

THE SHEFFIELD IRIS 1794-1796.

5. 'An Insupportable Apology for Variety and a Laugh at that most Respectable State Matrimony', *The Iris*, Issue 36, 06/03/1795

That I have often been in love, deep love,
 A hundred doleful ditties plainly prove,
 By marriage never have I been disjointed;
 For matrimony deals prodigious blows:
 And yet for this same stormy state, God knows,
 I've groan'd -- and, thank my stars, have been disappointed.

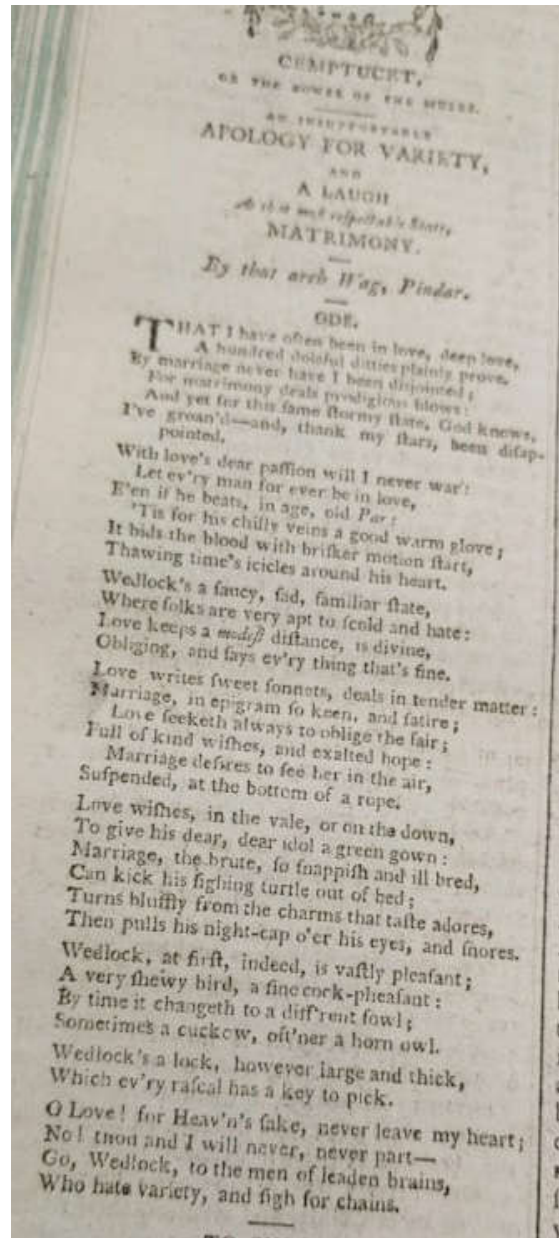
With love's dear passion will I never war:
 Let ev'ry man for ever be in love,
 E'en if he beats, in age, old Par:
 'Tis for his chilly veins a good warm glove;
 It bids the blood with brisker motion start,
 Thawing time's icicles around his heart.

Wedlock's a saucy, sad, familiar state,
 Where folks are very apt to scold and hate:
 Love keeps a *modest* distance, is divine,
 Obliging, and says ev'ry thing that's fine.

Love writes sweet sonnets, deals in tender matter:
 Marriage, in epigram to keen, and satire;
 Love seeketh always to oblige the fair;
 Full of kind wishes, and exalted hope:
 Marriage desires to see her in the air,
 Suspended, at the bottom of a rope.

Love wishes, in the vale, or on the down,
 To give his dear, dear idol a green gown:
 Marriage, the brute, so snappish and ill bred,
 Can kick his sighing turtle out of bed;
 Turns bluffly from the charms that taste adores,
 Then pulls his night-cap o'er his eyes, and snores.

Wedlock, at first, indeed, is vastly pleasant;
 A very shewy bird, a fine cock-pheasant:
 By time it changeth to a different fowl;
 Sometimes a cuckow, oft'ner a horn owl.



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Wedlock's a lock, however large and thick,
Which ev'ry rascal has a key to pick.

O Love! For Heav'n's fake, never leave my heart;
No! Thou and I will never, never part--
Go, Wedlock, to the men of leaden brains,
Who hate variety and sigh for chains.

By that arch Wag, Pindar.