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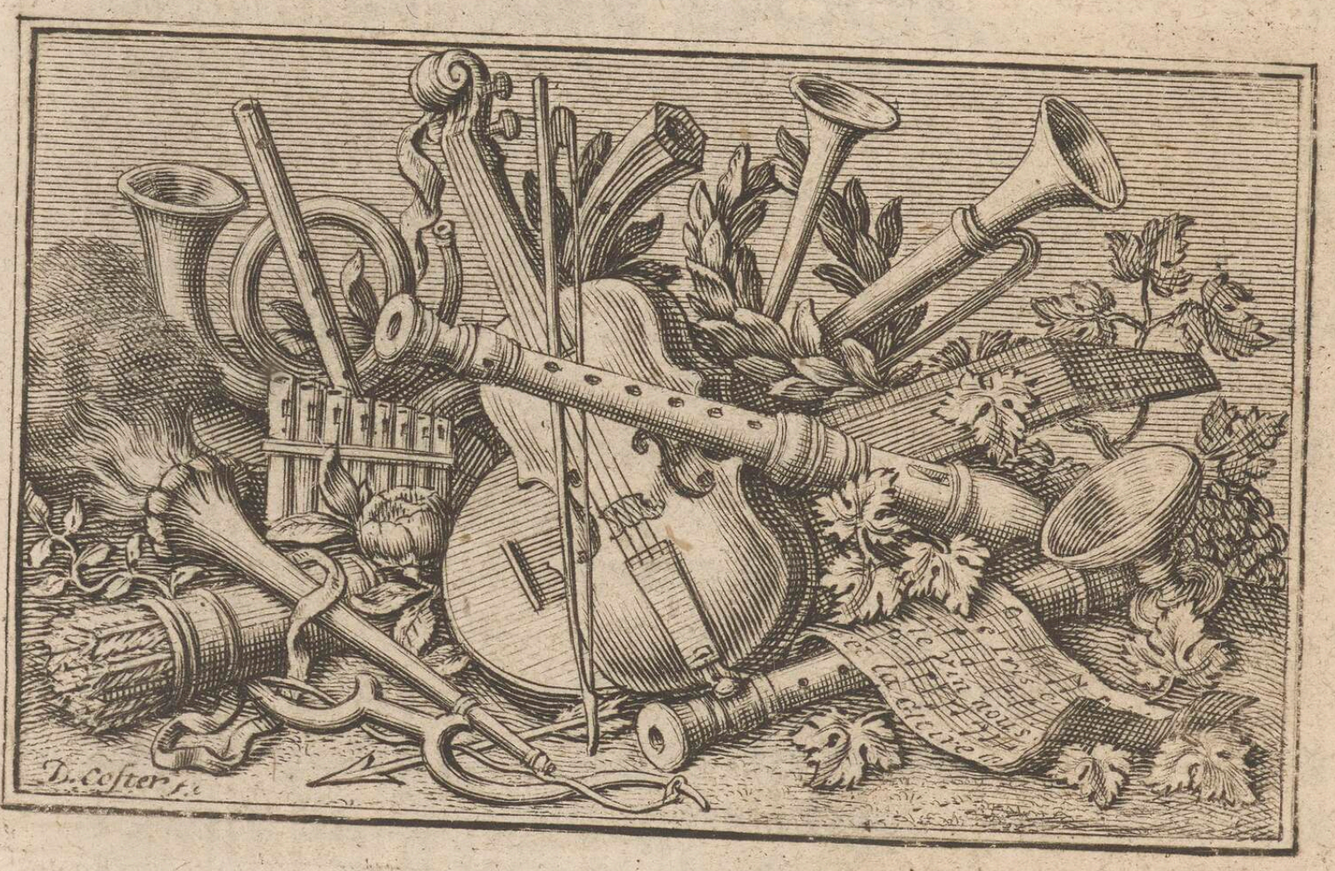


Chez P.

NOUVEAU
RECUEIL
DE
CHANSONS
CHOISIES.

TOME SIXIEME.

BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH



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

100698

PA

A

Ah !
Aima
Aimo
Amis
Amo
Anno
Au te
Aux
Belle
Belle
C'eſt
Colle
Com
Dans
Dans
Dans
Dans
Des
De v
D'où
Doux
Faiſo
Fillet
Hiro
J'ado
Jama

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Dans un Boſquèt près d'un. 114
Dans un Bois charmant. 181
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De vôtre abſence, je mourrois. 69
D'où me vient cette ſombre humeur. 76
Doux Roſſignol, ſortez de vôtre. 263
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D'où me vient cette ſombre Humeur. 76
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Je gardo s bien ſoigneuſement. 304
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L.

LA Fable auroit dû faire. 83
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N.

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102 Nous Voyageons parmi le Monde. 213

O.

49 ON connoît à vos Chanſons. 153
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217 Oui, pour toujours ſans retour. 207

P.

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Q.

QUand je demande un ſecours. 51
Quand on veut avoir la Gloire. 155
Que j'aime tendrement, Mon. 63
Quel Caprice, quelle Injuſtice. 141
Quelle bizarre verve. 88
Qu'elle eſt vive ma Nanette. 116
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R.

RApellons la ſouvenance. 237
Réveillez-vous, belle Dormeuſe. 175
Roſſignol, ton ramage tendre. 300

S.

SAiſon d'aimer, aimable Jeuneſſe. 335

T.

TIrcis, dans l'ardeur qui vous preſſe. 30
Ton Amant, Philis, ne me. 21
Ton tems eſt paſſé, vieille Coquette. 66
Tout s'empreſſe pour charmer. 161
Tu me pourſuis avec ardeur. 272

V.

VEnez admirer ma Science. 44
Venez Garçons, venez Fillettes. 11
Verſez digne objèt de ma flâme. 129
Vien dans ce Boccage. 105
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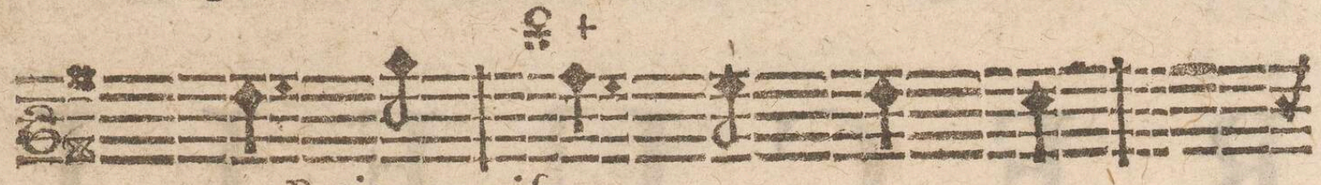
NOUVEAU RECUEIL DE CHANSONS.

CHANSONNETTE.

L'Auſ - tè - re Phi-
Nous ſoû - tient que
lo - ſo - phi - e, Pour con-
dans la Vi - e, Il n'eſt

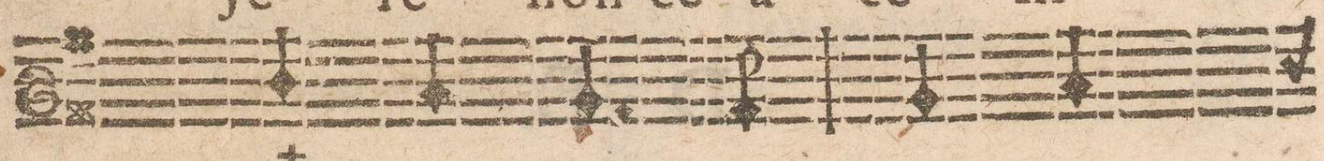


ten - ter nos Dé - ſirs,
point de vrais Plai - ſirs:

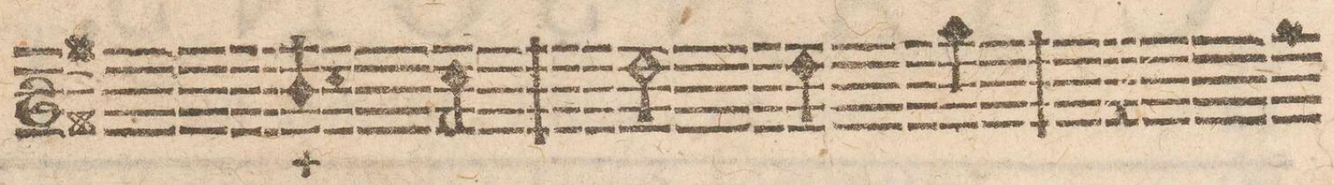


Petite repriſe.

Je re - non-ce à ce ſiſ-



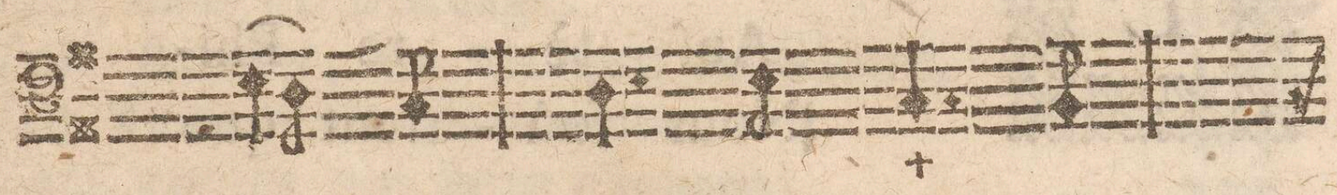
tê - me, Dieux! n'en ſoy - ez
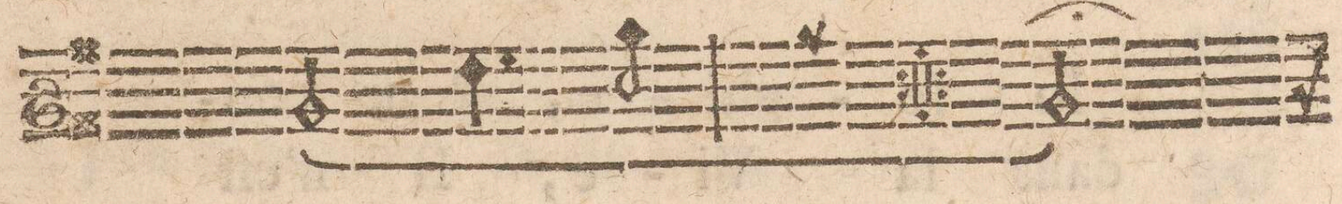


point ja - loux, Dans les



Bras de ce que j'ai - me,



Suis - je moins heu - reux que

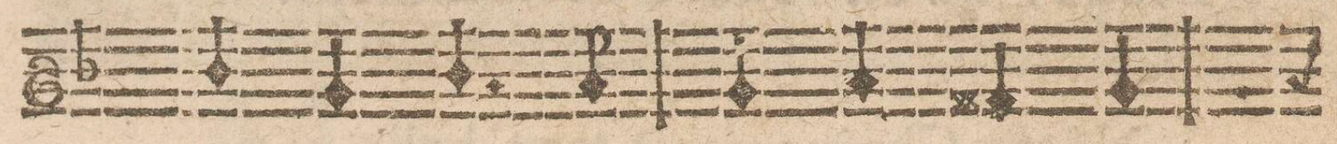


vous. Je re-, &c. vous.
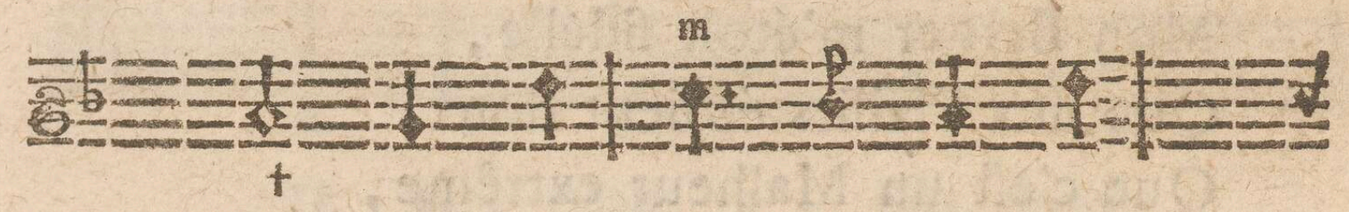
Pour-



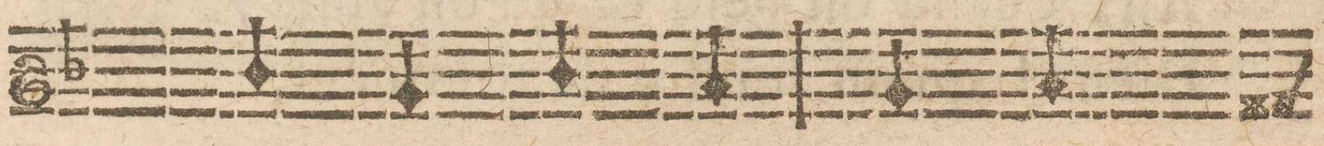
Pour-quoi m'au-riez vous fait



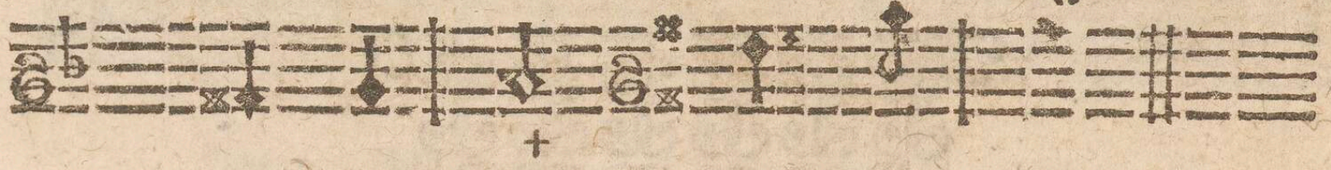
naî-tre, A-vec des ſens ſu-per-



flus ? Pour goû-ter le Plai-ſir



d'ê-tre, Faut-il que je



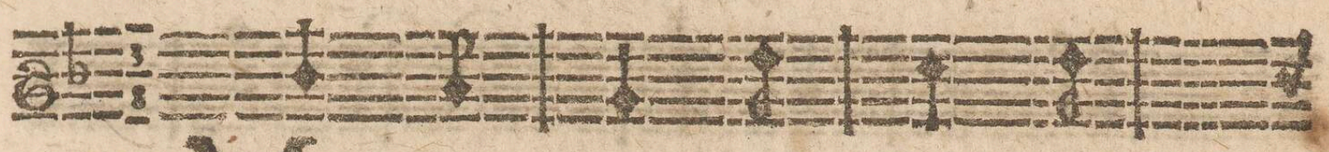
ne ſois plus ! Je re-, &c.

La jeune Bergère Annettte,
En conduiſant ſon Troupeau,
L'autre jour étant ſeulette,
Diſoit au Bord d'un Ruiſſeau;
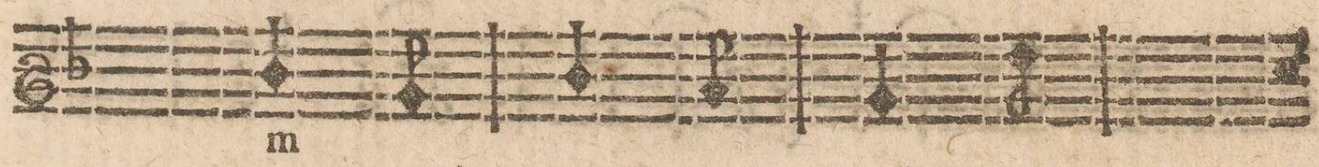
Que c'eſt un Malheur extrême,
Qu'un trop tendre engagement;
Ah! quand on perd ce qu'on aime,
Dieux! qu'on ſouffre de tourment.

Nôtre Chaîne étoit trop belle,
Les Dieux en furent jaloux;
Mon Berger m'étoit fidelle,
Que nos Plaiſirs étoient doux:
Que c'eſt un Malheur extrême,
Qu'un trop tendre engagement,
Ah! quand on perd ce qu'on aime,
Dieux! qu'on ſouffre de tourment.

LES MATELOTS DE L'ISLE DE CYTHERE.



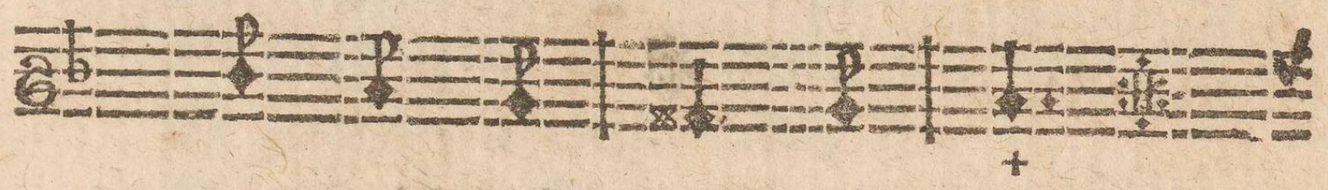
MAl-gré les Vents & l'O-



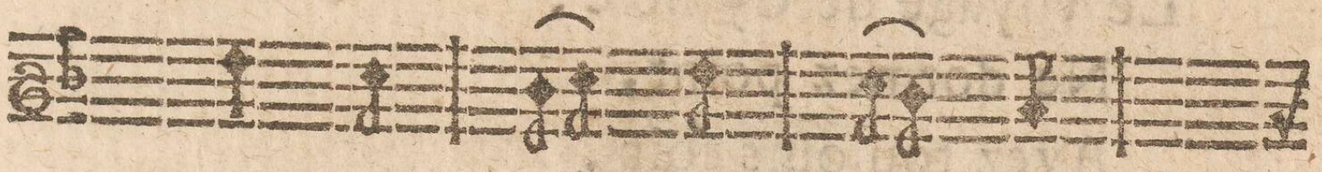
ra-ge, Nous a-bor-dons



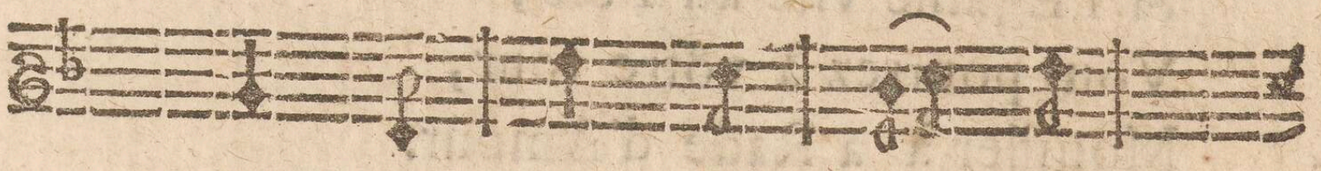
le Ri-va-ge, Loin des Ja-



loux, Et de leur cou-roux:



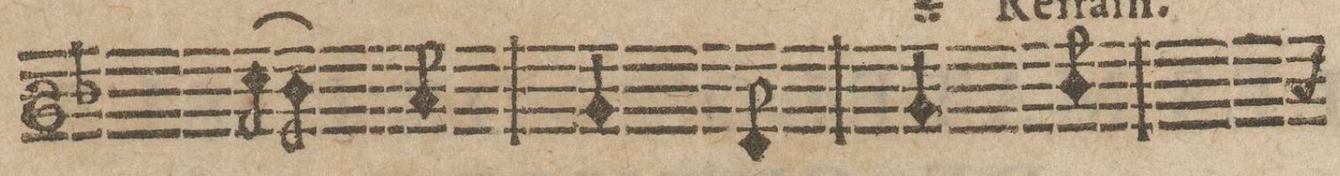
La Tem-pê-te & la Tour-
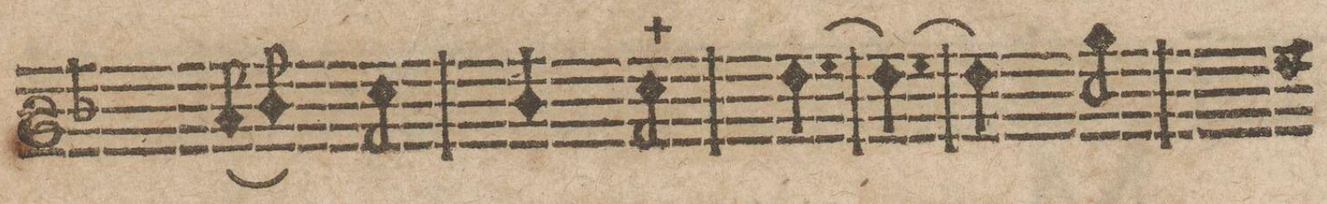


men-te, N'ont rien qui nous

LES époux-
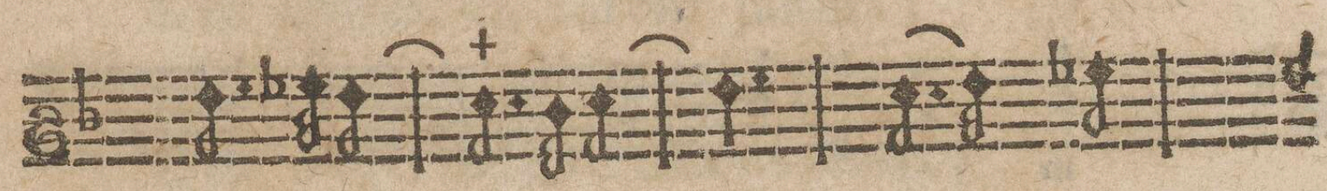
℔ Refrain.



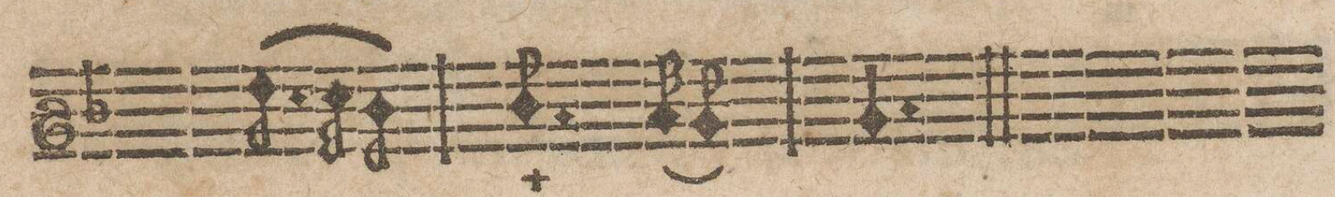
é - pou - van - té, Nous ve-



nons à nô - tre tour -, Mouïl-



ler - - à la



Ra - de d'A - mour.

Jeunes Cœurs, qui voulez faire,
Le voyage de Cythère,
Ne dormez point,
Ayez toujours ſoin,
De voir à vôtre Bouſſole,
Si l'Eguille viſe au Pôle;
Vous pourrez à vôtre tour,
Mouïller à a Rade d'Amour.

A l'aproche de Cythère,
Aprenez ce qu'il faut faire,
Vous trouverez,
Un Bois tout auprès,
En voyant ces bords fertiles,
Cherchez le Canal de l'Iſle,
Vous pourrez à vôtre,
Mouïller à la Rade d'Amour.

S'il arrive que l'Entrée,
Soit quelquefois mal-aiſée,
Prenez ſoudain,
La Rame à la main,
En voguant avec Courage,
Vous forcerez le paſſage,
Et pourrez à vôtre tour,
Mouïller à la Rade d'Amour.

VAUDEVILLE.

UN jour dans un verd Boc-

ca - ge, Daph - nis me - noit

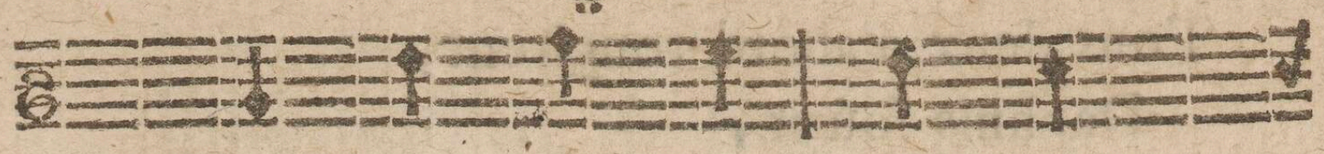
ſes Trou-peaux, Non loin, Phi - lis

à l'om - bra - ge, Me - noit
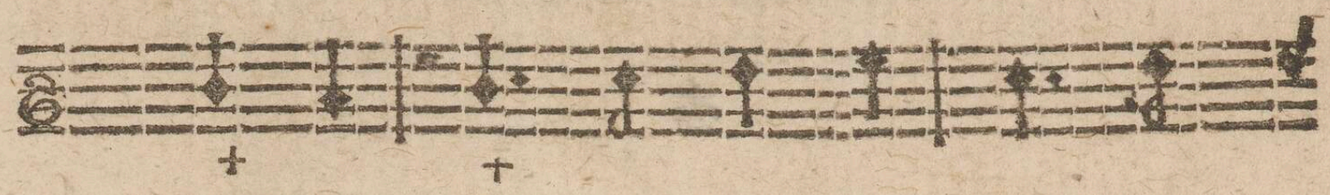
auſ - ſi ſes A - gneaux,

Tous deux ils ſe joi - gni-

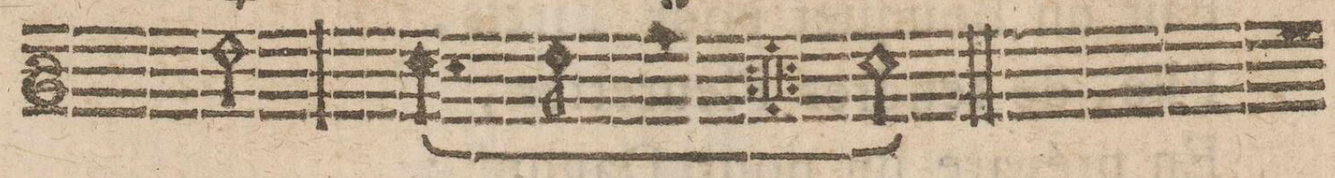
rent;



rent; Daph - nis la vit, Phi-



lis le vit, Tous les deux ils ſe



vi - rent. Daph-,&c. rent.

Bon jour, lui dit-il, Bergère,
Bon jour, dit-elle, Berger,
Qu'il fait beau ſur la fougère,
Ici près dans ce Verger;
Tous deux ils s'y rendirent,
Daphnis s'aſſit,
Philis s'aſſit,
Tous les deux ils s'aſſirent.

Voudrois-tu, lui dit-il, ma Belle,
Satisfaire mon Amour?
Puis-je, dit la Paſtorelle,
Te refuſer du retour:

Tous

Tous deux d'abord rougirent,
Daphnis ſoûrit,
Philis ſoûrit,
Tous les deux ils ſoûrirent.

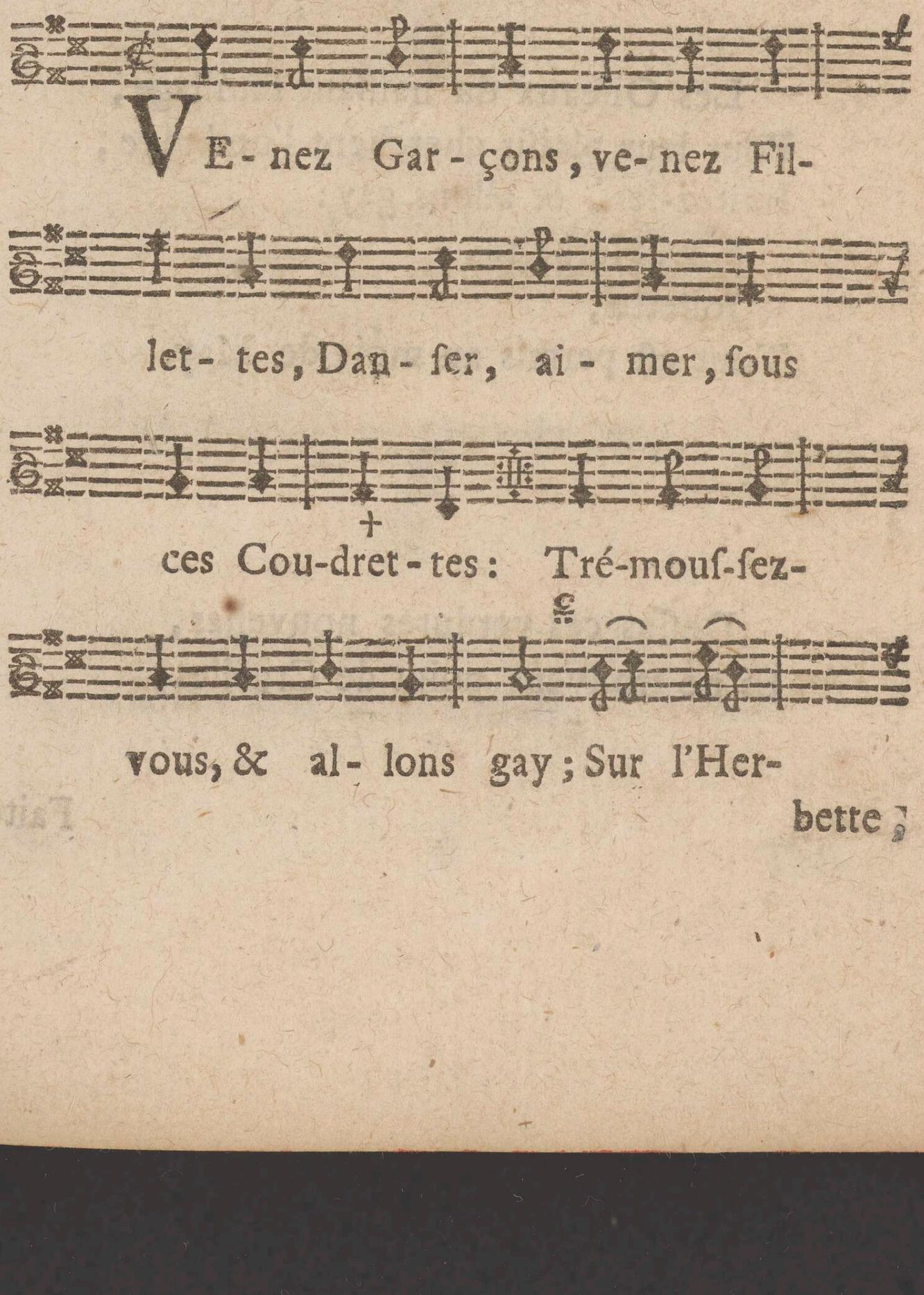
Le Berger, de Violettes,
Fait un Bouquet pour Tircis,
Elle, de tendres Fleurettes,
En prépare un pour Daphnis;
Tous les deux ſe l'offrirent,
Daphnis le prit,
Philis le prit,
Tous les deux ſe le prirent.

Souffre, dit-il, que je mette,
Mon Bouquet dans ton Corſet,
Du mien, lui dit la Follette,
Je veux orner ton Bonnèt:
Tous deux ſe le permirent,
Daphnis lui mit,
Philis lui mit,
Tous les deux ſe le mirent.
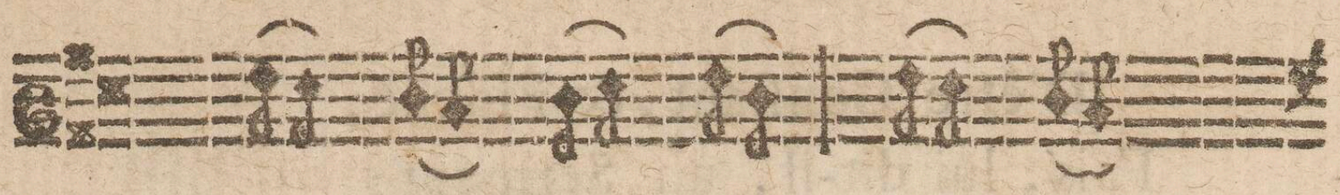
D'être

D'être Conſtant, & Fidelle,
Fais, lui dit-il, un Serment;
Et toy, fais le moi, dit-elle,
D'être Fidelle, & Conſtant:
Tous deux ſe le promirent,
Daphnis lui fit,
Philis lui fit,
Tous les deux ſe le firent.
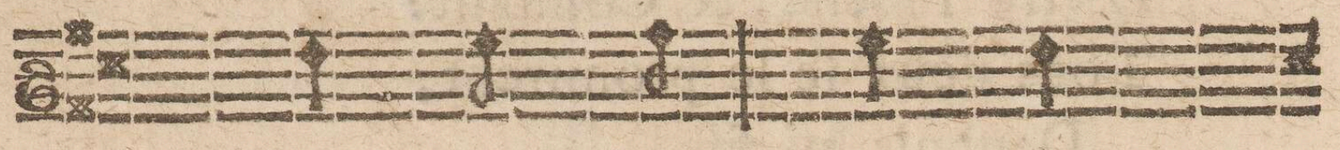
LE MAY.
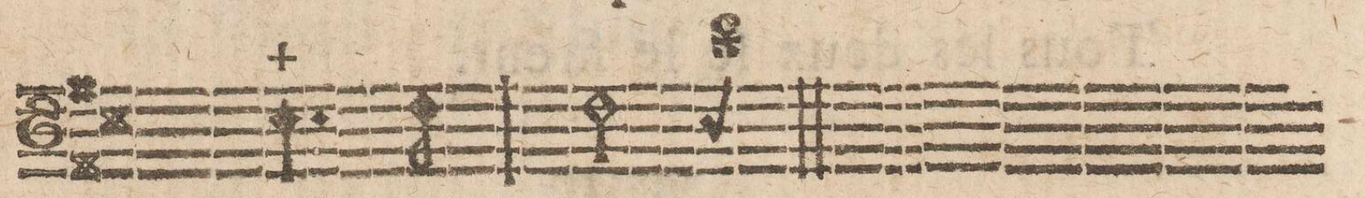


D'être



bet- te, Jo - li - et - te,



Tout eſt per - mis au



mois de May. &c.

Les Oiſeaux du naiſſant feuïllage,
Pour leur plaiſir cherchent l'ombrage,
Imitez-les, & allons gay:
Sur l'Herbette,
Joliette,
Tout eſt permis au mois de May.

Deſſus ces verdures nouvelles,
Ils ne trouvent point de Cruelles,

Faites

Faites comme eux & allons gay:
Vous Fillettes,
Joliettes,
Faites honneur au mois de May.

Dans ce mois fait pour la Jeuneſſe,
La Folie eſt une Sageſſe,
Trémouſſons-nous, & allons gay:
Sur l'Herbette,
Joliette,
Faiſons honneur au mois de May.

Malgré la Honte, & la Critique,
Lorſqu'une fois l'Amour nous pique,
Trémouſſons-nous, & allons gay:
Sur l'Herbette,
Joliette,
Faiſons honneur au mois de May.

Pour commencer l'aimable Vie,
A laquelle tout nous convie,

Trémouſſez-vous, & allons gay:
Vous Fillettes,
Joliettes,
Venez nous voir planter le May.

Lorſque nos Vardures ſont belles,
Il viant chez nous des Damoiſelles,
Al'trémouſſont, & allont gay:
Sur l'Harbette,
Joliette,
Al, font honneur au mois de May.

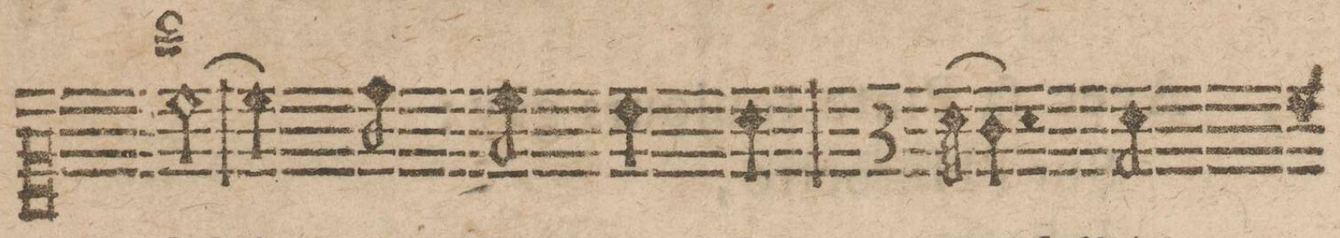
Le Magiſter de ce Village,
Quoiqu'en Rabat, u'eſt pas plus Sage,
Toujours allerte, & toujours gay:
Sur l'Herbette,
Joliette,
Tous mois, pour lui ſont mois de May.

Nôtre Bailly, n'eſt pas plus grave,
A l'Audience qu'à la Cave,

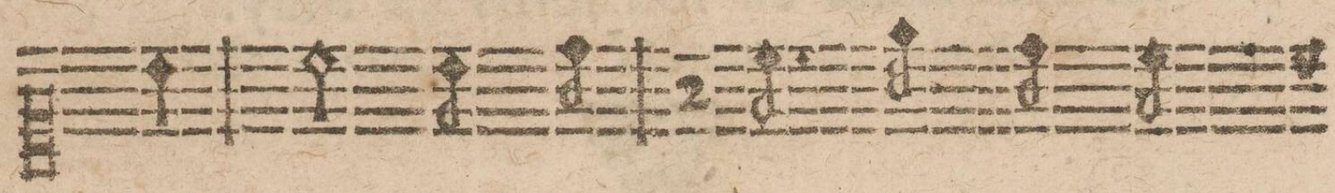
Avec ſa Pinte toujours gay:
Sur l'Herbette,
Joliette,
Un Automne eſt ſon mois de May.

CHANSONNETTE.

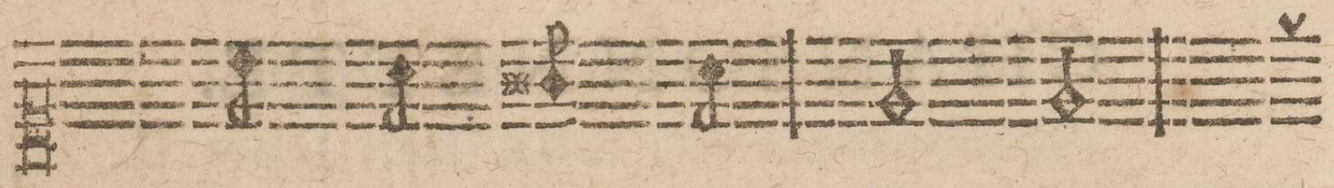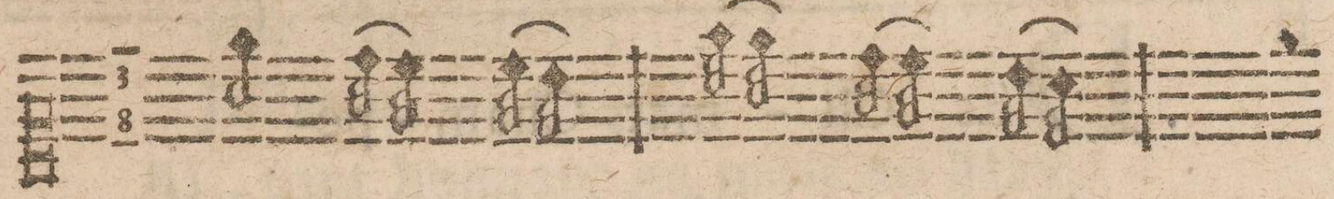




Mais, au Pa - ïs Nor - mand, l'Air
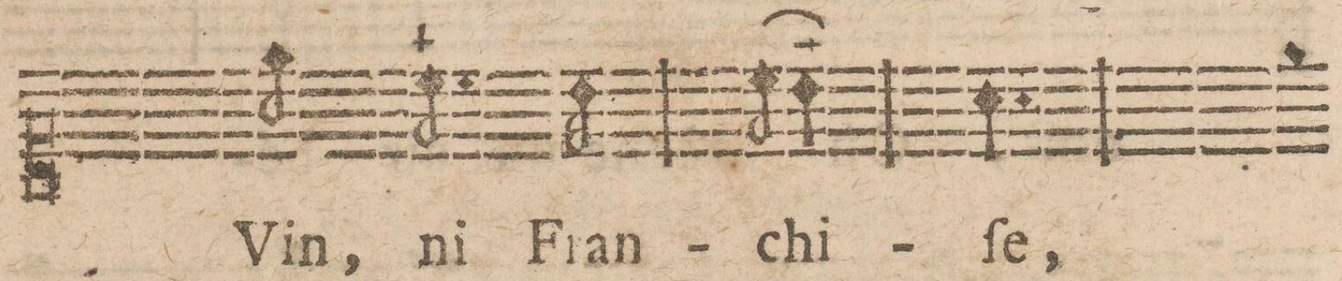


eſt froid, & ma - lin, Tout s'y reſ-



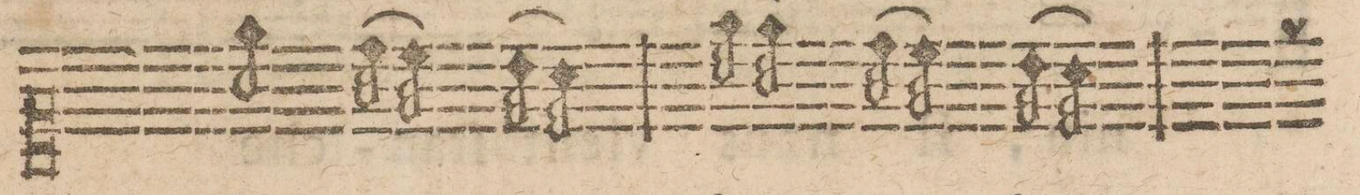
ſent du Vent de Bi - ze,
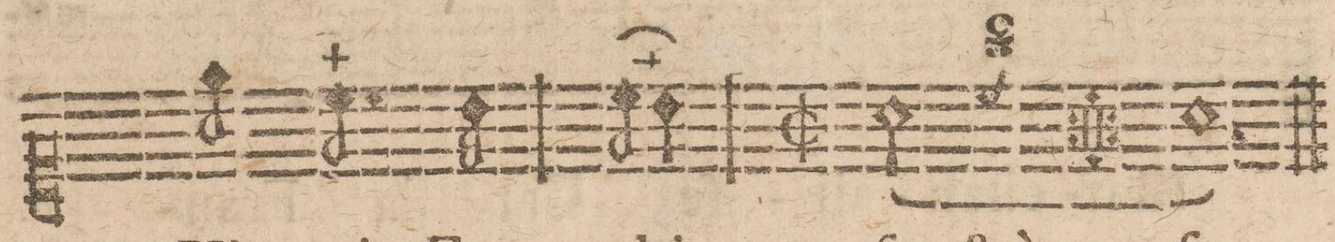


N'en at - ten - dons ni bon



Vin, ni Fran - chi - ſe,

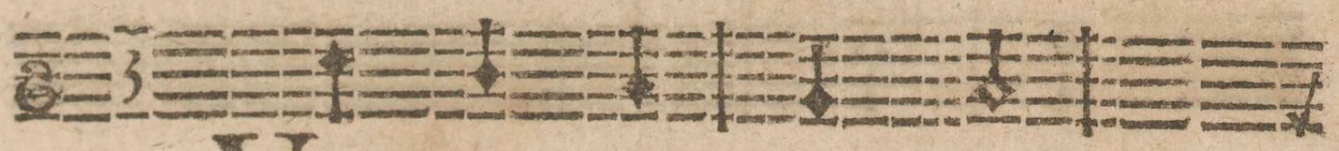


N'en at - ten - dons ni bon

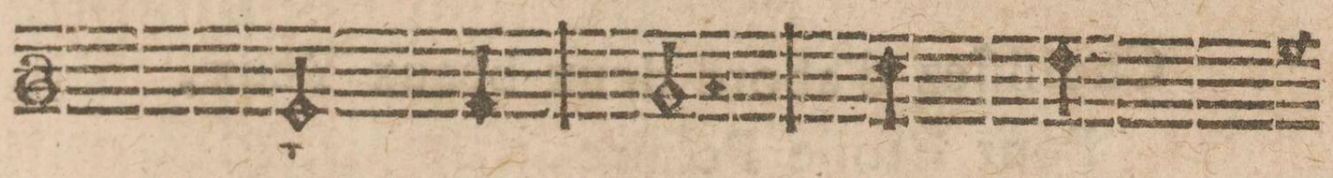


Vin, ni Fran - chi - ſe. &è. ſe.

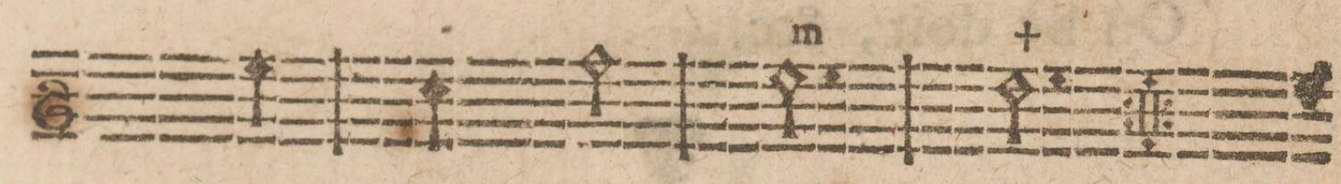
LE VOYAGE.



VEut-on à Pa- phos,
Quoi-qu'on en di - ſe

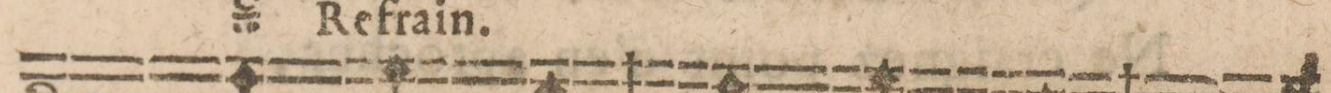


voy - a - ger, Voi - ci
du dan - ger, Et vo-

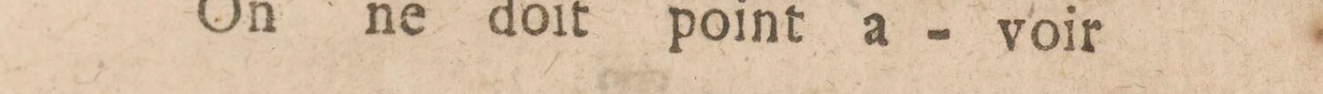


ce qu'il faut fai - re,
gue la Ga - lè - re:

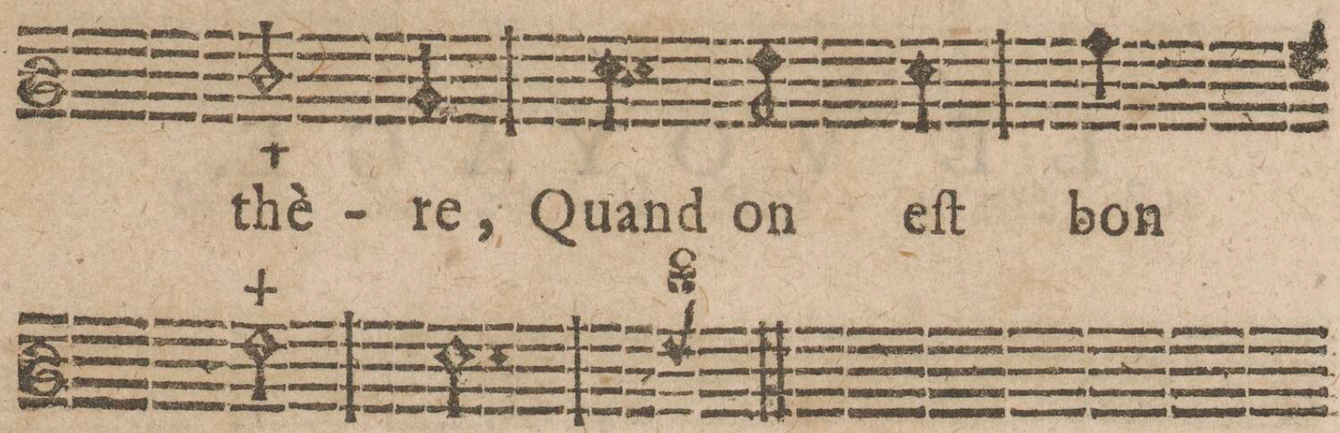
℔ Refrain.



On ne doit point a - voir



peur, Sur les Flots de Cy-



Ra - meur. &c.

Choiſiſſez d'abord deux beaux Yeux,
Pour Etoile Polaire,
Arborez, Pavillon joyeux,
D'Amour vif, & ſincère:
On ne doit, &c.

Non, non, ce n'eſt point un Rocher,
Qu'une Beauté ſévère,
Ne craignez point d'en aprocher,
Jeune, & vaillant Corſaire:
On ne doit, &c.
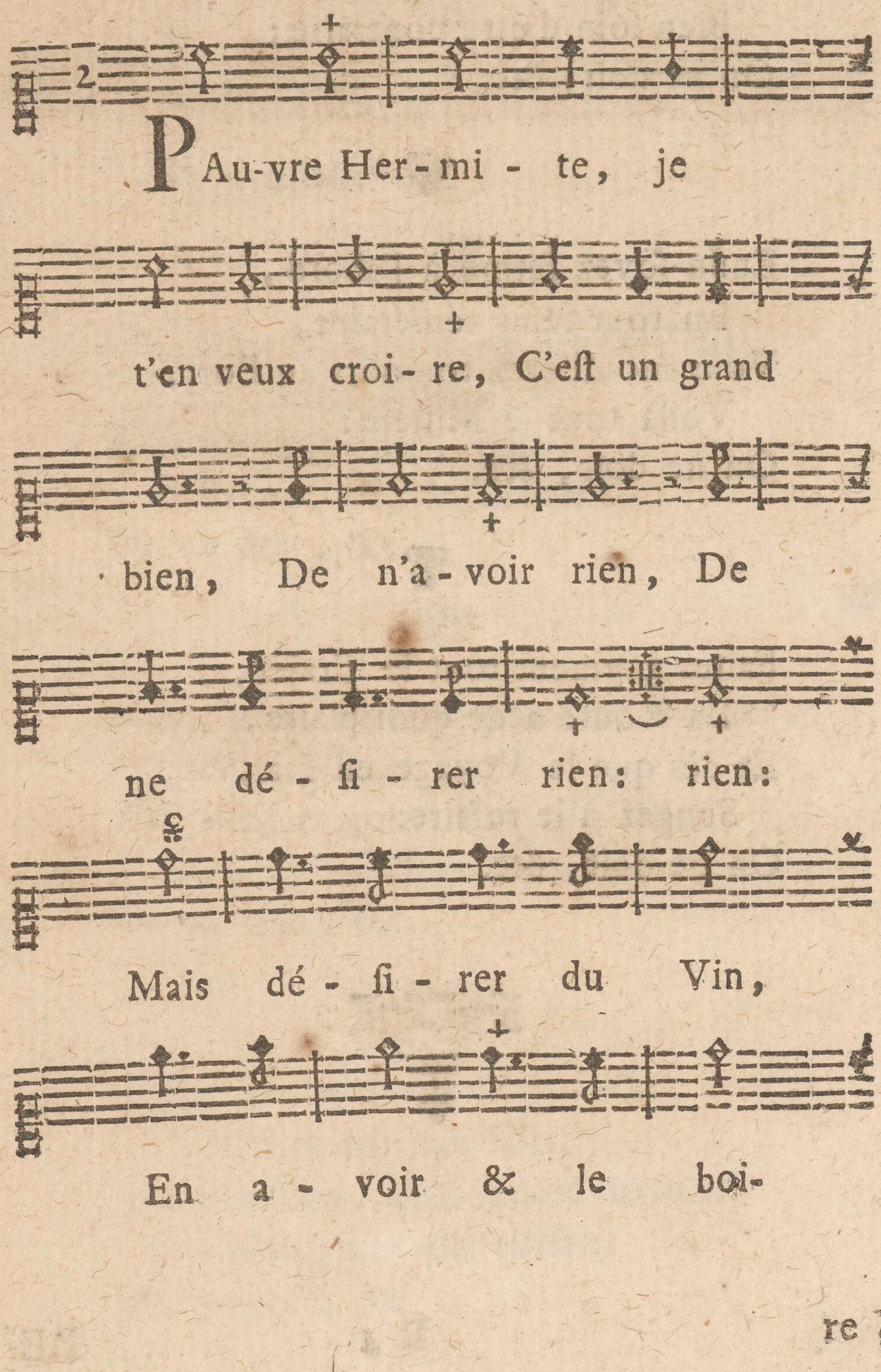
Si par fois vous voyez troubler,
Vos feux par une Mère,
C'eſt un Cap, qu'il faudra doubler,
Ce n'eſt point une affaire:
On ne doit, &c.

Pour le Vent des Maris jaloux,
La Bouraſque eſt légère,
Souvent il ſoufflera pour vous,
Bien loin d'être contraire:
On ne doit, &c.

Enfin ſoyez ferme à l'abord,
En tout tems téméraire,
Vous mouïllerez toujours au Port,
Voilà tout le Miſtère:
On ne doit, &c.

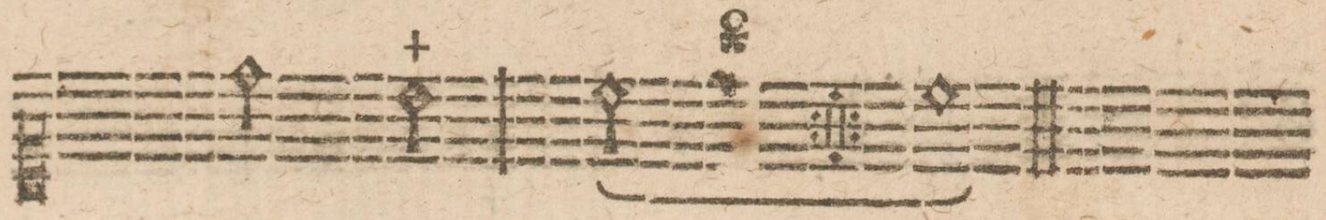
Faites gayment tout le Trajèt,
La Route a de quoi plaire,
Et dès que le Voyage eſt fait,
Songez à le refaire:
On ne doit, &c.

PETIT AIR.


Pauvre Hermite, je
t'en veux croire, C'eſt un grand
bien, De n'avoir rien, De
ne déſirer rien: rien:
Mais déſirer du Vin,
En avoir & le boire!



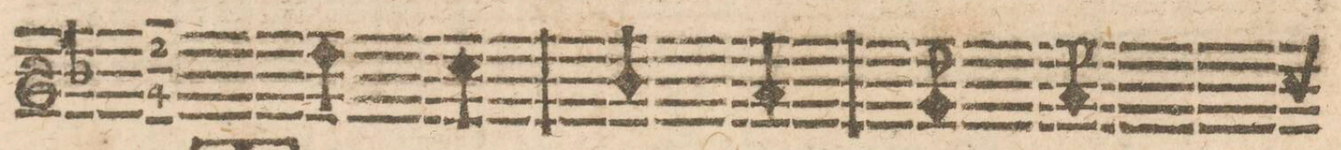
re, C'eſt ce me ſem-ble un



plus grand bien. &c. bien.

LES SEPT SAUTS.

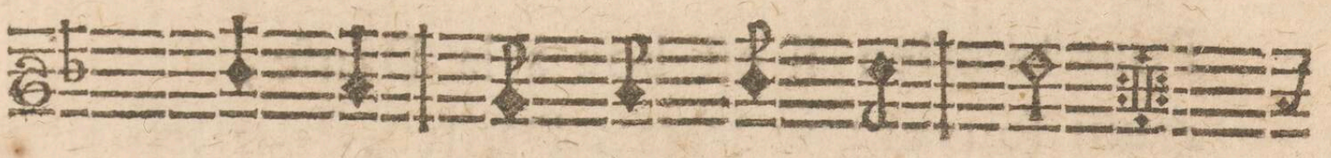
CONTREDANSE.



TOn A - mant, Phi - lis ne

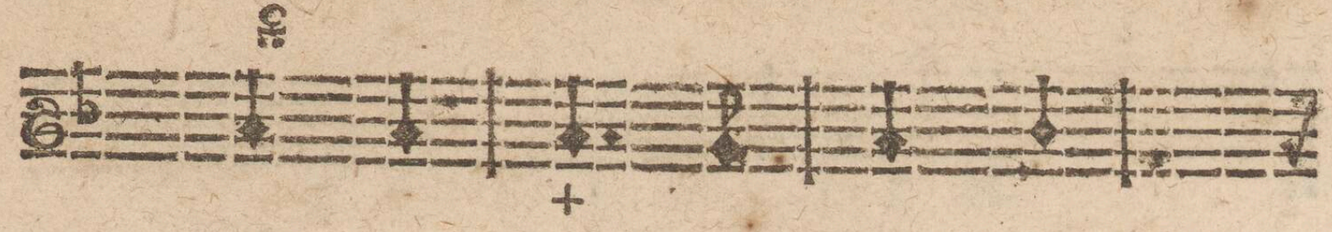


me plaît guè - re, Il van-

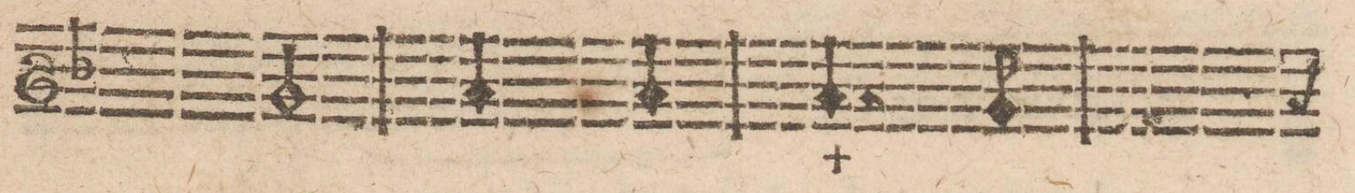


te tous tes moindres at - traits:

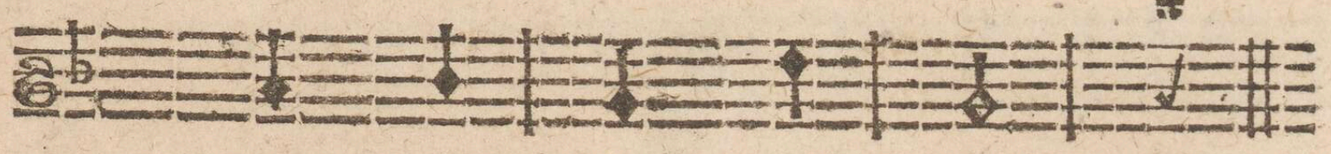
Mais



Mais il n'a que du Ca-

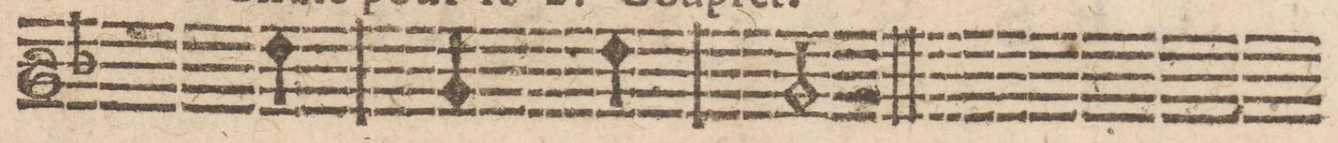


quèt, Il ſe - roit las



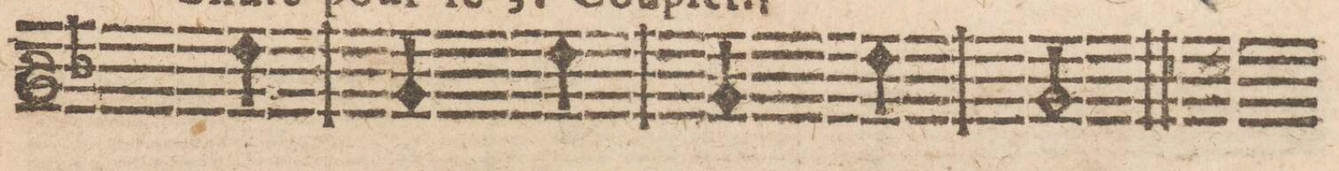
d'a - voir fait, Un Saut, &c.

Chute pour le 2. Couplet.



Un Saut, deux Sauts.

Chute pour le 3. Couplet.



Un Saut, deux Sauts, trois Sauts.

NB. *Aux Couplets ſuivans, on augmente le nombre des Sauts, ſuivant les Chiffres qui terminent ces Couplets.*

Pour le mien il eſt bon à la Danſe,
Auſſi ſouvent je le fais Danſer,
Et ſans s'en embaraſſer,
Il me fait pour commencer, 1. Saut,
2. Sauts.

Auſſi-

Auſſi-tôt, avec lui j'entre en Danſe,
Il me prend la main en badinant,
Et plus leger que le Vent,
Ah! qu'il me fait tendrement, 1. Saut,
2. 3. Sauts.

Puis me faiſant faire une Pirouëtte,
Sur la Bouche, il me vole un Baiſer;
Pourrois-je le refuſer;
Puis me fait pour m'apaiſer, 1. Saut,
2. 3. 4. Sauts.

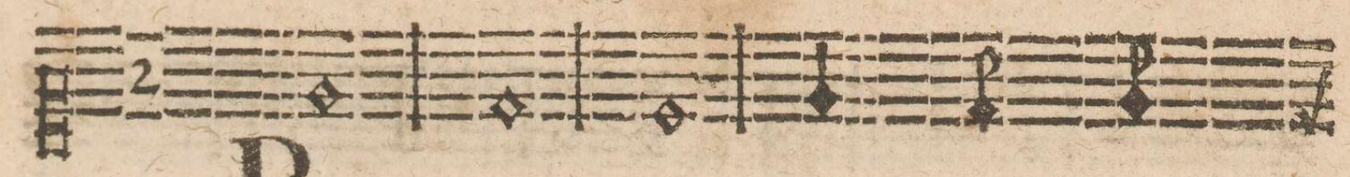
Il n'eſt point pour nous de Danſe à quatre,
A quatre le Branle eſt ennuyeux,
Nous ne Danſons que nous deux,
Et nous n'en faiſons que mieux, 1. Saut,
2. 3. 4. 5. Sauts.

Nous faiſons un petit rond enſemble,
Et nous le faiſons étroitement;
Là, brille mon cher Amant,
Ah! qu'il me fait tendrement, 1. Saut,
2. 3. 4. 5. 6. Sauts.

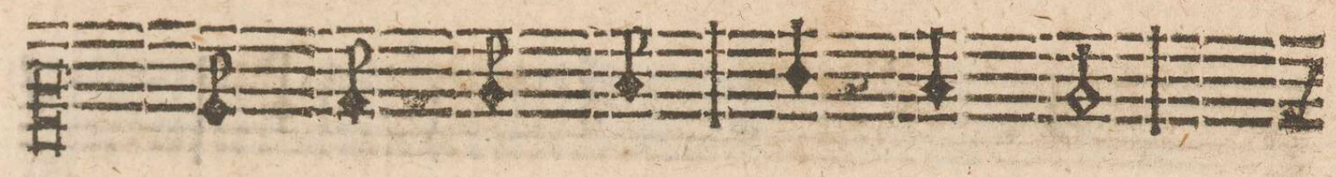
Nous croiſons les Bras l'un deſſus l'autre;
Ah! que cette figure a d'appas,
Ciel! pourquoi n'y ſuis-je pas,
Nous ferions ſans être las, 1. Saut,
2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. Sauts.

Quand je crois que la Danſe eſt finie,
Et que je veux le laiſſer aller;
Lui, ſans vouloir me quitter,
Me fait pour ſe retirer, Un Saut.

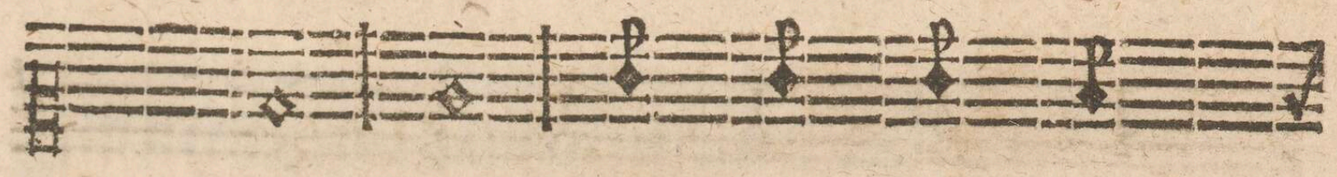
CARILLON.



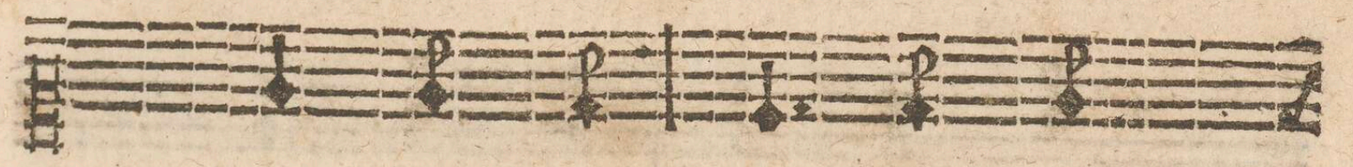
BIm, bam, bom, En - ten - dez-



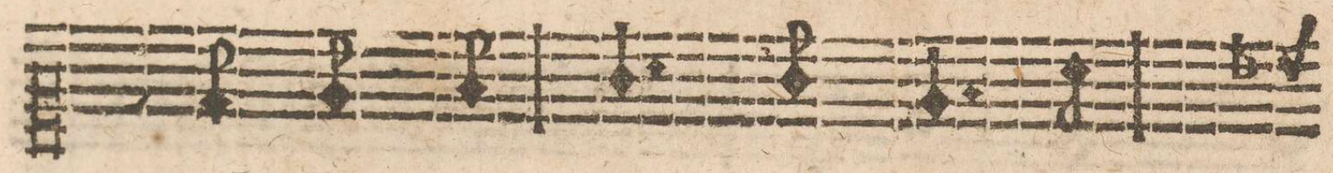
vous les groſ-ſes Clo-ches, Bim,



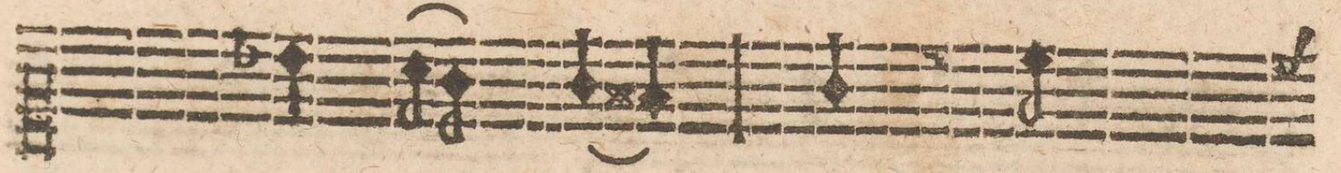
bam, bom, Quand j'en-tends ſon-
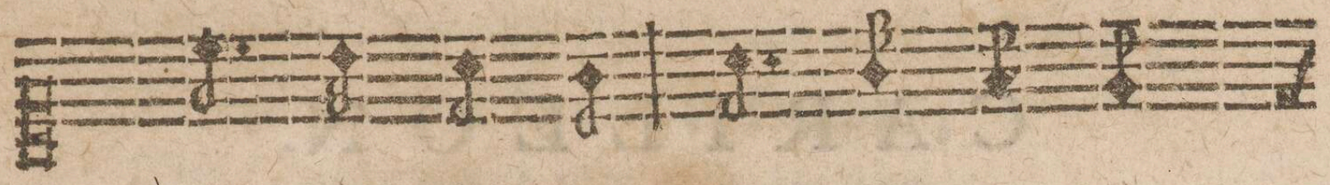


ner ſur ce ton, Je me



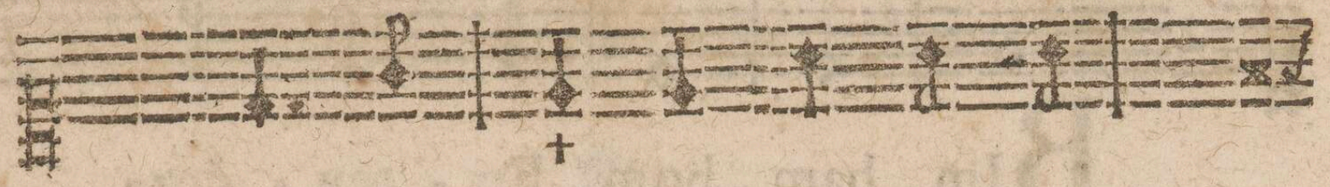
ſou-vient tou-jours, qu'hi-er, ma
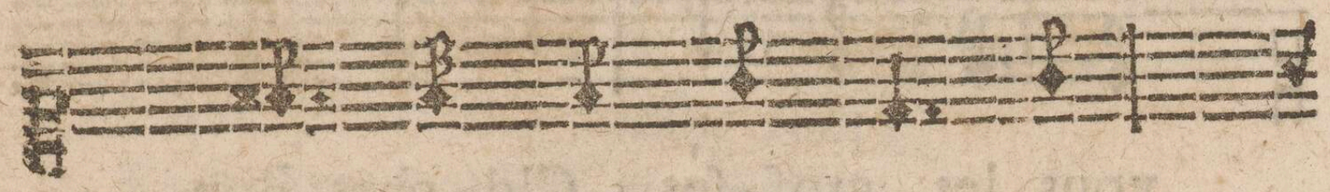


Femme eſt mor - te; Le
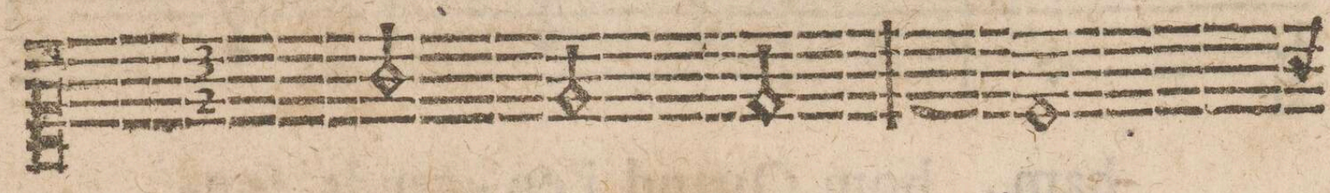


tems n'af-foi-blit point u - ne dou-



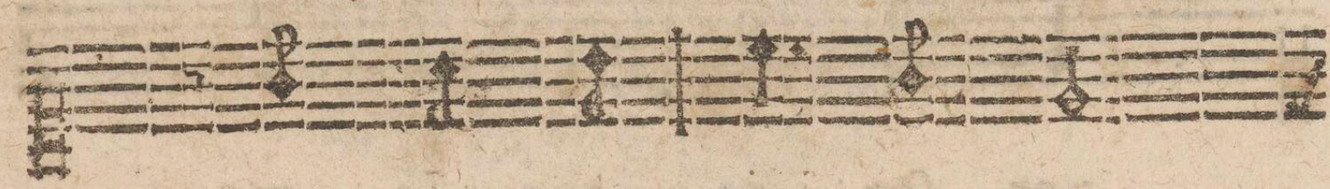
leur ſi for-te, El - le re-



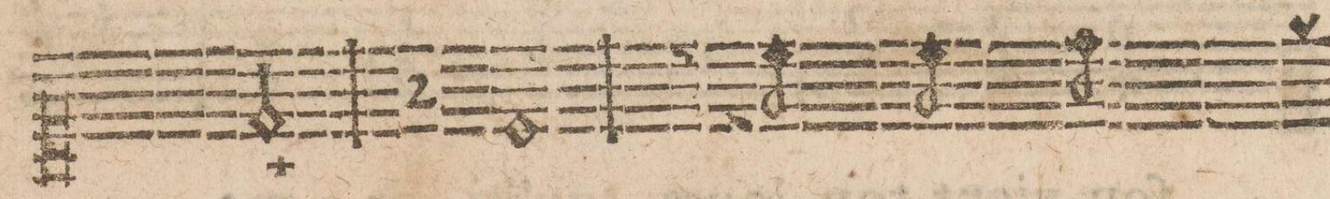
double à ce lu - gu - bre
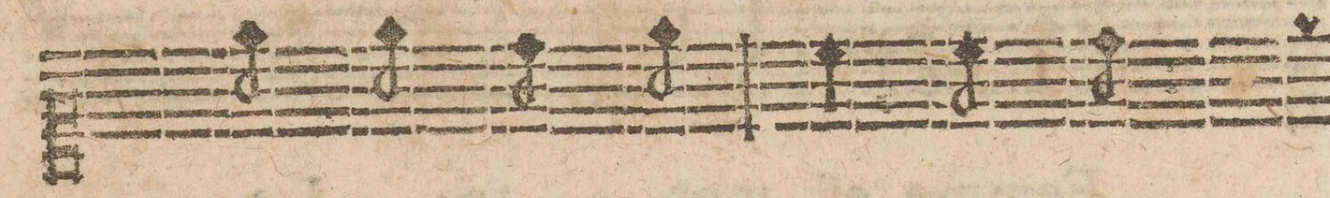


ſon, Bim, bam; bom;



Pour é - gay - er ce Bim,
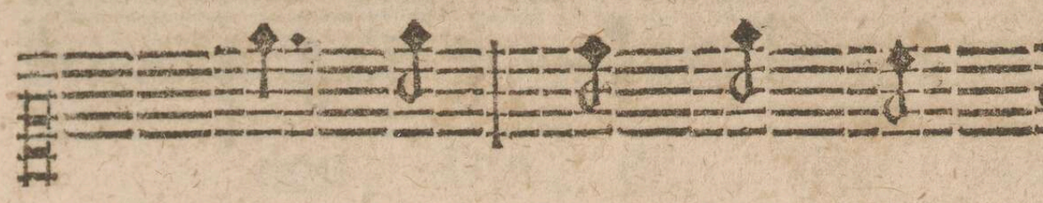


bam, bom, Fai - ſons un
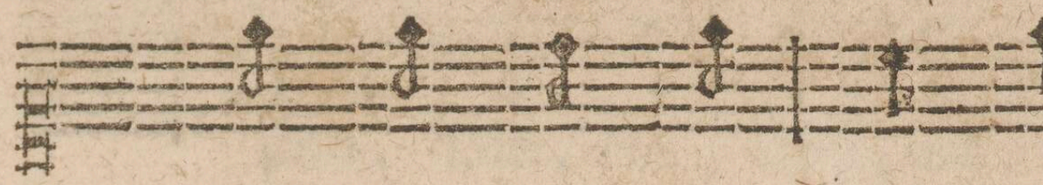


au - tre Ca - ril - lon, Ca - ril-

lon



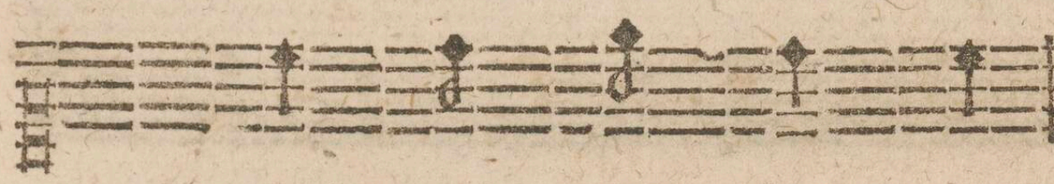
-lon du Ver - re, de la



Pin - te, & du Fla - con, La
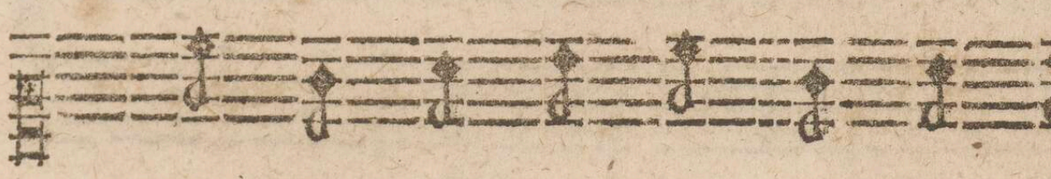


pau - vre Femme el - le eſt en



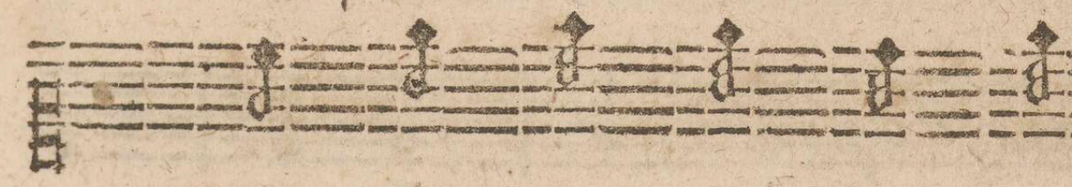
Ter - re, Je l'ai - mois
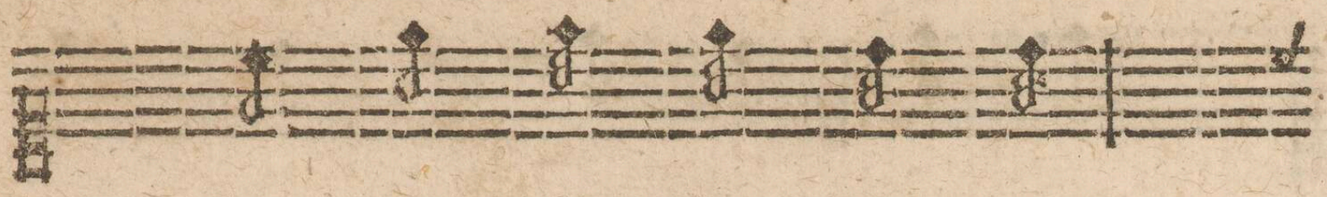


tant, Bu - vons pour el - le en Ca - ril-
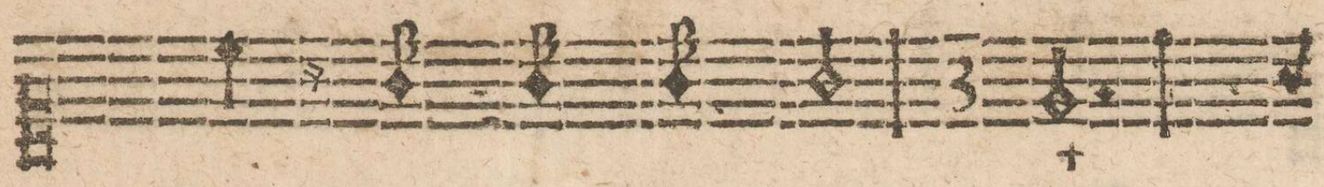


lon, Choquons le Verre en Ca - ril-



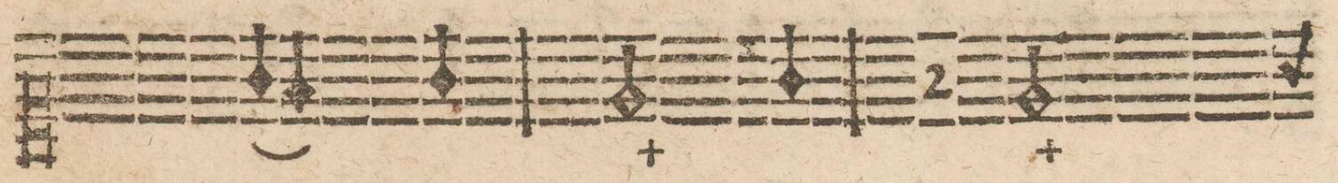
lon, En dou - ble Ca - ril-



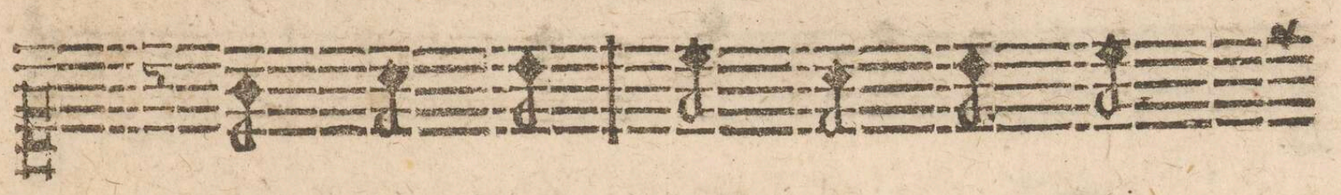
lon, En dou - ble Ca - ril-
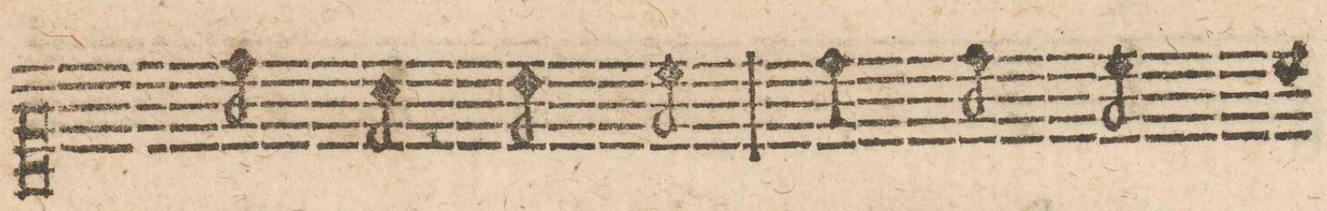


lon, Ti - rez du bon Vin;



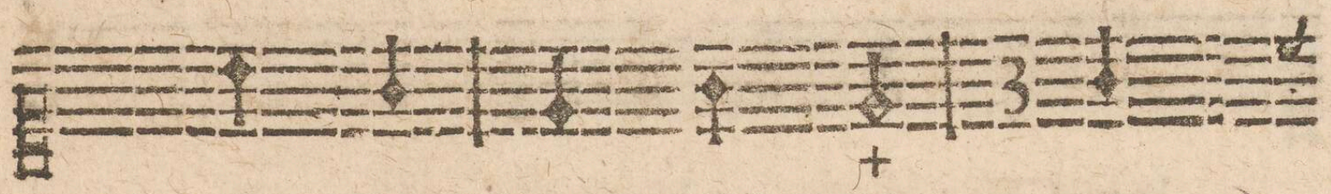
Bim, bim, bom, bim, bom,
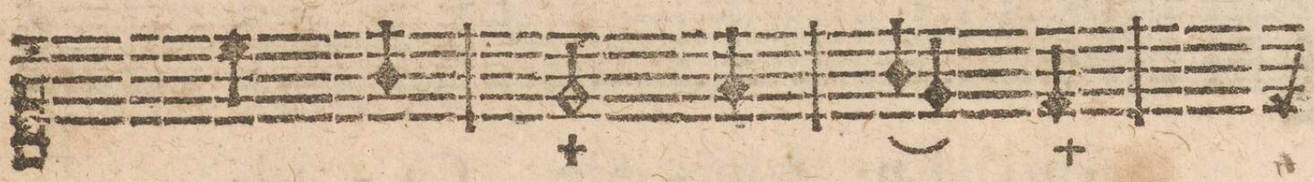


Ex - er - çons - nous ſur ce Jam-



bom, Ce Sau - ciſ - ſons, N'eſt - il



pas bim, bom, bim, bom, Et



tâ - tons donc de ce Di-

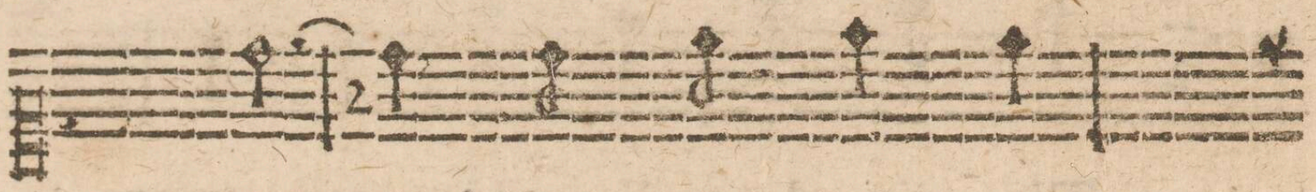
don,
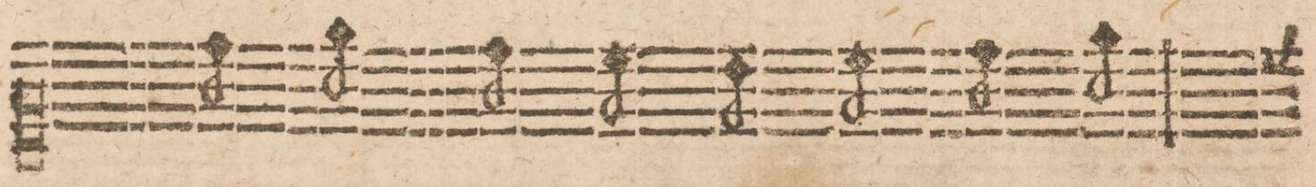


don, Din, don, din, dan,



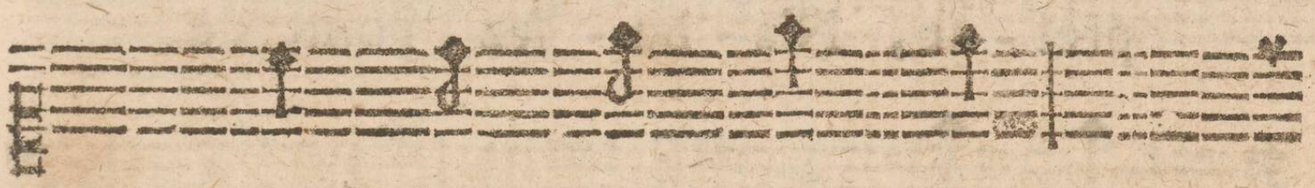
don, Din, dan, don, din, dan,



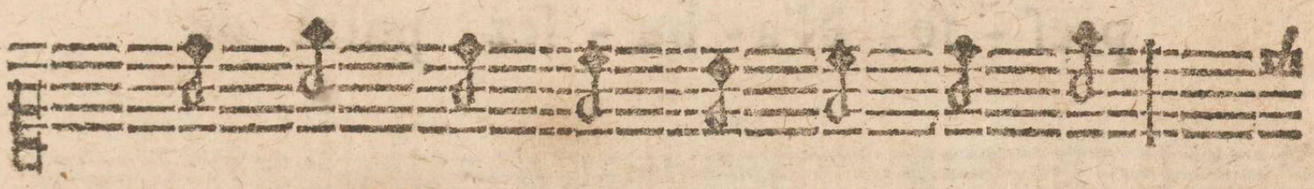
don, Ma Femme eſt en



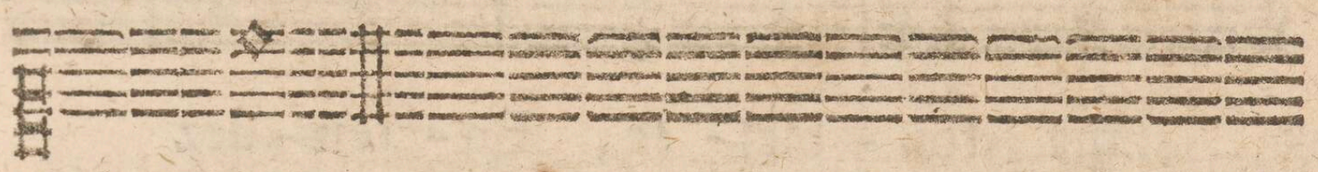
Terre, Ah! qu'il eſt bon, Ce Ca- ril-



lon, Ma Femme eſt en



Terre, Ah! qu'il eſt bon, Ce Ca- ril-



lon.
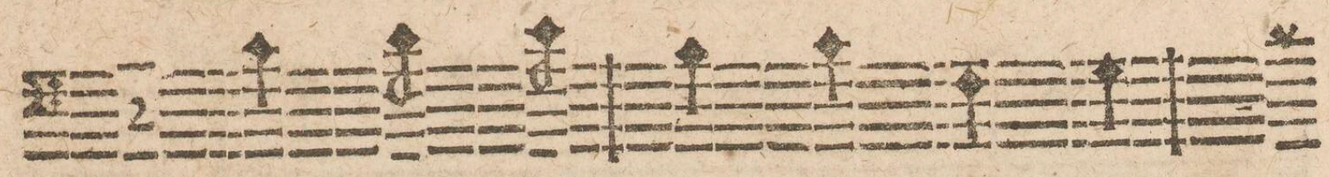
don,

VAUDEVILLE.

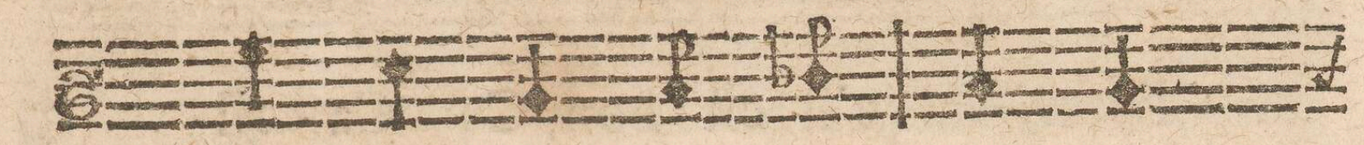
DUO.



Tir - cis dans l'ar - deur qui vous



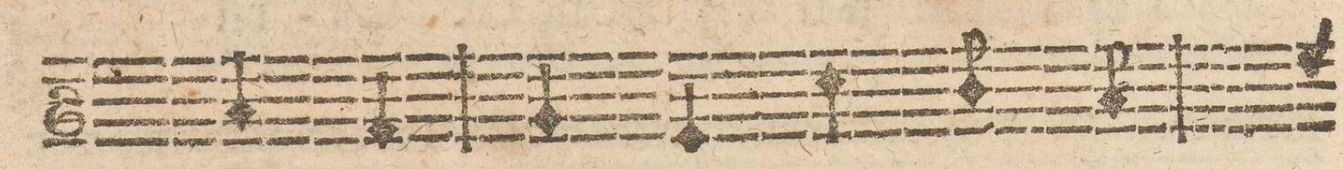
Tir - cis dans l'ar - deur qui vous



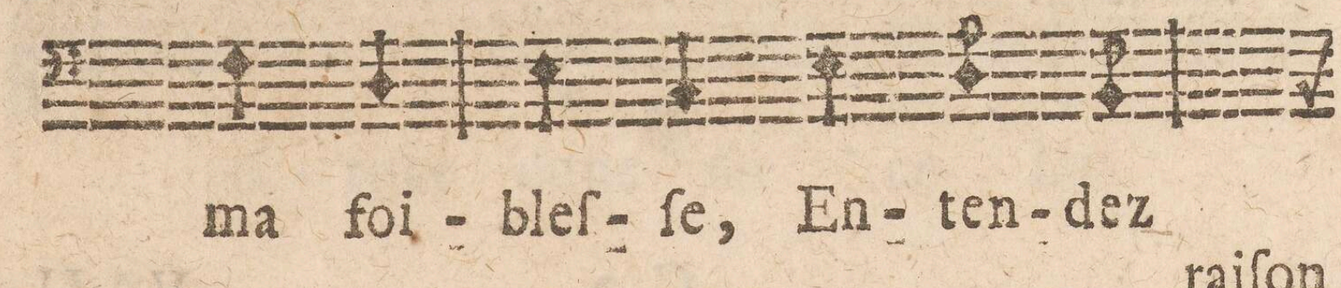
pref - fe, N'a - bu - fez point de



pref - fe, N'a - bu - fez point de

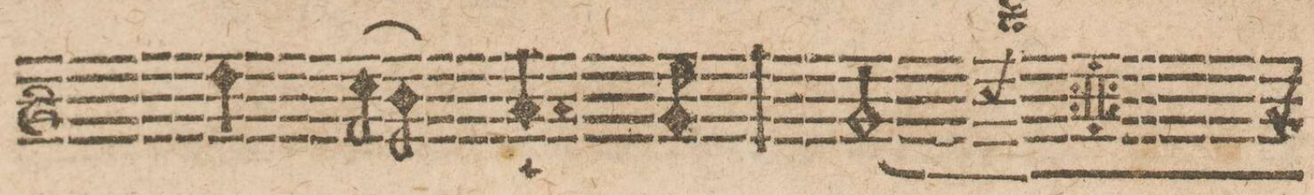


ma foi - blef - fe, En - ten - dez

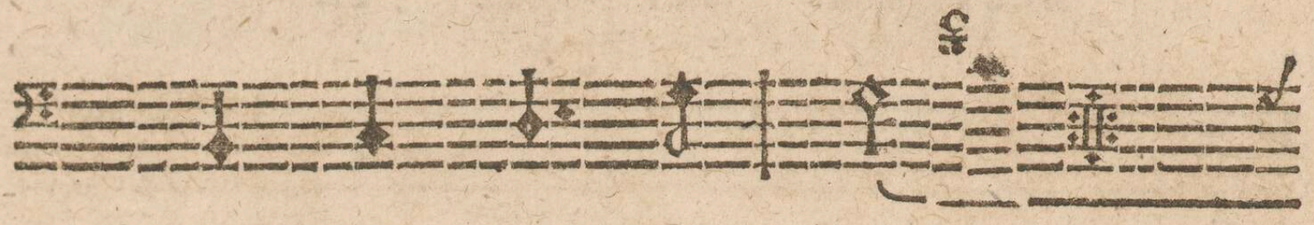


ma foi - blef - fe, En - ten - dez

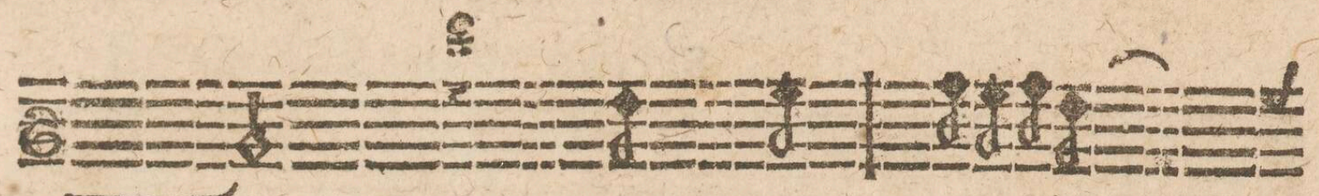
raiſon



rai - ſon ſur ce - la:



rai - ſon ſur ce - la:



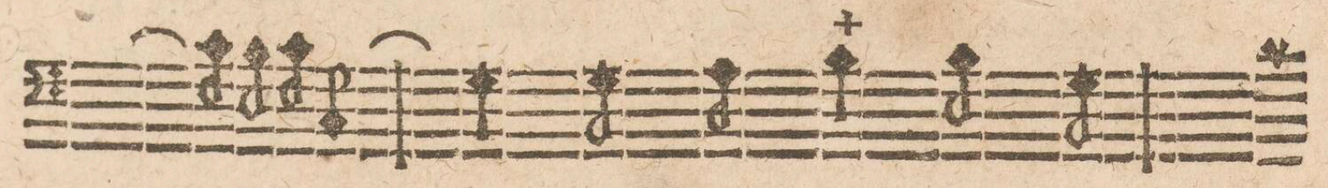
la: Ba - di - nez -



la: Ba - di - nez - -



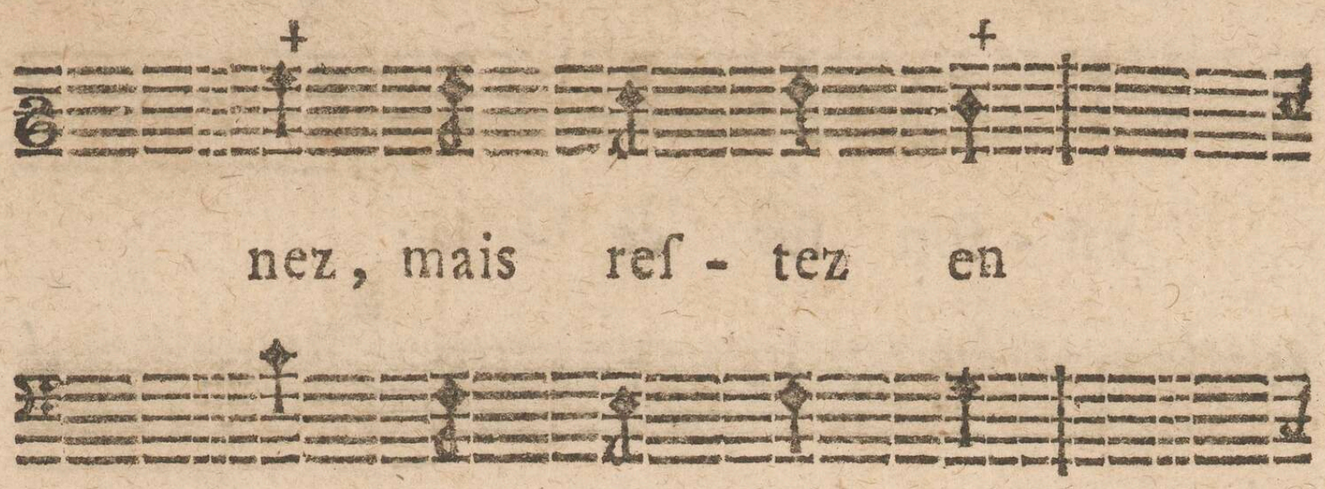
- - - -, Ba - di-
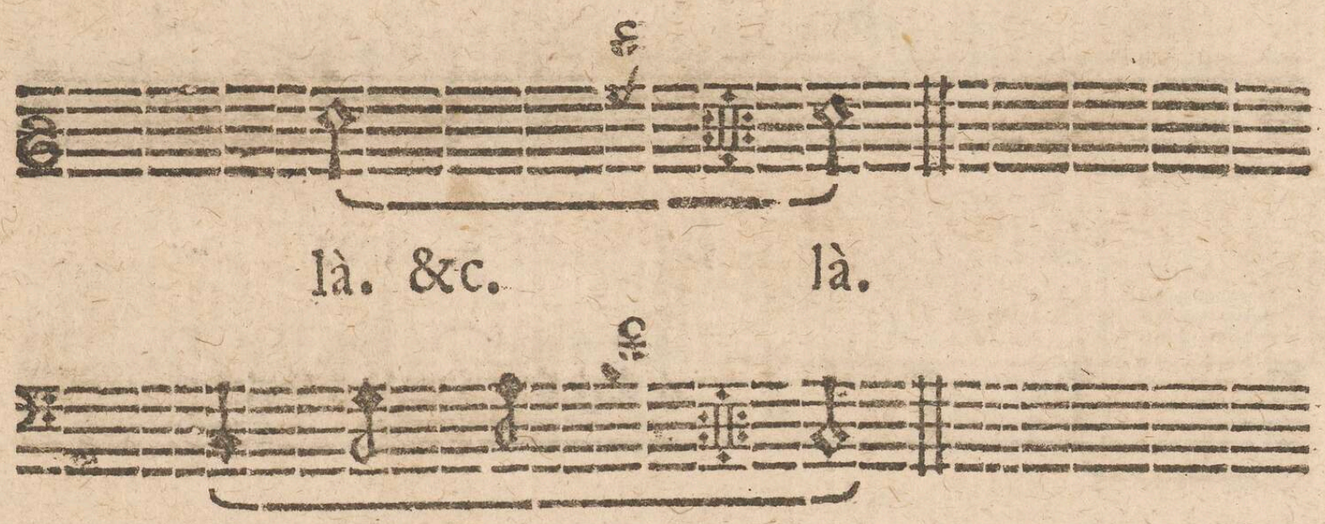


-, Ba - di - nez, Ba - di-

raiſon

nez,





Je ne ſuis point aſſez farouche,
Pour refuſer à votre Bouche,
Tant de Baiſers qu'il vous plaira:
Badinez, &c.

Ah!

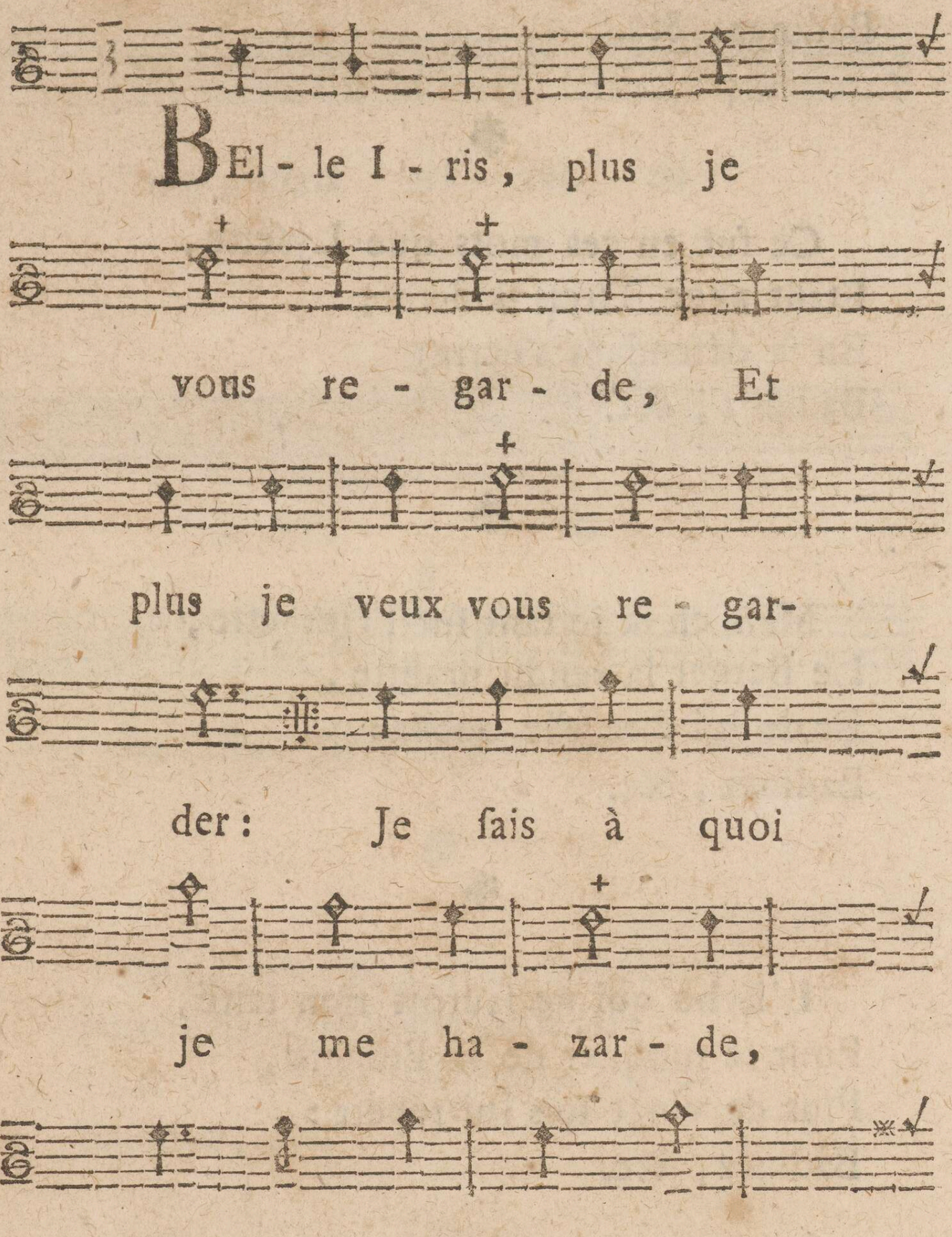
Ah! vôtre main eſt trop allerte,
Je ſens qu'elle me déconcerte,
Faut-il toujours vous dire, Hola?
Badinez, &c.

Ce fut en ces mots que Lyſette,
Etant avec Tircis ſeulette,
En ſe défendant s'écria:
Badinez, &c.

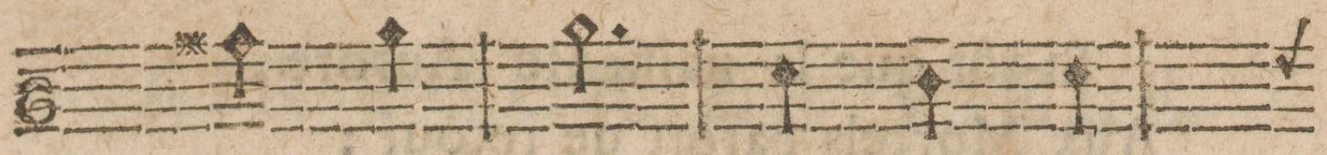
Mais en la jettant ſur l'Herbette,
Le Berger la rendit muëtte,
Et de lui dire elle oublia:
Badinez, &c.

L'Echo qui ne ſauroit rien taire,
Pour ſe moquer de la Bergère,
Plus de vingt fois lui répeta:
Badinez, &c.
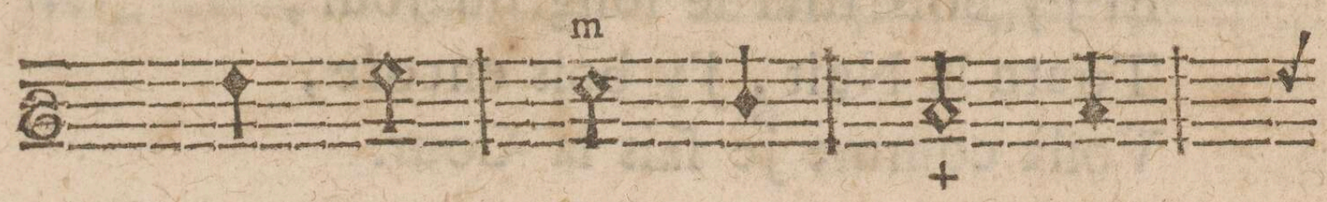
TENDRESSE BACHIQUE.
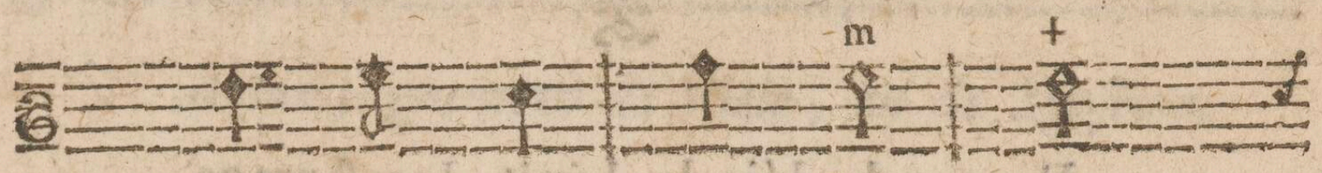


hazar-



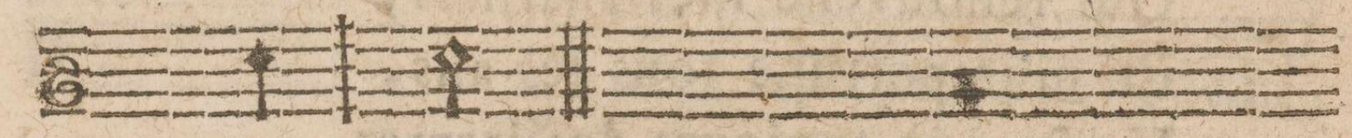
ha - zar - der; A mon re-



pos je prens peu gar - de,



Mais je ne veux pas le



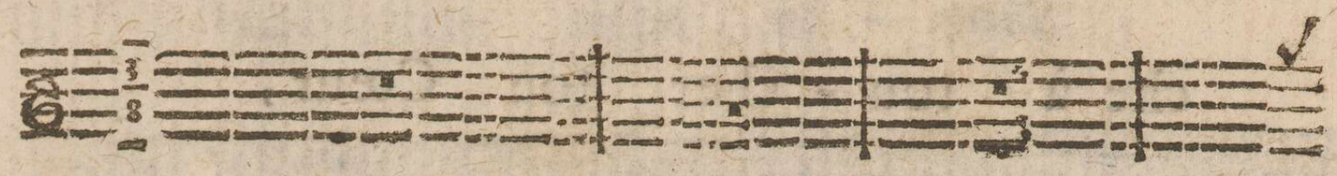
gar - der.

J'entends déja le bruit du Verre,
Et le Glou-glou de nos Flacons;
La Soif qui nous faiſoit la Guerre,
S'en va bien-tôt couler au fonds,
Et le chagrin ce téméraire,
Va ſe noyer dans nos Chanſons.

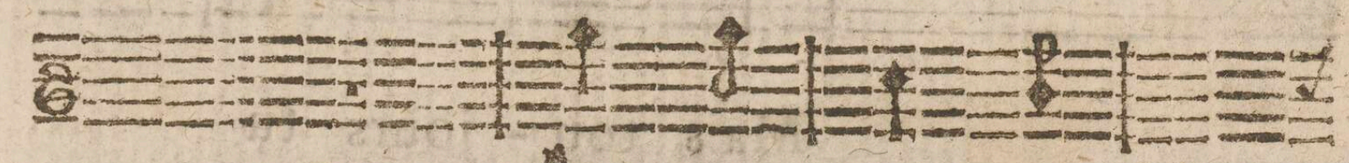
Si-tôt que la naiſſante Aurore,
Aux Mortels paroit de retour ;
Je bois à celle que j'adore,
Et j'y bois tout le long du Jour,
Toute la Nuit, j'y bois encore,
Voilà comme je fais la Cour.

J'entends déja le bruit des Armes,
Et le Tambour qui bat aux Champs ;
Qui renouvelle mes allarmes,
Et m'importune tous les ans,
Verſerai-je toujours des larmes,
A tous les retours du Printems.

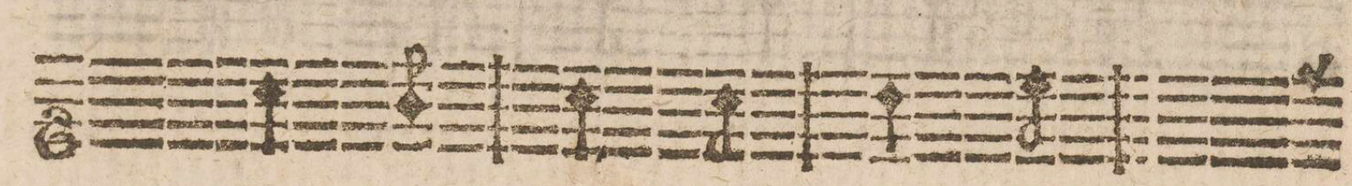
AIR POUR LA VIELE.

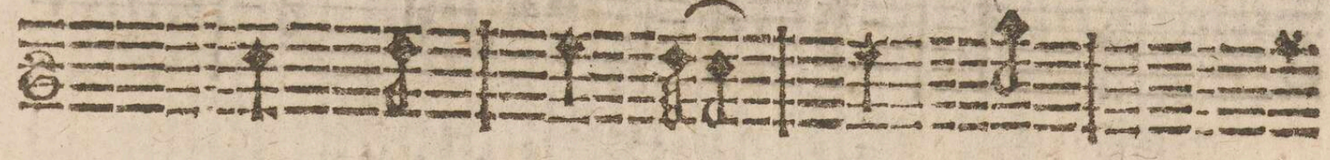


Accompagnement de Viele, ou de Muſette.

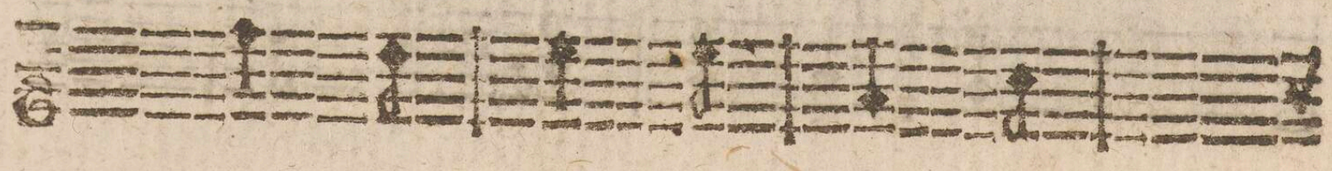


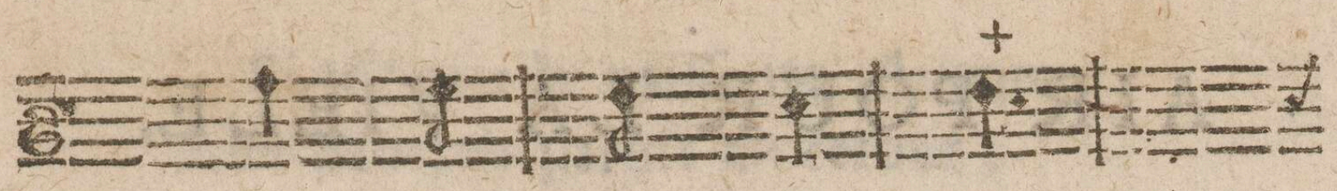
AH! que je t'ai-

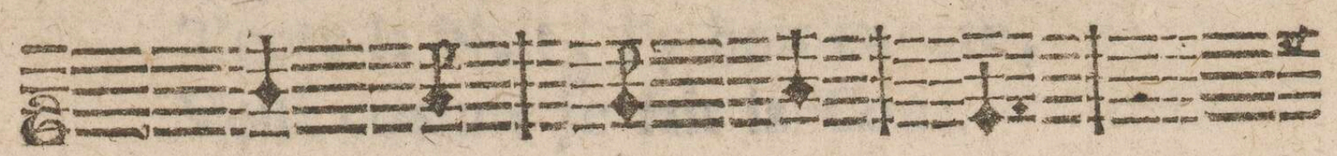




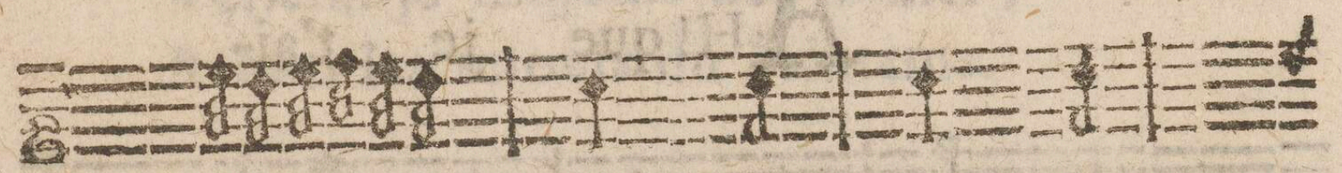
me Clau - di- ne, Je cher-
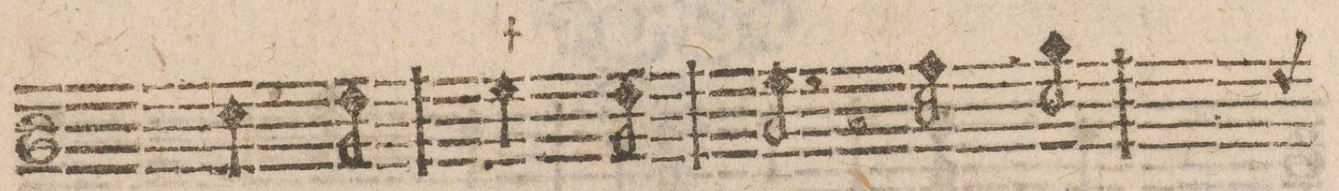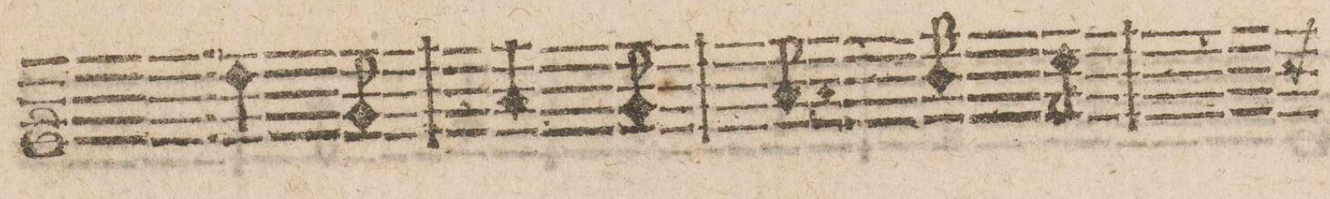






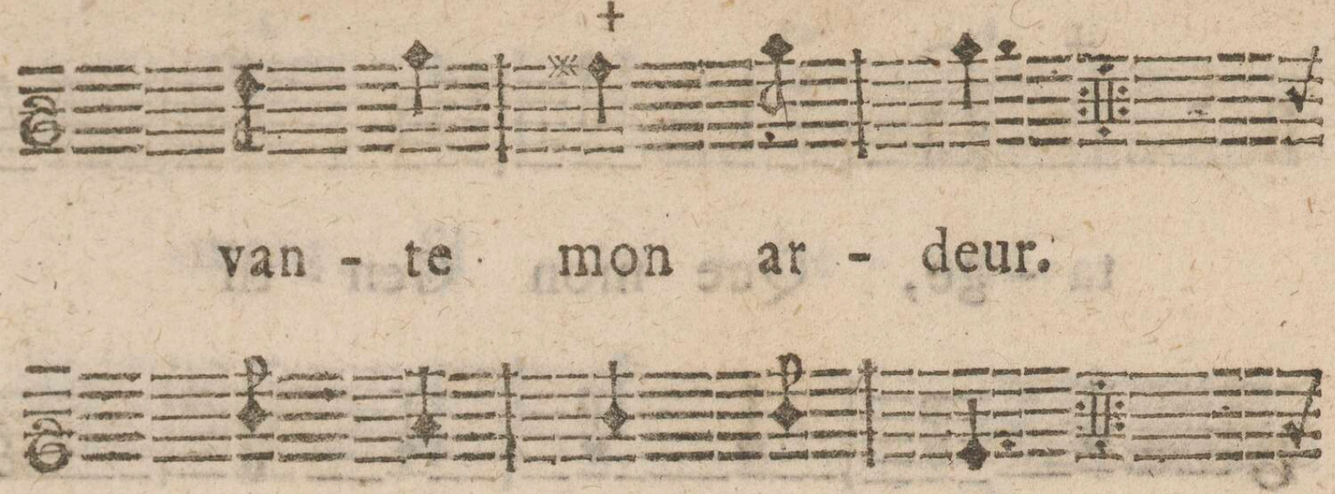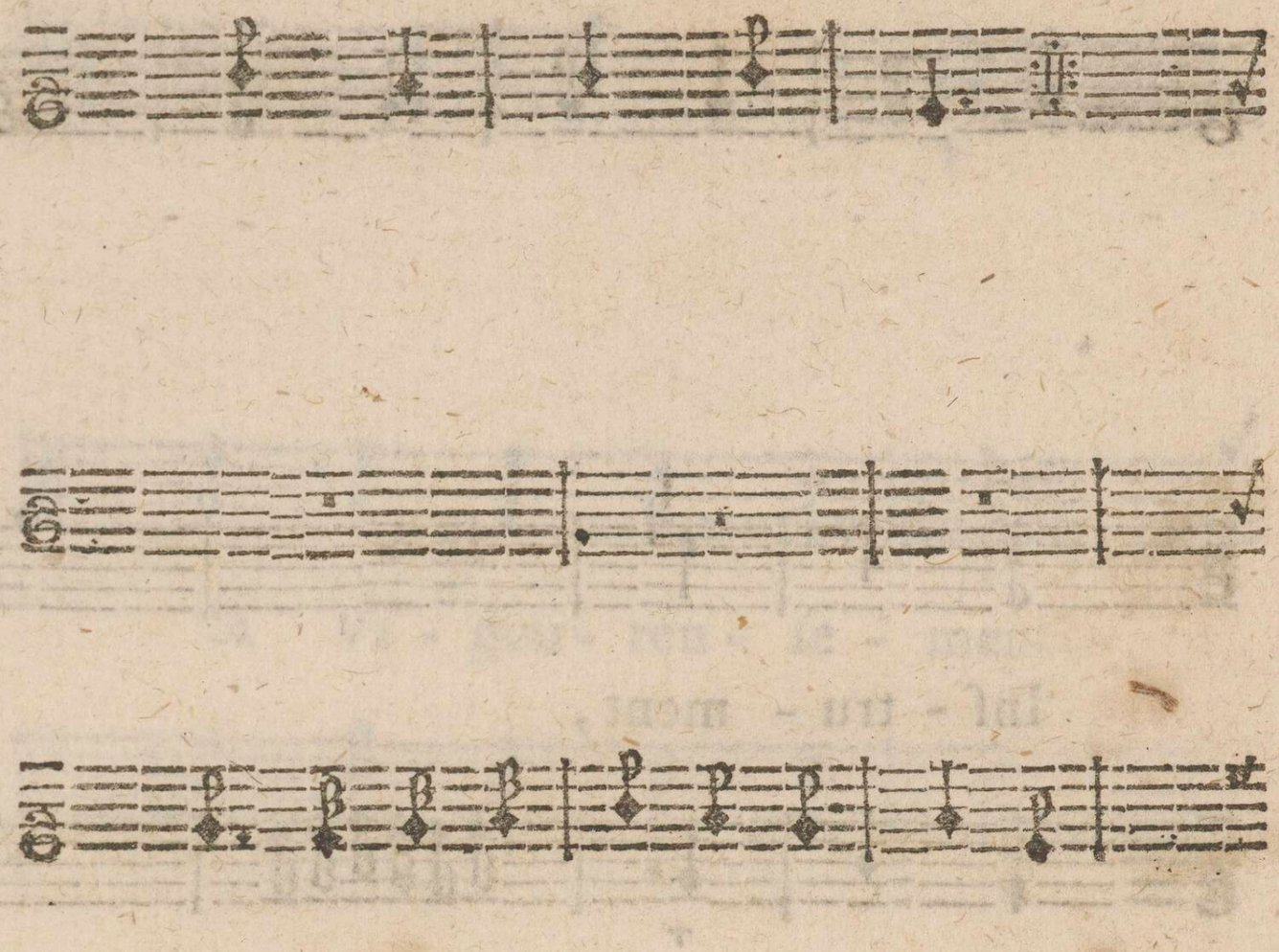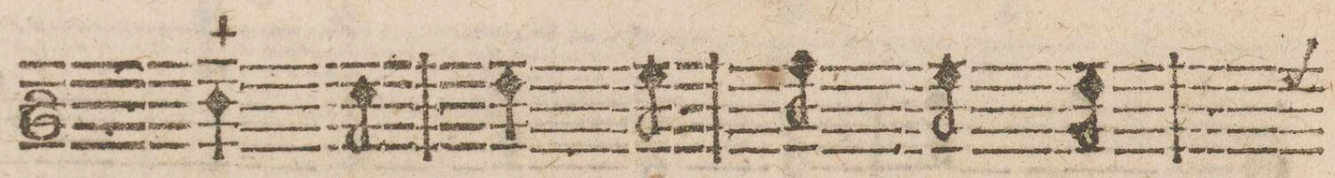








vante

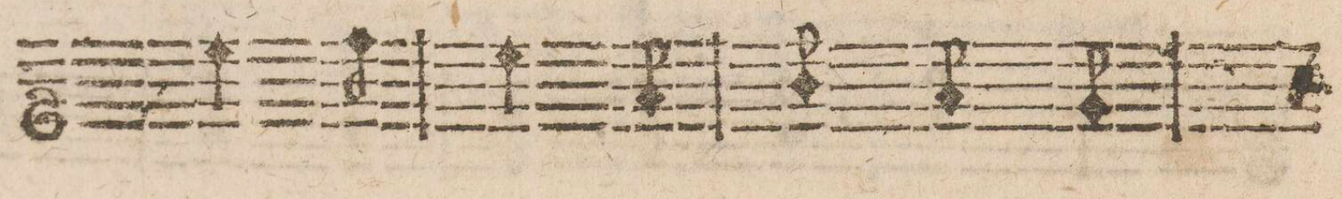


van - te mon ar - deur.

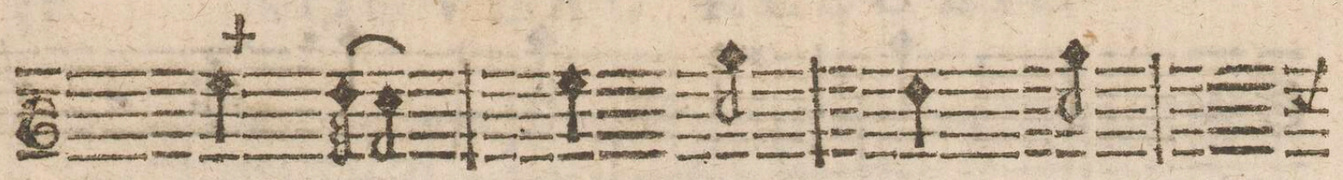




Je n'ai d'au-tre bien en par-
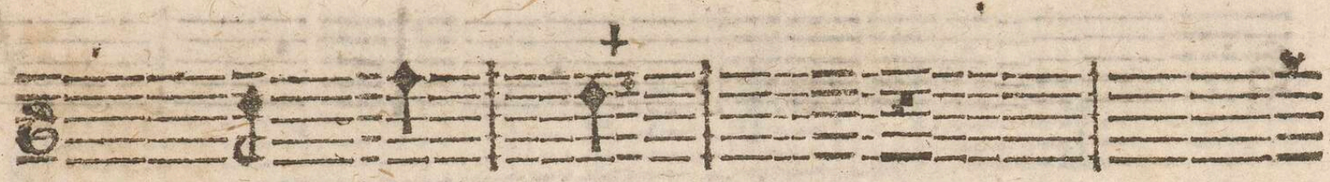


vanté

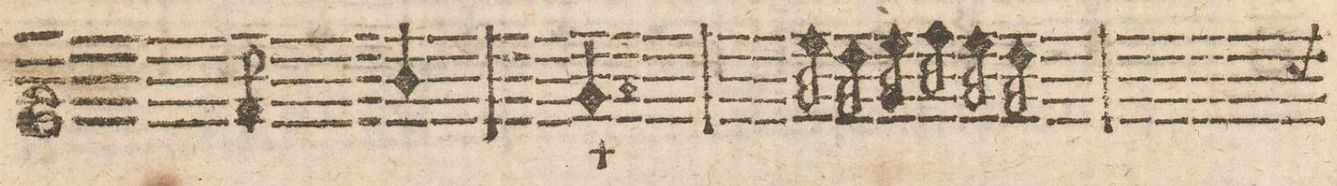


ta - ge, Que mon Gen - til





Inſ - tru - ment,
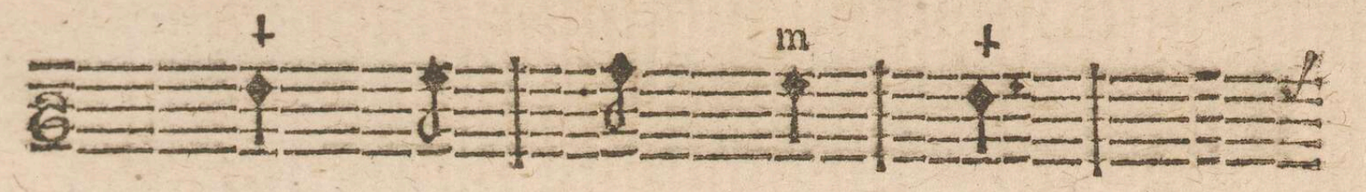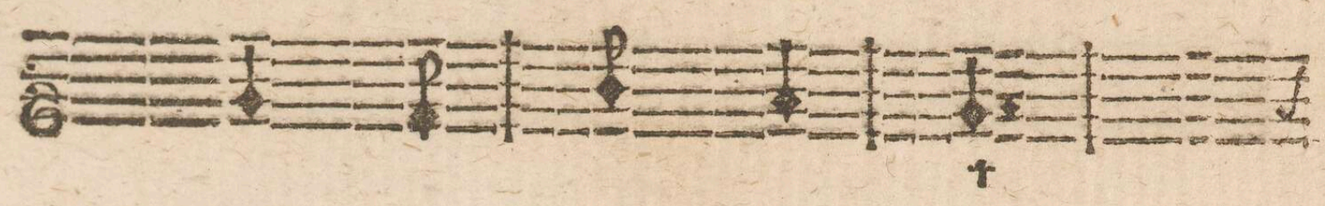




Mais j'en jou - ë ſi jo - li.
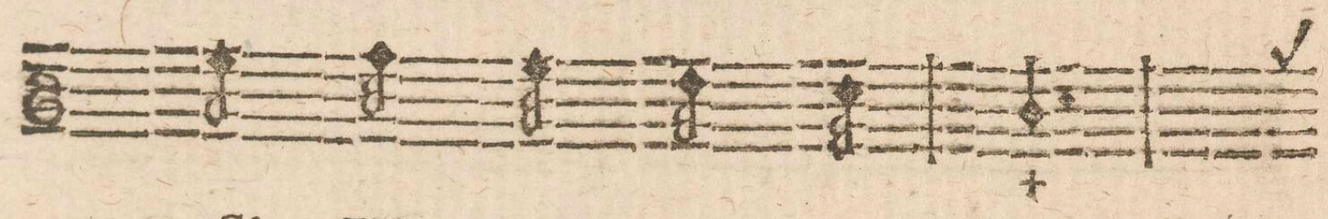


ment,



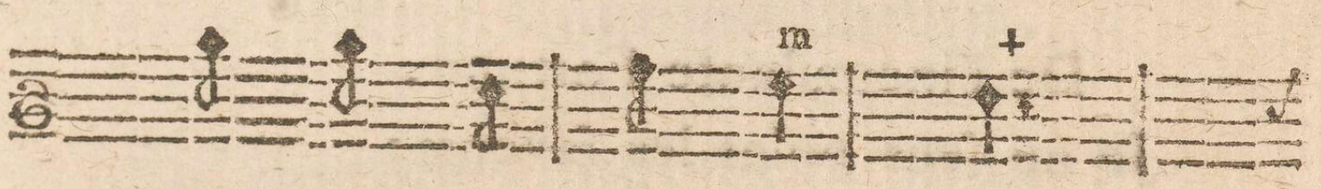
-ment, Si ten - dre - ment,



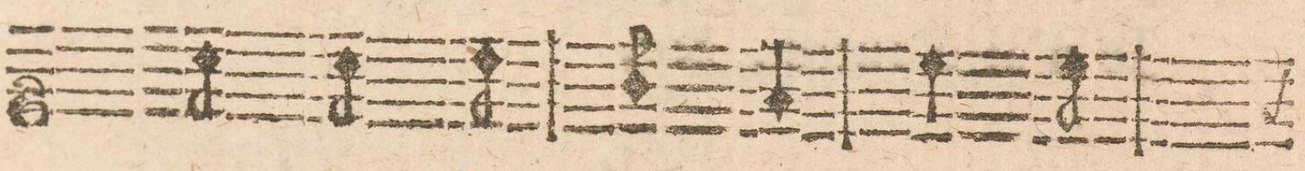


Si Vi - gou - reu - ſe - ment,

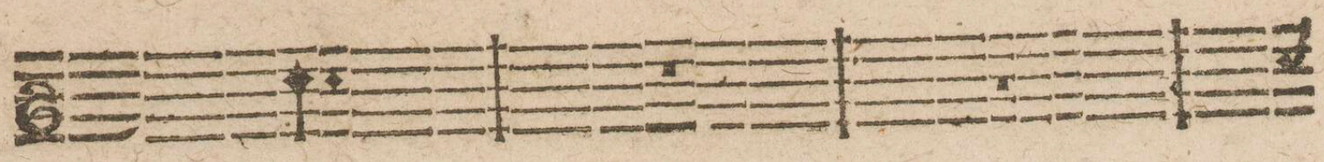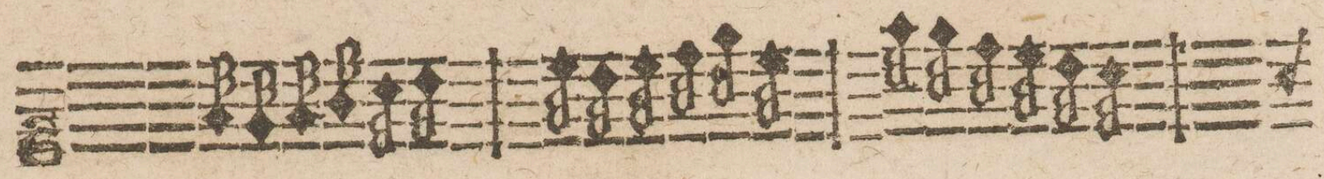




Qu'on ne peut da - van - ta-



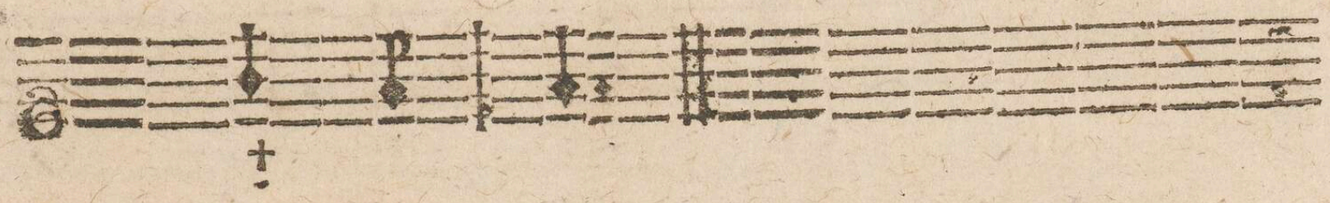
ment,



ge.







De l'inconſtante Fortune,
Je ne ſens point les faveurs:
Si tu m'aimois, belle Brune,
Je me rirois de ſes rigueurs;
Je n'ai d'autre, &c.

Quand
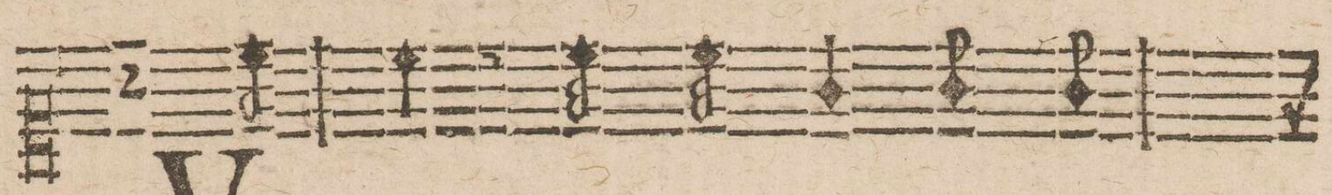
Quand j'aurois une Couronne,
Je voudrois ſuivre tes Loix,
Et malgré cela Friponne,
Tu ſonge à faire une autre choix;
Je n'ai d'autre, &c.

Si l'état du Mariage,
Eſt contraire à tes déſirs,
Souffre que le Badinage,
En imite les doux Plaiſirs;
Je n'ai d'autre, &c.

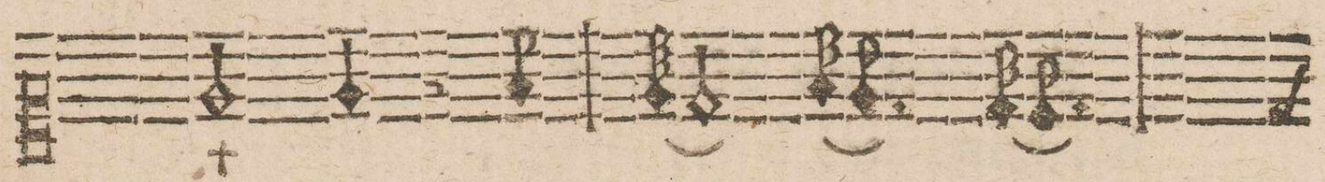
REPONSE.

Colin, je finis tes peines,
Je renonce à mes rigueurs,
Que l'Amour forme nos Chaînes,
Qu'il uniſſe toujours nos Cœurs;
J'ai de beaux Troupeaux en partage,
Toi, ton Gentil Inſtrument,
Dont tu jouë ſi joliment,
Si tendrement, ſi vigoureuſement,
Que faut-il d'avantage.

CHANSONNETTE.



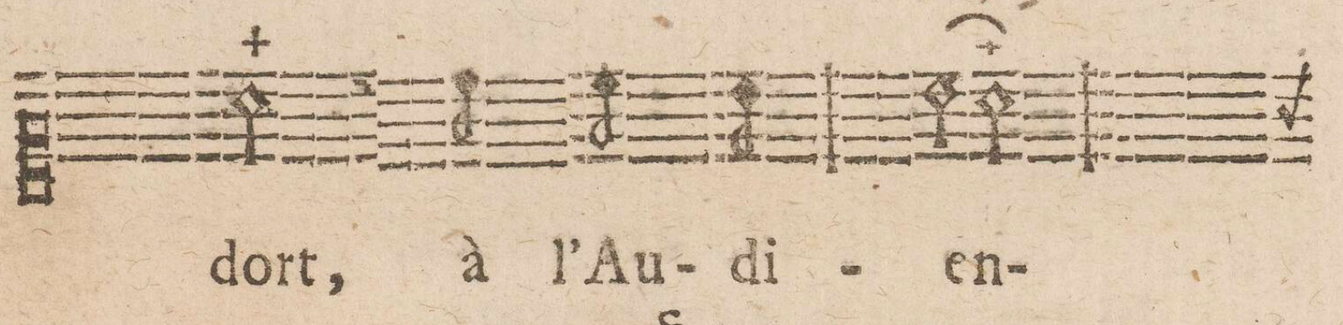
VE- nez, ad- mi- rer ma Sci-
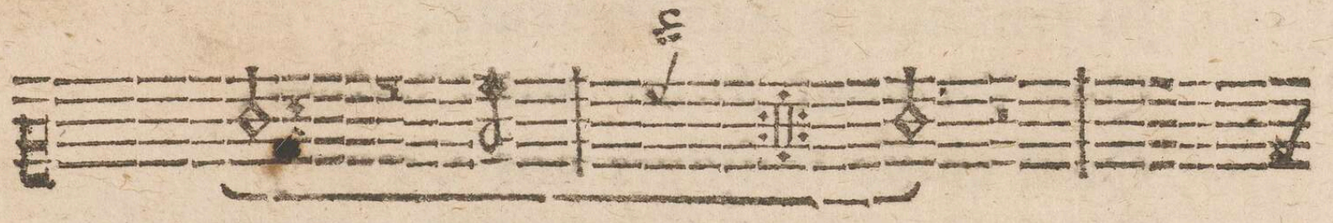


en- ce, J'a- prens à dor-



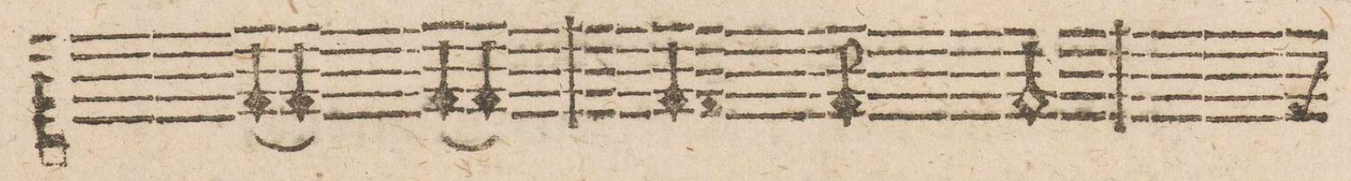
mir ſa- vam- ment, Com- me l'on



dort, à l'Au- di- en-



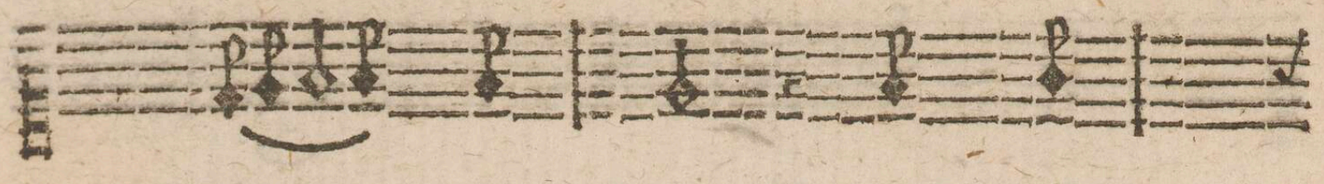
ce: Ve-, &c. ce:
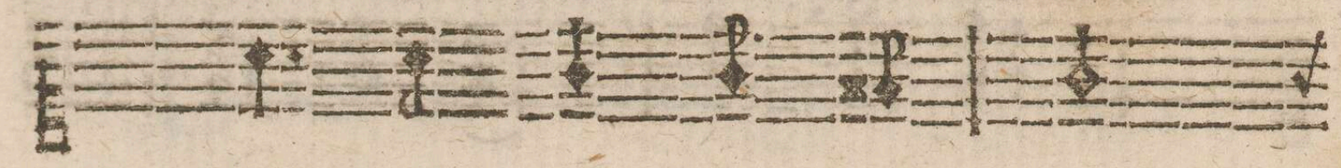


Ron- flez, Ron- fle- ez,

BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH
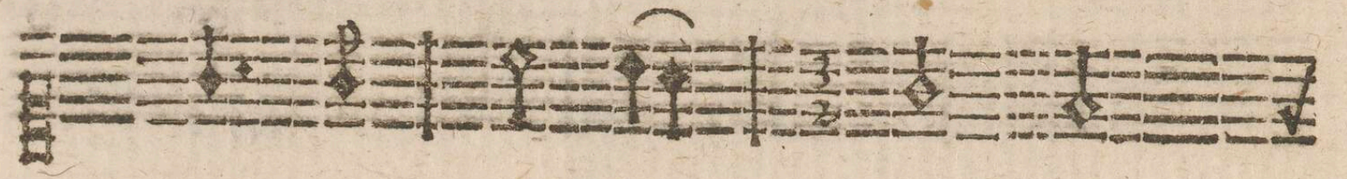
Ron



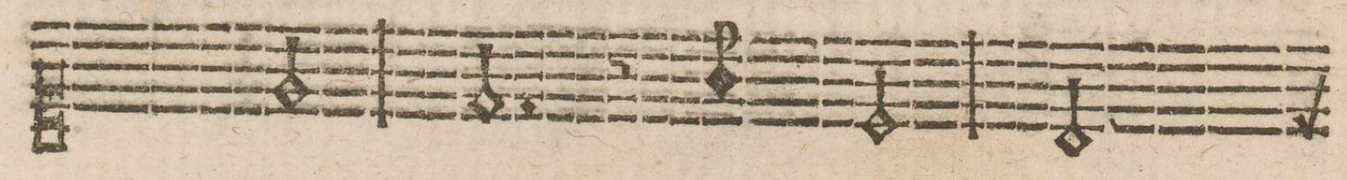
Ron - flé - ez, gra - ve-
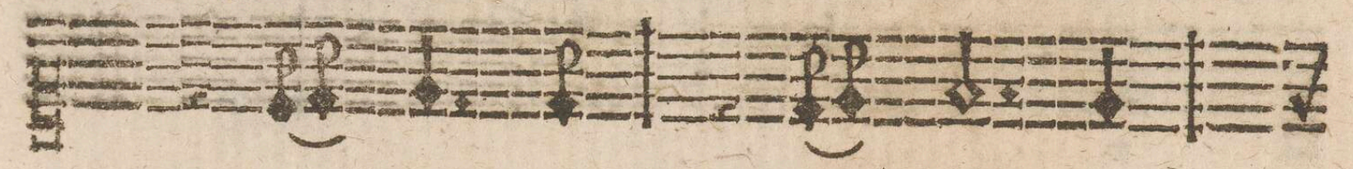


ment, la tê - te le - vé-



e, Ou- vrez les yeux en



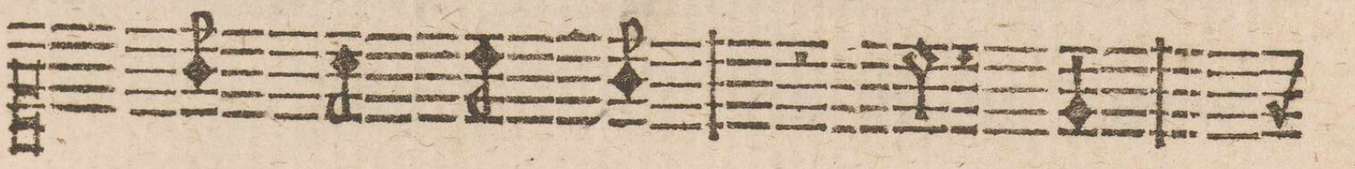
dor - mant, Et baâil - lez,



ba - a - a - ba - a - a-



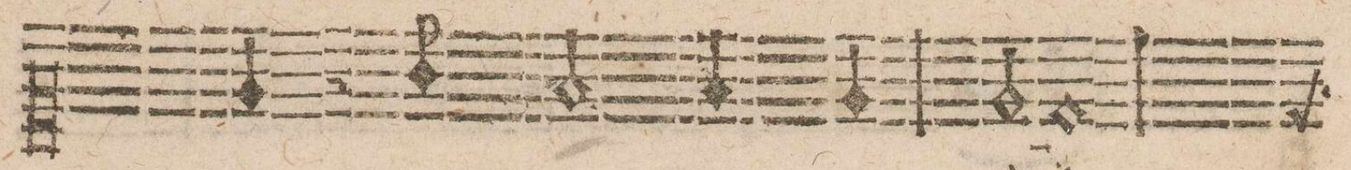
ba - a - a - a-
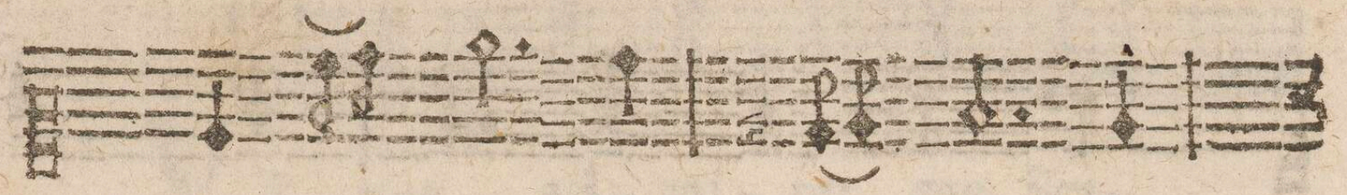


ba - a - a - a - a - ail-

Ron

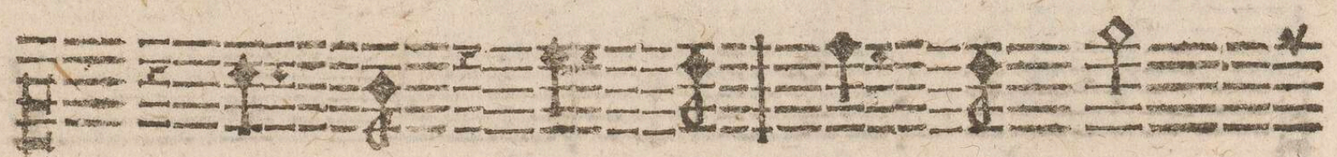
lez,
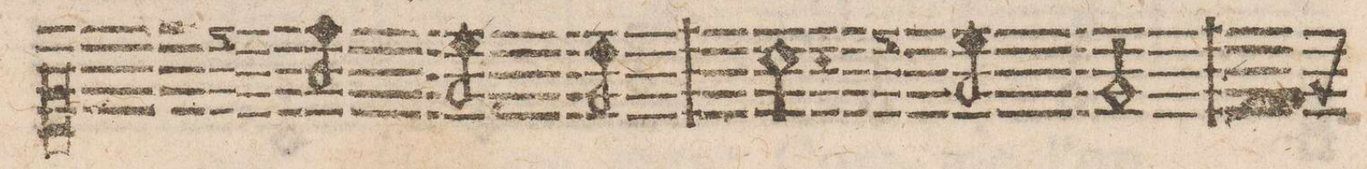


lez, La Bou- che fer - mé-



e, Ba - a - a - a - a - a-



a - a - a - a - a - a - a-



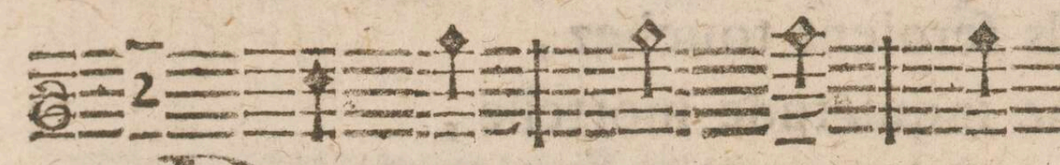
a - a - a - a - a - ail-



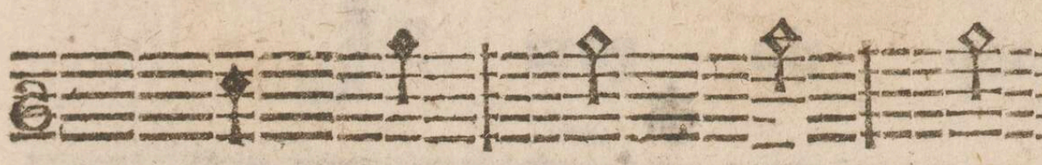
lez, La Bou-che fer - mé - é.

VA U-

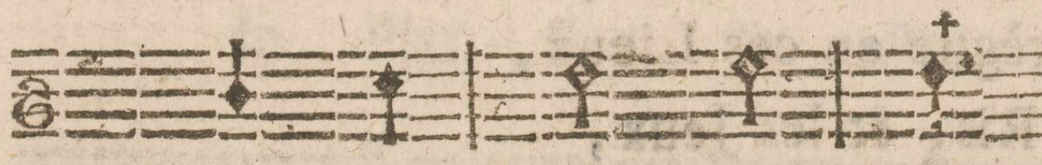
VAUDEVILLE.



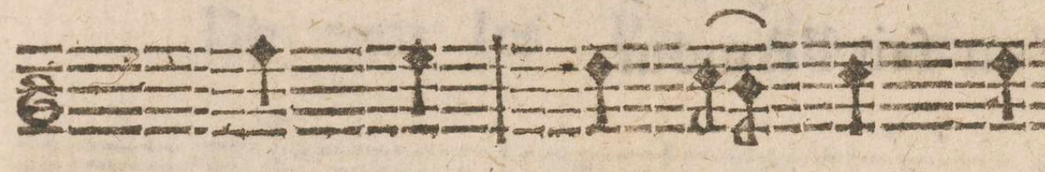
DAns nô - tre Vil - la - ge,
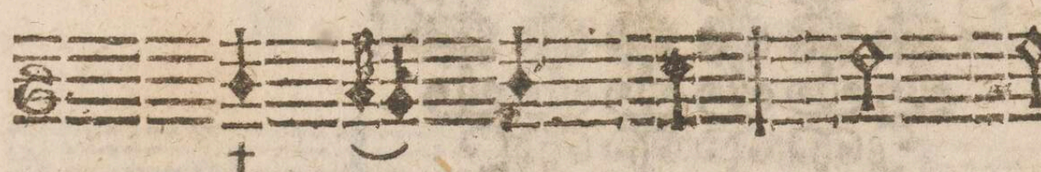


Cha - cun vit con - tent:



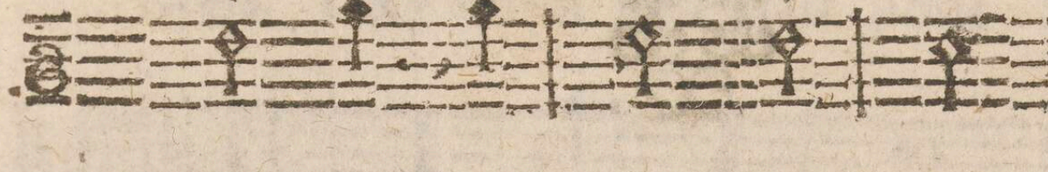
Les Ber - gers chan - tants A-



près a - voir fait leur Ou-



vra - ge, Le reſ - te du

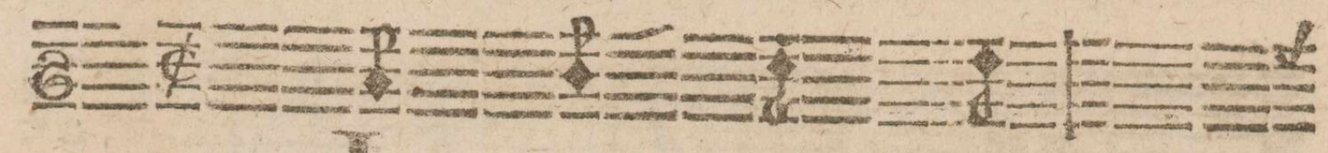


jour, Vont fai - re l'A - mour. mour.

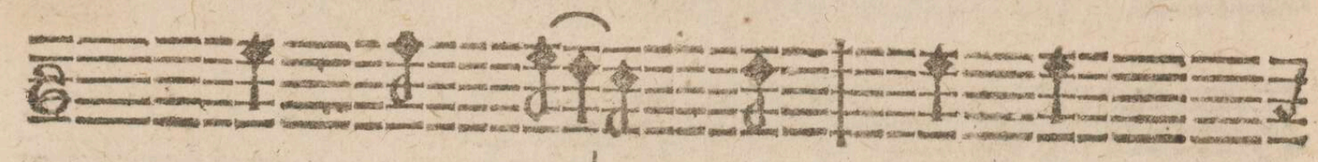
Ils ſont à leurs Belles,
Si fort attachez,
Qu'ils ſeroient touchez,
D'une inquiétude mortelle,
S'ils paſſoient un jour,
Sans faire l'Amour.

Jamais la Triſteſſe,
Ne règne en ces Lieux,
Les Ris, & les Jeux,
Y font leur demeure ſans ceſſe;
Ah! le beau ſéjour,
Où l'on fait l'Amour.

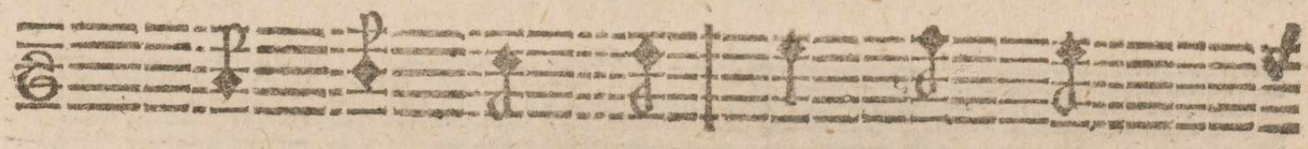
GAVOTTE.



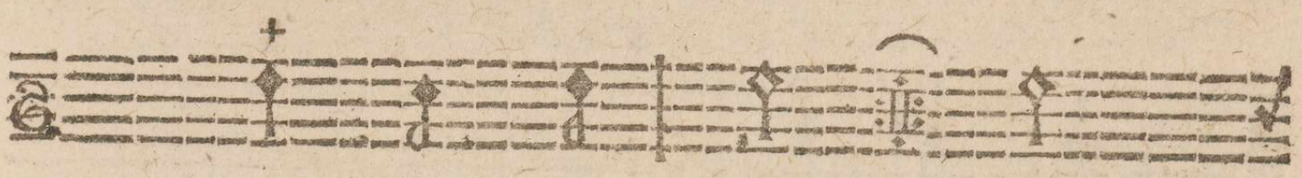
JE croy - ois que



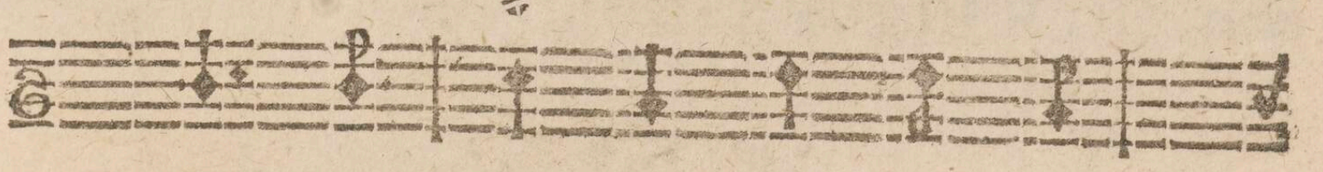
le Plai - ſir de Boi - re,



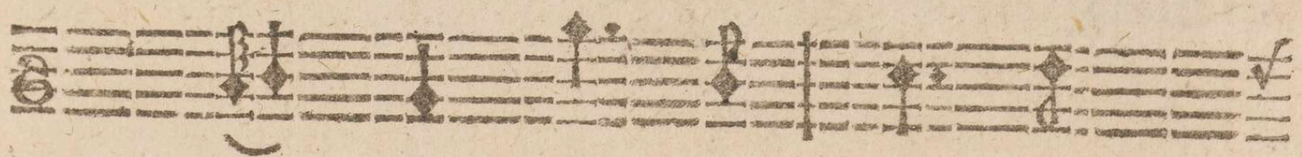
De tous les Plai - ſirs é - toit



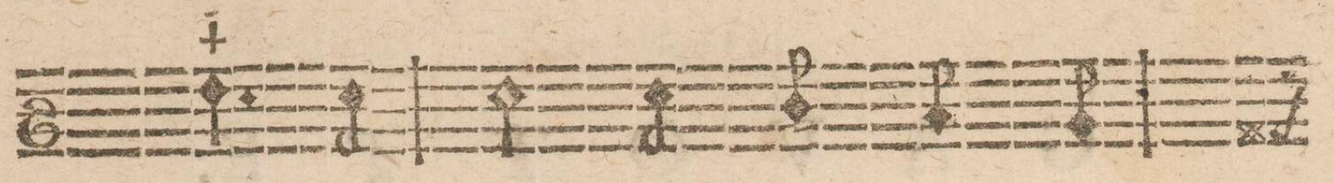
le plus char - mant: mant:



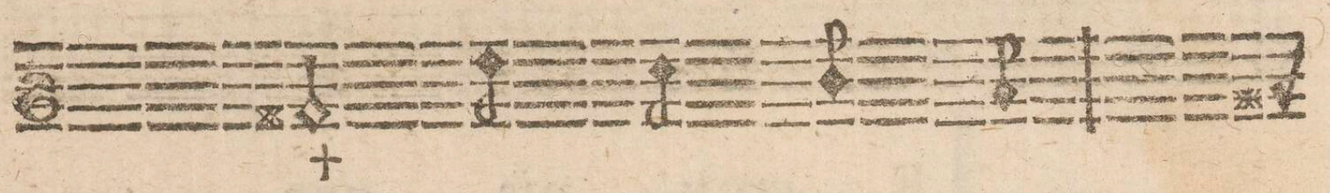
Mais l'A - mour m'a fait pour ſa



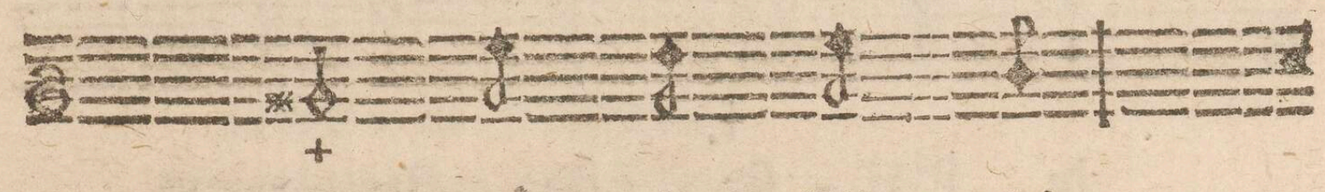
Gloi - re, Voir & pen - ſer
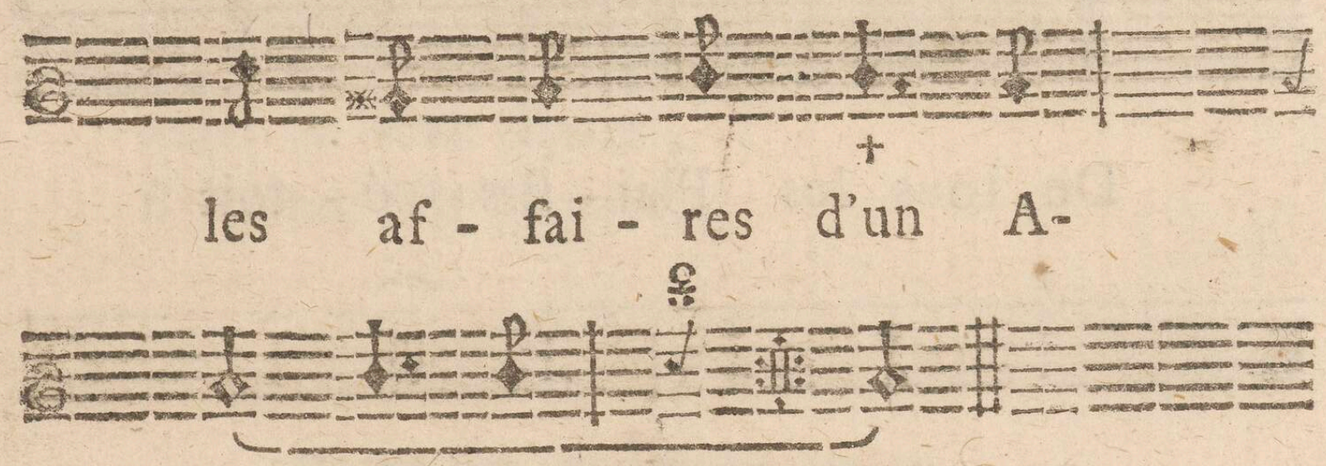


au - tre - ment; J'ai - me ten - dre-



ment, Et ne bois qu'au-



tant, Que le Vin fait

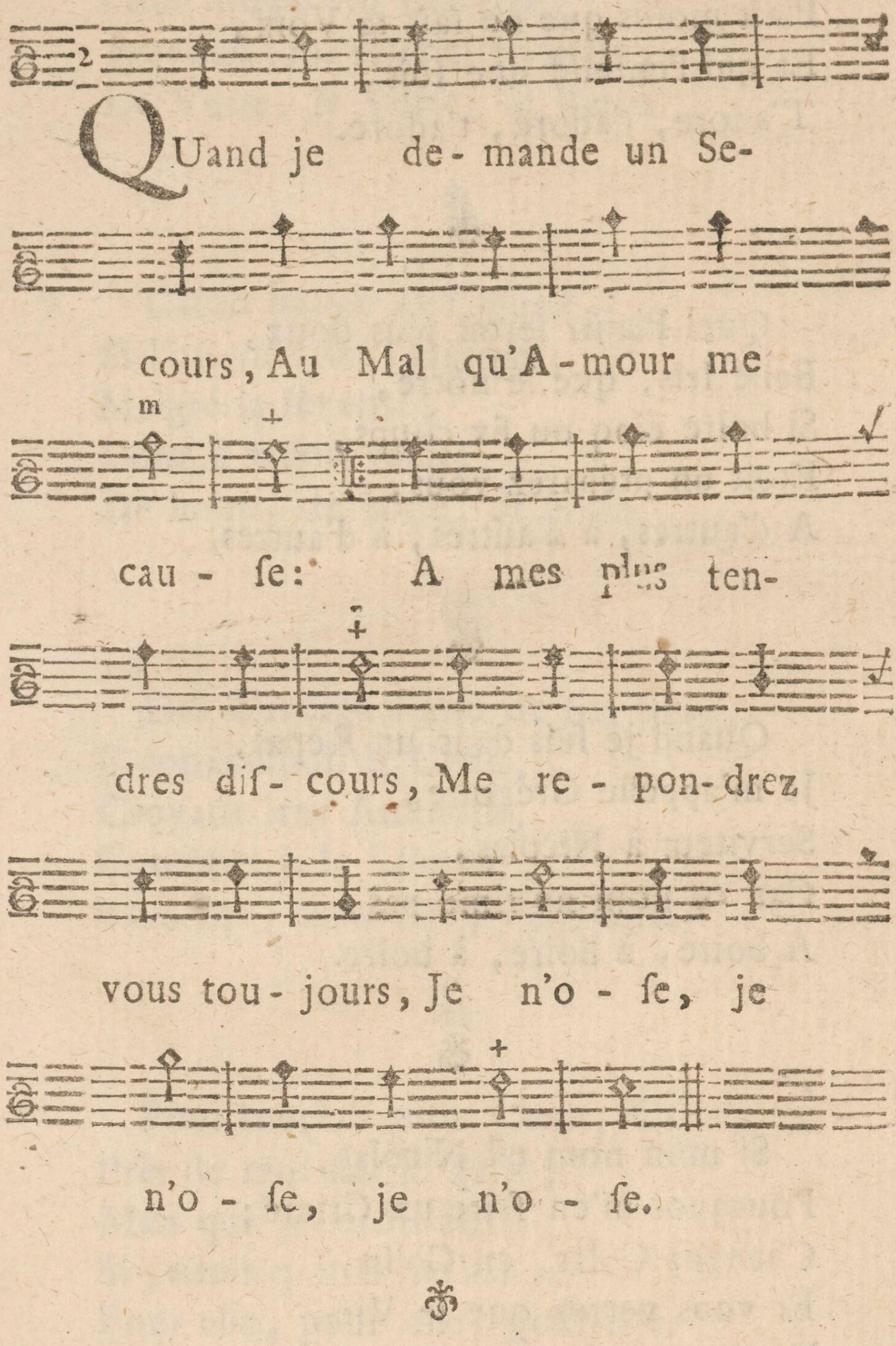


les af - fai - res d'un A-

mant. Mais l'A-, &c. mant.

AIR

CHANSON A COUPLETS.



Le Roſſignol dans nos Bois,
Au lever de l'Aurore,
Plaît moins que ne fait ta Voix,
Et qui l'entend une fois,
T'adore, t'adore, t'adore.

Quel Plaiſir ſeroit plus doux,
Belle Iris, que le nôtre,
Si boire cinq ou ſix coups,
Etoit un préparez-vous,
A d'autres, à d'autres, à d'autres.

Quand je ſuis dans un Repas,
Je m'appelle Grégoire,
Serviteur à Nicolas,
Car ce nom ne rime pas,
A boire, à boire, à boire.

Si mon nom eſt Nicolas,
Pourquoi m'en faire un Crime;
Changez Colas, en Colin,
Et vous verrez que le Vin,
Y rime, y rime, y rime.

Amis, ſans un peu de Vin,
Que ferions nous ſur Terre,
Pour diſſiper le Chagrin,
Prenons tous chacun en main,
Le Verre, le Verre, le Verre.

Caton même s'eſt piqué,
Si l'on en croit l'Hiſtoire,
Malgré la ſéverité,
Dont il faiſoit vanité,
De boire, de boire, de boire.
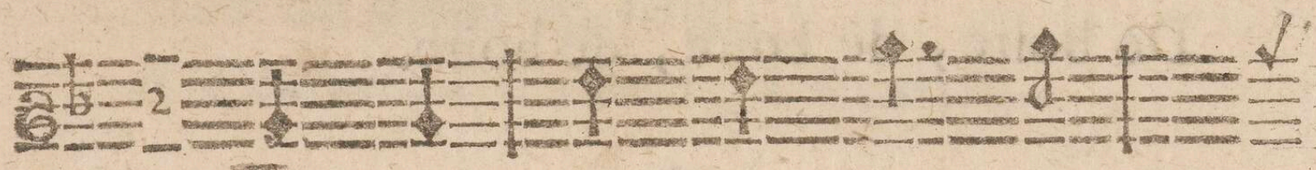
Des Buveurs d'Eau de ſon tems,
Il condamnoit la Gêne,
Croyant leur Auſterité,
Contraire à la Liberté
Romaine, Romaine, Romaine.

Pour toucher mon Cœur, Catin,
Près de moi fait la Belle;
Mais que je ſerois badin,
Si j'allois quitter le Vin,
Pour elle, pour elle, pour elle.

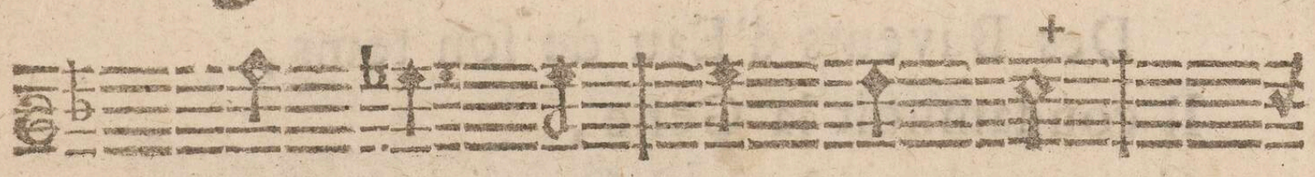
Amis,

L'autre jour je conſultois,
Un Docteur de Sorbonne,
Pour ſavoir ſi je péchois,
Quand je vuidois la Tonne;
Cet admirable Savant,
Me répondit à l'inſtant,
Entonne, entonne, entonne.
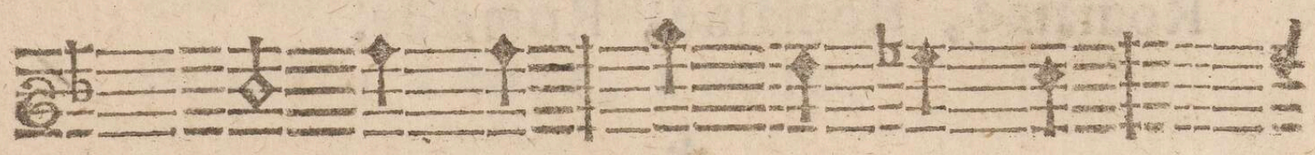
VAUDEVILLE.



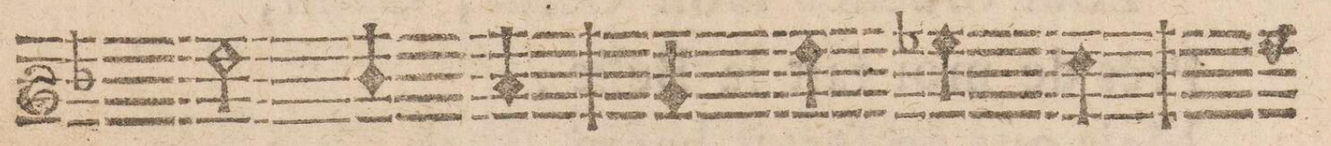
JE ſuis né pour le Plai-



ſir, Bien Fou qui s'en paſ-

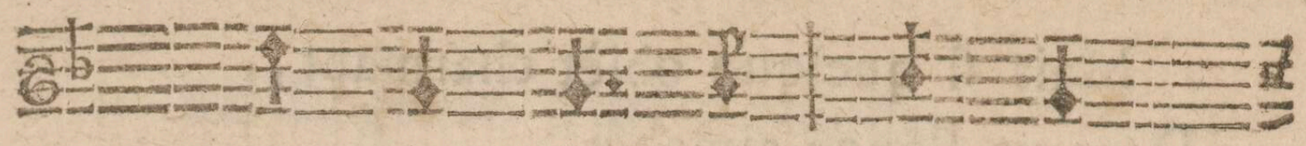


ſe, Je ne veux point le choi-



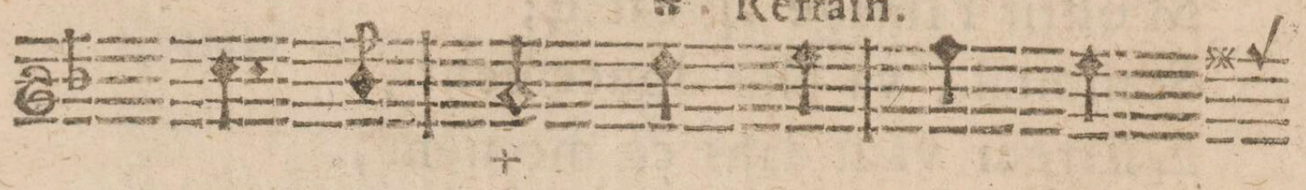
ſir, Sou-vent le choix em-bar-

raſſe,
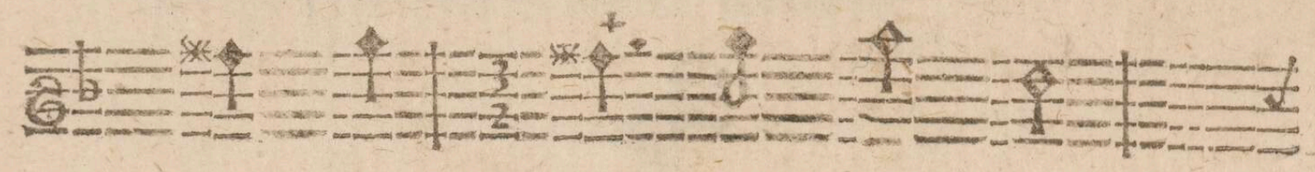


raſ - ſe, M'ai - me - t'on j'ai-
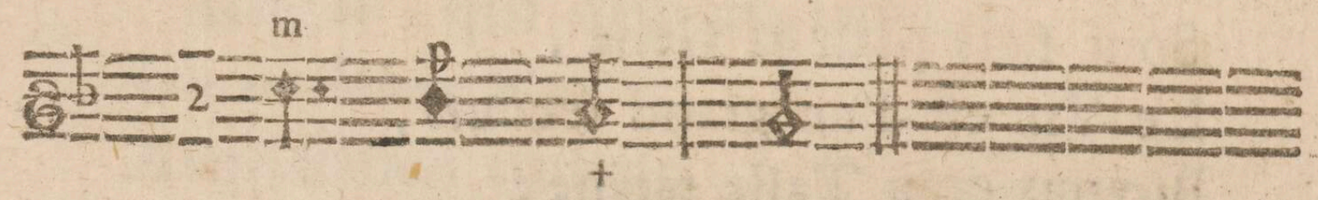
℔ Refrain.



me ſou - dain, Boit - on, j'ai le



Ver-re en main, Je tiens par



tout ma pla - ce.

