

## I Love and I Must

Text by an anonymous poet

Set by *Henry Purcell* (1658/9–1695) [Br], Z. 382

<b>I</b>	<b>love</b>	<b>and</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>must,</b>	<b>and</b>	<b>yet</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>would</b>	<b>fain,</b>
[a:ɪ	lʌv	ænd	a:ɪ	mʌst	ænd	jɛt	a:ɪ	wʊd	fe:ɪn]

With a large dose of reason cure my pain.  
But I am past hope, and yet it seems strange  
A thing that's call'd man not subject to change.

Had I power to scorn as she to despise,  
I might at once be inconstant and wise.  
Then tell me, oh! tell me, how it should be  
So easy to men, yet so hard to me.

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The entire text to this title with the complete  
IPA transcription is available for download.

*Thank you!*

