

## ACT III

## SONG (Soprano) and CHORUS IF LOVE'S A SWEET PASSION

No. 20

## PRELUDE

*Allegretto*

The prelude is written for piano in 3/4 time, featuring a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of five systems of music. The first system is marked *mp* (Ob. Strs). The second system is marked *mf*. The third system is marked *cresc.*. The fourth system is marked *poco f*, *dim.*, and *p*. The fifth system continues the piece with a *p* dynamic.

## SOPRANO

*mp*

If love's a sweet pas - sion, why does it tor - ment? If a

*mp* (Cont.)

*mf*

bit - ter, oh — tell me whence comes my con - tent? Since I suf - fer with

plea - sure, why should I com - plain, Or grieve at my fate, when I —

*A cresc.* *poco f*

know 'tis in - vain? Yet so pleas - ing the - pain is, so — soft is the —

*cresc.* *poco f*

*dim.* *p*

dart, That at once it — both wounds me — and tic - kles my heart.

*dim.* *p*

*p* SOPRANO

I press her hand gent-ly, look lang-uish-ing down, And by pas-sion-ate\_ si-lence I

*p* ALTO

I press her hand gent-ly, look lang-uish-ing down, And by pas-sion-ate\_ si-lence I

*p* TENOR

I press her hand gent-ly, look lang-uish-ing down, And by pas-sion-ate si-lence I

*p* BASS

I press her hand gent-ly, look lang-uish-ing down, And by pas-sion-ate si-lence I\_

CHORUS

*p* (Strs)

*mf*

make my love known. But oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove, By some

*mf*

make my love known. But oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove, By some

*mf*

make my love known. But oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove, By some

*mf*

make my love known But oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove, By some

**B** *cresc.*

will-ing mis-take to dis-cov-er her love. When in striv-ing to hide, she re -

*cresc.*

will-ing mis-take to dis-cov-er her love. When in striv-ing to hide, she re -

*cresc.*

will-ing mis-take to dis-cov-er her love. When in striv-ing to hide, she re -

*cresc.*

will-ing mis-take to dis-cov-er her love. When in striv-ing to hide, she re -

*poco f* *dim.* *p*

veals all her flame, And our eyes tell each oth-er what nei-ther dares name.

*poco f* *dim.* *p*

veals all her flame, And our eyes tell each oth-er what nei-ther dares name.

*poco f* *dim.* *p*

veals all her flame, And our eyes tell each oth-er what nei-ther dares name.

*poco f* *dim.* *p*

veals all her flame, And our eyes tell each oth-er what nei-ther dares name.