Dormir eſt un tems perdu,
Faut-il qu'on s'y livre,
Sommeil prend ce qui t'eſt dû,
Mais attend que je ſois yvre,
Saiſis-moi dans ce moment,
Fais moi dormir promptement,
Je ſuis preſſé de vivre.

Mais ſi quelque objèt charmant,
Dans un Songe aimable,
Vient d'un Plaiſir ſéduiſant;
M'offrir l'Image agréable;
Sommeil, va plus doucement,
L'Erreur vaut dans ce moment,
Un bonheur véritable.

Les Cœurs faits pour les Amours,
Sont faits pour la Gêne,
Le Vin eſt d'un grand ſecours,
Buvons-en à Taſſe pleine,
Je te dois, charmant Bachus,
La douceur de n'aimer plus,
La perfide Climène.

Je ne dis pas pour cela,
Qu'on renonce aux Belles;
On peut bien par-ci, par-là,
Careſſer quelque Fémelle;
C'eſt un doux amuſement,
Mais plûtôt que d'être Amant,
J'irois aux Dardanelles.

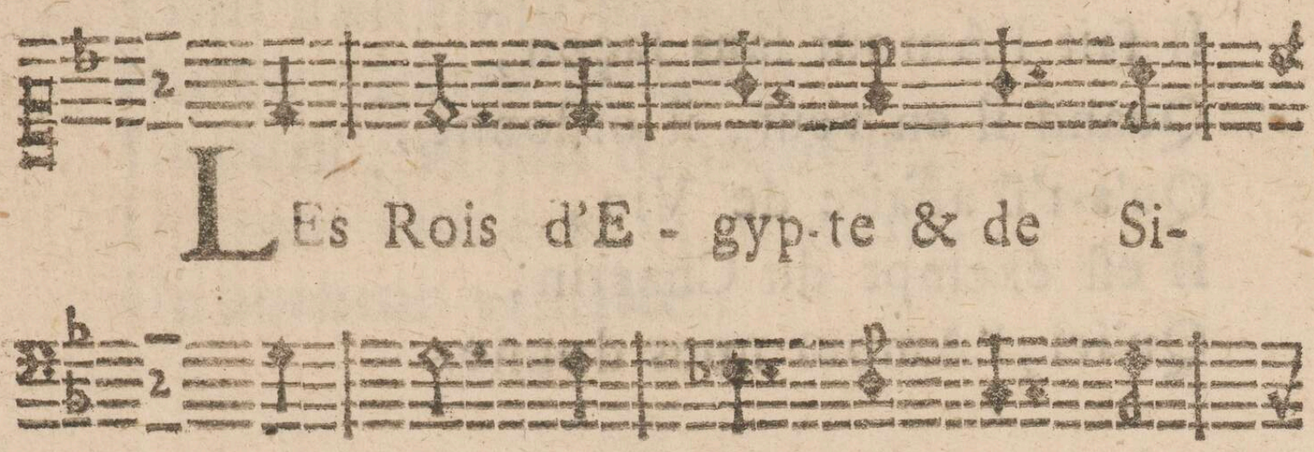
Le Seigneur Turc a raiſon,
Sa méthode eſt bonne,
Il fait l'Amour ſans façon,
Quand il en veut, il ordonne;
Qu'a-t'il affaire de Vin,
Il eſt éxempt du Chagrin,
Qu'ici, l'Amour nous donne.

C'eſt-là, que dans un Sérail,
Où perſonne n'entre,
Avec certain attirail;
Mais le nommer, c'eſt le Diantre;
Ce Seigneur a tout pouvoir,
De tout faire, & de tout voir,
Il eſt là dans ſon centre.

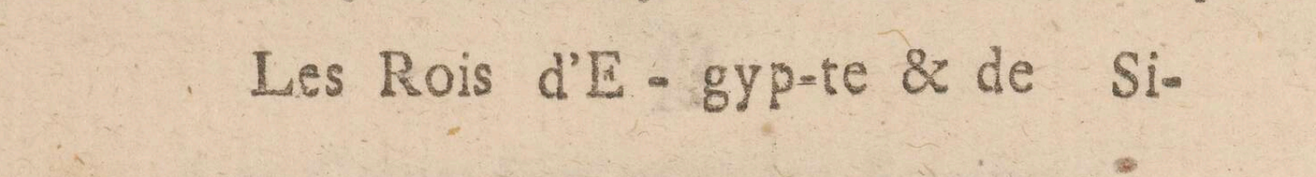
Le

DUO.
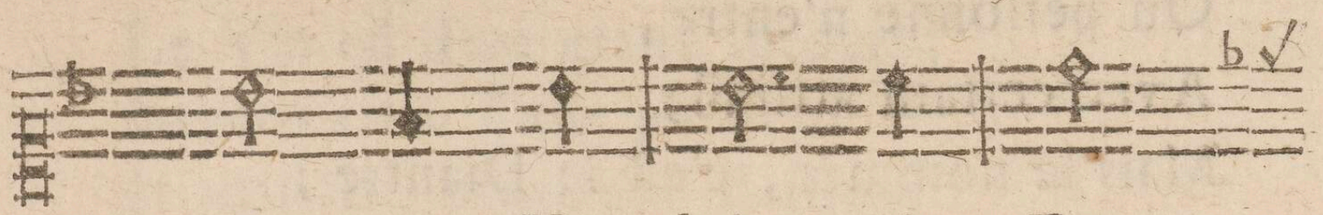
DUO.



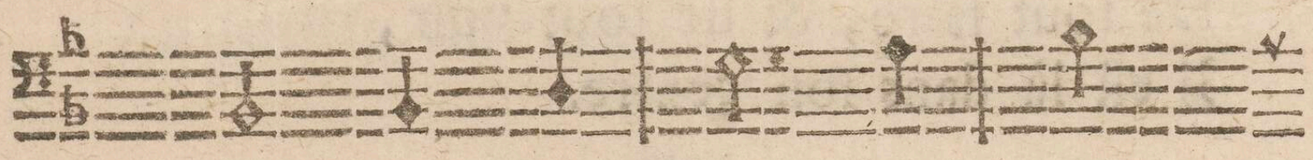
Les Rois d'E - gyp-te & de Si-



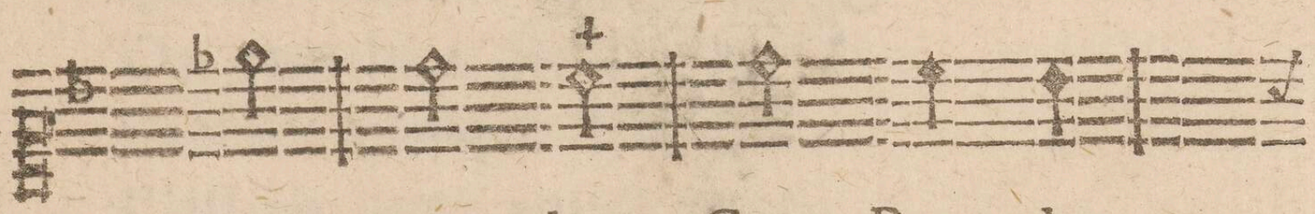
Les Rois d'E - gyp-te & de Si-
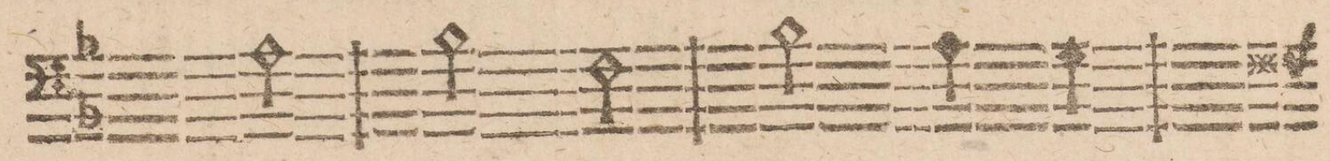


ri - e, Vou-loient qu'on Em-



ri - e, Vou-loient qu'on Em-

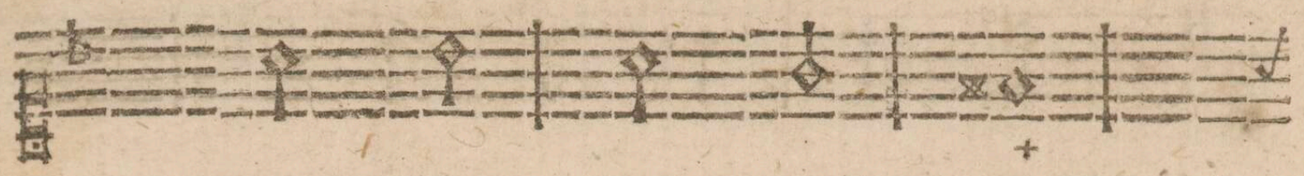


baû - mat leur Corps, Pour du-

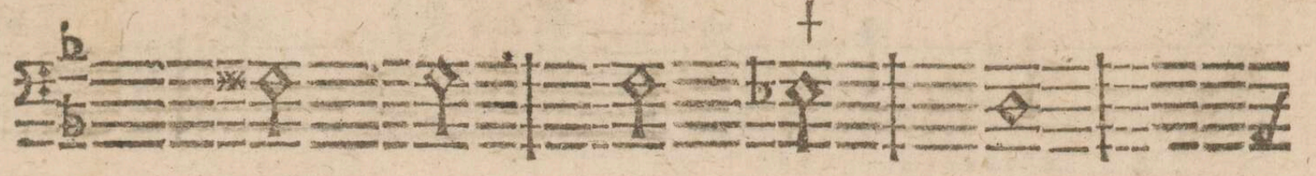


baû - mat leur Corps, Pour du-

rer



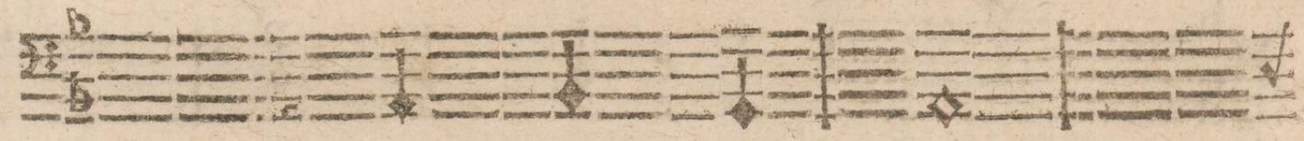
-rer plus long-tems morts,



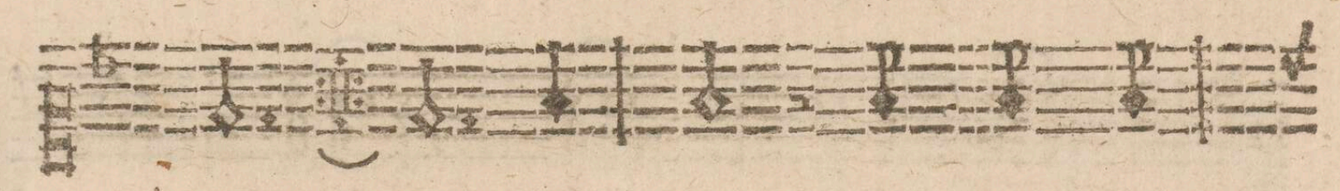
-rer plus long-tems morts,
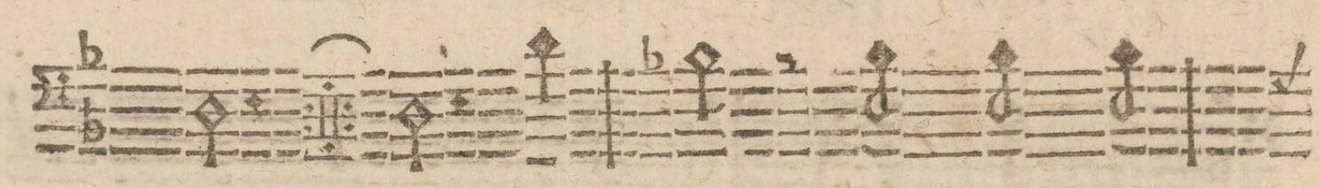


Quel-le Fo-li-



Quel-le Fo-li-
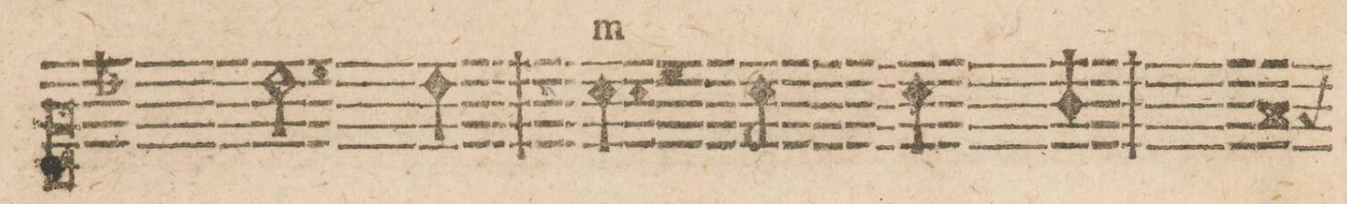


e: e: A-vant, que de nos
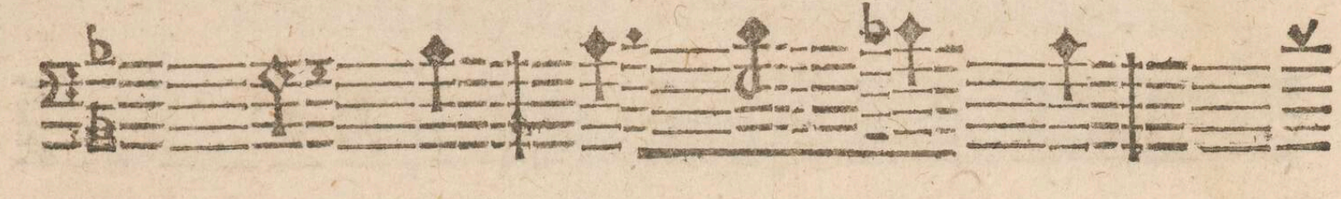


e: e: A-vant, que de nos

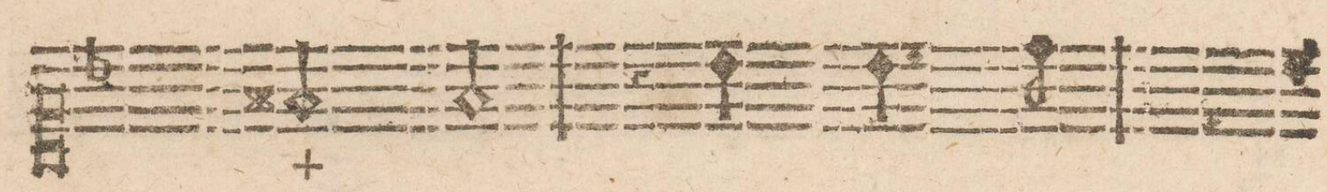
Corps



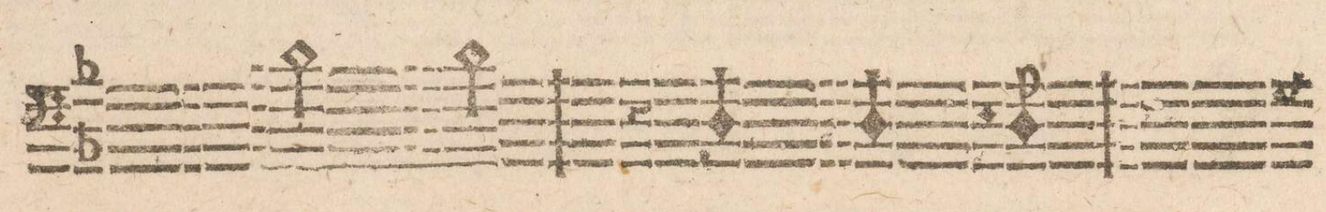
Corps nô-tre A-me ſoit par-
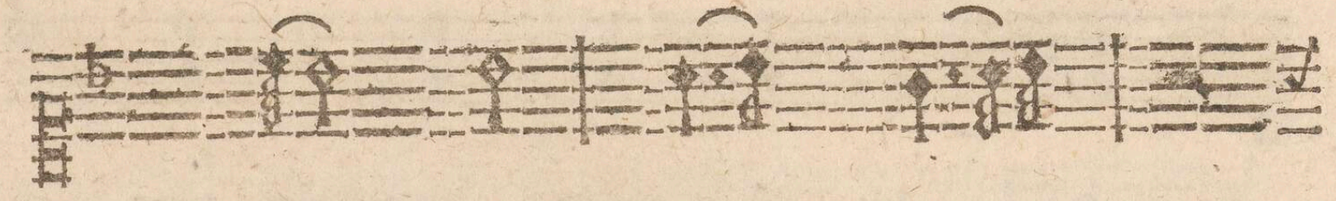


Corps nô-tre A-me ſoit par-



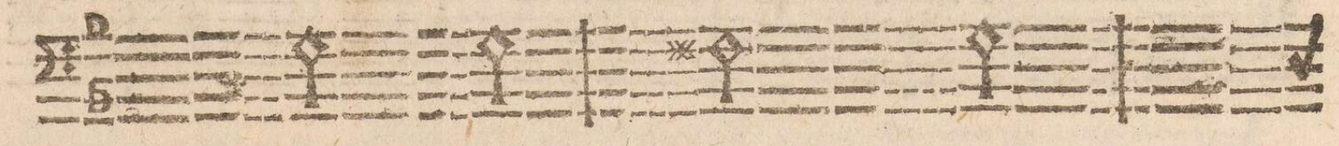
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ti - e, A - vec du

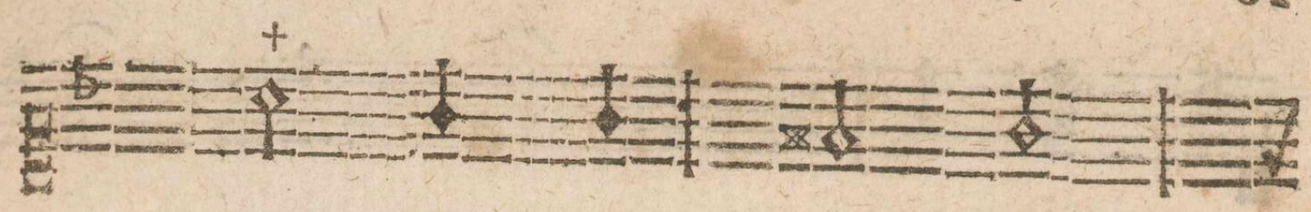


Vin Em - baû - mons

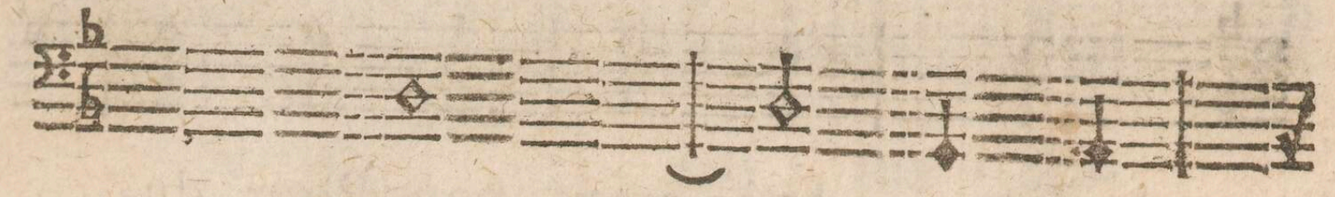


Vin Em - baû - mons

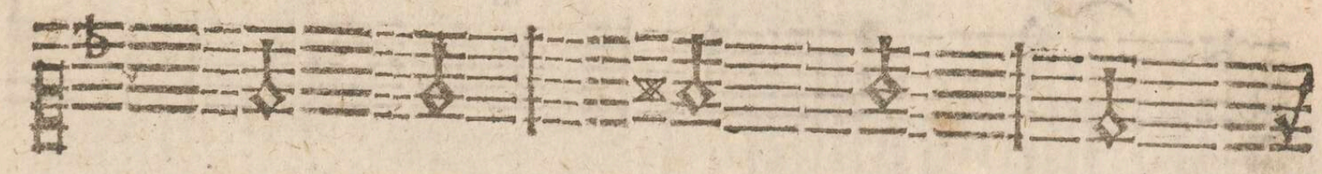
nous,



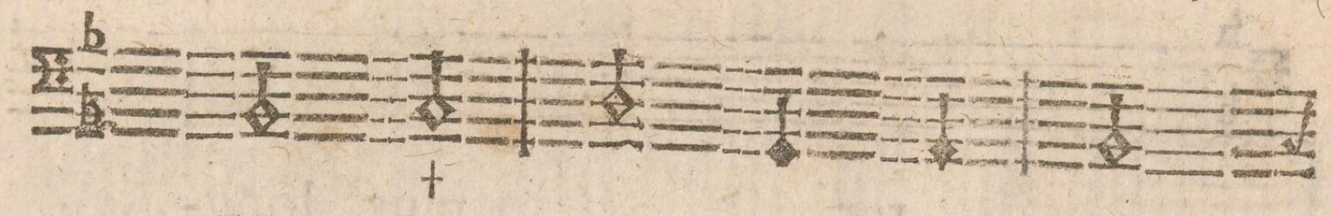
nous, Que ce Baû-me eſt



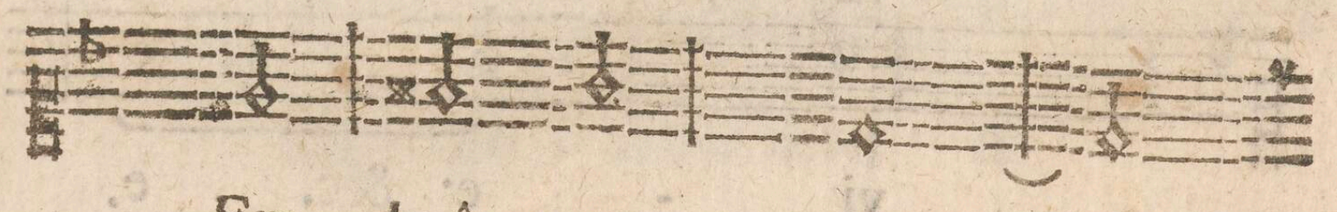
nous - -, Que ce



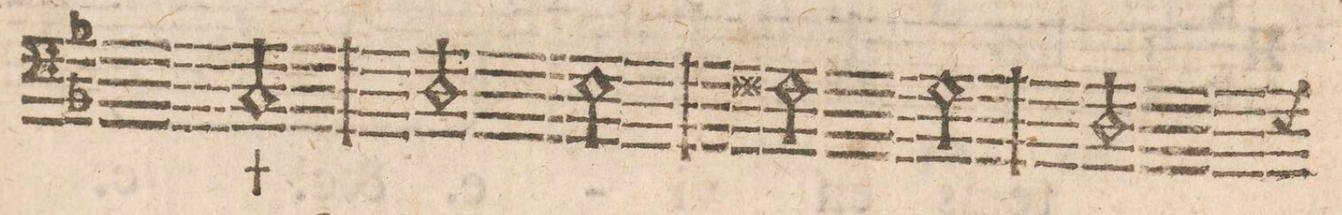
doux, Em - baû-mons nous,
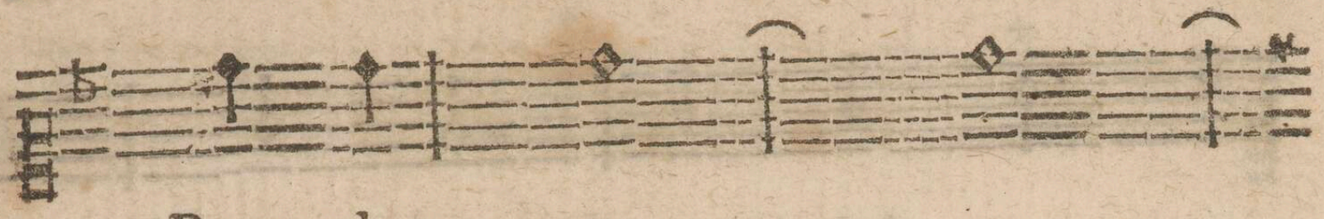


Baû-me eſt doux, Que ce Bau-



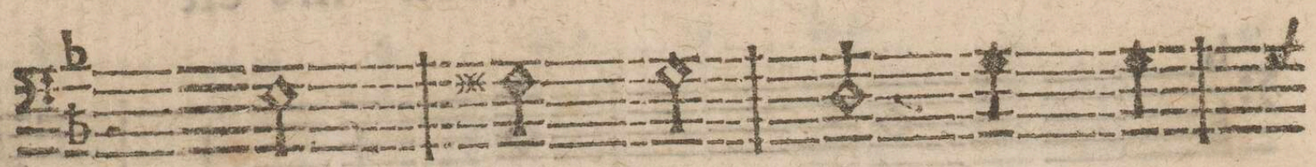
Em - baû-mons nous -,
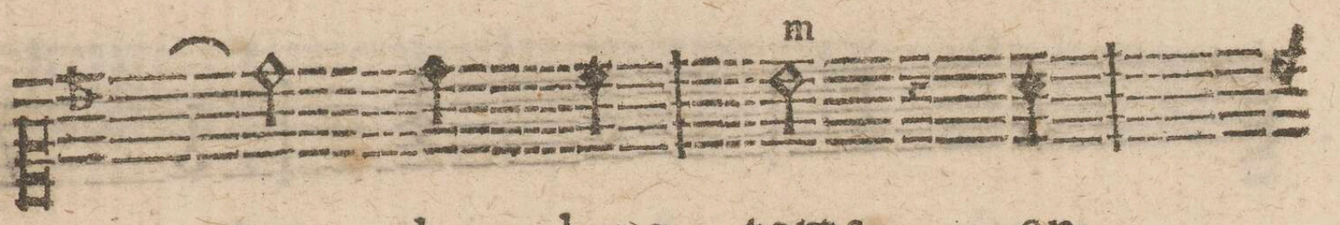


me eſt doux, Em - baû-mons nous,



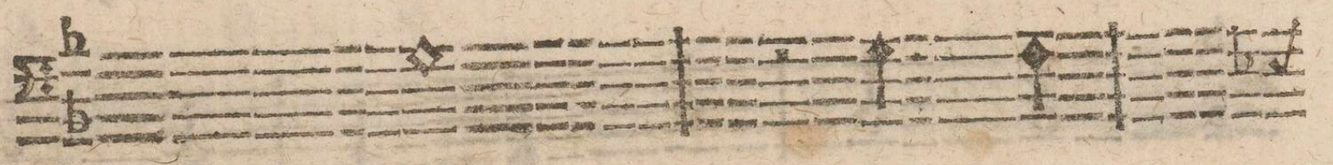
Pour du - rer - -



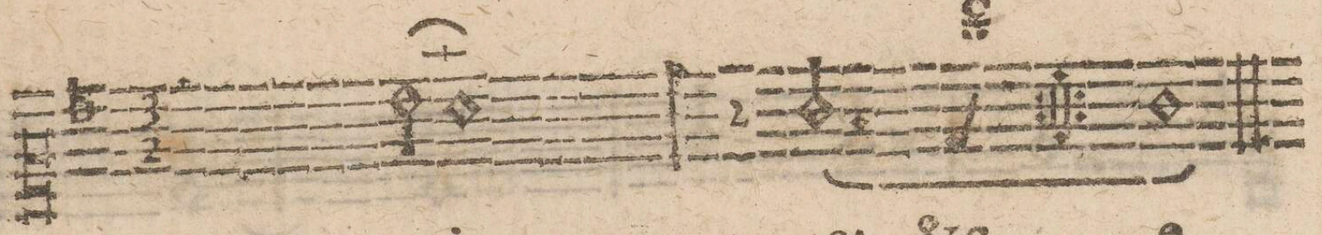
Em - baû-mons nous, Pour du-



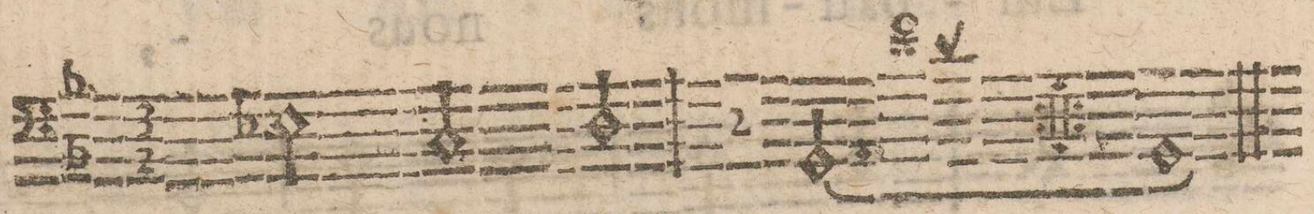
- plus long-tems en



rer plus long-



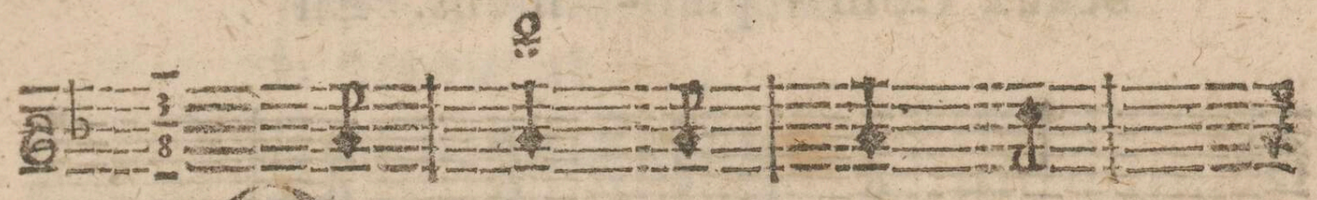
vi - e. &c. e.



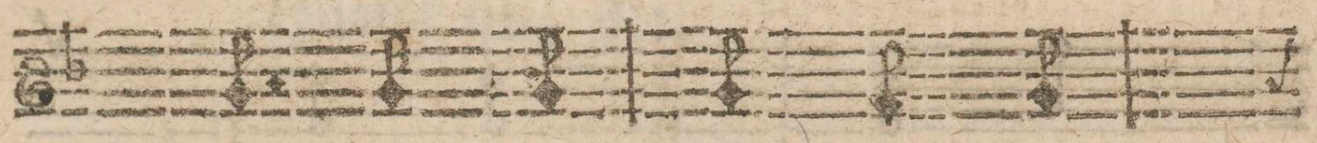
tems en vi - e. &c. e.

RON-

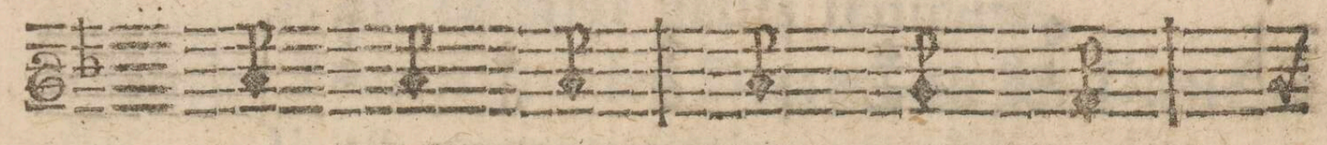
RONDEAU



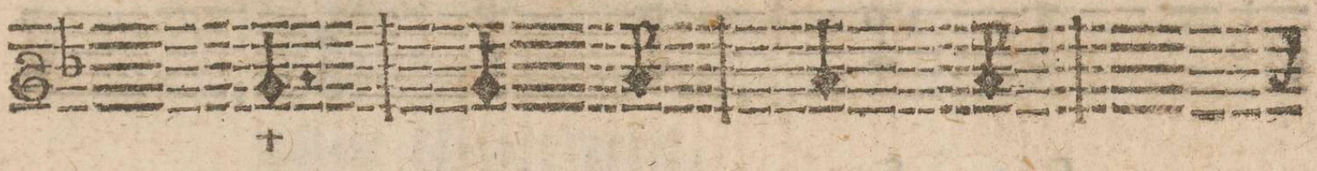
QUe j'ai - me ten - dre-



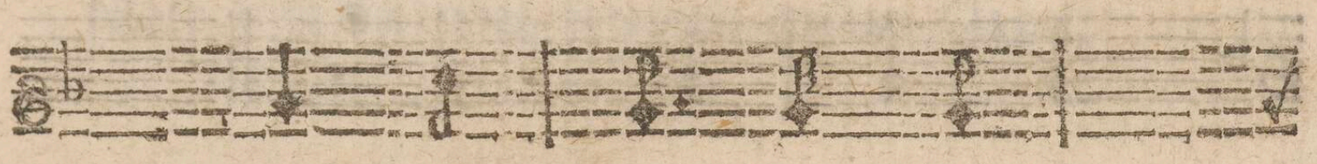
ment mon A - mant, Il ſait



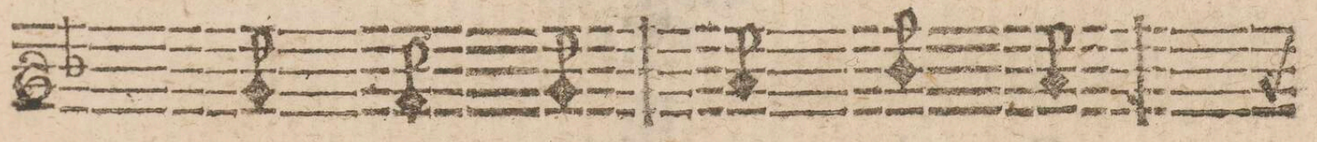
fai-re, il ſait fai - re, il ſait



fai - re, Que j'ai - me

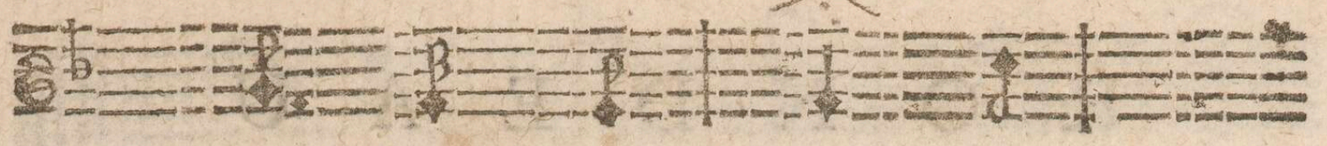


ten - dre - ment mon A-

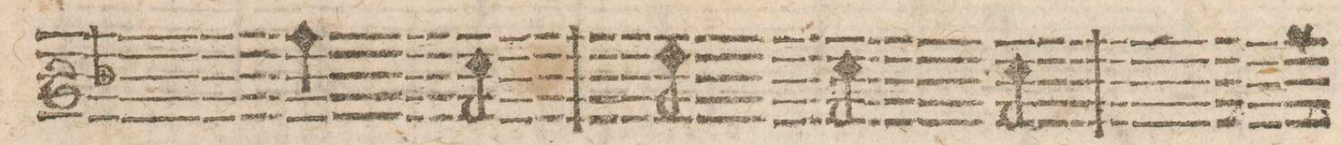


mant, Il ſait fai - re de

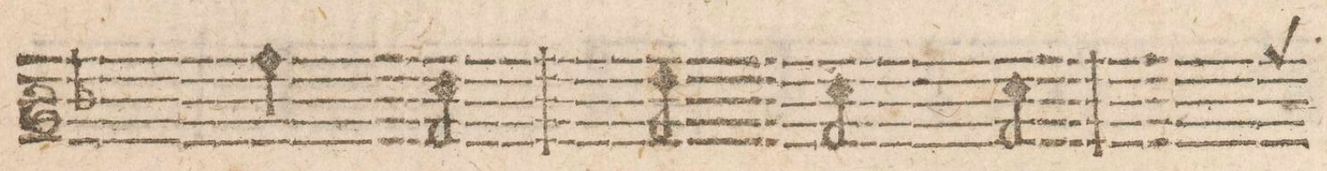
Fin.



beaux Com - pli - mens. En



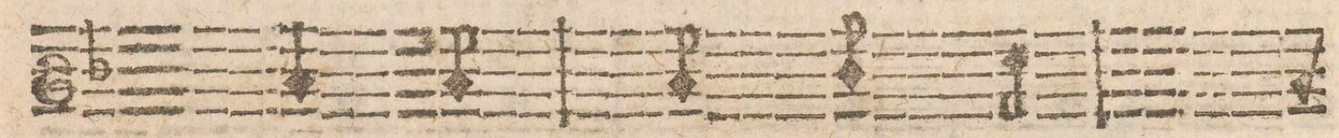
Vers, en Pro - ſe, En



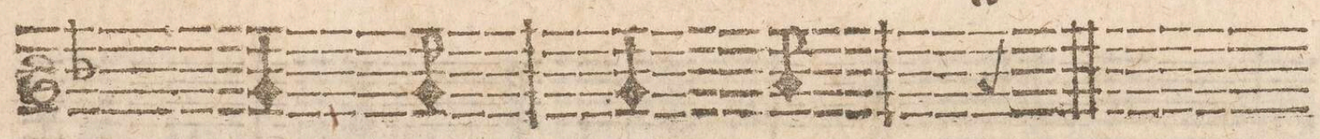
tou - tes cho - ſes, Les



jo - lies cho - ſes, Qu'il



fait ſur moi tout en



ba - di - nant. Que, &c.
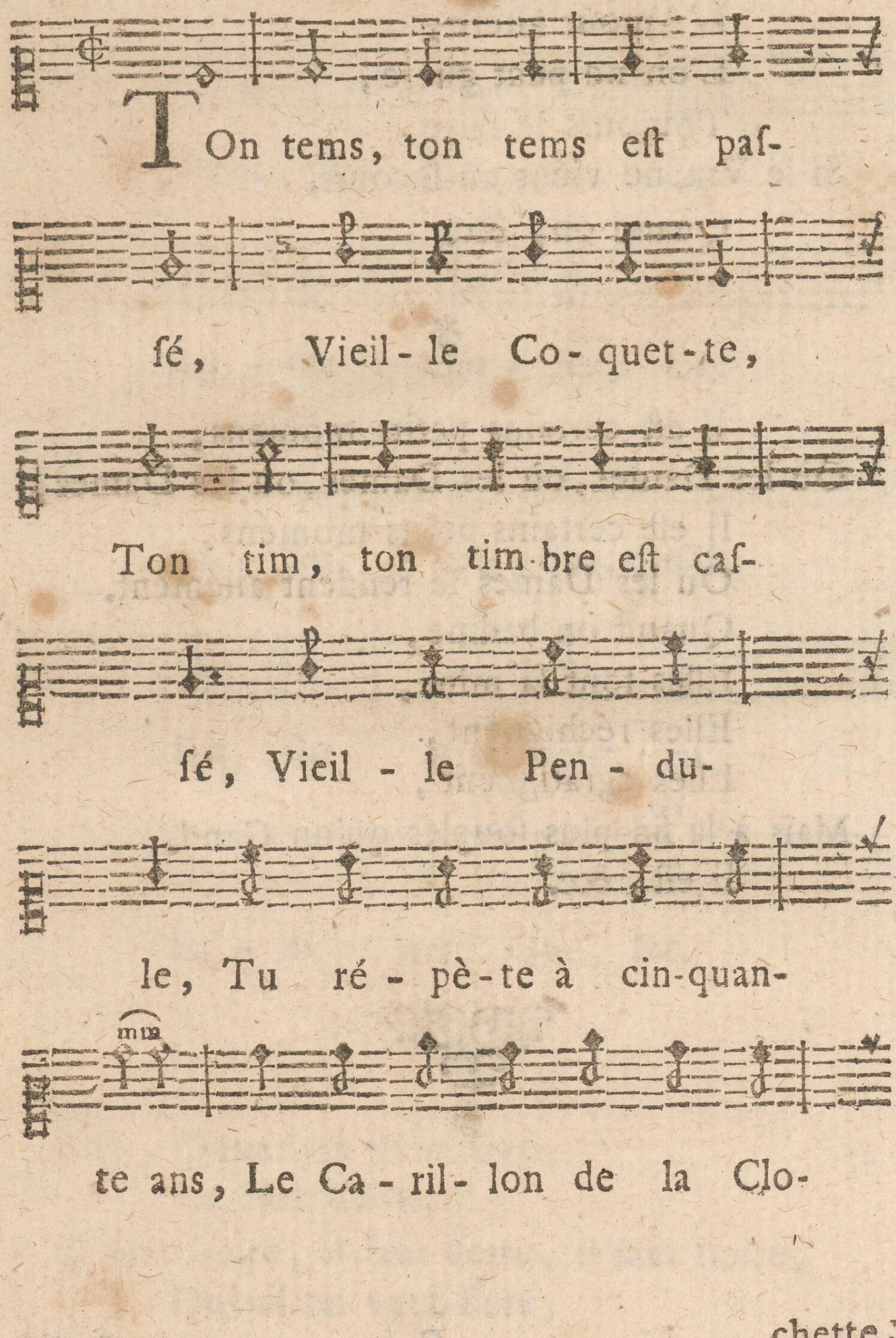
Quand on veut faire,
La Nuit l'Amour,
Il faut boire, il faut boire, il faut boire,
Quand on veut faire,

La

La Nuit l'Amour,
Il faut boire,
Tout le long du jour.
L'Amour altère,
L'on ne peut guère,
Toujours le faire,
Si le Vin ne vient au ſecours.
Quand on, &c.

Il eſt certains petits momens,
Où les Dames, où les Dames, où les Dames,
Il eſt certains petits momens,
Où les Dames ſe rendent aiſément.
Quand on badine,
Elles font la mine,
Elles réchignent,
Elles égratignent,
Mais à la fin plus ſouples qu'un Gand.
Il eſt, &c.

LES CLOCHES.



TOn tems, ton tems eſt paſ-

ſé, Vieil-le Co-quet-te,

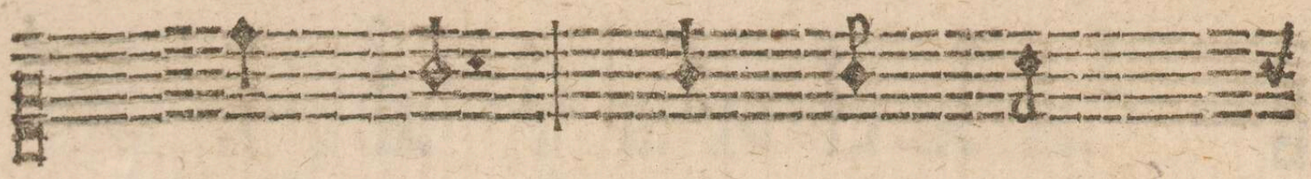
Ton tim, ton tim-bre eſt caſ-

ſé, Vieil-le Pen-du-

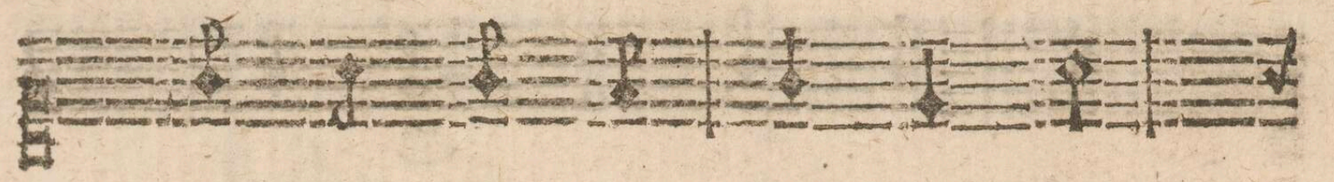
le, Tu ré-pè-te à cin-quan-

te ans, Le Ca-ril-lon de la Clo-
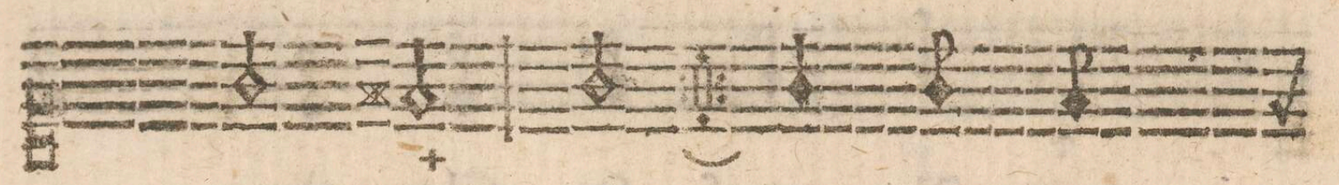
chette,



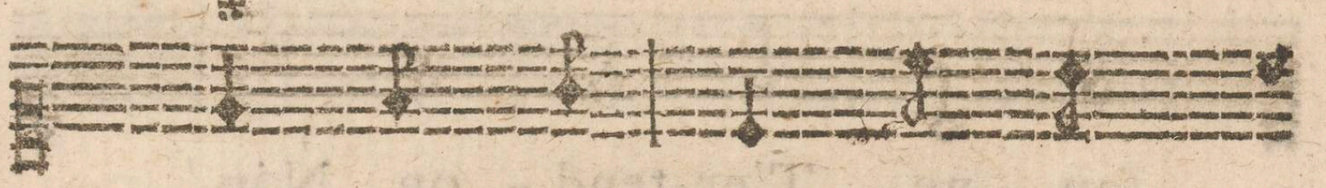
chet - te, Qui ſon - noit



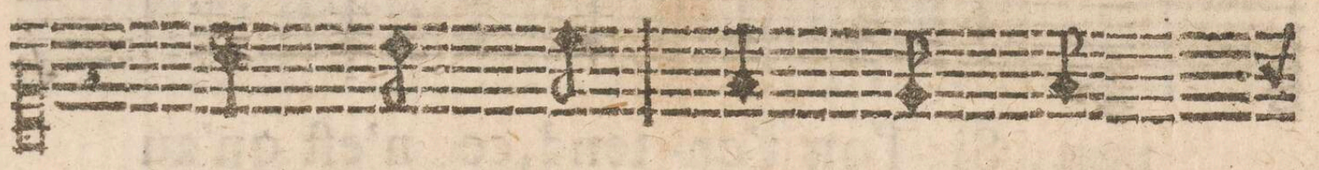
l'heu-re d'a- mou- ret - te, Dans



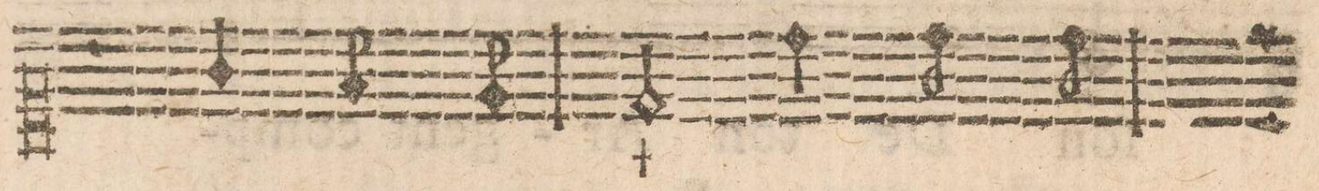
ton Prin - tems: tems: Tu n'a-



vois qu'à tin - ter, Et ta



dou - ce Son - net- te at - ti-
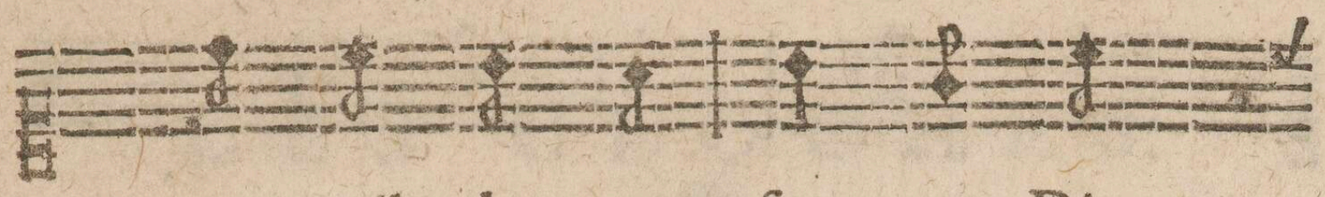


roit mil-le A-mans:Mais à pré-
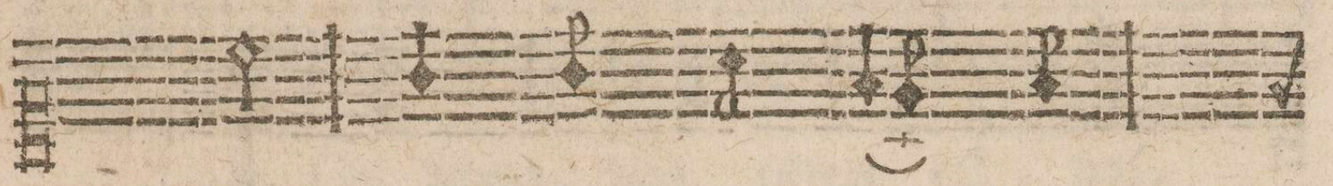


ſent, Ton Toc - ſin, Tin - tant, Ne

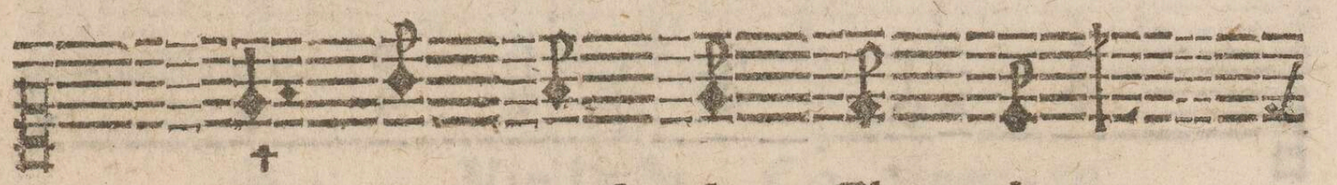
chette;



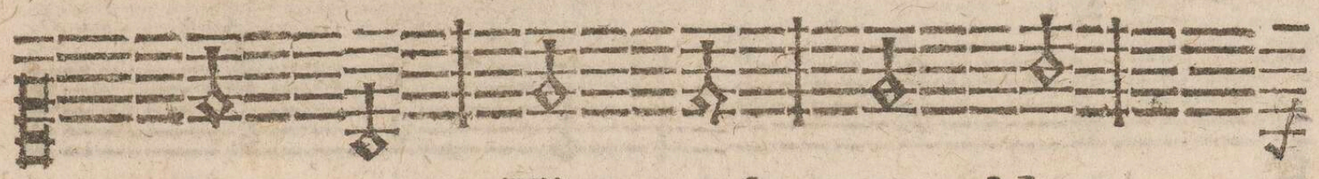
re- veil - le per - ſon - ne ; Dis-
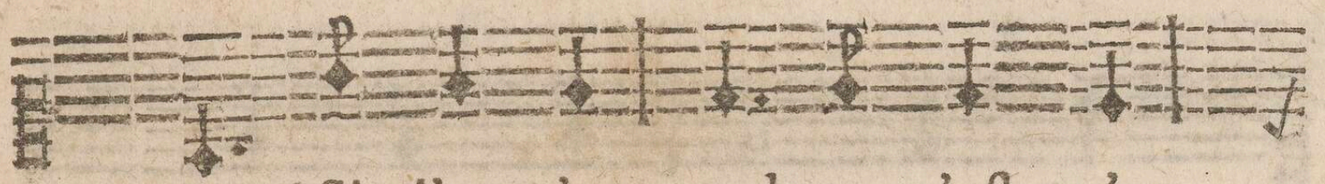


moi, quand ſur le ten - dre
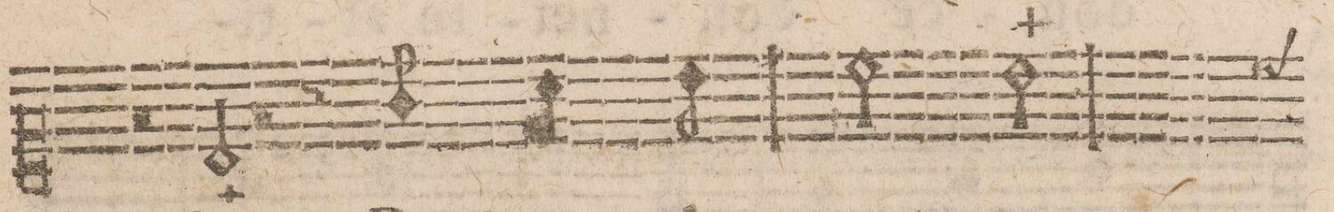


ton, Ta groſ - ſe Clo - che
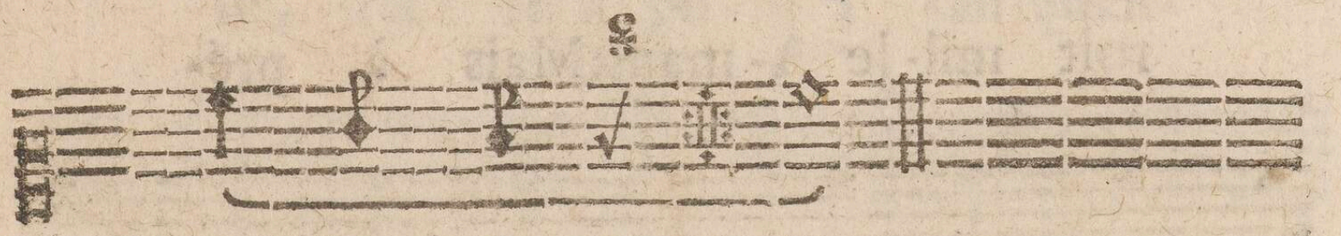


ſon - ne, T'en-tend - on, Non,



non, Si l'on t'en- tend, ce n'eſt qu'au



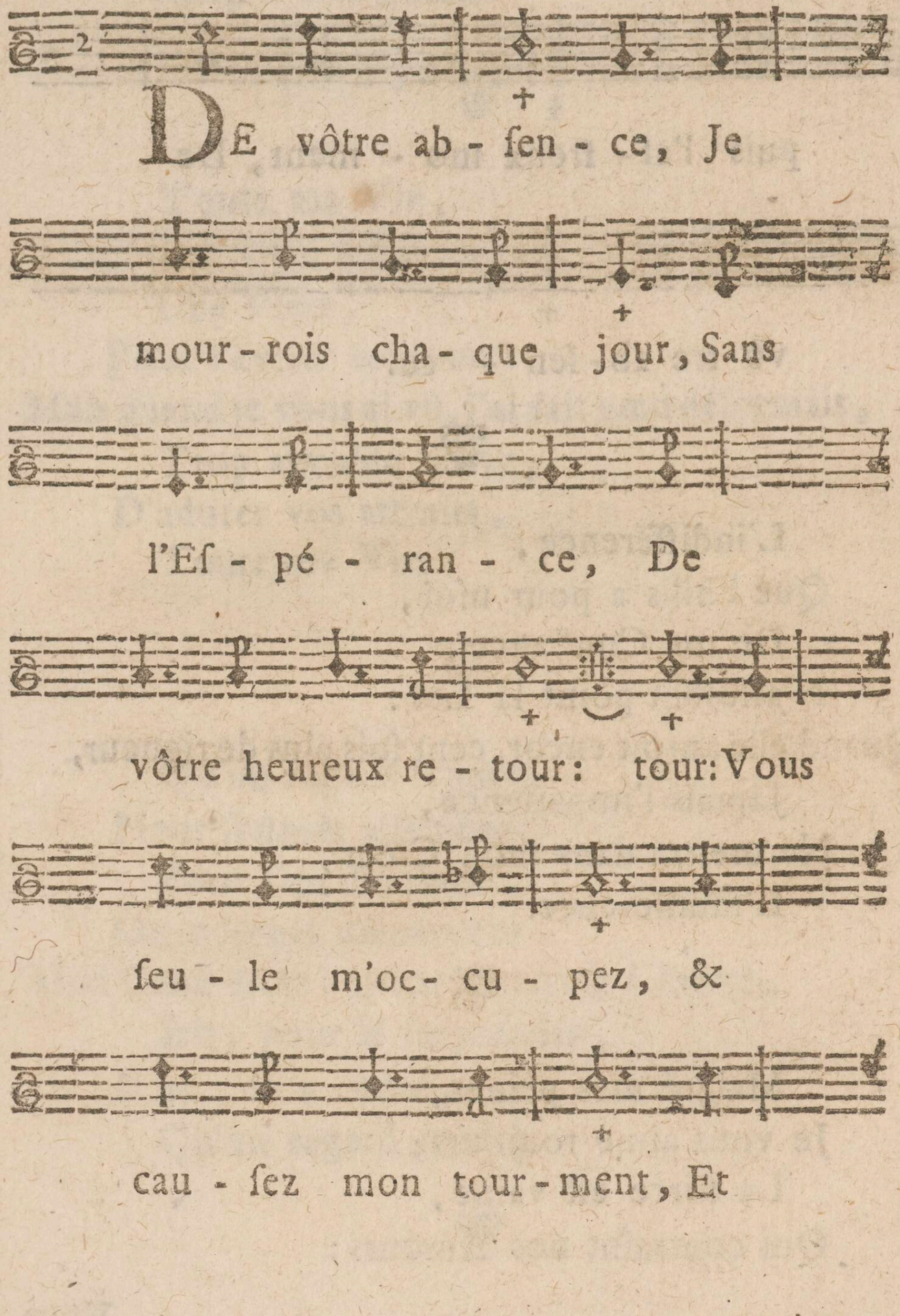
ſon De ton Ar - gent comp-



tant. Tu n'a-, &c. tant.

AIR

AIR TENDRE.



De vôtre ab - fen - ce, Je

mour - rois cha - que jour, Sans

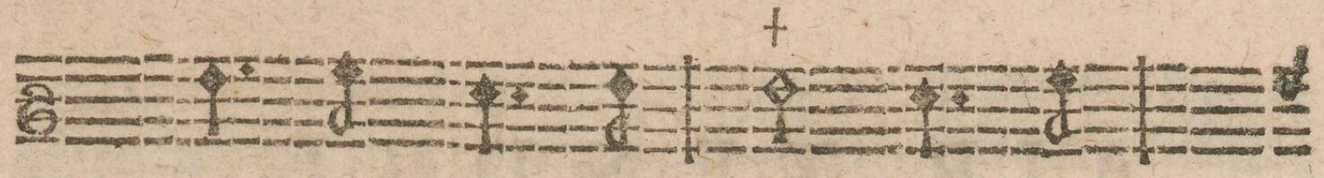
l'Eſ - pé - ran - ce, De

vôtre heureux re - tour: tour: Vous

ſeu - le m'oc - cu - pez, &

cau - ſez mon tour - ment, Et

jour,



L'indifférence,
Que Philis a pour moi,
De ma Conſtance,
N'affoiblit point la Loi :
Quand elle auroit encor, cent fois plus de rigueur,
Jamais l'impatience,
Ne mettra dans mon Cœur,
L'indifférence.

Malgré mes peines,
Je vous aime toujours ;
La force eſt vaine,
Qui contraint nos Amours :

Vous

Vous regnerez Philis, à jamais dans mon Cœur,
Je porterai vos Chaînes,
J'en ferai mon bonheur,
Malgré mes peines.

Toute ma Vie,
J'avois jugé l'Amour,
Une Folie,
Pour l'éviter toujours:
Mais quand je vous ai vû, j'ai fait vœu déſormais,
Trop aimable Silvie,
D'adorer vos attraits,
Toute ma Vie.

Qu'un regard tendre,
Nous ſoûmèt aiſément!
Pour s'en défendre,
On combat vainement:
Mon Cœur en te voyant, perdit ſa Liberté,
Iris, pour le ſurprendre,
Il ne t'en a coûté,
Qu'un regard tendre.

Com-

Comme je t'aime,
Si tu voulois m'aimer,
Non, Vénus même,
Ne pourroit me charmer:
Quand de ſes propres traits l'Amour ſe fut bleſſé,
Son feu fut moins extrême,
Il n'aima point Pſiché,
Comme je t'aime.

Laiſſez-moi faire,
Tous les jours des Sermens,
De me défaire,
Des tendres ſentimens:
Si vous voulez Iris, éterniſer mes feux,
Ceſſez d'être ſévère,
Quand nous ſommes nous deux,
Laiſſez-moi faire.

Je ſuis perduë,
Si Tircis peut ſavoir,
Ce que ſa vuë,
A ſur moi de pouvoir:

Mais,

Mais, hélas! il paroit; je ne puis l'éviter,
Mon Ame en eſt émuë,
Comment lui réſiſter,
Je ſuis perduë.

Sans l'Eſpérance,
Qui ſéduit les Amans,
La moindre abſence,
Finiroit leurs tourmens:
L'on ne languiroit plus, dans l'Empire d'Amour,
La plus forte Conſtance,
Ne dureroit qu'un jour,
Sans l'Eſpérance.

Eſt-ce être ſage,
Que n'avoir point d'Amant,
Vraiment l'uſage,
En décide autrement:
Aimez, aimez Iris un tendre Favori,
S'il en veut d'avantage,
D'un air doux, dites lui,
Eſtes vous ſage.

Quand je badine,
A quoi ſert mon Iris,
Faire la mine,
Craignez-vous les Plaiſirs:
Pour calmer le tourment, d'un Amour innocent,
Il faut être plus fine,
Prenez tout en riant,
Quand je badine.

Reprens Courage,
Goûtons plus d'un Plaiſir,
Dieux! quel outrage,
N'as-tu que des déſirs:
Où ſont tous tes tranſports? Songe à moi cher A-
Eſt-ce aimer à ton âge? [mant,
Qu'être ainſi languiſſant.
Reprens Courage.

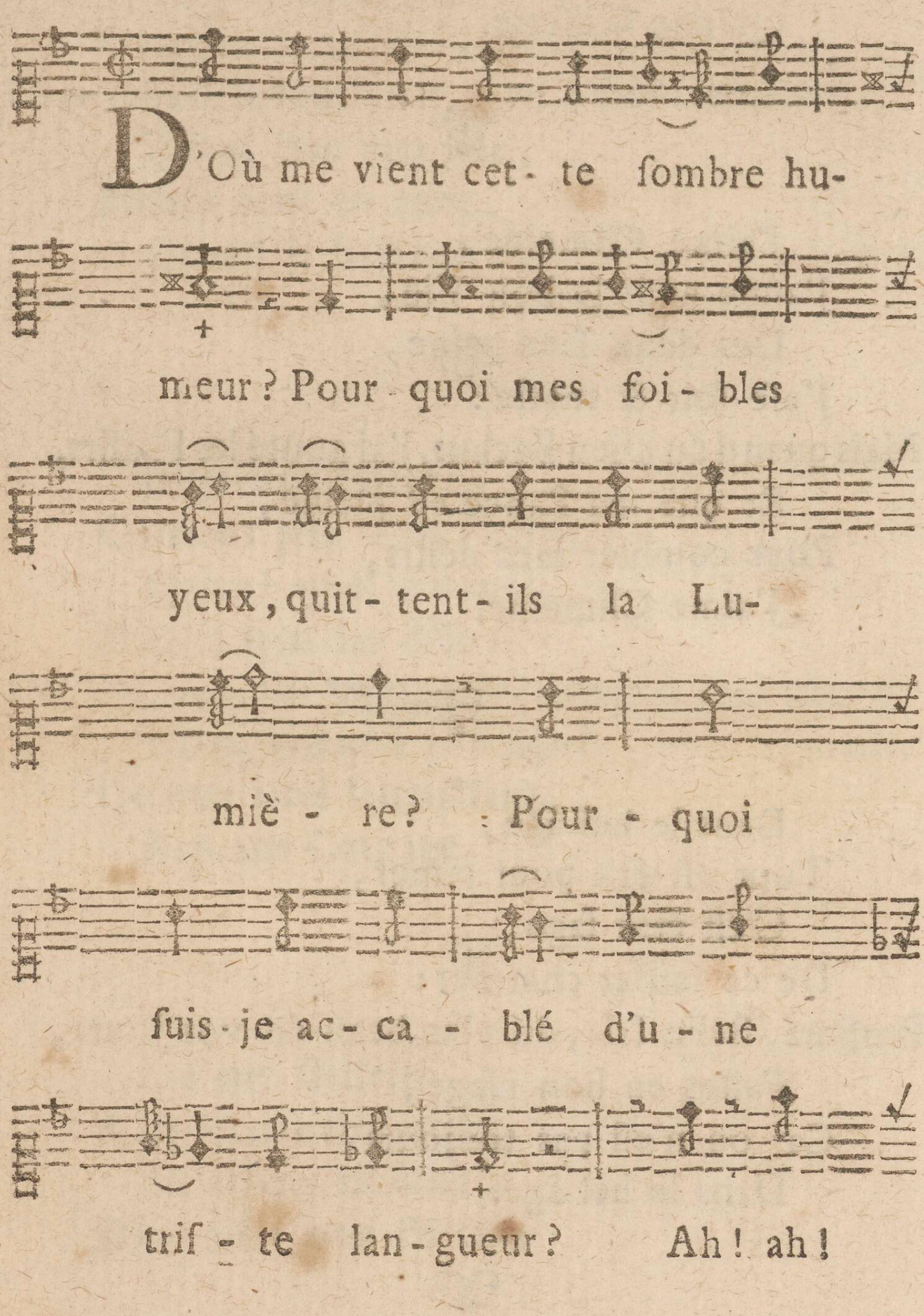
Qu'une Griſette,
A de charmans appas,
Et qu'on eſt Bête,
D'en faire peu de cas:

Les Biens, la Qualité, ont beaucoup d'agrément,
Mais pour une Amuſette,
Rien n'eſt auſſi charmant,
Qu'une Griſette.

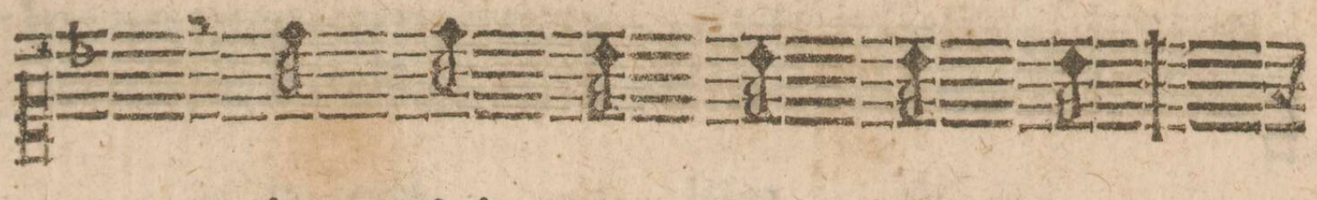
J'aime Climeine,
J'aime auſſi le bon Vin,
Des deux ſans peine,
J'uſe ſoir & matin:
Mais quand du Dieu Bachus, j'ai goûté les Plaiſirs,
Et que ma Pance eſt pleine,
Pour combler mes déſirs,
J'aime Climeine.

Dans le bel âge,
Tout eſt fait pour aimer,
C'eſt être ſage,
De ce laiſſer charmer:
Profitez, Belle Iris, du plus beau de vos jours,
Faites en bon uſage,
Car on n'eſt pas toujours,
Dans le bel âge.

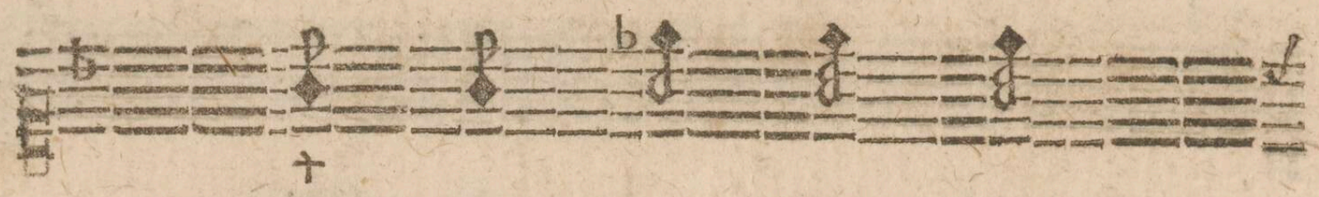
LES ETERNUËMENS.



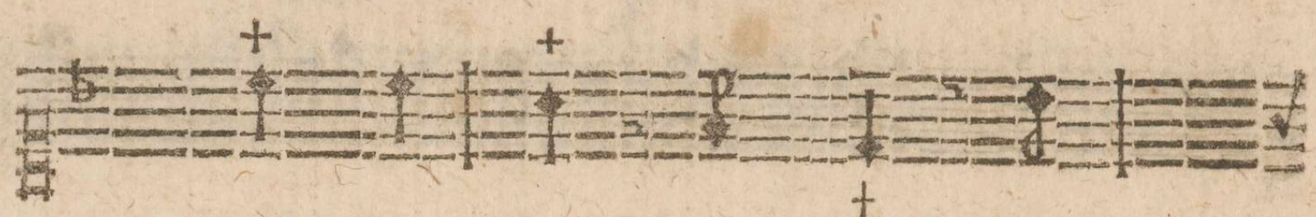
je



je n'ai point ma Ta - ba-



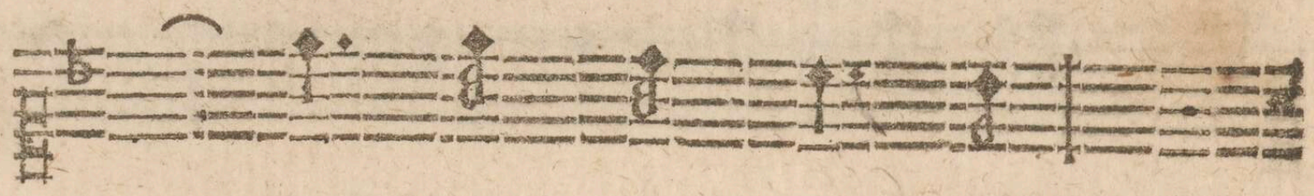
tiè - re, Point de Ta-



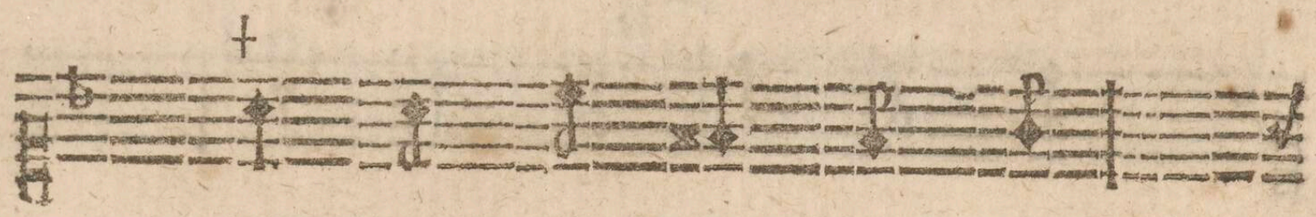
bac, Hé - las! Plai - ſir, San-



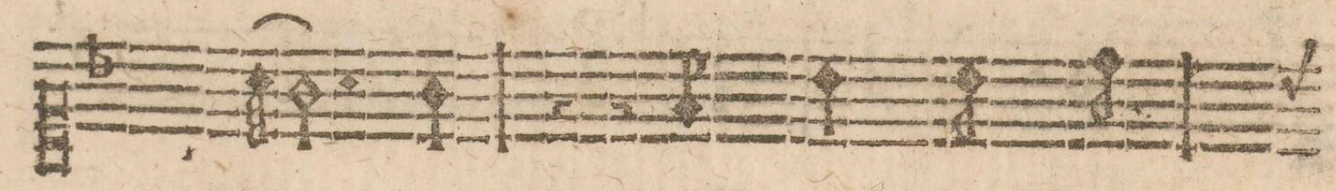
té, Rai-ſon, Vi - va - ci - té, Tout
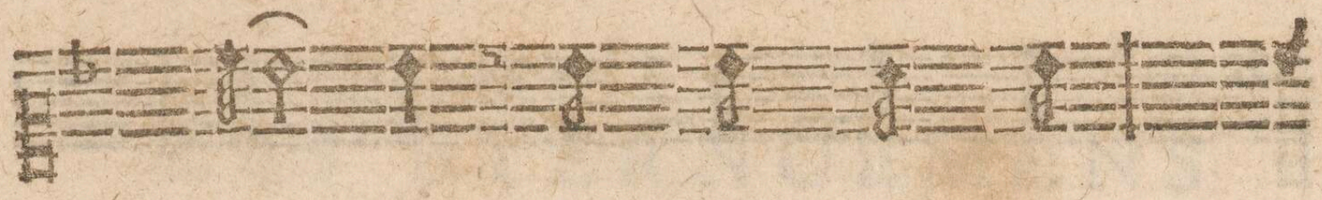


- a - vec mon Ta-
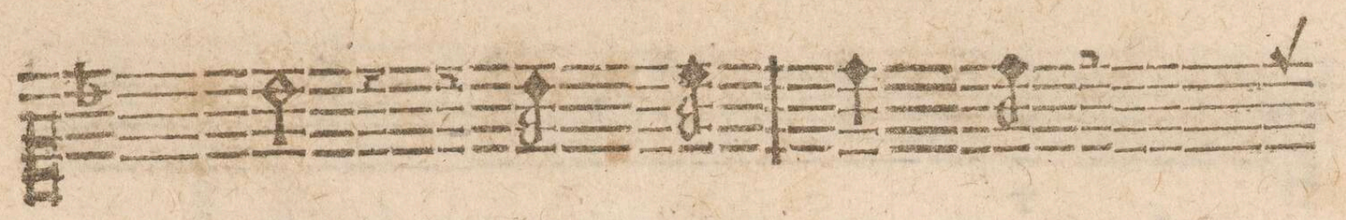


bac eſt reſ - té ſur ma



Ta - ble, A - mi ſe - cou-
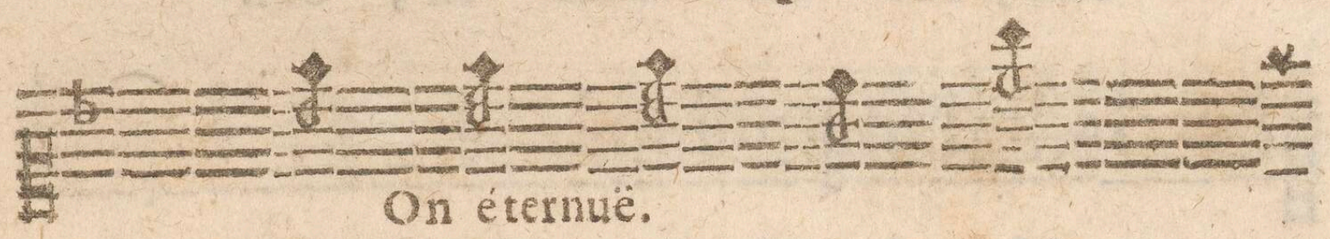


ra - ble, Le tien eſt - il



bon? dé - teſ - ta - ble!
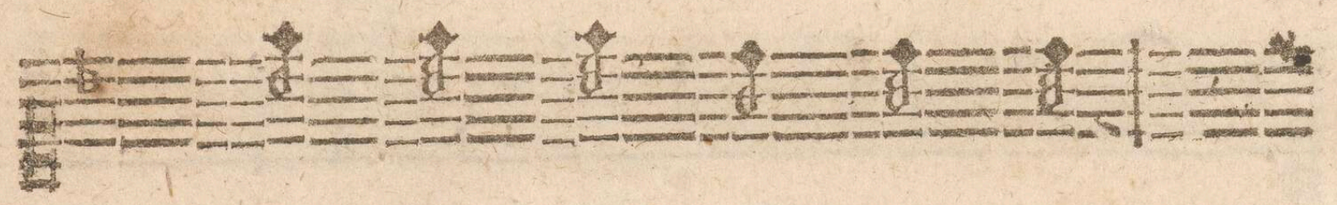


Il eſt par - fu-
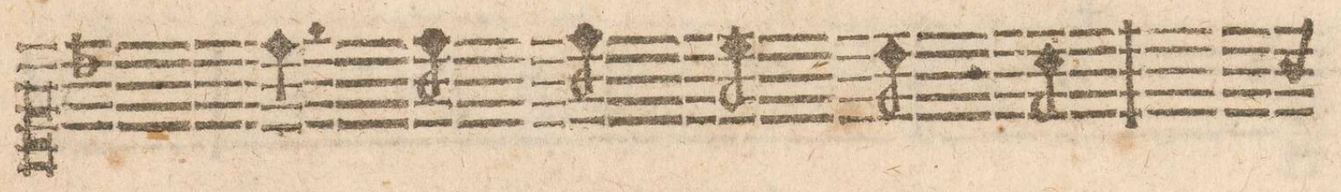


On éternuë.

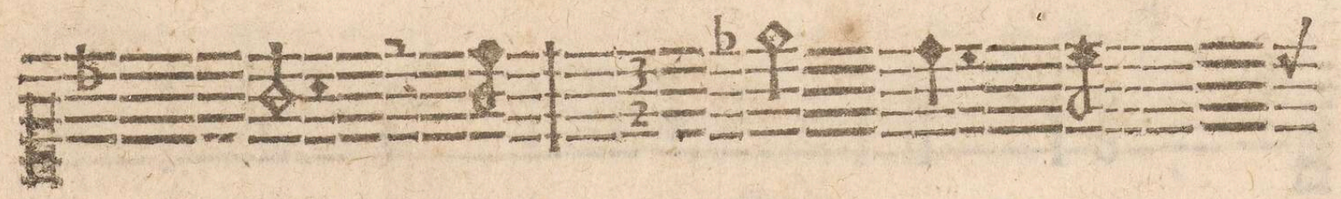
mé, A de ſim, ad-



ſim, A de ſim- ple Ta-
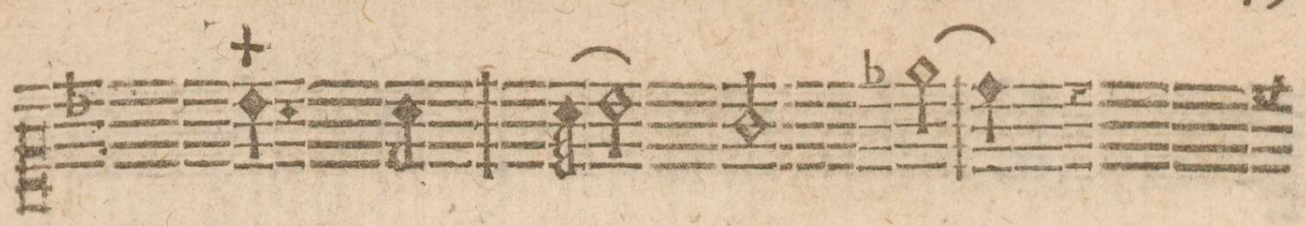


bac, je ſuis ac - cou - tu-

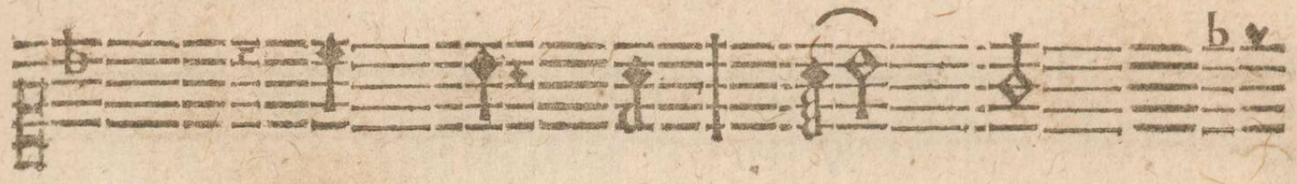


mé, Cet au-tre eſt plus
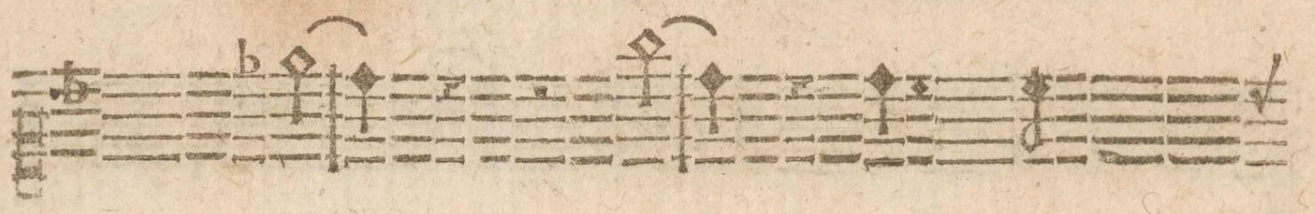
agréa-



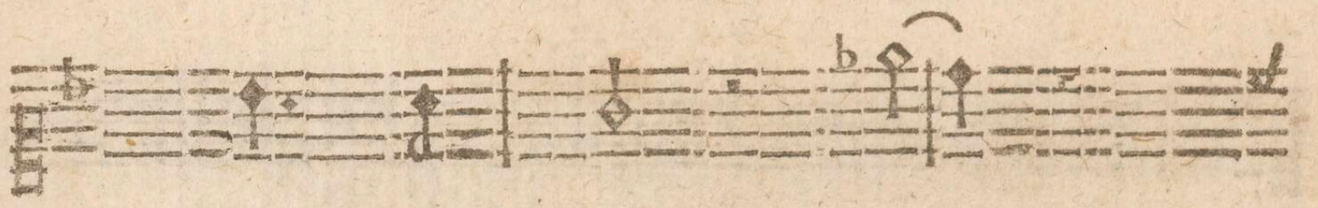
a - gré - a - ble, Ah!



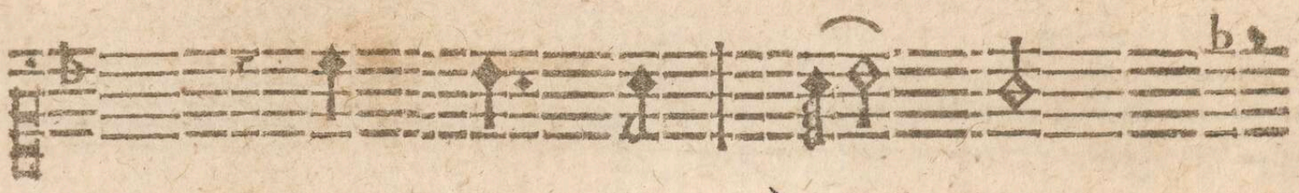
qu'il eſt ai - ma - ble!
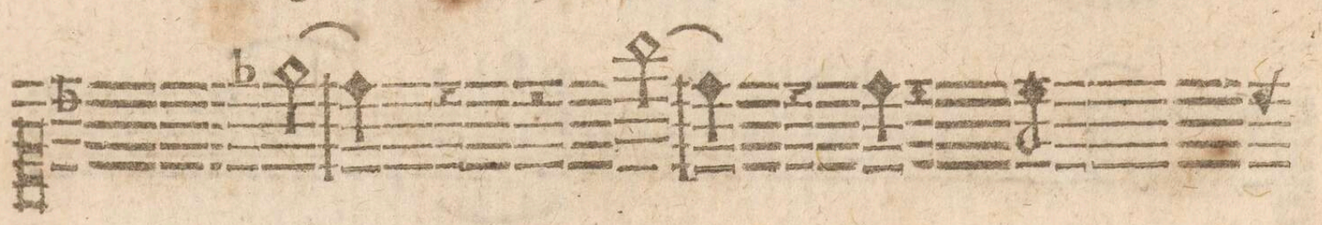


Ah! ah! quel - le



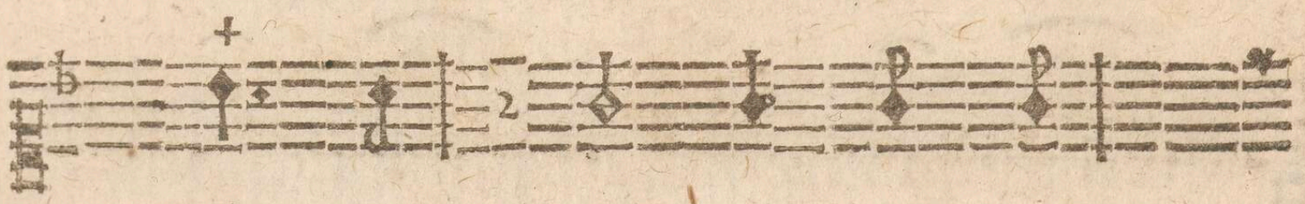
Vo - lup - té! Ah!
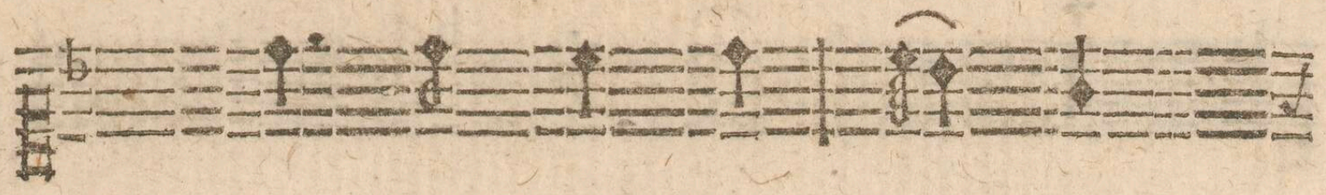


qu'il eſt ai - ma - ble,



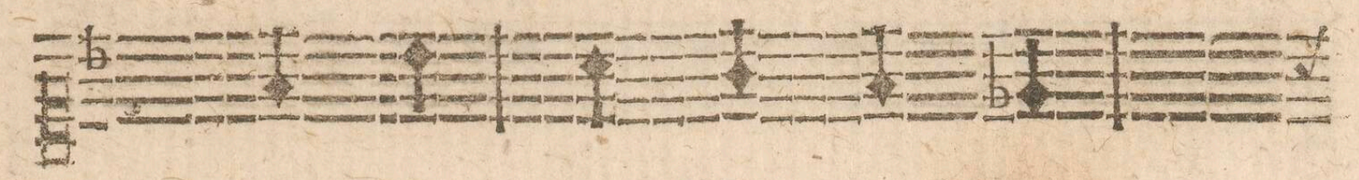
Ah! ah! quel - le
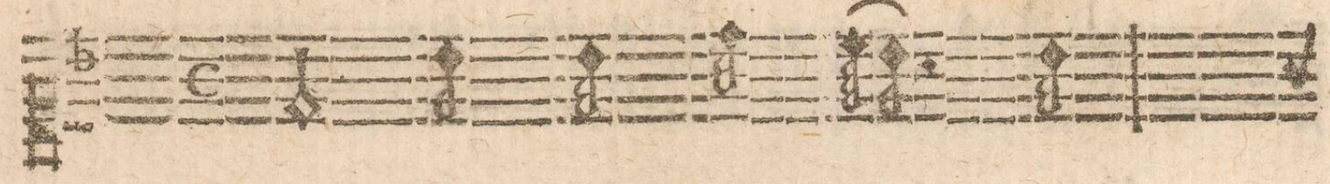


Vo - lup - té! Dieu du Ta-
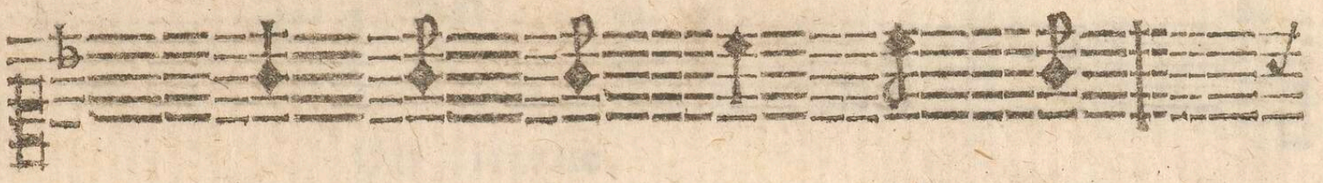


bac que tes Au - tels Soient



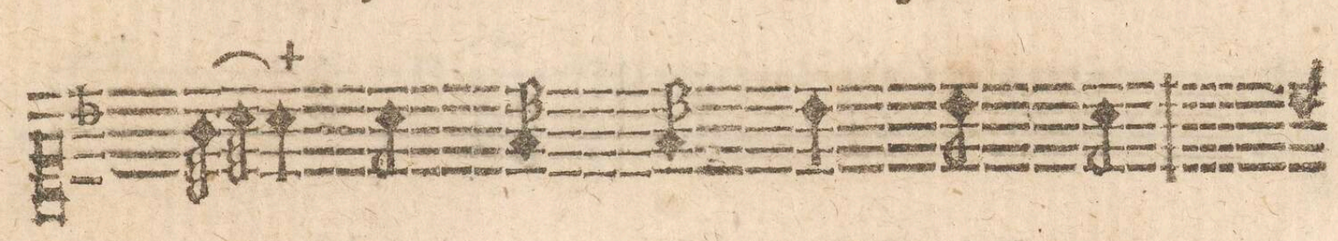
en - cen - ſez par les Mor-



tels. Que du plus noir Pe-
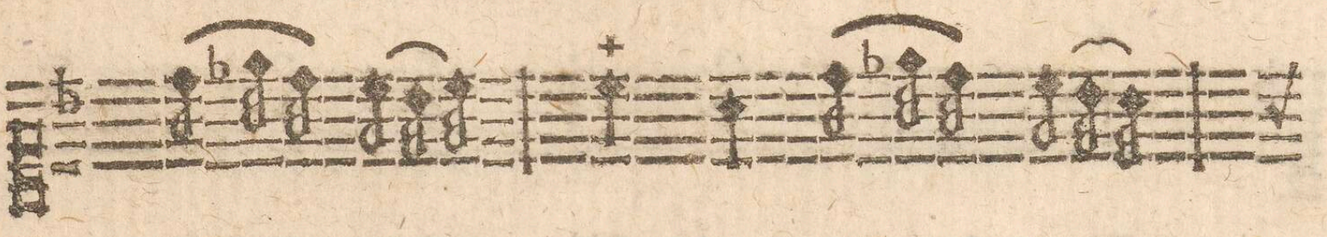


tun, mil - le Pi - pes fu-



man - tes, Te four - niſ - ſent d'en-

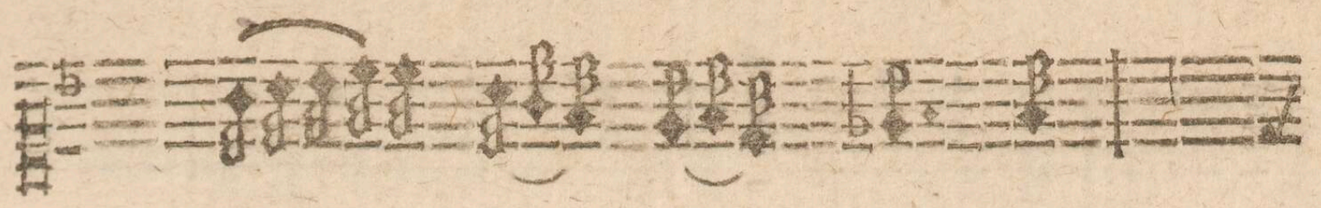


cens, Que les Beau - tez les

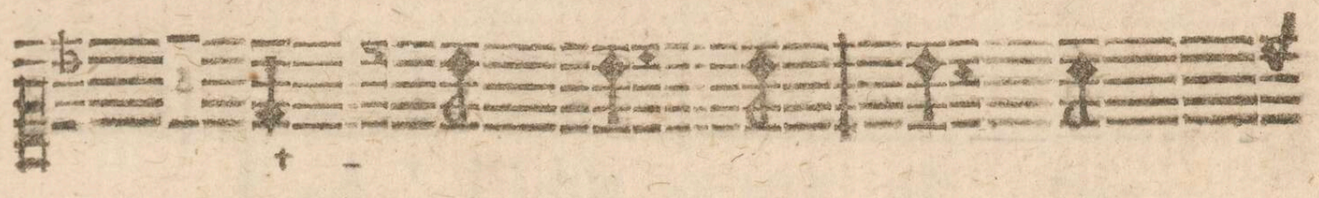


plus char - man - tes, Se bar-

bouïllent



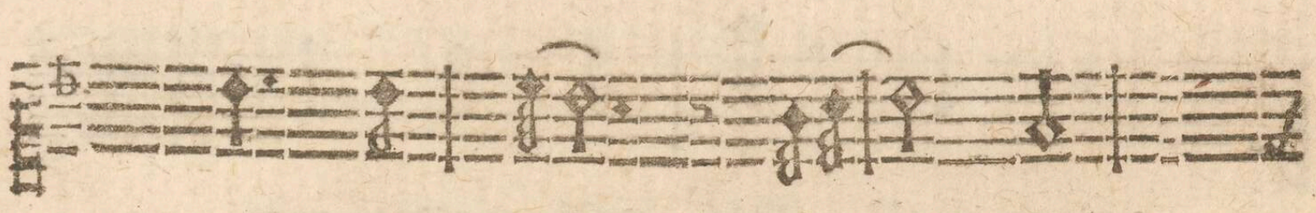
bouïl - lent de tes pré-
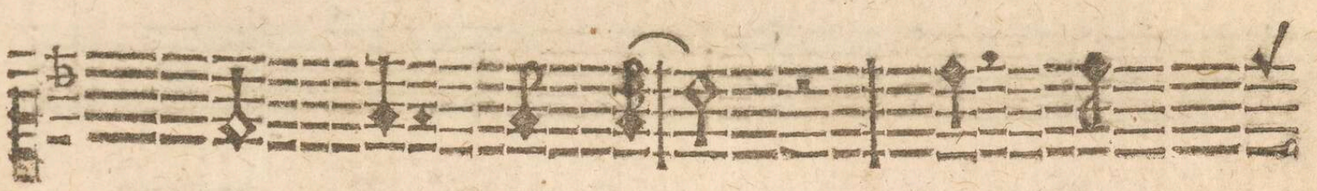


ſens, Que tes Doy - ens en-



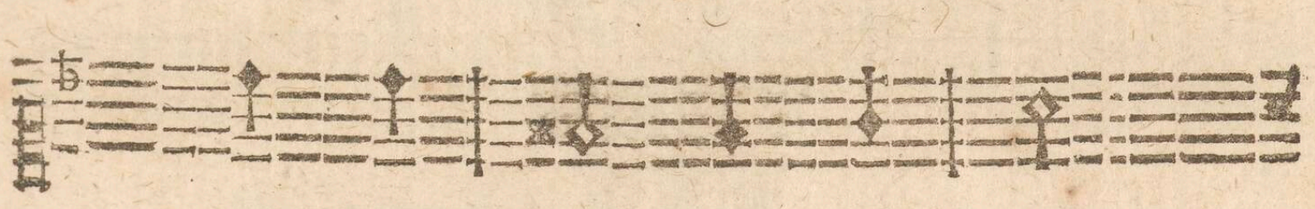
chi - fre - nez, Chan-



tent du nez, Tes Plai-



ſirs for - ce- nez, Et que



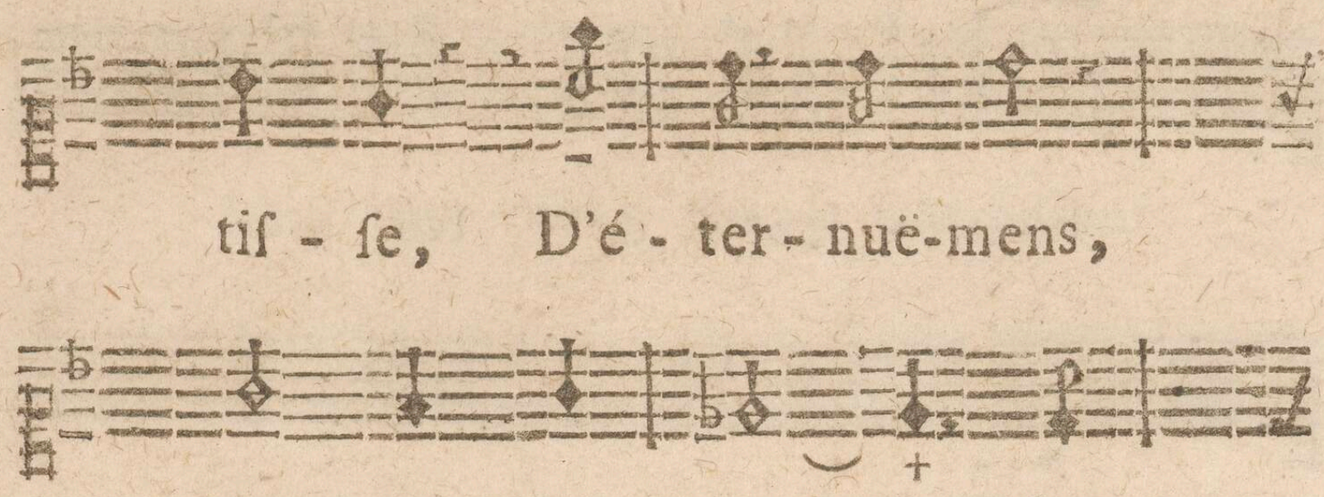
pour te ren - dre Pro - pi-



ce, Ton Tem - ple re - ten-
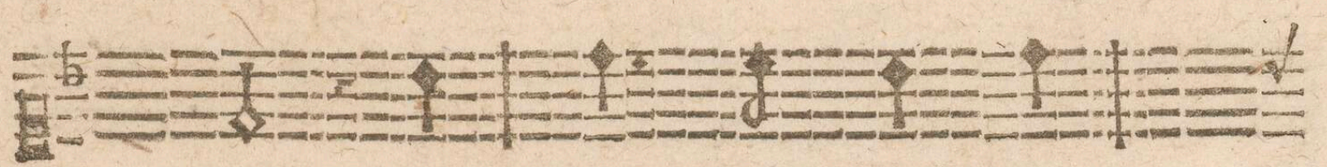
illent

tiſſe,
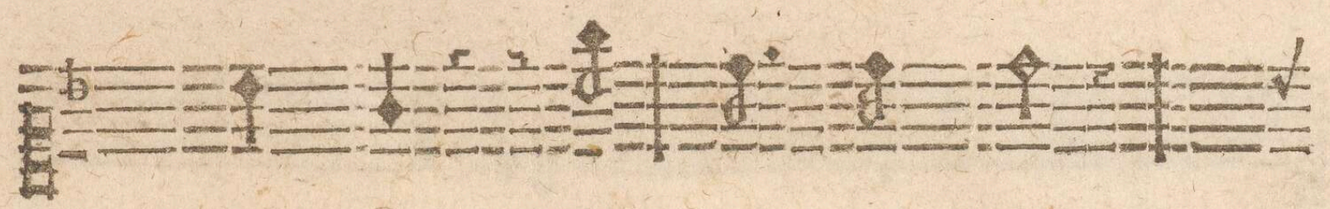


tif - fe, D'é - ter - nuë-mens,

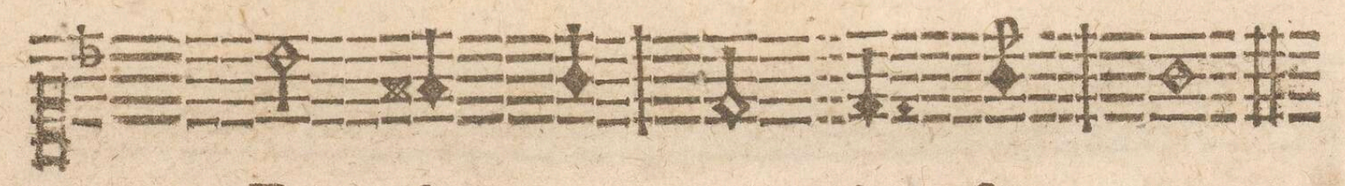
Et de ré - ni - i - fle-



mens; Ton Tem - ple re - ten-

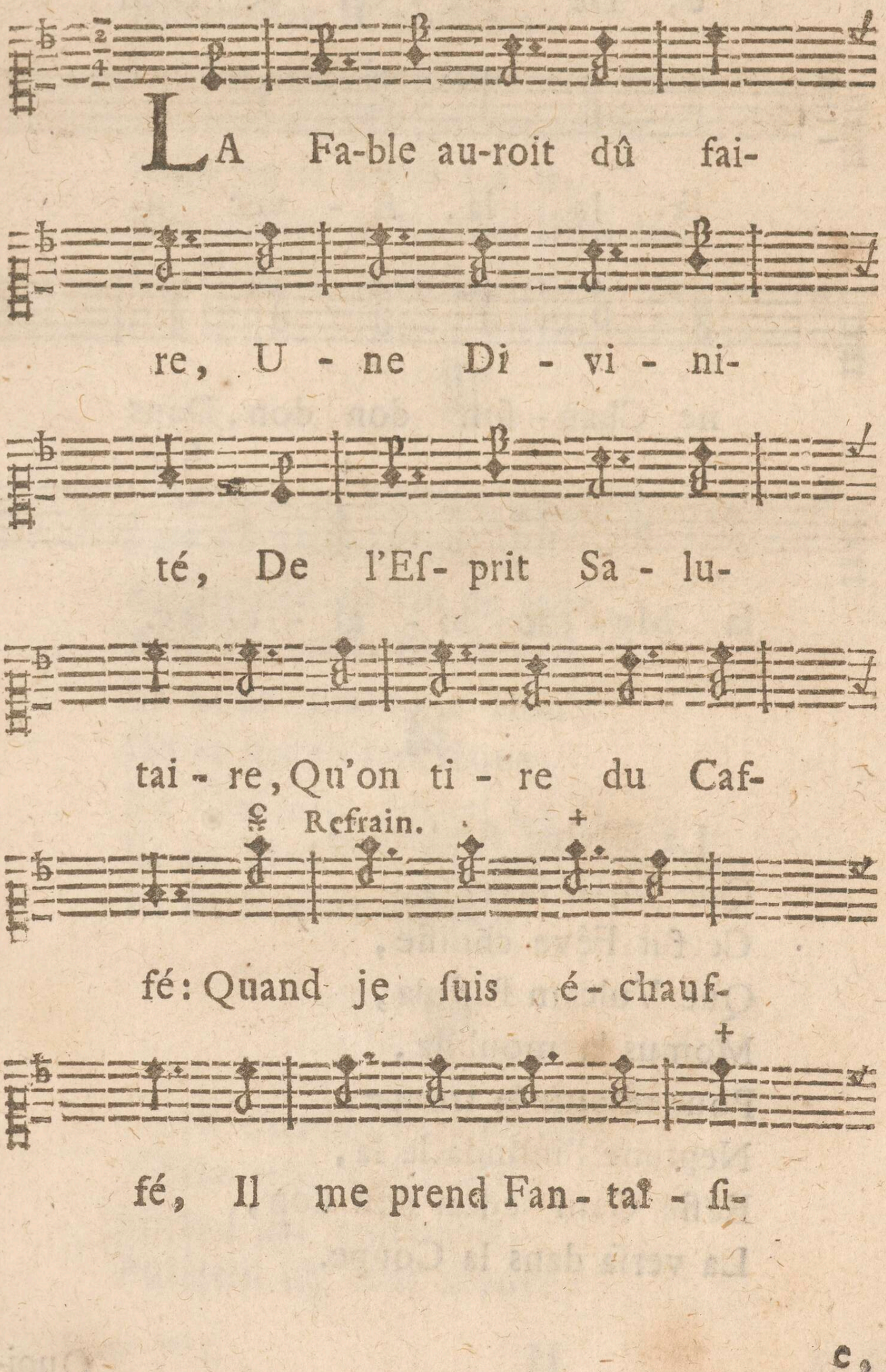


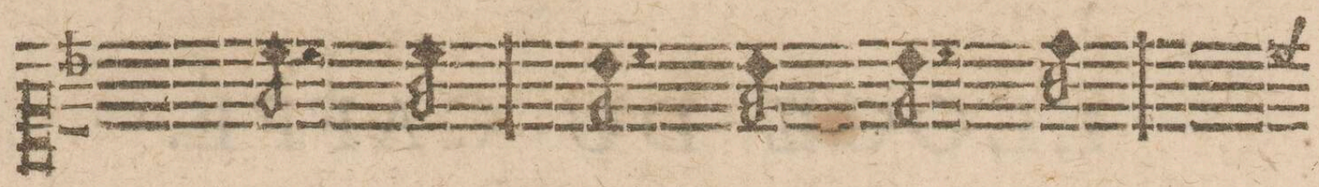
tif - fe, D'é - ter - nuë - mens,



Et de re - ni - i - fle - mens.

ÉLOGE DU CAFFÉ.

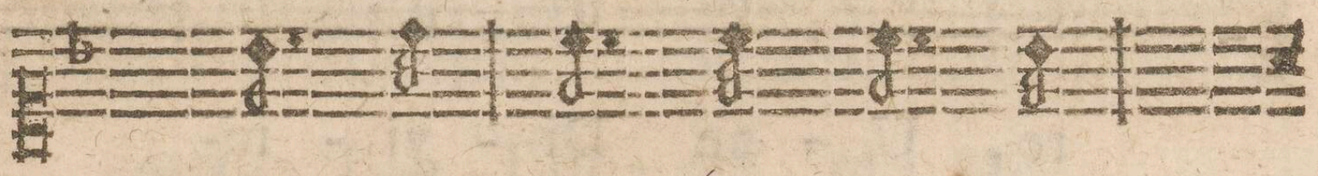




e, De pla - cer ce Dieu



là la la, A - vec u-



ne Chan - ſon don don, Dans



la My - tho - lo - gi - e. &c.

La Divine Ambroiſie,
Que Jupin inventa,
Ce fut Fêve choiſie,
Que Vulcain Riſſola,
Momus la moulina,
Pour réjouïr la troupe,
Neptune l'inonda la la,
Enfin Ganimedon don don,
La verſa dans la Coupe.

Quoique la Troupe approuve,
Ce Jus, & ſon Odeur,
Bachus jaloux y trouve,
Amertume & noirceur:
Il offre une Liqueur
Douce, fraiche, & nouvelle,
Mais on la refuſa La la,
Elle endort la Raiſon Don don,
Le Caffé la réveille.

Quand la Troupe céleſte,
Eût pris force Caffé,
Ce qu'elle en eût de reſte,
Aux Humains fut donné.
Et nous faiſant un Don,
De ce grand ſpécifique,
Le Ciel nous délivra La la,
Et de Monſieur Purgon, Don don,
Et de ſa triſte Clique.

On cherche l'Or potable,
J'aime mieux le Caffé,
N'eſt-il pas préférable,
Puiſqu'il eſt tout trouvé?

Quoi-

D'un pauvre Homme épuiſé,
Il remplira les vuides,
Son Alcali fera La la,
Des Etuis de Cotton Don don,
Aux pointes des Acides.

Philis, ſans ce Breuvage,
Auroit à ſon réveil,
Quelque Vapeur ſauvage,
Et le tein moins vermeil.
S'il ôte le Sommeil,
A quelque Femme étique,
En récompenſe il a La la,
Pour la groſſe Don-don, Don don,
Vertu Soporifique.

A l'Aſpect imbécile,
Caffé ſert de ſecond,
L'Auteur le plus ſtérile,
Par lui devient fécond;
Par la Vertu qu'il a,
Redoublant de mémoire,
Un Pedant citera La la,
Sans Rime, & ſans Raiſon, Don don,
Et la Fable, & l'Hiſtoire.

Par le Caffé j'évite,
L'ennuyeux Compliment:
Vient-il une Viſite?
J'en offre promptement.
Un Sot, en le buvant,
Brille par ſon Silence,
Un mot par-ci, par-là La la,
Qu'il dit d'un certain ton, Don don,
Lui tient lieu d'Eloquence.

Sur cette Liqueur noire,
La Caffétière en main,
Je pourrois à ſa gloire,
Chanter juſqu'à demain.
Peut-être au mois prochain,
Selon la réüſſite,
Des Couplèts que voilà La la,
Et ſur le même ton Don don,
Je donnerai la ſuite.

REPONSE, CONTRE LE CAFFE.

Sur le même Air.

QUelle bizarre Verve,
M'avoit donc échauffé,
En dépit de Minerve,
J'ai chanté le Caffé!
Les Dieux ont rebuté,
Cette boiſſon brulante,
L'Amertume qu'elle a La la,
Ne peut que chez Pluton Don don,
Mériter qu'on la Chante.

Dans les Enfers, Orphée
Entrant fort alteré,
Gorgonne, mal-coëffée,
Apporta le Caffé;
Le Chantre s'écria,
Voyant la Liqueur noire:
Que me donnez-vous là La la,
Pour chanter la Chanſon Don don,
C'eſt du Vin qu'il faut boire.

Vive le Feu Bachique,
Qui nous rend tout joyeux;
Caffé mélancolique,
Le tien eſt dangereux:
C'eſt un Feu ténébreux,
Feu noir, & Feu ſans flâme,
Sournois il nous rendra, La la;
C'eſt un fumeux Charbon, Don don,
Qui nous noircira l'Ame.

Le ſavant Hypocrate,
Dit que cette Liqueur,
En reſſerrant la Rate,
Oſte la belle humeur:
Aux environs du Cœur,
Diſſipant la Tendreſſe,
De tous ces quartiers-là, La la,
En chaſſant Cupidon, Don don,
Il bannit l'Allegreſſe.

Lorſque Bachus Propice,
M'a troublé le Cerveau,
Le Caffé par Malice,
Vient tirer le Rideau;

Vive

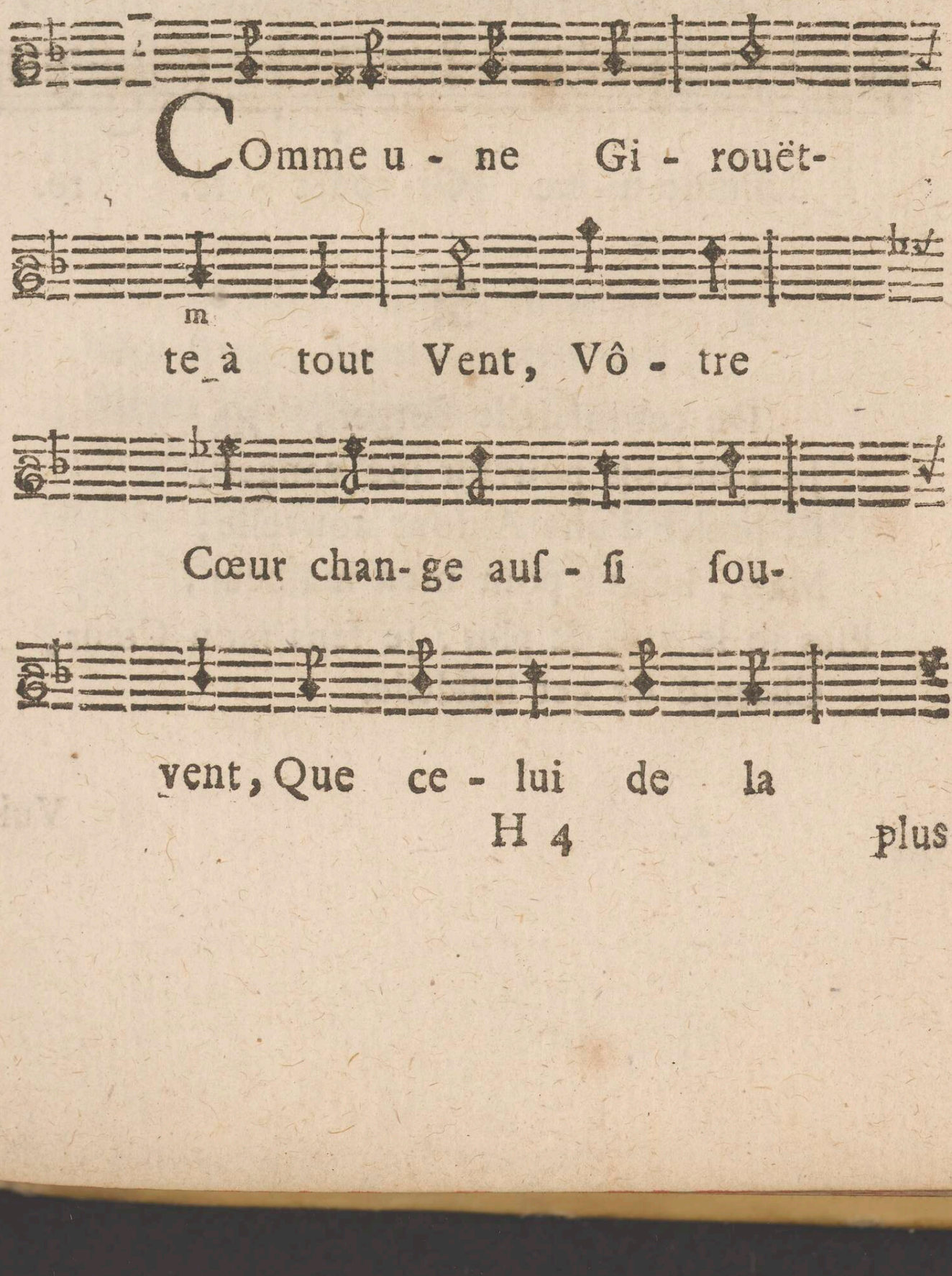
Je voyois tout en beau,
Cette Liqueur vermeille,
Par la Vertu qu'elle a, La la,
Reveillant ma Raiſon Don don,
M'a fait peſter contr'elle.

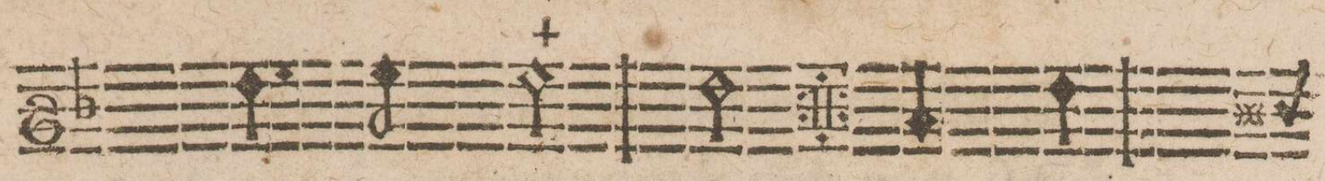
Celui qui s'habituë,
Au Breuvage enfumé,
Quand ſon heure eſt venuë,
Ceſſe d'être animé;
D'un imbecile il a,
Le Langage & la Mine,
Le Caffé ſeul pourra, La la,
De ce ſtupide Oiſon, Don don,
Ranimer la Machine.

Il excite la bile,
Et ſon activité,
Rend la Femme indocile,
Avec malignité;
Le Démon du Caffé,
S'établiſſant en France,
Fémelles raſſembla La la,
Entr'elles le Démon Don don,
Souffla la Médiſance.

Il eſt de ce Breuvage,
Ainſi que des Amours,
Toujours on dit en rage,
Et l'on en prend toujours;
Tel tout haut les blâma,
Qui tout bas leur fit grace:
Pour vous prouver cela La la,
De ce Caffé Démon Don don,
Je vais prendre une Taſſe.

AIR A BOIRE.





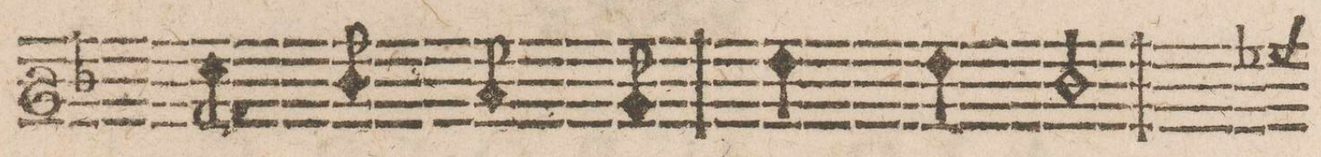
plus co - quet - te: Cher- chez



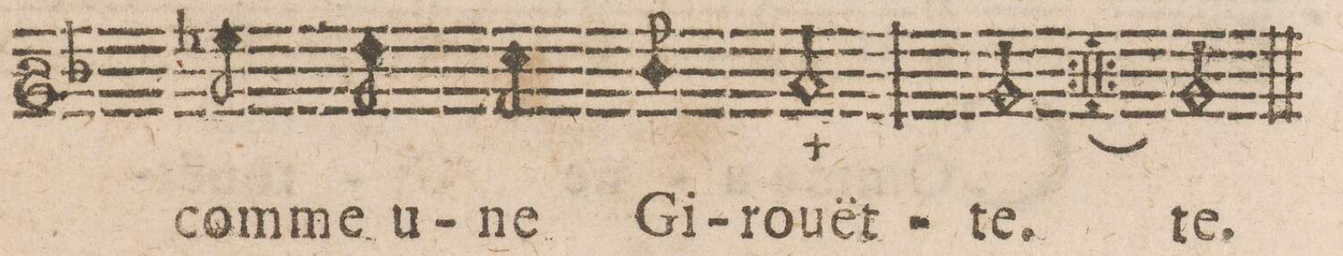
donc un au - tre A - mant,



Car je ne puis vous



voir à tout mo-ment, Tour- ner



comme u - ne Gi - rouët - te. te.

De cet infidelle Berger,
Je voudrois pouvoir me vanger,
Et bruler d'une Amour nouvelle;
Mais, hélas! pour mon malheur,
Plus je le vois & plus, je sens mon Cœur,
Charmé de cet infidelle.

Vuidons la Bouteille en repos,
Cher Cloris, nous joindrons tantôt,
L'Amour & le Jus de la Treille,
Cupidon eſt tout charmant,
Lorſque Bachus en eſt le truchement,
Amis, vuidons la Bouteille.

Comme à la plus belle, au bon Vin,
J'ai borné mon plus beau deſtin,
Rien ne peut me rendre infidelle,
Des deux j'aime la douceur,
Et quand je ſai où ſe vend le meilleur,
J'y cours, comme à la plus belle.

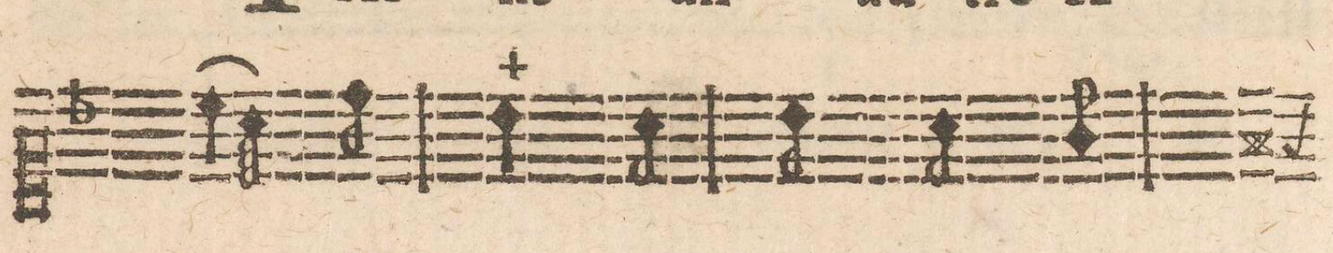
A la jeune Aminte je bois,
Mes Amis, faites comme moi,
Mêlez l'Amour avec la Pinte,
Je goûte un Plaiſir charmant,
Quand avec vous ſans ceſſer d'être Amant,
Je bois à la jeune Aminte.

Le Dieu qui fait boire, & l'Amour,
Te font inceſſamment la Cour;
Qui des deux aura la Victoire ?
Si tu veux faire un bon choix,
Retiens l'Amour, belle Iris, & crois moi,
Choiſis le Dieu qui fait Boire.

VAUDEVILLE.
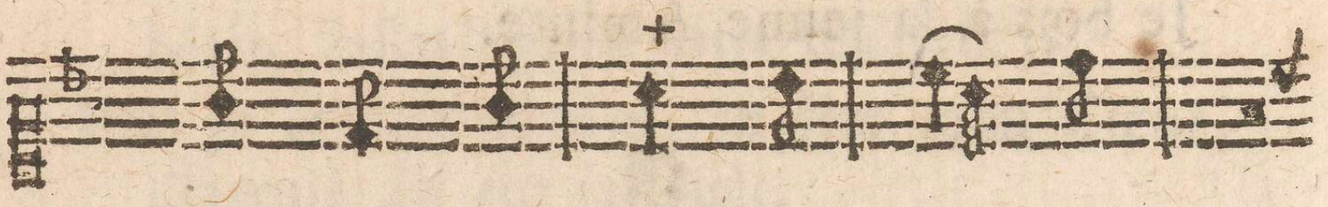


PHi - lis un au - tre A-



mant t'en - ga - ge, A Daph - nis



tu man - que de Foi,



Le Ber - ger qui te rend vo-

lage,

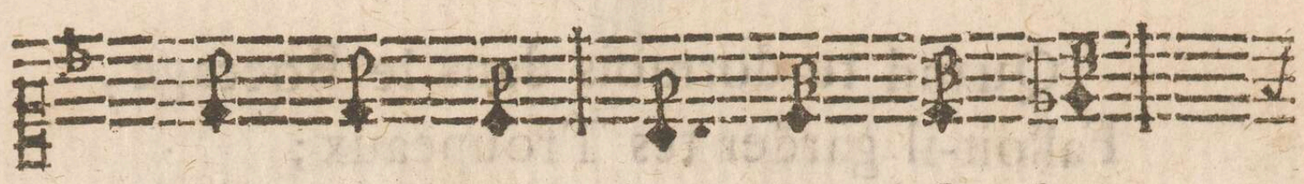
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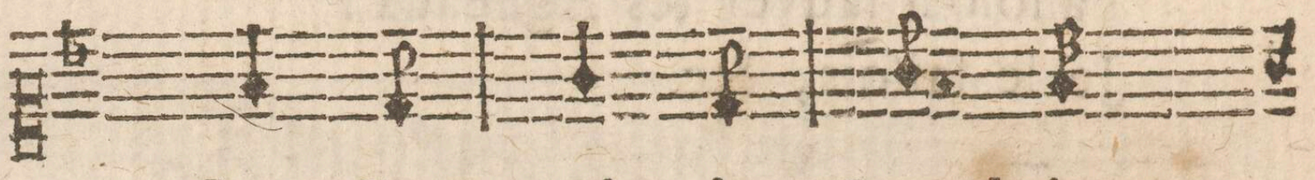


la - ge, Te fait - il
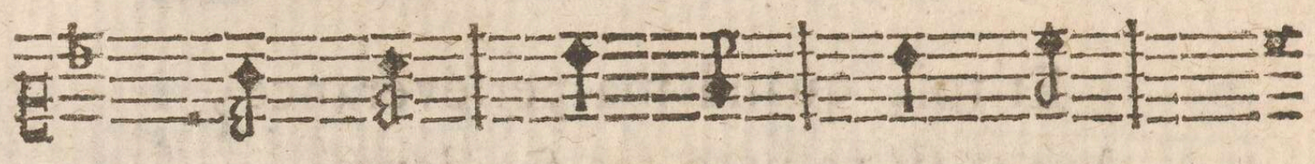


mieux l'A - mour que moi?



Je le fai - ſois de ſi bon



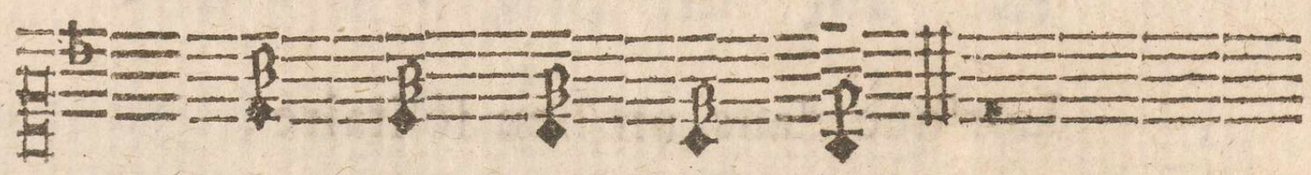
Cœur, Cru - el - le, Quand je



me rap - pel - le, Un Bon-



heur, Que je croy - ois ſûr;



Ce - la m'eſt bien dûr.

lage,

Fal-

Falloit-il garnir ta Houlette,
Ou de Fleurs, te faire un Bouquèt,
Ou chanter, une Chanſonnette,
Ou jouër, de mon Flageolet;
Je le faiſois, &c.
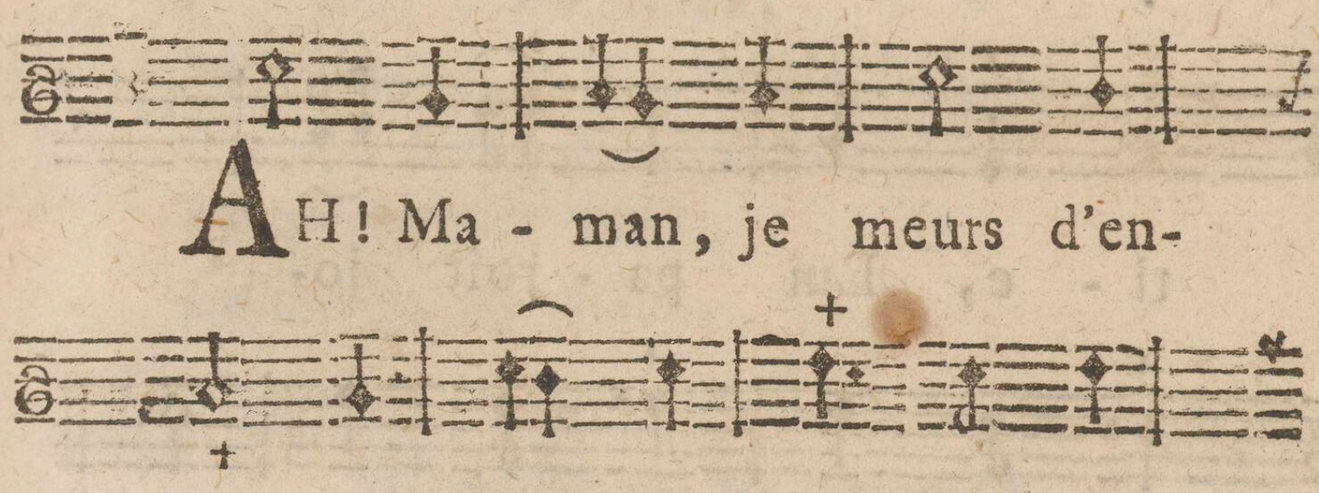
Quand tu dormois dans le Boccage,
Falloit-il garder tes Troupeaux;
De la Dent d'un Loup plein de rage,
Falloit-il ſauver tes Agneaux?
Je le faiſois, &c.

Et toi, quand ma perſéverance,
Ayant ſû vaincre tes froideurs,
T'engageoit par reconnoiſſance,
A me montrer moins de rigueur;
Tu le faiſois, &c.
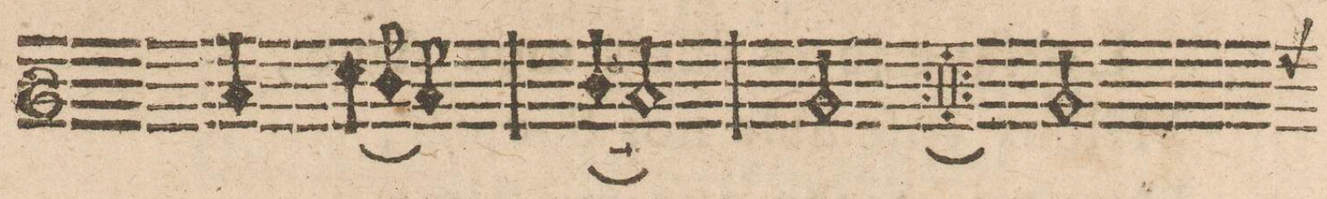
Lorſque dans un lieu ſolitaire,
Nous trouvant tous deux chaque jour,
Sûre que je ſaurois me taire,
Tu te livrois à mon Amour;
Tu le faiſois, &c.

Lorſque je te diſois mon Ame,
Mêlons enſemble nos Soupirs;
Hâte toi, tâche que ma flâme,
Ne devance pas tes Plaiſirs;
Tu le faiſois, &c.

CHANSONNETTE.
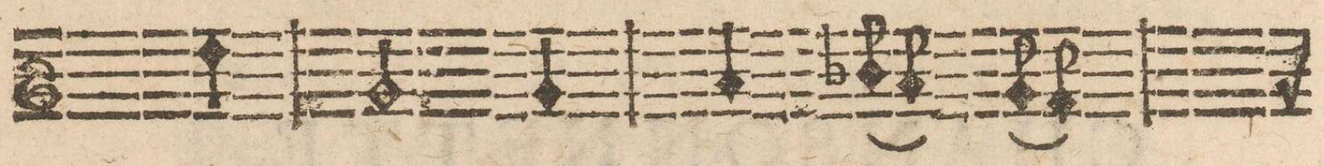


Lori-
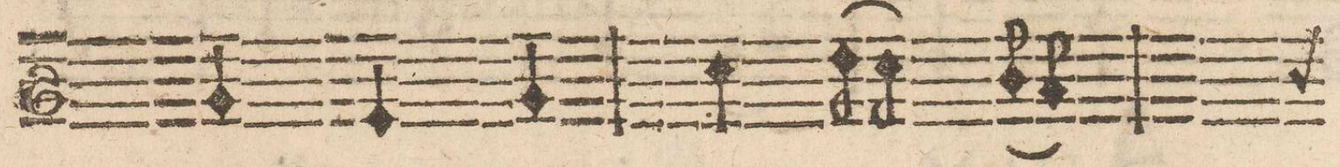


ble Fo - li - e: e:



Six fois tout de ſui - te il



y mèt, Et quand la par-



ti - e, Lui pa - roît jo-

li - e, Il va juſ - qu'à ſept.

Comment donc petite folette,
Vous voulez jouër à des Jeux,
Qui ſont ſi dangereux,
Au jeune âge où vous êtes:

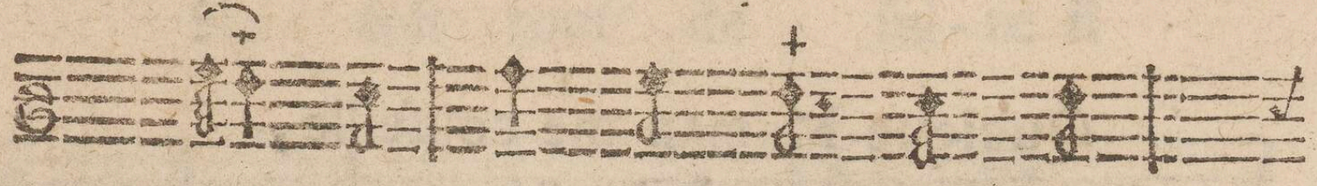
S'il vous faut de l'amuſement,
Jouëz y ſeulette,
Comme les Nonettes,
Font dans leur Couvent.

Quoique Maman me conſeille,
Avec moi Colinèt jouëra,
A ce joli Jeu là,
Il y jouë à merveille,
Moi ſeule, le Jeu me déplaît,
Car ma main ſe laſſe,
Et quoique je faſſe,
Jamais je n'y mèts.

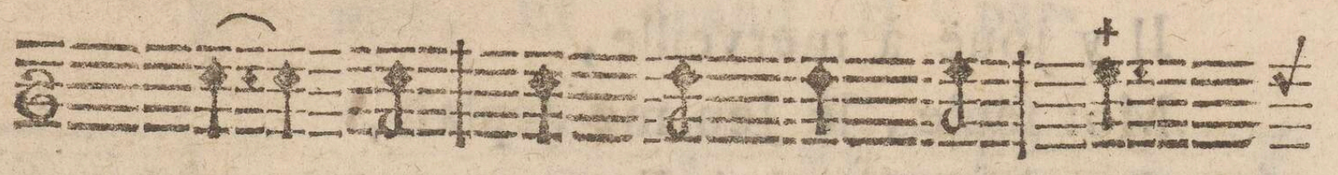
FANFARE.



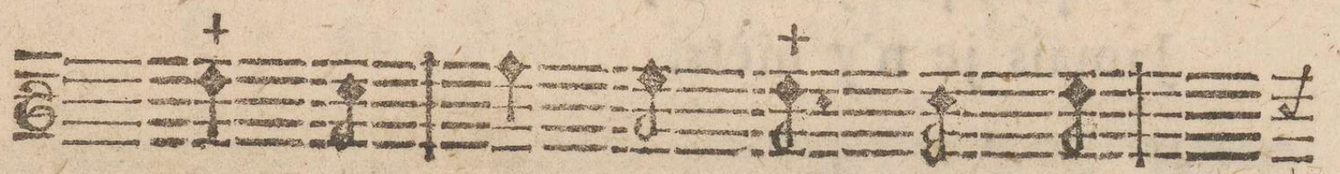
DAns ma Fa - çon de fai-
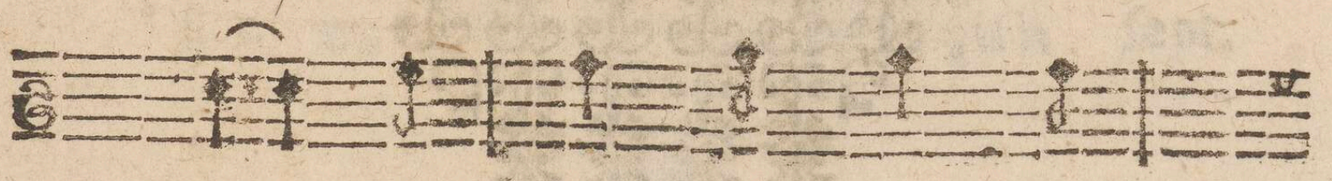


re, Je trou - ve ma ſu - re-



té; D'u - ne Sa - geſ-ſe auſ - tè-



re, Je ne fais point Va - ni-

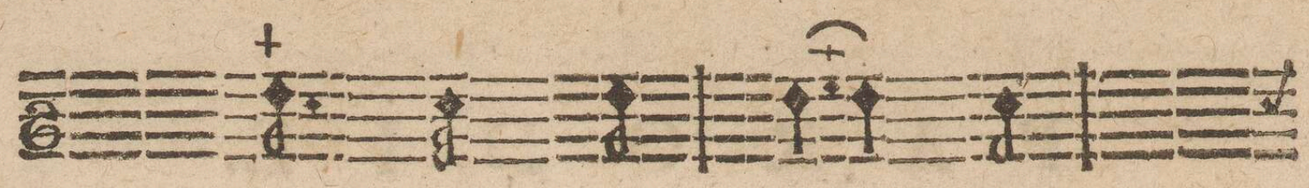


té: I - ris, & bon - ne



Chè - re, U - ne fa-
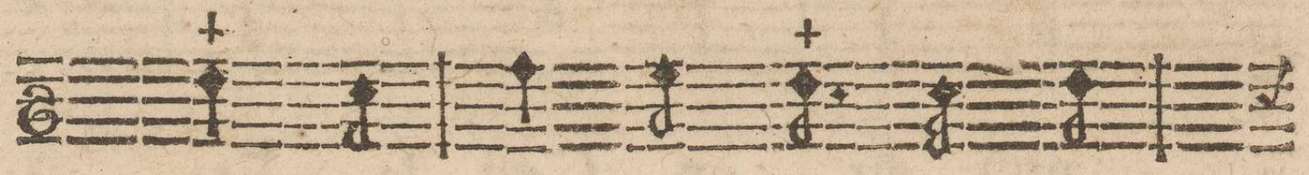
cile



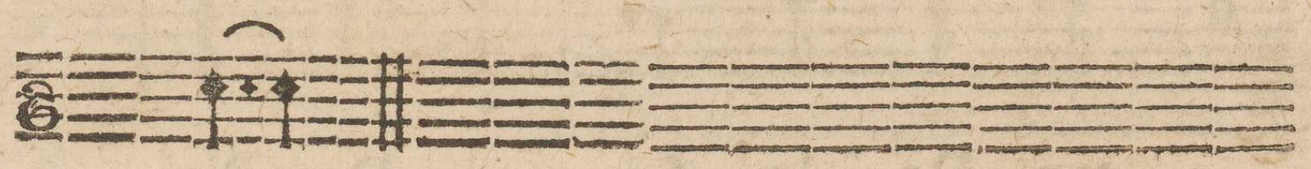
ci - le San - té, Voi-



là tout le Miſ - tè-

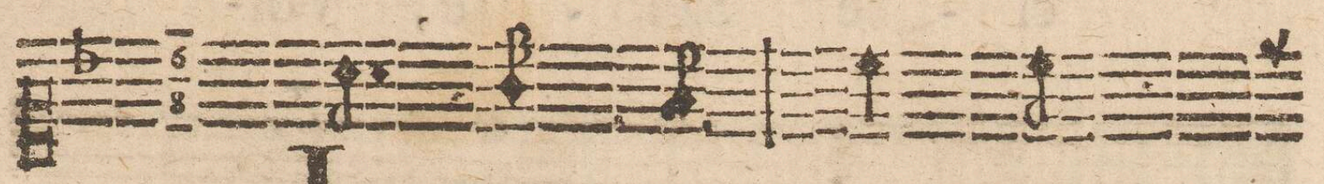


re, Qui mè-ne à la Vo-lup-



té.
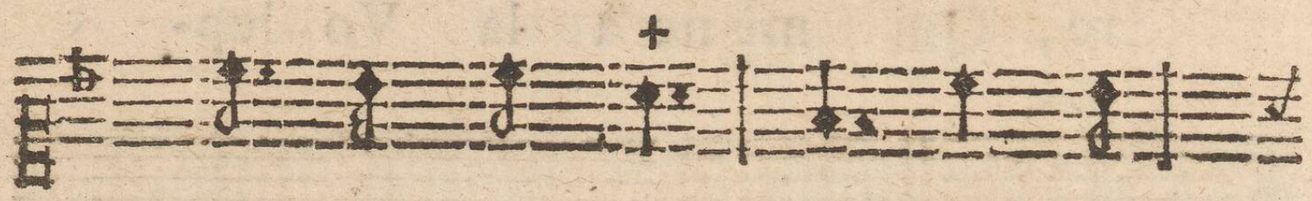
PARODIE.



JAmais l'Amour ne
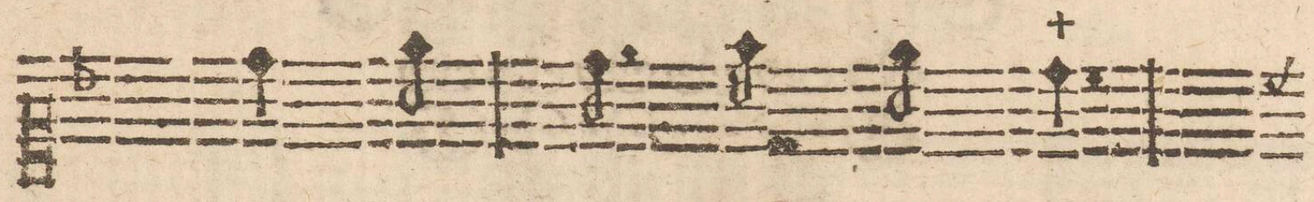


nuit, dit-on, C'eſt la Fa-



çon, De le faire, Des Plai-



ſirs ne vous privez pas, Mais
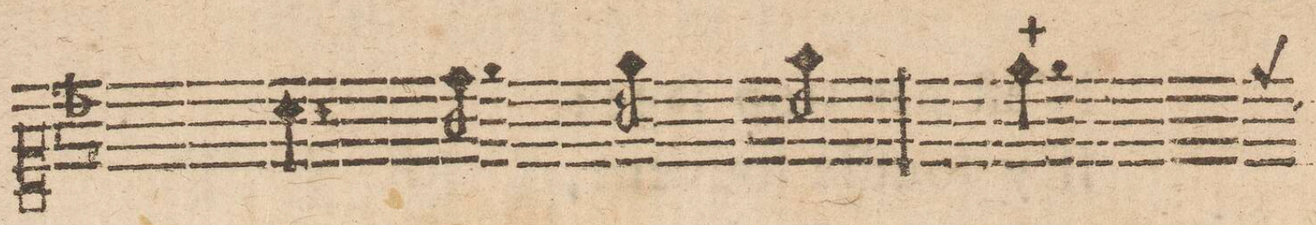


faites cas du Miſtè-
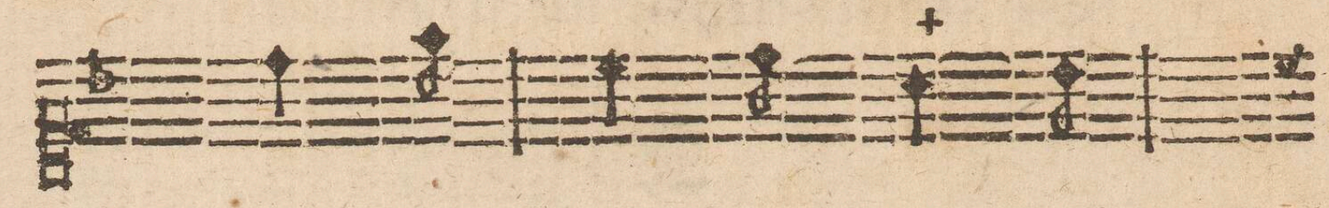


re: Mettez vous à l'écart,

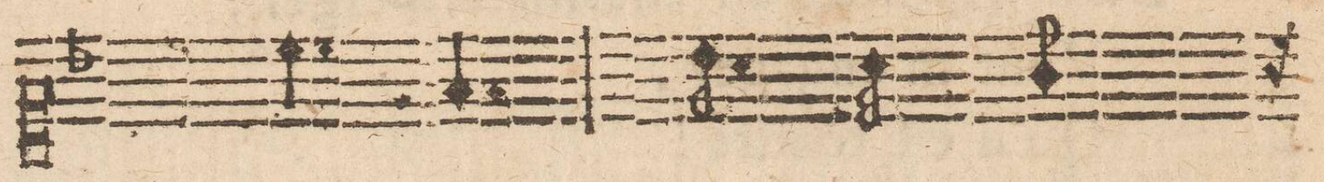
Car;



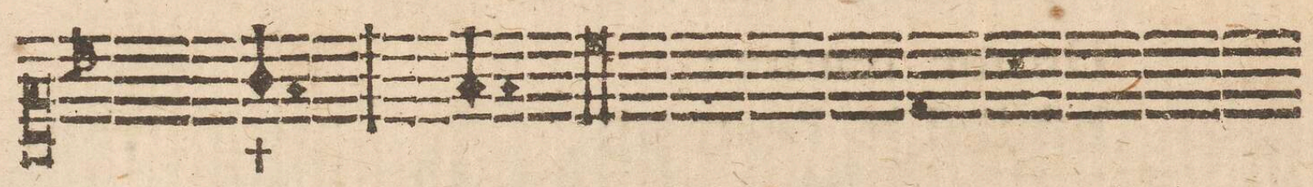
Car, Le Mon - de cau-



ſe; Mais qui prend ſes é-



bats, Bas, Craint peu la



Glo - ſe.

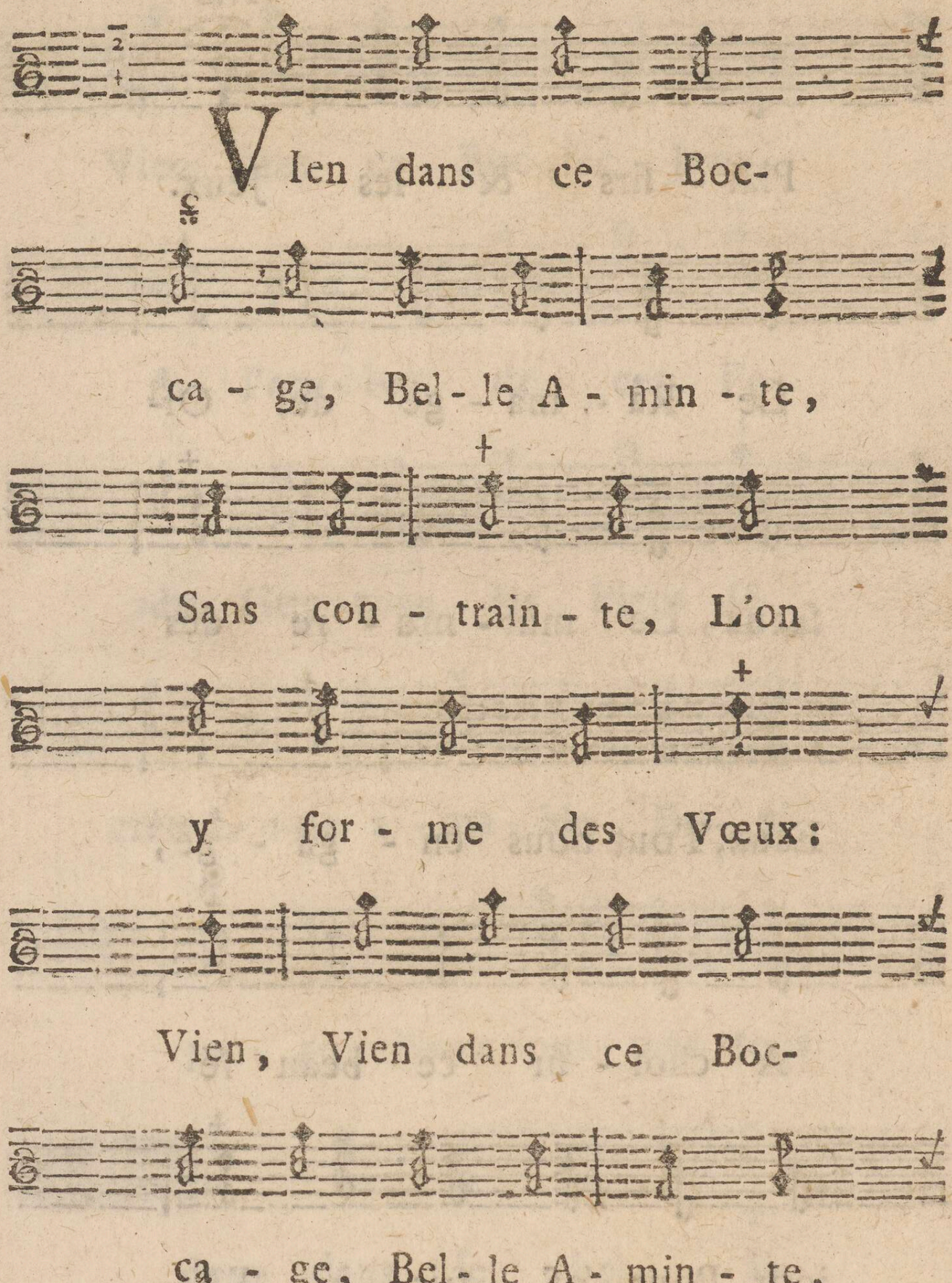
Chers Amis, je quitte la Cour,
C'eſt un ſéjour,
Trop à craindre;
On s'y ſert de mille détours,
Il faut toujours,
S'y contraindre:
Qui fait de ce fracas,
Cas,
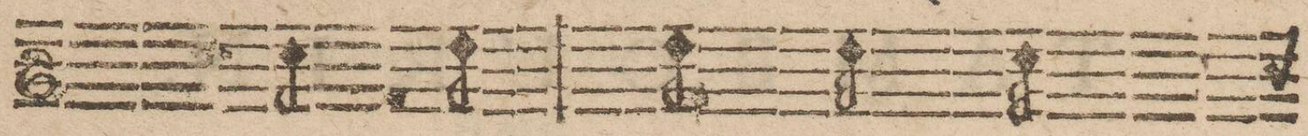
N'eſt pas trop ſage ;
Il y ſouffle ſouvent,
Vent,
Qui cauſe Orage.

Dans ces Bois un charmant Berger,
Veut m'engager,
Qu'il eſt tendre !
Mais l'Amour ne m'en parle pas,
Je crains, hélas !
De me rendre :
Eſt-il ſi je l'entends,
Tems,
De m'en défaire ;
Va, je fuis tes Diſcours,
Cours,
Vole à Cythère.

TAMBOURIN.

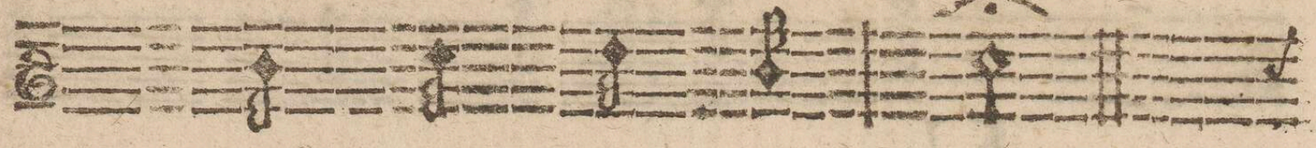
RONDEAU.



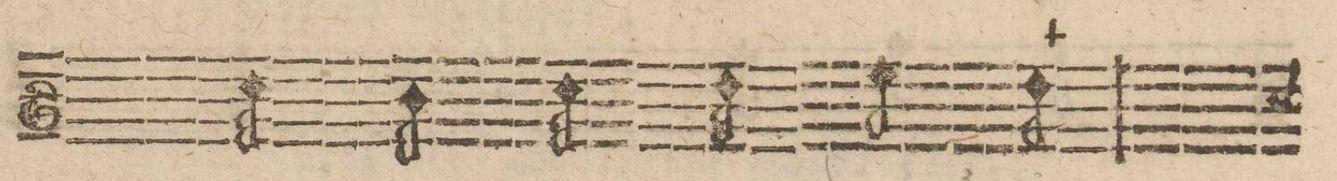


Il eſt fait pour les

Fin.



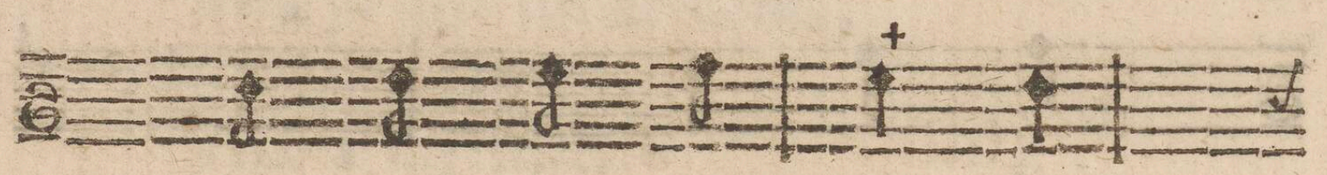
Plai - ſirs & les Jeux.



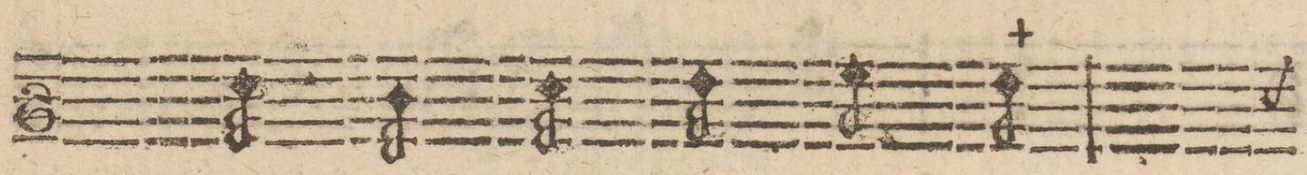
Le Ra - ma - ge des Oi-
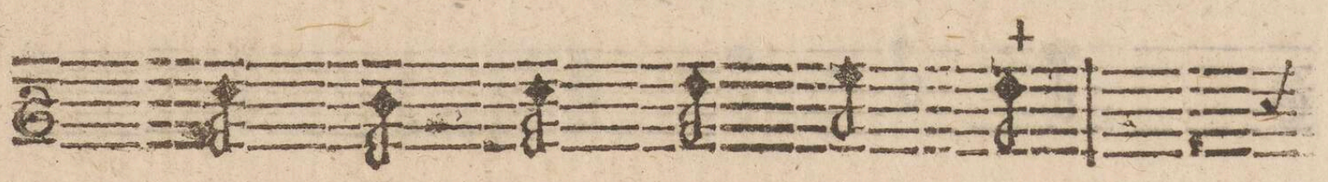


ſeaux, Le mur - mu - re des



Eaux, Tout nous en - ga - ge,
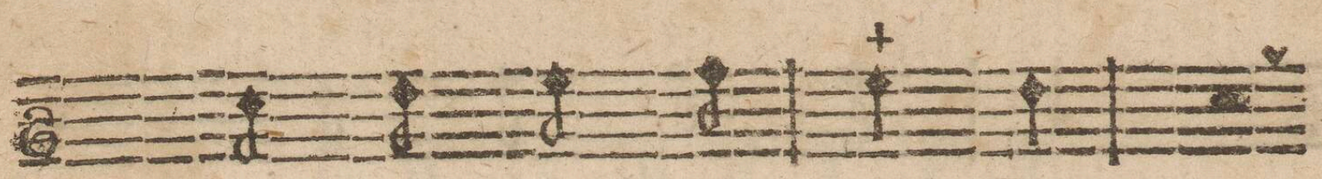


A choi - ſir ce beau ſé-
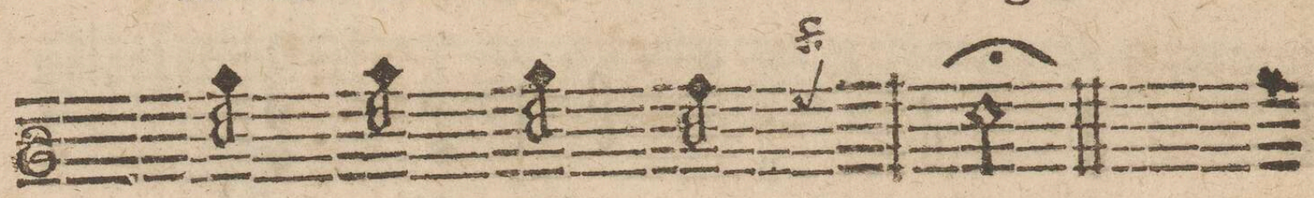


jour, Pour of - frir à l'A-

mour,



mour un ten-dre ho-ma- ge.



Vien dans ce Boc-,&c. Jeux.
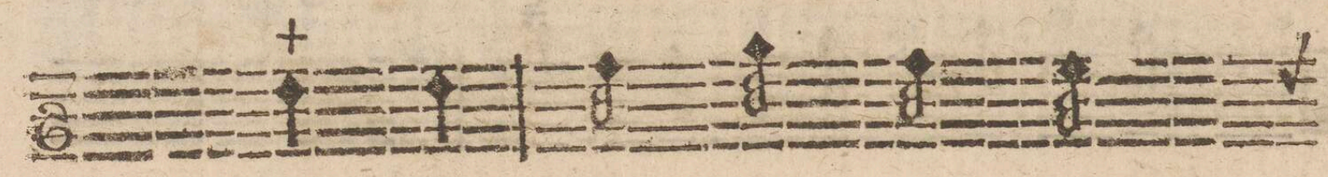


A l'om-bre de ces Fo-
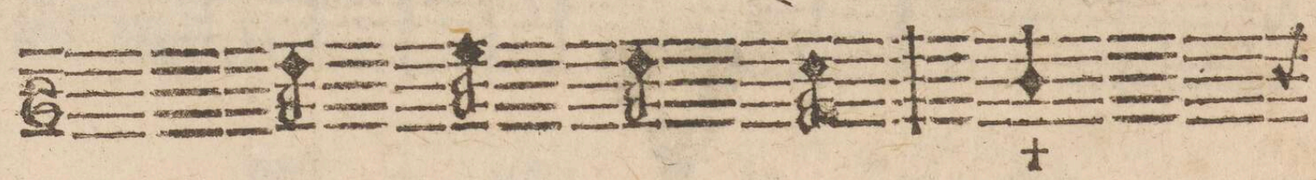


rêts, Gou-tons les biens ſé-



crèts, D'u-ne ai-ma-ble Ba-di-

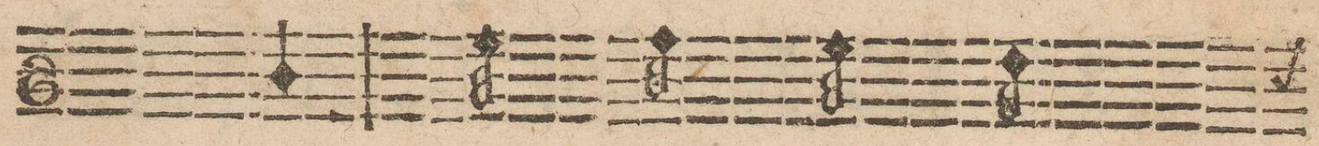


na-ge; Nous ſom-mes tous
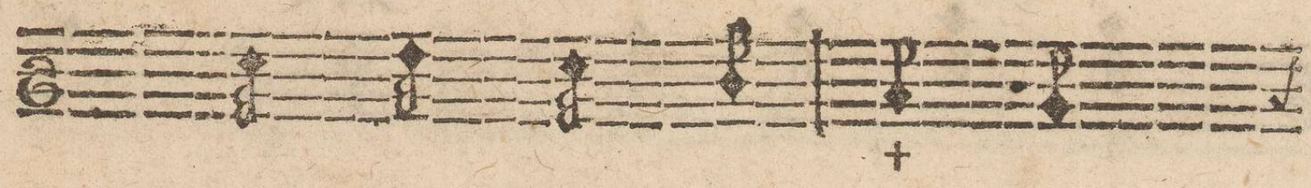


deux dans le bel â-

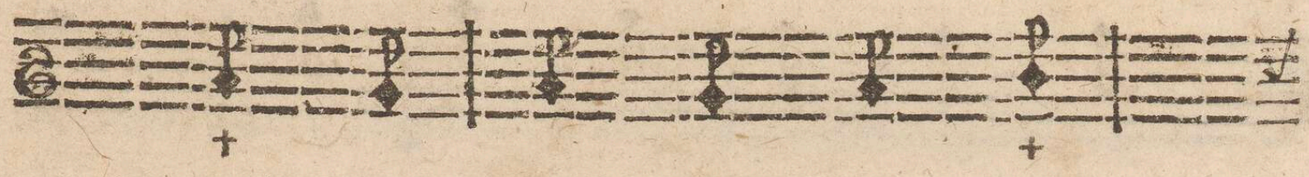
ge,



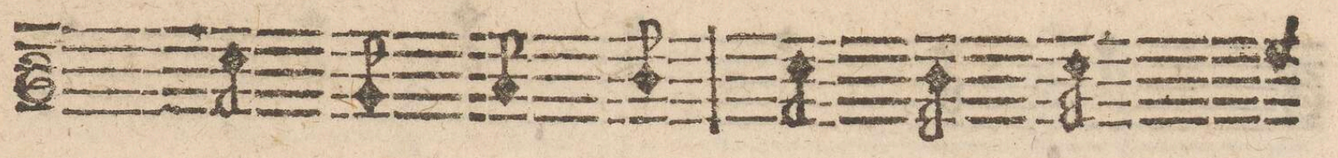
ge, De nos chaî - nes



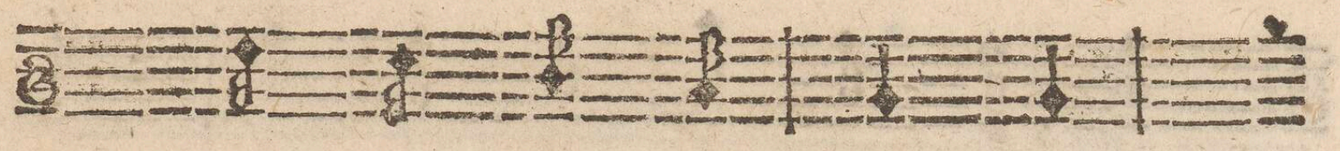
ref - ſe - rons les Nœuds, Vi-
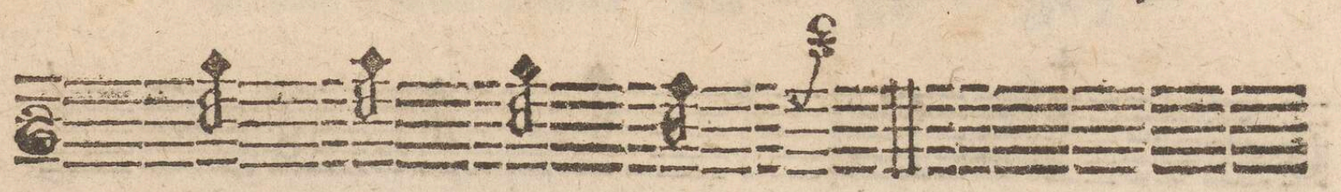


ves ar - deurs, Mo - mens fla-



teurs, Que vos dou - ceurs A ja-



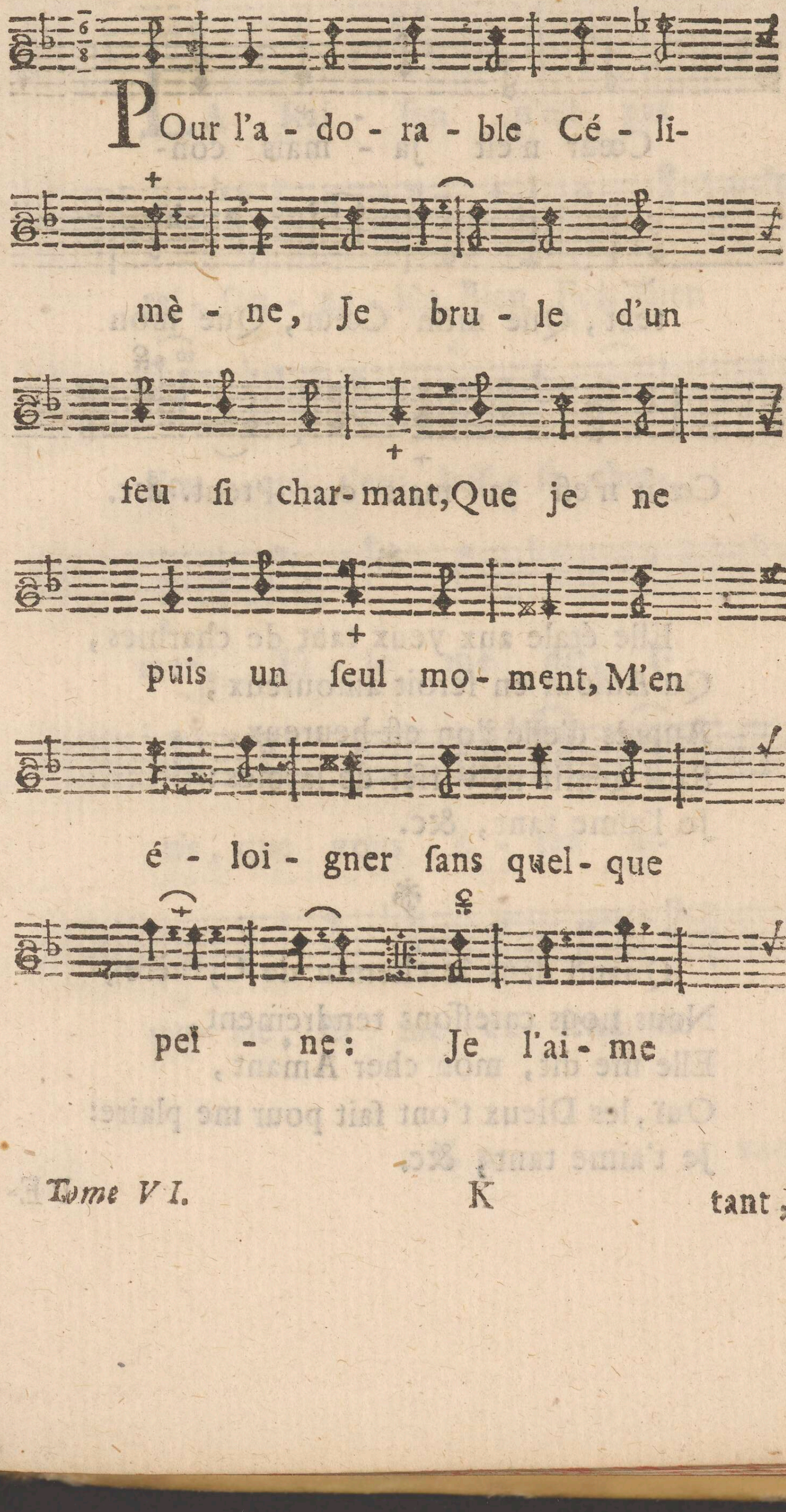
mais char - ment nos Cœurs. Vien,

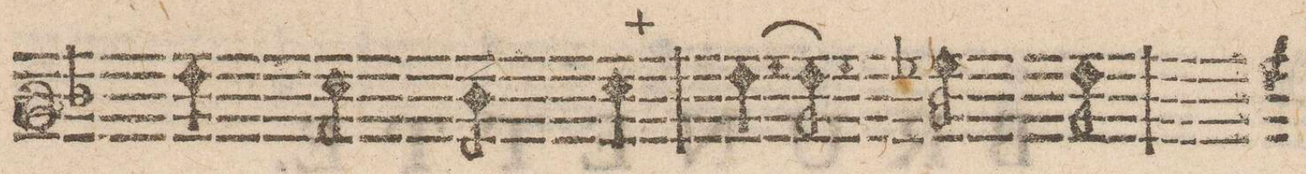


Vien dans ce Boc-, &c.

BRU-

BRUNETTE.

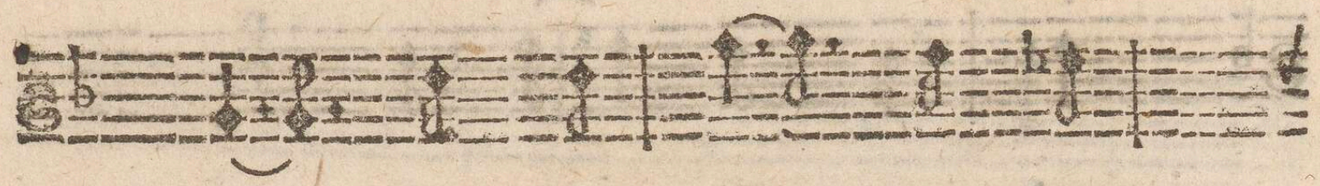

Pour l'a - do - ra - ble Cé - li-
mè - ne, Je bru - le d'un
feu ſi char-mant, Que je ne
puis un ſeul mo- ment, M'en
é - loi - gner ſans quel - que
pei - ne: Je l'ai - me



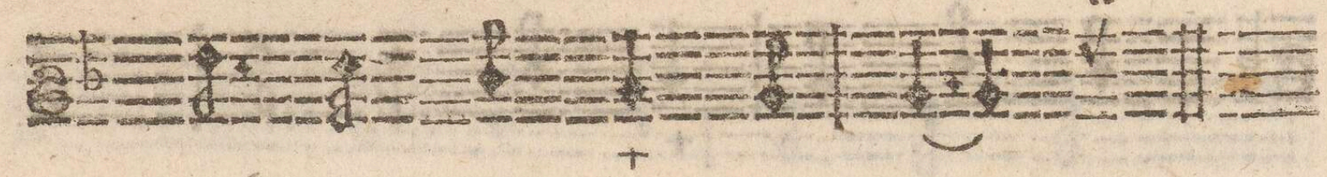
tant, tant, tant, tant, tant, Que mon



Cœur n'eſt ja - mais con-



tent, Que mon Cœur, Que mon
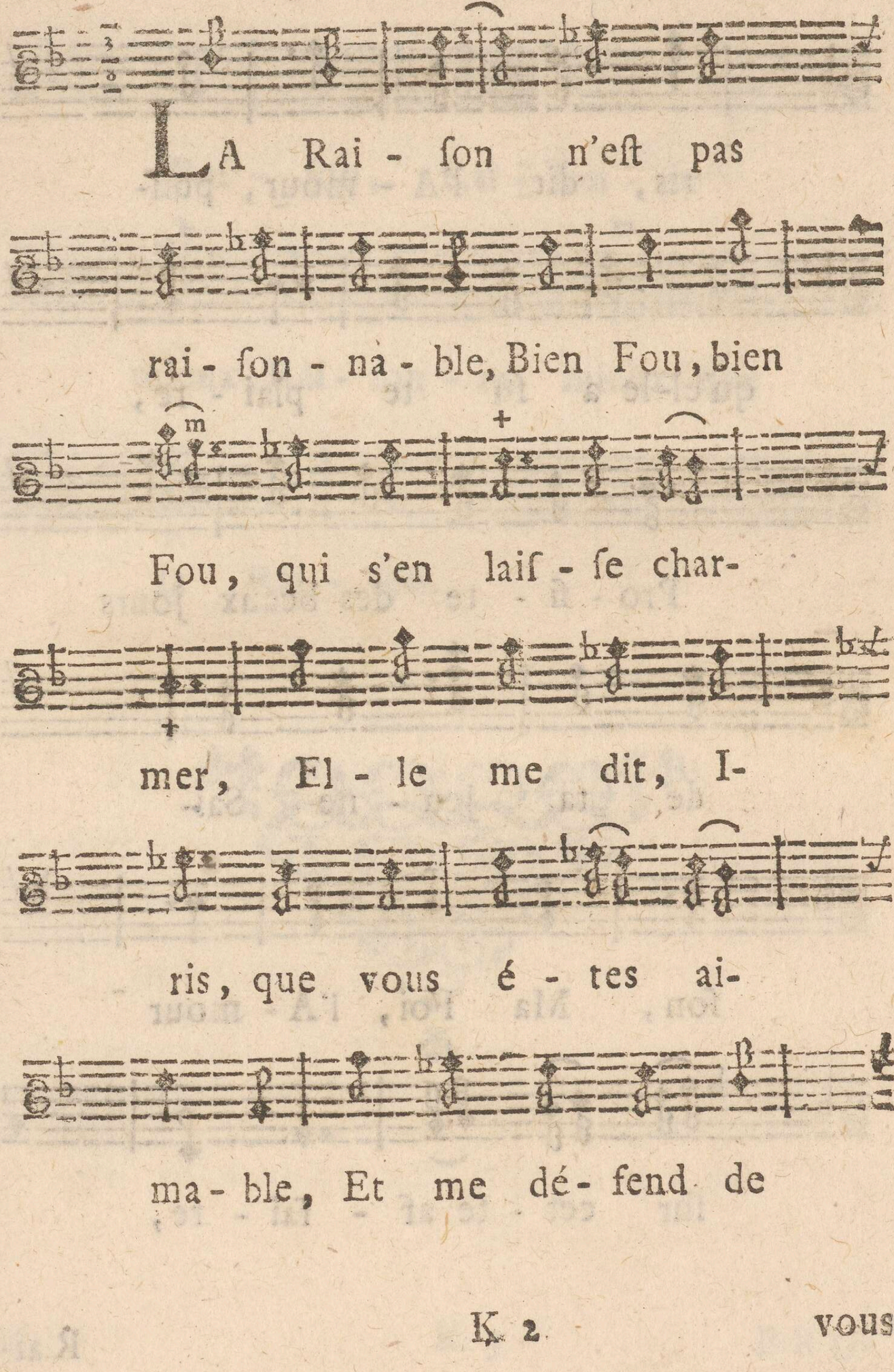


Cœur n'eſt ja - mais con - tent. &c.

Elle étale aux yeux tant de charmes,
Qu'Amour en ſeroit amoureux,
Auprès d'elle l'on eſt heureux,
Sans gémir ni verſer de larmes:
Je l'aime tant, &c.

Quand dans le chemin de Cythère,
Nous nous careſſons tendrement,
Elle me dit, mon cher Amant,
Ouï, les Dieux t'ont fait pour me plaire:
Je t'aime tant, &c.

PE-

PETIT AIR.



