## 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 you 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.

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Anon