Colette Mourey

France, Les Auxons

Boléro
Ravel, Maurice

A propos de l'artiste

Depuis très jeune, je suis fascinée par toutes les formes de musique : véritable langage de l'âme, et monument de la pensée humaine...J'ai eu l'immense chance de commencer par des années de contrepoint rigoureux, avant d'attaquer - cerise sur le gâteau - l'harmonie proprement dite; ce qui a permis cette fabuleuse rencontre avec le contrepoint atonal, qu'enseignait alors Julien Falk. Par ailleurs, l'enfance m'a toujours interpellée, et c'est, nantie d'un triple cursus : D.E. Santé, professorat de conservatoire (guitare, formation musicale, musique d'ensemble) , Agrégation et DEA de musicologie (Paris IV Sorbonne), avec une première soutenance doctorale : La figure Lamm, Osterlamm, des cantates à l'oeuvre instrumentale, dans l'oeuvre de Johann Sebastian Bach (mention très bien) ; que j'ai intégré l'Education Nationale - véritablement par vocation - et que j'enseigne actuellement à l'Université de Franche-Comté : le contrepoint, l'informatique musicale, mais aussi esthétique et didact... (la suite en ligne)

Qualification :	Professeur agrégé
Sociétaire :	SUISA - Code IPI artiste : 00616-43-84-47
Page artiste :	https://www.free-scores.com/partitions_gratuites_colette-mourey.htm

A propos de la pièce

Titre :	Boléro
Compositeur :	Ravel, Maurice
Arrangeur :	Mourey, Colette
Droit d'auteur :	Copyright © Colette Mourey
Editeur :	Mourey, Colette
Instrumentation :	Choeur SSATB, Piano
Style :	Classique moderne
Commentaire :	Boléro de Ravel : choeur SATB et piano (texte et arrt musical Colette Mourey)

Colette Mourey sur free-scores.com

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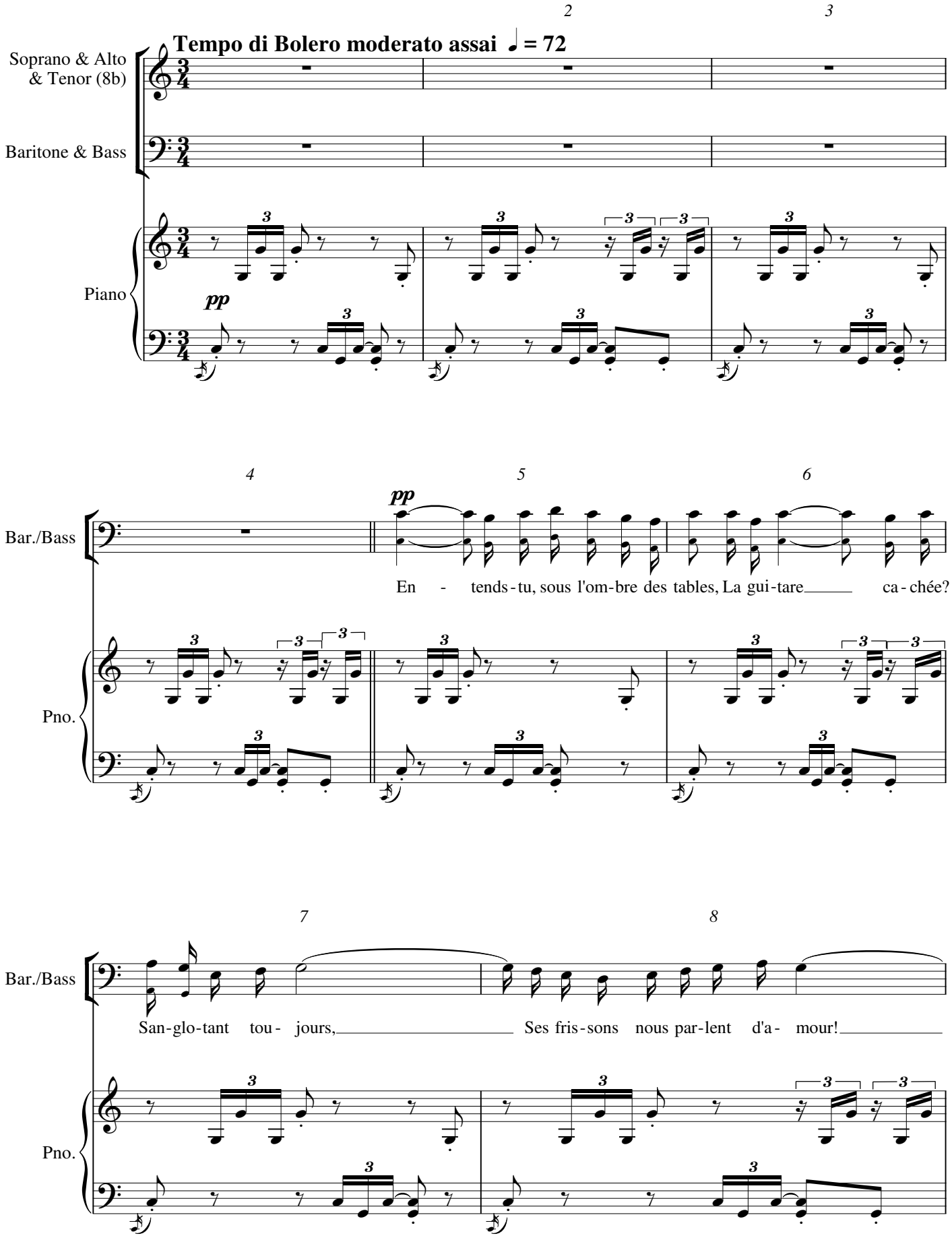
Interdiction de diffusion sur d'autres sites Web.

Boléro

Maurice Ravel
Arrt.(texte et musique):
Colette Mourey



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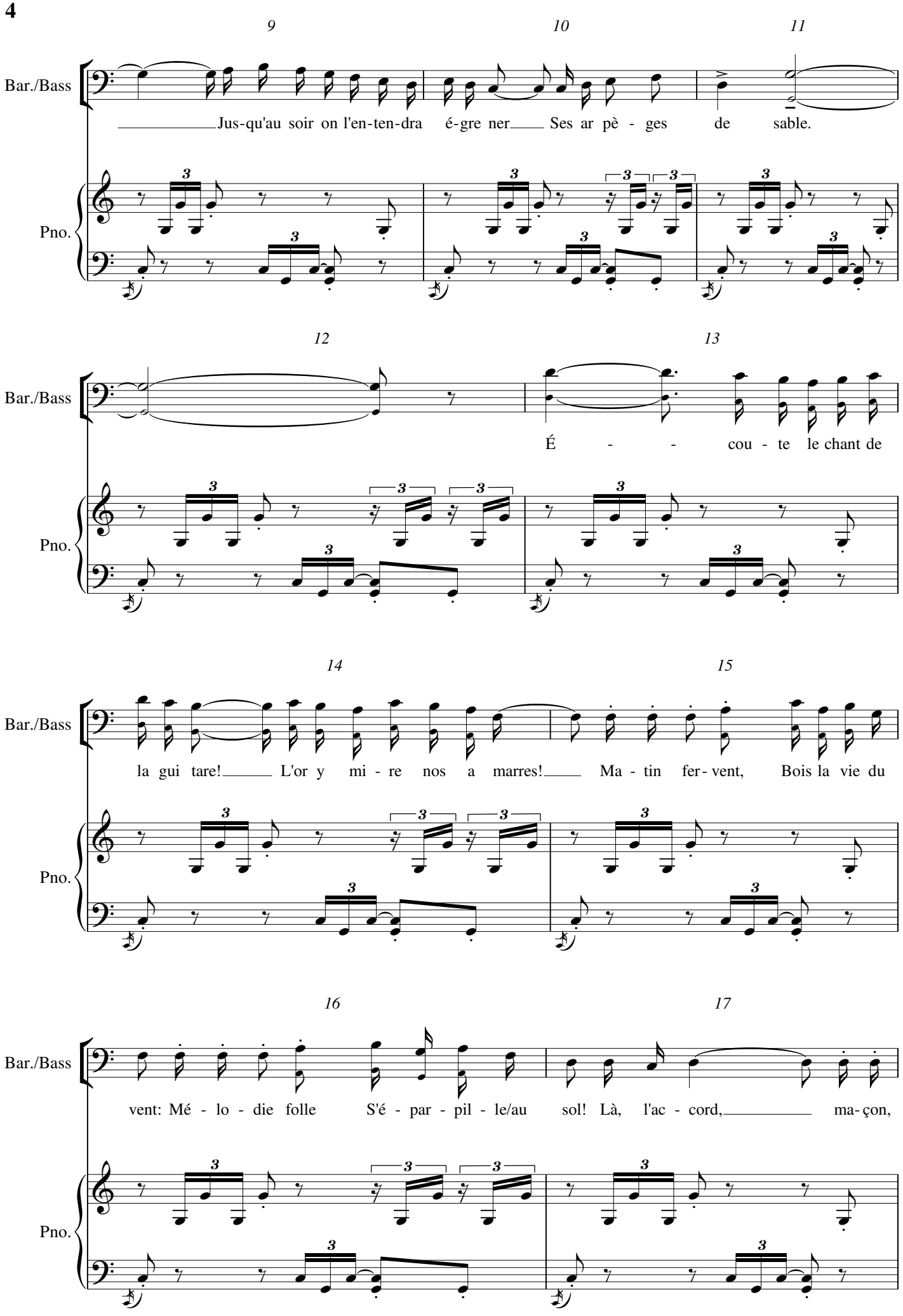

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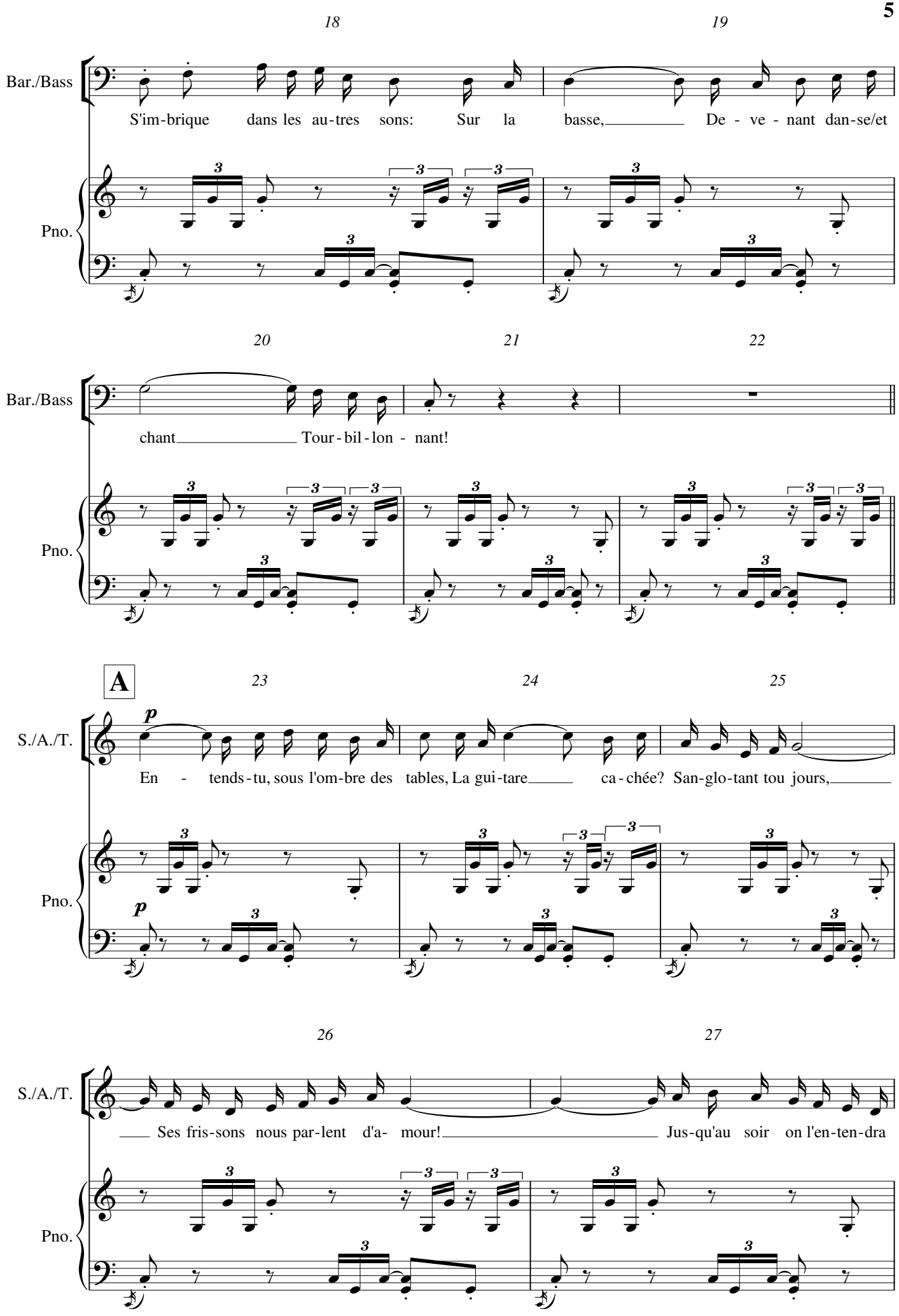

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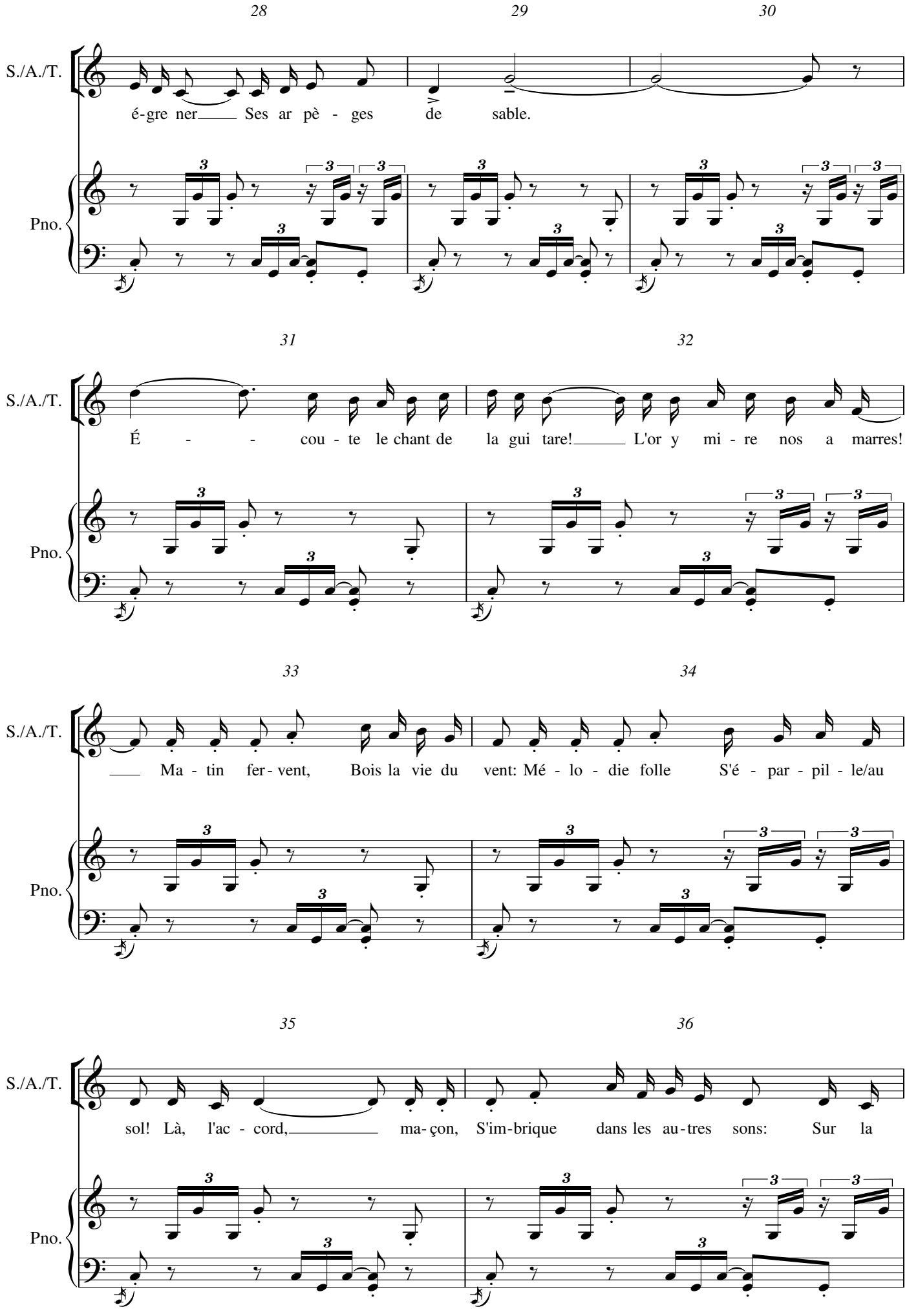

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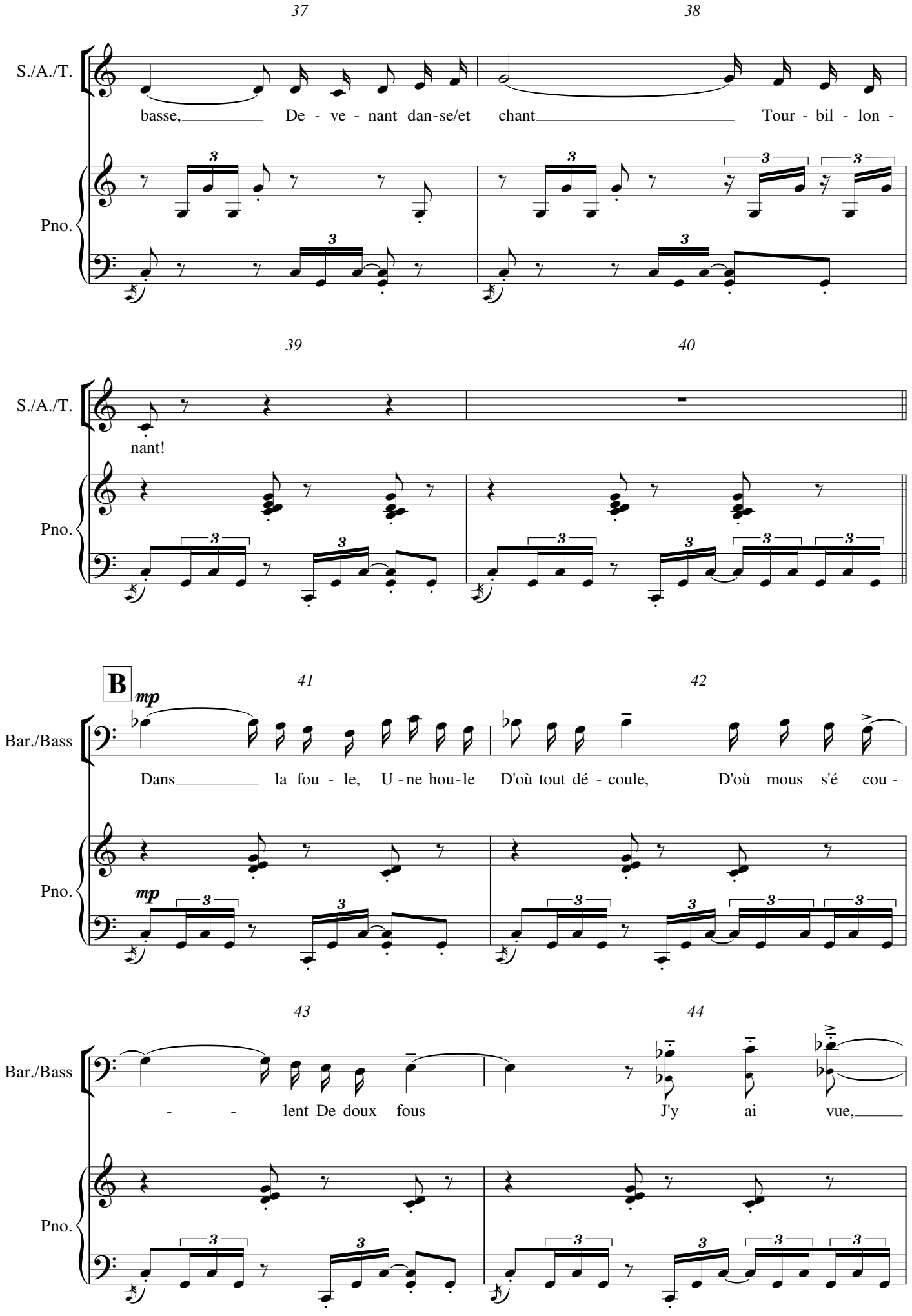

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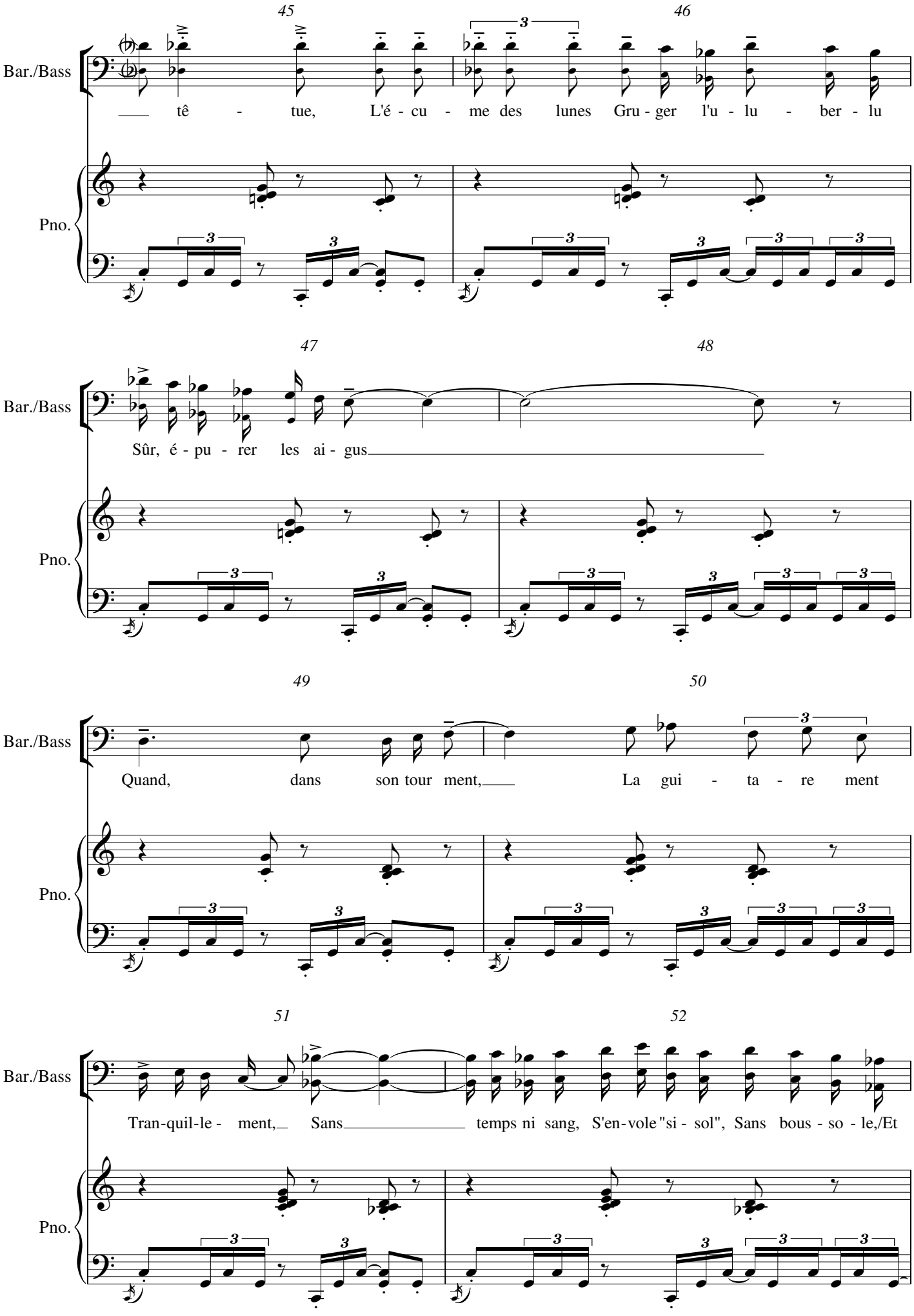

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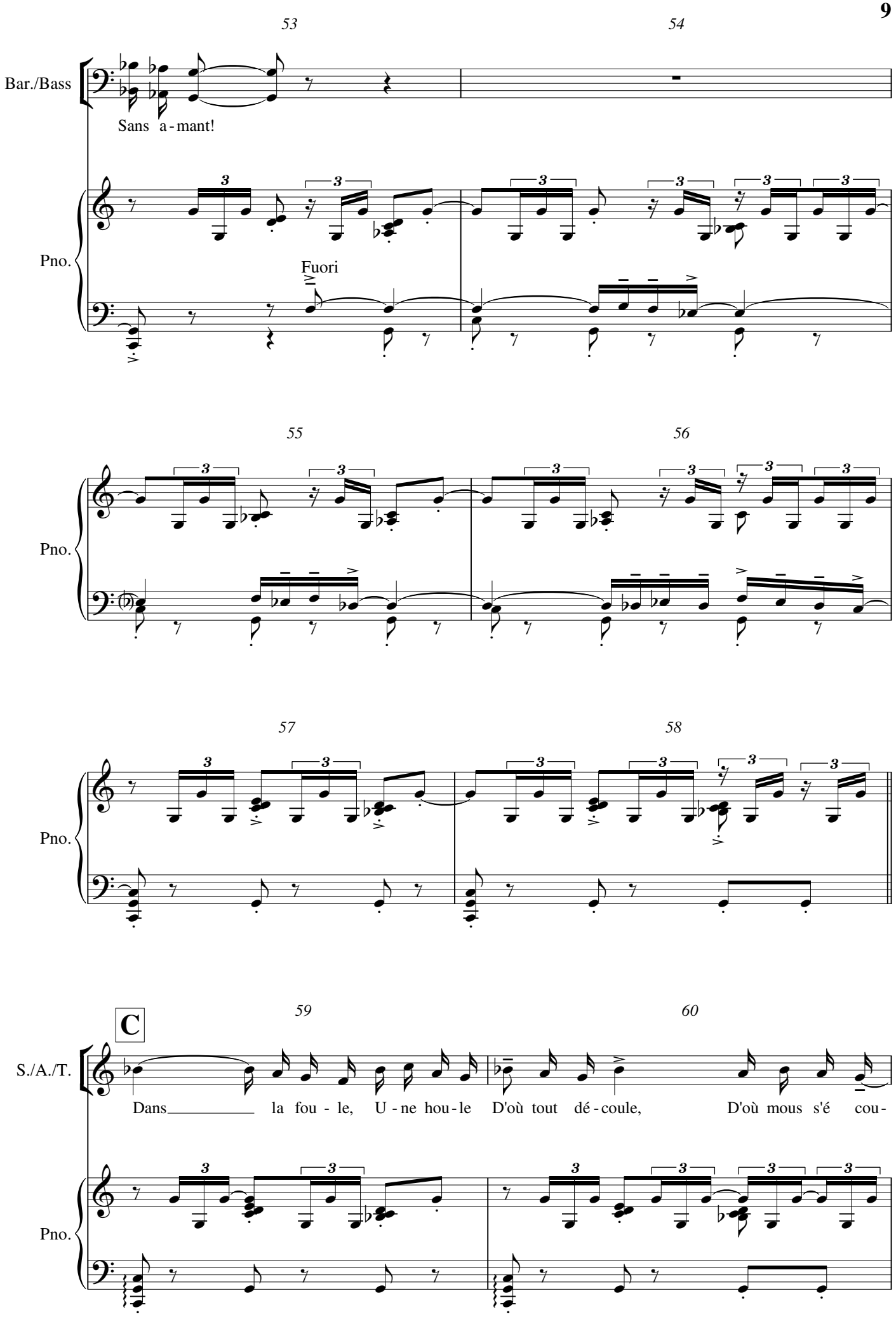

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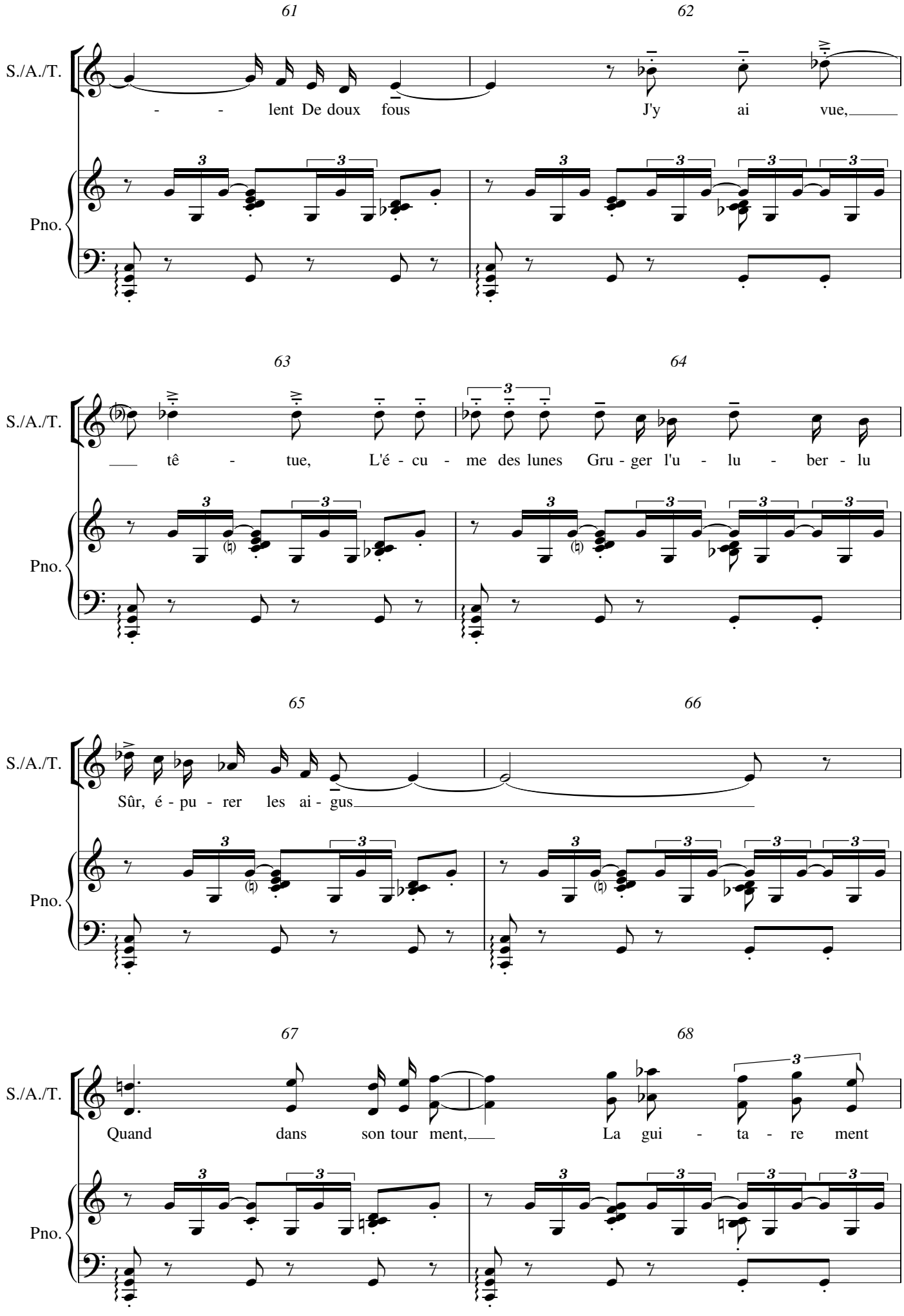

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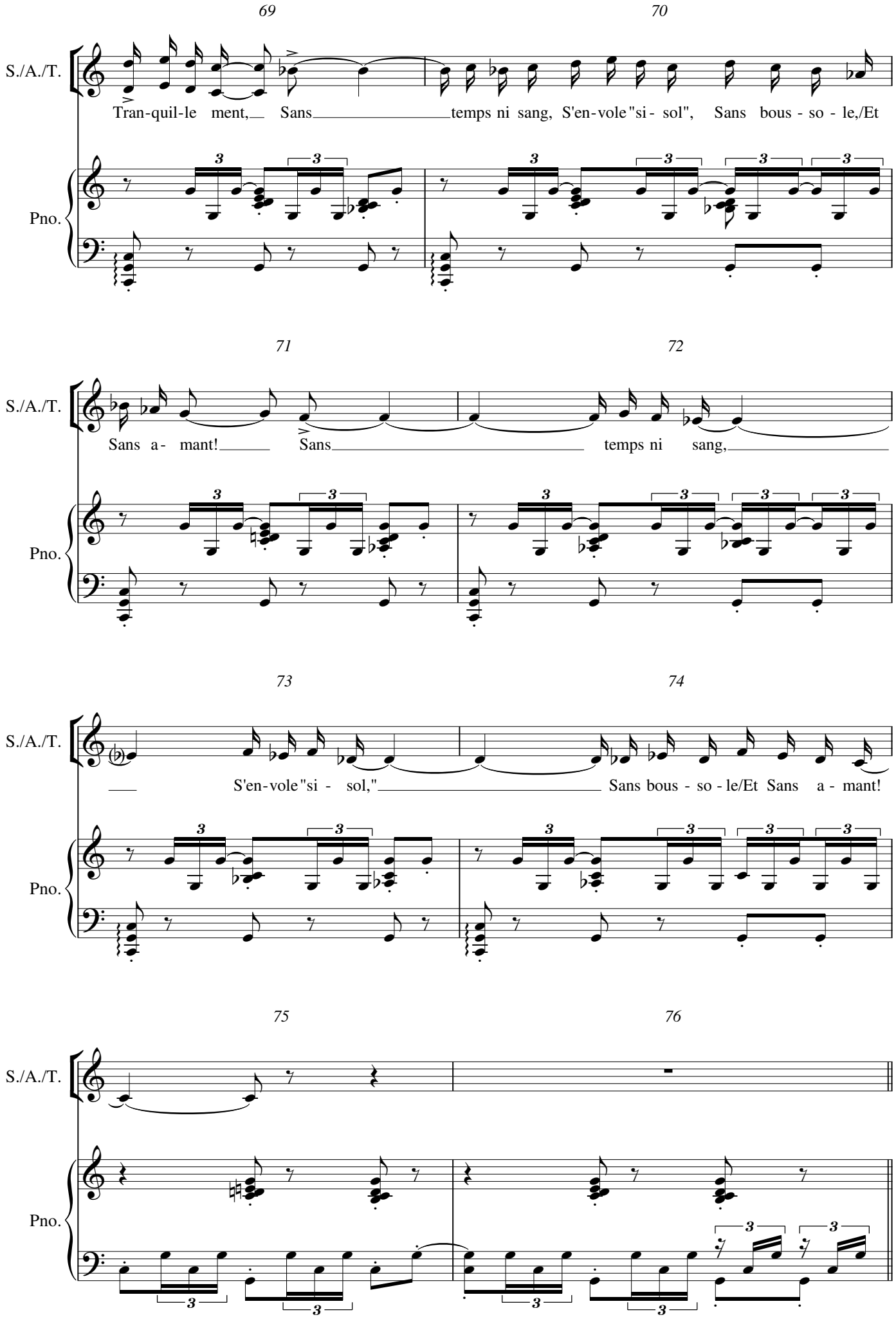

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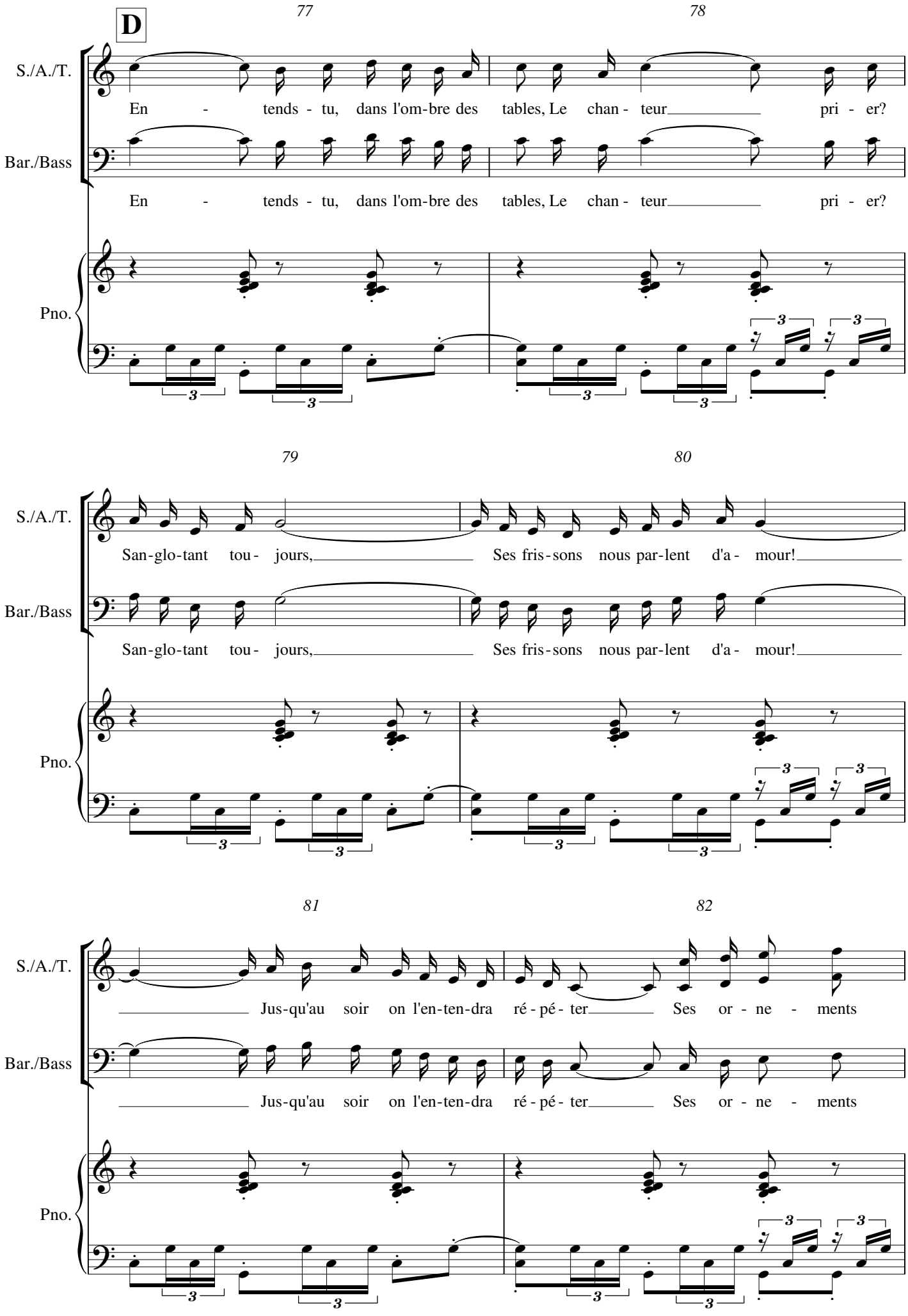

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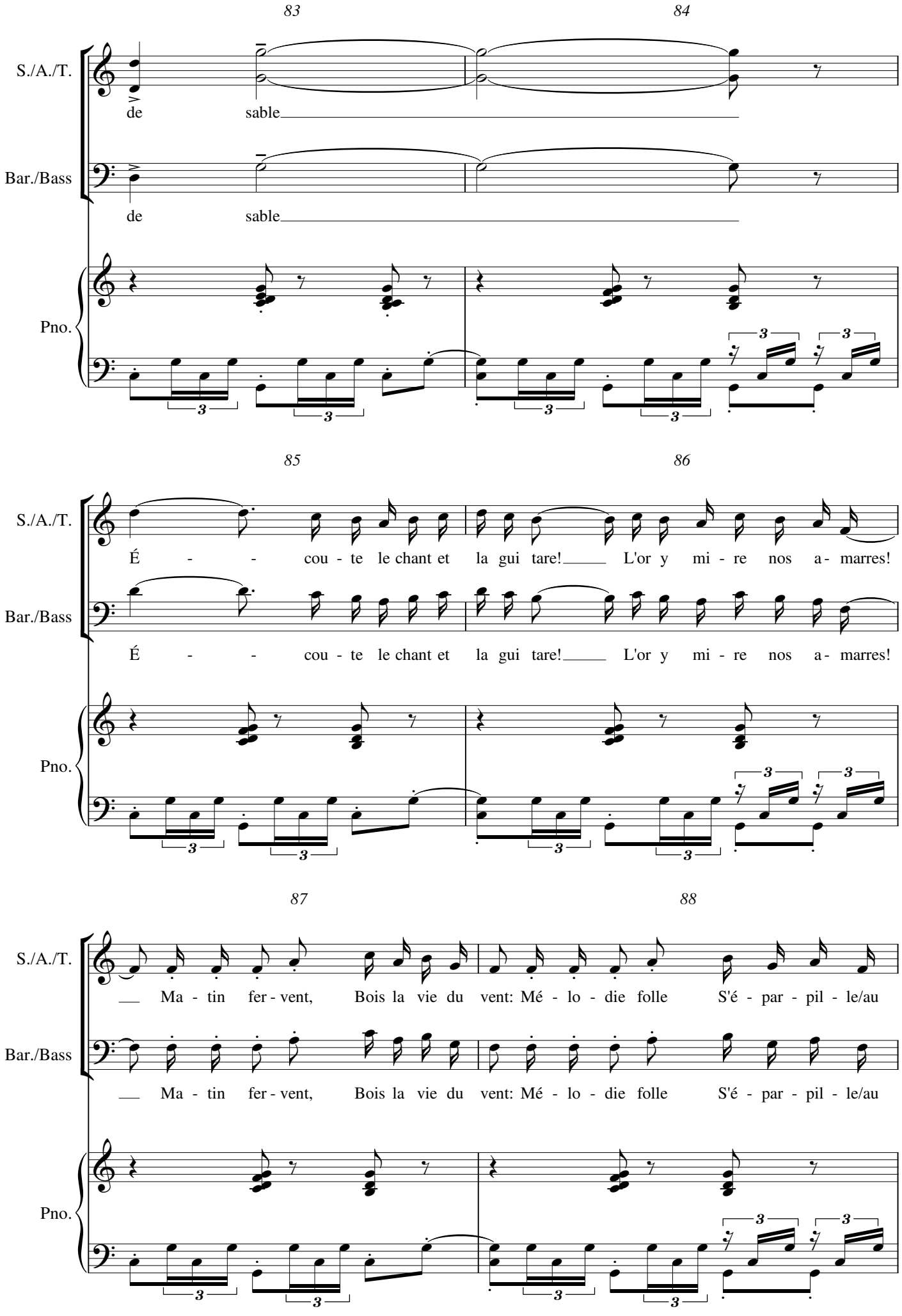

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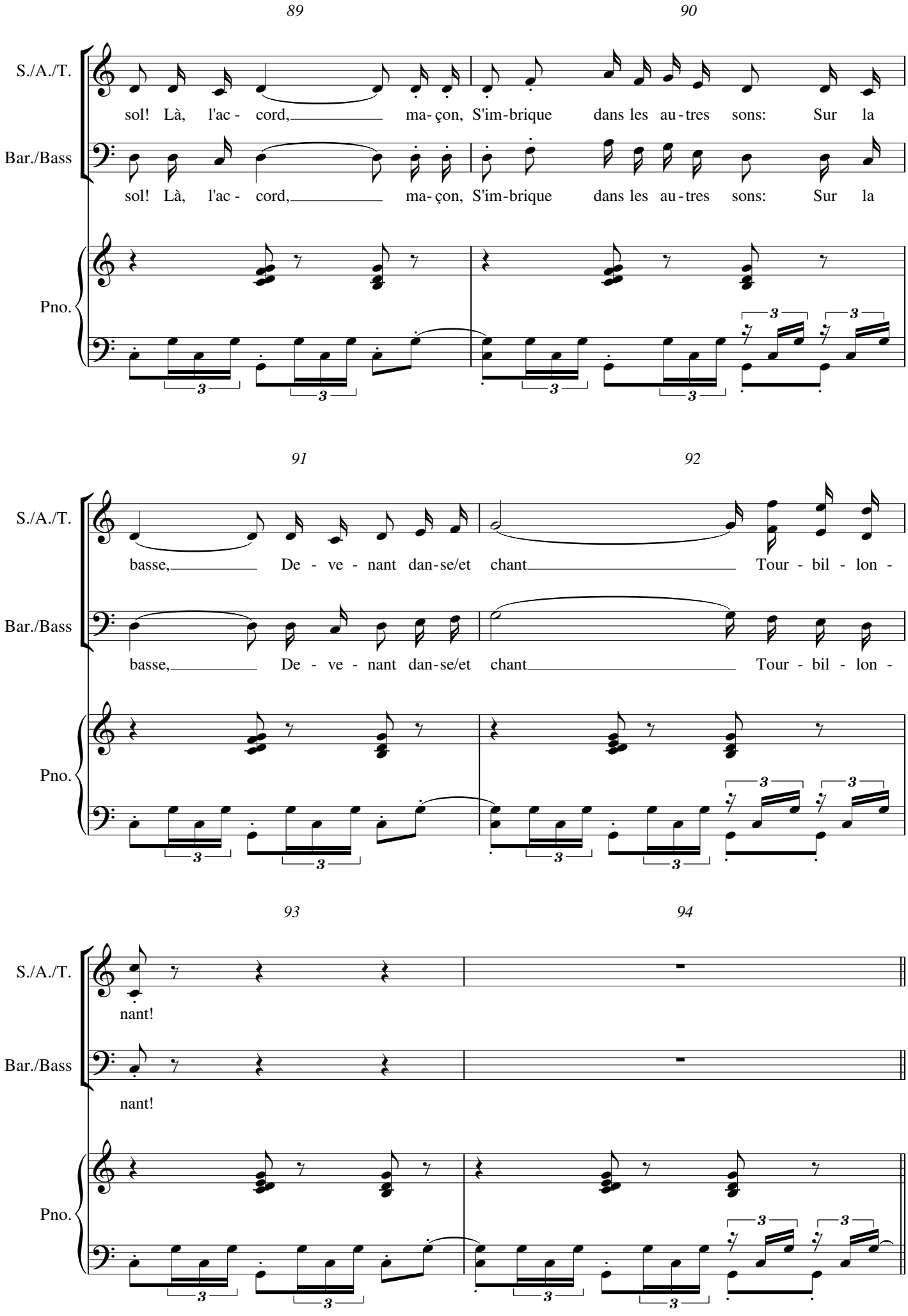

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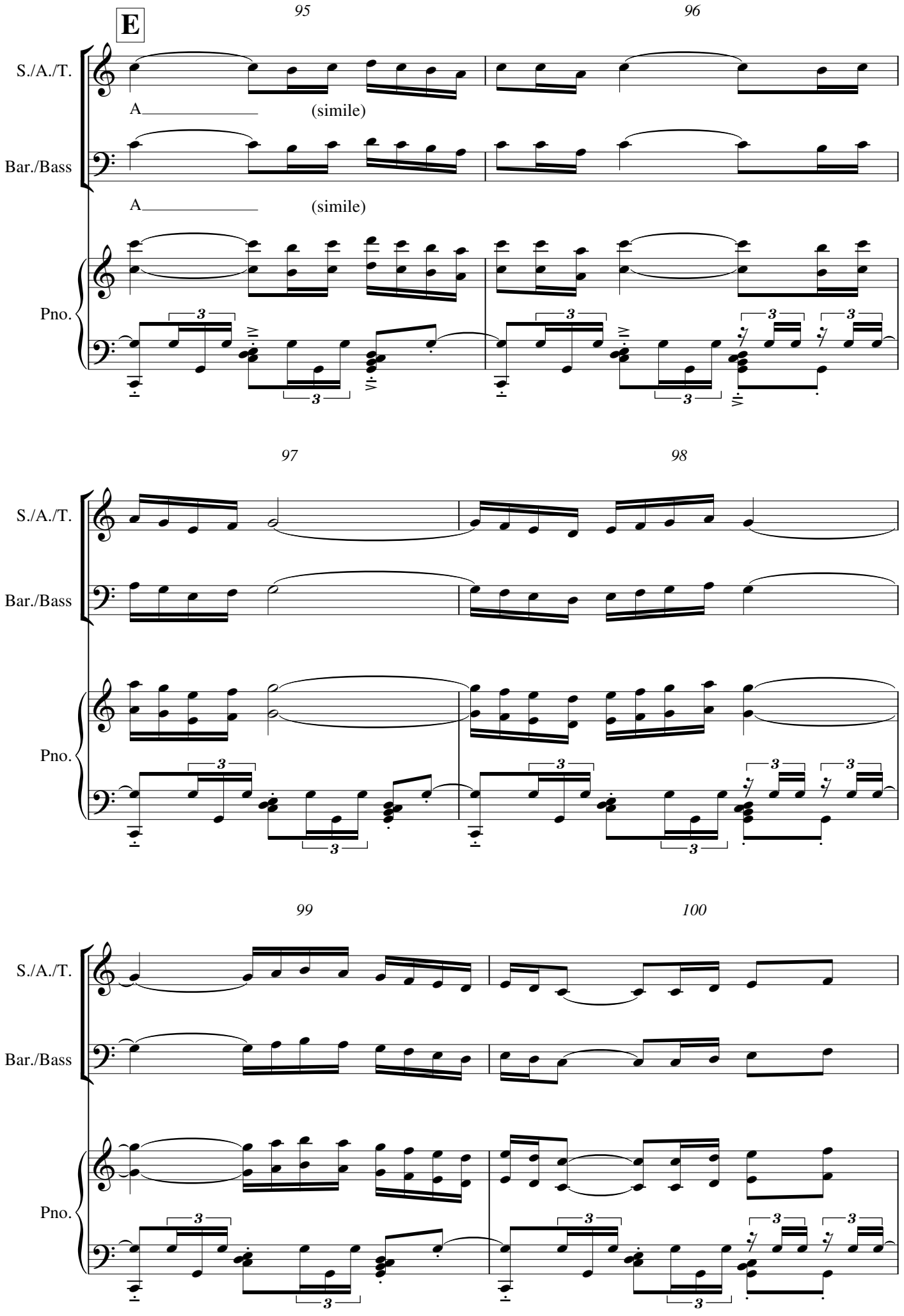

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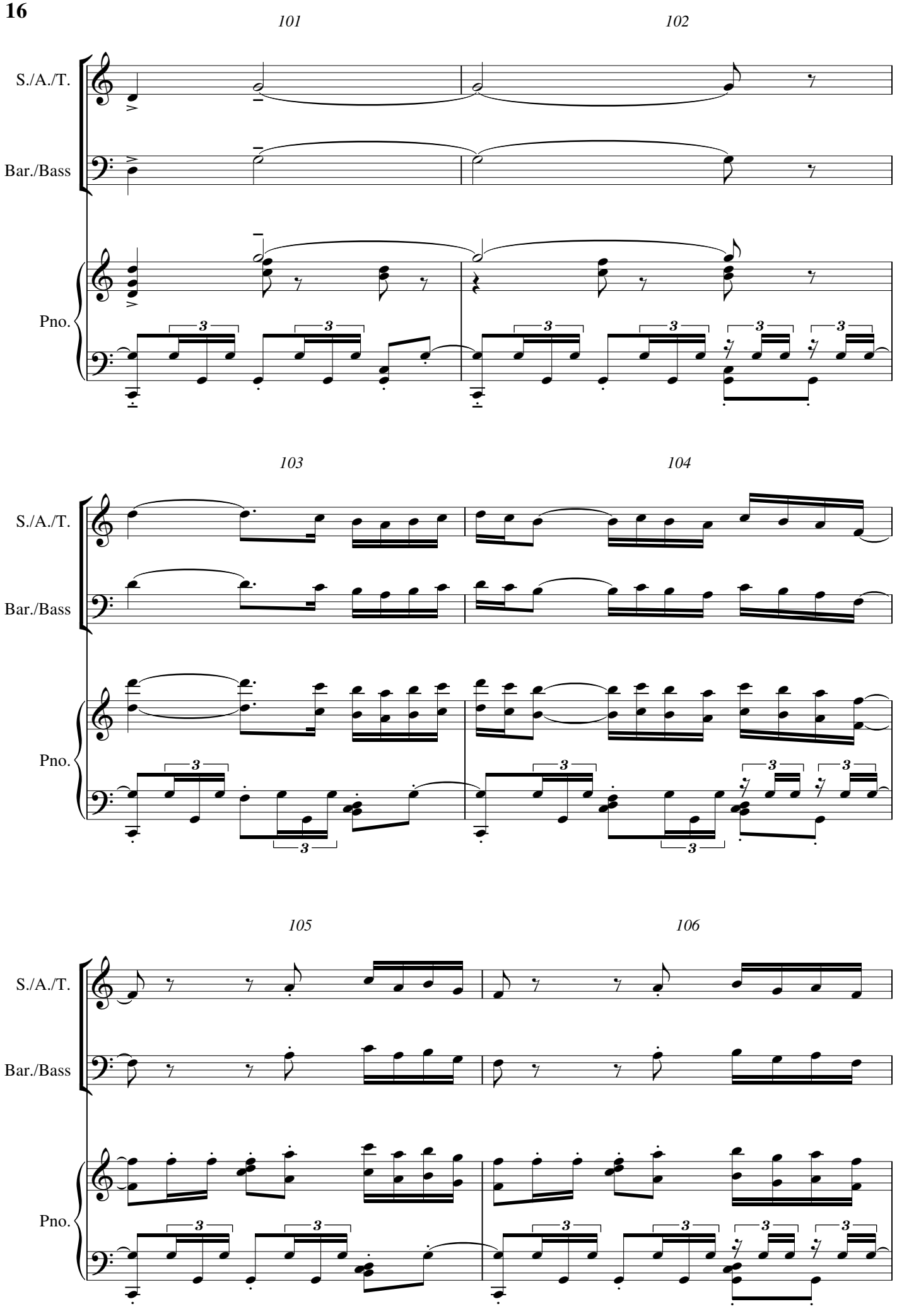

