

Viii.
1079 **

V⁶m-38

A I R S
DE LA COMEDIE
DE CIRCE.

AVEC LA BASSE-CONTINUË.
Par feu m^r Charpentier.



A PARIS,
Chez CHRISTOPHE BALLARD, seul Imprimeur
du Roy pour la Musique, rue Saint Iean
de Beauvais au Mont Parnasse.

M. DC. LXXVI.

Avec Privilege de Sa Majesté.





AU LECTEUR.

ENFIN voicy les Airs de la Comedie de Circé, que l'on m'a tant de fois demandez, & que l'on a attendus avec tant d'impatience; J'ay crû qu'il estoit à propos d'en retrancher les deux *Chorûs* que font les Comediens, au commencement & à la fin de la piece : mais pour recompenser le public, j'ay adjouté à la fin l'Intermede des Indiennes, & les deux Airs Italiens du malade imaginaire, que l'on a tant aymez, & qui n'ont point encor esté mis au jour. J'espere que l'on ne sera pas fasché de cét échange, où l'on gagne pluslost que de perdre, en attendant le Recüeil d'Airs serieux de differens Autheurs à deux Parties, que je prepare à l'ordinaire, un second Livre de Chanfonnettes, mêlées d'Airs à boire, comme celles de l'année derniere, & un Recüeil de Noëls & Cantiques Spirituels sur les plus beaux Airs du temps. L'on va imprimer toutes ces nouveautez.

BALLARD.

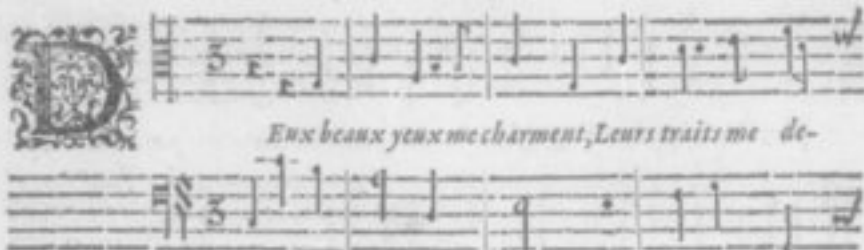


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AIRS DE LA COMEDIE
DE CIRCE.

Chanſon du premier Satyre.

AU PREMIER ACTE.

Deux beaux yeux me charment, Leurs traits me de-



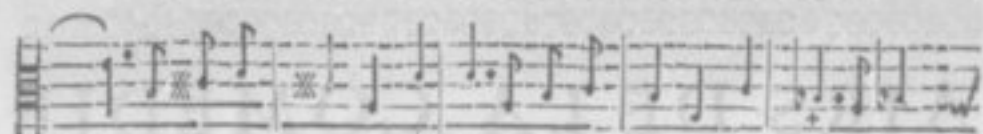
BASSECONTINUE.

ſarment, Mais ſ'ils ne ſont doux Nar- gue de leurs coups, Nar- gue de leurs

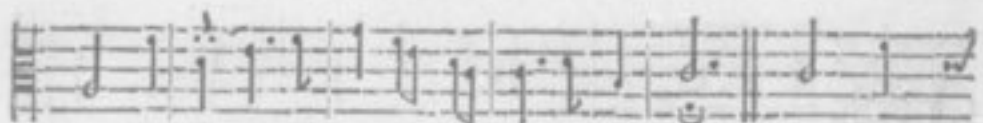
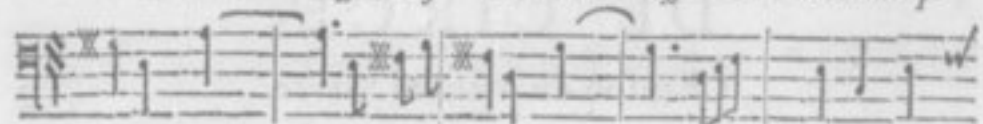


coups: coups: J'ay me une mai-ſtreſſe Qui me tend les bras, Fy

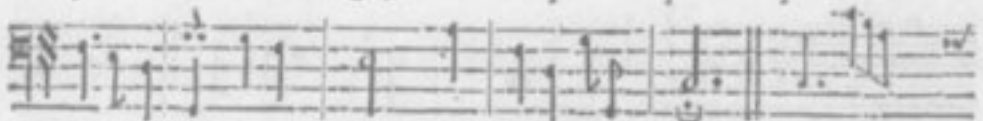




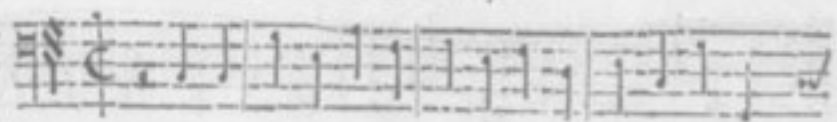
de la ru- desse, *Fy* de la ru- desse A- vec mille ap-



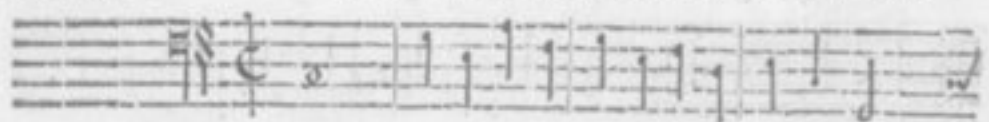
pas, La beauté, Ti- gresse, Ne me plairoit pas. pas. La



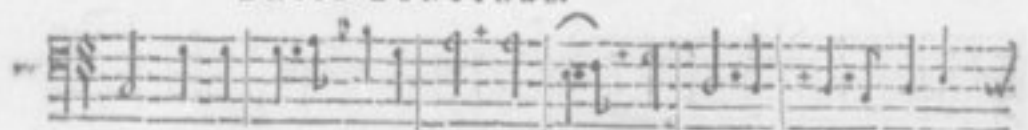
Recit du second Satyre.



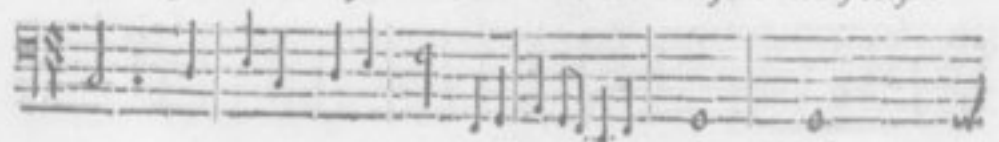
N jour la jeune Ly- sette, Couchée à l'ombre d'un



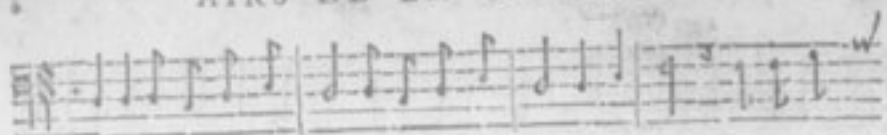
BASSE-CONTINUE.



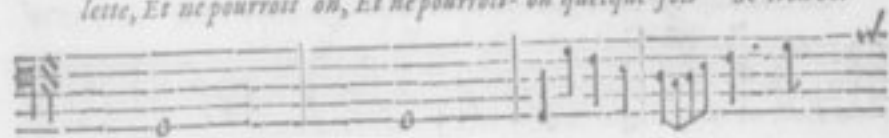
bois, Difoit d'une triste voix, He- las! He las! faut- il res- versen-



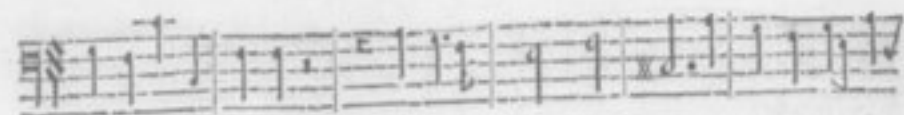
AIRS DE LA COMEDIE



lette, Et ne pourroit on, Et ne pourroit- on quelque-fois Se trouver



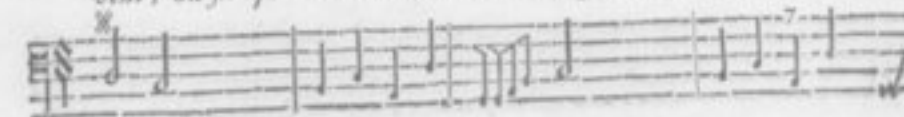
deux à rive sur l'herbet- te: te: Vn Berger survint qui luy tint bonc&



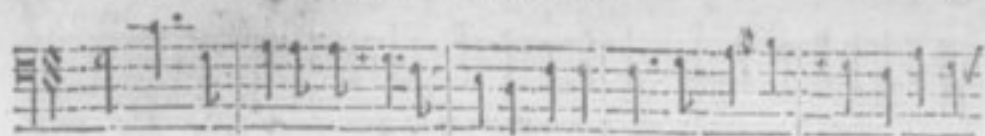
douce compa- gnie; Sur la ren- contre au bois, Dès qu'o eueut le



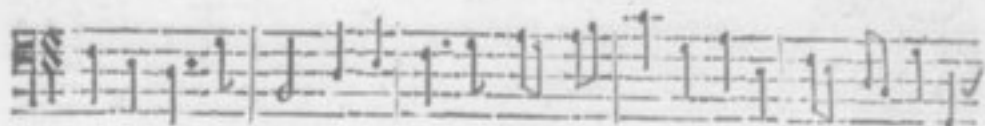
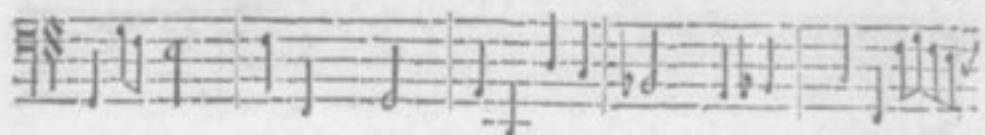
vent, On fit ja- zer la calom- nie, Qui mit cent conter en a-



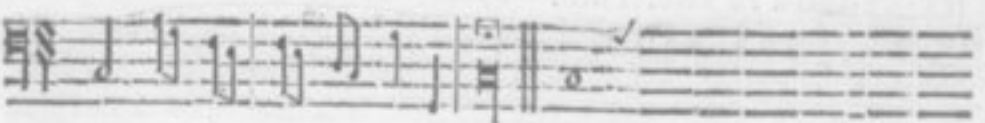
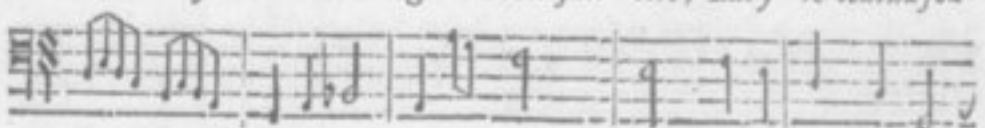
DE CIRCE.



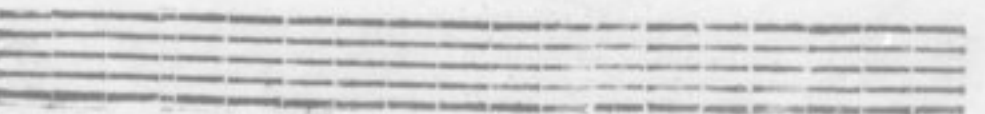
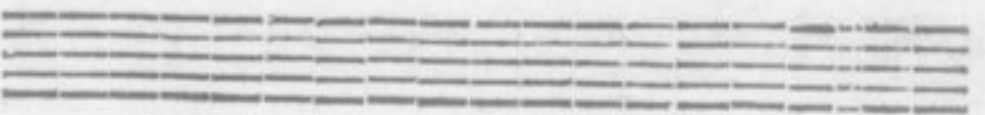
vant, Mais Ly- sette laissa me- dire, Le Ber-ger l'avoit fait rire, Elley



retourna sou-vent. Le Ber-ger l'avoit fait rire, Elley re-tourna sou-



vent. El- ley re-tour-na sou-vent. vent.



AIRS DE LA COMEDIE

Dialogue de Tircis, & de Silvie.

DANS LE SECOND ACTE.

SILVIE.

Pourquoy me fuyez-vous.

TIRCIS.

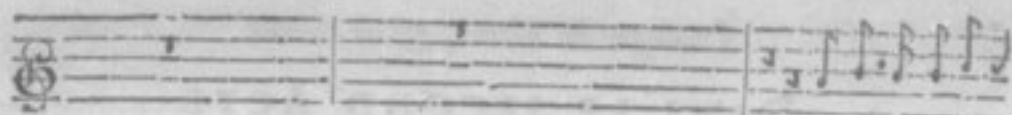
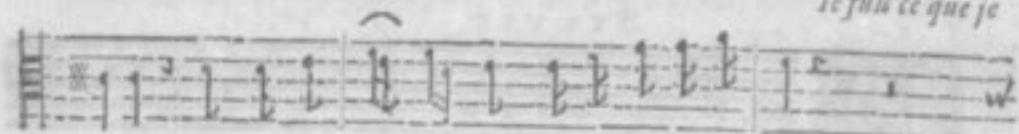
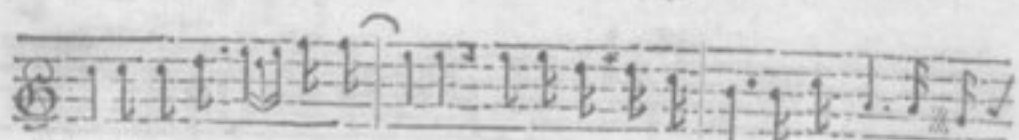
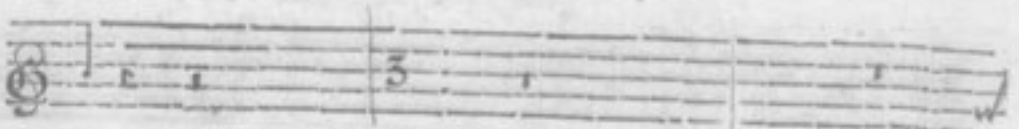
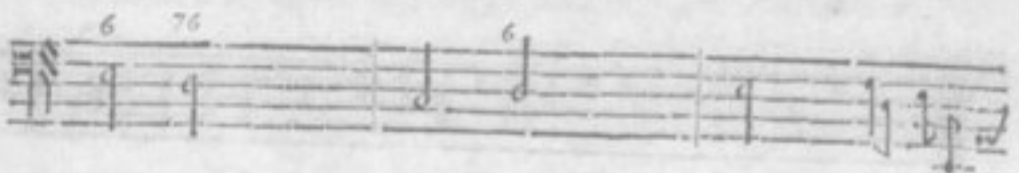
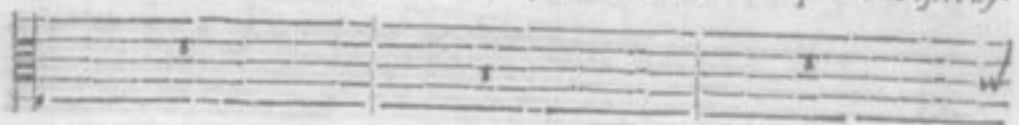
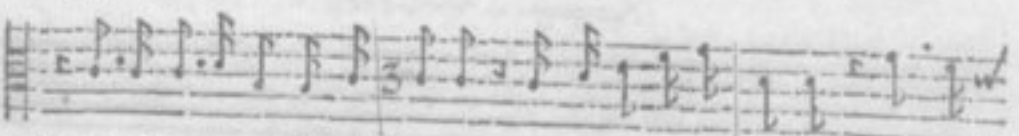
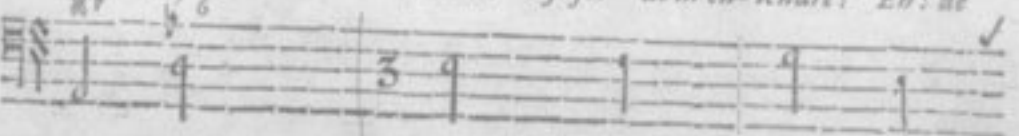
BASSE-CONTINUE. Luth.

