

26. Behold upon my bending spear Henry Purcell

Aeneas

Be- hold up- on my bend- ing Spear A Mon- ster's Head stands

bleed- ing, With Tush- es far ex- ceed- ing Those did Ve- nus' hunts- men

Dido

tear. The Skies are cloud- ed. Hark,

hark how thun- der

Rends the Moun- tain Oaks a- sun- der.