

17. If love's a sweet passion

Henry Purcell

If love's a sweet pas- sion, why doth it tor-
press her hand gent-ly, look lan- guish- ing

ment; if a bit- ter, oh - - tell me: whence
down, and by pas- sion- ate - - si- lence I

comes my con- - tent? Since I suf- fer with
make my love - known. But - oh! how I'm

plea- sure, why should I com- plain, or -
blest when so kind she does prove, by some

grieve at my fate - when - I - know - 'tis - in -
will- ing mis- take - to - dis- cov- er - her -

vain? Yet so pleas- ing the - - pain is, so - -
love. When in striv- ing to - - hide, she re- - -

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soft is the - - dart, That at once it - both
veals all her - - flame, And our eyes tell - each

all

wounds me - and tic- kles my heart. I name.
oth- er - what nei- ther dares

all