

# If love's a sweet passion

527

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

1.If love's a sweet pas-sion why does it tor - ment? If a bit - ter, oh tell me, whence  
2.I press her hand gent - ly, look lan-guish - ing down, and by pas-sion - ate si-lence I

1.If love's a sweet pas-sion why does it tor - ment? If a bit - ter, oh tell me, whence  
2.I press her hand gent - ly, look lan-guish - ing down, and by pas-sion - ate si-lence I

1.If love's a sweet pas-sion why does it tor - ment? If a bit - ter, oh tell me, whence  
2.I press her hand gent - ly, look lan-guish - ing down, and by pas-sion - ate si-lence I

1.If love's a sweet pas-sion why does it tor - ment? If a bit - ter, oh tell me, whence  
2.I press her hand gent - ly, look lan-guish - ing down, and by pas-sion - ate si - lence I

8

comes my con - tent? Since I suf - fer with plea - sure, why should I com - plain, or  
make my love known. But oh! How I'm blest when so kind she does prove, by some

comes my con - tent? Since I suf - fer with plea - sure, why should I com - plain, or  
make my love known. But oh! How I'm blest when so kind she does prove, by some

comes my con - tent? Since I suf - fer with plea - sure, why should I com - plain, or  
make my love known. But oh! How I'm blest when so kind she does prove, by some

comes my con - tent? Since I suf - fer with plea - sure, why should I com - plain, or  
make my love known. But oh! How I'm blest when so kind she does prove, by some

15

grieve at my fate, when I know it's in vain? Yet so plea-sing the pain is so  
 wil - ling mis - take to dis - cov - er her love. When in striv-ing to hide, she re-

grieve at my fate, when I know it's in vain? Yet so plea-sing the pain is so  
 wil - ling mis - take to dis - cov - er her love. When in striv-ing to hide, she re-

grieve at my fate, when I know it's in vain? Yet so plea-sing the pain is so  
 wil - ling mis - take to dis - cov - er her love. When in striv-ing to hide, she re-

grieve at my fate, when I know it's in vain? Yet so plea-sing the pain is so  
 wil - ling mis - take to dis - cov - er her love. When in striv-ing to hide, she re-

21

soft as the dart, That at once it both wounds me and tick-les my heart.  
 - veals all her flame, and our eyes tell each oth - er what nei-ther dares name.

soft as the dart, That at once it both wounds me and tick-les my heart.  
 - veals all her flame, and our eyes tell each oth - er what nei-ther dares name.

soft as the dart, That at once it both wounds me and tick-les my heart.  
 - veals all her flame, and our eyes tell each oth - er what nei-ther dares name.

soft as the dart, That at once it both wounds me and tick-les my heart.  
 - veals her flame, and in our eyes tell each oth - er what nei-ther dares name.