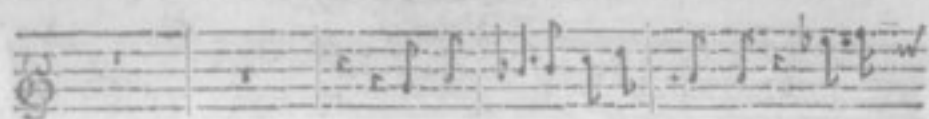
Pourquoy me fuyez-vous, ô beauté trop se-

Pourquoy me fuyez-vous.

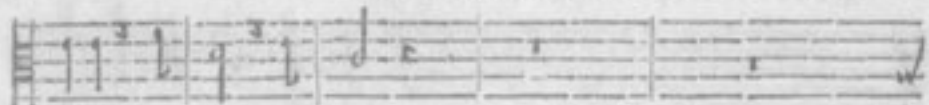
DE CIRCE.

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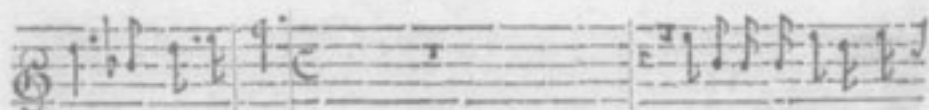
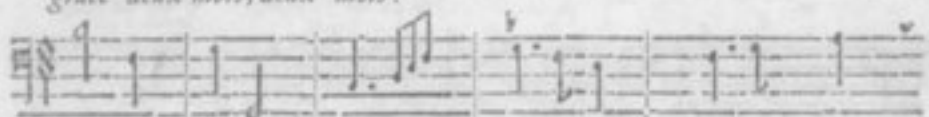
*Je suis ce que je**vere, Quand d'un si ten-dre a-mour j'ay le cœur enfla-mé ?**sens qui commence à me plai-re, Si je vous écon-tois vous pourriez estre ay-**mé,**Quoy toujours aymable inhu-maine, refuser de m'en-tendre? Eh! de*



L'amour cause de la peine, Et je

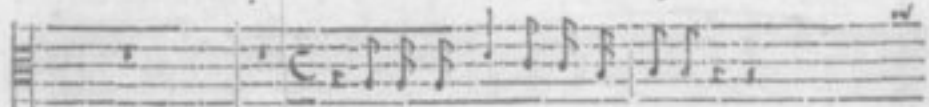


grace deux mots, deux mots!

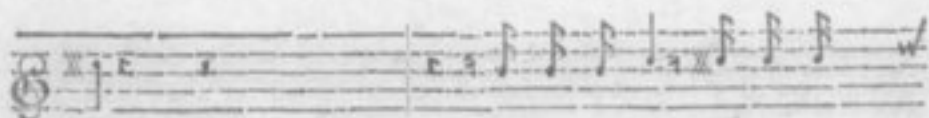
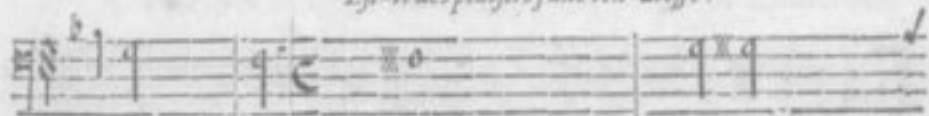


veux vivre en re- pos:

Est-il de l'amour sans cha-

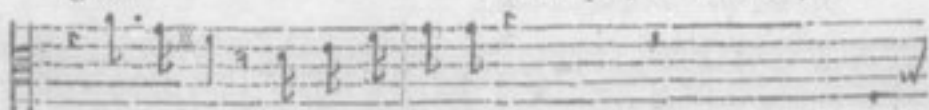


Est-il des plaisirs sans ten-dresse?

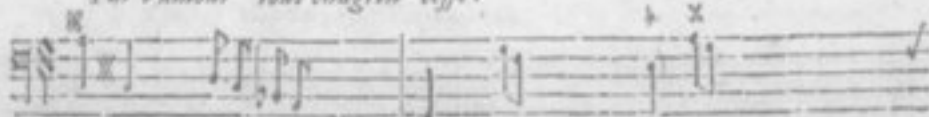


grin?

Tous les plaisirs, Tous les plai-

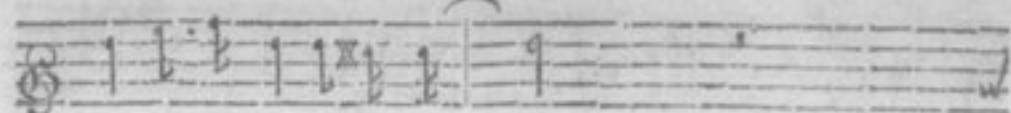


Par l'amour tout chagrin cesse:

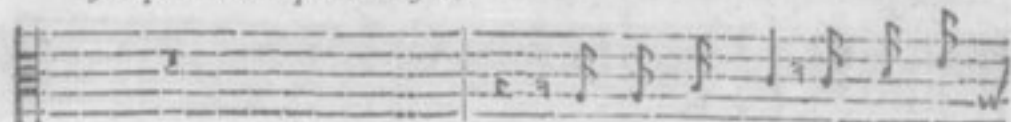


DE CIRCE.

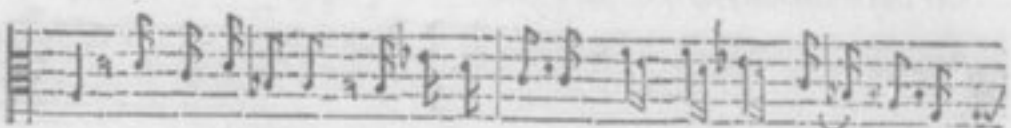
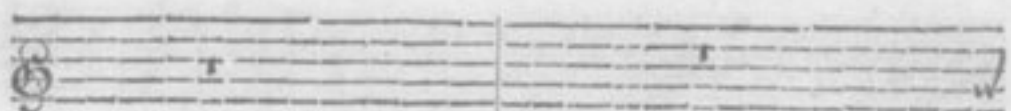
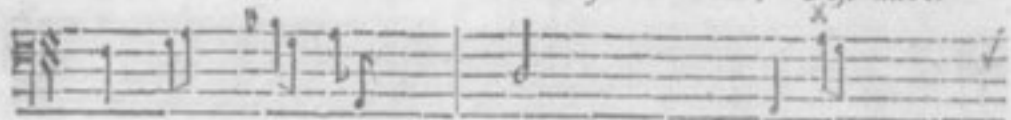
11



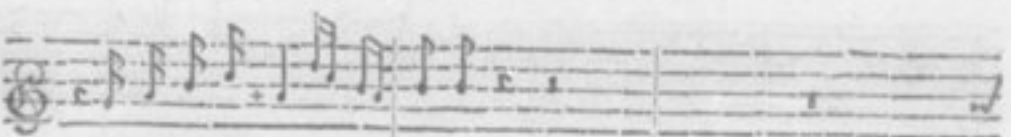
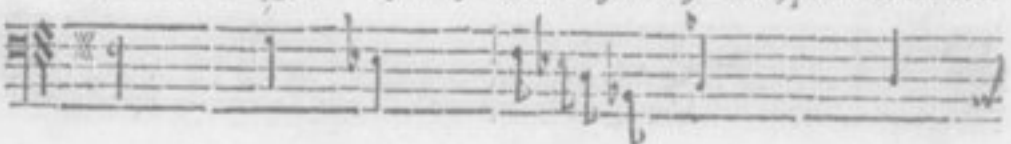
sirs par l'amour prennent fin,



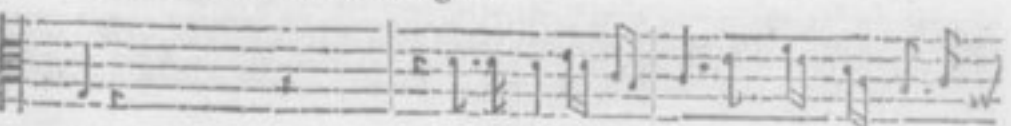
C'est une erreur, C'est une er-



reur, Dans le bel âge, il faut ay-mer, il faut ay-mer, pour vivre heu-

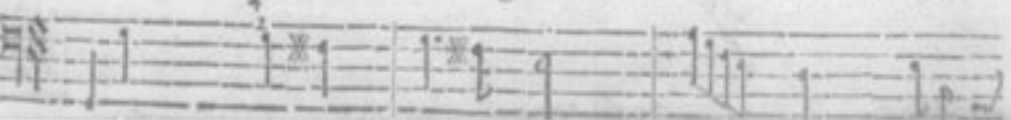


Ne me dites rien da-van-tage ?



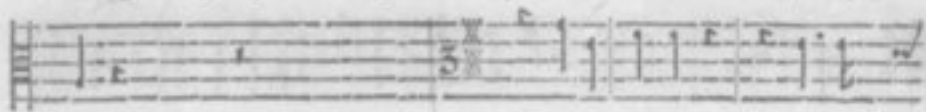
reux,

Soulagez les en-nuis de mon cœur amou-

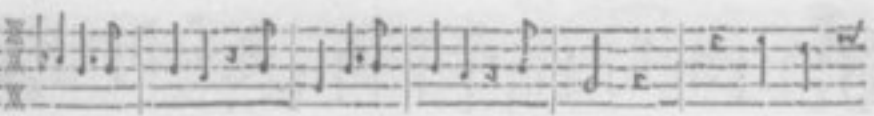
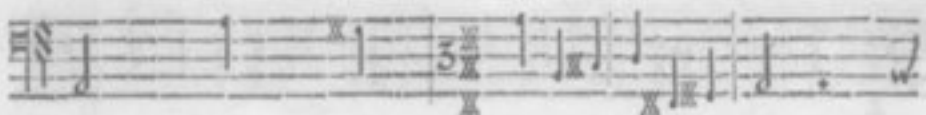




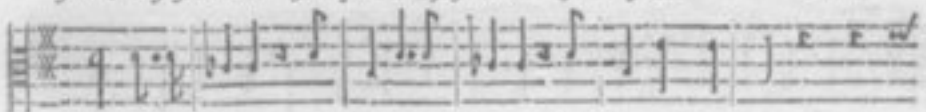
Que vous sert que le mien sou-



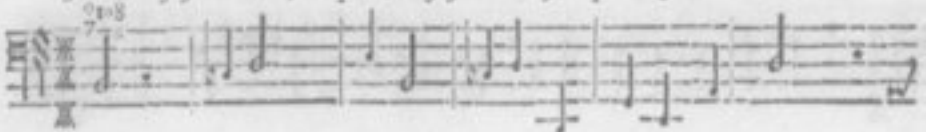
pire? Ah! Tir- cis, unif-



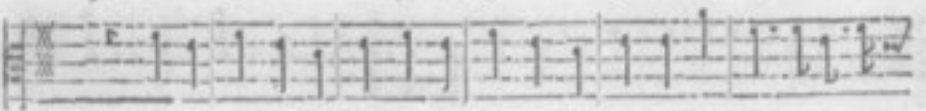
sons, unif-sons nos sou-pirs, unif-sons nos sou- pirs: Douce



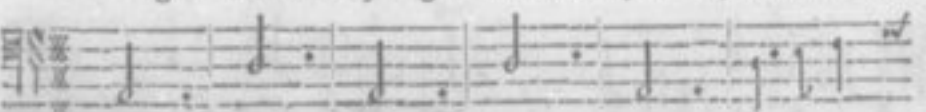
sons, unif-sons nos sou-pirs, unif-sons nos sou-pirs, aymons-nous;



peine! A- greable martyre! agreable martyre!

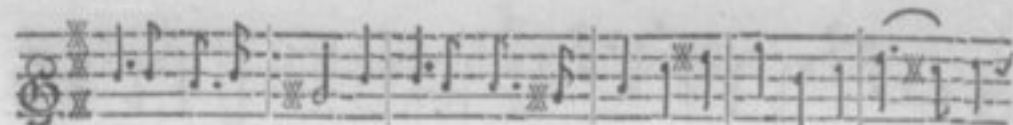


Agre- able mar- tyre! agre- able mar- tyre! Il fait tout mō bon-

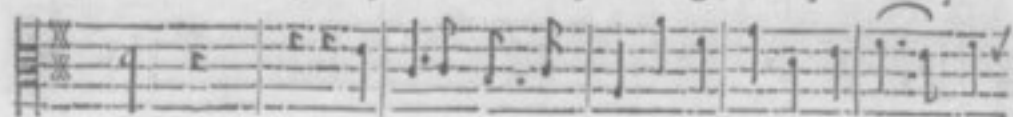


DE CIRCE.

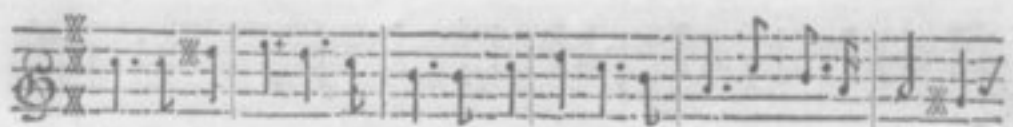
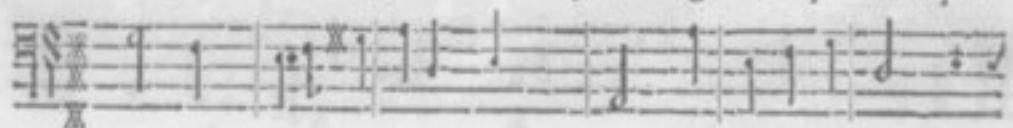
13



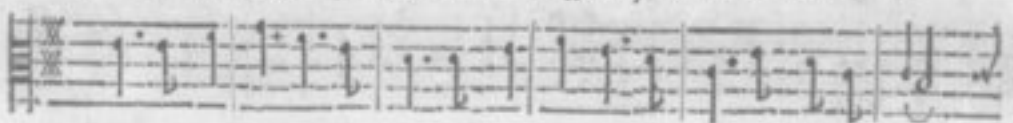
fait tous mes de- sirs, Il fait tous mes de- sirs, Pour goûter les plus doux plai-



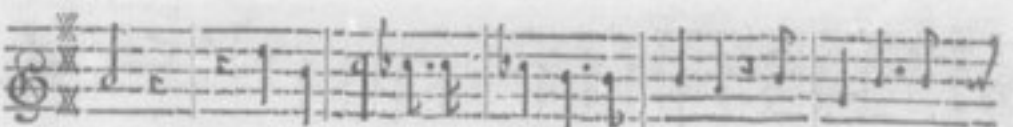
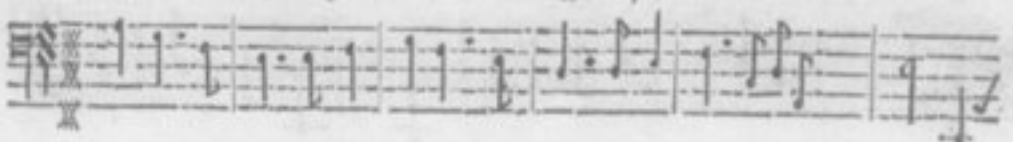
heur, Il fait tous mes de- sirs, Pour goûter les plus doux plai-



