If love's a sweet passion

Henry Purcell
(1658-95)

From: The Fairy Queen, Act III

Soprano

1. *p* If love's a sweet passion why does it torment? If a
   2. *p* I press her hand gently, look languishing down And by

Alto

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   2. *p* I press her hand gently, look languishing down And by

Tenor

1. *p* If love's a sweet passion why does it torment? If a
   2. *p* I press her hand gently, look languishing down And by

Bass

1. *p* If love's a sweet passion why does it torment? If a
   2. *p* I press her hand gently, look languishing down And by
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should Iicom-
But oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does

plain, orgrieve at my fate, when Iknow'tis in
prove, By some will-ing mistake to dis-cover her
vain? Yet so pleasing the pain is so soft is the love. When in striving to hide she reveals all her

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dart, That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart. flame, And our eyes tell each other what neither dares name.

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