

THE SHEFFIELD IRIS 1794-1796.

12. 'The Wounded Thrush, *The Iris*, Issue 66, 02/10/1795

That thrush there is wounded I fear;
 Step hither, my sweet little bird!
 Do you think I would hurt you my dear?
 I won't, no I won't on my word.
 Thy wing, that so bloody hangs down,
 Pretty creature! Say what can it ail?
 I doubt you've been shot by some clown;
 Come, tell me your pitiful tale.
 Yes, lady, my tale you shall know,
 A pitiful tale you will find:
 To a gunner my sorrow I owe—
 I have long been afraid of mankind.
 Though I had been shot at before,
 They happily miss'd me till now;
 This wound, you so kindly deplore,
 I got as I sat on yon bough.
 All under the wind, in the ray
 I sat, little thinking of ill;
 Thus wounded, I flutter'd away--
 The shooter is after me still.
 Oh! Save me from that murd'-ring man!
 My life if you can but prolong,
 I'll pay you as well as I can,
 I'll pay you with many a song.
 Sweet rogue! -and she gave him a kiss,
 Then gently she clipt off his wing-
 He lives; and the bard that penn'd this
 T'other day heard the pretty rogue sing.

Anon