LA Rai - ſon n'eſt pas

rai - ſon - na - ble, Bien Fou, bien

Fou, qui s'en laiſ - ſe char-

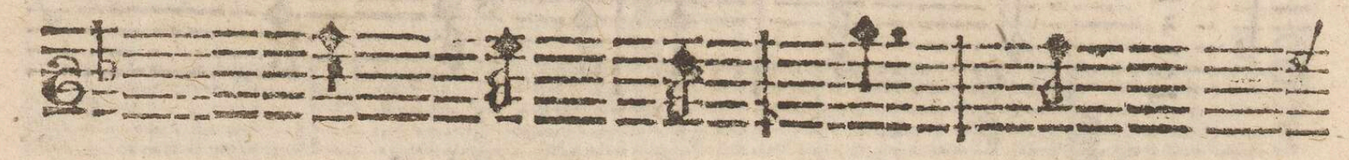
mer, El - le me dit, I-

ris, que vous é - tes ai-

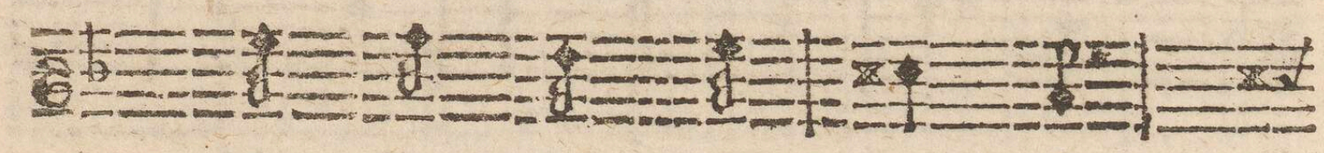
ma - ble, Et me dé - fend de



vous ai - mer: Ai- me I-
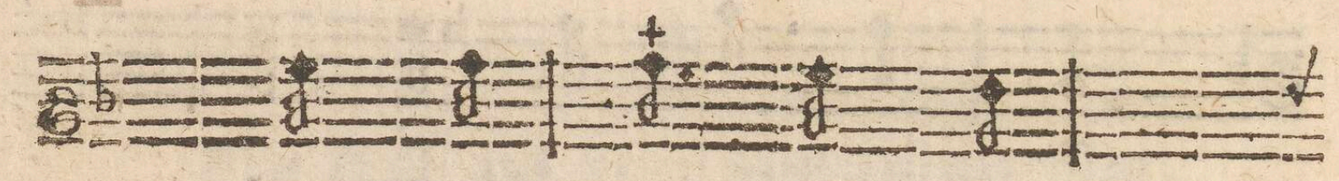


ris, dic l'A - mour, puiſ-



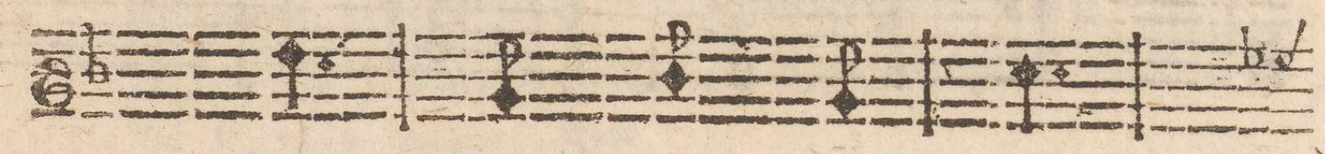
qu'el-le a ſû te plai - re,
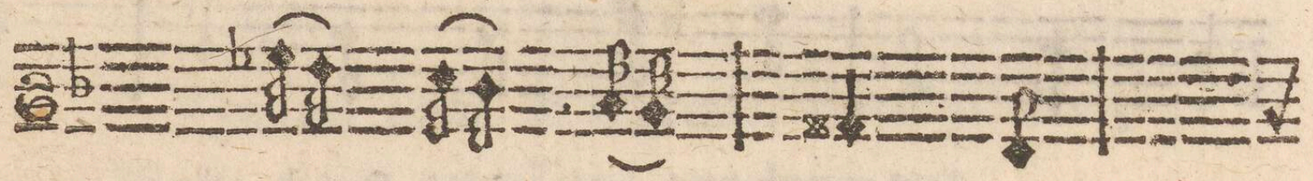


Pro - fi - te des beaux jours



de ta jeu - ne Sai-
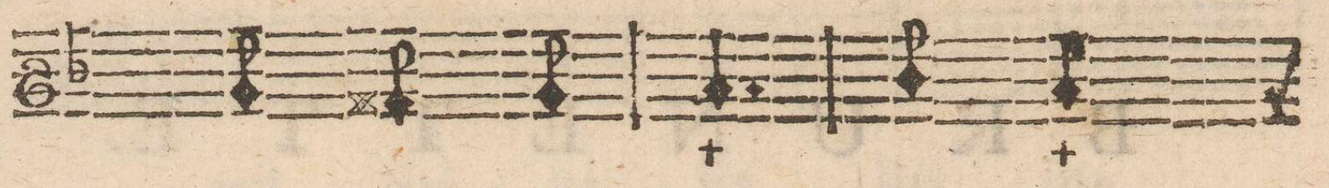


ſon, Ma Foi, l'A - mour

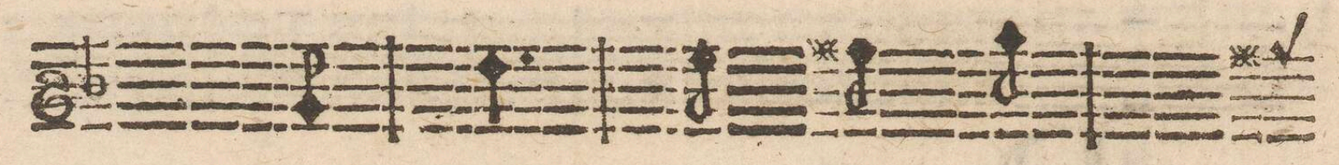


ſur cet - te af - fai - re,

Rai-
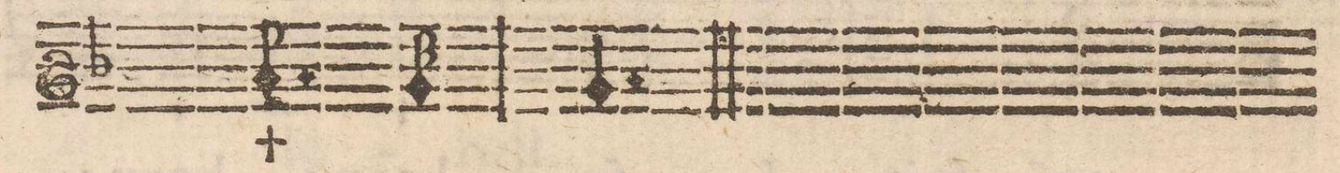


Rai - ſon - ne mieux que la



Rai - ſon, Rai - ſon - ne

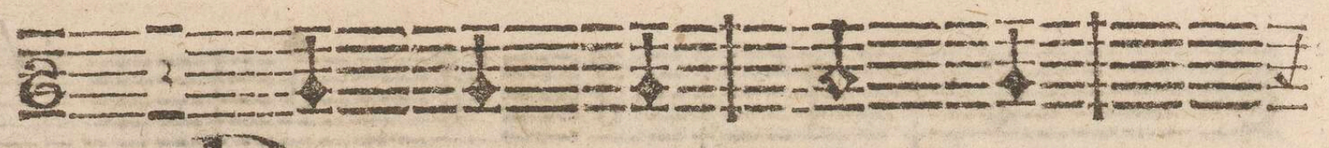


mieux, Rai - ſon - ne mieux que

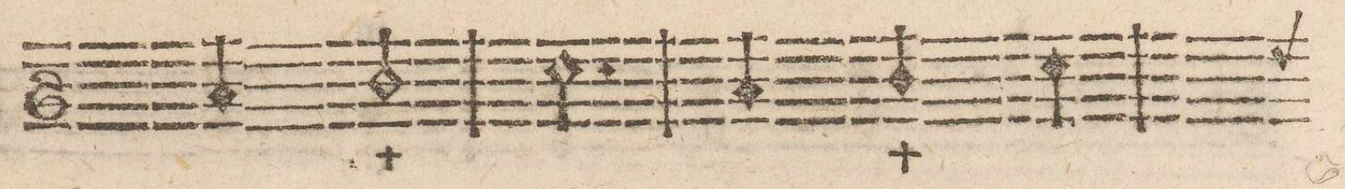


la Rai - ſon.

BRUNETTE.



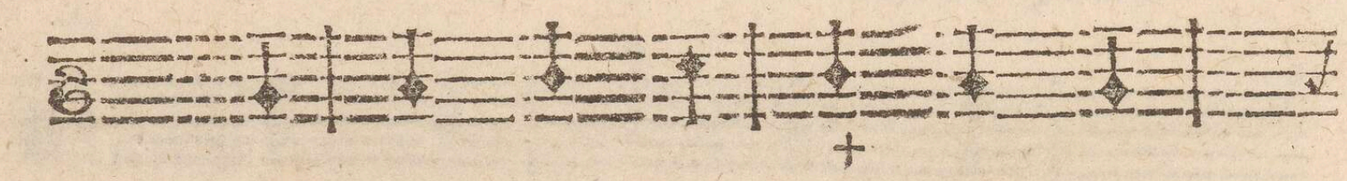
DAns un Boſ - quèt près



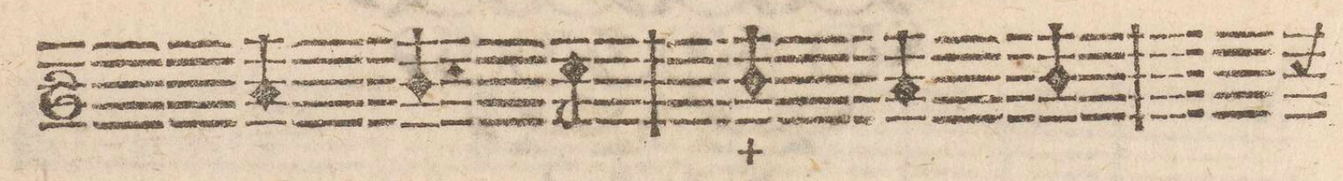
d'un Ha - meau, Co - lin ca-



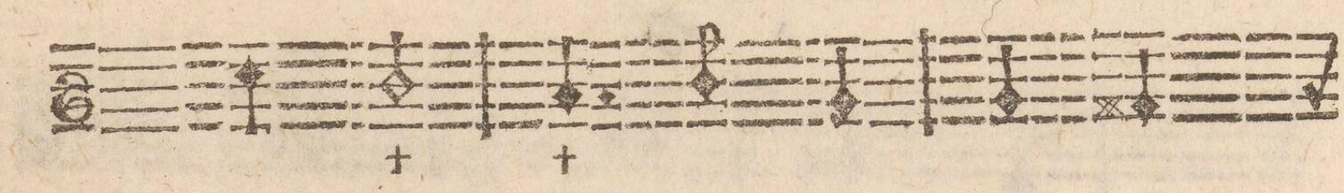
reſ- ſoit I - ſa - beau: beau:



La jeu - ne Ber - gè - re, D'u-

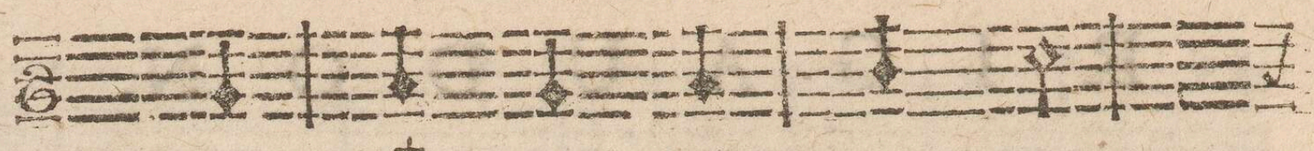


ne main ſé - vè - re, Le



re - pouſ- ſoit, Le nom-mant té-

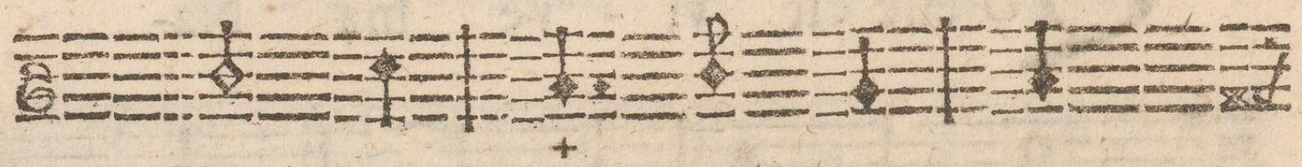
meraire;
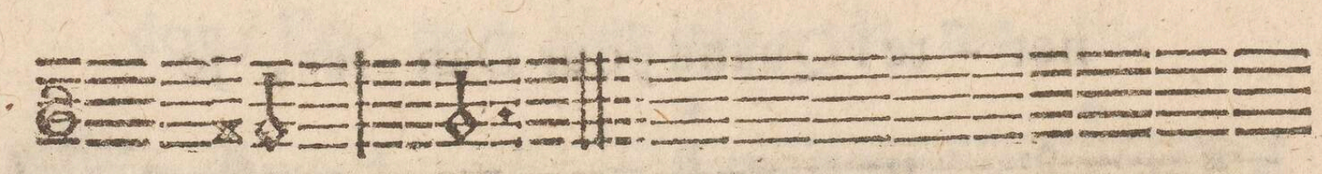


mé - rai - re, Et lui ju-



roit, Qu'el-le ap-pel - le - roit. Et



lui ju - roit, Qu'el- le ap - pel-
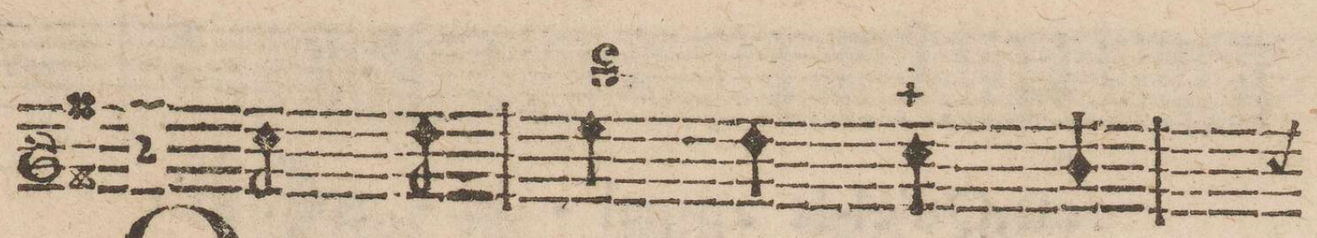


le - roit.

Sa Chienne qui voyoit cela,
Croyant l'obliger, aboya;
La Belle inquiète,
Saisit sa Houlette,
Et l'en-frapa,
Maudissant l'Indiscrète,
Jugez par-là,
Comme elle appella.

RIGAUDON.
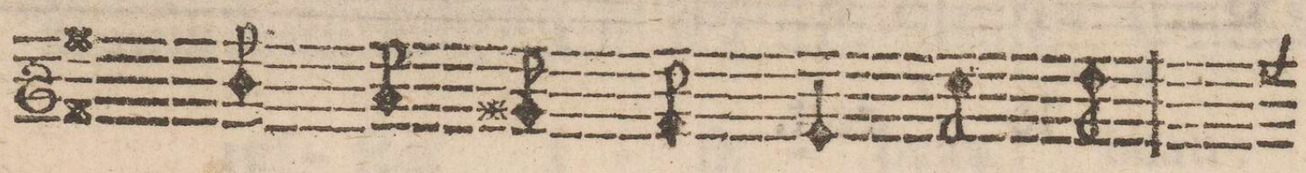
RONDEAU.
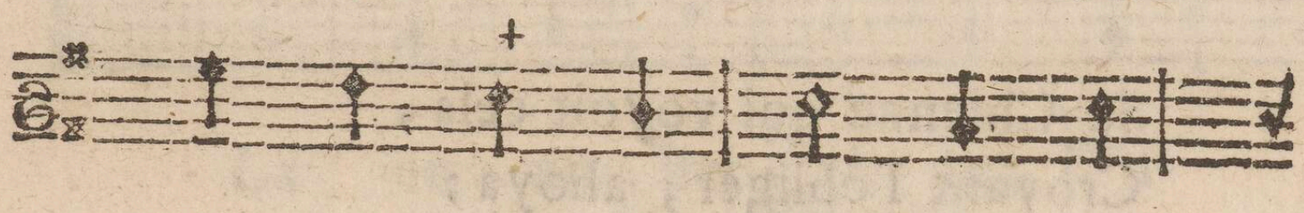


QU'elle eſt vi - ve ma Na-



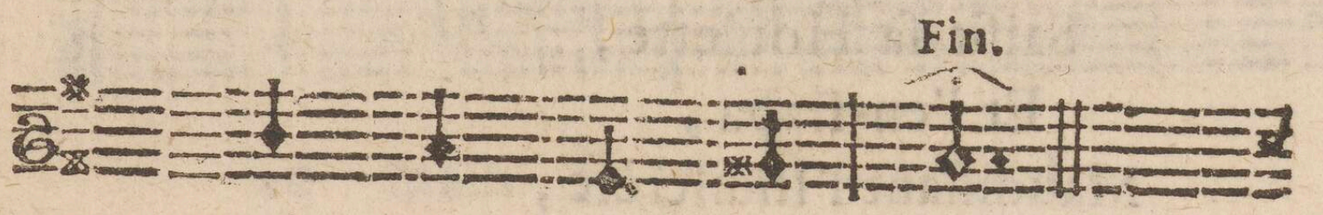
net - te! Quand pour Dan - ſer, je
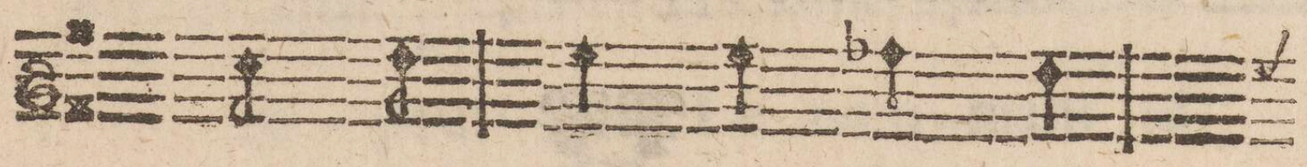


prends mon Inſ- tru - ment, Tout y



va, cet - te Fo - let - te, Se

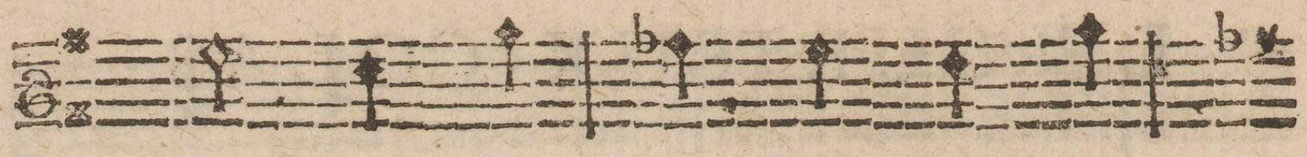


plaît au mou - ve - ment:



Un jour je dis à la

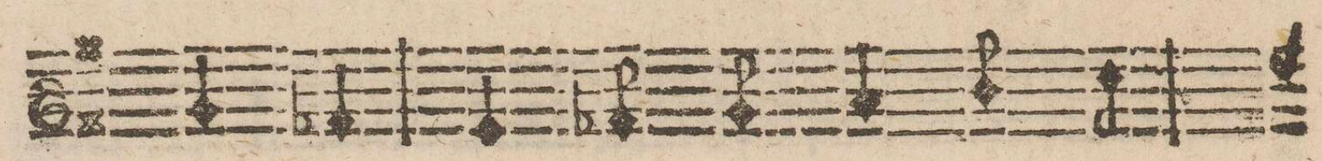
Belle,



Bel - le, Veux tu Na - non, Sur
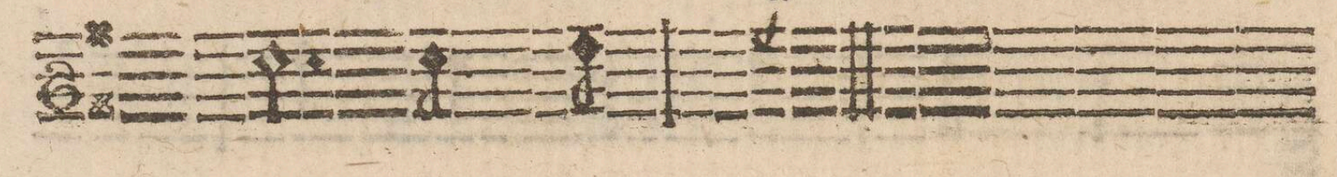


ce Ga - zon, Dan - ſer le Ri - gau-



don? Fai - moi bien plû - tôt me dit-
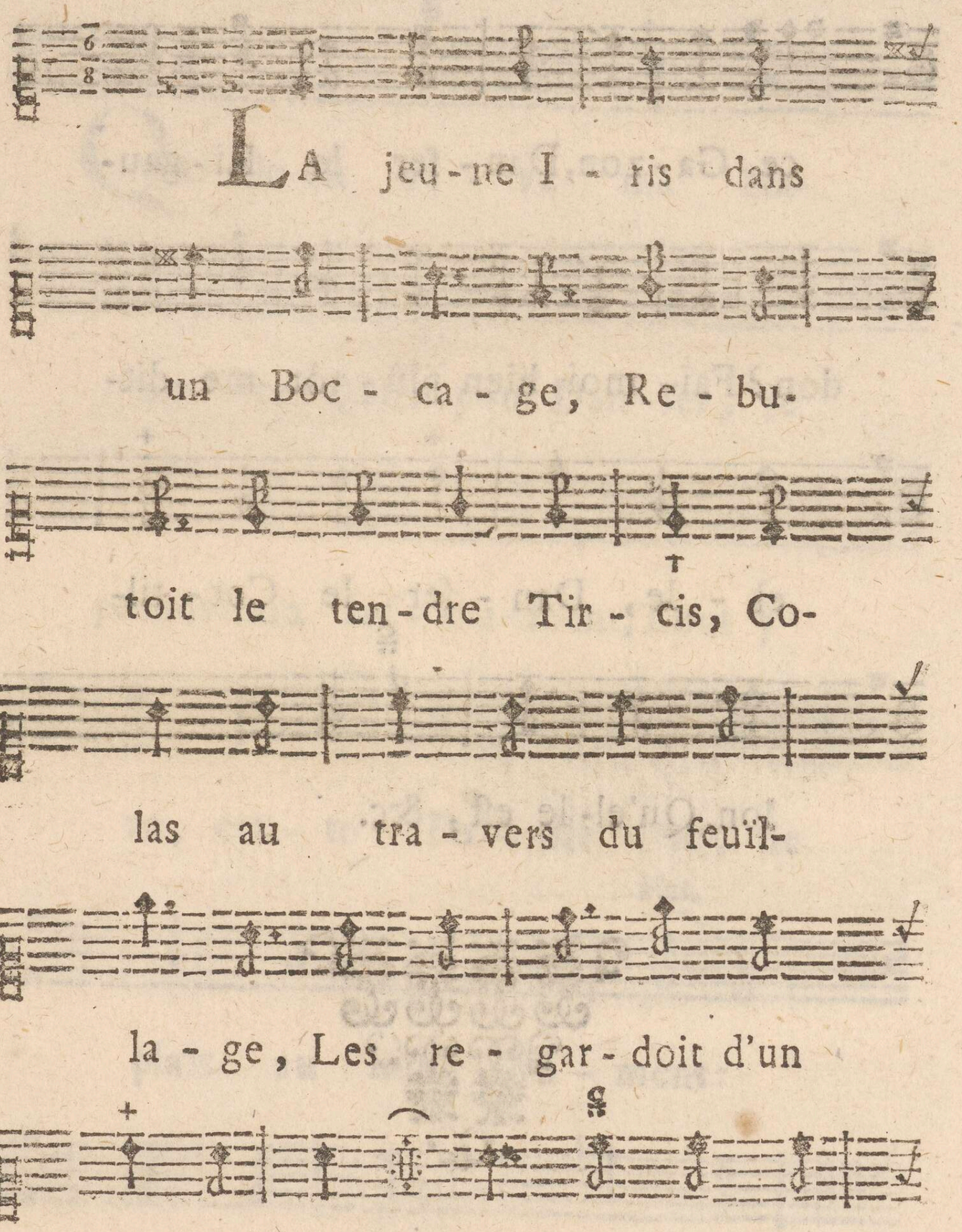


el - le, Dan - ſer le Cot - til-

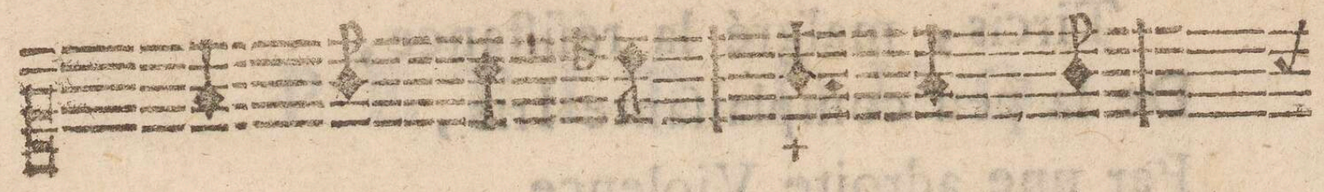


lon. Qu'el - le eſt, &c.
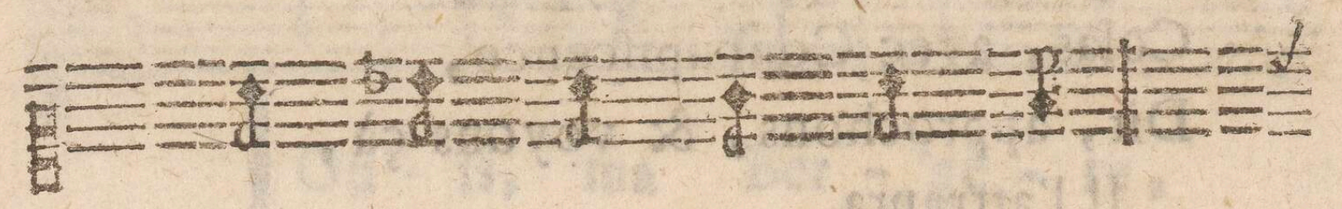
LE CURIEUX COLAS.

VAUDEVILLE.

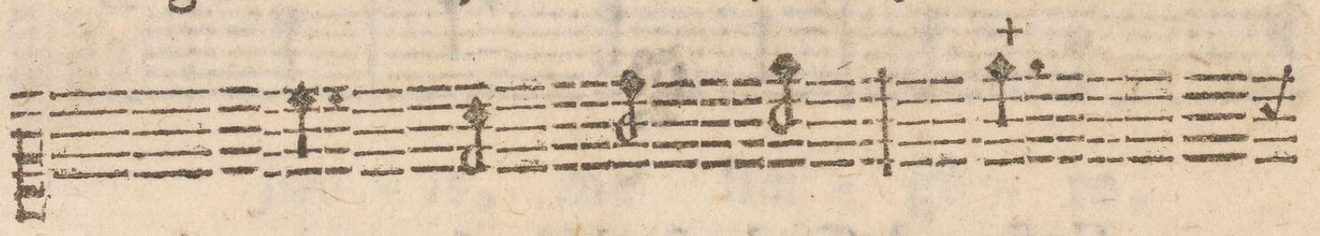




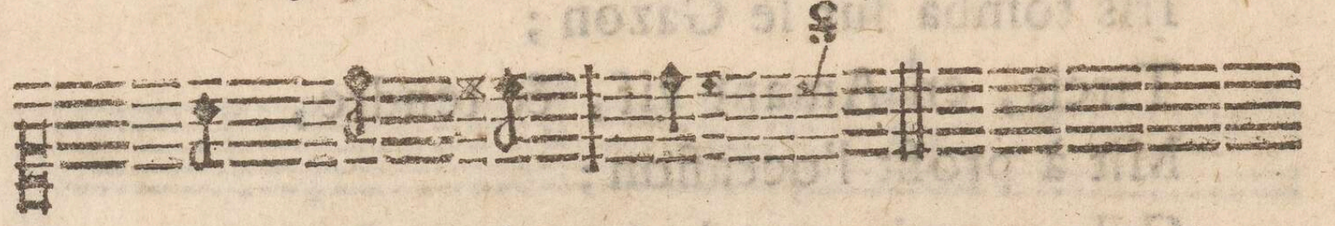
mû de leur Lan - ga - ge, Mor-



guen - ne, dit - il, voy - ons



ça, Il l'at - tra - pra,



Il l'at - tra - pra. &c.

Tircis découvrit, non ſans peine,
Un ſein fait pour charmer les yeux,
En ſe défendant hors d'haleine,
Iris le fit voir encor mieux;
Colas ſe frottant la bedaine,
Dit, aprochons, & voyons çà,
Il l'attrapra.
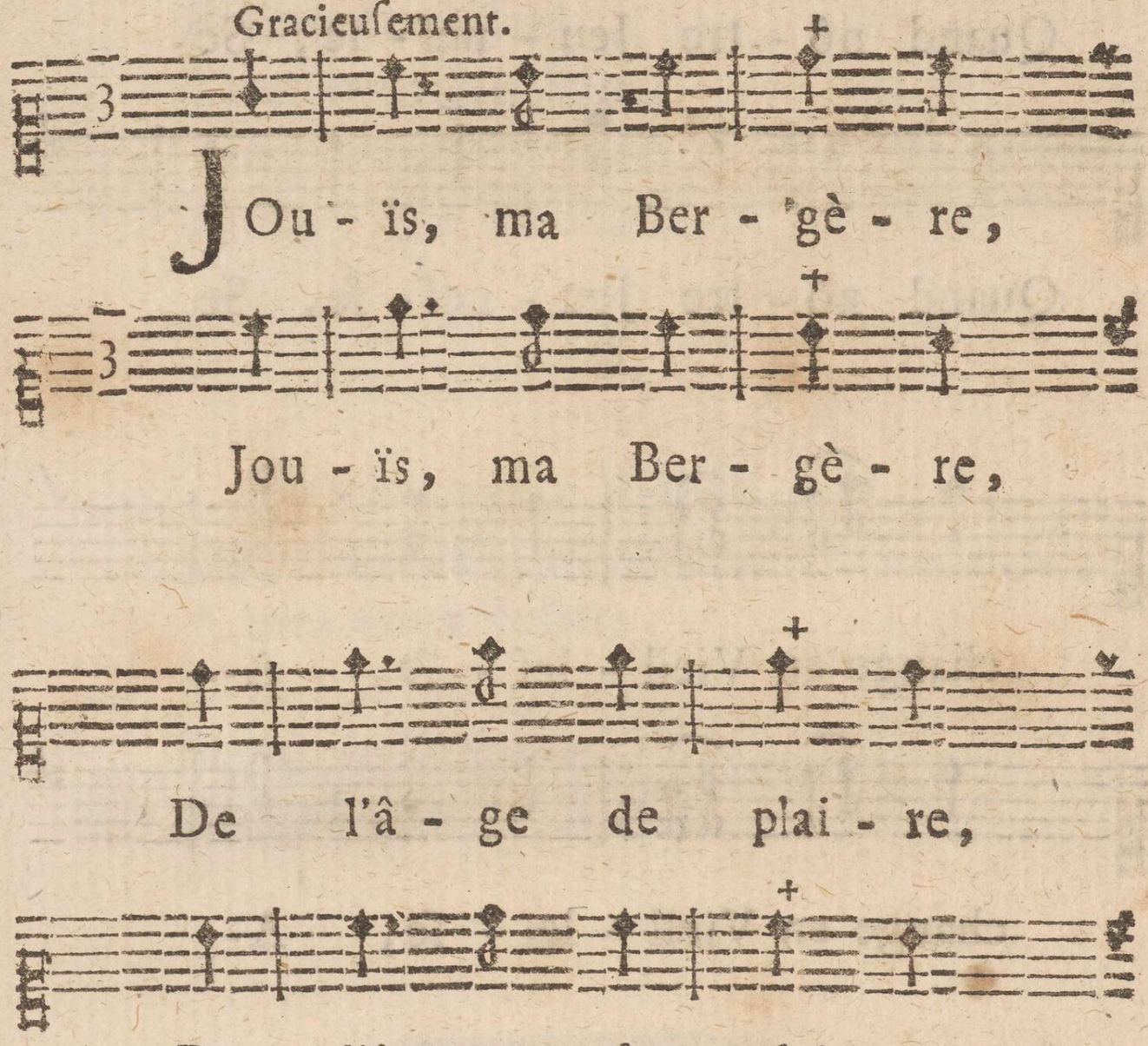
Tircis, malgré la réſiſtance,
De la peu complaiſante Iris,
Par une adroite Violence,
Gagna le Verger de Cypris;
Colas, avec Concupiſcence,
Dit, approchons, & voyons çà,
Il l'attrapra.

Enfin, laſſe de ſe défendre,
Iris tomba ſur le Gazon;
Tircis, en Amant vif, & tendre,
Mit à profit l'occaſion;
Colas, craignant de ſe méprendre,
Dit, approchons, & voyons ça,
Morgué l'y vla.

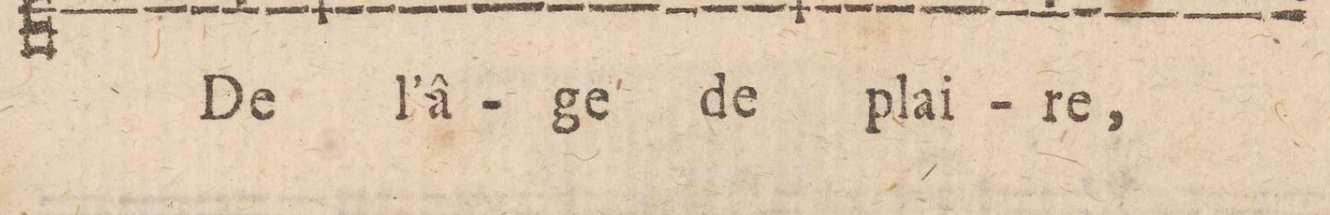
PE-

PETIT DUO.

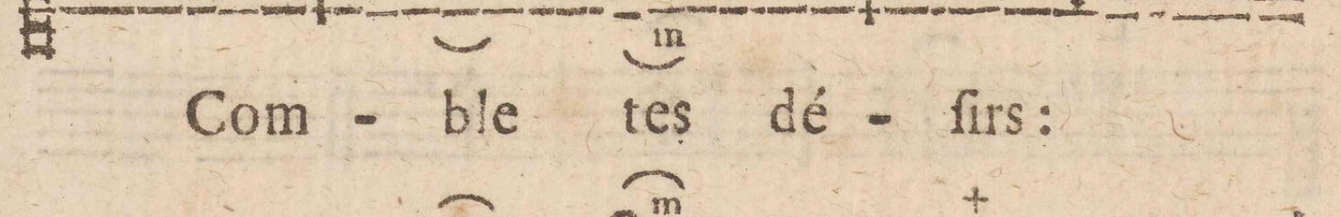
Gracieuſement.



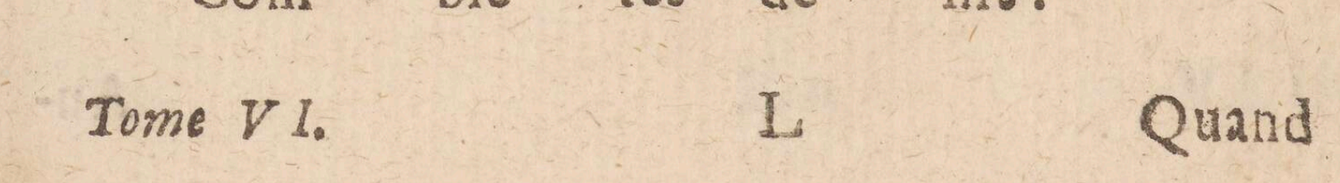
Jou - ïs, ma Ber - gè - re,



Jou - ïs, ma Ber - gè - re,



De l'â - ge de plai - re,



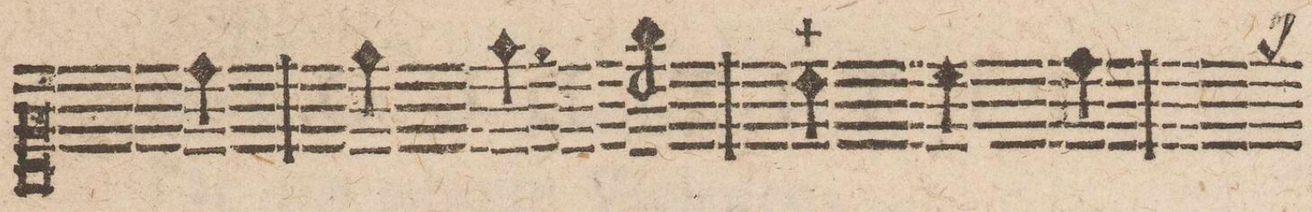
De l'â - ge de plai - re,
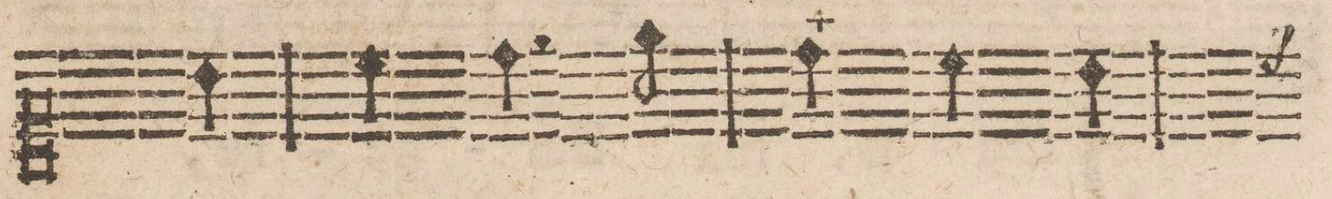


Com - ble tes dé - ſirs:
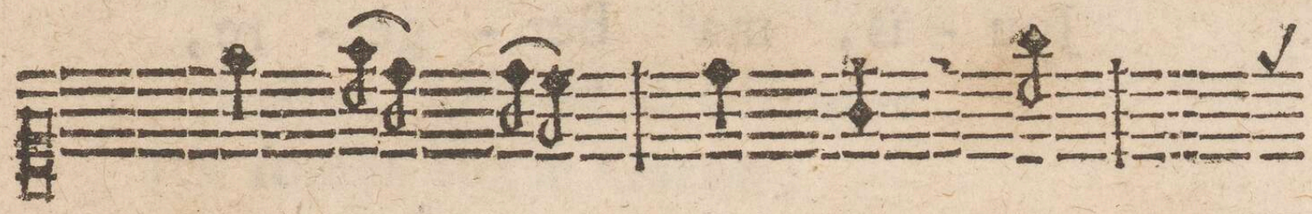


Com - ble tes dé - ſirs:



Quand nô - tre Jeu - neſ - ſe, Se
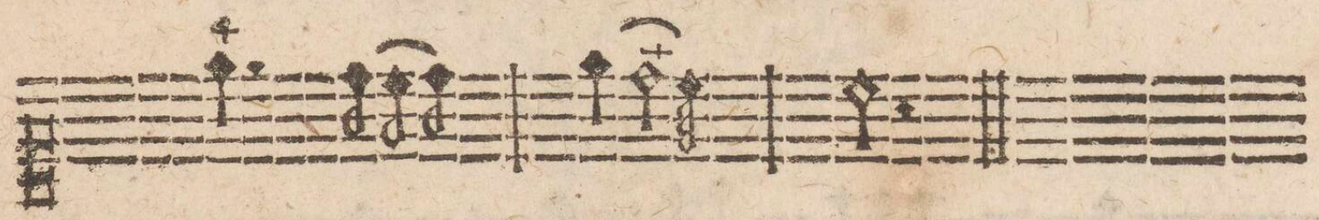


Quand nô - tre Jeu - neſ - ſe, Se



change en Vieil - leſ - ſe, A-



change en Vieil - leſ - ſe, A-



dieu les Plai - ſirs.
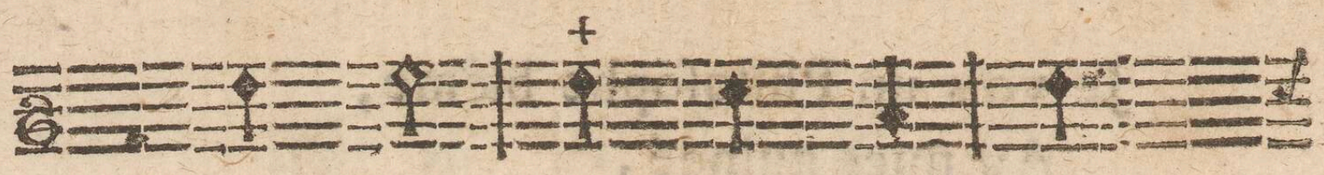


dieu les Plai - ſirs.

Auprès de ſa Belle,
Qu'un Amant fidelle,
Forme de déſirs!
Tout ravit ſon âme,
Tout accroît ſa flâme,
Dieux! que de Plaiſirs!

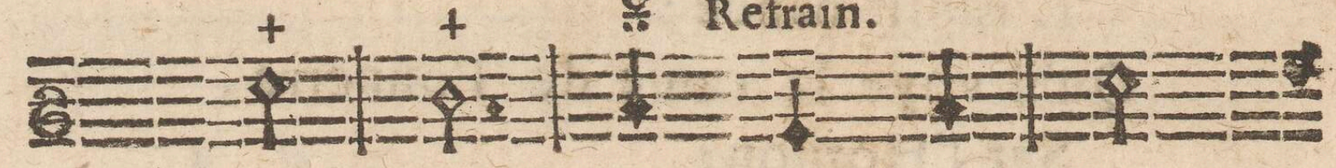
Ma charmante Blonde,
Que ton Cœur réponde,
A mes doux déſirs:
Si tu fais ma gloire,
Si j'ai la Victoire,
Dieux! que de Plaiſirs.

VAUDEVILLE LANGUEDOCIEN.

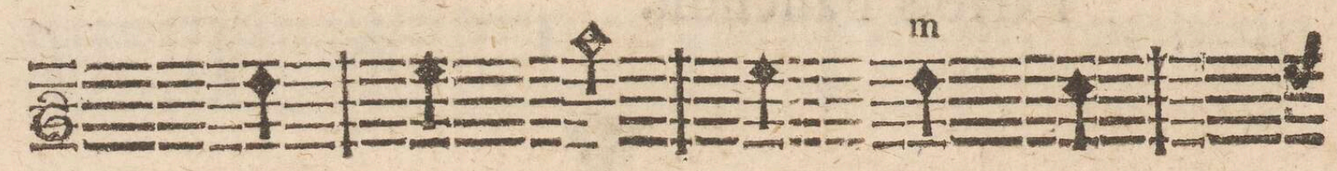




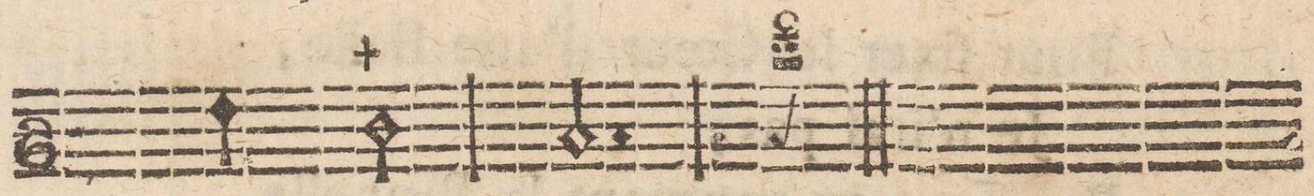
te la Ter - re, Quand je



ſuis rond, J'ai - me mes A-



mis, & mon Ver - re, Par-



-fois Fan - chon. &c.

Je Ris de la vaine Science,
D'un froid Docteur,
Qui veut contre toute évidence,
Me faire peur;
Son avenir je ne crains guère,
Pauvre Chanſon:
J'aime mes Amis, & mon Verre,
Parfois Fanchon.

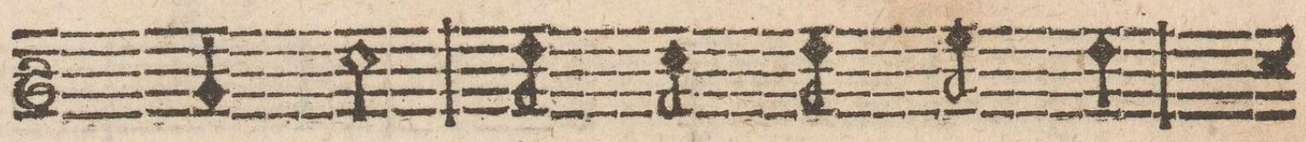
Je vois un Philoſophe blême,
Au nues guindé,
A forger un nouveau Siſtême,
L'Eſprit bandé;
Qu'il voye la cauſe du Tonnerre,
Sur l'Horiſon:
J'aime mes Amis, & mon Verre,
Parfois Fanchon.

Pour fixer le Cœur d'une Belle,
Je n'irai pas,
Pouſſer, en tournant la Prunelle,
De grands Hélas:
Qu'un Tranſi me faſſe la Guerre,
Il a raiſon,
J'aime mes Amis, & mon Verre,
Parfois Fanchon.
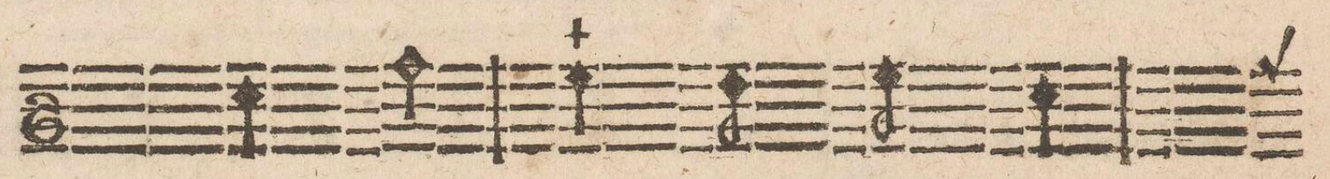
MENUET.



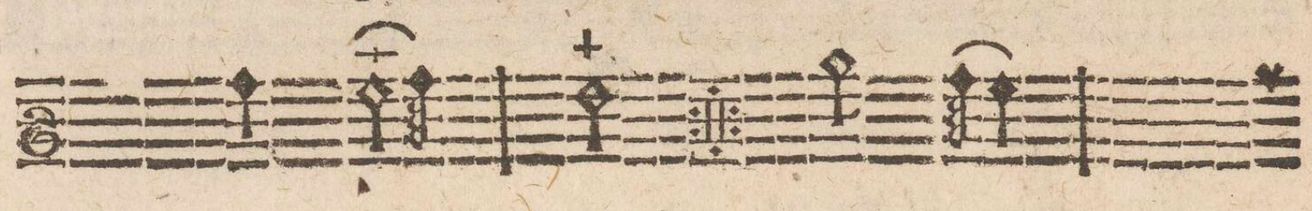
OUi, je t'ai-me, Phi-lis,



De toi, mon Cœur eſt é-pris;



Et quand je te le dis,



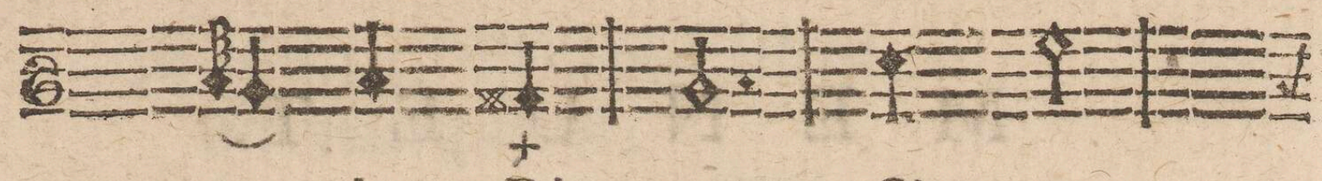
Tu t'en ris: Ré-com-

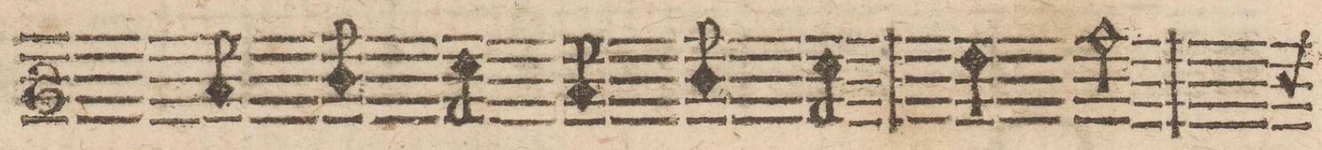


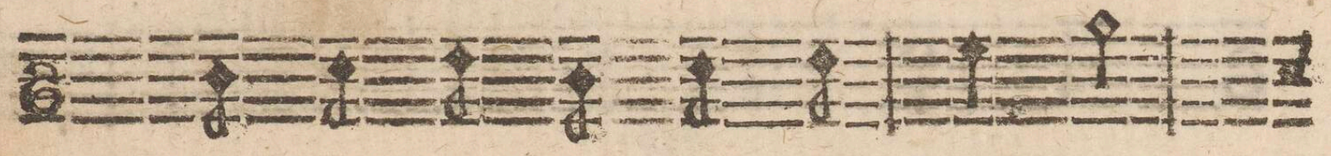
pen-ſe ma Conſ-tan-ce,



De ton Cœur, Sur-mon-
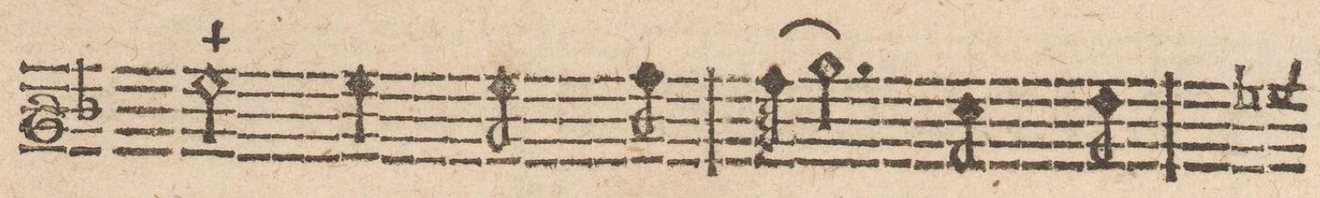








Quand Philis eſt en train,
Quand elle a le Verre en main,
Amour, on voit tes feux,
Dans ſes yeux:
Sa Victoire,
Fait ſa Gloire,
Et tes traits,
Par elle ont plus d'attraits:
Oui, ſans toi, ce fier Dieu de l'Amour,
Verroit moins d'Amans dans ſa Cour;
Et tu l'augmente chaque jour.
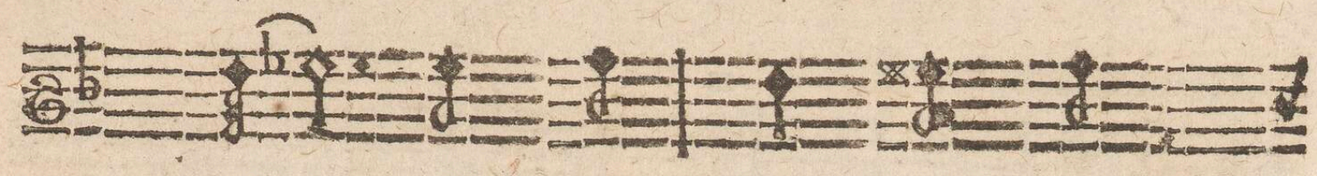
TENDRESSE BACHIQUE.

RONDEAU.

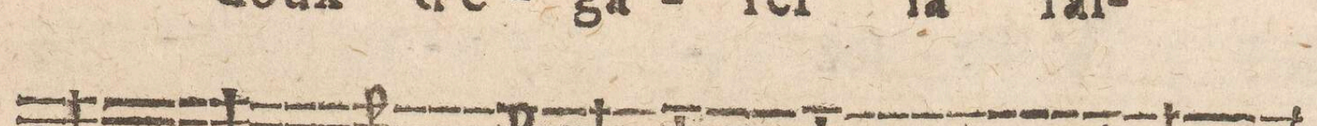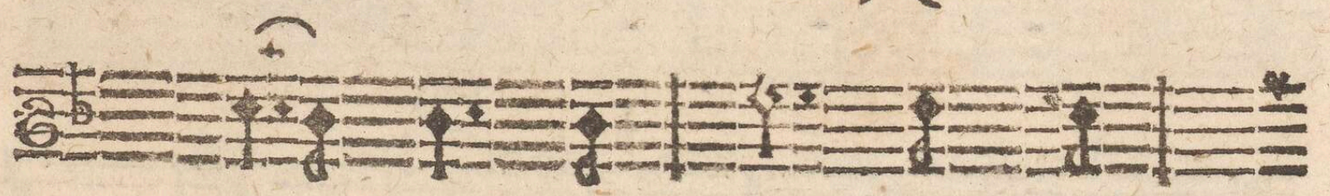




mains, & dans vos bras, Il eſt



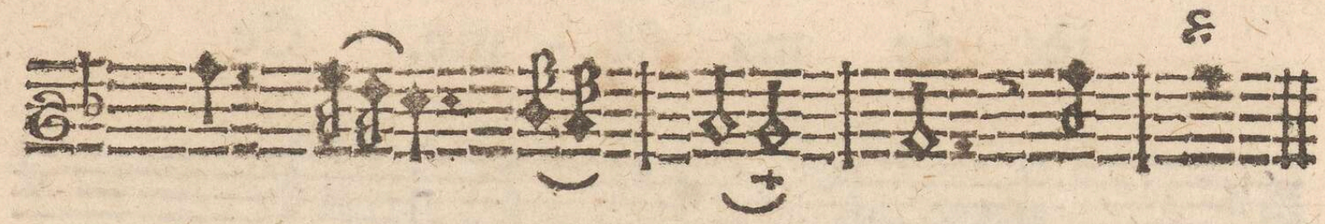
doux d'é - ga - rer ſa rai-



ſon, & ſa flâ - me, Qu'il eſt



doux d'é - ga - rer ſa rai-
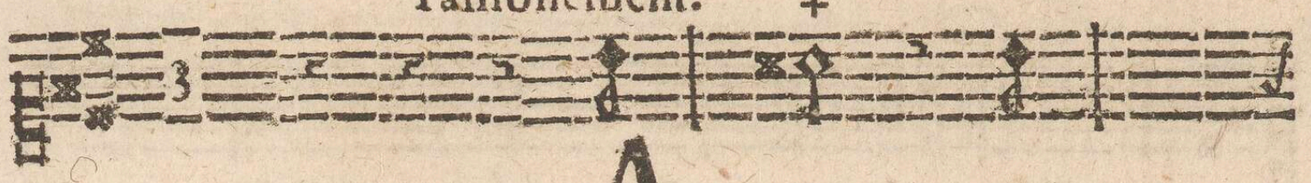


ſon, & ſa flâ - me. Ver-,&c.
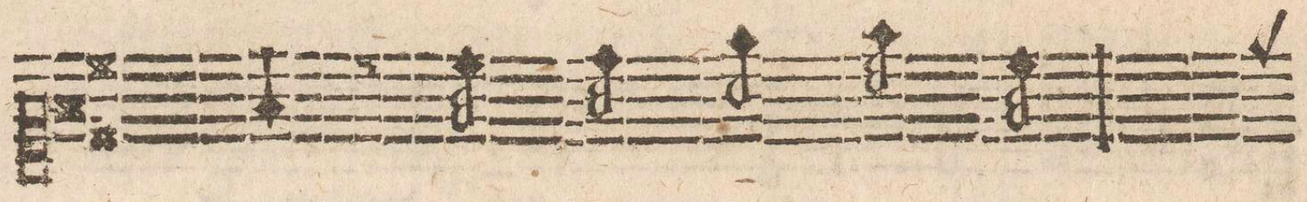
AIR

AIR SERIEUX.

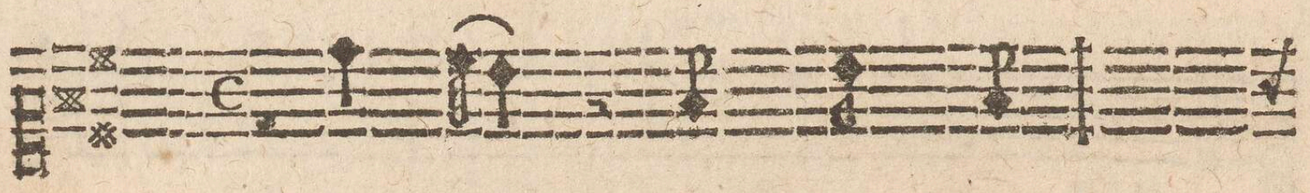
Paſſionément.
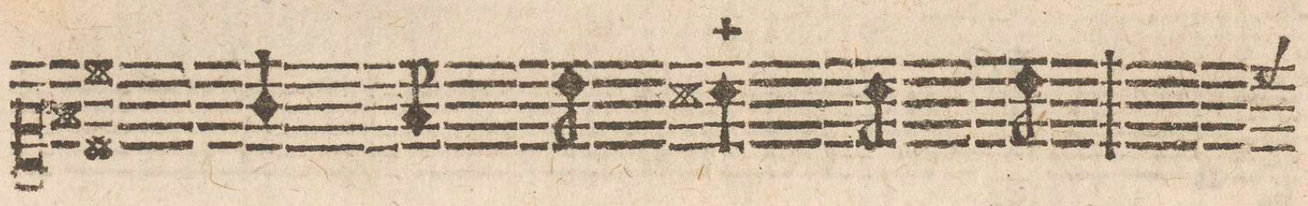


A - mour, A-
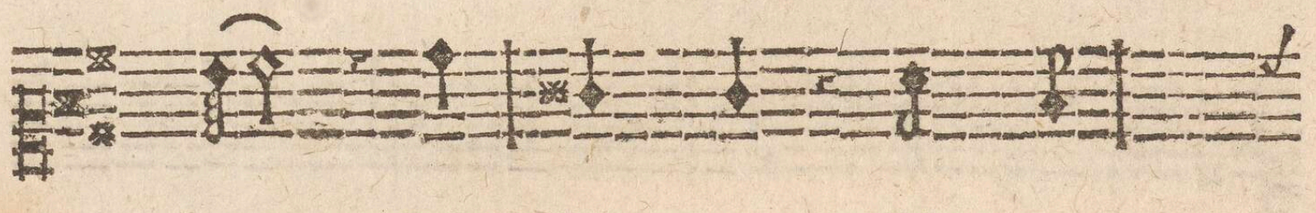


mour, Je t'ai fait ré - ſiſ-



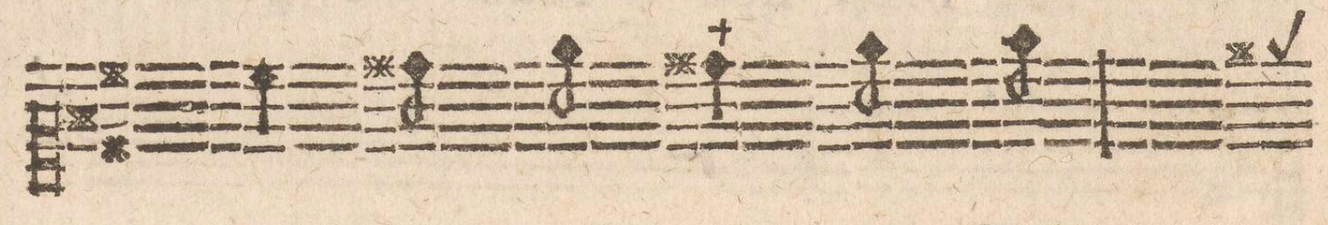
tan - ce; Je me fla-



tois d'é - cha - per à tes

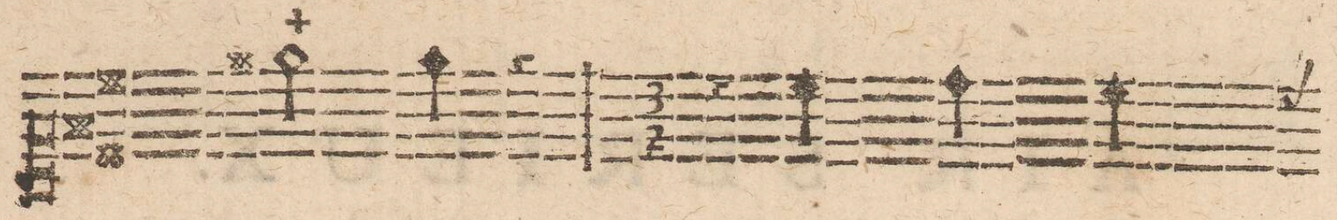


coups; Par - don - ne, j'i - gno-

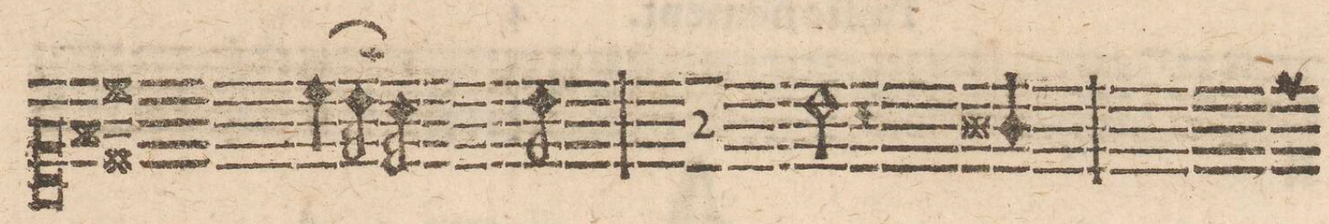


rois qu'el-le é - toit ta Puiſ-
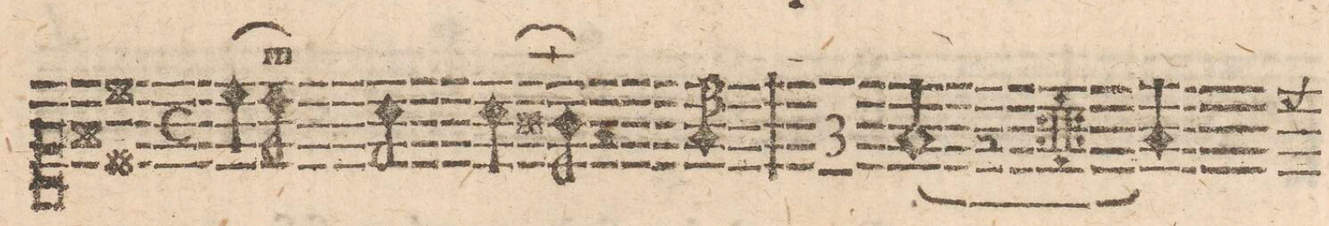
ſance;
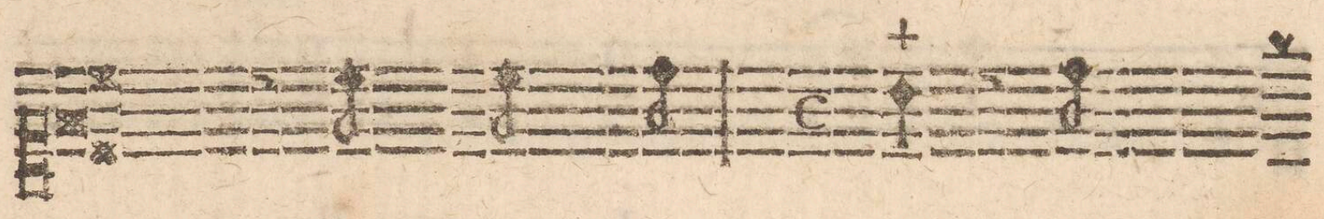


fan - ce, Je ne con-



noiſ - ſois pas tes



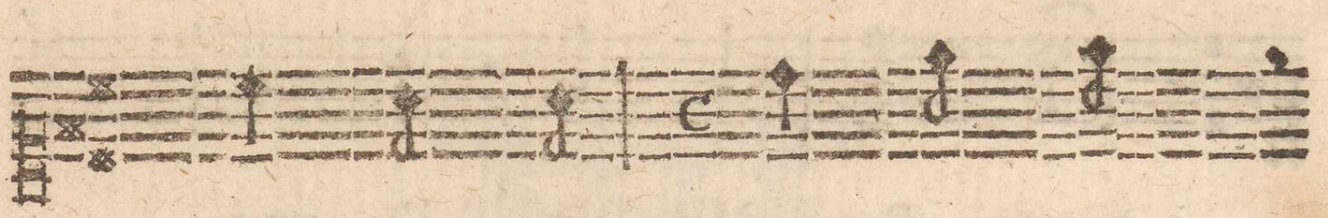
char-mes les plus doux: doux:



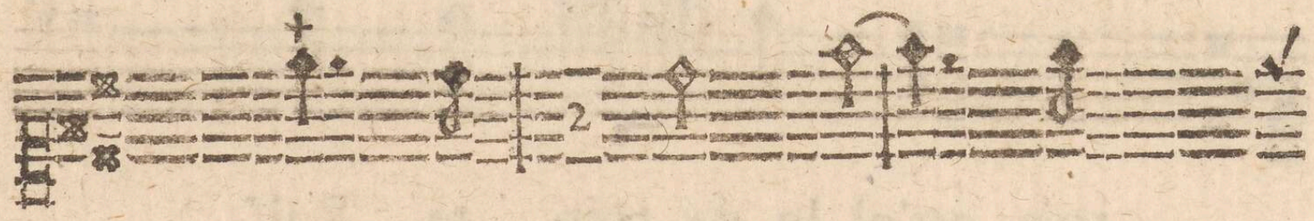
De ton ar - deur, Je



ſens la Vi - o - len-

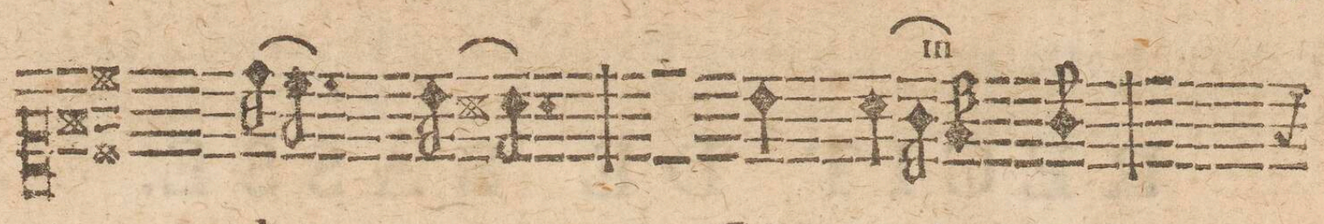


ce, Trop heu - reux d'é-prou-
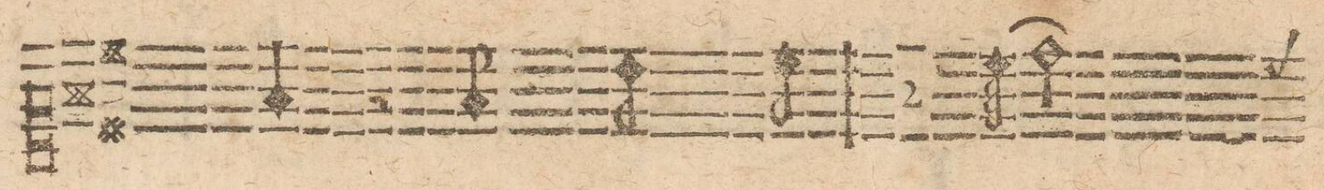


ver tes traits: Ré - gne
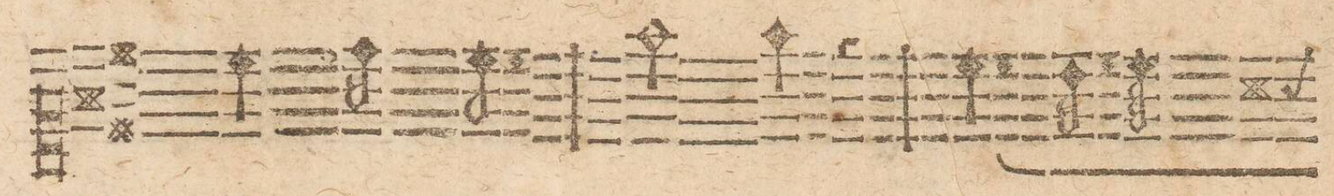
dans



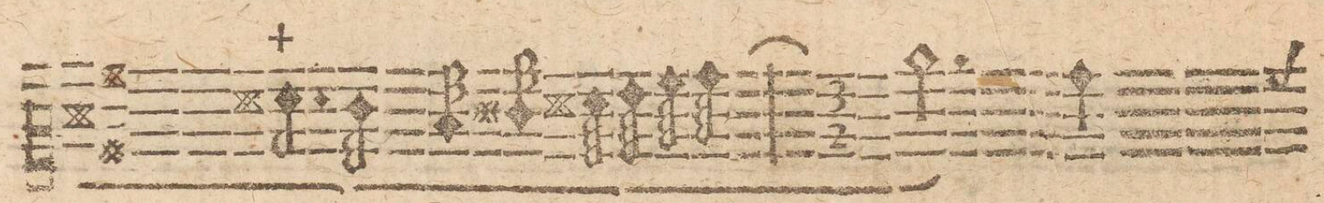
dans mon Cœur à ja-
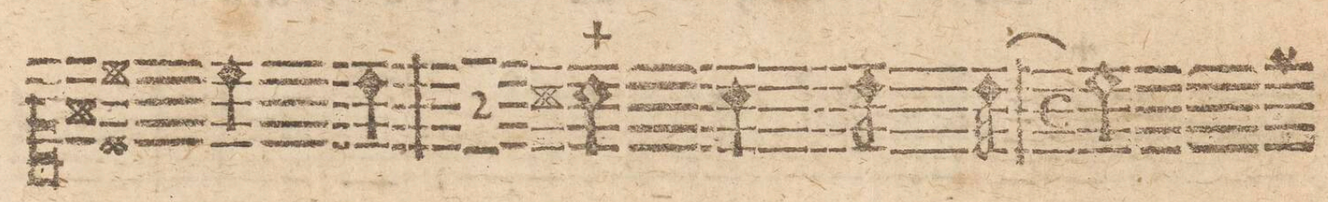


mais, N'é- xer - ce point
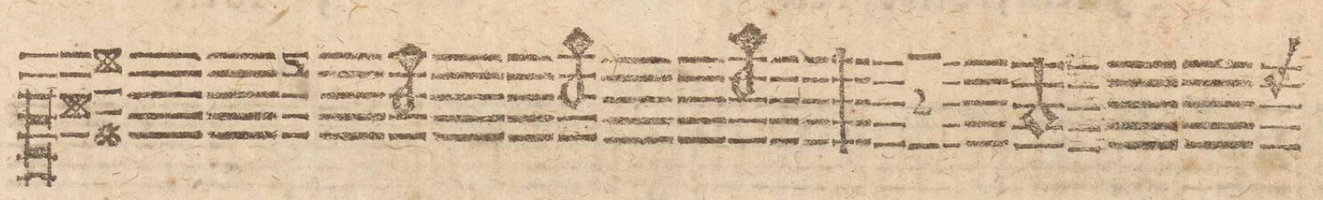


d'au tre Ven- gean-ce. Ré- -



- - - - gne



dans mon Cœur à ja - mais,
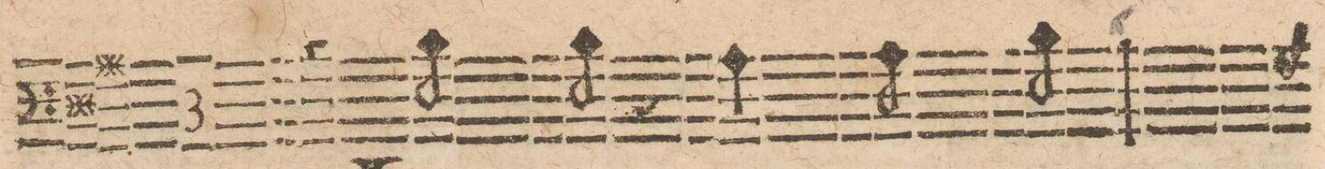


N'é - xer - ce point
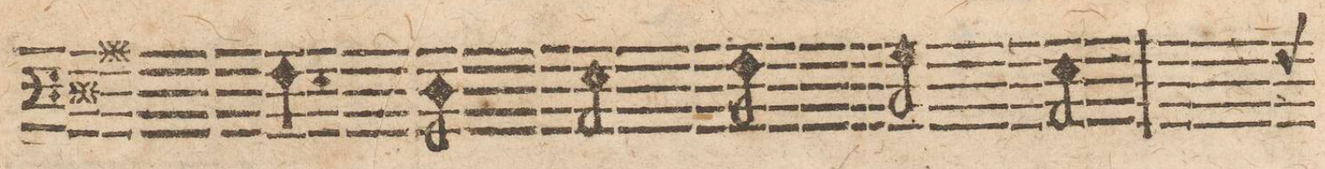


d'au - tre Ven - gean - ce.

RECIT DE BASSE.
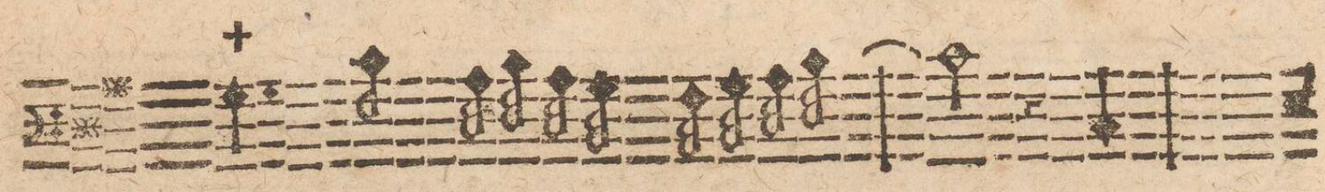


LEs nou-veaux O - pe-
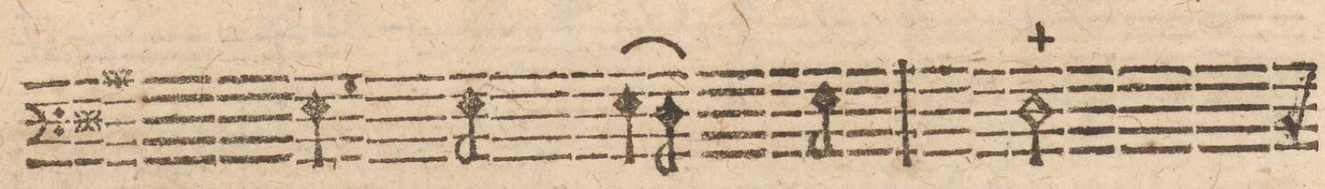


ras me met-tent a la



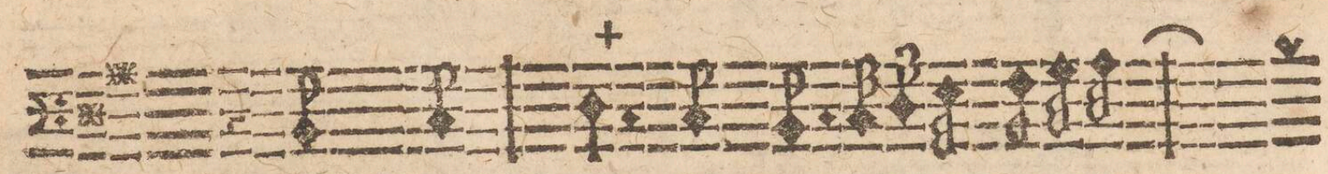
Gê - ne, A - vec leurs



Jeux, leurs Ris - -, leur



Gra - ce, leurs Plai - firs,

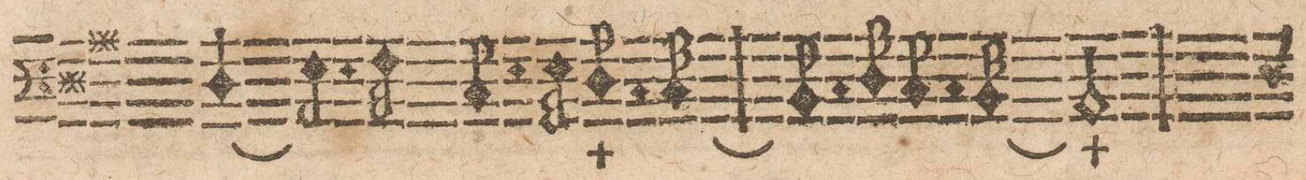


leurs vo - lez = -
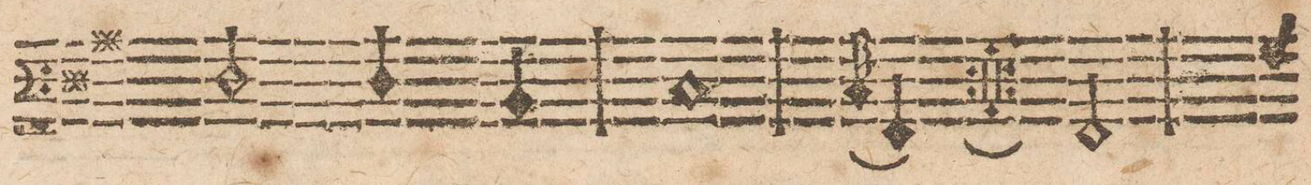
char-



-, char-mans Zé- phirs, leurs cou-

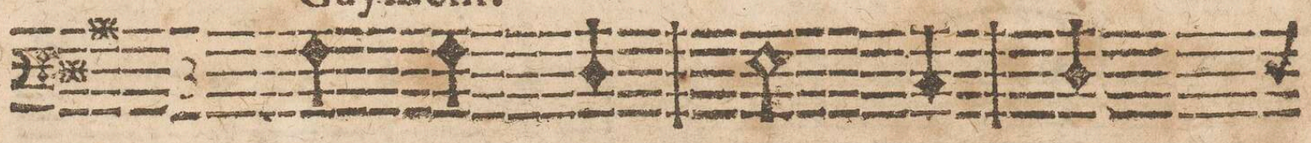


lez - - -



clai - res Fon - tai - nes: nes:
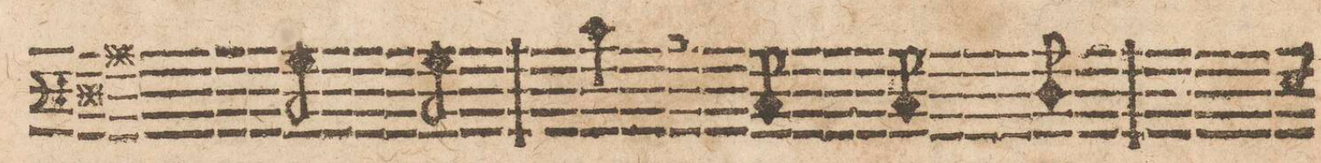
Gayment.



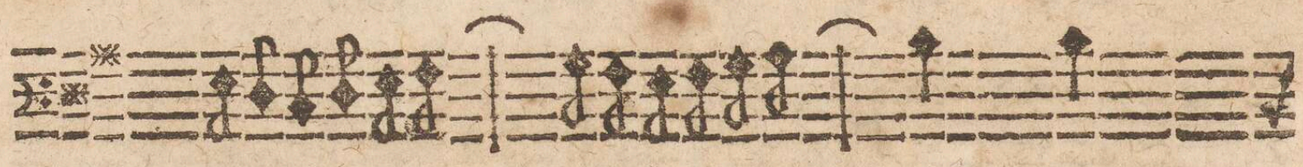
Il faut bien mieux chan- ter



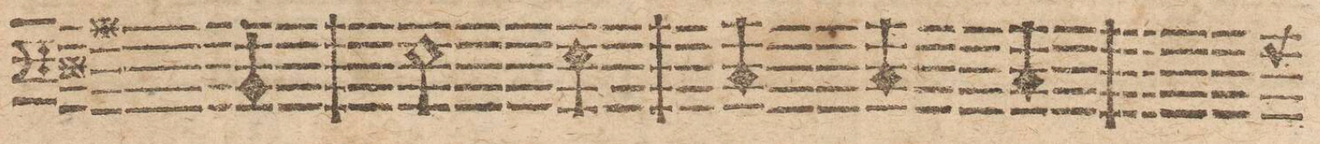
ſur un ton plus groſ - ſier;

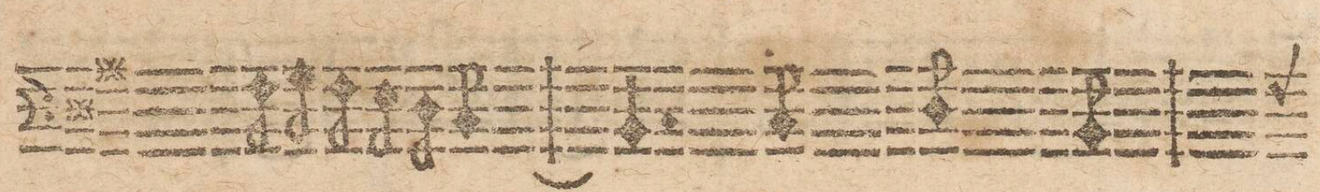


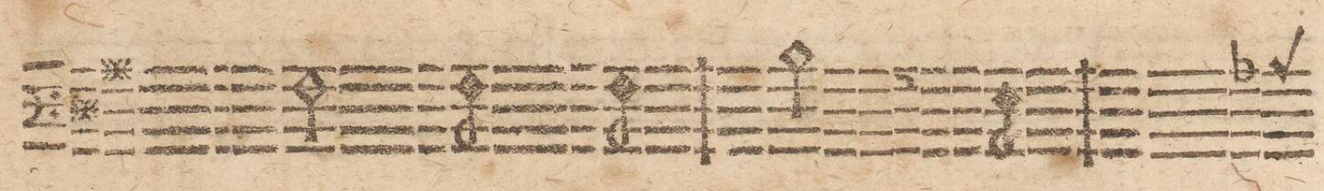
Or - to - lans! vo - lez, vo-

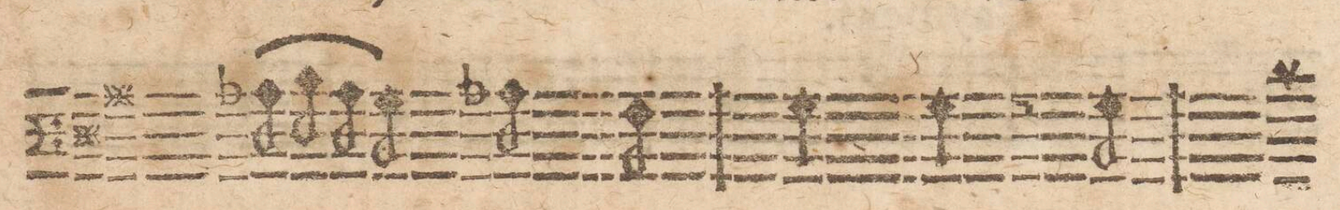


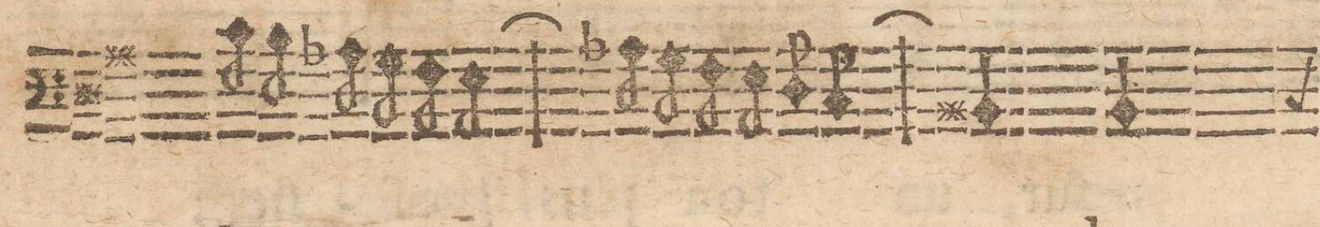
kez - - - dans

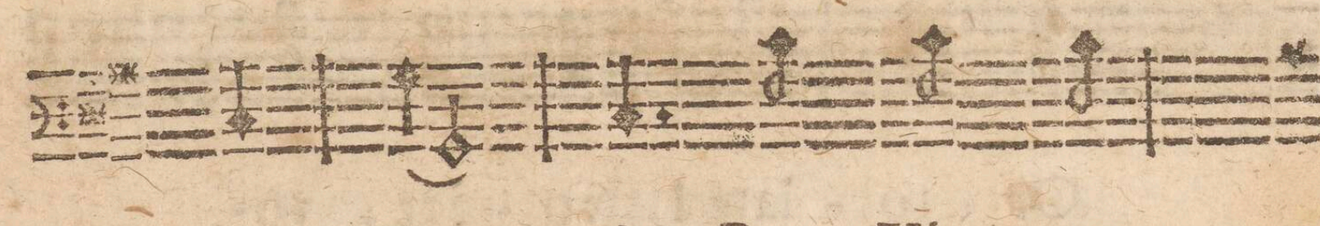

ma Bou - che, Bon Vin, cou-
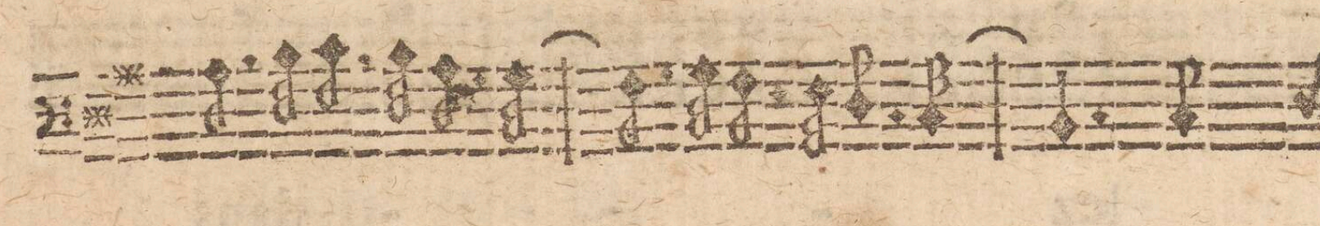

lez - dans mon Go-


zier, Or - to - lans! vo-
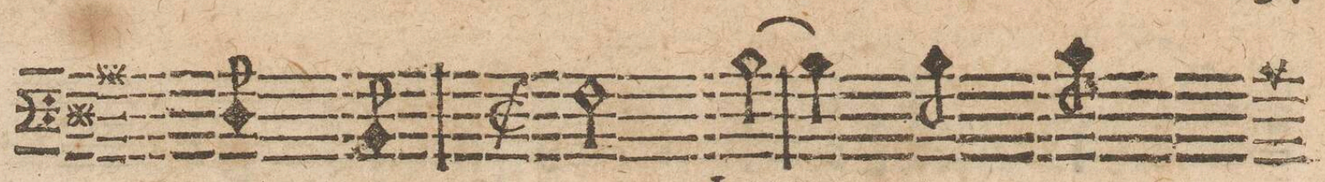

lez dans ma Bou - che, Vo-


lez - - - dans


ma Bou - che: Bon Vin, cou-
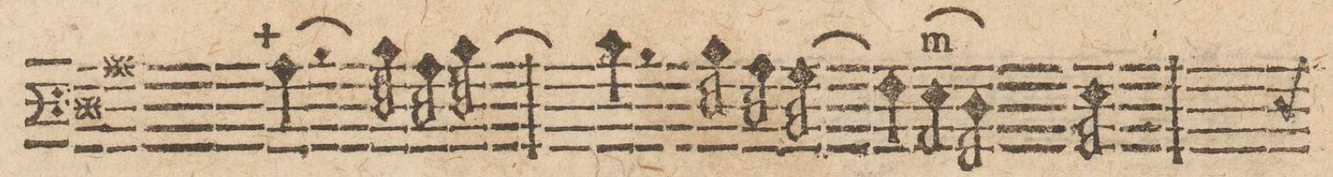

lez - - - dans

mon
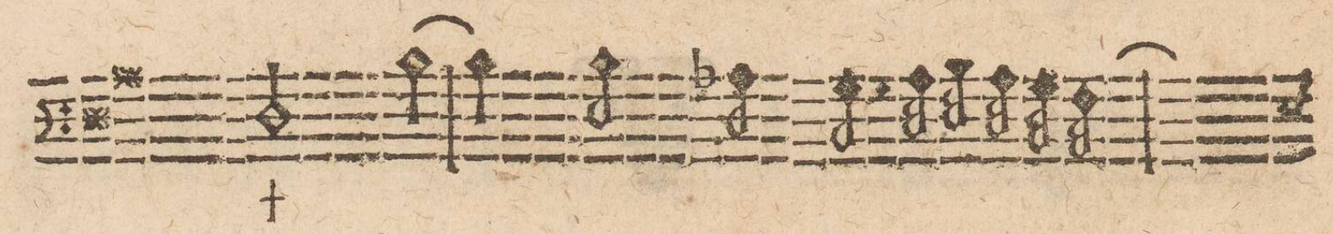


Lentement.

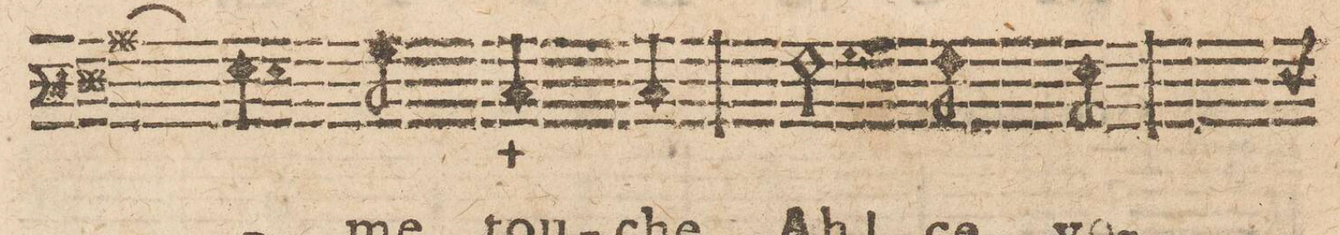
mon Go - zier: Ah! ce vo-



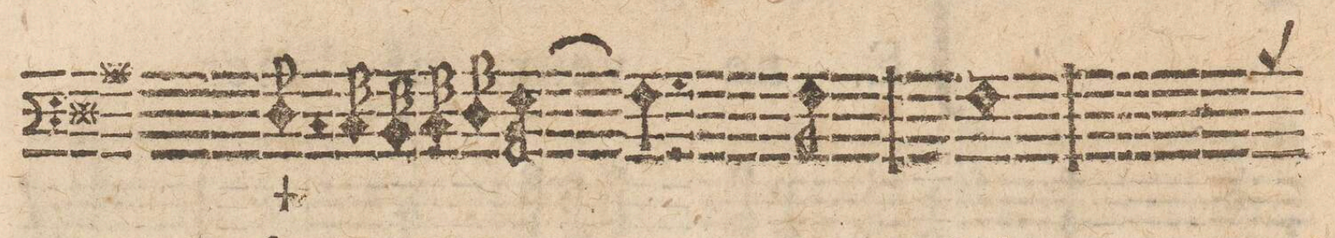
lez - - - me



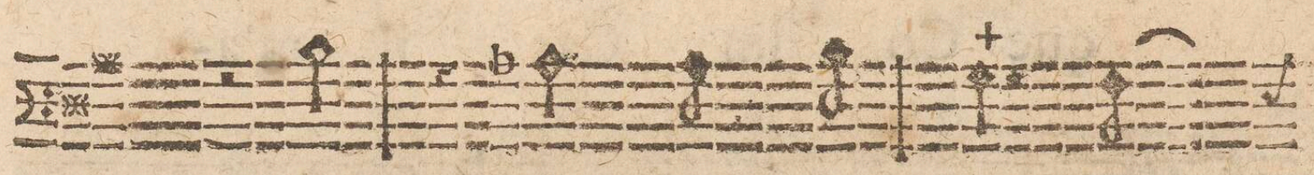
plaît, Ah! ce cou-lez -



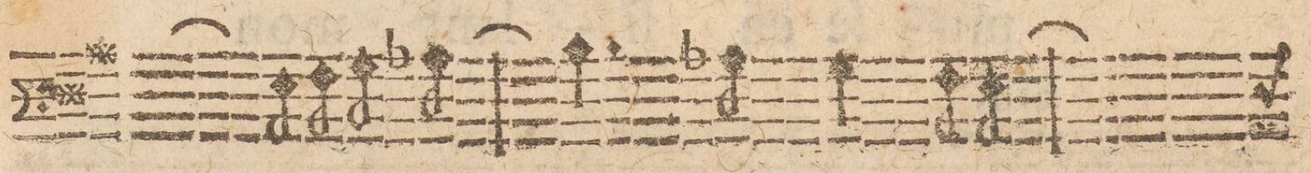
- me tou-che, Ah! ce vo-
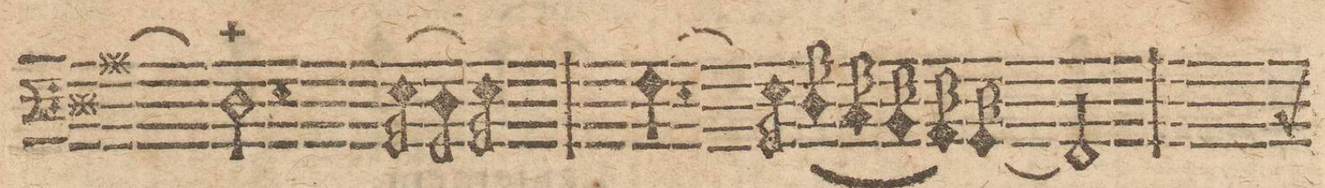


lez - me plaît,



Ah! ah! ce cou-lez -
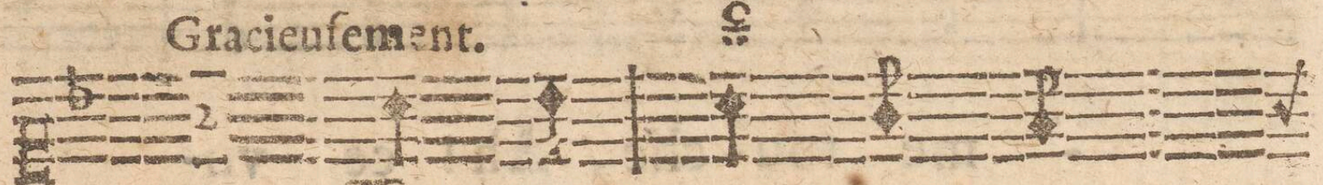




- me tou- - -



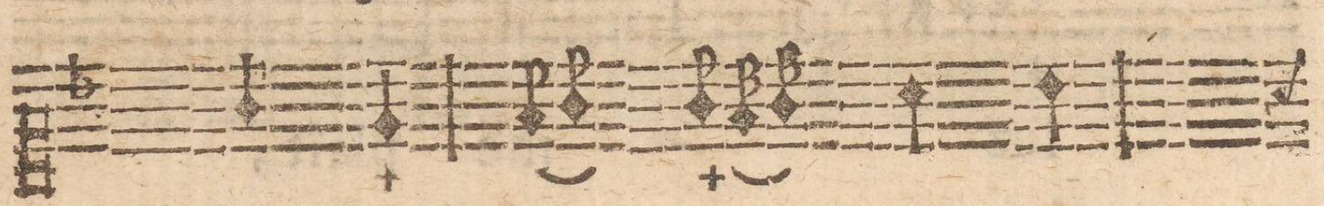
che. che.

MUSETTE.

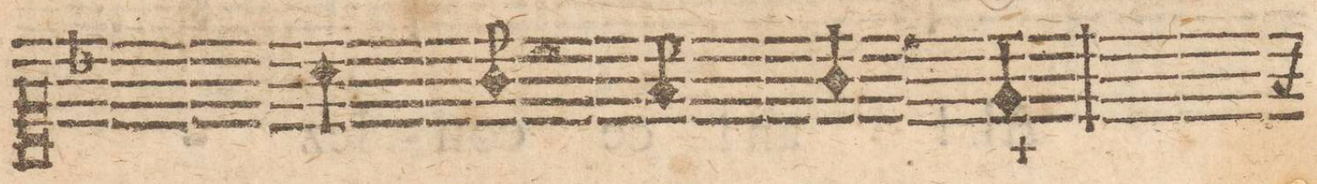
Gracieuſement.



JE ne veux ai - mer

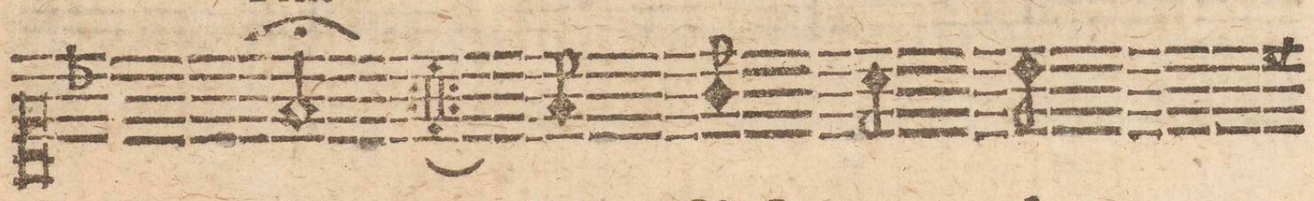


que Co - lin, Car il m'a-



mu- ſe en fi - lant mon

Fin.

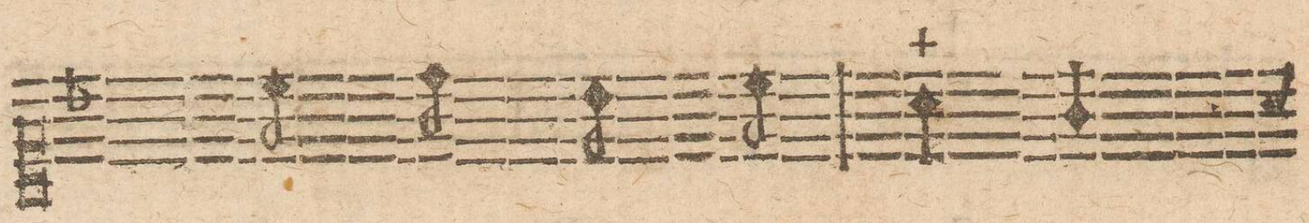


Lin: Lin: C'eſt un A-
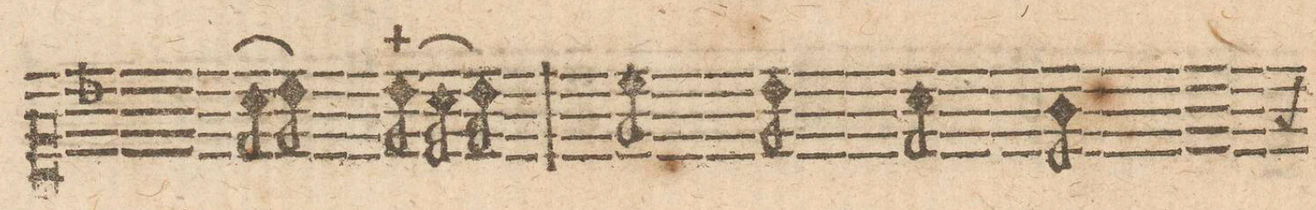
mant



mant ba - din, Qui rit ſans



ceſ - ſe ſous l'om - bra - ge,
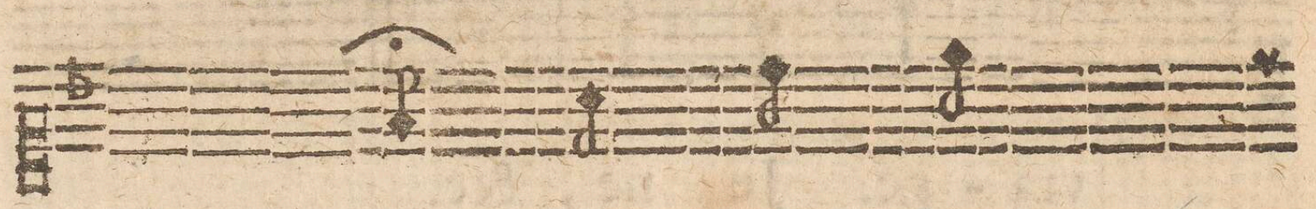


Du Cha - grin, Il füit juſ-
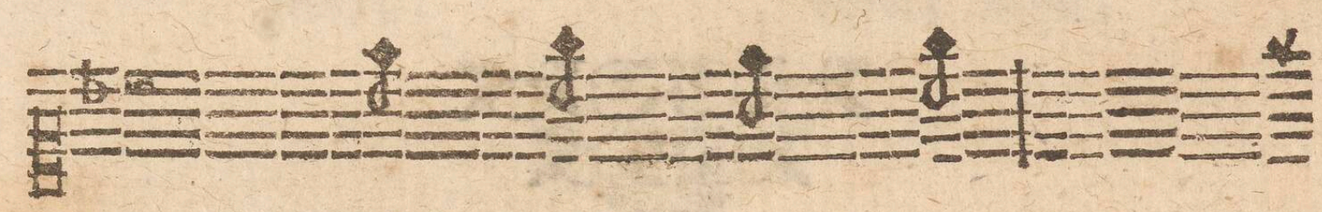


qu'à l'i - ma - ge. Je ne, &c.
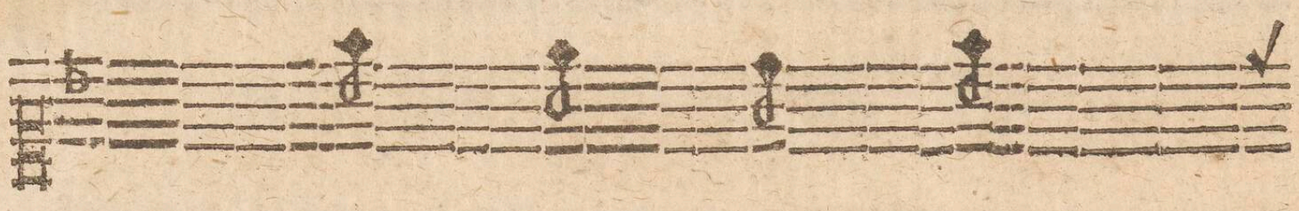
2me. Fin.



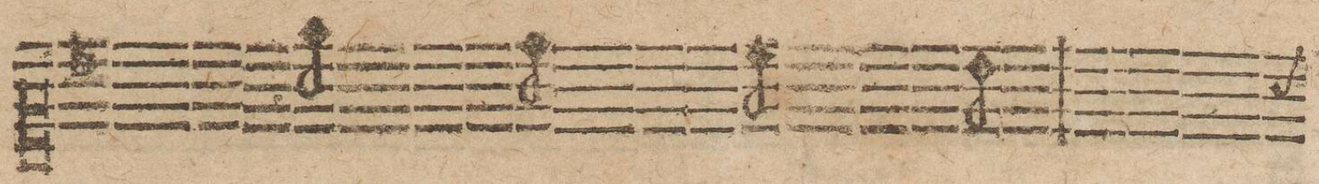
Lin. Il eſt preſ-



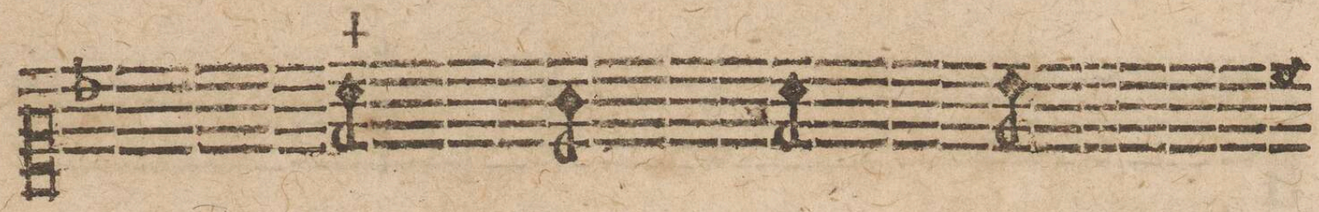
ſant, vif, & mu-
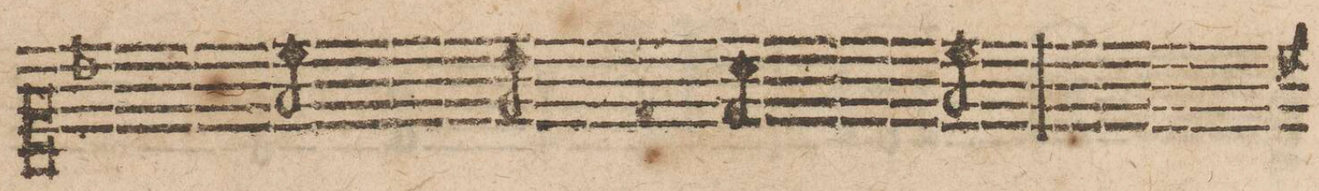


tin, Quel - que fois



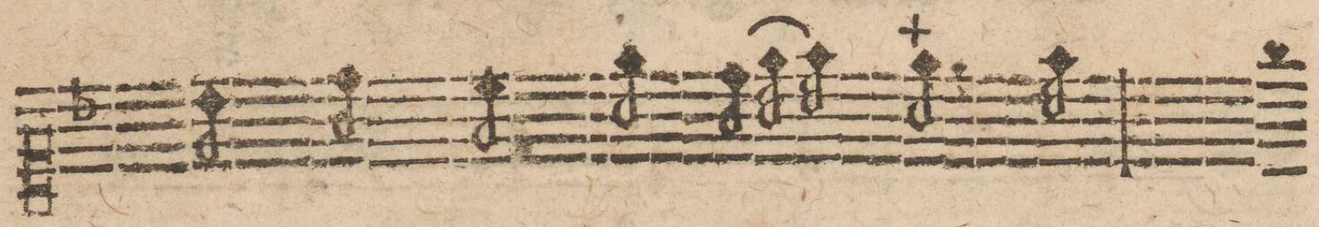
mê - me il n'eſt pas
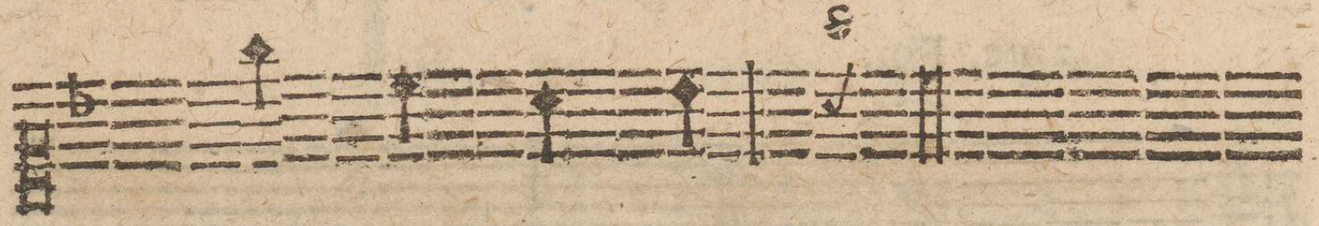


Sa - ge, Pour cor-



ri - ger ce Lu-



tin, Il faut quit- ter mon Ou-



vra - ge. Je ne, &c.

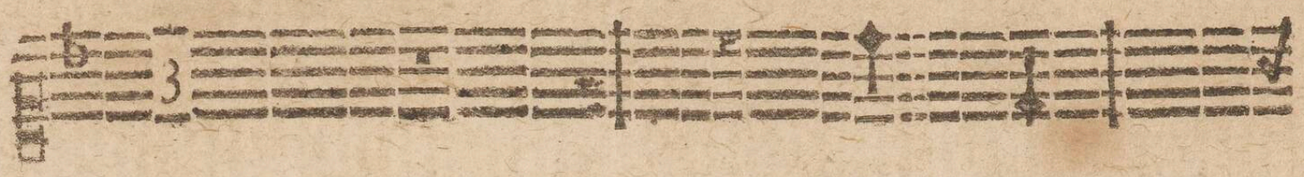
ME.

MENUET.

DUO.



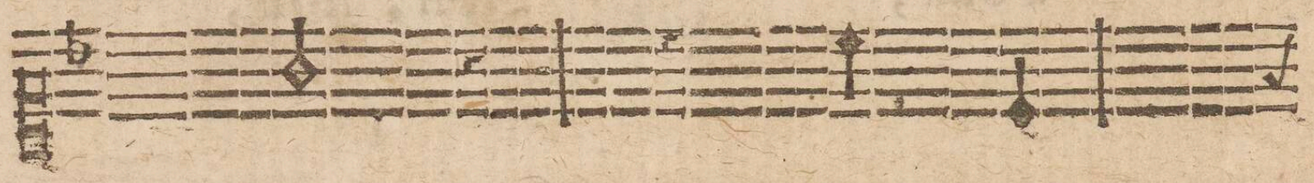
QUel Ca - pri - ce, quel-



Non, non,



le in - juſ - ti - ce! Quoi!



non, non, non,

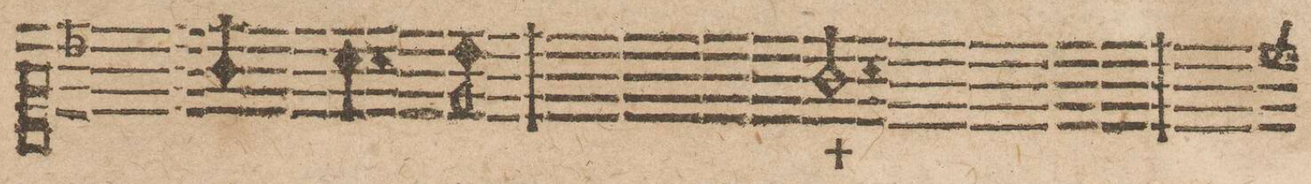


ta Cla - ri - ce, Tra-



non Cla - ri - ce, Tu

hi-



hi- roit tes Feux ?



rompts nos nœuds, Tu tra- his mes



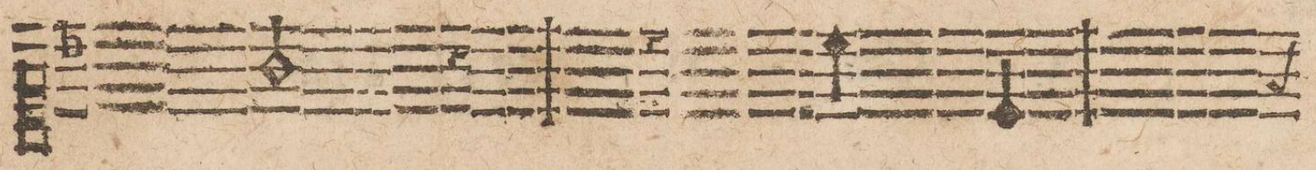
Quel Ca - pri - ce, quel-



Feux, Non, non,



le in - juſ - ti - ce! Non



non, Je vois

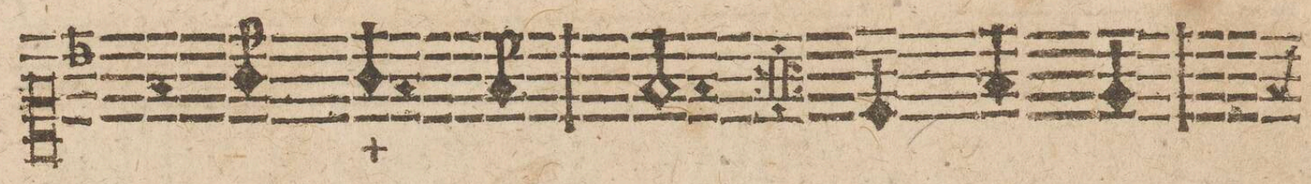
ta



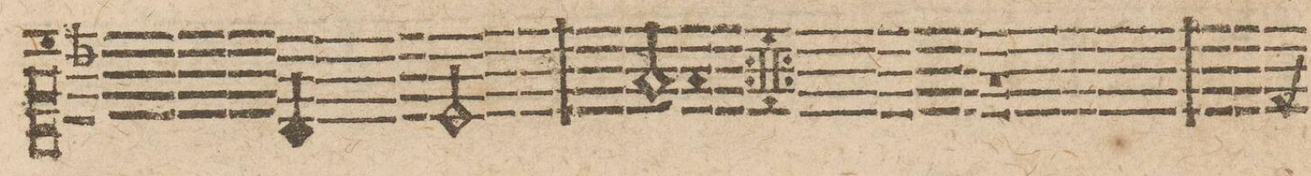
ta Cla - ri - ce Veut



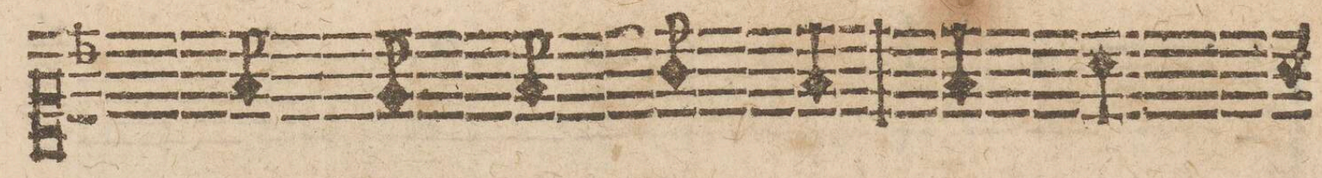
l'ar - ti - fi - ce, Róm-



te rendre heureux. Et de quoi



pons tous deux.



peux-tu m'ac - cu - ser? Li - cas

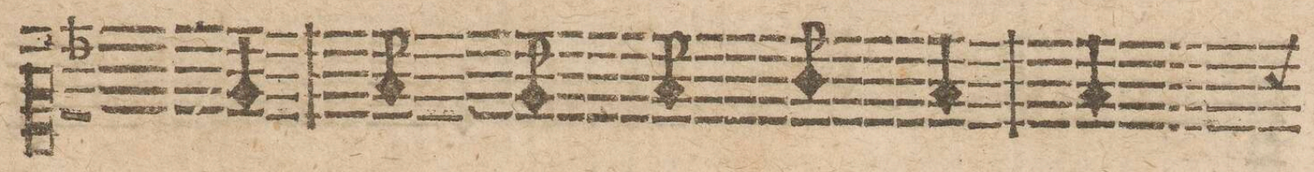


Et ne

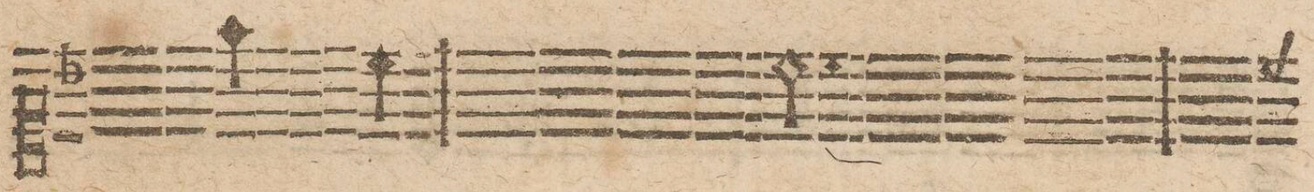
me



me dé - ro be un Bai - ſer, C'eſt



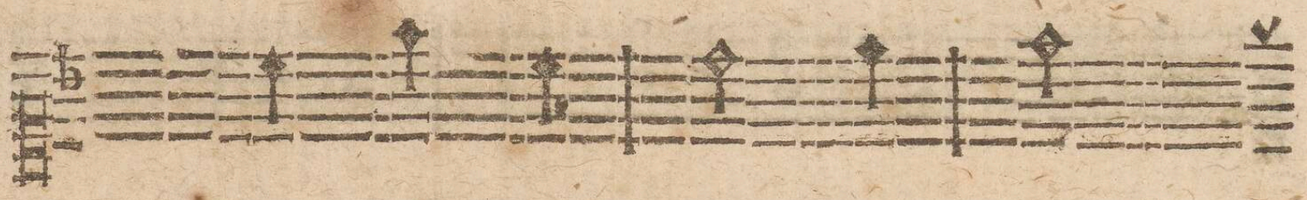
puis - je pas t'ac - cu - ſer? Li-
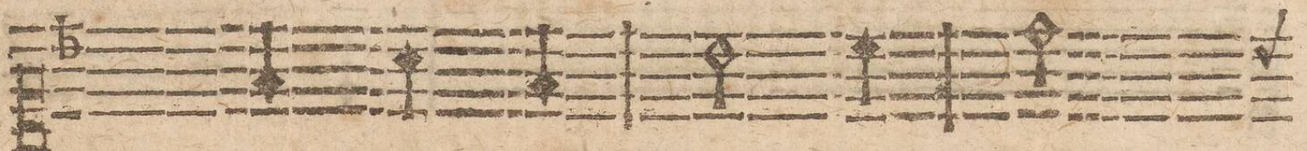


mal - gré moi:



cas te dé - ro-be un Bai - ſer,
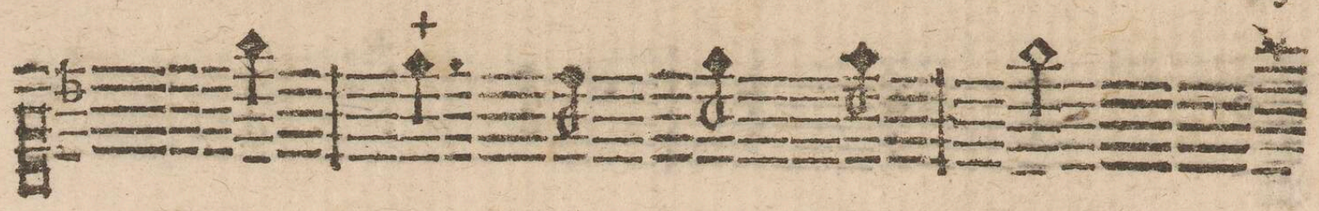


Mon cher Tir - cis, rap - pel-
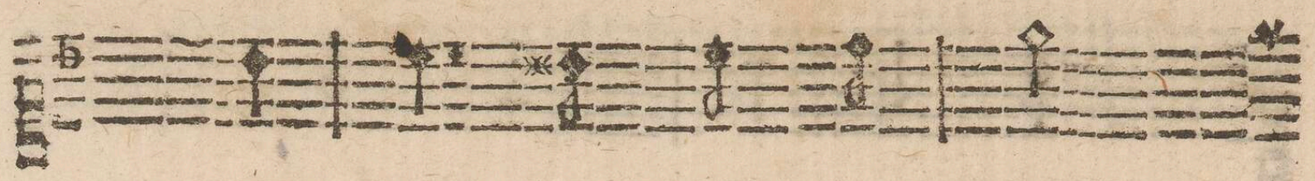


Et dans tes Yeux je n'ap-

BIBLIOTEKA CZARTORYSKICH
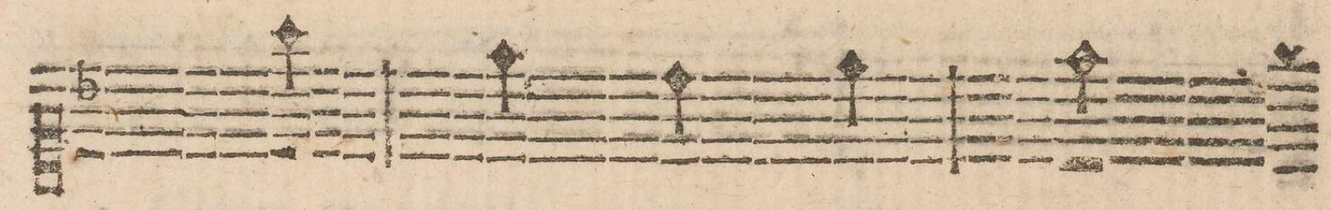
le



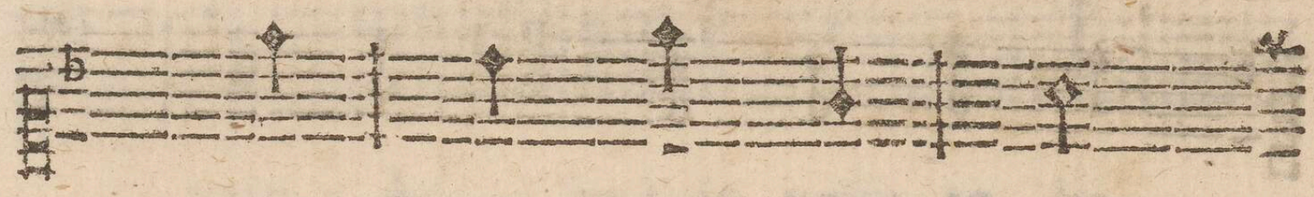
le toi ce dan - ge - reux



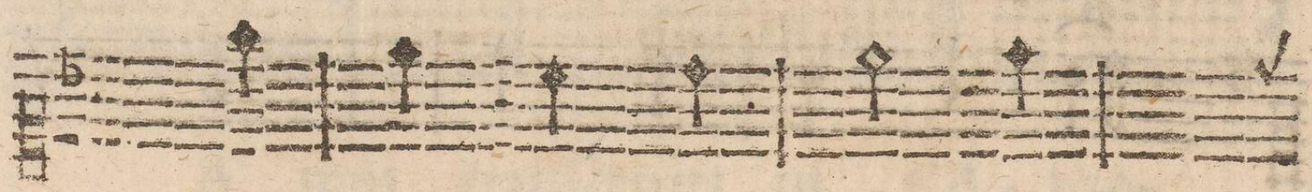
per - çois au - cun dé - pit,



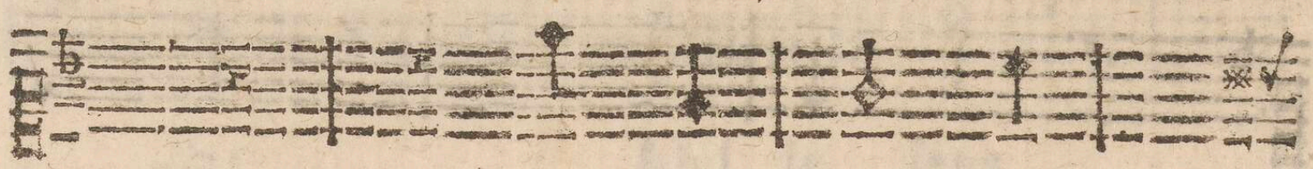
Boc - ca - ge, Où pour



Non, non, ô - te toi,
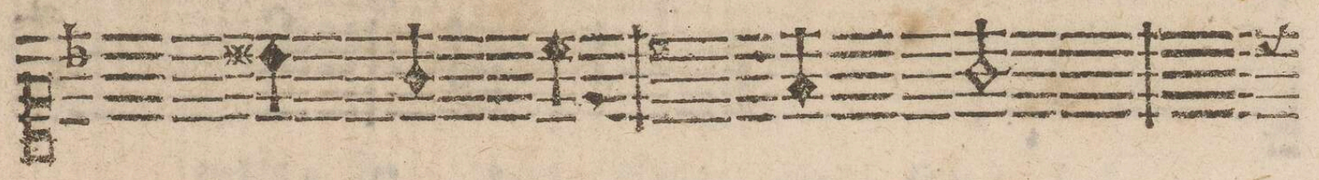


le prix de ton tendre Ho-



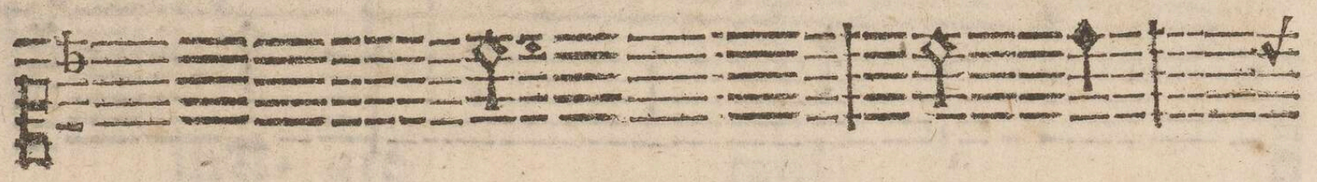
Laif- fe - moi, vo-
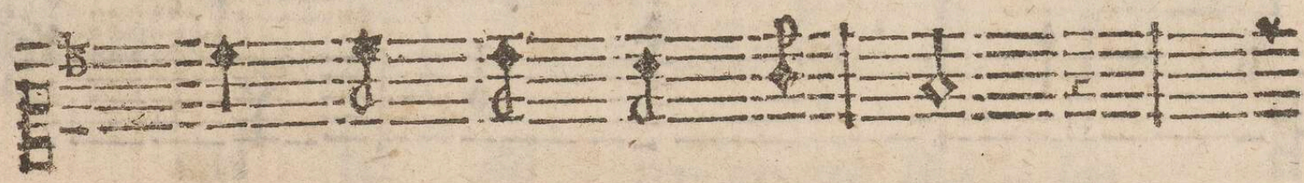


ma- ge, Tu re- çus ma



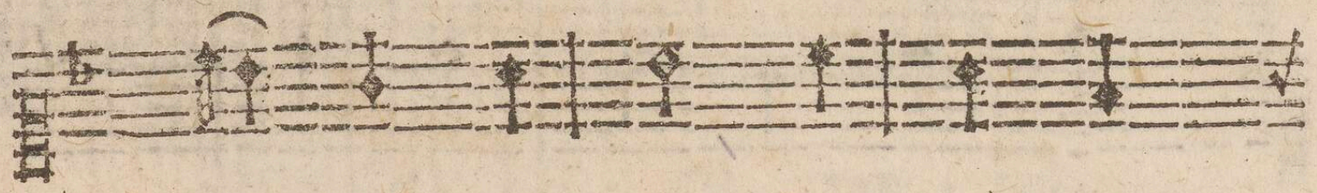
la - ge; Ah! je le
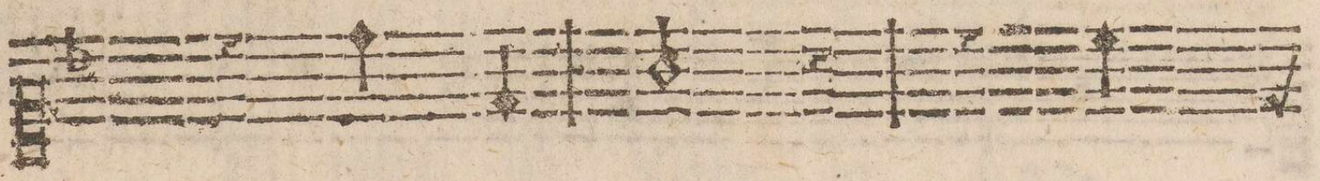


Foi: Mais que



voi, Tu tra- his ma Foi:
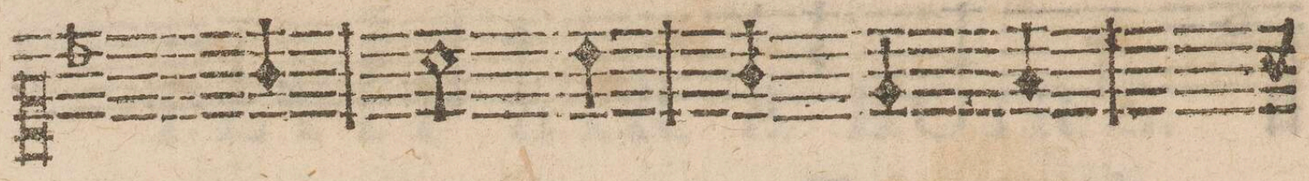


vois- je ton dé - pit Ceſ - ſe,

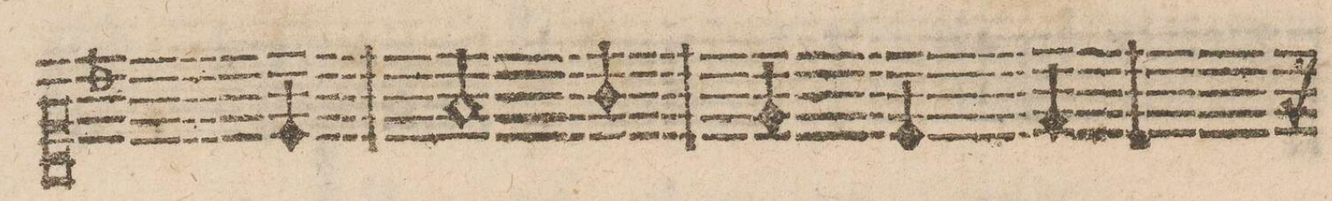


Non, non, non, non,

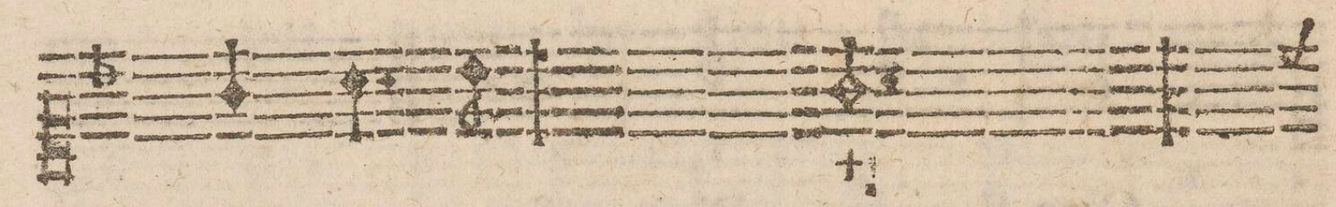
de



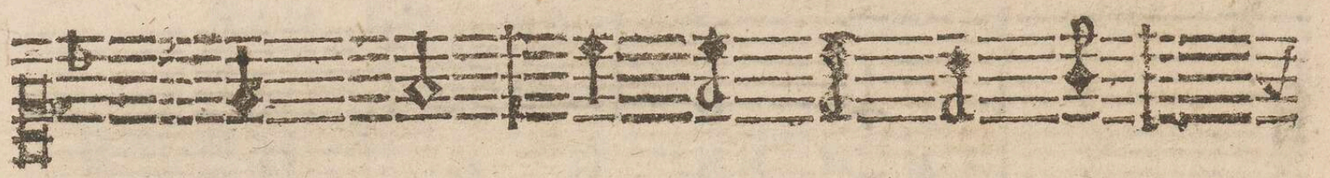
De ta Ten- dreſ- ſe, Mon



non, non, Fri - pon- ne; En
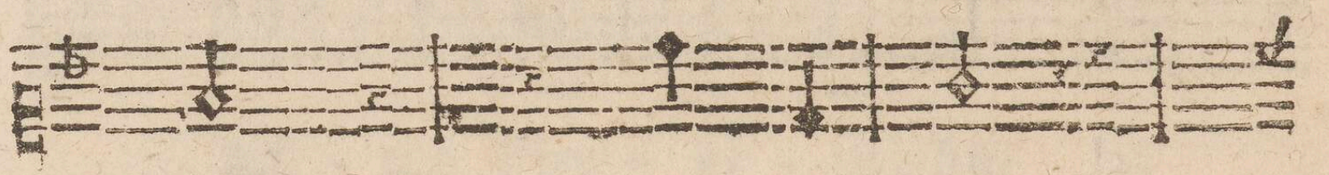


Cœur va jou - ïr;



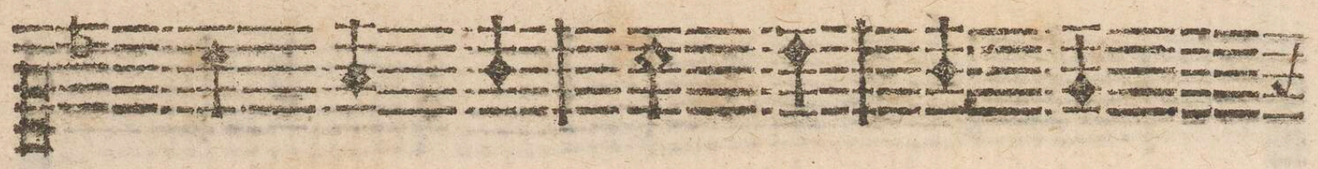
vain, hé - las! je veux te ha-



A mes tranſ-ports tu t'A - ban-



-ïr: Ah! je ſens,



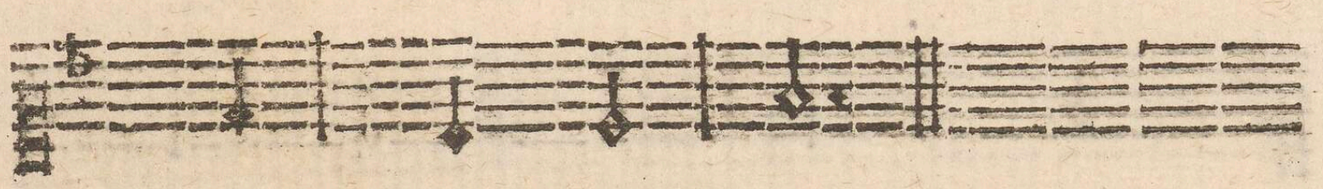
don-ne, Tu me par-don-ne;



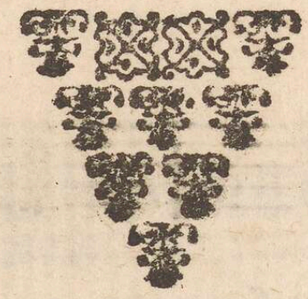
Que je te par-don-ne;



Que de Plai-firs.
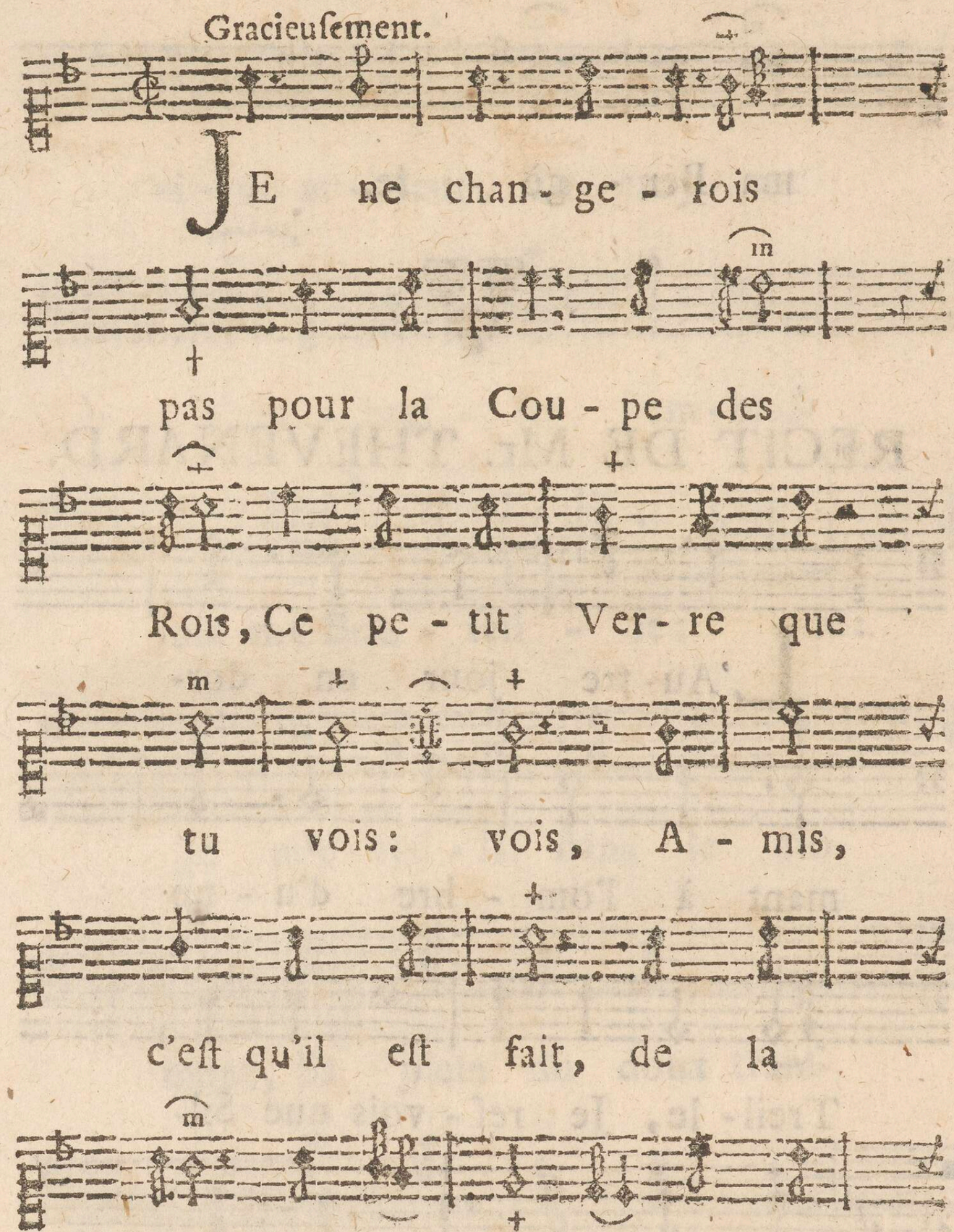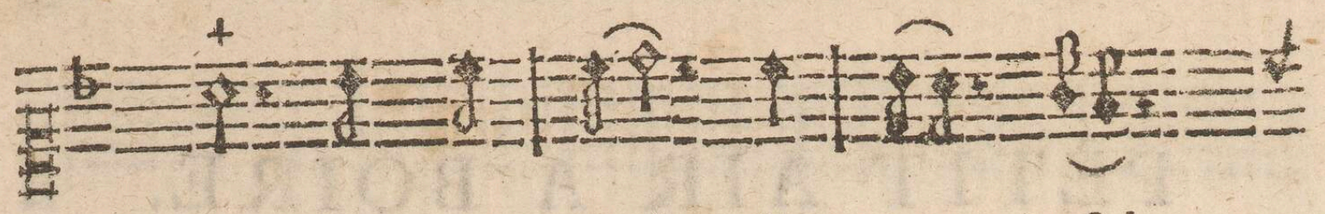


Que de Plai-firs.



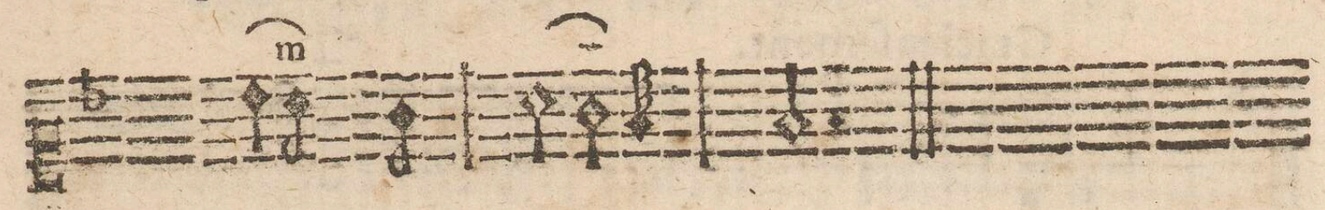
PE-

PETIT AIR A BOIRE.



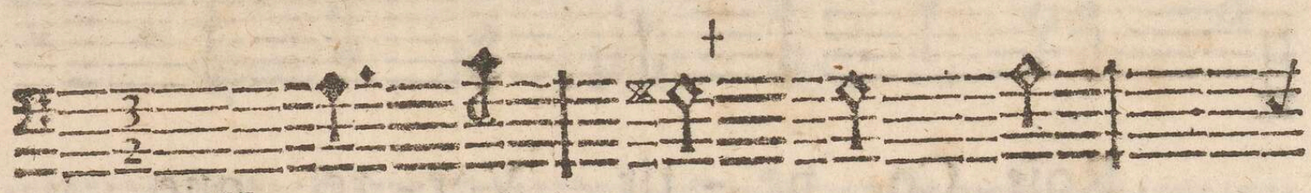


quel-le cent fois j'a-mu-ſai

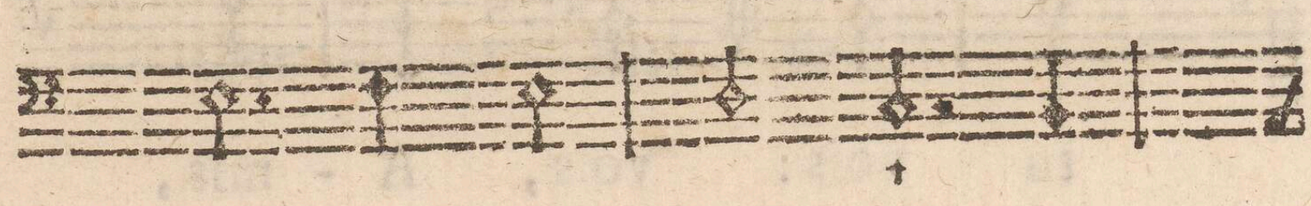


ma Ber-gè-re.

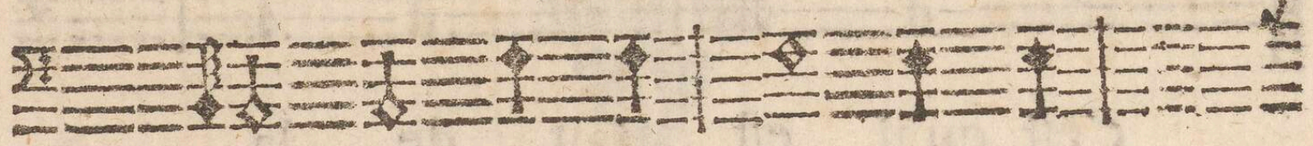
RECIT DE Mr. THEVENARD.



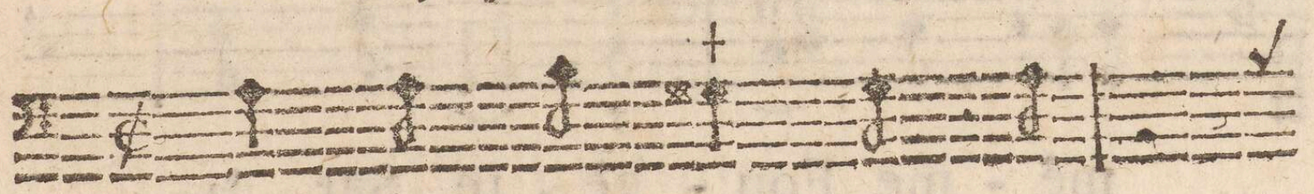
L'Au-tre jour en dor-



mant à l'om-bre d'u-ne
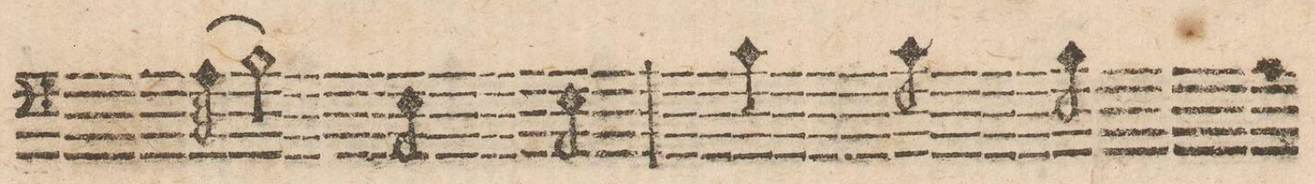


Treil-le, Je reſ-vois que Sil-

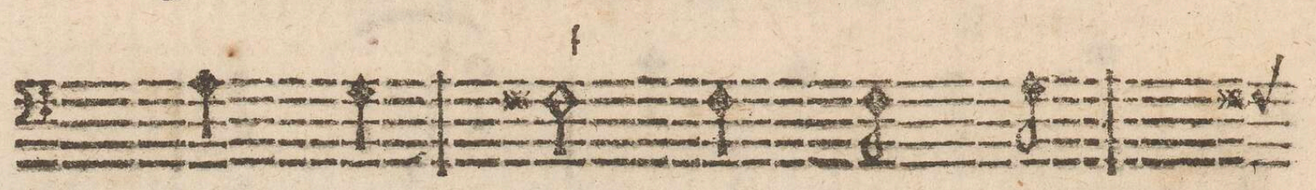


vi-e ou-bli-oit ſa ri-
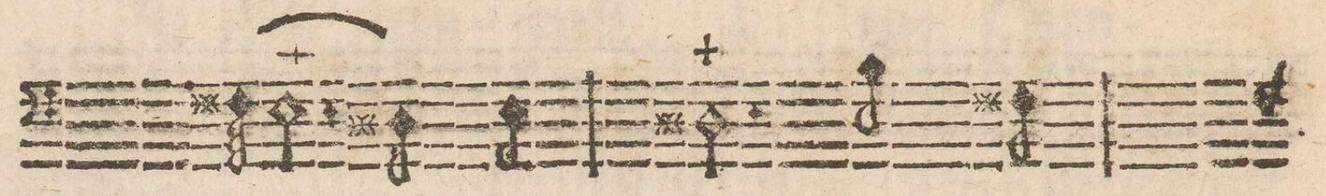
gueur,
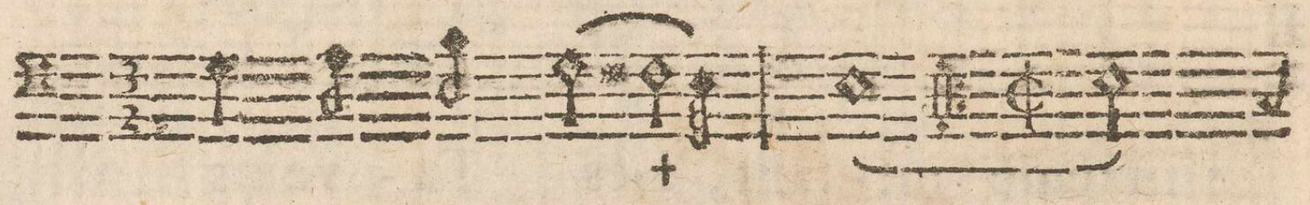


gueur, A - ni - mé de ma



vi - ve ar - deur, En croy - ant



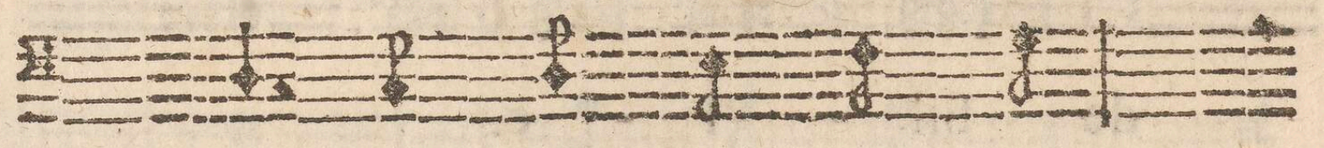
l'em - braſ - ſer, j'em - braſ-
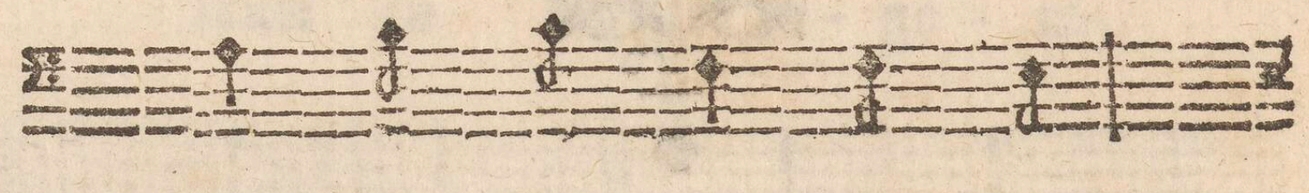


ſois ma Bou - teil - le: le:



Je m'é - veil - lai dans le mo-
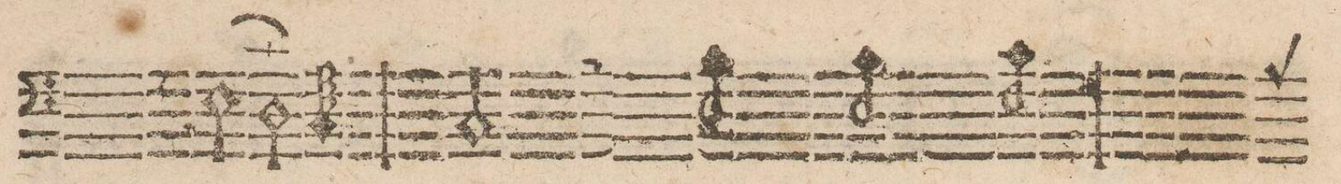


ment, Et plein du doux tranſ-
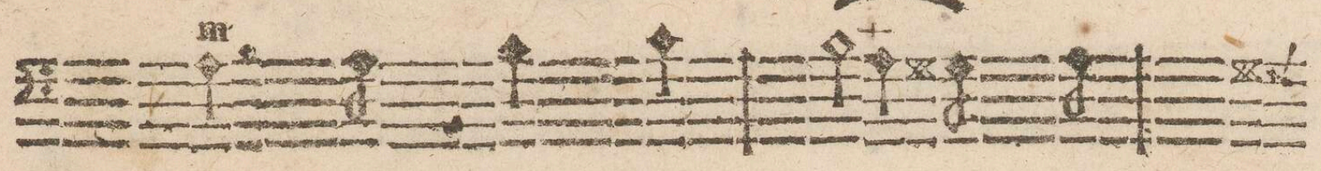


port de mon a - me ra-
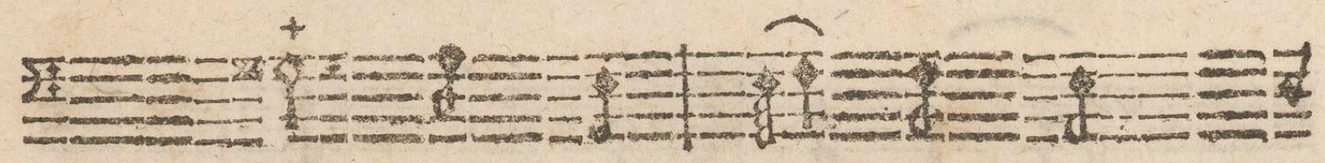
vie,



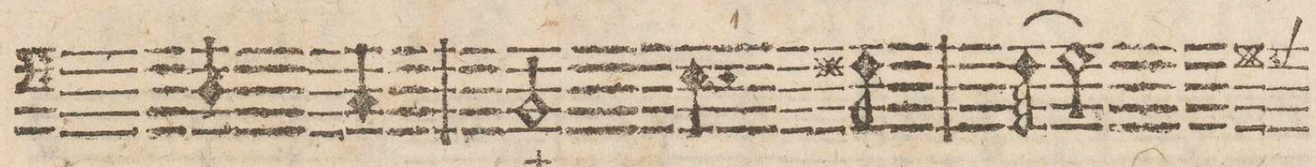
vi - e, Je m'é- cri-
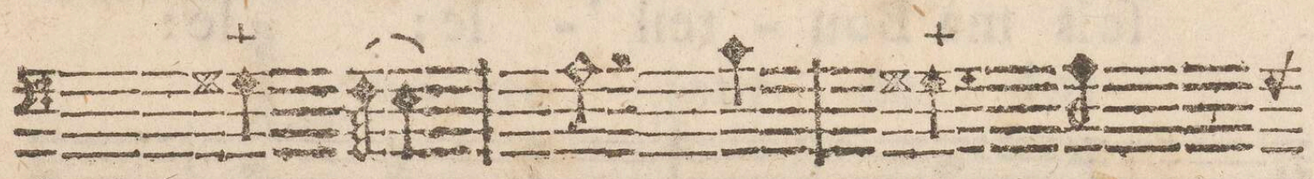


ai, que mon ſort eſt char-
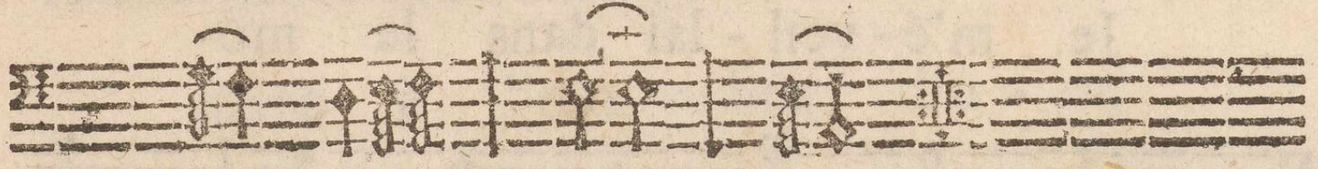


mant, J'ai goû - té dans le



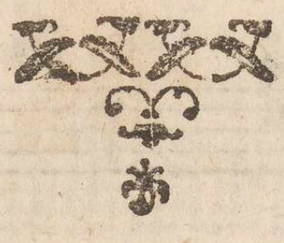
même inſ-tant, Les Fa- veurs



de Ba - chus, & cel - les
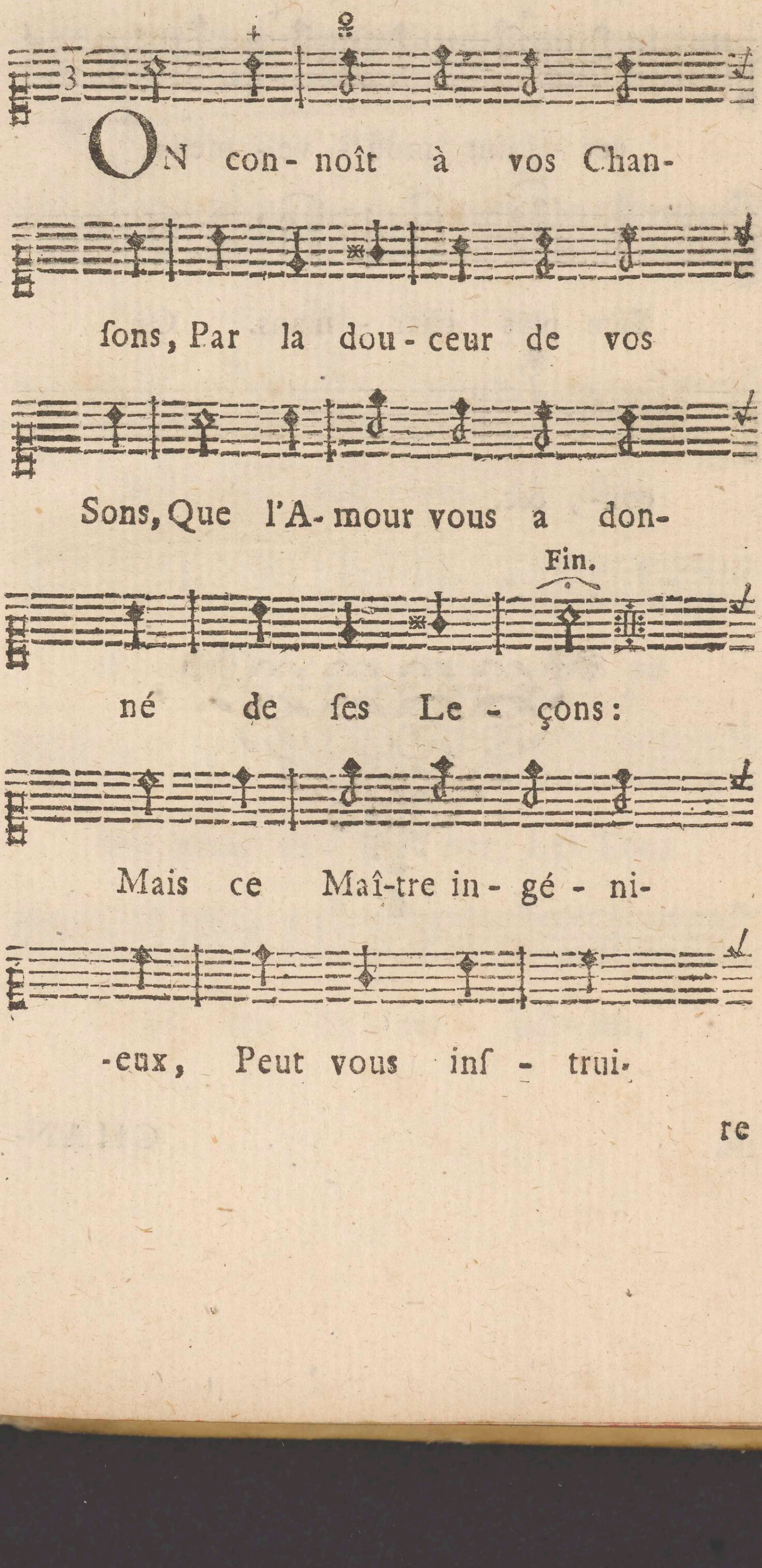


de Sil - vi - e.

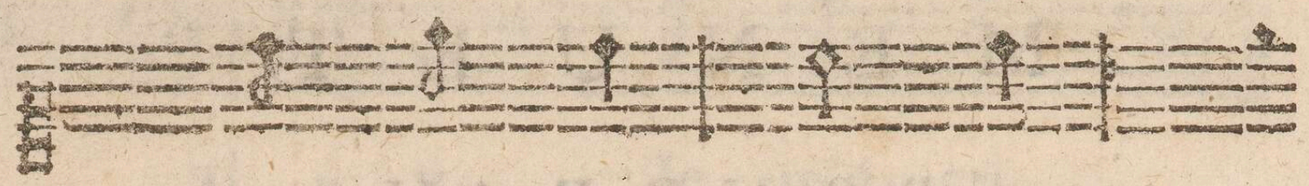


ME-

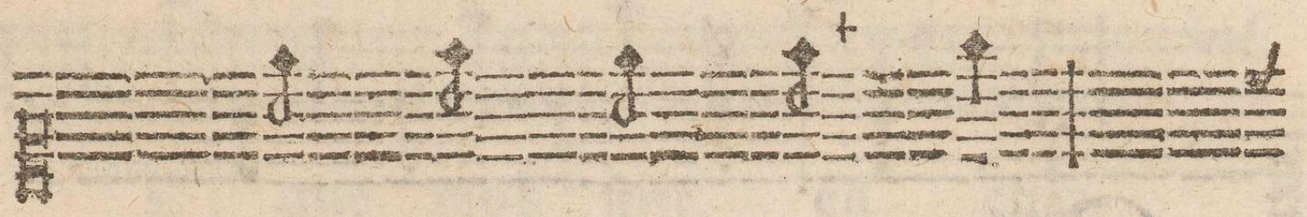
MENUET.

RONDEAU.

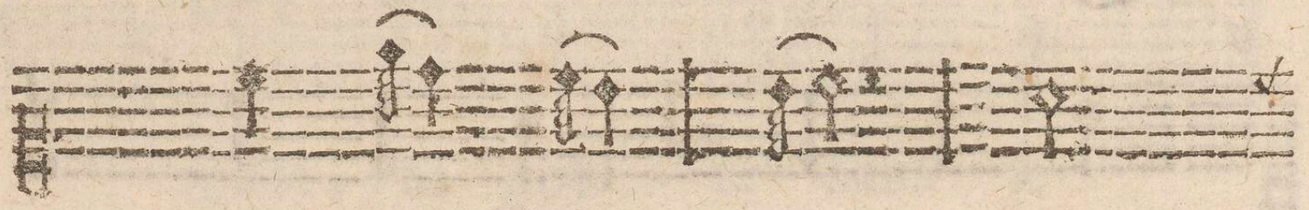




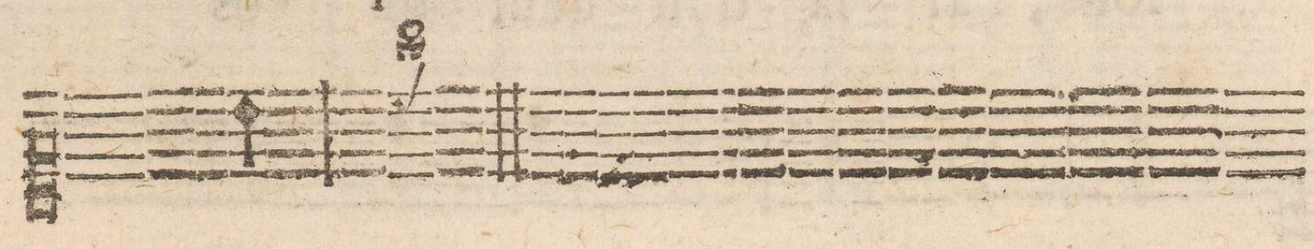
re en- cor mieux, Il ſait



cer - tains mou - ve - mens,
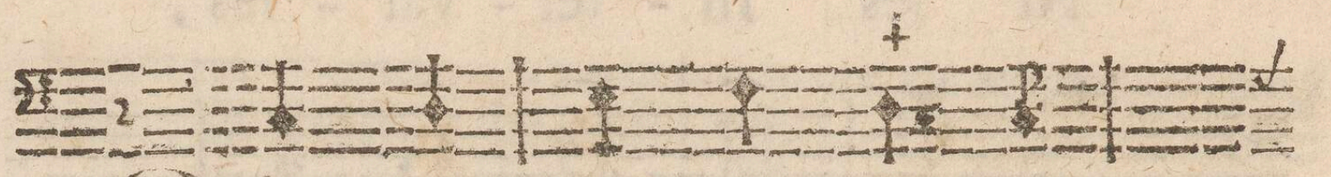


Bien plus char - mans. On



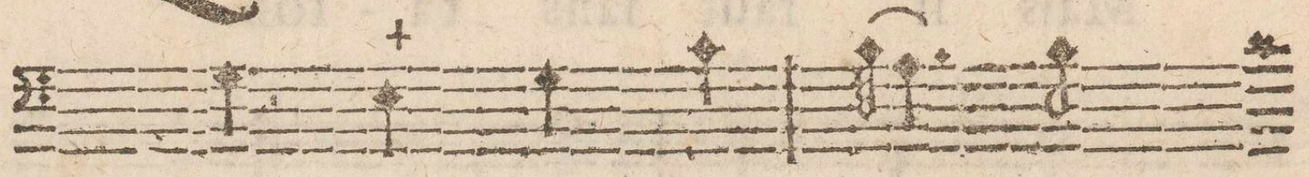
con-, &c.

CHAN-
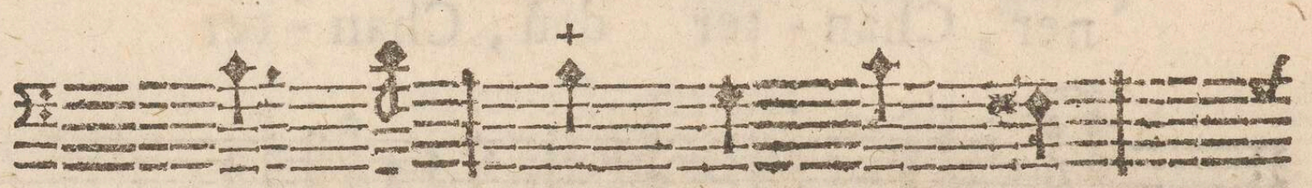
CHANSONNETTE.



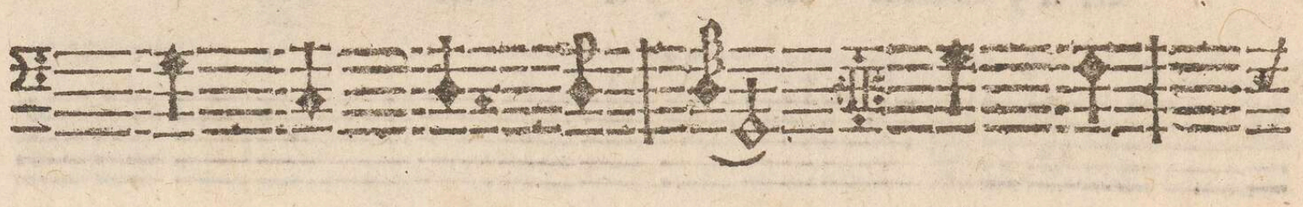
QUand on veut a - voir la
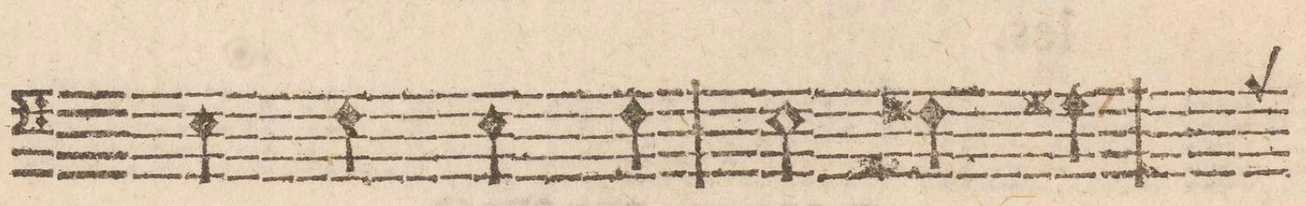


Gloi - re, De chan - ter un



Air à boi - re, Il faut



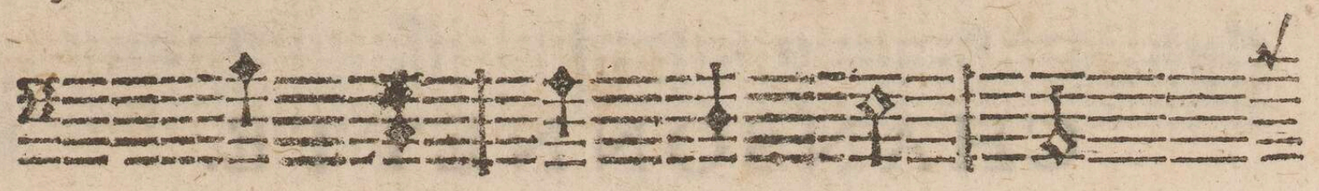
ſa - voir en - ton - ner: Il ne
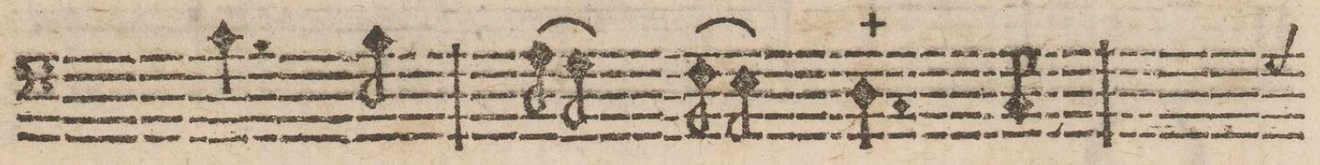


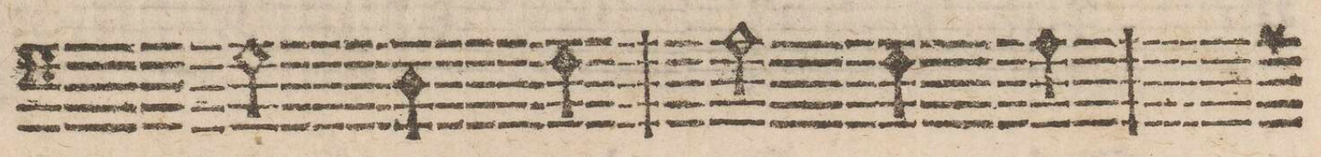
faut point an - no - ner, Les Tons

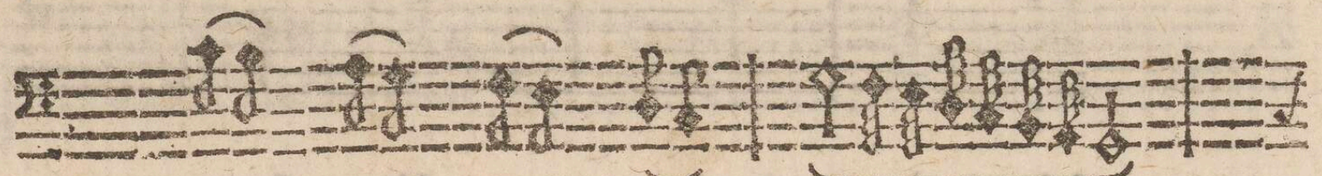


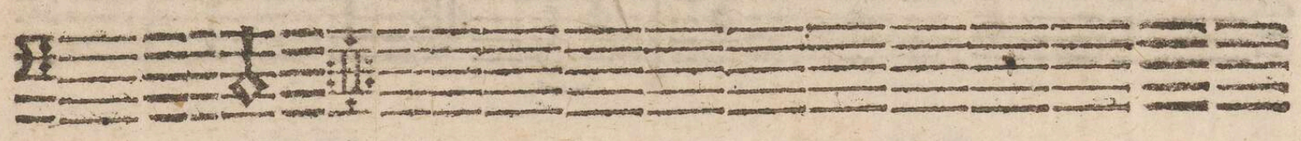
ni les In - ter - val - les,


Ni les In - ter - val - les,


Mais il faut ſans tâ - ton-

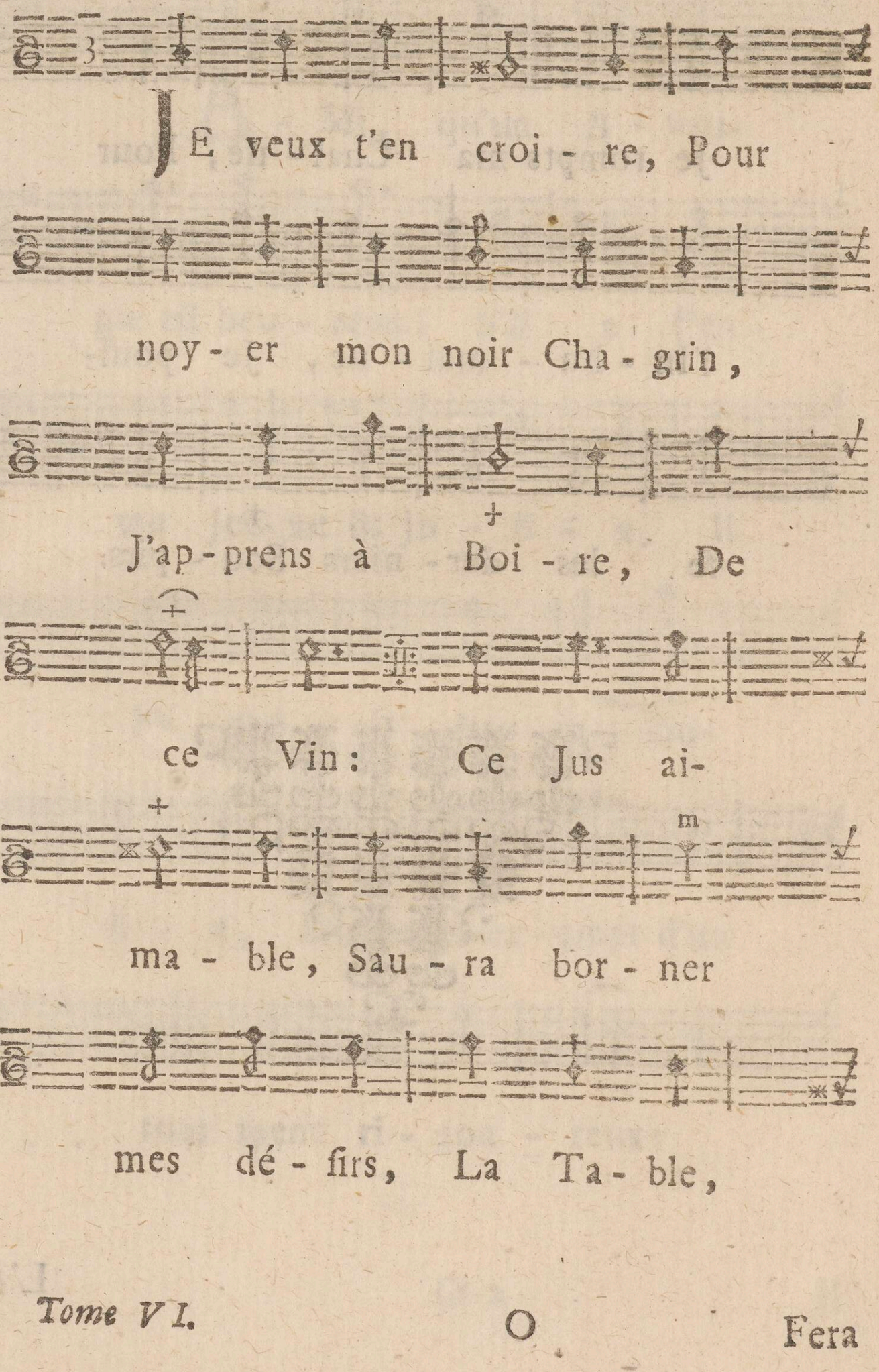

ner, Chan - ter drû, Chan - ter
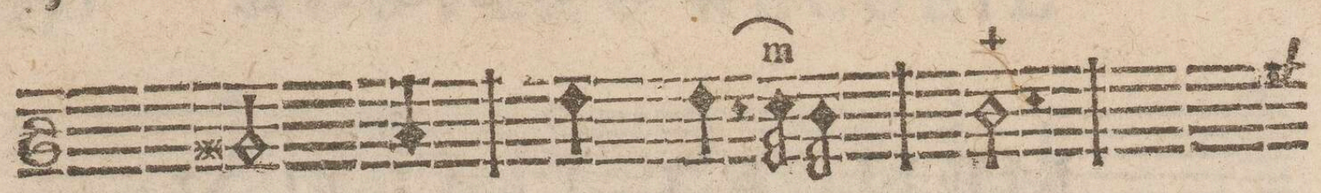

drû, Com - me j'a - val- -


les.
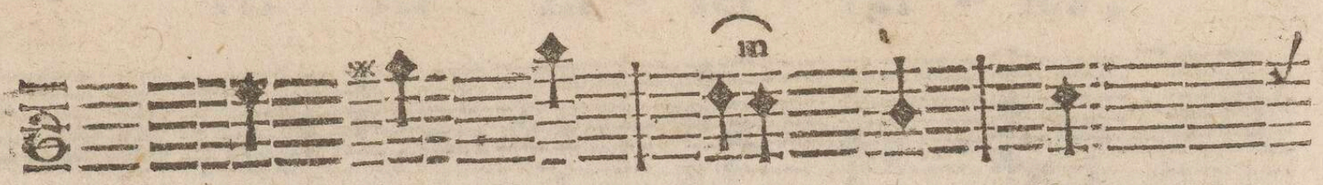
ME-

MENUET ITALIEN.
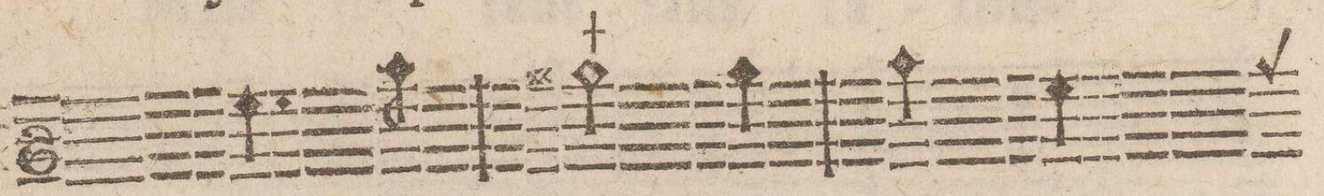




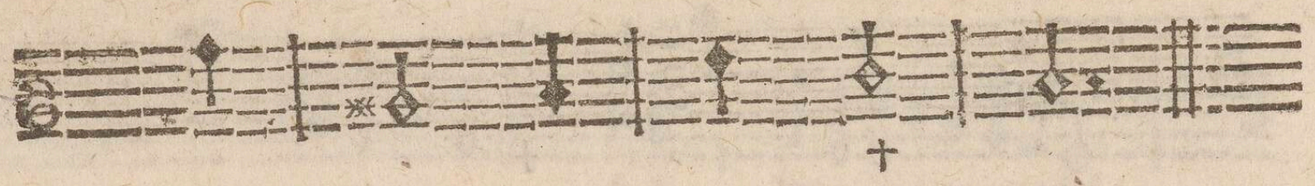
Fe - ra mes Plai - firs,



Je rompts ma Chaî - ne, Pour



l'In - hu - mai - ne, Je pouſ-

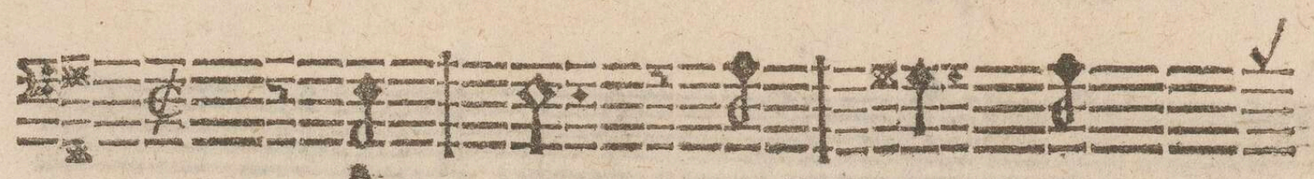


ſe les der - niers Sou - pirs.

