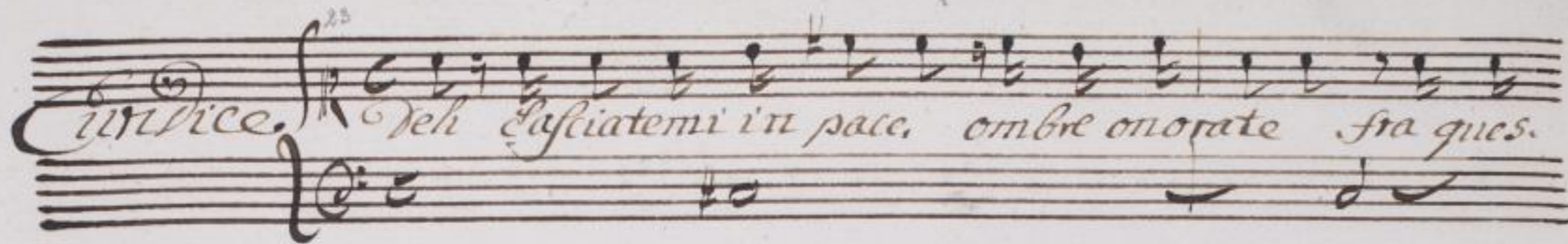
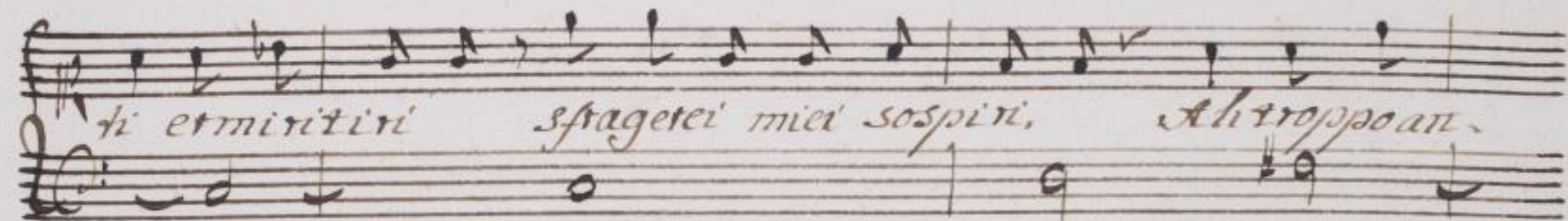


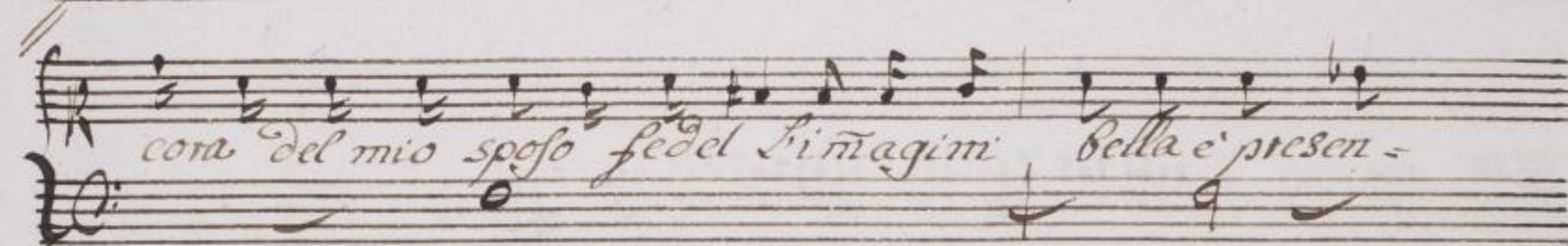
23  
Cunice. *Deh lasciatemi in pace, ombre onorate fra ques.*



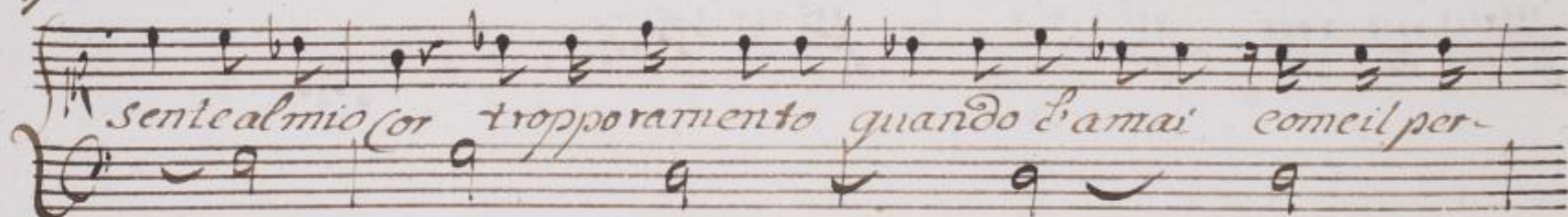
*ti ermitini sfagetei miei sospiri. Ah troppo an.*



*cora del mio sposo fedel l'imagini bella e presen-*



*sente al mio cor troppo amento quando l'amai come il per-*



*dei col tempo forse chi sa si spargera D'ob-*

