

in the nunnery, which is the fact. 2d. That being sung by priests, and in some cases at least, composed by them, they afford witness to the truth of what I have said of their character and conduct, thus condemning them out of their own mouths. Certain it is that they are very favorite songs with them, especially some of the most objectionable; as I have heard them, in spite of myself, repeated over and over again, particularly when the priests were engaged in drinking and gaming.

I am not well acquainted with the French language, and there are some words and lines here which I do not understand, and cannot get explained. I never saw any of these songs on paper before.

## 1. LA BRUNETTE.

La Brunette allait à confesser;  
 La Brunette, allant, ié ié ié.  
 Dites donc moi si je suis noire,  
 Ou si mon miroir me dément.  
 O ma belle, vous êtes si peu brunette,  
 Que dans le confessionnal on n'apperoit pas tant.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 J'ai mis la main dans sa goussât,  
 Je tirais six cents livres.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 The Brunette went to confess—  
 Tell me if I am so very dark-complexioned.  
 Oh no, you are so little of a brunette  
 That it is hardly to be perceived in the confessional.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 I put my hand into her purse,  
 And took out six hundred livres.—&c. &c.

(The remainder it is better to withhold.)