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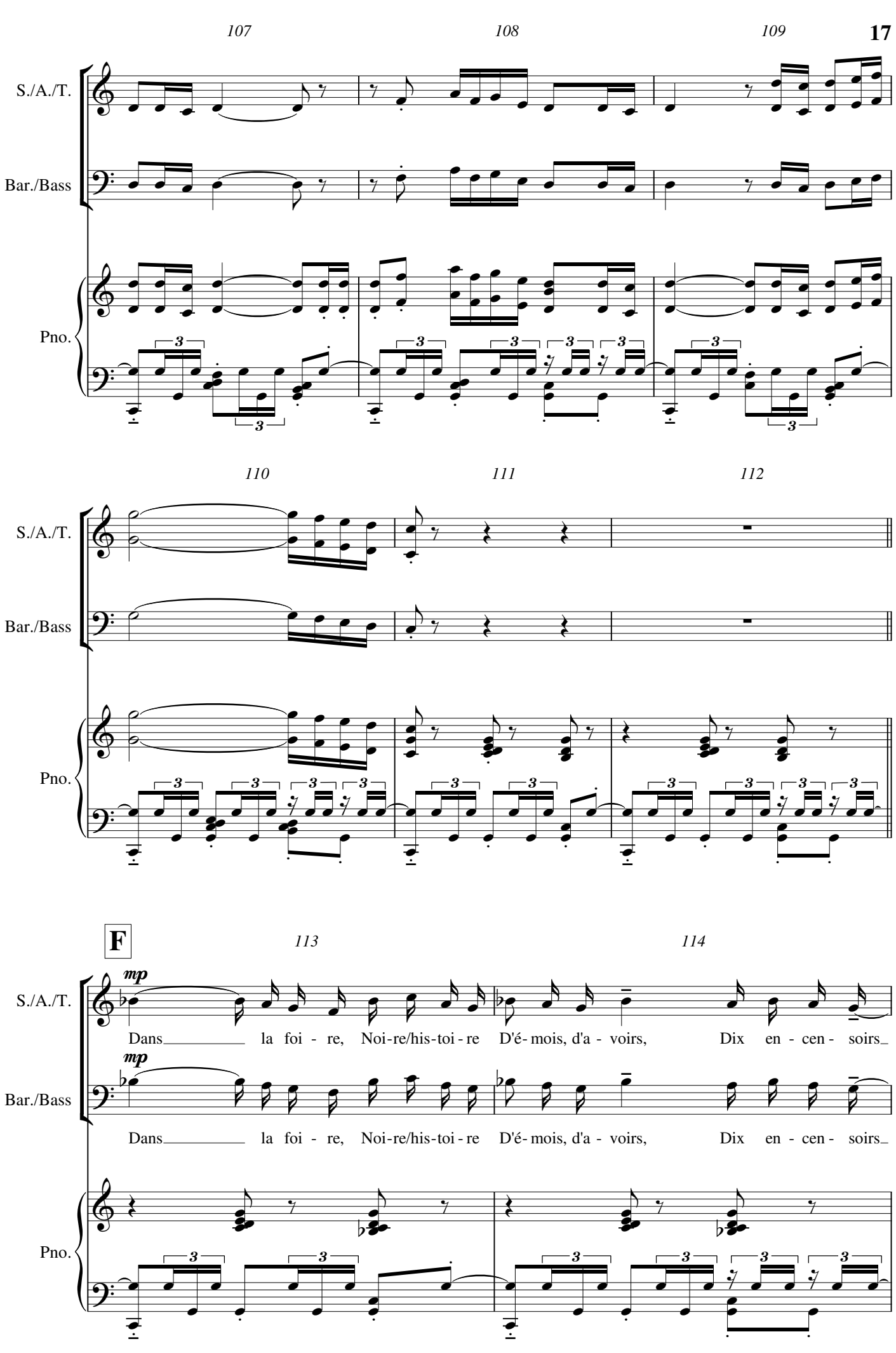

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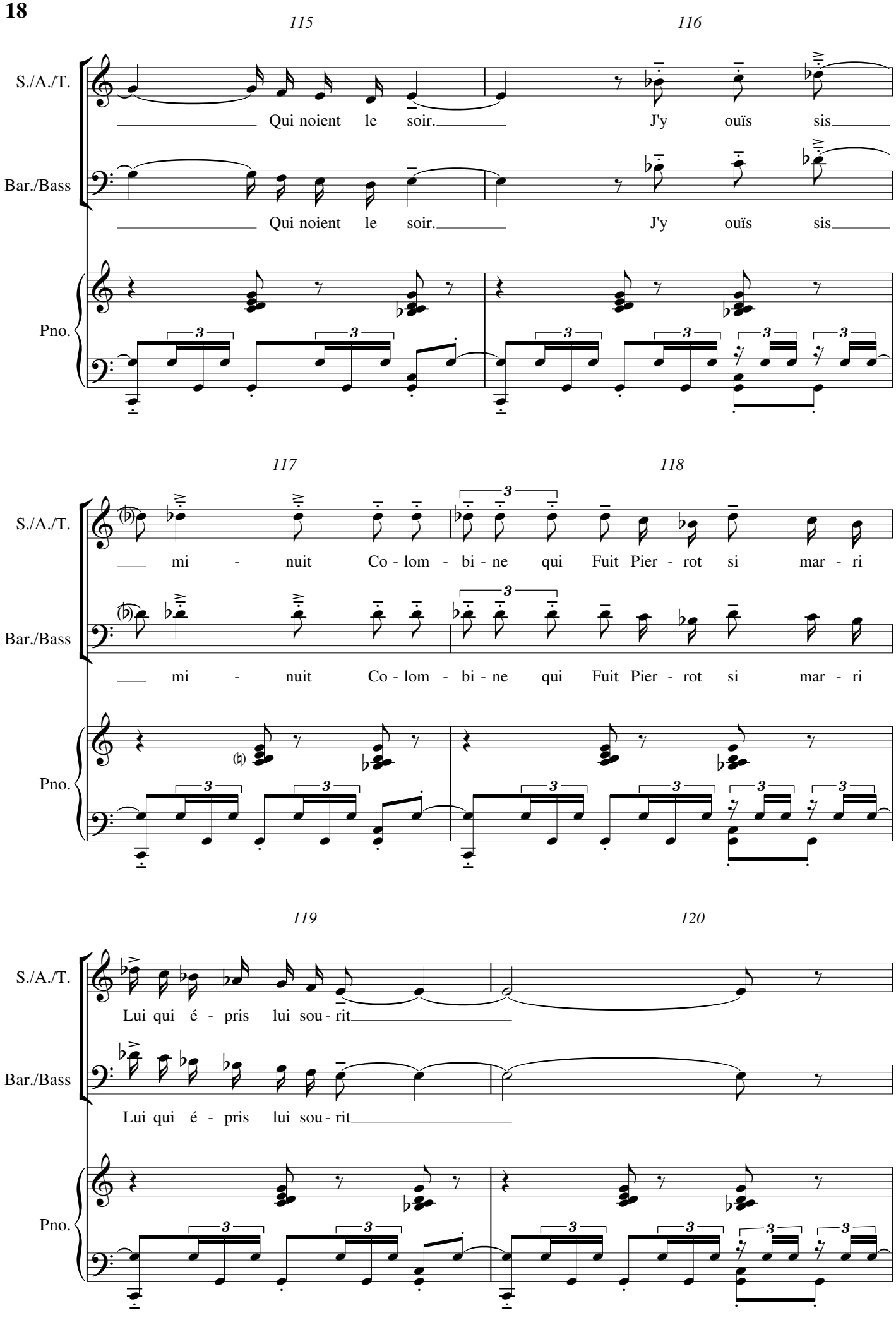

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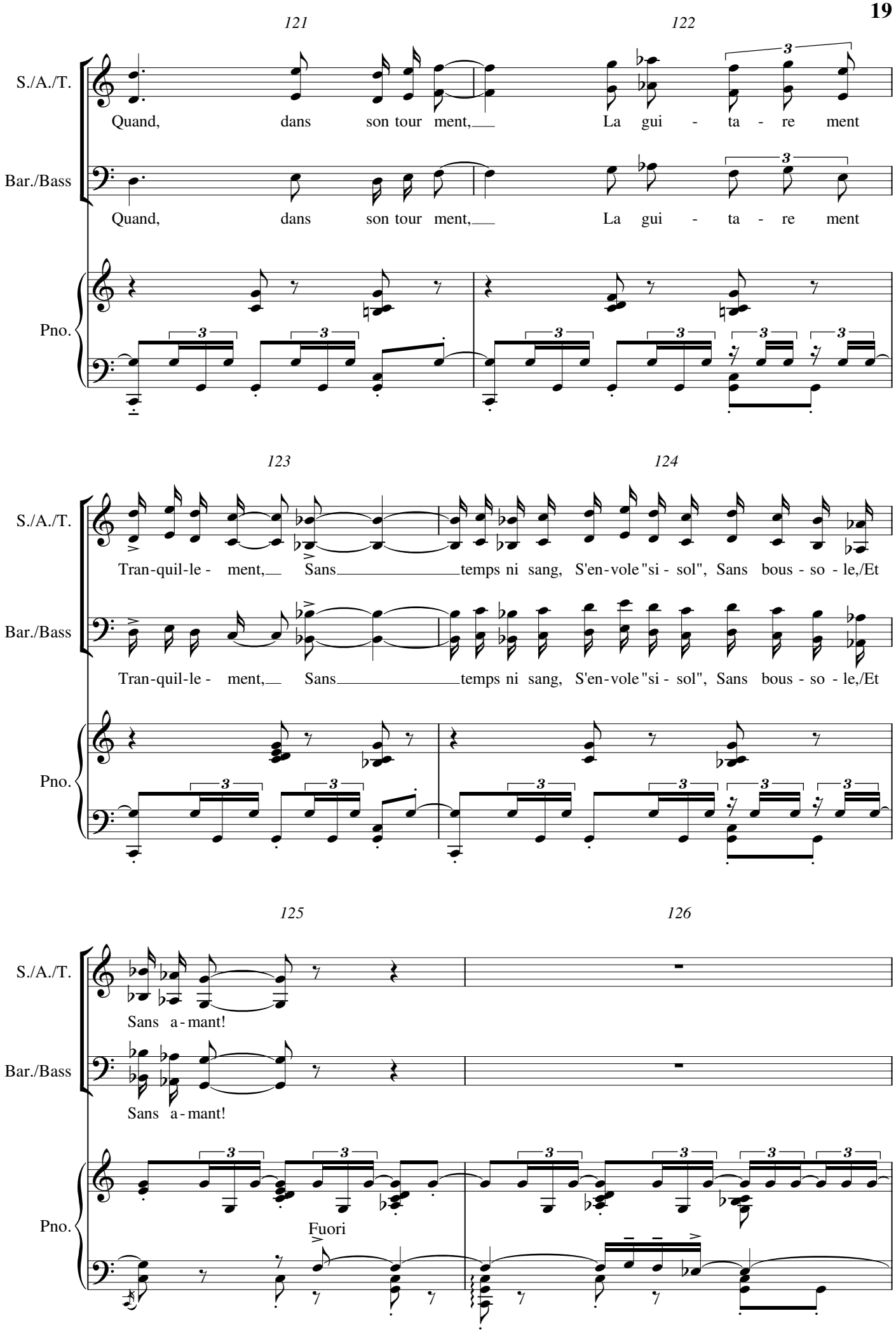

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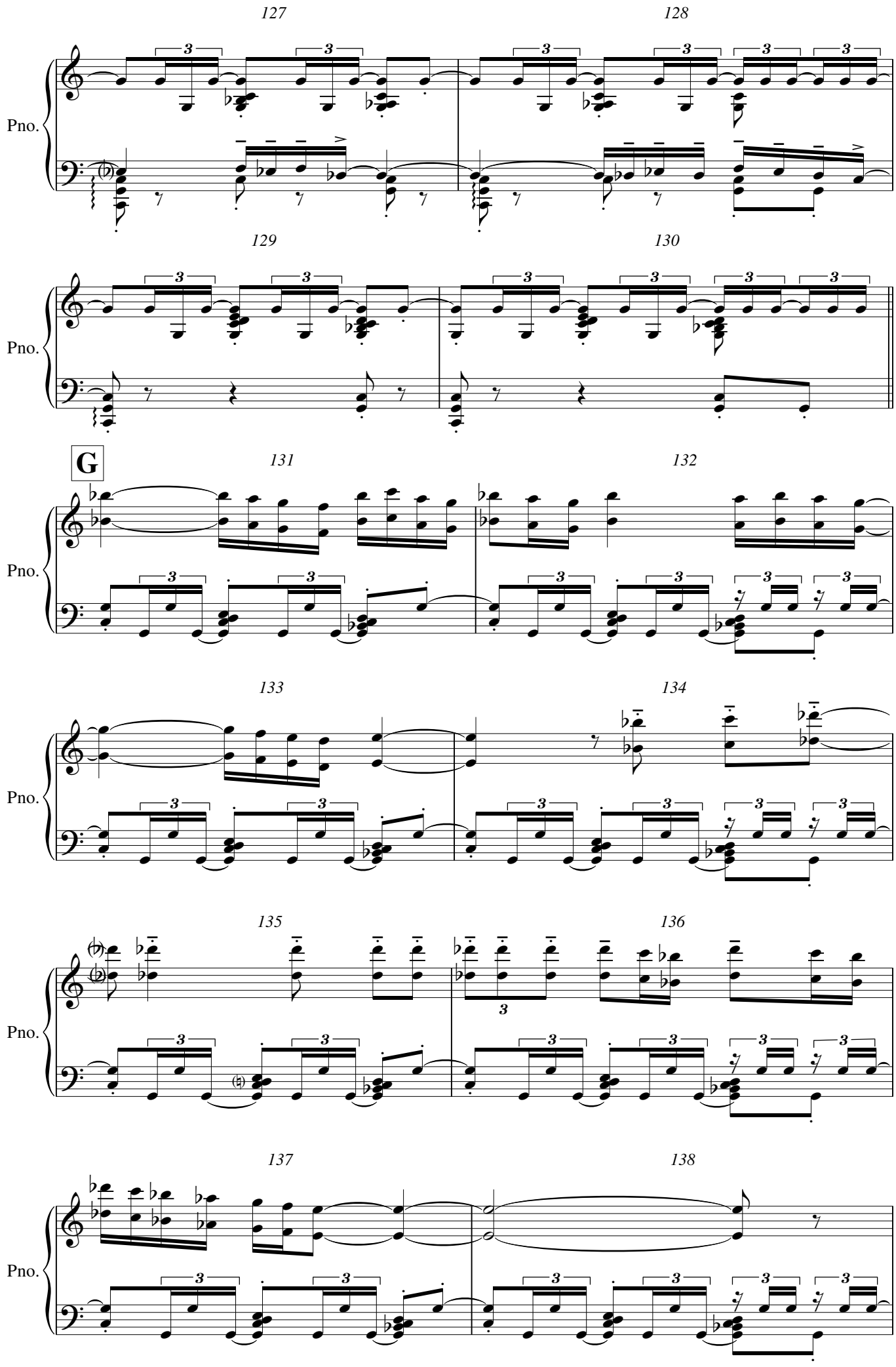

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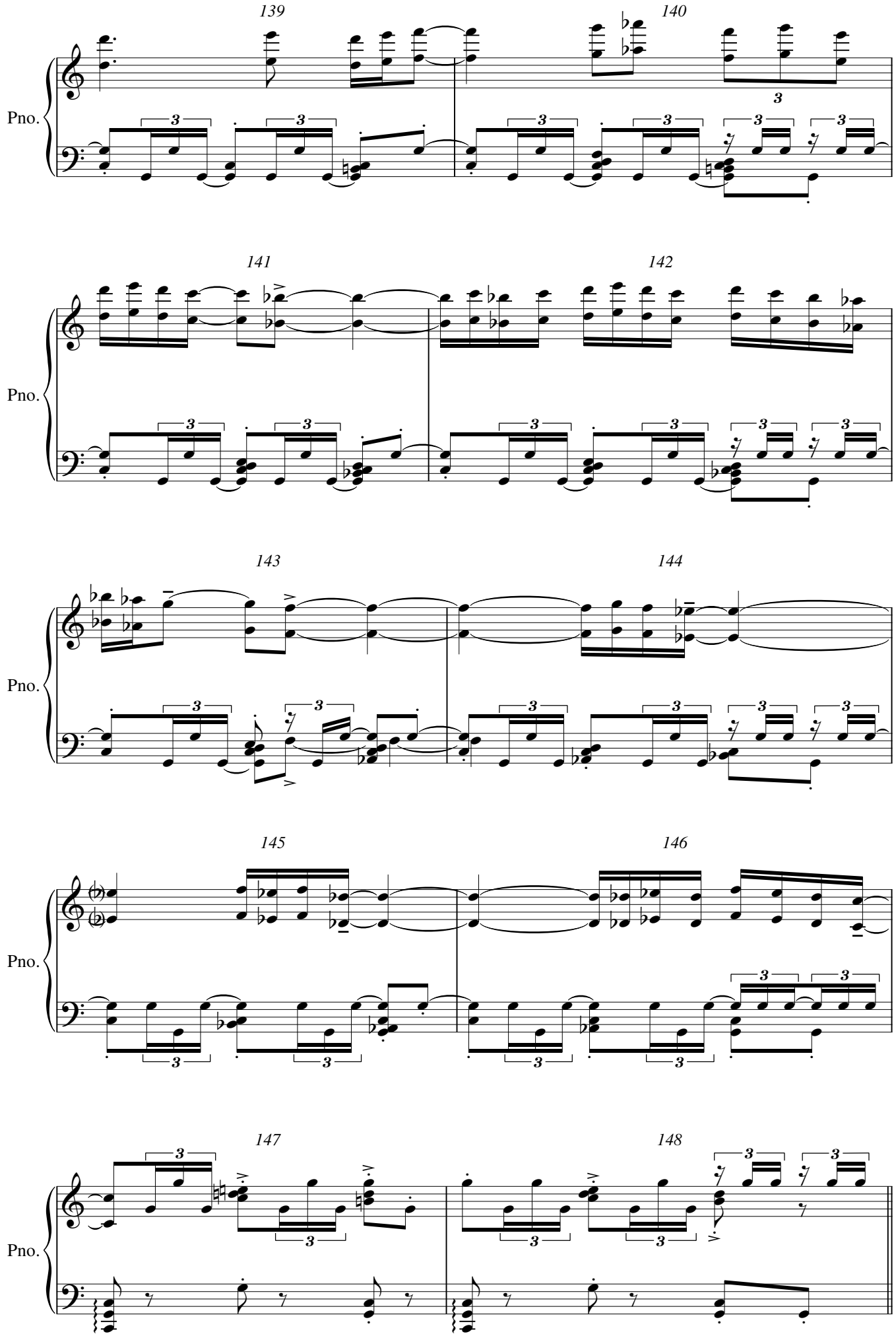

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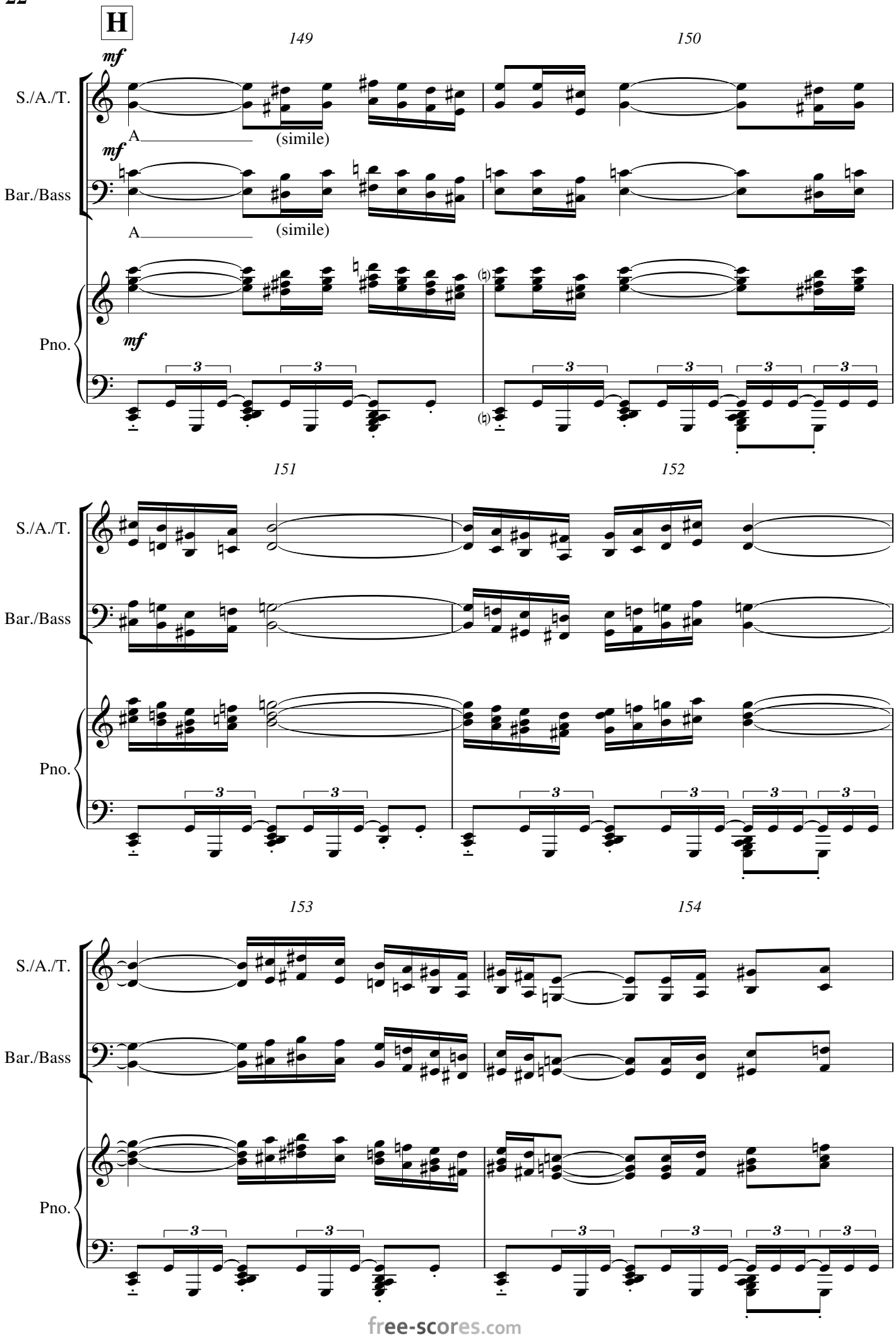

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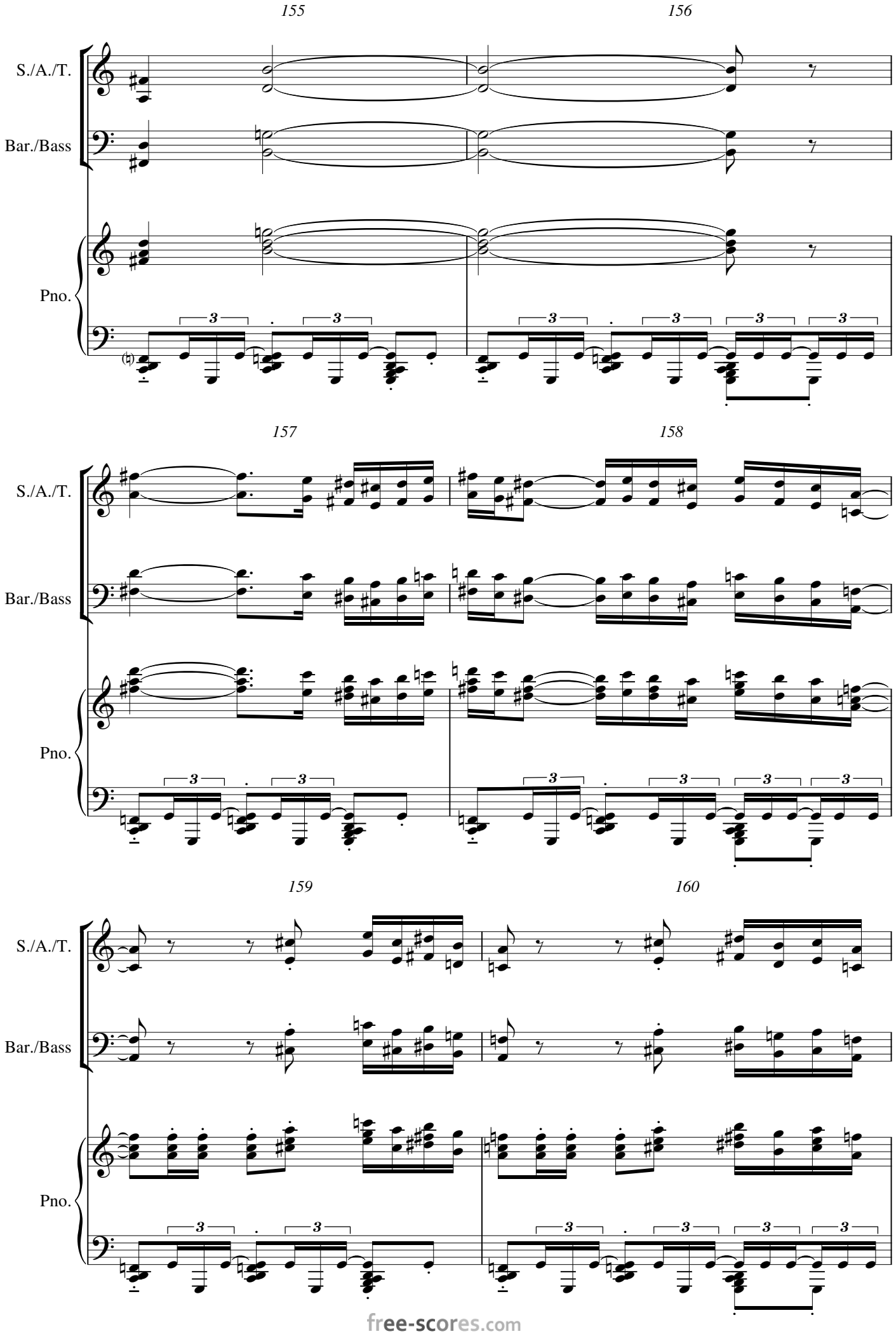

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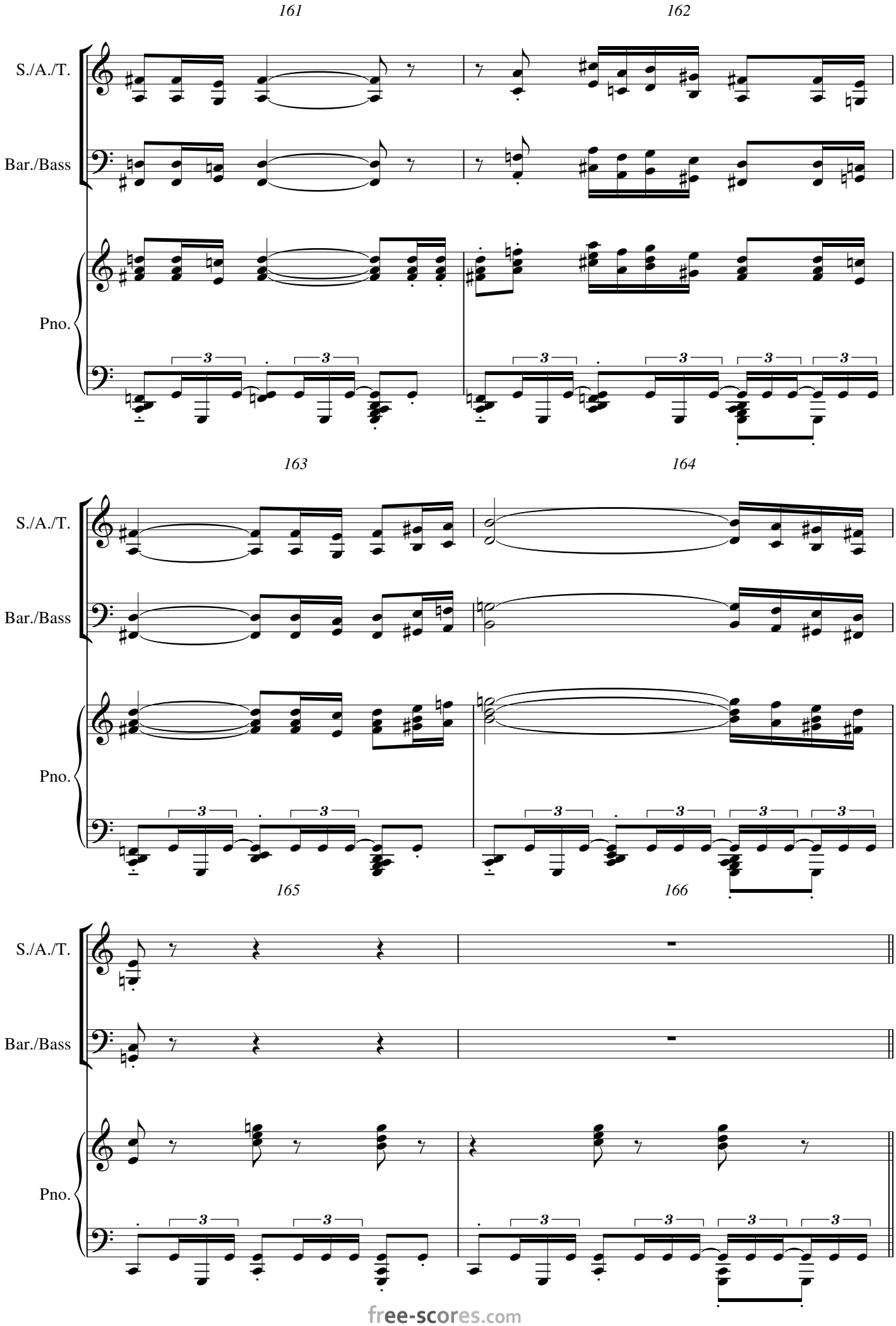

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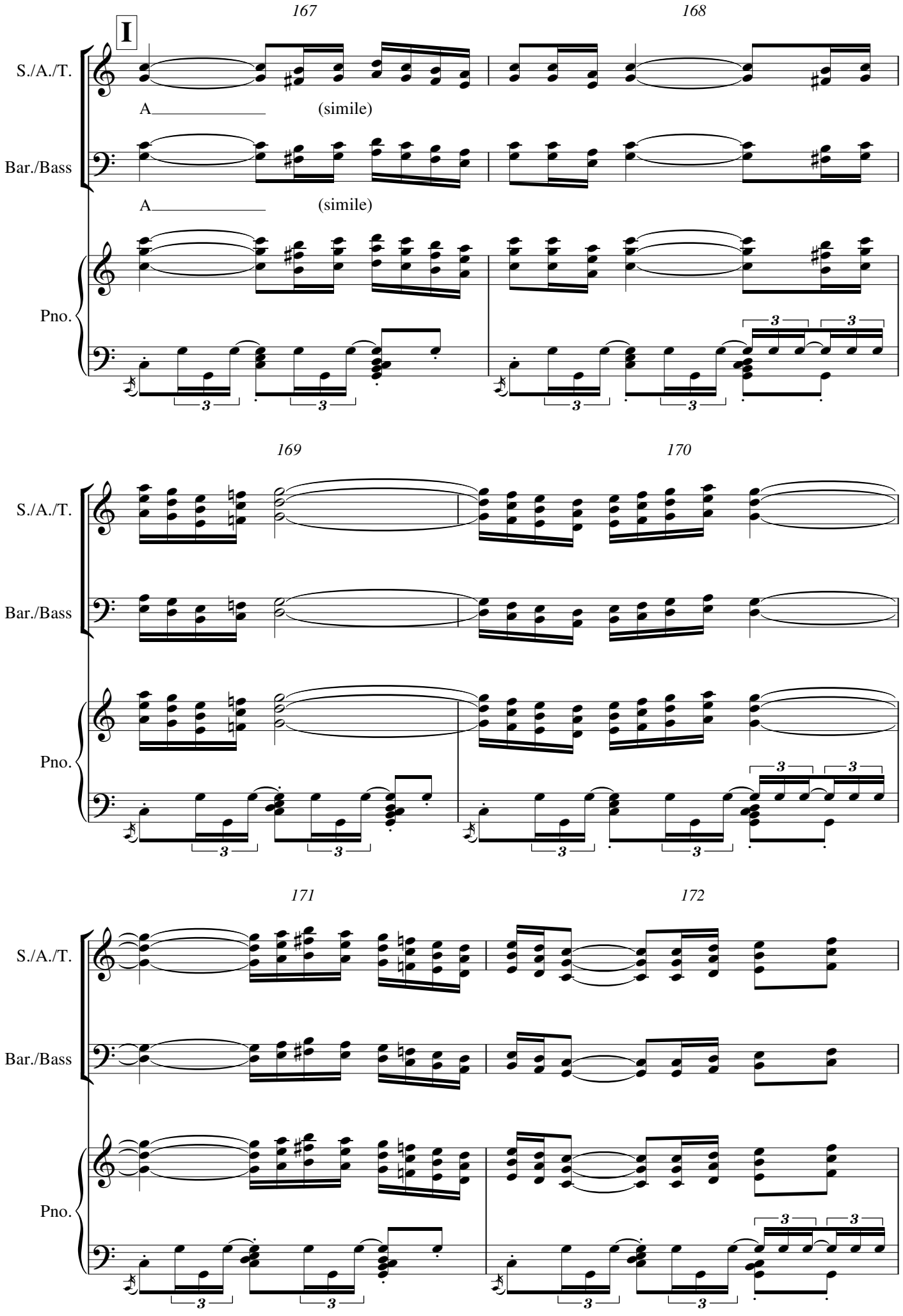

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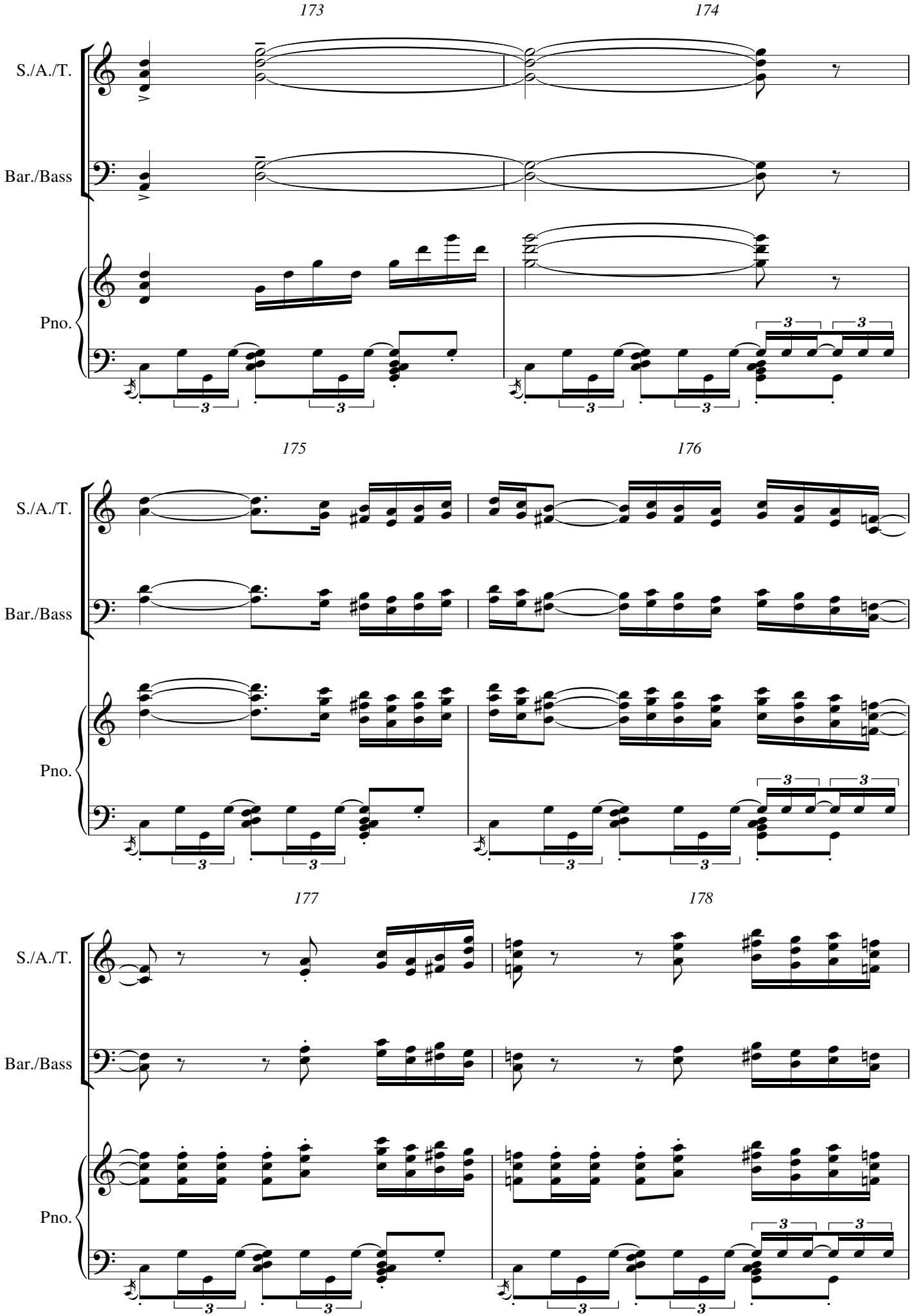

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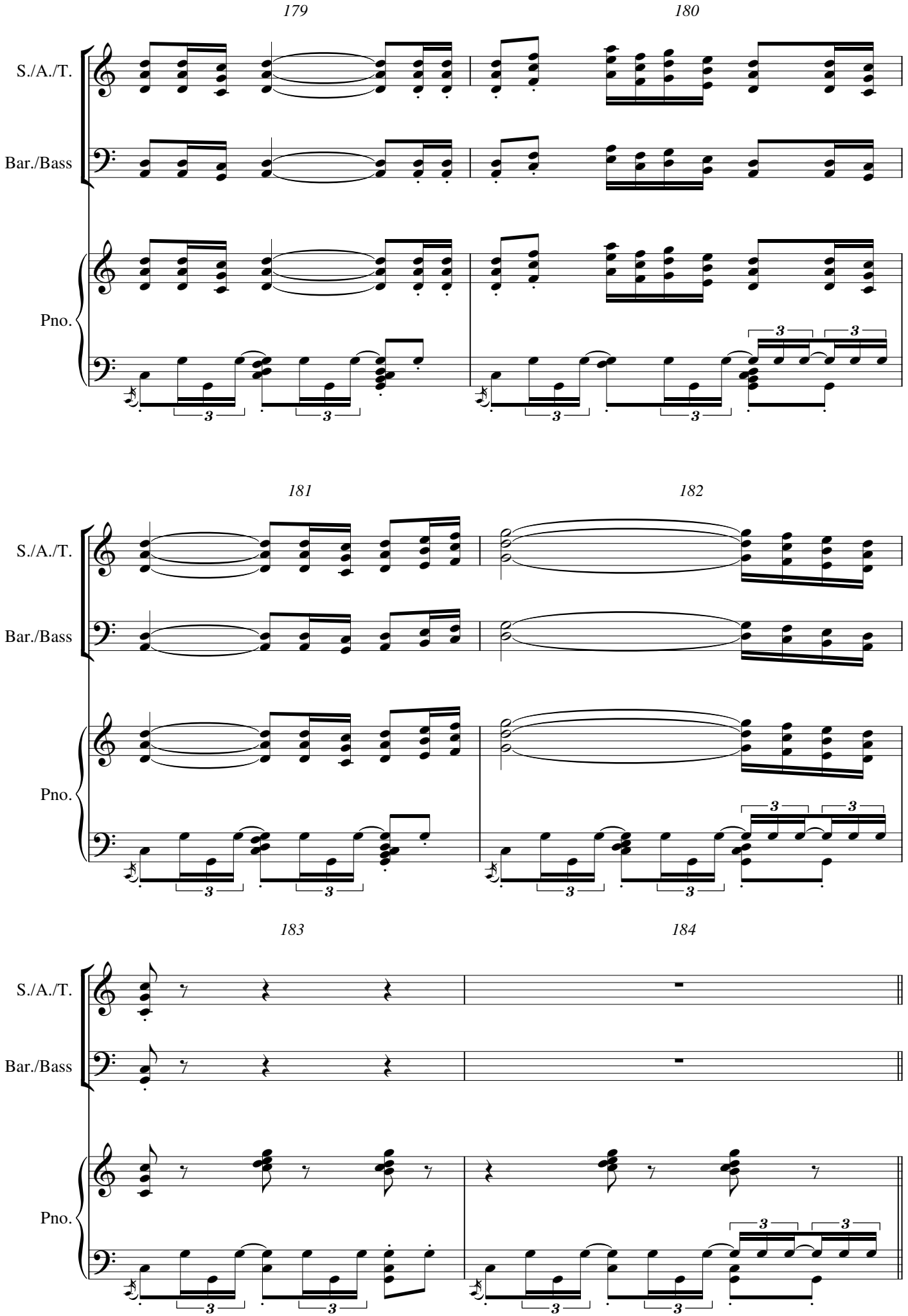

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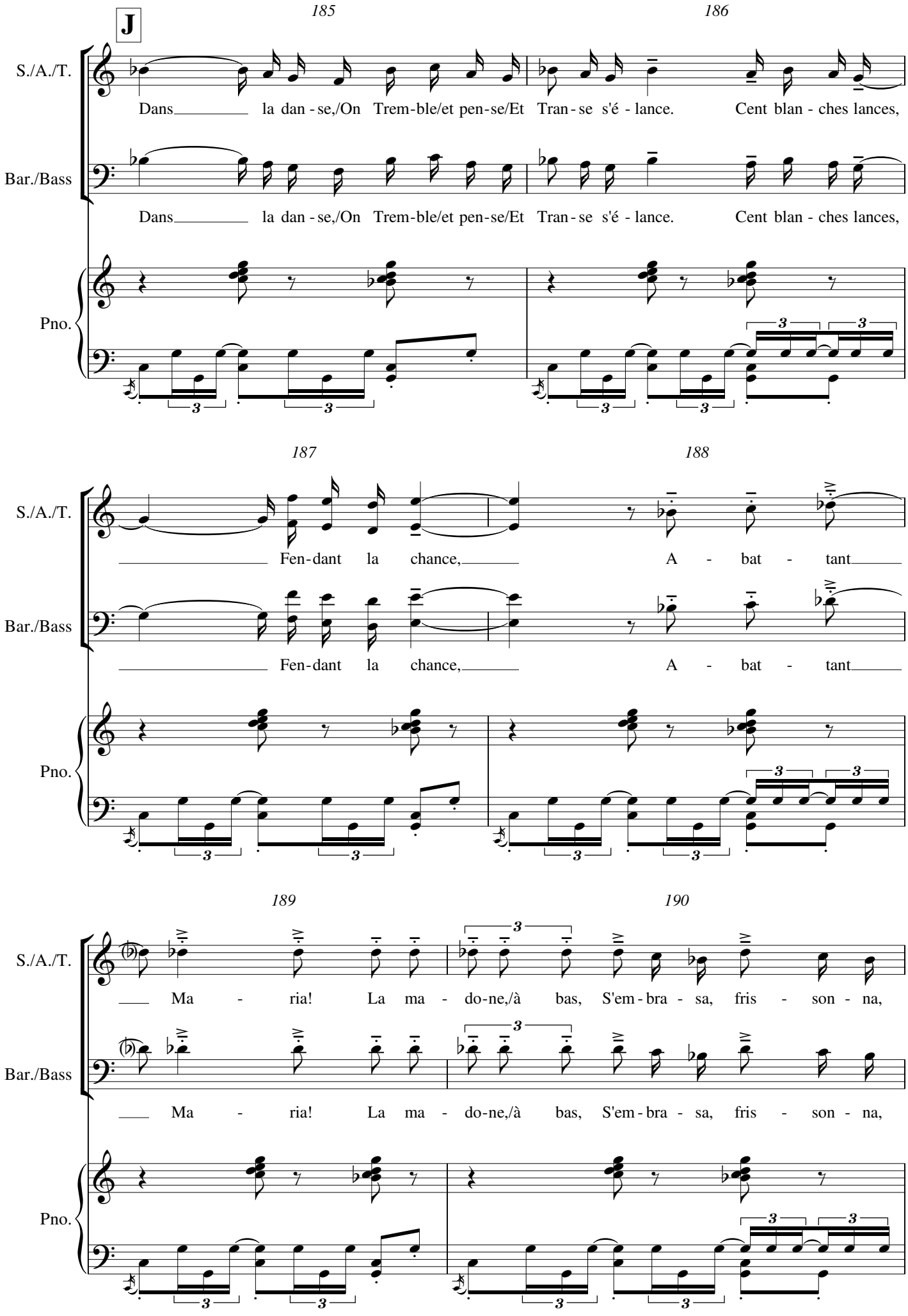

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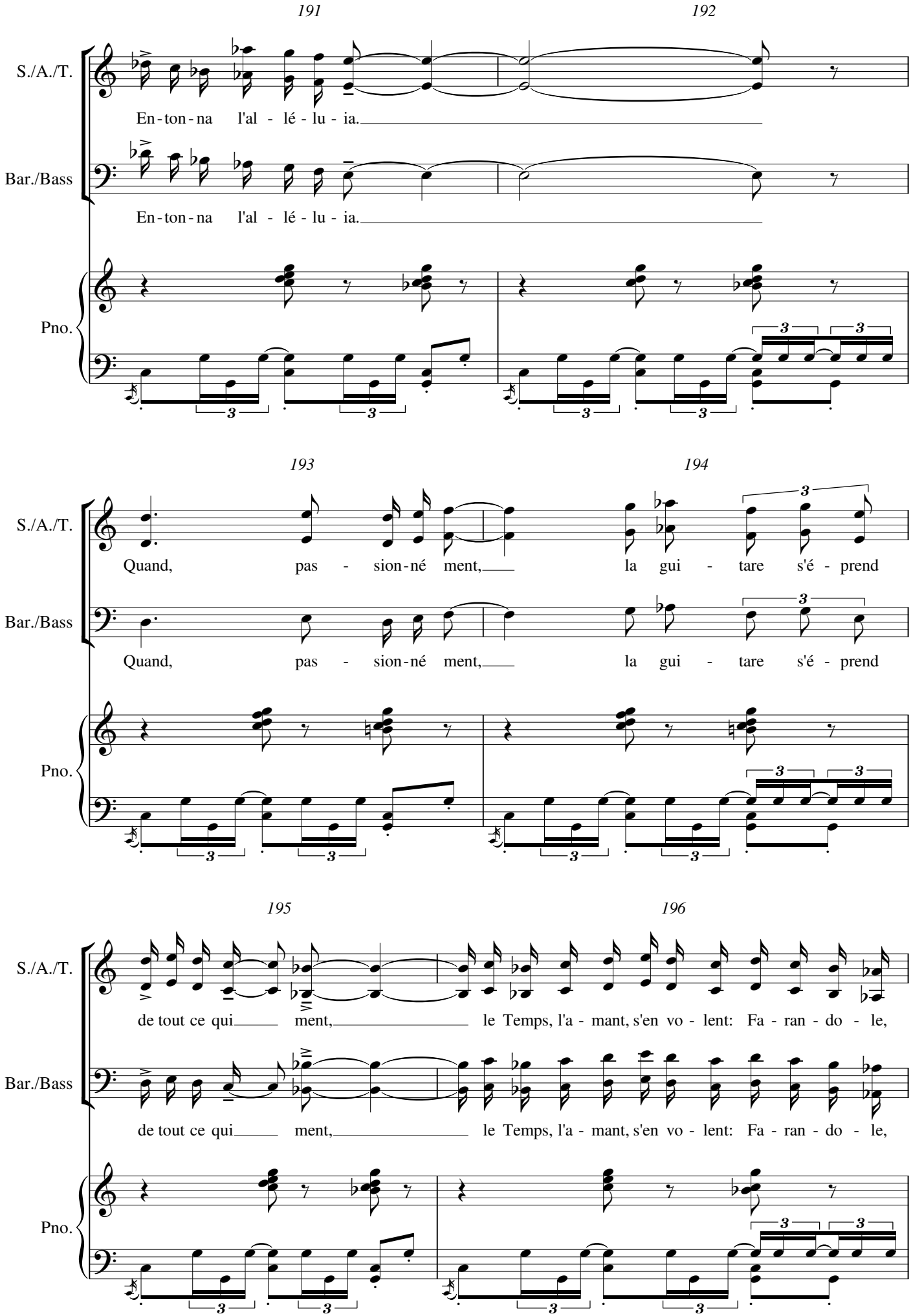

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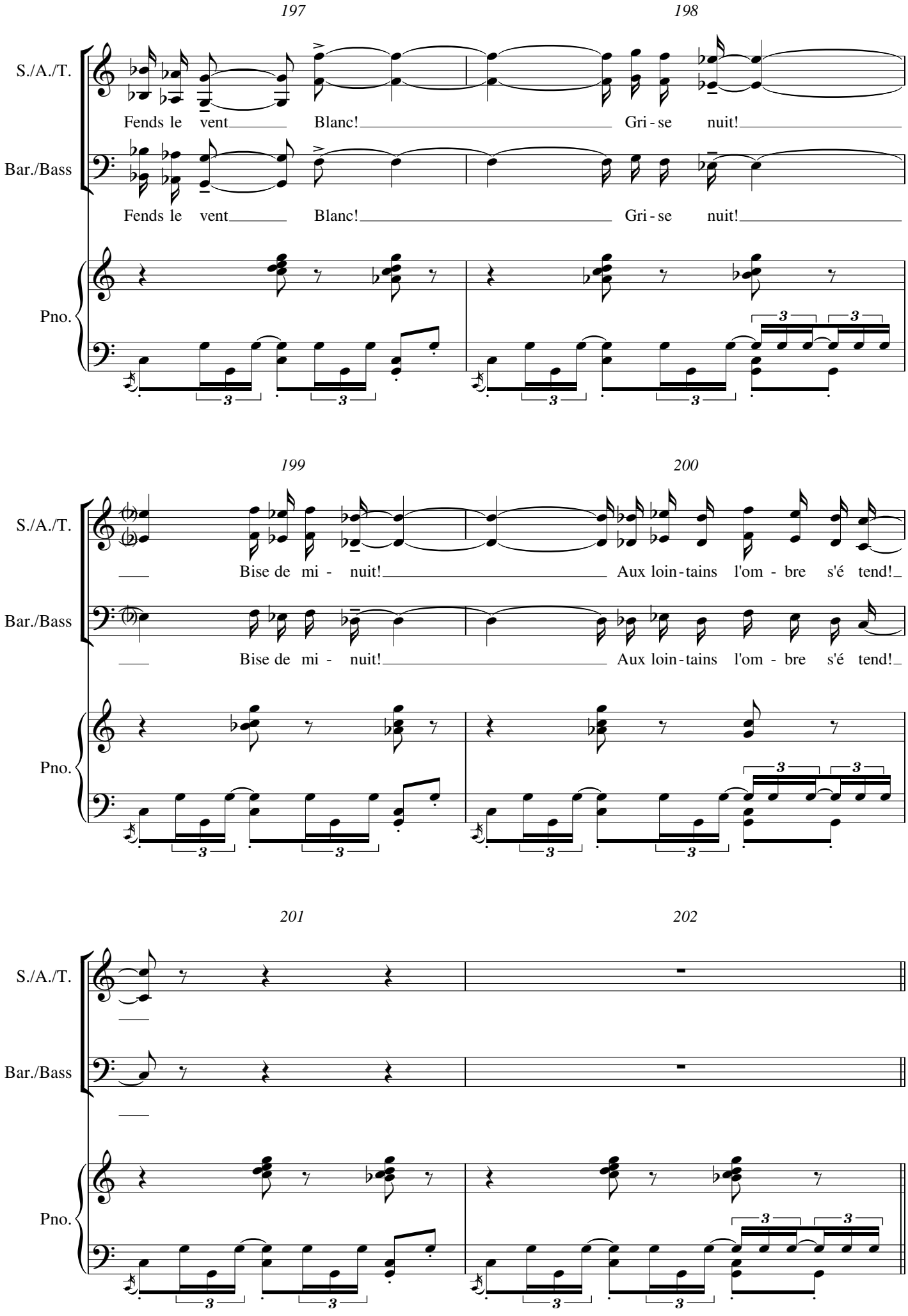

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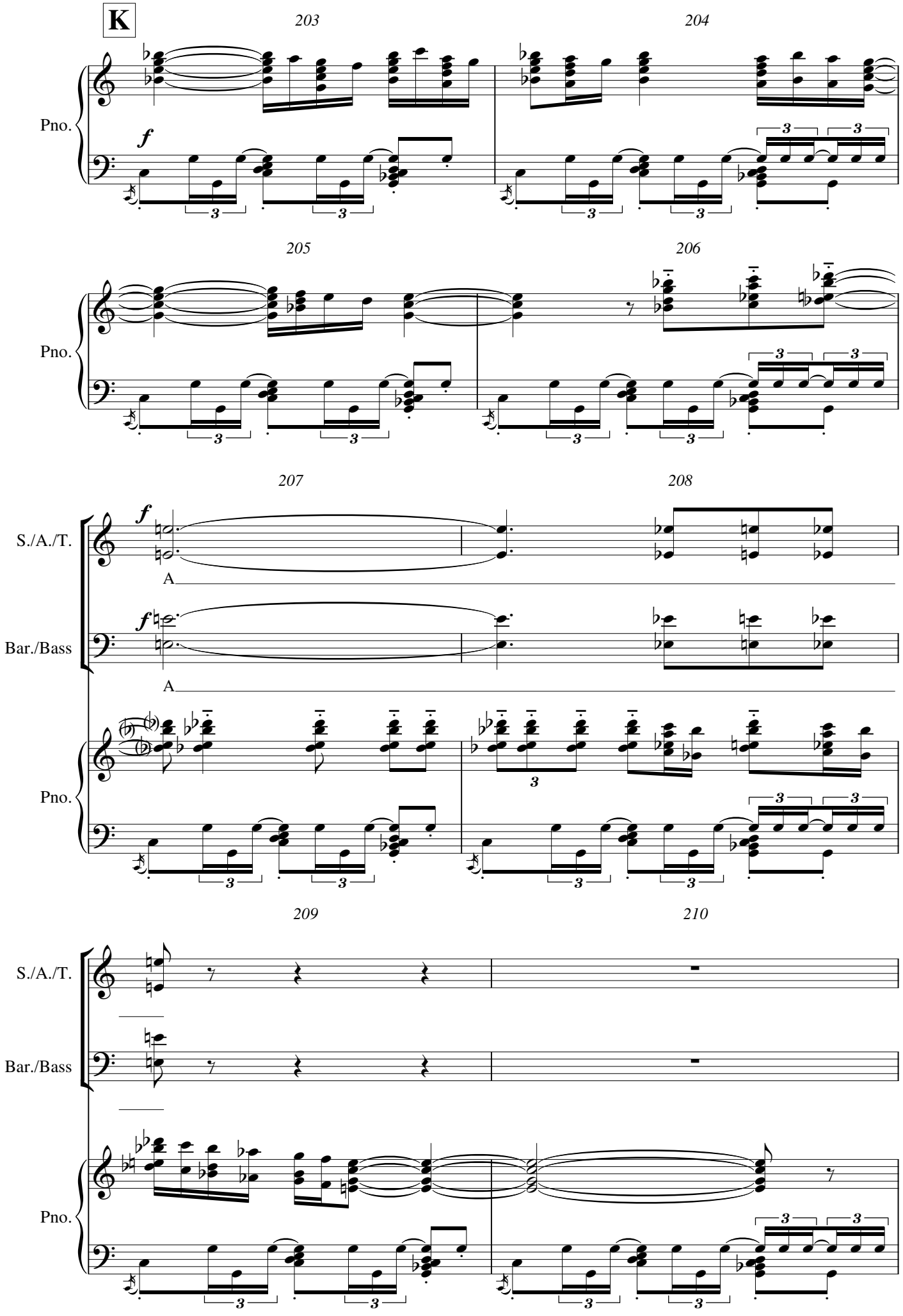