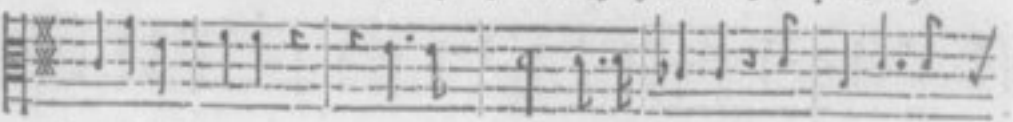
sirs, Ne nous laissons ja- mais, Ne nous laissons ja- mais de nous le di-



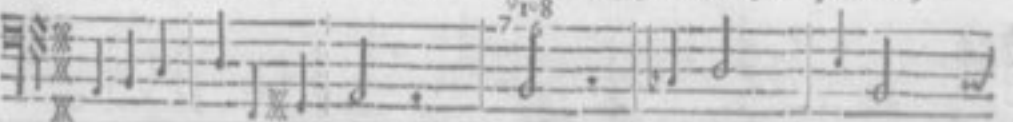
sirs, Ne nous laissons ja- mais, Ne nous laissons ja- mais de nous le di-

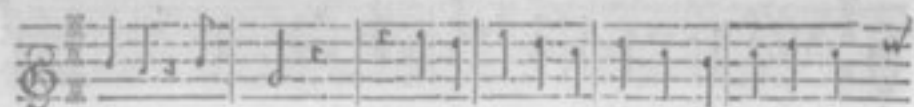


re: Ah! Tir- cùs, unif- sons, unif- sons nos sou- pirs, unif-

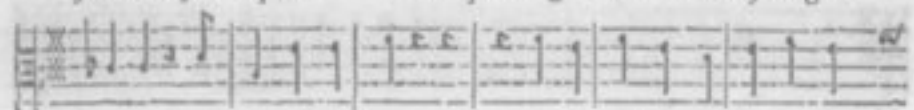


re: Ah! Sil- vie, unif- sons, unif- sons nos sou- pirs, unif-

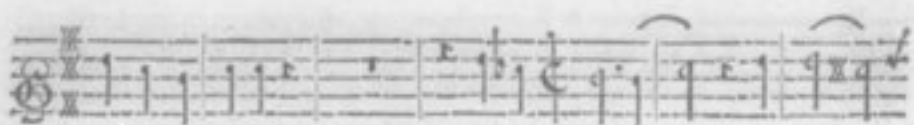
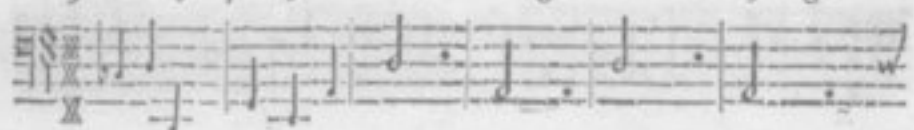




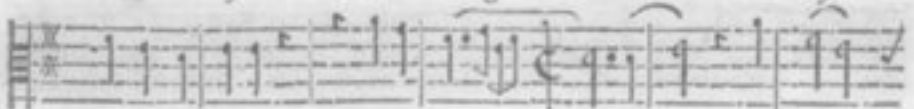
sons nos sou-pirs! Douce peine! agre-able mar-tyr! agre-



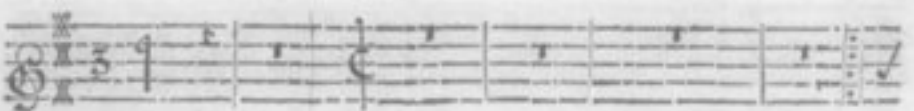
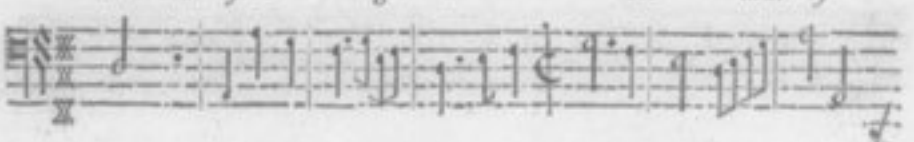
sons nos sou-pirs, aymons-nous, agre-able mar-tyr! agre-



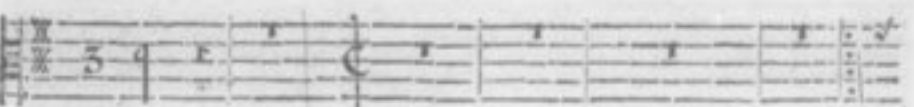
able mar-tyr! agre-able mar-ty-



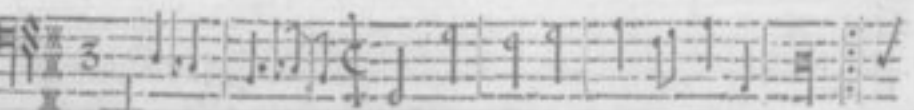
able mar-tyr! agre-able mar-ty-



re!



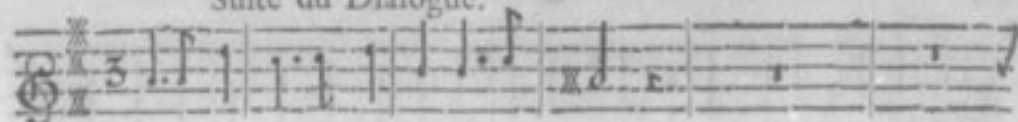
re!



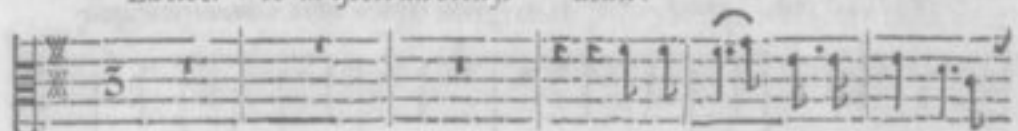
DE CIRCE.

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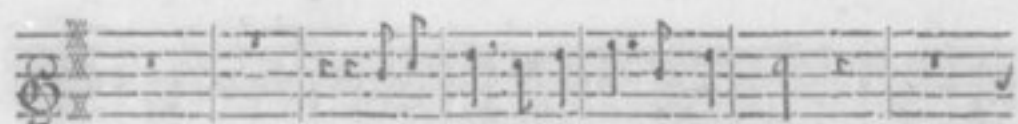
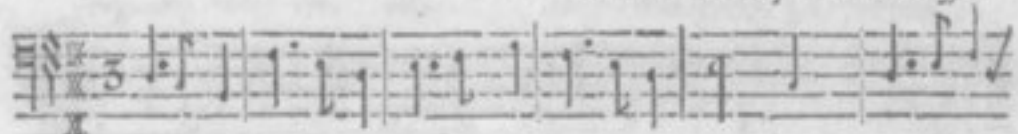
Suite du Dialogue.



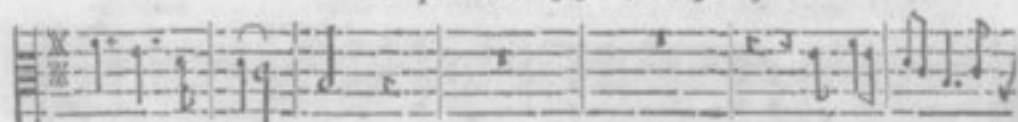
La liber- té m'étoit un bien si doux!



Vaut-il ceux que l'a-mour offre

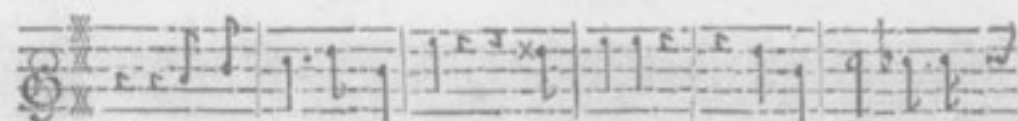
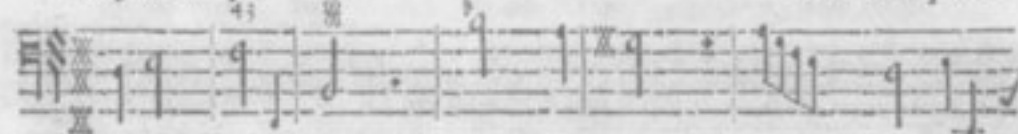


Je la perds, c'en est fait, c'en est fait!

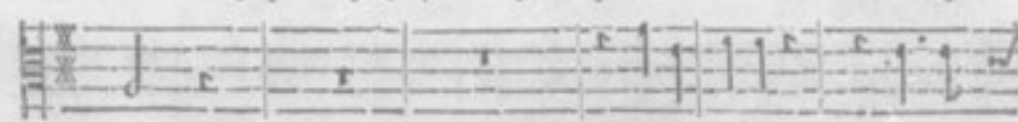


dans son em- pi- re?

Vous en re-pentez

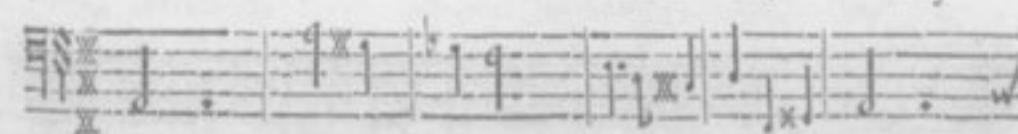


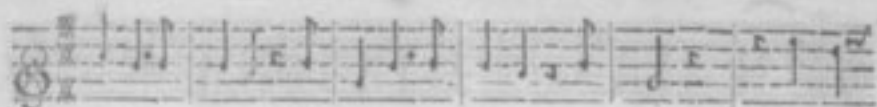
Cen'est pas dequoy je sou- pire, Ah! Tir-cu, unis-



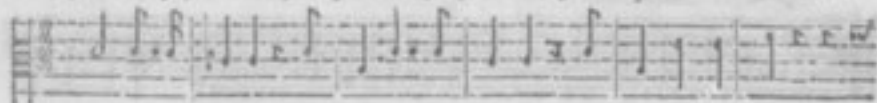
vous?

Ah! Sil-vie, unis-

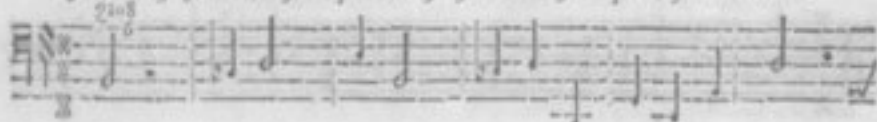




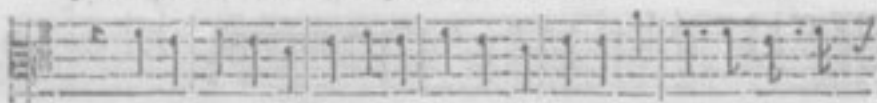
sons, unis-sons nos sou-pirs, unis-sons nos sou-pirs: Douce



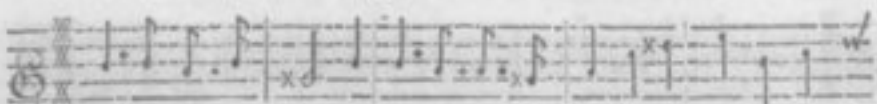
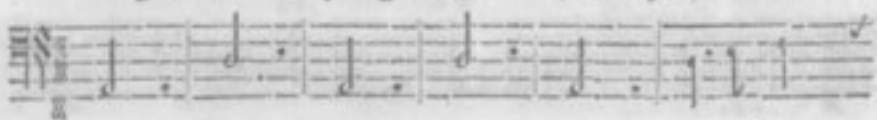
sons, unis-sons nos sou-pirs, unis-sons nos sou-pirs, aymons-nous:



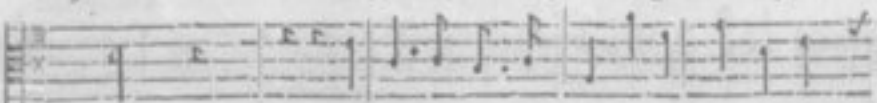
peint:agre-able mar-tyre!agre-able mar-tyre! Il



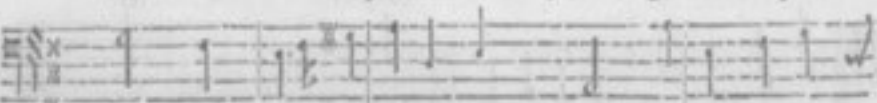
agre-able mar-tyre!agre-able mar-tyre! Il fait tout mon bon-

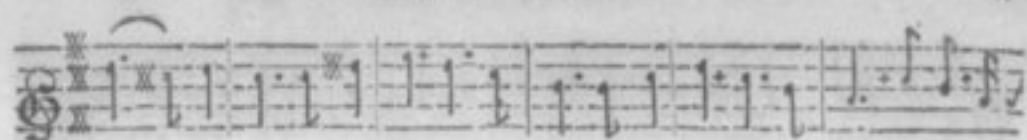


fait tout mon bon-heur, il fait tous mes de-sirs, Pour gôu-ter les plus

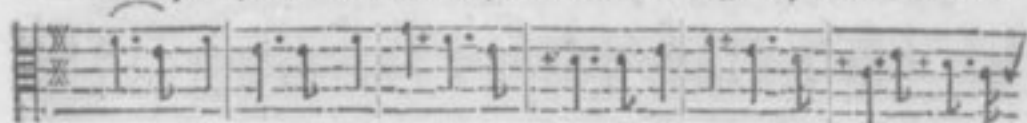


heur, il fait tous mes de-sirs, Pour gôu-ter les plus

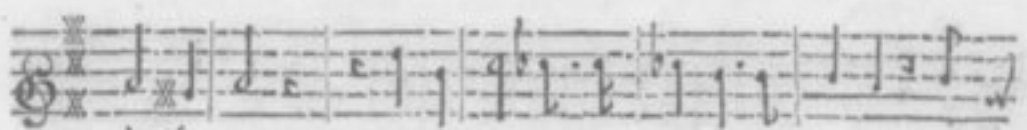
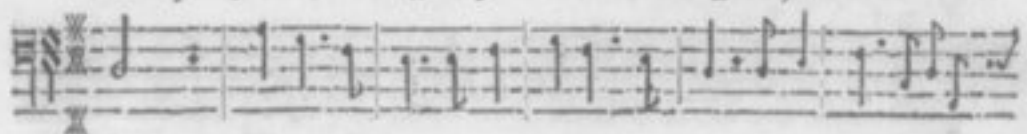




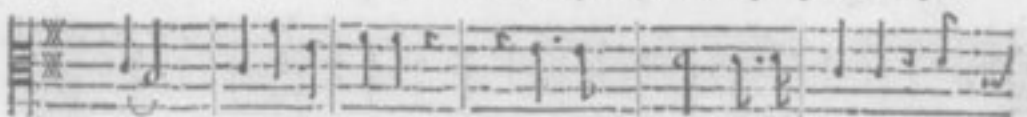
doux plai-sirs, Ne nous laissons ja-mais, Ne nous laissons ja-mais de nous le



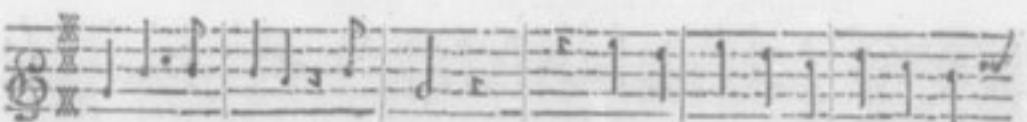
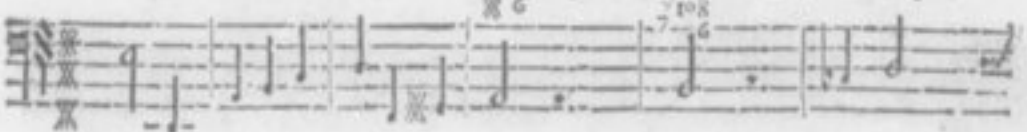
doux plai-sirs, Ne nous laissons ja-mais, Ne nous laissons ja-mais de nous le



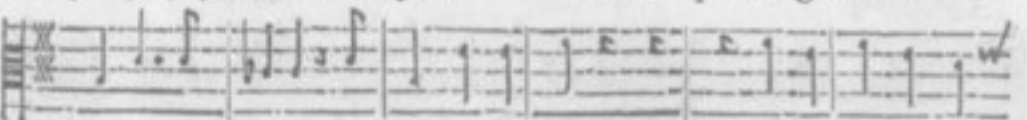
di-re: Ah! Tir-cis, unif-sons, unif-sons nos sou-



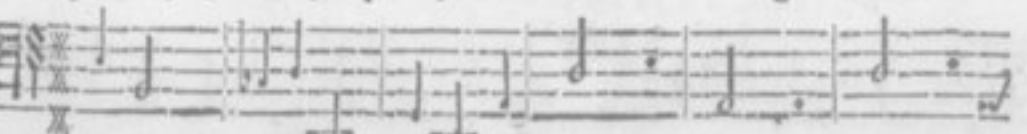
di-re: Ah! Sil-vie, unif-sons, unif-sons nos sou-



pirs, unif-sons nos sou-pirs: Douce peine! Agre-able mar-



pirs, unif-sons nos sou-pirs, aymons-nous: Agre-able mar-



tyre! agre-able mar-tyre! agre-able mar-tyre!

tyre! agre-able mar-tyre! agre-able mar-tyre!

