

♩ = 96
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If love's a sweet passion

From : The Fairy Queen, Act III

Henry Purcell (1658-95)

Arr: David Mwigani (2024-2025)

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.

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.

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

-plain, or grieve at my fate, when I know 'tis in
prove, By some will - ing mis - take to dis - co - ver her

-plain, or grieve at my fate, when I know 'tis in
prove, By some will - ing mis - take to dis - co - ver her

-plain, or grieve at my fate, when I know 'tis in
prove, By some will - ing mis - take to dis - co - ver 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

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

f *dim.* *p*

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.* *p*

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.* *p*

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.* *p*

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.