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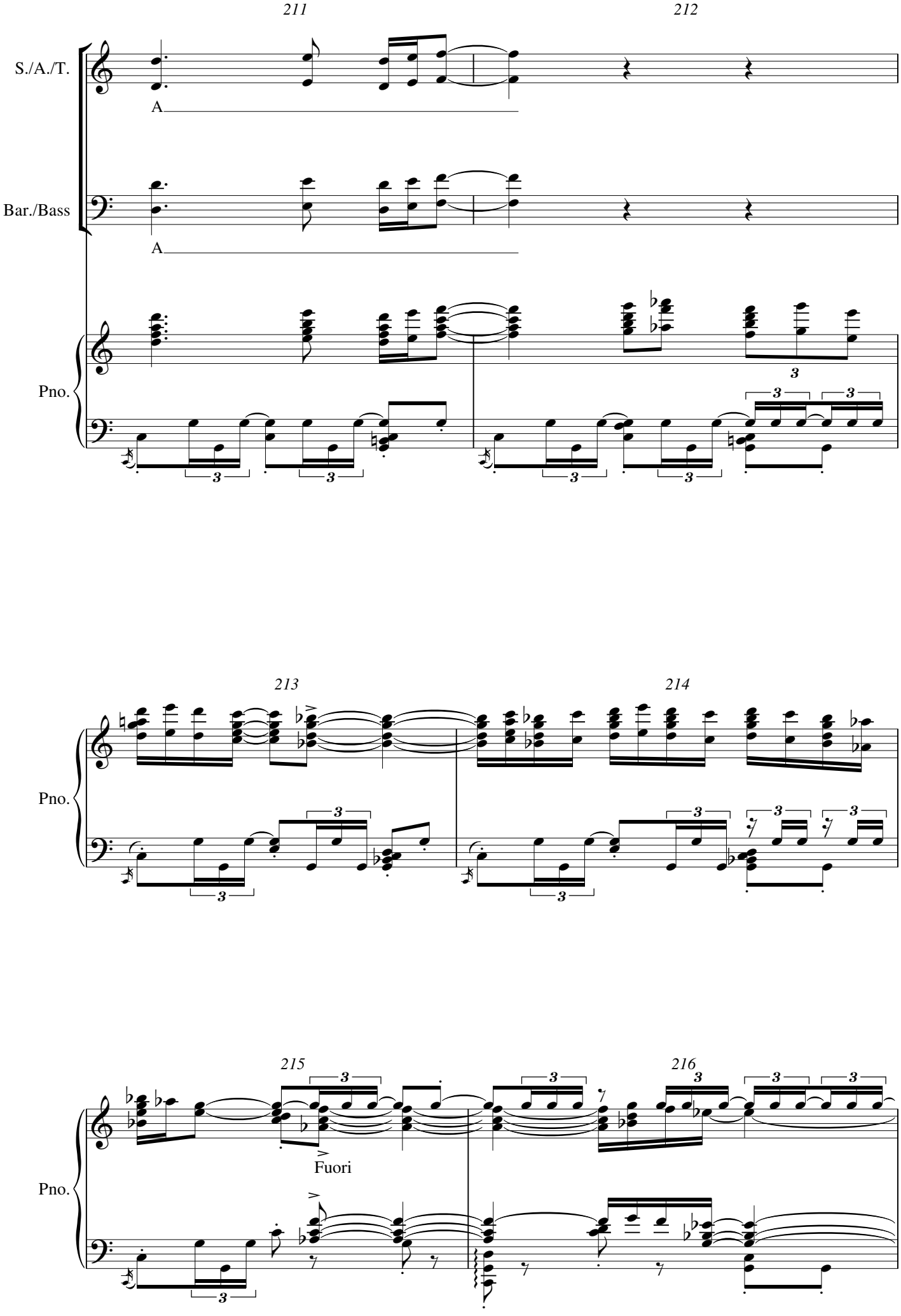

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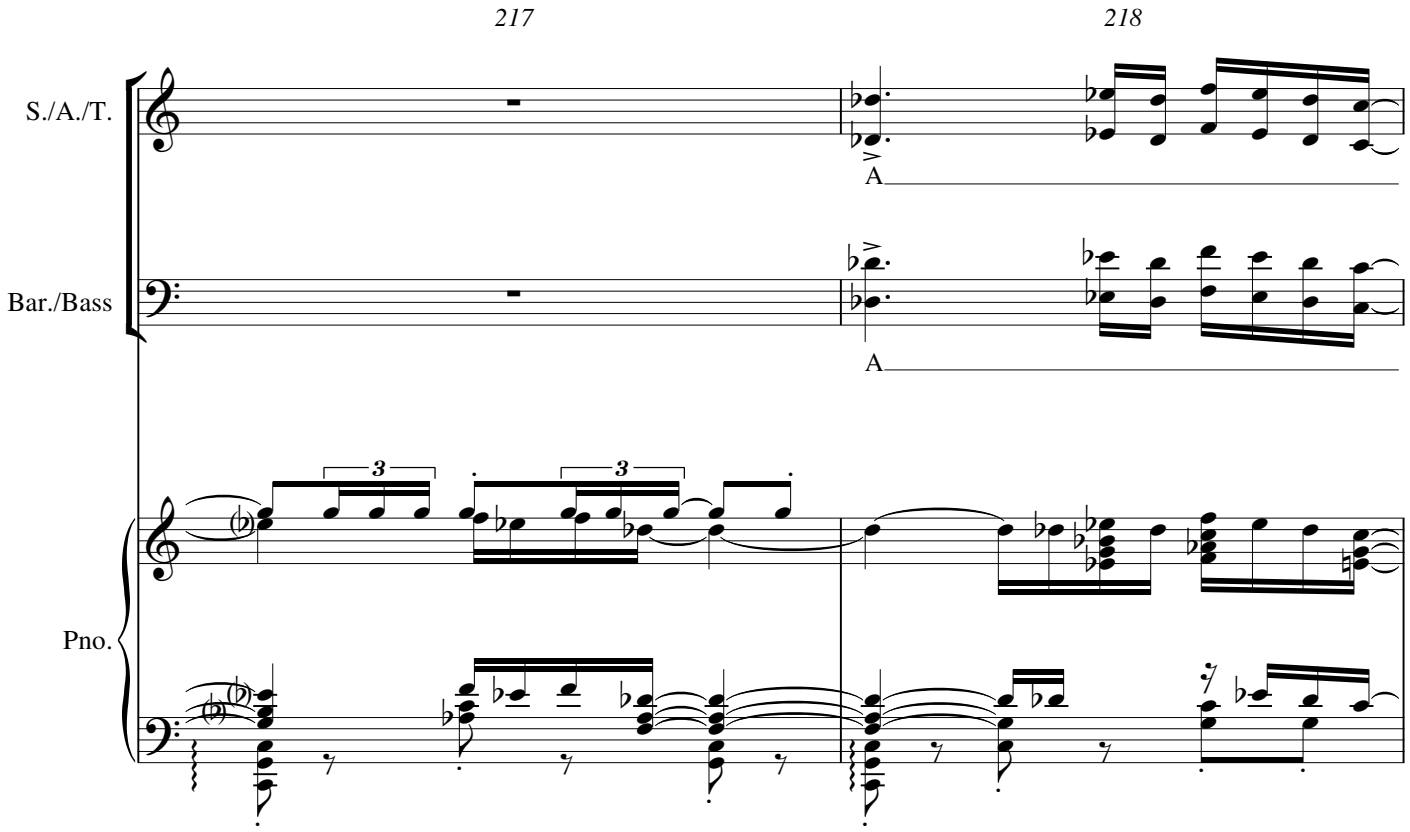

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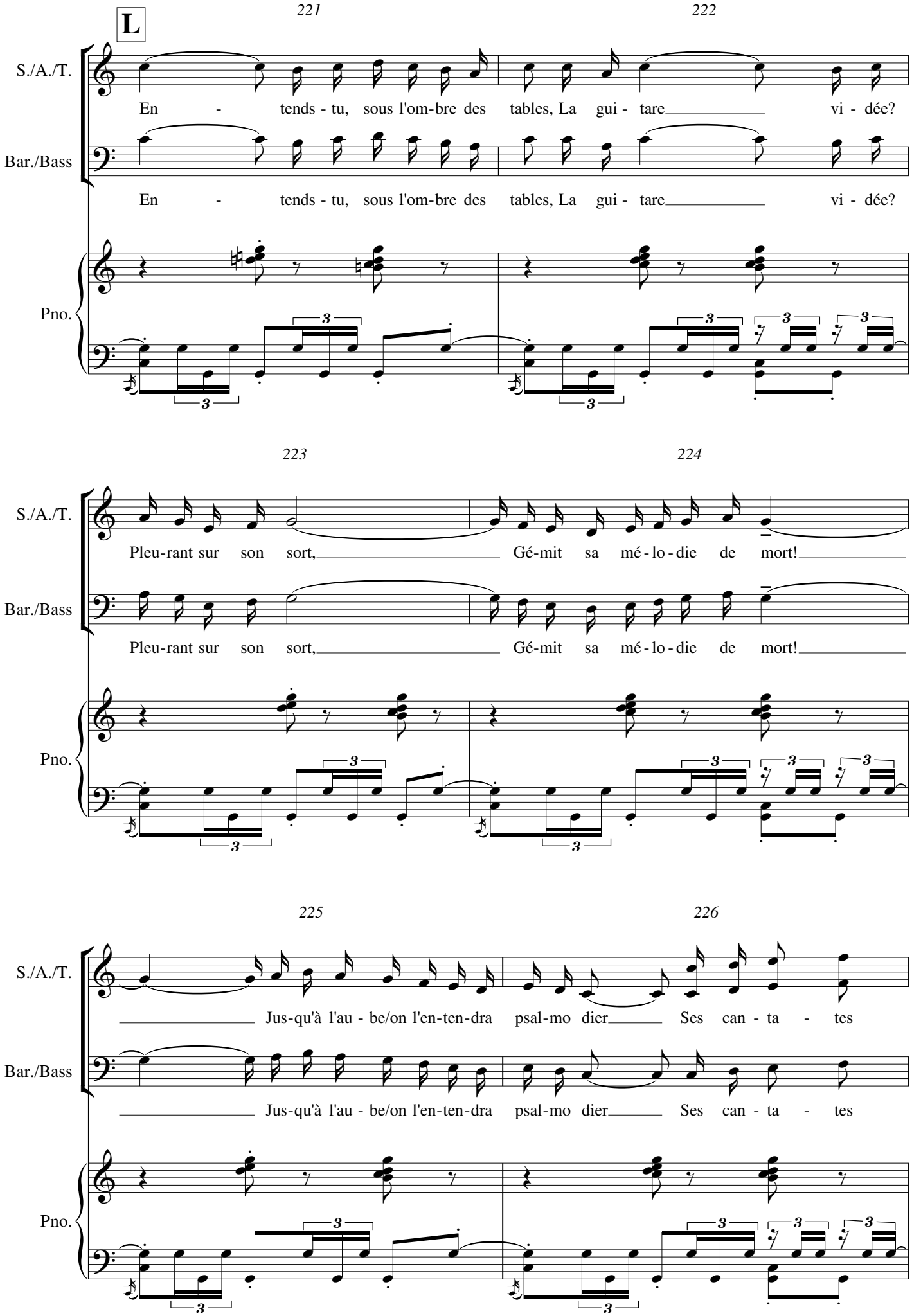

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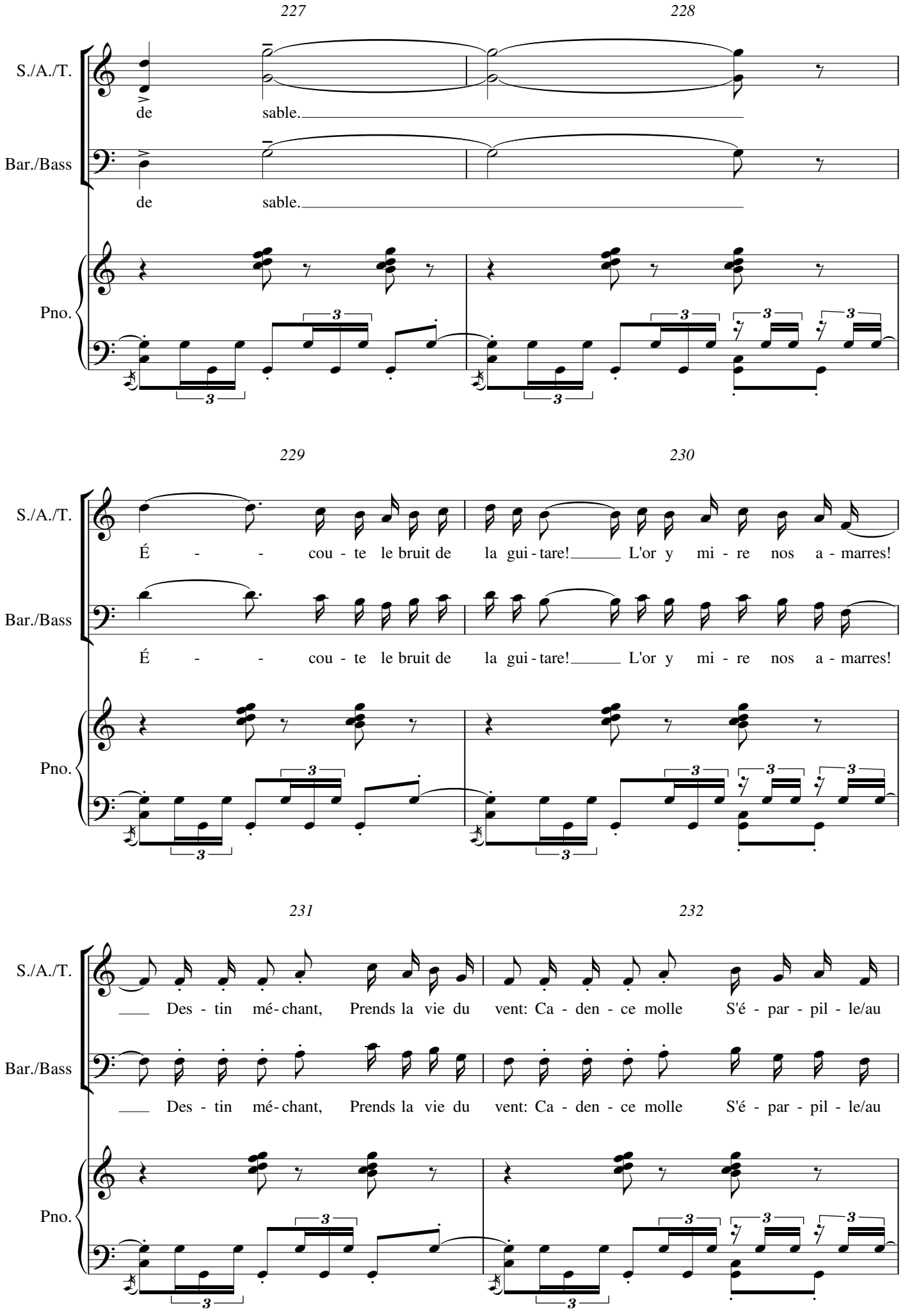

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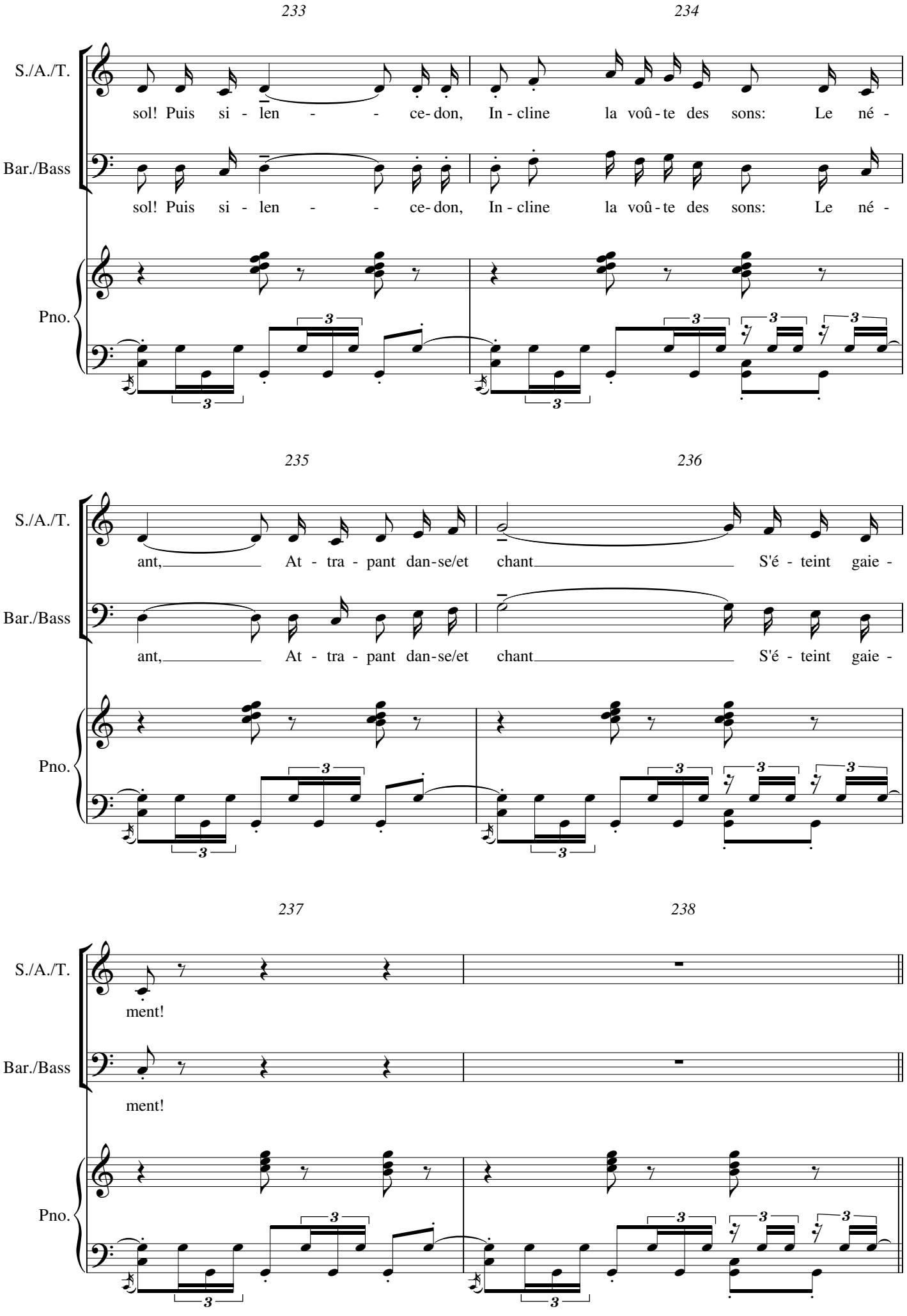

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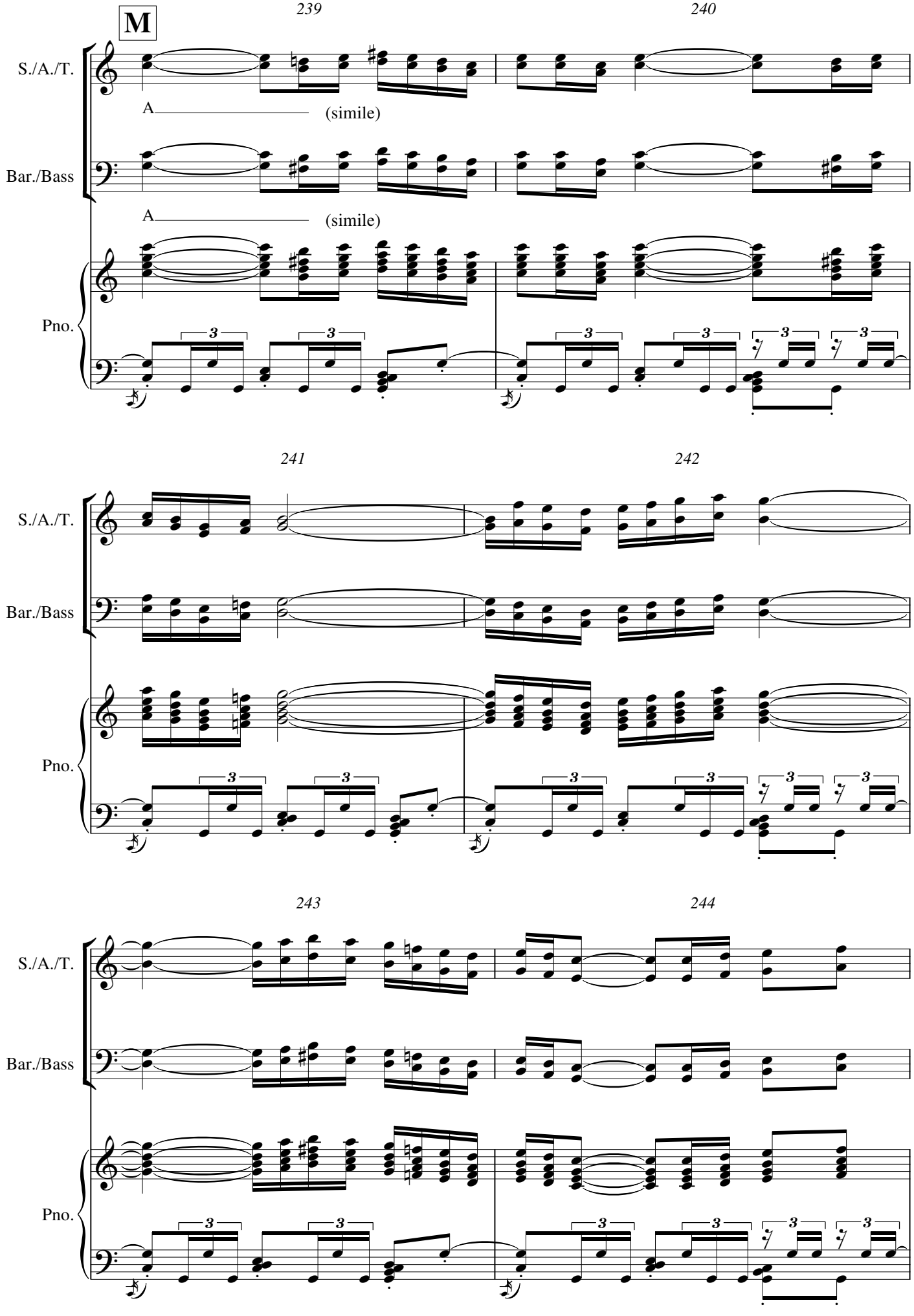

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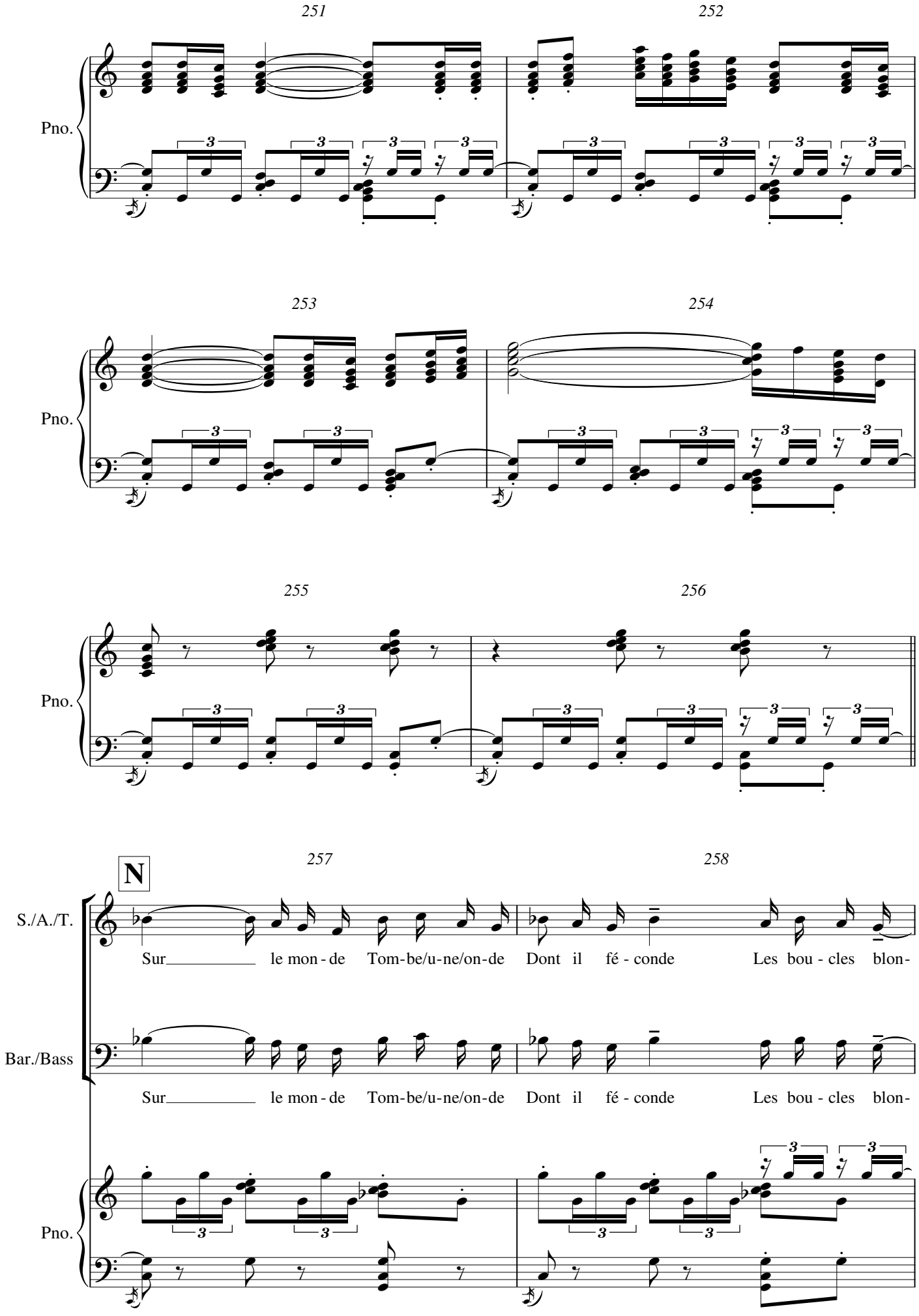

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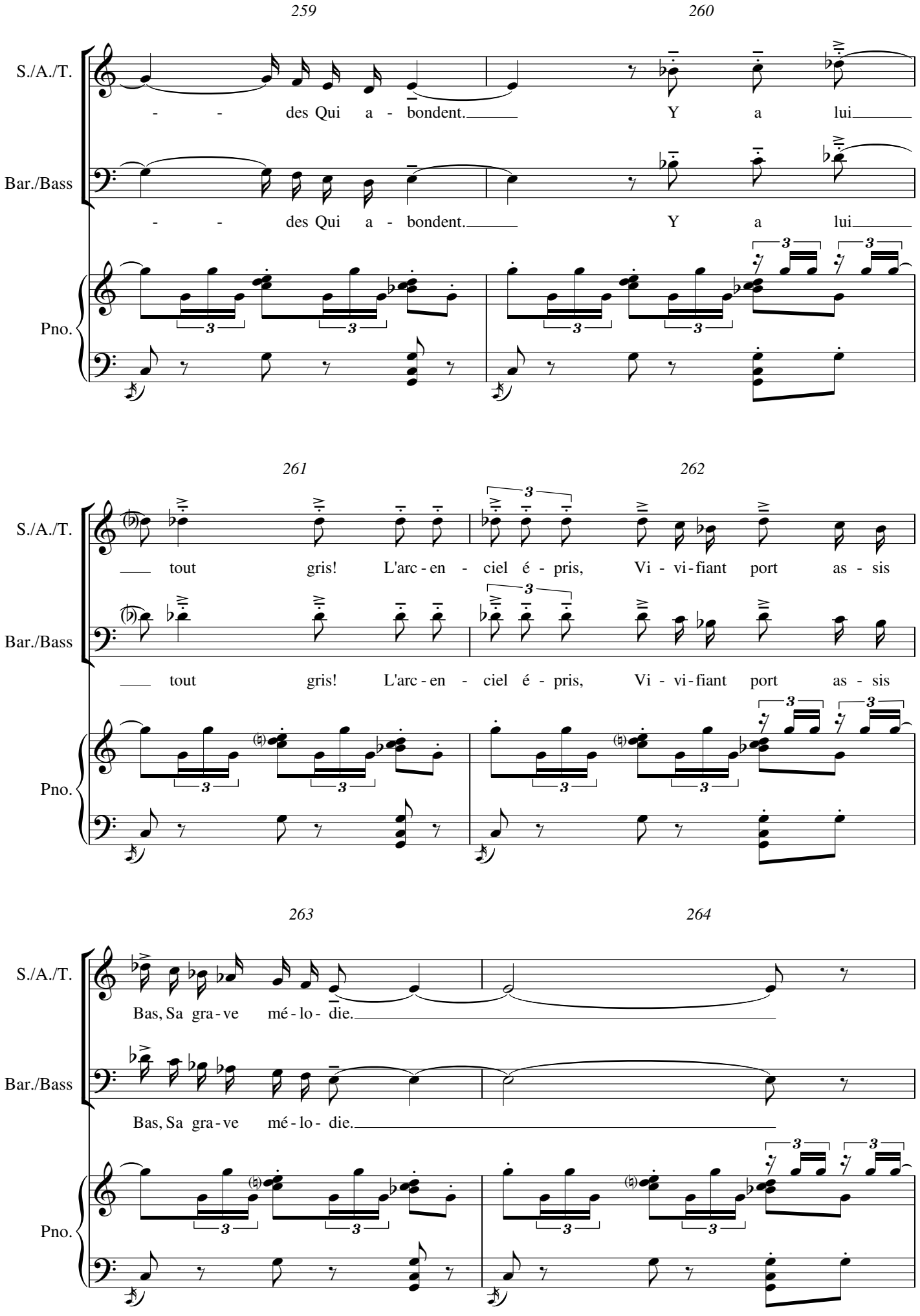

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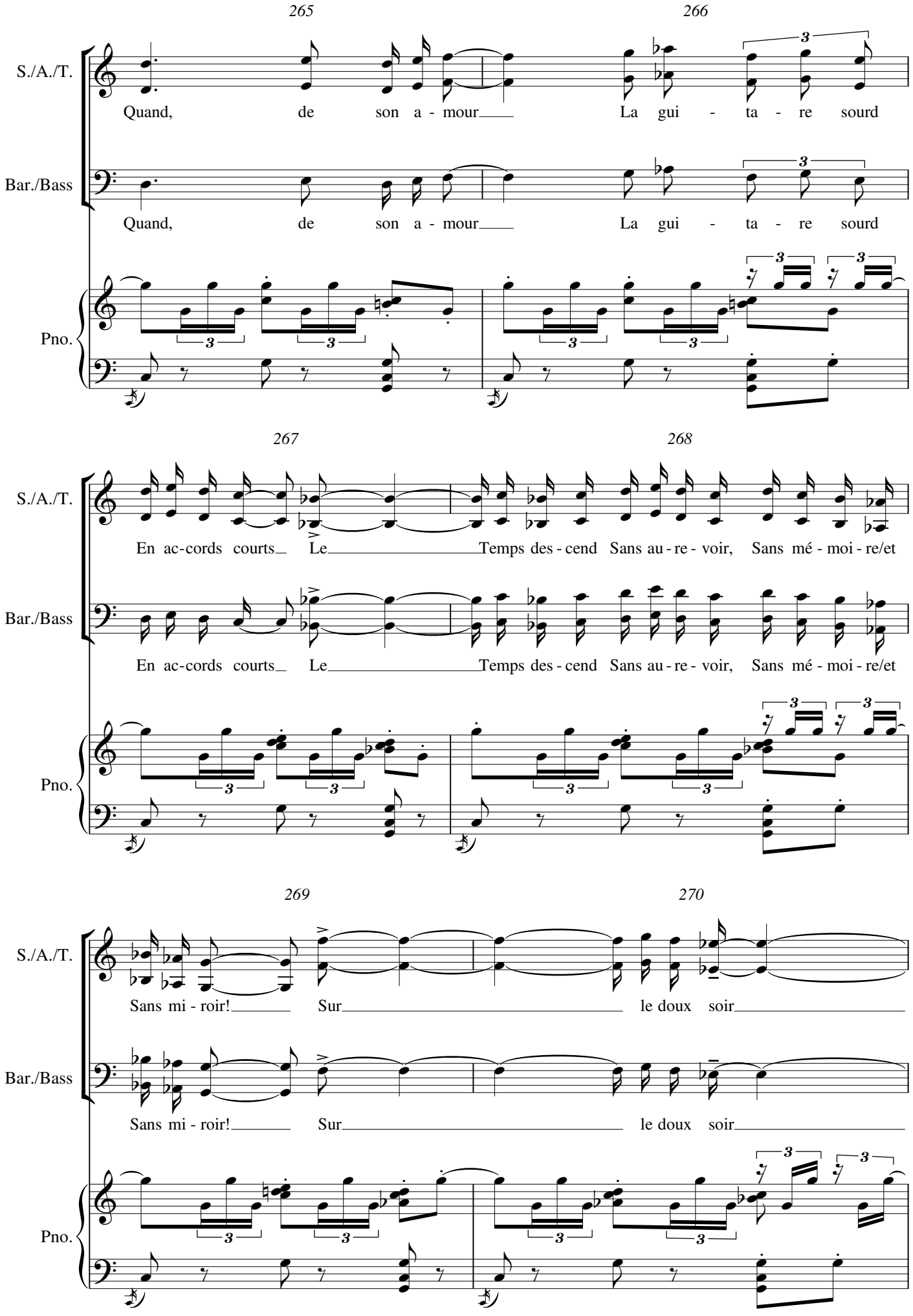

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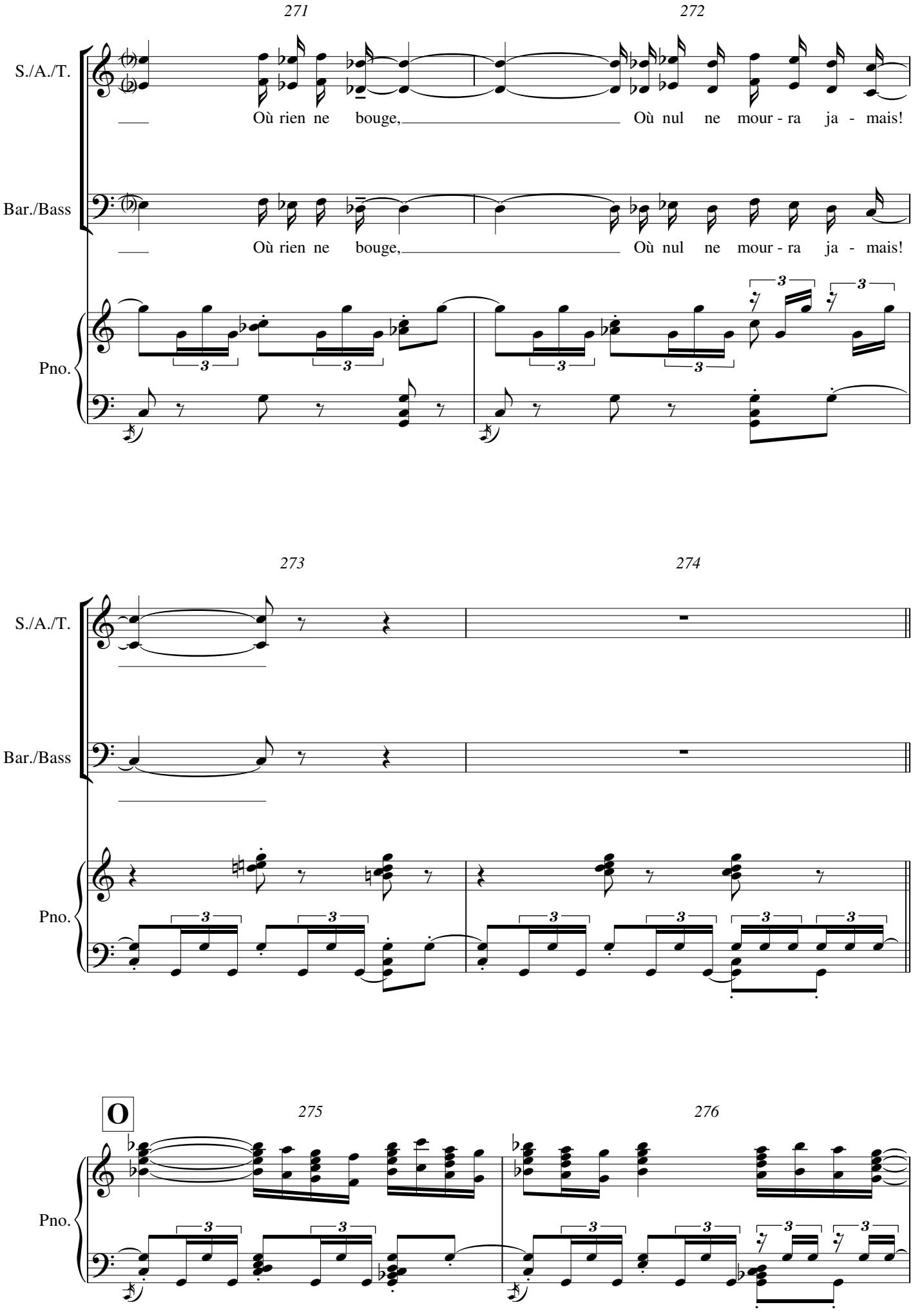

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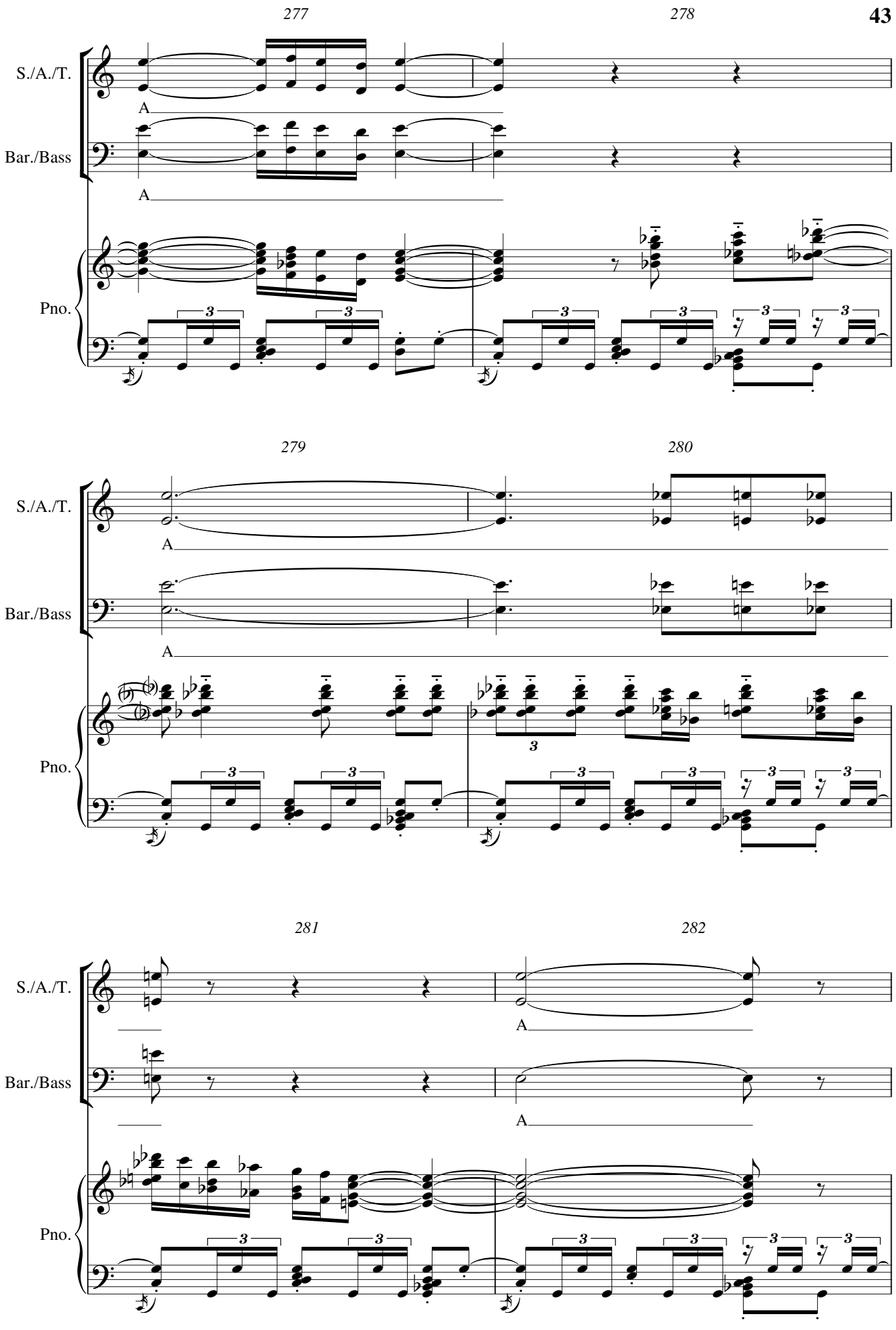

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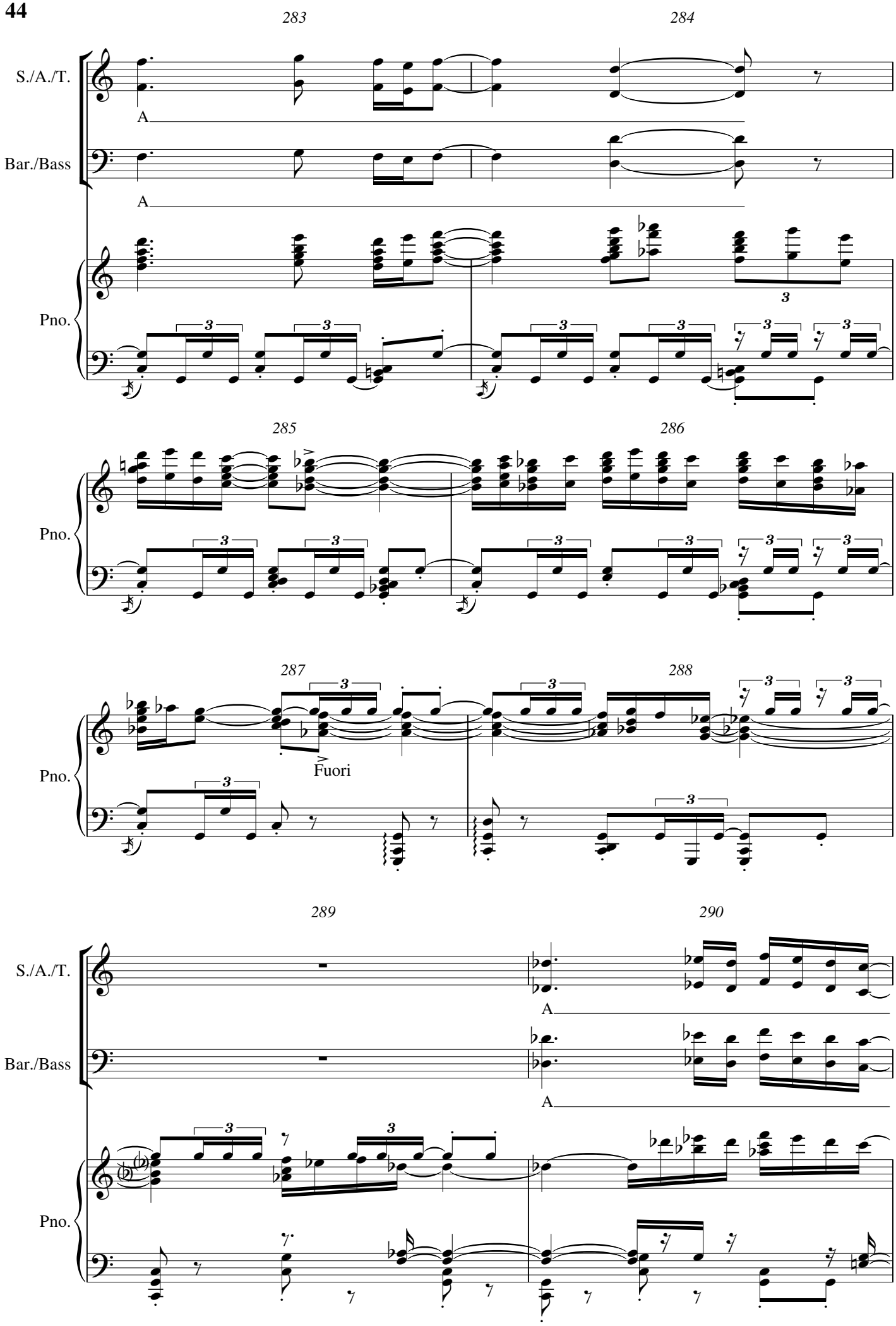

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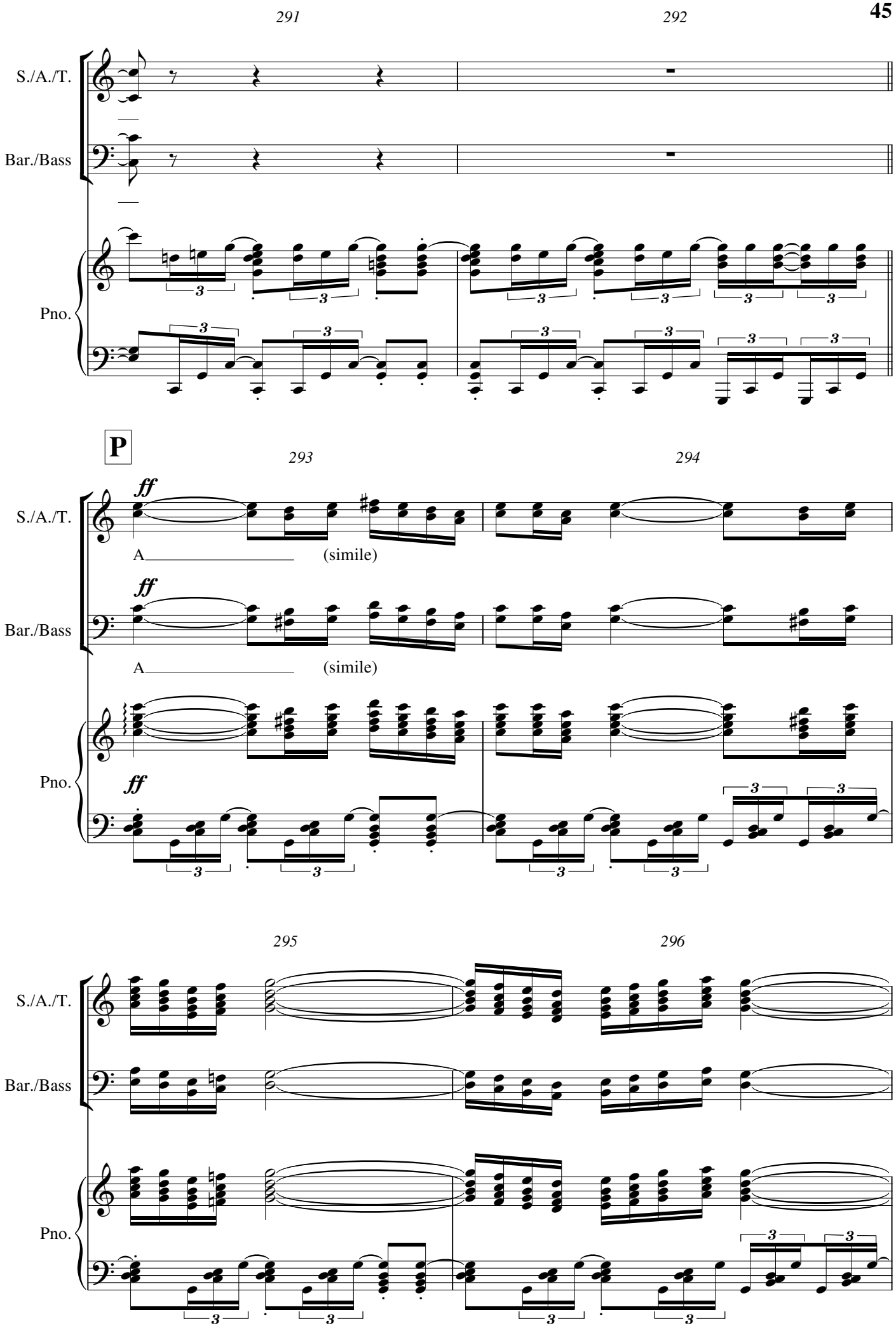

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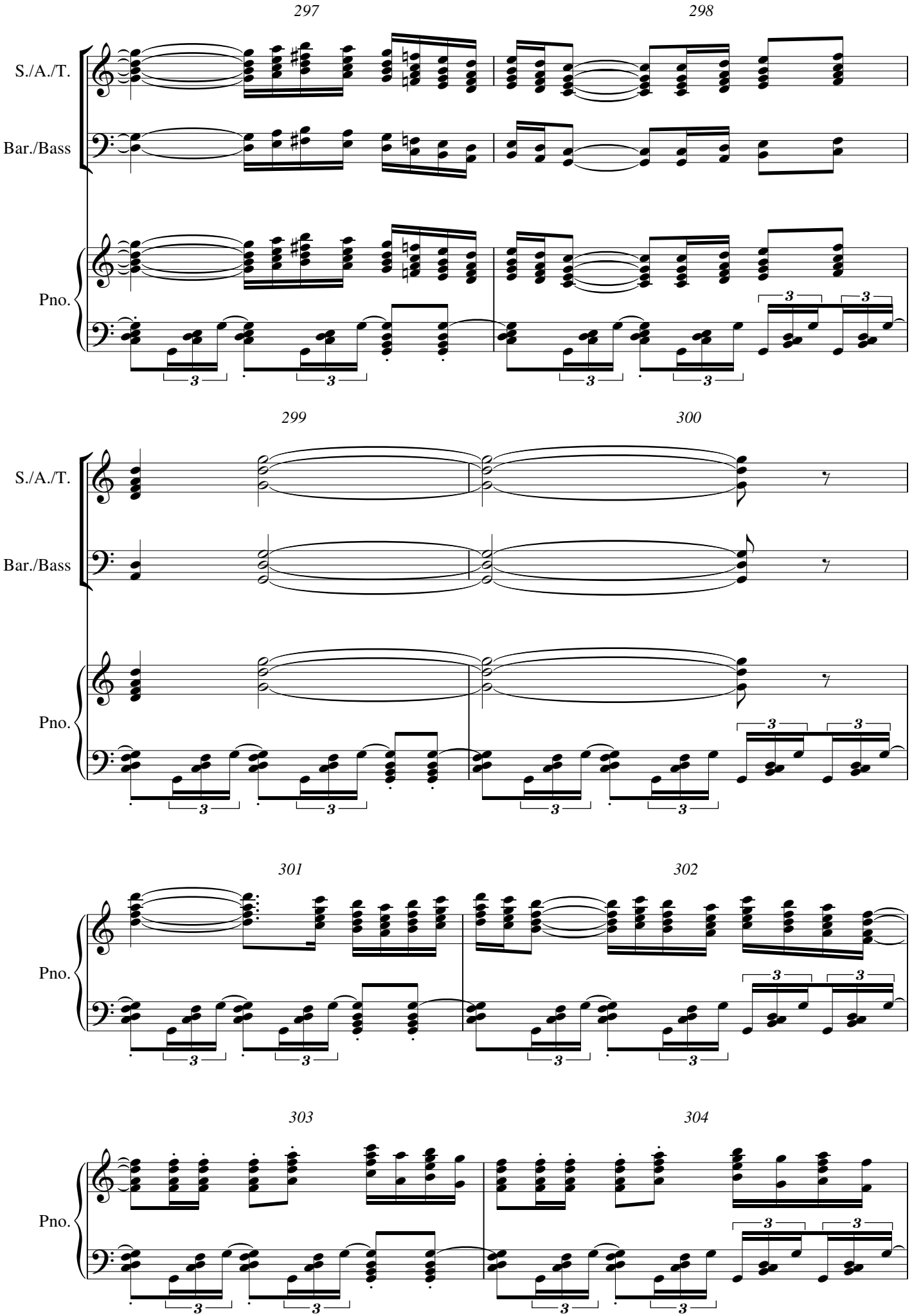

