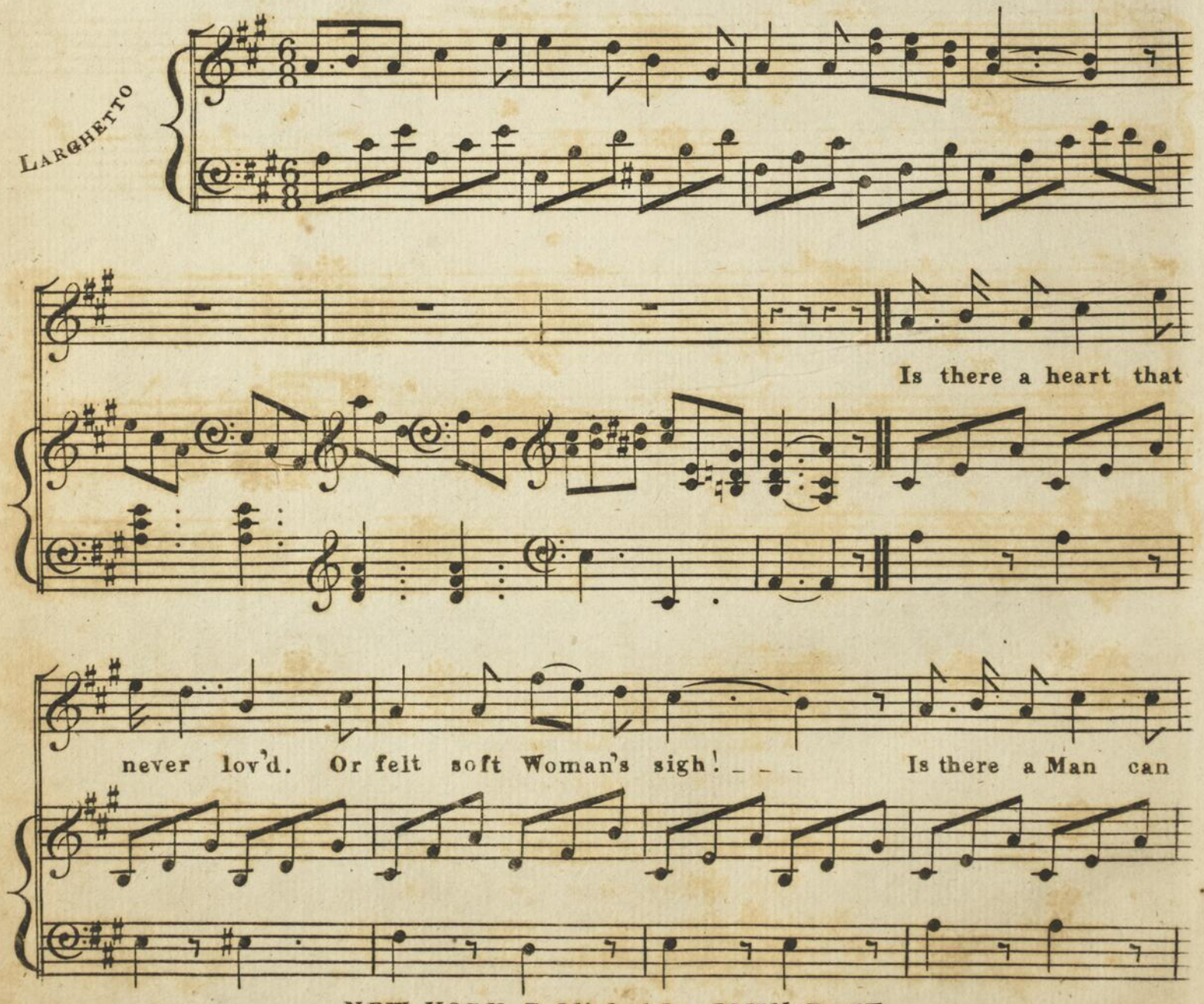
91 ex

Is there a Heart that never Lov'd

A BALLAD

Composed and Sung by

Mr Braham



NEW YORK Published by JOHN PAFF

mark unmov'd dear Woman's tear_ful 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.

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