

Title:	wounded hussar
Name(s):	Hewitt, James 1770-1827
Resource Type:	notated music
Subject(s):	Vocal music--United States--Scores
URL	http://lcweb2.loc.gov/diglib/ahas/loc.natlib.ahas.200187243

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Hewitt, James
The wounded hussar

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THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

A MUCH ADMIR'D SONG

COMPOSED BY J. HEWITT.

NEWYORK Printed & Sold at J. HEWITT'S Musical Repository N^o. 59 Maiden Lane

POCO LENTO

mf

Oboe $\text{U}^{\text{no}}-7$

Corni

f

A lone on the banks of the

dark rolling Danube Fair ADELAIDE hied when the battle was o'er, Oh wither she

cried hast thou wander'd my lover or where dost thou welter and bleed on the shore what

mf

Voice have I heard'twas my HENRY'S that sigh'd, all mournful she hastned nor

mf

p

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17

wander'd she far, when bleeding and low on the heath she discried by the
light of the Moon her poor wounded Hussar by the light of the Moon her poor
wounded Hussar.

Ms. No. 104/47

2
From his bosom that heav'd the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his Visage, deep mark'd with a scar,
And dim was that Eye once expressively beaming,
That melted in love or that kindled in war;
How smit was fair ADELAIDE's heart at the sight,
How bitter she wept o'er the Victim of war,
Hast thou come my fond love this sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone Heart of your wounded Hussar.

3
Thou shalt live she replied Heaven's mercy relieving,
Each anguishing wound shall forbid me to mourn,
Oh 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,
Then he sunk in her arms — the poor wounded Hussar.

8. FLUTE.

