

Captivity

A Ballad..

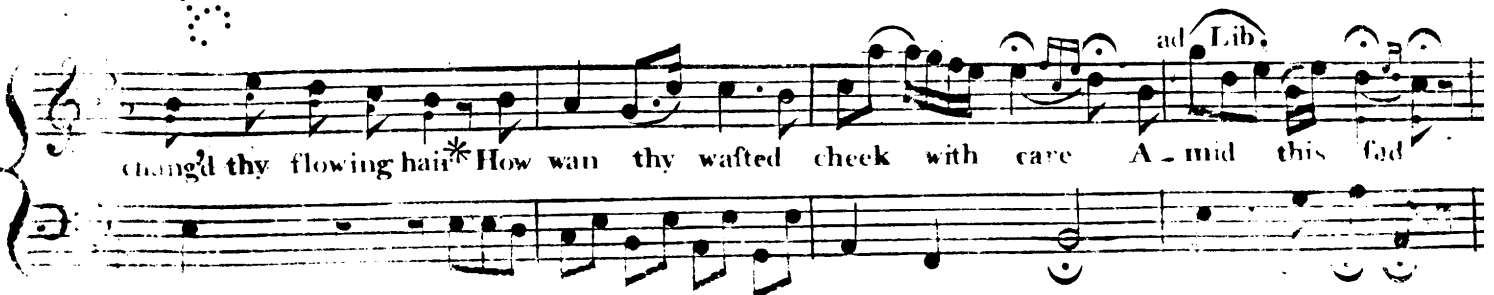
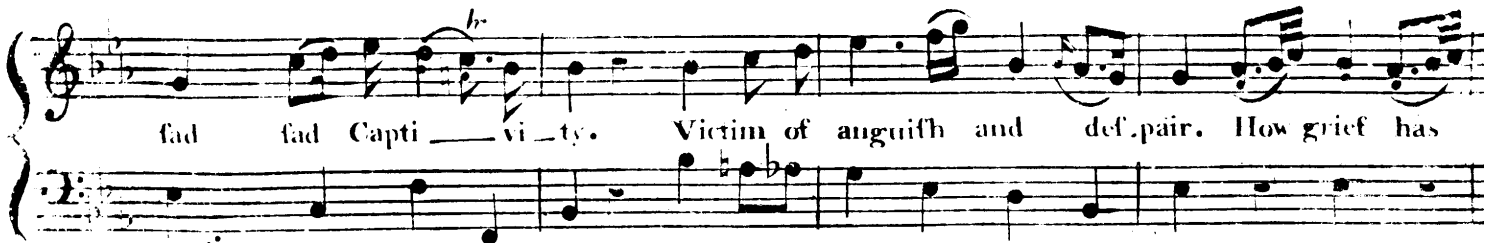
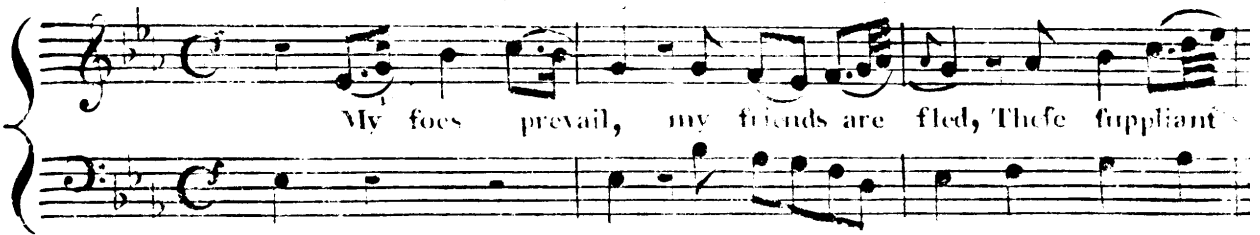
Supposed to be Sung by Marie Antoinette During her Confinement

Composed by S. Storace

Price 25 Cents

Philadelphia Printed for Carr & Co at their Musical Repository N^o 136 High Street 1773

Affettuoso





2

See Austria's Daughter, Gallia's Queen,
With haggard face, and alter'd mien,
A Captive Wretch, unknown, unseen,
Amid this sad Captivity.
How dread the horrors of this Place.
In ev'ry treacherous Guard I trace
The dark design, the ruffian face,
Amid this sad Captivity.

3

And when my Babes lie huddled in sleep,
Their Couch in briny tears I steep,
Hang o'er their lovely forms, and weep,
Amid this sad Captivity.
Oft, in the dead of silent night,
I start in frantic wild affright,
While ghastly shapes appal my sight,
Amid this sad Captivity.

When fancy paints my murder'd Lord,
I see th'Assassins blood stain'd Sword,
The headless trunk, the bosom gor'd,
Amid this sad Captivity.
To thee, O King of Kings I cry,
To thee I lift the streaming eye,
And heave the penitential sigh,
Amid this sad Captivity.

* The Hair of this once lovely Woman was of a bright flaxen colour, but three years of Sorrow have brought on a premature Old Age. Antoinette is now grey headed, wan, and wrinkled.

For the Flute

Affettuoso

