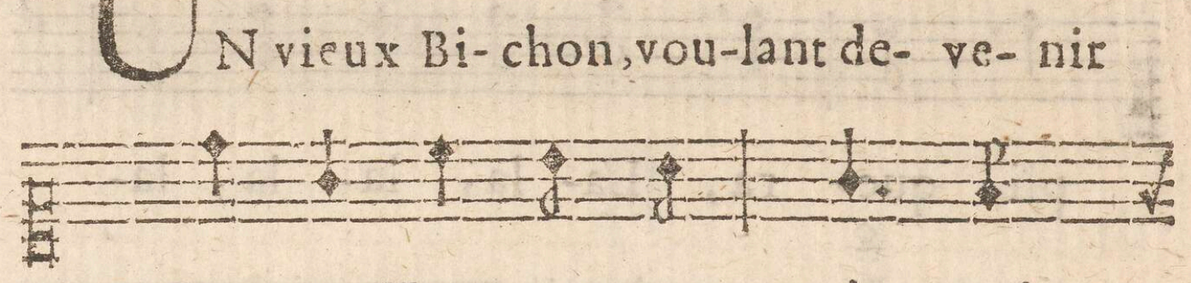


pas. pas.

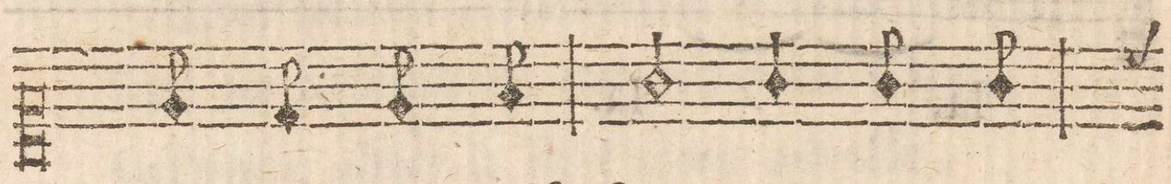
BRANLE.
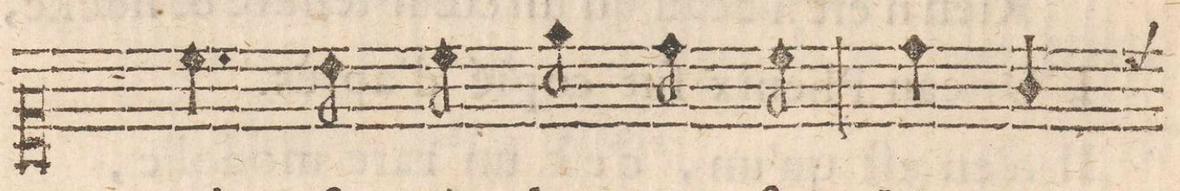


UN vieux Bi- chon, vou-lant de- ve- nir



Pe- re, Trou- va par- ti, mal-
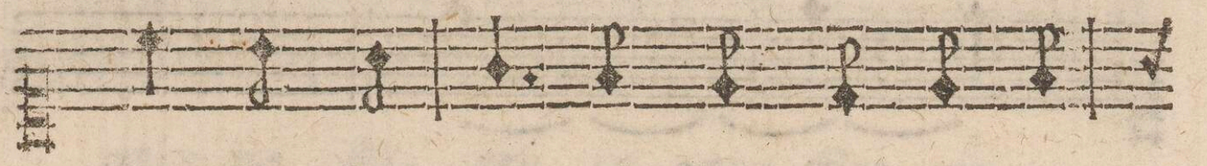


gré ſon poil craſ- ſeux. Dix jours a-
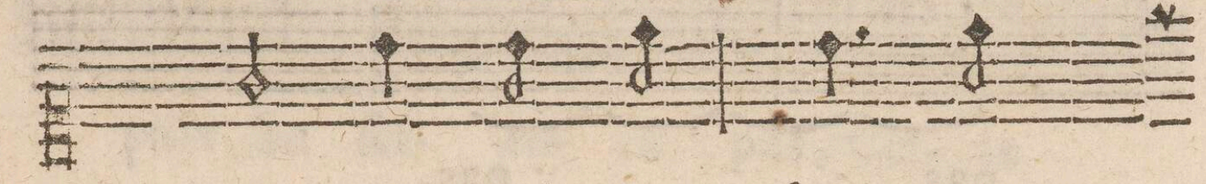


près, ſa Bi- chon- ne fut Me re,

pas.
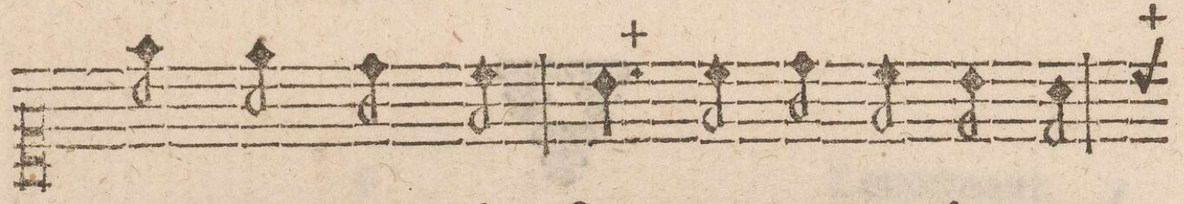


Et lui don- na trois Bra- ques vi- gou-
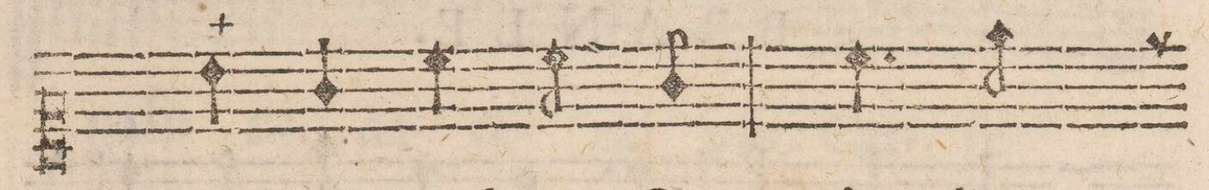
Refrain.



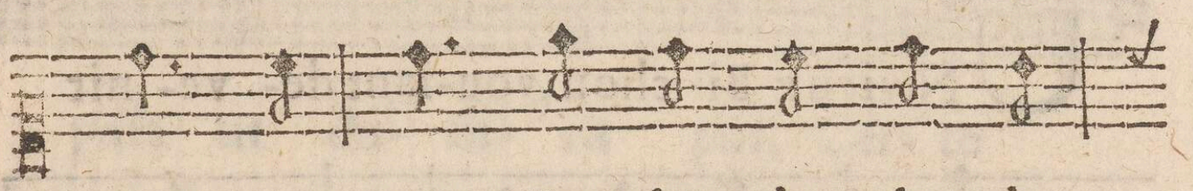
reux. Ma- ri Bar- bon, ma



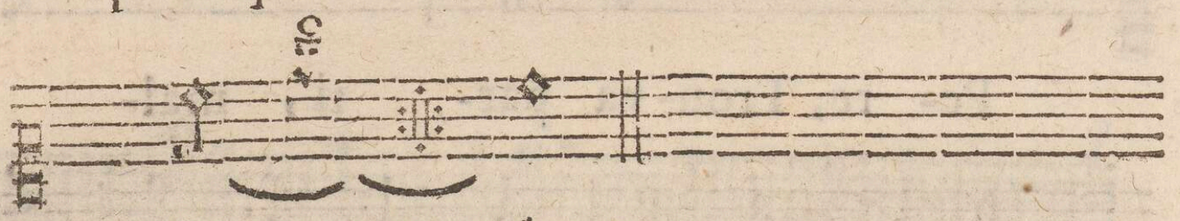
Fable eſt elle ob- ſcu- re, Lu- re, lu- re,



lu- re? Quel-que Ca- det l'ex-



pli- que- ra, La- la, la- la, la-



la. la.

Rien n'eſt ſi beau qu'un cœur tendre & fidelle,
L'Oiſeau Phenix fut copié d'après.
Il n'en eſt qu'un, c'eſt un rare modelle,
Il n'en eſt qu'un qu'on ne verra jamais.

Cœurs Papillons, ma Fable eſt-elle obſcure ?
Lure, lure, lure,
Vôtre Belle l'expliquera,
Lala, lala, lala.

Un vieux Baudet, moyennant groſſe uſure,
Donna du foin à de jeunes Chevaux.
A l'écheance il fit ſa procedure,
Et ne tira Rente, ni Capitaux.
Agioteurs, ma Fable eſt-elle obſcure ?
Lure, lure, lure,
Un Gaſcon vous l'expliquera,
Lala, lala, lala.

Une Souris, très-jeune & ſans fineſſe,
Fut au conſeil ſur certain petit Chat.
Inſtruite alors à fuir avec adreſſe,
Pour la Souris, le Minet prit un Rat.
Momus, j'ai veu Zéphire, & je vous jure,
Lure, lure, lure,
La dragée opere déjà,
Lala, lala, lala.

Un Epervier, jeune Penſionaire,
Chez un Corbeau prenoit un ſi beau pié,
Que le Corbeau, Mari ſéxagenaire,
De ſa moitié n'avoit que la moitié.
Noirs Procureurs, ma Fable eſt-elle obſcure?
Lure, lure, lure,
Vôtre Clerc vous l'expliquera,
Lala, lala, lala.
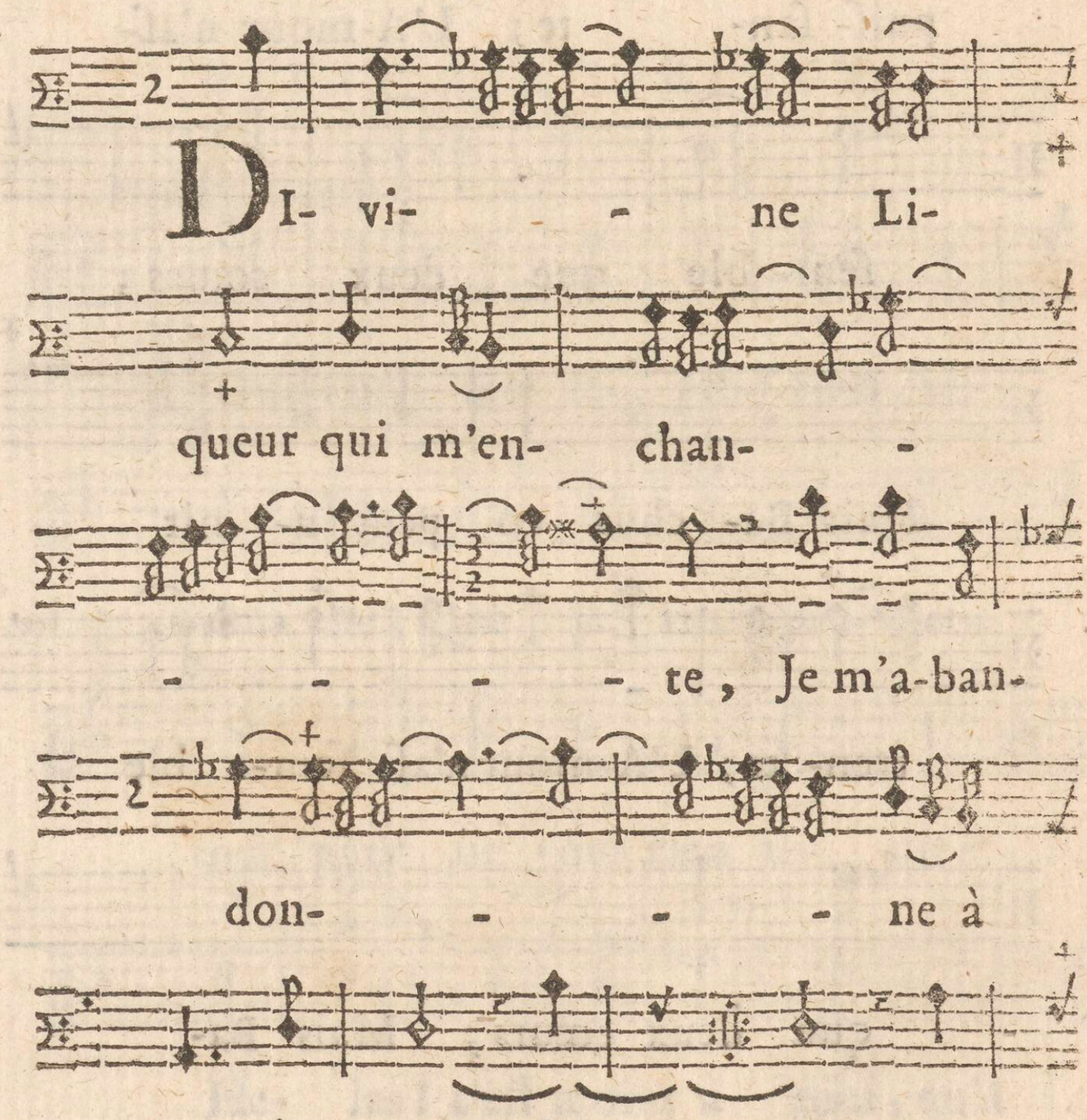
Un ſot Oiſon, entêté de Muſique,
D'une Fauvette étoit le Pourvoyeur.
Il ſe croyoit chez elle Acteur unique,
Et cependant il n'y chantoit qu'en Chœur.
Quoi qu'en Chanſon ma Fable eſt-elle obſcure?
Lure, lure, lure,
Le chant n'obſcurcit point cela,
Lala, lala, lala.
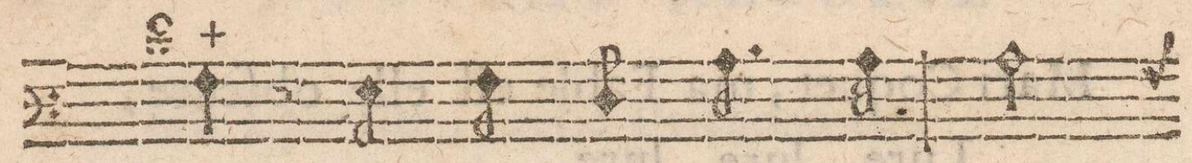
Un Chat fripon, quoiqu'en bonne Cuiſine,
Va dérober dans les plats du voiſin.
Morceau de lard, qu'il croque à la ſourdine,
Le pique plus que le Rôt le plus fin.

Mari
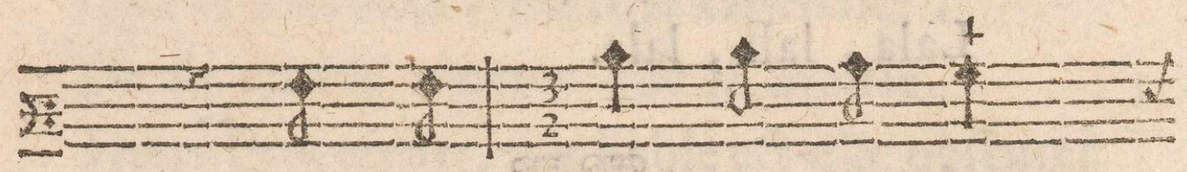
Mari Coquet, ma Fable eſt elle obſcure,
Lure, lure, lure,
Vôtre Femme l'expliquera,
Lala, lala, lala.

RECIT DE BASSE.



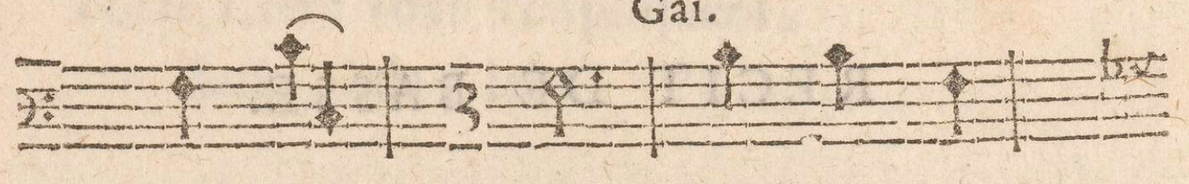


nus, Je bra- ve tes fa- veurs,
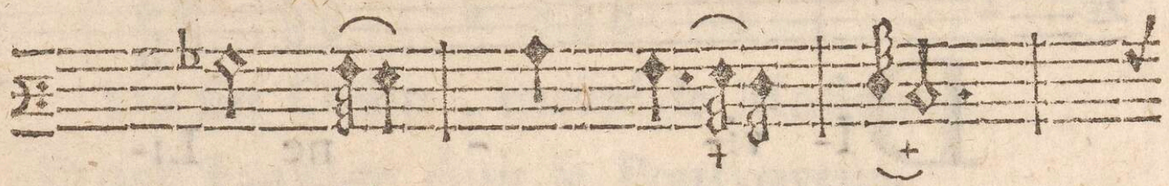


Ma Bou- teil- le eſt la plus
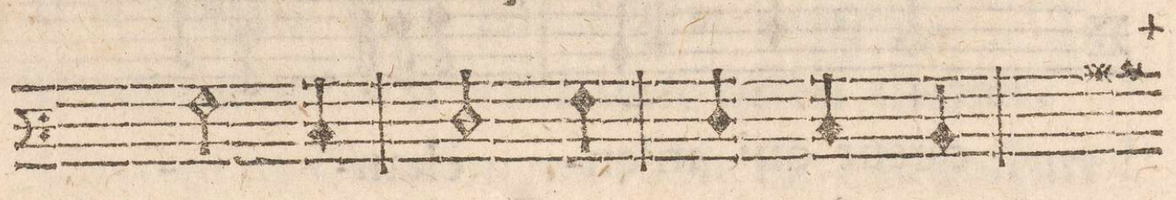
Gai.
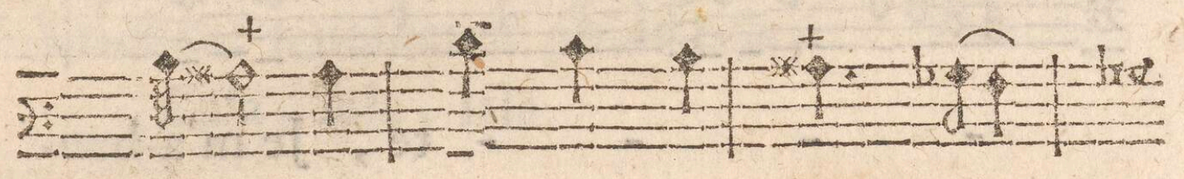


puiſ- ſan- te; L'A-mour n'aſ-
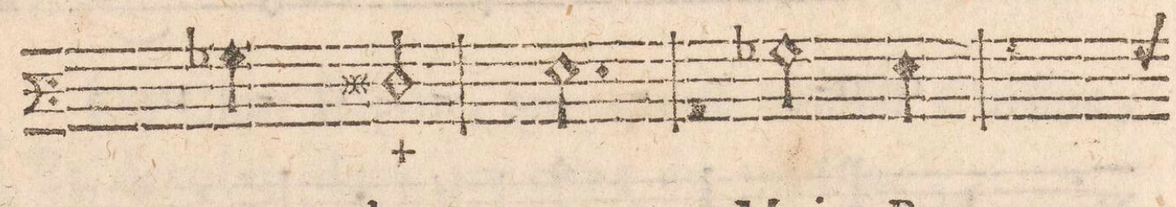


ſem- ble que deux cœurs;
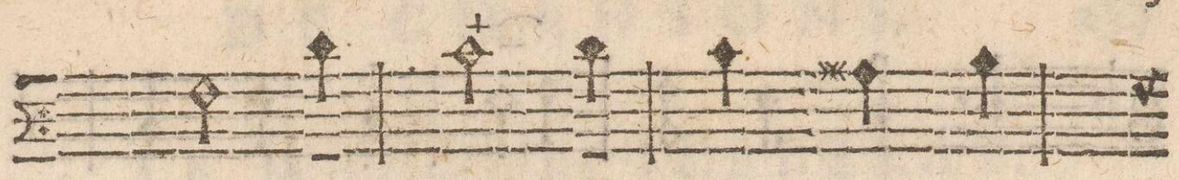


Mais Ba- chus en peut u- nir
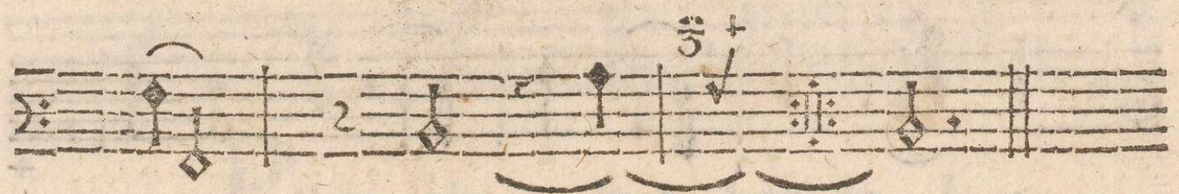


tren- te; L'A-mour n'aſ- ſem- ble



que deux cœurs; Mais Ba-



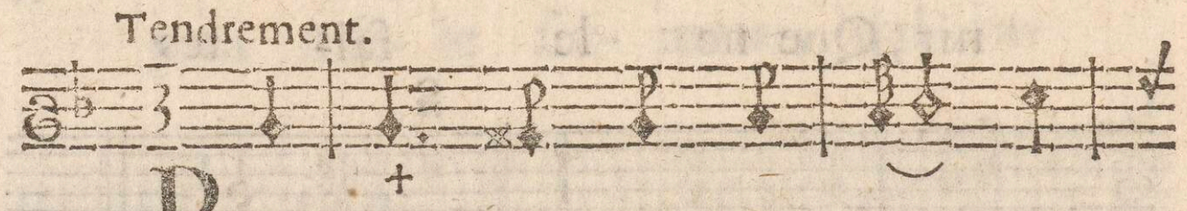
chus, Ba- chus, en peut u- nir
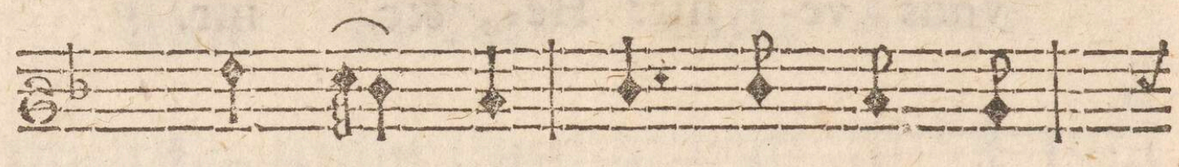


tren- te. Ve-, &c. te.

PETIT AIR SERIEUX.
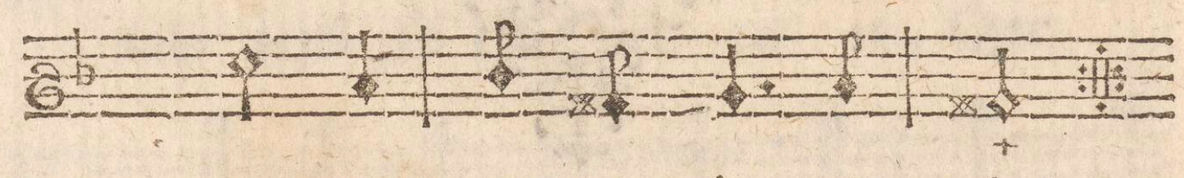
Tendrement.
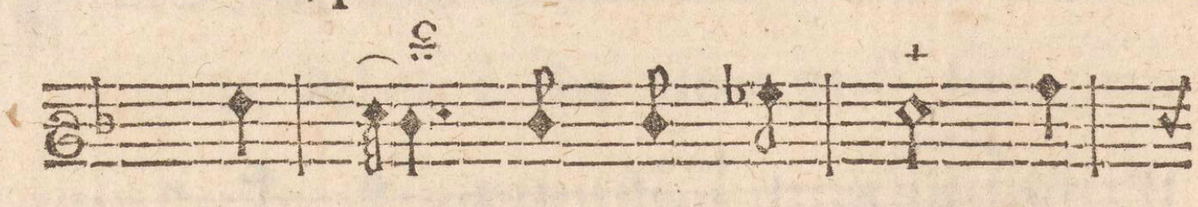


POur-quoi me re- pro- cher, Sil-
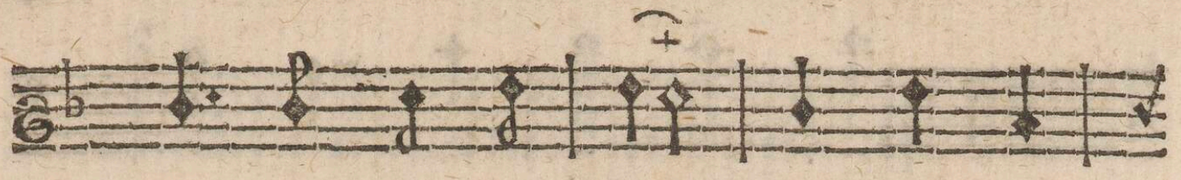


van- dre, Que je vous pro-mets
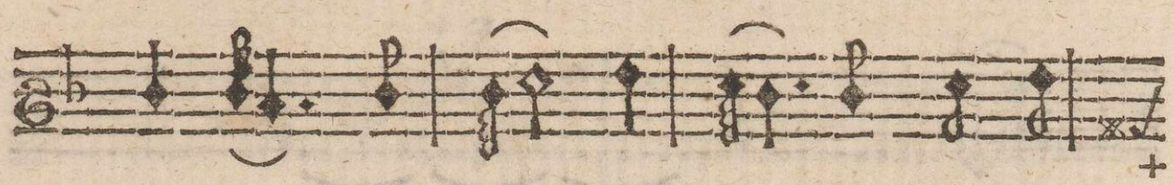


tout, pour ne vous rien te- nir?
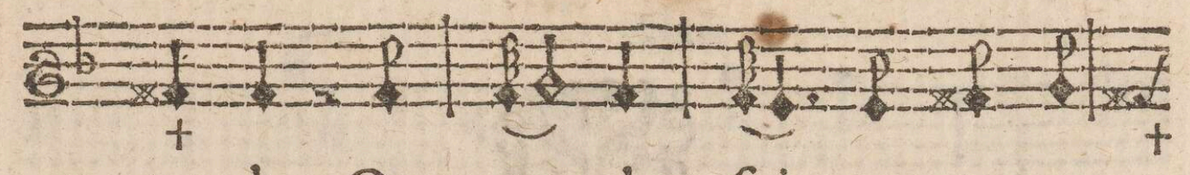


He- las! c'eſt moins à moi, qu'à



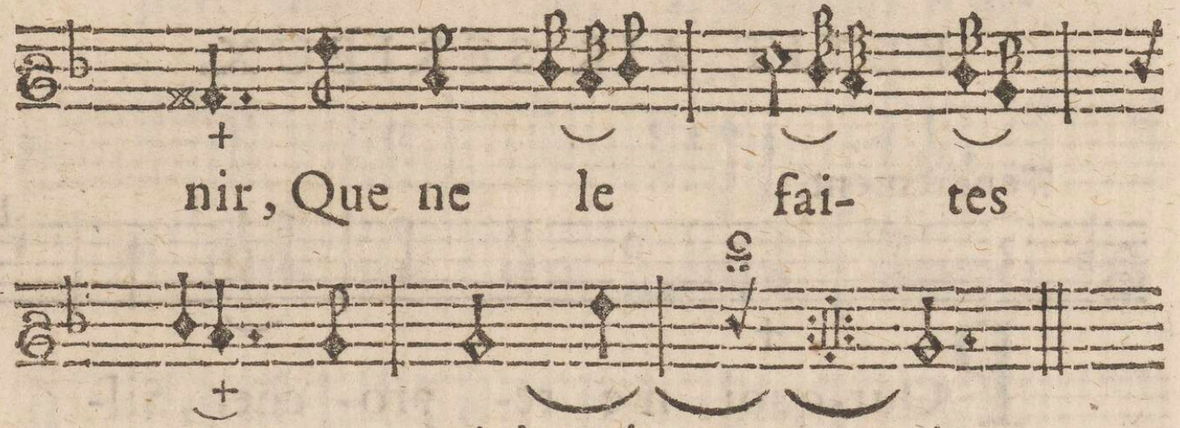
vous qu'il faut s'en pren- dre. Pour rem-



plir vos dé- firs, j'at-tens un moment



ten-dre: Que ne le fai- tes vous ve-



nir, Que ne le fai- tes
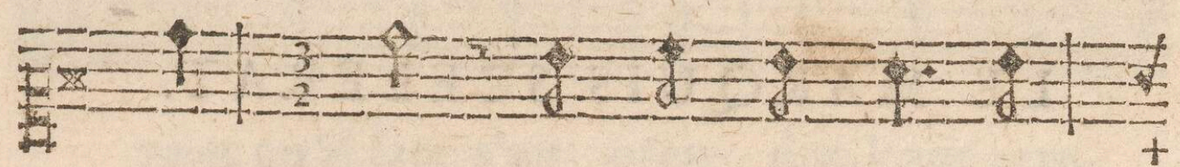


vous ve- nir? Hé-, &c. nir.

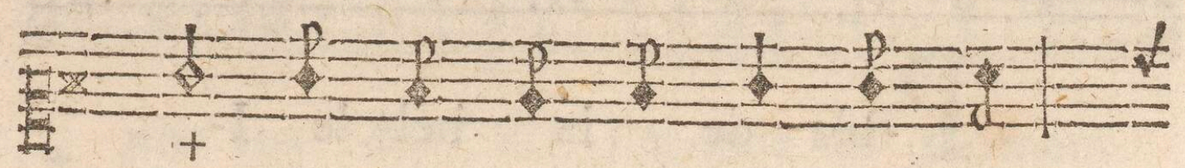
LE MARQUIS SCELERAT.
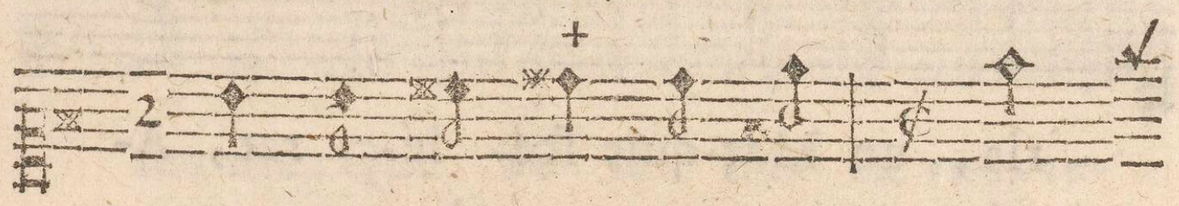


Un
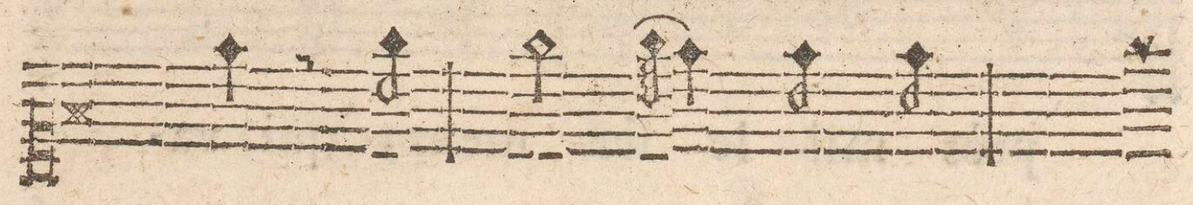


Un jour a- vec em- preſ- ſe-
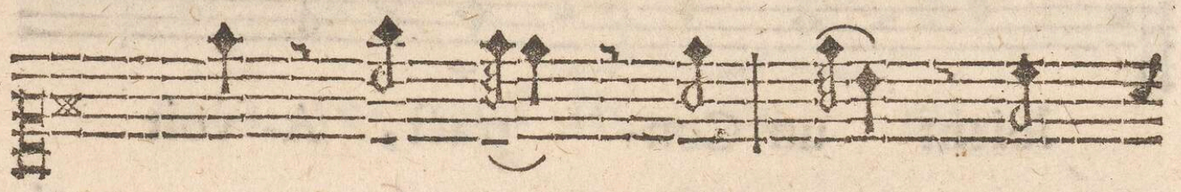


ment, El- le con- ju- roit ſon A-
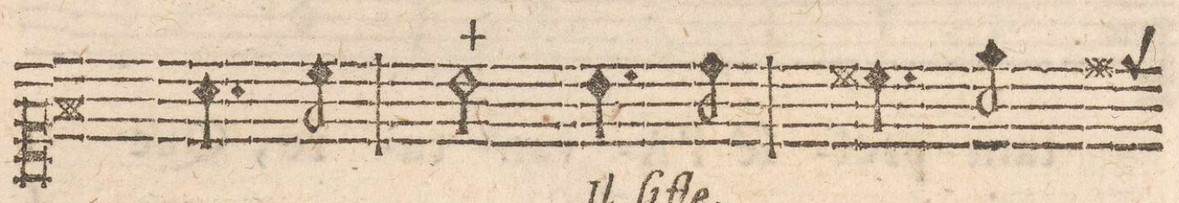


mant, De hâ- ter l'Hy- me- né-



e; Et lui, ſans s'é- mou-
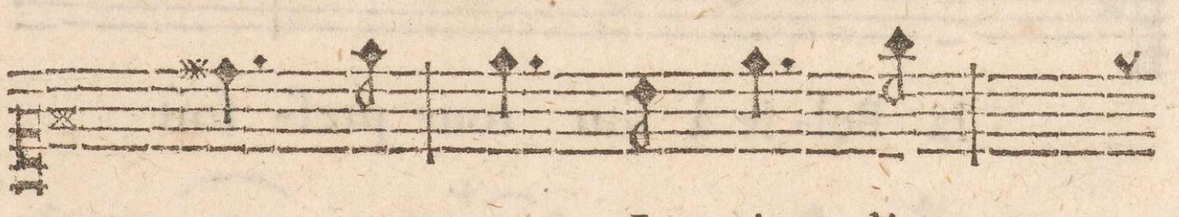


voir, ſi- floit, ſi- floit non-
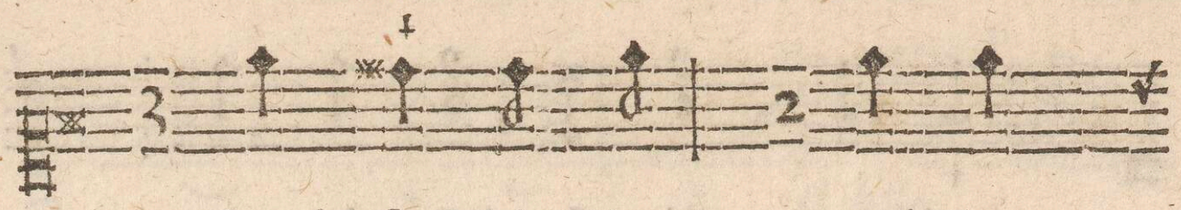


Il ſifle.
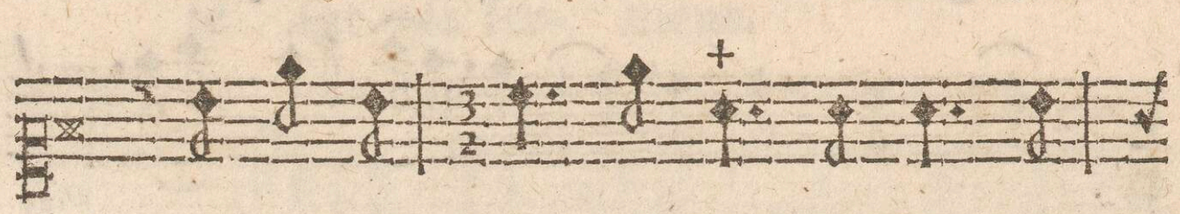
cha- lam- ment.
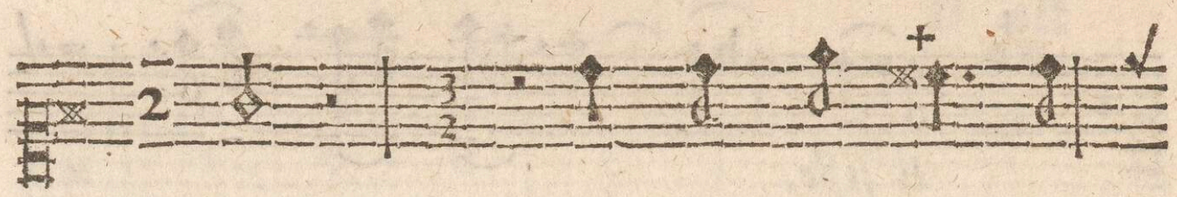


I- ris d'a-
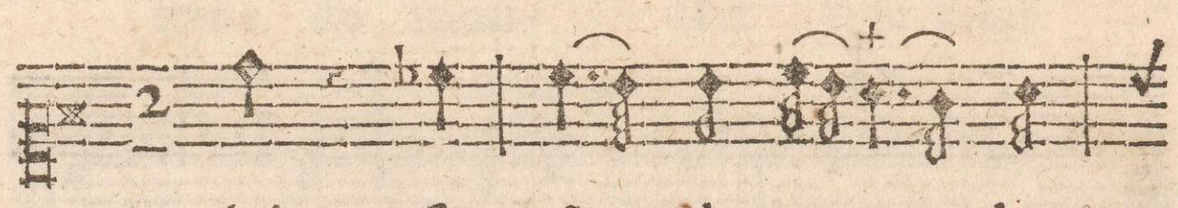


bord fut al- lar- mé- e,
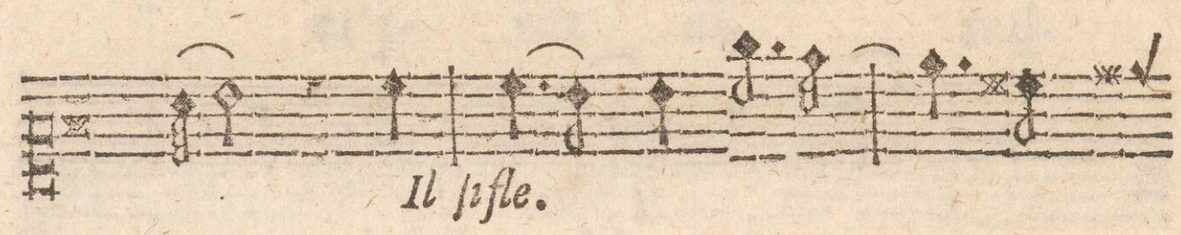


El- le fre- mit pleurant a- me- re-
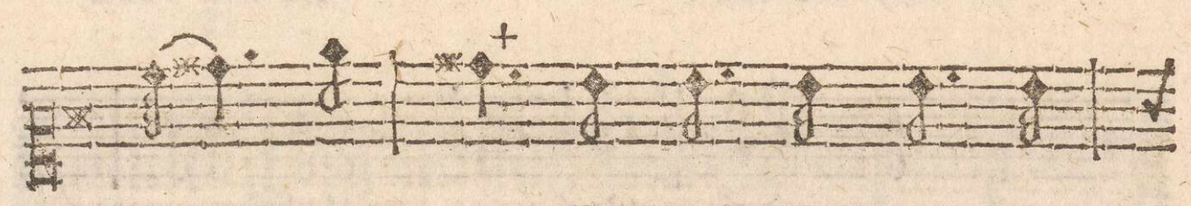


ment; Mais le Mar- quis tou-



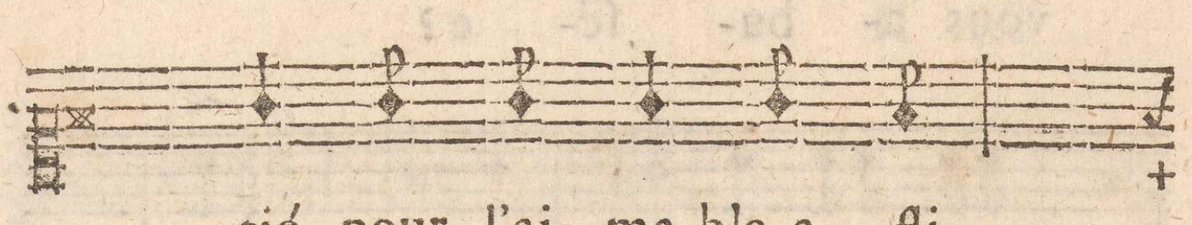
ché ſi- fla plus ten- - dre-
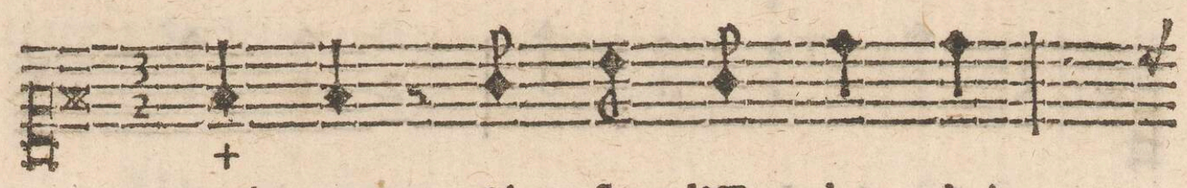


ment.
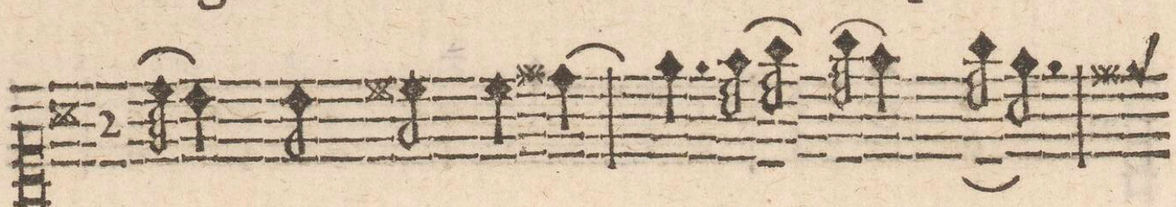


Et mê- me par pi-
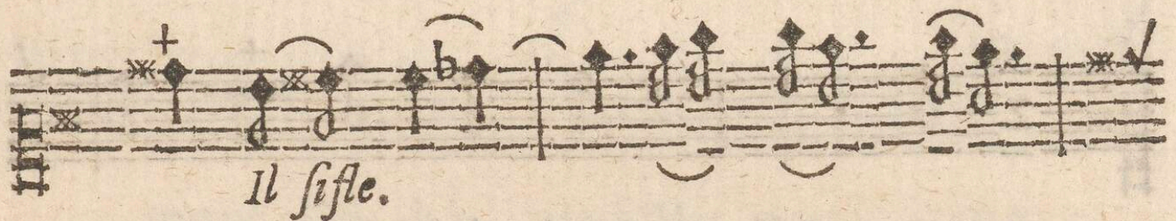


tié pour l'ai- ma-ble a- fli-
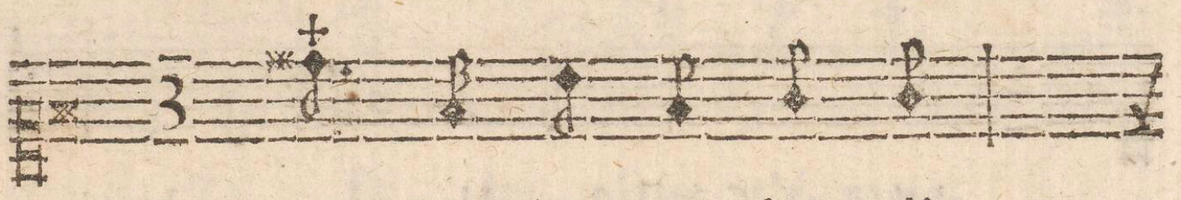


gé- e, Si- ſla l'E- cho plain-
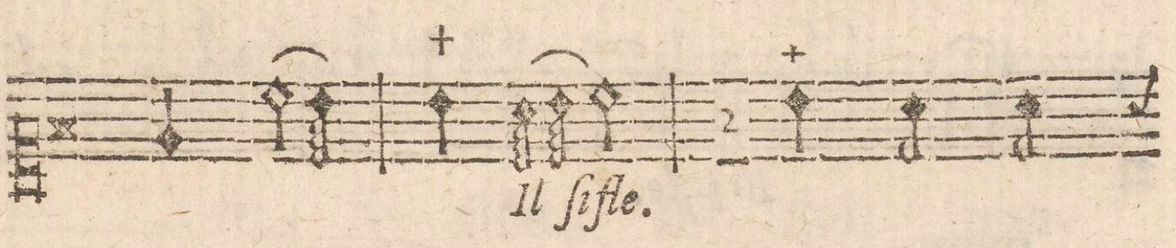


tif de ſes triſ- - - tes ac-
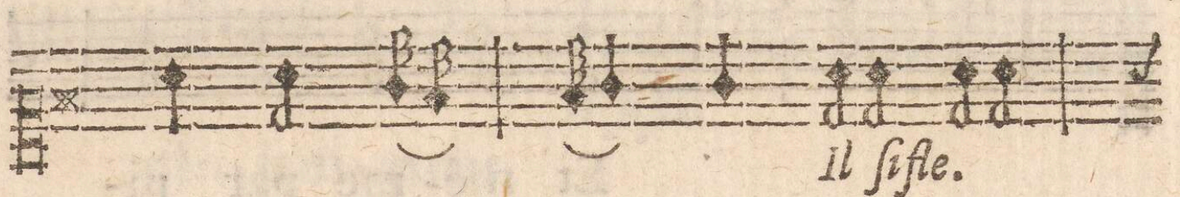


cents.
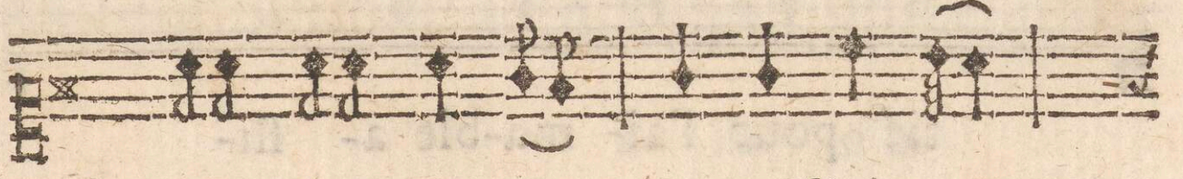


Par- lez-moi donc, dit-



el-le, hé-las! M'au-riez-
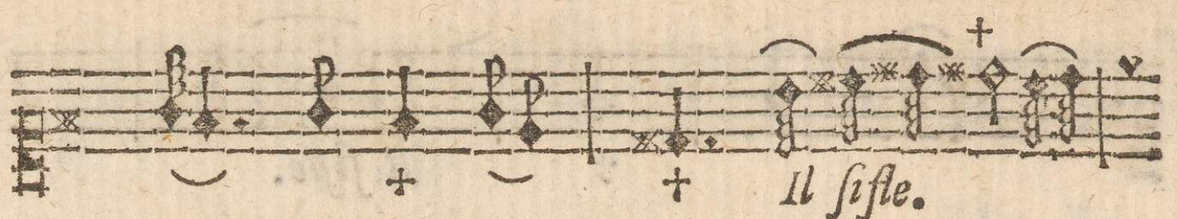


vous a- bu- ſé- e?
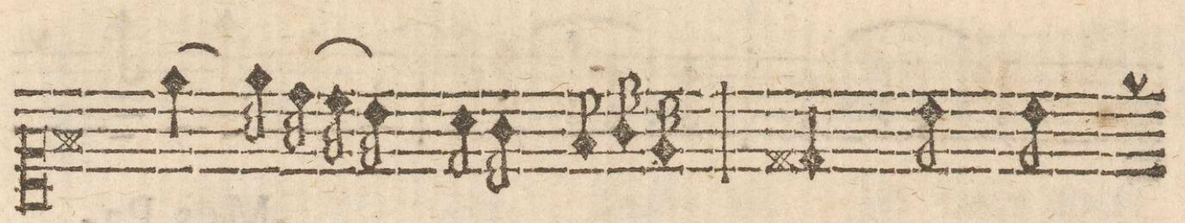


J'ai comp-

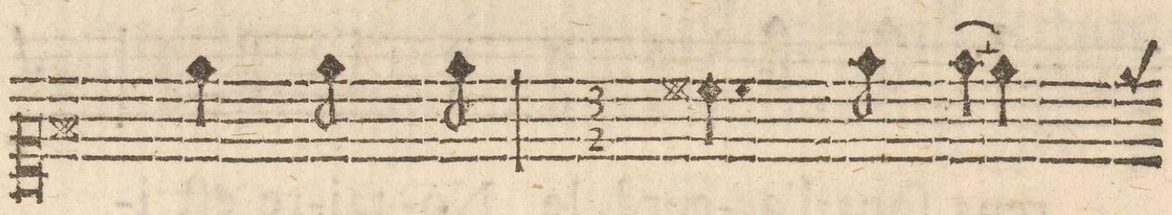
té
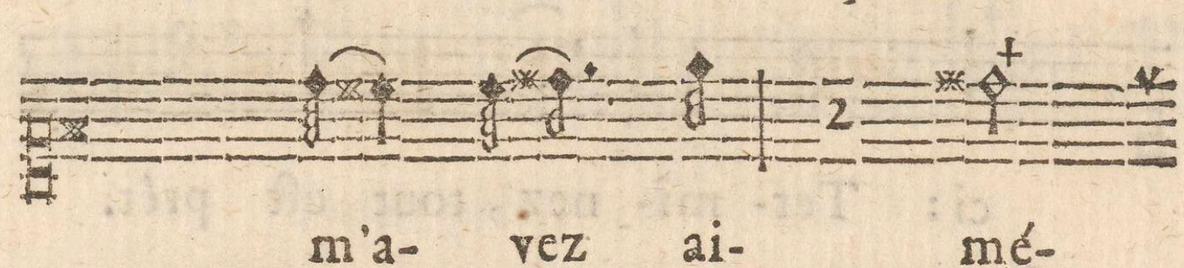


té ſur vos ſer- mens.
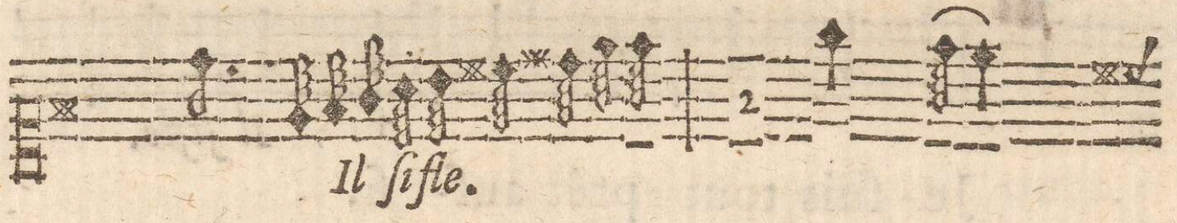


Il eſt
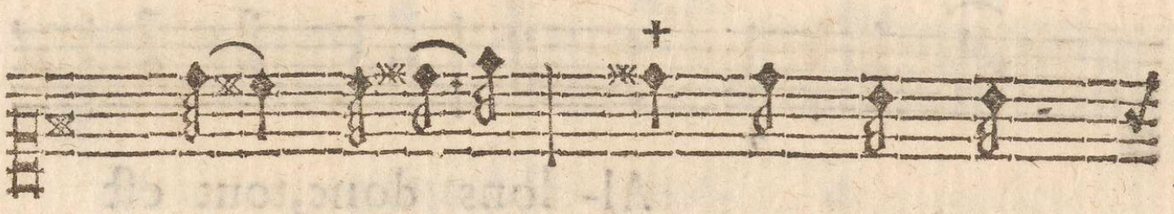


tems de mon- trer que vous



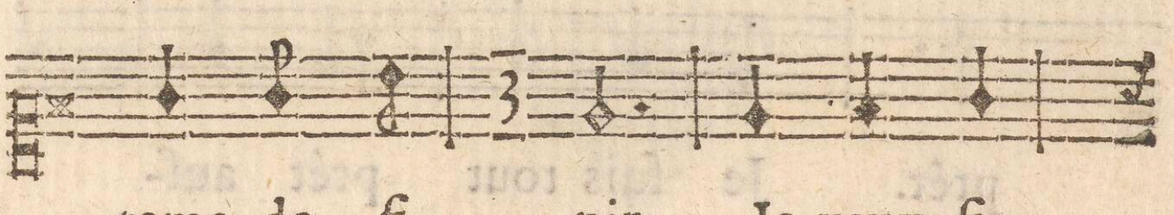
m'a- vez ai- mé-
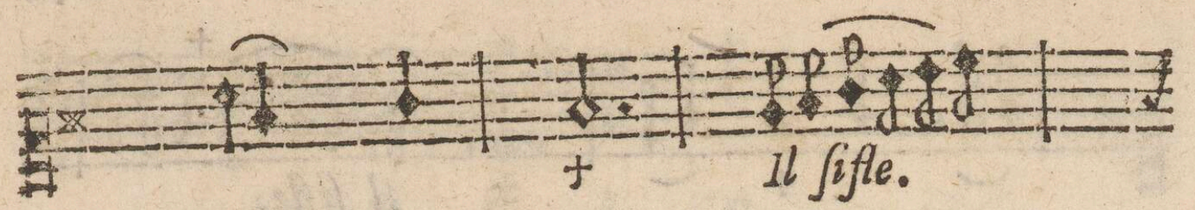


e.
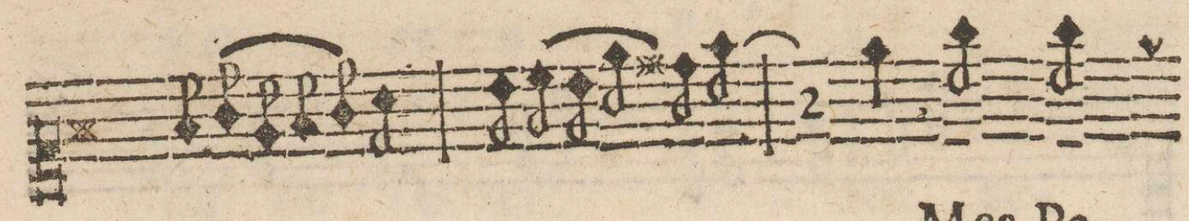


Il eſt
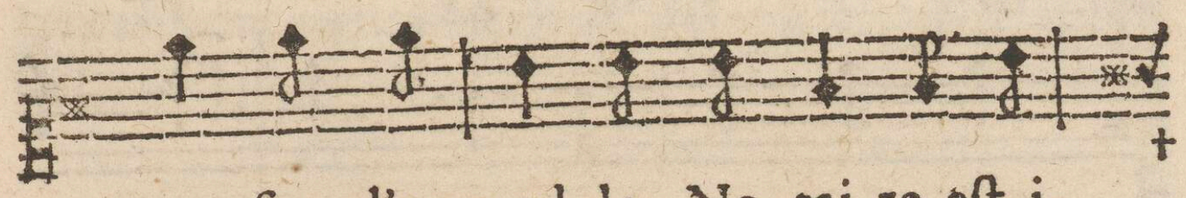


tems de fi- nir. Je veux fi-
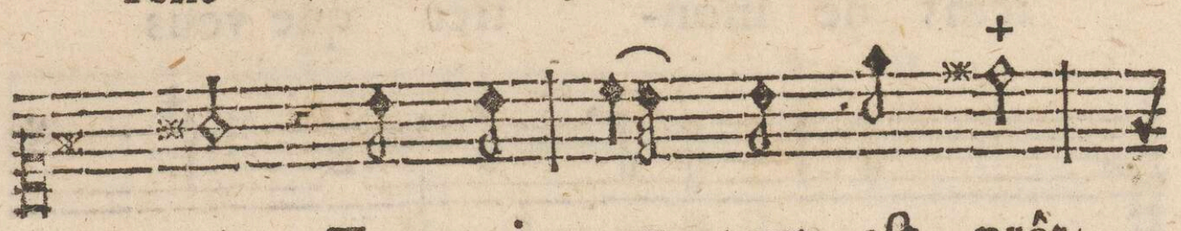


nir auſ- ſi.
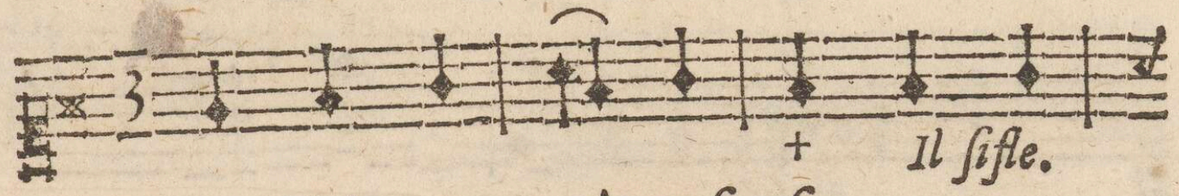


Mes Pa-
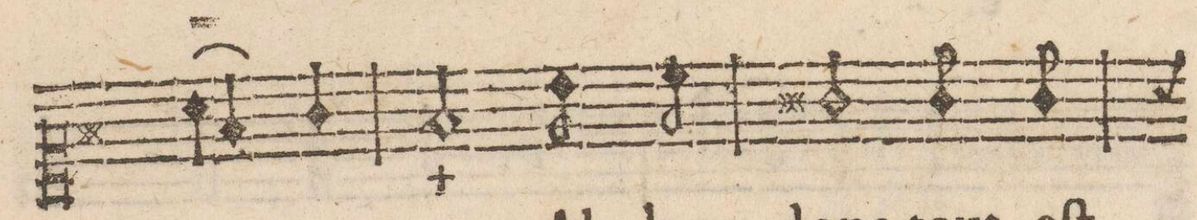


rens ſont d'ac-cord, le No- tai-re eſt i-



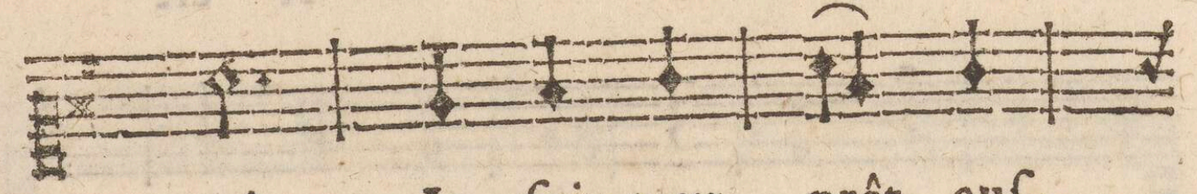
ci: Ter- mi- nez, tout eſt prêt.
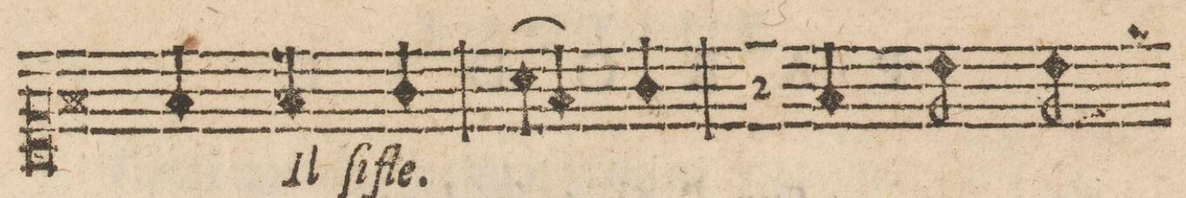


Je ſuis tout prêt auſ- ſi.



Al- lons donc, tout eſt
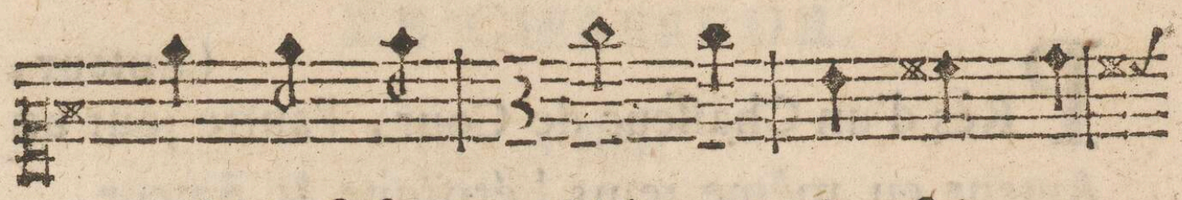


prêt. Je ſuis tout prêt auſ-
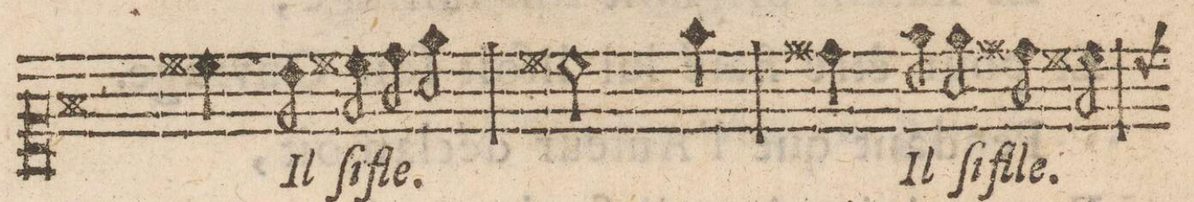


Il ſifle.

ſi. Ma Fa-
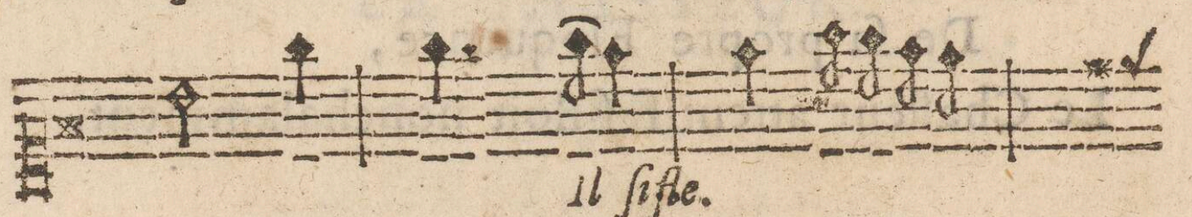


mil-le aſ-ſem- blé- e. Je ſuis tout
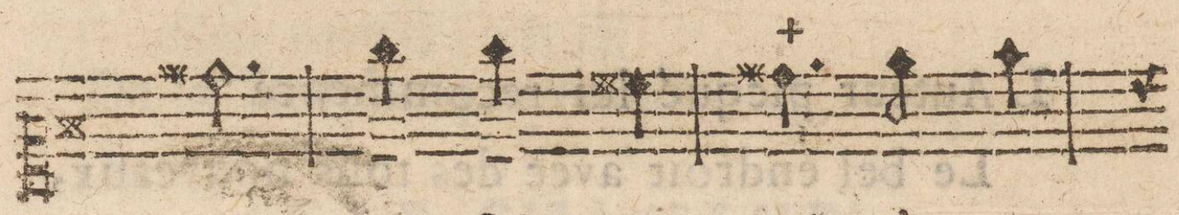


Il ſifle. *Il ſifle.*

prêt, Tout prêt,
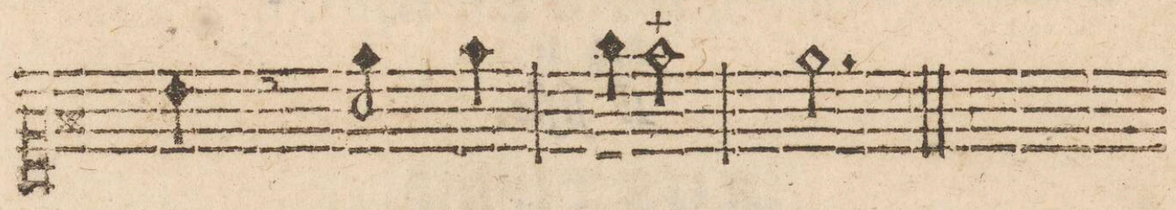


Il ſifle.

Tout prêt.



Je ſuis tout prêt à par-



tir pour l'Ar- mé- e.

PARODIE.

Sur l'Air précédent.

PRès d'un Chaſſeur de Cour, l'autre jour un (Auteur,
Auteur en même tems héroïque & flateur,
Le flatant briguoit ſon ſuffrage,
Et pour être flaté lui liſoit ſon Ouvrage.
Pendant que l'Auteur déclamoit,
Et que lui-même il ſe charmoit
De ſa propre Eloquence,
Le Chaſſeur attentif ſifloit nonchalamment.

LE CHASSEUR *ſifle.*

L'Auteur picqué lui recommence
Le bel endroit avec des tons nouveaux,
Dont le Chaſſeur ſiflant imite les plus beaux.

Il ſifle.

L'Auteur croit que ſes Vers par leur vive caden-
Du ſifleur déclamant excite les Echos. (ce,

LE CHASSEUR.

Il ſifle.

BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH

L'AU-

L'AUTEUR.

Voici un des beaux traits.

LE CHASSEUR.

Il ſifle.

L'AUTEUR.

Suivez-vous la penſée...

LE CHASSEUR.

Il ſifle.

L'AUTEUR.

De la Strophe que voici?

LE CHASSEUR.

Il ſifle.

L'AUTEUR.

Elle eſt en même tems poëtique & ſenſée.

LE CHASSEUR.

Il ſifle.

L'AUTEUR.

Je ſuis toujours au fait.

LE CHASSEUR.

Je ſuis au fait auſſi,

Il ſifle.

L'AUTEUR.

Tous les autres Auteurs n'expriment point ainſi.
Je ſens ce que je dis.

LE CHASSEUR.

Et moi je ſens auſſi.

Il ſifle.

L'AUTEUR.

J'entens le fin...

LE CHASSEUR.

Et moi j'entens auſſi.

Il ſifle.

L'AUTEUR.

Ecoutez-moi, de grace!

LE CHASSEUR.

J'entens, j'entens,

Il fifle.

J'entens,
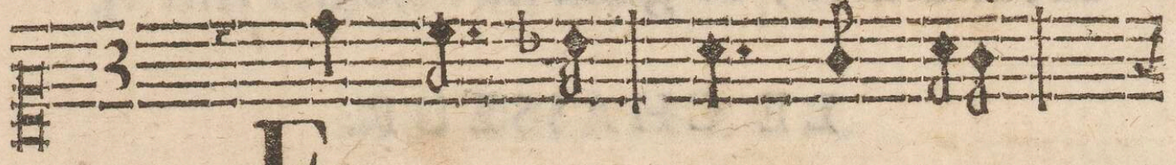
Il fifle.

J'entens,
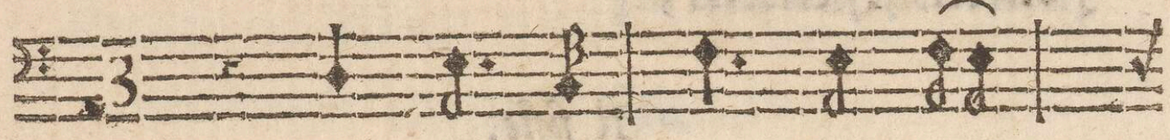
Il fifle.