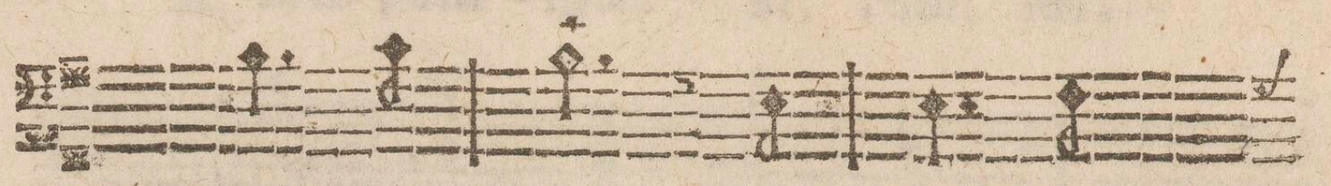


L'A-

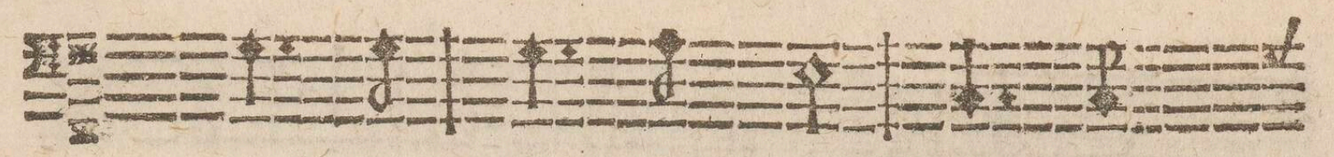
L'AVEUGLE.
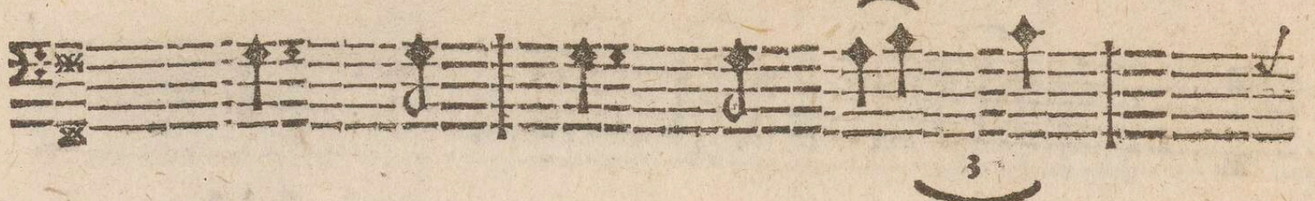


A - Mi, qu'un A - veu-



gle eſt heu - reux! S'il a Fem-
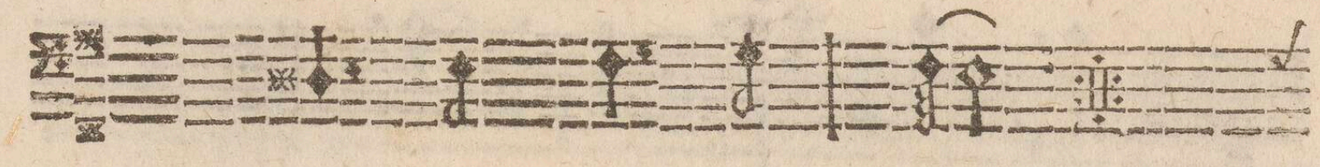


me jeu-ne & jo - li - e, Il



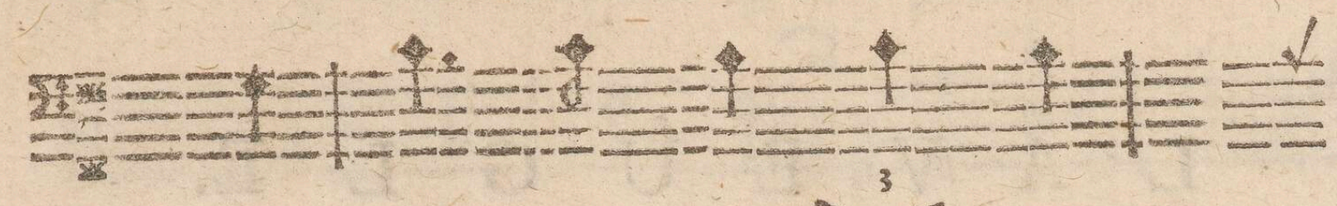
l'a ché - rit ſans ja - lou-



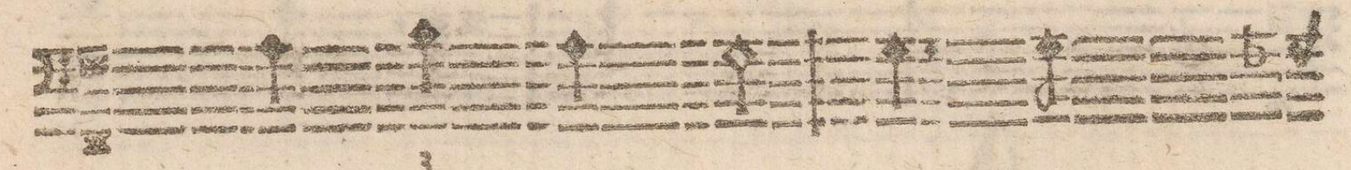
ſi - e, Il eſt ex-empt d'un



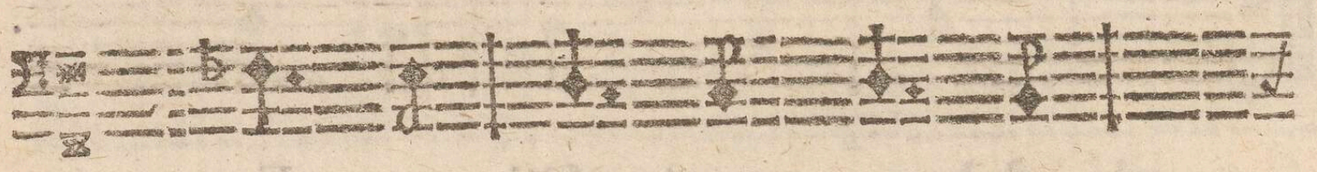
tour-ment ri - gou - reux:



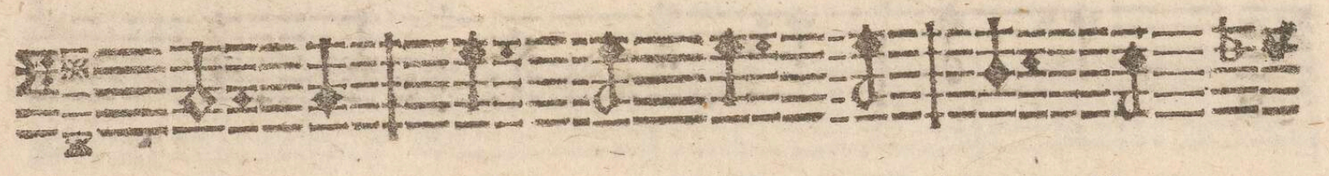
Il peut a - vec le Ga-



lant de ſa Fem - me, Boi-



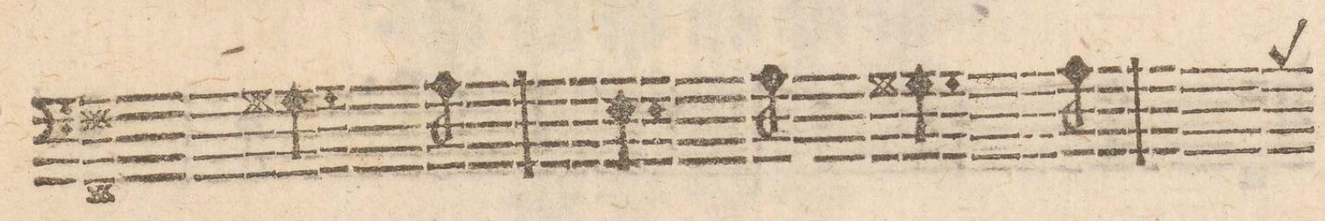
re & man - ger ſans le ſa-
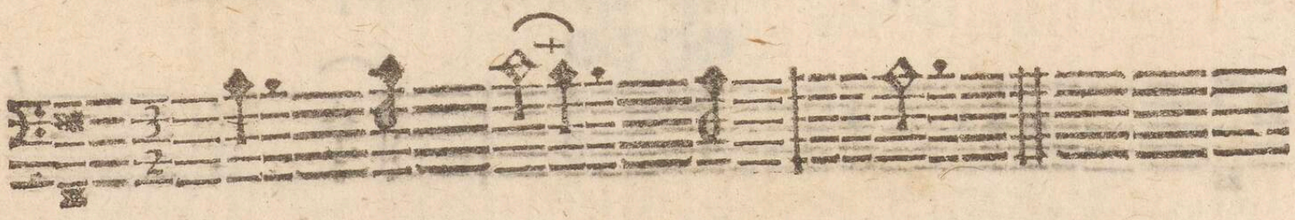


voir, Et quand un doux tranſ-port l'en-



flâ- - - me, L'A-
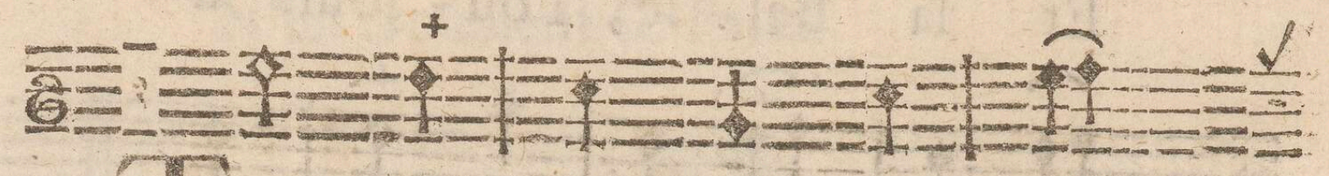


mour n'en fait ſou - vent que

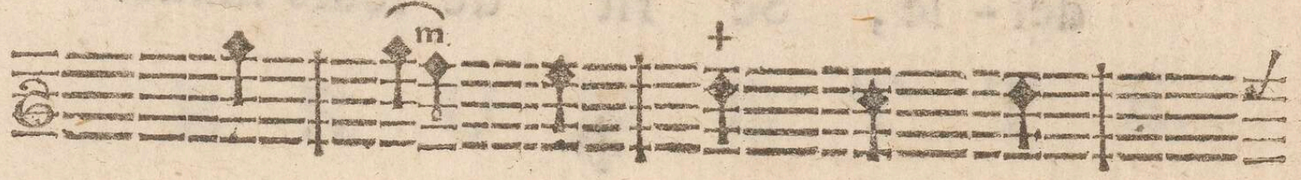


bien mieux ſon de - voir.

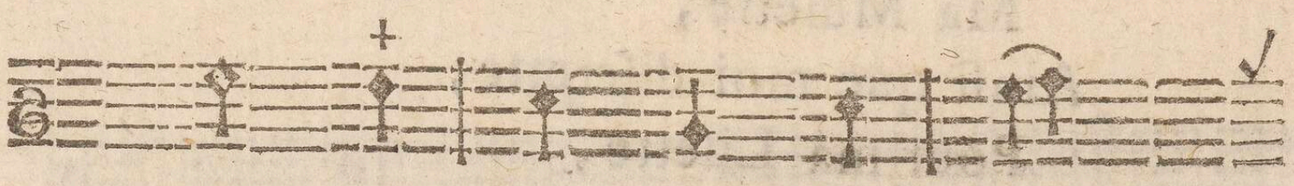
MUSETTE.



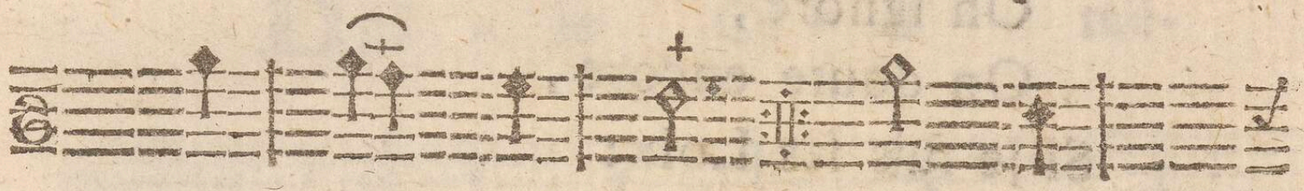
TOut s'em- pref- ſe, Pour char-
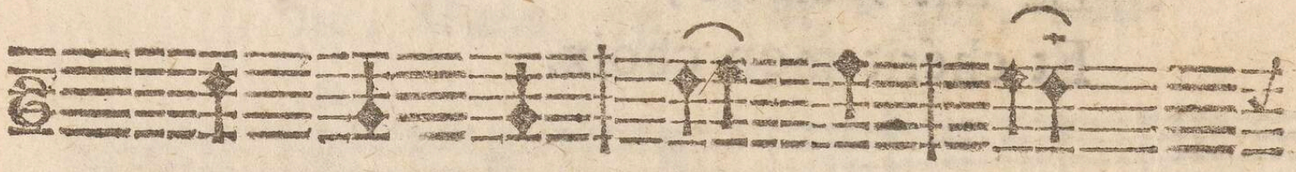


mer ma Mai - tref - ſe; Mais
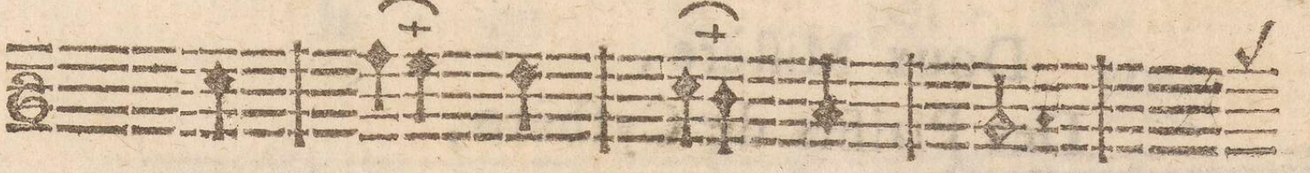


ſa Ten- dref - ſe, N'eſt pas
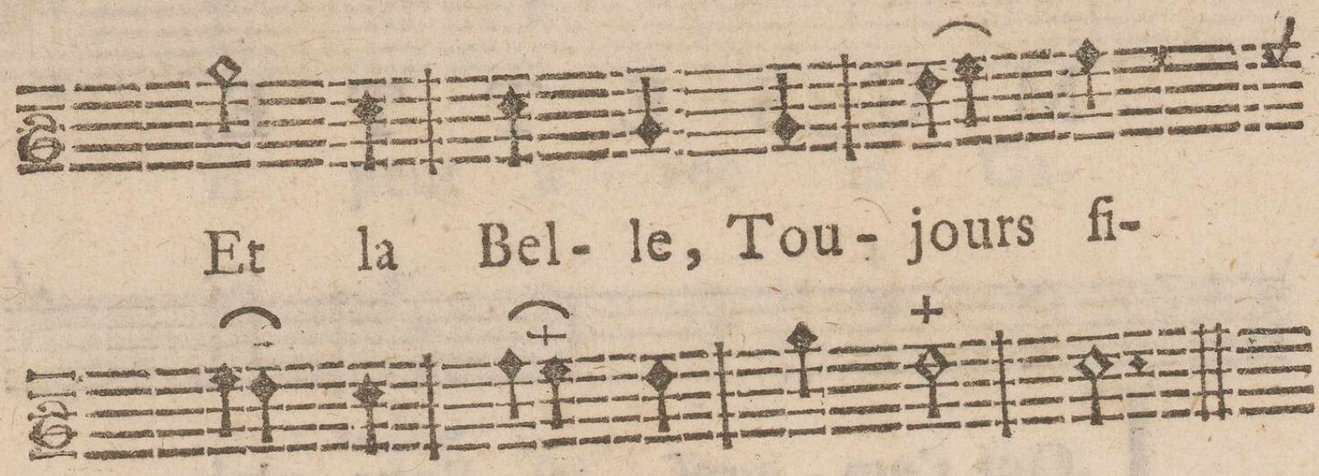


pour mes Ri- vaux: Sûr de



plai - re, Je laiſ - ſe fai-



re Ces A - mans nou - veaux;
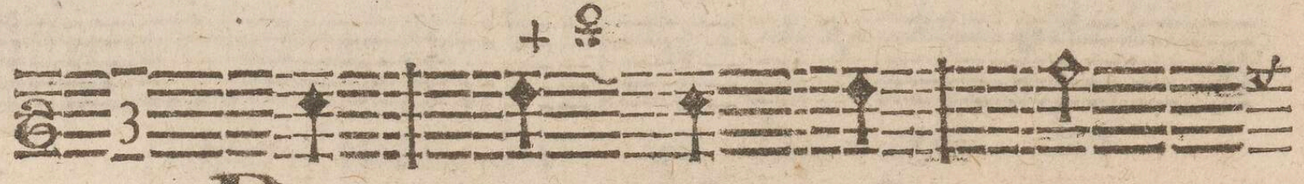


Ma Muſette,
Ainſi que moi diſcrette,
Pour ma Liſette,
Eleve peu ſa voix:
On ignore,
On doute encore,
Si je ſuis ſes Loix:
La finette,
Le ſait ſeulette,
Et chérit mon choix.

Doux Miſtère,
Des Plaiſirs de Cythère,
Tu ſais nous faire,
Les Biens les plus parfaits:
Sous ton Ombre,
Epaiſſe & Sombre,
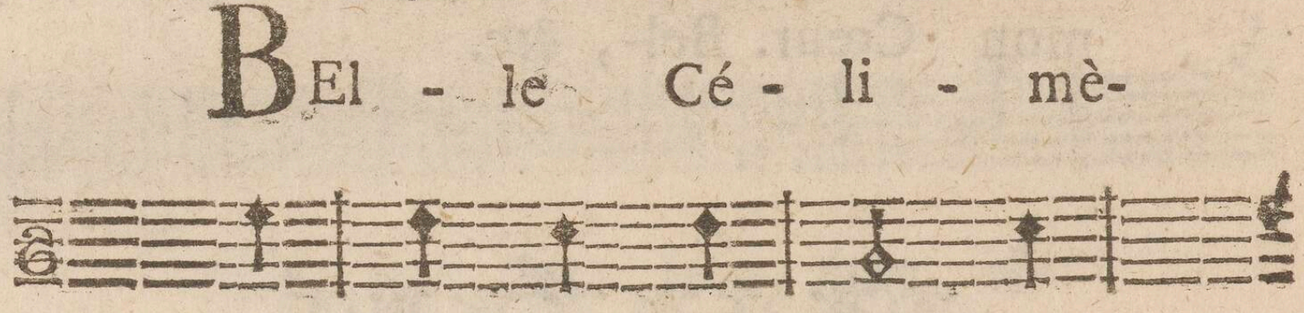
Tien les ſi ſécrèts,
Que l'Envie,
La Jalouſie,
N'en troublent la Paix.

BRUNETTE.
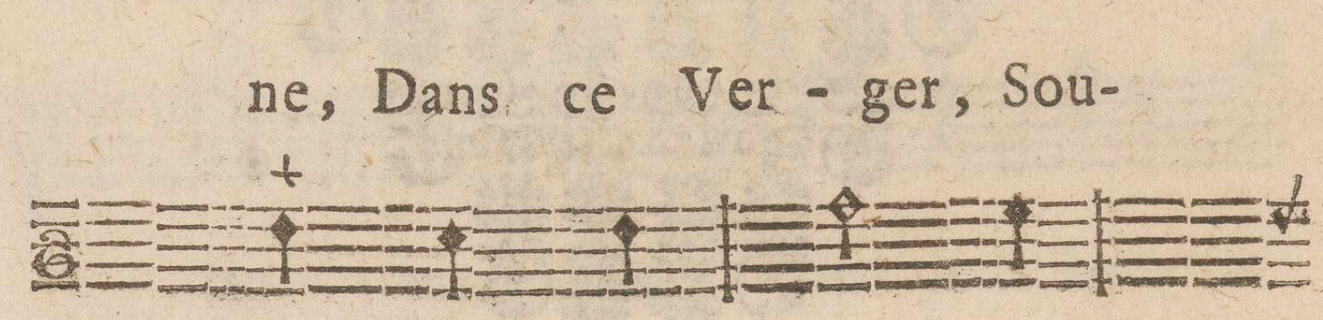
RONDEAU.



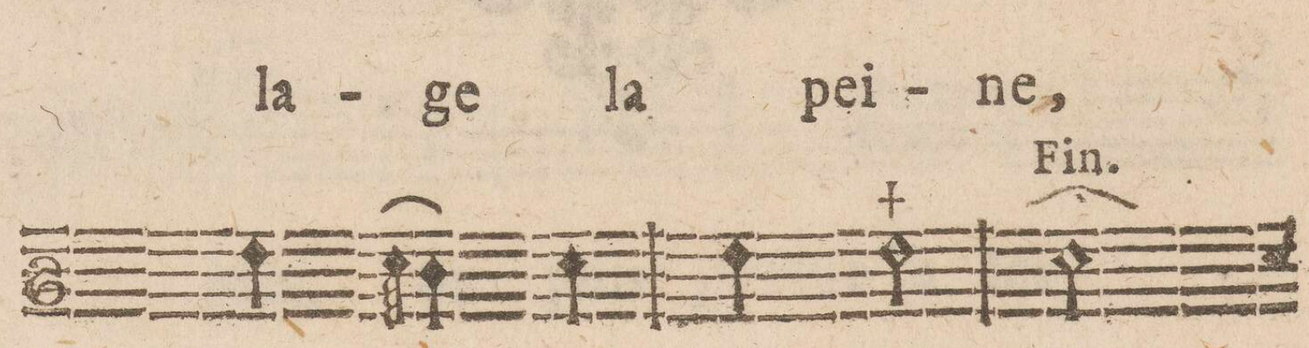
BEl - le Cé - li - mè-



ne, Dans ce Ver - ger, Sou-
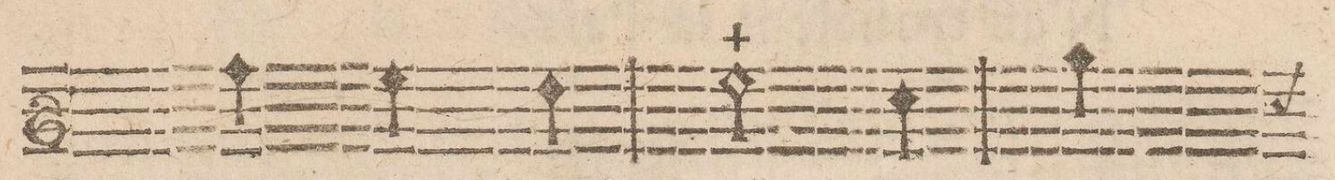


la - ge la pei - ne,



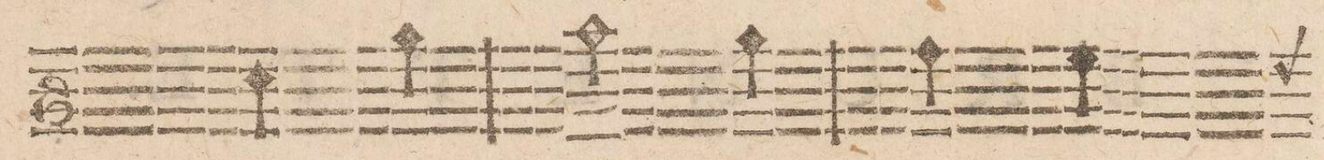
D'un fi - del - le Ber - ger:



Ré - pons, ma Bru - net - te,



A mon ar - deur, Re - çois
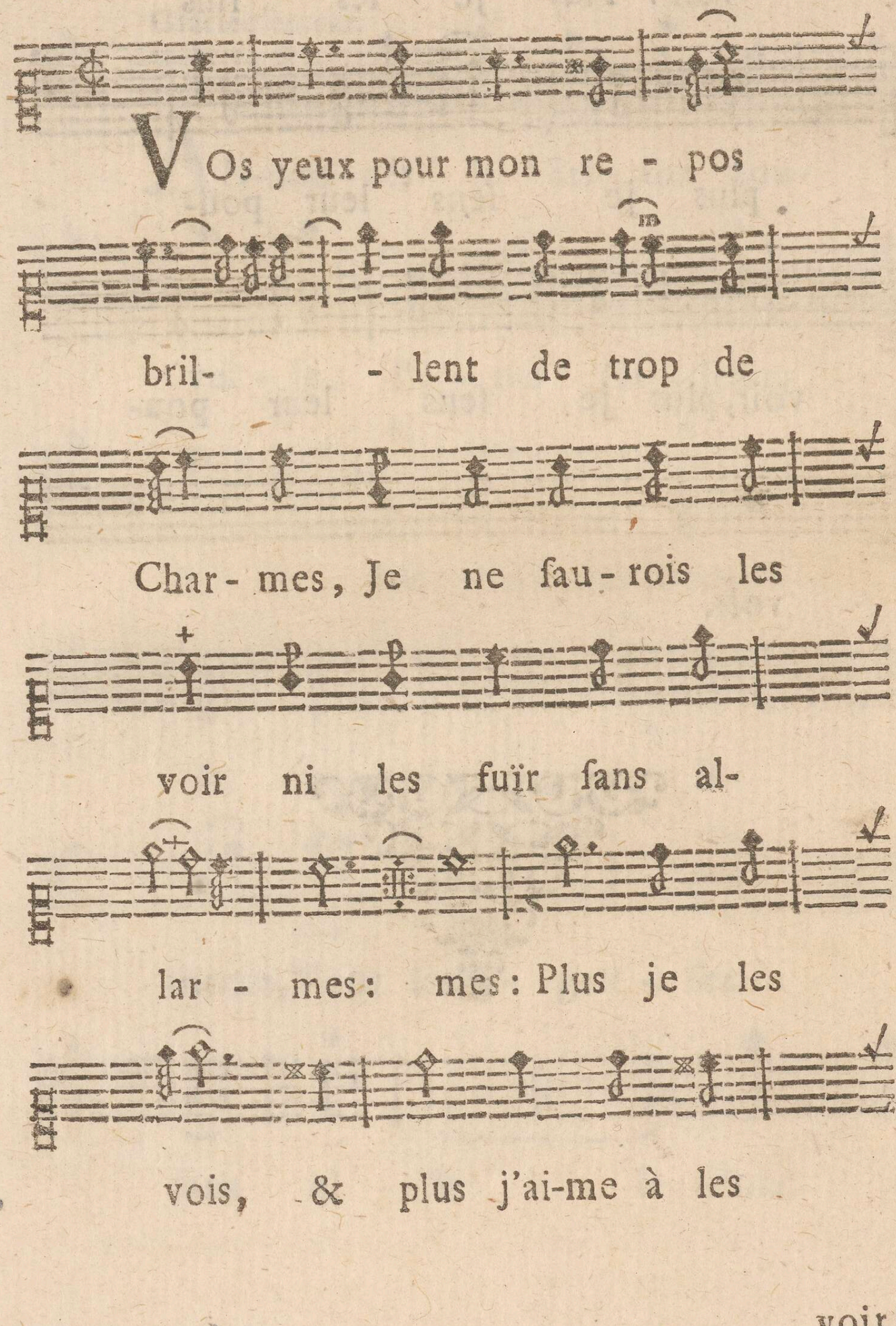


ma Hou - let - te, A - vec



mon Cœur. Bel-, &c.

AIR

AIR TENDRE.
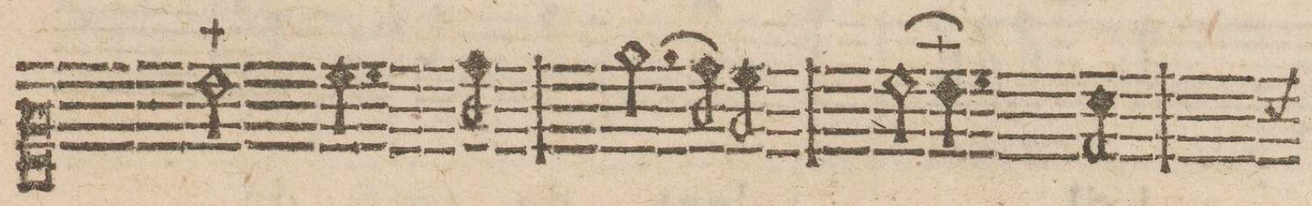

Vos yeux pour mon re - pos
bril- - lent de trop de
Char- mes, Je ne fau- rois les
voir ni les fuïr ſans al-
lar - mes: mes: Plus je les
vois, & plus j'ai-me à les
voir!



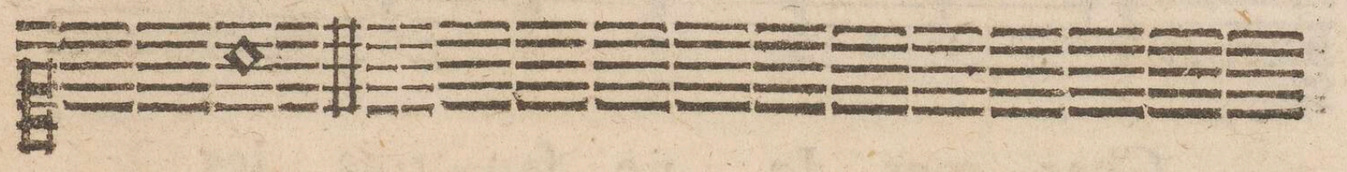
voir! Plus je les fuis



plus je ſens leur pou-



voir, plus je ſens leur pou-
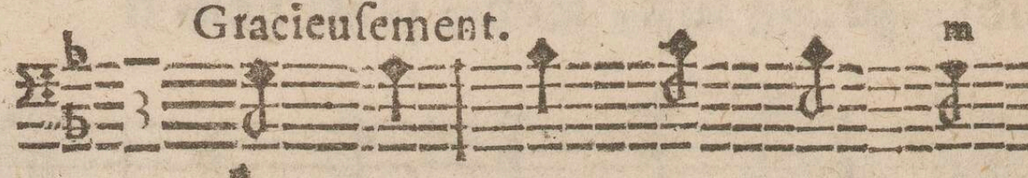


voir.
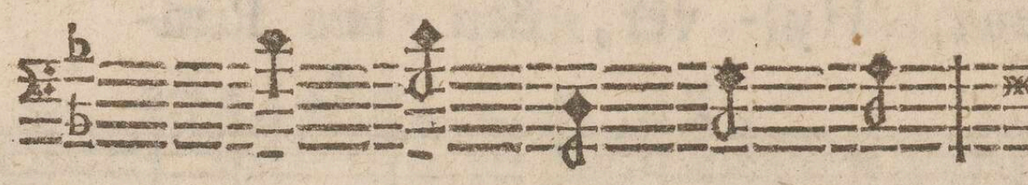
PRIN-

PRINTEMS.

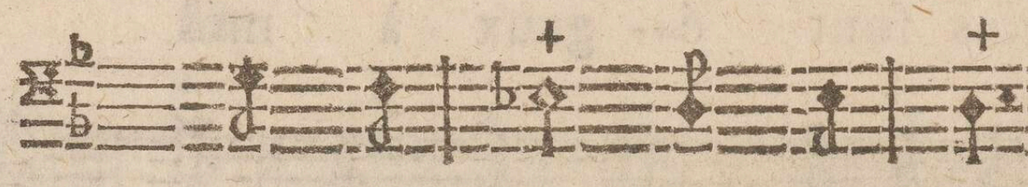
Gracieuſement.
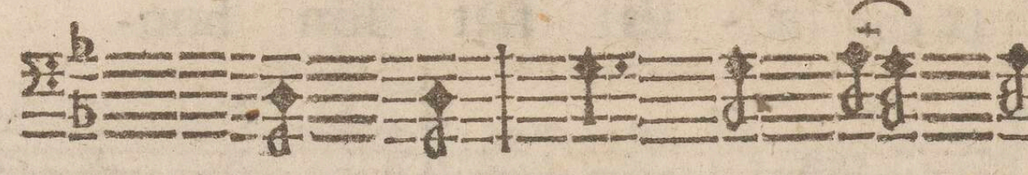


ANnon-cés la Sai-ſon nou-
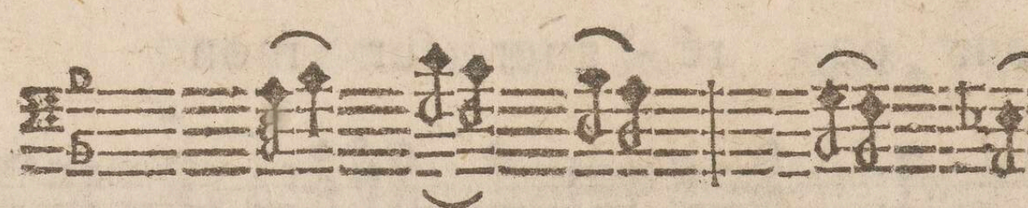


vel-le, Pe-tits Oi-ſeaux,



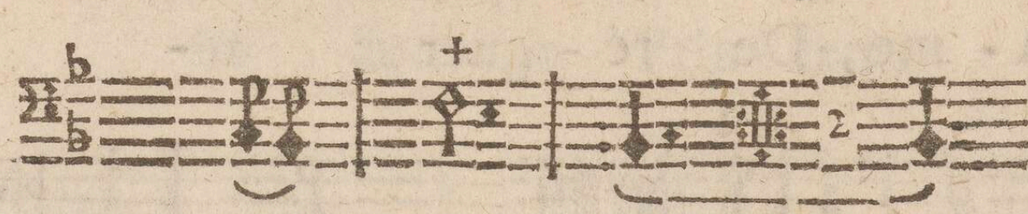
el-le fait vos beaux jours, El-



le ra-ni-me vos A-

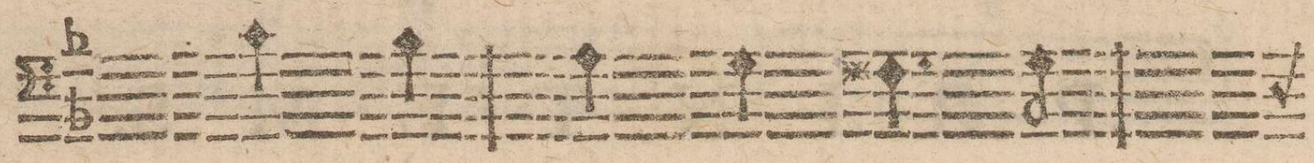


mours, Vous lan-guiſ-ſez

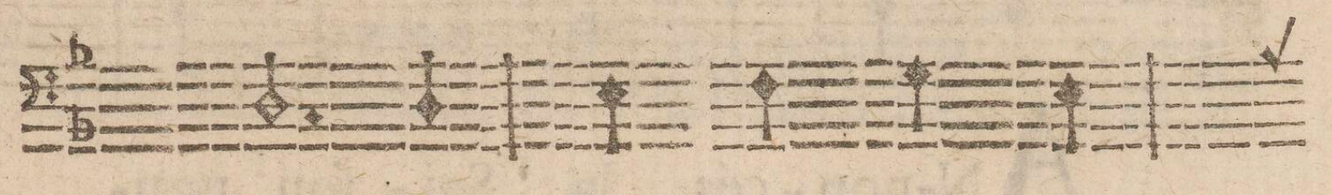


ſans el-le: le: Pour

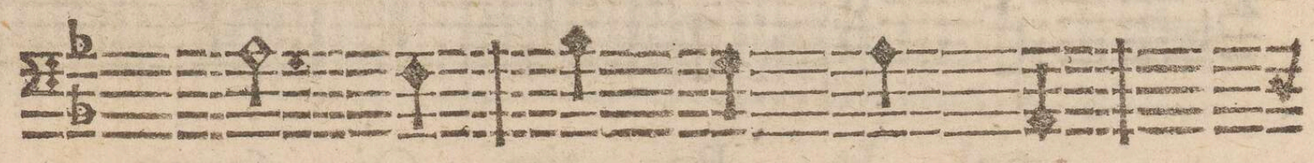
moi,



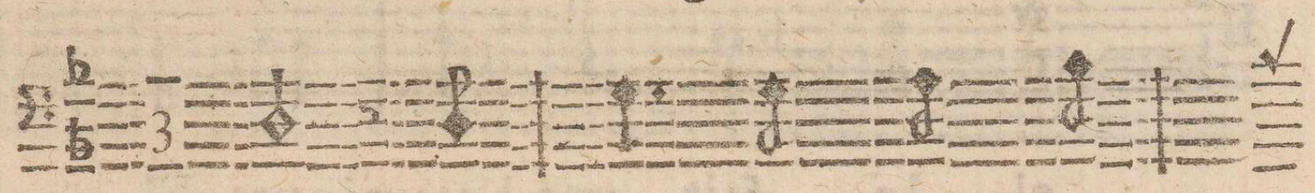
moi, je ſuis bien plus heu-



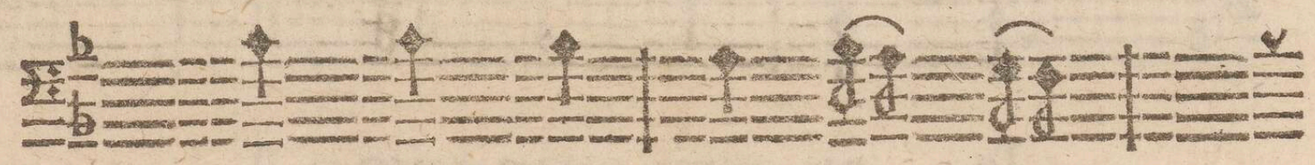
reux, L'Hy - ver, & le Prin-



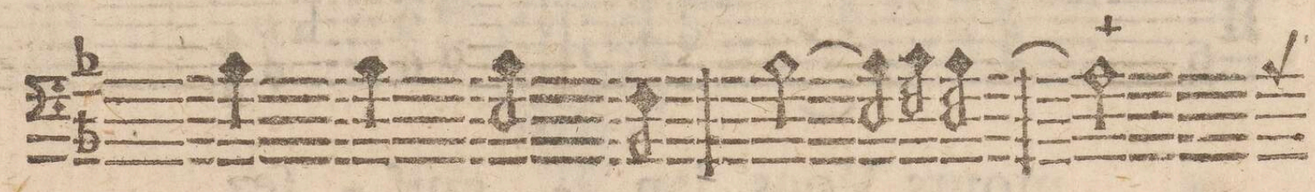
tems ſont é - gaux à mes



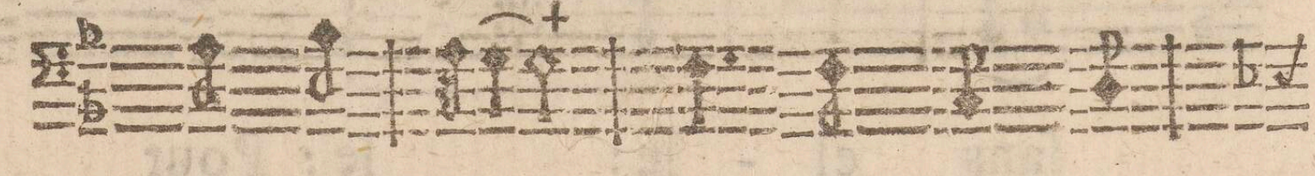
feux, Phi - lis fait ſon bon-



heur de ré - gner ſur mon
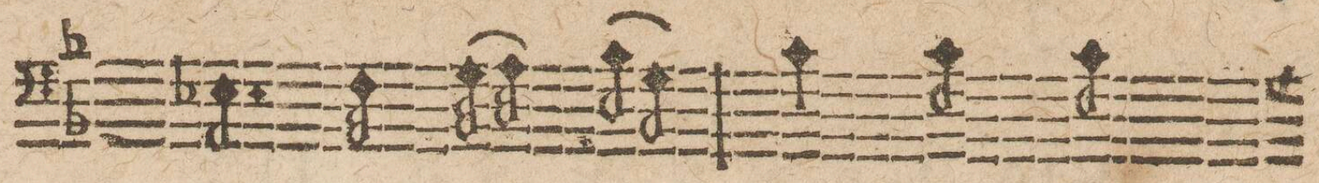


A - me, De ré - gner -
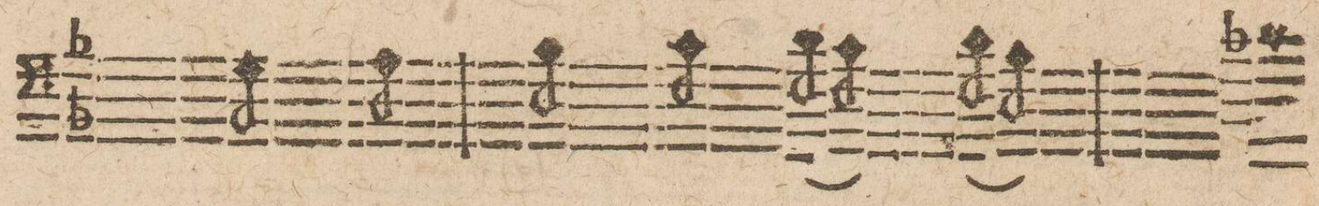


ſur mon A - me, A tous mo-
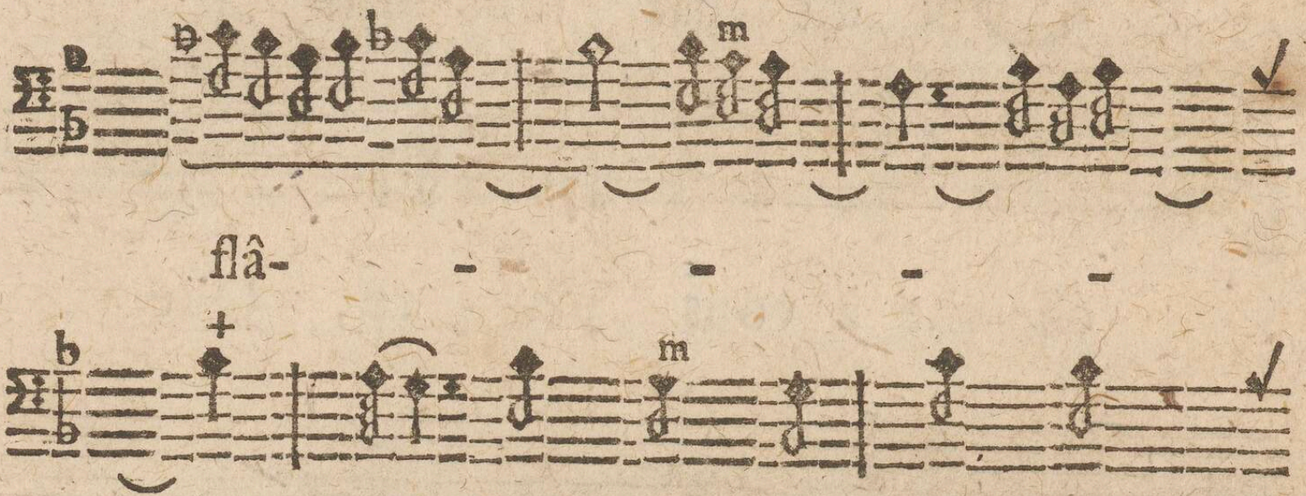
mens



mens, El - le m'en - flâ - me, A



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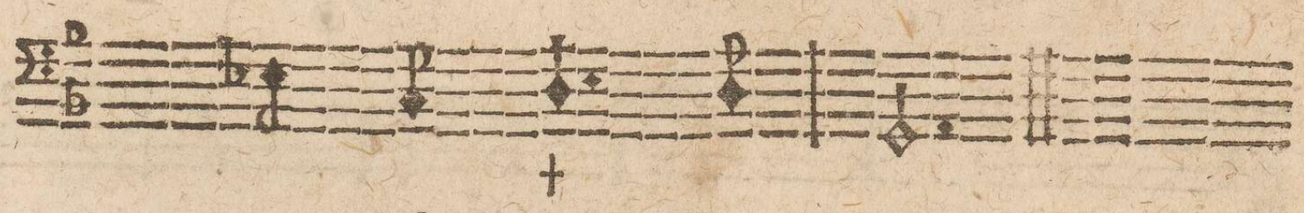


flâ- - - - -

- me, Pe - tits Oi - ſeaux Cha-
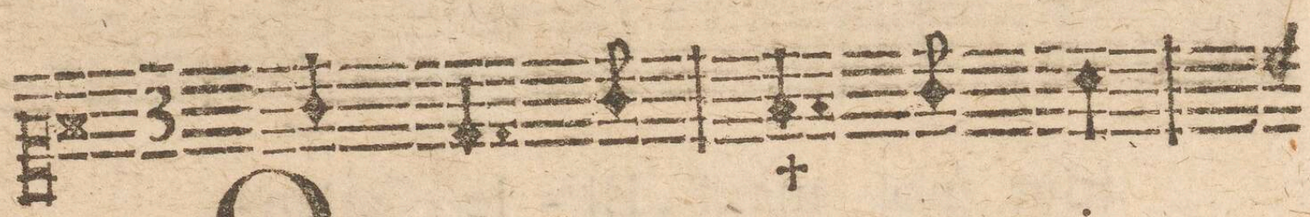


cun de mes inſ - tans, Vaut
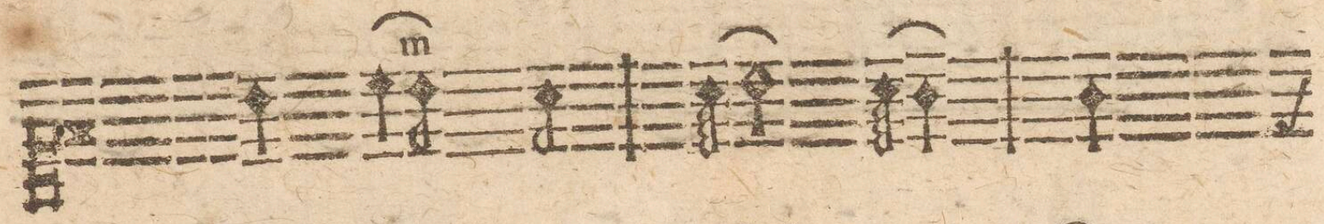


un de vos Prin - tems.

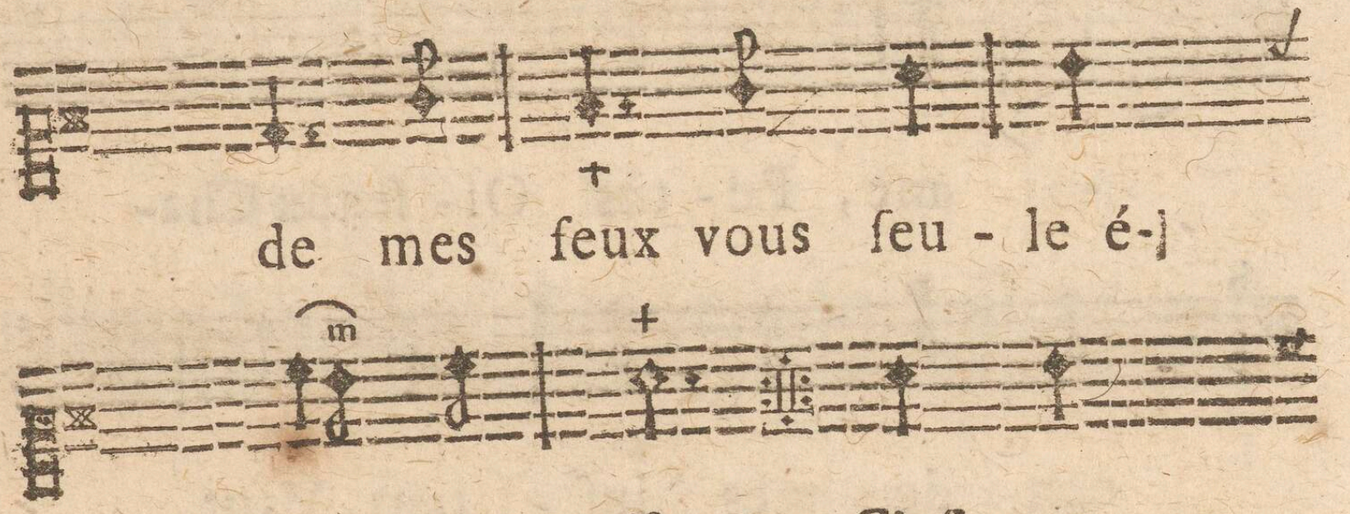
SARABANDE DE L'INCONNU.



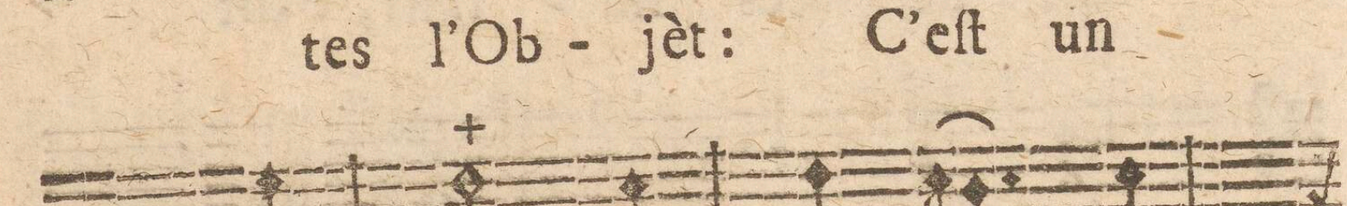
ON dit par tout que je



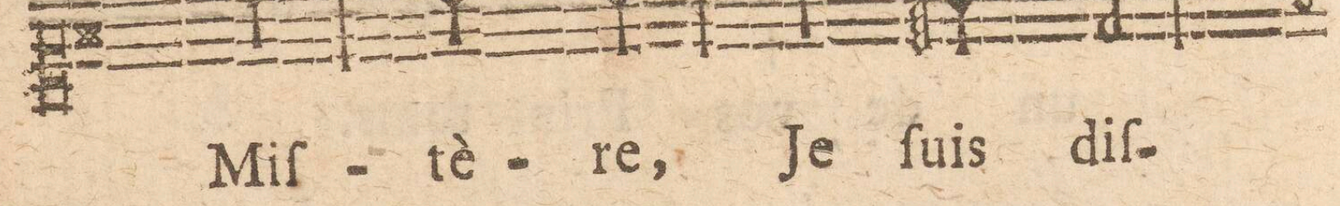
cherche à vous plai - re, Que
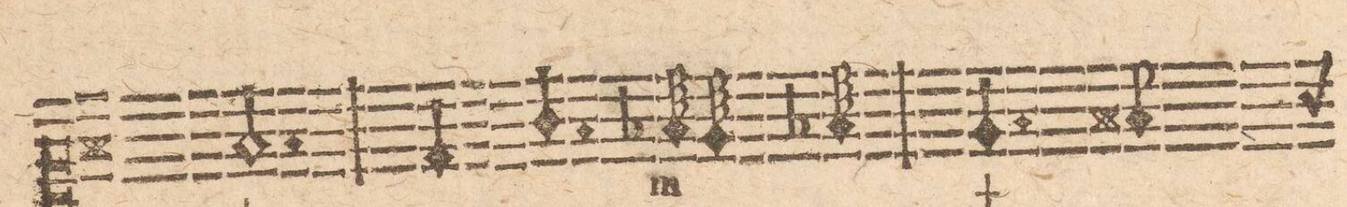


de mes feux vous ſeu - le é-



tes l'Ob - jèt: C'eſt un
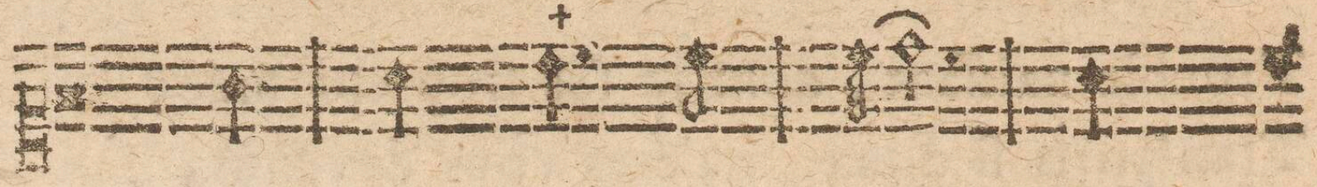


Miſ - tè - re, Je ſuis diſ-
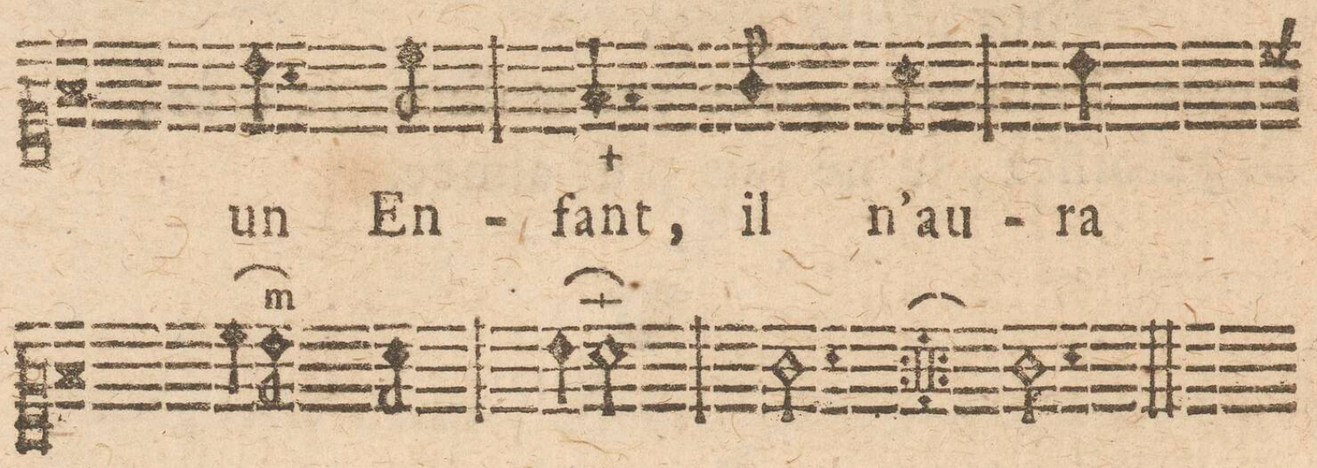


crèt; Mais, Bel - le I - ris, l'A-

mour



mour ſait mon ſé - crèt, C'eſt



un En - fant, il n'au - ra

pû ſe tai - re. re.

REPONSE.

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

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

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

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

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

Près

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

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

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

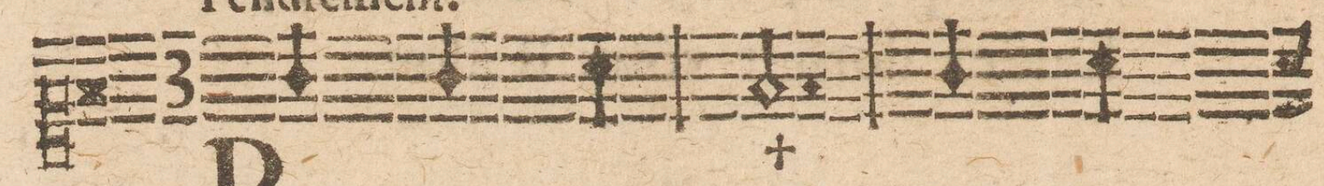
Auprès de vous, je me ſens tout de flâme,
Le Dieu du Vin, vous a livré mon Cœur:
Je le reclâme,
Ce doux vainqueur;
Puiſqu'en buvant, ſa divine Liqueur,
Redouble encor les tranſports de mon âme.

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

BRU-

BRUNETTE.

Tendrement.
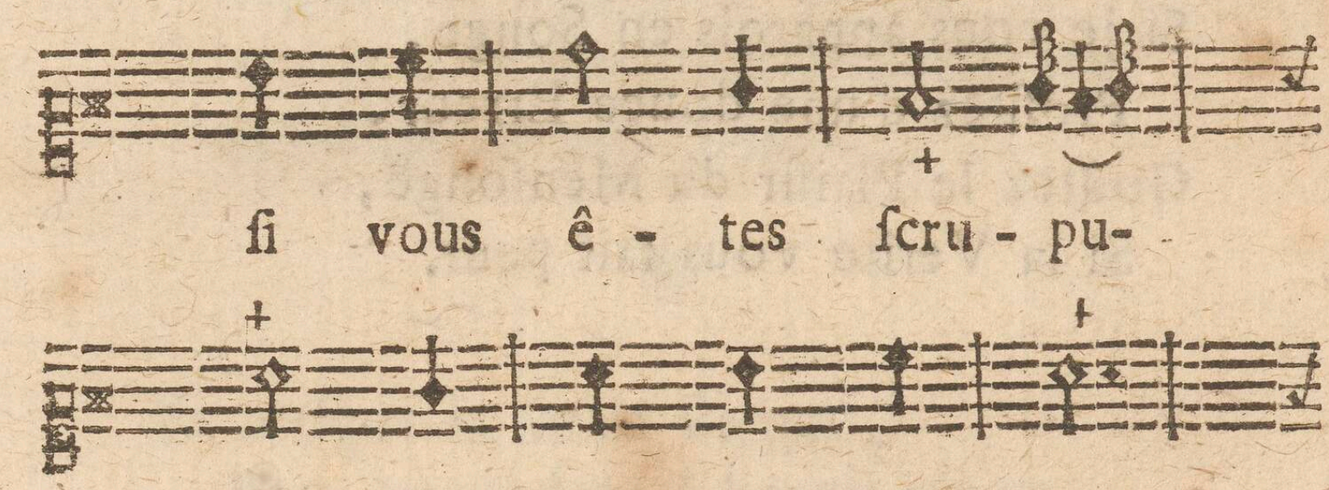


RE- veil - lez - vous, Bel - le



Dor - meu - ſe, Si ce Bai-



ſer, vous fait Plai - ſir; Mais



ſi vous ê - tes ſcru - pu-

leu - ſe, Dor - mez, ou fei-



gnez de dor - mir. mir.

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

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

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

SISTEME DE PLAISIR.

Sur le même Air.

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

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

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

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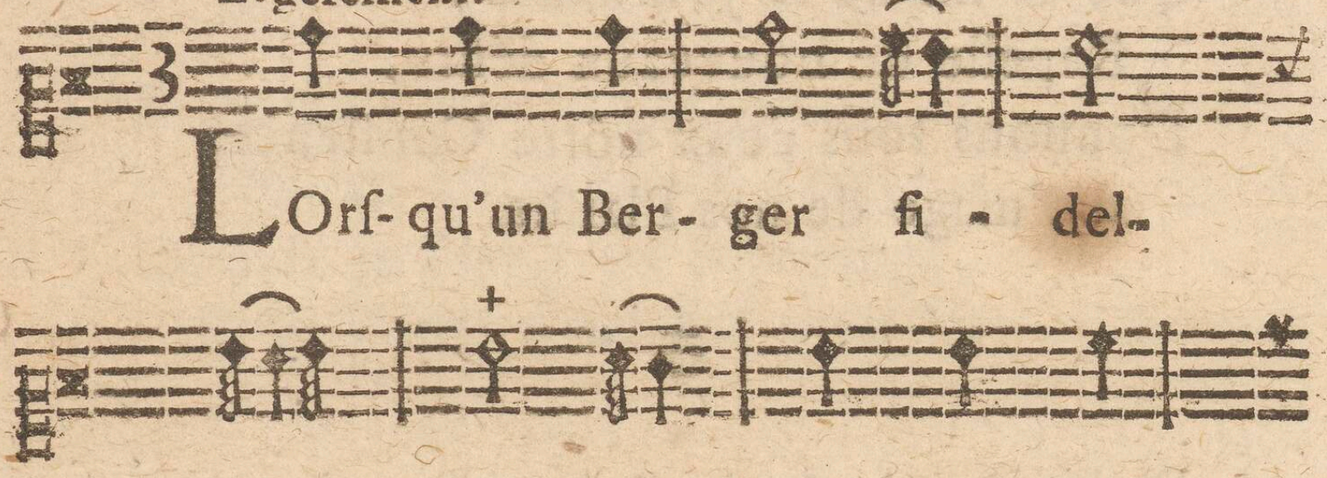
RE-

REPONSE.

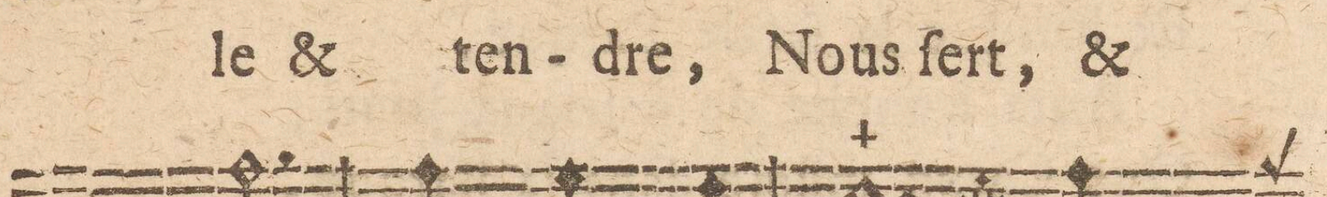
C'eſt trop de différer une heure,
Quand on eſt preſſé par l'Amour,
Non, non, aimez-moi, tout à l'heure,
Vous boirez le reſte du jour.

LES SOTTES.

Légerement.
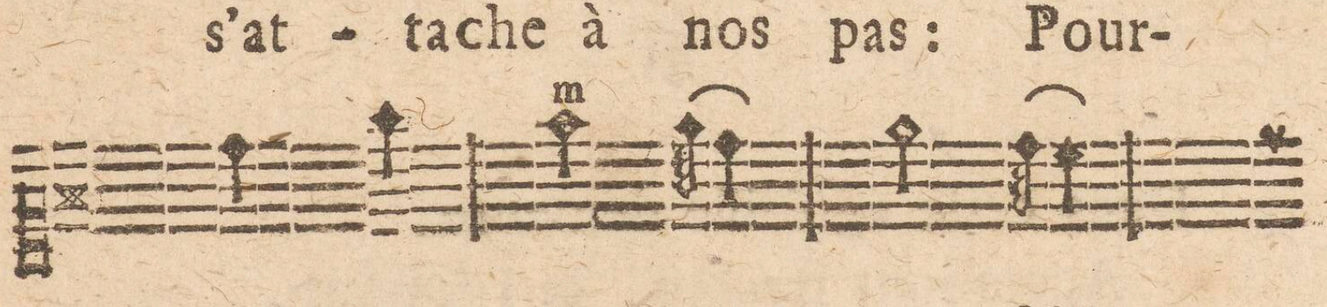


Lorſ-qu'un Ber- ger fi - del-



le & ten- dre, Nous ſert, &
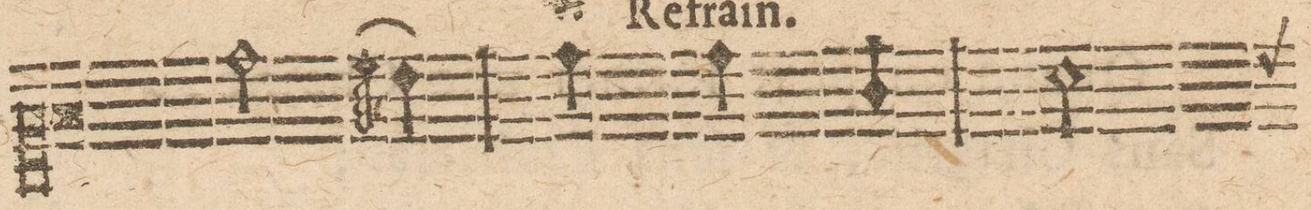


s'at - tache à nos pas: Pour-



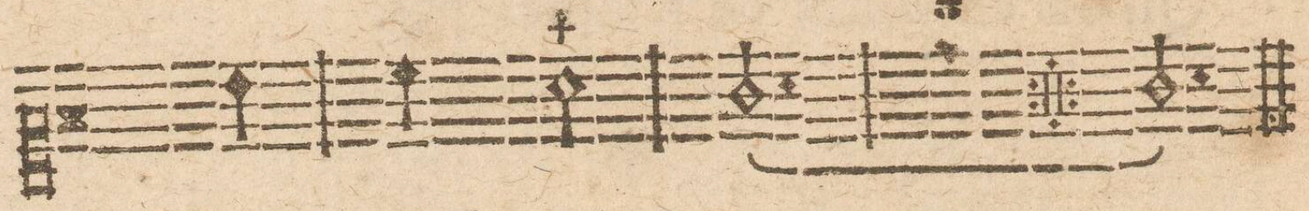
quoi cher- cher à ſe déf-

fendre,

Refrain.



fen - dre, Qu'on eſt Sot - te,



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

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

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

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

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

Lorſque pour nous tout s'intéreſſe,
A nous faire un ſort plein d'appas;
Que les Jeux ſuivent la Tendreſſe,
Qu'on eſt Sotte de n'aimer pas.
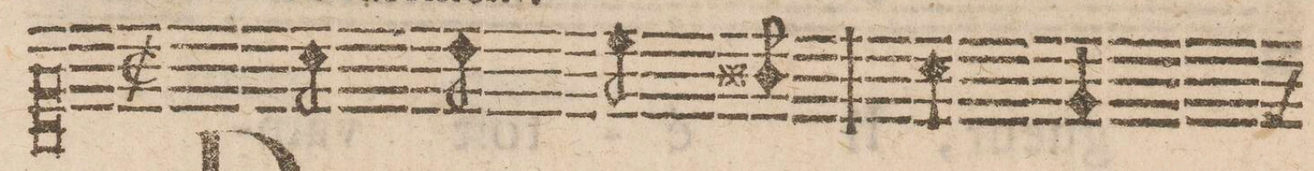
L'Amour fait ſeul le doux partage,
Des Bergères pleines d'appas;
Ce Dieu leur dit, dans le bel âge,
Qu'on eſt ſotte de n'aimer pas.

Mais, nous tient-il ſous ſon Empire,
Il ſe plaît à nous allarmer,
Et malgré tout ce qu'on peut dire,
Ah! que l'on eſt Sotte d'aimer.
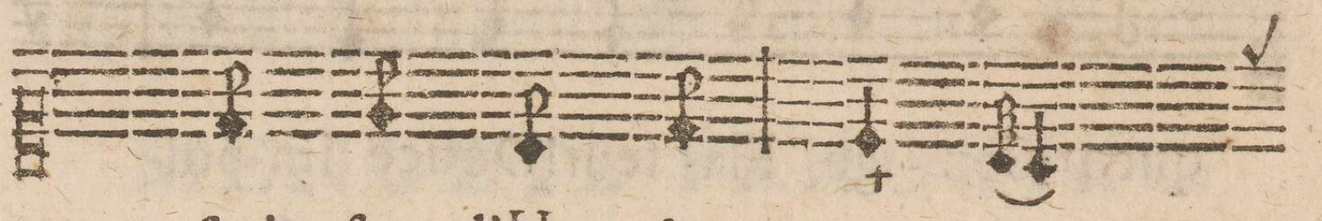
LE SONGE OFFICIEUX.

MUSETTE.

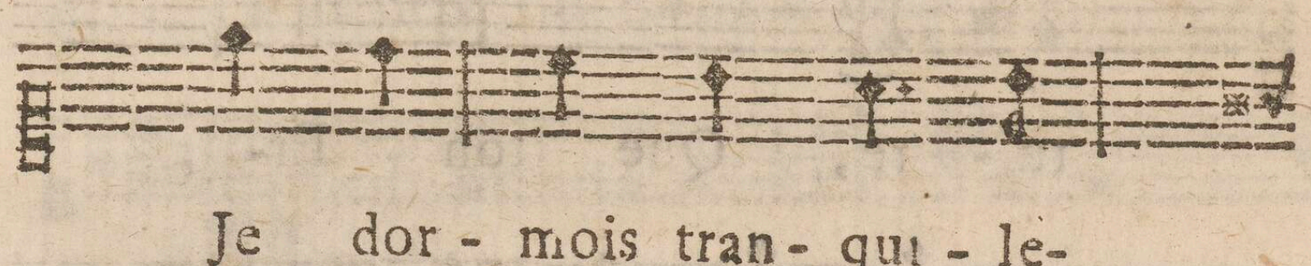
Tendrement.



DAns un Bois char- mant, Au



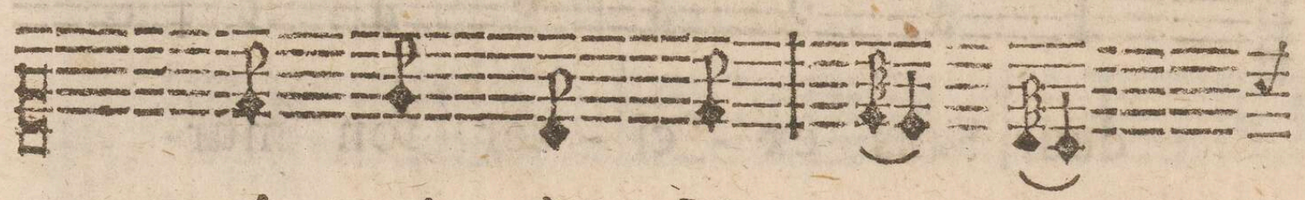
frais ſur l'Her- be ten - dre,



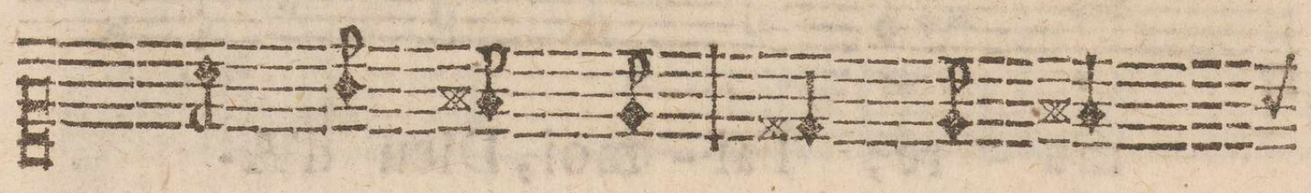
Je dor - mois tran- qui - le-
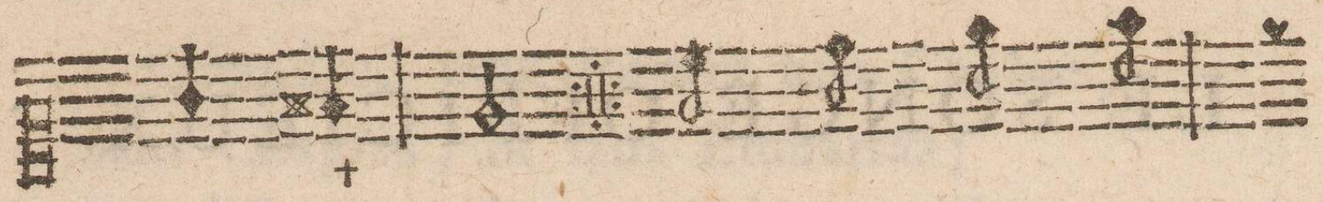


ment; Je ne ſai com-ment Je



rê - vois à Li - ſan - dre,



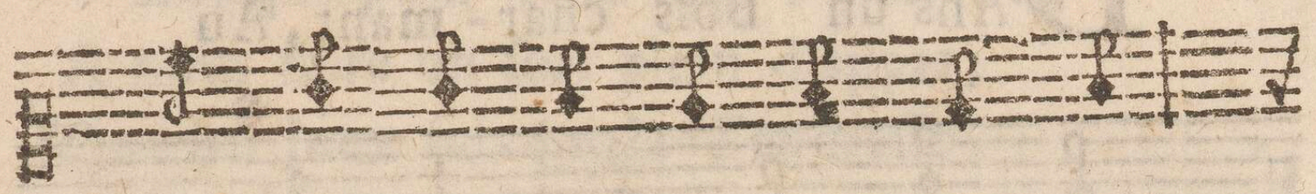
Sa fin - cè - re ar - deur, Pé - ne-



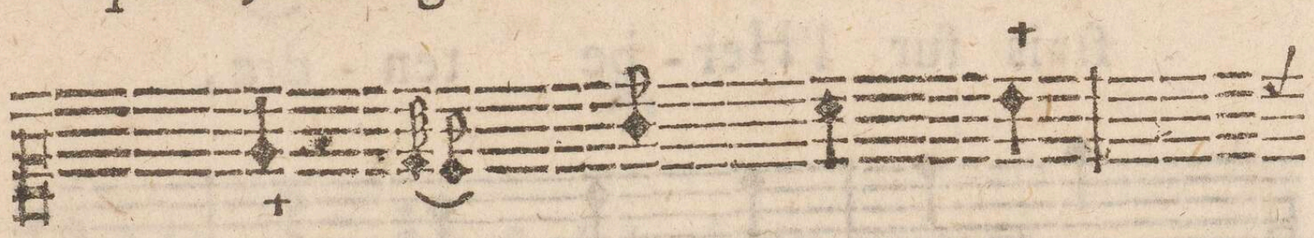
troit mon Cœur: De tou- te ri-



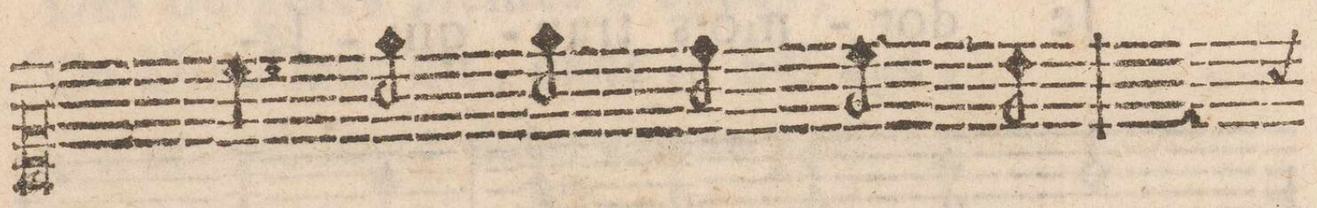
gueur, Il é - toit vain-



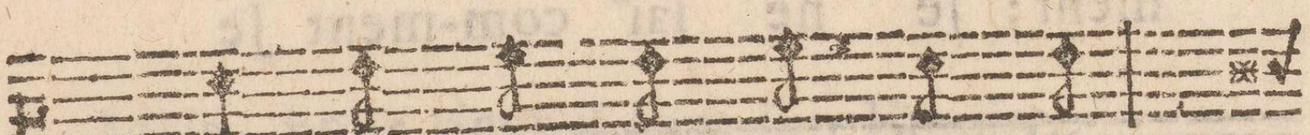
queur; Son- ge Fla- teur! Douce im-poſ-



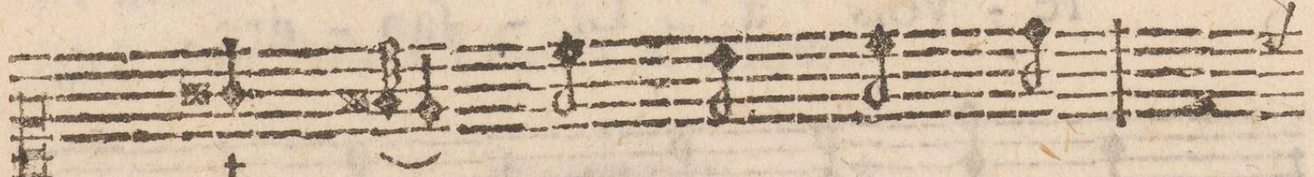
tu - re, Que ton Er-



reur, Sou - la - ge ma pu-



deur, Sans ex - ci - ter ſon mur-

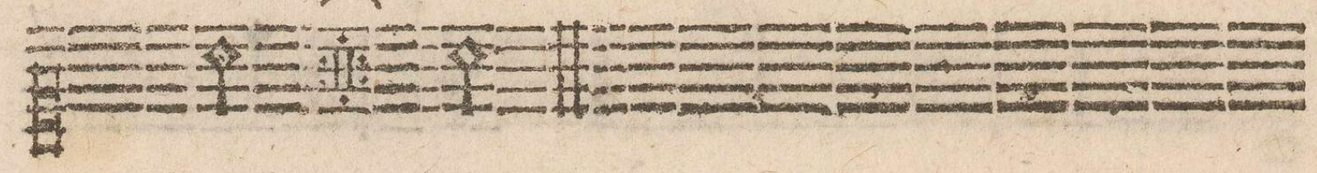


mu - re; Fai - moi, Dieu d'A-

mour,
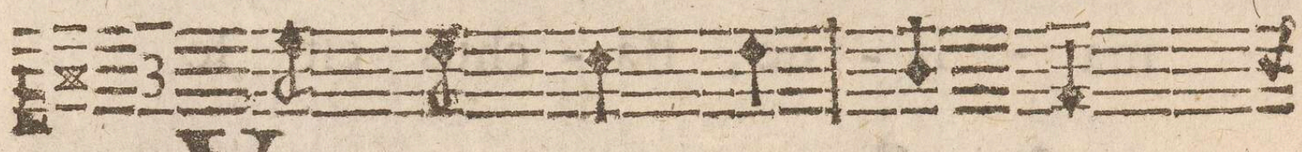


mour, Rê - ver ain - ſi tou-
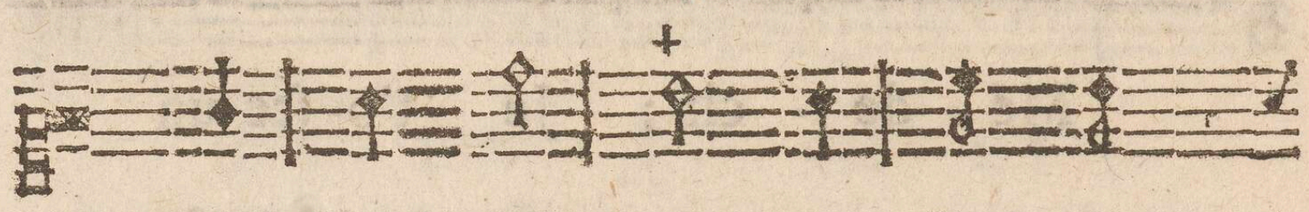


jours. jours.

MENUETS PARODIEZ.

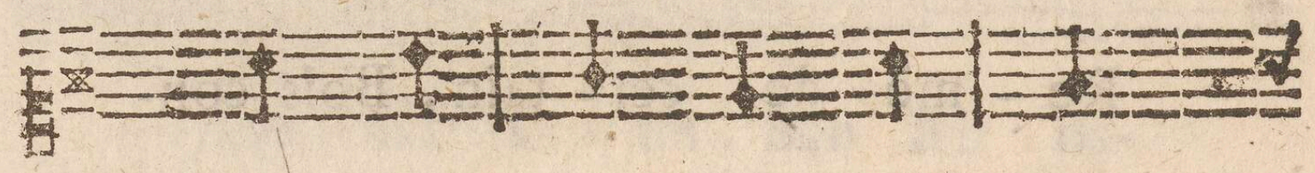
PREMIER MENUET.



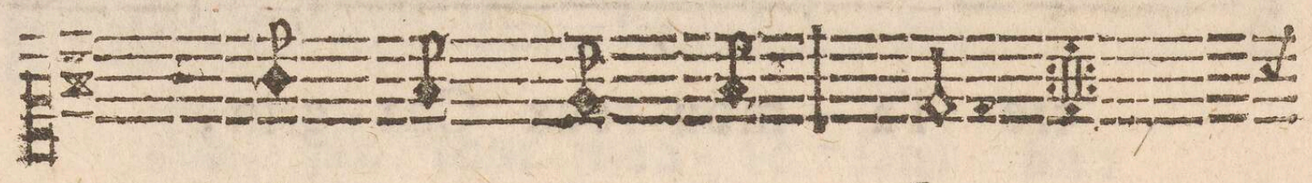
VUi- dons Ca - ma - ra - des,



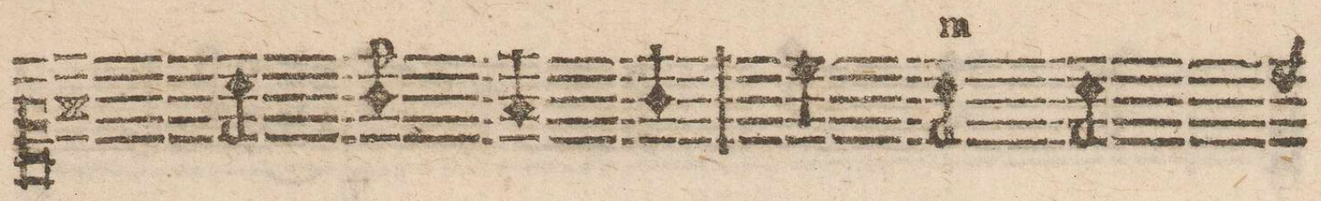
Cha - cun Ra - za - de, Bu - vons



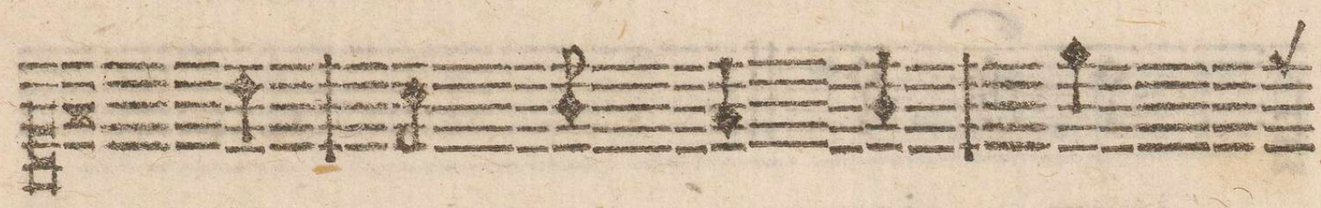
de ce Vin, Qu'en-tre nous
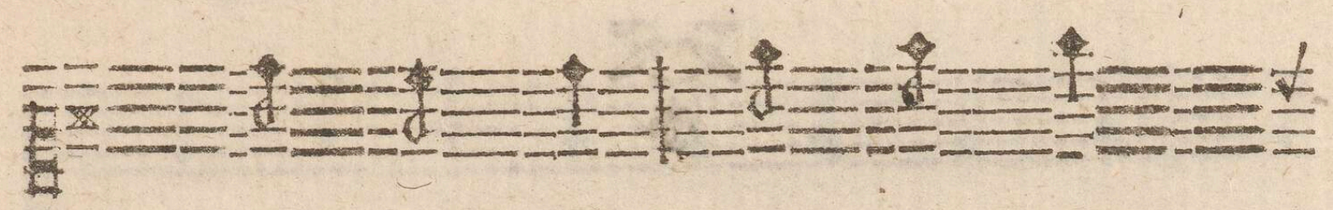


il cou - le ſans fin:



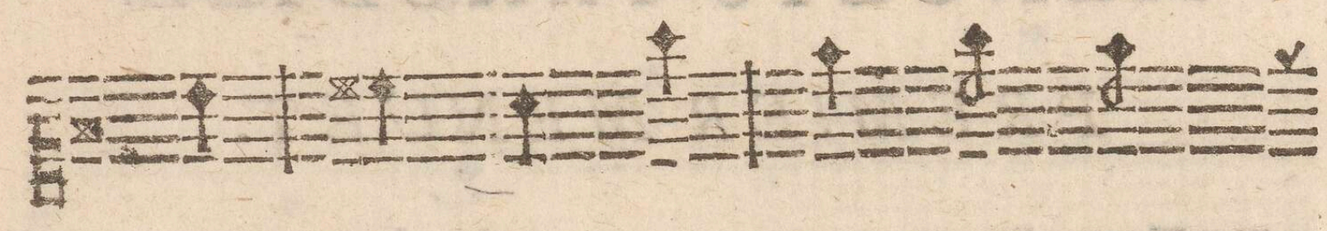
A ton in - fi - del - le Ca-



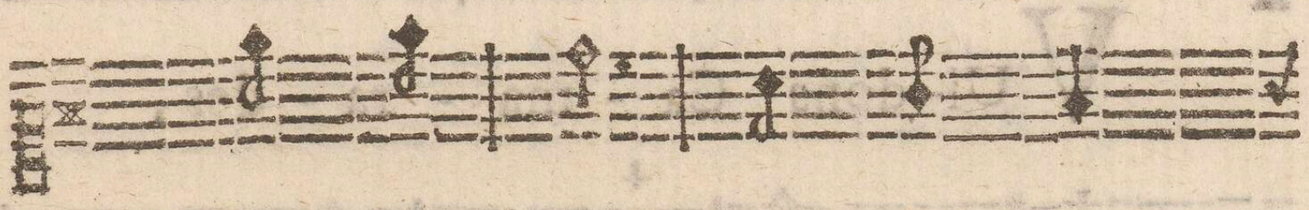
tin, Tu ne dois plus que



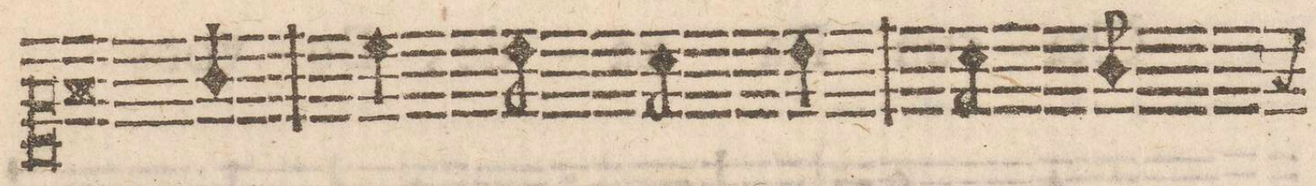
du Dé - dain, De ton Cœur



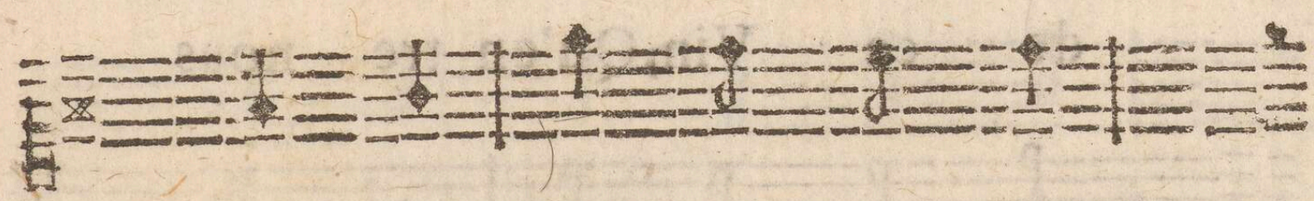
ma - la - de, Ba - chus eſt le



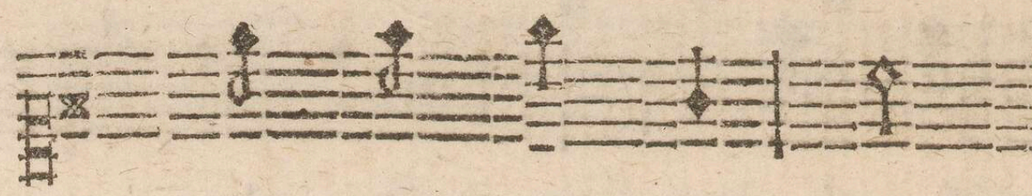
Mé - de - cin; Je t'o-fre un
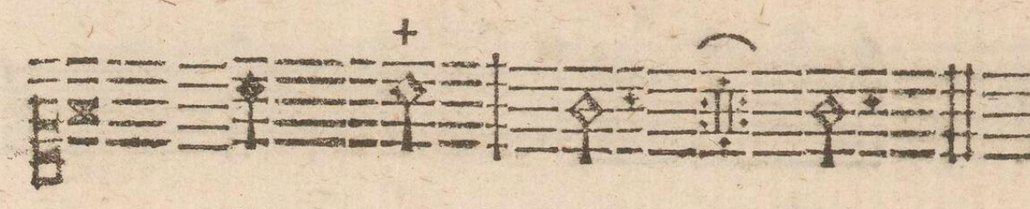


Re - mè - de cer- tain, Bois con-



tre l'a - mou-reux Cha - grin,

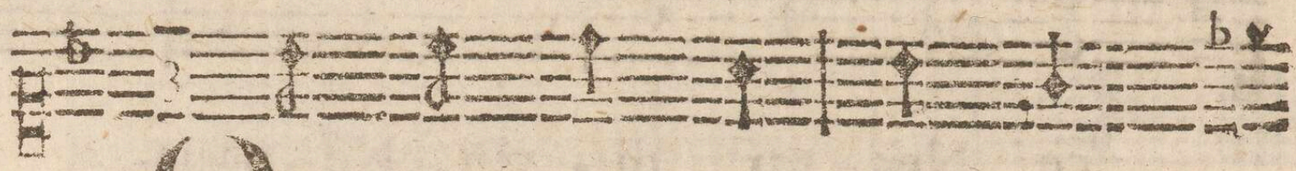


Ce Nec- tar di - vin, Eſt
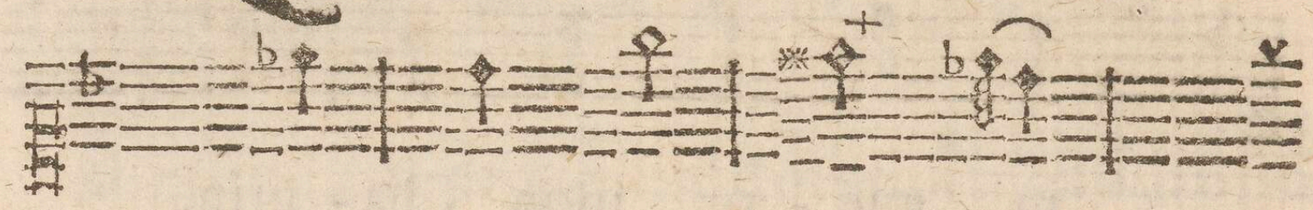


ſou - ve - rain. rain.
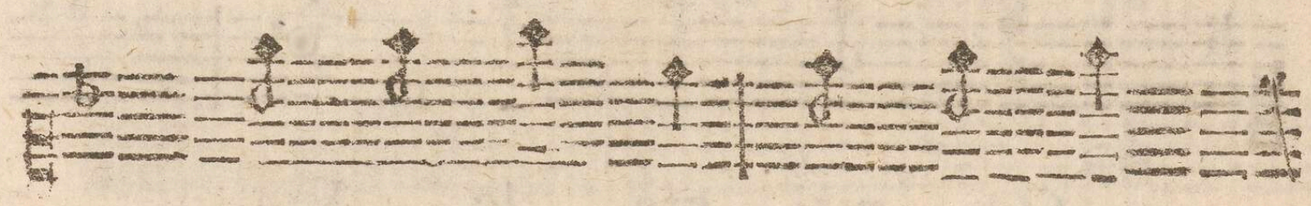
DEUXIEME MENUET.



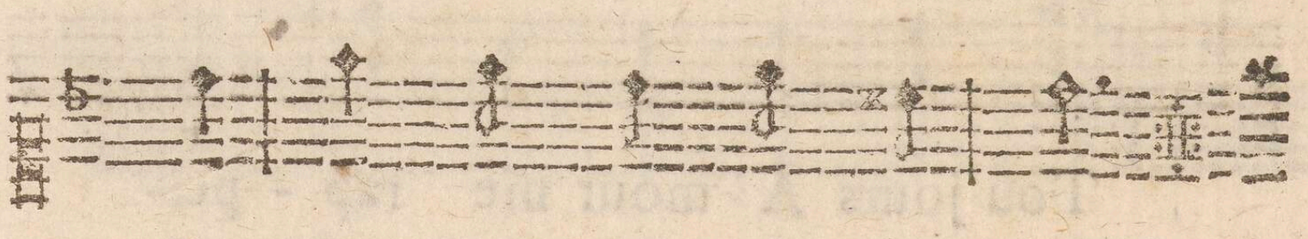
QUe Ca - tin eſt bel - le,



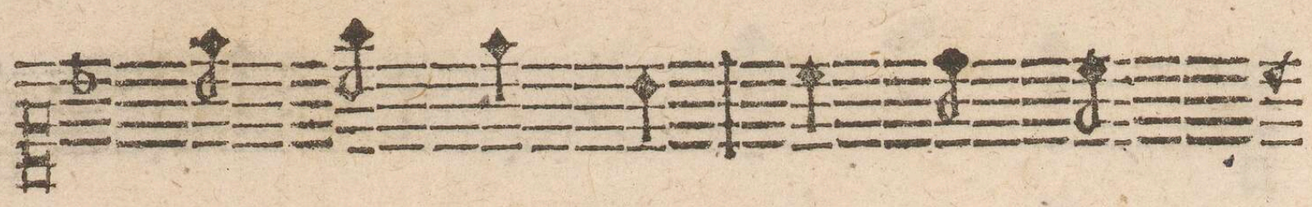
Quoi - qu'in - fi - del - le!



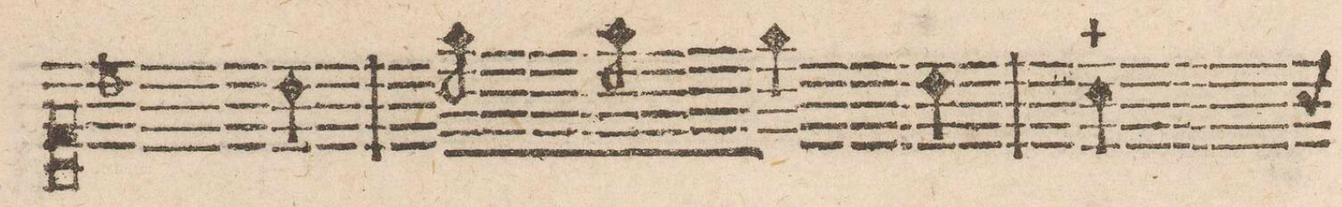
Son Air Mu - tin, Son Air Ba-



din, Me tour-men - te ſans fin:
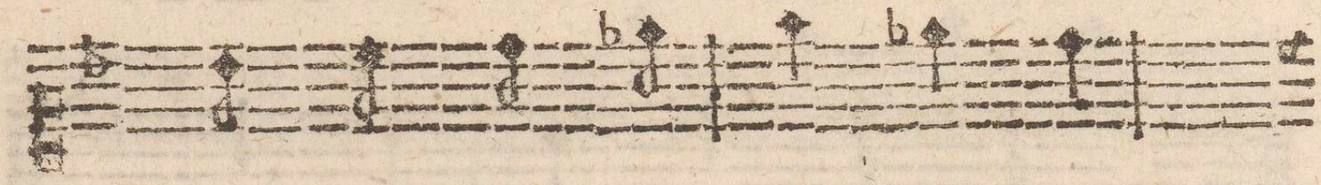


Ba- chus en vain, Soir & Ma-
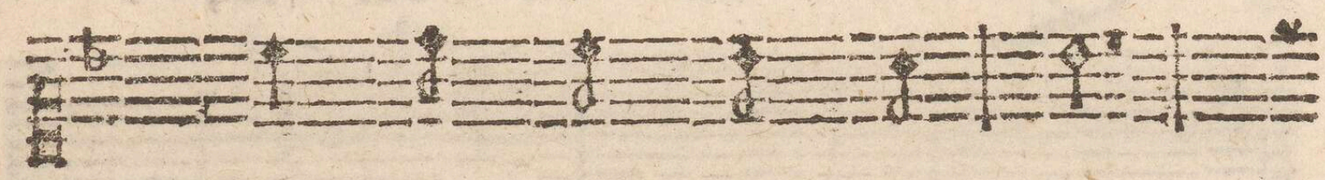


tin, Ré- pand de ce Jus



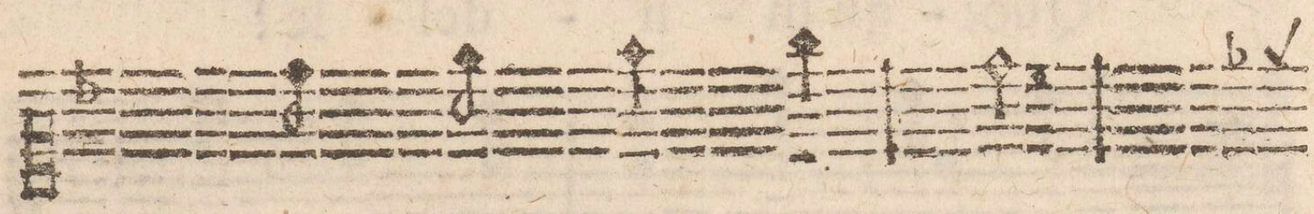
dans mon ſein, Ja - mais



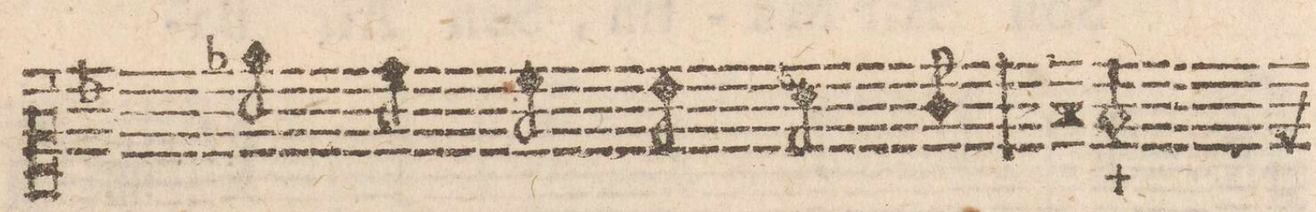
ce Nec- tar di - vin, Ne pour-



ra gué - rir mon Cha- grin.

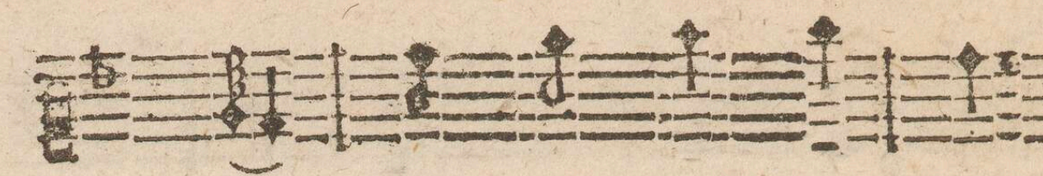


Oui, mal - gré le Vin,

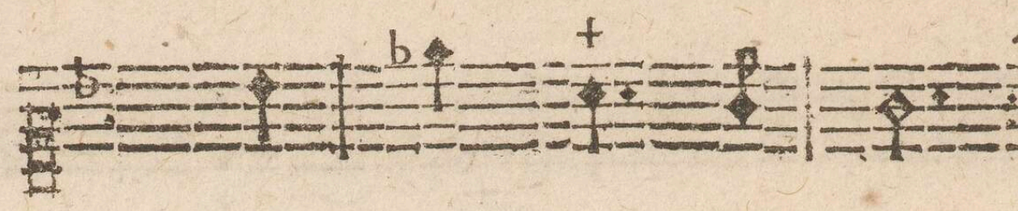


Tou-jours A - mour me rap - pel-

le



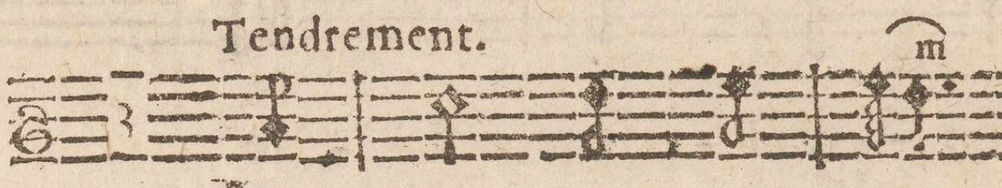
le, Oui, mal-gré le Vin, J'ai-
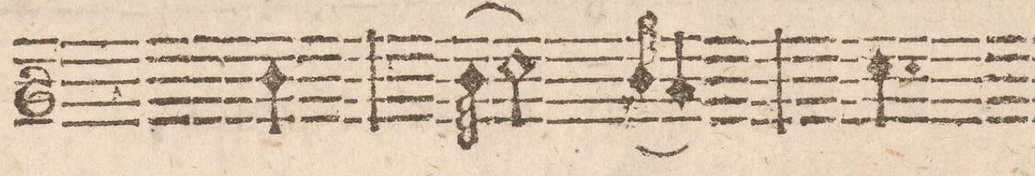


me tou-jours Ca-tin. tin.

BRUNETTE.

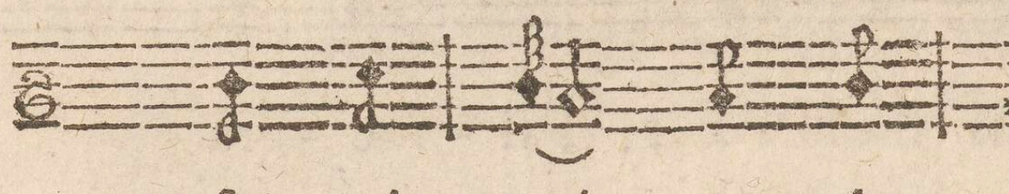
Tendrement.



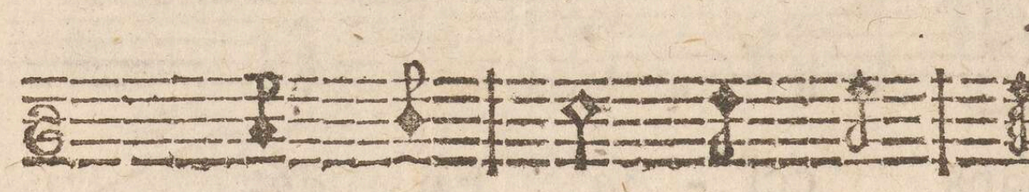
J'A-do-re u-ne jeu-ne



Ber-gè-re, Dont je



fus ai-mé ten-dre-ment,
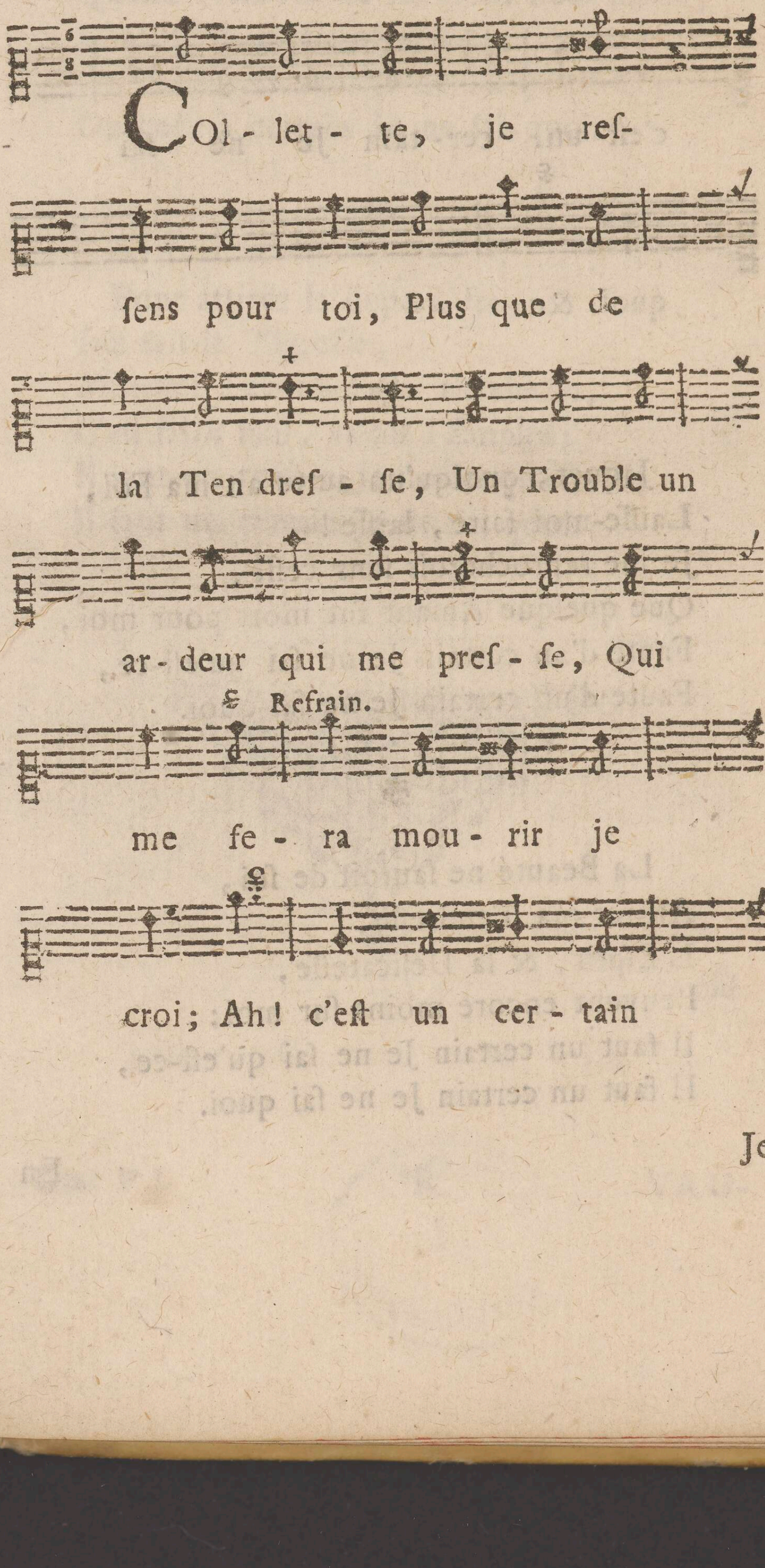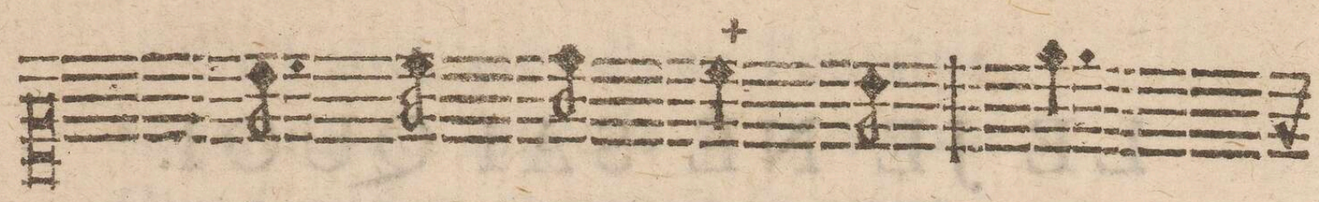


Je croy-ois ſon ar-deur

C'eſt ainſi près d'une Fontaine,
Mourant de Triſteſſe & d'Amour,
Que Coridon comptoit ſa peine,
Aux Echos des Bois d'Alentour;
Mais appercevant ſa Bergère,
Qu'un Buiſſon cachoit dans ces Lieux,
Il connut qu'il ſavoit lui plaire,
Aux regards touchans de ſes Yeux.

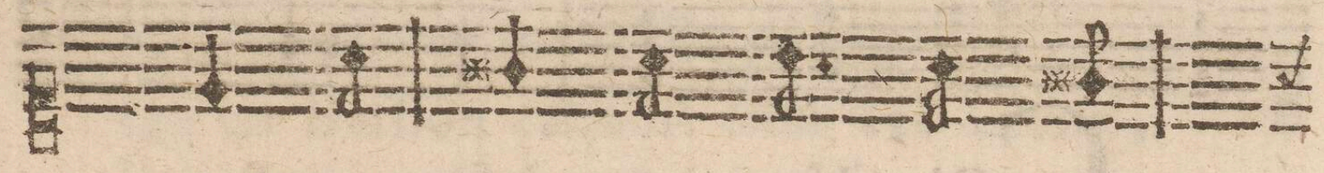
Berger, trop aimable, dit elle!
Calme l'excès de ta douleur,
Pour toi ſeul mon Cœur eſt fidèle,
Ta Conſtance fait mon Bonheur:
Je n'ai feint de livrer mon Ame,
Aux doux vœux d'un nouvel Amant,
Que pour faire éclater ta flâme,
Et t'en aimer plus tendrement.

LE JE NE SAI QUOI.

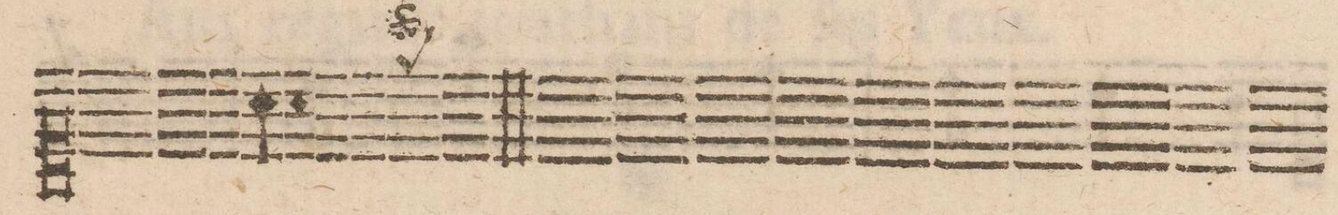




Je ne ſai qu'eſt-ce, Ah!



c'eſt un cer-tain Je ne ſai



quoi. &c.

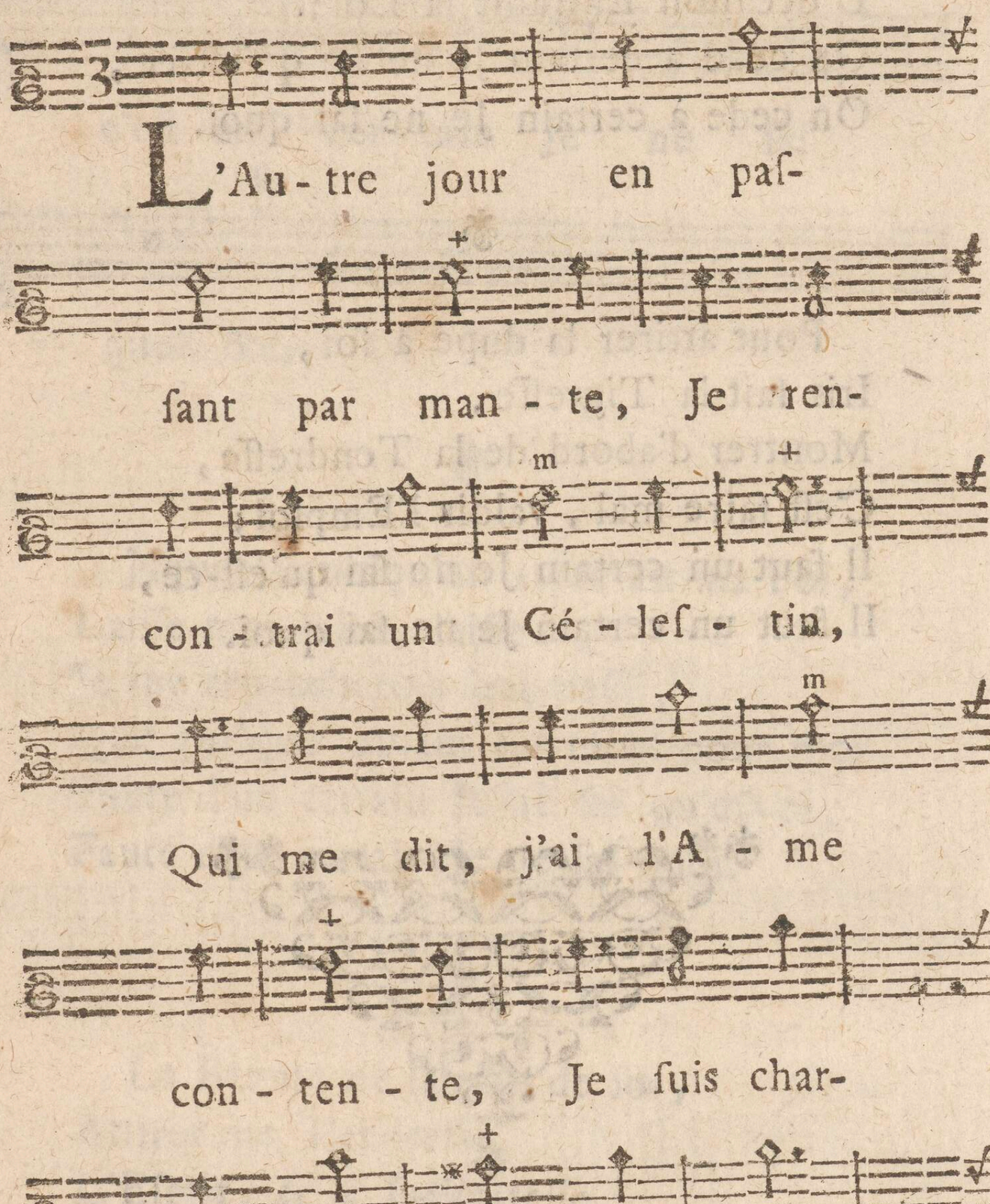
Jaquet, quoiqu'un autre ait ma Foi,
Laiſſe-moi faire, laiſſe!
Je me reprocherois ſans ceſſe,
Que quelque Amant fut mort pour moi,
Faute d'un certain Je ne ſai qu'eſt-ce,
Faute d'un certain Je ne ſai quoi.

La Beauté ne ſauroit de ſoi,
Attirer ma Tendreſſe,
L'Eſprit, & la Délicateſſe,
Peuvent encore moins ſur moi;
Il faut un certain Je ne ſai qu'eſt-ce,
Il faut un certain Je ne ſai quoi.

En vain on voudroit tout pour toi,
Importune Sageſſe,
Quand l'Amour de ſes traits nous bleſſe,
L'occaſion Enfraint la Loi;
On cede à certain Je ne ſai qu'eſt-ce,
On cede à certain Je ne ſai quoi.

Pour attirer la dupe à ſoi,
Iris fait la Tigreſſe,
Montrer d'abord de la Tendreſſe,
C'eſt faire mal, valoir l'Emploi;
Il faut un certain Je ne ſai qu'eſt-ce,
Il faut un certain Je ne ſai quoi.

VAUDEVILLE.



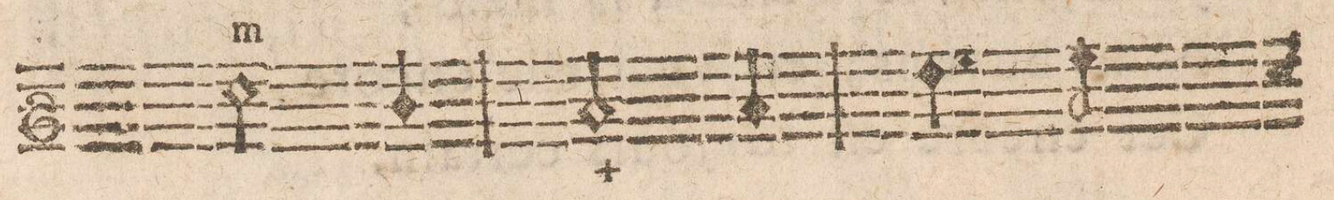
J'aime

BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH
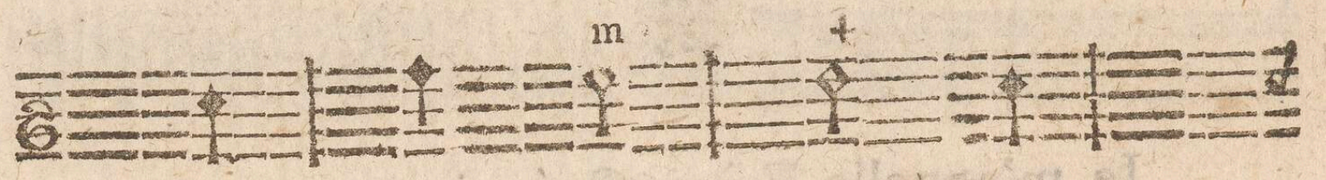
& Refrain.



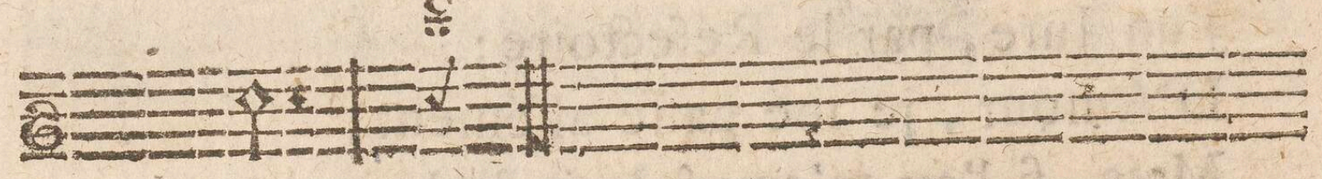
J'ai-me u - ne jeu - ne



Pé - ni - ten - te, Et j'ai



la Clef du meil - leur



Vin. &c.
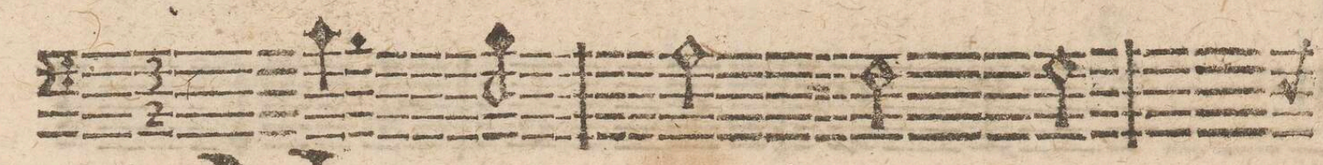
La Vie eſt un triſte avantage,
Quand on y donne trop de ſoin;
Cet Homme qui vit de Potage,
Et qui pèſe tous ſes beſoins;
Dit, qu'il en vivra d'avantage,
Et moi je dis qu'il en vit moins.

J'aime

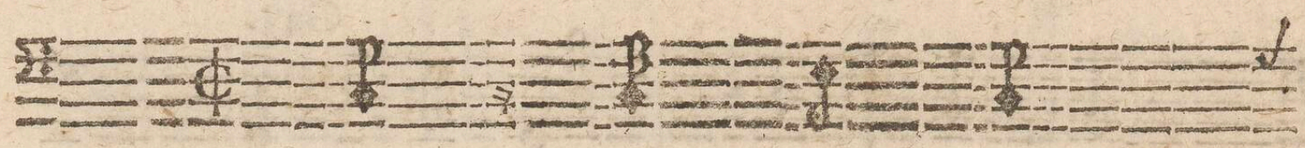
Joyeux, & content dès l'Aurore,
Sans Souci, pour le lendemain;
A l'aimable Objèt que j'adore,
Je m'offre le Verre à la main;
Nous buvons; en veut-elle encore,
Cet encore eſt toujours certain.

Je m'appelle Frère Grégoire,
Toujours Gaillard, & bon Vivant,
J'en Jure, par le Réfectoire;
D'Amour, je me paſſe aiſément;
Mais, ſi l'on m'empêchoit de boire,
Je jetterois le Froc au Vent.
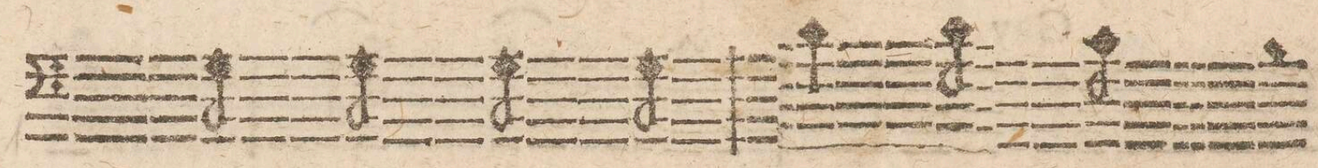
RECIT DE BASSE.
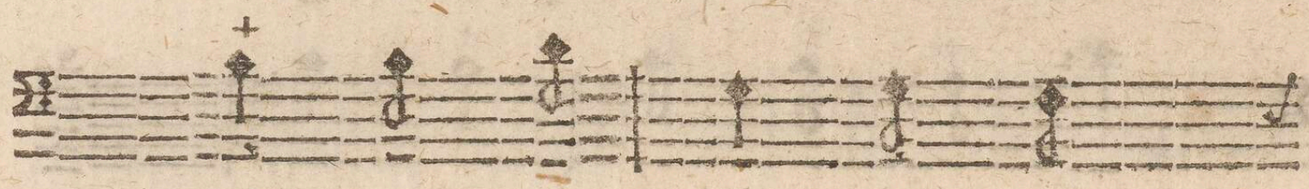


NOs Con - vi - ves ſont



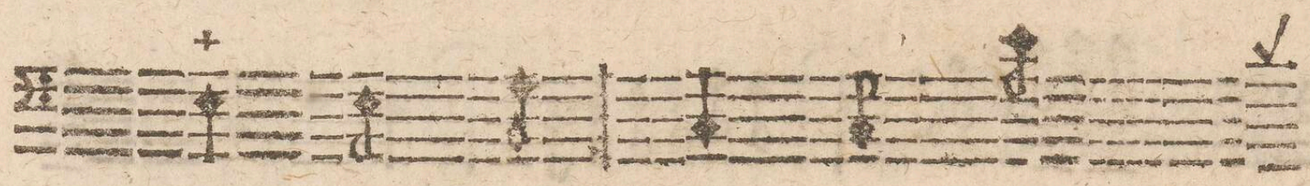
prêts, De bout, de



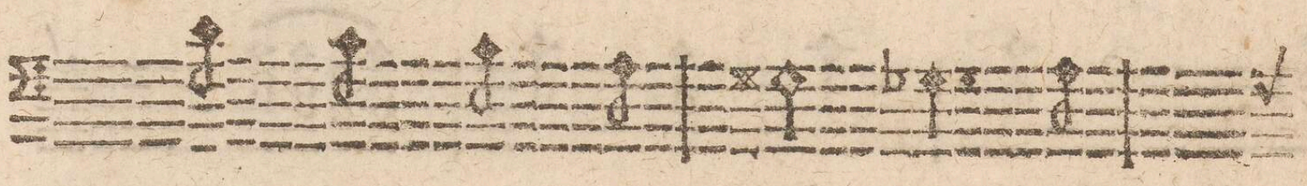
bout, cher Thé - ve - nard, Eſt-ce ain-



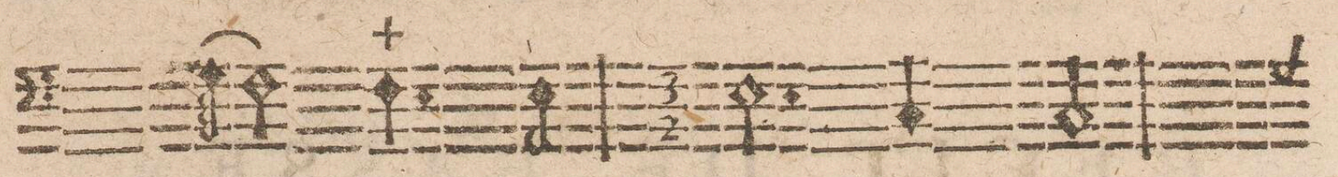
ſi qu'à bien boi - re un Bu-



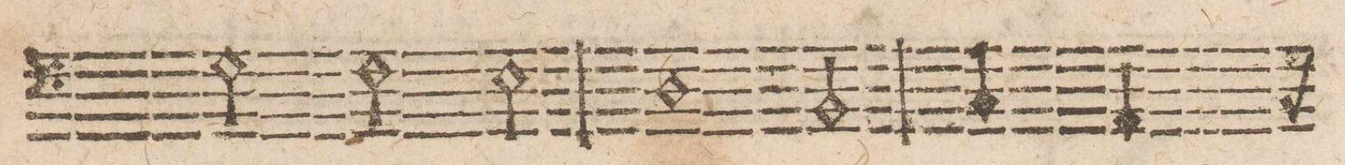
veur ſe diſ - po - ſe, Ba-
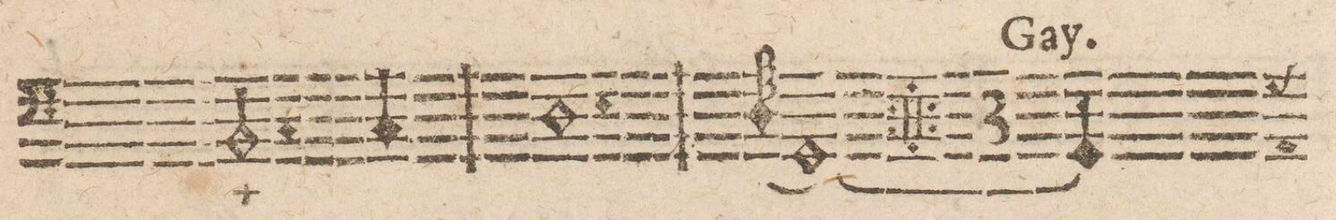


chus peut - il ſouf - frir que tu
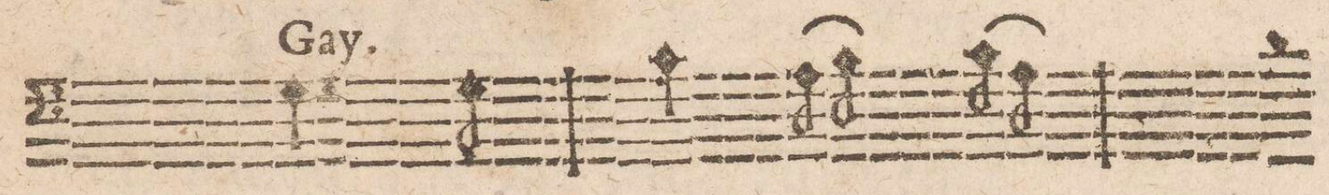


dor- me ſi tard, Son Em-



pi - re lan- guit quand ton Go-



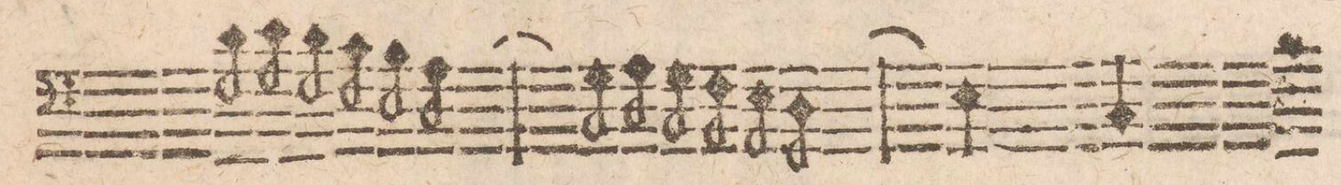
ſier re - po - ſe: ſe:
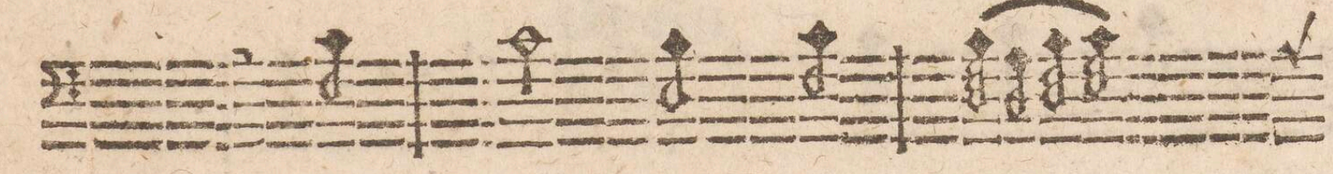


Mais ſi - tôt qu'à longs



traits ſon Jus di - vin l'ar-

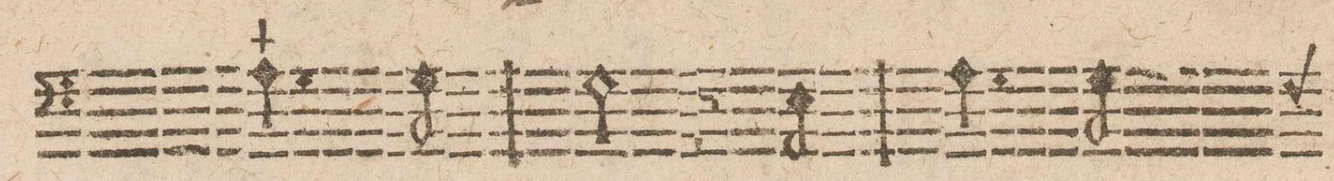


ro- - - - ſe
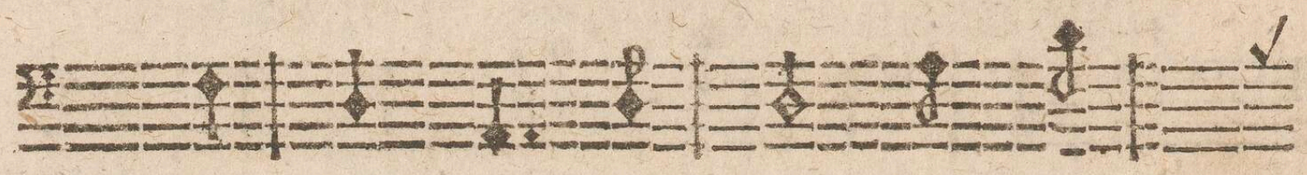


Ta Voix par des Sons
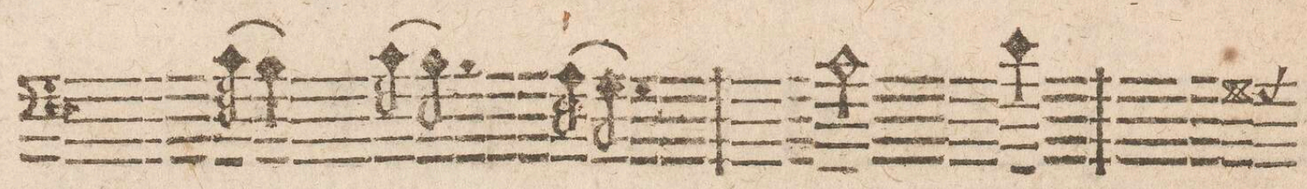
En-
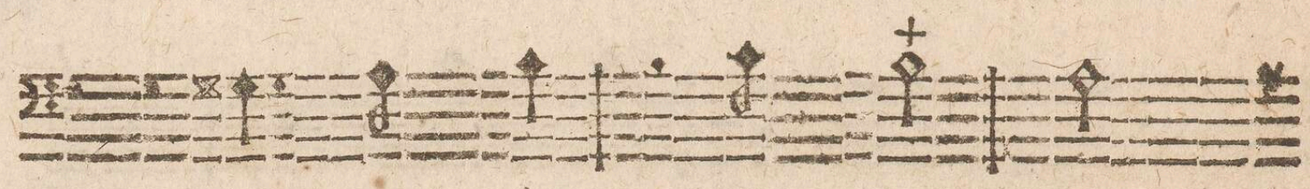


En- chan- teurs, A - ni - me



les plus froids Bu- veurs, Et ta
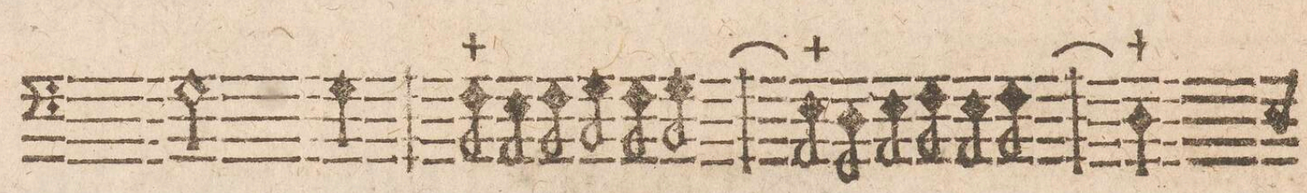


joy - e a - dou - cit les
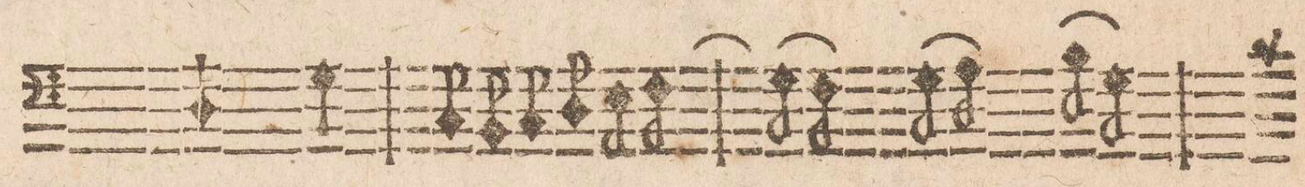


maux qu'A-mour leur cau - ſe,
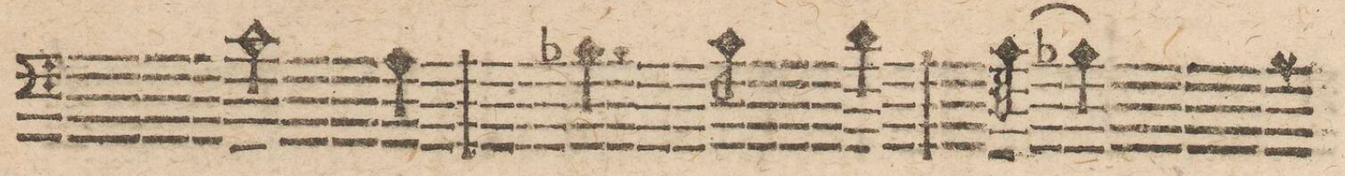


Tu Chan - te, tu Bois, & tu
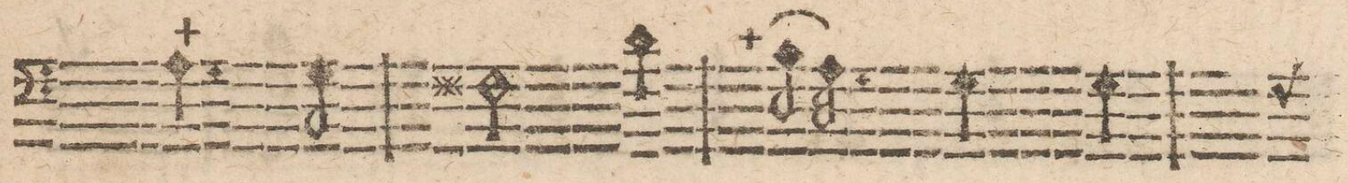


Ris, Tu Chan- - -



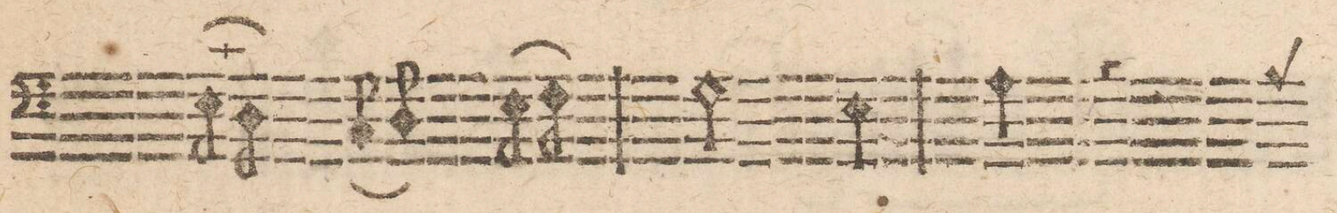
te, tu Bois - -, & tu
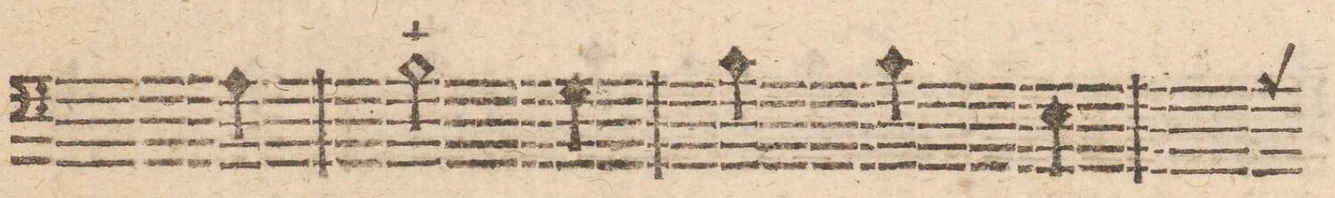


Ris, Tu fais les Plai - firs
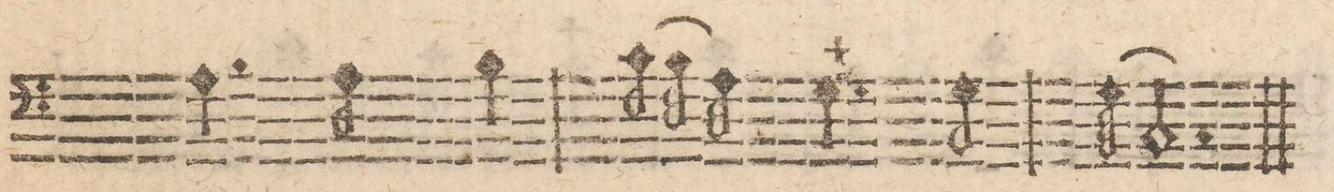


de Pa - ris, Tu Chan - te, tu



Bois, & tu Ris, Tu fais,



Tu Bois, Tu Chan - te, Tu

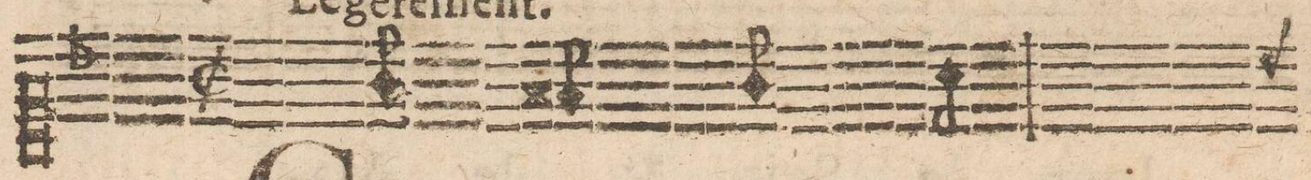


fais les Plai - firs de Pa - ris.

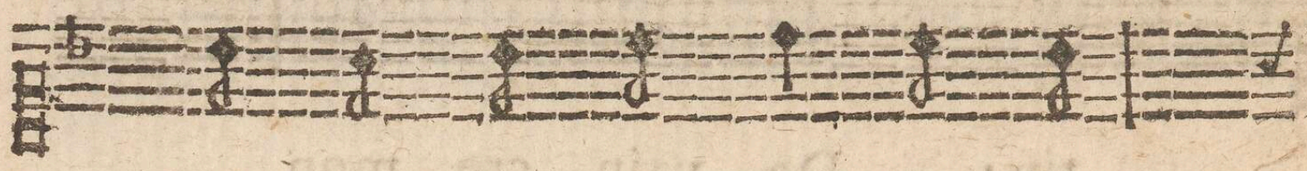
AIR DE LA SILPHIDE,

PARODIE' NOUVELLEMENT.
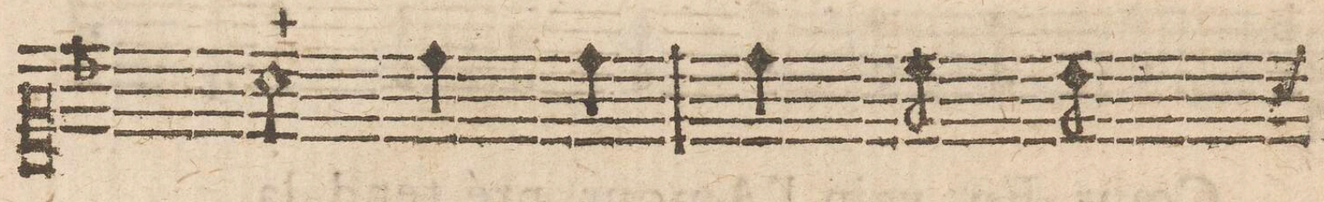
Légerement.



C'Eſt le Dieu du



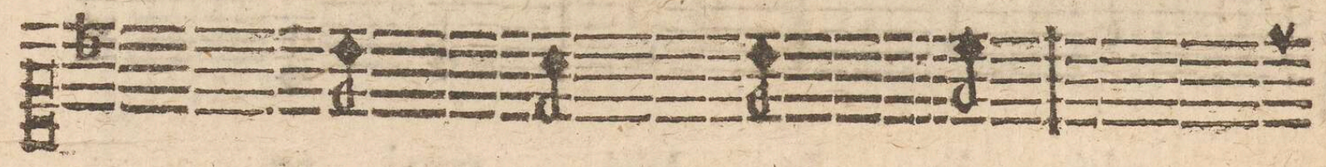
Vin, Qui rè - gle ſeul mon Deſ-
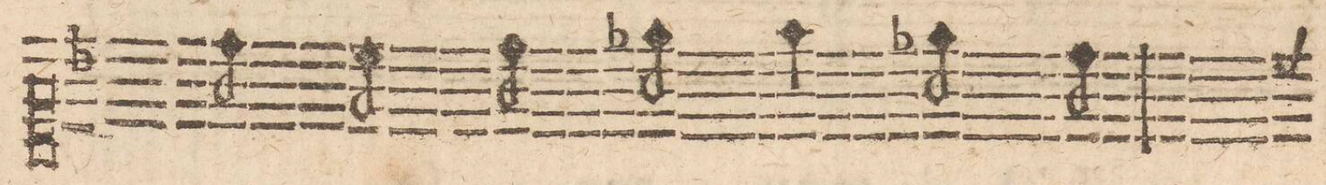


tin, Sur l'A- mour il rem-



por - te la Vic - toi - re;

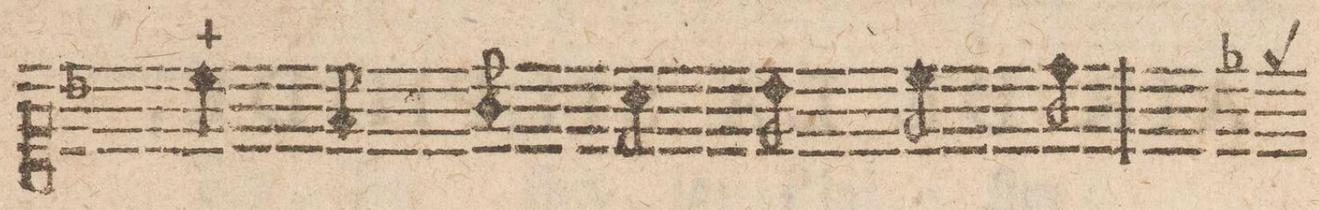


Quel bien plus par-

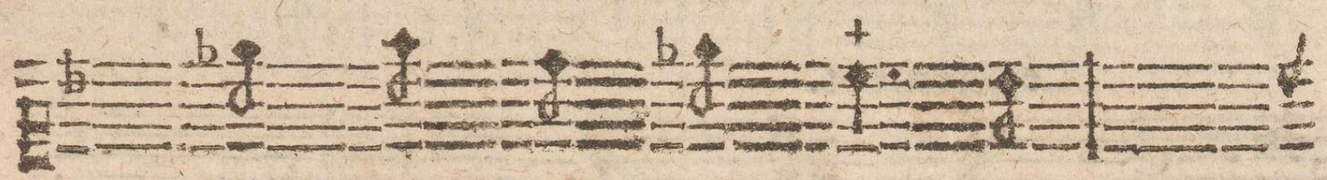


fait que d'ê-tre à Ta - ble, De
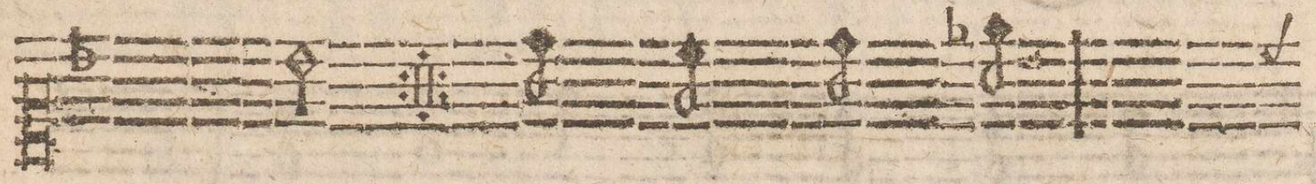
Boire
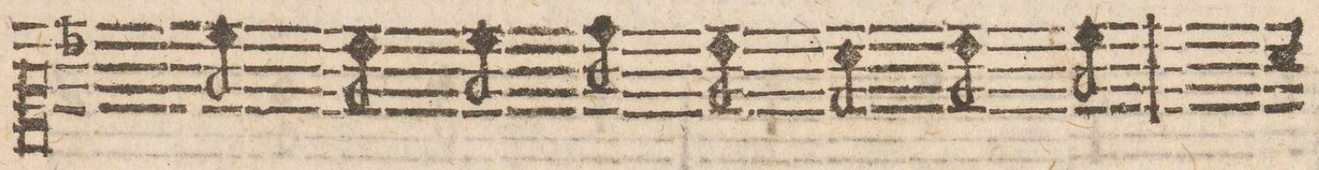


Boi - re la Nuit com - me le



Jour, le Soir, & le Ma-
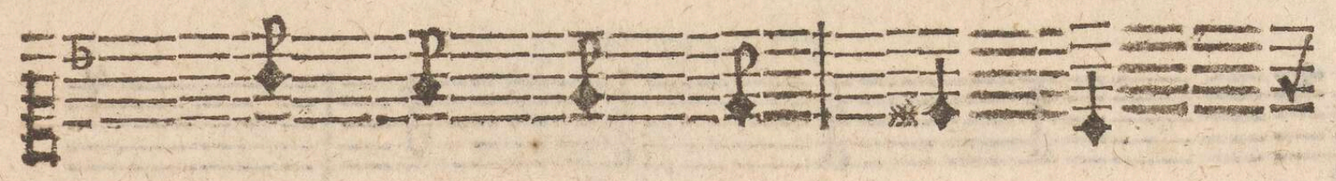


tin: De vain - cre mon
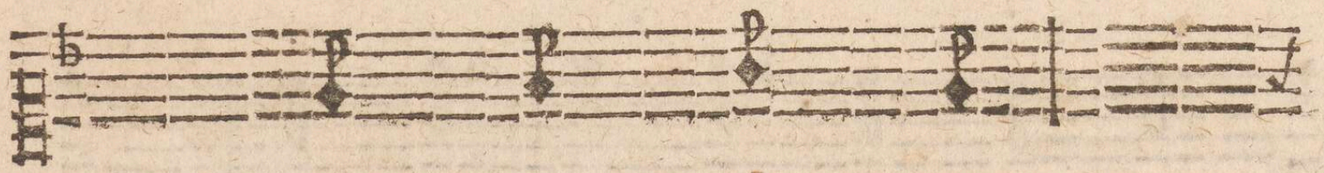


Cœur, En vain l'Amour pré-tend la



Gloi - re; De Phi - lis je perds
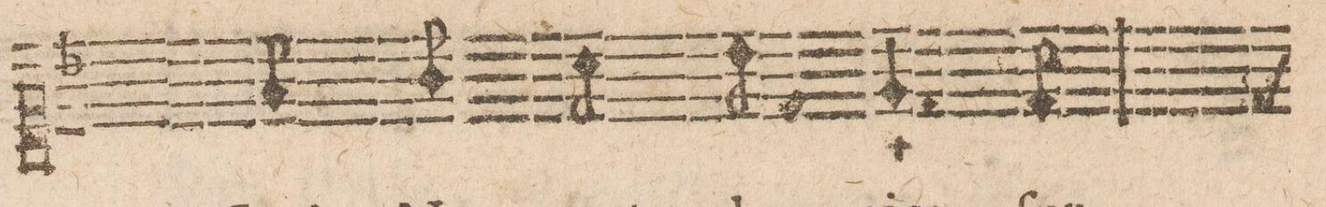


dé - ja la Mé - moi - re,

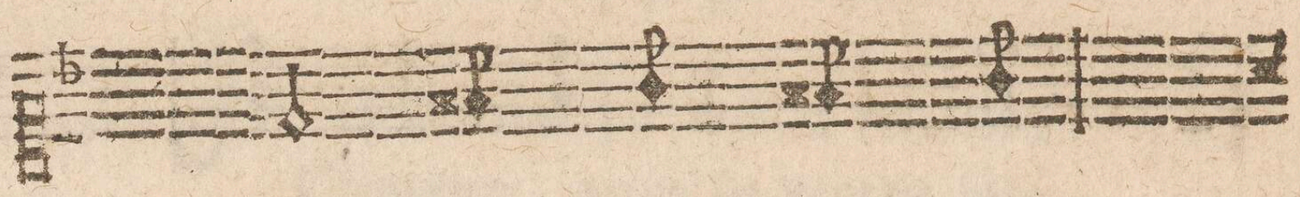


L'A - mou - reu - ſe

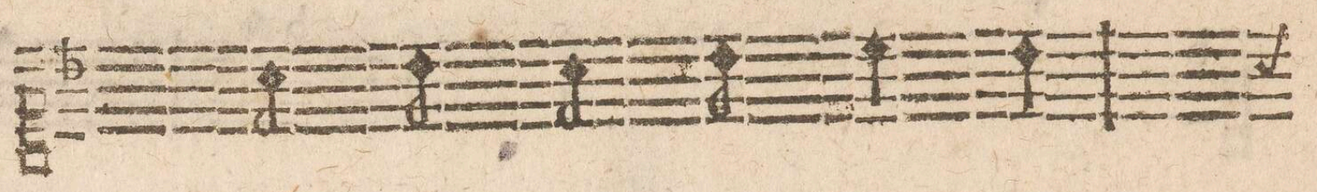
Loi,



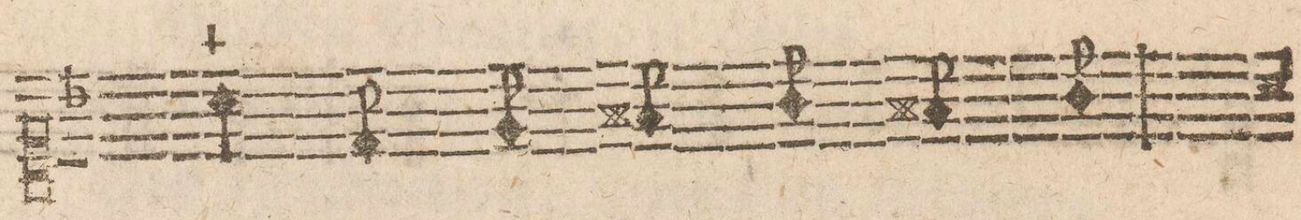
Loi, Ne peut plus rien ſur
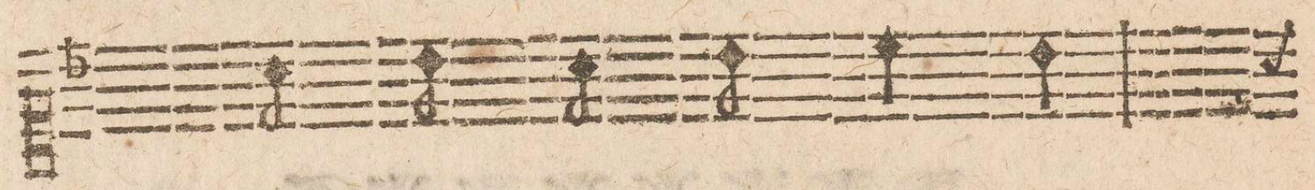


moi: C'en eſt fait, Ba-
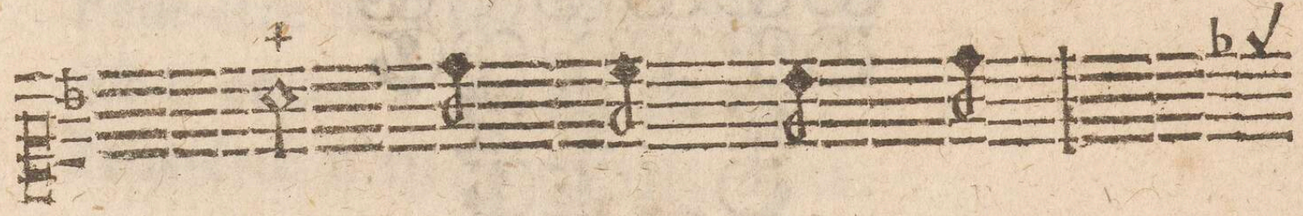


chus, Je m'a- ban - don-ne à



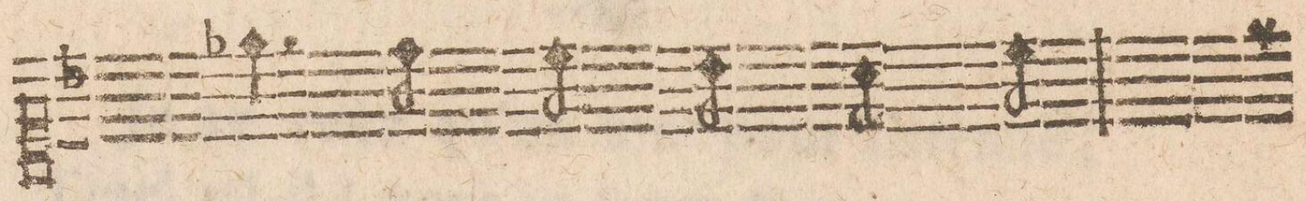
toi, Tes Ri-gueurs, Tes Froi-deurs,



Phi - lis dé - ga - gent ma
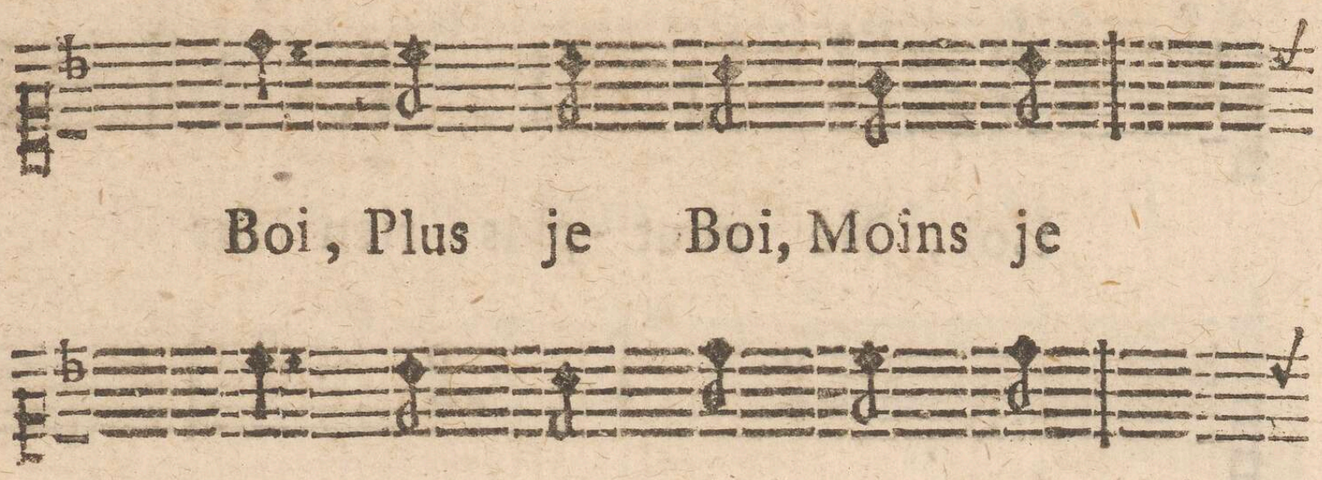


Foi: Con - tent com-me un
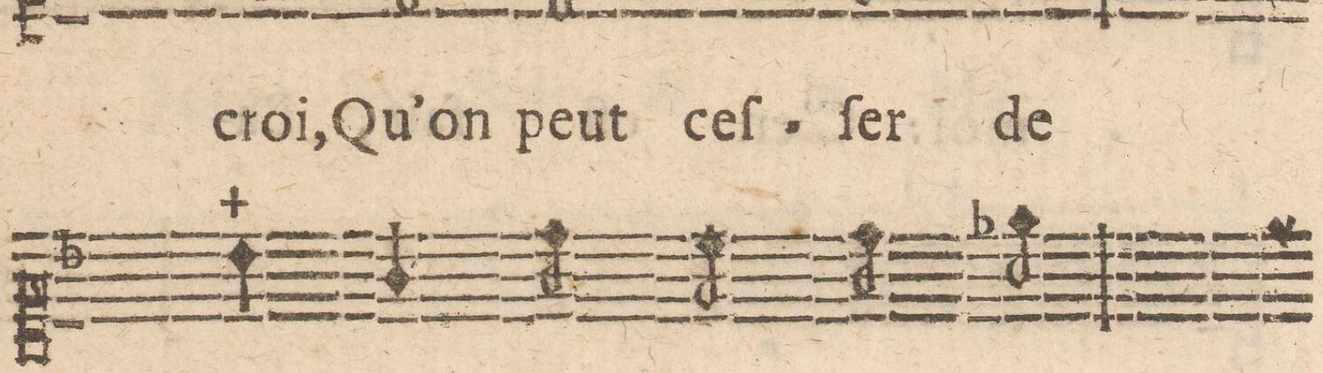


Roi, Plus je vis, plus je

Loi,

Boi,
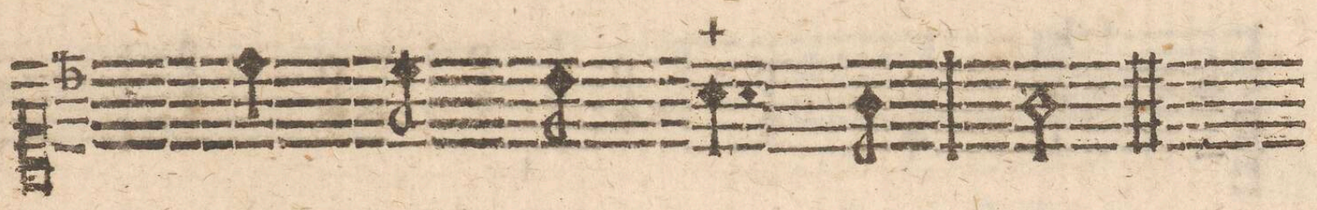


Boi, Plus je Boi, Moins je



croi, Qu'on peut ceſ - ſer de

Boi - re: Ai - mer eſt A-



bus, Sui - vons tous Ba - chus.

ET REN-

ETRENNES.

Sur l'Air, *Reveillez-vous, Belle Dormeuſe*, page 175.

JE vous envoye vos Etrennes,
Climène, vous le voyez bien;
Mais je vous demande les miennes,
Peut-être n'en ſavez-vous rien.

Quelles Etrennes, je déſire,
Peut-être n'en ſavez-vous rien;
Que voudroit-on, quand on ſoûpire,
Peut-être le ſavez vous bien.

De vôtre Cœur, je veux l'Etrenne,
Peut-être le ſavez-vous bien;
Eſt-il encor à vous Climène,
Peut-être n'en ſavez-vous rien.

Je ne veux qu'un mot pour Etrenne,
Quel eſt-il? vous le ſavez bien;
Souvent très-loin, ce mot nous meine,
Peut-être vous n'en ſavez rien.

A ce Marier il engage,
Sans doute vous le ſavez bien;
Mais qu'eſt-ce que le Mariage,
Peut-être n'en ſavez-vous rien.

C'eſt un Baïl à longues Années,
Sans doute vous le ſavez bien;
Mais au Mari ſeul deſtinées,
Peut-être n'en ſavez-vous rien.

Par ce Bail, de vous il diſpoſe,
Peut-être le ſaurez-vous bien;
Mais il eſt peu de Baux ſans Clauſe,
Peut-être n'en ſavez-vous rien.
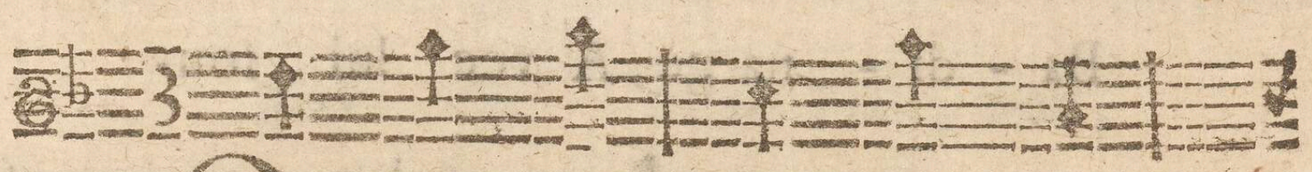
Là-deſſus, on peut peut trop écrire,
Climène, vous le ſavez bien,
Ce trop, le voudriez vous lire,
Peut-être n'en ſavez-vous rien.

J'aurois cent choſes à vous dire,
Climène, vous le ſavez bien;
Demandez-moi, ſi c'eſt pour rire,
Peut-être que je n'en ſai rien.

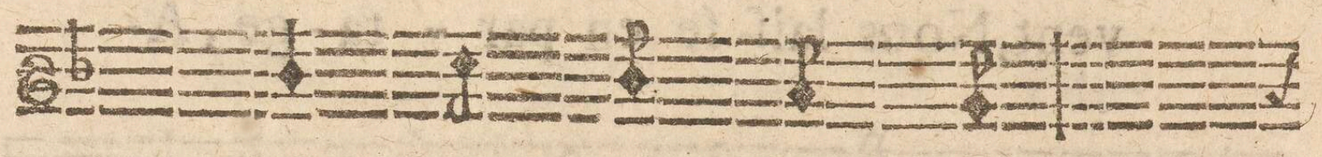
LE DEPIT,

Parodie ſur les trois Menuets.

PREMIER MENUET.
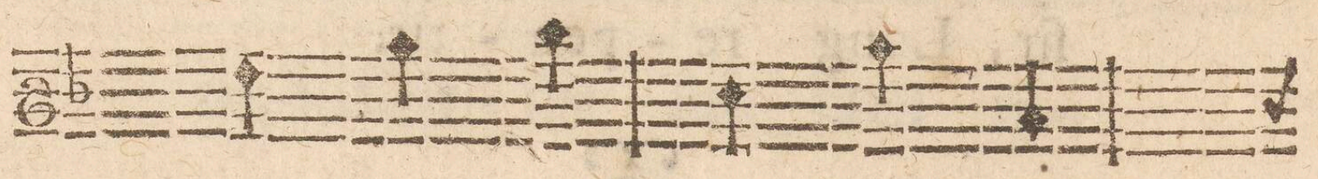


OUi, pour tou - jours, Sans re-



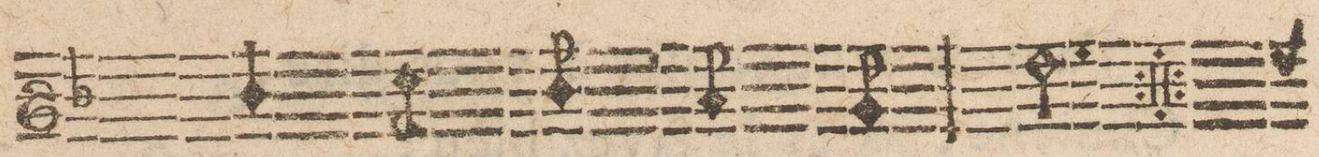
tour, Je romps en ce
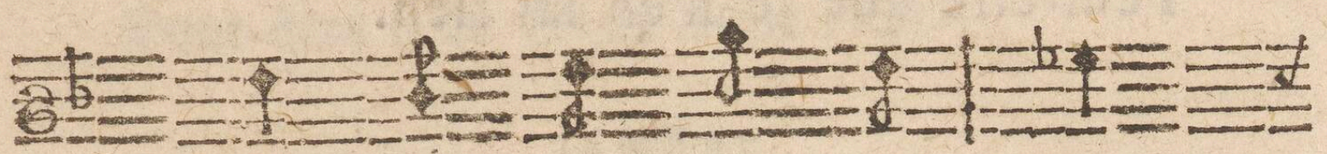


jour, A - vec l'A - mour;
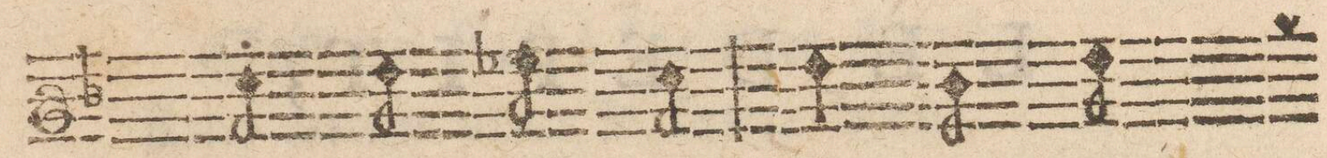


Oui, pour tou - jours, Sans re-



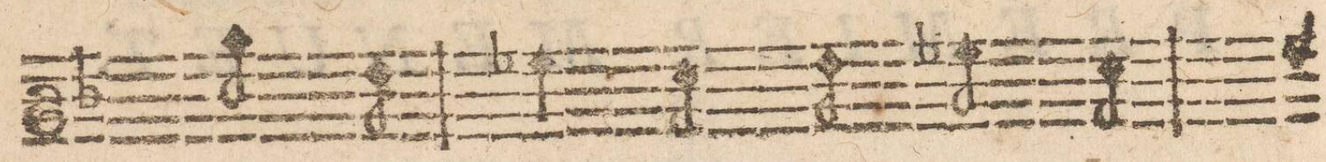
tour, Je quit - te l'A - mour:
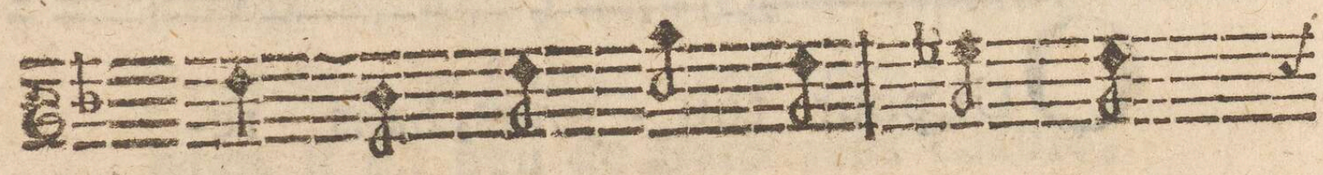


Quand ce Dieu nous en - ga-



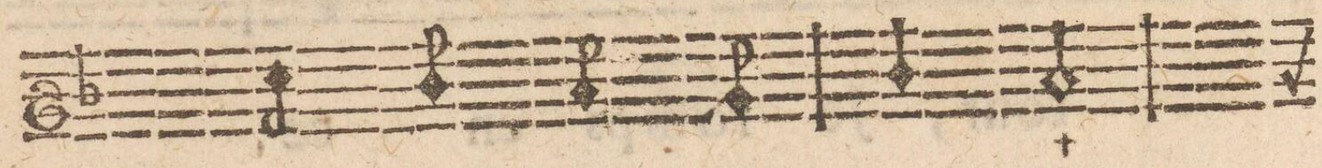
ge, Il eſt fé - dui - ſant, Mais le
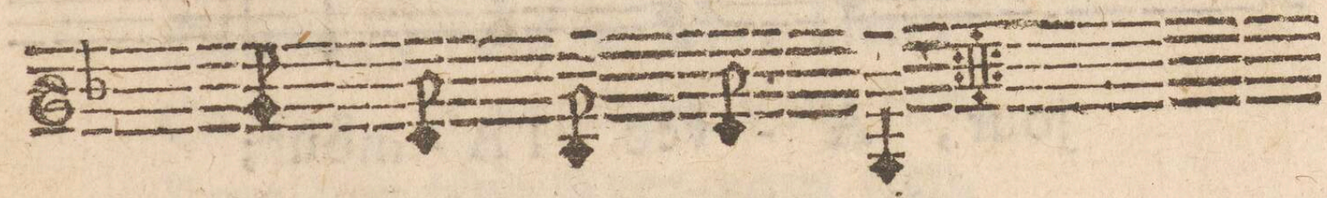


Ba - di - na-ge, A-vec lui ſou-



vent, Nous laiſ-ſe en par - ta-ge, A-



près un Paſ - ſa - ger Plai-
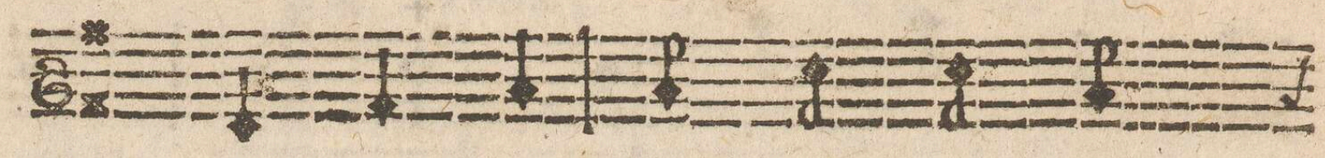


ſir, Long re - pen - tir.