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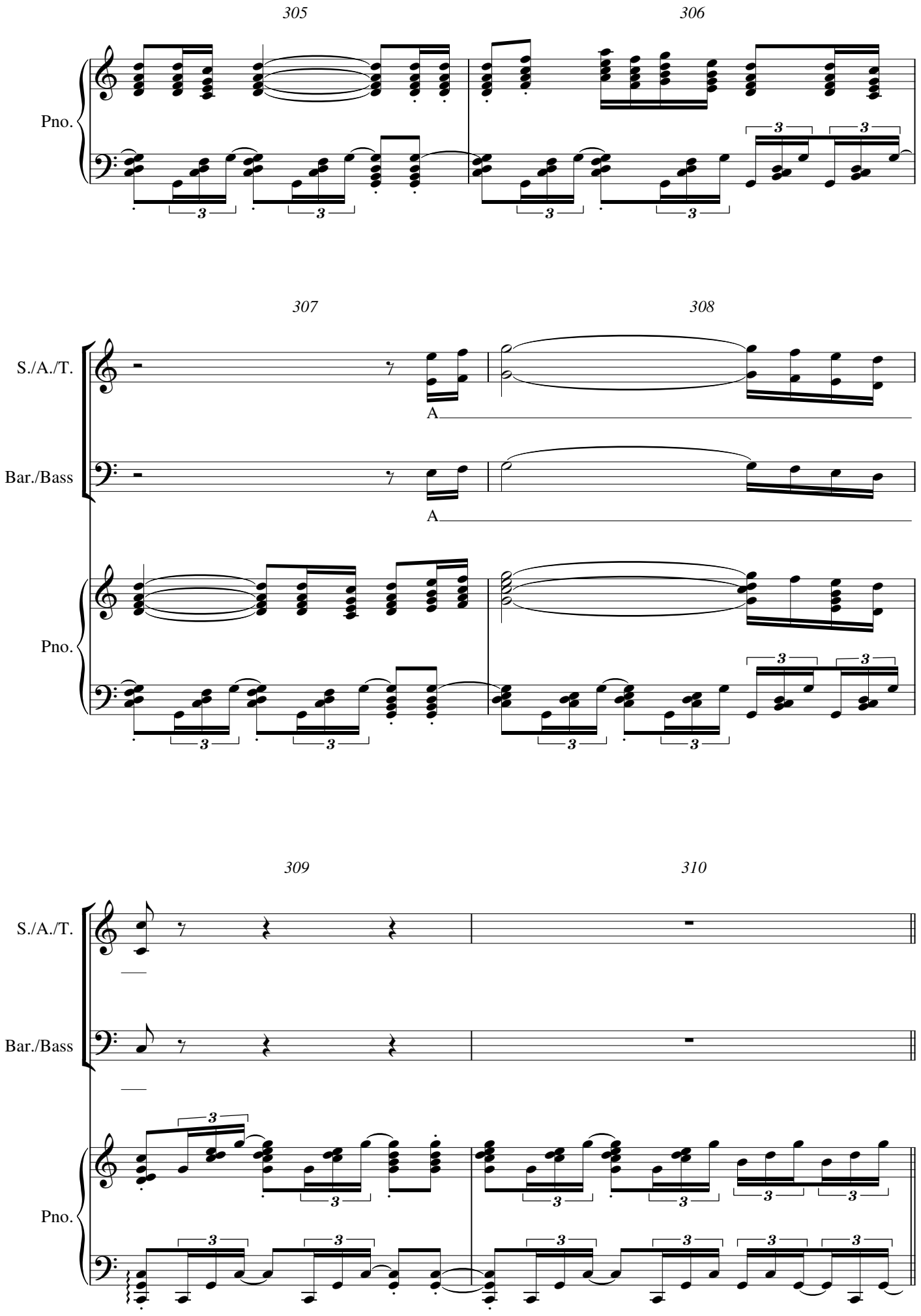

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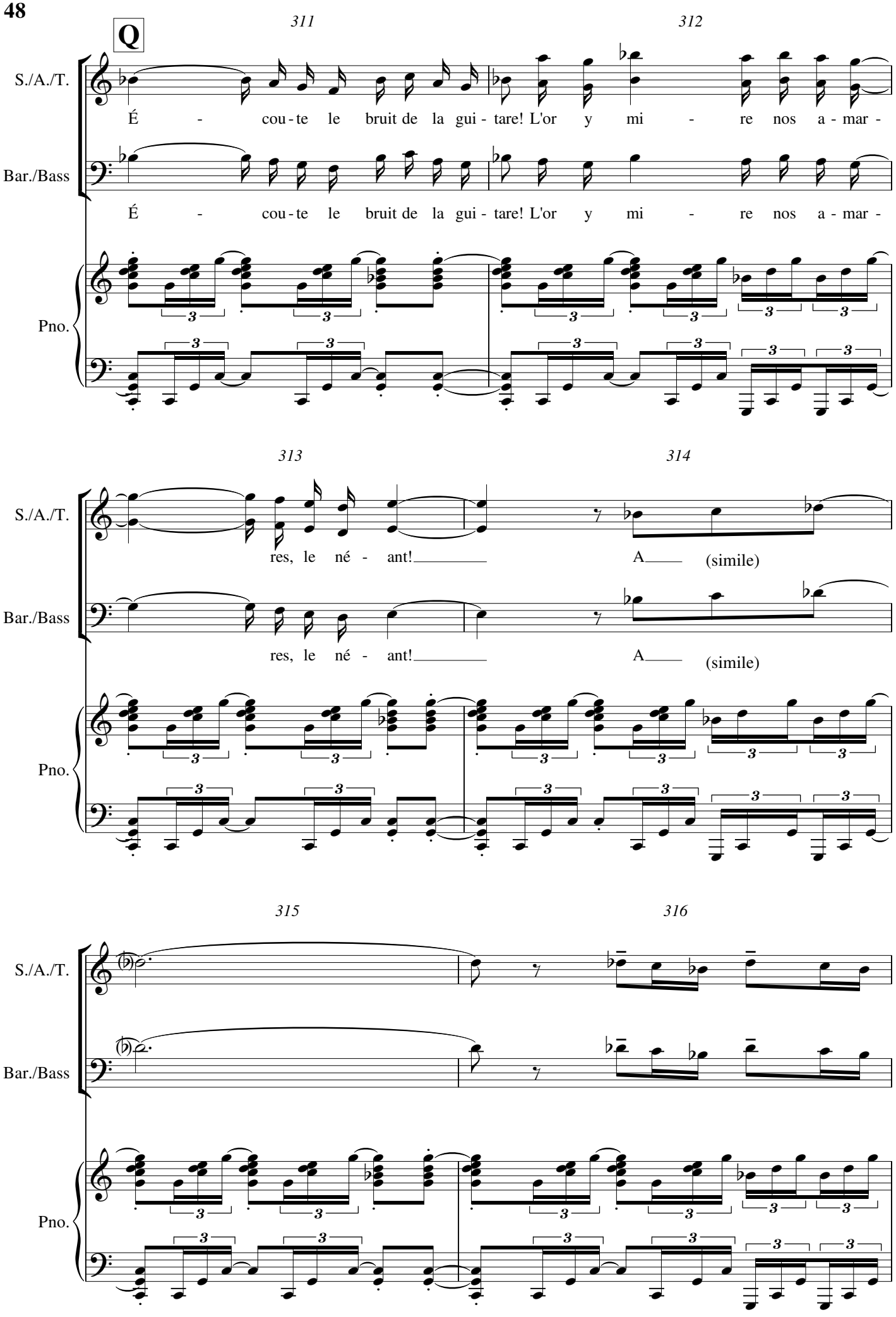

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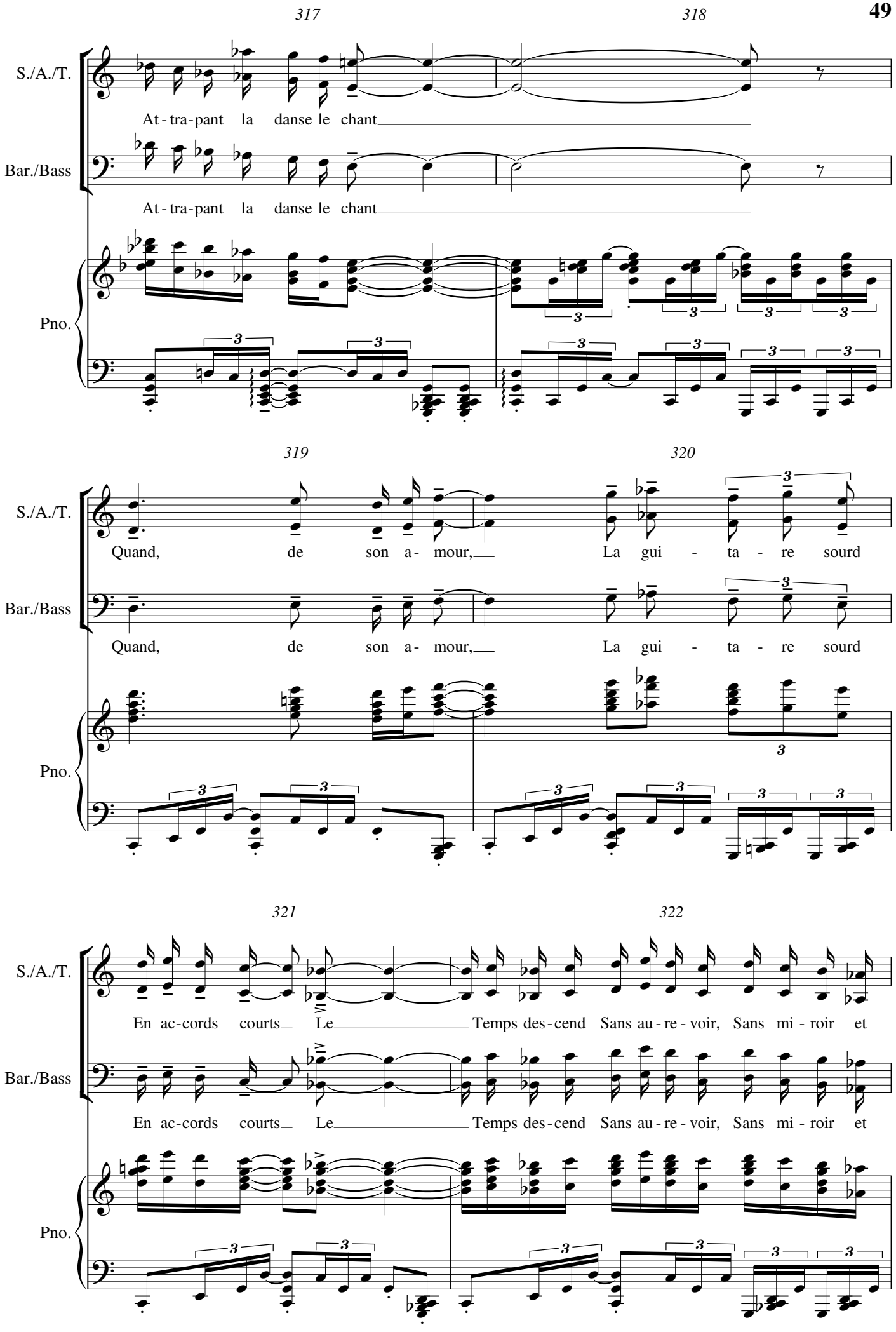

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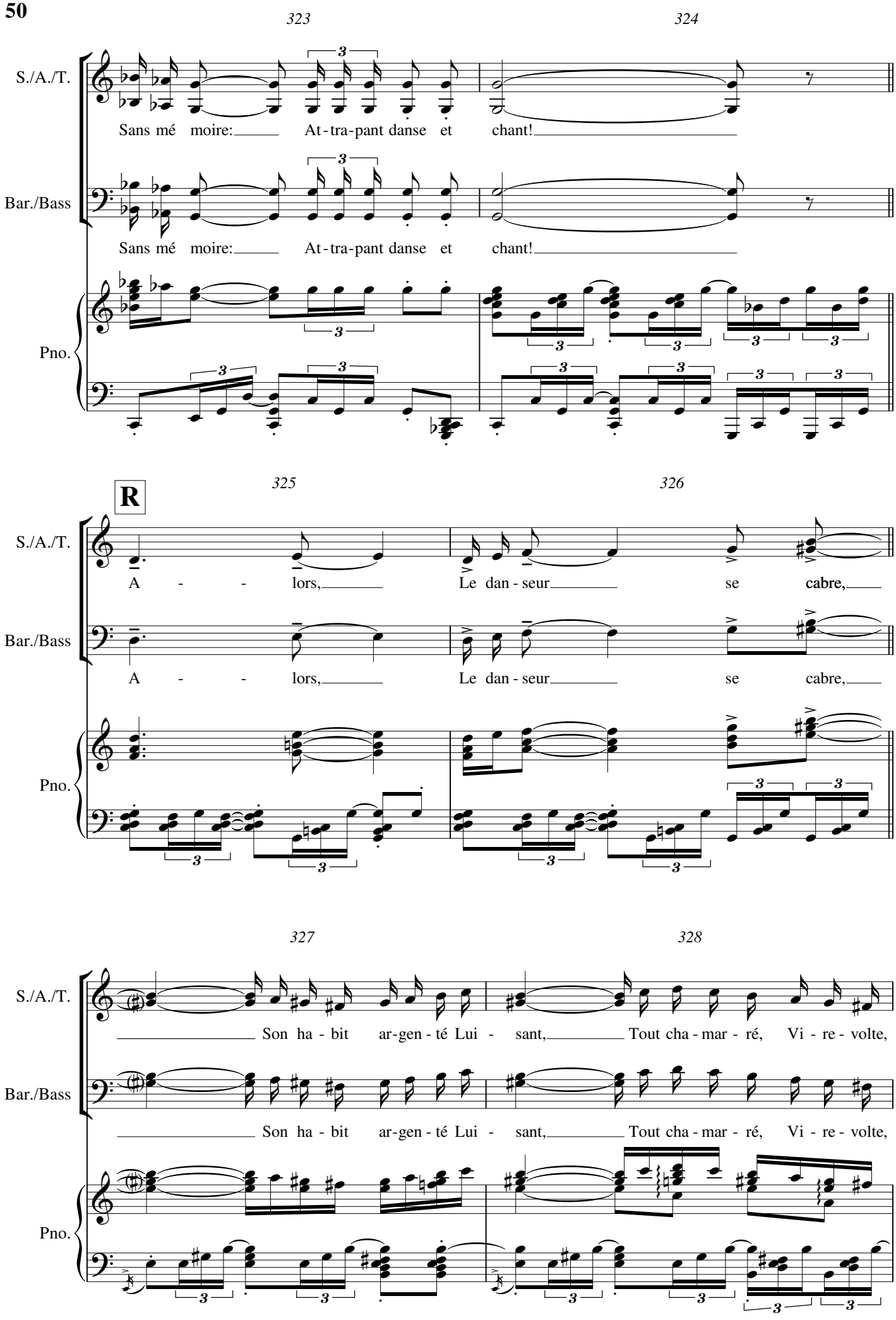

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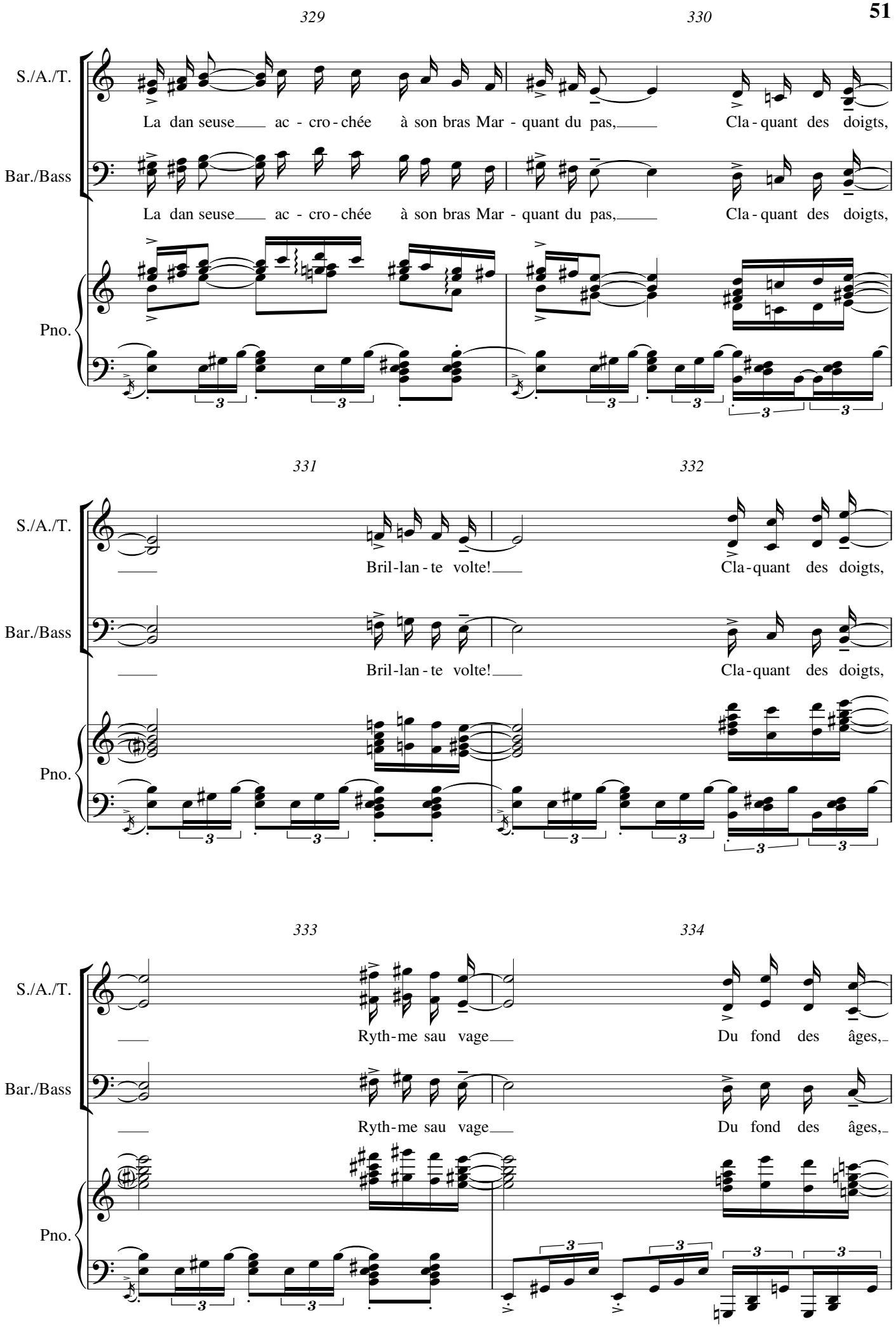

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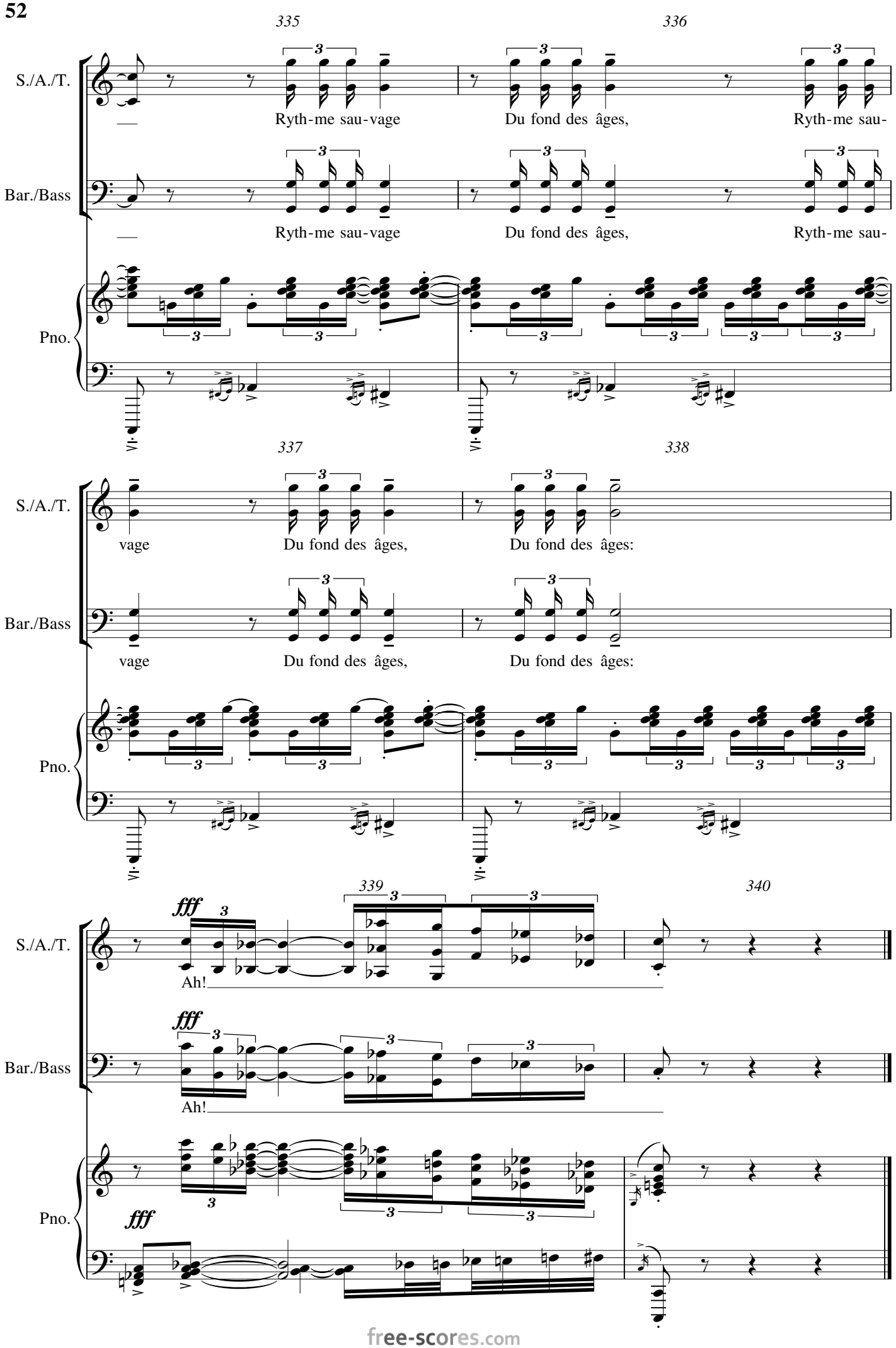

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CHOIR

Boléro

Maurice Ravel
Arrt.(texte et musique):
Colette Mourey

Tempo di Bolero moderato assai ♩ = 72

Soprano & Alto & Tenor (8b)

Baritone & Bass

pp

En - tends- tu, sous l'om-bre des tables, La gui-tare ca- chée?

7

Bar./Bass

San - glo - tant tou - jours, Ses fris - sons nous par - lent d'a - mour!

9

Bar./Bass

Jus-qu'au soir on l'en-ten-dra é-gre-ner Ses ar-pè-ges de sable.

13

Bar./Bass

É - cou - te le chant de la gui - tare! L'or y mi - re nos a - marres!

15

Bar./Bass

Ma - tin fer - vent, Bois la vie du

16

Bar./Bass

vent: Mé - lo - die folle S'é - par - pil-le/au sol! Là, l'ac - cord, ma - çon,

18

Bar./Bass

S'im-brique dans les au - tres sons: Sur la basse, De - ve - nant dan-se/et

20

Bar./Bass

chant Tour - bil - lon - nant!

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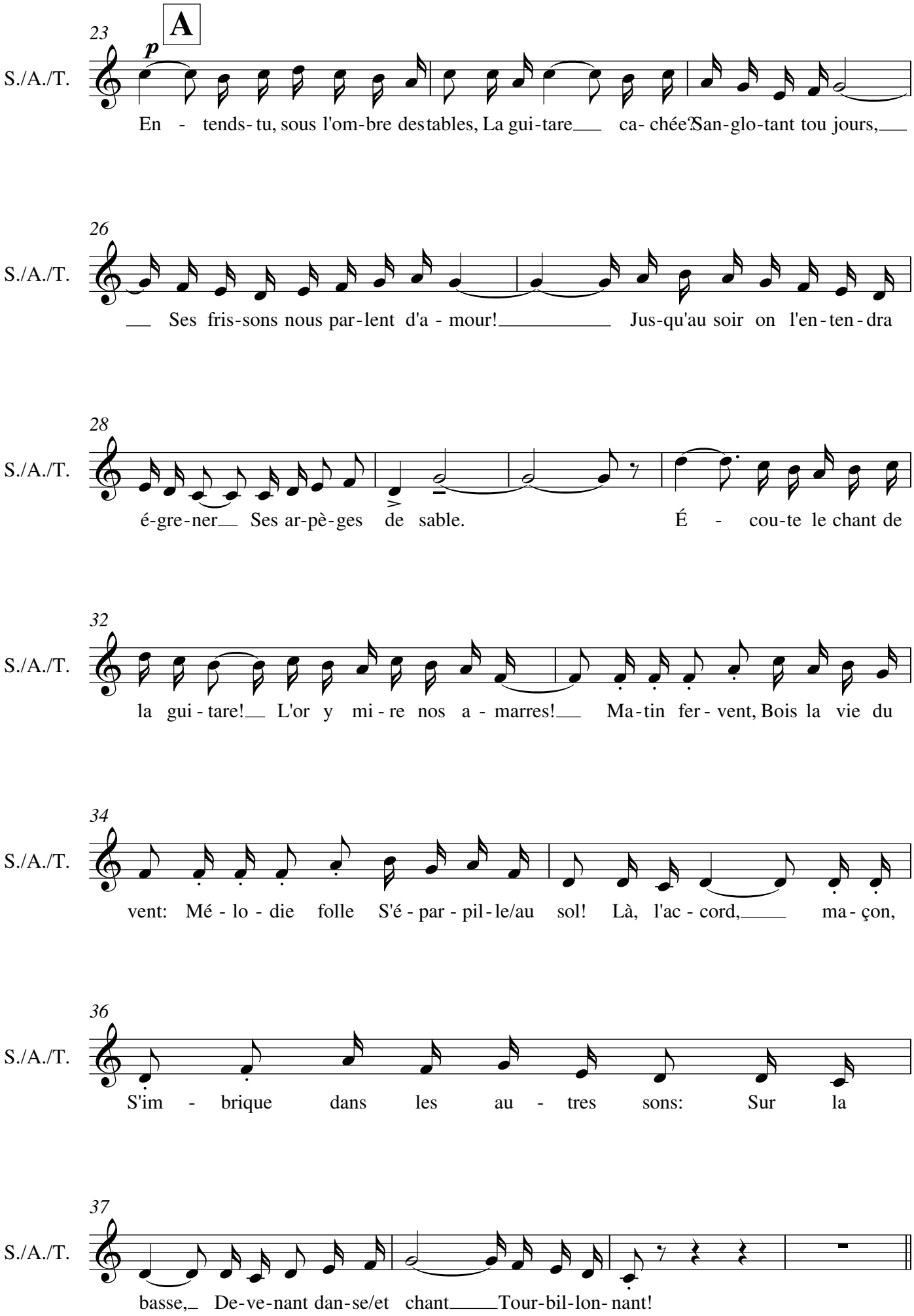

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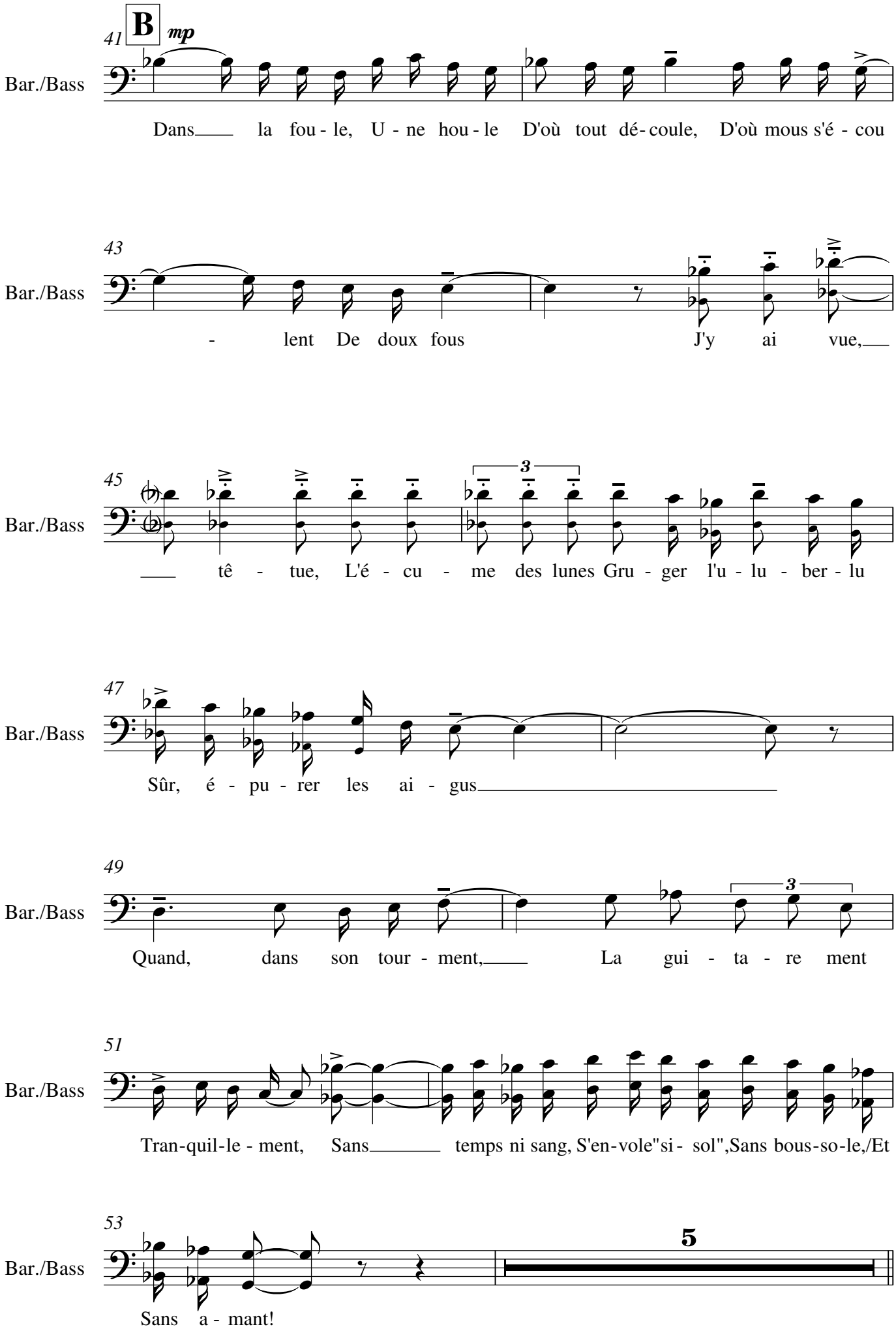

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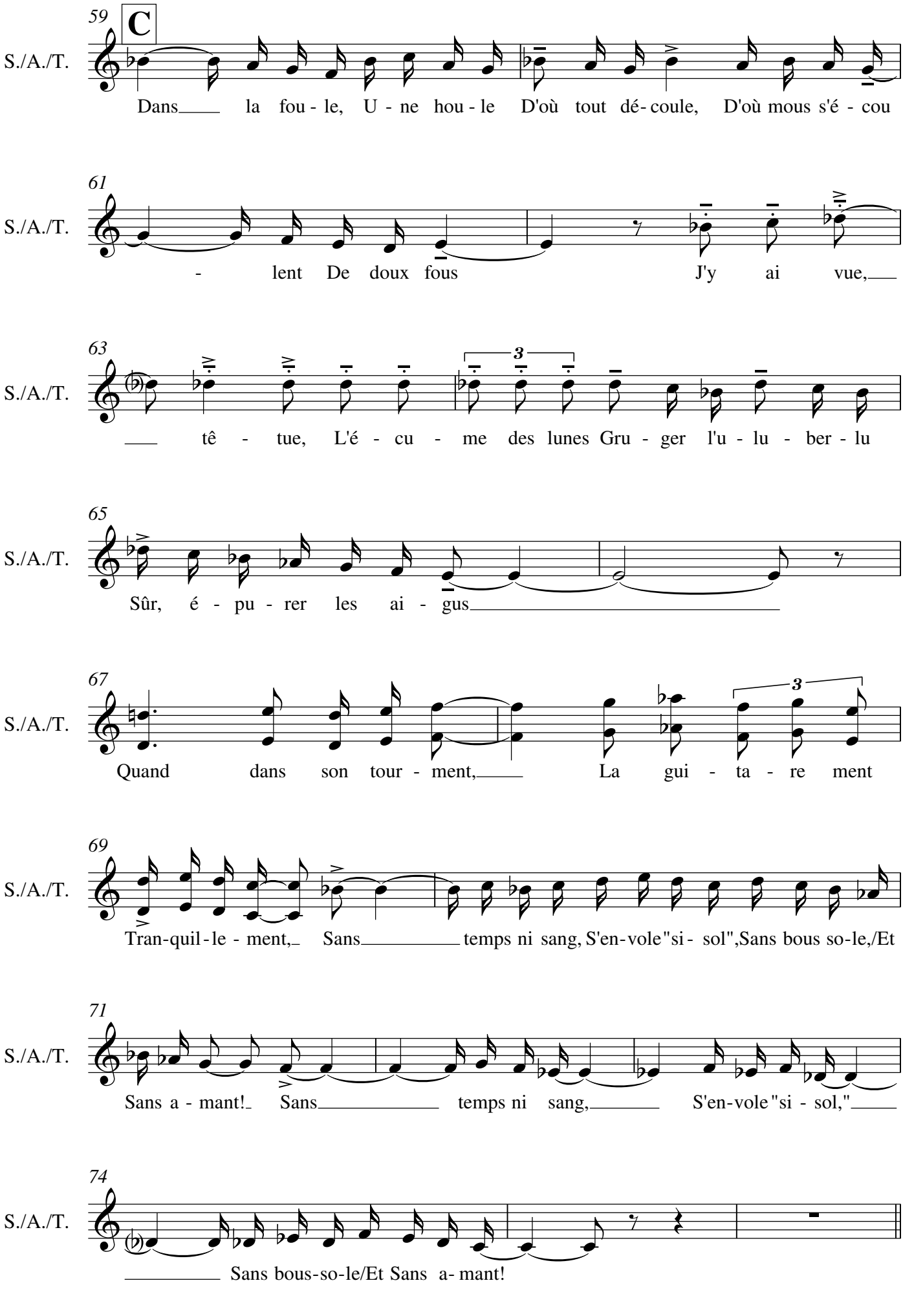

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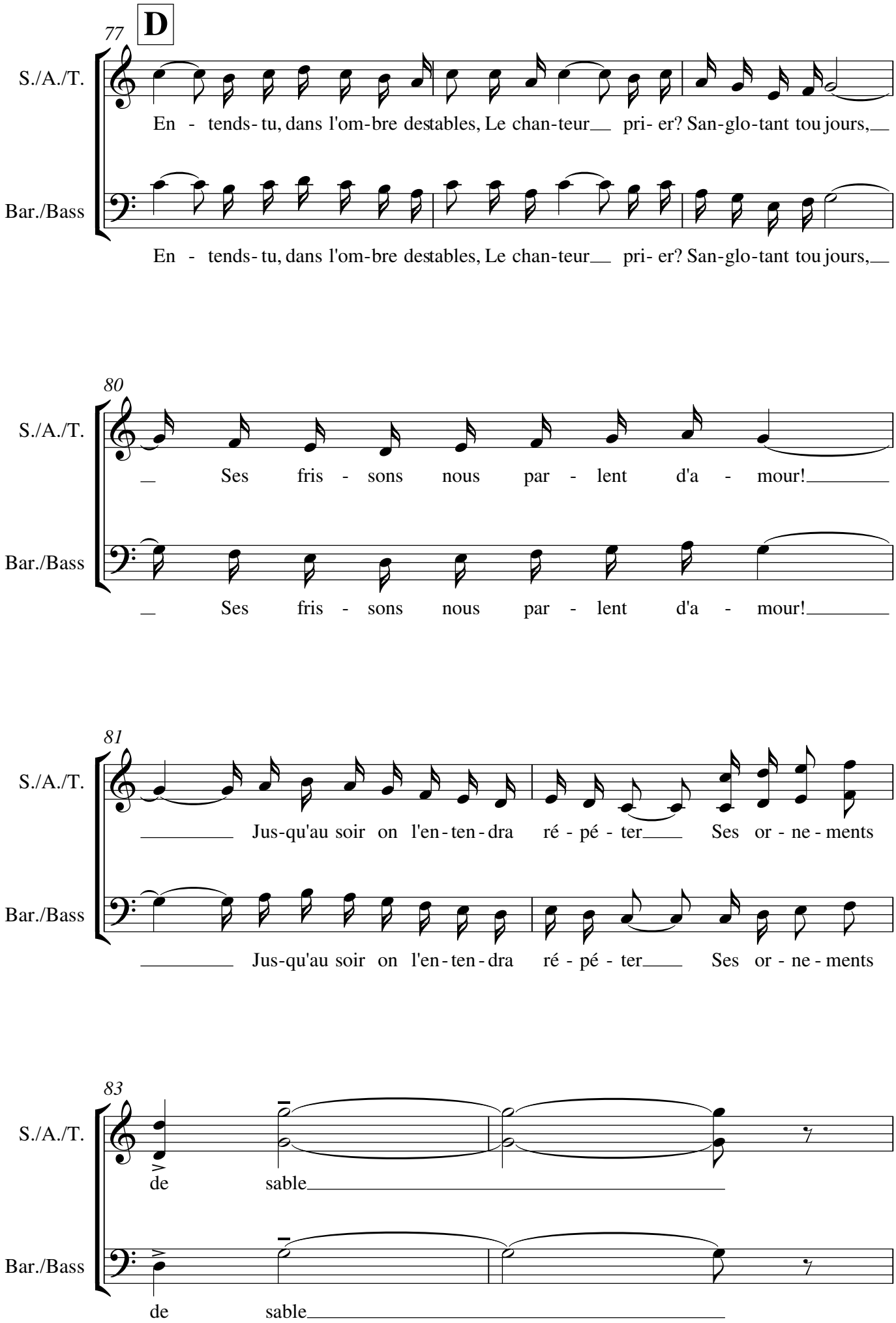

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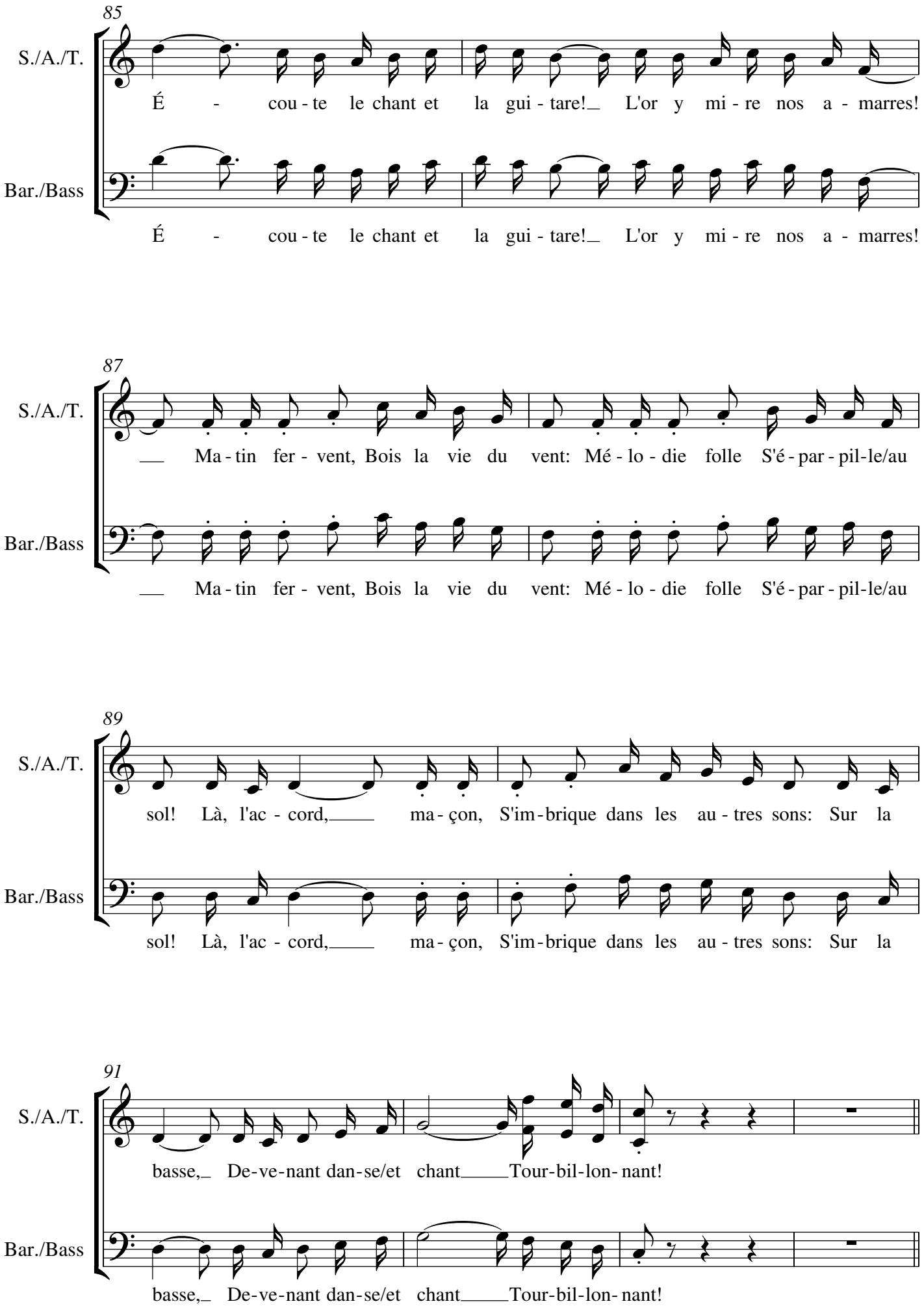

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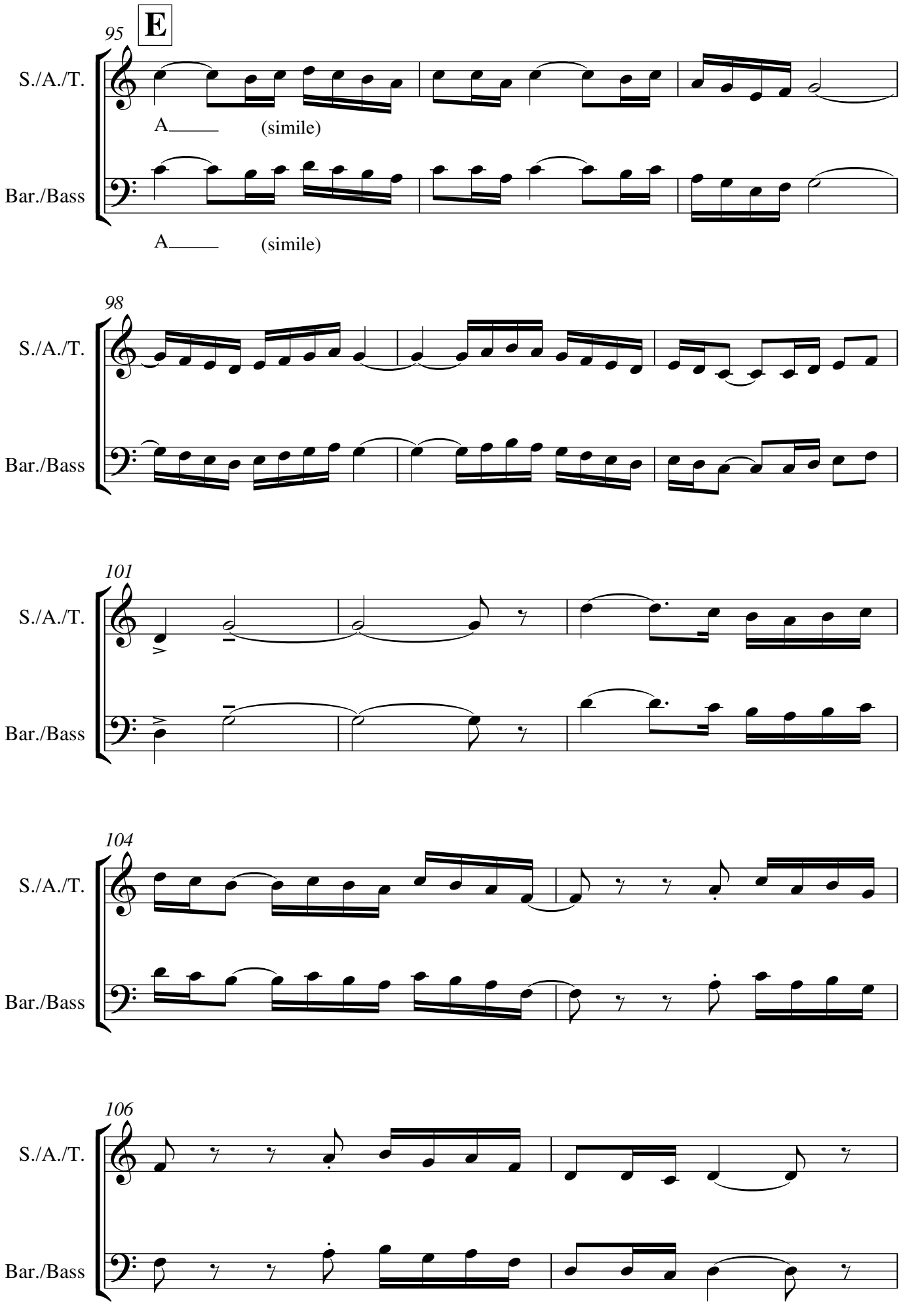

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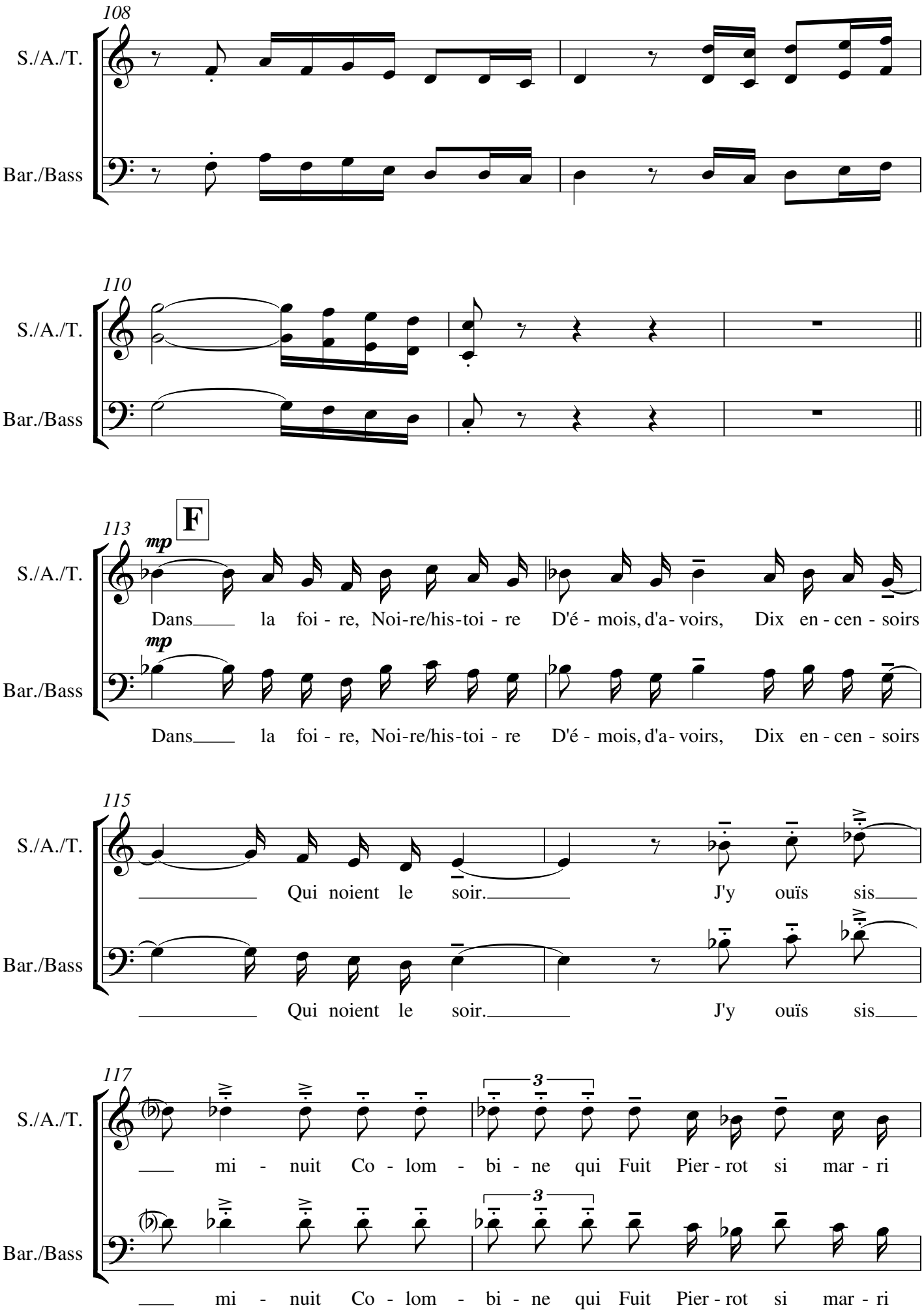

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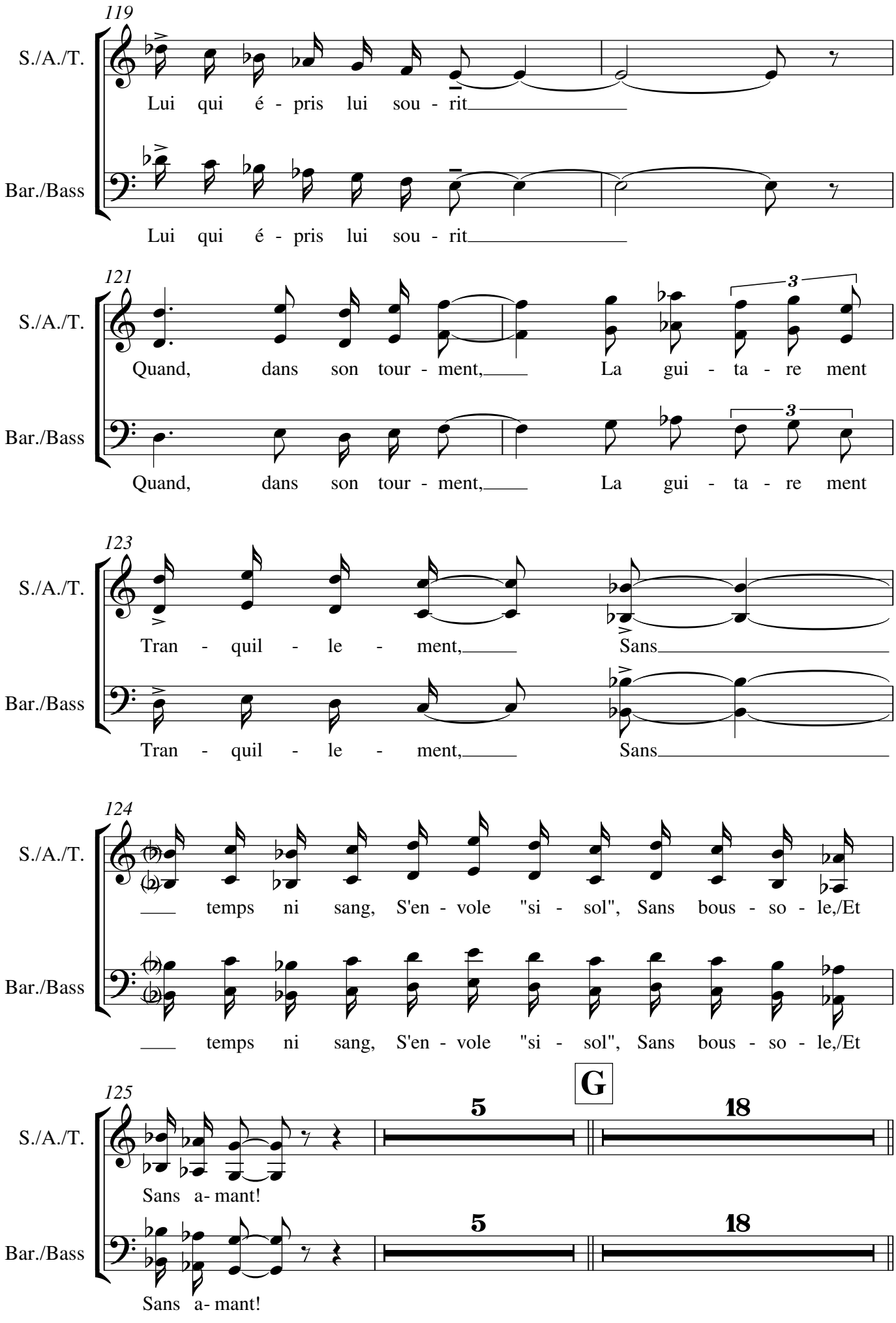

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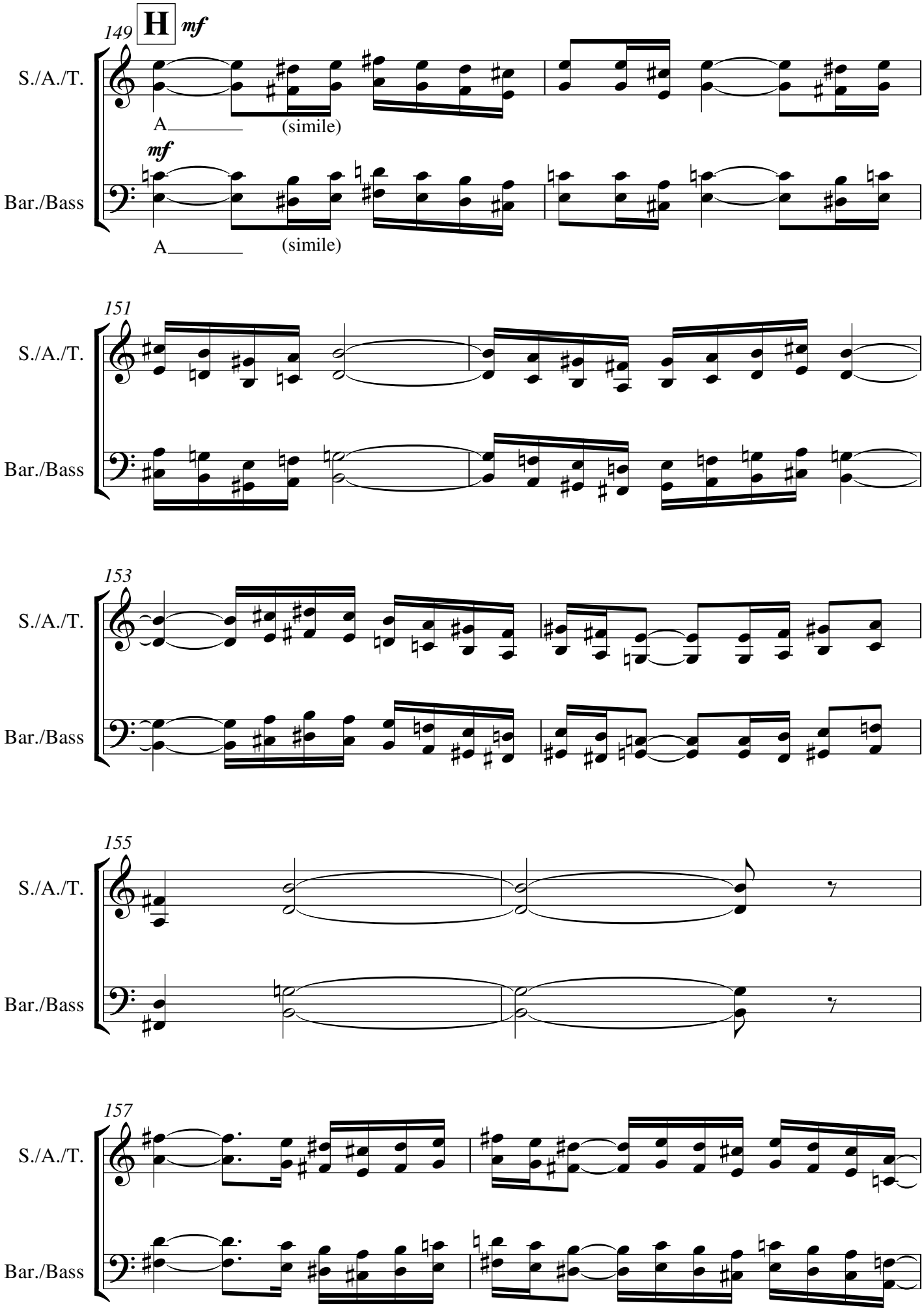