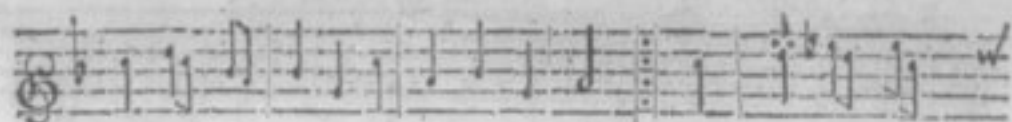
ty- re!

ty- re!

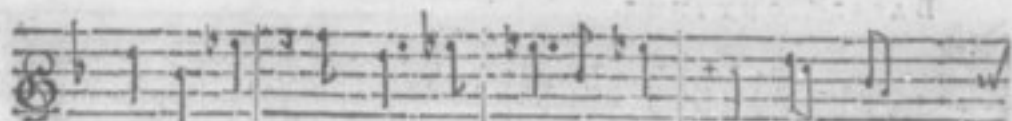
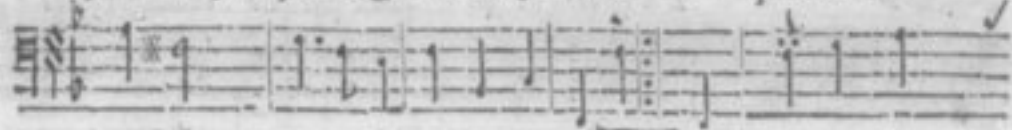
Chanson de la Dryade dans le quatrième Acte.

Où étonnez-vous D'un peu de mar-tyre! C'est

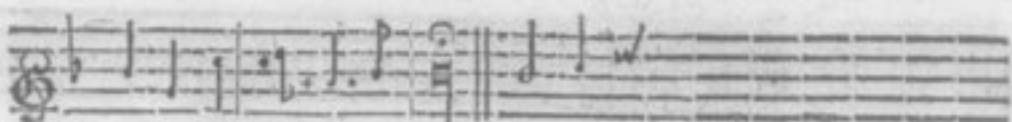
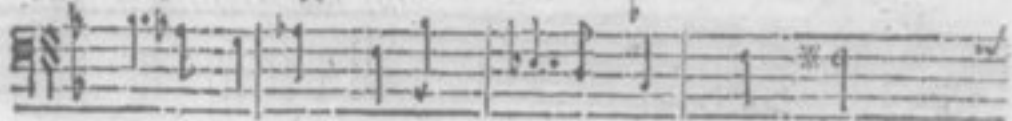
BASSE-CONTINUE.



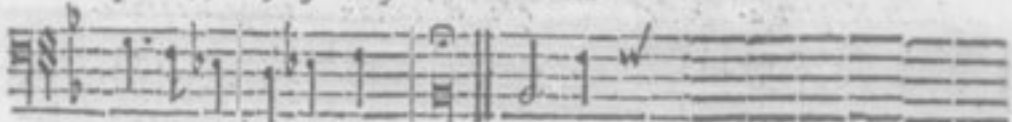
quand on sou-pire Que l'amour est doux: La plus bel- le



chaisne Ne sçauroit char mer, Si l'on n'a de la

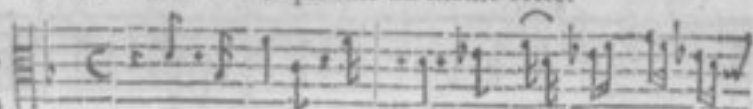


peine A se faire ay-mer. mer. La

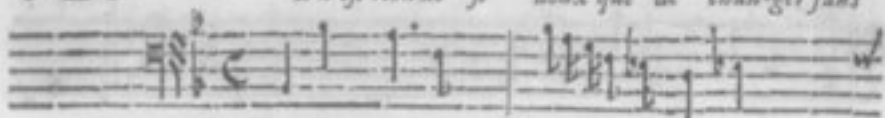


*J'ayme les plaisirs
 Qu'on me fait attendre,
 Vn objet trop tendre
 Esteint les desirs,
 La plus grande gloire
 Qu'on trouve en ayant,
 C'est lors que la victoire
 Couste un long tourment.*

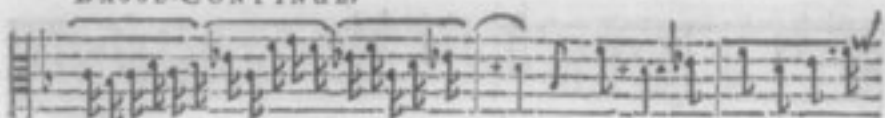
AIRS DE LA COMEDIE
 Chanson de Faune, qui suit au même Acte.



*L'*n'est rien de si doux que de chan-ger sans

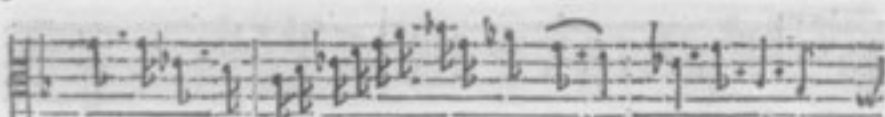
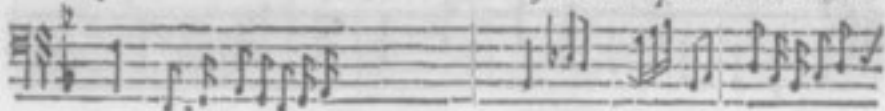


BASSE-CONTINUE.

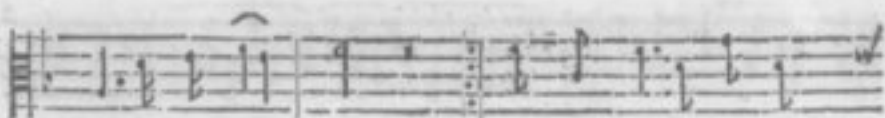


ces-

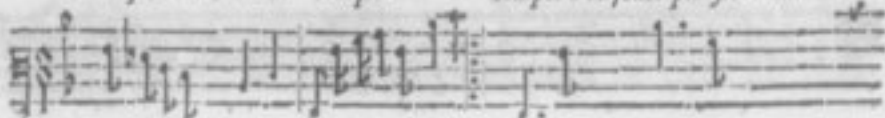
sei L'amour pour les cœurs incon-



stants, Ne peut a- voir que d'heureux temps, Ne peut a-

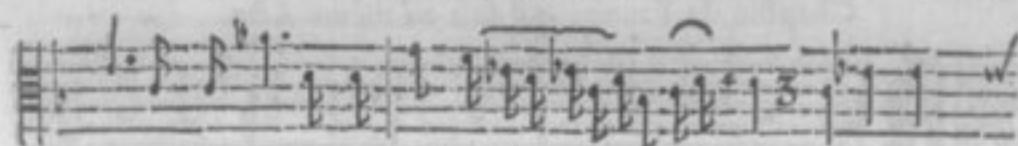


voir que d'heureux temps: temps: Toujours plaisirs non-



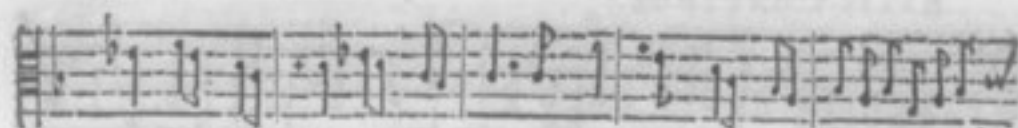
DE CIRCE.

21

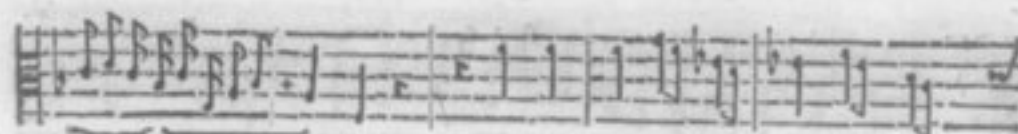


yeaux, Et jamais, Et ja- mais de

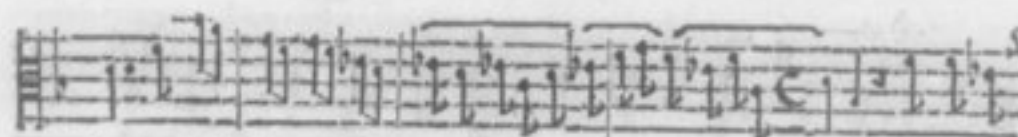
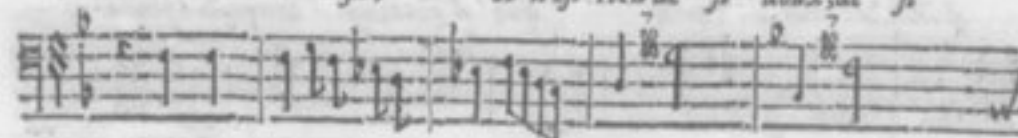
tri- ste- se, Il n'est



rien de si doux, de si doux, que de changer sans ces-

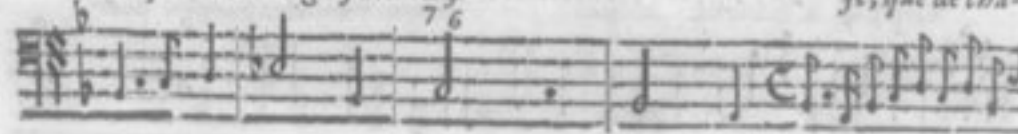


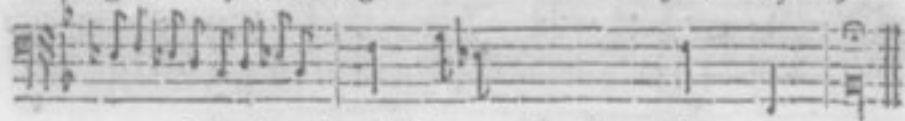
se, il n'est rien de si doux, de si



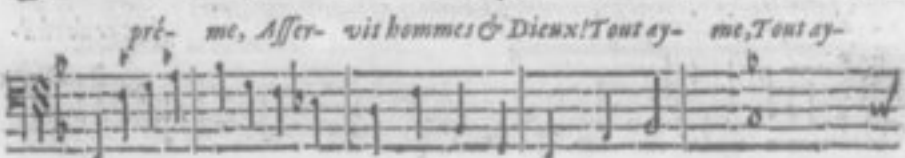
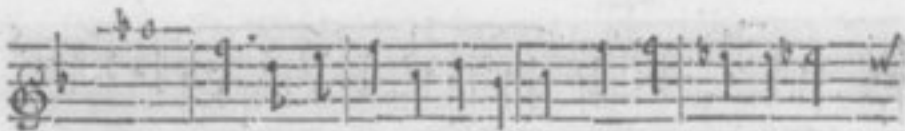
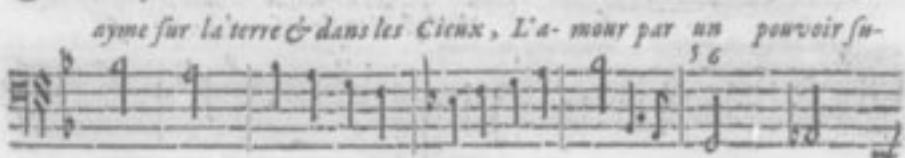
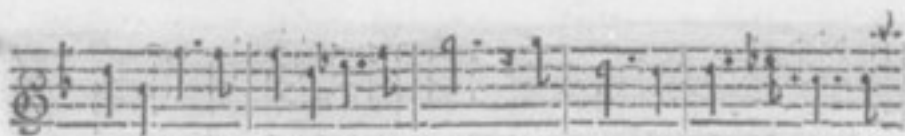
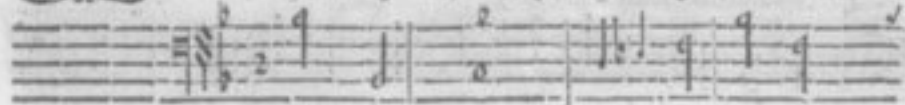
doux que de chan- ger sans ces-

se, que de chā-



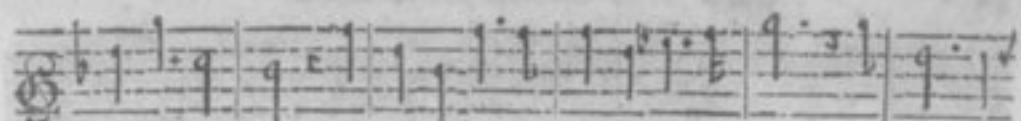


Chançon d'un Silvain au cinquième Acte.

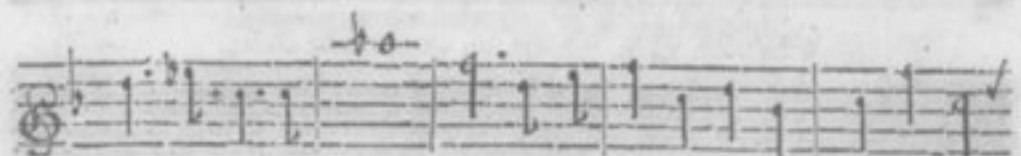
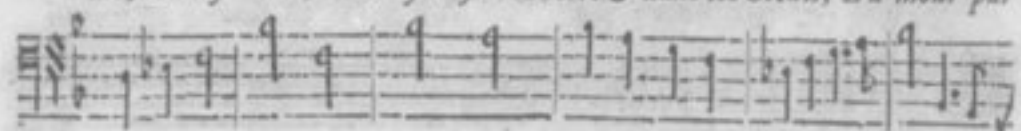


DE CIRCE.