J'entens la voix des Chiens qui m'appelle à la (Chaſſe.
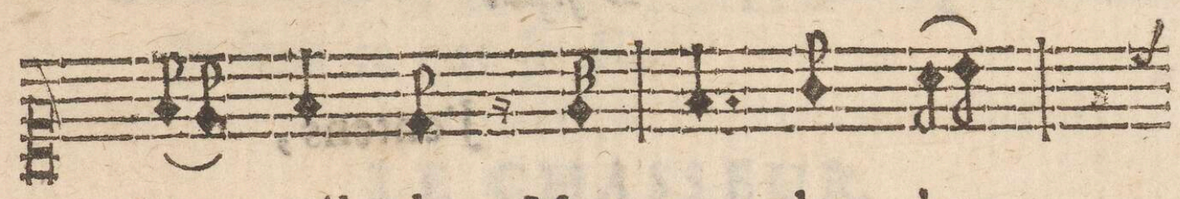
DUO.
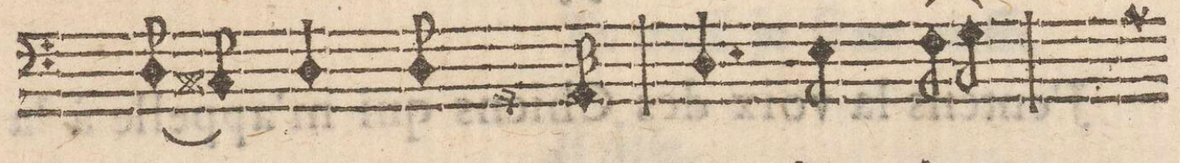


ENtre le Vin & la
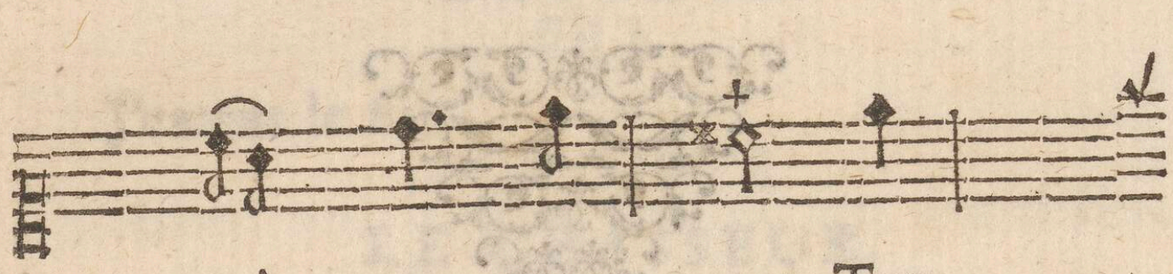


En- tre le Vin & la
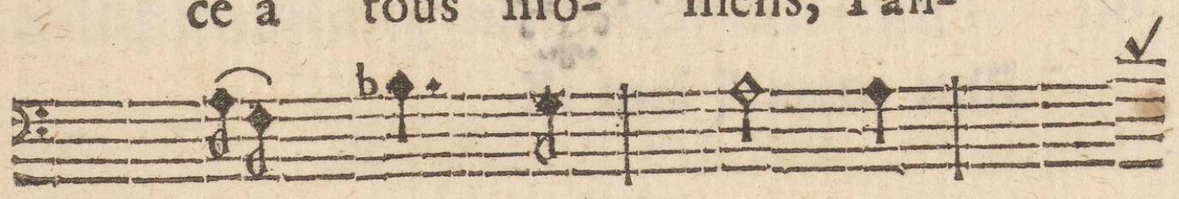


Bou- teil- le, Mon cœur ba- lan-
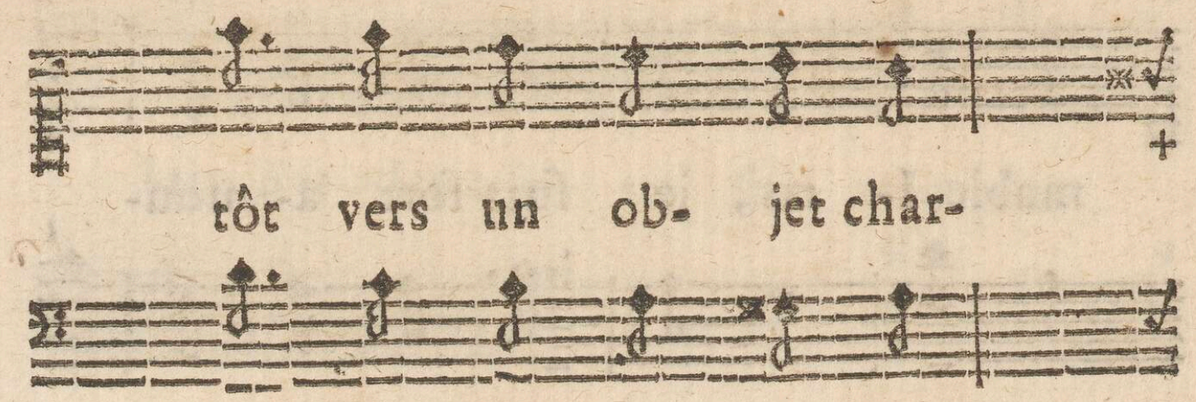


Bou- teil- le, Mon cœur ba- lan-
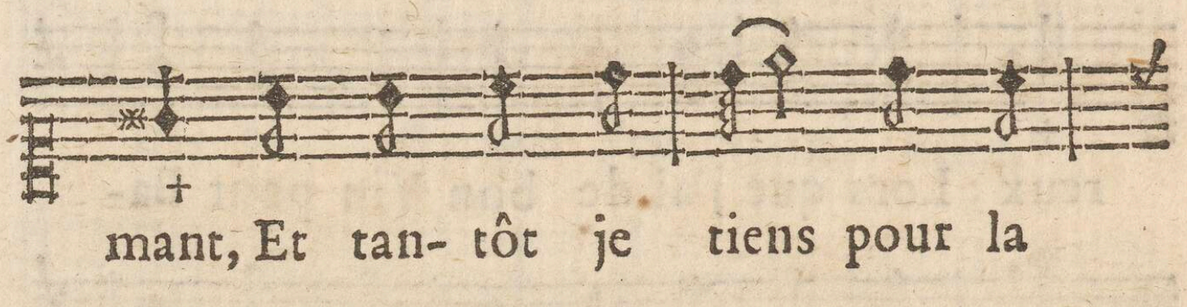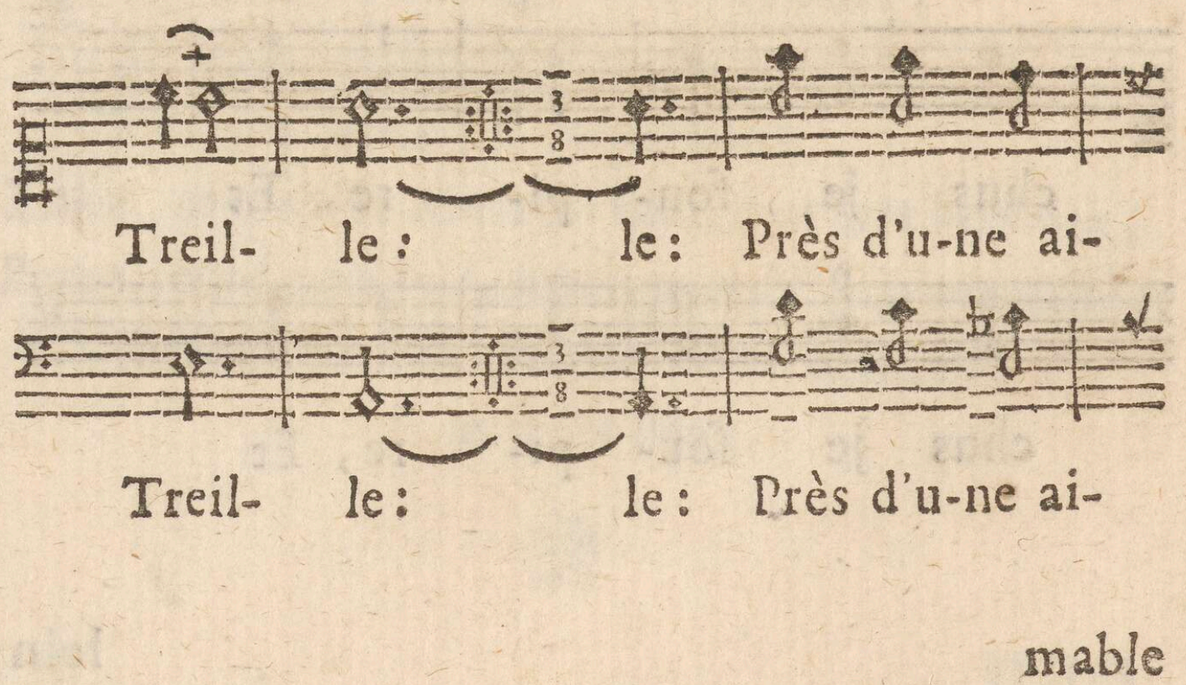


ce à tous mo- mens, Tan-
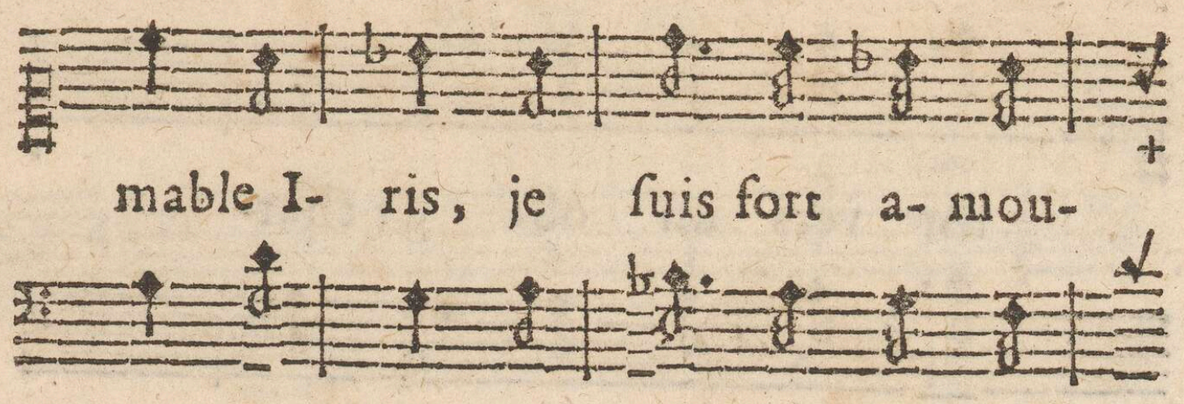


ce à tous mo- mens, Tan-


tôt vers un ob- jet char-
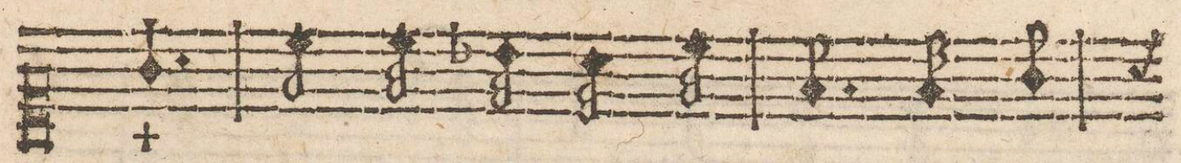

tôt vers un ob- jet char-
mant, Et tan- tôt je tiens pour la


mant, Et tan- tôt je tiens pour la
Treil- le: le: Près d'u-ne ai-
Treil- le: le: Près d'u-ne ai-
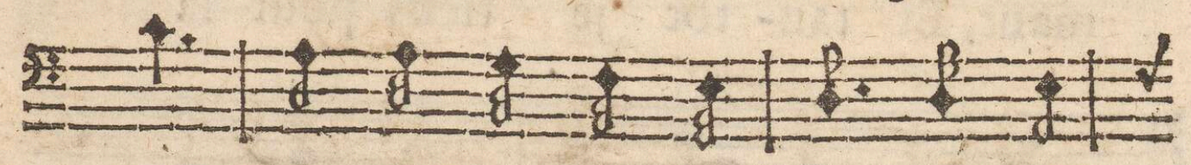
mable



mable I- ris, je ſuis fort a- mou-
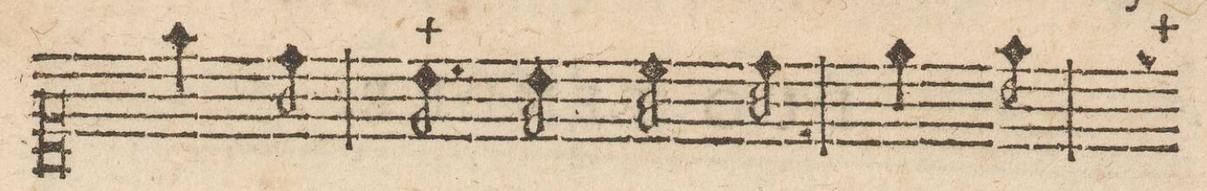


reux ; Lors que j'ai de bon Vin pour Ba-
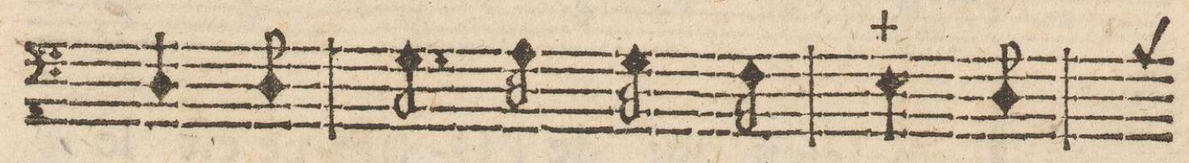


chus je ſou- pi- re, Et
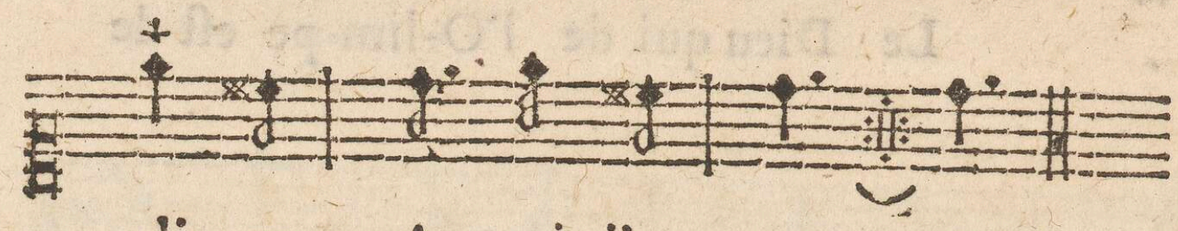
loin
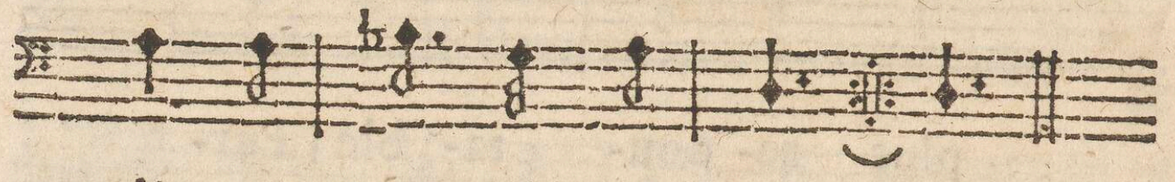


loin des deux je ne ſau- roís plus



loin des deux je ne ſau- rois plus
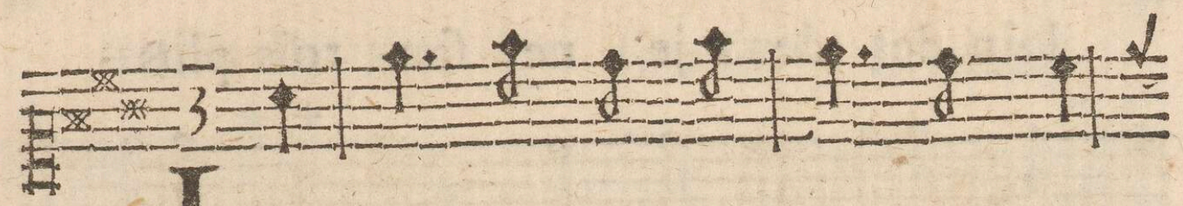


di- re, A qui j'en veux. veux.
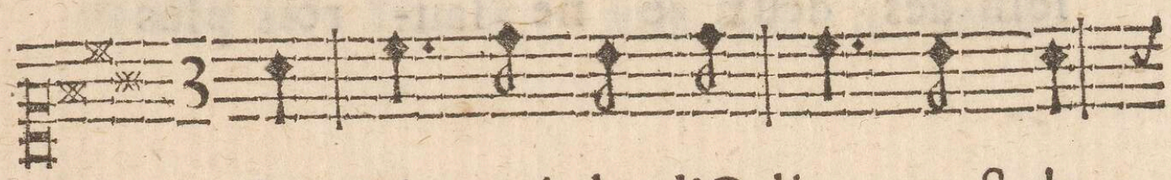


di- re, A qui j'en veux. veux.

Dans cette aimable incertitude,
Qu'il eſt doux de vivre toujours !
Je veux ainſi paſſer mes jours ;
On n'a jamais d'inquiétude.
Enfin, mes chers Amis, il faut pour être heureux,
Boire quand on a ſoif, aimer quand l'Amour preſſe,
Et ſans choiſir donner nôtre tendreſſe
A tous les deux.
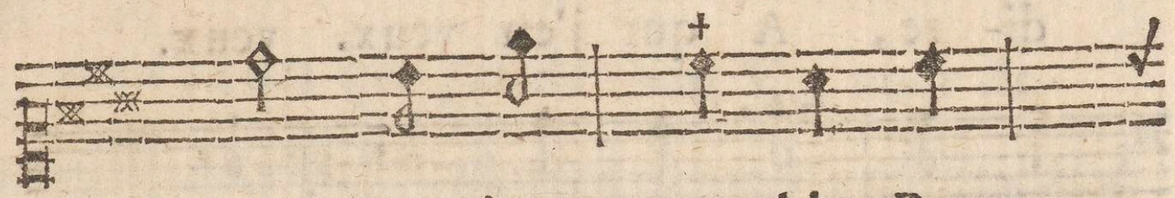
DUO TENDRE.



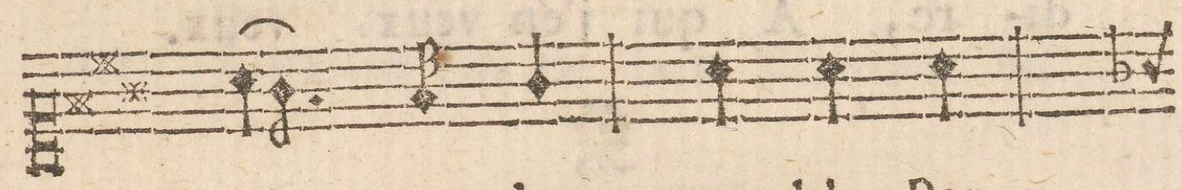
LE Dieu qui de l'O- lim-pe eſt le



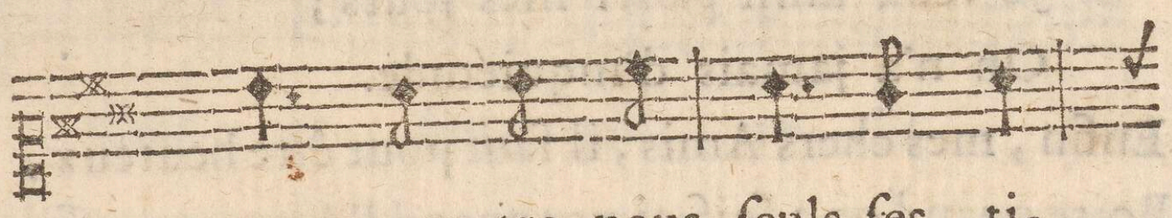
Le Dieu qui de l'O-lim-pe eſt le
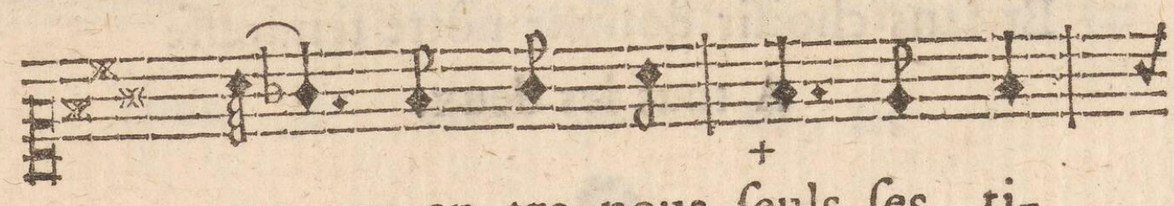


plus re- dou- ta- ble, Par-



plus re- dou- ta- ble, Par-
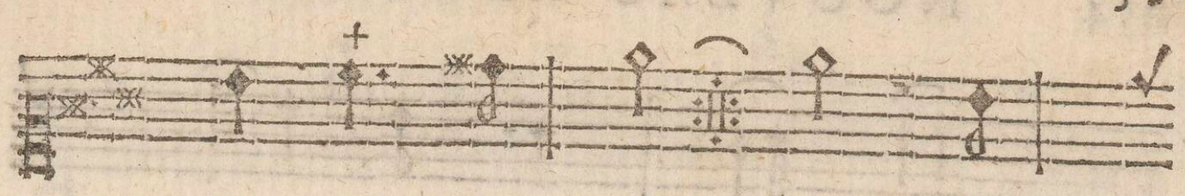


ta- ge en- tre nous ſeuls ſes ti-
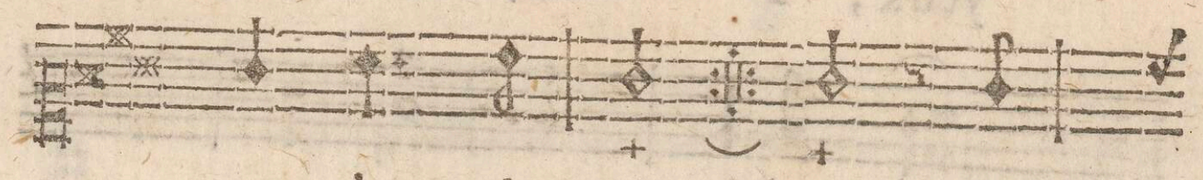


ta- ge en- tre nous ſeuls ſes ti-
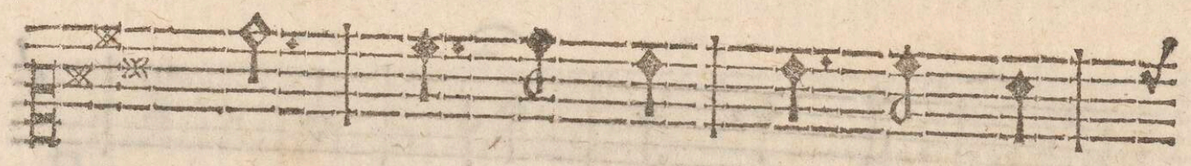
tres
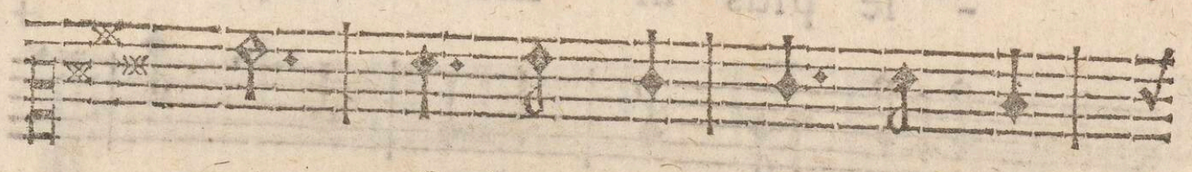


tres glo- ri- eux: eux: L'A-
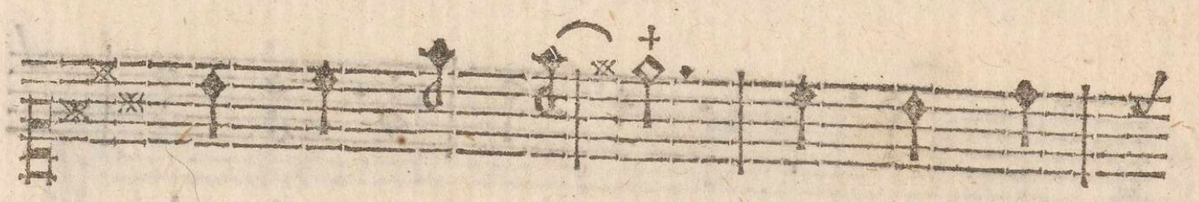


tres glo- ri- eux: eux: L'A-
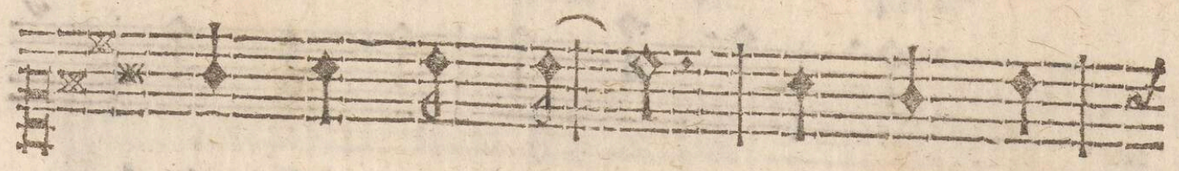


mour eſt dans mon cœur le plus
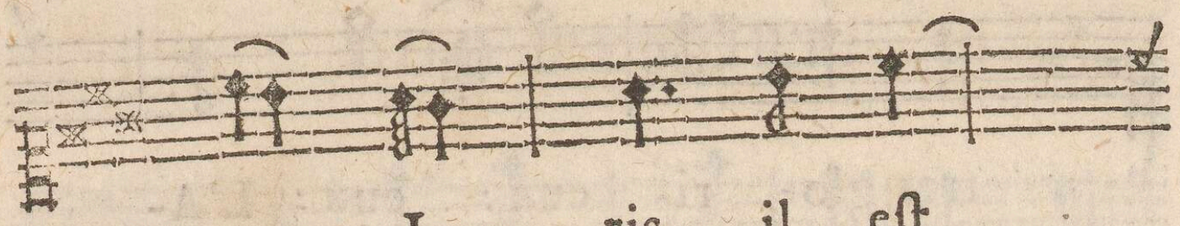


mour eſt dans mon cœur le plus
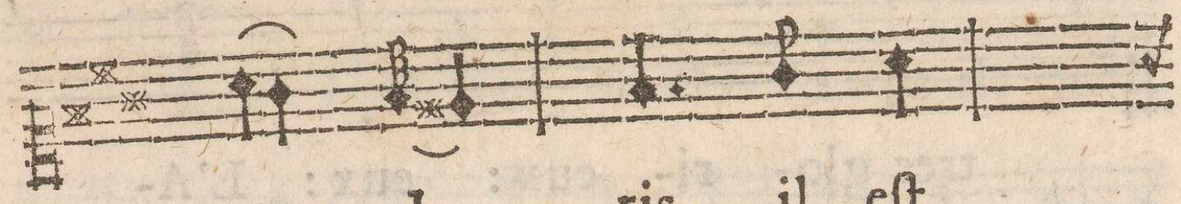


puiſ-ſant des Dieux, Et dans vos
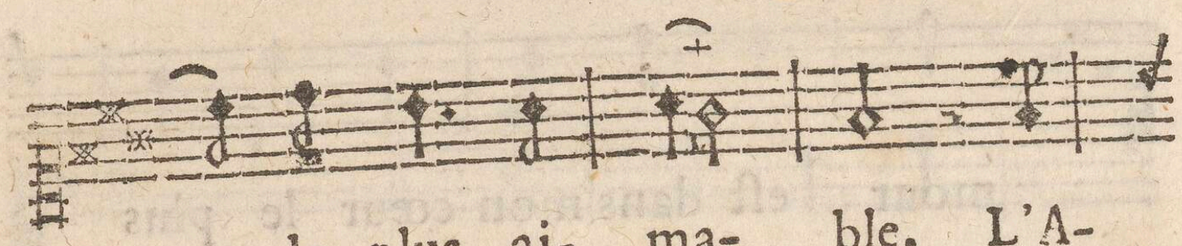


puiſ-ſant des Dieux, Et dans vos



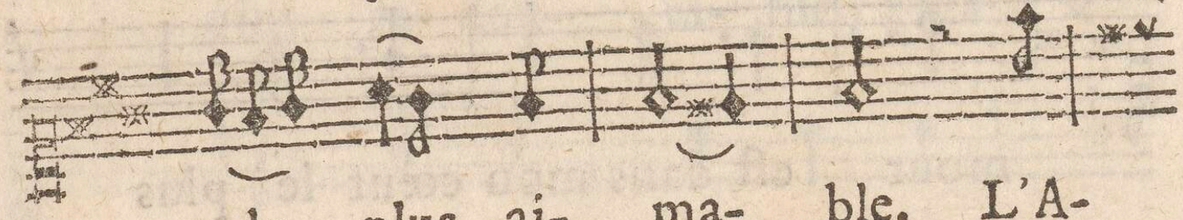
yeux, I- ris, il eſt



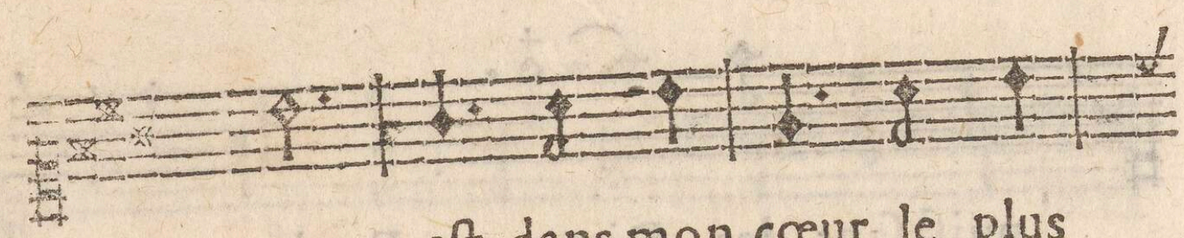
yeux, I- ris, il eſt



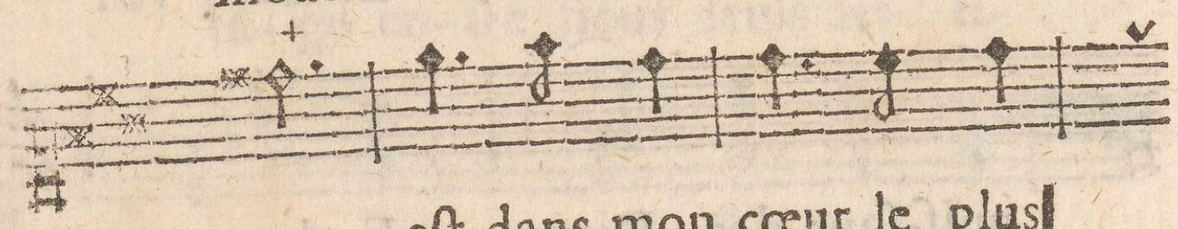
- le plus ai- ma- ble. L'A-



le plus ai- ma- ble. L'A-
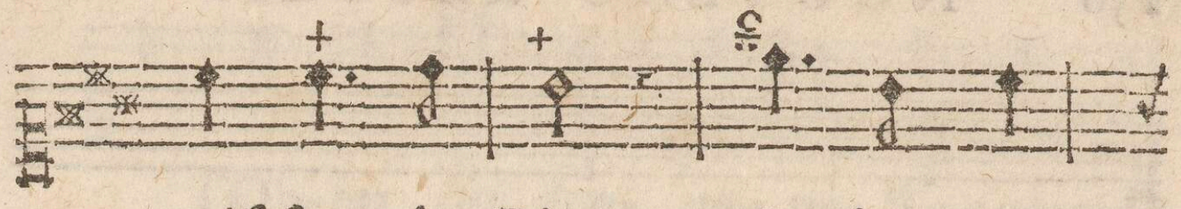


mour eſt dans mon cœur le plus

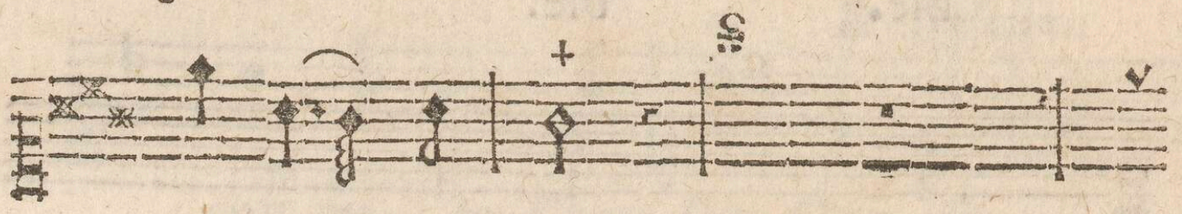


mour eſt dans mon cœur le plus
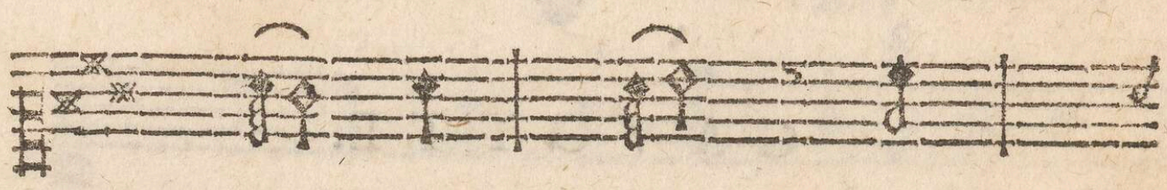
puiſ-
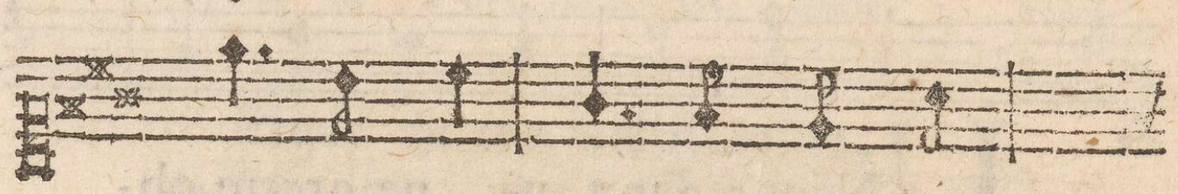


puiſ-ſant des Dieux, Et dans vos
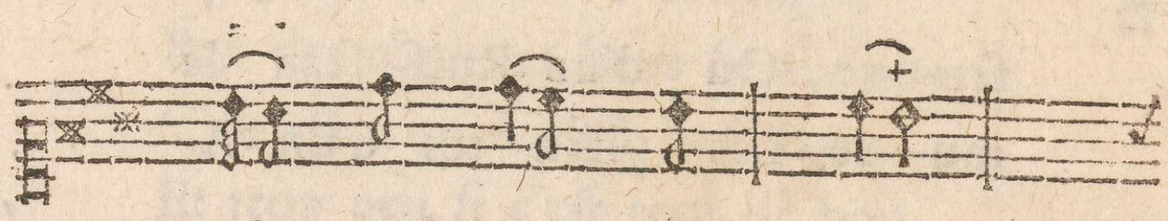


puiſ-ſant des Dieux,
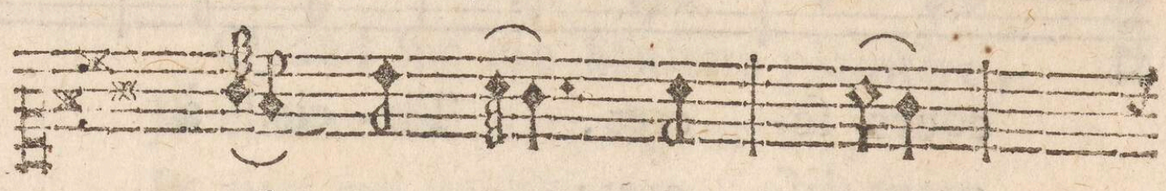


yeux, I- ris, il
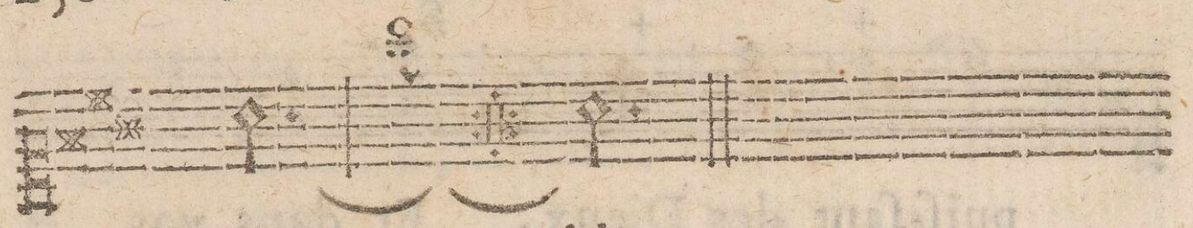


Et dans vos yeux, I- ris, il
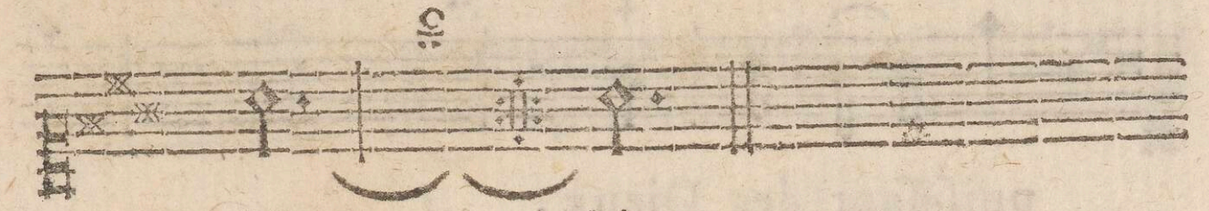


eſt le plus ai- ma-



eſt le plus ai- ma-
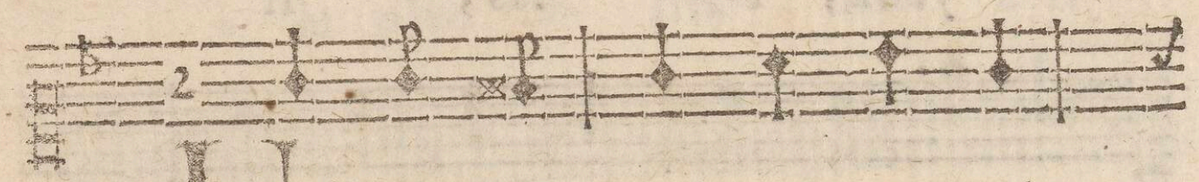


ble. ble.

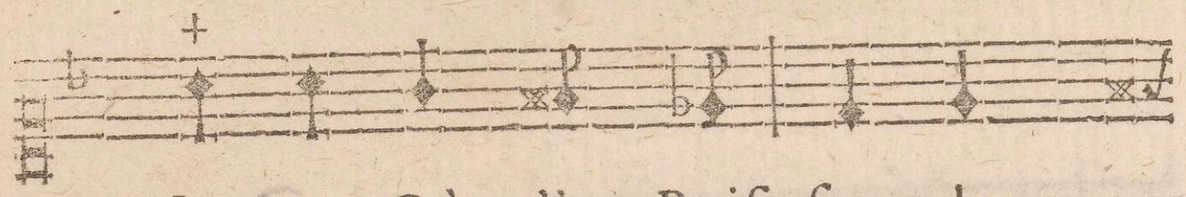


ble. ble.

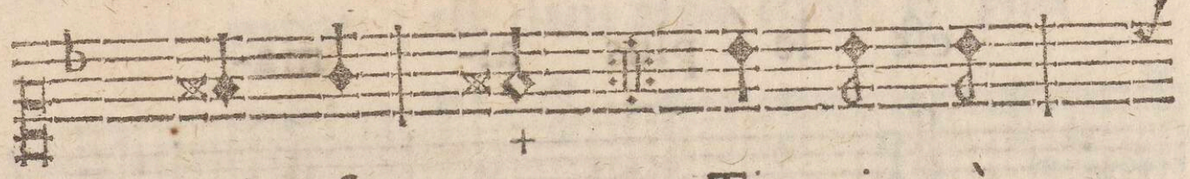
GAVOTTE.



UN jour dans u- ne grotte ob-
Ac- com- pa- gnoit de ſon mur-
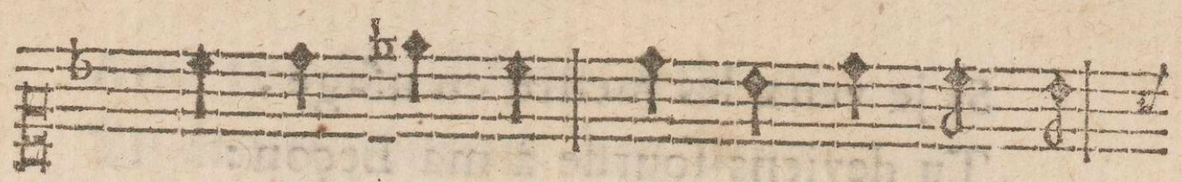


ſcu- re, Où d'un Ruiſ- ſeau le
mu- re, Les plain- tes d'un A-
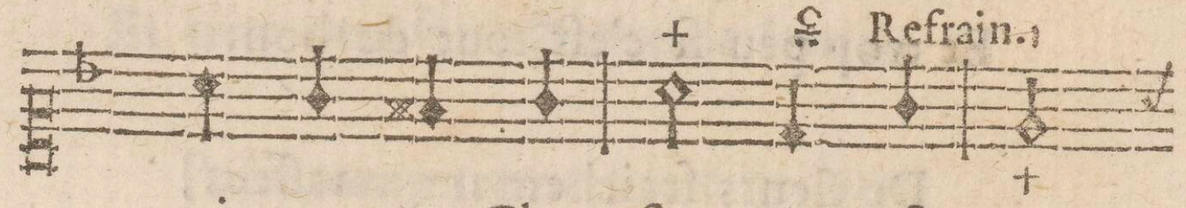


cours ſe- cret, Tir- cis à
mant diſ- cret:

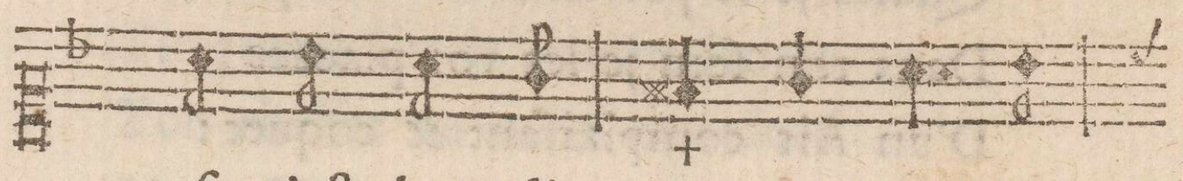
l'Ob-
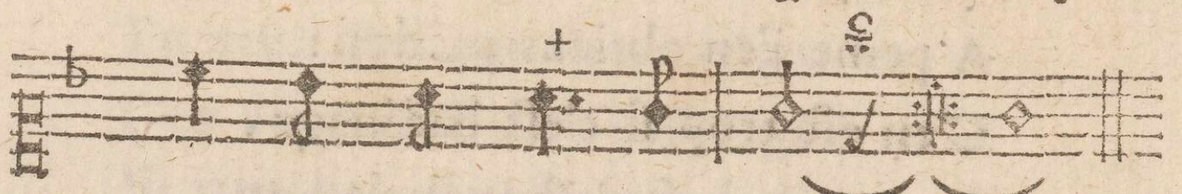


l'Ob-jet qui l'en- ga- ge, Re-commen-



çoit cet- te Chan- ſon, C'en eſt trop



ſi c'eſt ba- di- na- ge, Et trop



peu ſi c'eſt tout de bon. bon.

Piqué de ton indifférence,
Je Cherche enfin à me vanger ;
Bien-tôt tu me rens l'eſperance,
C'eſt aſſez pour me r'engager :
Après tu m'abats le courage,
Par des rigueurs hors de ſaiſon :
C'en eſt trop ſi c'eſt badinage,
Et trop peu ſi c'eſt tout de bon.

Quand ſur ma Muſette plaintive,
Je chante des Aïrs rigoureux,
Je vois ton oreille attentive,
A mes préceptes amoureux :

Si je veux les mettre en uſage,
Tu deviens ſourde à ma Leçon:
C'en eſt trop ſi c'eſt badinage,
Et trop peu ſi c'eſt tout de bon.

De fleurs fraichement amaſſées,
Quand je te préſente un bouquet,
Dans ton ſein je les voi placées
D'un Air complaiſant & coquet:
Veux-je en faire un galant pillage?
A peine j'en obtiens pardon:
C'en eſt trop ſi c'eſt badinage,
Et trop peu ſi c'eſt tout de bon.

Quelque fois par un trait de flamme
Tes yeux aux miens font entrevoir,
Qu'Amour qui captive mon ame
Te tient auſſi ſous ſon pouvoir:
Si j'en veux un baiſer pour gage,
Je n'en puis obtenir pardon:
C'en eſt trop ſi c'eſt badinage,
Et trop peu ſi c'eſt tout de bon.

Piqué de quelque jalouſie,
Si je te découvre mes maux,
Tu te ris de ma Phréneſie,
Tu plaiſantes de mes Rivaux:

Avec eux ſous l'épais ombrage
Tu danſes pourtant ſans façon:
C'en eſt trop ſi c'eſt badinage,
Et trop peu ſi c'eſt tout de bon:

Pour me prouver toute la force
Du trait dont ton cœur eſt bleſſé,
Tu graves ſur la tendre écorce
Ton chiffre au mien entrelacé:
Mais ſoudain d'une main volage
Tu veux l'effacer ſans raiſon:
C'en eſt trop ſi c'eſt badinage,
Et trop peu ſi c'eſt tout de bon.

Ingrat, interrompt la Bergere
Avant qu'il fut prêt d'achever,
Eſt-ce véritable colére,
Ou la feins-tu pour m'éprouver?
Je t'aime, & tu le ſais; ſois ſage,
Chaſſe un injurieux ſoupçon:
C'en eſt trop ſi c'eſt badinage,
Et trop peu ſi c'eſt tout de bon.

Une Faune habitant de cet Antre,
Qui les regardoit par un trou,
Couché tout à plat ſur le ventre,
S'en mit à rire comme un fou:

Avec
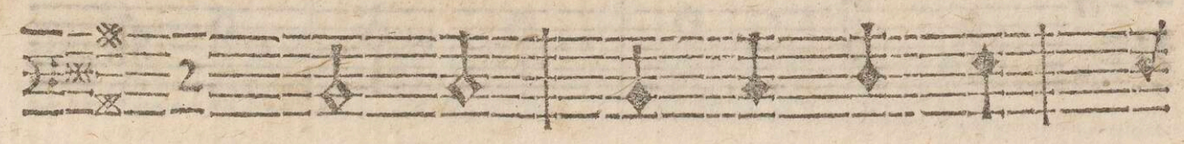
D'une

D'une voix moqueuſe & ſauvage
Rediſant ſur le même ton ;
C'en eſt trop ſi c'eſt badinage,
Et trop peu ſi c'eſt tout de bon.

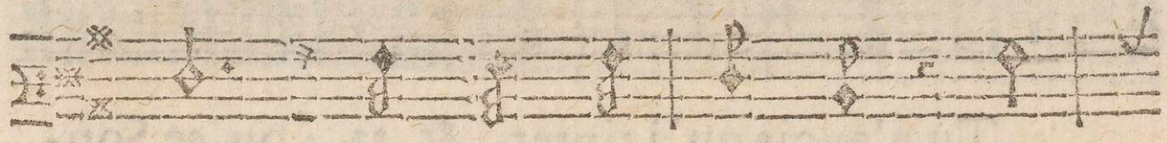
Cette hiſtoire par la contrée,
Se répandit en peu de tems,
Et du galant Païs d'Aſtrée,
Réjouït fort les habitans :
Tous y chantoient dans leur Village,
Menant paître Chévre & Mouton,
C'en eſt trop ſi c'eſt badinage,
Et trop peu ſi c'eſt tout de bon.

LE
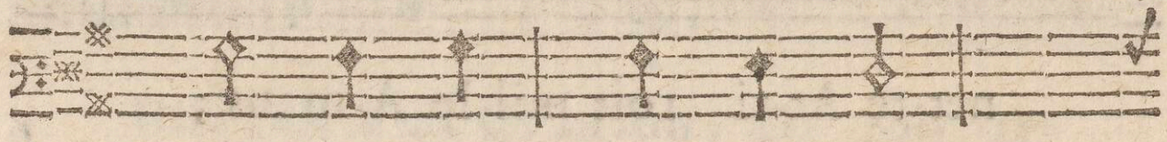
LE CARILLON DES COQUETTES.
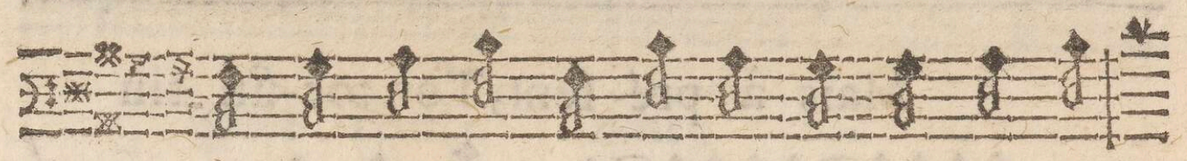


TOn tems, ton tems eſt paſ-
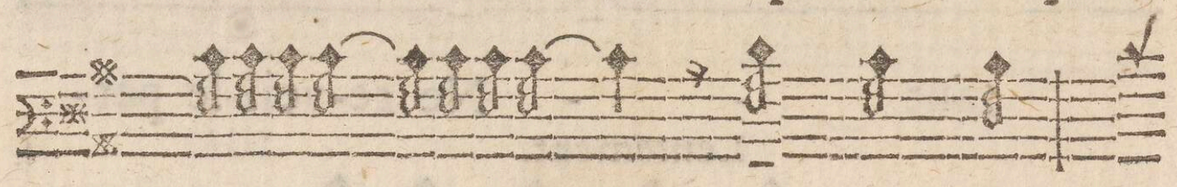


ſé, Vieil- le Co- quet- te, Ton
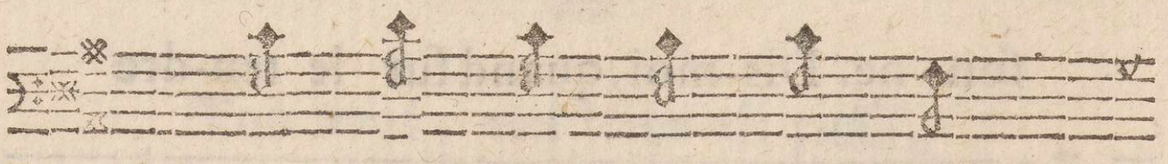


tim, ton tim- bre eſt caſ- ſé,



Vieille Pen-du- le, tu re-pette A cin-quan-
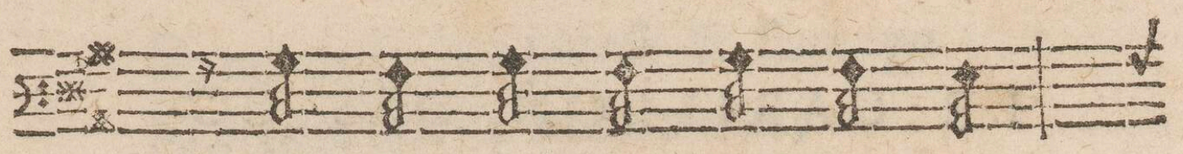


te ans - - Le Ca- ril-
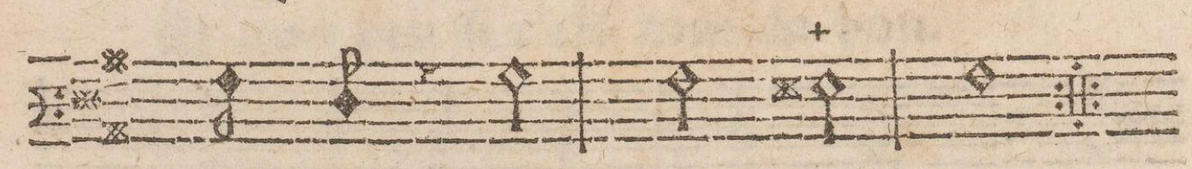


lon de la Clo- chet- te,

Qui
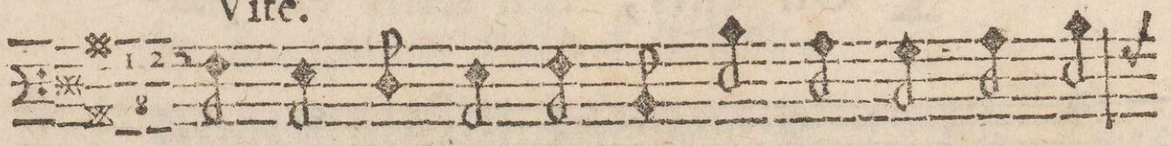


Qui ſon-noit l'heu-re d'a-mou-
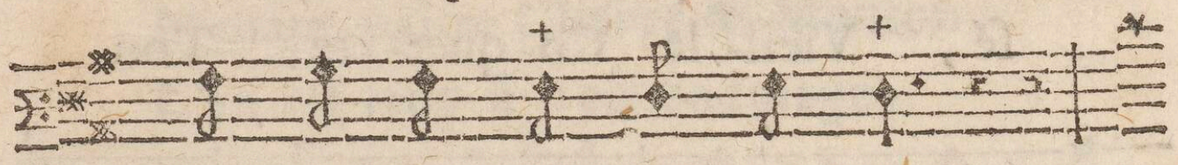


ret- te, Dans ton Prin-tems;
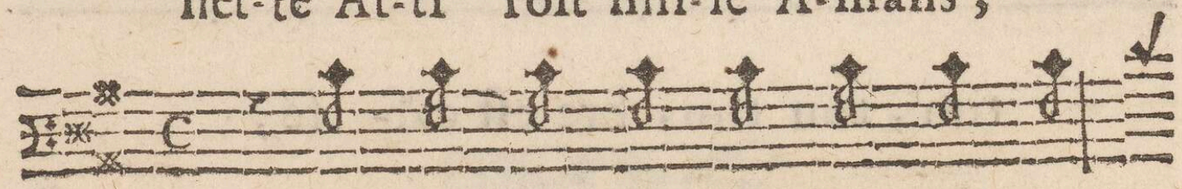
Vîte.
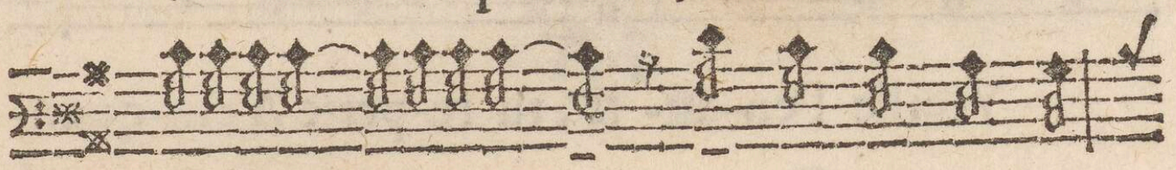


Tu n'avois qu'à tinter, & ta dou-ce Son-



net-te At-ti roit mil-le A-mans;
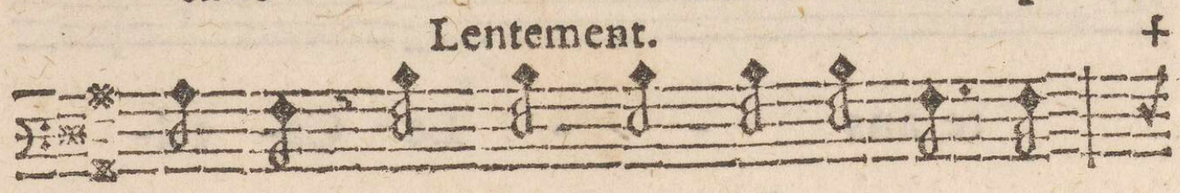


Mais à pré-ſent, Ton toc-ſin tin
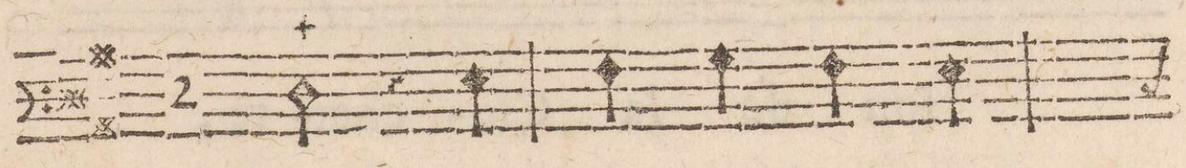


tant - - Ne re-veil-le per-

Lentement.



ſon- ne. Dis-moi, quand ſur le ten-dre
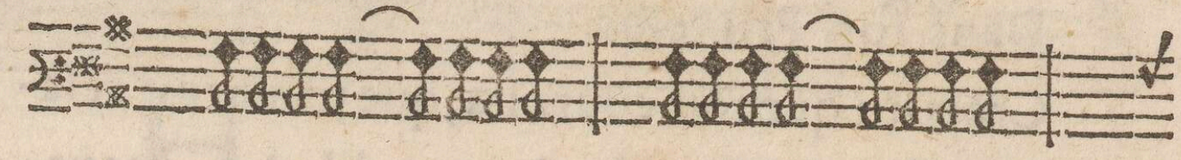


ton, Ta groſ- ſe clo- che
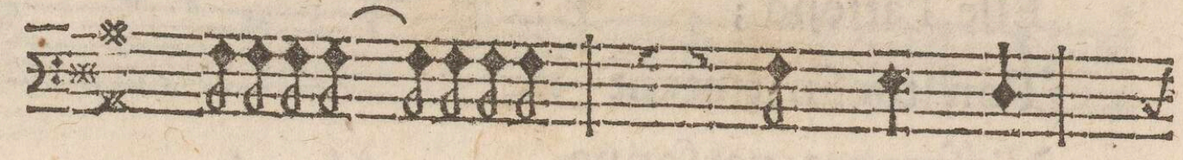
ſonne,



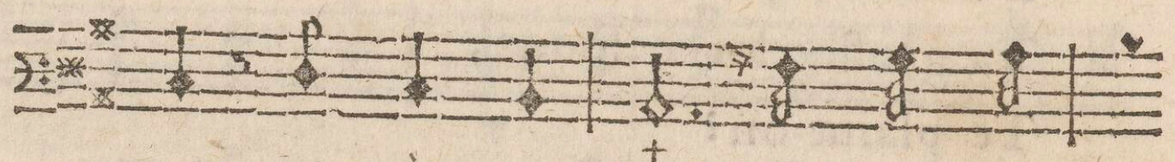
ſon- ne, T'en- tend - t-on?
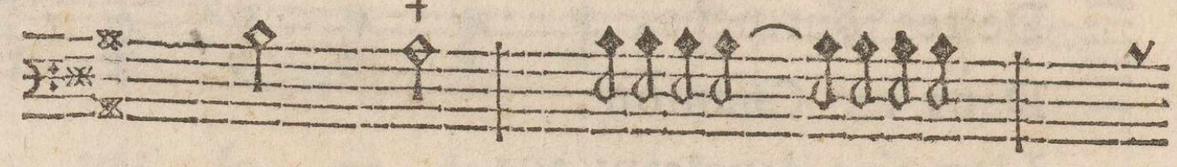


Non - - non - -
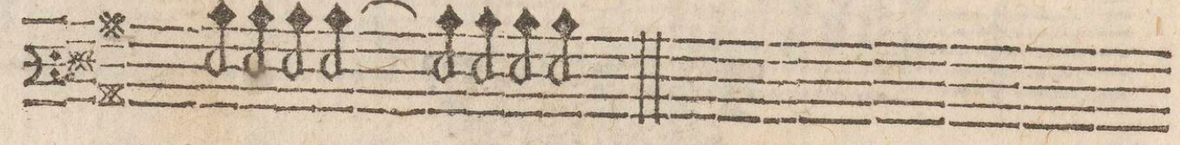


non. - - Si l'on t'en-



tend, Ce n'eſt qu'au ſon, De ton ar-



gent com- tant, - -



tant. - -

Ton tems, ton tems eſt paſſé,
Mari ſauvage;
Ton tim, ton timbre eſt caſſé;
Tu veux qu'après le Mariage,

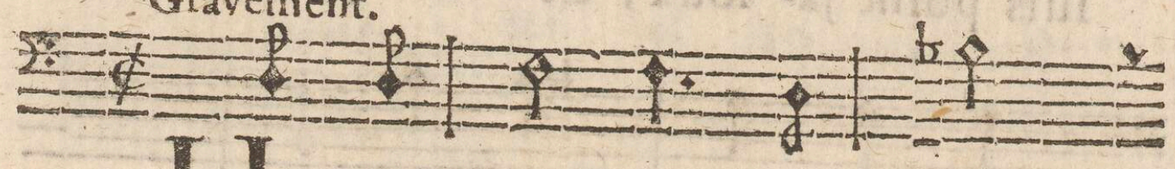
Après

Après deux ans,
Ta femme pour toi ſoit conſtante,
Et pour tout autre indiférente,
Dans ſon Printems.
Crois-tu que ton couroux, que ton bruit écla-
Chaſſera ſon Amant? (tant,
Elle l'attend;
Ton tocſin tintant
N'éfrayera perſonne.
Dis-moi, quand ſur le triſte ton,
Ta groſſe cloche ſonne,
Te plaint-on?
Non, non, non.
De tes tourmens,
Dans ma Chanſon,
L'on rira dans cent ans.
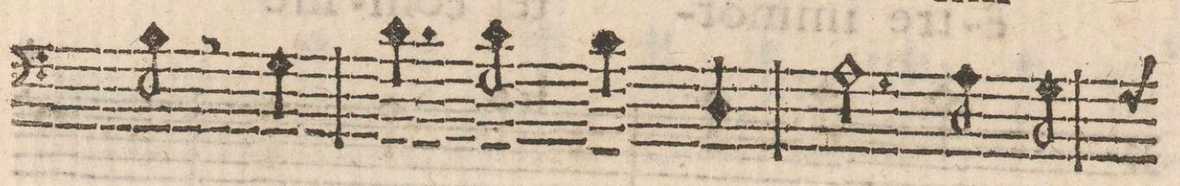
RE-

RECIT DE BASSE.