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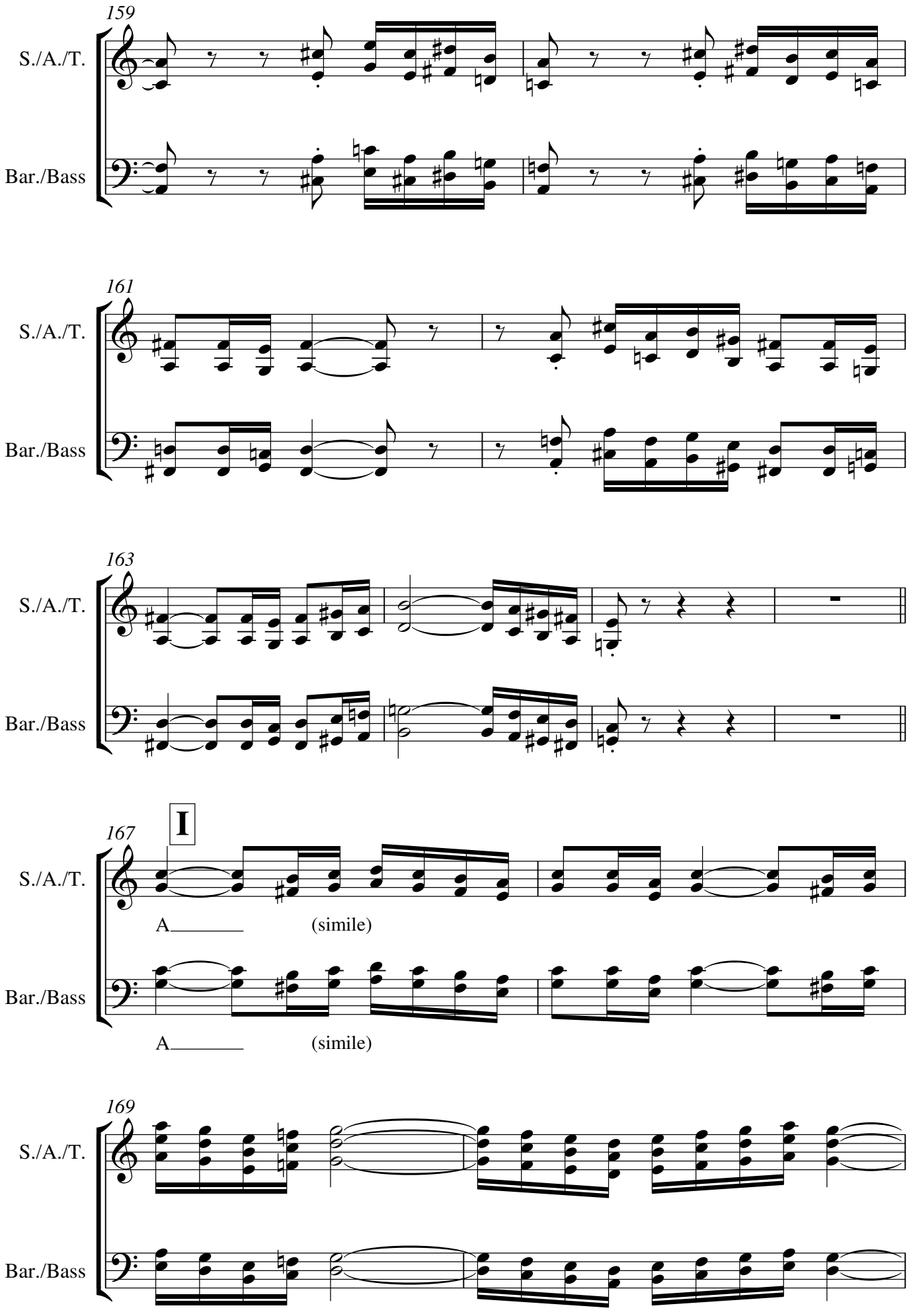

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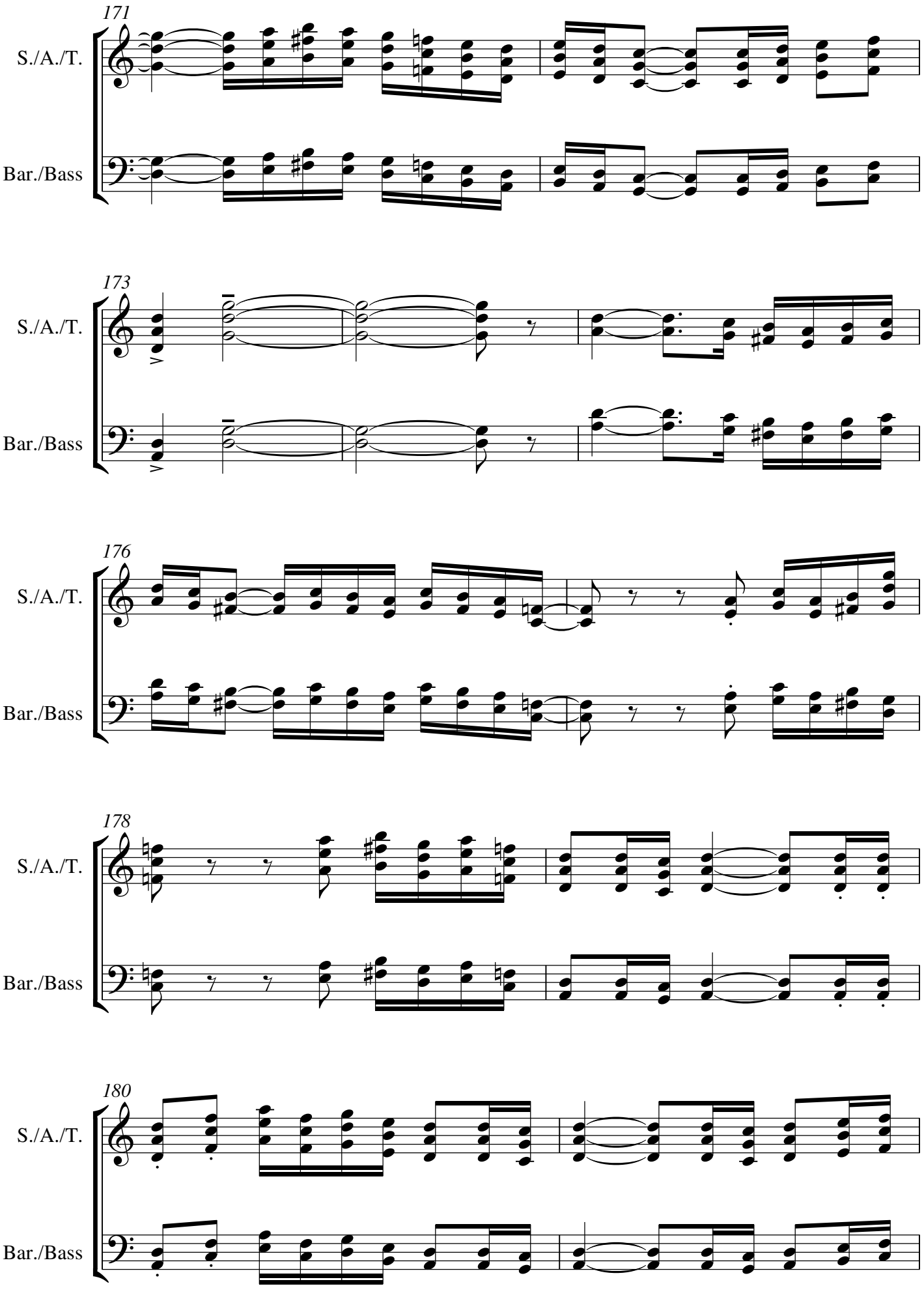

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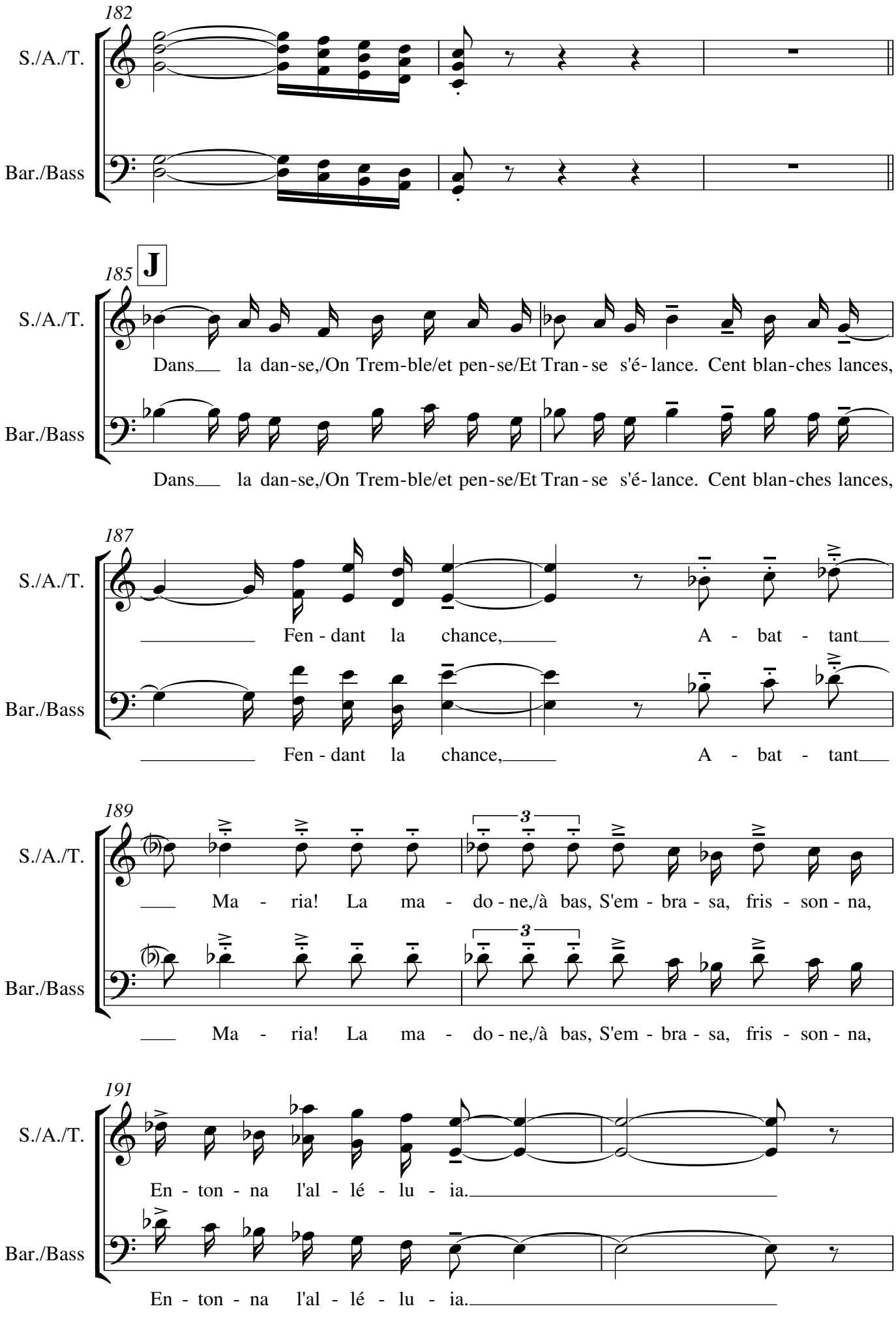

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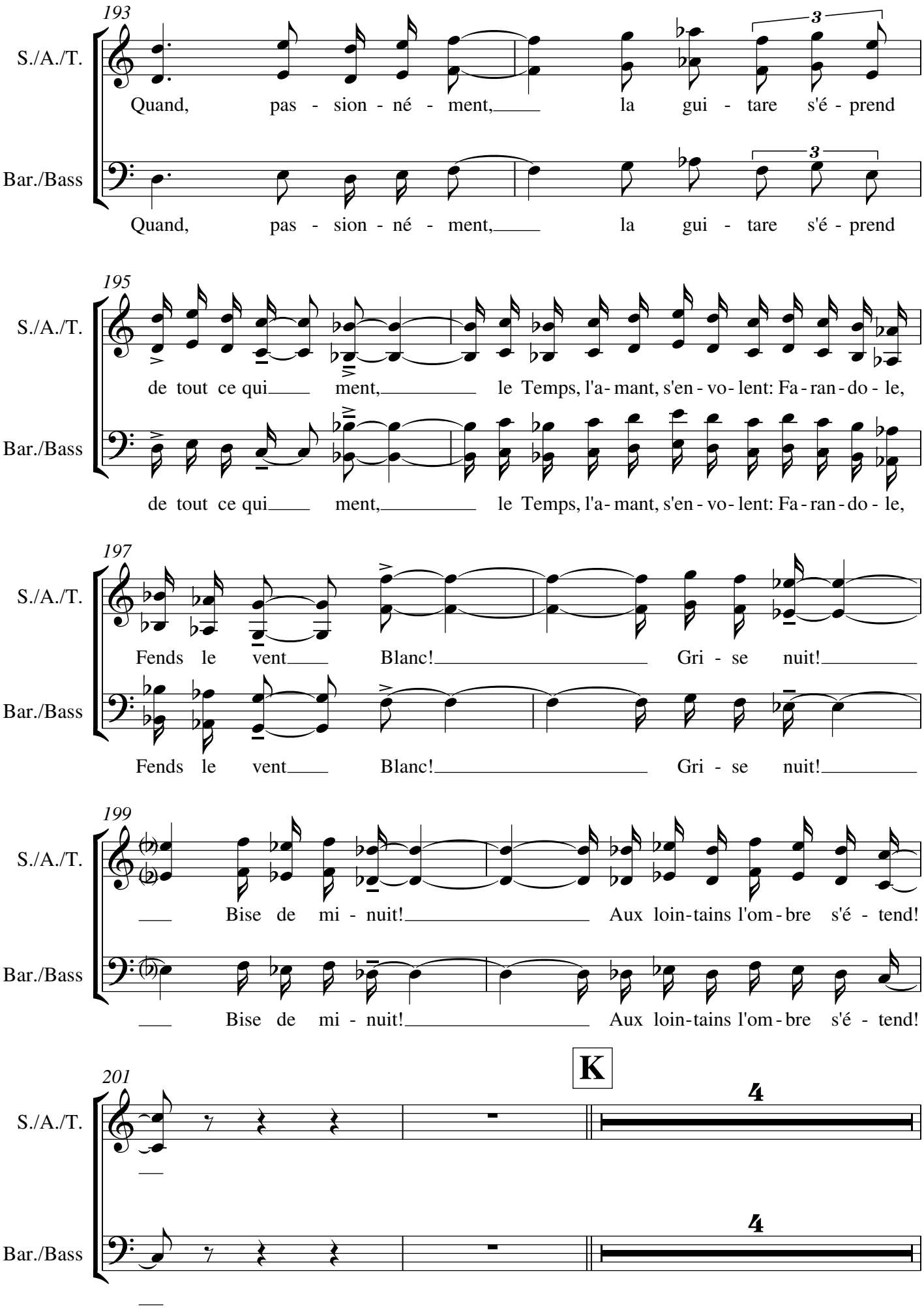

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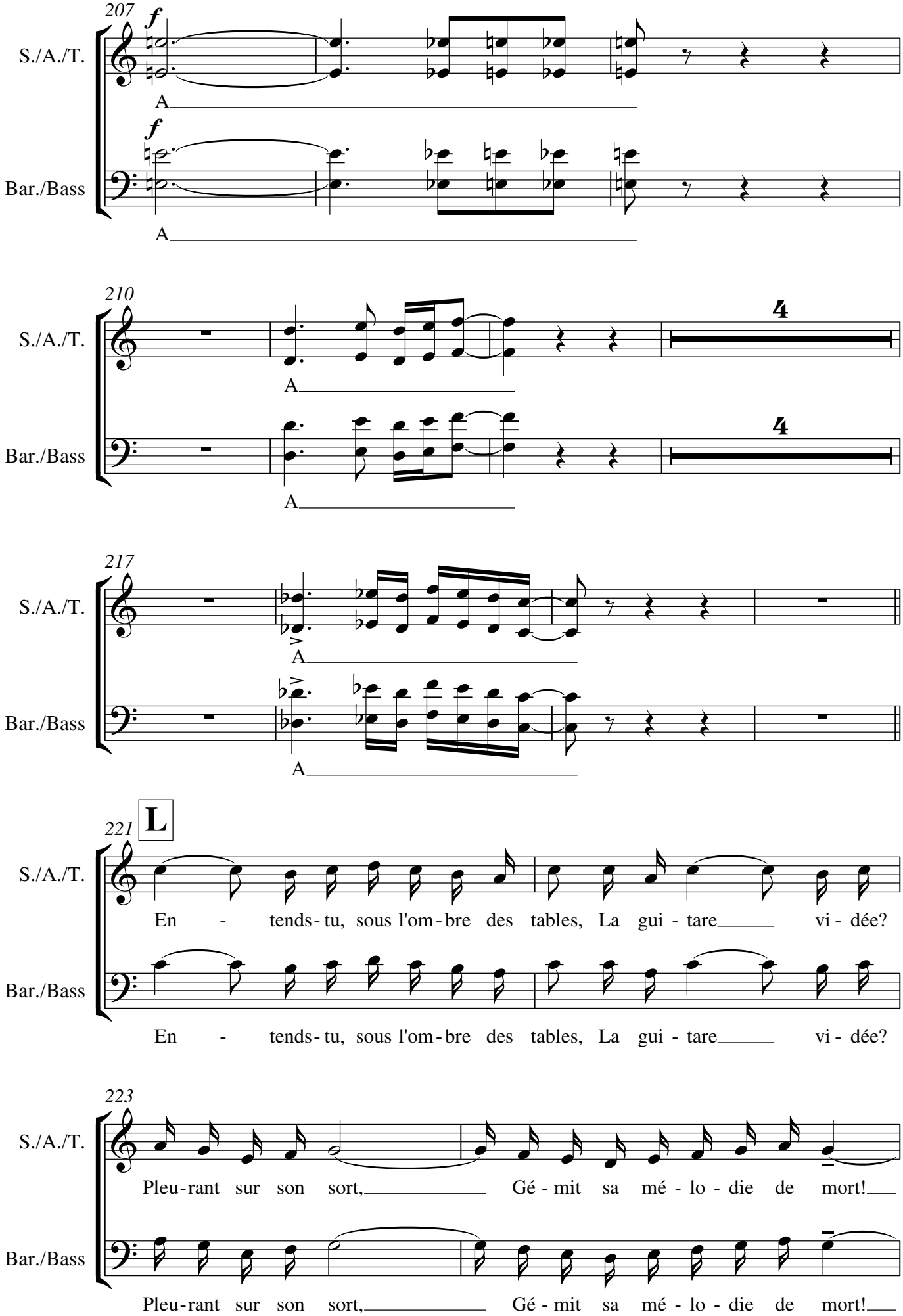

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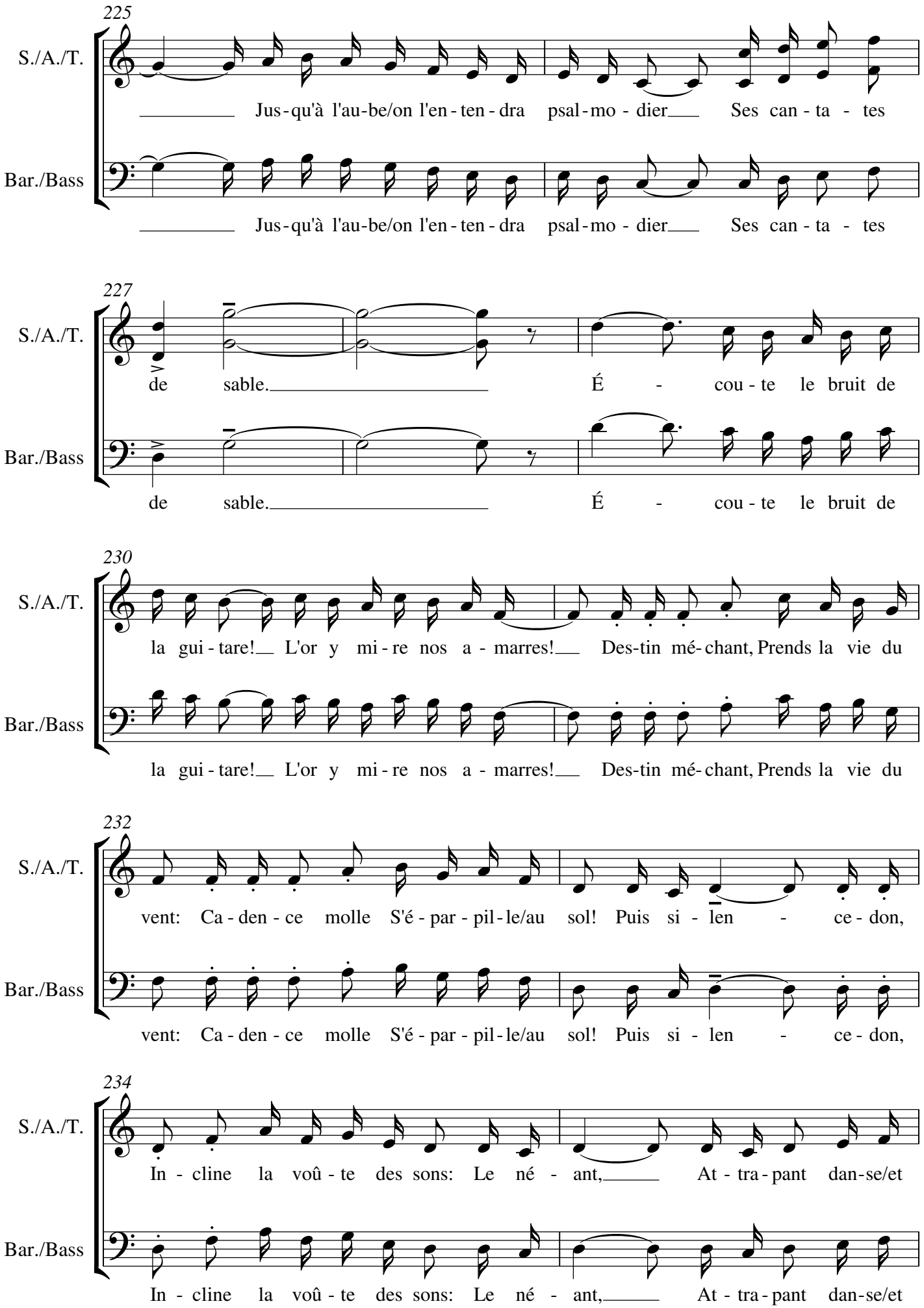

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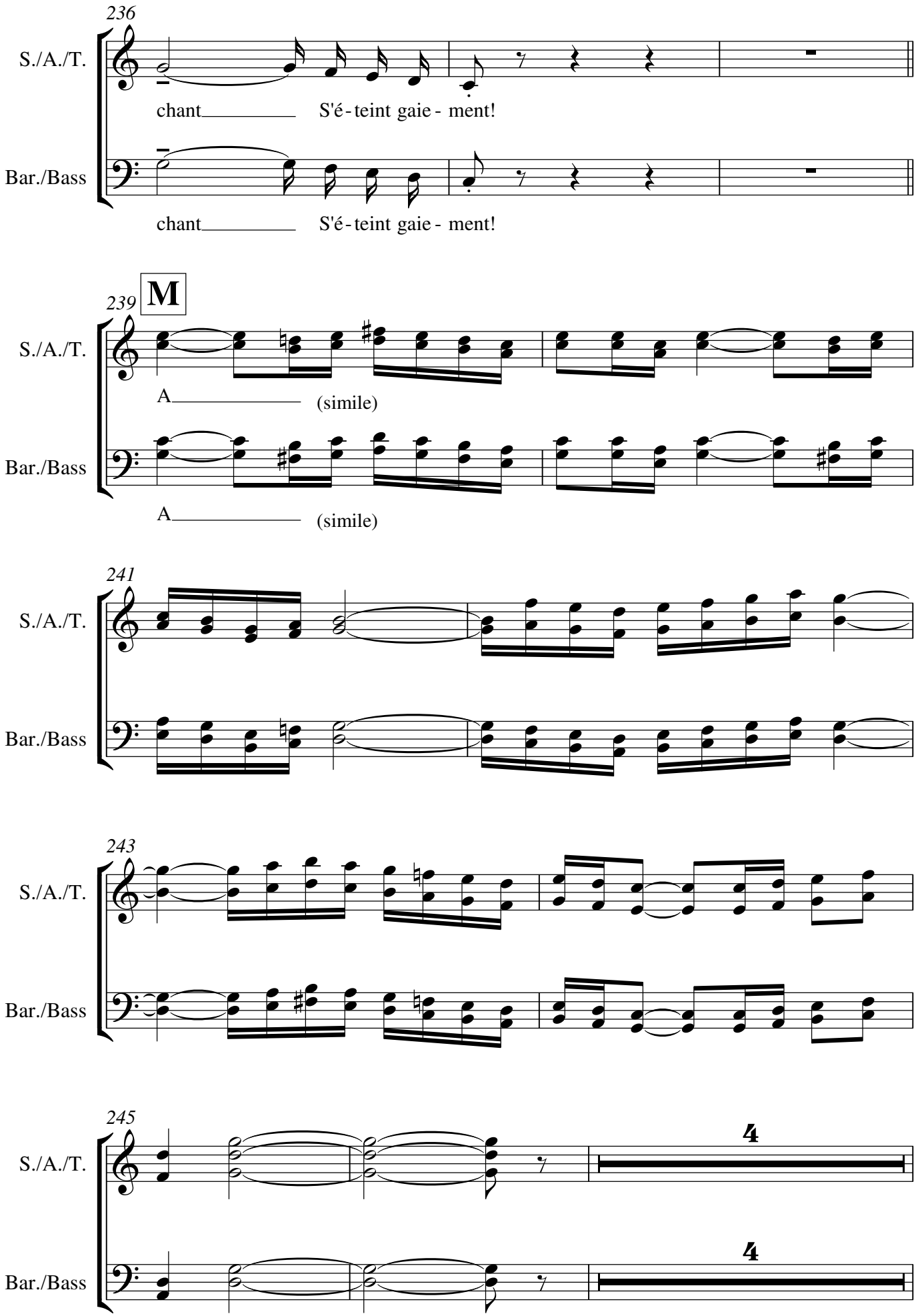

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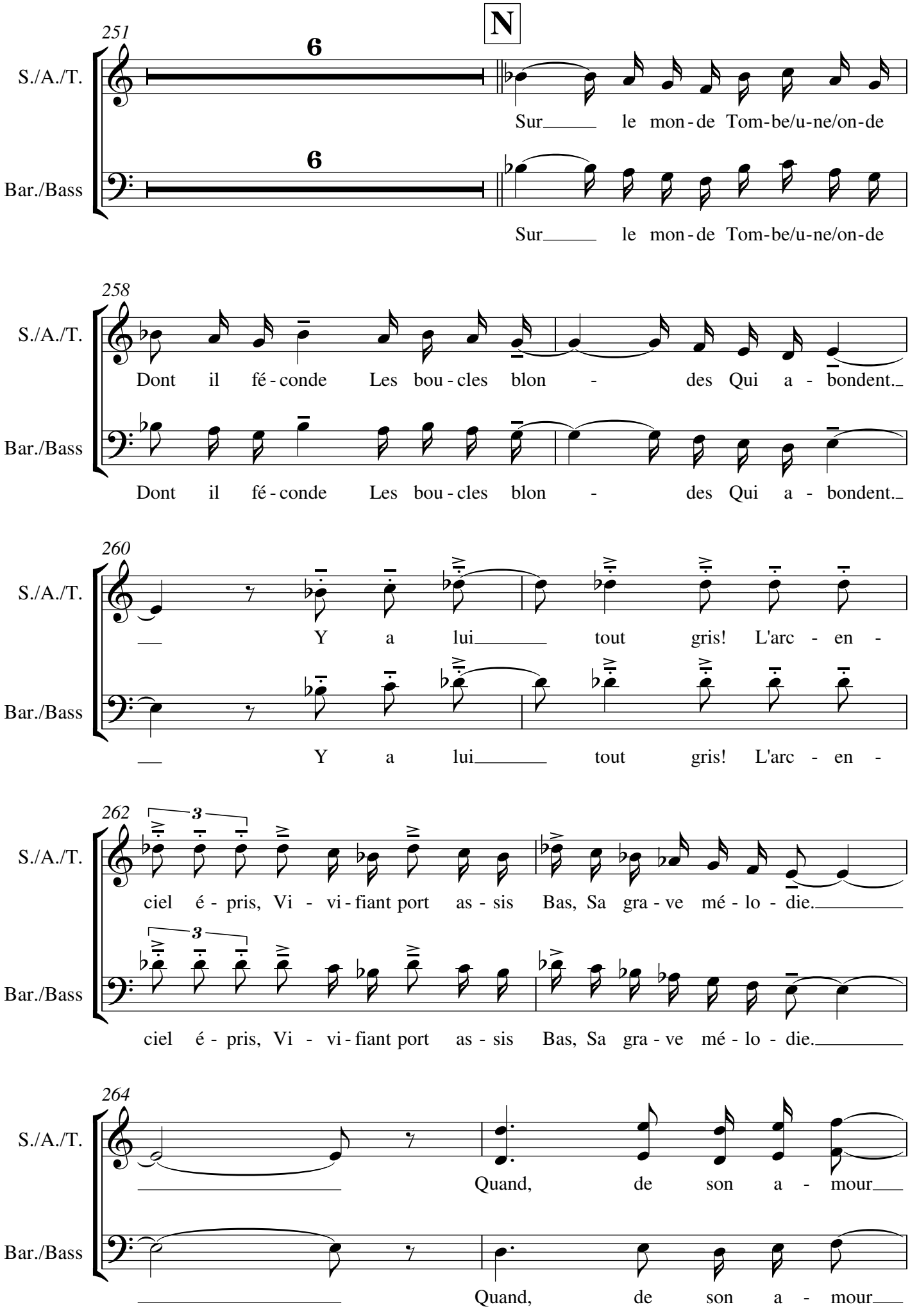

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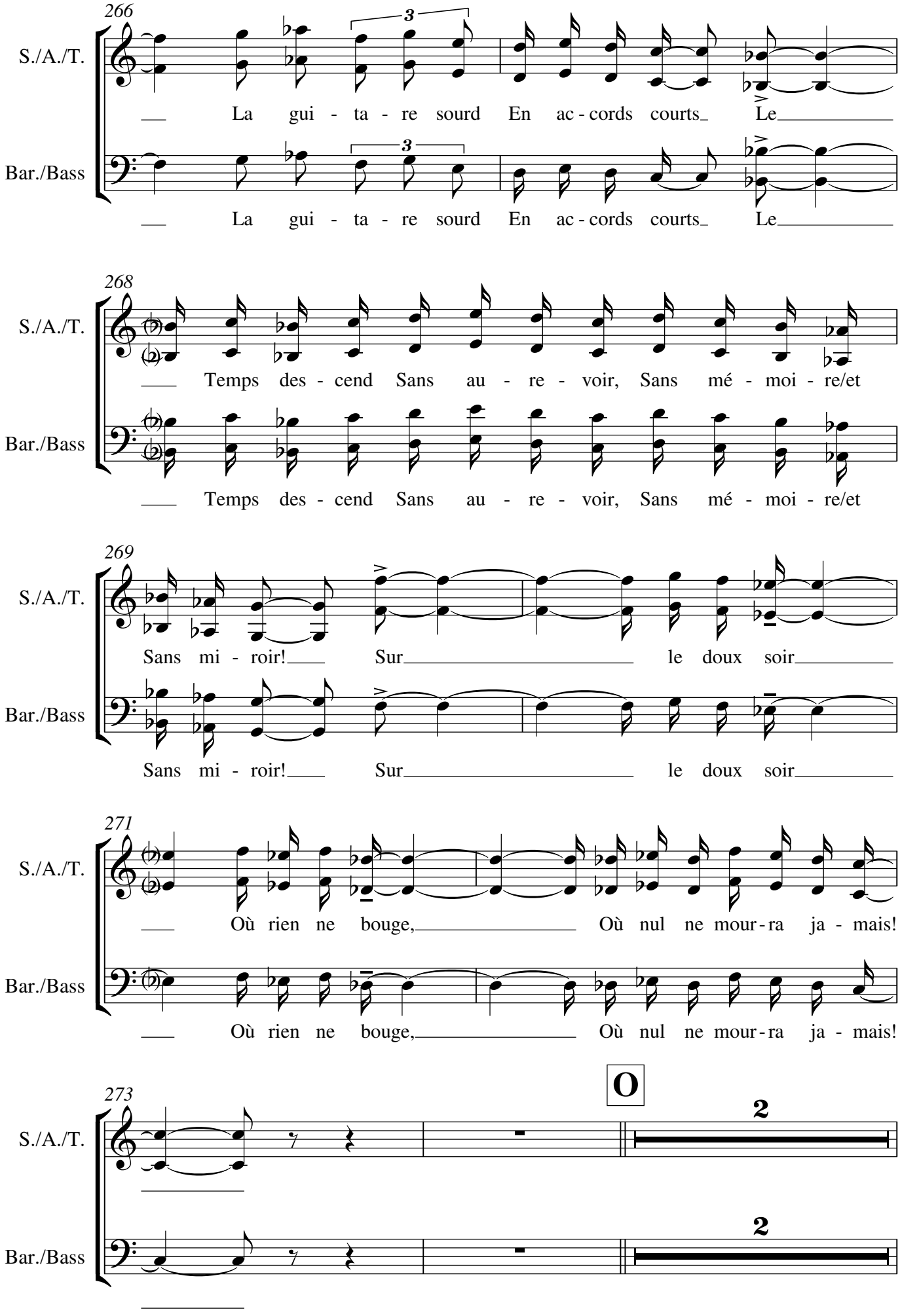

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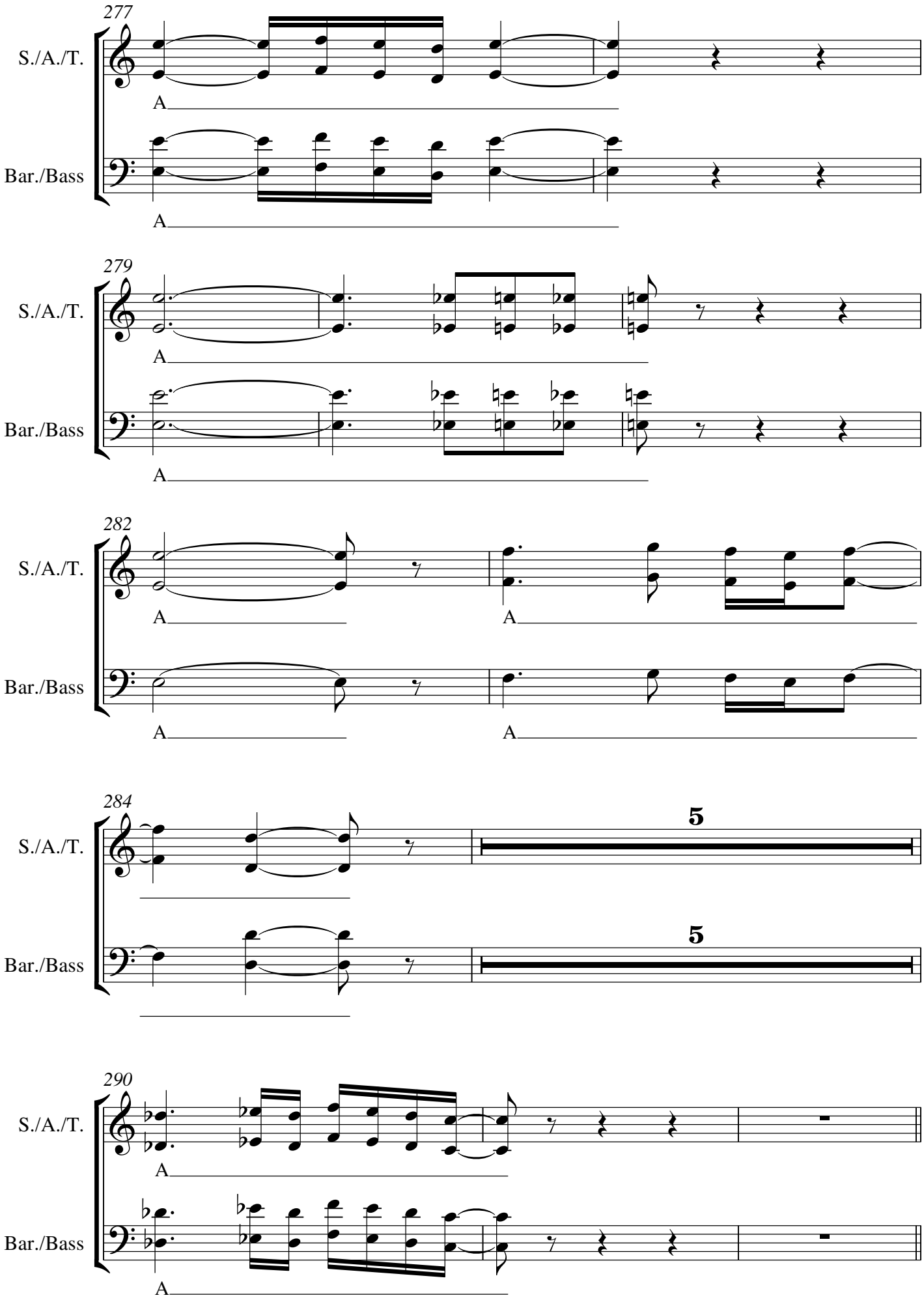

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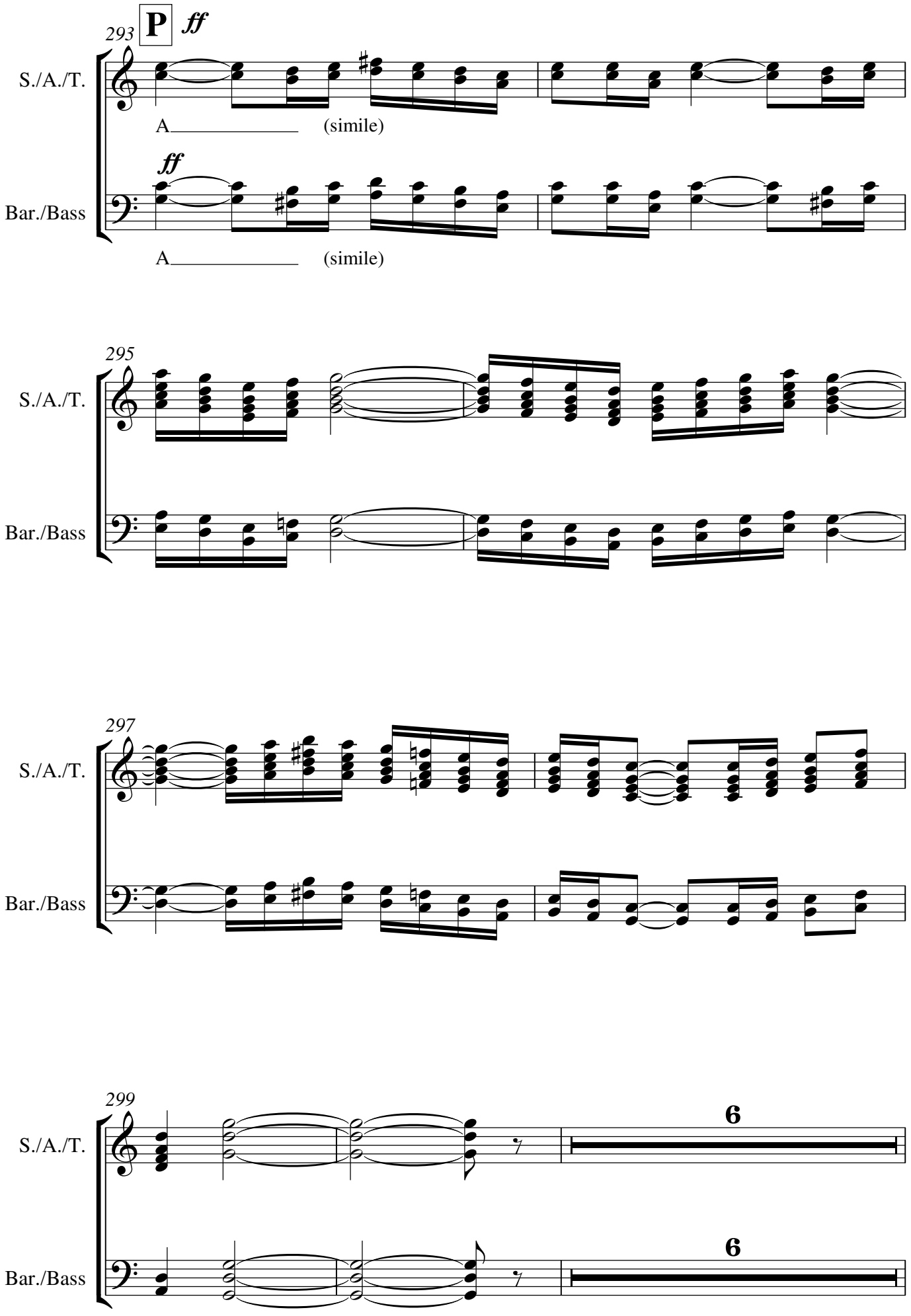

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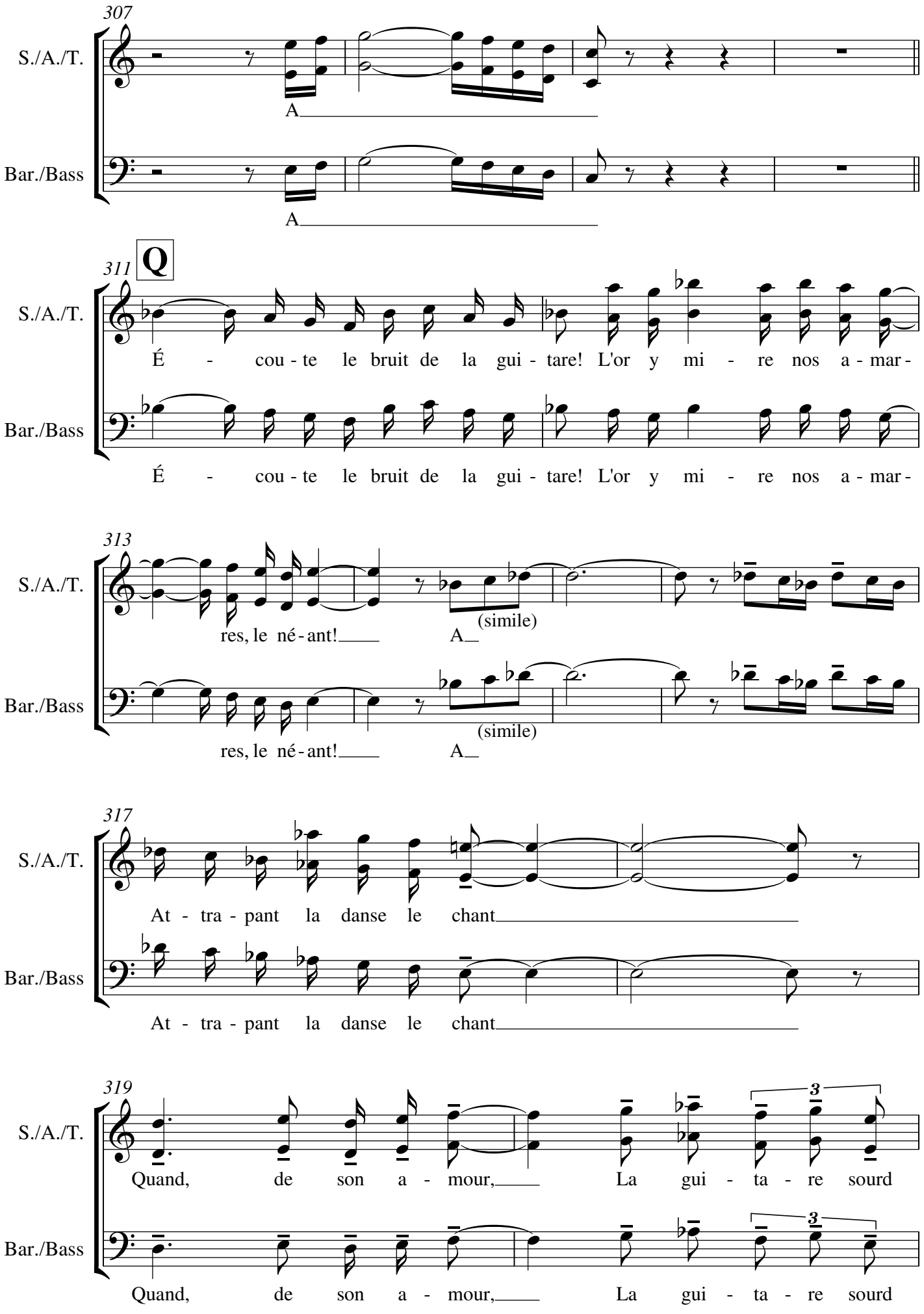

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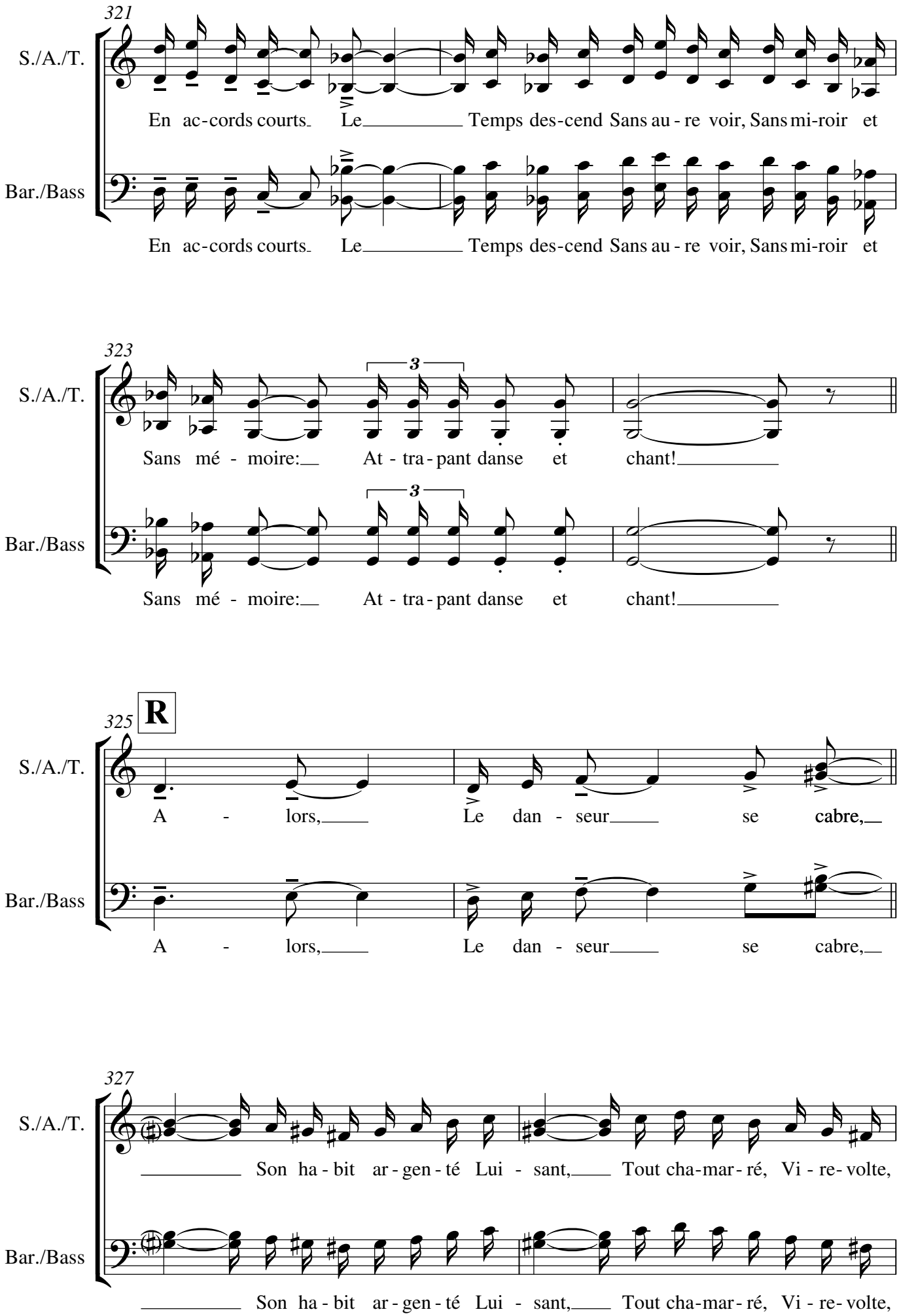

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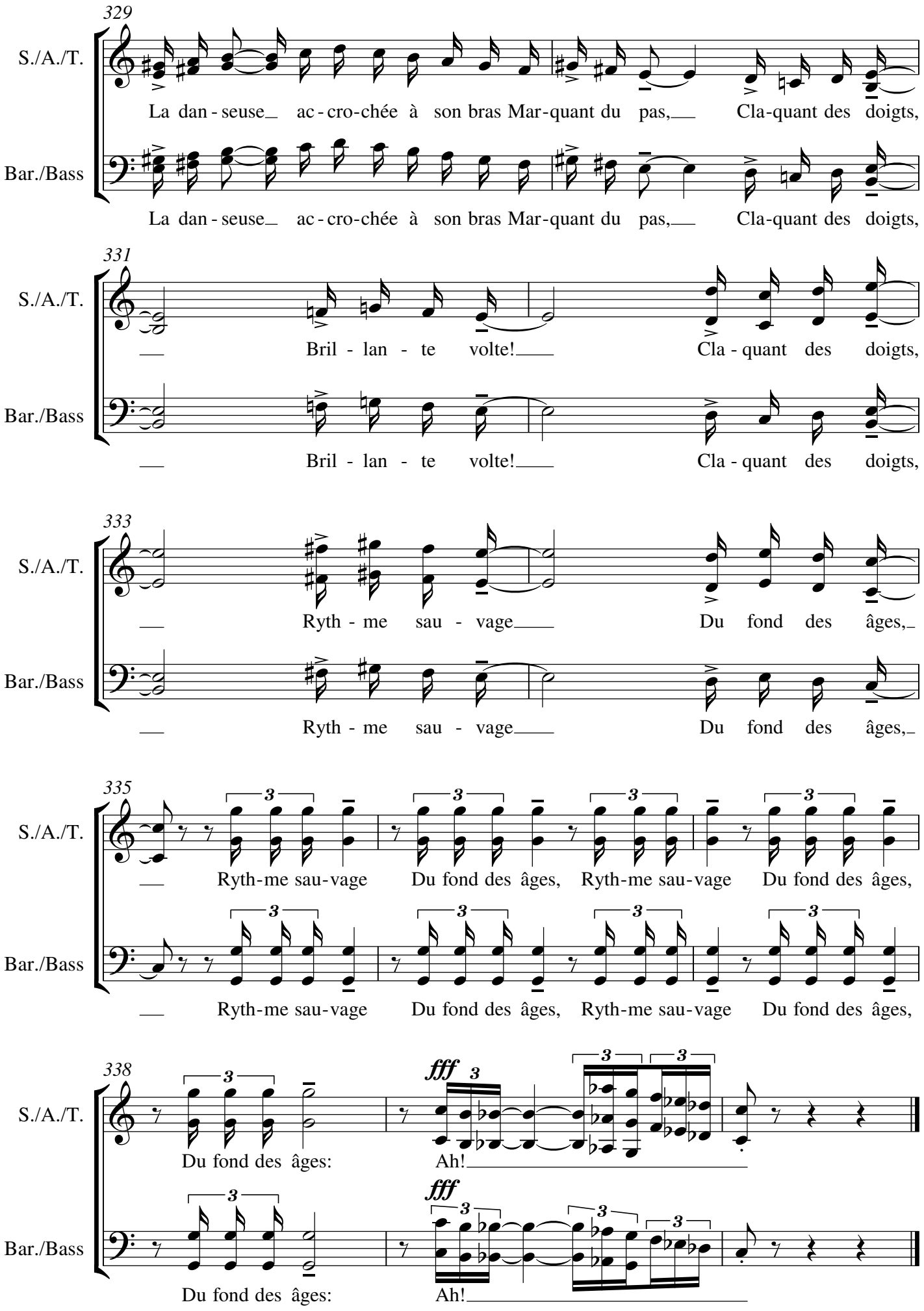

