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# The Wounded Hussar

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THE  
*Wounded Hussar.*

Printed and Sold by T. EVANS, 79, Long-lane.

A LONE to the banks of the dark rolling  
Danube,

Fair Adeliade hied when the battle was o'er,  
O wanner she cried hast thou wander'd my  
lover, (shove,

Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the  
What voice have I heard? 'twas my Henry  
that sigh'd, (far.

All mournful she hasten'd nor wander'd she  
When bleeding & low on the heath she de-  
scried, (hussar.

By the light of the moon her poor wounded

From his bosom that heaved the last torrent  
was streaming, (a scar,

And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with  
And dim was that eye expressively beaming  
That melted in love, & that kindled in war,  
How smit was poor Adeliade's heart at the  
the sight, :

After she wept o'er the victim of war,  
"Hast thou come, my fond lover, this last  
sorrowful night, [hussar.

To cheer the lone heart of our wounded

"Thou shall live!" she replied, "heaven's  
mercy, relieving, [mourn,

Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to  
"Ah? no the last pang in my bosom is  
heaving;

No light of the morn shall to Henry return  
Thou charmer of life ever tender and true,  
Ye babes of my love, that await me afar,

His faltering tongue scarce could murmur  
"Adieu" (ed hussar.

When he sunk in her arms, the poor wound-