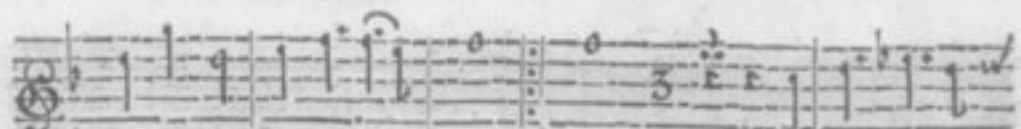
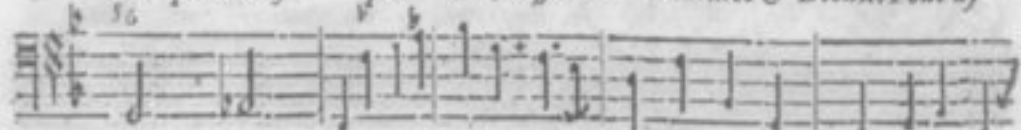
23



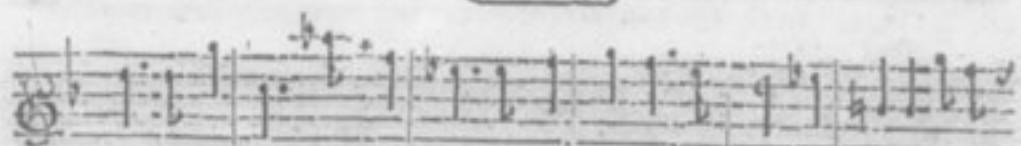
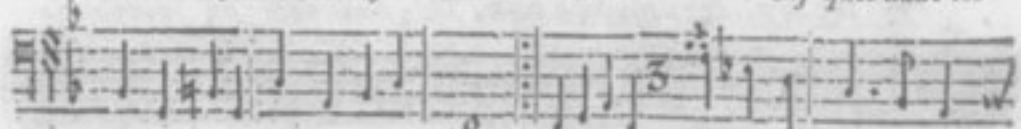
me, Tout ay- me, Tout ayme sur la terre & dans les Cieux, L'a-mour par



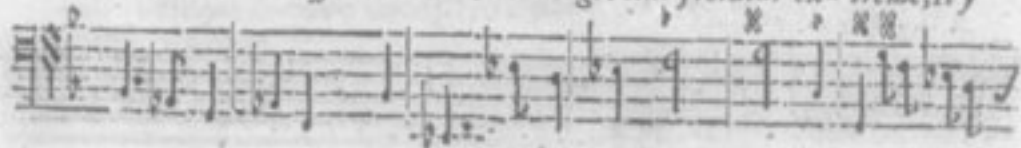
un pouvoir su- pré- me, Asser- vit hommes & Dieux! Tout ay-



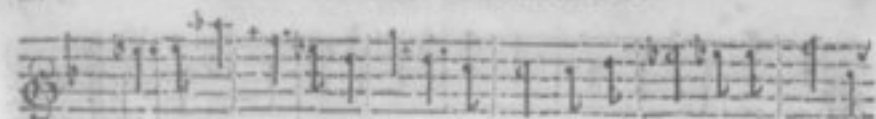
me, Tout ay-me, Tout ay- me: me: Inf-ques dans les



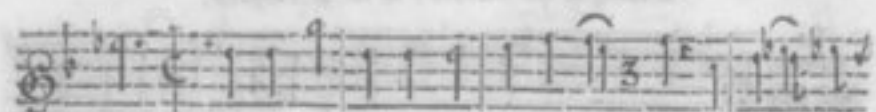
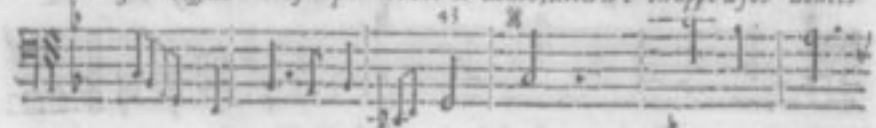
eaux il é- chauffe les cœurs, Et mal-gré leur froidur ex- trême, Il y



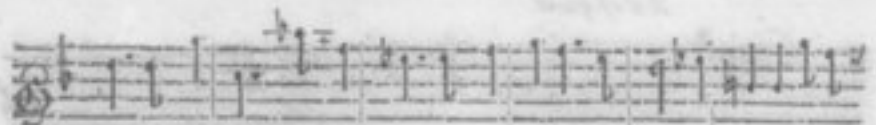
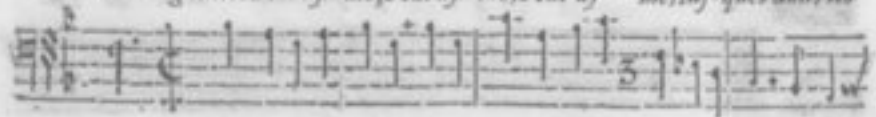
TOURNEZ.



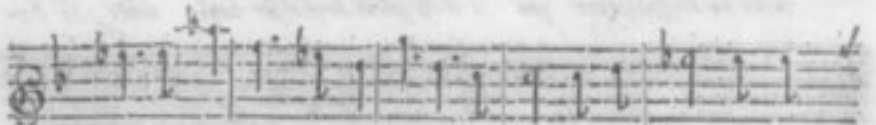
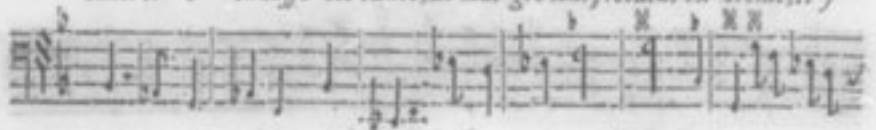
fait ressentir ses plus vives ardeurs, Rien n'échappe à ses



langueurs! Tout ay-me, Tout ay-me, Tout ay-me! In-ques dans les

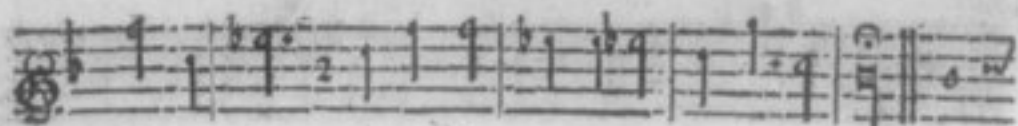


aux il chauffe les cœurs, Et mal-gré leur froideur ex-trême, il y



fait ressentir ses plus vives ardeurs, Rien n'échappe à ses



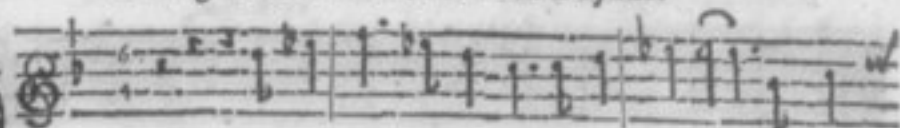


douces lan-gues, Tout ay-me. Tout ay-me. Tout ay-me. me.

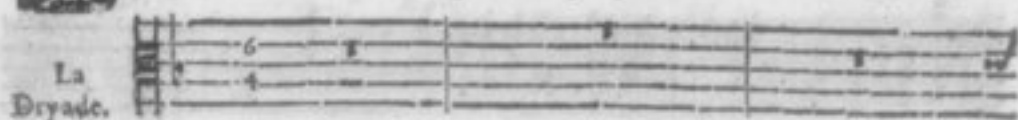


Dialogue du Silvain, & de la Dryade.

Le
Silvain.

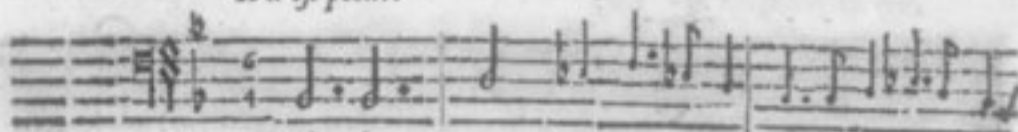


L n'est point de plaisir veri-table Si l'a-

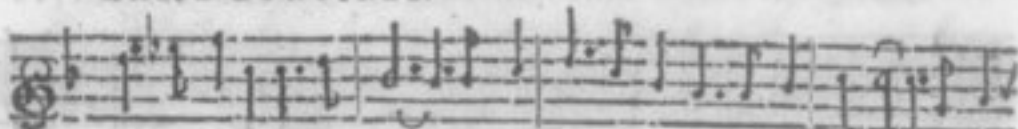


La
Dryade.

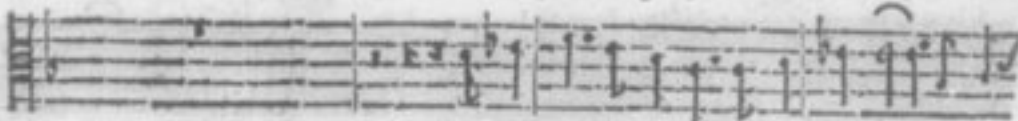
Il n'est point.



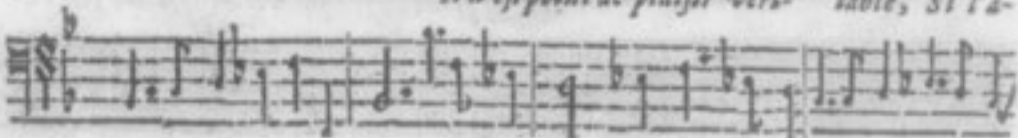
BASSE-CONTINUE.

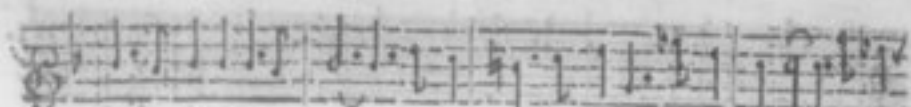


mour ne l'affaisonne pas. Il n'est point de plaisir veri-table, Si l'a-

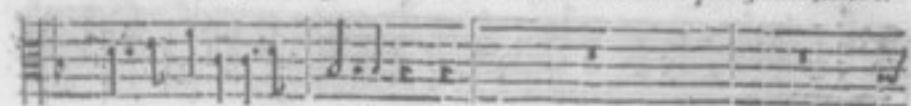


Il n'est point de plaisir veri-table, Si l'a-

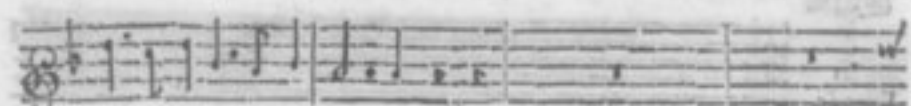




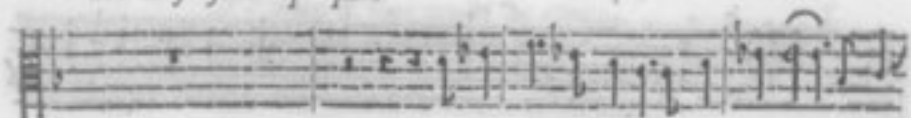
...mour ne l'affaisonne pas. On a beau dans le bien le plus stable, Recher-



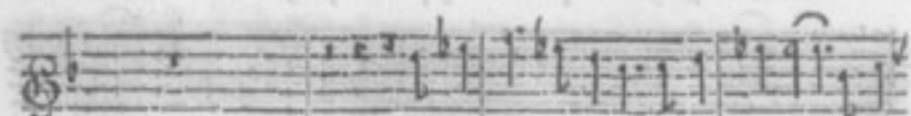
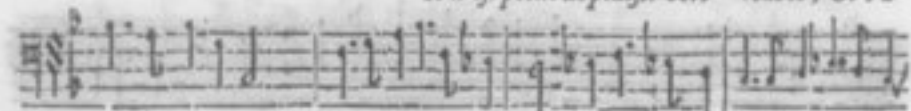
mour ne l'affaisonne pas.



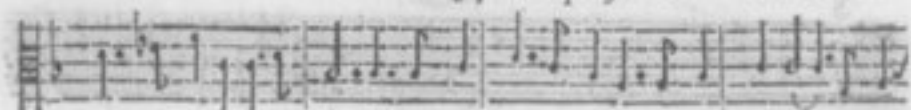
cher de sensibles ap- pas:



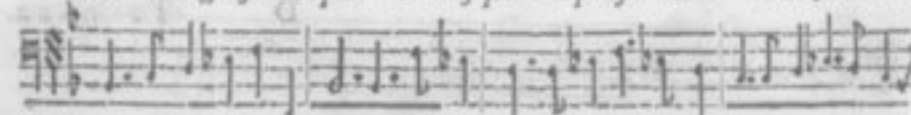
Il n'est point de plaisir veri- table, Si l'a-



Il n'est point de plaisir veri- table, Si l'a-



mour ne l'affaisonne pas. Il n'est point de plaisir veri- table, Si l'a-

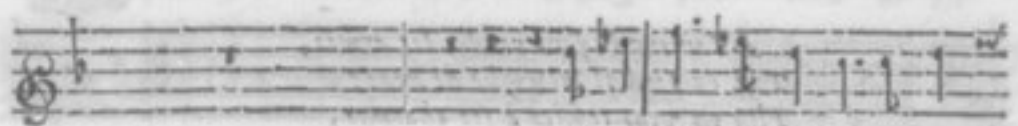
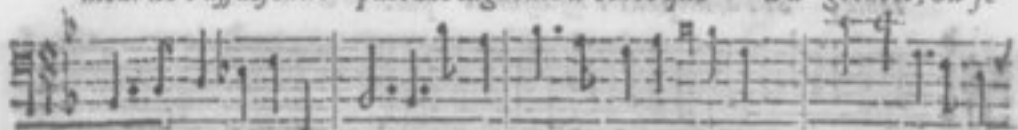




mour ne l'affaïsonne pas.



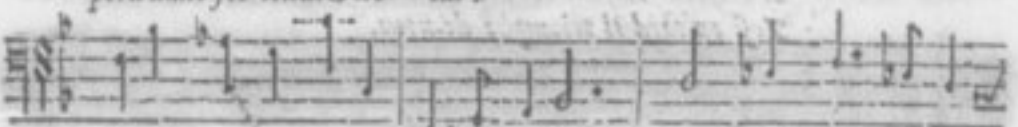
mour ne l'affaïsonne pas. Ses lagueurs n'ont rien que d'a-greable, On se



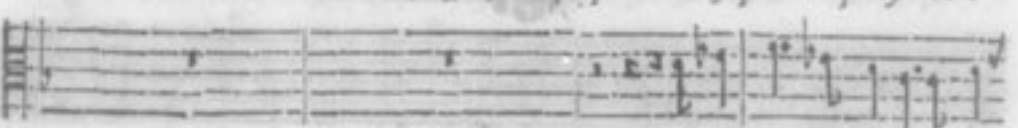
Il n'est point de plaisir veri-



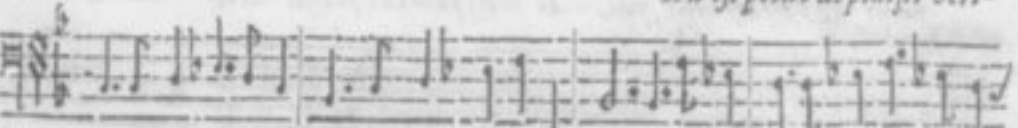
perd dans ses tendres he-las!

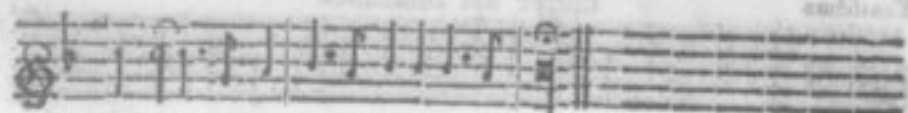


table, Si l'a-mour ne l'affaïsonne pas. Il n'est point de plaisir veri-

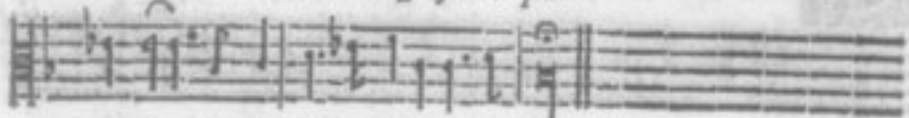


Il n'est point de plaisir veri-

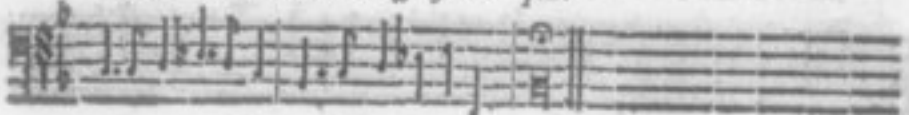




table, Si l'a-mourne l'affaïsonne par.



table, Si l'a-mourne l'affaïsonne par.

