

26. Behold upon my bending spear Henry Purcell

Aeneas

Be- hold up- on my bend- ing Spear A Mon- ster's Head stand bleed- ing, With Tush- es far ex-

Dido

ceed- ing Those did Ve- nus' hunts- men tear. The Skies are cloud- ed.

Hark, hark how thun-

der Rends the Moun- tain Oaks a-

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$\begin{matrix} a \\ 1 \text{ r} \end{matrix}$

sun- der.

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