

THE SHEFFIELD IRIS 1794-1796.

10. 'Invocation to War', *The Iris*, Issue 54, 10/07/1795

O War! Thou daemon most accurs'd! Be gone,
 O haste thee hence from Albion's sea-gentile;
 Nor longer spend thy venom'd arrows here;
 Hence to some clime more friendly to thy nature,
 Where thou may'st be received with loud acclaims
 And rank the foremost in their catalogue;
 Where emperors will pour caresses on thee,
 And Despot Kings will hug thee to their breast:
 For Britain's sons are made of kindlier mould;
 Thy rough and rugged service suits them not;
 The pomp and pageantry of *glorious* war,
 Sounds but discordant in a British ear;
 Is void of charms in honest British eyes:
They are not murderers- are not assassins,
 The 'Milk of human kindness' dwells within them;
 Their aim and interest ever should be *peace*,
 From whence will Spring fair Liberty and order;
 Piety, virtue, happiness and truth.

Sheffield

Verax.