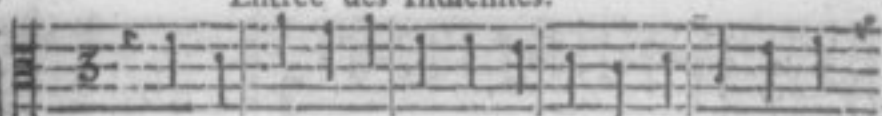


A l'amour il faut rendre les armes,
 Tost ou tard il triomphe de nous?
 Plus on veut resister à ses charmes,
 Plus on doit redouter son couroux:
 A l'amour il faut rendre les armes,
 Tost ou tard il triomphe de nous.
 De ses maux, ne prenons point d'allarmes,
 S'ils sont grands le remede en est doux:
 A l'amour il faut rendre les armes,
 Tost ou tard il triomphe de nous.

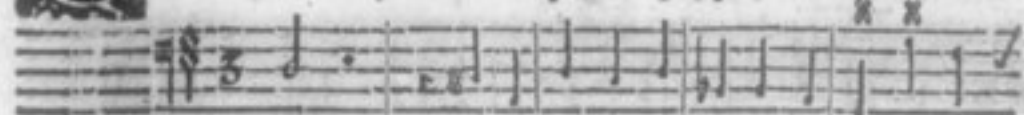


Troisième
Indienne.

Entrée des Indiennes.



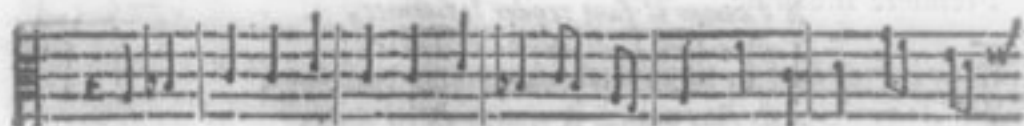
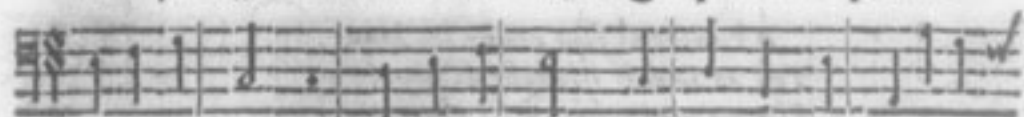
Vand d'ay-mer on nous presse, A quoy pensons-nous? Nos cœurs



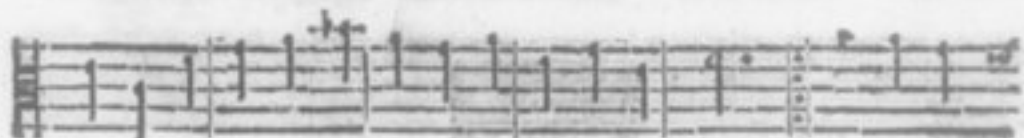
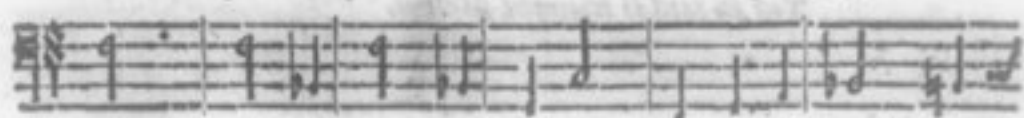
BASSE-CONTINUE.



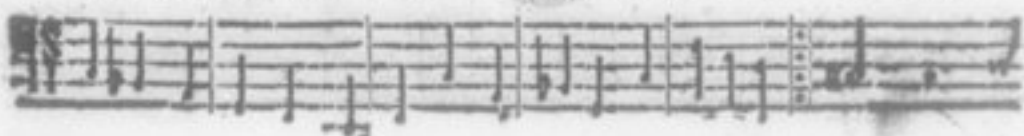
dans la jeu-nesse, N'ont vers la ten-dresse Qu'un penchant trop doux;

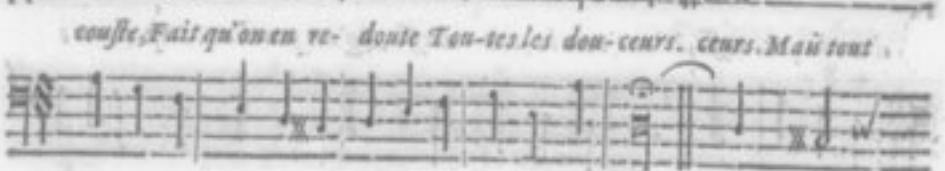
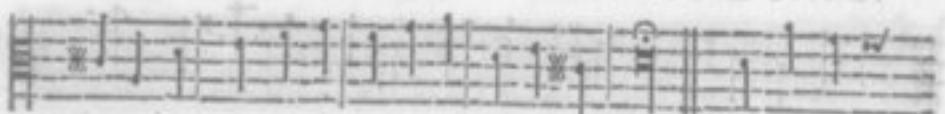
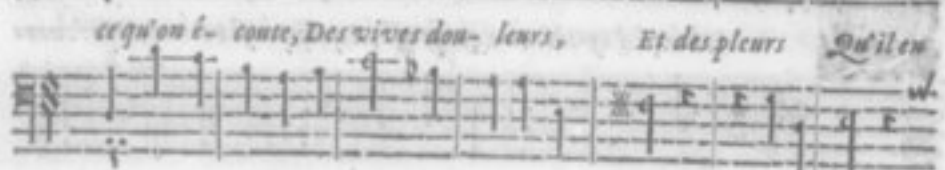
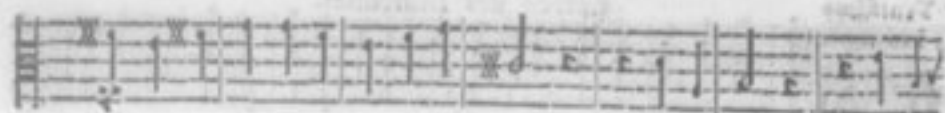


L'amour a pour nous prendre De si doux at-traitts, Que de soy sans at-

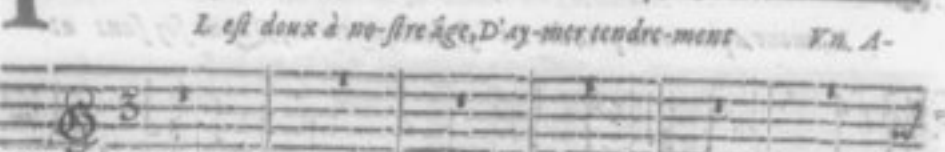
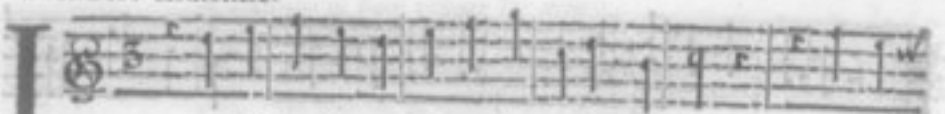


rendre, On voudroit se rendre A ses premiers traitts: Mais tous

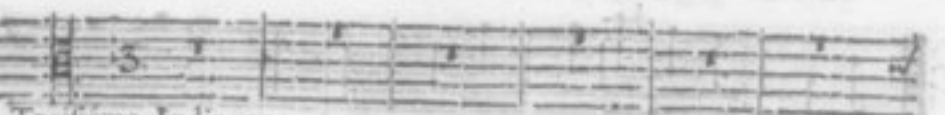




Premiere Indienne.



Seconde Indienne.



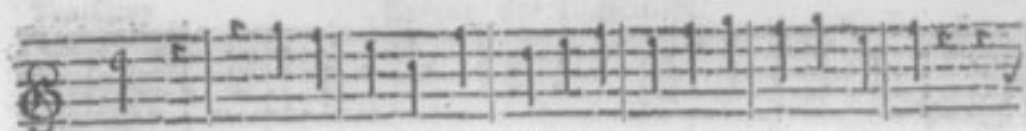
Troisieme Indienne.



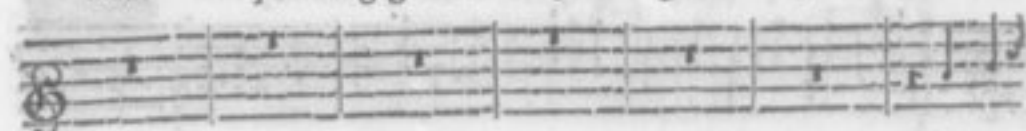
BASSE-CONTINUE.

DE CIRCE.

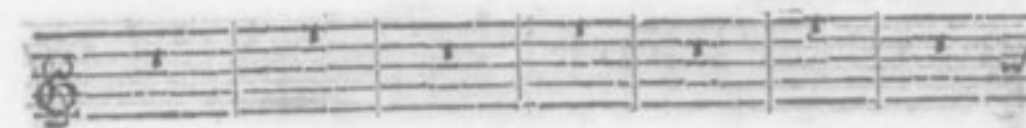
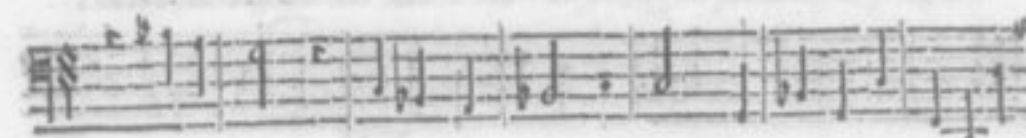
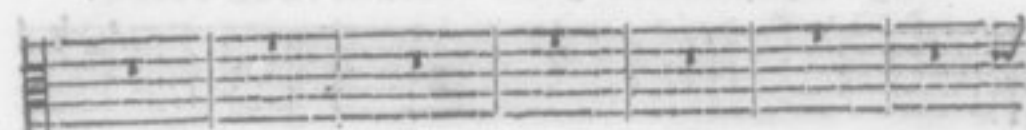
91



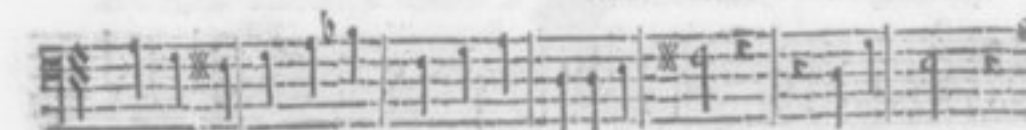
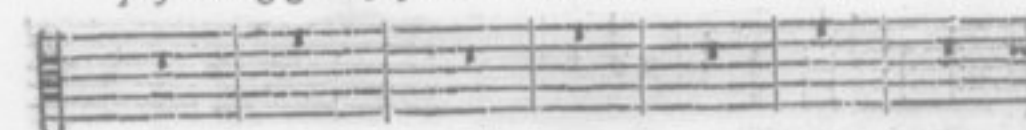
mant qui s'en-gage; Mais s'il est vo-lage, Hé-las! quel tourment!



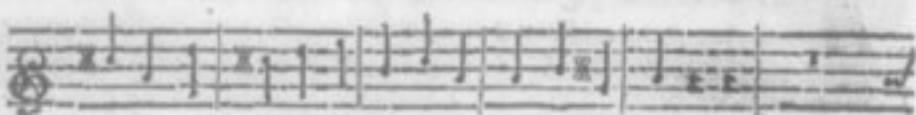
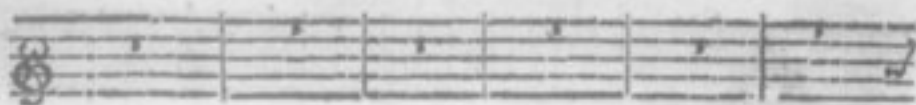
L'Amant



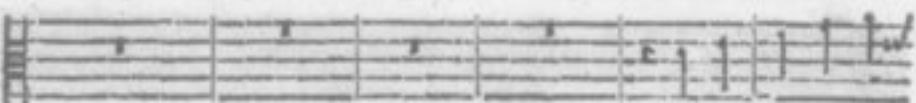
qui se dé-gage, N'est pas le mal-heur, La dou-leur, & la



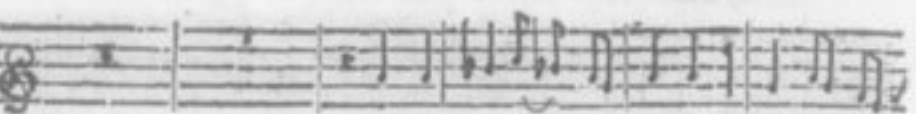
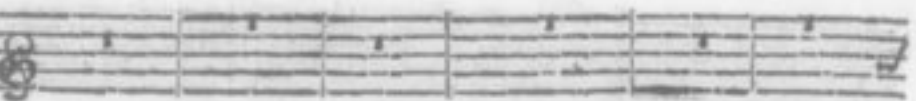
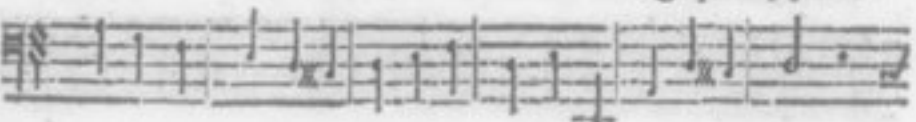
TOURNEZ.



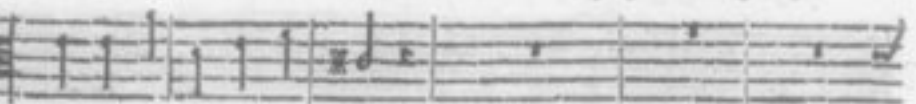
rage, C'est que le vo- lage Gar- de nostre cœur?



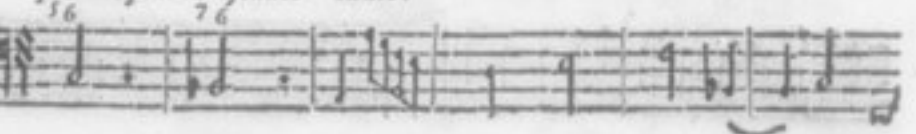
Quel par- ty faut-il

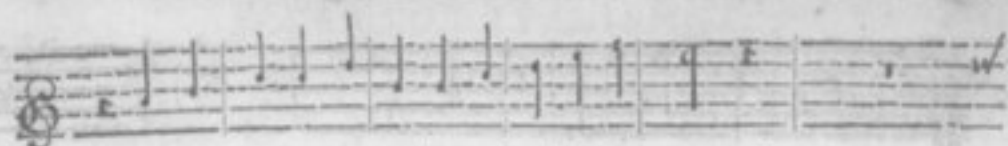


Faut-il nous en def- fendre Et fuir ses ar-

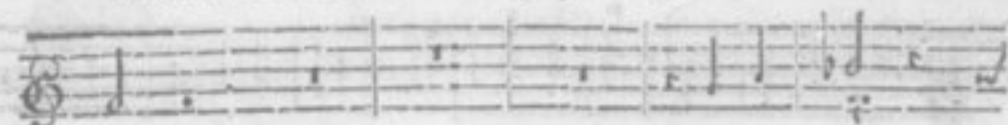


prendre pour nos jennes cœurs?

