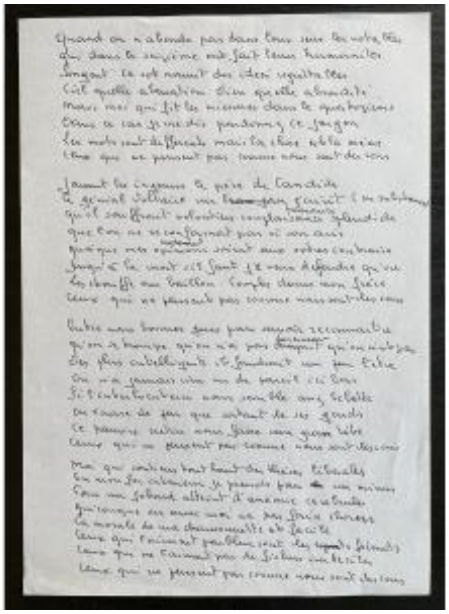
Georges Brassens - Handwritten Autograph Song



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

Mobile : 0622666814

74b rue denfert rochereau

Lyon 69004

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