

THE SHEFFIELD IRIS 1794-1796.

6. 'Moonlight', *The Iris*, Issue 37, 13/03/1795

Gentle Moon! A captive calls
 Gentle Moon! Awake, arise!
 Gild this prison's sullen walls,
 Gild the tears that drown his eyes.

Throw thy veil of clouds aside;
 Let those smiles that light the pole
 Thro' the liquid aether glide -
 Glide into the mourner's soul.

Chear his melancholy mind,
 Soothe his sorrows heal his smart:
 Let thine influence, pure, refin'd
 Cool the fever of his heart.

Chace despondency and care,
 Fiends that haunt the *guilty* breast:
 Conscious virtue braves despair,
 Triumphs most, when most oppress'd

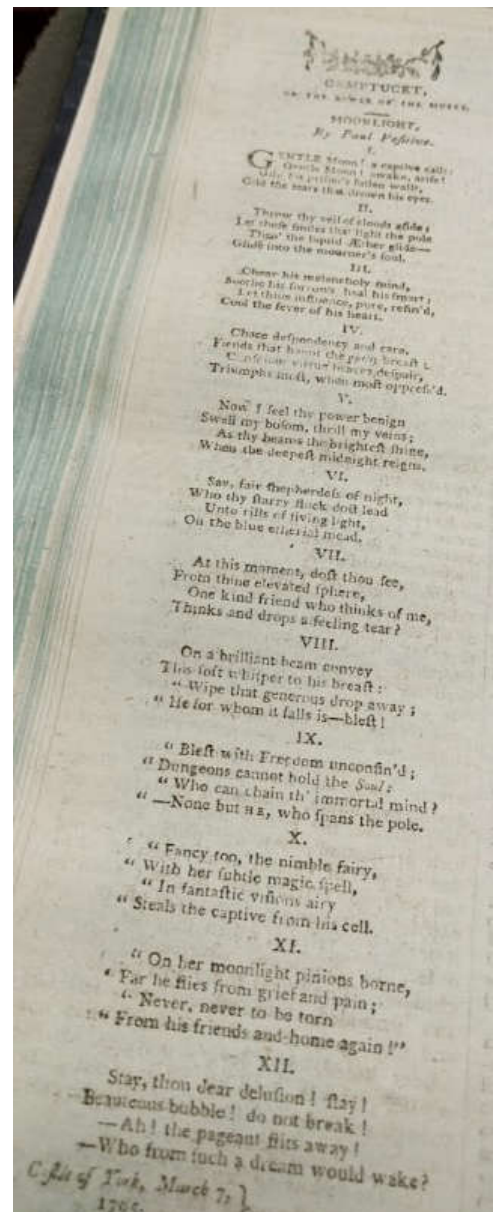
Now I feel thy power benign
 Swell my bosom, thrill my veins;
 As thy beams the brightest shine,
 When the deepest midnight reigns.

Say fair shepherdess of night,
 Who thy starry flock dost lead
 Unto rills of living light,
 On the blue ethereal mead.

At this moment, dost thou see,
 From thine elevated sphere,
 One kind friend who thinks of me,
 Thinks and drops a feeling tear?

On a brilliant beam convey
 This soft whisper to his breast:
 'Wipe that generous drop away;
 'He for whom it falls is - blest!'

Transcriptions by James Earley.



THE SHEFFIELD IRIS 1794-1796.

'Blest with Freedom unconfin'd;
 'Dungeons cannot hold the *soul*;
 'Who can chain th' immortal mind?
 '-None but HE who spans the pole.'

'Fancy too, the nimble fairy,
 'With her subtle magic spell,
 'In fantastic visions airy
 'Steals the captive from his cell.'

'On her moonlight pinions borne,
 'Far he flies from grief and pain;
 'Never, never to be torn
 'From his friends and home again'

Stay thou dear delusion! Stay!
 Beauteous bubble! Do not break!
 -Ah! the pageant flits away!
 - Who from such a dream would wake?

Castle of York

Paul Positive