

17. If love's a sweet passion

Henry Purcell

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Voice/
Violin

Violin

Viol

Bass

If love's a sweet pas- sion, why doth it tor- ment; if a
I press her hand gent- ly, look lan- guish- ing down, and by

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

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

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grieve at my fate - when - I - know - 'tis - in - vain? Yet so
will- ing mis- take - to - dis- cov- er - her - love. When in

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pleas- ing the - - pain is, so - - soft is the - - dart, That at
striv- ing to - - hide, she re- - - veals all her - - flame, And our

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once it - both wounds me - and tic- kles my heart; since I heart.
eyes tell - each oth- er - what nei- ther dares name; but - name.