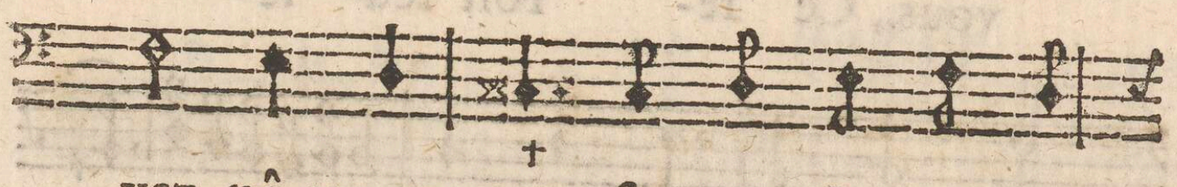
Gravement.
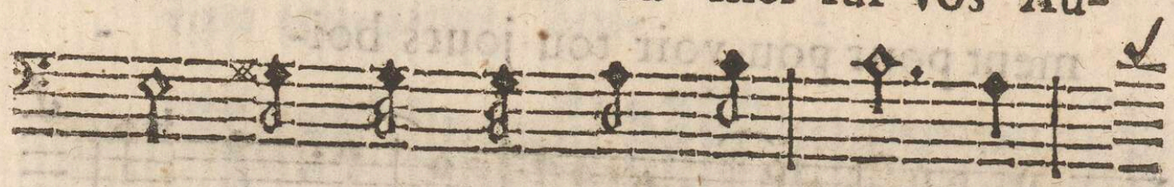


HA- bi- tans de l'O- lim-



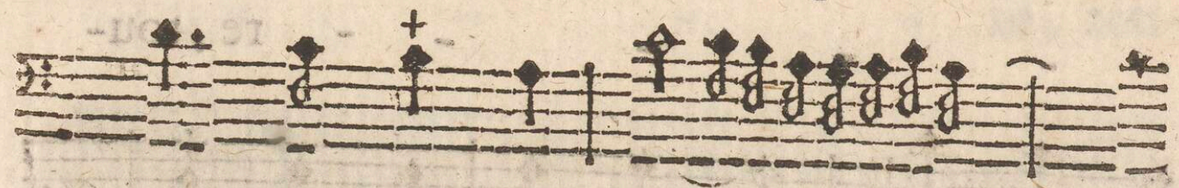
pe, Ar- bî- tres des mor- tels, Qui vo-
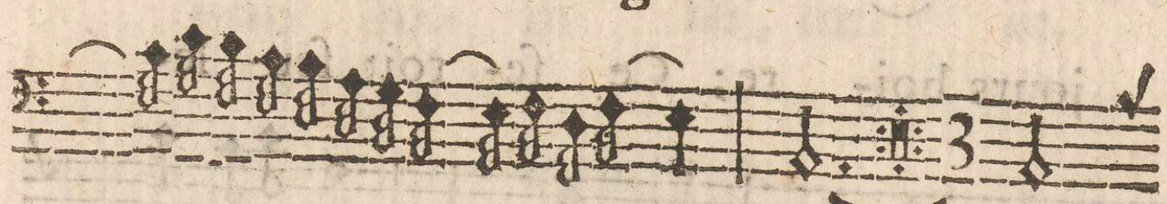


yez nô-tre en-cens fu- mer ſur vos Au-
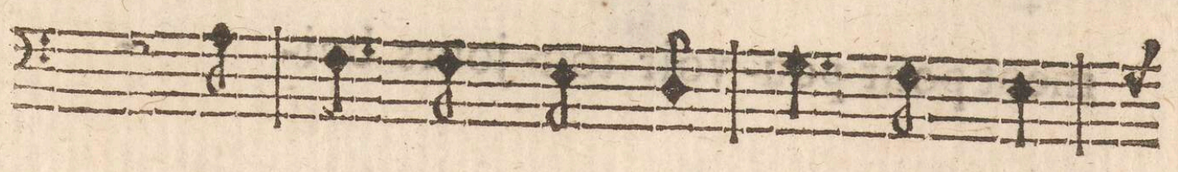


tels, Je ne de- man- de point l'é-



clat de vô- tre gloi- - -

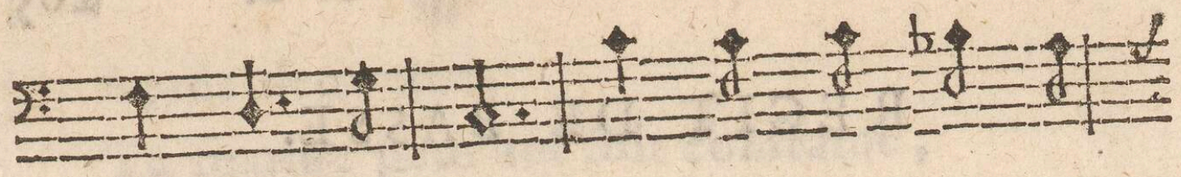


- - - - re: re:
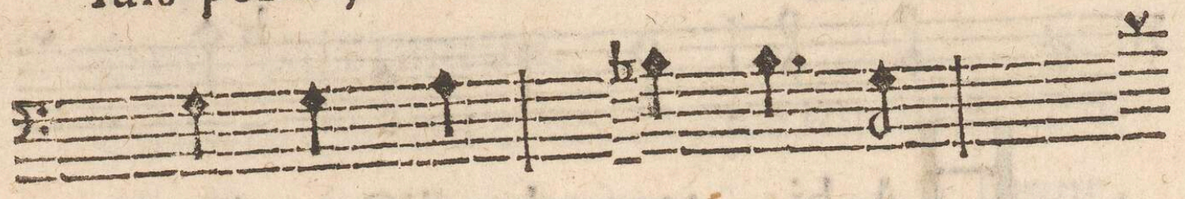


De tou-tes vos gran-deurs je ne
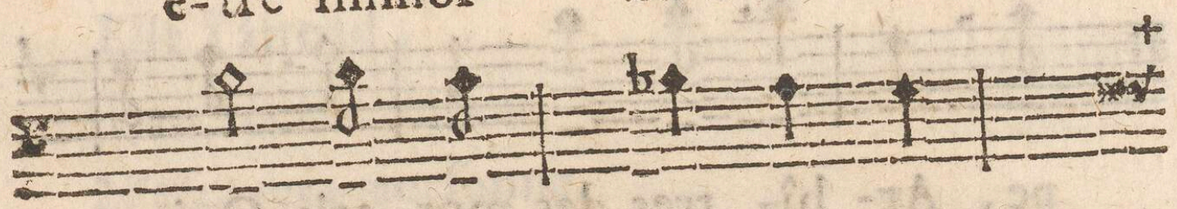
RE-
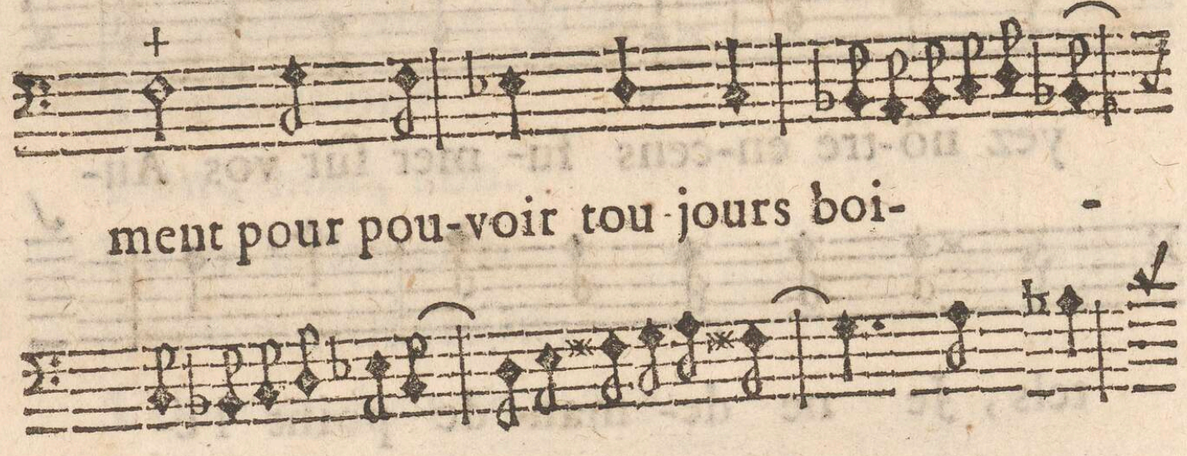


ſuis point ja- loux; Et ſi je vou-lois



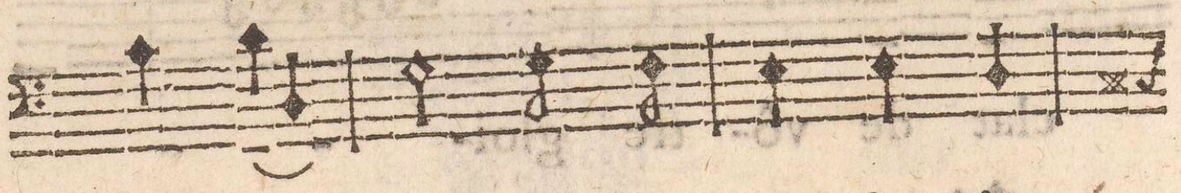
ê-tre immor- tel com-me
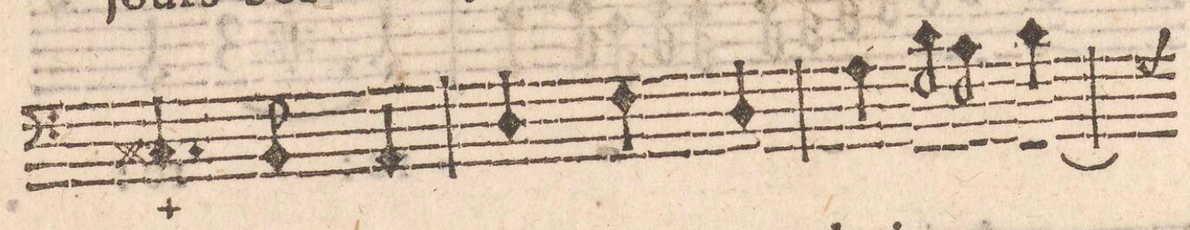


vous, Ce ſe- roit ſeu- le-



ment pour pou-voir tou-jours boi- - - - - - - - re, tou-

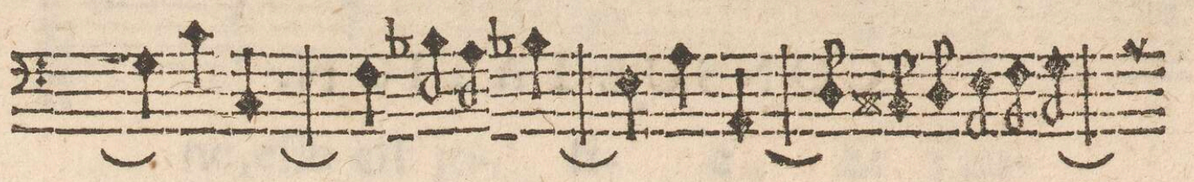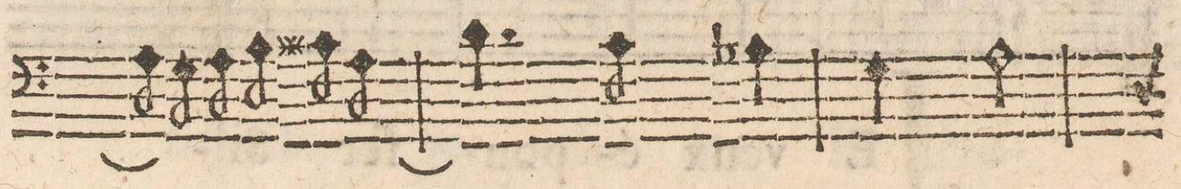


jours boi- re; Ce ſe- roit ſeu- le-
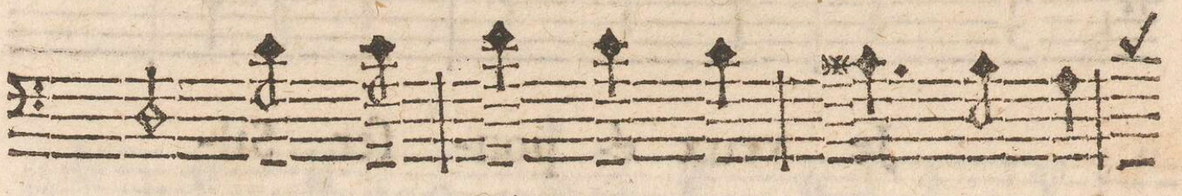


ment pour pou-voir tou-jours boi-

re
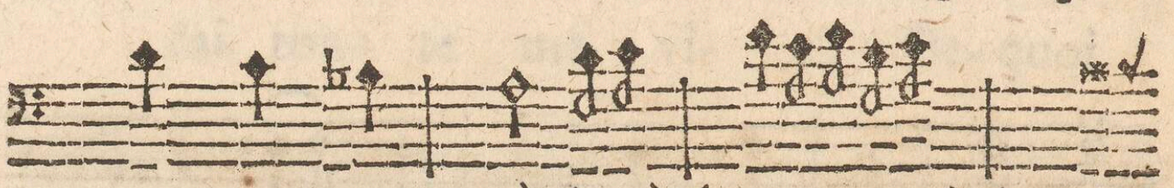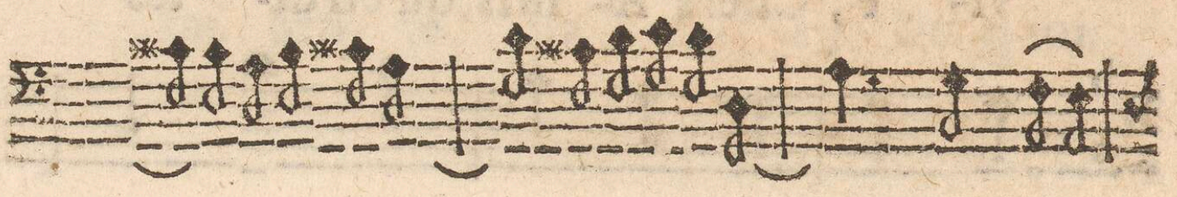




re, tou- jours boi-



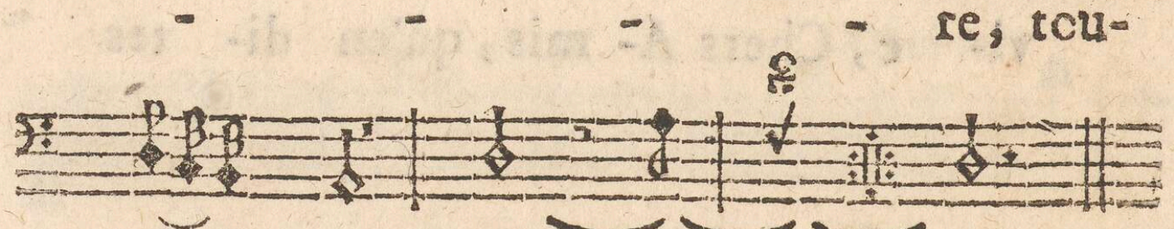
re; Ce ſe- roit ſeu- le- ment pour pou-



voir tou-jours boi- - -
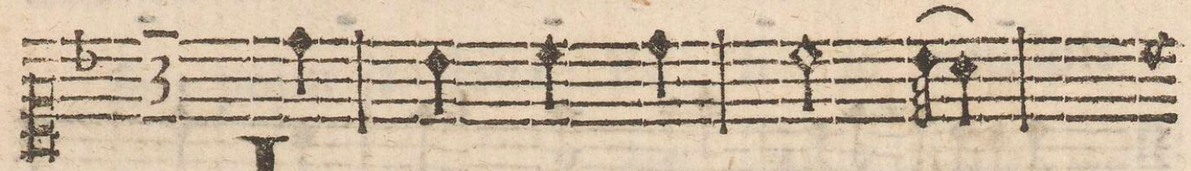


- - - - re, tou-
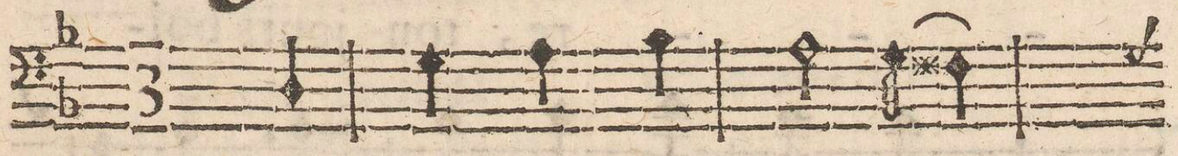


jours boi- re. De, &c. re.
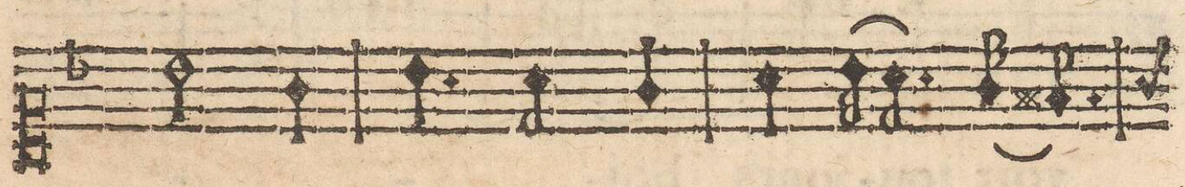
CONSULTATION.
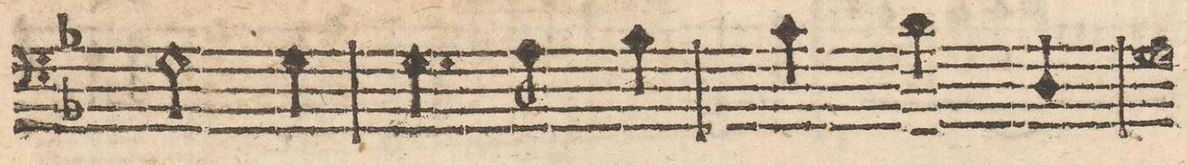


JE veux é- pou- ſer Sil-



Je veux é- pou- ſer Sil-
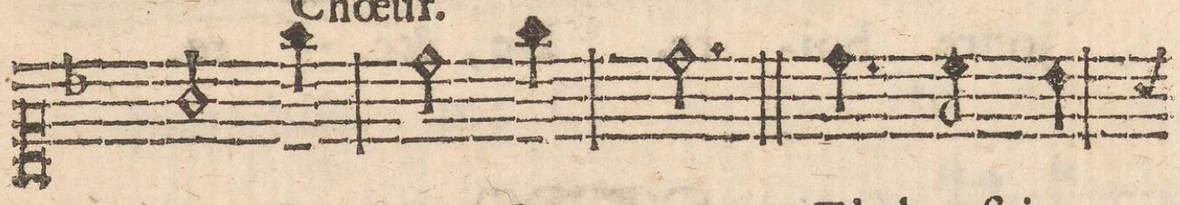


vi- e, Chers A- mis, qu'en di- tes

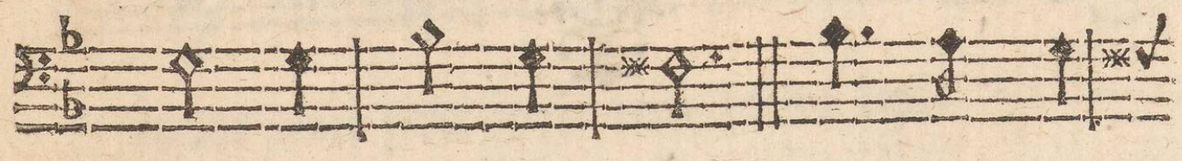


vi- e, Chers A- mis, qu'en di- tes

Chœur.
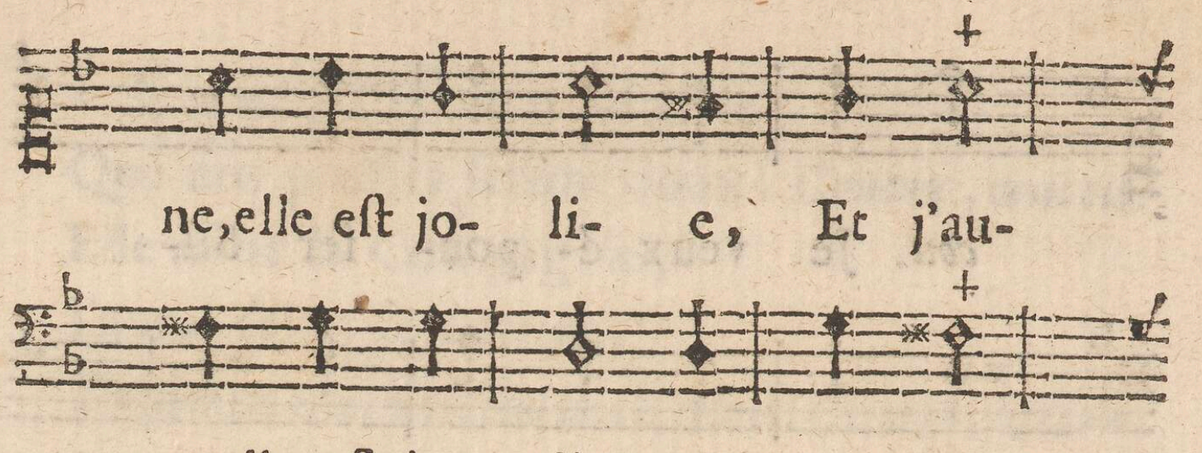


vous? *Cou- cou, Cou- cou.* El- le eſt jeu-

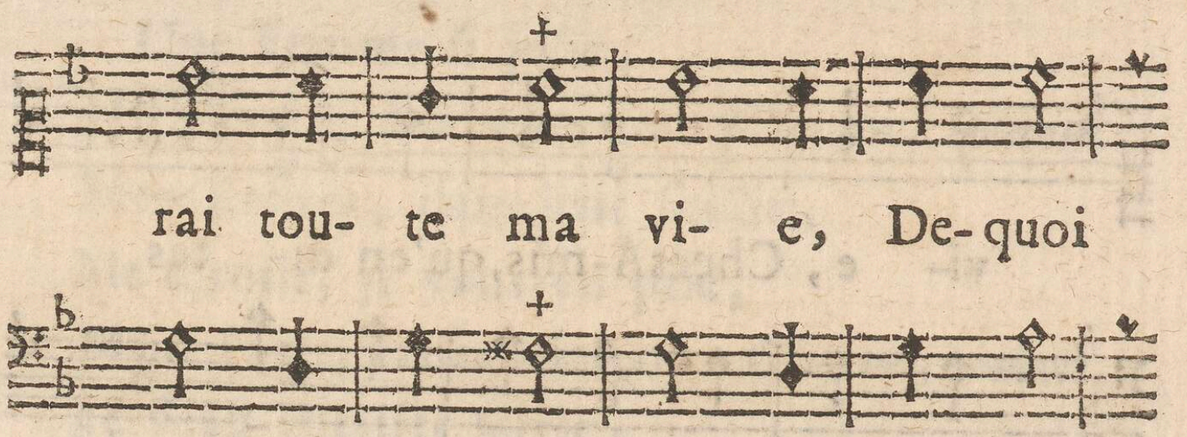


vous? *Cou- cou, Cou- cou.* El- le eſt jeu-

ne



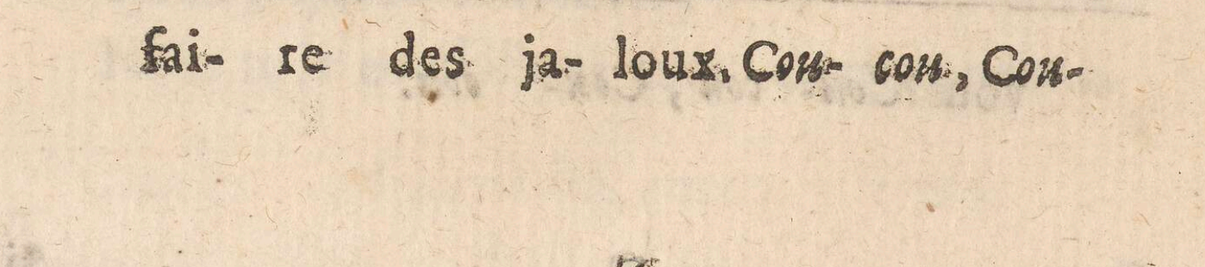
ne, elle eſt jo- li- e, Et j'au-



rai tou- te ma vi- e, De-quoi

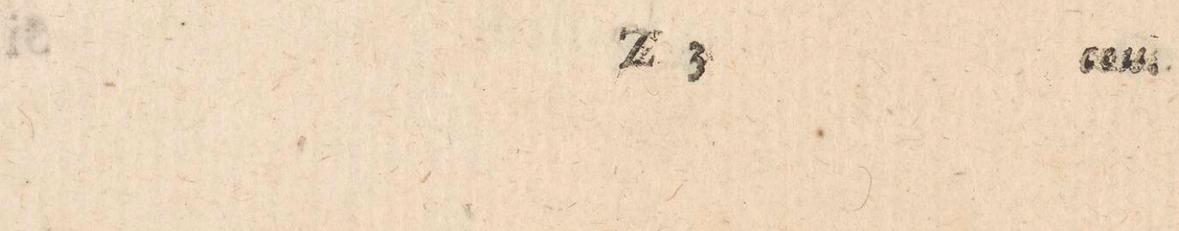


rai tou- te ma vi- e, De- quoi
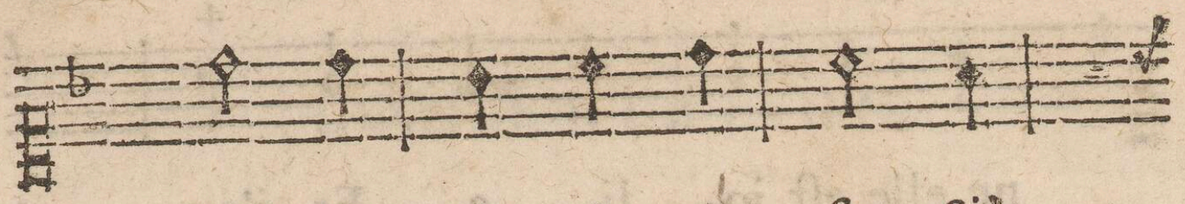


Chœur.
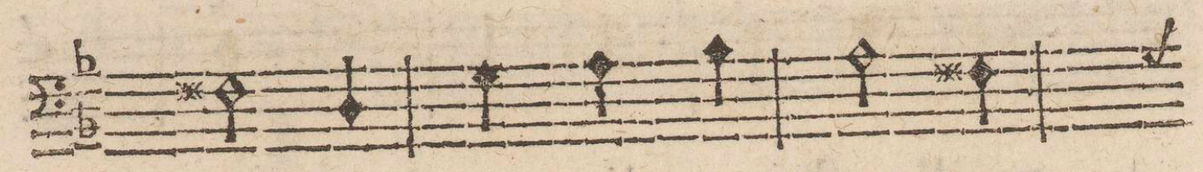
fai- re des ja- loux. *Cou- cou*, Cou-
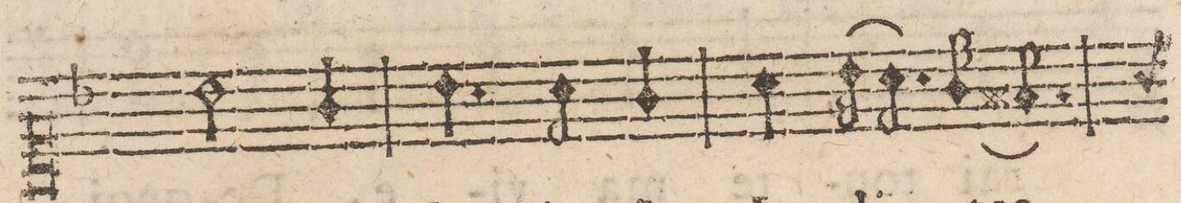


fai- re des ja- loux. *Cou- cou*, Cou-
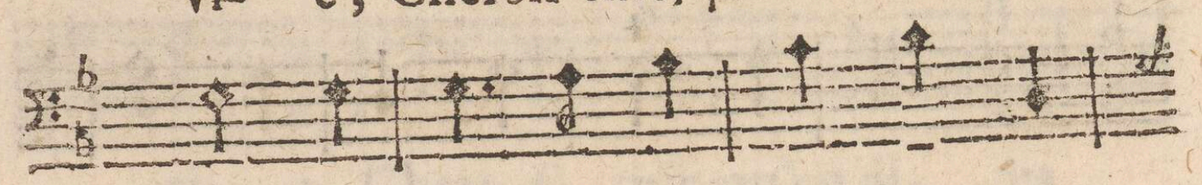


cou. Je veux é- pou- ſer Sil-



cou. Je veux é- pou- ſer Sil-

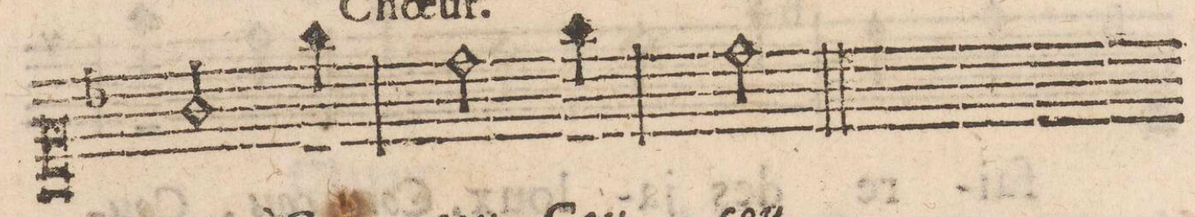


vi- e, Chers A-mis, qu'en di- tes
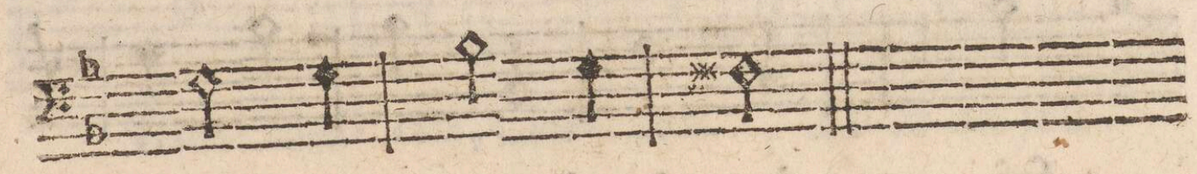


vi- e, Chers A- mis, qu'en di- tes-

Chœur.



vous? *Cou- cou, Cou- cou.*



vous? *Cou- cou, Cou- cou.*

Si jamais l'Hymen nous lie,
Que nos plaiſirs ſeront doux! *Coucou, coucou.*
Elle aime la Compagnie,
J'aurai ſelon ſon envie,
Toujours nos Voiſins chez nous: *Coucou, coucou.*
Je veux épouſer Silvie,
Chers Amis, qu'en dites vous? *Coucou, coucou.*

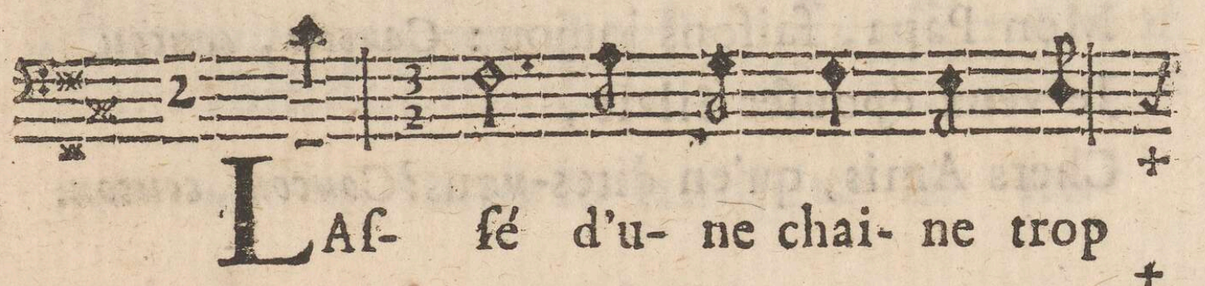
Une Femme ſi jolie,
Me viendra ſauter au cou. *Coucou, coucou.*
Mes Enfans, dans leur ſaillie,
Me diront, je vous en prie,
Mon Papa, faiſons joujou: *Coucou, coucou.*
Je veux épouſer Silvie,
Chers Amis, qu'en dites-vous? *Coucou, coucou.*

CHOEUR.

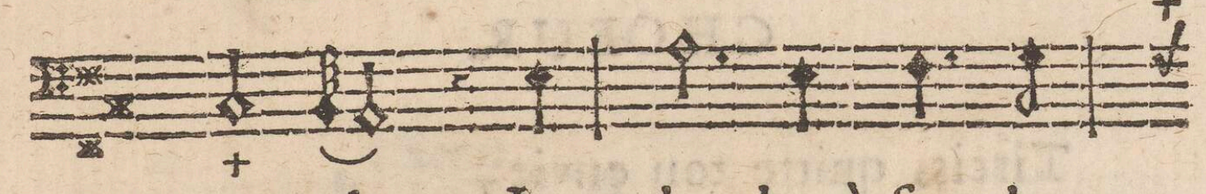
Tircis, quitte ton envie,
Nous te le conſeillons tous, *Coucou, coucou.*
L'Amour n'eſt qu'une folie;
Pour paſſer ta fantaiſie,
Entens l'Oiſeau des Epoux, *Coucou, coucou.*
Tircis, quitte ton envie,
Nous te le conſeillons tous. *Coucou, coucou.*

Ce Chant de mauvais préſage,
Eſt une Leçon pour nous ; *Coucou, coucou.*
N'en parlons pas d'avantage,
Je renonce au Mariage,
Il n'eſt fait que pour les fous : *Coucou, coucou.*
Ce chant de mauvais préſage,
Eſt une Leçon pour nous. *Coucou, coucou.*
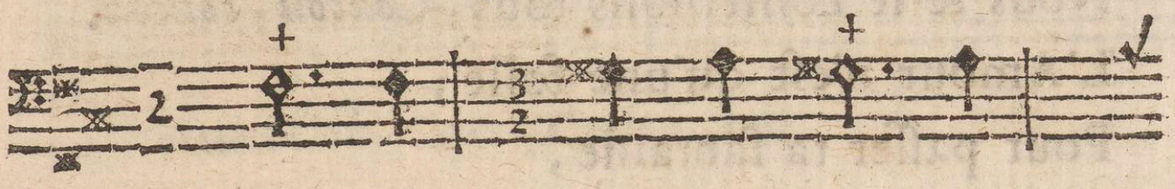
RECIT DE BASSE.
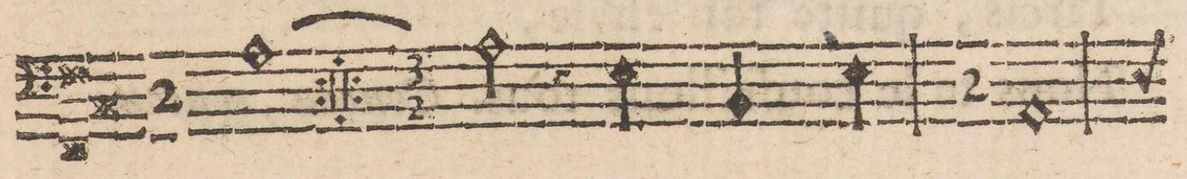


LAſ- ſé d'u- ne chai- ne trop



ru- de, Je cherche à ſou- la-

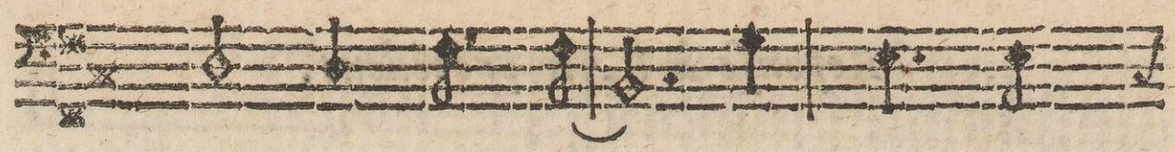


ger mes dé- plai- ſirs ſe-
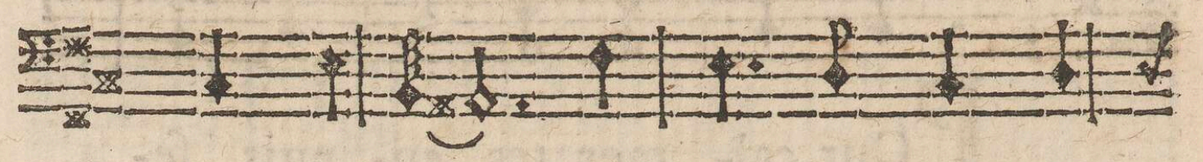


crets : crets : Af- freux Ro- chers,
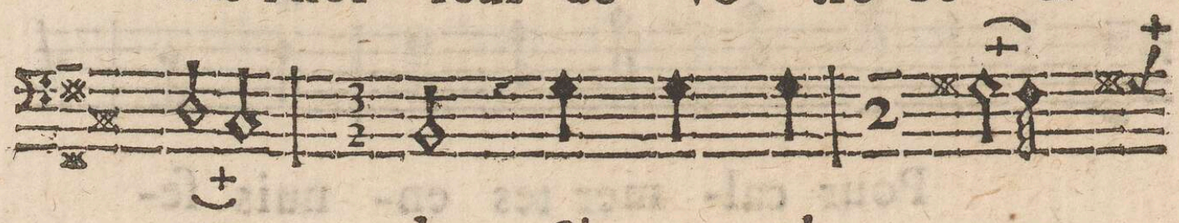
noi-
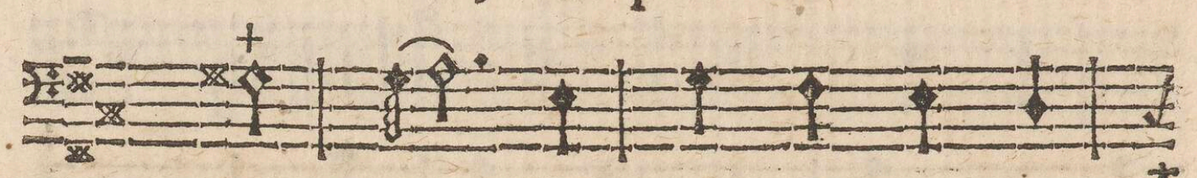


noi- res Fo- rêts, Que j'ai- me-
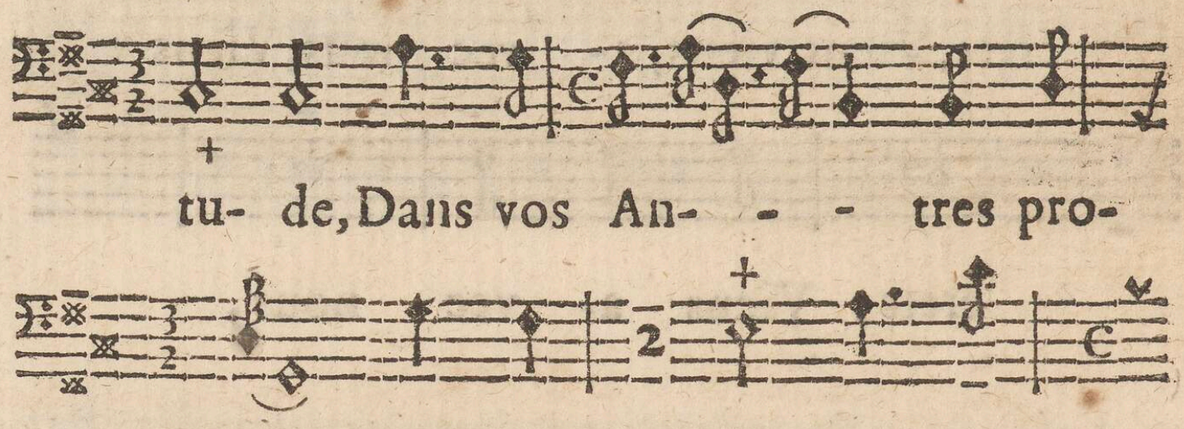


rois l'hor- reur de vô- tre So- li-



tu- de, Si pour cal- mer

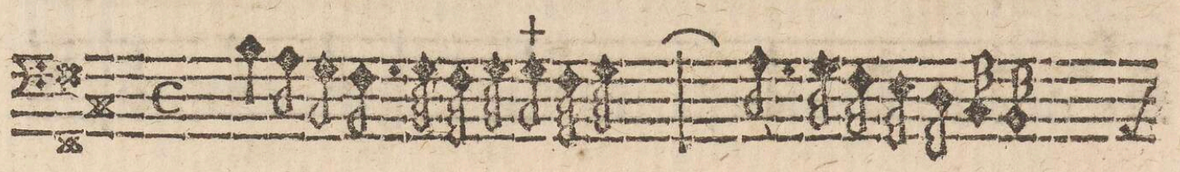


hé- las! ma triſte in-qui- é-
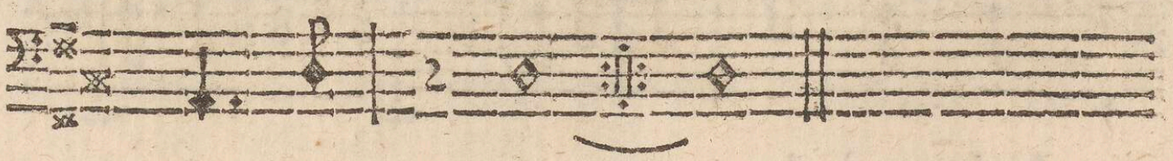


tu- de, Dans vos An- - - tres pro-

fonds, Je trou- vois, Je trou-



vois, - - - -

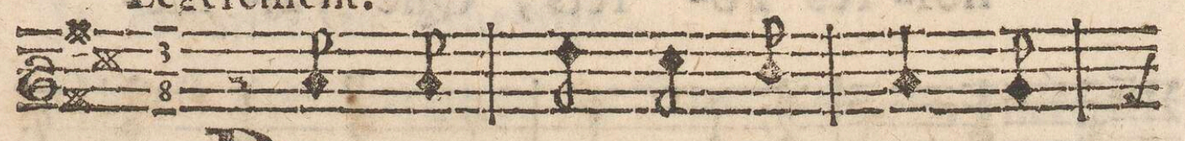


du Vin frais. frais.
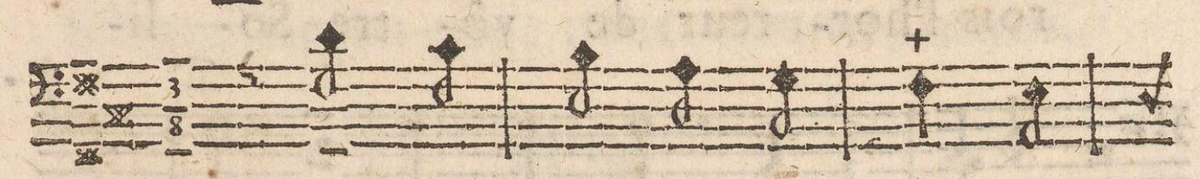
Re-

Reponſe à l'Air précédent.
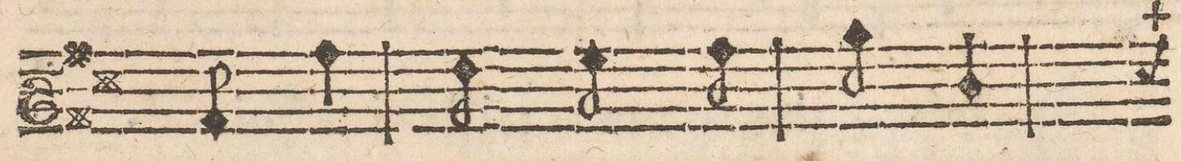
Legerement.
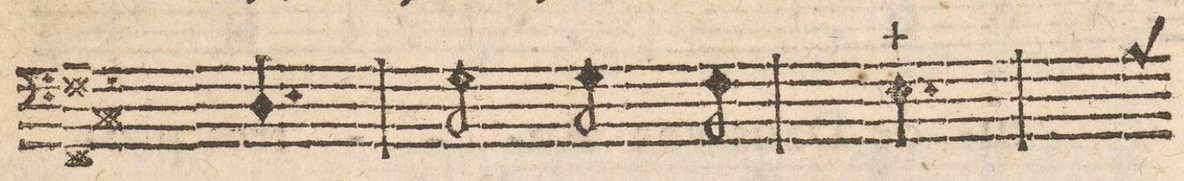


POur cal- mer tes en- nuis ſe-
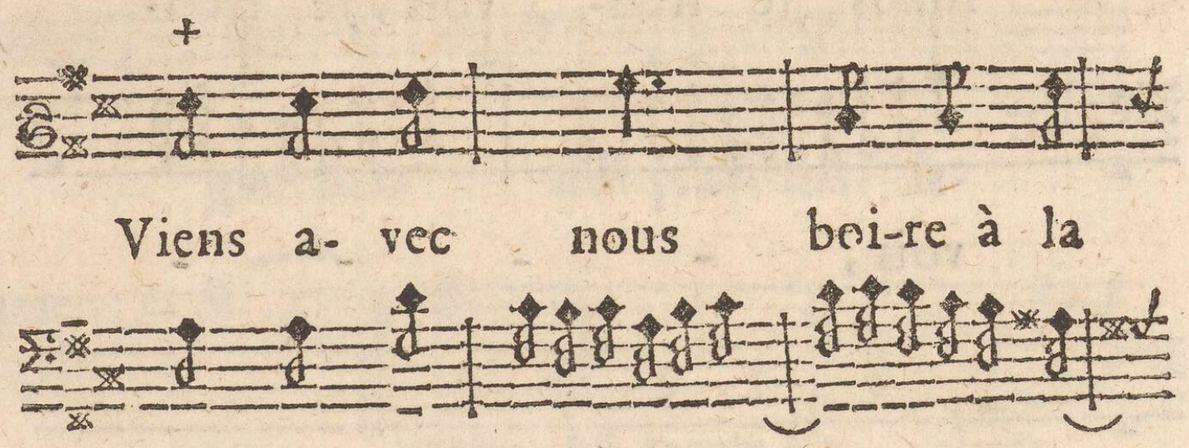


Pour cal- mer tes en- nuis ſe-



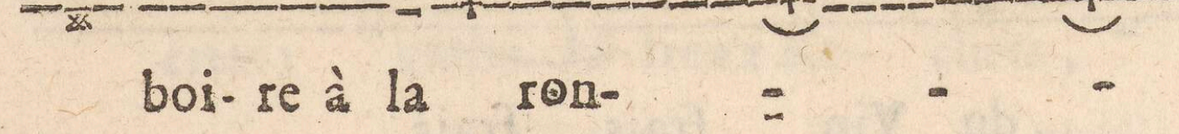
crets, Viens, viens, a- vec nous, Viens



crets, Viens a- vec nous,
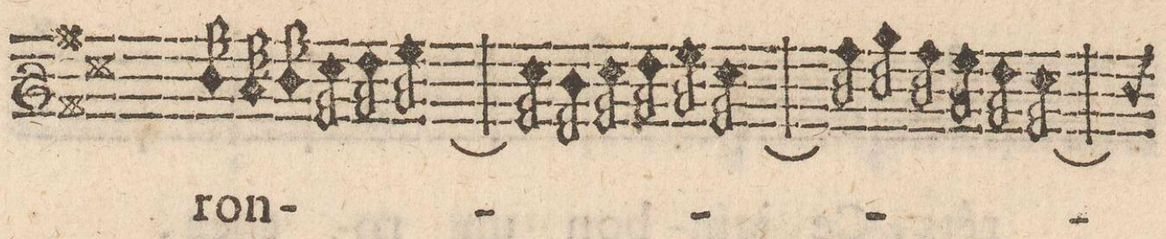


Viens a- vec nous boi-re à la
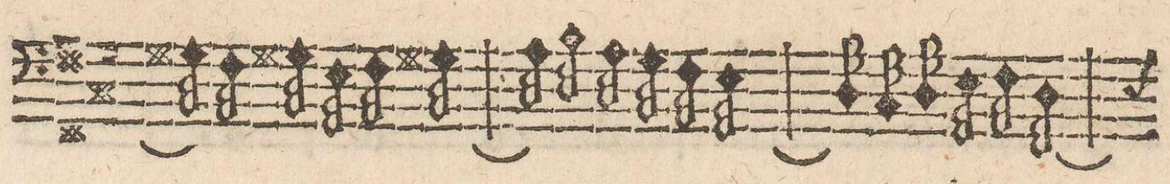


boi- re à la ron- - - -
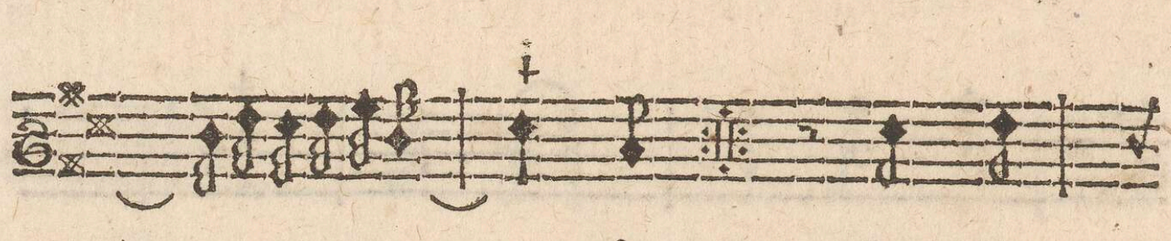
ron-



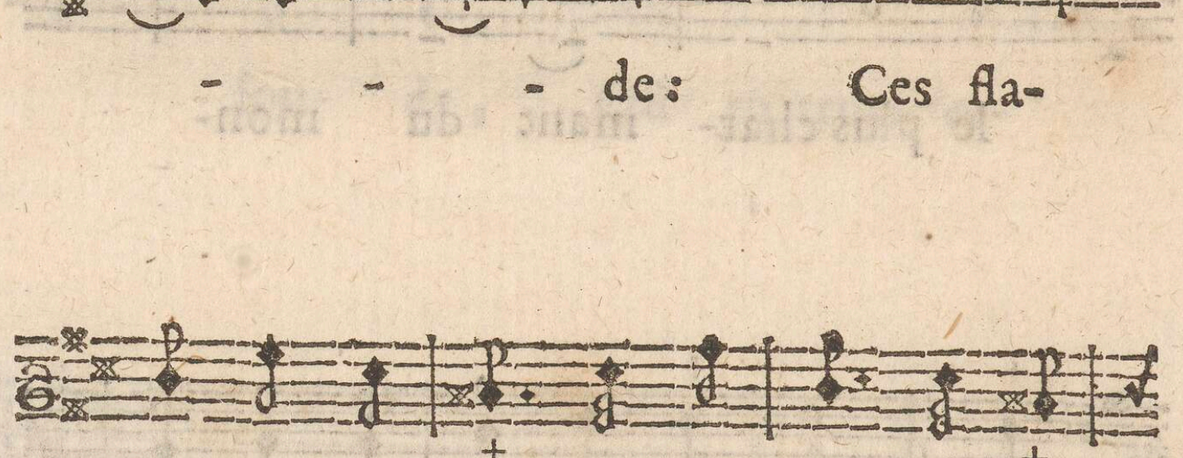
ron- - - - -



- - - - -



- - - de: Ces fla-
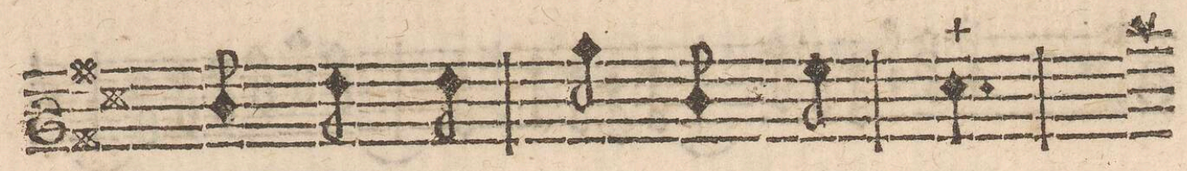


- - - de: Ces fla-

cons à tes yeux pa- roi- tront des fo-
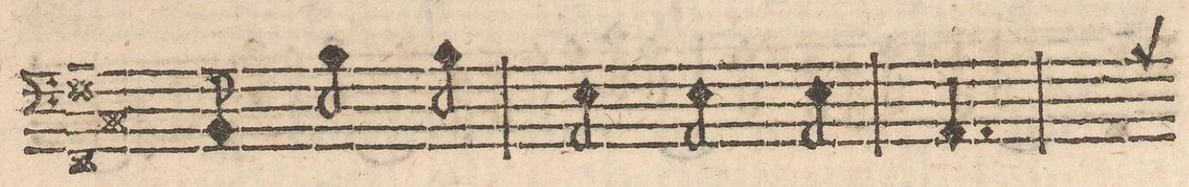


cons à tes yeux pa- roi- tront des fo-
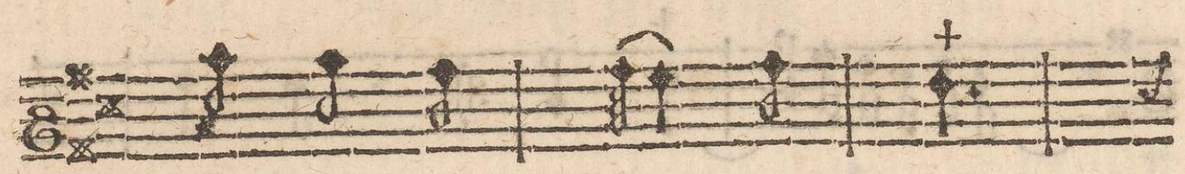
rêts,
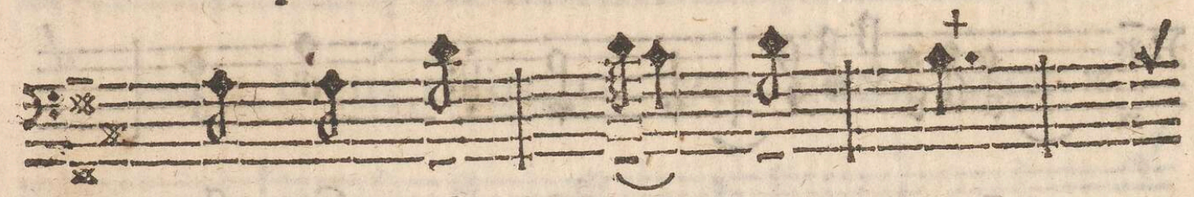


rêts, Ce jam- bon un ro- cher,
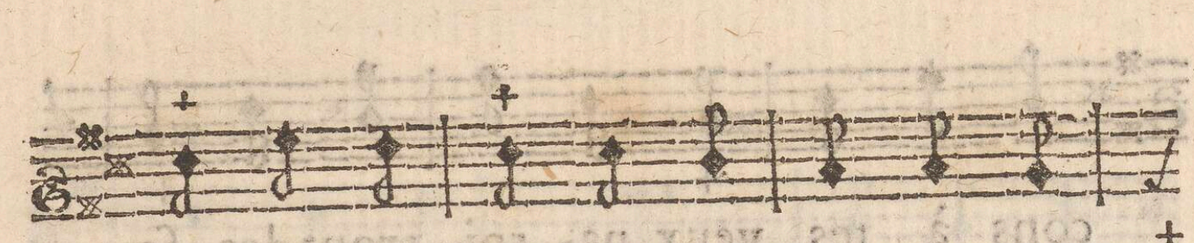


rêts, Ce jam- bon un ro- cher
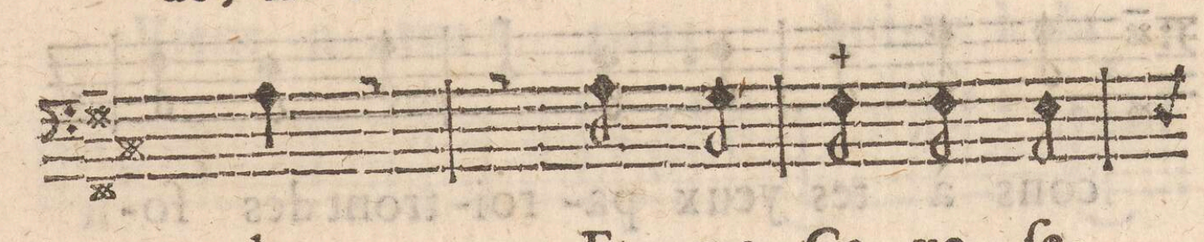


le plus char- mant du mon-



le plus char- mant du mon-
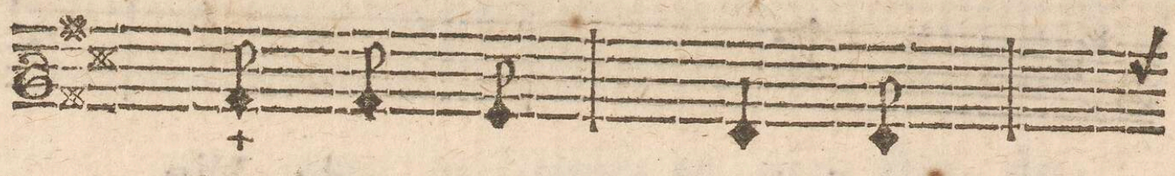


de, Et ma Ca- ve ſe- ra cet- te

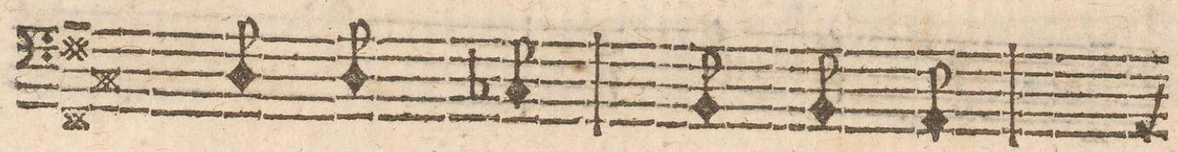


de, Et ma Ca- ve ſe-
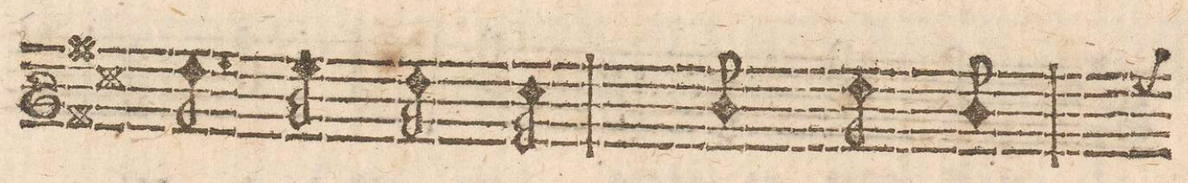
grot-



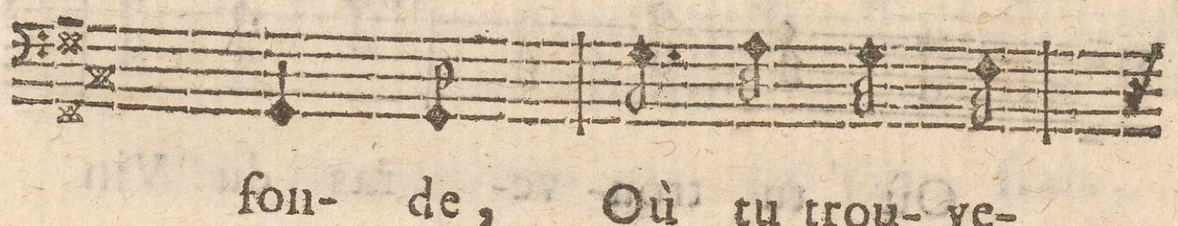
grot- te pro- fon- de,



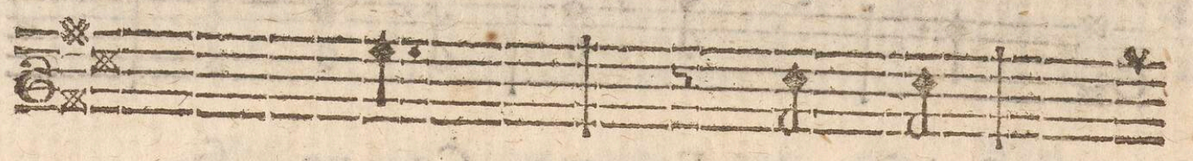
ra cet- te grot- te pro-
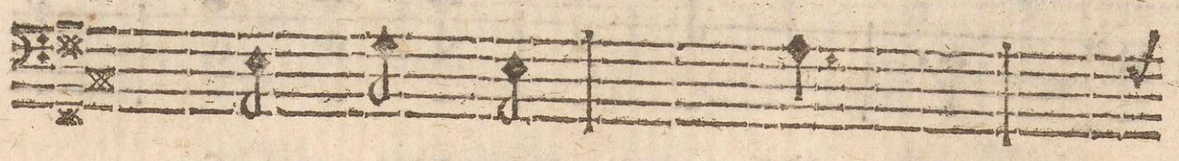


Où tu trou- ve ras du Vin
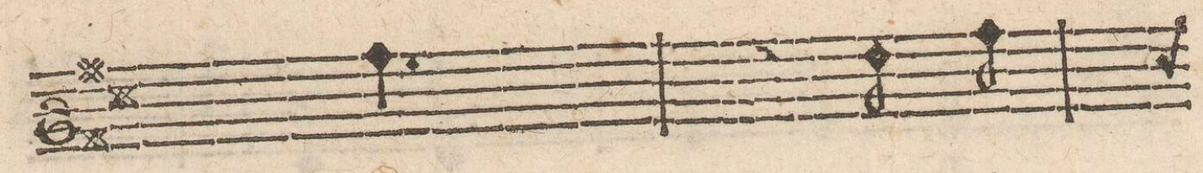


fon- de, Où tu trou- ve-
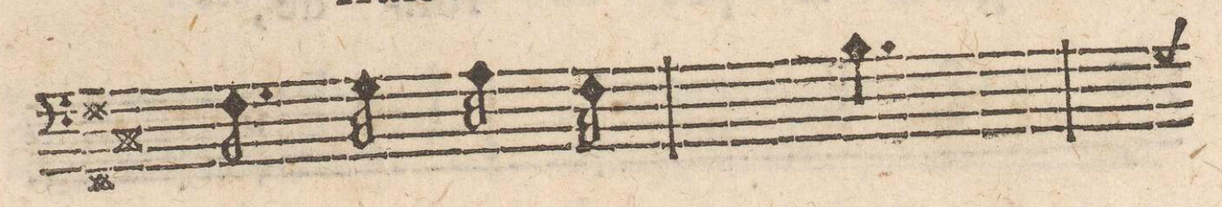


frais, du Vin
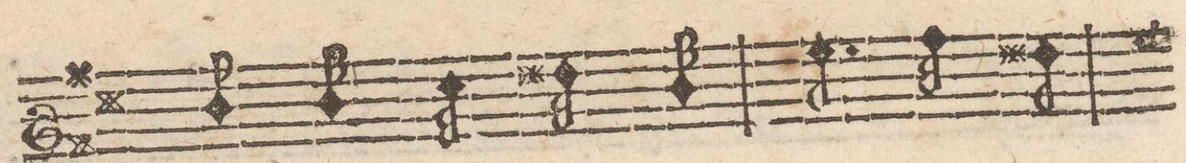


ras du Vin frais,
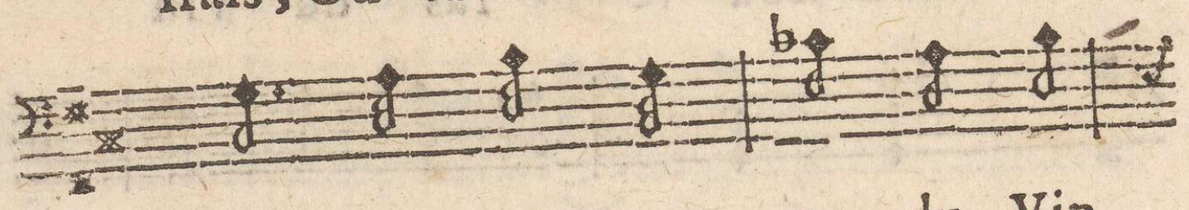


frais: du Vin
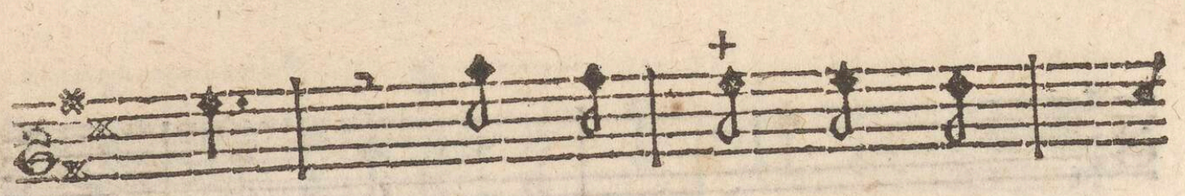


Où tu trou- ve- ras,



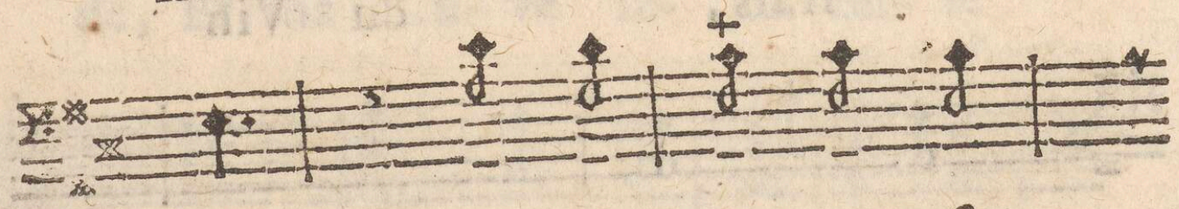
frais, Où tu trou- ve- ras du Vin



Où tu trou- ve- ras du Vin



frais. Et ma Ca- ve ſe-
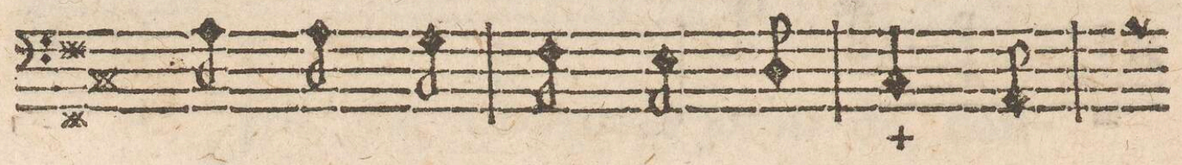


frais. Et ma Ca- ve ſe-
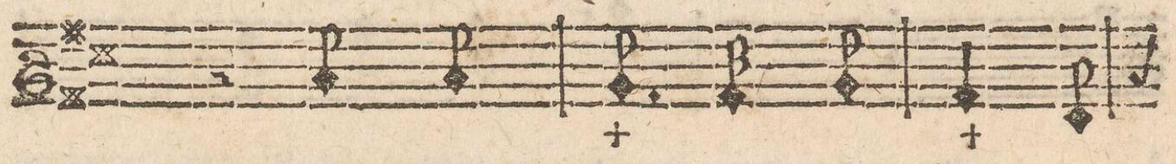
ra
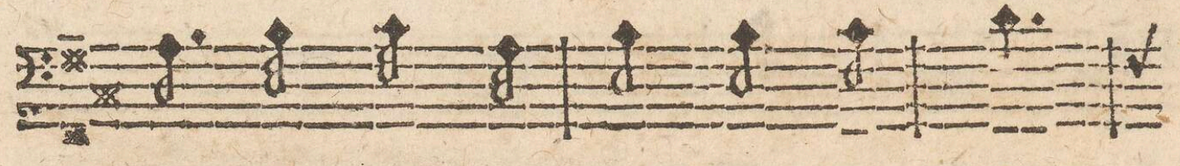


ra cet- te grot- te pro- fon- de,
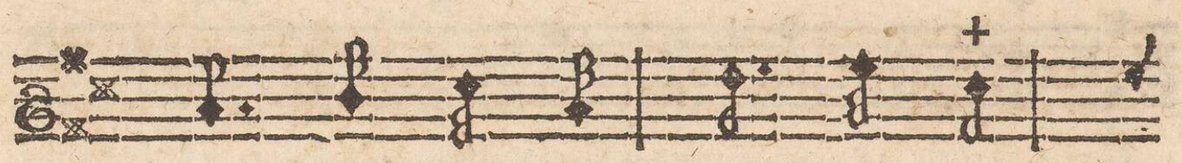


ra cet- te grot- te pro- fon- de,
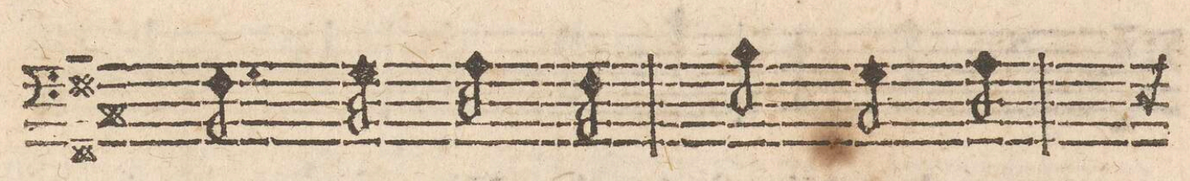


Cet- te grot- te pro- fon- de,



Où tu trou- ve- ras du Vin frais,



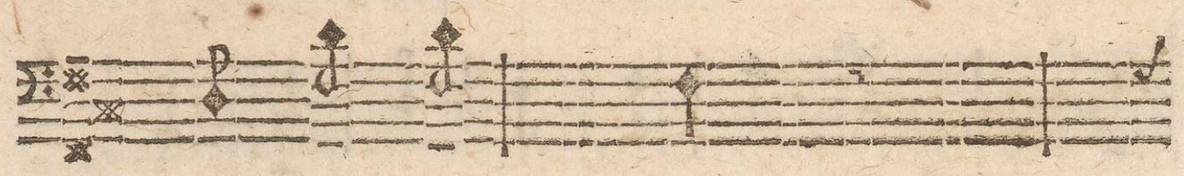
Où tu trou- ve- ras du Vin
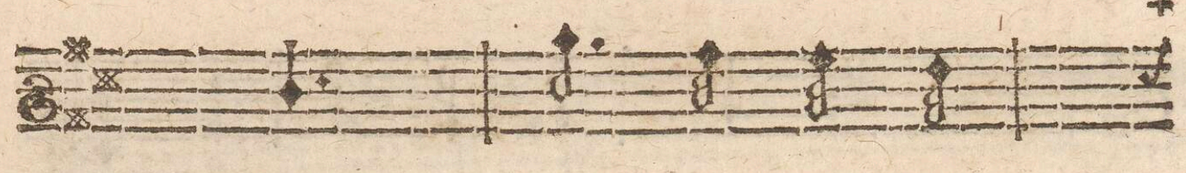


Où tu trou- ve- ras du Vin



frais, Où tu trou- ve-
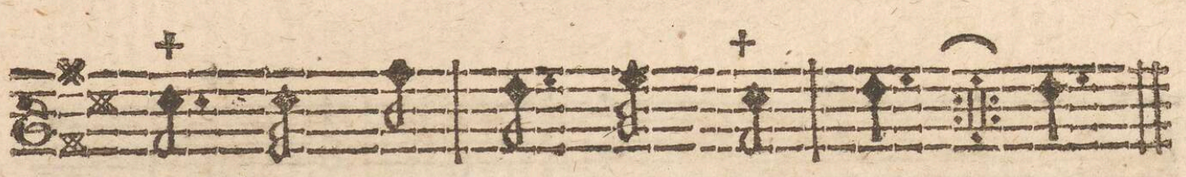


frais, du Vin frais,
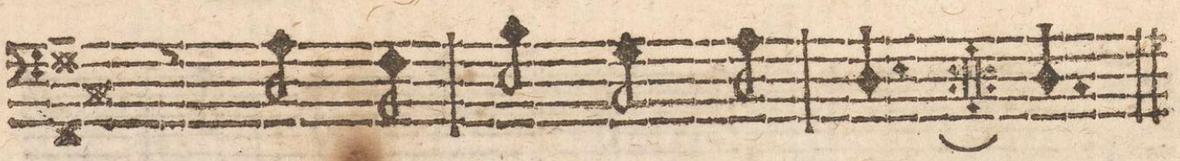


ras, Où tu trou- ve-



du Vin frais,



ras du Vin frais, du Vin frais. frais.



du Vin frais, du Vin frais. frais.

AIR

frais.

frais.

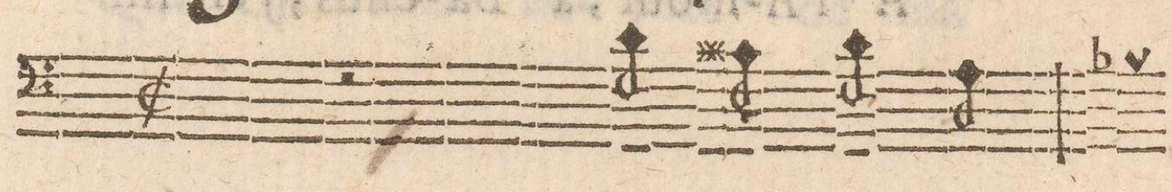
AIR

AIR A BOIRE.
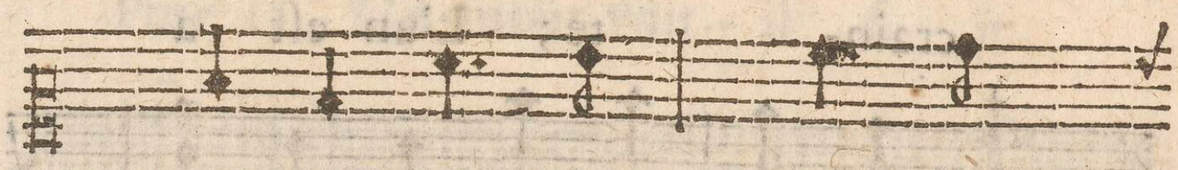
DUO.
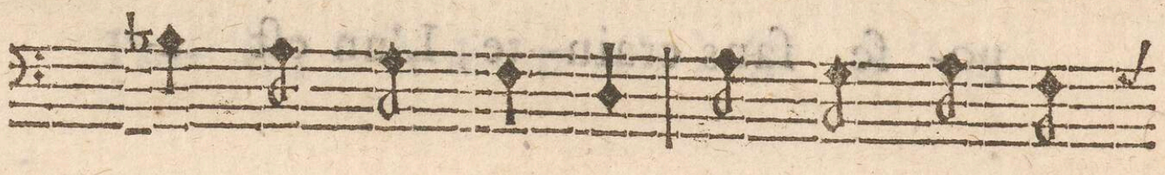


JE ne con-nois point de con-
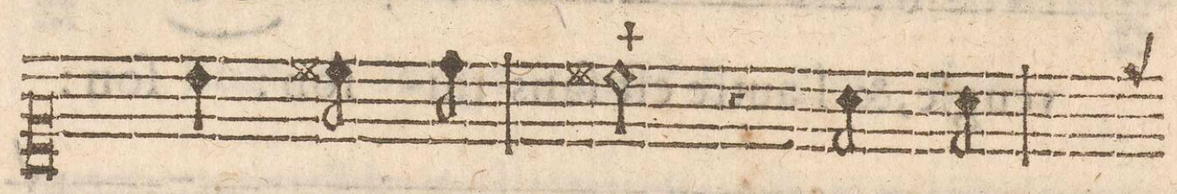


Je ne con-nois
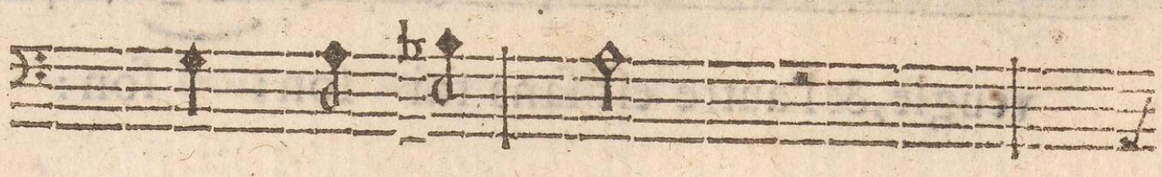


train- te, J'aime & bois en
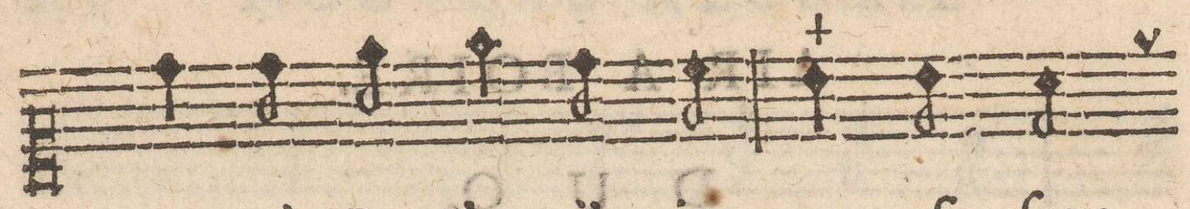


point de con-train-te, J'aime & bois en



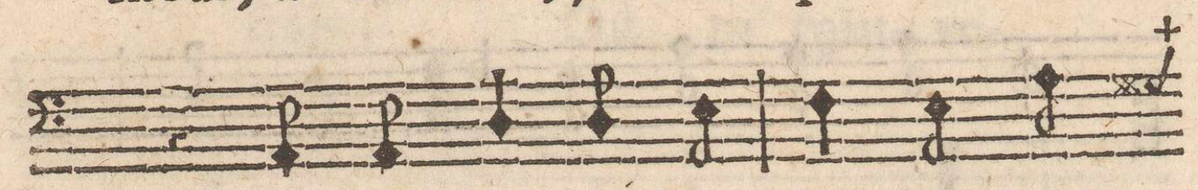
tou- te Sai- ſon. A l'A-
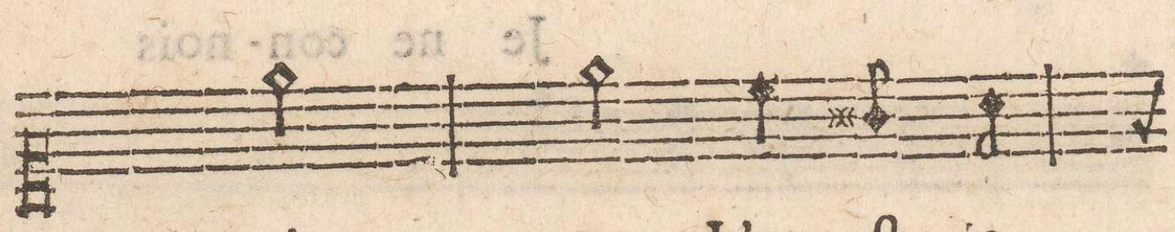


tou- te Sai- ſon.