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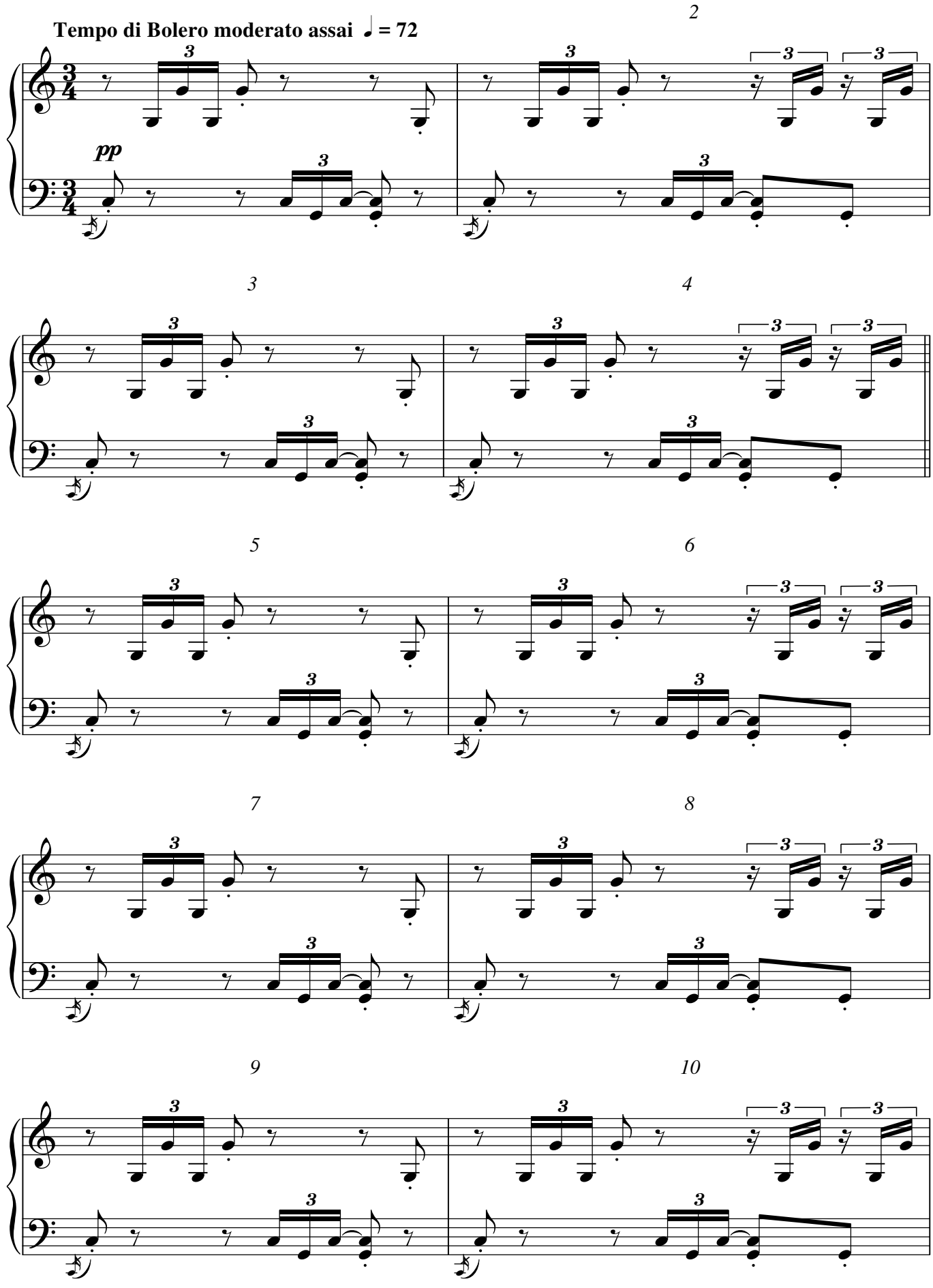
PIANO

Boléro

Maurice Ravel
Arrt.(texte et musique):
Colette Mourey

Tempo di Bolero moderato assai ♩ = 72

pp



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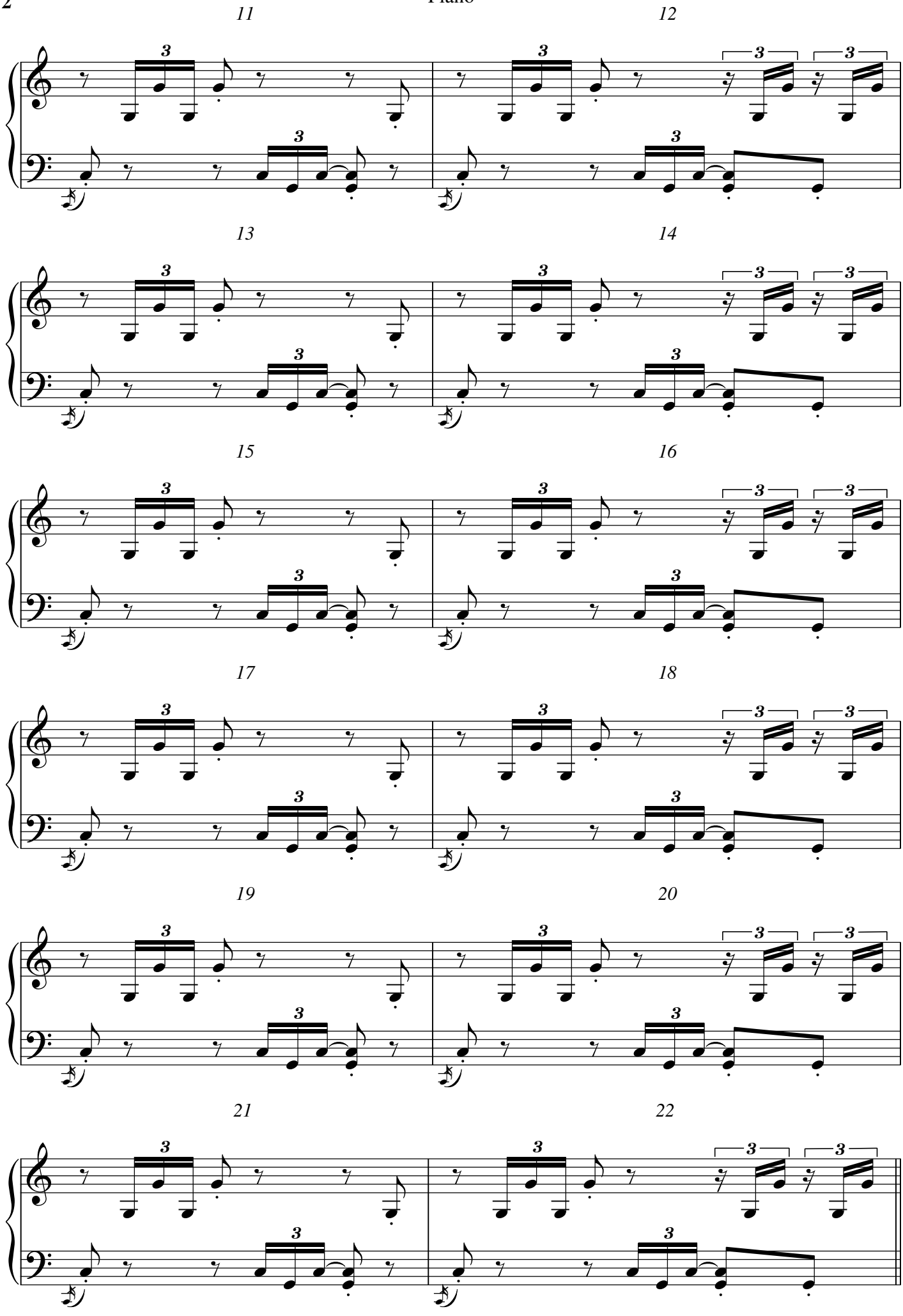

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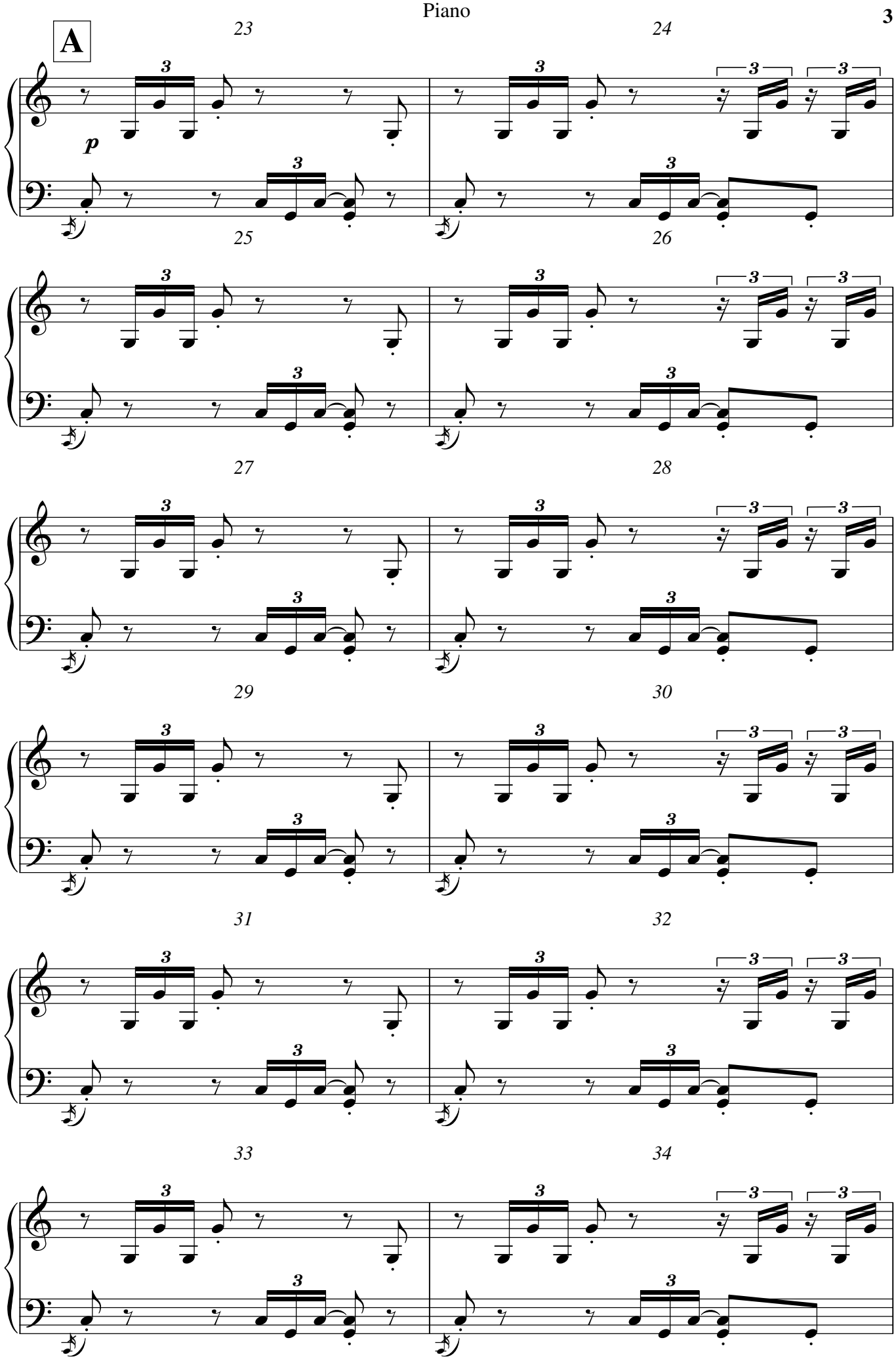

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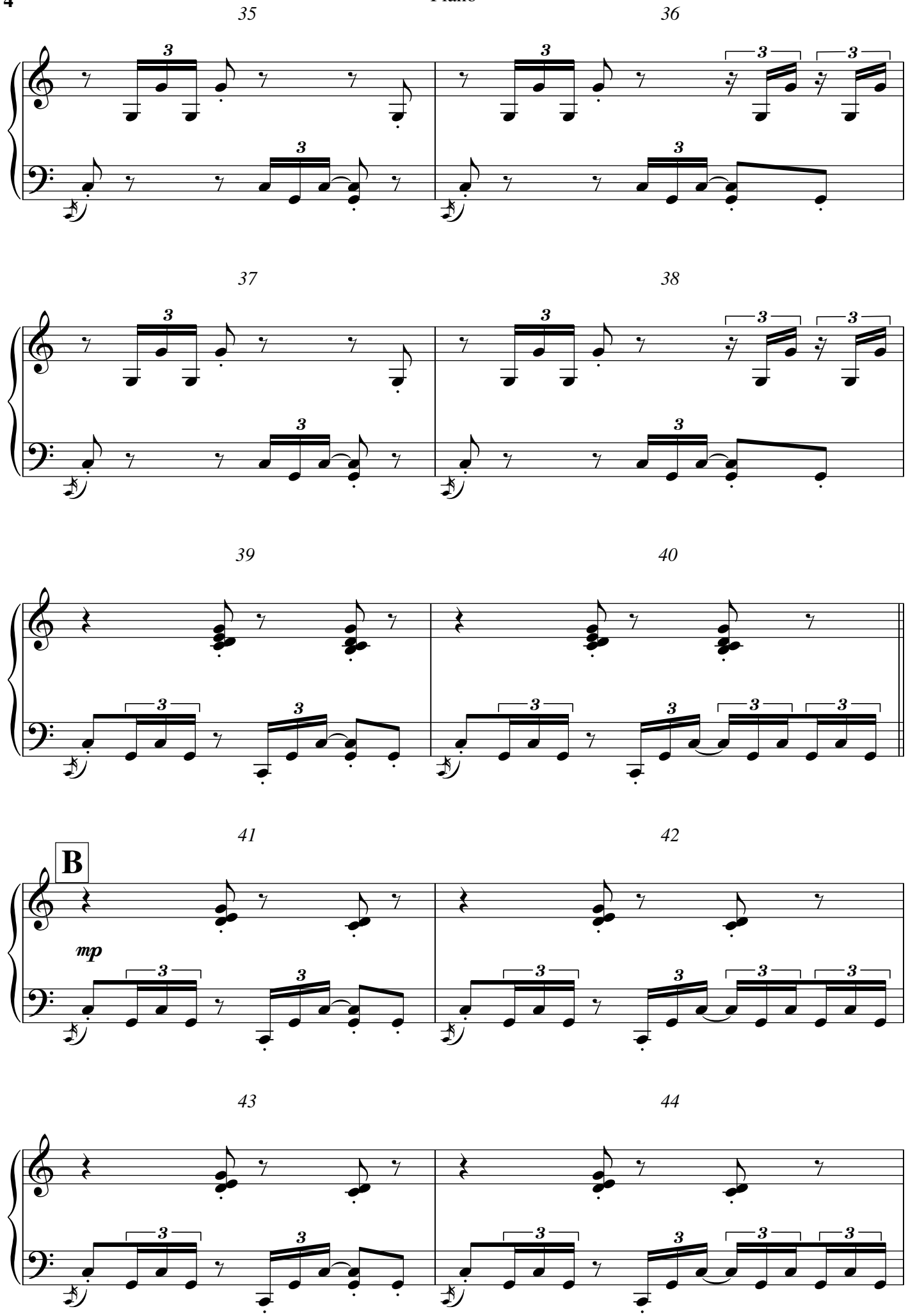

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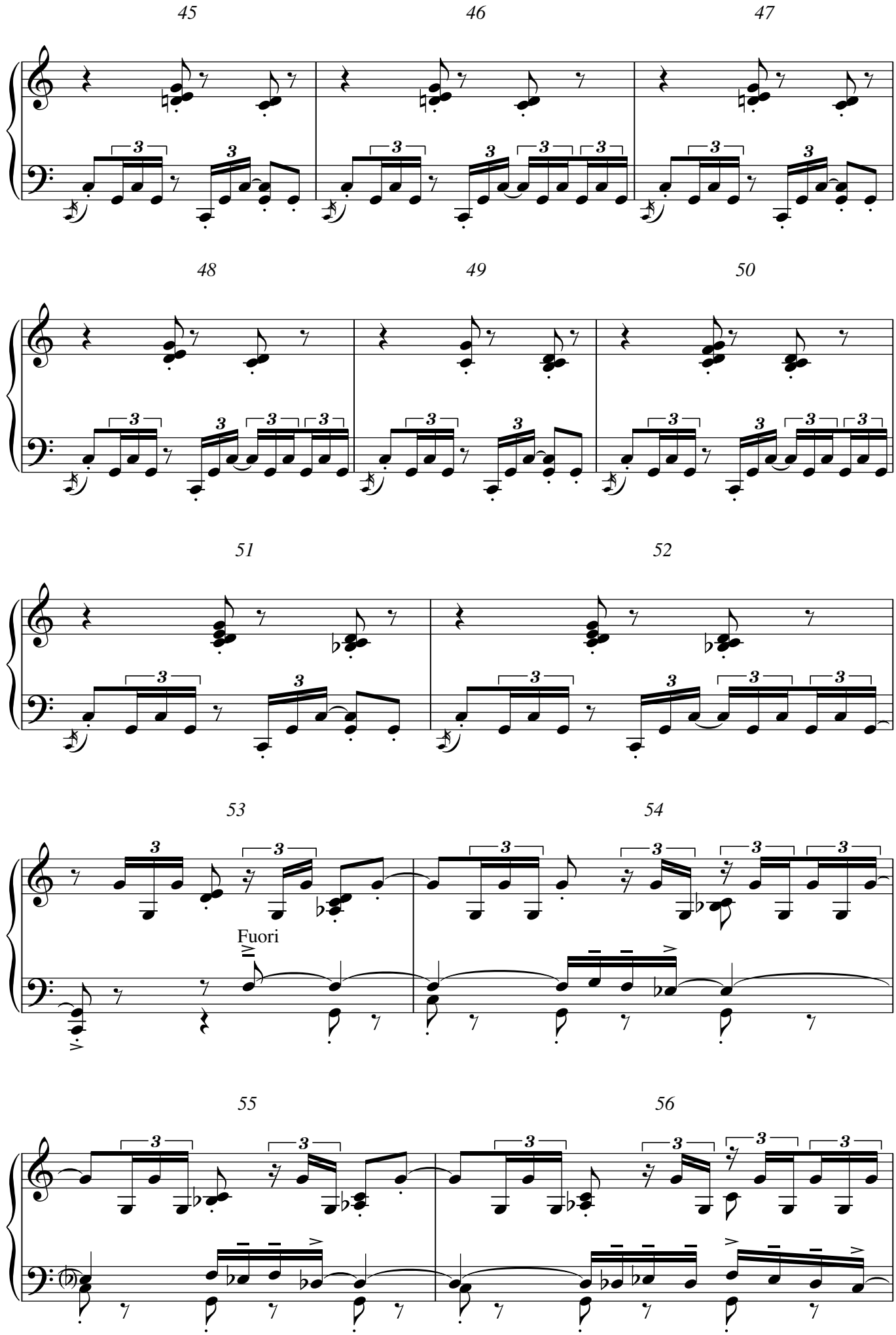

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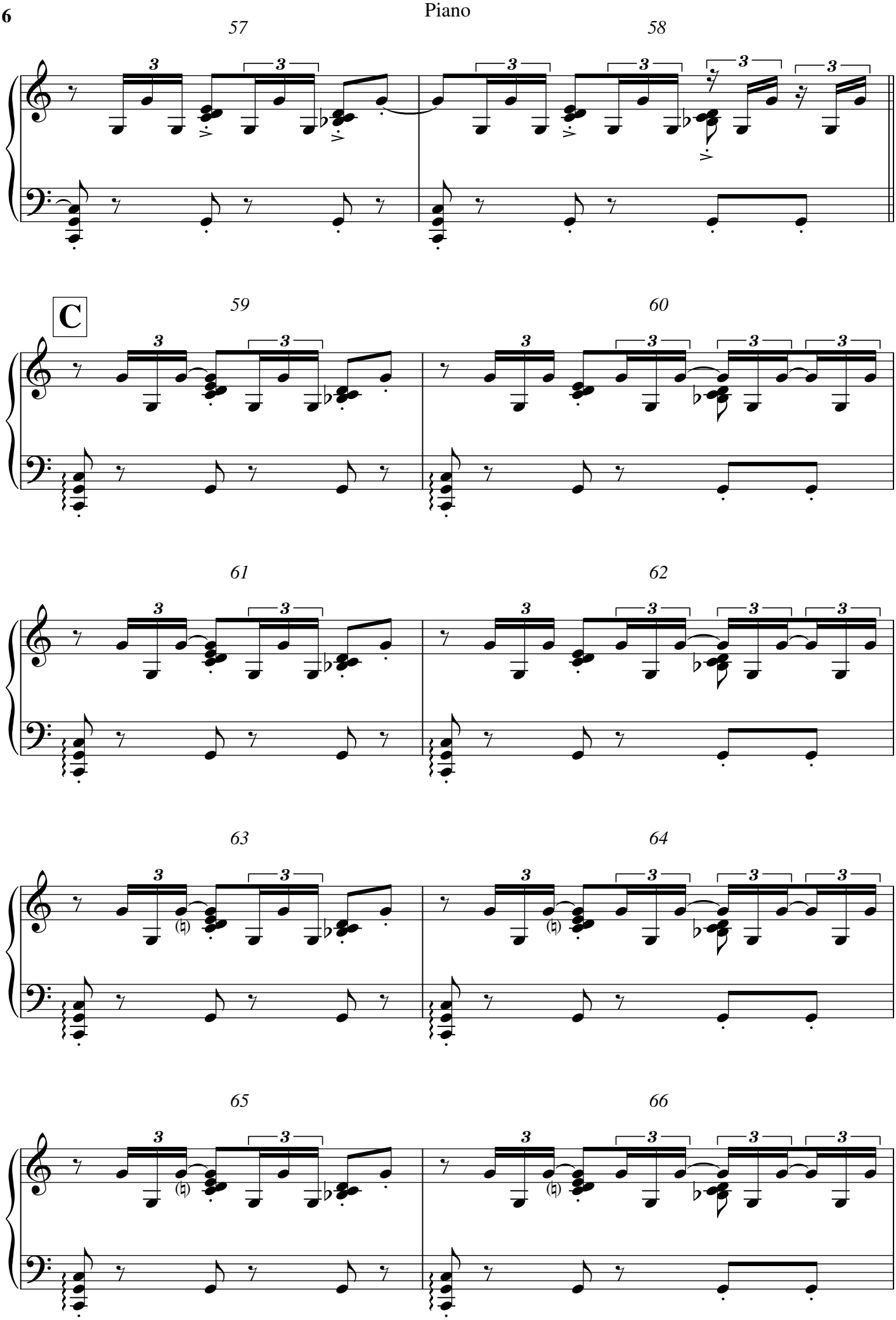

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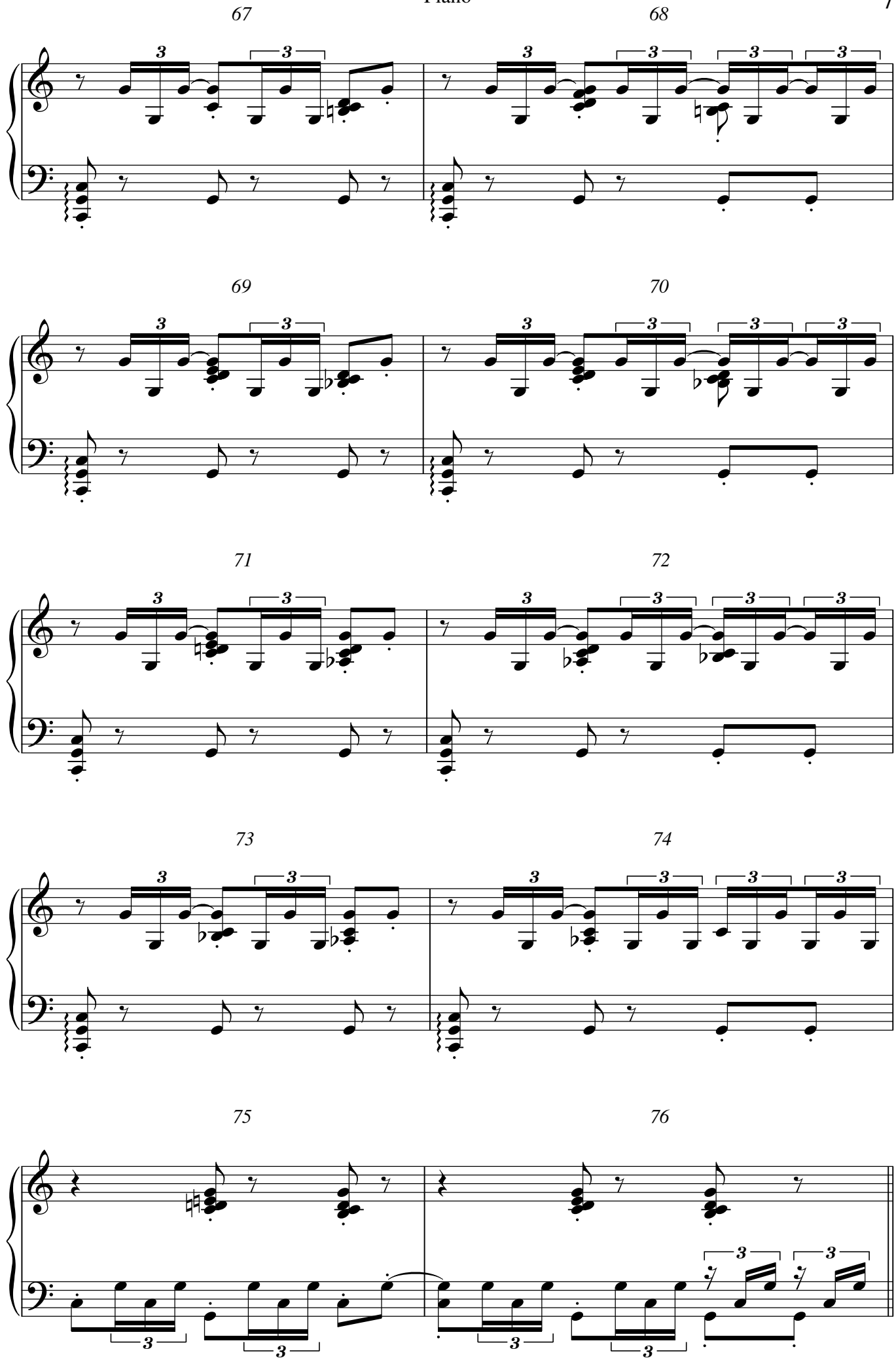

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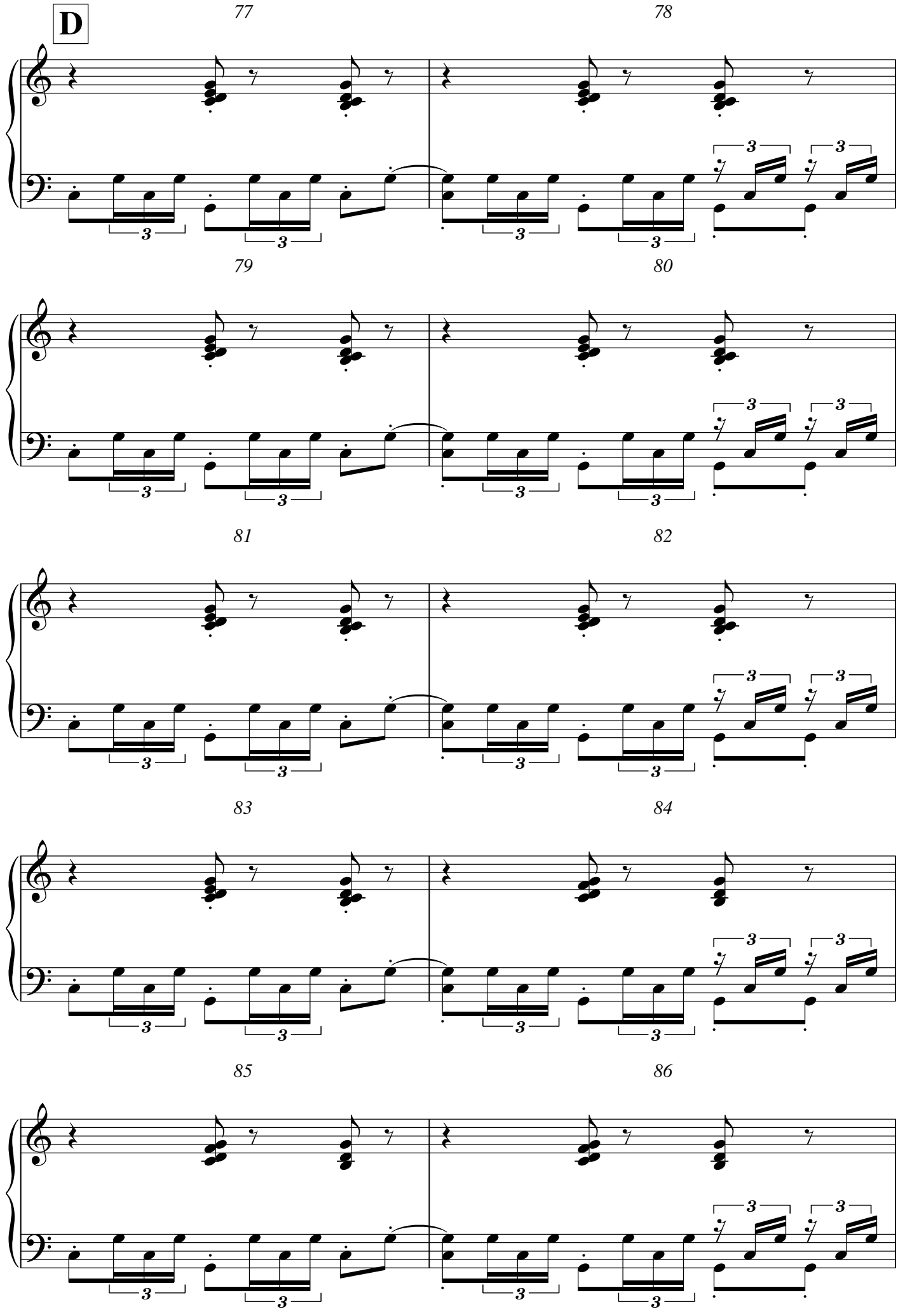

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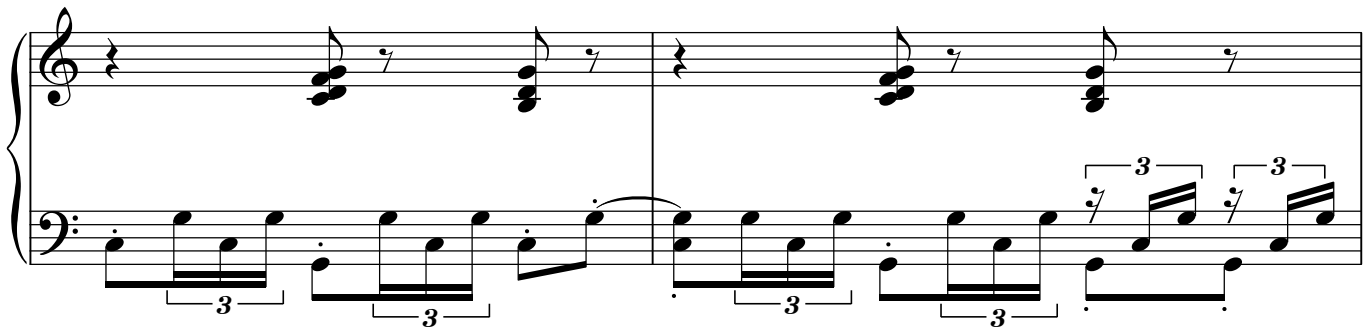

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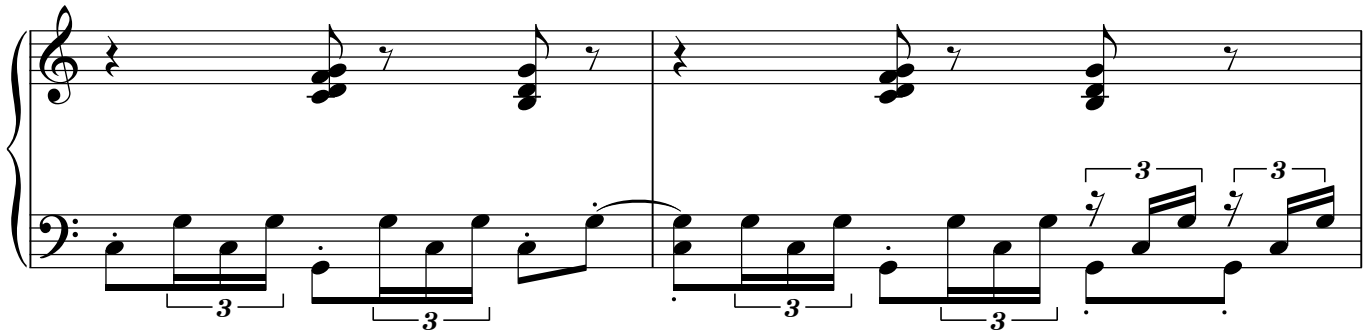

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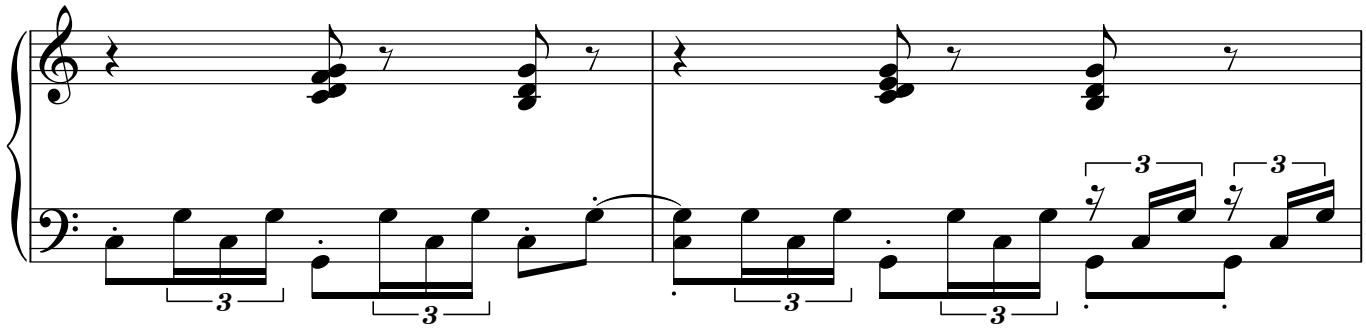

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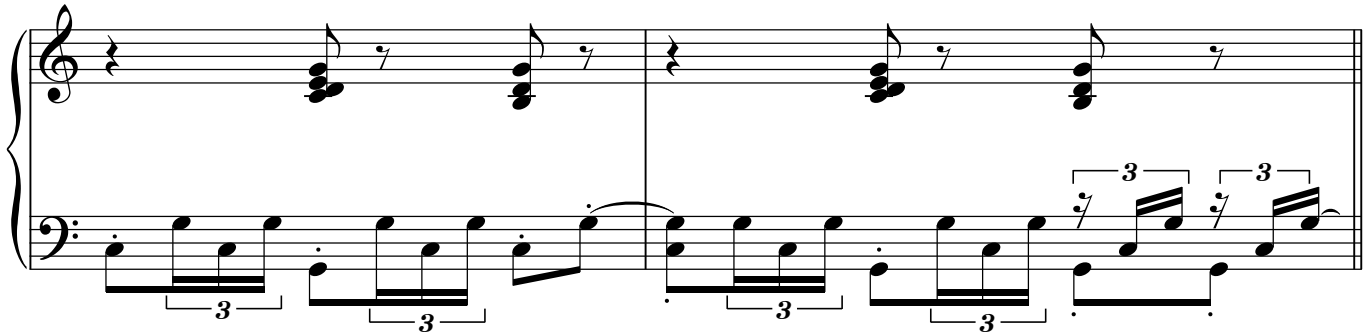

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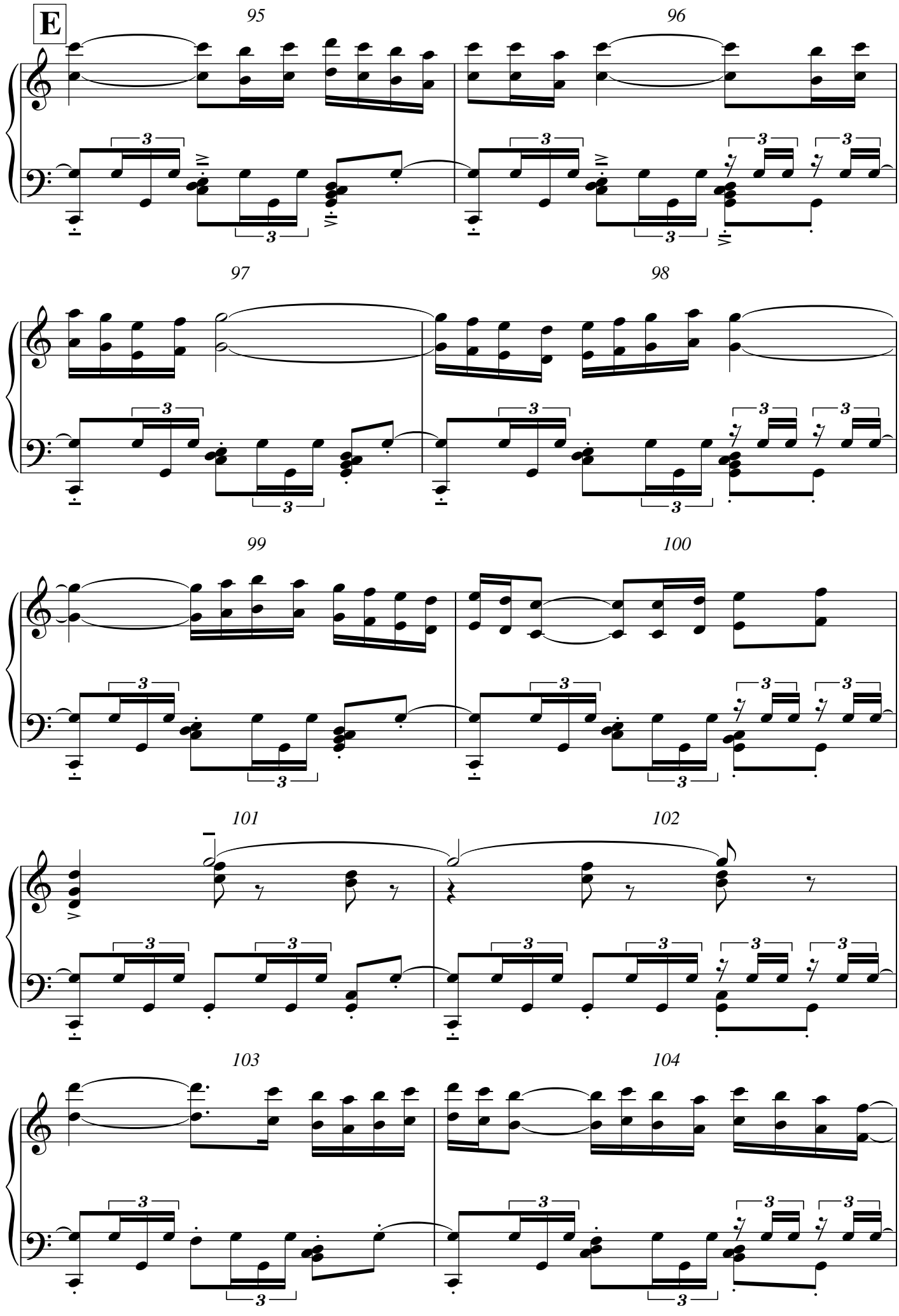

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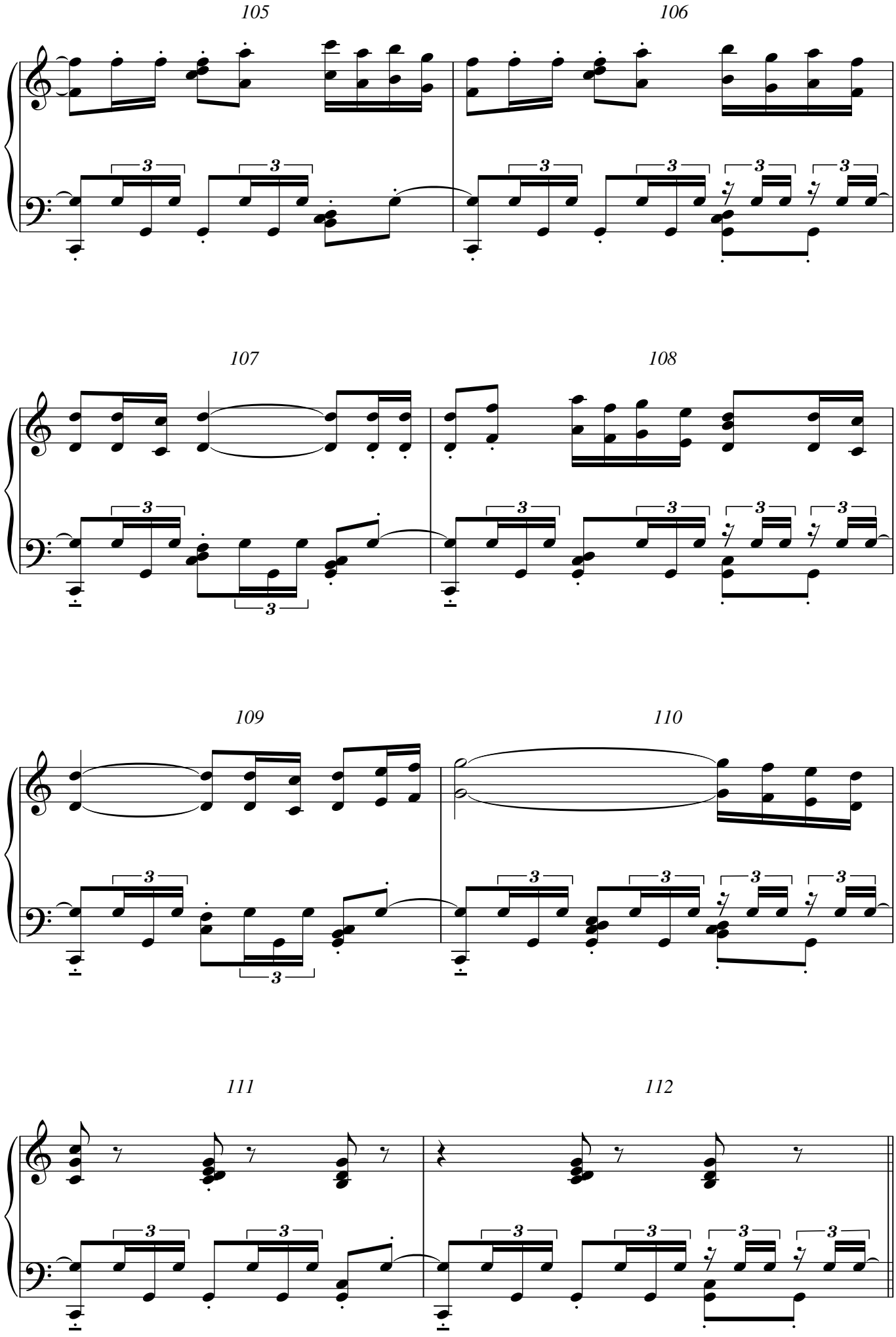

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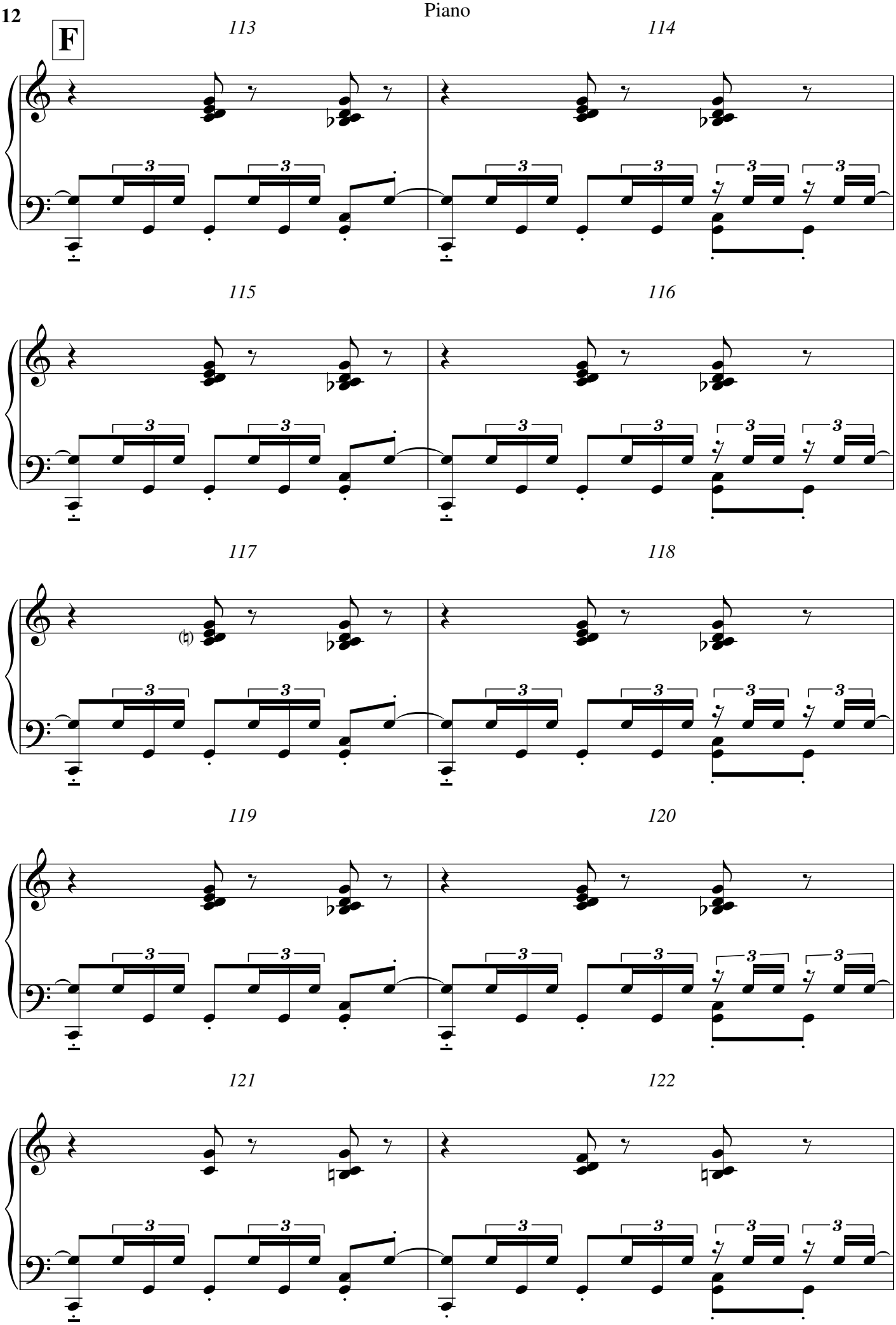

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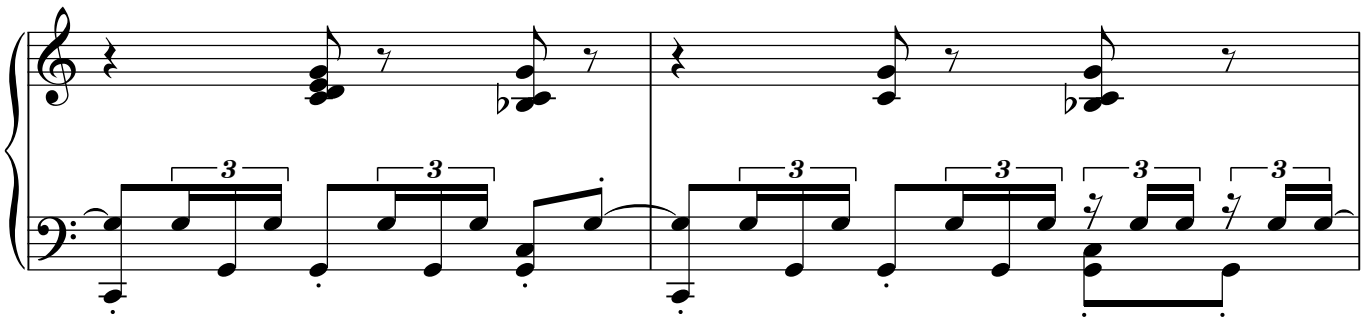

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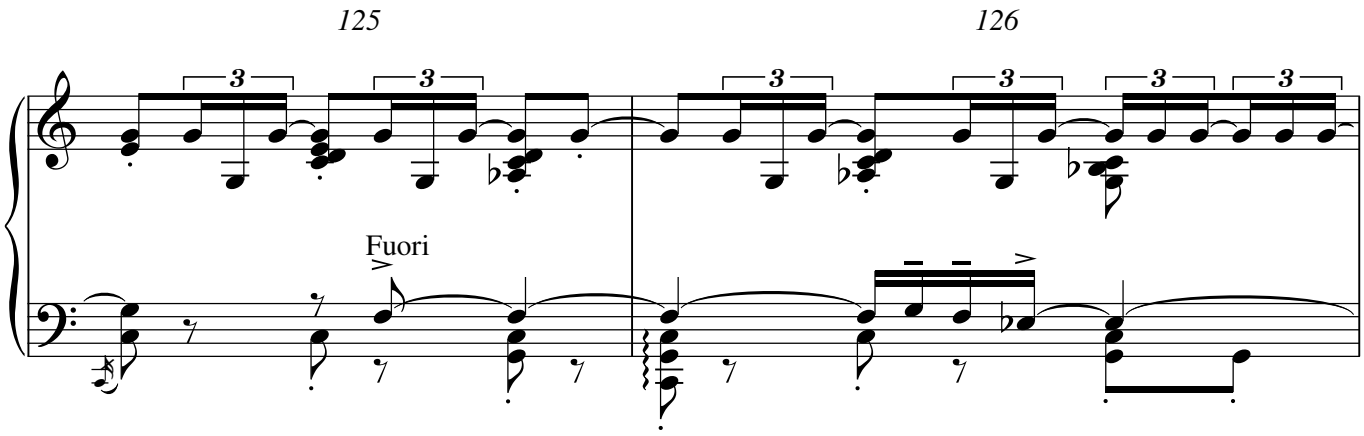

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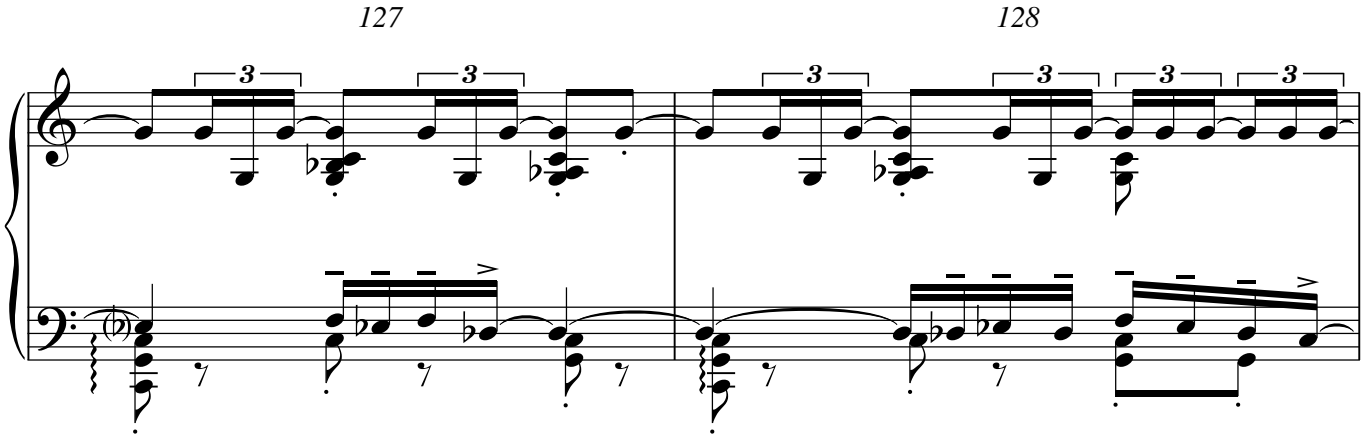

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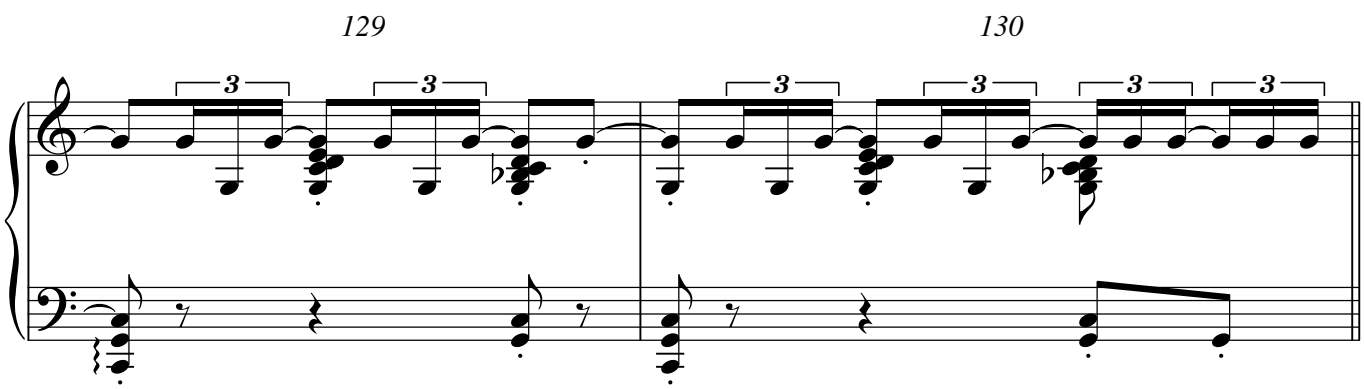

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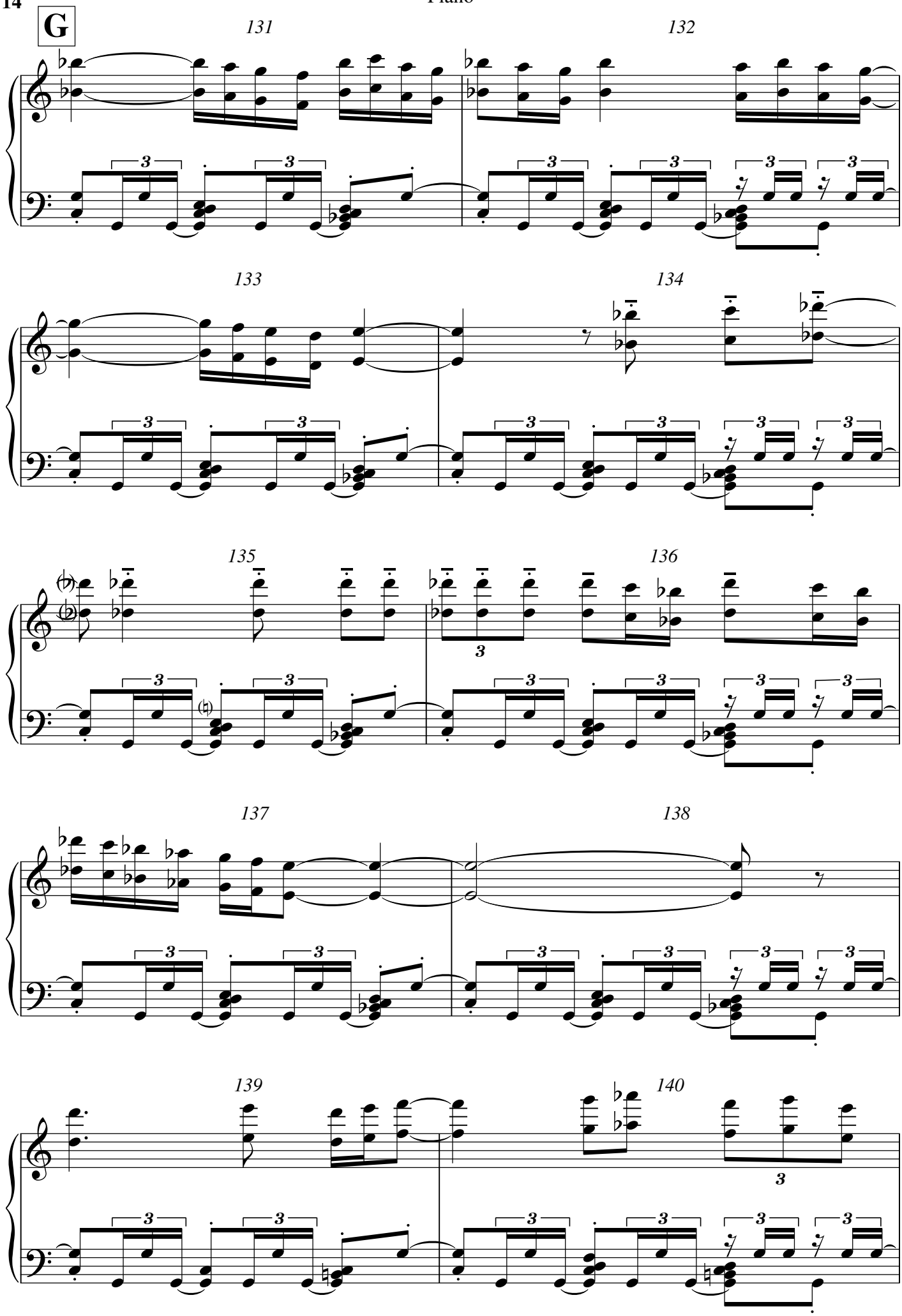

