

37. Thy hand, Belinda

Henry Purcell

Thy hand Be- lin- da, dark- ness

1

a

a

shades me, On thy Bo- som let me rest, More I

5

a *a* *a* *b* *a* *a*

a *a*

would but Death in- vades me. Death is

a *a* *b* *a* *b*

a

a *a*

now a wel- come guest.

a *b* *a* *a* *b* *a*

a *a* *a* *a*