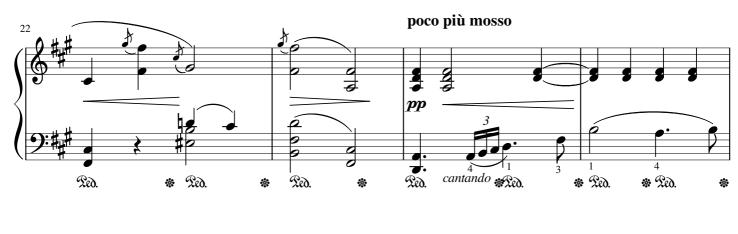
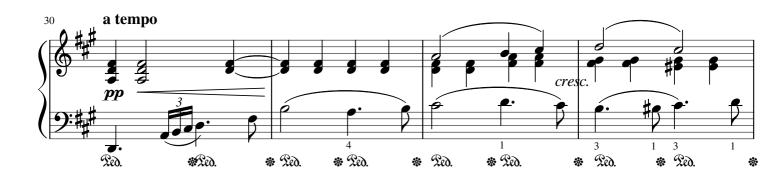


## Clair de lune



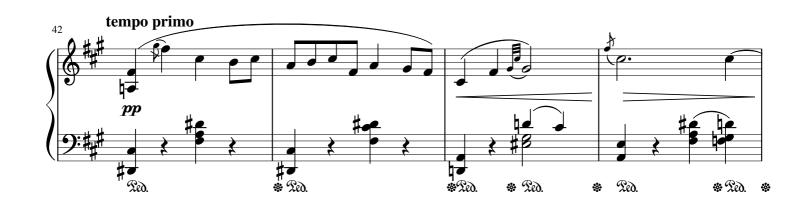


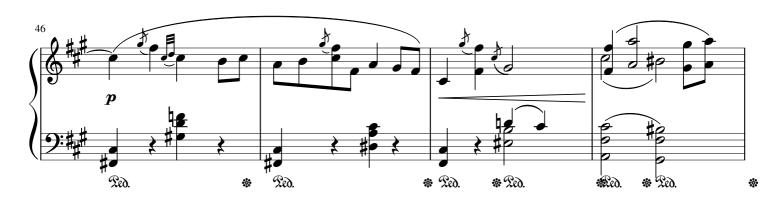


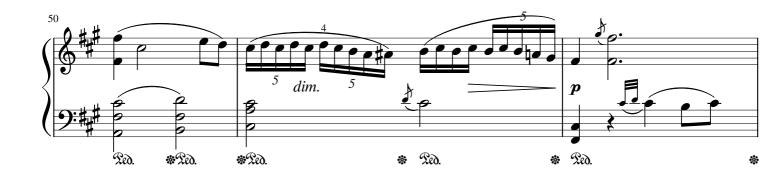


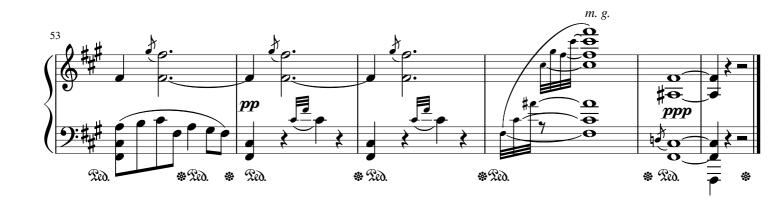












La lune était sereine et jouait sur les flots. La fenêtre enfin libre est ouverte à la brise; La sultane regarde, et la mer qui se brise, Là-bas, d'un flot d'argent brode les noirs îlots.