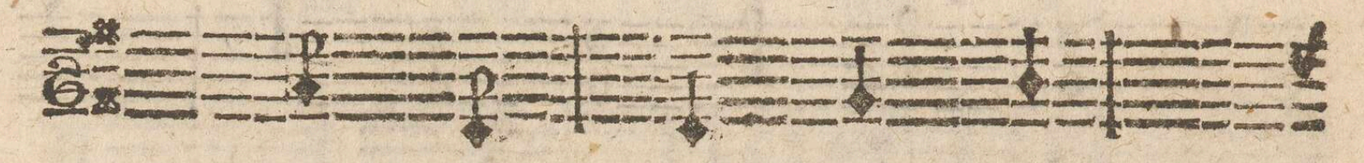
DEUXIEME MENUET.
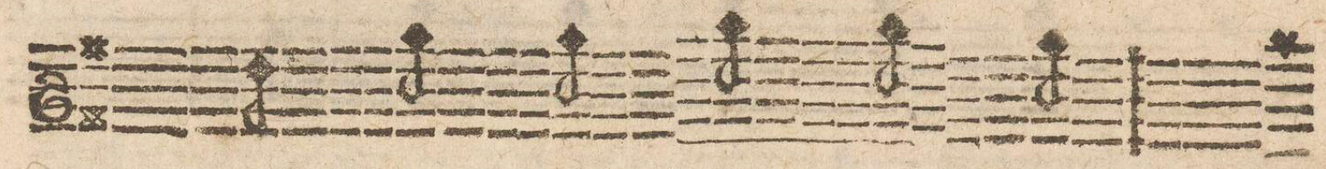


NE pen - ſe plus à Ma-
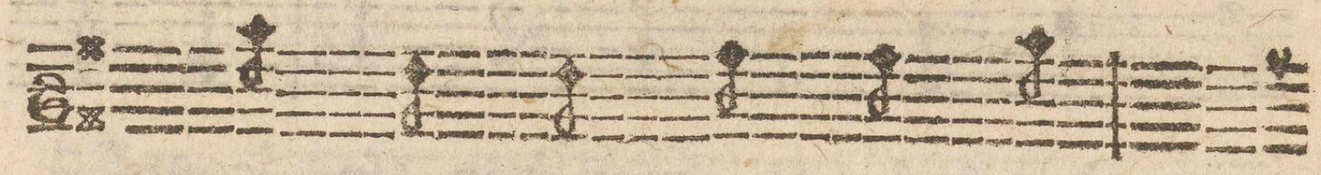


non, Non, non, Ne pro - non - ce



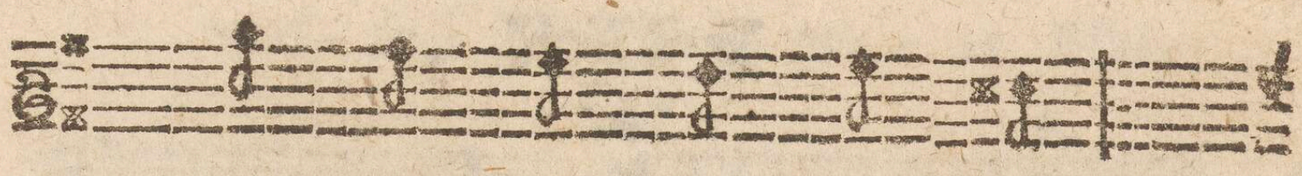
plus ſon nom, Non, non,



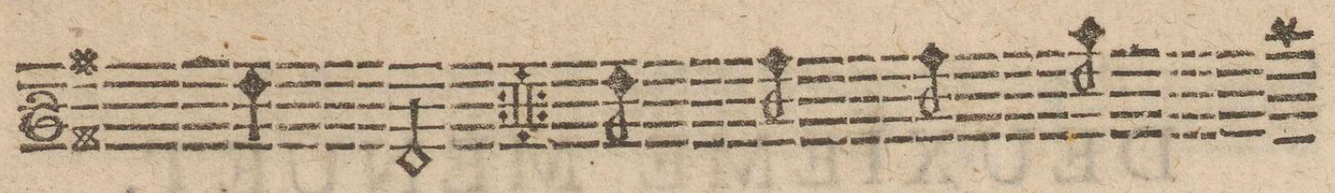
Mais j'a - per - çois ce Ten-



dron, Tien donc Foi - ble Da-



mon, Con - tre ſon Oeil fri-
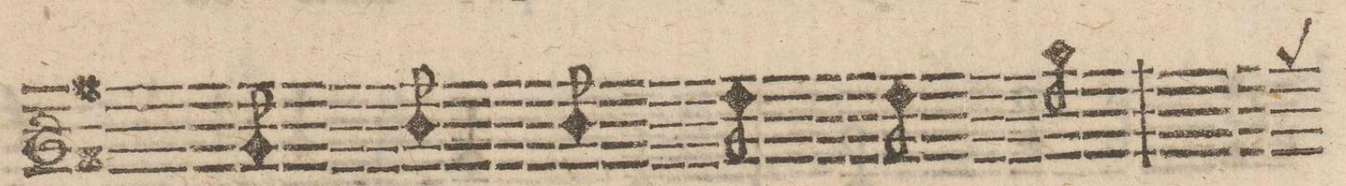


pon, Bon: Que d'ap - pas! Qu'el-
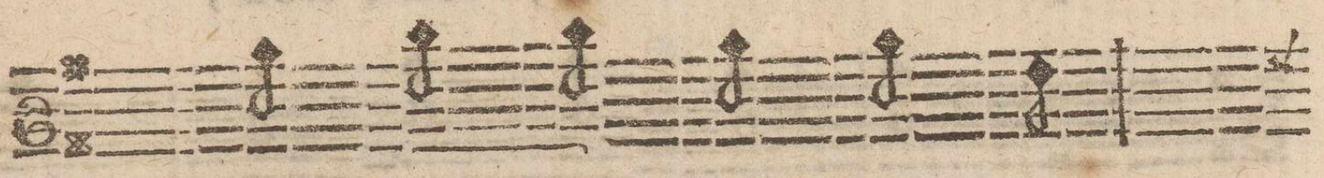


le eſt mon trou - ble, Ma flâ me a



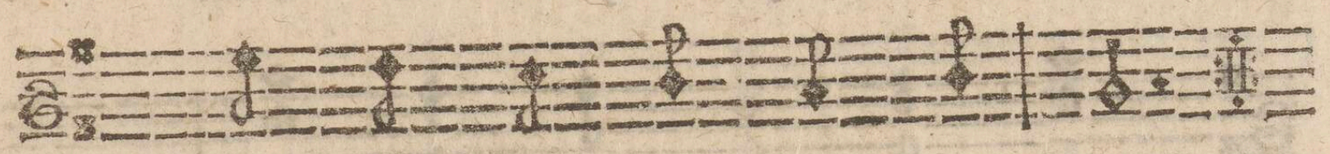
ſon Aſ - pect re - dou - ble,



Con - tre le Dieu des A-



mours, Je t'im - plo - re Ba-
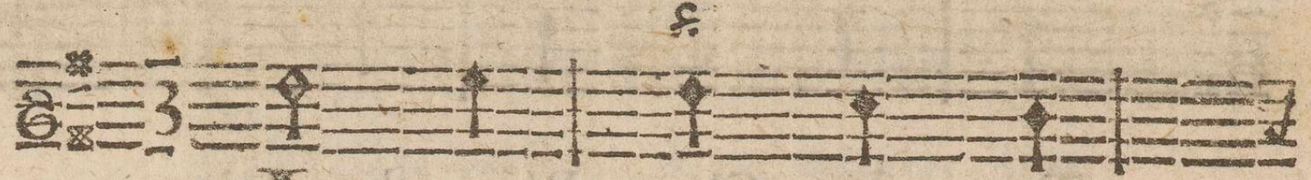


chus, prê - te moi ton ſe - cours.

TROI-

TROISIEME MENUET.
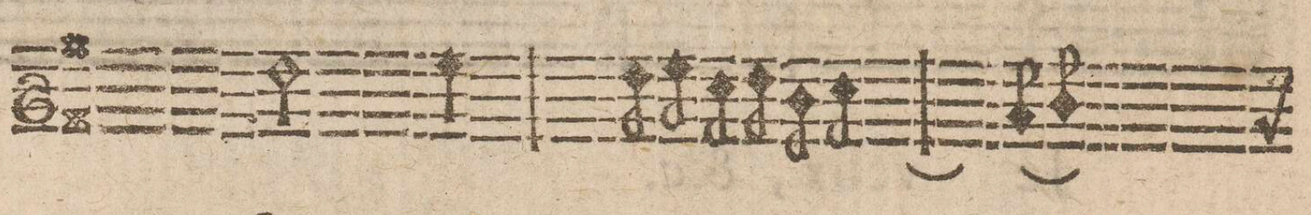
RONDEAU.



JE veux, las d'u-ne A-



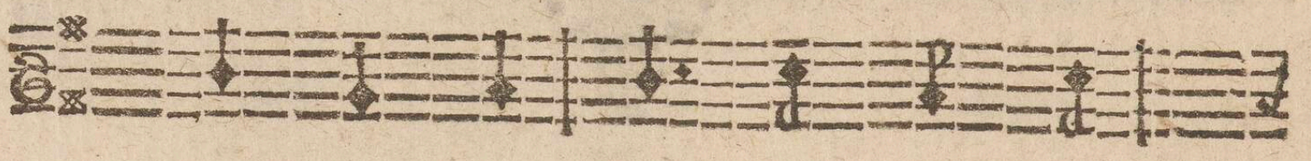
veu-gle Ten-dref-fe,



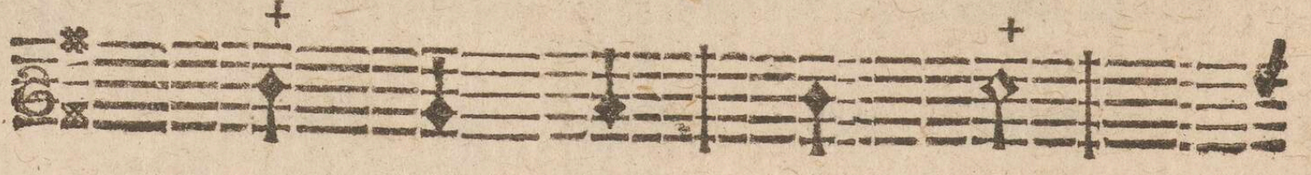
La noy-er - -
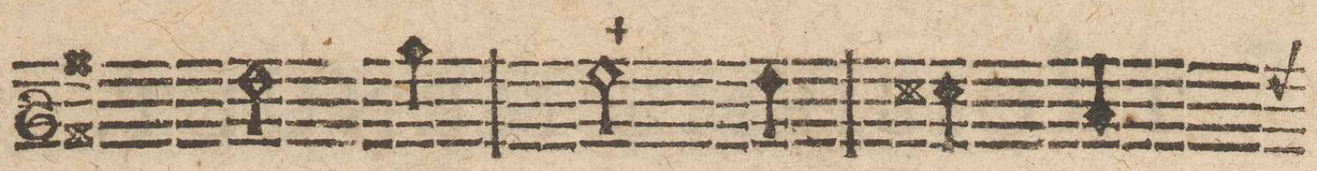


dans le Vin. Que l'Y-



vref-fe, D'u-ne in-gra-te Mai-
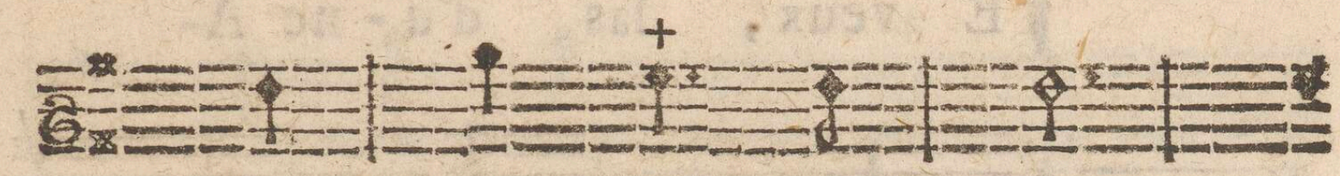


tref-fe, Me van-ge en-
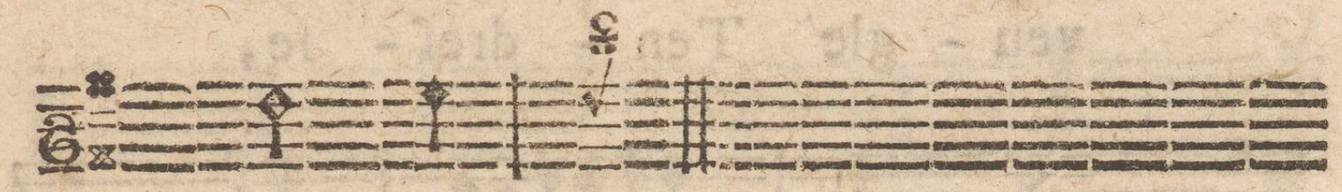


fin, Plus de Foi - bleſ - ſe,



Ton Jus, Cher Ba - chus, M'en



dé - cou - vre l'A - bus.



Je veux, &c.
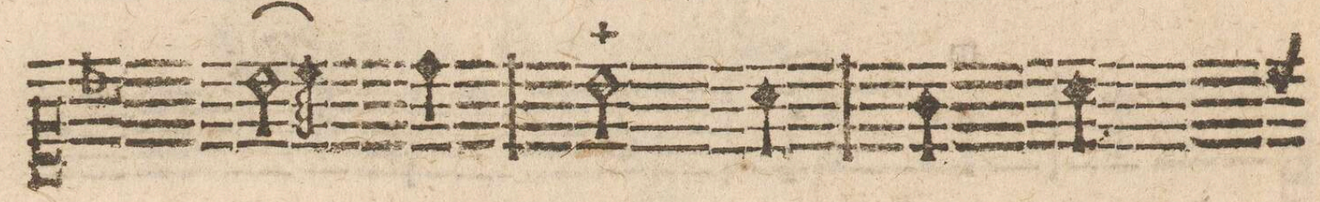
LE

LE PELERINAGE.
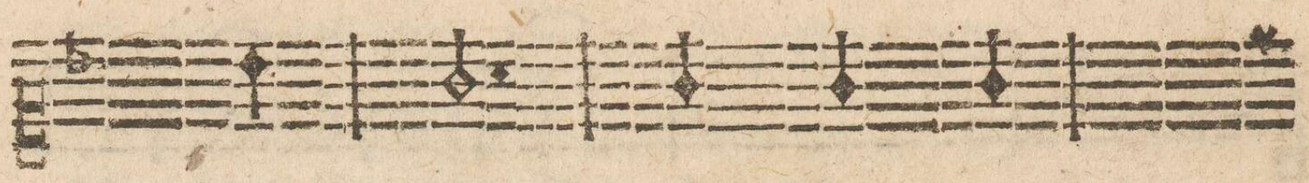
Gracieuſement.
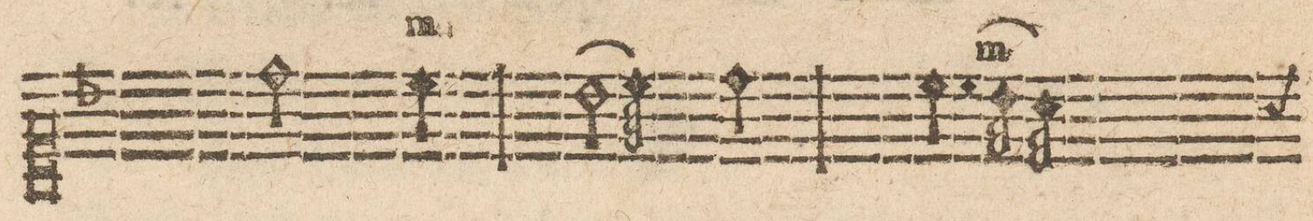


NOus voy - a - geons par-
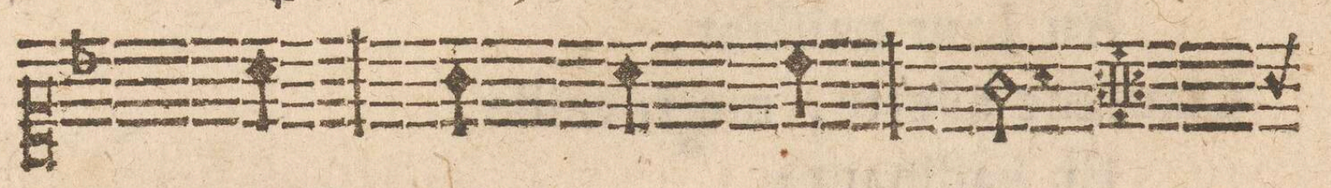


mi le Mon - de, Clau - di-
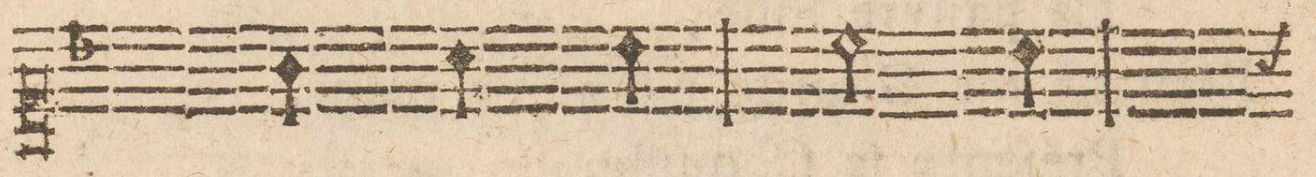


ne, & moi, Sans que la



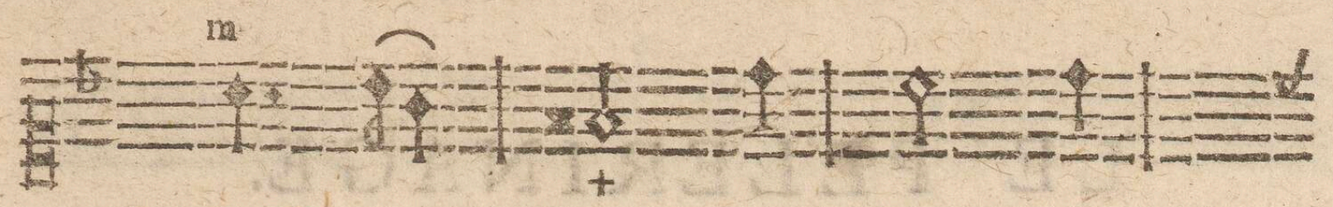
Pé - le - ri - ne gron-
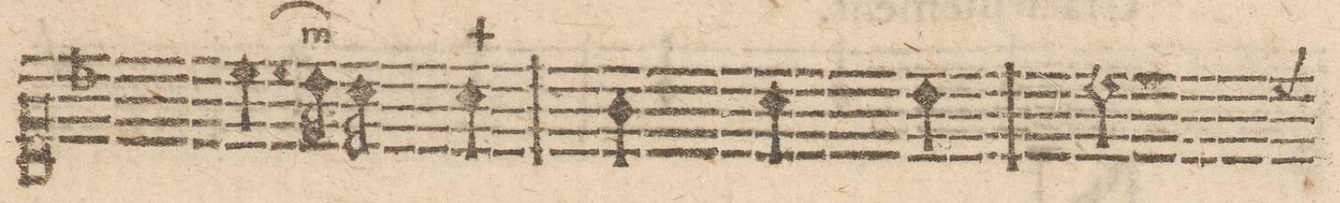


de, Lors que je Boi:



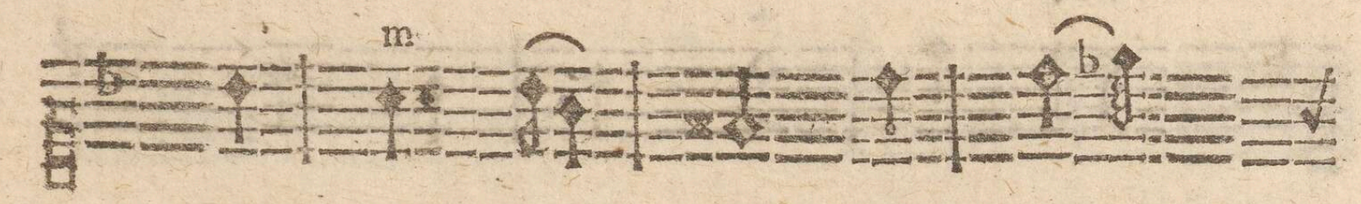
Quand je tiens ma Gour-



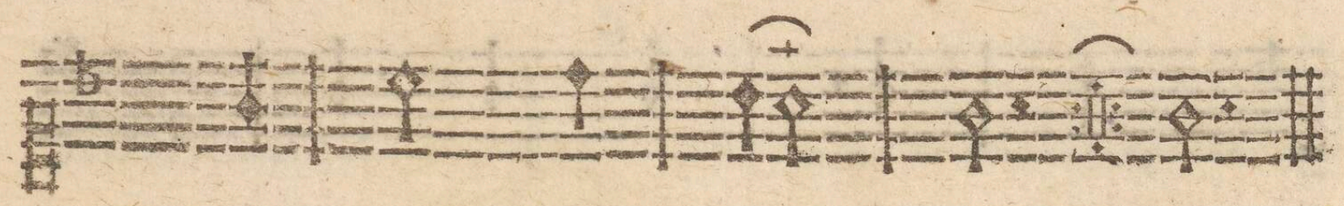
de à la Main, La pau- vre



Fil - le, Pour a - voir de



ce Jus di - vin, Pré - ſen-



te ſa Co - quil - le. le.

Tous les Matins, quand je ſommeille,
Au Jour naiſſant,
Claudine allerte, me réveille,
En badinant;
Puis pour me faire aller bon train,
La paûvre Fille,
Prenant ma Gourde pleine en main,
Préſente ſa Coquille.

Quand

Quand le Soleil, brûle la Plaine,
Presqu'aux Abois,
Nous cherchons pour reprendre haleine,
L'Ombre, & les Bois;
Pour lors sur un Lit de Gazon;
La pauvre Fille,
Se couche, & me fait sans façon,
Rafraichir sa Coquille.

Tous les Soirs, quand de nôtre gîte,
Nous sommes près,
Claudine semble aller plus vîte,
Pour boire frais;
La Nuit, quoique sans Soif, ni Faim,
La pauvre Fille,
Pour mieux marcher le lendemain,
Présente sa Coquille.

Quand nous somme en pleine Campagne,
Dans la Saison,
Je fais reposer ma Compagne,
Sur le Gazon;

Là, nous parlons de nos Amours,
De bonne ſorte,
Et je lui montre tous les tours,
Du Bourdon que je porte.

Ainſi dans un Pélerinage,
Pénible, & long,
Claudine avec moi ſe foulage,
Quand j'ai du fond;
Mais, quand ma Gourde eſt vuide enfin,
La pauvre Fille,
Pleure, & gémit, de voir qu'en vain,
Elle tend ſa Coquille.

Lors de mon mieux je la Conſole,
Mais ſans ſuccès,
Va, dit-elle, moins de paroles,
Et plus d'effets,
Ah! puiſque ce Jus charme tant,
La pauvre Fille,
Que ne puis-je à chaque moment,
En remplir ſa Coquille.

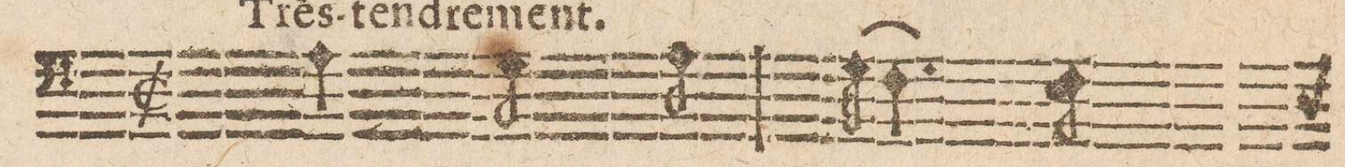
DUO.

Très-tendrement.
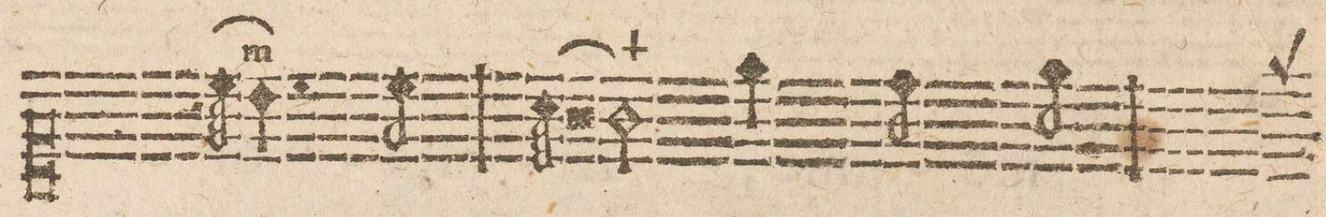


JE n'ai - me - rai ja-

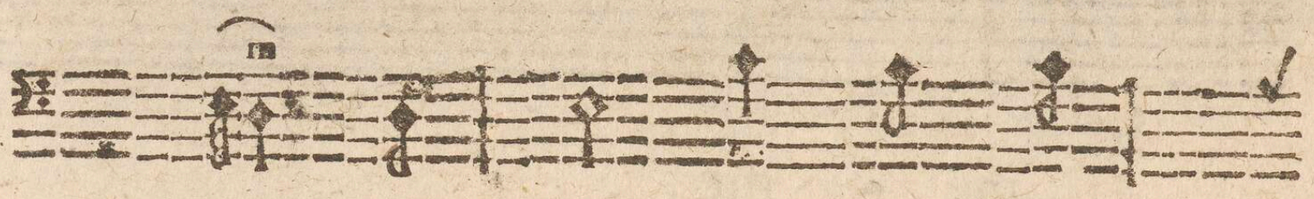
Très-tendrement.
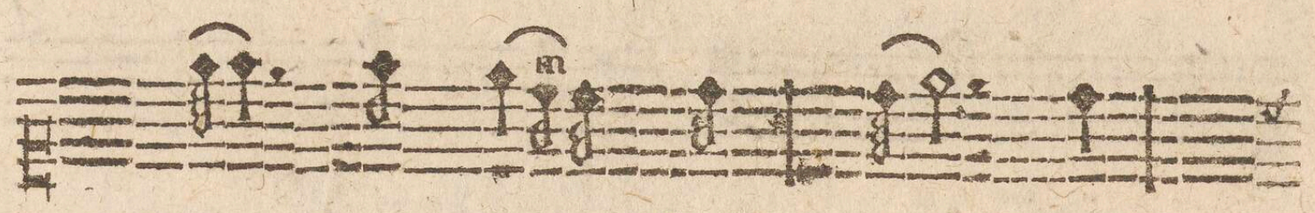


Je n'ai - me - rai ja-
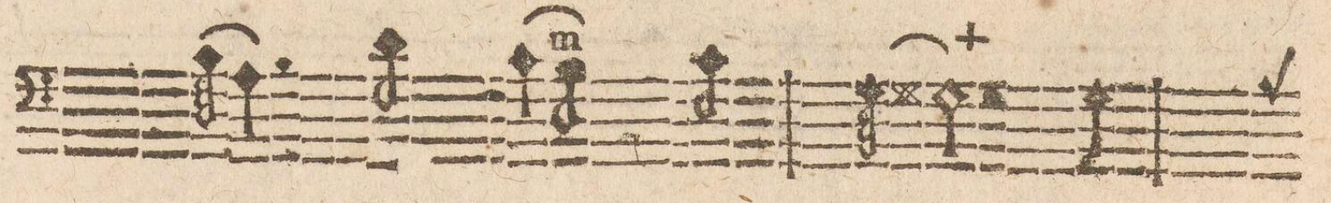


mais que vous, Je n'ai - me-



mais que vous, Je n'ai - me-



rai ja - mais que vous, Tir-



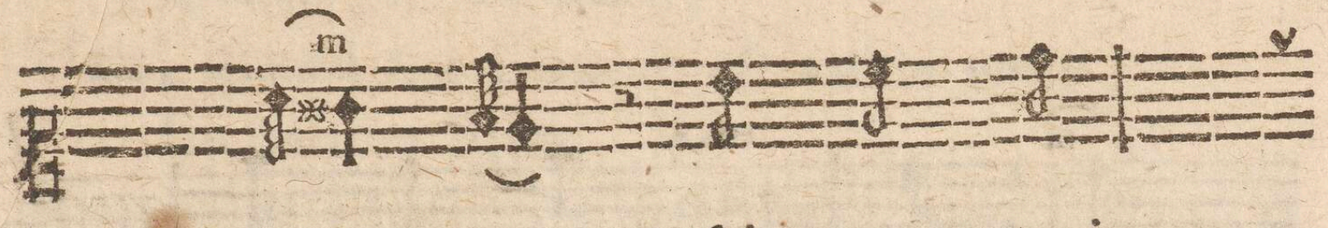
rai ja - mais que vous, Phi-



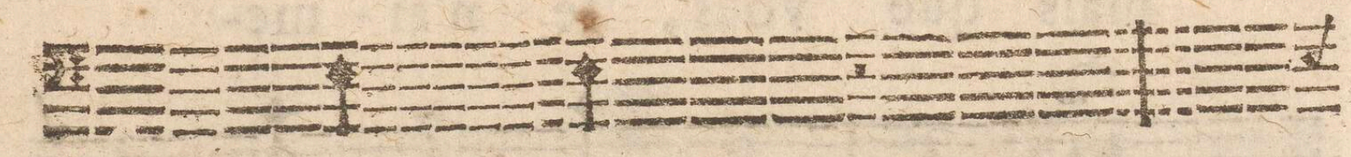
cis, ai - mez - moi donc de



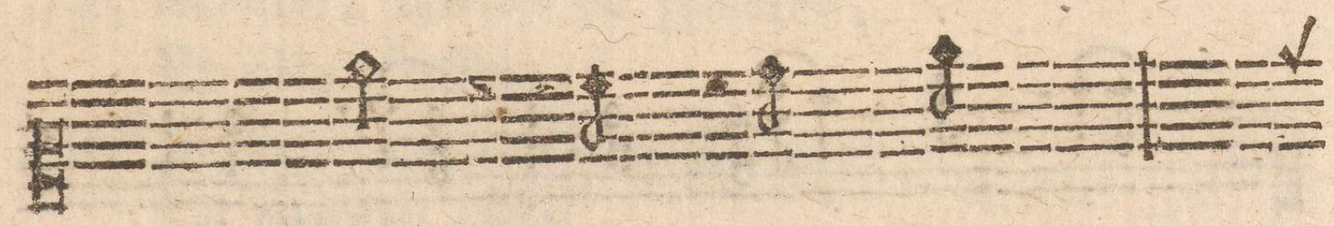
lis, ai - mez - moi donc de



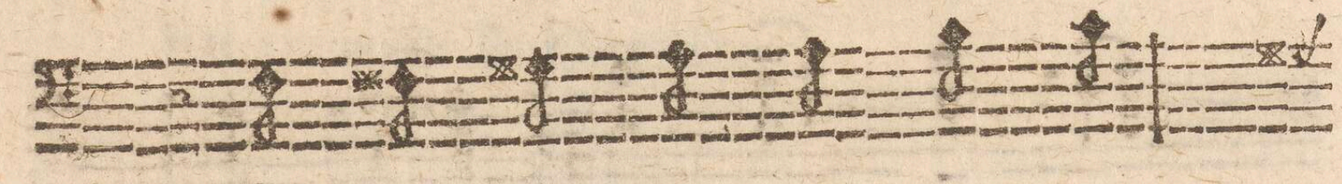
mê - me, Ai - mez - moi



mê - me,
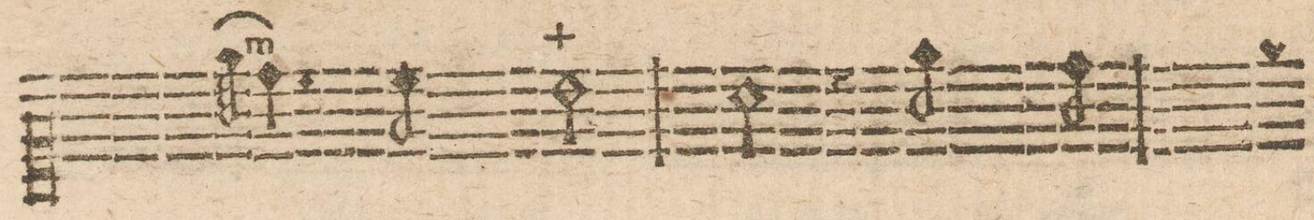


donc, Ai - mez - moi

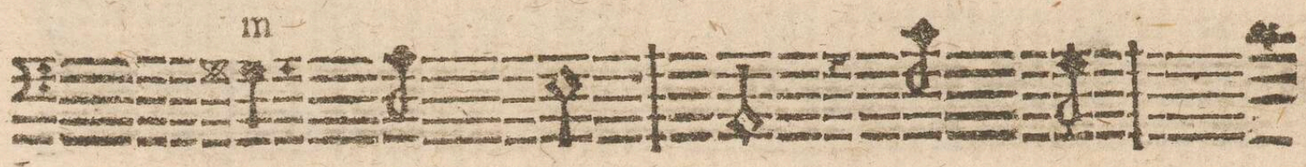


Ai - mez - moi donc, Ai - mez - moi

donc



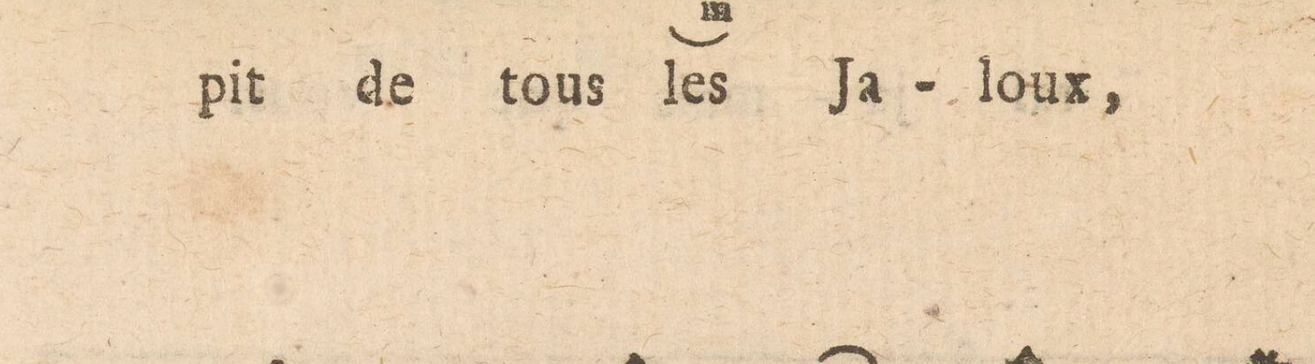
donc de mê - me. En dé-
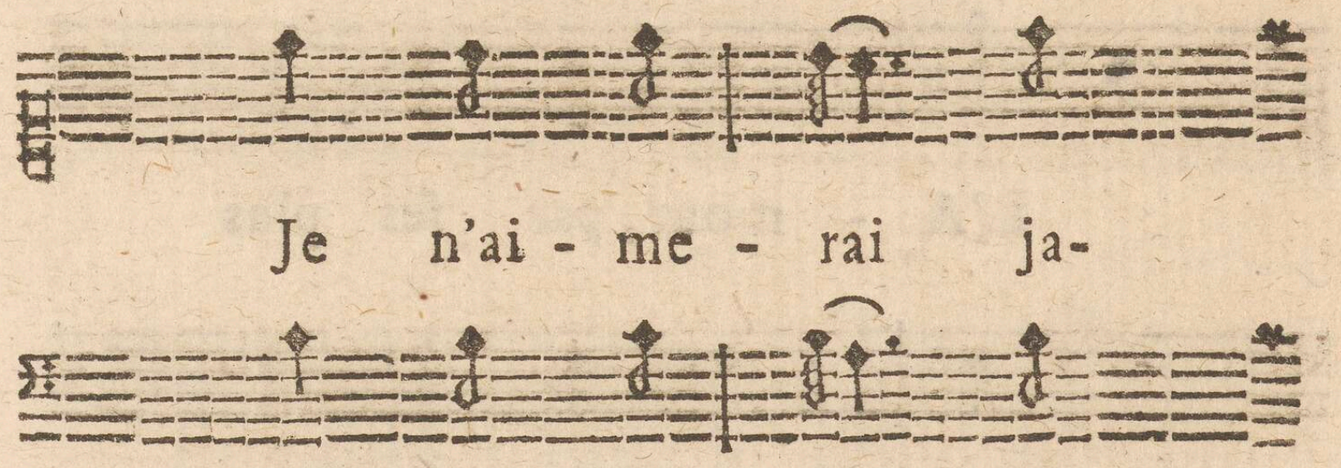


donc de mê - me. En dé-



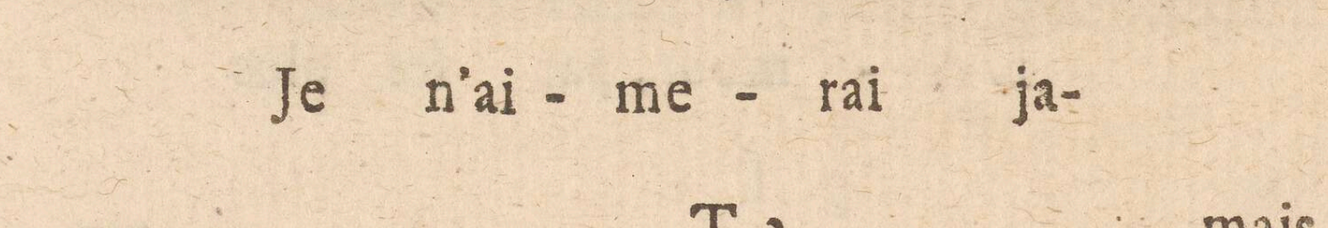
pit de tous les Ja - loux,
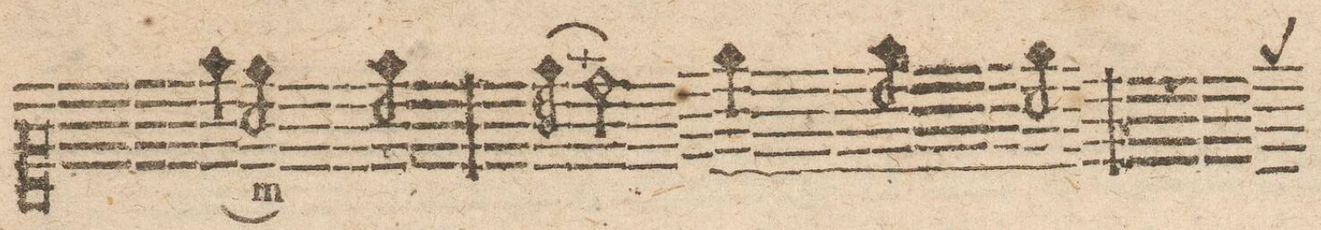


pit de tous les Ja - loux,
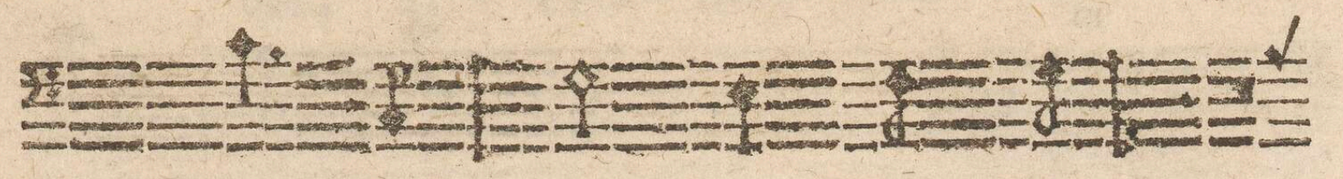


Je n'ai - me - rai ja-



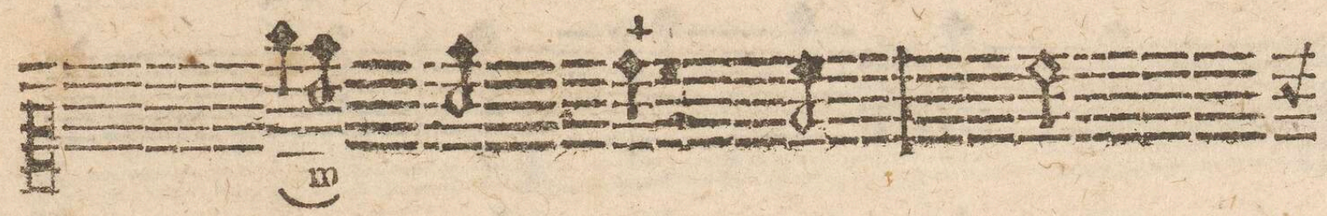
Je n'ai - me - rai ja-



mais que vous, Je n'ai- me-



mais que vous, Je n'ai- me-



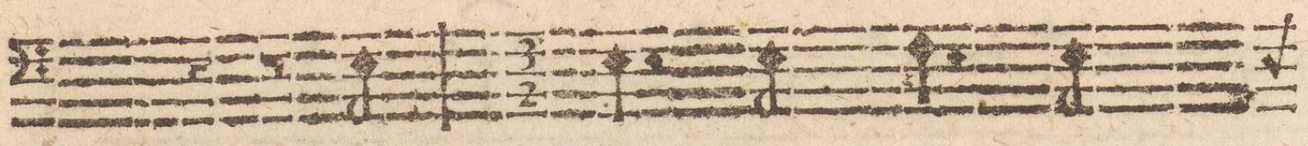
rai ja - mais que vous.



rai ja - mais que vous.



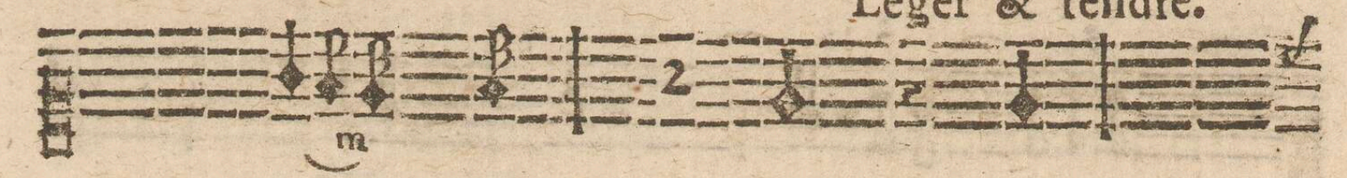
L'A - mour, par ſes plus



L'A - mour, par ſes plus

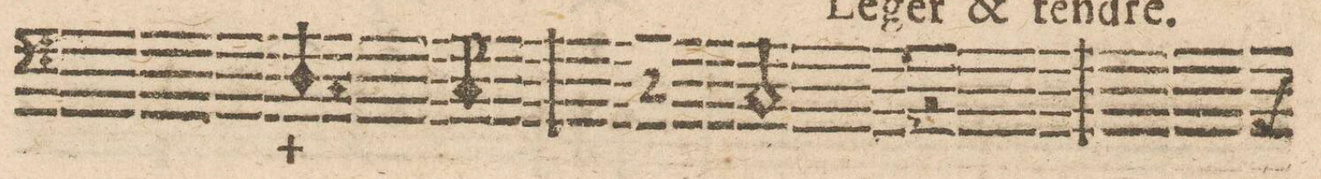
ten-

Leger & tendre.
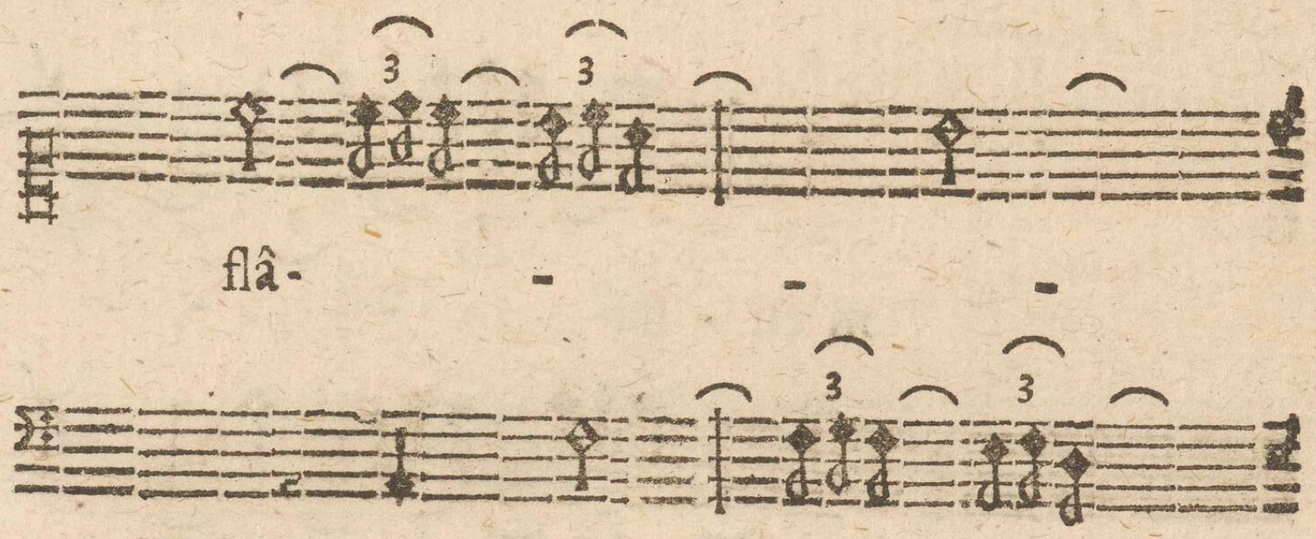


ten- dres coups, m'en-
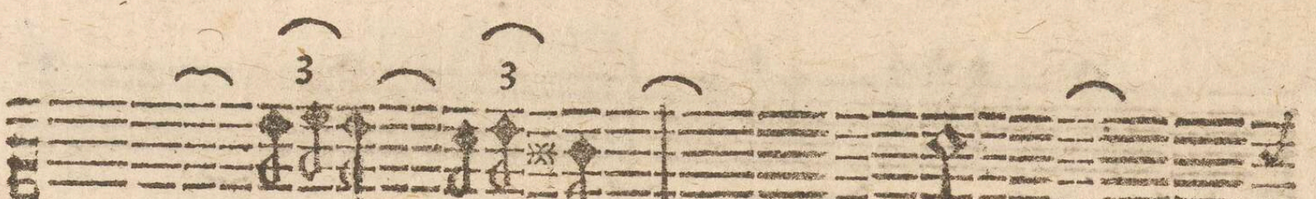
Leger & tendre.



ten- dres coups,



flâ- - - -
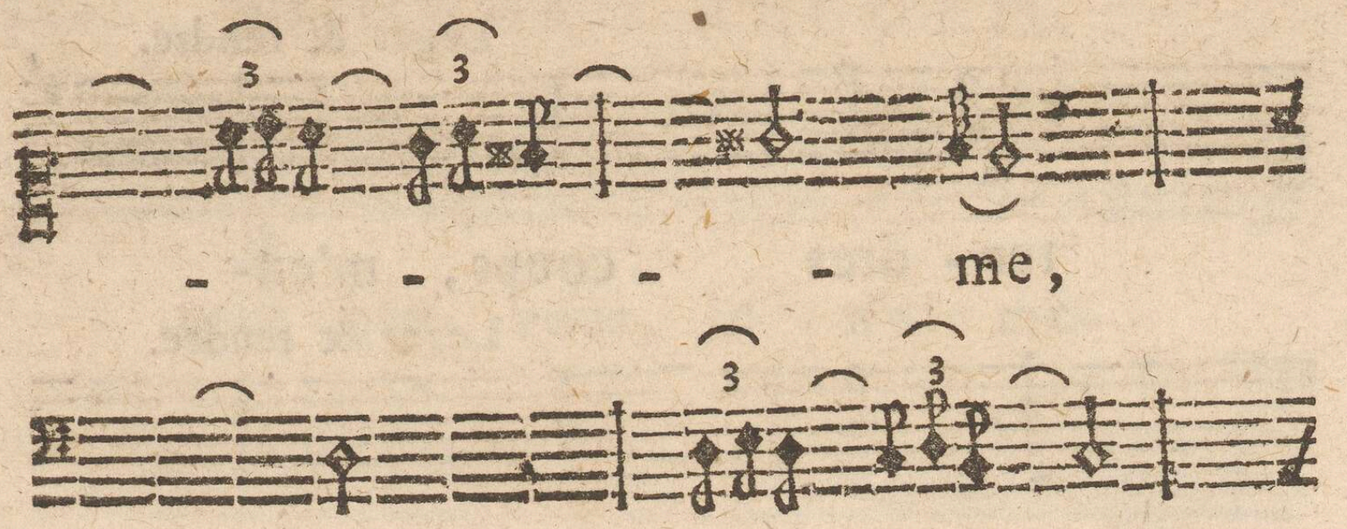


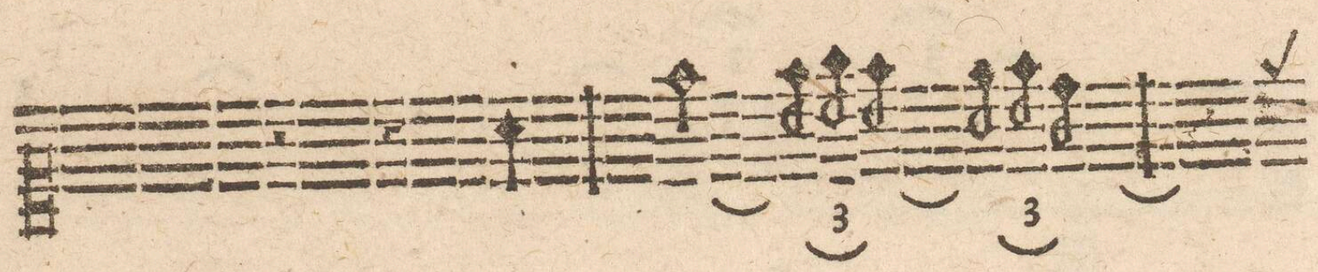
m'en- flâ- - -
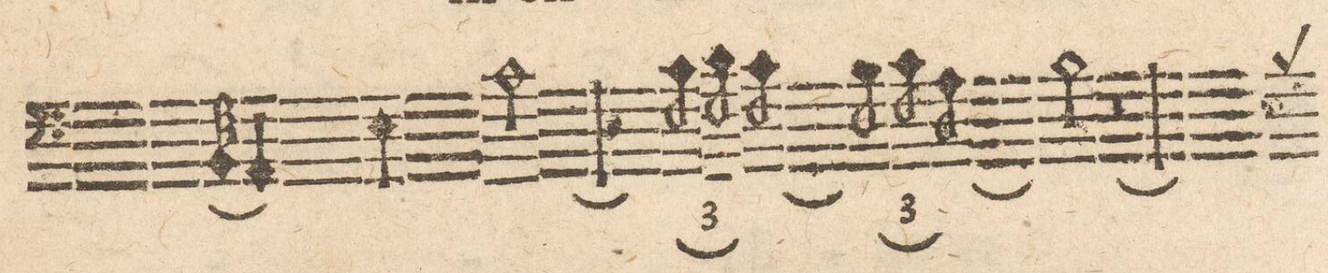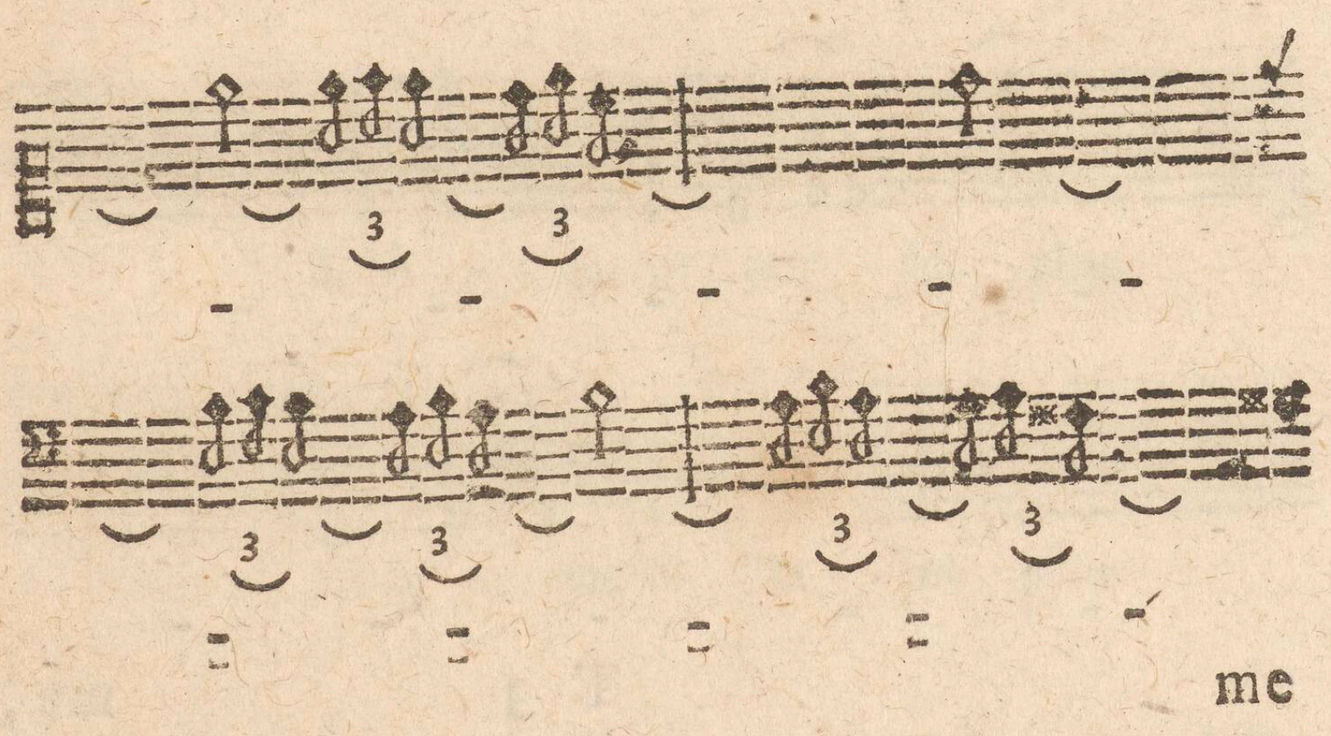
- - - - -

- - - - -

T 3 me;
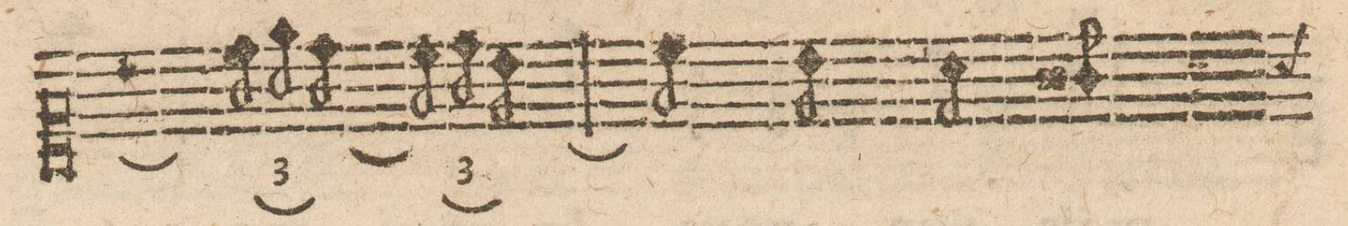

- - - - me,


m'en - flâ- - -


me, m'en- flâ- - -



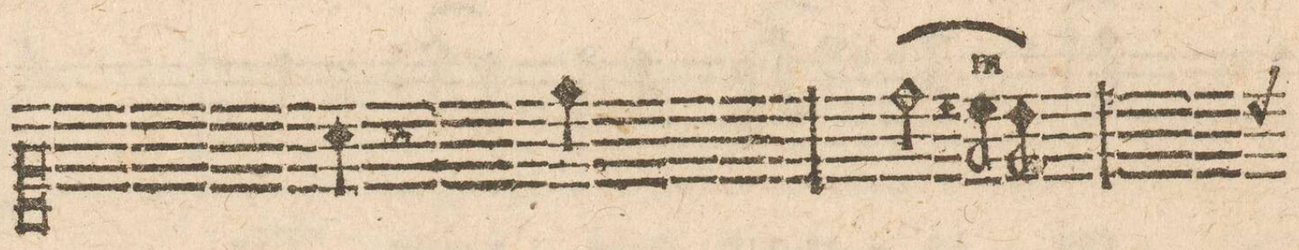

- - - - -
- - - - - -
me



- - - me d'u-ne ar-
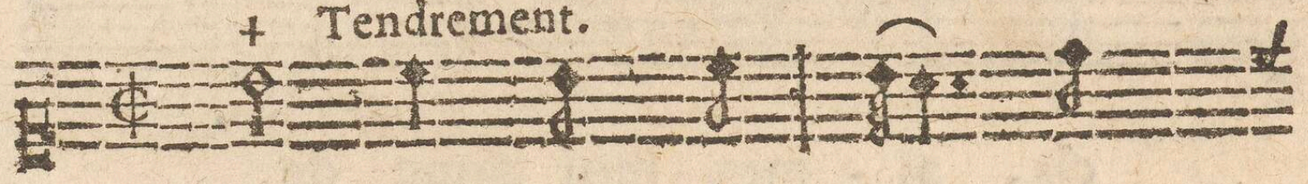


- - me
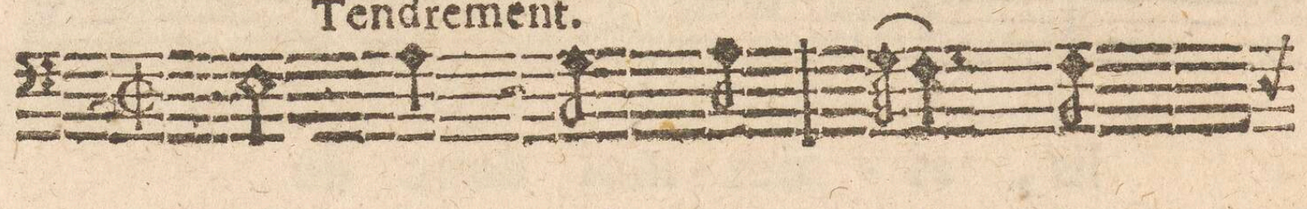


deur ex - trè-



d'u- ne ar-deur ex - trè-
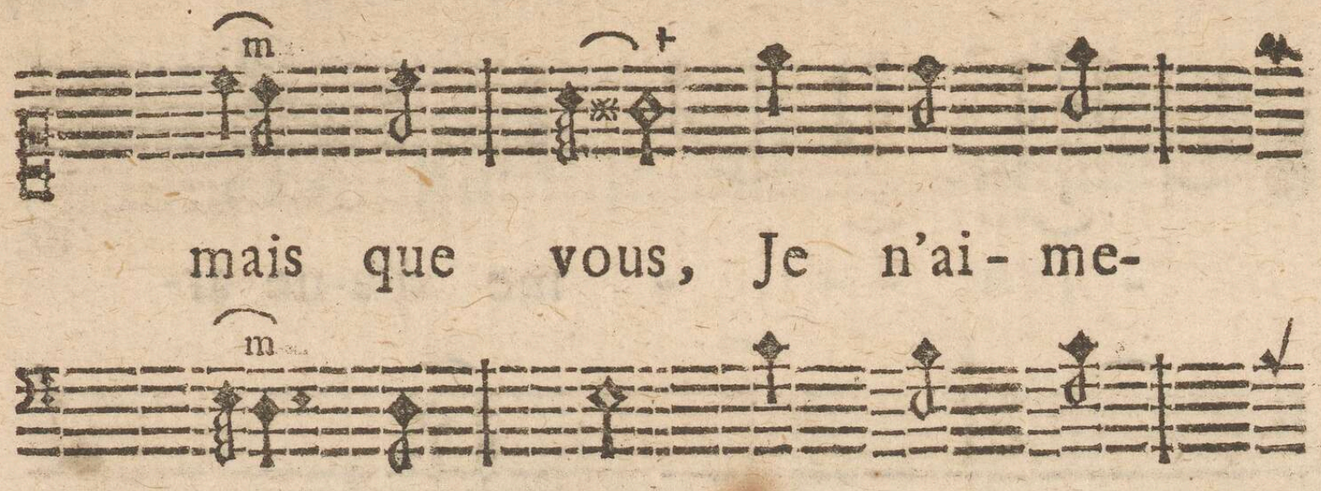


me. Je n'ai - me - rai ja-
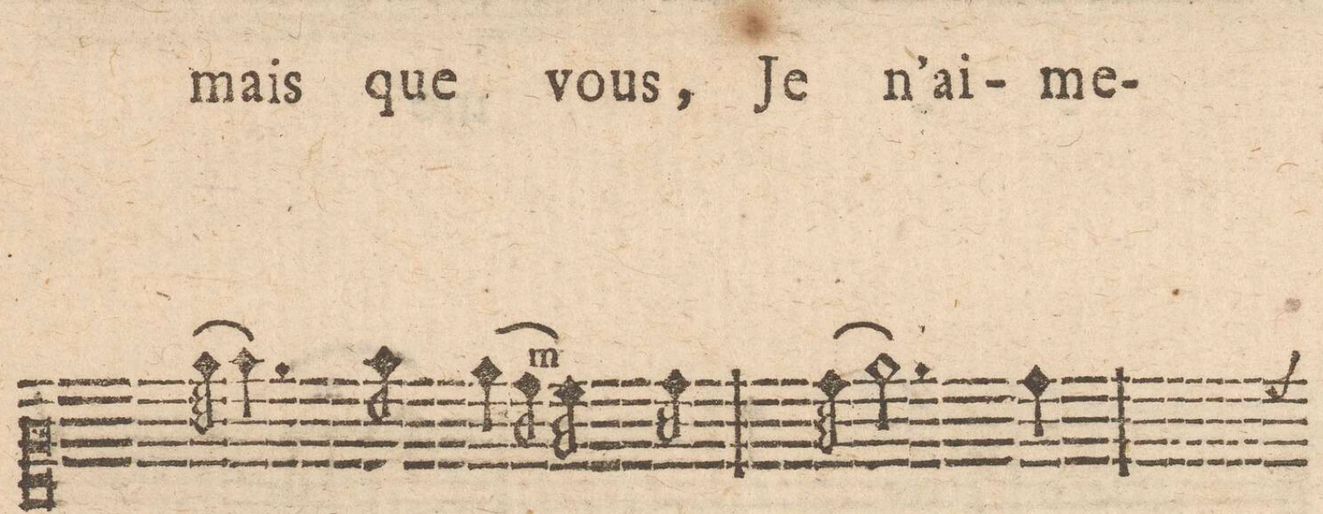


me. Je n'ai - me - rai ja-

me T 4 mais
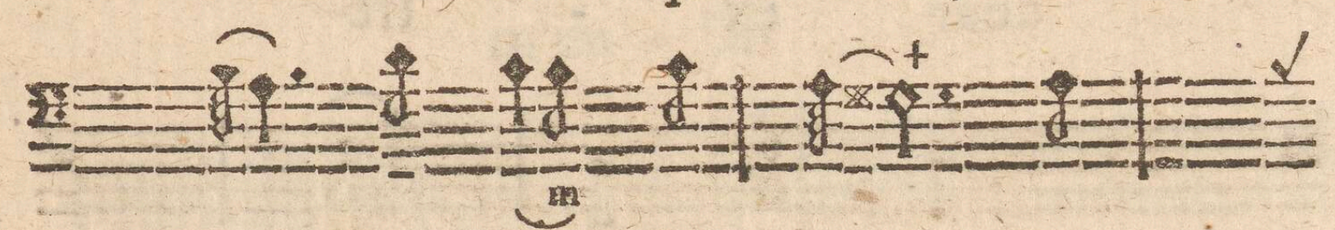


mais que vous, Je n'ai- me-



mais que vous, Je n'ai- me-
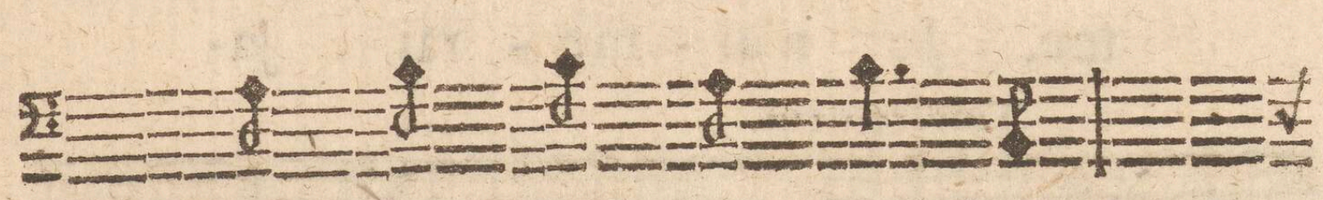
rai ja - mais que vous, Tir-



rai ja - mais que vous, Phi-

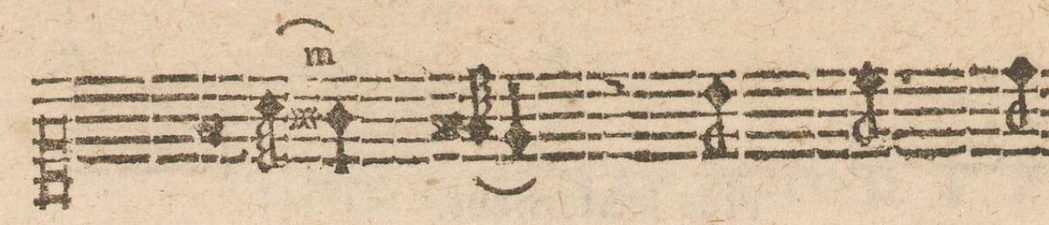


cis, ai - mez-moi donc de

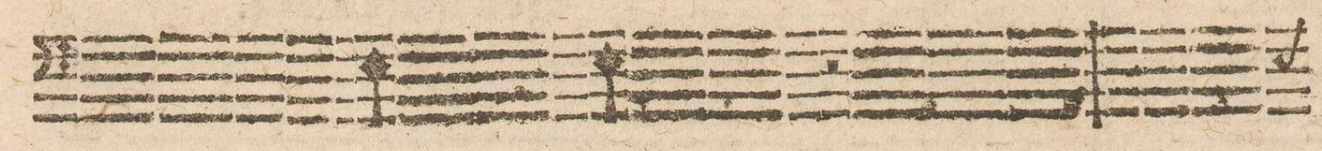


lis, ai - mez-moi donc de

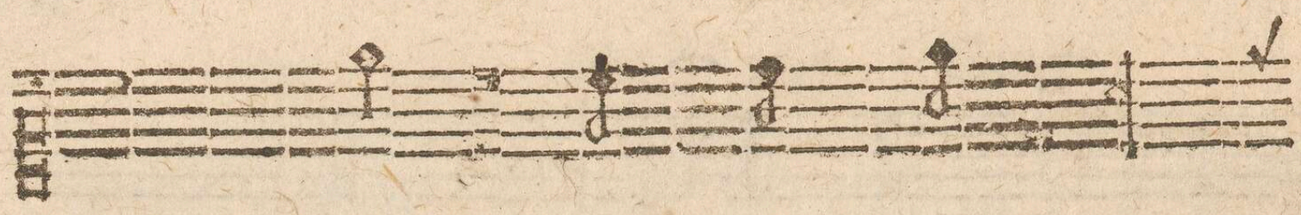
même.
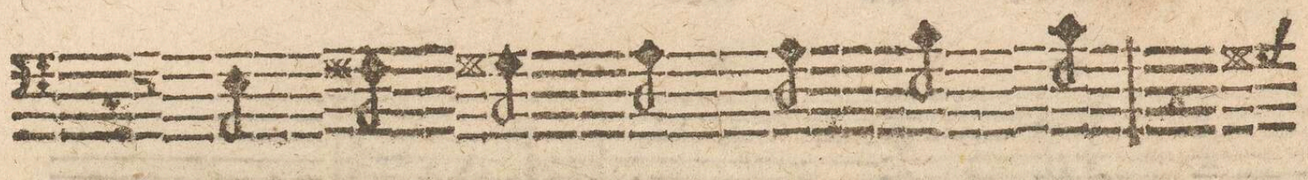


mê - me. Ai - mez-moi



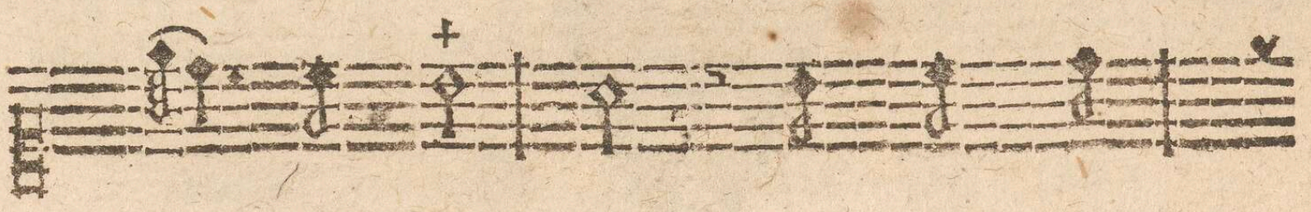
mê - me.



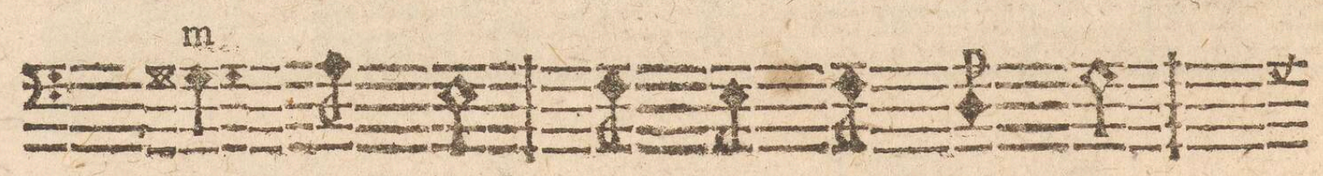
donc, Ai - mez - moi



Ai- mez-moi donc, Ai - mez- moi
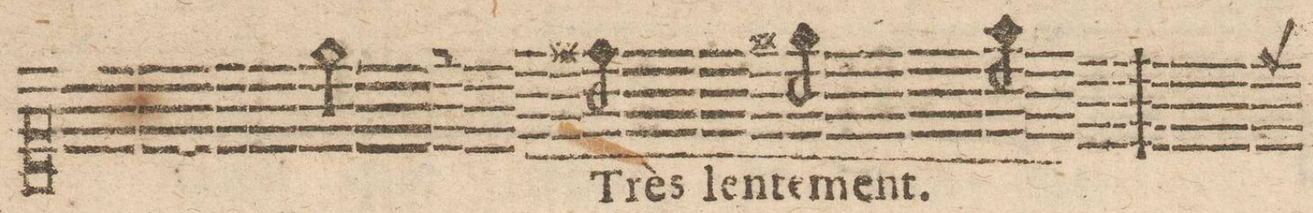


donc de mê - me, ai - mez - moi



donc de mê- me, ai-mez-moi donc

même.

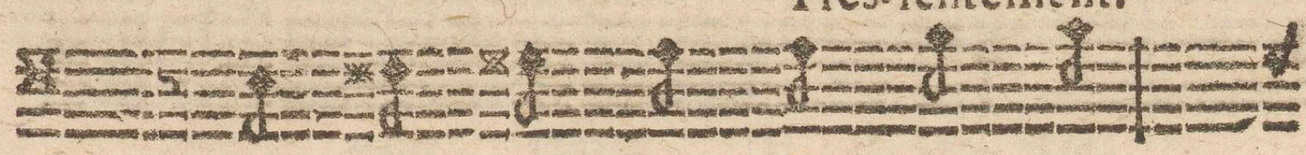
donc,
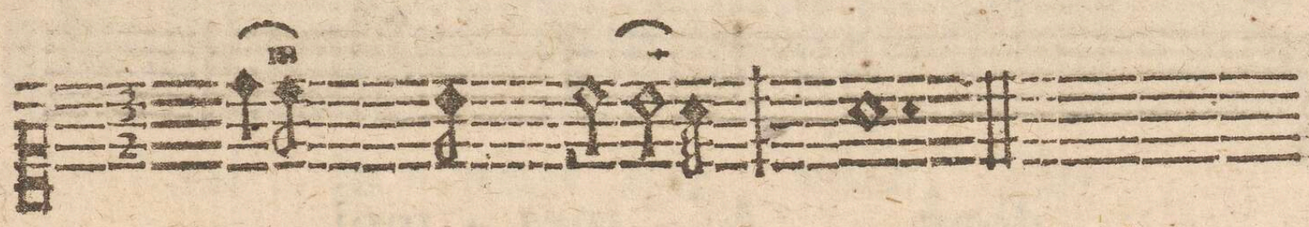


Très lentement.

donc, ai - mez - moi
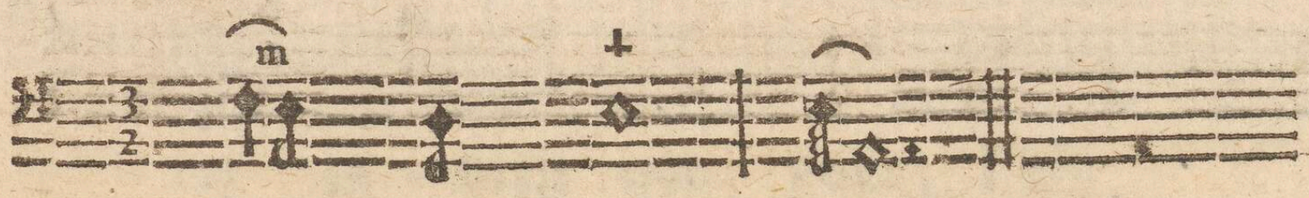
Très-lentement.



ai - mez-moi donc, ai - mez- moi



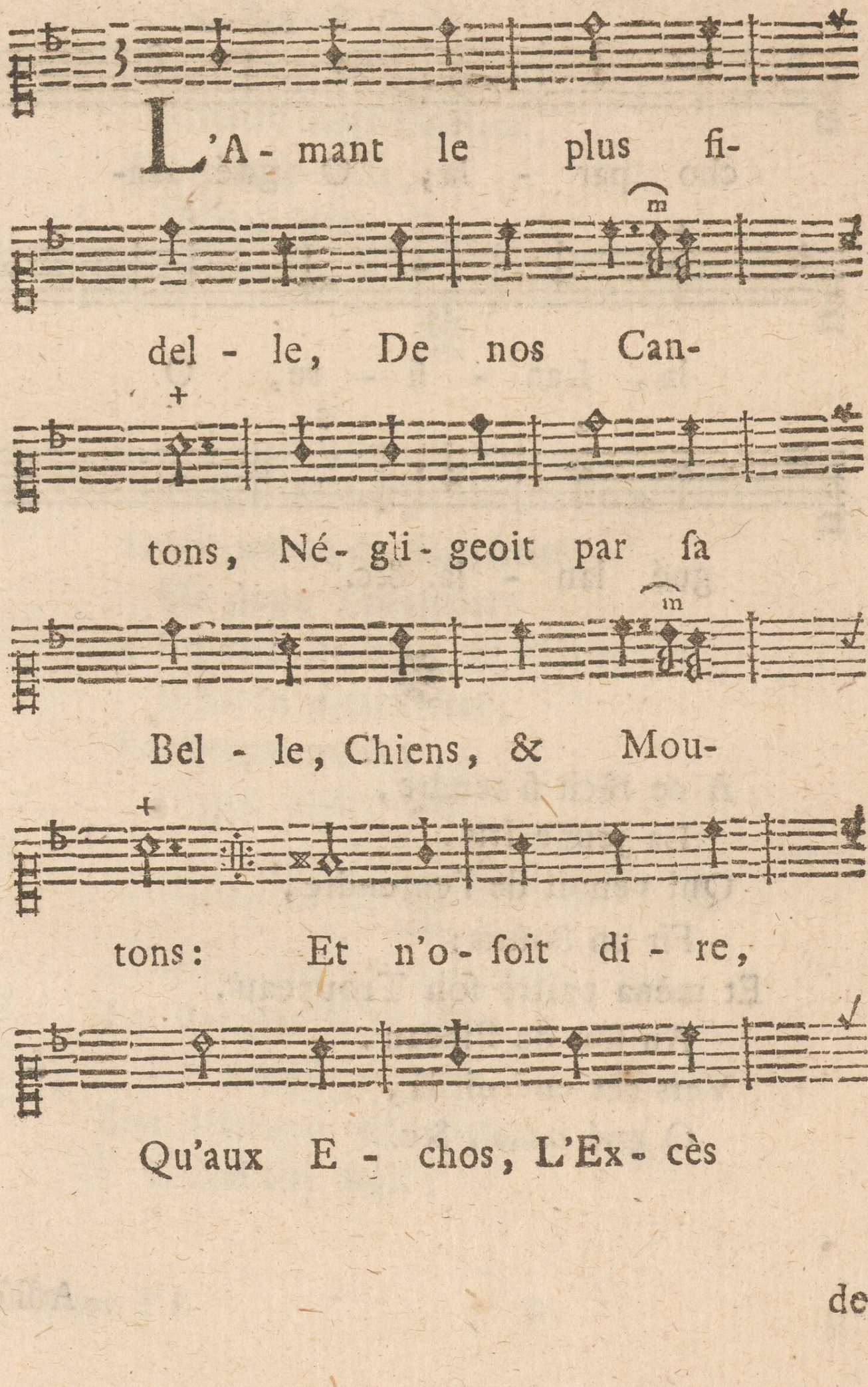
donc de mê - me.



donc de mê - me.

CHAN-

CHANSONNETTE.



HAN-

de



A ce rècit ſi tendre,
La jeune Iris,
Qui venoit de l'entendre,
Fit un Soûris;
Et mèna paître ſon Troupeau,
Au ſon du Pipeau,
Vers cet endroit-là,
O gué lanla, &c.
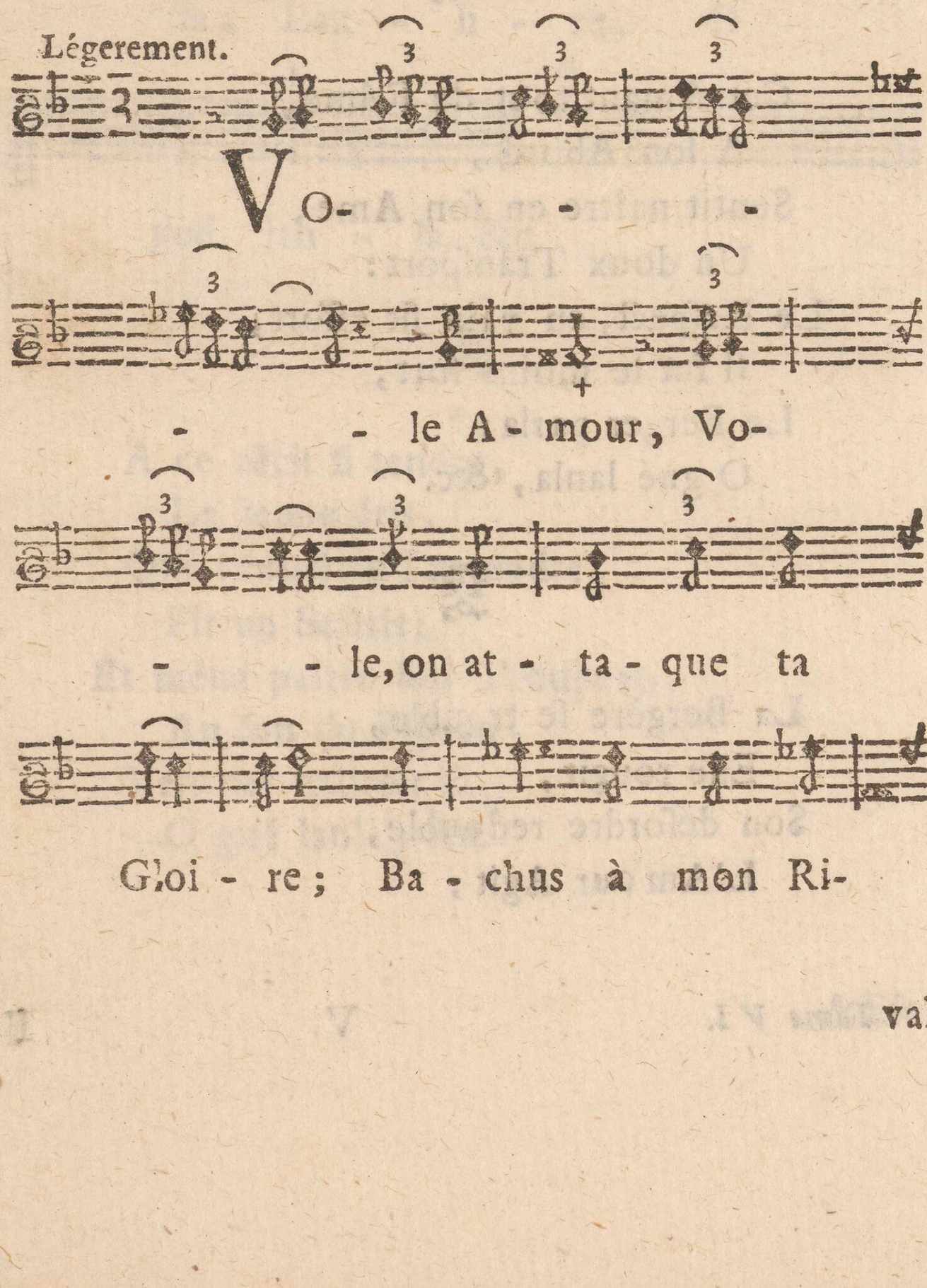
Assise au pied d'un Hêtre,
Elle chanta,
Une Chanson Champêtre,
Qu'Amour dicta;
Son Berger, au son de sa Voix,
Courut hors du Bois,
Ou plûtôt vola,
O gué lanla, &c.
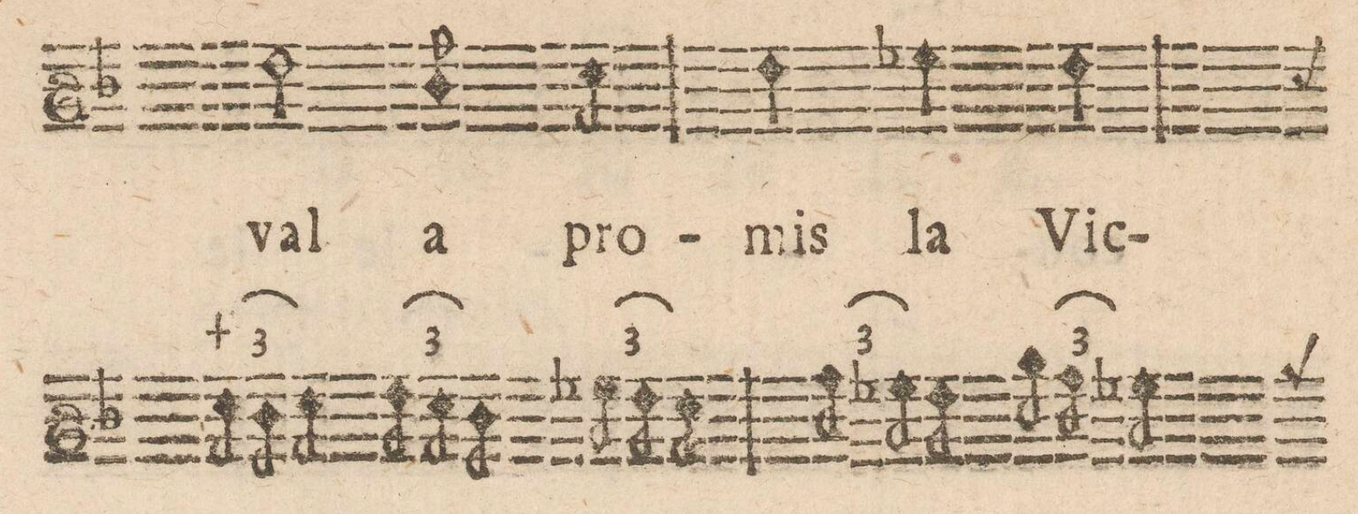
Cet Amant tout de Flâme,
A son Abord,
Sentit naître en son Ame,
Un doux Transport:
Le Respect, en vain fit effort,
Il fut le moins fort,
Le Berger parla;
O gué lanla, &c.

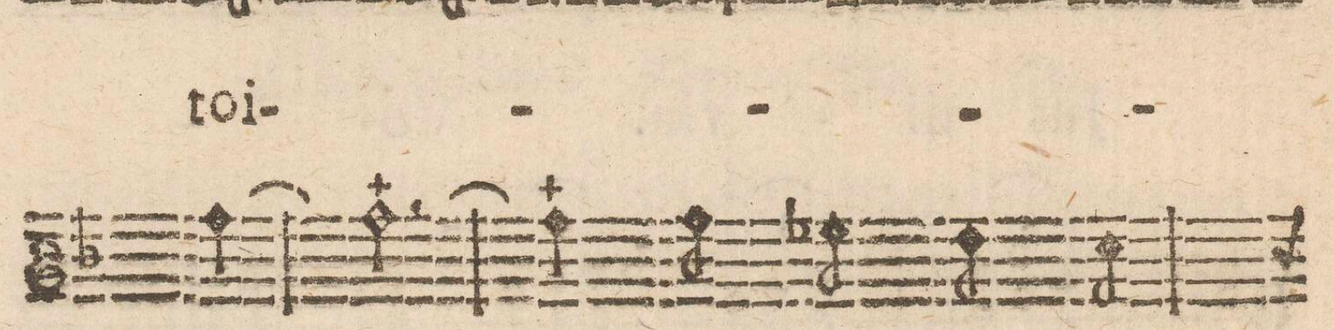
La Bergère se trouble,
Elle rougit,
Son désordre redouble,
L'Amour Agit;
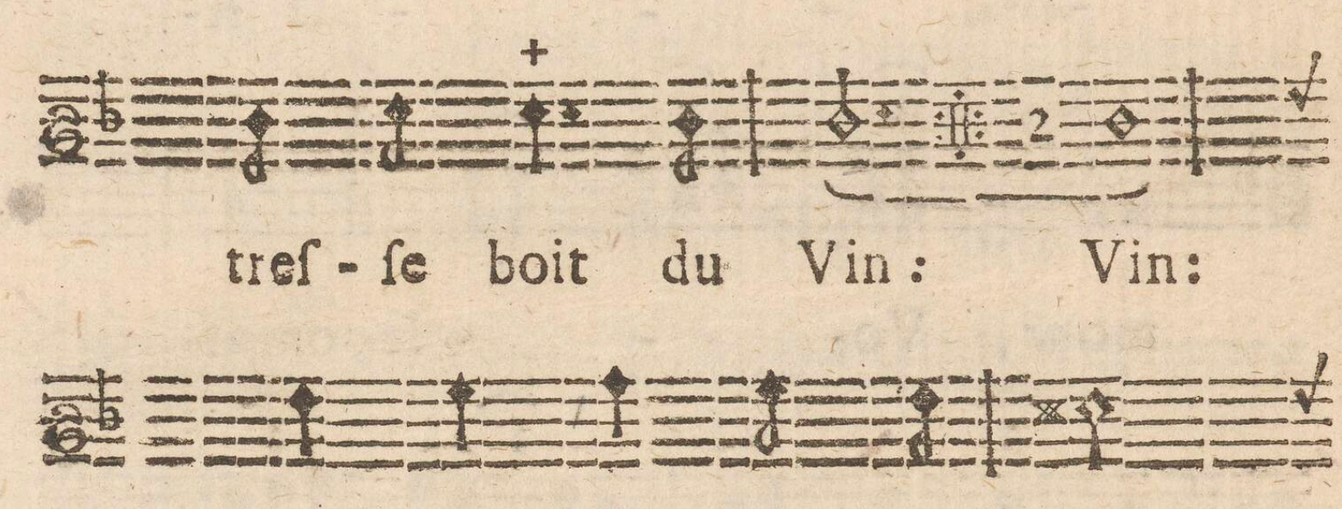
Il Attaque, & Maître du Cœur,
Cet Ardent Vainqueur,
Ne s'en tint pas là,
O gué lanla, &c.
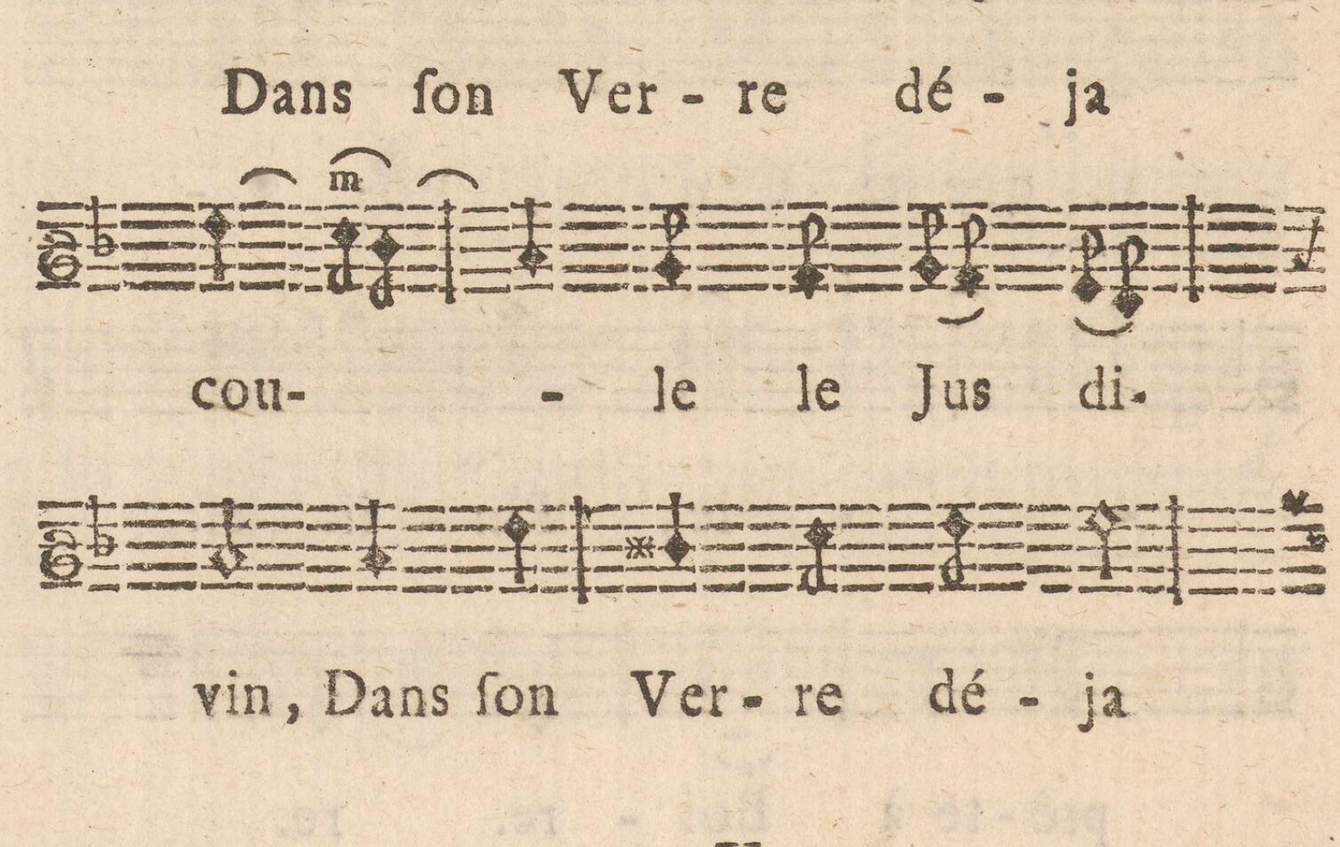
ARIETTE.
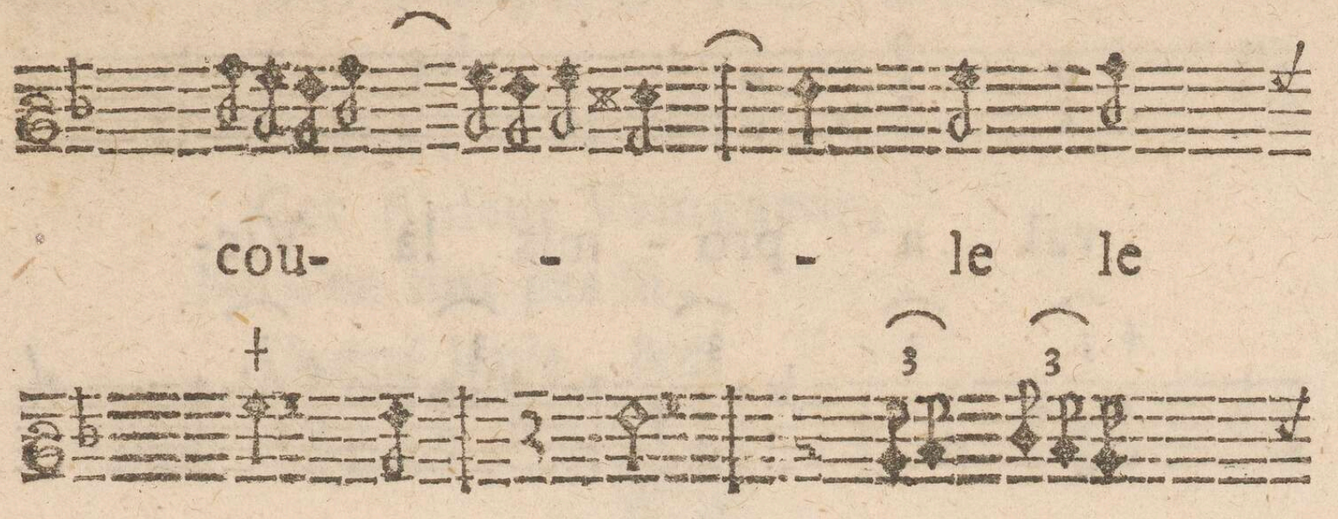



val a pro - mis la Vic-

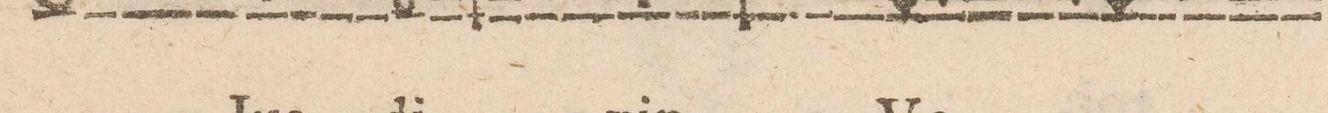

toi- - - - -
- - - re, Si ma Maî-


treſ - ſe boit du Vin: Vin:

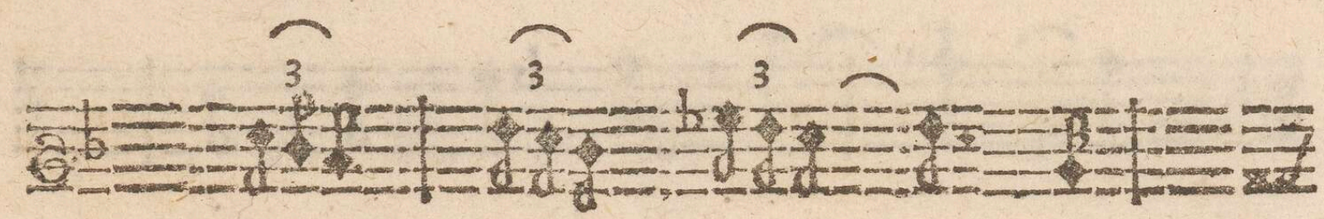

Dans ſon Ver - re dé - ja
cou- - le le Jus di-
vin, Dans ſon Ver - re dé - ja
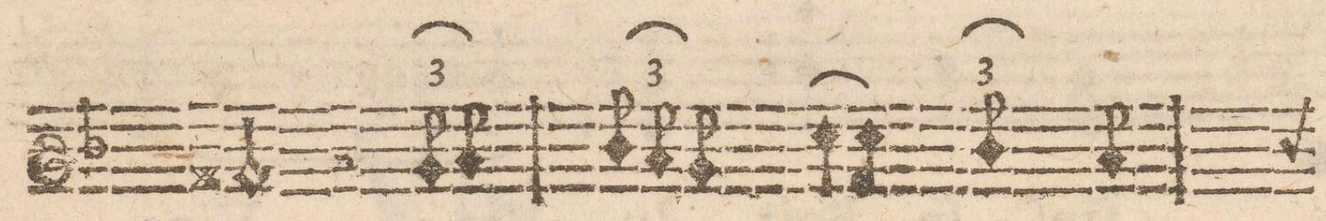


cou- - - le le
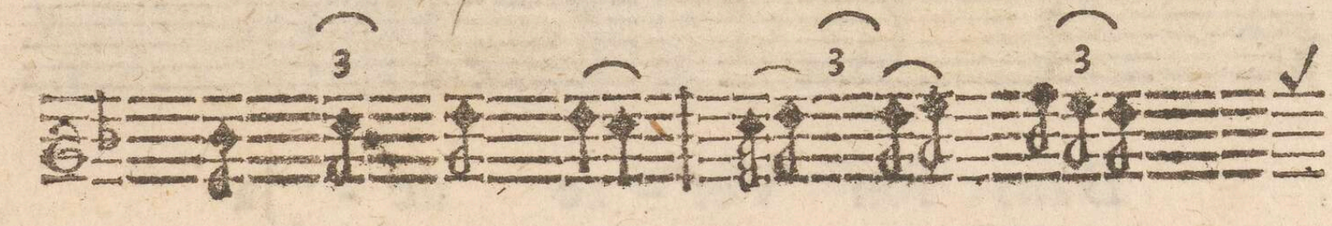


Jus di - vin. Vo- -
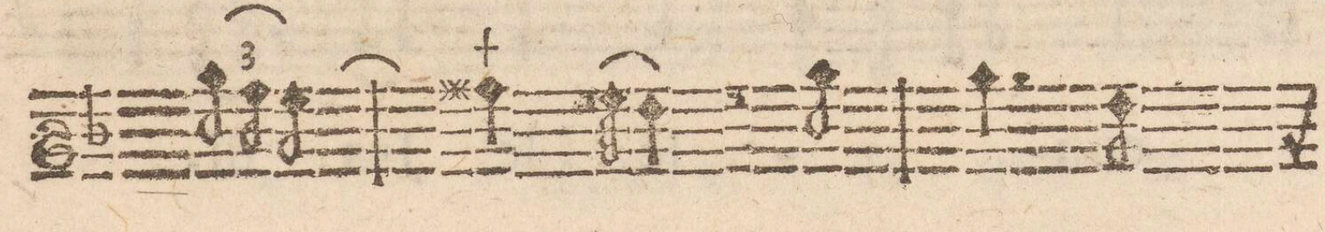


- - - le A-



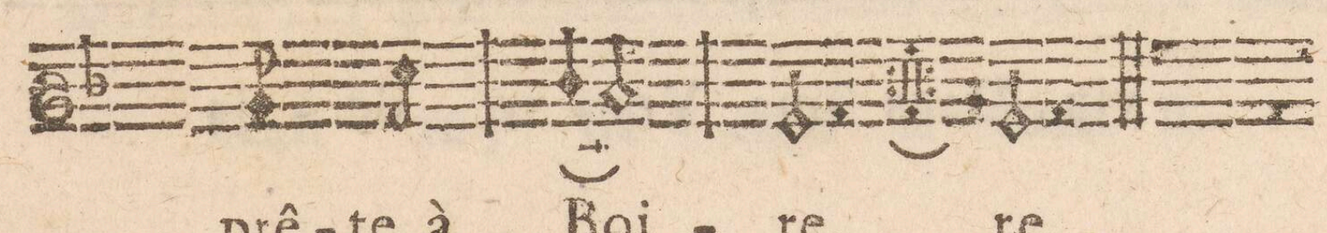
mour, Vo- - le, on at-



ta- que ta Gloi - re, Vo- -



- - le, Phi - lis eſt

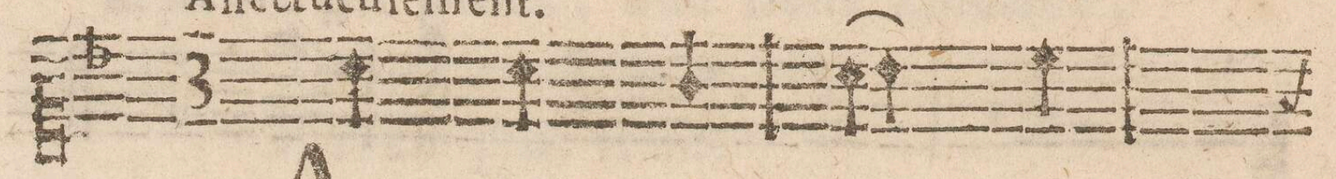


prê - te à Boi - re. re.

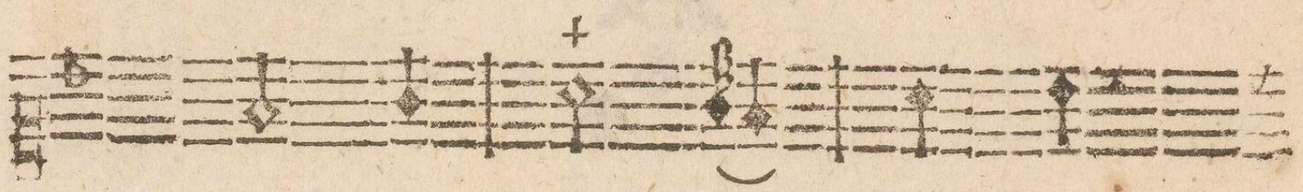
BRAN-

BRANLE.

Affectueuſement.



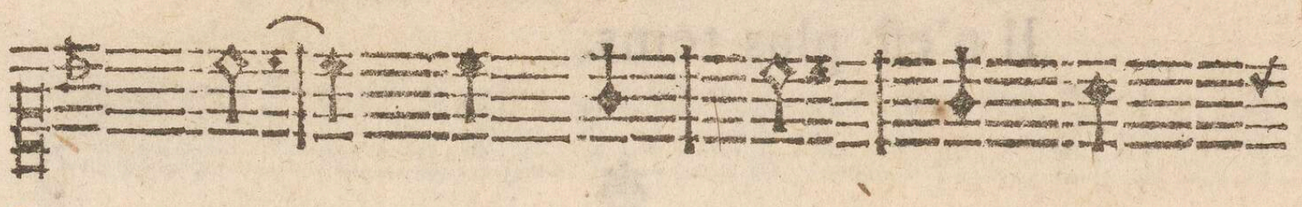
AUx doux Plai - ſirs de



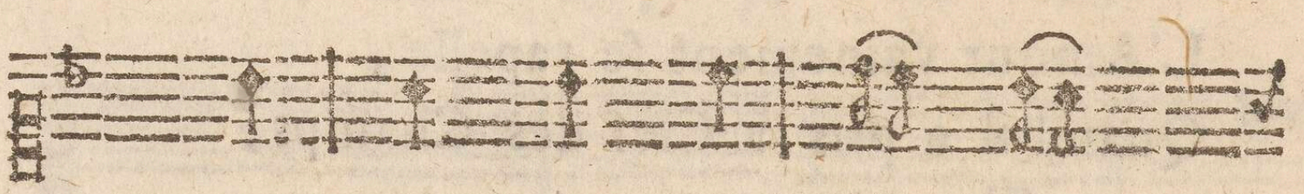
la Ten - dreſ - ſe, Il faut



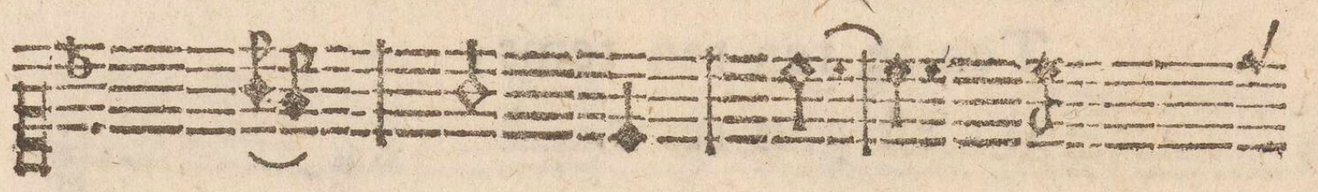
li - vrer ſes jeu - nes



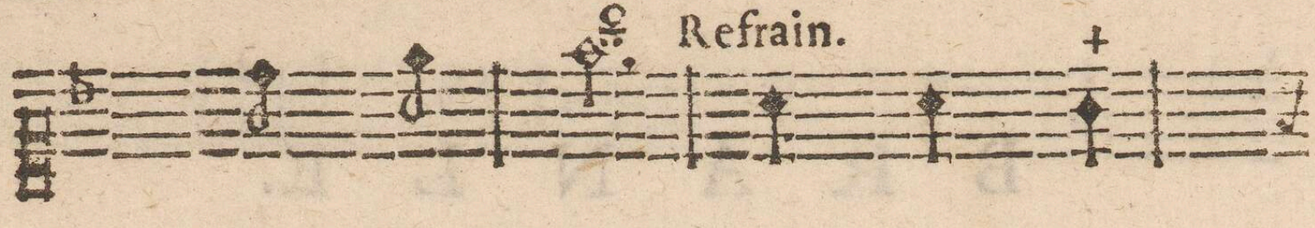
ans, Ten ten tems. Lorſ que



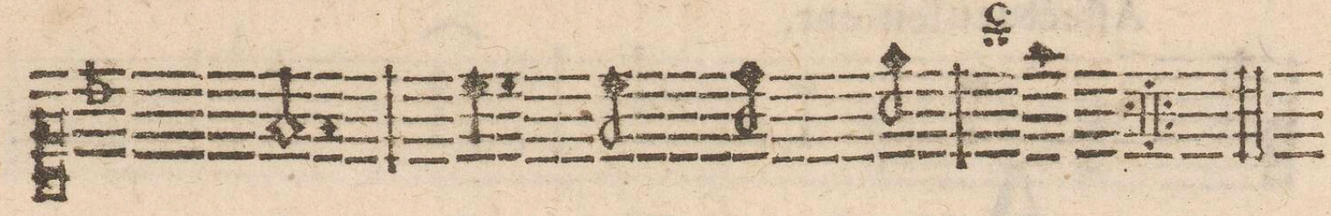
l'on ſent a - pro - cher la



Vieil - leſ - ſe, Ten te



ren ten tems, Il n'eſt plus



tems. Ten te ren ten, &c.

Hélas! quand j'étois jeune, & belle,
Je mépriſois mes Soupirans,
Ten ten tems:
Sur mes vieux Ans, je ne ſuis plus Cruelle,
Ten te ren ten tems,
Il n'eſt plus tems.
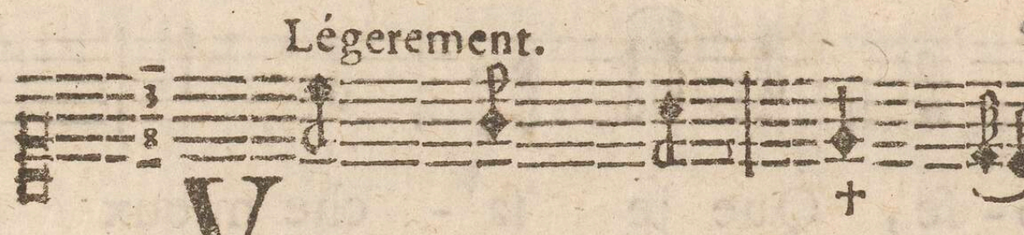
L'Amour vainement ſe rapelle,
Quand il a pris la Clef des Champs;
Ten ten tems:
A ſon retour, il ne bat que d'une Aîle,
Ten te ren ten tems,
Il n'eſt plus tems.

Quand

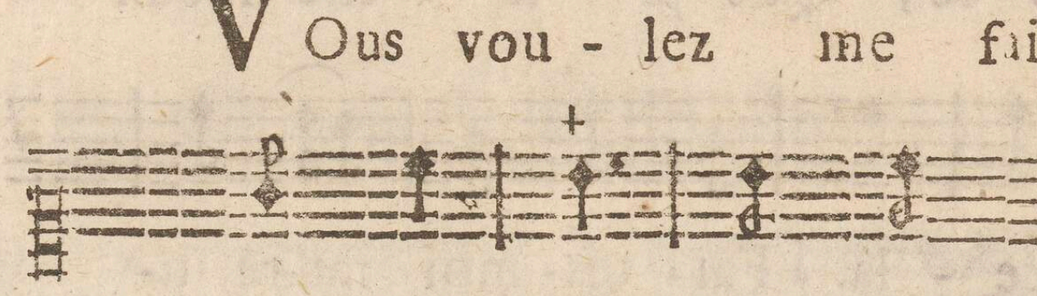
Quand l'Horloge du Berger ſonne,
Réveillez-vous, tendres Amans,
Ten ten tems:
L'heure eſt paſſée, une Belle raiſonne,
Ten te ren ten tems,
Il n'eſt plus tems.

LA HONTEUSE.

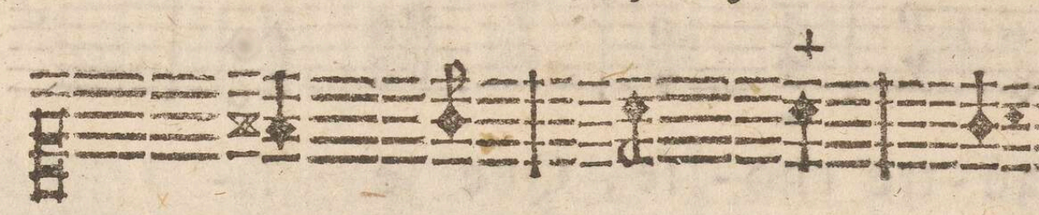
Légerement.



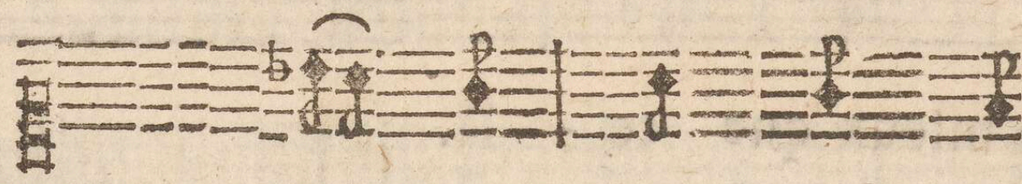
VOus vou - lez me fai-
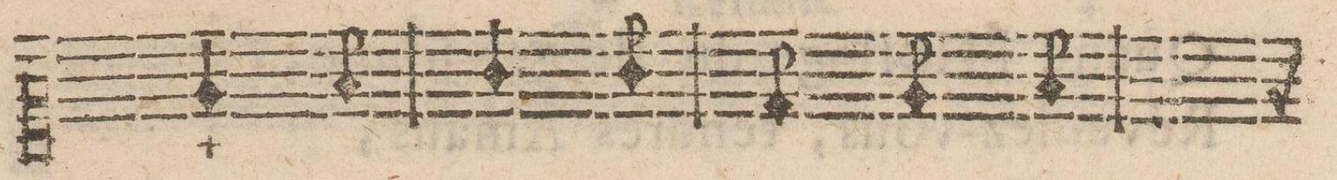


re chan - ter, Je ne ſau-



rois vous con - ten - ter;
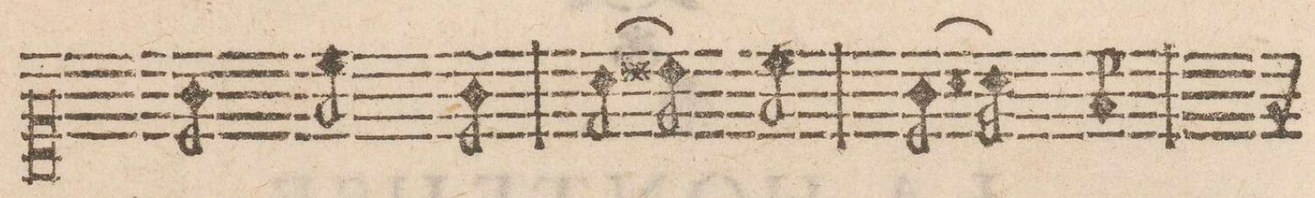


J'en ſuis rou - ge com-
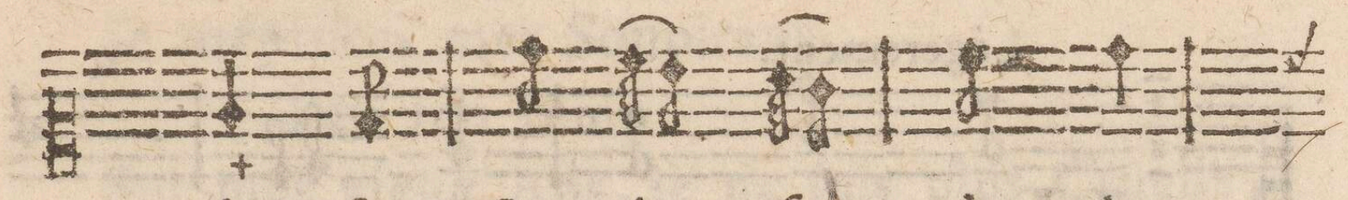


me u-ne Ro-ſe! Ah! je m'en



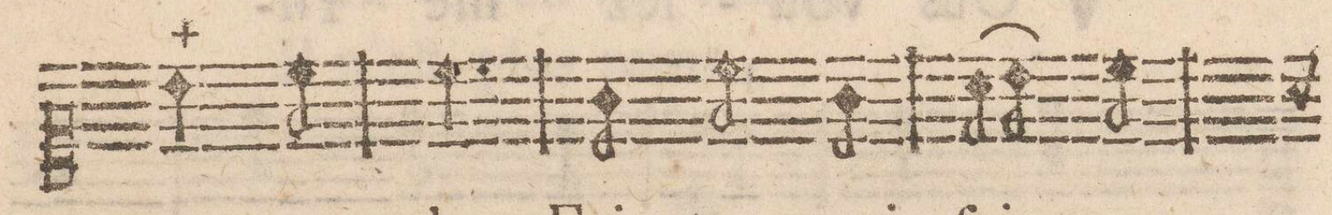
vais tout laiſ-ſer-là;
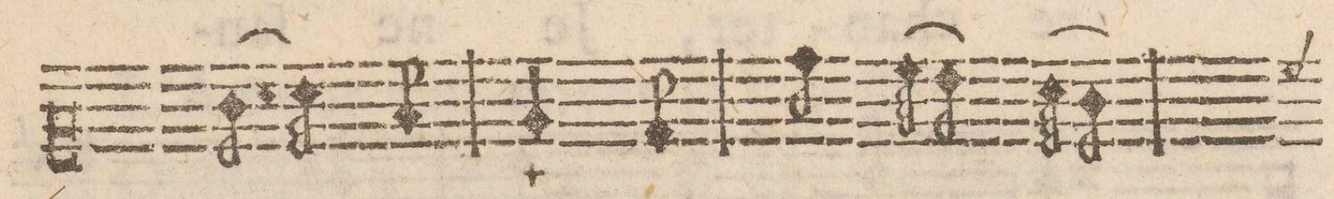


Fai-tes-moi fai-re u-ne au-tre
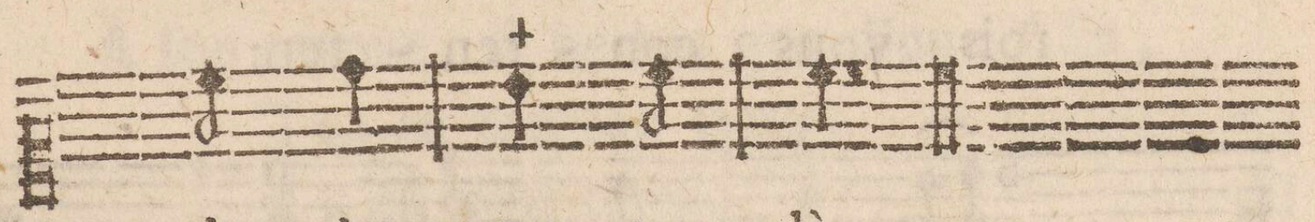


cho-ſe, Que je ſa-che mieux



que ce-la. Fai-tes-moi fai-re u-
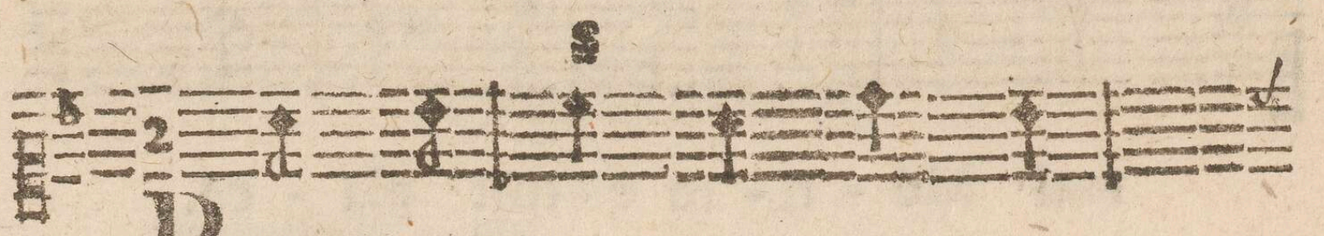


ne au-tre cho-ſe, Que je ſa-



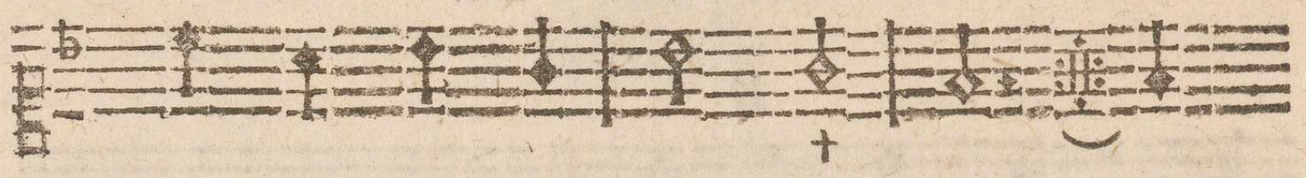
che mieux que ce-là.

BRANLE.

SEUL, *puis en* CHOEUR.



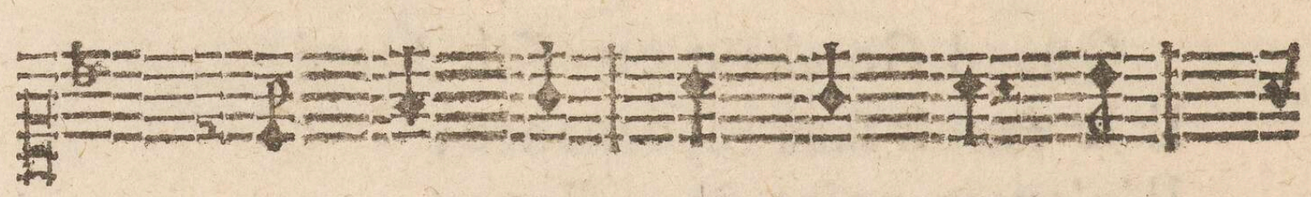
RAp- pel- lons la Sou - ve-



nan - ce Du Bon Tems paſ - ſé. ſé.

La Repriſe eſt pour le CHOEUR.

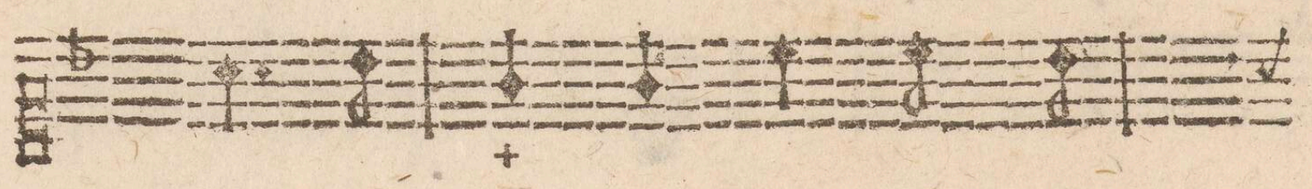
SEUL.



Le Ju - ge dé - ſin - té - reſ-



ſé, Ne re - fu - ſoit point



d'Au-di - en - ce, Sans le ſe-

cours

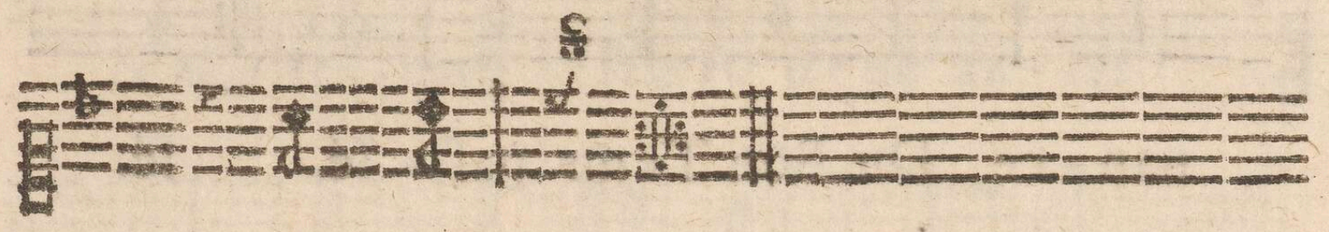


cours de la Fi - na - ce, Le



vrai Mé - ri- te é-toit pla - cé.

CHOEUR.



Ra- pel-, &c.

Quand Gombaut careſſoit Macé,
Il le faiſoit ſans répugnance,
Il n'avoit point de déffiance,
Que quelque autre en fut careſſé;

CHOEUR.

Rapellons, &c.

Un Vieillard dans l'âge glacé,
Pouvoit encor entrer en Danſe;
Aujourd'hui dans l'Adoleſcence,
Un Blondin eſt déja caſſé;

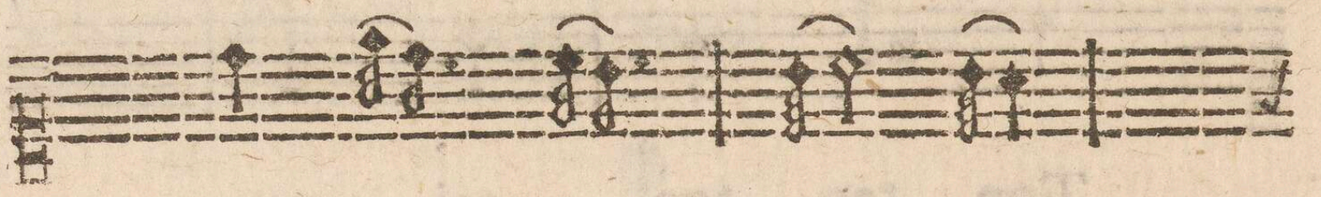
CHOEUR.

Rapellons, &c.
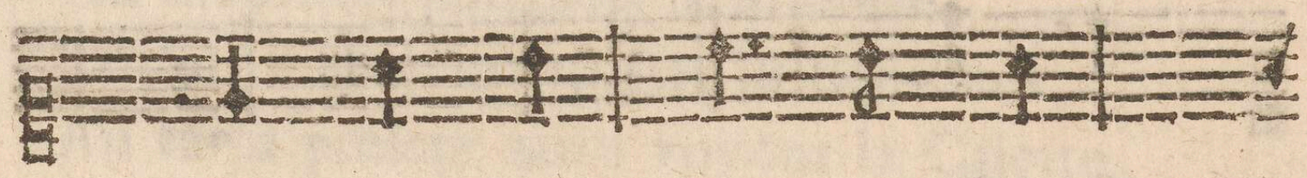
BRANLE.
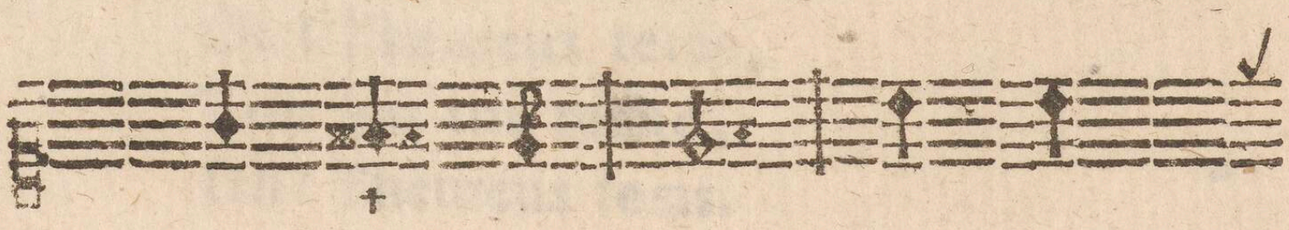


AU tems ja - dis dans l'A-



mou-reux Em - pi - re,

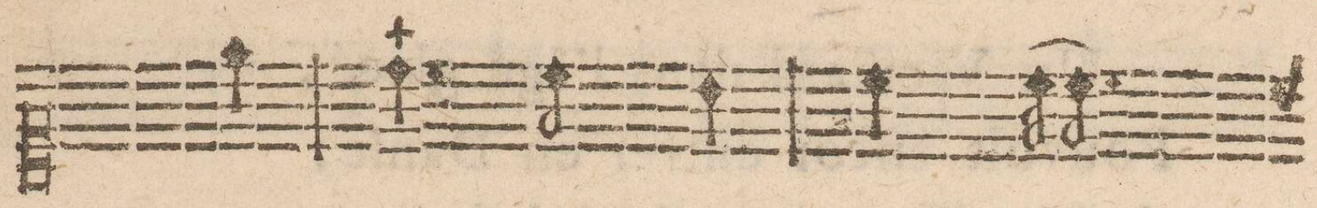


ſans ê-tre heu-reux, on ſou-

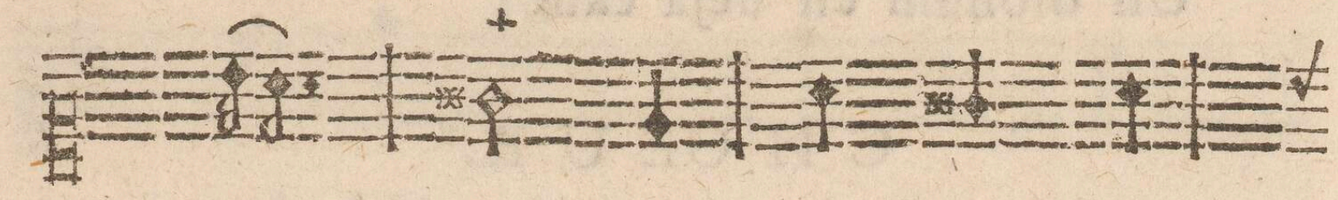


pi - roit dix ans; Au tems
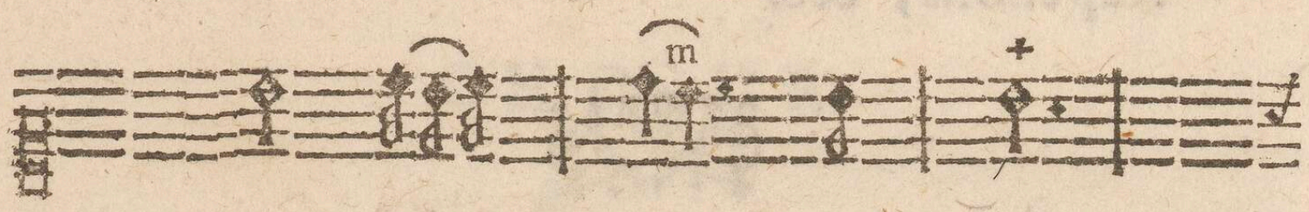
Un pré-



pré - ſent à pei - ne l'on
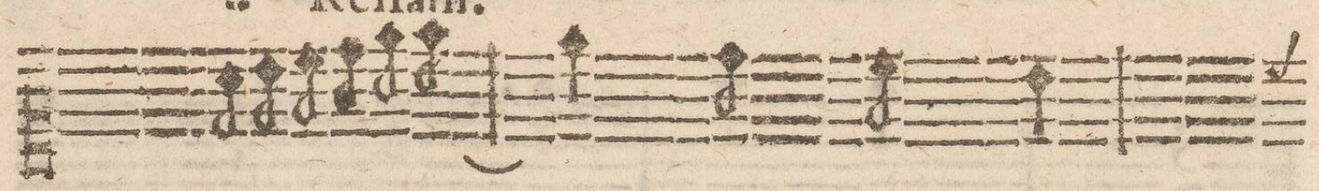


dé - ſi - re, Que l'on eſt
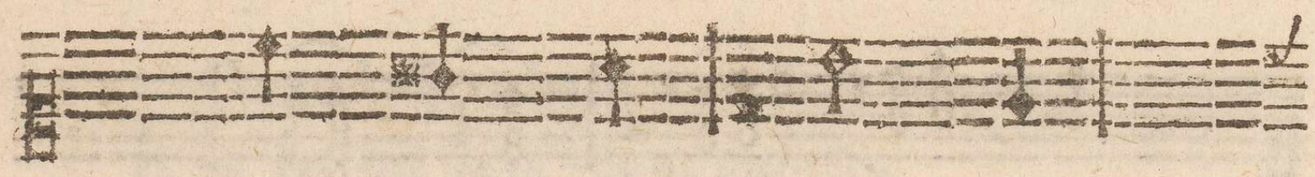


auſ - ſi - tôt con - tent;

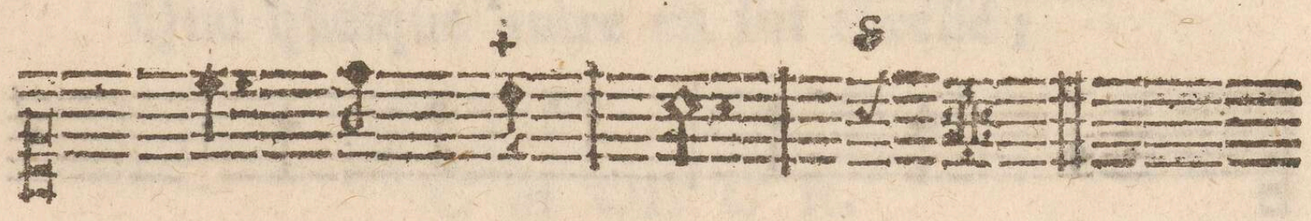
℟ Refrain.



Oh! - l'heu-reux tems,



Ton ten ton tai - ne,



Oh! l'heu-reux tems. &c.
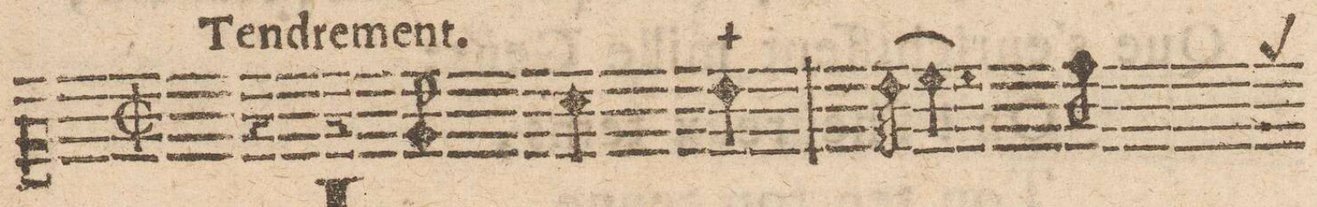
La Bonne Foi, jadis étoit la route,
Que l'on prenoit pour ſe rendre opulent,
Au tems préſent, c'eſt par la Banqueroute,
Que s'enrichiſſent mille Gens;
Oh! l'heureux tems,
Ton ten ton tenne,
Oh! l'heureux tems.

D'un Procureur, j'ai vû jadis la Femme,
N'oſer prétendre aux Tîtres éclatans;
Au tems préſent, on la nomme Madame,
Elle appelle ſes Clercs, mes Gens;
Oh! l'heureux tems,
Ton ten ton tenne,
Oh! l'heureux tems.
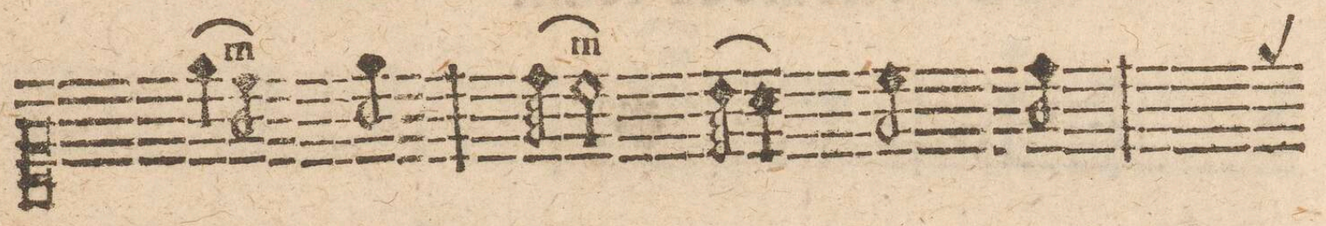
On mépriſoit autrefois la Marotte,
Et l'on voyoit triompher le Bon-Sens,
Au tems préſent nous voyons la Calotte,
Un de nos prémiers Régimens;
Oh! l'heureux tems,
Ton ten ton tenne,
Oh! l'heureux tems.

BRUNETTE.
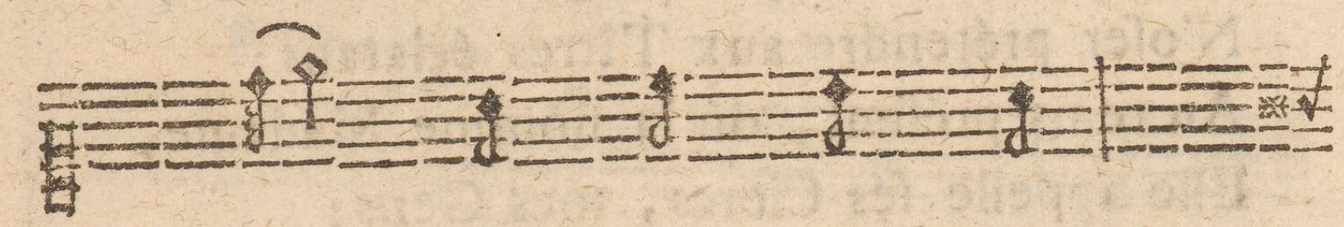
Tendrement.



LE beau Ber - ger qui
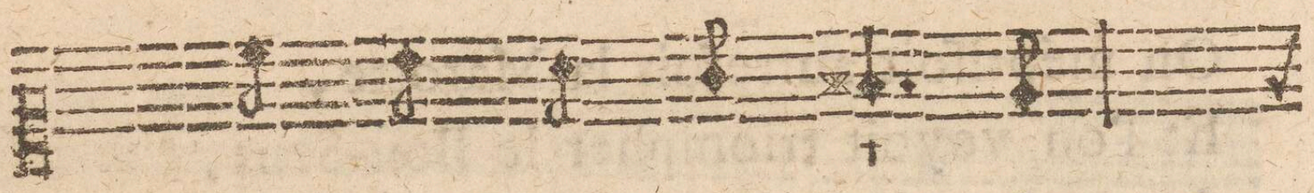


m'a ſû plai - re, A cueil-



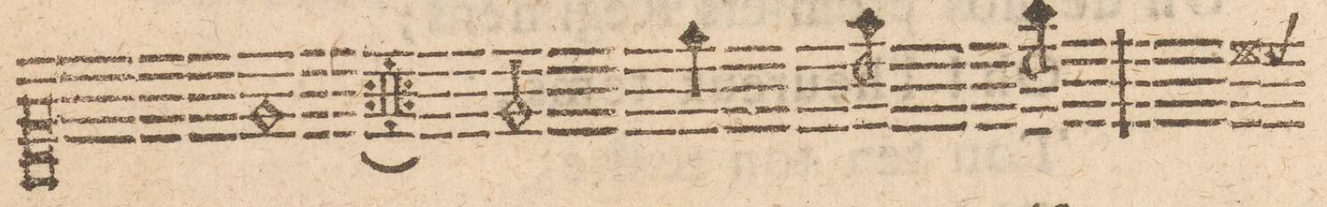
li deſ - ſus la Fou-



gè - re, La Fleur que je de-
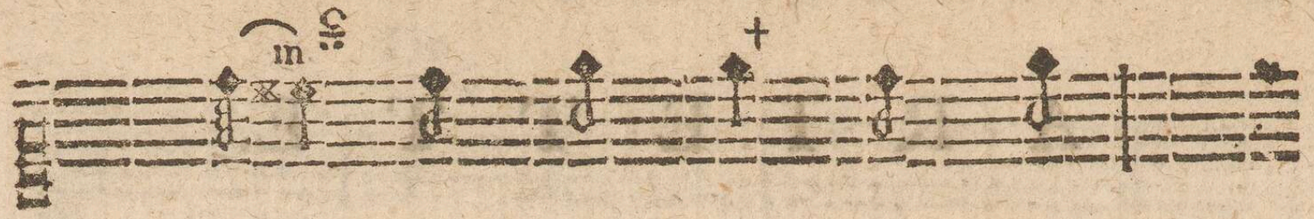


vois gar - der ſoi - gneu - ſe-
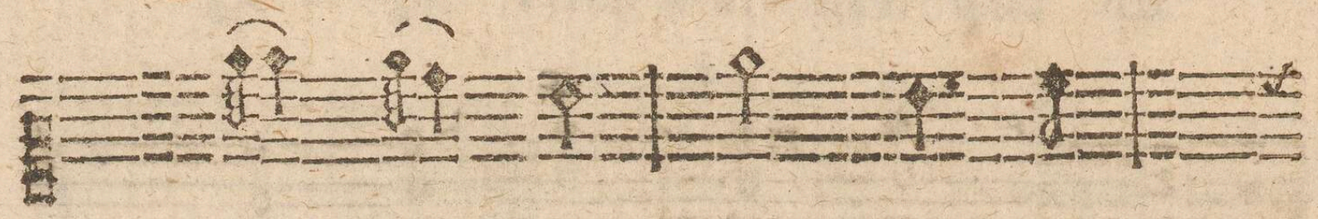


ment: ment: De ſes éf-

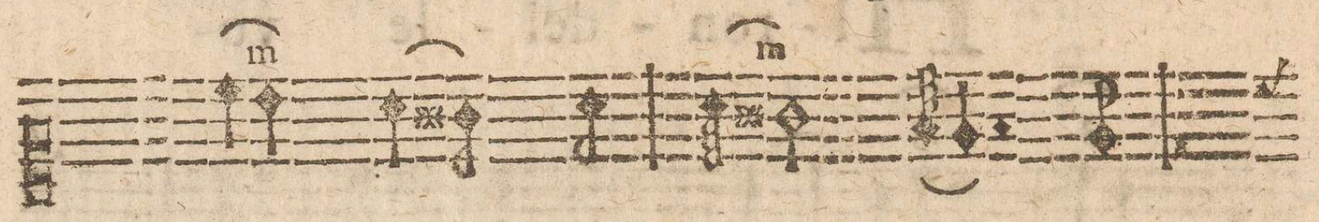
forts
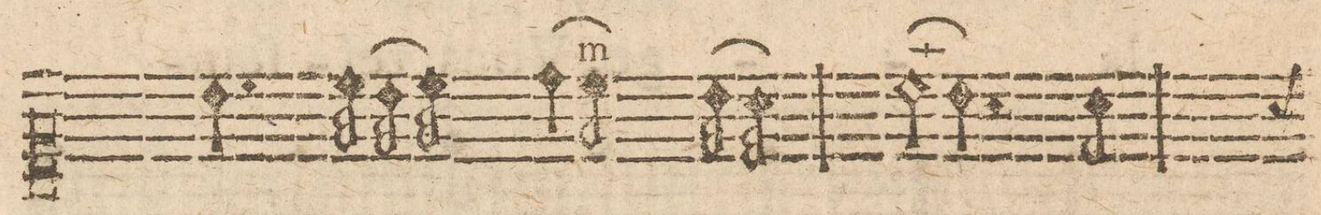


forts j'au- rois dû me dé-



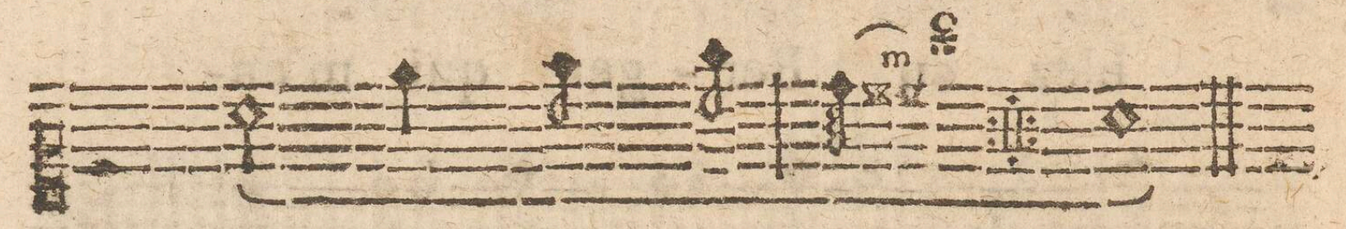
fen - dre ; Mais , Dieux ! quand on



a le Cœur ten - dre, Que



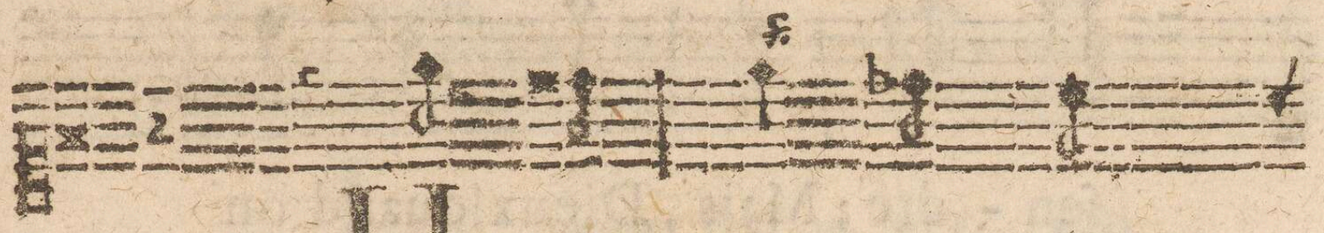
l'on ré - sif- - te foi - ble-



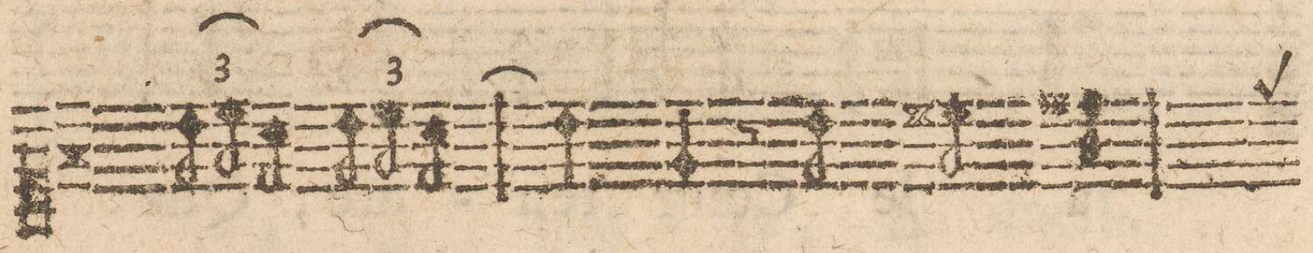
ment ! De les ef-, &c. ment !

ARIETTE.
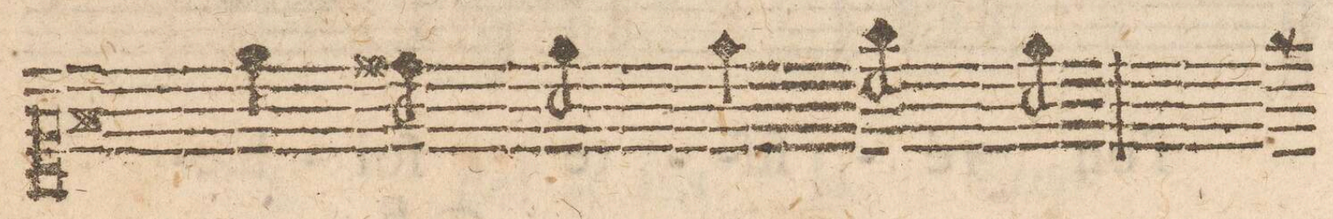
RONDEAU.
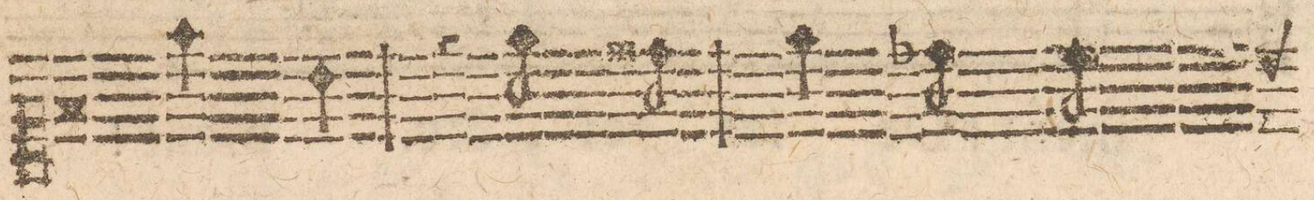


Hi - ron - del - le vo-
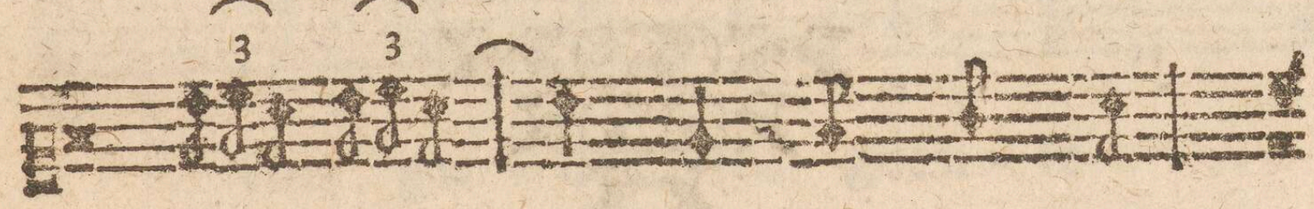


la - - ge, Vous reſ - ſem-
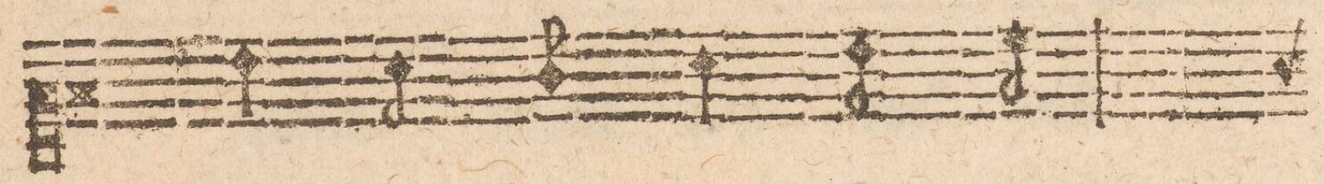


blez au Ber - ger qui m'en-



ga - ge, Hi - ron - del - le vo-



la- - - ge, Vous reſ - ſem-

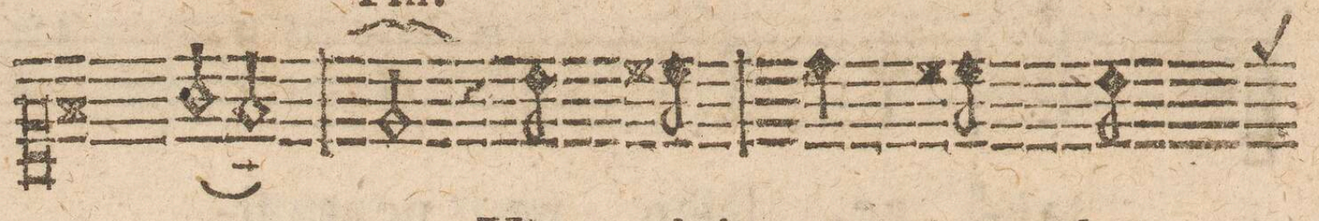


blez au Ber - ger qui m'en-

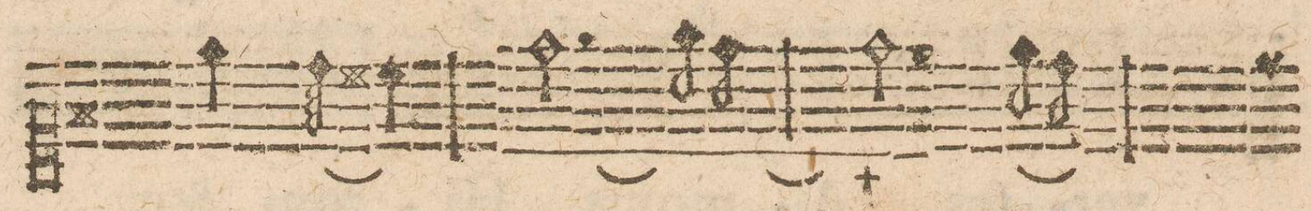
gage

BIBLIOTEKA XX. SZARLEYSKICH

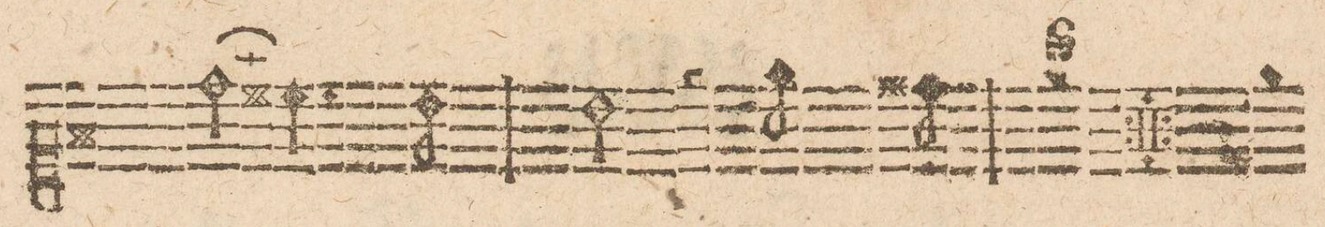
Fin.
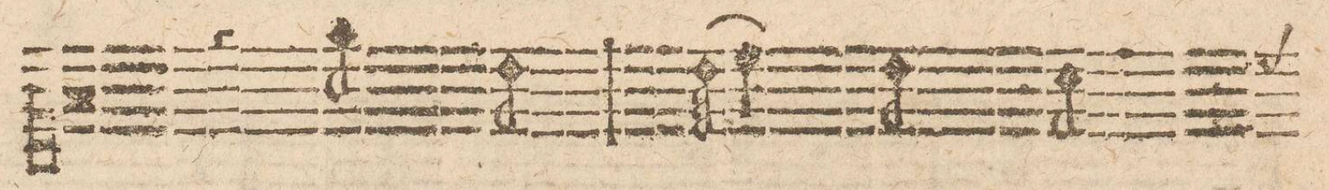


ga - ge. Vous n'ai-mez que les
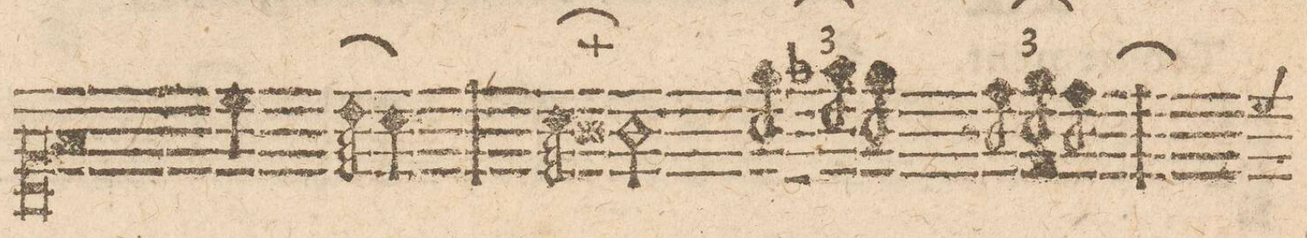


lieux où bril- - - lent
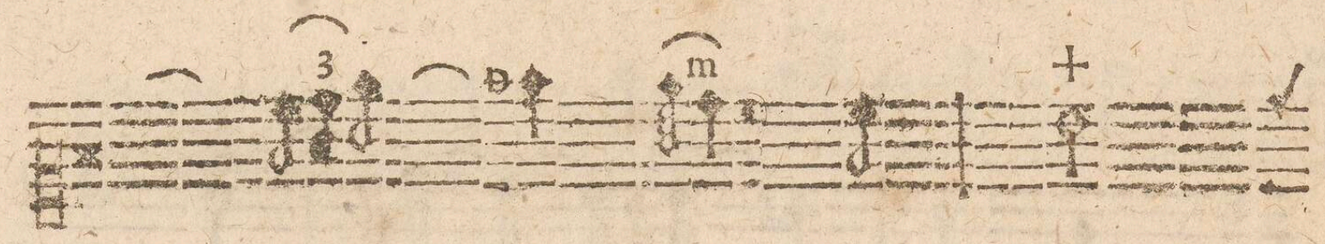


les beaux Jours. Hi - ron-, &c.



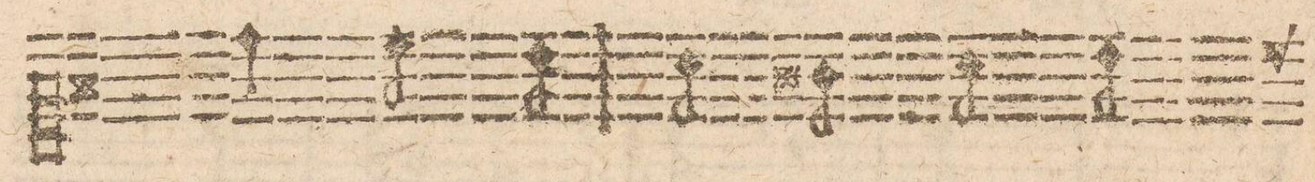
Com - me vous cet In-



grat, hé - las! Vo- -
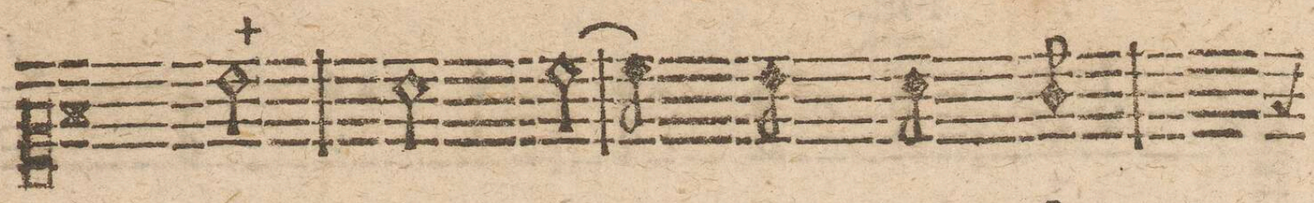


- - le tou - jours,

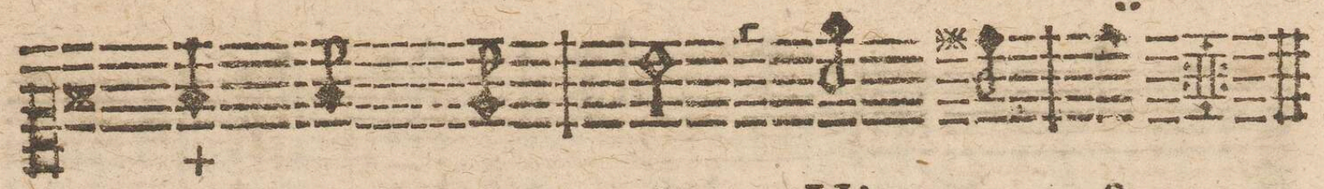


A qui le char-me da- van-

tage.
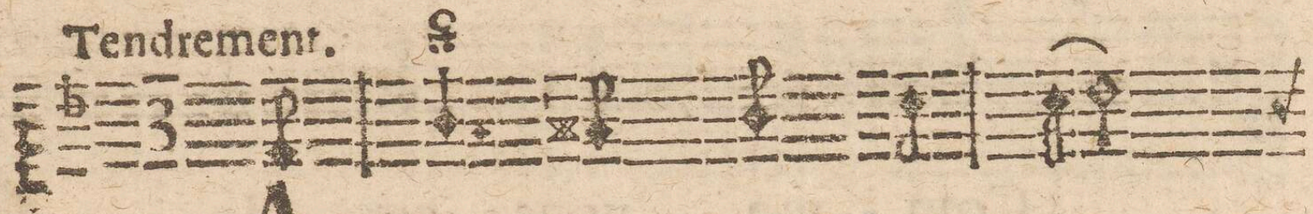


ta - ge. Rien ne peut fi-



xer ſes A - mours. Hi - ron-, &c.

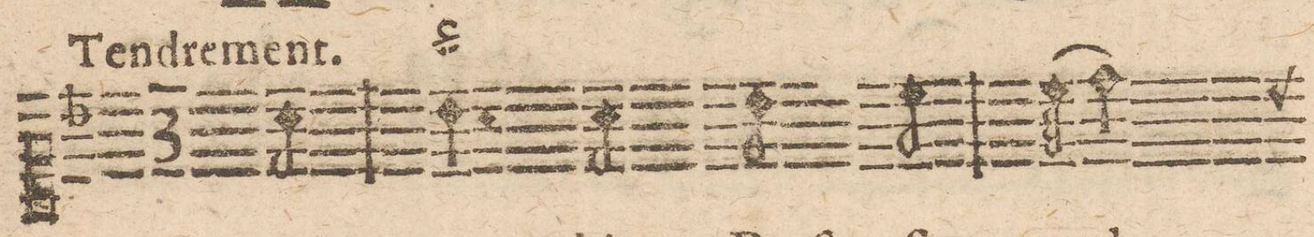
DUO DE VOIX E'GALES.

Tendrement.



Al - ma - bles Roſ - ſi - gnols,

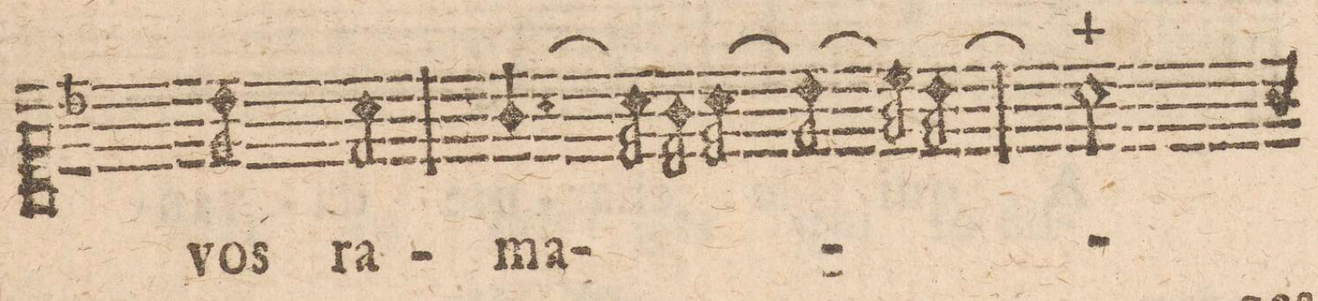
Tendrement.



Ai - ma - bles Roſ - ſi - gnols,
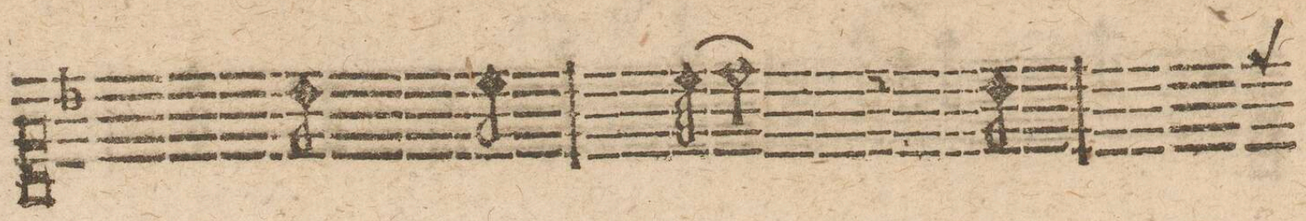


vos ra - ma- - -

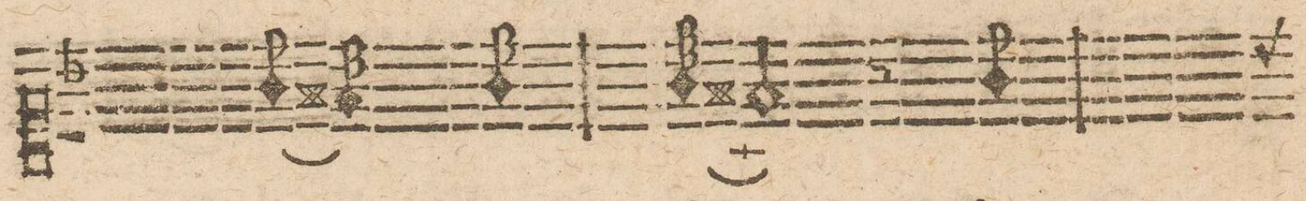


vos ra - ma- - -

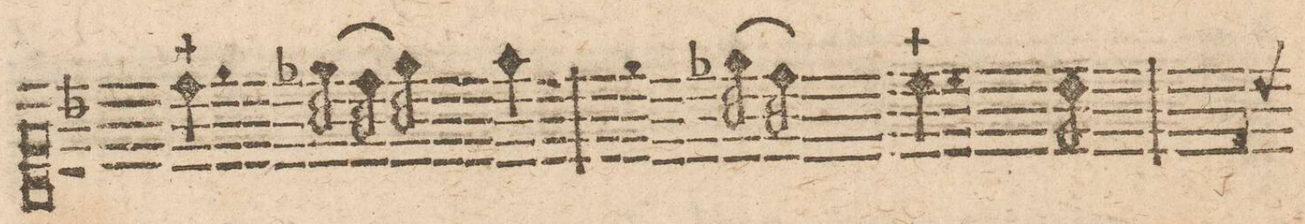
ges



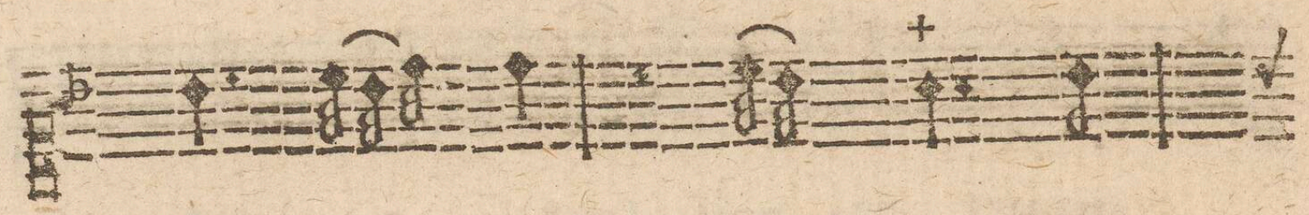
ges tou - chants, An-
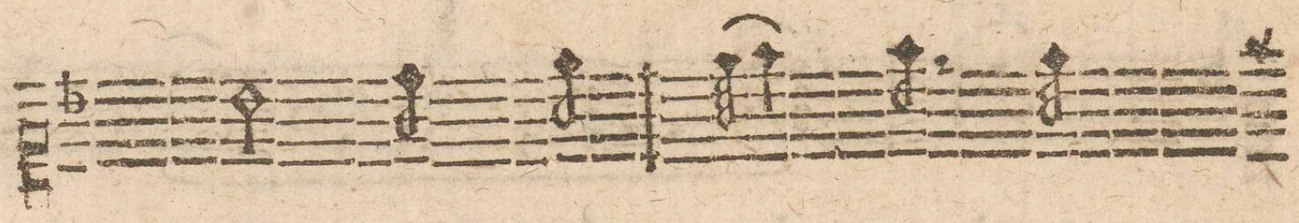


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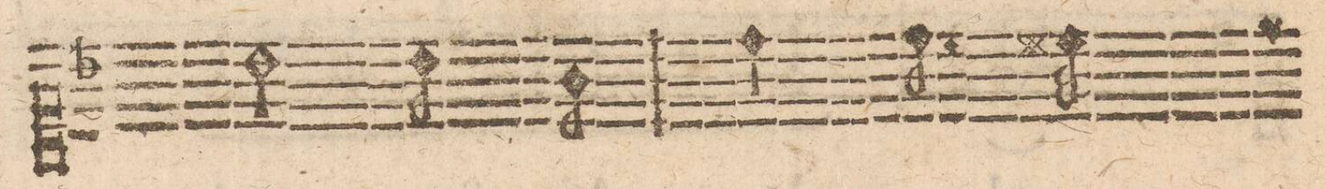


non - cent Flo - re & le Prin-
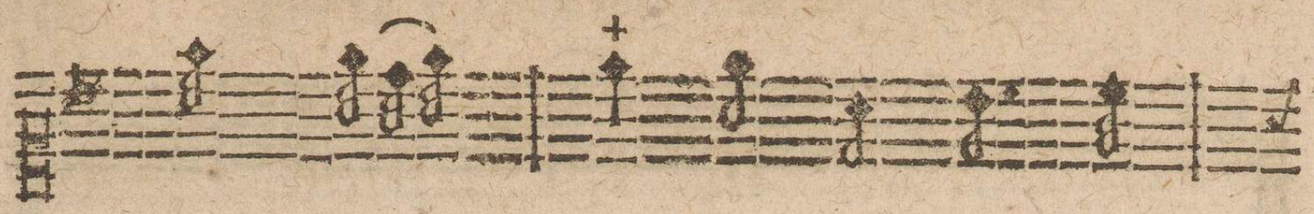


non - cent Flo - re & le Prin-



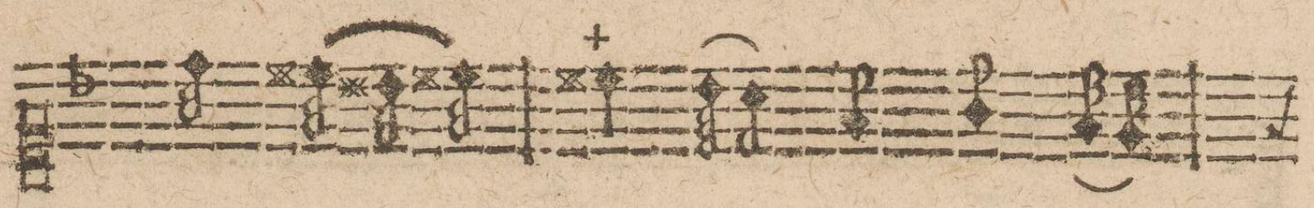
tems, La Na - tu - re ſe



tems, La Na - tu - re ſe
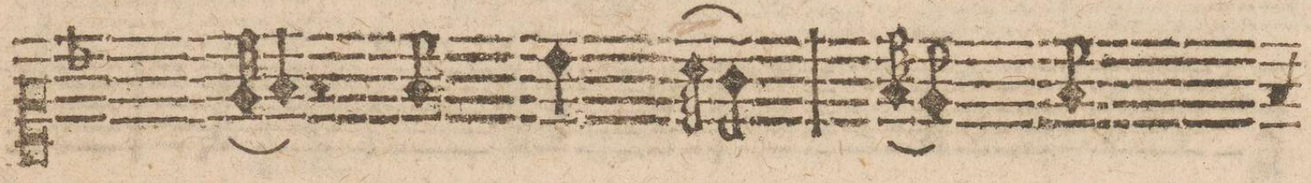


re - nou - vel - le, Et les A-



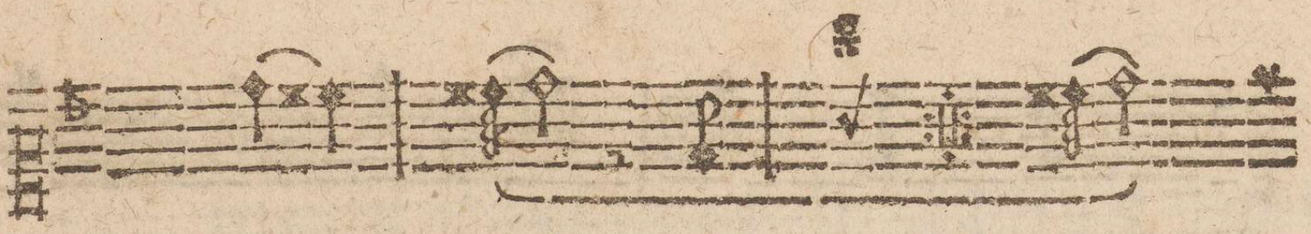
re - nou - vel - le, Et les A-
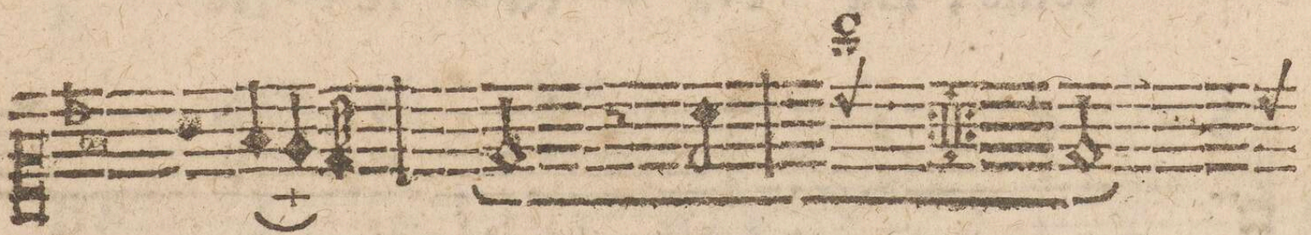


mours re - naiſ - ſent a - vec



mours re - naiſ - ſent a - vec

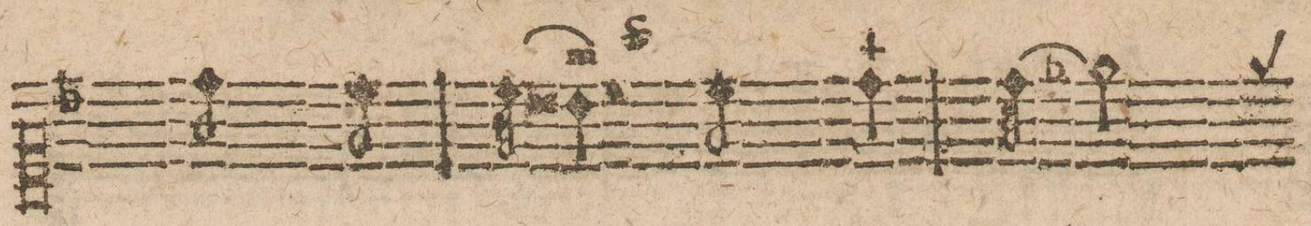


el - le: Ai-, &c. le:
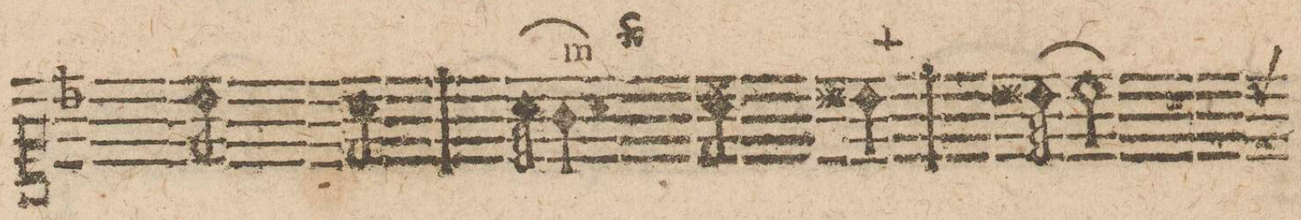


el - le: Ai-, &c. le:
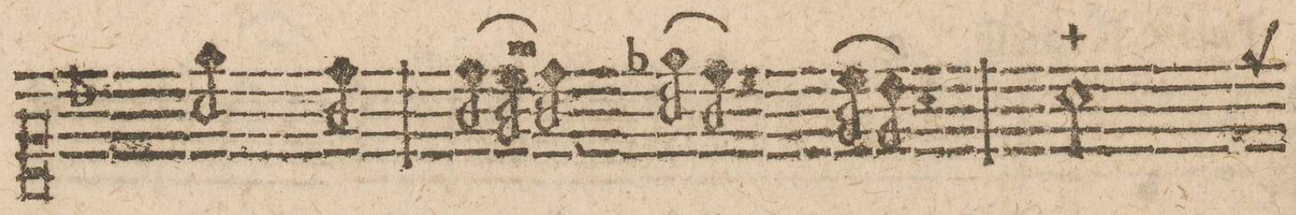
Mais
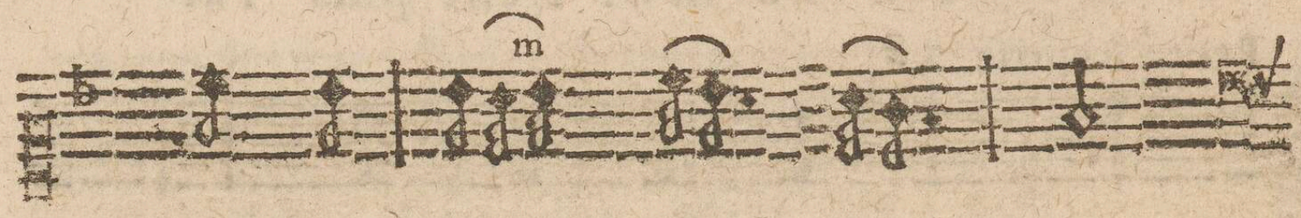


Mais, en vain vous chan - tez



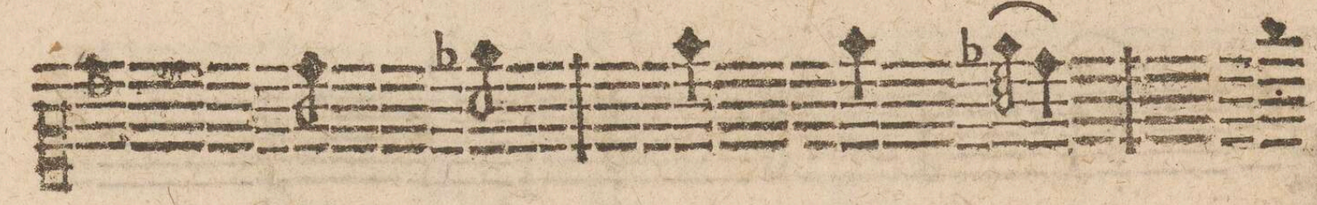
Mais, en vain vous chan - tez
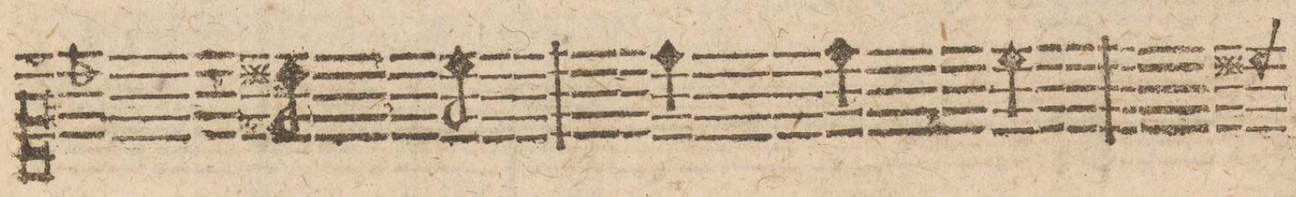


le re - tour des Zé - phirs,



le re - tour des Zé - phirs,
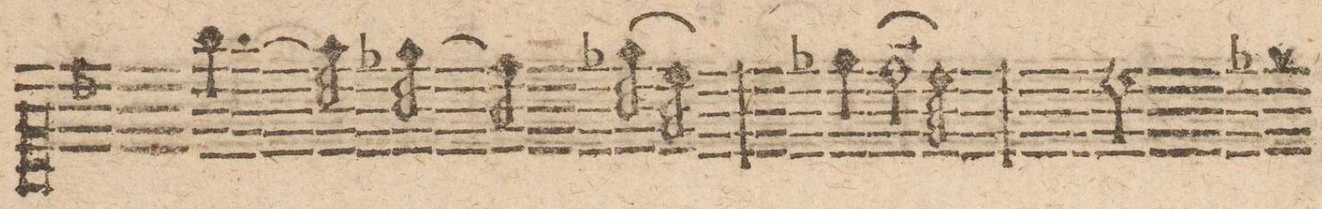


Ils ne peu - vent cal-

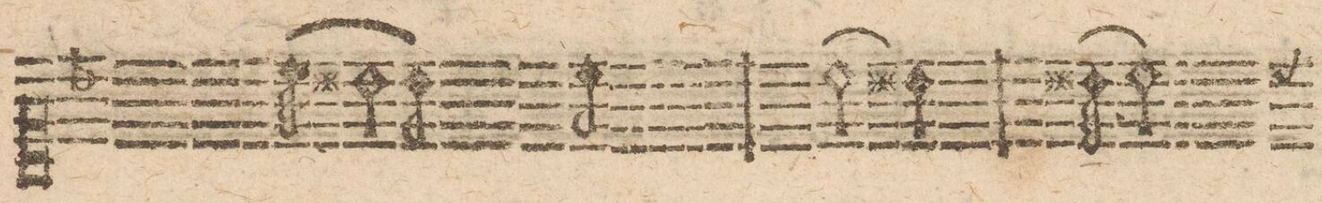


Ils ne peu - vent cal-

Mais mer



mer - ma pei - ne:



mer ma pei - ne:

Petite Reprise.

