

No. 86.

RECIT.—“THY HAND, BELINDA.”

Dido.
pp

Thy hand, Be-lin - da; dark - - ness shades me: On thy bo - som let me

rest: More I would, but Death in - vades me: Death is now a wel - come guest.

No. 87.

SONG.—“WHEN I AM LAID IN EARTH.”

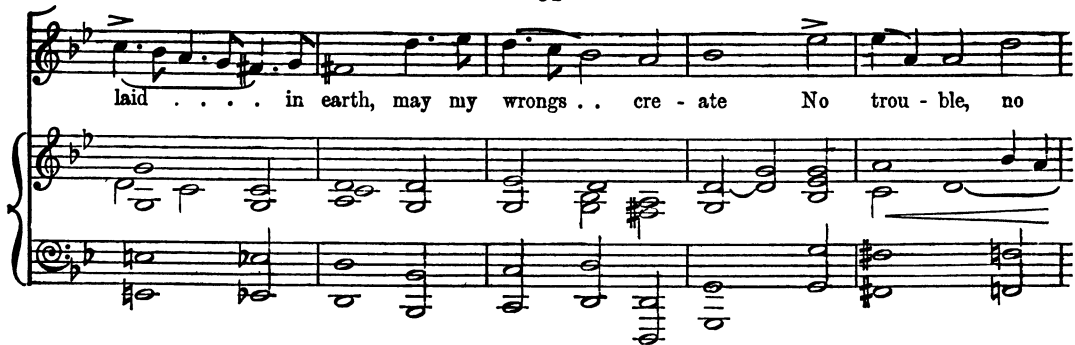
Larghetto. *Dido.*
pp *p*

When I am laid, . . . am

laid . . . in earth, may my wrongs . . . cre - ate No trou - ble, no

trou - ble in thy breast; When I am laid, . . . am

laid in earth, may my wrongs . . cre - ate No trou - ble, no



trouble in thy breast; Re - member me, re - member me,

pp *pp*



but ah! . . for - get . . my fate. Re - member me, but ah! . . .

p *pp*



for - get my fate.



dim. *pp*

