

If love's a sweet passion *love*
Why does it torment *grief*
If a bitter, oh tell me *grief*
Whence comes my content? *Joy*

If love's a sweet passion *scorn*
Why does it torment *scorn*
If a bitter, oh tell me *scorn*
Whence comes my content? *anger*

Since I suffer with pleasure *wonder*
Why should I complain? *wonder*
Or grieve at my fate *pity*
When I know 'tis in vain *pity*

Yet so pleasing the pain is *joy*
So soft is the dart *joy*
That at once it both wounds me *grief*
And tickles my heart *wonder*

I press her hand gently *love*
Look languishing down *grief*
And by passionate silence *grief*
I make my love known. *joy*

I press her hand gently *scorn*
Look languishing down *scorn*
And by passionate silence *scorn*
I make my love known. *anger*

But oh how I'm blest *wonder*
When so kind she does prove *wonder*
By some willing mistake *pity*
To discover her love *pity*

When in striving to hide *joy*
She reveals all her flame *joy*
And our eyes tell each other *love*
What neither dares name. *love*