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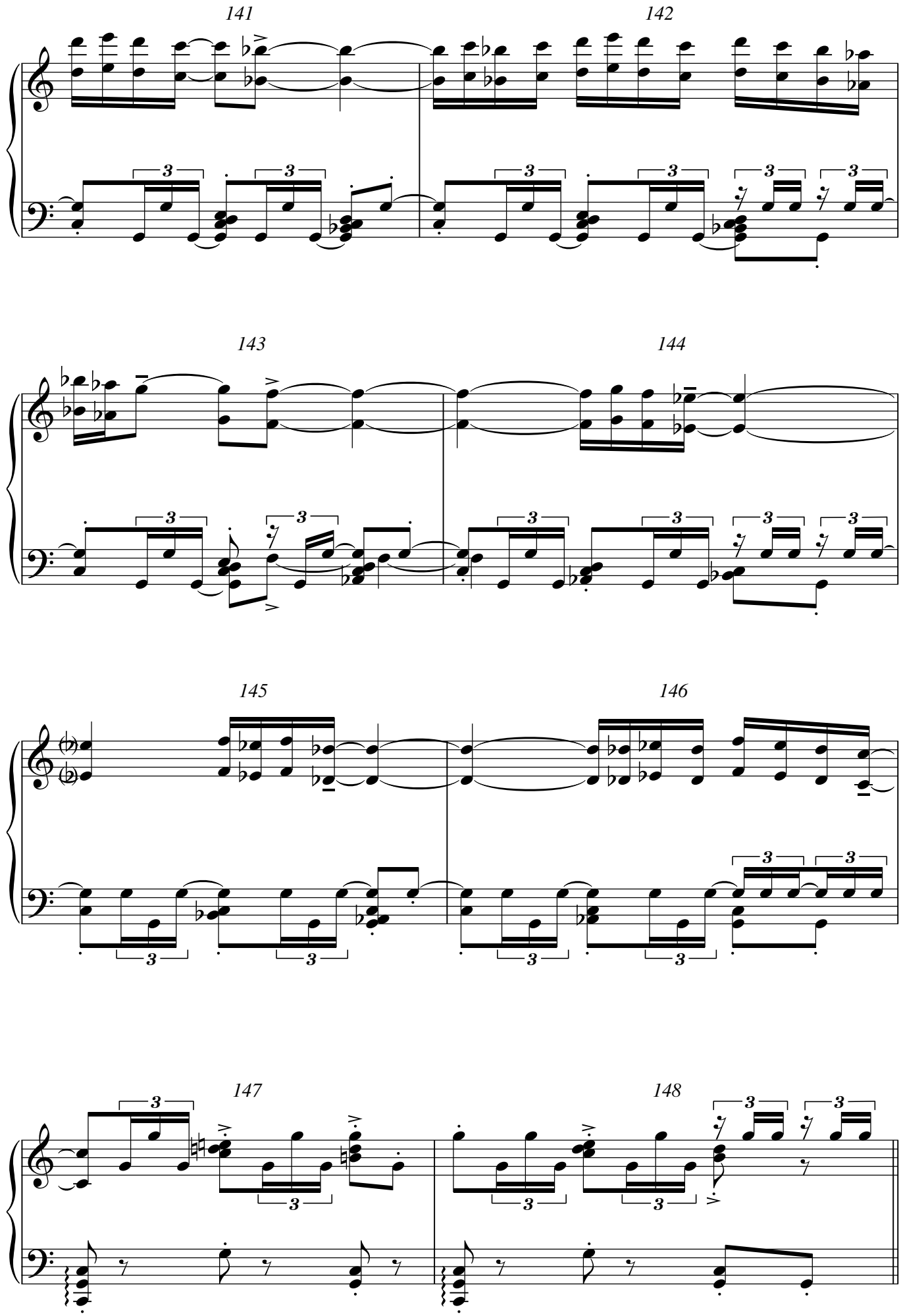

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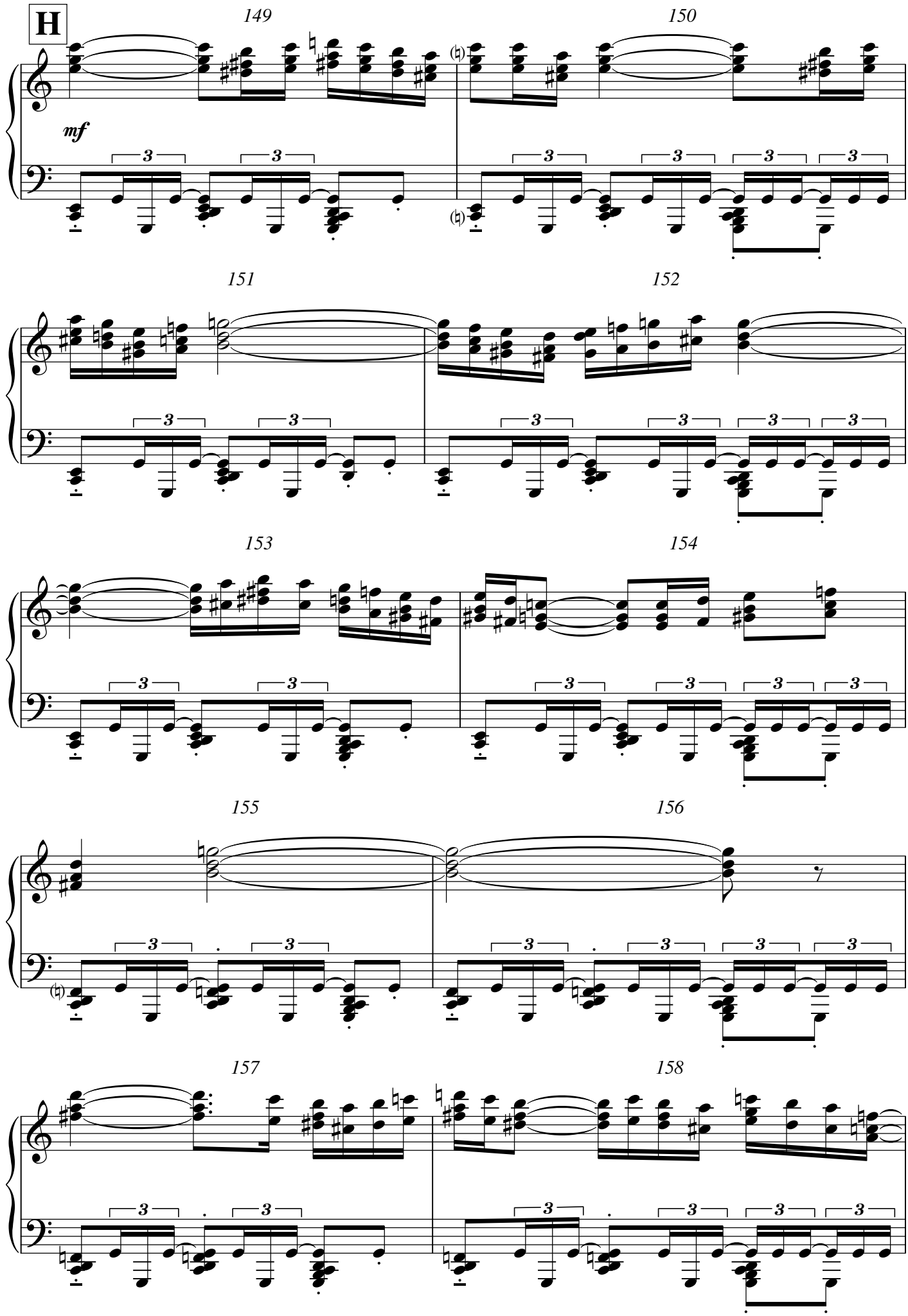

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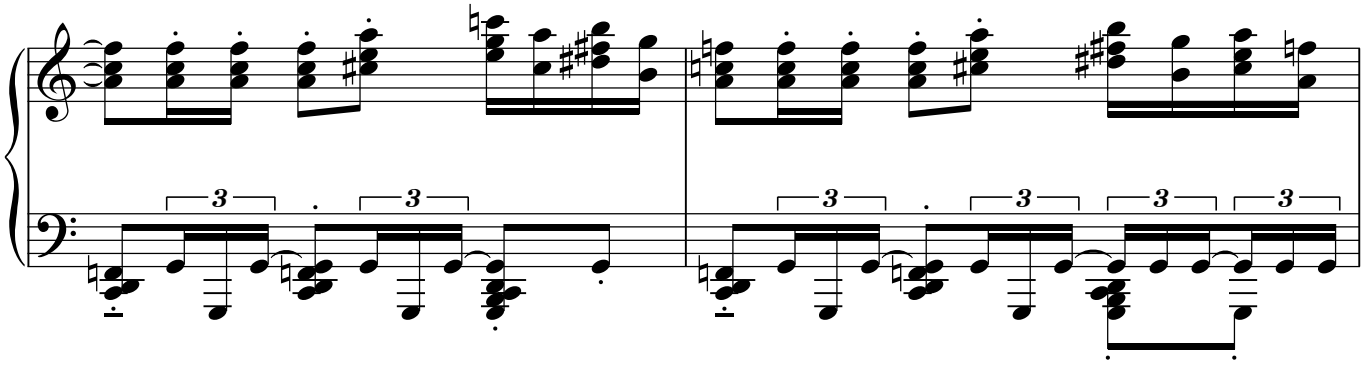

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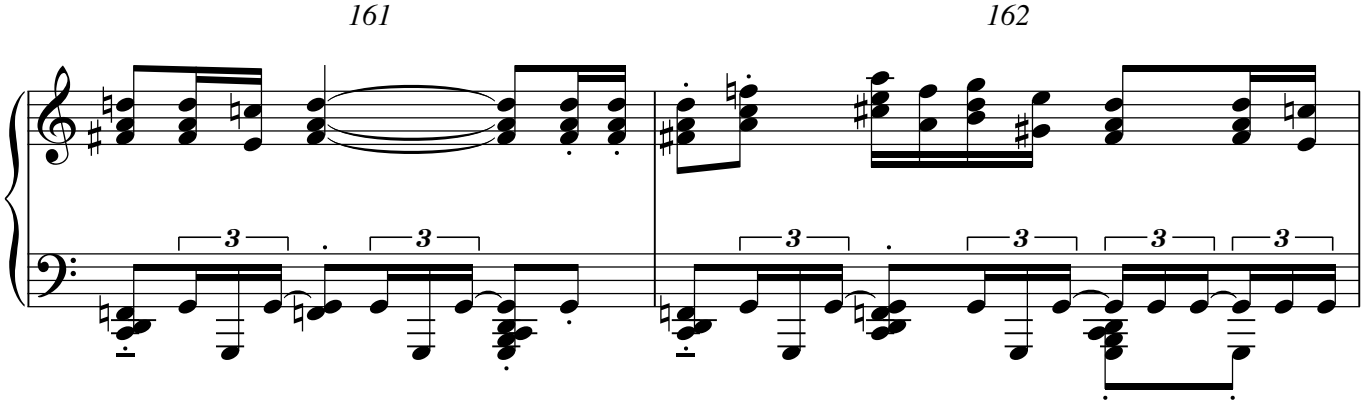

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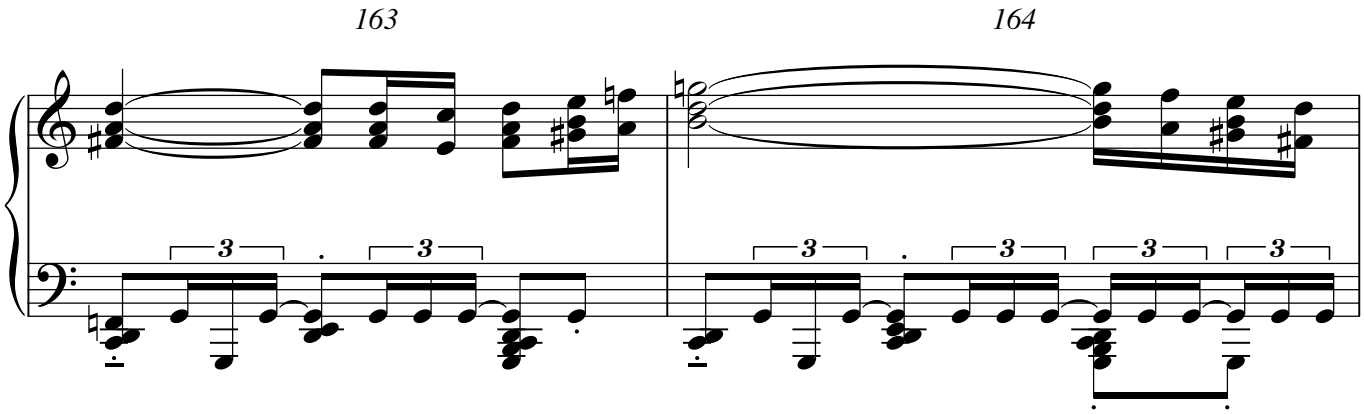

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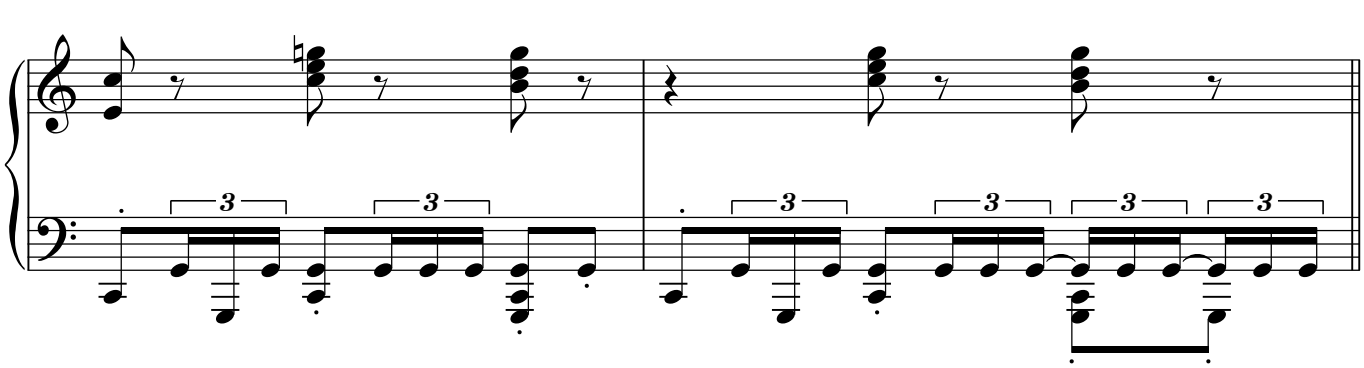

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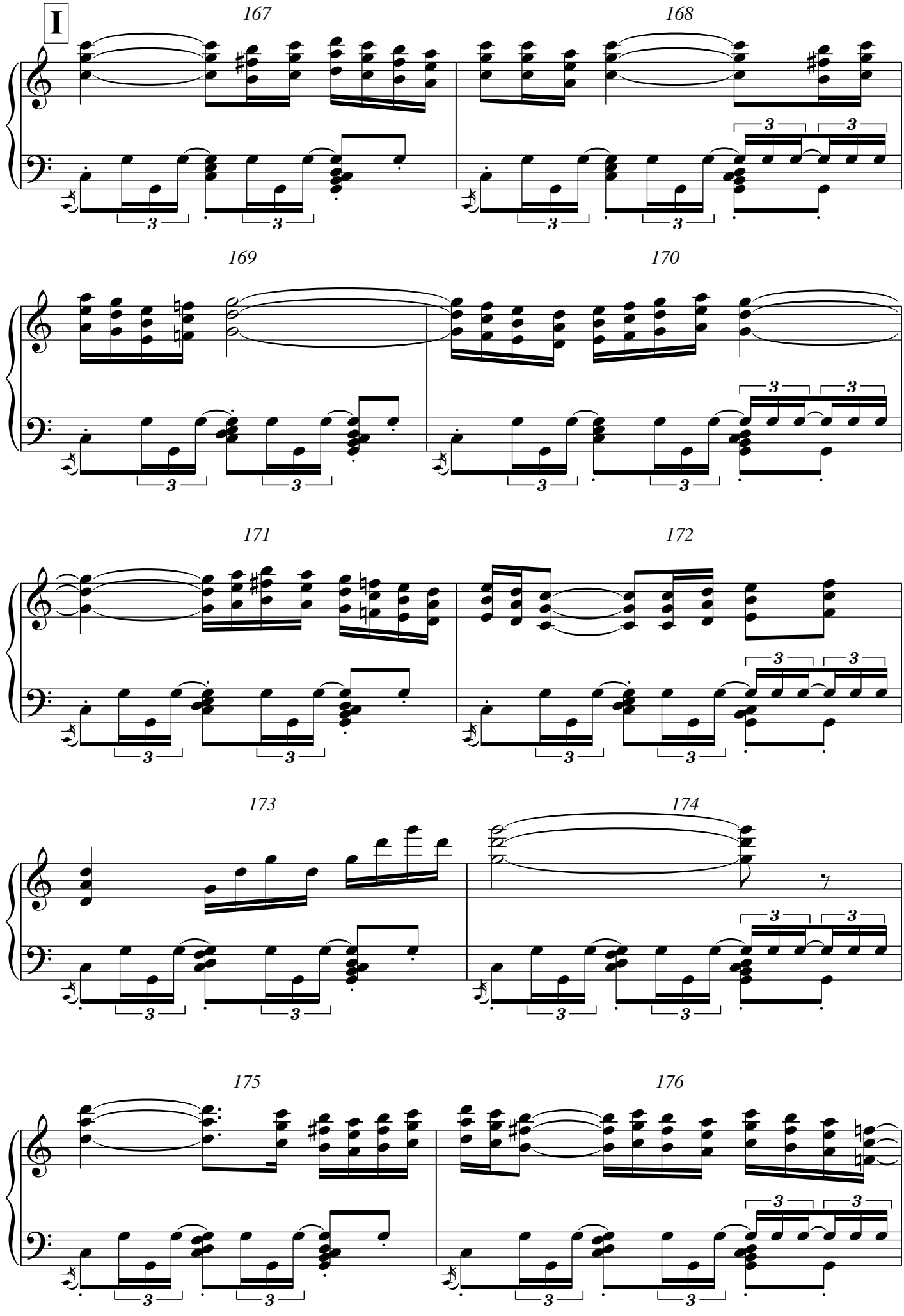

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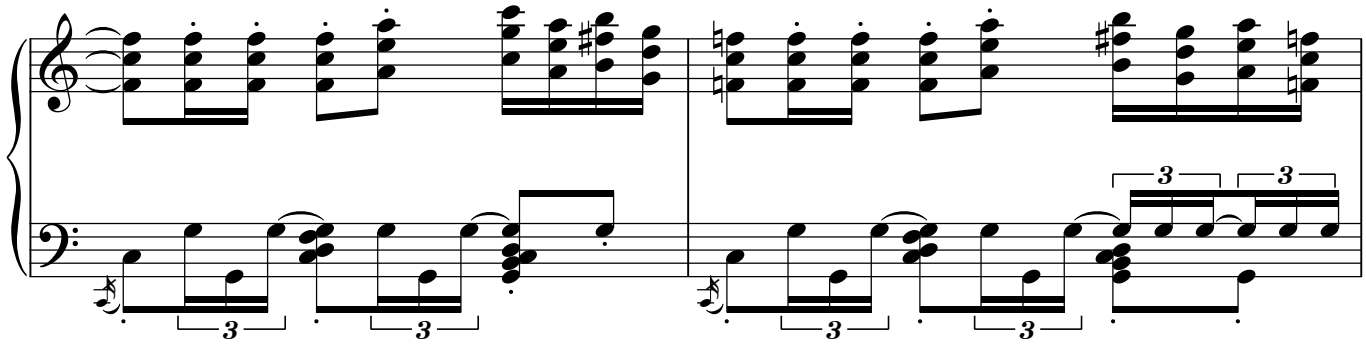

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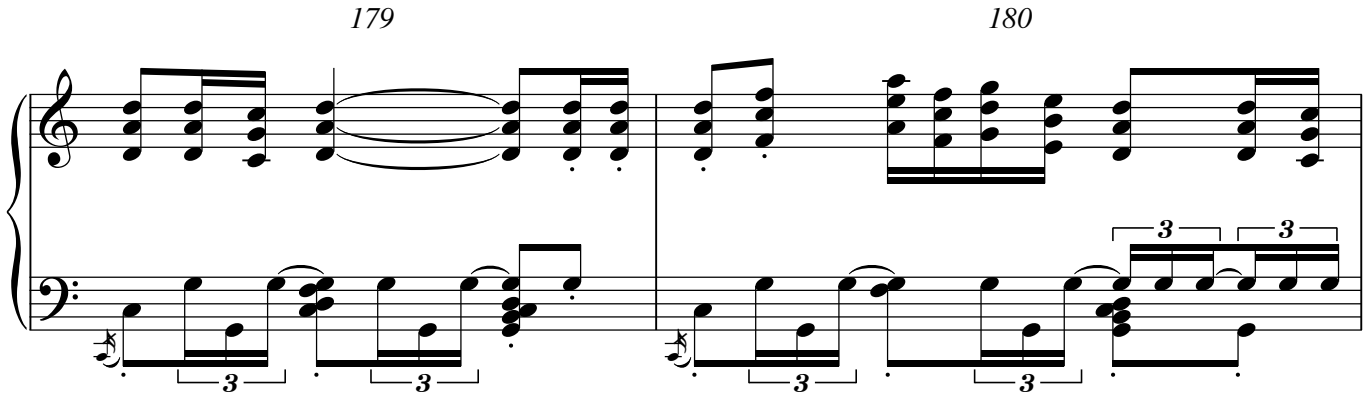

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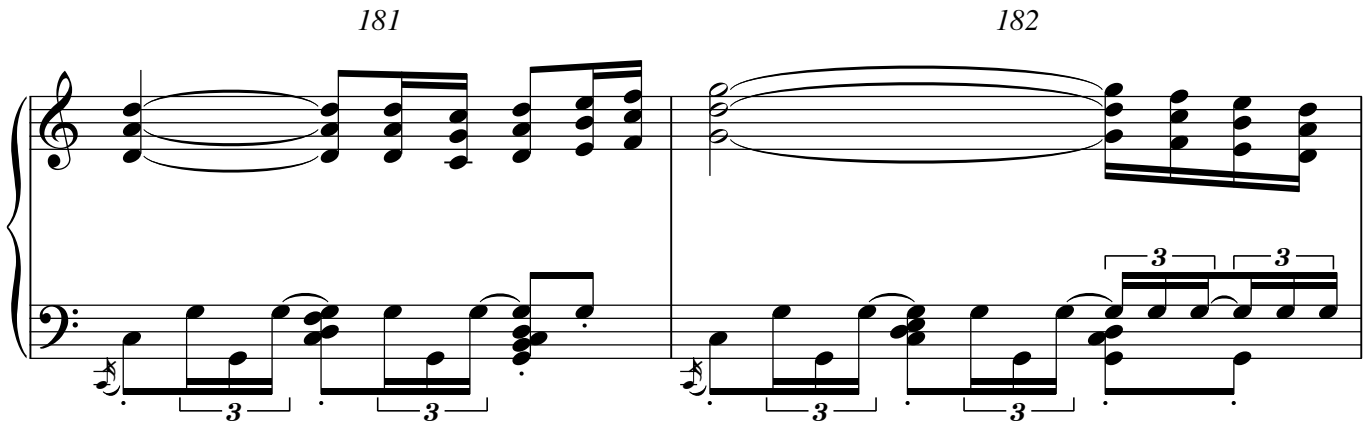

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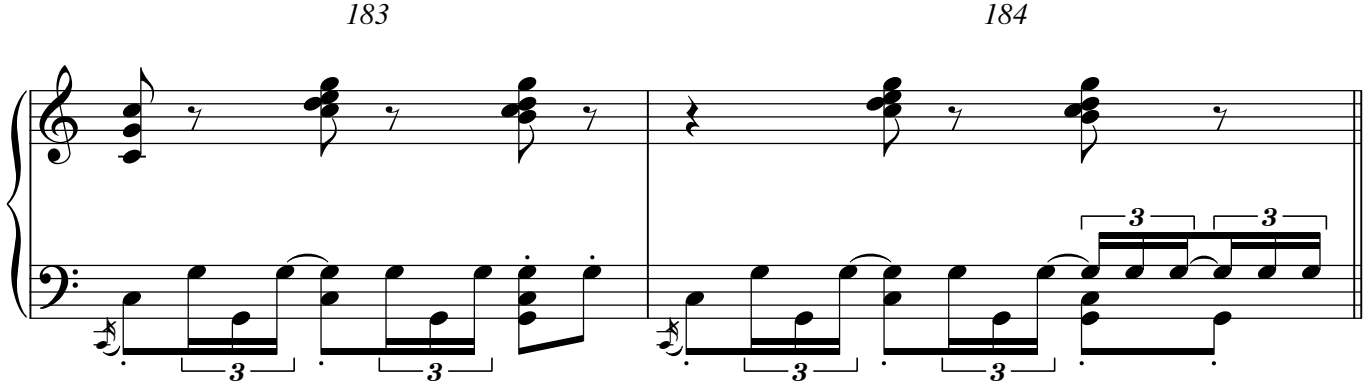

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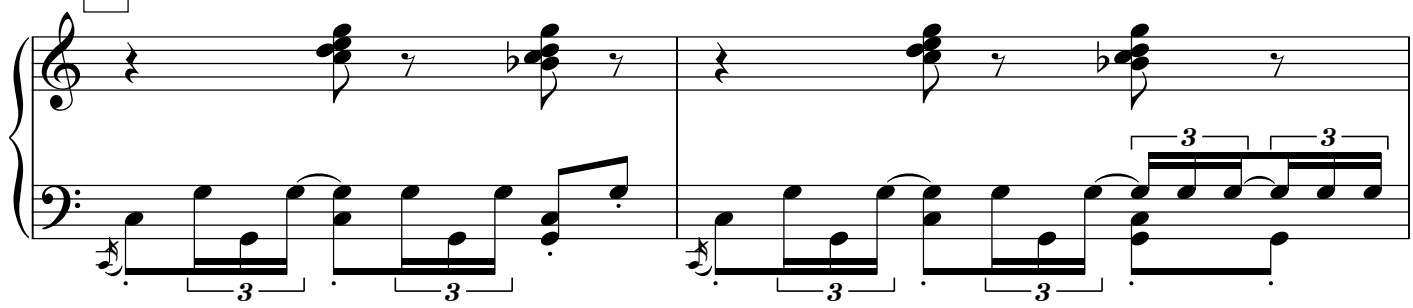

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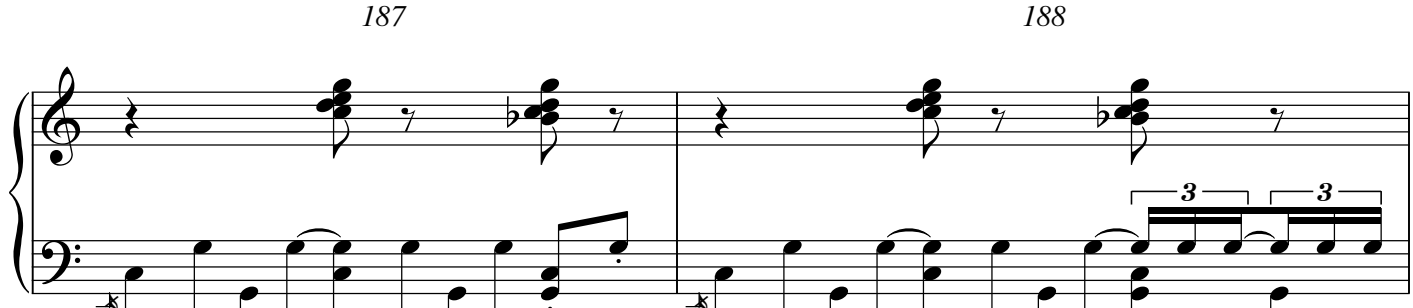

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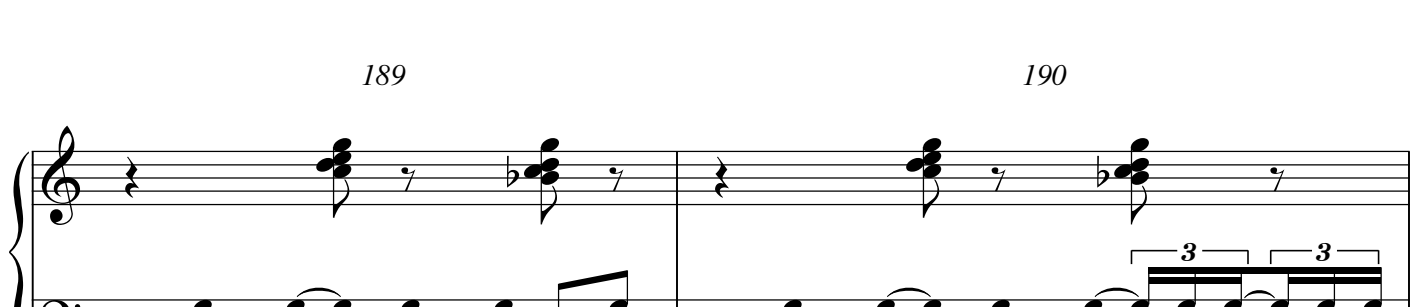

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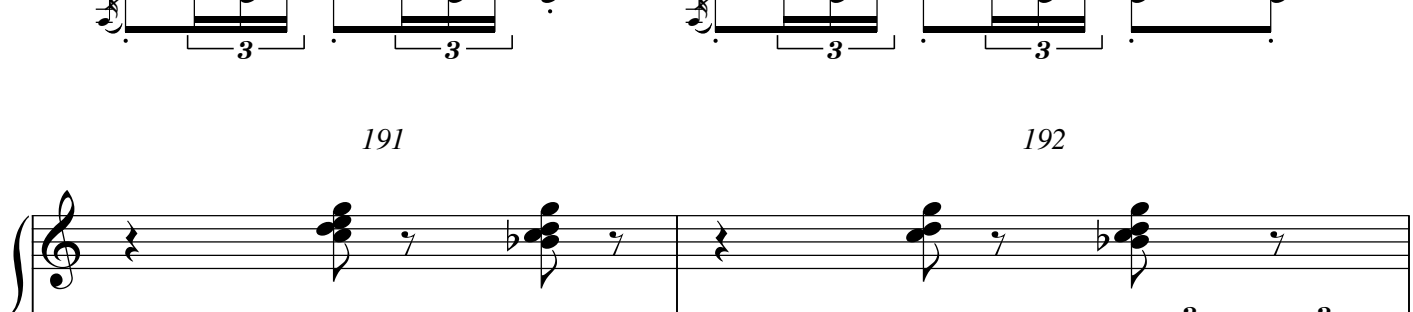

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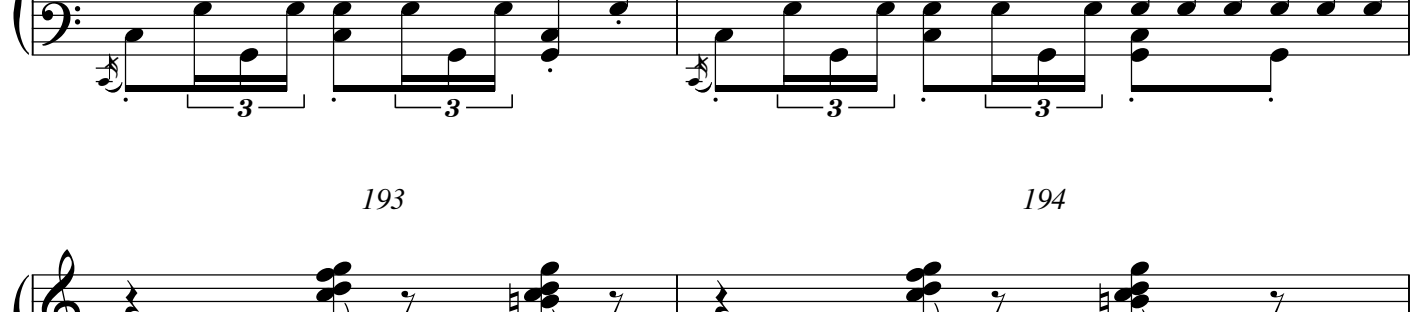

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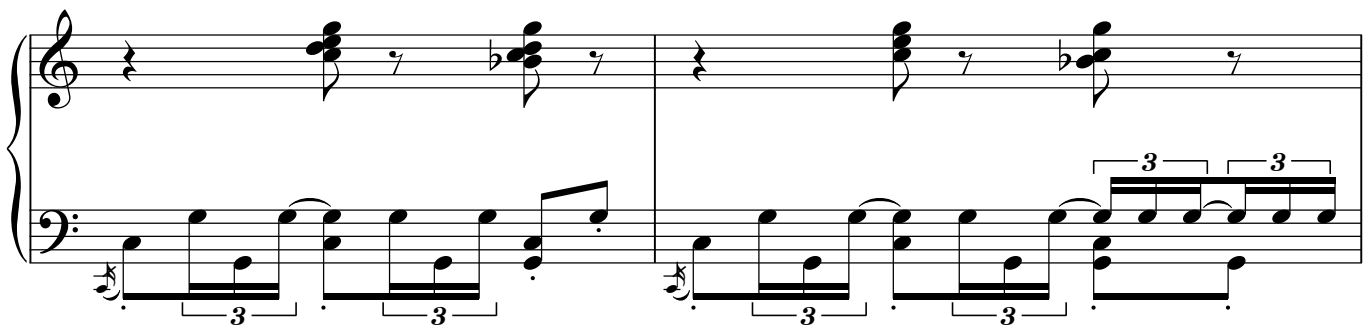

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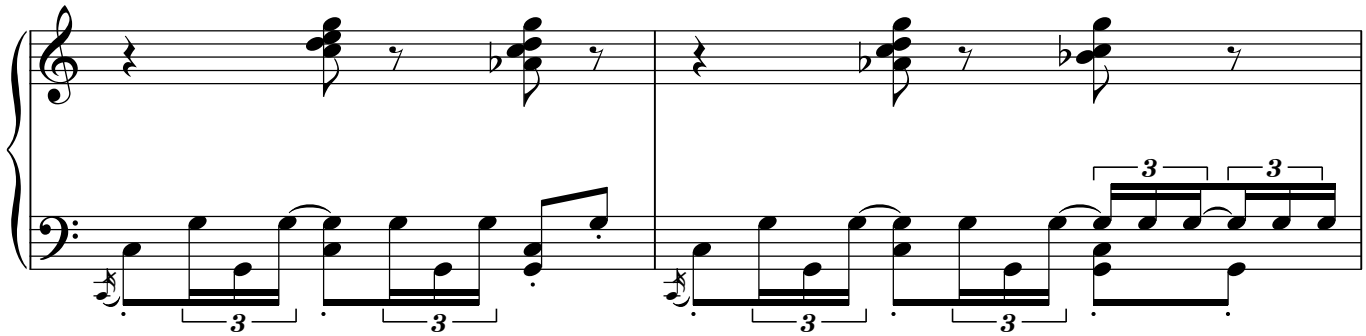

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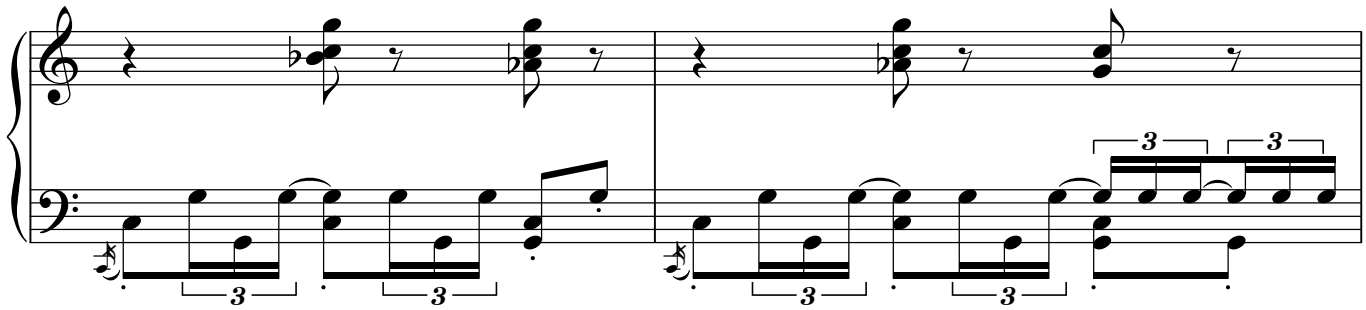

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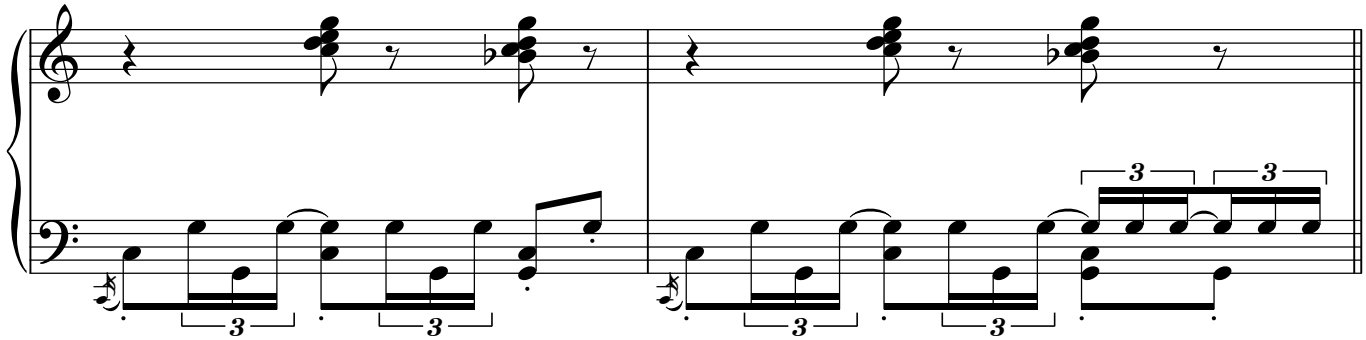

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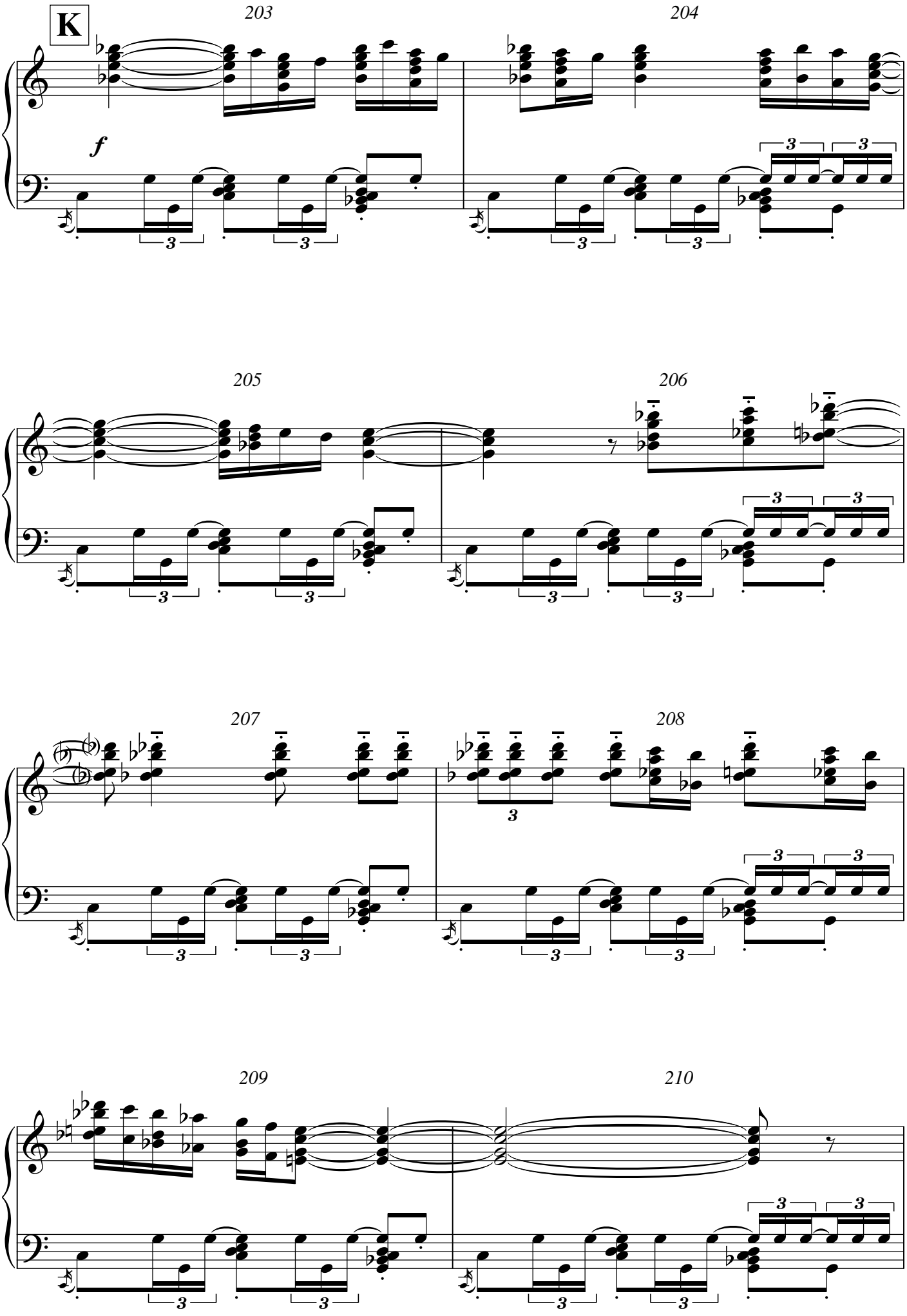

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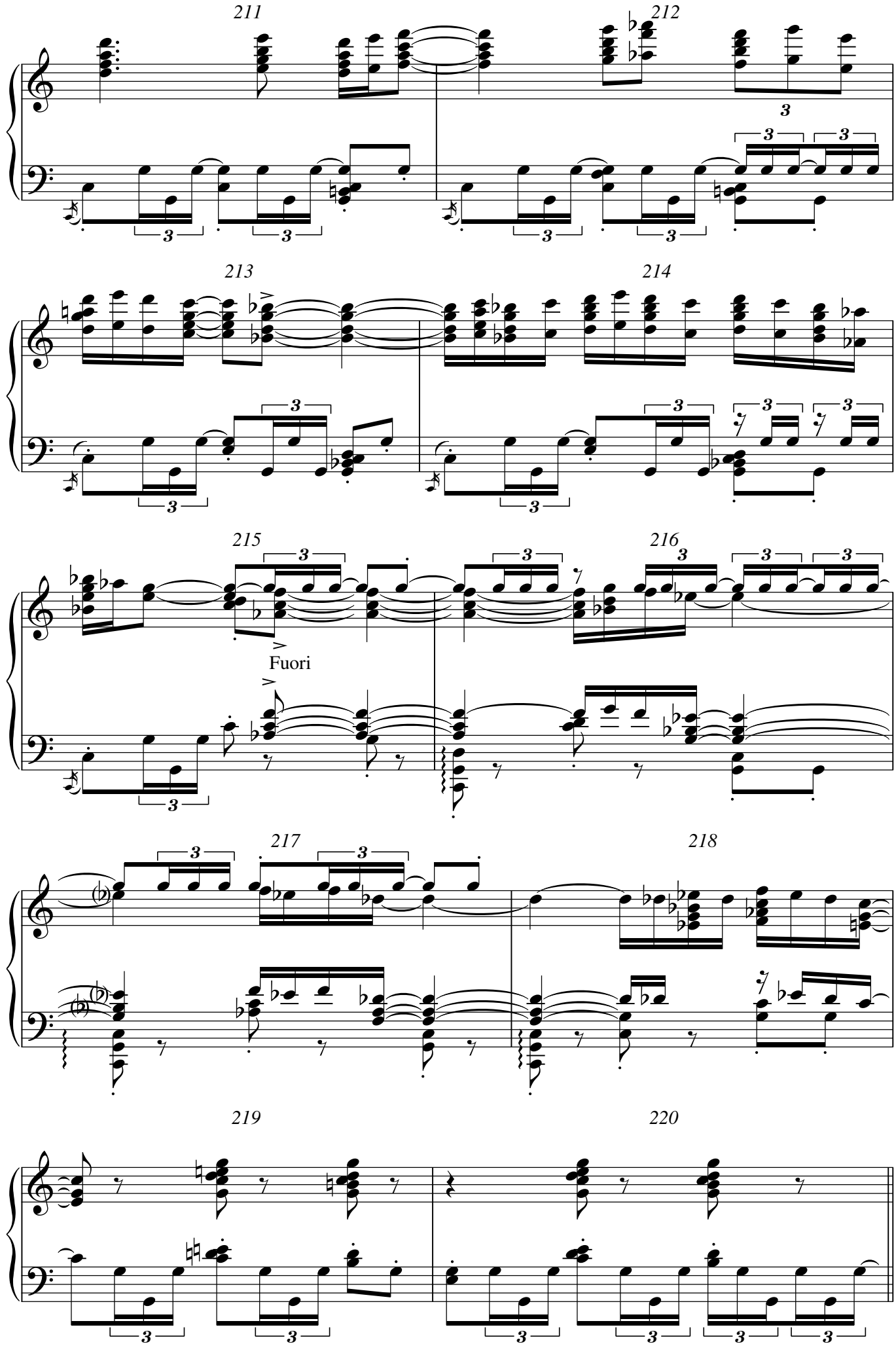

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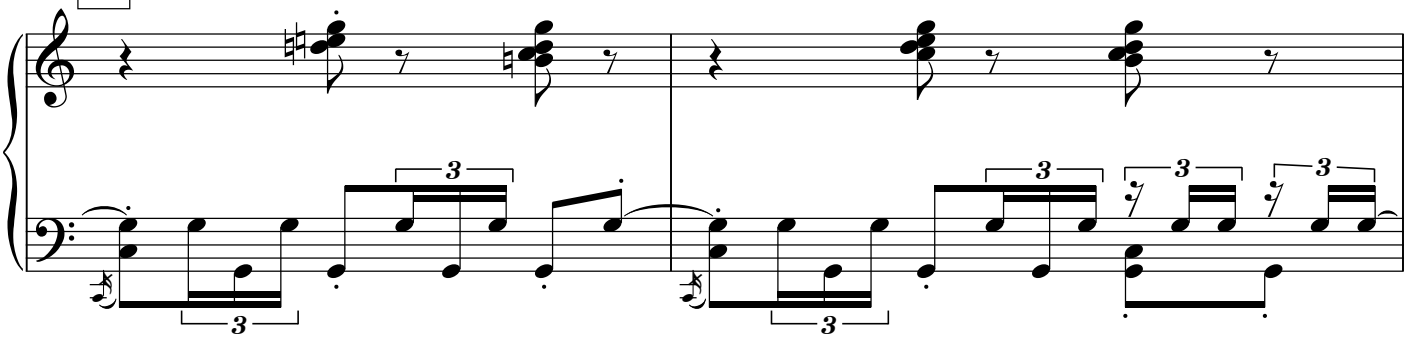

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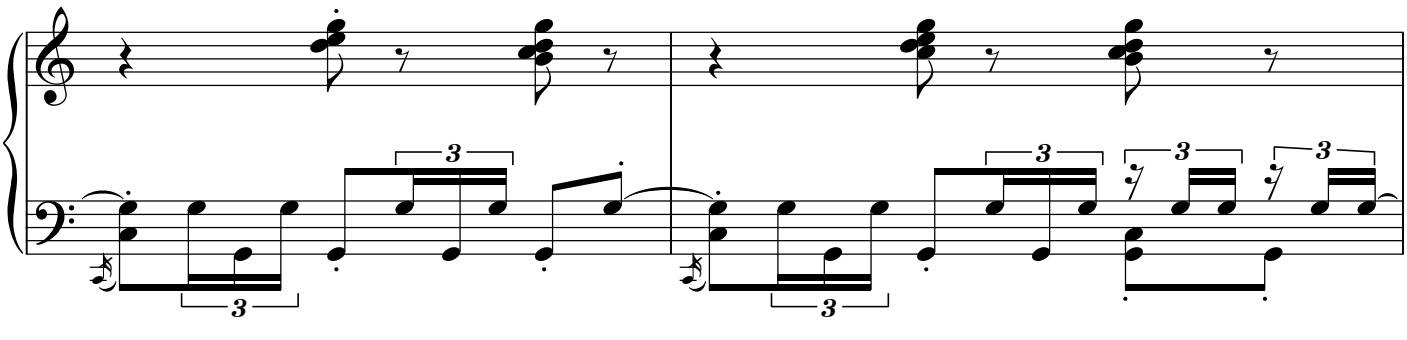

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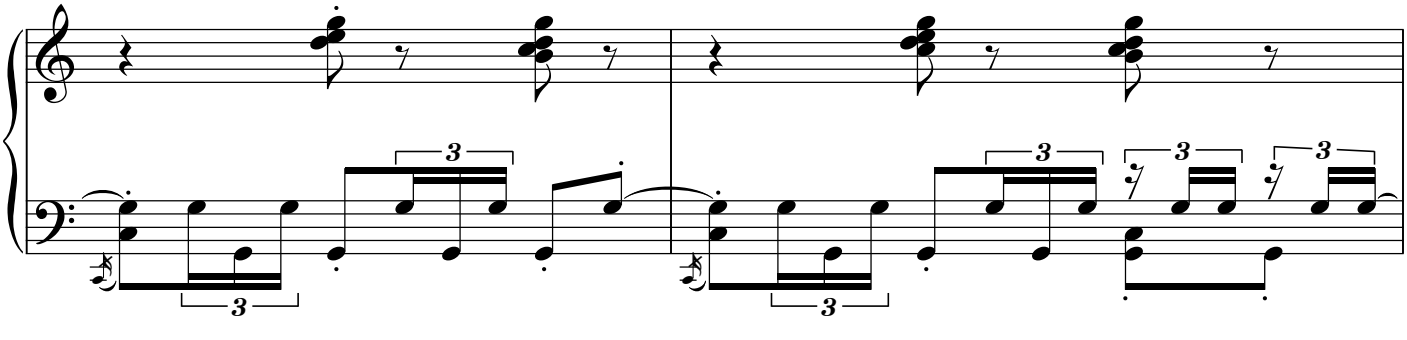

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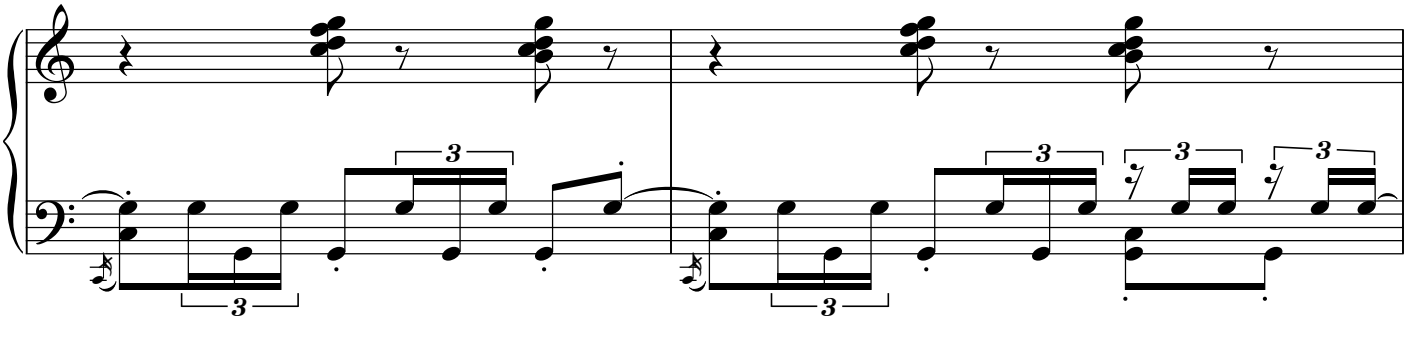

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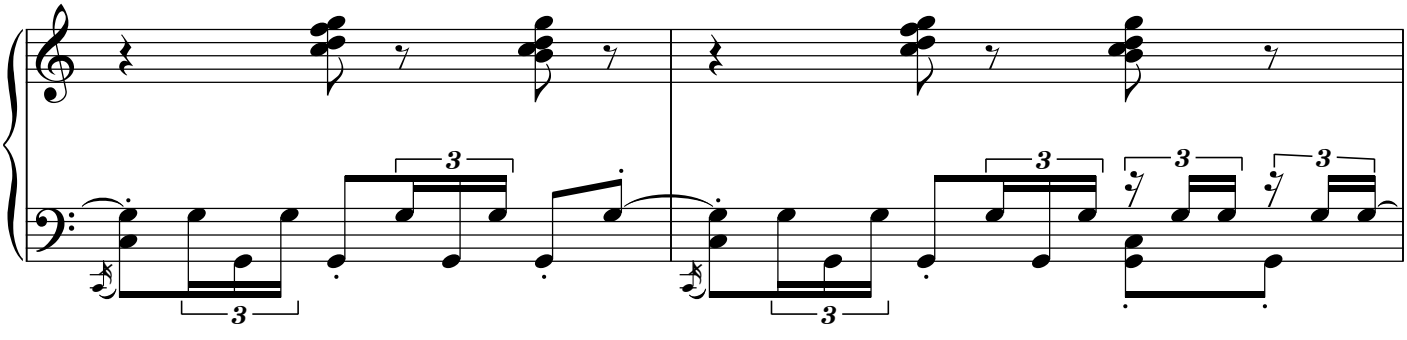