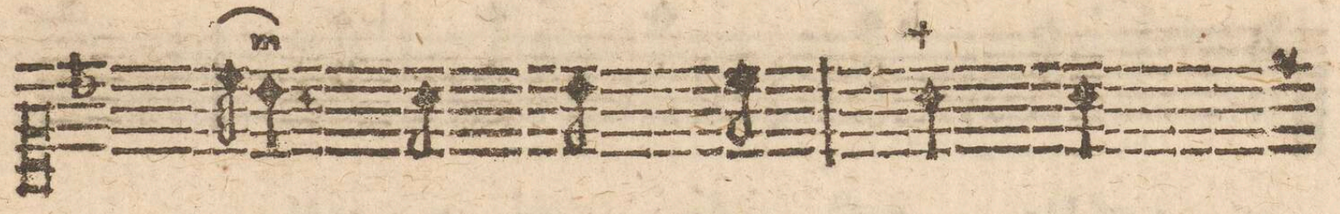


Ces lieux ne m'of-frent plus l'ai-
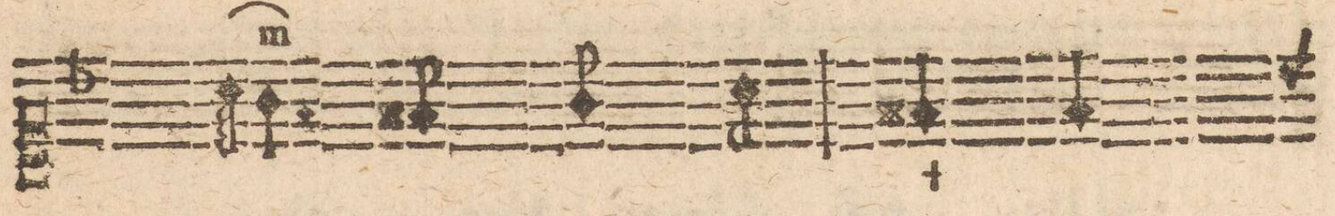
Petite Reprise.



Ces lieux ne m'of-frent plus l'ai-
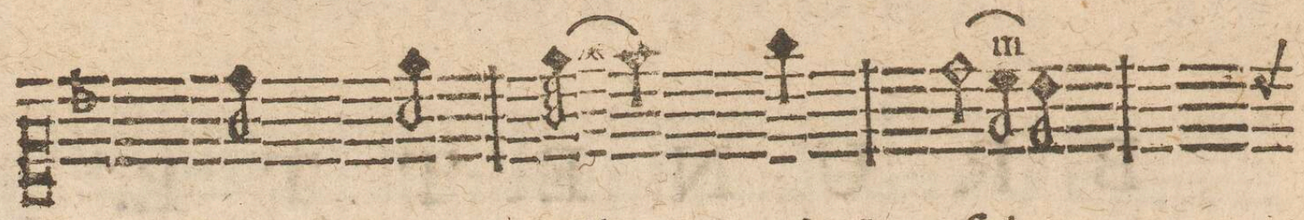


ma - ble Cé - li - mè - ne;
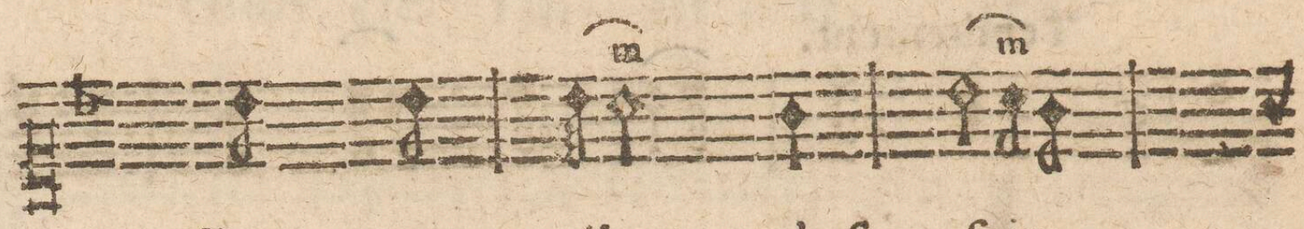


ma - ble Cé - li - mè - ne;

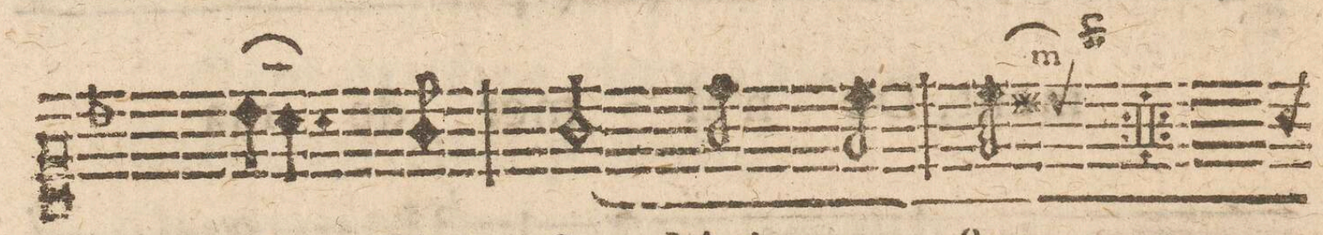
Peu-



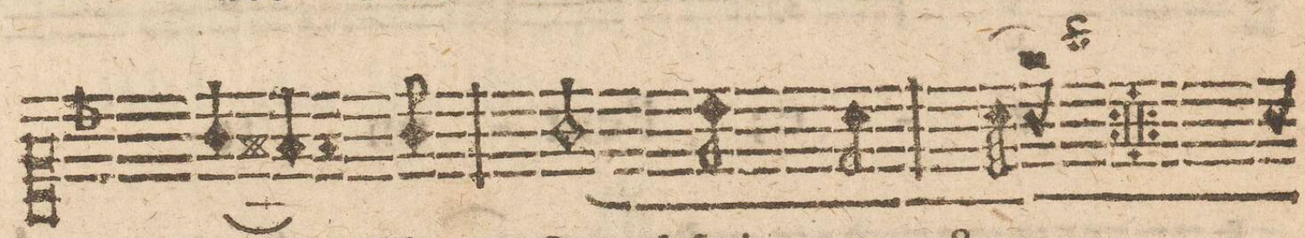
Peu - vent - ils m'of - frir



Peu - vent - ils m'of - frir

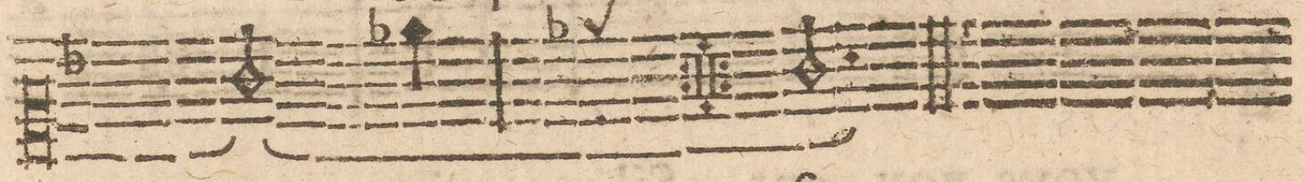


des Plai - firs. Mais en, &c.



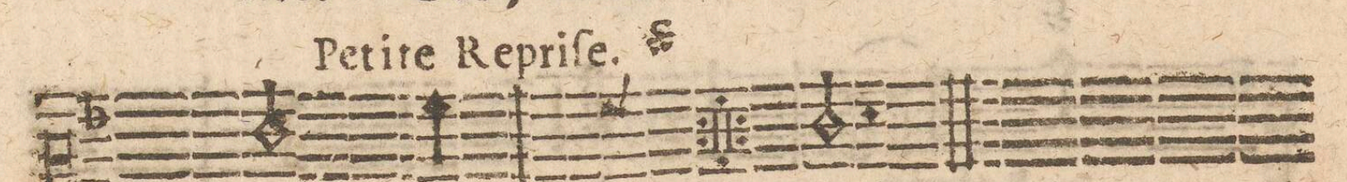
des Plai - firs. Mais en, &c.

Petite Repriſe.



firs. Ces, &c. firs.

Petite Repriſe.
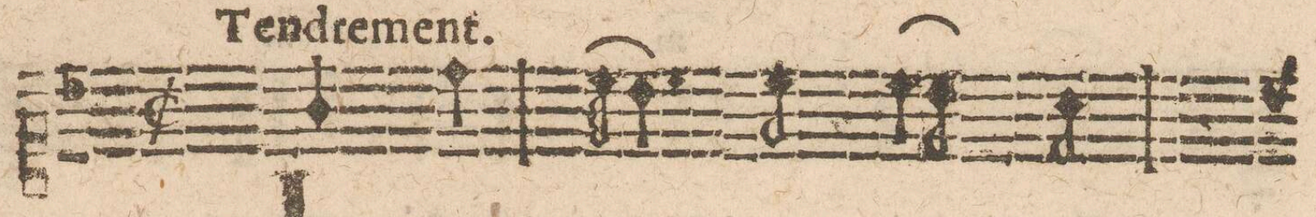


firs. Ces, &c. firs.

Peu.

BRU-

BRUNETTE.
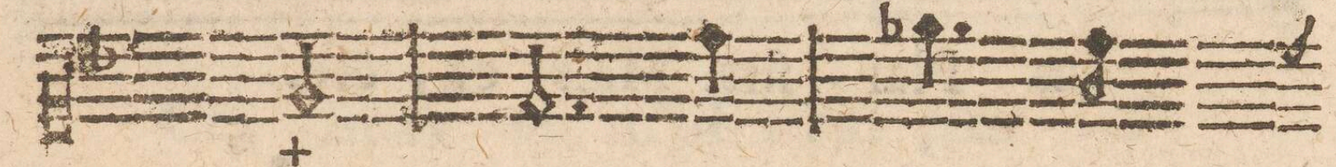
Tendrement.
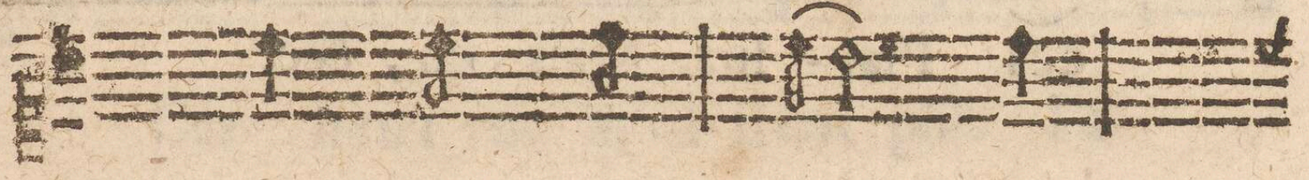


JE ju - rois bien fol - le-



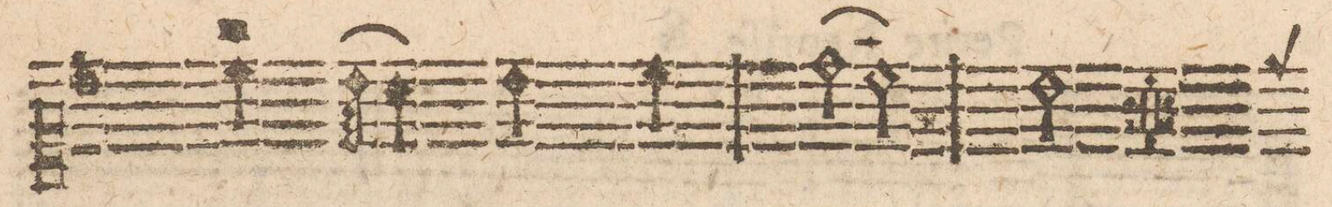
ment, De n'ai - mer de ma
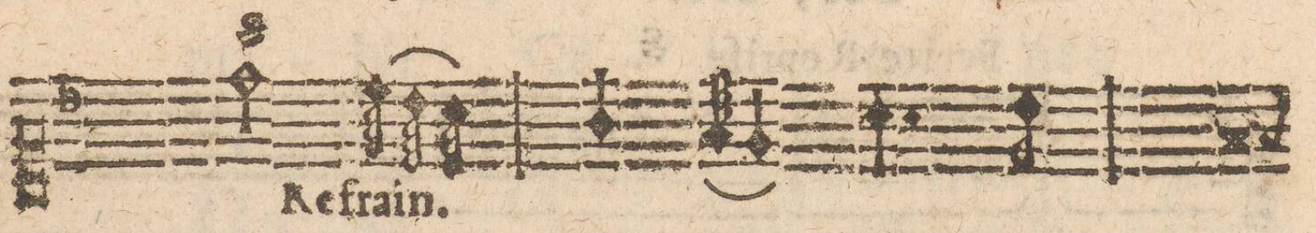


vi - e; Peut - on te-



nir ce Ser - ment, En



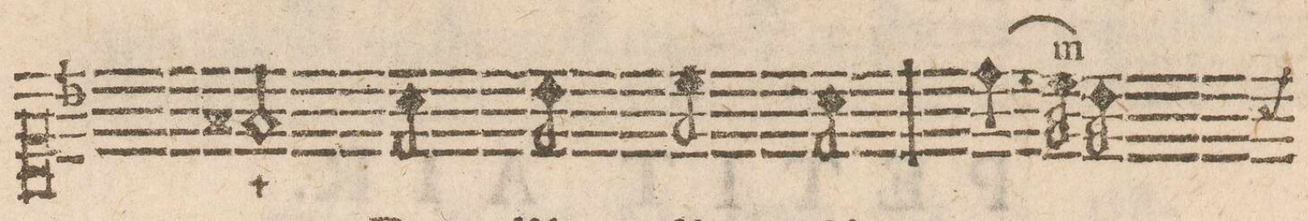
vous voy - ant Sil - vi - e:



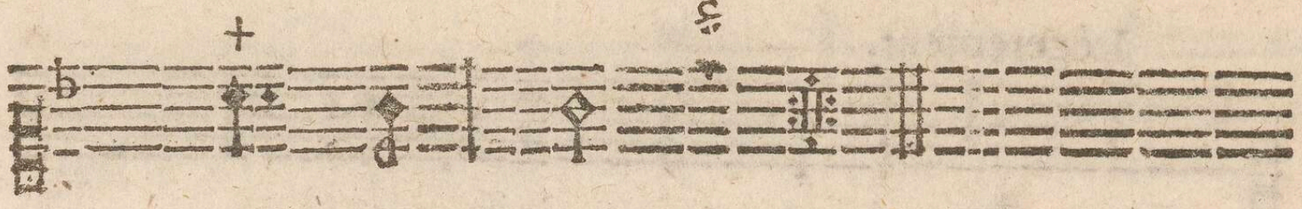
Refrain.

Ah! que le che-min eſt

court,



court, De l'in- dif - fé - ren-



ce à l'A - mour. &c.

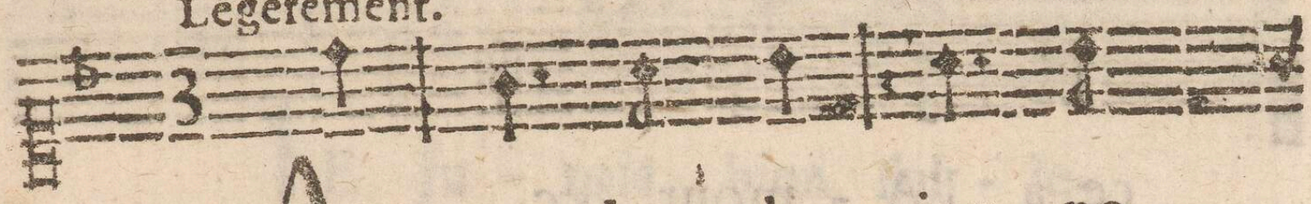
Quel extrême changement?
Comment eſt-il poſſible,
Que mon Cœur en un moment,
Soit devenu ſenſible;
Ah! que le, &c.

Mais, ce changement, Hélas!
Doit-il tant me ſurprendre!
Vous brillez de tant d'appas,
Et quand on eſt ſi tendre;
Ah! que le, &c.

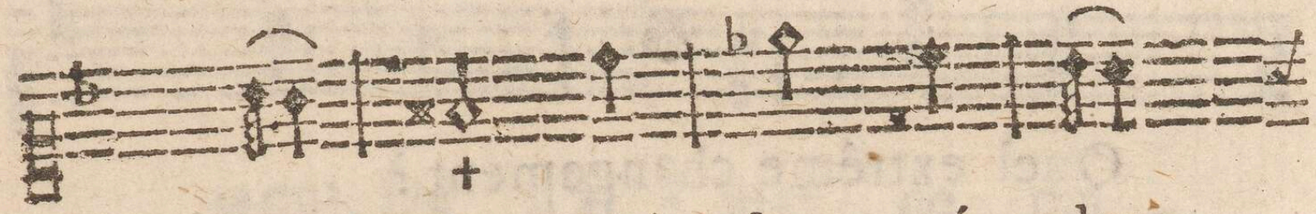
Vous, qui ſoûmettez mon Cœur,
Sans peine à vôtre Empire;
N'aurai-je point la Douceur,
De vous entendre dire;
Ah! que le, &c.

PETIT AIR.
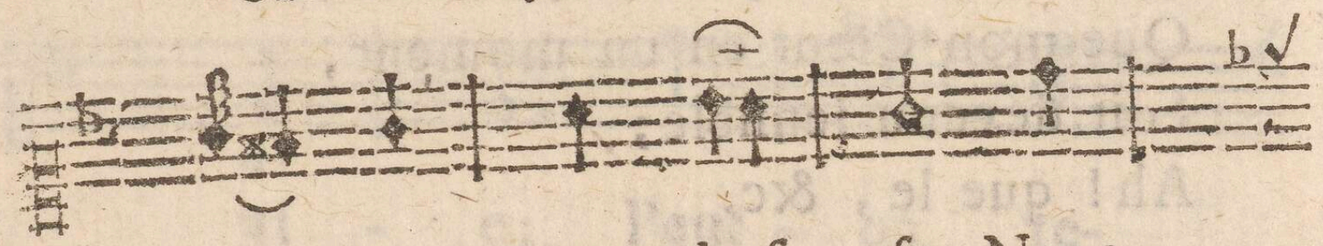
Légerement.



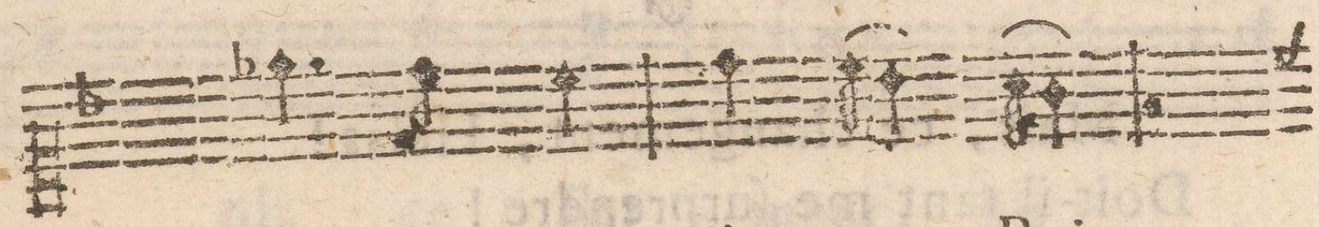
AI- mons dans la jeu- ne



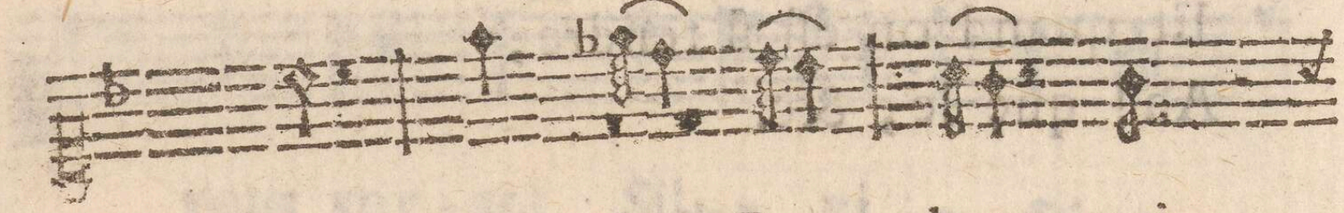
Sai- ſon, Cé- dons, cé- dons



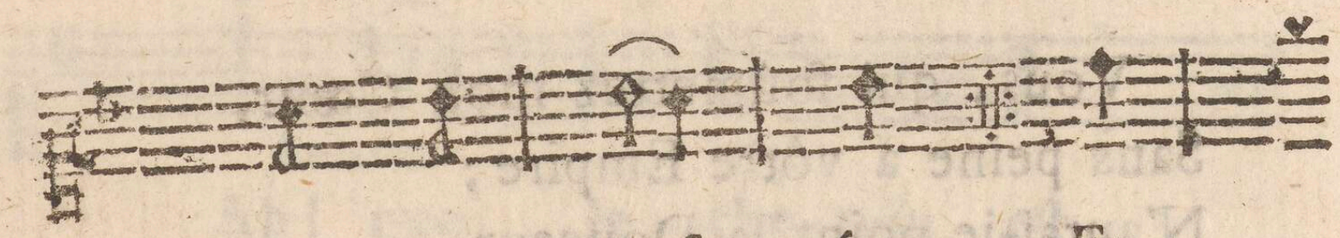
à la Ten- dreſ- ſe, Nous



en faut- il d'au- tre Rai-

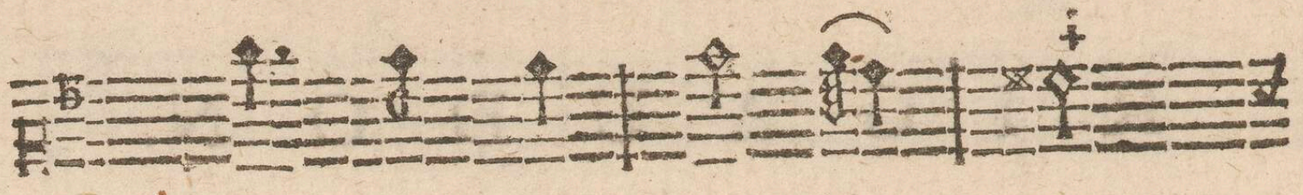


ſon, Que le Pen- chant qui

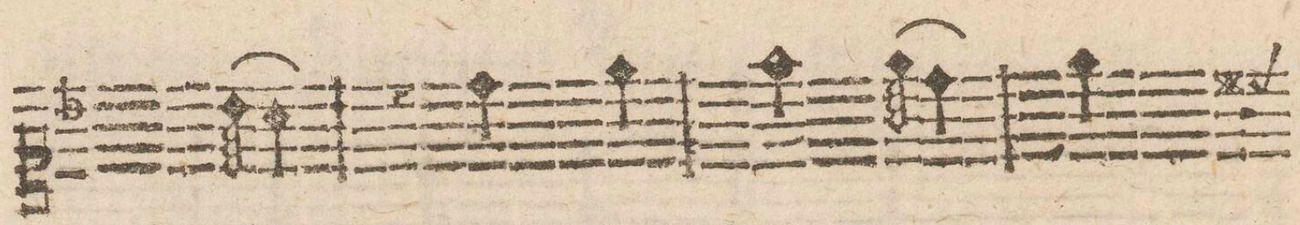


nous en pref- ſe; En
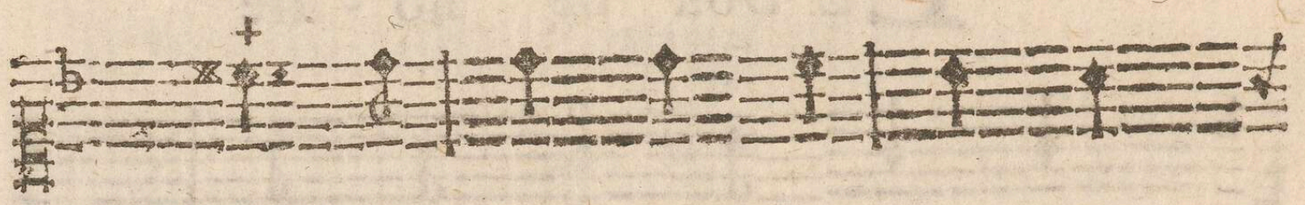
vain
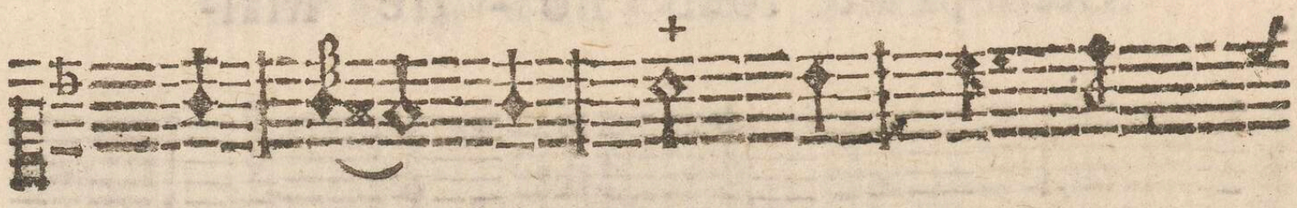


vain u-ne Er-reur ex - trê-
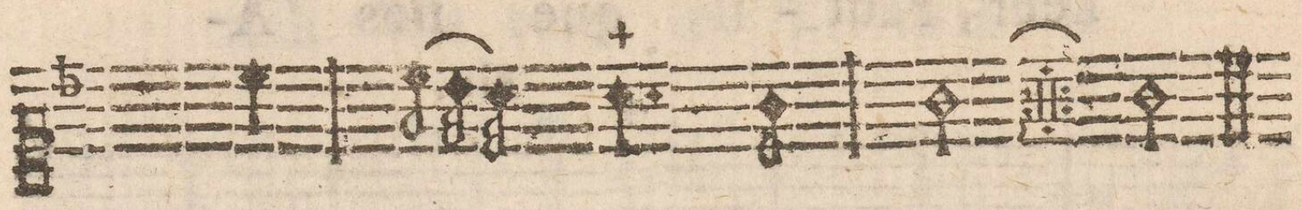


me, Nous déf- fend de nous



en - flâ- mer; Nô- tre Cœur ſait



aſ - ſez lui - mê- me; Le be-

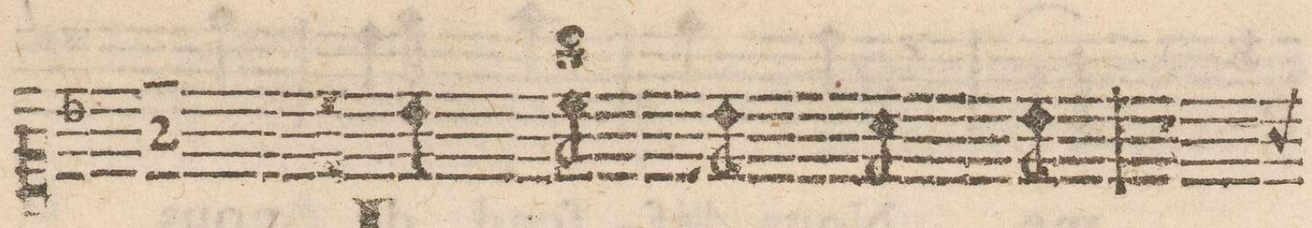


ſoin qu'il a d'ai - mer. mer.

vain

RIGAUDON.

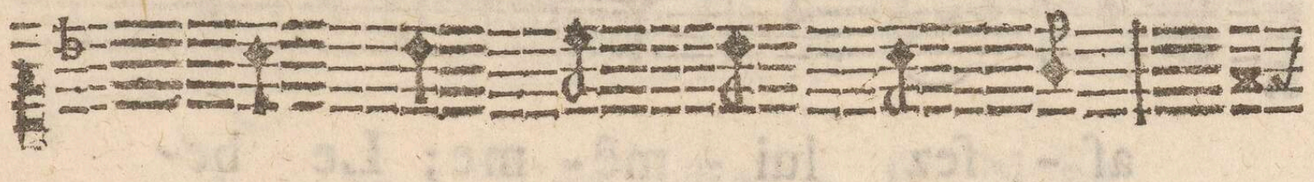
RONDEAU.
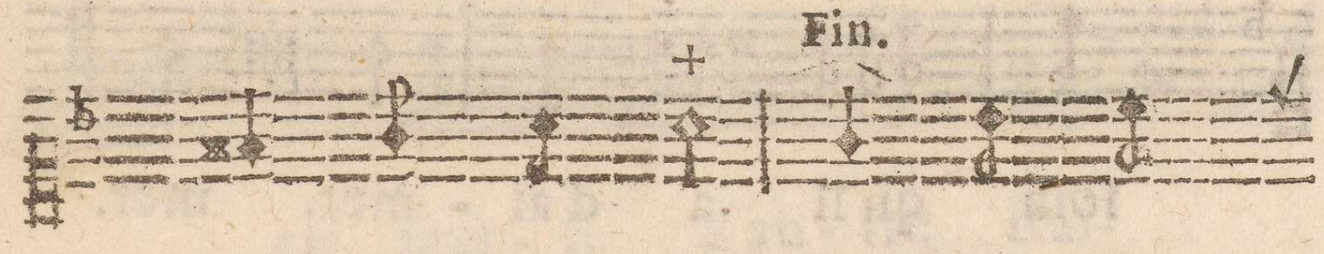


LE Don de nô - tre
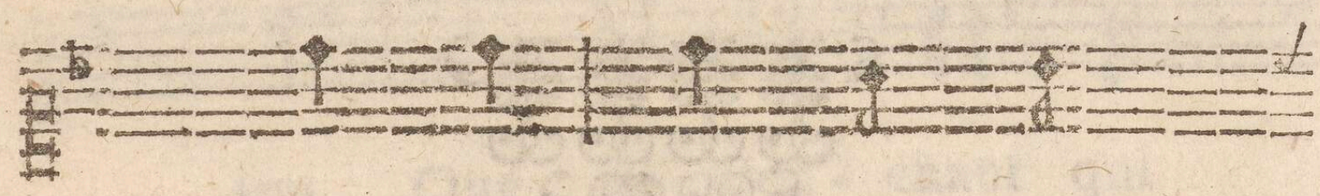


Cœur, Fait tout nô - tre Mal-



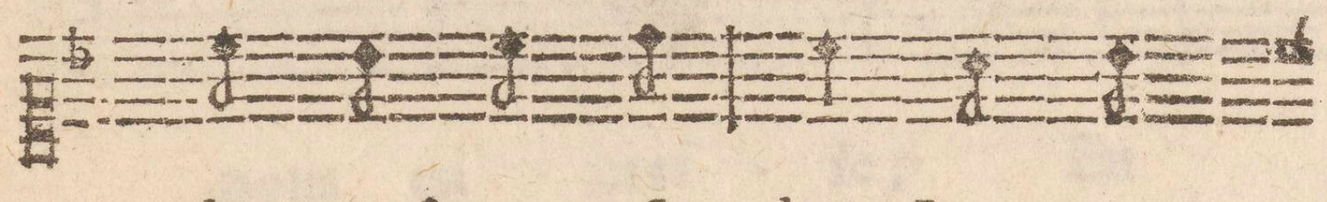
heur, Faut - il que nos A-



mans, En pro - fi - tent. Les re-
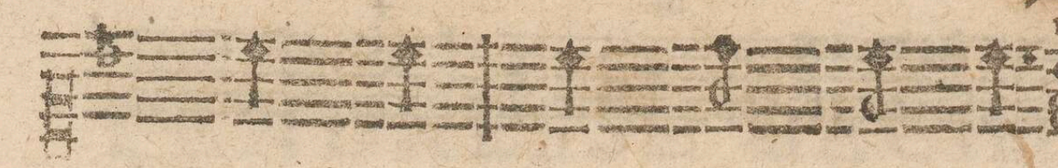


fu - ſons - nous, Ils ont
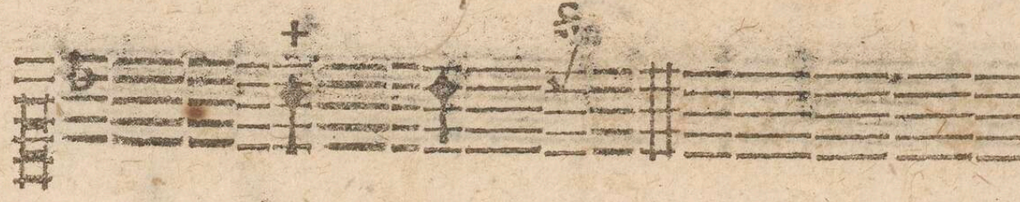


des tranſ-ports ſi doux, Leur ac-

cordons-



cor- dons-nous, Ils nous quit-
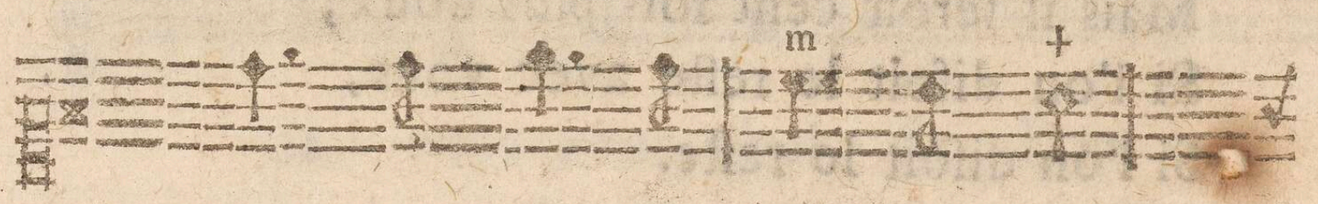


tent. Le, &c.

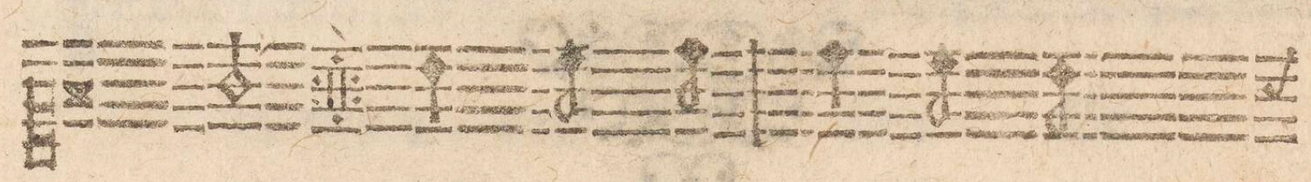
RONDE DE TABLE.
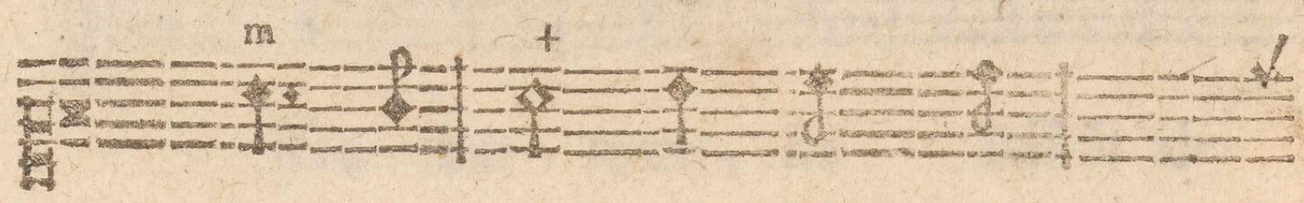


A-Mis tous le Ver-re à la



main, Bu-vons les uns aux au-
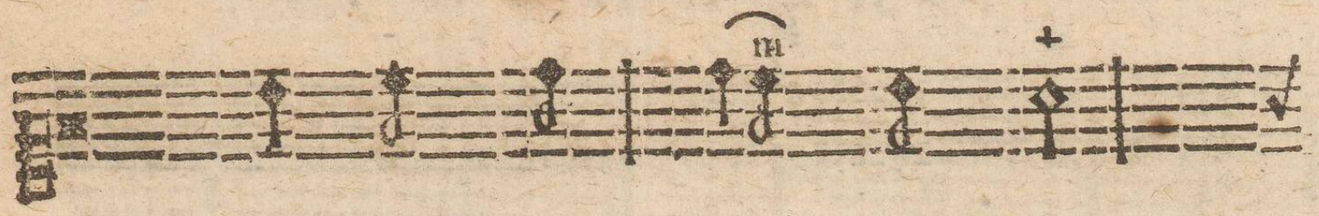


tres: Et goû-tons bien les Plai-
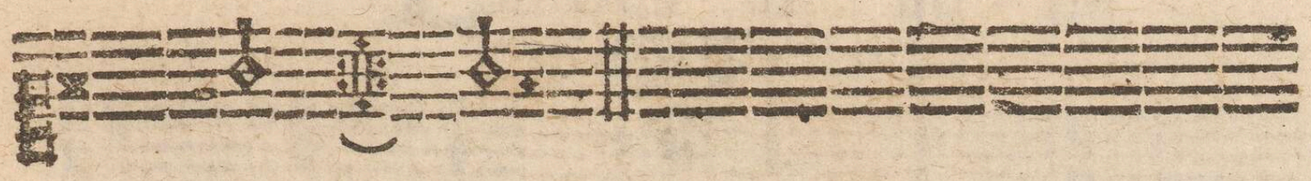


firs du Vin, Et goû-tons



bien les Plai - ſirs du Vin,



En at - ten - dant les au-
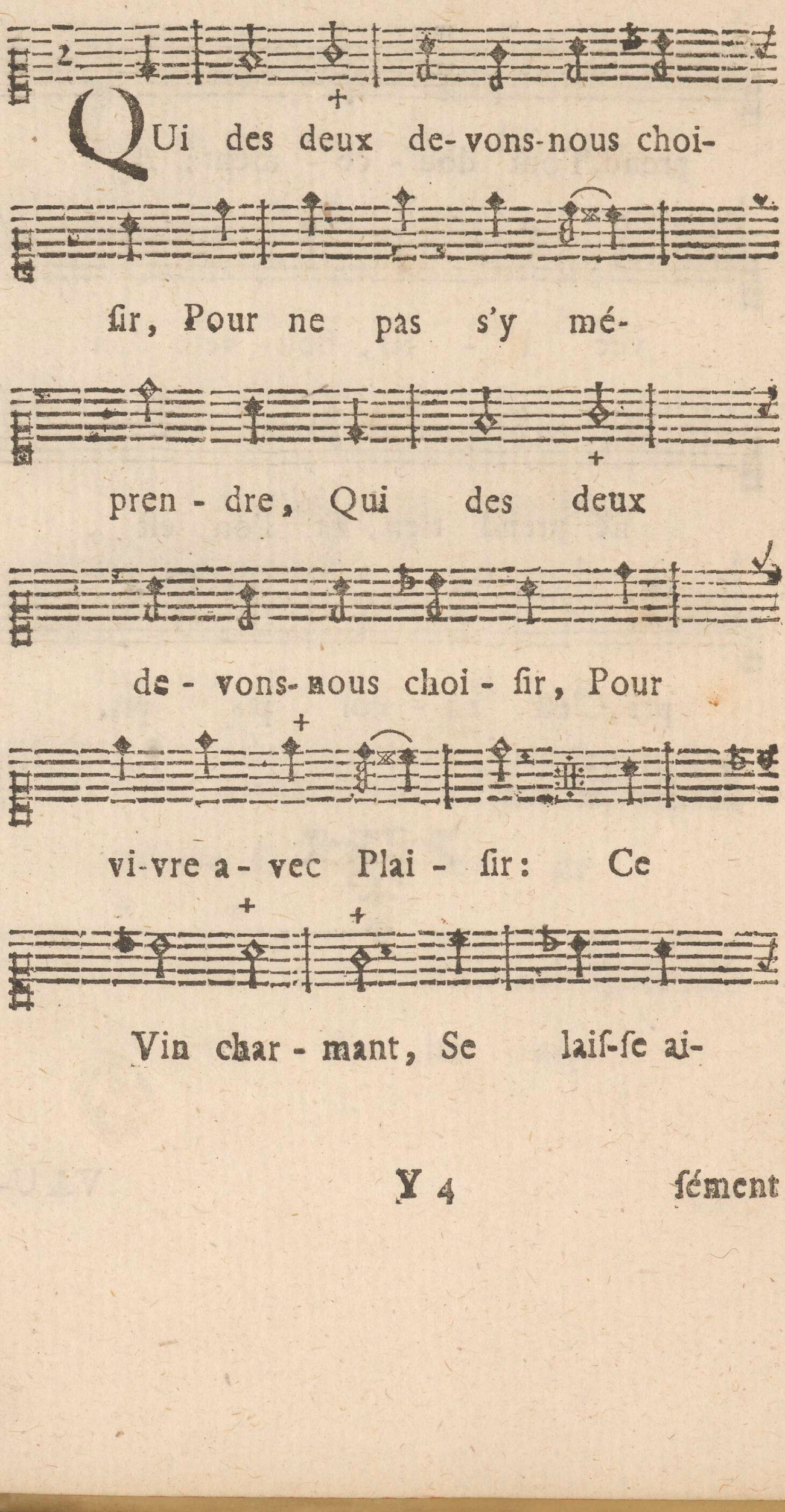


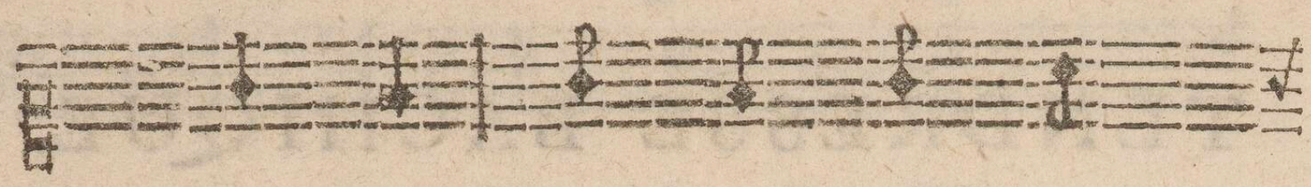
tres. tres.

Quel Plaiſir de Boire avec vous,
Ma charmante Nanette;
Mais il ſeroit cent fois plus doux,
Si l'on diſoit le reſte avec vous,
Si l'on diſoit le reſte.
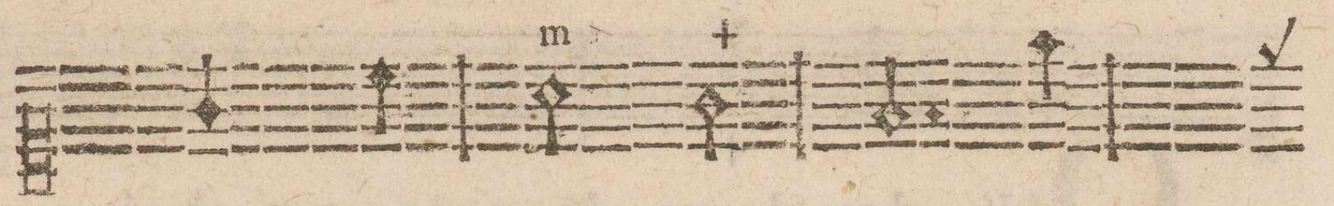
TEN-

TENDRESSE BACHIQUE.

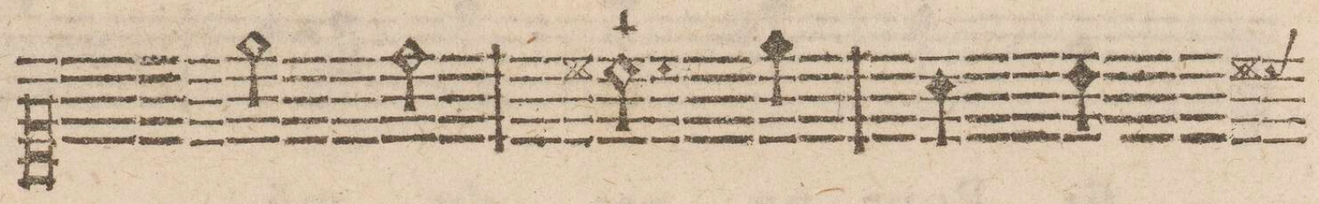




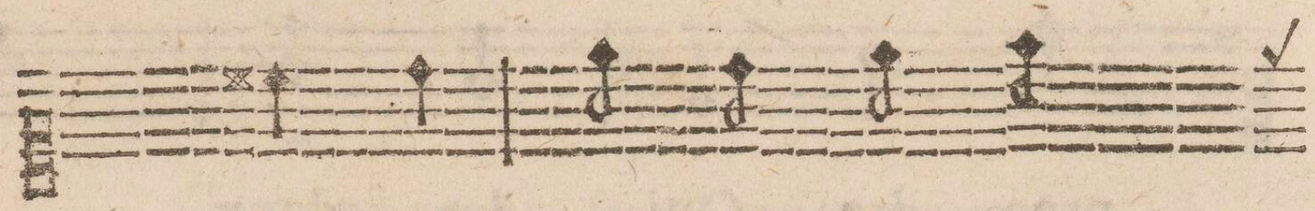
ſé - ment pren - dre, Mais il



prend, Tout dou - ce - ment; A-



vec I - ris, Sou - vent l'on



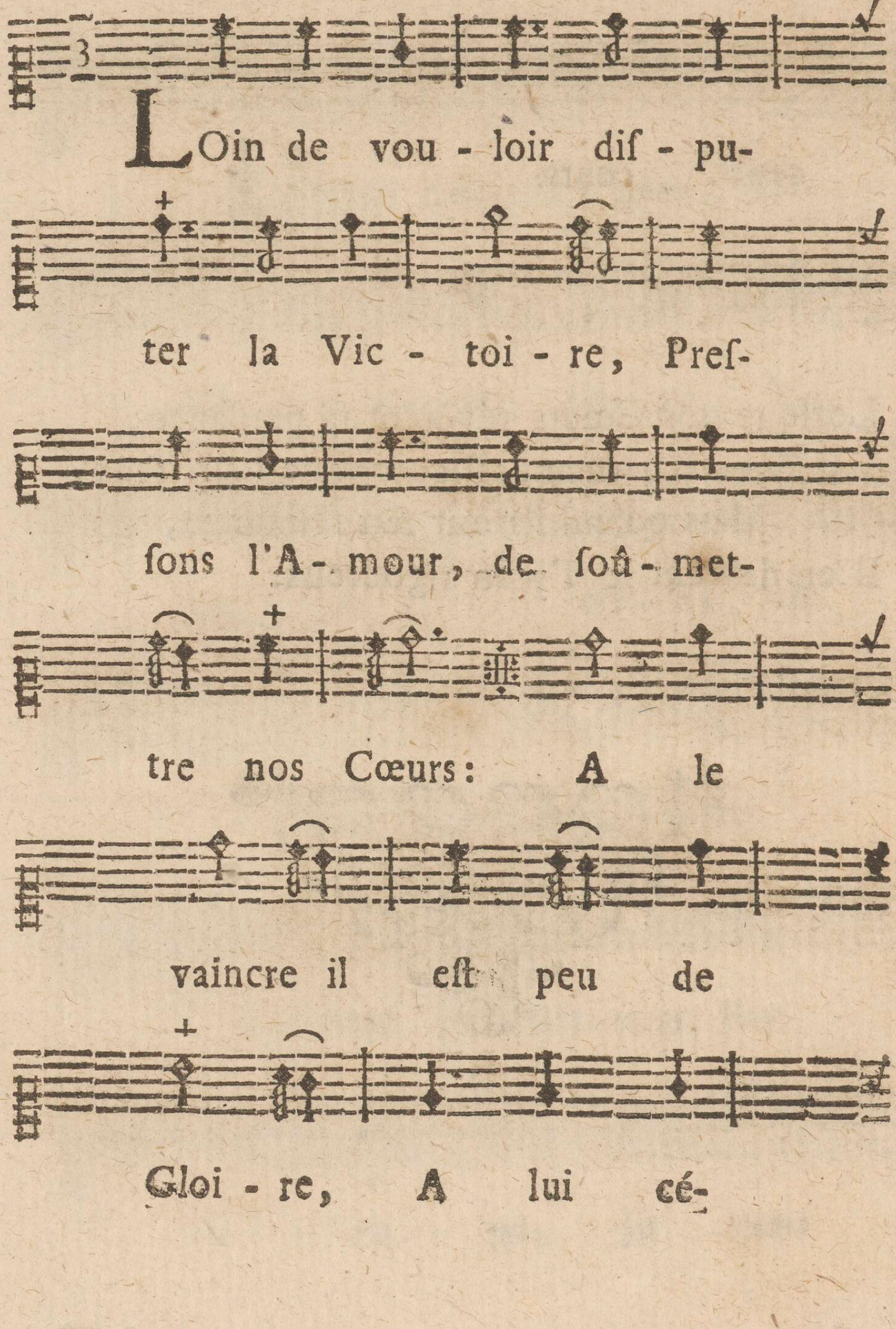
ne prend rien, Et l'on eſt



pris, C'eſt en - cor pis. pis.

VAU-

VAUDEVILLE.



LOin de vou - loir dif - pu-

ter la Vic - toi - re, Pref-
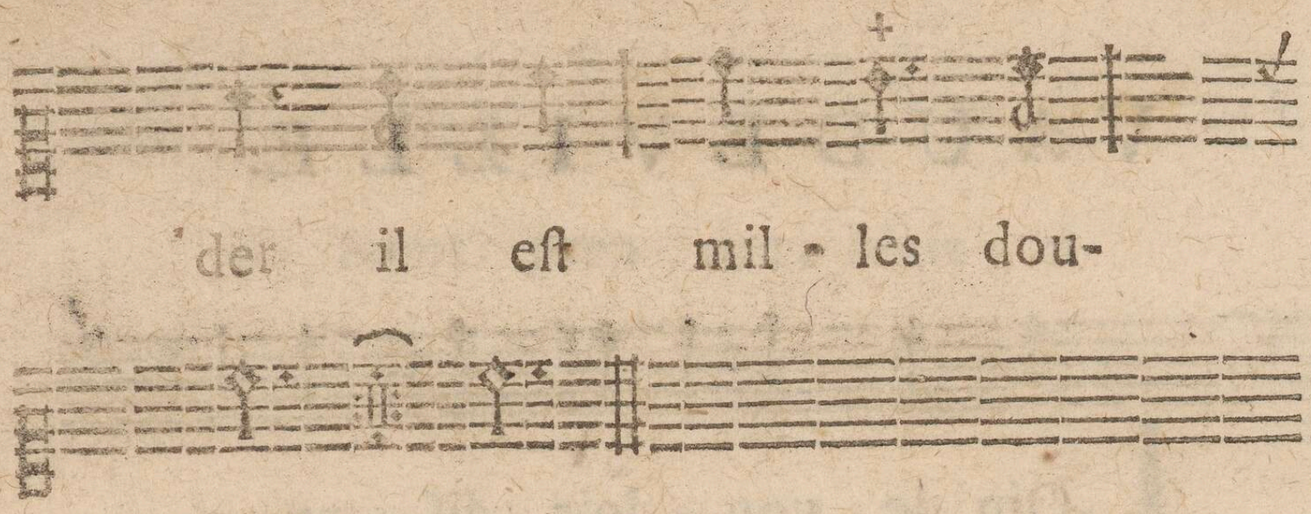
ſons l'A - mour, de ſoû - met-

tre nos Cœurs: A le

vaincre il eſt peu de

Gloi - re, A lui cé-

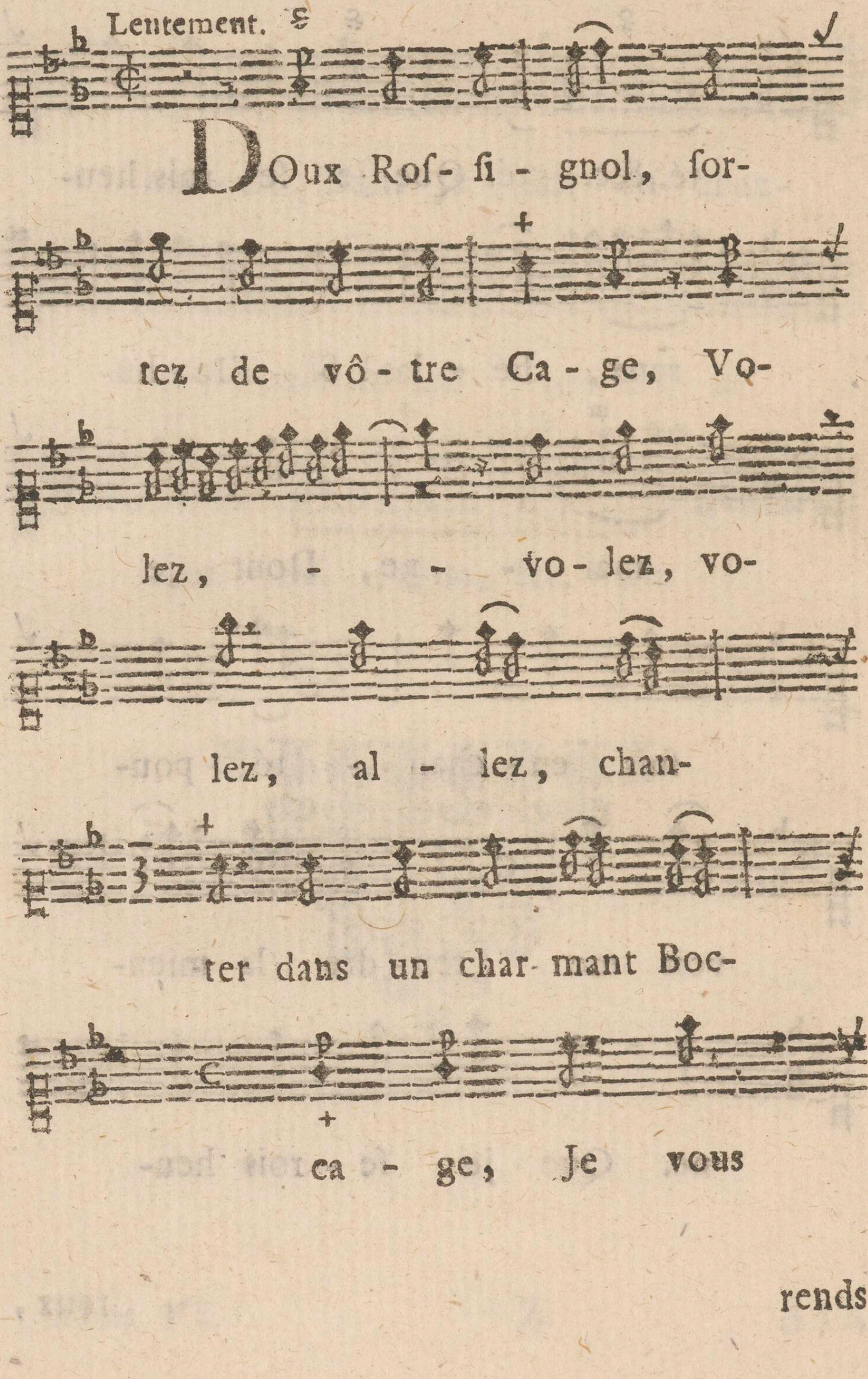
der

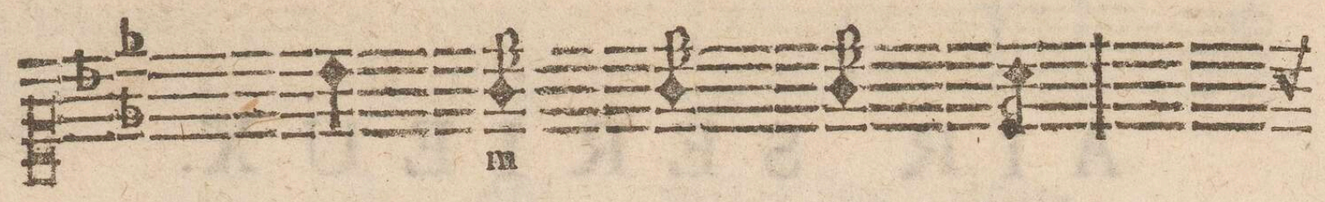


Lorſque nos Cœurs révèrent ſa puiſſance,
Vainqueur charmant, il couronne leurs feux,
Mais quand ils ont fait réſiſtance,
Il en devient le Tyran rigoureux.

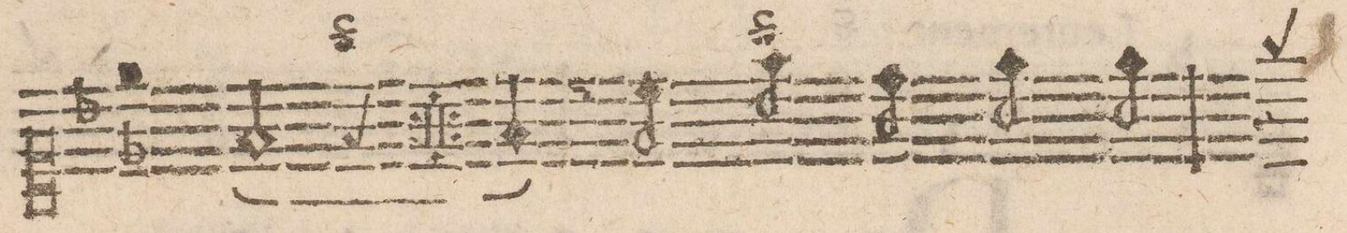
AIR

AIR SERIEUX.
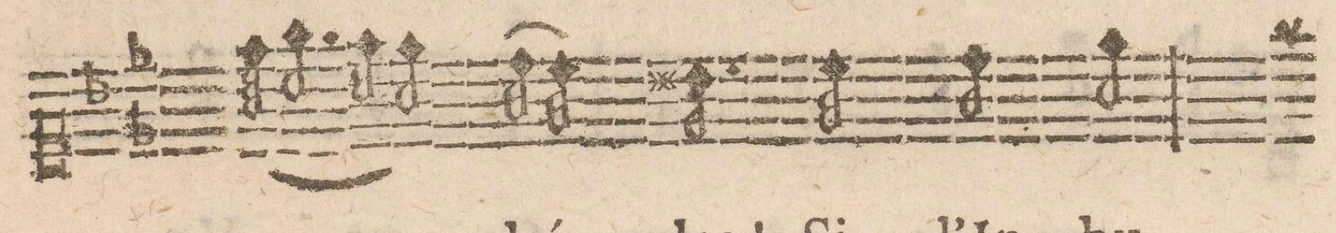

Lentement.
Doux Roſ- ſi - gnol, ſor-
tez de vô - tre Ca - ge, Vo-
lez, - - vo - lez, vo-
lez, al - lez, chan-
ter dans un char- mant Boc-
ca - ge, Je vous
rends



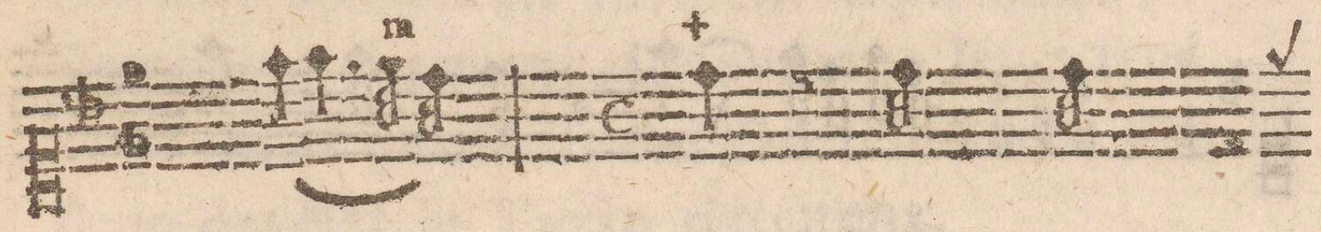
rends vô - tre Li - ber-



té. &c. té. Que je ſe - rois heu-



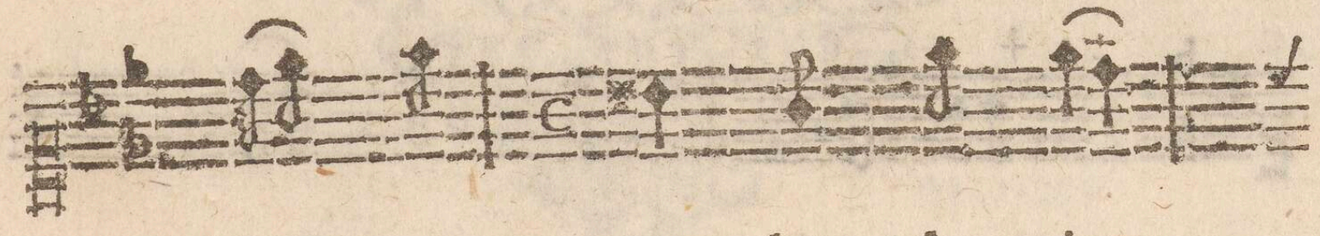
reux, hé - las! Si l'In - hu-



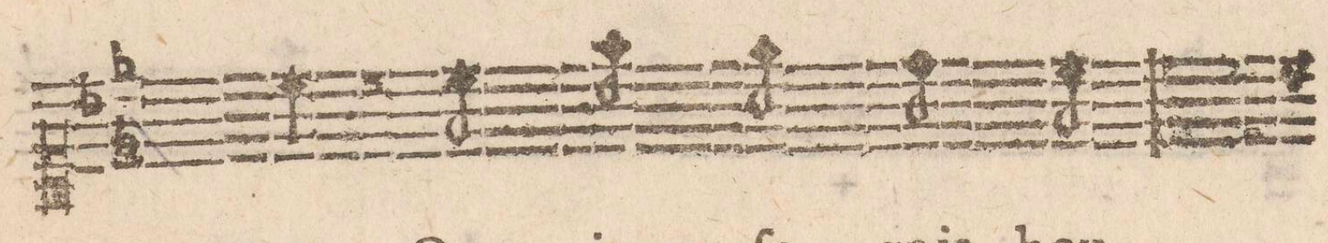
mai - ne, Dont je



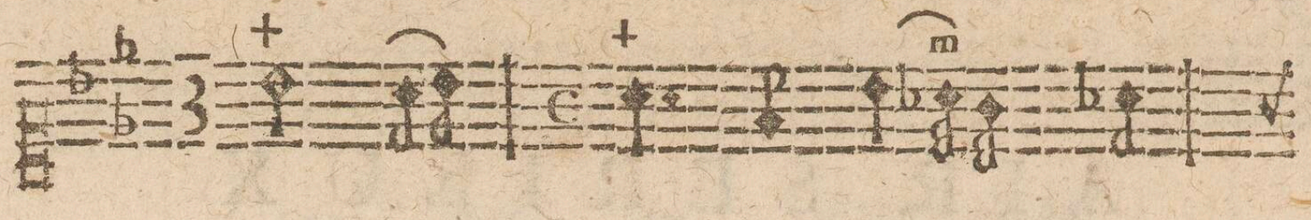
ſuis en - chan - té pou-
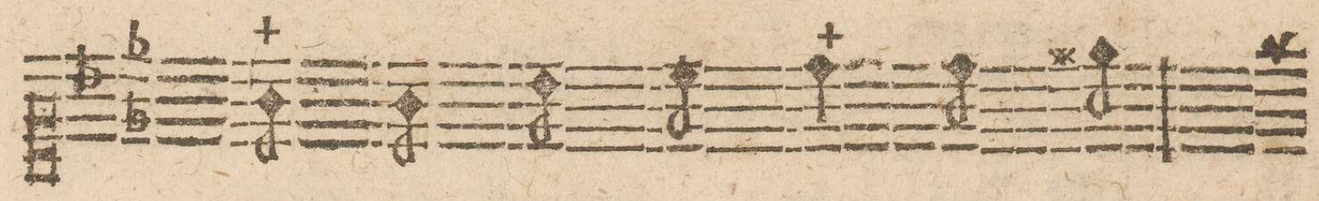


voit me ren - dre la mien-



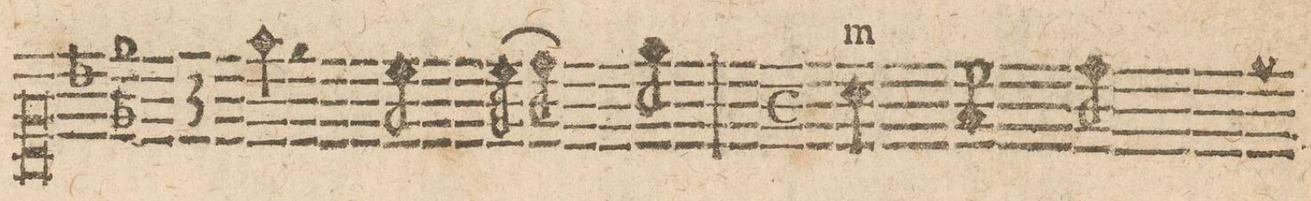
ne. Que je ſe - rois heu-



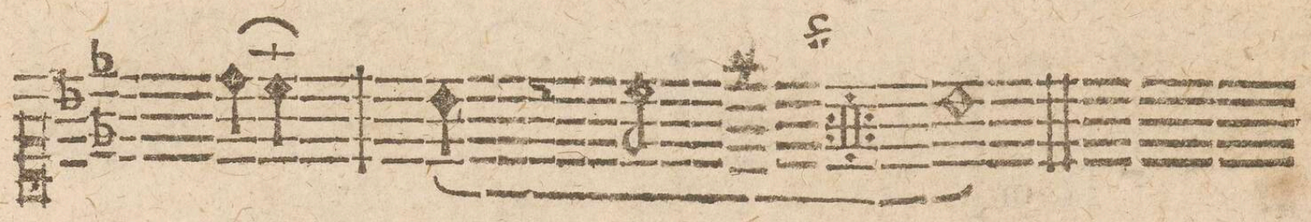
reux, hé - las! ſi l'In - hu-



mai - ne, Dont je ſuis en - chan-



té, Pou-voit me ren-dre la
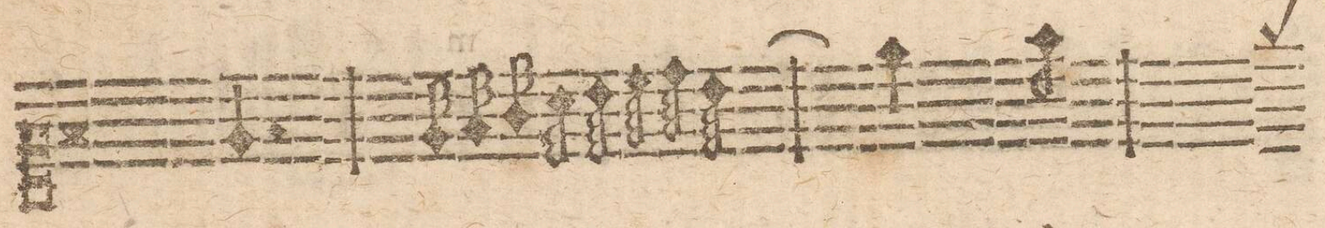


mien - ne. Que, &c. ne.

AIR SERIEUX.
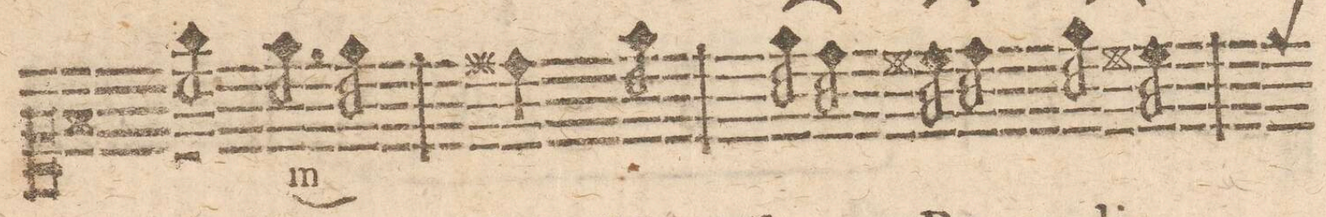
Légerement.
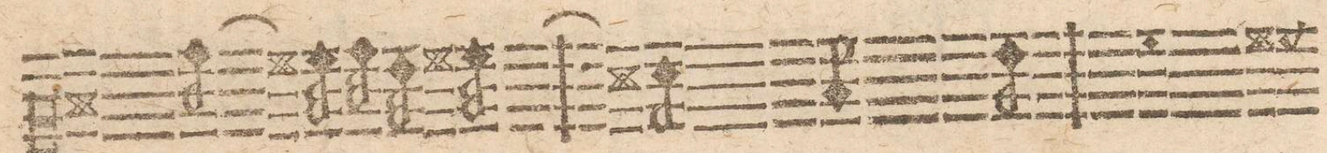


UN A - mant vo - la-



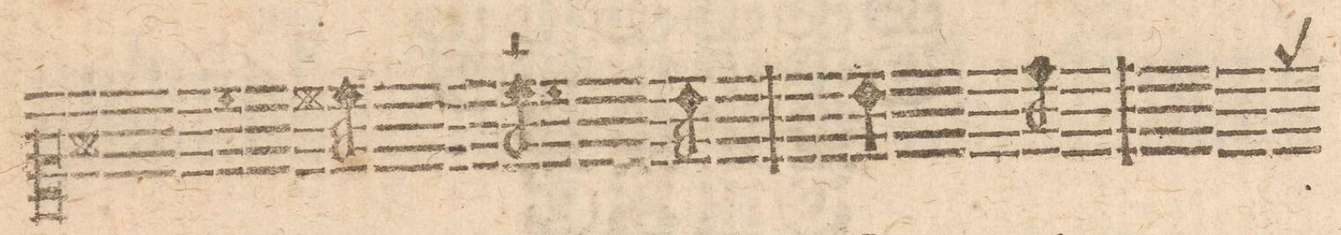
ge, Cours - - à



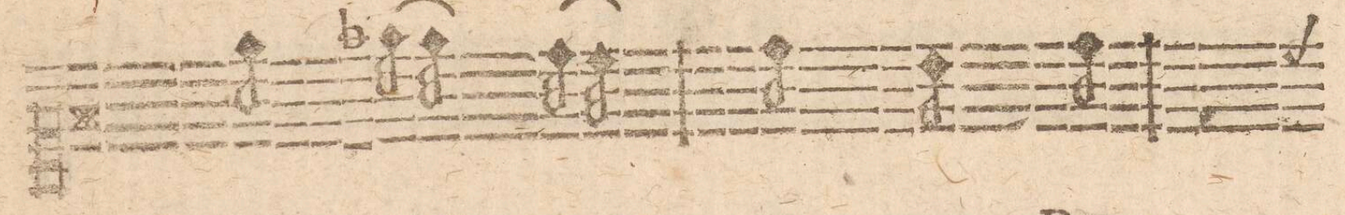
ſes Plai - ſirs, Un doux Ba - di-
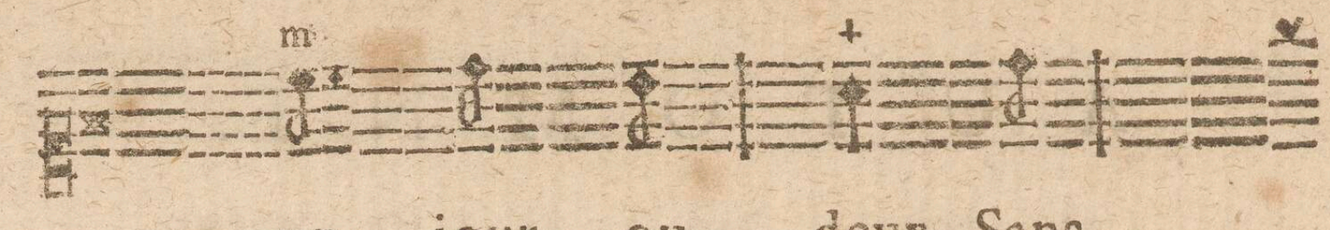


na- - - ge, Bor-
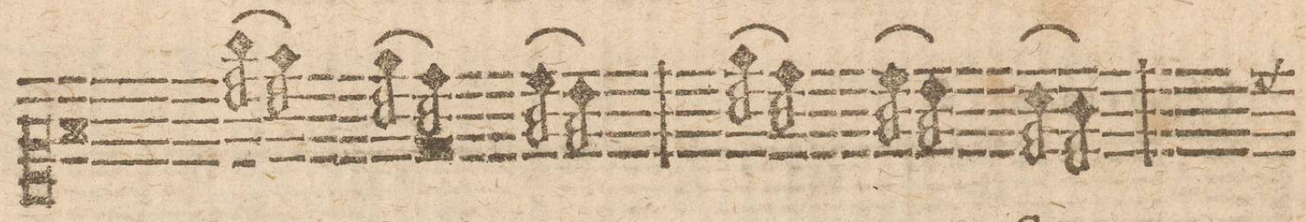


ne ſes dé - ſirs. A
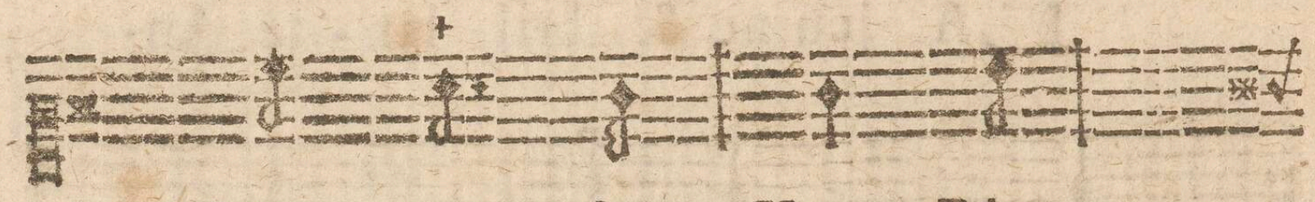


pei - ne il s'en - ga - ge, Pour



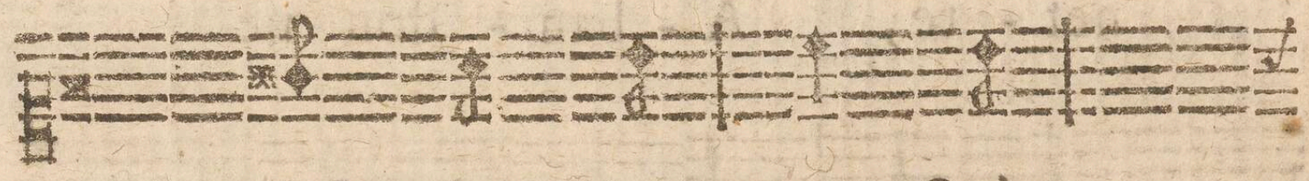
un jour ou deux, Sans
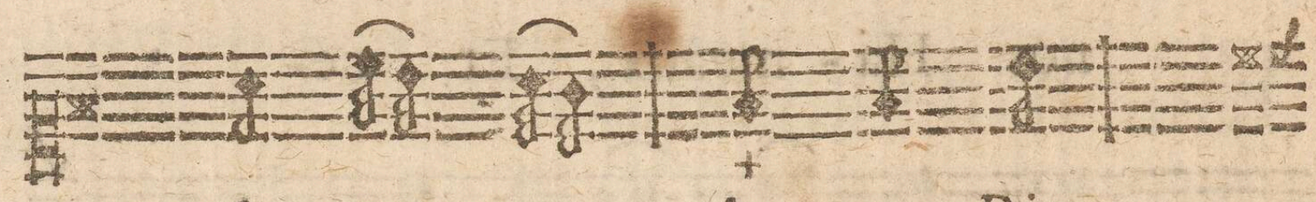


ceſ- ſe il par - ta - ge, Son



Cœur & ſes Vœux, Rien
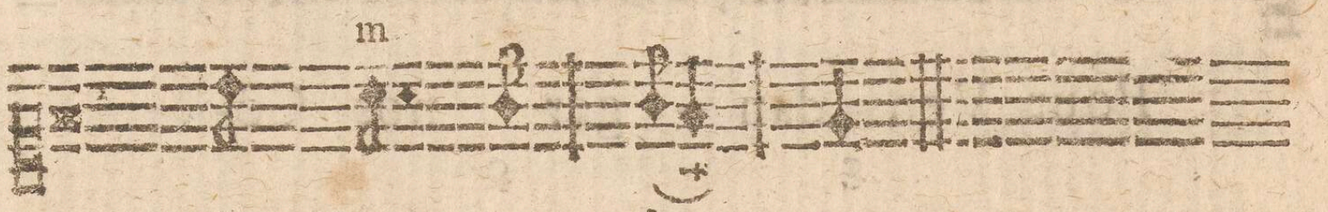


n'eſt plus heu - reux, Qu'un



A- mant vo - la - ge; Rien



n'eſt plus heu - reux, Qu'un

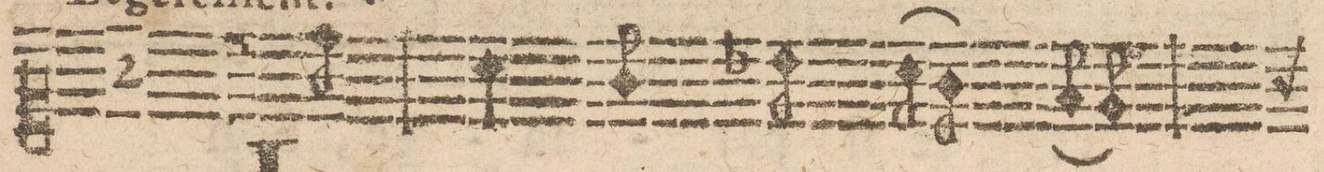


A - mant vo - la - ge.
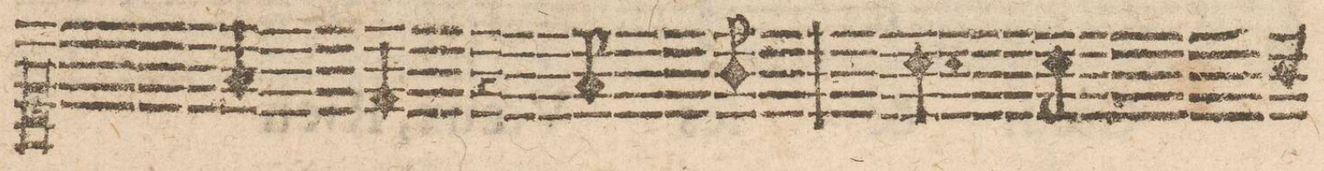
AUTOMNE.

CHANSONNETTE.
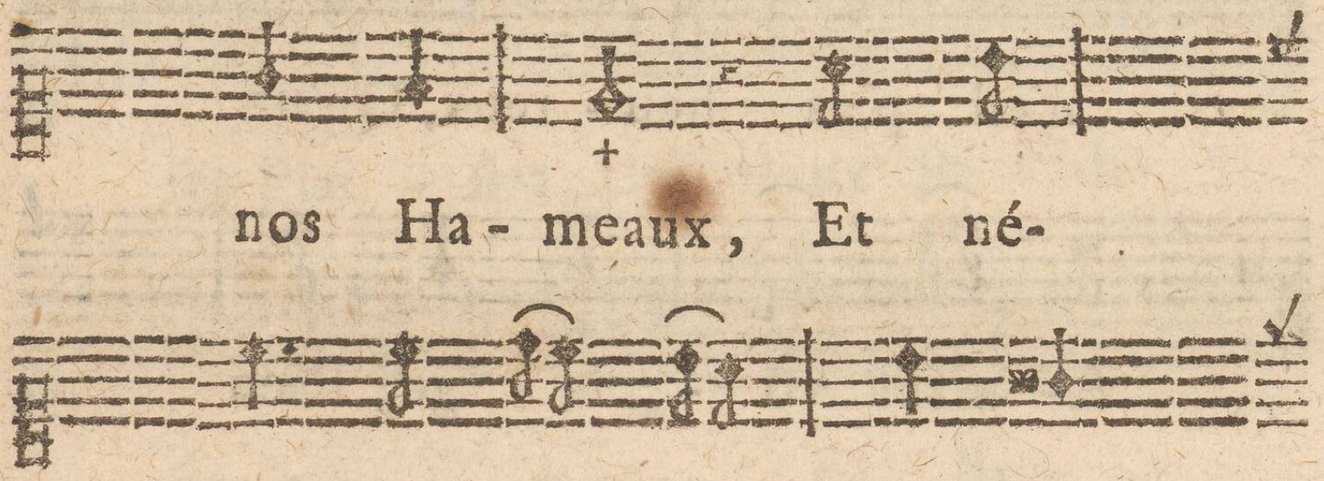
Légerement. &



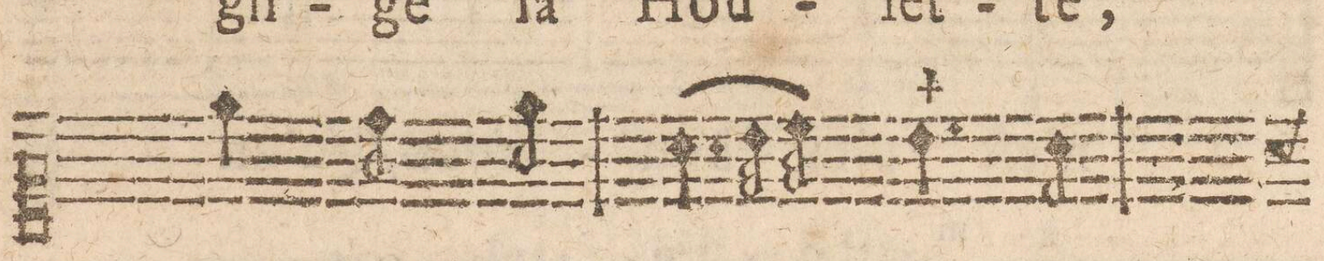
LA jeu ne & bril - lan - te An-



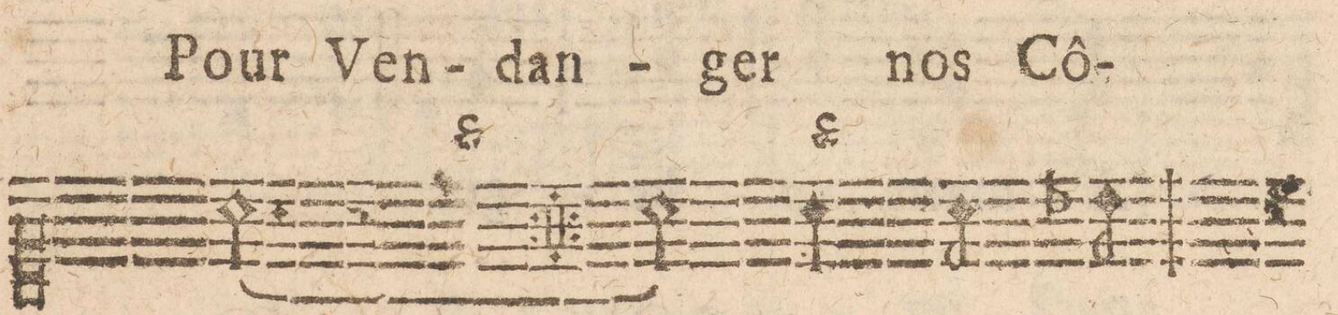
net - te, A - ban - don - ne



nos Ha - meaux, Et né-
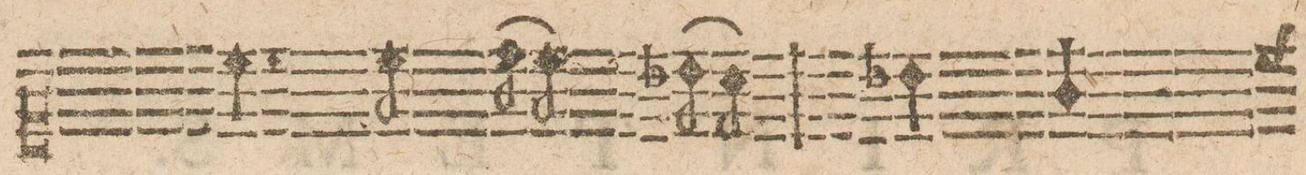


gli - ge ſa Hou - let - te,
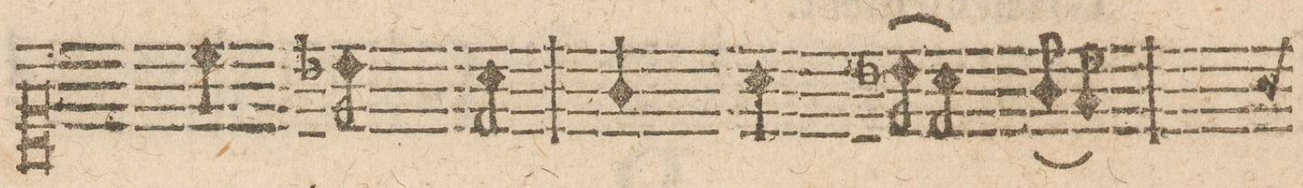


Pour Ven - dan - ger nos Cô-

teaux : &c. teaux : Si les A-

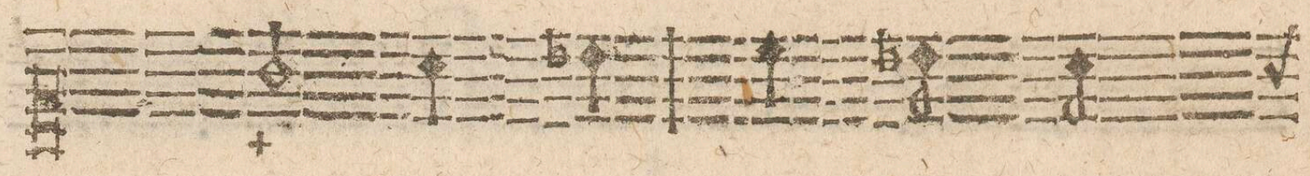
mans



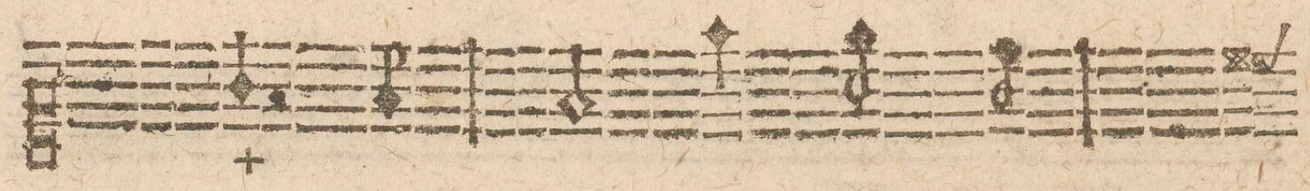
mans de la Fol - let - te,



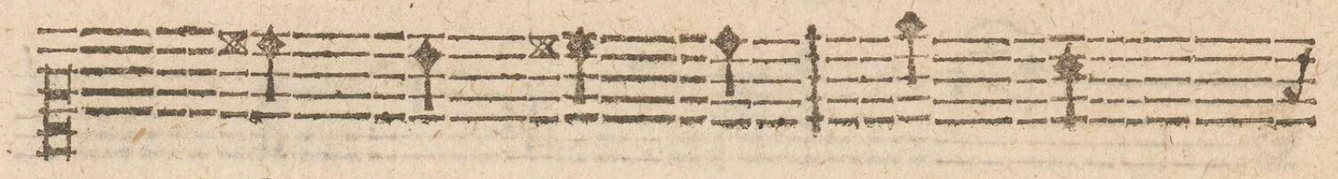
S'em - preſ - ſent à la ſou - la-



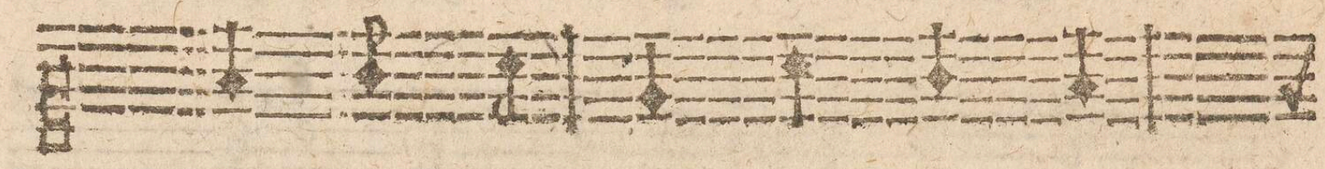
ger, Com-me ils ſont dans nô-



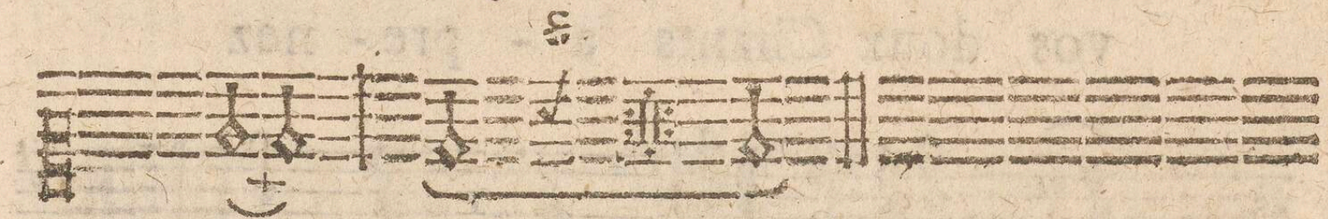
tre Ver - ger, Ven - dan - ge



ſe - ra bien - tôt fai - te,



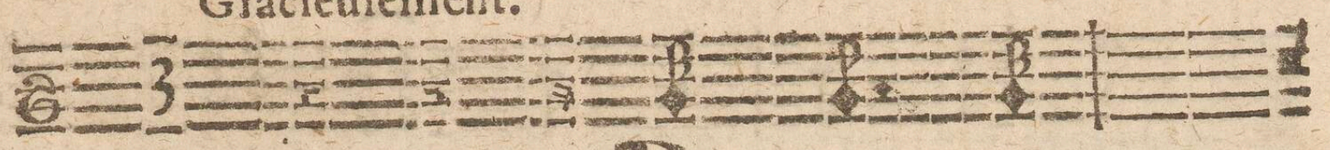
Ven-dan - ge ſe - ra bien - tôt



fai - te. te.

PRINTEMS.

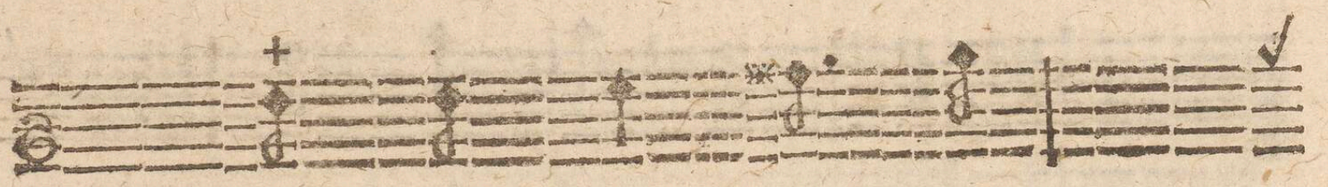
Gracieuſement.
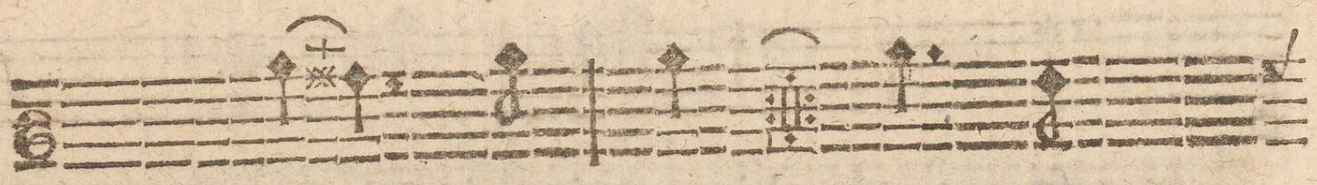


PE - tits Oi-
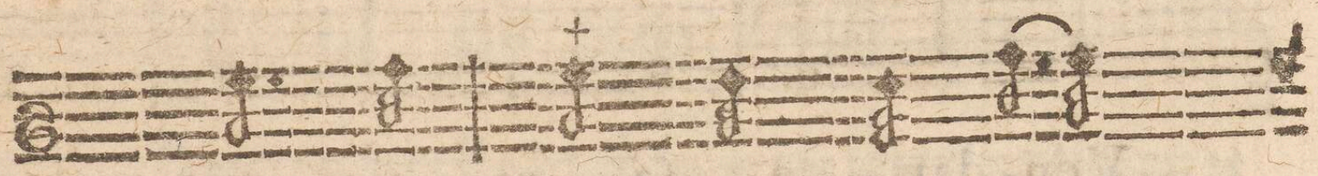


ſeaux, Que le Prin - tems ra-



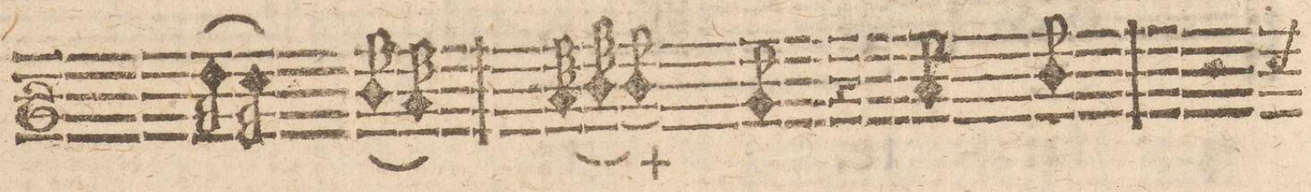
mei - ne, Dans ce char-



mant ſé - jour: jour: Par



vos doux Chants a - pre - nez



à Cli - mei - ne, Ce que
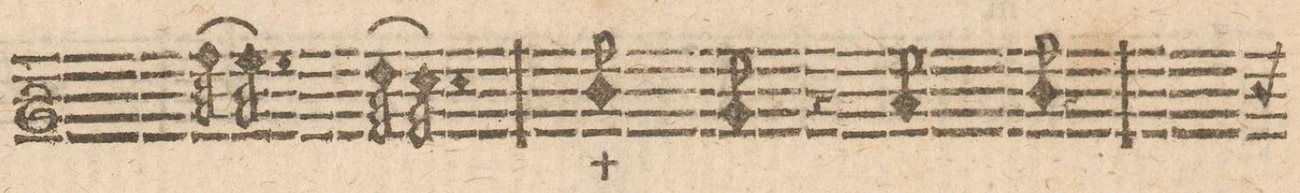
c'eſt



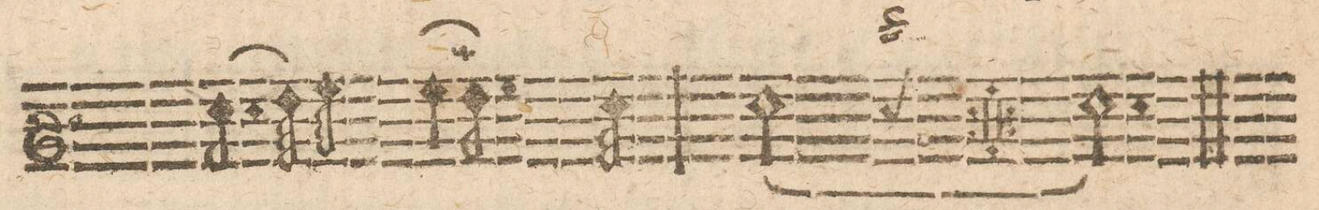
c'eſt que l'A - mour, Par



vos doux Chants a - pre - nez



à Cli - mei - ne, Ce que



c'eſt que l'A - mour. &c. mour.

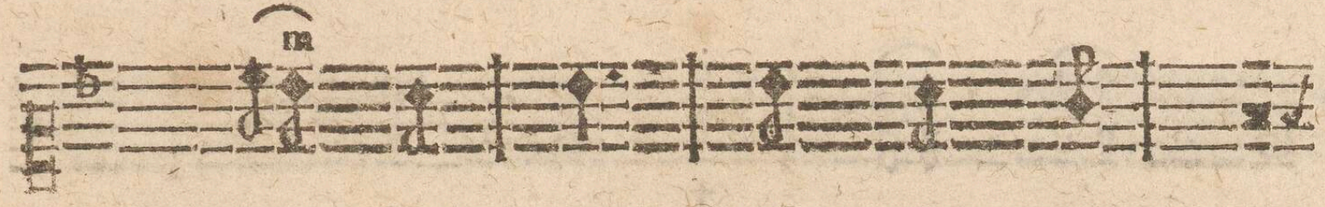
Pour terminer ſes rigueurs & ma peine,
Vos Concerts ſont ſi doux:
Que leurs Accents rendront cette Inhumaine,
Auſſi tendre que vous.

ARIETTE.
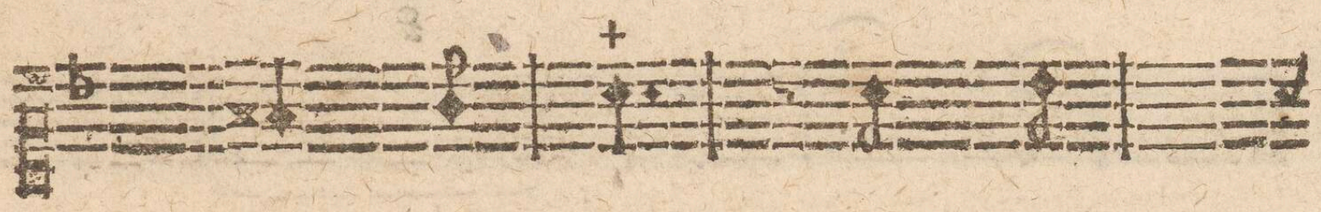
Légerement.
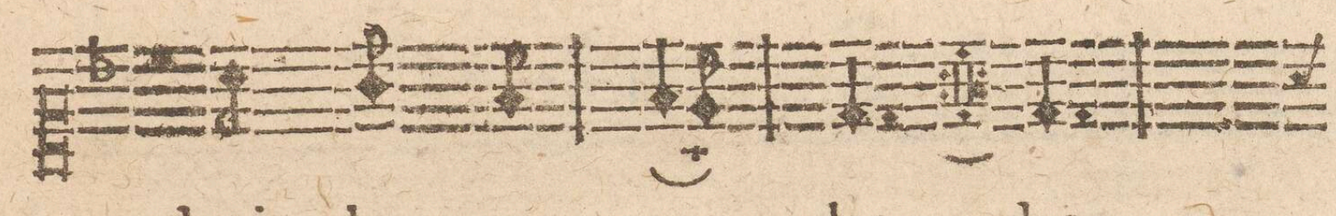


TU me pour - ſuis a-



vec ar - deur, Pour ra - tra-



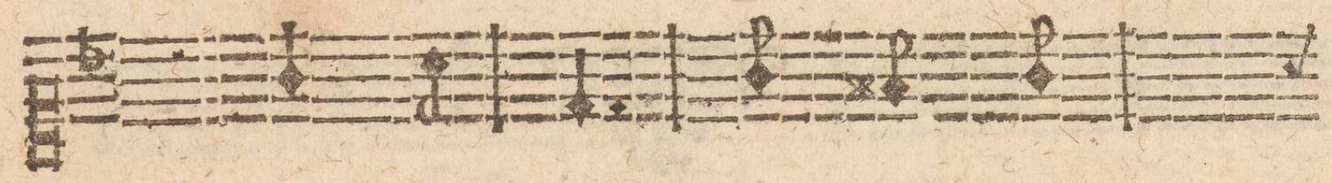
per ton Cœur, Tu vou-



drois le re - pren - dre: dre:



Mais tu te trom - pes,
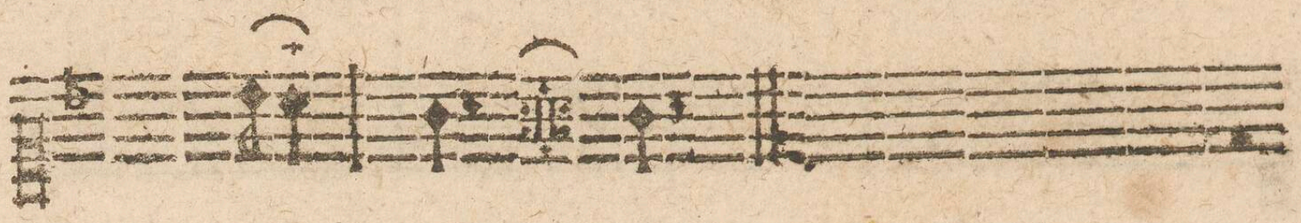


cher A- mant, Le vol eſt

trop
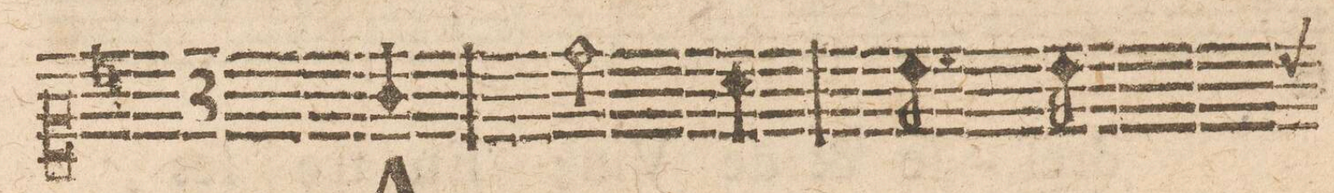


trop char - mant, Pour te le

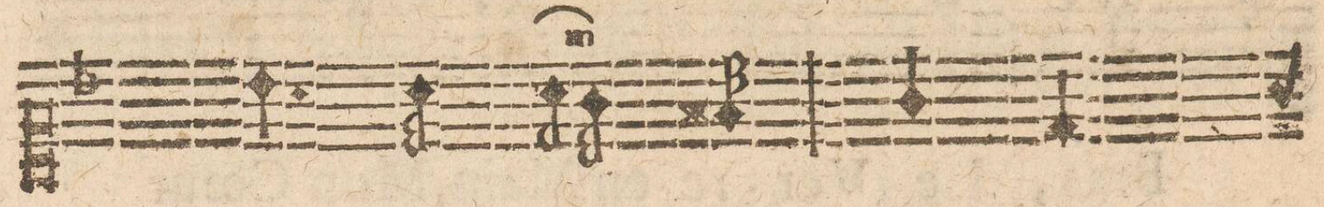


ren - dre. dre.
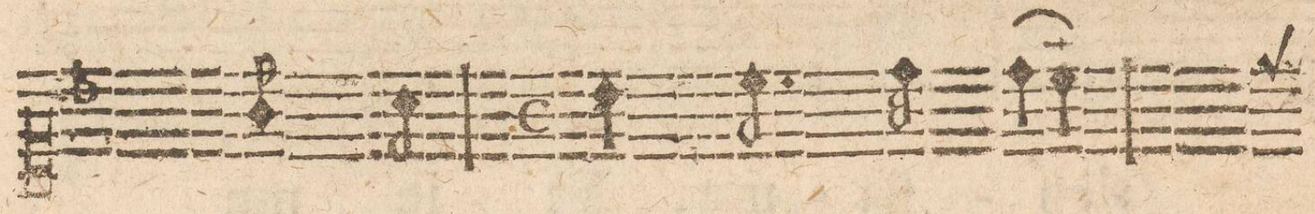
AIR TENDRE ET LOURE.
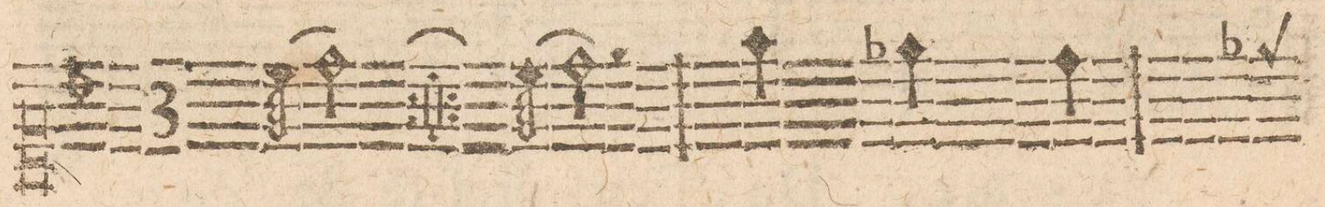


A Ta-ble au - près de



la Beau - té que j'ai - me,



Mon Bon - heur eſt ex - trê-

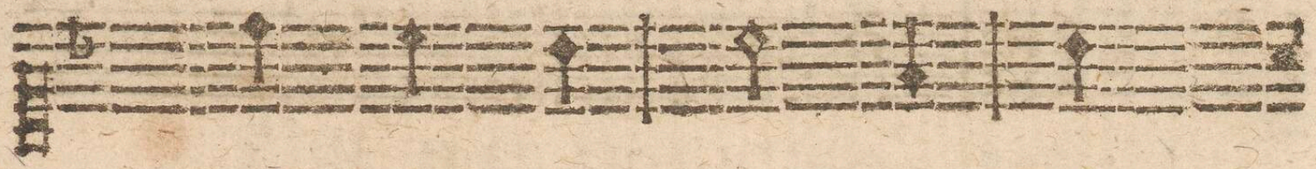


me: me: En - tre ſes

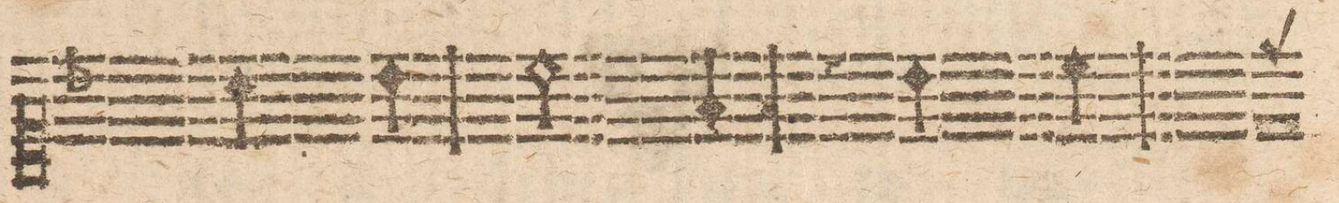
trop Bras,
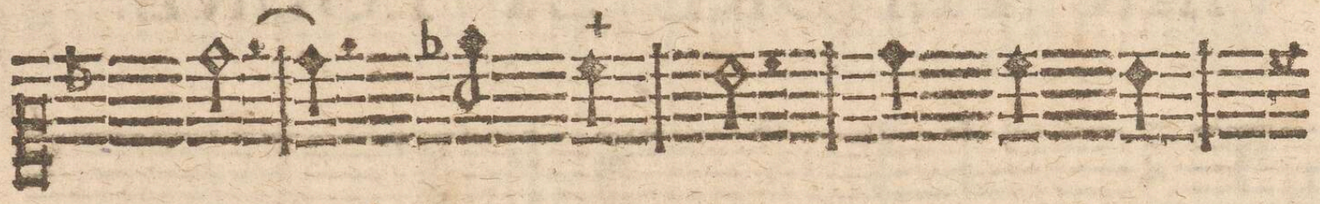


Bras, Le Ver-re en Main,



Mon Cœur s'en - flâ - me, Et
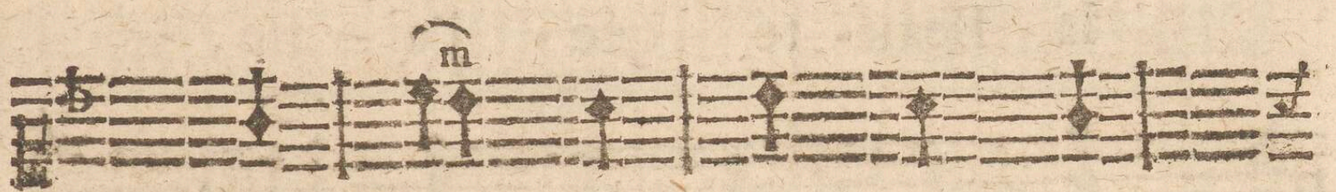


je me pâ - me, De Ten-



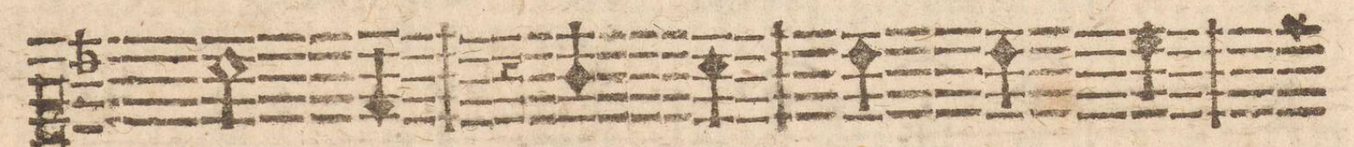
dref - fe & de Vin; En-tre ſes



Bras, Le Ver-re en Main, Mon Cœur
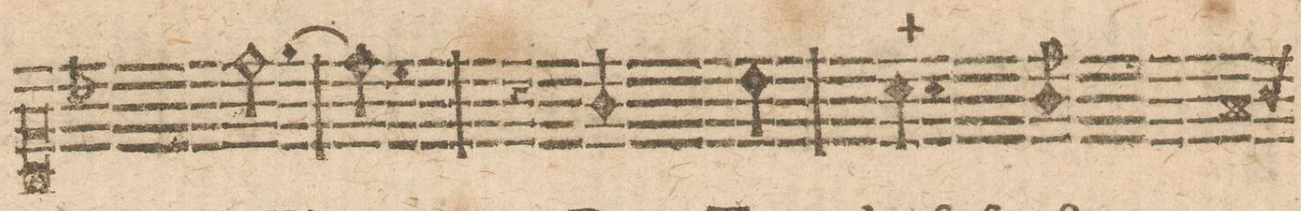


s'en - flâ - me, Et je me

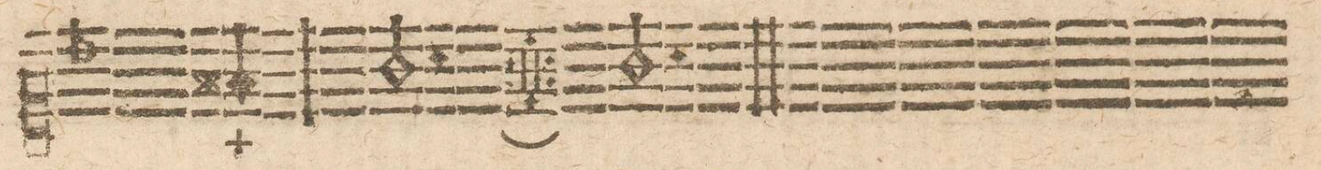


pâ - me, De Ten-dref-ſe & de

Vin,



Vin, De Ten-dreſ-ſe &



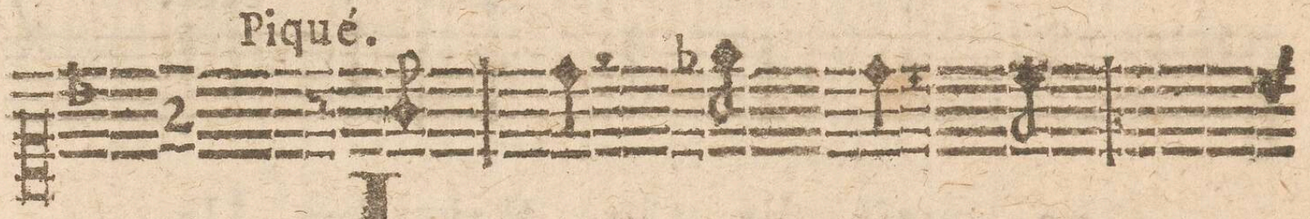
de Vin. Vin.
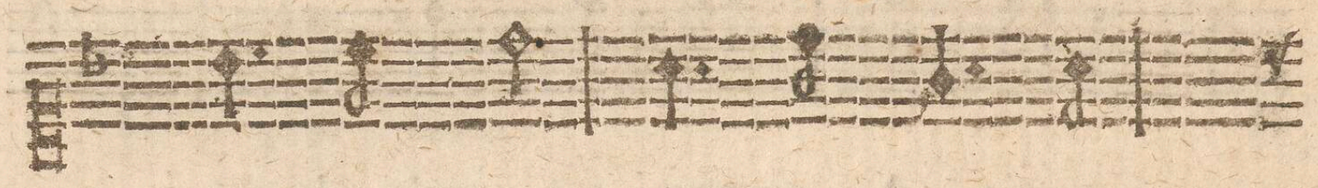


LES PELERINS D'AUTOMNE.

RONDE DE TABLE.

CHOEUR.



JE ſuis un Pé-le-

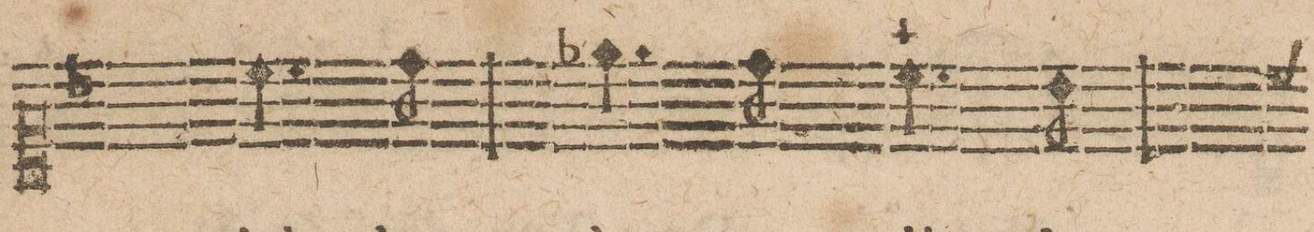


rin d'Au-tom-ne, Qui va cueil-
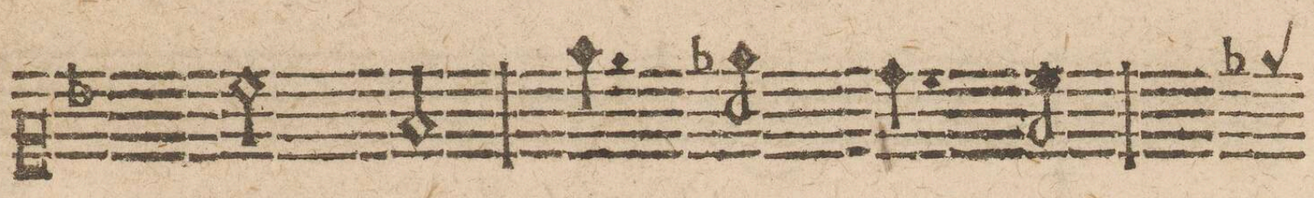


lir le Rai-ſin: ſin: Pour

Vin, m'ai-

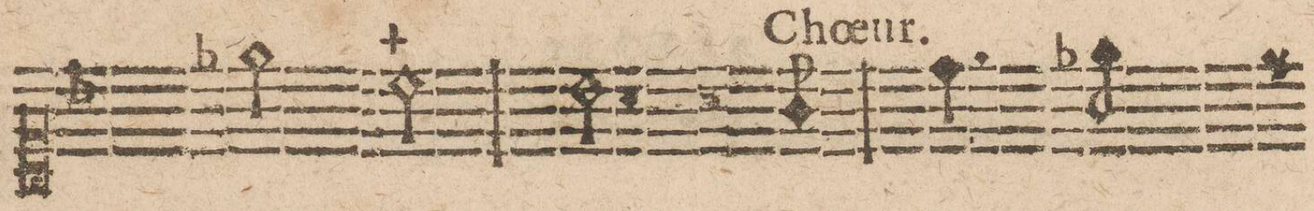


m'ai- der à rem- plir la



Ton- ne, Je mei- ne a- vec

Chœur.

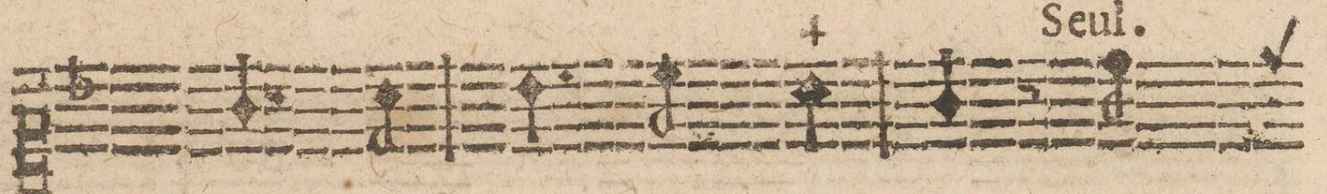


moi Ca- tin; Je ſuis un

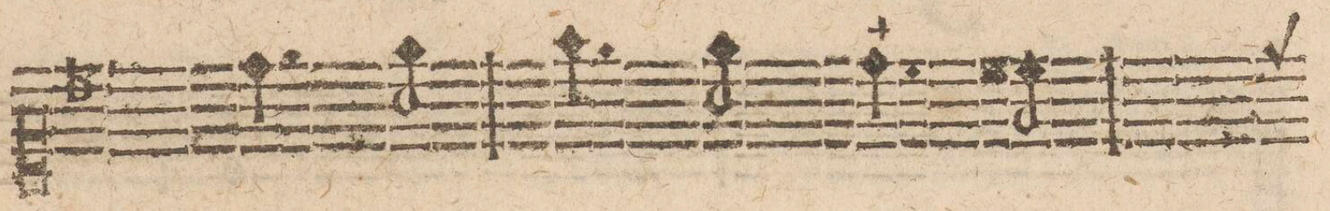


Pé- le- rin d'Au- tom- ne, Qui
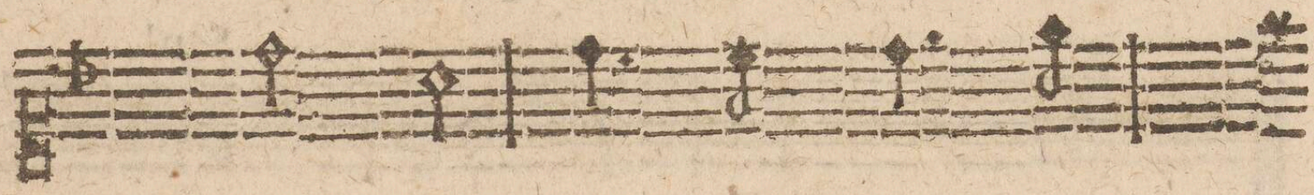
Seul.



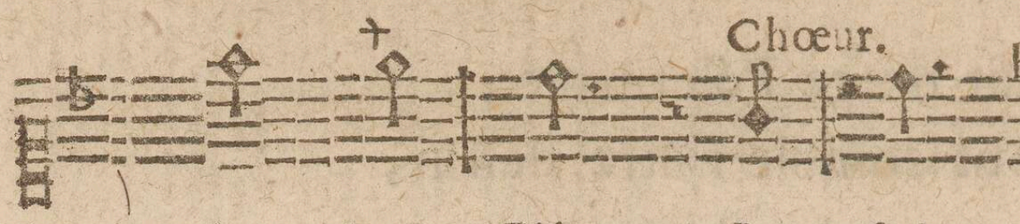
va cueil- lir le Rai- ſin. Ja-



mais A- mour ne m'a- ban-



don- ne, Non plus que moi
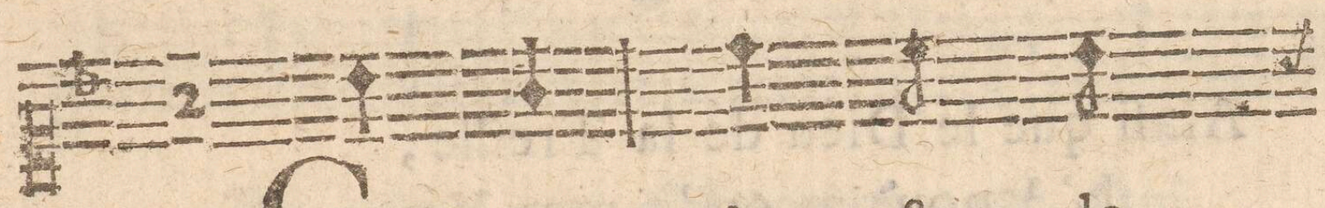


Ainſi que le Dieu de la Treille,
L'Amour ſeconde mes Vœux;
J'aime, & je vuide la Bouteille,
Eſt-il un ſort plus heureux;
Ainſi que le Dieu de la Treille,
L'Amour ſeconde mes Vœux;
Si l'un m'endort, l'autre m'éveille,
Je me livre à tous les deux;
Ainſi que, &c.

Pour fruit de ce Pélerinage,
Tout comble nôtre deſtin;
L'Amour finement nous engage,
A chanter le Dieu du Vin;
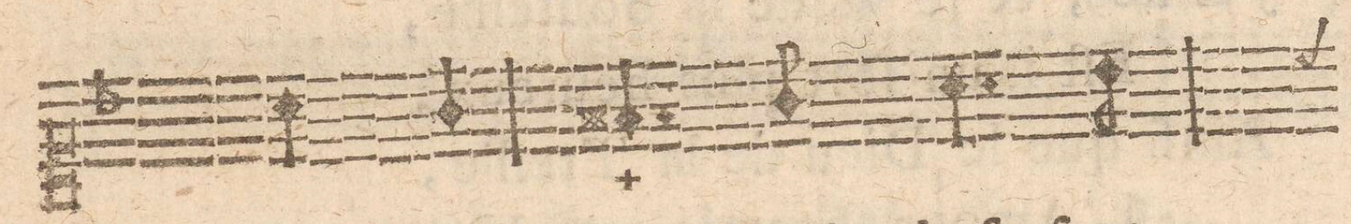
Pour fruit de ce Pélerinage,
Tout comble nôtre deſtin,
Bachus au tendre Badinage,
Prête ſon ſecours divin;
Pour fruit, &c.

RONDE DE TABLE.
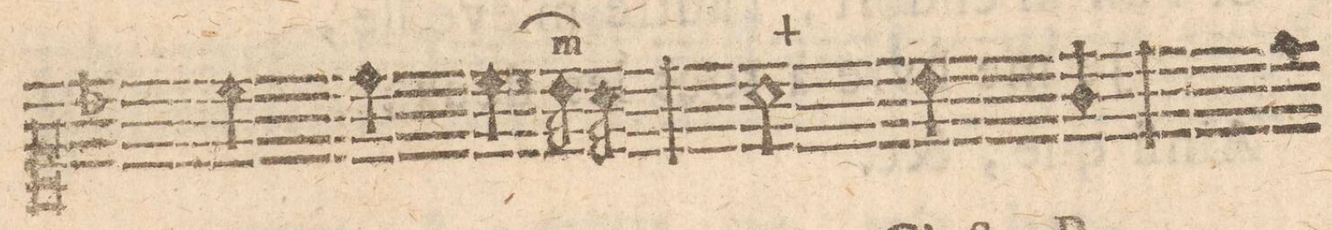
SEUL.



C'Eſt Ba - chus, & le



Dieu d'A-mour, Qui chaſ-ſent



l'Hu-meur noi - re, C'eſt Ba-



chus, & le Dieu d'A - mour, Qui

chaſ-

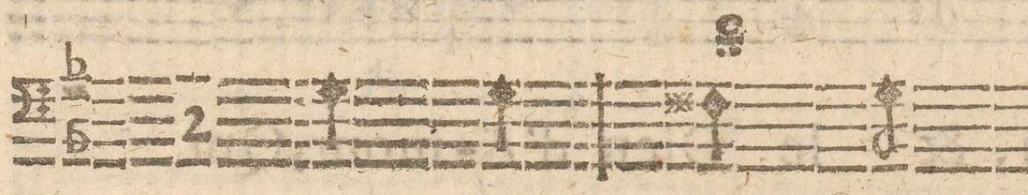


chaſ- ſent l'Humeur noi - re.
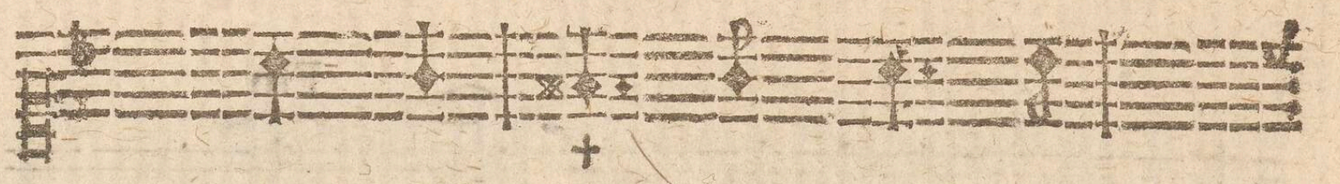
CHOEUR.
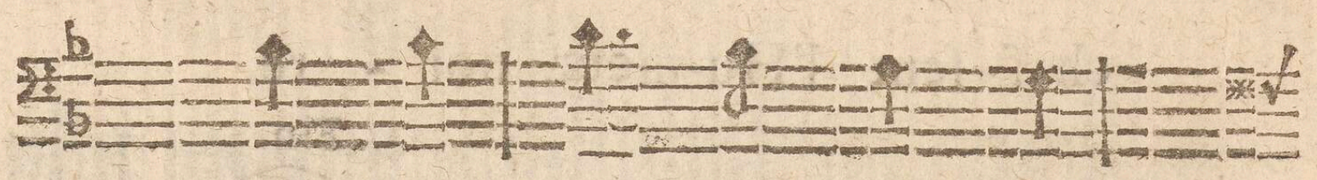


C'eſt Ba - chus, & le
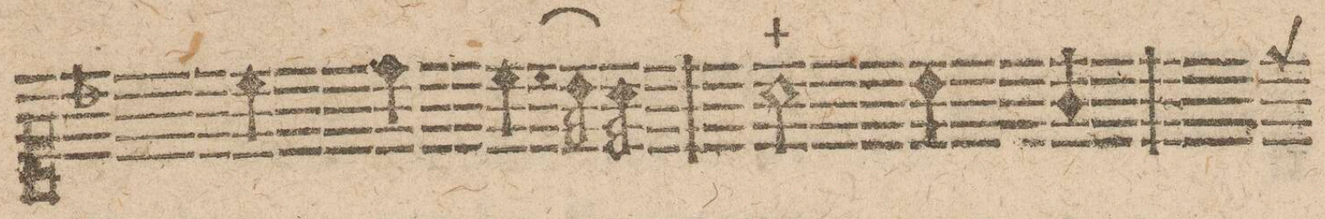


C'eſt Ba - chus, & le



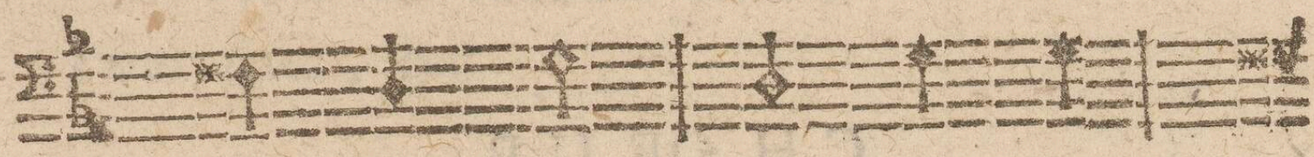
Dieu d'A- mour, Qui chaſ-ſent



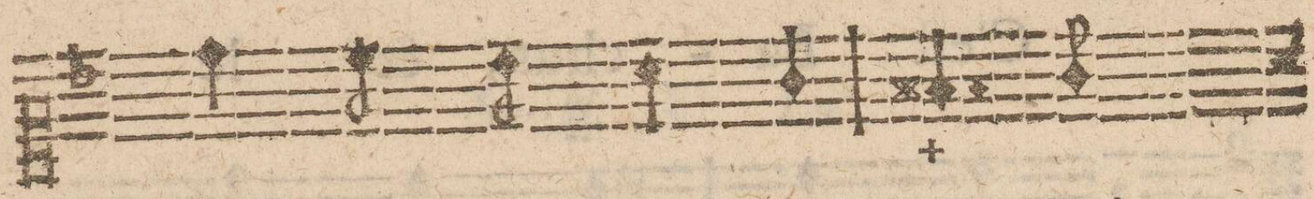
Dieu d'A- mour, Qui chaſ-ſent



l'Hu- meur noi - re, C'eſt Ba-



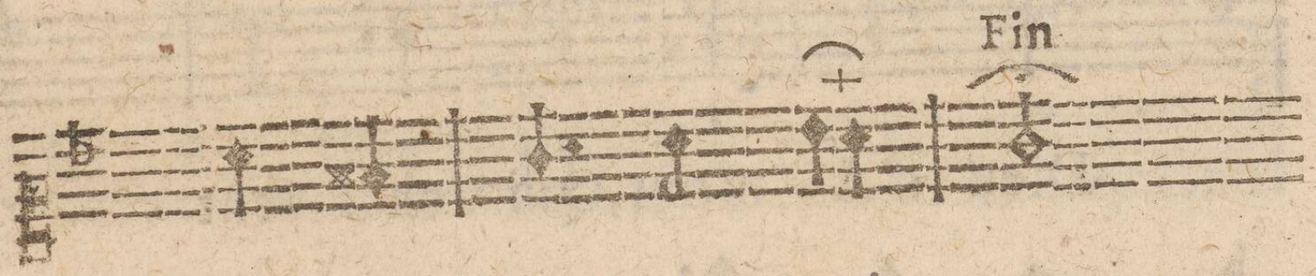
l'Hu meur noi - re, C'eſt Ba-



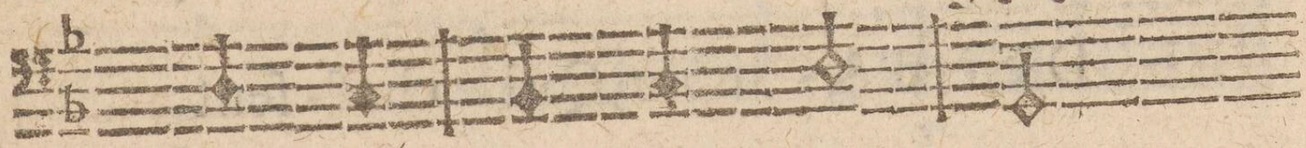
chus, & le Dieu d'A-mour, Qui



chus, & le Dieu d'A-mour, Qui



chaſ-ſent l'Hu-meur noi - re,



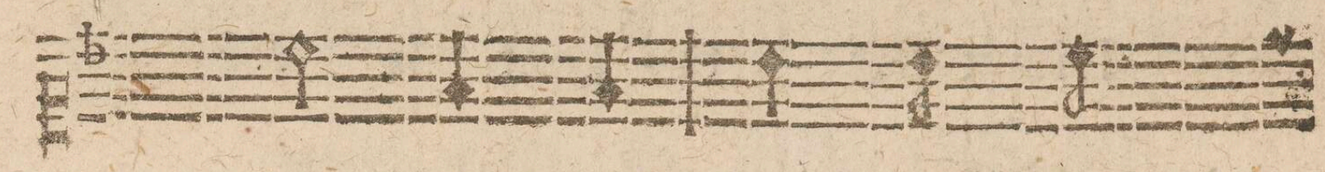
chaſ-ſent l'Hu-meur noi - re.

SEUL.
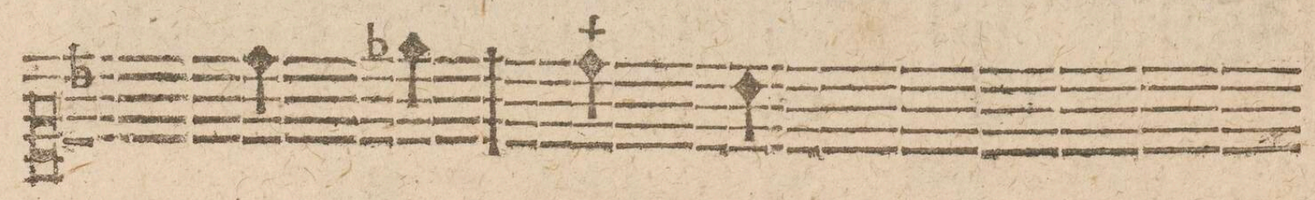
SEUL.



Dès que la Nuit eſt de re-

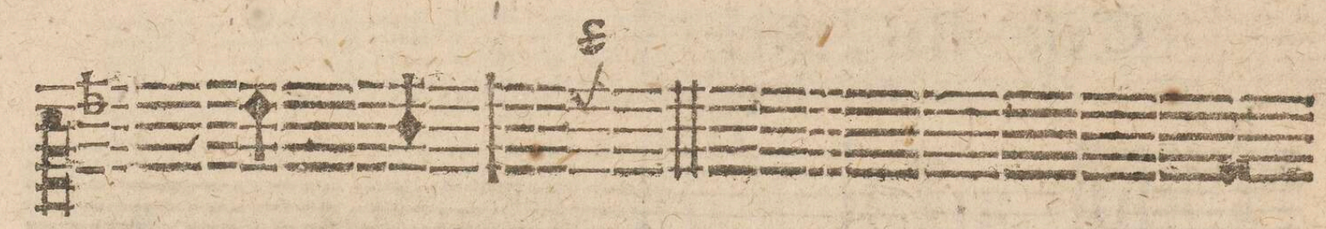


tour, De ten- dreſ- ſe je
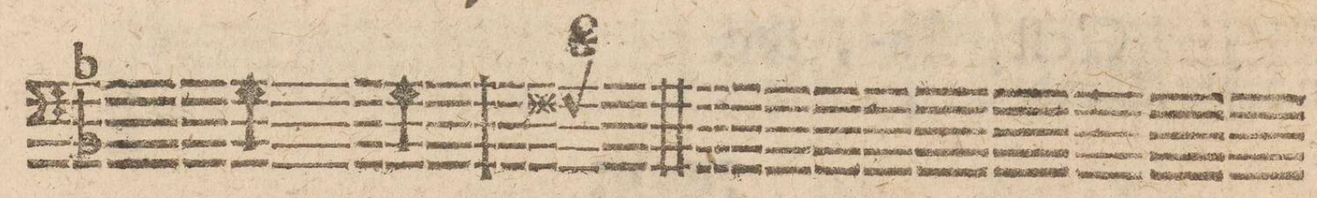


me fais Gloi- re.

CHOEUR.
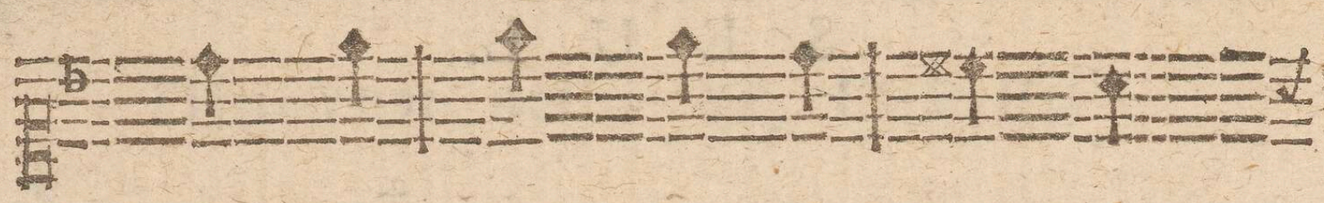


C'eſt Ba-, &c.

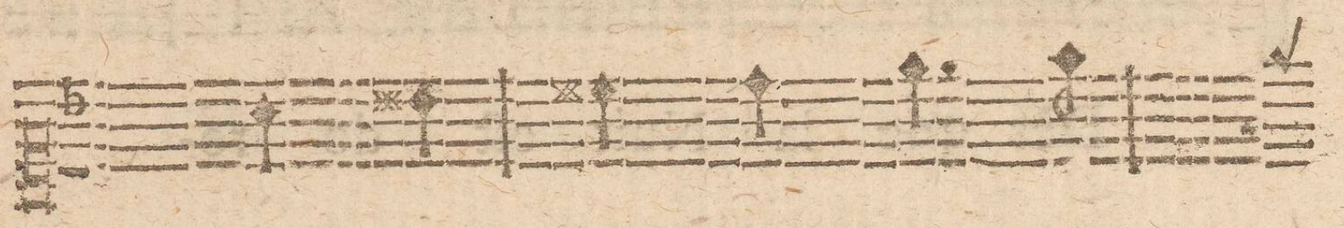


C'eſt Ba-, &c.

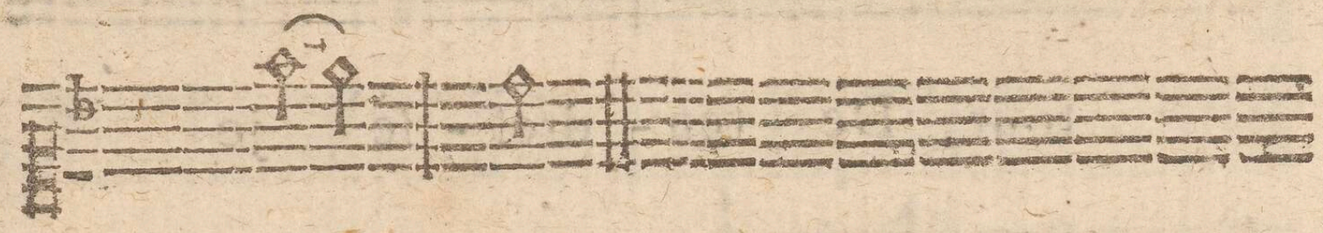
SEUL.



De nos Cœurs tour à tour, Ces

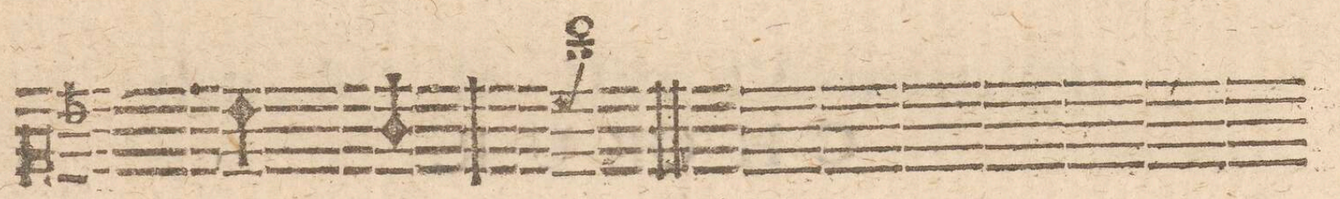


Dieux par - ta - gent la Vic-

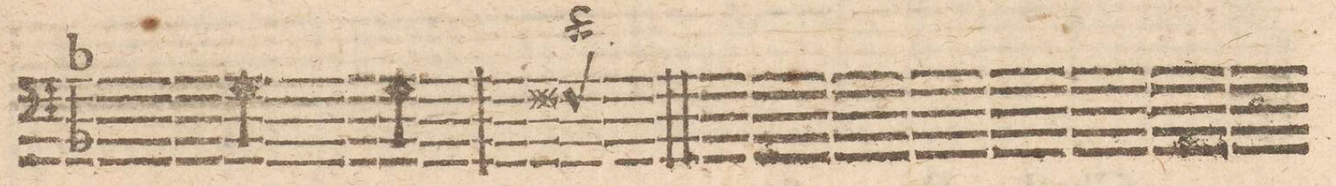


toi - re.

CHOEUR.



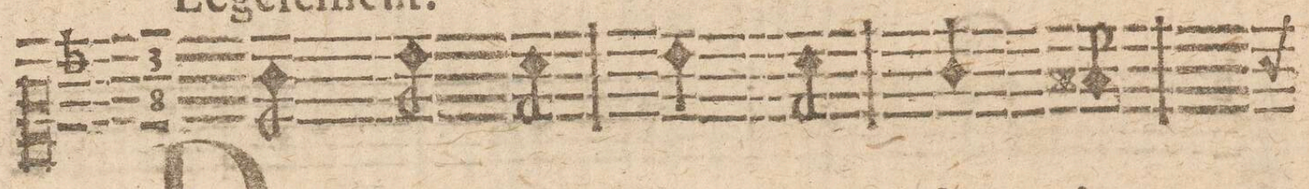
C'eſt Ba-, &c.



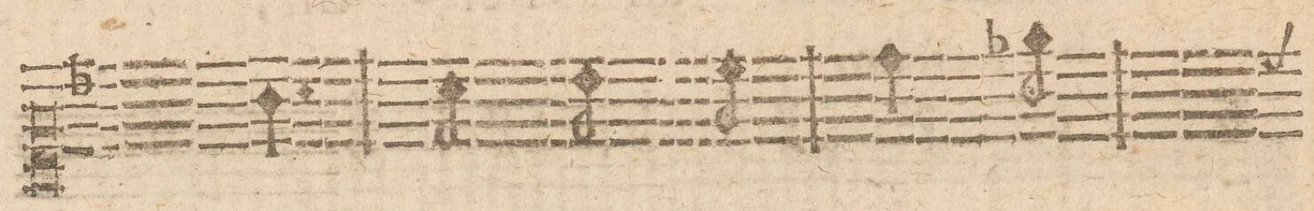
C'eſt Ba-, &c.

RONDE DE TABLE.
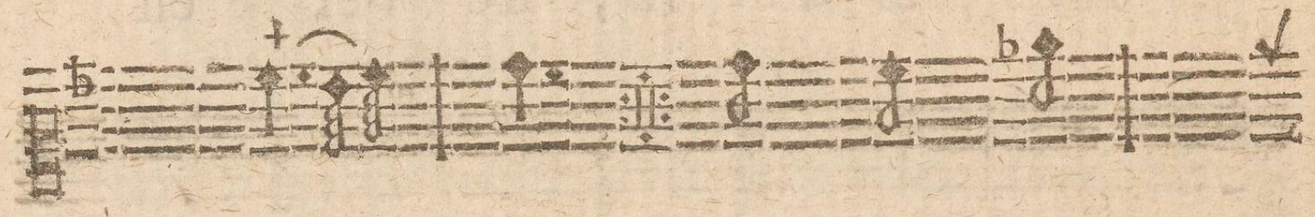
Légerement.
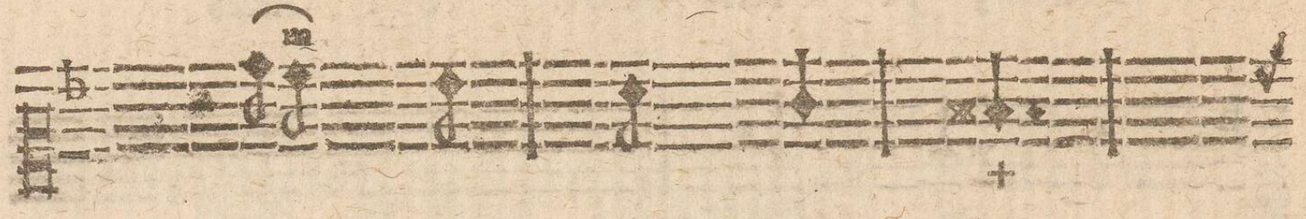


DAns le Re - pas le plus char-



mant, Loin de l'Ob - jèt que



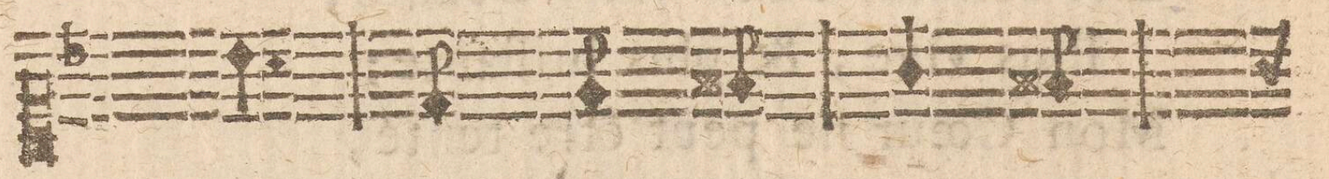
j'ai - me; Je ſuis Rê-



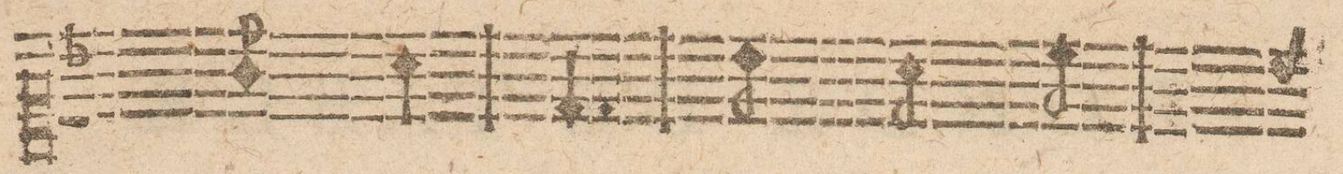
veur, & lan - guiſ - ſant,



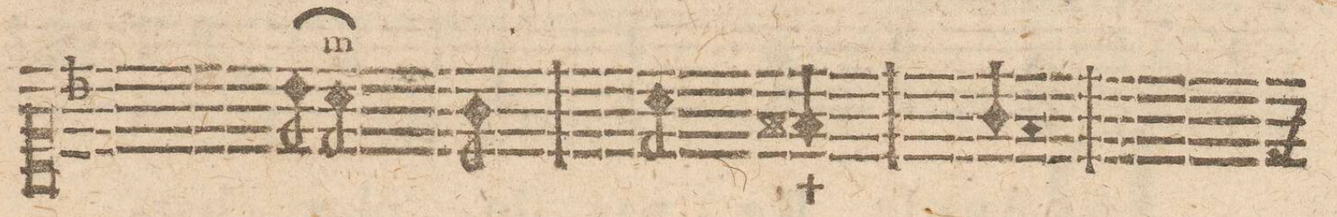
Ma Triſ - teſ- ſe eſt ex - trê-



me; Mais près d'I - ris, Le



Ve - re en Main, Je ſuis con-



tent dans un Feſ - tin,

℔ Refrain.



Mais près d'I - ris, Le Ver-re en



Main, Je ſuis con - tent dans



un Feſ - tin.

Dès attraits d'une autre Beauté,
Plus vive, & plus brillante;
Mon Cœur ne peut être tenté,
Ni mon Ame contente;
Mais près d'Iris, &c.

Tircis peut au bord d'un Ruiſſeau,
S'y p'aire avec Climeine,
Je hai le murmure de l'Eau,
Son Amour me fait peine;
Mais près d'Iris, &c.

Qu'à ſon Aminte, Athis au Bal,
En danſant puiſſe plaire,
Je ne Danſe ni bien, ni mal,
Pour charmer ma Bergère;
Mais près d'Iris, &c.

Faire le langoureux Amant,
Sous un épais Feuïllage,
Le Lieu me paroît peu charmant,
Cet Amour eſt ſauvage;
Mais près d'Iris, &c.

Je me moque des vains Honneurs,
Que donne la Fortune,
Les Richeſſes, & les Grandeurs,
Tout cela m'importune;
Mais près d'Iris, &c.

Tir-

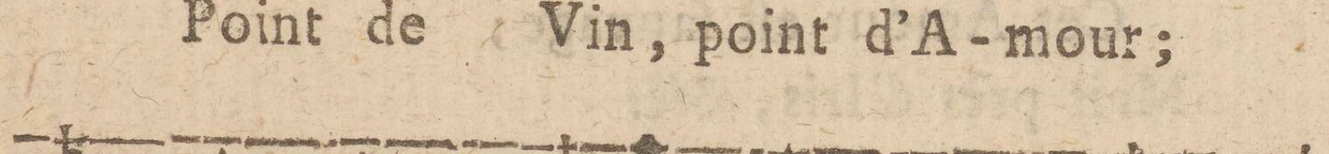
Quand

Quand je me trouve avec Lucas,
Seul à Boire Chopine;
Le meilleur Vin ne me plait pas,
Je fais mauvaiſe mine;
Mais près d'Iris, le Verre en Main,
Je ſuis content du moindre Vin.

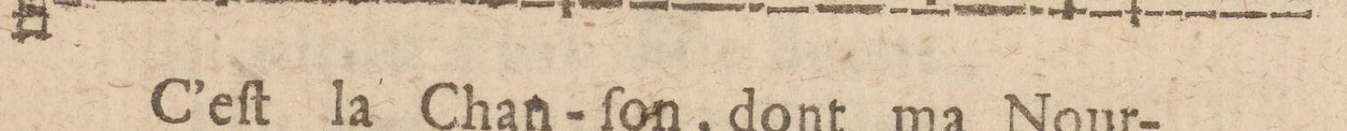
VAUDEVILLE.
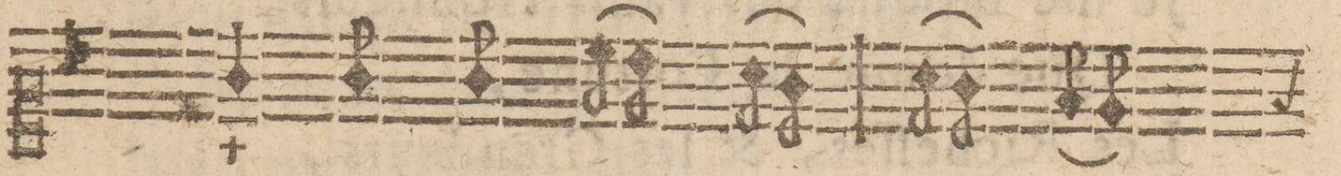


POint d'Ar-gent, point de Suiſ-ſe,



Point de Vin, point d'A-mour;

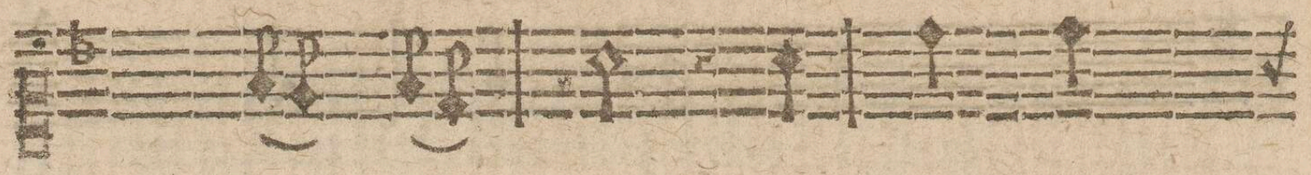


C'eſt la Chan-ſon, dont ma Nour-
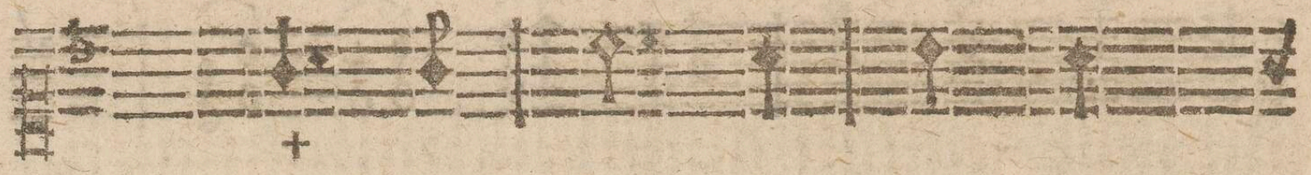


ri-ce, Me ber-çoit la Nuit,

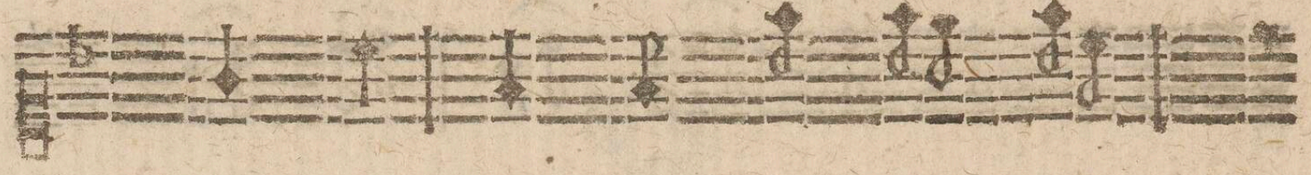
&



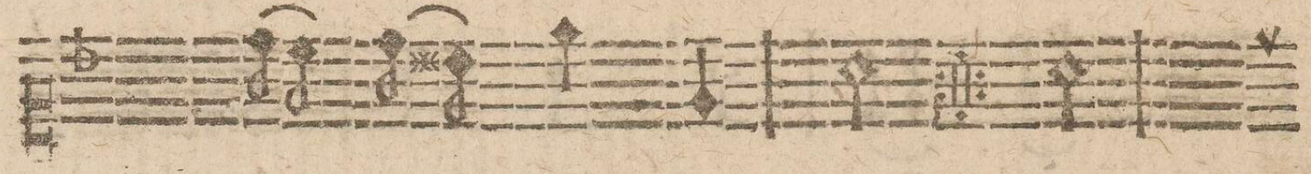
& le Jour: Le Vin fait
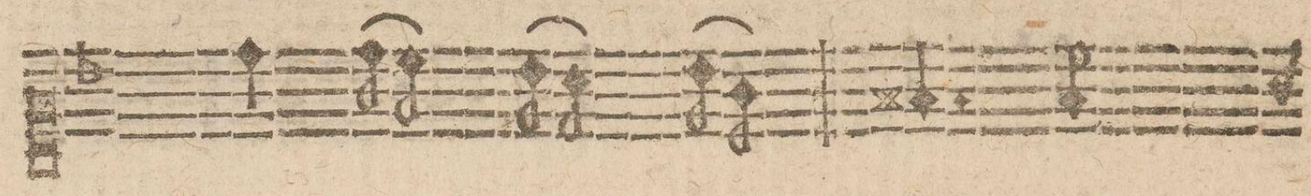


mon P'ai - sir, Ca - tin fait
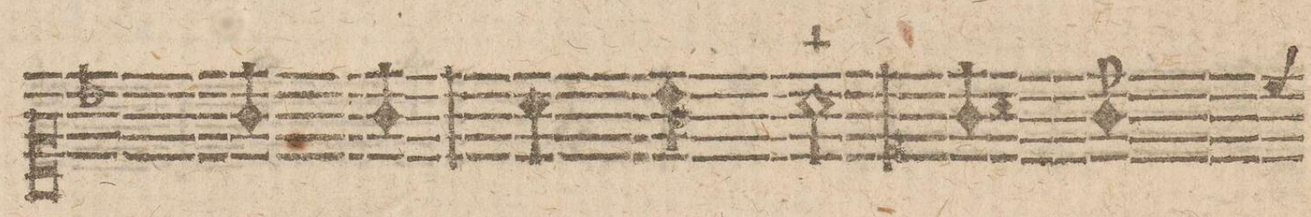


mon De - li - ce, Et je les
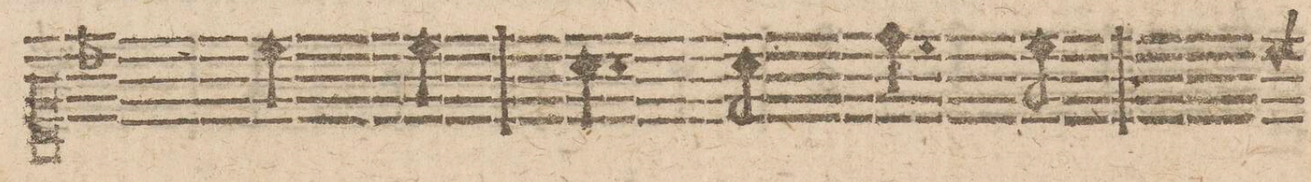


gou - te tour à tour: Mais,



ja - mais à Ca - tin, Je



n'of - fre mon ser - vi - ce, Qu'au
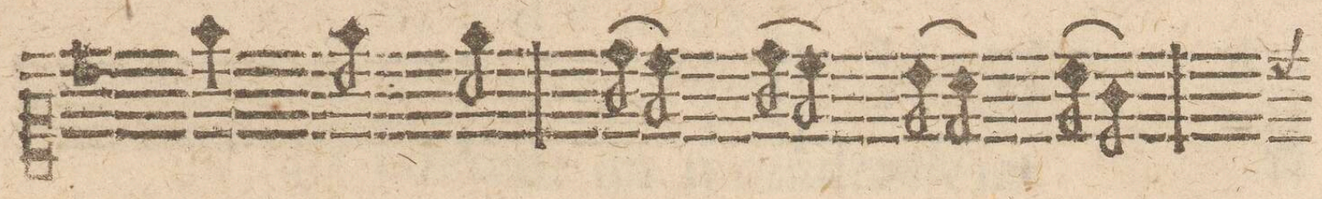


Vin au - pa - ra - vant, Je

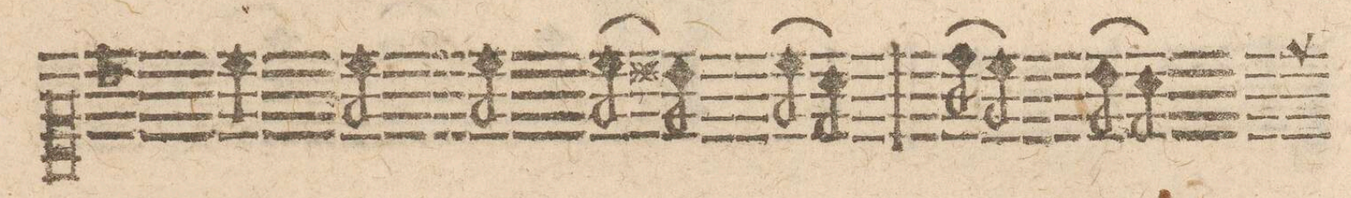
& n'aye



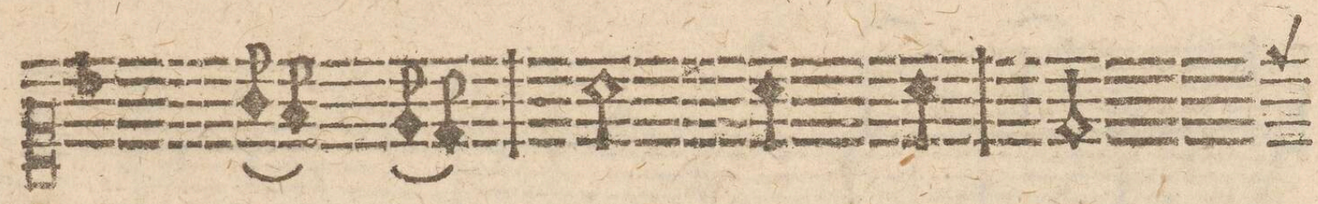
n'ay - e fait ma Cour.
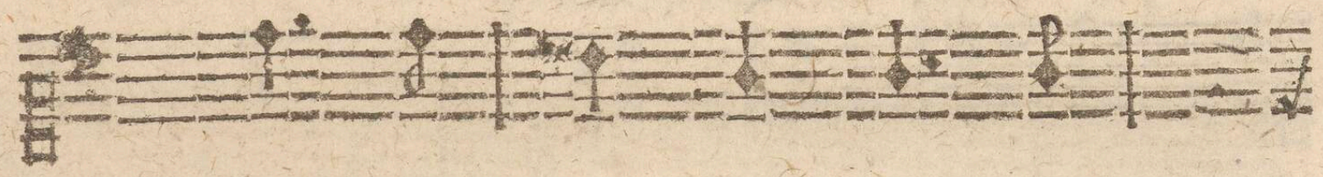


C'eſt la Chan - ſon dont ma Nour-
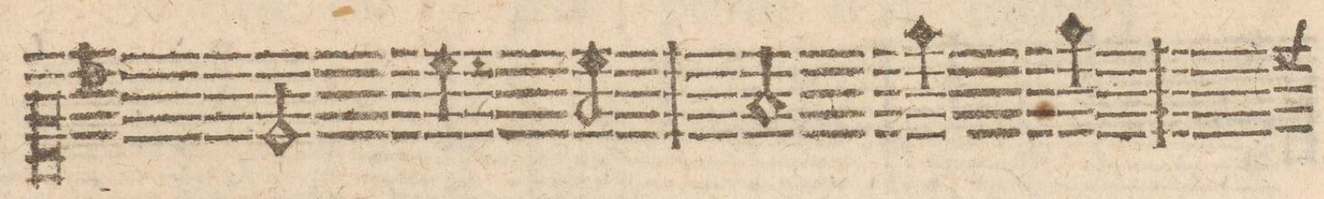


ri - ce, Me ber - çoit la Nuit



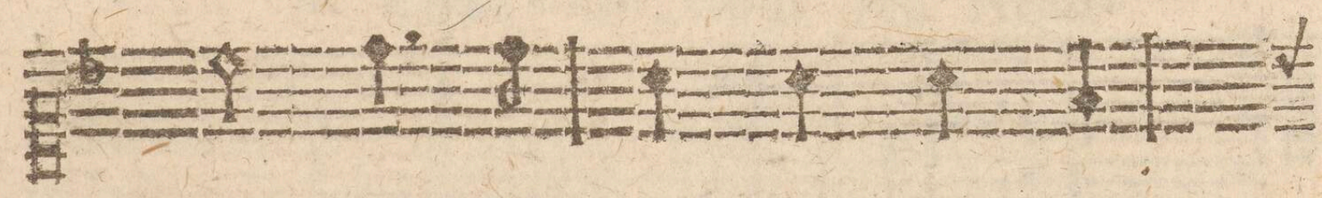
& le Jour. Point d'Ar - gent,



point de Suif - ſe; Point de

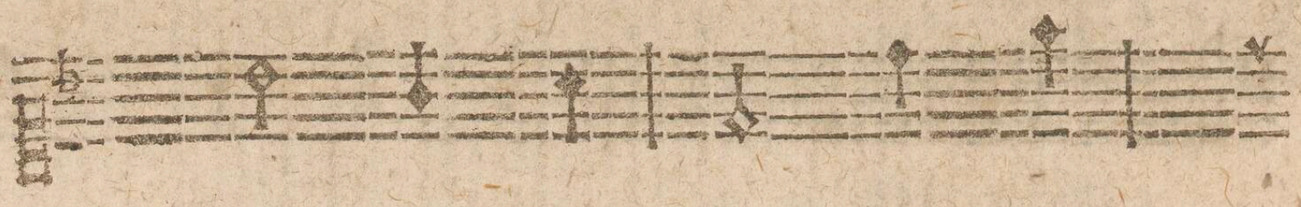


Vin, point d'A - mour, Point d'Ar-

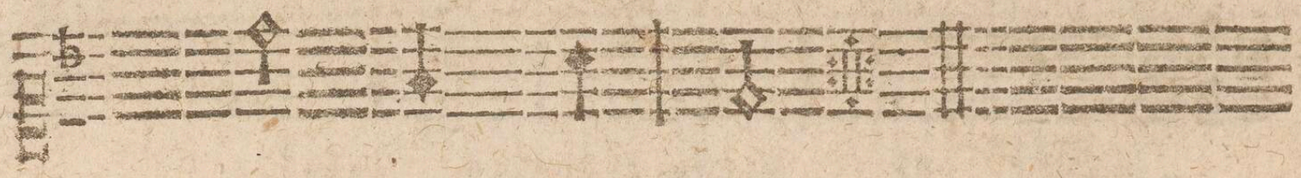


gent, Point de Suif - ſe. Point de

Vin,
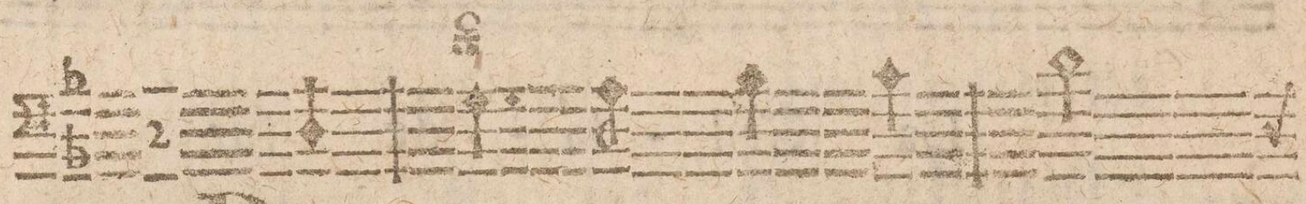


Vin, Point d'A - mour. Point de

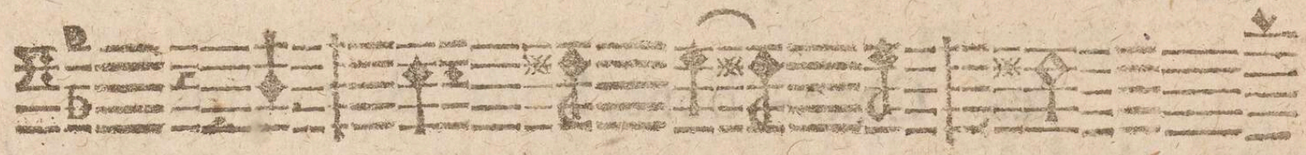


Vin, Point d'A - mour.