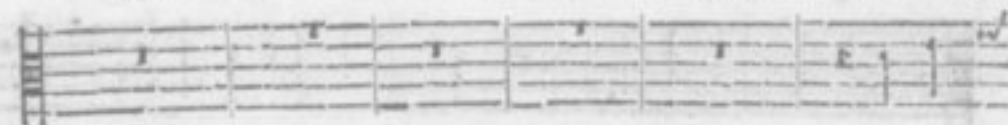




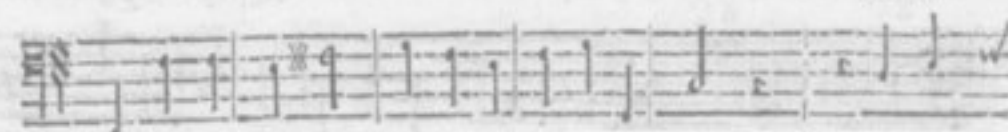
Devons-nous y rendre Mal-gré ses vi- gueurs?



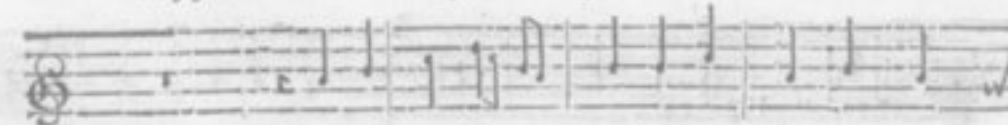
ceurs? Oüy sui- vous



Ses ar-



Oüy sui- vous ses ca- prices, Ses douces lan-



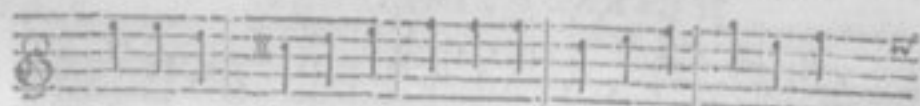
ses transf-ports, ses ca- prices, Ses douces lan-



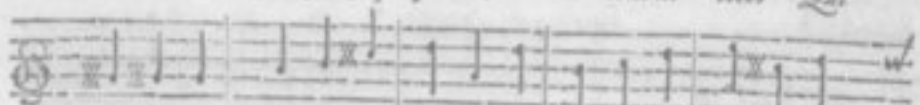
deurs, ses transf-ports, ses ca- prices, Ses douces lan-



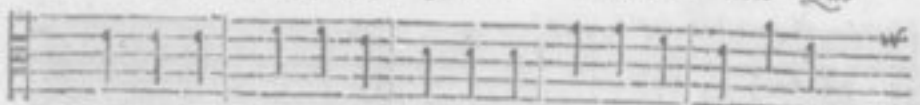
E TOURNEZ.



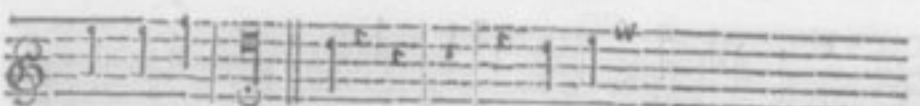
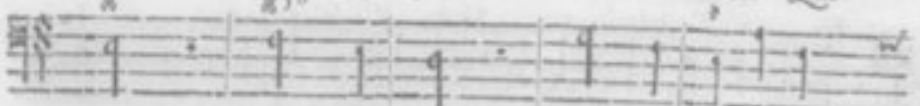
gucurs, S'il a quelques sup- plices, Il a cent de- lices Qui



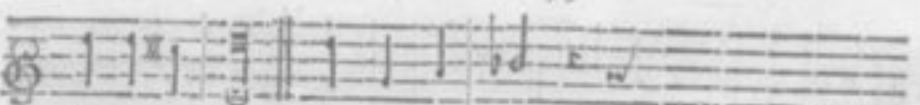
gucurs, S'il a quelques sup- plices, Il a cent de- lices Qui



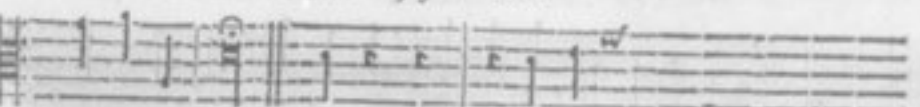
gucurs, S'il a quelques sup- plices, Il a cent de- lices Qui



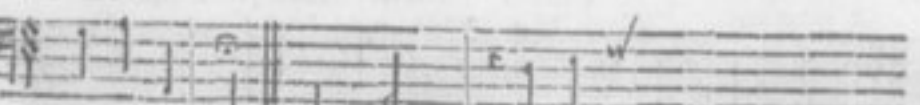
charment nos cœurs. cœurs. Oüy sui-



charment nos cœurs. cœurs. Oüy sui- vous

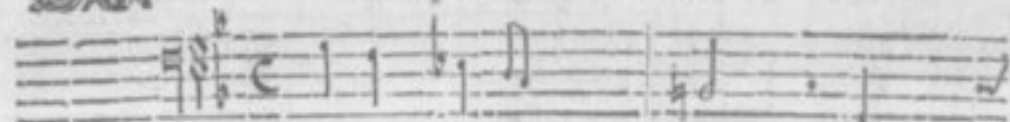
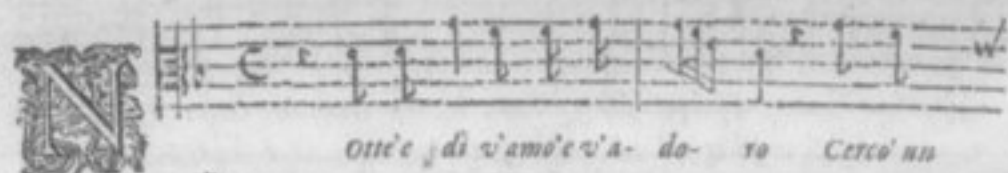


charment nos cœurs. cœurs. Ses ar-

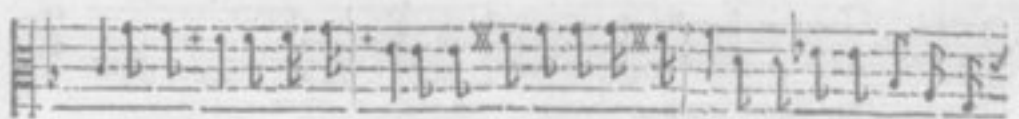
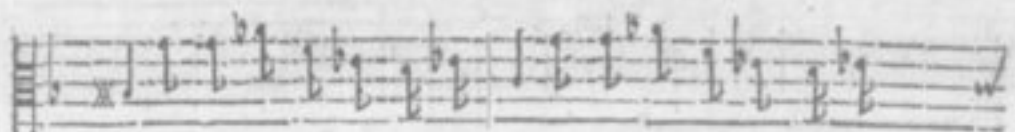
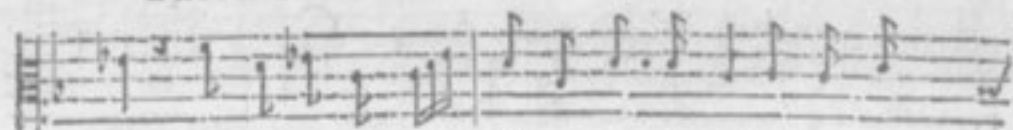


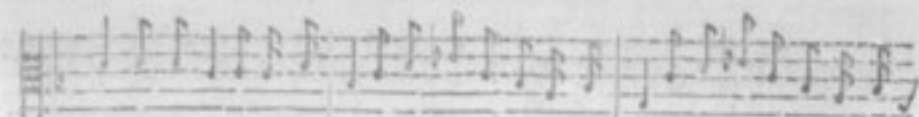
SERENADE ITALIENNE.

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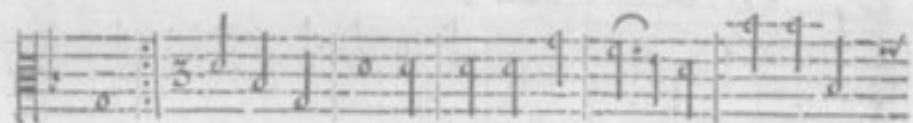
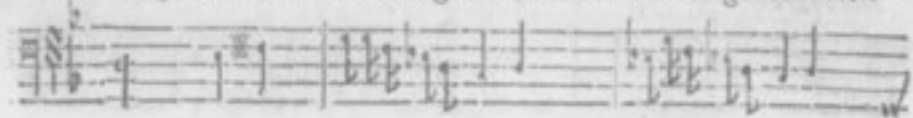


BASSE-CONTINUE.

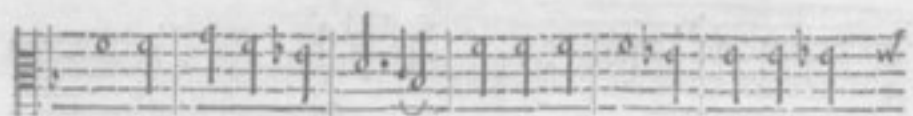
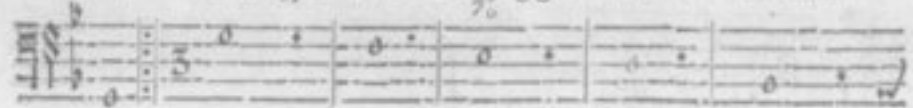




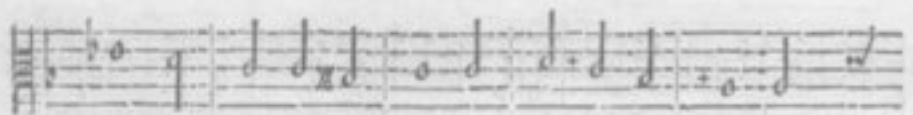
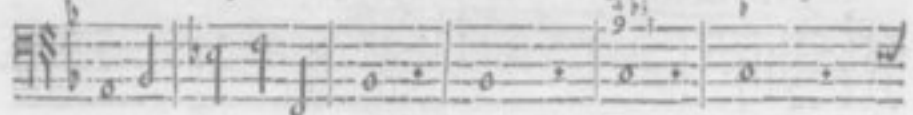
rò. *Mà se voi dite di no. Bell'ingratta io morirò. Bell'ingratta io morirò.*



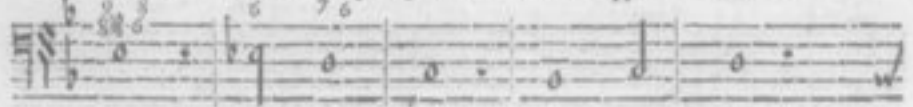
rò. *Fra la speranza S'affligge il cuore In lontananza*



anza Consuma l'ore; Se dolce inganno Che mi fi-

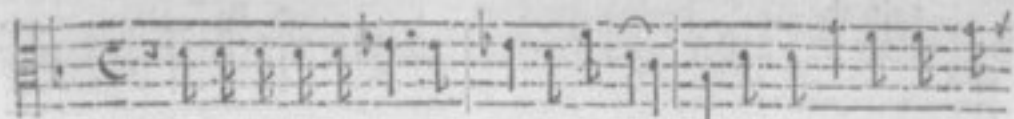


gura, Breve l'affanno Ah troppo dura:

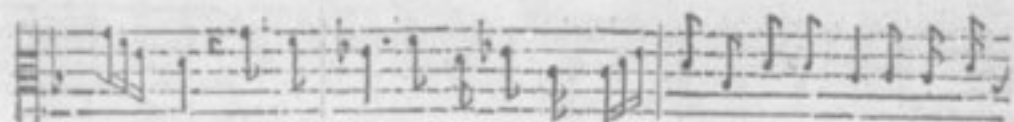
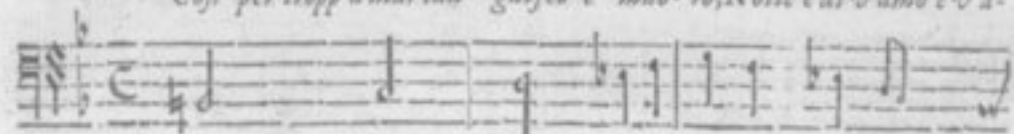


SERENADE ITALIENNE.

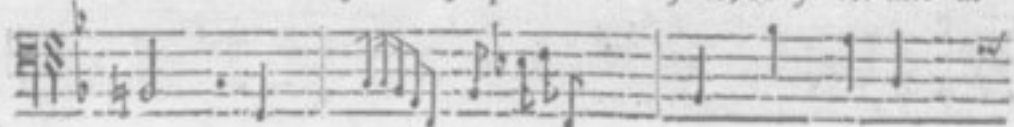
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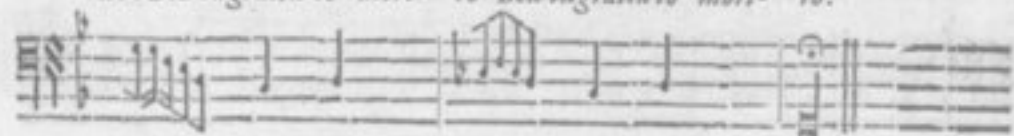
Così per tropp'amarlan- guisco e nuo- ro, Notte e di v'amo' e v'a-



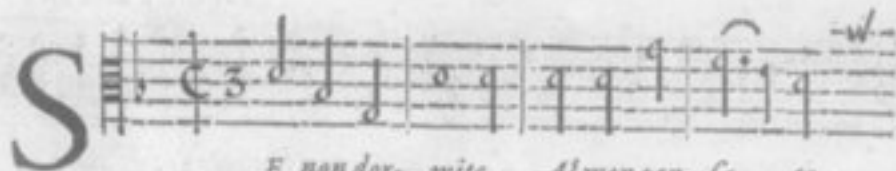
do- ro Cerco' un sì, un sì permio ri- storo, Mà se voi dite di



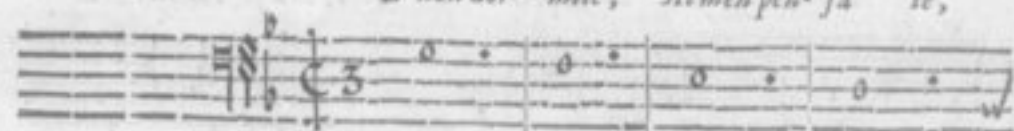
nò. Bell'ingratta io mori- rò Bell'ingratta io mori- rò.



Suite.



E non dor- mite, Almen pen- sa te,

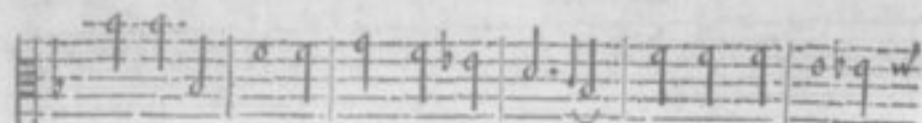


Se non dormite.

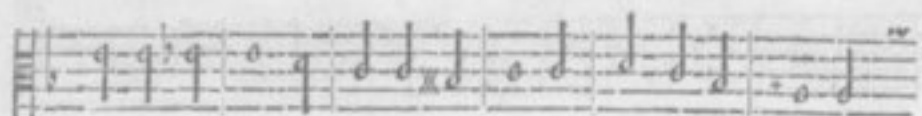
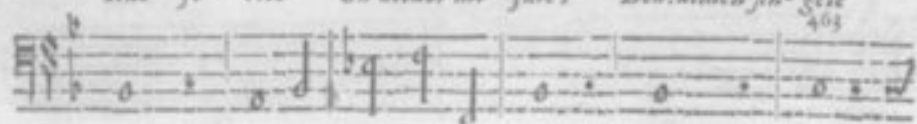
E iij

TOURNEZ.