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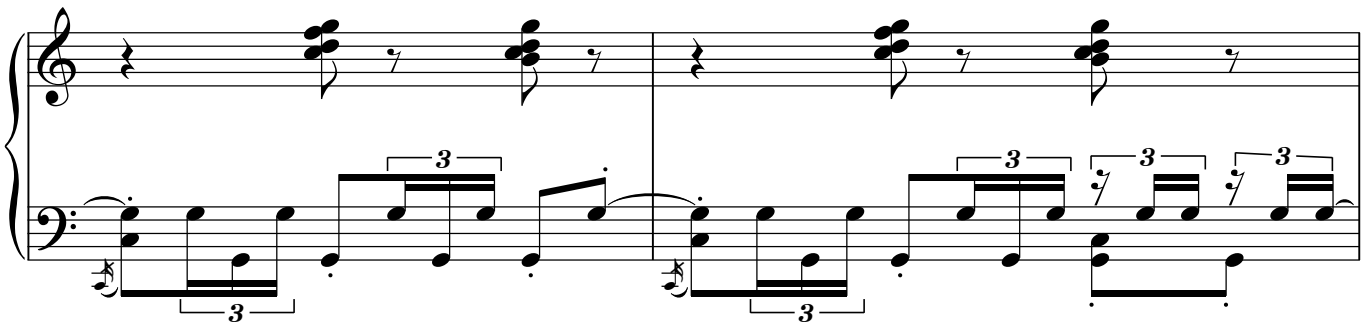

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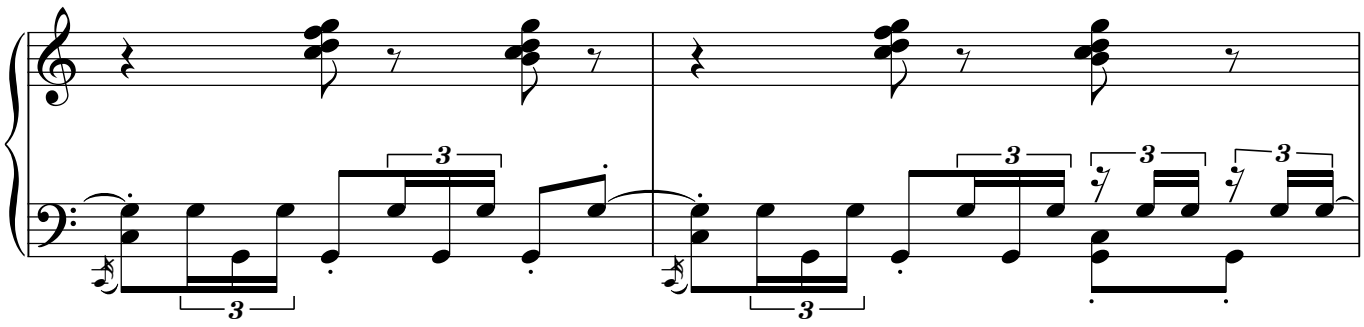

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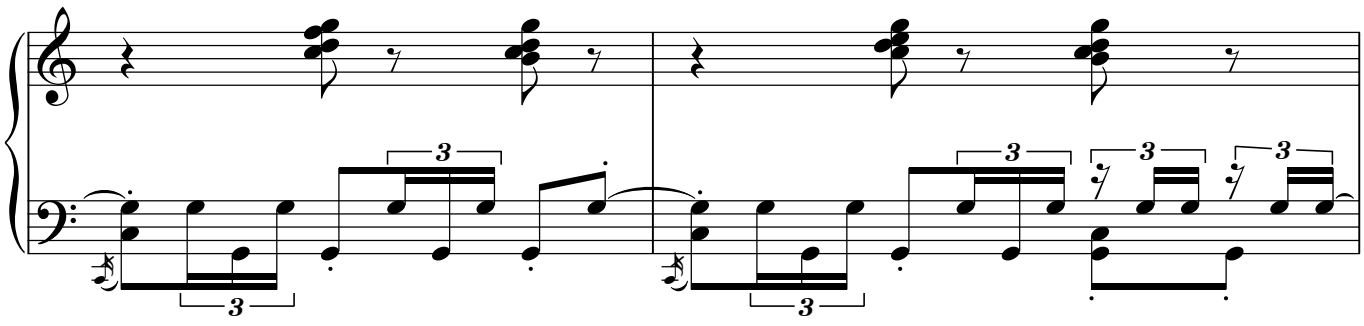

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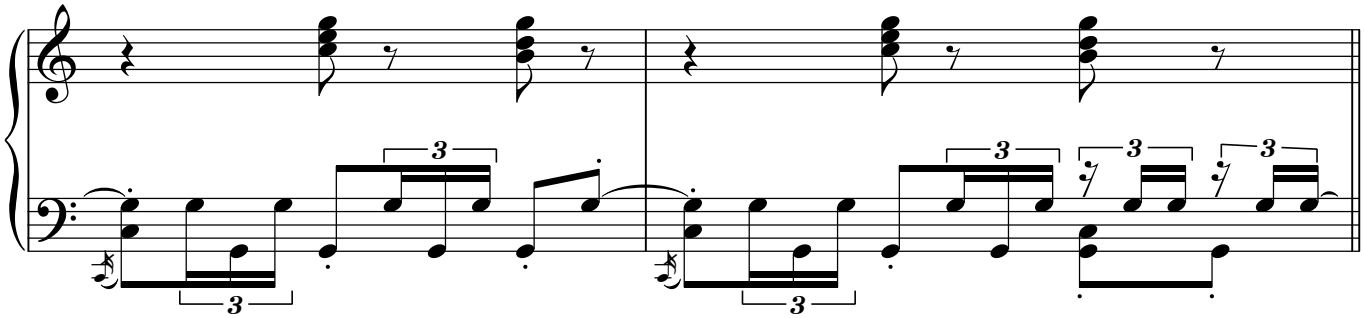

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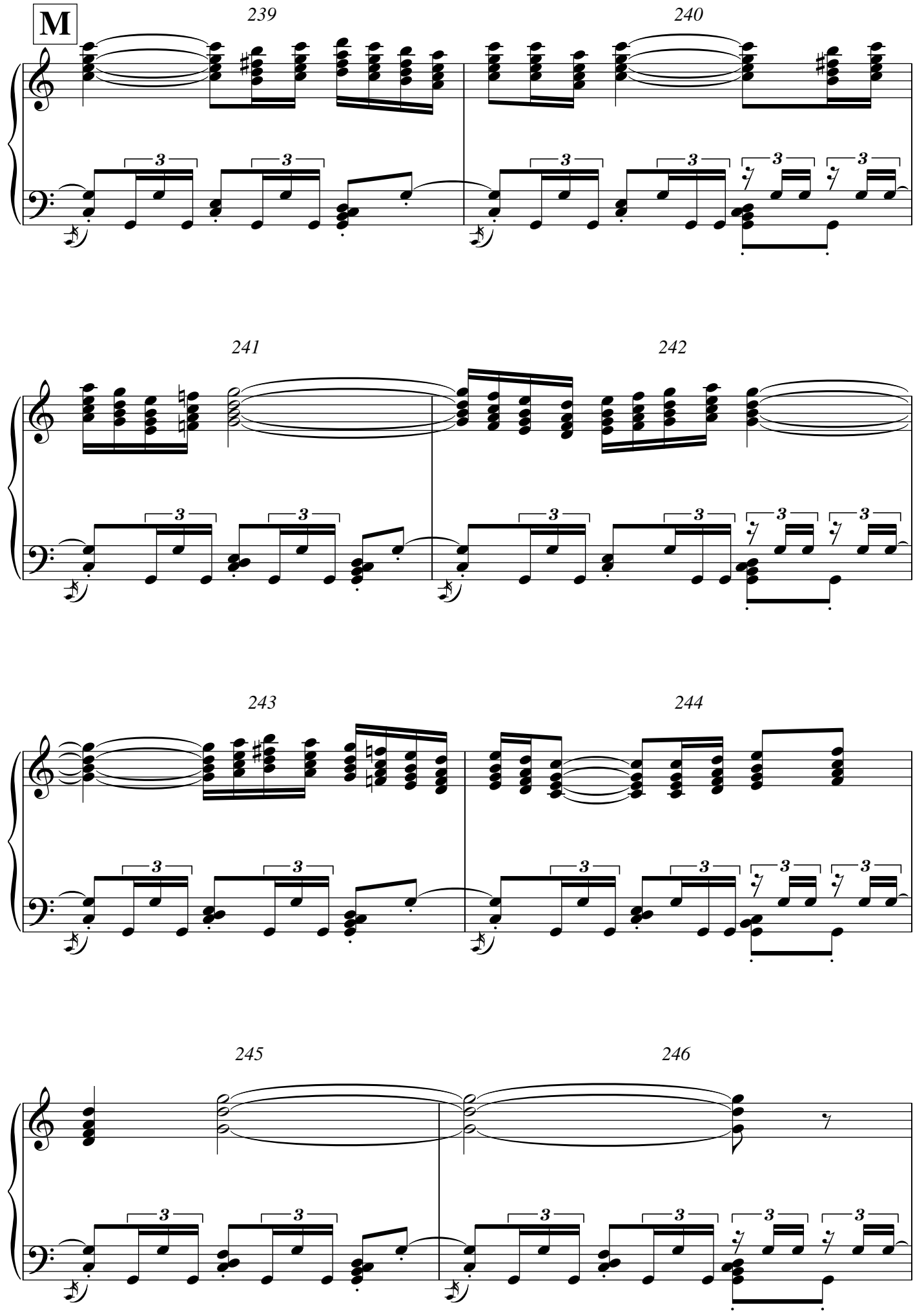

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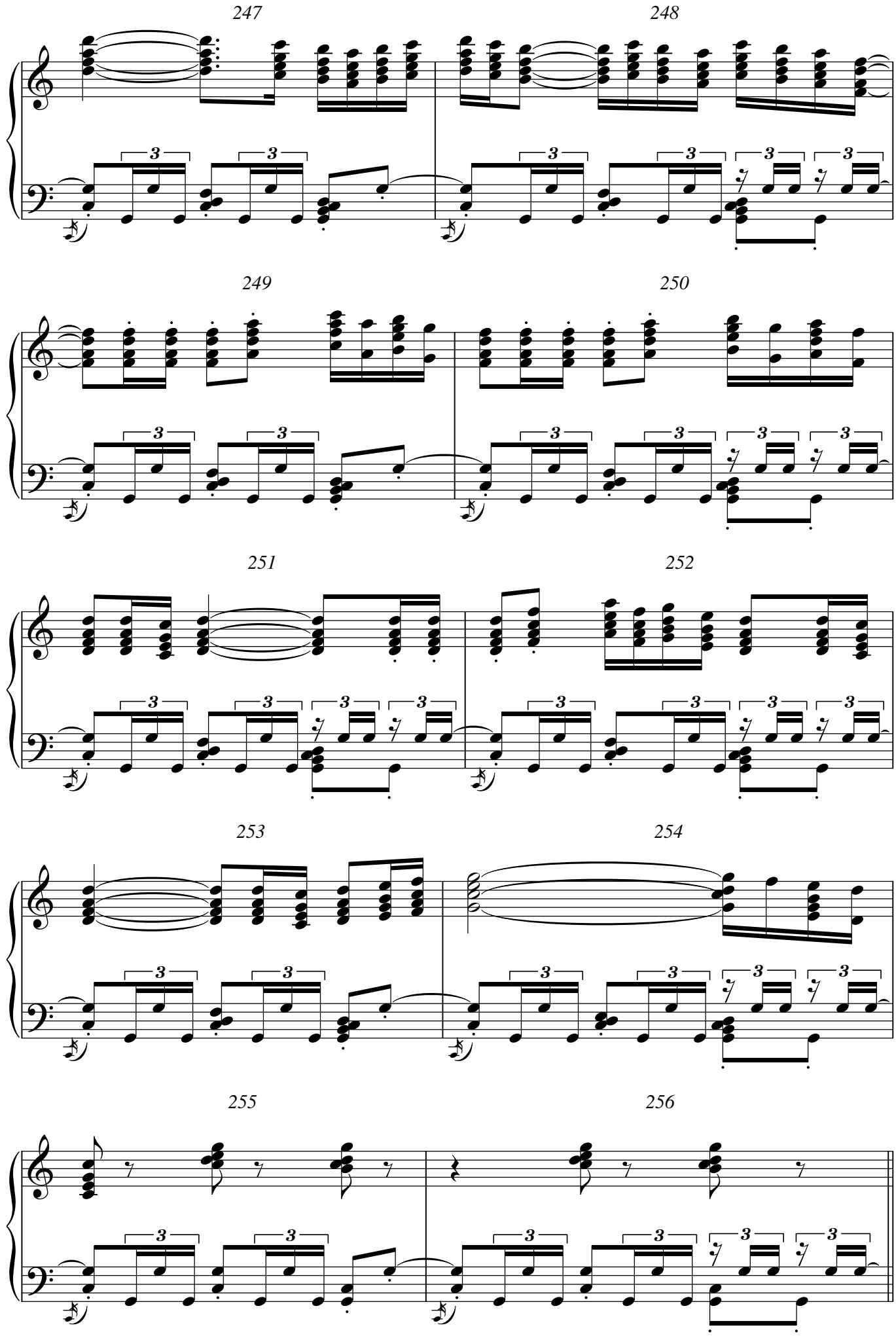

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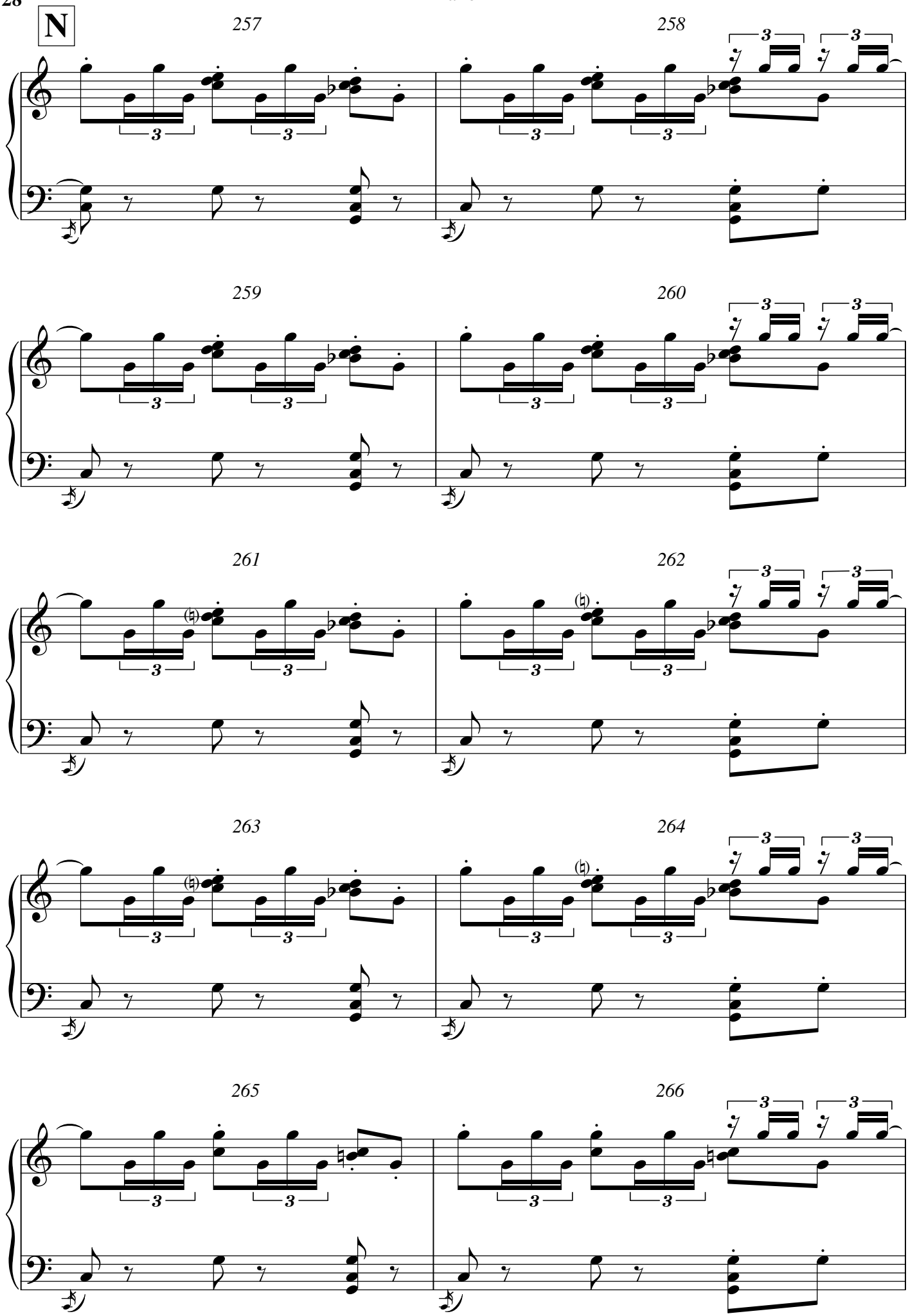

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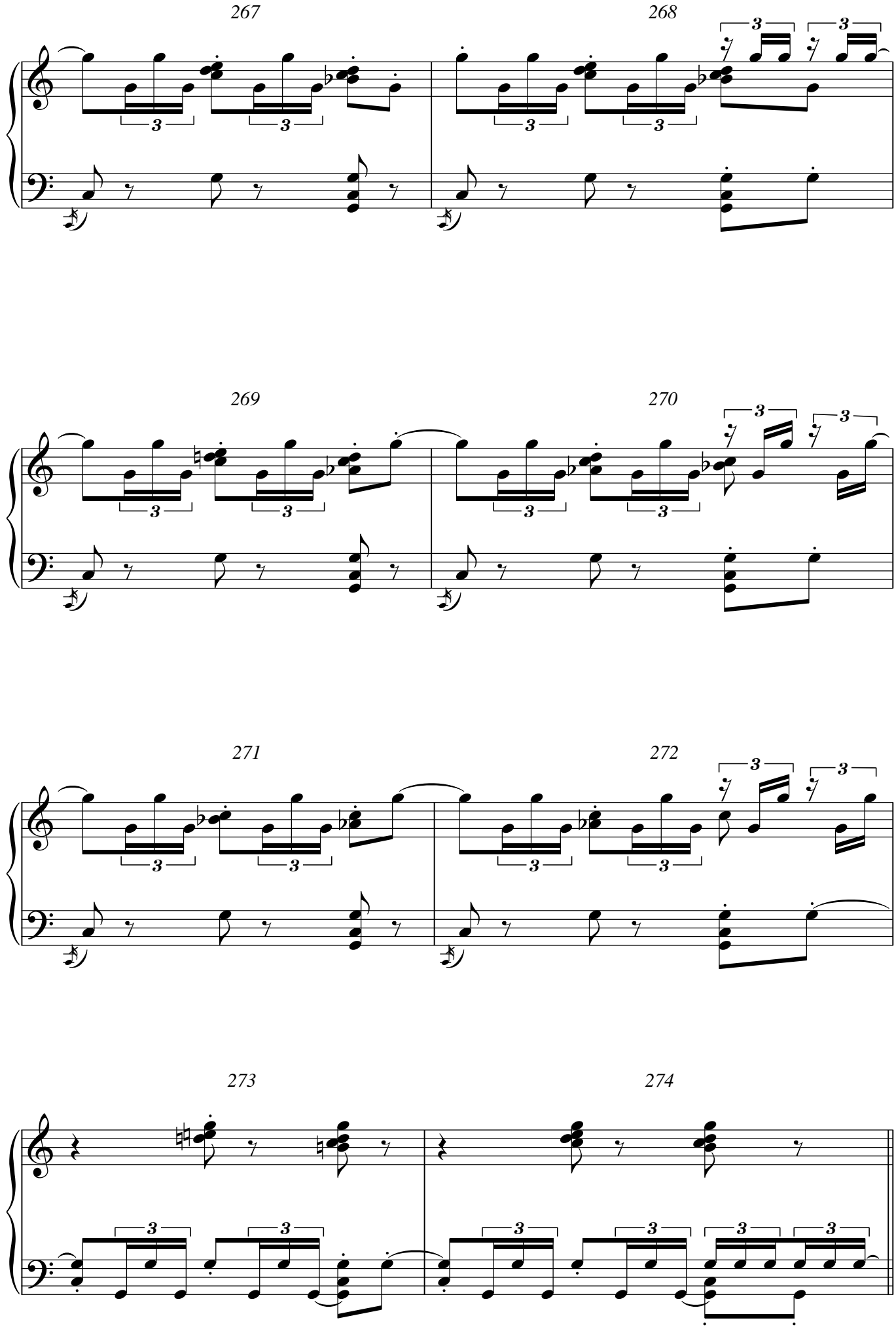

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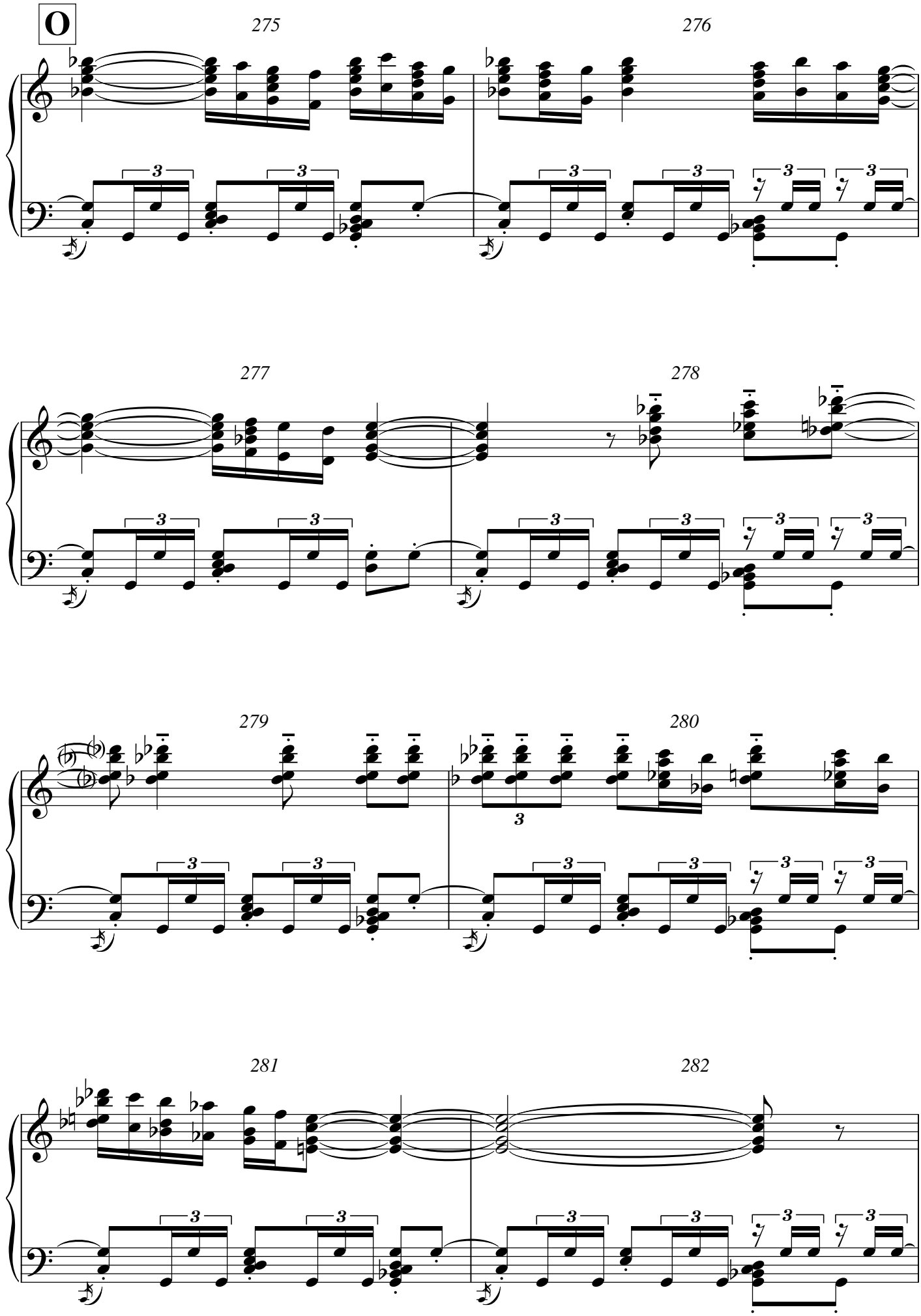

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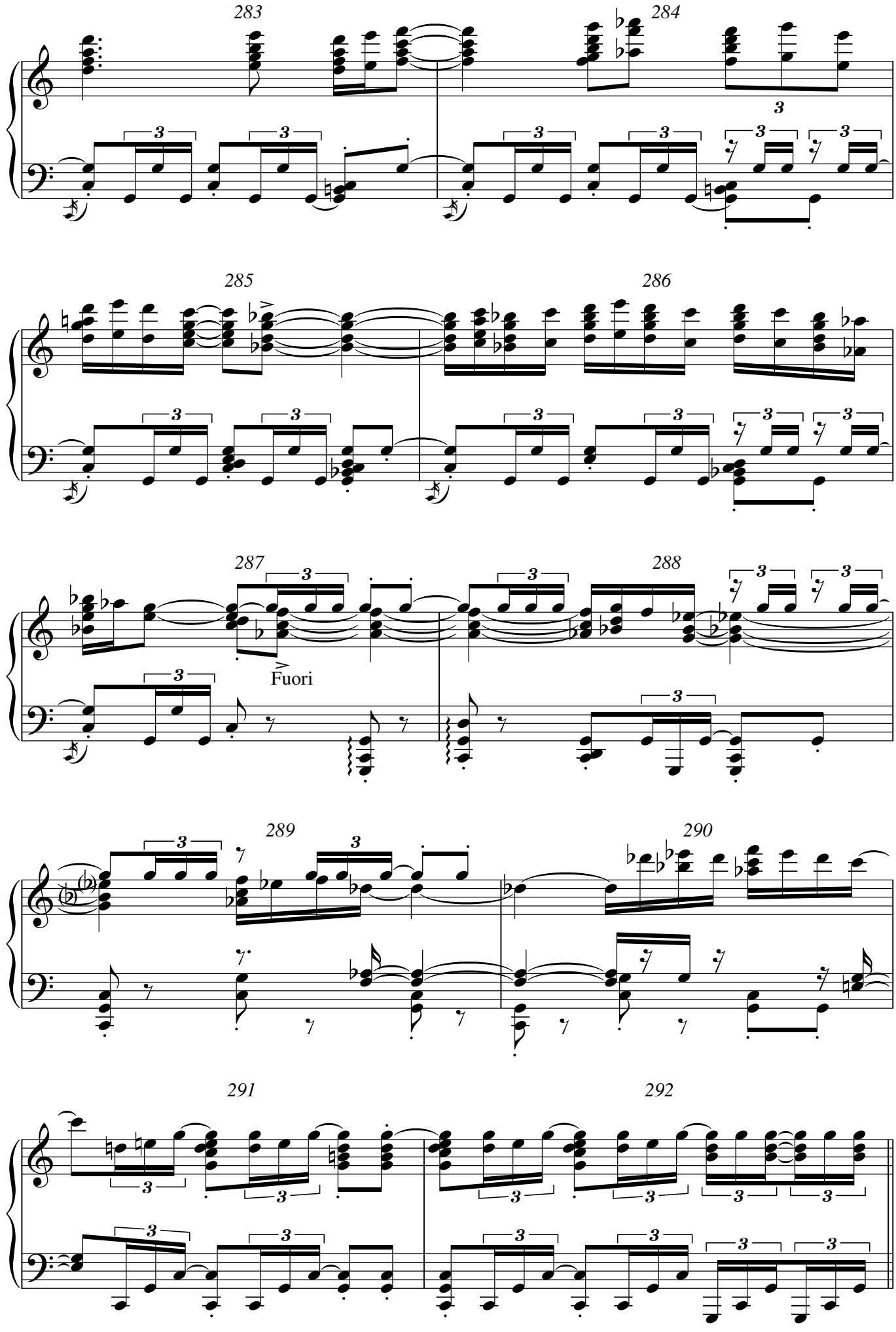

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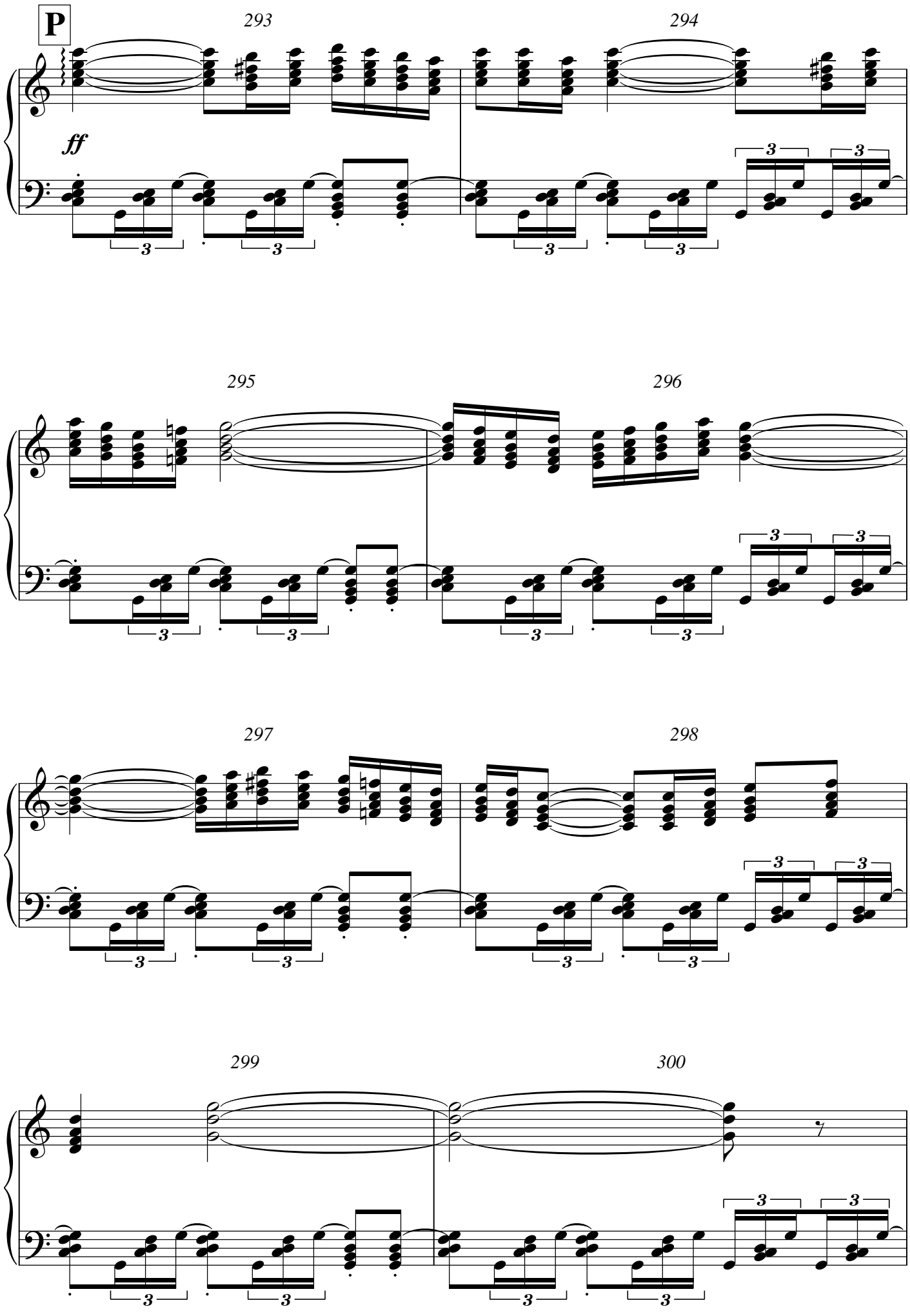

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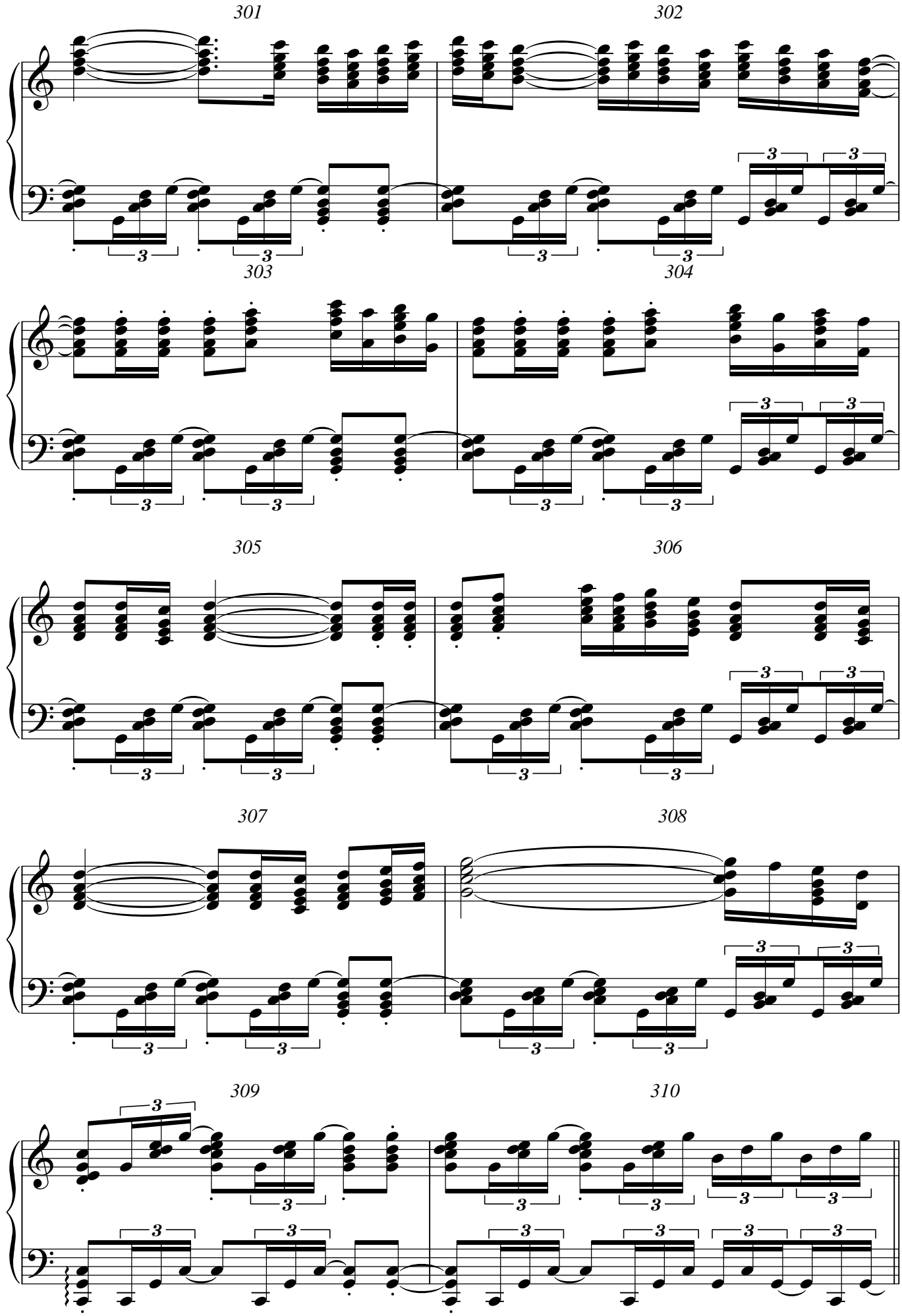

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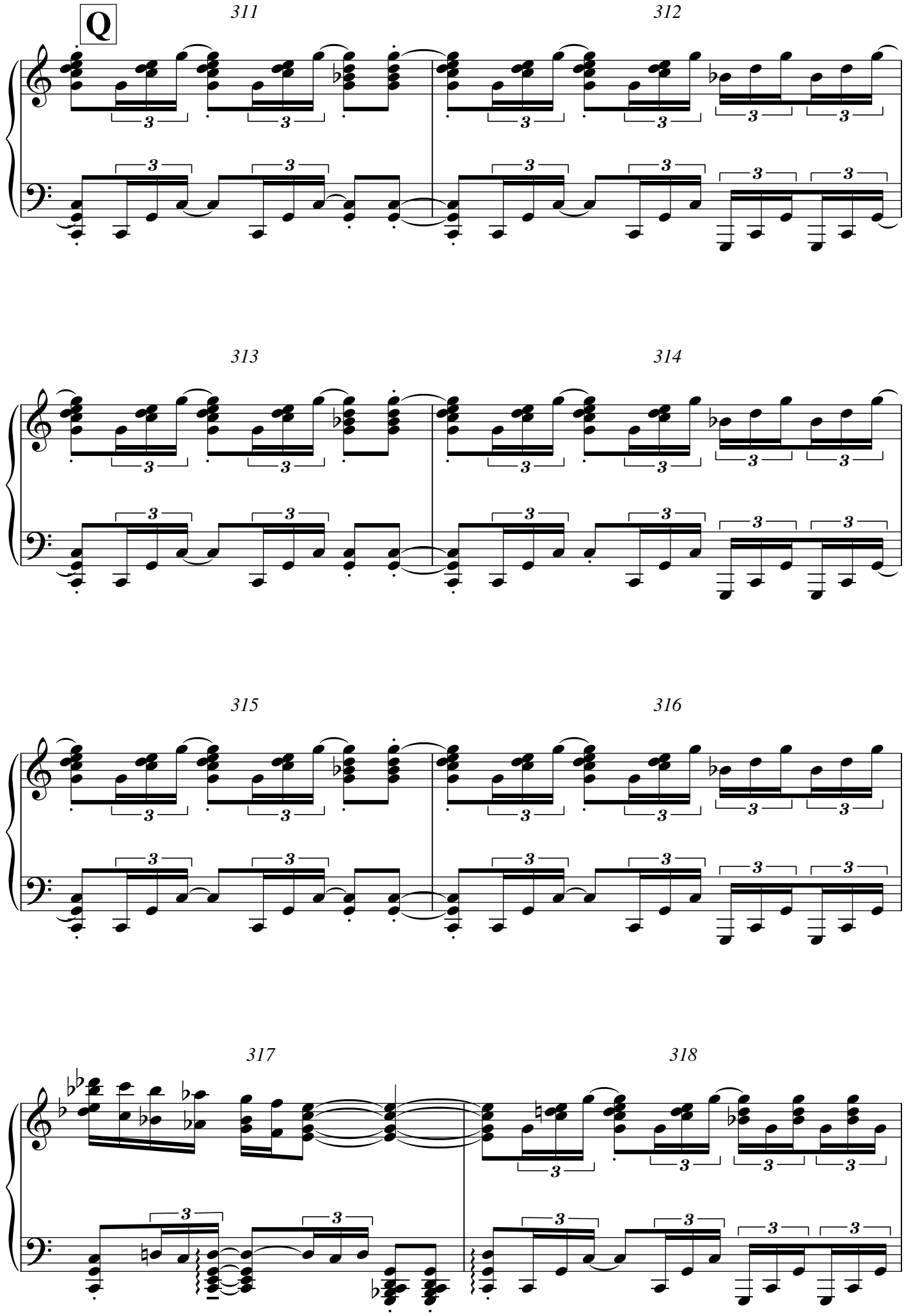

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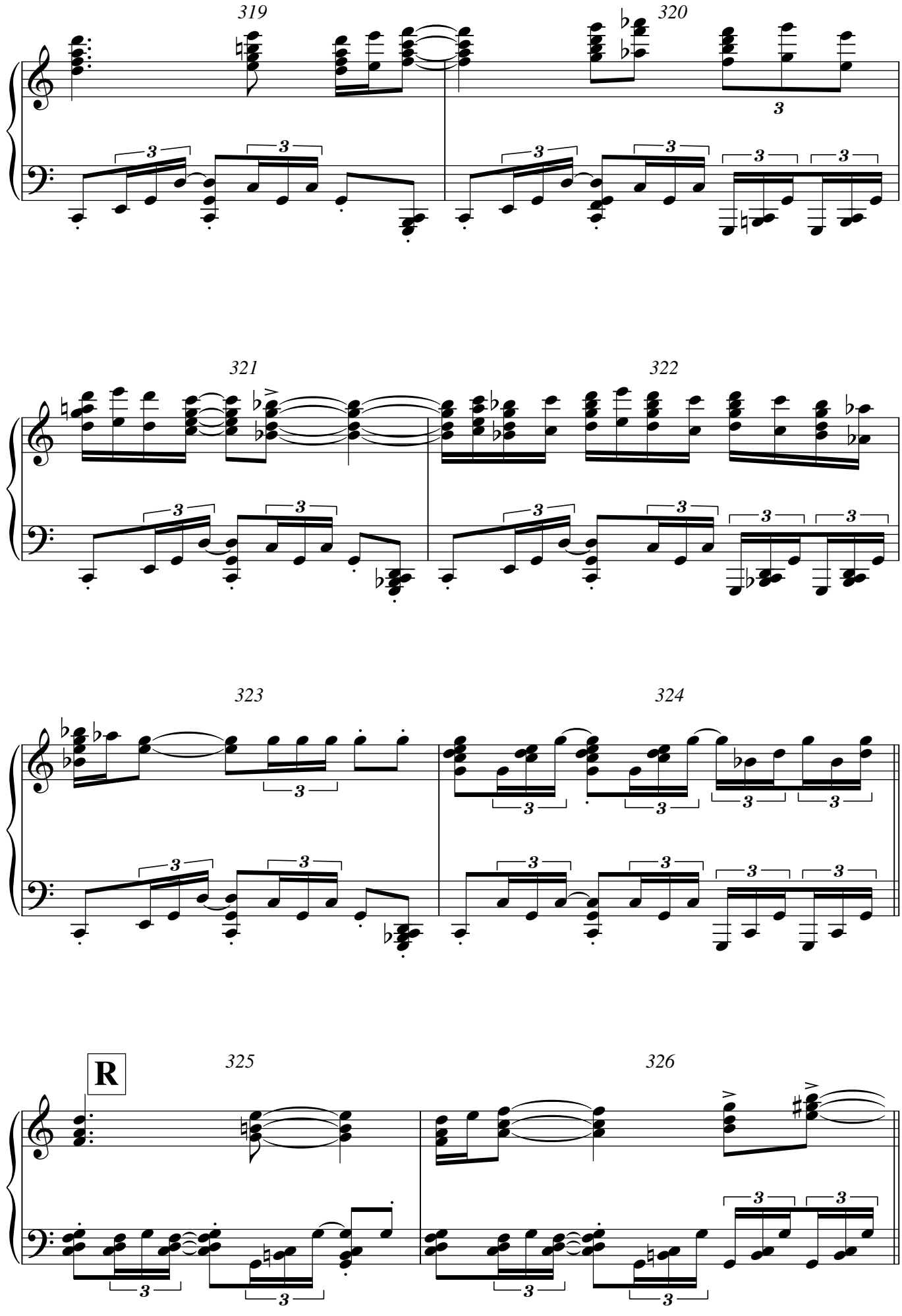

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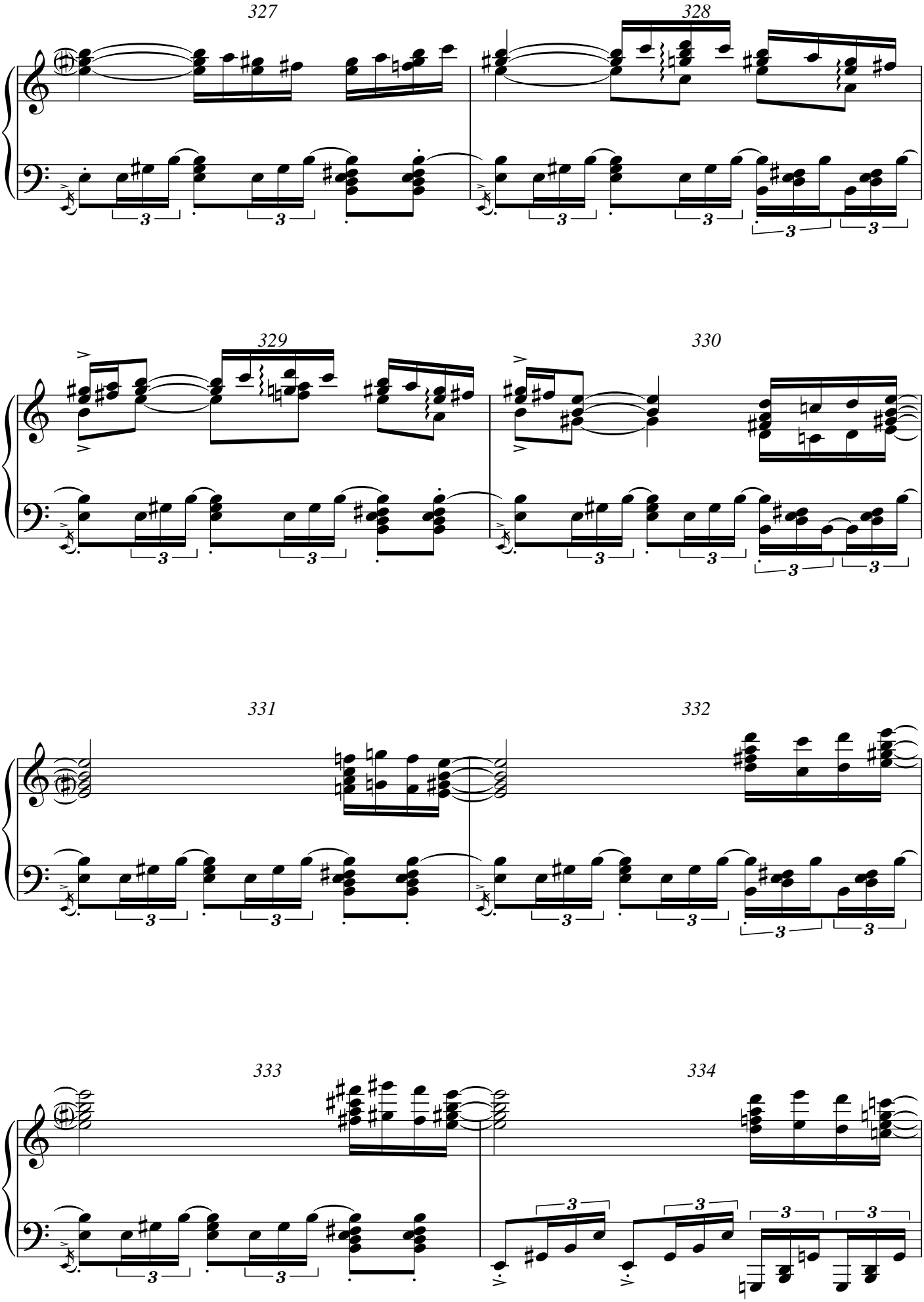

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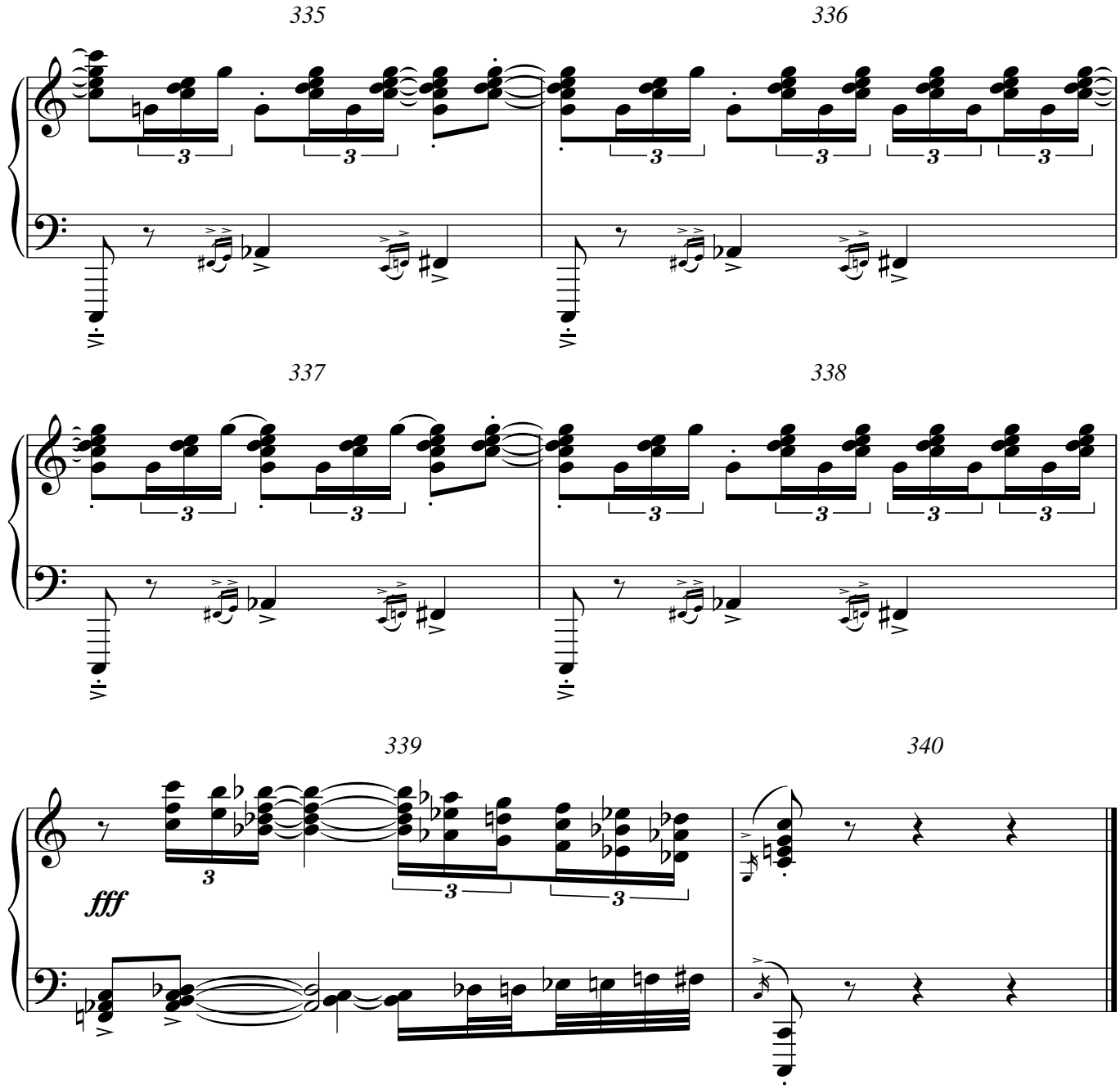

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Boléro

Entends-tu, sous l'ombre des tables,
La guitare cachée ?
Sanglotant toujours,
Ses frissons nous parlent d'amour !
Jusqu'au soir on l'entendra égrener
Ses arpèges de sable.

Ecoute le chant de la guitare !
L'or y mire nos amarres !
Matin fervent,
Bois la vie du vent :
Mélodie folle
S'éparpille au sol !
Là, l'accord, maçon,
S'imbrique dans les autres sons :
Sur la basse,
Devenant danse et chant
Tourbillonnant !

Dans la foule,
Une houle
D'où tout découle,
D'où mous s'écoulent
De doux fous.
J'y ai vue, têtue,
L'écume des lunes
Gruger l'hurluberlu
Sûr, épurer les aigus.

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Quand, dans son tourment,
La guitare ment
Tranquillement,
Sans temps ni sang,
S'envole « si - sol »,
Sans boussole,
Et
Sans amant !

Entends-tu, dans l'ombre des tables,
Le chanteur prier ?
Sanglotant toujours,
Ses frissons nous parlent d'amour !
Jusqu'au soir on l'entendra répéter
Ses ornements de sable.

Ecoute le chant et la guitare !
L'or y mire nos amarres !
Matin fervent,
Bois la vie du vent :
Mélodie folle
S'éparpille au sol !
Là, l'accord, maçon,
S'imbrique dans les autres sons :
Sur la basse,
Devenant danse et chant
Tourbillonnant !

Dans la foire,
Noire histoire
D'émois, d'avoirs,
Dix encensoirs

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Qui noient le soir.
J’y ouïs sis minuit
Colombine qui
Fuit Pierrot si marri
Lui qui épris lui sourit.

Quand, dans son tourment,
La guitare ment
Tranquillement,
Sans temps ni sang,
S’envole « si - sol »,
Sans boussole,
Et
Sans amant !

Dans la danse,
On
Tremble et pense
Et
Transe s’élance.
Cent blanches lances,
Fendant la chance,
Abattant Maria !
La madone, à bas,
S’embrasa, frissonna,
Entonna l’alléluia.

Quand, passionnément,
La guitare s’éprend
De tout ce qui ment -
Le Temps, l’amant,
S’envolent :

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Farandole,
Fends le vent
Blanc !
Grise nuit !
Bise de minuit !
Aux lointains l'ombre s'étend !

Entends-tu, sous l'ombre des tables,
La guitare vidée ?
Pleurant sur son sort,
Gémit sa mélodie de mort !
Jusqu'à l'aube on l'entendra psalmodier
Ses cantates de sable.

Ecoute le bruit de la guitare !
L'or y mire nos amarres !
Destin méchant,
Prends la vie du vent :
Cadence molle
S'éparpille au sol !
Puis, silence-don,
Incline la voûte des sons :
Le néant,
Attrapant danse et chant,
S'éteint gaiement !

Sur le monde
Tombe une onde
Dont il féconde
Les boucles blondes
Qui abondent.
Y a lui - tout gris !

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L’arc-en-ciel épris,
Vivifiant port assis
Bas, sa grave mélodie.

Quand, de son amour,
La guitare sourd
En accords courts,
Le Temps descend
Sans au-revoir,
Sans mémoire,
Et
Sans miroir !
Sur le doux soir
Où rien ne bouge,
Où nul ne mourra jamais !

Alors,
Le danseur se cabre,
Son habit argenté
Luisant,
Tout chamarré,
Virevolte,
La danseuse accrochée à son bras
Marquant du pas,
Claquant des doigts,
Brillante volte !
Claquant des doigts,
Rythme sauvage
Du fond des âges :
Ah !

Colette Mourey

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