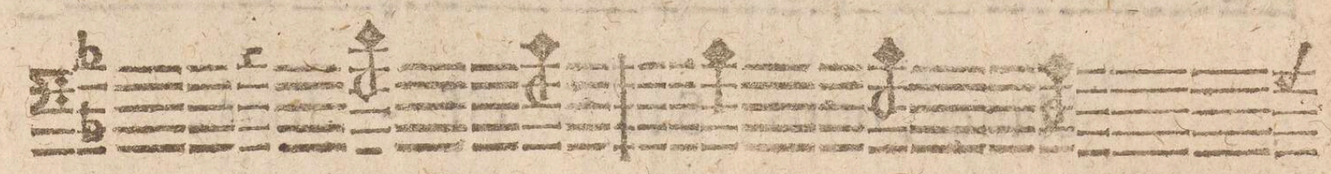
RECIT DE BASSE.
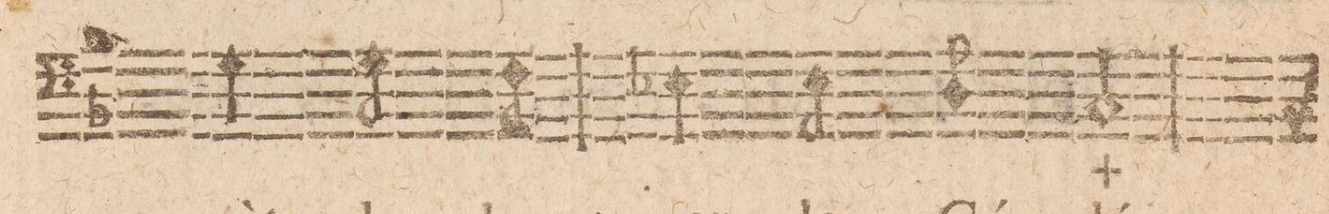


Pour moi, j'ai - me l'Hi - ver



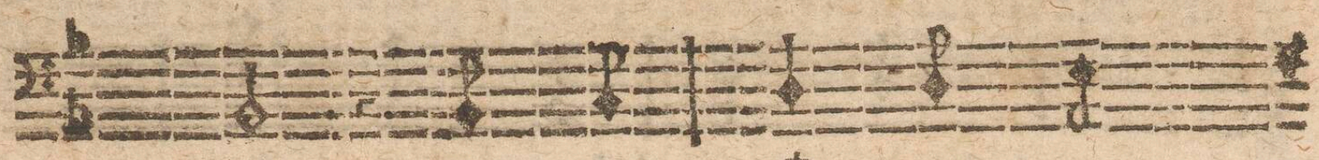
ſur tou - tes les Sai - ſons:



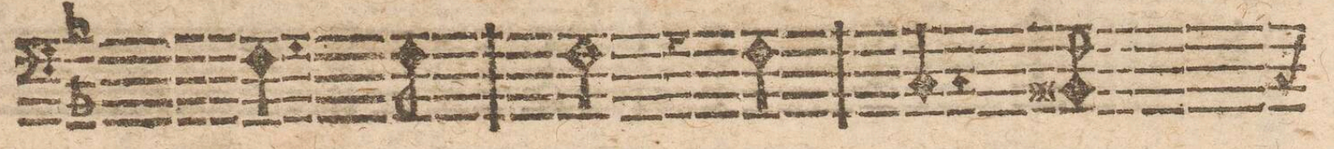
J'ai trou - vé le ſé-



crèt de bra - ver la Gé - lé-



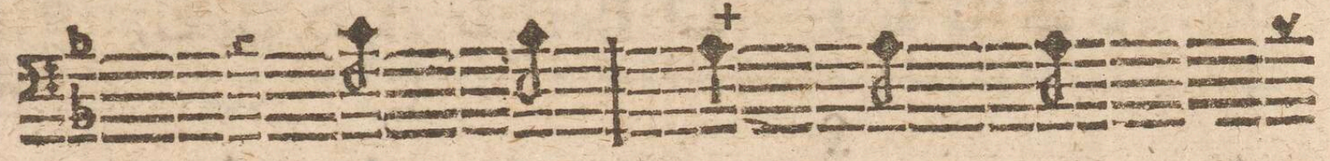
e: Je me mèts en-tre
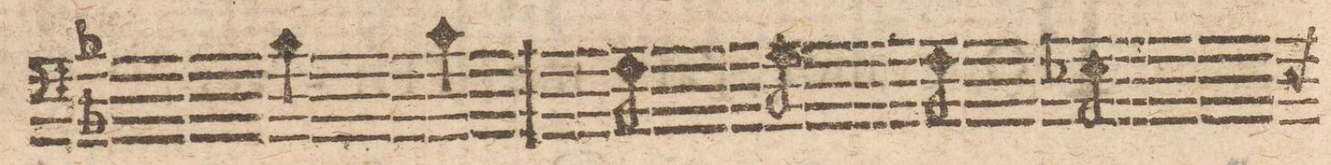


deux Fla-cons, Au coin de



quel-que Che-mi-né-e;



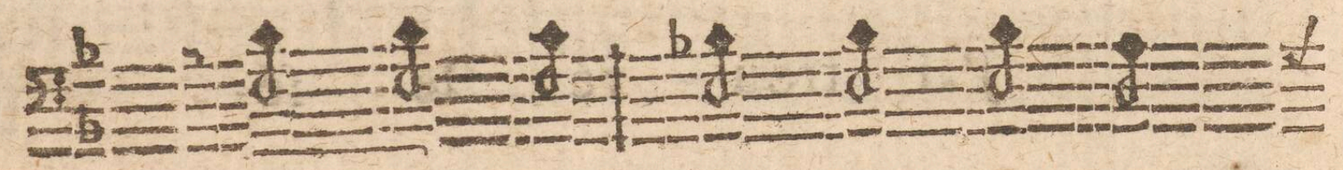
La Gril-la-de ſur



les Char-bons, Bons Bou-dins



blancs, bons Sau-ciſ-ſons,
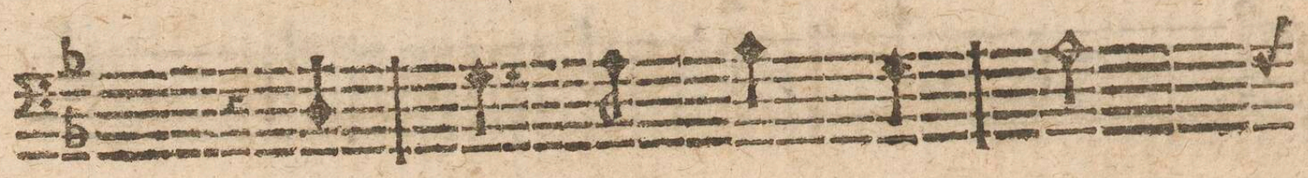


Et les Ma-rons, Et les Ma-



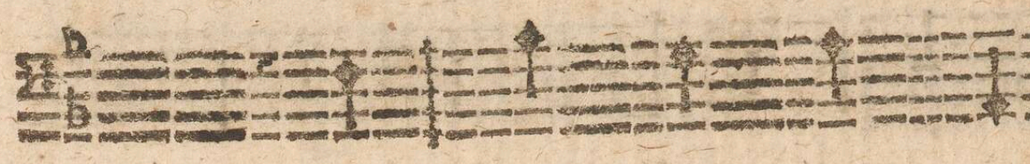
rons



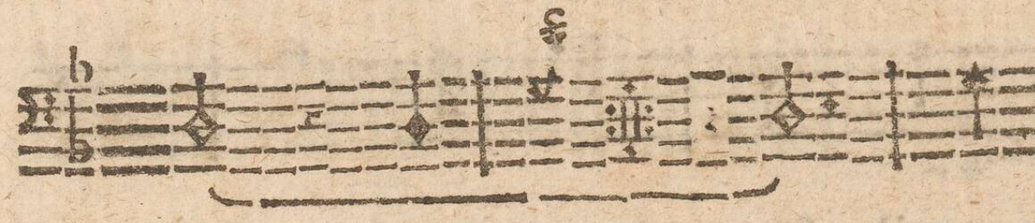
rons ſous la Cen - dré - e:
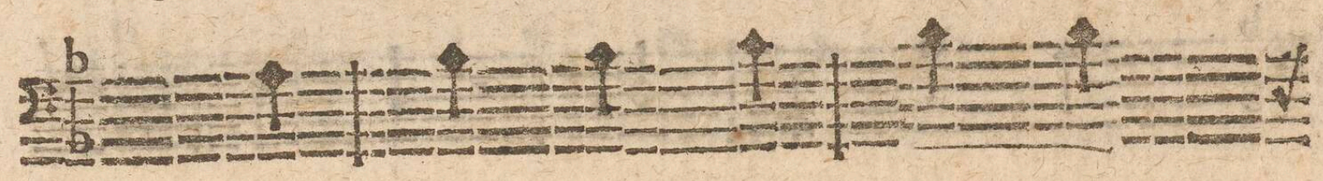


Je bra-ve ain-ſi le Froid,



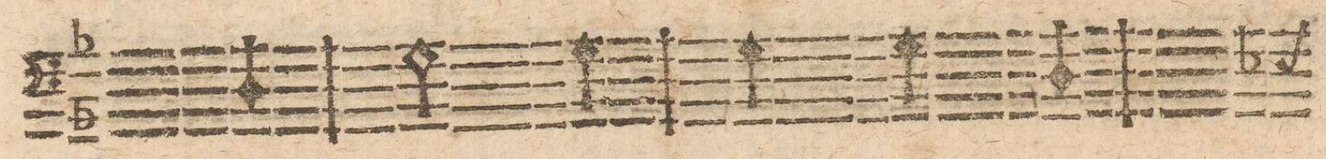
la Nei-ge, & les Gla-
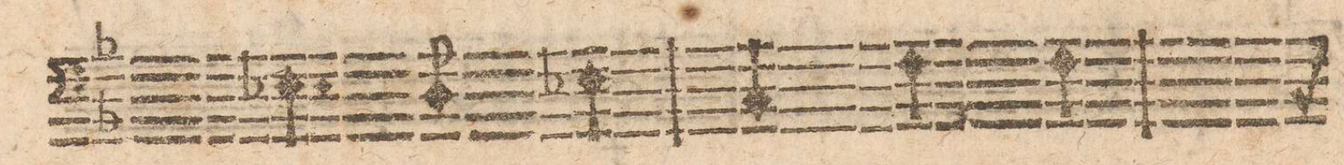


çons. Pour, &c, çons. Qu'on ne



me par - le d'E - té, ni

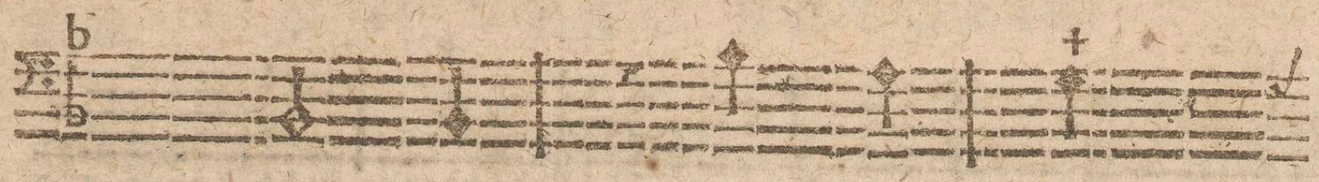


d'Au - tom - ne, Ni des Bou-
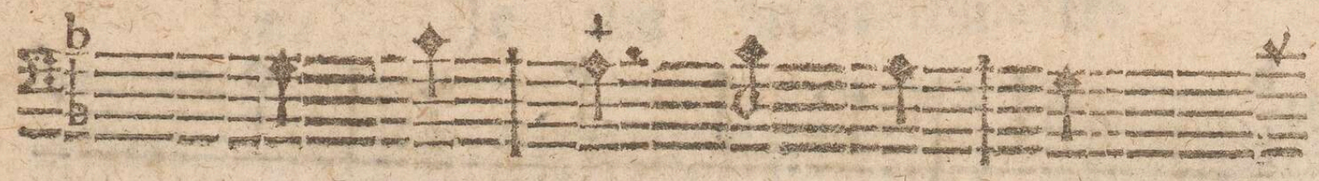


quets que le Prin - tems nous
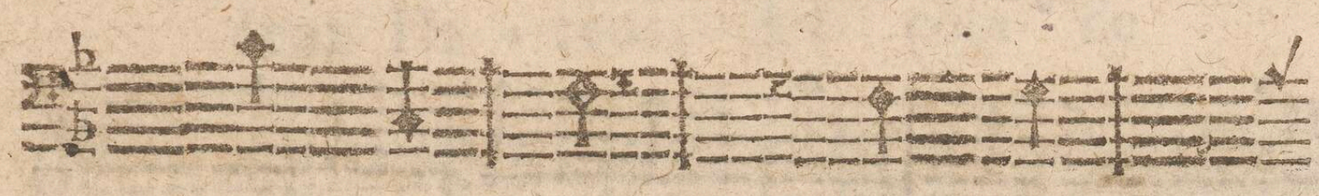
rons



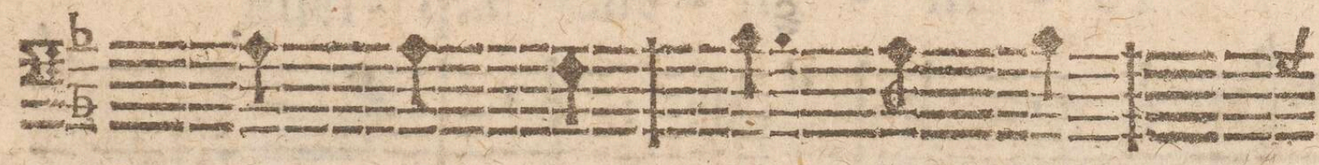
don - ne: En E - té



cha - cun mèt de l'Eau de-



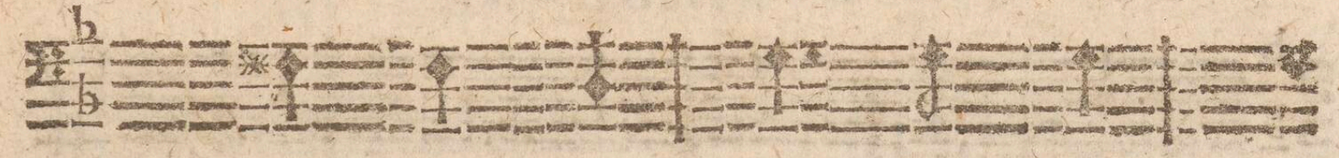
dans ſon Vin. En Au-



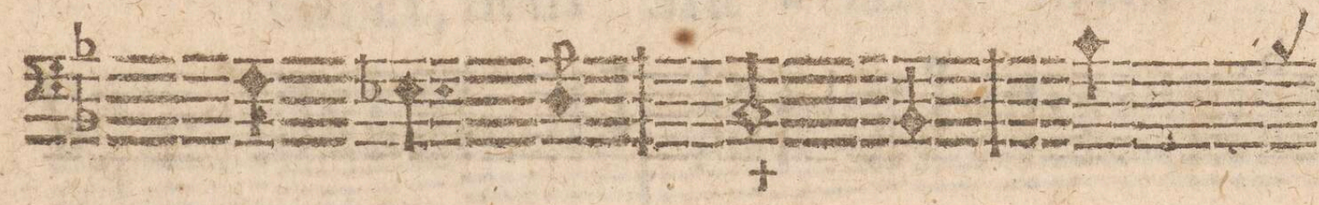
tom-ne il ſent trop la Gra-



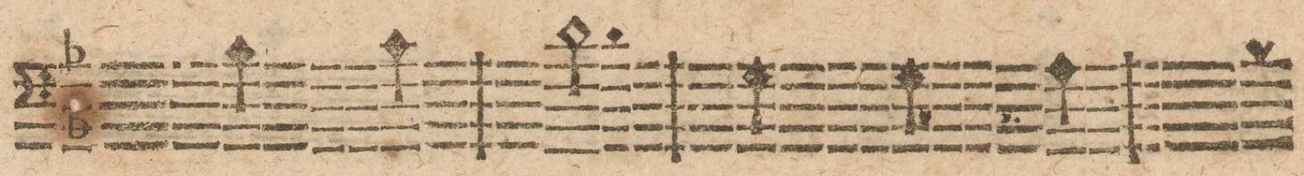
pe & le Rai - ſin. Il eſt



vrai qu'au Prin - tems, il eſt



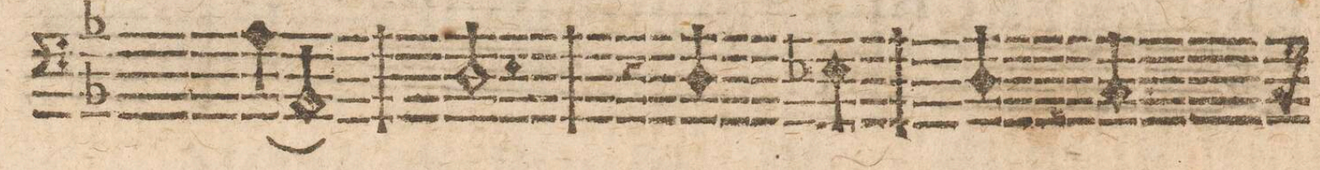
af - fez po - ta - ble: Mais



en Hy - ver, Mais en Hy-



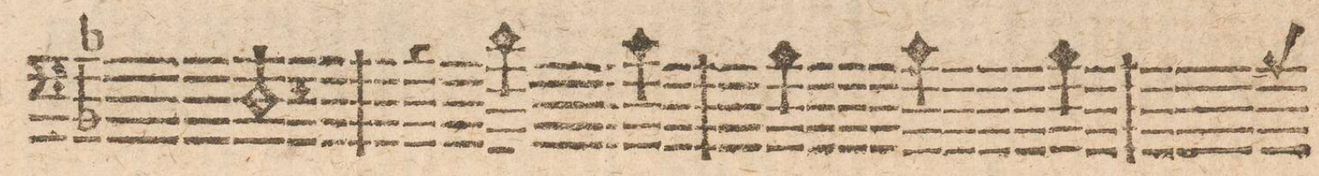
ver il eſt plus a - gré-



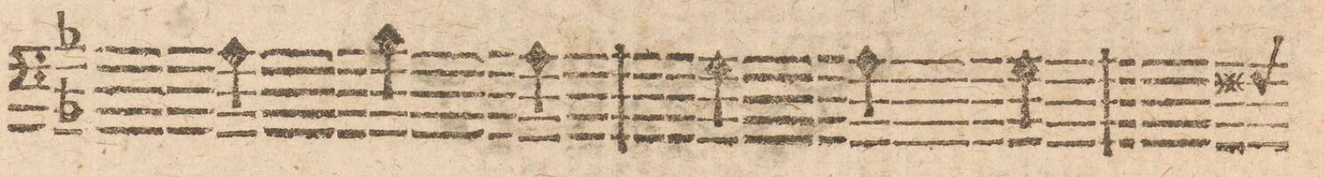
a - ble: Et j'en Boi Nuit,



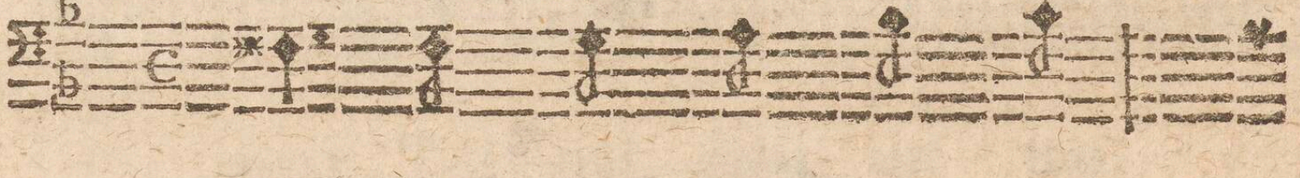
& Jour, En gra - tant mes Ti-
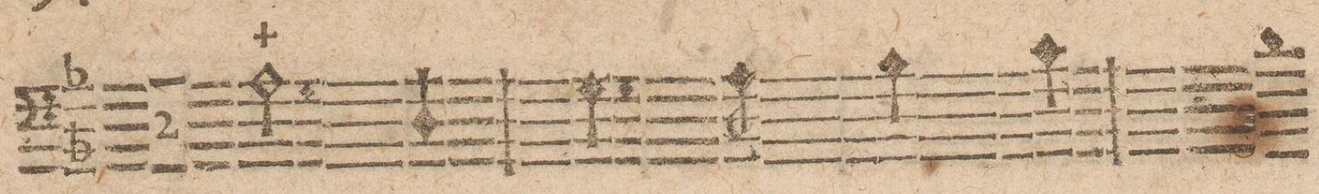


ſons; Et j'en Boi Nuit, &



Jour, Et j'en Boi Nuit, &
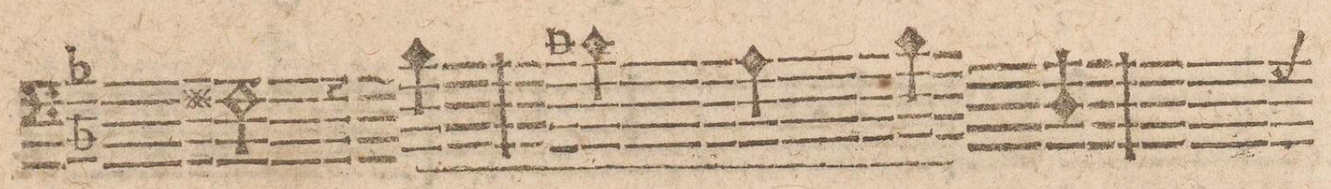


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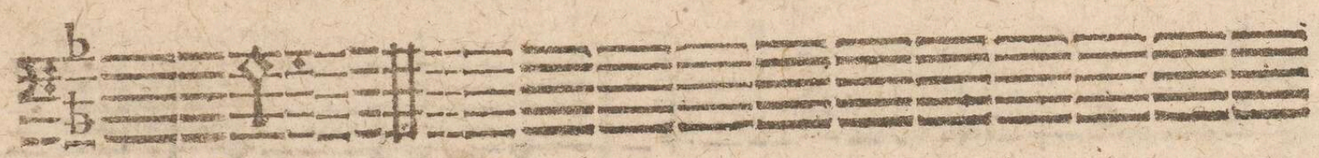
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ver ſur tou - tes les Sai-
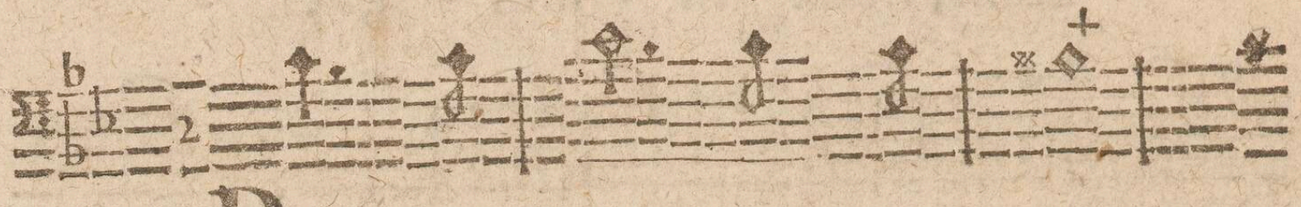


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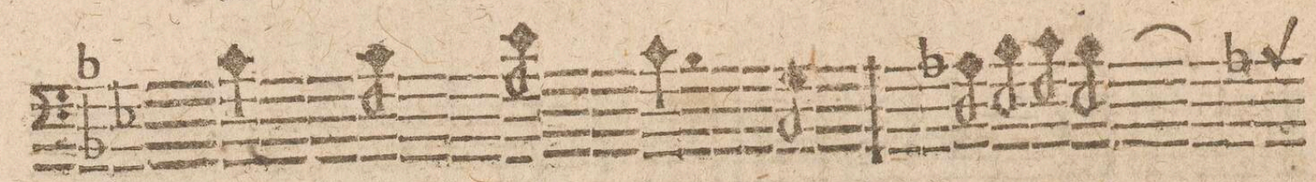
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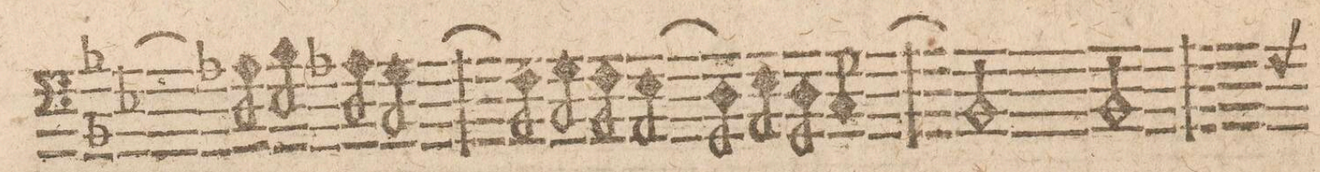
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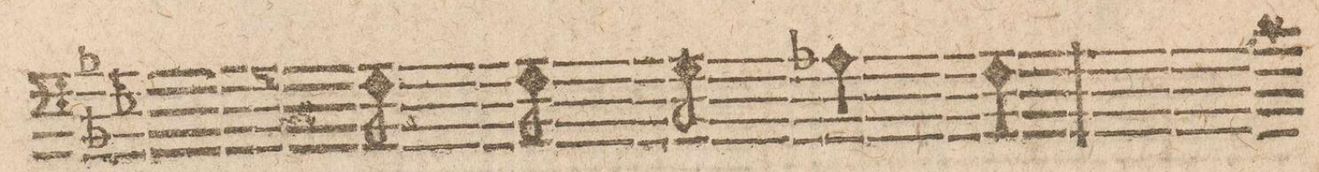


PUiſ-ſant Dieu de la Mer,



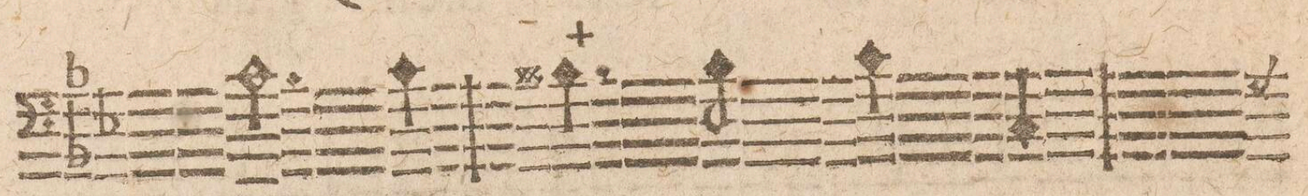
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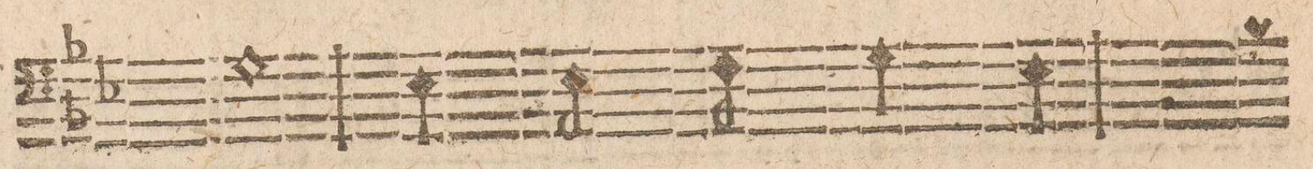


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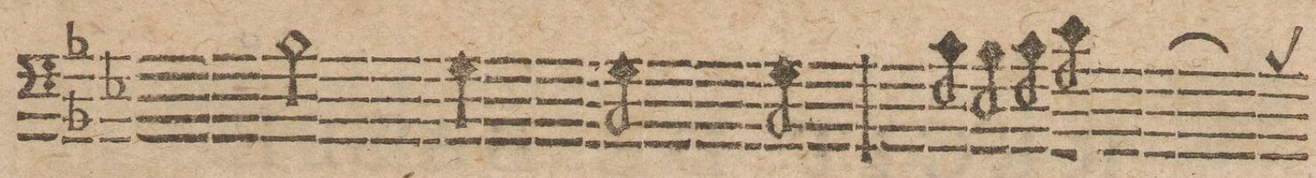
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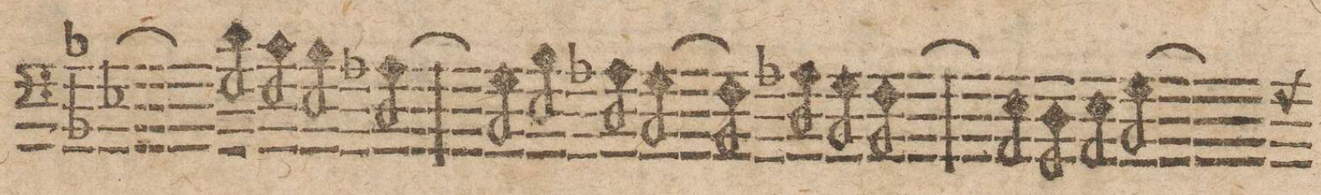


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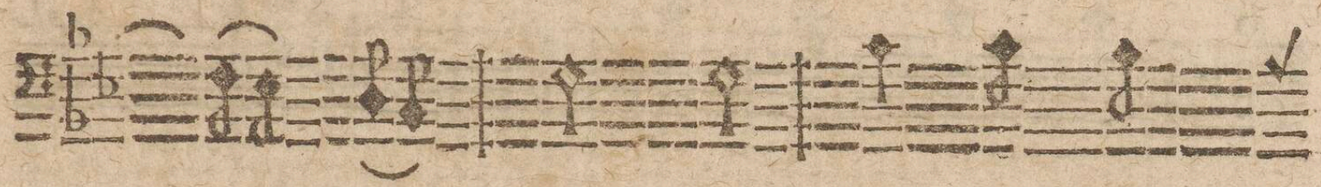


mant, Toi qui dans un mo-



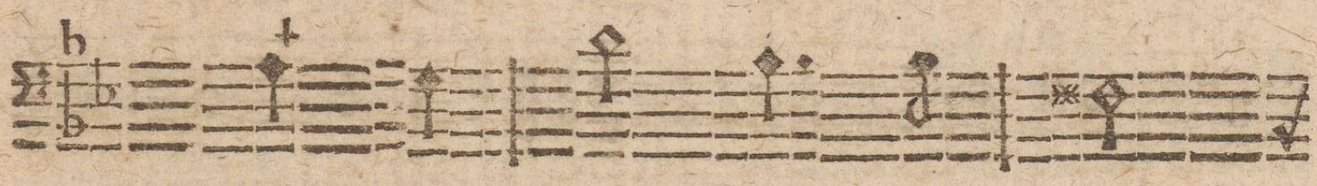
ment, Peux ſub- mer - guer -



- - - - -



- le Mon- de, Ton re- dou-



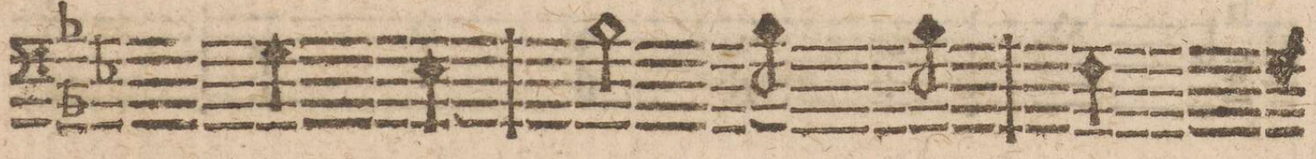
ta-ble Em- pi- re en ſe - roit,



en ſe - roit bien plus

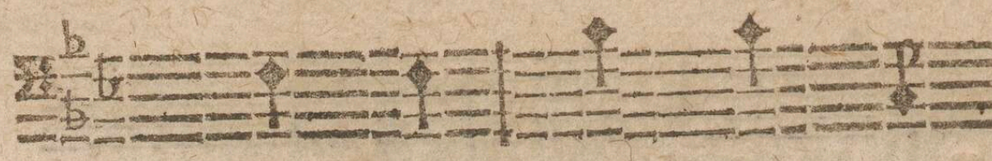


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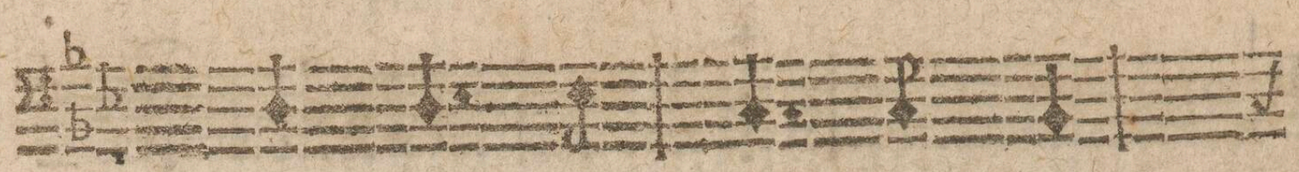


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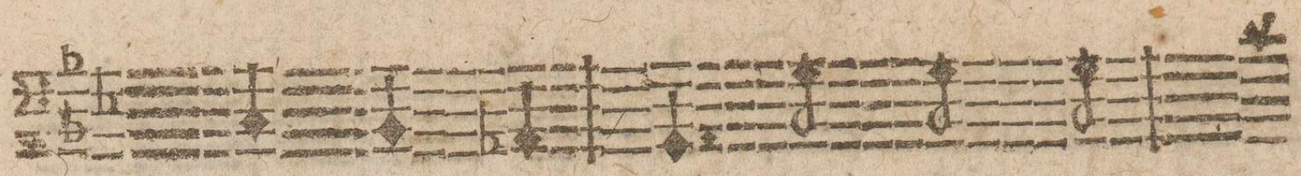
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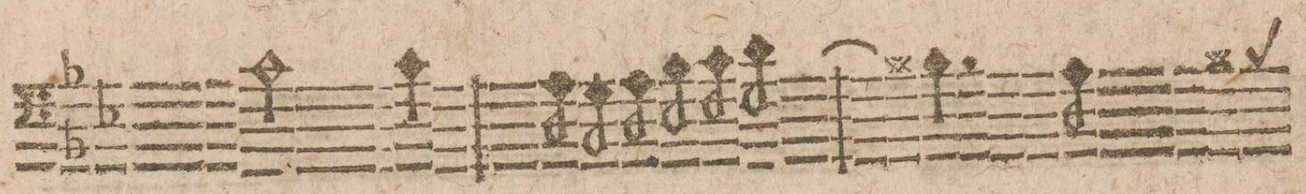
rendre hom-ma - ge, Ceſ - ſe-
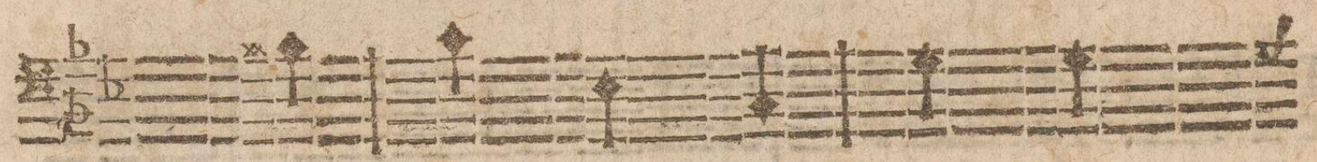


roient d'ha - bi - ter leurs té-
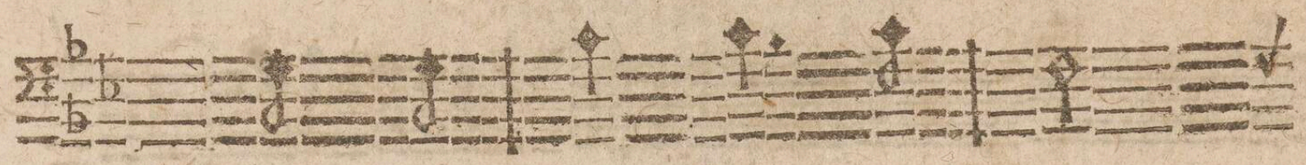


né-breux Ca - vots, Tu les ver-



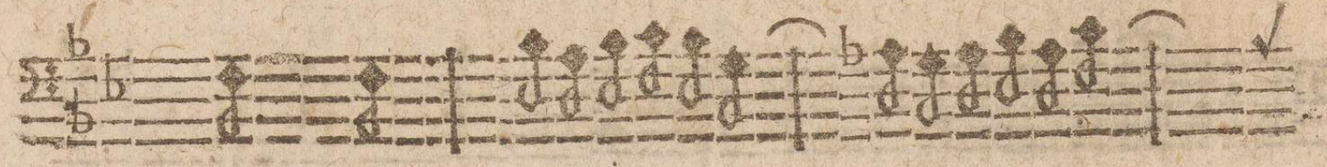
rois cou - rir - - ſur



ton vaſ - te Ri - va - ge,



ſe li - vrer pour ja - mais



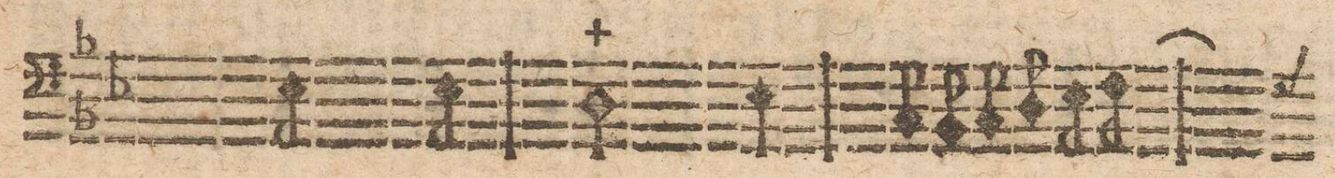
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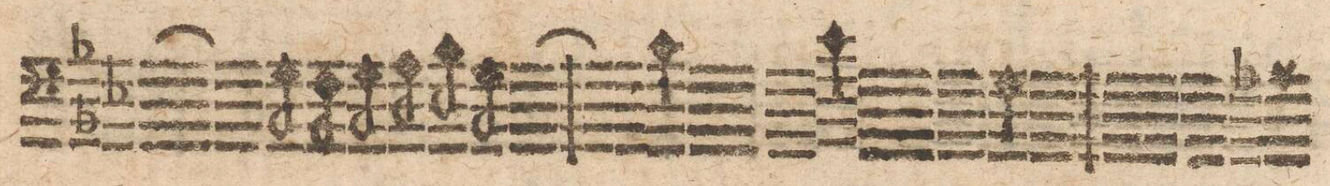
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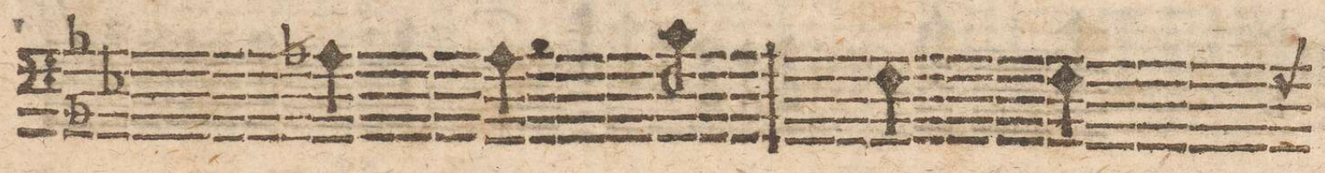


- de tes Flots, Tu



les ver- rois cou - rir -
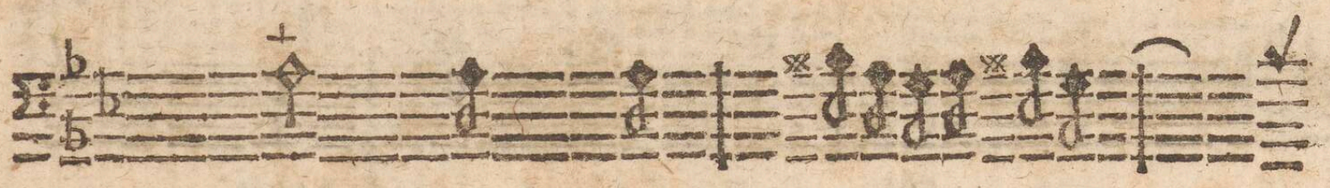


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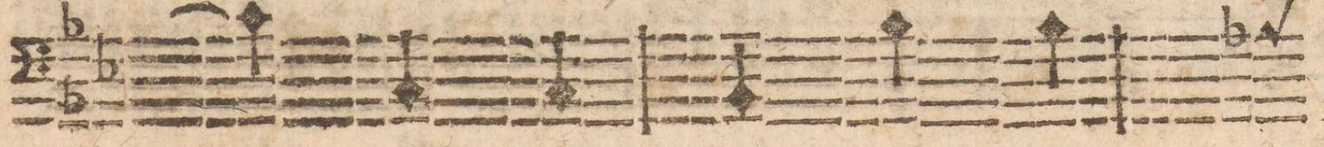
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Se li - vrer pour ja-
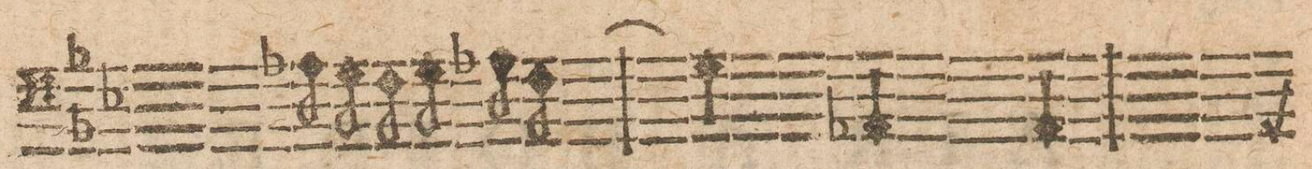


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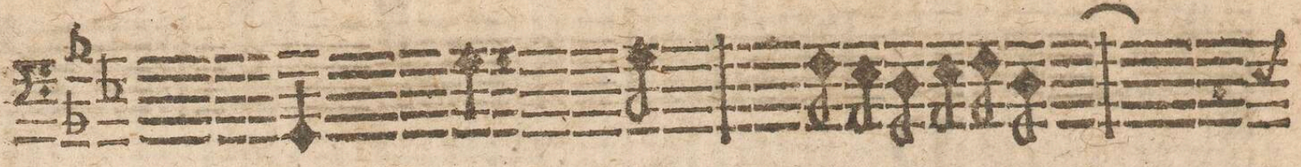


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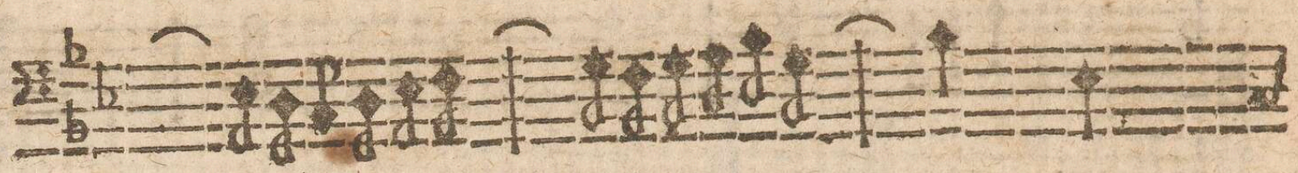
reurs



reurs - de tes



Flots, Aux Fu - reurs -



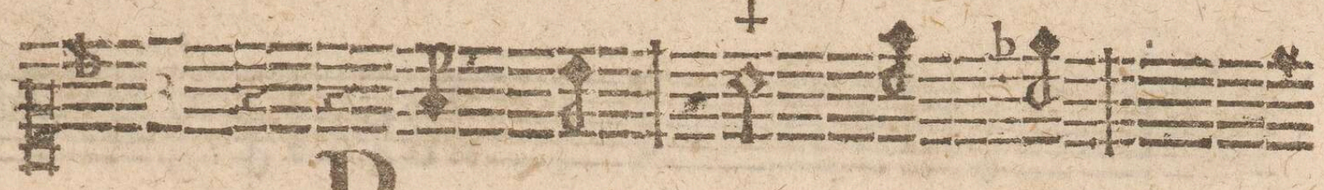
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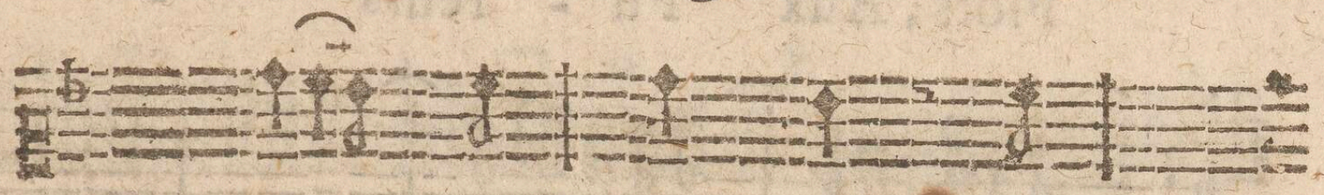


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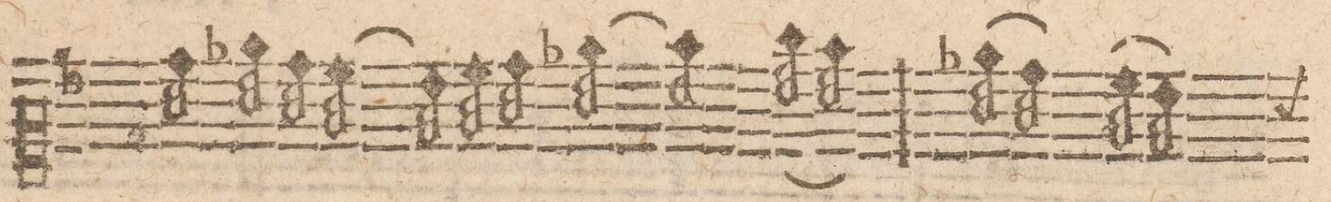


AIR A BOIRE.



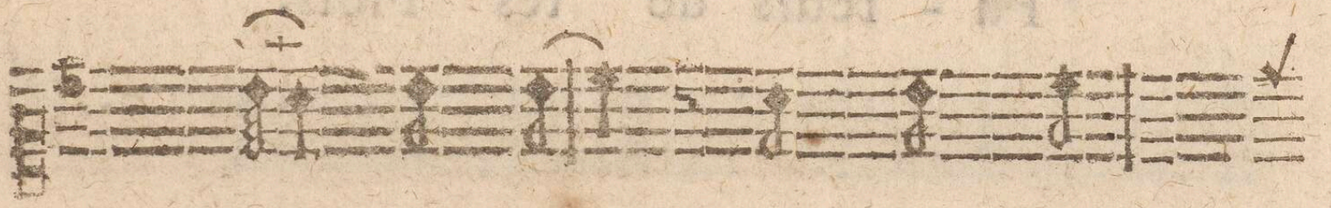
ROſ- ſi - gnol, ton ra-
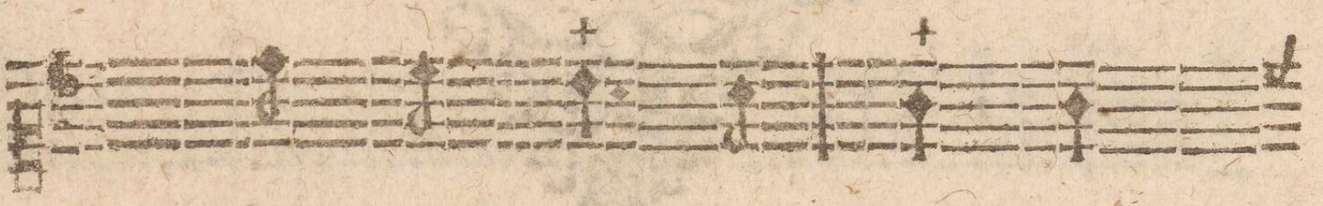


ma - ge ten - dre, Ré-
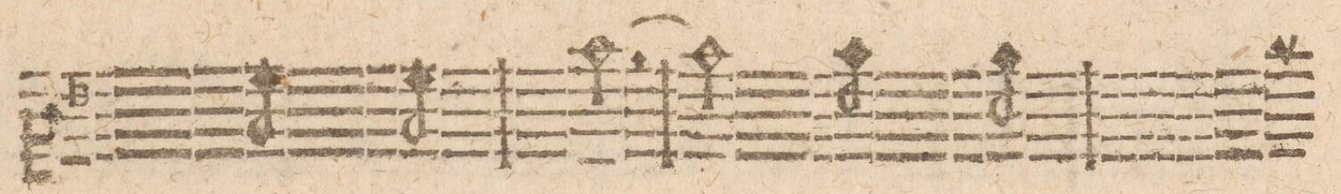


veil- - - le les E-



chos des Bois, Je ne me
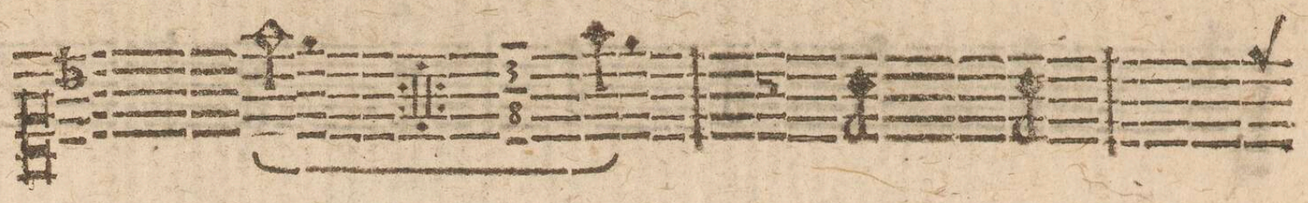


laſ - ſe pas d'en - ten - dre,
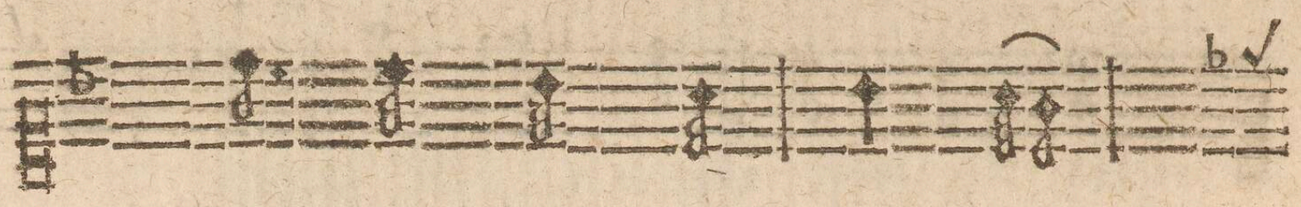


Les Ac - cens de ta

Voix :



Voix : Voix : Mais tes
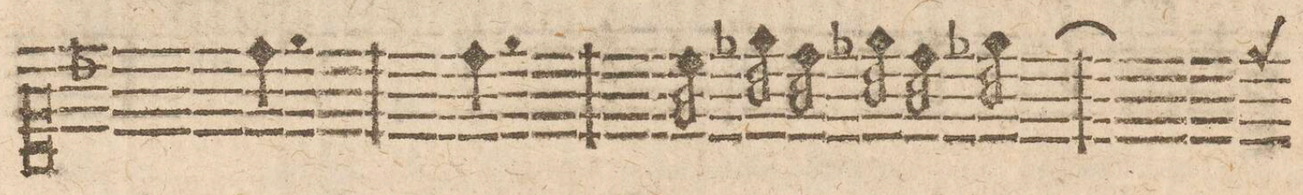


Chants à mon O - reil - le,
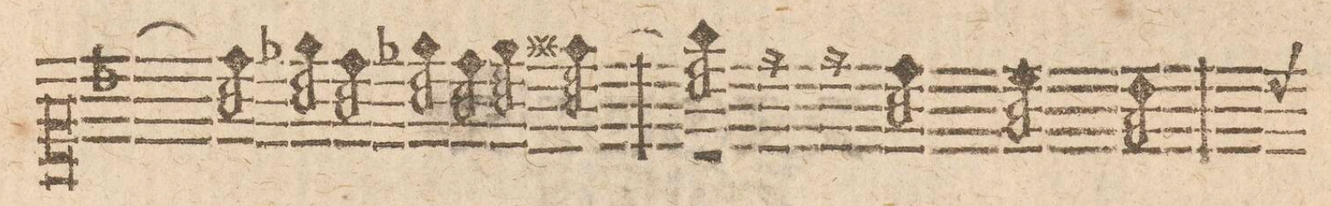


Ne pa - roi - troient pas ſi



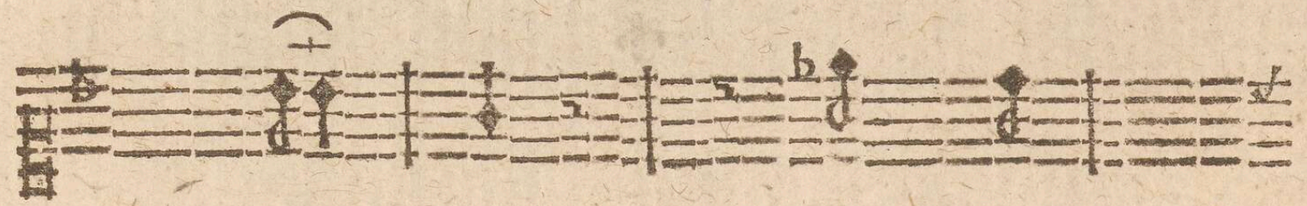
doux, S'ils n'i - mi - toient



les gloux, gloux -
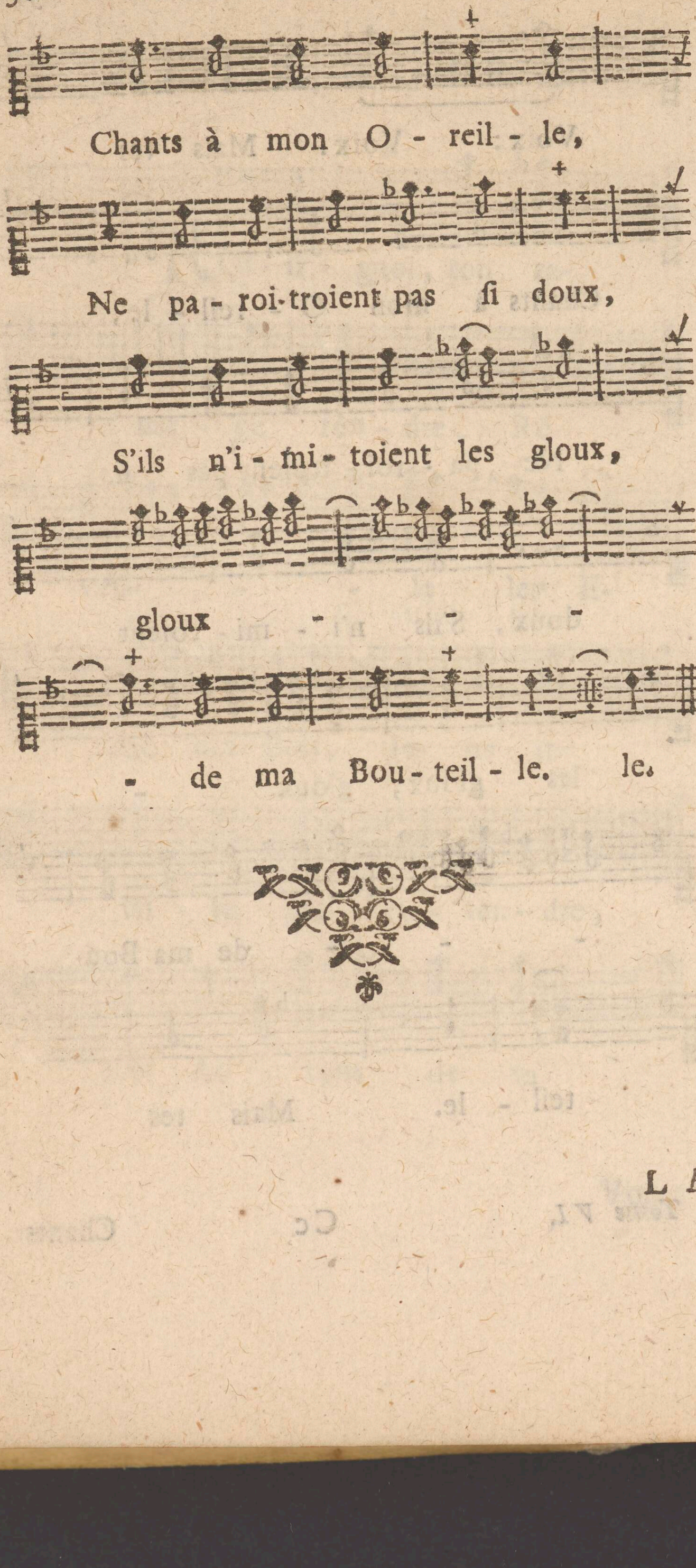


- - - de ma Bou-
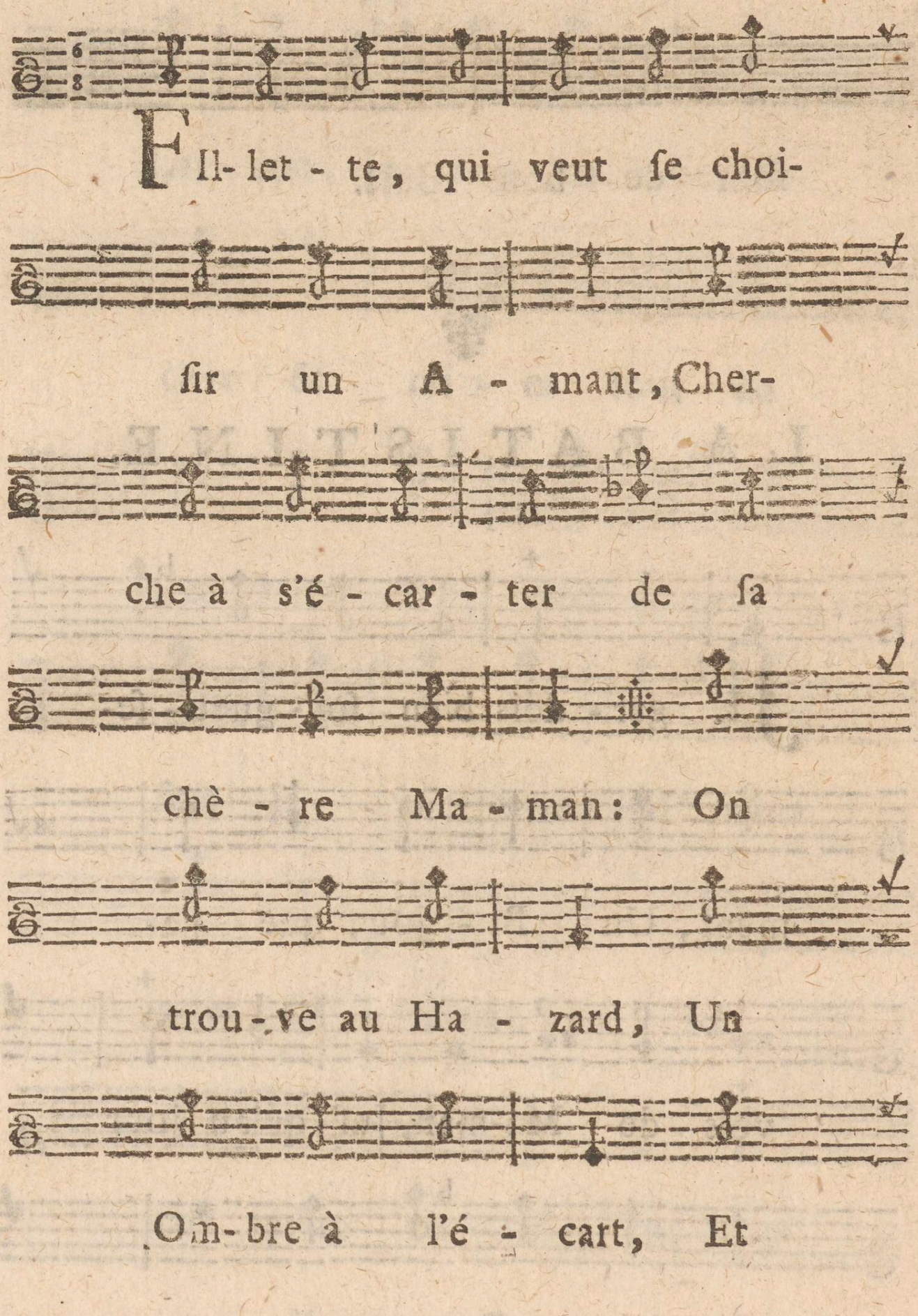


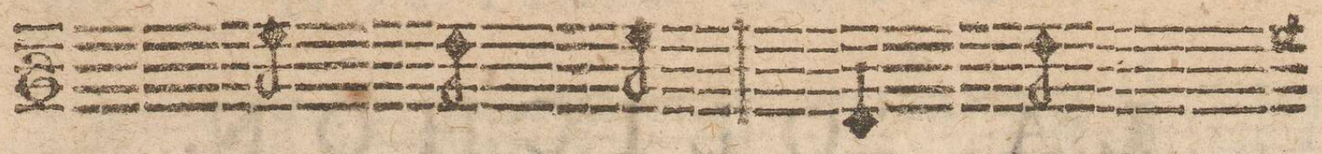
teil - le. Mais tes

Voix :

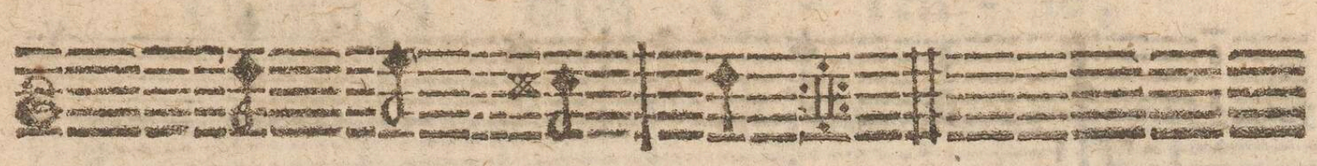

Chants à mon O - reil - le,
Ne pa - roi-troient pas ſi doux,
S'ils n'i - mi - toient les gloux,
gloux - - -
- de ma Bou - teil - le. le.

LA FOLICHON.


Fil- let - te, qui veut ſe choi-
ſir un A - mant, Cher-
che à s'é - car - ter de ſa
chè - re Ma - man: On
trou - ve au Ha - zard, Un
Om-bre à l'é - cart, Et

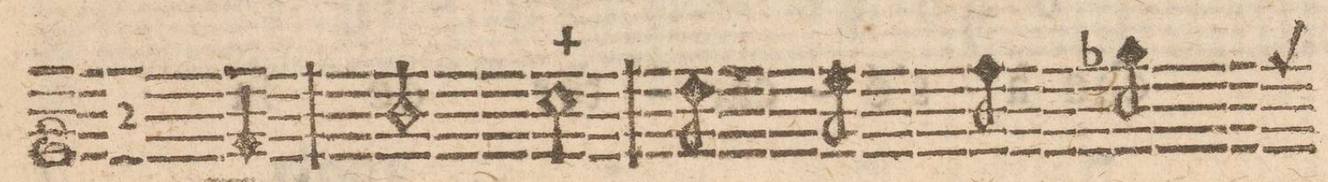


là les A - mours, Y



font de bons tours.

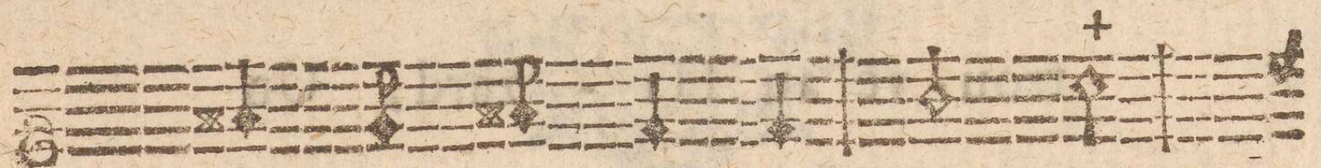
LA BATISTINE.



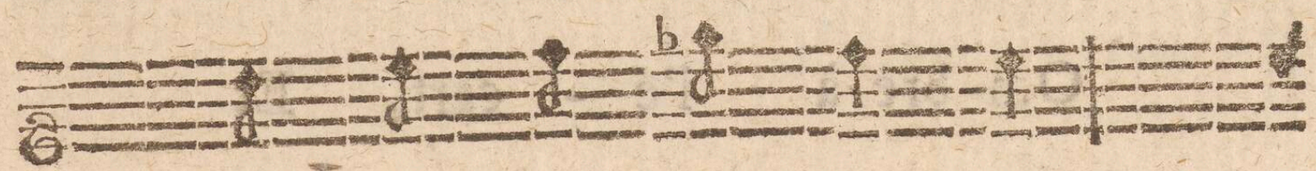
JE gar - dois bien foi - gneu - se-



ment, Un Bi - jou, que j'a-
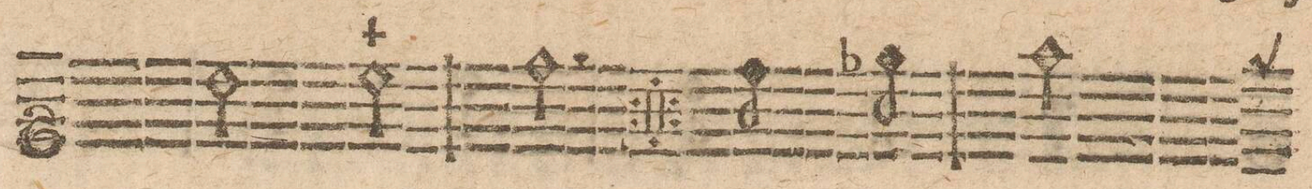


vois de Ma-man, Juſ - qu'au jour



qu'un jeu - ne E - tour - di me

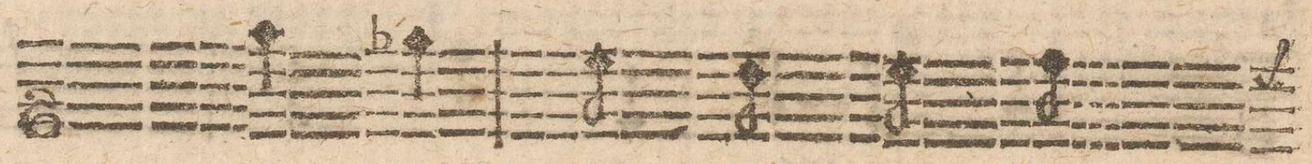
l'a



l'a ra - vi: Con-tre ce
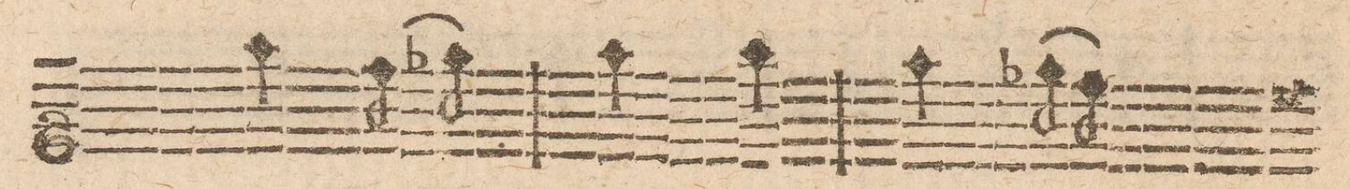


Lar- ron, Je vou- lus me fâ-



cher & cri - er tout de



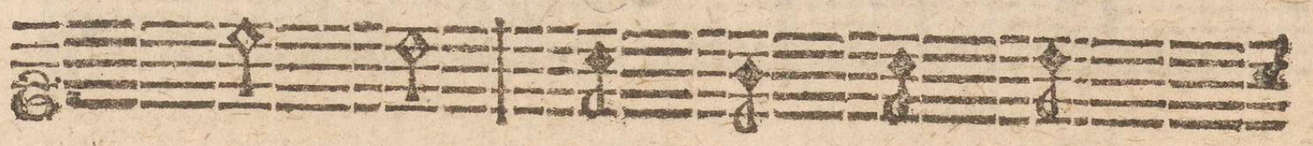
bon, Mais à cet - te



fois je me trou- vai man-



quer de Voix; Je ne



fais qu'un ex - cel - lent moy-
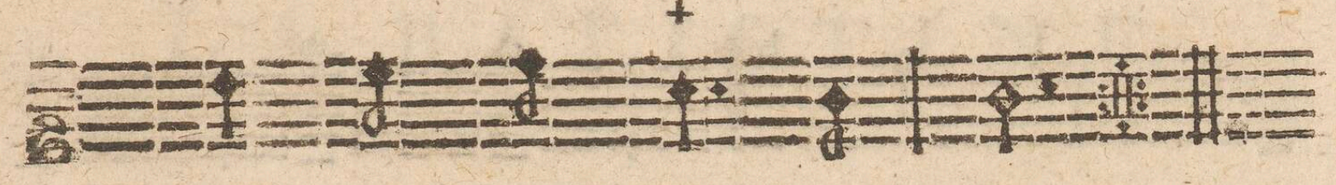


-en, Je n'en di - rai



rien, Je fe - rai ſem-blant



de l'a - voir, C'eſt mon
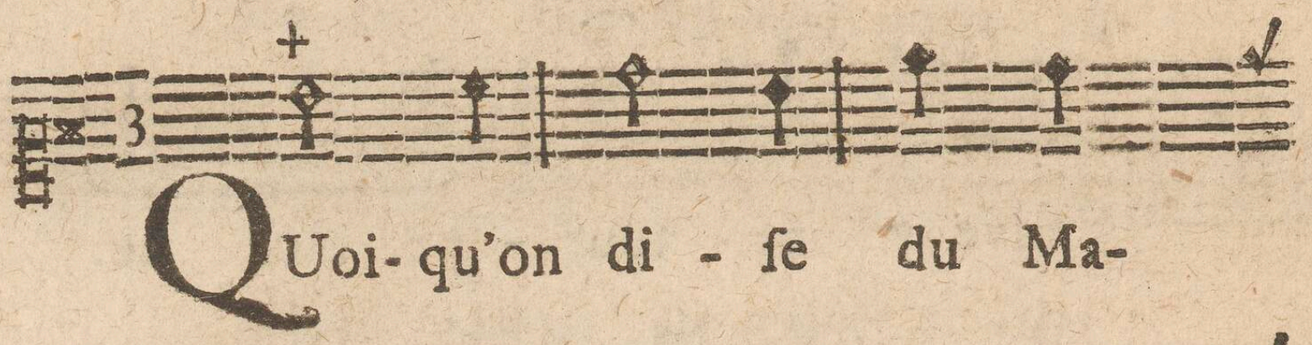


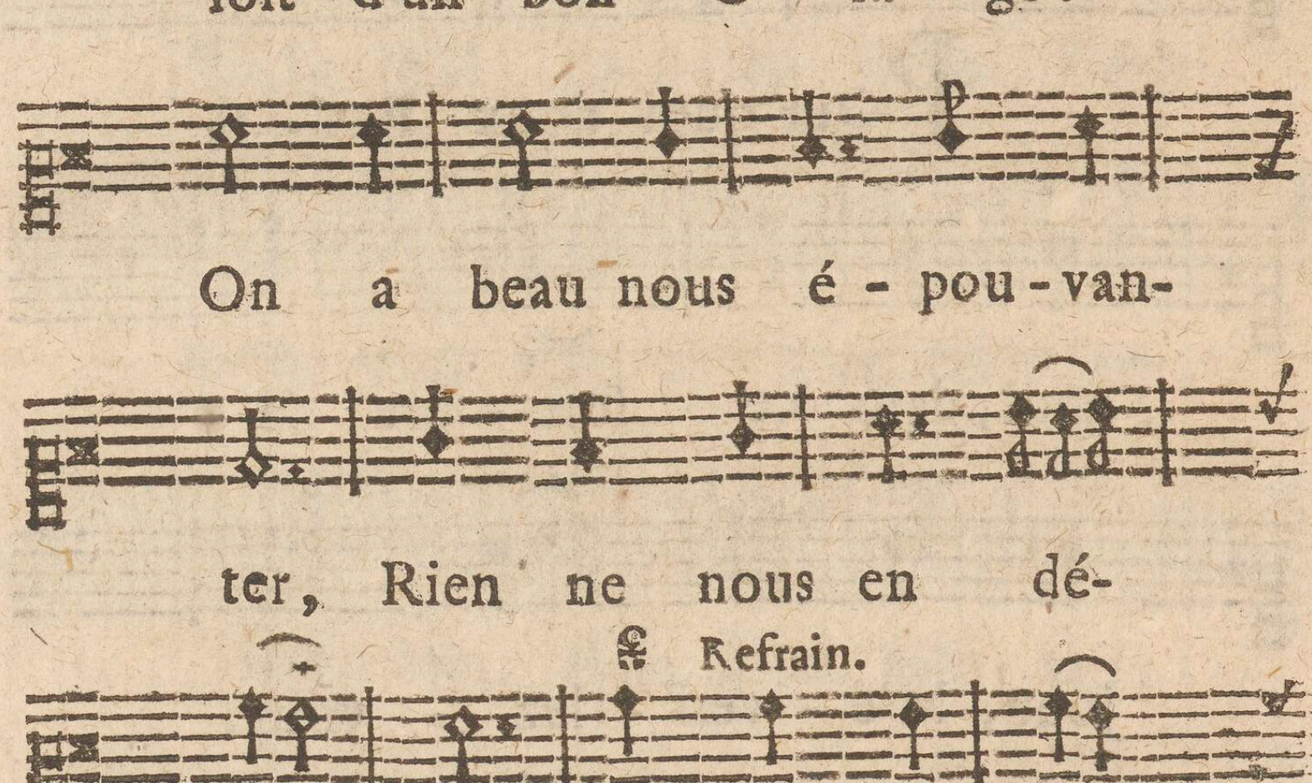
But, & tout mon Eſ - poir.



CHAN-

CHANSONNETTE.





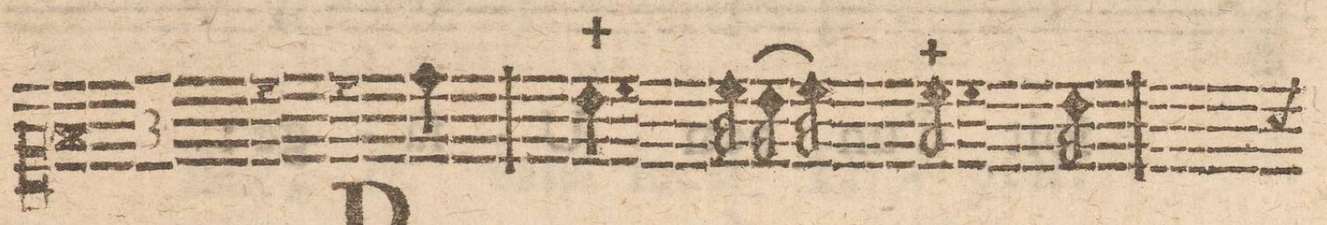


le en veut tâ - ter,, Et la



Veuve y re - tour - ne. &c. ne.
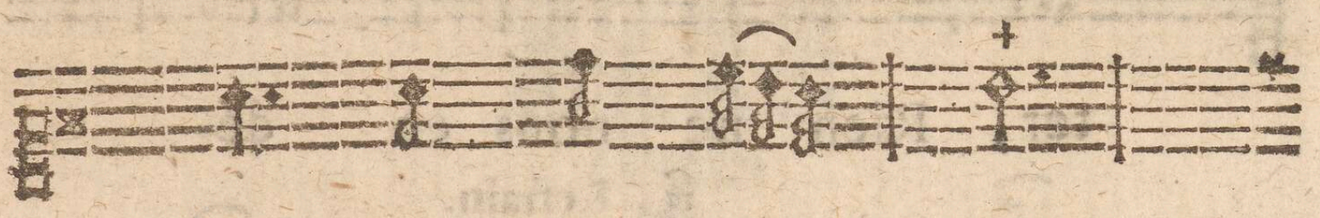
AIR SERIEUX.



POur-quoi doux Roſ - ſi-



gnol, dans ce ſom - bre ſé-



jour, M'é - veil - lez - vous,



M'é - veil - lez - vous a - vant

l'Au-
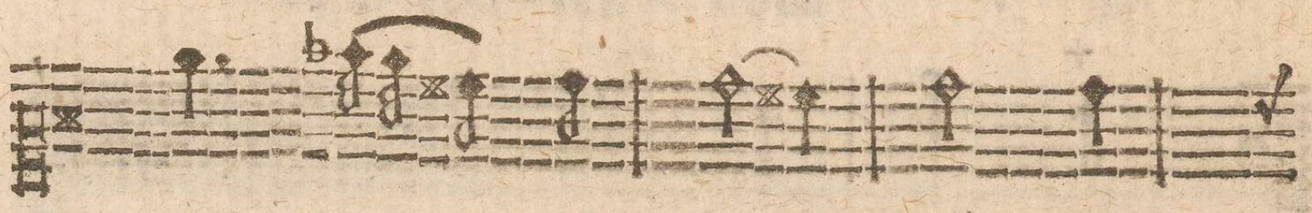


l'Au-ro - re; Ve-nez-vous à
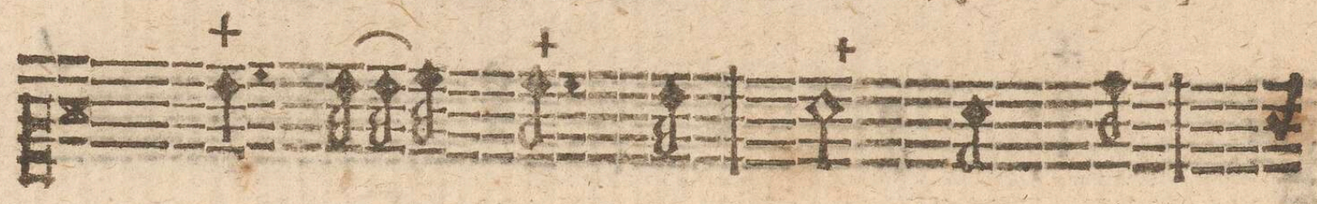


mon Cœur an - non - cer



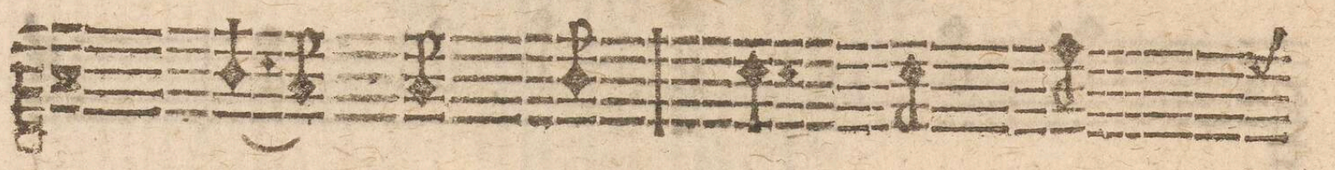
le re - tour, Du char-mant ob-



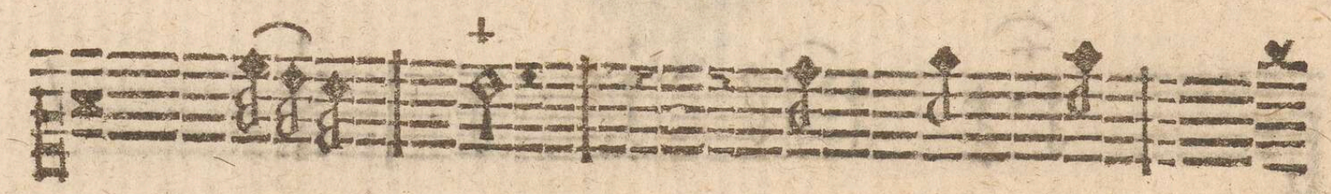
jèt que j'a - do - re. Pour-



quoi doux Rof - ſi - gnol, Dans ce
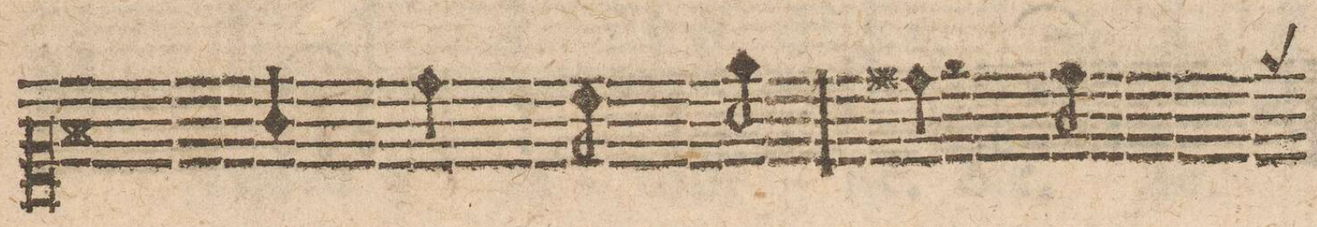


ſom - bre ſé - jour, M'é - veil-



lez - vous, M'é - veil - lez-
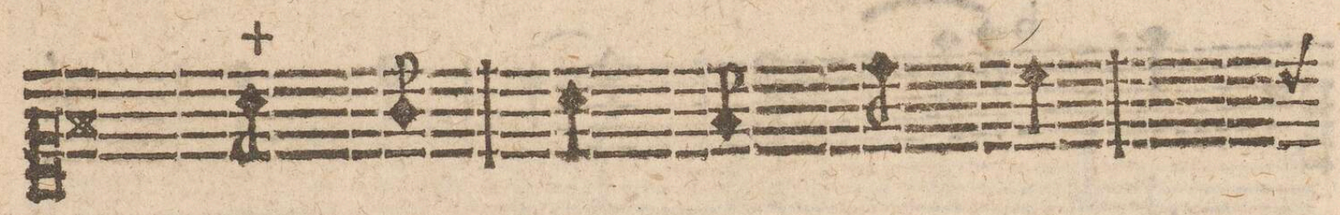


vous a - vant l'Au-ro-
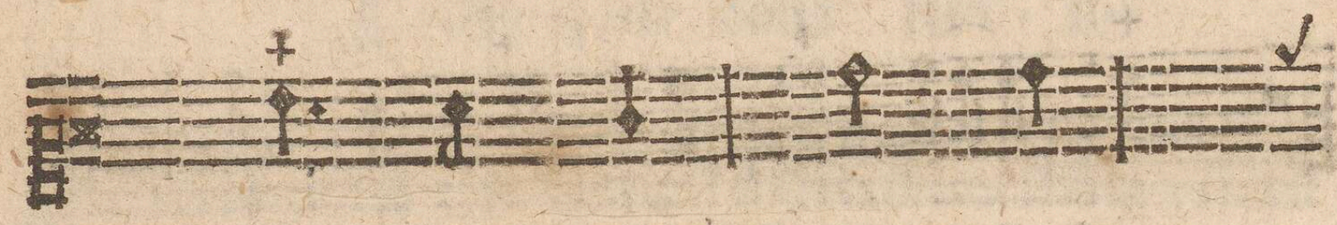


re; Mais ſi Cli - mei-ne a



mon A - mour, Trop in - ſen-
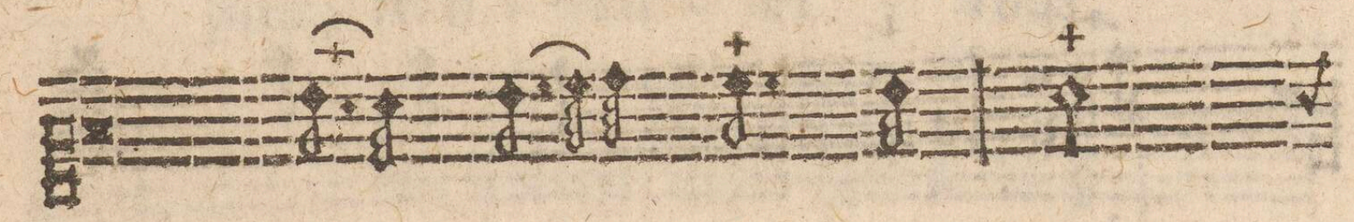


ſi - ble en - co - re, A - ban-



don - ne mon Cœur au
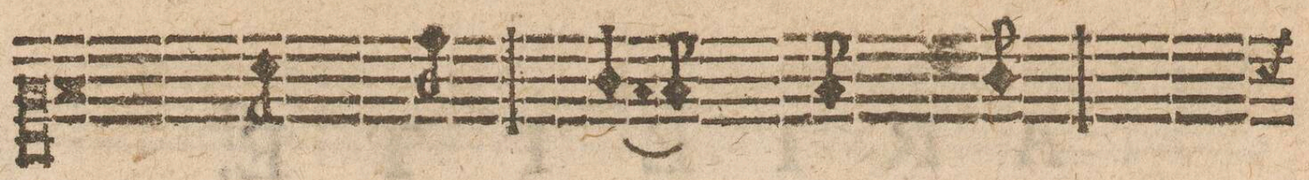


feu qui le dé - vo- re. Pour-
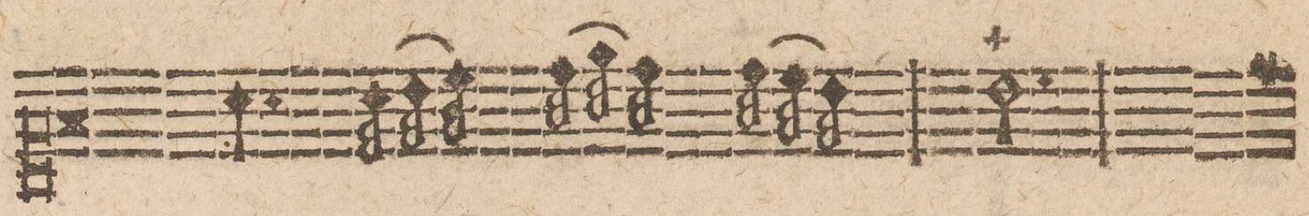


quoi doux Roſ - ſi - gnol

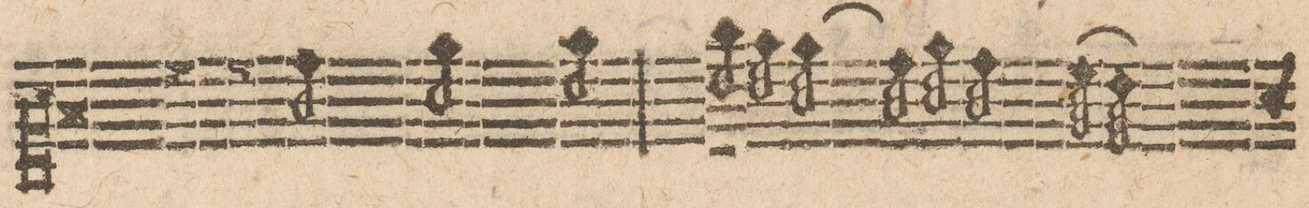
dans
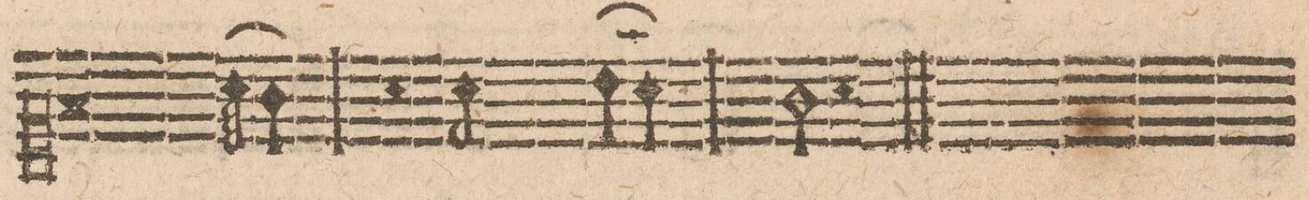


dans ce ſom - bre ſé-



jour, M'é - veil - lez - vous,
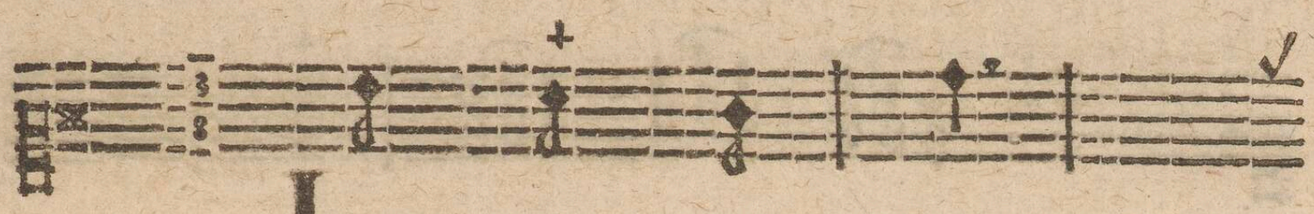


M'é-veil-lez - vous - a-



vant l'Au - ro - re.
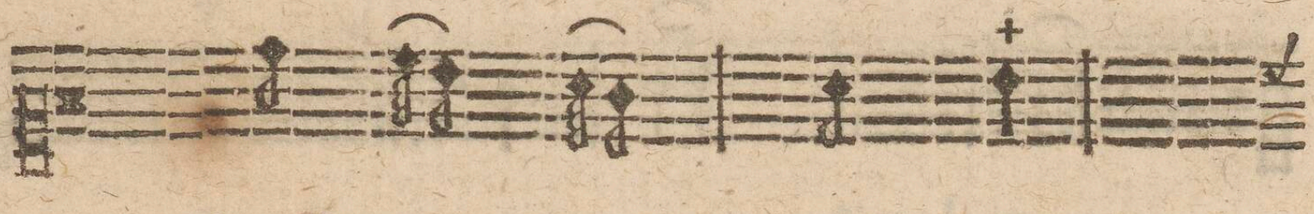


ARIETTE.
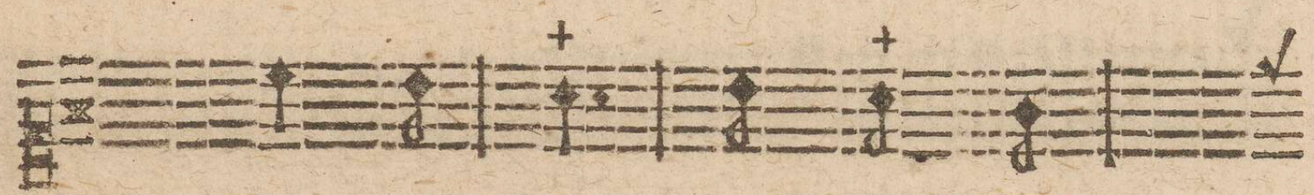


LE Bien nous vient



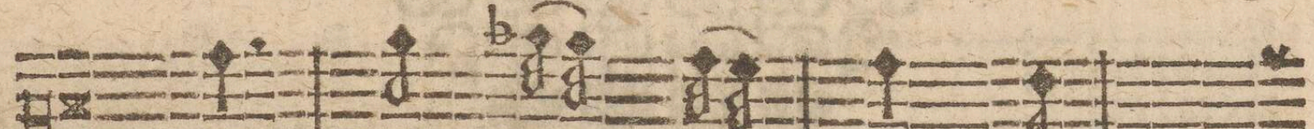
à la tra - ver - ſe,



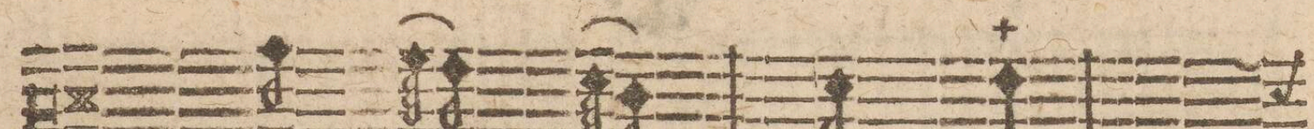
Lorſ- que nous y ſon-
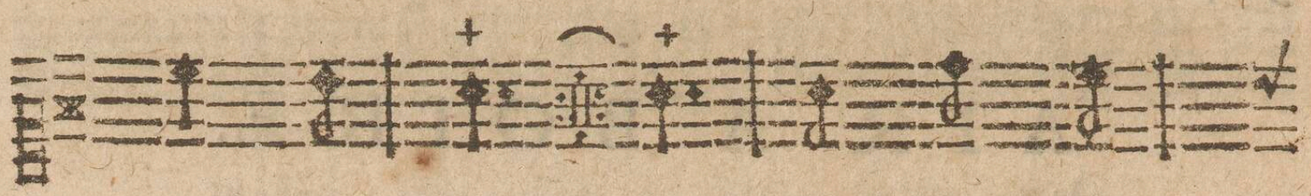


geons le moins, Quel que fois



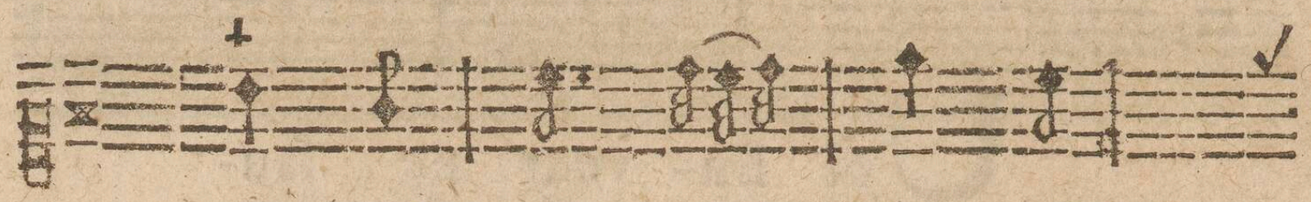
un mo · ment ren - ver - ſe,



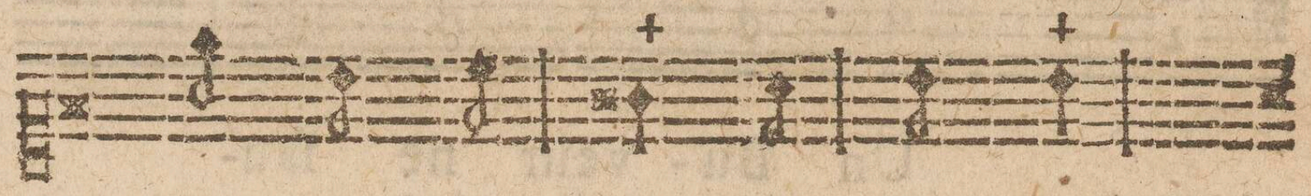
L'Ou - vra - ge de tren-
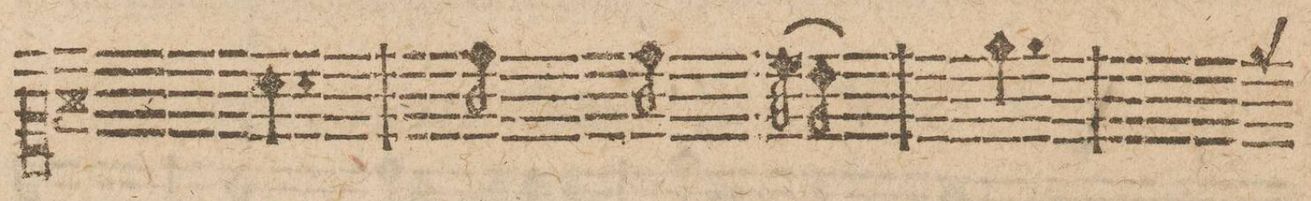


te ans de ſoins: ſoins: Il eſt cer-
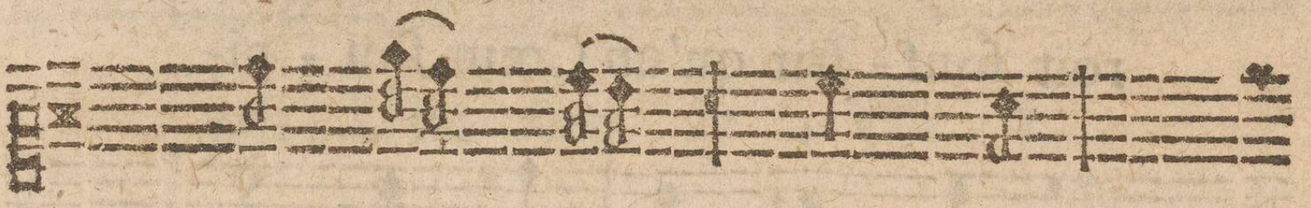


tain Dé- mon qui veil- le,



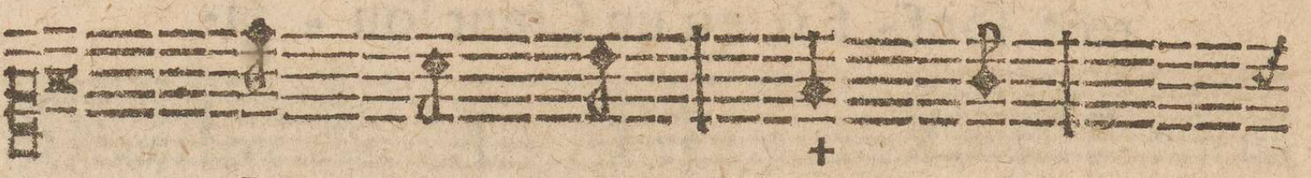
A nô- tre Vi- e à nô- tre
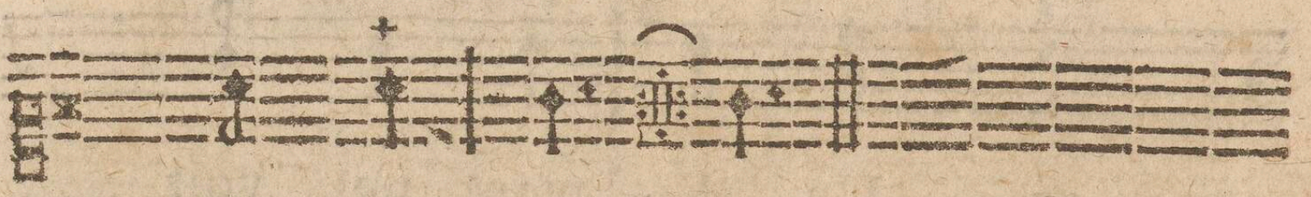


mort, A - mis, vui - dons



nô - tre Bou - teil - le,

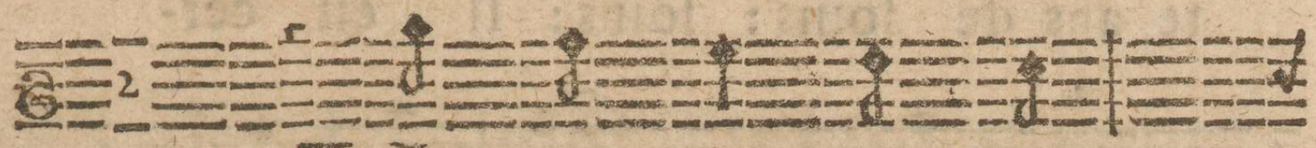


Soy - ons [con - tens de

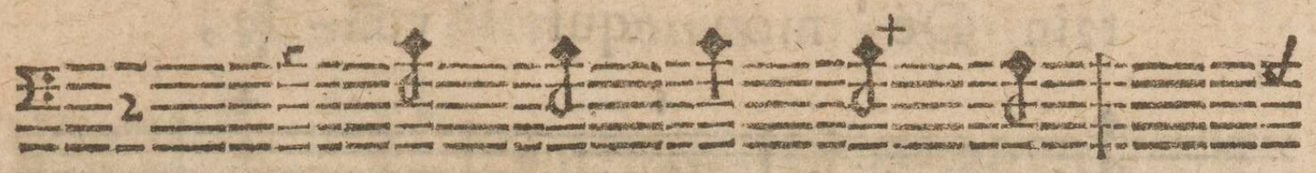


nô - tre ſort. ſort.

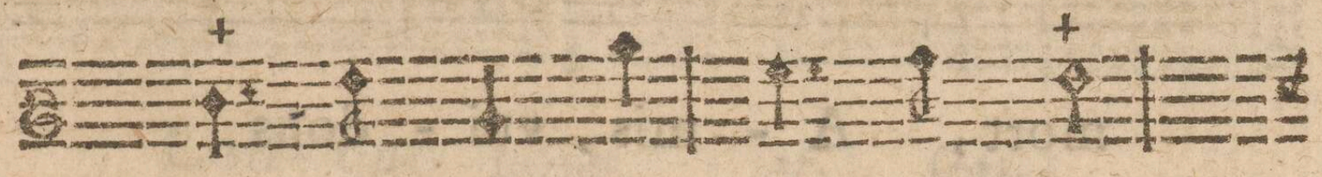
AIR A BOIRE.
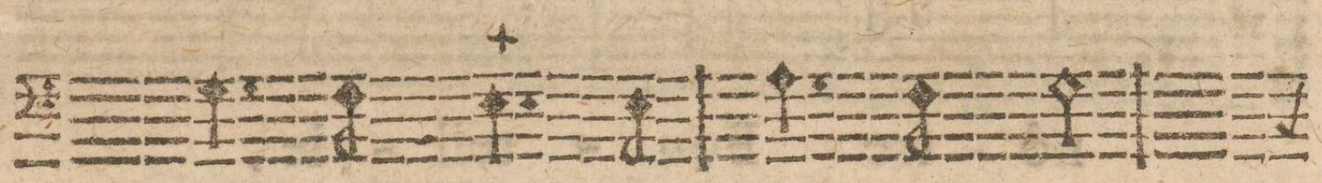


UN Bu- veur ne ſau-



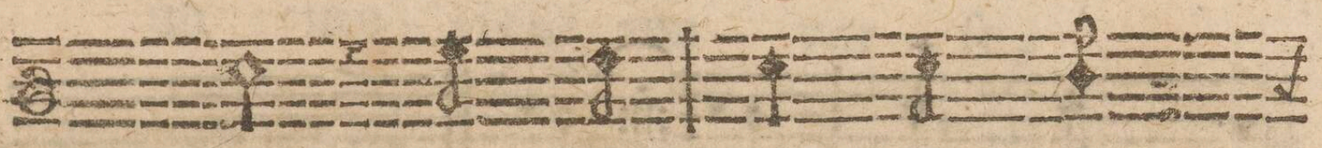
Un Bu- veur ne ſau-



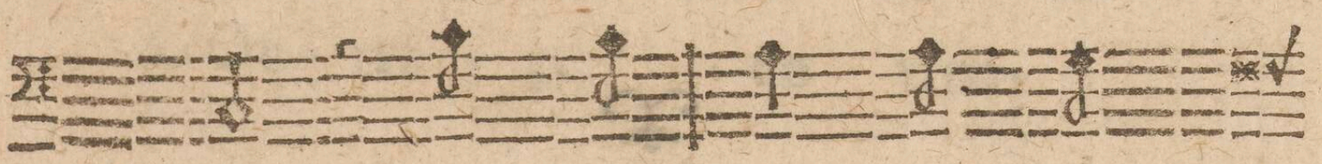
roit ſouf- frir qu'un Cœur ſou - pi-
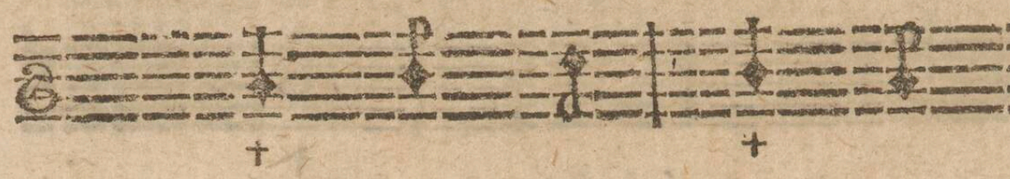


roit ſouf- f ir qu'un Cœur ſou - pi-



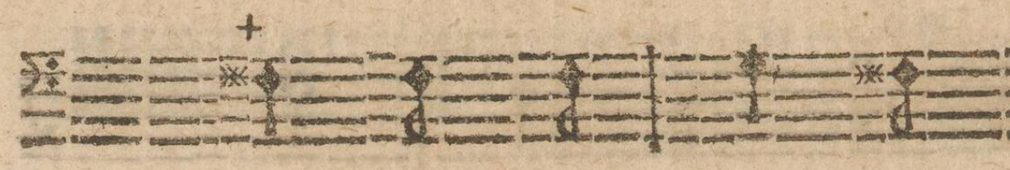
re, Un A - mant ne voit
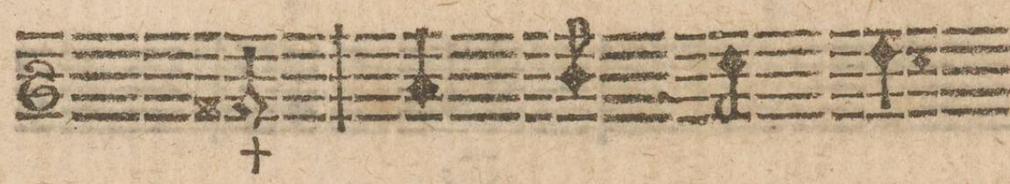


re, Un A - mant ne voit point
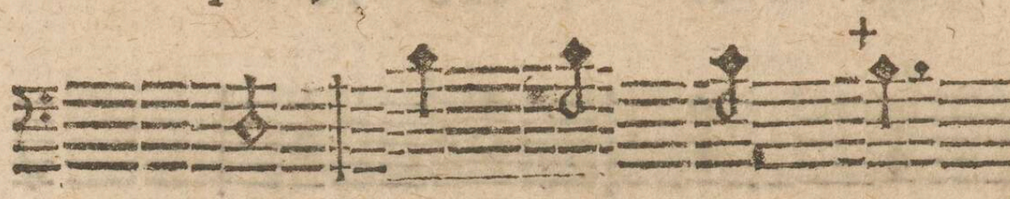


point un Bu - veur ſans mé-
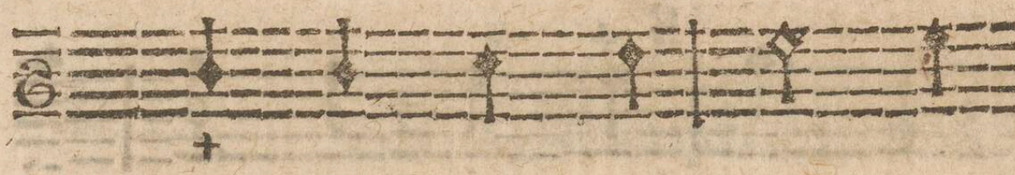


point un Bu - veur ſans mé-



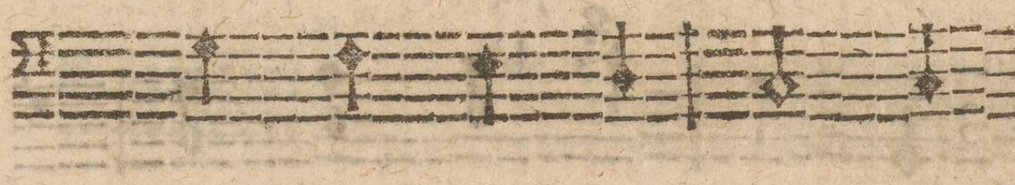
pris, L'un ſans le Vin à
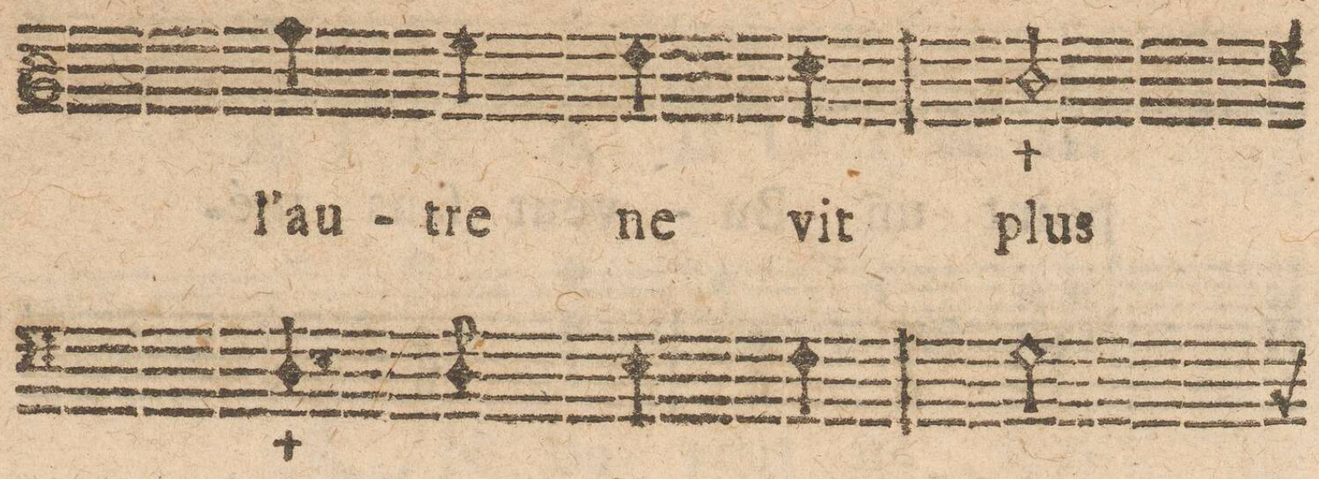


pris, L'un ſans le Vin à



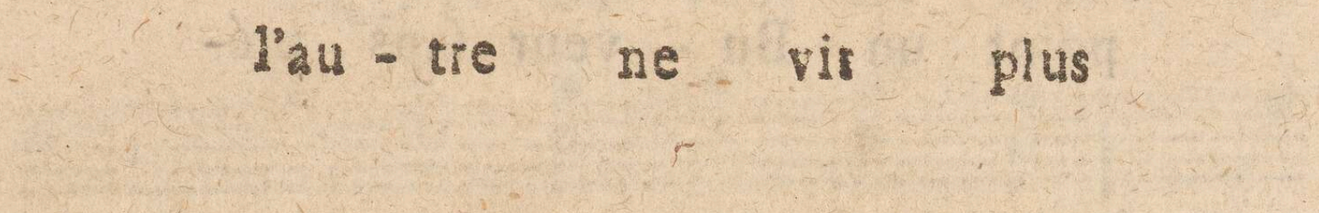
tout mo-ment ex - pi - re, Et
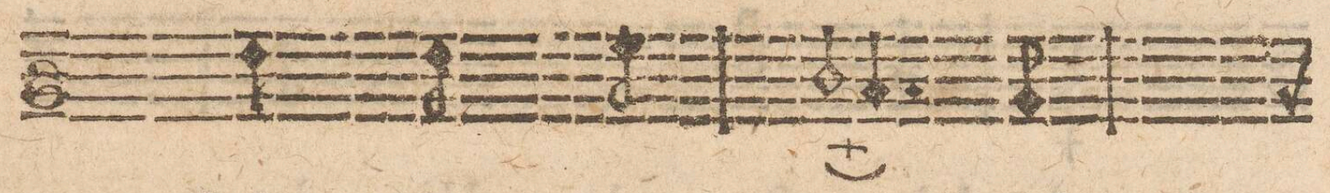


tout mo-ment ex - pi - re, Et



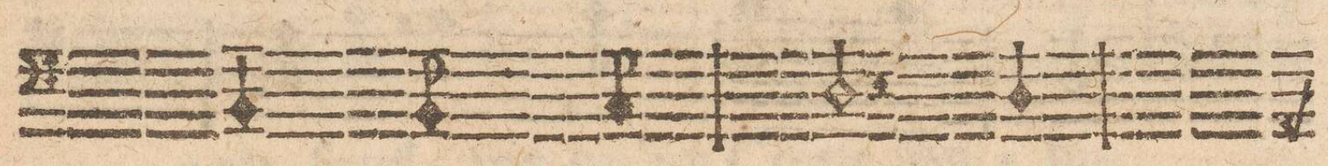
l'au - tre ne vit plus
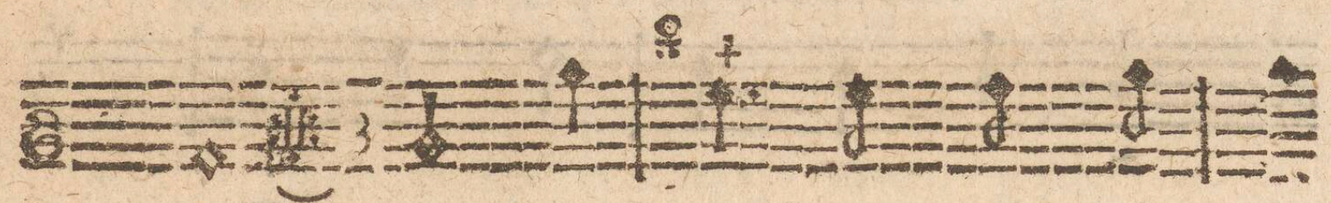


l'au - tre ne vit plus
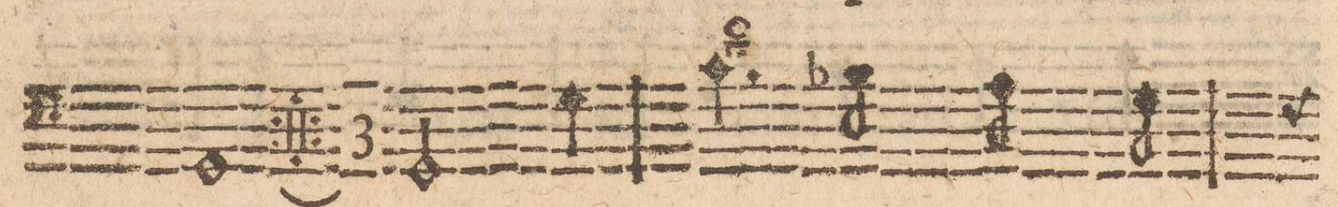


loin de ſa chè - re I-



loin de ſa chè - re I-

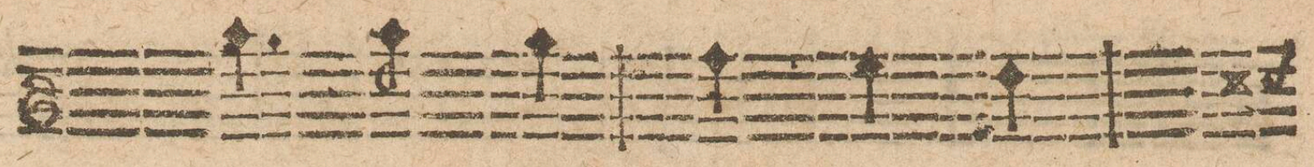


ris: ris: Pour moi qui ſais ai-
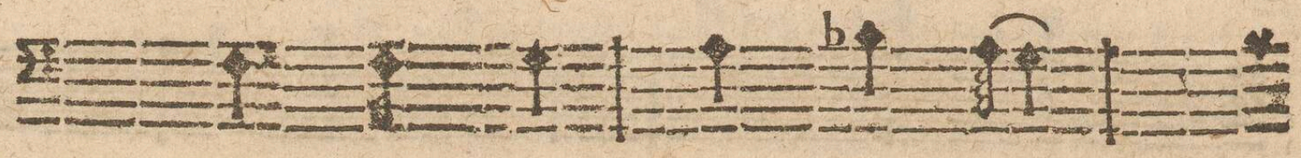


ris: ris: Pour moi qui ſais ai-
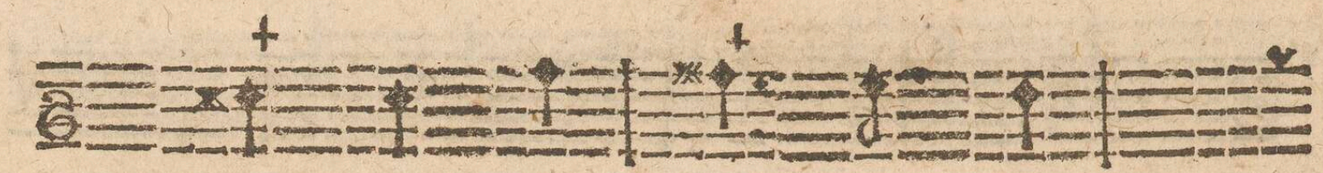
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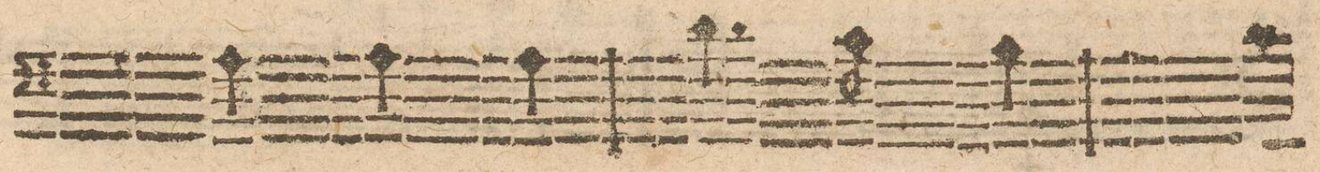


mer ma Bel - le & ma Bou-
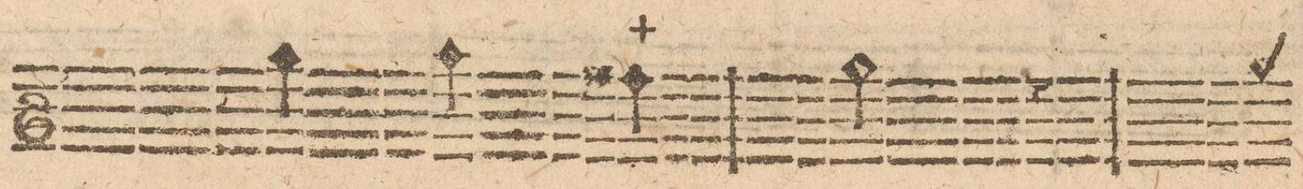


mer ma Bel - le & ma Bou-
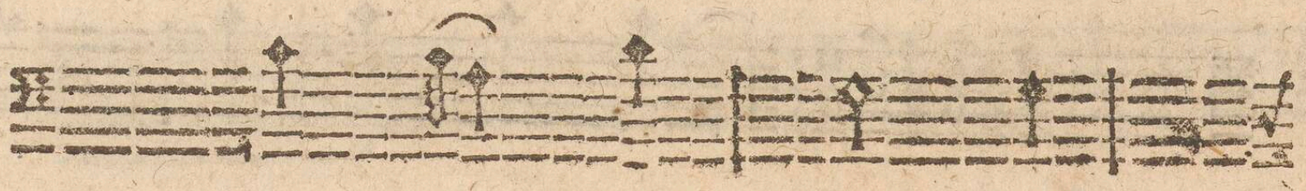


teil - le, Je n'ai que de



teil - le, Je n'ai que de



char - mans Plai - firs,
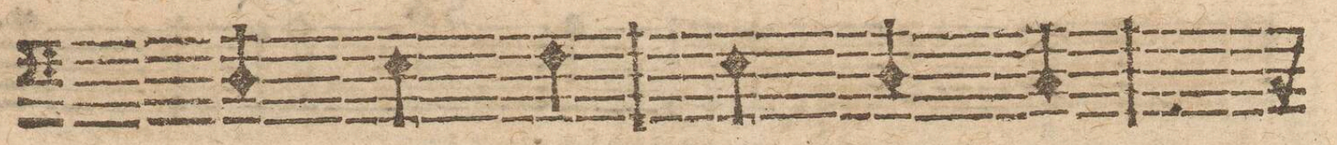


char - mans Plai - firs, Ba-

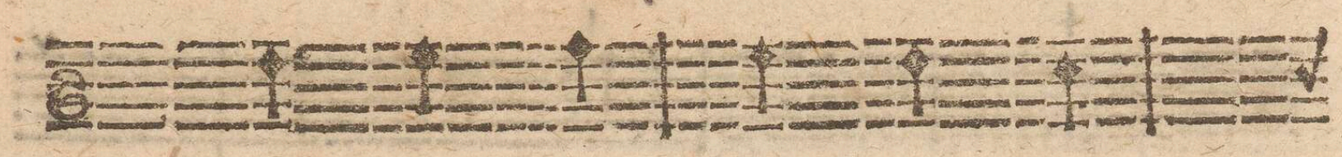
Ba-



Ba-
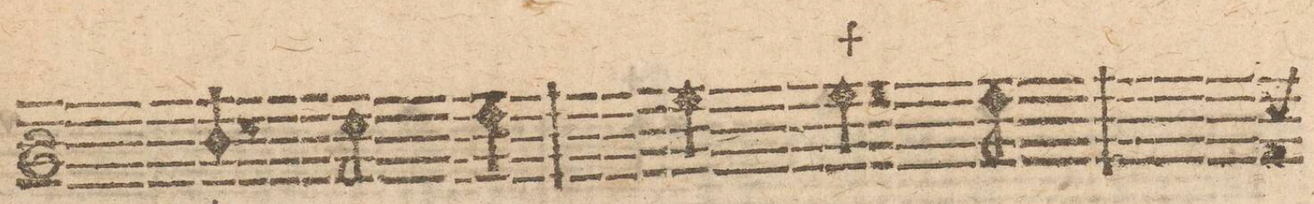


chus af - fou - pit mes dé-



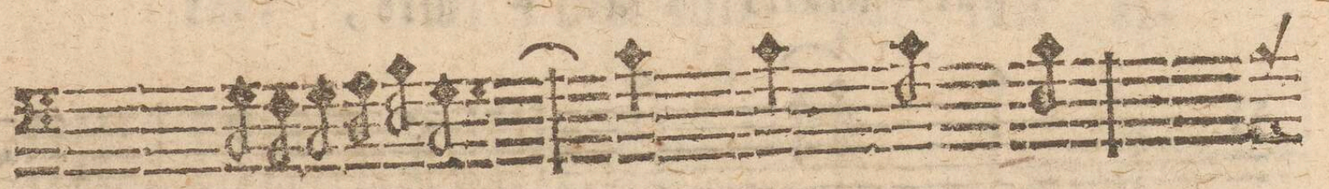
chus af - fou - pit mes dé-



firs, Et l'A - mour les ré-
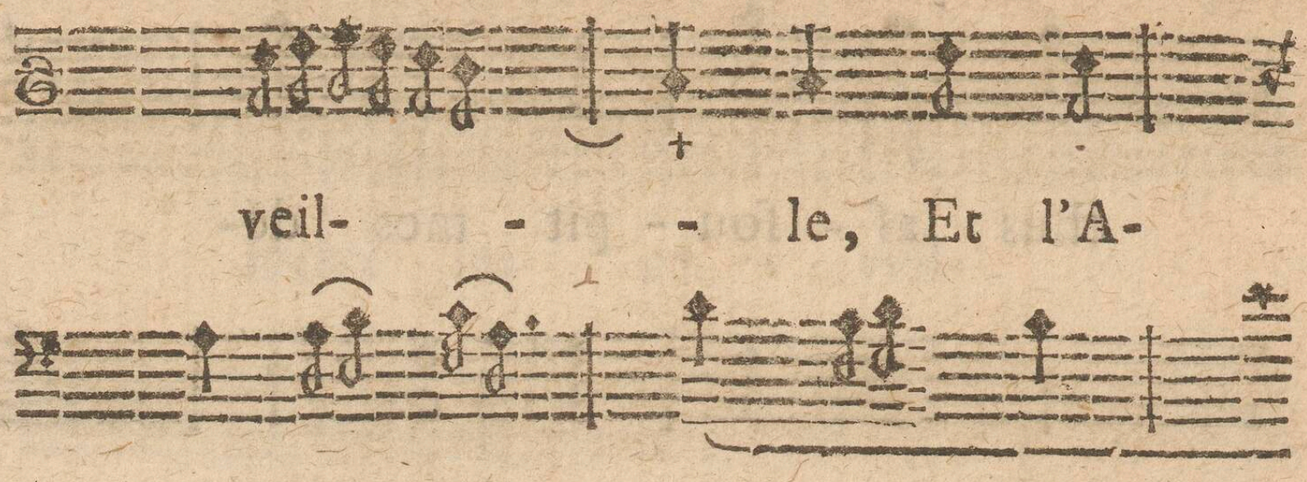


firs, Et l'A - mour les ré-

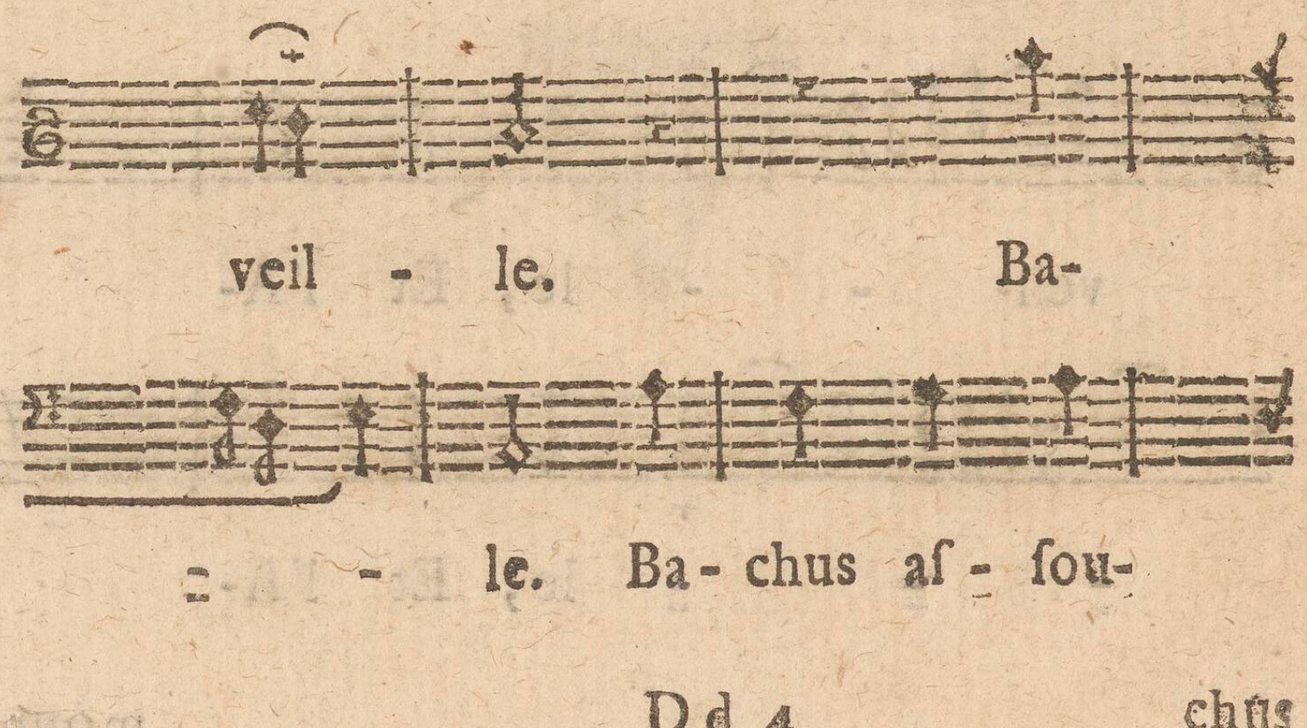


veil- = = le, Et l'A-
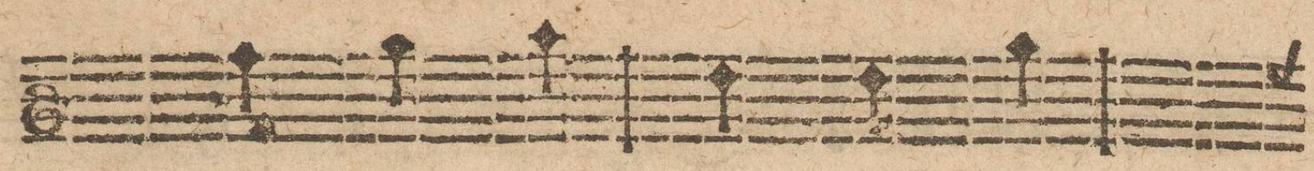
veille,


veil- - - le, Et l'A-
mour les ré - veil -


mour, Et l'A-mour les ré-
- - - -


veil - le. Ba-
- le. Ba- chus af - fou-
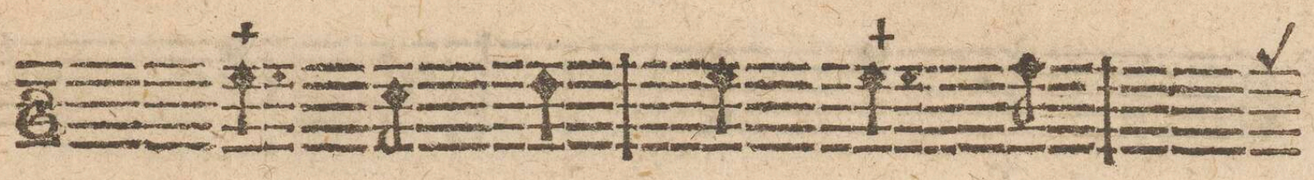
yeille;
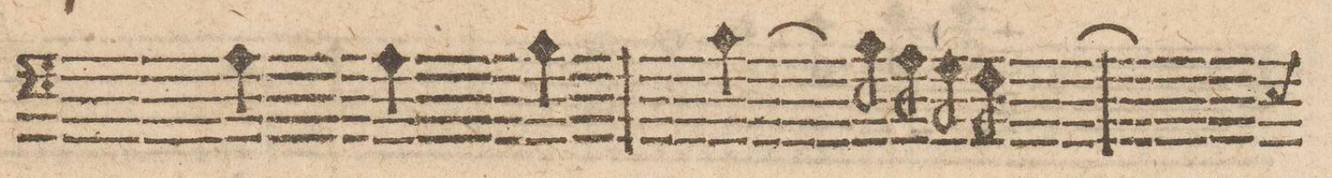


chus af - fou - pit mes dé-
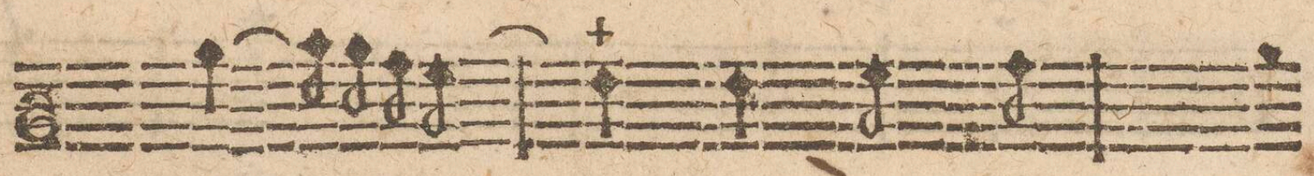


pit mes dé - firs, Et l'A-
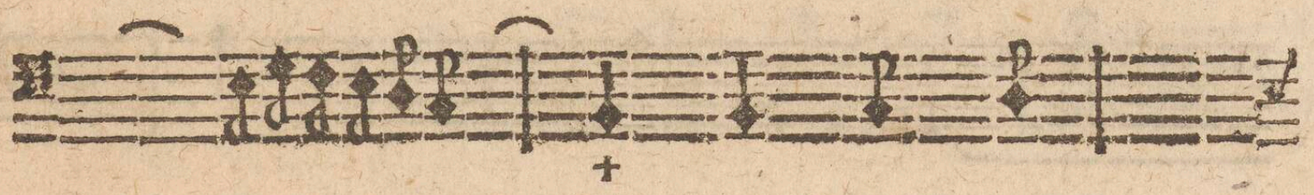


firs, Et l'A - mour les ré-



mour les ré - veil- -

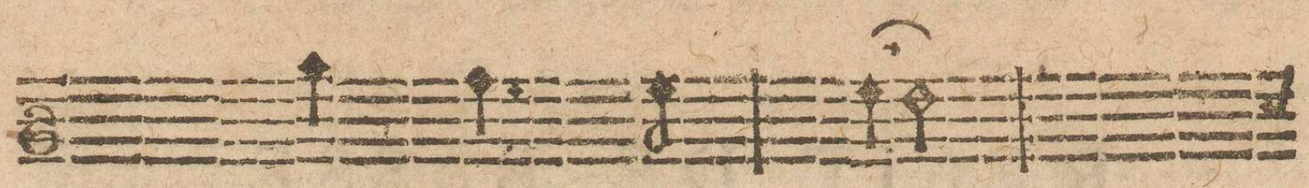


veil- - - le, Et l'A-
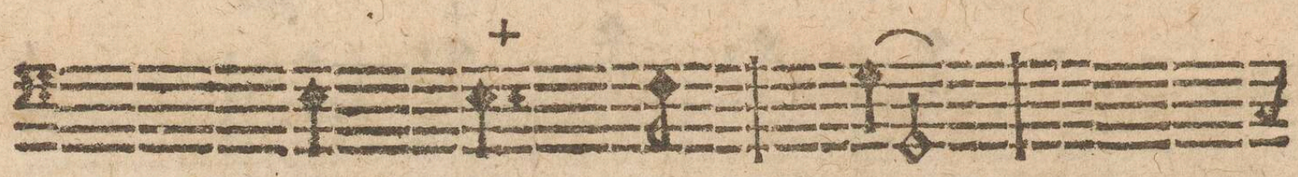


le, Et l'A-

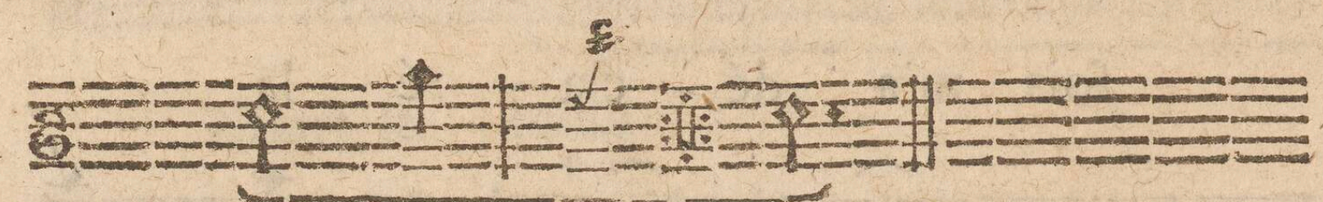
mour



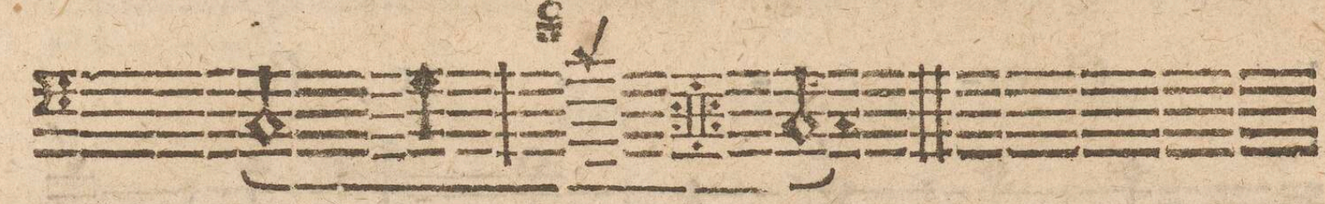
mour les ré - veil-



mour les ré - veil-



le. Pour, &c. le.



le. Pour, &c. le.



mour

RE-

RECIT DE BASSE.

L'A-mour, qui tant de

fois m'a dé-cla-ré la
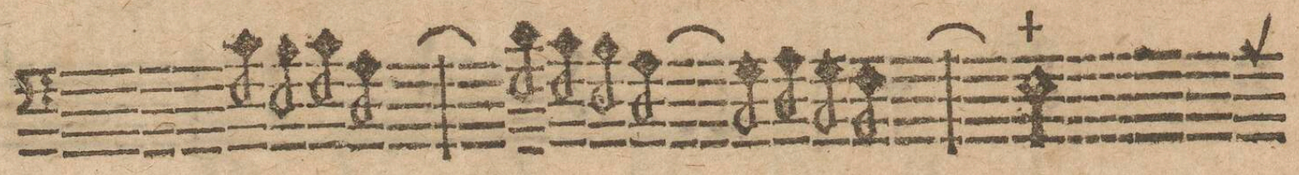
Guer- - - re, Et

dont ſou-vent Ba-chus s'eſt ren-
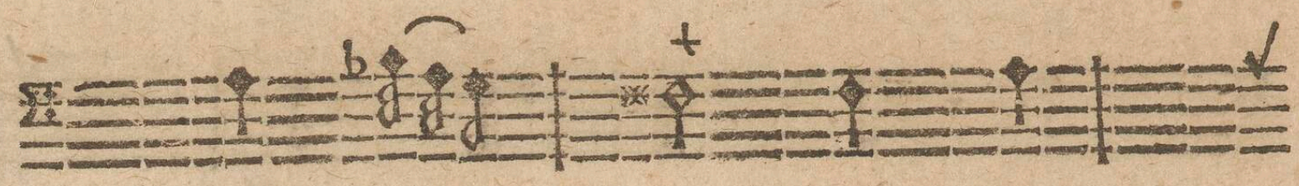
du le Vain-queur; L'au-tre

jour chez Clo-ris vint vo-
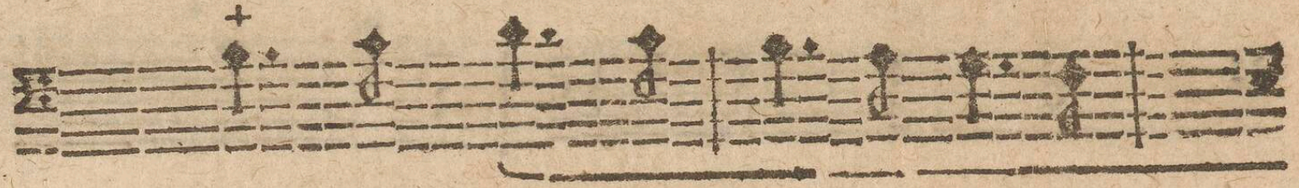
ler



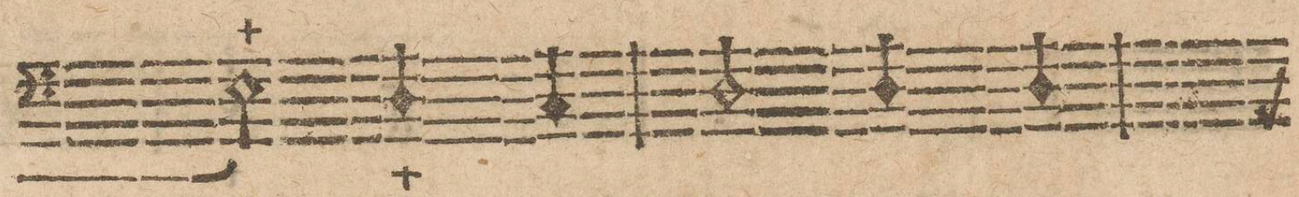
ler - - - -



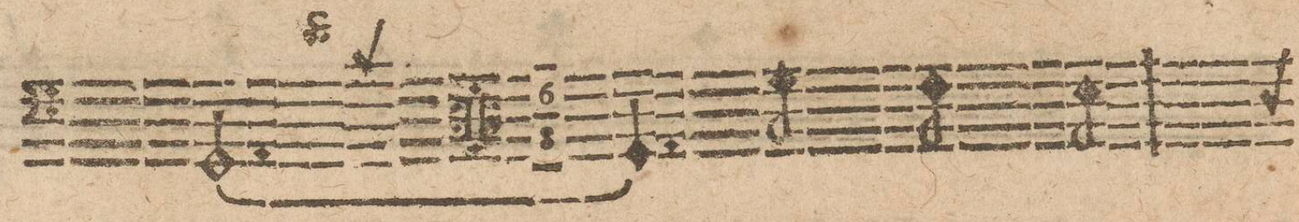
ſur mon Ver - re, Cher-



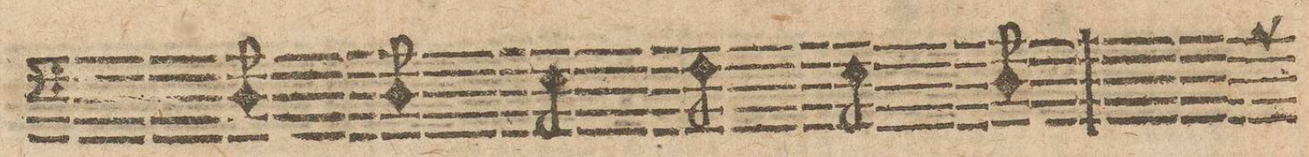
chant le tems - -



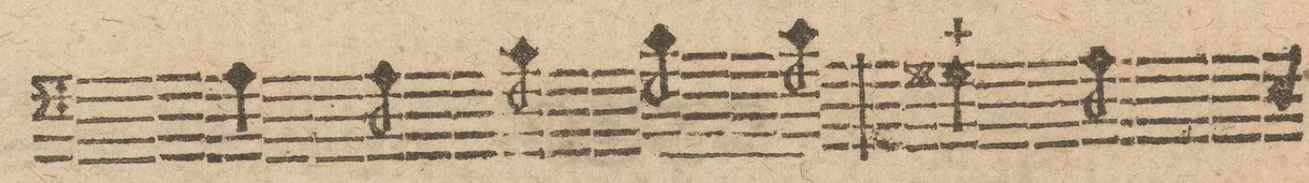
- de deſ - cen-dre en mon



Cœur. &c. Cœur, Tout auſ - ſi-

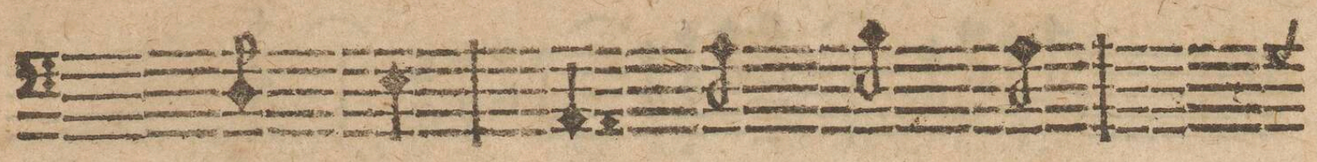


tôt je vou - lus le ſur-

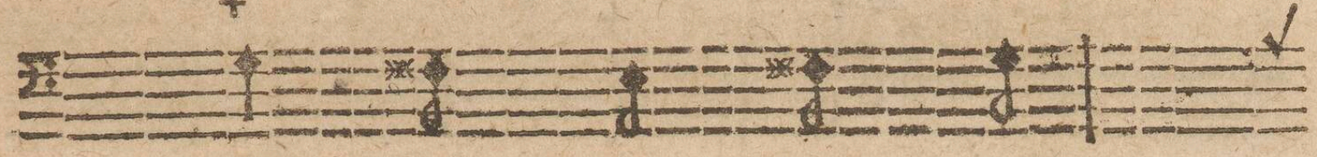


pren - dre, Lui mouil - ler l'Aî-le, &
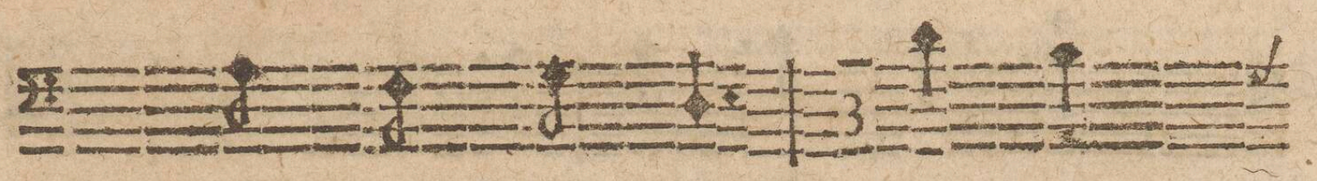
ler l'arrê-
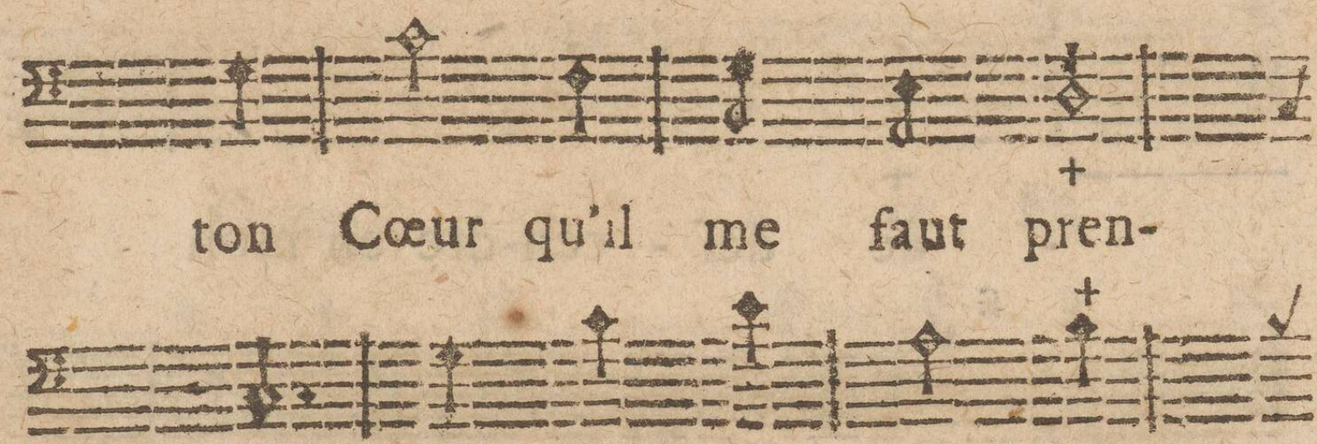


l'ar - rê - ter: Mais ſe pre-



nant à ri - re il ſe

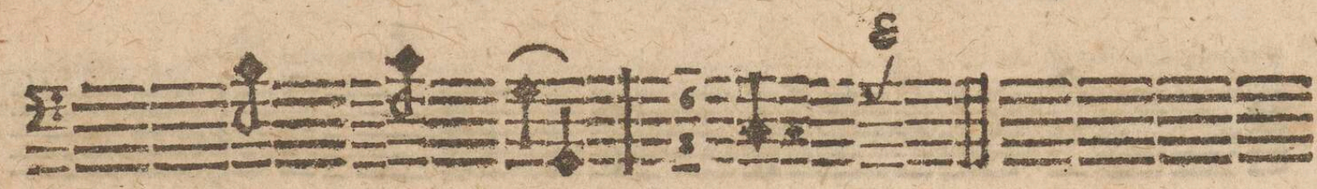


mit à chan - ter: C'eſt dans



ton Cœur qu'il me faut pren-

dre. C'eſt dans ton Cœur qu'il



me faut pren - dre.



RON-
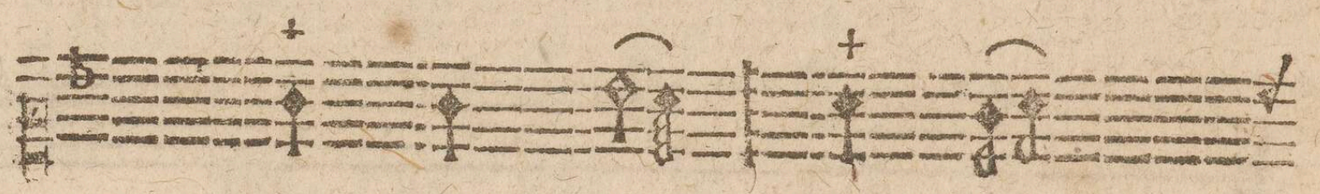
RONDEAU.



Peut on vi-vre ſans A-



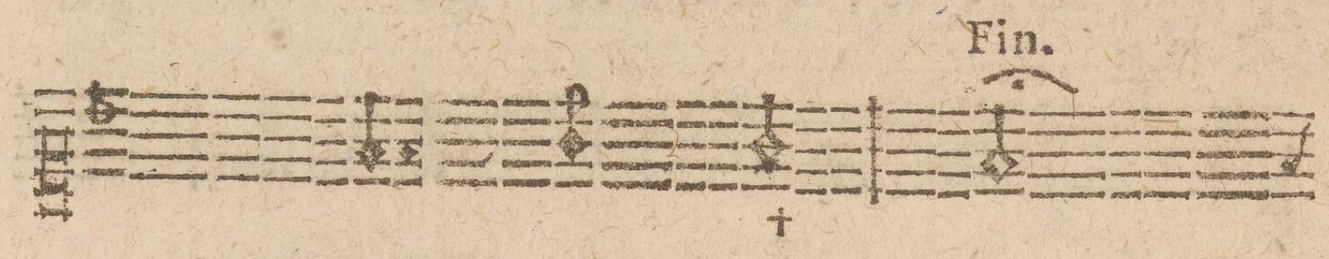
mour, Quand on eſt dans la Jeu-



neſ-ſe, Non, non, ſans



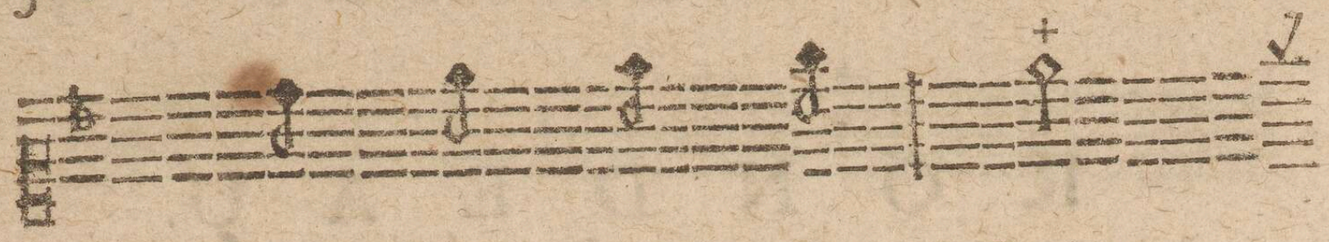
la Ten-dreſ-ſe, Il n'eſt



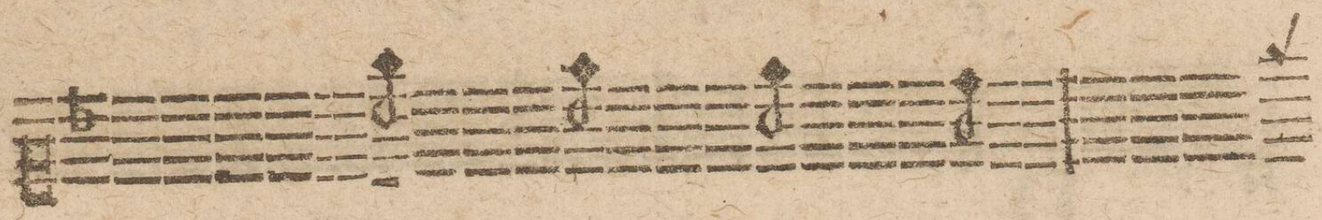
pas un beau jour.



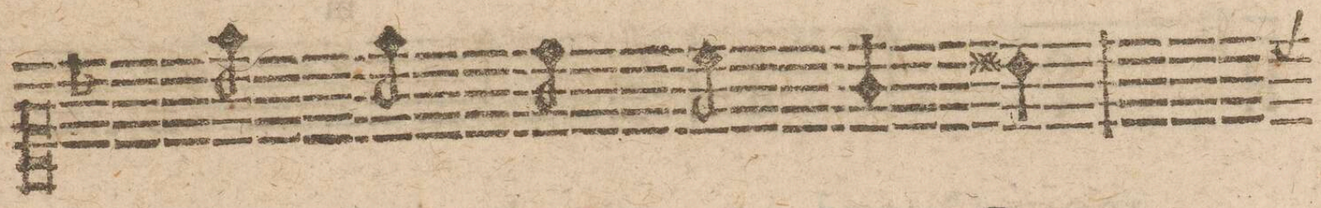
Il char-me nô-tre A-me,



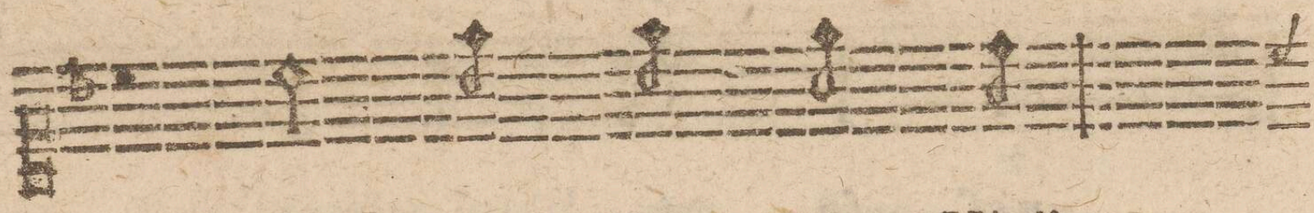
Il en - chan - te un Cœur,
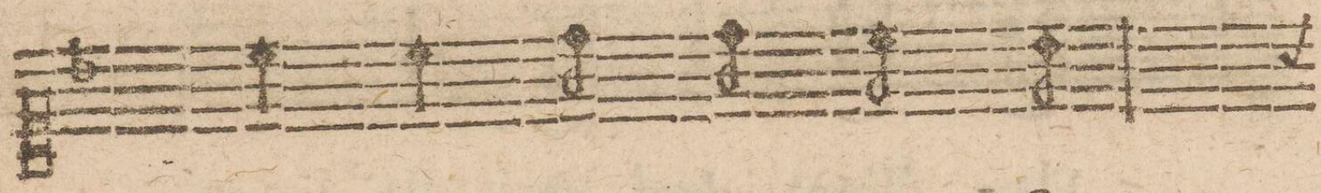


Et tou - jours ſa
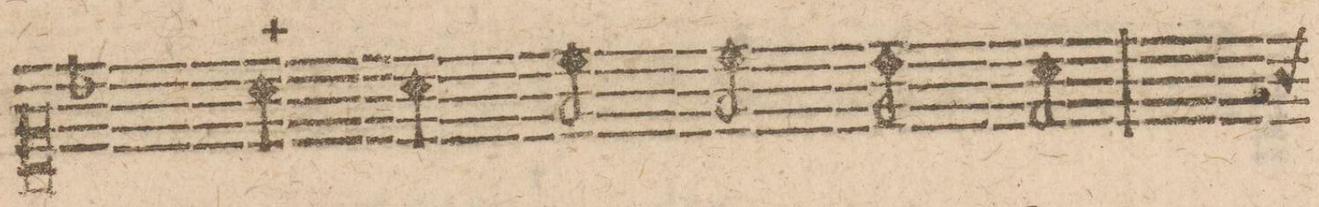


Flâ - me, Fait nô - tre Bon-
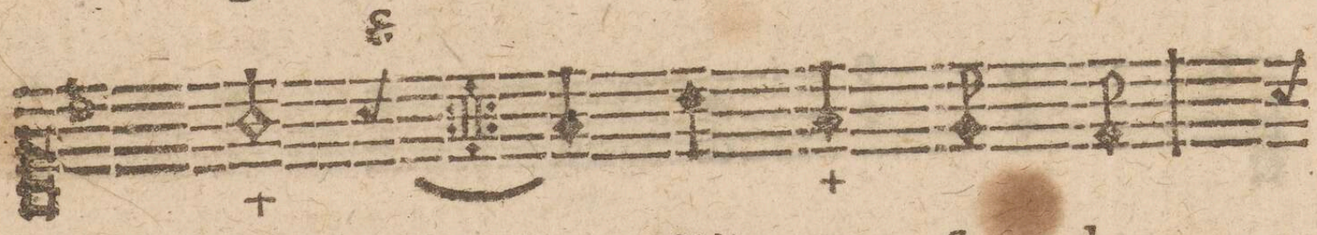


heur, Dans nô - tre Vieil-



leſ - ſe, L'Auſ- tè - re Sa-



geſ - ſe, Au - ra bien ſon



tour. &c. Jour. S'il cau - ſe des

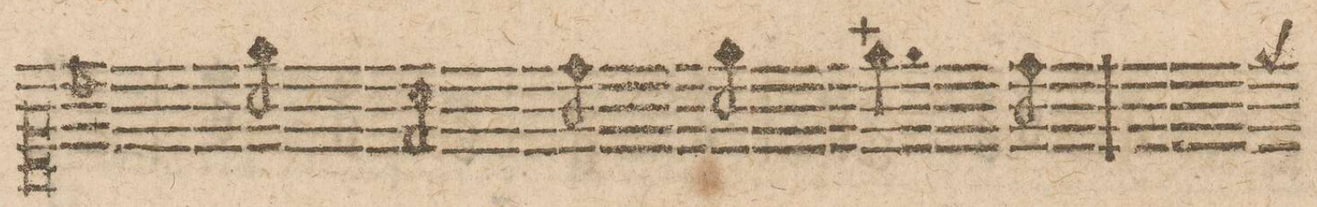
peines



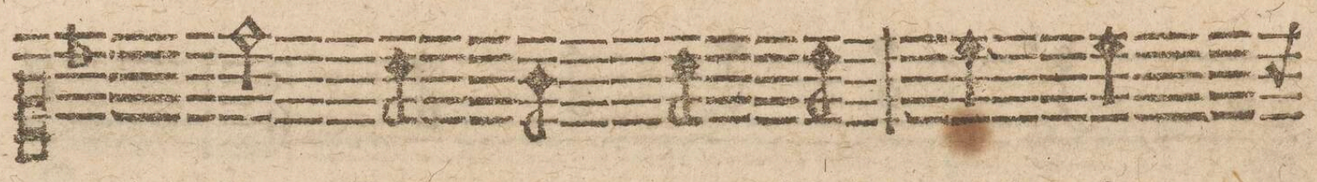
pei- nes, Il a ſes Plai-



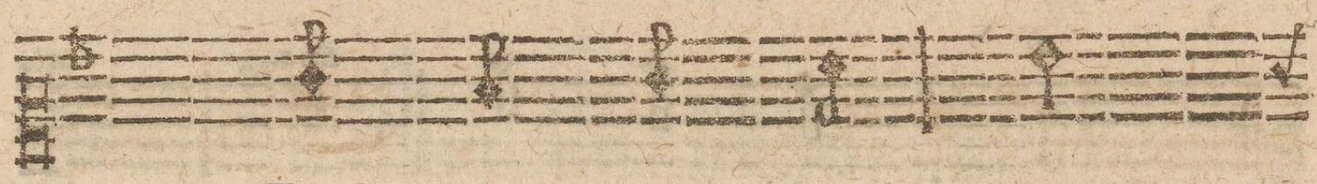
firs, Et tou- jours ſes



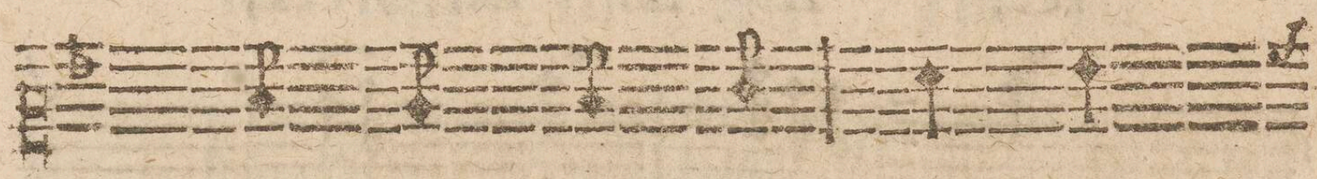
Chaî- nes, Com-blent nos dé-
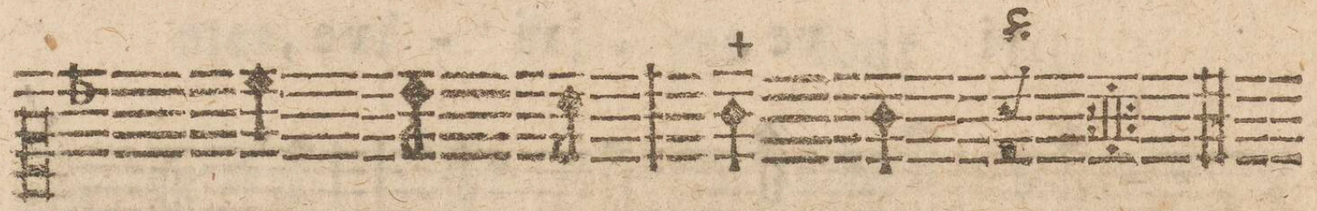


firs, Fuy- ons la Triſ- teſ- ſe,



Fuy - ons ſes Lan - gueurs,
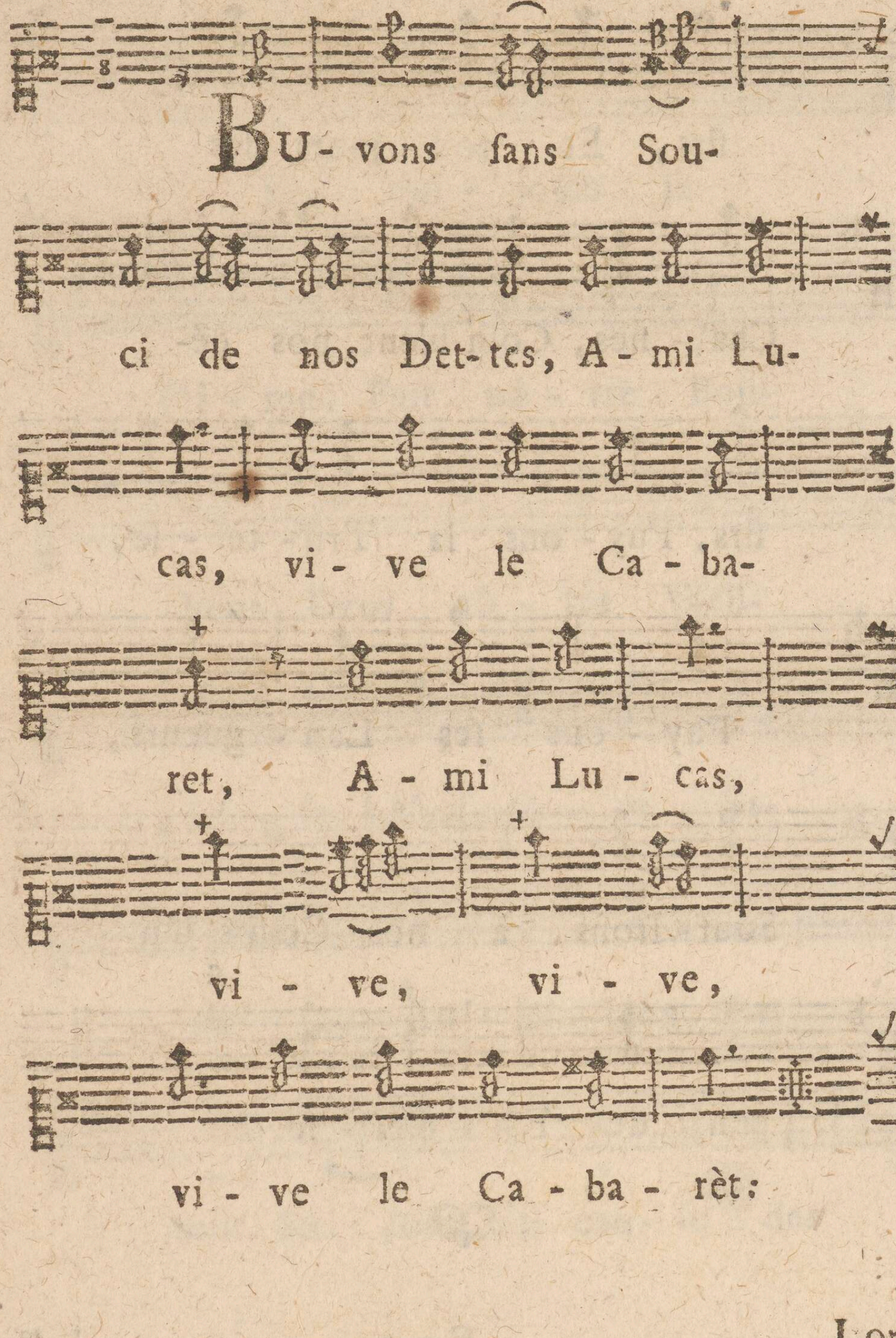


Souf- frons à nos Cœurs Un



peu de Foi - bleſ - ſe. &c.

LE SANS SOUCI.



Bu- vons ſans Sou-

ci de nos Det-tes, A- mi Lu-
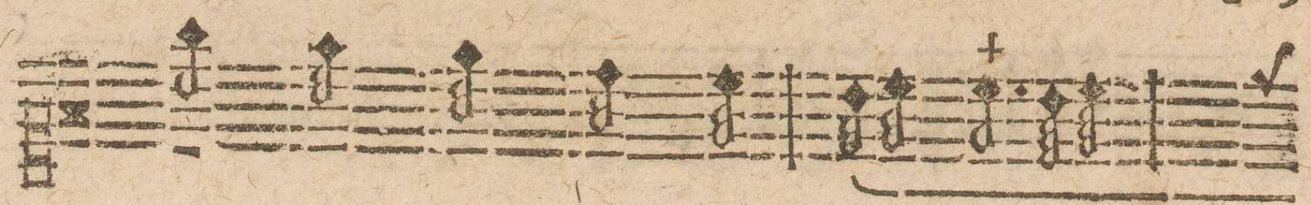
cas, vi- ve le Ca - ba-

ret, A - mi Lu - cas,

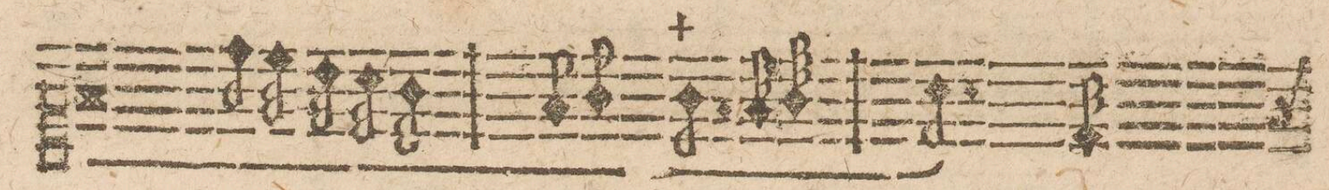
vi - ve, vi - ve,

vi - ve le Ca - ba - rèt:
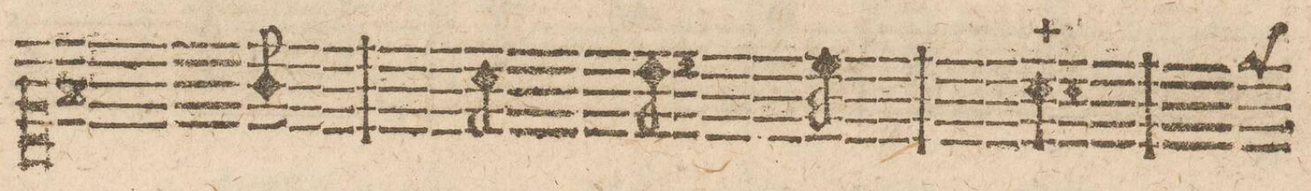
Lorſ-



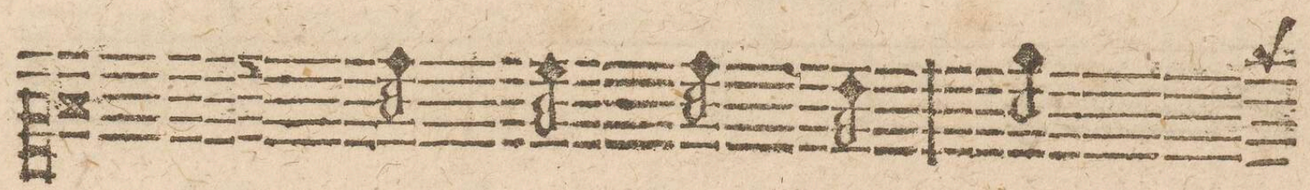
Lorſ-que je voi cou- ler -
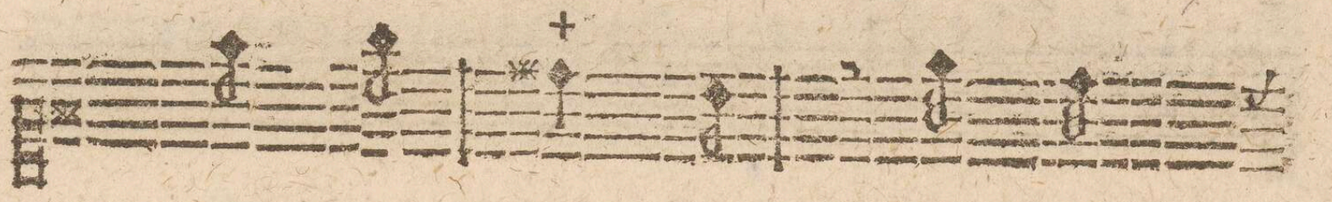


- - - - ce



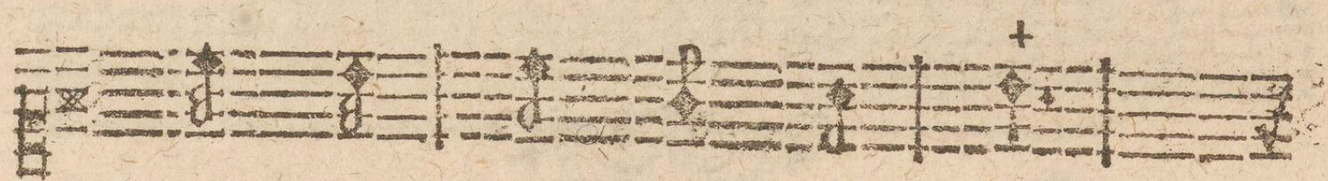
jo - li Vin clai - ret,



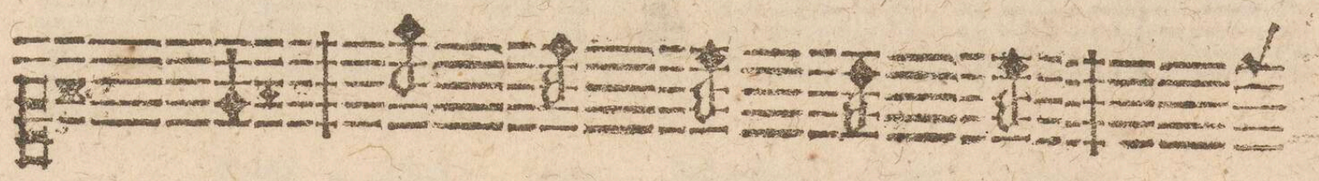
Tou - tes mes af - fai-



res ſont fai - tes, Tou - tes
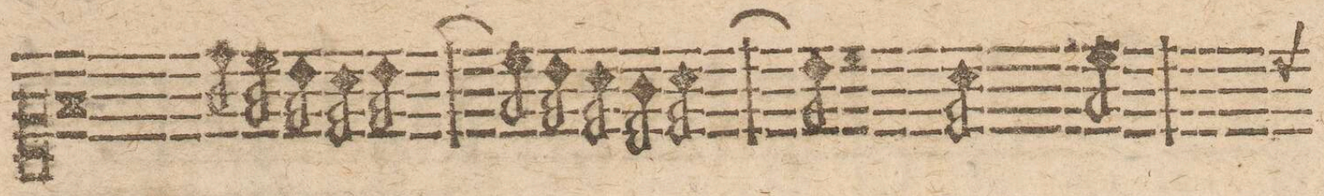


mes af - fai - res ſont fai-
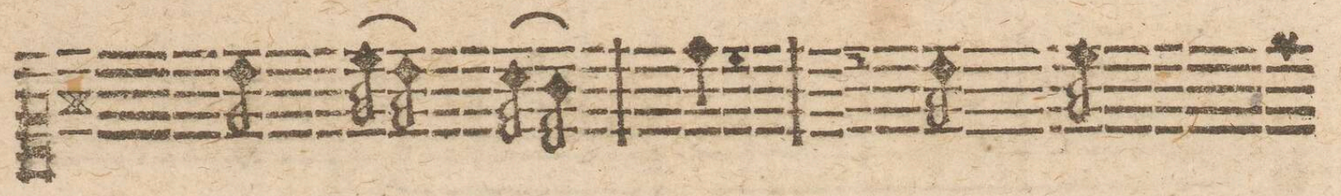


tes, Lorſ- que je voi cou-

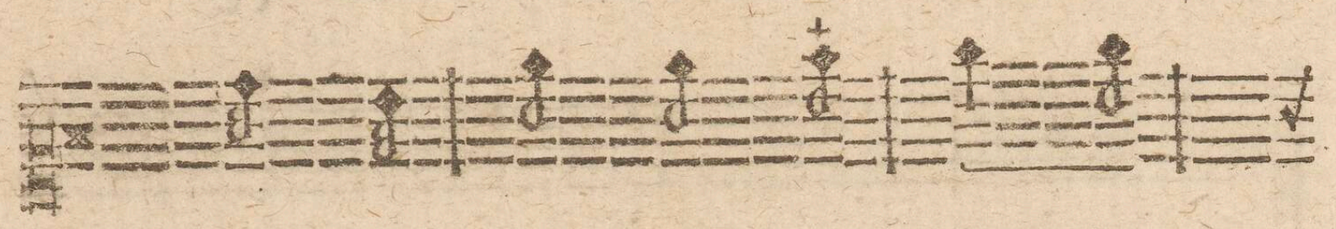
ler
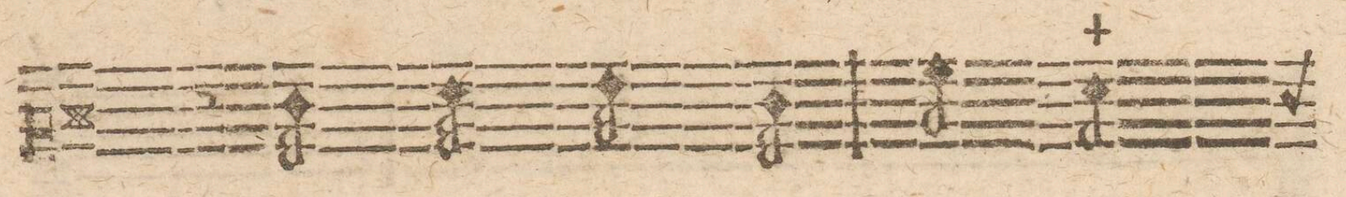


ler - - ce jo-
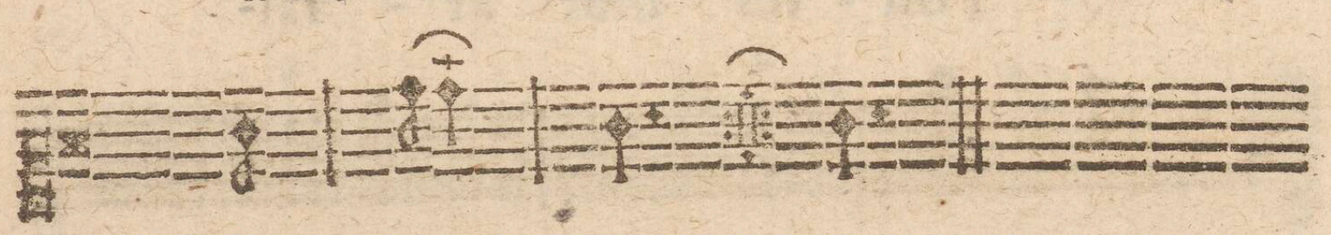


li Vin nou - veau, Tou - tes



mes af - fai - res ſont fai - tes,



Tou - tes mes af - fai - res



ſont fai - tes. tes.

PAPILLONS.
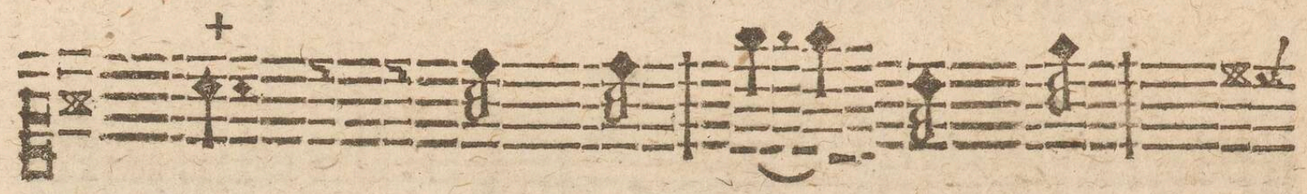
Légerement.



