

# 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<sup>b</sup> 4<sup>b</sup> b

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

9 8 7 6 4 6 7 7<sup>b</sup>

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

4 6 5<sup>#</sup> 6 7 6 #

tasto solo

15

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

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- 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.