

♩ = 96

Henry Purcell  
(1658-95)

## If love's a sweet passion

From : The Fairy Queen, Act III

Soprano

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

Alto

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

Tenor

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

Bass

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

6

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

-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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prove, By some will - ing mis - take to dis - co - ver her

18

*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  
 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

22

*f* *dim.*

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

*f* *dim.*

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

*f* *dim.*

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

*f* *dim.*

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