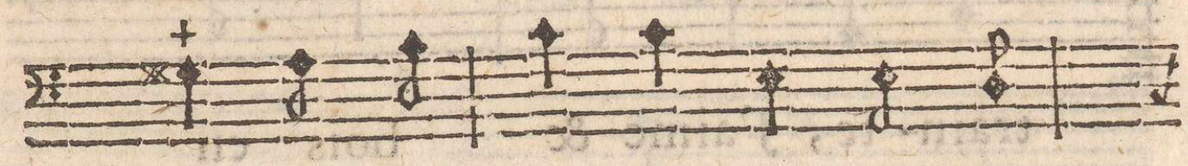
mour, à Ba- chus, j'en im- po- ſe ſans



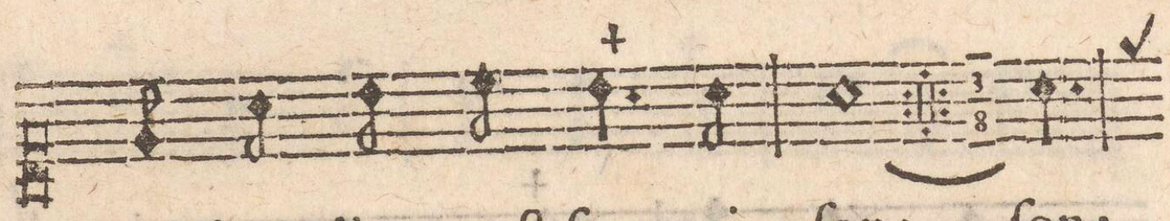
A l'A-mour, à Ba- chus, j'en im-
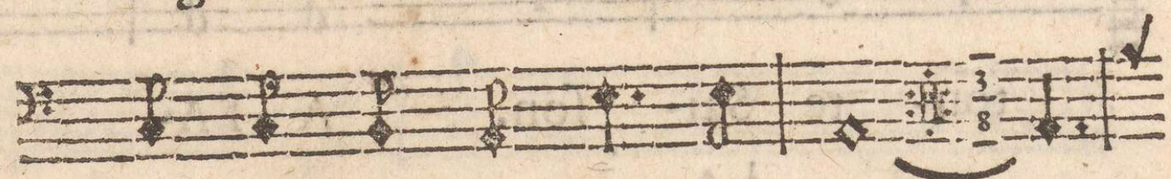


crain- te; L'un eſt a-



po- ſe ſans crain- te; L'un eſt a-
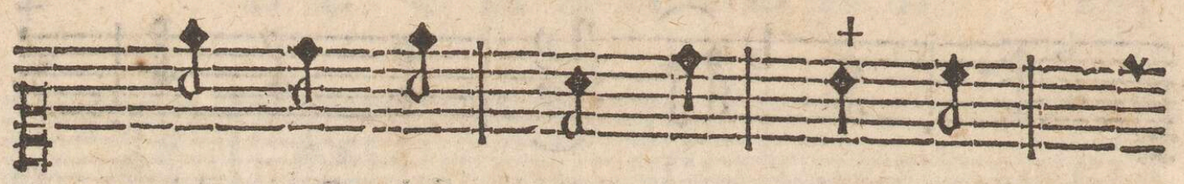


veugle, & l'autre eſt ſans rai- ſon: ſon:



veugle, & l'autre eſt ſans rai- ſon: ſon:

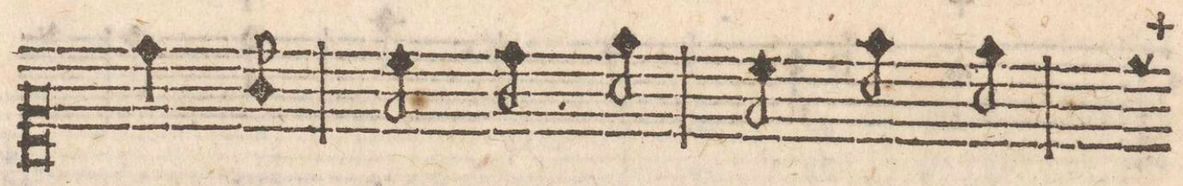
Quand
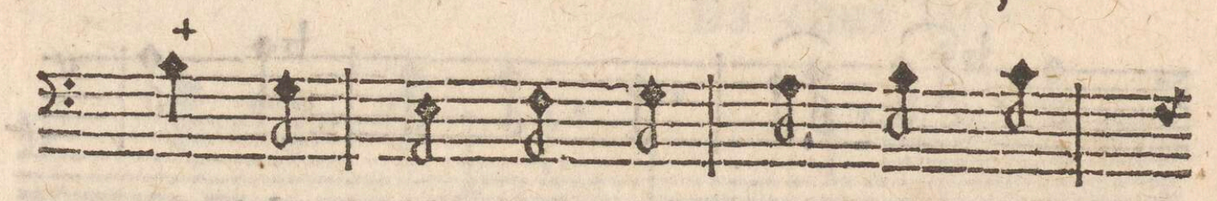


Quand je ſuis au- près de ma
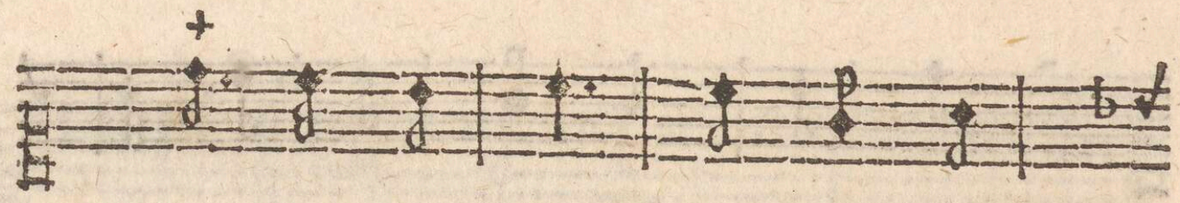


Quand je ſuis au- près de ma
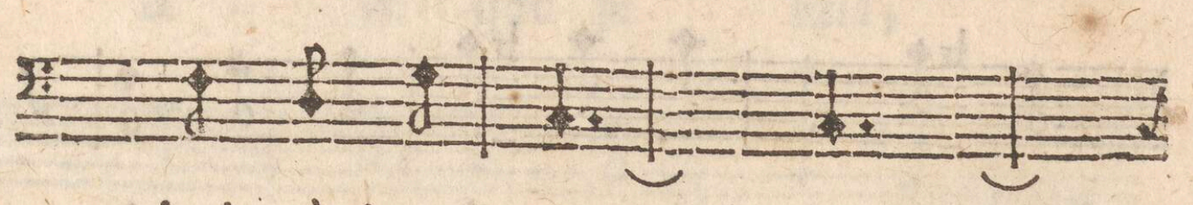


Pin- te, L'A-mour voit - il ſi je
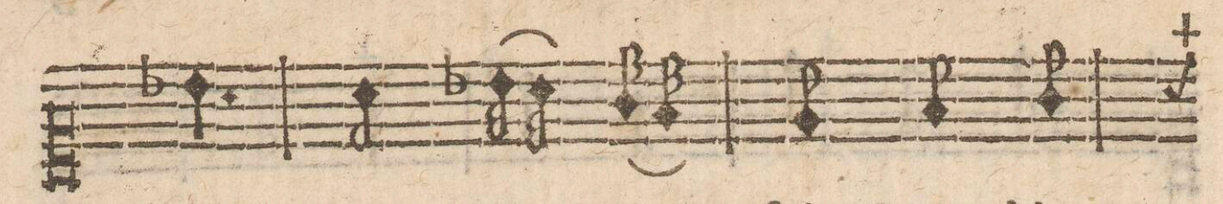


Pin- te, L'A-mour voit - il ſi je
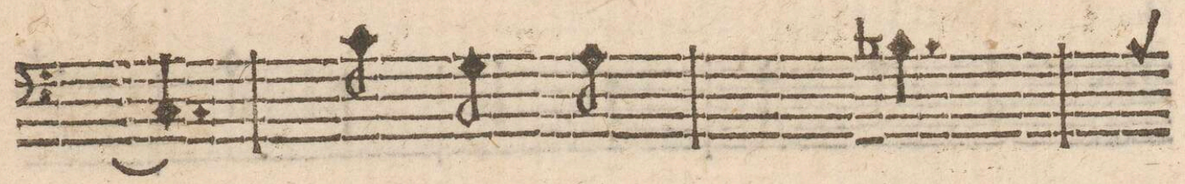


bois à longs traits? Ba- chus ſait-
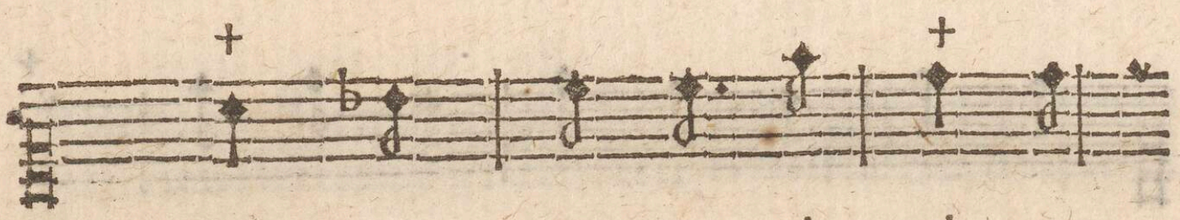


bois à longs traits? - -
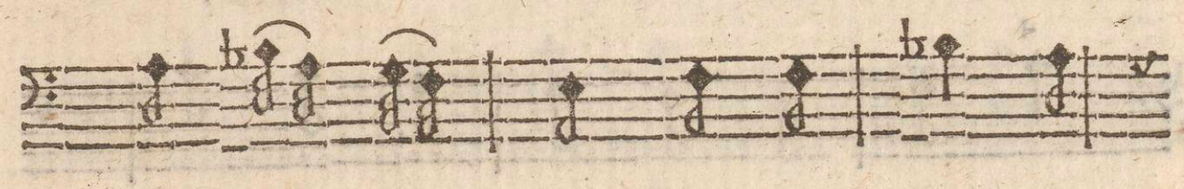


il ce que je fais, Quand je



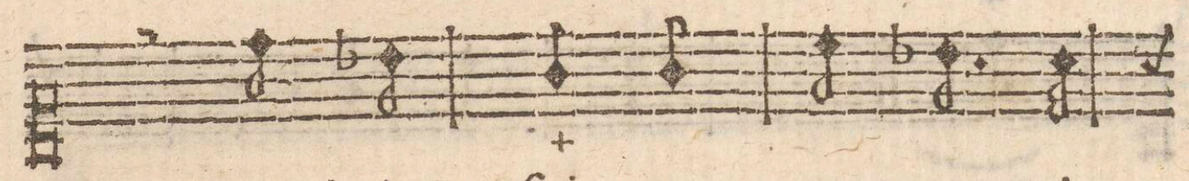
- Ba- chus ſait - il
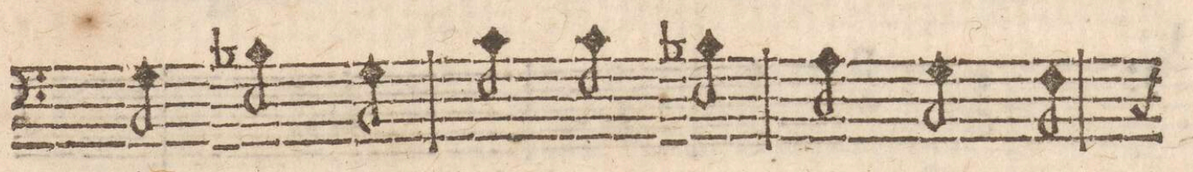


ſuis a- vec mon A- min- te,



ce que je fais, Quand je ſuis a-

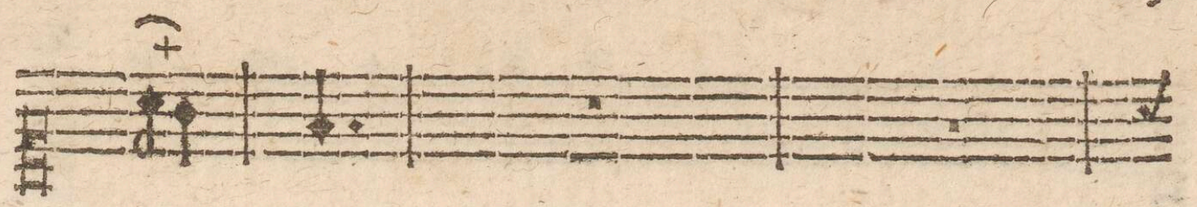


Quand je ſuis a- vec mon A-
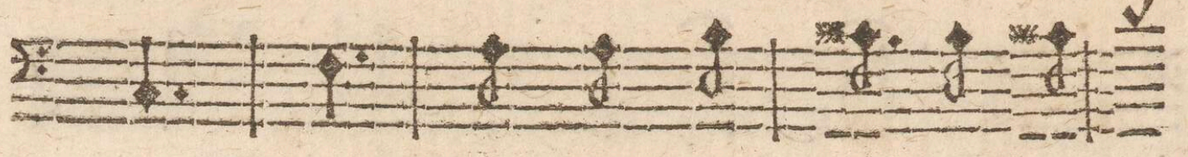


vec mon A- min- te, A- vec mon A-
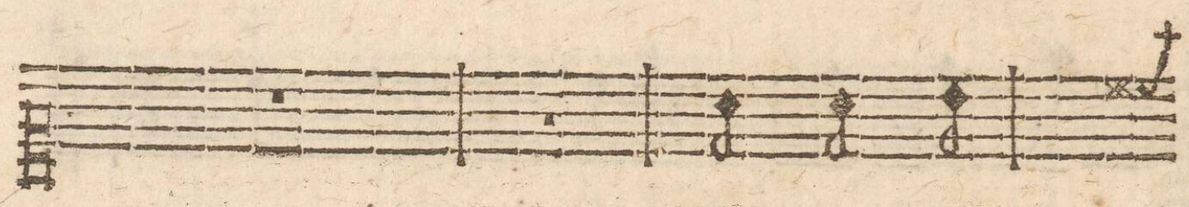
minte,
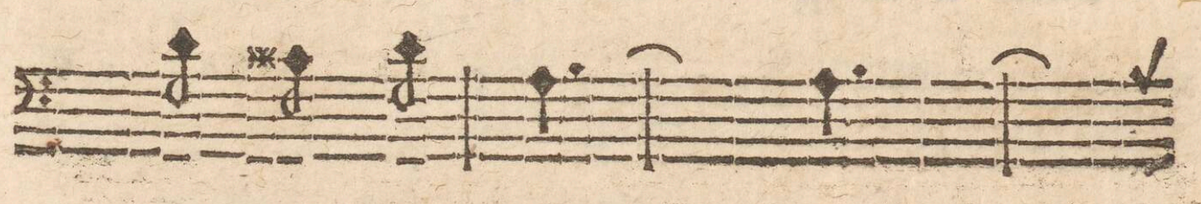


min- te?
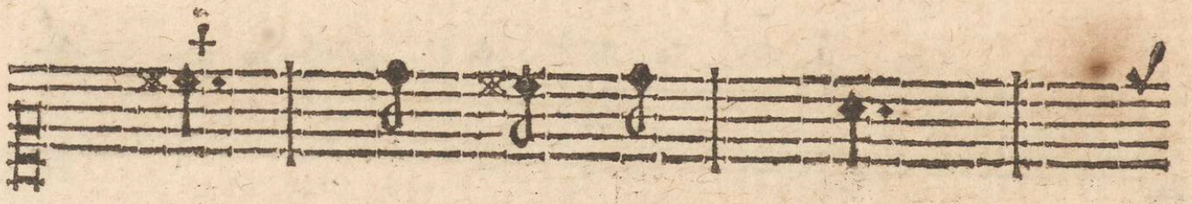


min- te? L'Amour voit - il ſi je
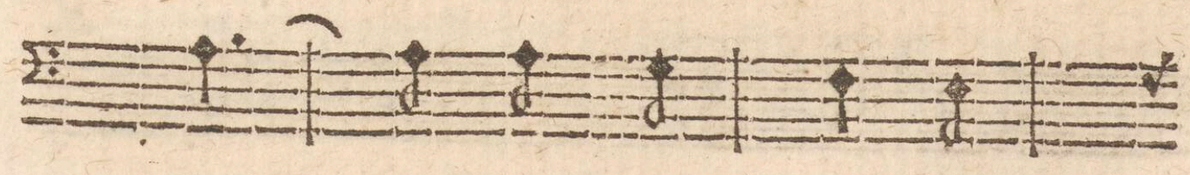


Ba- chus ſait-



bois à longs traits, = =
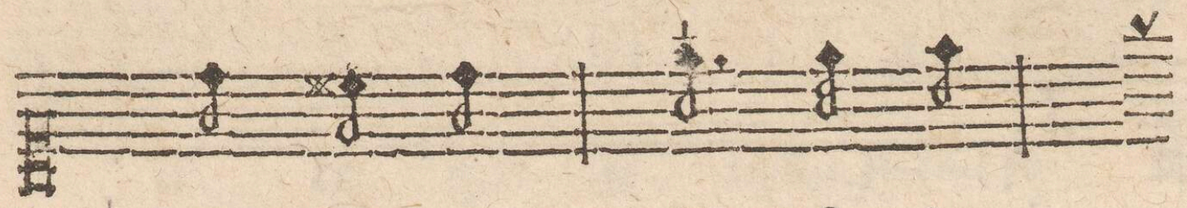


il ce que je fais,
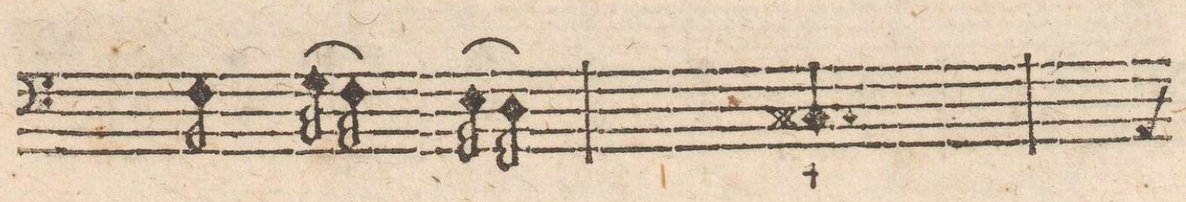


- - Quand je ſuis au-
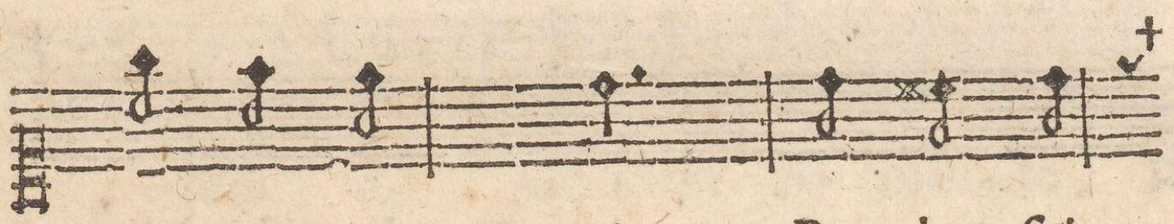
L'A-
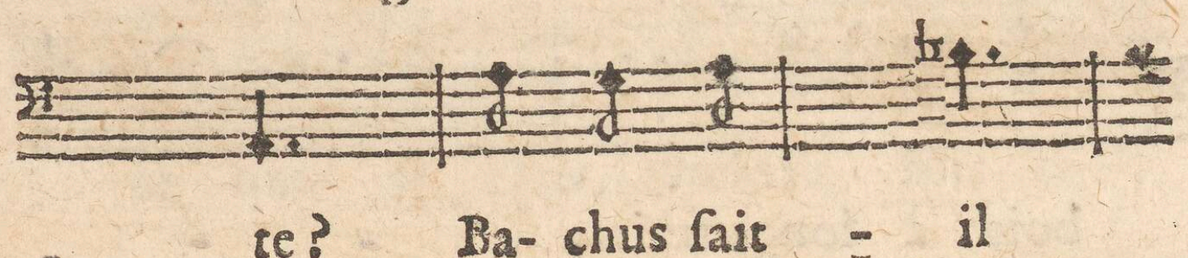


L'A- mour voit - il ſi je
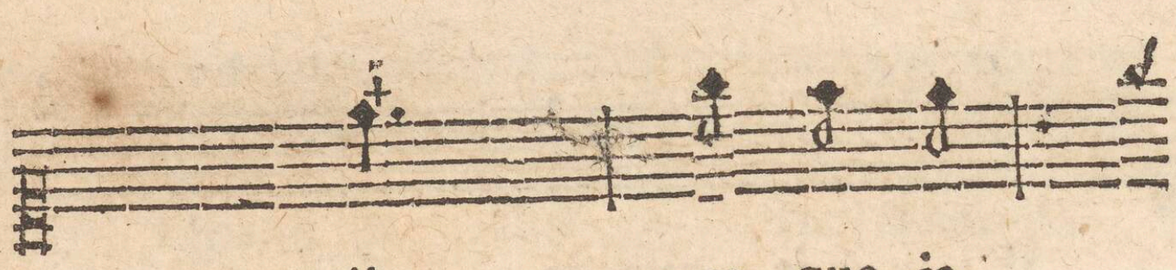


près de ma Pin-
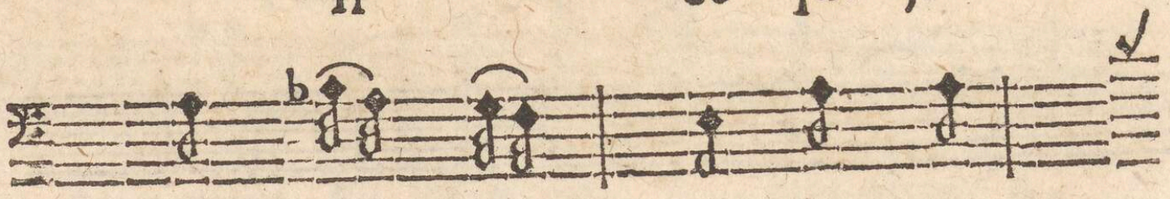


bois à longs traits, Ba- chus ſait-



te? Ba- chus ſait - il
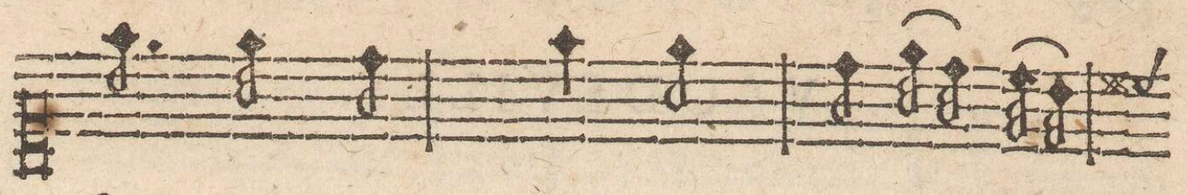


il ce que je
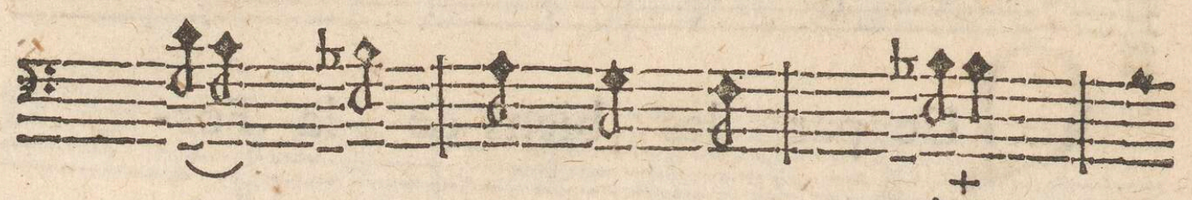


ce que je fais, Quand je
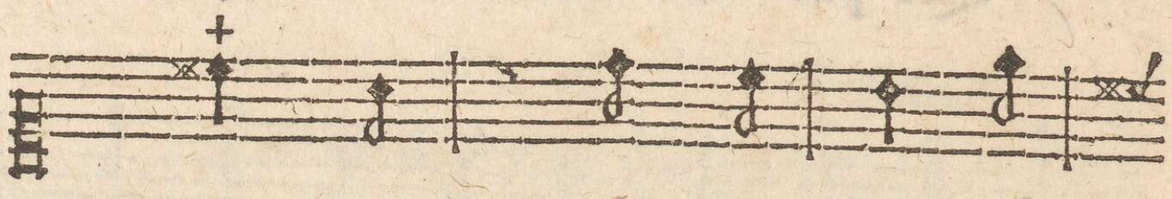
fais,



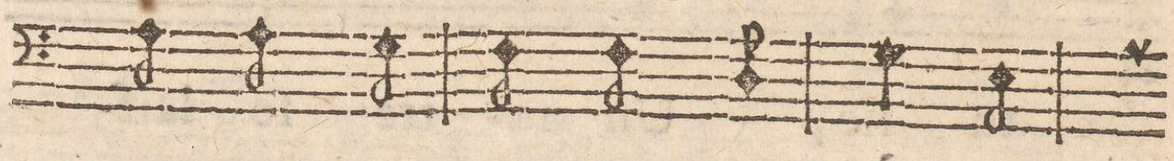
fais, Quand je ſuis a- vec mon a-
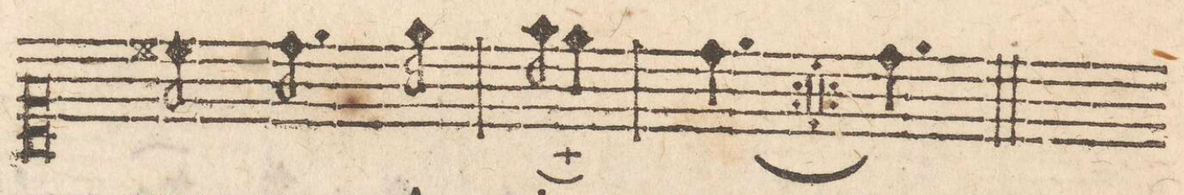


ſuis a- vec mon A- min-
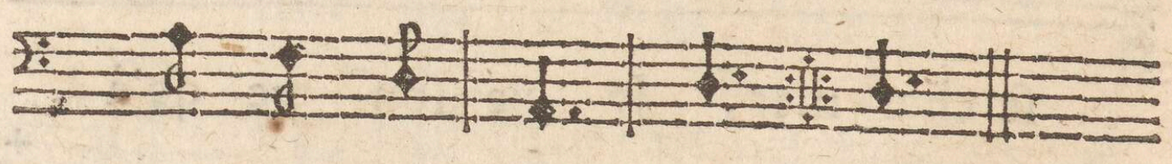


min- te, Quand je ſuis a-



te, Quand je ſuis, Quand je ſuis a-
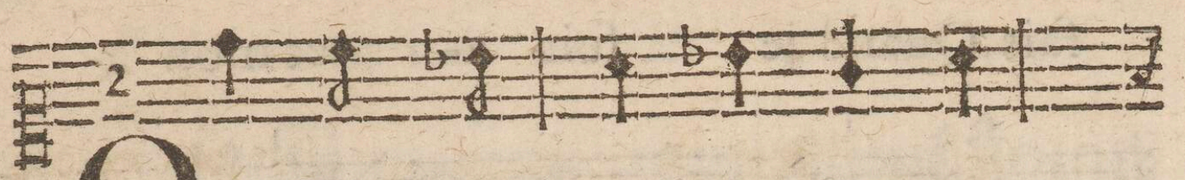


vec mon A- min- te? te?
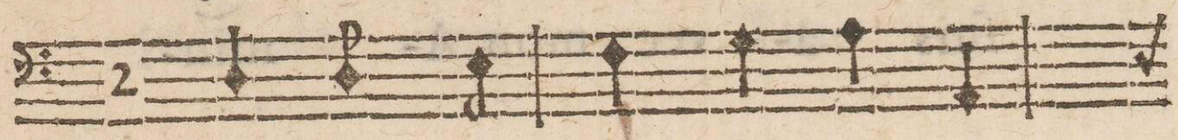


vec mon A- min- te? te?

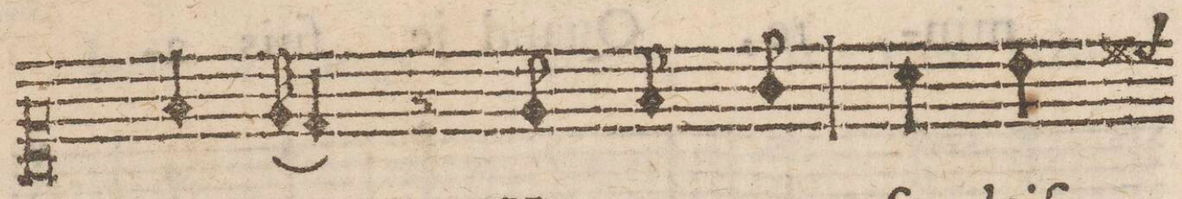
VAUDEVILLE.
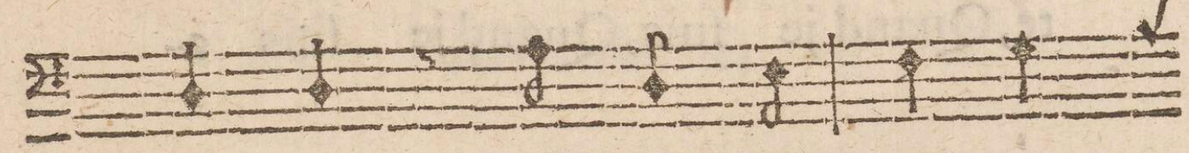


Que par les biens de la For-
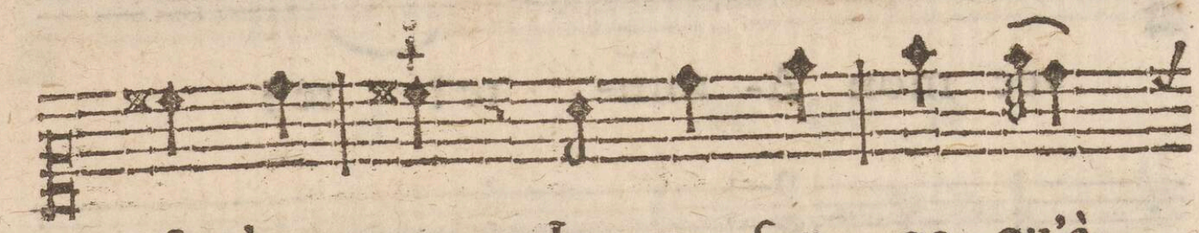


Que par les biens de la For-
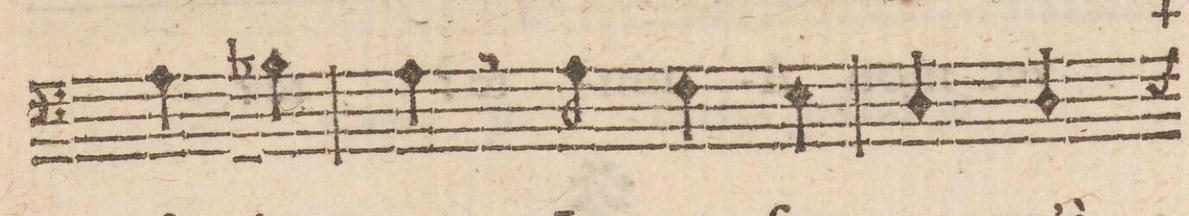


tu- ne, Un au- tre ſe laiſ-



tu- ne, Un au- tre ſe laiſ-
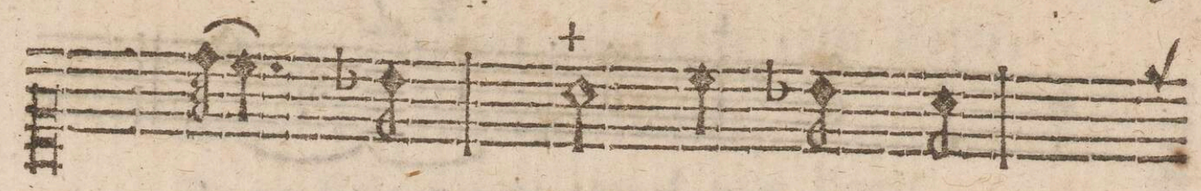


ſe char- mer, Je ne ſon- ge qu'à
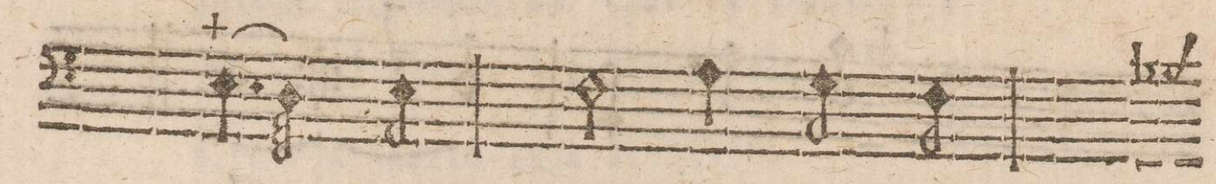


ſe char- mer, Je ne ſon- ge qu'à
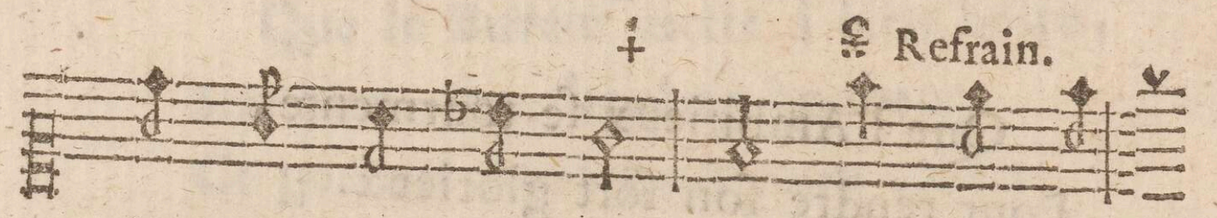
bien



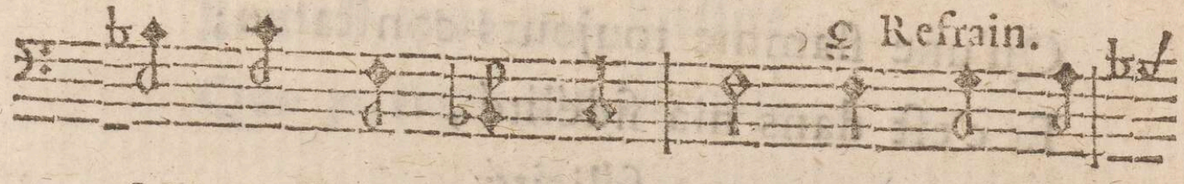
bien ai- mer, Toute autre af-



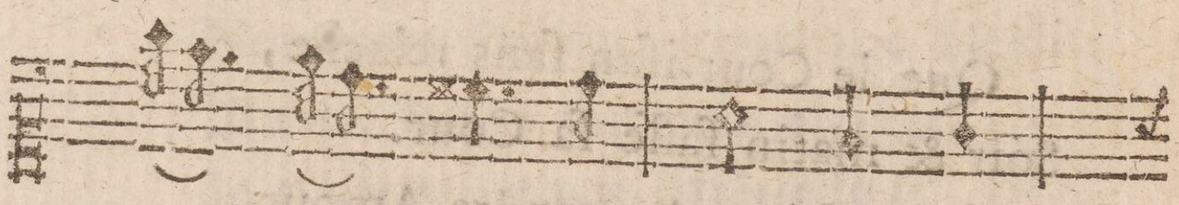
bien ai- mer, Toute autre af-



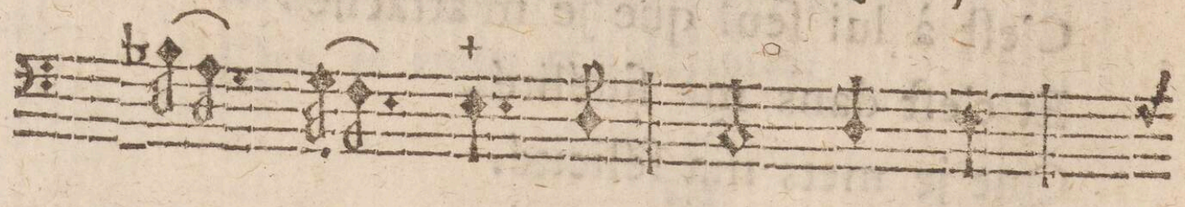
fai- re m'im-por- tu- ne, Et c'eſt dans



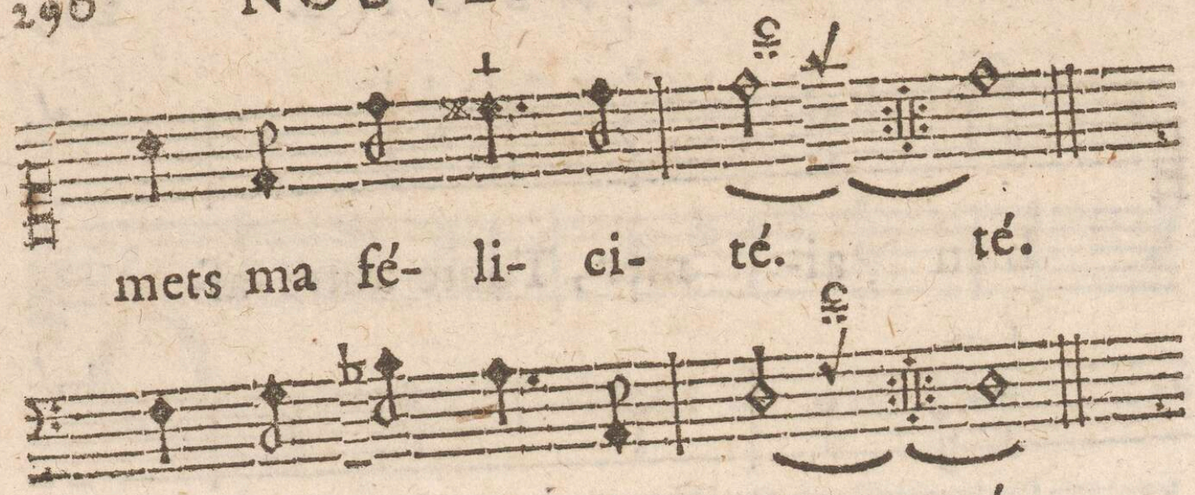
fai- re m'im-por- tu- ne, Et c'eſt dans



ma fi- dé- li- té, Que je



ma fi- dé- li- té, Que je



Que l'Ambitieux ſe tourmente,
Pour rendre ſon ſort glorieux.
Je ne demande rien aux Dieux,
Qu'une flamme toujours conſtante;
Et c'eſt dans ma fidélité,
Que je mets ma félicité.

Que le Courtiſan ſans relache,
Soir & matin faſſe ſa Cour.
Je ne la fais qu'au tendre Amour,
C'eſt à lui ſeul que je m'attache;
Et c'eſt dans ma fidélité,
Que je mets ma félicité.

Que

Que l'Avare, comme une dupe,
Aime un inutile tréſor.
Je ne ſuis point tenté par l'or:
Silvie eſt tout ce qui m'occupe;
Et c'eſt dans ma fidélité,
Que je mets ma félicité.

Que le Buveur mette à bien boire,
Son bien, ſon ſuprême bonheur.
Ce gout ne flatte point mon cœur:
Bien aimer fait toute ma gloire;
Et c'eſt dans ma fidélité,
Que je mets ma félicité.

Que le Coquet forme ſans ceſſe,
Nouveaux Projets, nouveaux Deſirs.
Ma conſtance fait mes plaiſirs,
Je n'adore qu'une Maîtreſſe;
Et c'eſt dans ma fidélité,
Que je mets ma félicité.

PARODIE BACHIQUE.

Sur l'Air précédent.

QUe par les biens de la Fortune,
Tout homme ſe laiſſe charmer :
Je ne ſonge qu'à m'ennyvrer,
Toute autre affaire m'importune;
Car c'eſt dans ce Jus ſi vanté,
Que je mets ma félicité.

Que l'homme ambitieux ſe gêne,
Pour rendre ſon nom glorieux.
Je ne demande rien aux Dieux,
Qu'une Bouteille toujours pleine;
Car c'eſt dans ce Jus ſi vanté,
Que je mets ma félicité.

Que le Courtiſan ſans relache,
Soir & matin faſſe ſa Cour.
Bachus ſeul, la nuit & le jour,
Fait tout mon ſoin & mon attache;
Car c'eſt dans ce Jus ſi vanté,
Que je mets ma felicité.
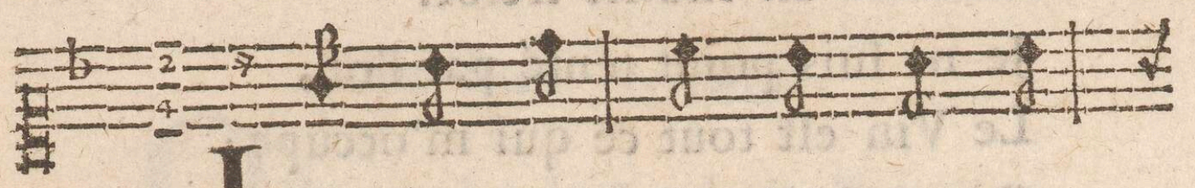
Que l'Avare, comme une dupe,
Cherche un inutile tréſor.
Je ne ſuis poiut tenté par l'or,
Le Vin eſt tout ce qui m'occupe;
Car c'eſt dans ce Jus ſi vanté,
Que je mets ma félicité.

Que l'Amoureux mette ſa gloire
A bruler d'une vive ardeur.
Ce gout ne flatte point mon cœur,
Je n'ai de vrai plaiſir qu'à boire;
Car c'eſt dans ce Jus ſi vanté,
Que je mets ma félicité.
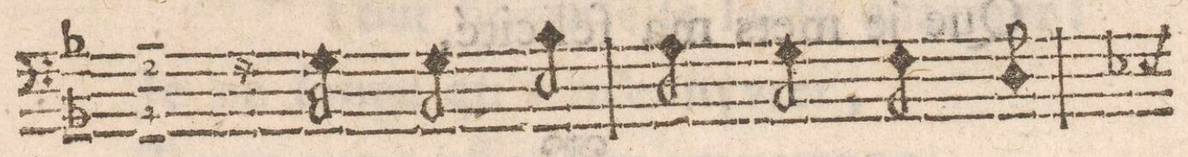
Que le Coquet cherche ſans ceſſe,
A ſatisfaire ſes déſirs.
Ma Bouteille fait mes plaiſirs,
Elle me tient lieu de Maitreſſe;
Car c'eſt dans ce Jus ſi vanté,
Que je mets ma felicité.

BIBLIOTECA CENTRAL
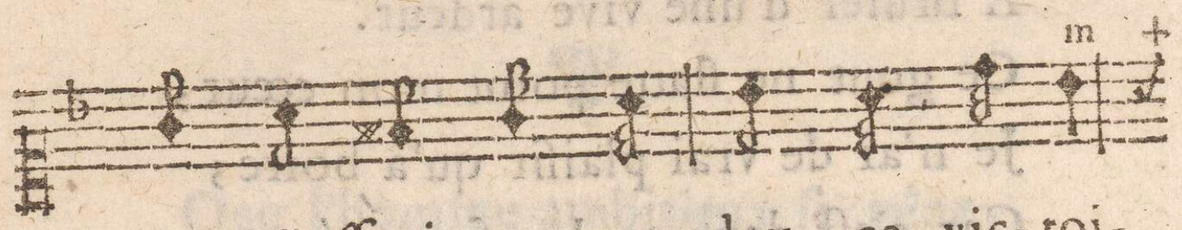
VAUDEVILLE.
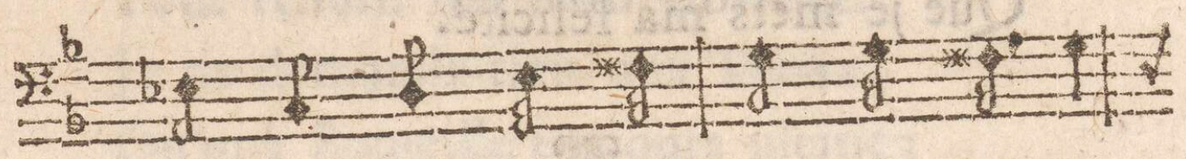


L'Amour, pour ſé- dui- re mon



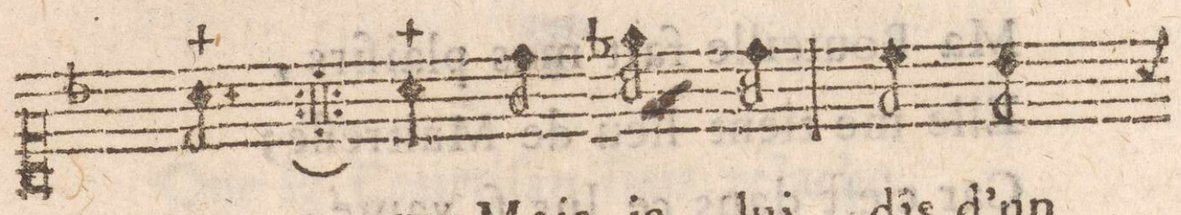
L'Amour, pour ſé- dui- re mon



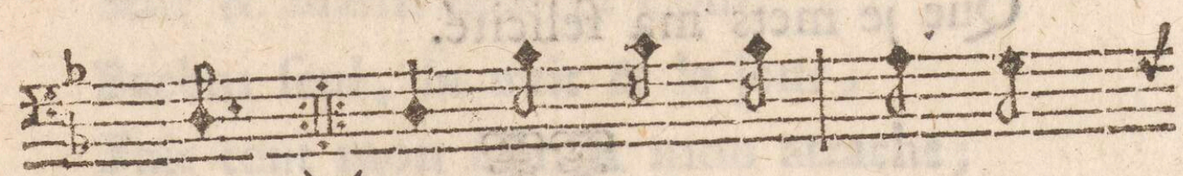
cœur, M'offroit u- ne dou- ce vic- toi-



cœur, M'offroit u- ne dou- ce vic- toi-
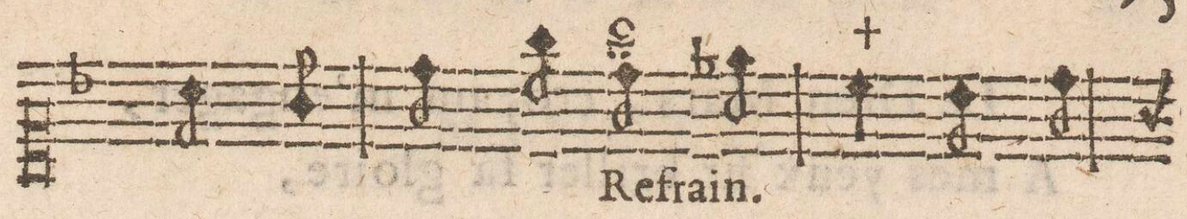


re: re: Mais je lui dis d'un



re: re: Mais je lui dis d'un

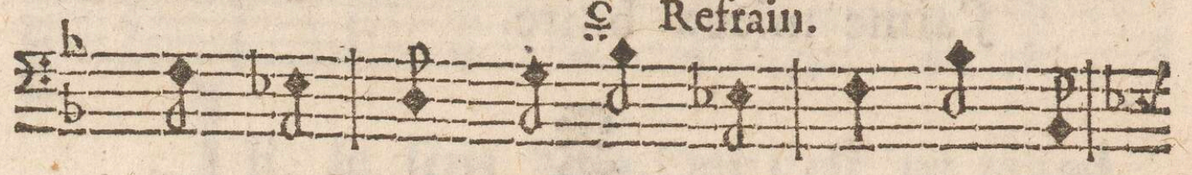
Air

BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH



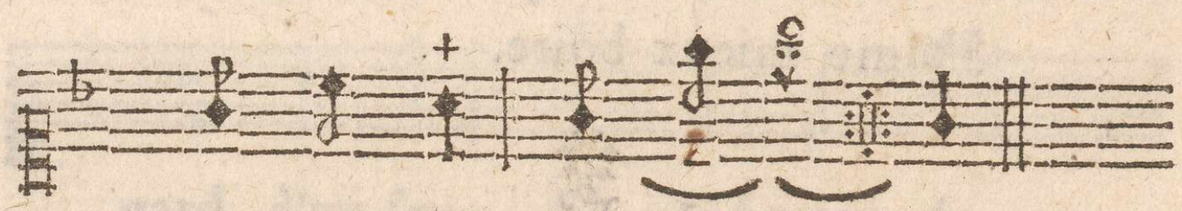
Refrain.

Air mo-queur, J'aime mieux boi- re, J'ai-

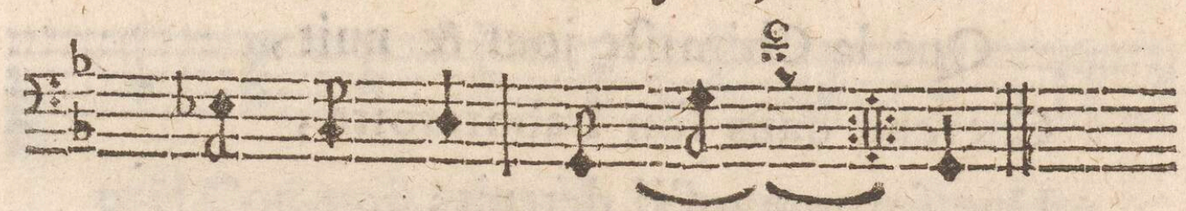


Refrain.

Air moqueur, J'aime mieux boi- re, J'ai-



me mieux boi- re. J'ai-,&c. re.



me mieux boi- re, J'ai-,&c. re.

Son Empire à trop de rigueur,
Tous ſes ſujets ont l'humeur noire.
Qu'un autre en faſſe ſon Vainqueur ;
J'aime mieux boire.
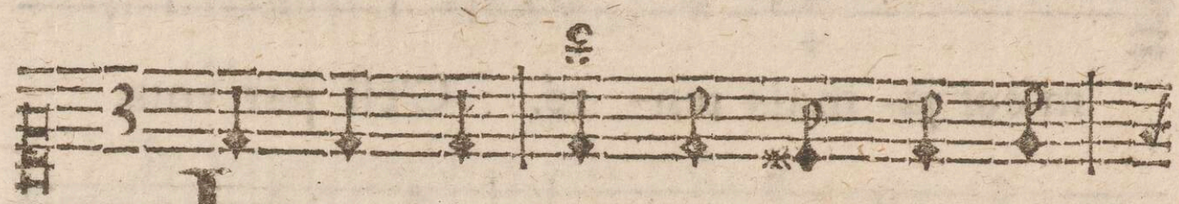
Le Dieu Mars, croyant m'engager,
A mes yeux fit briller ſa gloire,
Je lui dis je crains le danger,
J'aime mieux boire.

S'il faut affronter le trépas,
Pour éterniſer ſa mémoire,
Des Lauriers je fais peu de cas;
J'aime mieux boire.

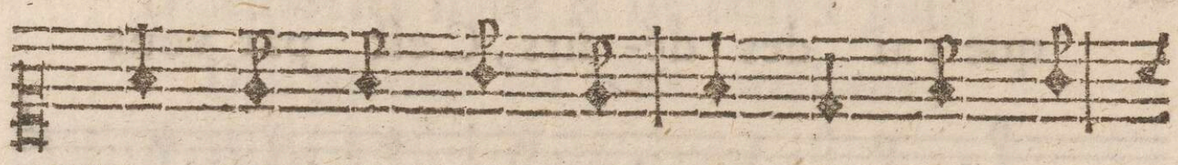
Que le Chimiſte jour & nuit,
Cherche dans ſon Laboratoire,
Une fortune qu'il détruit;
J'aime mieux boire.

Qu'un Savant aime à raiſonner,
De Philoſophie ou d'Hiſtoire,
Il ne fait que m'importuner,
J'aime mieux boire.
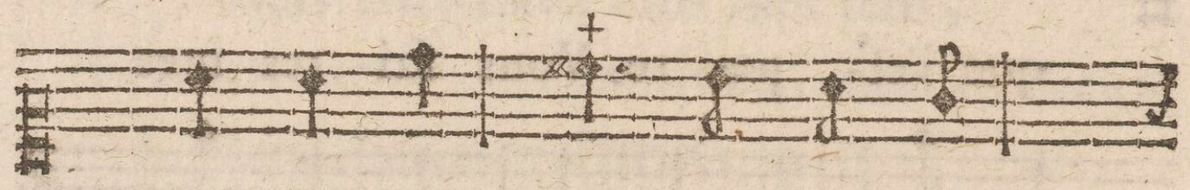
MENUET.
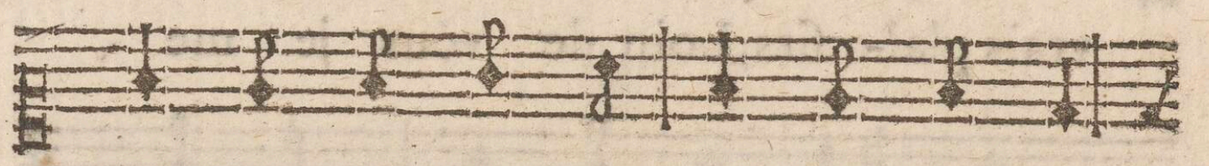


JE le ſens bien, Que c'eſt un grand
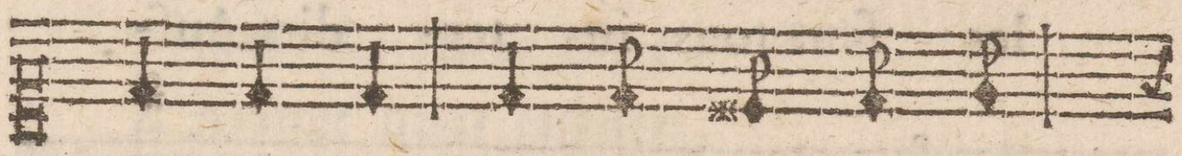


bien, D'ai-mer & de plai- re; D'un re-
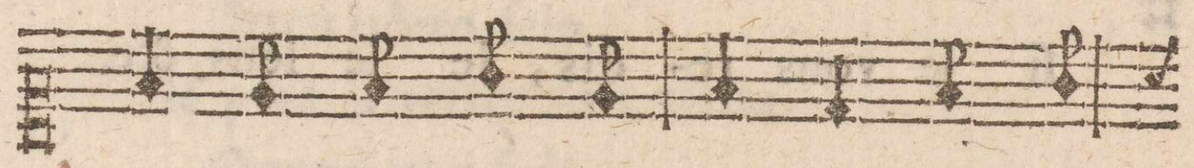


gard, d'un ſou- ris, L'Amant é-
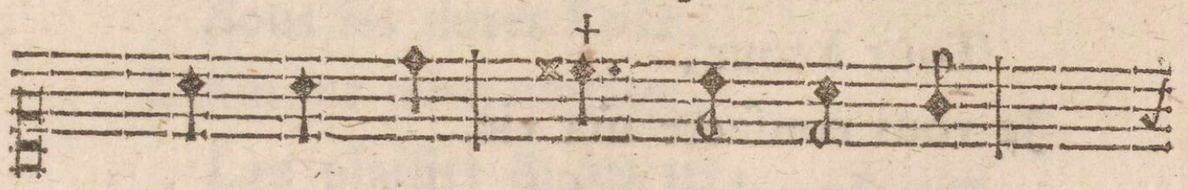


pris Con-noit tout le charme & le prix,



Je le ſens bien, Que c'eſt un grand



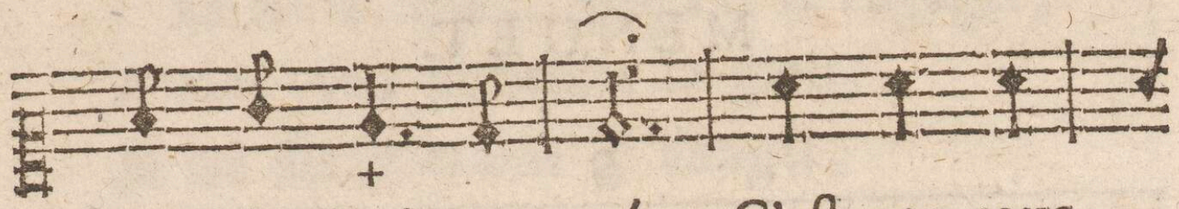
bien, D'ai-mer & de plai- re; Mais ce
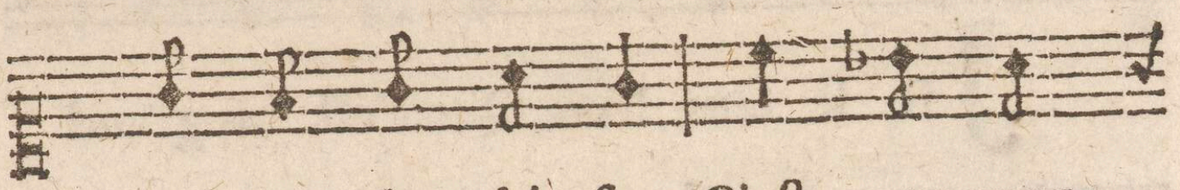


bien ſi van- té, Sans vous ne

m'eut

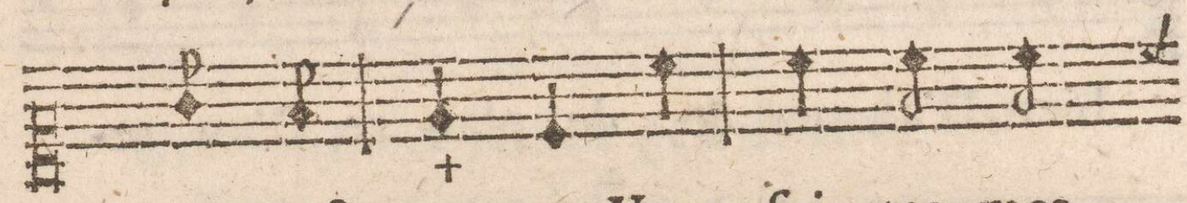
Fin.
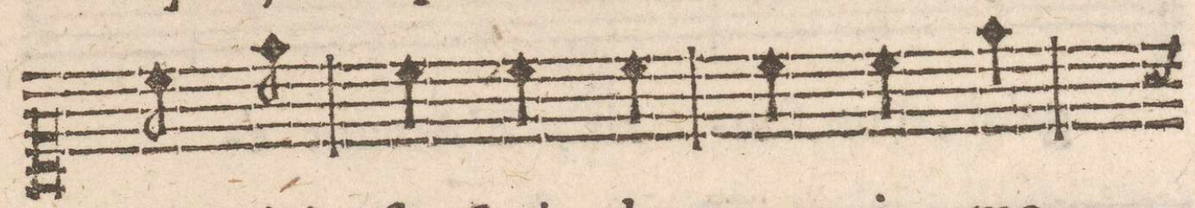


m'eut ja- mais ten- té. C'eſt par vous



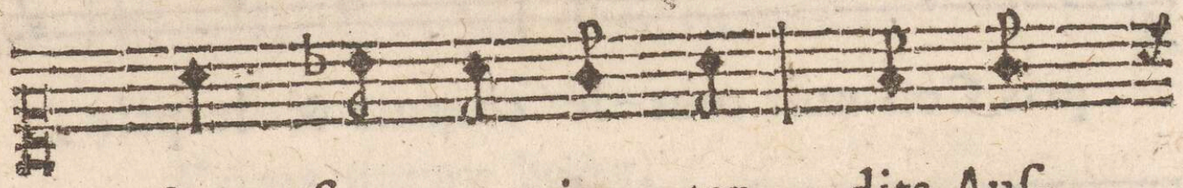
que j'ai des dé- ſirs, C'eſt par vous
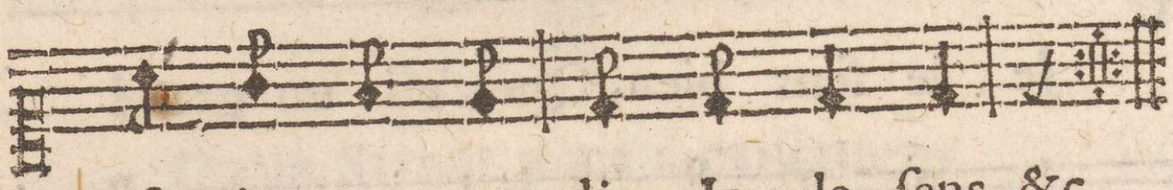


que j'eſ- pe- re, Vous fai- tes mes



vrais plai- ſirs, Loin de vous je me



les ſens tous in- ter- dits, Auſ-



ſi je vous re- dis, Je le ſens, &c.

Bachus, Amour,
Tour à tour,
Je vous conſacre ma vie.
J'en attendrai la fin,
Le verre en main,

Ou

Ou dans les bras de ma Catin.
Bachus, Amour,
Tour à tour,
Je vous consacre ma vie,
Par vous j'aurai toujours,
D'heureuses nuits & de beaux jours.
Des plaisirs les plus ravissans,
Vous flattez mon envie,
Vous enchantez tous mes sens,
Vos faveurs m'élevent jusques dans les Cieux;
Vous étes mes Dieux.
Bachus, Amour, &c.

Quand une fois,
Sous ses dures Loix,
L'Amour nous engage,
Ce Dieu trop inhumain,
Dans nôtre sein,
Se plait à verser son venin.
Quand une fois,
Sous ses durés Loix,
L'Amour nous engage,
Les plaisirs & les ris,
Nous sont pour jamais interdits.

Les cris, les larmes, la fureur,
Le déſeſpoir, la rage,
S'emparent de nôtre cœur,
Et nous font reſſentir toute leur rigueur.
Grand Dieu! quel malheur,
Quand une fois, &c.

Abſent de vous,
Le bien le plus doux,
Ne ſauroit me plaire,
Un ſeul de vos regards,
Eſt bien plus doux,
Que tous ceux qui charmérent Mars.
Abſent de vous,
Le bien le plus doux,
Ne ſauroit me plaire,
Adorable Philis,
C'eſt pour vous ſeule que je vis.
Quoique ſoumiſe à Licidas,
Par une Loi ſevere,
Songez toujours dans ſes bras,
A ces momens pour nous ſi remplis d'appas,
Ne m'oubliez pas.
Abſent de vous, &c.

Dans

CHANSONNETTE.

J'aprochai, ſa beauté me flatte;
Mais j'aurois dû m'en défier :
J'y vis tous les traits d'une ingrate,
Que j'avois juré d'oublier.

Il avoit la bouche vermeille,
Le tein auſſi beau que le ſien;
Un ſoupir m'échape, il s'éveille:
L'Amour ſe réveille de rien.

Auſſi tôt, déploïant ſes aîles,
Et ſaiſiſſant ſon Arc vengeur,
D'une de ſes flêches cruelles,
En partant il me bleſſe au cœur.

Va, dit-il, aux pieds de Silvie,
De nouveau languir & bruler:
Tu l'aimeras toute ta vie,
Pour avoir oſé m'éveiller.

Sur le même Air.

On peut chanter cette Chanſon-ci, ſur l'Air,
Reveillez-vous, Belle Endormie.

QU'il eſt doux de paſſer ſa vie,
Auprès d'une jeune Beauté!
Aimable Serin, que j'envie
Ton ſort & ta félicité!

Que de baiſers ſur ſon viſage,
Tu vas cueillir impunément!
Pour toi ſeul, Iris, moins ſauvage,
Préviendra ton empreſſement.

De mille careſſes piquantes,
Naitront mille plaiſirs nouveaux;
Ah! Grands Dieux, ces douceurs charmantes
Sont-elles donc pour des Oiſeaux?

Belle, quel eſt vôtre Siſtême ?
Un Animal obtient de vous
Des careſſes, dont les Dieux mêmes,
S'ils les voyoient, ſeroient jaloux.

Il faut montrer plus de ſageſſe,
Je le ſoutiens, charmante Iris;
Le ſel des plaiſirs en tendreſſe,
C'eſt d'en connoitre tout le prix.
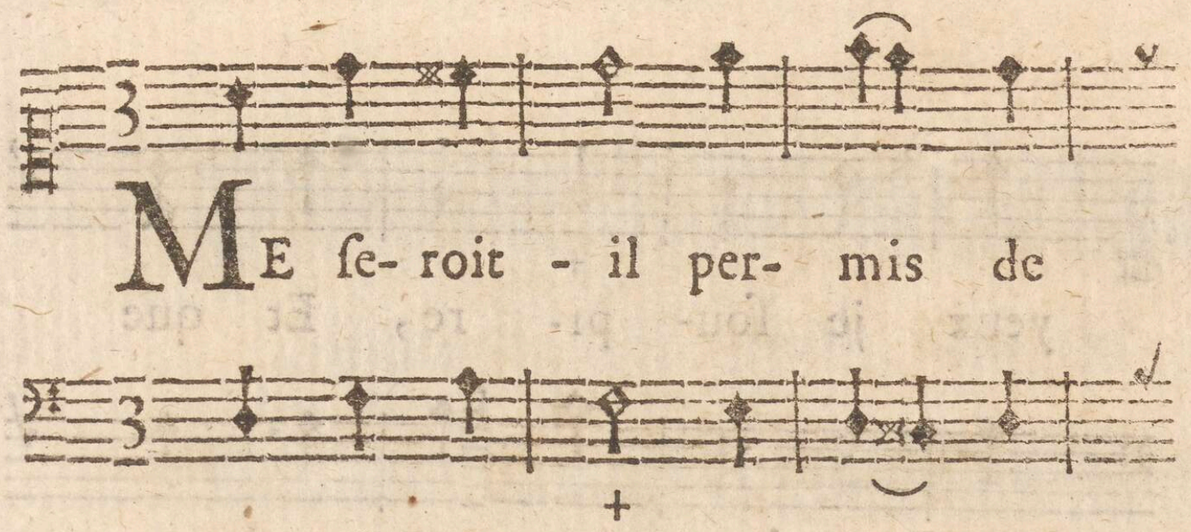
Sur le même Air.
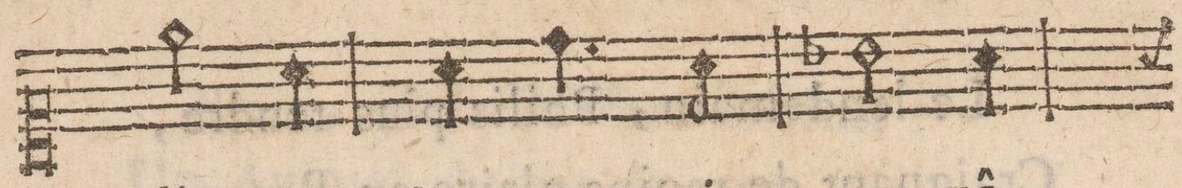
PHilis, plus avare que tendre,
Ne gagnant rien à refuſer,
Un jour éxigea de Liſandre,
Trente Moutons pour un baiſer.

