

***Thy hand, Belinda
When I am laid in earth***

Dido and Aeneas, Z. 626

(Henry Purcell – Nahum Tate)

Dido

Recitativo

Thy hand, Belinda,
ðai hænd bə'li:ndə

darkness shades me.
'dɑ:kni:s ʃeɪdz mi:

On thy bosom let me rest.
ɒn ðai 'bɒzəm let mi: rɛst

More I would,
mɔ:r_aɪ wʊd

But Death invades me.
bʌt dɛθ ɪn'veɪdz mi:

Death is now a welcome guest.
dɛθ ɪz naʊ ə 'wɛlkʌm gɛst

Aria

When I am laid in earth,
wɛn aɪ æm leɪd ɪn ɜ:θ

may my wrongs create
meɪ maɪ rɒŋz kri:'eɪt

No trouble, no trouble in thy breast
nəʊ 'trʌbəl nəʊ 'trʌbəl ɪn ðai brɛst

Remember me, remember me,
rɪ'mɛmbə mi: rɪ'mɛmbə mi:

but, ah, forget my fate
bʌt ɑ: fo'gɛt maɪ feɪt