

“Music for a while”, *Oedipus*, Z 583
(Henry Purcell – John Dryden)

Music for a while
'mju:zɪk fɔ:r_ə waɪl

Shall all your cares beguile:
ʃæl ɔ:l jɔ: keəz bɪ'gaɪl

Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd
'wʌnd'rɪŋ haʊ jɔ: peɪnz wɜ:r_i:zd

And disdain'g to be pleas'd,
ænd dɪs'deɪnɪŋ tu: bi: pli:zd

Till Alecto free the dead
tɪl ə'lɛktəʊ fri: ðə dɛd

From their eternal bands,
frɒm ðeə_rɪ'tɜ:nəl bændz

Till the snakes drop from her head,
tɪl ðə sneɪks drɒp frɒm hɜ: hɛd

And the whip from out her hands.
ænd ðə wɪp frɒm aʊt hɜ: hændz