Le lendemain, ſeconde affaire,
Pour le Berger le troc fut bon;
Il éxigea de la Bergere
Trente baiſers pour un Mouton.
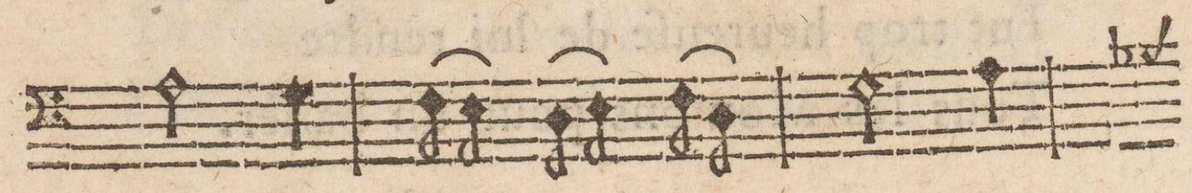
Le lendemain, Philis plus tendre,
Craignant de moins plaire au Berger,
Fut trop heureuſe de lui rendre
Tous les Moutons pour un baiſer.

Le lendemain, Philis peu ſage,
Voulut donner Moutons & Chien,
Pour un baiſer que le volage
A Liſette donna pour rien.

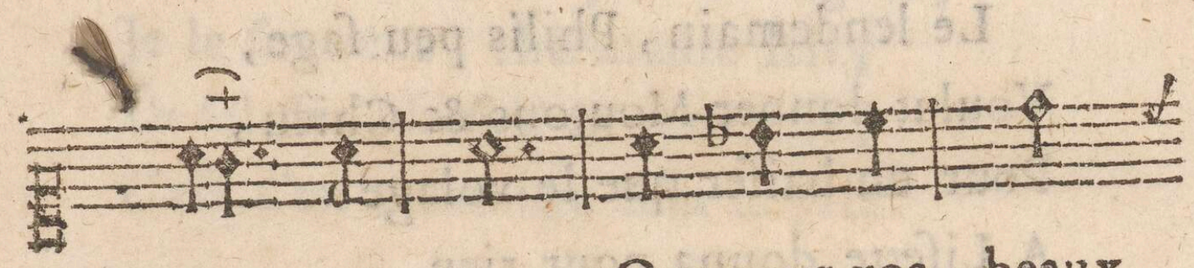




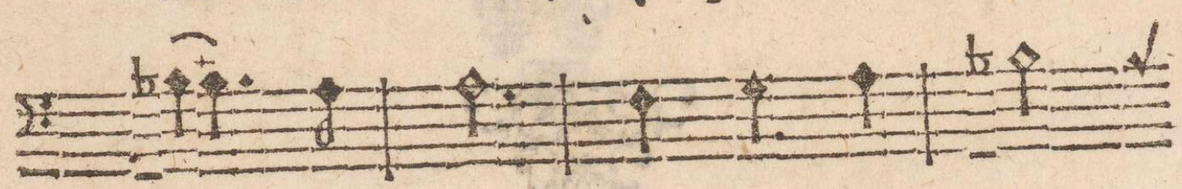
di- re, Sans at- ti- rer vô-
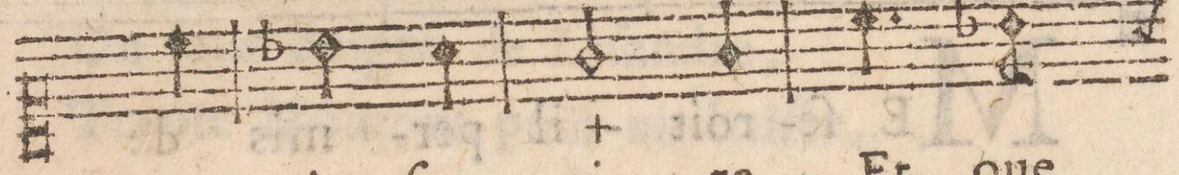


di- re, Sans at- ti- rer vô-



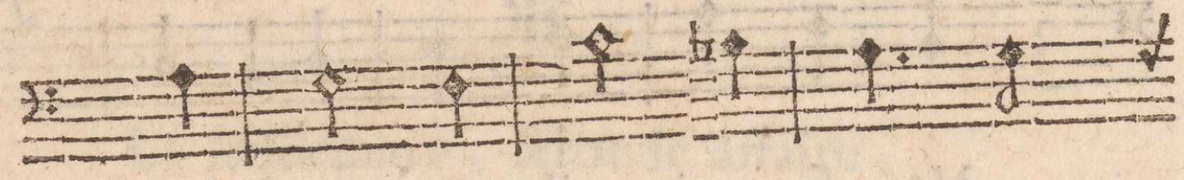
tre cou- roux, Que pour vos beaux



tre cou- roux, Que pour vos beaux
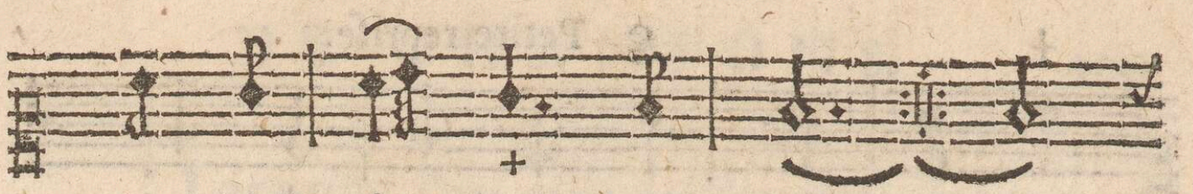


yeux je ſou- pi- re, Et que
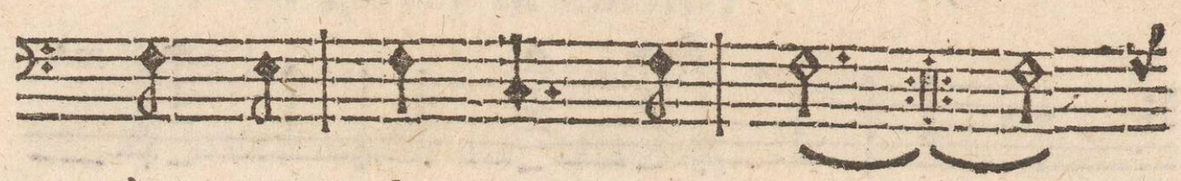


yeux je ſou- pi- re, Et que
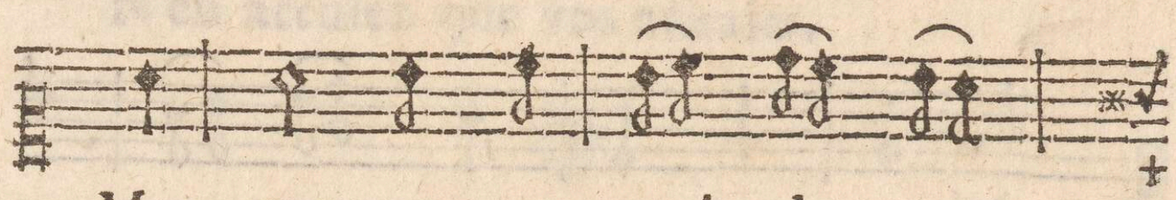
n'a-
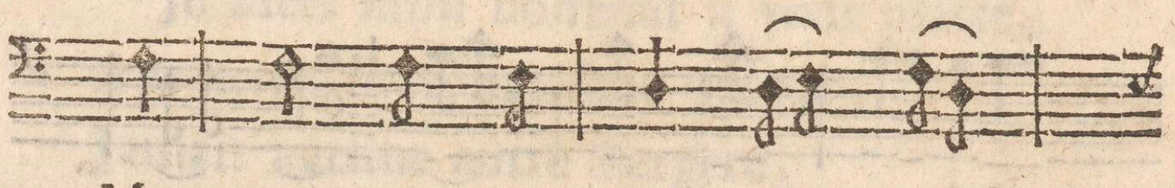


je n'a- do- re que vous: vous:
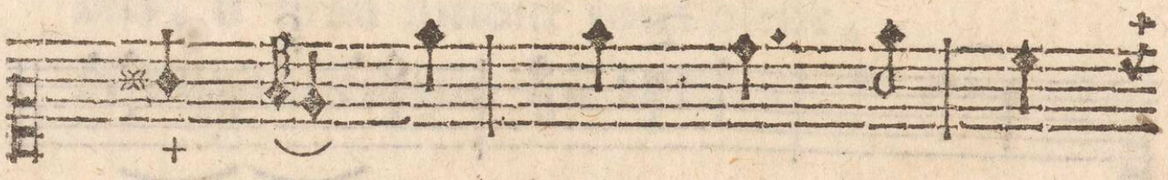


je n'a- do- re que vous: vous:
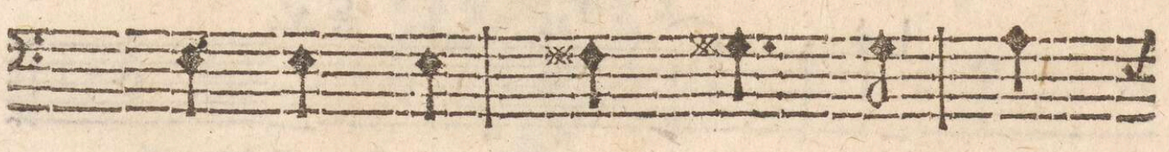


Mon cœur, pe- ne- tré de ten-



Mon cœur, pe- ne- tré de ten-
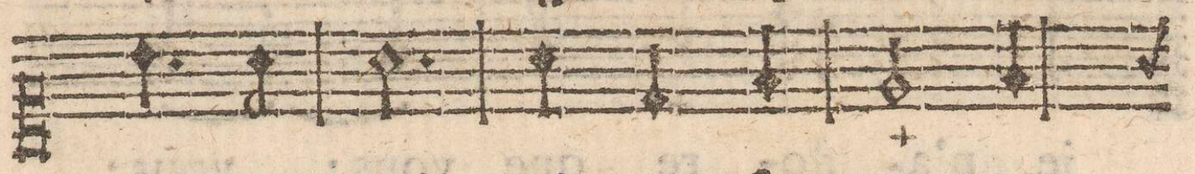


dref- fe, Pre- tend vous ché- rir
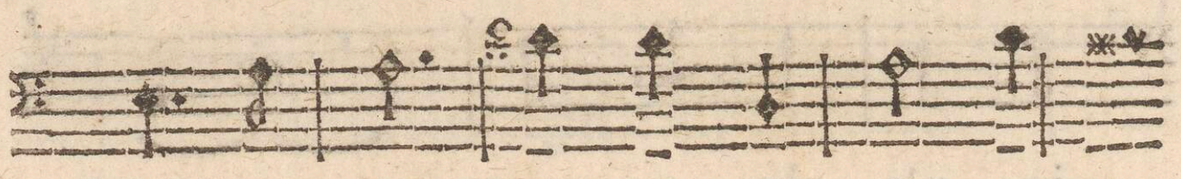


dref- fe, Pré- tend vous che- rir
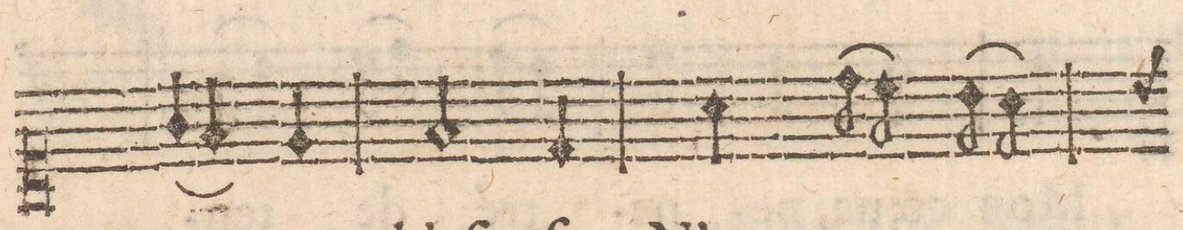
Petite repriſe.
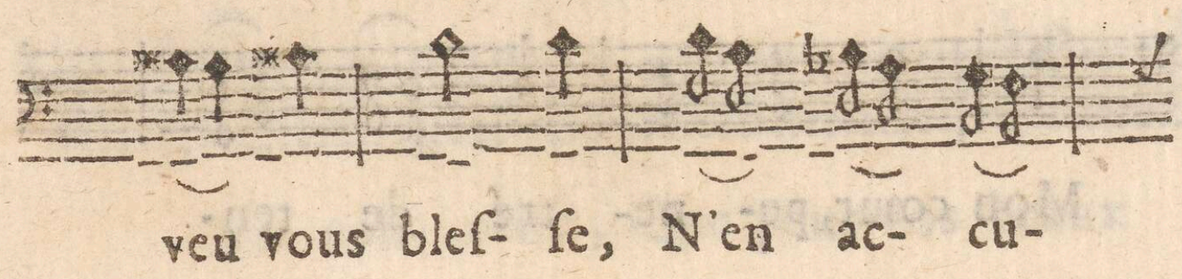


à ja- mais; Si ce ſin- ce- re a-
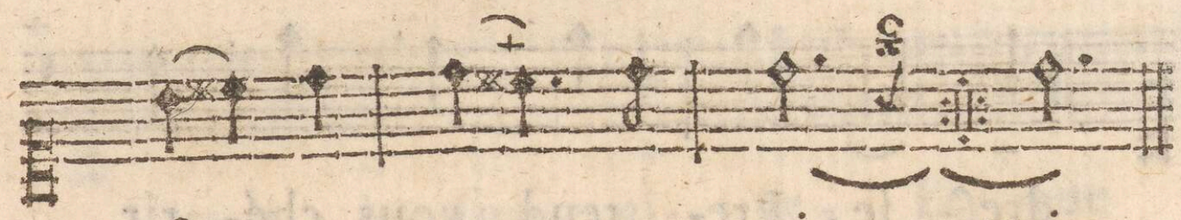


à ja- mais; Si ce ſin- ce- re a-
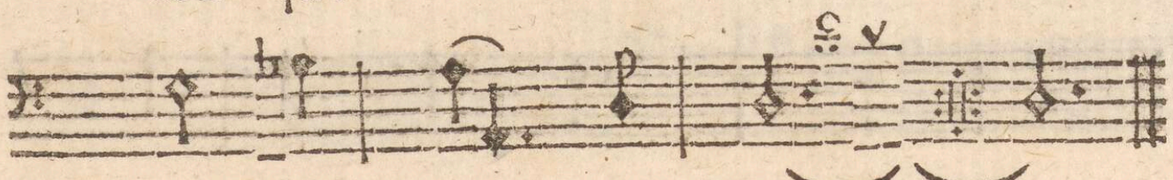


veu vous bleſ- ſe, N'en ac- cu-



veu vous bleſ- ſe, N'en ac- cu-



ſez que vos at- traits. traits.
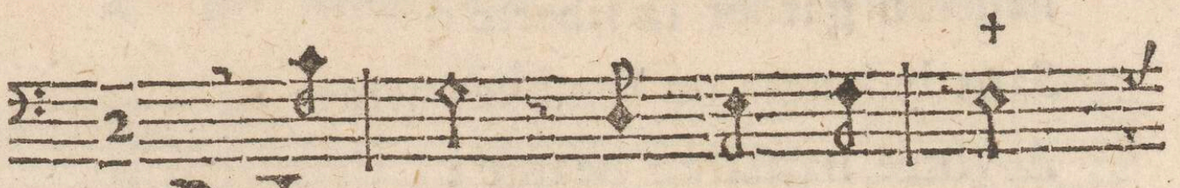


ſez que vos at- traits. traits.

Lors
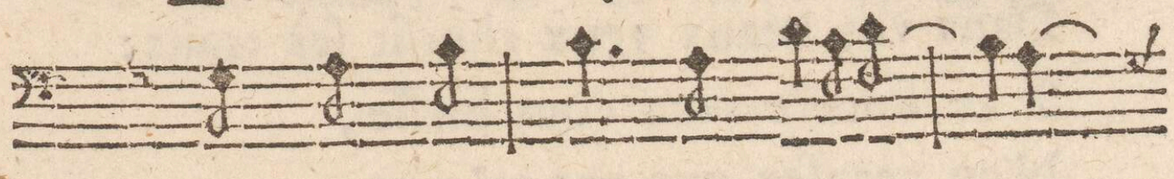
Lors que l'on voit briller vos charmes,
Peut-on garder ſa liberté ?
Sans balancer on rend les armes
A vôtre naiſſante beauté ;
L'Amour, qui pour vous s'intereſſe,
Dans vos beaux yeux choiſit ſes traits :
Si ce ſincere aveu vous bleſſe,
N'en accuſez que vos attraits.

Je mets mon bonheur à vous plaire,
Aprouvez mon extrême ardeur,
Jamais aucune autre Bergere,
Ne triomphera de mon cœur.
Si vôtre ſevere ſageſſe
Blâme mes ſentimens ſecrets,
Iris, ſi mon amour vous bleſſe,
N'en accuſez que vos attraits.
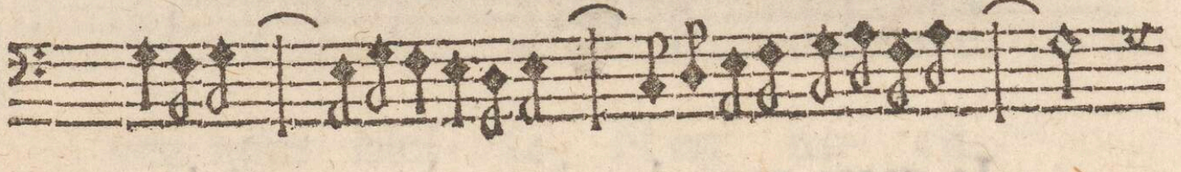
RECIT DE BASSE.
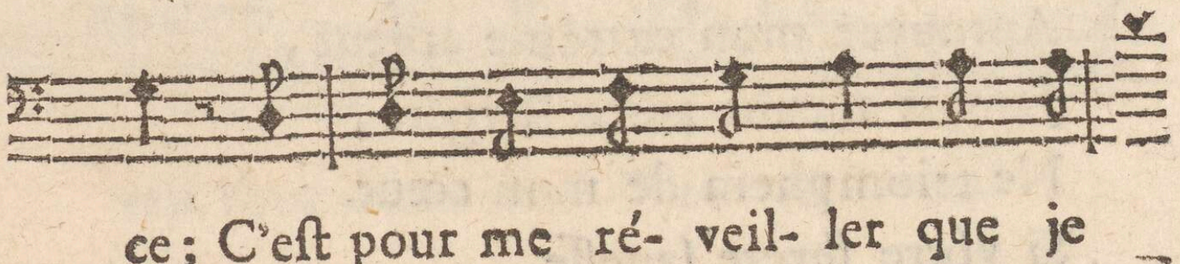


NOn, non, je ne veux pas



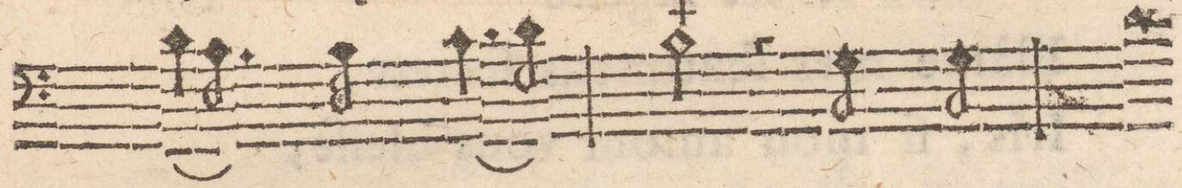
que le bon Vin me ber- - -



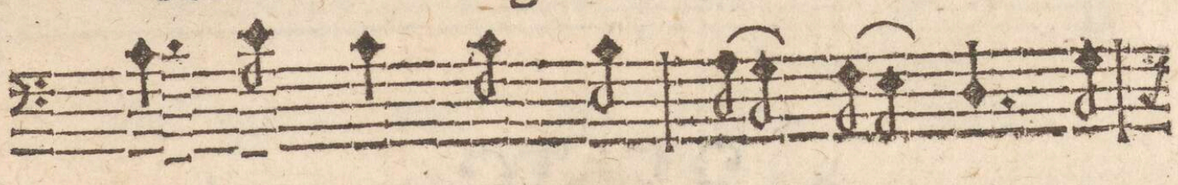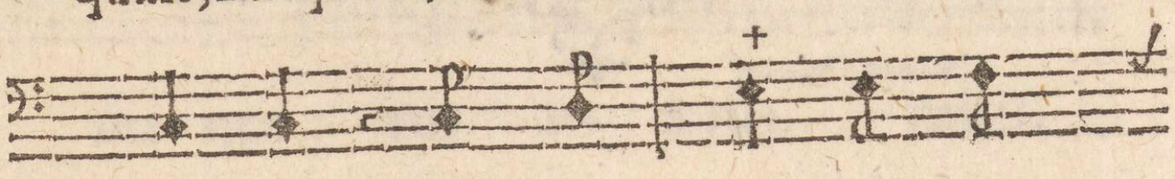
- - - - - -



ce; C'eſt pour me ré- veil- ler que je



bois à longs traits. Sus, La-
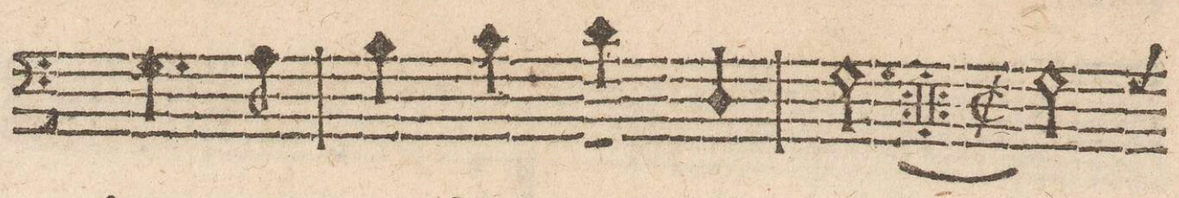


quais, La-quais, ver- ſe, ver- ſe, ver- ſe,
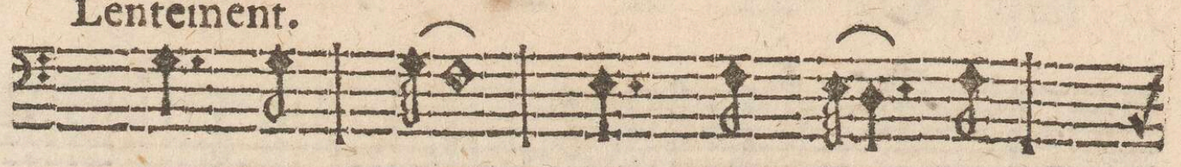


ver- ſe, Je veux boi- re tou-

jours
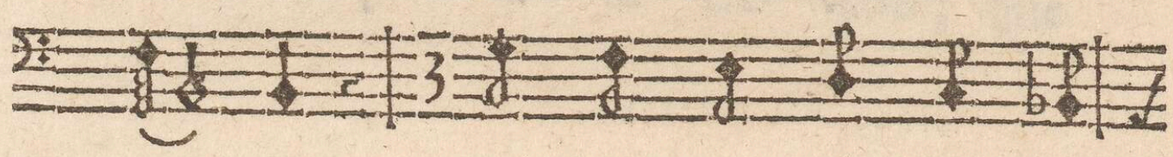


jours & ne dor- mir ja- mais: mais:
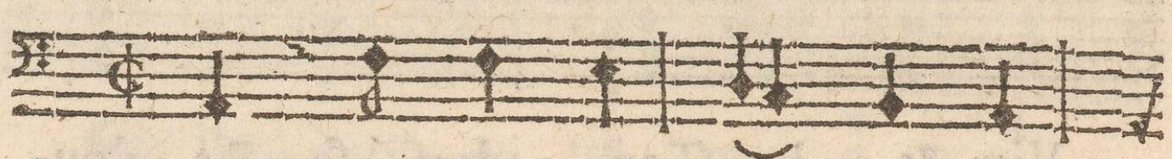
Lentement.
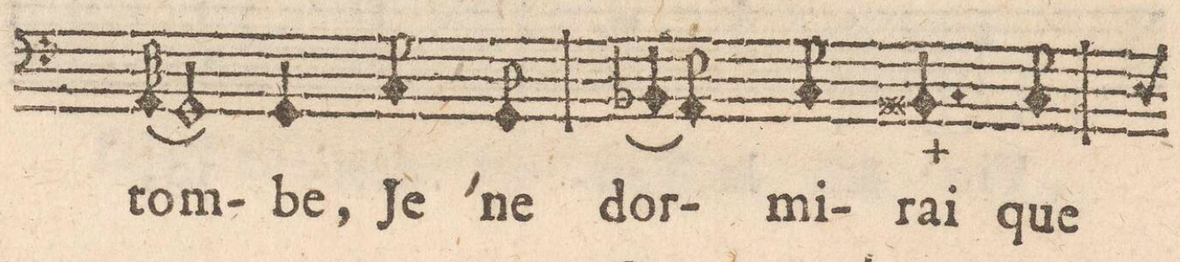


Quand la mort ſous qui tout ſuc-
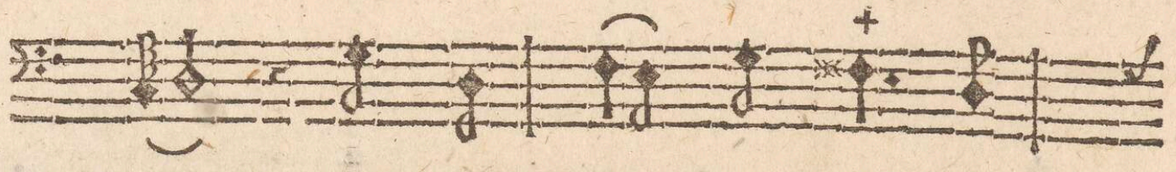


com- be, Et qui me ſuit au ga-
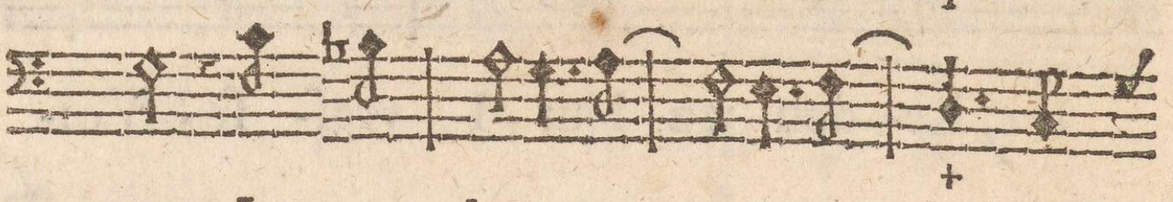


lop, M'au- ra cou- ché dans la
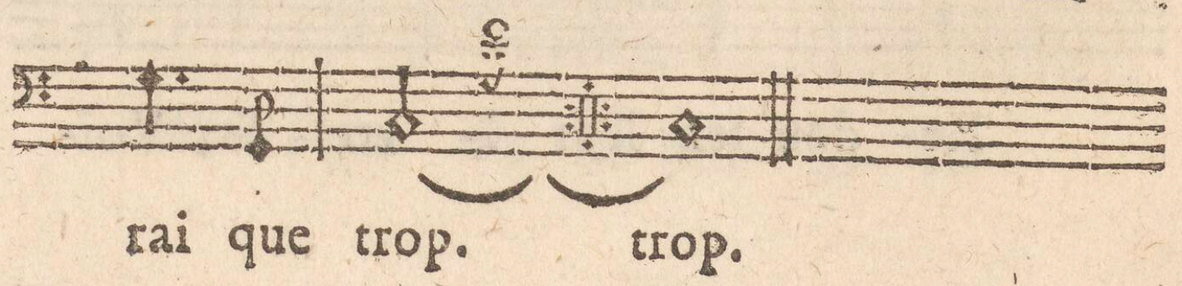


tom- be, Je ne dor- mi- rai que



trop, Je ne dor- mi- rai que

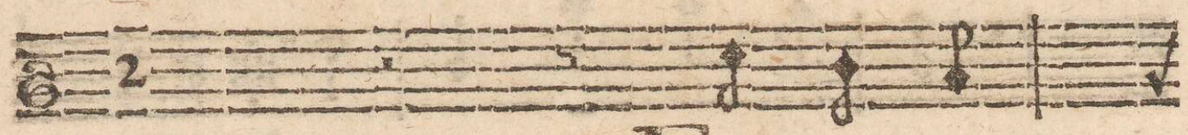


trop, Je ne dor- - - - mi-
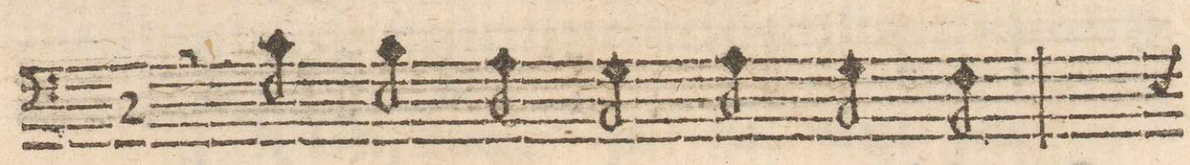


rai que trop. trop.
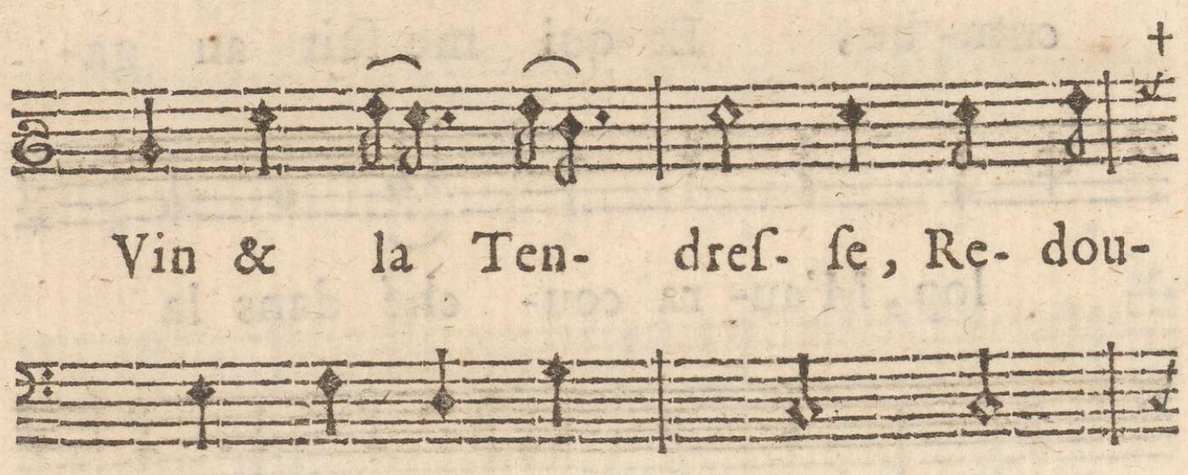
Fuyez



Fu- yez le
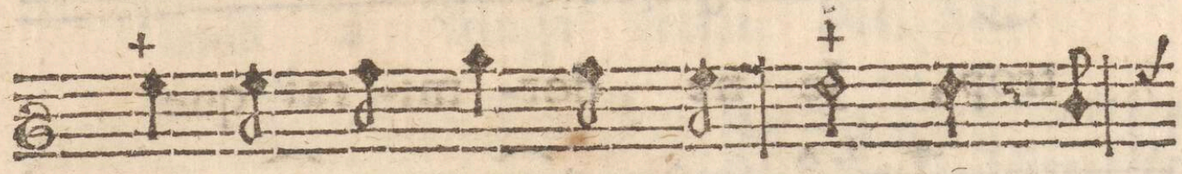


Fu- yez le Vin, fu- yez le
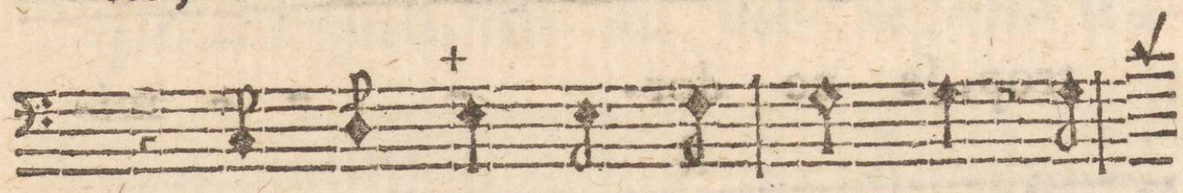


Vin & la Ten- dref- ſe, Re- dou-

Vin & la Ten- dref- ſe,
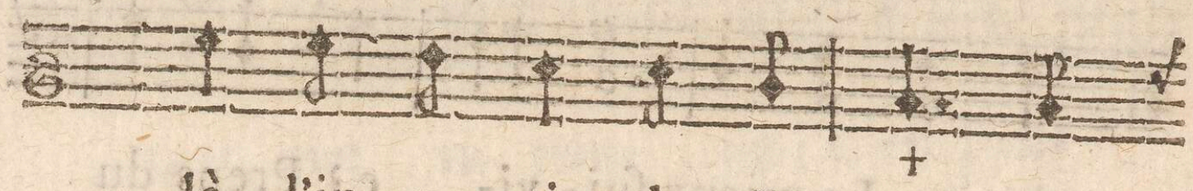


tez, Re- dou- tez leur I- vref- ſe, Voi-
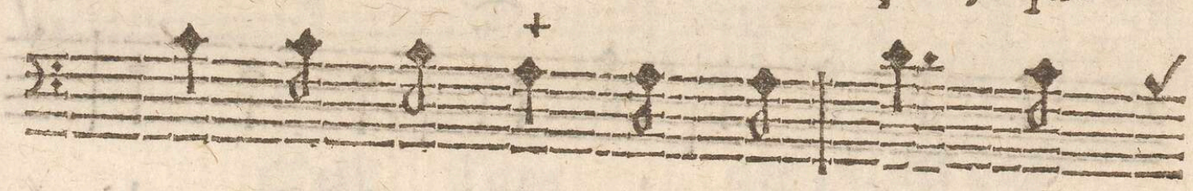


Re- dou-tez leur I- vref- ſe, Voi-

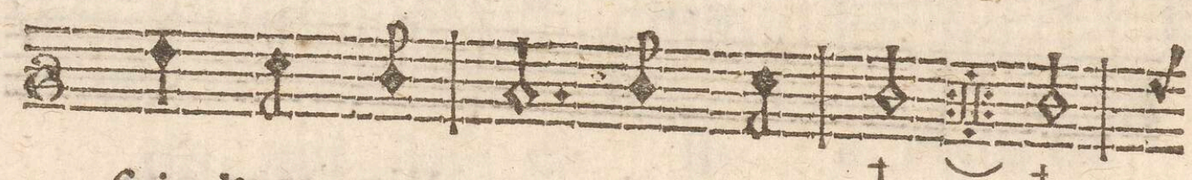
là
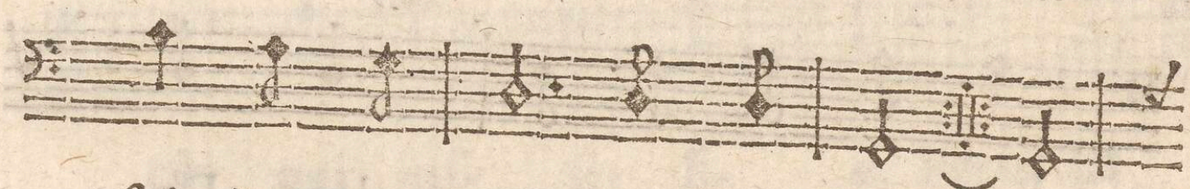


là l'in- u- ti- le Le- çon, que



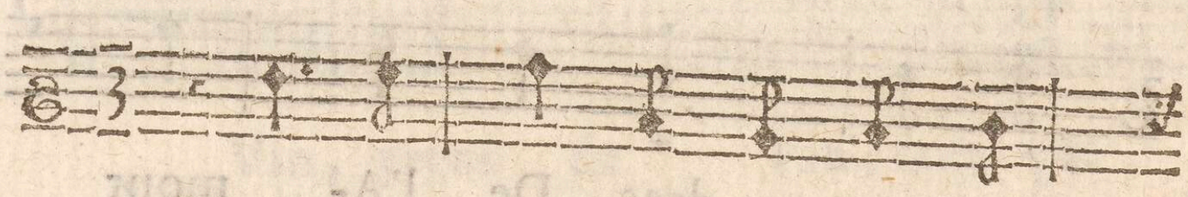
là l'in- u- ti- le Le- çon, que
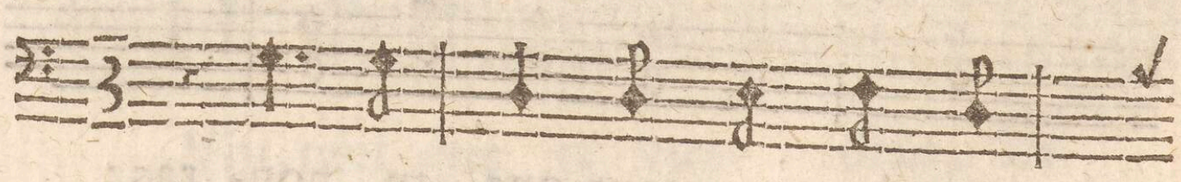


fait l'en- nuy- eu- ſe Rai- ſon: ſon:
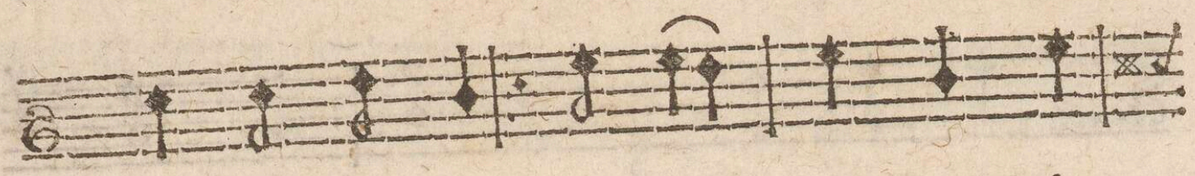


fait l'en- nuy- eu- ſe Rai- ſon: ſon:
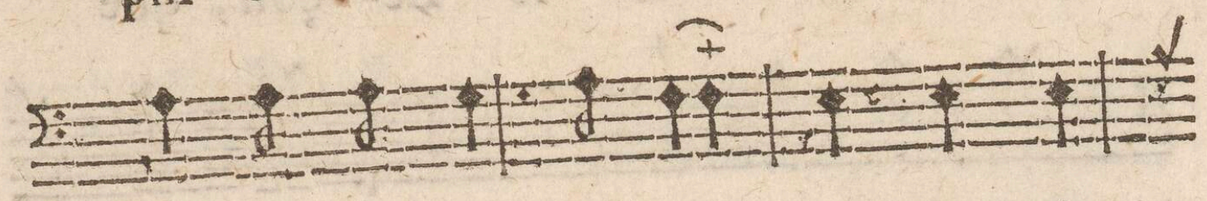


Mais, que dit la Phi- lo- ſo-
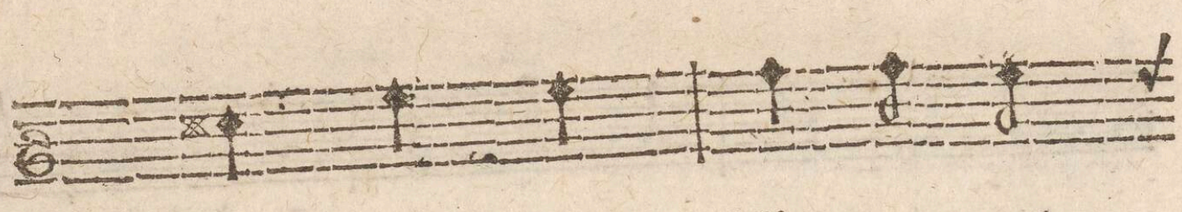


Mais, que dit la Phi- lo- ſo-
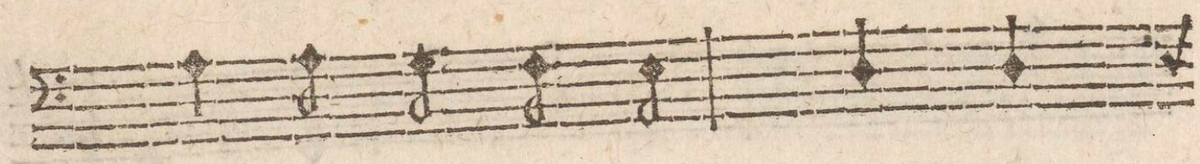


phi- e La mieux ſui- vi- e? Prens du
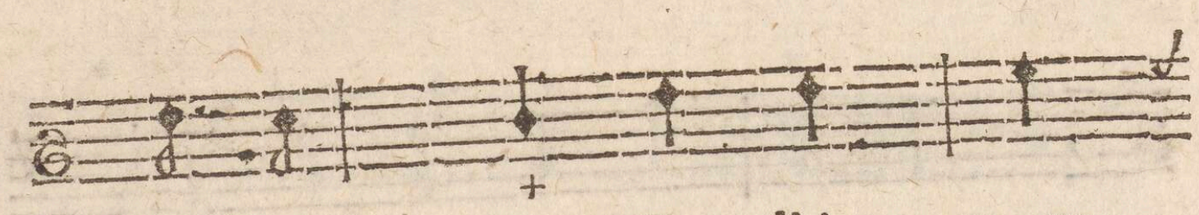


phi- e La mieux ſui- vi- e? Prens du



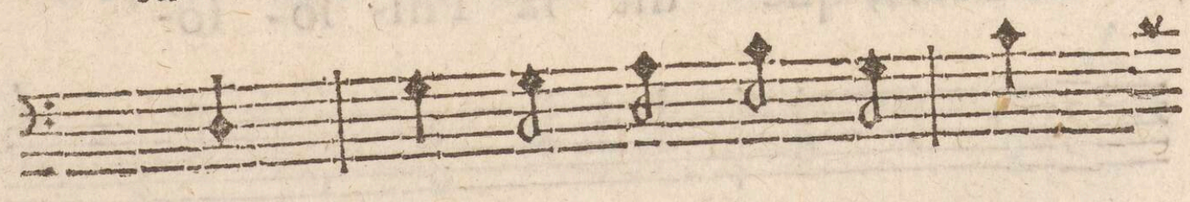
Vin, Prens du Vin, tant qué



Vin, tant que tu vou- dras, De

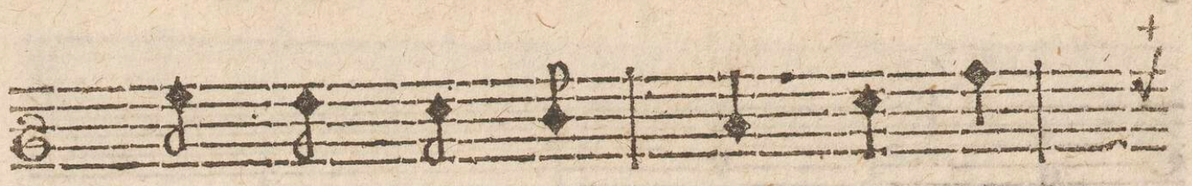


tu vou- dras, De l'A- mour
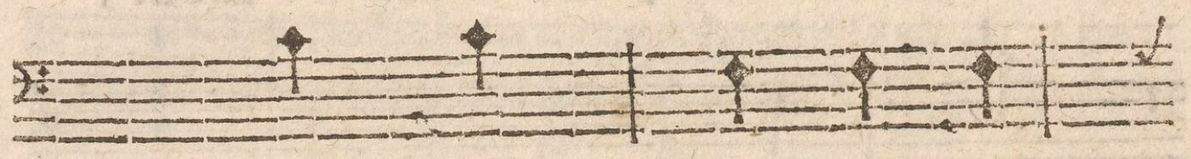


l'A- mour, tant que tu pou- ras;
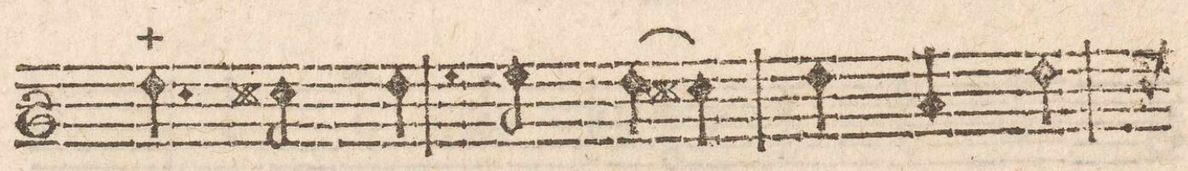
tant
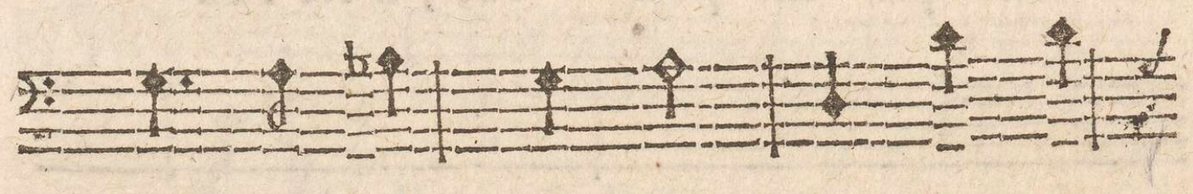


tant que tu pou- ras; C'eſt l'ex-



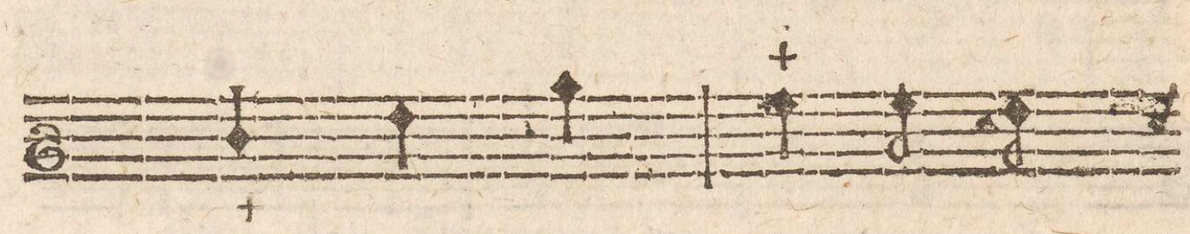
C'eſt l'ex- cès, C'eſt l'ex-
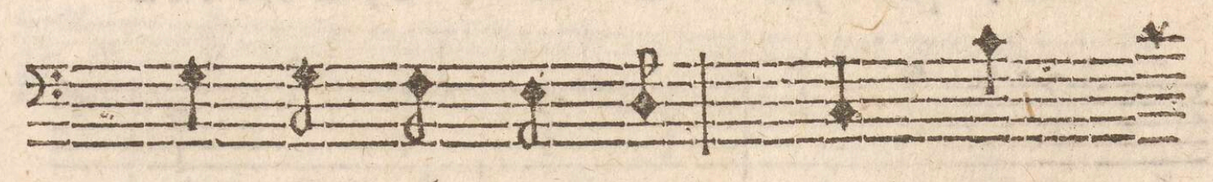


cès, qui juſ- ti- fi- e. Prens du
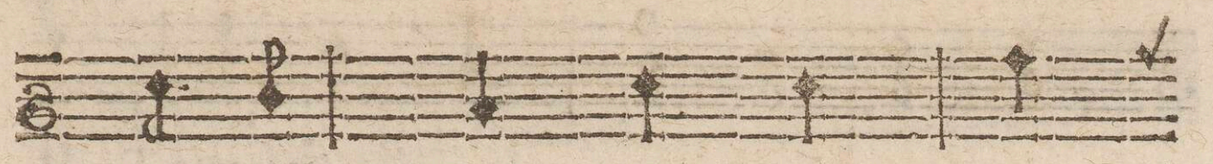


cès qui juſ- ti- fi- e. Prens du



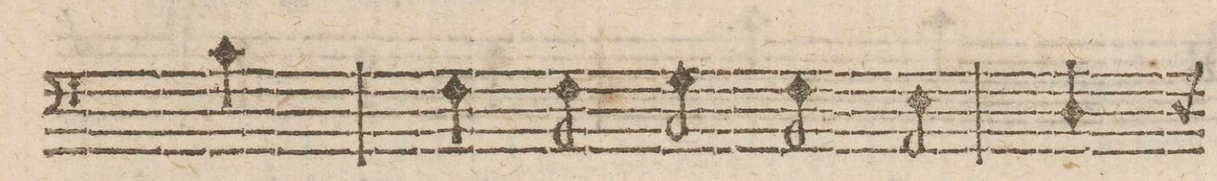
Vin, prens du Vin, tant que
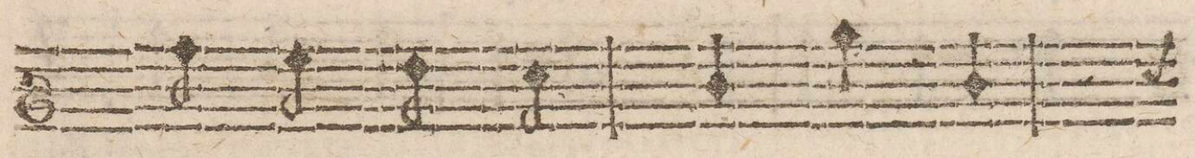


Vin, tant que tu vou- dras, De
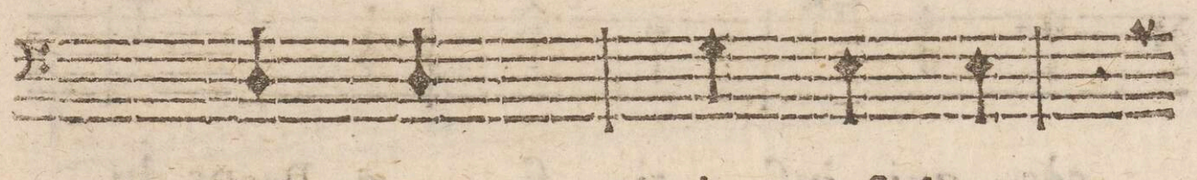


tu vou- dras, De l'A- mour,
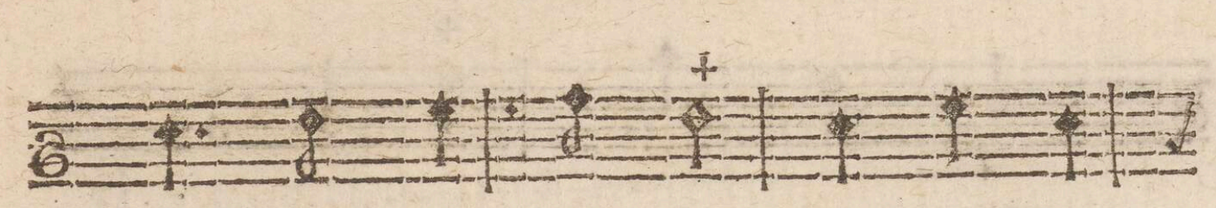


l'A- mour, tant que tu pou- ras;
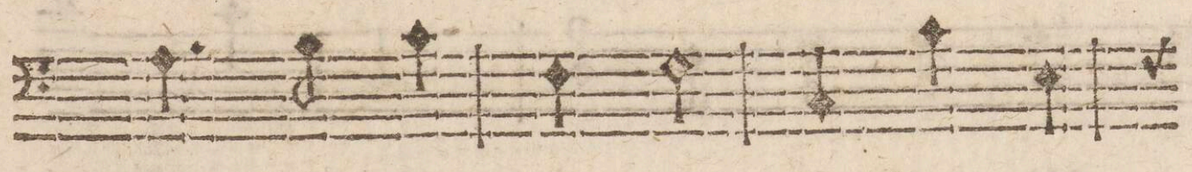


tant que tu pou- ras; C'eſt l'ex-



C'eſt l'ex- cès, C'eſt l'ex-
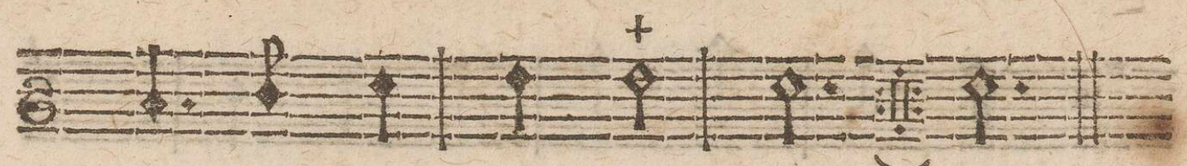


cès, qui juſ- ti- fi- e; C'eſt l'ex-
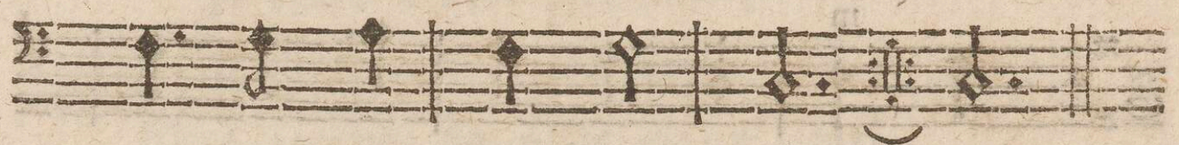


cès qui juſ- ti- fi- e; C'eſt l'ex-

cès
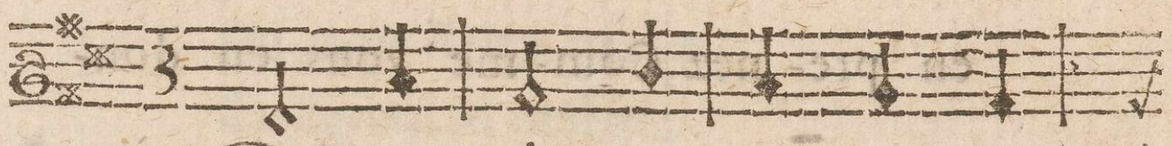


cès, qui juſ- ti- fi- e. e.
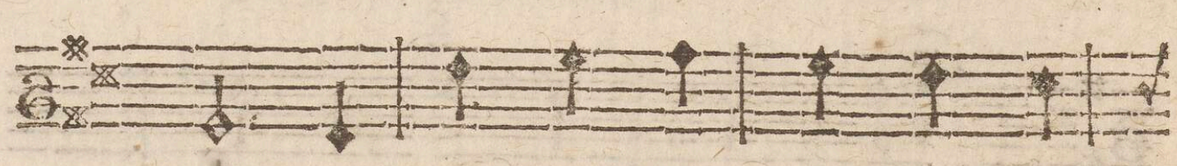


cès, qui juſ- ti- fi- e. e.
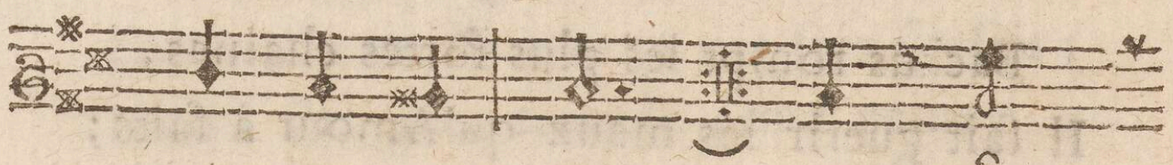
MENUET.
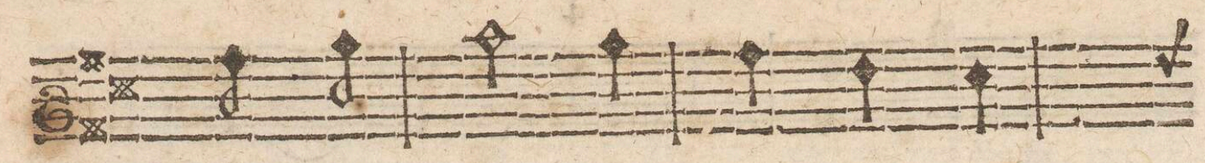


ON di roit, Bel- le, à vous en-
Ai- ſé- ment pouroient vous dé-
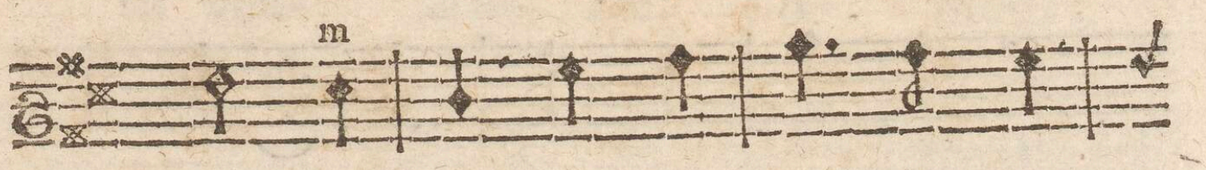


ten- dre, Que qua- tre coups pré-ſen-
fen- dre Des traits lan- cez par le
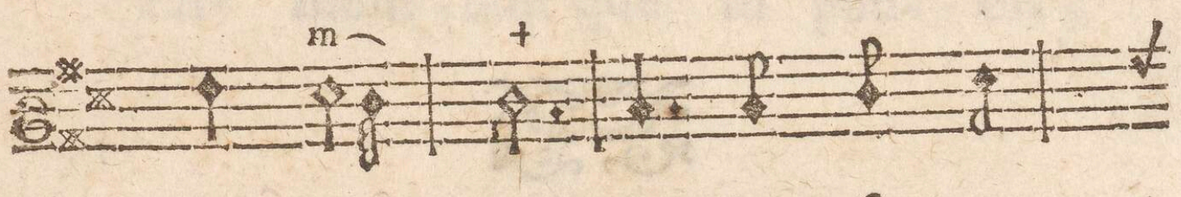


tez par Ba- chus, chus,
Fils de Ve- nus: nus: Dé-
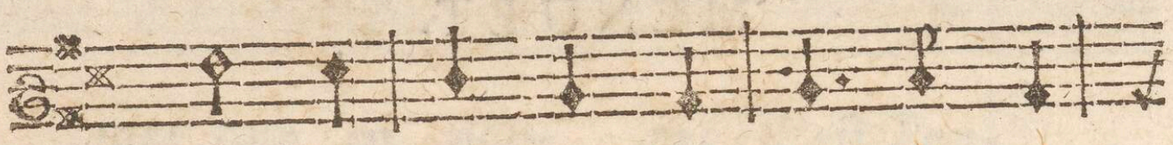


fi- ez vous qu'un jour, Au Dieu
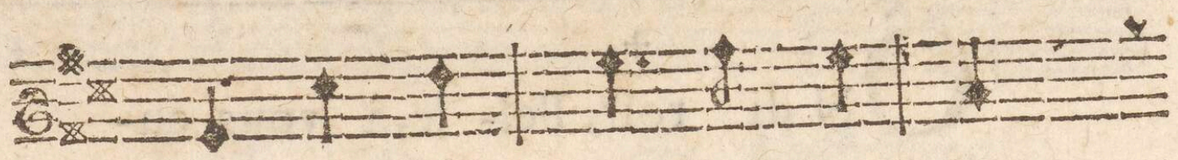


de l'A-mour, Vo- tre cœur mal-gré
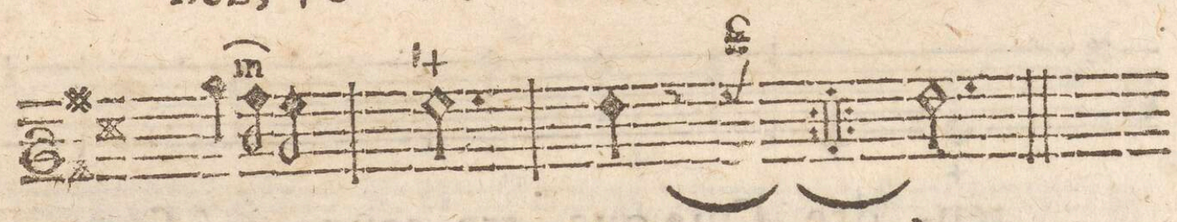


lui ne ce- de; Car ſi vous



en pre- nez, Com- me vous en don-



nez, Vo- tre mal ſe- ra ſans



re- me- de. de.

Bachus rompt les plus fortes chaines,
Il ſait guerir les maux qu'Amour à faits;
Recherchons ces heureuſes peines,
Dont le plaiſir eſt de boire à longs traits:

Amour, ſi ton ardeur
Regne dans mon cœur,
Ce triomphe accroit peu ta gloire:
Je cede à ſon pouvoir,
Seulement pour avoir
Une raiſon de plus pour boire.

Votre erreur, Iris, eſt extrême,
De croire aimer pour l'honneur de Bachus;
Nous ſavons qu'il cede lui-même,
A la puiſſance du Fils de Venus:
Du petit Dieu malin
Craignez le deſtin;
Par le Vin il veut vous ſurprendre,
Lors que par ſon poiſon,
Perdant la raiſon,
Vous ne pourez plus vous défendre.

Tu te ris, ingrate Climene,
Des maux cruels que tu me fais ſoufrir;
Mais, j'ai pour remede à ma peine,
Une Liqueur qui ſaura me guerir:

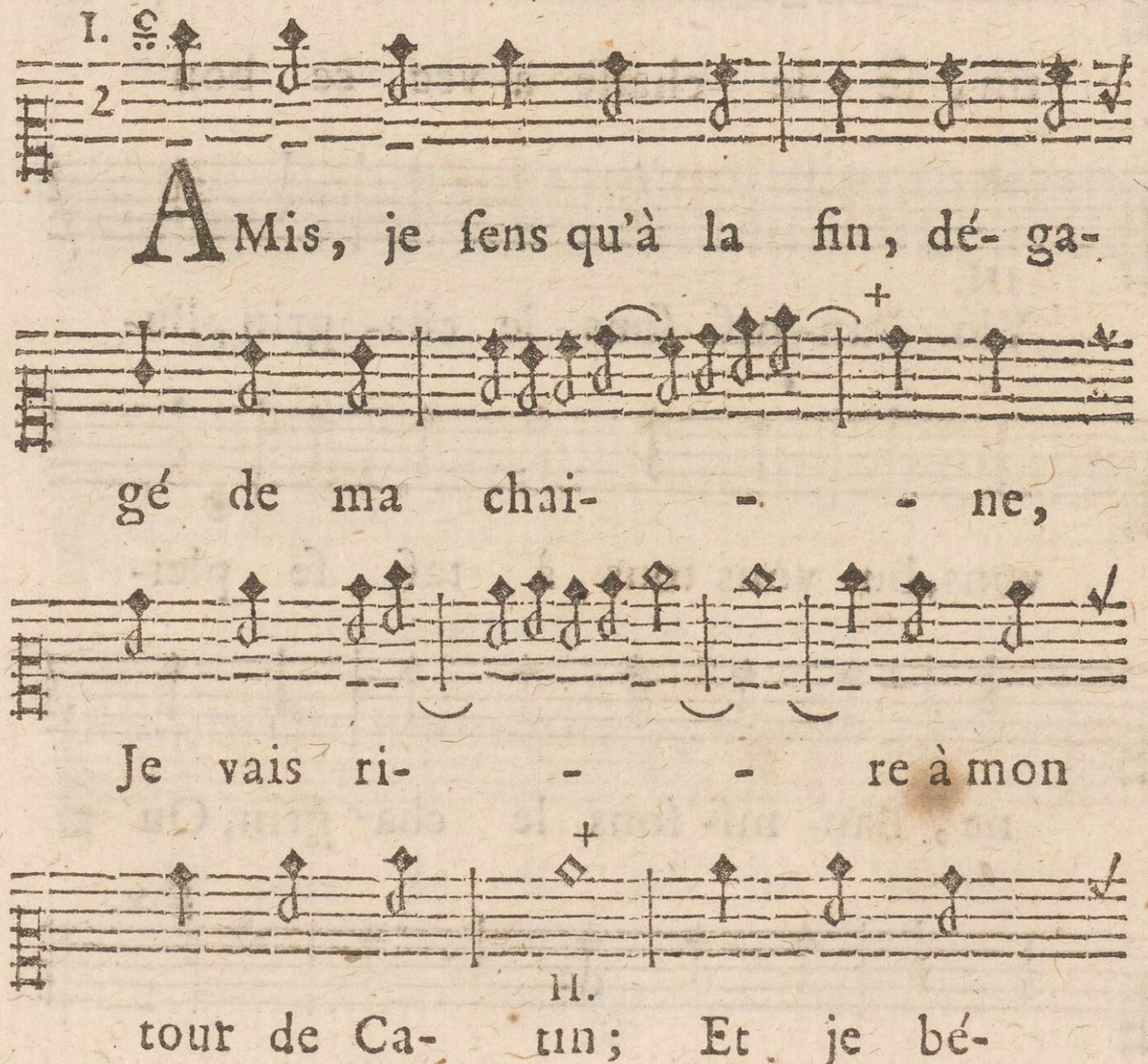
Bachus, à mon ſecours!
Si tu veux qu'Amour
Ne remporte ici la victoire.
Tu ſeras de mon cœur,
Deſormais le Vainqueur;
Je t'en donne toute la gloire.

Si, Tircis, tu veux être ſage,
Tu jouïras d'un bien heureux deſtin;
A Venus il faut rendre hommage,
Et quitter pour jamais le Dieu Vin:
Pour prix de ton ardeur,
Poſſede mon cœur,
En demande tu d'avantage?
Mais ſouvien-toi toujours,
Que le Dieu d'Amour,
Ne ſauroit ſouffrir de partage.

Pour ſavoir combien je vous aime,
Voyez mes yeux, conſultez ma langueur:
Ma crainte, mon ſilence extrême,
Découvre aſſez le ſecret de mon cœur:
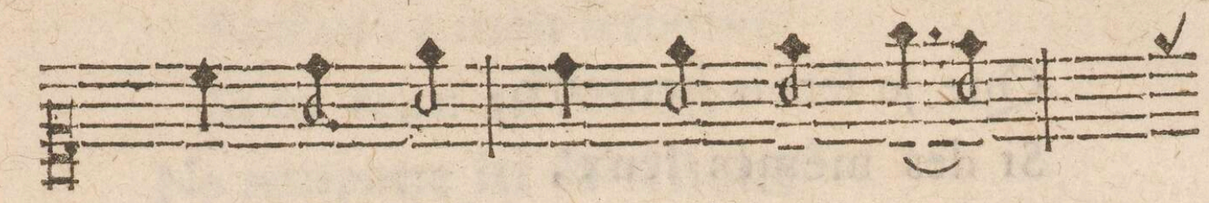
Que je ſerois heureux,
Si des mêmes feux,
Vous pouviez être ſuſceptible!
Mais c'eſt vôtre froideur,
Qui bannit de mon cœur,
L'eſpoir de vous rendre ſenſible.

CANON A III.
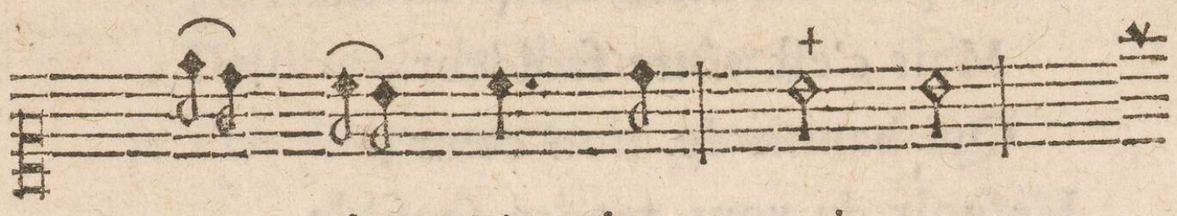


AMis, je ſens qu'à la fin, dé- ga- gé de ma chai- - - ne, Je vais ri- - - re à mon tour de Ca- tin; Et je bé-

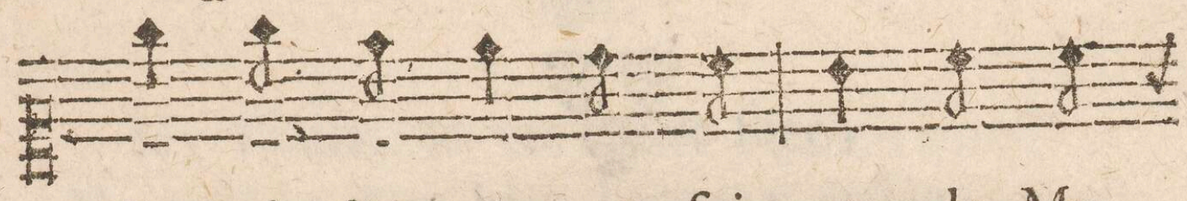
nis
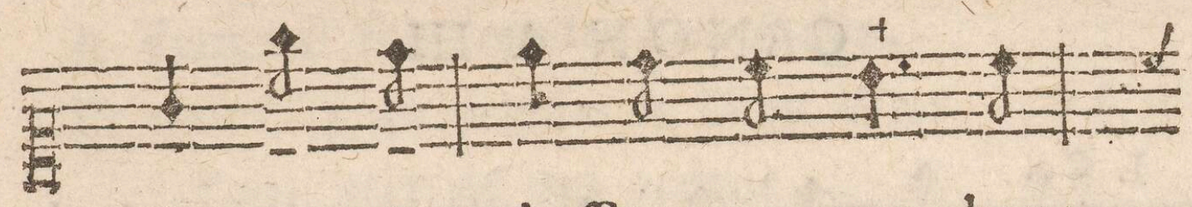


nis le deſ- tin, Qui me van-
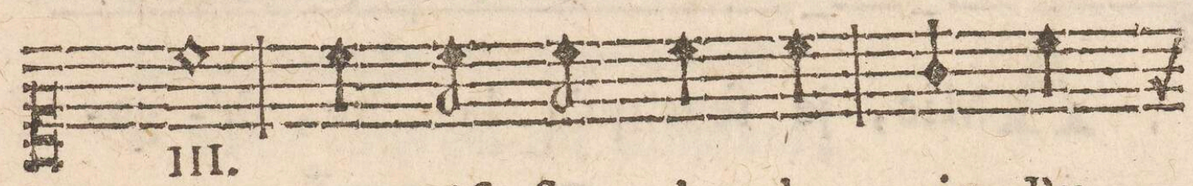


ge de l'in- hu- mai- ne.



