Dido and Aeneas

Trio - Dido - Belinda - 2nd Woman

(Mvmt. 6)

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Henry Purcell

(1659 - 1695)

\[ \text{Trio} \]

\[ \text{Dido} \]

\[ \text{Basso} \]

\[ \text{Harpichord} \]

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{p} \]

Whence could so much virtue spring? What storms, What battles did he

sing? Anchises' valour mix'd with Venus' charms, How soft, how

soft in peace, and yet how fierce how fierce in arms!

Belinda: A tale so
strong and full of woe, Might melt the rocks, as well as you. What

Mine with stub-born heart un-mov'd could see Such distress, such pitey?

storms of care op press'd Is taught to pity the dis
tress'd; Mean wretchedness' grief can touch, So soft, so sensible my

breast, But ah! but ah! I fear I pity his too much.