

42 If Love's a Sweet Passion

Arc Cantandi

Purcell H.

Sopraan

Alt

Tenor

Bas

This musical score is for the first system of the song 'If Love's a Sweet Passion'. It is written for four voices: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: 'If love's a sweet pas - sion, why does it tor - ment? If a I press her hand gen - tly, look lan - guish - ing down, And by'.

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

S

A

T

B

This musical score is for the second system of the song. It continues the four-voice setting. The lyrics are: '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.

If Love's A Sweet Passion

S Since I suf - fer with plea - sure, why should I com - plain, Or grieve at my
But oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove, By some will - ing mis-

A Since I suf - fer with plea - sure, why should I com - plain, Or grieve at my
But oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove, By some will - ing mis-

T Since I suf - fer with plea - sure, why should I com - plain, Or grieve at my
But oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove, By some will - ing mis-

B Since I suf - fer with plea - sure, why should I com - plain, Or grieve at my
But oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove, By some will - ing mis-

15

S fate, when I know 'tis in vain? Yet so pleas-ing the pain is, so
take to dis - cov - er her love. When in striv-ing to hide, she re -

A fate, when I know 'tis in vain? Yet so pleas-ing the pain is, so
take to dis - cov - er her love. When in striv-ing to hide, she re -

T fate, when I know 'tis in vain? Yet so pleas-ing the pain is, so
take to dis - cov - er her love. When in striv-ing to hide, she re -

B fate, when I know 'tis in vain? Yet so pleas-ing the pain is, so
take to dis - cov - er her love. When in striv-ing to hide, she re -

20

S soft is the dart, That at once it both wounds me, and tic-kles my heart.
veals all her flame, And our eyes tell each o - ther, what nei-ther dares name.

A soft is the dart, That at once it both wounds me, and tic-kles my heart.
veals all her flame, And our eyes tell each o - ther, what nei-ther dares name.

T soft is the dart, That at once it both wounds me, and tic-kles my heart.
veals all her flame, And our eyes tell each o - ther, what nei-ther dares name.

B soft is the dart, That at once it both wounds me, and tic-kles my heart.
veals all her flame, And our eyes tell each o - ther, what nei-ther dares name.