En vain l'Amour veut fai- re le Mu-
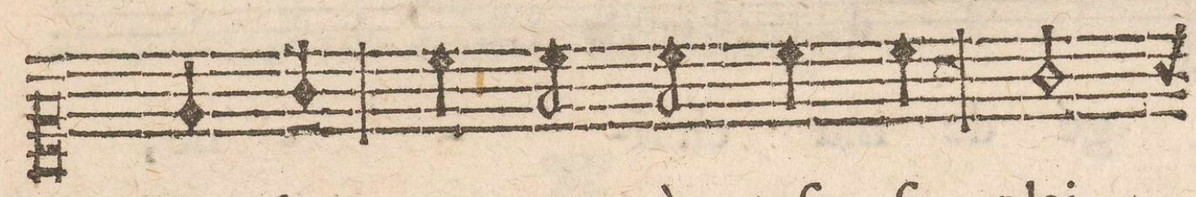


tin, Je le chaſſe a-vec ce bon
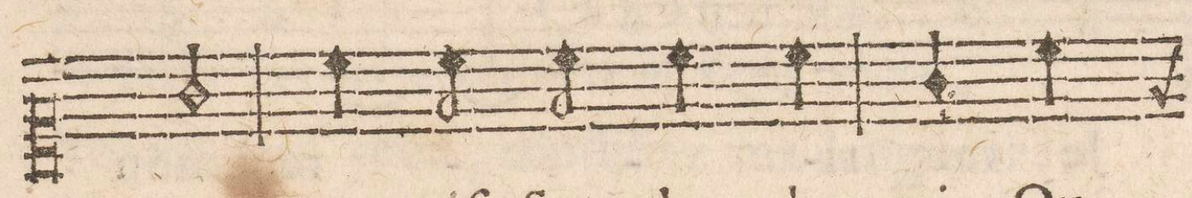


III.

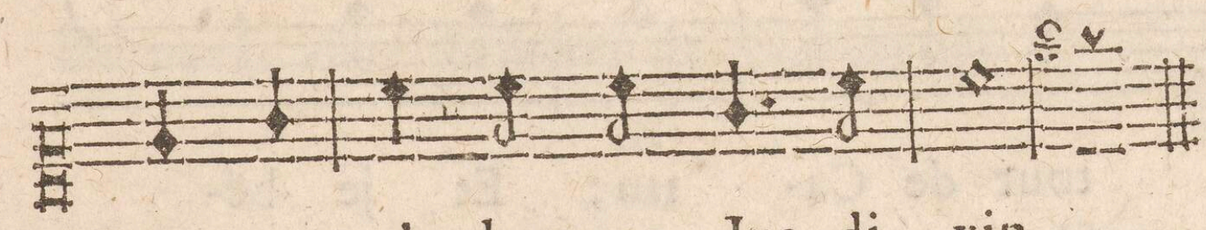
Vin. Ban- niſ- ſons le cha- grin, Bu-



vons, bu- vons tous à taſ- ſe plei-
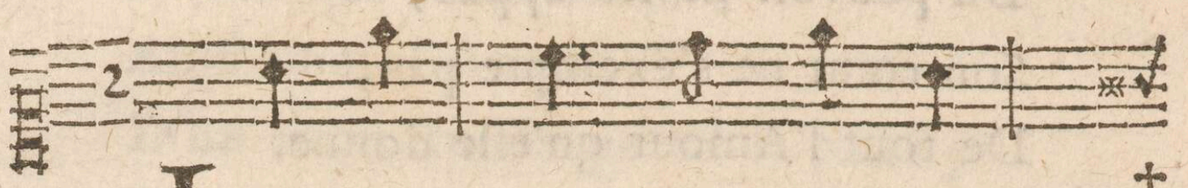


ne, Ban- niſ- ſons le cha- grin, Ou
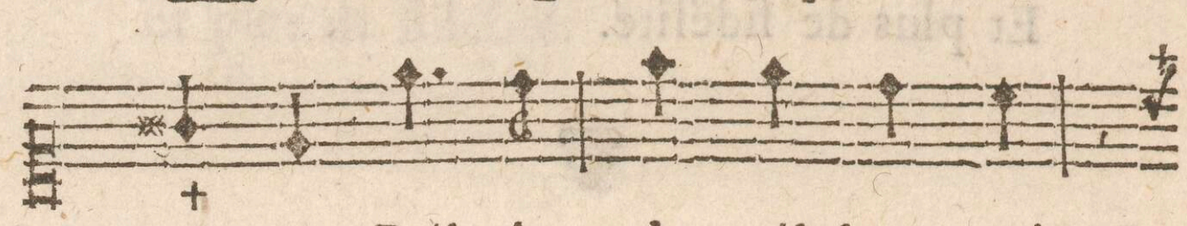


no- yons le dans ce Jus di- vin.

VAU-
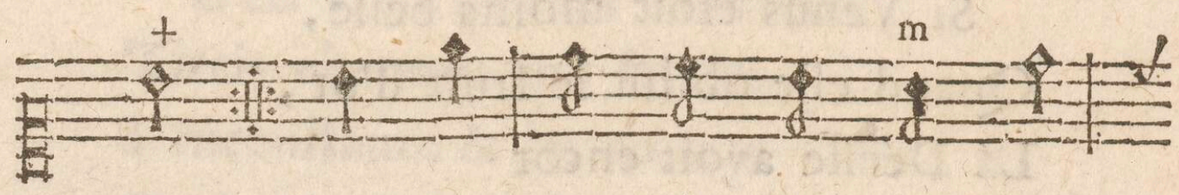
VAUDEVILLE.
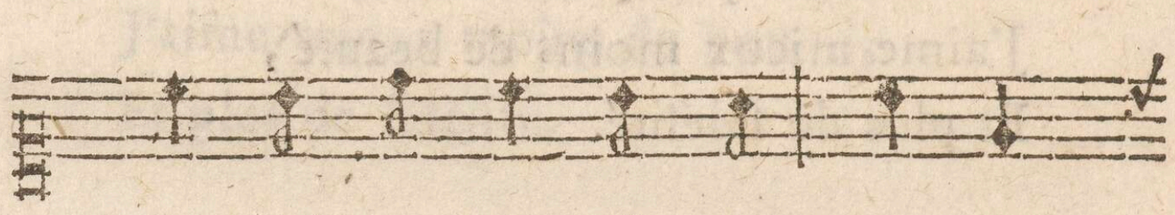


LA Ber- ge- re qui m'en-



ga- ge Bril- le de mil- le a- gré-

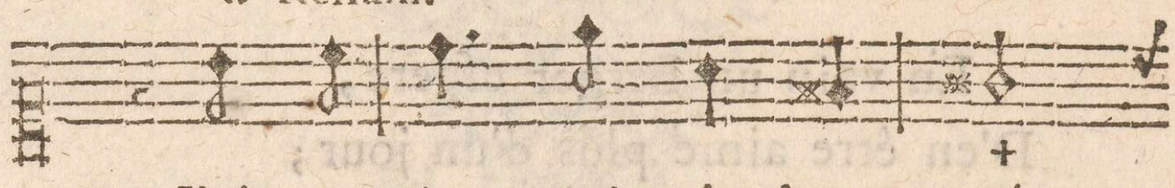


mens; Mais ſon cœur à trop d'A-mans,

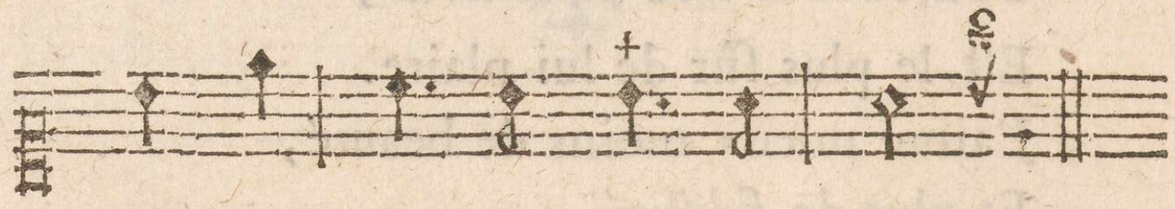


En mê- me tems ſe par- ta- ge,

℔ Refrain.



J'ai- me mieux moins de beau- té,



Et plus de fi- dé- li- té. &c.

Ses yeux n'éxemptent perſonne,
Du pouvoir de ſes appas,
Son cœur ne s'éxempte pas,
De tout l'Amour qu'elle donne.
J'aime mieux moins de beauté,
Et plus de fidélité.

Si Venus étoit moins belle,
Quand elle obtint le fruit d'or,
La Déeſſe avoit encor
Le cœur un peu plus fidelle.
J'aime mieux moins de beauté,
Et plus de fidélité.

En vain un Berger eſpere,
D'en être aimé plus d'un jour;
Toujours le nouvel Amour,
Eſt le plus ſûr de lui plaire.
J'aime mieux moins de beauté,
Et plus de fidélité.

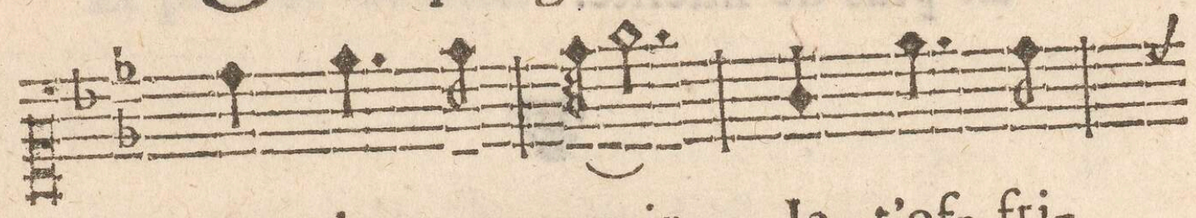
De même que l'onde chaſſe
L'onde qui coule devant,
Ainſi nouvel Amant
D'un autre Amant prend la place ;
J'aime mieux moins de beauté,
Et plus de fidélité.

C'eſt ainſi que ſur l'herbette,
Tircis chantoit aux Forêts,
L'inconſtance & les attraits
De la Bergere Liſette ;
J'aime mieux moins de beauté,
Et plus de fidélité.

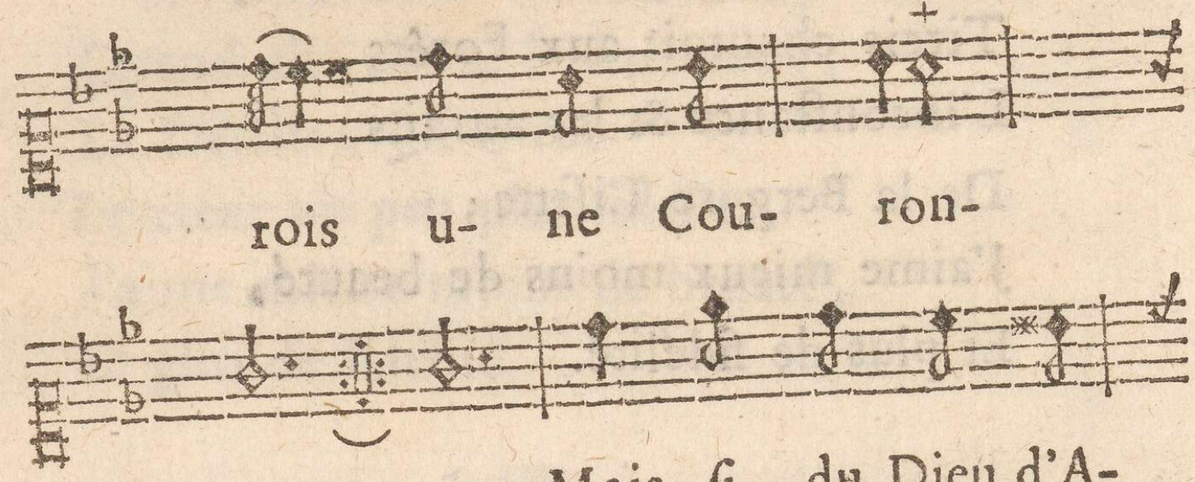
PETIT AIR TENDRE.



SI du plus grand des Dieux j'a- vois

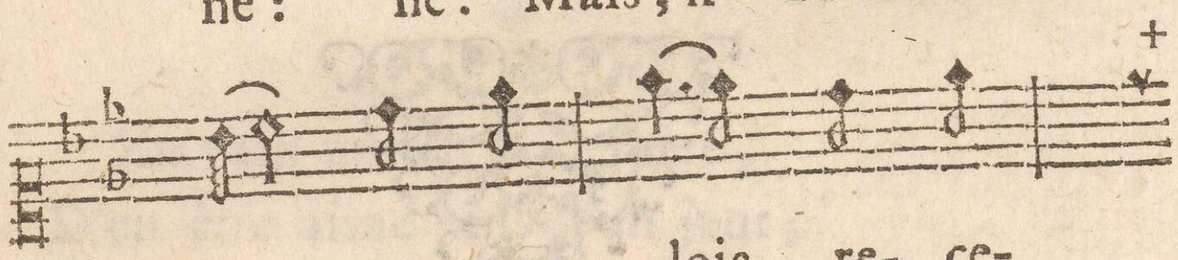


tout le pou- voir, Je t'of- fri-

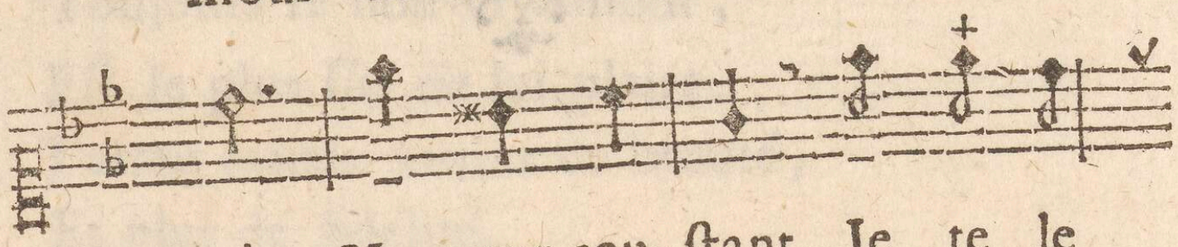


rois u- ne Cou- ron-

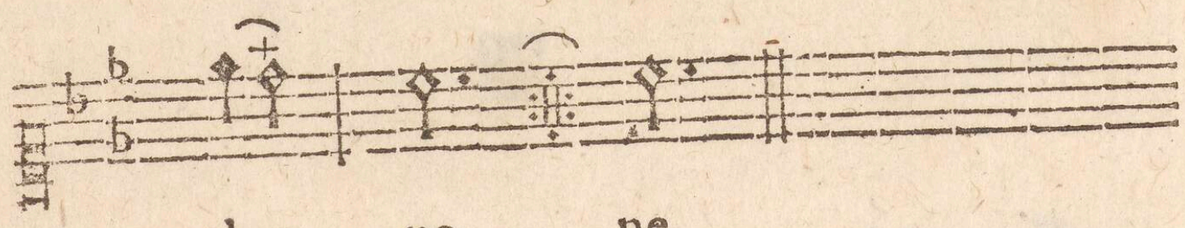
ne: ne: Mais, ſi du Dieu d'A-



mour tu vou- lois re- ce-
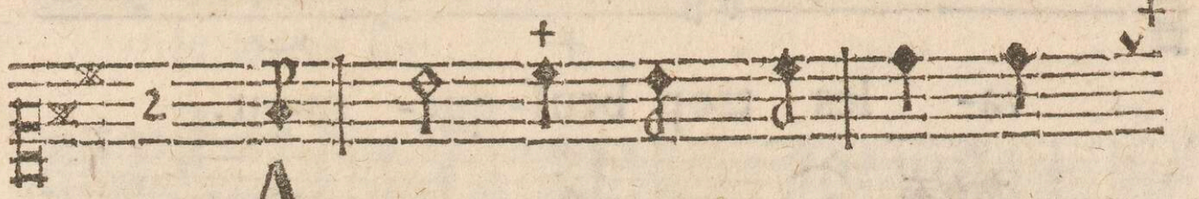


voir Un cœur con- ſtant, Je te le



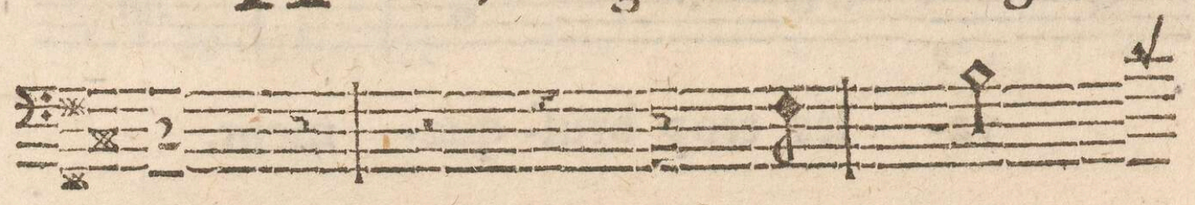
don- ne. ne.

Ami,
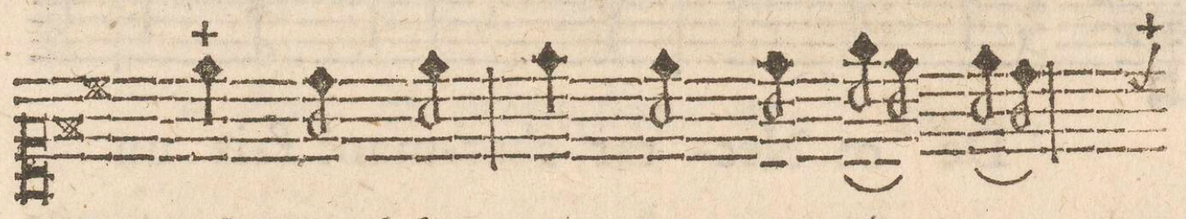
DUO.
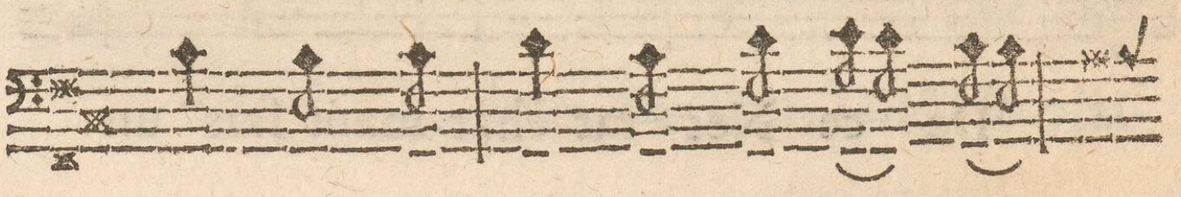


A- mi, c'eſt grand dom-ma- ge,
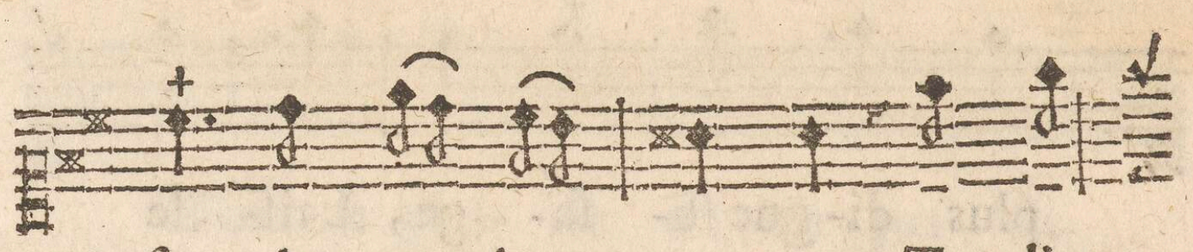


A- mi,
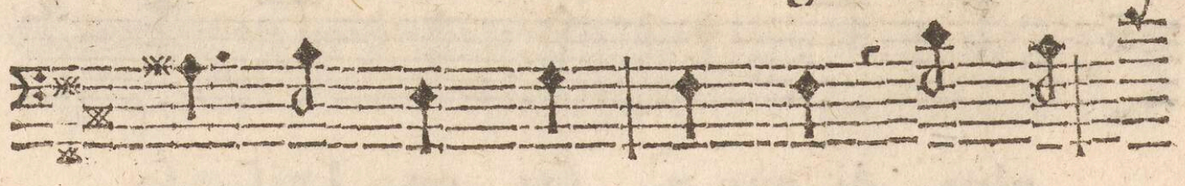


C'eſt grand domma- ge, De te ver-



C'eſt grand domma- ge, De te ver-
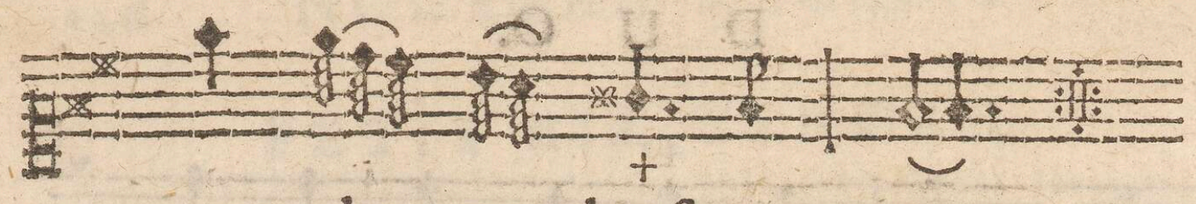


ſer de ce breu- va- ge; Tu l'a-
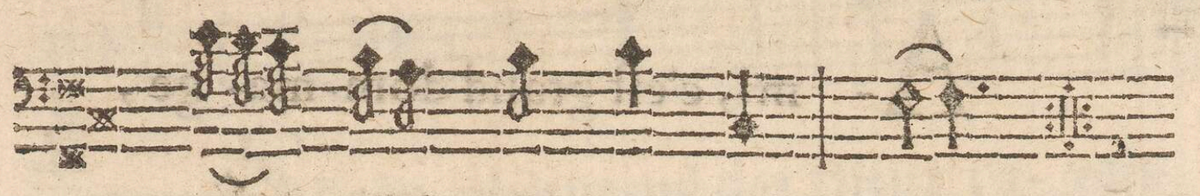


ſer de ce breu- va- ge; Tu l'a-
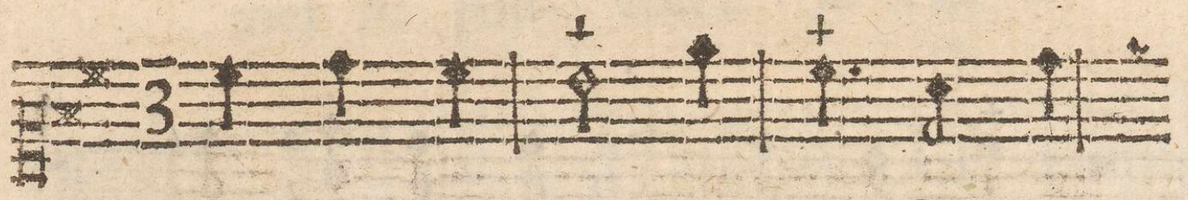
vales



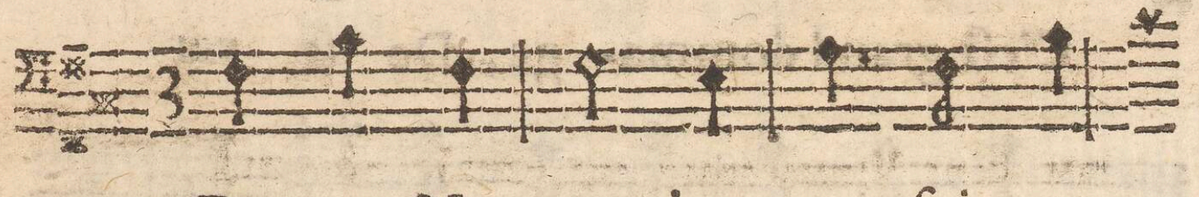
va- les trop bruſ-que- ment.
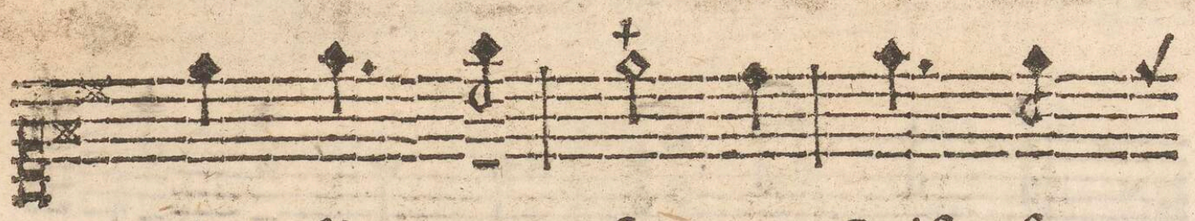


va- les trop bruſ-que- ment.
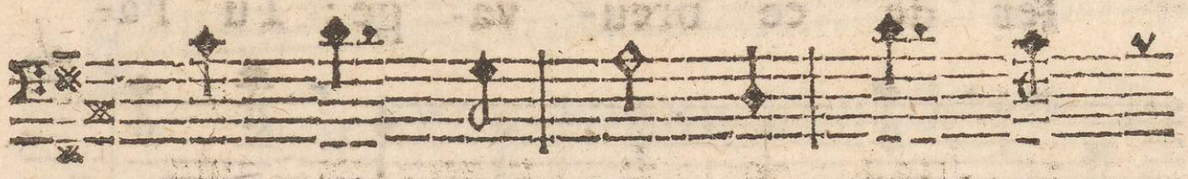


De ce Nec- tar char-mant fais un
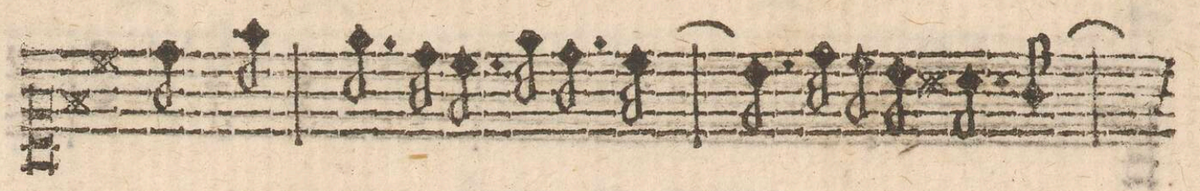


De ce Nec- tar char-mant fais un
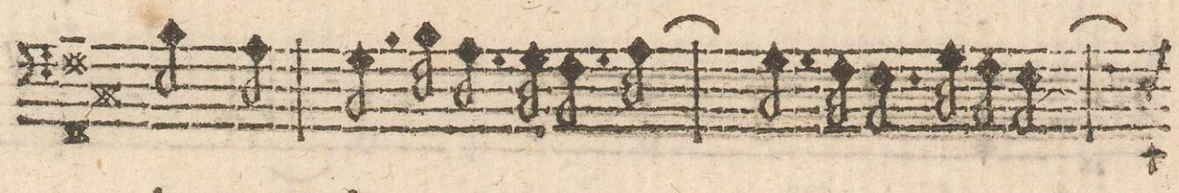


plus di-gne u- ſa- ge, Laiſ- ſe



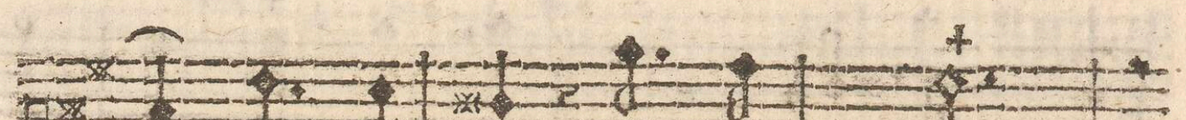
plus di-gne u- ſa- ge, Laiſ- ſe



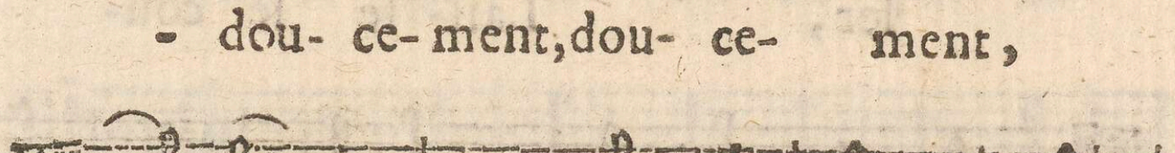
le cou- ler - - - -
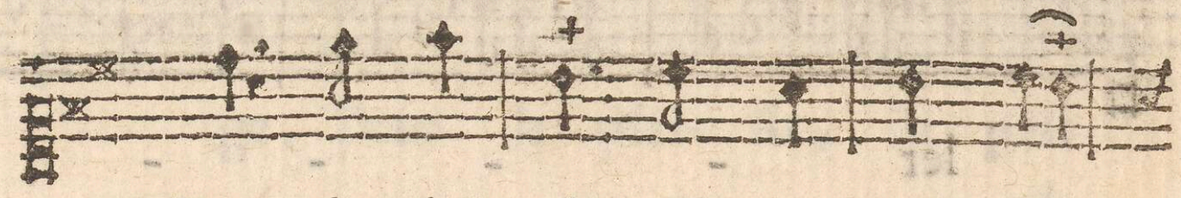


le cou- ler - - - -
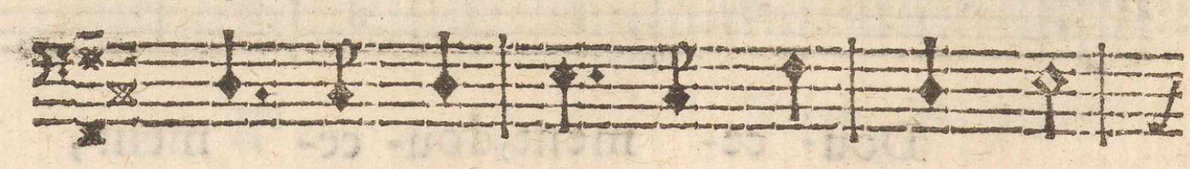


- dou- ce- ment, dou- ce- ment,



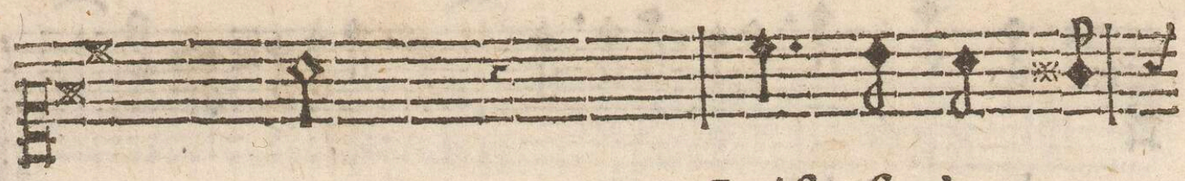
- - dou- ce-ment, Tout le plai-
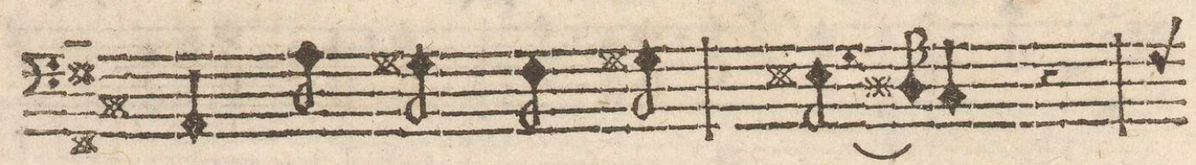


Tout le plai- ſir eſt au paſ- ſa-
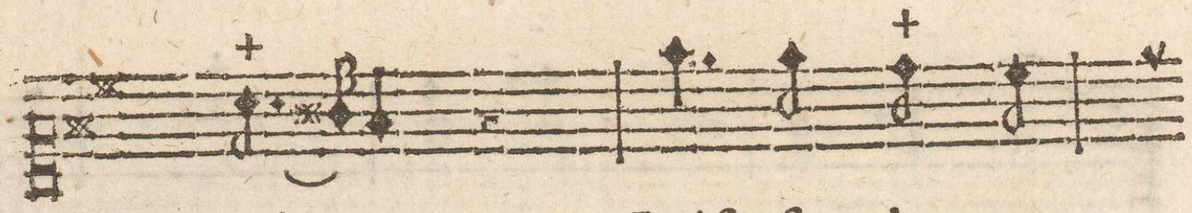


ſir, le plai- ſir eſt au paſ- ſa-
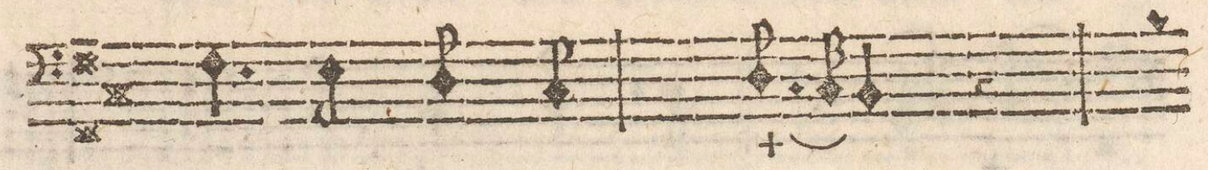


ge. Laiſ- ſe le cou-



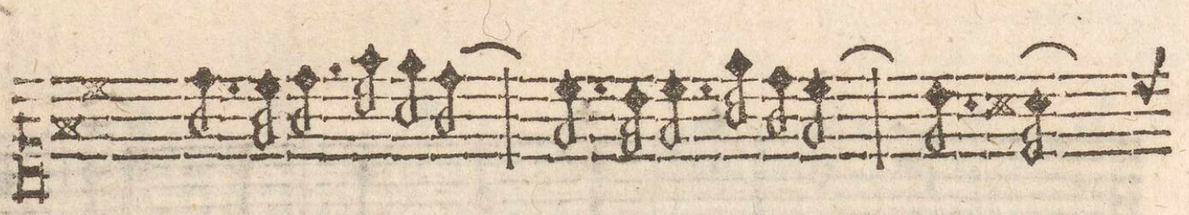
ge. Laiſ- ſe le cou- ler,
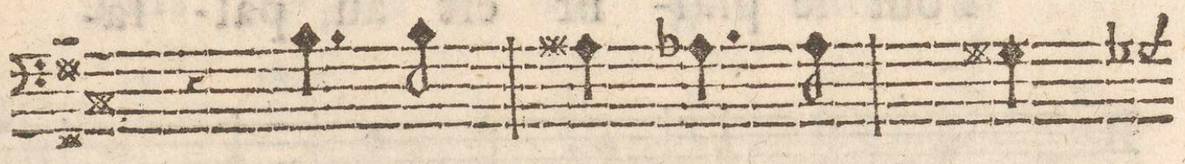


ler, Laiſ- ſe le cou-



Laiſ- ſe le cou- ler,
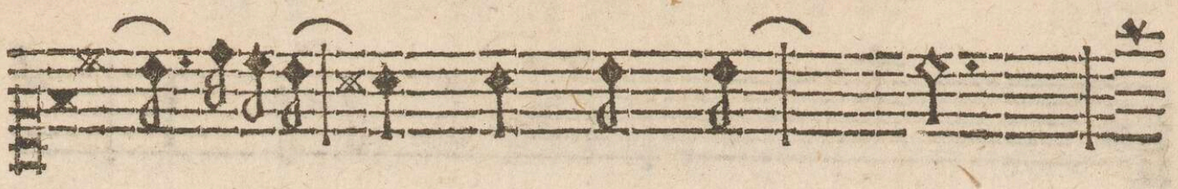


ler - - - -

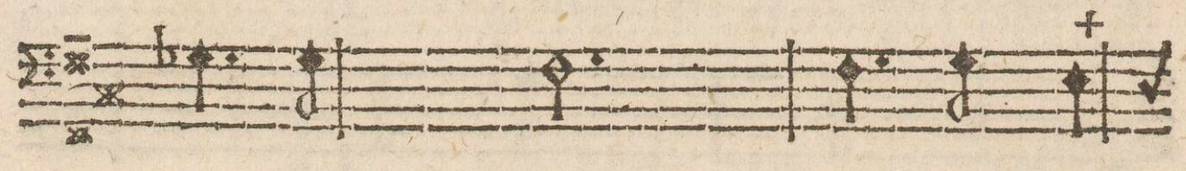


Dou- ce- ment, dou- ce- ment,
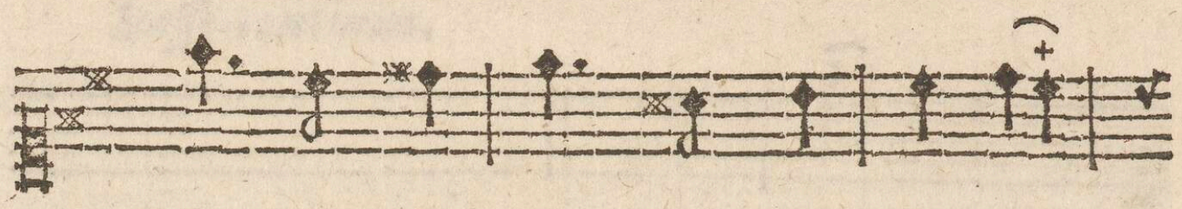
dou-
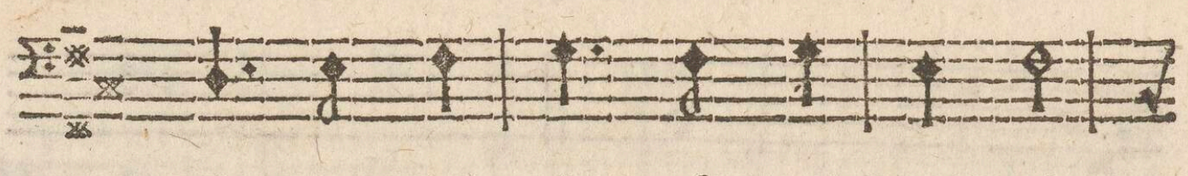


- - dou- ce- ment- -
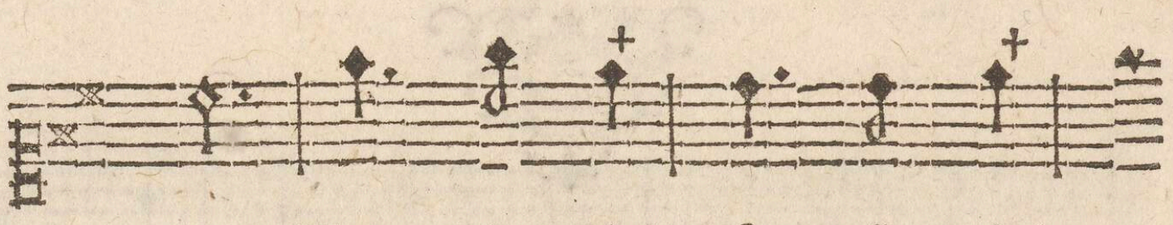


dou- ce- ment, Tout le plai-



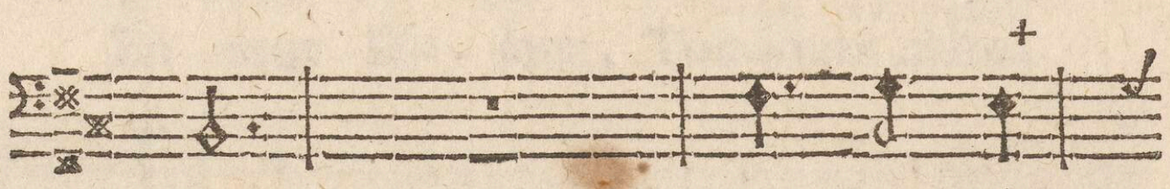
Tout le plai- ſir eſt au paſ- ſa-
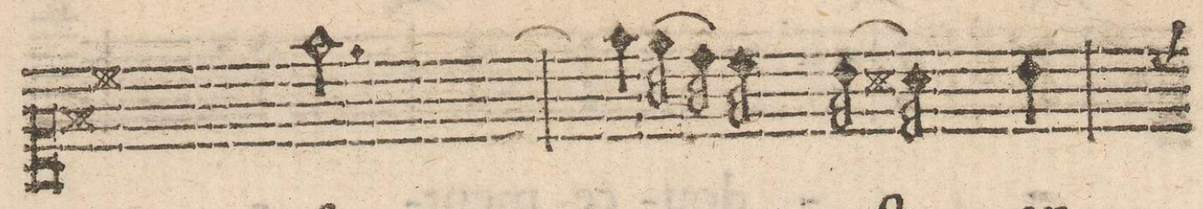


ſir, le plai- ſir eſt au paſ- ſa-
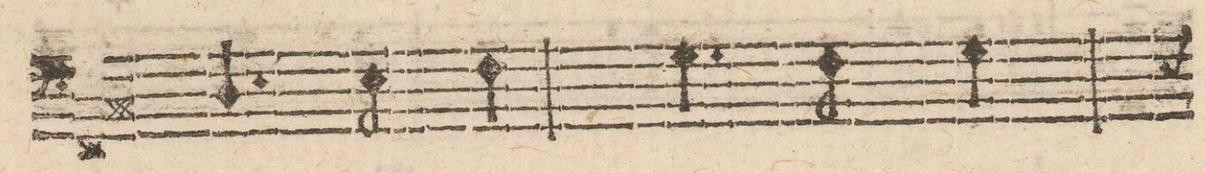


ge, Tout le plai- ſir, le plai-
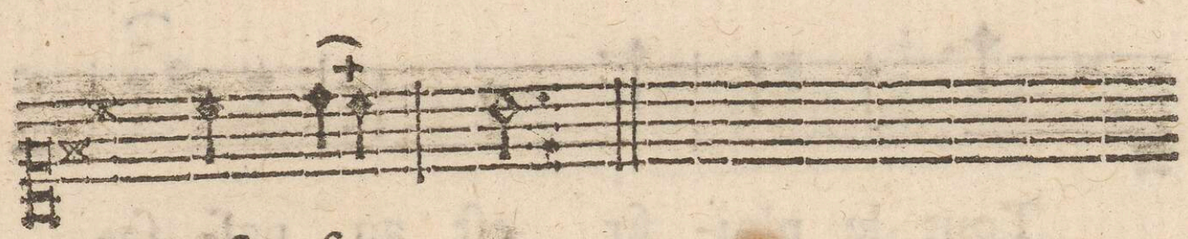


ge, Tout le plai-
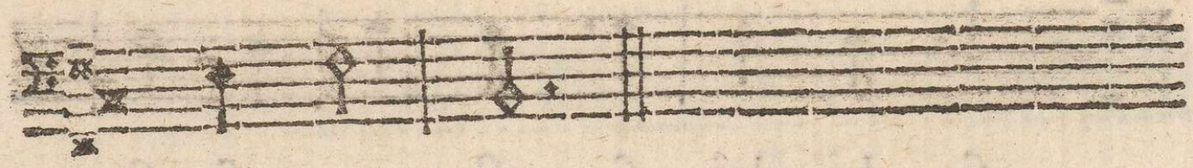


ſir- - - eſt au



ſir, le plai- ſir eſt au
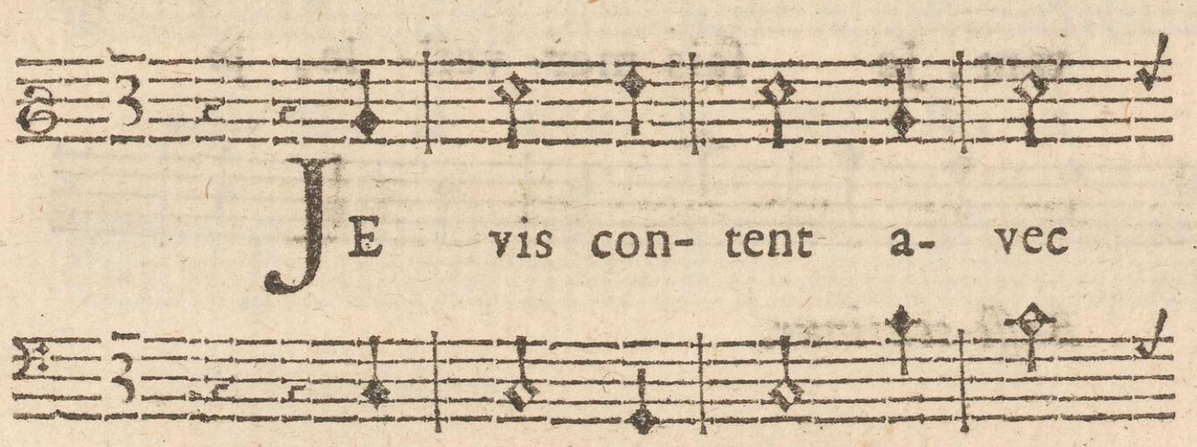


paſ- ſa- ge.
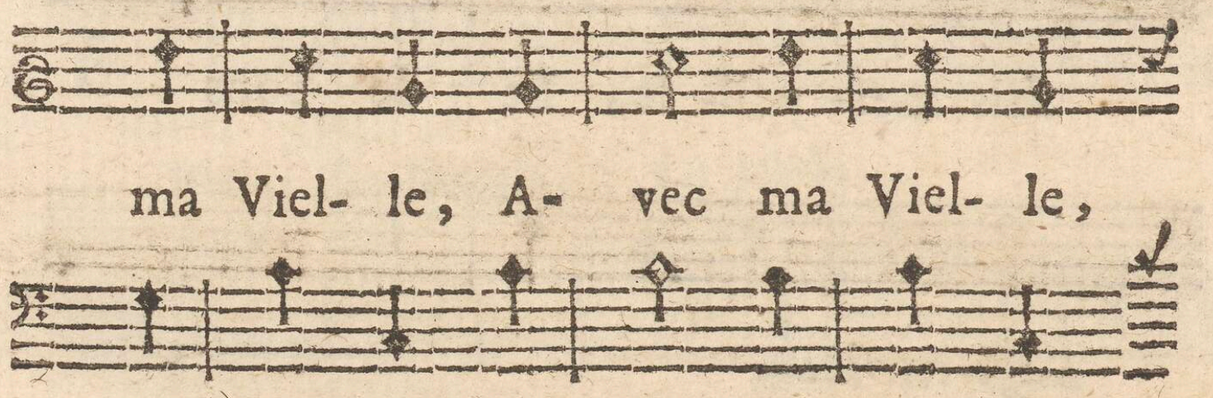


paſ- ſa- ge.

LA VIELLE.



Basse-continue.
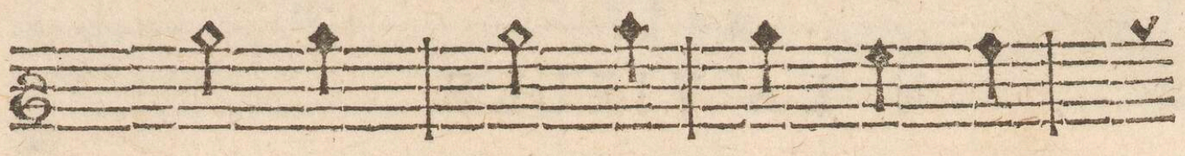


Basse-continue.
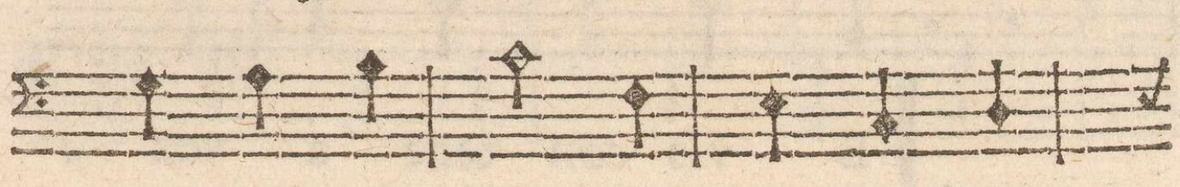


Basse-continue.

tant,
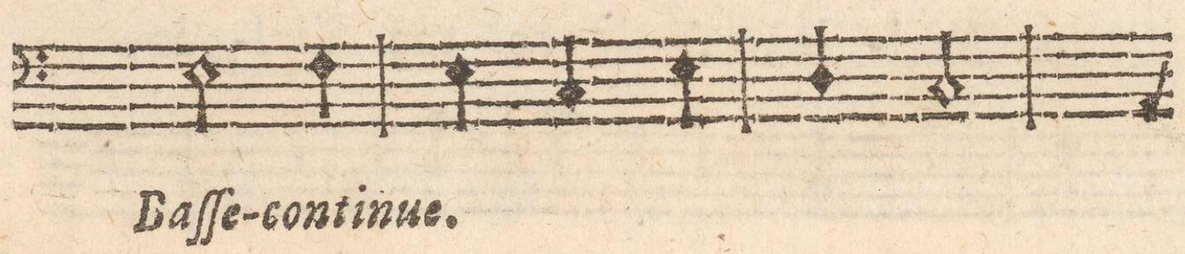


tant, Je fais mer- veil- le, je
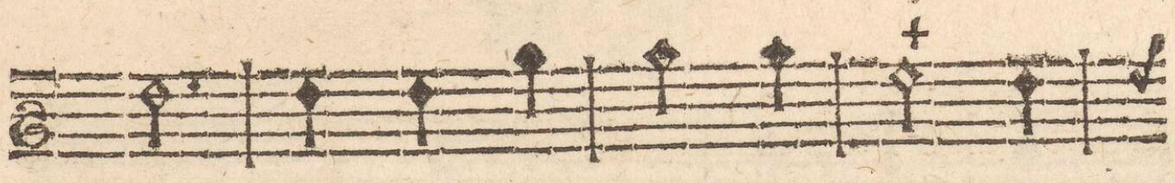


Basse-continue.
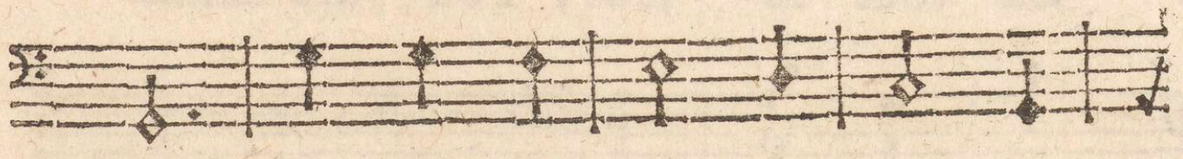


fais mer- veil- le, Et de bons



Basse-continue.
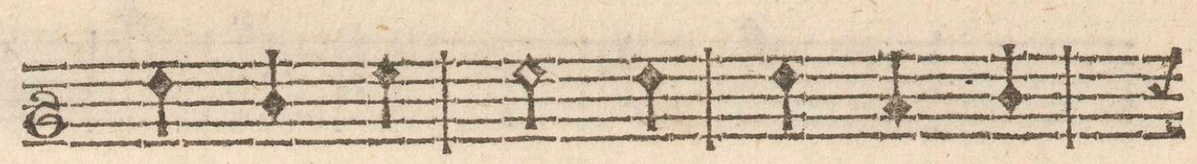


tours; La moi- tié de la nuit je
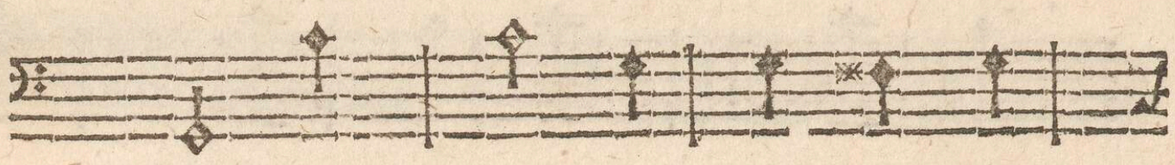


Basse-continue.
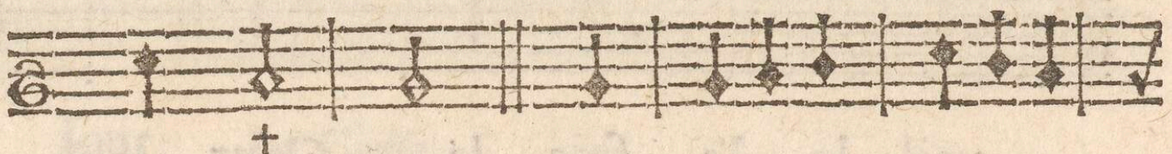
veil-



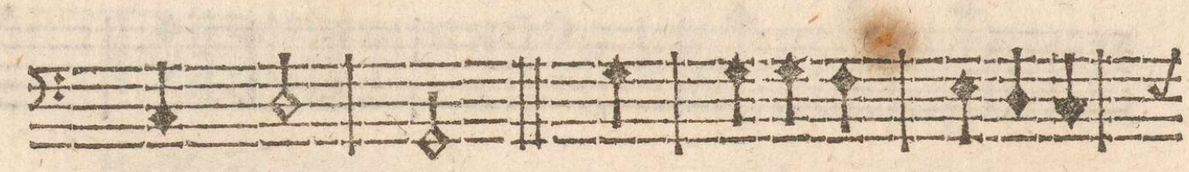
veil- le, la nuit je veil- le, à
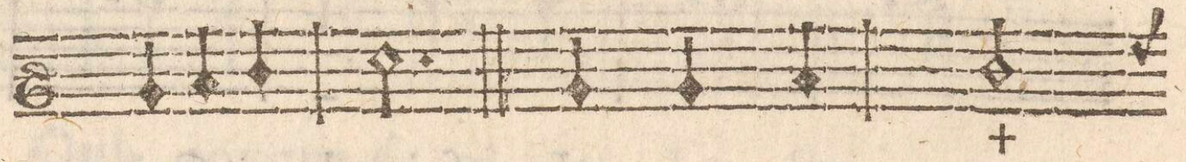


Basse-continue.



mes A- mours. *La Vielle.*



Basse-continue.
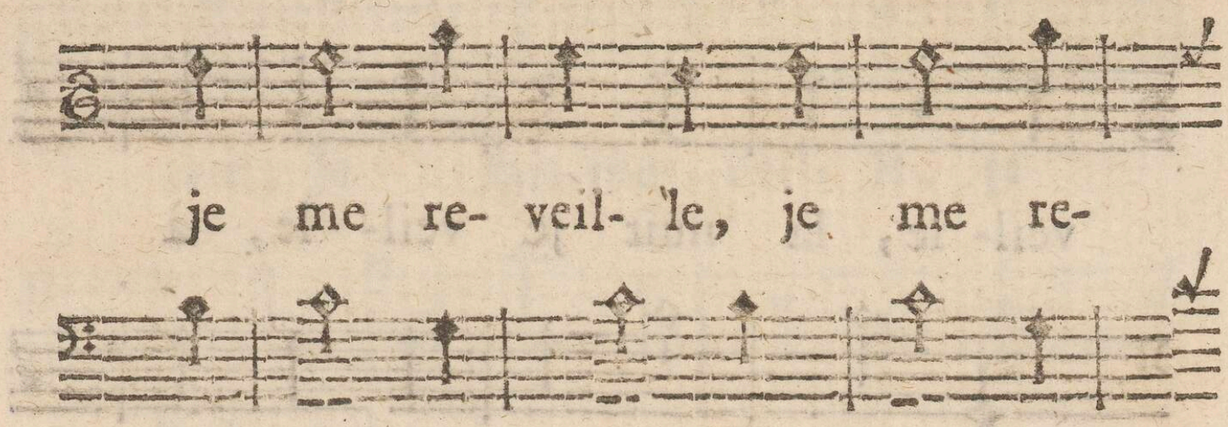


Le ma- tin quand



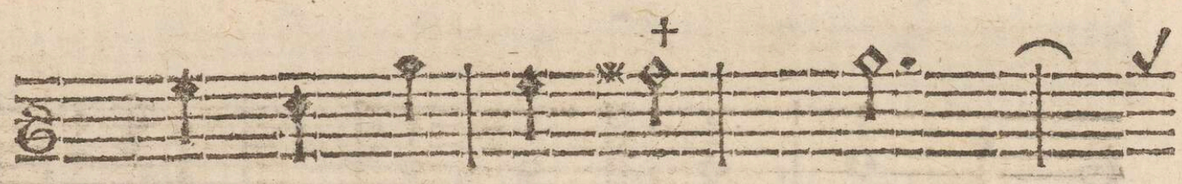
Basse-continue.

je
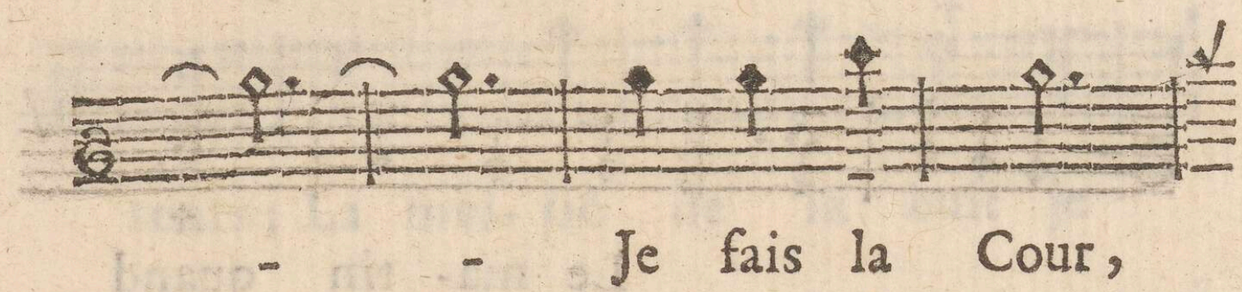


je me re- veil- le, je me re-

Basse-continue.
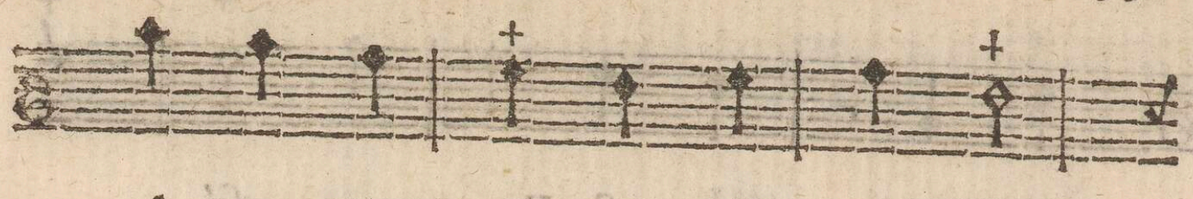


veil- le, Je fais la Cour -

Basse-continue.
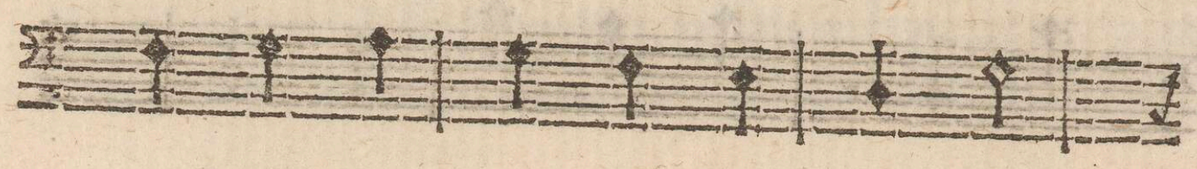


- - Je fais la Cour,
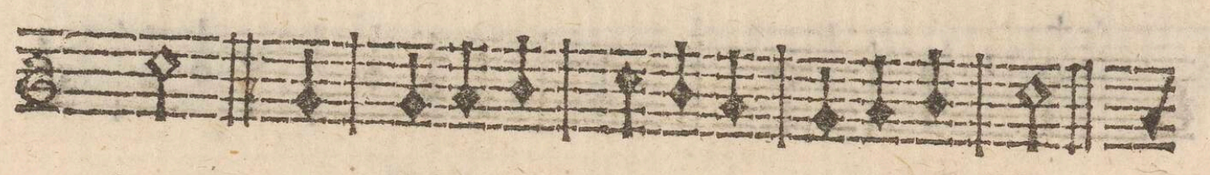
Basse-continue.
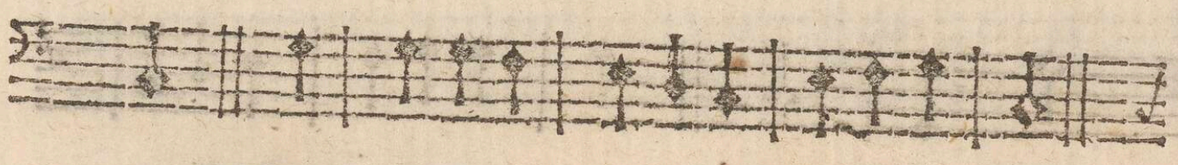


A ma Bou- teil- le ; Pen- dant le



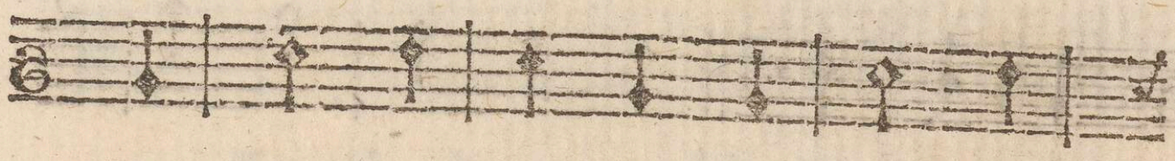
Basse-continue.



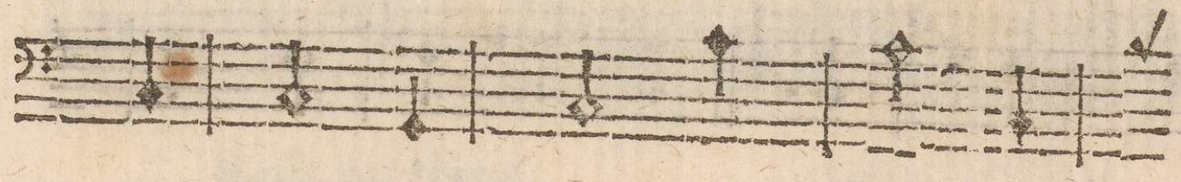
jour. *La Vielle.*



Basse-continue.
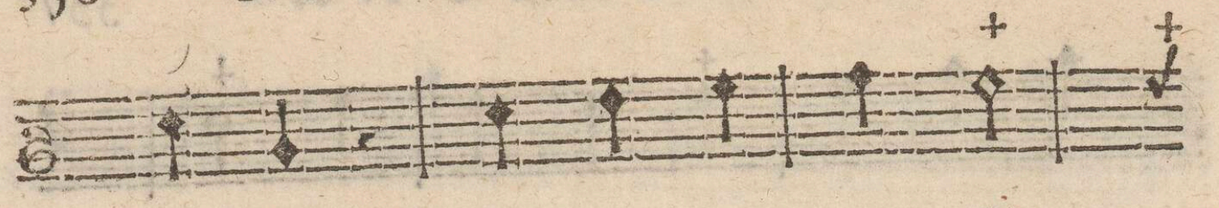


Qui- conque é- pi- e, La fan- tai-
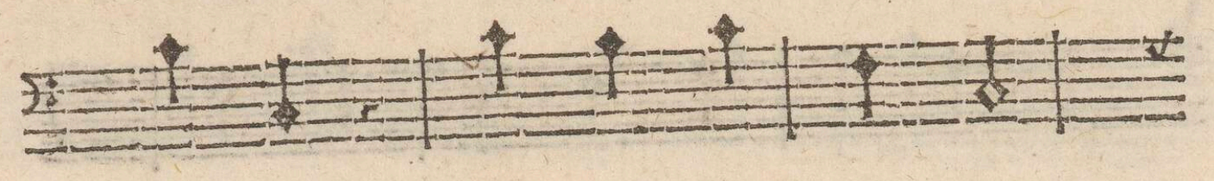


Basse-continue.
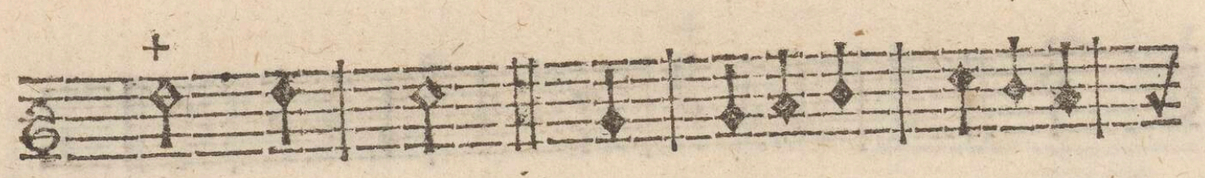
sie,



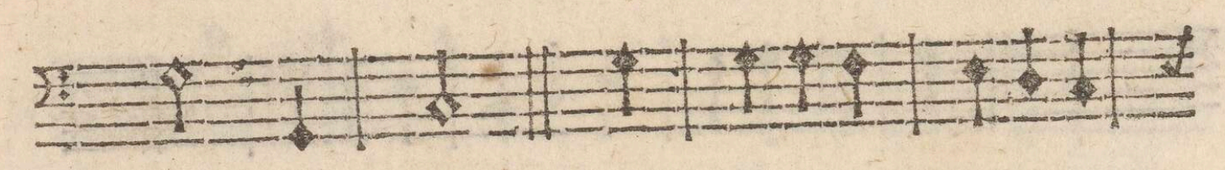
ſi- le, De ſa Fem- me ſé-



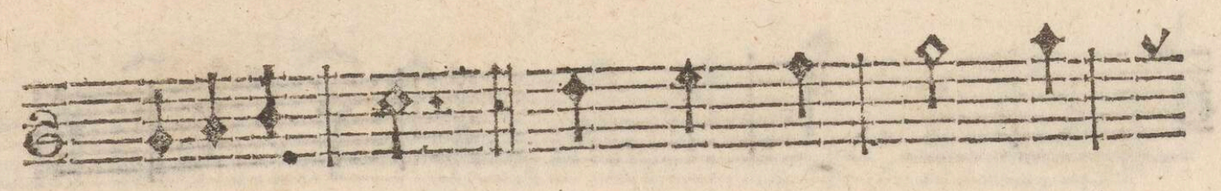
Baſſe-continue.
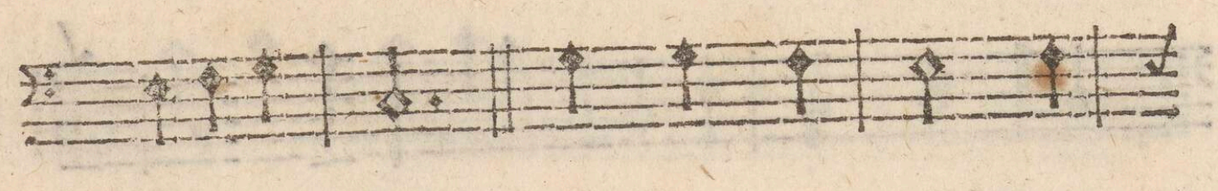


cre- te- ment. *La Vielle.*



Baſſe-continue.
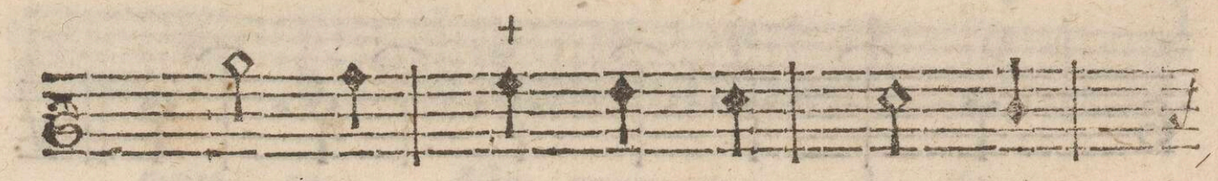


Suit u- ne ri- di-
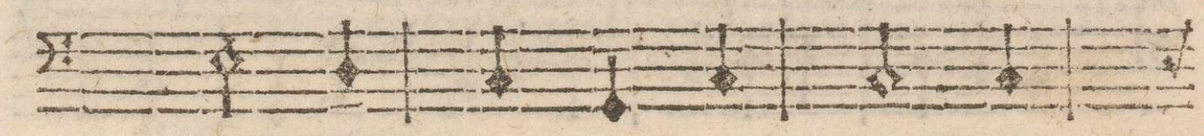


Baſſe-continue.

