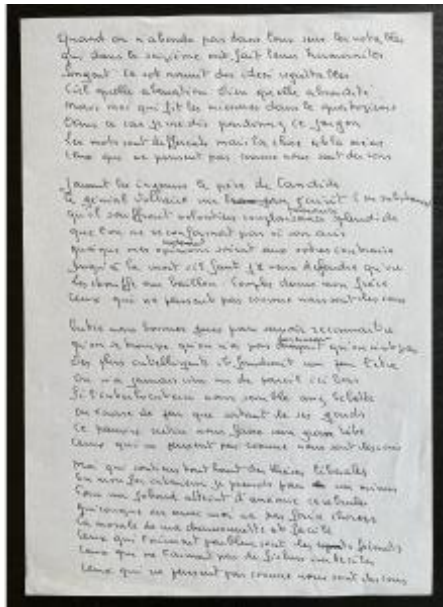




Georges Brassens - Handwritten Autograph Song



3 000 EUR

Signature : Georges BRASSENS

Period : 20th century

Condition : Bon état

Material : Paper

Description

Georges BRASSENS (1921 - 1981), French author, composer, performer

Autograph manuscript of the song titled "Those who don't think like us". [November 1979]; 1 folio page.

Manuscript found of one of the last songs that Brassens did not have time to record before his death on October 29, 1981. The song was set to music by Brassens and performed in 1982 by Jean Bertola. Manuscript copied with a few crossings. Brassens, perfectionist as usual, spent considerable time reworking his texts until he obtained the desired version. We note once again, not usually, that the poet did not obtain in this version what the final version will be, verses in this draft were not retained in the final song, as well as verses which have been reworked.

Dealer

MANUSCRIPTA

Autographs - drawings - Photos

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Referenced in the complete works page 311

"When we do not agree with the notables Who in
the sixteenth century made their humanities,
Think the fool nourishes regrettable ideas Heaven
what an aberration God what an absurdity. But I
who made mine in the fourteenth In this case I
say to myself forgive this jargon The words are
different but the thing is the same Those who do
not think like us are idiots Playing the ingenuous,
the father of Candide The brilliant Voltaire, (in
substance) wrote that he willingly tolerated
splendid complacency/tolerance that people did
not conform to his opinion. Although my
opinions are contrary to yours, until death if
necessary I want to forbid that they be suffocated
with a gag. Count on it my brother Those who
don't think like us are idiots Between us good
people to dare to recognize That we are wrong
that we don't have a brain that we are not The
most intelligent we should be a little We've never
seen anything like this down here If the
interlocutor seems rather corny to us We're
almost crushed before it comes off its hinges This
poor moron is making a big fool out of us Those
who don't think like us are idiots Me who
supports everything top of liberal theses In my
heart of hearts I think I'm a loser For a jobster
suffering from cerebral anemia Anyone who
dares with me not to join in the chorus The moral
of my song is easy Those who love it by blue are
fertile Those who don't don't like damn fools
Those who don't think like us are idiots