



Is there a Heart that never Lov'd.

FROM THE

Opera of the Devils Bribe

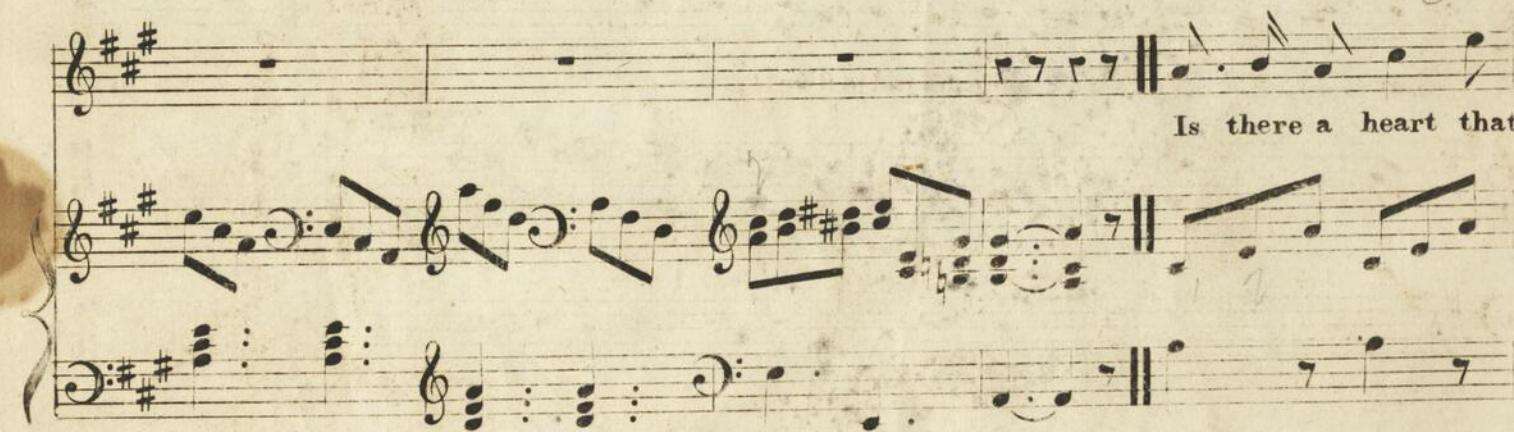
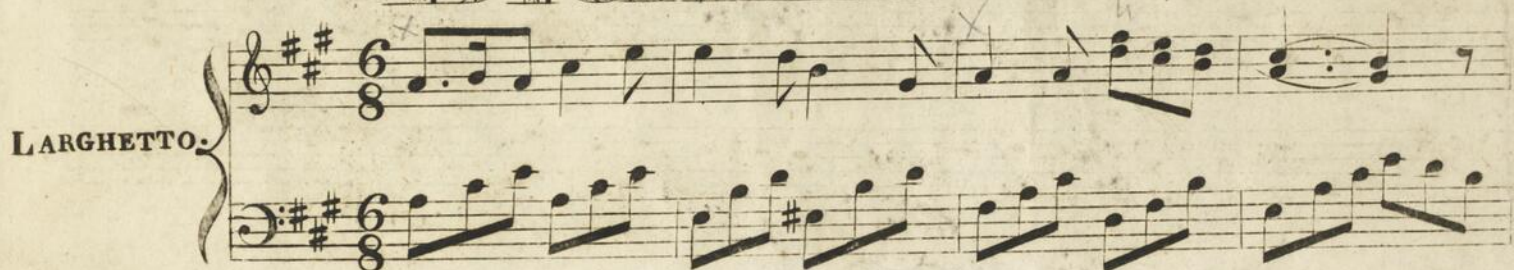
SUNG BY

MR. MILLER

COMPOSED BY

BRADHAM.

LARGHETTO.



PHILADELPHIA. Published by G: WILLIG.

mark unmov'd dear Woman's tear - full eye Oh! bear him to some distant shore, Or

so - li - ta - ry cell, Where none but savage mons - ters roar, Where

Love - - - - - ne'er deign'd to dwell.

2.

For there's a charm in Woman's eye,
 A language in her tear,
 A spell in every sacred sigh
 To Man - to Virtue dear:
 And he who can resist her smiles,
 With Brutes alone should live,
 Nor taste that joy which care beguiles,
 That joy her Virtues give.

Is there a heart that never lov'd. 2.