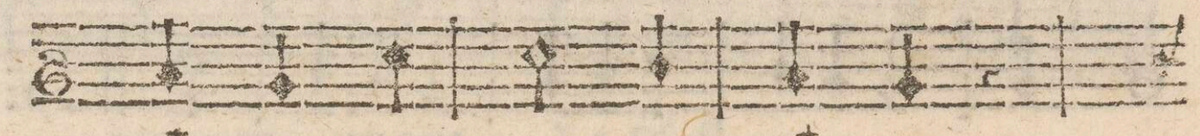
cule



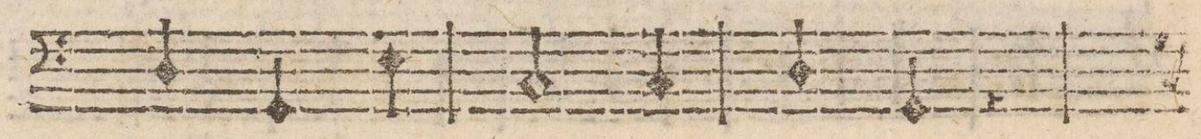
cu- le en- vi- e, Qui- conque é-
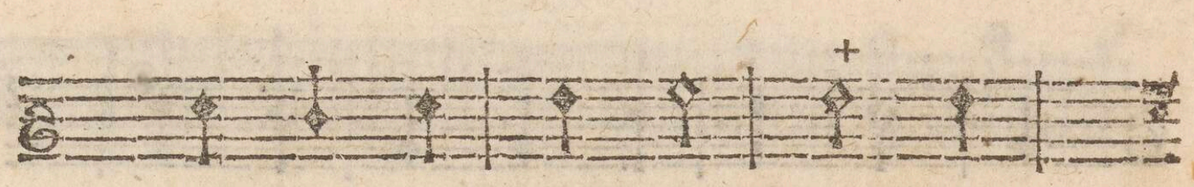


Basse-continue.
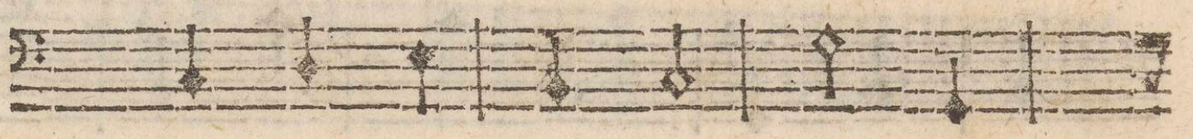


pi- e, Qui- conque é- pi- e,



Basse-continue.

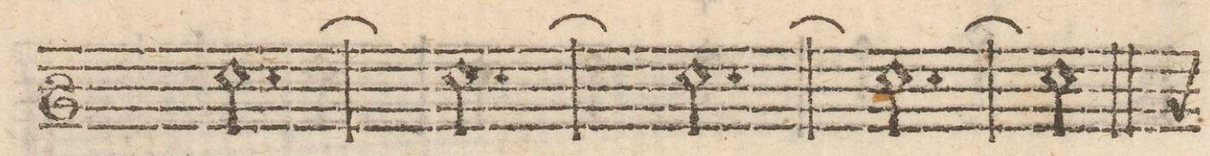


Et ſe don- ne bien du tour-
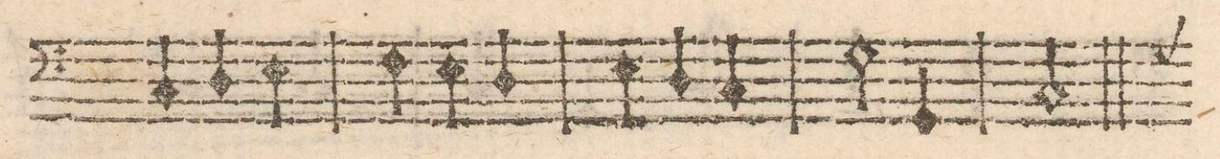


Basse-continue.

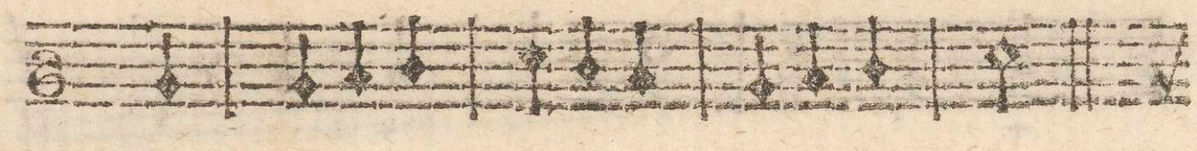
ment,



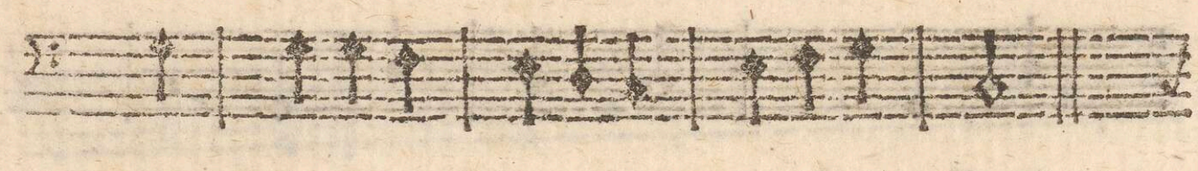
ment. - - - -
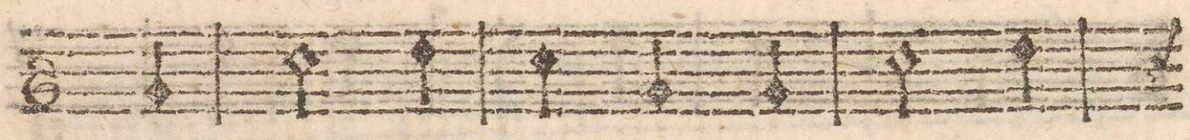


Basse-continue.
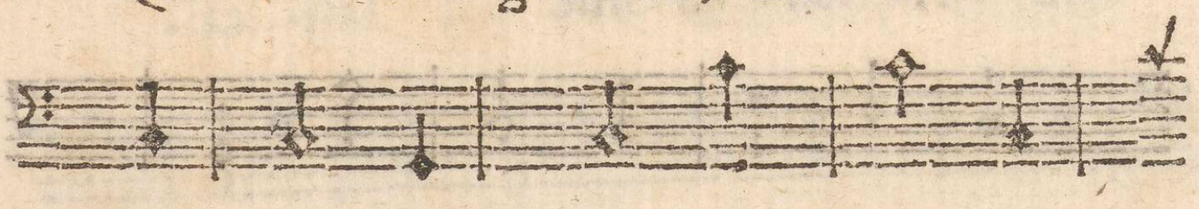


La Vielle.



Basse-continue.
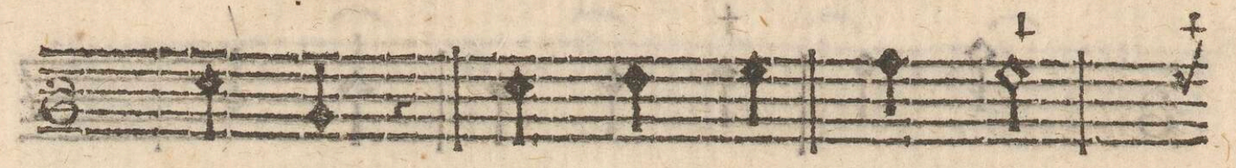


Qui ne voit gou- te, En ce- la
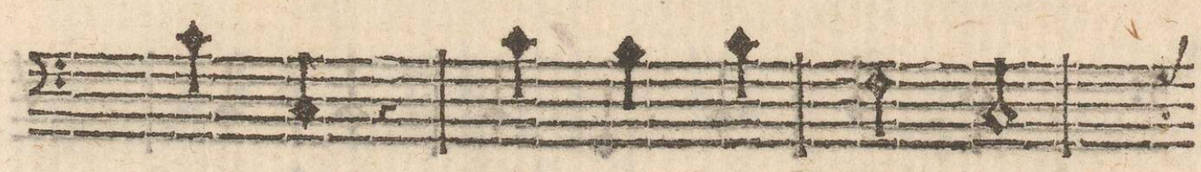


Basse-continue.

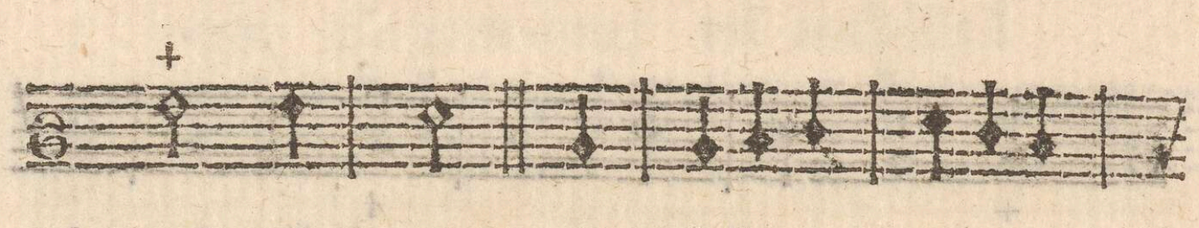
goute,



gou- te, Un tran qui- le con-



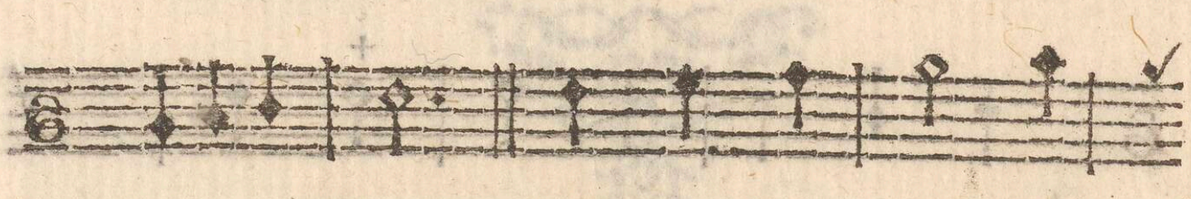
Baſſe-continue.



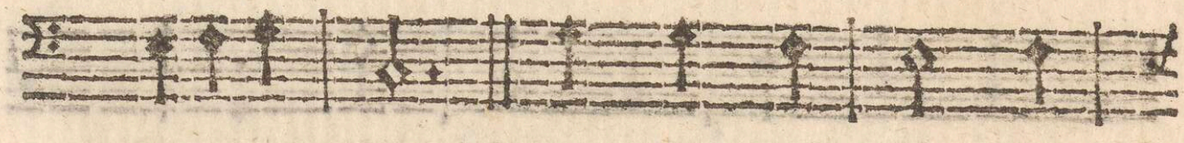
ten- te- ment. *La Vielle.*
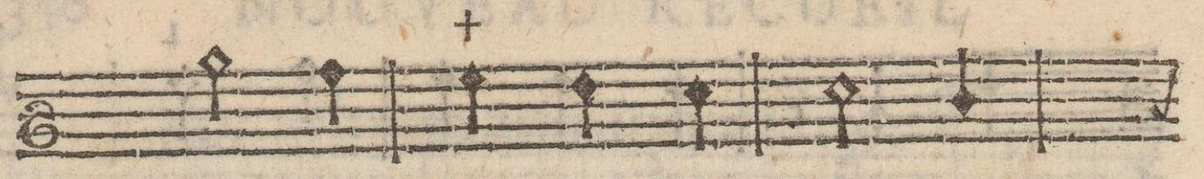


Baſſe-continue.
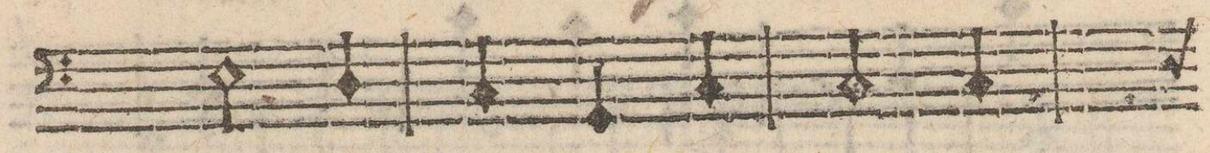


Ma- ris, c'eſt la plus
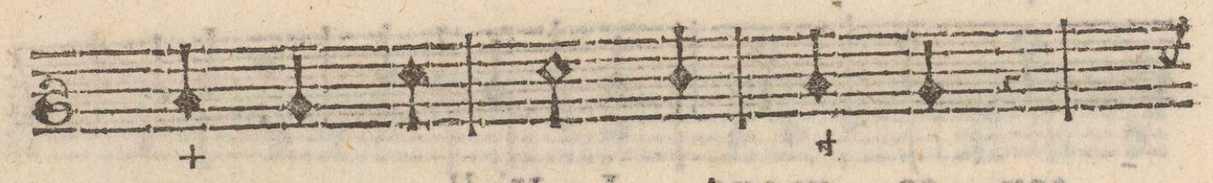


Baſſe-continue.
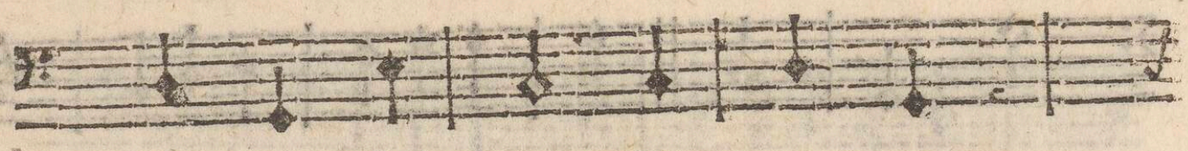


ſû- re rou- te, De ne voir
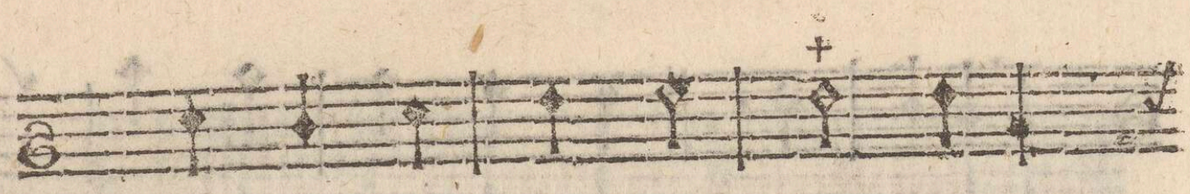


Baſſe-continue.
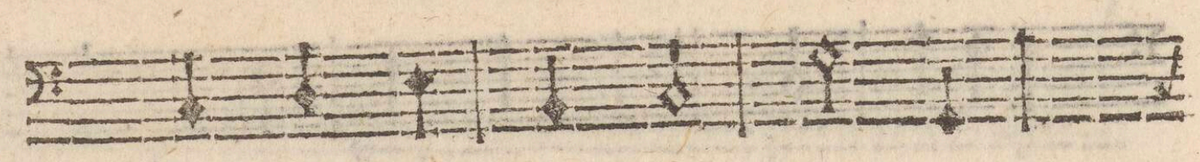


gou- te, De ne voir gou te;



Baſſe-continue.
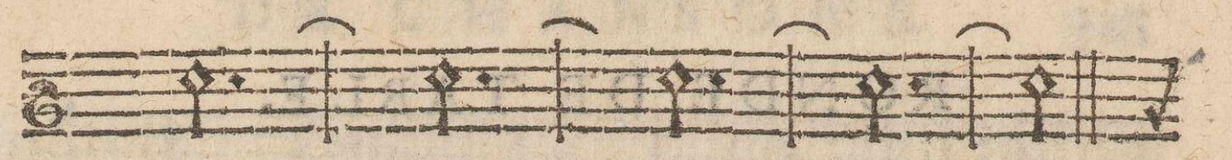


Ou bien d'en fai- re le ſem-

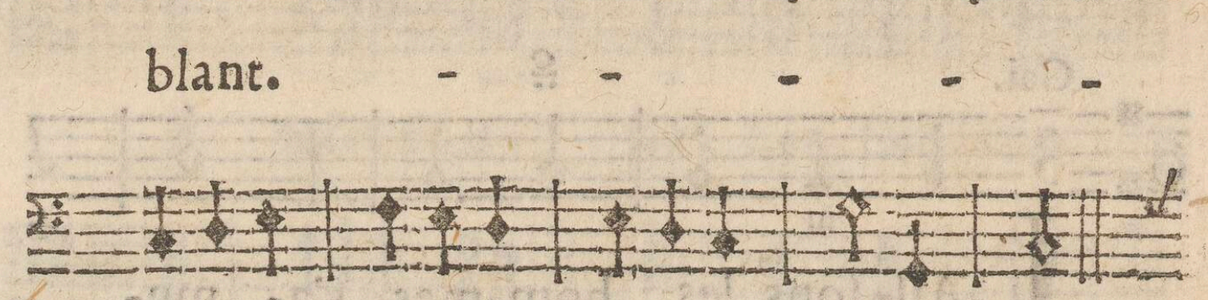


Baſſe-continue.
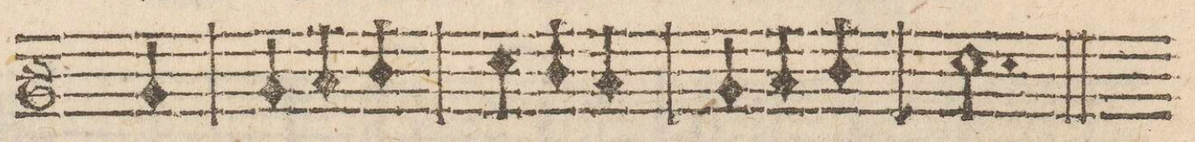
blant
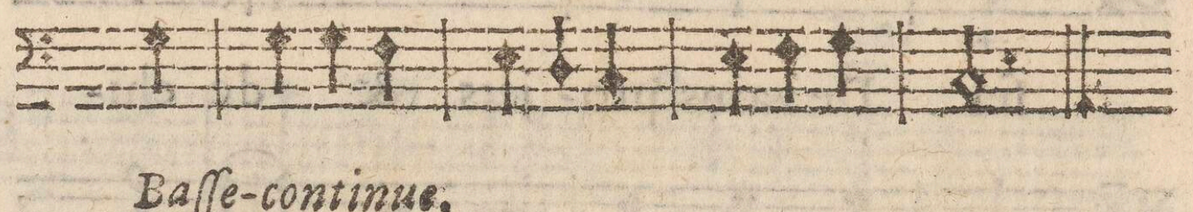


blant. - - - - -



Basse-continue.



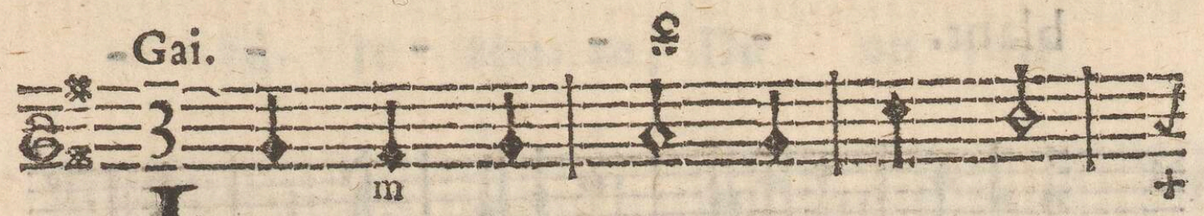
La Vielle.
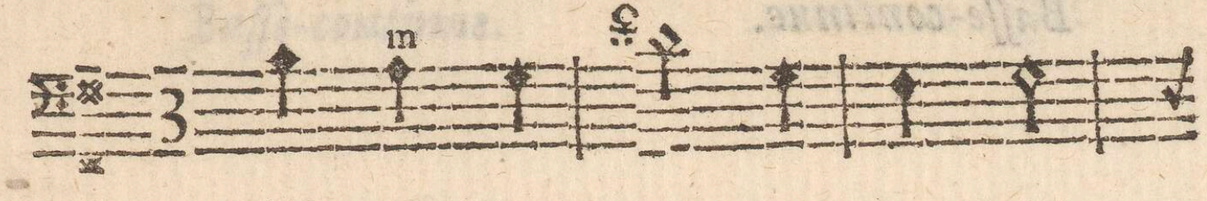


Basse-continue.
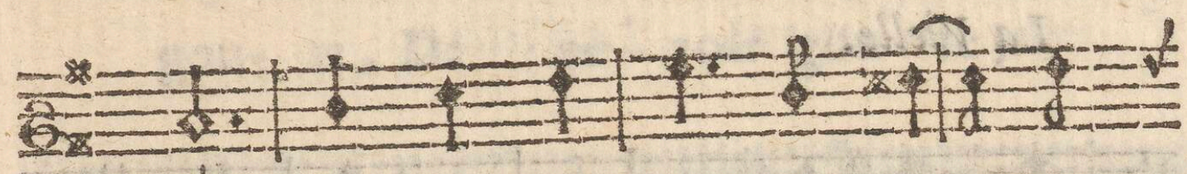


RONDE DE TABLE.
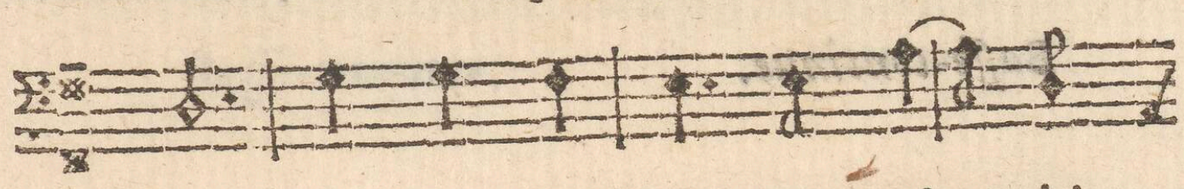


Laiſ-ſons les hom-mes s'a- mu-



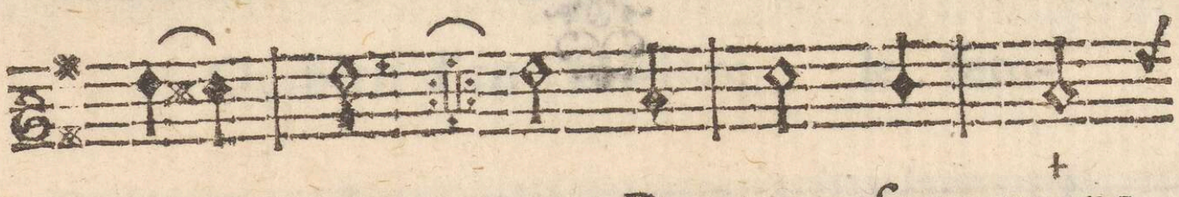
Laiſ-ſons les hom-mes s'a- mu-
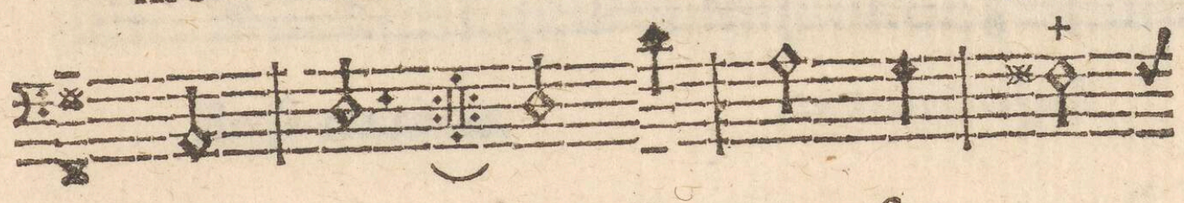


ſer De vains pro- jets & de chi-



ſer De vains pro- jets & de chi-
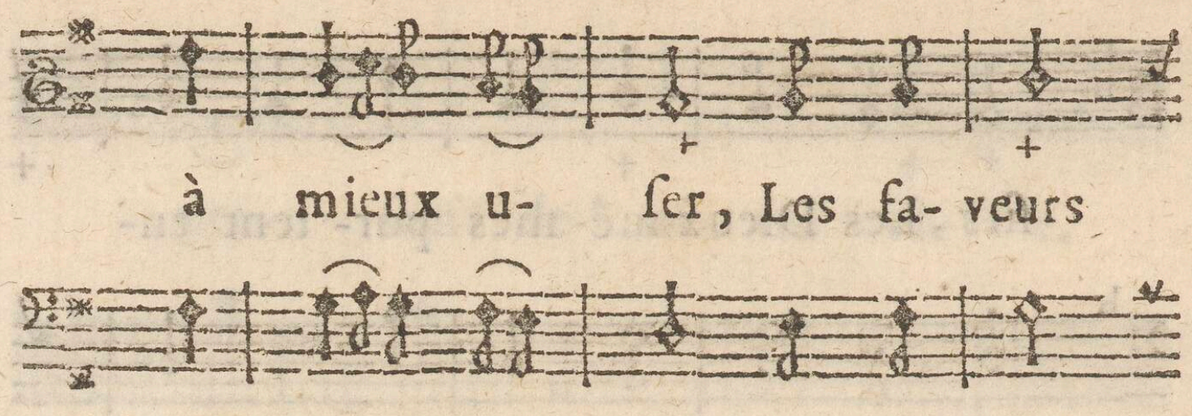


me-- res: res; Du tems ſon- geons

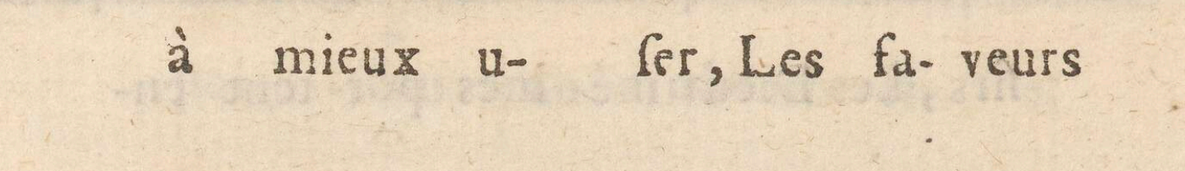


me- res: res; Du tems ſon- geons
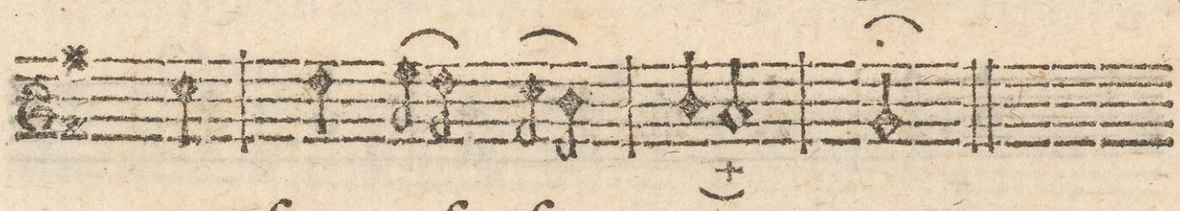
BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH
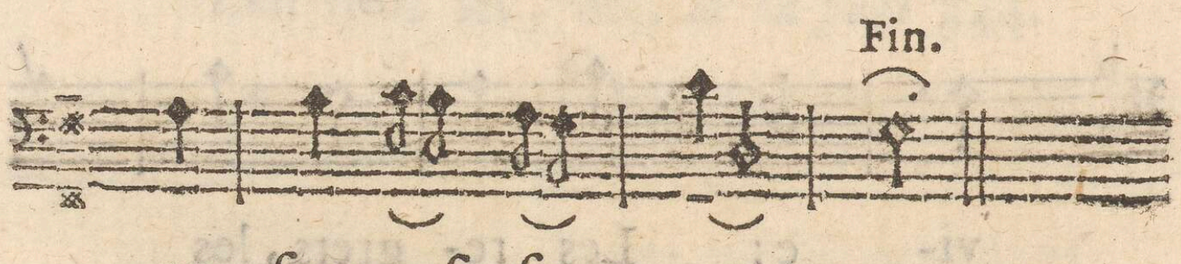


à mieux u- ſer, Les fa- veurs



à mieux u- ſer, Les fa- veurs



en ſont paſ- ſa- ge- res.
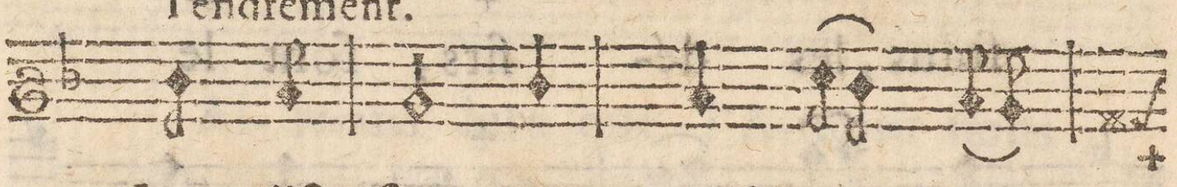


en ſont paſ- ſa- ge- res.
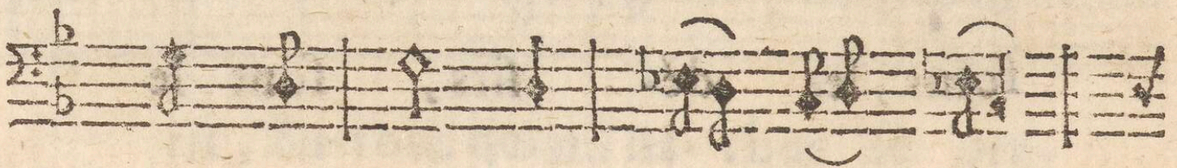
Le Chœur repete ceci.

DEUX BUVEURS.

Tendrement.
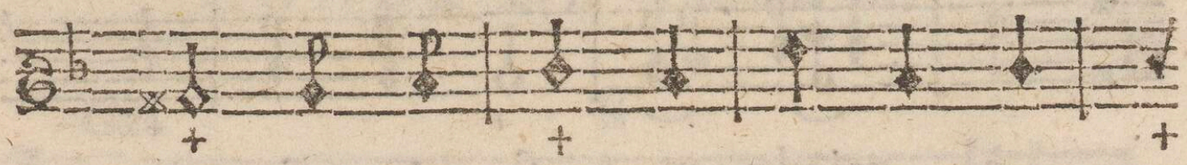


Jou- ïſ- ſons, & qu'à nos pl. i-

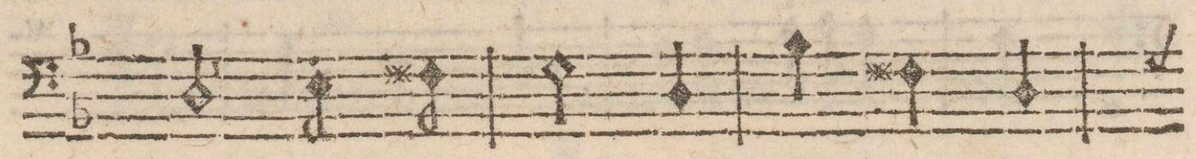


Jou- ïſ- ſons, & qu'à nos plai-
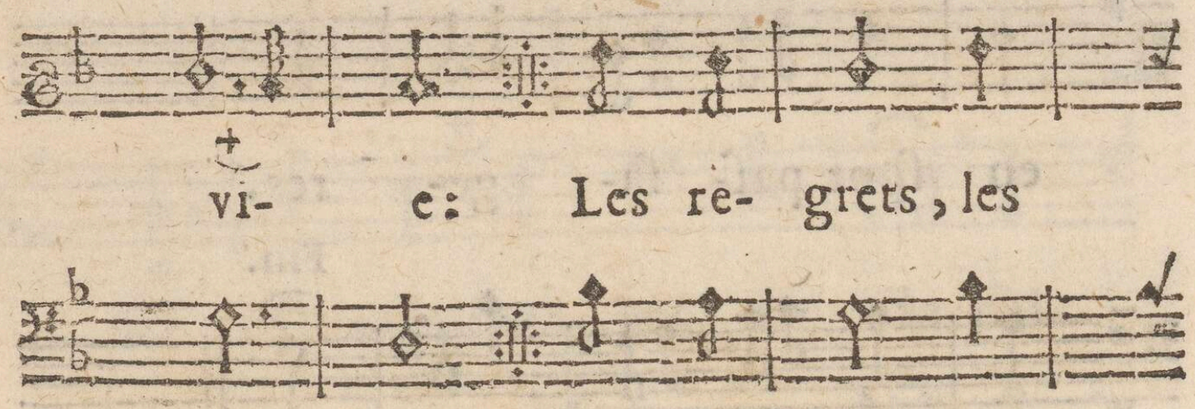
ſirs,



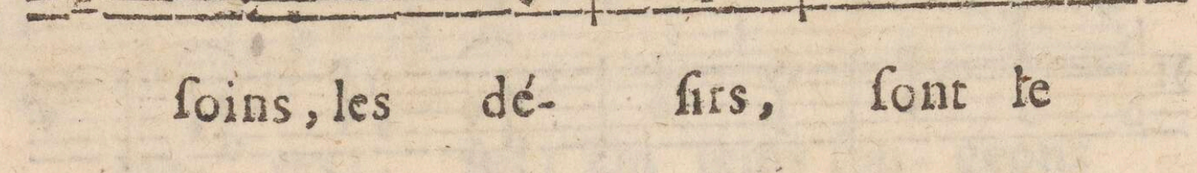
ſirs, Les Dieux mê- mes por- tent en-
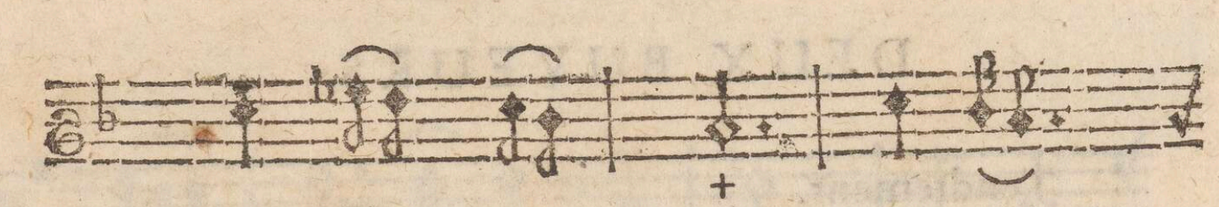


ſirs, Les Dieux mê- mes por- tent en-
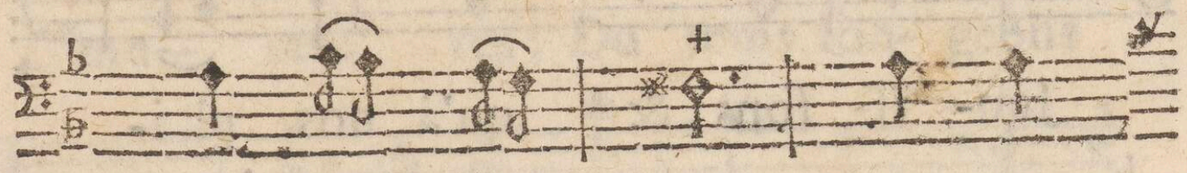


vi- e: Les re- grets, les



vi- e: Les re- grets, les

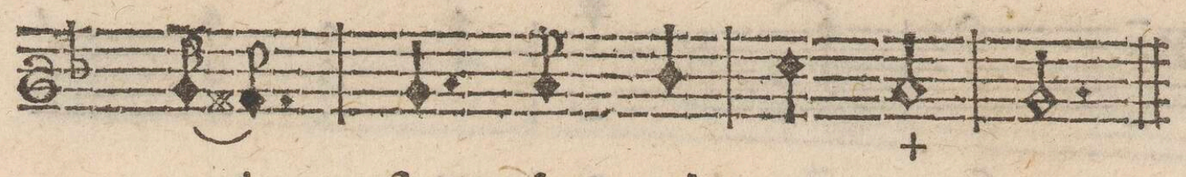


ſoins, les dé- ſirs, ſont le
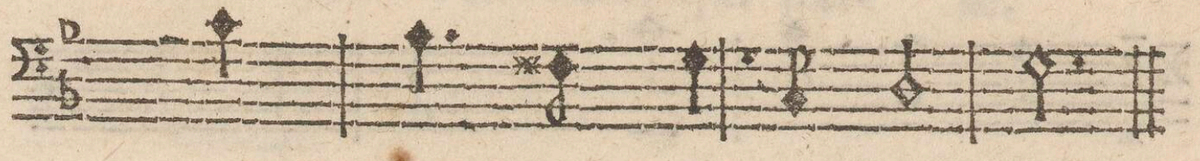


ſoins, les dé- ſirs, ſont le

poi-
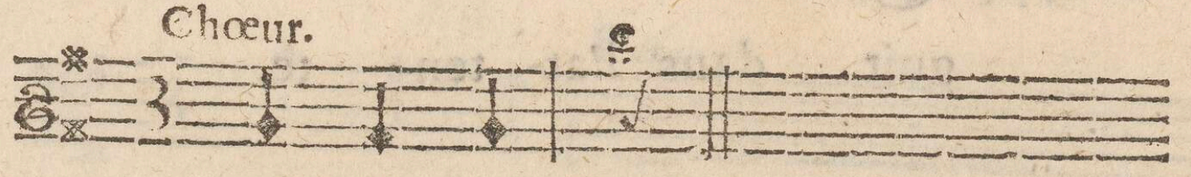


poi- ſon de nô- tre vi- e.

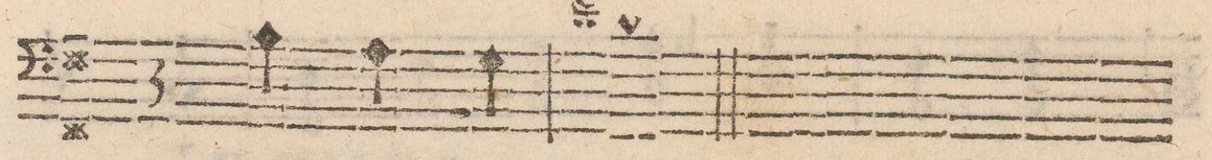


poi- ſon de nô- tre vi- e.

Chœur.
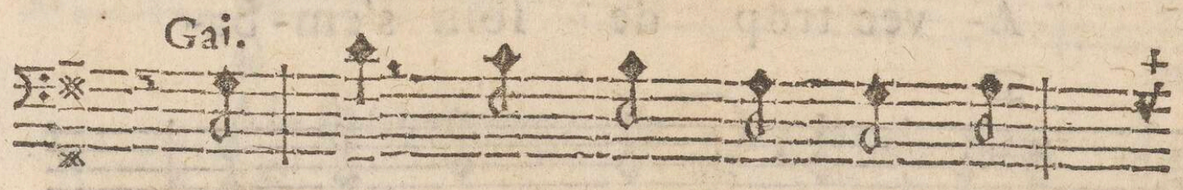


Laiſ-ſons les, &c. *A la page* 344.
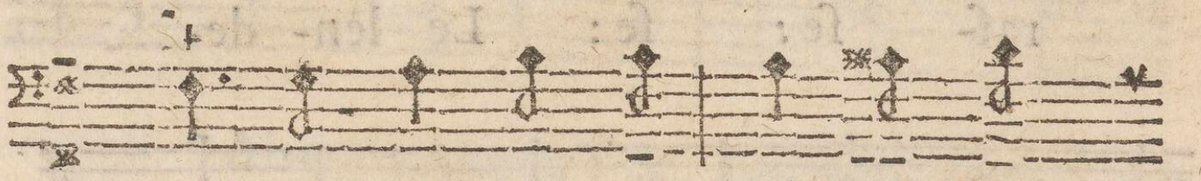


Laiſ-ſons les, &c.

UN BUVEUR SEUL.

Gai.
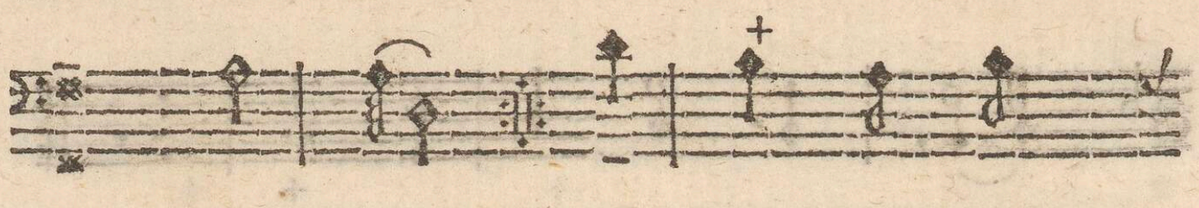


Ai- mons lors que l'A-mour nous
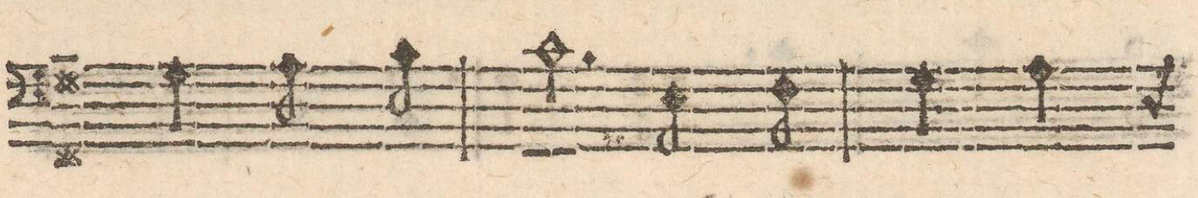


rit, Bu-vons quand Ba- chus ſe pré-

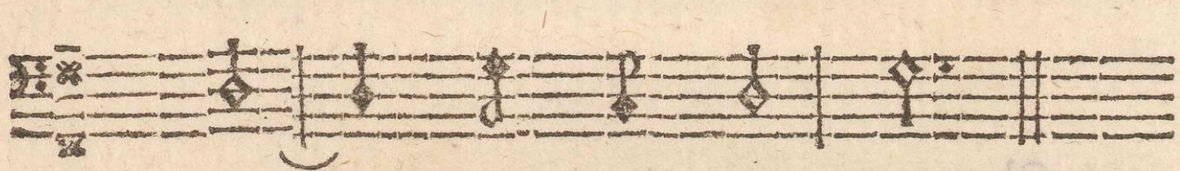
ſente :



ſen- te: Le Vin que l'on

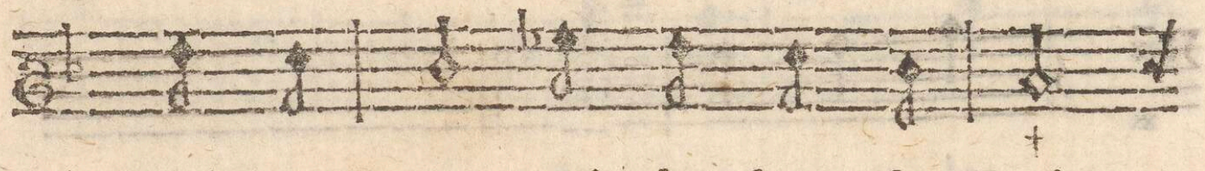


gar- de s'ai- grit, Et l'A- mour lan-

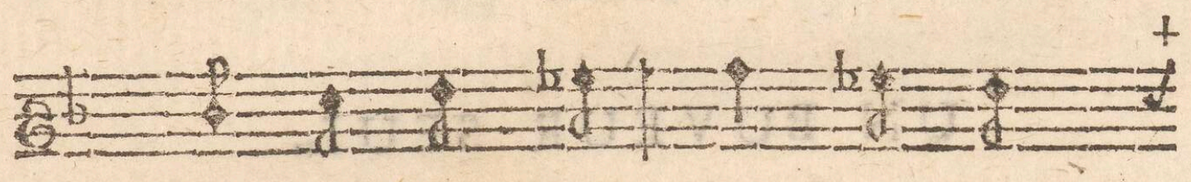


guit dans l'at- ten- te.

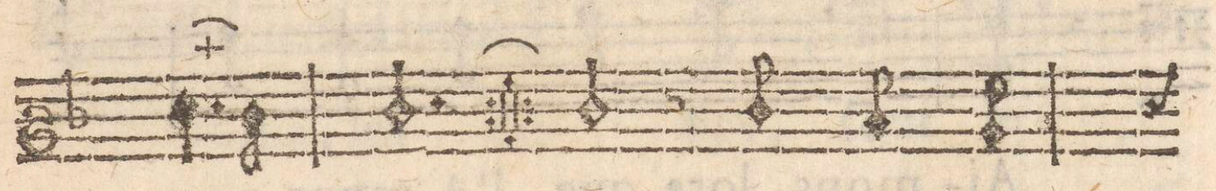
AUTRE SEUL.
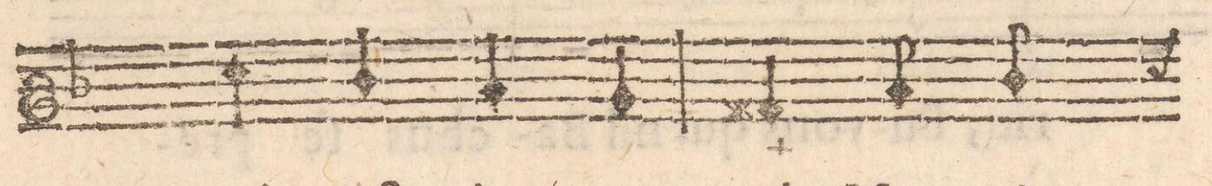


Mal-heu- reux qui du len- de- main



A- vec trop de ſoin s'em-ba-

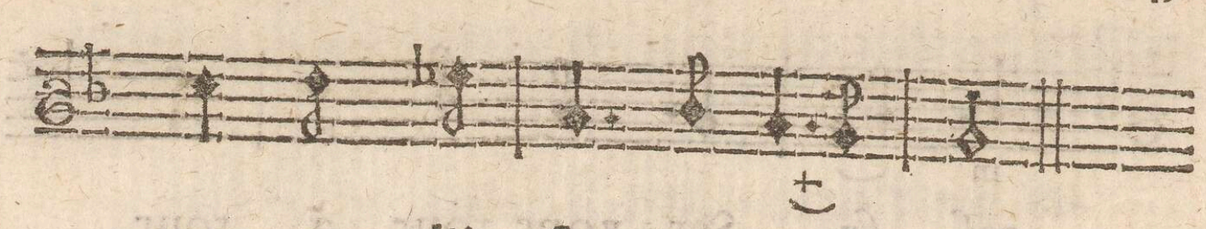


raſ- ſe: ſe: Le len- de-



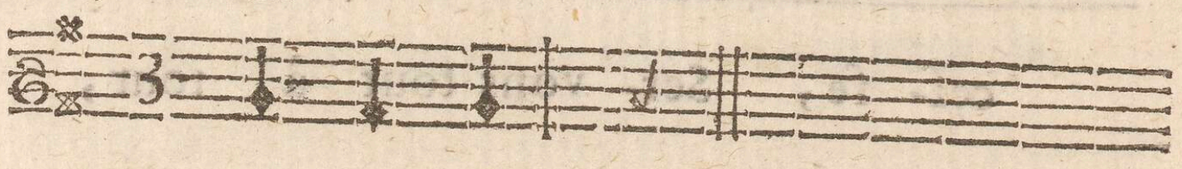
main eſt in- cer- tain, Nous n'a-

vons

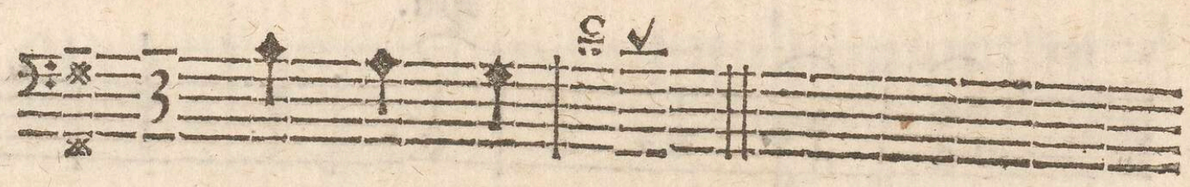


vons que l'in- ſtant qui paſ- ſe.

Chœur.
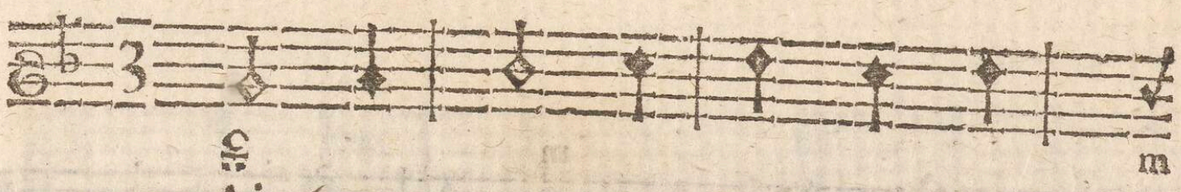


Laiſ-ſons les, &c. *A la page* 344.
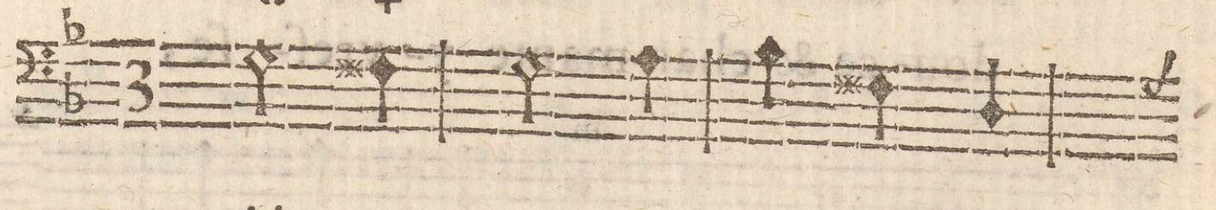


Laiſ-ſons les, &c.

RONDEAU, II. AMANS.
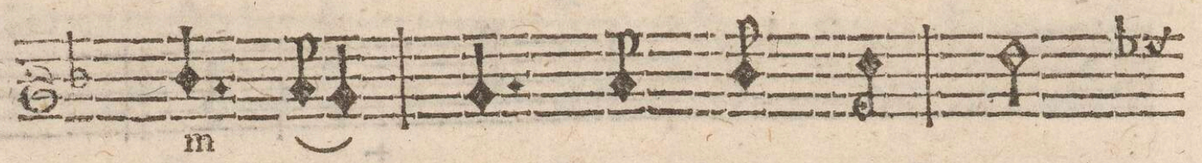
Tendrement.
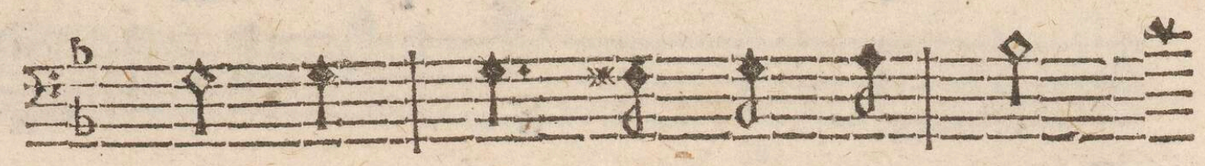


Ai- mons-nous & bu- vons ſans
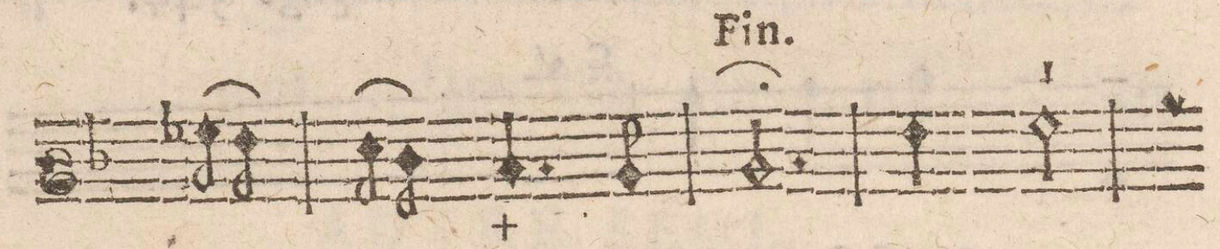


Ai- mons-nous & bu- vons ſans



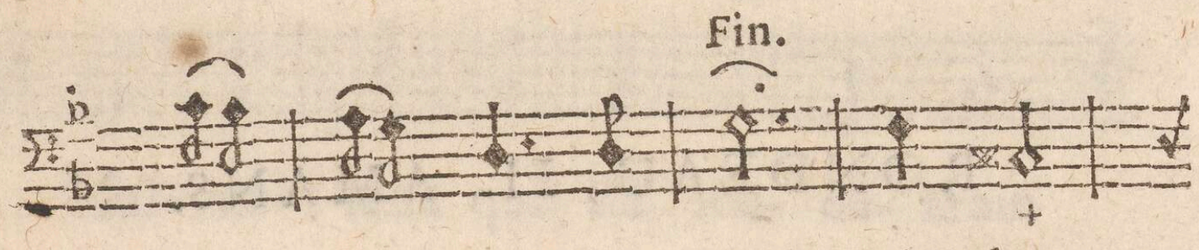
ceſ- ſe, Ser- vons tour à tour,
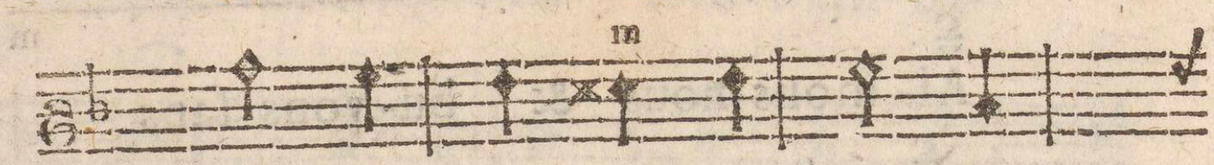


ceſ- ſe, Ser- vons tour à tour,
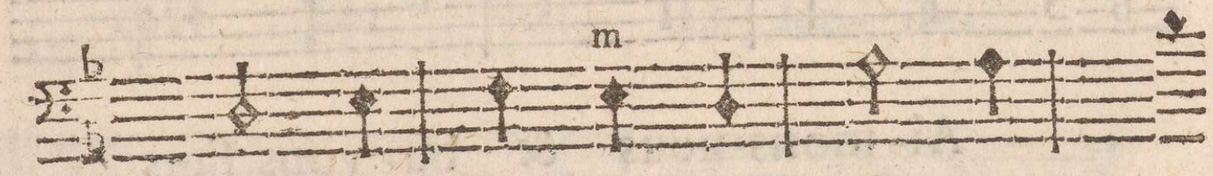


Ba- chus & l'A- mour. A leur



Ba- chus & l'A- mour. A leur



dou- ce & char- mante y- vreſ- ſe,
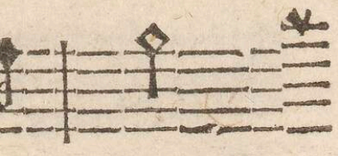


dou- ce & char- mante y- vreſ- ſe,

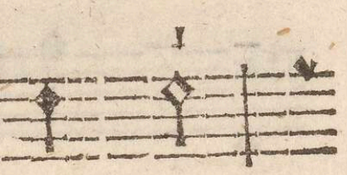
EIL
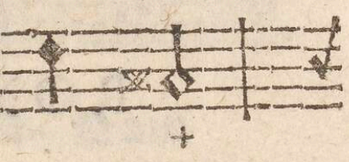


à tour,



à tour,
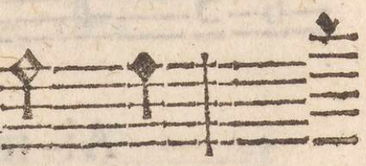


A leur



A leur
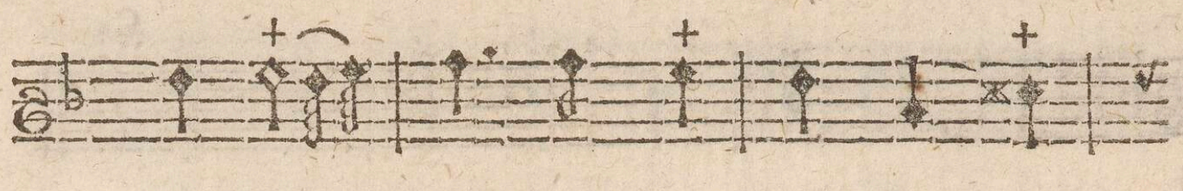


reſ- ſe,
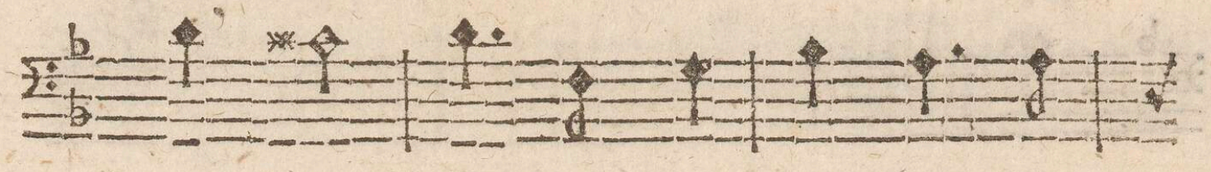


reſ- ſe,
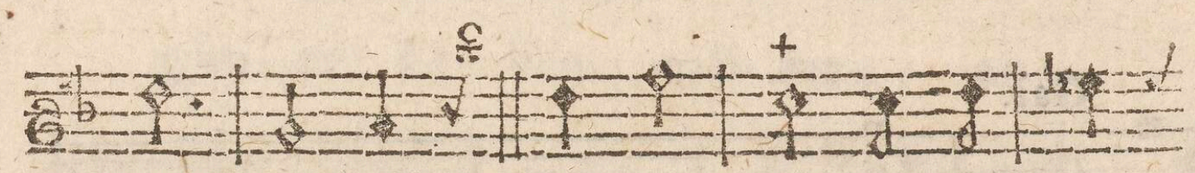
A
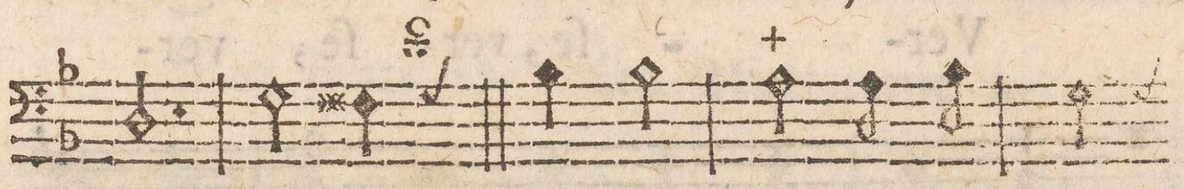


A longs traits li-vrons-nous pour ja-
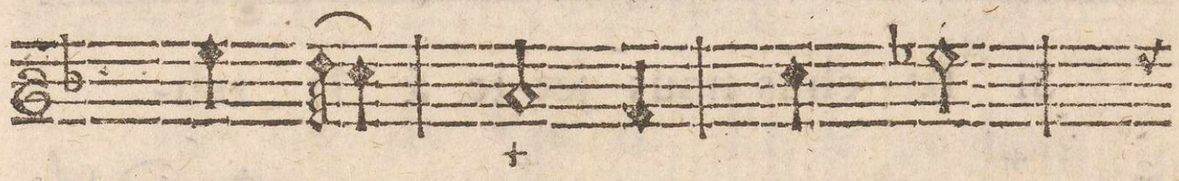


A longs traits li-vrons-nous pour ja-



mais. Aimons,&c. De ton cœur je con-nois
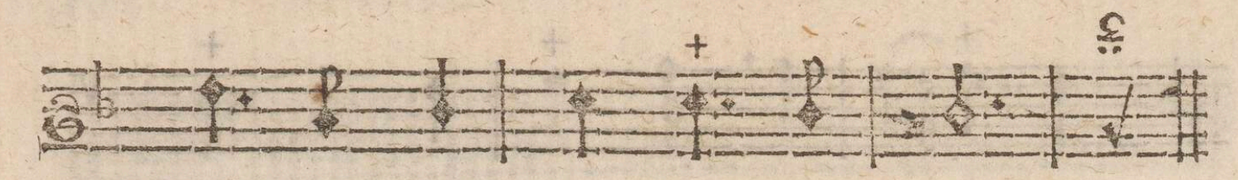


mais. Aimons,&c. De ton cœur je con-nois
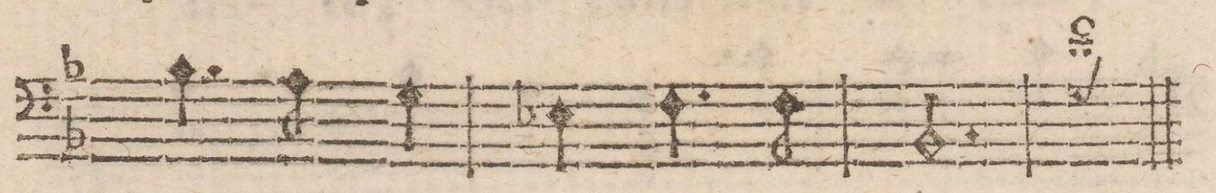


la ten- dreſ- ſe, Dans mes



la ten- dreſ- ſe, Dans mes
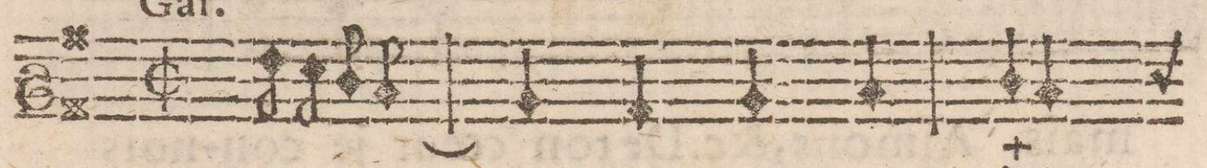


yeux tu peux voir ton bon- heur.
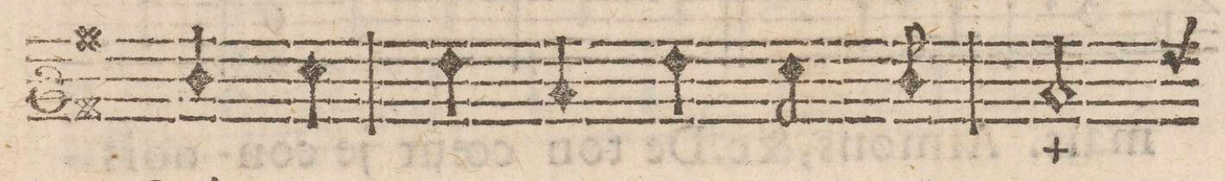


yeux tu peux voir ton bon- heur.

UN BUVEUR SEUL.
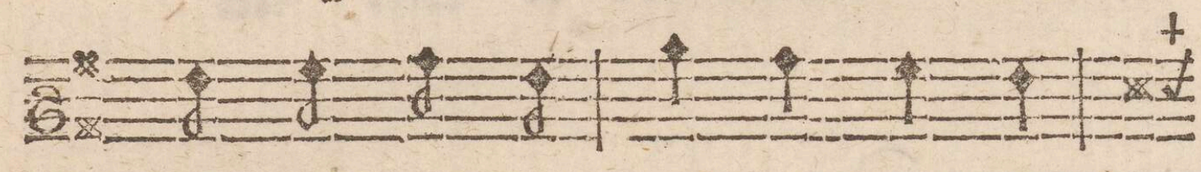
Gai.
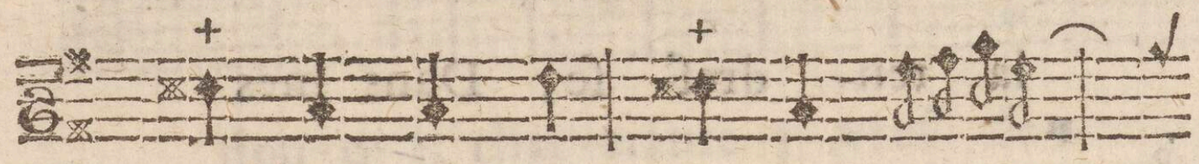


Ver- - ſe, ver- ſe, ver-
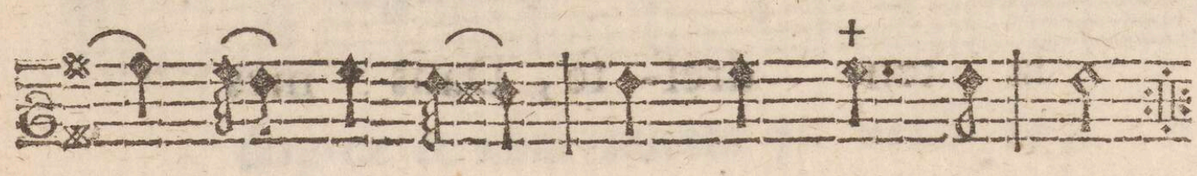


ſe à longs traits ce Nec- tar ſi doux.



Si Ba- chus nous jet- te à la ren-



ver- ſe, ver- ſe, ver- ſe, ver-
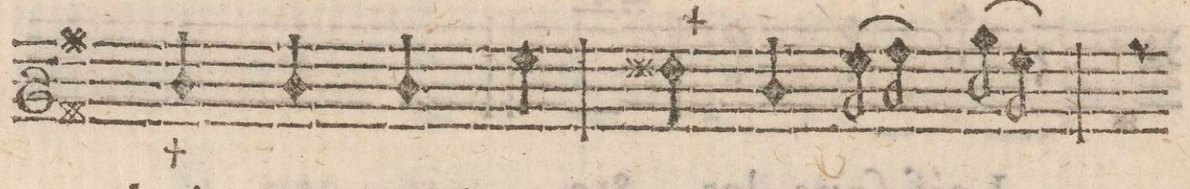


- ſe, L'A-mour au- ra ſoin de nous.
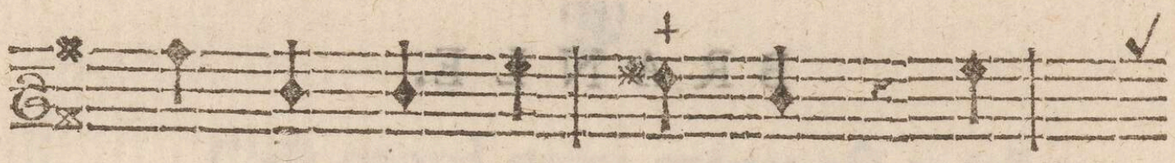
Heu-



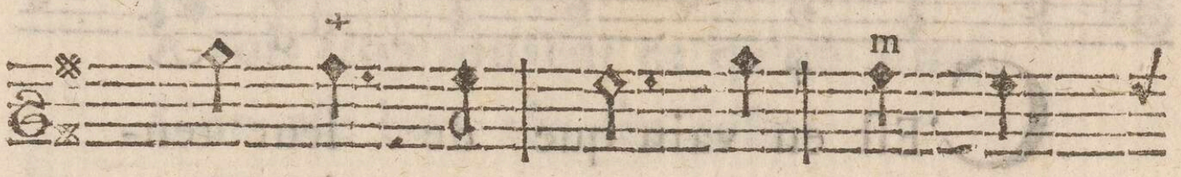
Heu-reux deux A- mans qui ſa- vent bien
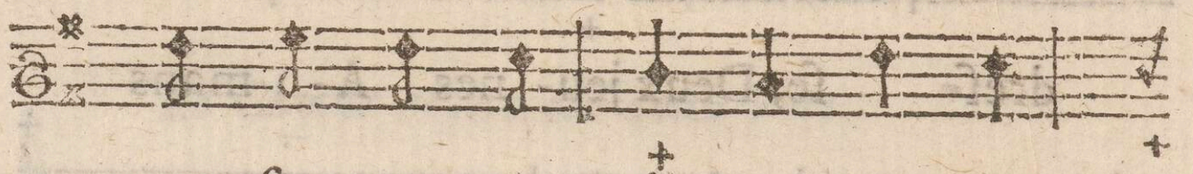


boi- re! Quel tri- om-phe quel- le
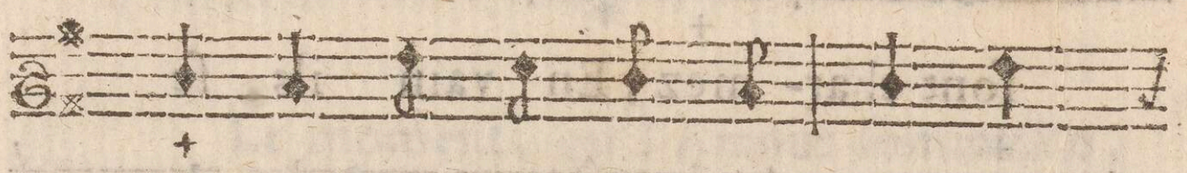


gloi- re! Le Vin mê- me, ac-



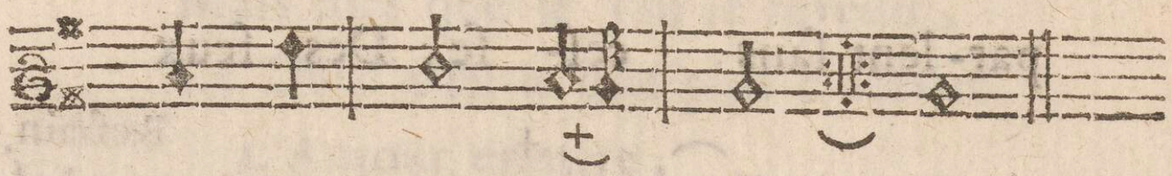
croit leurs dé- ſirs. Mon cœur a-



vec fu- reur s'y li- vre, Je m'en-
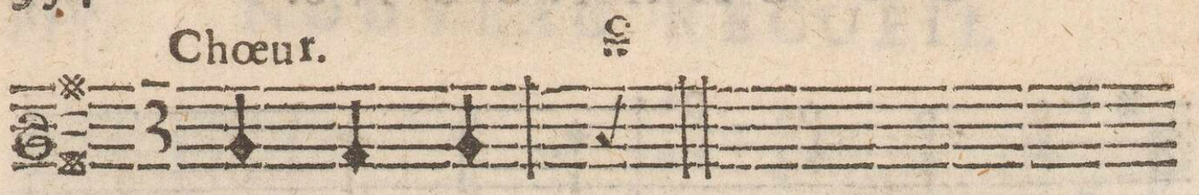


ny- vre de Vin & d'A-mour dans
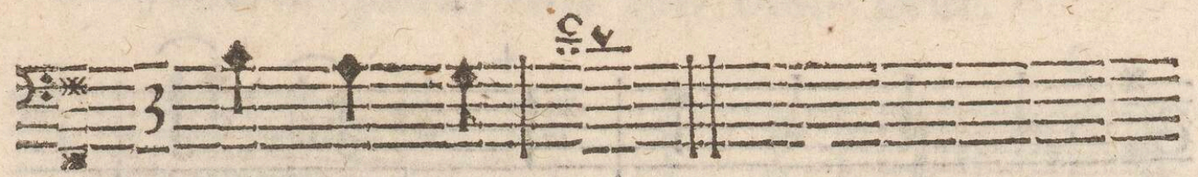


le ſein des plai- ſirs, ſirs.