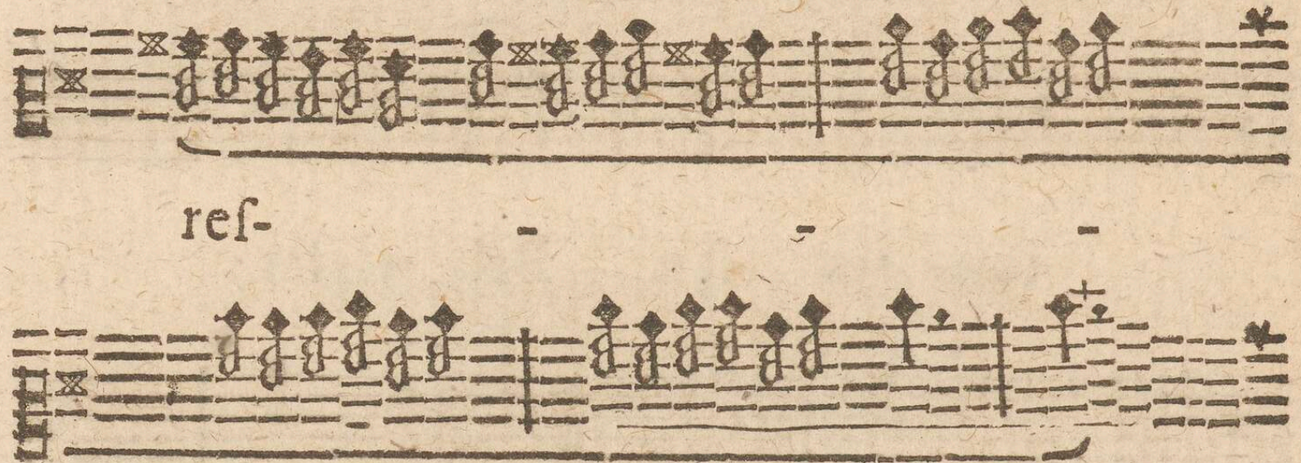
PEn - dant le doux Prin-
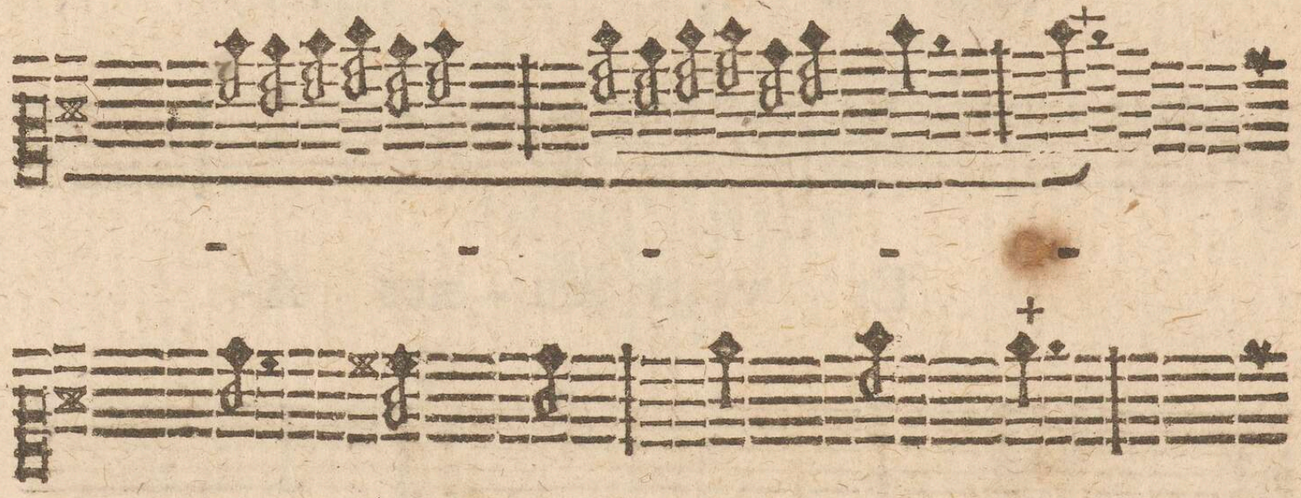


tems au gré de vos dé-



firs, Pa - pil - lons, ca - reſ-
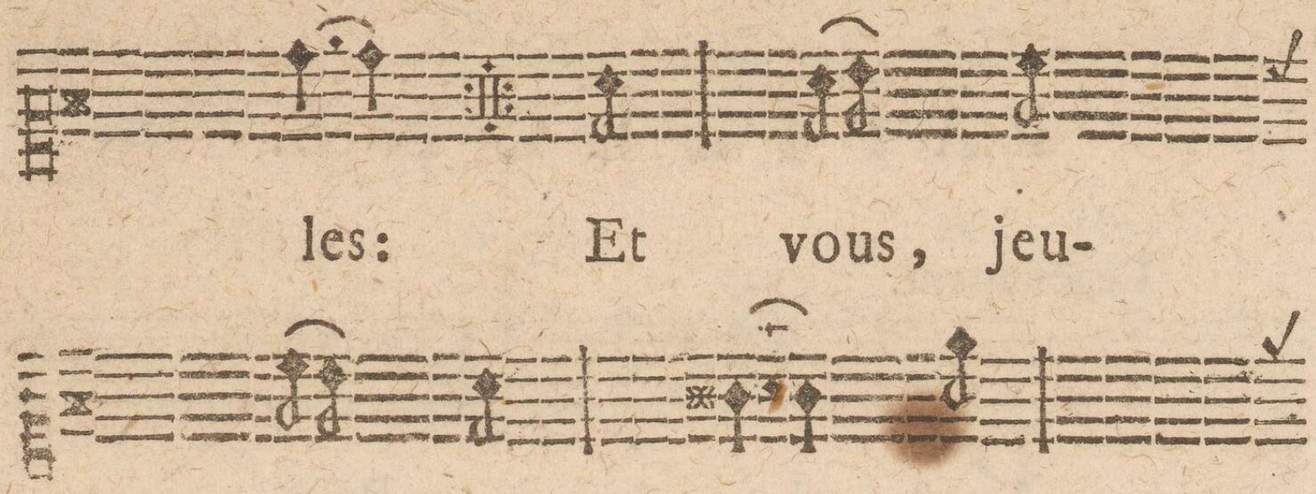


ref- - - -
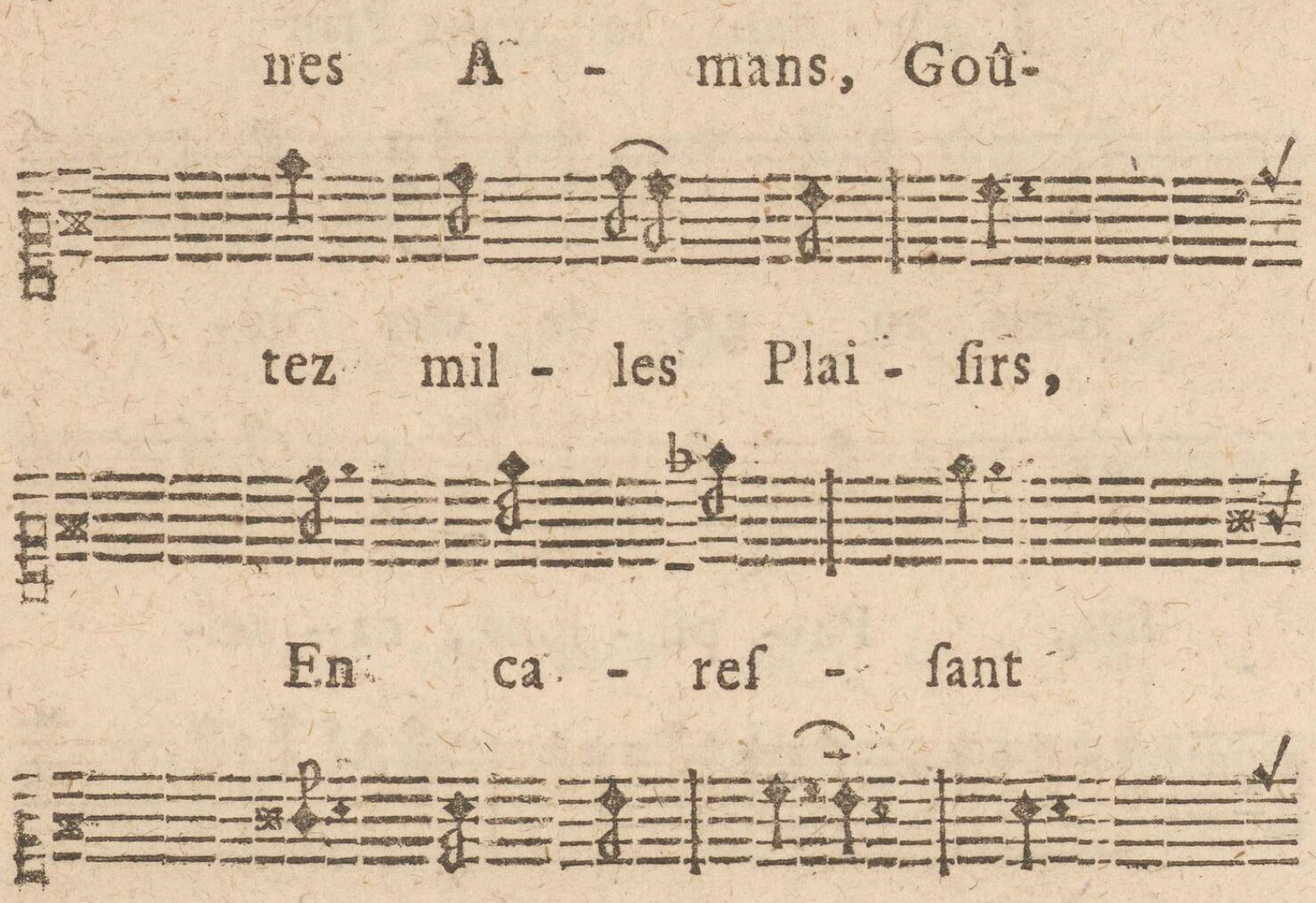


- - - - -

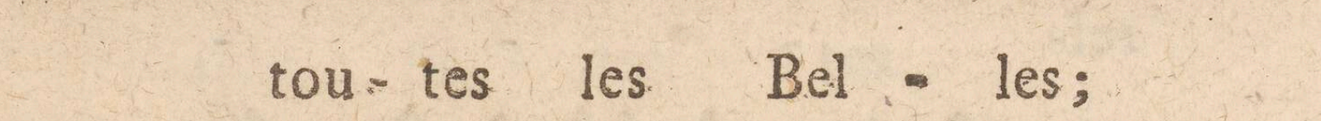
tou - tes les Fleurs nou - vel-
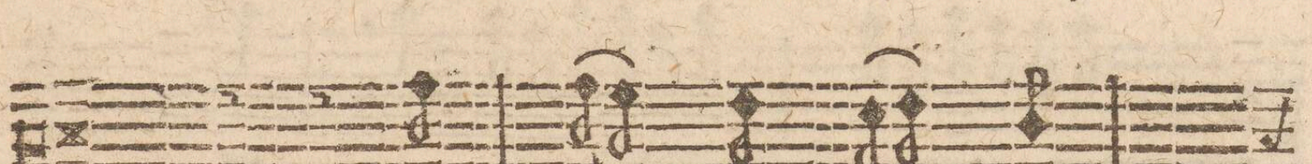


les: Et vous, jeu-



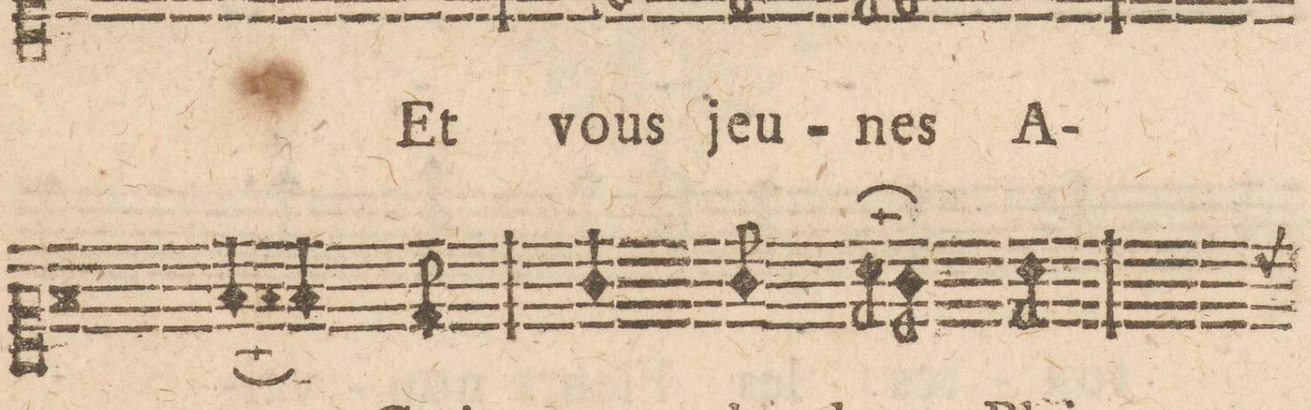
nes A - mans, Goû-



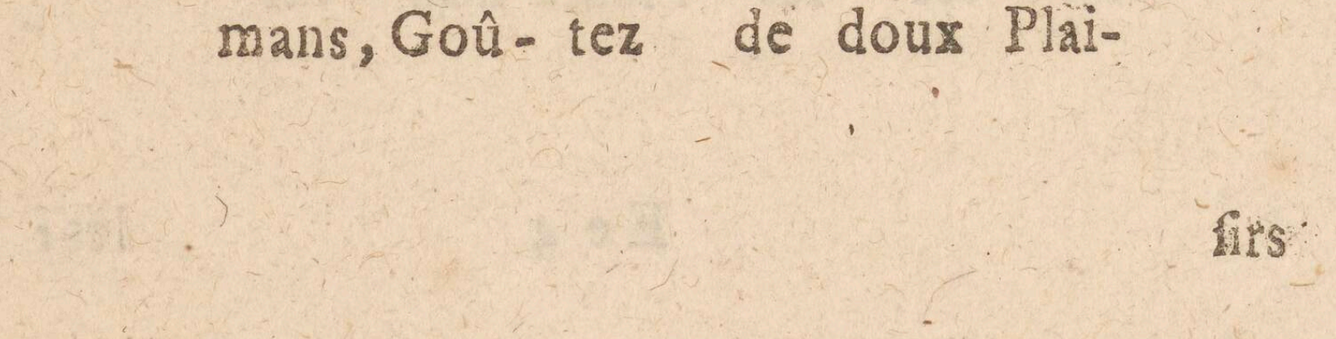
tez mil - les Plai - firs,



En ca - ref - fant



tou - tes les Bel - les;



Et vous jeu - nes A-

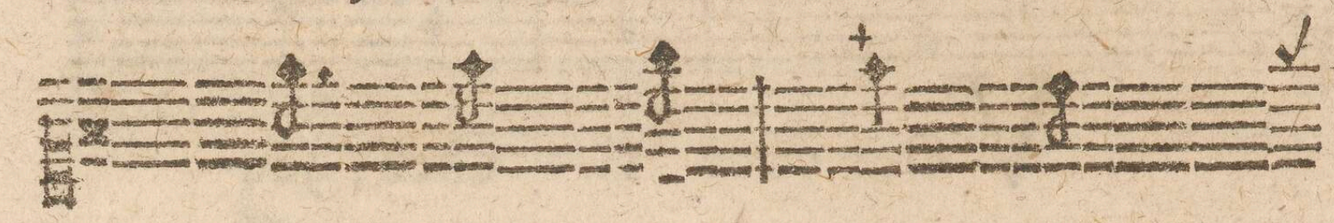


mans, Goû - tez de doux Plai-

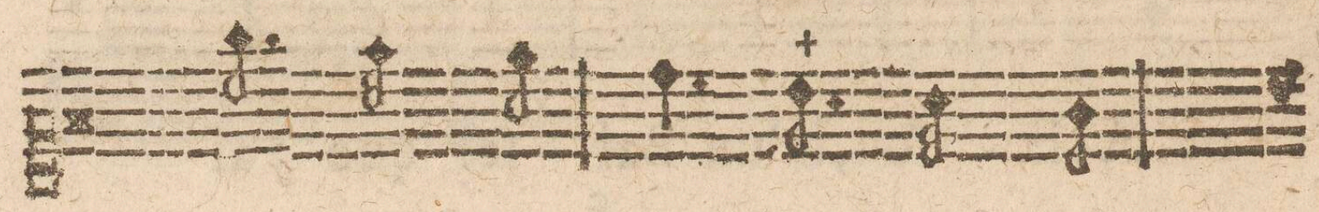
firs



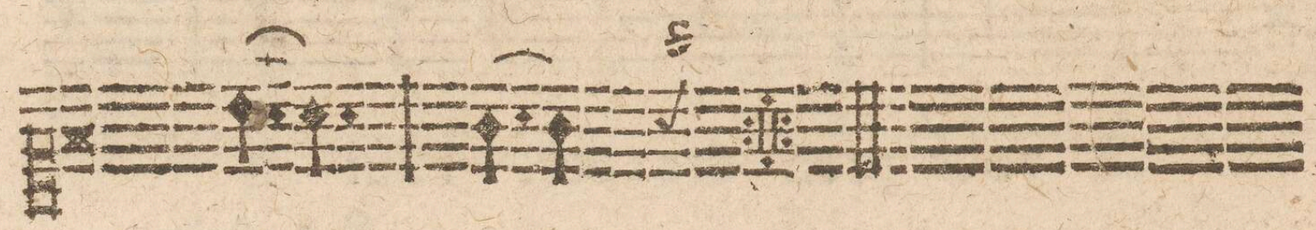
sirs, En ca - ref - sant



tou - tes les Bel - les,



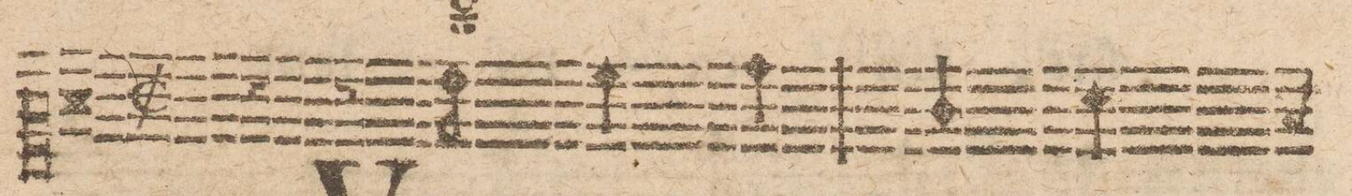
En ca - ref- sant tou - tes les
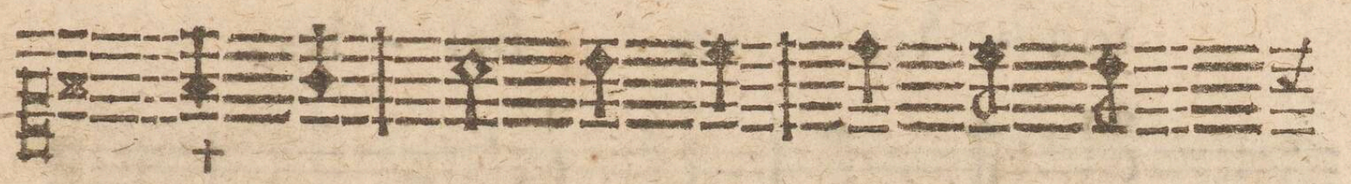


Bel - les. &c.



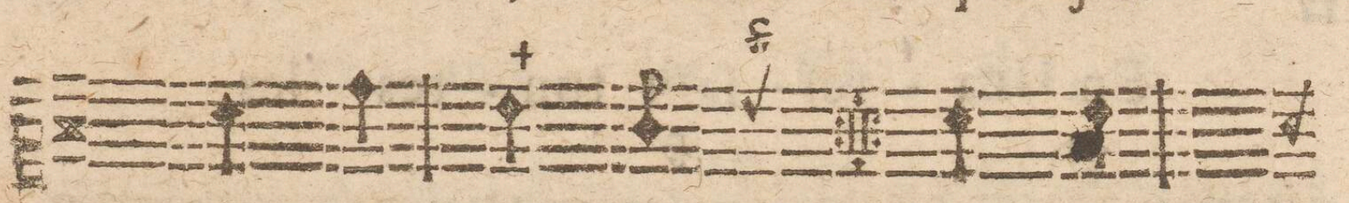
CHANSONNETTE.
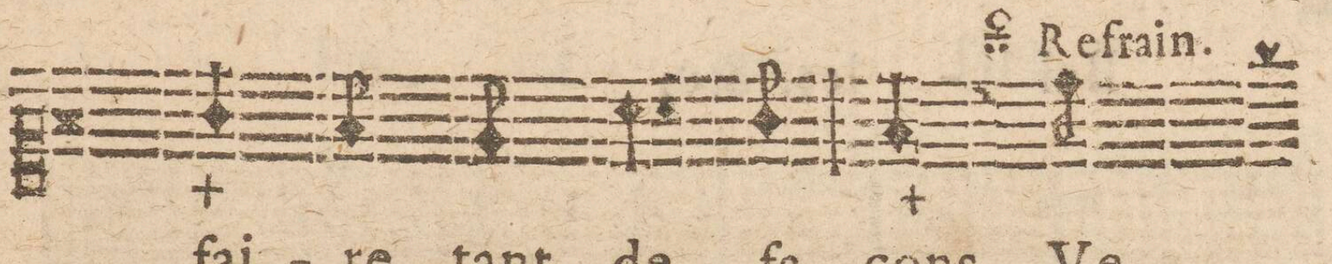


Vous vous fâ - chez, jeu-
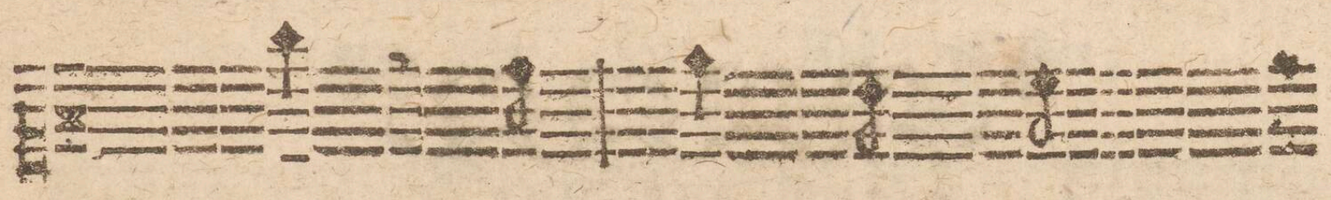


ne A-li - ſon, D'un Bai - ſer que j'ai



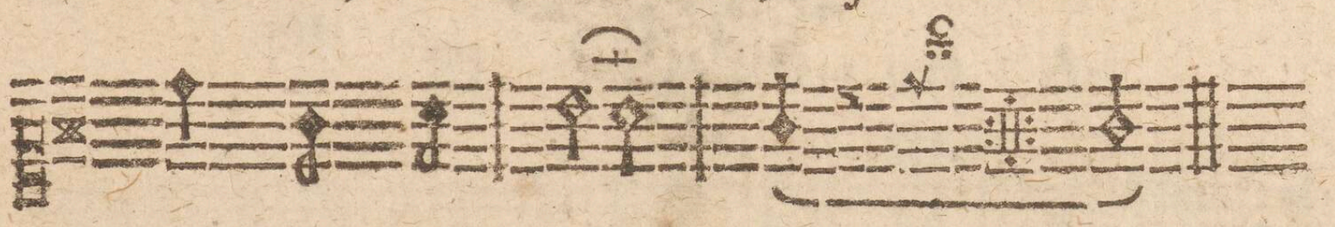
ſû vous pren - dre: &c. Faut - il



fai - re tant de fa - çons, Ve-
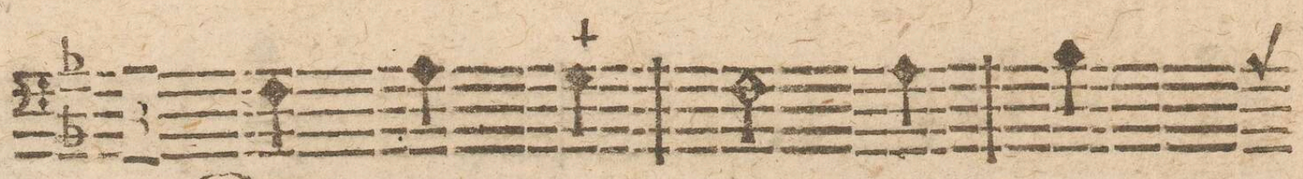


nez, ve - nez, je m'en
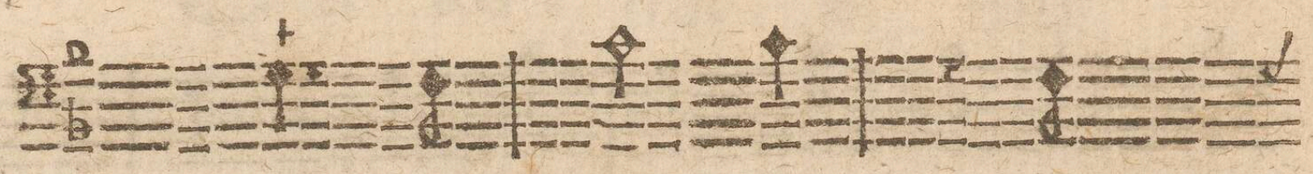


vais vous le ren - dre. &c. dre.

RECIT DE BASSE.
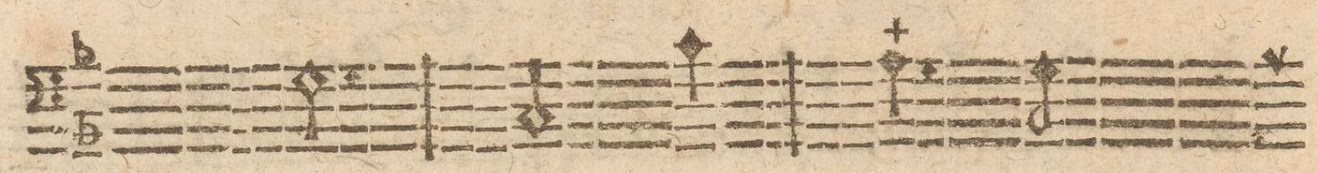


SAi- ſon d'ai - mer, ai - ma-
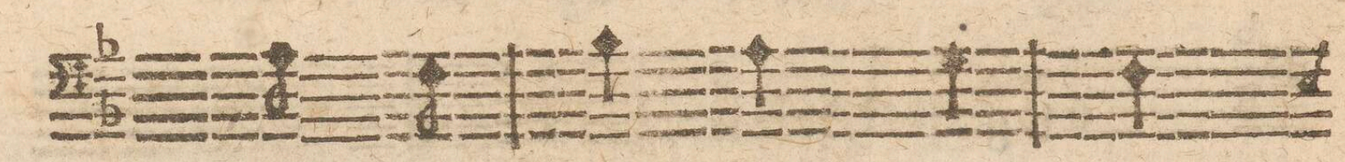


ble Jeu - neſ - ſe, Que
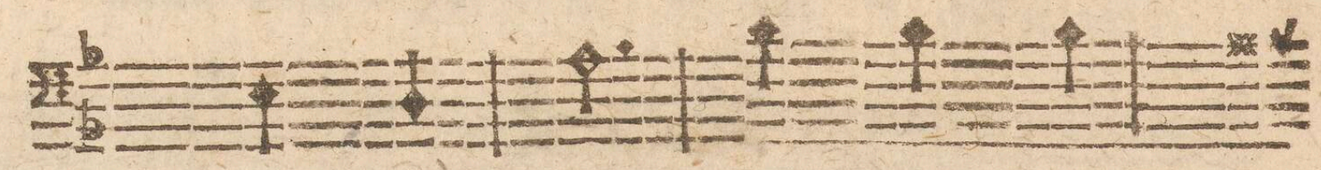


ne pou-vez vous du - rer ſans



ceſ - ſe; Mais plus on
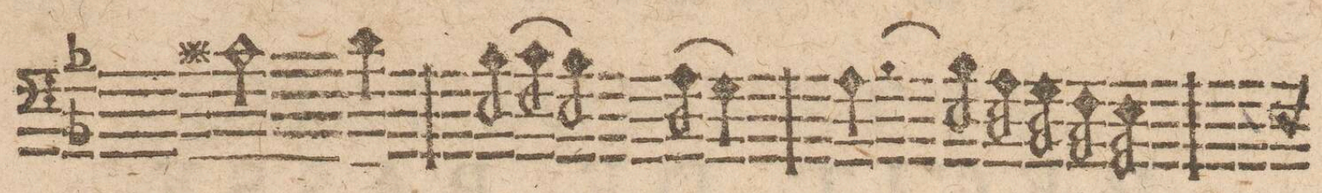


s'a - ban - don-ne aux char - mes
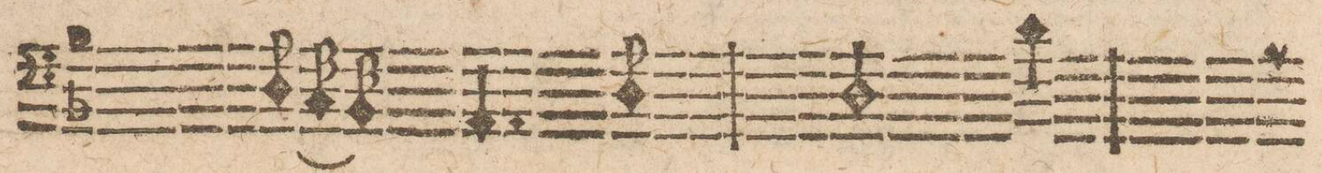


de l'A - mour, Plû - tôt le
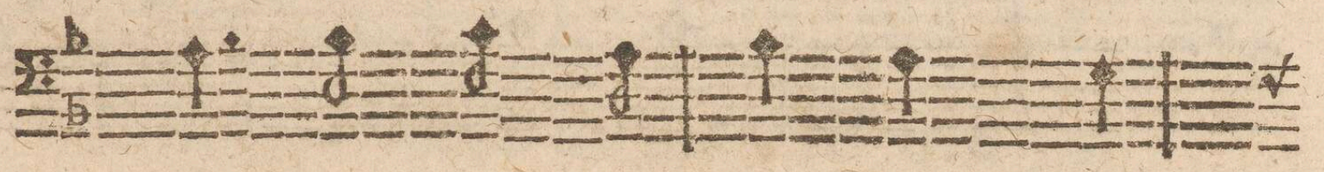
RE- tems
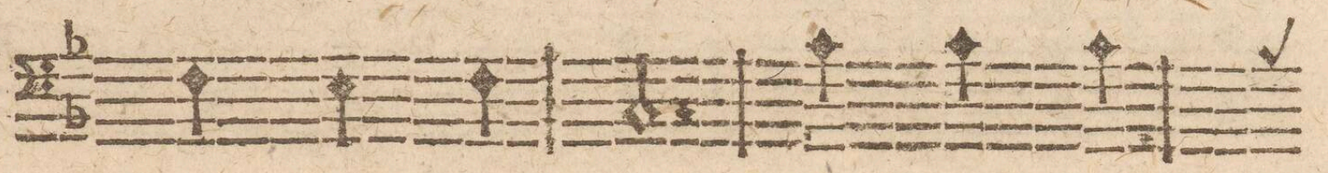


tems en paſ - ſe & paſ- -



ſe ſans re - tour. Mais



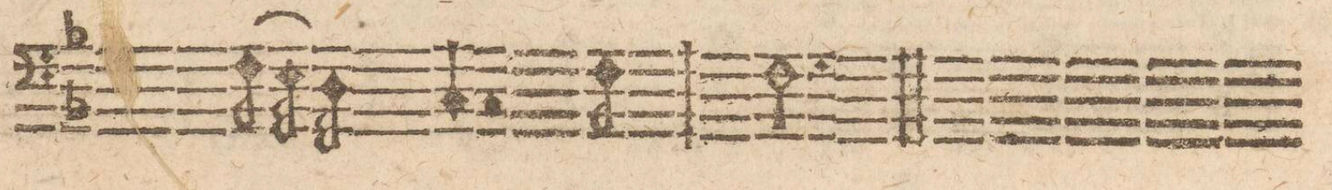
plus on s'a - ban - don-ne aux char-



mes de l'A - mour, Plû - tôt le
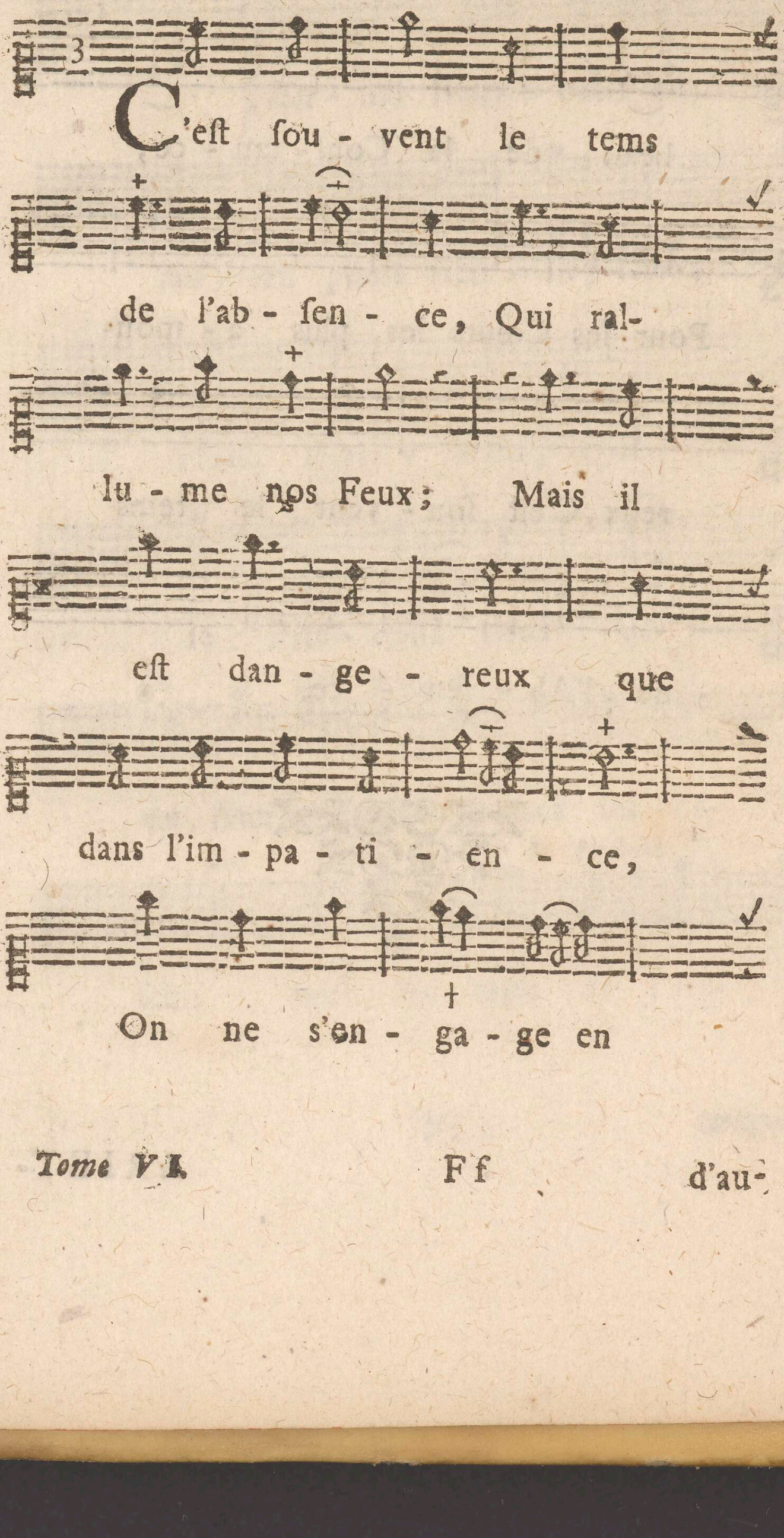


tems en paſ- ſe & paſ- -

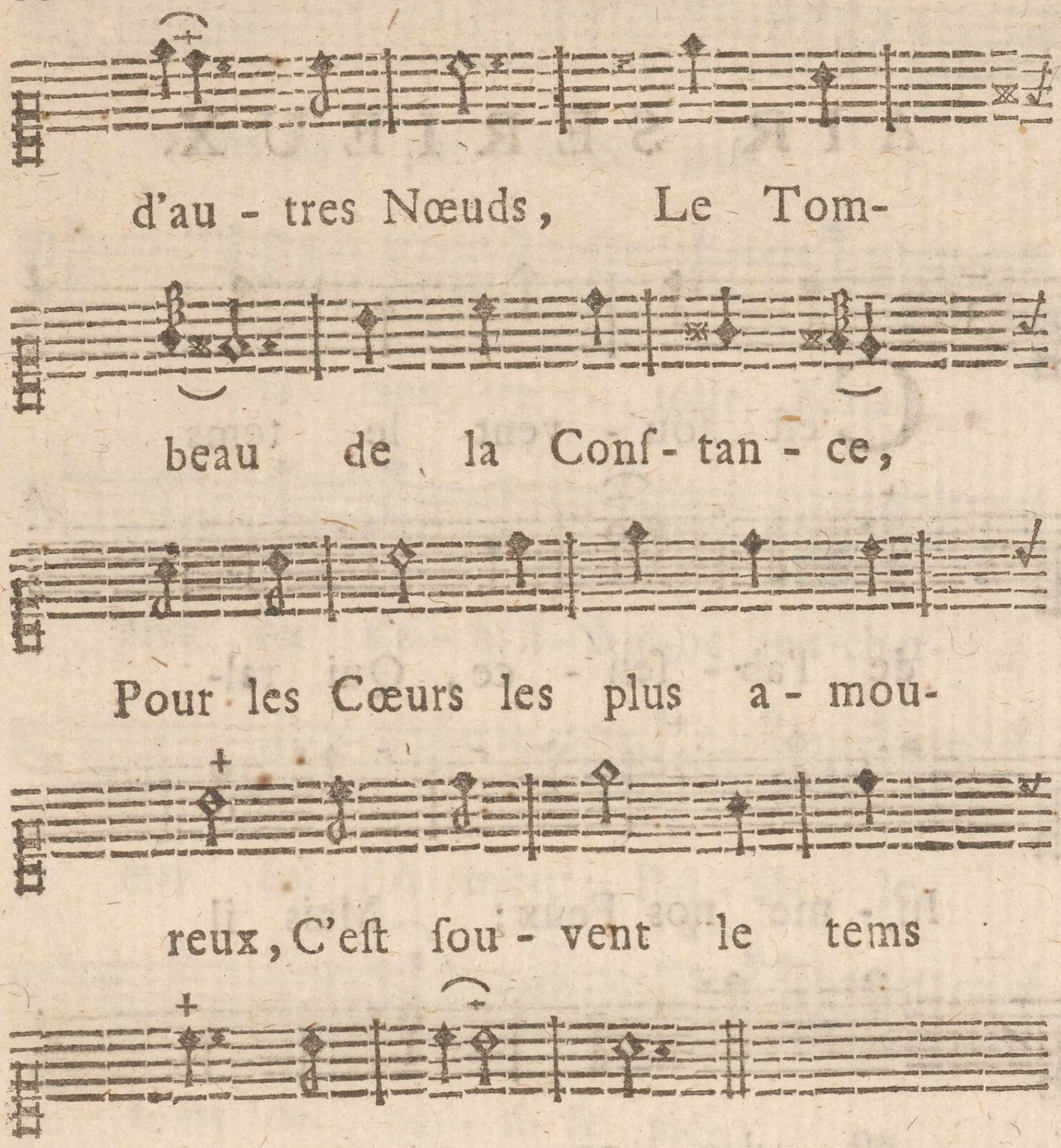


ſe ſans re - tour.

AIR

AIR SERIEUX.


C'eſt ſou - vent le tems
de l'ab - ſen - ce, Qui ral-
lu - me nos Feux; Mais il
eſt dan - ge - reux que
dans l'im - pa - ti - en - ce,
On ne s'en - ga - ge en



d'au - tres Nœuds, Le Tom-

beau de la Conſ - tan - ce,
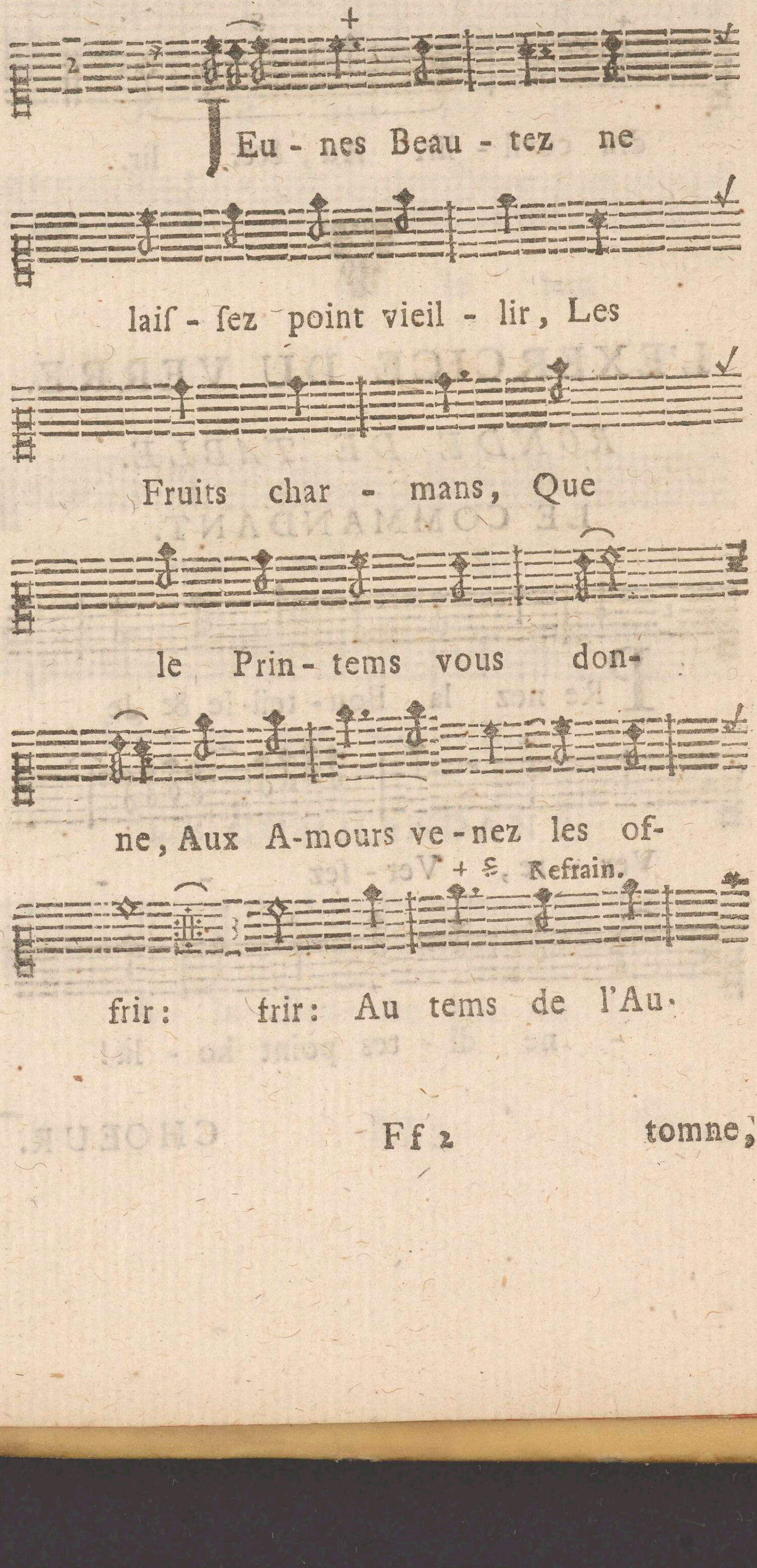
Pour les Cœurs les plus a - mou-
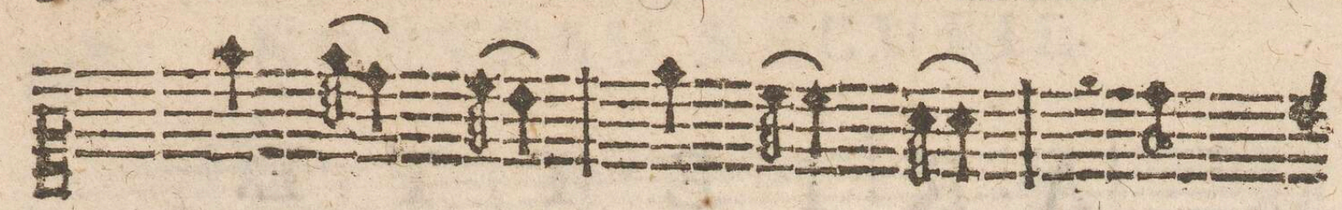
reux, C'eſt ſou - vent le tems

de l'Ab - ſen - ce.

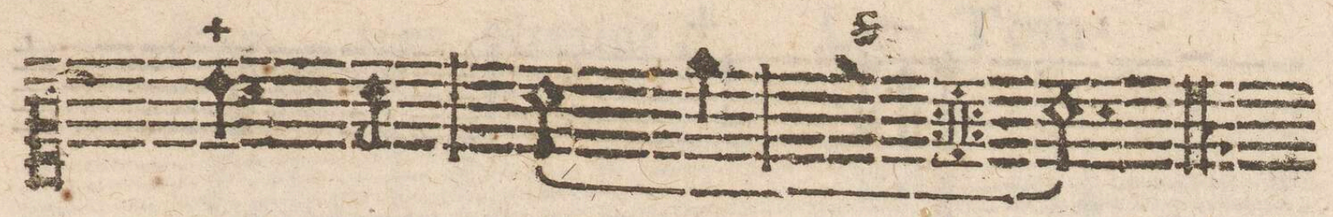
ARIET-

ARIETTE.


Eu - nes Beau - tez ne
laiſ - ſez point vieil - lir, Les
Fruits char - mans, Que
le Prin - tems vous don-
ne, Aux A-mours ve - nez les of-
Refrain.
frir: frir: Au tems de l'Au-



tom-ne, Per - ſon - ne, N'en vou-



dra cueil - lir. Au, &c. lir.

L'EXERCICE DU VERRE.

RONDE DE TABLE.
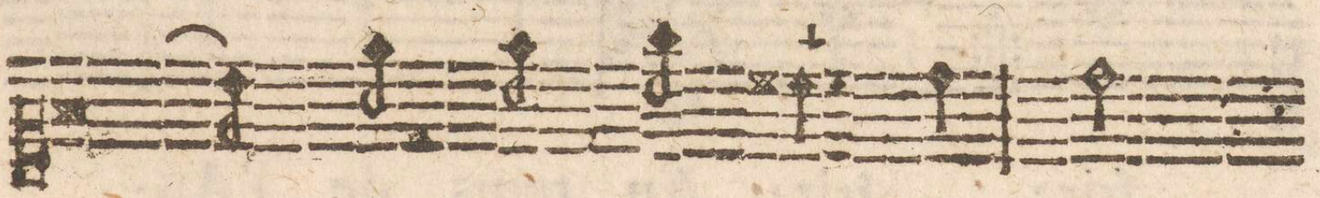
LE COMMANDANT.



PRe nez la Bou - teil-le & le
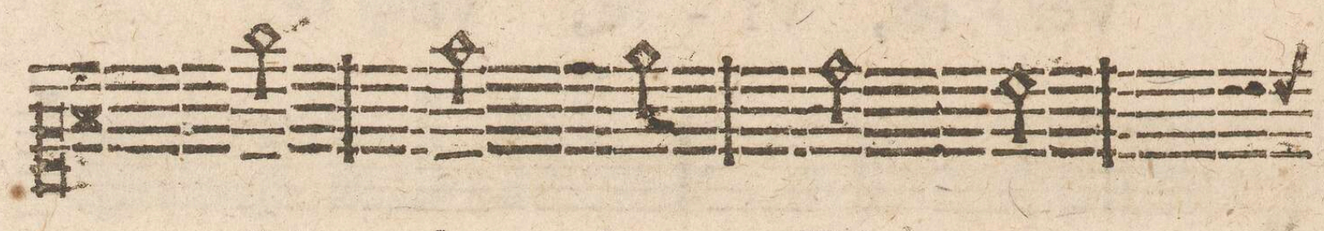


Ver - re, Ver - ſez - -



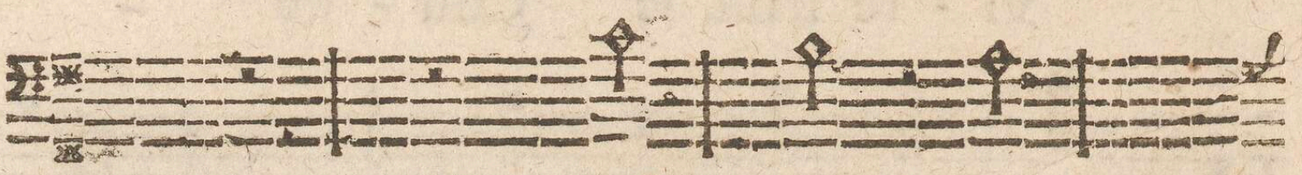
= ne di - tes point ho - là!

CHOEUR.

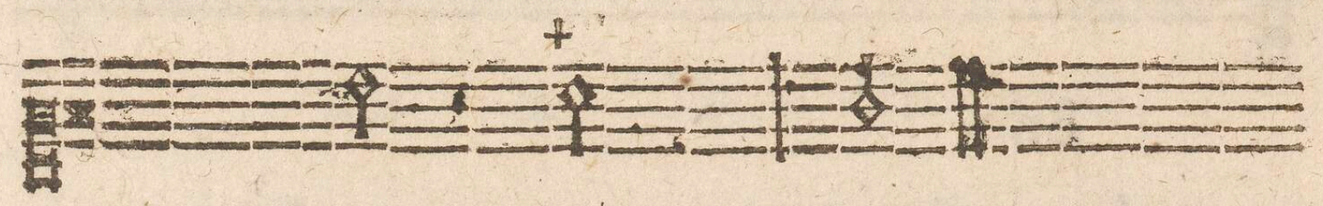
CHOEUR.
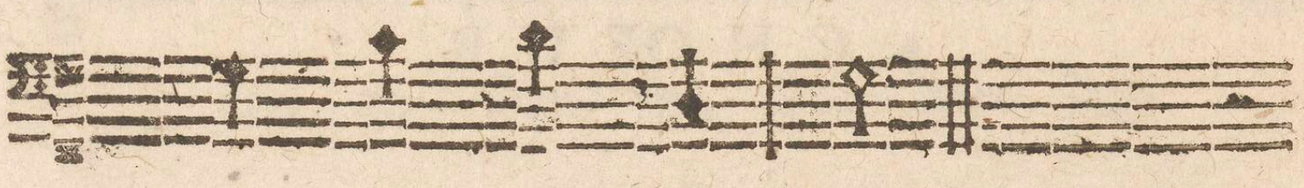


O! le bon Frè - re



O! le bon

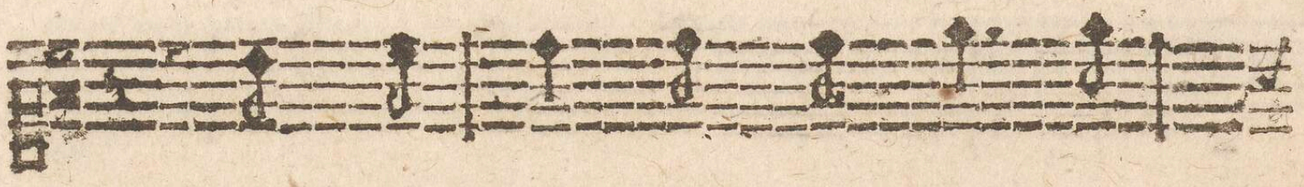


que voi - là.
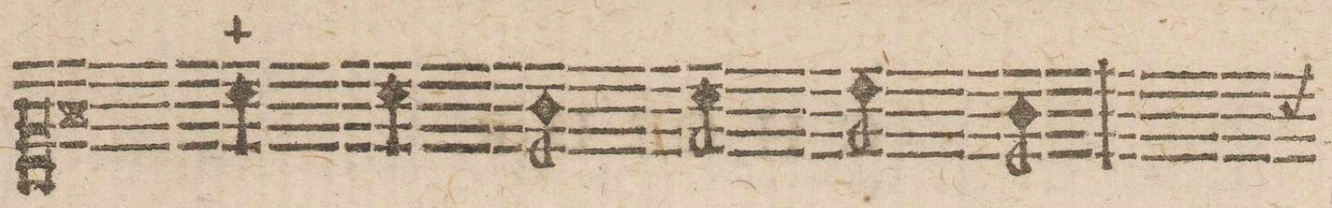


Frè - re que voi - là.
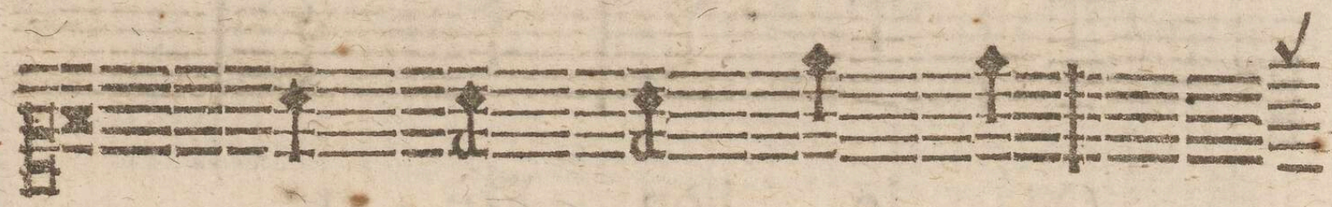
LE COMMANDANT.



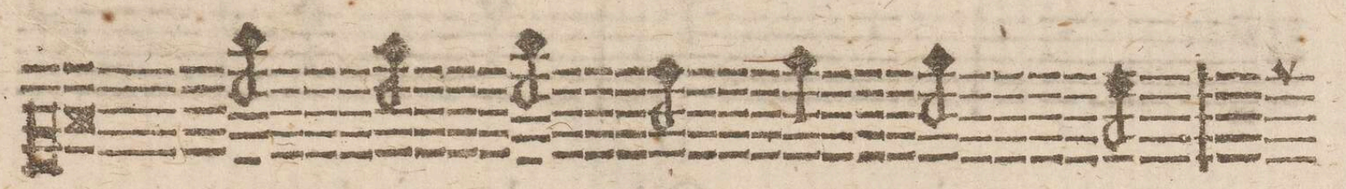
A la Bou - che por - tez le



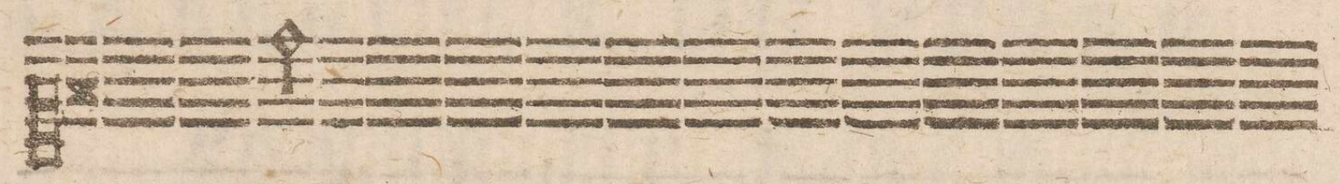
Ver - re, Vî - te, vî - te,



vî - te haut le Cou - de
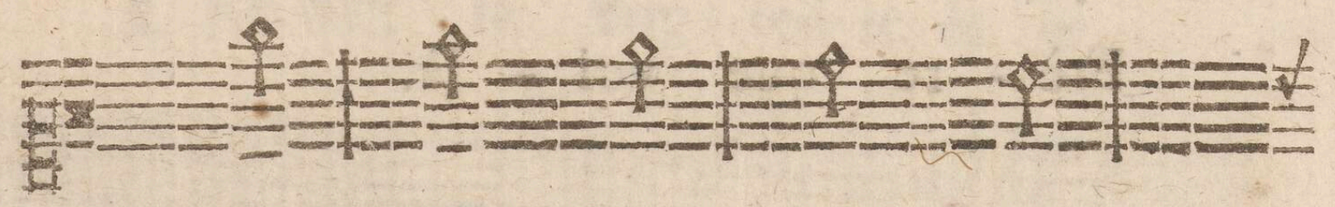


Vî - te, vî - te, vî - te haut le



Bras.

CHOEUR.
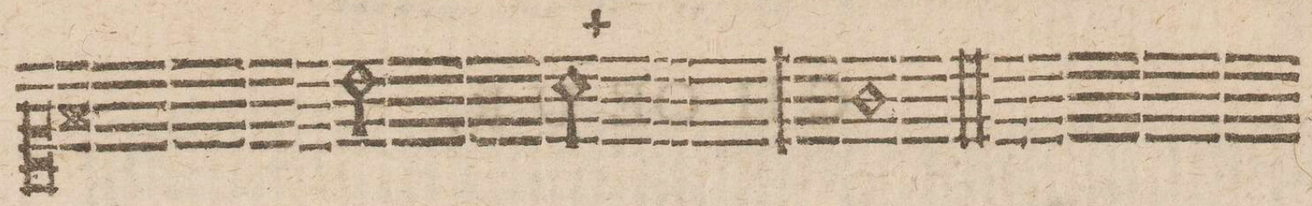


O! le bon Frè - re

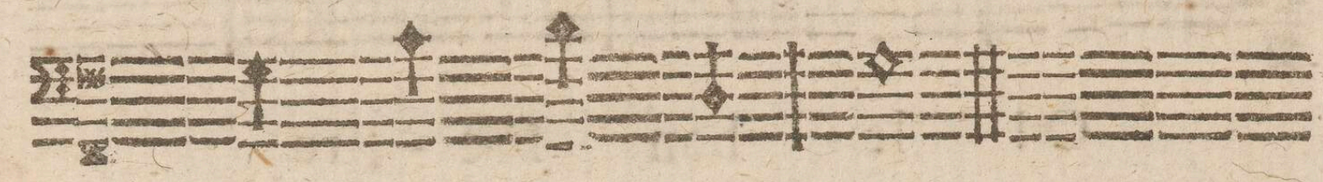


O! le bon

que
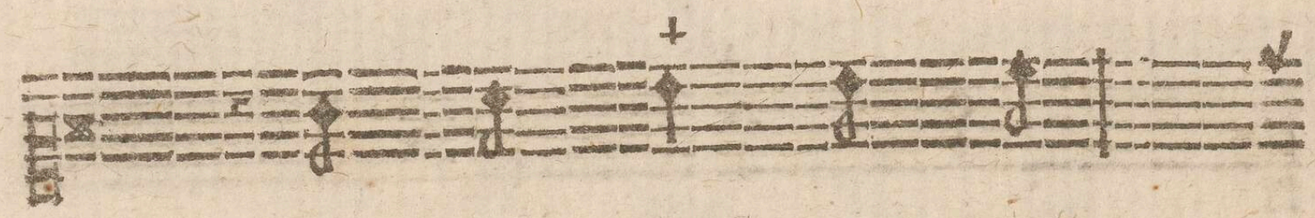


que voi - là.



Frè - re que voi - là.
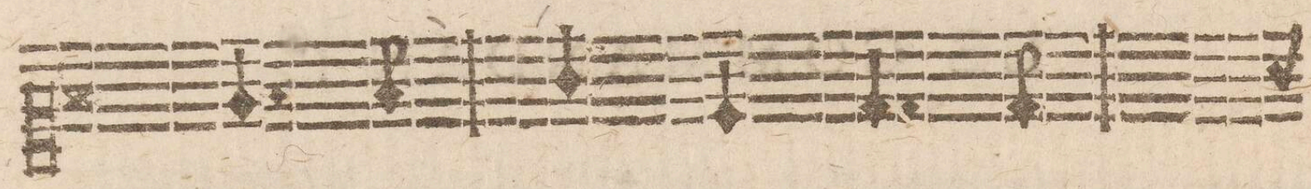
LE COMMANDANT.



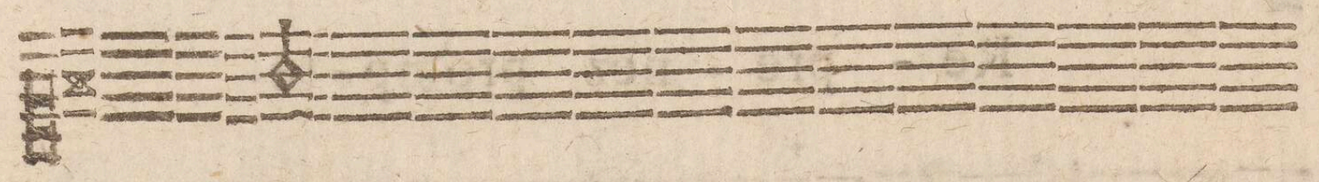
Sur la Ta - ble met-



tez le Ver - re, Pre - nez ha-



lei - ne & re - po - ſez vous



là.

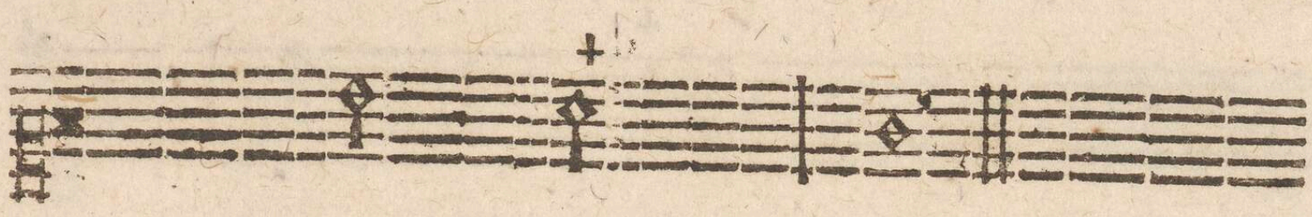
CHOEUR.



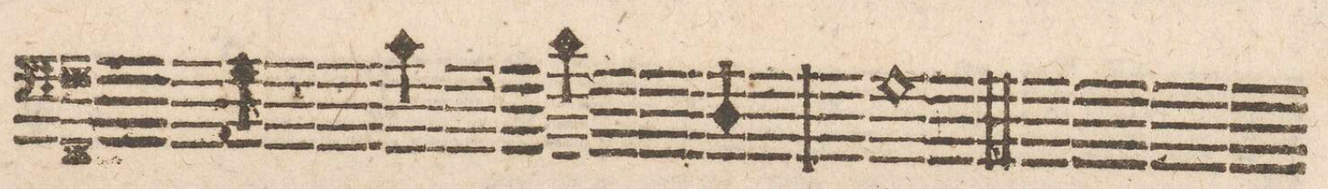
O! le bon Frè - re



O! le bon



que voi - là.



Frè - re que voi - là...

LE COMMANDANT.

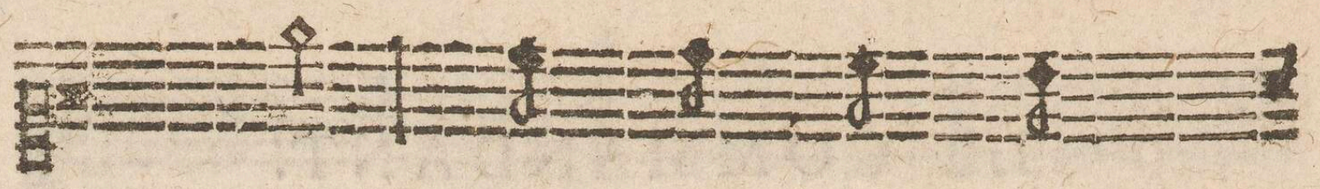


Re - pre - nez promp - te-
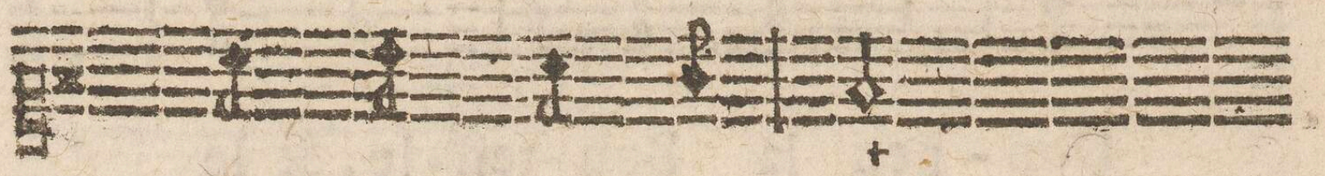


ment le Ver - re, D'un ſeul coup

BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH
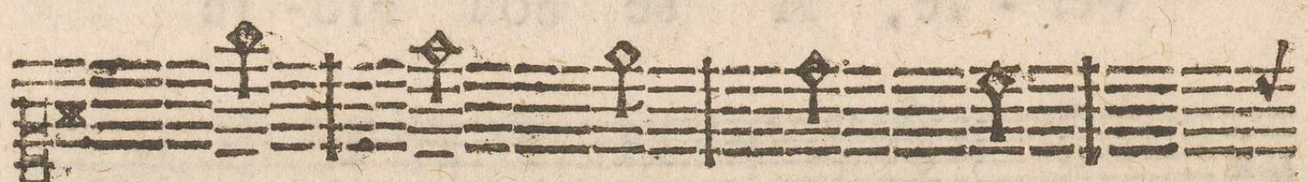


coup, ſa - blez, ſa - blez,



ſa - blez ce - lui - là.

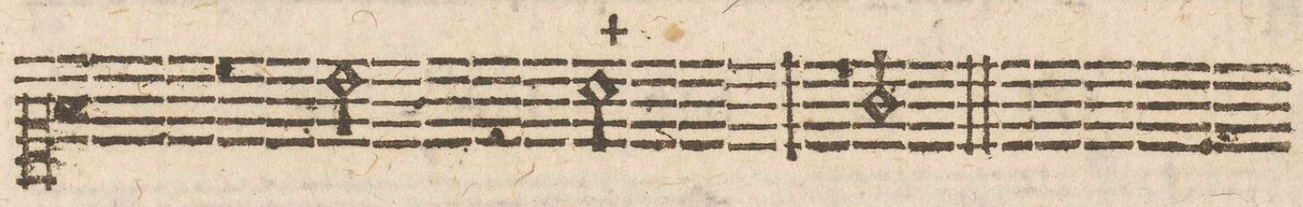
CHOEUR.
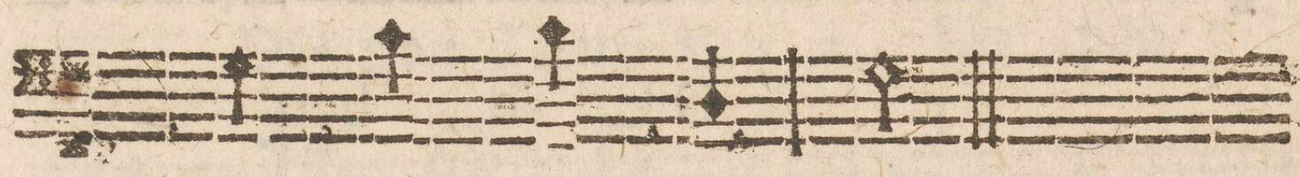


O! le bon Frè - re



O! le bon



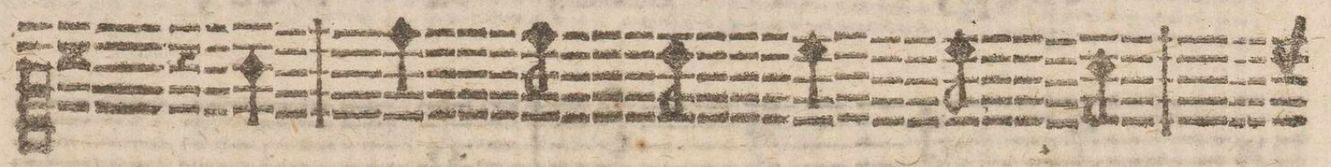
que voi - là.



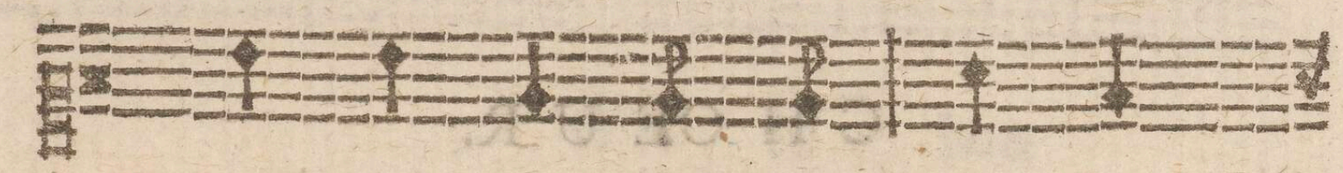
Frè - re que voi - là.

coup

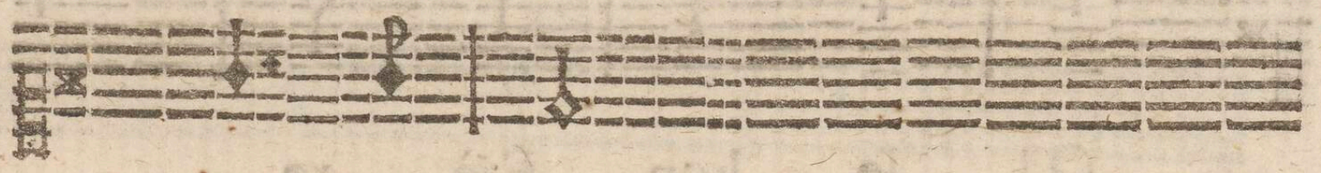
LE COMMANDANT.



Don - nez la Bou - teil - le, & le



Ver - re, A ce bon Frè - re

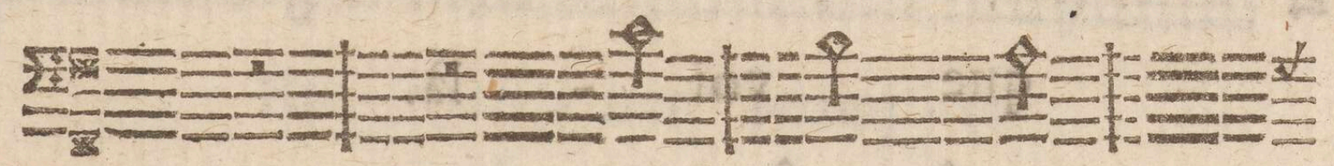


que voi - là.

CHOEUR.
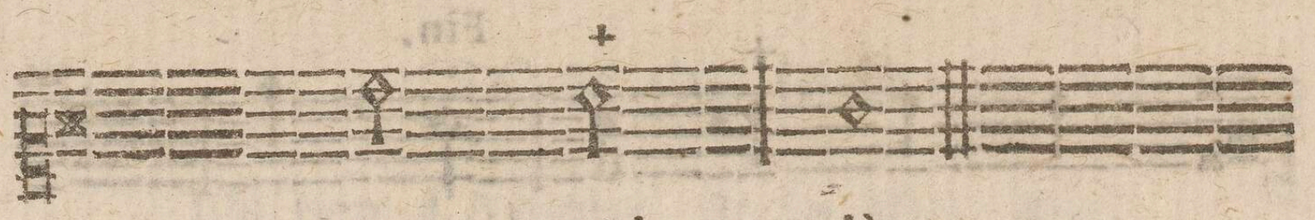


O! le bon Frè - re
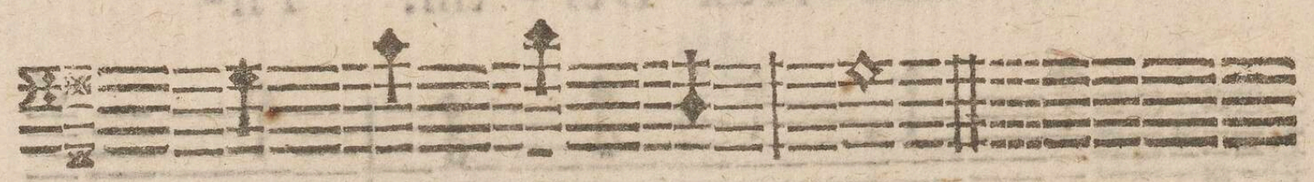


O! le bon

que



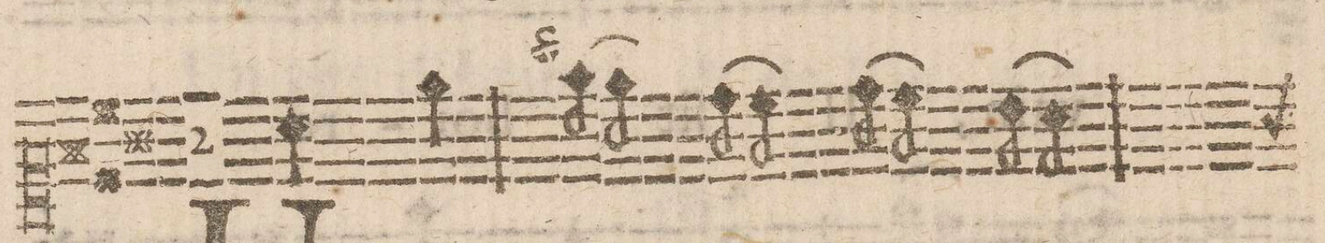
que voi - là.



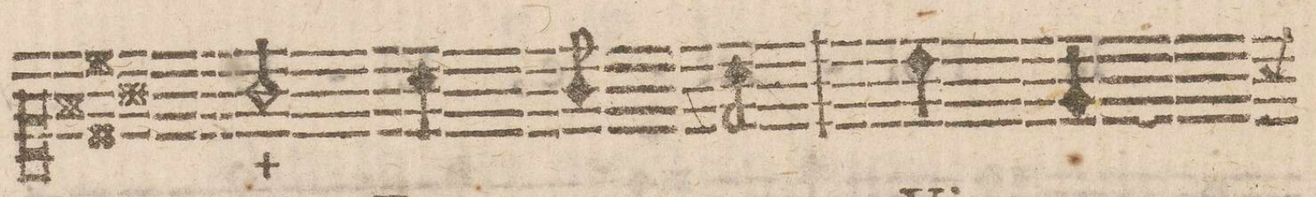
Frè - re que voi - là.

RONDE DE TABLE.

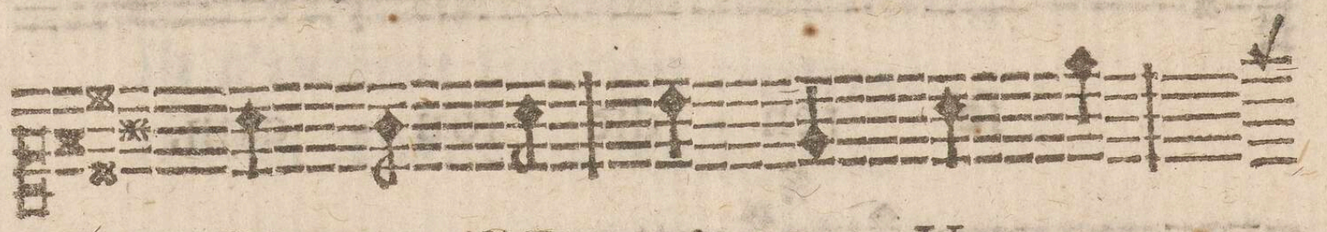
SEUL.



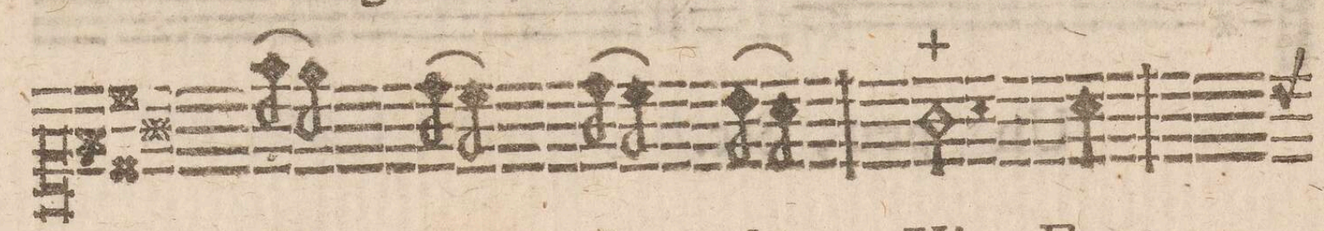
UN peu d'A-mour & de



Vin, Font u - ne Vi - e,
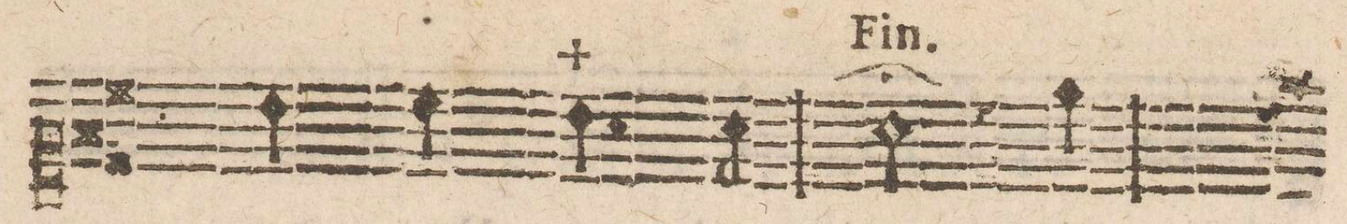


Di - gne d'En - vi - e, Un peu
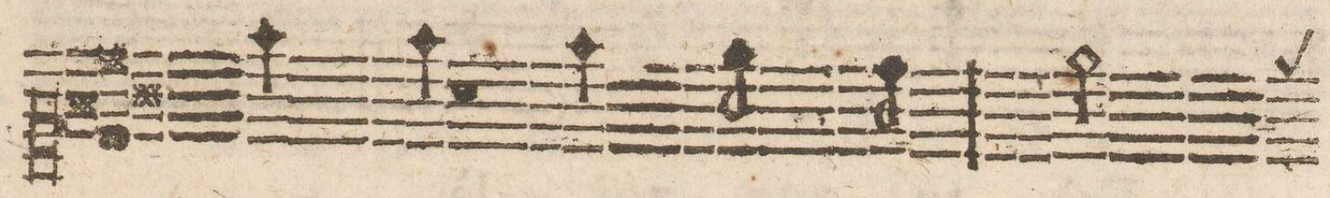


d'A - mour, & de Vin, Font
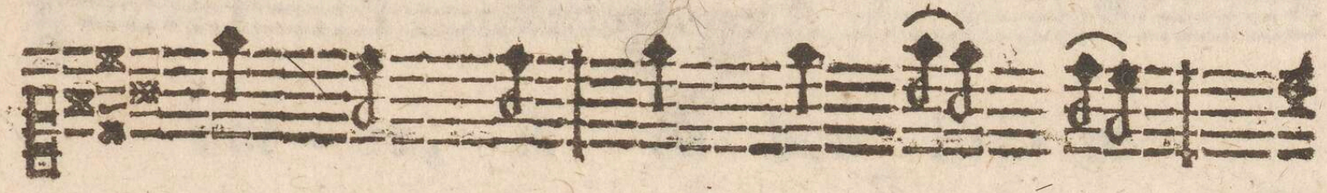
un



un heu-reux Deſ-tin. Tir-



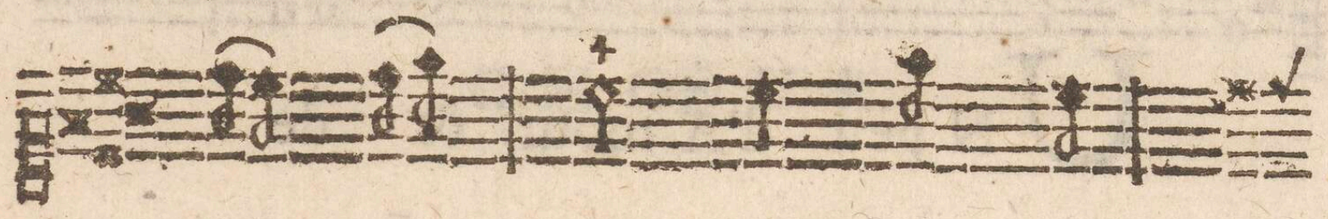
cis au-près de Li-ſet-



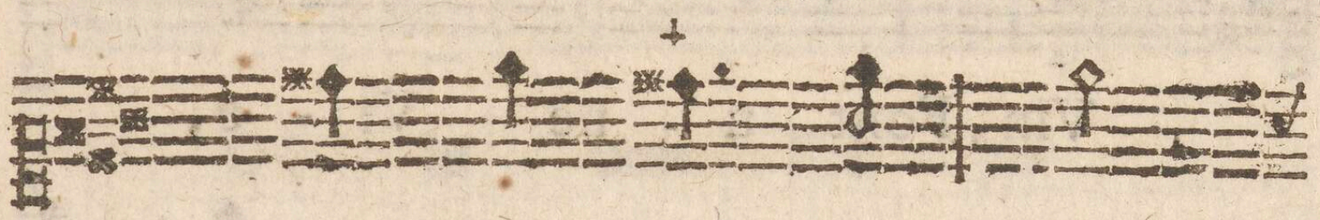
te, Sou-pi-roit tou-jours en



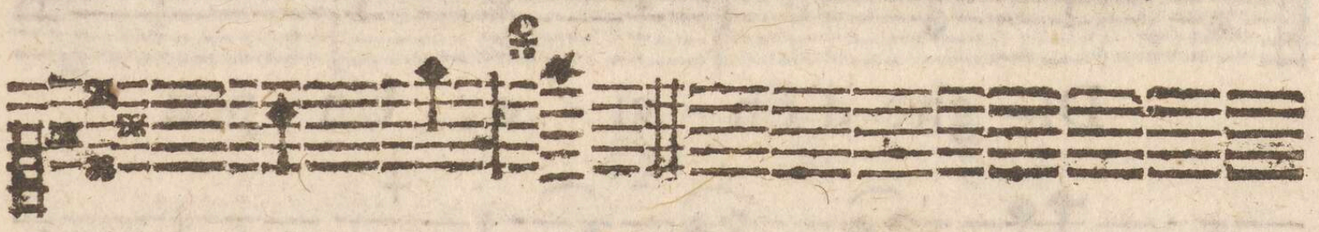
vain, Il fit boi-re



la Fol-let-te, El-le



ſe ren-dit ſou-dain.



Un peu, &c.

CHOEUR.

CHOEUR.

Un peu d'Amour, & de Vin, &c.

SEUL.

L'Amour qui vit la Bergère,
Se livrer au Dieu du Vin,
Vint ſe mêler de l'affaire,
Tous trois chantèrent ſoudain.

CHOEUR.

Un peu d'Amour, & de Vin, &c.

SEUL.

Dans le plus prochain Boccage,
L'Amour les conduit tous deux,
Ils n'avoient ſous cet ombrage;
Aucun témoin de leurs Jeux.

CHOEUR.

Un peu d'Amour, & de Vin, &c.

SEUL.

La Bergère étoit jolie,
Et le Vin étoit charmant,
Pour la fin de la partie,
On la devine aiſément.

CHOEUR.

Un peu d'Amour, & de Vin.

SEUL.

Amans, qui près d'une Belle,
Formez d'inutiles vœux,
Faites boire la Cruelle,
C'eſt le moyen d'être heureux.

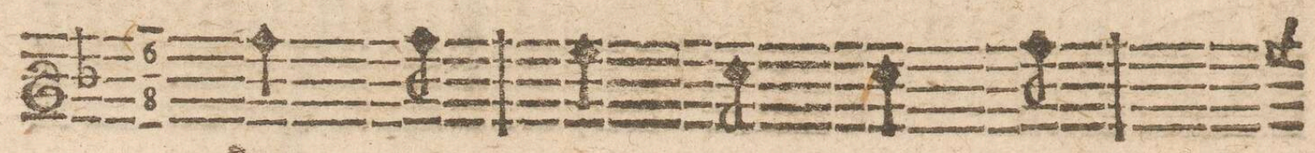
CHOEUR.

Un peu d'Amour, & de Vin, &c.

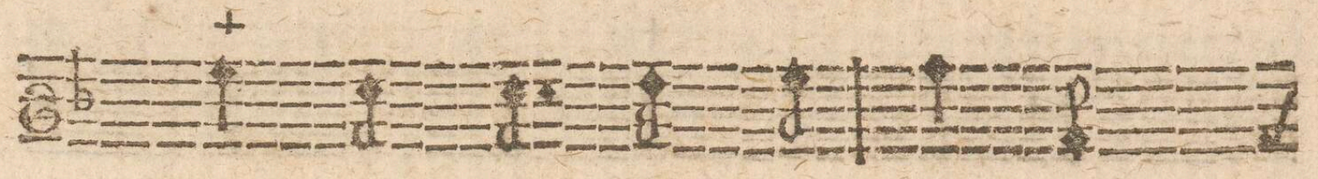
RON-

RONDEAU

PARODIE.



AH! Li - ſet - te, Ah! Li-

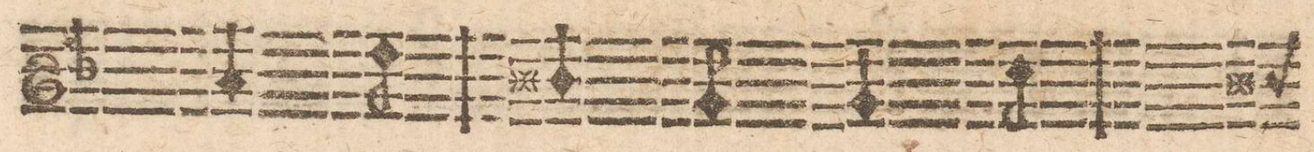


ſet - te, Sans un Ber - ger, Que

Fin.



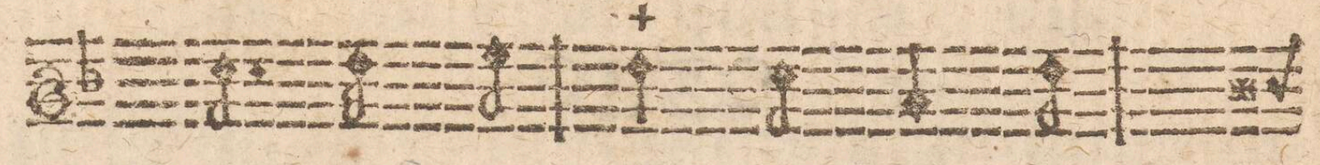
fais - tu ſeu - let - te:



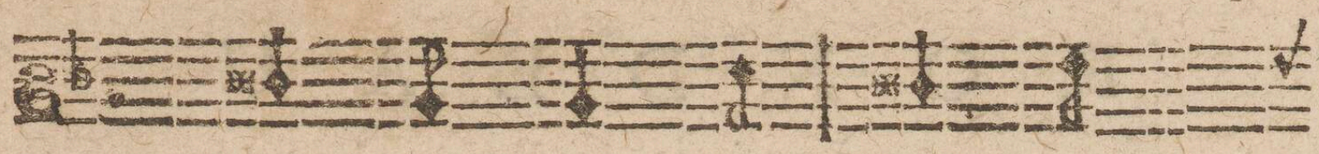
E - tre fai - te, Pour char-



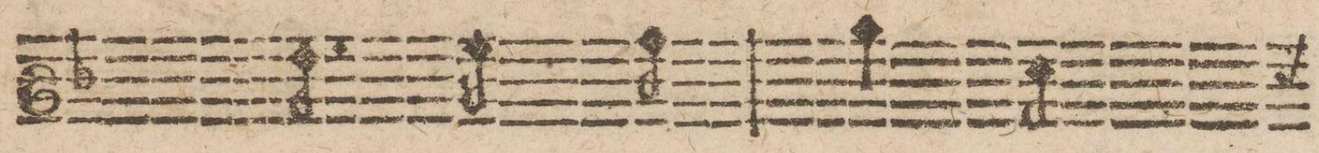
mer, Et ne point ai - mer, C'eſt
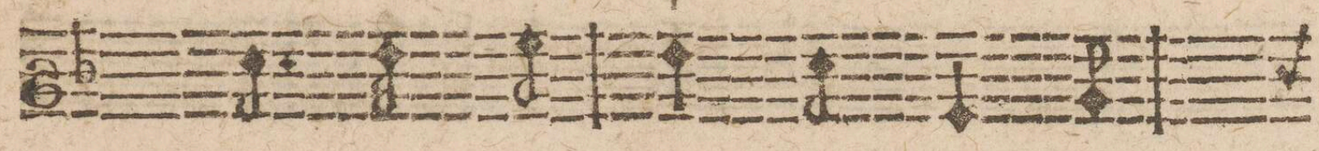


ê - tre Fo - let - te, E - tre



fai - te, Pour char - mer, Et



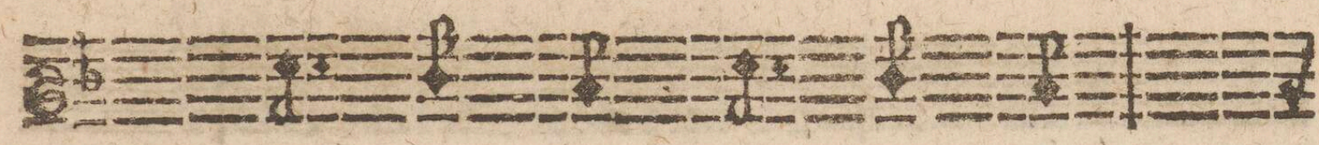
ne point ai - mer, C'eſt



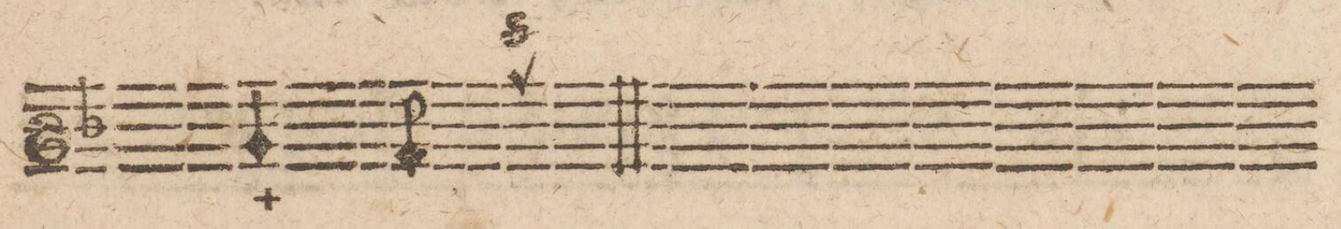
ê - tre Fo - let - te, Ah! du



moins, Vien Chan- ter, Vien Dan - ſer,



Fo - la - tier deſ - ſus l'Her-
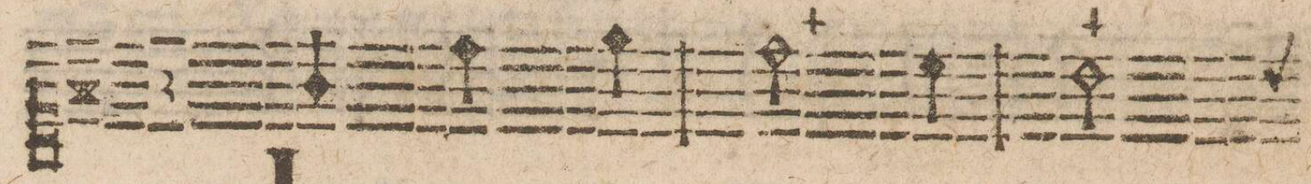


bet - te. &c.



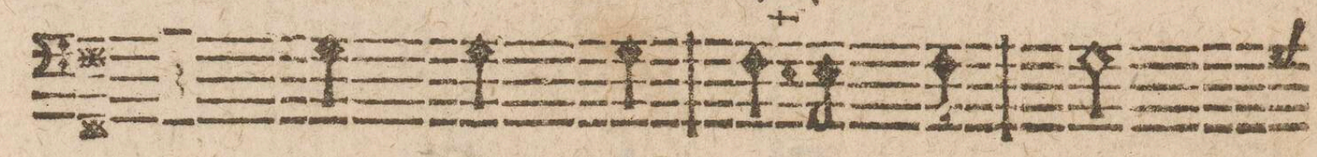
VA U-

VAUDEVILLE.

DUO.



LA Li - ber - té me char-



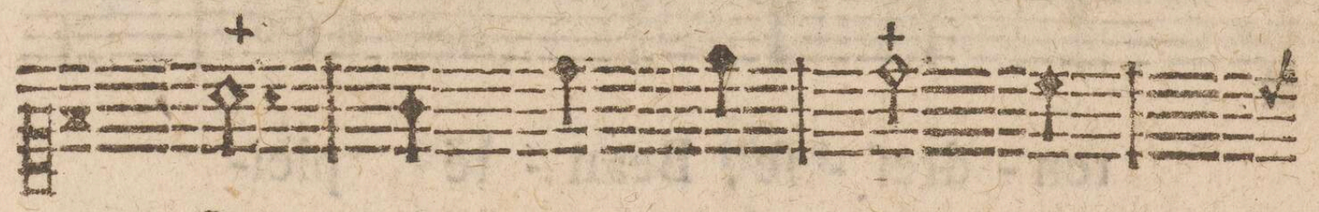
La Li - ber - té me char-
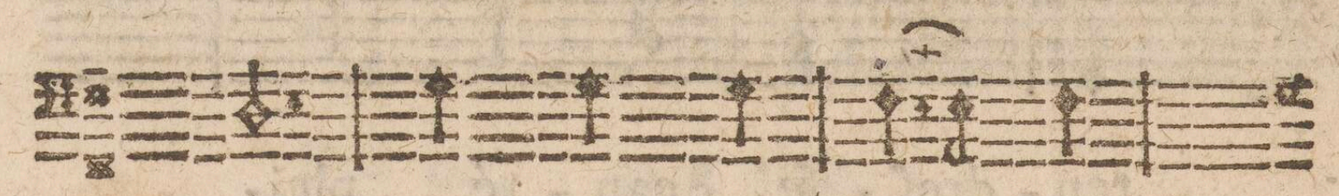


me, Et les plus doux Plai-



me, Et les plus doux Plai-
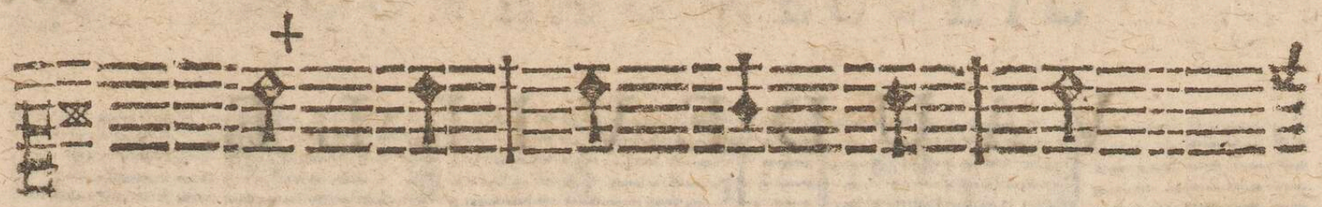


firs, Si - tôt qu'el - le s'al-



firs, Si - tôt qu'el - le s'al-

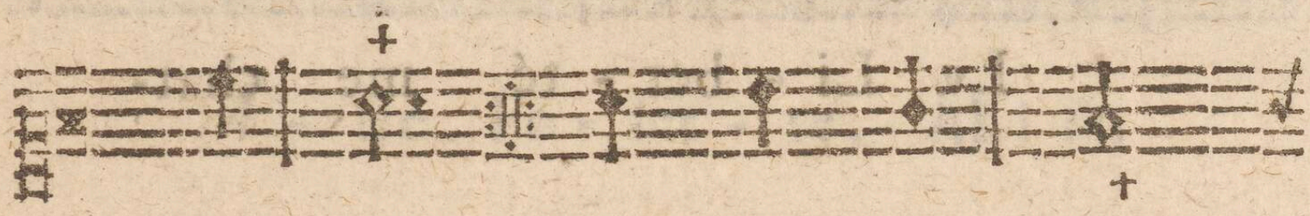
larme,



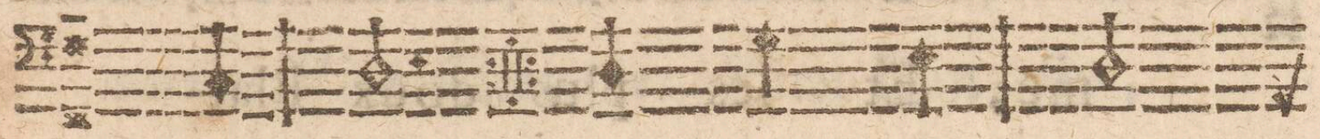
lar - me, Tou-chent peu mes



lar - me, Tou-chent peu mes



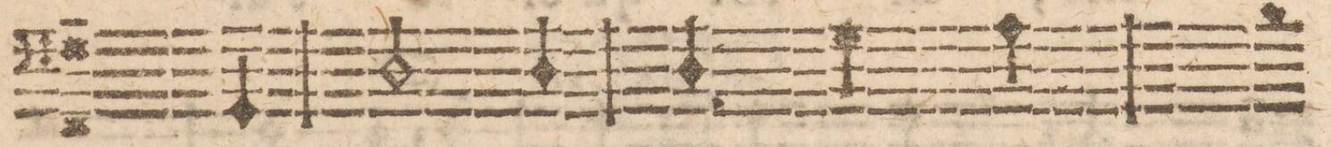
dé - firs: Ob - jèt de ma



dé - firs: Ob - jèt de ma
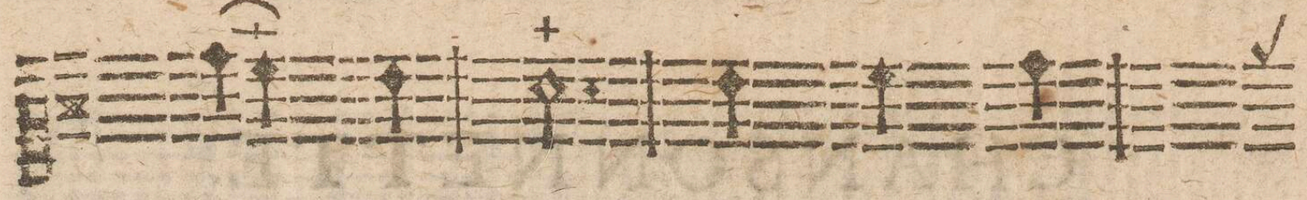


ten - dref - fe, Beau - té plei-
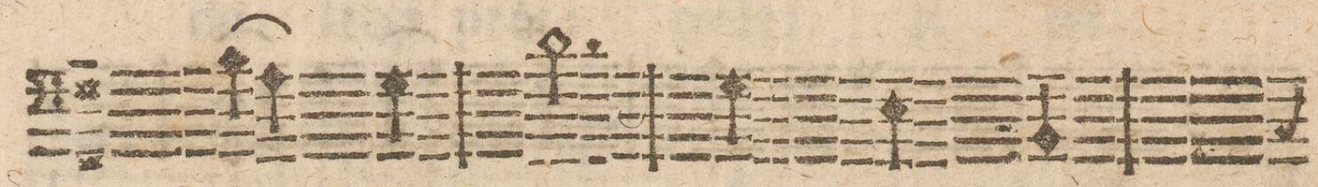


ten - dref - fe, Beau - té plei-
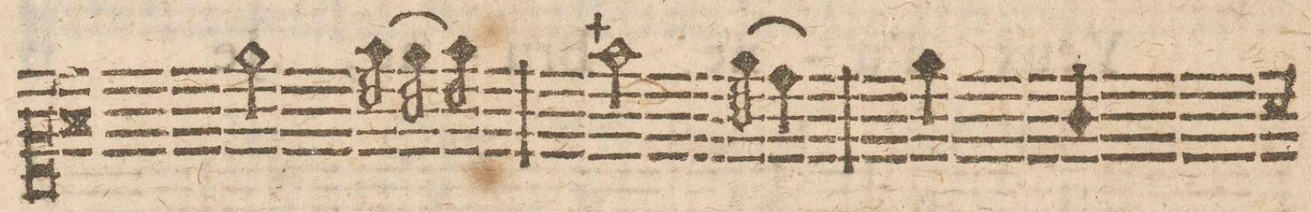
ne



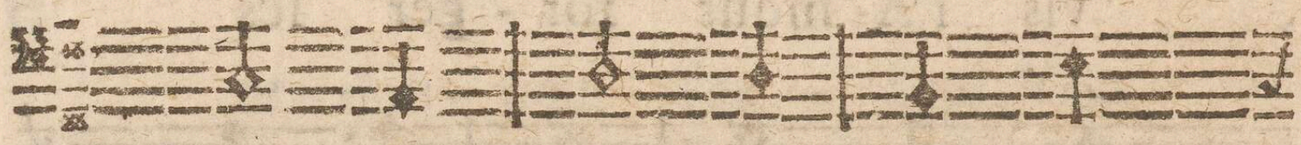
ne d'at- traits, U - nif- ſons



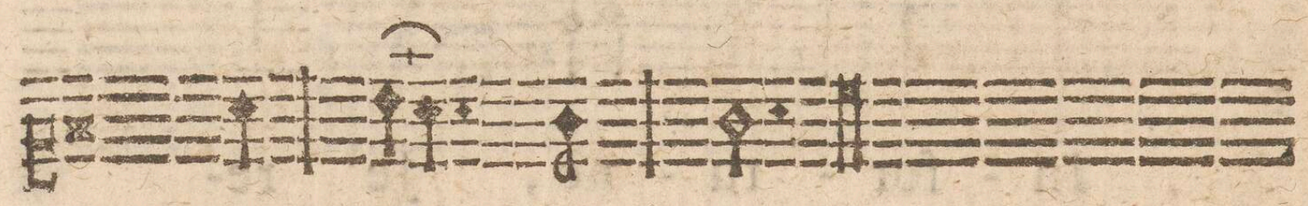
ne d'at- traits, U - nif- ſons



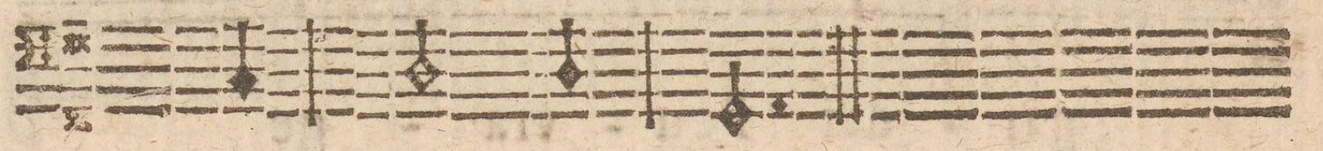
nous ſans ceſ- ſe, Ne nous



nous ſans ceſ- ſe, Ne nous

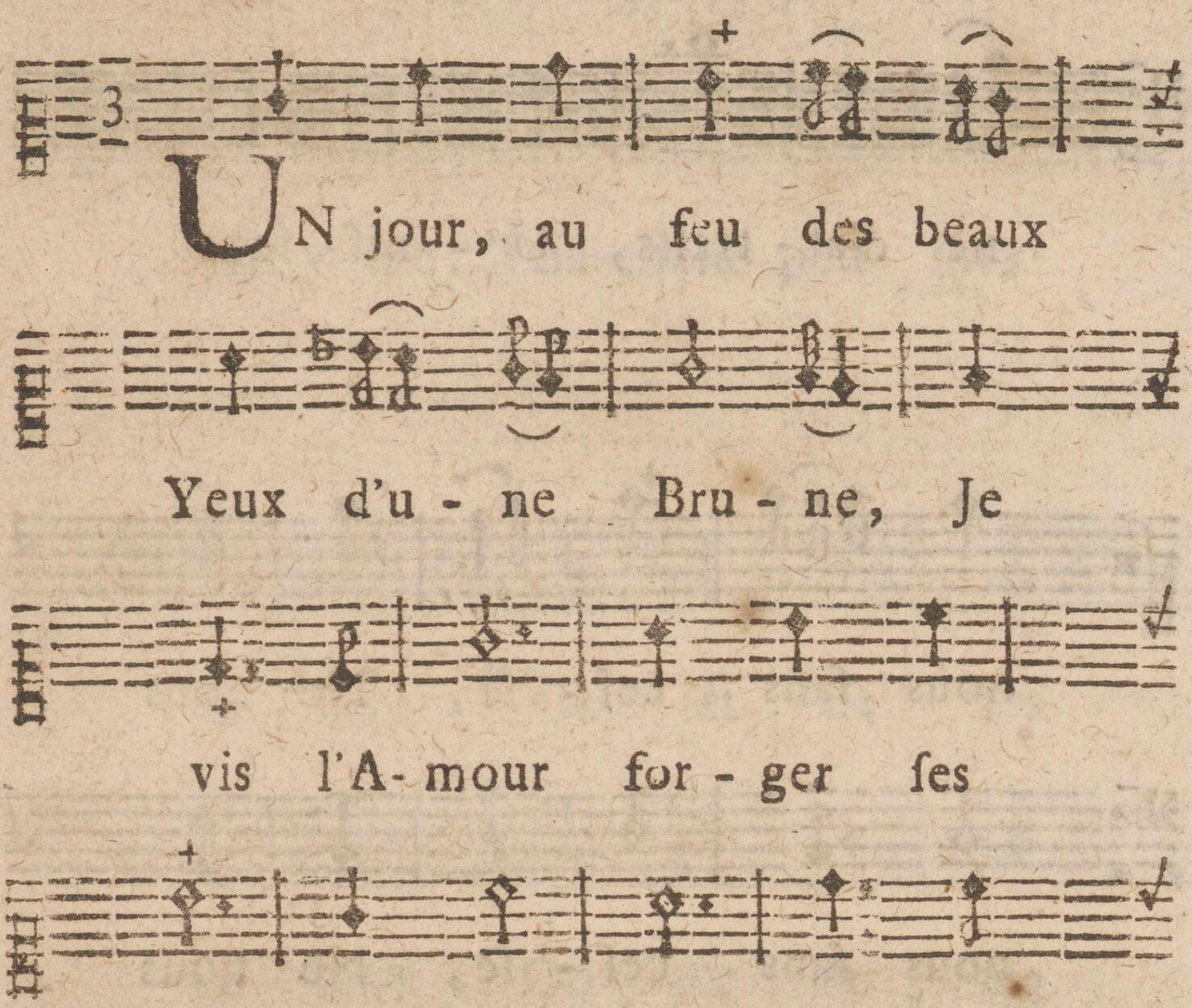


li - ons ja - mais.

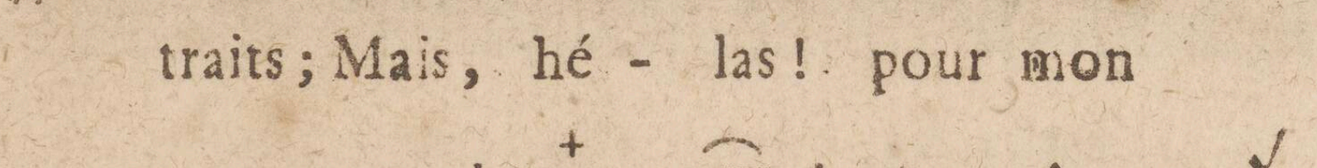


li - ons ja - mais.
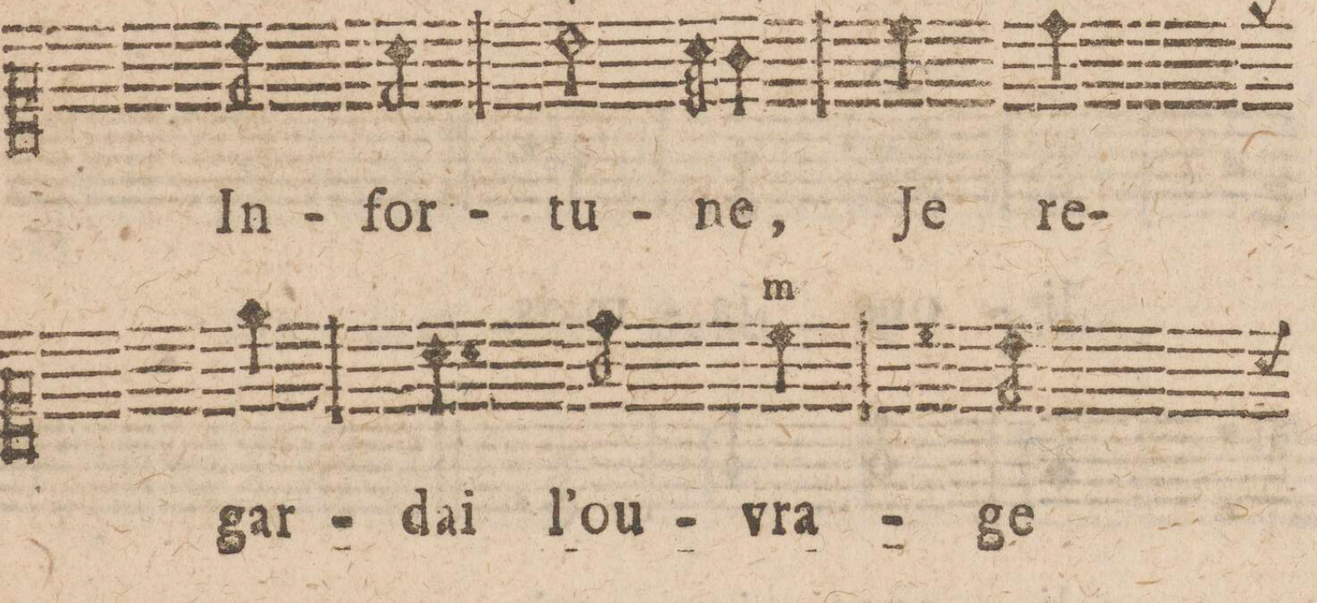
CHANSONNETTE.



UN jour, au feu des beaux



Yeux d'u - ne Bru - ne, Je



vis l'A- mour for - ger ſes



traits ; Mais, hé - las ! pour mon
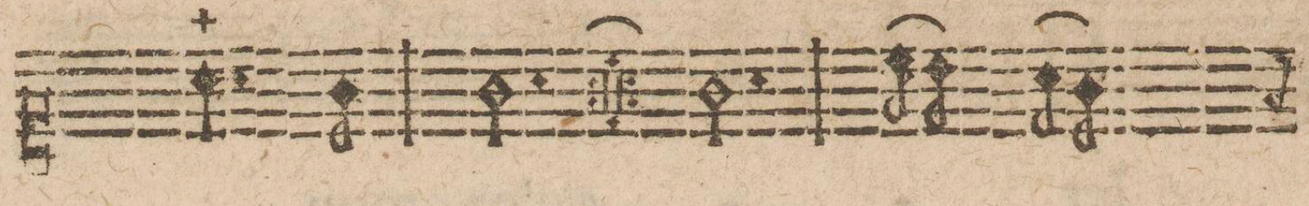


In - for - tu - ne, Je re-

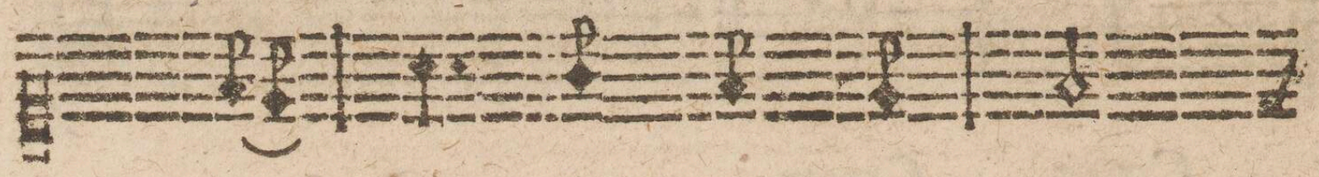


gar - dai l'ou - vra - ge

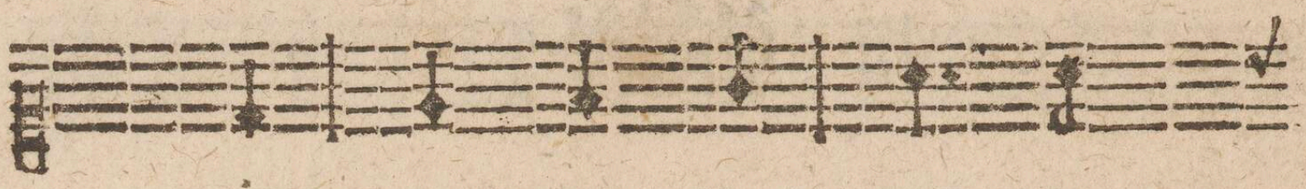
de



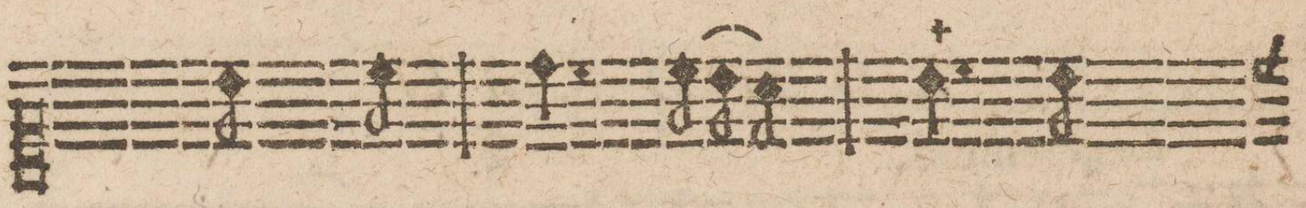
de trop près: près: Il en
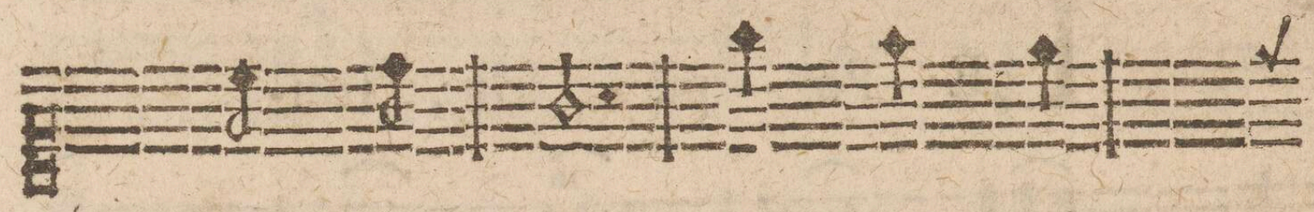


for - tit tant d'E - tin - cel-
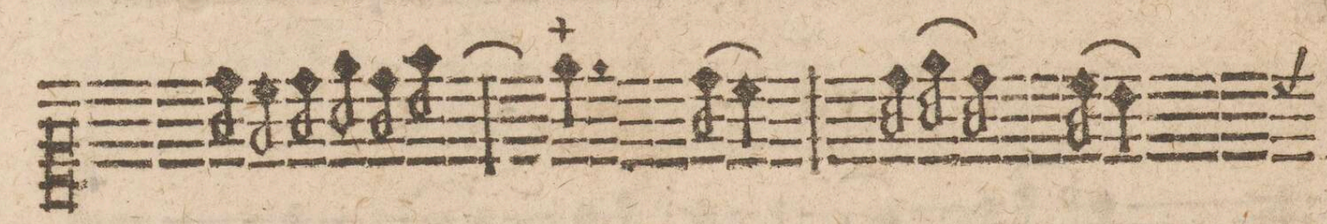


les, Que l'A- mour mê-me, en
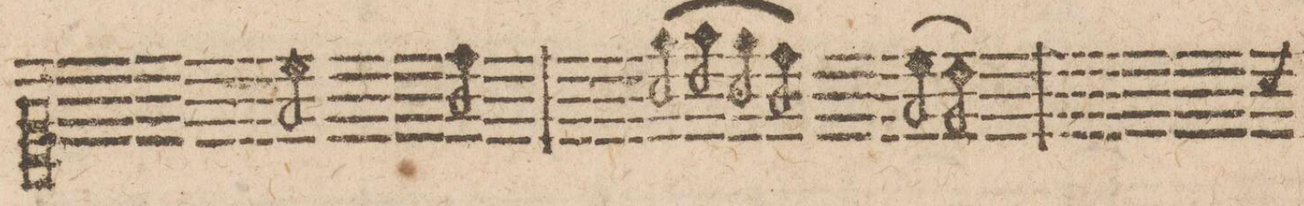


re- dou- tant l'ar - deur, Vou-



lut s'en - fuir; Mais il bru-
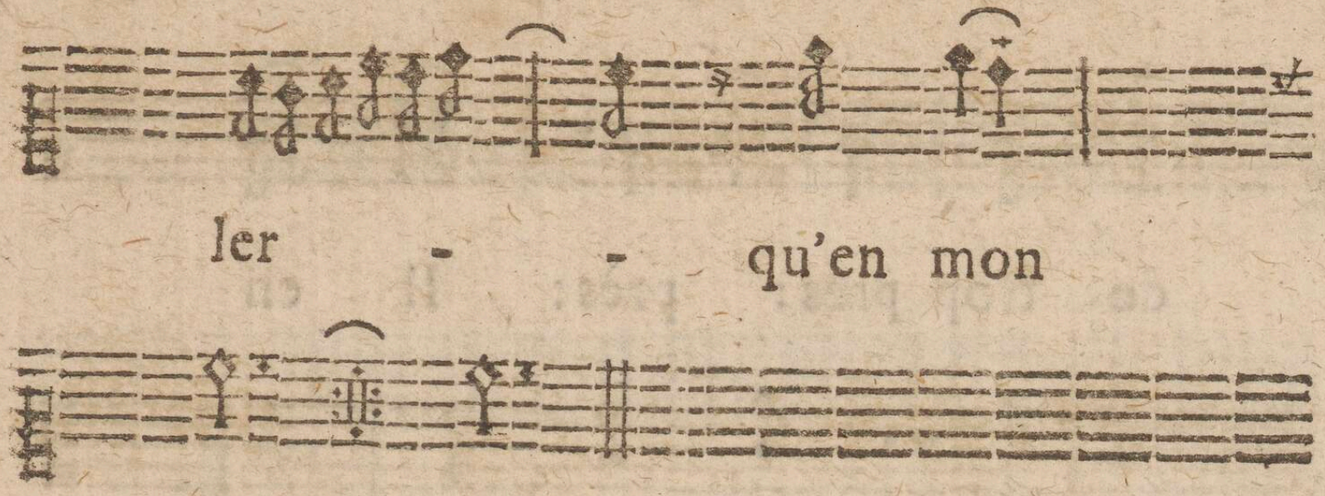


la - - ſes Aî - les,



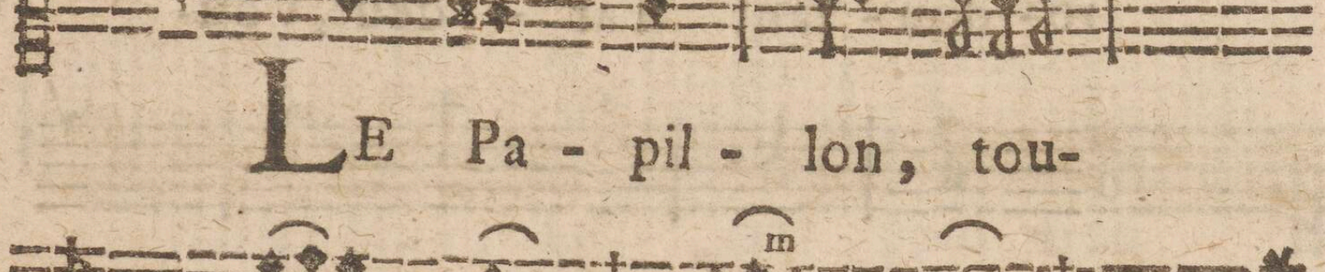
Et ne put vo-



ler



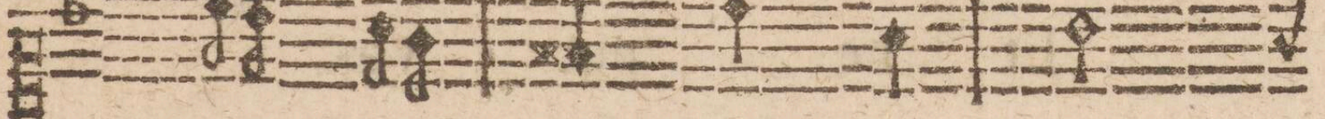
ler - - qu'en mon



Cœur. Cœur.

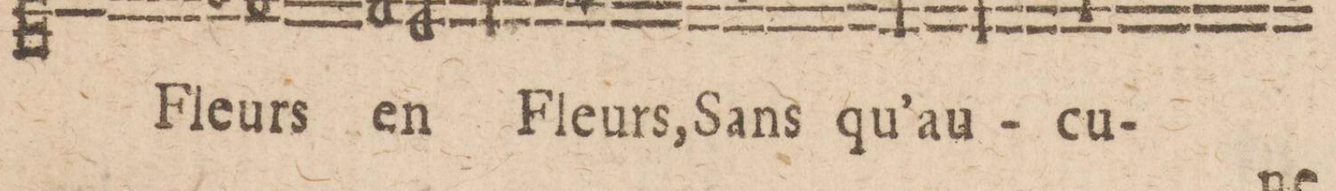
ARIETTE.

RONDEAU.



Légerement.

LE Pa - pil - lon, tou-



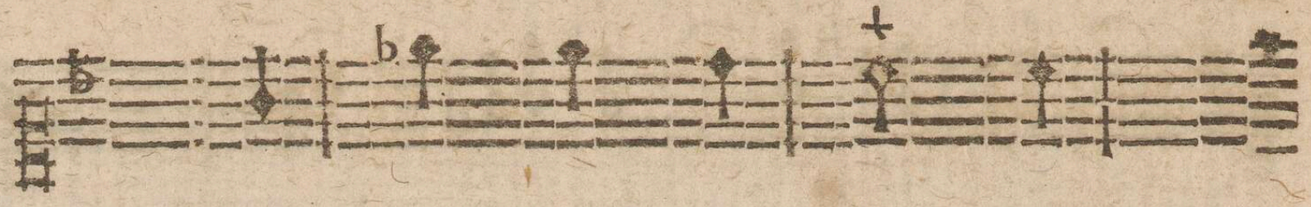
jours vo - la - ge,
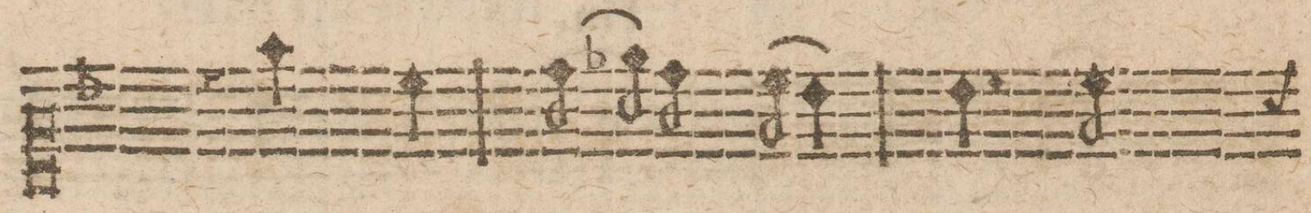


Er - re, vo - le de

Fleurs en Fleurs, Sans qu'au - cu-

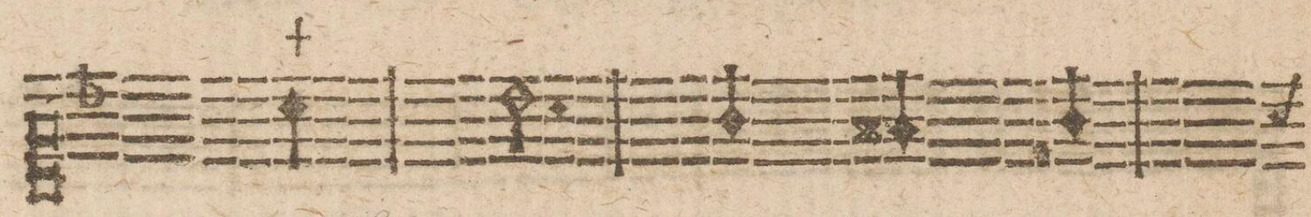
ne
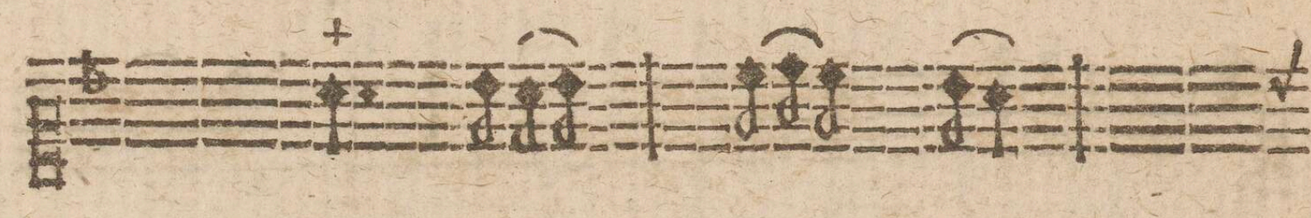


ne d'el - les l'en - ga - ge,
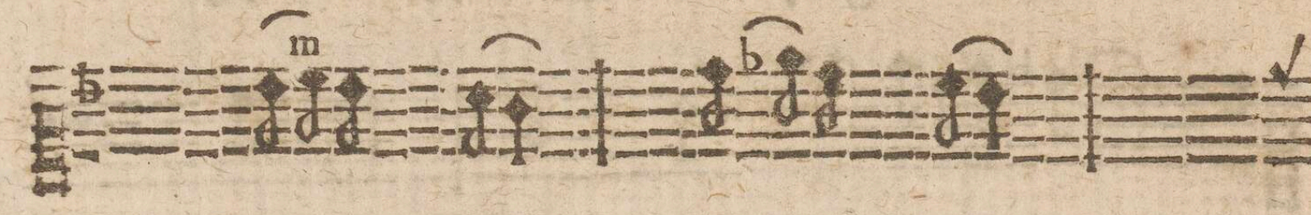


A fi - xer ſes fol - les



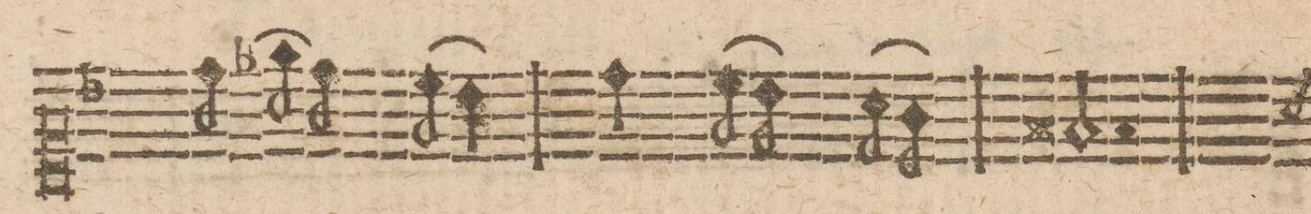
ar - deurs. Le Pa - pil-
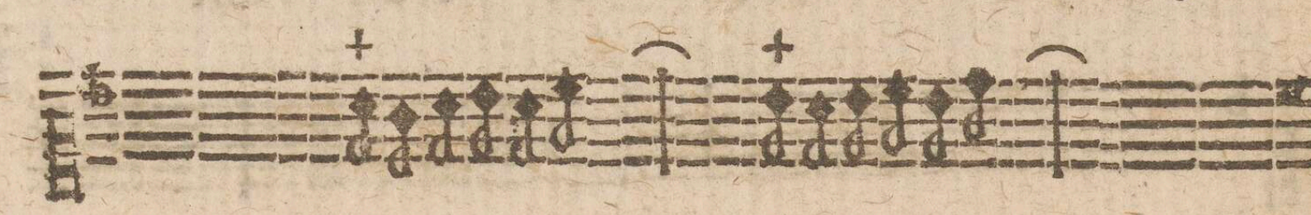


lon, toû - jours vo-
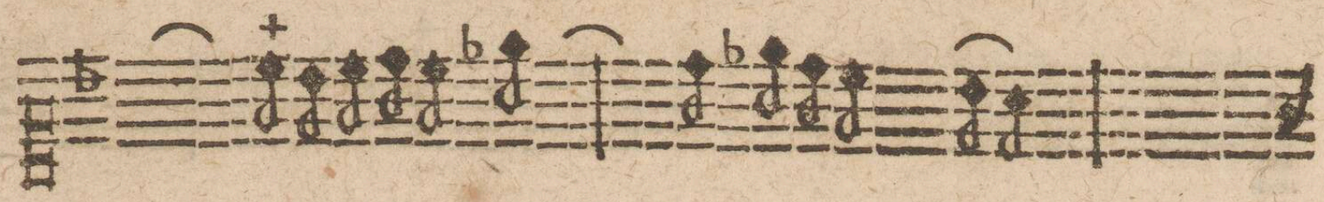


la - ge, Er - re,



vo - le de Fleurs en Fleurs,

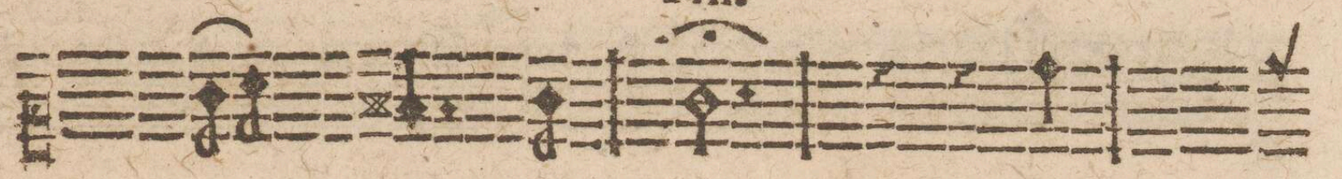


vo- - -



- - - - le

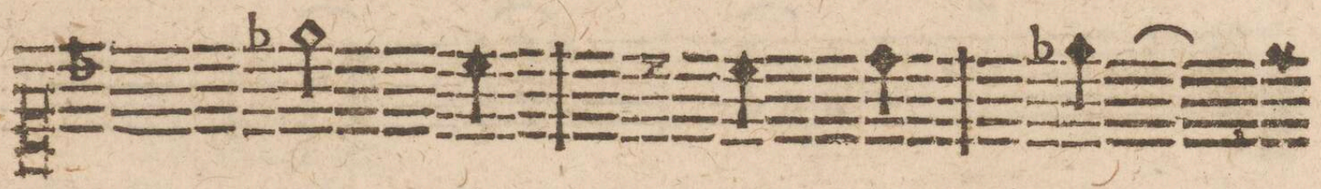
Fin.



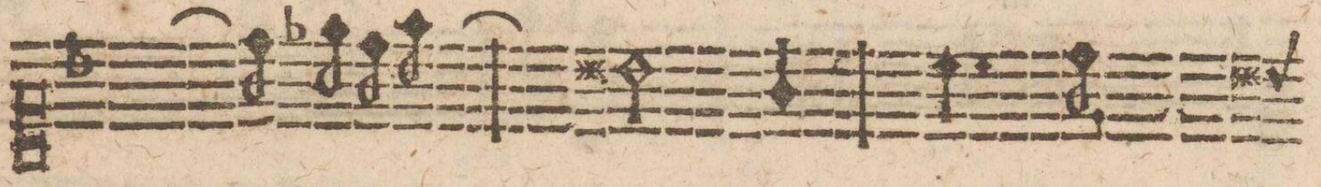
de Fleurs en Fleurs. Tel-



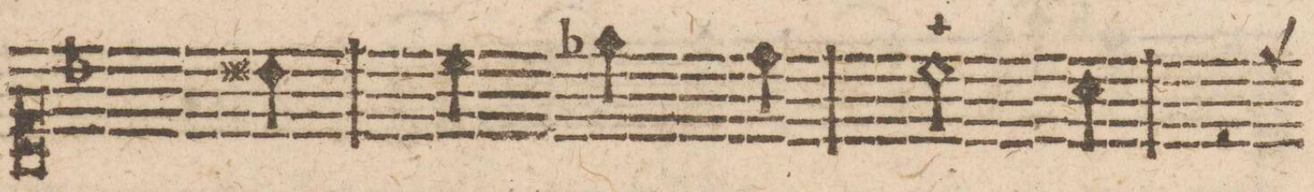
le eſt la Jeu - neſ - ſe peu



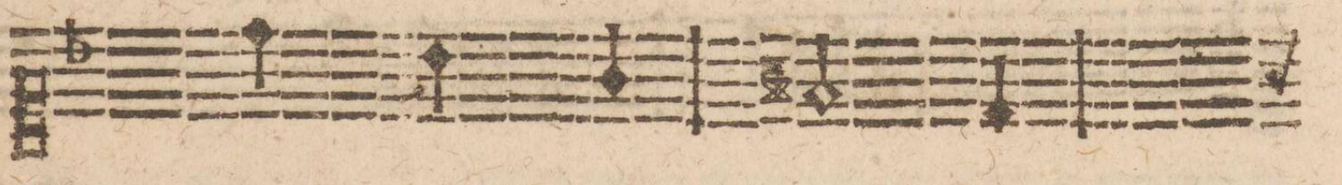
ſa - ge, El - le vo-



- - - le à tous les

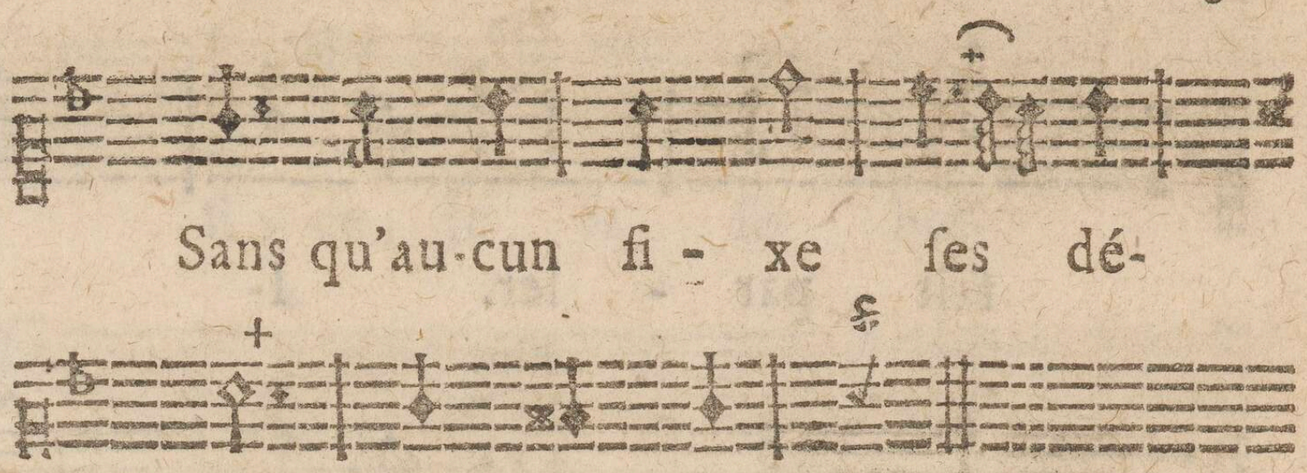


Plai - ſirs, Qui ſe trou - vent



ſur ſon paſ - ſa - ge,

Sans
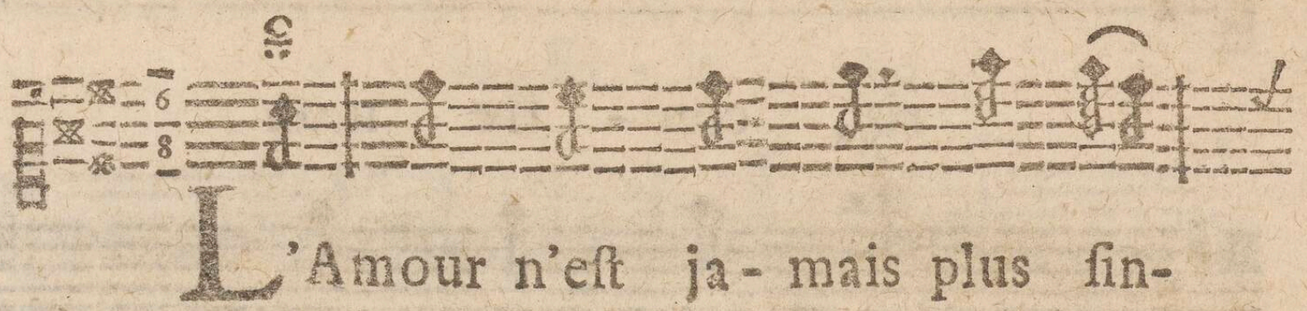


Sans qu'au-cun fi - xe ſes dé-
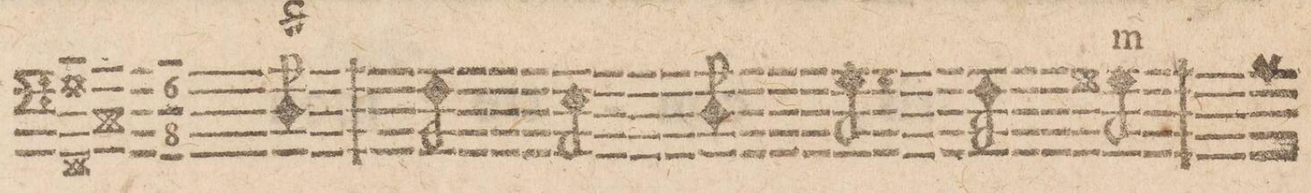
firs. Le Pa - pil-, &c.

TENDRESSE BACHIQUE.

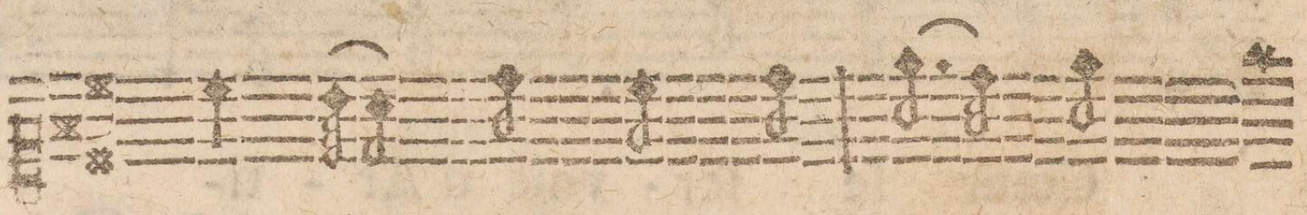
RONDEAU.



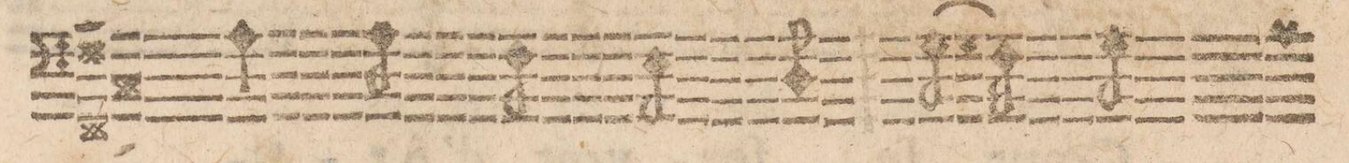
L'Amour n'eſt ja- mais plus fin-



L'Amour n'eſt ja- mais plus fin-
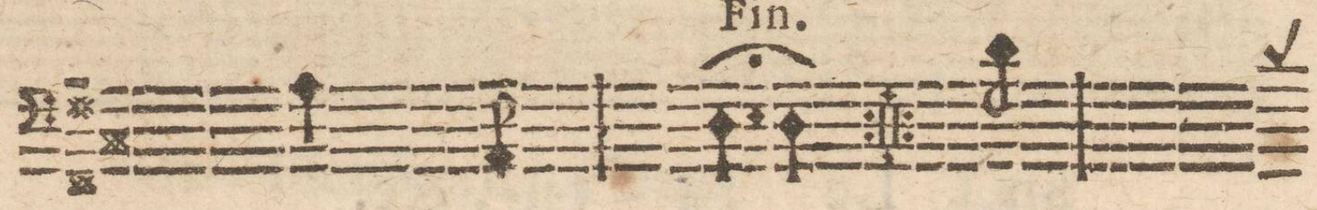


cè - re, Que quand Ba - chus le
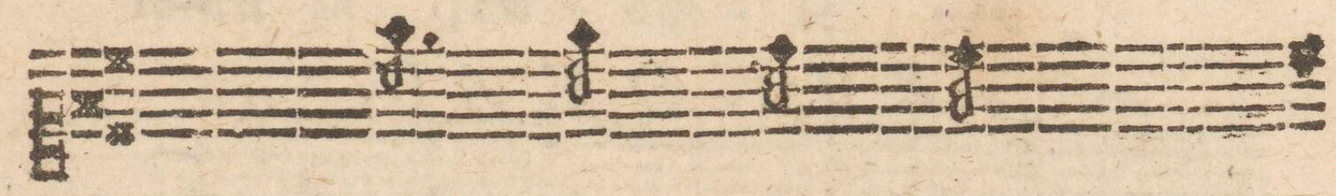


cè - re, Que quand Ba - chus le



fait par - ler. I-



fait par - ler. I-



ris, con - tre mon



ris, con - tre mon
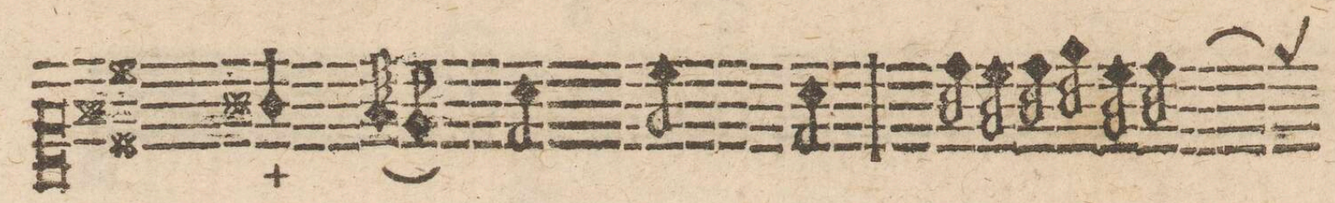


Cœur ſe ſer - voit d'Ar - ti-

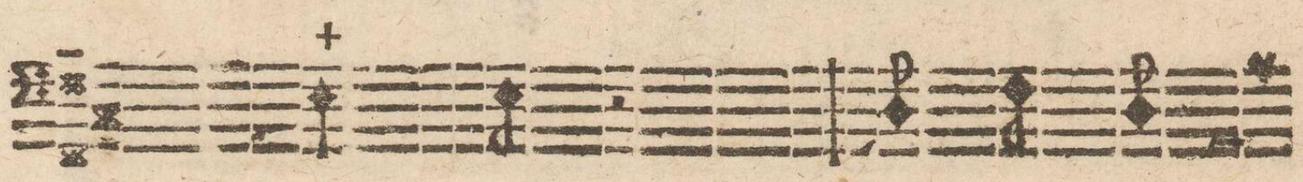


Cœur ſe ſer - voit d'Ar - ti-

fice;



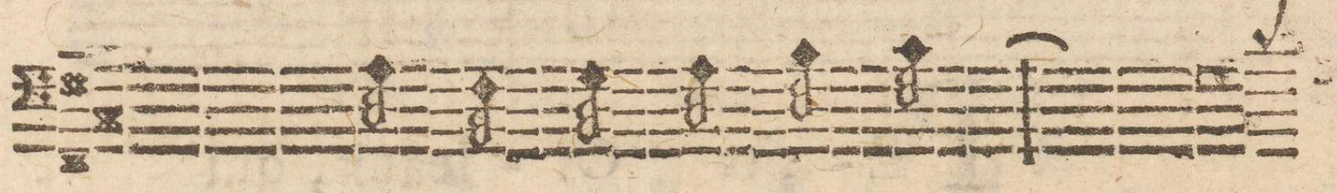
fi - ce, Je la fis boi- -



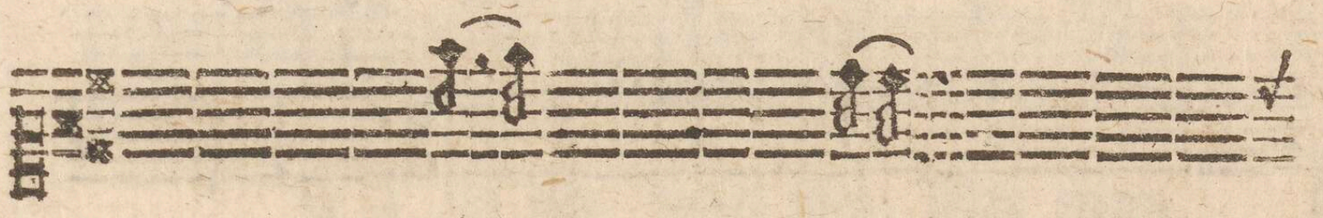
fi - ce, Je la fis
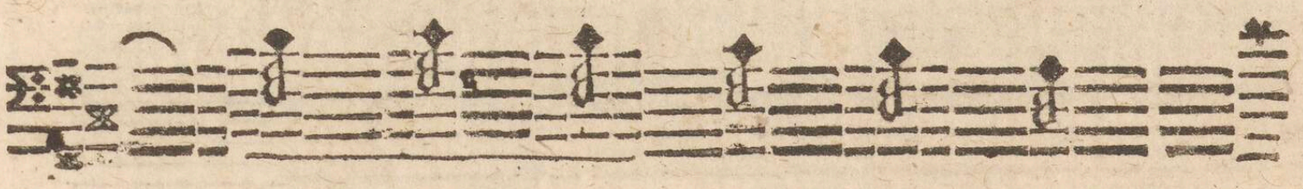


- re, El - le ne
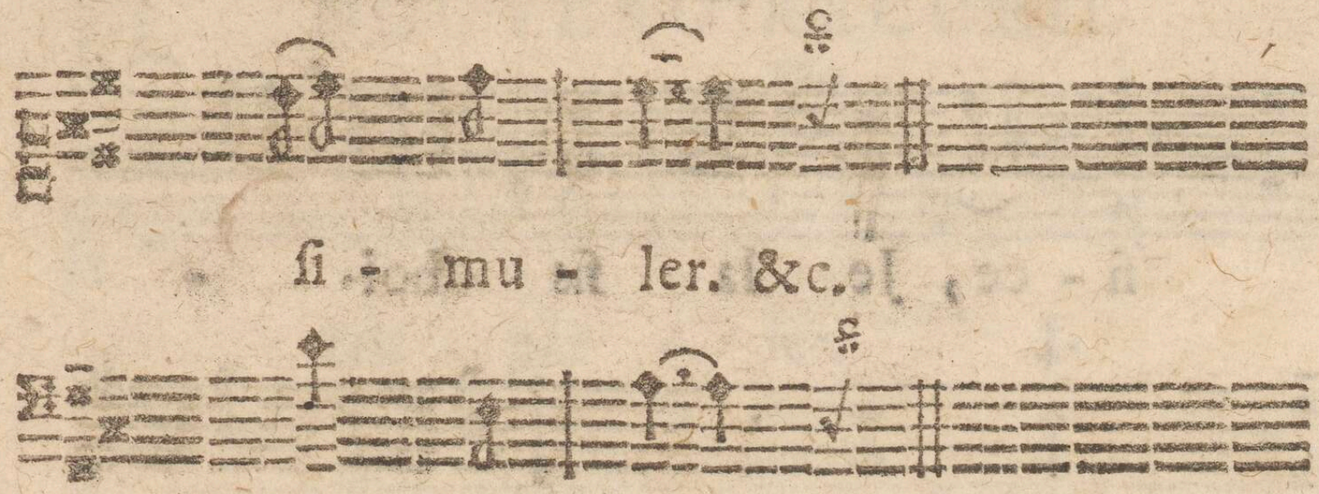


boi- - -



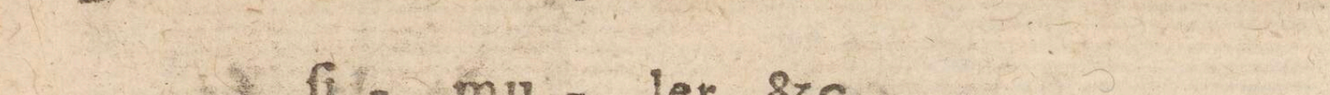
pût dif-



- re, El - le ne pût dif-



si - mu - ler. &c.
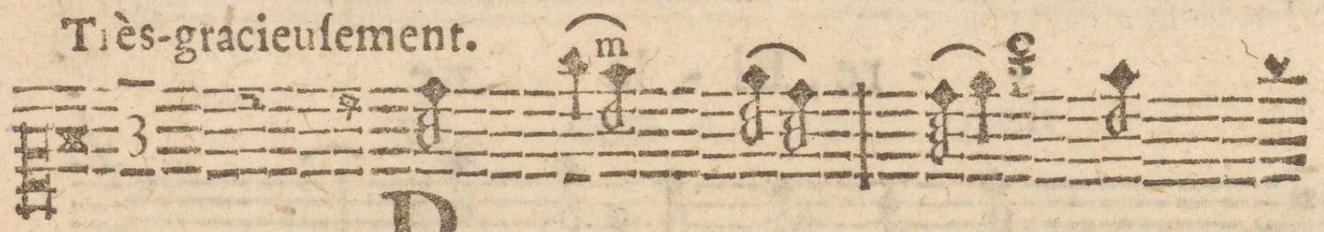


si - mu - ler. &c.
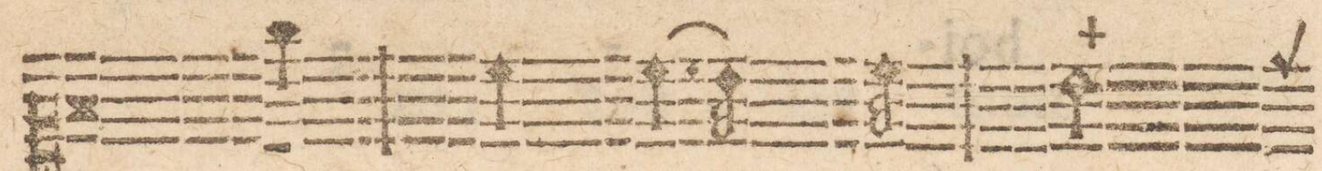


FRINTEMS.

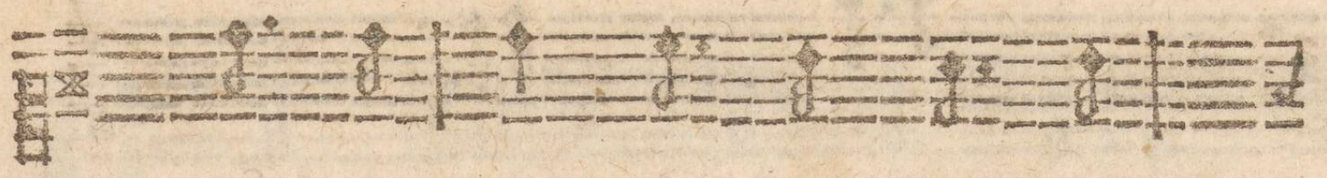
Très-gracieusement.



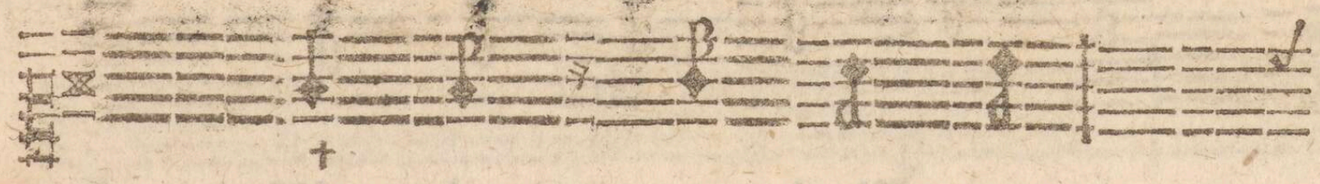
PE- tits Oi - seaux, qui



van - tez Nuit & Jour,

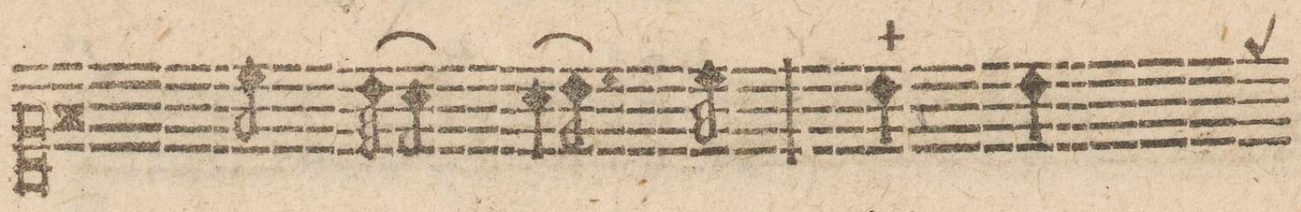


Les dou-ceurs de vô-tre Es-cla-
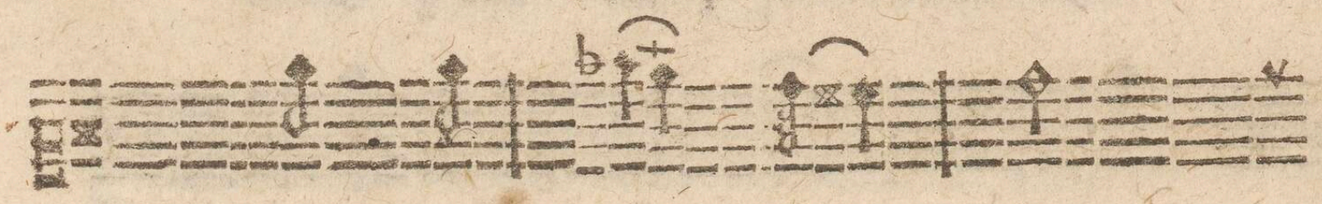


va - ge, Je vais for-

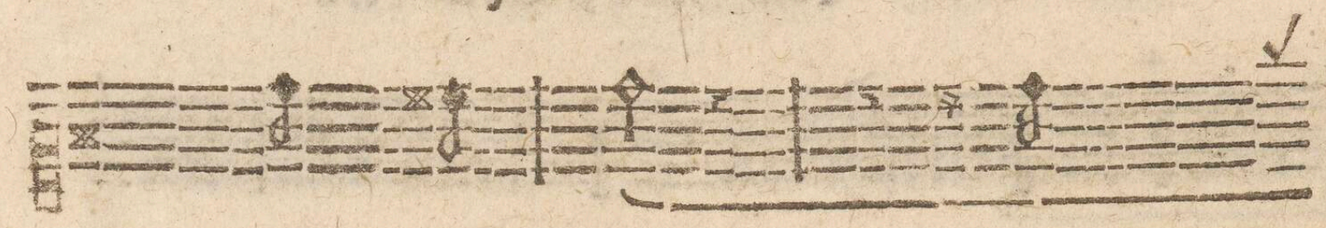
tir



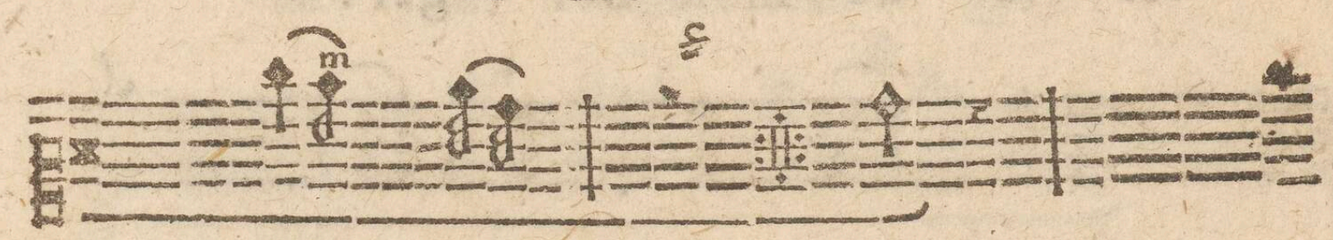
tir de ce Boc - ca - ge,
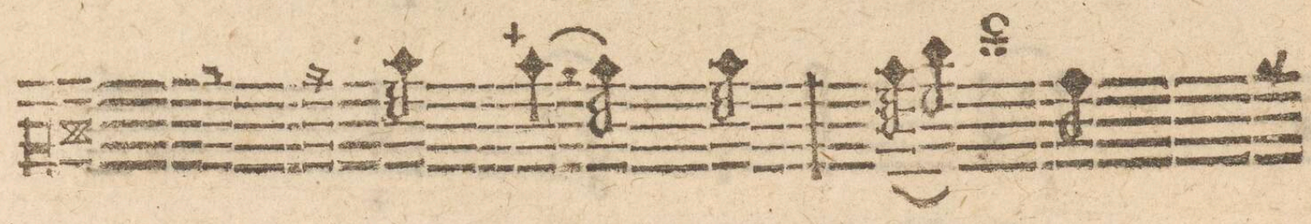


Vous m'y fai - tes crain-
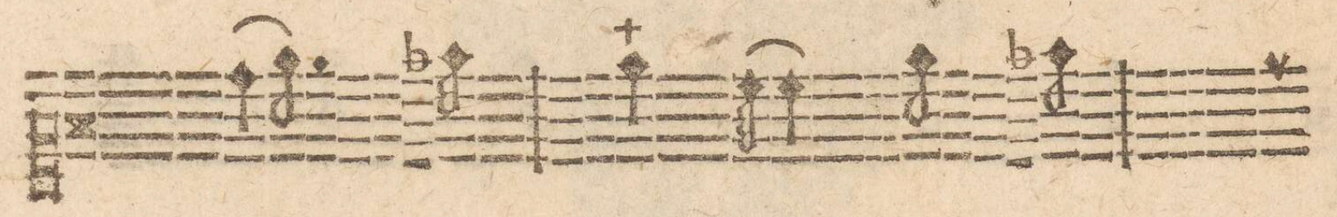


dre l'A - mour: Pe-



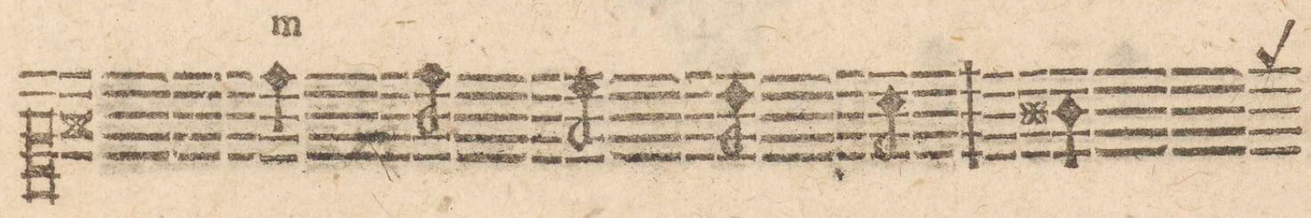
tits Oi-, &c. mour:



Si vô - tre Voix plain-



ti - ve & ten - dre, Mèt mon



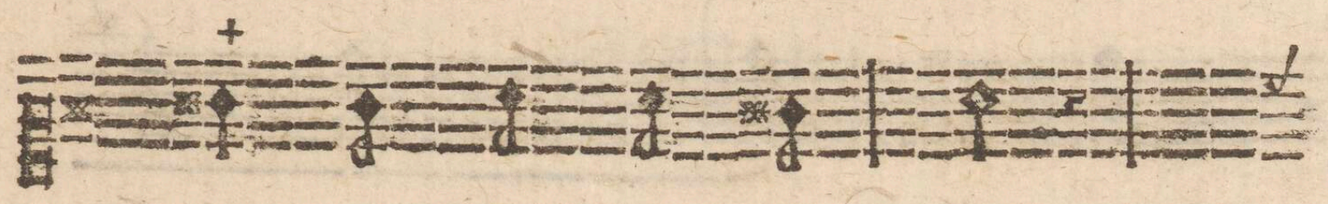
Cœur en ſi grand dan - ger:



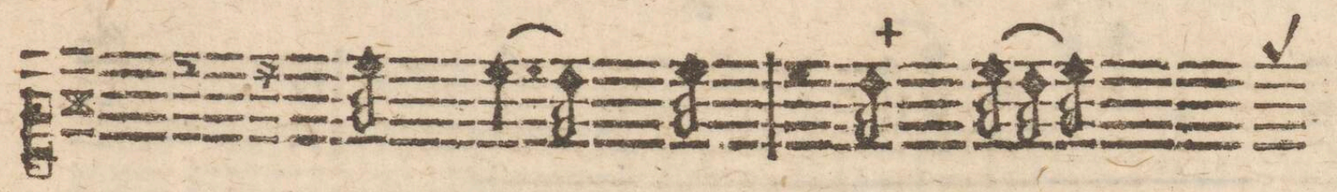
Com - ment pour - rai - je



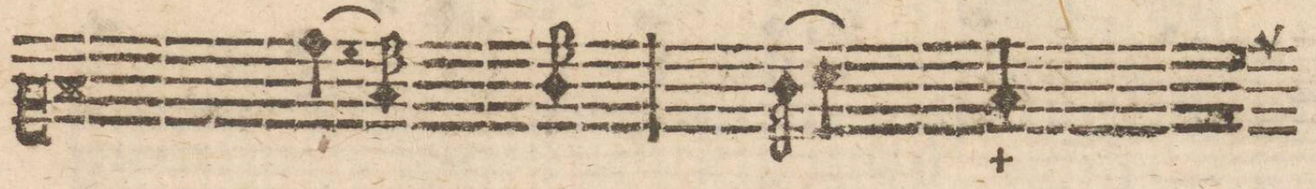
me dé - fen - dre, Con - tre
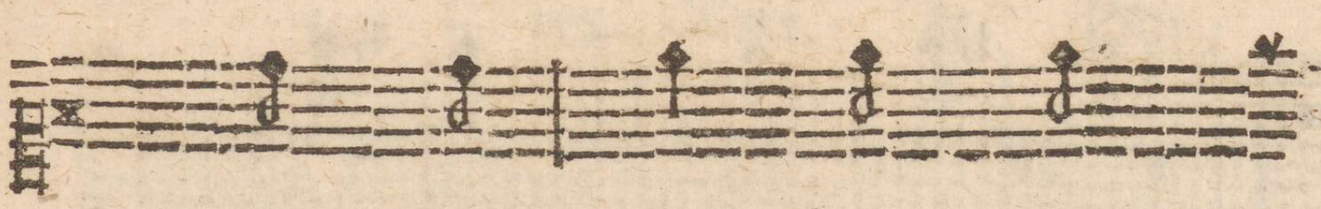


cel - le de mon Ber - ger?



Si vô - tre Voix plain-



ti - ve & ten - dre,

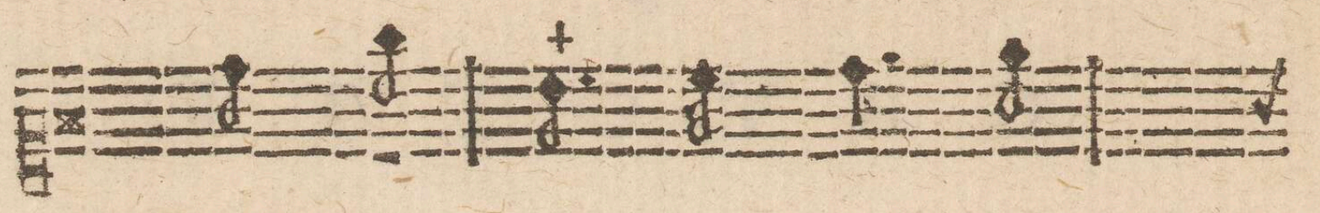


Mèt mon Cœur en ſi



grand dan - ger; Com-
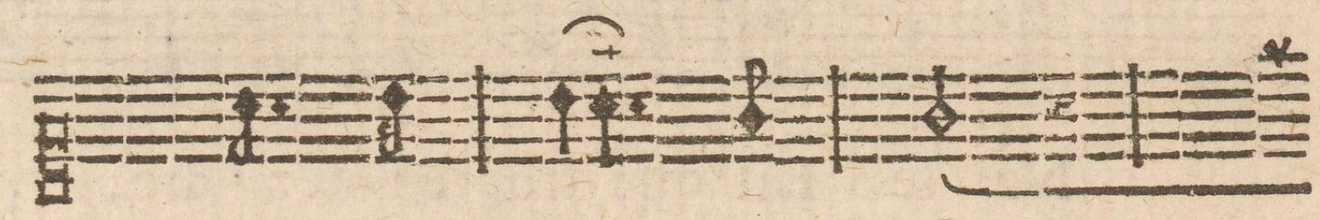
ment
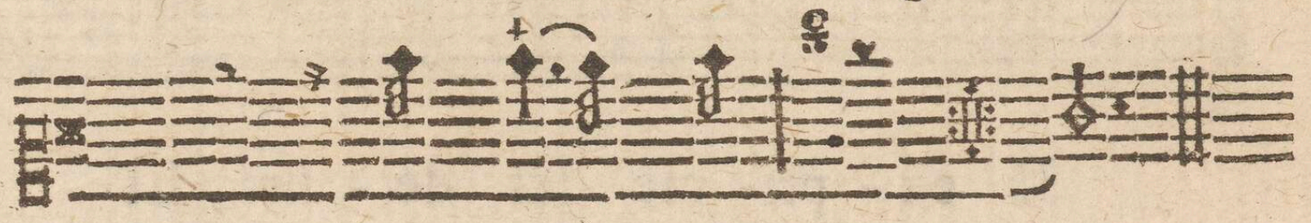


ment pour- rai - je me dé-



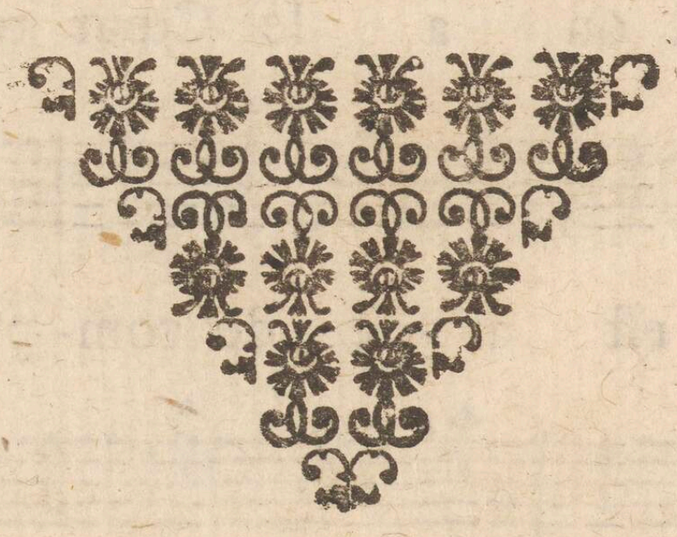
fen - dre, Con - tre cel-



le de mon Ber - ger.



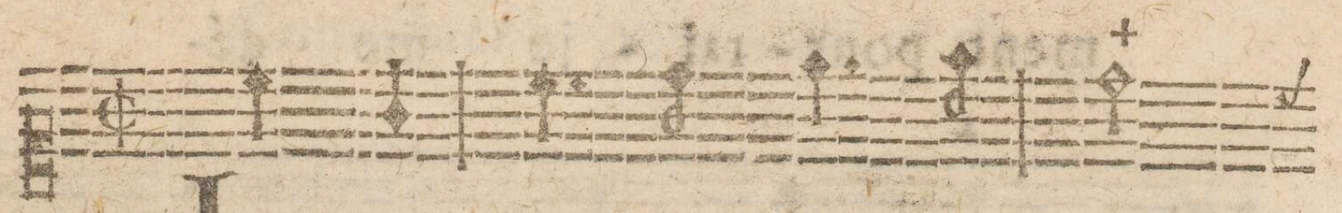
Si vô - tre, &c. ger.
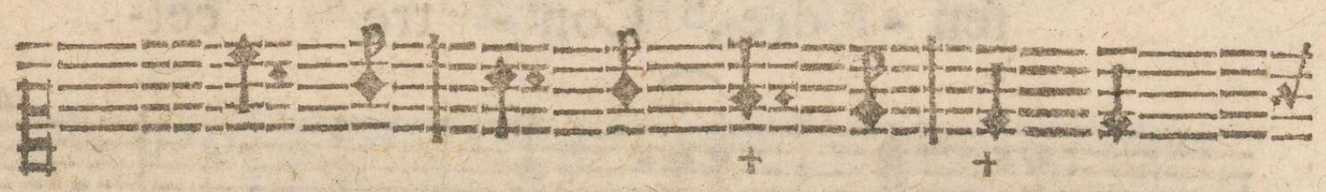


ment

GA-
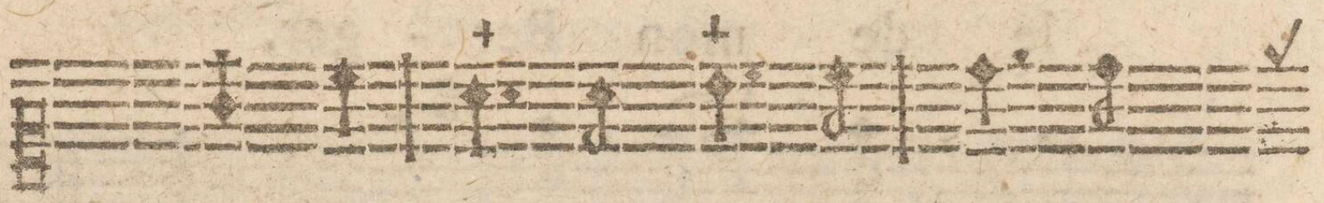
GAVOTTE.



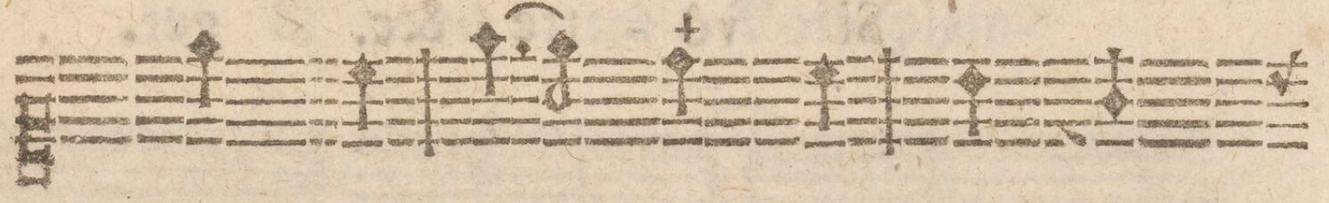
LE lan - ga - ge des ſou - pirs,



Ne ſe fait que trop en - ten - dre,



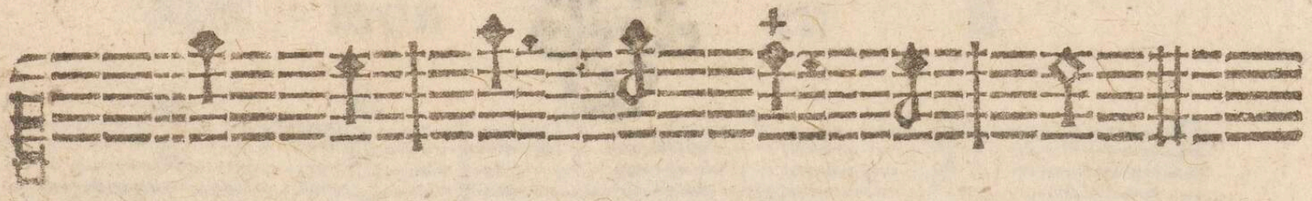
Il ex - pri- me les dé - ſirs, Et



quand on a le Cœur ten - dre,



Il eſt ai - ſé de com- pren-dre,



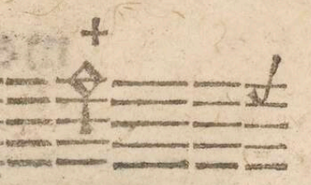
Le lan - ga - ge des ſou - pirs.

FIN.

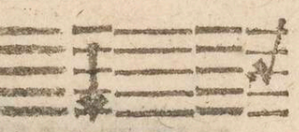
BIBLIOTEKA XX. CZARTORYSKICH

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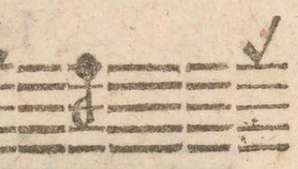
E.



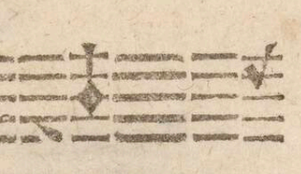
- pirs,



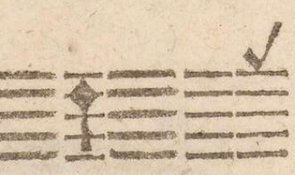
- dre,



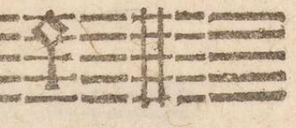
s, Et



- dre,



n-dre,



pirs.


x-rite
colorchecker CLASSIC
mm