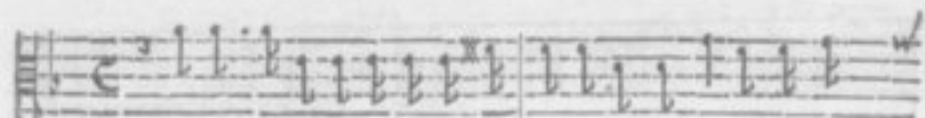
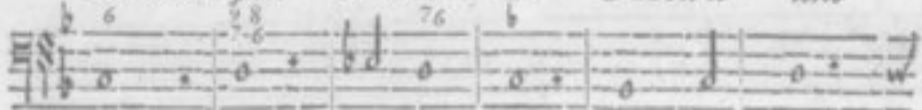
SERENADE ITALIENNE.



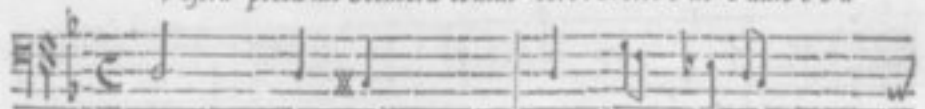
Alle fe- vite Ch'alcun mi fate: Deb!almen fin- gete



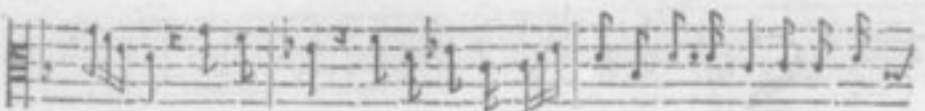
Permio con- forto Se m'ucci- dete D'aver il torto



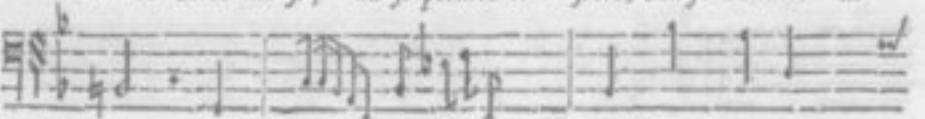
Vostre pietà mi Scemerà il mar- torò. Nottè e di v'amo' e v'a-



Nottè e di v'amo' e v'adoro

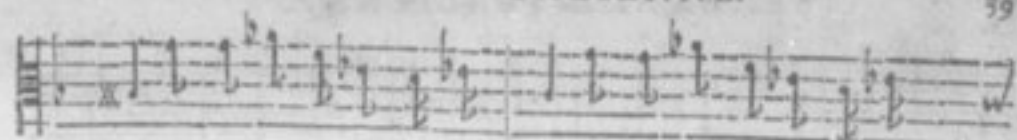


do- ro Cerco' un fi, un fi permio vi- floro, Mà se voi dite di

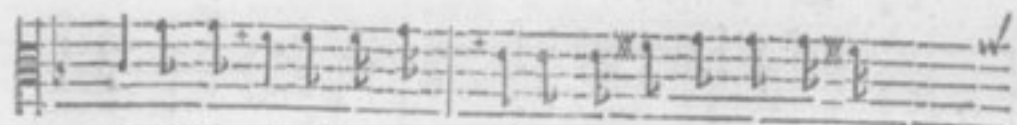


SERENADE ITALIENNE.

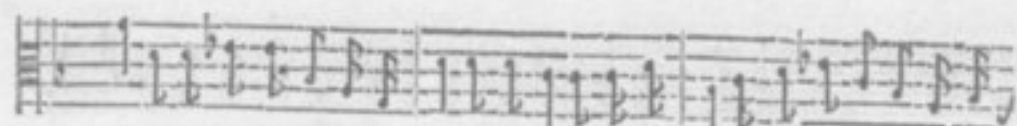
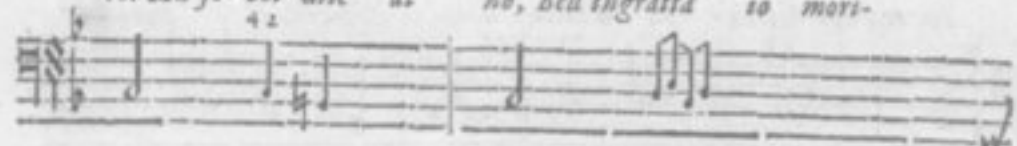
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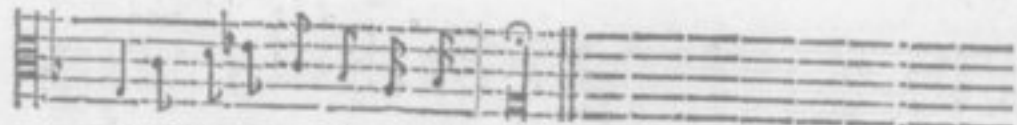
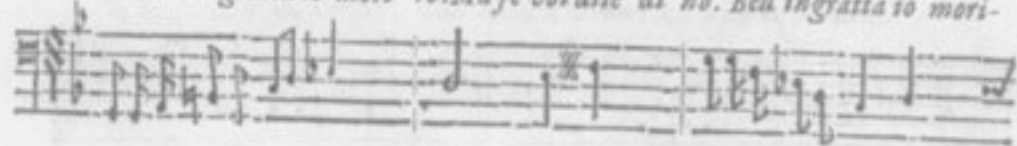
nò, Bell'ingratta io mori- rò. Bell'ingratta io mori-



rò. Mà se voi dite di nò, Bell'ingratta io mori-



ro. Bell'ingratta io mori- rò. Mà se voi dite di nò. Bell'ingratta io mori-



ro. Bell'ingratta io mori- rò.



RESPONSE DE LA SIGNORA.

*E*rbinetti, Zerbi- net- ti ch'ogn'hor' confitti

BASSE-CONTINUE.

*s*guardi, mentiti desiri fallaci sof-piri accenti boggiardi di fede vi pre-

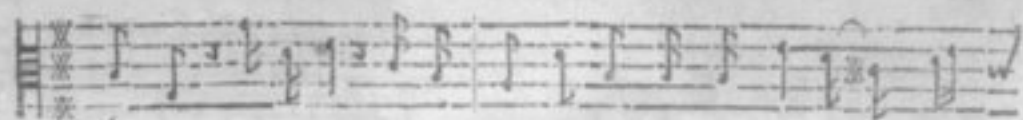
gia- te O! che non m'inganna-te, O! che non m'inganna-

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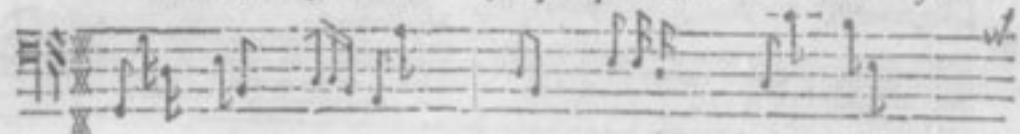
Ch'egia fo per pro-

RESPONSE DE LA SIGNORA.

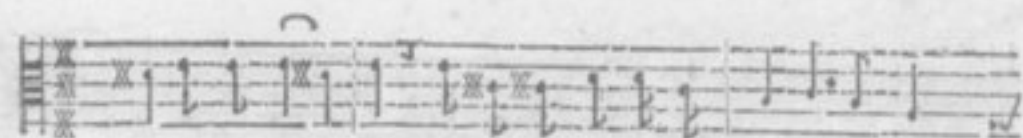
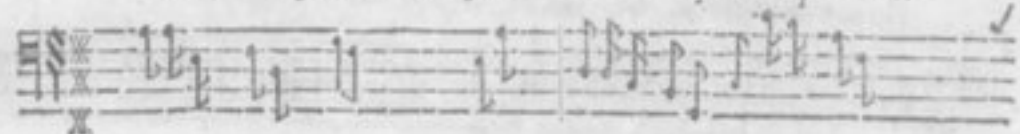
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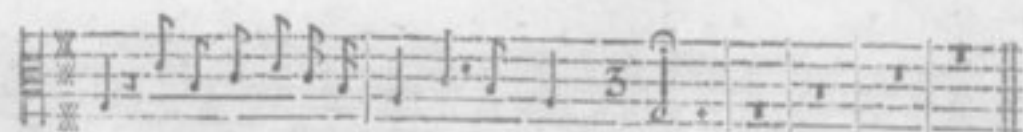
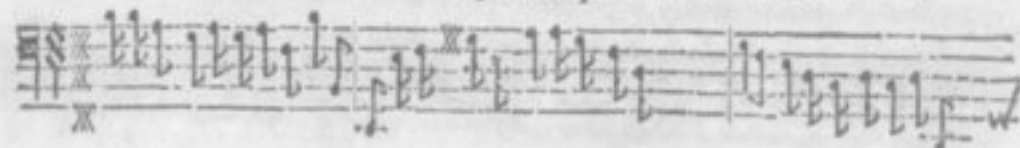
va, Già lo so, Già lo so per prova, Ch'in voi non si



trova, Costanza ne fe- de, Ah! quanto è pazza co-



lei che vi cre- de, Ah! quanto è pazza co- lei che vi cre-

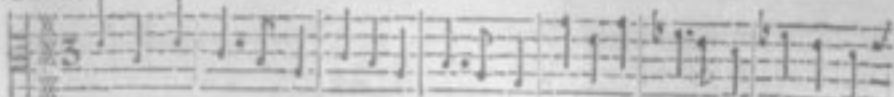


de, Ah! quanto è pazza co-lei che vi cre- de.

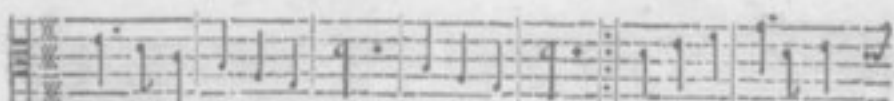
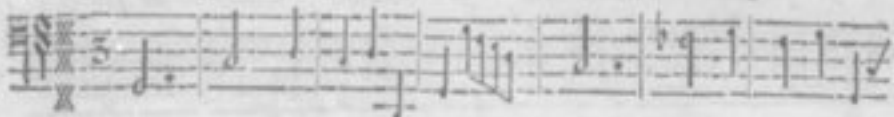


RESPONSE DE LA SIGNORA.

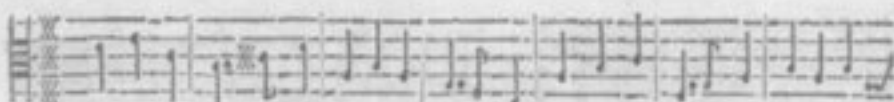
SUIRE.



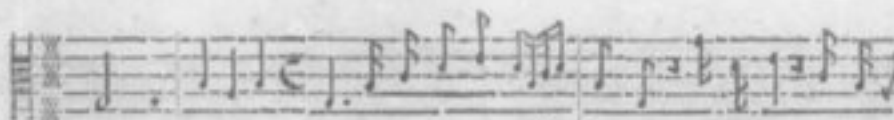
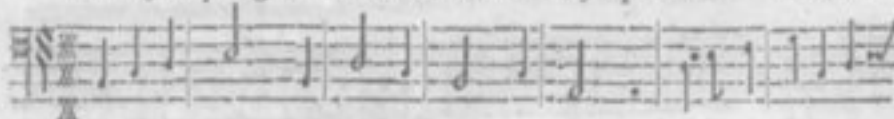
Quei sguardi languidi non m'innamorano, Quei sospir fervidi piu nō m'in-



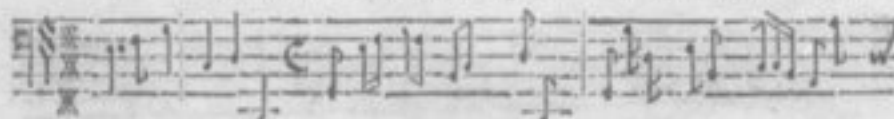
nammano vèl giur'a sè. vèl giur'a sè. Zerbino misero



del vostro piangere il mio cor libero, Vol sempre ridere credete à

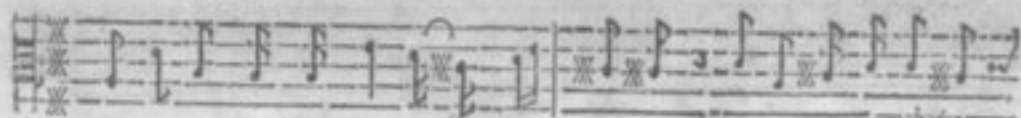


me. credete à me. Che già so per prova, Già lo so, Già lo

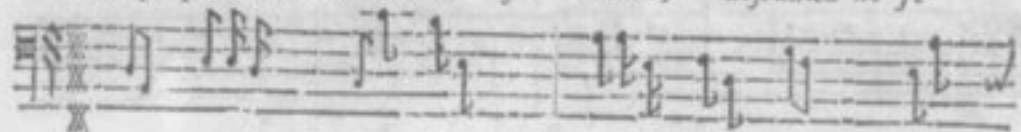


RESPONSE DE LA SIGNORA.

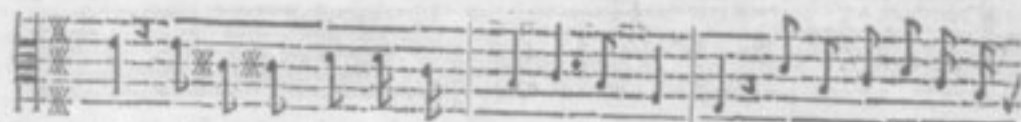
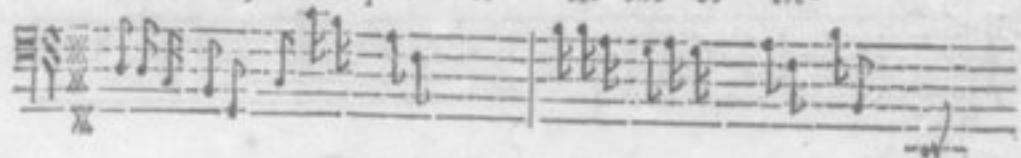
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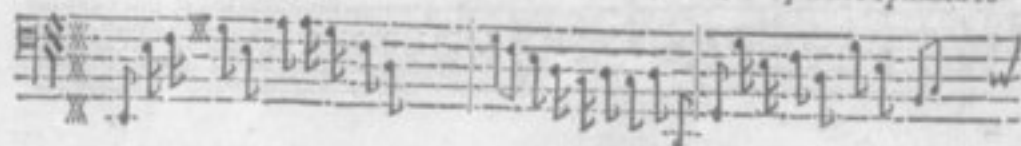
so per prova, Ch' in voi non si trova, Costanza ne fe-



de, Ah! quanto è pazza co- lei che vi cre-



de, Ah! quanto è pazza co- lei che vi cre- de, Ah! quanto è pazza co-



lei che vi cre- de,



F I N.





T A B L E
DES AIRS DE LA COMEDIE
DE CIRCE.

	D	
D Eux beaux yeux me charment.		page 4
	I	
Il est doux à nostre âge.		30
Il n'est point de plaisir veritable.		25
Il n'est rien de si doux.		20
	P	
Pourquoy me fuyez-vous ?		8
	Q	
Quand d'aymer on nous presse.		29
	T	
Tout ayme.		23
	V	
Vous estonnez-vous.		18
Un jout la jeune Lisette.		5

A I R S I T A L I E N S.

	N	
N <i>ett'e di.</i>		35
Suite. <i>Se non dormite.</i>		37
	Z	
<i>Zerbinetti.</i>		40
Suite. <i>Quei sguardi languidi.</i>		42

F I N.