Chœur.

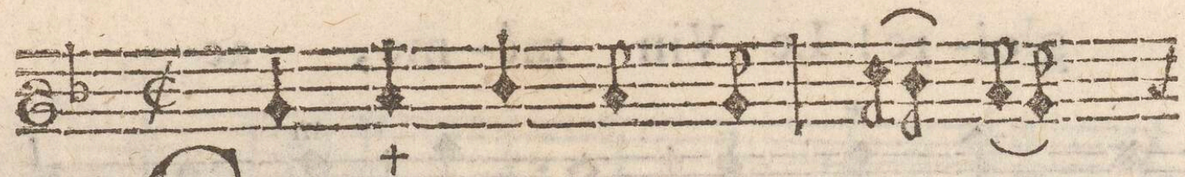


Laiſ-ſons les, &c. *A la page 344.*

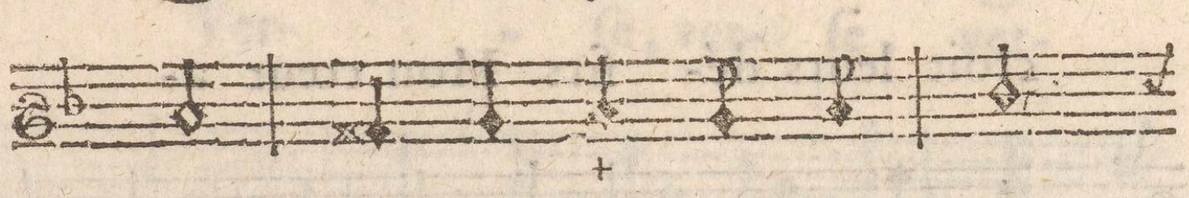


Laiſ-ſons les, &c.

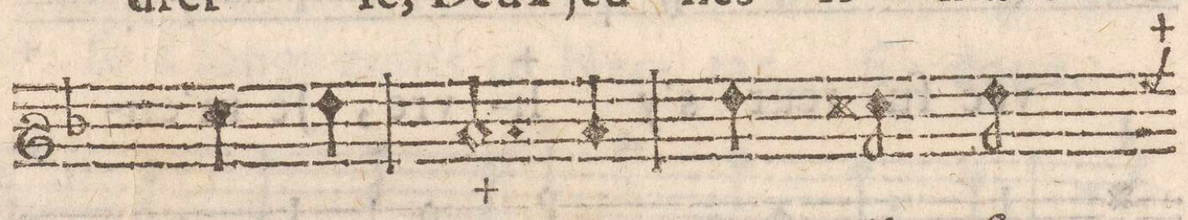
BRANLE.
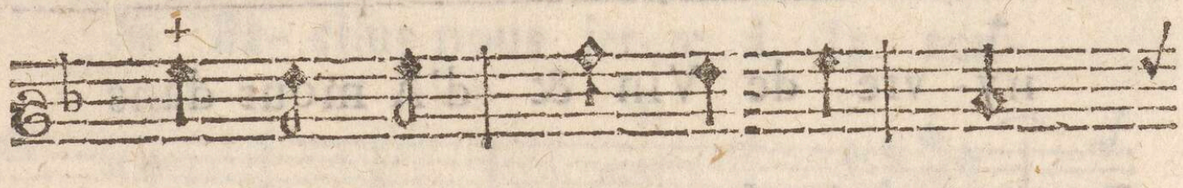


C'Eſt en vain que de leur ten-
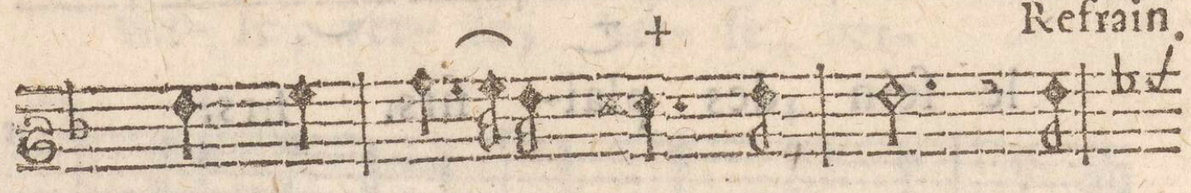


dreſ- ſe, Deux jeu- nes A- mans



ſont char- mez ; En vain ils ſe
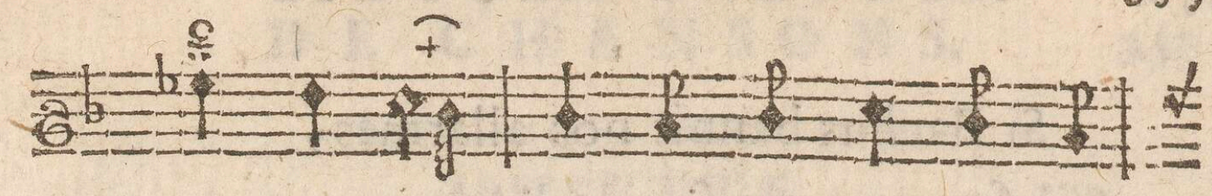


par-lent ſans ceſ- ſe, Des feux

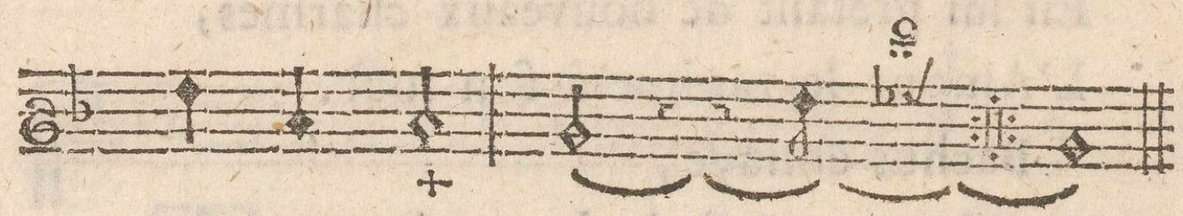


dont-ils ſont en-flam-mez. L'A-

mour



mour en- nu- ye, Si Ba- chus n'eſt de



la par- ti- e. L'A-, &c. e.

C'eſt quand notre ardeur eſt extrême,
Qu'il faut menager nos plaiſirs ;
A voir trop ſouvent ce qu'on aime,
L'on uſe bien-tôt ſes déſirs.
L'Amour ennuye,
Si Bachus n'eſt de la partie.

Le Chœur repete ces deux Vers.
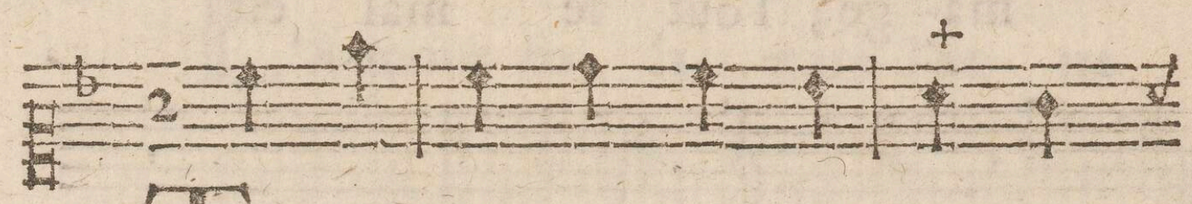
Le moment, où l'Amour ſommeille,
Eſt l'inſtant qui ſuit ſon bonheur :
Mais lors que le Vin le reveille,
Ce Dieu n'en a que plus d'ardeur.
L'Amour ennuye,
Si Bachus n'eſt de la partie.

Si Bachus bannit nos allarmes,
S'il ſert aux plaiſirs de l'Amour,
En lui prêtant de nouveaux charmes,
L'Amour le ranime à ſon tour.
Bachus ennuye,
Si l'Amour n'eſt de la partie.

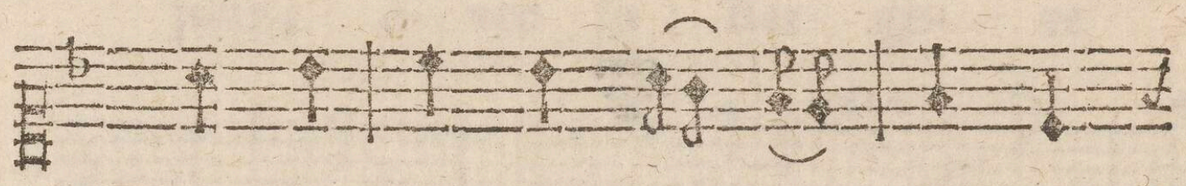
Mais, fuyons un excès nuiſible:
L'yvreſſe eſt-elle un bien ſi doux?
Un plaiſir, qui rend inſenſible,
Doit-il faire tant de jaloux?
Bachus ennuye,
Si l'Amour n'eſt de la partie.

Ne cherchons qu'une yvreſſe aimable,
Dont notre cœur ſoit enchanté:
Elle eſt la ſource délectable,
Où l'on puiſe la volupté.
Bachus ennuye,
Si l'Amour n'eſt de la partie.

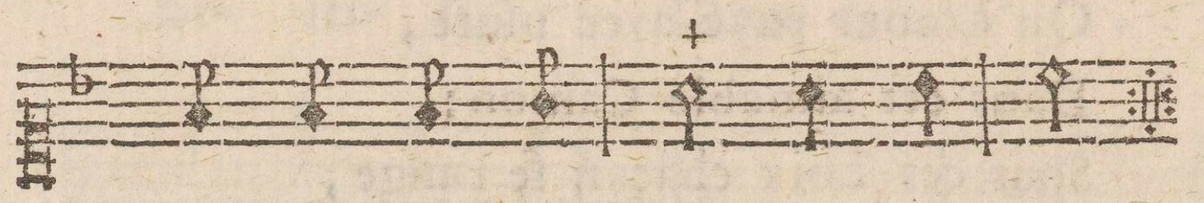
MUSETTE.
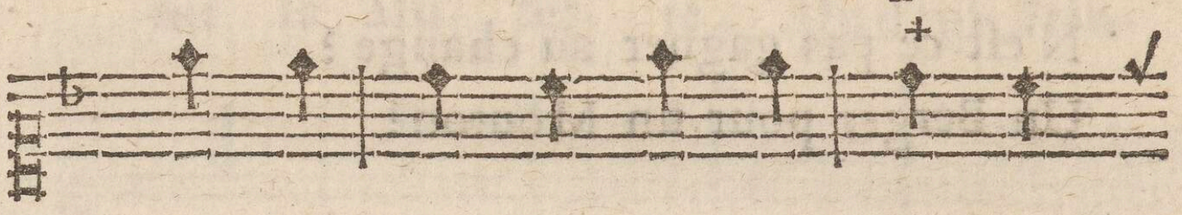


TAndis que la jeu-ne Annet- te,
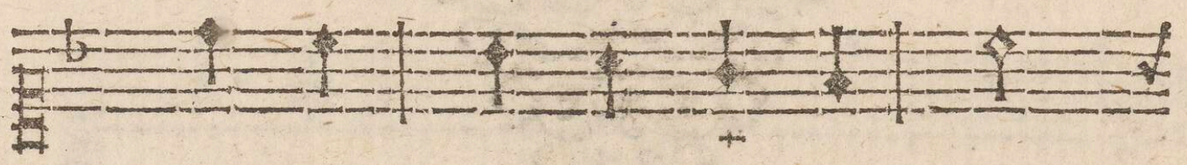


Dans nos Bois trif- te & feu- let- te,



Cherchoit un Mou- ton é- ga- ré:



El- le trouve à ſon paſ- ſa- ge,

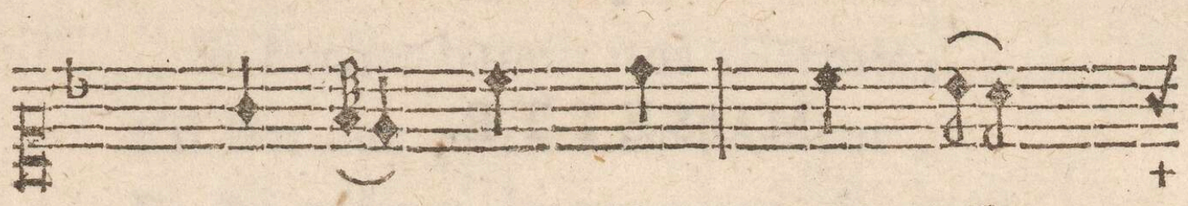


Un Ber- ger fait à ſon gré:
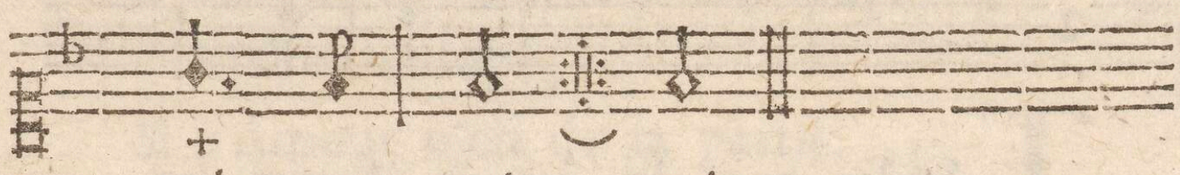


Il lui rend un ten-dre hom-

mage,
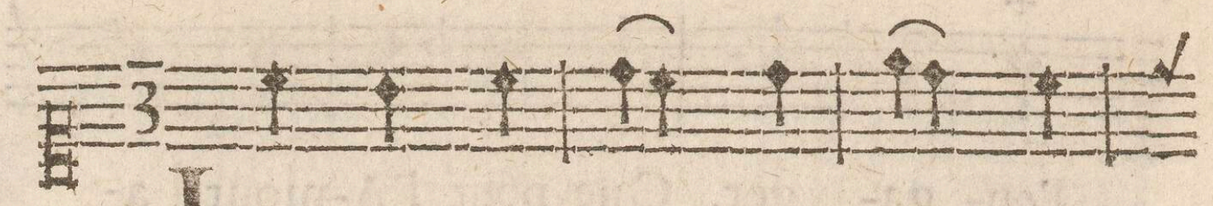


ma- ge ; Tout le mal eſt

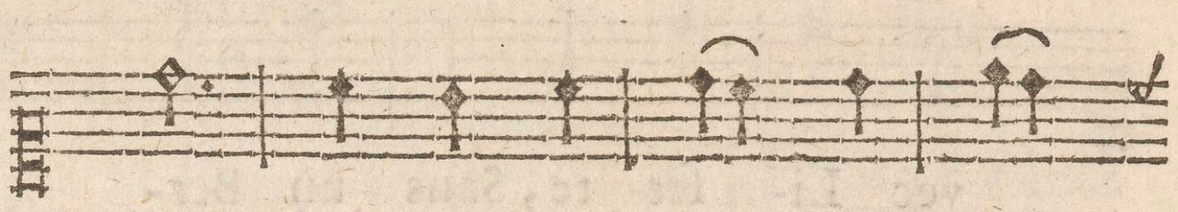


ré- pa- ré. ré.
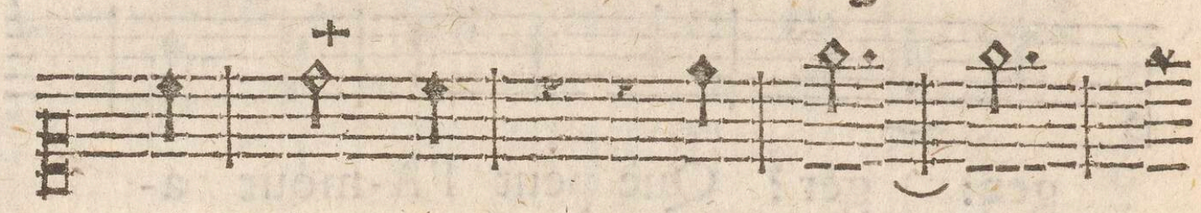
On voit par cette Avanture,
Qu'Amour paye avec uſure,
Dans cet aimable Canton :
Sous ces Loix chacun ſe range,
Et l'on dit d'un tendre ton,
N'eſt-ce pas gagner au change ?
Un Berger pour un Mouton !
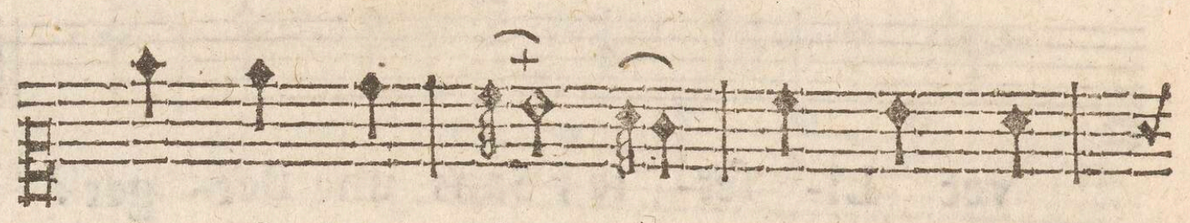


L'A-mour fo- la- trant l'au- tre
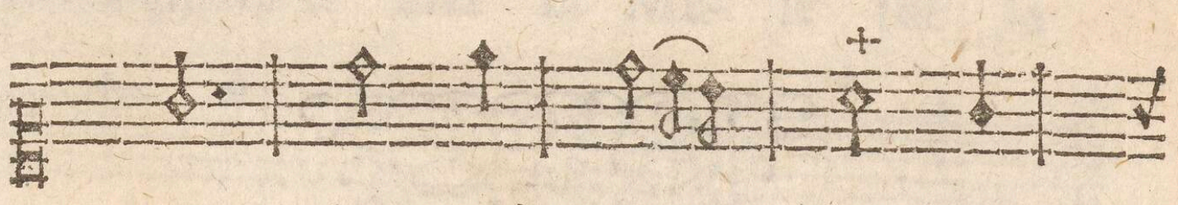


jour, A- vec la Ber- ge- re
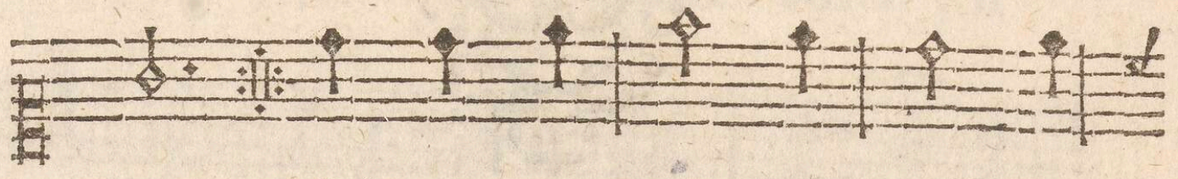


Li- ſet- te, Chan- toit - -
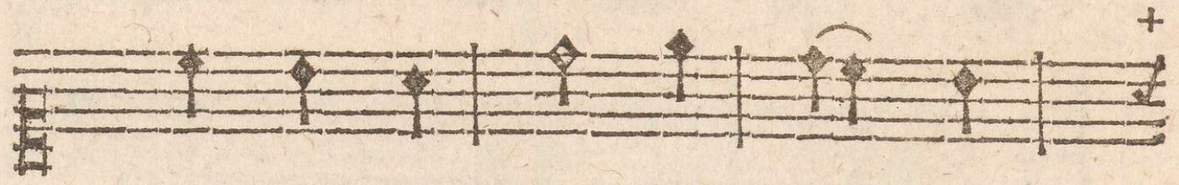


ſur ſa Mu- ſet- te, Du doux Prin-



tems l'a- gré- a- ble re-
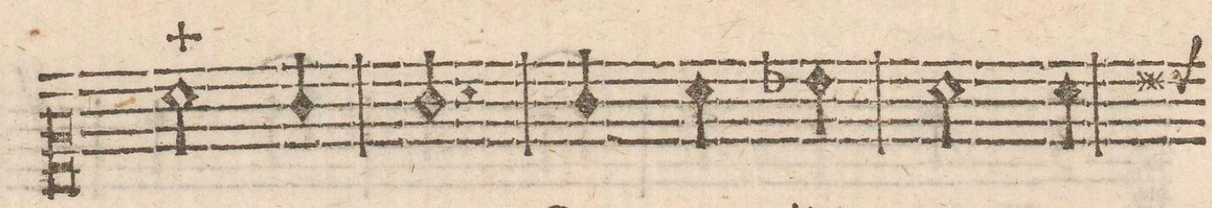


tour: Mais u- ne ten- dre Chan-ſon-



net- te N'a rien qui puiſ- ſe
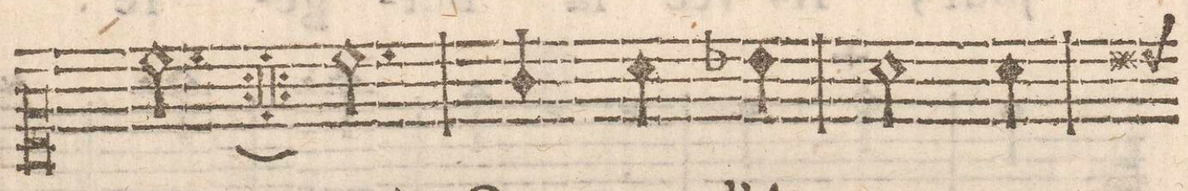
L'A- l'en-
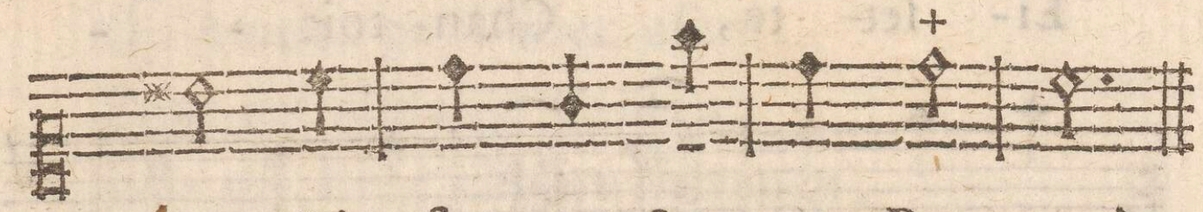


l'en- ga- ger. Que peut l'A-mour a-



vec Li- ſet- te, Sans un Ber-
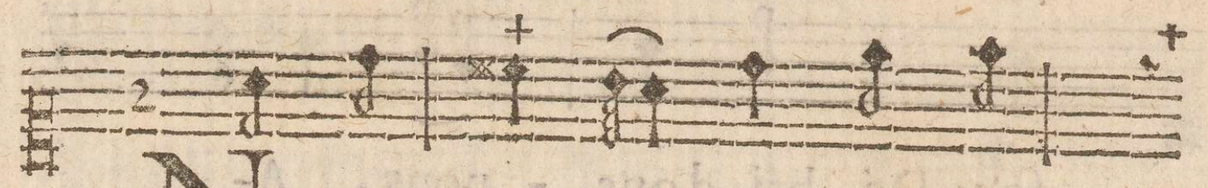


ger: ger? Que peut l'A-mour a-
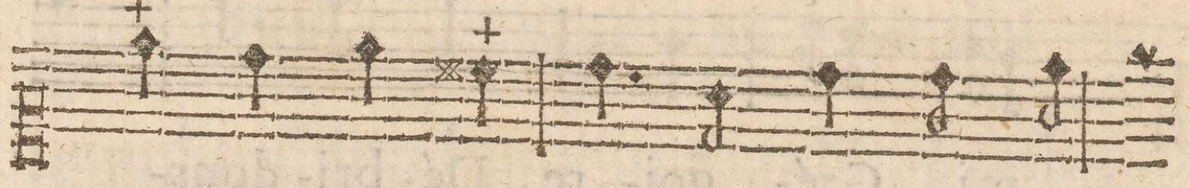


vec Li- ſet- te, Sans un Ber- ger?
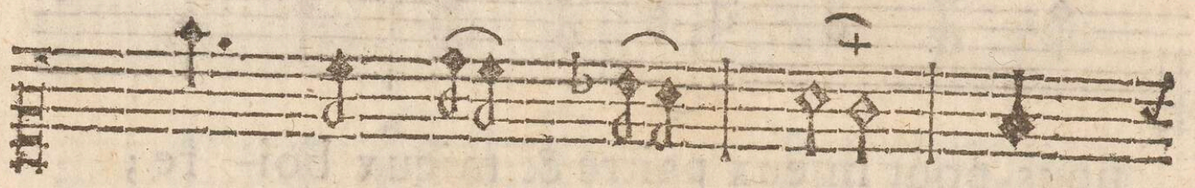
Notre
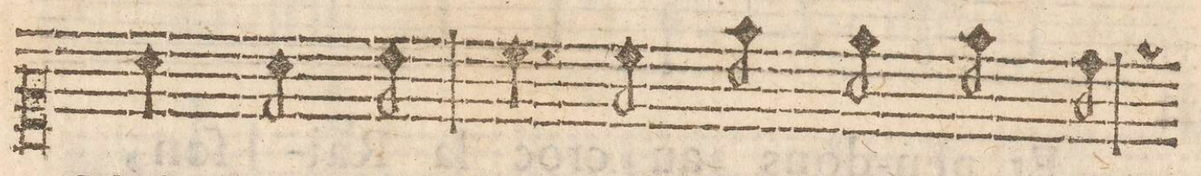


NO-tre bri- de, dit le Cu-
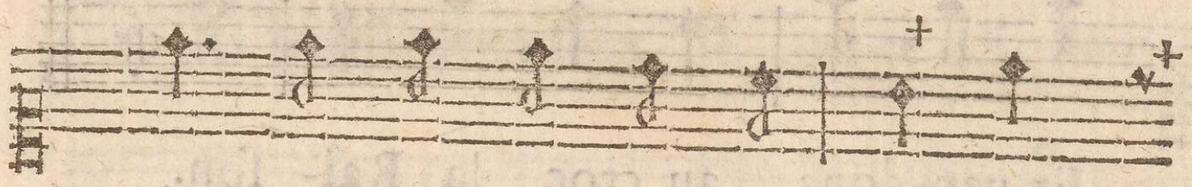


ré, C'eſt la Rai- ſon; C'eſt el- le, c'eſt
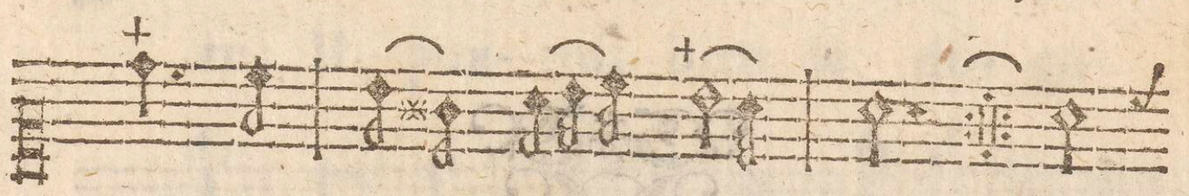


el- le, qui nous gui- de:
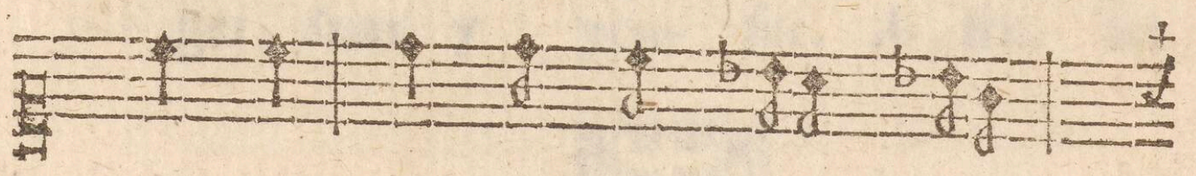


Mais quand il met ſa Mu- le ſur le
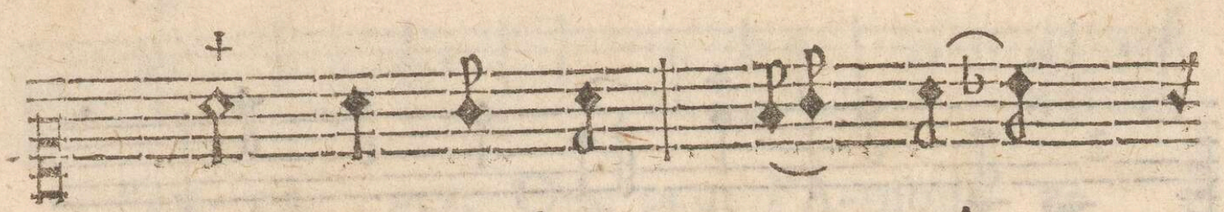


Pré, Ou quand il la fait boi-re, il
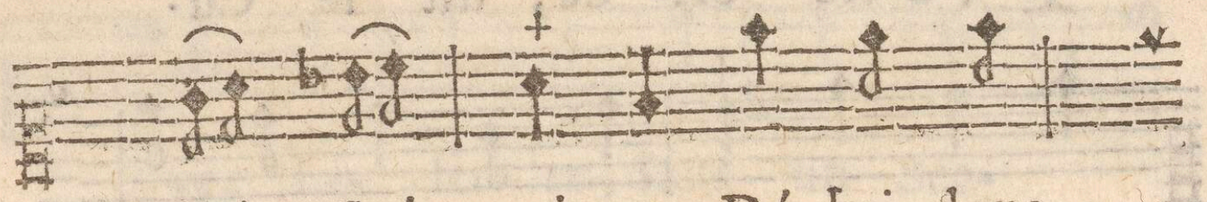


faut qu'il la de- bri- de: de.



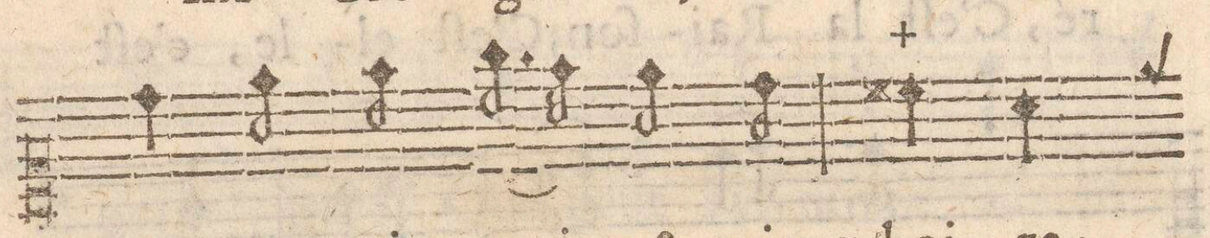
Sui- vons cet- te Com- pa- rai-
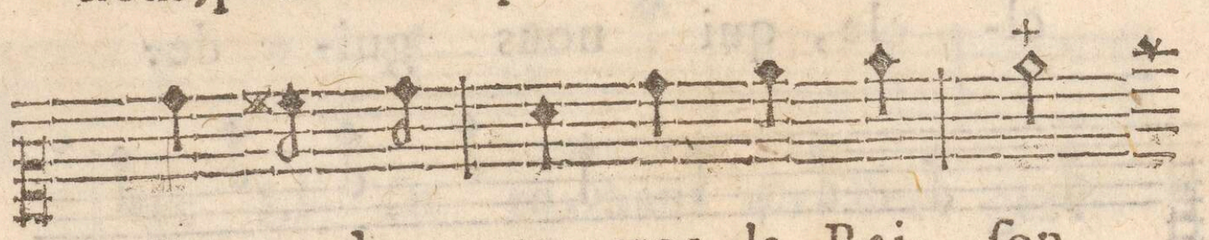


ſon: Dé- bri- dons - nous, A-
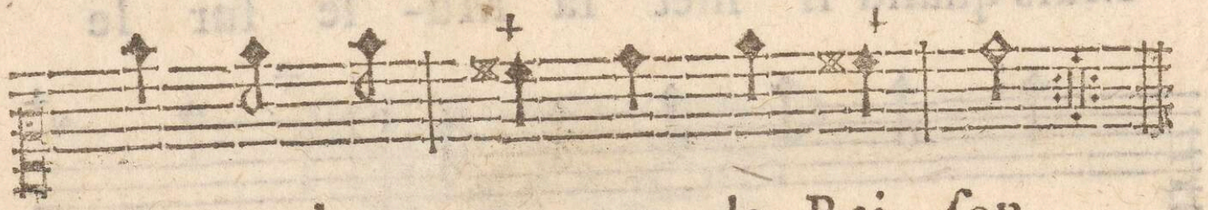


mi Gré- goi- re, Dé- bri- dons-



nous, pour mieux paitre & mieux boi- re;
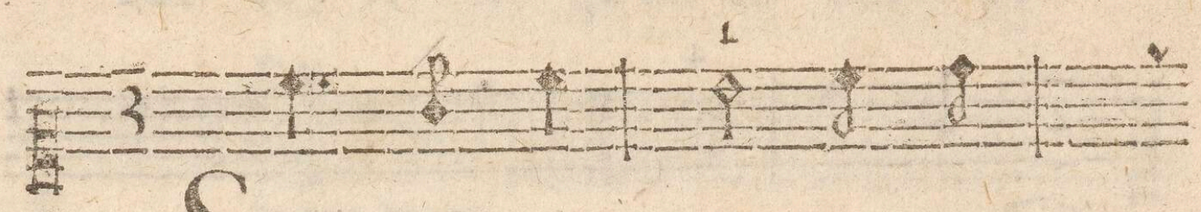


Et pen-dons au croc la Rai- ſon,
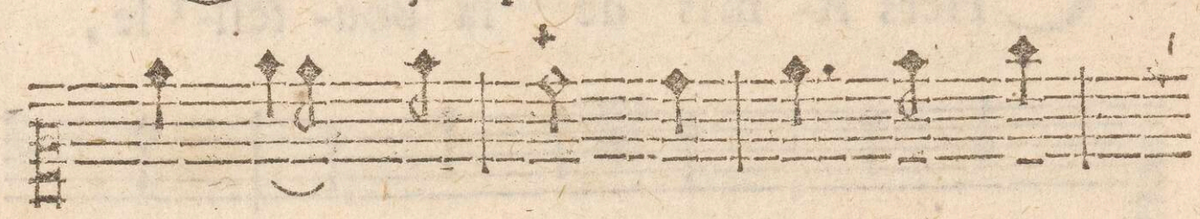


Et pen-dons au croc la Rai- ſon.
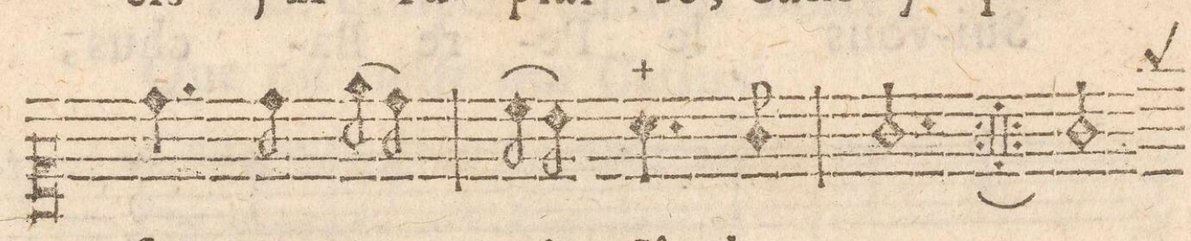
PETIT AIR.
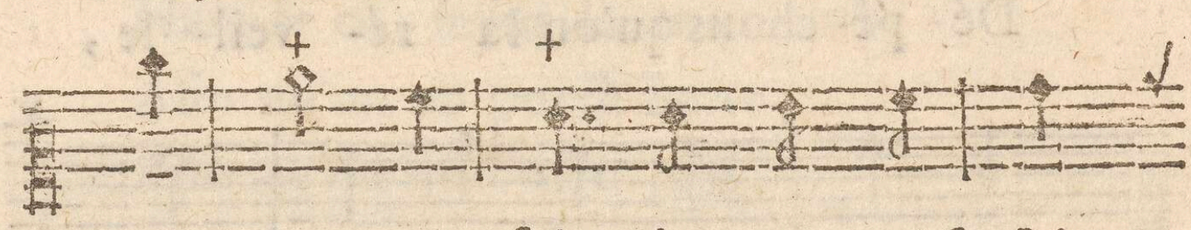


SAns y pen- ſer, A Tir-
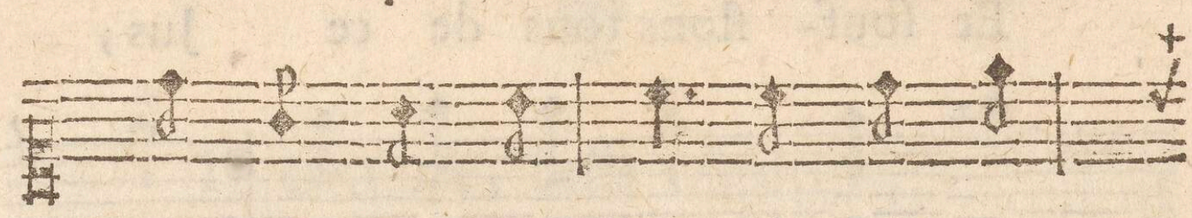


cis j'ai ſû plai- re; Sans y pen-
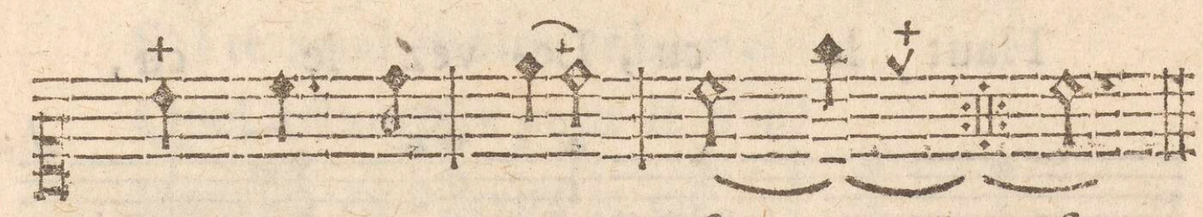


ſer, Tir- cis m'a ſû char- mer: mer.



A- mour, pren ſoin de cet-te Af- fai-
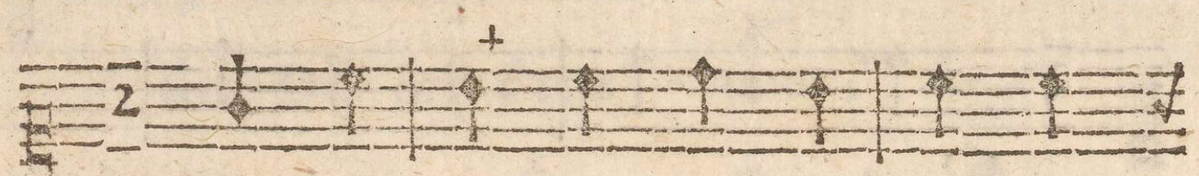


re: Il pou- roit bien ſe dé- ga-



ger, Sans y pen- ſer. A-, &c. ſer.
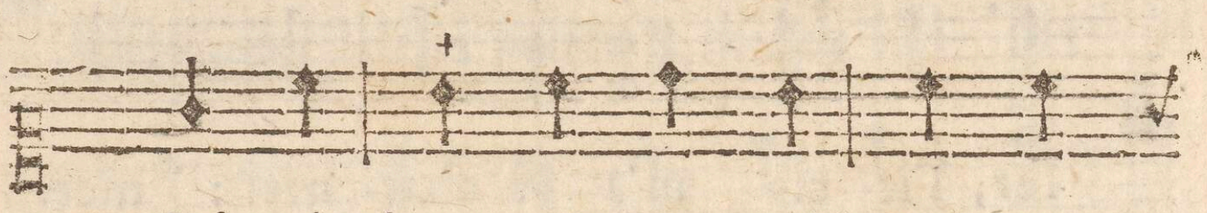
VAUDEVILLE.
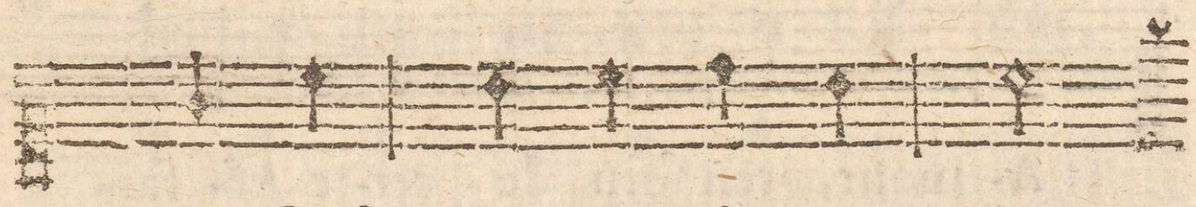


CHers A- mis de la Bou- teil- le,
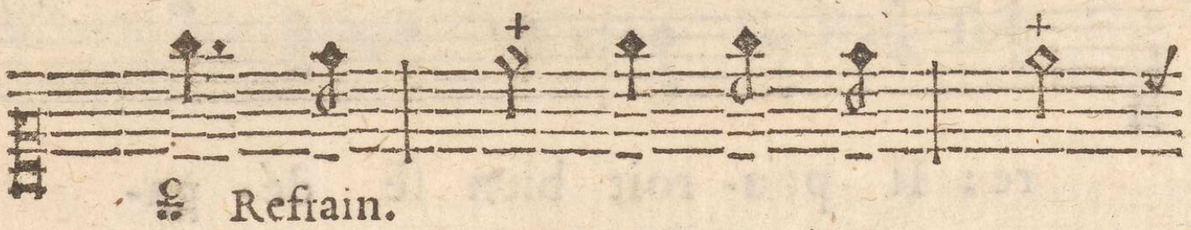


Sui-vons le Pe- re Ba- chus,



Dé- pê- chons qu'on la ré- veil- le,
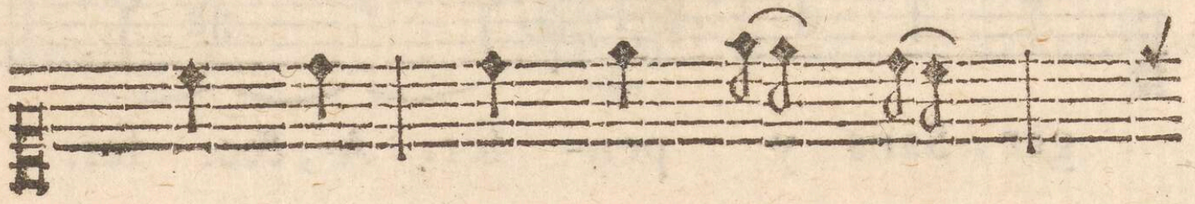


Et ſouf- flons tous de ce Jus;
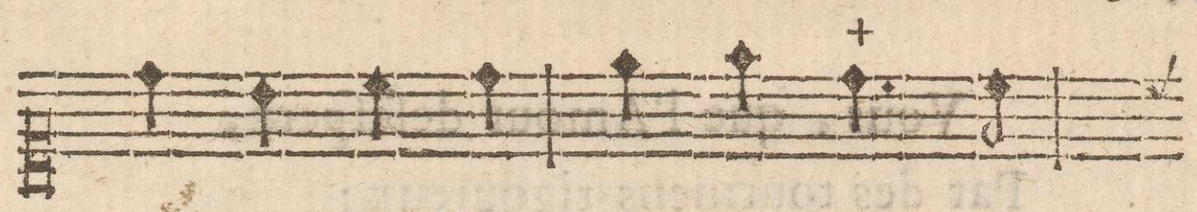


℣. Refrain.

Haut le cu, Le- vez le cu,
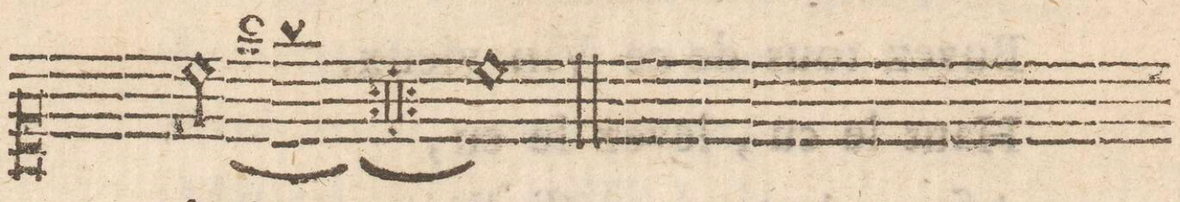


a- fin qu'on en puiſ- ſe

boi-



boi- re, A- fin qu'on en boi- ve



plus. plus.

Pour diſſiper l'humeur noire,
Que me cauſe ma Catin,
J'en veux jour & nuit reboire;
Ce remede eſt ſouverain.
Haut le cu, levez le cu,
Afin qu'on en puiſſe boire,
Afin qu'on en boive plus.

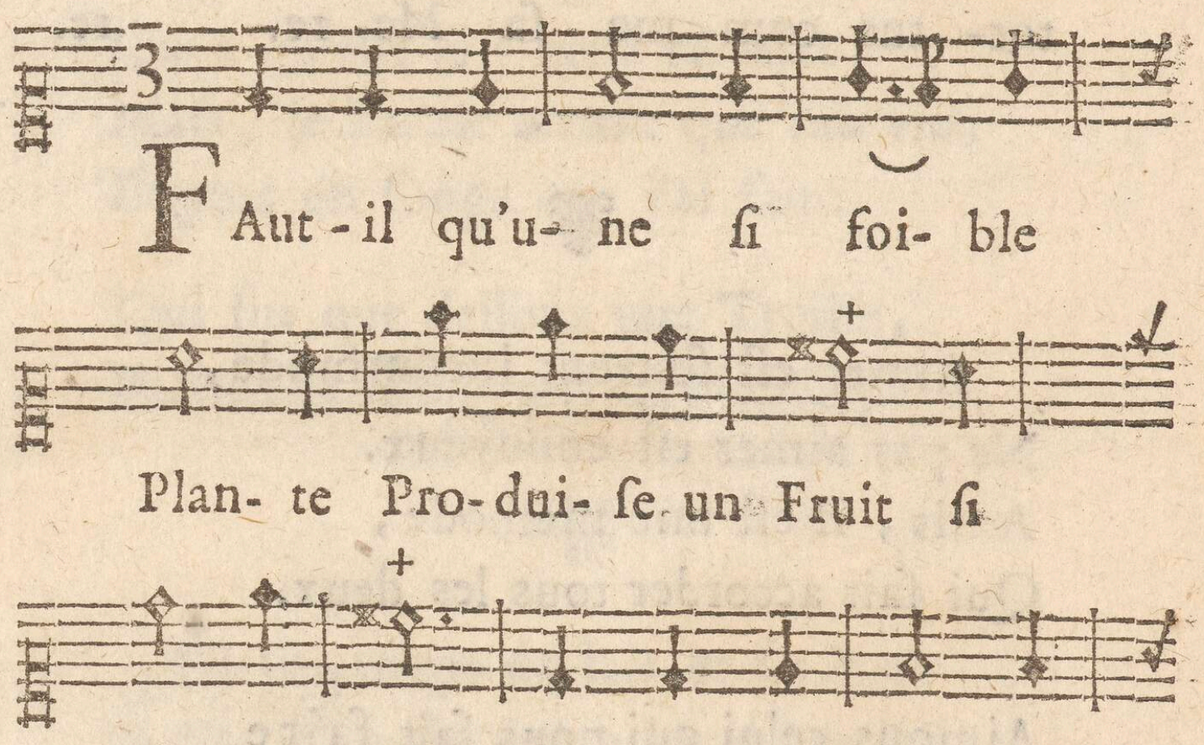
Tu charmes, belle Climeine,
Qui te voit le verre en main;
S'il te rend moins inhumaine,
Quel triomphe pour le Vin!
Haut le cu, levez le cu,
Afin qu'on en puiſſe boire,
Afin qu'on en boive plus.
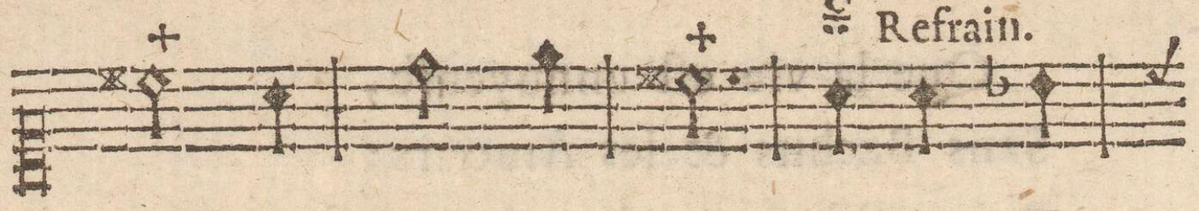
Vous, que l'Amour deſeſpere,
Par des tourmens rigoureux;
Voulez-vous vous en défaire?
Buvez tous de ce Vin vieux.
Haut le cu, levez le cu,
Afin qu'on en puiſſe boire,
Afin qu'on en boive plus.

Toi, dont la vive tendreſſe,
Te fait aimer de Catin;
Pour qu'elle t'aime ſans ceſſe,
Bois ſans ceſſe de ce Vin.
Haut le cu, levez le cu,
Afin qu'on en puiſſe boire,
Afin qu'on en boive plus.

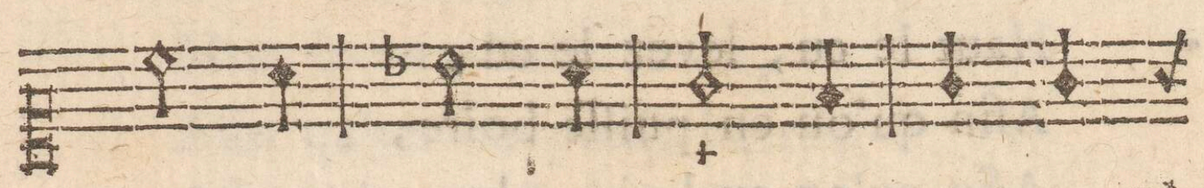
Quand l'humeur mélancolique,
S'empare de mon cerveau,
Pour faire au chagrin la nique,
J'ai recours à mon tonneau.
Haut le cu, levez le cu,
Afin qu'on en puiſſe boire,
Afin qu'on en boive plus.

Que la vie eſt ennuyeuſe,
Sans Bachus & les Amours;
Puis qu'ils la rendent heureuſe,
Aimons & buvons toujours.
Haut le cu, levez le cu,
Afin qu'on en puiſſe boire,
Afin qu'on en boive plus.
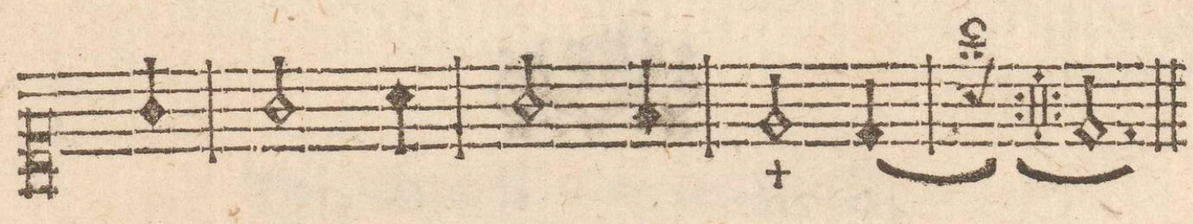




dé- bi- le & boi- teux; Et le Vin,



ſon Fils, nous fait fai- re Des pas



tor- tus com- me ſa Me- re. re.

Aimer eſt ſouvent incommode,
Ne pas aimer eſt ennuyeux.
Amis, il eſt une méthode,
Qui ſait accorder tous les deux.

Aimons celui qui nous fait faire
De pas tortus comme ſa Mere.

Amis,

Amis, paſſons le tems à boire,
La Paix nous donne du repos,
Et ne cherchons plus d'autre gloire,
Que celle de vuider les pots.

Et ſi l'Amour nous fait la guerre,
Défendons-nous à coups de verre.

J'ai mépriſé long-tems Silvie,
Quoi qu'elle ſoit belle en effet;
Mais, je l'aime autant que ma vie,
Depuis un ſonge que j'ai fait:

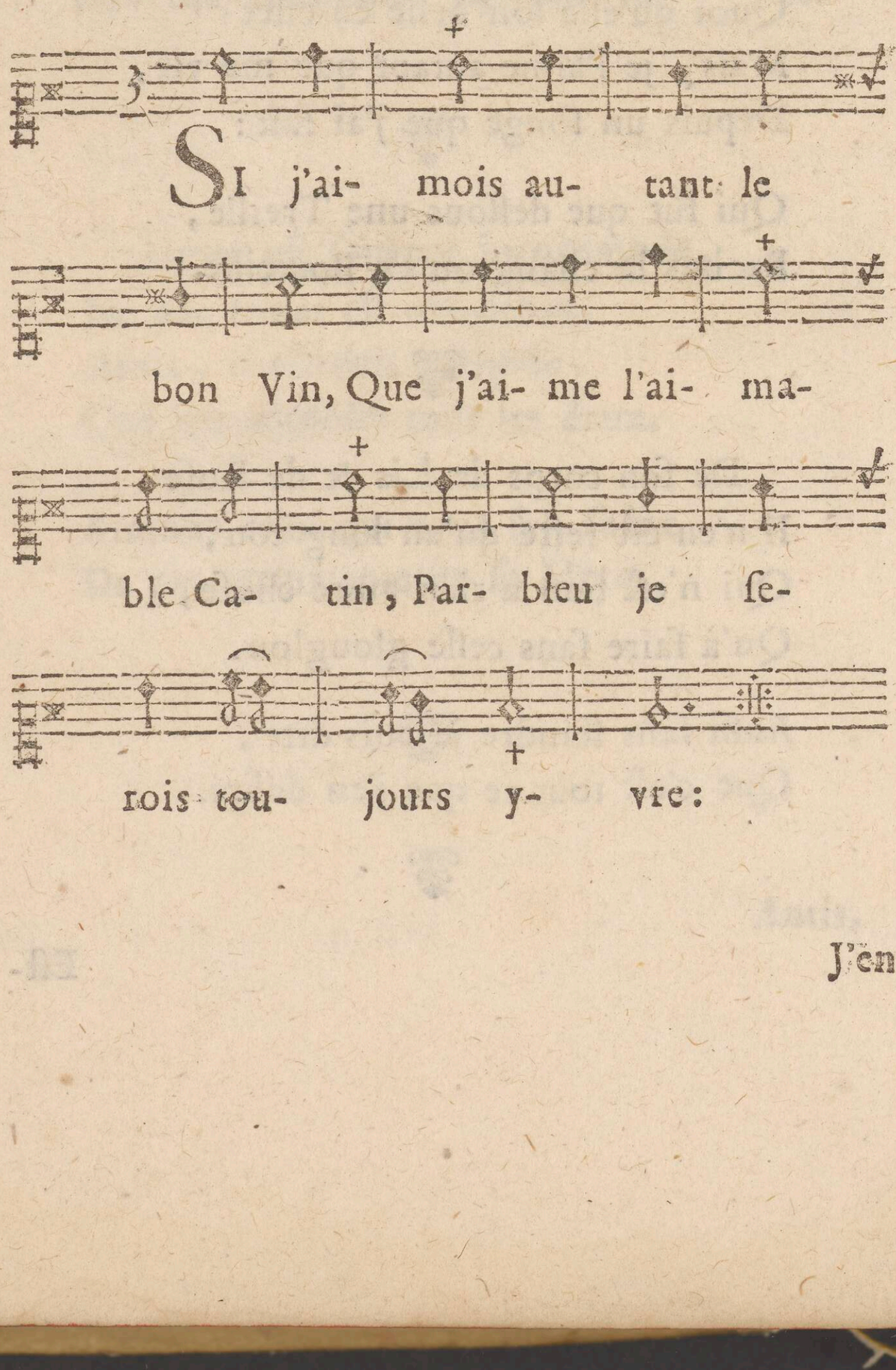
Qui fut que deſſous une Treille,
Bachus la changeoit en Bouteille.

De ſon corps de Lis & de Roſe
Il n'en eſt reſté qu'un long cou,
Qui n'eſt bon à rien autre choſe,
Qu'à faire ſans ceſſe glouglou.

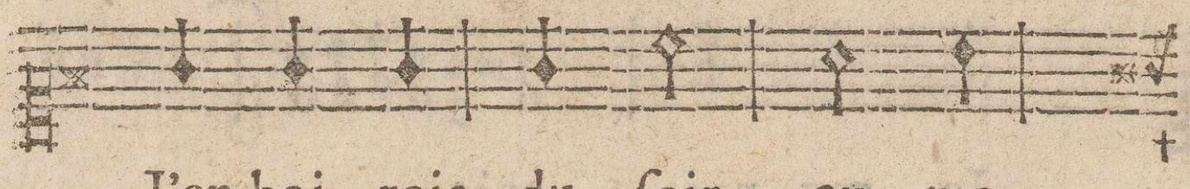
Auſſi ſans feindre je puis dire,
Que c'eſt tout ce que j'en déſire.

Eſt il une Beauté pareille
A cette charmante Liqueur ?
Le tein de la Roſe vermeille
Eſt moins brillant que ſa couleur.
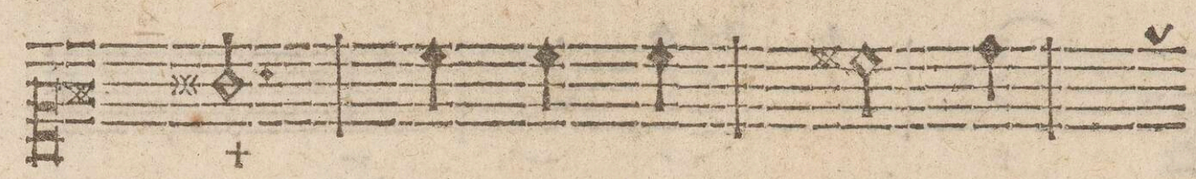
Amis, d'un Jus ſi délectable,
Ennyvrons-nous à cette table.
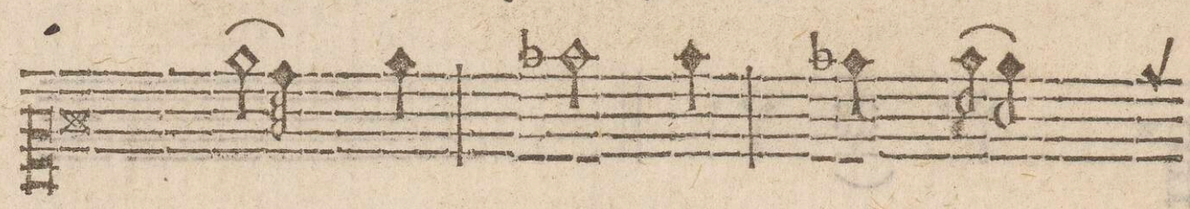


J'en-
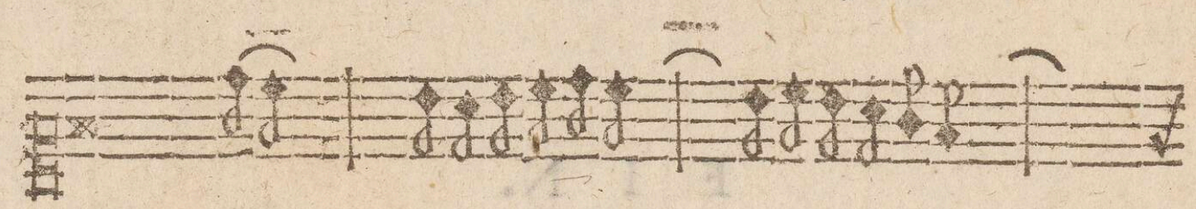


J'en boi- rois du ſoir au ma-
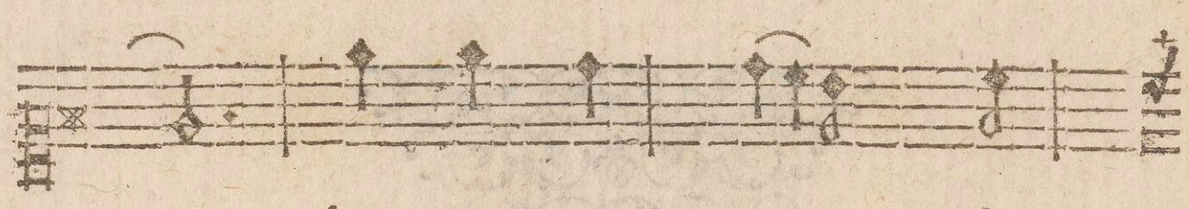


tin ; Et quand je ſe- rois
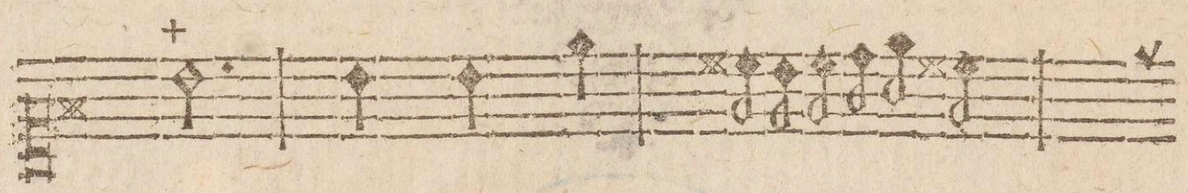


las de vi- vre, Je me
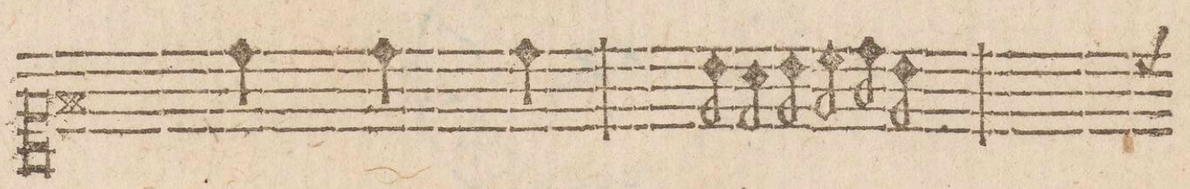


noi- rois - - -



- dans un ton- neau de
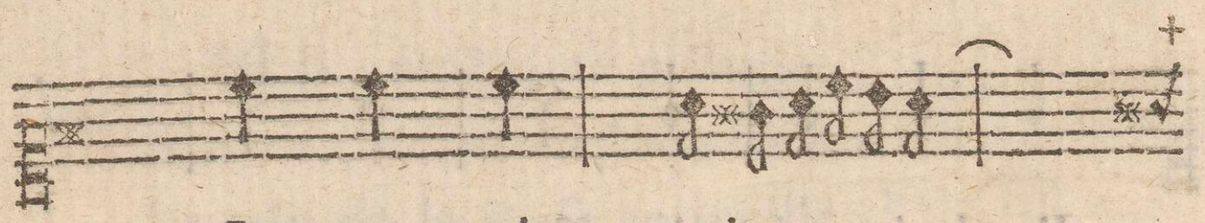


Vin, Je me noi- rois - -
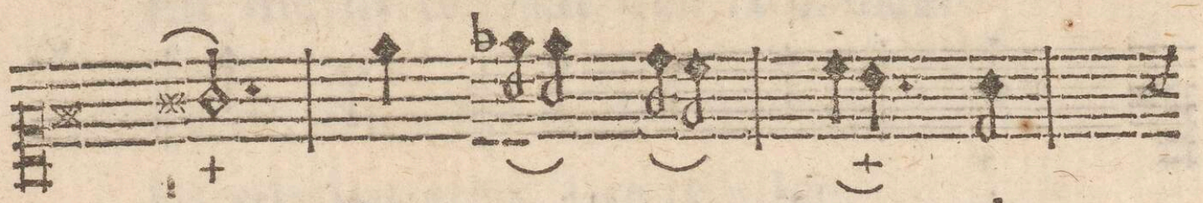


Je me noi- rois, -
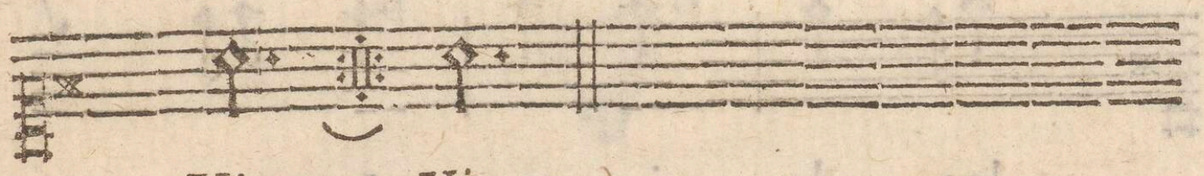
Je



Je me noi- rois -

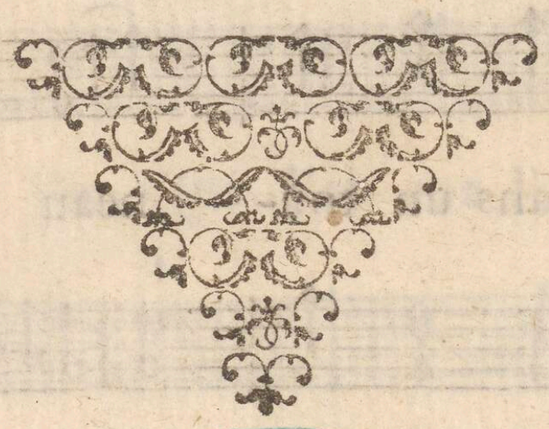


- Dans un ton- neau de
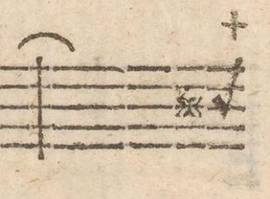


Vin. Vin.
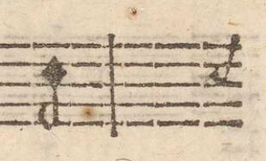
FIN.



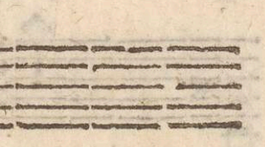
BIBLIOTEKA CZARTORYSKICH XX

L





de




x-rite
colorchecker CLASSIC
mm