

Thy hand, Belinda

ton original

Air extrait de Dido and Aeneas, Z 626, III, d'Henry Purcell (1659-1695). Créé en 1689 à Londres.

Thy hand, Be - lin - da; dark _____ ness shades me, On thy

7 \sharp 4 \flat b

bo — som let me rest; More I would, — but Death — in -

9 8 7 6 4 6 7 7 \sharp

- vades me; Death — is now — a wel — come — guest.

4 6 5 \sharp 6 7 6 # 3/2 2/2 # 6

tasto solo

15

When I am laid, — am laid — in earth, may my wrongs — cre -

20

- ate No trou — ble, no trou _ ble in — thy breast,

25

When I am laid, — am laid — in earth, may my wrongs — cre -

6 5 6 7 6 2# 7 # 6 6 5 4 #

30

- ate no trou _ ble, no trou _ ble in _ thy breast. Re -

35

- mem - ber me ! Re - mem - ber me ! But ah! _____

40

— for · get my fate; Re - mem · ber me But ah! _____ for — get my —

45

fate. Re - mem - ber me ! Re - mem · ber me ! But ah! _____

— for get my fate, Re -mem -ber me ! But ah ! — for _ get my _ fate.

Thy hand, Belinda ; darkness shades me,
 On thy bosom let me rest.
 More I would, but death invades me :
 Death is now a welcome guest.
 When I am laid in earth,
 May my wrongs create
 No trouble in thy breast.
 Remember me, but ah ! forget my fate.

Ta main, Belinda, l'obscurité voile mon regard;
 Sur ton sein laisse-moi me reposer.
 Je le voudrais, hélas la mort m'envahit :
 La mort est maintenant un hôte bienvenu.
 Quand je serai portée en terre
 Que mes torts ne créent
 Pas de problème dans ton sein.
 Souviens-toi de moi, mais ah ! oublie mon sort.