

THE SHEFFIELD IRIS 1794-1796.

9. 'Ode to Health', *The Iris*, Issue 48, 29/05/95

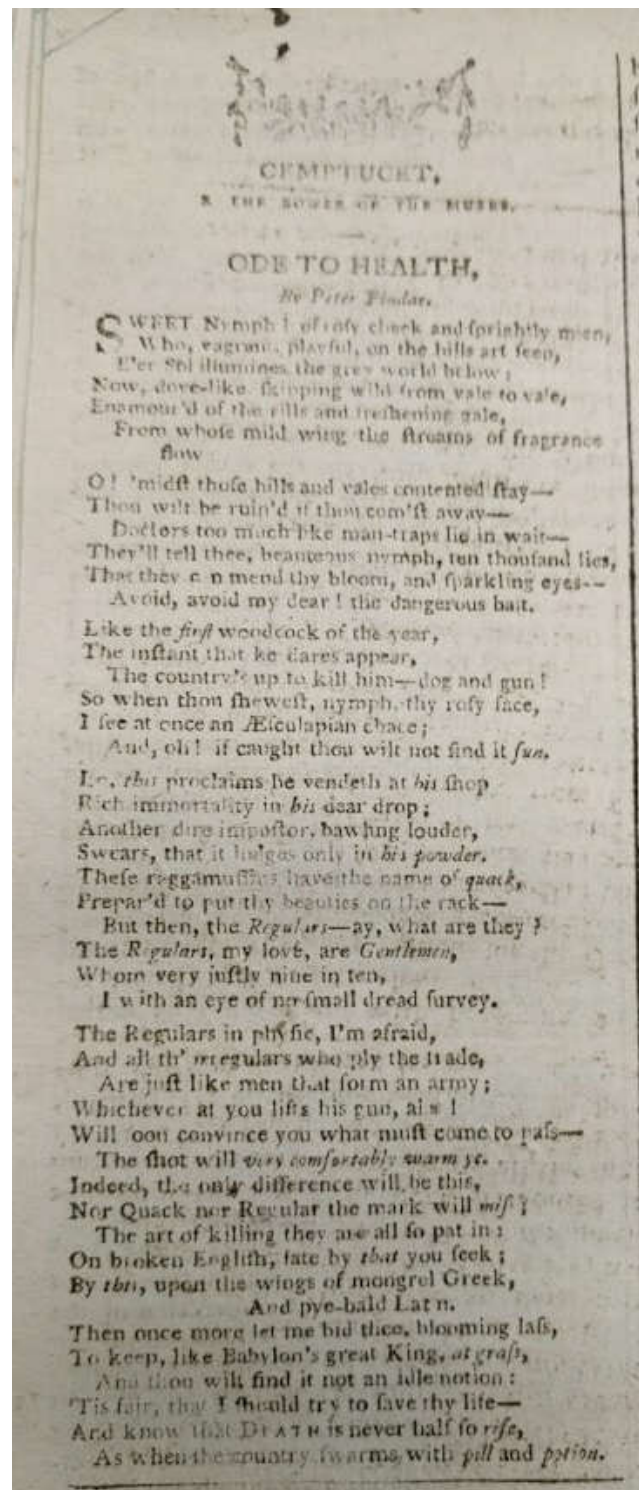
Sweet Nymph! Of rosy cheek and sprightly mien,
 Who, vagrant, playful, on the hills art seen,
 E'er Sol illumines the grey world below:
 Now, dove-like skipping wild from vale to vale,
 Enamour'd of the hills and freshening gale,
 From whose mild wing the streams of fragrance flow:

O! 'Midst those hills and vales contented stay—
 Thou wilt be ruin'd if thou com'st away—
 Doctors too much like man-traps lie in wait—
 They'll tell thee, beauteous nymph, ten thousand lies,
 That they commend thy bloom, and sparkling eyes—
 Avoid, avoid my dear! The dangerous bait.

Like the *first* woodcock of the year,
 The infant that he dares appear,
 The country's up to kill him - dog and gun!
 So when thou shewest, nymph, thy rosy face,
 I see at once an Aesculapian chace;
 And, oh! If caught thou wilt not find it *fun*.

Lo, *this* proclaims he vendeth at his shop
 Rich immortality in *his* dear drop;
 Another dire impostor, bawling louder,
 Swears, that it lodges only in his powder.
 These ragamuffins have the name o' quack,
 Prepar'd to put thy beauties on the rack—
 But then, the Regulars - ay, what are they?
 The *Regulars*, my love, are *Gentlemen*,
 Whom very justly nine in ten,
 I with an eye of no small dread survey.

The regulars in physic, I'm afraid,
 And all th' *irregulars* who ply the trade,
 Are just like men that form an army;
 Whichever at you lists his gun, alas I
 Will soon convince you what must come to pass -
 The shot will *very comfortably warm ye*.
 Indeed, the only difference will be this,



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Nor Quack nor Regular the mark will miss;

The art of killing they are all so pat in;

On broken English, fate by that you seek;

By this, upon the wings of mongrel Greek,

And pye-bald Latin.

Then once more let me bid thee, blooming lass,

To keep, like Babylon's great King, *at grass*,

And thou wilt find it not an idle notion:

'Tis fair, that I should try to save thy life-

And know that DEATH is never half so rife,

As when the country swarms with *pill* and *potion*.

Pindar.