

# If love's a sweet passion

Henry Purcell  
(1658-95)

From : The Fairy Queen, Act III

Soprano

1. *p* If love's a sweet pas-sion why does it tor- ment? If a  
 2. *p* I press her hand gent-ly, look lan-guish-ing down And by

Alto

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 2. *p* I press her hand gent-ly, look lan-guish-ing down And by

Tenor

1. *p* If love's a sweet pas-sion why does It tor - ment? If a  
 2. *p* I press her hand gent-ly, look lan-guish-ing down And by

Bass

1. *p* If love's a sweet pas-sion why does it tor - ment? If a  
 2. *p* I press her hand gent-ly, look lan-guish-ing down And by

5

bit - ter, oh tell me, whence comes my con - tent?  
 pas - sion - ate si - lence, I make my love known.

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10

*mf* Since I suf - fer with plea - sure, why should I com -  
 But\_\_\_ oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does

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15

plain, or\_\_\_ grieve at my fate, when I know 'tis in\_\_\_  
 prove, By some will - ing mis - take to dis - co - ver her\_\_\_

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*cresc.*

vain? Yet so pleas - ing the pain is so soft is the  
 love. When in stri - ving to hide she re - veals all her

*cresc.*

vain? Yet so pleas - ing the pain is so soft is the  
 love. When in stri - ving to hide she re - veals all her

*cresc.*

vain? Yet so pleas - ing the pain is so soft is the  
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*cresc.*

vain? Yet so pleas - ing the pain is so soft is the  
 love. When in stri - ving to hide she re - veals all her

20

dart, *f* That at once it both wounds me and ti - ckles my heart.  
 flame, And our eyes tell each o - ther what nei - ther dares *p* name.

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